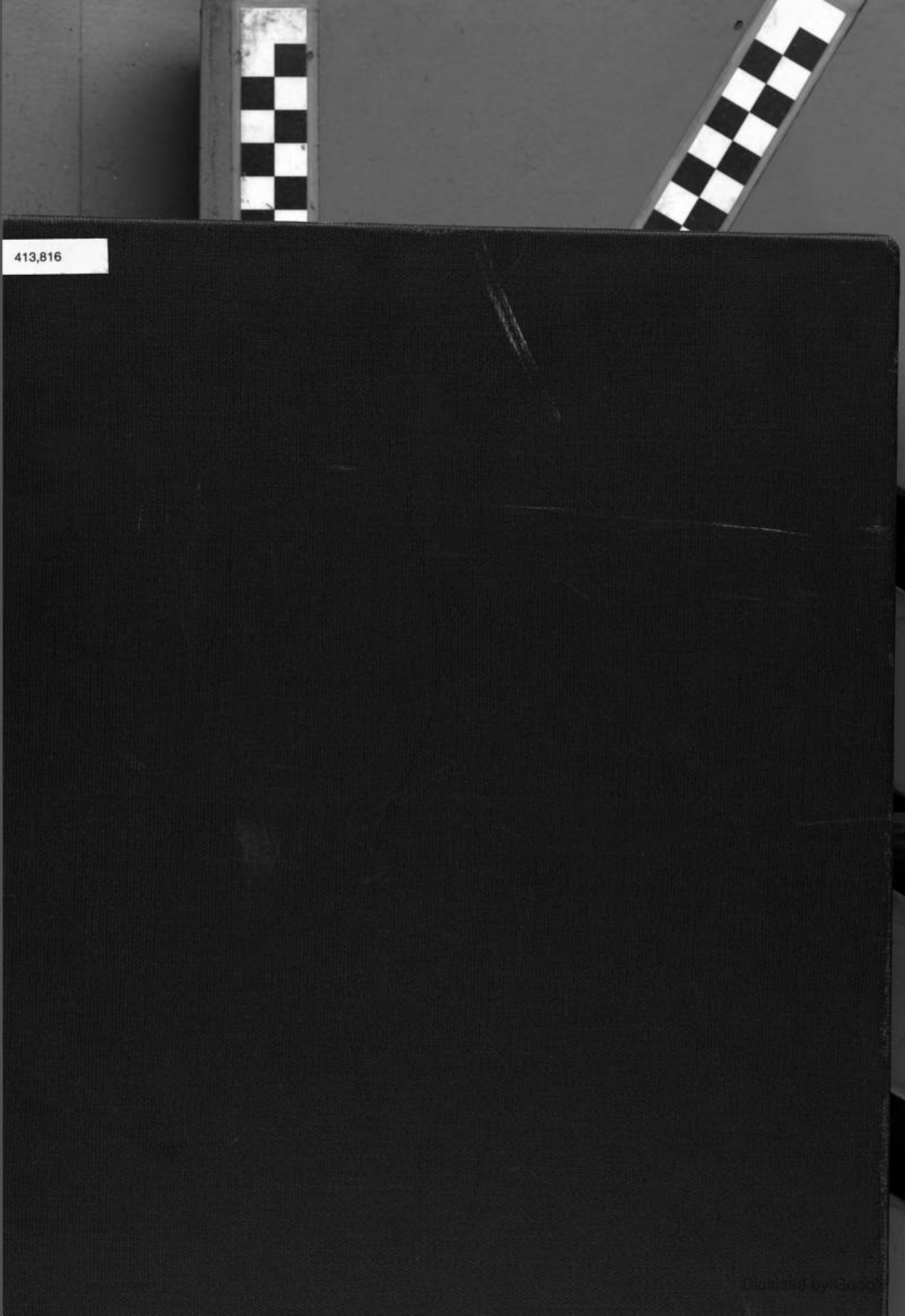
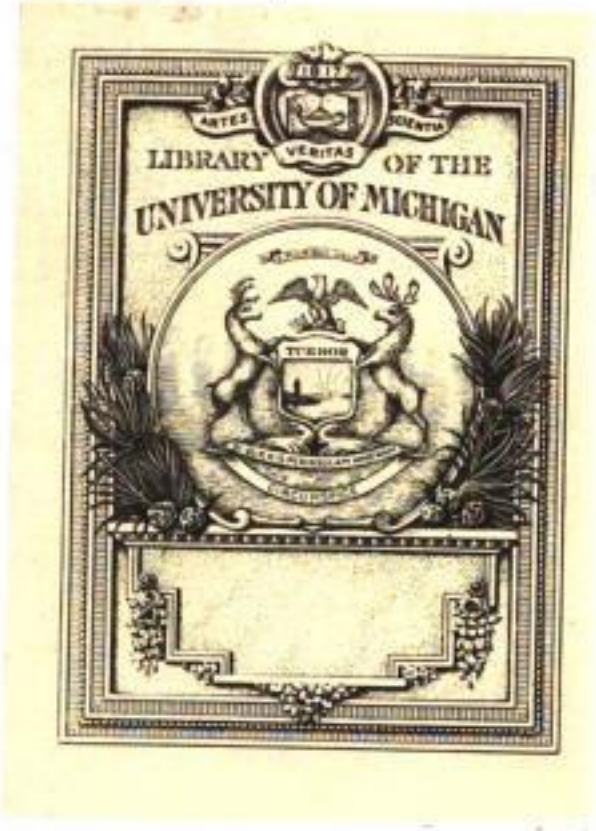
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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Ao Dr 1728 by Benj. Franklin

JULY 1, 1922

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ADVENTURES IN BUDGETING

By Kenneth L. Roberts

FOR many years and in many lands the drunken sailor was long the figure that represented the very apex of loose and unwary money spending. The representatives of all other businesses, callings, trades, professions and avocations were popularly supposed, when intoxicated, to retain a modicum of caution and to keep one hand on at least a small section of their rolls. The ossified sailor, however, was generally credited with a complete and feverish absence of restraint where money matters were concerned.

This is an excellent illustration of the lack of observation which characterizes the mental processes of the human race. Long ago it became fashionable to pick on the drunken sailor as the complete nit-wit in spending; and this fashion has persisted in spite of the fact that the world has for years been confronted by an example of reckless money dissipation that makes a soused seaman look, by comparison, like the most parsimonious, usurious, avaricious and rapacious miser that ever essayed to skin a flint.

The reference, to speak bluntly, is to the Government of the United States, which has for a century and more run the vast business of the nation with all the acumen that would be displayed by a lot of morons if they were to be put in control of the United States Steel Corporation, and with all the unselfish seeking after efficiency and the general good that would be evinced by a gang of yeggs engaged in melting down the handiwork of a great silversmith in order to sell it as bullion.

The drunken sailor was seldom if ever successful in spending more money than he had on his person during the period of his drunkenness; and from this it is possible to see what a pitifully incompetent and amateurish spender he was. The Government of the United States was never guilty of such lubberly conduct. The Government, because of incompetence, partisan politics, interdepartmental jealousy and an absence of business methods, spent everything in sight and more besides.

Various departments of the Government have gone before Congress and, spurred on by the desire to get more than the next department, demanded and received a larger amount of money than they actually needed to run the departments. Having received it they felt in duty bound to spend it. They never regarded it as an income within which they must live, but have always looked at it as the smallest amount which they would permit themselves to spend. Cases have been known where governmental employes have been hauled over the coals and sharply rapped on the wrists by their superiors for failing to spend the total amount of their appropriations. On top of all this the Government has used a system of bookkeeping so idiotic that it should be called to the attention of Mr. William J. Bryan as an almost overwhelming bit of proof that man not only sprang from the monkey but that he neglected to remove the lead from his shoes when he did his springing.



Brigadier General Charles G. Dawes, Director of the Budget

How Congress Filled a Long-Felt Want

EVER since the days when business men wore black satin knee breeches and did their back hair in queues experts in government and finance who were not trying to abstract a slice of pork from the pork barrel have been lifting up voices hoarse with passion and demanding that the United States install some sort of budget system that would make sure that the different departments of the Government spent what they should and refrained from spending what they didn't need to spend; common sense, business methods and economy

Viscount Bryce, whose political insight was so acute that he could look at a nation's tongue and state exactly what it had eaten at every meal for the last century, and what it ought to eat for the next half century in order to avoid that dragging-down sensation, frequently referred gloomily to the footless manner in which the United States did its spending. It was enough to fill the most unexpert expert with gloom; and it should have caused the superexpert Bryce to die of melancholia long before his time. He saw inefficiency, extravagance and waste on every side; while the President, though the head of the nation's business, was unable to get his department heads or congressional committees to work together. Nobody was responsible for anything. Each department was a little government of its own, craftily attempting to annex everything in sight and warily viewing with alarm every move of all the other departments. As a result of the unceasing criticisms of experts in government like Viscount Bryce, the Bureau of the Budget was created towards the middle of 1921; and the budget system, simply stated, made the President responsible for the economical and efficient operation of the different executive departments, such as the War Department, the Navy Department, and the State Department, and enabled the President and Congress to act consistently, efficiently, economically and harmoniously under a responsible head in the spending of the people's money.

A Thankless Task

FOR the first time in history it made the Government of the United States into a large and harmonious business organization. It enabled the President, as the head of the company, to call his different department managers, masquerading under the imposing titles of Secretary of Commerce, Secretary of War, Secretary of State, and so on, into his private office and lay down the law to them. As in any other business, he could point his index finger at one of these department managers and say bluntly:

"Now look here, Elmer! The general manager says you're paying thirty dollars a thousand for nonrefillable inkwells, and that's too much. He says you can get nice nonrefillable inkwells for twenty dollars a thousand; and he also says that you can get some perfectly good refillable inkwells for fifteen dollars a thousand, and they're plenty good enough for you. Now, Elmer, you're spending too much money in your department, and you've got to cut it out. You start in with those inkwells, Elmer, and if there's any other way you can save money you can't get at it too quickly to suit me."

If by any chance Elmer should reply grumpily to those just and reasonable words, and declare that he didn't like inkwells at twenty dollars a thousand, and wouldn't have 'em, and that he was competent to run his department without outside assistance, and that the general manager could go out and take a run around the block, then the President, as in any other business, could say calmly, "All right, Elmer, you're fired. Get your desk cleaned out as soon as possible, and don't forget to replace any postage stamps that you borrowed."

The gentleman who had the thankless task of creating the rôle of general manager in this new drama of government as a harmonious business was Brigadier General Dawes, of Marietta, Cincinnati, Lincoln, Chicago, [illegible]

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guaranteed to peel the hide from a sea cow as though it were court-plaster or to cause the flowers on the wall paper to shrivel and turn black. When actually engaged in bawling-out operations he thinks of and says the things that the rest of the human race only think of after they have retired for the night and are immured in the privacy of their chambers, and that they say only when they are relating the story of the fight to their most intimate friends. Generals, cabinet officers, admirals, congressmen—they are all the same to Dawes when they are on the receiving end of a bawling out. A man who will not coöperate with him in an effort to put the Government of the United States on a business basis, or who is so narrow in his views that he places the imaginary needs of a department or a political party ahead of the real needs of the nation, is openly stated by Dawes to be a pinhead, a squirt, a noodle, a peanut and an incomparable ass. Above all else, however, he is a pinhead, and no ordinary fifty-in-a-box, standardized pinhead either. He is a blankety-blanked pinhead, and Dawes stands up in front of him and wags a long bony forefinger about three inches in front of his nose and tells him so, with none of the blankety-blanks left out. And to complicate the situation, there are usually twenty or thirty other prominent people within earshot to hear the pinhead reminded of his pinheadedness; and Dawes usually has hidden in his inside pocket or tucked under a table the absolute and incontrovertible proof that the person under discussion is exactly the sort of pinhead that he is advertised to be.

An Official Bawler-Out at Work

IT WILL not do, however, for anyone to withdraw from the scene, laboring under the delusion that Dawes' chief claim to fame lies in his ability as a bawler-out and in the fact that he made famous the bucolic cuss word "Hell-and-Maria!"

The records show that, although Dawes is listed as a financier, he has long been a coördinator in good and regular standing—coördinator being technical slang for a person who gets the largest amount of smooth teamwork out of a number of scattered enterprises that have no intention of indulging in teamwork until they are kicked into it.

After he had been declared educated by Marietta College and the Cincinnati Law School he practiced law in Lincoln, Nebraska, and gave enough attention to banking to write, in 1892, The Banking System of the United States, which a great many bank presidents could study today to marked advantage. In Lincoln he chummed around with John J. Pershing, the widely known soldier, and laid the groundwork for his future success as a bawler-out by speaking very fiercely and harshly to Pershing whenever Pershing failed to conform to the Dawes theories of procedure. He has never recovered from this early habit, by the way. I happened into the office of General Harbord in the War Department one day last winter, and Dawes was talking to somebody over the telephone. He was hunched over the transmitter, looking rather like an impatient stork on the verge of spearing a frog with his large beak, and he was pounding the desk with his fist.

"What's the matter with you?" he was shouting. "What are you trying to do anyway? Haven't you got any backbone? Don't let me hear you talk about getting out of bed and going to Boston! I don't care what the doctor said. You do what I tell you, now—you hear?"

He was talking to Pershing.

After about seven years of the law he got tied up in the gas business in various Western and Middle Western cities—a fact to which those whom he has bawled out frequently refer.

"Darned old gas bag!" they frequently say. "Just what you'd expect from a man in the gas business."

They never say it while they are in Dawes' hearing, however. One dose of the Dawes gas is about as much as any one man cares to endure.

Then he was executive of the McKinley movement in Illinois, and a member of the executive committee of the Republican National Committee in 1896. Then he was made comptroller of the currency, and as such exercised general supervision over the organization of national banks throughout the United States, including Hawaii and Alaska. Then he became president of the Central Trust Company, of Illinois, in Chicago. When the United States entered the war Dawes coördinated his own activities with so much vigor that he entered it at the same time, and landed in France in August, 1917, as lieutenant colonel of railway engineers. Hoover made an attempt to spoil Dawes' plans by trying to get him as the head of the United States Grain Corporation. Although Hoover is the perfect human clam during 90 per cent of his working hours, and about as affable and enthusiastic as a cold loin of pork, he worked himself up to a high pitch of excitement over Dawes.

"I can find a hundred men who will make better lieutenant colonels of engineers than you will make," he told Dawes tactfully, "and I want you right here."

That was when Dawes realized that he had better get started for France in a hurry if he ever intended to enjoy life again; so all that Hoover saw of Dawes after that burst of loquacity was the back of Dawes' coat merging harmoniously with a cloud of dust.

In September, 1917, he was made chairman of the General Purchasing Board and general purchasing agent of the American Expeditionary Forces. Later he became a brigadier general, a member of the Allied Purchasing Board and a member of the Liquidation Commission of the Allies; and his services as a coördinator, an efficiency expert and a soldier brought him the Distinguished Service Medal, the Legion of Honor and the Belgian Order of Leopold. It might be well to bear these things in mind in order to offset any idea that Dawes got his present job merely because of his imagined fluency in cussing.

It was highly essential that the first Director of the Budget should be not only an organizer and a financier but also a fearless, aggressive, hard-hitting fighter who would jump down the throats of the hard-shelled bureaucrats who loved their antique methods as an antique collector frequently loves antiques—for their age and worminess and general air of decay rather than for their beauty or usefulness—and who would go to any lengths to retain them.

Dawes had everything that was needed. His aggressiveness is not particularly apparent until he begins to talk about something that he knows to be right and on which he has had opposition. Then he takes on the air of a large, thin, high-shouldered, long-beaked wading bird, like a stork or a heron. His head draws back on his shoulders and his eyes snap watchfully at his hearers. He raps out his words harshly, and he emphasizes his remarks by jabbing the arms of those nearest to him. If he is sitting at a table he pounds the table until everything on it bounces half an inch in the air. He makes barricades in front of him with all the movable objects within reach, and then hammers the table until they dance out of alignment. Then he makes a new barricade of them, and snaps his eyes behind them, and raps out his words with long pauses between phrases, like a great blue heron stalking up and down behind a dike, spearing fish and watching warily for enemies between gulps.

"These pinheads"—bang—"playing their little partisan politics"—jab, jab—"trying to trip me up on thirty dollars' worth of shirts"—whang—"out of twenty-seven million dollars' worth of savings"—pow. "I'm not doing this work with the politicians in mind"—slam, bang, jab—"not by a blankety-blank sight"—jab, jab. "What the blank do I care for politicians?"—bang. "The people I'm doing this job for are the economists and the chartered accountants"—bang, bang, bang. "They're the folks I've got in mind all the time"—jab. "People have got to be able to pick up my figures fifty years from now"—bang—"fifty years from now"—jab—"and say that Dawes was right"—slam, bang—"and as long as they do that, what the hell do I care what a lot of pinheaded politicians say today?"—bang, crash, jab. Haughty silence.

A fighter was needed for this reason:

Any economy in governmental spending depends on business management under one head, and not on budget laws. This country can pass budget laws from now until the cows come home, and even until all the cows now existing have become prehistoric, without affecting governmental economy in the least. Economy is basically a one-man job. If the departments of the Government know that the President of the United States is at the head of the business of government and that he wants economy, and that he's going to have economy or snatch somebody bald-headed, and that he's going to have coöperation between the departments or kick somebody into the Potomac River with a loud and reverberating splash, then there will be economy and coöperation, and lots of it. Much of it will be unwilling; and it will be effected only after a great deal of heartburning and squirming and protesting on the part of the economizers.

It will, however, be effected, for the simple reason that those who don't effect it will be in line to be ditched, canned, fired, discarded, thrown out, sacked and bounced, not to say given the hook.

Executive Pressure for Economy

ALTHOUGH the President of the United States is the one and only man who can demand and get governmental economy, his general manager, who attends to the details and who does the dirty work, is the Director of the Budget. It is he who says that the President wants this, that the President wants that, that the President will personally give the executive razz to any spoil-sport who doesn't care to assist in the good work. Therefore it was highly essential that the first Director of the Budget should be a man who would convey to the good folk in the Navy Department and State Department and Interior Department and Post Office Department, and so on, that the President meant business.

The proper manner in which to awaken anybody who is making a life work of a political job to the necessity of economizing is to hammer the dangers of noneconomy into his head with the noisiest and most blatant and most deafening hammer to be obtained. Thus it came about that Dawes, addressing the proud and dignified cabinet members and bureau chiefs, occasionally found it necessary to pound the table with his fists, leap violently off the floor, wave his arms, hair, watch chain and coat tails in the air at one and the same time, and embellish his language with adjectives more frequently affected by mule skinners, bank presidents, stevedores, steamship captains and other interesting hard-boiled eggs than by uplifters and divines.



It must always be borne in mind that all economies obtained under the Budget Law are the results of executive pressure exerted downward on the departments. The Director of the Budget and his staff of experts and coördinators figure out for the President how the departments can save; and the President, as business head of the nation, tells the departments to go ahead and do it. That is executive pressure. Everything depends on the President. If ever there should come a time when a President of the United States, at a cabinet meeting, should by a look or a gesture signify that he was not in accord with the recommendations of the Director of the Budget, on that day the cabinet officers—or more accurately, the bureau chiefs of the different departments, who are the persons who control the cabinet officers—would blithely and light-heartedly invite the Director of th

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IN A HUNDRED YEARS

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

THE telegram had been opened at the mailing desk, and the circular imprint of the receiving clerk's timestamp drew Stephen Blake's eye away from the two lines of blurred, breathless typescript. The message had arrived at eight minutes after three, he noted. The violated envelope, pinned to the moist yellow sheet, bore another rubber-typed notice, an apology in the form of a rebuke:

Employes will have personal mail addressed to their residence. All communications delivered at the office will be opened and read at the mailing desk.

Stephen Blake was familiar with this rule, as with the other commandments on which the smooth efficiency of the business was built, and a sense of guilt troubled him before this curt reminder of an infraction. Forney was particular about such minor disobediences; Stephen Blake had heard him condescend, at general conferences, to explain that trivial distractions during office hours were more damaging in the long run than serious but infrequent interruptions. And Forney's displeasure was serious to anybody who could be easily replaced, whose advancement depended wholly on his good will. A little slip like this might postpone or prevent promotion. Ruth ought to have remembered ——

The text of the message seemed to jump at him from the page, now. He stared at it, shocked and a little frightened, in spite of everything, by the sudden nearness of death. Michael Blake came close to him, across their differences and the intervening years; the bond of blood, which had been an irritation and restraint until distance had left it impotent, found a new significance as it was finally severed. For a moment his pencil poised above the sheaf of printed forms. Stephen Blake was stricken by a pang of realization; this left him alone, the last of the tribe. It was strange, he thought, that his uncle's death should make him feel so. He had thought of him for years with a resentful impatience, a memory of harsh repressions and prohibitions which had earned both his dislike and his contempt. And yet, with the news of Michael Blake's death before him, he was unmistakably sorry.

He moved his thought to practical considerations. He could barely get back in time for the burial, now; but he'd have to go anyway. There would be business to be settled. He realized that this meant a change in his circumstances, and faced the thought with a pleasurable reaction, a sense of property. He owned the place, now, under his grandfather's will. Michael had hated that—the knowledge that he couldn't dispose of it as he pleased. Stephen smiled at the thought; it was silly to take any satisfaction in this inheritance—a patch of wooded hillside, running down to a few acres of rocky plowland and pasture in the bottom, the old house and barns that had been his prison till he dared to run away. A few hundred dollars, perhaps—it might be a thousand or two, with luck—nothing to get excited about.

Again his thought moved abruptly. There was Ruth Verrill —— With a couple of thousand in hand and another boost in his



"Then It's Just Because of Me?" She Seemed Disappointed, Somehow

wouldn't turn up their noses at it. And Ruth had waited, had written. He drew in his breath suddenly at a prospect no longer vague in distance but close and distinct. It had been absurd, once, for Stevie Blake to think about Ruth Verrill; the whole glen would have chuckled at the notion, if anyone had guessed. But things and times had changed. He pushed back his chair with a kind of eagerness. He'd see Ruth up there ——

Forney, little and nervous and sardonic, looked up from his precise desk with the effect of a challenge. A clerk who intruded on his notice had better show a sound warrant, his manner suggested. Everybody's time was money, but the manager's minutes ran swiftly into impressive sums. Stephen Blake was uneasily conscious of presumption; he ought to have asked Kleinschmidt first, instead of coming directly to the chief.

"I—I'd like to get a leave of absence for three or four days, Mr. Forney. I"—he waved the telegram awkwardly—"I—you see ——"

Forney's hand reached for the message abruptly.

"This is the right time, of course, to take vacations, Blake! There's nothing at all to do in your department, I suppose."

He absorbed the telegram in a single glance.

"I sort of feel I ought to go up," said Blake, his voice as apologetically submissive as he could make it. You could get on better with Forney if you let him see that you

"Your sentiment does you great credit, Blake." Forney twisted his thin-lipped mouth downward. "And doubtless you imagine that sentiment has a money value to this company. I shan't refuse you permission to go, if you insist, provided that you can arrange with Williams and Donaldson and Miss Burnstine to handle your work. But I should have had a better opinion of your spirit if you had chosen to stick to your job. Sentiment is all very well in its place, but ——"

He seemed to read dissent in Blake's look. He stopped.

"You don't agree with me, I observe." Again the downward quirk of the mouth. "Pleasure before business, I suppose ——"

"No, sir. I—we didn't get on at all. It isn't sentiment. I've got to see about the property. It all comes to me, and ——"

There was an instant change in the formidable manner.

"Oh, I see! That's a different affair altogether. "We"—Forney always seemed to smack his lips on the word—"we recognize the fact that an employe who neglects his own affairs is likely to neglect ours. Our policy, as you know, is very decided on such points. It is inconvenient, of course, to let you go just now; but under the circumstances I suppose it can be managed." The eyes became slightly more personal. "Does it run to anything substantial, Blake?"

Stephen Blake liked the feel of the tone and look. They seemed to lift him for the moment somewhere near to Forney's station. He spread his hands.

"That depends. There's about five hundred acres, and the house and barns and stock—I couldn't say offhand what they'll bring. But it's worth looking after, to me."

He smiled as if to imply that such a trifle would naturally be unworthy of Mr. Forney's consideration, and Forney's nod seemed to confirm this inference.

"Well, well, that's very nice, Blake. A little property is an excellent thing for a young man—steadies him, if he's got the right stuff in him. You strike me as pretty level-headed—not the sort to throw it about."

His desk telephone interrupted him. He lifted the receiver to his ear with a single, efficient motion, leaving his right hand free. "Forney speaking." The tone changed. "Oh, yes, Mr. Trent, I'm taking care of that. It's in good shape, sir." Blake wondered at the silky subservience of the voice, the eager, pacific cadences. He had never heard Forney addressing his superiors. It distressed him, now, to discover that Forney could be humble too. He frowned at the phenomenon. Forney faced him again.

"Very well, Blake. Arrange your work with the others and get back as soon as you can. And—it's unusual, but you strike me as the kind of young man who can appreciate an unusual chance—if you are considering an investment you might be able to buy a little stock in the company. There are some shares set aside for employes who deserve it. And it wouldn't do you any harm, of course, to show your confidence and loyalty in that way. That's all, Blake."

He plunged into his swift manipulation of the papers before him. Stephen Blake went back to his desk, warmed

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employe! The word found a new repulsion suddenly. Perhaps, with a beginning like this, he wouldn't always be classified as that. The stock paid good dividends too. You couldn't buy it in the open market. Of course he wouldn't be able to take very much of it. The glen had been going backward even before he got away from it, and land up there wouldn't be worth much. But there'd be something—and he could tell Judge Verrill that he had an interest in the business too.

Miss Burnstine expressed her sympathy in select English, acquired from her earlier stenographic contacts.

"I always say that nothing is as bad as it seems," she informed him soberly. "I always say that it'll all be the same in a hundred years, Mr. Blake."

Donaldson winked at Blake over the lady's shoulder. Donaldson was amused at almost everything, and especially at Miss Burnstine's occasional philosophies. But the words, somehow, made Stephen Blake think of time and death and eternity. A hundred years from now —— He felt suddenly minute and insignificant again as he looked forward through a century. A hundred years from now —— He managed to rid himself of the thought as he and Donaldson rode uptown together and he discovered the unwilling, envious deference in the other's manner. Usually it was Stephen who deferred to Donaldson's superior sophistication; but tonight he was distinctly conscious that their positions had been reversed. Donaldson made no pretense of sympathy; he knew all about Stephen's differences with his uncle and took it for granted that the occasion was one for undiluted congratulations.

"Funny, sort of, to think of that old bird getting corns on his mitts so you could blow yourself when he kicked off. Wonder what he thought about it."

Stephen had a sudden clear memory of his uncle, grim-lipped and silent, swinging at the other end of a crosscut saw, the play of muscle visible under the hickory shirt. He had hated Michael Blake, and yet there was a dull ache in his throat as he remembered those lean, toiling years in the woodlot from which they sweated out most of their living. Michael must have been nearing seventy when he died. Seventy years of it, with nothing at the end—nothing but the knowledge that the land would go to the boy who hated him and whom he must have hated too.

A sense of helplessness took hold of him; he felt puny, impotent, before that future which must have mocked at Michael Blake and which now confronted himself with no intervening generation to engage its malice. Miss Burnstine's phrase echoed in his mind, no longer absurd and pretentious, but edged with a sinister, jeering humor. A hundred years? It would all be the same to Stephen Blake in fifty!

The clamor of the wheels screamed at him; hurry, hurry! Life was like this—a headlong, rushing flight, the senses a little drugged and illusioned by a background which also fled giddily abreast of them. A stout, sulky man whose bulk overhung Stephen's knees trod heavily on his foot and glared down at him past the market page of his paper. A pair of girls exchanged confidences in shrill, giggling falsetto: "He says . . . I says . . . The nerve of her!" He felt a sudden inclusive compassion for them all, and for himself. In a hundred years ——

His talk with Forney recurred to his thoughts with a new, ridiculous aspect. He'd been four years with the company; it might be fifteen or twenty before he got as far up as Forney; and Forney's voice had been eagerly appeasing when he talked to Trent too. Forney was a long way short of the top, he realized; and Forney, in his line, was a wonder—keen and quick and tireless.

Donaldson was talking. Blake's attention centered on his boast —— "Cleaned up a cold twelve hundred, and only put in fifty. Gave me a chance, too, but I was flat, of course. My luck!"

He asked a question. Donaldson had a friend who worked in a bucket shop, where much money was made in a hurry. This friend wasn't the sucker kind, y'know—he played it from the inside. Oil stocks—all fakes, of course, but you could clean up if you let the simps hold the bag. This friend had blown the gang to an evening's revel out of his profits. Donaldson told the cockeyed world that it was some party.

Stephen Blake's jaw set. That was more like it—get it quickly and spend it as you got it. Better than scrimping along till you wore out, like Michael Blake, with nothing to show for it all. Ruth—he realized now that he had always deluded himself about her. Ruth Verrill wasn't going to marry a thirty-dollar clerk and live in a three-room flat overlooking the Elevated tracks. No use kidding himself about her; she'd been sorry for him because Michael Blake had worked him round-shouldered back there in the glen. But that was all; she'd laugh if he tried to presume on that friendliness. The Verrills had money.

"So he says any time you got a piece of coin you want to parlay to a regular roll you come to me." Donaldson looked wistful. "A fat chance I got, when it's all I can do to hold out Subway money for Friday morning! But I was thinking that if you make a stake up there in the grass you could fix it up with Phil—I'd make it right with him. It's a pipe, you know—like picking it off bushes."

Stephen's teeth set.

"You're on, Donaldson! That's me! When I get back ——" He drew in his breath. "I've been a simp long enough! As if I had a hundred years ahead of me! You tell your friend to save a chance for us. I'm going to get mine quick and burn it while the burning's good!"



He Walked Toward the Village, Resisting a Certain Excitement at the Thought of Ruth Verrill

"That's talking, I'll tell the world!" said Donaldson admiringly. "You leave it to me, Steve."

II

A CONVICTION of superiority traveled with him, deepening as he neared the upland valley that had been home. The final stage, on the single-track road that wound up beside the creek, carried him past the little farms whittled out of the scrub; narrow, irregular fields in the bottom; patches of rocky pasture lands where the inclosing hills offered a kindly slope; small houses, looking as if they had grown up out of a niggardly soil that had stunted and strengthened them at once, as a weed will sometimes grow hardiest among the rocks. He caught glimpses of the people, and his self-approval warmed to a glow. They made him conscious of his clothes and linen and shoes, of his clean, soft hands.

He glanced down at those hands relaxed on his thighs and resented the position of the fingers. After all these years they still seemed to be molded around an invisible ax helve. He could almost feel the wood against the skin, wood polished by the hands that held it. He shut his fists tightly and held them so; but presently, when he had forgotten, he found them once more curving about that ax helve. He laughed under his breath this time. It was funny—his fingers were like these glen people. Work was just a fixed habit with them; they did it because they were used to it, without thinking, without rebelling.

At the station a few men greeted him amiably enough; but with a perceptible awkward reserve, their eyes invariably shifting from his face to the high-belted jacket and the band of crape he had slipped over his sleeve. He knew that they found these things comic, and would laugh about them when his back was turned. Thinking of Donaldson and the quick, easy profits waiting for him at the bucket shop, he was tolerant. Let them laugh; they didn't have much to laugh at up here.

The bus waited, as always, for the down train, due in an easy hour; and he walked across the glen toward the village, resisting a certain excitement at the thought of Ruth Verrill. Better not get to feeling that it amounted to anything—seeing her again. She couldn't patronize him unless he let her see that he was still afraid of her a little. After all, she wasn't so different from the rest; he told himself that Judge Verrill was only a justice of the peace in a hill town no bigger than a minute. He meant to be easy, cordial, with Ruth.

The hills looked strange. They had showed through the woods, here and there, before he had left—patches of bare earth and stone, littered with slash; other, older clearings already beginning to go back to scrub overgrowth. But now there was something indecent in their nakedness. He remembered the timber tracts that had been standing when he had last seen the slopes; now there was just the desolate wreckage of the woods, the skidways where the logs had been dropped into the glen, the splashes of red where fierce, brief spring streams had torn away the soil.

His eye was familiar with all this, and yet it held his attention as something novel. Evidently the price of timber had gone up lately; some of those woods wouldn't have been worth cutting in the old days. He felt a sudden fear; if Michael Blake had sold off the timber there wouldn't be much left for him. And Michael could have sold it legally and left the money as he pleased. He broke into a run toward the corner where he could get a glimpse of the home hill, jutting out beyond the nearer slopes. It was all right; Michael hadn't sold. He breathed deep with relief at the sight of that thick green covering. And he chuckled at the freak of luck that had saved it for him. Michael Blake would have held out cannily for the top price, of course, letting his neighbors sell first, waiting grimly for the buyers to come wheedling for what was left. And while he had waited ——

The thought came to Stephen that the inheritance might amount to more than he had hoped. It was clear that timber was selling, that the lumber people had been lately busy in the glen, might still be buying there. It was possible that he wouldn't have to wait for somebody to buy the farm itself, that he could make a quick cash deal for the timber that would yield more than he had expected for the whole estate.

He remembered, with another grin, that Michael Blake had been a crank about the woodlot; making work for himself and for Stephen to gratify his crotchets; snooping over an acre or two in search of a particular tree instead of felling the first that offered; toiling afterwards to haul out the brush to where it could be burned when wind and weather were exactly right. Even the glen people had laughed at him about it, had poked fun at Stephen for his part in it. He remembered how old Milo Godwin had affected to believe that all the trees in the Blake woods were named; had chaffed Stephen over a load of firewood, inquiring whether it was old Benny that he was selling this time, or Henry W. Longfellow.

Well, the joke had turned, probably. Old Michael's folly would put real money in his nephew's pockets—money that would buy present, tangible pleasure; money that would let Stephen Blake live while he was alive instead of being cheated as old Michael had been cheated.

He reached the Verrill house by a cut across the fields, avoiding the stares and guffaws of the business block at his high belt and his mourning band. He stopped at the gate with a sense of shock. The house had dwindled and grown shabby since he had seen it last. He had thought of it, all these years, as a kind of palace, immense and stately and imposing, and he found nothing but a square frame house, needing paint, set in a half acre of scraggly lawn, one of its upper shutters loose and sagging on its hinges.

His head went up as he unlatched the gate. All that awe of the Verrills had been just a part of his unsophistication; they were big frogs in a very tiny puddle. He wondered uneasily whether Ruth would turn out to be different too. He thought of Miss Burnstine's suède pumps and silk ankles and elaborate hair. Maybe Ruth would look ——

She met him at the door, and he breathed easily again. There was no style to her, to be sure, in that gingham thing; but she—she was better, somehow, than any of the girls at the office. He had no time to analyze his impressions beyond this instant certainty. He'd been wrong about the splendor of the house, but Ruth was ——

Her hands were firm. He liked their pressure on his own; liked the frank pleasure in her level eyes; liked the sound of the glen speech in her warm, brisk voice.

"I was afraid you weren't coming, Stevie. You didn't answer my telegram."

He flushed. That was stupid—that omission. He'd never thought of it; had taken it for granted that they'd expect him.

"Had to hurry to catch the train," he said. "Thought you'd guess I'd come."

She sobered.

"I wasn't sure. I knew how you felt about—him. I hoped you'd come. It seemed so lonesome for him, with only strangers ——"

The suggestion of sentiment displeased him. He shook his head. She mustn't think that he'd come up here to show any respect or affection toward Michael Blake.

"I guess that doesn't bother him a lot, Ruth. If he knows, he'd like it better if I stayed away. But I had to come up to see about the place."

She seemed to study him.

"I don't think he felt that way toward you, Stevie. He was hard, but—but he was harder on himself than on anybody else. He just couldn't help it."

He shrugged. That was the woman of it—forget grudges against a dead man, hunt around for excuses. It didn't matter anyway. Michael was dead, finished, no longer to be considered.

"Good to see you again, Ruth. You look fine."

He was pleased with himself for saying it like that—easily, without any beating about the bush, as casually as if he'd made a remark about the weather. He thought her color deepened a little, and this, too, pleased him. He'd learned how to talk; he remembered how, when he had

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said good-by to her the day he left the glen, he had been tongue-tied and abashed and awkward and she had seemed a miracle of self-possession.

"You—you've changed, Stevie."

He chuckled.

"Hope so. Plenty of room for it, I guess." He wagged his head. "I must have been a sketch the last time you saw me."

He had a sudden picture of himself as he had looked that last time in his ugly, cheap Sunday clothes, his heavy shoes yellow with the dust of the road, the shaggy, sun-burned hair, the big hands loose-hung below the short sleeves.

Before she answered, her father appeared behind her. He saw Judge Verrill clearly now, and wondered that he should have been afraid of the man in the bagging black clothes, the funny wide-open collar. The judge was cordial, almost eager in his greeting, and he'd been worrying about facing him!

"Very sudden, Stephen, very sudden. A shock to me. I saw him the night before, and he seemed in perfect health." He wagged his white head soberly. "Very sad—alone, as he was."

Stephen nodded. This pretending was a nuisance. He knew that the judge hadn't liked Michael.

"Too late to do anything about that, sir."

Verrill brightened. "Yes, that's true, Stephen. We must think about the living."

He glanced at his daughter, and Stephen fancied that something lessened his composure. He saw that Ruth's lips were straight and close. The judge displayed a sudden bustling hospitality.

"You did right to come straight here, Stephen. If you had let us know we'd have met you at the station. You must consider this as your home while you're in town. It will be good for us. We are out of the world here, and it is dull for young folks. Ruth ——"

"I got a room ready for you, Stevie." Ruth spoke evenly. "Dinner'll be ready pretty soon. You can go right up ——"

The judge seized his new suitcase and led the way, still affable. He stood about while Stephen washed in the painted china basin.

"You know that you take the farm under your grandfather's will, Stephen? Yes, I thought you had been told. It simplifies matters." He hesitated, his head slanted, his eyes narrow and shrewd. "I take it for granted that you will want to sell ——"

Stephen, drying his hands, grinned at the needless question.

"Guess I've had my share of farming, sir. I wanted to talk to you about that. Seems to me they must be buying timber again."

The judge rubbed his hands.

"Exactly! That is your good fortune, Stephen. There has been little sale for farm lands in the glen, and we might have waited a long time for a buyer, except for this activity in the timber market." He cleared his throat. "The fact is that I have been acting as—as a kind of agent for the Caxton people, and they had authorized me to make your uncle a very liberal offer for his trees. It was on that errand that I saw him that last night." He shook his head again. "Poor Michael, he could never see reason where timber was concerned—like his father before him."

Stephen could imagine that interview. He had heard timber buyers argue with Michael Blake in the old days. One of his grievances had grown out of those futile debates. Even then they could have sold at a price that would have made life easier for them both. He could hear Michael's harsh refusals.

"You're wasting your breath. I ain't sellin' my woods at any figger, and that's my last word."

He couldn't remember his grandfather, who had died when Stephen was four. Michael had spoken of him sometimes as a kind of oracle. "My father always said ——" was his way of settling a disputed issue. According to the judge the old man must have been as pig-headed as his son.

"I didn't know grandfather was like that too."

The judge spread his hands. Stephen noticed that they were pinker and softer than his own.

"Oh, he was worse than Michael! In his later years he became a mere fanatic about his trees. He made a religion of it, almost. I can see him yet, scolding at Joe Malkam for selling off a grove of pines as if Joe'd robbed a grave! Once, when he was past eighty, I caught him transplanting pine seedlings on that same land—not even his own. He was childish then." The judge smiled at the recollection. His tone changed abruptly. "I'm glad to hear you haven't inherited that queer streak, Stephen. Not that I thought you would, of course. I can get you a flat five thousand dollars for your standing timber—cash down when you sign the contract."

Stephen started. He had hoped for half as much, perhaps. Five thousand! He thought of Forney and the chance to buy stock in the company. Four or five hundred a year, surely, without labor! And his salary besides! Ruth! Donaldson's friend on the inside!

"Dinner's ready." Ruth's voice seemed to startle her father. He lowered his voice. "Don't speak of this to Ruth, Stephen. She—she felt that it would be more fitting to wait until after the —— Women are sentimental creatures, my boy."

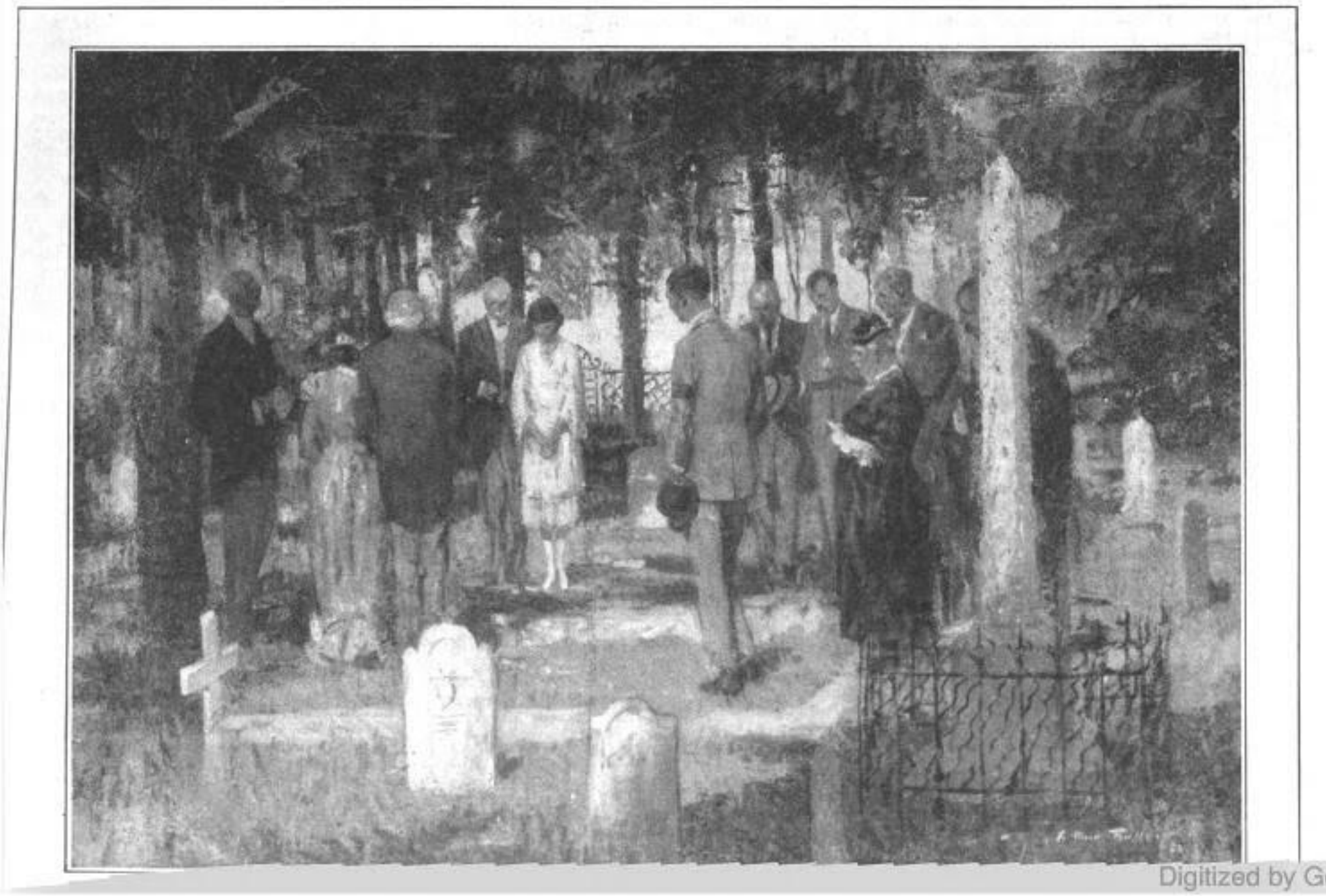
Stephen frowned. He didn't like to hear even Ruth's father use that tone in speaking of her. He was uneasy under her glance as he took his seat. She looked hot and a little tired, he thought. She had cooked the meal and served it now, moving swiftly between table and kitchen. It was funny that he should have kept on thinking of her all these years as a rich man's daughter. Why, she'd be better off in that three-room flat, on thirty dollars a week! He wondered suddenly whether the judge had ever made any more than that, or as much.

A kind of protective tenderness flooded up in him. He'd take her out of this; he needn't be afraid of the judge. Time Ruth had some fun out of life. Buried alive up in this dead little town, working like a servant! Five thousand dollars! He was startled by the judge's reference to the funeral. He'd forgotten all about that. It annoyed him now. Michael Blake was dead and didn't matter. There were living people to think about.

III

IT WAS a relief when the protracted sermon ended and he was again in the air and sun, conscious of the familiar breath of pines and cedars in the stone-walled plot beside the ugly little church. He had a confused impression of awkward kindliness. The neighbors had given willingly of

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TACT—By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

"YOU make me sick," said Mrs. Egg. She spoke with force. Her three daughters murmured, "Why, mamma!" A squirrel ran up the trunk of an apple tree that shaded the veranda; a farm hand turned from weeding the mint bed by the garage. Mrs. Egg didn't care. Her chins shook fiercely. She ate a wafer, emptied her glass of iced tea and spread her little hands with their buried rings on the table.

"You make me sick, girls," she said. "Dammy's been home out of the Navy precisely seven weeks an' two days, an' a hour hasn't passed but what one of you've been phonin' me from town about what he has or ain't done unbecomin' to a boy that's engaged to Edith Sims! I don't know why you girls expect a boy that was champion heavyweight wrestler of the Atlantic Fleet an' stands six foot four and a half inches in his bare feet to get all thrilled over bein' engaged. A person that was four years in the Navy an' went as far as Japan has pretty naturally been in love before, and ——"

"Mamma!"

Mrs. Egg ate another sugar wafer and continued relentlessly in her soft drawl "——ain't likely to get all worked up over bein' engaged to a sixteen-year-old girl who can't cook any better than a Cuban on his own say-so. As for those spiced guavas he sent home from Cuba in March," she mused, "I thought they were fierce. As for his takin' Edith Sims out drivin' in his overalls and a shirt, Adam John Egg is the best-lookin' person in this family and you know it. You three girls are the sent'mentalest women in the state of Ohio and I don't know how your husbands stand it. My gee! D'you expect Dammy to chase this girl around heavin' roses at her like a fool in a movie?" She panted and peered into the iced-tea pitcher. Emotion made her thirsty. Mrs. Egg aimed an affable bawl at the kitchen door and called, "Benjamina! I'd be awful obliged if you'd make up some more iced tea, please. Dammy'll be through pickin' peaches soon and he's usually thirsty about four o'clock."

Her new cook nodded and came down the long veranda. The daughters stared civilly at this red-haired girl, taller than their tall selves. Benjamina lifted the vacant pitcher and carried it silently away. Her slim height vanished into the kitchen and the oldest daughter whispered, "Mercy, mamma, she's almost as tall as Dammy!"

"She's just six feet," said Mrs. Egg with deliberate clarity meant to reach Benjamina; "but extremely graceful, I think. My gee! It's perfectly embarrassin' to ask a girl as refined as that to clear the table or dust. She went through high school in Cleveland and can read all the French in the cookbook exactly as if it made sense. It's a pleasure to have such a person in the house."

The second daughter leaned forward and said, "Mamma, that's another thing! I do think it's pretty—untactful of Dammy to take this girl's brother around in the car and introduce him to Edith Sims and her folks as if ——"

"I think it was extremely sensible," Mrs. Egg puffed. "Hamish is a very int'restin' boy, and has picked up milkin' remarkably when he's only been here a week, and Dammy's taught him to sem'phore, or whatever that wiggling-your-arms thing is called. And he appreciates Dammy a lot." The plate of sugar wafers was stripped to bare crumbs. Mrs. Egg turned her flushed face and addressed the unseen: "Benjamina, you might bring some more cookies when the tea's ready, and some of those cup cakes you made this mornin'. Dammy ate five of them at lunch."

Benjamina answered "Yes, Mrs. Egg" in her slow fashion.

"Mamma," said the youngest daughter, "it's all right for you to say that Dammy is absolutely perfect, but the Simses are the most refined people in town, and it does look disgraceful for Dammy not to dress up a little when he goes there, and he's got all those beautiful tailor-made clothes from New York."

Mrs. Egg patiently drawled, "Fern, that's an awful uninterestin' remark. Dammy looks exactly like a seal in a aquarium when he's dressed up, his things fit so smooth; but a boy that was four years in the Navy and helps milk a hundred and twenty-seven cows twice a day, besides mendin' all the machinery on the place, is *not* called upon to dress up evenings to go see a girl he's known all his life. He's twenty-one years and nine weeks old, an'



Morning Mist Fairly Smoked From the Turf and the Boles of Apple Trees Were Moist. Hamish Was Lugging Pails to the Dairy Valiantly

capable of managin' his own concerns. . . . Thank you, Benjamina," she told the red-haired girl as the fresh pitcher clinked on the table and the cup cakes gleamed in yellow charm beside it. "I do hate to trouble you on such a hot day."

Benjamina smiled nicely and withdrew. Mrs. Egg ate one of the cup cakes and thought it admirable. She broke out, "My gee! There's another thing! You girls keep actin' as if Dammy wasn't as smart as should be! On the other hand, he drove up to Cleveland and looked at the list of persons willin' to work in the country and didn't waste time askin' the agency questions, but went round to Benjamina's flat and ate some choc'late cake. Then he loaded her and Hamish into the car and brought 'em down, all between six in the mornin' and twelve at night. I've had eight days of rest an' comfort for a result. . . . My gee! Your papa's the second biggest dairyman in this state, but that don't keep me in intell'gent cooks!"

The three young matrons sighed. Mrs. Egg considered them for a moment over her glass, and sniffed, "Mercy! This has been a pleasant afternoon!"

"Mamma," said the first-born, "you can't very well deny that Dammy's awful careless for an engaged man. He ought to've got a ring for Edith Sims when he was home at Christmas and the engagement came off. And ——"

Mrs. Egg lost patience. She exclaimed, "Golden Jerusalem! Dammy got engaged at Judge Randolph's party the night before he went back to Brooklyn to his ship! My gee! I never heard such idiotic nonsense! You girls act as if Edith Sims—whose ears are much too big even if she does dress her hair low—was too good for Adam Egg! She's a nice child, an' her folks are nice and all the rest of it! . . . Dammy," she panted as the marvel appeared, "here's your sisters!"

Adam came up the long veranda with a clothes basket of peaches on his right shoulder. He nodded his black head to his sisters and put the basket noiselessly down. Then he blew smoke from both nostrils of his bronze, small nose and rubbed its bridge with the cigarette. He seldom spoke. Mrs. Egg swiftly filled a glass with iced tea and Adam began to absorb this pensively. His sisters cooed and his mother somewhat forgave them. They had sense enough to adore Adam, anyhow. In hours of resolute criticism Mrs. Egg sometimes admitted that Adam's nose was too short. He was otherwise beyond praise. His naked dark shoulders rippled and convulsed as he stooped to gather three cup cakes. A stained undershirt hid some of his terrific chest and his canvas trousers hung beltless on his narrow hips. Mrs. Egg secretly hoped that he would change these garments before he went to call on his betrothed. The three cup cakes departed through his scarlet, wide mouth into his insatiable system of muscles, and Adam lit his next cigarette. Smoke surged in a tide about his immovable big eyes. He looked at the road beyond the apple trees, then swung and made swift, enigmatic gestures with his awesome arms to young Hamish Saunders, loitering by the garage. The valuable Hamish responded with more flappings of his lesser arms and trotted down the grass. The letter carrier approached the delivery box at the gates of the monstrous farm.

"What did you sem'phore to Hamish, lamb?" Mrs. Egg asked.

Adam said "Mail" and sat down on the floor.

He fixed a black stare on the pitcher and Mrs. Egg filled his glass. Muscles rose in ovals and ropes under the hairless polish of his arm as he took the frail tumbler. His hard throat stirred fleetly and his short feet wriggled in moccasins of some soiled, soft leather, indicating satisfaction. Mrs. Egg sighed. Benjamina made tea perfectly. She must tactfully tell the girl that Adam liked it. No female could hear that fact without a thrill.

"Package for you," said young Hamish, bounding up the steps. He gave Adam a stamped square box, announced "I signed for it," and retired shyly from the guests to read a post card. He was a burly lad of sixteen, in a shabby darned jersey and some outgrown breeches of Adam's. Mrs. Egg approved of him; he appreciated Adam.

The marvel tore the box to pieces with his lean fingers and extracted a flat case of velvet. Two rings glittered in its satin lining. Adam contemplated the diamond of the engagement ring and the band of gold set with tiny brilliants which would forever nail Edith Sims to his perfections. His sisters squealed happily. Mrs. Egg thought how many pounds of Egg's A1 Butter were here consumed in vainglory and sighed gently.

She drawled, "My gee, Dammy! Nobody can poss'bly say you ain't got good taste in jewelry, anyhow," and shot a stare of fierce pride at her daughters. They rose. She knew that the arrival of these gauds would be known in Ilium forthwith. She said "Well, good evenin', girls," and accepted their kisses affably.

Adam paid no attention to the going of the oldest daughter's motor car; he was staring at the rings, and the blank brown of his forehead was disturbed by some superb and majestic fancy current under the dense smoothness of his jet hair. Hamish Saunders came shyly to peep at the gems and stooped his curly red head. The boy had large gray eyes, like those of his sister, and her hawk nose, which Mrs. Egg thought patrician.

She said, "Hamish, you ain't had any tea yet, lamb. Dammy's left some. Benjamina puts in exactly sugar enough, an' I never heard of mint in iced tea before. It's awful interestin'."

Hamish soberly drank some tea and asked Adam, "Want the motor bike, Mr. Egg?"

Adam nodded. The boy went leaping down the flagged walk to the garage and busily led Adam's red motorcycle back to the veranda steps. Then he gazed with reverence at Adam's shoulders, felt his right biceps and sadly walked off toward the barns. The herd of the Egg Dairy Company was an agitation of twinkling horns and multicolored hides in the white-fenced yard. The ten hired men were sponging their hands at the model washstand by the colossal water tower's engine house. Mrs. Egg ate the last cup cake and looked off at the town of Ilium, spread in a lizard of trees at the top of a long slope. The motor containing her female offspring was sliding into the main street. The daughters would stop at the Sims house to tell the refined Edith that her engagement ring had come.

Mrs. Egg pursed her lips courageously and said, "Dammy, you might change your duds, dear, before you take Edith her sol'taire. It's a kind of a formal occasion, sort of."

The giant pronounced lazily the one syllable "Bunk," and turned his face toward his mother. Then he said, "You've got awful pretty hands, mamma."

"Mercy, Dammy," Mrs. Egg panted, flushing. Her prodigiousness shook in the special chair of oak under the blow of this compliment. She tittered, "Well, your papa—I do hope it ain't so hot in Chicago—used to s[illegible] so before I got stout."

Adam blew a snake of smoke from his [illegible] surprised her with a whole sentence

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…ster on the Nevada that sung a song about pale hands, …pink tipped like some kind of a flower, mamma."

"My gee," said Mrs. Egg, "I know that song! A person …sung it at the Presbyterian supper in 1910 when the …oysters were bad, and some people thought it wasn't …correct for a church party, bein' a pretty passionate kind of …song. It was awful popular for a while after that . . . …Benjamina would know, her papa havin' kept a music …store. I'll ask her. Help me up, lamb."

Adam arose and took his mother kindly out of her chair …with one motion. Mrs. Egg passed voluminously over the …hall into the kitchen and addressed her superior cook, …staring at the girl.

"There's a sent'mental kind of song that Dammy's …interested in which is about some gump lovin' a woman's …pale hands beside the shallow Marne or some such place."

Benjamina brushed back her blazing hair with both …slender hands and looked at the rosy nails.

She said, "Pale Hands. I think —— No, it's the …Lucinia love song. It used to be sung a great deal."

Adam said "Thanks" in the doorway.

Then he turned, jamming the jewel case into his pocket, …and lunged down the steps. His shoulders gleamed like …oiled wood. He picked a handful of peaches from the …basket, which would have burdened two mortals, and split …one in his terrible fingers. He ate a peach absently and …threw the red stone at a roaming chicken, infamously busy …in the nasturtiums. Mrs. Egg leaned on the side of the …door. A slight nervousness made her reach for the radishes …which Benjamina was cleaning. Radishes always stimu…lated Mrs. Egg. She ate two and hoped that Edith Sims …wouldn't happen to look at Adam's back. The undershirt …revealed both shoulder …blades and most of …the excitement "Damn …Sure Bill" tattooed …across Adam. …It seemed indecorous …at the moment of be…trothal, and Mrs. Egg …stared.

…This she won…dered. Adam took …another peach and …pressed it in a cupped …hand. Its blood welled …over his shoulder and …stained the rear of the …shirt brilliantly. He …scrubbed it thor…oughly into the back …of his cropped hair and …swaped his flat ab…domen with a second …fruit. After some …time he kicked his …feet out of the moccа…sins and doubled down …in his fluid manner to …rub his biceps with …thick grease from the …valves of the waiting …motorcycle. Then he …signaled his content…ment with these acts …by a prolonged exhala…tion of smoke from his …mouth, gave his …mother an inscrutable …glance as he tucked the …soft moccasins into …the fork of the apple …tree and fled down the …driveway with a …roaring of his ma…chine's engine, bare…foot, unspeakably …tanned and magnifi…cently shimmering …with peach blood.

"My gee!" said …Mrs. Egg.

Benjamina looked …up from the radishes …and asked "What did …he say!" gravely.

…Mrs. Egg medi…tated, eating a radish, …on the simple pleasure …of talking to the ad…mirable girl about this …spectacle. Adam had …allowed Benjamina …with some notice in …these ten days, and his …approval of her cook…ing was silently mani…fest. He had even eaten some veal goulash, a dish which he usually declined. The girl was a lady, anyhow. Mrs. Egg exploded.

"Benjamina, Dammy's up to somethin'! His sisters keep tellin' me he ain't tactful, either! My gee! He simply washed himself in peach juice and went off to give Edith Sims her engagement ring! And left his moc'sins in the apple tree where he always used to put his cigarettes when his papa didn't think he was old enough to smoke. But heaven knows, I can't see that anything ever hurt Dammy! He's always been the neatest boy that ever lived, and had all his clothes made when he was in the Navy. It's perfectly true that he ain't dressed respectable once since he got home. Mercy, the other day he went in to see Edith in a half a khaki shirt that he'd been usin' to clean the garage floor with!"

Benjamina pared a radish with a flutter of her white fingers and asked, "How long have they been engaged, Mrs. Egg?"

"He had ten days' liberty at Christmas and was home. It perfectly upset me, because Dammy hadn't ever paid any attention to the child. They got engaged at a dance Judge Randolph gave. It was extremely sudden," Mrs. Egg pondered, "although the Simses are very refined folks and Edith's a nice girl. . . . A boy who was four years in the Navy naturally ought to know when he's in love or not. But men do fall in love in the most accidental manner, Benjamina! They don't seem to have any intentions of it. My gee! A man who takes to runnin' after a girl for her money is within my comprehensions, or because she's good-lookin'. But what most men marry most women for is beyond me. I'm forty-six years of age," she said, "but I still get surprised at things. I think I'll lie down. . . . Do you man'cure your nails, or are they as pink as that all the time?"

"They're naturally pink," Benjamina smiled.

"They're awful pretty," Mrs. Egg yawned, pausing in her advance to the door of the living room. Then it seemed guileful to increase this praise. She added "Dammy was sayin' so," and strolled into the living room, where twenty-five photographs of Adam reposed on shelves and tables.

She closed the door and stopped to eat a peppermint from the glass urn beside the phonograph's cabinet. Excitements worked in her. She brushed a fly from the picture of Adam in wrestling tights and sank on a vast couch. The leather cushions hissed, breathing out air under her descent. She closed her eyes and brooded. . . . If Adam wanted to annoy Edith Sims, he had chosen a means cleverly. The girl was elaborate as to dress and rather haughty about clothes. She had praised the attire of Judge Randolph's second son before Adam pointedly on Sunday at tea in the veranda. Perturbations and guesses clattered in Mrs. Egg's mind. Then a real clatter in the kitchen roused her.

"I milked three cows," said Hamish Saunders to his sister in a loud and complacent voice.

Benjamina said less loudly but with vigor, "Hamish, you got a post card! I saw you reading it! I told you not to write anyone where we'd gone to. Now ——"

Mrs. Egg knew that the boy was wiggling. He said, "Oh, I wrote Tick Matthews. He won't tell Cousin Joe, Benjy."

"He'll tell his mother and she'll tell everyone in the building! I didn't want anyone to know where we'd gone to!"

Mrs. Egg sat up. In a little, the lad spoke with a sound of male determination. He spoke airily. His hands must be jammed into his pockets. He said, "Now Cousin Joe ain't going to come runnin' down here after us, Benjy. You've gone off, so that ought to sort of show him you ain't going to marry him. I was asking Adam if there's any law that a person's guardian can make 'em live with him if they don't want to ——"

"You told him!"

"I did not!"

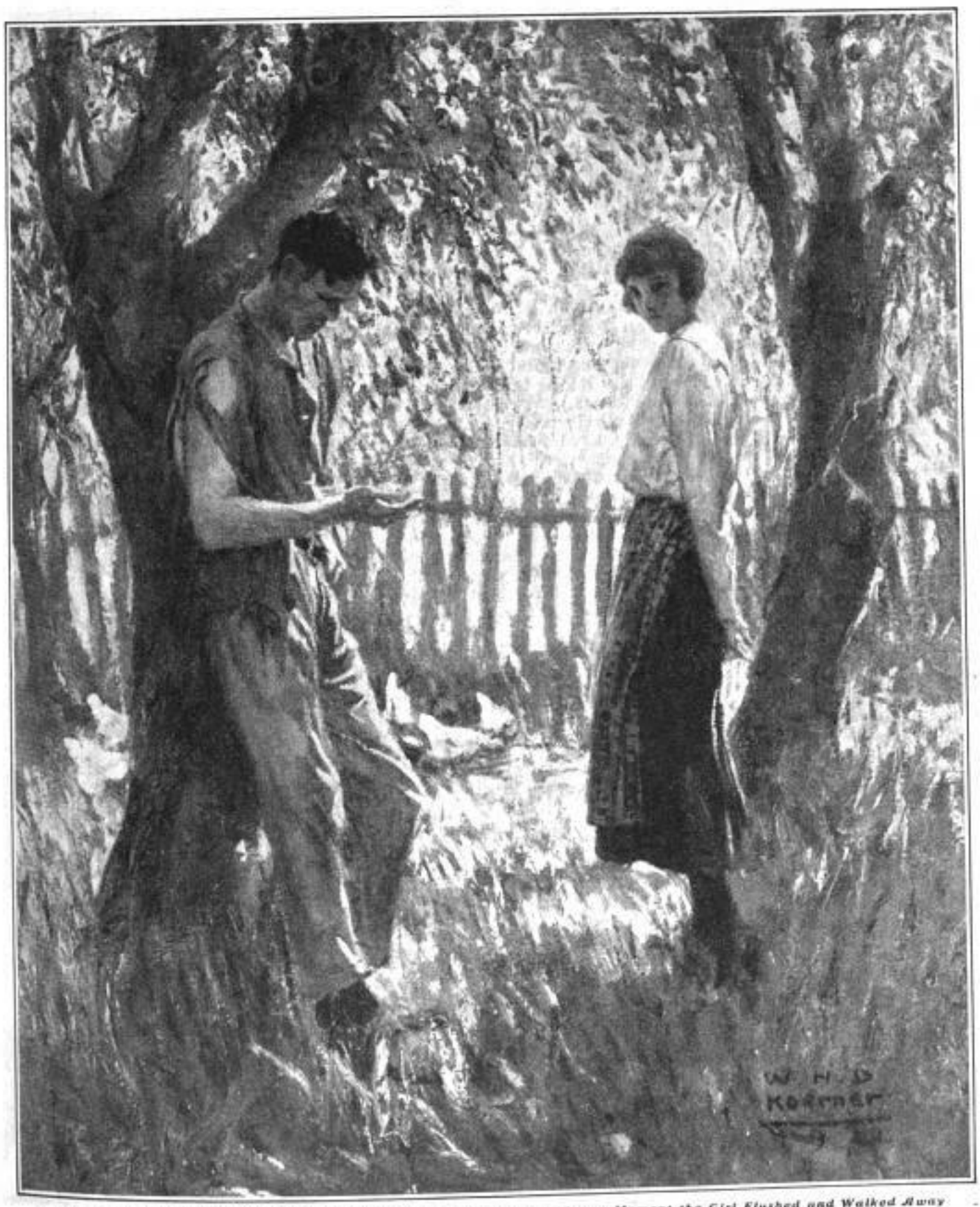
The girl said, "Don't talk so loud, Hamish! Mrs. Egg's taking a nap upstairs. You told him!"

"I didn't tell him a thing! I said there was a guy I knew that had run off from his guardian and ——"

Benjamina burst into queer, vexed laughter. She said, "You might as well have told him! The day he came to the flat he asked who else lived there besides us. Cousin Joe's pipes were all over the place. It ——"

"Look here! There's a judge in this town, and Mrs. Egg or Adam would tell him we're not children or imbeciles or nothin'! If Cousin Joe came down here lookin' for us ——" Presently he said with misery on each syllable, "Don't cry, Benjy. . . . But nothin'll happen. . . . Anyhow, you'll be twenty-one in October and the court'll give you our income, 'stead of payin' it to Cousin Joe. . . . Bet you a dollar it's more than

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Adam Leaned on the Apple Tree, Turning the Rings in His Hand. After a Moment the Girl Flushed and Walked Away

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The Reminiscences of a Stock Operator

By Edwin Lefèvre

DECORATIONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

I WAS waiting in Lawrence Livingston's office for the market to close. He made his headquarters with his principal brokers, Williamson & Brown. They had fitted out a couple of rooms for the exclusive use of their star customer. He meant commissions on hundreds of thousands of shares a year to them; directly through his own trading, and also through the business that the prestige of his success brought to the firm.



In the larger of the rooms there was a regulation quotation board such as you see in the customers' room of the average commission house—the record that so few can read profitably. A ticker stood at one end and a boy read the trickling tape and posted the quotations on the board—as Larry Livingston himself had done twenty-five years before in his home town. The board boy was freckle-faced, auburn-haired, agile of limb—and empty-eyed. I could see that all he saw in his job was the need of promptness, the mechanics of the work he did so mechanically. Livingston had seen much more—and it had made him a millionaire. In the middle of the room was another ticker—for Livingston's use. On the side opposite the quotation board were high desks for his confidential clerks and three really sound-proof telephone booths.

The smaller room was used as a private office. The furniture there included a small flat-topped desk, on which there were two silver-framed photographs of Livingston's family. Not a scrap of paper was to be seen. There were two chairs—one for Livingston and the other for the visitor. He played a lone hand and therefore seldom had business with more than one man at a time.

By the side of the desk stood one of those squat, sawed-off tickers affected by men who watch the tape sitting—not because they are lazy or feeble but because they watch it all day long, with the devotion of a wife at the bedside of her stricken husband.

But Livingston was not often in the private office. The sawed-off ticker was there so that he need never have the tape out of his sight. He found use for all three tickers if he walked about. He was accustomed from boyhood to having a quotation board before him during market hours, and so there it was for him to see, in the big room. He reduced friction by not opposing a lifelong habit.

Memories of James R. Keene

THE board served as his military map. He himself often compared the tape to a telescope through which he could perceive the extent of his successes—or it might be the inadequacy of his efforts. Habitually he stood by the center ticker, a cigar in his mouth, his gray eyes unblinkingly fixed on the campaign map before him. It was plain that it told him much that it did not tell the majority of men. It was very curious. I could—literally—see him reading it. From time to time he looked down at the tape—to see what was doing before the board boy could post the changes. The main movements he obviously carried in his mind.

Occasionally the tape said something that made him turn abruptly about and dart into one of the telephone booths behind him. No sound came therefrom. He might be buying or selling or asking for information. Nobody in the room was any the wiser.

The absorption of the man in his work was complete. He did not frown, but you knew he saw every move. His face did not grow rigid, but rather gave you the impression that for the time being it had become insensitive to heat or cold. From ten to three he stood there; on the job, with all he had.

I had seen many of the famous stock operators of the past during market hours, but such utter absorption never, except in James R. Keene, and that only in the memorable spring of 1901, when he was creating a world market for the untried and unproved securities of the hydrant-headed monster, as an Irishman called the United States Steel Corporation. Keene planned his effects in the London and Amsterdam markets as carefully as a dramatist, and daily laid out the work for his brokers to do in New York. He sent me word he wished to see me. The market had not yet opened when I called the next morning at his office. He raised his head and stared at me unseeingly. Then he came slowly toward me, held out his hand, mumbled something and ceased—utterly unable to bring his thoughts back to his office. Whatever it was that he wished to see me about had gone completely from him.

But Livingston was not disturbed by interruptions. Clerks came in and whispered to the impassive figure by the ticker, who listened without frowning, and either nodded once—or shook his head once; returning instantly to the scrutiny of the tape.

His imperturbability did not seem deliberately assumed. It struck me that his nerves were nonexistent rather than under firm control.

That was a valuable asset. To test it I went up to him and said abruptly, "I want to feel your pulse."

His eyes were on the quotation board with that uncanny effect of seeing so much that was invisible to me. He did not see me approach. But when I spoke he did not even look surprised. He simply held out his left wrist. I may have made a mistake, but I counted sixty pulse beats to the minute!

It would take a great deal to make this man lose his poise. Small wonder that he never argued with the tape or cherished grudges against men or market movements that had cost him money.

I went back to my seat and he to his watching, without another word. His curiosity, if he felt any, was suppressed effortlessly. His concern was with the market.

The window at which I sat looked out on Trinity Churchyard. To the east, through the pickets of the iron fence, I could see the Broadway sidewalks black with the gold-seeking insect hordes that inevitably suggested a dismal futility. On the west was the Elevated with its nerve-racking rumbling, and the senseless arrival and departure of trains at that hour—the epitomized vulgarity of the time and place. To the south the old brown church faced the great street where the money is—and where the money stays. And between the church and the office of the most successful stock operator of the day were the mounds and monuments of scores of men whose success in other fields had been even greater.

But I did not moralize. The whirring ticker made me think of the churchyard in terms of the stock market. I thought of a story of James Fisk, Jr. The picturesque Prince of Erie was walking with a friend down Broadway on his way to the Stock Exchange.

Just before they came to Wall Street the friend said, "What do you think of the market, Mr. Fisk?"

"It reminds me of that," answered Fisk, pointing to the churchyard.

"Ah," said the friend with a smile to hide his disappointment over not getting the desired tip. "So quiet, I suppose?"

"Oh, no. The stock market is like that because those that are in it can't get out and those that are out don't want to get in."

He meant that the pools had the stocks, and the public was not in.

A picturesque figure, this breezy buccaneer of boodle, flamboyantly theatrical, incredible as one of those imperial buffoons of history that always puzzle us. In his early life he was a peddler in New Hampshire. His father was in the same business, a fairly successf James, Junior, was only shrewder tha Connecticut Yan but had a showman's instinct for dramatic effects. wagon, drawn by four prancing horses, was as gaudy circus, and his wit made him as welcome as the cl bringing family passes. One day a woman complaine him that his father had lied to her about some calico.

"How much calico?" asked Jim sympathetically.

"One yard."

"And how much was it a yard?"

"Twelve and a half cents," she replied.

James, Junior, shook his head.

"He did so! He lied to me," persisted the woman dignantly.

But he told her, gravely, "I know father mighty well. done business with him and I assure you he wouldn't te lie for twelve and a half cents." Then he added with c viction, "He'd tell eight for a dollar. But just one, Really, he wouldn't."

When the Clock Struck Three

THE things he and Jay Gould did fifty-odd years could not be done today, and never should have b done. But then, neither could J. P. Morgan and E. H. H riman, who were of a different type, do some of the things t nobody dreamed of reproaching them for doing when t did them a few years ago. The methods of high fina have undergone salutary changes and there are more la and restrictions designed to protect the public. And s the public loses money as easily as ever, because, though methods change and laws multiply and predatory wealth is curbed, the sucker is still the sucker. He is protected against everybody—except himself; and against everything—except the delusion of easy money.

Trinity's chimes struck three. A minute or two later the tape printed "Closing" and Lawrence Livingston ceased to be a stock operator, because there was no stock market until the next day at ten A.M. I rather expected that he would receive visits from his chief brokers—as Keene did, and most of the great stock operators of earlier days. But he didn't. He completely ceased to concern himself with the stock market after three. It was as a race that is run or a cigarette that is smoked. Such instant submission to the inevitable is a rare accomplishment. It is necessarily possessed by all great generals who do not



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count their dead, by all great statesmen who must not think exclusively of today, and by all great stock operators who are more concerned with winning than with the actual dollar profit. To be sure, it wasn't a very active market.

"Come into the office," he said. I went in and sat down in the one guest chair. The ticker was perfunctorily printing the bid-and-asked prices in a changed tone of voice.

Just notice the difference the next time you are in your broker's office.

Livingston sat down at his desk and looked at me expressionlessly, but I affected to see a query in his eyes.

I nodded and said, "After you got back from St. Louis with a fresh stake did you materially modify your system of trading?"

"Yes, of course," answered Livingston. Then he added: 'After a while."

"What kept you from changing at once, after you saw t wasn't successful?"

"Oh, it takes a man a long time to learn all the essons of all his mistakes. They say there are two ides to everything. But there is only one side to the tock market; and it is not the bull side or the bear ide, but the right side. It took me longer to get that eneral principle fixed firmly in my mind than it did ost of the more technical phases of the game of tock speculation.

"I have heard of people who amuse themselves conucting imaginary operations in the stock market to ght there are. Some-

easy to be a plunger that way. It is like the old story of the man who was going to fight a duel the next day.

"His second asked him, 'Are you a good shot?'

"'Well,' said the duelist, 'I can snap the stem of a wineglass at twenty paces,' and he looked modest.

"'That's all very well,' said the unimpressed second. 'But can you snap the stem of the wineglass while the wineglass is pointing a loaded pistol straight at your heart?'

"With me I must back my opinions with my money. My losses have taught me that I must not begin to advance until I am sure I shall not have to retreat. But if I cannot advance I do not move at all. I do not mean by this that a man should not limit his losses when he is wrong. He should. But that should not breed indecision. All my life I have made mistakes, but in losing money I have gained experience and accumulated a lot of valuable don'ts. I have been flat broke several times, but my loss has never been a total loss. Otherwise, I wouldn't be here now. I always knew I would have another chance and that I would not make the same mistake a second time. I believed in myself.

"A man must believe in himself and his judgment if he expects to make a living at this game. That is why I don't believe in tips. If I buy stocks on Smith's tip I must sell those same stocks on Smith's tip. I am depending on him. Suppose Smith is away on a holiday when the selling time comes around? No, sir, nobody can make big money on what someone else tells him to do. I know from experience that nobody can give me a tip or a series of tips that will make more money for me than my own judgment."

I took advantage of Livingston's pause to ask him: "How long was it after you came to New York before you made big money; say, your first million?"

"About five years, I should say."

"That is a long time."

"It takes some people much longer," said Livingston simply.

"I meant, it is a long time for a man like you, with your natural aptitude and your remarkable start. How did it come about?"

"It came about from my having to play the game intelligently. It took me five years to learn. I can't tell you in five words, unless I say: By learning how to trade."

"Take as many words as you wish," I told him kindly.

The Test of Rightness

"I DIDN'T have as many interesting experiences as you might imagine," said Livingston. "I mean the process of learning how to speculate does not seem very dramatic at this distance. I went broke several times, and that is never pleasant, but the way I lost money is the way everybody loses money who loses money in Wall Street. Speculation is a hard and trying business, and a speculator must be on the job all the time or he'll soon have no job to be on.

"My task, as I should have known after my first reverses, was very simple: To look at speculation from another angle. But I didn't know that there was much more to the game than I could possibly have learned in the bucket shops. There I thought I was beating the game when in reality I was only beating the shop. At the same time the tape-reading ability that trading in bucket shops developed in me and the training of my memory have been extremely valuable. Both of these things came easy to me. I owe my early success as a trader to them and not to brains or knowledge, because my mind was untrained and my ignorance was colossal. The game taught me the game. And it didn't spare the rod while teaching.

"I remember my very first day in New York. I told you how the bucket shops, by refusing to take my business, drove me to seek a reputable commission house. One of the boys in the office where I got my first job was working for Harding Brothers, members of the New York Stock Exchange. I arrived in this city in the morning, and before one o'clock that same day I had opened an account with the firm and was ready to trade.

"I didn't explain to you how natural it was for me to trade there exactly as I had done in the bucket shops, where all I did was to bet on fluctuations and catch small but sure changes in prices. Nobody offered to point out the essential differences or set me right. If somebody had told me my method would not work I nevertheless would have tried it out to make sure for myself, for when I am wrong only one thing convinces me of it, and that is, to lose money. And I am only right when I make money. That is speculating."

Dearly Bought Experience

"THEY were having some pretty lively times those days and the market was very active. That always cheers up a fellow. I felt at home right away. There was the old familiar quotation board in front of me, talking a language that I had learned before I was fifteen years old. There was a boy doing exactly the same thing I used to do in the first office I ever worked in. There were the customers—same old bunch—looking at the board or standing by the ticker calling out the prices and talking about the market. The machinery was to all appearances the same machinery that I was used to. The atmosphere was the atmosphere I had breathed since I had made my first stock-market money—$3.12 in Burlington. The same kind of ticker and the same kind of traders, therefore the same kind of game. And remember, I was only twenty-two. I suppose I thought I knew the game from A to Z. Why shouldn't I?

"I watched the board and saw something that looked good to me. It was behaving right. I bought a hundred at 84. I got out at 85 in less than a half hour. Then I saw something else I liked, and I did the same thing; took three-quarters of a point net within a very short time. I began well, didn't I?

"Now mark this: On that, my first day as a customer of a reputable Stock Exchange house, and only two hours at that, I traded in eleven hundred shares of stock jumping in and out. And the net result of the day's operations was that I lost exactly eleven hundred dollars. That is to say, on my first attempt, nearly one-half of my stake went up the flue. And remember, some of the trades showed me a profit. But I quit eleven hundred dollars minus for the day."

"Did it worry you?" I asked.

"Oh, no," answered Livingston. "It didn't worry me, because I couldn't see where there was anything wrong with me. My moves, also, were right enough, and if I had been trading in the old Cosmopolitan shop I'd have broken better than even. That the machine wasn't as it ought to be, my eleven hundred vanished dollars plainly told me. But as long as the machinist was all right there was no need to stew. Ignorance at twenty-two isn't a structural defect.

"After a few days I said to myself, 'I can't trade this way here. The ticker doesn't help as it should!' But I let it go at that without getting down to bedrock. I kept it up, having good days and bad days, until I was cleaned out. I went to old Fullerton and got him to

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They are Wonderful Little People

By GORDON ARTHUR SMITH

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH



A Man is Never So Susceptible to Feminine Influences as When He is Weak and Suffering and Flat on His Back

DURING the two months after his father's rather sickeningly disastrous failure young David Goodwin worked literally twelve hours a day in an endeavor to collect the pieces. He, at least, felt some shame, some decent sense of responsibility toward his father's creditors. Perhaps that was because he was only twenty-nine and had not yet acquired his father's cynical insouciance.

"Don't worry so much, my boy," his father urged airily. "The jackals will take all there is to take in any case. What do you suppose a receiver is for, anyhow, eh? Well, he's receiving all I have in the world, so from now on I shall take a much-needed vacation, and I advise you to do the same. If we're going to be poor the rest of our lives we might just as well be as lazy as the poor."

"It was lucky," observed David, "that they found a purchaser for Good Winds. That'll about square us, I should think—maybe a little over."

Peter Goodwin regarded his son with a gleam of paternal amusement in his handsome eyes. "There is always a little over in cases like this," he said. "If there weren't how do you suppose we could afford to be living even here?"

"Even here," to which he referred with a contemptuous sweep of his hand, was an ugly little house of the Irish-contractor period, that stood on the Connecticut shore of the Sound not more than half a mile from Good Winds—the magnificent French Renaissance Good Winds, with its garage and its lodge and its gardener's cottage, and its lawns and its greenhouse, and its terraced gardens sloping down to the water. Good Winds had cost Peter Goodwin a vast sum of money, and its construction had occupied years and an army of workmen.

"What's the name of the chap that bought it?"

"Armitage," said David; "Mr. J. Stanley Armitage."

"Some swine of a profiteer, I've no doubt. But so much the better; they're the only ones now that have any cash left. Paid a good price, didn't he?"

"Handsome," agreed David. He picked up the evening paper listlessly, partly because he had already scanned the headlines on the train out from New York, and partly because he was very tired and his head ached abominably. "Equipment stocks are up a little again," he said, yawning.

"Well, that ought to please my creditors. You can't expect me to be interested. You look all in, David. Anything the matter?"

"No, I guess not."

"You worry too much, I tell you. Better lay off tomorrow and not go into town. Stay out here with me and help me water the three geraniums. Moreover, the lawn needs mowing."

Peter Goodwin crossed over to the window and pointed with a magnificent gesture to the unkempt little plot of grass that stretched from the cement entrance walk to the neighbor's fence.

"You see," he said, "that enormous breadth of beautiful turf needs mowing; mowing or an application of mange cure, I don't know quite which. You'd better, as I say, stay out tomorrow and help me with it."

David shook his head.

"'Fraid not. I promised I'd meet our receiver, Carney, and go over with him to see the people at the Emerson Trust. With a little persuasion I think they'll be reasonable, and if they'll be reasonable we'll get out with a clean slate. I mean a hundred cents on the dollar."

His father laughed cynically.

"Sterling fellow!" he said. "All right, David; have it your own way, and don't mind if it isn't exactly my way. I figure that they sweated us and that it's about time they did a little sweating themselves. Henceforth my pores are closed—and you can tell them so if you want to."

A girl with stringy black hair hanging across her eyes pulled aside the red plush curtain that screened the dining room from the living room and said "The soup's on the table."

"Ah," said Peter Goodwin, "and what about the caviar?"

II

THE following day was for David one of vague, dull pain—pain that was vague and dull only because he was so feverish that his senses did not register acutely. There were moments, however, when, the fever lifting as a fog lifts, he was aware of a terrific pounding in his temples and of a binding sensation about his head as if his brow were filleted with hot iron. He had shivered in the train all the way to the city—shivered in mid-July. That was strange, he thought. But once arrived at Carney's office the shivering had ceased and the burning began. Carney cast him a worried glance.

"You don't look well, Mr. Goodwin," he said briefly.

"I'm all right, thanks. Touch of grippe, maybe: nothing serious."

"Just as you say; only I'd recommend you go to bed if I were the doctor. Well, shall we go over to the Emerson?"

"Yes," said David, "of course."

They had gone over to the Emerson Trust and had talked with the president and several other officials. They had talked endlessly, it seemed to David. Talk, talk, talk, and no decisions reached. He himself spoke as if in a dream, surrounded by hazy dream faces. The hazy dream faces asked him questions and he answered mechanically, like a drunken actor playing a well-learned part. Then more talk—wise-sounding phrases that got nowhere; irrelevancies uttered Delphicly; figures and statistics recited in a monotone by an obsequious secretary; and then presently the hazy dream figures produced gold watches almost simultaneously and agreed that it was luncheon time.

"Come back about three o'clock, if you will, Mr. Goodwin."

He came back about three o'clock, and the only decision that had been reached was that more time was required before a decision could be reached. "Come back in about three days, Mr. Goodwin."

At that something seemed to snap in his brain—his self-control, perhaps—and as he stood up preparatory to leaving, steadying himself with his hands on the back of a chair, he said very slowly and distinctly to the grave, fossilized bank president:

"Come back in about three days—hell! You won't see me again in three years!" And with that he put on his hat and coat and stumbled out of the reeling room.

When he reached the sidewalk the heat of it came up and struck him in the face like a blow from a hot fist. Men hurrying along, coatless, with handkerchiefs inside their collars and sweat on their foreheads, jostled him ruthlessly but heedlessly, except for a few who looked back at him with a grin, thinking him drunk. Two pretty stenographers with transparent silk waists and over-powdered noses nudged each other and giggled; and a policeman, having eyed him seriously for a space, shook his head and passed on, smiling benignantly.

"This won't do," said David to himself. "If I'm not careful I'll collapse or something. Come now, you ass, pull yourself together and walk straight! The Subway—that's where you want to go. Subway, corner of Wall. You've done it often enough before, so it ought to be easy. Just because you have a headache——"

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He lurched into the crowd and the crowd practically carried him to the Subway entrance. Somehow or other he managed to board an express, and found himself jammed into a corner of the platform vestibule, a fat, red-faced man beside him and almost on top of him. The fat, red-faced man wore a great many rings and kept telling a thin, pale-faced man that there wasn't a better buy on the market than Cowboy Oil at anything under seven.

"Cowboy Oil isn't worth two cents," said David aloud, much to his surprise.

He had not intended to say it aloud. Oh, well, it was true, anyway; and what did he care even if the fat, red-faced man was vexed? He couldn't be bothered with such trivialities when all the time he must concentrate on getting himself off at the Grand Central. It would never do to be carried past his station, and subways were tricky—very tricky. He wished conductors would enunciate more distinctly. Fourteenth Street, for instance—that might have been anything, the way the conductor announced it. Suppose he wrote a letter to the Subway Sun on the subject of clearer enunciation on the part of conductors.

"Grand Central!" yelled the conductor almost in his ear.

All right. So far so good. Now all that remained to do was to locate the 4:49 train for Beechmont. Well, that of course was quite a problem; but he could do it, he was sure, if only they'd stop banging away at his temples with those hot hammers. There was a sign somewhere, he remembered, that indicated the way to the Grand Central Station. He looked about him vaguely and discovered that although there were plenty of signs he could read none of them. Strange! Yes, that was very strange! He must consult an oculist at once. Eyes failing him—astigmatism—myopia—cataract—something like that. It was damnable at his age.

"It's damnable!" he exclaimed aloud.

A man beside him turned and laid a friendly hand on his arm.

"Which way are you bound, old man?" he asked.

"Beechmont, on the 4:49," answered David as distinctly and earnestly as he could.

The stranger laughed a little.

"Well," he said, "you'd better stick along with me. I'll see you as far as the station and then turn you over to a redcap. Come on, my lad."

David followed him obediently, explaining—for he felt some explanation was in order—that New York was very confusing and that he was not feeling exactly on his toes.

The man only laughed again and said, "Well, it happens to the best of us."

At the entrance to the station he hailed a porter and left David in his hands.

"Go easy on it, my boy," was his parting injunction. "The stuff they sell nowadays is poisonous."

David only stared at him; and then, as the man's meaning percolated through his dizzy brain, he commenced to laugh—overloudly, perhaps. It was funny that the man should think he was drunk when he had had nothing to drink for days. People were so suspicious! But laughter, he found, aggravated the throbbing in his head, so he very shortly desisted from it and followed the porter meekly enough to the train.

His recollection of that trip from New York to Beechmont was very dim. He remembered leaning over toward the window that he might press his hot brow against the comparatively cool glass; he remembered sleazy, undulating snatches of landscape, as contorted and unnatural as if painted by some extremely modern artist; he remembered the intensified roar of the train as it slipped by the way stations; he remembered the persistent howling of a baby in the car; and he remembered very little else.

He did not remember, it is certain, how he came to be lying in what is known as a Nantucket hammock, swinging gently in the shadow of a chestnut tree at the sea limit of the garden of Good Winds. Habit, perhaps, had directed him there, for that hammock had been his favorite resting place, after an exhausting day in the city, during the years when he and his father had lived in seigniorial state in the French Renaissance palace. At any rate it seemed to him perfectly natural and right that he should be where he was. To his fever-bitten brain the two months of exile had ceased to exist, and the dingy little cottage half a mile down the road, where his father was now waiting for him, would have seemed the house of a stranger. Good Winds was his home, as, indeed, it had been for over ten years; Good Winds was his home and he was the son of the master of the house.

He was aroused, but by no means recalled to his normal senses, by the sound of light footsteps on the grass terrace behind him. That annoyed him—annoyed him beyond all reason. He was very tired and he did not wish to be disturbed. All he wanted was to be left alone to rest and sleep in peace, fanned by the early evening breeze from the Sound and lulled by the murmur of bees beside him among the roses. That his simple wish was not to be granted was proved when a figure stepped between him and the sun.

He opened tired, reluctant eyes, and before they were fully open he said querulously, "What do you want?"

"I might ask what you want," was the reply, delivered in a woman's voice in which indignation and amusement fought to a draw.

David pulled himself up into a sitting posture, and the exertion started the hammers beating in his head again.

"I beg your pardon," said he rather ungraciously. "I thought it was one of the servants."

"You thought it was one of the servants," she repeated, with no mark of interrogation at the end of the sentence.

He noted, even in his wholly unbalanced condition, that her voice was pitched low for that of a woman—exceptionally low for that of a young woman; and indubitably she was a young woman.

She stood looking down at him critically, her back to the sun. In one hand she held a brassy and in the other a net bagful of mortally wounded golf balls. She was of medium height, but slender, and she was as straight as the shaft of her brassy. She had black hair, most of it concealed under a mannish straw hat, and she had amusing eyes that were almost black. It looked as if she had rouged her lips, but if so she had done it artistically.

"How did you get in?" he inquired. "This isn't visitors' day, is it?"

She continued her calm appraisal of him for a while before she answered; and she must have found in him something not unpleasing, for she said cheerfully if ironically, "It seems to be visitors' day." Then she extracted a battered golf ball from the net bag, placed it advantageously on the grass at her feet and swung at it viciously with the brassy in an endeavor, apparently, to drive it over the Sound to Long Island. The result was a miserable top, and she said, "Damn!"

"Damn is right," he agreed; "you are pressing."

"My friend," she observed, "I don't know who you are or what you're doing here, stretched out in the Nantucket hammock; but I do know that I'm not employing you to be my golf instructor."

Struck by what he considered the humor of the situation, he commenced to laugh; but as he laughed he stood up, a little unsteadily, for his knees were as tissue paper, and removing his hat bowed low.

"My friend"—he borrowed her mode of address—"my friend—my very lovely and charming friend, my name is David Goodwin, and I am here because my father happens to own the place."

(Continued on Page 73)



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Communist Accommodations

By ELEANOR FRANKLIN EGAN

IT IS a mistake and an injustice to think of Russia as being a country inhabited chiefly by Bolsheviki. It is not. It is a country suffering under a scourge of Bolshevism and inhabited chiefly by people who abhor the plight they are in and hate everything connected with the system that has been imposed upon them.

My wish now is to present a few pictures of things as they are, a few proofs of the pudding, so to speak, and I can think of no better way to do this than by telling in some detail about my own adventures.

Among the many interesting questions that a visitor in Russia has to ask himself is, What did they do with the beds?

And this is merely by way of choosing a question to ask, because it would be as natural and quite as reasonable to ask what they did with any number of other things or what they did with everything. But a bed is a thing one misses unless it is available when required, and I had not been in Moscow many hours before this question occurred to me. After which it occurred to me wherever I went.

When it comes to a wondering contemplation of the echoing emptiness of Russia it makes very little difference upon what city or locality one's mind may happen to dwell; all cities and localities are alike. But they are alike with various dissimilarities, and it seems to me that poor old Moscow presents the sorriest spectacle of them all.

What did they do with the beds? Some such simple question as this actually helps one in the midst of the Russian chaos. It can be clung to as a sort of mental anchor. What did they do with the tables and chairs; the sideboards and cupboards; the cabinets and carpets; the lounges, the draperies, the linen and the bric-a-brac? All the belongings of everybody that were worth confiscating were confiscated—"nationalized" I believe is the proper word; "stolen" is the word the former owners use—but where are they? What became of them after being nationalized?

Take just one street in any city in the United States and imagine if you can what it would mean to empty its dwellings. It might even be a very humble street. How many ordinary vans does it take to move the average family? And when such a family has to store its accumulation of encumbrances, how much storage room does it ordinarily require? It is not very difficult to picture to oneself the sacking of a city, but did you ever picture to yourself the sackers of a city as carrying off bedsteads and mattresses, linen cupboards and rolls of hall carpet? Art treasures and jewels, silver and gold and precious things generally—yes, to be sure; but not the simple and necessary but cumbersome articles of everyday utility.







Three Views of the Interiors of a Bolshevik Propaganda Train

Where Class Distinction Was Overdone

ONE day I asked a Russian—himself a Bolshevik—what had become of all Russia's household furniture, and he treated me to an exceedingly cynical smile when he answered: "Most of it is in Latvia, Esthonia, Lithuania, Poland, Finland, Sweden, Germany, even France and England. Dealers came in and bought up everything that was good."

"But who did the selling?" I asked.

"Oh, everybody!" said he.

Which was not true; and his answer, moreover, did not answer my question, because having before my vision a looted empire, not just a sacked city or an emptied street, my inquiring mind was far from being satisfied.

When I arrived in Moscow the room to which I was assigned had a bed in it, so I am not wishing to convey an idea that there are no beds at all. But I shall elucidate as I go along.

In the old days there were several very smart hotels in Moscow, as well as some restaurants that were famous the world over. The great difficulty with Russia was that her upper classes knew how to do themselves just a bit too well while they paid too little attention to the needs and desires of the laboring and producing classes underneath. This being rather a loose statement at that, because large numbers of men belonging to what we are in the habit of referring to as the upper classes labored and produced no less necessarily and no less valuably than the best in the so-called laboring and producing classes. One of the things that happened to me in Russia was that I got overwhelmingly annoyed at the idea that the only people who have a right to live are people who work with their hands.

A Gala Evening

BUT the upper classes did do themselves exceedingly well. In fact they were a fairly adequate reproduction in a different setting of the class Louis XV had in mind when he said: "*Après nous le déluge!*" Without them Russia could not continue to function; with them Russia could not continue to function; therefore, as a historical interlude, the triumph of Bolshevism. There were sharper social contrasts in Russia than in almost any other country on earth, but at the same time no casual observer from the world outside could fail to note a general atmosphere of well-being and a mutual good feeling between the classes which expressed itself in a never-failing spirit of kindness.

How many times I was reminded of one wonderful evening I once spent in Moscow. Little did I dream then that it would ever be my painful pleasure to provide for some of the people with whom I spent that evening just a measured ration of American flour and bacon and beans in order that they might continue for yet a little while to live.

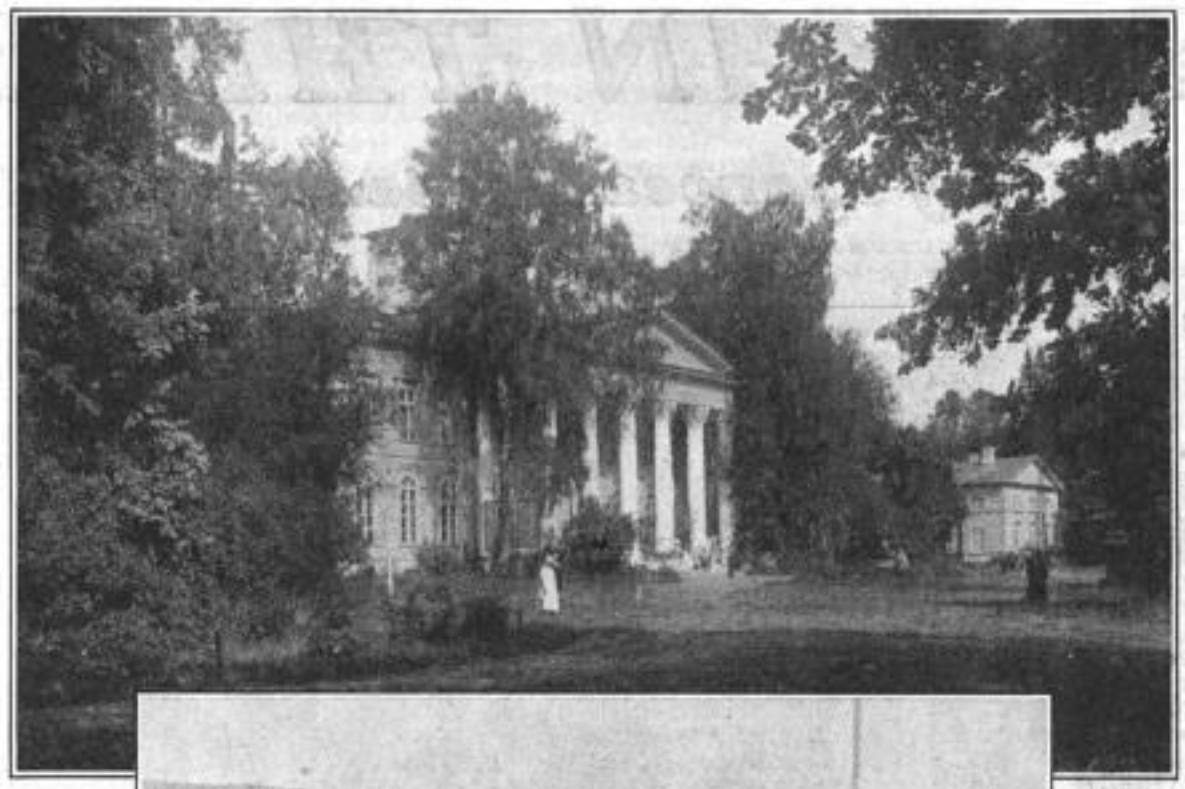
It was the kind of evening that comes to an end along about six o'clock in the morning. It was by way of being a great show of hospitality to some American guests, and we stayed with it because getting out of it and going to bed like Christians would have meant losing it and the impression it offered us of the manner in which a most interesting people amused themselves.

Mr. Elbert Hubbard once said: "Thank God you suffer; it's a sign you are alive!" But would it not be better to be able to say: "Thank God you are happy; it's a sign you know how to live!" It seems to me that the world today is in great need of some such cheerful and encouraging gospel as this. But, anyhow, so far as we were concerned they were happy days.

The evening I remember so particularly was an evening at an out-of-town restaurant called the Strelna. There had been a preliminary entertainment in the form of a special and gala performance by the Imperial Ballet in the great Ballet Theater, which is to Moscow what the Grand Opera House is to Paris. This lasted until along toward eleven o'clock,

leaving nothing to be imagined with regard to the beauty and magnificence to be achieved in the physical interpretation of poetry and music, and it should have been enough for the close of one full and eventful day. But when it was over our Russian friends announced that the evening was about to begin. Whereupon they bundled all of us who had neither excess dignity nor specially valuable lives to lose, into troikas, and off we jingled.

Somebody said once of some proud locality just north of the St. Lawrence River that he objected to its climate because the sleighing was bad in July and August, but I have never been in Northern Russia except when it lay under a thick mantle of snow, so I have in my mind no objection at all to the climate of Northern Russia. It may be that then I was just so much younger, that snow was whiter and more feathery, that fur rugs were snugger and cozier, that moonlight was brighter and everything lovelier and more alluring than anything could possibly be to me now, but in any case I have never forgotten a single detail of that troika ride.





Russian Refugees Coming in From an Empty Countryside to Look for Food in the City. Above—A Typical Russian Country Place Now Devoted to Educational Purposes

Old-Time Splendors

THERE was the perfect highway under its soft blanket of snow; there were first streets of stately houses, then picturesque suburban villas with lights in their windows shining out into gardens draped in snow; there were clean forests of slim pines and silver birches, silent as the moonlight that flooded the soft whiteness of them; sleighbells jingled, people laughed and sang in the procession of troikas, and my heart was filled with delight by my sleek handsome horses, three of them, the one in the middle a fine big dappled gray, the two on either side of him coal black and slender, holding their heads sidewise as they galloped along as though they knew they were a necessary part of what had to be made a perfect and symmetrical picture.

Strelna was mostly under glass, or so I remember it. There were charming grottoes and long hothouselike corridors filled with palms and ferns and flowering orchids, while in rooms here and there were many handsomely gowned and sleek-looking parties. We had rooms reserved for us—a ballroom and a big dining room—and all laid out on side tables, waiting for us, was a surpassing supper. Such things to eat! But of course that was the way Russia lived! Everything in Russia was in the superlative degree!

The deep sea and the sands of the seashore had been mined and delved for their richest and best—all these, in their iridescent colors done in jellies and aspic; there were Fujiyamas of perfect caviar crowned and surrounded with snow made of feathered plumes; there were heads of every suckling pig; there were turkeys and chickens, salads of one kind or another, roasts of beef and saddles of lamb—all decorated and set forth in beds of red roses frozen in blocks of ice.

All wrong, says you! No wonder they had a revolution in Russia! Well, yes, of course! But you wouldn't have everything reduced to dull drab monotony, would you? There cannot be a dead level of life. When you produce such a level you produce a terrible and unlivable condition. That was what the Bolsheviki did in Russia, and now they are trying slowly to get back to some of the enjoyments of other days. The boss Bolsheviki can get back easily enough because they have the materials at their command, but the occasional attempt at social gayety on the part of the people is too pitiful to be described.

There was vodka with the zakushka, and there was a plentiful supply of what the Russians call good green wine, to say nothing of the best that the cellars of France had to offer.

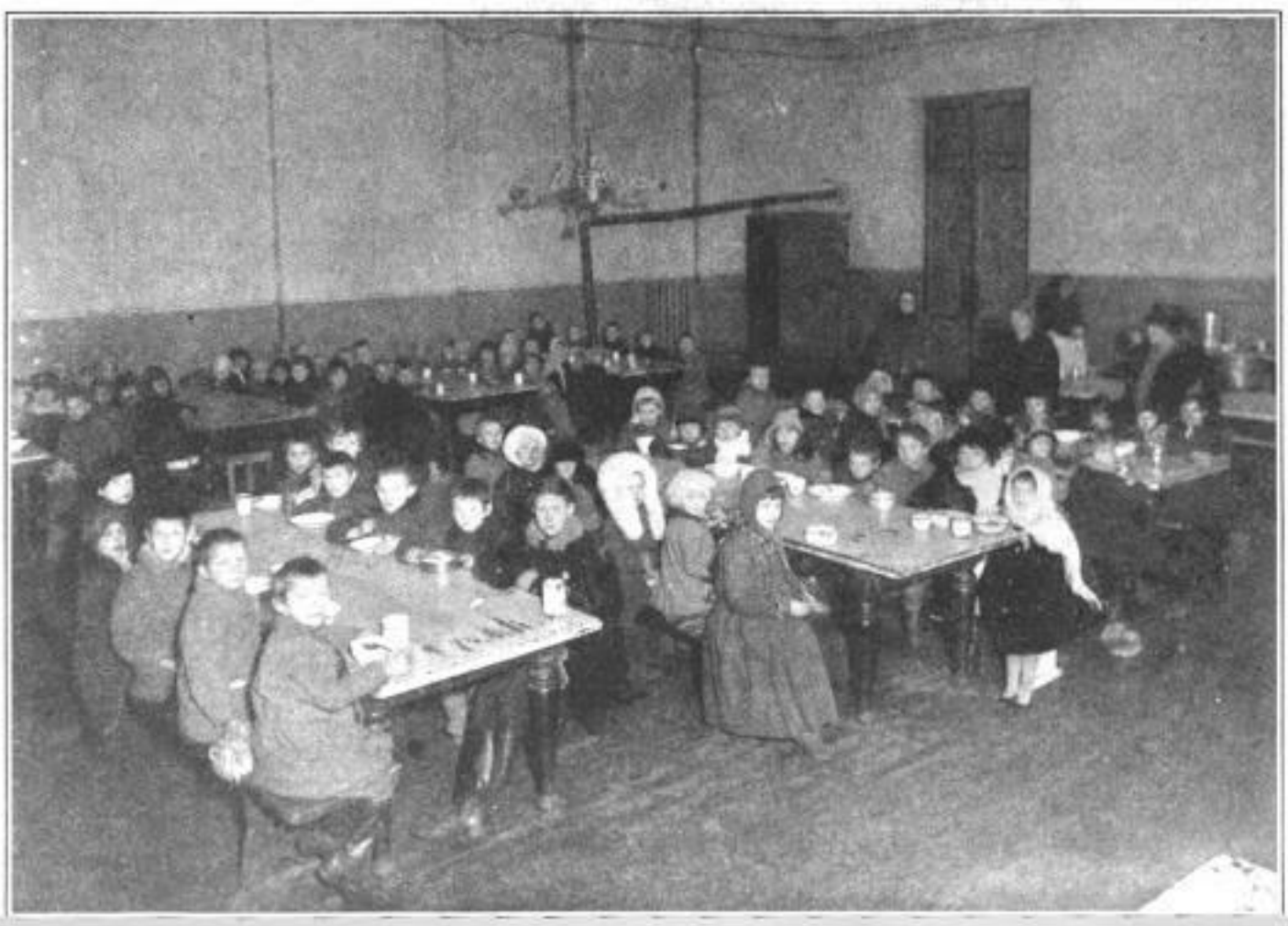
It used to be an American boast that the United States got all the best champagne that France produced, and the French producers made a specialty of catering to the American taste for the dry variety. If it was not *sec* it would not do for the American market, so a fine propaganda in the interest of *sec* was put over on us along with excellent brands of champagne at which the Russians laughed. It was a notorious fact that they had the French champagne product cornered for years ahead and that the only country on earth in which French champagne of the first quality was to be procured was Russia.

The Party at Strelna

NO WONDER they had a revolution! *Après nous le déluge!* But our little party at the Strelna was innocent enough. I assure you it was. I don't know why I should suddenly feel apologetic in recalling it, but I suppose the prunes and prisms of our American social code have puckered my thinking processes considerably as time has gone on. I do not remember feeling that night as though I were somewhere where I hadn't ought to be, though it is likely enough that, true to our puritanical breeding and upbringing, we Americans looked upon everybody in the place outside our own select and properly introduced little circle with the kind of interest that expresses itself in aloofness and disdain.

We sipped a little vodka and giggled at the wickedness of it; that I do remember. But afterward I forgot everything else and went up into a high place with the soul of Russia.

They brought in to meet us and entertain us a gypsy orchestra and a band of about forty singers of folksongs. The singers were all dancers as well, and they wore the national dress of the wild lands of the Caucasus. They were superb. They sang great lusty choruses of sobbing sadness and soaring cumulative tidal waves of joy that simply lifted one off one's feet. Then they danced. They were Fair Sun Vladimirs and princesses out of



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LESS THAN THE DUST

III

By Frances Noyes Hart

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

MR. THORN!" The soft peremptory voice of Sarah Anne Carstairs, threaded with mirth and protest, floated down as lightly as thistledown, and Rod lifted his black head alertly, though he did not turn. "Mr. Thorn, truly I think that you go mad! Will you be so good as to get up at once from my stairs, but at once, you understand, and go to your home quickly and dress yourself for my dinner party? I remind you that it will be in one half hour—no more."

"I'm afraid I'm going to be a little late for it," replied Rod pleasantly, settling himself more comfortably against the banisters. "Do come down—you have taken a long time! I was afraid that Patterson would give out entirely with apoplexy before he delivered my message; he seemed pretty severely stricken when he got it. Did he die on the way?"

"When Patterson told me that you had sent word to me that you had seated yourself at the foot of the stairs in my aunt's hall, Mr. Thorn, and would continue to sit there until I came down and spoke to you, I thought how it was sad that a servant in whom my aunt placed so great confidence should drink himself into so appalling a delirium."

"Well, we've both been wronging Patterson, it seems, and I for one am ready to apologize for the apoplexy theory. He's the treasure that Mrs. Carstairs thinks him, and he has an absolutely flawless memory. I don't want to hurry you, but you're making me frightfully late, you know, and if Babbie comes in and finds me curled up on your front stairs she'll go practically out of her head with excitement. Sisters are just the least little bit high strung about that kind of thing!"

"No—no—I dream this—it is not possible! I am not, I assure you, in either a frame of mind or a costume to talk to maniac young men who sit on my stairs and are stubborn like pigs. How, may I ask, did you arrive there in the first place?"

"To indulge in your delightful idiom, my dear mystery, that was simple as good day. I waited for about three minutes after you decided not to finish the charming little song that you were singing to me, rang the doorbell, and when Patterson very naturally opened it I very naturally walked in. These aren't particularly comfortable stairs. I've been trying them out for the last half hour, and I think that Mrs. Carstairs ought to know that ——"

"Mr. Thorn, this cannot go on, truly and really! What is this matter of which you desire to speak?"

There was a decided leaven of impatience through the softness of the voice, but Rod's imperturbable calm remained unshaken.

"Of course it can't go on!" he agreed cordially. "I'm delighted that you're so sensible about it. It won't take us five minutes. Come on down, and I'll overlook any temporary deficiencies in your costume. I've seen Babbie in get-ups that would terrify any sensitive child into convulsions, so I'm fully prepared! Sometime I want you to tell me, though, just why it is that when an attractive girl wants to look her best she has to go through such a blood-curdling process of transition."

The thistledown voice floated a breath nearer.

"Again you make me believe that I have forgotten my native tongue for all and good. You are saying?"



"I Have No Heart," Continued Rod Firmly, "Because I Lost It. Seven Years Ago, in the Dirtiest Canteen in Paris"

"I'm saying that you couldn't possibly look worse than Babbie is probably looking at this precise minute. I ran into her night before last scampering through the hall, and I give you my word that I shake from head to foot whenever I think of it. She looked like a cross between a demented goblin and the leader of the Ku Klux Klan, with just a dash of Sis Hopkins, thanks to a lot of little spikes that she'd wrapped her hair around. Two inches of white paste all over her face, and some kind of oily circles around her eyes, and a nice gauze bandage wound round and round her head, and black rubber gloves four sizes too big for her—I assure you that I get cold all over when I remember it—and she calmly informed me that she was taking a balsam ice pack so that she'd look pretty at the poker party! So you can see that nothing that you have done to yourself is going to agitate me much. You can advance freely."

"Oh!" breathed the outraged voice above him.

There was a brief pause, then a swish of silk, a swift patter of feet, and his reluctant hostess stood before him. Whatever that lady had been doing during the brief time that he sat waiting on the stairs, she had obviously not been taking a balsam ice pack. Some alchemy less clumsy and unsightly had apparently been at work, however, and Rod, rising hastily to his feet, stood staring down incredulously at the results. Was this shining creature the small pale Sarah Anne who had cast her nets with weak and fragile hands?

To be sure, she was at present arrayed in a distinctly arresting and slightly informal costume in which to receive importunate young gentlemen in front halls—something green as water, that floated and clung and swirled about her feet in their high-heeled lace-and-tinsel absurdities. It swept away in great wings from her bare arms and throat, and over it fell the shining veil of her hair, a pale mist showering down almost to her feet, incredibly soft, fantastically airy and light, fine-spun as dreams. Out of its drifting magic her eyes shone so dark, her lips shone so bright, that her glib and audacious visitor remained transfixed, a flood of incredulous delight illuminating what he was pleased to consider an inscrutable countenance. It was both flattering and becoming, but the lady seemed profoundly unimpressed.

"You are a most extremely impertinent and a most extremely tiresome young man," she remarked in a cold and gentle little voice that should have chilled him to the marrow of his unworthy bones. "And if I did not even more dislike scenes than I dislike you I should tell Patterson to take you by what you call the scruff of your neck and put you out of that door by which you most unwarrantably entered—and I should not for a moment request that he do it gently."

"I doubt whether Patterson could make it," replied Rod, once more in possession of all his faculties, including the power of speech, though the light still lingered on his dark face. "What I call the scruff of my neck, I mean—though on my honor I can't remember calling it that! Patterson's a bit too short and fat to make the grade, so it's just as well that you detest scenes. You've really been wasting a lot of our valuable time, Mystery, considering the fact that you had firmly made up your mind to come down to see me from the very first instant, judging by that incredibly ravishing costume."

"You go madder each minute. I had no intention of coming down to see you ever—none. I was brushing my hair."

With a gesture of regal disdain she held out an enormous silver-backed brush for inspection, but Rod's interest in it was not even perfunctory.

"Well, it's a distinctly good get-up for hair-brushing. I'd recommend it to anyone! If I were you I'd brush my hair most of the time. When I think of what you've kept tied up in a lot of dull-looking brown braids it shatters my faith in human nature—it does indeed. I don't suppose that it could possibly be as soft as it looks?"

"It could be much softer," replied its owner severely. "It is. And I will tell you that I have many more pretty things than this that I wear when I am brushing my hair—and at other times. Once I was told by someone very wise that it was not of so great importance how one looked after one had been preparing for three hours for a great

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ceremony, but that it was of the greatest possible importance how one looked if taken by entire surprise in one's room."

"It's a nice idea," concurred Rod enthusiastically. "Especially nice for ghosts and burglars. One of Sœur Marie Veronique's?"

There was a momentary flicker of rebellious lips before they were reduced to a proper state of austerity.

"No," she informed him; "it was not. And it was not, perhaps, to discuss the ideas of Sœur Marie Veronique that you force your way into this house and me down these stairs? No? Then what? I have two minutes to give you; do not waste them."

"God forbid! I forced my way in, as you so aptly put it, because I gathered from the little song that you were singing to me that you were making a sword sharp and bright in order to put an entire end to your career tonight, since, in the well-chosen words of the lyric, you were nothing unto me. So I came in to try to stop you."

"Mr. Thorn!"

Mr. Thorn did not turn a single smooth black hair at the outraged amazement of that cry.

"You see, it was only fair to stop you, since there had obviously been a mistake somewhere! Let the sword rust, Mystery. You are far, far from being less than the dust beneath my chariot wheels, or less than the weed that grows beside my door, or ——"

"Be silent!" The voice cut through his words like a whip, and he was silent. "This is enough of mockery—this is too much, I think; now you can go!"

The eyes that flared at him in the uncertain light were brighter even than anger or scorn or indignation could make them; they were suddenly and amazingly bright with unshed tears.

"I'm sorry," he said gently, "that you feel that way about it, because I can't go just yet. After all, you've been indulging pretty freely in mockery yourself for the last ten days, haven't you?"

"Never, never would I indulge in mockery of so execrable a taste—never if I died! I do not see how it is possible that you should dare to say to me that you believe that I sat in there singing little songs to make you believe that I—that I cared for you in any way—in any way at all whatever. It is most intolerable impertinence, and it is even more intolerable stupidity."

"Did you or did you not tell me that you were going to sing to me alone a most sad, beautiful and true song?" inquired Rod relentlessly.

"But my good lunatic, I laughed—I laughed!"

"Well, you laughed once too often. You know you've been letting what is undoubtedly a very nice sense of humor run away with you these days. You've managed to fix it so that every last one of us has been making a monkey on a stick look like a superman—and that's not a nice thing to do! As a matter of fact, however, I didn't come in here to indulge in mockery. I gathered from what you said on the veranda that you were leaving almost at once, and I thought that you were perfectly capable of not giving me another chance to talk to you."

"If ever again I give you a chance to talk to me," she said with exquisite precision, "it will be because I shall be quite entirely dead or quite entirely mad."

"Yes; well, that's one reason why it seemed imperative to talk to you now, especially as I'd have no means of tracking you down later, even to a cemetery or a lunatic asylum. The only thing that I know definitely about you is that you're a rank impostor—but that wouldn't help me much, as it isn't a very concrete description."

"No?"

"No. I couldn't exactly tell the police that I wanted them to find me a lady who was a nice, pale, old-fashioned little frump—and a cross between a strayed pixy and a Lorelei with a sense of humor—and a silver-voiced singer of ribald songs with a hat straight from the Rue de la Paix and eyes that laugh and cry and dance and pray like Puritans turned gypsy. That kind of a description, while vivid and more or less accurate, might throw the police off the track. Possibly they'd be led to believe that I was looking for an entire harem, instead of one rather quiet young person with ordinary brown hair and gray eyes."

The young person in question smiled at him angelically, suddenly and mysteriously appeased by this none too flattering description.

"Those police of yours," she remarked, with a scornful flourish of the silver-backed brush, "are, I understand, of a truly incredible stupidity. In Paris all that would be necessary to do would be to beckon the nearest gendarme, and say to him, 'Monsieur, I beg of you to assist me. I have lost a young woman—oh, quite an ordinary young woman. She is ——' And the gendarme would cry '*Oui, oui, entendu*—she is a little devil and a little saint, and a child and an adventuress, and a *Hausfrau* and a *mannequin* and a singer of street songs and of lullabies, and a great coward and a greater martyr and a greatest diplomatist. She is, as you say, just an ordinary woman, but it will be a little difficult to find her, unless you can tell me in what she differs from other ordinary women. Paris is entirely full of them just like that.'"

"Is it indeed?" inquired Rod. "No wonder it's acquired such an international reputation! Every ordinary woman her own harem; it must be fairly stiff work to sustain the rôles indefinitely, isn't it?"

"But it is no work at all!" she replied with entire candor. "It is a pleasure. It is not only Paris that is full of ordinary young women like that—it is the whole world. What amusement could it possibly be to stay all the time the same? As well be an oyster!"

"I see. However, the idea doesn't seem to have any iron grip on the ladies in this particular part of the world."

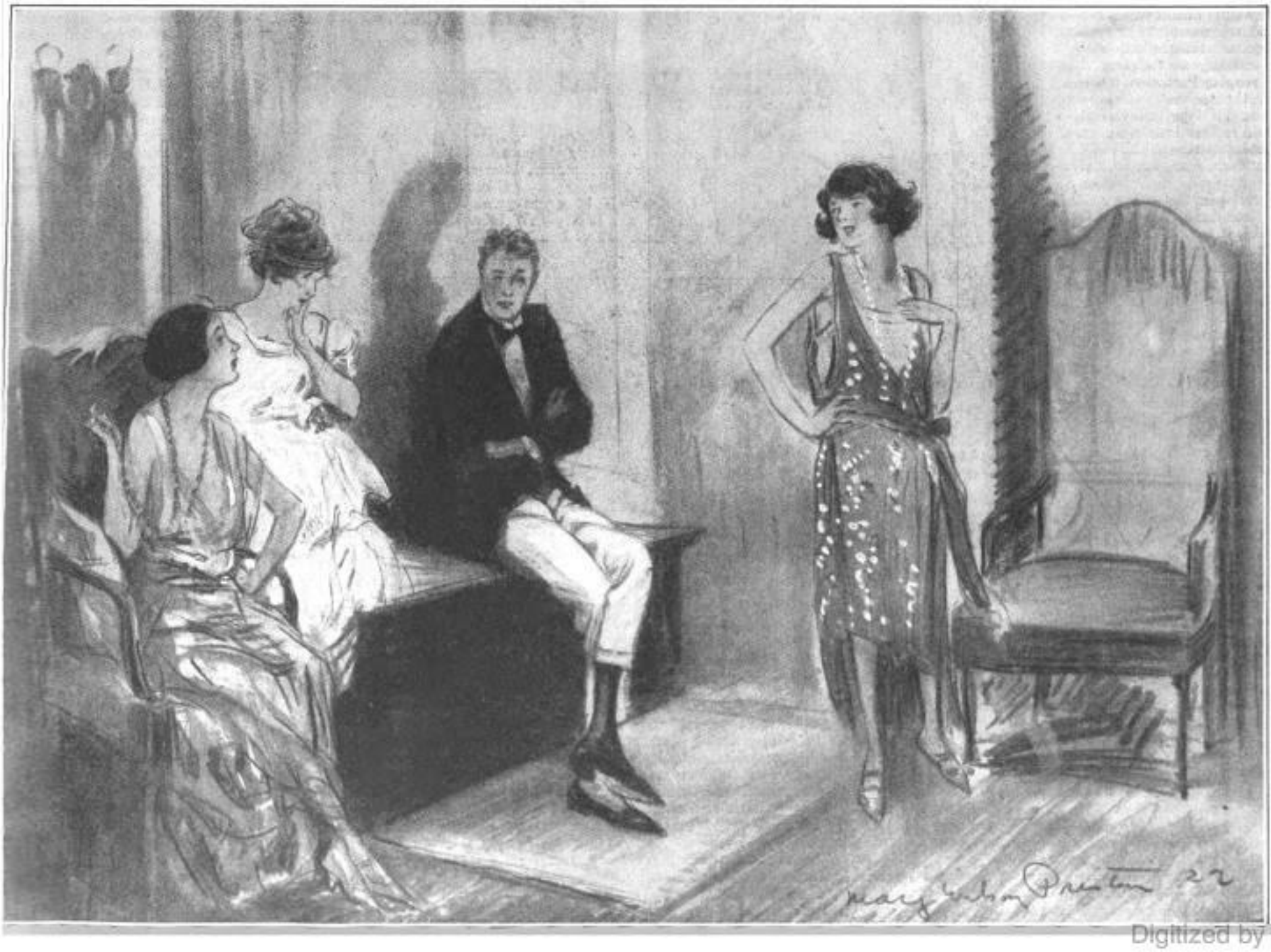
"No," she said softly. In the circling shadows of the hall and the shining shadows of her hair she shone as mysterious and alluring as a strayed fairy. "No—as you say, not in this part of the world. But this is so small, so small a part of the world, Mr. Thorn!"

"Well," acquiesced Rod with a grim tightening of the lips, "it happens to be the small part that I live in."

The fairy vanished in a highly Gallic shrug of shoulders.

"True—but how true! And it is you, therefore, who have made it what it is. You are very, very cruel to these

(Continued on Page 33)



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THE EAGLE AND THE WREN

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

XVIII

THERE'S nothing to be done, Saville," said Mr. Diplock, Senior. "Either the worst has happened or it hasn't. I don't pretend to understand the telephone message telling me not to worry privately, nor what you and Butterwick say about Wedderton. Very mysterious, the whole business."

"Notify the Ministry?"

"First thing this morning. They expressed official concern, but nothing more. Apparently the fellows only took one negative. S'pose there's no doubt it was the right one."

Martyn shrugged his shoulders.

"Pretty sure to have been, but it's almost impossible to say. The glass was in powder."

"H'm!"

Butterwick had already retired. His usual smiling calm had deserted him altogether; indeed, he had so far forgotten himself as to crack walnuts furiously throughout the interview and to strew the broken shells on Mr. Diplock's Turkey carpet.

"It is very tragic, Saville; very tragic indeed. I am getting an old man, and the thought of being embroiled in a second world war is an uncomfortable reflection for declining years." He tapped a pen slowly on the surface of the table. "Curiously enough, though, I cannot help feeling that there is an explanation behind all this."

"Come to the worst," said Martyn blithely, "I shall have to evolve a new machine that'll knock this other fellow to blazes. Pity, though, 'cause I wanted to get some winter sports. Thought of honeymooning at Davos."

Mr. Diplock nodded.

"You were starting for the south to-morrow?"

"I was."

"I think I would go. After all there is nothing you can do. I had Wallingford, of the Ministry, on the phone an hour ago and asked, in view of what's happened, whether we should start building a fleet straight away for counter-work."

"Then you'll want me?"

"No. He said there was to be no change in the program. We were to stick to the old order. Make a test machine in the spring and, if satisfactory, destroy it after the trials and lodge the designs in a government strong room. They're queerly apathetic—queerly apathetic."

"Funny birds," said Martyn.

"So I don't see what's to prevent your going."

"If you say so."

As he moved toward the door Mr. Diplock recalled him.

"You're sure in your own mind Wedderton is all right?"

Martyn scratched his head.

"Always thought him sound as a bell. But frankly I'm a bit puzzled about last night. If he's swung it on us there'll be a mix-up when we meet."

"Ah!" nodded Mr. Diplock, and his fingers closed round a black ruler. "As I said a minute ago, I'm an old man, but—oh, well." He replaced the ruler on his desk. "Leave your address with my clerk."

"Righto!"

On returning to his rooms Martyn found a wire awaiting him.



"You speak as Though I Were an Old Woman." "So You are—in Knowledge—Older Than the World, and Not Half So Kind"

"Cheer up," it read. "Hope to see you at the La Rhone. George."

Martyn sat down and laughed.

"This fairly beats the band," said he.

A moment later Mr. Butterwick clattered up the stairs and hurried in.

"What you think of your friend now?" he cried.

"Something new?" Martyn asked, crumpling the wire into his pocket.

"Very new and very tasty. Your precious George Wedderton was paid two thousand pounds for his share in last night's transaction."

"You're crazy," Martyn laughed. "Wherever did you buy that yarn?"

"I got it from that little rat of an anarchist cashier, Mr. Saville.

"He was so utterly scared that I haven't a doubt that he spoke truth."

"Good Lord! Get any other information from the blighter?"

"I did. I did. Oh, yes. A certain important agent, named Otto Weisenberg, is leaving Moscow this afternoon for a meeting place in the south of France. He is the man to whom the plans will be delivered."

"The devil!"

"If he ever reaches that meeting place it will be no fault of mine. Good day."

"Here half a sec. Where's your hurry? You're getting interesting."

"I am going to cable some instructions to the Swiss authorities. Our friend from Moscow is traveling towards trouble."

The door slammed. Martyn fixed his eyes on the ceiling. Presently he took the telegram from his pocket, reread it thoughtfully and muttered: "A gentleman from Moscow to a meeting place in the south of France—and old George Wedderton is hoping to see me at the La Rhone Hotel."

With sudden determination he sprang to his feet, threw open the door and bawled over the banister rail: "Playdell! I want my car *toute suite*, and the touter the sweeter. Ac dum—prestovitch. Get a move on!"

He darted back into his bedroom and began recklessly heaving clothes into a bag.

XIX

THE Honorable Mrs. Conyngham was not the woman to postpone a duty, however unpleasant. Having caught Cyril kissing Alma Ferraros she retreated a bare twenty paces from the embracers and stopped. The screen of aloes concealed her. She filled her lungs and pitching her voice to a traveling note fluted, "Cyril! Cyril!"

"Stand clear," Cyril entreated, "it's the aunt!"

They were half a dozen paces apart when Mrs. Conyngham reappeared. Alma was laughing a naughty little laugh that sounded like water gurgling in a culvert. Cyril's face was a veritable record of betrayal.

Mrs. Conyngham paused and looked first at one, then at the other. For the inspection of Alma she employed starers on a tortoise-shell stick. It took a long time, and when it was over she turned to Cyril.

"Why did you not reply to my call?"

Cyril kicked at a daisy.

"Didn't hear you, dear old aunt. Matter of fact. Awfully sorry, and all that."

Mrs. Conyngham, who was standing beneath a eucalyptus tree, inhaled vigorously.

"Your nephew was talking to me," said Alma.

Mrs. Conyngham inclined her head.

"You have the advantage of me."

Cyril leaped into the breach with enthusiastic introduction.

"Ferraros?" said Mrs. Conyngham. "I seem to remember the name in connection with an electric poster outside the Alhambra. Someone who followed the profession of dancing, I believe. But naturally it would not be the same."

"That is me all right," Alma smiled.

"How curious," said Mrs. Conyngham.

"But, aunt," Cyril expostulated. "Madame Ferraros is a very famous *ballerina*."

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"Notorious—I have no doubt. Notorious!"

Alma broke into a light laugh.

"I am taking a promenade before tea. You will join me, Mr. Cyreel?"

But such familiarity could not be tolerated.

"Our surname is Conyngham—yes."

Again Alma laughed, but there was a touch of east in the wind that made it.

"So kind of you to tell me. Coming, Mr. Cyreel? I will read Browning to you." And she held up the book.

"No, thanks very much," replied Cyril with a meaning glance. "I want a word with the aunt."

"As you will. *Au 'voir*, Mrs. Conyngham. We must see more of each other. Your nephew and I, oh, we were great friends in Paris!"

"In Paris," came the rejoinder. "That is so different, is it not?"

Alma accepted the challenge gayly.

"I thought perhaps I might join you at your table."

Mrs. Conyngham shivered.

"That would be charming," said she, "but unfortunately impossible."

"Impossible?"

"We are going out to every meal."

"Breakfast too?"

"Breakfast, in future, we shall take upon a tray."

Some natures are impervious to satire. Alma Ferraros merely grinned insolently, kissed the tips of the fingers at Cyril, and departed with a snatch of song upon her scarlet lips.

Mrs. Conyngham sank down on the tree stump. She recovered her presence of mind only just in time to frustrate an effort on the part of Cyril to efface himself from the landscape.

"Do not dare to retire," she ordered him. "You affirmed you had something to say to me. Say it."

"Oh, there's nothing really. That was just a ruse to escape from her society."

"There seems better reason to suppose you seek to escape from mine. Come now. Who is this dancing person with whom you have become entangled?"

"Don't be absurd, aunt."

"It is useless to build on my lack of perception, because I have no lack. My conclusions are formed, and nothing will alter them."

"Just because I show a little civility to a lady I once met in Paris."

"Civility! My dear Cyril, one does not kiss persons with whom one is civil."

The unhappy young man winced.

"Oh!" said he. "So you saw her kiss me."

"I saw—the kissing," retorted Mrs. Conyngham. "And it was evidently no maiden effort on either side. Rather I should say the fruit of a long and, I have no doubt, highly discreditable intimacy."

"Now look here," said Cyril desperately. "D'you know why I did it? I'll tell you. I did it to get rid of her."

Mrs. Conyngham looked upward reverently.

"A most ineffective tactic. Improbable to the verge of lying."

"My dear old aunt. I've no wish to be rude, but really you don't know everything."

"I cannot be sufficiently thankful. But one thing is clear: You must abandon all further association with this woman."

"But that's precisely what I'm doing."

"Lies, Cyril; lies. I hoped you had finished sowing these wild beanos. I mean oats. I hoped you were beginning to realize your birth and upbringing ——"

But Cyril cut her short with a gesture.

"I don't care a damn for my birth or upbringing," he exploded, "but I care a great deal for something else."

"That woman."

"No. I care for Leslie Kavanagh, and now you know the truth."

Mrs. Conyngham rose and with closed eyes swayed gently upon her heels.

"I have always known you were a liar, Cyril," she said, and her voice sounded as though it were governed by divine inspiration, "but I never thought you would fall as low as this. To stand before me with the kisses of that harpy printed in scarlet across your lips, and to screen these misdemeanors behind an assumed affection for our mutual guest. No—no. I would never have believed it."

"I love her and mean to propose to her," said Cyril doggedly.

"I forbid it. You disgust me, Cyril."

"I'm going to marry her."

"You are not a fit person to marry anyone. You are a degenerate and you have no money."

"You would help in that way," he suggested with a touch of sweetness.

"After what I have seen? Never! The subject is closed, and I may add that Leslie is practically affianced to someone else."

Cyril swung round savagely. "That's not true."

"You question my word?"

"I do. It's a family failing."

"The subject is closed. I have plenty to occupy me in rescuing you from your present predicament."

"I don't want rescuing."

"That is of no consequence. The work of salvation will go forward just the same."

Cyril clenched his hands.

"How dare you say Leslie is engaged!" he stormed. "I challenge you to give me the man's name."

"Martyn Saville," replied Mrs. Conyngham.

"Martyn? What rot! They've known each other for years. If they'd been going to get engaged they'd have done it ages ago."

Mrs. Conyngham drew an iced breath.

"Everyone is not so woefully precipitate in their amours as you."

"Then I can tell you this," said Cyril. "She'll have to break it off. We were boy-and-girl lovers before ever they met."

"Cyril, this bluff is wasted upon me."

"Can't you recognize the truth when you hear it?"

"I have already done so—and ——"

It is probable this argument would have proceeded indefinitely had not Leslie, smiling, pink and sun-dappled, burst excitedly upon the scene, clasping a foreign telegraph form to her breast.

"Hello, you two!" she sang out. "Couldn't find you anywhere. Read this," and she thrust the telegraph form

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J. POINDEXTER, COLORED

XIV

By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

WHEN you is engaged in going to and fro in the world doing good deeds you certainly can cover a surpassing lot of ground in a short time. It's striking ten when I knocks at the lady's door; it ain't eleven yet, by the lacking of a few minutes, when I is home again and has handed over the note to Mr. Dallas and is watching his face whilst he reads it. He's got one of these here open faces, and I can tell easy enough exactly what thoughts goes through his mind. Mostly he's full of a great relief—that's plain to see—but mixed in with it is a faint kind of a lurking regretfulness that she should 'a' broke loose from him so abrupt thisaway. If folks has got the least crumb of vanity in 'em it shows forth when a love affair is going to pieces on 'em. And Mr. Dallas is not no mite different in this matter from the run of creation. Even so, he's displaying more joysomeness than anything else when he comes to the end of what she's wrote him. He reaches out after my hand for to shake it good and hearty.

"Jeff," he says, "my hat's off to you! You're the outstanding wonder of the century. I judge it's hardly necessary for me to tell you what's in this note."

"I been able," I says, "to mek my own calculations, suh. I reckins ef I wuz put to it, I could guess."

"How did you ever do it?" he says.

"Mr. Dallas," I says, "the main p'int is 'at it's done—ain't 'at so, suh?"

"Agreed," he says; "but there are hints here—'hints' is a mild word—at things I don't in the least understand. Now, for example ——"

"Mr. Dallas," I says, "ast me no questions, please, suh, an' I'll tell you no lies. Lyin' don't come natchel to me, ez you knows. I has to strain fur it."

"Very well," he says, "have it your own way; I won't press you. The proof is in my hand that you accomplished what you set out to do; and seeing that I had no part or parcel in it, I figure it's up to me to show less curiosity and more gratitude."

"Nummine the gratitudes part yit aw'ile," I says. "Us is got a heap more to 'complish 'fore the sun goes down tonight. It's only jest a part of the load w'ich is been lifted—bear 'at in mind, suh. The case of Mr. H. C. Raynor is yit remainin' to be 'tended to."

"You've already shown me what you can do, even though I'm left in the dark as to the exact methods you use in these big emergencies," he says. "I'm still following your lead. What comes next?"

All through this he's been walking up and down the floor like he was drilling for the militia. So I induces him for to set down and be still and I proceeds to specify further.

I says to him, I says, "Mr. Dallas," I says, "these here chronic Noo Yawkers is funny people—some of 'em. 'Cause they knows they own game, they thinks they ain't no other games wu'th knowin'. 'Cause they thinks the Noo Yawk way of doin' things must be the only suitable way, they don't concern theyselves 'bout the way an outsider mout tackle the same proposition. To be so bright ez they is in some reguards, they is the most ign'ant in others ever I seen. Now, 'cordin' to my notions, w'en you gits 'em on strange ground—w'en you flings a novelty slam-bang in they faces—they ain't got no ways an' means figgered out fur meetin' it, an' they's liable to git all mommuxed up an' be swep' right off they feet."

"Jeff," he says, "you have gifts which I never fully appreciated before. You are not only a philosopher but a psychologist besides."

"Boss," I says, "you does me too much honor. So fur ez I knows, I ain't nary one of them two things w'ich you jest called me. I only merely strives fur to use the few grains of common sense w'ich the good Lawd give me—tha's all 'tis. Tubby shore, I got one 'vantage on my side: I can look at w'ite folkses' affairs frum a cullid stan'p'int, whar'as they kin only look at 'em frum they own. Ef the shoe wuz on t'other foot you doubtless could he'p me, but in the present case it's possible I kin he'p you. Ise on the outside lookin' in, whilst you is on the inside lookin' out, ez you mout say; so mebbe I kin 'scover things w'ich you'd utterly overlook. The fly beholes whut 'scapes the elephant's eye, an' the minner gives counsel to the whale. Mebbe I ain't gittin' the words routined right fur to spress my meanin's; but, even so, I reckin you gits my drift, don't you, suh?"



"Sh-h-h!" I says. "Please, suh, Sh-h-h! Keep Yore Voice Down. This Ain't No Time to be Tawkin' Loud," I says

"I follow you perfectly, with an ever-increasing admiration," he says. "Go ahead. This looks like our lucky day anyhow. Let's press the luck!"

"Yas, suh," I says. "Now, f'rinstances," I says, "you tek the 'foresaid Mr. H. C. Raynor. W'en you spoke to him of lawsuits yistiddy he mouty nigh laffed in yore face, didn't he? Well, 'at shows he ain't got no dread of lawsuits. Prob'ly he's been mixed up in 'em befo'; most doubtless he knows the science of lawsuitin' frum startin' tape to home stretch. An' lakwise he'd have the bulge on you w'en it come to makin' figgers wu'k out lak he wanted 'em to, so he'd 'pear to be inside his rights an' you'd 'pear to be on the wrong side of the docket. I persume he's had a 'bundince of sperience in sech matters, w'ich you ain't. He knows his own system, an' he knows you don't know it, w'ich fortify him yit fu'ther. All right, suh, so much fur that. But s'posen' now, on the other hand, we wuz to layway him an' jump out of ambushment at him wid a brand-new notion. I jedges he ain't got no ripperta-tion to speak of, so losin' whut li'l' scraps of it he mout have left wouldn't keep him 'wake nights worryin', specially effen he'd already salted away the cash w'ich he craved. But he do own somethin' w'ich he do prize most highly, or elsewise I misses my guess—he's got a skin w'ich he's managed some way, by hook or crook, to keep it whole up to now. An' ef right out of a clear sky he suddenly wuz faced wid a prospect of havin' it all punctured up in mebbe fo', five or six places, I figgers he mout start singin' a diff'unt song frum the one w'ich at the present 'pears to be his fav'rit selection.

"There's jest one thing more," I says. "Prob'ly it's 'scaped yore 'tention, Mr. Dallas, but Ise been steddyin' Mr. H. C. Raynor off an' on, an' has took note 'at he's got some very curiousome idees in his haid 'bout the kind of folkses you an' me is. Didn't it never occur to you, suh, 'at he thinks practically all Southern w'ite gen'elmen is a heap more hot-haided an' fiery-blooded 'en whut the run of 'em really is? Didn't it never occur to you, frum his talk, 'at he figgers 'at 'most ev'ey thoroughbred Kintuckian is prone to settle his argumints wid fo'ty-fo' calliber ca'tridges? Well, Ise read his thoughts 'long them lines, even ef you ain't, an' I'm shore I've got him placed right. Tha's whut I'm countin' on now, suh," I says; "tha's whar'in lays our maindest dependince. Does you see whut I'm aimin' at, suh? Or does you don't?"

He ain't needing to answer. His face is beginning to light up and his eyeballs is starting to dance in his head. So I knows the time is come for me to cease from preambling and get right down to cases. Which I accordingly does so.

I tells him the greatest part of what I aims to do. I tells him what-all he's to do. I tells him what'll be the signal for him to bust into the picture. I tells him how he should deport himself after he has done done so. I can tell him what should be done up to a certain point, but past that, as I says to him, he'll just have to let the cards run the way they falls.

I labors over him until I can tell he's getting his mad up. His hands begins to twitch a little and his jaw sort of locks and there's a kind of a reckless spunky look stealing onto his expression. That suits me. I wants him to be even more nervous than what he is now, when the performance starts—the nervouser he is the better for our purposes.

When his dander is worked up to suit and getting more worked up and more danderish every minute, I leaves him there and I goes out into the hall and I rings up the oil office. One of the help answers to my call and I tells him to get Mr. Raynor on the line right speedy. In about a minute his voice comes to me over the wire.

"Hello!" he says, very sharp like. "Hello! Who is it?"

"Mr. Raynor," I says, "this yere is Jeff Poindexter, speakin' fur Mr. Dallas. He desires 'at you will please run on up yere to our place soon ez you kin git yere. He ain't seemin' to be hisse'f today, an' so he ain't aimin' to come downtown. In fac', right now he's layin' down, but he p'intedly insists on seein' you 'mediately. He says it's most highly important. 'At's the message he tells me fur to convey, suh."

"Well," he says, sort of grumbling, "it's getting on toward my lunch time; but I suppose I could come. Tell him I'll be there in half an hour from now."

"Yas, suh," I says, "thanky, suh. . . . Hole on, Mr. Raynor! They's jest one thing else." And now I lets my voice slink down sort of cautious like. "Mr. Raynor," I says, "I done deliver Mr. Dallases' words to you; now I wishes fur to say a li'l' somethin' on my own 'count. W'en you gits yere, please, suh, come straight on up to the 'partmint widout bein' 'nounced frum downstairs, an' walk right on in widout knockin' or ringin' the bell. The do' 'll be onlatched.

"I'll be waitin' fur you in the privit hall to 'scort you into the front room. I craves to speak wid you there a minute jest by ourselves."

"What's the big idea?" he says.

"I can't splain over the phone by reason 'at I mout be overheared," I says; "but I allus has lakked you, suh, frum the fust, an' mebbe I mout give you a few p'inters 'at you sh'd oughter know befo'hand."

"Oh, I see!" he said. "There's been some loose talking going on up there and you've heard something you think might interest me, eh? Fine and dandy!

"Well, Jeff, you're wise to line up with me. It shows you've got sense. You won't lose by it either. I'm always willing to pay the top market price for valuable inside information."

"Yas, suh," I says, "thanky, suh. 'At's partially whut I wuz figgerin' on. I'll be hoverin' 'bout on the lookout fur you, suh, 'cause it shorely is mouty essential ——"

Right here I breaks off sudden, like as if I'd suddenly got scared that I might be eavesdropped on or interrupted or something.

Well, the fruitful seed has done been planted. Almost before I has time to hang up and get up from that there

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telephone it seems like to me I can almost feel 'em organizing to sprout under my feet.

XV

I HAS fully half an hour to wait, and I puts it in going over the program, as it has already done been mapped out, just to make absolute sure nothing ain't been left out. There's one switch in the plans which I decides to make it right at the last minute, mighty near it. This here decision is that I'll shove things along powerful brisk once we gets going good and under way; which naturally this means I've got to change my Riverside Drive system. But circumstances alters cases, and what's sidemeat for one is cold poison for another. The way I looks at it, it all depends on the anigosity* of the occasion.

Now with the lady, the best scheme, seemed like to me, was not to crowd the mourners, as the saying is, but just to lazy along in a weaving way, letting the specifications sink into her one by one and thereby thus giving her time to brood over each separate point as it come forth. But with him I figures the best plan is the quick-rushing plan. I figures I've got to take him short from the go-off and keep on shocking him so fast and so hard with promises of devastations that he won't have time to catch up with his thinking, and then at the proper time dash the mainest jolt of all right bang in his face.

But before that proper minute comes he's got to be rightly prepared in his mind for it. He's got to be hearing that mournful music and them muffled drums beating in his ears. He's got to feel an icy-cold breath blowing on his overhet temples. He's got to have a raging fever in his forehead, but a heavy frost congealing of his feet. And most of all he's got to have a sad picture dancing before his eyes of from six to twelve of his most intimate friends getting measured for white gloves.

Just let them things come to pass, sort of simultaneous, and it's sure going to be a case of Sukey bar the door, for our gentleman friend.

Leastwise, that is the way I organizes it in my head whilst I'm setting in that there little hall of ours waiting watchfully. Before a great while I hears one of the elevators stopping at our floor and I hears cautious kitty-cat steps coming along towards our door. So I knows that must be him, and I gets back and sort of squats in the side passage leading off into the service wing so I can come slipping out like as if I was in a hurry to meet him as he come in but had been detained.

The door opens right easy and in slides Mr. Raynor, same as a mouse into a trap. I can almost see his nose wrinkling up like he's smelling of the cheese and craving to start nibbling at it. He looks round him and sees me and he gives me a meaningwink. I makes motions to him to be quiet, which that ain't necessary, but it helps the play along for me to be plenty warnful; and then I tiptoes on up the hall towards the setting room, leading the way for him; and he takes the hint and tiptoes along behind me. But at the setting-room door I slows up and steps to one side to let him pass on in first, and that gives me a chance to spring the catch bolt on the door behind unbeknownst to him. I takes his hat and coat, all the time rolling my eyes round on every side like I'm apprehentious somebody else might be breaking in on us from the back part of the apartment.

*Note: The word believed to be one of Jeff's own coinage, is left as written. A meaning may be doubtful, but who will say that it

And then I says to him in a kind of a significating whisper, I says, "Oh, Mr. Raynor, I been truly oneasy in my mind 'bout you! I'm mouty sorry 'at you come!"

"Sorry?" he says, sort of startled. "Why, you telephoned me yourself!"

"Yas, suh, I knows I did," I says; "but I wuz only obeyin' awders—an' anyways 'at wuz befo' things begun to tek the more serious turn w'ich they has took. I'd 'a' halted you at the front do' yonder an' turned you back ef I could've, but I wuz delayed back in the boss' baidroom tryin' to argue him out of his notion, an' tha's how come I didn't git thar to give you the warnin' word. Or," I says, "ef they'd 'a' been time an' I'd 'a' got the chance—both of w'ich I had neither—I'd 'a' ketched you on the telephone an' stopped you befo' ever you got started uptown frum the office. So this move—tollin' you in yere an' fortifyin' you up, suh—is the onliest other one I could think of," I says; "an' so, no matter how it may turn out," I says, "I want you to carry wid you the 'membrunces 'at I done the level best I could fur you."

"Say," he says, "what's all this palaver about?" He's speaking quite bluffy, but even so I can tell that the oneasiness is beginning to seep into his ankles. "Why shouldn't I come here? I was sent for, wasn't I? For that matter, why shouldn't I come without being sent for? I'm not worried about my position in this issue—I'm safe."

"Sh-h-h!" I says. "Please, suh, sh-h-h! Keep yore voice down," I says, "whutever else you may do. This ain't no time to be tawkin' loud," I says.

"I'll swear I don't get you!" he says. But he's took heed and now his notes is low and more worried like. "I'm asked to come up here on a matter of business, as I suppose. I gather from your hints over the telephone you think you've found out something which I might be willing to give money for as an advance tip. So far, so good; I'm always open to reason. Then I get here and you behave as mysteriously as a ghost and go sh-h-hing about as though somebody was dead on the premises. What's the ——"

"Oh, Mr. Raynor," I says, "don't speak of nobody bein' daid on these premises! It soun's too much lak a dreadin' perdiction. Mr. Raynor," I says, "fur the sakes of all, please lissen an' lemme say my say whilst they's yet time."

"All right," he says, "go ahead; I won't interrupt again, although I still don't know why you should take the matter so seriously." But in spite of the fact that when he says this he's grinning at me I judges that by now the oneasiness has started crawling up his legs. It's one of them sickly, pestered grins.

"Well, suh," I says, "all last night an' th'ough the early parts of this mawnin' Mr. Dallas is been carryin' on lak he was mouty nigh distracted. Frum words w'ich he lets fall, partly to me an' partly w'en he's tawkin' to hisse'f, I meks out 'at the trouble is on 'count of business dealin's 'twixt you an' him, an' also 'at he's harborin' a special pet gredge ag'in you on 'count of somethin' or other. Fur a spell he talked right smart 'bout a compermise settlemint, an' 'at wuz whut I wanted to tell you pussonally in privit—'at the idee of a compermise settlemint wuz floatin' in his mind.

"He didn't sleep none las' night, but he walked the floor stiddy till pas' daylight; an' all th'ough these mawnin' hours, seemed lak to me, he's been gittin' mo' antagonized ez the time went by. Frum the symptoms I should 'a' knowed whut wuz brewin'. But I reckin I must 'a' been blinded, whut wid things bein' so out of kelter round the 'partmint. W'en he bidden me fur to call you up an' invite yore presence yere right away I still didn't suspicion the true facts. But right after I'd got th'ough telephonin' down to the office I went back to his room to say you'd be comin' shortly, an' 'en, ez I stepped in the do' an' seen him fumblin' in 'at dressin'-table drawer an' seen the rampagious look w'ich wuz on his face—oh, Mr. Raynor, suh, right 'en wuz w'en my heart upset itse'f insides my chist!

"'Cause I done seen 'at look on his face befo' now; I seen it fo' yeahs ago the time w'en 'at electioneerin' fuss wid the late Mr. Dave Townsend come up. At leas' oncet I seen it on his paw's face, an' I seen it mo' times 'en oncet on the face of his uncle, Mr. Z. T. Pulliam, w'ich they called him Hell-Roarin' Zack fur short. It runs in the blood an' it ripens in the breedin'—'at look do. You don't never want to tamper wid a Pulliam—they comes untamped too easy! They goes 'long jest ez peaceable an' quiet ez a onborn lamb up to a suttin p'int, an' 'en 'at look comes over 'em an' the bystanders starts removin' to a place of safety. They calls it the deadly sign of the Pulliam fambly down our way, 'cause they knows whut it means—they's seen it loomin' th'ough the pistil smoke too offen. An' so ——"

"What sort of a bluff is this you're trying to hand me?" he says. But his face all of a sudden has turned just the color of chalk, and his voice is quivering so the words comes forth from between his lips all sort of broken up. The man's looks don't match his language. "Are you trying to tell me there's a gun play threatening around here? Well, that's not done any more!"

"You's right!" I says. "Wid the Pulliamses, after the fust crack, it ain't necessary fur it to be done any mo'. Jest oncet is ample! They lets go frum the hip an' they don't rarely nor never miss. I reckin it comes natchel to 'em. Oh, Mr. Raynor, I knows whut the danger is better'n you possible kin! An', oh, Mr. Raynor, Ise skeered on yore 'count—you havin' been alluz mouty friendly to me an' you still so young too! An' Ise skeered on Mr. Dallases' 'count lakwise, 'cause these cotehouse folks up yere, they prob'ly won't 'preciate whut is the custom of our locality fur the settlin' of privit misunderstandin's betwixt gen'elmen.

"I'm most crazy in my mind, ez you kin see! Ef only I could 'a' got him cooled off an' ca'mmed down befo' you got yere! I tried an' I tried, but 'twuzn't no use—it never is no use tryin' wid a Pulliam. An' even now, ef only we could onduce him to hold off an' lissen to reasonable argumints frum you befo' he cuts loose! Oh, Mr. Raynor, I do hope an' pray he see fit to give you a chancet to splain 'way the diffe'nces! But, oh,



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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 1, 1922

Friends, Lawyers and Countrymen

IN POLITICS a man's friends have a tendency to turn into liabilities. It is quite as important to keep unfit men out of office as it is to get good ones in. Usually, the greatest proof of friendship that the intimate of a President can give him is to refuse an appointment at his hands.

A personal friend may be the best man for a public office, but the odds are strongly against him. The taint of favoritism, the suspicion of private rather than public considerations, always lies against such an appointment. Its burden is a heavy one to bear, for while the failure of an official who has been selected on his character and public record may be viewed by the country as a pardonable error of judgment on the part of the appointing power, the faults and blunders of a friend in office are, in the estimation of the public, personal to the man who chose him for the place.

President Harding applied the test of supreme fitness to Secretary Hughes, and he has proved to be the biggest asset of his Administration. But in appointing Daugherty—no doubt an able man, but not, in the judgment of the public, a happy choice for the place he occupies—the President allowed personal considerations to sway him, and his Attorney-General has proved to be a heavy liability.

Americans have been disposed to applaud the politician of every rank who "stands by his friends." That, of course, is a fine thing to do, so long as it is not done at the expense of the public service. But no official should pay his personal debts of friendship, even when they have contributed to his own political advancement, with public office. This has been more or less customary and the voter has accepted the practice as a necessary corollary to our political system, but it rarely works out to the advantage of the country or to the glory of the appointing power.

It is only human to wish to be surrounded by old friends, and it is easy to believe that the man who helped boost one up has unusual qualifications for the job into which he, in turn, wants to be boosted. But when it comes to his friends, an official should distrust his judgment, unless there is an independent and overwhelming public demand for these friends to hold office. A President, a governor or a mayor is kept fairly busy explaining his own mistakes. To shoulder those of his friends, as he must when his appointments are purely personal, is too much of a burden for even the most popular of executives.

It seems impossible for the average American, in office and out, to get any concrete conception of his Government as a great business, needing experience, expert knowledge, special aptitudes and, above all, business brains in its many departments. We run to lawyers in government, forgetting that lawyers are not primarily business men and that the conduct of their own profession is, on the whole, dilatory and unbusinesslike, and that the courts are almost inextricably cluttered up. The leaders of the bar, from Chief Justice Taft down, are aware of these conditions and are striving to correct them, but the fact remains that they have persisted for years, and still persist. Today the national business, as well as the courts, is lawyer-run, lawyer-delayed, and, like them, functioning too slowly, too cumbrously and too expensively.

Pennsylvania has just nominated two lawyers for the Senate, both able men and distinguished leaders of the bar, but the greatest industrial state in the Union should be represented in the Senate by one business man, at least, with first-hand and expert knowledge of manufacturing and commerce. Why, too, a preponderance of lawyers in both Houses, instead of a majority of business men? And why, in nine appointive positions out of ten, are men taken from lines of work that have not the remotest connection with the government jobs for which they are slated? Even when we pick business men for business departments we rarely select those who have special experience in the particular line of work with which the department is concerned. The theory on which we proceed in government is that a legal training fits a man for any and every kind of office.

Now we do not underrate the importance or the need of a fair proportion of lawyers in government, doing the work for which lawyers are best fitted by training and experience. But we should retire the great surplus of lawyers now in office to private life, until such time as they have proved, by introducing clean-cut, expeditious business methods in their own profession and by reforming judicial procedure, that they are as a class better fitted than any other to manage the business of the nation.

Of course, government is wasteful and inefficient and always will be until we apply to it a fraction of the common sense that we use in our personal affairs. President Harding has done much to correct the waste and sloppy methods of the departments, perhaps as much as he can do under present conditions, but there is still a long ways to go. Primarily the blame for governmental methods and abuses rests with an uneducated, indifferent and lazy electorate, that has a double standard, one for private and another for public business, not grasping the fact that they are one and inseparable, and that our business ills—and they are made concrete for us in our tax bills—are the result of highly infectious political diseases. No group needs education so much as those business men who go along with corrupt organizations on the theory that they can profitably exchange public advantage for private gain.

Once Americans fought because they had taxation without representation. Today we stand for taxation with misrepresentation. Nor can we have lower taxes until we remove the causes of high taxes, which means the removal of a lot of incompetents from office. Half-asleep voters have always been ruled by wide-awake spenders. There is no magic in the polling place that transmutes second-rate candidates into first-rate officials. But the men who work at politics are entitled to the rewards of politics. And the man who is too lazy to protect his pocketbook has no real cause for complaint when the bill is charged to him. There is nothing to prevent his organizing before the primaries, to interfere with his putting up candidates who will protect his best interests, except his dumb indifference. So long as this lasts, not even the best-intentioned President, governor or mayor can do much to improve present conditions.

Before politics can be reformed the average voter must reform. On the whole, he is now getting rather better government than he deserves. When he wants something different he can have it, provided he is willing to work to get it and to fight to keep it.

The average voter, including the run of business men, is a hick in politics, gaping open-mouthed at the performing elephant; exclaiming "I swan!" over the trick donkey; munching political peanuts and persuaded by the barkers and ballyhoo men to accept as genuine the freaks and fakes of the political midway. Even when he finds that he has been frisked by the light-fingered and free-handed followers of the circus he runs around aimlessly, emitting loud cries of rage, instead of starting in methodically to clean out the show.

Politics begins in compact organization before and careful selection at the primaries, and it ends in keeping alive and watchful before and after elections. There are no seasons, no slack times in the business of getting and keeping good government.

Our Distinguished Visitors

WE OWE a debt to England that we can and ought to pay. Ever since the war, and particularly during the past two years, an avid and pressing throng of articulate emotionalists has come from Britain to these hospitable shores. Every single one of them has told us what was wrong with us. They have been cordially received and handsomely paid for their service. Some of them, amounting to nothing much at home, were so cheered and flattered and dazzled by their reception here that they came a second time. They didn't make so much money the second time, nor was so much made of them. Still the newspapers gave them generous space.

Our visitors lectured to us and at us, told us how much better we could manage our national and domestic affairs if we took their advice, how hopeless American literature and art appeared to their sophisticated view, told us just what our duty to Europe was, complained of the ice water and of the lack of facilities for tea, and then went home and wrote a book about us—designed primarily for sale in the United States.

We have done nothing to repay the obligation these eager and absorbent sojourners have thrust upon us. We could so easily do it too. The Europeans come to us to criticize and to make money. We go to Europe to admire and praise and spend money. It would be a novel and enriching experience for both continents to reverse the process. We have among us those who know how to pick flaws and criticize and find fault as well as any foreign practitioner. It would be an invidious compliment to name some of them and not name all of them. Anyhow, everybody knows them.

Why would it not be an unselfish idea to send some of our best abroad, when the lecture season begins, to tell Britons what is wrong with Britain and how much better lives are ordered elsewhere? They would have much to talk about and many comparisons to make. Some of them could take one aspect of Britain's failure to manage her daily life and affairs according to our notions, and some another.

As for talking and writing ladies, we have a supply for the export trade that few can equal and none excel. We can send ladies to Britain who can cover as many subjects and touch as many topics as Mrs. Asquith or Lady Astor or Mrs. Sheridan, and still not be half started. Britain undoubtedly would be glad to hear them tell how badly Englishwomen dress, how they neglect the teeth of their young, how the lower classes drink too much, how their female factory operatives are underpaid, how the English home is not adequately heated and how the lack of bathtubs denotes a backward civilization.

Much could be done along these avenues of thought to make closer the entente between our two countries. Why only hands across the sea? Why not words of advice and frank criticism of each other's purely private and personal concerns and habits? We are always being told that the peoples of the world are becoming closer knit every day. The idea seems to be to put your arms around your neighbor's neck and then tell him he doesn't wash behind the ears. We should be able to do that sort of thing as well as anybody.

We have national associations for every sort of purpose and object. Now let some of our hardy patriots band themselves together to go abroad, tell the disagreeable truth to Europe—and pick up a little money.

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A DEAL IN EXCHANGE

By Perceval Gibbon

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES E. CLARK

OUTSIDE the Gare du Nord, upon the busy pavement of the Rue Lafayette, he stopped suddenly, a snag in the busy current of the foot traffic, and made a wide-armed gesture of furious anger and helpless despair. One of the outflung arms took a stout Parisian business man across the chest, who at first was unwilling to receive apologies. It was the offender's meekness, his figure of a timid, rather shabby and aging man, a stranger adrift in Paris, which softened him. He grunted incoherently and strode on, leaving Samuel Lawrence to wander upon his way.

For it had come to this with him: Save for something under two hundred francs in his pocket and the clothes he stood in, he had nothing left in the world, not even the rights which are common to all men. Two days before he had been a clerk in the London office of the Beach Camera Company, poor and unconsidered enough, yet with a livelihood, the liking of some few friends, the toleration of many. And the previous day, fetching the factory wages from the bank, he had turned in one moment of dazzlement, in some grand climacteric crisis of nerves and morals, into a thief; and only an hour or two previously he had been robbed of his spoil. Nothing remained.

He wandered on. Evening was at hand and he was bitterly weary. It was needful that he should find a roof somewhere. And as he went his aching brain drummed forever on the manner of his loss. The plump middle-aged gentleman who had shared his first-class compartment with him from Boulogne—he was the gainer. When the train reached Paris the man had been prompt to get up, claim the services of a porter and pass his two suitcases through the window to him. Then briskly, like one accustomed to arrivals and departures, he had descended from the train and disappeared in the wake of his porter. It was not till he was out of sight that Lawrence discovered that the suitcase he had left behind was one of his own and the one he had taken in its place contained over three thousand pounds, the property of the Beach Camera Company.

Lawrence had charged wildly and vainly after him, only to find himself bumping into the *octroi*, the municipal customs of Paris. He thought at first that it was the police he had to deal with and was thrown into a panic. He came free to find himself in the street. He had not even brought away the substitute suitcase which the stranger had left behind. And he knew that he dared not make inquiries through the only channels that were likely to be fruitful. It was when he had first realized this that he had thrown out his arms in the first sincere and unfettered gesture of his life.

He came to the breast of a café, with seats and small tables under an awning. He was weary to the point where shyness breaks down, and he found himself a chair. A waiter brought him a glass of beer. He would have preferred tea, but everybody else seemed to be drinking beer, and he had not the energy to argue about it. He slouched down in his tiny iron chair to take what repose its barren contours could give him, and sat thus till an English voice at his elbow roused him to attention. It was only two young men, clerks in some English agency in Paris, chattering idly. Samuel Lawrence drank his beer and awaited his opportunity.

"Excuse me, I'm a stranger here." The young men turned to him. "Could you kindly tell me where I can get a bed tonight? I've—er—lost my luggage and I want—I'm afraid I want a rather cheap bed."

"Heaps of places," said the youth nearest to him indifferently. "Little hotels are scattered all over the place. Of course if you want something very cheap you'd better go up to Montmartre."

"Montmartre!" repeated Lawrence. "Er—could you direct me?"

Together they gave him a general indication of the route he must take. They were not entirely agreed about it, and disputed over it, forgetting him the while. But in the end he had a vague idea of the way and departed to grope it out.

It was scarcely stranger or more incongruous that Samuel Lawrence, bending under those stresses which are prone to bear upon the man of fifty, fearful of being discharged, suffering a little from the after effects of influenza, should become of a sudden a thief than that night, sweet with the breath of a ripe spring, should find him climbing the hill towards the more sinister slums of the quarter. He brought to that incubator of the more violent sins his mild, vague face with its gold-rimmed pince-nez, his graying mustache with its drooping ends, his shoulders that stooped with much bending over a desk. Inhabitants of the place, flitting by as noiselessly as bats or standing at zinc-topped bars open to the street, turned to look at him. He passed among them, unconscious of all save his own trouble.

At a death trap of a house which called itself a hotel and produced a fat, hairy proprietor, collarless and coatless, who spoke English, he got himself a bed at last. For ten francs paid in advance he was granted a cupboard of a room, with a narrow bed in it, a deal table bearing a ewer and basin about the size of a cup and saucer, and a chair.

"It will do," he said as he inspected it. "I am very tired."

"You want a drink?" inquired the proprietor. "I got whisky, cognac, wine, everything."

Samuel Lawrence shook his head.

"Not tonight, thank you," he answered.

The gross man looked at him closely.

"I t'ink you sleep all de same," he said, and departed.

Lawrence could never be sure afterwards whether he locked the door or not before he lay down on the stony bed in the room. Despite his weariness, it was some time before he could sleep; the ramshackle house was alive with noises. First, people below were singing; then there was an altercation outside his door between people who seemed to speak the same language as firecrackers; and then a woman screamed continuously for five minutes and thereafter sobbed rendingly. But at last he fell asleep, to wake later with an irresistible impression that he was not alone.

He found his matches and lit his candle, the room's only illuminant. There was no one in the place but himself, and the door, which he had imagined to be open, was closed. He sat up in the bed and stared about him. He was about to put it down to a touch of nightmare when he heard the unmistakable creak of footsteps on ill-laid boards outside his door. He rose and, candle in hand, opened the door. It was not locked now at any rate. Without, the narrow passage extended to left and right; the stairs descended in the middle of it. But there was no one in sight.

He returned to his room, closed and locked the door and was about to go to bed again when his eyes fell on the clothes he had folded upon the chair. With an inarticulate cry he picked them up and hurriedly searched them, first in feverish haste, then methodically, garment by garment. Both quests yielded the same result. His pockets had not been so much robbed as gutted; it was not only his money that was gone, but everything they had contained. Not even his handkerchief remained to him.

From some church near by a clock struck four. It was then, sitting on his bed by the light of his candle, that he knew the true quality of the life of the man who has made himself an outcast. He had no recourse; to appeal to the police or the



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TRAILING THE PROSPECT

By an Insurance Agent

THE best insurance agent in the world is the first baby. The next best is a spell of sickness. One works through a newly born sense of responsibility, the other through fear. Except where a man has a lot of money and wants to be sure of a living in case he loses it, I have never known of a person who really took out insurance as an investment.

We preach investment to them all the time and try to get away from the thought of death or misfortune. Just the same, they usually take out a policy because they are scared.

The first baby is always the most important child in the world and it is not difficult to convince the father that its future must be assured. After a long spell of illness it is quite easy to make a man feel that he should take no more chances. I don't take much stock in man's logic and reason when he can't see the answer right in front of him.

All our educational campaigns have not lifted the average American much above the trifling Arkansas farmer who argued that he couldn't put new shingles on his house while it was raining, and when the sun was shining there wasn't much use of it. In saying this I have life insurance in mind.

In this country we are inclined to look upon business insurance and odd risks as new stuff. As a matter of fact, seagoing ships were insured a century before life insurance was ever thought of. The first life-insurance policy of which particulars have been preserved was written in London in 1583. They wrote marine policies as far back as the days of Demosthenes.

They didn't have regular companies in those days. The risks were taken by individuals of a speculative nature. In this connection it may be interesting to some to know that Lloyd's is not the name of a man who organized an insurance company. Lloyd's was a little coffeehouse in London where men used to gather and organize pools to insure a vessel about to go to sea, each bidding on a part of the risk at a certain percentage.

It got to be a saying that "They will do so-and-so at Lloyd's." In time the name and its associations came to mean insurance.

Life and accident insurance are entirely different from property risks. A business man will take steps immediately to protect his property from loss, but he won't exert himself to get protection on his life or limbs.

There have been some, of course, but personally I have never known a person to seek a life or accident policy voluntarily. It must be taken to them and, figuratively, rammed down their throats. The ease of the ramming depends upon how fresh in their memory is the new baby or an accident to some friend.

People have funny notions about their insurance. One of our most tiresome tasks is to laugh at the old joke, "Well, I've got to die to win." They all pull it.

Another thing: I have never personally known a man to repay a loan that he got on his life policy. They will even borrow more when the policy gets older, and keep paying interest until they die. They would not hypothecate their property that way. Still, the hard-up ones will borrow right up to the last dollar on their insurance, knowing that it will have to be paid in cash out of their estate when they die. I guess the answer is too far away for the average man to see it.

The Agent Who Overplayed His Hand

THE one difficult task for the modern insurance salesman is to keep from being considered a pest. His predecessors made it mighty hard for him.

When a little boy I lived on a ranch out in Montana. One day a strange man came there in a red buggy, driving a fine-looking horse. He sold fruit trees, lightning rods and life insurance.

My father being away the man talked to my mother in the parlor, a place we children seldom went. Presently he called us in, all four little shavers being lined up in a row.

"Just look at those beautiful children," the man said to my mother, as we stood on exhibition, wide-eyed and curious. "Now suppose you and your husband should be struck by lightning tomorrow—it has happened to others—what would become of them? This house should be protected by lightning rods and the future of these wonderful children should be protected by life insurance."

With that the man unfolded a big important-looking paper. The top of it was decorated with a drawing that impresses me to this day. It was the picture of a bird's nest full of little birds with their mouths open, clamoring for food. But there was no mother or father bird to feed them.

"Suppose," said the man, calling attention to the picture, "that the old father bird had taken out life insurance so as to keep those little mouths fed. That picture wouldn't seem quite so sad, would it?"

In a moment my mother began weeping. Seeing her tears all of us started to bawl. It broke up the learned lecture. The man had overplayed his hand. He promised to come back when my father was at home.

When our father got home that night he found a weeping red-eyed family. We children were still crying about the poor little birds. Mother was crying about us and the danger of dad being hit by lightning.

"The man promised to come back, though," mother told dad, between sobs.

"Well, if he does," declared my father, "I've half a notion to kill him."

The next day was bright and clear and dad seemed to be in good health. Gradually the family regained its composure. After that, though, life-insurance agents were taboo at our house. The affair so prejudiced my father that he never did take out insurance.

I was almost grown before I could think of a life-insurance agent without shuddering. To my mother's dying day her mind associated insurance with sorrow and tragedy. I've sold a lot of insurance in the past few years and I have profited extensively by the lesson of that fool agent. By upsetting our family and angering the old man he had killed off what might have been a lot of business in that neighborhood.

Hampered by Past Blunderers

THE early life-insurance agents worked in a very similar way to some of the backwoods preachers in our section. By picturing horrible consequences instead of common sense they scared people into submission. That type of agent did not consider himself a responsible business man. Nobody else considered him that way either. He was regarded as a pest, a reputation that he came pretty near earning. As a consequence he became the butt of stage jokes and quips in the comic weeklies.

All of you remember how the comic insurance agent used to come on the stage, pull out his little book and run around saying to everybody who would listen: "Take your life! Let me take your life before it's too late!"

That used to be a sure-fire laugh. The insurance agent was fixed in our minds as a pest—a nuisance to be avoided. They made it tough for those who have taken up insurance selling as a serious, constructive business. To this day men occasionally look on me as a pest and attempt to use me for coarse comedy. I really can't blame them though. The old idea has not entirely worn away. Any time I feel myself growing indignant I think of that picture of the little birds with their mouths open, and my sense of humor checks me.

The first real headway came when the intelligent salesmen began to realize that they were agents for the policyholder as well as for the company. More important still was for them to make their clients realize it. In those early days it never occurred to the agent that he had any interest or responsibility toward the policyholder after he had paid the first premium. I even have known ignorant salesmen to think they had done a nice trick for the company when a policy lapsed and the premiums paid had been sacrificed. Nowadays the insurance agent who does not keep in personal contact with his customer and look after his rights and interests is soon out of business.

While on a fishing trip in the Southwest a few years ago I met a traveling agent selling lightning rods. As a side line he sold the same people insurance against lightning—or tried to—after they'd put up the rods.

"To save my life," he said to me, "I can't understand why my business is falling off."

After having a laugh for ourselves we tried to explain to the man that if he guaranteed his rods to prevent lightning the average man could see no reason why he should also take out insurance. One scheme or the other might do, but we could never make him see that if he tried to sell both at the same time he was shaking the confidence of his client in either the rods or the insurance.

Unless the agent keeps track of his customer's affairs and takes advantage of any beneficial clauses in his policy many opportunities and privileges are likely to be overlooked. Neighborhood knowledge of a policyholder having been benefited that way is what helps to make insurance popular, easier to sell. The big companies do not frown on such activities as that. They encourage it because it helps the business. They have good lawyers and are able to protect their rights. They like policyholders to do the same. In all legitimate controversies it is the duty of the agent to protect his client rather than the company. The successful salesmen are those who have sensed that duty and obligation. They must be human.

The most natural agent I know is a picturesque young fellow in New York who was formerly a newsboy and a boxer. As a kid half of his time was spent in doing favors for men of importance, or celebrities, as they are called among his associates. He knows nearly everybody in the sporting game, in the theatrical business and in Newspaper Row. Skippy, as they call him, has run errands for most of them.

One day an insurance salesman, a boxing enthusiast, suggested to Skippy that he could make a little change for himself by helping to sell a policy to a prize fighter. To his surprise the boy took the suggestion seriously and got away with it—sold a big policy too. Today that boy is one of the best salesmen that I know, has built up a good paying business. Skippy has little education—schooling, I mean—and he knows little about the theories of business. But he is intensely human. Everything to him is personal. He nags his own company in the interests of his clients all the time, and at the same time does a big business for it.

Skippy bobs up at the most unexpected moments and on the most unusual missions. Always his main purpose is to do a kindly turn for some actor, writer or fighter.

One of his fads is to keep track of the newspaper notices of any person he happens to know. He clips these out and carefully assorts them. When he meets the person who has figured in these notices he gives him or her the clippings. Anybody appreciates a thing like that. Skippy's pay is the sincere pleasure he feels in having made them feel good. He never forces himself on people, but is always around the edge ready to get taxicabs for them or see about railroad tickets if they are going away. Long before he got to be an insurance agent Skippy was a sort of institution along the Great White Way.

Among Skippy's friends is an elderly woman, prominent in the theatrical business. He used to bring her newspapers, and he knew that she had a grown daughter who had to live in the West for her health and whom the mother supported.

Miss Effie, as the mother was known, often attended boxing matches, as many New York women do. One day Skippy brought her some Annie Oakleys—complimentary tickets, so-called because they are punched with holes resembling bullet holes—for the next match at the Garden.

"Well, Skippy, this is nice of you, indeed. What in the world can I do for you?"

"Nothing for me, Miss Effie," he said, "but I was thinking you ought to do something for your sick daughter out there. Look at my card, Miss Effie, I'm in the insurance business."

The upshot of it was that Miss Effie, though highly amused, took out a policy.

Looking After Miss Effie's Interests

A YEAR or two later the daughter, whose health had improved, ran away and got married without letting her mother know. Miss Effie felt very much hurt. Later the mother herself became seriously ill and the faithful Skippy went to see her after getting several prominent professional people to sign a page of cheery greetings. This he presented.

"Miss Effie," he said, "you let your insurance policy lapse while you were so sick, but I paid it for you."

"I wish you hadn't done that," she replied. "I wanted it dropped. Cancel it. I'll never pay another cent on it. Why should I be carrying insurance for a daughter who does not appreciate me?"

Miss Effie is still bedridden. Not long ago old friends started a movement to see that her hospital expenses were paid. This started Skippy to thinking. He understood her pride and independent spirit. The fact that she had let that insurance policy lapse also bothered him. He got one just like it and studied it laboriously.

"You know, Miss Effie," he said when calling at the hospital the next day, "your insurance lapsed a long time ago."

"I know," she said irritably, "and it's going to stay lapsed. I don't want to be talked to about insurance and premiums."

"Yes, ma'am, but I've got a notion. You just sign this and tell me who is your doctor. . . . No, no, Miss Effie, I ain't payin' nothin' for you."

Two days later he came back, unfolding an important-looking document.

"Get out of here with that insurance stuff, Skippy," she ordered.

"All right, Miss Effie, but just put your John Hancock on this."

She agreed to sign as directed.

With a grin on his pugilistic face Skippy handed her a check for five hundred and ninety dollars.

(Continued on Page 26)

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CHILDREN LOVE GOOD SOUP

The best-fed nation on earth—
That's the test of what we are worth!
We're leaders in wealth
Because of our health,
Our hustle, our vigor and mirth.





The best-fed nation on earth

Campbell's Soups prove it. In no other nation on the globe can you find such a City of Kitchens as the famous Campbell's plant. It is unique, serving a unique country. Americans will accept "none but the best," which explains the enormous popularity of Campbell's Soups.

Campbell's Ox Tail Soup

is one of our best-liked blends, and no wonder. This soup is a strength-giver and a delight to the appetite. Meaty, marrowy sliced ox tail joints and invigorating broth are combined with plump, choice barley, crisp white celery, diced carrots and turnips, flavored delicately with French leeks and parsley fresh from our own farms.

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

No meal is complete without soup!

No other article of food can take the place of good soup, either for the enjoyment or the benefit you get from it. Soup is delicious—a constant and varied delight to the taste. Also—and this is very important—soup stimulates appetite, makes you eat more food and digest it better. Thousands of people have added soup even to the daily breakfast menu!

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

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(Continued from Page 24)

"Guess that's bad, eh," he chuckled, as she looked at him in amazement, "and I thought it up out of my own noodle."

He had discovered a sick clause in Miss Effie's policy. Not only was she entitled to the benefits of that clause with back pay but so long as she was sick the premiums did not have to be paid.

The point I make is that neither the policyholder nor the company would ever have known of that had not Skippy, acting as a personal agent for Miss Effie, looked it up. He had run across the clause while trying to find a way for restoring the policy to good standing.

Moreover, the company did not regret making that payment. It added ten times that much to the goodwill of all insurance business, especially throughout the theatrical district.

I had been in the insurance business but a short time when I learned that it differs from all other forms of business and salesmanship. It is the only business in the world, I believe, that has no market. Buyers never take the initiative. It is a rare thing for anyone to seek investment in a policy. The seller must do all the work.

If a man has some idle money to invest in securities, for instance, he will look over the lists, study the market and then make his purchases. He goes shopping. But nobody shops for insurance. Clients must be looked up and told that they need insurance. They all admit that they ought to carry it, but for one reason and another they have neglected to do it.

My First Customer

Of late years it has become quite the thing in the different trades to give exhibitions, such as business shows, electrical shows, building shows, cement shows, and so on. All these prove successful. I am very curious to know, though, what would happen if a lot of hustling agents got up an insurance show. Often I have suggested it, but nobody will take me seriously.

I was a newspaper man and I think I have a certain amount of imagination. More imagination would do a lot for the insurance business. I know it has been responsible for the moderate success I have had. I am not so sure that a cleverly designed insurance show would not prove an attraction. Some day I may get somebody to help me try it.

They wouldn't believe me when I sprang the idea on veteran agents that I could sell insurance by telephone, either; but I convinced them that it could be done by leading my territory in sales the second month I tried it.

I got into the business in a rather odd way. I was working as a newspaper reporter. In an effort to buy myself an automobile I hustled around to pick up what money I could during my off hours, corresponding for out-of-town papers and doing odd jobs. Finally I got the automobile—a flivver.

A friend of mine in the business office of the paper insured my car. That gave me an idea. If he could make a little money on the side that way why couldn't I? Certainly I knew a great many more people than he did. Also, I knew more people who had money—men who had made successes in their business or profession.

Rumor got around in the office that the sporting editor also had bought an automobile. He was at home when I first heard it. On a gambling chance I called him up.

"Say, Ed, have you had that new car insured yet?" I asked him.

"Hadn't thought of it yet," he answered. "Guess I'll have to."

"All right, I'll insure it for you. Don't do anything till you see me to-morrow."

He agreed to that. I hadn't the slightest idea about selling a policy, the commission or anything. But I had taken a chance and had to go through with it.

I got in touch with the company that had insured my car. They encouraged me to go ahead, gave me a little book of prices and everything. Later, the man said, I would have to get a license. This time, though, I could work through him.

Well, I sold Ed that policy and got him to take it for fire, theft and accident.

At first everybody in the office kidded me about talking insurance.

Then my friend Ed had an accident to his car. I heard about it before I saw him and, anxious to give service to prove that I was on to my job, I got in touch with the company. I reported the accident and got full directions as to what I should do. When Ed came to the office he had not thought of the insurance. His interest was centered on punishing the driver who had run into him.

"That's the trouble about your insurance business," he said to me. "I've got a policy for something, but I don't know what to do about it."

"You don't need to," I said very wisely. "It's all fixed. Just sign this."

In three or four days I handed him a check for sixty-five dollars.

With that my side business began to grow. Men in the newspaper and sporting business came to me, not because I had the best policy, but because I actually collected the money, which was the main idea—gave service.

The company was very much pleased, also amused, at my odd progress. The manager told me that in a few months I should have a license and be a full-fledged agent. He also advised me to study up life insurance and other forms.

I did. While doing so one of the copy readers on the paper came to me one night with a hard-luck story. His wife had been ill, the rent was due, and the situation looked hopeless unless he could get hold of a hundred dollars somewhere.

"Haven't you got any life insurance?" I asked, remembering what I had read in the little book.

"Sure, I have," he said gloomily, "and I don't know how I am going to pay it this time either."

I suggested that he let me see the policy. The next day he brought it down.

With what I intended for him to consider an expert eye I read through the important clauses. He had been carrying the policy for five years, and already it had a loan value of two hundred and fifty dollars.

I explained this to him and had him sign an application for a loan. In thirty-six hours he had the money and was a happy copy reader. He thought me a mighty smart fellow. It seems strange that a man like that should be so childish as not to have read his policy, but that is the way they are. Somebody has to look out for them, and that is an insurance agent's great chance if he only knows it.

You must remember that newspaper men, artists and actors are not business men. In many ways they are as simple as children. My fame quickly spread in the office. It was not the importance of life insurance as an investment or as protection that excited them. It was the fact that a fellow could get hold of some money when he needed it badly, and that I knew how to do it.

Soon I was selling life insurance as a new side line.

By the end of my first year I was making as much money out of my insurance side line as I was out of my newspaper work. Also I discovered that I was building up a real business. In the second year I was getting the benefit of renewals. It dawned on me that I was establishing for myself a permanent income. Also I liked the idea. Finally I was persuaded to step out as a regular insurance agent, giving up my writing work altogether. I have never regretted it.

I Become a Specialist

After getting my license and a desk in the district manager's office, where all the agents have headquarters, I decided to make a specialty of accident insurance, though I would keep up my work in the other lines.

On accident policies the agent gets a commission of 30 per cent of the premium, but these policies are written for one year only and have to be renewed annually. On life-insurance policies the agent gets about 50 per cent of the first premium and 5 per cent of each renewal for the next nine years.

One lasts longer, but the other comes quicker. If a man is a hustler the chances are that he will make more money out of the accident policies, but he has to do more work. He has to keep in constant touch with his clients and protect their policies. Many policies lapse through inattention of the agent. Clients will disregard notices sometimes, but they will usually attend to the premiums when the agent takes the matter up personally.

I felt very awkward and nervous that first day. For the first time in my life I was cut loose from a salary and working for myself. All I had was my little card to prove that I was an insurance agent. I was not at all sure of myself. I had taken such a big step that I wanted to confide in someone—wanted to talk about it.

In the same office building was an elderly friend, head of an engineering and contracting company, who had been an engineer in the Army, now retired. Often I had interviewed him for my paper. I called on him.

"Well, colonel," I announced with affected breeziness, "you are now looking at a full-fledged insurance man—no longer a reporter. What do you think of it?"

"Fine," he said. "Insurance, eh? Oh, by the way, maybe you are just the man I wanted to see. I have an accident policy that got mixed up some way during the war. I'd like to get it straightened out, but have neglected doing so. Maybe you can attend to it for me."

He reached in a drawer and showed me the policy. My temperature rose several degrees. It was a form of the largest accident policy that is written—in my own company. It called for seventy-five thousand dollars in case of accidental death or two hundred and fifty dollars a week during disability from accident. The annual premium was two hundred and fifty dollars.

I grabbed that policy and in just two days had it all straightened out. My commission was seventy-five dollars.

You can imagine the impression I made when I walked in among those veteran agents with an application for the biggest policy issued, the very first day! It wasn't always like that, I assure you, but that start gave me a lot of courage. I have renewed that policy five times.

It developed that such a start was a little too easy. Following it were many lean, discouraging days. Away from the newspaper office I was out of my element. It took a long time for me to find myself.

The Wrong Approach

A veteran agent volunteered to help break me in. He started by introducing me to what I know to be the toughest job in the business—cold canvassing. That is to say, we would simply walk around town. At any place of business that happened to strike his fancy he would direct me to go in and attempt to sell insurance. In case I made errors in approach or in figures he would stand at my elbow ready to straighten me out. He told me that if we got one nibble out of ten men canvassed he would consider that good. My case, I imagine, was considered very bad. We didn't get a nibble out of the first twenty men.

The very first man, the head of a plumbing establishment, insulted me. He got so livid at my persistence that he threatened to throw me out of his office.

"Listen," I said to this big bruiser, after another insulting remark; "you've got enough men here to throw me out, I reckon, but if you'll step outside that gate I'll give you a bust in the nose."

My horrified instructor hastily withdrew, pulling me with him. That, he explained in a funny attempt at delicacy, was not altogether a good start.

Regardless of my friend's kindly advice I quickly saw that was no way to sell insurance—not for me, anyway. As a reporter I had been accustomed to being received with a certain amount of consideration. Always I had been trained to be independent and to maintain my self-respect. This kind of canvassing was worse than cold. It froze on me.

The next day I sneaked out alone. I had a vague sort of idea that I should size up people and attempt to read their character before making an insurance proposition. Like most newspaper men I had the belief that I knew and understood people. I found out, though, that there is a lot of difference between knowing men when you go to them for news and when you go to take their money.

Passing a garage I stopped, then went in and looked around at the cars awhile. Some chauffeurs were gossiping about an accident. This struck me as a good chance and I asked to see the manager. I went into a little office to wait for him.

I had the figures pretty well placed in my head, but while waiting I made out on paper a little diagram, according to directions given me by one of the older agents. It is a simple way of showing what accident insurance means. Like this:

For $25 a year we pay:
$7500 for accidental death.
$25 a week for disability.
And so on.

It looks more impressive when blocked out in pencil, but I can't make the drawing or line up all the figures here.

The figures I have given represent the smallest policy. Higher ones are written in proportion, up to seventy-five thousand dollars for accidental death. The twenty-five-dollar-a-year one is usually written for men who work for wages or who are in ordinary circumstances.

The selling art is to size up your man and show him the policy that suits his particular case. The first impression counts. That it counted much more than I had imagined I was to find out in a very few minutes.

The garage man came in, wearing soiled overalls, his hands smeared with oil. I was a little disappointed at his appearance.

"I am the manager," he said. "You wanted to see me?"

"Yes, we were just talking about the accident out there and it struck me that you would be interested in an insurance proposition that I have."

"All right; shoot!"

I laid my diagram before him, showing what protection he could get for twenty-five dollars a year. The weekly disability amount, though, seemed to interest him most. The corners of his mouth curled.

"Why, twenty-five dollars a week would mean nothing to me," he said. "A week's lay-up would cost me a lot of money. You see, I own this garage, building and all—also operate it. I'd need better protection ——"

"Oh, sure," I hastily interrupted. "We write that policy for any amount on up to two hundred and fifty dollars a year for seventy-five thousand dollars. That was just a basic way of figuring."

"Say," he said thoughtfully and coldly, "why didn't you show me the big one first and let me figure it down?"

"Oh, that means nothing—just wanted to give you an idea." But I knew that I had made a fatal mistake. He was offended because I had rated him too low, and I could feel it.

The man was polite and considerate, but I had lost. The unintentional wound to his vanity was too deep. That taught me a lesson. It would be better by far to overestimate a man's ability to pay than to underestimate it. At the same time I realized that a man might be frightened off by sizing him too high. I had run into a hard problem, simple as it may seem.

Even if a client does feel a little weak financially he does not like to think that the salesman so considers him. That is where a salesman must prove his knowledge of human nature—be a quick thinker.

Learning by Experience

A few weeks after that I was in a bank to cash a check. On a closed door leading to a private office I saw the name in small gold letters: "Mr. Allen." Nobody but the president could be so modest, so private as that, I thought. It gave me an idea.

From my office I called up the bank and asked for Mr. Allen, saying that my business was personal. He answered immediately. I explained that, knowing how busy the head of a bank must be, I did not want to disturb him during the morning hours. He seemed to appreciate that and pleasantly agreed with me. Mr. Allen cordially made an appointment to discuss insurance with me. I shook hands with myself all afternoon.

To make sure of this big prize I had a policy made out in complete form—the biggest one we wrote—in advance.

Mr. Allen received me very politely, listened attentively. I noticed that he shied a little at the figures. Then I got a shock of chagrin by glancing at a letter that lay on the desk. He was not the president, but the auditor. Again I had balled things up, but I didn't let on that I was wise to the situation. At that it came out better than you would suspect.

"My affairs—my investments—are in such shape now," he explained, half apologetically and still acting president, "that I would hardly feel justified in taking a policy for that higher amount ——"

"And, of course," I helped him, "the chances are that you have many other policies. I hadn't thought of that. Of course, though, I can write this policy for you in any multiple of the twenty-five-dollar premium, the base."

"Yes," he said. "Perhaps, under the circumstances, you had better write me one for one hundred dollars a year."

(Continued on Page 28)

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C A D I L L A C

A woman's confidence in her Cadillac is reflected in her deep *peace of mind.*

She approaches the car each day absolutely certain that it is the same ready and reliable Cadillac it was the day before.

As one owner happily phrases it, the Cadillac is the car that one can think *in* and not *about.*

After all, isn't this perfect reliance of women in the Cadillac the highest compliment that can be paid to an automobile?

The beauty, the comfort, the unparalleled gliding-smoothness of the Cadillac will ever rank high in the appreciation of the owner.

But we believe these traits are surpassed in her esteem, and their own charm heightened, by her car's sure reliability.

The Cadillac owner achieves the highest form of motoring enjoyment because she is enabled to forget utterly about the mechanism of her car.

In the Type 61, this dependability is so pronounced that noweven more than ever the Cadillac is the car of peace of mind.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

Standard of the World

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(Continued from Page 26)

Mr. Allen, feeling complimented at having been mistaken for the president, tried to make good the impression by going as high as he did. I was delighted. If I had shown him the twenty-five-dollar form that's what he would have taken.

Since that day I never make a low diagram for a man until after he has asked some questions.

My plan of calling up Mr. Allen on the phone had worked so successfully that I decided on a telephone campaign of my own. I was laughed at.

"Nobody ever has sold insurance by telephone like they do stocks and bonds," one of the old-timers told me, but I couldn't see why not.

Instead of going to the little book of prospective clients that is kept in all good offices I began compiling one of my own. Every time I went into an office building or into a business district I looked for those names on the private doors. For instance, The Excelsior Chemical Company meant nothing, but if I saw on a door "John J. Smith, General Manager," that was my meat.

The next day I called up and asked to speak to Mr. Smith personally.

Big business men will grant an interview about five times out of ten. If they are not interested they will quickly end the interview, but always I find them polite. The bigger and more important they are the more polite as a rule.

After one month of this telephone campaign I led my entire office in applications for policies. The manager could hardly believe it. He paid me the compliment, though, of bringing my plan to the attention of the first big meeting of the agents.

I found, after a month of experience, that the best time to talk with a business man over the phone is between the hours of three and four o'clock in the afternoon. Very few of them feel inclined to make appointments when called up in the mornings. Never do they make an appointment for the morning hours. I guess that is due to the fact that they are too busy then. After luncheon they feel easier and more friendly, more interested in their own personal affairs.

There are hundreds of big business men who would take out insurance if it were brought to their attention in their more leisurely hours. As I said at the outset, no man ever goes into the market looking for insurance. They want it, but they must have somebody attend to the details for them. I am quite willing to be that fellow.

I have been talking mostly of accident insurance because it is my pet. I also write life insurance, but I like the quick action of the other. In either case I made up my mind, after seeing Mr. Allen that time, never to be a piker. Instead of going after the twenty-five-dollar boys why not go after the two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar fellows? They are just as easy once you get a chance at them.

Pleasing a Big Banker

In my telephone campaign I picked out the big successful men. I got half as many of them as my office mate did of the twenty-five-dollar fellows. But I got two hundred and fifty dollars a man while he got only one-tenth of that.

One day I called on the president of one of the big Wall Street banks to warn him that his accident policy would have to be renewed in a few weeks and to let him know that I would take care of it in case it slipped his mind.

I make a point of doing that, and it is usually appreciated.

When I was admitted to his office I saw that his hand was wrapped in a bandage.

"Golf," he said. "I blistered my hand while using a new driver. On a big swing I burst the blister and it became infected. It's not serious, but a darn nuisance. I won't be able to play for ten days."

"Did you think about your accident insurance?" I asked.

"Why, no. What about it?"

"Give me your doctor's name. If the infection was the direct result of accident they'll pay you for that."

He laughed at the idea, but gave me the particulars that I wanted.

Ten days later I called and handed him a check for something like two hundred dollars for doctor's bill, partial disability, and so on.

The bank president was as tickled as a child.

"Say, young man," he said, "you just keep this check and write me out some more insurance when the time comes. That makes me winner, doesn't it?"

I have had some rather interesting experiences with the big financiers. One I shall not forget. There are times, you know, when a fellow can get too smart.

On a chance shot I called up the head of a bank in Wall Street one day, having seen his name on a door. He answered the phone immediately. Something told me that he knew I didn't know him personally, still he was unusually cordial. He said he would like very much to talk life insurance with me.

"Oh, drop in any time you feel like it," he said, to my amazement. "I'm always here."

When I reached the reception room the next afternoon I rather expected to undergo a rigid cross-examination. But nothing of the kind happened.

"You wanted to see Mr. Jones?" asked a young lady. "Well, he is in."

Why Mr. Jones Was Cordial

All I had to do was walk right into his private office. There was no obstacle of any kind in my way. It looked too good to be true.

Mr. Jones was seated in a comfortable chair near the window, alone. My feathers fell. His hair was snow-white. Hanging to the arm of the chair was a cane.

"Young man, I'm glad to see you," he said cordially. "Come over and sit down. So you would like to write me some life insurance, would you? Well, I'm interested. Think you could fix me up with a hundred-thousand-dollar policy?"

He offered me a cigarette and lighted one himself. He was the finest old gentleman I ever saw.

"I don't know, Mr. Jones," I said doubtfully.

"What is the age limit for insurance?" he asked.

"About sixty-two years," I told him.

"Well, that's too bad. I'm seventy-eight! Looks like I played a joke on you, doesn't it?" Cackling joyously he slapped me on the knee.

I assured him that I was just as delighted to see him as if I had written a policy.

"It's too bad to have you come all the way down here after calling me up. I guess I should have told you on the phone," he said. "I knew you didn't know that you were talking to a very old man. That's a bad practical joke. But don't you worry, I'll make it up some way. You come back here tomorrow afternoon and bring your figures. We are figuring on taking out insurance on a lot of our employes. How would that suit?"

It suited fine. I went back and got the lion's share of the business.

But I have never forgotten my sheepish feeling when I discovered that my nervy approach had resulted in my trying to insure a man seventy-eight years old. You can bet also that I never told that one on myself in the office.

When I said a while back that nobody ever seeks insurance, I meant nobody ever seeks it who can get it. Men who have been declared physically unfit or those who are over age are always in the market for a policy.

By studying that phase of human nature and applying it to his business my office mate has put over some big sales. I have also taken advantage of his idea.

One day he got in touch with the head of a printing concern who was interested enough to be considered a prospect. My friend wrote out a policy for him and got him as far as taking the physical examination. That, though, does not mean a sale—not by a jugful. Often our blackboard is filled with notices of applications which make the agent look good—temporarily. But they don't count until the first premium is paid. On a rough guess I should say that 30 per cent of those who have signed applications fail to go through with it. That means a lot of wasted work and disappointment for the agent.

"Better be sure and nail that fellow before you put it on the board," I said to my friend. "He's wriggled off several times."

"Just watch me," he said. "I'll make him think he's that old banker."

The doctors passed the man all right. Their report was filed with the policy and laid on the agent's desk. Instead of going to his client, though, he merely stuck the whole thing in a pigeonhole and waited. For several days I could not figure what he was driving at.

A week later he called up the client, the printing-house manager.

"Say, Mr. Jones," he asked, "did those doctors ask you any questions when you were being examined—any odd ones, I mean?"

"Why, no, not that I think of. Why, is anything the matter?"

"I don't know," the agent said, "but it seems to me they're taking a long time. They didn't examine you a second time for anything?"

"Why, no indeed. You look into that and see if you can hurry it up."

"I'll call them up. And I'll call you back in a couple of days."

Still he made no move, just looked across at me and laughed.

Two days later the printing manager himself called up. He was getting anxious, fearing that something was wrong with him.

"There has been a little delay about it," my friend told him, "but I think I'll have it straightened out in a couple of days. May be a little trouble, but don't you worry. I'll attend to it."

The next day the heretofore uncertain prospect called on the phone again.

Accident Policies

"Everything seems to be all right," the agent told him. "They've just phoned me that the papers will be up today."

That afternoon he took the policy over to the customer.

"Well, we put it over," he said.

Without a second's delay the man wrote out a check for the premium, insisted on a regular form of receipt, and breathed a sigh of relief.

That man was as sound as a dollar. The mere suspicion that he might be declared physically unfit made him jump at the chance to get insurance.

To my mind that was about the smoothest bit of salesmanship I ever saw.

The principle of frightening people is not a good one as a rule. It has done much to hurt the insurance business. But there is a difference in picturing terrible consequences to a man and in letting him think he is acquiring something that is hard to get. One touches his fear, the other his vanity.

In the old days, if you will remember, nearly everybody took out a two days' accident policy when going on a railroad trip. As a matter of fact, statistics show that the average active man is just as safe on a train as at home. That is why an additional amount is allowed for a death claim due to accident on a common carrie risk of accident on a street car, a trai elevator in a public building is prac nothing. People are beginning to stand that to be properly insured accident they must take a policy year round.

Though most men seem more ea insure themselves against illness against accident the chances of a having a spell of sickness are abou tenth as great as being laid up fro dent. Insurance claims for periods of are comparatively rare.

You will notice I have referred to holders as men. Women do not go in for insurance. A woman policyhol life or accident insurance is unusu fact, the companies have never enco the canvassing of women for insura a big scale. Statistics show that th as long as men, but the ills to which fall heir are so many and so fraugh immediate danger—such as childb that such insurance has never been a sought by the larger companies. seems to be a sort of natural feeling, an that man should be the provider, goes right through all walks of life. a part of the psychology of existence, I

Insurance Against Rain

Women policyholders can furnish problems for the companies in one than men could in ten. In that conn the insurance people have been gos for a month or more over the ca cases—of the Siamese twins who die in March. They—or she—were insur one hundred thousand dollars. One twins had a child, the beneficiary. N question has arisen as to whether the one or two; whether the child was t spring of one or both; whether he beneficiary of one-half the insuran what.

That must have been what we freak policy. I mean no play on words freak policies, by the way, are getting quite common in the United States. merly these odd risks were all writt Lloyd's, of London. They will ins person or a concern against anything vided the premium be large enough.

In America we have begun to go some of that sort of thing. Within th few years the major-league baseball have taken out insurance against ra their big days, such as Saturdays, Su and holidays.

A benefit game was played for C Mathewson, the famous pitcher, w now ill. But for the ball club takin insurance he would have lost the b The grounds were practically sol when, at game time, a heavy rain st making the game impossible. T surance was something like twent thousand dollars.

In fixing a rate for this kind of insu the companies figure the weather r very carefully and then practically n bet that it won't rain once in four day that basis they fix a premium rate at 25 per cent of the amount that wo taken in at the gate. To insure aga loss by rain of twenty thousand d we'll say, they would charge five tho dollars. It is a sort of sporting propo that but few companies will take a ha Lloyd's offered to do it, though, an Americans decided they could be j good sports.

Last year, I understand, the com made money out of the baseball and air-boxing-show insurance.

I am now making 50 per cent money than I did as a newspaper ma I feel that I am doing some good for people. Also I was beginning to thin I was wiser than the average fellow was tripped up last fall.

I wanted to buy a little home out suburbs and needed a thousand doll cash. I consulted a friend about w could borrow it.

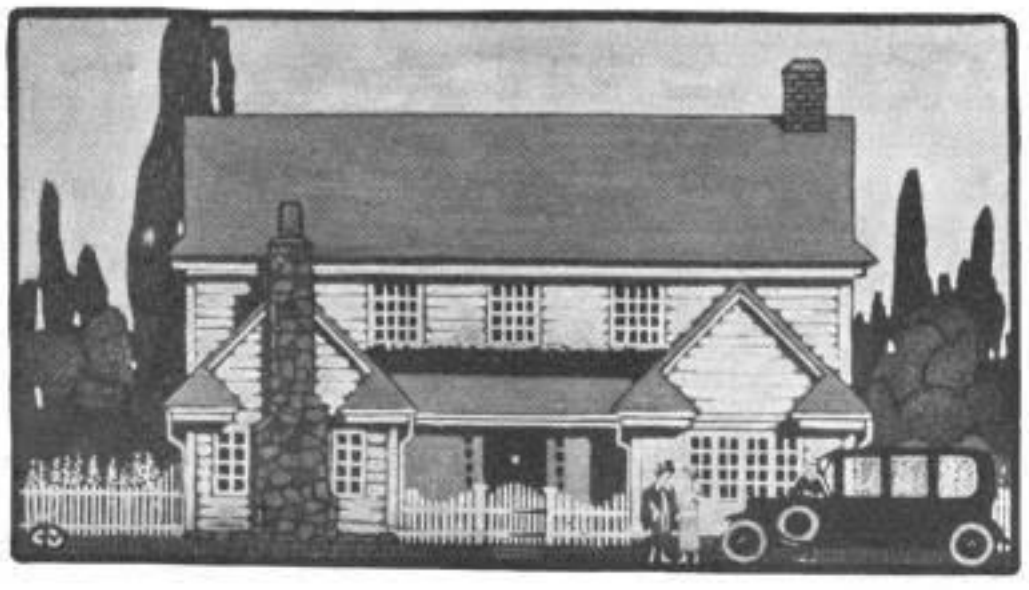
"Why don't you borrow it from self?" he asked. "That's what you'v preaching to me."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

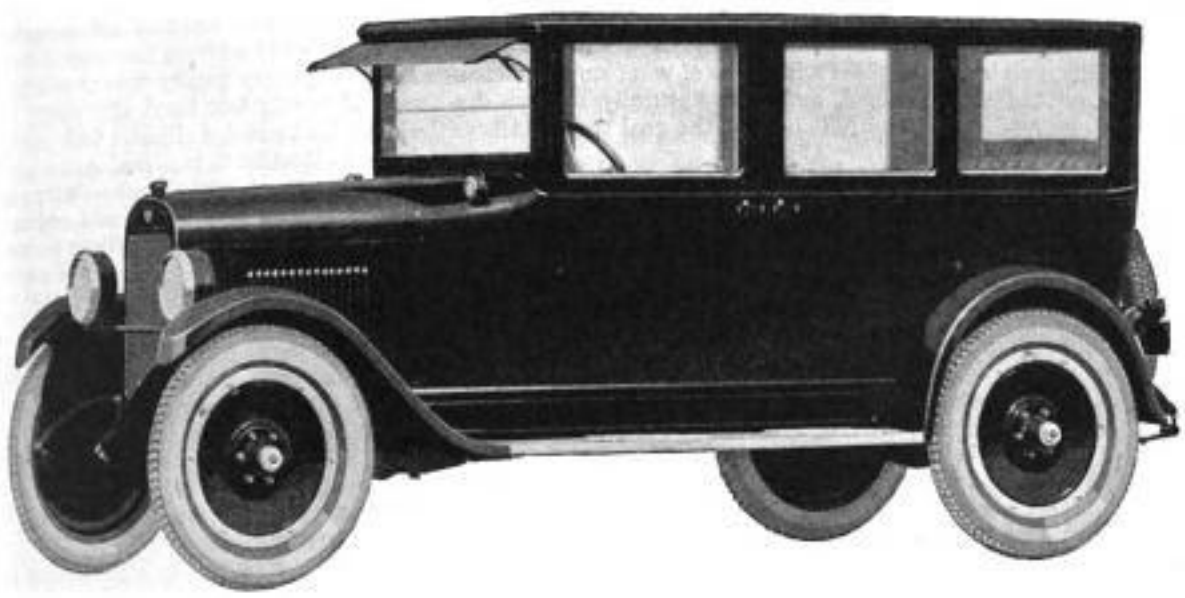
"Why, you've got insurance, h you?"

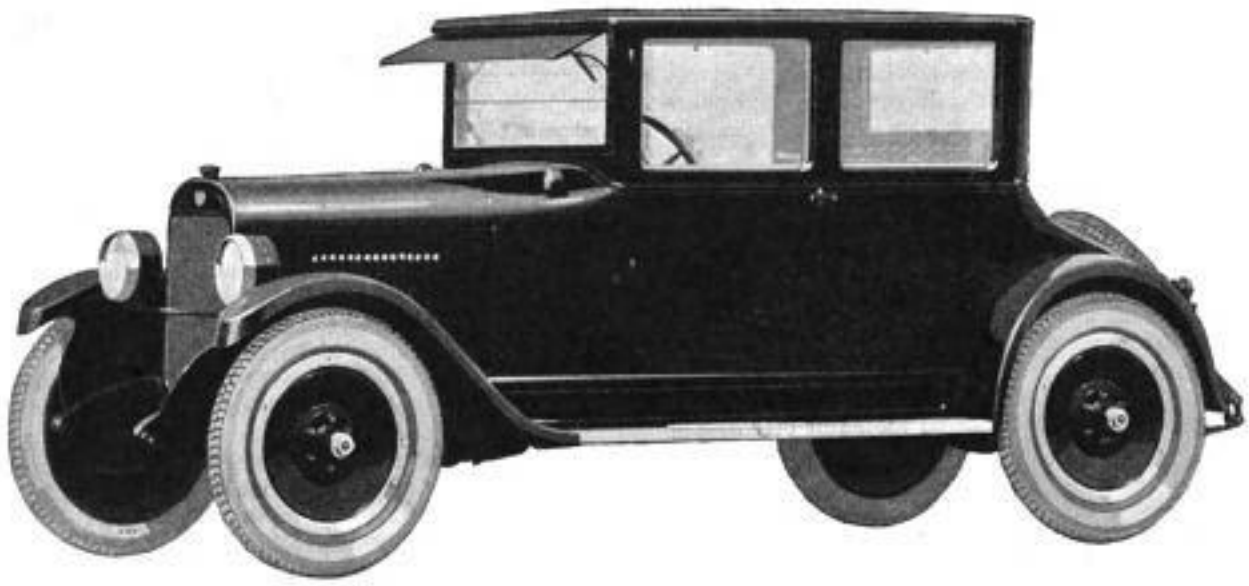
I felt myself blushing, had to laug had never occurred to me to do what been using as an argument to sell ins to other newspaper men.

I was able to borrow eight hundre lars on my own policy—and had thought of it!



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The friendly feeling which the public is displaying toward the good Maxwell is no doubt prompted, in part, by its great beauty.

But the deeper, more significant phase is the profound admiration, shown everywhere, for the substantial qualities demonstrated by the reliable and notably fine performance of the good Maxwell.

Cord tires, non-skid front and rear; disc steel wheels, demountable at rim and at hub; drum type lamps; Alemite lubrication; motor driven electric horn; unusually long springs; deep, wide, roomy seats; real leather upholstery in open cars, broadcloth in closed cars; open car side curtains open with doors; clutch and brake action, steering and gear shifting, remarkably easy; new type water-tight windshield. Prices F. O. B. Factory, revenue tax to be added: Touring Car, $885; Roadster, $885; Coupé, $1385; Sedan, $1485.

MAXWELL MOTOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
MAXWELL MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD., WINDSOR, ONT.

The Good

MAXWELL

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EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

New Trend in Salesmanship

By Floyd W. Parsons

A BUSINESS man recently remarked: "Talk, and the world talks with you; sell, and you sell alone." The scarcity of goods that existed during the war and immediately afterward caused salesmen to go stale. The men who traveled for the big firms were order takers, not salesmen. Selling organizations have been suffering from mental laziness and inertia. This was the natural outcome of a situation where goods sold themselves.

Conditions have changed, and the million traveling men in the United States are being asked either to produce or to get out. Salespeople behind counters must now show courtesy, attention and efficiency, or make way for others who will. Normal times are returning and competition is becoming keen. Thousands of salesmen are again sitting up nights thinking up reasons why purchasers of merchandise should buy. A lot of corporations are writing out prescriptions and preparing doses of ginger for their sales forces to swallow.

The curse of salesmanship has been the idea that it is a profession anyone can undertake, with or without preparation This is not the case. Selling is one of the most important occupations of man, and in recent years has become more or less of an exact science. Just as a medical student would not get far in his chosen profession if he attempted to obtain proficiency through practicing on patients without first studying the technic of the subject, so the salesman will not attain success unless he first secures a knowledge of philosophy and psychology, and masters the accepted methods and rules of selling. This is particularly true in case a man takes up salesmanship without having any inherited aptitude for the calling.

The young man who would succeed in selling must have personal appearance. A look of prosperity is an asset, but flashy clothes and jewelry are fatal. The salesman must dress to fit the locality. If he assumes an air of superiority to the people of any section he visits he will meet resentment and fail to get orders. A salesman's clothes may be in the height of fashion on Broadway, but if they appear to be newfangled to the merchants in outlying communities he will find the selling game a slow and difficult job. The sales manager of an Eastern concern sent a new salesman into a rural territory, and was greatly puzzled over the young man's failure to get business. An investigation showed that the new salesman had acquired the habit of carrying a cane, which gave him a dudish appearance that didn't make a hit with the firm's country customers. In selling certain lines of goods to merchants in various communities, even an unusual manner of speech or pronunciation may prove a handicap. A salesman who pronounces "been" in the English way, "bean," or who uses the broad a, had better not be assigned a territory where the people are plain folks, who frequently are prejudiced against any mannerism of speech that differs from their own.

One company makes it a rule to select its salesmen from what might be called the vital type of men. This concern gives as much weight to personal health as to mental and moral qualities. The management holds the belief that physically large men possess greater physical magnetism, and that other things being equal the big man makes the best salesman. The scientific thought back of this idea is that "a large body has greater attraction for a small body than the latter has for it." Large men exercise mass attraction for small men.

In building up an efficient selling organization the first and most important move is to pick a sales manager who is a winner. A selling force may be made up of men who possess exceptional ability individually, but if such an organization is not directed by the right kind of sales manager it is like a healthy body with a half-witted brain.

One sales manager who has made an enviable reputation has acquired an interesting philosophy of selling. He has adopted the plan of having the prospective salesman interviewed by three of his associates before being engaged. A past record marked with no marvelous degree of success does not bar a man from his employ, for some of his best salesmen were practically failures in other lines. He appreciates the fact that young salesmen seldom make conspicuous successes for the first few years, but they can build up experience and loyalty, and while doing this they are creating a clientele of value to the company.

It is the policy to have an understudy for every important salesman, to provide against that salesman's resignation, promotion or ill health. A competitive spirit must be developed among the men, but this plan must not be carried to a point where a salesman becomes discouraged and loses interest in his work. It is just as much a mistake to oversell the company's proposition to the salesman as it is to oversell a customer. One large company made this mistake, and although the men started out on the road with high hopes less than half of them stuck to the job. An investigation showed that the men had been oversold. The company had placed emphasis on the big commission the sellers would receive for every order they obtained. But no mention was made of the fact that there would be discouraging experiences and many days without sales. The men had been filled with tales of what unusual salesmen had accomplished, and they naturally became disheartened when they fell short of the goal that had been pictured to them.

It is far better to be honest with new salesmen and disclose to them the hard work and disagreeable features of the job, as well as the bright side. Tell the men the truth about what they are likely to earn, and post them on the difficulties as well as the advantages of the work. When salesmen fail to attain their expectations they commence to think about getting another job, and resignations are an expensive proposition in the operation of any company, for it always costs money to break in recruits. Start the salesman out fully prepared for a run of bad luck, having him at the same time well informed concerning the splendid opportunities that lie ahead.

After a prospective salesman has satisfactorily passed the interviewing stage one good plan is to give the promising applicant a quantity of literature and selling data covering the product he will have to handle. Let him take this information home with him and make a study of the facts. Have him come to the office the following day and let him present his idea of a good talk for selling the goods. In this way the sales manager can easily pick out the live applicants from those who are not qualified.

It is often a good plan to keep salesmen informed concerning the results being obtained by their fellow salesmen. Let each seller know what arguments netted orders elsewhere. It is not a bad plan when one salesman sells a substantial order to a new customer to transmit the news of his accomplishment to all the other salesmen, together with a brief description of the method employed in landing the business. Banish the theory that the customer is always right. Insist that the complaints of buyers be carefully heeded, investigated and rectified wherever possible, but instruct salesmen that they must not make concessions where they are not wise or necessary and where they constitute a deviation from company policy or perhaps disloyalty to the house. Any customer who is worth having will not resent investigation of his complaint, and eventually he will respect the salesman all the more for his firm and consistent stand.

The sales manager should have at hand newspaper clippings of financial and business conditions and bank clearings in the territories covered by his men. He should receive and study the Government's weekly weather reports. Information of this kind makes it easy for the director of sales to weigh and understand the excuses of the salesmen in the field. Bad weather and slack business conditions may be responsible for a slump on the part of an efficient seller.

Daily report cards for salesmen are far more convenient and effective than the old-fashioned method of having the men in the field write a long personal letter each day. Report cards are easily handled, and should be designed to fit into a card index. Such a card should be arranged to show the names and addresses of the merchants called on; the amount and kind of sales made to each; reasons why no sale was made; total amount of sales for the day; expenses; mail addresses for coming days; and comments such as a reminder to send a catalogue or a memo stating the kind and style of goods each of the prospects is interested in. Most concerns now have report cards, but too often they use one style of card to report visits and sales, another card or form for expenses, and sometimes still other forms for comments, and so on. Much office work is eliminated by having one complete and concise report card for salesmen.

Generally speaking it is a bad practice for salesmen to follow the plan of trying to make all appointments in the towns they visit over the telephone. It is far better to call personally at the prospective customer's store or office. When a man is busy he is more likely to refuse an appointment over the telephone than when the salesman calls personally. If the phone is used it should be employed after the personal visit has failed.

It is not unusual for salesmen to fail to see 20 or 25 per cent of their prospective buyers on each trip. It is a good plan to have the salesmen hand in lists when they return from a trip showing the men called on but not seen. Then the sales manager can write a letter expressing regret that the representative of the company had failed to get an interview, and suggesting that a trial order for certain goods be placed with the company. It is wel increase the attractiveness of the suggestion offering a cash discount of 2 per cent or more, vided the order is received within a certain ti In two cases where this plan has been in effect for m than a year it has netted orders from 8 per cent of th written to in one case, and 12 per cent in the other. E this small return more than paid the company for its eff

A number of concerns have adopted the ironclad rul answering every inquiry from prospective purchasers side of twenty-four hours after receipt. Experience shown that nothing alienates trade more quickly tha lack of attention to inquiries. As one sales manager s "The strongest nerve in sales anatomy is self-interes All letters to customers should suggest something prospective buyer can do without too much effort. letter should stir the prospect to a renewed belief in personal ability, and should say to him, "You can."

The salesman of one company held the belief that tomers who sent in inquiries were only shopping for pri A new sales manager took hold, and after investigating condition in his force he insisted upon prompt action, required a report from each inquiry handed to a salesm After several months a survey was made, and it was fou that more than 70 per cent of sales were made from quiries. Quick service is one of the most convincing of closing arguments.

A few ideas of one topnotch salesman are worth repe ing: A prospective buyer will nearly always resent attempt of the salesman to do his thinking for him. If buyer notices that such an effort is being made to fo his decision he is sure to become mentally aggressive if antagonistic. The salesman must be sure of his grou and not lightly assume certain conditions. The story told of one young fellow who was out selling a new vari of dainty wafer.

Said he to his prospect, "Wouldn't that be a delici cake for Mrs. J. to serve at her delightful afternoon teas

"I must confess it wouldn't," came the disconcert reply, "for Mrs. J. passed away in 1913, and has been p taking of angel cake for seven years."

As a matter of fact Mr. J., the prospective buyer, wa bachelor, but he couldn't resist the temptation to hav little fun with the careless salesman. As a result the selle talk was completely disorganized and the effectiveness his sales talk was destroyed.

Negative suggestions constitute the reef on which th sands of promising sales are wrecked. After having mad very good talk, which has nearly persuaded the custon to buy the article, a salesman will often say, "Now, M Smith, have you or have you not decided to buy this use device?" In a majority of cases the negative suggest so implanted bears fruit, and the sale is lost. The res clever salesman would say, in the same situation, "No Mr. Smith, will you carry the device with you, or shall send it to your office by our special-delivery service ea this afternoon?"

Each salesman should make a real study of his territory know the kind of people who live there; their aver earning power, and in what occupations they are e ployed; the amusements in which they indulge, and general situation respecting savings laid by. Wise sal men cultivate the newspaper men, bankers and officers the local chamber of commerce in the towns they vi They scan the newspapers of each town for advance formation, for the small-town merchant is usually fl tered and pleased when a salesman shows a familiarity w local affairs. If possible, find out at what time a custome bank account is at high-water mark. If a merchant p his bills on the eighth of the month he is not likely to be a receptive mood to incur new obligations on the nin

It always is best to ask for officials by name instead by title. It is easy to get such information over the te phone or in some other way. Seek to meet and hold prospect's eye throughout the interview. Every salesm should remember that whatever it may be, there is so psychic force in meeting and talking to a man eye to e Don't talk too glibly; your prospect may misunderst and mistake you for a fresh guy. Don't talk too rapid for this gives the impression of nervousness and fidgetin

Up-to-date merchants seek to be original in their me ods. They wish their store to be different from all oth and as a result they view with disfavor all cut-and-dr campaigns of manufacturers which have been designed fit any one of thousands of dealers. In keeping with t new trend of business the salesman today must work the principle that his chief concern is to assist his custo ers in selling their goods, rather than to live and work w the idea that his only function is to get orders. Whe manufacturer renders service which increases the m chant's sales of a product, he is following the most effect method of enlarging the market for his goods.

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Your increasing consciousness of the Peerless as one of the finest eight-cylinder cars in the world is directly due to two vital, determining factors.

Every expert connected with the new Peerless organization has been steeped in eight-cylinder study and eight-cylinder construction continuously over a long period of years.

All of them have labored together in eight-cylinder development, first as pioneers, then as foremost authorities, throughout that same long period of time.

Acquiring the Peerless plant under the direction of R. H. Collins, with whom they had been associated for years, they found a sound, substantial eight-cylinder equipment, and a splendid eight-cylinder car ready to their hand.

The two factors—a beautifully balanced and beautifully blended eight-cylinder organization, and a finely developed eight-cylinder plant and product—rendered it certain that Peerless would forge further and further to the front than ever in its history.

That is precisely what has happened—that is precisely why you are increasingly conscious every day of the prestige, the progress, and the power of the Peerless.

The Peerless of today is the Peerless of this new organization.

It is not only holding all the allegiance it acquired under the preceding administration, but is pushing itself more pronouncedly forward day after day in the eyes of all motordom.

Peerless excellence will enforce itself more and more upon your attention, as you hear from day to day the delighted reports of enthusiastic owners in all parts of the country.

Seven Passenger Touring Car, $2790, Four Passenger Roadster, $2790, Four Passenger Coupe, $3500; Five Passenger Sedan, $3650; Seven Passenger Sedan, $3790, Seven Passenger Sedan-Limousine, $4060; F. O. B. Cleveland

The Peerless Motor Car Company has been acquired and is being operated by R. H. Collins and his associates

PEERLESS

"All that the name implies"

JULY 1922

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The pattern illustrated is *Gold-Seal* Art-Rug No. 396. In the 9 x 12 ft. size the price is only $16.20.

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

REMOVE SEAL WITH DAMP CLOTH

Look for the Gold Seal

Be sure to look for this Gold Seal. Read the guarantee and don't forget the seal is printed in green on a gold background. It is pasted on the face of the goods; none others are genuine.

"I love your rug, Betty"

"It is a beauty, isn't it? You'd be surprised how little it cost and how easy it is to keep clean."

Modern women everywhere have recognized the beauty, economy and ease-of-cleaning of *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rugs. Rooms that have lacked the essential touch of an artistic rug have been made bright and cheery by this modern floor-covering.

And these rugs are so amazingly practical! Water never harms them. Just run a damp mop over their firm, sanitary surface and away goes the dirt!

Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rugs lie perfectly flat on the floor, with never a ruffled edge or turned-up corner for unwary feet to stumble over.

Note the Very Low Prices

6 x 9	feet	$ 8.10		1½ x 3	feet $ .50
7½ x 9	feet	10.10	The pattern illustrated is made only in the five large sizes. The small rugs are made in other designs to harmonize with it.	3 x 3	feet 1.00
9 x 9	feet	12.15		3 x 4½	feet 1.50
9 x 10½	feet	14.15		3 x 6	feet 2.00
9 x 12	feet	16.20			

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South, west of the Mississippi and in Canada are higher than those quoted.

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
INCORPORATED

Philadelphia New York Chicago San Francisco Dallas
Boston Minneapolis Kansas City Pittsburgh Atlanta Montreal

Gold Seal CONGOLEUM *Art-Rugs*

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LESS THAN THE DUST

(Continued from Page 17)

...ladies who are your wives and sisters ...sweethearts and fiancées, you and Peter ...Mr. Grahame and all the rest. It is to ...a wonder that you have not been more ...insulted!"

"Cruel!" he echoed blankly. "What do ...mean, cruel? You know perfectly ...that we spoil them within an inch of ...their lives."

"Is you say, within an inch of their ...—almost, almost to their death! You ...that is not cruel? You think that is ...not cruel, to let them be so rude, so bored ...and tired and foolish and cheap? ...should be stronger than they—no, do ...not laugh, you should, you should! We ...have in us every one a hunger to worship, a ...hunger to adore and to serve; you think it ...right to starve that desire to death? It is ...wrong that no one shows them how to be ...gentle and soft and gay and lovely to the ...heart. It is wrong and cruel, I tell you. ...You cheat them when you do not show ...them that that is what you need and that is ...what you demand. You cheat them when ...you go with them into this dull madness of ...excitement that you call living. 'This is the ...life!' you say. 'This is the life!' No, no, ...no, I tell you—this is not the life."

She fled on ruthlessly into the soft rapid ...current of her words:

"Oh, God help me, I think that I'm going ...out of my head! Just when I begin to ...think that I have you pigeonholed forever ...as an unscrupulous enchantress and de...stroyer of homes, you turn into a broken-...hearted missionary trying to save us all ...from our sins! Are you going to tell me ...that your entire performance this past ten ...days has been a noble endeavor to bring ...light and beauty into the lives of a lot of ...young idiots?"

She suddenly abandoned the rôle of ...prophet for a mischievous and lovely mirth.

"No, I am not going to tell you that. It ...would be a most lamentable untruth if I tell ...you that! No, the reason for what you call ...my performance was because I was very dis...pleased—oh, but very greatly displeased—...to find how unmannerly a lot of little ...disgraceful cats were sitting sharpening ...their claws about the tennis court that first ...afternoon. You see, I do not like it when ...people are rude to me; I do not like it at ...all. I find it entirely a pleasure to teach ...them how foolish a thing it is to be rude—...and especially to me."

She met her gay smile with a somewhat ...baffled one.

"Well, I don't know that I blame you, ...though you've managed to do an almost ...considerable amount of harm in your quiet ...way.

"But now, and you shall tell me! What ...have"

"Oh, come, you know perfectly well what ...I have, without my telling you anything. ...You've about broken up the Grahame ...menage for life."

"Was it, then, so fast together before I ...came, the Grahame ménage?"

"You've entirely busted up Peter Leeds' ...engagement to Joan."

"They were so happy before I came, ...weren't they not? Were they not, Mr. Thorn?"

"You've reduced Mendoza to a state ...where he doesn't know whether he's com...ing or going."

"You do not think, perhaps, that it is ...better for all that Mendoza should come to ...the end of it with some that he went with ...before? No?"

"You've driven poor old Tolliver to the ...verge of suicide, and Babbie ——"

"Ah, yes, Babbie." The sparkling face ...was suddenly as gravely sweet as some ...mediæval saint's beneath its shining ...cloud of hair. "For that little beloved goose ...we must see what we can do! For your ...Babbie, he is like a great ball of rubber—...he will bound straight from that verge of ...doubt and despair into any kind hand that ...reaches out to him; we must see only that ...the right hand is stretched out. Then ——"

"There are any number of others, you ...know."

"Bosh, bosh! You will turn my head ...with arrogance; already I feel so vain that ...I must die with joy!"

"That's hardly the effect that I was aim...ing at," he assured her. "However, the ...young ones undoubtedly deserve all they've ...got and a little bit more. I'm not holding ...a brief for them, you understand. Tak...en by and large they're about as ...precious a crowd of young fools as you'll find between here and kingdom come. I know that, God help me."

"Then you know wrong—but quite entirely wrong. Vicious? No, no; they are not vicious. They are like children using ugly words that they do not at all understand, but that are new to them and that they think therefore are, oh, most terrible and, oh, most wicked, so they shout them out very loud and very, very often, to shock the poor passer-by. Me, when I hear children making that kind of a noise I am not shocked, but I am very dreadfully bored, and a little sad too. It is not a pretty noise to listen to."

"You haven't the most remote idea what you're talking about," he said sternly. "Permit me to assure you, once and for all, that this is no collection of innocent infants that you've wandered into. It's a group of extremely hard, sophisticated, reckless young lunatics, as you'll find out if you stay in it long enough."

"Oh, I have stayed in it long enough!" she replied, lightly disdainful. "I have stayed in it too long—and I tell you that at real viciousness they would be so shocked and sick as they are pleased to think that your good bourgeoisie is shocked at them. Viciousness—it is something old and tired and very still—not this shrill clamor that they make all day and all night. They are not bad, I tell you; they are silly."

"And I tell you that they're harder than any nails ever cut—that you couldn't shock them in a thousand years."

"My poor friend, I could shock them in five minutes."

At the strange gentle smile with which she said it Rod felt suddenly chilled and tired.

"Oh, may I be eternally damned if I understand a single atom of the whole rotten business! You're talking now as though you'd been steeped in unmentionable crimes from your cradle! I haven't any right in the world to let you go on playing this game, and you know it. If I had a grain of sense I'd stand up at this infernal party of yours ——"

"Oh, oh, the party!" She stood transfixed, her eyes fantastically round. "Monster that you are, you let me forget it! Quick, quick, what time?"

"Ten minutes to eight. No, wait a moment! Listen ——"

"If Gabriel blows his horn I do not listen! *Marie—vite! Marie, ma robe, vite, vite!*"

She was halfway to the stairs, a small whirlwind of flying green, before he caught her.

"I don't care whether you die of rage where you stand, you're going to listen to me! There's no good doing that. Here, give me that hairbrush. Are you listening?"

"No!" The muffled voice was a raging defiance.

"Well, versatile as you are, I hardly imagine that you can go stone deaf to order, so you're likely to hear this. I wanted to tell you that Babbie was right."

There was no reply; the late whirlwind might have been a statue for all its response.

"It's not polite of you to take so little interest, when I've gone to so much trouble just to inform you of the fact. Babbie was right, my dear. I have no heart—none, none."

"Oh—oh!" The statue was once more a whirlwind. "Let me go! Let me go now, I tell you! You have no shame? You have no disgrace?"

"I have no heart," continued Rod firmly, "because I lost it. Seven years ago, in the dirtiest canteen in Paris. Please stop pulling like that; you can't possibly get away, and it's not polite."

After a long pause the small voice said faintly, "You—lost it?"

"Exactly. I lost it. And I thought that you might be able to help me find it again, since you were there at the time; so I sent Patterson to look for you. You can see that it upset me pretty badly when you informed me that you intended to sharpen up a sword and do away with yourself tonight, because you'd somehow gathered the impression that you were nothing unto me. I simply couldn't have you dying with the guilty knowledge of where that poor lost thing might be! I'm going to find out if I have to take to old-fashioned methods like boiling oil—are you listening, you little demon?—boiling oil and thumbscrews ——"

"Rod!"

At the horrified cry from the doorway the executioner and his victim were wrenched as violently apart as though a typhoon had descended on them. They stood staring blankly at the two petrified countenances framed in the door, and for a full moment a veritable paralysis of silence reigned unchallenged in the dim hall. Then the late victim recovered her voice in a soft rush of words, hurled straight at the fiend who had so recently and outrageously menaced her.

"You think you can stop me like that? But no, I tell you—no! You make me see her for what she is, that most wretched Sarah Anne Carstairs—a danger and a menace and a sorrow to all who know her, coming to this so happy place like a blight and a curse. Very well then, she dies; she dies tonight, and it is as though your two hands had killed her. Not for one hour more could she live knowing your thoughts of her. Give me that thing!"

With a small pounce she wrenched a glittering object from the executioner's nerveless fingers; there was a whisk of silk and flying draperies, a lightning patter of feet, and a hall with three people standing in it instead of four.

Babbie was the first of them to come to life. She flew across the space between the open door and her immobile brother as though she had wings at her heels.

"What are you standing there goggling for?" she demanded frantically. "Stop her, stop her, you idiot! Didn't you hear what she said? She's going to kill herself, because she thinks we hate her! What was that horrible glittering thing she got away from you? Here! Someone ring for the servants. For Pete's sake, where's a bell? No, no—the doorbell's no good, Tolly—didn't we ring the blamed thing for five minutes without raising an echo, much less a servant? Rod, for heaven's *sake* don't just stand there like that!"

"I must have broken it," explained Rod, emerging from what was apparently a profound trance. "I kept my finger on it for a good bit too; oh, for quite a good bit. Here, Babbie, what time should you say it was?"

"It must be after eight. I came over early and found Tolly prowling round the veranda."

"After eight?" shouted Rod, galvanized into sudden and violent action. "Then what are we all doing standing here chattering? That whole crowd will be here in two minutes more!"

"Rod! Rod, didn't you hear what she said? Have you gone perfectly crazy? Aren't you going to even ——"

The hall's population was somewhat abruptly reduced to two, and Babbie's impassioned invocation trailed off into space.

After a moment she lifted a hand to her head and took an uncertain step towards the staircase, casting one dazed look at Tolly over her shoulder.

"Good *night!*" she remarked inadequately but fervently.

Tolly stirred himself from lethargy.

"Where are you going?"

"I'm going to get help. For heaven's sake, didn't you hear that girl say ——"

"I wouldn't pay any attention to what she said," advised Tolly calmly.

"No attention!" Babbie gaped at him, incredulous, her eyes two saucers. "No at—— Why, La Rue Sinclair Tolliver!"

"I most certainly wouldn't. She hasn't any more idea of killing herself than I—than—than you have. As a matter of fact, she's got some pretty darned frivolous ideas about suicide."

"Who told you so?"

"She told me so. Laughed as though ——"

"Will you tell me what in the world she was talking to you about suicide for?"

Tolly's honest countenance became suffused by a whole-hearted flush.

"Oh, we were just gabbing along." He stared darkly up the stairs that the green whirlwind had used as an exit. "She and your woman-hating brother seem to be getting good and intimate, I'll say. Playing around halls in wrappers with your hair down is pretty speedy, even for this gang's indoor sports, isn't it?"

Babbie's round eyes grew a little rounder.

(Continued on Page 35)

Jim Henry's Column

Is Mennen's the finest Shaving Cream ever made?

I know a millionaire who smokes nothing but seven cent cigars—formerly a nickel. And he is not a tightwad.

I don't want to give the idea that I move in wealthy circles, but I know another plutocrat who owns a Rolls-Royce and a Ford—and uses the Ford half the time.

Mr. Mennen thinks I am the best salesman in the world—for Mennen Shaving Cream.

Mennen's is the best Shaving Cream in the world—if your face so rates it.

It's purely a matter of personal judgment.

The argument seems to be getting a bit tangled, but what I started to write is this: It is just barely possible that you will like Mennen's a lot better than any soap you ever used.

A great many men do prefer it.

I met a man once who didn't care for Mennen's, but he mixed up the lather in his shaving mug—a victim of habit. He loves that mug. It was his grandfather's. His father was a modern shaver, at that. It was a case of what breeders call a "throw back."

It's queer the way I drift from my point. The idea is that it might pay to try Mennen's. Not recklessly, of course. Just a ten cent demonstrator tube to start. I send it to you by mail.

I really have no ulterior motive in suggesting that. There's very little profit in this demonstrator tube, considering that it costs over a dollar to get you to write for it and that I throw in a sample of Kora-Konia just so you won't get sore if you don't like the Shaving Cream. The Kora-Konia will keep your skin from getting sore, anyway, where muscles chafe. Keep it in your locker and use before a game of golf or tennis. Kora-Konia is great for babies—prickly heat, rashes and that sort of thing.

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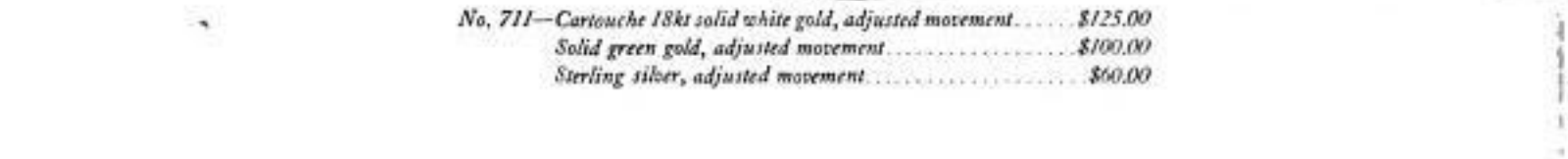
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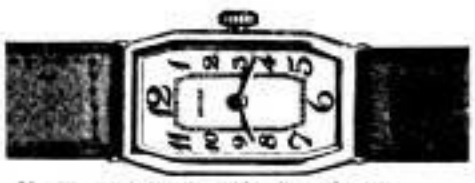
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Sterling silver, adjusted movement *$50.00*



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(Continued from Page 33)

"By gum!" she breathed in awe-stricken nes. "D'you know, I never took it in ll this minute! The hall was so dark— ere, turn on the electric lights; they're er by the door—and the whole thing oked so everlastingly like something out the movies that it didn't seem queer all. Tolly, her hair came down to her et!"

"I saw where it came down to, thank u," replied Tolly ungratefully. "And if u ask me, it came down just about a rd and a half too far. What I want to ow is why it wasn't up on her head where belonged; and, lieve me, I'm go- to find out!"

Babbie flung ek her cropped rk head like a rred pony.

"What business it of yours?" she manded belligerently.

"It's my busi- s to see that not e than one girl a time makes a kass out of me," plied the erst- ile affable gal- t from the West, nd it's beginning look to me as ugh two of you 're doing it in one ek, which is wding things. I y have lost my petite for your ticular brand of nor, Babs, but if t angel-faced e——"

is voice dropped inously as he tinued to watch stairs, and Bab- wavering un- ainly between ance and ap- , arrived at a len brave deci- , the color in gypsy face a lit- leeper than the e of her frock. took a quick towards him, ching at his arm h one small n paw.

Tolly—Tolly, I didn't mean e such a beast! eant —— Oh, n it!"

e drew back ly at the sound ices and steps e veranda, but dark eyes, the of an unhappy contrite little were more uent than stammering La Rue lair Tolliver suddenly unmistakably interested in than in the stairs.



"Will You be So Good as to Get Up at Once From My Stairs, and Go to Your Home Quickly and Dress Yourself for My Dinner Party?"

o, no!" commanded Babbie breath- "Tolly, have you gone out of your Listen, it's Joan and Polly, and the wide open! They'll come right in— ?"

Joan and Polly came right in, glance- the flushed pair with a purely per- ory interest.

ello, you two. Fighting again?"

n slipped out of her cloudy blue cape, out the foaming ruffles of her white gown, and ran experimental fingers th the golden froth of her curls. me those rosebuds, Polly!"

poked two of the proffered buds ly into an alluring angle in the blue ribbon that bound her hair, and red the rest in an appealing knot at ast.

uess that'll give that hell-cat ingénue for her money," she remarked grimly. here, Polly; you've got on too that generally went where Paula went had been ruthlessly discarded, and she was now chastely adorned with one square amethyst ring that might have belonged to a bishop, one long chain of amethyst beads that might have belonged to her grandmother, and one large bunch of single violets that might have belonged to an Edith Wharton heroine, and that matched her eyes in a highly workmanlike manner. She met the reluctantly approving gaze of the kind friend who had been her hairdresser, dressmaker, guide, mentor and common scold for the better part of a feverish hour, with a look compounded of decent gloom and frank apprehension.

"Well, I may look womanly, Joan, but, believe me, I certainly feel like hell."

"You look a whole lot worse than womanly, darling," Joan assured her grimly. "What you look is ladylike! If you feel as though you were going to

ringer for Mother's Own Girl that you'll start hunting around for a swing and two darling little kittens. Babs, you traitor to your sex, where's that Dolly Varden rig I fixed up for you?"

"It made me feel so dog-goned uncomfortable, Joan," protested the guilty Babs humbly. "Honest it did. All those crazy puffs and bunches—I felt exactly as though I were climbing into the workbag that I got stung with last year in the raffle for Balkan babies."

"All right for you, my child! You might just as well order a shroud for your next party dress; from now on you're a dead one. Ever see anything more revolting to every fine instinct of an honest man than that orange outrage, Tolly?"

"It looks to me a good deal like the prettiest dress I ever saw in my life," replied that shameless renegade with ardent conviction. "And the girl in it looks exactly like the prettiest girl I ever saw in my life. I surely am glad that that dress lets an honest fellow see just how pretty she is!"

"Well, by golly!" cried the outraged vision in tulle. "Are you the little fellow that's been shouting around this whole island that the present generation of female vipers has gone and shot modesty and decency plumb to hell or aren't you?"

"I are; it just happens that I don't think that jolly-looking dress is indecent. You wear it that way because it's more comfortable, don't you, Babbie?"

"Of course I do," replied Babbie, her face one glow of gratitude for her brilliant interpreter.

"Help!" invoked Joan fervently. "What stopped you trying a one-piece bathing suit?"

"Oh, bunk!" The tone of the masculine arbiter of fashions was genially indignant. "There's nothing in the world the matter with that dress. It comes quite a lot below her knees—well, you needn't howl like that, it does come below her knees, doesn't it?—and it's made of good, heavy, respectable stuff, isn't it? A whole lot more respectable than that transparent thing you've got on anyway."

"Here!" interposed the statuesque Paula sharply, a sudden and poignant alarm added to the gloom of her alabaster countenance.

"Are you telling me that that's the kind of get-up that you men want? A yard and a half of orange crêpe de chine and two yards of pearls? Joan, I could murder you. The only garment in the world that you haven't put on me is ear muffs; you wouldn't even let me have clocks in my stockings. Listen, let me get out of this! I've got that new green crystal thing ——"

"Oh, keep quiet!" replied Joan with a harassed glare. "You haven't time to change a stitch! Anyway, you don't think I came over here in a get-up that makes Mary Pickford look like a vamp just to give Tolly a thrill, do you? He's so far



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beautiful as Aphrodite if she wore a Mother Hubbard, and as good as Little Eva if she wore a leopard skin. He's an entire and total loss as a critic, but he is not the only gentleman who has been wandering around for the last two weeks with one foot in the grave and the other in the nineteenth century. There are others!"

"Yes, and where are they?"

"Oh, they're still at Polly's, I suppose, having just one more round of the last case that Bob gave Polly for a birthday present. We walked right by them as though they were drinking soda water, didn't we, darling?"

"Yes," replied Paula gloomily.

"Bob yelled out to stick around and have some, but you ought to have heard Polly! You've got to hand it to her, that girl certainly cracked thought!"

"What'd she say?" inquired Tolly with interest.

"Recite your piece for the kind old gentleman, Polly!"

"I said, 'I don't see how you can stand that vile stuff. I'm sick of the sight of it. I never want to touch another drop as long as I live.'" Paula sighed heavily. "You know, honestly, Joan, I don't think that it's right to talk that way, even in fun. It's like tempting Providence."

"What did Bob say?" pursued Tolly indefatigably.

"He said, 'How do you get that way? If you've got anything better you can hand it over, otherwise you'd better not be so particular. This stuff here is pretty fair gin.'"

"You ought to have seen the expression on his face when Paula drawled out 'That's just the trouble, dear; it's gin!' and floated on out into the night." Joan's porcelain countenance was alight at the memory.

"It's the first real laugh I've had since this French curse blew into our midst two weeks ago come Wednesday. And by the way, is this a dinner party or isn't it? Where is the demon dove who's supposed to be our hostess?"

Babbie exchanged a rapid and guilty glance with Mr. Tolliver.

"Joan, I don't know whether to tell you about it or not; she was here when Tolly and I came in, talking to Rod."

"Here? Then for the Lord's sake where are they now? Did they go out on the terrace? Come on, wake up and get accurate—I'm hungry!"

"They aren't on the terrace. They aren't here at all. She—she went upstairs to get dressed, I think."

"Do you mean to tell me that she hadn't started to get dressed yet?"

"Oh, she'd started all right. She just hadn't finished."

"*What?*"

"Joan, I don't think that Babs ought to say any more about it," interposed Tolly hastily. "We got in here in a way that made it look as though we were practically eavesdropping; we rang and rang and no one answered, and so we walked right in on them like that, and I think it's none of our business and we ought to keep our mouths shut."

"Well, if you think you're going to get away with nothing but those few well-chosen words Pollyanna's a pessimist beside you, dearie!" replied Joan briskly and grimly. "Keep your mouths shut, will you? No fear, my lad! Come on, Babbie, hand out the lurid details or I'll go straight on upstairs and bang on that little vixen's door and tell her that you and Tolly say that you came across her and the ironclad brother in a situation too Gallic to bear repeating."

"Joan—Joan, listen! It wasn't anything like that at all—honestly, honestly! She was fighting as hard as she could to get away from Rod, because he was going to torture her to find out some secret she knew, he said ——"

"Yes, he did!"

"Yes, he did, I tell you—boiling oil and everything—and she grabbed something horrible and glittery away from him, and said she was going to kill herself because she isn't anything but a blight—and then she tore upstairs as though she'd gone crazy."

"You're the one that's gone crazy, darling. What do you think this is, a scenario contest?"

"I am not crazy!" protested Babbie feverishly. "I'm telling you the absolute exact truth, aren't I, Tolly?"

"Well, you're doing your best!" admitted Tolly cautiously.

"Then if it's the truth why didn't someone stop her?" demanded the skeptical Joan.

"Of course death's too good for her, but it probably would look better to the coroner if those present took a little active interest in what was going on!"

"Oh, Tolly said she didn't mean anything by it," Babbie explained comfortably. "Didn't you, Tolly?"

"Something like that," replied Tolly, a shade less cautiously.

Joan's jaw dropped so sharply that she raised her hand to it.

"Well, for ——"

"Maybe she's done it already," suggested Paula hopefully.

"Done what?"

"Killed herself."

"No such luck!" replied Joan, recovering her equilibrium with a jerk. "In about two minutes she'll come pitty-patting down these stairs like the black-hearted mouse she is ——"

"Joan, you ought to have seen her when we came in; it was so dark that you couldn't see very well, but she had on some kind of a foamy green thing that makes my new wrapper look like a Navajo blanket, and hair almost down to the ground, and eyes like—like—well, you won't believe it, but I swear that she looked beautiful! Didn't she, Tolly?"

"Don't bother Tolly—I believe it," said Joan gloomily. "I believe anything in heaven or earth that anyone tells me about that girl. If you say that she made Helen of Troy look like a nigger minstrel I'd just ——"

"Hi, what's the matter with the bell?" demanded a penetrating voice from the veranda, above a confusion of laughter and scuffling.

"Broke," returned Joan laconically. "Come on in, boys, everything's very lovely."

Mendoza and Grahame and Peter Leeds accepted the invitation promptly, with Rod following closely on their heels, immaculate in black and white, but a little wild about the eyes.

"Party over?" he demanded in a voice that was intended to convey an impression of careless ease.

"Nope; not started."

"Where's the hostess?"

"You ought to know," said Joan. "Babbie says she heard her telling you that she was going upstairs to kill herself."

"*What?*"

Peter shot the question at her as though it were a bullet from a revolver.

"Going—upstairs—to—kill—herself," drawled Joan coolly. "Upset your plans, Pete?"

"What you say—keel herself?" demanded Mendoza frantically.

"That's right—kill herself. You got it the first time, Ramon; next thing you know you'll be talking English!"

"Kill herself?" Grahame's incredulous cry rose above the clamor of voices. "Sarah Anne?"

From the gallery above the stairs a voice answered, a voice as silken-light as thistledown, but at its sound the clamor fell to silence.

"Who calls for Sarah Anne? She cannot come—she cannot come ever, monsieur she was a most wicked, wicked girl, and now she is quite entirely dead like a door nail. Wait—you let me come down instead?"

"You—who are you?"

There was a brief pause after Rod's breathless question, and then a small sound—a sound too small to be a laugh it was almost as though you could hear someone in the gallery smiling. After another minute the voice spoke again.

"Me? Me, I am Saranne! It is late—may I then, please, come down?"

"Please," said Rod, "come down!"

And suddenly she was standing at the head of the stairs, smiling down on the incredulous group in the hall below her, more radiant, more fantastic, more outrageous than any vision from any dream. She stood poised for a moment, the silver foam of her gown billowing wide about her, the little green jeweled flowers dancing and glittering against the brown lacquer of her hair, the little green jeweled slippers sparkling below the froth of her skirts, transparent as water to the knee. She waved a gay gesture of greeting to them with a fan consisting of one emerald-green feather so enormous that it must surely have adorned the tail of an unusually large roc, blew three kisses off the tip of it to the stupefied Babbie, shook out the shimmering mist of her skirts with a fine abandon, and floated down the long stairway as lightly and easily as though she were the blithe possessor of wings.

Those in the hall watched her coming with suspended breath and distended eyes, even when she had drifted to an airy halt beside them they continued to stand quite still, staring and speechless, much in the way that one may see a group of awe-stricken tots inspecting the lady snake charmer in the tent outside the circus. They looked appalled—and fascinated—and very, very young indeed.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE EAGLE AND THE WREN

(Continued from Page 19)

into Mrs. Conyngham's hand. "What's the matter with you, Cyril? You look very serious. Indigestion?"

Cyril shrugged his shoulders and turned away.

"My dear!" said Mrs. Conyngham, who had read the telegram. "But this is delightful, and two days sooner than you expected."

"What is it?" inquired Cyril sulkily. "A birth?"

"No, a marriage," said Leslie with a laugh. "Martyn's coming. To-day."

"Could have told you that. Chap here named Wedderton had a wire from him at lunch time."

A tiny frown appeared on Leslie's forehead as she opened the crumpled paper to read the hour of dispatch.

"How funny," said she. "I should have thought Martyn would have let me know first."

"I don't see why he should let you know at all," came the truculent rejoinder.

"Would you like me to tell you?"

"My dear," said Mrs. Conyngham, "he will probably call you a liar if you do."

"A liar?"

"I say, Les, it isn't true, is it?"

"That I'm engaged to Martyn? Of course."

"Then I call it a downright shame!"

(Continued on Page 38)



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(Continued from Page 36)

"Aren't you pleased?"

"My dear," Mrs. Conyngham besought, "take no notice of Cyril. He is in a bad mood. I have had to speak to him already. I cannot say how glad I am Mr. Saville is coming."

Which earned from Cyril the unmannerly response, "You're not going to marry him."

"Obviously not, but I shall ask his assistance in what I myself have failed to accomplish."

"Oh, no, you won't," said Leslie severely.

"I haven't a notion what you're talking about, but Martyn is not going to be mixed up in other people's affairs. He's burned his fingers far too often doing that. I'd have married him years ago if he hadn't always been getting into mischief."

"That's rot," Cyril broke in. "You were in love with me."

"Oh, oh!" said Leslie. "I wasn't."

"Yes, you were."

And out of the desert came a voice crying, "Cyril, be silent."

"No good denying it, you were," he went on with gathering velocity. "S'pose you've forgotten that night in Yorkshire when you kissed me?"

"I haven't," was the honest reply. "But I've always kissed you—ever since you wore Toby collars. I'd kiss you now if you weren't making such a horrible face."

"That night," Cyril insisted, "you kissed me in a different way."

"Only because your hair was untidy; it made you look like a baby."

"That's not true. You don't know what a kiss means to a man."

"The least said on that subject the better," said Mrs. Conyngham.

But Cyril was thoroughly wound up and nothing would stay him now until his spring ran down. The plausible veneer peeled off him in strips and the coarse grain of his nature stood nakedly revealed.

"I object to you marrying Martyn Saville; object to you marrying anyone but me."

"And I object to marrying you," said Leslie. "Please don't be silly, Cyril; there was never any talk of our marrying each other."

"That's utter rot. You knew I wanted you—must have known. You don't want me just because I happened to be always on the spot! Gad! If I'd gone gallivanting after anyone else you'd have whistled me back fast enough."

Mrs. Conyngham choked violently and explained that she had swallowed a mosquito.

"I hope you get malaria," said Cyril.

There was a warning light in Leslie's eyes and two bright spots of pink on her cheeks.

"You have lost your temper," said she.

"I have with a good reason."

"I can lose mine too, you know, with rude little boys."

"Lose it," replied Cyril wildly. "I don't care. And you can marry your Martyn Saville. I shan't compete. There are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it."

"Good-by," said Leslie as though it were an afternoon party.

"Where are you going?" demanded Mrs. Conyngham.

"Fishing."

"Don't get your feet wet," said Leslie.

Cyril clenched his hands viciously and swinging round walked straight into the arms of Martyn Saville.

And Martyn did not look in the least like an ardent lover.

xx

MARTYN'S first words as he came thus unexpectedly into the presence of his long-deprived beloved were "Damn your eyes!"

It was unfortunate. A lover's obligations are clear; his dialogue at greeting has been written by the wisdom of the ages. He should say, "Oh, my dear dearest dear!" No more; but his eyes should be eloquent, they should speak of a million kisses and his arms should be willing for embrace. The trifling consideration of publicity should be ignored, the rest of the world have no existence. First impressions are of tremendous importance.

But Martyn was fatigued by travel and weary for lack of sleep. His eyes were strained through long hours at the wheel, his clothes gray with the dust of straight French roads, and his brain tormented by the theft of the plans. He was in no mood to be barged into by an ill-conditioned youth. Wherefore he said "Damn your eyes!" and said it with feeling.

Cyril, whose temper was already at boiling point, offered no word of apology. Mrs. Conyngham was slightly shocked, and Leslie frankly disappointed.

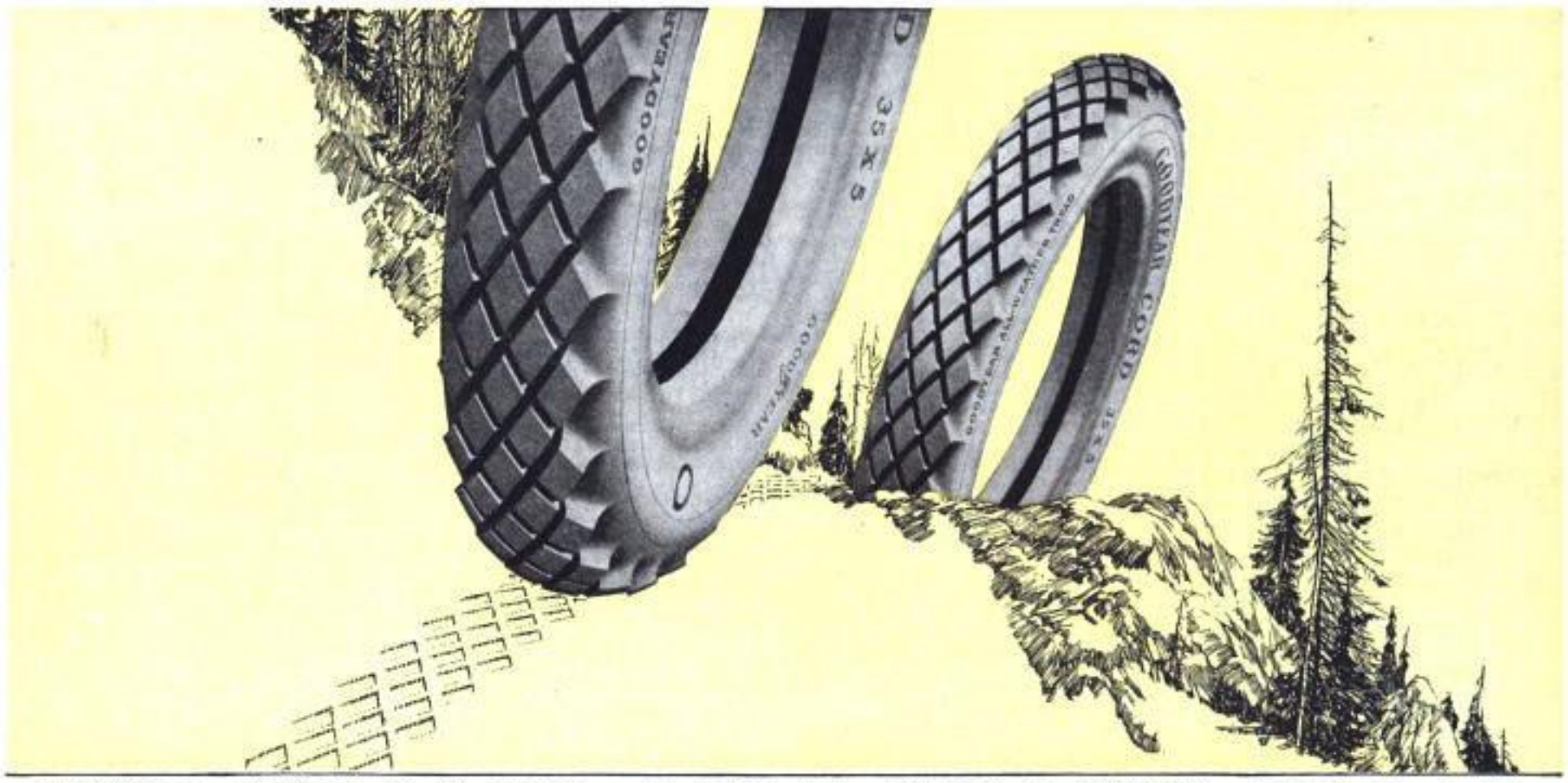
It is true Martyn was quick to recover himself, but the damage was done. His arrival was a failure. The enthusiastic "Leslie, old thing!" that he discharged barely scored an outer on the target. Leslie gave him her hand instead of her lips. She asked what sort of a journey he

(Continued on Page 40)



Innocence Was Abroad and Otto Von Weisenberg Revived Under its Spell

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PORCH SHADES

(Continued from Page 38)

had had instead of saying how ripping it was to see him. The spirit of the frozen mitt brooded heavily over the scene.

Mrs. Conyngham confided her finger tips to Martyn and watched the retreating form of Cyril.

Martyn looked from one to the other and with faultless precision misfired with his second barrel.

"This is fine, what? Hadn't an idea I should find you here. Told me in the hotel you were out. Leslie! My Gad!" turning to Mrs. Conyngham, "doesn't she look wonderful?"

Mrs. Conyngham assented gravely.

"Martyn," said Leslie, "if you didn't expect to meet us, who were you looking for?"

"Chap named Wedderton," he replied. "I was hoping to get a word with him pretty quickly."

"I see." Leslie bit a very small piece of her lip. "Important?" she queried.

It was clearly impossible to confide to anyone the disastrous happenings of recent days. That part of his life and all its tributary interests were conducted under a seal of secrecy.

"Not particularly. I just wanted to see him."

"He's an old friend. I've heard you speak of him before."

"Yes; known each other some years."

"That was why you sent him a wire announcing your arrival before sending me one."

Martyn stared.

"How do you know I wired?"

"The man met Cyril and told him."

"Then he is here?" Martyn almost shouted.

"I imagine he must be."

He looked round quickly.

"Then listen here, old girl, do forgive me if I chase off and try and round him up. You see—er—well, it's rather difficult to explain."

"Why bother?" she suggested.

"I know it looks queer, but—it's just one of those silly things that—er ——"

"Aren't a bit important but must be done at once."

"That's it. You won't think me rude, Mrs. Conyngham?"

"My dear boy, my own life is made up of things that have to be done at once, and to the best of my belief I have never neglected a single one of them. When you have finished your business with Mr. Wedderton I should be glad of a moment with you myself."

"Rather! That'll be fine. Leslie, dear, I'm looking forward to hours with you."

"Yes," said Leslie, "I know; but they'll have to keep, won't they?"

"I'll be as quick as I can," said Martyn, and added in a voice for Leslie, "Oh, I've missed you, my sweet!"

"You're a bad Martyn," she said, "and I didn't know how bad until now. Run along."

"You're not angry with me?"

"I'm not very pleased."

"Then give me one of those white flowers you're wearing—as a sign of forgiveness."

"Which would seem to argue," said Leslie, as she broke off a white carnation and slipped it in his buttonhole, "that there is something to forgive. Have you got a pin? It's a short stalk and you'll lose it."

"Lose it?" he repeated, taking her hand in his and kissing the tips of her fingers with such sudden fervor that Mrs. Conyngham, who did not approve of any kind of demonstration, turned away and felt positively sick.

XXI

GEORGE WEDDERTON was not to be found in the hotel. A waiter, who seemed to take an unaccountable interest in Martyn and fussed around him with wearisome attentiveness, suggested the winter garden and the terrace as likely places for a gentleman to be found smoking a pipe. He offered to accompany Martyn in the search, and commented with polite appreciation upon the flower in his coat.

"Dese carnaish was ver' pretty," he observed. "Monsieur has just arrifed, don't it? He come from ——"

"Timbuktu," replied Martyn, "and I lost my conversation on the way."

He declined Andrea's offer to accompany him, and strode off alone.

The terrace was a stretch of gravel with trees in little tubs and a stone balustrade with a flight of steps leading down to the sea. It was deserted, but in the gardens below Martyn saw Cyril Conyngham walking at the side of a beautifully dressed girl; as he watched, the girl slipped a white-gloved hand through Cyril's arm and smiled up at him ravishingly.

Martyn whistled softly to himself and turned away along an avenue of cypresses leading to the back of the hotel. A turn in the path brought him into the presence of a man seated on an iron chair apparently absorbed in the contemplation of a number of luggage labels. At Martyn's approach he slipped them in a side pocket and looked up innocently. It was George Wedderton and, seeing Martyn, his features relaxed into a grin of welcome.

"'Lo, old fellar," said he. "This is fine."

"I was thinking exactly the same myself," replied Martyn stonily. "It's great luck meeting in this quiet corner." And his hand went slowly toward his back pocket.

George Wedderton's eyes narrowed, but the lines of humor at the corners of his mouth deepened. He held up a warning finger.

"One second," said he. "The experiences of a not uncheckered career persuade me to believe that you are going to pull out a pistol and point it at me."

"Quite correct," said Martyn, and the blue barrel of an automatic lined up with the center of George's forehead.

George Wedderton laughed.

"If that went off," said he, "I shouldn't have much opportunity of explaining, so for everyone's sake put it back in your pocket and let's have a chow."

But Martyn was not in an obedient mood.

"You bluffed me very successfully the other night," said he. "And I'm not looking for an encore. So if it's all one, you'll answer a few questions under cover."

George's smile expanded.

"Martyn," he implored, "don't be an ass. Surely you ain't idiot enough to believe I've double-crossed you."

"It looks uncommonly like it."

"It was meant to," said George. "So I can afford to smile."

"I should say you could afford quite a lot on that two thousand quid," said Martyn.

George laughed uproariously.

"Shove that pistol out of sight and join in the joke," he begged. "You don't begrudge me my little emolument for swinging it on the opposition? Honestly I worked damned hard to earn it. And what virtue would my labors have had if the inventor, the general manager and the detective staff of Diplock, Mathews & Brandling had gone about as if nothing had happened? The whole essence of the show was to display the lot of you under the influence of a vertical breeze. After all, I don't see why you should mind them having a tracing of your original design. They are pretty certain to break their necks on it at the trials. With regard to the new design—well, I shoved that behind a bookcase while the camera was clicking."

Martyn's pistol had dropped to his side.

"Then you mean to say ——" he began.

"'Course I do, and I did you the credit of believing you'd tumble."

"Yes, but everybody thinks ——"

"Not everybody. I put my chief wise as I came through London early yesterday, and he handed in the dope to the Ministry. That's why they betray mere official gloom."

"Come on," said Martyn enthusiastically, "let's have the whole yarn."

George explained laconically, as was his habit.

"Then the tracing?" Martyn asked.

"It's here somewhere at this hotel, I believe. Arrived little after two. I went down to the station to meet it. You see this sort of thing travels by relays. I saw the fellar who had it. The third relay—Number Three—got out of the Southern Express, and a minute or two later got back again. He mixed himself up in a crowd and I failed to see who he passed it to. The exchange must have been rather neat."

"I see; and this last fellar takes it on to the ——"

"Thirteenth Communal? No, not in this case. I happen to know that a man—call him Number Five—left Moscow yesterday. Got some wireless information about his departure and have an idea I'm acquainted with the chap. 'T any rate I'm certain he's on this job. He's a big noise in the Bolshie underworld."

"Wait a bit," said Martyn. "Left Moscow, you say? Is he a chap called Otto Weisenberg?"

"Yes. Know him?"

"I don't, but Butterwick got it out of the little cashier that he was starting."

George Wedderton sprang to his feet.

"Good heavens!" he cried. "You haven't interfered with dear Otto, have you?"

"Rather afraid Butterwick has arranged a little setback to his journey."

"Oh Lord!" invoked George Wedderton. "Here's a thing! Broken my chain—my beautiful gold Albert, hall-marked in every link, and I had mothered 'em so carefully."

"Does it matter?"

"'Course it does! I want to know who's got the tracing here and who'll carry it on. Besides, the whole essence of the thing was that they shouldn't know we knew. Still, it can't be helped."

"Then I suppose whoever has it now will carry it on to Moscow?"

"Imagine so."

"Then I can't see that it matters a lot," said Martyn, rising. "For my own part I'm happy as a sandboy. Let's go and have a quick one on the strength of it."

It was Andrea Negretti who served them with an execrably mixed cocktail which to Martyn in his blissful frame of mind tasted like nectar.

"To tell the truth," said he when Andrea had retired to repeat the order, "I was more knocked over this business than I care to own. To know that it's all good and gay makes one kind of grateful. Tell you what, George, old seed, I'm a lucky blighter. One of Fortune's favored, and all that sort of thing. Here's fun!" He raised his replenished glass. "I'm engaged to the biggest darling that ever lived, I haven't a care in the world, and if I don't make an offering to the high gods—if I don't show my gratitude in some substantial way —— No, not for me; two's plenty. I didn't have any lunch and this absinth they chuck in plays the devil on an empty stomach."

"Where are you off to?" demanded George.

"I'm going to live," said Martyn, and retired with a wave of the hand.

XXII

THE lover who behaves amiss must look out for chastisement. Indeed, he need not look out, for it will certainly be found without search. That he may have made amends makes no difference. In due course he will be forgiven, but the course must be covered first.

Leslie Kavanagh was too little to allow herself to be overlooked, and too great to allow herself to be belittled. At their very first meeting Martyn had deserted her without the production of a reasonable excuse, and though inwardly she sensed an excusable reason it was not good enough to deny him the application of discipline. She knew that as soon as his business was transacted Martyn would hasten to her side. It would do him good, therefore, to remove herself from reach of his addresses and leave him alone and disconsolate to ponder a while upon sins and omissions.

A maiden's bedchamber is her sanctuary, and thither after some small interval Leslie repaired to conduct her maneuver. As she passed through the lounge she was attracted by the sound of voices and, looking toward the window, beheld Martyn and George in cheerful conversation. Martyn's eyes were bright and his mien was one of gladness. What he said was out of earshot, but he waved a glass in his hand and would seem to be toasting his companion.

"Oh!" said Leslie, and marched up the stairs with head erect.

Generations of wisdom have educated women to bear with fortitude neglect by mankind at the summons of business, but when that business proves itself to be no more than a mere ruse for having a couple, a different complexion is put upon affairs. Leslie, who had determined to quarantine herself from the circling arms of love for half an hour, promptly extended the separation order until dinnertime, and even contemplated coming down to table with a headache such as would require an early retirement to bed.

Thus when Martyn in the gladness of his heart set forth to find her he found her not. Being young and ardent he left no stone unturned and severally visited every corner and nook and summerhouse in the gardens, to the distress and embarrassment of many. Misfortune at last confronted him with the Honorable Mrs. Conyngham, seated erect upon a semicircular stone seat and wearing the expression of a sorrowful sphinx.

(Continued on Page 42)

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(Continued from Page 40)

"Mr. Saville," said she, "do me the kindness to give me your attention for one moment."

"I was looking for Leslie," he countered.

"Leslie is lying down. She has been upset."

"But, good heavens! I know it was bad luck my having to dash off ——"

"From quite a different reason," Mrs. Conyngham interposed. "Do not let us discuss it."

"If she is ill ——" he began.

"Mr. Saville, you are a man of the world; you have a reputation for kindness and good sense."

"That's nice to hear, but ——"

"I wished to speak to you about Cyril."

"Er—now?" he asked.

"If you please."

There was no escape. He seated himself at her side.

"Cyril has got himself into grave difficulty."

"Financial?"

"Feminine."

"Ho!" said Martyn. "That'll burn itself out."

"I fear not. The fire would appear to be spreading, or rather bursting out in a new place."

"Who's the lady?"

"The woman's name is Ferraros."

"What? The dancer? Alma? Cyril in love with La Belle Ferraros? Not very original of him, is it?"

"The odd thing," said Mrs. Conyngham, "is that he declares he is not in love with her."

"Well, he ought to know."

"It is a lie—a subterfuge. I found them kissing this afternoon."

Martyn smothered a laugh.

"Poor dears," he murmured.

"When people's ardor is so great that they kiss in public it is high time to do something."

"It may be," said Martyn warily, "but honestly I don't see what I can do."

"I want you to wrestle with Cyril. My own protests are wasted. Now you, as a man of the world ——"

"Yes," Martyn admitted, "but it's a delicate thing to come between a fellow and his girl. Generally does more harm than good. Besides," and he touched his shoulder, still sore from the bullet wound, "I'm a little reluctant to embark on anything of the kind."

"Of course," said Mrs. Conyngham in an empty tone, "if you refuse to help me there is no more to be said."

Martyn protested that nothing was further from his thoughts.

"Help in any way I can; but wouldn't it be better to get at him yourself—quite quietly?"

"It would be useless. If once I betrayed the smallest affection for Cyril he would trade upon it to the end of my life."

"Oh, surely not!"

"You do not know Cyril as I do. He is entirely selfish. He would go to any lengths to gain his own ends."

Martyn shook his head and smiled indulgently.

"After all," he said, "he's no more than a youngster; he is bound to come a few croppers. I think the best we can do is to turn our heads discreetly until he picks himself up again."

And having delivered this profound and generous philosophy he rose to his feet with a view to escape.

Mrs. Conyngham was quick to realize that since she had failed to arouse his interest by a straightforward exposition, subtler methods would have to be adopted.

"I doubt, Mr. Saville," said she, holding up a restraining hand, "if you would hold so lenient a view were you in possession of the full facts. It is my painful duty to tell you that when taxed with his association with this woman Cyril responded by pretending he was in love with Leslie."

In an instant Martyn was transformed.

"You don't mean ——"

"He actually made love to her, and, I may add, he was not unaware of her engagement to you."

"I see," said Martyn grimly. "Yes—yes. That rather alters things. The young rotter! H'm! I fancy if his pride got a bump it 'ud do Cyril a bit of good. S'pose that's the reason Leslie is lying down."

"I can think of no other."

"H'm!" He bit his forefinger thoughtfully. "I might have a few words with Master Cyril now. Is this woman down here?"

"She is staying at this hotel," Mrs. Conyngham shivered.

"I see—I see. Yes." His expression lightened at the arrival of a sudden idea. "Yes, by Gad. By Gad, yes!"

"What are you thinking?"

"Was thinking of a verse of Browning's that just fits the case."

Mrs. Conyngham shook her head.

"I doubt," said she, "if a recitation would alter Cyril's courses."

"No, no, but we might suppose a lady of Ferraros' notoriety would fly at bigger game than Cyril. How's the thing go?"

He started to pace up and down, tapping his forehead and contracting his brows.

"I've got it!

"When she crossed his path with her hunting-noose,
And over him drew her net ——

"Then some more which I don't remember. Then:

"And before my friend be wholly hers,
How easy to prove to him, I said,
An eagle's the game her pride prefers,
Though she snaps at a wren instead!

"See the idea? No, 'course you don't, but I do. Here, trot along to the hotel and dress for dinner, and I'll round up Cyril and have a word with him."

Mrs. Conyngham put out her hand, and Martyn was astonished to see a real tenderness in her expression.

"Mr. Saville, I am placing my trust entirely in you. If Cyril can be brought to see the error of his ways you will have earned my real gratitude. I have never told anyone this, but I love Cyril—deeply."

"I'm sure you do."

She made haste to efface any signs of emotion.

"And because of that I hope you will be absolutely merciless until this obsession is destroyed. I would only ask that we keep this matter entirely to ourselves, that it remains a secret between you and me."

"Sure." She sniffed.

"You have undertaken a very beautiful work, Mr. Saville, and I only trust you may be rewarded as you deserve."

With a quick pressure of the fingers she turned and retreated hastily, leaving Martyn rubbing his chin thoughtfully.

"I only trust," he murmured to himself, "that I haven't landed myself in a damn silly mess."

But he had.

XXIII

The eagle am I, with my fame in the world,
The wren is he, with his maiden face.
—Browning.

IN THE American bar of the La Rhone Hotel, Martyn Saville ran Cyril Conyngham to earth. He found that young gentleman drowning blighted hopes in a succession of gin-and-bitters. A count of empty glasses proved that he was coming up for the third if probably not the last time. In his attitude a touch of bravado, and in his eye a go-to-hell look which embraced mankind. At Martyn's approach he looked him up and down scornfully, as might a duelist, and called on him to name a poison.

Martyn, whose knowledge of toxicology was small, named a whisky-and-soda.

"Double double and splash," said Cyril to the white-coated attendant, and added, "That's the sort of man I am."

Martyn could not check a smile. "After all," he reflected, "he's just a kid, and really it's a shame to take the money."

But it was Cyril's next remark that reenforced his original intention.

"Suppose you imagine I'm going to congratulate you?"

"If you don't mind," said Martyn rather warningly, "it 'ud be healthier if you didn't."

"Wasn't going to, anyway."

"Capital," said Martyn with an effort to recover his good will.

"Drink up and have 'nuther—might's well."

"No, thanks," Martyn replied with a shake of the head. Then to the attendant: "You ought to christen that whisky the Walter Raleigh brand. He was the fellar who discovered potatoes. Come outside and have a fag, Cyril."

"Damned if I care," retorted Cyril desperately, and allowed himself to be led to the veranda. "Though I give you fair warning," he added as he sank in a deck chair, "I'm in no mood for good advice."

"That's all right," said Martyn. "Haven't any in stock."

(Continued on Page 45)

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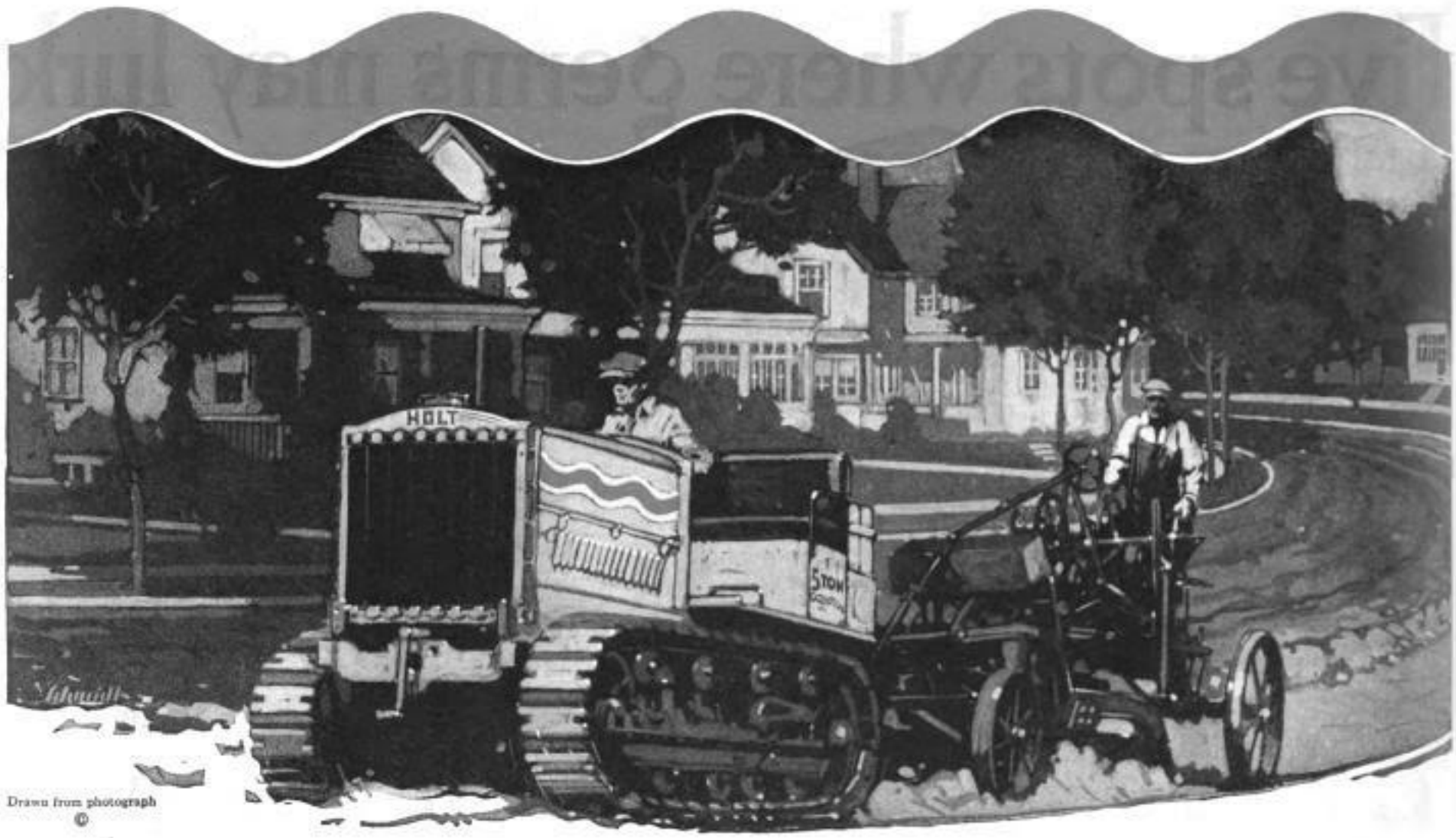
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(Continued from Page 42)

They kept silence for a space. Presently: "Cyril, you're a sport. Care for a bet?"

"Go on."

"Happened to see you with a girl half an hour ago; someone I recognized."

"Yes, and you happen to have talked to the aunt since."

"She talked to me."

"Same thing. Now look here, Saville, let me tell you this: I'm old enough to choose my own friends and to know their worth."

"Yes, old fellar, but—er—are you quite sure of the worth? What I'm getting at is this: Madame Ferraros I haven't any doubt is a dear, and all that, but you must admit she hasn't a reputation for constancy. There was young Phillimore, who came a mucker over her. That fellar—what's his name—in the Buffs. Some French count who shot himself, and half a dozen others."

"I fancy I know more about her affections than you do."

"Not a doubt, but it'd be an almighty pity if you got in a mess over an affair that has no future to it."

"Oh, quit it, Martyn."

"I'll lay odds if someone more eligible showed up she'd throw you over like an old hat."

Cyril sat up abruptly and fixed Martyn with a look of interest.

"Someone more eligible?" he repeated. "Chap like yourself, for instance?"

"I didn't say myself."

"No," Cyril laughed, "you'd hardly have the neck for that."

It was a direct challenge—and Martyn rose to it beautifully.

"Suppose I did. Suppose you introduced me as a man with a bit of reputation and pots of money, and suppose I proved my case, would you give her up?"

Cyril chuckled to himself.

"According to you," said he, "she'd do that part. But all this is hot air, Martyn, and you know it."

"Would you give her up?"

Cyril rose and looked rather tragic. He had earned praise as an amateur actor.

"If you can persuade little Ferraros to smoke a cigarette in your private sitting room at twelve to-night, then I'd know she isn't the girl I believe her to be."

Martyn frowned.

"That's going rather far," he began.

"If you're scared of taking a chance! Wouldn't have suggested it if I thought you were likely to induce her."

Martyn got out of his chair and the white carnation he was wearing fell unnoticed to the ground.

"Taken," he said, "if you'll give me your word to show up at my room at twelve precisely."

Cyril nodded.

"I'll be there," said he, "and damn lonely you'll get waiting for me."

"This is between ourselves," said Martyn.

"Naturally."

"Shake hands."

"Thanks, I'd rather not. If you hang on here I'll see if I can find her."

"Right."

As Cyril turned away there was a curious expression at the corners of his mouth.

"Poor old Martyn!" he muttered.

Martyn was talking to George Wedderton when he returned with Alma Ferraros.

"Want to introduce a friend of mine," said he.

"What now?" replied Martyn brusquely.

"It's a lady, my dear chap."

But Martyn Saville did not even look at Alma Ferraros.

"Presently," said he, and taking George by the arm marched him off in earnest conversation.

"D'you mind telling me," George inquired when they were out of earshot, "whether that was a sample of your usual manners?"

"It was not," came the reply. "It was a stunt. Sorry I can't explain. Good-by, old fellar. I'm going back."

Alma was furious.

"That is the rudest man I have ever seen," she declared.

Cyril gloomily admitted that Martyn Saville was a bit eccentric, although at heart an excellent fellow, with more money than he knew what to do with.

"It doesn't alter my opinion," said Alma.

"He didn't seem to take a fancy to you," observed Cyril. "Though I dare say he'd

"That's a pity, 'cause he's of our party, and if you insist in tacking onto me you're sure to see a lot of him."

At this point Martyn returned and said, "Yes! What was it you wanted?"

Cyril explained, and made a hurried introduction.

"How de do?" said Martyn shortly. "Cyril, time to change, isn't it? Mrs. Conyngham was looking for you. I'll entertain Madame Ferraros."

"Right," said Cyril. "I'll toddle off."

And ignoring Alma's protest he retreated with a wave of the hand.

Alma waited just long enough to look Martyn up and down, then she inclined her head and said, "Good evening."

"Good evening," replied Martyn absently.

She came back and stamped her foot.

"Is it your intention, Mr. Saville, to be rude to me?"

"Yes, I think so," he answered.

"May I inquire why?"

"Certainly. I'm not at all pleased with you. I think you are behaving very badly indeed. Disgracefully."

"Mr. Saville!"

"It astonishes me that a woman of your brilliance can find satisfaction in stealing chickens."

"Stealing chickens?"

"What else can you call young Conyngham?"

"How dare you! You speak as though I were an old woman."

"So you are—in knowledge—older than the world, and not half so kind."

"What do you know about me?"

"Everything."

"We have never met before."

"Hundreds of times."

Alma pondered, and her cheeks fired as realization came.

"How dare you! You speak to me as though I were an—an ordinary person."

"It'll do you good," said Martyn. "I once tackled a job on the coast, and for two years the natives treated me as though I were a purple emperor. Did me all the good in the world to be treated like an average ass when I got home again."

The thin veneer of foreign accent departed from Alma's tone, and she spoke as years before she was accustomed to speak in the Mile End Road.

"What yer driving at, anyway? Can please myself, can't I?"

"Not with children. 'Tisn't fair."

"Men like me too," she said.

"Then why waste yourself on an infant?"

She looked at him, head tilted and a smile creeping in at the corners of her mouth.

"Must have some amusement. Damn dull here!"

"Any port in a storm," he suggested.

"You've a poor opinion of me, haven't you?"

"Not at all. In your way you are perfect—complete. You could neither be improved upon nor redeemed."

She laughed, for what he said had the insolence she most admired. The man was vastly more entertaining than the average sycophant who tugged at her apron strings.

"You're rather a joke, Mr. Saville."

"Thought you'd find that out."

"Staying here long?"

"Possibly, but my intentions vary."

He became suddenly aware of the volume of Browning tucked under her arm. Its presence in such company was astonishing.

"Good heavens! You don't read Browning!" he exclaimed.

Instantly her attitude became defensive.

"Why wouldn't I?"

"There are several reasons why you should. As it happens, I was quoting from that very book this afternoon."

"Oh!"

"A verse very applicable to yourself and Cyril. Let me repeat a line or two:

"'A shame,' said I, 'if she adds just him
To her nine-and-ninety other spoils,
The hundredth for a whim!'

"Give me the book. I'll read the rest."

"No, thank you," said Alma, backing away. "I—I do not care for poetry in the daytime." She was obviously embarrassed and tried to hide it with a smile. "Read it to-night."

"I shall be dining with my friends."

"Afterwards?" she suggested.

"We are not likely to break up till eleven or later."

"Afterwards?" she repeated, and the in-

"Very well," he said. "I have a private sitting room. Come there at twelve o'clock if you will."

The words were no sooner spoken than he regretted them. He might argue that the assignation was made with the loftiest motives, but was it wise for a man who was engaged to the sweetest girl in the world to plan a clandestine meeting with a naughty one? The thought was unsettling, and on the top of it a wandering hand to the lapel of his coat revealed the fact that the white carnation Leslie had given him was missing. Forgetful of all other considerations he swiveled round and began to search.

"Have you lost something?" said Alma.

"Yes," he replied.

"Important?"

"To me—very."

He saw a flash of white by a grass border a few feet away, hastened to the spot, picked up the flower and put it back in his coat. When he turned, it was to find Alma staring at him with wide-open eyes.

"Anything wrong?" he asked.

"Nothing," she answered, her gaze never shifting from the white carnation.

She looked much less dangerous now—more human—and she seemed to be waiting for Martyn to speak. A generous impulse persuaded him to say, "And about that boy—come now, what are your plans?"

It was the signal, and recognizing it Alma gave a gasp of relief.

"To think I hadn't guessed!" she exclaimed. "You must have thought me a fool, Mr. Saville, but really you were to blame. Here, take the book." And she thrust it unceremoniously into his hand.

"This is very jolly of you," said Martyn, turning it over in perplexity. "Why do you give me this?"

"Stupid! What you want is inside."

"Yes, I know ——"

"'Course you do. Better not wait any longer. But you'll be there to-night? You are not going at once?"

"I suppose I shall be there," he answered dully.

"Good! I shall be circumspect, never fear. It will be pleasant to meet again."

He had turned away when she recalled him with the words, "But there is something you have not told me—something I should know. Your number."

"My number?" repeated Martyn, thoroughly mystified. "Oh, I see what you mean." He half pulled a hotel key from his pocket and absently examined the figures stamped on the disk. "Thirteen," said he.

"Then *au 'oir*, Thirteen, till twelve o'clock. You haven't asked me, but my number is thirty-three."

"Is it?" said Martyn, and retired with a blush.

XXIV

WE DEAL now with the little setback arranged by Butterwick for the reception of the messenger from Moscow. Otto von Weisenberg had not served for nothing in the Imperial Army of the Great Deposed One. Many and various had been his conquests in fields of gallantry, maidens of high and low degree succumbing to the mastery of his eye and splendid swagger of his mien.

It would be doing no injustice to Otto to admit that women were his hobby. In pursuing this hobby along unwilling channels during the great advance in 1914, he lost the sight of his right eye. The owner of the hatpin which performed the operation was very properly placed against a wall and shot, and Otto von Weisenberg, who was present at the execution, saw it very nicely with his left. He did not complain of the loss, neither did he repair his ways of life. He saw things, if possible, in a more distorted light, that was all. The disability he had suffered denied him a continuance of military service; accordingly he accepted a post at the Königgrätzerstrasse, where as a spy he earned undying fame. There were eccentric attractions in Otto von Weisenberg's nature; he would hesitate no more to take a man's life than a woman's honor.

At the downfall of his own country he shifted his activities to Bolshevist Russia and was deeply appreciated. A vast amount of the revolutionary propaganda which has drilled like a woodworm into the fabric of once stable nations was the result of his active organization. He had been christened The Important One, and the title was not unearned. Every now and then he personally supervised a particular operation, especially if it should be conducted

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Oh! don't you wish that you were me?"
Robert Louis Stevenson

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from the stern conditions of life in Moscow. Moreover, the present case was one upon which enormous possibilities depended.

The journey had passed tediously enough. His fellow passengers were persons of no distinction and the changing scenery was too familiar to excite either admiration or interest. He spent the long hours thinking and smoking a particular brand of Russian tobacco, which he rolled into cigarettes. It was curious to note that he never used matches, but lit them from paper spills, which he dipped into the flame of a candle. When traveling he invariably carried a candle in a small protected case which he hung on the upholstery at his elbow.

About fifty miles from the French frontier a girl entered his compartment and tumbled into the seat before him. She carried a heavy Gladstone bag, she wore a pigtail, was very much out of breath, had on a pair of cotton gloves and looked like Mary Pickford.

Innocence was abroad and Otto von Weisenberg revived under its spell. He hoisted the bag into the rack, asked her taste as to open windows or closed, and gave assurance that she was in the right part of the train.

Isobel Butterwick was breathlessly grateful. She put her head out of the carriage window and waved frantic farewells to someone behind the barrier; she lost her pocket handkerchief doing so; she relapsed into her seat and sniffed, real tears ran down her cheeks and her nose behaved awkwardly. Otto presented Isobel with a perfectly clean and folded silk kerchief to relieve the situation.

"Leave-takings are always sad," said he. "Mademoiselle has come from school?"

Isobel admitted that this was so, and wept into a copy of Firelight Friends.

Otto was enchanted.

From his dispatch box he produced a carton of chocolate and proceeded to invest her with silver medals.

Isobel was delighted and when she had devoured more than her share of chocolate she amused herself by covering an English penny with the tinfoil wrappers and pretending it was half a crown.

A more enchanting display of ingenuousness could not have been imagined. To inspire confidence Otto performed some very agreeable tricks with a pack of patience cards, at which Isobel, now restored to cheerfulness, clapped her hands delightedly. In such wise are friendships made.

At the next stop the only other passenger in the compartment got out. So that was quite satisfactory too.

Otto von Weisenberg moved from his seat and occupied the one next to Isobel.

"It is cold," said he, "and thus you will be able to share my rug."

Isobel thanked him with her eyes and said he was very very nice to have met and that she was sure her poor aunt, who was ill, or otherwise she wouldn't be returning to England but would have joined such a jolly party at Davos for the holidays, would like him awfully; that lots of people didn't like foreigners, but she did because they were always very polite and sweet and much politer than the people in the Midlands, who were rude sometimes and never even opened doors although she could easily open them herself, but it was nicer to have it done for you, and the same about getting up when one came into the room, which was silly, of course, but made one feel one was somebody, and passing things at table too.

Otto agreed with all she said and contributed a word in derogation of English manners but in praise of England's maidens.

"And as for helping one with luggage or anything like that," she prattled on, "it wouldn't even cross their minds."

She stopped for sheer lack of breath.

"Mademoiselle will be changing into the Paris Express at the frontier?"

Isobel nodded.

"Ah! For my own part I go south. But I trust I may be permitted to escort you to your new carriage. A man is a help where porters are concerned."

"Oh, but I haven't any luggage really, except my bag, and I wouldn't trust that to anyone."

"Indeed?"

"H'm! It's got something inside it."

Otto looked very grave.

"Contraband?"

"No. I wonder if I ought to tell you."

"Keep your secret," said he.

"No, I'll tell 'cause you're so kind. It's alive."

"Astonishing!" he gasped.

"It's a wee white mouse. I call him Thumb 'cause he's so little. Promise you won't give me away?"

Otto promised very solemnly.

"It would be a privilege," he declared, "to be allowed to carry Thumb and put him and his house in your new carriage."

"Oh, if you would do that!"

"It shall be done."

"I don't know how I shall ever be able to thank you," exclaimed Isobel, blinking very fast indeed.

Otto von Weisenberg fixed a monocle in his glass eye and looked extremely captivating with the other.

"My dear young lady," he protested, "thank me as you would thank an elder brother. Let us, I suggest, share the kiss of friendship."

Isobel dropped her head into her shoulders like a tortoise.

"Now you are being sil-lee!" she giggled.

"I assure you ——"

"But to kiss anybody is awfully sil-lee."

This kind of thing was all very well, but Otto felt it had gone on long enough. A change of diet was clearly indicated. He possessed himself of the maiden's hand and caressed it lightly.

"Oh, look!" she cried, drawing it away and pointing. "Look! Your funny little candle is going out, and all the grease is dropping down the side. You will be scolded by the guard."

The engine whistled and the train entered a tunnel. Very dexterously Otto switched off the electric light with his shoulder, leaving them in darkness. Then he turned and put out his arms to draw the palpitating maiden to his breast. But oddly enough the maiden was not there, and when a little later the train ran out into the white light of day he saw her sitting in the far corner of the carriage drawing pigs with her forefinger on a breathy window pane.

"My cousin taught me this game," she said. "It's awful fun drawing in the dark and trying to put the eye in the right place. Haven't I given him a wiggly tail?"

Otto von Weisenberg stroked his thin lips in disappointed silence, and the train pulled up with a jerk. They had arrived, a circumstance which plunged Isobel into great confusion.

"I do get out here, don't I? Yes, I do, and that's sure to be my train over there. No, please don't trouble. Really, I can manage. Oh! now I've hurt my wrist, but it's so heavy, and I must have given poor Thumb an awful wamp. Oh, do you mind? You are a dear! Thanks most awf'lee."

He took the bag in silence and preceded her along the platform. He was a very gallant gentleman.

"And now my garter's broken!" cried Isobel, and stopped to give her stocking a hitch.

Two plain-clothes detectives threw a glance in her direction, and suddenly Isobel's voice shrilled on a high note:

"Stop that man! He's stealing my bag! He's stealing it—stealing it!"

Otto turned as the two men closed in one on either side of him.

"So?" said he. "So? And to think that I ——" He lifted his shoulders and said no more.

"You will come with us," said the taller of the two men, and led him away.

Isobel Butterwick turned into the ladies' cloakroom, where she put up her hair and let down a tuck in her skirts. Having thus added about ten years to her appearance she proceeded to the telegraph office, where she sent the following wire:

Cheeselock. La Rhone Hotel, Nice.
All correct. Man detained. ISOBEL.

After that she bought a copy of The Times, and went to the refreshment room, where she ordered sherry and a sandwich without so much as a thought of poor wee Thumb languishing in captivity.

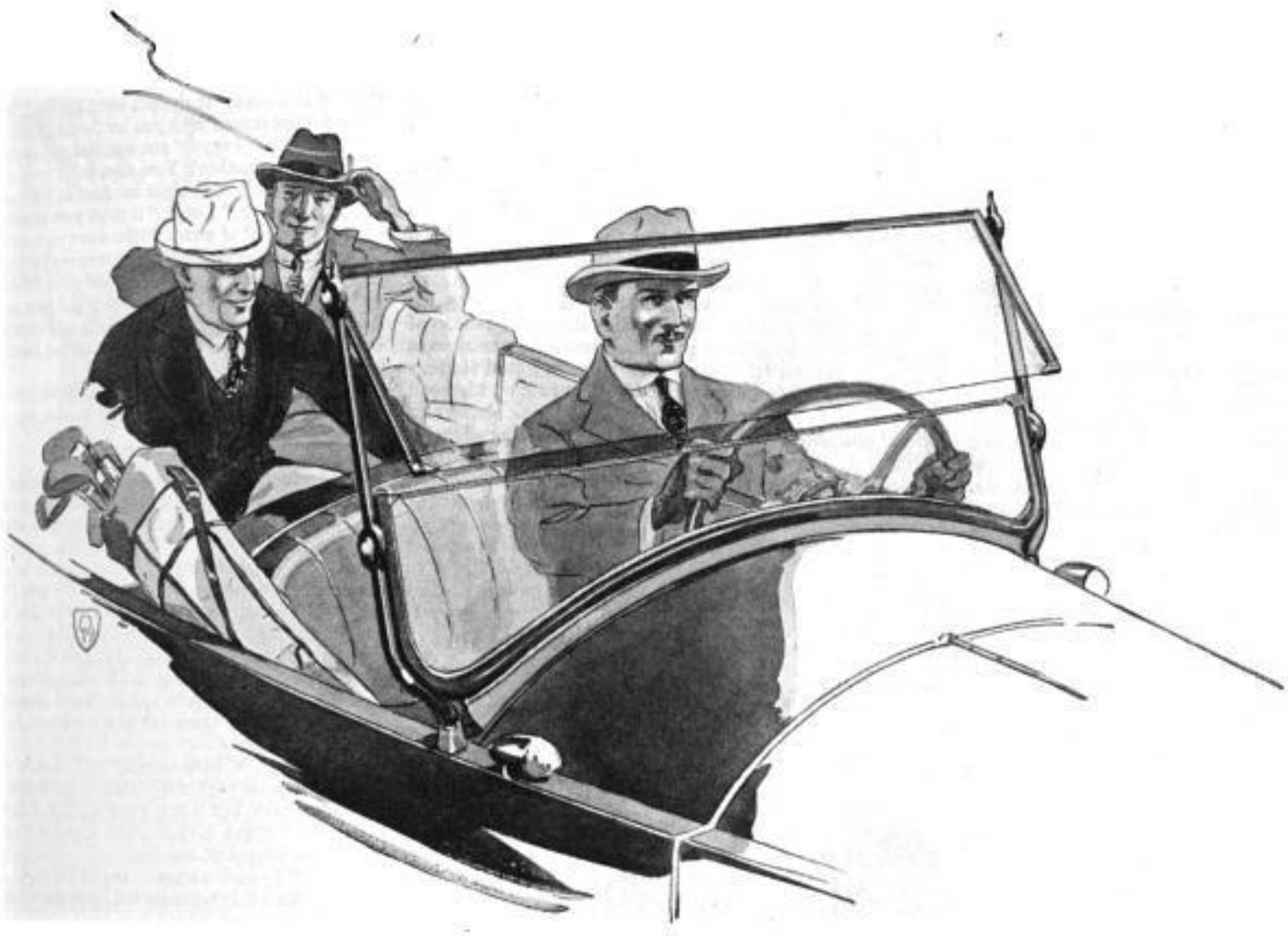
But the clerk who took the wire at the telegraph office pondered deeply. Through a window he had seen what took place on the platform and had marked the carrying off of Otto. It was his job to take stock of such happenings, and to act accordingly. Isobel's wire would have to be sent because his immediate superior had been at his elbow when she handed it in, but he was not at his elbow any longer.

Wherefore he dispatched a wire in code to Andrea Negretti, Hôtel La Rhone, Nice, to this effect:

White carnation fallen at fence. Present holder to carry on.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

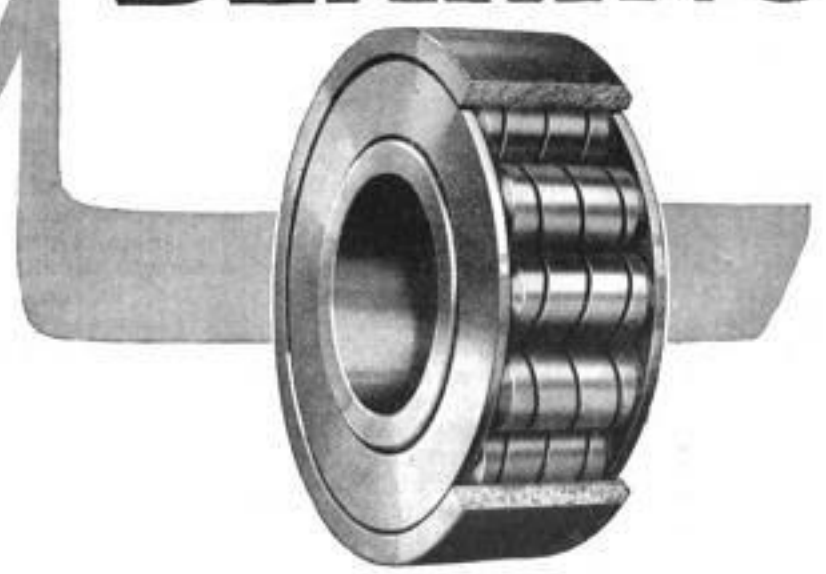
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J. POINDEXTER, COLORED

(Continued from Page 21)

I dreads the wust! 'Cause he's crouchin' back yonder waitin', wid his trigger finger twitchin', an' w'en he sees you ——"

"Let me out of here!" he says, and though he says it kind of half whispering, yet he says it kind of half screeching too.

And with that he makes a break for the door behind him, aiming to bust out down the hall. But it's locked.

And with that, likewise, I turns over a little center table and it goes down on its side with a bang, which that is the ordained signal agreed on previous, and I lets a yell out of me.

"Oh, lawsy," I yells, "it's too late! Yere he is now!"

And then Mr. Raynor ceases from pawing at the latch and spins round and plasters himself flat against the door panels like he was pinned there, with his arms stretched wide and his fingers clawing at the woodwork. And here, in through the curtains of the library door, comes Mr. Dallas, that's all, stepping light on the balls of his feet, with his eyes blazing and his hair all mussed up, and down at his right side, it swinging loose and free, he's carrying that three-pound chunk of Snake-Eye Jamison's shootlery. I don't know whether it's the excitement, or the spell of play acting on him, or the righteous mad which is in him, but he looks so perilous I'm mighty near scared of him my own self. And even though he ain't never toted no pistol before in his life, he's handling this here big blue borrowed smoke wagon like he'd cut his milk teeth on one. And I'm mighty glad she ain't loaded, neither; else he might start living up to the reputation I've done endowed him with.

That's all, but that's plenty! As Mr. H. C. Raynor's knees begins giving way under him he starts in with his pleading at the top of his voice. You could 'a' heard him plumb down into the street, I reckon.

"For God's sake," he begs, "don't shoot! For God's sake, don't shoot yet! Give me a minute! Give me time to explain! I'll do anything you say, Pulliam! We can square this thing! Only for God's sake, don't shoot!"

By the time he's got this much out of him he's setting down flat against the door, with his legs stretched out straight in front of him and his feet kind of dancing on the floor so that his heels makes little knocking sounds. He looks like he's fixing to faint away. Maybe he did faint, but if he did I know the faintness didn't get no higher up than his throat, because the last thing I heard as I went on out from there through the library was him still babbling away in most pleadful tones.

Up till the time I left, Mr. Dallas hadn't spoke nary word—just stood there wagging that there chunk of hardware in the general direction of Mr. Raynor and licking at his lips with his tongue sort of eager like. Well, thus far it hadn't been necessary for him to say nothing. Mr. Raynor was doing enough talking for any number you might care to name up to half a dozen.

XVI

IT'S maybe twenty minutes later on when Mr. Dallas calls to me to come to him and bring Koga with me, him saying the both of us is required for to witness an agreement which has been drawed up. Right then and there, for the first and last time in my life, that there Japanese boy wins my admirations. He don't bat a single eyelash as he follows me in where they is. He acts like all his life he'd been used to walking into a setting room and finding two gentlemen there, one of 'em with a pistol and the other with a hard chill. He just sucks his breath in once or twice and starts smiling very pleasant upon one and all. I judges he must 'a' been brought up in a kind of a rough neighborhood over in his own country.

Mr. Raynor has done rose up from the floor by this time, and is setting in a chair where he can be more comfortable; at that, he ain't seeming totally comfortable. His teeth and his hands and his feet keeps on misbehaving, and he looks to me like he's been losing considerable flesh even in that short time since I left him. His complexion also remains very bad. You'd say, offhand, here was a gentleman fixing to be taken down with a severe spell of illness, or else just getting over one and still far from well.

He puts his name to a piece of writing which is spread out on the table, Mr. Dallas standing over him and sort of indicating the place to him with the nozzle of that there trusty old forty-four. He has some difficulty in getting his name set down by reason of him keeping flinching away from her snout and also on account of his fingers being so out of control. Then me and Koga likewise signs, and whilst I is so doing I rejoices to note that the document is all done in Mr. Dallas' handwriting.

When this has been attended to there does not seem to be no reason why Mr. Raynor should linger longer amongst us. He indicates that he craves to go, but still don't actually go till Mr. Dallas gives him the word. For such a previously brash white man he certainly has been rendered very docile. And dumb? Huh! Alongside of him guinea pigs is plumb rambunctuous. I helps him on with his overcoat, which he has trouble getting into it by reason of not seeming to be able to stick his arms into the sleeves until after several tries; and such is his agitated feelings that he starts off forgetting his hat. I puts it on his head for him, him not saying a word, but just staring about him kind of null and void, and now and then shivering slightly; and as he goes down the hall towards the elevator he's got one hand sort of pressed up against the wall for to support him on his way. If I'd been him



I Lets a Yell Out of Me. "Oh, Lawsy," I Yells, "it's Too Late! Yere He is Now!"

I should 'a' went right straight on home and laid down for a spell. Probably that's what he did do. I know I ain't seen hair nor hide of him since, and I ain't expecting to do so, neither, without we should run into one another by accident on the street sometime. As I comes back from the front door after seeing him safely off, Mr. Dallas is waiting for me with a grin on his face, which it mighty near splits his face in half across the middle. He lays down the agreement paper and the artillary so he can shake hands with me with both hands.

"Jeff," he says, "for the second time in less than two hours let me tender you my earnest congratulations and my everlasting gratitude. Thanks to you," he says, "and you alone, I'm getting out of the double-barreled hole I was in, reasonably intact. What's gone I'll gladly charge up to profit and loss and valuable experience. What's left is a whole lot more than I had dared to hope it would be before you took a hand. When I look back on my feelings last night and contrast them with my feelings to-day —— Say, by Jupiter," he says, "come to think of it, it's all happened between late dinner time of one day and late lunch time of the next! It doesn't seem possible! What can I do to square myself with you for the debt I owe you?"

"Well, suh," I says, "you mout start in to please me by eatin' a li'l' somethin'. Yore speakin' of lunch time 'minds me 'at you ain't been right constant at yore meals lately. Whut you needs," I says, "is to git yore appetite back an' stow a smidgin' of warm vittles down yore insides."

"Jeff," he says, still hanging onto my hands and pumping 'em so fervent it makes me feel right diffident for him to be doing so, "you're the doctor and your perscriptions suit me. Bring on the grub! Say it with chowders! We'll celebrate," he says, "over the festal hot biscuits! What, ho, for the wassail waffles!"

And with that he goes prancing about over the room, dragging me along with him like he was, say, about nine years old, going on ten.

XVII

FOR a fact, that meal which he eats is more like a celebration than a regulation meal; but considering of everything, I reckon that's no more than what is to be expected.

He's halfway through with his second helpings of the lamb chops when he looks up at me where I'm standing back of his chair and he says to me with one of them old-time little-boy twinkles in his eye like he used to have. "Jeff," he says, "you certainly can paint a fanciful picture when you set yourself to it. When I think of the bloodthirsty characters which you bestowed upon those devout and peace-loving ancestors of mine I have to stop eating and laugh again."

"You must 'a' been lissenin' 'en?" I says.

"I overheard part of the tale from behind the portières," he says. "Oh, but it was great stuff, and highly convincing! Even in that crucial moment I could appreciate your deft touches."

"You ain't knowin' the ha'f of it yit, suh," I says. "Wait till you hears tell 'bout them fictionary kinsfolks Ise conferred 'pon you in 'nother quarter, an' how I endowed the whole passil of 'em wid the chronic failin' of bein' onreliable in the haid. I 'spects you'll want to use 'at pistil shore 'nuff in earnest 'en."

"Not me!" he says. "Not me! I'll give three ringing cheers for your superior inventive qualities. If I had your power of imagination I'd charge admission," he says.

"I'm glad you feels 'at way, suh," I says, "but I shore does aim to walk wide of the deceasted members of the Pulliam fambly w'en I crosses over to the fur side of the deep River of Jordan," I says. "I ain't cravin' to git in no jam wid any ole resdenter angels till Ise used to bein' one myse'f. I wonder," I says, "whut Mr. H. C. Raynor'd think ef he knowed 'at yore Uncle Zachary wuz a persistin' elder of the Southe'n Meth'dis' Church fur goin' on twenty yeahs."

"Never mind what he thinks now or hereafter," he says. "It's what my late partner did that counts. Anyhow, you didn't deceive him when you told him Uncle Zach's nickname."

"'At did fit in nice," I says, "me rememb'rin' jest in the nick of time 'at they called the ole gen'elman Hell-Roarin' Zach by reasons of his exhortin' powers w'en 'scribin' them brimstones an' them hot fires bein' so potent 'at the sinners could smell 'em an' shiver. Well, suh, tha's all a part of my system: stir a slight seasonin' of truthfulness into the mixture frum time to time an' it meks the batter stand up stiffer. An' also don't never waste a good lie widout you has to—save 'em till you needs 'em. Tha's my motto, suh."

"And I subscribe to it," he says, and he chuckles some more.

In fact, he's chuckling right straight along till he gets up from the table. Then he rears back in a chair and sets a cigar going. He makes me take a cigar, too, which it is the first time I has ever smoked in a white gentleman's presence whilst serving him. But this is a special occasion and more like a jollification than anything else. So I starts puffing on her when my young cap'n insists upon it, and then at his command I just lit in and told him all what had happened at Miss DeWitt's flat that morning, and about a lot of other things—things I'd overheard and things I'd suspicioned—which it has not seemed fitten to tell 'em to him before this, but now both time and place appear suitable.

Talking about one thing leads to talking about another, as it will, and presently I finds myself confiding to him the undertakings of the expected firm of Poindexter & Petty, which that is all news out of a clear sky to him, seeing as I'd kept this to myself as a private matter in the early stages. He says he'd sort of figured, though, I had something up my sleeves, by reason of my having seemed so

(Continued on Page 53)

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No. 1 Autographic Kodak *Special*



A *New Model* Kodak

Equipment:

Kodak Anastigmat Lens *f*.6.3
and Kodamatic Shutter

Price $50

THE No. 1 *Special* won't fit the vest pocket—it will fit any other. And yet its complete appointments and high-grade lens and shutter give it a practical photographic scope hitherto associated with larger cameras only.

The lens is the famous Kodak Anastigmat *f*.6.3—Eastman-made to make good pictures. The resulting 2¼ x 3¼ negatives are clean-cut, brilliant.

The scientifically accurate Eastman-made Kodamatic shutter which splendidly supports this high-grade, high-speed lens, has seven adjustable speeds from ½ second to 1/200 second, as well as time and bulb action. This range includes virtually every picture in the hand camera field.

Its convenient size and smart appearance make the No. 1 *Special* an ideal Kodak to take with you; its equipment gives you pictures you will be proud to bring back.

See this Special at your dealer's



Made with No. 1 *Special* Kodak, Actual Size
Exposure 1/200 of a second

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y. *The Kodak City*

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PALM BEA

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Cool as an off-water breeze

The difference between wearing a woolen suit and a Palm Beach is the difference between a hot city street and the beach.

The first purpose of a Palm Beach Suit is to keep the wearer cool. Body heat escapes because of the nature of the cloth. The breezes blow through it.

But coolness isn't all. There's long wear and there are as many colors, patterns, and designs—as much choice—as you have in woolens. Palm Beach Suits are light-weight, but the color may be light, dark, or medium as you prefer.

As for style and fit, *they* depend on where you buy Palm Beach Suits and who tailors them—as the style and fit of all suits do.

Golf Knickers made of Palm Beach are cool and good-looking—practical and durable.

THE PALM BEACH MILLS—GOODALL WORSTED CO.
Selling Agent: A. Rohaut, 229 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Palm Beach
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
THE GENUINE CLOTH
MFD. ONLY BY GOODALL WORSTED CO.

This Label Identifies the Genuine



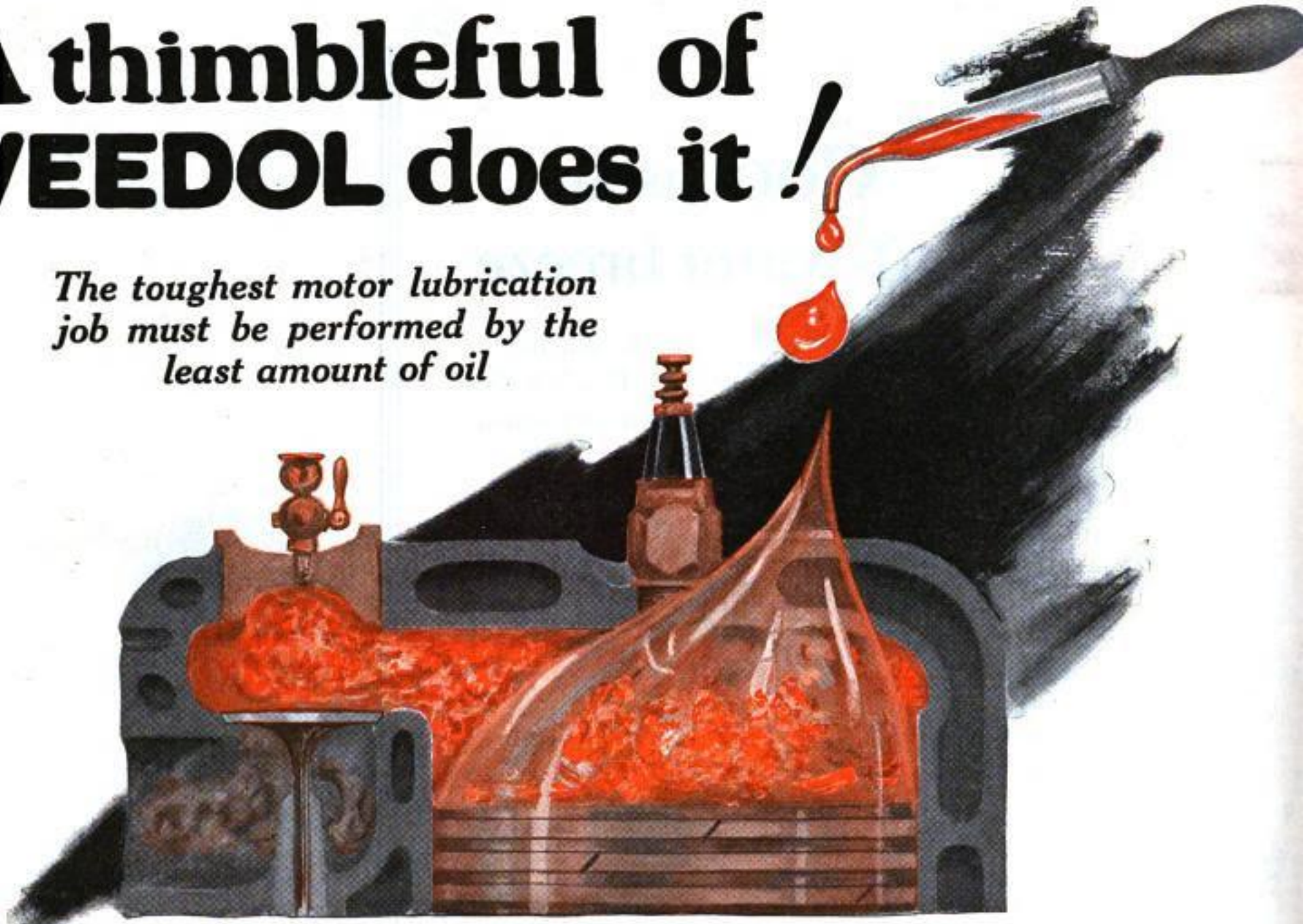
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CH SUITS

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A thimbleful of VEEDOL does it!

The toughest motor lubrication job must be performed by the least amount of oil



A SMALL medicine dropper will more than hold the few drops of oil whose herculean task is to form a perfect piston seal, at the critical instant of explosion, in each cylinder of your motor.

At each explosion an inferno of heat is let loose in your motor—heat that registers 1000 degrees on the piston heads and 300 to 400 degrees on the cylinder walls.

All the quarts of oil in the crank case cannot help the few drops that are bearing the brunt of this—the biggest battle with deadly heat and friction. The performance of those few drops is the supreme test of the fighting quality of your oil.

Veedol's fighting film is the master of deadly heat and friction. It seals the gap between the pistons and cylinder walls, insuring every ounce of power. It clings to and protects the flying metal surfaces from the attacks of destructive friction. Veedol insures a new pleasure and economy in motoring.

Veedol is a Pennsylvania base oil refined *more* than other oils by the famous Faulkner process. This gives Veedol that *extra* heat-resisting quality so necessary to the perfect lubrication and economical operation of your car.

There are Veedol oils and greases for every type of automotive equipment. In buying, consult the Veedol charts and select the Veedol lubricants designated for your car. Use these and no others.

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Veedol oils and greases are sold throughout the world.

Resist deadly heat and friction

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Motor Oils and Greases



The Veedol Motor Testing Laboratory was the first, and is the most complete, maintained by any oil company. Here, at least once every week, Veedol is tested under actual motor operating conditions. In the chemical laboratory over 14,000 tests were made from January 1st to April 1st, 1922. Veedol performance in your car is insured at the source by Veedol engineers.



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(Continued from Page 48)

interested in the moving-picture business and all. And though he don't say so, I judges he figures out, too, that here lately I maybe has refrained from speaking to him about my own affairs when he was so presticated about his own, which also, more or less, is the truth of it.

But now he's deeply interested and 'lows he wants to hear more. He states that while he's sorry on his own account that I is not going back home with him when he goes, which that will be just as soon as he can clean up things here and sell off the lease on the apartment, and so forth, still, he says, he's glad for my sake that I'm going to stay on, since I've got these bright prospects ahead of me for to break into the business life of the great city. Besides, he says, it looks to him like I've done got myself cured of the homesickness pangs which afflicted me so sorefully during the first few weeks after we landed into New York, which is the truth; whereas on the other hand he admits he's now just naturally jam-packed with the craving to get back down yonder.

Him saying all this so kindly hopes me up for to go on and tell him further about our plans and purposes. I'm just saying the present outlook is that me and 'Lisses Petty will be ready to open up pretty soon, when all of a sudden he busts in to ask me what about the old judge coming home in the springtime from foreign-off parts and not finding me there to meet him.

Wel, sirs, that do fetch me up short with a jar! Because, if it must be confessed, I've got to admit I has been so carried away with my own pet schemes that the thought of my obligations to Judge Priest had done entirely escaped out of my foolish mind. I hates to draw back from them new ambitions of mine, and yet seems like I can't hardly bear the notion of breaking my lovesome promises to my old boss man after the way we'd been associated together under the same roof for going on it's sixteen years. What with the one thing pulling me this here way and the other thing pulling me that there way, all of a sudden I now gets a kind of a choked-up feeling in my throat. I don't know whether it's the wrench at my heart or the strain on my wishbone. But it's there. So I ups and puts the proposition before the young cap'n, and I asks what he thinks I should do.

He studies a minute and then he says to me, he says:

"Jeff," he says, "I'll tell you how I feel about it; and if, in view of the lack of judgment I've shown recently in certain other matters, you still regard my advice as being worth anything, you're welcome to it. You believe you've got a chance to make good up here, don't you? Well, then, I believe it's your duty to yourself, regardless of almost every other consideration, to take advantage of that chance. And I'm positive Judge Priest will feel the same way about it when he learns the situation. I believe he'll gladly release you from any obligations you may owe him. In fact, knowing him so well, I'll bank on it. With your consent I'll write him tonight a long letter setting forth the exact conditions. How does that strike you?"

I tells him I is agreeable to that. But I says to him, I says:

"Mr. Dallas, one thing mo', please, suh: In yore letter tell the jedge 'at w'en he gits back, of he finds the home place ain't running 'zactly to suit him widout me on hand to he'p look after his comfort, w'y, all he's got do is just let me know an' I'll ketch the next train for home. Ef the business yere can't run herse'f a w'ile wid 'Lisses Petty alone on the job by hisse'f, then let the whole shebang go busted—tha's all!

"Lissen, Mr. Dallas!" I says. "I got yit 'nother idee in my haid. I craves to demerstrate one mo' thing. They's some w'ite folkses w'ich claims the run of black folks nowadays ain't got no proper sense of gratitudes, nor faithfulness neither. They claims 'at the new-issue cullid ain't lak the ole-timers of the race wuz; 'at they furgits favors an' bre'ks pledges an' sometimes turns an' bites the hand w'ich has fed an' fondled 'em. Mebbe they is right; I ain't 'sputin' they ain't in some cases. But I is sayin' they is one shiny black nigger jest r'arin' to prove the contrarywise so fur ez he pussonally is concern', w'ich I'm," I says, "him!

"An' in fu'ther proof whar'of," I says, "I begs you to mek me a solemn promise, yere an' now. I asts you, please, suh, to keep yo' eye on the ole boss man, an' ef he sh'd show the onfailin' signs of feeblin' up an' bre'kin' down—w'ich is only to be 'spected, seein' ez he is gittin' 'long so in yeahs—I don't want you to wait twell he notifies me hisse'f 'at he's needin' me. 'Cause the chances is he wouldn't do it, noways, effen he feared it mout mean a sacrifice on my part fur me to come to him. I wants you to send me the word on yore own 'sponsibility, an' I'll git to his side jest ez fast ez them steam cyars kin tote me."

He says he is glad I feels thus-and-so about it, and he gladly passes his word to do like I asked him if the situation arises. With this here point settled, he guides me back to tell him yet more about the prospects of Poindexter & Petty. Which I ain't needing much prompting there, seeing as the said projects lays close to my heart and my mind. I tells how come it all—how up at the Pastime I made friends with this here 'Lisses Petty, which he plays the cornet in the orchestra at the Colored Crescent Vaudeville Theater and therefore is prominent in the theatrical profession; and how us two got to figuring that a booking agency for colored moving-picture actors might be a good paying proposition, seeing as how so many black folks is busting into the film business here lately as extras and even as regulation actors; and how I was counting on carrying on my share of the work evenings and extra odd times, leaving 'Lisses to run her the rest of the time; but now since this here new turn has come and the flat is going to be busted up I has decided to be on the job steady and constant. I tells him we has reached the point where we is about to close the deal for the office; in fact, I says, I has been calculating some on running uptown to see 'Lisses about that very detail this same afternoon providing he don't need me around the apartment to do something or other for him. Whereupon he says an astonishing thing.

"I'll go along with you if you don't mind," he says. "I want to have a look at this associate of yours and get his views. I'd like to do more than that if it can be arranged; I'd like to lend my aid in helping to put this enterprise on its feet—to feel that in one way or another I had a friendly hand in it. I'm your eternal debtor, you know, Jeff."

"Go 'way frum yere, Mr. Dallas," I says, "an' quit yore foolin'. Whut buss'ness has you got gittin' yo'se'f mixed in wid a pack of nigger rubbage? Whut would the rest of the high-tones folks down home say ef they heared of any sech goings-on 'pon yore part? Tell me 'at, suh!"

"Never mind what they'd think or what they'd say," he says; "that's my lookout. Tell me the truth now, Jeff—have you two boys got all the money you need to start you up and to keep you going until your agency begins to pay?"

At that I has to admit to him that the prior expenses has been a right smart heavier than what we figured on at the start-off.

"That's what I rather suspected," he says. "Now, then, I've got out of my own complications in much better shape than I'd ever dreamed I could. I still have a sizable stake left. In fact, I figure I've got just about a thousand dollars to spare. If you don't feel like taking a thousand dollars from me as a gift, in part payment for your services to me during the past twenty-odd hours, or as a loan without interest until you get on your feet or until you've had ample opportunity to try this new venture out thoroughly —— No, by Jove, I've got a better plan than that! I want to stick that thousand in as an investment with you two. If I never get it back, or any part of it, I'll count it money well spent. I've made a number of other investments in my bright young life that didn't pay either, and I'll be drawing regular dividends on this one, even though they may not be in terms of dollars and cents. Come on, let's go see this friend Petty of yours. You can't keep me out of the deal on anything short of an injunction."

What is you going to do with a hard-headed white man when he gets his neck bowed thataway? You is going to do just what we done, that's what you going do! So that's how come Poindexter & Petty is now got for their silent partner a member of one of the oldest families in West Kentucky, and pure quality from the feet up.

I has come mighty close to forgetting one other thing which happens before we leaves the place to go on up to Harlem. I is helping him on with his coat when he says:

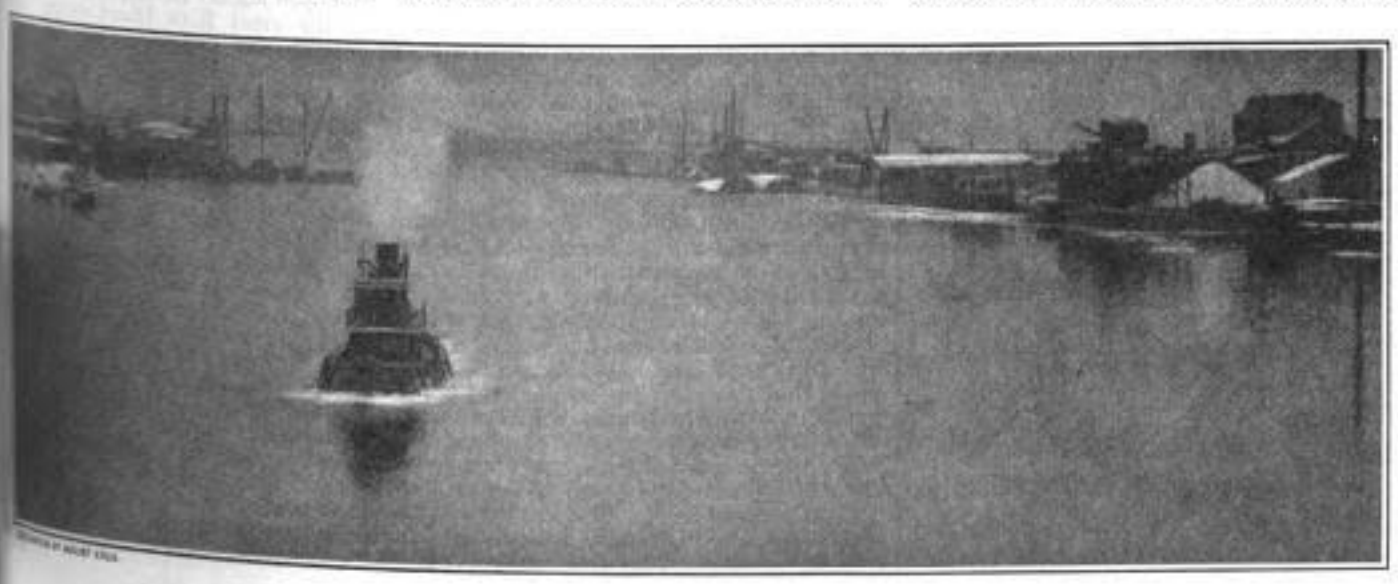
"Wait a minute! I want to write out some telegrams first. I want to send one to my lawyer, Mr. Jere Fairleigh, stating that the prodigal will shortly be on his way back, and one to my cousin to have the home place opened up for me—and one other. I've got rather behind with my correspondence lately; I'll do some letter writing tonight. But I'll wire on ahead first. You call a messenger boy, Jeff."

I trusts I is not no spy, but I just can't keep from peeping over his shoulder whilst he's writing out that there third telegram—which it is pretty near long enough to be a letter itself—and I is rejoiced in my soul to note that it's being sent to the one I hoped 'twas, and that's Miss Henrietta Farrell.

XVIII

WELL, I got my young cap'n off this morning. I has to admit that I begun contracting a kind of a let-down feeling in my mind as the time drawed near for us to say our farewells to one another. You couldn't exactly call it homesickness, nor yet downright sorrowfulness; it was kind of a mixed sensation, with regretitude and lonesomeness and gladsomeness all scrambled up together, and running through it a knowledge that I'm going to miss him mighty much, for a while anyhow. I certainly has grown powerful devoted to him since last summer, and I knows full well that from his different standpoint he must have similar regards towards me. I reckon our own kind of folks can appreciate how this attachment could 'a' sprung up betwixt us, even if most of these here Northerners can't.

It must be that my looks more or less betrays my emotions as the parting time



Style No. 729

The most popular "travelo" knit-jacket in the world.

Style No. 729 is made in 5 plain colors and 10 beautiful Scotch heather mixtures



for all men—all year!

Vacation time holds few idle hours for "travelo." In the woods, at the seashore, up in the mountains, always there's a use for it. Tourist, motorist, camper, yachtsman, fisherman, sportsman, golfer and hiker all endorse it. Handiest garment a man can own; but look for "travelo" label as assurance of the perfect fit and lasting shape and wear which exclusive "travelo" elastic-knit process guarantees.

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Squelching Old Man Lightning!

LIGHTNING strikes—for a mile, high induced charges are created in conducting mediums like the antennae of your radio set. If allowed to go through the delicate instrument they will ruin it.

Squelch the old man. Place a Radisco Lightning Arrester on your antennae. Induced charges will go peacefully to earth. The Radisco is weatherproof. It does not affect incoming radio signals. $3 at your dealer's, or send to the RADIO DISTRIBUTING CO., NEWARK, N. J.

Ask also for catalogue of Radio Supplies.

RADISCO

LIGHTNING ARRESTER

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IF THIS DIAMOND MARK ISN'T
ON YOUR WRENCH, WALWORTH
QUALITY ISN'T *IN* IT

The fourth tool for every household – *and the most important*

Today every home needs a Stillson wrench.

Before the days of open plumbing, steam heat, gas ranges, and washing machines, the family tool kit often held just a hammer, saw and screwdriver.

These three tools would take care of practically all the household emergencies—50 years ago.

But today some people are still trying to get along with just these three old standbys that their grandfathers used. And when there's a leak of gas or steam or water they're out of luck. When a nut gets loose on lawn mower or chiffonier drawer they're out of luck too.

* * * *

It's for just such emergency jobs that the genuine *Walworth* Stillson is finding its place as the all 'round wrench, the fourth tool every modern household needs. Anything it sets its jaws on is going to turn —when you want it to. Frozen or rusty, square, round or hexagonal—it makes no difference to a genuine *Walworth* Stillson.

And the longer you have it 'round the house, the more things you'll find it useful for.

WALWORTH MFG. CO., Boston, Mass.
New York Philadelphia Chicago Seattle Kewanee, Ill. Portland, Ore.
Walworth International Co., New York, Foreign Representative
Plants at Boston, Mass., and Kewanee, Ill.

WALWORTH
Stillson Wrench



A complete line of Valves, Fittings and Tools

23,000 items for Steam, Water, Gas, Oil and Air

draws closer, because he keeps on speaking cheering utterances to me about other matters, without mentioning the near-by separation; which I appreciates the spirit behind his words as much as I does the words themselves. If I told it to him once at that depot I suppose I must 'a' told it to him a dozen times, to give my most respectful regards to the old boss man when next he sees him. And he keeps saying to me I must write regular and keep him posted on everything in general.

"I's shore countin' on seein' you down home next summer w'en I comes down on a visit," I says; "I's already mekin' my plans 'cordin'ly. Mebbe," I says, "you mout ketch me sneakin' in even sooner 'en 'at, ef so be this yere bookin'-agency bus'ness tek a notion to blow up on us."

"I've got a conviction you'll make good," he says. "If the first venture doesn't pan out I'll trust in you to light on your feet somewhere else. I've seen you in operation, you know." Then he goes on, speaking now a little bit wistful like: "You seem to be able to figure out a way to beat this New York game by playing it according to your own set of rules. But I can't do it. I've had it proved to me, and the proof cost me money. I'm through—and ought to be glad of it. You're just starting."

"Well, suh," I says, "I does my best. The way I looks at this town," I says, "is this yere way: Jest ez soon ez you gits over bein' daunted up by the size of her, the best scheme is to start in lettin' on lak you knows mo' 'bout 'most ever'thin' 'en whut the folkses does w'ich has been livin' yere all along. That'll fetch 'em ef anything will, or else I miss my guess. This is the onliest place I knows of," I says, "whar a shined-up counterfeit passes muster jest ez well ez the pure gold, ef not better, specially ef the gold happens to be sort of dulled down an' tarnished lookin'. The very way the town is laid out he'ps to clarify my p'int, suh," I says. "She's fenced in betwixt a bluff on one side an' a Sound on the other, an' she's sufferin' frum the effects of her own joggraphy. Jest combine in yore daily actions the biggest of bluffs an' the most roarin' of sounds an' she's liable to lay down at yore feet an' roll over at yore command. Leas'wise," I says, "them's my beliefs."

"Probably you are right," he says. "Well, Jeff, try not to let these people up here spoil you and make you fresh and impudent. I don't believe they will, though."

"Oh, but you is wrong thar, suh," I says. "I kin tek sp'ilin' ez well ez the nex' one. Ef they aims to come edgin' 'crost the culler line in my direction I ain't the one to hender 'em. Whut they gives I'll tek, an' a li'l' bit mo'. Ef they ain't had the 'vantage of bein' raised the way you an' me is, an' wants fur to pamper me all up, I'm goi to let 'em do so. Fact is, Mr. Dallas," says, "I's gittin' pampered already. Lemr show you somethin', suh, in strictes' co fidences. Yere's a perfessional callin' cya w'ich I had a lot of 'em struck off yistid at a printin' shop over on Columbus Av nue." And I deals the top one off of t pack in my vest pocket and hands it ov to him. "See whut it sez?" I says. " sez, 'Col. J. Exeter Poindexter, Esq.'"

"How did you work that arrangeme out?" he says, smiling.

"Mouty easy lak," I says. "'Col.' short for 'cullid,' ain't it? So I jest shorte up 'cullid' into 'Col.' an' switches it fr the caboose end to the front end. An' changes my middle name to Exeter, w'i it has a mo' stylish sound to it 'en wh Exodus had. An' I tacks on the 'Esq.' the fur endin' to mek it still mo' bindi lak the button on a rattlesnake's tail. A there you is, suh!"

"But you are not a colonel—yet," says.

"Whut's the diff'unce," I says, "so lo ez these yere folkses don't know no bette They fattens on bein' deceived. An', ar way," I says, "I aims fur to cultivate t military manner. Mr. Dallas," I sa "don't mek no mistek 'bout it—Ise gitt fresh already, w'ich it is the customa custom yere, an' the chances is I'll git s fresher yit. But it'll be fur Noo Ya pupposes 'sclusively. W'en I meets up v one of my own kind of w'ite folks in th parts, or w'en I goes back ag'in amon my own folks, down south of the Line, know my place an' my station an' respec' 'em both; an' I'll be jest the sa plain reg'lar ole J. Poindexter, Cullid, w'i you alluz has knowed. Please, suh, t Jedge Priest 'at fur me too!" I says.

The time comes for him to get aboa without he wants to miss his train, so says our parting words. I reckons some them white foreigners standing there gapi at us can't understand why it is that M Dallas, and him a Southern-born wh gentleman, should throw his arm around shoulder at the farewell moment and pat on the back. But then, of course, that due to the ignorance of their raisings, a probably they is not to blame so mu after all.

I will now draw to a close with the abo accounts. Writing is a sight harder w than I thought it would be when I set to do this authorizing, and I is not so to be shut of the job. Anyway, from n on I'm a New York business man, whi I counts on it paying better than writi for a living, if only I've got the right s for sprinkling on the luck bird's tail.

I thinks I has!

(THE END)

THE REMINISCENCES OF A STOCK OPERATOR

(Continued from Page 11)

stake me to five hundred dollars. And I came back from St. Louis, as I told you, with money I took out of the bucket shops there—a game I could always beat.

"I played more carefully and did better for a while. As soon as I was in easy circumstances I began to live pretty well. I made friends and had a good time. I was not quite twenty-three, remember; all alone in New York with easy money in my pockets and the belief in my heart that I was beginning to understand the new machine.

"I was making allowances for the actual execution of my orders on the floor of the Exchange, and moving more cautiously. But I was still reading the tape—that is, I was still ignoring general principles; and as long as I did that I could not spot the exact trouble with my game.

"We ran into the big boom of 1901 and I made a great deal of money—that is, for a boy. You remember those times? The prosperity of the country was unprecedented. We not only ran into an era of industrial consolidations and combinations of capital that beat anything we had had up to that time, but the public went stock mad. In previous flush times, I have heard, Wall Street used to brag of two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-share days, when securities of a par value of twenty-five million dollars changed hands. But in 1901 we had a three-million-share day. Everybody was making money. The steel crowd came to town, a horde of millionaires with more regard for money than drunken sa ors. The only game that satisfied them w the stock market. We had some of t biggest high rollers the Street ever sa John W. Gates, of 'Bet-you-a-millio fame, and his friends, like John A. Dra Loyal Smith, and the rest; the Reid-Lee Moore crowd, who sold part of their St holdings and with the proceeds bought the open market the majority of the sto of the great Rock Island system; a Schwab and Phipps and the Pittsbur coterie; to say nothing of scores of m who were lost in the shuffle but would ha been called great plungers at any otl time. A fellow could buy and sell all t stock there was. Keene made a mark for the U. S. Steel shares. His great m nipulation and the public's frenzied buyi made them sell at 101⅞ for the preferr and 55 for the common on April 30, 19 an appreciation in the company's capi stocks, roughly speaking, of over one hu dred million dollars and an unlimited ma ket. A broker sold one hundred thousa shares of Steel one day in a few minutes. wonderful time! And there were some wo derful winnings. And no taxes to pay sales! And no day of reckoning in sight

"No, I have never dwelt on what I mig have made then had I known the game possessed the resources that I do no

(Continued on Page 56)

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MOTHER'S OLD KITCHEN SINK IS NOW A NEW ONE, WHITE AND SPARKLING

WHILE Father is down at the office, or factory, working out better methods, where is Mother?

Why, Mother is *home*, bless her unselfishness, spending ten or twelve hours every day trying to work out ways of keeping house which will bring her family more of love, livingness and beauty. And Mother is no mean efficiency expert, either.

* * *

The kitchen is Mother's workshop and the sink is the vital center of her kitchen.

And only Mother knows the hours, the aging hours of patient drudgery and silent aversion she has spent at her old kitchen sink—

—the dishes and pans she has scrubbed and worn out her energy and time on.

* * *

Give Mother a sparkling white sink—help her in her battle for efficiency. Make over the old kitchen into a new one that she will be proud to show her friends.

It will mean years to her life and happiness in her heart—and more livingness for the household and family in general. For the satisfaction and time gained at the sink will be invested by Mother in other ways for the family.

A lustrous white Kohler Enameled Ware Kitchen Sink with its deeper drainboard—a clear white enamel sink that is adjustable to the correct working height—

—no joints or crevices to trap dirt, grease or grime.

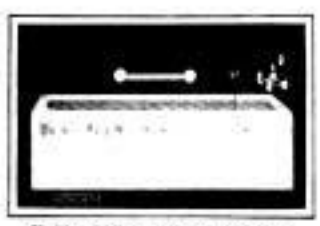
Install one while Mother is away on her vacation—then watch her face when she comes home and is greeted with the surprise!

Nothing *could* make her happier unless it would be the *remodeling* of the old-style bathroom into a modern one with a built-in "Viceroy" tub and "Columbia" pedestal lavatory.

* * *

There is a Kohler plumber a short ways from you; in fact, a telephone ring will bring him to you. He will be glad to study out an estimate of the small cost required for installing a Kohler Enameled Ware Sink in the kitchen. Why not talk with him about it today? You will find him a splendid source of information on all matters which have to do with sanitation in the home.

Send for an illustrated booklet which we will gladly send you free of charge.



Kohler "Viceroy" Built-in Bath
Recess Pattern

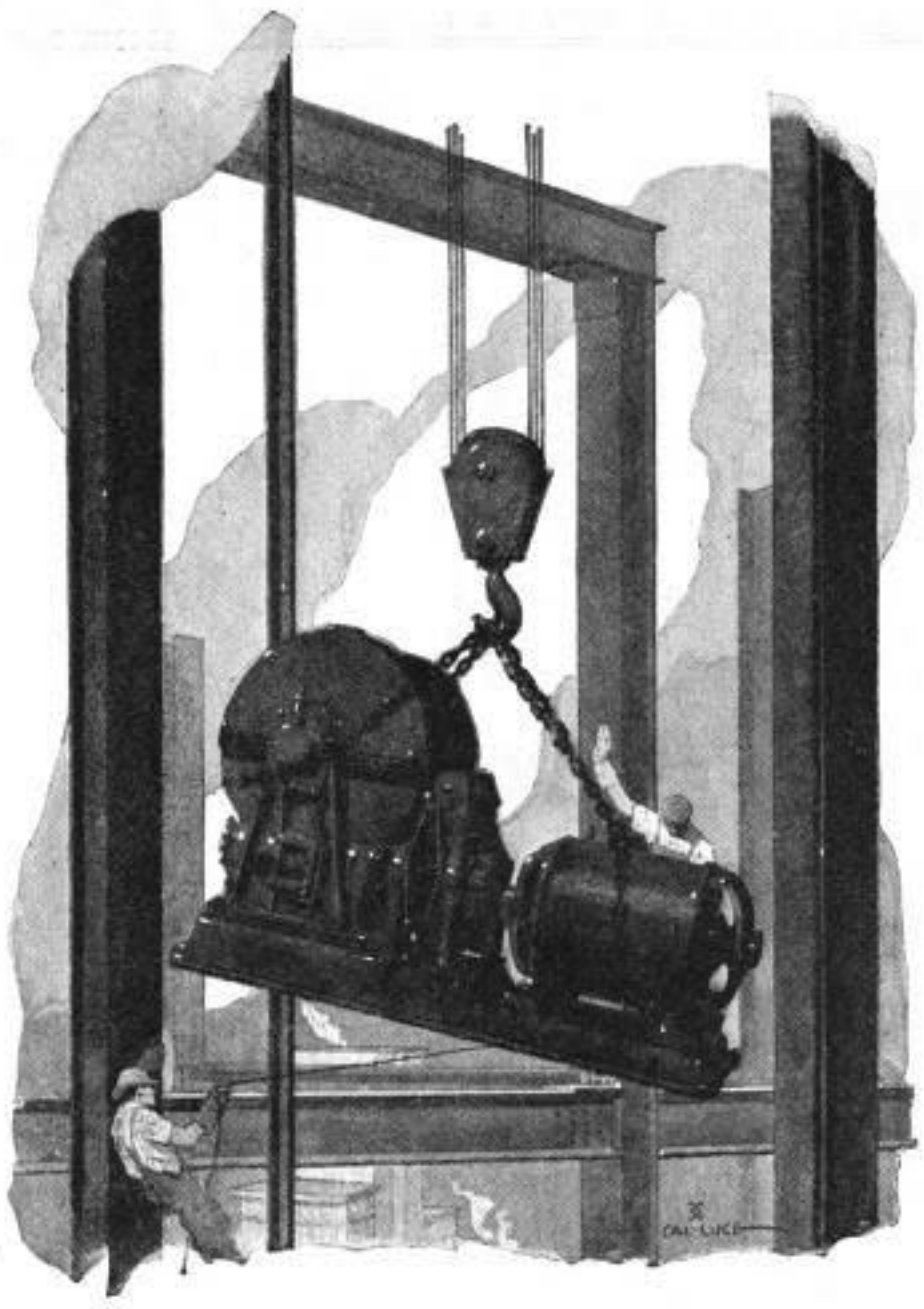
Every piece of Kohler Enameled Plumbing Ware is exclusively distinguished for (1) the beautiful, snowy whiteness of its durable enamel (2) the uniformity of the whiteness in every fixture (3) the name "Kohler" in dainty blue letters inconspicuously but permanently fused into the enamel for your protection.

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HAUGHTON ELEVATORS

Recent Passenger Installations

NATIONAL CITY BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY
FIRST NATIONAL BANK, COLUMBUS, OHIO
BOND HOTEL, HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT
NICHOLAS BUILDING, TOLEDO, OHIO
AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK, WASHINGTON, D. C.
GEORGE D. HARTER BANK, CANTON, OHIO
WELLINGTON HOTEL, ALBANY, N. Y.
OHIO BUILDING, TOLEDO, OHIO
BENNETT BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY

All Haughton GEARED Machines

THE HAUGHTON ELEVATOR & MACHINE COMPANY
TOLEDO, OHIO

(Continued from Page 54)

What's the good? But I will tell you with regret that I made the dreadful mistake of trading in and out instead of sitting tight and letting the market make me rich without any help from me.

"Of course, after a while, I heard a lot of calamity howling, and the old stagers said everybody—except themselves—had gone crazy. But everybody except themselves was making money. I knew, of course, there must be a limit to the advances and an end to the crazy buying of A. O. T.—Any Old Thing—and I got bearish. But every time I sold I lost money, and if it hadn't been that I ran darn quick I'd have lost a heap more. I looked for a break, but I was playing safe—making money when I bought and chipping it out when I sold short—so that I wasn't profiting by the boom as much as you'd think when you consider how heavily I used to trade, even as a kid.

"There was one stock that I wasn't short of, and that was Northern Pacific. My tape reading came in handy. I thought most stocks had been bought to a standstill, but Little Nipper behaved as if it were going still higher. We know now that both the common and the preferred were being steadily absorbed by the Kuhn-Loeb-Harriman combination. Well, I was long a thousand shares of Northern Pacific common, and held it against the advice of everybody in the office. When it got to about 110 I had thirty points profit and I grabbed it. It made my balance at my brokers' nearly fifty thousand dollars, the greatest amount of money I had been able to accumulate up to that time. It wasn't so bad for a chap who had lost every cent trading in that selfsame office a few months before.

"If you remember, the Harriman crowd notified Morgan and Hill of their intention to be represented in the Burlington-Great Northern-Northern Pacific combination, and then the Morgan people at first instructed Keene to buy fifty thousand shares of N. P. to keep the control in their possession. I have heard that Keene told Robert Bacon to make the order one hundred and fifty thousand shares and the bankers did. At all events, Keene sent one of his brokers, Eddie Norton, into the N. P. crowd and he bought one hundred thousand shares of the stock. This was followed by another order, I think, of fifty thousand shares additional, and the famous corner followed. After the market closed on May 8, 1901, the whole world knew that a battle of financial giants was on. No two such combinations of capital had ever before opposed each other in this country. Harriman against Morgan—an irresistible force meeting an immovable object."

Staggering Losses

"There I was on the morning of May ninth with nearly fifty thousand dollars in cash and no stocks. As I told you, I had been very bearish for some days, and here was my chance at last. I knew what would happen—an awful break and then some wonderful bargains. There would be a quick recovery and big profits—for those who had picked up the bargains. It didn't take a Sherlock Holmes to dope this out. We were going to have an opportunity to catch them coming and going for big money and for sure money.

"Everything happened as I had foreseen. I was dead right and—I lost every cent I had! I was wiped out by something that was unusual. If the unusual never happened there would be no difference in people and then there wouldn't be any fun in life. The game would become merely a matter of addition and subtraction. It would make of us a race of bookkeepers with plodding minds. It's the guessing that develops a man's brain power. Just consider what you have to do to guess right.

"The market fairly boiled, as I had expected. The transactions were enormous and the fluctuations unprecedented in extent. I put in a lot of selling orders at the market. When I saw the opening prices I had a fit, the breaks were so awful. My brokers were on the job. They were as competent and conscientious as any; but by the time they executed my orders the stocks had broken twenty points more. The tape was way behind the market and reports were slow in coming in by reason of the awful rush of business. When I found out that the stocks I had ordered sold when the tape said the price was, say, 100 and they got mine off at 80, making a total decline of thirty or forty points from the previous night's close, it seemed to me that I was putting out shorts at a level that made the stocks I sold the very bargains I had planned to buy. The market was not going to drop right through to China. So I decided instantly to cover my shorts and go long.

"My brokers bought; not at the level that had made me turn, but at the prices prevailing in the Stock Exchange when their floor man got my orders. They paid an average of fifteen points more than I had figured on. A loss of thirty-five points in one day was more than anybody could stand.

"The ticker beat me by lagging so far behind the market. I was accustomed to regarding the tape as the best little friend I had because I bet according to what it told me. But this time the tape double-crossed me. The divergence between the printed and the actual prices undid me. It was the sublimation of my previous unsuccess, the selfsame thing that had beaten me before. It seems so obvious now that tape reading is not enough, irrespective of the brokers' execution, that I wonder why I didn't then see both my trouble and the remedy for it."

Defective Trading Methods

"I did worse than not see it; I kept on trading in and out regardless of the execution. You see, I never could trade with a limit. I must take my chances with the market. That is what I am trying to beat—the market, not the particular price. When I think I should sell, I sell. When I think stocks will go up, I buy. My adherence to that general principle of speculation saved me. To have traded at limited prices simply would have been my old bucket-shop method inefficiently adapted for use in a reputable commission broker's office. I would never have learned to know what stock speculation is, but would have kept on betting on what a limited experience told me was a sure thing.

"Whenever I did try to limit the prices in order to minimize the disadvantages of trading at the market when the ticker lagged, I simply found that the market got away from me. This happened so often that I stopped trying. I can't tell you how it came to take me so many years to learn that instead of placing piking bets on what the next few quotations were going to be, my game was to anticipate what was going to happen in a big way.

"After my May ninth mishap I plugged along, using a modified but still defective method. If I hadn't made money some of the time I might have acquired market wisdom quicker. But I was making enough to enable me to live well. I liked friends and a good time. I was living down the Jersey Coast that summer, like hundreds of prosperous Wall Street men. My winnings were not quite enough to offset both my losses and my living expenses.

"I didn't keep on trading the way I did through stubbornness. I simply wasn't able to state my own problem to myself and, of course, it was utterly hopeless to try to solve it. I harp on this topic so much to show what I had to go through before I got to where I could really make money. My old shotgun and BB shot could not do the work of a high-power repeating rifle against big game.

"Early that fall I not only was cleaned out again but I was so sick of the game I could no longer beat that I decided to leave New York and try something else some other place. I had been trading since my fourteenth year. I had made my first thousand dollars when I was a kid of fifteen, and my first ten thousand before I was twenty-one. I had made and lost a ten-thousand-dollar stake more than once. In New York I had made thousands and lost them. I got up to fifty thousand dollars and two days later that went. I had no other business and knew no other game. After several years I was back where I began. No—worse, for I had acquired habits and a style of living that required money, though that part didn't bother me as much as being wrong so consistently.

"Well, I went home. But the moment I was back I knew that I had but one mission in life and that was to get a stake and go back to Wall Street. Oh, for many reasons! For one thing, it was the only place in the country where I could trade heavily. Some day, when my game wi

(Continued on Page 59)

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Is Industry Paying More Than Necessary for Fire Safety?

HERE are a few facts about commercial buildings that every business man should know—startling facts, perhaps, to the man who has taken for granted some of the current theories about fire-safety in building.

1 **That it is contents of factories and industrial plants, rather than the buildings which house them, that are responsible for the great bulk of fire loss in this country.**

2 **That all buildings, regardless of the materials of which they are built, are subject to damage or destruction by fire if their contents are inflammable. In fact, authorities on fire protection have recently entirely abandoned the term "fireproof," as applied to commercial buildings.**

3 **That next to fire prevention, fire control—a matter of automatic fire alarms, automatic sprinkler systems and confining the fire to the room in which it starts—is the dominant factor in fire protection.**

4 **That it is possible through a type of fire-resistant building, known as "mill construction," to secure at lowest cost all the essentials that determine economy in modern industrial buildings: fire-safety, permanence and ready adaptability; low carrying charges, taxes, insurance, depreciation and upkeep.**

5 **That trying to reduce fire hazard in factories by increasing building investment only piles up the overhead and unnecessarily increases cost.**

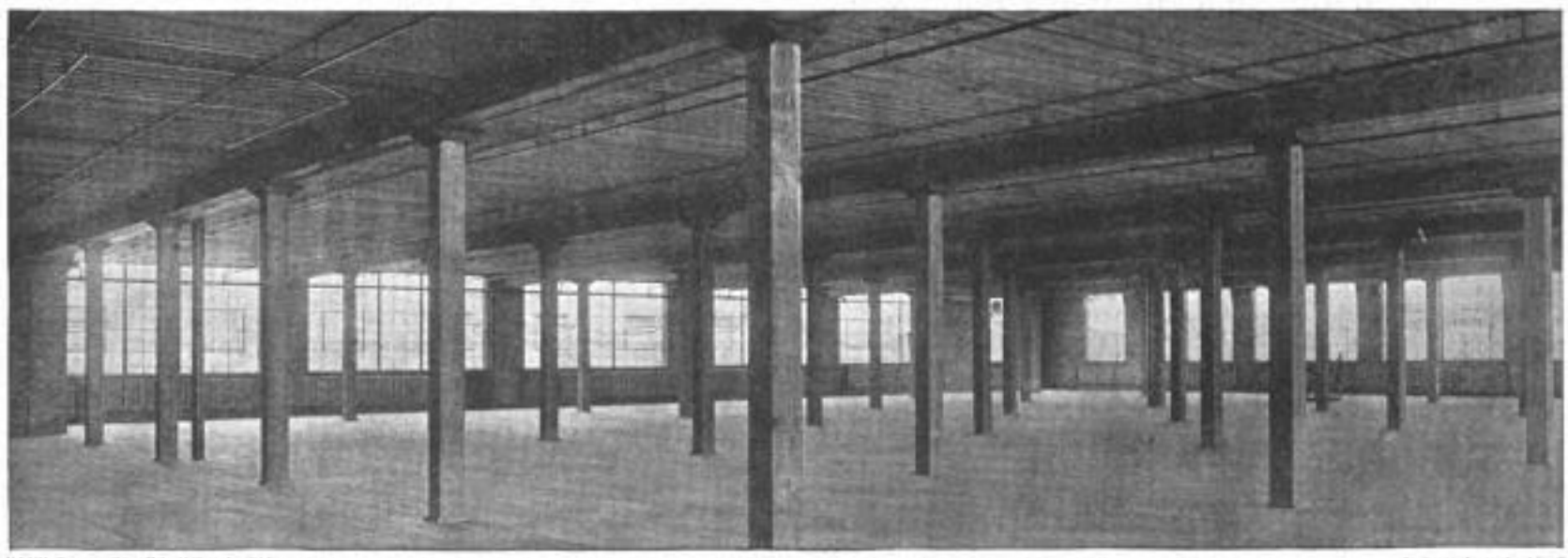
IT is now possible to secure timbers especially selected for commercial buildings, from the Douglas Fir Mills of the Weyerhaeuser organization or from its great distributing plants in the heart of the Eastern and Mid-western markets.

Timber values are no longer a matter of guesswork. The work of testing engineers, scientists and lumber experts, extending over a period of years, now makes possible the selection of timbers for "mill construction" *based on uniform values.*

Engineers and architects, long familiar with the principle of fire-resistant, sprinklered "mill construction," yet obliged to limit its use because of lack of sufficient uniformly safe timbers with which to apply it, are now unhesitatingly recommending it.

JUST what the principle of fire-resistant, sprinklered "mill construction" is as applied to commercial buildings, and just why Weyerhaeuser selection of timbers now makes this principle practical of application, is told in two booklets sent free on request.

Weyerhaeuser Forest Products are distributed through the established trade channels by the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company, Spokane, Washington, with branch offices at 208 So. La Salle St., Chicago; 1015 Lexington Bldg., Baltimore; and 4th and Roberts Streets, St. Paul; and with representatives throughout the country.



"Mill Construction" building in Chicago — S. Scott Joy, Architect

Illustrating the adaptability of "mill construction" to modern factory buildings. Note the large, well-lighted floor areas, the sprinkler system and the enclosed shaft at left for stairway and elevators.

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SAINT PAUL • MINNESOTA

Producers of Douglas Fir, Pacific Coast Hemlock, Washington Red Cedar and Cedar Shingles on the Pacific Coast; Idaho White Pine, Western Soft Pine, Red Fir and Larch in the Inland Empire; Northern White Pine and Norway Pine in the Lake States

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MICHELIN TIRE MAN CONTEST



First Prize
$1,000.00 in Cash
won by

L. J. Keller, Kendallville, Indiana.
Name: "Old 1895".
Slogan: "Full of Life and Quality".

WE take this opportunity to thank the many thousands who submitted names and slogans in the Michelin Tire Man contest.

The winning name, "Old 1895", seemed to the judges appropriate because it was in 1895 that Michelin introduced the world's first pneumatic automobile tire.

This event not only marked the beginning of a new industry, destined to grow into one of the greatest in the world, but inaugurated a remarkable period of Michelin leadership—a period which continues to this day and has been notable for such important Michelin inventions as the demountable rim, the first successful anti-skid tire and the ring-shaped tube.

The winning name and slogan in the Michelin Contest were considered the most suggestive of Michelin's remarkable record of achievement, yet none of the names submitted met the full approval of the judges. It was thought that a completely comprehensive name and slogan are yet to be discovered.

Some day we may appeal once more to our friends to help us solve this problem.

The contest just closed was particularly gratifying because of the many letters received about the excellent service given by Michelin Tires. If *you* are not using Michelins, we invite you to try them.

Fifteen Michelin Tires have been awarded as follows for the 15 suggestions considered next best:

NAME	SLOGAN	WINNER
Old Ninety-Five	*The First and Last Word in Pneumatic Tires*	J. D. Thompson, Duluth, Minn.
The Roadmaster	*Stands for Dependable Progress—1895-1922*	F. D. West, Norfolk, Neb.
The Good Samaritan	*He Helps You Over the Rough Places*	M. B. McGhee, Denver, Colo.
Old Superservice	*He Laughs at Punishment*	Mrs. Harker S. Perkins, Portland, Ore.
Adam O'Tires	*And Still First*	Frederic W. Cauldwell, New York, N.Y.
Enduro	*A Good Thing Endures*	Mrs. J. Sullivan, Salt Lake City, Utah
Pneumatus	*Ancient Enemy of Wear*	G. L. Schmutz, Douglas, Ariz.
Old Rotundity	*The Man on Whom the Sun Never Sets*	Evalyn S. Davis, New Haven, Conn.
As Soresem	*Absorbs the Shocks of the Road*	Stanley Dale, Cleveland, Ohio
Old Matic	*Neumatic's Dad*	Dr. W. C. Butler, New Kensington, Pa.
Gumbo Jumbo	*The Man Who Takes the Ire out of Tire*	R. W. Ashcroft, Montreal, Canada
Stronghеart	*Time Tried and Road Tested*	R. B. Hoover, St. Augustine, Fla.
Robusto	*He Never Fails You*	H. L. Zimmerman, Orrville, Ohio
Old Pop U Larity	*Head of a Dependable Family*	Mrs. Gusta Newman, Hutchinson, Kan.
The Pioneer	*The First to Blaze the Trail*	Jack Hayes, So. Norfolk, Va.

Fifty Michelin Tubes have been awarded to the following, who also offered meritorious names and slogans:

I. J. Botsford, Auburn, N. Y.
Frank Boyle, Jamaica, L. I.
G. R. Brown, Portland, Ore.
Elbert L. Buckalew, Dayton, N. J.
C. E. Bulloch, St. Louis, Mo.
A. C. Butterfield, Lawrence, Mass.
P. S. Clapp, Jr., New York, N. Y.
Chas. H. Collins, Chicago, Ill.
C. B. Dennis, Columbus, Ohio
H. J. Devoy, East Orange, N. J.
C. H. Drury, Hartford, Ohio
H. V. Eckardt, Salt Lake City
Edward A. Gray, Stockton, Cal.
Frank Greene, Savannah, Ga.
J. C. Hammond, Douglas, Ariz.
R. R. Hanisch, Cedar Rapids, Ia.
A. B. Hansen, Arcadia, Fla.
P. B. Hill, Little Rock, Ark.
Eric W. Johnson, Crompton, R. I.
H. J. Kennedy, Long Beach, Cal.
John D. Kutsche, Monroe, Mich.
R. O. Lynn, Columbus Jct., Ia.
Robert S. Meek, Richmond, Va.
M. M. Mohnkern, Morristown, N. J.
P. P. Molloy, Huntington, W. Va.
Emma Oakes, Clinton, Iowa
J. E. Oberlin, Flint, Mich.
Mrs. Marie O'Neil, Columbus, O.
Ida C. Posner, Hartford, Conn.
Albert Renten, New York, N. Y.
J. Robertson, Kansas City, Kan.
W. H. Schultz, Broken Bow, Neb.
A. L. Shaw, Houston, Tex.
Carl Schiller, Spokane, Wash.
L. W. Slocum, Richfield Springs, N. Y.
F. B. Steininger, Visalia, Cal.
B. F. Stevens, Ogden City, Utah
E. A. Strode, Claremore, Okla.
L. W. Taylor, Decatur, Texas
F. Thayer, Jr., Oakland, Md.
J. D. Thompson, Duluth, Minn.
Mrs. C. L. Tracy, Norwich, Conn.
S. Travis, Peekskill, N. Y.
M. A. Tripp, Rhame, N. D.
Mrs. M. D. Twogood, Riverside, Cal.
Mrs. Gertrude Vogel, St. Louis, Mo.
K. P. Wakeley, Grand Rapids, Mich.
C. M. Walton, Cumberland, Md.
Clarence M. Weil, St. Louis, Mo.
S. M. Williams, Lynchburg, Virginia

Michelin Tire Co., Milltown, N. J. Branches in 30 leading cities. Dealers Everywhere

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(Continued from Page 56)

all right, I'd need such a place. When a man is right he wants to get all that is coming to him for being right.

"I didn't have much hope, but, of course, I tried to get into the bucket shops again. There were fewer of them and some of them were run by strangers. Those who remembered me wouldn't give me a chance to show them whether I had gone back as a trader or not. I told them the truth, that I had lost in New York whatever I had made at home; that I didn't know as much as I used to think I did; and that there was no reason why it should not now be good business for them to let me trade with them. But they wouldn't. And the new places were unreliable. Their owners thought twenty shares was as much as a gentleman ought to buy if he had any reason to suspect he was going to guess right.

"I needed the money and the bigger shops were taking in plenty of it from their regular customers. I got a friend of mine to go into a certain office and trade. I just sauntered in to look them over. I again tried to coax the order clerk to accept a small order, even if it was only fifty shares. Of course he said no. I had rigged up a code with this friend so that he would buy or sell when and what I told him. But that only made me chicken feed. Then the office began to grumble about taking my friend's orders. Finally one day he tried to sell a hundred St. Paul and they shut down on him.

"We learned afterward that one of the customers saw us talking together outside and went in and told the office, and when my friend went up to the order clerk to sell that hundred St. Paul the guy said:

"'We're not taking any selling orders in St. Paul, not from you.'

"'Why, what's the matter, Joe?' asked my friend.

"'Nothing doing, that's all,' said Joe."

A New Acquaintance

"'Isn't that money any good? Look it over. It's all there.' And my friend passed over the hundred—my hundred—in tens. He tried to look indignant and I was looking unconcerned; but most of the other customers were getting close to the combatants, as they always did when there was loud talking or the slightest semblance of a scrap between the shop and any customer. They wanted to get a line on the merits of the case in order to get a line on the solvency of the concern.

"The clerk, Joe, who was a sort of assistant manager, came out from behind his cage, walked up to my friend, looked at him and then looked at me.

"'It's funny,' he said slowly—'it's damned funny that you never do a single thing here when your friend Livingston isn't around. You just sit and look at the board by the hour. Never a peep. But after he comes in you get busy all of a sudden. Maybe you are acting for yourself; but not in this office any more. We don't fall for Livingston tipping you off.'

"Well, that stopped my board money. But I had made a few hundreds more than I had spent and I wondered how I could use them, for the need of making enough money to go back to New York with was more urgent than ever. I felt that I would do better the next time. I had had time to think calmly of some of my foolish plays; and then, one can see the whole better when one sees it from a little distance. The immediate problem was to make the new stake.

"One day I was in a hotel lobby, talking to some fellows I knew, who were pretty steady traders. Everybody was talking stock market. I made the remark that nobody could beat the game on account of the rotten execution he got from his brokers, especially when he traded at the market, as I did.

"A fellow piped up and asked me what particular brokers I meant.

"I said, 'The best in the land,' and he asked who might they be. I could see he wasn't going to believe I ever dealt with first-class houses.

"But I said, 'I mean, any member of the New York Stock Exchange. It isn't that they are crooked or careless, but when a man gives an order to buy at the market he never knows what that stock is going to cost him until he gets a report from the brokers. There are more moves of one or two points than of ten or fifteen. But the trade[illegible]

in a bucket shop any day in the week, if they'd only let a fellow trade big.'

"The man who had spoken to me I had never seen before. His name was Roberts. He seemed very friendly disposed. He took me aside and asked me if I had ever traded in any of the other exchanges, and I said no. He said he knew some houses that were members of the Cotton Exchange and the Produce Exchange and the smaller stock exchanges. These firms were very careful and paid special attention to the execution. He said that they had confidential connections with the biggest and smartest houses on the New York Stock Exchange and through their personal pull and by guaranteeing a business of hundreds of thousands of shares a month they got much better service than an individual customer could get.

"'They really cater to the small customer,' he said. 'They make a specialty of out-of-town business and they take just as much pains with a ten-share order as they do with one for ten thousand. They are very competent and honest.'

"'Yes. But if they pay the Stock Exchange house the regular eighth commission where do they come in?'

"'Well, they are supposed to pay the eighth. But—you know!' He winked.

"'Yes,' I said. 'But the one thing a Stock Exchange firm will not do is to split commissions. The governors would rather a member committed murder, arson and bigamy than to do business for outsiders for less than an eighth. The very life of the Stock Exchange depends upon their not violating that one rule.'

"He must have seen that I had talked with Stock Exchange people, for he said: 'Listen! Every now and then one of those pious Stock Exchange houses is suspended for a year for violating that rule, isn't it? There are ways and ways of rebating so nobody can squeal.' He probably saw unbelief in my face, for he went on: 'And besides, on certain kind of business we—I mean, these wire houses—charge a thirty-second extra, in addition to the eighth commission. They are very nice about it. They never charge the extra commission except in unusual cases, and then only if the customer has an inactive account. It wouldn't pay them, you know, otherwise. They aren't in business exclusively for their health.'

"By that time I knew he was touting for some phony brokers.

"'Do you know any reliable house of that kind?' I asked him.

"'I know the biggest brokerage firm in the United States,' he said. 'I trade there myself. They have branches in seventy-eight cities in the United States and Canada. They do an enormous business. And they couldn't very well do it year in and year out if they weren't strictly on the level, could they?'

"'Certainly not,' I agreed. 'Do they trade in the same stocks that are dealt in on the New York Stock Exchange?'"

Secret Bucketeers

"'Of course; and on the curb and on any other exchange in this country, or Europe. They deal in wheat, cotton, provisions; anything you want. They have correspondents everywhere and memberships in all the exchanges, either in their own name or on the quiet.'

"I was wise by that time, but I thought I'd kid him along.

"'Yes,' I said, 'but that does not alter the fact that the orders have to be executed by somebody, and nobody living can guarantee how the market will be or how close the ticker's prices are to the actual prices on the floor of the Exchange. By the time a man gets the quotation here and he hands in an order and it's telegraphed to New York, some valuable time has gone. I might better go back to New York and lose my money there in respectable company.'

"'I don't know anything about losing money; our customers don't acquire that habit. They make money. We take care of that.'

"'Your customers?'

"'Well, I take an interest in the firm, and if I can turn some business their way I do so because they've always treated me white and I've made a good deal of money through them. If you wish I'll introduce you to the manager.'

"'What's the name of the firm?' I asked.

"He told me. I had heard about them [illegible] in all the

customers who followed their inside information on active stocks. That was the firm's great specialty. They were not a regular bucket shop, but bucketeers, alleged brokers who bucketed their orders but nevertheless went through an elaborate camouflage to convince the world that they were regular brokers engaged in a legitimate business. They were one of the oldest of that class of firms.

"They were the prototype at that time of the same sort of brokers that went broke this year by the dozen. The general principles and methods were the same, though the particular devices for fleecing the public differed somewhat, certain details having been changed when the old tricks became too well known.

"These people used to send out tips to buy or sell a certain stock—hundreds of telegrams advising the instant purchase of a certain stock and hundreds recommending other customers to sell the same stock, on the old racing-tipster plan. Then orders to buy and sell would come in. The firm would buy and sell, say, a thousand of that stock through a reputable Stock Exchange firm and get a regular report on it. This report they would show to any doubting Thomas who was impolite enough to speak about bucketing customers' orders.

"They also used to form discretionary pools in the office and as a great favor allowed their customers to authorize them, in writing, to trade with the customer's money and in the customer's name, as they in their judgment deemed best. That way the most cantankerous customer had no legal redress when his money disappeared. They'd bull a stock, on paper, and put the customers in and then they'd execute one of the old-fashioned bucket-shop drives and wipe out hundreds of shoestring margins. They did not spare anyone, women, school-teachers and old men being their best bet.

"'I'm sore on all brokers,' I told the tout. 'I'll have to think this over.' And I left him so he wouldn't talk any more to me."

Lambs Led to Slaughter

"I inquired about this firm, and had considerable difficulty in finding anybody who had ever won in that office; but I did. One chap I met told me a story about seeing six hundred telegrams go out one day advising customers to get aboard a certain stock and six hundred telegrams to other customers strongly urging them to sell that same stock, at once.

"'Yes, I know the trick,' I said to the chap who was telling me.

"'Yes,' he said. 'But the next day they sent telegrams to the same people advising them to close out their interest in everything and buy—or sell—another stock. I asked the senior partner, who was in the office, "Why do you do that? The first part I understand. Some of your customers are bound to make money on paper for a while, even if they and the others eventually lose. But by sending out telegrams like this you simply kill them all. What's the big idea?"'

"'"Well," he said, "the customers are bound to lose their money anyhow, no matter what they buy, or how or where or when. When they lose their money I lose the customers. Well, I might as well get as much of their money as I can—and then look for a new crop."'

"Well, I admit frankly that I wasn't concerned with the business ethics of the firm. I told you I felt sore on the Teller concern and how it tickled me to get even with them. Now, I didn't have any such feeling about this firm. They might be crooks or they might not be as black as they were painted. I did not propose to let them do any trading for me, or follow their tips or believe their lies. My one concern was with getting together a stake and returning to New York to trade in fair amounts.

"Anyhow, I made up my mind that I would see what trading advantages this firm offered over what you might call the legitimate brokers. I didn't have much money to put up as margin, and firms that bucketed orders were naturally much more liberal, so that a few hundred dollars went much further in their offices.

"I went down to their place and had a talk with the manager himself. When he found out that I was an old trader and had formerly had accounts in [illegible] with Ste[illegible]

50,000 Miles
without "taking up"
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If your dealer can't supply you, write direct. But insist on getting the genuine, imitations cannot compare. Write for free literature.

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The better grades of commercial fertilizers contain only 3 to 5 per cent nitrogen; 6 to 10 per cent phosphoric acid and 3 to 5 per cent potash, combined in material that has no fertilizing value. Most fertilizers are far below this average.

Science has produced a tablet, rich in plant food, containing 11 per cent nitrogen; 12 per cent phosphoric acid and 15 per cent potash—clean and odorless.

For crops in rows, set the tablets a foot apart along the row.

Three tablets, one every ten days, in the hills make Cucumbers, Squash, Melons and vines fairly jump.

In Flower Beds and Borders, place tablets a foot apart.

For Bush Fruits and Shrubbery, use three to five tablets, placed in the soil about each plant.

Fruit or Ornamental Trees, place tablets two feet apart, extending from the trunk as far as the longest branches.

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Four tablets dissolved in a gallon of water, used in place of liquid manure, is less trouble and gives better results than objectionable manure water. Makes velvety lawns.

Each tablet contains highly concentrated, immediately available plant food. They increase production, brighten color and improve quality. *Their use is highly profitable.*

The name of the tablet is **Stim-U-planT.** No matter how fertile the soil, Stim-U-planT is effective in feeding and forwarding crops. Market Gardeners use them in large quantities. Order by name—there is no substitute.

Price delivered: 50 tablets, 50 cts.; 100 tablets, 75 cts.; 1,000 tablets, $3.50.

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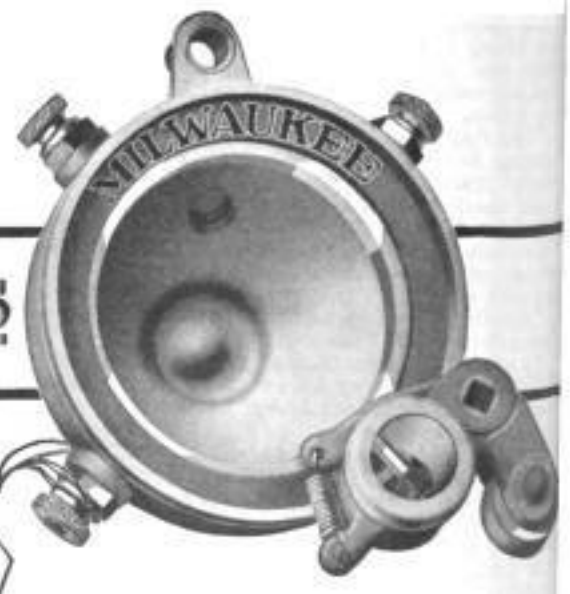
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$2.00 at auto supply and hardware stores and garages

(Continued from Page 59)

me if I let them invest my savings. He figured that I was a permanent sucker, the ticker-hound kind that always plays and always loses; a steady-income provider for brokers, whether they were the kind that bucket your orders or modestly content themselves with the commissions.

"I just told the manager that what I was looking for was decent execution, because I always traded at the market and I didn't want to get reports that showed a difference of a half or a whole point from the ticker price.

"He assured me on his word of honor that they would do whatever I thought was right. They wanted my business because they wanted to show me what high-class brokering was. They had in their employ the best talent in the business. In fact, they were famous for their execution. If there was any difference between the ticker price and the report it was always in favor of the customer, though of course they didn't guarantee that. If I opened an account with them I could buy and sell at the price as it came over the wire, they were so confident of their brokers.

"Naturally that meant that I could trade there to all intents and purposes as though I were in a bucket shop—that is, they'd let me trade at the next quotation. I didn't want to appear too anxious, so I shook my head and told him I guessed I wouldn't open an account that day, but I'd let him know. He urged me strongly to begin right away as it was a good market to make money in. It was—for them; a dull market with prices seesawing slightly, just the kind to get customers in and then wipe them out with a sharp drive in the tipped stock. I had some trouble in getting away.

"I had given him my name and address, and that very same day I began to get prepaid telegrams and letters urging me to get aboard of some stock or other in which they said they knew an inside pool was operating for a fifty-point rise.

"I was busy going around and finding out all I could about several other brokerage concerns of the same bucketing kind. It seemed to me that if I could be sure of getting my winnings out of their clutches the only way of my getting together some real money was to trade in these near bucket shops."

The Double Cross

"When I had learned all I could I opened accounts with three firms. I had taken a small office and had direct wires run to the three brokers.

"I traded in a small way so they wouldn't get frightened off at the very start. I made money on balance and they were not slow in telling me that they expected real business from customers who had direct wires to their offices. They did not hanker for pikers. They figured that the more I did the more I'd lose, and the more quickly I was wiped out the more they'd make. It was a sound enough theory when you consider that these people necessarily dealt with averages and the average customer was never long-lived, financially speaking. A busted customer can't trade. A half-crippled customer can whine and insinuate things and make trouble of one or another kind that hurts business.

"I also established a connection with a local firm that had a direct wire to its New York correspondents, who were also members of the New York Stock Exchange. I had a stock ticker put in and I began to trade conservatively. As I told you, it was pretty much like trading in bucket shops, only it was a little slower.

"It was a game that I could beat, and I did. I never got it down to such a fine point that I could win ten times out of ten; but I won on balance, taking it week in and week out. I was again living pretty well, but always saving something, to increase the stake that I was to take back to Wall Street. I got a couple of wires into two more of these bucketing brokerage houses, making five in all—and, of course, my good firm.

"There were times when my plans went wrong and my stocks did not run true to form, but did the opposite of what they should have done if they had kept up their regard for precedent. But they did not nut me very hard—they couldn't, with my shoestring margins. My relations with my brokers were friendly enough. Their accounts and records did not always agree differences uniformly happened to be against me. Curious coincidence—not! But I fought for my own and usually had my way in the end. They always had the hope of getting away from me what I had taken from them. They regarded my winnings as temporary loans, I think.

"They really were not sporty, being in the business to make money by hook or by crook instead of being content with the house percentage. Since suckers always lose money when they gamble in stocks—they never really speculate—you'd think these fellows would run what you might call a legitimate illegitimate business. But they didn't. 'Copper your customers and grow rich' is an old and true adage, but they did not seem ever to have heard of it and didn't stop at plain bucketing.

"Several times they tried to double-cross me with the old tricks. They caught me a couple of times because I wasn't looking. They always did that when I had taken on more than my usual line. I accused them of being short sports or worse, but they denied it and it ended by my going back to trading as usual. The beauty of doing business with a crook is that he always forgives you for catching him, so long as you don't stop doing business with him. It's all right as far as he is concerned. He is willing to meet you more than halfway. Magnanimous souls!"

Mild Punishment

"Well, I made up my mind that I couldn't afford to have the normal rate of increase of my stake impaired by crooks' tricks, so I decided to teach them a lesson. I picked out some stock that after having been a speculative favorite had become inactive. Water-logged. If I had taken one that never had been active they would have suspected my play. I gave out buying orders on this stock to my five bucketeering brokers. When the orders were taken and they were waiting for the next quotation to come out on the tape I sent in an order through my Stock Exchange house to sell a hundred shares of that particular stock at the market. I urgently asked for quick action. Well, you can imagine what happened when the selling order got to the floor of the Exchange; a dull inactive stock that a commission house with out-of-town connections wanted to sell in a hurry. Somebody got cheap stock. But the transaction as it would be printed on the tape was the price that I would pay on my five buying orders. I was long on balance four hundred shares of that stock at a low figure. The wire house asked me what I'd heard, and I said I had a bull tip on it. Just before the close of the market I sent an order to my good broker to buy back that hundred shares, and not waste any time; that I didn't want to be short under any circumstances; and I didn't care what they paid. So they wired to New York and the order to buy that hundred quick resulted in a sharp advance. I of course had put in selling orders for the five hundred shares that my friends had bucketed. It worked very satisfactorily.

"Still, they didn't mend their ways, and so I worked that trick on them several times. I did not dare punish them as severely as they deserved, seldom more than a point or two on a hundred shares. But it helped to swell my little hoard that I was saving for my next Wall Street venture. I sometimes varied the process by selling some stock short, without overdoing it. I was satisfied with my six or eight hundred clear for each crack.

"One day the stunt worked so well that it went far beyond all calculations for a ten-point swing. I wasn't looking for it. As a matter of fact it so happened that I had two hundred shares instead of my usual hundred at one broker's, though only a hundred in the four other shops. That was too much of a good thing—for them. They were sore as pups about it and they began to say things over the wires. So I went and saw the manager, the same man who had been so anxious to get my account, and so forgiving every time I caught him trying to put something over on me. He talked pretty big for a man in his position.

"'That was a fictitious market for that stock, and we won't pay you a damned cent!' he swore.

"'It wasn't a fictitious market when you accepted my order to buy. You let me in then, all right, and now you've got to let me out. You can't get around that for fairness, can you?'

(Continued on Page 63)



"You'd be comfortable if you wore Topkis"

"I CAN'T help smiling at you fellows who lose all your pep in hot weather. When will you ever learn to dress properly?

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(Continued from Page 61)

"'Yes, I can!' he yelled. 'I can prove at somebody put up a job.'

"'Who put up a job?' I asked.

"'Somebody!'

"'Who did they put it up on?' I asked.

"'Some friends of yours were in it as re as pop,' he said.

"But I told him, 'You know very well at I play a lone hand. Everybody in is town knows that. They've known it er since I started trading in stocks. Now want to give you some friendly advice: ou just send and get that money for me. don't want to be disagreeable. Just do hat I tell you.'

"'I won't pay it. It was a rigged-up ansaction,' he yelled.

"'I got tired of his talk. So I told him: 'ou'll pay it to me right now and here.'

"Well, he blustered a little more and cused me flatly of being the guilty thim-erigger; but he finally forked over the sh. The others were not so rambunctious. one office the manager had been study-g these inactive-stock plays of mine and en he got my order he actually bought e stock for me and then some for himself the Little Board, and he made some oney. These fellows didn't mind being ed by customers on charges of fraud, as ey generally had a good technical legal fense ready. But they were afraid I'd tach the furniture—the money in the nk I couldn't because they took care t to have any funds exposed to that nger. It would not hurt them to be own as pretty sharp, but to get a reputa-n for welshing was fatal. For a cus-ner to lose money at his broker's is no re event. But for a customer to make oney and then not get it is the worst me on the speculators' statute books.

"I got my money from all; but that -point jump put an end to the pleasing stime of skinning skinners. They were the lookout for the little trick that they emselves had used to defraud hundreds poor customers. I went back to my ular trading; but the market wasn't al-ys right for my system—that is, limited I was by the size of the orders they uld take, I couldn't make a killing."

A Profitable Stop-Over

"I had been at it over a year, during ich I used every device that I could nk of to make money trading in those e houses. I had lived very comfortably, ght an automobile and didn't limit my-about my expenses. I had to make a ke, but I also had to live while I was ng it. If my position on the market was t I couldn't spend as much as I made, hat I'd always be saving some. If I was ng I didn't make any money and there-couldn't spend. As I said, I had ed up a fair-sized roll, and there wasn't nuch money to be made in the five wire ses; so I decided to return to New rk.

"I had my own automobile and I invited iend of mine who also was a trader to tor to New York with me. He accepted we started. We stopped at New Haven dinner. At the hotel I met an old trad-acquaintance, and among other things told me there was a shop in town that a wire and was doing a pretty good iness.

"We left the hotel on our way to New k, but I drove by the street where the ket shop was to see what the outside ed like. We found it and couldn't st the temptation to stop and have a at the inside. It wasn't very sump-s, but the old blackboard was there, and customers, and the game was on.

"The manager was a chap who looked as had been an actor or a stump speaker, was very impressive. He'd say good ning as though he had discovered the ning's goodness after ten years of ching for it with a microscope and was ing you a present of the discovery as as of the sky, the sun and the firm's roll. He saw us come up in the sporty-ing automobile, and as both of us were ng and careless—I don't suppose I ed twenty—he naturally concluded we a couple of Yale boys. I didn't tell we weren't. He didn't give me a ice, but began delivering a speech. He very glad to see us. Would we have a fortable seat? The market, we would , was philanthropically inclined that ning; in fact, clamoring to increase the ly of collegiate pocket money, of which sufficiency since the dawn of historic time. But here and now, by the beneficence of the ticker, a small initial investment would return thousands. More pocket money than anybody could spend was what the stock market yearned to yield.

"Well, I thought it would be a pity not to do as the nice man of the bucket shop was so anxious to have us do, so I told him I would do as he wished, because I had heard that lots of people made lots of money in the stock market.

"I began to trade, very conservatively, but increasing the line as I won. My friend followed me.

"We stayed overnight in New Haven and the next morning found us at the hospitable shop at five minutes to ten. The orator was glad to see us, thinking his turn would come that day. But I cleaned up a few dollars less than fifteen hundred. The next morning when we dropped in on the great orator and handed him an order to sell five hundred Sugar he hesitated, but finally accepted it—in silence! The stock broke over a point and I closed out and gave him the ticket. There was exactly five hundred dollars coming to me in profits, and my five-hundred-dollar margin. He took twenty fifties from the safe, counted them three times very slowly, then he counted them again in front of me. It looked as if his fingers were sweating mucilage the way the bills seemed to stick to him, but finally he handed the money to me. He folded his arms, bit his lower lip, kept it bit, and stared at the top of a window behind me."

Back to Wall Street

"I told him I'd like to sell two hundred Steel. But he never stirred. He didn't hear me. I repeated my wish, only I made it three hundred shares. He turned his head. I waited for the speech. But all he did was to look at me. Then he smacked his lips and swallowed—as if he was going to start an attack on fifty years of political misrule by the unspeakable grafters of the opposition.

"Finally he waved his hand toward the yellow-backs in my hand and said, 'Take away that bauble!'

"'Take away what?' I said. I hadn't quite understood what he was driving at.

"'Where are you going, student?' He spoke very impressively.

"'New York,' I told him.

"'That's right,' he said, nodding about twenty times. 'That is ex-actly right. You are going away from here all right, because now I know two things—two, student! I know what you are not, and I know what you are. Yes! Yes! Yes!'

"'Is that so?' I said very politely.

"'Yes. You two ——' He paused; and then he stopped being in Congress and snarled: 'You two are the biggest sharks in the United States of America! Students? Ye-eh! You must be Freshmen! Ye-eh!'

"We left him talking to himself. He probably didn't mind the money so much. No professional gambler does. It's all in the game and the luck's bound to turn. It was his being fooled in us that hurt his pride.

"That is how I came back to Wall Street for a third attempt. I had been studying, of course, trying to locate the exact trouble with my system that had been responsible for my defeats in A. R. Fullerton & Co.'s office. I was twenty when I made my first ten thousand, and I lost that. But I knew how and why—because I traded out of season all the time; because when I couldn't play according to my system, which was based on study and experience, I went in and gambled. I hoped to win, instead of knowing that I ought to win on form. When I was about twenty-two I ran up my stake to fifty thousand dollars; I lost it on May ninth. But I knew exactly why and how. It was the laggard tape and the unprecedented violence of the movements that awful day. But I didn't know why I had lost after my return from St. Louis or after the May ninth panic. I had theories—that is, remedies for some of the faults that I thought I found in my play. But I needed actual practice.

"There is nothing like losing all you have in the world for teaching you what not to do. And when you know what not to do in order not to lose money, you begin to learn what to do in order to win. Did you get that? You begin to learn!"

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Lefèvre. The next will appear in an



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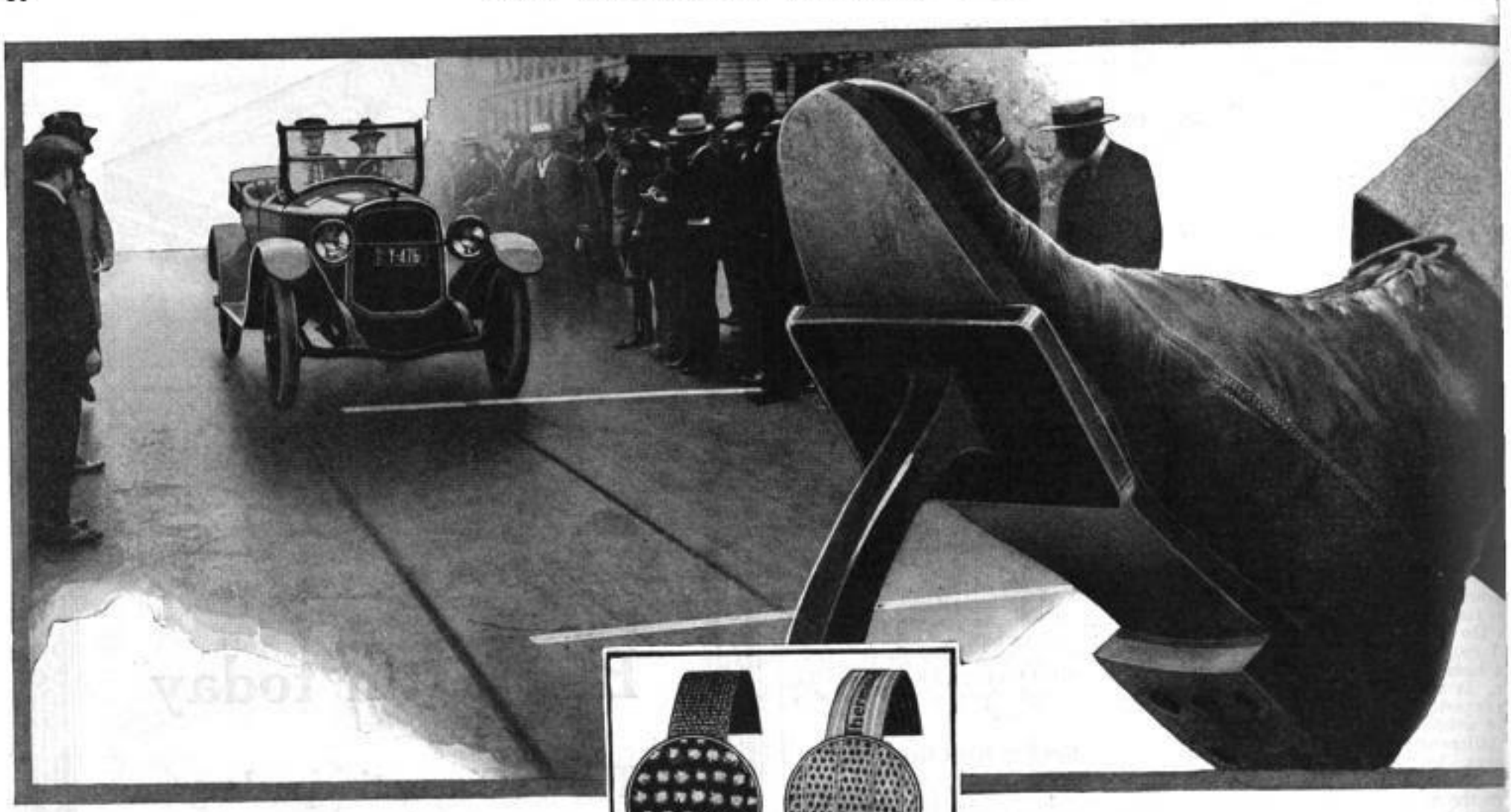
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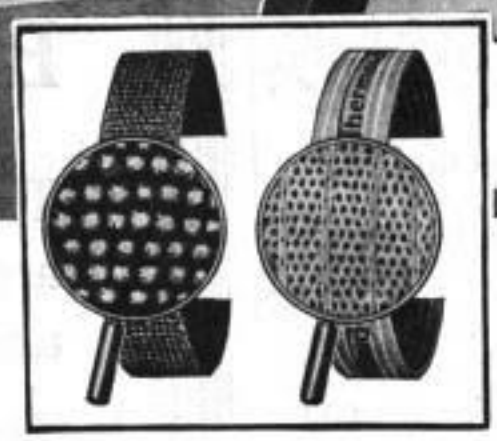
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Notice the compact texture.

Wears down slowly. Gives uniform gripping surface until worn paper thin.

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Thermoid Brake Lining is not like ordinary woven lining. The usual woven lining wears quickly—it may grab or slip. It cannot be trusted in an emergency when a quick, smooth stop may save hundreds of dollars or even life.

Thermoid Brake Lining contains 40% more material in its every square inch—this extra material means greater braking power and longer life. After this 40% of extra material is woven in Thermoid Brake Lining, it is folded, stitched and put under a hydraulic pressure of 2,000 pounds per square inch.

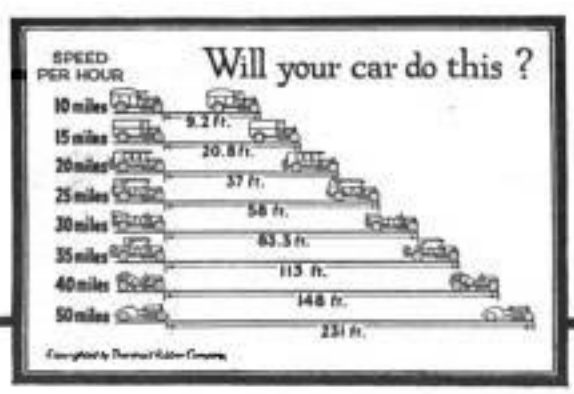
This pressure forms a compact wear-resisting mass that will retain an even braking power until it is worn paper thin.

Also Thermoid Brake Lining goes through the exclusive Thermoid "grapnalizing" process. This makes Thermoid Brake Lining proof against gasoline, oil or any kind of moisture. Thermoid Brake Lining cannot swell and cause a power stealing, gasoline eating, dragging brake.

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COMMUNIST ACCOMMODATIONS

(Continued from Page 15)

ancient fable. Russia, you know, was one of the most colorful countries in the world.

We played round with them and gave them supper, and after a while they gathered together in the middle of the ballroom and sang a final song. I did not understand its words, of course, but its title was told to me. It was called The Troika, and it was my ride out to Strelna sung to me. It was the swift glide of my troika over the singing snow; it was the happy jingle of the bells on the three horses that galloped so madly and yet with such measured precision; it was the great good-natured shout of the big bundled-up muzhik who was driving them; it was the uplift of my heart in the vast sweet silence of the moonlight making shadows among the pines and the birches.

I picked out a beautiful gypsy woman and took her with a dish of ice cream and an interpreter into a corner. I begged her to teach me the song of the troika. I was sure I could learn it in a very little while.

She lifted up her full splendid breast in a laughing sigh and said to my English-speaking friend: "Tell the little American that she might learn to sing The Troika but that she could never understand."

I laughed with her and knew that she was right, but I knew also that I had been given to understand a good deal about the passionate love of Russians for Holy Russia.

When we got back to our luxurious hotel it was gray dawn and the old porter who let us in smiled and told us what he thought of us. Then he took us in the elevator up to our different floors. Three hours later we were all out doing churches and museums and the colorful great bazaars that added so much to the Oriental atmosphere and character of Moscow.

One of the first things I was told when I arrived this time was that I should keep to myself the fact that I had been in Russia before, because no foreigner who knows what Russia used to be like is welcome there in these days. It displeases the soviet authorities exceedingly to hear of comparisons being made, their wish being that outsiders should believe they took the country over in its present condition and that they are doing everything humanly possible to improve it.

When I was told that a room had been assigned to me at the Savoy Hotel I was considerably surprised. I said I thought they had nationalized all the hotels.

"So they did," was the answer, "but they found it rather difficult to dispose communistically of all the people who have been coming and going lately, so they have permitted the Savoy to be reopened under private Bolshevik management. But wait until you see it! Wait until you've had time to observe a lot of things. They find they can't run a country as big as this without a few of the old familiar institutions. They are allowing private trading right out in full view of the audience. Shops are opening up; private theatrical companies are putting on productions and charging admission; they are charging admission to the national theaters; they are even charging street-car fare; street-car fare today is thirty-seven thousand rubles; yesterday it was only thirty thousand rubles; tomorrow it may be fifty thousand; you never can tell, but they are giving way all along the line and going back to the wicked old boorjooie system."

The Moscow Hotels

It was all very confusing. Also that was the first time I had heard that delightful word "boorjooie." It is the term by which all Russians, high and low, designate the hapless representatives of the despised class of bourgeoisie. The bourgeoisie themselves use it derisively; the people coined it out of the base metal of their ignorance. It is priceless.

I drove up to the Savoy Hotel in an American Relief Administration automobile. I say "I" as though I were describing myself as making a star-part entrance upon the scene in solitary grandeur. Which I was not. Miss Nellie Gardner and I were together, Miss Gardner being an American newspaper woman communications department of the Relief Administration.

Well, then, we drove up to the Savoy in an A. R. A. automobile. Miss Gardner was a regular, and subject to all the regulations; I was an irregular, and wholly unregulated. The locality was familiar to me; to her everything was unfamiliar. I was dumb with blank astonishment; she was cheerfully talkative with live interest in things new.

The Savoy was one of the very proud hostels in the old days. There were three of them of special importance, all in the same area within a short distance of the Opera. The others were the Metropole and the National, and these, I soon learned, were still occupied for residential and office purposes by the soviet authorities.

Something seemed to have happened to the street. It used to be a street of fashionable little shops, but now it looked more like a run-down and exceedingly dirty side street in a wholesale district, except that there was nothing being sold. The windows were all blank and empty or closely shuttered, while the only things moving in my immediate range of vision were a few desolate-looking people dragging small sleds, such as children play with, loaded with firewood.

Under Bolshevik Management

The hotel entrance was like a side entrance to a neglected loft building. There was a door hanging on one hinge; the windows were incrusted with grime which must have been accumulating throughout the entire Bolshevik period; there were no curtains anywhere, while the one-time cozily carpeted and palm-decorated foyer had become a bare-floored, filthy barrack room with only some rickety wooden benches round its walls.

In a dark little bureau—a kind of cashier's cage—lighted by one sickly yellow candle flame, sat a pretty girl with her bobbed hair properly curled but with her shivery shoulders wrapped in a very ugly shawl. She was poring over what looked to be a ledger. There was nobody else in sight and our arrival affected her exactly as though to her we were invisible. Like everybody else in Russia she was too much disgusted with things in general to pay any attention to anything in particular. This is a curious small item of interest. It is an impression not to be escaped. Nobody seems to care what anybody else does or how anybody gets along, and one's inevitable conclusion is that everybody is too busy doing his own getting along.

There was a closed elevator alongside the bureau, and quite instinctively I stepped up to it and stood waiting for Miss Gardner and our interpreter to follow. But we had a lot of hand luggage with us—in fact that was the only kind of luggage we did have—and I was called back outside for consultation as to its safeguarding. The driver and his mate were to help carry it in, and the interpreter assured us that if we left any of it out by itself on the sidewalk or in the car it would instantly disappear.

He laughed and said, "You must not forget that everything in Russia is common property. Unless," he added, "it happens to be something you want to buy. In that case you pay top prices in good gold dollars." He was a returned Russian-American of distinctly moderated communistic tendencies. He had an American university education and a newly acquired idea of the various fitnesses of things.

It was agreed that I should go and locate our rooms and receive our luggage as it came up while Miss Gardner stood guard on the sidewalk, so I went back inside and lined up as before in front of the elevator. I was considerably preoccupied. The interpreter followed me with a couple of suitcases and a food basket.

"You flatter us," said he. "The elevator ought to be running, I know, but in soviet Russia we don't believe in elevators. All good communists walk."

"Oh, yes," said I; "well, naturally!"

And I began to labor up the stairs. There were five flights of them, and because



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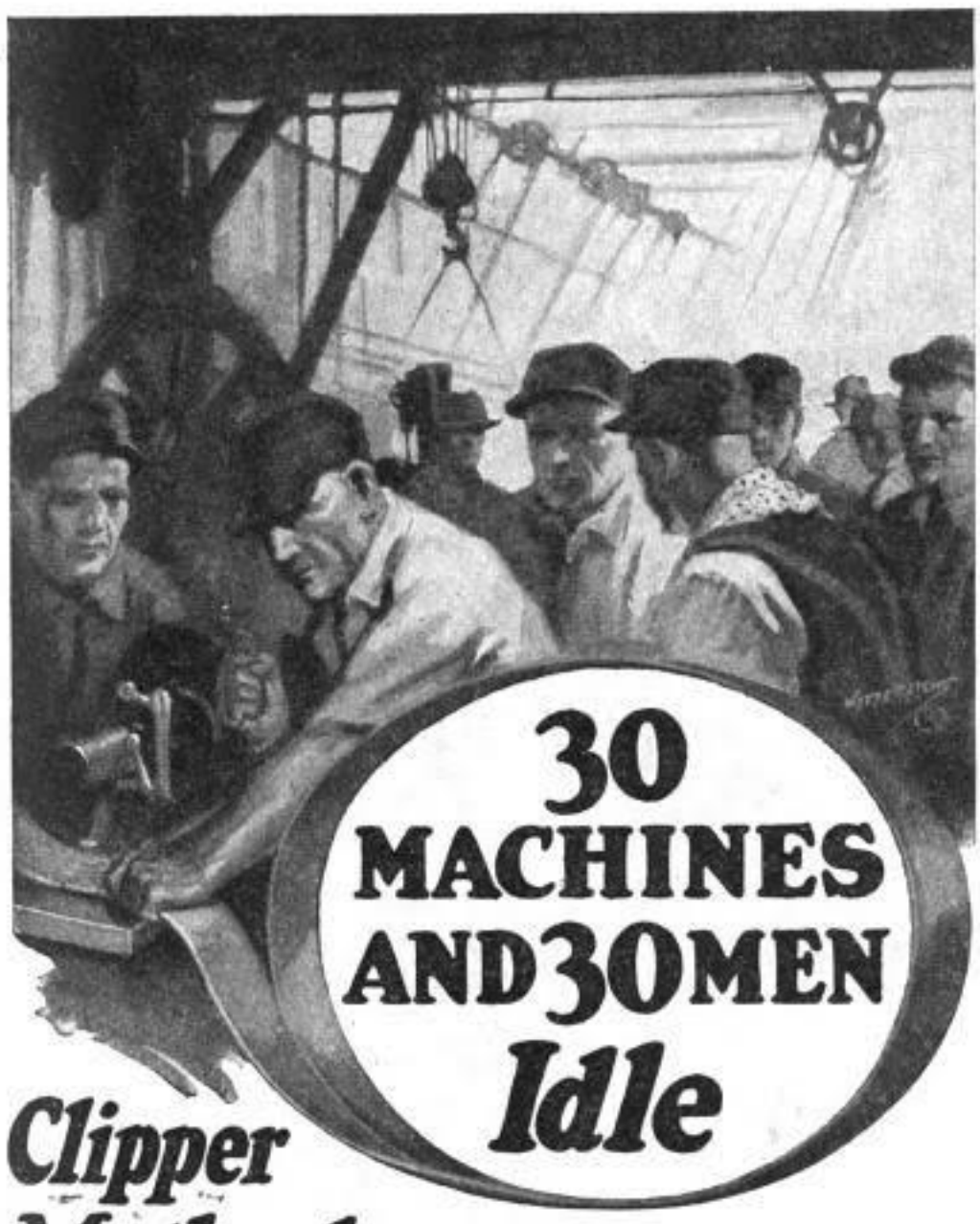
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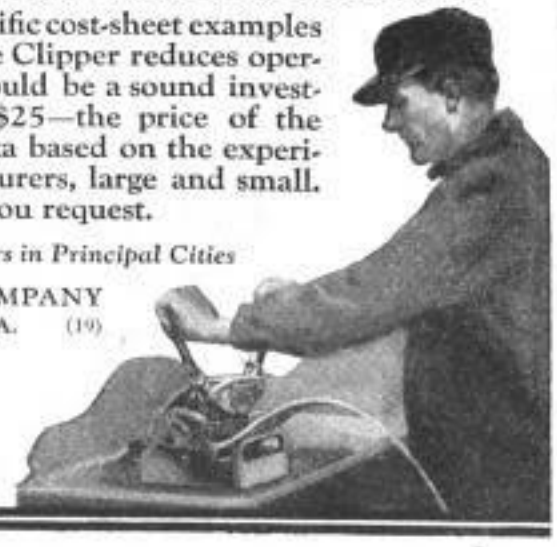
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ceilings they were very long flights. The rooms assigned to us were on the sixth floor. And I may not be believed when I say that these stairways were inch-deep in pure filth; especially in the corners. That is one thing about Bolshevism that is not to be escaped. Wherever it spreads its extraordinary influence, filth accumulates. I do not know why unless it is that the dominant element in Bolshevistic society is instinctively destructive and does not shrink from filth. Moreover, in the communistic social organization there are no servants. What hideous hypocrisy that is! The boss Bolsheviki are not surrounded by servants; they are surrounded by slaves! They are called "*tovarisch*," which means "comrade," but they are told what to do, and they do it. They are not often told, however, to scrub floors or clean up anywhere.

I cannot write about the filth in this hotel because it cannot be written about in polite language. Yet it is typical of all Russia. I am tempted to be plain-spoken about it; to try at least to convey an idea of the horrible stench of it; but I fear to offend nice-minded people. When you find that the landings of a marble stairway have been used for extraordinary purposes, that their walls have been kicked and scuffed, spat upon and otherwise defiled, you wonder about the kind of people who have been using that stairway and about their circumstances in life. You rather hesitate to express yourself. You must pick your way as carefully through your thoughts of them as you do through the nasty evidences of their existence. I noticed frayed bits of old tapestry and other kinds of remnants of a one-time elegance clinging here and there.

The long dark corridors were equally dilapidated. Their floors were bare, but I observed shreds of carpet holding on rather pathetically to tacks along their edges.

"Good heavens!" said I to myself. "I remember distinctly chasing down this very corridor one morning to So-and-so's room!" We had come round to get her for a visit to the Kremlin; she had kept us waiting and I had been delegated to go up and drag her out. It all came back to me—the noiseless comfort of it, the soft lights, the precise and perfectly ordered service. Our interpreter, who was following me with the suitcases and the food basket, must have observed that I was peering round at everything with considerable curiosity.

He laughed and said, "Pretty awful, isn't it? But it's the cleanest place in Moscow! And it has heat!"

A Desolate Outlook

As though that were the one thing desirable. And it was exceedingly desirable. The world outside was lying under about four feet of snow and Mister Mercury was registering somewhere down round ten degrees below zero. One was interested in heat.

Away down at the far end of the corridor were our rooms. They were on either side of the hall. Fully furnished and smartly equipped they would have been worth in former times about three rubles, or one and a half dollars a day. I went into my room—calling mine the first one I went into—then I went across the hall into Miss Gardner's, and I wondered what on earth we were going to do. There were scuffed and rickety-looking metal beds, but they had nothing on them but unbelievably dirty pink sateen mattresses. Nothing, that is, that was visible at a glance. I knew they were going to have large quantities of naphthaline powder on them pretty soon, and since we had our sleeping bags and blankets there was nothing to worry about so far as beds were concerned, but there was nothing else. Yes, there was too. There was a small table in each room, and a chair. But that was all. There were grand-looking fixed wash-hand stands with open plumbing, but I discovered at once that the water didn't run and that the plumbing didn't work. There was not even a washbasin; not a pitcher or a pail; nothing! There were no towels; there were no curtains at the windows; harsh daylight unsubdued lit up marred and mottled walls that had once been painted a delicate mauve. The floor was of rough boards which had once been carpeted but which had certainly not been swept in modern times. There were bits of carpet padding still clinging to it up round the baseboards. Under the window seat there was a clammy warm radiator, but I could see my breath as I breathed, while inside a big leath coat and as many layers of clothes as could carry I felt cold.

The interpreter had gone back down t five flights of stairs to bring up some mo luggage. The automobile boys had lande with one load and had gone back for a other. I was all alone. There was a butt alongside my door and I pushed it. I we over and pushed the one alongside Mi Gardner's door. Then I laughed and sa to myself: "Where do you think you are at the Bellevue-Stratford?"

Doors opened down the long hallway an people came out to look. A woman su denly appeared out of the murk.

She smiled pleasantly and said, "I a Miss So-and-so and if I could do anythi for you I should be very glad."

I said, "Well, now, that's tremendous kind of you. We are just coming in. don't know of anything you can do, b there seems to be a considerable scarcity necessary articles."

The Badge of Bolshevism

At which she smiled not so pleasantl "Oh," she said, "you must get used that! Here in Russia we have learned get along without most of the things th you would think of as being necessar And it's ever so much simpler!"

"Is that so?" I replied, and I looked h over. She, too, was—somewhat soiled, a by that time I had begun to recognize d as the badge of Bolshevism. There we ugly spots down the front of her blue ser frock, while the fine filet-lace collar th she wore had seen better days but nothi in the way of soap and water for a ve long time. I became acquainted with h later on and liked her very much. She w interesting and she was kind, but she w exceedingly liberal-minded. She had t pleasure eventually of assuring me that was hopelessly commonplace and I had t pleasure of agreeing with her with a feeli of devout thankfulness. At the moment this first encounter, however, we were fluenced by nothing but a natural a tagonism.

"I don't mind roughing it," said "I've been in nearly all kinds of pla under nearly all kinds of circumstanc but I'd rather rough it in a desert or wilderness than in this kind of a mess."

"Oh, don't come to conclusions witho stopping to think!" was her very reas able rejoinder, and with that she we away, calling back as she rushed off in the dimness: "But if there's anything can do don't hesitate to let me know. I at the other end of the hall in Numb Ten."

"Thanks, very much!" I replied.

The interpreter came along with a roll bedding. Miss Gardner was behind h with her little typewriter and dispat case, while the automobile boys brought the rear with the final pieces of lugga We counted them: Typewriters, dispat cases, food baskets and boxes, bedd rolls, suitcases, and so on; everyth there. Then came the question of tipp the boys. They stood waiting as their ki the world over are wont to do whet they be in a communistic or otherw condition of servitude.

I asked the interpreter, "What sho we give these lads?"

"Whatever you like," he replied.

"How much is a ruble?" I asked.

"About one-tenth of one per cent nothing," said he, throwing his head ba and laughing with great enjoyment.

"Yes, I know," I answered, "but wh I mean is, how many rubles today to dollar."

"Today, two million," he said. I h some American money with me and s gested that I give each of them an Am ican dollar. He consulted them.

"They say if you have any food y could spare they would much rather ha that."

"Let's give them that German sausage got in Riga!" Miss Gardner exclaim "And a loaf of bread!" She began to fum in a food box. "And we can spare some this butter; and how about some cocoa

"It will have to be equally divided," s the interpreter, who had by this time, some reason, begun to look very sad.

"All right," said Miss Gardner with utmost cheerfulness, and she picked up knife and began to slice the sausage.

The chauffeur made an appealing mo in her direction and the interpreter sa

(Continued on Page 68)

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She judges him by the candy he gives

This is the way he tells "which kinds she likes best"

EVERY girl is a born judge of fine candies. So she naturally prefers Johnston's. Every young man covets the reputation of good judgment in his gifts to the girl he admires. So, just as naturally, a young man invariably selects Johnston's as being sure to please.

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(Continued from Page 66)

"They would rather not have it sliced. Just cut it in two. It will keep better that way."

"What do you mean, keep?" said I. "There isn't enough of it for more than one meal."

"Oh, but it's a good deal," he answered. "It's more meat than they've had in a long time, and if they had to buy it it would cost them more than they make in a week."

"Well, I'll be damned! But see here," I asked, "how about these bells? I pushed them, but nothing happened. When you leave us we are high and dry on a desert island without a word of Russian to bless ourselves with. Isn't there any service of any kind?"

"There really ought to be a maid," he answered, continuing to be sad; and he went to look for one. He found her. She came toddling along after him, looking like something out of a storybook. She was a proletarienne of the purest ray serene. No she wasn't, either! The proletariennes wear diamonds, priceless furs and high-heeled shoes. She was a peasant. But she knew what she was up to; her whole expression registered a message of nobody home, but she knew enough to attend to her communistic job on communistic principles. She wore big felt boots and some kind of peasant costume mostly waistline and fairly glossy with grease and grime.

The Riga Agreement

Thinking that I should have to get on with her later without any assistance I took her in hand and tried the sign language. I led her to the wash-hand stand and made motions to indicate that ablutions were among the things humbly to be desired, then by pointing here and there I endeavored to convey to her the idea that there were a number of things missing that one naturally would expect to find in a hotel room. The interpreter watched me for a moment, then he laughed and told her in Russian that the ladies would like to have washbasins, some pails of water—and things like that.

"*Niet!*" said she. In ordinary, everyday, noncommunistic Russian this means simply "No!" But as she said it it meant "Not so you could notice it!" Whereupon she waddled off serenely into the dim-lit distance of the long, long hallway.

When we finally discovered the hotel accommodations we found them down two flights of stairs in a former service pantry that was filled with rotting garbage. Here there was a water tap that ran, and we learned that when we wanted water we could jolly well go down and get it and that if we expected to wash our faces we would have to supply our own washbasins. Upon further inquiry we learned also that the sewage and water systems of the whole city were out of order and that among the pleasing prospects was a cholera epidemic in the spring. Cholera probably; typhoid certainly. And not a hospital that was not then depending upon the American Relief Administration for its simplest necessities! Not a doctor anywhere whose chief concern was not with regard to how he could get a sufficient supply of food to keep himself going! These be bitter truths.

The next day Miss Gardner and I opened what is known in Moscow today as the Brown House. Of which more later on.

When the American Relief Administration undertook to tide Soviet Russia over the great famine which began to paralyze the soviets in the early autumn of 1921 an agreement was entered into at Riga between Relief Administration officials and representatives of the Moscow government, and this agreement is the indispensable charter upon which all relief operations have been carried out. Everybody will remember when it was made, but I imagine most Americans think of it chiefly as an acknowledgment on the part of the Russians of the necessity for releasing all American prisoners, or Americans arbitrarily detained in Russia, which was made by Mr. Hoover the condition precedent to the extension of A. R. A. operations to include Russia. But I assure you that to American relief workers the clause in the agreement which refers to such Americans is not by any means of primary importance. It was of primary importance merely to begin with; it was "the absolute *sine qua non* of any assistance on the part of the American people," but it was soon disposed of. The soviet authorities complied with it and faithfully performed according to its terms. There were four "whereases," however, a "therefore" and twenty-seven articles in the Riga Agreement, and subsequent experience has proved that if Mr. Walter Lyman Brown, on behalf of the American Relief Administration, had forgotten, in drawing it up, any possible contingency, his oversight would have proved to be a very serious matter to his coworkers who were sent into Russia.

There are clauses that have to do with the liberty and protection of American relief workers in Russia; clauses establishing the American status in connection with port facilities; clauses covering every question that might happen to arise with regard to rail transportation of both food and the distributors of food; clauses covering storage and warehousing necessities; clauses binding the soviet government to pledges of good faith in the safeguarding of relief supplies from theft or requisition; clauses setting forth in detail the necessities of relief operations, such as premises for kitchens and feeding stations, dispensaries, hospital facilities, fuel, cooking and distributing equipment, local personnel, various costs of handling supplies, motor transport, guards and convoys, telegraphs, telephones, mails, and the rights of Americans working in the midst of epidemic disease to take any possible steps toward the improvement of sanitary conditions or the protection of water supply; all that sort of thing, and all of which had to be set forth specifically in dealing with the kind of government which Russia has. But the clauses of immediate and personal interest to America are those in which the soviet authorities agree to provide for the American personnel adequate residential quarters.

One has to take into consideration the fact that the communist idea of adequate residential quarters is peculiar. One has to remember that when the Bolsheviki came into power they turned all Russia out of house and home and that it is against communist regulations for anybody to occupy more room than he actually needs or to have such room as he does occupy fixed up in any way fancy. But the American relief workers are not communists; for the most part they are just plain, ordinary, everyday American citizens of a rather fine and distinguished type, and among their weaknesses is included a weakness for small customary comforts, together with a weakness for an occasional indulgence in the privilege of privacy.

Can you imagine yourself being chucked out into a far troubled place somewhere in the world where for months on end you would never be able to close a door behind you and get that sense of relaxation that can be got nowhere except within the walls of a room you call your own? The American lads have never been given rooms of their own.

In Gilded Barracks

In Moscow the Soviet authorities turned over to the Relief Administration, to begin with, three very handsome houses. They were the one-time residences of one-time wealthy and prominent families. They had been nationalized at the beginning of the Bolshevist régime and in the looting process—which seems to have been so mysterious and yet so extraordinarily thorough—practically everything in them had disappeared.

The Americans gave them names, not just by way of amusing themselves but as a means of simplifying their relationship with their Russian associates and especially with the chauffeurs and other drivers of necessary vehicles.

They called one of them the White House. That was headquarters and came afterward to be known more familiarly as "Arah"—this being the name by which the A. R. A. is generally referred to. One they named the Pink House, and the other the Blue House. The street names are long, hard to memorize and harder to pronounce. It was easier to hammer into the heads of the chauffeurs and droshky drivers these short English designations. But if it had not been for the American Red Cross operating in Riga at the time American relief operations began in Russia our American men would have been up against it for a good many of the things that are required for decent and even moderately comfortable daily living.

Pink House, for instance, had in it a magnificent suite of drawing-rooms with parquet floors as intricate and delicate in design as Persian rugs; it had priceless paintings left hanging on its walls; exquisite vases and bits of statuary on pedestals here and there; cabinets filled with porcelain treasures and small art objects of great value; Pink House had belonged to a collector of rare and beautiful things and had long since been willed by him with all its contents to the city of Moscow. It was therefor that so many of its valuables were intact, but Red soldiers had been quartered in it, with the result that much of its handsome furniture was in shreds, while its ordinary living rooms—bedrooms especially—were empty of everything except a few pictures on their walls. An American doctor was sleeping under a certified and registered Rembrandt, but he was sleeping on an American army cot.

There were no beds! In storehouses here and there the soviets had put away the former belongings of Russian citizens, so it was possible for them to provide carpets and curtains, chairs, tables and tableware of various kinds, but the Americans had to provide their own beds and these were army cots with the American Red Cross label on them! The American Red Cross out looking after its own poor sufferin' citizens—God bless it! And in spite of their magnificence as to merely palatial features, so restricted were the quarters provided that these cots had to be set up from two to five or more in a room, the men being compelled to live, in consequence, like soldiers in gilded barracks. And this was the case all over Russia; not just in Moscow. As a matter of fact Moscow was so superior in its accommodations that it was thought of as being a place that good relief workers might hope to go to when they died.

Relief-Workers' Hardships

The men in Petrograd also had a comfortable home, which I shall be writing about later on, but they, too, slept on American army cots; after which there were Samara, Kazan, Kieff, Kharkoff, Minsk, Ykaterinoslaff, Homel, Kosloff, Novorossiysk, Odessa, Orenburg, Ufa, Rostoff, Simbirsk, Saratoff, Feodosia, Tsaritzin—where and where not? And everywhere American men doing heartbreaking relief work and living in crowded barracks. Wherever I went—except to Petrograd—I had to live down on the railroad track in the car in which I was traveling. All of which will be sufficient explanation of the question which occurred to me and recurred to me so often: What on earth did they do with the beds?

Colonel Haskell, the American director and his immediate staff had quarters in the White House adjoining the administrative offices; Pink House was assigned to heads of various departments, while Blue House was appropriately packed and jammed with office assistants, shipping clerks and other exceedingly useful and necessary but subordinate members of the rank and file.

There is an idea prevalent in the United States that there are a lot of American relief workers over in Europe living in ease and luxury. And in most countries so they have lived—as they should! In Austria, Hungary, Jugo-Slavia, Czecho-Slovakia, Germany, Poland, the Baltic States—nothing the people could provide has ever been any too good for Americans engaged in the tremendous enterprise of feeding the millions of needy children; it is a hard job and the daily terrific grind of looking after its details is not to be exaggerated; but in Soviet Russia we simply went up against a queer conception of adequate facilities. Only the American sense of humor has saved the situation time and again from becoming intolerable.

Colonel Haskell was away when I arrived in Moscow, but immediately upon his return I dined with him and his staff at their mess in the White House, and I sat down to a table provided with the most extraordinary array of furnishings I have ever seen. There were no water glasses, but there were beautiful iridescent Vienne wineglasses out of which water was drunk. There were some pieces of lovely Sèvres porcelain; plates with different crests and monograms on them; tin coffee cups; graceful pieces of ornamental glass for bread and cakes, and milk pitchers from which you would hesitate to offer milk to the cat. I unfolded one of the most exquisite napkins I had ever had in my hands. It was a yard square, satin damask and as soft as spun silk; it had delicate

(Continued on Page 71)

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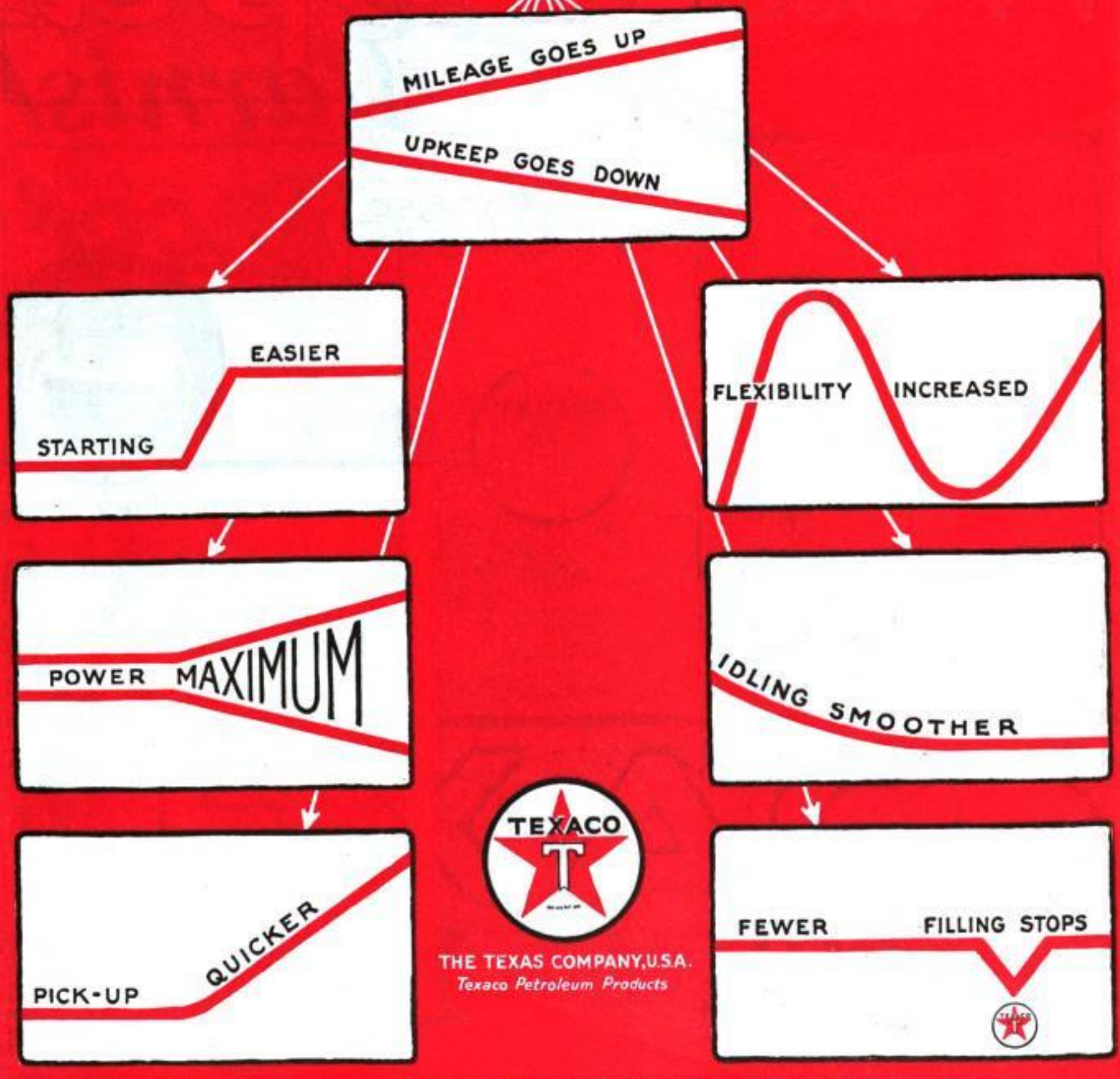
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(Continued from Page 68)

mbroidered upon it an intricate mono-
ram. I like nice linen more than I like
ost things and I thought at once of how
oud of it some woman must have been
ice upon a time.

"They did you rather well as to linen," aid I to Colonel Haskell. He looked at is own napkin as though he never before ad noticed it; and I imagine he never ad; which is just like a man.

"Yes," he replied, "that is pretty good tuff, isn't it?"

But I then picked up my spoon, which as of the cheap pewter variety that can e bought for about ten cents a dozen; ich spoons as are associated in one's mind ith ice-cream parties in the woods. The nives and forks would have been a disrace to any well-furnished kitchen.

"But couldn't they scare up any silver-are for you?" I asked.

"Oh, yes indeed," said he; "they sent us e finest silver outfit I ever saw. It was mplete from pickle forks to platters, with tea service and a coffee service and everying you could think of. But I sent it ack. I didn't want to be responsible for ybody's valuables." He had been in ussia four months and still believed in the credness of private property!

In the meantime the work of the Amerin Relief Administration was growing y by day. The agreement to feed a illion children was ignored, and other ndreds of thousands were added until ere were two million. The American overnment made its donation of twenty illion dollars' worth of corn and the probm forthwith presented itself of handling lief for five million adults. Additional rsonnel to relieve the tremendous strain an insufficient staff kept coming in from iga on every train; offices grew overowded; departments regulating the exnditure of millions of dollars and being sponsible for a strict accounting of every nny of it were huddled in mere corners; en were camping in feeding stations; presentatives of organizations affiliated relief work with the A. R. A.—the merican Friends' Society, the American ennonite Society, the Joint Distribution ommittee, the National Catholic Welfare ouncil, the National Lutheran Council, e Southern Baptist Convention, the . M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A.—were living unmitigated discomfort in the unspeakle Savoy. Residences and buildings were anding empty all over Moscow or were cupied by disorderly mobs, their former rners and occupants being either in exile reduced to the common level of existence mewhere in squalor among the people.

The Twenty-seventh Article

Colonel Haskell, with the utmost cereony and politeness, had asked for more om. With the utmost ceremony and liteness the soviet authorities had asred him that he should have it. He ited. The congestion increased. He reinded the soviet authorities of their cepted duties and obligations; they acowledged said duties and obligations, but thing came of it. And it was then that, th considerable firmness and very little the way of bluff, their attention was lled to the twenty-seventh article of the ga Agreement, which says:

"The A. R. A. reserves to itself the right suspend temporarily or terminate all of relief work in Russia in case of failure on part of the soviet authorities to comply ly with any condition set forth in the ove agreement."

The next day two adequate buildings, e for offices and the other for residential rposes, were made available. That was day I arrived in Moscow. It was four nths after American relief work had gun in Russia!

Right away Miss Gardner and I were d that we were to live in the new resince, so without regard to the livableness its condition and with no thought but to cape from the one and only hotel, we thered up our belongings and moved in. few days later it began to figure in local nversation as the Brown House, but just en it was practically nothing at all so far the A. R. A. was concerned. The supply partment had managed to send in a few ts and there were some bedraggled rems of somebody's prosperity in the form chairs and tables, but nothing else. No rpets; no curtains; no linen; no matsses; no blankets; no l
food; no

I am not particularly cranky on the subject of cleanliness, but I must go on emphasizing the fact that dirt is the badge of Bolshevism. This handsome residence was ridiculously dirty; though in the language of the authorities it had been cleaned and put in order.

There were no implements handy with which to attack the situation, so we could do little enough in the way of housecleaning, but we scratched round a bit and fixed ourselves up in as much cleanliness and comfort as we could achieve.

There was an ancient muzhik down in a little room off the front hall. He was the caretaker and had spent most of his life in the employ of the owners of the property. We discovered that he was spending the declining years of his life in a kind of hopeless daze, but that he responded to kindness as might a deserted big Newfoundland dog. We bribed him with sweet smiles, plenty of white bread and butter and a generous slab of American chocolate, to go out and get some wood and make some fires for us in the porcelain stoves with which each room was provided. After which we were quite shiveringly comfortable enough as long as we kept our coats on. Then we set to work to get ourselves some food out of our food baskets.

A Guest for Supper

We had been cordially invited to dine at all the different American messes, of course, but being unusually busy doing what we were doing we had failed to accept. And there we were. When it came time to eat it was too late to change our minds because we were away off by ourselves a mile and a half from nowhere in a city in which we should have had some difficulty in finding our way even with landmarks visible. The city was snowed under and it was snowing heavily. There were no droshkies, and if there had been they would have been no use to us because we knew neither our own address nor the address of any A. R. A. residence. We had been depending entirely on interpreters and had forgotten to make a note of them. We laughed and hoped that neither of us would have a stroke of anything during the night that would necessitate a call for help. Then we heard footsteps in the hallway.

"Who's that?" said I.

"The old man," said Miss Gardner.

"No, the old man wears felt boots."

"All right, Mrs. Hawkshaw; suppose you go look."

Which I did. There was a man carrying a lighted candle down the hall toward the big doors that led into the sumptuous but empty drawing-rooms.

"Here," said I, "who are you?"

He turned and presented the cheerful countenance of the representative of the American Baptist Convention.

"Oh, hello!" he said. "Are you ladies getting yourselves fixed up all right?"

"Yes, but what are you doing?" I asked.

"I'm developing films."

And so he was. He was using the darkness for a darkroom in the echoing spaciousness of the wholly empty but satin-walled parlors.

"How did you get here?" I asked.

"Why, I've come here to live," said he.

"Had your supper?"

"No, not yet."

"Got any food?"

"No, but I thought of getting out and rustling some somewhere pretty soon."

"Where are you going to sleep?"

"I've got my own sleeping kit."

"Well, go finish what you're doing and come on in. We'll feed you."

We had some canned soup heating up over an alcohol flame, and we intended to heat up some ditto corned-beef hash. He dug into his kit and produced some canned peaches and cocoa—and there we were. All of which unimportant detail is merely by way of presenting as intimate a picture as possible of life as it is lived by Americans engaged in the task of relieving Russia. Through our curtainless windows we could see the snow in great flakes scurrying hither and thither in the thick gray light of a night which behind the clouds was moonlit. Over our cocoa we talked long and learnedly about the terrible situation and really thought nothing whatever about our own discomfort. And in fact it was the utmost in bourgeois luxury in comparison with what most Russians were enjoying.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of ar-
[illegible] appears in an



One of the newest Keds for women and girls. White or colored trimming. Welt construction, composition sole.

One of the most popular all-purpose Keds. For street, for home, for sport. Comes also in a high model. For children and grown-ups, too.

First discovered by the American boy

—now adopted by the whole family

BOYS have always insisted on comfort, especially for their active feet. That's why for years every boy either went barefoot or wore "sneakers" or "tennis shoes" in the summer, which gave him coolness, lightness, foot-freedom.

And everybody envied the boy.

Then Keds appeared, with a complete line of canvas rubber-soled shoes. They made it possible for the whole family to enjoy the boy's summer "luxury." They have become the national summer shoe of America.

Light, cool, easy-fitting, Keds let the feet cramped by months of stiff shoes return to their natural form and breathe. And then Keds have a snap in their lines and finish which makes them popular even on the verandas of exclusive clubs.

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Back of every pair are the skill and experience of the oldest and largest rubber organization in the world—growers, manufacturers and distributors of rubber and its products.

Uppers of fine white or colored canvas—soles of tough, springy rubber from our own Sumatra plantations—Keds make you proud of their appearance as well as enthusiastic about their comfort and wear.

There are many different kinds of Keds—high and low, plain and athletic-trimmed—styles for outdoors, for home, for every kind of sport. You can get the kind you wish at your dealer's. If he hasn't them, he will get them for you.

But remember, Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company. If the name Keds isn't on the shoes, they aren't real Keds.



Sturdy sport shoes, with or without heels. Heavy reinforcements and ankle-patch. Smooth, corrugated, or suction sole.

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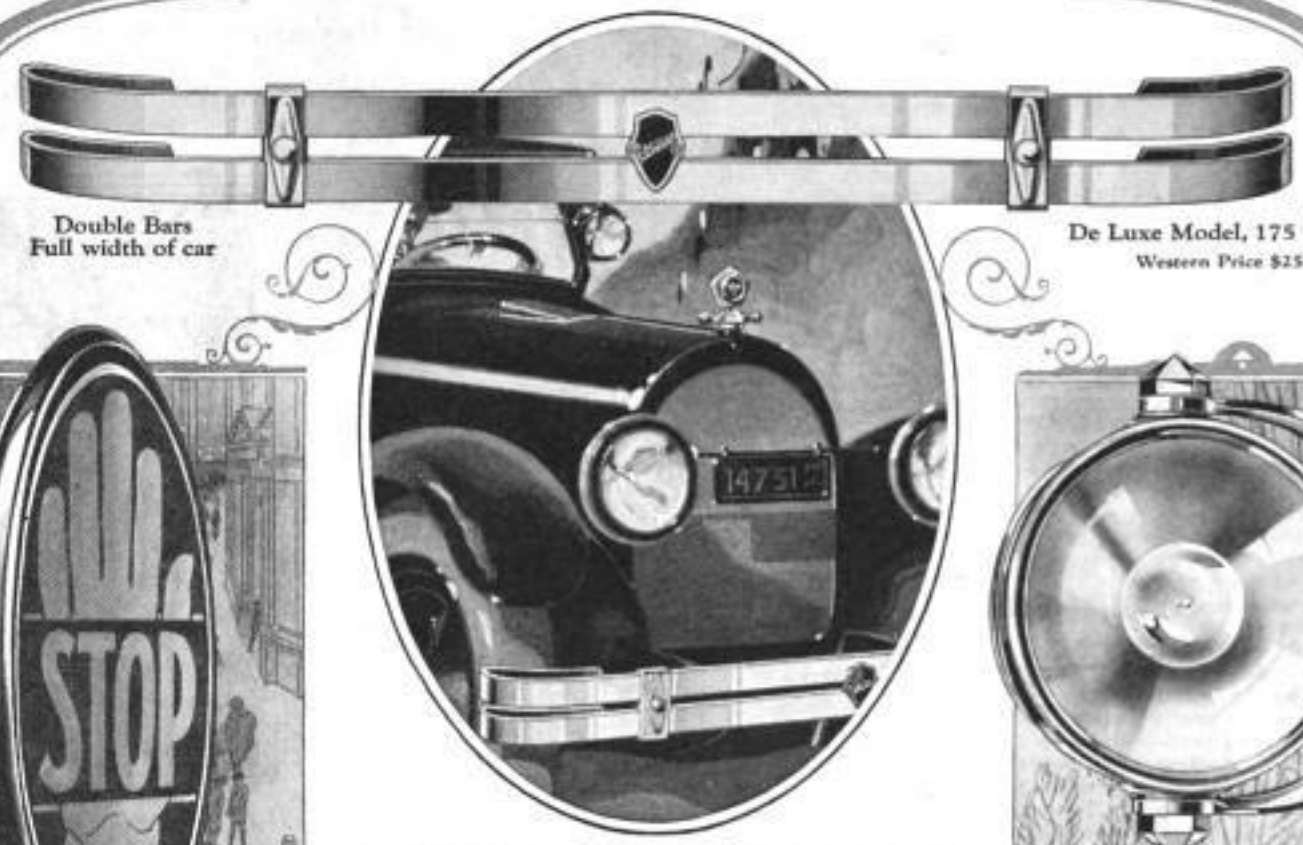
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Keds were originated and are made only by the United States Rubber Company. The name Keds is on every pair. It is your guarantee of quality and value.

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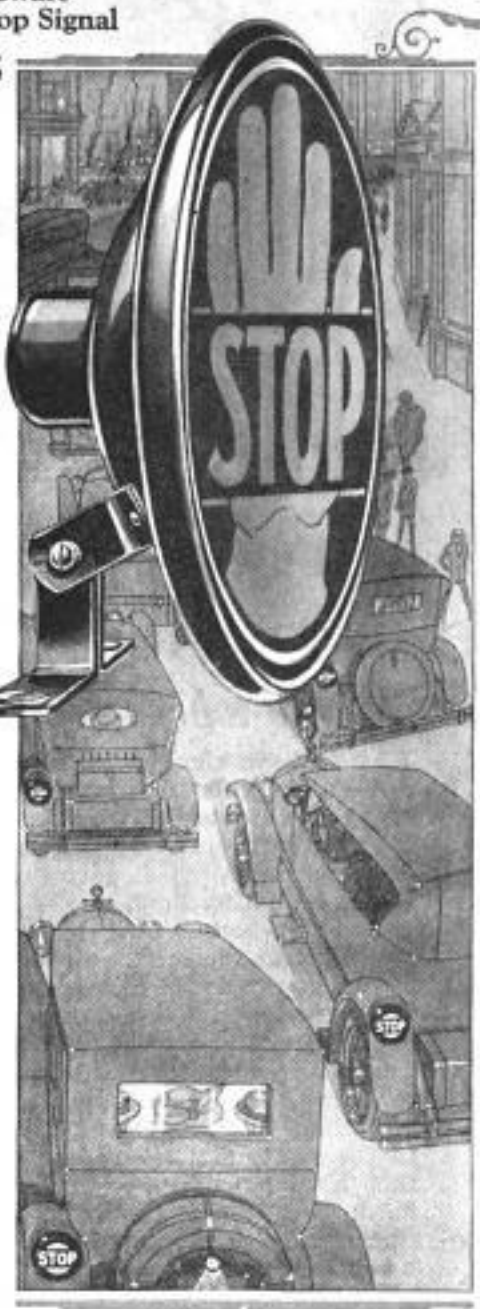
Stewart Autoguard



Double Bars
Full width of car

De Luxe Model, 175 $22
Western Price $25

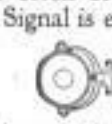
Stewart
Stop Signal
$5



THE Stewart De Luxe Autoguard gives you 100% autoguard protection. The double bars extend across the entire front of the car. Unless you have double-bar protection the full width, a bumper on another car can slip over or under at some point with resulting damage. Don't be satisfied with less than 100% protection.



You'll always know the Stewart Stop Signal. Look for the Red Palm. Like a traffic officer's uplifted hand it commands instant attention. When giving over the rear of your car to the protection of a Stop Signal don't allow false economy to guide you. Cheap articles are often of inferior construction. The Stewart Stop Signal is electrically perfect.



The most beautiful searchlight made. It is called the Miniature De Luxe model, being but four inches in diameter, yet every bit as efficient as the larger Stewart Models. Turns in any direction. Given an attractive heavy nickel finish. A rear vision mirror is set in the back. For open or closed cars.

Stewart
Searchlight
$12



Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation
Chicago, U. S. A.



Single Bar Model, 158 $13.50
Western Price $16.00

Stewart

PRODUCTS
USED ON 7 MILLION CARS

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THEY ARE WONDERFUL LITTLE PEOPLE

(Continued from Page 13)

He was pleased to note that he had her there. She was, indeed, so surprised that the brassy dropped from her hand to the ground, and she made a quick, startled gesture of her arm up toward her breast. Frightened, eh? Ashamed to have been caught trespassing, doubtless, and especially by the son of the house. Well, he would be lenient with her; he would not further embarrass her, for she seemed to be a nice little person, although too sure of herself—too cocksure of herself until he had suppressed her by revealing his identity. If he had suppressed her she showed no sign of it when she next spoke.

"Sit down, please, Mr. Goodwin," she said; "I don't think you are quite well."

He was glad to obey her, for, indeed, he did not feel quite well; the reverse, rather. She approached to stand close beside him, regarding his haggard cheeks and the flush of high fever upon them with anxiety. She, at least, did not suspect him of being drunk.

"You are right," he said, passing a hand nervously across his eyes. "I'm not feeling very fit. I suppose that's why I came directly here to the garden without stopping at the house on the way. I always come here when I'm low. Something soothing about the water out there, especially these still, hot evenings. It's so quiet. And before long those clouds will begin to turn pink—when the sun gets a bit lower—a nice, fresh, clean pink like the dresses little girls wear to parties."

He stopped abruptly, smitten with the suspicion that he was talking nonsense. She had done nothing to insinuate that suspicion into his muddled brain; in fact, she had seated herself quietly at his side in the hammock. Surely she would not have done that if he had been raving. He glanced at her shamefacedly. She seemed very serious, her eyes dark and thoughtful, her lower lip caught by a line of small white teeth.

"I see," he said idiotically, for it was not at all what he intended to say, "I see that you rouge your lips."

She nodded her head absently. He hoped he hadn't offended her, for now that he could examine her closely he was conscious that she was really very beautiful. She appeared so cool and so immaculate and her skin was of the color and texture of a pale-rose rose. Amused by the phrase he repeated it half aloud.

"A pale-rose rose," he murmured, and he laughed quietly and unostentatiously.

"I don't quite know what to do with you," she said musingly; "I think perhaps you had better let me take you up to the house. You're a very sick man, you know."

He denied it overvehemently. He sat up very straight—at least he believed that he did—and spoke with great dignity.

"Pray don't concern yourself in the least about me," he said. "It is kind of you, but wholly unnecessary. I may have been talking rot, but it's my mood, that's all. I feel like talking rot, and if I can't talk rot in my own garden, where can I, I'd like to know. And if you desire to continue driving golf balls into the Sound you are at perfect liberty to do so; in fact, you are at perfect liberty to do anything you choose to. You can trample on the flower beds and pluck the flowers if you want to. You are no longer a—well, a trespasser, you know; you are my guest. I'd like to have you stay to dinner."

"Thank you," she said calmly; "I think I shall."

"I'm very glad. You are a very pleasant person and I like you enormously; which is unusual, because as a rule I dislike women intensely. Nietzsche says that women are like cats—essentially unpeaceable, but able to assume a peaceable demeanor."

"He says worse things than that about them."

"Yes, he certainly does. Cunning old devil, wasn't he? Well, Nietzsche and I agree about women—that is, we always have agreed. I've never granted them much. I mean the modern woman. Always scurrying around clamoring for rights and things, and they'll be awfully sore when they get everything they can think of to clamor for. Dowdy old hens with their feathers all rumpled up—ugly old birds, most of them. And crooked! Good Lord, they'd make a Tammany politician blush! I beg your pardon, but you aren't by any chance a suffragist, or whatever they call themselves, are you? You aren't modern or anything, are you? I mean to say you agree with me that woman's place is in the home, don't you? Because if you don't, why then I suppose I've made an ass of myself all over again, and"—his voice here seemed to die like a phonograph in need of winding—"and you probably won't stay to dinner, and I'd like very much—very much to have you stay to dinner."

"Come," she said briskly, "I've got to get you up to the house right away. Do you think you can make it?"

He smiled wanly. He was so tired that the very thought of movement was painful to him, and the pounding in his temples had increased alarmingly. He felt his head recoil sharply at each blow. Perhaps that was what was affecting his eyesight, for as he looked at the girl beside him he seemed to see her, now small and far away as through the minifying end of a field glass, now large, close and blurred as if the glass were out of focus.

"Can you walk if I give you my arm to lean on?" she asked, her voice apparently coming to him from a great distance.

"Of course," he answered vaguely, "and we'd better hurry, because the fog's coming in thick and it gets very damp when the fog comes in thick, and you might catch cold and not be able to stay to dinner. I want you to stay to dinner. Please stay to dinner. You will stay to dinner, won't you?"

"Yes," she said. "Come, make an effort."

"An effort," he repeated—"an effort. I assure you it's no effort at all," and thereupon he fell flat back across the hammock.

"Oh, dear," she said aloud, "now what shall I do?"

She bent over him and pulled his limp body around that it might rest more comfortably. Then very loudly and distinctly, as if to penetrate his unconsciousness, she said: "There's a telephone in the boathouse. You stay here. Don't move. I'll call for two of the servants to come down and carry you up to the house. Understand now, don't move!"

Her parting injunction was completely superfluous, for David did not consciously move a muscle for a long time.

III

THE next morning Mr. J. Stanley Armitage sat at breakfast at Good Winds facing his daughter Corinna, who sat opposite him across the silver, glass and china strewn table. With the morning newspaper propped up at the left of his plate, he busied himself with eggs and bacon; but, occupied as he was with his daily news and his daily bread, he nevertheless found time to address an occasional query to his daughter.

"So you say young Goodwin's pretty sick, eh? What time does your New York specialist—what's his name?—come out?"

"Ten o'clock. His name's Doctor Lampson."

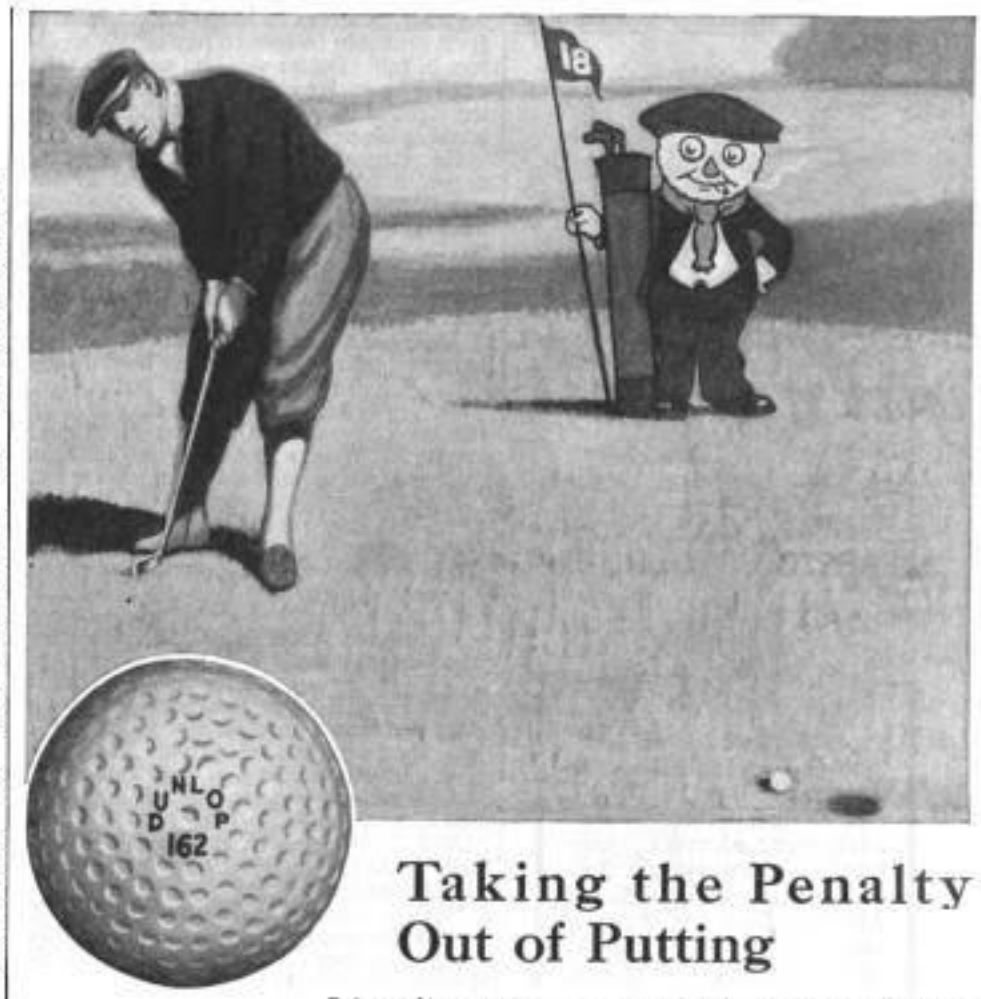
"And the boy's father—what about him?"

"Peter Goodwin? Well, Peter seems to be rather a difficult proposition to handle. I urged him to accept a room here in the house and to consider himself a welcome guest until his son was well enough to be moved; but he wouldn't hear of such a thing. Not he! Said it was embarrassing enough to have David inflicting himself on us; was quite angry that David should have chosen our house of all others to be laid up with brain fever in; insinuated that it was a peculiarly tactless thing to do. You see, he bears us a grudge, strangely enough, for having bought the place; or perhaps not for having bought the place, but for owning and living in a place that was his for so long."

"He's a fool then," commented Mr. Armitage briefly.

"Yes," she agreed, "but an interesting fool, an unusual sort of fool. He's so debonair and so cynical and so—well, so *ancienne noblesse*. His eyes are just as tight shut and he's just as ignorant of what's going on in the world about him as Louis Seize."

"Huh!" grunted Mr. Armitage. "That's probably why he failed. Well, from what



Taking the Penalty Out of Putting

It's after you get on the Green, within sinking distance of the cup, that your previous good playing is often penalized by lack of accuracy in putting. Perhaps an extra stroke or two on what might have been a par hole.

Too often and too much in recent years, this inaccuracy in putting has been charged to human error—when many times the fault lies in the behavior of the ball on its way towards the cup.

Golf balls which are untrue in shape or balance cannot follow a straight line putt. One of the regular tests applied to Dunlops is that of floating them on mercury to determine the degree of rotation and prove that the center of gravity is where it should be—in the exact center of the ball. This and other precautions at every stage of manufacture, including an individual compression test of every ball, guarantee for Dunlops the uniformity and dependability that mean so much to you in maintaining a consistent game.

An ordinary golf ball, in which resiliency depends upon a loosely wound core, is too lively in the "short game"—approaching and putting. On the Green, the slightest depression or obstacle, such as a worm cast, will throw it from its true course. Such a ball, moreover, is easily pounded out of shape, making it almost useless for putting.

You can play a Dunlop with as much confidence on or near the Green as you do from the Tee. Its tightly wound core will compress but slightly under an easy blow, thus assuring a firm, true roll in the exact direction given it by the club.

In price, Dunlops at 85c each are only slightly in excess of the best grade domestic brands. Compared with most of the other imported golf balls Dunlop offers a material saving. The Dunlop Warwick (really much superior to the average ball) sells for 70c.

The difference a Dunlop adds to your game makes it worth *insisting* upon.

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The largest selling Imported Brand of Golf Balls
Now obtainable at
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DUNLOP

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I gather, it seems to be an honest failure. He'll probably be able to pay off his creditors in full. Better ask him again to take a room here. He needn't see us if he hates the sight of us so much. Lord knows, the house is big enough!"

He returned to his eggs and his newspaper, finished them off, glanced at his watch, kissed Corinna hastily on the forehead and hurried away to catch his train for the city—a brisk, untidy, keen, kind-hearted, shrewd, sentimental little man, whose name in our more or less United States is legion.

After his departure Corinna finished her breakfast leisurely, permitting herself long pauses between mouthfuls for meditation. Then, going to the telephone, she called up the secretary of the League for Equal Rights for Women and informed her that she would be unable, much to her regret, to read her paper at the meeting that afternoon—her paper entitled, "Why Should Not Women Pay Alimony?" The secretary was very sorry, and hoped Miss Armitage was not ill. No, Miss Armitage was not herself ill; but one of her guests was really seriously sick, and Miss Armitage felt that she could not leave him—her; whereupon the secretary suggested enthusiastically that Miss Armitage call in the most perfectly wonderful woman doctor—Mrs. Dr. Lucy Potts—who had effected the most perfectly miraculous cures and whose bedside manner inspired just as much confidence as a man's.

No? Well, some other time then, and Miss Armitage must write down the name so she wouldn't forget it.

"Some women," said Corinna to herself as she hung up the receiver, "are such idiots that they don't deserve to be President of the United States!"

Then she went upstairs and knocked gently on the door of the sick room. The trained nurse, whom they had procured from Bridgeport the evening before, let her in and smiled and nodded and said in a noisy whisper, "He's sleeping and I think his fever's gone down. He seems quieter."

Corinna approached the bed and contemplated David in silence. He did, as the nurse said, seem quiet—very quiet except for his quick, difficult breathing. He was lying on his side, his cheek against the pillow, and Corinna could not help noting—for she was a woman, though modern—that his profile resembled that of Mr. John Barrymore.

"Has he—has he been himself at all?" she asked.

The nurse shook her head.

"No, Miss Armitage, very wild and restless all night until about six o'clock this morning. Kept shouting and screaming, and it's a wonder and a blessing you didn't hear him."

"Delirious, I suppose. Well, Doctor Lampson will be here at ten o'clock, and then we'll know what the trouble really is."

"It might be only the influenza," said the nurse reassuringly. "I've seen it bad like that and all gone again in a few days."

They had moved over to the window farthest from the bed during this brief conversation, and consequently did not observe that the patient had opened his eyes and was staring at their dissimilar backs.

But they wheeled about quickly enough when he exclaimed in a tone of intense satisfaction, "So you did stay to dinner, after all!"

The nurse crossed the room and laid a hand on his forehead.

"Delirious, you see," she announced.

"I don't mean you," said David; "I mean the other one. What's her name?—the girl that stayed to dinner."

"My name's Corinna."

"Corinna!" he repeated, "Corinna! It's a nice name, isn't it? Come, Corinna, let us go a-Maying. Didn't someone write that once upon a time? Give me your hand, Corinna, for you are very lovely and my head hurts. What's the matter with my head, I wonder, Corinna? Is that a trained nurse standing there—that large woman, round like a ball and slightly flattened at the poles? Nurse—if you are a nurse—why don't you give me something for my head? There, that's right, Corinna, hold my hand and keep me down on the bed, because if you don't I'm apt to soar up to the ceiling. I feel very light, somehow—specific gravity very low. It must be that. What can we do for that, beautiful, cool Corinna?"

"We can keep quiet until the doctor comes," she said, her hand obediently in his.

He groaned.

"Doctors!" he exclaimed disgustedly. "Doctors! Doctors are fools! If you don't believe me read Bernard Shaw. I'm not sick, I tell you; my head feels queer, that's all; hot, don't you know, Corinna."

Suddenly he sat up straight in bed and, wild-eyed, crushed her hand with a terrific strength.

"Corinna," he cried, "you must not leave me! Say that you won't leave me, Corinna!"

"I won't leave you," she answered, "if you'll lie back and promise to keep quiet and not talk."

"Thank you, dear," said he, and his body relaxed, and he closed his eyes and his lips and seemed to sleep.

When the doctor arrived he found Miss Armitage sitting quietly by the patient's bed, holding his hand. He concluded, reasonably enough, that they were lovers, and, since he was a famous diagnostician, perhaps he was not far wrong. At any rate it was with a kindly voice that he requested Corinna to await his verdict downstairs in the library.

"I shan't be long," he said, "and when I leave here I have no doubt that you may come back and stay with him as long as you want to. You appear to have a soothing effect upon him—an effect which is most desirable at this stage of the illness.

(Continued on Page 77)



Spinning a yarn about

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ASBESTOS PRODUCTS

From the time the crude asbestos leaves the mines until it is made into automobile brake lining, packings or electric heater cord, every process is under our supervision. Specialization gives to all GARCO Asbestos Products that inherent quality which has created a great National demand.

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Easy!

How much energy do you use to inflate a tire? The Morgan Pump cuts effort and time in half.

The all metal Morgan Pump has a piston and two piston rings. These, with the automatic valve, make inflation *easy*.

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Metal Piston Ring

Jobbers write for descriptive chart. A few territories open for Agents.

Become an Advertising Man

and build business through effective publicity. Every enterprise these days needs the skill of the trained advertising man. Those who can create sales and good will through advertising have a highly interesting and well paid occupation.

The United Y. M. C. A. Schools' Advertising Course is based on the latest text-books and gives the student the effective personal service of instructors experienced in national and retail advertising, commercial art, printing, merchandising practice, etc. "I am now in the publicity department of our company (naming a large business organization) and my course has brought me not only more interesting work, but it has raised my earning power a good bit—three increases since January, 1921," writes one of hundreds of pleased students.

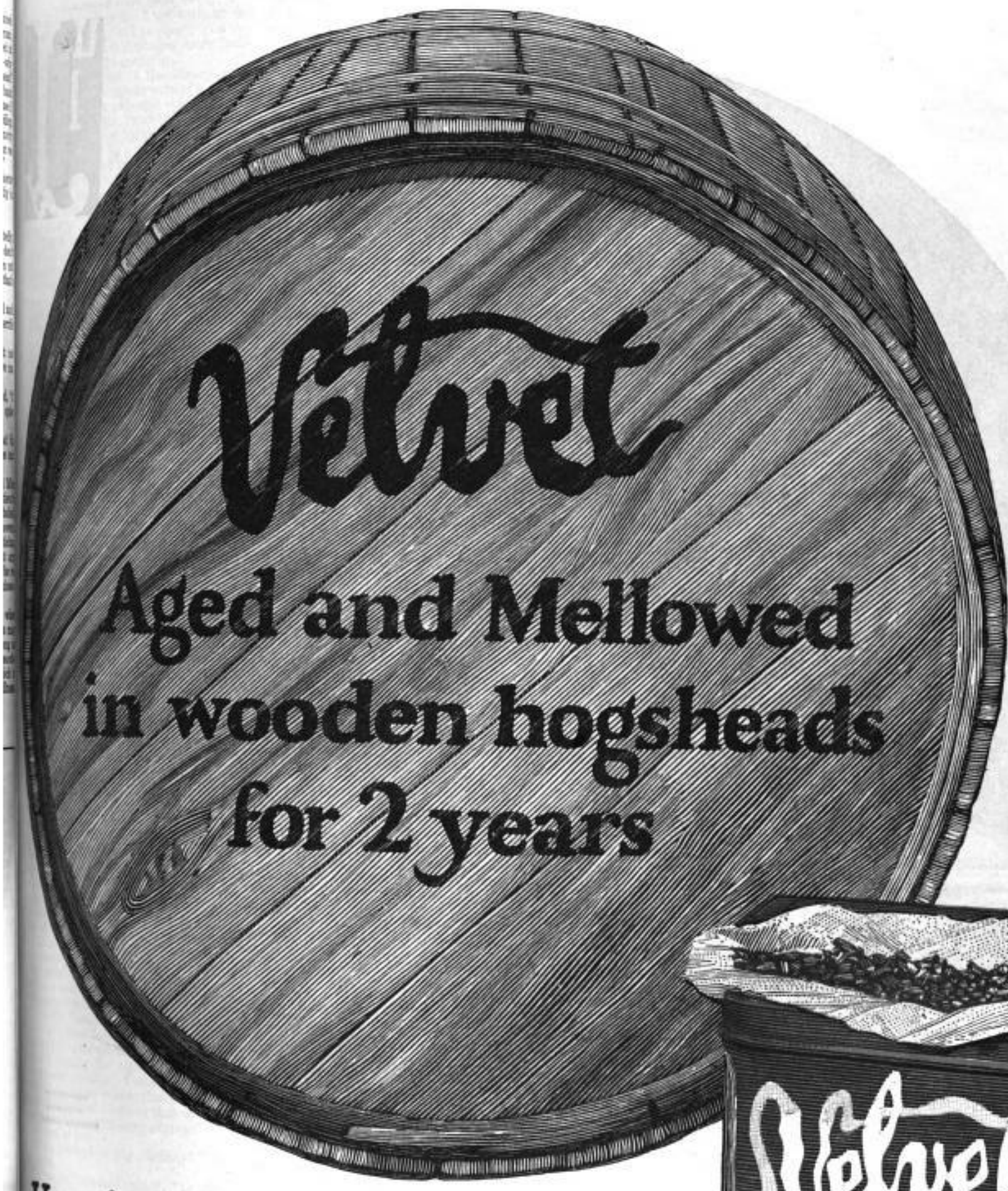
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"Will You Marry Me, David? You Do Care for Me—You Care a Little, I Know. Do You Care Enough?"

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Here's what takes place inside this hogshead—

We purchase from the farmers in Kentucky the very finest sun-ripened Burley leaf for use in Velvet.

When this leaf tobacco is delivered to us, we carefully pack it in wooden hogsheads similar to the one illustrated.

There it remains to slowly age for two solid years. During this time the tobacco goes through natural "sweats" and throws off all bitterness and harshness.

Long experience has shown us that ageing-in-the-wood is the *only* method that produces a mild and mellow smoking tobacco.

We're ready to back Velvet against any tobacco made—in the world. Smoke Velvet—aged-in-the-wood tobacco. Mild and mellow.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



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INTERWOVEN
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Interwoven Toe and Heel Socks

FOR FREEDOM FROM HOLES

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(Continued from Page 74)

We strive to reduce the fever without depressing the heart, and so—well, you see my point. You are doubtless more indicated just now than medicine."

Corinna descended to the library with the feeling that her cheeks were of a deeper hue than that of a pale-rose rose. In the library she found Mr. Peter Goodwin, pacing the Chinese rug, his usually debonair features shadowed by a warranted anxiety and an unwarranted indignation.

"Oh," said Corinna, "I am so glad you came over! Doctor Lampson is examining him now and we shall have his diagnosis very shortly. Won't you sit down?"

"Thank you," said Mr. Goodwin, "I'll take this chair if you don't object. It was always rather a favorite of mine. In fact this room was always a favorite of mine. I planned it myself—chose the paneling and the rug and the furniture, and even," he added with a glance around at the bookshelves—"and even the books. The choice books, however, I took care to remove before the sale, and I perceive that the vacancies left by my first editions have been filled with thrilling best sellers. Ah, yes, The Black Hand, The Purple Mask, The Green Glove, The Pink Pawn Ticket and, I have no doubt, The Vermilion Vermifuge. An interesting color scheme!"

He gave a scornful twist to his well-trimmed mustache and surveyed her with young, ironical eyes. He was fifty years old, but in many ways more youthful than his own son.

"How soon can I get David out of here?" he asked abruptly and even rudely.

She shrugged her slim but masculine shoulders.

"That would depend, I should think, on how soon you want to kill him. You can take him away today if you like—he's not a prisoner."

He pondered this for a while, and then he said, "Can't you understand that we don't want to be under obligations to you—or rather to your father?"

"Why not?"

"You're being willfully obtuse," he replied irritably. "This has been our home for ten years. Now it isn't. While I was losing my money your father was making his. I was an optimist as regards the prosperity of the country, and your father was a pessimist. Your father was right—the country's going to the dogs. Prohibition, the movies, professional baseball, the impudence of the working classes, the cowardice of the governing classes, the masculinization of women, whereby they simply acquire men's voices without losing their own—what a nation!

"If I had any money left I'd go short of government bonds."

She smiled across at him compassionately, as a mother smiles on a child who is deliberately wrecking his own toy.

"Poor Mr. Goodwin," she said. "You should have been born a seignior in the Middle Ages! I should like to read you my speech advocating the right of divorced women to pay alimony. You see, I'm one of those masculinized women that you refer to so scathingly, and I believe that women should share all the privileges of men."

He stared at her.

"Is it a privilege to pay alimony?" he demanded.

"It must be," she said calmly, "or men wouldn't do it."

"Do you want to sit on juries, too, and listen to disgusting cases?"

"Why not? Men enjoy it."

"And I've no doubt you think the female should make the amorous advances to the male—court him, propose to him, marry him and support him."

She hesitated, flushing a little in spite of her boasted masculinity.

"That depends of course on the circumstances in each individual case. Listen, Mr. Goodwin, do you realize that in Nature—birds and animals, for instance—the male has the more gorgeous plumage?"

"The plumage of the lion," murmured Mr. Goodwin, "is undoubtedly gayer than that of the lioness."

"Well, plumage, coat, hide, skin, whatever you want to call it. The point is that nowadays you will note that in the case of human beings it is the woman who is the more gorgeously attired. The man wears black and white for the most part, with, at best, a touch of color at his necktie. Man has become the drab, self-effacing sex, passive or even ec[illegible]

the purple, the coronets and the cloth of gold. The gorgeous plumage is hers, and with it the leadership of the world."

"Bravo!" said Mr. Goodwin dryly, and clapped his hands. "All you need is a platform and an American flag and you will go far. I shouldn't be surprised to see you in the Senate one of these days."

"Yes," she said defiantly, "but first I want to marry your son."

Once more he stared at her, and she, one of the leaders of the world, flushed crimson under the scornful amusement in his eyes.

"Marrying my son," he said presently, "is an ambition far more difficult of attainment than that of sitting in the United States Senate. It is also, however, the more worthy. As soon as the doctor gives his permission I shall take the liberty of removing my son from your dangerous presence."

"It will make no difference," she said valiantly; "I usually get what I want."

He bowed gravely.

"Usually, perhaps," he said, "but not always."

IV

DOCTOR LAMPSON pronounced David's malady an acute attack of influenza, and charged handsomely for the pronouncement. The case was left, unless alarming and unlooked-for symptoms should develop, in the hands of a local practitioner. But there was, he averred, no cause for worry.

Complete rest and careful nursing and within two weeks David would be as right as rain—a little feeble, perhaps, a little languid, but otherwise himself again. Be very careful of drafts.

Corinna and the globular nurse, Miss Fenster, took over complete control of the sick room, and not Mr. Goodwin or Mr. Armitage or a draft was permitted to enter until David's temperature became normal and showed promise of remaining so. This happened at the end of about ten days.

During those ten days, as one can readily believe, Corinna's courtship made distinct progress. A man is never so susceptible to feminine influences as when he is weak and suffering and flat on his back. His power of resistance, which, in healthier days, has enabled him to avert many a catastrophe, is then at a low ebb, and his helplessness engenders a mood of gratefulness which in turn produces an inferiority complex. When he has reached that condition he is well-nigh doomed and is as wax in the hands of a determined, remorseless woman.

Poor David! It was only when he was strong enough to leave his room and sit outdoors on the sunny terrace that he began to realize to what a degree he had committed himself. He had, during those dark past days, clung frantically to Corinna's hand and called her endearing names; he had drunk his milk from a glass held in her fingers and he had been fed his broth and his porridge from a spoon which she guided to his lips.

In ten days they had become as intimate as if he had known her all his life.

He wondered, in his innocence, if he ought not to apologize for the—well, the extremely familiar manner in which he had conducted himself with her. He wondered uneasily if she thought he had taken advantage of his position as invalid to make love to her—to make love to her of all people! She was the last woman in the world, he reflected, to whom he could suggest marriage, for not only was she immensely rich and he immensely poor but the Armitage riches had purchased and now owned the very *lares* and *penates* of the Goodwins. Should he marry her he would appear to be marrying himself back into his former possessions; in short, a peculiarly mercenary marriage, flagrant even in an era when most marriages are mercenary.

"Corinna," he said, interrupting her reading, "I want to talk to you seriously for a few minutes. Do you mind?"

She marked the page in her book and put the book aside.

"No," she said, "I don't mind. What is it?"

"I'm afraid," he began hesitatingly—"I'm afraid that I made a good deal of an ass of myself when I was sick."

"One does," she said.

"Yes, of course, one does. But what I wanted to say"—he was floundering badly now—"what I wanted to say was that I seem to have been—well, a peculiarly sentimental sort of ass, a mawkish ass, in fact.

"You mean," she said calmly, "that you said nice things to me and that you are now sorry you did?"

"No—no, of course not!" he disclaimed. "I mean that I thought you might think I had presumed on my illness to become overfamiliar."

"What is overfamiliar? When does familiarity become overfamiliarity?"

"When? Why, when it goes beyond the point where it is welcome, I suppose."

"And you think you went beyond that point?"

"I hope not. That's just what I want to apologize for—I mean if I did."

"Well, you didn't," she said briefly.

"Oh!" was all he could find to say; but he was aware that he had left a great deal unsaid.

He had not explained himself properly at all.

During the silence that followed he did not meet her eyes, but he knew that she was studying him, appraising him. Had he known the words that were forming themselves on her lips he would have been even more uneasy. And she, herself, was no longer the calm, confident Corinna to whom he was accustomed, the Corinna who was valiant for the equality of the sexes, who proclaimed, clarion voiced, the right of woman to participate in all the privileges of man. No, to her annoyance, she found herself confused, hesitant, timid as a girl! Vexatious thought! She, Corinna Armitage, member of the League of Equal Rights for Women, secretary of the Woman's Civic Improvement Association, vice president of the Woman's Radical Club, one of the governors of the Woman's Political Coffee House—she, Corinna Armitage, found herself timid and blushing like a girl in the presence of a mere insignificant man, and a sick, feeble man too!

"David," she said, striving bravely but vainly to sound like the self-possessed, clear-headed, judicious young woman that she desired to be, "David, you don't really know me at all, do you? We have talked a great deal together, but we have never touched on the subjects that are of importance. You guess, for instance, that I am a feminist, but you don't know what I mean by that any more than you know what you yourself mean by it."

David laughed and waved his hand carelessly in the air.

"Equal rights, equal privileges, equal standards for women," he said. "It's all wrong, of course, but bless you, Corinna, it's really not important. You women have gained everything you've been fighting for."

"Theoretically, perhaps. Not everything, but a great deal; and only theoretically, or, if you want, legally. There are many things, however, that manners, customs and traditions withhold from us, and we shall continue to be deprived of these until we have the courage to overthrow the old manners, customs and traditions."

"Well," observed David, "it seems to me that the old manners, customs and traditions gave women all the best of it."

"If they did—and I deny that they did—we don't want the best of it. We want to share alike the good and the evil. We hope that the day will come when it will appear just as natural for the wife to go to business in the morning, leaving the husband to care for the children and the home, as it appears now when the reverse is the case. There are plenty of wives who have greater money-earning potentiality than their husbands, just as there are doubtless plenty of husbands who are better suited to caring for the home than their wives. But that's only one detail; we want the world to acknowledge that women are as capable as men of engaging in absolutely all activities, with the possible exception of those requiring great physical strength. Women have already made successful teachers, actors, writers, artists, lawyers, doctors, public officials, policemen, scientists, and, in Russia, invincible soldiers. All we need is encouragement—not from men, for we don't expect that, but from ourselves. We need someone to start the fashion; someone who is prominent socially or otherwise; someone, at least, of whom her eager, timid, leaderless sisters will say, 'If she does it why shouldn't I?'"

"A sort of bell cow, eh?" suggested David, smiling.

"If you choose to call it that," she answered, but with no smile in return. "But I'm very much in earnest. I'm so much in [illegible] that I and some



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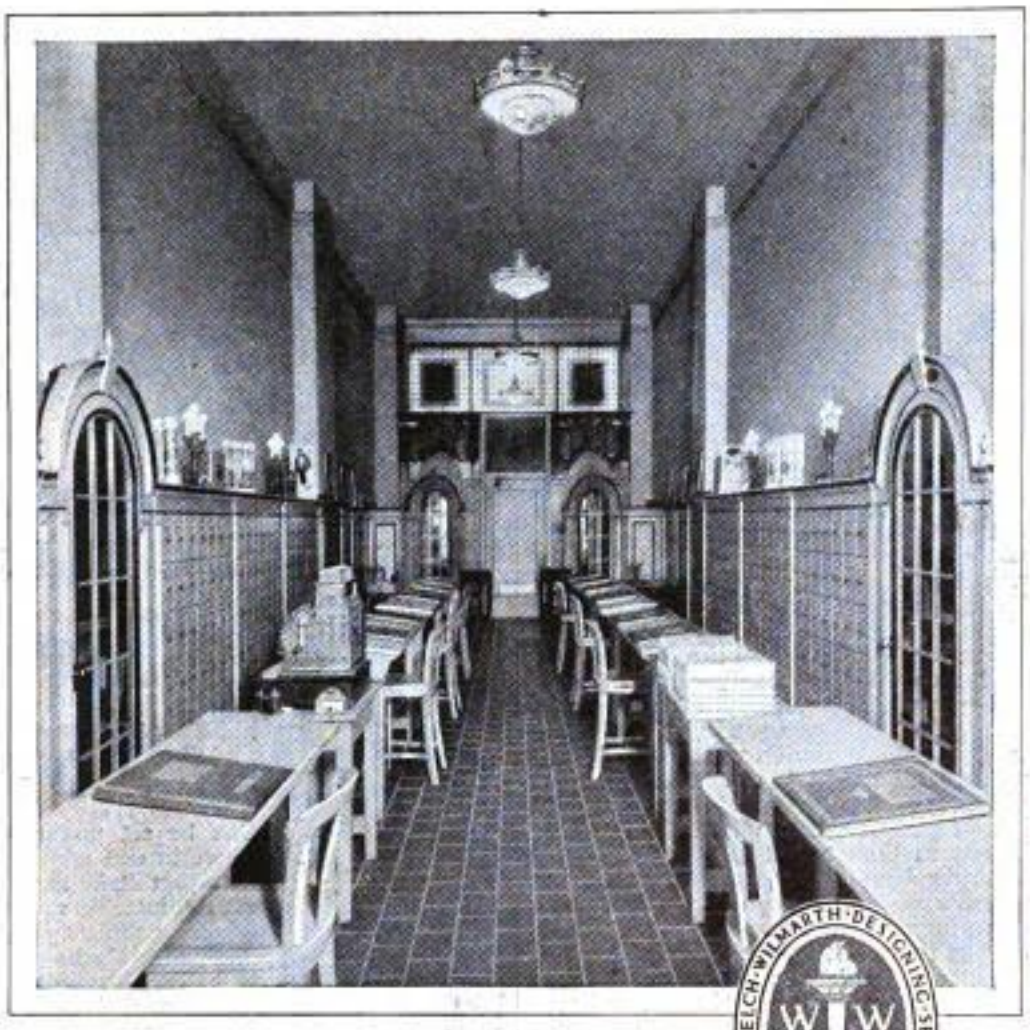
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extent of becoming unpleasantly conspicuous, whenever a reasonable opportunity presents itself. It happens that a reasonable opportunity presents itself to me now. David, will you be my husband?"

She sat up, slim and erect and brave-eyed, in the large wicker armchair. Her profile was turned to him, and she gazed out and down over the terraced gardens to the silver-blue, quiescent Sound. The silence of midafternoon was unbroken except when an errant breeze strayed up from the water to stir the orange-and-white awnings behind them, or when tiger-colored bees, satiated with roses, hummed errantly by in search of new gardens.

"I have often," continued Corinna presently, "scoffed at love at first sight; but I think that I have loved you ever since I came upon you, lying delirious, down there in the Nantucket hammock. You thought the place was yours, and although the place was no longer yours—I was. Will you marry me, David? You do care for me—you care a little, I know. Do you care enough?"

"I care a great deal, Corinna," he answered slowly. "I care too much, because I can never marry you. I am sorry. It was very brave of you to ask me."

"It was not brave at all," she interrupted. "I was living up to my theories—my convictions of what a woman must do in certain circumstances. And besides," she added, "I guessed that you would never propose to me."

"It would have been impossible," he agreed gravely. "I tried to explain why."

"I know, and you didn't make a very good job of it. That is why I took the reins into my own hands. You have some silly scruples about marrying me because I am rich and my father owns this house which your father once owned. Is that the only reason why you won't marry me?"

"It is the reason why I can't," he said.

"You insist on letting that stand in the way of—of our happiness?"

"It does stand in the way, Corinna, and there is no avoiding it."

She made a gesture of impatience with her slender hand and bit at her lower lip querulously.

"You're such an idiot, David! What can I do to change you? Spend all father's money for him?"

He hesitated.

"I might some day make some money myself," he suggested without much conviction.

"Some day!" she echoed. "Some day! And meanwhile we throw away our youth. You are twenty-nine and I am twenty-seven, David. We're no longer children. In not so many years we'll be reaching middle age. And yet you propose to sacrifice the happiness we might have out of those years for some ridiculous scruple of false pride. David, is there another girl? I have a right to ask, haven't I?"

"No, Corinna, there is no other girl."

"And you—you love me?"

She flushed crimson at the frank use of the verb, for in spite of her fear of the imminence of middle age she was still youthful enough to blush.

"You know I love you," he said. "Don't make it harder for me."

"I'm trying my best to make it easier for you," she retorted.

She stood up with a sigh of vexation; but it is possible that in the bottom of her heart there lay a feeling of relief that a difficult and daring undertaking had been gone through with—unsuccessfully, to be sure; but even the brave are not always successful. To have been brave is glory enough.

"Your refusal, then, is definite?" she questioned, turning to face him at last.

"I'm afraid it must be," he said miserably. "I'm sorry—I'm very sorry."

"So am I—sorry for myself and almost as sorry for you. It means that I shall have to devote myself to work in order to try to forget, as men say. Isn't that what they say, David, when a girl throws them down?"

She spoke bitterly, but at the same time lightly, almost frivolously, and David said, "Don't make a joke of a tragedy Corinna!"

"Oh, I don't know! A little cheerfulness does no harm anywhere. Do you know what I'm going to do, David?"

He admitted that he had no idea what she was going to do.

"I'm going to present myself as a candidate for the state legislature at the next election. Assemblywoman Armitage! Father will be furious!"

"You're going to run for office!" claimed David incredulously. "On a ticket?"

"On my own. I have all the wom associations behind me. They've been ing me to run for months, but I've back. Now I shall listen to the call o constituents. That, also, is what men isn't it, David? Yes, I shall hearken t call of my constituents. 'Hearken' is ter, I think."

She stretched out her arms, upward outward, toward the sun, and in very imitation of a third-rate, flag-waving tician she cried:

"My friends, I stand before you platform consecrated by the blood tears of our forefathers—the platfor Liberty! As long as Old Glory floats on the breeze, as long as the Red, W and Blue stands as the symbol of G country, so long will the people of country demand liberty with a voice shakes the world. And, my friends, wh pronounce that hallowed name of 'libe I mean not only liberty for some but lib for all—liberty for the women as well a men; liberty for the wives as well as husbands; liberty for the mothers as as the fathers; liberty for ——"

"Liberty for David," interrupted Peter Goodwin, who, during this mag quence, had silently appeared on terrace. "Liberty for David, Miss Armi I've come to take him home."

▼

IT WAS not many days later that Armitage called upon David in shabby little house so near to Good W in distance and so far removed from everything else. Mr. Armitage was em rassed and distressed, and being unus experiencing either of those mental c tions showed his distress and embar ment the more plainly. The unfortu man was in a peculiarly unpleasant dicament.

"Mr. Goodwin," he said to David, ing a long breath and plunging desper *in medias res*—"Mr. Goodwin, my daug Corinna is determined to make a fo herself."

"Ah?" replied David politely, fin nothing more adequate to say.

"Yes, exactly. Corinna is very stubbo

"Stubbornness may be either a qu or a defect. It depends, I suppose, the cause in which it is employed."

"In this case," observed Mr. Armit "the cause is—is awful. It's politics. rinna's made up her mind to run for state legislature. She's got a lot of women's clubs and things backing her, at present she's chasing all round the c try in my automobile getting signat She's going to run on her own ticket, see. It's disgraceful!"

"Well," said David, "it isn't exactly career I'd choose for my daughter—if I one."

"Of course not! The publicity she'l will be scandalous. It's unwomanly-immodest. Speaking in public on boxes; waving banners; pleading for v being laughed at by the men; mixing a lot of dirty politicians—you know she'll be up against. Well, it's not plea to contemplate, and I'd do anything in world to stop her. In fact, I've tried best to stop her, but she won't be stop She won't listen to me."

"I'm sorry," said David, wondering where he came into the affair.

"Yes," agreed Mr. Armitage me tively, "I knew you'd be sorry; I k you'd see it the way I do. The questio are you sorry enough to do something will put an end to the nonsense?"

"Why, anything in my power, natur Mr. Armitage; anything I can dece do, although I must admit I don't exa see how my influence ——"

Armitage interrupted him with a of his hand.

"Your influence, although you may realize it, is enormous. Come, Mr. G win, I must be absolutely frank with if I am to arrive at anything. Let me you a question: Why does an other normal and healthy young woman fly denly off the handle and throw all nervous energy into something that rights should be distasteful to her? Wh

David shrugged his shoulders and sm a little wanly.

"Why do women do anything, Mr. A tage? I don't know, and wiser men th don't know. One of women's charm

(Continued on Page 80)

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Not what you eat but what you don't eat—*is the cause of many troubles*



Abounding health and glorious freedom from many minor ailments can be secured by getting the right food factors in your diet

YOU may be eating plentifully yet not getting the food factors you need. If you lack these from your meals you really starve your body so that your health is undermined.

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(Continued from Page 78)

their complete lack of reason. They are human *non sequiturs*."

"There are exceptions," Armitage pointed out, "and Corinna is an exception. She has a masculine mind."

"Ah?"

"She's doing precisely what a man would do in her position. She's plunging headlong into this political business simply because she's had a serious disappointment in her life. She's trying to drown her heartache in work."

"Ah!" said David again, but this time it was a startled interjection. He had a glimmering of what the conversation was leading to; he sensed danger ahead; he saw breakers tossing venomously on a treacherous reef, and Armitage was steering him inevitably toward them.

"Yes," continued Corinna's father, "I am convinced that if Corinna could marry and have children she would forget all this nonsense; she'd snap her fingers at the state legislature and everything in it. Corinna's in love—I know, because she admitted it to me—and the man she's in love with and wants to marry won't marry her because, I infer, of some stupid scruple; something about her being rich and him poor. Does it occur to you, Mr. Goodwin, that I could cut Corinna off without a penny if I chose? She wouldn't be rich then, would she?"

"No," answered David nervously, "she wouldn't be rich then."

"Well?" queried Mr. Armitage.

"Well?" said David.

"You see my point? Do I have to make myself any clearer?"

"I think," said David, "that in such a—well, such a delicate affair it is necessary that you be completely clear; otherwise we shall find ourselves talking in the dark."

Mr. Armitage sighed and threw his cigar out over the shabby little lawn into the street.

It was a good throw, but by no means a difficult one.

"Mr. Goodwin," he said, "the fact is that Corinna is in love with you and wants to marry you. Can't you see your way to obliging her?"

David shook his head sadly.

"I fear not," he answered; "I fear not. You see I am worse than poor—I am a bankrupt. At least my father is. I cannot in decency marry anyone until—or unless—we extricate ourselves with honor from our present situation."

During this reply of David's Mr. Armitage had crossed the veranda in two steps, and was now standing on the edge by the railing, his back to David and absorbed apparently in the contemplation of the three tired geraniums that still held up their heads in the bed below.

"Equipment business, isn't it?" he said abruptly to the geraniums.

"We manufacture articles made of a very high-grade steel," explained David, "used mainly in the better-class automobiles. During the war we had large contracts with the Ordnance Department, and my father expanded the plant—overexpanded it, I suppose. It's a one-man business, and until now he's been the one man."

"And now?"

"And now he seems to have lost all interest. Until I got sick I was trying to lend a hand—save our creditors and of course ourselves; or rather our financial reputation."

"I see," said Mr. Armitage. "Well, I can only wish you good luck. You have my sympathy—what there is of it left that doesn't go to Corinna. It looks as if she'll have to go ahead and make a fool of herself."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Armitage."

"But you won't change your mind and marry her, eh? She's a good sort of girl, Corinna is."

"She's a glorious girl," agreed David warmly, "but she's out of my reach."

"All right, Mr. Goodwin, we'll have to let it go at that. You at least don't say that the grapes are sour, and I shall console myself with that knowledge, pending developments."

"They are out of reach," said David slowly, "but they are very sweet grapes."

After the departure of Mr. Armitage Peter Goodwin came leisurely out, pipe in mouth, to join David on the veranda.

"What did he want?" he asked casually. "Anything in particular?"

"Nothing I could give him," answered David.

Peter Goodwin puffed in comparat silence for a space, and then he said, rat irrelevantly: "I forgot to tell you that people at the Emerson Trust have b rather decent. They've agreed to urge forced sales until they can again disc the situation with you. Of course they only desirous of saving their own neck that's what decency invariably boils do to in the financial district. Meanwh while they've been so decently waiting, value of our assets has appreciated c siderably. What's more, I understand factory's been getting some orders. Oh, y my boy, if our creditors hadn't been s impatient, grasping, suspicious, pessimi asses we'd have weathered the storn pulled through somehow without the sistance of an imbecilic receiver."

He stopped speaking, and for the f time in months was seized with a constr tive idea.

"Armitage," he murmured, "has a g bit of authority, I understand. Wonde he'd be any help to us."

"Mr. Armitage," said David firmly, the last man in the world we can ask to of any help to us."

"Oh!" observed Peter Goodwin, sc tinizing his son with a gleam of amusem in his youthful eyes. "Oh, I see!"

VI

THE following morning was a very b one for Mr. J. Stanley Armitage in office on the twenty-fifth floor of the cently completed Armitage Building; a busy day, too, for Miss Suttar, his comely but efficient secretary. Promp at nine o'clock the fifty-million-dollar b of Mr. Armitage—at least he was appra at that figure—settled itself in its d chair, pressed a button and commenced issue orders.

"Get me the Honey Automobile C pany in Newark, Miss Suttar. Speak Mr. Johnson, the vice president, if possibl

He got the connection, and it wa startled and deferential Mr. Johnson answered the rather surprising question the great man.

"What steel do we use in the Honey, Johnson—I mean in the axles, the bearin and so forth—the parts that demand high-grade steel?"

"We use Timmins' steel, sir," answe Mr. Johnson.

"Timmins', eh? Well, anything matter with Goodwin steel?"

"Not that I know of, sir; only Go win's a small producer and he's about do and out."

"He can produce enough to supply demands for 1923, can't he?"

Mr. Johnson attempted a friendly lau

"Oh, yes," he said, "he could and I no doubt he'd be tickled to death do it. But our engineers call for Timmi stuff."

"All right. You speak to them about They call for a thing just because they called for it before. If Goodwin can give as good material at as good a price we'll Goodwin, do you see? I don't butt in o on this Honey property of mine, but t time I do, and I take all the responsibili Do you understand?"

Mr. Johnson understood superficially any rate.

"I'll let you have a report on it n week, sir," he said.

"No, you won't," Armitage contradic him. "You'll let me have a report after tomorrow."

The great man hung up the receiver, turning to Miss Suttar directed her to him the Emerson Trust. Miss Sut might have pointed out that Mr. Armit had already got a large part of the Emer Trust, for she had seen certificates t testified to this fact in her employer's s He now got the president.

"Ramson?" queried Mr. Armit "This is Armitage speaking. What h you done about that Goodwin busine Nothing? Well, that's right. That's w I hoped. Yes, I've reason to believe th you sit tight that property will pull thro and pay us dollar for dollar. You mi tell the receiver—what's his name? ney?—you might tell him that you, as principal creditor, recommend watch waiting. The other creditors will be enough to follow our line, I guess. W reason have I? Well, it's a good on peculiarly good one, Ramson. Remem though, it's your own idea and not m Everything the Emerson Trust does is y idea, Ramson, and not mine. That's you're president, my dear fellow. No, d

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et sore. Come out to dinner tonight instead—come out early and we'll shoot nine oles."

Once more the great man turned to his ecretary.

"Miss Suttar," he said, "I want you to et for me a list of the companies to which he Goodwin plant has been selling its roducts. You may omit the Government, ecause the Government is no longer throwng its money around like a—well, like an ntoxicated seafaring gentleman. They'll e mostly automobile companies, you'll nd. Check off on that list the names of he companies in which I am a director or wn a fairish amount of stock. Get anyone ou want to help you and let me have the ist by tomorrow. Is that clear? All right; ow send Miss Green in to take some leters. Thank you."

Thus did Armitage sow with energy and kill in the hope that he would reap richly nd early. And while the father had been usy the daughter had not been idle. Corinna was driving herself about the disrict in one of her father's runabouts, making house-to-house canvass in an endeavor o secure signatures to her candidacy for ssemblywoman. In due course of time—r possibly a trifle earlier than that—her nisson led her to Mr. Peter Goodwin's ront door.

"I'd like your signature, Mr. Goodwin," he said without preamble—"your signature, that of your son and that of your ervant. I am eminently fitted, as you loubtless know, to represent the district at he capital. I am scrupulously honest; I m so situated financially as to be above ribery even if I were unscrupulously dishonest; I have made a study of the needs f the people, and, although this will be my irst office, I am by no means a political mateur. I am young and I am energetic, nd I am under obligations to no man—or woman."

"Hear, hear!" exclaimed Mr. Goodwin, olitely enthusiastic. "Come in and I'll ign on the dotted line. I'm with you, Miss Armitage. A woman's place is outside er home. And David, I'm sure, will agree vith me.

"As for Elspeth, our lady of all work, I lon't know her politics, but I suspect they re radical."

If Peter Goodwin was suave and unuffled at sight of Corinna, David was decidedly the reverse. One does not encounter he woman whose matrimonial offer one has ecently refused and display withal the ung-*froid* of a jellyfish."

"Corinna!" said David.

"David?" said Corinna, but more interogatively and not so vehemently, as if she vere puzzled, indeed, by his vehemence.

"I'd like to talk to you, Corinna, if I nay," he continued; and then he added uickly—"it's about politics."

Mr. Goodwin, having signed his name raciously on the dotted line, glanced up nd remarked gravely: "If it's about poliics, perhaps you will excuse me. I never ote any more since one idiot I voted for vas elected. He was so disgraceful that my onscience troubled me, for I felt as if I had ut the dagger in the assassin's hand. I am ure you will pardon me if I go out to water he geraniums."

"Well, David, what is it?" asked Corinna hen they were left alone.

"It's—it's not my business exactly; but nust you—I mean, do you feel that you nust go ahead with this assembly stuff?"

"Stuff?" she echoed. "It isn't stuff! It's dignified stepping-stone to the presidency f the United States."

"Yes," said David—"yes, of course. That's what I meant. But, Corinna, you lon't want to be even President of the Jnited States, do you?"

She regarded him with a hint of a smile leepening the corners of her mouth and nore than a hint nascent in her eyes.

"David," she said, "I'd rather be married than be President."

"Oh!" he said weakly, deprecatingly.

"You are still adamant?"

"Please," he begged, "I'm not adamant. It's circumstances that are adamant. But I hate the thought of your appealing to toughs and scoundrels for their votes, and ——"

"I don't count on swinging the tough-and-scoundrel vote," she interjected. "My appeal is to the thinking class."

"Just the same you'll come into contact with the hard; you'll be jostled and buffeted about by a lot of brute men. It's awful, Corinna! Won't you give it up?"

"No," she answered firmly; "not unless you'll marry me."

He put his head in his hands and groaned; and, inexplicably content, she left him groaning.

VII

ON AN evening toward the end of the summer David alighted from the train at Beechmont and, as was his custom, started to walk home to the shabby little house.

He was physically once more sound as a fiddle, and mentally he was exuberant as a Hungarian fiddler. The Goodwin steel plant was running at full capacity, with orders enough on the books to keep it that way throughout the following year. The creditors had been paid in full and there was money in the bank, and David was at least *terque quaterque beatus*.

His way led him across the little square about which the activity—or the inactivity—of Beechmont centered. In the middle of this square was a large, magnificently spreading elm; under the elm was a crowd of men, women and children; in the center of the crowd was a soap box; and on the soap box was Corinna. As he approached, frowning a little, her slim arms were raised in her peroration.

"And so, my friends," she was saying, "women have gained the vote, but they have yet to gain the benefits that come from public office. Of the people you elect to represent you, either in the state or in Washington, half should be women, since half the voters are women. That is a simple mathematical proposition and I make my appeal to you on it. Men say that they possess the power of logical reasoning more highly than women. Well, if they have I expect to be elected not only by the votes of my own sex but by those of the logically reasoning sex as well. The time has come when women must go out of the home to bear the burden of public responsibility. In the past they have proved themselves capable of making bread; in the present they are proving themselves capable of earning bread; in the near future, my friends, they will prove themselves capable of legislating as to the conditions under which that bread shall be made and earned—yes, and eaten. My friends, like Sir Galahad I have kept watch and prayed beside my arms; I have dedicated myself to your service; all the energy of my body, brain and heart is consecrated to my country. I take my solemn oath here before you that ——"

David had elbowed his way through the crowd, and at sight of him she stopped, hesitated, flushed the shade of a deep-rose rose, collected herself, threw back her valiant little head and continued:

"I take my solemn oath that ——"

"Corinna," said David quietly but distinctly, "come down off that soap box!"

"I take my solemn oath ——"

"Corinna," repeated David, "come down off that soap box!"

"That ——" She faltered.

"Corinna," said David a third time, "come down off that soap box and go with me to the town hall to get our marriage license."

There was a desperate, palpitating silence. Conflicting emotions are apt to fight noiselessly, no matter how intense the conflict. There was, I say, a long, laden silence; and then Corinna did as she was told.





Teeth You Envy

Are brushed in this new way

Millions of people daily now combat the film on teeth. This method is fast spreading all the world over, largely by dental advice.

You see the results in every circle. Teeth once dingy now glisten as they should. Teeth once concealed now show in smiles.

This is to offer a ten-day test to prove the benefits to you.

That cloudy film

A dingy film accumulates on teeth. When fresh it is viscous—you can feel it. Film clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. It forms the basis of cloudy coats.

Film is what discolors—not the teeth. Tartar is based on film. Film holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They with tartar are the chief cause of many tooth troubles, local and internal. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film, and very few escape them.

Must be combated

Film has formed a great tooth problem. Dental science has for years sought ways to fight it.

Two ways have now been found. Able authorities have proved them by many careful tests. A new tooth paste has been perfected, to comply with modern requirements. And these two film combatants are embodied in it.

This tooth paste is Pepsodent, now employed by forty races, largely by dental advice.

Other tooth enemies

Starch is another tooth enemy. It gums the teeth, gets between the teeth, and often ferments and forms acid.

Nature puts a starch digestant in the saliva to digest those starch deposits, but with modern diet it is often too weak.

Pepsodent multiplies that starch digestant with every application. It also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for acids which cause decay.

Thus Pepsodent brings effects which modern authorities desire. They are bringing to millions a new dental era. Now we ask you to watch those effects for a few days and learn what they mean to you.

The facts are most important to you. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Endorsed by modern authorities and now advised by leading dentists nearly all the world over. All druggists supply the large tubes.

You'll enjoy it

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Get the agreeable after-effects of a naturally alkaline mouth.

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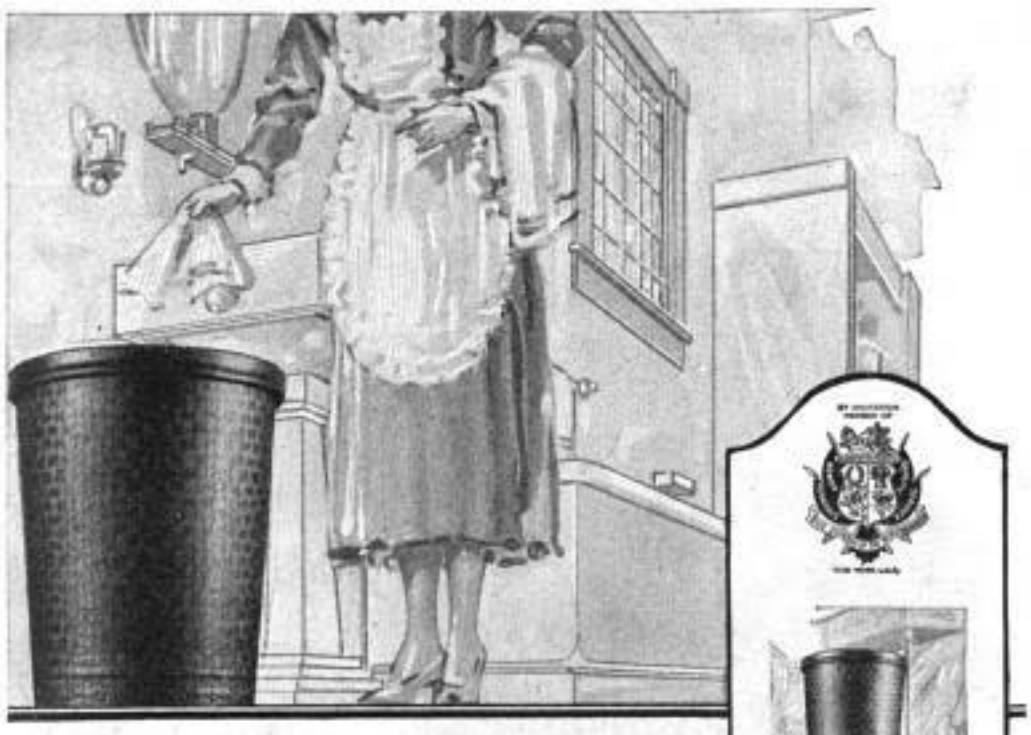
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Only one tube to a family

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Organizing Trash Collection in the Home

Vul-Cot Receptacles are now doing duty in the home as in the office. They save women a thousand steps — they stop the eternal "picking things up." A Vul-Cot in every room of the home, as at every desk in the office, provides a convenient place to throw things. Scraps of paper, bits of string, discarded newspapers will no longer litter up the floors, tables or chairs of an otherwise tidy home.

Vul-Cots are the logical trash-collectors. The office basket is plain, finished in three colors. The Home Receptacles are beautiful, with an attractive basket-weave design stamped right into the fibre in full colors, to harmonize with any of your furniture—a rich brown and a deep green for general use in the living room, library and bed room, and light colors appropriate with the white enamel of kitchen, bath room and perhaps some bed rooms. And the new sizes also are most convenient:—a smaller basket for the living room; a large, spacious one for the kitchen, and a roomy clothes hamper.

Attached to every Vul-Cot is an absolute guarantee to replace any basket that fails in normal service within five years. Made of tough vulcanized fibre, they withstand the roughest possible usage; they can't dent or rust like a metal basket; they can't break like a wicker basket; they can't chip or crack like an enameled basket; nor can bits of paper and other trash sift through their solid sides and bottom.

Your favorite department store, stationery store or house-furnishings store should now have Vul-Cots in stock. If for some reason you can't get Vul-Cots in your neighborhood, write us at once, giving us the name of your dealer and we will see that you are supplied.

An interesting color-booklet illustrates all of the Vul-Cots; gives sizes and many suggestions of their helpfulness to you. We'll be glad to mail you a free copy. Just ask for it on a postal.

AMERICAN VULCANIZED FIBRE CO.
Wilmington, Del.



For the Living Room and Library

Here the whole family appreciates a handy place to "throw things," and the most-used room in the house is automatically kept tidy.



For the Kitchen

A big capacity basket that will collect all the kitchen trash and save work practically for a lifetime.



For the Bed Room

Vul-Cots are smart in appearance as well as efficient. The smallest particles cannot sift through to the floor.

VUL-COT
RECEPTACLES
Guaranteed for 5 Years

IN A HUNDRED YEARS

(Continued from Page 7)

their burdened time and strength, as a matter of course. He realized that somebody had cared for Michael's stock and poultry, had swept and ordered the house, had seen to the grave in the Blake lot. But it was all depressing, suffocating, with the reminder of finality and futility. He couldn't forget Michael's hands, curved forever about the ax handle.

His attention wandered from the somber words. There was his own name, cut in the ugly stone. Another Stephen Blake—he noticed the date below the letters, startled by what seemed a significant coincidence. It was just a hundred years since that Stephen Blake had been born. Again his brain echoed with the cheaply cynical refrain. It would all be the same in a hundred years—ended, obliterated, except for this pathetic groping for permanency in cut stone. He must hurry—hurry. He saw Ruth Verrill's profile and something caught in his throat. Ruth, too, in a hundred years—in fifty, even—he couldn't stand between her and this; he could only give her a bit of pleasure in whatever niggardly time was left. He'd tell her at once—tonight.

He filled his lungs deep when it was all over and they were in the creaking surrey, but the relief was only relative. The overhanging hills, their bare, scarred slopes touched with a new and sinister unfriendliness, seemed to threaten him. He had a keen longing for the reassuring crowds and noises of the city, where there was none of this hushed, ominous solitude.

The judge's presence irritated him as a restraint on his tongue. He would have liked to tell Ruth on the way home. Instead he heard himself telling them about New York, in the tone of a proprietor, describing its conveniences, its pleasures, its promises. He could see that they were both impressed; even the judge looked respectfully at him. And Ruth's eyes were wistful, he thought. Poor Ruth! It wasn't fair that she should have had so little all these years. He'd make it up to her. He expanded under the consciousness of his benevolent project.

The look in Ruth's eyes hurt him as he talked. He stopped presently to consider it, and the judge turned the conversation back to the timber. One of the Caxton buyers was even now over at the Falls Mill; they could close the deal at once.

"You'll be able to go back in a day or two, Stephen. We'll miss you, but"—he grinned significantly—"perhaps you'll keep in touch with us."

"Of course."

Stephen glanced at Ruth. Something in her eyes seemed to challenge him. He referred to the investment possibilities that waited for him back in the city.

"Forney, the office manager at our place, wants me to buy into the concern, but I don't think I will. Ten per cent's not good enough, with all the chances a fellow gets for a quick clean-up. I want to get mine while I'm young—get the good out of it."

The judge was impressed. Ruth listened silently, that odd look of wistfulness still troubling Stephen when their eyes met. He wondered at it. He guessed at last that it was because she didn't know yet that he meant to share his luck with her. He brightened. It would be all the better, when he told her, for this present doubt.

"Take Uncle Michael," he heard himself saying: "There's a perfect example of what I mean. He scrimped and sweated all his life—never had a bit of fun or pleasure—and what's the end of it? Easy money for me, when he hated me like poison."

"But he didn't, Stevie," Ruth interrupted quietly. "You're wrong about that. He'd have sold the timber himself if he'd felt that way, instead of saving it for you."

"Don't you believe it!" Stephen laughed knowingly. "He held onto it because it was second nature to him to hang onto a thing that anybody else seemed to want. He hadn't any more use for me than I had for him, Ruth."

"Oh, please!" She lifted her hand. "Don't, Stevie! It's so—so cheap to be hard like that! And you don't know! I do! He—he always stopped to see me when he was in town, after you went away."

The judge chuckled.

"People began to talk, Stephen. Michael used to fetch her eggs and vegetables ——"

"Because he wanted an excuse to find out about Stevie," she broke in quickly. "He wouldn't ask, but he knew I'd him if I'd had a letter. He didn't war talk about anything else."

Stephen Blake was puzzled for a ment. All his knowledge of his uncle tradicted this; he couldn't be mista Suddenly he guessed.

"I see! He wanted to be sure that I having hard sledding down there! Wa that it, Ruth? Wasn't he glad when told him about the times when I was l ing for a job?"

He saw that he was right.

"That was because ——" she stoppec ruptly. "It doesn't matter, Stevie. didn't understand him."

He let the subject drop and resume talk of the city. By the time they rea the house he had talked himself into good humor. Tomorrow or next da would receive a check for five thou dollars. As soon as he had multiplied few times he would come back for Ru no, he'd take her with him right That was it! There wasn't any nee wait. He'd do it now and cheat life o just so many extra days of happines them both.

He managed to escape from Judge rill's benignant platitudes. There sounds in the kitchen. Ruth woul getting supper. He came out so qu that she did not hear, and stood wate her as she worked at the patent cab her back toward him. Forney, he thou would have approved her efficiency; wasted no motions. His throat hurt suddenly; it was all wrong, her havir work this way. Ruth ——

"I got something to tell you, Ruth." stood beside her, resenting the conti movement of her flour-whitened hand the sliding board. "Rest a minute, Ru this is important."

The hands dropped to her apron, bu didn't turn.

"I'm listening, Stevie." Her voice flat, dull. He frowned at the sound

"Ruth, you're sore at me because think I'm too hard-boiled about U Michael—you don't understand why glad. It's because now I can ask you to come back with me when I leav couldn't, without this money. You'd had to work down there the same as on my pay. But now I can give you— be different. I'm going to make mo Ruth. We'll be able to ——" He stop This wasn't right. He hadn't mean put it this way at all. "You know I al wanted you, don't you, Ruth? You k that I aimed to get on down there so take care of you?"

She nodded.

"I guessed, Stevie. But it's no us can't. You"—her voice changed—"y different, Stevie. I don't feel the w thought I would."

He was startled. He had been so su her! And his consciousness of benev intention, rebuffed and unappreciated, him a feeling of injustice. Diffe Didn't she want him to look out fo like this, look ahead?

"Ruth, you just say that because y sorry for Uncle Michael. You thi ought to wait a while, instead of tellin now." His voice lowered and he l closer. "That's just why I can't Ruth—because I'm sorry for him because thinking about him make realize how soon it's all over, and h how absolutely ended it is. We fool selves, thinking we'll go on forever, t too late to get anything out of life, th he did! I—I want it now, Ruth— while I'm young and alive! I don't what happens afterward; that d matter."

She nodded.

"Yes, I see that." She resume work. He touched her arm gently a drew away. "Don't, Stevie. It's n I don't—you aren't ——"

He remembered Donaldson's con tial boastings. You couldn't believe skirts. They all said what they mean, expected you to strong-arm Cave-man stuff was the right dope yielded to the impulse. He swep roughly into his arms and kissed her on the lips. They were flatly unrespo but for an instant she was so still an sive in his embrace that he thoug consented. Then, with a strength

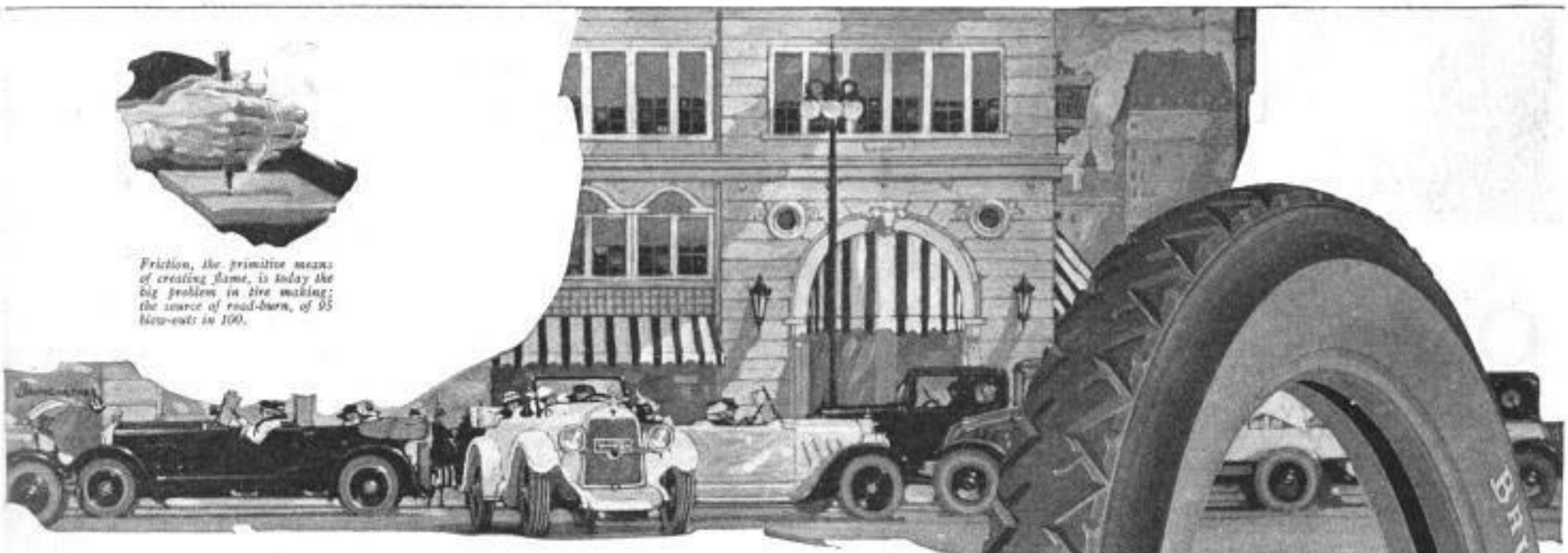
(Continued on Page 84)

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Friction the Destroyer
-the Source of 95 Blow-outs in 100

Friction, the primitive means of creating flame, is today the big problem in tire making; the source of road-burn, of 95 blow-outs in 100.



84% Proofed against Friction -against Road Burn

Contradicts all previous conceptions of road service

Get the facts

This is to place important new facts before motor car owners. Facts that are reversing old conceptions of road service—a tire 84% proofed against friction, against road-burn.

Every man who operates a car, for business or for pleasure, is urged to learn them, before equipping with new tires.

Road-burn combated

Friction is the greatest enemy of tire-life.

To overcome it is the oldest problem in tire making.

It is the cause of road-burn—the source of 95 blow-outs in 100.

We recognized this fact when first we started to build tires. Knew if we **could combat it, a new milestone in tire development would be reached.**

Countless processes were tried, and then discarded. The matter of expense was not considered. For we strove to reach the super-tire.

Now we offer an 84% friction-proofed product. A tire with such tremendous resistance, against the natural elements which burn the life from rubber, that it offers a new experience in service.

What 84% Friction-Proofed Means

Friction is the enemy of every tire in service—the source of 95 blow-outs in 100. By special process, Brunswick Tires are 84% friction-proofed. A new conception of tire mileage is thus effected. Service is multiplied; road troubles **reduced to an amazing minimum.**

Road troubles reduced

100% friction-proofed would mean a virtually everlasting service.

So in the 84% friction-proofed Brunswick we believe the supreme is being offered.

Road troubles are reduced to an amazing minimum. Resistance is greater. Tire-life thus **lengthened to a point where thinking men will scarcely ask for more.**

Now we have 84% succeeded

Every turn of the wheel creates friction. In gaining road hold, tires become friction-heated.

Skidding intensifies it. Every touch on the brake multiplies it.

So for years we experimented to combat friction. World-experts worked with us.

Standard prices

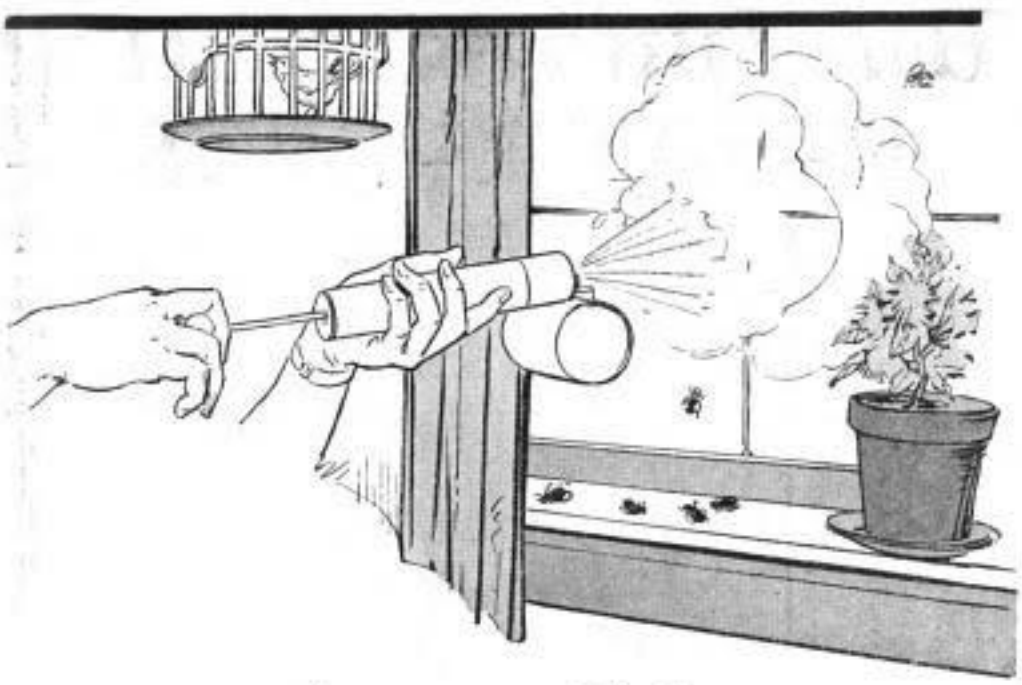
Note, too, that prices remain standard. The friction-proofed Brunswick may be obtained at the same price as an ordinary type.

Before you buy—get the facts. There is a Brunswick dealer near you, who will supply them.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.
General Offices: 623-633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

BRUNSWICK
TIRES
84% Friction-Proofed

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A terrible One Dollar Package

Death to bugs and insects—harmless to everything else

OUR Special Introductory Package contains a pint can of Flyosan and a sprayer. This is all you need to clear your house of insect pests. The cost is only $1.00.

Merely spray wonderful Flyosan into the air. In five minutes all the flies and mosquitoes will be dead. They just cannot stand Flyosan.

Flyosan is equally effective against all other insect pests. It kills cockroaches, bedbugs, moths, ants, lice and fleas.

For crawling insects and bugs, spray their hiding places. Flyosan will bring them scurrying out. A spray directly at them will cause them to turn over and die.

Although Flyosan acts so remarkably against insects, it is *absolutely harmless* to other forms of life. Human beings, animals, birds and fowl are not affected by it. Think what a relief this means if you have children or pets about the house.

Flyosan leaves no tell-tale traces—no muss to clean up. Its odor is pleasantly aromatic.

If Flyosan should in any way fail to live up to your expectations, we will refund the retail price.

If your grocery, drug or hardware store does not carry Flyosan, send us a dollar and we will send you an introductory package containing a pint of Flyosan and a sprayer.

To Dealers:

A plain statement of the facts about this remarkable product is sufficient to sell it. Once sold, Flyosan repeats of itself. The production of our factory is limited. Write for dealers' prices today.

COLONIAL CHEMICAL CORPORATION
Reading, Pa.



Flyosan
SAFE INSECTICIDE

PRICES:

Pint	$ .75
Quart	1.25
½-Gallon	2.25
Gallon	4.00
Introductory Package (pint and sprayer)	1.00

KILLS FLIES BY THE ROOMFUL

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(Continued from Page 82)

startled him, she twisted free, facing him with a clear anger in her level gaze.

"I suppose I might have expected that, too, after the way you've talked. But I didn't want to believe that you'd changed so much. I tried not to think about that—that cheap, self-satisfied bragging. But I was wrong. You even think I'm cheap too! That you can reach out your hands and take me without asking ——"

"Ruth!" He stared blankly. "I didn't—I only wanted you so ——"

"We'd better not talk about it any more. We've both been making a mistake, Stevie. That's all."

He scowled. "Maybe I'd better go and stay somewhere else, if you feel that way. I don't want to be ——"

"That's silly." She moved back to her baking board. "Where else could you go?"

"I've got a house of my own, haven't I? I can go there."

She turned and met his resentful eyes steadily.

"That's so. I'd forgotten that. Why don't you?"

"I will!"

He swung out of the room, a hot anger in him. As he repacked his suitcase the smell of straw matting made him think of the little attic bedroom at the farm. It was a long time since he had smelled matting. It seemed, somehow, as if it would be good to sleep in that truncated room again.

He got away without seeing the judge, a little soothed by the reflection that he was leaving it to Ruth to explain his departure. He stopped at Godwin's store and bought bread and bacon, annoyed at old Milo's questions. As if there was anything out of the way in a man's choosing to sleep under his own roof! He walked briskly, unconscious of his burdens, his thoughts preoccupied with Ruth's mystifying change of front. She'd liked him at first; he was sure of that. And now she—he accepted the word unwillingly—she almost despised him.

Well, he could stand it if she could. He compared her with the smart, sophisticated girls in the office, girls who knew their way about, who would do a fellow credit in any company. He'd always steered clear of them, but now ——

The sky was still brilliant when he reached the farm gate, but the dusk had already begun to settle between the encroaching hills. The key to the front door was in Abner Chisholm's keeping; he ought to have gone by that way and got it. He had recourse to an old device, scrambling up to the kitchen roof and scaling its weathered shingles to the sill of his old window. It yielded to his pressure. Somehow there was something comforting in this fidelity, as if the house at least remembered him and made him welcome home.

The feeling deepened as he glanced about the room. It was just as he had left it; the same patchwork quilt on the corded bed; the glass lamp on the chest of drawers under the wavy mirror; even—he paused to make sure of this—even his discarded work clothes hanging from the oak pegs set in the wall, and the patched shoes he had worn the day he got away.

It was queer, he thought, that Michael hadn't used them. They would have fitted him well enough, saved him the expense of new ones. He guessed that his uncle would have hated to wear anything that had been his. Ruth's absurd idea that Michael had been fond of him recurred to his thought; she didn't know Michael Blake!

He grinned at a boyish impulse to change into those old clothes. After all, it would be sensible. He'd have to fuss with the stove, and the blue serge would show every spot. He dressed quickly, aware of a certain comfort in the loose, ugly shapelessness of the coarse garments. His steps sounded loudly on the steep stairs. The lower room was already dim, and he felt uneasy, conscious of its emptiness. He unlocked the door and brought in his suitcase and packages, rummaged in the cupboard with a quickening sense of adventure.

Abner Chisholm's wife had cleared out everything perishable, but the rest was just as she had found it. He decided to make coffee, and drew water, filled the pot, kindled a fire. It occurred to him that Mrs. Chisholm, who had taken the hens home to look after them, might not have hunted thoroughly for eggs, and he climbed into the low shed that overhung the barnyard on the chance. There were ten eggs in the musty hay. He was whistling as he slid down with his hatful, pleased with himself.

The wood box behind the stove wa most empty, and he took the splittin from the corner where Michael had al kept it. Probably he hadn't forgotten trick, either. There were plenty of s chunks in the lean-to. He chose a stra grained piece to begin with. Hard m Michael liked it for the stove, he rem bered. The concentric rings drew his Took a long time to make a tree like when you came to think about it. H gan idly to count the lines in toward center. They made a kind of calenda thought. Here was the one that ma the year of his birth. The maple had quite a tree even then. He counted Sixty of them. Michael had been ten the tree rooted. It wasn't so long, sidered in that light. Michael's fa would have been about forty. He m have planted this very tree, if that w just the judge's talk, that tale of his g round starting seedlings. It would be of funny if he had. The idea seemed s how to bridge the gap of years bet that old Stephen Blake and his gran Kind of pathetic, Stephen thought, plan firewood that wouldn't burn till you'd under the sod for a quarter century.

He swung the ax, and the wood cleanly under the glancing blow. He ha forgotten. He split three or four ch for the fun of it before he carried an ar in to the stove. While he fried eg bacon grease over the snapping wood fancy persisted in the back of his m there was something significant abou being here in Stephen Blake's house, e ing supper over bits of Stephen Bl tree. He wondered what the old would think of him now. Probably wouldn't approve, if Michael Blake suited him as a son. He looked ove shoulder as if his grandfather migh standing there watching him. Some pe believed in that sort of thing. He chuc at the silly superstition. It was all same to old Stephen by now.

He ate with a sharp relish, by the of a glass lamp, and washed the skillet dishes afterward. It wasn't bad to be after all. Even the thought of Ruth's as he had seen them last didn't hur keenly now. He could find excuses her—even be sorry for her. She just di understand; she judged him by war false standards that were no true test. Michael Blake had prejudiced her ag him too—no doubt about that. She Michael's side, stood with him, dead, ag Stephen living.

He guessed that it was his attitud ward Michael that had offended her. was honestly sorry for Michael, and coul forgive Stephen for not pretending t sorry too.

Well, in a way he was sorry. It w pity for anybody to waste his life as Mic Blake had wasted his—slaving away nothing to show for it, letting somel else benefit in the end. Stephen was s for anybody so self-blinded. But it lucky for him, he thought, that Mic had been like that. If Michael had sensible, like his nephew, he would cut off that timber, and there would been precious little left for Stephe inherit.

He carried the lamp into the bedr where Michael had died. His uncle kept papers in a drawer of the old high he ought to go over them, now that he here. Foolish of him not to have tho of it this afternoon. There might be a l money too. He tugged at the knob eag

The drawer was half full of them. carried it out to the kitchen table and back for the lamp. Better go about it tematically. He arranged the pape neat piles—receipted bills, old letters, ciled memoranda in Michael's labor crabbed figures, some worn account b a pass book from the savings bank a Falls, showing a balance of some three dred dollars, a scuffed wallet with s dollars in bills and change.

The account books drew his atte first. They went back, he found, t grandfather's day, records of the f earnings, clumsily kept but clear enou his understanding. So many cords of wood at so much, so many logs sold t sawmill, so much for hay and grain potatoes—pitiful sums, totaling, for after year, less than an errand boy's ings at the office. Even in Michael's the figures were small enough; he hac about made ends meet, Stephen guess spite of his thrift. Latterly there were ter prices; even firewood seemed to

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gone up, and sales of saw logs ran into money. Of course it had cost more to live, too, but the figures made Stephen wonder a little.

He hadn't realized that the woodlot had been cropped so steadily for two generations. He calculated that Michael had taken off, roughly, half a cord of hardwood from every acre every year; that the pines had yielded almost five hundred feet of boards to the acre.

Adding up the totals of these sales, he was startled by the amount. Land that would yield so much, without suffering, ought not to be worthless.

He found in another book more obscure notations of planting, in Stephen Blake's hand. That back lot had been bought in 1838, had it? And it must have been cleared then, if the entry was correct, or old Stephen wouldn't have been transplanting pine seedlings there that year and the next.

He smiled at the thought. What did Stephen Blake expect to reap from that sowing? He certainly couldn't have hoped to see those pines reach saw-log size in his day. He must have been a crank even then, when he was young, wasting his strength on a crop that couldn't ripen in much less than a century!

He laid the books aside and turned to the letters. The topmost one gave him a sharp shock. It was typewritten on an engraved sheet that crackled in his fingers, and he knew the name by repute as a lumber house of solid worth.

They offered Michael Blake a flat twenty dollars for every acre of his timber, and they offered it in a key that was unmistakably persuasive. And below, in Michael's toiling pencil, was the blunt record of his reply:

"Wrote them no, 4/26."

Stephen Blake felt himself warm with the memory of his cocksure speech under Judge Verrill's eye, and Ruth's. Showing off, like a smart-Aleck kid, while that windy old fellow watched him and managed not to laugh! If he hadn't stumbled on this letter he'd have snapped up that offer like a stupid fish rising to a painted fly! He wondered how much the judge would have made on the transaction; probably a fairish split; if the Meyerfeld people would pay twenty dollars, there would be a pretty profit in the deal at ten for the Caxtons and the judge.

Well, he'd found out in time. He caught his breath. Ten thousand, anyway—perhaps more if he shopped around. Ten thousand! He'd take his time now. Before he sold he'd know for himself what that timber was worth and get every penny of it. He'd show them whether he was as much of a fool as he must have looked this afternoon!

How Michael Blake would have laughed at him if he'd known! Well, he wouldn't laugh now. Ten thousand dollars that Michael could have had for the taking; that the boy he'd oppressed and hated would spend, now, instead! The reflection seemed somehow to bring his uncle's lean, grim face before him, as if Michael were still alive, still concerned in things. He found himself wishing that he could ask Michael about these offers instead of relying on his own uncertain judgment. Also—and the riddle was still troubling him when he fell asleep under the patchwork quilt—he wondered why Michael Blake hadn't sold. There was some mystery here. Better go slow. Michael hadn't been quite so much of a fool as he'd seemed, evidently. Perhaps he'd been right about this too.

IV

FORNEY'S letter ran through his mind as he climbed toward the crest through the pines, his eye once more swift and shrewd in its observation and estimate of a stand of timber. They wanted thinning. He marked the trees that should come out, merchantable sticks, all of them. Out of this fifty acres he ought to cut two or three thousand dollars' worth of saw logs. More than a year's pay down there at the office, where Forney wrote his abrupt, imperative letters. Stephen Blake's shoulders straightened a little; Forney didn't realize that he was writing to a man who could buy and sell him if he wanted to; trying to threaten him with the loss of that thirty-dollar job unless he hurried back to it!

He chuckled harshly. In the stillness of the woods the sound startled him. He had Michael had always laughed in just that short, barking fashion.

He emerged, after the ascent, at the line fence beyond which Abner Chisholm's clearing gave him an open vista of the rocky, rolling upland meadow. He saw that Abner had stopped pasturing it; the young stuff would have been eaten back if he had been feeding sheep up here. He climbed the rotting rails for a nearer inspection. There must have been a heavy fall of mast this year. The tiny tufts of new pines were thick amid the grass, visible only to a trained eye like Stephen Blake's. Hard to believe that each of those minute seedlings would grow into a pine like the tall, straight trees across the fence. He bent over one of them, troubled by a vague, perplexing conviction that he had done this before, long ago.

In a hundred years, if nothing interfered with it, this sprout would be bigger than those pines that his grandfather had planted, on just such land as this. Abner would be glad to get five dollars an acre for it now; without the timber it would be worth no more in a century. He guessed that the same soil, beyond the line, was worth fifty times five dollars, because old Stephen Blake had planted it to pines, because his son had spared and cared for them after him.

Something seemed to compress those years, to Stephen's mind. After all, a hundred years wasn't so much—two lives had spanned it, overlapping for almost half of it. If he should have a son they would cover another hundred, between them; his grandson would be young a century from now. He thought inconsequently of Abner Chisholm, whose grandfather had sold that hill field to old Stephen Blake and probably chuckled over the deal as a good joke on his neighbor; Abner would be glad to have it the other way now. Funny how what a fellow was and had, depended on men long dead, like that. Old Stephen was almost forgotten in the glen, and yet here was his hand, reaching out from the past to put wealth into the pockets of his son's son. Abner's grandfather too—it was his fault that those pines didn't belong to Abner, who just about kept alive on his poor land.

He went back down the hill, passing the sugar maples and the slab-walled shed that housed the evaporator. Stephen Blake had planted those too; you could see that by the spacing. They were good trees. Michael's book showed a neat yield from sirup every year. Most of the old sugar groves were gone, but this one looked good for another twenty-five years at least. He remembered the labor of the season; the weight of the sap buckets swinging from the carved wooden shoulder yoke, the smell of the boiling sap over the long fire. Sort of good, he thought, to do that again sometime.

He noticed that his legs had rediscovered the trick of walking on these uneven slopes; the stiff-kneed gait he had learned on shod streets had troubled him at first. People down there walked like Forney, with quick, sharp strides, hitting their heels hard. He'd even tried to imitate Forney's gait himself. He scowled at the recollection of that curt letter. He'd tell Forney where he got off, he decided. He didn't have to stand for that kind of talk any more. He'd go back when he got good and ready, if he went back at all. Maybe he'd go in with Donaldson instead. There wasn't any hurry, and things up here had to be settled first anyway. He knew better now than to jump at the first offer that came along.

Judge Verrill and the Caxton buyer were waiting at the house when he reached it. He grinned as he recognized them, but his face was blankly sober when he shook hands. They wouldn't guess what he was thinking any more! He listened to an amended offer, a cautious increase over the original bid. He saw the judge's anxious eye as he seemed to consider it, and remembered strangely that the Verrills had held whole townships of hill country not so many years ago. Funny that the judge should be dickering and scheming for a shabby profit at a boy's expense. This man had laughed at old Stephen Blake too—called him a fanatic, a lunatic.

"I'll think it over," he said at last.

"Better think pretty fast then." Caxton's man was brisk and abrupt. "We'll be through cutting over at the Falls this year."

"I guess the timber can stand it if I can. There'll be more of it next year, and I don't notice the prices dropping much."

them exchange swift glances.

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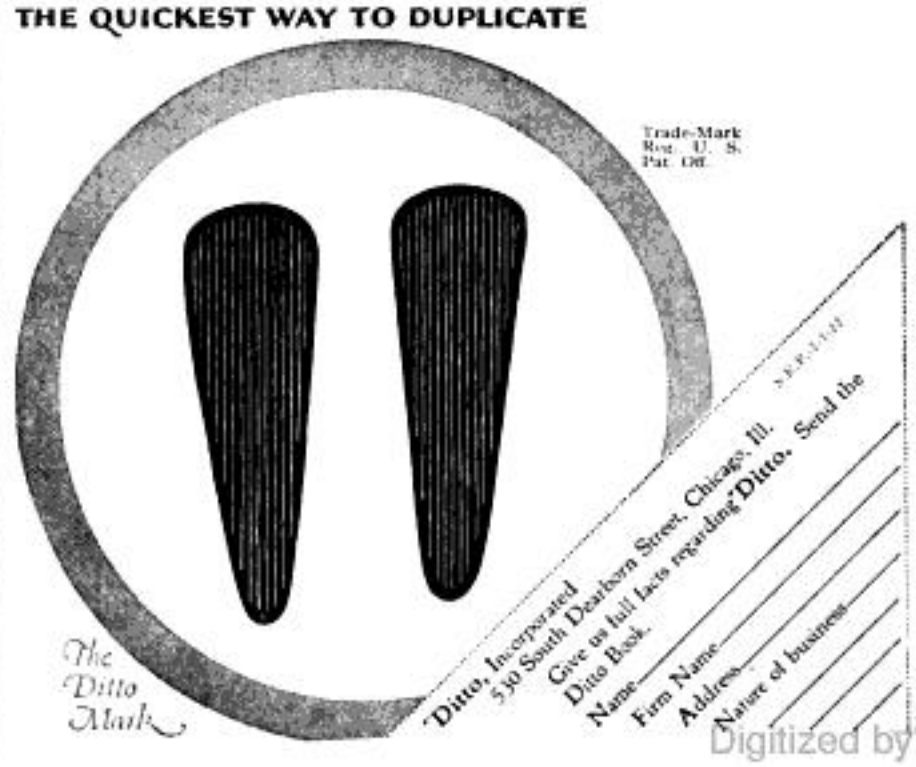
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"Oh, come, Stephen, we know better than that!" He chuckled affably. "You can't make us think you mean to hold on. You'll be due back at your business in a day or two. I admit that it's shrewd to wear your old clothes and fetch back your team from Chisholm's and pretend to be running the farm again, but it won't work, my boy. I know you want to sell. Here's Mr. Hanson, ready to close up the deal on the spot. Let's put our cards on the table. If you don't like our offer, suppose you set a price yourself—eh, Hanson?"

Stephen eyed them deliberately. He hadn't realized the strategic value of what he had done. It had seemed sensible to bring back the cow and chickens, as long as he was here, to use the team to cultivate Michael's corn and potatoes. But if they thought he meant it ——

"I don't know as I want to sell at all, Judge Verrill. I been thinking it over since we talked, and I see things differently. It doesn't look to me as if my grandfather was such a fool to go planting pines, after all; and my uncle might have sold off the timber when you cut that last tract of yours—and got a whole lot less than you're offering me for mine. And they cropped that woodlot steadily too—made a living out of it for a good many years, without hurting it much that I can see. No, sir; it looks to me as if they'd been pretty smart."

"Say they were," said the buyer shortly. "It didn't do them much good, did it? You're getting the profits, if you take 'em. Maybe timber'll be worth more a hundred years from now, but that won't matter a lot to you, will it?" A hundred years! The phrase stirred another echo in Stephen's mind. Funny how it kept coming out in talk.

"It all depends on how you look at things, I guess." He frowned. "The world doesn't end when I go out, I suppose. If I don't cash in on these trees, I reckon somebody else will; and I'd just as soon have my grandchildren thinking well of me as have 'em cursing me for an old fool who couldn't look ahead. I don't see the hurry, anyway. Guess I can afford to wait a while. The trees keep right on making lumber, don't they?"

The judge stared incredulously.

"You don't mean to tell me you're thinking of staying here, Stephen? Giving up your prospects down there in New York to settle down here like—like Michael?"

Stephen Blake frowned. What right had this man to speak of Michael Blake like that? Wasn't he here to justify Michael's stubbornness by putting a price on the fruit of it?

"I might do worse, I guess." He wagged his head. "I been reading up about timber a bit. It's pretty plain that if we're going to have any in the next century we've got to raise it, like a crop, farm it, the way my people have been farming it all this while. And the records show that it's been a paying crop, even when there was plenty of virgin timber left. We can make more out of the woodlot than we can take off the land, cleared and cropped. Only most of us are in a hurry. Kill the goose to get all the eggs right now. Maybe I'll sell, if the price looks good; but I don't have to. Some ways I'd rather hold on. I can make this place pay me a living—maybe something over that. I'm in no hurry."

They left him without having shaken this decision. He watched the dust lift behind the wheels, grinning a little. They'd be back with a better offer. It was a good scheme, letting them think he might stay and hold on. And the Meyerfeld crowd would bid too. He decided to write Forney that he wasn't coming back just yet. If Forney didn't like it he could hire somebody else. He didn't own Stephen Blake.

At that, it wouldn't be so bad to stay. He'd see Ruth sometimes, if he lived here, and if he went back there wouldn't be even the letters.

V

HE SAW the judge's venerable rig again as he came in from his afternoon's work in the corn, and suppressed a chuckle at this proof of his reasoning. They'd talk turkey now; they wanted this timber before they moved their mill; they'd pay for it, once they realized that he wouldn't take a fool's figure.

He stabled his team before he went up to the house. Let them wait. Do 'em good to sit up there and wonder a little longer. He tried to guess what they'd offer this time. He hadn't made up his mind what he would take; it was odd that he should feel a sort of hope that the new figure wouldn't tempt him. It would be a pity, some ways, to let the woods go, even at a fancy price. Still, of course, if they made it worth while ——

He was frowning as he unlatched the gate. He didn't want to sell; selling a forest was different from selling a tree here and there. He remembered the old metaphor—the goose that laid the golden eggs. A forest ought to go on forever and ever, tree following tree up into the sun; it was like a family, sort of. Men aged and died, but the race went on after them.

He stopped short as he saw Ruth, saw that she was alone, saw in her eyes the wistfulness that he remembered. She came slowly down to him.

"Stevie, father says—are you really going to stay and work the place, after all? Did you mean that, or was it just a clever trick to get a bigger price?"

"I been thinking some about staying," he said slowly. "That's all I told the judge. It's true enough."

"What makes you even think of it?"

He dug at the shaggy turf with his heavy shoe.

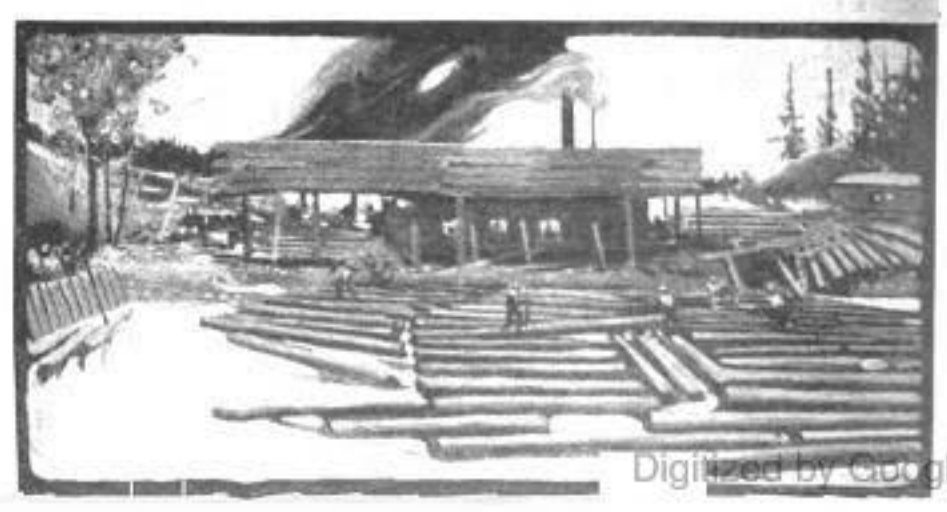
"I don't seem to want to go back now. You'd be up here, and you wouldn't write ——"

"Then it's just because of me?" She seemed disappointed, somehow. The glow in her eyes dulled as he watched them.

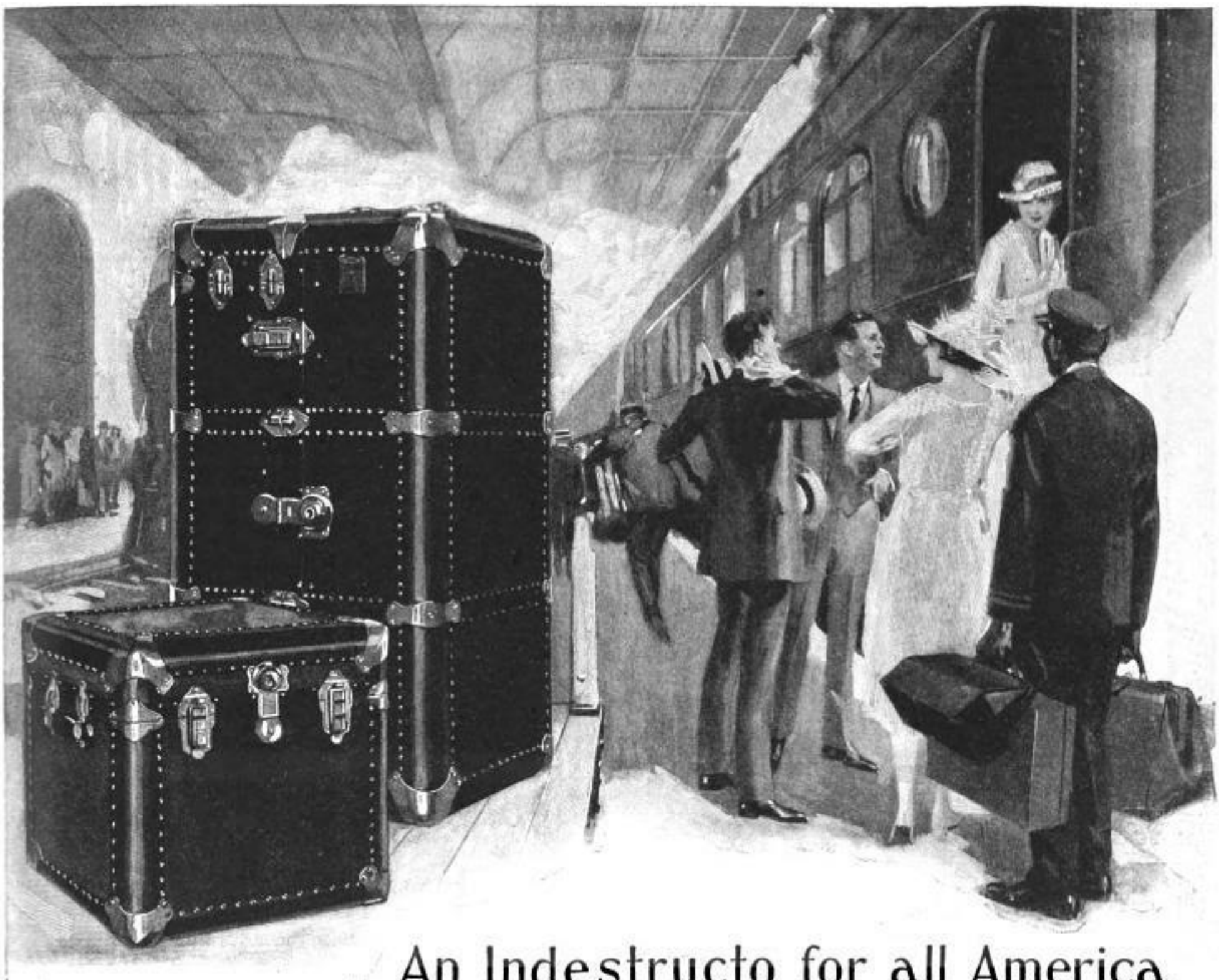
"Not all." He spread his hands. "I guess you'll think I'm crazy, but since I been staying here I been feeling as if—as if grandfather and Uncle Michael weren't dead; as if I was just—just finishing up their lives for 'em, instead of living my own. I—I guess you were right about Uncle Michael, Ruth. He kept my clothes waiting for me all the time I was away. And he could have sold the timber to Meyerfeld, if he'd been amind to. I reckon he meant to save it for me. And I kind of hate to sell it as if I ——" He stopped. "I was up on the hill this morning, and I found a lot of pine seedlings starting in Abner's old pasture, and first thing I knew I was figuring on buying it and tending 'em, so's they'd grow up into trees—maybe in a hundred years from now! As if I'd be alive then, and care what happened."

He caught his breath as her face changed and her hands moved ever so little out to meet his own. Without words, he seemed to see her thought, to understand himself through her understanding. A sense of triumph thrilled through him. Time, change, death—he saw himself and Ruth above these things, masters of them, of life that moved on resistlessly past them. He heard his voice:

"A hundred years, Ruth! What's a hundred years?"



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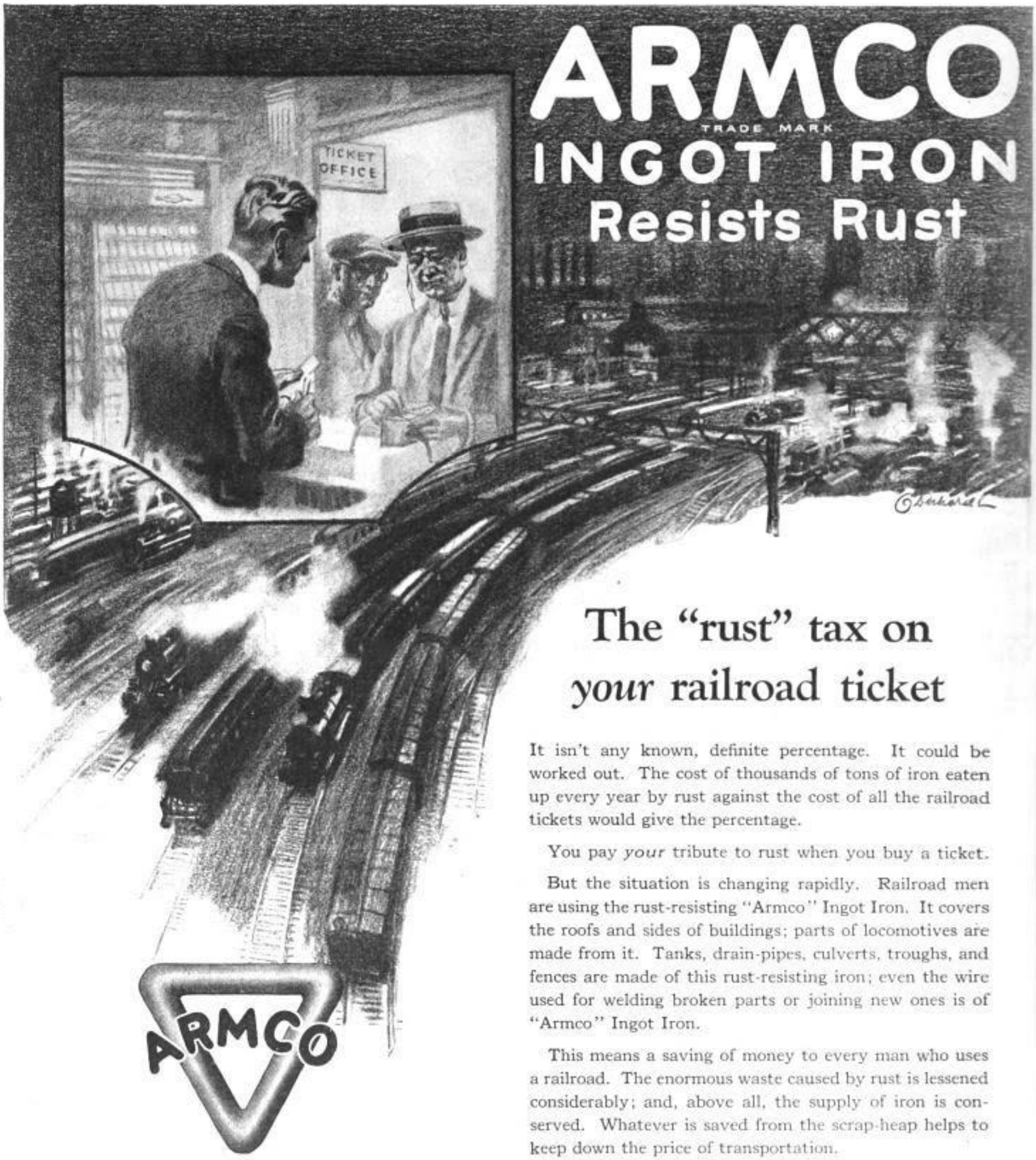
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TACT

(Continued from Page 9)

he says it is!" He whistled seven notes of a bugle call and then whimpered, "Quit cryin', Benjy!"

"F-finish these radishes," Benjamina commanded; "I want to go brush my hair."

There was the light sound of her rubber soles on the back stairs. Mrs. Egg lay down again, wishing that the urn of peppermints was within reach. In the kitchen Hamish said "Aw, hell!" and the chair by the table creaked as he slumped into it. He would pare radishes very badly in that mood, Mrs. Egg thought.

She now thought of Benjamina with admiration. Adam had seen the girl's name on a list of women willing to take service in the country, at a Cleveland agency. He had gone to interview Benjamina, Mrs. Egg gathered, because a cook on the U. S. S. Nevada had been named Saunders and the word looked auspicious. Accident, said Mrs. Egg to herself, was the dominant principle of life. She was much interested. Benjamina had taken proper steps to get away from an unpleasant guardian and should be shielded from any consequences. Certainly a girl who could cook to satisfy Adam wasn't to be given back to some nameless male in Cleveland, in a flat. Mrs. Egg abhorred flats. A man who would coop two children in a flat deserved no pity or consideration. And Adam required gallons of peach butter for winter use. Mrs. Egg arose, stalked openly into the kitchen and addressed Hamish as an equal. She said, "Bub, you're an awful tactful boy, and have sense. Dammy said so himself. Honesty is my policy, an' I may as well say that I could hear all you were talkin' with Benjamina right now. . . . Who is this Cousin Joe you've run off from?"

Hamish cut a radish in two and wretchedly stammered, "H-he's dad's cousin. He's a louse!"

Mrs. Egg drawled, "My gee! That's a awful good description of your relation! Now, I haven't any intention to lose Benjamina when she's the best cook I ever had, an' you're not as bad at milkin' as you might be. If this person comes down here or makes any fuss I'll see to it that he don't get anywheres. So if Benjamina gets frightened you tell her that I'm goin' to look after this."

"Yes'm," said Hamish.

He looked at Mrs. Egg with an amazed awe that was soothing. She beamed and strolled out of the kitchen. Descending the steps one by one, she came to the level walk of the dooryard and marched along it toward the barns. Egg was taking a holiday with his sister, married to a dyspeptic clergyman in Chicago, and it was her duty to aid Adam by surveying the cows. She entered the barnyard and rounded the corner of the cows' palace into a group of farm hands bent above a trotting of dice on the clay. Adam looked up from this sport and said "'Lo, mamma," cheerfully.

"My gee," Mrs. Egg faltered, regarding a pile of silver before his knees, "I never saw you win a cent at any game before, Dammy!"

The giant grinned, cast the dice and raked three dollars toward him. His eyes were black lights. He announced "This is my lucky day, mamma!" and all the worshipful youths chuckled as he stood up. He walked over a Swede's stooped back and dragged Mrs. Egg away from her husband's hirelings. Then he lit a cigarette and consumed half its length in an appalling inhalation. The smoke jetted from his nostrils in a flood. He patted Mrs. Egg's upper chin with a thumb and said, "She gave me the air, mamma!"

"What?"

"She told me to fly my kite! She's off me! She's goin' to marry Jim Randolph. It's all flooie. . . . I'd like a tub of champagne an' five fried hens for supper! Mamma," said Adam, "I ain't engaged to that girl any more!" Therewith he took all the silver from his pocket and sent it whirling in a gay, chiming shower up the roof of the cow barn. His teeth flashed between his parted lips and dimples invaded his brown cheeks. He swung his arms restlessly and his mother thought that he would break into a dance. Adam resented, "It's hell what happens by accident, mamma. Was a bowl of punch in the pantry at that dance of Judge Randolph's Christmastime that'd knock the teeth out of a wildcat. Had six cups. Saw this girl's hand hangin' over the banisters when I was headin' for the front door. I kissed it. Mamma, there ain't any way of tellin' a nice girl that you don't mean anything when you kiss her. They don't understand it."

A devastating admiration of her child made Mrs. Egg's heart cavort. His manners were sublime. He lit another cigarette and stated, "Well, that's all of that." Then, wearied with much speech, he was still.

"Mercy, Dammy! This is an awful relief! Your sisters have been holdin' forth about Edith Sims bein' much more refined than God all afternoon. I was gettin' kind of scared of her. . . . What's that phonograph plate, lamb?"

Adam didn't answer, but ripped the envelope from the grained disk, and Mrs. Egg saw, on the advertising, "Kashmiri Song." But her thoughts had sunk to a profound and cooling peace; there would be no more Edith Sims. She drawled, "Edith's pretty awful sedate, Dammy. I don't think she'd have the sand to run off from—a person she didn't like, or make her own livin'."

The giant flung up his arms and made certain gestures. Hamish Saunders came hurtling from the house for orders. Adam said, "Go get me some clothes, kid—white. And shoes 'n a cake of soap. Then come swimmin'. Put this plate with the rest. Hustle!" He ground his nose with a fist, staring after the boy, then said, "Nice kid, mamma."

"Mercy, yes, Dammy! Dammy, it's pretty ridiculous to have Benjamina and the boy eat in the kitchen, and it takes tact to keep a nice girl like that contented. I think they'd better take their meals with us, sweetheart."

He nodded and strode off among the regular files of apple and pear trees toward the aimless riverlet that watered the farm. Mrs. Egg felt hunger stir in her bulk. She plucked an apple leaf and chewed, marching up the walk, its fragrant pulp. Benjamina was soberly chopping the chickens for dinner into convenient bits.

Mrs. Egg applauded her performance, saying, "We'd better have 'em fried, I think. Dammy prefers it. And when you've got time you might go get one of those very big green bottles of pear cider down in the cellar, honey. It's awful explosive stuff and Hamish hadn't better drink any. And lay the table for four, because it's pretty lonely for Dammy eatin' with me steadily. . . . Edith Sims busted their engagement this afternoon, by the way, though it isn't at all important."

"Isn't it?"

Mrs. Egg refreshed herself with a bit of cracker from the table and drawled, "Not a bit, deary. I've never heard of anybody's heart breakin' under the age of thirty over a busted engagement. Dammy's pretty much relieved, though too polite to say so, and Edith'll marry Judge Randolph's second boy, who's a very nice kid and has curly hair, although his teeth stick out some. So it don't seem to matter except to my daughters, who'll want Dammy to go into full mourning and die of sorrow. They're tearful girls, but nice. Let me show you how Dammy likes tomatoes fried when they're done with the chicken."

"Mrs. Egg," said Benjamina, "you're—a remarkable person." The slim, pale fingers twisted themselves against her dull blue frock into the likeness of a frightened white moth. She went on, "You—you never get excited."

"My gee! I haven't any patience with excitement, Benjamina. Things either go right or they go wrong. In either case, it's no good foamin' at the mouth and tryin' to kick the roof off. I'm like Dammy. I prefer to be calm," said Mrs. Egg. "As for scatterin' rays of sunshine like a Sunday-school hymn, most people don't thank anyone to do so—nor me, when I have indigestion."

"I—I feel much calmer since I've been here," Benjamina said. "It was so hot in the flat in Cleveland, and noisy. And it's very kind of you to ask Hamish and me to eat with you and Mr. Egg."

Her hands had become steadfast. She smiled a little.

"It'll be much more sociable, honey," Mrs. Egg reflected. "Even if Dammy don't talk, he likes company, havin' been in the Navy where he had lots . . .



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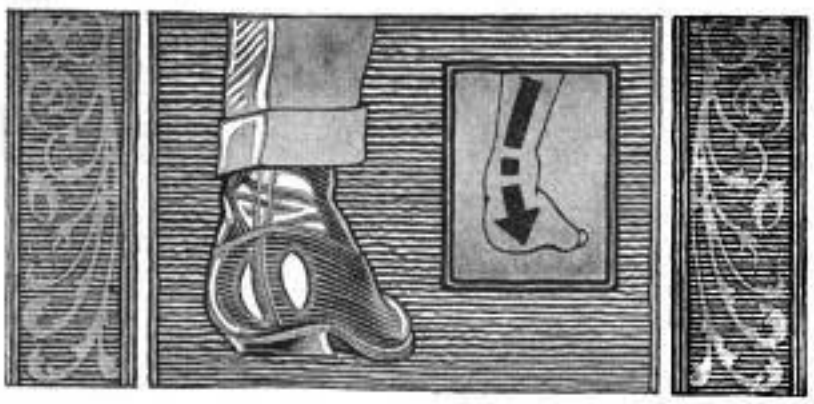
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Where's the biscuit flour? There's time to make some before supper."

The kitchen dimmed and Benjamina's tall body dulled into a restful shadow. She moved without noise and her pleasant voice was low. Mrs. Egg devised biscuits in comfort and smelled Adam's cigarettes in the living room. Hamish came to stimulate the making of this meal by getting his large feet in the way, and Mrs. Egg was scolding him tranquilly when the phonograph loosed a series of lazy notes. Then it sang, fervidly, of pale hands that it had loved beside some strange name.

"It's that Kashmir business," said Mrs. Egg. "Open the door, bub, so's we can hear."

The music swelled as the door opened and a circle of smoke died in the kitchen. Mrs. Egg saw Adam as a white pillar in the gloom. The machine sobbed "Where are you now? Where are you now?" with an oily sadness.

"Real touching," Mrs. Egg mentioned.

A crashing of the orchestra intervened. Then the voice cried, "Pale hands, pink tipped, like lotus flowers that ——" The words jumbled into sounds. Mrs. Egg hungrily yawned. The tenor wailed, "I would have rather felt you on my throat, crushing out life, than waving me farewell!" and the girl stirred beside the doorway, her hands in motion. The song expired with a thin noise of violins. Adam stopped the plate. An inexplicable silence filled the house, as if this stale old melody had wakened something that listened. Then Adam lit a cigarette.

"Supper near ready, mamma?"

"Pretty near, lamb," said Mrs. Egg.

Supper was pleasant. Hamish talked buoyantly of cows. He was impressed by their stupidity and their artless qualities. Benjamina gazed at the four candles with gray eyes and smiled at nothing. Adam ate fourteen hot biscuits and three mounds of an ice cream that held fresh raspberries. He stared at the ceiling gravely, and his white shirt tightened as he breathed out the first smoke above a cup of coffee.

Then he said, "We'll go to the movies. Get your hat, Miss Saunders."

"But the dishes aren't washed!" Benjamina exclaimed.

"The kid and I'll wash 'em," Adam vouchsafed.

Mrs. Egg yawned, "Go ahead, Benjamina," and watched the girl's hands flutter as she left the green dining room.

Adam blew a ring of smoke, which drooped, dissolving about a candle. He reached across the table for the coffeepot and filled his cup, then looked at Hamish.

"What's she scared of, kid?"

"Cousin Joe," said Hamish presently. "He's—our guardian—wants to marry her. Y'see, we have some money from dad's store. Cousin Joe's a lawyer and the bank pays him the money."

"Lived with him in Cleveland?"

Hamish groaned, "You saw where we lived! Benjy couldn't keep the place lookin' decent. He knocked his pipe out wherever he sat. But Benjy'll be twenty-one in October and the bank'll pay her the money."

"An' this Joe's a sour plum?"

"Well," said Hamish, with the manner of last justice, "he can sing pretty well."

Mrs. Egg was thinking of bed at ten o'clock when the telephone rang and the anguished voice of her youngest daughter came pouring from Ilium:

"Mamma! Dammy's got that girl in a box at the movies!"

"I'm glad," said Mrs. Egg, "that they're sitting in a box. My gee! It's hot as I ever felt it for this time of year, Fern! Benjamina's such a large person that she ——"

"Oh, mamma! And it's all over town that Edith Sims is going to marry ——"

"I can't pretend that I'm either surprised or sorry, Fern. As for Dammy marryin' a girl he would have had to stoop over a yard to kiss after breakfast, it never seemed a just kind of arrangement to me, although I didn't want to criticize her. The Simses are nice folks—awful refined. Mercy, but don't Dammy look well in white pants?"

"Mamma! You simply haven't any heart!"

"I'll be forty-seven in December, Fern," said Mrs. Egg. "Good night."

She drowsily ascended to her cool bedroom, where a vacuum flask of iced lemonade stood with a package of oatmeal crackers on the bedside table. In the dark she lay listening to the obliging wind that now moved in the ten acres of orchard, and sometimes she chuckled, nibbling a cracker. Finally she slept, and was waken Adam's voice.

"Was it a nice picture, Dammy?"

"Fair. Where's that law dictionar got last year, mamma?"

"It's in the pantry, under the p for the preserves, sweetheart."

"Thanks," said Adam, and his fee softly away.

Mrs. Egg resumed her slumbers co edly, and woke on the first clash o pails in the barnyard. Day was Adam could get in the rest of the p and paint the garage roof without di fort. She ate a cracker, dressing, an down the back stairs to find Benj grinding coffee in a white, fresh gow showed gentle color in her cheeks.

"Mercy," said Mrs. Egg, "but you real early!"

"I don't think it can be very healt Mr. Egg and Hamish to wait so lo breakfast," the girl said.

"The men's cook down at the house always has coffee for Dammy. sad time that Dammy can't get hin meal around here, honey. But it's r have breakfast early. I think he's hur in the mornin'."

"Isn't he always hungry?"

"Always," Mrs. Egg assured her pily, beginning to pare chilled pe "and he likes your oatmeal, I notice. Scotch by descent, you understan stuff. You've been here ten days, a remarkable how you've learned Dammy likes. If he was talkat wouldn't take so much intelligence. good way is to watch his toes. If they he likes what he's eatin'. My gee! easy to tell when he was little and barefooted. He's too tactful to cor about anything."

"He said, driving down from Clev that he hated talking much," Benj murmured.

Adam's black head showed abo blue milking shirt in the barnyard. Egg watched the tall girl's gray eyes qu as she gazed down the wet grass. M mist fairly smoked from the turf a boles of apple trees were moist. H was lugging pails to the dairy valian

"The high school here," said Mrs "is very good for the size of the tow Hamish will be perfectly comforta winters. You mustn't be alarmed husband when he comes back fro cago. It's a nervous habit he has of w his left eye. It don't mean a thing tryin' to get hold of some girl that's n ably intell'gent to do waitin' on tab dusting, which is not good for your h

"It's very nice here," Benjamina still looking at the barnyard.

Mrs. Egg decided that she was a b ful creature. Her color improved by breath, and her face had the loo goddess on a coin. The vast woman peach and inspected this virgin hop Then the pale hands shot to Benja throat and she whirled from the wi Hamish tumbled through the doo shoes smeared with milk and his dragged into a gash of fright.

He gulped, "It's Cousin Joe! He's out of a buggy at the gate!"

"Gracious!" said Mrs. Egg.

She rose and walked into the ve smoothing her hair. The man limp from the white gates was tall and his ders seemed broad. He leaned on He wore a straw hat made of roug of straw. Mrs. Egg greatly disliked once, and went down the steps slowly ways. Adam was lounging up fro barnyard and some farm hands fo him in a clump of tanned faces. Th made their eyes flash. The woman There might be a deal of angry talk she got rid of the lame person in bla advanced and she awaited him un apple tree below the steps. When proached she saw that his hair w brown and sleek as he took off his h

"Mrs. Egg?"

"I am," said Mrs. Egg.

The man smoothly bowed. He w than six feet tall, but burly and n His mouth smiled charmingly. He p at Adam, smoking on the steps, and the cane in his hand. He said, "My Hume. I'm an attorney. I'm the g of Benjamina and Hamish Saunde cousin's children. They're here, I stand?"

"I understand," Mrs. Egg d "that you ain't much of a guardi they're better off here."

(Continued on Page 92)

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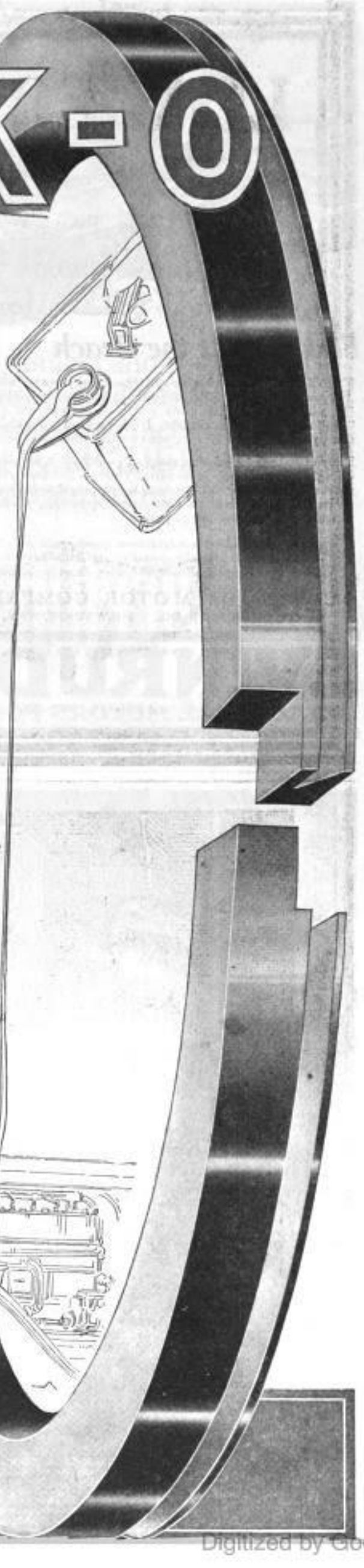
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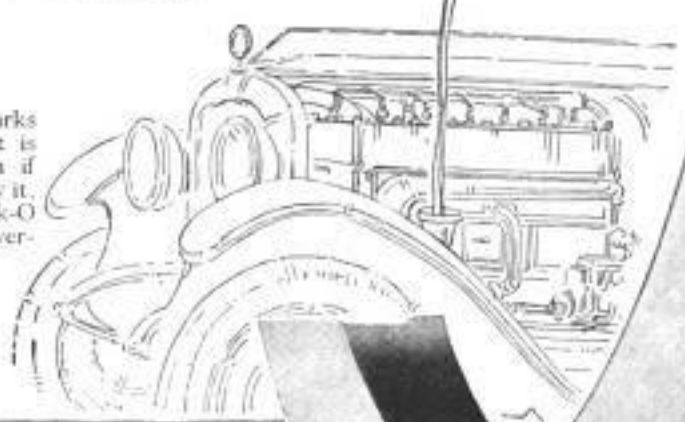
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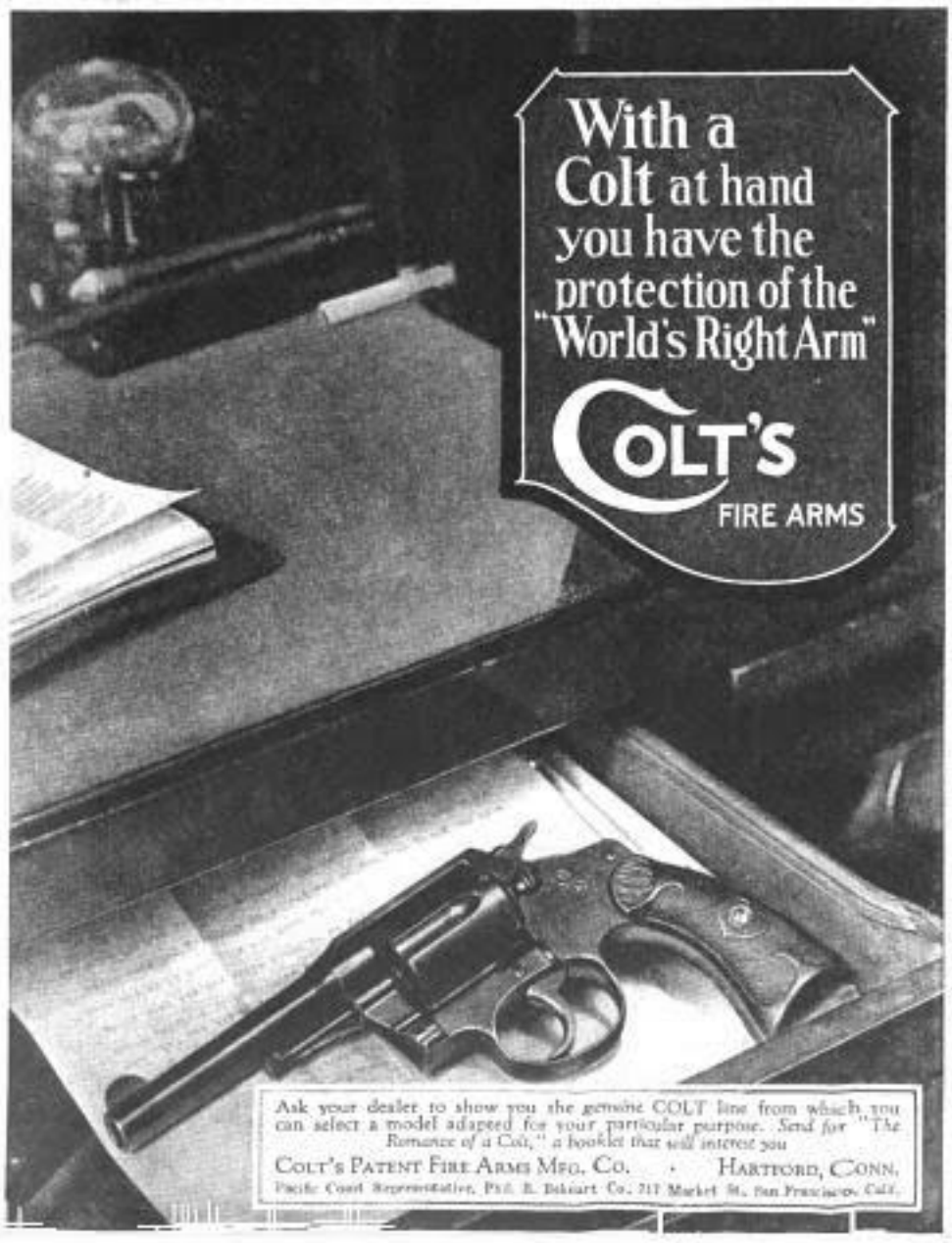
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(Continued from Page 90)

Adam's voice came over her shoulder, "They're goin' to stay here."

Cold sweat rose in Mrs. Egg's clenched hands. She turned and saw Adam's nostrils rigid, yellow on his bronze face. She said, "Go in to breakfast, Dammy. I'm talkin' to this person."

Adam might lose his temper. He must go away. She looked at him for a moment, and the farm hands made new shadows on the turf, approaching curiously. Then Adam turned and walked into the kitchen.

"We're wasting time," the man observed, always smoothly. "Benjy's my ward and she's going back to Cleveland with me."

"I don't see as that follows, precisely," Mrs. Egg panted.

"The nearest justice would."

"Then you'd better get the nearest justice to say it," said Mrs. Egg, "because Benjamina's perfectly well off here. As for sendin' her back to Cleveland for you to make love at in a flat—my gee!"

She felt herself impolitic and tactless in saying this, but rage had mounted. Her chins were shaking. The man's clothes smelled of pipe smoke. His collar wasn't clean. He was a dog. The kitchen door slammed. She dreaded that Adam might lose his temper and thrash this fellow. The man looked over her head.

"Here," said Adam, "get out the way, mamma, please! Let's settle this! Come ahead, Benj'mina. He can't hurt you." He was leading the girl down the steps by a hand. Smoke welled from his nostrils and his eyes had partly shut. He brought the white girl to face her cousin and said, "Now! My name's Adam Egg. Benjamina's married to me. Show him your rings, kid."

The farm hands gasped and an Irish lad whooped. Adam undid his brown fingers from the pale hand. The big diamond and the circlet of little stones blazed below the rosy nails. Mrs. Egg put her palm on her mouth and a scream was a pain in her throat. She hadn't seen Adam married! He threw away the cigarette by a red motion of his tongue and drawled, "Go back in the house, kid!"

The man clamped a hand on his cane and said "Without my permission!"

"She's twenty," Adam grunted, his shoulders tremulous under the thin blue shirt, "so what you goin' to do?"

Then nothing happened. Benjamina walked up the steps and stood with an arm about Hamish at the top. A farm hand lit a pipe. Mrs. Egg's heart beat horribly with the pain of having missed Adam's wedding. The man's face was getting green. He was odious, completely. He said, "Their property stays in my control!"

"To hell with their property!"

Nothing happened. The man stood poking his cane into the turf and turning the thick end among grass blades. Hamish came down one step. Then the man backed and whirled up his cane.

Mrs. Egg shrieked "Dammy!" and bruised her lip with her teeth.

The heavy cane seemed to balance a long while against the sun. Adam stood. The thing fell across his right shoulder and broke with a cracking sound. The blue shirt tore and Benjamina screamed. Adam's whole length shook and his lips were gray for a second. He slung out both hands and caught the fellow's throat. He said, "Now! You've 'saulted me with a dangerous weapon, see? Now, get out of here! Here's your witnesses! You hit me! All I've got to do is walk you in to a judge and you'll get a year, see? That's law! Get out of this! I could kill you," he drawled, "an' I will if you ain't out the gates in one minute!"

His shoulders heaved. The shirt split down his back. The man went spinning in a queer rotation along the grass, like some collapsing toy. Adam stood with his hands raised, watching. The figure stumbled twice. Then it lurched toward the white gates in a full run, and the farm hands yelled. Adam dropped his hands and ripped the shirt from his shoulder. A band of scarlet had risen on the bronze of his chest. He said thickly, "Damn if he ain't a husky! Hey, Hamish, get me some iodine, will you?"

Benjamina ran down the steps and dragged the rings from her fingers. She babbled, "Oh! Oh, Adam! What did you let him strike you for? I'm so sorry!" She thrust the rings into one of his palms and cried, "You shouldn't have let him hit you! He's so strong!"

"What was I goin' to say if he said to show any weddin' certificate? If he hit me it was assault, an' I could get rid of him."

Mrs. Egg wailed, "Then you ain't married, Dammy?"

"No."

Adam leaned on the apple tree and stared at Benjamina, turning the rings in his hand. After a moment the girl flushed and walked away into the orchard of rustling boughs. A morning wind made the giant's torn shirt flap. He sent his eyes to the gaping hired men and drawled "What about those cows?"

Feet thudded off on the grass. Hamish came bounding down the steps with a bottle of iodine and a handkerchief.

"My gee, Dammy," said Mrs. Egg, grasping the bottle, "if your sisters have the nerve to say you're tactless after this I'll —— Sit down, lamb! Oh, Dammy, how can you think as fast as that?"

Adam lit a cigarette and blew smoke through his nostrils. His face was again blank and undisturbed. He asked "Peaches for breakfast?" absently.

"Anything you want, lamb! Benjamina has oatmeal ready."

He clicked the rings in his hand and his feet wriggled in the moccasins. Then he said "Mamma," strangely.

"Yes, Dammy."

"Mamma, I've put Miss Saunders in a hell of a position, sayin' we're married."

"That's so, Dammy. It'll be all over town in no time."

Adam arose from the grass and examined his mother for a whole minute. His nostrils shook somewhat. He took the engagement ring from one palm and handed it to Hamish, ordering, "Kid, you go take that to your sister and tell her it's with my compliments. I hate talkin'."

The boy's red hair went flashing under the trees. Mrs. Egg watched him halt by his sister, who was wiping her eyes beside a trunk. They conferred. Soon Hamish turned about and began to make swift signs with his arms.

Adam said, "Good enough. . . . I guess I'll call her Ben." He lit his next cigarette and walked up the steps.

Mrs. Egg screamed, "Dammy! Ain't you goin' to go kiss her?"

Adam's eyes opened on his mother in alarm.

He said, "I'm thirsty, mamma. And I've got to get a fresh shirt. Couldn't kiss anybody in this one. It wouldn't be polite."

Then he waved his cigarette to his new love and slammed the kitchen door behind him.

A DEAL IN EXCHANGE

(Continued from Page 23)

British consul was to insure his own arrest. All hands were against him.

At eight o'clock he was dressed and downstairs. The fat proprietor, with the crumpled look about him of one who has slept in his clothes, was in the entry as he went forth. The creature gave him a grin of infinite malice and amusement.

"You sleep good?" he inquired.

Samuel Lawrence looked at him and knew himself vanquished. The creature had strength of a kind, both of physique and personality; he himself had none of either. He turned and went on down the hill.

It was a morning of the true Paris glory, with a sky of soft radiance and a balm upon the air. The freakish fate which buffeted him along took him to the grand boulevards, where the trees along the sidewalk were resplendent with tender green. He was not shaved or properly washed, and he had not breakfasted, nor was he to breakfast. He moved at a tramp's gait through the lively crowds, reflected in all his humility and misfortune in the brilliant windows of the shops.

He could improvise no plan. He knew he was at the mercy of incalculable forces; and when it was nearing noon, and he was already footsore, the freakish fate took pity on him.

It happened near the Madeleine. He was going along the sidewalk, limping a little now, when he saw, coming in the other direction,

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him halt with a gasp. A plump and prosperous figure it was, with a high-held, serene and debonair face under a gray Hamburg hat, sprucely tailored, with a neat pomaded mustache. It was the stranger of the train, the man who had taken the wrong suitcase.

The man passed him. Samuel Lawrence came round as on a pivot; then in an access of energy followed and overtook him. He touched him on the elbow.

"Excuse me," he said nervously.

The other spun on his heel, and it seemed to Lawrence that an immense relief showed upon his face at the sight of himself. Then it darkened.

"What the devil d'you mean by layin' hold of me like that?" demanded the stranger.

"I beg your pardon for startling you," said Lawrence. "But I believe you took my suitcase from the train yesterday in mistake for your own."

The face before him cleared up.

"Oh, it was yours, was it? Yes, I recognize you now. Why didn't you come after me? I found my case all right, but I couldn't see a trace of you."

Lawrence explained. The well-fed stranger nodded.

"Well," he said, "your case is all right. I left it in the *consigne*—the cloakroom, that is. But like a silly fool I found this morning that I'd lost the ticket. Still, you can get it all right."

Lawrence trembled. Then the case and its secret were still intact.

"Would you kindly tell me how I should proceed?"

"Certainly," said the other. "It's easy enough. You go to the *consigne*, you know, and you claim it. You'll have to prove your identity and all that in the usual way, and prescribe the contents of the thing. Then you open it, and when they've checked your description they hand it over to you."

"Oh!" said Lawrence; and presently, "Thank you."

"I'll drive up with you now and see you through it if you like," volunteered the other.

Lawrence shook his head hopelessly. He became suddenly aware that his chance-met acquaintance could develop a peculiar deadly piercingness of gaze. The bland and ruddy face was in a moment acute and formidable.

"No?" said the stranger. "All right! Then come and have a drink. I want to speak to you."

And when Lawrence still hung back he added startlingly, "Better come, Mr. Lawrence!"

Lawrence collapsed and surrendered. He suffered himself to be led away.

"Are you a detective?" he gasped.

The other considered as if uncertain whether he were or not.

"No," he finally decided. "Nothing of the kind. Your case is in the London papers this morning. That's how I knew your name."

They sated upon a plush bench in the interior of a café, with whisky and soda before them, and talked.

"An' the boodle is in that case?" said the stranger. "Three thousand-and-odd francs' best—and I took it by accident and sent it out o' reach. Me! Well, we got to manage somehow."

"What did the papers say?" faltered Lawrence.

"Oh, them! Seems your camera people are suspecting anything from the truth to failure of memory. Seems to me they trusted you pretty far. But never mind about that. What have you been doing since yesterday?"

Lawrence was persistent, and soon he had the whole story of Samuel Lawrence's first night in Paris. He laughed.

"I shall have to look after you a bit," he replied. "At any rate until we get that settled. But the first thing for you is a bite to eat. *Garçon!*"

"But," hesitated Lawrence, "are you—"

"Come on!" encouraged the other. "Say you're not a crook? Is that it? Why, of course I am, and a good one—not a bloomin' beginner like you! My name's Neumann; Pony Neumann my friends call me; an' you're lucky to have run across me. Ah, here's the menu."

It was an admirable lunch which Mr. Neumann selected, satisfying yet delicate, at once stimulating and rewarding the appetite; and as they ate he talked.

"That damn ticket!" he philosophized. "Suppose I wasn't very careful where I put it, the case not being mine; and so it goes and loses itself. I've known men hanged or guillotined through accidents as little as that. And think o' that thing blowing about in the gutter just as if it warn't worth better than three thou! There's romance for you! Take some more o' this wine."

Lawrence sighed.

"I put it in my overcoat pocket," said Mr. Neumann. "Then I suppose I pulled out my gloves or my cigar case and it went adrift. I searched that coat this morning and all I found was a ten-centime piece that had somehow got into the breast pocket. I searched the suit I'd been wearing, too, but nothing doing."

"Then how ——" began Lawrence.

"Ah!" said Mr. Neumann. "That's what I've got to think out. But whatever I arrange, you'll have to be on hand. You see, I was fool enough to explain at the *consigne* that I'd taken the thing by mistake. So you'll be wanted. Where are you going to stay?"

Lawrence smiled weakly.

"I've got no money," he reminded Mr. Neumann.

"Ah, but you have!" retorted that financier, reaching into his bosom. "You're an investment, my boy. See this? That's a thousand-franc note, that is, an' I'm goin' to invest it in your expectations. An' you better get a shave an' a bath right away. An' look here! You find a place to stay, an' meet me here tomorrow at the same time, eh? An' now you better bump along."

Lawrence rose obediently. There was no part in this conversation that he was competent to sustain, and obedience was his only course. A waiter ran to help him with his coat and hand him his hat.

"All right, I'll tip him," said Mr. Neumann over the cigar which he was lighting. "Tomorrow at the same time, remember!"

"Tomorrow at the same time," repeated Lawrence mechanically, and took his departure.

The barber's at which he got himself shaved and his hair brushed demurred a little at changing a thousand-franc note, but achieved it in the end. Lawrence tipped generously.

"Thank you," he understood the barber to say in French. "And here is M. Neumann's hat."

"Eh?"

The barber smilingly turned the hat over, as one who has played a clever trick, and lettered in gilt upon the leather sweatband within, plain as a sign post, was the name P. Neumann.

"They gave me the wrong hat," said Lawrence.

He took it, however, and stood with it in his hand, undecided whether to return with it at once to the café or postpone it till tomorrow. It was a smarter hat than his own. He saw the corner of a piece of green paper sticking up from inside the sweatband and plucked it out.

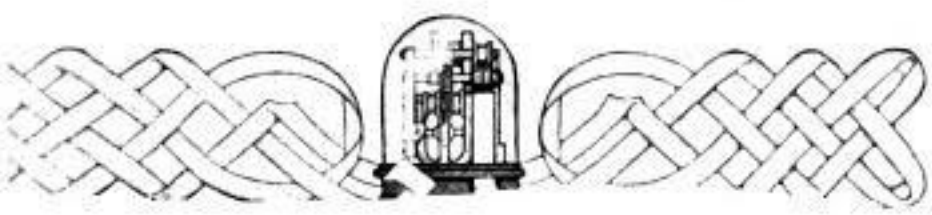
"Ah," said the barber. "*Un billet de consigne!*"

He recognized the word *consigne* and gasped. It was, it must be, the lost cloakroom ticket. Mr. Neumann had put it in his hat instead of in his pocket and forgotten it. He startled the barber by uttering a loud cry and dashing from the shop.

That afternoon the Beach Camera Company received a telegram from Paris which startled them considerably. It said:

"Am here. Money intact. Returning tonight. SAMUEL LAWRENCE."

And in the end loss of memory was held to be the true explanation. Mr. Neumann, however, had another word for it.



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ADVENTURES IN BUDGETIN

(Continued from Page 4)

from the top of the Washington Monument. For nobody would be in danger of losing his job if the head of the company wasn't prepared to back to the limit the recommendations of the general manager.

The chief idea of the Budget Bureau was the collecting of information and the presenting of estimates concerning the amount of money needed by the different departments of the Government in 1923 and succeeding years. Using this information and these estimates, the President on the one hand could see how to apply pressure to cut down unnecessary spending by the departments, while Congress on the other hand could see how far it ought to go in authorizing the departments to spend money. The Budget Bureau wasn't supposed to have anything at all to do with expenditures during the current year.

Dawes had no sooner reached Washington, however, fresh from his experience of the beneficial results obtained by executive pressure of the commander in chief of the American Expeditionary Forces on the different branches of the Army, than he began to pound his desk irritably and howl for the same sort of executive pressure to be exerted by the President. Poking everybody within reach in order to obtain the proper amount of attention, he declared, averred and insisted that everybody might as well start saving at once, inasmuch as saving depended on no budget law, but on executive pressure and business management. The President existed, so that the executive pressure could be provided without undue agony; while Dawes stood ready to deliver the business management. Everything, in a manner of speaking, was all set.

That being the case, Dawes' slogan at once became "Let's go!" He went roaring and fuming and sputtering and jabbing into the Executive offices of the White House and rapped the presidential desk a few times, and slapped his knee violently, and waved his bony forefinger freely in every direction, pausing ever and anon to jab the presidential forearm or to feint at jabbing it, and demanded an instantaneous start of business management and saving.

The President, who is a slow, mild and pleasant mover when there is little of importance in sight, or when he isn't absolutely certain of his ground, but who is a rapid, solid, decisive and overwhelming mover when he's sure he's right and the matter is important, looked at Dawes benignantly over the top of his glasses and blandly remarked, "Go to it!"

Getting Along With Less

So Dawes went to it. There were forty-three government departments that came under his jurisdiction; and each one of the forty-three, to use the Dawesian phraseology, was doing as it damned pleased. The President did exactly what would be done in any business, and called a meeting of all the departments that were spending money.

"Now," said he in effect, "you're all running wild and spending too much money. It's got to stop. You've got to economize. I've selected an agent to see that my policy in this matter is carried out, and here he is—your new general manager, Charles G. Dawes."

For the first time in the history of the United States the President had assumed responsibility for the spending of the executive departments.

Congress had already made appropriations for these departments, and under the old system the departments would have spent every cent of the appropriations and a little matter of $500,000,000 more. The departments have always told Congress that the appropriations that are made for them are too little—always. Yet when Dawes demanded economy, and the President backed him up, the departments figured busily for a month, and then agreed to spend $112,000,000 less than their appropriations in 1922. When they got down to actual work, striving in every way to carry out the President's wishes, they found that they could do even better—that they would spend $136,000,000 less than their 1922 appropriations. The departments showed conclusively that when they were subjected to executive pressure they could get along on less than the amount that they had assured Congress was too little.

Thus the principle was establish
hereafter the amount of money
priated by Congress for the depa
is not to be considered necessary as
mum of expenditure, but as the
amount which the departments ar
allowed to spend. Until a Presiden
along who is willing that the
money shall be thrown away in
wasteful, boneheaded way the
ments will be held to account
President to spend as little as is co
with efficiency.

There is a large amount of co
over the savings that have been
by the Budget Bureau; and in th
nection it would be well for the pe
the country to understand that, a
Dawes is frequently very extreme
bawlings-out, he is invariably ve
servative with his claims. He clair
ing whatever that doesn't belong
and he frequently refuses to claim
that actually belong to him, but tha
be misunderstood by politicians w
that they must fight him because he
ing under a Republican Administra

Demagogues at Work

He does not, for example, claim
bureau has saved the $136,000,0
the departments would have spe
hadn't been for executive pressur
departments had no business to
what they didn't need to spend.
failure to waste money is not a savi
ordinary rudimentary business n
ment. Certain pinheads, after
Dawes' reports, have a rush of br
the feet and imagine that he is clai
a Budget Bureau savings the am
money that the departments migh
spent but didn't. He is not, howev
says that such a failure to spen
economy brought about by executi
sure. For example, Congress aut
the Budget Bureau to spend $225,0
ing its first year. It actually spen
000. The fact that it could have s
additional $95,000 doesn't cause D
claim gayly that he saved $95,00
savings in the operation of the
Bureau were something else agai
careful buying and economizing in t
ter of furniture, office supplies, tel
charges, and what not, the Budget
actually saved itself $2991.20 in ca
that's all that Dawes claims in savi
his particular department.

Dawes and his bureau may be op
under a Republican Administratio
for all that they are not Rep
agencies. Neither are they Dem
Socialist, Populist or anything else
are business agencies first, business
last and business agencies all th
Dawes argues, as any high-class
man would argue, that the Budget
is not concerned with any politica
and that to be successful it must
confidence of the people.

It must satisfy the impartial
mind that its work and its claims a
square. In doing that it will neve
the demagogues among the Republi
iticians or among the Democrati
cians; but it can't satisfy either of t
be a success.

Total government expenditures
were $1,600,000,000 less than in 19
campaign purposes the Republica
gogues at once set up a loud
splitting outcry to the effect that
a saving accomplished by a Re
Administration. It wasn't anyt
the sort. It was the inevitable
getting back toward a normal ba
abnormal war conditions.

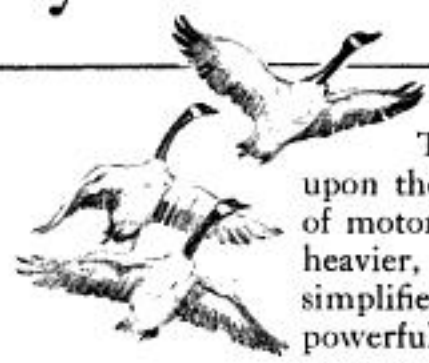
On the other hand, for campa
poses Democratic demagogues in
attack the Budget Bureau by selec
or two little things from its record
a part of the facts about them, and
intimating to the country at large
savings at all have been effected
this head comes the celebrated br
dent, of which much was mad
time. The Democratic demag
demagogue being a person who w
sacrifice his country's well-being
sonal or party ends—are no mor
less contemptible in their attitude
Republican demagogues who cl
mendous savings.

(Continued on Page 96)

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10 Engineering Advances Found Only in the WILLS SAINTE CLAIRE



The Wills Sainte Claire is Evolution. ¶Its very conception was based upon the conviction that there was an economic necessity for a new kind of motor car—not more expensive, but more economical—not larger and heavier, but smaller, lighter and finer—not more complicated, but greatly simplified. ¶We realized that there was an economic necessity for a more powerful car—a stronger, more durable car—a car of luxurious riding ease—a car more thrilling, more convenient, safer, easier and finer to drive. ¶And out of these conceptions of hitherto unattainable things has come the Wills Sainte Claire—the car that marks a new decade in automotive engineering, a new era in motoring comfort and luxury. ¶In the achievement of the Wills Sainte Claire it has been necessary to develop many strikingly distinctive features—engineering advances that are to be found in no other motor car. ¶Ten of these distinctive and exclusive features we offer for your consideration—





***One*—The Motor**—Eight Cylinders—V-Type—actually twin fours, either one of which can be run independently—brake test, 60 horse power. It has overhead camshafts and valves in the cylinder head. A construction that gives enormous, flexible power and that with a special steadying device produces a wonderfully smooth, noiseless operation. This construction also makes possible a combustion chamber of such shape and design that carbon deposits are reduced to a minimum and fullest fuel economy is realized.

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***Three*—Cylinders and Pistons**—New in design and manufactured by a new process that reduces friction to a minimum and gives to both cylinders and pistons the glazed finish and perfect fit that under the old method come only after the car has been driven several hundred miles. The danger of scored cylinders is minimized. Greater accuracy is secured.

***Four*—No Chains or Belts**—An assembly of gears designed by Mr. Wills and his engineers drives the camshafts, the fan shaft and the intermediate shaft. All back-lash noise and lost motion in the gears are eliminated by special design, and this, together with the elimination of belts and chains that break and require frequent adjustment, is a distinct engineering advance to be found in no other motor car.

***Five*—The Bearings**—Developed by Mr. Wills for the Liberty Airplane Motor, and an important factor in its success. Are to be found in no other motor car. Twenty-eight operations are required to make a connecting-rod bearing, but when it is finished the surfaces are so true that scraping, filing or fitting is eliminated. These bearings are a triumph of precision manufacture and of advanced metallurgy.

***Six*—The Springs**—Specially constructed to meet the requirements of load and wheel base. Excessive weight and wheel base are not essential to riding qualities. Perfection of balance, weight distribution and spring suspension determine that. The wheel base of the Wills Sainte Claire is 121 inches, because that gives ample capacity and is most convenient for turning and parking. It is the scientific wheel base for power, flexibility and roadability.

***Seven*—Lubrication**—The lubrication system is another advanced achievement without which this motor would not have been possible. The method used to transfer oil from the passages inside the crank case to the crank bearings insures uniform distribution and uniform pressure at every point. The shape of the oil grooves in the bearings, the result of exhaustive experiments, produces an increase of 135 per cent of the oil volume transferred. The circulation of oil through the camshaft, which is hollow, insures perfect lubrication to all cams, no matter whether the car is on the level or a steep incline.



***Eight*—The Fan**—Is automatically released when it reaches a speed necessary properly to perform its cooling function. The ordinary motor fan consumes four to seven horse power when operating at high speed. The Wills Sainte Claire self-releasing fan cannot consume more than two horse power.

***Nine*—The Cylinders**—Are cast solid. Why? Because that construction permits of the true and accurate grinding of the valve seats. And tight valves are vitally essential to power. This is extremely difficult in the demountable cylinder head, because the uneven tightening of the bolts distorts the valve seats.

***Ten*—Mo-lyb-den-um Steel**—The toughest and strongest of all metals. Was developed commercially by Mr. Wills. It is used in all parts of the car subjected to extraordinary strains, shocks and stresses. Its use has enabled us to build a lighter, stronger, safer, more durable, finer motor car.

These are a few of the specific achievements that have made possible the Wills Sainte Claire. You cannot realize their true significance without riding in and driving the car. This we cordially invite you to do.



C. H. WILLS & COMPANY, *Marysville, Michigan*

WILLS SAINTE CLAIRE

Motor Cars



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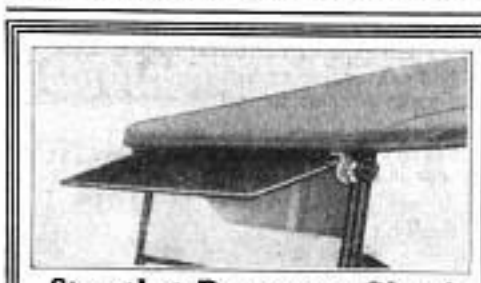
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1924 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

(Continued from Page 94)

If Dawes were a politician and a demagogue he would claim that the Budget Bureau in 1922 had saved $905,000,000, for $905,000,000 is the decrease in the running expenses of the departments which are under executive control. He would be reasonably justified in claiming it, for a railroad or any other corporation measures the efficiency of one year's administration by the increase or decrease of that year's running expenses over or under the running expenses of the preceding year. Dawes, however, says that a lot of that $905,000,000 decrease was inevitable, and he won't touch it.

What Dawes claims as savings brought about directly by executive pressure, working through the Budget Bureau, is $250,134,835.03—a sum which will hereafter be referred to as $250,000,000; for what is three cents, more or less, between friends? He has the itemized figures to prove it—figures which take account of twenty-eight cents' worth of ells—whatever an ell is—and fifty-eight cents' worth of bolts and $66,000 worth of anchor chain and thirty cents' worth of dividers and seventeen cents' worth of bushings, to say nothing of balloon envelopes to the value of $104,809.32, and a saving of ten cents on three-quarter-inch galvanized iron tees and of eight cents on a nutmeg grater, and so on. Anybody that wants the figures can get them in a tastefully printed ninety-two-page brochure, tersely entitled Report of the Director of the Bureau of the Budget on the Subject of Economies and Savings in Governmental Business. There are enough figures in this brochure to give an adding machine dyspepsia.

The manner in which Dawes, acting for the President, accomplished this saving of $250,000,000 was as follows: He established a number of coördinating agencies in order to secure unity, coöperation and coördination in the activities of the different government departments and establishments. These were the Federal Purchasing Board, the Federal Liquidation Board, an organization of corps-area coördinators, a surveyor general of real estate, a Federal motor-transport agent, the Federal Traffic Board, the Federal Specifications Board and an interdepartmental board of contracts and adjustments.

An official of the United States Steel Corporation came to Washington and dropped in to take a look at Dawes' organization.

"Good enough," said he when he had seen it all; "it's practically the same organization that we have."

Coördinating Boards

And when the United States Government begins to do business like United States Steel there is relief in sight at last.

"These agencies," said Dawes, reporting to the President in his more formal manner, free from finger jabbings, table wallopings and hell-and-Marias—"these agencies, concerned alone with efficient and economical methods, should operate in the same manner, whatever the political changes which may occur in administration. Like the Budget Bureau and other agencies for the imposition of business policy, they are impersonal, impartial and nonpartisan. They can never properly become the subject of partisan dissension. They must exist as agents concerned with routine methods of business at the disposal of the Executive and Congress indefinitely. If they are not kept in existence there will be an immediate reversion to the demoralizing lack of coördination among the independent departments and establishments which has obtained in the governmental business administration in the past. Made up from the continuing body of public employes, and concerned simply with the unification of the business machine, their sphere is one outside of politics and of general policy, and in the realm alone of business common sense."

These coördinating boards keep a watchful eye on everything. In the past, if the Department of Commerce wanted a box of tacks and a couple of steam winches it went out and bought them, wotting not and recking not that the War Department might have recently bought some nice shiny tacks and a whole flock of steam winches for which it had lost its first fine enthusiasm. Under Dawes, however—and under Gen. Herbert M. Lord, who will be Dawes' successor, and under all future Directors of the Budget, provided that future Presidents do not get cold feet—the coördinating boards know what each department has on hand, and how much or how many it has, and how long it takes to get it, and if not why not, and so on. If the Department of Commerce wants a steam winch today it tells the Federal Purchasing Board, and the Federal Purchasing Board gets it a nice steam winch for a considerably smaller expenditure of public funds than formerly obtained.

These matters are imperfectly and unwillingly understood by many of the bureaucrats who run much of the business of the departments. They are lazy, they are in a rut, they are deeply suspicious of outside interference, they are for their own departments first, last and all the time, they are slow-witted. In a word, they are pinheads. A great many of the bureau chiefs, of course, have given the Budget Bureau nothing but the most whole-hearted and capable coöperation; but others haven't. Even in the cabinet itself there have been men who have been, to speak conservatively, scarcely the sort of mothers' helpers that an efficient business man wishes to find among his assistants.

Pressure on the Navy

Secretary Weeks and Secretary Mellon, both big business men, who realize to the full the imperative need of whole-hearted coöperation, have furthered in every way the President's policy of economy as handed down by the Budget Bureau. But there have been other distinguished cabinet members who were earnestly in need of arousing to the fact that the sun of progress had pushed its gleaming disk above the cowshed of bureaucracy and party politics.

This is nothing new. Dawes, before a meeting of the cabinet and bureau chiefs, pointedly remarked that "until the President assumed his attitude of responsibility for a unified plan, the attitude of everybody, from cabinet, department heads and bureau chiefs down to clerks, has always been one of hostility to anything which interfered with the plan of their separate jurisdictions, irrespective of the demoralizing effect of such an attitude upon the business interests of the Government which they have sworn to serve."

Let us consider for a moment the case of the two ships which were needed by the Coast and Geodetic Survey—a case which is a fetching example of the manner in which the fine old hard-shelled bureaucrat sits back on his haunches and simulates activity by waving his feelers.

The Coast and Geodetic Survey, which is a part of the Department of Commerce, needed two ships. So it came to the Bureau of the Budget to ask it to ask Congress for $1,000,000 with which to get the ships. Dawes, unwilling to see $1,000,000 used unnecessarily, told his chief coördinator to look around and see what he could find in the way of ships. The chief coördinator at once reported that if the Coast and Geodetic Survey would get two mine sweepers from the Navy Department its craving for ships would be assuaged and the $1,000,000 would be saved.

So the Director of the Budget wrote a little note to the Secretary of the Navy, asking him to agree to the transfer of two mine sweepers from the Navy to the Coast and Geodetic Survey. In due course he received a reply signed by the Assistant Secretary of the Navy stating tersely that there was nothing doing. The note, of course, was written by a petty bureau chief, although it was signed by Mr. Roosevelt.

Why had the bureau chief refused to agree to the transfer of the two ships? He just didn't want to. He was sot in his ways.

That which belonged to the Navy would continue to belong to the Navy. Give two ships to the Department of Commerce? Say, where do they get that stuff?

Under the methods of doing government business which obtained in the United States from the close of the Revolutionary War down to 1921, that terse note from the Assistant Secretary of the Navy would have ended the negotiations, and the Coast and Geodetic Survey, in order to get two ships, would have been obliged to disgorge $1,000,000.

But under the new methods there has been a change. The President is interested in knowing about a department head who declines to save $1,000,000 when requested—or 1,000,000 cents for that matter, or even ten cents. So the President's



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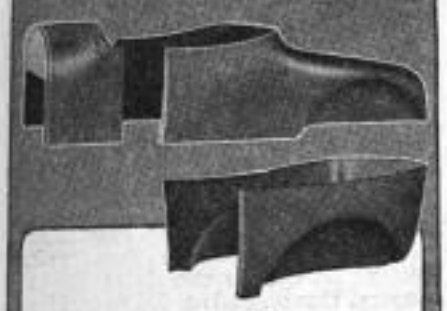
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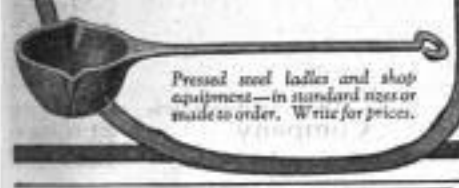
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general manager, in the person of Charles Gates Dawes, got hold of the Assistant Secretary of the Navy and asked him kindly to step over to his office, and the Assistant Secretary of the Navy stepped.

When he had arrived Dawes told him a number of interesting and newsy titbits that had been gleaned in passing by his impartial and nonpartisan coördinating agents. He told him, for example, that the Navy had forty-nine surplus mine sweepers that were about to go out of commission. He told him that if two of these mine sweepers were loaned to the Coast and Geodetic Survey they would remain in commission instead of going out of commission. Since a ship in commission doesn't deteriorate as rapidly as a ship out of commission, the two mine sweepers would be better off with the Coast and Geodetic Survey than with the Navy Department. In case of a war the mine sweepers would be transferred back to the Navy. And lastly Dawes told the Assistant Secretary of the Navy that if the transfer wasn't made the President would have to ask Congress for $1,000,000 to build new ships—and that the President would unquestionably be bored to tears by such a contingency.

Having been told these things, the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, who is an intelligent young man, said immediately that the proposition was fair enough; so he stepped back to the Navy Department and sent a new letter which agreed to the transfer of the two ships.

The plot now thickens. When the Coast and Geodetic Survey went to get its two ships it found that they were being repaired, and that their engines were lying around loosely and uselessly.

The cost of assembling the engines and putting the ships in repair would have been $10,240, and the Coast and Geodetic Survey had no appropriation available for getting the job done. So Dawes wrote another letter to the Navy Department, asking it to spend $10,240 putting the ships in shape.

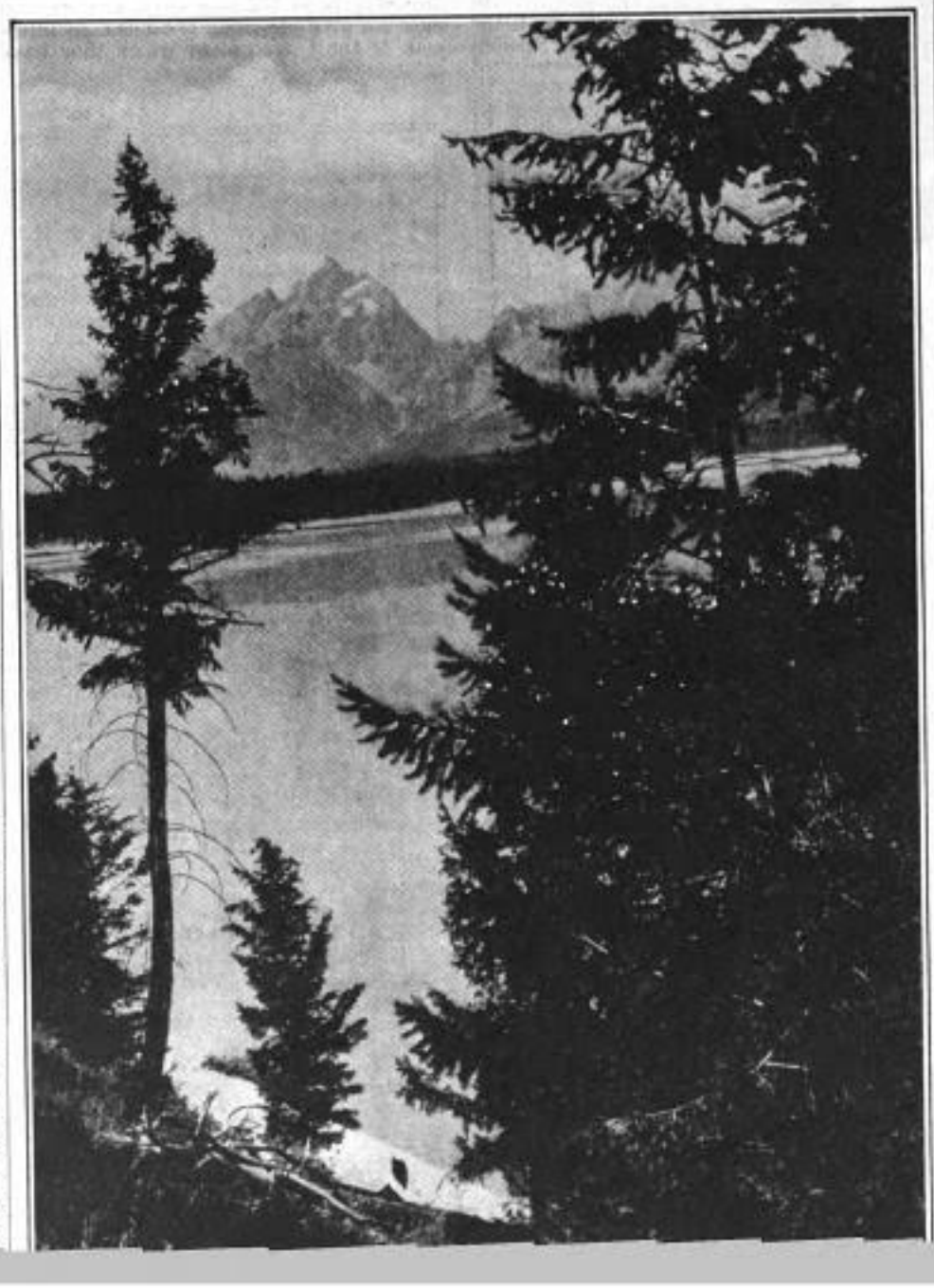
In due course a letter came back from the Navy Department declining the request with thanks. This letter, too, was unquestionably written by a bureau chief, and the reason that he wrote it was because he wanted to save $10,240 for the Navy Department. He wasn't at all worried over the fact that if he saved $10,240 for the Navy Department he would cost the United States $1,000,000. He preferred to save $10,000 for his department rather than to save $1,000,000 for the United States.

So Dawes again took the matter up with the Secretary of the Navy, pointing out that a saving of $10,000 by the Navy meant a loss of $1,000,000 to the Government. And this time the Secretary of the Navy wrote an agreeable letter, agreeing to put the two ships in repair before delivery.

If by any chance the Secretary of the Navy or the Assistant Secretary of the Navy had not been men of intelligence and understanding and had refused to accede to Dawes' requests, then the President, having demanded economy, would have been derelict in his duty if he hadn't at once given him, as the saying goes, the gate. That is why executive pressure is the controlling force in government economy; and that is why all the budget laws in the world will be unable to secure economy if the President isn't solidly in favor of it.

It is this sort of thing that the Budget Bureau is forced to fight on every side. When Democratic congressmen attack the budget system, as they have been frequently doing, they are fighting for its continuation in government business. It is such stupidity that causes Dawes to leap in the air with rage and howl his indignation aloud to high heaven until the very flies stop dancing around the chandelier and crawl behind the picture molding.

By transferring surplus property from one department to another the Budget Bureau coördinators have saved the departments from going out into the open market and spending $27,000,000 of the taxpayers' money. This would have been impossible before the Budget Bureau took





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hold of things and made the departments stop acting as little independent governments. That $27,000,000 would have been definitely and certainly spent. Yet throughout the different departments there are moans and groans and wails of protest because the Budget Bureau has taken workers from them to assist in the budget system. The total salaries of these men is $109,000. Their salaries are still charged to the departments from which Dawes drafted them, and so the departments are gnashing their teeth and rending their garments. Yet the work of these men has saved the Government $27,000,000. The departments don't look at the $27,000,000 saving. They look at the $109,000, which their brains interpret as a loss. Nowhere are the narrowness and the selfishness of the politician or the bureaucrat seen with such clarity as when he stands forth in the cold light of business efficiency.

Although the Budget Bureau exists to tell the President how to make his departments spend more economically and to tell Congress how much spending money the departments should be given, there will be frequent occasions when the President and Congress fall out with great enthusiasm.

The President in his budget, for example, allowed that $29,000,000 would be plenty of money to spend on rivers and harbors. But because of the pressure of eager constituents, the House of Representatives disregarded the recommendations of the Committee on Appropriations and authorized the expenditure of $41,000,000 on rivers and harbors. This is the old familiar pork barrel, with $12,000,000 worth of pure pork floating heavily and pallidly at the top. It now remains to be seen whether the President will support his budget by vetoing this bill; and if you are at all acquainted with the characteristics of Warren Gamaliel Harding you will bet heavily that he will do so.

Congress, always parsimonious when it comes to cutting the other feller's expenses, has reduced many of the estimates of the budget in making appropriations for 1923. This doesn't mean that Congress has in any way been inspired with a desire for economy. Perish the thought—perish it and bury it deep beneath the waving daisies! In fact, Congress has passed appropriations for good roads and oth projects not outlined in the budget.

For the first time in history the rout business of the Government is being c ducted along sound business princip The system and the machinery for carry it along have been firmly established General Dawes in such a way that noth can disturb it or dislocate it so long as President of the United States contin to desire economy and saving. Dawes be succeeded by Gen. Herbert M. Lo Lord became Director of Finance un General Goethals in 1918, and was Ar Liberty Loan officer. As Director of Budget he will be exactly as efficient General Dawes, and so will General Lo successors until the President fails to s port them. Nobody need fear that Pr dent Harding won't support his Direc of the Budget. He will always do so, because he is a business man, the busi of the Government will constantly incre in efficiency during his tenure of office.

But it behooves the taxpayers to k a wary eye on succeeding Presiden whether they are Republican, Democra or what not. For to quote General Daw frequently repeated statement to Congr

It cannot be too often reiterated that t most important reformation in the gov mental business system is dependent upon President of the United States himself, upon his continued assumption of his res sibility as its business head. The minute relaxes his attitude of attention to this d there will be felt the natural pull of the dep ments and establishments toward the old tem of complete independence and decentr ization. This is because of laws firmly embed in human nature which have existed since began. Budget laws or other legislative en ments cannot change human nature, and w compelling the letter of cooperation ca compel its spirit, which is above all th essential in business organization. The Pr dent, and the President alone, can do this his attitude toward the heads of the dep ments and the independent establishment a matter constantly in their minds. What desires it becomes their interest as well as t duty to do, where consistent with right pri ples and in accordance with the law. In absence of his expressed desire, what bec their selfish interest in action is inevitably a the lines of decentralization and the reest lishment of the old condition of things, w everything running haphazard.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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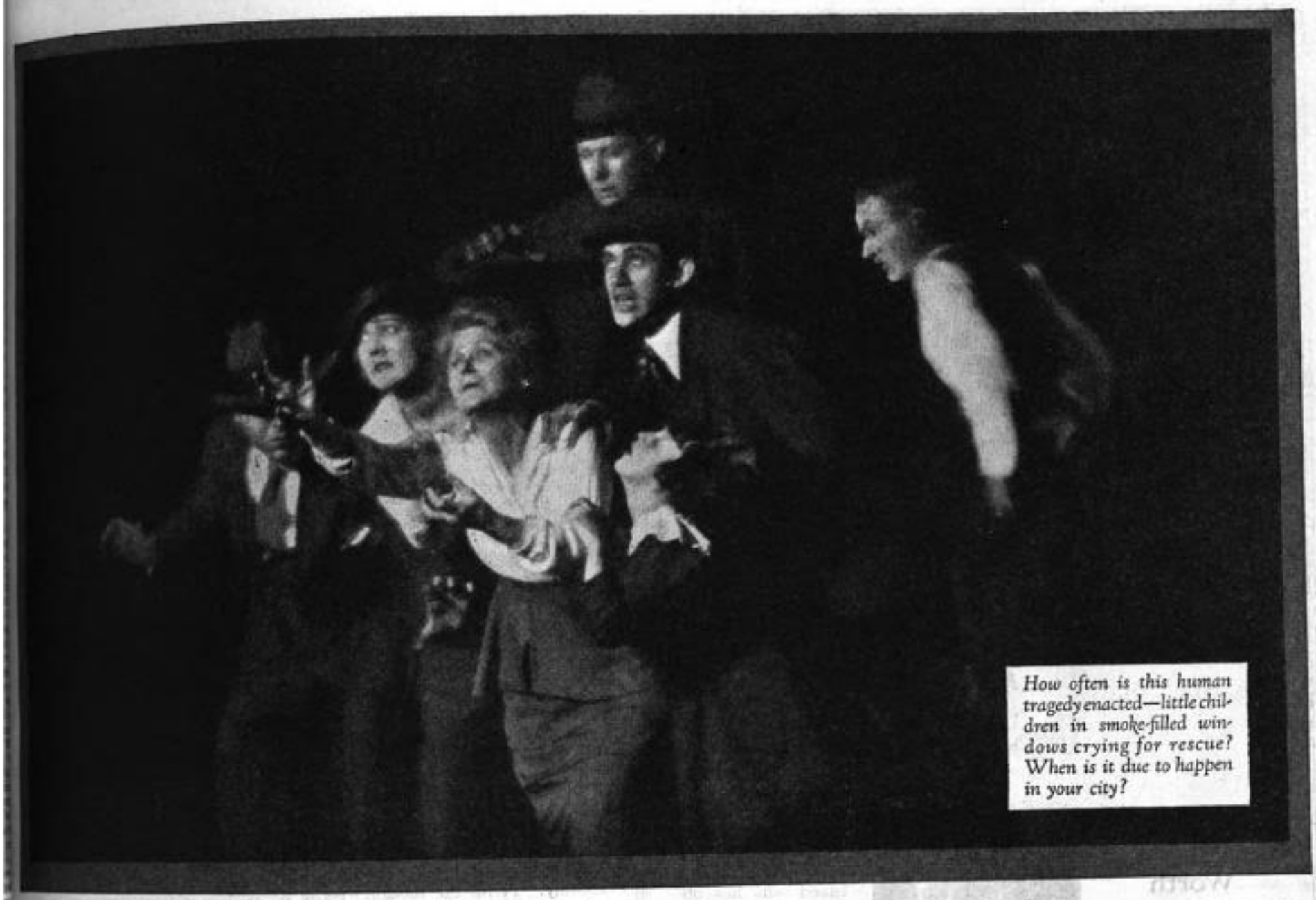
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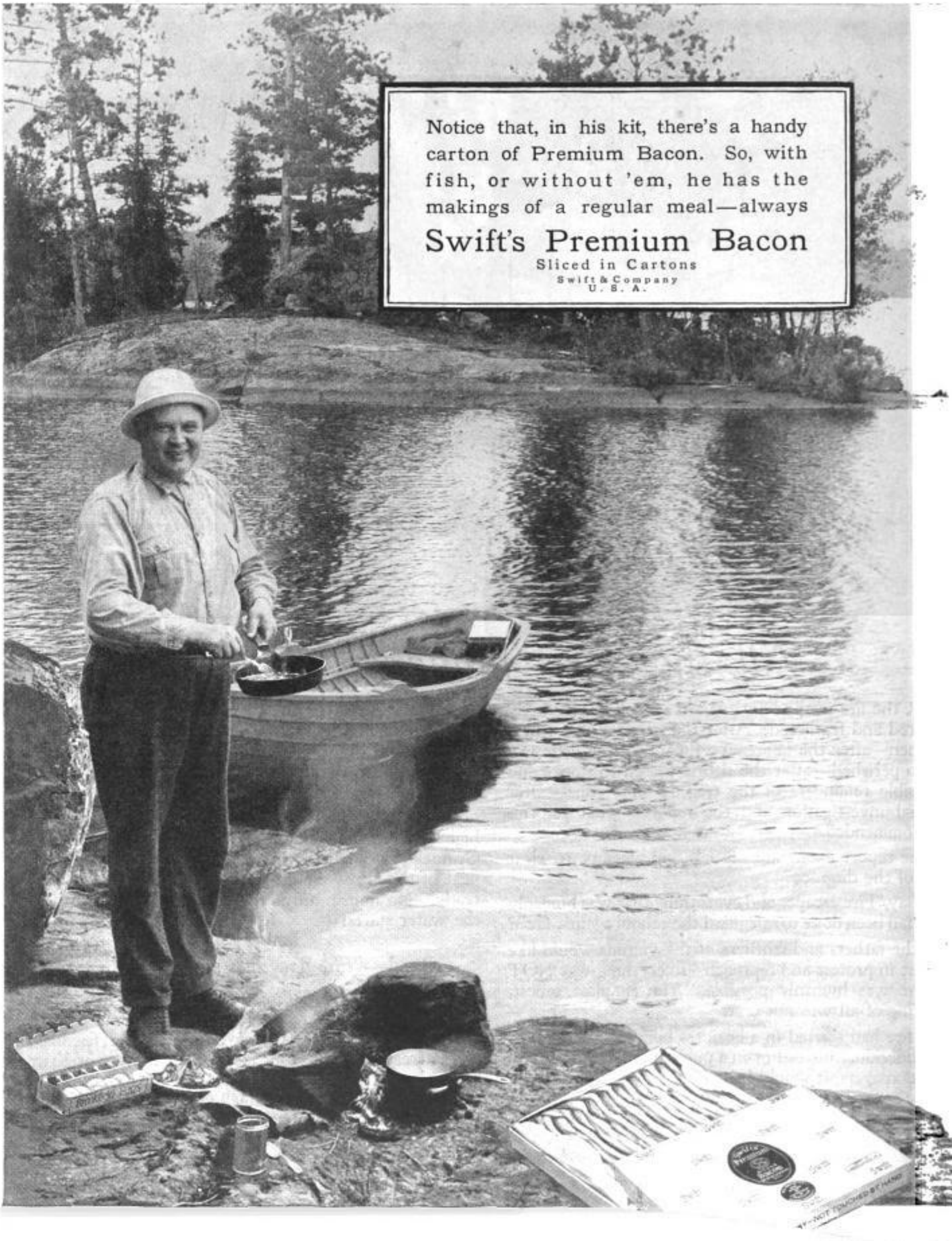
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Will your children grow to their full height?



NOT alone the question of height, but full physical and mental development of the children is the serious concern of every father and every mother. Surely they want them to be robust, healthy, strong and of full stature.

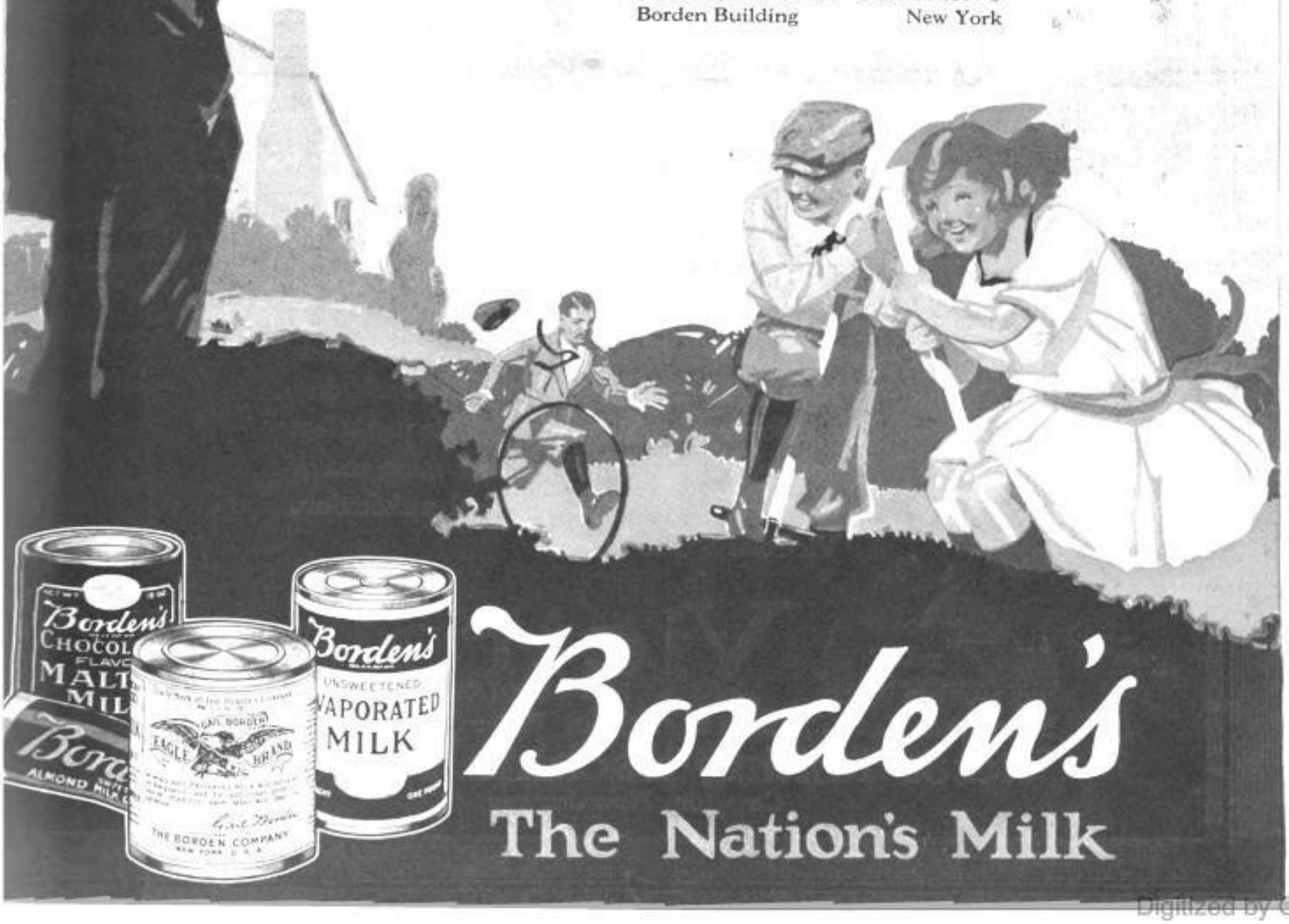
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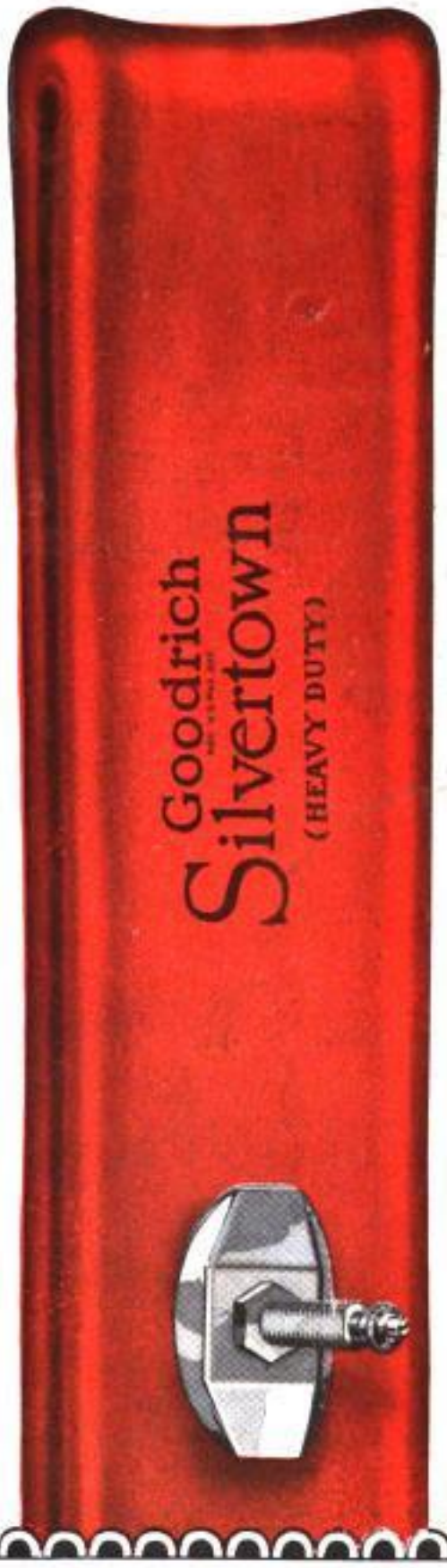
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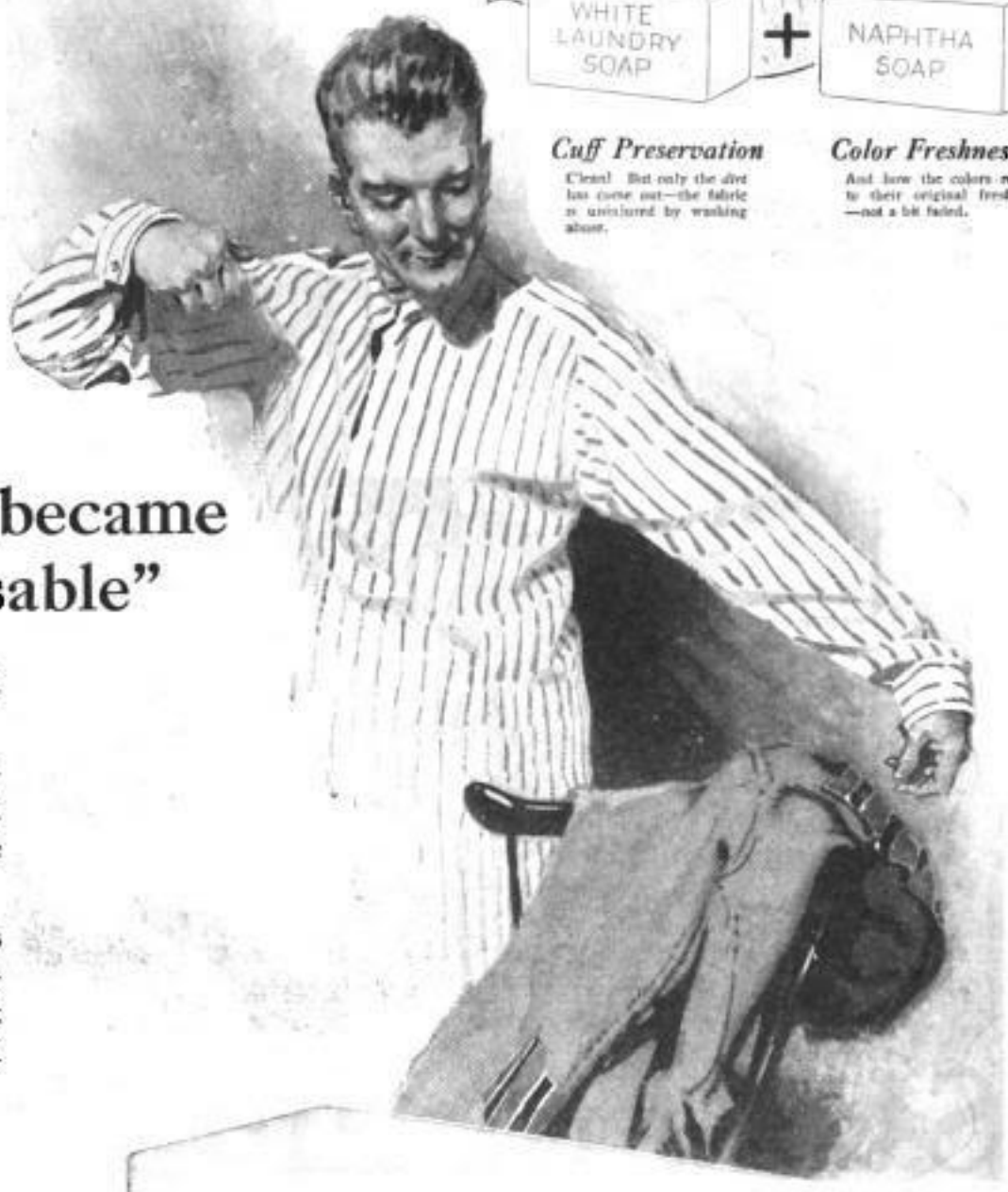


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THE LOVE OF QUACKS

By WILL PAYNE

I THINK of my paternal grandfather as Uncle Sam. If he had let his beard grow long and worn a plug hat he would have looked the part. In some respects he acted it to the life. At the age of sixty-seven he sold the farm and moved to town. He had a garden, but raising vegetables in one corner of a lot seventy-five feet wide by a hundred and fifty feet long is not a very absorbing occupation.

There was a miniature barn on the back of the lot, in which an active imagination could discover need of repairs and alterations from time to time. Also, taking down a piece of picket fence and building it over helped to pass the time. As I remember him in those town years there was often a hoe or a hammer in his hand in out-of-doors weather. Yet for many hours in a year his hands were idle.

Back on the farm there had been one dissipation which never failed when it was too stormy to go out of doors and all indoor chores had been performed. This consisted of taking the clock to pieces and putting it together again.

In the first year or so of town life my grandmother was much distressed by the chronically disorganized condition of the family clock. But even taking a clock apart palls with too much repetition.

On the farm, with miles of furrows to be plowed every spring, and the sweaty stress of haying and harvest, and the stock to be tended in blizzard and snowdrift, taking it easy in town had seemed a delectable state. There was the attraction of being near his children and grandchildren. What counted as much as anything else, there was the advantage of being within easy walking distance of a fine furnace-heated church. But the church was shut up about 95 per cent of the time. There was a lot of time in which grandfather had nothing in particular to do.

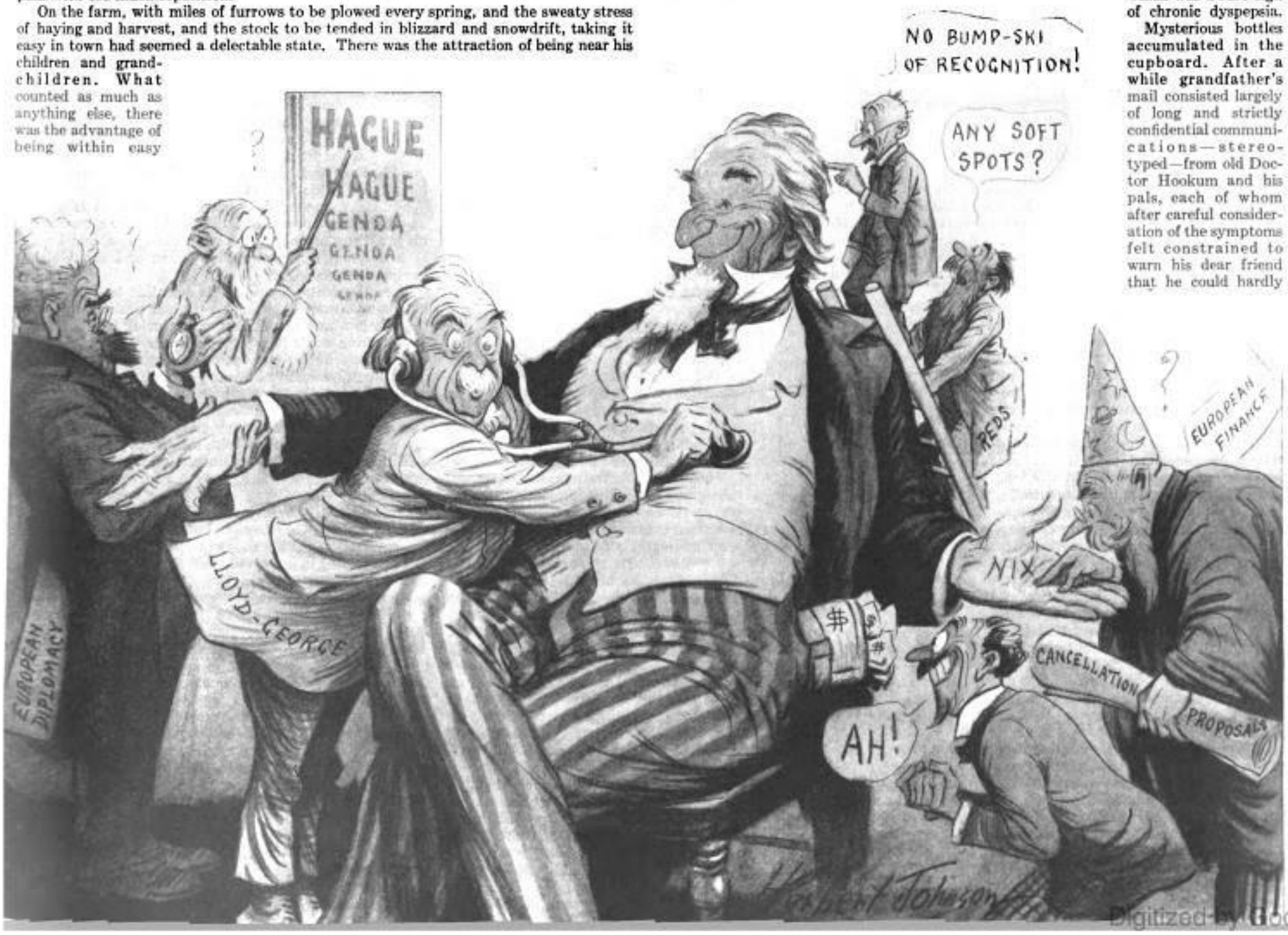
So he developed an intense interest in the state of his health. The house became littered with almanacs from which one might glean such information as this:

TUESDAY, MAY 16. Sun rises at 4:57, sets at 7:12. Moon in third quarter.
A Torpid Liver Fills Your System With Deadly Poison. See page 24.

FRIDAY, JUNE 2. Sun rises at 4:32, sets at 7:20. Moon in first quarter.
Shortness of Breath is the Danger Signal of Heart Strain. See page 42.

Industriously reading on page 24 and page 42 grandfather discovered that he had the symptoms of various alarming ailments. He suffered from shortness of breath—just after reading "Bright's Disease is Writing Your Death Warrant!" The fatal symptom of clammy perspiration appeared when he read "Consumption is Decimating the White Race!" Contemplating an illustration which showed a bewhiskered and many-fanged serpent nesting in an agonized gentleman's tummy, grandfather was sensible of nausea, which was a sure sign of chronic dyspepsia.

Mysterious bottles accumulated in the cupboard. After a while grandfather's mail consisted largely of long and strictly confidential communications—stereotyped—from old Doctor Hookum and his pals, each of whom after careful consideration of the symptoms felt constrained to warn his dear friend that he could hardly



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hope to be long for this world unless he immediately resorted to the special course of treatment by mail at fifteen dollars.

In time that would have wrecked anybody's health. But my grandfather was so fortified by a tough Yankee constitution and sixty-odd years of robust living that a fifth of a century of quackery hardly fazed him. He lived, in fact, to be ninety, in admirable physical and mental vigor up to the last year. Probably at bottom he never really believed the quacks, but only played a game of pretending to believe them.

And from that queer game he undoubtedly derived much satisfaction. After a man has been rising at four A.M. winter and summer for sixty years, going out in all sorts of weather and eating anything that came along, there may be a mysterious satisfaction in discovering that the body which he has thus carelessly knocked about for so long is really an exceedingly delicate, fragile thing, requiring the tenderest care. Rich and privileged people, as everybody knows, surround themselves with delicate and fragile possessions, requiring the nicest care. Grandfather couldn't buy laces and porcelain, but he would have a liver that would crack if you looked at it. I'm sure he sort of loved his quacks. Uncle Sam sort of loves his quacks too.

Medical science—to trust a mere layman's impressions of it—has gone half round the compass within my recollection. I received my first impressive lesson in hygiene when I was in the second or third grade at public school. Professor Carmichael, the principal of our school, was a portentous figure to us youngsters—a figure vaguely mixed up with Roman senators and Daniel Webster and the town band playing a funeral march at the obsequies of a leading Odd Fellow. When he stepped into a classroom all activities, especially the contraband ones, ceased, and we sat, pop-eyed, waiting for the oracle to speak.

On this particular day Professor Carmichael marched to the teacher's rostrum and addressed us solemnly on the subject of water as a beverage. The water taps were in the halls, one on each of the three floors. To get a drink a pupil must attract the teacher's attention and secure permission to leave the room. Drinking water, said Professor Carmichael, had become a grave abuse, continually disturbing the academic calm which was necessary for proper mental concentration. And science had discovered that drinking water was only a habit. Our food consisted mainly of water and provided nearly as much water as the system required. Water might be drunk sparingly after meals with no positive injury, but indiscriminate water-drinking between meals was a fatal indulgence.

Curing Indigestion With Food

WHEN Professor Carmichael proposed to be particularly impressive he lowered his large head, looking out over his spectacles, and dropped his voice three notes. In that manner he continued:

"A distinguished physician relates that he once spent some time attending the sessions of Congress at Washington and there noticed especially a certain member of the House of Representatives, in the flower of early manhood, whose brilliance as an orator was already attracting the attention of the country. The physician says that on first observing this young man he predicted a splendid future for him—even the White House. But he presently noticed that every little while the young man went over to the water cooler and took a drink. Continuing his observations he concluded that the brilliant young congressman would not live long. In fact, he was dead within a month."

It didn't occur to us youngsters to inquire what the brilliant young congressman might have been drinking the night before; but for a week or so, while the acute impression lasted, I spent many tormented hours struggling against the fatal craving to drink water. From some equally authoritative source I learned that air in the daytime was healthful, but after dark it became exceedingly deleterious. Thus both water and air were man's foes.

As I recollect it, all the casual information I picked up about my body led to the same general conclusion, that it was beset on all sides by mortal enemies, and likely at any moment to bust like a toy balloon.

Later on came much more learned, elaborate and specific information of that nature from my own first family physician. I have no doubt that Doctor Boulton was learned medically in his generation; and I know he was a very conscientious man. But he was fuller of *Verbotens* than Germany before the war. He was so conscientious that he would take the greatest pains in order to make you understand exactly what ailed you—often drawing a diagram of it so you could see for yourself that roast beef and a sedentary occupation put little curlicues like that all around in your system, and they pile up in your liver or kidneys, or maybe it is in your lungs, like that which causes this lozenge here to swell up, or contract, and then, as anybody with half an eye can see, the deuce is to pay. Probably I never quite got the hang of his diagrams; but I did get the main point—namely, that life, on the physical side, was about like driving a decrepit car with patched tires and no headlights over a strange and rocky road on a dark and rainy night. Only by a sort of special dispensation of Providence could you hope to escape a smash-up. I remember hearing Doctor Boulton remark gravely that hardly anybody was ever really well.

From time to time I read health articles or doctors' articles in magazines and newspapers. The net impression of all my casual information on the subject was that the human body is an amazingly fragile contrivance, liable to innumerable insidious and destructive disorders. I was told that the very bread upon which men have been nourished time out of mind was a frightfully dangerous substance to take into one's stomach; and for people who lived in cities, attacking meat with a hearty appetite was gambling with death; indeed, cities and sedentary occupations were wrecking our nerves, ruining our digestions and making regular sieves of our hearts.

Thirty years ago an enormous number of men and women must have been carrying around about such an impression of their physical equipment. A lot of people are carrying it around today, for quacks still flourish; and so do good, conscientious *verboten* doctors who think the only way to keep their patients out of danger is to keep them in bed, on tea and toast, with hot-water bottles at their feet.

But true medical science—again taking a layman's unscientific impressions of it—has switched far around from that scarecrow standpoint. At any rate, persons of recognized standing in medical science now tell you the first thing to do about your body—as a broad general rule—is to forget it, for mostly it will take care of itself if you only let it alone. Far from being a fragile vessel, they assure you, the human body is an extraordinarily tough organism, evolved through some millions of years on the principle of retaining and improving the stuff best suited to endure. It not only decidedly doesn't need constant tinkering but tinkering is the worst thing you can do to it.

Nowadays, for example, people read without surprise over the signature of M.D.'s that almost never is there anything really the matter with anybody's nerves, and so-called nervous disorders are merely reflections of mental states; a confirmed neurotic's nerves are as sound as anybody else's, but he persists in pulling the wrong strings. One reads that a lot of ailments that were formerly attributed to physical causes, such as indigestion and constipation, are merely nervous—the effect not of physical conditions but of mental states. Also, that the best way to get indigestion is to worry about diet, and the best way to get rid of it is to forget that you have a stomach and eat whatever regular food is set before you.



After a Man Has Been Eating Anything That Came Along, There May be a Mysterious Satisfaction in Discovering That the Body Is Really a Fragile Thing

As for insomnia, here is the true story of Jimmy. He and I had gone to the country in order to engage in what we fondly regarded as literary pursuits. His bedroom was on the east side of the house, so he promptly discovered, with great indignation, that in the country in summer the sun rises at an indecent hour of the night, powerfully shedding light and heat long before civilized people have any use for them. He couldn't sleep after sunrise.

Then he couldn't sleep after dawn because, of course, the tormenting sunrise was on its way to glare into his room and roast him in bed. Then he couldn't sleep after midnight, because it would soon be dawn. He tried going to bed immediately after sunset. Then he couldn't sleep at all. He changed to a bedroom on the west side of the house and lay awake all night wondering whether he could sleep after sunrise. He couldn't.

In three weeks he developed all the signs of insomnia—loss of weight, a haggard expression, poor appetite and a powerful inclination to take gloomy views of himself and the world in general.

At that time I believed that a man who didn't sleep six or eight hours a night would soon die or go insane. That was, I think, the popular impression. I was concerned over Jimmy; yet there was a sort of unholy fascination in waiting to see when he would begin to gibber. We urged the sufferer to consult a specialist or try a change of scene; but he was as pessimistic about specialists and changes of scene as about everything else. You see, poor Jimmy's insomnia got him a lot of consideration which was not at all unpleasant. Finally he did go to Chicago and consult a distinguished physician with whom he was acquainted. The physician was either in advance of his day or he knew that patient very well; for after listening to a careful recital of the symptoms he correctly diagnosed the case as follows: "You're a blasted idiot!" Jimmy came back to the east-side bedroom and slept like a top till they pulled him out of bed for breakfast.

Thirty years ago, I believe, insomnia was generally supposed to be a dire physical calamity, whereas today physicians of repute say it is due to no physical cause but to a mental state, the main reason you don't sleep being because you worry over not sleeping. Also, that surprisingly little sleep is necessary to health provided your body lies relaxed and in repose.

Quacks flourish first on ignorance. Thirty years ago—to take my impressions of it—medical science played into their hands by encouraging a notion that the human body is an extremely delicate plant. Nowadays intelligent laymen know that this body, in fact, is a very tough organism that will largely take care of itself if let alone. Mainly you are really well if you only believe so.

The Little Ego That Wants Petting

DO YOU want to believe that? Don't answer too quickly. It is, say, a fine morning after a good night's sleep and a good breakfast. The job's going very well, business picking up a bit. You start down town chock-full and running over with a sense of well-being. Certainly you then want to believe that your body is a strong, dependable, automatic machine. As for indigestion, insomnia and all other bugaboos, you defy 'em to touch you! But something happens. A reckless criminal, traveling north, attempts to take a sharp turn in the road at twenty miles an hour just when you, conservatively driving south, attempt to take the same curve at the same speed. The collision rips off your mudguard. Or the trolley breaks down, delaying you forty minutes. Or an imbecile going up the station steps in front of you pokes his umbrella into your eye. Your nerves are as healthy as they were before, but they begin registering violent protests and a busy little dramatist in your skull sets the stage for a tragedy to which the whole town is invited.

At any sharp, disagreeable disturbance the ill-bred little ego begins yammering for help and sympathy from all the world. You sympathize with yourself and sort of imagine all right-minded people as sympathizing with you. Sympathy is pleasant. So if the disturbance is prolonged you begin to find a satisfaction in your misery. When Hamlet moaned, "O, that this too too solid flesh would melt!" a conceited little devil on the other side of his brain was saying, "That's a corking line, and I must be a very interesting, unusual person or I shouldn't be having these feelings!"

There is plenty of up-to-date scientific testimony that imagining oneself ill is a quite popular pastime. For one thing it is a way of shirking and securing tender consideration from one's family and friends. Every normally healthy boy knows the compensating advantages of illness. First, he doesn't have to go to school; second, he is petted and indulged by the household. I remember meeting quite a good many scholastic crises by headaches and sore throat. When one of my children, of primary-school age, appeared at breakfast with lackluster eye, no appetite and throbbing brow, I wondered what the trouble at school was before wondering whether his temperature was abnormal.

Children of elementary-school age know so little about their bodies that they have to fall back upon a few simple devices, such as pulling a long face, assuming a languid air and mentioning in martyred tones that they ache here and here. Later on they are able to get up much more elaborate and convincing symptoms—by no means in cold blood, as a rule, but by a well-known trick of the subconscious mind. Shell-shock, I now read, is only an acute physical disturbance set up by the subconscious mind in its efforts to get away from the acutely painful experiences of the trenches. It's the in-bad schoolboy's headache in an exaggerated form, produced automatically and subconsciously outside the region of cold-blooded will. War neurosis, learned people call it. There is a hide-and-seek little ego who loves to be petted and sympathized with, to have all his wants satisfied and all his troubles made much of. Naturally he loves quacks.

Many people, whether they are conscious of it or not, derive satisfaction from being ill. Say you are afflicted with bad digestion. Physicians have explained to you in detail why your works cannot function properly, and drawn you diagrams of it so you can [illegible] yourself. You have accumulated a long and intere[illegible]st of dietary taboos. You are in the habit of men[illegible]casually that white bread is rank poison to you. [illegible]ese deadlier than the swamp adder. You h[illegible] sanitariums and

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HOW WILLIE CAME ACROSS



Willie Stood as Though Turned to Stone. That Guy Was Giving Him the Once-Over, and That Guy Was a Bull!

By J. P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

SO INDIVIDUAL and peculiar is each episode adorning the career of William Lipp that it is difficult to select the one that best reflects his sterling worth. Of them all, however, it is generally agreed that his affair with Petto the Wop and the Smythe-Brown diamonds reveals most completely his more intimate and kindly side. Nor is this its only advantage, for it shows more completely than other high lights in his life a certain strain which is indubitably moral.

Probably the thing could never have happened ten years before, for ten years before the Smythe-Browns might not have found William sufficiently amusing, but lots of things had changed in those ten years. Among others society had grown mellower and more kindly, and William Lipp, too, had changed from mediocrity to magnificence.

Even back in the time when Willie was just learning to shoot craps down by the Longshoremen's Saloon folks used to admit that Willie had a future.

It had happened that the Smythe-Browns were out when William had first called, but this had not bothered William. As it happened he had rather hoped and expected that they would be out. In fact it was rather inopportune that they came back just as he was leaving. Naturally of a retiring disposition, and politely upset at having made himself at home without their asking him, William had left without waiting to see them. So embarrassed had he been that he had left quite hurriedly, forgetting in the distraction of the moment a vanadium-steel drill which was on the floor beside the wall safe in the library. To anyone knowing William this shows he must have been very embarrassed, because William seldom left things.

Possibly it was due [illegible]
William made
[illegible]

who likes beautiful things, and when he heard the Smythe-Browns returning from the theater, mistook it for his steel drill.

However, that is not the point exactly. The point is that William not only forgot to come back for the drill but he also forgot to return the necklace. In one way it was odd, because he was not naturally absent-minded. In another way it was quite embarrassing, and put lots of people to inconvenience, because almost everyone began looking for William. Among others the police force began looking for him, but probably he was worried about other things, for he never showed up to inquire what they wanted.

Instead, ironically enough, he avoided all the hundreds of persons who would have been pleased to see him, only to encounter the Smythe-Browns who had never sought his acquaintance.

It all happened when William left New York. It is sad to think how often he subsequently regretted leaving the confines of the city he loved so well. He left so hurriedly that no one ever knew exactly how he managed it, but Willie was used to managing things. He was scarcely out of breath when he passed in his tickets and a neatly forged passport, and walked unobtrusively up the gangplank of the Sicilia half an hour before she left for Italian ports, and he stood on the swaying deck that evening unhaunted by memories or regrets as the last light of America faded into

finally in a conventional nasal melody of the world he knew so well:

There ain't no other café girl on Broadway,
There ain't no other girlie in the town,
Either in the darkness or the broad day,
That I had rather put my arm around,
And, kiddo, if you tell me that you love me,
Then I'll be just as happy as can be,
For you're the one I love best
And we'll have a little love nest
In Harlem—just you and me!

The only strange thing about it was that, as he sang the words, they seemed beautiful in tone and sentiment, more beautiful than he had ever thought them before. By some peculiar magic of their own they brought upon him the spell of poetry, its grandeur and its pathos. Possibly it was because he was leaving Broadway, and because the bright lights might burn a long, long time before he saw them again, that his voice became husky and his eye a little dim. For an instant the mask of cold cynicism, which he knew a gentleman must wear, betrayed him, and his features became poignant and expressive. But then, as always, he lived up to his ideals. Hastily he pressed his lips together, and assuming an expression of complete and languid boredom spat over the rail, as became a man of the world who has seen life and has plumbed its depths. Then, thrusting his hands into his coat pockets, he turned from the dark sea back to the lighted deck.

Willie was used to having things happen, but he hadn't expected anything to happen just then. That was what shocked him more than anything else—the irrationality [illegible] having anything happen [illegible]

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out in front of him with his left hand, and his head was free. He was on his feet again, balanced on his toes, while his breath whistled through his teeth.

He must have made a striking picture, for in those days his body was as lithe and poised as a tango teacher's, and the girls had always said that Willie was a grand-looking guy. He had a way of his own of slicking back his hair so that it always looked so smooth and glossy, and his eyes had such a nice way of looking—not at you exactly, but everywhere at once.

Just then, however, his gaze was unnaturally concentrated and singularly blank. It took a good deal to astonish Willie, but at that moment he had the look of someone who had awakened from a deep slumber. Right there not six feet away a girl was standing, a girl such as he had never seen, such as he had never imagined. She was beautiful, as beautiful as a girl in the Follies, and yet she did not look like any girl he had ever seen there. In one way she was as cold as a statue, but in another she was not, because her hair was brown and her eyes were quite as piercing and lively as his own. What surprised him most, however, was her repose. She had not screamed, and she had not giggled, the way any other girl would have done. She just stood there looking at him as though nothing had happened at all. She didn't say anything either, but maintained an aloof silence, which became embarrassing, and which he finally felt it was up to him to break. "Cheest!" said Willie, but that curious expletive of New York's more frequented streets, so expressive, though devoid of all origin and meaning, sounded for once inadequate and hollow. Still she said nothing, and he felt called on to speak again.

"Cheest!" he said, and for the time more lucid words failed him.

Nevertheless it was a pretty tribute, his awkward spontaneity was such a perfect betrayal of his admiration. Yet he never knew why it was that she smiled and suddenly seemed quite friendly. All he remembered about it afterwards was that her smile made him feel warm all over, and aroused in him the desire to smile back. Also there was one thing more about her—a curious phenomenon beyond the scope of his philosophy. No matter how cordially she smiled she still seemed as grand as ever, as far above him and as beautiful as the gilded clouds of a sunset sky.

"If you're through with it," she said in a soft even voice, "you might give me back my coat."

He was still staring at her like someone dazzled by a very bright light.

"Say," said Willie slowly. "Is it your coat? Cheest—what do you know? I thought ——"

She was still regarding him steadily, though uncritically. The electric light was making little dancing gleams in her eyes.

"I'm sorry it upset you so," she continued in the same slow even tones. "It was around my shoulders and the wind blew it off."

In the varied life he had led it was impossible for anything to disturb him for long. Already he had stooped to the deck and had recovered the coat with a simple yet elaborate dignity, touched with a suspicion of dashing gallantry.

"Lady," he said, "it's nothing." And his words assumed the cynical singsong tone of your true man of polish and refinement. "Nothing at all—see? It's a pleasure, lady—see?"

It was refreshing to see how quick she was to appreciate the innate fineness of deportment that underlay that graceful speech. She smiled more graciously still and he felt a genial flow of self-satisfaction.

"Lady," he said, "it's a pleasure just to make your acquaintance."

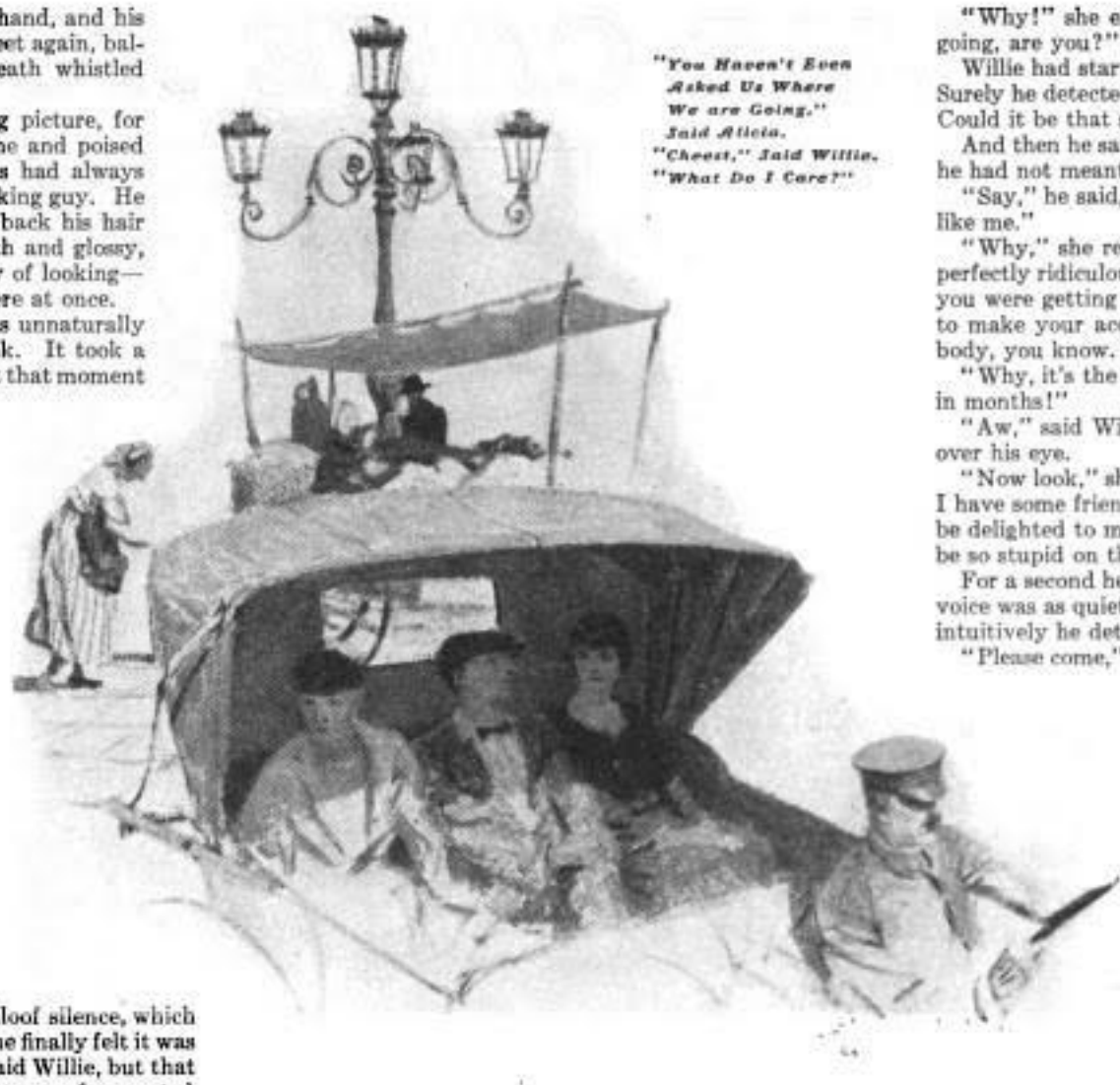
For some reason which he could not fathom she laughed—but not at all unpleasantly. On the contrary she laughed gently but sincerely, as though something amused her.

"Say!" he inquired. "What's bitin' you?"

"Biting me?" she repeated a little vaguely, and then she laughed again, almost as though he had made a joke, but still not at all unpleasantly.

"Why, nothing," she hastened to explain; "nothing at all, except—I was just thinking it was rather a pleasure for me too. I rather like meeting new people—sometimes."

He felt the subtle flattery of her remark. It made him smile his most engaging smile, causing a gold tooth to flash coyly beneath the electric light.



"You Haven't Even Asked Us Where We are Going," Said Alicia. "Cheest," Said Willie. "What Do I Care?"

"Lady," he said politely, "it's more than a pleasure to meet a lady like you."

And for some inexplicable reason she laughed again, as though he had said something exceedingly amusing.

"Do you know," she said at last, "I've never met anyone just like you before, but I've always wanted to. It's—it's really quite wonderful."

Willie placed his cap over his left eye at a becoming angle.

"I'm not a social guy—as a rule," he observed.

"Now that's a coincidence, isn't it?" she rejoined gravely. "Because I'm afraid I'm rather exclusive myself. Most people are such bores, aren't they?"

Willie raised his right hand to his lips and blew softly on his fingers.

"Lady," he said, "you can take this from me, and you can take it from me straight: There's just two kinds of birds on this map—that's all—just two."

"Birds?" she echoed with a puzzled frown. "What kind of birds?"

"Folks," said Willie. "That's what. One kind is suckers, and the other kind is crooks. Most of them are suckers—see?"

It was most gratifying to observe the impression made by his philosophy. The cold simplicity of his statement with its startling and far-reaching implications had evidently given her pause, for she was gazing at him with her mouth half open.

"Now that's most awfully interesting," she said finally. "You must tell me some more about this sometime."

With the courteous yet respectful gallantry befitting one to whom life is an open book, he leaned graciously toward her.

"Say, lady," he said, "you may think I otter leave the bull tied out—but what I'm tellin' you is the honest goods. And I'm a straightforward guy. I don't go in much for talking to dames—see? But honest, I'd just as lief talk to you any time—see? There's something about you gets me, lady. So put that in your pipe—see?"

"Oh," she said, "so you don't think I'm a—sucker?"

"Lady," he said concisely, "can it. Can it, lady."

"But you don't think I'm a crook?" she persisted.

He removed his cap and twirled it adroitly on his forefinger.

"Listen!" he said, and paused, the better to lend emphasis to his words. "Lady, all dames is crooks, and don't you forget it—see?"

She raised a slender hand on which two rings sparkled alluringly under the electric lights, and drew her coat more closely about her, and it seemed to him that she looked like some picture, some very grand picture.

"Yes," she said, "I suppose that is one way of putting it."

She seemed about to continue, as though interested in this novel hypothesis, but Willie interrupted her.

"You guessed it," he said. "Good night, lady."

"Why!" she exclaimed in hurt surprise. "You're not going, are you?"

Willie had started to raise his cap, but now he stopped. Surely he detected more than polite curiosity in her voice. Could it be that she wanted him to stay?

And then he said something that surprised him, because he had not meant to say it in the least.

"Say," he said, "you don't want to be talking to a guy like me."

"Why," she replied with unexpected animation, "how perfectly ridiculous! Now please don't go away just when you were getting so interesting! Didn't I say I was glad to make your acquaintance? I don't say that to everybody, you know.

"Why, it's the pleasantest thing that's happened to me in months!"

"Aw," said Willie, "can it!" And pulled his cap back over his eye.

"Now look," she said eagerly. "Here's what we can do. I have some friends in the smoking room. I know they'll be delighted to meet you. We were afraid it was going to be so stupid on the boat. You'll come, won't you?"

For a second he cast a beady, furtive glance at her. Her voice was as quiet and pleasant as it had always been, but intuitively he detected in it a note of friendliness.

"Please come," she said, and Willie's reserve left him.

"Why, sure," said Willie. "Why, sure, lady—if they're friends of yours."

He had said he was not a social guy. Like other successful men who have risen by dint of their own ability despite the frustrations of an unsympathetic world, he was content with his own company. Nevertheless, folks had always said that he was a grand sport at a party when he was feeling right, and Willie was very grand indeed that evening when he entered the smoking room.

It helped him, too, to feel that he was a snappy dresser. Indeed of all those in the room his shirt alone was of silk of three colors. His clothes alone fully revealed his slender waist. The little extra buttons the tailor had sewed about his coat for no particular purpose stamped him as artistic and individual. The jaunty angles of his pockets, the curves of his cuffs and coat lapels, all those little details, so small in themselves but so great in the aggregate, united to prove him one of discerning taste.

No wonder her friends stopped talking when he reached the corner table where they were sitting. They could have hardly done less than pay him that involuntary tribute. With the careless grace of one entering the confines of refinement he rubbed the finger nails of his right hand briskly over his left sleeve, and then held them in the light, the better to admire their polish. Lastly, before giving his full attention to the company before him, he glanced at her sideways across his padded shoulder. She was looking at him and laughing, it seemed to him, happily and proudly, and Willie smiled blandly back.

There were only two of them and he was enabled to size them up at once. First, there was a fat old bird in brown homespun with baggy trousers. His face was fat, too, but not round, for in the vicinity of his jaw the flesh hung heavily, giving all his features a massive, jovial appearance. Beside him was sitting an old dame who looked stagy, comedy stuff. She was sitting up very straight, and was playing with a long necklace of amber beads—real stuff—dark amber. Her mouth was open in a vacant manner and her eyebrows were slightly raised when she saw Willie, but it was the old bird who spoke first. He had been looking at Willie also until something seemed to impel him to remove his cigar from his lips and to bring his fist smack on the table.

"Now what the ——" he began, but checked himself.

"Alicia!" cried the old dame, not altogether in a voice of welcome.

Naturally Willie knew what to do on such an occasion. It was what would naturally occur to any gentleman of refinement and cultivation.

"Folks," he said, "they're on me. Just push the button and order up the dope."

Radiating with the geniality his invitation required he leaned down, pulled hastily at the creases in his trousers, and then sank languidly into a vacant chair.

"Alicia!" said the old dame again in a still more ringing tone.

Willie thrust his thumbs into the armpits of his vest and looked up at her. She was still standing looking at all three of them and still smiling in quiet self-possession.

"Why, mother," said [illegible], turning a steady glance toward the old dame, "[illegible]e just saying how nice it was that we were in a p[illegible] meet anyone—anyone at all!"

The old dame drop[illegible] kerchief from fingers seemingly palsied by [illegible] picked it up at once.

"Lady," he said, [illegible] word. It's a joy—see? An' put thi[illegible]e paused to make

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a graceful gesture with his thumb across his shoulder. "Any friends of hers is friends of mine—see? No matter who they are I'm pleased to meet 'em—see? Here, lady, take it and keep a grip on it." And he handed back the handkerchief.

It is doubtful whether he ever knew how much of his destiny hung on that simple act of courtesy. It may have been the flourish of his long fingers or the glitter of a gold tooth exposed by the broadness of his smile, or it may have been nothing but the trusting assurance of a polished guy, that caused the old dame to smile back at him and suddenly to place the handkerchief over her mouth. And the old bird, too, began to look more cordial.

"So you don't mind meeting us?" the latter inquired.

"No," said Willie; "I'm a tough guy. I can stand it. Here, mister, put this in your face, and forget it."

Again he obeyed the dictates of convention, and drew forth from his pocket a long cigar, very long and very smooth, belted by a band of gold and red and blue, curiously and richly embossed, to the eye of a smoker a thing of rare and æsthetic beauty. The old bird took the cigar, looked at it intently, and then back at Willie.

"Thanks," he said. "It isn't everybody who has cigars like that."

"You said it, mister," said Willie, and thrust his thumbs back again into the armpits of his vest.

"Now, mother," said Alicia, "aren't you glad I found him? I knew that father would like him."

Since he had placed the cigar between his lips and had savored its aroma the old man had seemed unusually attired and unnaturally interested. He had leaned back in his chair and had kept looking at Willie through the film of smoke which he puffed contentedly before him, now and then asking some polite and pertinent question which goaded Willie to lively discourse.

For the moment an unwonted sense of security dulled his accustomed watchfulness. Yet he was destined for a shock that evening.

"Do you play bridge?" the old bird asked.

"Sure," said Willie. "I play anything."

But as he was the old man had sporting tendencies.

"Great!" he said. "Let's go."

But Willie raised his hand protestingly. After all there were some things which one didn't do—without a protest.

"Can it, folks," he objected. "You're friends of mine—see? A guy like me never plays with friends."

"But why not?" asked the old gentleman.

The trusting innocence of the question made Willie wince.

"Because," he explained patiently, "folks like you wouldn't have a look-in with a guy like me—see? Because I always win—see?"

"Nonsense!" said the old bird. "Get the cards, Alicia."

"All right—all right," said Willie. "But don't say I didn't tip you off."

The old bird puffed on his cigar and regarded Willie stoically, and Willie, blissfully free from compunction, glanced back.

"I can stand it if you can," said Willie.

"Fifteen cents a point?"

"Twenty, if you like," said Willie, and polished his finger nails modestly against his sleeve.

So it happened that after the very first deal they knew they had a master among them. It was enough merely to see the swift motion of his hands as he gathered up the cards, to realize that a reincarnation of Elwell was seated at the table—Elwell and something more. For his card sense was uncanny. His skill at estimating the exact strength of his opponents' hands was unbelievable to the point of marvelous. After the first rubber it was impossible to believe that Willie's was an idle boast. Willie was eighty dollars ahead in the first half hour, but the old gentleman stayed right with him.

"Have you got another of those cigars?" he asked.

"Sure," said Willie. "Just holler any time, mister, and one of them is yours."

And Willie played on, silent and courteous, absorbed in the mysteries of the game, his eyes wide and bright and shifting constantly from face to face. It was eleven o'clock when they added up the score.

"Do you know," said Alicia, "I never saw father get hit so badly before. Really it's awfully funny."

Willie reached across the table. His fingers closed about the pack. There was a clicking whir, and the cards sprayed upward in a column toward the ceiling and back to his hand again, as though they had been held by threads.

"It's funny," he said, "but I always win."

"We must play often," said the old gentleman, and drew out a wallet from his pocket and looked inside.

"By Jove!" he said. "That's queer now. I thought I had more cash than that. Here. You don't mind waiting till tomorrow?"

"Aw, forget it!" said Willie graciously.

"Then," said the old gentleman, "I'll write you out an I O U."

He drew a visiting card from his wallet.

Willie glanced at the card carelessly, and then suddenly he hissed softly through his teeth and hastily polished his nails on his sleeve.

"Here you are," said the old gentleman, "and thanks for a most amusing evening."

Willie picked up the card gingerly, and cast a swift restless glance about the room. Then he looked at it again. Engraved upon its richly finished surface he read a name:

MR. GEORGE SMYTHE-BROWN
—— FIFTH AVENUE

And beneath, scrawled in pencil, was a line of writing: "I O U $350. George Smythe-Brown."

Willie rose rather awkwardly from his chair, and his forehead looked a trifle moist.

"Cheest," he said.

"We'll see you tomorrow, won't we?" inquired Alicia.

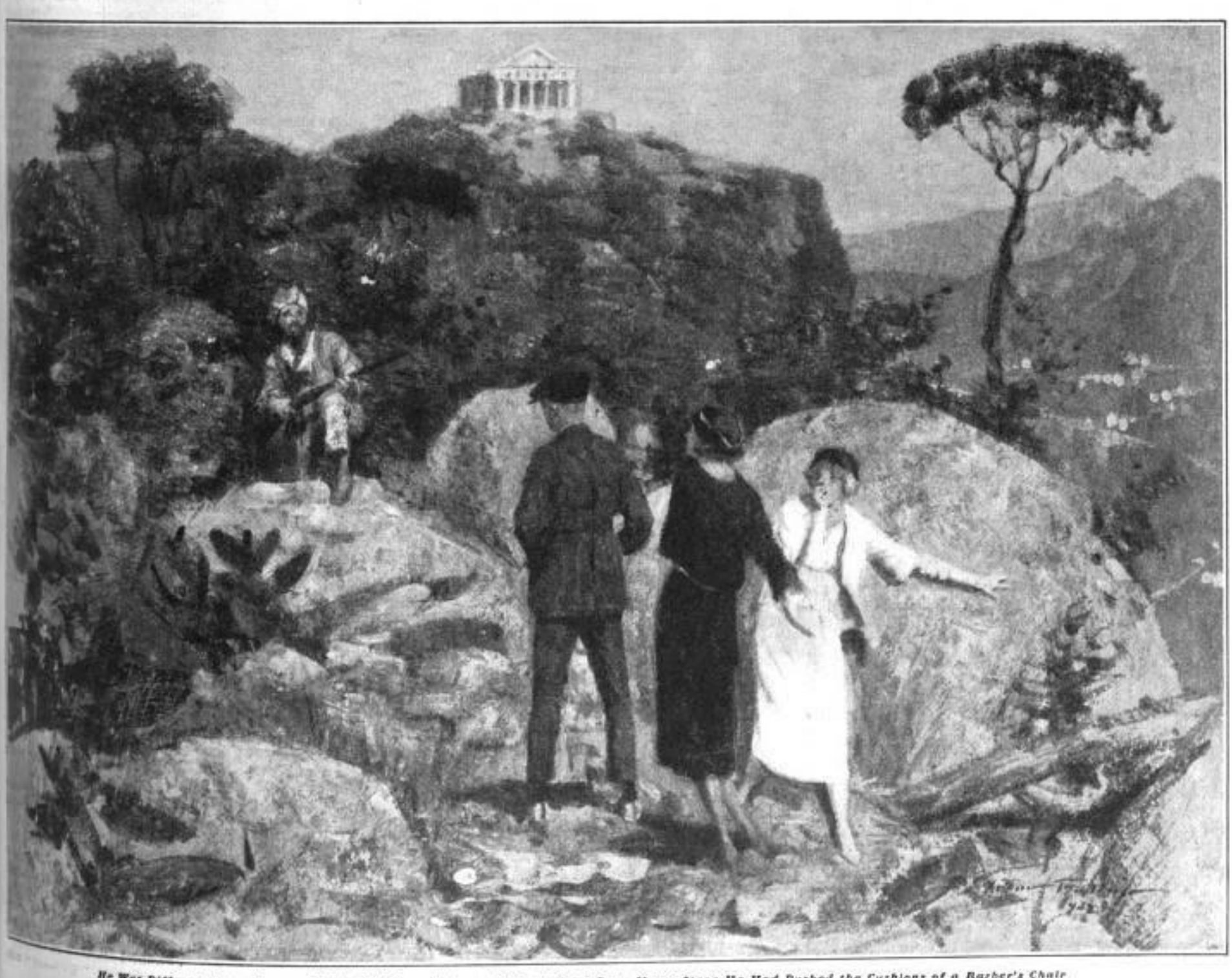
"Yes," said Willie; "maybe."

"Of course we will," said Alicia. "Remember—we're all friends now."

And that was how the impossible happened and how Willie Lipp met the Smythe-Browns socially.

Few things dazed him for long. Yet when he had reached his stateroom and had shot the bolt behind him he actually seemed a little shaky, and shivered slightly as though he felt the firm fingers of destiny on his collar.

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He Was Different From Anyone Willie Had Seen Before. It Must Have Been Years Since He Had Pushed the Cushions of a Barber's Chair

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The Revolt of the Bookkeeper

By ALICE DUER MILLER

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

THE senior partner had the reputation of being a hard man, and yet—or perhaps we should say, on that account—he had a sentimental streak in him. He was fond of poetry—of not too good poetry either; and he would often cut out a piece of newspaper verse and carry it for months in his pocketbook with his railway passes, and if it wore well he would have it printed on a neat card and distributed to a few appreciative friends.

It was the title, The Revolt of the Bookkeeper, that had attracted him, for he himself had begun life as a bookkeeper. He had read the verses two days before on the back page of his evening paper, and he found that they kept coming back to him:

I'll see Kashmir,
and touch at
Madagascar;
I'll know my
way through
Venice and
Stamboul;
I'll watch the white
stars blaze
above the des-
ert,
And vines fes-
tooned about
a tropic pool.

Funnily enough they were just the places Howieson had always wanted to go to, and their names on a printed page made him restless. He found he was asking himself that question which every successful business man—and Howieson was very successful—spends his waking hours trying to avoid, namely: Is business an end in itself or a means to an end, and if a means to an end, what is that end, and when is it reached?

"That's it," he said to himself as he turned in through the revolving doors of his office building, and he so nearly said it aloud that the *s* sounded faintly sibilant. "I might die any day without having seen Peking or Delphi or Stamboul or the South Seas. I believe I'll just take a year or so off."

He knew he would do nothing of the kind. His wife was not strong, his daughter was to be married in the spring, and his son, still in college, was giving him serious anxiety.

He was thinking about Delphi, Teneriffe and the midnight sun as he entered his office, but no one would have suspected it. Neat, inclined to be heavy, with a shrewd gray eye and an upper lip like a tombstone, no one would have believed that he was thinking of anything but bills of sale.

His secretary was opening and classifying the morning mail.

"Good morning, Miss Maulle," he said.

He hung up his hat and coat, and took a quick glance at a large colored photograph of the Grand Cañon, all purples and pink, which hung over his desk.

"Good morning, Mr. Howieson," said Miss Maulle without looking up. "I see you've cut out that poem of Jack Roe's."

She had been with the firm for twenty-five years, and had been the recipient of more than one of her employer's favorite poems in her day.

"What's that?" said Mr. Howieson crossly. But his crossness only meant that he did not understand.

"Roe," said Miss Maulle. "You know—that romantic-looking boy in the accounting department."



She Went Straight to the Mother, and Came Back With the Baby—the Littlest One—in Her Arms

"I did not know we had a poet in the accounting department or that you had an eye for romantic-looking boys," said her employer; and he took the little clipping from under a paper weight where he had left it the night before, and read it all through again. The fellow certainly had an instinct for the right places. Cintra, now—that was a lovely spot. He'd been there himself. "You say he works for us?"

"He did. He's leaving today." Miss Maulle spoke as one whose patience with mankind was almost exhausted.

"Where's he going?"

"Now, is there a place called Dominica?" said Miss Maulle. "Well, that's where. So silly, just as he gets a start with a firm like this one. I wish I might tell him from you that you think he's doing a silly thing."

"I'll tell him myself," said the senior partner. "Send him here when you've finished the mail."

It was all very well, he thought, as he penciled memoranda and signed his name, for a successful man of fifty-five, with his work practically done, to think of slipping away on a voyage of discovery, but it was quite different for a youngster to throw away his chances at the beginning. It was the difference between a traveler and a tramp. Howieson grew a little angry thinking about it. Stamboul—just where was Stamboul? When Miss Maulle had gone he looked it up in the encyclopedia. Ah, yes: "More exactly, the older portions of Constantinople, southwest of the Golden Horn."

The Golden Horn! He looked up. Roe was already in the room.

He did not look much over twenty; he was a slim boy, and yet he had evidently once been even slimmer, for his plain dark clothes were tight and too short in the sleeves. He had large dark eyes set so far apart that you saw too much of them in profile, as you see the eyes of an Egyptian bas-relief. He leaned against the door jamb as a faun might lean against a tree, looking as a poet ought to look.

"Ah, Roe," said Howieson, "I've been reading your verses."

Jack smiled a slow embarrassed smile to mitigate the fact that he was not in the least embarrassed.

"I suppose it seems pretty foolish to you," he said.

This answer annoyed the senior partner. He did not wish to appear as a man to whom all adventure seemed foolish; indeed, he was not such a man.

He drew his head sharply to one side.

"You young people," he said, "you don't think anyone over fifty has any human feelings at all. I don't consider it at all foolish to feel that way. I envy you your gift. But I do think it foolish to act on the feeling."

"To me it would seem foolish not to act on the feeling," answered the young man. He had a pleasant, quiet voice.

"I understand; I understand exactly," said Howieson. "You are probably living in an uncomfortable boarding house; working here from nine to five at something that doesn't interest you a particle; nothing to do after business hours but a moving-picture show. Not life at all, you say; but life comes out of it. I know; I've been through it. Ten years of a worse grind than you ever had—but at the end of it, success. And that's a pretty heady draft, young man." There was a pause, and Howieson added, "Haven't you anything to say to that?"

Jack nodded, but didn't speak.

"Aren't you going to say it?"

Jack shook his head.

"Why not?"

"It would be horrible of me—to answer you really," he said.

This reply concentrated Mr. Howieson's attention. It was not what he had expected.

"You mean you think you have so much the best of the argument? Is that it?"

"Yes," said the younger man slowly. "If I can't make you see how I feel there's no use in our talking at all; and if I can make you see—why, it would wreck you."

"Wreck me?" answered Howieson mildly. "Oh, I don't think it would quite do that."

"It was watching you, sir, that made me see I must get away at once; seeing you coming here on the stroke of 9:30 every day, not leaving until five, always getting ready to live and never living, always securing your financial future, and by the time you get it s d —— I said to myself, 'The very best and most w ul thing that could happen to a man in this situatio d be to grow to be like Mr. Howieson—to lose eve desire to be free—and that's the worst bondage of

"Look here, young man, you're a li irritating," said the senior partner, "with your a n that because a man doesn't do a thing he ha s to do it. There's a difference, let me tell you, be g free and being a damned fool. Freedom! Wh d of freedom going to get you?"

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"This," answered Roe eagerly, with a gesture toward the senior partner himself: "I've been in this office almost two years, and this is the first time I've had a chance to talk to you, and now we are speaking to each other like human beings. That's because I'm free."

"Oh, come, not entirely," answered Howieson. "It's partly because I'm a fairly kind man, and I don't like to see a young fellow like you doing something that I know is wrong. Yours isn't an original idea, you know. I don't believe any young man ever started in business without wanting to do just what you are doing—wanting to sidestep his responsibilities—wanting to run away from life."

"Run into life."

Howieson shook his head. "You're throwing away your future."

"I'm getting a present, though—something most people never have."

"For one thing, you are making it impossible that you should ever marry."

Roe's young face set. "I shall never marry," he said.

Howieson allowed himself another of his temperate smiles. "Every man thinks that—until he falls in love."

There was another pause, at this, but a different kind of pause; it was full of Roe's evident intention to speak.

"I am in love," he said after a few seconds; "more in love than anyone you ever saw."

"With someone you can't marry?"

Roe shook his head, and his eyes drew up with a sort of horror. "Not that, but I think marriage is the most dreadful thing. I wouldn't ask the woman I love to go through that for anything in the world. That's one reason I'm going away—to get rid of the temptation."

"You admit it is a temptation?"

Roe nodded. "Oh, yes. I've said to myself that our marriage would be different from other people's—but, of course, I know it wouldn't be. Mr. Howieson, I don't live in a boarding house; I board with my married sister. She's older than I am; she and my brother-in-law were in love—it was the first romance I ever saw. It was fine, it was real—a wild honest attraction between two very different people. And now—if you could see them—they are just a sort of featureless amalgam—not too smooth. She's more interested in the children than she is in Phil, and he doesn't even listen to what she says. Every evening I hear them having the same conversation: 'I told you that yesterday, Philip.' 'No, my dear, you didn't. You tell these things to the children at lunch, and you think you tell them to me.' 'I did tell you, but you never listen to a word I say.' All marriages are like that. I dare say," the boy added almost wistfully, "that even you are like that at home."

The senior partner looked very grave, and then smiled. "I am," he said; "I am exactly like that. But what of it?"

"I'd rather murder my girl than drag her through that. I'd much rather leave her."

"What are you getting a week here? Fifty?"

Jack nodded.

"If you stay I'll make it seventy-five."

Jack shook his head. "Thank you, sir, but I wouldn't be any happier here on seventy-five, or a hundred and seventy-five. I go South this evening. My boat—it's a tramp steamer—sails from Mobile on Saturday—Hayti, Dominica—the Magdalena River—the emerald mines—the Andes ——"

"Get out of here then," said the senior partner, not unkindly. "You make me tired."

"I make you restless," said Roe. "You want to come with me, and you can't."

"Of course I can't," said Howieson sternly. "I have a directors' meeting in five minutes."

"Good-by," said Roe. "Maybe we'll meet some day. I'll watch for you in Curaçao or Valparaiso."

"I'll hold the place open twenty-four hours," answered Howieson.

They parted with a smile.

The meeting of the board was an unusually stormy one. The chairman, who was generally so reasonable and courteous, displayed temper on being outvoted in a small matter, and said it was no pleasure to him to manage the company—especially if he were not free to act—he'd far rather resign and take a trip round the world. He was calmed only by a motion giving him full power and raising his salary three thousand dollars a year.

But Jack Roe, finishing his last day's work on a stool in the accounting department, never knew of this remote consequence of his own impulse to freedom.

At five he left the office—a free man. It had been snowing all day. Snow already carpeted the city, so that the noise of traffic was quieted, and Jack could hear the whistles of boats on the two rivers, blinded by the storm. The Woolworth Building, lighted throughout its gigantic height, was like a pattern in the sky. Snow, Roe thought, was becoming to New York. If he were never to see it again he would like to think of it like this—clean and quiet and immense.

He went across the street to a telegraph office and sent the following message:

> My train will go through your station without stopping at 7:45 this evening. Please be standing under the light so that I can see you.

It was directed to Miss Millicent Talbot, at a small town in New Jersey.

He felt a little ashamed of himself for sending that telegram.

Yesterday he had resolved not to send it, but his conversation with Howieson had in some way weakened his resolution. He now felt the necessity of once more fixing his eyes upon her—of photographing every line, so that it would serve him for the rest of his life.

But the trouble was, he could not now be sure she would get his message in time. He ought to have sent it earlier if he had been going to send it at all. He could have gone without a word, but he couldn't bear uncertainty; he couldn't bear it, he thought, if when he looked out at the station she wasn't there—under the light.

They had parted forever five months before, after an acquaintance short in time but complete in understanding. A harvest moon, beginning to wane, shone on a marble-edged pool, and on a marble bench on which they sat, and on a black hedge of cedars behind them. The smell of honeysuckle came to them in solid waves of perfume, and inside the lighted house an orchestra was playing a syncopated waltz. He loved her, they loved each other; and he had been able to tell her, as if his spirit had been speaking directly to hers, that he would always love her, and that he would never see her again. Thus they could always hold each other—pure and young and passionately in love. People died for romance; how much easier to part for it! She had understood him perfectly, and though she had said nothing he had felt acquiescence in every breath she drew.

It was because that parting had been perfect that he felt no desire to speak to her—only to see her as his train went by. The lines of the English poet, which he had quoted to her that night, were always in his mind:

He loses her who gains her,
Who watches day by day
The dust of time that stains her,
The griefs that leave her gray,
The flesh that still enchains her
Whose grace has passed away.

Oh, happier he who gains not
The love some seem to gain;
The joys that custom stains not
Shall still with him remain;
The loveliness that wanes not,
The love that cannot wane.

He went back to his sister's to get his bag and say good-by. It was a crowded hour in the little flat. Philip had just come in, and the children were waiting for supper—impatiently. Jack heard the elder one beating his spoon on his platter.

Going to his room to pack, Jack could hear through the open doors that his sister and her husband were talking about life insurance. They had been discussing it with decreasing amenity for two years. A smile touched with contempt crept over Jack's face as he listened, drawing two ties through his hand as he stood. He knew so exactly what each one was going to say. Phil was going to say that if he put aside the same amount of money he could invest it better than the life-insurance company; and Grace's reply was perfectly familiar—"Yes, but you don't put it aside."

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NOT SO DUSTY

By Horatio Winslow

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL



Miss Barret Said, "B. M., You Old Fool, You've Done it Again"

SILENT JOE BURKE, PARIS, FRANCE.
New York City.

FRIEND MR. BURKE: I would not feel I had done right by myself if I did not explain the reasons why I am in Paris, France, and no longer in your stable of fighters and I will name the reasons in order, beginning with the reason which I will entitleate Number One.

Number One: In June, 1920, when I left New Orleans after my eight-round victory over Kid Shaugnessy, the Italian Demon, I told you I was all tired out and could not sleep nights and you said to me, "Well, George, I will send you to a place up in the Michigan woods where you can be put to sleep any time of the day or night by a sure system." Then you called over a newspaper reporter boy and said to me, "George, isn't it a fact that you are going to Benton Harbor because you think if you could get put to sleep right it would fix you up?" And I said, "Yes, that is the fact."

The next day the newspaper printed a piece which I have now in my pocketbook entitleated, "Soporific Mitt for Insomnia. Silent Joe Burke's Agriculturalist Scrapper on the Trail of the Right Hook Wants to be Put to Sleep, So Signs Up as Sparring Partner for Jack Dempsey."

After that I could not play a game of handball without hearing two or three times from One Round Brogan, "Well, I don't see how a man needs to go to sleep when he ain't awake yet." Or else, "Yes, you are right; for a man who wants to go to sleep there is nothing better than swallowing five fingers of strong knuckle punch."

I have never seen a lightweight yet that did not think he was funny, and I have never seen one yet that made other people think he was funny.

Well, Mr. Burke, that is Number One and I will now pass on to something a good deal worse, which I will entitleate Number Two.

Number Two: When I was training in Dayton, Ohio, for my six-round victory over the Fighting Swede, you said to me one day, "Well, George, a great French scientist has just discovered that it is moonrays that make the athlete and that the best way to get into condition is to train when the moon is shining, so we will begin tonight with a little roadwork. I think the moon is just what you need to loosen you up."

I did not suspect anything, Mr. Burke, and I done just what you said until one day I found where one of the Dayton newspaper reporter boys had printed the following, which I have now in my pocketbook: "Luna for the Wallop. Silent Joe Burke's Agricultural Scrapper Gets Scientific. If the Moon Makes the Maize Grow it Ought to Make the Muscle Grow." And following this was a long string of lies about my having been a moon-farmer in Iowa and comical pictures showing me boxing with the man in the moon and another picture of me sitting on a rock and pointing at my head and saying, "I wonder if it will make my brain grow."

Afterwards this piece was printed all over the United States and friends back in Prairie River saw the piece and wrote me comical letters about it and it took me a long while to explain to my friends just what had happened.

And One Round Brogan kept saying, "You are all right, George, I have made many a match by moonlight myself. What is the girl's name?" And also, "Moonrays may be bad for the brain but you should worry, George."

Well, Mr. Burke, I am not much of a laugher but I could laugh easier at a wet sponge than at One Round Brogan and his comical sayings.

That is Number Two and I will now pass on to the last and most important reason of all which I will entitleate Number Three.

Number Three: Mr. Burke, I will recall to your mind that when I fought my ten-round victory in Milwaukee over Cremo Dooley the German Thunderbolt one of the newspaper reporter boys printed a piece which I have now in my pocketbook in which he stated as per follows: "This man Wilson has a kick in his right mitt. It is a long kick but it is a hard kick."

He meant by this that when I let go with my right it traveled a long ways but it traveled very fast.

Following this I said to you I would not like to be called under my own name any longer but I would like to be called under the ring name of The Long Kick. "Well, George," you said, "we will do that little thing."

Two weeks after when I come to Detroit for my four-round victory over Sailor Sullivan the Battling Pole you said, "Well, George, I have done what you said and if you will take a little walk you will find that you are billed all over the city as per your request."

So I took a little walk and the first fence I came across had a big printing on it saying that Sailor Sullivan the Battling Pole would be vs. the Long Hick!

Now, Mr. Burke, it is no disgrace to be borned in a small town the same as George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, and others too numerous to mention. And when One Round Brogan says to me, "Well, Prairie River must be some hick town," I do not get mad. I only retort practically like a flash, "Well, if you do not like the U. S. why don't you go back to Russia where you came from and where there is nothing but hick towns?" No, Mr. Burke, I am not ashamed of Prairie River, but I will say frank and open that I do not like to be called a hick.

Mr. Burke, when I told you about it, all you done was to whistle and say, "Well, well, the printer must of made a mistake."

I said, "Yes, and now kindly be so kind and not let any other printer make the same mistake." But when we got to Minneapolis and then to Kansas City and then to Denver it happened all over again, and in each place the newspaper reporter boys came up smoking cigarettes and saying, "Well, how is the Long Hick? How is the weather up there, Hick?" And other jokes.

And One Round Brogan kept saying, "Africa is where the knee grows but Prairie River is where the hicks grow long and slender. Ha, ha! Why is prohibition good for a long hick? Because it keeps him from having the long hickups." Ha, ha again!

Well, Mr. Burke, it is secret from me why you have done all this. I know as well as you that every time a comical piece is printed about me somewhere in that piece it says that Silent Joe Burke is my manager and is also manager for One Round Brogan, Challenge Champion Lightweight of the World.

You will probably say, "Well, George, this is fine advertising for you too."

Mr. Burke, if that is the only way I can be advertised I would rather not be mentioned and I will simply state that when you advertise your pet One Round Brogan you are wasting time and money. Whenever One Round Brogan makes a comical remark he says, "Well, I will put that in my monologue after I clean up Benny Leonard."

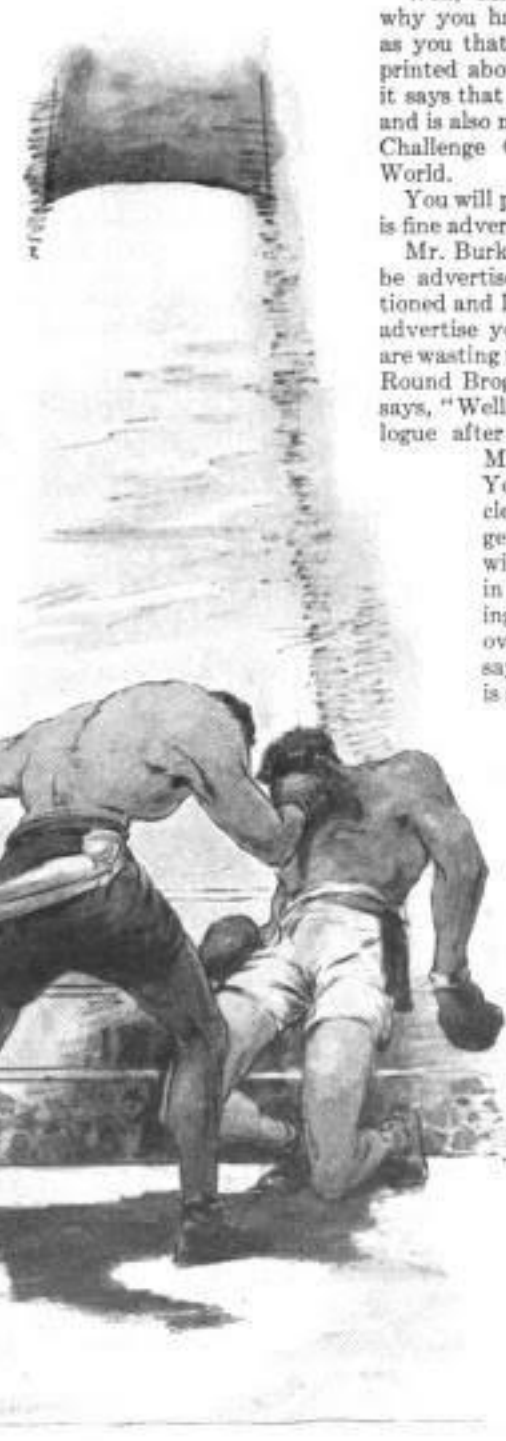
Mr. Burke, I will tell you a secret. Your lightweight pet will never clean up Benny Leonard unless he gets behind him some dark night with a club. And if he ever gets a job in vaudeville it will be a job sweeping up the stage after the show is over. Now, Mr. Burke, you always say you like straight talks, so there is some for you. Facts are facts.

Fighters has feelings, Mr. Burke, and that is why I have split with you for good and all and that is positively finle.

Yours truly
GEORGE WILSON
(alas The Long Kick).
Challenge Champion Light Heavyweight of the World.

P.S. On Italians Boulevard I have just bought a New York paper and I see where there is a piece in it entitleated, "Long Hick Runs Away From Home. Silent Joe Burke Worried. Fears the Hick May Have Secret Ambitions to Become a Boxer."

Now, Mr. Burke, I know just as well as you do when people are talking serious about me and when they are not. Since



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...ssary to have this printed I will simply state in a quietly dignerfied way that I am here in Paris, France, to fight and trane I will not bar Carpenter or any other good boy. And I will also simply state that before leaving New York I bought a book entitleated How to Write Moving Picture Scenerinos, and if the worst comes to the worst I will quit the fighting game and become a scenerino writer, thereby making big money the same as Jones, Clergyman, who made three thousand dollars off his first scenerino, Smith, Plumber, who made four thousand in five weeks, and others too numerous to mention.

PARIS, FRANCE.

SILENT JOE BURKE,
New York City.

FRIEND MR. BURKE: You will probaly be surprised to get this letter after receiving the one I wrote you yesterday but I will simply state I am writing this to you simply as one old friend to another and I will tell you the reason, Mr. Burke.

Yesterday P. M. I was walking along St. Jacques Street and in front of a gate that opened on a court I saw a sign that said Gymnase, which is what the French call a gymnasium.

Being as I was looking for a place to train I walked in through the court, which was filled with chickens, and knocked at a door. The door was opened by an old woman with white hair and she called a man with a waxed mustache and he called a young girl with a short dress which taught dancing in the gymnasium and which talked pretty good American on account of having been through the war.

Pretty soon we came to friendly terms about the use of the gymnasium and she said to me, "There is an Englishman and his sister who are there now. They make the box too."

"Make the box" in French is the same as boxing, but I never saw an Englishman box with his sister before so I thought I would go in and see it.

Well, Mr. Burke, to cut a long story short the Englishman was not boxing with his sister at all. He was lying on his back and coming up to a sitting position while she stood by and counted and said "Smartly now!"

He was about my weight or maybe a hundred and seventy-two, and his sister might have been my weight at all because I could not take my eyes off her face which was the kind of face you see on magazine covers. And she had a lot of very nice-colored yellow hair. Well, it did not take me long to get acquainted and I found that the Englishman was named by the name of Handsman Barret and that his sister was named by the name of Miss Barret and that she was managing him.

After we had talked for a little while after I had told her that I wanted to get some matches then she said, "Do you speak French?"

I said, "I do not speak it as much as some."

She said, "I fancy you'd best let me manage you too. I'm managing everything for B. M. and you and he might spar together. I fancy you strip at a little more than twelve stone."

I said, "No, I weigh a hundred and seventy."

She thought for a moment and then she said, "But that's the same thing, isn't it?"

Then she told me that B. M.—those letters standing for Bombardier Million), because in the army he had been in the band—weighed a hundred and seventy-four pounds and was matched to fight a Frenchman named Charley Julleville at the Salle Wagram. It was three weeks off and why didn't I try to get a match at the same time?

Then she said, "I would like to see you and B. M. go it together. I fancy you might teach him a little of your American fighting."

So I went into the next room and stripped some and put on a pair of gloves and B. M. and I started. When I showed B. M. how to cover up like a turtle she said, "Not so dusty," which is the same thing in England as "Good enough, kid."

Well, B. M. and I boxed very easy for about five minutes. B. M. was a good stylish boxer, Mr. Burke, but he did not have any more punch than a mosquito, and I told her so.

She said, "I fancy you're right. Would you mind if I tried to get him to exert himself a bit?"

"Go as far as you like," I retorted practically like a flash, "because there is nothing I like better than five fingers of knuckle punch."

She laughed and it was the sweetest laugh you ever heard, Mr. Burke, and then she said again, "Not so dusty."

So we started up again and every so often Miss Barret would say to her brother, "Crumple him," and he would land on me as hard as he could.

Well, Mr. Burke, I managed to block him pretty well for the first few times, but finally Miss Barret said "Crumple him" once too often. I did not get my glove up in time and he landed right on my jaw.

After he had done this he dropped his hands, gave a whistle, and then smiled in a kind of foolish way, and said "I've come a cropper."

Miss Barret said, "B. M., you old fool, you've done it again."

Then we all went to a doctor and he explained that B. M. had broken his wrist and couldn't think of boxing for a couple of months anyhow.

Well, Miss Barret had tears in her eyes and all I could do was to look quietly dignerfied because I had already said I was sorry and I could not think of anything else to say.

Then Miss Barret said to me, "Why don't you take B. M.'s place? You know this American infighting and B. M. can brush you up a bit at long range, and if you beat Julleville it will be a pretty feather in your cap."

Well, Mr. Burke, I said "Yes." And then before I could get up my guard Miss Barret had kissed me and said, "You are a dear old bean."

After that I did not know what to say and B. M. did not know what to say neither, but just grinned at me for all of what the doctor was doing to his hand. And it is arranged that Miss Barret, who speaks French the same as if she was French born, is going to fix up the match.

Yours truly
GEORGE WILSON (alas the Long Kick).
Challenge Champion Light Heavyweight.

P. S. You will probaly say, "Well, you cannot forge to the front in your life work in the scenerino game without you know somebody on the inside." Well, Mr. Burke, I have my eye on a certain person that I bet can get into the movies any time she wants to, and when she does get in Mary Pickford had better look out. That's all. I have one scenerino already started entitleated Only a Blonde, and I have in mind others too numerous to mention.



The Next Minute the Door Opened and in Come My Original Boy Manager

P. S. 2. But what I really wrote this letter for, Mr. Burke, was to ask you to kindly be so kind and use your influence to keep the newspaper reporter boys from printing anything else comical about me in the New York papers. The main reason I don't like it is because there is a certain person here in Paris who will not take me serious if she sees some of the things that have been printed about me. Fighters has feelings, Mr. Burke, and this is positively finle.

PARIS, FRANCE.

SILENT JOE BURKE,
New York.

FRIEND MR. BURKE: I would not think that I done right by myself, Mr. Burke, if I did not come out frank and ask you a certain question and I would like it answered with a plain yes or no.

This afternoon after mailing my second letter to you I was coming back to my room on the Boulevard Port Royal and as I was walking along I was thinking of a good joke I sprung on Miss Barret and B. M. Because I said to B. M., "Well, it is too bad you did not hurt your knee instead of your wrist because we could have fixed that up in a hurry."

Miss Barret said, "No, it is a good deal more dangerous to hurt the knee than the wrist because the knee is more complicated."

"Well," I said, "that does not matter because I know a place in America where a knee can be fixed up no matter how bad it is."

"Where is that?" she said.

"Down South in Alabama," I retorted practically like a flash, "because that is where the knee-grows (negroes)."

After Miss Barret had explained it to B. M. we all laughed and then Miss Barret said, "Not so dusty," and we all laughed some more.

Well, Mr. Burke, I had left them at their hotel and I was walking to my room thinking over this joke when all of a sudden I saw a crowd getting together on the sidewalk where a big dispute was going on between an American and a taxicab driver. I could tell right off he was an American because he kept saying, "Go down and ask the American Ambassador and he will tell you who I am. Ask President Harding and see what he says."

But the chauffeur was not asking anybody anything. He was just standing in front of the American and holding up three fingers and a thumb and saying "Cat franc—cat franc."

A French cop was coming up, Mr. Burke, so I done for the American what I would like somebody to do for me if I was ever in the same place. I went up and paid the chauffeur, who made a few more remarks and then went away. The crowd went away too and pretty soon there was nobody left but the American and me.

He might have made a good lightweight once, Mr. Burke, but he had run too much to belt. His black hair did not look natural and around his eyes there were too many little wrinkles.

For about two minutes he shook me by the hand without saying a word and then he began.

"Well," he said, "it is lucky for you that you happened along when you did because I never forget a favor and I will simply state that I am the man who showed Henry Ford the road to fame and fortune ask anybody in Detroit. When I first saw you I thought you were my young friend Vincent Astor ask George Gould and he will tell you the same."

So I told him I was not Vincent Astor and I explained who I was and what I was doing in Paris.

"What!" he said. "Did you say you was a fighter?"

"Yes," I said.

"Do you mean a fighter in the ring?"

"Yes," I said again.

"Well," he said, "they is certainly something very familiar about your face. What did you say your name was?"

I told him again.

"And who did you say your manager was?"

I told him it used to be Silent Joe Burke.

(Continued on Page 101)

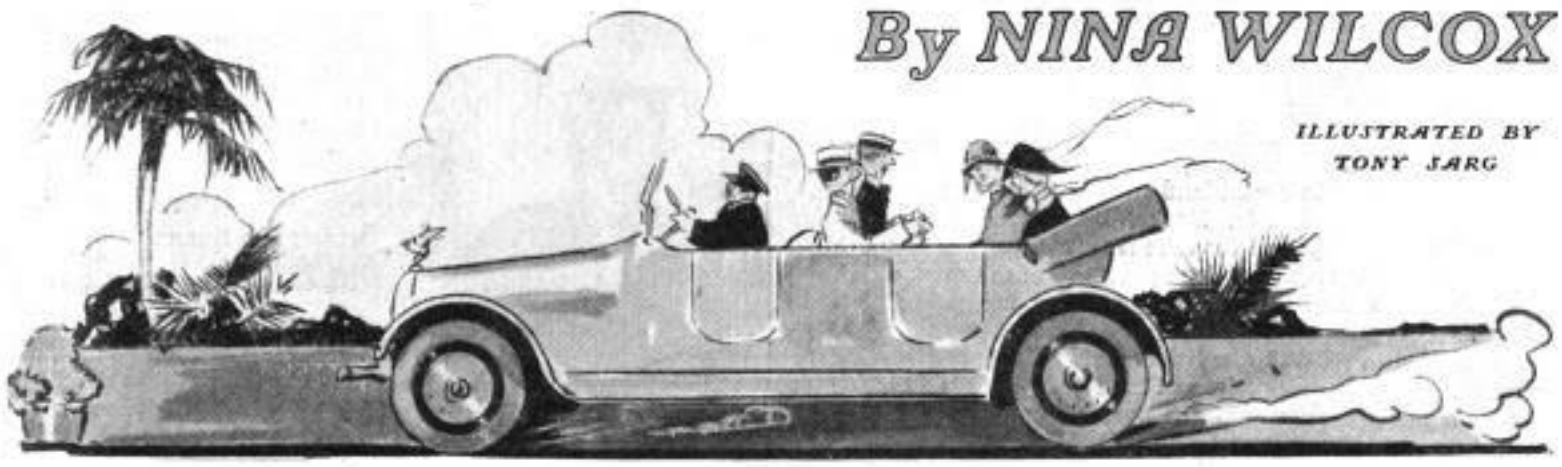


He Was Just Standing in Front of the American and Holding Up Three Fingers and a Thumb and Saying "Cat Franc—Cat Franc"

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Society Seeks Its Own Level

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM



ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

And Meanwhile We Was Speeding Along the Most Beautiful Ocean Drive I Ever See

ONE of the principal difficulties about being married is not, as often supposed, because of the married parties keeping something back from each other, but that they don't keep back enough.

When a person is first engaged to be married, why they have generally got an idea to tell each other all their past and ect, and you had better know this from me dear, rather than somebody else should tell you later, and all that sort of thing. Do you get me? Of course what they tell on theirself is generally how I kissed this one, or how poor Hoosis was in love with me. All about what a successful devil we are, see, our total losses along such lines being pretty well ignored. And even after marriage, a person sometimes will bring these subjects up again when things get a little dull. Because when two people are past the big excitement of opening the wedding presents and the novelty of things is wore off a little, why they naturly commence to search around in their mind for something which will keep the kick in being married, which is why at the end of twelve months or so they are usually reduced to showing each other a cavity in their tooth for a little novelty.

Alas, as the poet says, it is a true fact that even a famous and undoubtedly great actress like I, Marie La Tour myself, is also no exception to this great human weakness, and the line which I have pulled to Jim, beginning as a confession but enduring as a brag, was about how I could of married Lem Hornby.

This was a feller which had been a sort of half-baked alternative to Jim. I had never really known him very well or much about him, but he must of been a millionaire for he was never known to work, but was continually parked at my door, and very devoted.

When I and Jim was in that soft-boiled state where we could set by the hour and make them silly gooey sounds which are now entirely monopolized by Junior, one of the things I used to get off my chest to show Jim he was not my only bet, was to shyly admit after much urging, that yes, Lem had kissed me. More than once? Well, maybe, but that's all in the past, dear, let's forget it Jimmy darling, and so forth.

When a man tells this kind of thing on hisself it is generally on account he's got some real grounds for worry, and so after marriage he leaves ghosts lay. And I'll give Jim credit, he has not brought up Mable MacGill since his original remarks about their mistaken engagement only when I have started it myself, with some remark about maybe I would of been happier if I had of married Lem.

It's a remarkable thing, but the further off I got from Lem, the better I thought of him, and never did I see Jim standing around in his winter-weights than I would remember how handsome Lem was in his dress clothes.

Well anyways, this time I am thinking about, Goldringer had the studio closed on account he had made less than a thousand per cent on his last coupla releases and was in one of them panics which all normal motion-picture producers get when business is as bad as that, and as I and Jim was consequently not working although still on salary, we was naturally quarreling, and this time it was about a Russian sable coat.



We Hopped Into One of the Mammoth Baby Carriages and Was Peddled Away Through the Shade of the Sheltering Palms to the Doorway of This Club

"Say listen, kid," says Jim when brought the subject up with all the usa tact of a settled wife. "You got thr fur coats already."

"Only a seal for morning wear," I say "and my ermine evening wrap. That c chinchilla is a sight and I actually haven any fur coat for afternoons. I don't s what you are crabbing for, anyways. isn't as if I wanted to spend over fifte thousand for it, at most!"

"It's all bunk!" says Jim rudely. "He I go around in one fur-lined wrapper a glad to get it, and you pull an Oliver Tw about afternoon coats."

"Say, Gorgeous, you spend as much money in a mon as I do in a year," I says.

"Sables ain't a necessity," says Jim real firm.

"What if they are not?" I says. "I want them, th ought to be enough. Believe me James Smith, when y get one of these stubborn fits on, I don't know why in t world I ever married you."

"Me either," says Jim.

"When I could of married a real generous man like L Hornby," I went on, watching out of one corner of r eye to see what effect it would have.

But it went cold. For once Jim failed to say anythi about ain't I good to you sweetheart or something, s merely jammed on the boot he was holding and got i in the face.

"I'd like to meet this Hornby bird once!" says "He must be quite a king. Near as I can make out h handsome as a picture, rich as John D., smart as a pol cian, strong as a tractor, and he also appears to be author of the book of etiquette. As I understand it ain't on speaking terms with anybody lower than Astors. For a actual fact, Marie, did you really pass h up, or did he throw you down?"

"Nothing of the sort!" I says, furious as any wife wo be under such a circumstance. "I told you I canned h when I met you."

"You must of been cuckoo!" says Jim coldly. And he was now finished dressing, he had the exit on me, acted accordingly, pausing only for a last shot with hand on the doorknob in the pose Wilworth, our r director, taught him in our last picture. "If ever we m Hornby," says he, "I suppose I will l you. If I do, maybe he will buy you th foolish furs!"

And with that he made a quick exit, w I rubbed on my make-up, real mad. I so sore that if I had of known where Lem w why I would of written him a letter to myself, and maybe even gone so far as t posted it. But as a matter of fact I di know where he had went when he left off s porting the stage door after I got engage Jim. And anyways, before I had got furi in my mind with the letter than "Lem— will not have forgotten, I know, and so I sending this message from broken heart of one who has m a awful mistake," which is conventional beginning of all s letters which any wife has quently written them in her m or she is a liar. Well anyway was going through this lette was per usual at such times, w the telephone rang and would it be but Goldrin

"Miss La Tour?" he. "Say Mary, listen want you and Jim shoul to Palm Beach at once a special."

"Al, you hound!" I s "What us artists ha suffer at your hands! W until I grab up a coa will come right on ov

"All right," says "Snap it up, I got to l at a picture later."

Well, outside it was sn ing, and Riverside D looked pretty good white on the bare bran

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"Taken for a Lady?"
I Says Kind of Sore.
"Heaven Forbid, Al!"

and ect. and here I had to go out in a old sealskin coat nearly a year old. But the thought of going both to work and to Palm Beach warmed me up considerable, so that by the time I reached Goldringer's palatial offices on the Avenue I was almost happy again in spite of the fact my life was ruined by being married to a stingy brute.

"Say listen!" says Al, all excited so's his cigar rolled wildly from side to side of his mouth. "Say listen, sit yourself. I got a big idea!"

"All right, shoot it!" I says, very ladylike and quiet in the face of his rumpled manner.

"You know society pictures?" says Al. I nodded. "Well, they are all rotten!" he went on. "To date not even one real genuine society picture has been made. Not the actual thing, y'understand me. Now I got the idea that we should go down to Palm Beach on account it's winter, and make a picture which will be a haymaker, see? Get Goldacres, the biggest house down there for a location and catch all the genuine swells for extras, and so forth. How does it hit you?"

"Right in the funny-bone!" says I. "What a original idea, Al! Or isn't it?"

"Well, it ain't my own," he confessed. "I heard the De Luxe people was thinking of it, and decided we should beat them to it, especially if we can get this script."

"I see!" says I. "What script is it, Al?"

"It is the best known society novel in the whole entire world," says Al impressively. "I got the scenario gang's word for that. The De Luxe people are also after the picture rights, but we will commence shooting and take a chance. The main thing is to beat Eddie De Luxe. The name of the book is Vanity Fair."

"It's a real pretty title," I says, "but there is no publicity in it for me. You will have to change it, Al, so's you can bill me special."

"The only way I will bill you special," says Al, "will be if you and Jim run over your expense account. You got to keep inside two thousand dollars for the first two weeks, or pay the difference yourself."

"Whatter you mean, first two?" I says.

"Well, I got also another idea," Al goes on, shifting his time-worn perfecto. "I want you should both go down at once ahead of the company, and study society from the inside. Mix into the crowd, see? Find out how they act when natural, and get a line on them. I want you should be actually mistaken for a lady in this piece, Mary, and you should put in two weeks at my expense studying how."

"Taken for a lady?" I says kind of sore. "Heaven forbid, Al. And as for society people acting natural at any time, that's news to me. But for the sake of my art I guess I am willing to tear myself away from the beautiful slush of a New York February and suffer along in the Sunny South. It's a hard life you lead me, Al, I don't know how I can stand it much longer!"

"Oy gevalt!" says Al, getting to his feet in a panic. "Don't say that!"

"Calm yourself!" I says. "I will stick it out, Al, because I think the world of you!"

Well I skidded home in my new Alpine twin-six devel-

arrange to hire a little inexpensive cottage somewhere near by to the hotel for her to bring the kid to as soon as we commenced working on the picture. Then naturally I rushed to my dressing room, and with my mind already made up that no matter how many clothes I found there I would not find a thing fit to wear, I set myself to the pleasant task of confirming this into a true fact by giving Musette, my personal maid, all dresses about which there was any doubt. And then I shut myself up to think seriously about this Vanity Fair picture and what was the possibilities of it, anyways.

Now though admittedly a woman I have never been one of the kind which makes a dive for that section of the Sunday papers where they can read all about how a flock of women they don't know are alleged to of entertained another bunch which they don't know, either. It never give me any kick at all to read that Mrs. J. Goofnah Hoosis gave a dinner of forty covers last night.

Why read about any such thing when it must of been a frost or all them covers would not of been necessary?

Well anyways I seldom read the social sector, but only the baseball one. However, seeing I was about to plunge into the social sea, I begun my serious study of American Society by passing up all the other advertisements in the evening paper and digging for the Palm Beach items.

The leading photo this night was of six pairs of female society legs from the knees down, and six society hats above them, all on the beach, or so the subtitle said. I didn't recognize any of the names, but they was the kind of names which sounded as if you not recognizing them simply displayed your own ignorance, if you get me. Under this highly stimulating picture was a column much like the personal one in The Billboard. Only instead of sensible and interesting items like Lux Docker has signed on the Orpheum for fifty-two weeks, Congratulations, or We notify our friends that Ten Tremendous Months of Triumph will continue on the road, signed the Top-Notch Trumpeters, this Palm Beach column had a lot of stuff about dinners and dances and so forth, and I took particular notice that not even one of the items had a single word about a pleasant time was had by all. I called Jim's attention to this strange fact when breaking the news to him about the picture.

"Well," says he, "what did you expect? Ain't you always heard about the rich and fashionable dragging theirselves wearily around the ceaseless mill of pleasures that kill? Ain't you see many a subtitle to that effect? You didn't expect they was enjoying the dreary round that is but a hollow mockery, did you?"

"Well no," I had to admit. "But we will see for ourself."

"You said it!" says he grimly. "I'm glad I'm cast, for no wife of mine is going into any such danger without I am there to protect her. I know them rich old men and their evil intentions. I seen enough of them in many a superfeature!"

"Well, Gorgeous," I says, "I am not worrying about will anybody try to lure me with their gold, but quite to the contrary I got cold feet about will we be able to crash into the sacred circles at all? We got to go incog, Jim, and stay that way, and hope to be taken for people of refinement or we will never get to study them at first hand like Al wants we should. They must never guess that we are picture people until it is too late—get me?"

"Correct!" says Jim.

And a week later we was on our way, accompanied by a mob of new clothes in six bags and ten trunks, also my personal maid, Musette, and Tom, the impersonal valet which Jim has recently acquired to keep the polish on his boots and reputation, and followed by many a ringing last word from Goldringer.

"Remember, don't get tangled up with no imitations," he yelled as the train commenced to move

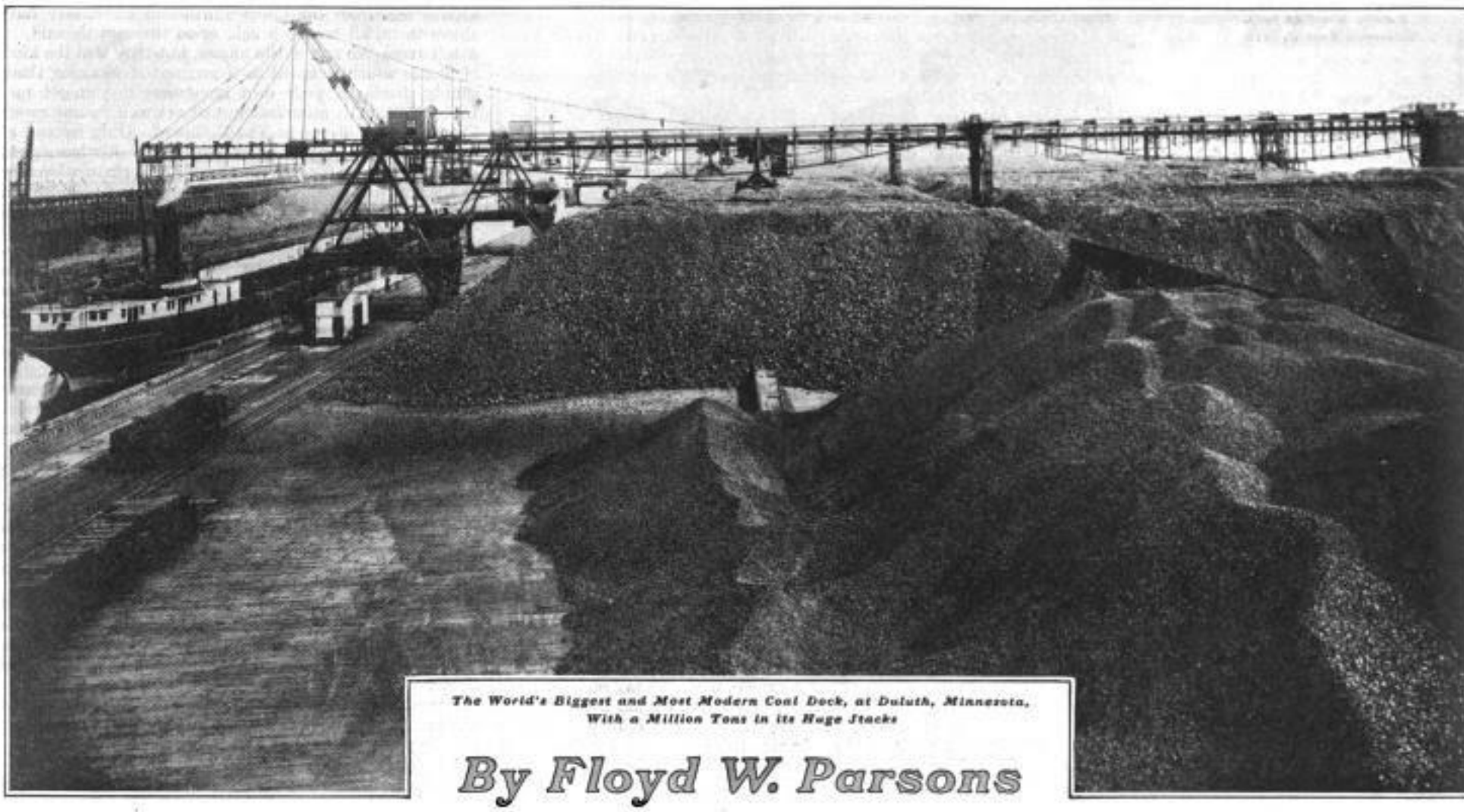
(Continued on Page 109)



It is a Fact at This Place Everybody Does

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FOOD, FUEL AND SMOKE



The World's Biggest and Most Modern Coal Dock, at Duluth, Minnesota, With a Million Tons in its Huge Stacks

By Floyd W. Parsons

THIS is not a story about coal and striking miners and profiteering dealers. It is not a discussion of the seasonal nature of mining. It is a consideration not merely of one fuel or of all fuels, but of the basis of all life and industry which we speak of as energy. It is no more a winter's tale than a story for midsummer. It has to do with heat, but it also treats of cold. It deals with furnaces and fuels, but recognizes that food is fuel, and that no mechanical energy-producing machine is anything like as wonderful as the human engine.

One reason so little progress has been made in working out a solution for our recurrent fuel troubles is that the public generally lacks a clear understanding of the true nature of our principal fuels.

To the average layman coal is merely a black rock that burns, and oil a volatile liquid. To handle a thing wisely we must understand it. If we would have cheaper fuels we must clear away the mystery surrounding them and get down to simple fuel fundamentals. It is only its own fault that the public for so long has occupied an unhappy position in No Man's Land, where it has been kept busy dodging the missiles of the opposing factions.

It is rank folly to expect that any permanent remedy for present evils will come from the Government, the workers or the fuel producers. The one sure cure lies in the hands of the consumer. The first step is education. We must be able to understand the near relationship, the close similarity, between the act of firing the human engine with a ham sandwich and the act of firing the mechanical furnace with a shovelful of coal. We must understand the comparative values of the different heat units before we can ever hope intelligently to buy and use fuel. When we can figure coal in terms of mince pie and convert the heat units of a quantity of gasoline into an equivalent calorific value in the form instead of fuel foolishness. There is said to be romance in every line of business, but no tale of love or life contains such elements of absorbing interest as the true story of the production of heat and power. The airplane, the wireless, the automobile and all the marvels of engineering and science are based on the development and utilization of energy of one kind or another.

From the revolving electron of the tiniest atom of matter to the blazing center of our solar system, the sun, practically everything is classified, if not valued, in terms of its energy potential.

Generally speaking, one variety of coal or gas or oil has a higher value than another because it contains more heat units. During the war, when cargo space in the great ocean-going steamers was so scarce and so precious, the Government designated that the foodstuffs running highest in heat units should be given preference in our exports.



We think of our agricultural industry as a business devoted to the production of food. But technically speaking, farming is a great fuel industry, just as truly as the production of coal and oil are fuel industries. Whereas the latter two produce fuels for mechanical machines, the farmers produce fuel for millions of human machines. The miners see to it that we have material to keep the outsides of our bodies warm, while our agricultural fraternity is concerned with keeping the insides of the human machines heated and oiled. Such fuels as coal and oil, which are used to fire mechanical furnaces, are valued according to the British thermal units they contain. On the other hand, food fuels for the human body are valued according to their content of another heat unit known as a calorie. In most countries the small calorie is the basic unit of heat, and is the quantity of heat necessary to raise the temperature of one gram of water one degree centigrade. The British thermal unit is the amount of heat necessary to raise the temperature of one pound of water one degree Fahrenheit, and it is equal to 252 calories. With these simple units in mind much of the mystery surrounding the heat values of foods and fuels is cleared away.

It is interesting to note the relative importance of farming and mining as fuel industries. Let us take corn as an example. Forty bushels of corn weigh 2240 pounds, or one long ton, by which measure bituminous coal is sold. This ton of corn contains over 16,000,000 heat units, while a medium grade of coal contains better than 26,000,000 heat units. Therefore, roughly speaking, a ton of corn has three-fifths the heating value of an equal quantity of soft coal. Last year in the United States our corn crop totaled 3,152,000,000 bushels, or 80 per cent of the total corn production of the world. In equivalent tons of coal this enormous corn crop has the same heating value as 47,280,000 tons of coal; that winter, when coal

was selling for ten dollars a ton, while ear corn was bringing only twenty cents a bushel, some people found it cheaper to burn corn than buy coal. At that time the statement was made that our corn crop contained enough heat units to meet the normal fuel requirements of all our industrial plants for a period of six months. This was not true, for our industries in six months consumed approximately 83,000,000 tons of coal. It is also a fallacy to believe that the farmers of the United States, using present methods, could supply the nation with adequate food and in addition grow enough fuel to satisfy our present needs.

Here in America, in addition to corn our farmers produce nearly 900,000,000 bushels of wheat, and two and a half times as many bushels of oats, rye, barley and potatoes. In heating value this total production of food fuels is equivalent to approximately 38,000,000 tons of coal. Then we must also include an annual production of 24,000,000,000 pounds of meat, 2,000,000,000 pounds of sugar, and 67,000,000,000 pounds of milk, all of which are comparatively high in heat units, and yet their total calorific value is no higher than that of 12,000,000 tons of coal. Therefore it is safe to say that so far as heat value is concerned, the total production of our agricultural industry in the United States is equal to no more than 150,000,000 tons of coal, or less than one-third of this country's normal production of bituminous coal. It is also a fact that the calorific value of this nation's fuel output is greater than that contained in the output of all the farmers of all the other nations on earth.

Coal is a purely vegetable product which Nature has dehydrated, compressed and otherwise prepared for man's use during an interval of some millions of years. Its true worth is best evidenced by the fact that whereas approximately one-half of the world's workers are engaged in growing fuel from the ground, this enormous army of farmers produces less in the form of usable energy than do the 800,000 coal miners employed in the United States.

The Body Engine

BUT we should not need even so many as 800,000 miners to produce sufficient fuel to satisfy all our needs if we could build a mechanical engine that would operate with the same efficiency as does the human engine. The average human in full vigor, engaged in moderate muscular work, must be supplied with 3500 large calories, each of which is 1000 times the small, or gram, calorie. This means that the human furnace requires about 14,000 British thermal units daily, or the number of heat units contained in one pound of fairly high-grade coal. But of these 3500 calories the human furnace digests and converts 3200 into useful work; at least the organization established in the body makes them available for useful work. Now when we come to the mechanical furnace we find it sadly inefficient. The truth is that here in the United States out of each 2000 pounds of coal produced, less than 200 pounds, on an average, are converted into useful work. While the human engine utilizes better than 91 per cent of the fuel that is fired into it, our average mechanical furnace utilizes less than 10 per cent. In fact, the correct efficiency for the average mechanical furnace in service in this country at the present time is something less than 8 per cent.

There are those who may dispute the foregoing statement concerning the low efficiency attained in our newest, most modern and in all probability the most efficient superpower plant in the United States, equipped with the finest devices, from distributing belt conveyors and motor-driven stokers to the last word in turbines, the efficiency attained is 18.75 per cent, which compares with an efficiency of less than 4 per cent in the small isolated industrial steam plant. In this big station 1.38 pounds of coal are utilized in generating a kilowatt-hour. In small plants producing power it is common to find eight pounds of coal consumed to produce a single kilowatt-hour of energy.

Therefore, in the finest product that steam engineers have so far been able to devise, the efficiency in fuel consumption is only about a fifth as great as that of the human furnace.

In the average steam plant approximately 30 per cent of the heat is lost through radiation or by way of the stack. Of the remaining 70 per cent of energy that goes to the engine, about 90 per cent is carried away by the condensing water or is lost in the exhaust. Of the energy that remains, a small part is consumed by friction, so it is easy to understand why in the average steam plant so little of the heat energy contained in the coal consumed under the boiler is converted into useful work at the machine or bus bars.





Electricity is the most wonderful agent that now serves man, but it is an expensive servant. Though only 1.38 pounds of coal are utilized in generating a kilowatt-hour of energy at the switchboard in our most modern steam plant, by the time this same quantity of electricity has been transmitted over wires to the consumer's home or factory, material losses in transmission have taken place, and the 1.38 pounds of coal consumed to develop the kilowatt-hour of electricity have grown to a little more than two pounds. Assuming that the coal averages 13,000 British thermal units per pound, it is evident that in this particular instance better than 26,000 heat units are required to supply a kilowatt-hour of electricity in the householder's home. In a small power-house operation the cost of coal averages 45 to 50 per cent of the total cost of the electricity generated, but in a large plant, having turbines for prime movers and employing mechanical stokers instead of hand firing, the cost of coal often averages as high as 85 per cent of the total cost of the power developed. And right here it may be interesting to explain to those who each month are obliged to pay their electrical company for so many kilowatt-hours of energy consumed, that a kilowatt-hour of electricity, roughly speaking, is equal to the work that one and one-third horses are capable of performing in a single hour.

Few people realize in full the immense possibilities that now exist for increasing the efficiency of present practices in developing and utilizing mechanical power. The strides that have been made during the last century are wonderful, but they should be considered only a beginning. Only a little more than two generations ago most of the land transportation in the United States was furnished by packing goods on the backs of men and animals; today, with the aid of mechanical energy, 2,000,000 men are handling more than 400,000,000,000 ton-miles of freight each year. If we were to return to the old methods it would be necessary to employ 1,250,000,000 men to handle this same quantity of freight annually. In the early days the ton-mile cost of handling freight was more than two dollars; at present, on our railroads, the cost of haulage is about 1¼ cents per ton per mile.

Needless Waste

ENERGY in the form of manufactured gas a generation ago in many parts of our country sold for as much as ten dollars a thousand cubic feet; today in many places the price of gas is only one-tenth of what it used to be. Electricity is far cheaper than it once was, but we have a long way to go to perfect a system of power transmission as efficient as the red corpuscles in the human body which carry oxygen to the tissues.

When 600,000 miners went on strike in April the nation witnessed the beginning of an economic waste of potential energy that literally staggers the imagination, and yet was lightly passed over by many as of small consequence. "We have 68,000,000 tons of surplus coal in storage, so why should we worry?" said the public. The waste that accompanies any strike of useful workmen is to be deplored, but the losses that attend a strike of coal miners are almost beyond calculation. The present strength and future hope of every nation lie in its energy resources. Man power is a trifling thing when compared with the energy that is derived mechanically from Nature's fuel. The energy output of

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THE EAGLE AND THE WREN

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

XXV

MARTYN SAVILLE did not feel happy. His easy victory in the first lap of the Conyngham Stakes distressed him. He would have been better pleased had Alma Ferraros rebuked his interference and preserved her defensive attitude. Her sudden melting toward him, her willingness to visit his rooms, and finally the unexpected gift of a book of verse—were contributory factors to his embarrassment.

As he mounted the hotel stairs he shook his head gravely.

"The Lord knows where all this'll lead," he murmured.

He hesitated a moment outside Mrs. Conyngham's bedroom door, deliberating whether or not he should knock and claim immediate discharge from the ranks of the Salvation Army.

Cyril's affairs did not concern him greatly, and she had taken a mean advantage of his good nature to enlist him at such a time.

He raised his knuckles and flirted with the panel indecisively. But he did not knock. After all, he had given his promise and it was only fair to go through with it. With a jerk of the shoulders he turned and marched off down the long hotel corridor.

His private suite comprised a bedroom, a bathroom and a little salon with French windows opening to a long balcony.

He stripped off his coat and waistcoat and hung them over a chair. The white carnation was still in the buttonhole, and the book Alma had given him in a side pocket. He unpacked one of his suitcases and tipped out his dress things.

It is surprising what a change in spirits a hot bath, a shave, a boiled shirt and a dinner jacket will bring to a man. In the pleasant odors of steam and soap Martyn's melancholy took wings and flew, and when he answered the summons of the dinner gong no one more cheerful could have been found.

As luck would have it, he caught up Leslie on the first landing and slipped his arm through hers. And he did it so friendlily and looked altogether so jolly that she forgot all about the disciplinary headache, and smiled at him instead.

"Frightfully bad luck having to sheer off this afternoon," said he, "but as things turned out it was good luck too." He dropped into Irish. "Will we be taking a walk together this night as ever is?"

"We will so," said she, "an' it please you."

"'Twill please me fine," he said. Then, "I haven't kissed you yet."

"Thrue for ye."

"Then for the Lord's sake let's get somewhere where I I can."

"Dinner's waiting," said she.

"It may," said Martyn. "Is there anywhere hereabouts?"

"There's a winter garden," said Leslie, "which ought to do very nicely."

"Lead on," he ordered.

She gave a sparkling little laugh.

"I have never been marched off to be kissed before," she declared. "You're a jolly sort of clown, Martyn, and I do love you."

"Do you, honest?"

"Honest, I do."

"Quickly then—where is this place?"

She nodded with her head.

"Just there."

He took her hand.

"Let's run," said he.

They passed Cyril, who scowled at them as they sped by. In the winter garden a waiter was reading a telegram, which he thrust quickly into his pocket. Seeing Martyn he half opened his mouth as though to speak, then changed his mind.

"Round here," said Leslie, giving a lead.

They passed through a screen of palms to a trellised alcove, asprawl with rambler roses, and came unexpectedly into the presence of Mrs. Conyngham sitting bolt upright in one of two chairs put close together.

It speaks well for Leslie's sense of tact that she was able to say, "So here you are! I wondered if we should find you."

Martyn said something else which need not be recorded.

"But," Leslie went on, "what a funny place to have chosen."

"I chose it," replied Mrs. Conyngham meaningly, "for a reason which Mr. Saville will appreciate. The facilities offered by the management of this hotel to —— Well, never mind. The dinner gong has already sounded. Come!"

With majesty she led the way to the dining room, gathering in Cyril en route.

It was all very disappointing.

Alma Ferraros did not appear until later. At the foot of the staircase she felt a touch on her arm, and found Andrea Negretti at her elbow.

"Yes, what is it?" she demanded.



Alma Went Down on Her Knees Beside the Open Suitcase, But She Was Clever Enough to Do So in a Position That Commanded a View of Him

He looked round quickly to assure himself no one was about. "Message," said he; "a telegram froma der Thirteenth Communal. You taka der plans at once to Moscow."

Alma looked him up and down.

"What are you talking about?"

"No time to talk, disa telegram taka five hour to reach. A train goes from ——"

"Give me the wire!" She took it and read aloud: "White carnation fallen at fence. Present holder to carry on."

"Must hurry—don't it? *Pronto, pronto!*"

Alma was very white indeed.

"But the messenger came," she said. "Everything was in order; everything. I gave him the book an hour ago."

Andrea smote the air with clenched fists.

"You gifa der book? You gifa der book? Idiota, fool, ass, pig! It wasa de wrong man!"

Alma, seizing his nearest wrist, forced it down.

"It's not too late to get it back. Of course we'll get it back. But if we fail it's your fault, not mine. You forgot the number, muddled the instructions. If anyone's to blame, you are."

She thrust him aside and entered the dining room, her eyes blazing.

XXVI

OTTO VON WEISENBERG was conducted to a small apartment adjoining the customs offices usually reserved for the reception of persons under suspicion of attempting to run contraband. It was about eight feet square, with a bench against one of the walls. There was a window with frosted glass, through which the silhouette of bars could be seen; and the door, which had been locked on the outside, had a small grille giving a view of a narrow passage papered with time-tables.

Otto's demand to be taken at once to his consul was ignored. He sat on the bench with his back to the wall and his arms folded. No one came to question him and very few persons passed down the passage. After a while he rose and tried the window, but it was screwed into the frame and would not budge. He passed to the door and looked through the grille. Immediately opposite was a time-table of trains leaving for the south. He memorized one that was due to depart in three-quarters of an hour and arrive at Nice at 7:45 P.M.

"H'm!" said Otto. "H'm!"

Alongside the door was a bell, which hitherto he had failed to observe. He pressed it and kept his finger on the push until he heard someone approaching. Being in most matters essentially practical, Otto counted the footfalls to judge from what distance the man came. He counted fifteen. They stopped outside the door, and a face showed at the grille.

"Yes?" demanded a voice.

"I protest against this unlawful detention," said Otto. "I am ill and ——"

"You will be fetched in an hour," growled the voice, and the face withdrew, giving a momentary glimpse of the peaked cap of a station gendarme.

Otto returned to his bench and awaited events. To give himself mental occupation he conjured up a pleasant picture of his fingers closing round the neck of Isobel Butterwick. He was so engaged when the sound of his name brought him to his feet.

The clerk from the telegraph office had not been able to escape from his duties before.

"Is there anything I can do?" he asked. "I saw what happened on the platform and wired to Forty-nine to carry on."

"You should have waited," said Otto; "but never mind."

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"The girl also telegraphed."

Otto nodded.

"So I imagine. To whom?"

The clerk repeated the message, adding, "You are sure I can do nothing?"

"You can get me a cake of soap," said Otto, "and a stick of light yellow grease paint."

"I'll try."

"Quickly then! Oh, one other thing! The Nice train starts from ——"

"This platform."

"Punctually?"

"Yes."

"Get me the paint and the soap."

The face vanished.

Otto lit his candle and smoked a couple of cigarettes. He had finished the second when the sound of something falling attracted his notice. A thin cake of soap and a stick of grease paint lay on the floor just below the grille.

Otto's spirits revived. He glanced at his watch. Fifteen minutes before the train was due to depart. He smoked two more cigarettes, then began gently rubbing the pale-colored paint into his skin. In a little while he looked very ill indeed, and like to die.

"This is a disgusting operation," murmured Otto, as he scraped a small quantity of soap on his lower teeth and began to lather it with his tongue. Then he crossed to the bell and pressed it four or five times, while from his throat he emitted grunting a-ahs like a beast in a death agony.

When the old station gendarme opened the cell door Otto was lying on the floor frothing at the mouth and staring ghastly at the ceiling. His hands were set in the shape of claws and his breath whined through his teeth. The gendarme did not waste a second. Crying for a doctor and an ambulance he was off down the corridor as fast as his legs would carry him.

Nor did Otto delay. The door was open and he fled through it and turned in the other direction. The platform by good fortune was almost deserted, and unnoticed he dropped to the line and crept up between two standing trains. At the tail end of the Nice express were three open trucks laden with automobiles under tarpaulin covers. As Otto came abreast of these the engine whistled, the couplings noisily tightened to the load and the train began to move. Otto laid hands on the side of the nearest truck and dragged himself aboard. He wriggled under the tarpaulin and wormed his way into the body of the car.

"Good," said he. "Very good indeed."

A peep through a crack in the tarpaulin showed the station vanishing to a mere blurred outline in the distance.

XXVII

MRS. CONYNGHAM was thunderstruck. The calculated obloquy she was usually able to control and direct on such occasions deserted her. She was robbed of speech, of action, even of the effective use of her lorgnette.

They were enjoying dessert when it happened. Martyn Saville was quartering a pear for her delectation. The meal had been most satisfactory, and even Cyril's behavior had been becoming. As was proper, the conversation had been mainly conducted by herself. Indeed, one might say it had been a monologue. Martyn and Leslie listened politely the while they amused themselves by spoiling each other's shoes under the table. Cyril was absorbed in humorous reflections on his own account. Mrs. Conyngham had reached a point where she was reviewing the last chapters of her husband's life when calamity descended upon them with the force of a whirlwind.

Truly Alma Ferraros resembled a whirlwind in her shameless dress of tattered scarlet, a whirlwind or some disaster by fire. She smoked a cigarette through a holder that was nine inches long and projected upward at an angle of forty-five degrees. But for a strip of flimsy here and there, one might say her body was naked. She saw them from afar and sailed toward them, her features and her jewels agleam. Every eye in the room riveted upon her, and a whisper gathered like wind in autumn leaves.

A description of the fittings on her husband's coffin froze on Mrs. Conyngham's lips. It is even doubtful whether the poor man was properly screwed down when she became dumb in the midst of oratory.

Alma came straight to their table, her eyes full of the spray of laughter and a lithe wantonness in her step. To add to the horror of the situation she was without stockings. She did not address anyone in particular, but stood in an abandoned attitude, one hand resting familiarly on the back of Martyn's chair, and actually nodded at Mrs. Conyngham. Cyril started and covered his mouth with a napkin. Leslie colored a trifle and pushed back her chair. Mrs. Conyngham's eyes closed slowly as though death had claimed her in the midst of life. Martyn Saville removed his foot from beneath Leslie's, and looked up with an inquiring frown.

"*Oh, là!*" said Alma lazily. "I was so *ennuyée*, Martyn, I came to be rescued from myself."

She brushed the surface of his jacket with an affectionate touch. It was the briefest caress, but it served to prove that the book was not in his breast pocket.

"Mrs. Conyngham I know, and the little Cyreel, of course. Martyn, you will be so good as to introduce me to mademoiselle."

But Mrs. Conyngham relieved him of the onus of refusing or acceding to this request. She rose, straight as a pillar she rose, and spoke one word:

"Come!"

"But I shall remain and smoke with the boys," smiled Alma, and slipped into the chair Leslie had vacated.

Cyril sprang to his feet and came to Leslie's side.

"Come, Les," he said, "let's follow the aunt."

And taking her arm he led her away in the wake of Mrs. Conyngham.

The half-peeled pear was still impaled on Martyn's fork as he looked from Leslie to Alma and back again. Alma took it with her finger and thumb and thanked him prettily.

"Your friends are Puritans," said she. "I say to myself I shall chase them away."

Martyn looked down into the smiling face and shook his head gravely.

"You are not pleased?" she questioned.

"I am not," he replied. "And you must forgive me if I join in the retreat myself."

"Oh, go," she said. "Go—go—go! I would not spoil your evening for the world."

He thanked her and retired. At the door of the dining room he stood aside to allow a man to pass. The man's face was yellowish in color, and his clothes were dusty and creased.

He wore a monocle on a string. He acknowledged Martyn's courtesy with a stiff bow and the word "M'sieur." But after Martyn had passed out he turned and looked at him with sudden interest and a shade of surprise in his expression. Of the head waiter he demanded a table in a recess.

"My luggage was mislaid en route," he explained.

(Continued on Page 62)



Alma Came Straight to Their Table, Her Eyes Full of the Spray of Laughter

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LESS THAN THE DUST

IV

By Frances Noyes Hart

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

THE incredible vision that had been Sarah Anne Carstairs stood surveying her guests for a moment in silence, her shining head tilted to one side, smiling at them with the dove-gray eyes that had turned to silver pools in their fringe of darkened lashes—with the softly curved lips that had brightened to the gayest of flowers in the white magic of her face. Then she nodded swiftly, flinging out both her hands to them in a gesture of ecstatic welcome.

"All here? Every one? But that is good—that is heavenly—and I who have kept you waiting, miserable that I am! Come, forgive me, and I give you each a kiss. There, one for Joan because she looks darling, like a Sunday school; and one for Polly because she looks noble, like the Statue of Liberty; and one for Babbie because she looks the same, like always; and two for Mendoza—one—two—because he looks like he was going to scream out loud; and three for Peter because he looks like he was going to cry and cry; and four for Tolly because he looks like he was going to make a most terrible swear; and five for Mr. Robert Grahame because he looks like he was going to die where he stands; and ——"

The dispenser of kisses paused in her lavish career, dancing expectantly on the tips of her toes, and bestowed a ravishing and propitiatory smile on the stony countenance of the last gentleman in the petrified circle. "And none at all for Mr. Thorn, because he looks like he would not want even a little, little, little one! Instead he shall have my hands to kiss—see, both!" Still standing on tiptoes she lifted her hands to his lips in so swift a gesture of abandon that he did not even have time to jerk back his head. "Ah, ah, monsieur, you cheat those two poor hands! What have they done to you that you give them salutes so cold, so small, so respectful and unkind? No, but you look strange. Does he not look strange, Babbie? Like he was dizzy in his head, truly. You are not dizzy in your head, Mr. Thorn?"

"Thanks," said Mr. Thorn with no trace of gratitude in his tone, "I'm quite all right; don't bother, please."

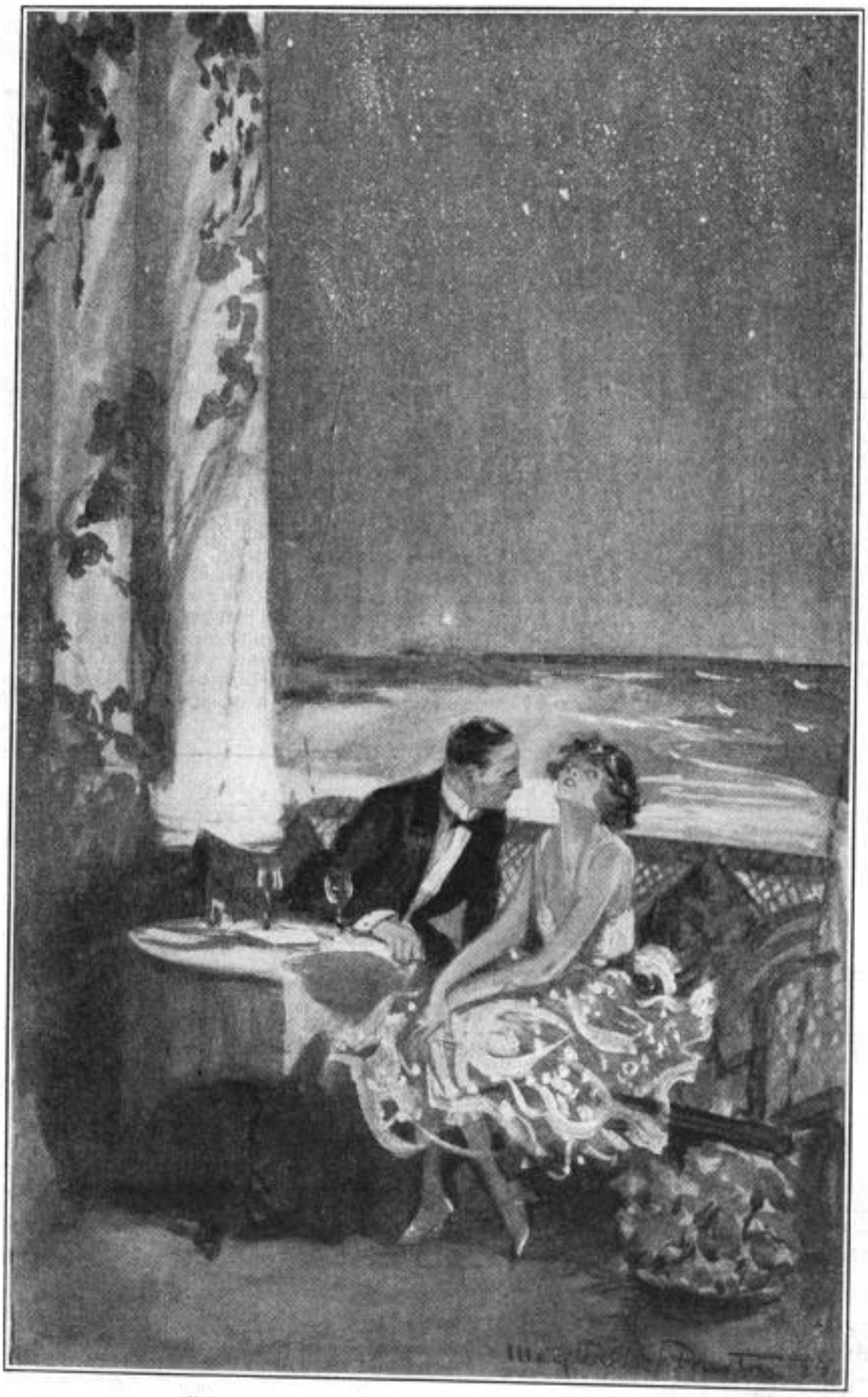
"But I do bother—but of a surety I bother! Is it because you work too hard perhaps? No—now it is holidays; you do not work at all. Is it because you play tennis too hard in the sun? No, today there is no sun, though it is hot like the very most hot tip of Africa. Is it—ah, now I have it! But of course—of course—it is I who am of a stupidity! My perfume! It is of course my perfume that I put on my two hands. It is designed entirely for that purpose; no wonder at all you were dizzy!"

She flashed radiantly back to her stupefied audience. "Who was it that so wanted a perfume for fifty dollars an inch? Joan? Paula? Babbie? Well, no longer do I use clear water and soap from Castile; now I have two perfumes made just entirely for me! One it is called Caresse du Diable, and the other it is called Non, Non, Non, Mon Amour; and I take them and I mix them up together—half of Caress of the Devil and half of No, No, No, My Love; and the combination that they then form is enough to make an anchorite rock. See what it did to this one poor anchorite!"

Rod met the dazzling consolation of her smile unflinchingly, but Paula Grahame drew a deep breath, shook herself slightly and lifted up her voice.

"I'll say it's a riot! Isn't there any way of getting hold of some?"

"Polly, there is one way. Tonight before you go I am going to give prizes to the ladies who have had the most successful evening at my party. And to the one who is the least successful I am going to give a prize also—a great, an enormous bottle of this rocker of anchorites, with a great, an enormous bow of purple and gold about it. It will be a consolation prize—a great, great consolation in the future, I am sure. Who knows, my Polly? It may be you who wins it!"



"I am Drinking the Stars; I am Drinking the Little Wind That Kisses My Eyes. I am Drinking the Darkness"

She beamed on the stately figure in gray with such radiant solicitude that Paula smiled back automatically, the smile congealing into a horrified smirk as the full impertinence of these last encouraging words dawned on her. The late Sarah Anne, however, had flitted to a new victim.

"Joan, you tilt your head one little bit more forward, and your eyes they will fall out of your head like the guinea pig's when you shake him by the tail. *Chérie*, but they pop, they pop, I assure you! What is it then? The dress? You like it? I had Marie fix it over just a little, so it would be more—what do you call *convenable?* More conventional—suitable—proper?"

"Proper?" echoed Joan, startled from he barytone depths into a high soprano. "Mor proper? Will you tell me what tha dress was like before you starte working on it?"

"Oh, it was undeniably exagge ated!" explained Saranne, wavin her small jeweled hands in gestur of expansive and eloquent charm "But of a chic—an allure—oh, unbe lievable! Look, here it was out- and here—and here; no, really yo should have seen! Or rather, no- you should not. I assure you that have modified it with a severity never, never would my dear Pa know it now. He would fall on n with tears in his voice, like always

"And ees eet permit to ask who e your dear Paul?" inquired Mendo with dangerous calm.

"But naturally Monsieur Poir who else, *mon petit?* Ah, that gre man—that great artist!" She waft a flotilla of ecstatic kisses off the ti of her fingers, presumably in the rection of the great Paul. "No, he could see this dress now he wou cry out to me 'But, little adora monster, what have you done? Wh have you done? My line, my bea tiful, beautiful line, it is gone tirely—it is r-ruined forever! Wo you destroy me?' And I would re to him '*Cher, cher, maître*, only sadly am I aware of what you sa I ask ten thousand pardons—m heart it bleeds for both of us, bu was fatally necessary to adapt t frock to a small country gathering the United States of America. was a question of which should down to ruin—your line or my re tation. You behold, alas, the resul

She spread the transparent sil of her skirts with a gesture of exal dignity, and the three nearest gen men flinched visibly.

"Still, it is perhaps not so bad she inquired anxiously. "You th I did rightly to modify, to subdu I did? You, Tolly, you do not th so—no? You do not look as tho deep in your heart you approve th changes. Wait then. Quick, s scissors and you shall judge ——

"Sure I think you were rig interrupted Tolly with violent viction. "I'll say I think so! Le it alone, for the love of Moses!"

"Ah, it pleases you then? I happy, happy. For that I emb you again. You, too, think I well, little Joan?"

"I think you did well if you w to keep out of jail!" replied heavily beruffled Joan.

The hall rang silver with Saran joyous appreciation.

"Bravo—bravo, Joan! You mark, Peter, how that was quic how that was funny. But, Joan, what will become of rest of us if to all those curls and rosebuds you add No, no; it is not fair—stay as you were—we loved you

The serpent-tongued Joan passed into a catale silence before the amazing vivacity of this onslaught, her airily inhuman adversary had not done with her.

"It was most of all for you that I wore this little fr Joan; most of all for you, because since that first da the tennis court I know that you have had a worry a wonder and a conviction about me. Did I not hear— most inadvertently but unavoidably because of the so voice that comes out of your so small self—did I not you voice that conviction on that first day? Still, could never be quite entirely sure, because of thos terrible dresses; now, now you can know! Joan, s I am not knocked in my knees at all. See—see! They not knocked even one little bit!"

She twirled like a small dervish before the unwi judges, barely saving herself from a collision with

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scandalized Patterson by making a frantic clutch at the helpless Peter, to whom she continued to cling with truly touching abandon.

"Oh, now I am so dizzy in my head! No, truly, it is like a vertigo. Peter, how glad I am your arm it is strong like that! Patterson, all is ready on the porch? You have explain to Bowling? Good then! Ah, here now is Bowling! Yes, you have the right glasses—tall and big—not those so silly little things for the cocktails. What is it you call these?"

"These are highball glasses, madam," replied Bowling in a dying voice.

"Yes, yes, highball. You put in nothing but what I tell you, and some little cracked ice? Good! Now if you each will take one of these, then we go out onto the porch where it is dark and quiet, and we can drink slowly and gently as it should be done. We eat there too. Entirely in the dark! Like that it will be more diverting than in a bright stuffed room, is it not true? And at little small tables—two at each table—that way it will be more *intime*—more intimate, as you say. Each now has a glass? Ready? Good! Then follow me—I find you the places."

The dinner party straggled after the dancing voice out into the heavy darkness of the veranda, clinging to their tall glasses like drowning souls to straws, and carefully avoiding one another's eyes. A patter of feet and laughter informed them that their hostess was actively engaged in their behalf.

"There is no moon, you see; that makes it more agreeable, but also more difficult! Also these small tables, they are very far apart, as is proper—no, as is fitting. Not at all as is proper! On the contrary. Joan, it is you who are to be here—with Peter, it goes without saying! Feel for your chairs; they are side by side, close. You have them? Good! Now around this corner, my Babbie, I have put you with the good Tolly. Here near the steps is the other table, at which, alas, three must sit; Paula, you here, and Mendoza and Mr. Grahame, one on each side. Mr. Grahame, he will just pretend that he is not there! That will not be difficult for him perhaps. Now that leaves—*tiens*, that leaves Saranne and Mr. Rodman Thorn! Give me your hand, Mr. Rodman Thorn, and I shall show you where we go; down at the far, far end of this veranda there is a small especial table and a very small especial swing that waits for us. Come, I lead you to it."

"Thanks," said Rod, and his voice rang out so loudly and firmly in the honey-scented darkness that he restrained himself from jumping by a distinct effort. "I am perfectly aware of where the swing is, and I'm particularly good at getting about in the dark. Don't bother, please."

"But it is no bother—it is a pleasure. No, but what obstinacy! Well, then, we are all here? Good, we begin! First, I tell you the rules."

The voice carried to the farthest corner of the long veranda, though it fell so softly that it was hardly louder than the stirrings and tinklings that were already threading the dark silence with a faint pattern of sound.

"There are only two of those rules—no one must speak above a whisper, and no one must fail to entertain one's partner. Each speech above a whisper will prove that the spell is for the moment broken, and will count a great black mark against the lady of the table, whether it is she or her partner who speaks. Those who try for my most magnificent prizes, beware! There are no other conditions whatever. The food is largely before you so you shall not be disturbed, and of a great simplicity so it will not arrest your attention. When Patterson and Bowling appear to bring the ices I have tied little bells around their necks so you may have good warning of their close approach. I think, you see, of ev-er-y thing! *Mes enfants*, the party has begun! Eat and drink and be very, very merry, I pray—because tomorrow—who knows? Tomorrow you may still live! Surely you have need then of consolation!"

The light tragic music of her mirth was still lingering on the air when Rod shattered it with his voice.

"Little boys and little girls, before we fall to, here's a toast for you. Yes, I know, Saranne—check up one of those great black marks against your chances for a prize, but we're all going to drink this standing. Ladies and gentlemen, on your feet. I drink to the life and death of Sarah Anne Carstairs!"

There was scuffling of chairs and feet, a louder tinkling of ice and clinking of glasses, a deeper and more ominous silence. It was broken by a penetrating and heartfelt cry from Mr. Robert Grahame.

"Great holy suffering Bacchus! What's in this infernal stuff?"

"Oh, oh!" grieved Saranne. "You give poor Polly so black a mark, Mr. Grahame, just because you must be curious like a cat? You cannot search it out for yourself, with all that great experience of yours?"

"Well, I can make out paregoric and bath salts and TNT," remarked Peter Leeds thoughtfully. "But I can't quite get where that second back kick comes in! Might be ——"

"Peter, now it is Joan's best chances that you spoil by this so frivolous mockery. What you are drinking is of the utmost simplicity—there is no secret. One half of it is absinth, one half of it is vodka, there is a little of crushed-up ice, and one or two drops of a very especial sirup that a most dear friend has sent me from Northern China. It is perhaps from that that you get the second back kick—and even the third! Please, please, your dinner is before you. You will find iced bouillon, and salads and mousses; I implore you to begin before you discover it more difficult, perhaps, to find them. You are wasting what should be minutes more precious than gold or silver, and what gives me a most acute displeasure, you are causing me to waste them too. *Allons, allons*—no voice above a whisper!"

And in a voice that was below a whisper Rod spoke to her.

"You are not drinking, Saranne."

"Yes, yes; I am drinking the stars; I am drinking the little wind that kisses my eyes. I am drinking the darkness. It is nectar that I drink, I tell you."

"You are not eating."

(Continued on Page 33)



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THE CITADEL IN THE GRASS

By Charles G. D. Roberts

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

IN A SUNNY fence corner at the foot of the pasture, partly overhung by a pink-blossomed bush of wild rose and palisaded by a thin fringe of slender, pallid grass stems, lay the ants' nest. In outward appearance it was a shallow, flattened, tawny-colored mound, this citadel in the grass, about a foot and a half across and eight or ten inches high, its whole surface covered with particles of dry earth mixed with and lightened by bitten fragments of dead grass and spruce needles, and pitted irregularly with round black holes from an eighth to a quarter of an inch in diameter. These were the easily guarded gateways to the tunnels leading to the dark and mysterious interior of the citadel. For some feet all around the base of the mound the grass roots were threaded by faint trails, made by the ants in bringing home supplies and booty to the nest.



A Sparrow Hawk Swooped Down Upon the Luckless Shrew and Bore Him Off

On this bland blue morning of early summer, when the unclouded sunshine was not too hot to be gracious and stimulating, the tawny dome of the citadel was alive with workers. They were a sturdy species of ant, this tribe, somewhere about a half inch in length, with powerful mandibles and broad heads, the head and thorax of a rusty-red color and the abdomen blackish brown. Some were busy opening up the tunnel entrances, which had been closed during the night, and letting fresh air into the interior. They carefully removed the pellets of dry earth and bits of dead grass which had formed the stoppers, and seemed to give themselves much unnecessary work by carrying their burdens about in their jaws before making up their minds just where to lay them down. Others ran around aimlessly, as if they had lost something and had no idea of where to look for it. Possibly these had been on night duty in the deep underground nurseries, and were merely taking the air before getting back to their helpless charges. But the majority acted quite differently. On emerging to the light they would pause and wave their antennæ for a few seconds, as if signaling, and would then hurry straight ahead, with an air of set purpose, down the steep of the citadel and out through a forest of grass stems. They were the foragers and hunters, seeking their booty or their prey in the weedy wilderness along the fence.

In a few minutes certain of these began to straggle back, early successful in their quest and carrying their prizes; perhaps a small dead fly, or a tiny grub still squirming inconvenient protest against his fate, or the head or leg or wing of some victim so bulky as only to be dealt with piecemeal; while here and there some triumphant forager would come struggling homeward inch by slow inch, dragging a prize many times bigger and heavier than herself—perhaps a fat spider or a sprawling little dead grasshopper—which she had feared to dissect for transport lest the pieces should be stolen in her absence. Working her way backwards and tugging the prize along by the head or leg or wing, held up for minutes at a time by the obstacle of a root or a pebble, she would drag and pull and worry like a terrier on a rope, till at last the precious burden was brought to the foot of the mound, where it could safely be cut up at leisure.

Among these eager foragers was one whom, as typical of her species, we may distinguish by the name Formica. A strenuous and experienced worker in the prime of her powers, on leaving the nest she had speedily struck off aside from the trails of her fellows, desirous of fresh hunting grounds in the miniature jungle of grass and weeds. Having come across a head of red-clover bloom trodden down and crushed by the pasturing cattle, she was now filling herself greedily with honey from the bottom of the broken flower tubes. This red-clover honey was a delicacy which, though she might sniff its perfume longingly, she could never hope to taste except by lucky accident; for at the base of those deep, narrow-tubed blossoms it was beyond the reach of all despoilers but the long-tongued bumblebees. Now, in the golden warmth, hummed over by tiny, envious flies who were careful not to come within reach of her mandibles, she was lapping up the nectar and enjoying herself as if she had not a duty or responsibility in the world.

But Formica, though much more independent, more conscious of her individual rights than, for instance, that communistic automaton, the bee, was a most responsible little personage, aware of all her duties to the state. When she had absorbed all the clover honey she could hold she climbed down from the ruined blossom and glanced about, waving her antennæ, in the hope of finding something worth taking home to the state larder. At this moment there was a rustling among the grass stems, and a tiny grayish-brown shrewmouse, looking to Formica as huge as an elephant, came scurrying by with a shining bluebottle fly gripped in his jaws. As he crossed the open space where the clover was trodden down there came a fierce rush of wind that nearly swept Formica from her feet; and a sparrow hawk, who had been watching from her perch on the nearest fence stake, swooped down upon the luckless shrew and bore him off. As he opened his jaws in a squeak of anguish the bluebottle dropped from them and fell beside Formica.

Though almost overwhelmed by that gust from the sparrow hawk's wings, Formica pounced instantly upon the rich and unexpected prize. The bluebottle was not quite dead. It was on its back and too severely wounded to turn over, but it could still kick and move its wings with an embarrassing degree of vigor. The great, many-faceted eyes of the crippled insect glared upon its assailant with shifting, many-colored flame; but Formica was herself well equipped in the way of eyes and refused to be impressed. Forcing herself in between the waving legs, she sank her mandibles deep into the victim's thorax; and then, arching her body to bring the tip of her abdomen well beneath, like the attitude of a wasp in stinging, she injected into the wound a dose of formic acid from the poison glands which served her in place of a sting. Whether by good luck or intuitive knowledge, she had struck upon a great nerve center for her injection, and the dose worked swiftly. The twitching wings and waving legs grew still. The unfortunate fly was not yet dead, for it could still move its head, and the opalescent fires still flamed and fleeted in its great eyes. But as long as it could not struggle Formica was satisfied, and she set herself valiantly to the task of dragging her booty home.

The distance from the crushed clover bl to the citadel in the grass was only abou teen feet, but it took Formica a full hou furious effort to accomplish it. For a half the dist the jungle dense and tr less; and the tive, though utt unresisting, h way of gettin wings tangled with the grass or of wedging i between a co of stiff stems would drive mica frantic exasperati Under these cumstances would alw waste many utes and a amount of en in striving to ter the obstac main force be she could bring self to take a grip and try an ier path.

When at last had come to the quented trail was continu meeting l friends, she n demanded help seldom recei any offer of it; this was just well, seeing t whenever a passer-by paused to lend a hand—or a n dible—the result was only confusion. The newcomer pretty sure to go about the job in a casual, absent-min fashion, and as often as not to pull in quite the wrong di tion, till Formica, in a rage, would rush at her and unc monlously hustle her away.

Arrived at long last safely at the citadel with splendid trophy, Formica seemed to consider her la for the moment at an end. That gleaming blue bulk much too heavy for her to drag it up the slope of the d She handed it over, with a hasty waving of antennæ, knot of her comrades, and wandered up the steep s with the air of one who has earned a bit of leisure does not quite know what to do with it. She made a of the top of the mound, occasionally wandering into of the entrances, but always coming out again in a seconds. And every now and then she would stop to t antennæ with an acquaintance. Presently she came fa face with a disheveled friend who was evidently just h from a rough-and-tumble fight of some sort. W wounded and covered with dirt, the newcomer seeme convey some sorry tale to Formica, who straightway to stroking and cleansing her with every mark of pathy.

The ant hill, as we have seen at the beginning of narrative, was partly overhung by the branches of a rosebush which grew against the fence. The rosebu this season was in full bloom, and the pale-pink, gol centered blossoms were thronged with pollen hunters hummed about with innumerable wings. Sober b bees dusted over with the lemon-colored rose pollen, ing iridescent flies, irresponsible yellow butterflies black-and-yellow wasps, swift and fiercely intent on hunting—all found the glowing rosebush their foc interest or of fate.

A black-and-white dog from the farmhouse on the side above the pasture came trotting up to the sniffing for rabbit tracks, and as he passed the rosebus of the busy wasps buzzed close at his ear. Tho lessly—mistaking it, in his absorption, for a big fly snapped at it and caught it. With a yelp of surpri spat it out again violently and began to paw at his s ing muzzle. Finding this quite ineffective to allay fiery torment in his tongue, he raced off, whimpering, his tail between his legs, to plunge his mouth int soothing chill of the horse trough in the farmyard.

The wasp, meanwhile, her wings disabled and da with saliva, but still very much alive and furiously a had fallen upon the very center of the teeming ant hill

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almost, so to speak, under Formica's nose. Formica, with a courage and a self-sacrifice beyond all praise, instantly seized the dreadful monster by a wing. Her career would have come to an end there and then, but that, in the same lightning fraction of a second, three other ants, equally fierce and reckless of destruction, flung themselves into the struggle. The wasp had fallen on her back. Now, curving her muscular black-and-yellow body nearly double, she brought into play her long and terrible sting—a bitter red flame which flickered in and out, this way and that, like a lightning flash, and whose least touch meant death. Two of her small assailants dropped instantly, stiffened out as if struck by a thunderbolt; but in the next moment she was literally covered. Fighting not only with that fatal sting but also with her feet, like a boxer, and with her powerful jaws, like a terrier, she was presently surrounded by a ring of dead or crippled foes; but for every one that fell there were a dozen more eager to rush in, till she was almost buried from view.

Formica, by worrying at her like a bulldog, having succeeded in biting off the wing which she had first seized, now drew away for a moment to consider. An experienced and resourceful fighter, she liked to spend herself to the best advantage. Suddenly she darted in and secured grip upon the slender but powerful tubelike joint which connected the wasp's abdomen with her thorax. Here, though almost crushed by her victim's frantic lashings, she hit and sawed with her tireless mandibles till she succeeded in dividing the great trunk nerve. Instantly the abdomen lost its rigid curve, ceased its lashing and straightened out. Formica continued her operation, however, till the whole tube was severed; and the disjointed abdomen rolled aside, its sting still flickering in and out, but no longer directed, and dangerous only to those who were careless enough to get in its way.

The battle being now over, certain of the ants set themselves to dragging the spoils down into the nest by one of the larger tunnels, while others began to clear up the field, carrying the bodies of the slain away from the citadel and dropping them among the grass near. Yet others fell to caring for the wounded, carrying them into the cool dark passages and cleaning them and tenderly licking their wounds. But Formica, feeling that she had done enough for the moment, left all these duties to the others and betook herself into the interior of the citadel in search of rest and refreshment.

About an inch below the surface a narrow passage by which she had entered made a sharp turn, almost doubling upon itself, and immediately she was in what would have seemed to human eyes thick darkness. But to her, with her highly complicated many-faceted organs of vision, it was only a cool gloom, offering nothing to her sensitive eyes after the glare of the outside world. Still descending—and passing on the way, with a touch of the antennæ, many acquaintances and comrades—she came to the doorway of a wide but low-roofed chamber, with a minute guard at the entrance. There were about a hundred of the relatively so-called ant eggs—actually pupæ, almost mature, silken-clad cocoons—all ranged carefully in the center of the chamber and with a couple of gardeners walking about among them. They had been brought up from the safe depths of the citadel to absorb the tempered but vitalizing warmth in this apartment near the surface, and were being watched with special solicitude because they were now near the time for their emergence as full-grown ants.

Formica merely glanced in passing, exchanging greetings with the guards, and continued her way down to the cooler and darker depths. Here she turned into another spacious chamber, the low ceiling supported by several irregular columns of cemented earth. Here and there about the center of the chamber were little clusters of the ant pupæ or larvæ, sorted carefully according to their age and size, each cluster attended by several diligent nurses who were kept busy feeding the hungry but legless and quite helpless young. To all these Formica paid no attention whatever. One of the older, more highly experienced members of the community, she had long ago graduated from the simple routine duties of the nurseries. These fell, for the most part, upon the very young ants, or upon a few smaller, blackish ants of another race which the community kept as slaves.

Around the walls of the chamber were a number of little, chubby, squat-built insects, each placidly pasturing on the tips of grass roots which had penetrated the foundations of the citadel. It was these tiny creatures—a species of aphis, or plant louse, carefully kept and tended by the ants as we keep our herds of cows—that Formica was now seeking in her desire for refreshment. Going up to one of them, she began to stroke and caress it coaxingly with her antennæ, till presently the little creature, in response, exuded a sticky drop of honeydew, which Formica lapped up greedily. From one to another she passed, getting always a sweet contribution, except from such as had already been milked, until her appetite was satisfied. Then she made a hasty inspection of the rest of the flock, as if to assure herself that all were duly supplied with provender. This done, she ran across to one of the slaves and tapped her gently with her antennæ; whereupon the latter, dutifully and with the utmost good will, set herself to the task of making her mistress' toilet, licking and polishing her from head to foot, and ending up by feeding her with a drop of honey just as she would have fed one of the helpless larvæ.

Thoroughly refreshed, Formica now passed gayly through several galleries and presently entered the great central chamber of the citadel—an apartment some five or six inches across, nearly circular, and supported by half a dozen stout pillars. This chamber was thronged. It was the life center of the citadel. Every here and there were clusters of eggs, or groups of larvæ and pupæ, surrounded by their guards. Active little pallid-colored wood lice, the scavengers of the r
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Alert and Observant as Always, Formica Slipped Under the Edge of a Pebble

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 8, 1922

"Our Duty to Europe"

BEFORE we entered the war and for some time after we heard a good deal about our debt to Lafayette. Its staggering total was the world's most shining example of how interest compounded semiannually for more than a century mounts up. Incidentally the awakening of the nation to its existence was a pretty demonstration of the power of judicious propaganda. Apparently that debt has been liquidated to the satisfaction of even the most scrupulous, for nothing has been heard of it lately. Instead we are being instructed, by both Europeans and Americans, in "our duty to Europe."

It is worth while to discuss this question with open and unpropagandized minds, and even to go on to a consideration of Europe's duty to us and to the rest of the world.

On analysis, our duty to Europe, according to our foreign critics and to certain of our own propagandists and sentimentalists, is purely financial. It is curious to note how often the great throbbing heart of the sentimentalist arrives at that sordid conclusion—money—when the bill is to be presented to someone else. Stated in the baldest terms, it is our duty to forgive our European debtors and to let them keep on contracting new debts. With this there go some hazy generalities about our moral obligations to Europe, and a vague implication that in some way we are responsible for her present troubles. In reciting the litany of our shortcomings one group of critics has it that the Allies were fighting our battles up to 1917, and that we should pay the bill for that. Another group holds that by coming in during 1917 we prolonged the war for two years, and that we should pay the bill for that. But no matter how they differ on details, they are all agreed that we owe Europe a lot of money. Then there is that other and bolder school of postwar thought, with both European and American adherents, who tell us that unless we give and lend Europe plenty of money we shall go down with her in a civilization-destroying, world-toppling smash.

The net of both arguments, though the premises will not stand examination, is that Europe needs the money—and we agree that under certain conditions she ought to have it, but those conditions are not yet in the process of being realized. We cannot be of any real help to Europe until she has recognized her duty to the rest of the world. Being the most civilized, the most cultured and the most learned of the nations entails heavy responsibilities. If America's duty is clear, that of Europe, as the center of modern civilization, is even clearer. The strength of a superior person is in the example that he sets.

Though Europe's condition is slowly improving in many respects, by all accounts this improvement comes from below and not from above. It is due to the efforts of her patient peasants, her thrifty bourgeois and her intelligent business men, hampered though they are by stupid trade barriers that are the outgrowth of old hatreds and jealousies, burdened as they are with taxes that are the legacy of wars that the counsels of ordinary common sense could have averted. The truth of the matter is that the statesmanship of Europe—and to a lesser degree that of America—is a hundred years behind modern inventions. Her rulers and her leaders are still traveling by stagecoach, communicating by courier, trading in sailing vessels, viewing Europe as a place of immense distances and the men of her nations as belonging to hostile tribes. The only modern inventions that they really understand are the battleship, the bomb, and—when used for warfare—the airplane.

Genoa did little except to reveal that the past ten years have taught the nations nothing except to hate their neighbors more deeply and to behave more stupidly in their relations with one another. In Eastern Europe the world has the folly that is Bolshevism; in Western Europe the fatuousness that leads to it. At Genoa there was an attempt to blink the facts and to compromise with these twin stupidities.

Europe has been behaving like a drunkard who proclaims his earnest desire to quit, and takes a bottle to bed with him; who asks to borrow money with which to make a new start, while continuing his old dissipations; who goes to the mourners' bench with pious protestations of reform, and leaves it to start on a new round of hell-raising.

There can be no credit without character, no confidence without an earnest of good intentions in actual performance. The American people have all the human imperfections common to Europe, and then some of their own. They, too, are given to erecting senseless and trouble-breeding trade barriers; and they, too, have their share—and perhaps more than their share—of dumb-bells and demagogues in office, but they are thoroughly sold on the folly of wars and of the warlike preparations that entail confiscatory taxation, with all its attendant evils. They want no neighbor's territory and seek no conquests except the peaceful conquests of trade. They will not only meet Europe, Asia and Africa halfway in any sincere proposals to remove the causes of war but they will come running to the meeting. With all our foolishness we have at least that much ordinary common sense.

Europe's duty—and the only way in which she can fully regain her credit and the confidence of the world—is to reduce her expenses and to balance her budgets; to cut her armies, her navies and her other public wastes to the bone; to knock over the head her propagandists of hate, of suspicion and of fear, and to cultivate good feeling and good will among her nations; to wipe out as far as possible existing trade barriers instead of erecting new ones—in short, to draw closer and closer together instead of farther and farther apart.

America's real duty to Europe is to meet her and to help her in every really sincere effort to remove the fundamental causes of her impaired credit. Then it will be a pleasure, not a duty, to lend her money. But the type of statesmanship that looks to trade with the present régime in Russia as a means of recuperation is not one to inspire confidence.

Europe will probably pull out temporarily, in spite of her statesmen, but there can be no permanent recovery until she considers her problems as a whole, with an eye single to the common interests of all her nations. Perhaps something of this sort will begin at The Hague, if anything begins at The Hague, but not if those who hold that there "always have been wars," and so forth and *ad nauseam*, can prevent it.

Back in the remote ages the ancestors of these men sagely shook their heads and maintained that monkeys always have been monkeys and that they never could be anything but monkeys; again as Cro-Magnons they declared that once a Cro-Magnon always a Cro-Magnon. In the Middle Ages and later they piously burned those who disagreed with them in religious discussions; in seventeenth century they both believed in witches ducked them; in the nineteenth century they dec slavery ordained of God, and to doubt them was to them; just before and in the first stages of the war were declaring that bombing and shelling and po gassing at regular intervals were a fine tonic for the h of a nation, and that nothing so made for the spiritu of a people as the killing off of the best and strongest young men. Their line, as the flapper calls it, has modified in certain respects to meet demonstrated that even a militarist cannot ignore, but they are strong in the faith of their ancestors that "monkeys al will be monkeys." And so long as Europe continu accept and to act on that belief it will be true, and perforce, shall have to believe it too.

The first duty of all sensible Europeans and Amer is to prove that belief a lie. Lecky in his Histo Rationalism in Europe points out that up to a certain everyone professed to believe in fairies, and that almost overnight, everyone denied their existence. truth was, of course, that the belief in fairies had grad become an absurdity to sensible men; but supposing those about them were still strong in the faith and wishing to be thought odd—for it was a serious matt be thought odd in those days—they kept their own cou It has been thought odd—and it still takes a brave m be odd—to doubt the inevitability of war. But more more men are of the opinion that war is neither desi nor inevitable, and some fine morning those who are u cover will speak up and make it unanimous.

No conceivable credits in territory, in power trade can balance the red debits of war.

Personal Prosperity

THE skillful commanding general of an army hope a clean-cut victory when he goes into battle. B is equally well prepared with plans for a successful ret The ambitious young man hopes to bend fortune his and earn an income large enough to provide all the de comforts and luxuries of life. But his life campai indeed weak if he has left no line of retreat open to the secure goal of personal independence gained thr careful savings.

The fact that many people are able to gain independ and contentment by their thrifty use of small incom no excuse for the payment of wages and salaries belo worker's true value.

It will be urged that millions have no chance to that they have not even a living, much less a saving But it is to be suspected that ability to save depends upon the amount of one's income than upon the individ disposition. Possibly there are many to whom this s ment does not apply, but there are enough in every wa life of whom it is literally true.

On the other hand there are untold thousands who fallen into misery from a more or less prosperous stat cause of a failure to save and too complete a depend upon others for the continuance of their good for

There is a whole army of people who never pay all their bills, who are petty adventurers and adve esses, who live by their wits, who are constantly tou their friends for a loan, who are small-fry promoters dealers in ill-considered ventures, who live well when have any money, who often follow horse races, gam games and the stock market, who are the hangers-or parasites of society. No one would maintain that people were recruited in greater part from the ranks proletariat than from those with advantages.

The ability to save is personal and individual; it not depend upon one's family or social rank and cl occupational group. It is not a question of ignoran education. Some men are either born with or acquir sense, which others never learn, to have two lines tack—one aggressive and the other defensive. sensible man seeks to improve his position, to get a b job, to earn more money. But if this proves impossi falls back upon previously prepared defenses, the a to save something.

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Sacrifice for Sacred Principles

By Eleanor Franklin Egan



BEFORE the war and the Russian revolutions Russia had about fifty thousand miles of railroad, much of which was rather extra-specially magnificent. I do not know that there has been any appreciable decrease in the mileage, but I do know that the magnificence, along with so much of what once was Russia, has become a thing of the past.

I have no idea how many sleepers, or ties, are required for the construction of fifty thousand miles of railroad. I might, perhaps, by setting myself a fairly simple problem in arithmetic and doing a little figuring, be able to arrive at a sufficiently accurate estimate, but in order to save time it may be as well for me merely to suggest that a very large number of sleepers are required for the construction of fifty thousand miles of railroad. What I do know is that the average life of the average sleeper is six to seven years, and that unless sleepers are regularly replaced a railroad very rapidly deteriorates.

Very Sick Railroads

IN RUSSIA the former railway-construction engineers are now torn between grief at what they see happening before their eyes and a sort of patriotic pleasure in contemplating the proof of their own denied but undeniable value in the general scheme of things. There has been no replacement of sleepers and no roadbed repairs on Russian railroads since communism became the dominant political faith of the country, and unless a hundred and fifty million new sleepers are put under the rails very shortly the railroads are going to present a much worse example than they do now of what can happen to railroads when they are neglected. And the worst of it is that the best Russia can do in the way of producing properly prepared sleepers is about twenty to twenty-five millions a year. Which means Russia at her best, and the country has been reduced along all lines to a level of not higher than 20 per cent efficiency. Do your own figuring and sympathize with me in my thankfulness that I did my traveling on Russian railroads before they became too altogether dangerous.

Everything in Russia, no matter what may be done by the powers combined, is bound to get worse before it can begin to get better. Of this I am quite convinced. I am not a pessimist, but when you see everything going to ruin and are able to observe no possible measures for the immediate arrest of the processes of ruination, what are you expected to think? Before the war there were some twenty thousand serviceable engines in Russia, together with a sufficient number of properly equipped service stations to keep them in repair. Today there are about



The Way to a Young Russian's Smile Is Through the Stomach. That's Why the Lower Group Is Solemn

eighteen thousand engines left within the borders of the country, but approximately five thousand of these are what is known as dead. That is, they are of no use whatever and little better than scrap iron, while 65 per cent of the remaining thirteen thousand are referred to as being sick, which means that they have something the matter with them which renders them more or less unfit for service. Add that not more than two-thirds of the locomotives that can still be induced to locomote can be supplied with fuel, that the fuel supplied to these is mostly green-cut wood instead of coal or fuel oil, and you have in your mind some picture of what the comrades who are responsible for running the railroads in the communistic state are up against.

There used to be something in the near neighborhood—one way or the other—of four hundred and fifty thousand freight cars. There are now less than twenty thousand in what even a communist would call good order, and in traveling up and down the railroads of Russia I saw very few that would be accepted and put into service by any self-respecting American railroad.

In the matter of passenger coaches and sleeping cars Russia used to be quite proudly equipped. Her tracks are extra broad-gauge and her traveling accommodations were on a fitting scale of roominess and comfort. I remember once traveling across the country from Vladivostok to Moscow with a steamer trunk under my berth and living exactly as one lives in a cabin on a steamship. Today the usual passenger car on a Russian railway is a former freight car with small air holes cut in it up next to its eaves, and in such cars passengers are packed standing or sitting about on the floors for no matter what kind of interminable journeys. The resulting hideousness of them can better be imagined than described. In addition there are a few battered and filthy old coaches into which nobody who has not gained immunity from certain diseases would venture without shuddering dread.

Passenger-Car Bungalows

BEFORE the war Russia had a very large number of magnificent private cars and what we are in the habit of referring to in our country as palace cars. Today many of these are to all intents and purposes the private property of commissars and other soviet officials whose supposed business it is to enforce the communistic regulations against private ownership not only of public utilities but of private property as well. When a commissar has to travel he attaches his car to whatever may happen to be moving in the direction in which he wishes to go, or if he is a very proud and powerful commissar he commandeers an engine and blocks the traffic for his own individual benefit without a qualm.

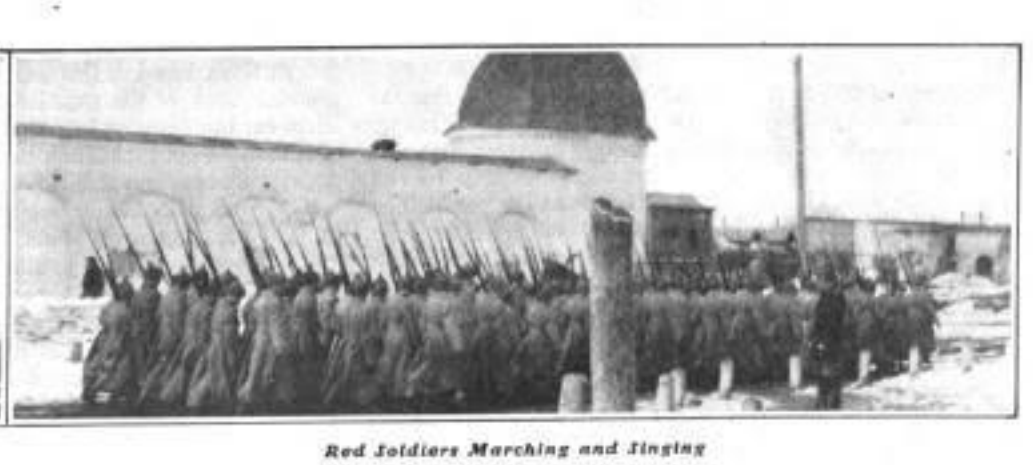
Many other passenger coaches of the better variety are used as residences by officials in the smaller communities and may be seen here and there on all railroads standing on the farthest side tracks with permanent steps built up to their entrances and sometimes with other additions of an architectural character purely domestic.

One of the results of all this is that when an American who happens to be in Russia on business connected with considerations merely of life and death finds it necessary to move from one place to another he has to depend very largely on chance with regard to what he may be

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The Famous Kremlin in Moscow



Red Soldiers Marching and Singing

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The Print of My Remembranc

By AUGUSTUS THOMAS

ONE of the delightful conditions in the home life in Paris, at least from the viewpoint of an American, is the attitude of the domestic servants to the enterprise. Paris is divided into *arrondissements*, or, as we would call them, wards, each with its own mayor and police and domestic courts and administration. In somewhat similar division, each neighborhood has its little four corners of shops that supply the neighborhood. There are the café, the baker, the grocer and the butcher. To these shops each morning the cook, after the breakfast hour, goes for her purchases of the day. The shopkeepers very frankly allow her 10 per cent on the day's order and pay it to her then in cash. There is no attempt to conceal this and there is no way to get around it. If the mistress of the house thinks to get the supplies at a lower price or get them at the same price and to receive the commission that is paid to the cook she finds herself going contrary to established custom and badly mistaken. The cook's commissions run on all supplies bought that pass through her department and are in any way affected by her art. All other supplies, such as wines, candies, cakes and candles bought outside, pay a percentage to the waitress.

The receipt of this commission of 10 per cent to each of these functionaries results in the production of a perennial amiability. In America, in a modest family, the announcement of a projected dinner party is apt to create some resentment. It is never the basis of increased happiness, and too frequently repeated is likely to call forth a demand for an increase in wages or a maid's notice of intention to quit. Either of these reactions is more apt to be brought about in Paris by a failure to have parties or a practice of having even too few of them.

Another feature of this buying by the domestics is its real economy. The French *cuisinière* who needs a bit of onion to flavor a soup will buy one spring onion, and the greengrocer makes no objection to selling it. Or she may buy one button from a bulb of garlic, or get a sprig of parsley the size of a teaspoon. These intimate ingredients in America are bought by the bunch, or ten cents' worth in the minimum, a small portion of them used and the remainder permitted to get stale and be thrown out.

Perhaps it was an appreciation of these economies that induced us to bring with us from France, when we finally came back, our waitress, Cecile. Perhaps it was because the children had taken a liking to her matronly attentions. At any rate, we found ourselves installed with Cecile in the middle distance of our domestic field at East Hampton in our first summer after our return. The cook was an Irish woman, between whose temperament and Cecile's there seemed to be no friction whatever. The upstairs maid was a German girl whom we had brought down from New Rochelle. She spoke no French and her English was fragmentary. Cecile spoke and understood only French.



PHOTO. BY BARONY, NEW YORK CITY
Janet Beecher



George Nash

A Franco-Prussian Engagement

THE collision between these representatives from the opposite sides of the distant Rhine occurred in our pantry on a busy day when there was a house party and some additional guests from the East Hampton colony. I never got all the merits of the discussion, but I remember vividly it ended by Lizzie hitting Cecile on the forehead almost between the eyes with a raw egg. Cecile understood the raw egg and declined to remove any of the evidence until she had shown herself in her consequent plight to my wife and me.

Our previous experience with the two girls was sufficient to tell us that this was the culmination, and after a brisk but earnest talk on the back porch Lizzie got her valise and the chauffeur took her to the 2:13 train. When Cecile learned that Lizzie had gone she came into the dining room and demanded to know if madame had permitted *l'allemande* to depart "*sans que je sois soulagée*"—"without me being soothed."

This end of the hostilities, with no treaty as to reparations, wore on Cecile's mind and she soon left for France. I escorted her from East Hampton one hundred and one miles to New York, and then through the city to the steamer Savoie. On the way I interpreted for her at four or five shoe stores, in each of which she indulged her hope to find a pair of shoes for herself with *la nuance de la coupe de ceux de madame*—the shade of the cut of those of madame. We might ultimately have found them but that the French steamship line had a way of refusing to hold a departing boat for anybody.

Disappointed but *gaie*, Cecile went up the gangplank, which trembled like the drawbridge under the famed flight of Marmion, and into an agitated group of sailors whose voluble though informal but competing welcome promised spirited and articulate entertainment for the homeward trip. Perhaps that East Hampton egg started Cecile upon discoveries relatively as important as those following the one Columbus discussed with Isabella.

Down at East Hampton for the summer, one of our first callers in the woods was Mr. John Drew, who motored over from his summer home near the dunes. The talk of the San Francisco earthquake reminded him of a letter he had recently received from his nephew, Jack Barrymore. Jack had been in San Francisco the night of those shocks and that fire. He wrote of his experiences briefly but dramatically. Uncle John had the letter. At the first shock Jack had risen from his bed at the Palace Hotel. Another violent lurch had thrown him against a door, which had given way and let him fall upon the rim of the bathtub, hurting his side. He soon found himself in the street with an ill-assorted collection of apparel. The next day he met the other members of the Willie Collier Company, with which at that time he was playing. He and the other men of the company were taken in charge by the military and forced to help clear the streets by piling bricks.

I was entirely taken up with the dramatic side of the description; but Uncle John, who has always persisted in a comic view of his avuncular possessions, smiled somewhat sardonically as he said, "Yes, it took a convulsion of Nature to get him into a bathtub, and the United States Army to make him work."

The thought of John Barrymore as a supporting member of the company of Willie Collier, then, and his present stellar position in the public esteem is indicative of the rapid changes always at work and perhaps more evident in the theater than elsewhere. Among the successes of that year was Fritzi Scheff in Mlle. Modiste, the book by Henry Blossom and music by Victor Herbert. Fritzi Scheff later married my good and gentle friend, John Fox, Jr., the author of A Mountain Europa, The Kentuckians, The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come, and other books. John Fox has been dead t years. At the Lyceum Theater The and the Mouse was in its second y The Music Master, with David Warf was playing at the Bijou. Both of these plays were wri by Charles Klein, who sank with Charles Frohman on Lusitania. Klein was notably a dramatizer of pop themes. His art was largely the newspaper transferre the stage. The Lion and the Mouse and The Gamb were each a theatrical view of big business, and The T Degree was a presentation of the police methods of time. A young writer claiming attention with his sec play, The Chorus Lady, in which Rose Stahl was pearing at the Garrick Theater, was James Forbes, in the front rank of his profession and having to credit The Famous Mrs. Fair, in many respects best of all the postwar plays. Henry Miller Margaret Anglin were having a gratifying suc in William Vaughan Moody's play, The G Divide, at the Princess Theater. Henry Art Jones' Hypocrites was at the Hudson. Ele Robson was at the Liberty Theater in Nurse M jorie by Israel Zangwill, who had had a respec hearing with his Children of the Ghetto, pla some years earlier. John Drew was playing Pine somber, rectangular but well-made His Hous Order. Marie Cahill was starring in Marry Mary at Daly's, with the tuneful score by Sil Hein. Kate Douglas Wiggin's Mrs. Wiggs of Cabbage Patch, later to be accepted in Londo the typical American picture, was at the New Y Theater. Among the lighter pieces were Ha Williams' production of The Little Cherub, w Ivan Caryll's music; Lillian Russell at the Savo Barbara's Millions, and Thomas W. Ross at Wallac in George Cohan's Popularity. These, with two three other offerings, were the theatri presentations of that year.

Nine-Lived Peter

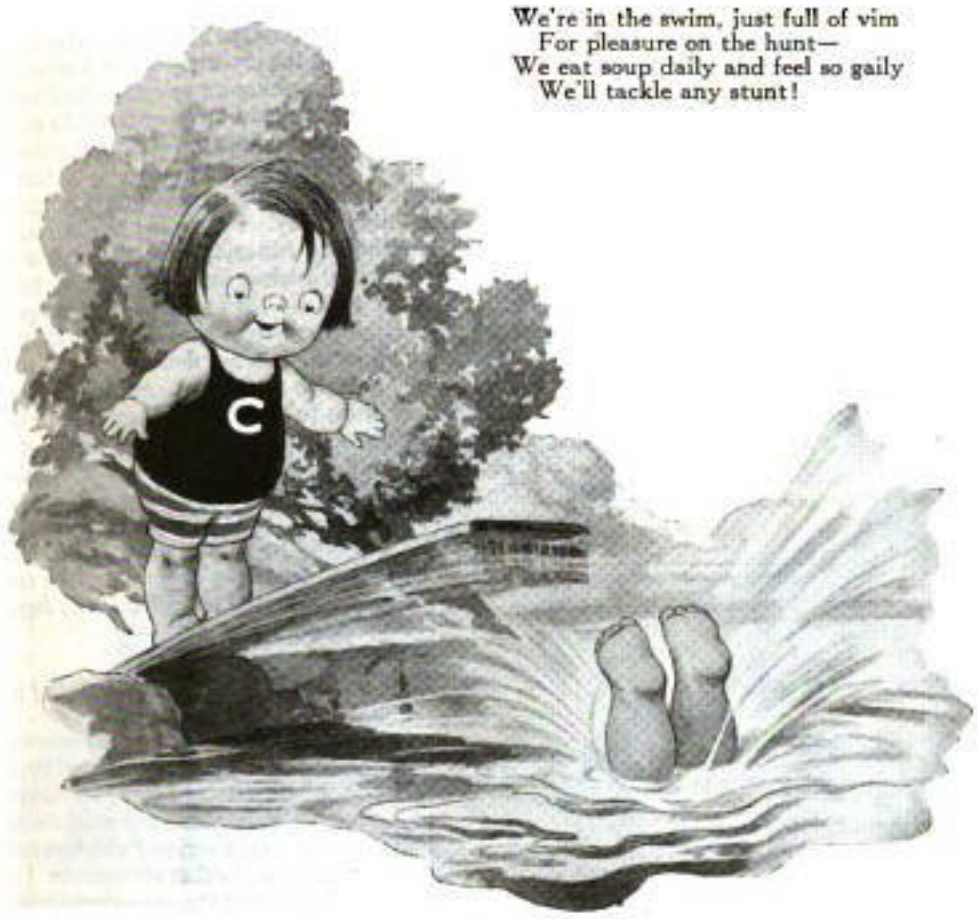
WRITING of Klein and Blossom Ivan Caryll, all of whom are go takes my mind to one of our most us meeting places, the anteroom of Cha Frohman. Other dramatists whom might encounter there and who are with the majority were Henry Guy Ca ton, Harry P. Mawson, the gifted Cl Fitch, Paul Potter, of whom I have w ten, and Haddon Chambers, among most likable of all the English dra tists. Today, in trying to get the n of Mr. Owen Hall, who had written book of The Little Cherub for which I Caryll furnished the music, I telepho the Empire Theater. Peter Mason, colored boy there in charge of the ma scripts, would be the one most likel know. I couldn't remember the Em Theater when I hadn't seen Peter there. Peter told today that he has been in this playhouse twenty-five ye He came first as a water boy, working downstairs. Alf Hayman had promoted him to the anteroom on office floor, where Charles Frohman, seeing him, had ta him on his personal staff. Frohman always had a g affection for him. Everybody's sympathy for Peter because he had come with only one lung from a hos and continued to have occasional hemorrhages. Ev body around the theater spoke of him with pity. It only a question of days when Peter would be worn He might drop off at any minute. But those men took such an apprehensive interest in him, stout Alf H man and his stouter brother, Al, have both gone; Tom Shea, the energetic young Irishman, for so many yea the box office, is dead; Sam Meyers, ruddy and genial licity man and fixture about the place, one of Pe patrons and sympathizers, is dead; Frohman went d with the Lusitania; none of the old force survives. Peter, with his one lung, is still the factotum of the the

Soon after our return from France I had an experi which was important to me and which may have sig cance for people engaged in writing for the theater least it will have if I can tell it in a way that will co my own attitude toward the question it contains. Belasco had, at the theater that then bore his name a now the Republic, a drama of the California mining called The Girl of the Golden West, in which Miss Bla Bates was featured. The story of this play, if I may cate it by simply touching its structural features, is Western sheriff somewhat older than a girl with whom

(Continued on Page 26)

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LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

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(Continued from Page 24)

in love. The girl is his superior in social quality. Her fancy is taken by a more modern and modish man, a newcomer in the locality, who turns out to be a criminal. It is the sheriff's duty to arrest him. The man takes refuge in the house of the girl. She hides him and when the sheriff comes denies any knowledge of him. The sheriff is about to leave when a bit of evidence attracts his attention to the hiding place; the man is forced to come forth; the sheriff, out of consideration for the girl and contrary to his duty, permits him to escape.

This is an excellent play, full of color of the epoch that it presents. Some of my friends on the press had written to me that it was manifestly a reproduction of my play of In Mizzoura, written some thirteen years before. The story of In Mizzoura, again telling by high lights in its construction, is of a Western sheriff somewhat older than a girl with whom he is in love. The girl is his superior in social quality. Her fancy is taken by a more modern and modish man, a newcomer in the locality, who turns out to be a criminal. It is the sheriff's duty to arrest him. The man takes refuge in the house of the girl. She hides him and when the sheriff comes denies any knowledge of him. The sheriff is about to leave when a bit of evidence attracts his attention to the hiding place; the man is forced to come forth; the sheriff, out of consideration for the girl and contrary to his duty, permits him to escape.

These identical situations in that perfect sequence could easily have been cited and in a reasonable court made to have in my own case a proprietary claim. But there had been a similar experience, somewhat earlier and with an equal resemblance, which had taught me consideration. My play of Arizona dealt with a young army officer who, trying to shield a woman, placed himself liable to a charge of theft. He resigned from the Army, went West, became a cowboy, later met his old enemy of the earlier days, and in a quarrel with him the enemy was shot. That the hero had not killed him was proved by the fatal bullet being of another caliber than that of the hero's gun, and he was acquitted. Mr. Edwin Milton Royle some time later wrote a play with those relationships and that sequence of events which he called The Squaw Man. One agent and one manager told me that upon the reading of it they had declined to consider it, feeling that it too closely resembled Arizona.

Similarity of Plots

NOW I happened to have seen Mr. Royle's play when, so to speak, it was in the cradle. He produced at the Lambs Club a little piece in which an Englishman living with a squaw wife in the West was called upon by a solicitor from London who came for the purpose of telling him that he had inherited a title, and, although he cared nothing for it himself, it properly belonged to his little half-breed son, whose mother was the squaw wife. The squaw wife, overhearing and understanding enough of this to know that she was standing in the way of both the husband and the little half-breed boy for whom title and fortune were waiting in England, killed herself. It was a tragic one-act play, and Mr. Royle was advised by everybody to elaborate it into a four-act drama. He was obliged thereupon to think of his hero leaving England for sufficient reason, which, nevertheless, should be nothing against his character; and by the dramatist's formula he had him leaving for the sake of a woman, and had him leaving under a cloud. The simplest cloud for an army officer to quit under was a charge of misappropriation of funds, and in the Wild West relations that followed for the purpose of the play he had the fight and the exculpation of the hero by the swift and simple evidence of a bullet not fitting his gun.

I had used that device some years before in Arizona. But I didn't invent it. It was a bit of material evidence in more than one Western inquest, and the fact of fitting the bullet to the gun of a man accused of killing was one of the first steps in legal identification familiar to every reporter. And Mr. Royle was forced into the construction of his drama by most natural and logical sequences.

When Mr. Belasco wanted to write Blanche Bates into a mining camp a sheriff was the most likely lover; and the most logical rival, in order to establish conflict, would be a man who was rival not only in the affection of the girl but an opponent in the line of the sheriff's duty; that would make him a criminal. And if the sheriff once got after that criminal any dramatist, in order to hold his people of interest together, would probably think of the criminal

I regarded his play as a valuable exhibit of how the mind of a trained dramatist works when once given a strong and stimulating suggestion to start back from and build a sequence of events. I speak of these two examples because the theater is filled with their like. So are the other arts. There are five notable pictures of the Last Supper by painters of the Renaissance, each valuable principally because it shows the temperament of the artist working with his material.

The courts are sometimes burdened with questions of this kind, and it takes a wise judge to see where the individual right ceases and the common right in an idea begins. I remember reading that some Chicago judge had decided upon apparently sufficient evidence that Francis Bacon had written the plays of William Shakspere. A Chicago judge decided that a citizen of that place had given Edmond Rostand the idea for his romantic poetical play, Cyrano de Bergerac, apparently oblivious to the fact that Savinien Cyrano de Bergerac, born in 1620 at the château of that name in Périgord, was a French writer and duelist; had the personal idiosyncrasies that were the identifying marks of originality in



Henry Miller and Blanche Bates

the work of the Chicago author; had himself written plays and poems and had already suggested by his life and writings Micromegas, a philosophic romance by Voltaire, and Gulliver's Travels by Dean Swift.

A year or two later than the time of which I am writing I was called as an expert witness in a suit at Washington, where a newspaper man somewhat new to the theater was suing a dramatist who had never seen the newspaper man's libretto, charging that the second libretto was taken from it. One resemblance was that both books had two elderly couples and two juvenile couples in love. The judge thought this not so important when it was pointed out to him that a majority of operas, especially comic operas, were made up of double quartets. It was a musical rather than a literary requirement.

At a risk of being tiresome on the subject, let me relate an instance of the month of April, 1922. A few weeks ago at the request of their author I wrote an introduction to four little plays by Mr. Percy Knight that are to be printed in a single volume. One of those plays has for its subject the burial of the unknown soldier in London, and deals in poetic fashion with the meeting of a girl and an English veteran who come to the palings of the graveyard, both believing that they knew the man. The girl has in America who have lost a son. The topic is the burial of the unknown soldier at Washington. For some reason the father feels that the unknown boy is theirs, and upon the breast of the mother whom he has endeavored to console he pins a star. A very experienced and indignant dramatist was proposing that Mr. Corrigan should be disciplined for this appropriation of an idea. When asked to give an opinion upon the propriety of such a procedure my answer was that the unknown soldier's official burial in France and in England and in America was for the very purpose of honoring all unidentified and giving to everybody who had a loved one among the missing the faint comfort that might lie in the slight belief that the unknown was his or her missing boy. Poems had been written about it and thousands of editorials, and thousands of patriotic and memorial speeches had been made on the theme. The wonder was not that an English playwright and another American playwright should have chosen the subject but that hundreds had not done so.

There are so many starting points for writing plays that if one were to name all of them it would be a real draft on attention. A good play is a completed thing, with a beginning, a middle and an end, and should make some disposition of the considerations it raises and presents. Along this trajectory, this line of travel which would be rather improperly but most effectively diagramed by a circle, one can take almost any of its three hundred and sixty degrees as a starting point.

The Starting Point of a Play

I HAVE written in these chapters of beginning a play with only the actor, Mr. Nat Goodwin, in mind; getting a character that would fit him, a set of circumstances in which the character would be put and a series of situations through which he would pass in that environment. I have suggested somewhat of the same process in speaking of Pawtucket for D'Orsay. Earlier I wrote of The Burglar, made from Mrs. Burnett's story, in which the burglar is confronted by the ingenuousness of a child. By making that child his own daughter the meeting itself became a situation, which is another way of starting a play.

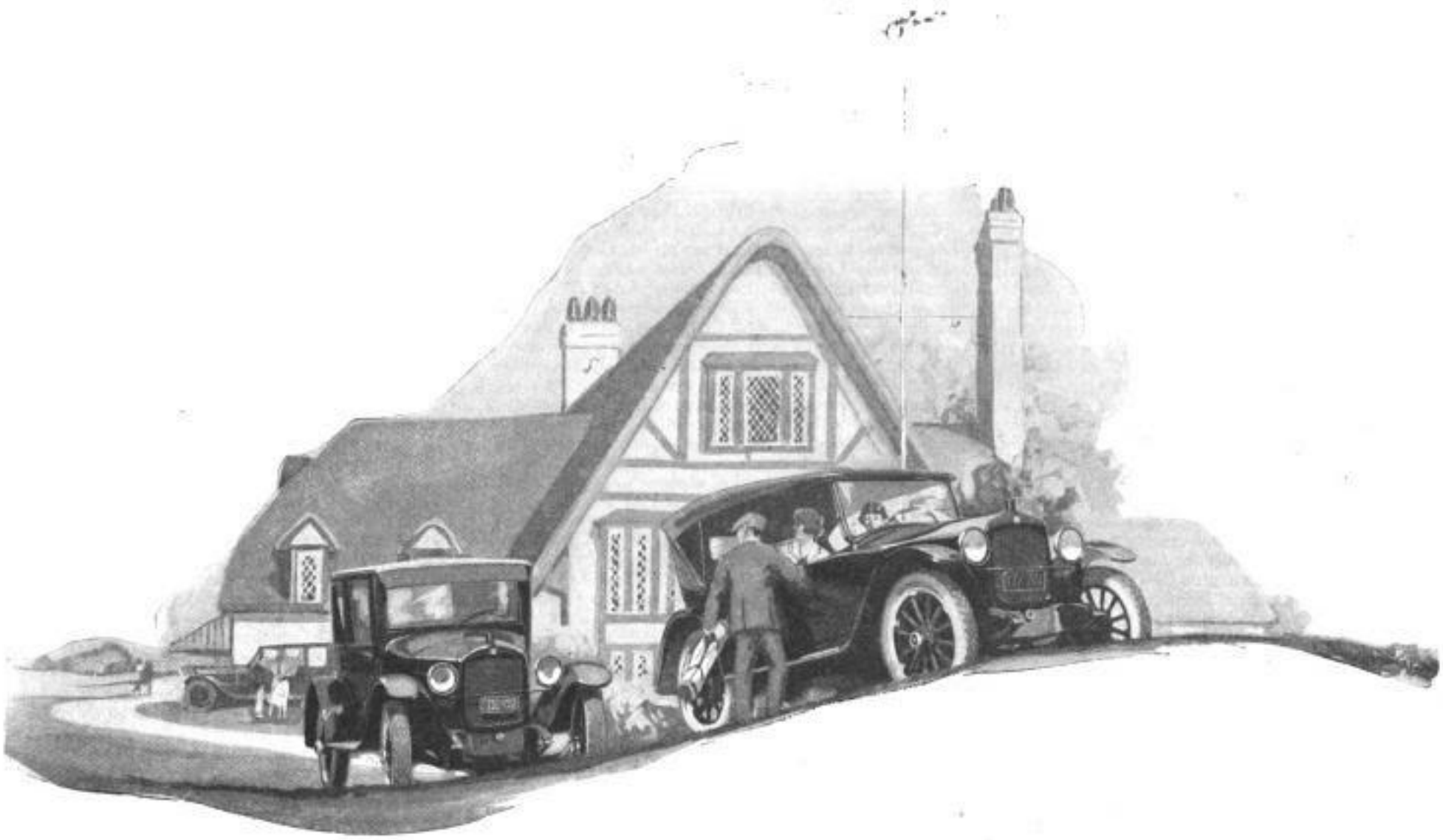
Sometimes one takes a theme, a question acceptable in the public mind, and by making it articulate, and selecting characters expressive of it and affected by it, uses the theme as his starting point. Often the dramatist takes a story ready-made but in narrative form, as was The Soldiers of Fortune, by Richard Harding Davis, eliminates the descriptions, arranges its dramatic situations in proper sequence and crescendo, supplies what other situations are needed, puts the whole expression into dialogue and thereby achieves his play.

There have been many pictures that have inspired plays. In one of the Paris salons of the early 70's there was a canvas showing a wrecked boudoir in a château in which a band of vandal German officers were carousing. Paul Potter took that as the inspiration for one of his acts in The Conquerors. When Maurice Barrymore dramatized somebody's novel of Roaring Dick he made a stage setting and a situation from another salon picture called The Wolf in the Sheepfold, which showed a bland and unsuspecting husband introducing to his wife a lady-killing officer in uniform.

I have an impression that some of Hogarth's Rake's Progress got into plays. But I don't recall any complete series of pictures used as the skeleton for a full evening's play with the exception of Charles Dana Gibson's Education of Mr. Pipp. That was a set of two-page cartoons satirizing the little, accidental, limited, unassertive American nouveau millionaire and his large, aggressive, dominant and overriding wife and the offspring of this counterbalancing mixture, two lovely daughters. The daughters were the first of the stately Gibson girls of the middle 90's, with the crowning puffed-and-pompadoured hair, long necks, the stately bearing and the royally draped costumes. When Gibson had made one or two of these pictures their reception created a demand, and he was obliged to show his family of Pipps in various situations and with occasional new acquaintances. When he had exhausted the round of fashionable entertainments in America and the stories had still to go on he carried the Pipp family to England, where their money got them into the fringe of the nobility, and later took them to Paris, where they were most unmercifully fleeced and imposed upon.

Without setting up to be the supreme court on matters artistic in America, I will venture the opinion that Charles

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(Continued from Page 26)

of line and precision of execution; some have his understanding of character and his capacity to interpret it. But I know of none who has all these qualities, nor in Gibson's degree. Nor do I think of one that has his wide and deep understanding of the human family.

In Gibson's character sketches of the Pipp family, and the friends and satellites that they attracted, there were exponents of every fine and nearly every despicable emotion; not only the broader Hogarthian elemental passions but the very shades and nuances into which any psychological spectrum could dissolve them.

It seemed to me that to translate these visible expressions into words, not the descriptive and narrative array that would make a novel but the etched and vital kind that would put them into a play, would be agreeable employment. Nothing that I remember writing was more fun to do. The three-act comedy followed closely the vicissitudes of the Pipp family as set down by Gibson. That experienced comedian, the late Digby Bell, gave a faithful and understanding interpretation of Pipp, and the other characters of Gibson were closely realized by the men and women that manager Kirke La Shelle was able to find in the profession. Of course, the strong character parts more nearly realized the pictures. Two such goddesses as we needed to impersonate the Gibson girl and that long, rangy, athletic type of young man that Gibson popularized at that time were harder to find. The young men existed plentifully enough in America, but they were in the engineering camps and on the frontiers and directing great enterprises and not learning lines in the theater. The Gibson girls were also otherwise employed, and not numerously in the theater or the agencies. We were fortunate, however, in Janet Beecher, then an unknown ingénue, and Miss Marion Draughn for the girls. We had an ideal Mrs. Pipp, a sterling actress by the name of Mrs. Eugene Jepson. Gibson's heroic young men were finely realized by Robert Warwick, then playing his first engagement in America after a fine tutelage in France, and by Mr. Frederick Courtenay, younger and taller than his talented brother, William Courtenay, still prominently in the public eye. The rest of the cast, though actors then and now less prominent than those named, were adequate.

Mr. Nat Goodwin at that time was living with his third wife, Maxine Elliott, in a house on Riverside Drive. Miss Elliott, who had a sense of the artistic, had remodeled this little house by taking out the partition which divided its narrow drawing-room from the hallway, throwing all into one apartment, with the staircase frankly mounting, English fashion, to the next story, and a corresponding staircase under this descending from the parlor level to the street. This, adopted for Pipp, made a most amusing set, the only one of its kind I ever saw in the theater.

I am tempted here to tell a little comicality of Nat's. We were alone in the parlor. I was admiring a pretty landscape on the wall, a canvas some fifteen by eighteen inches, then the property of the third Mrs. Goodwin, as it had formerly been the property of the second Mrs. Goodwin.

As I expressed my admiration Nat said with the little stutter which he protectively assumed when he wanted to advertise a comic utterance, "Yes, that p-p-picture cost me thirty-five hundred dollars."

"Really?" It looked good, but not worth all that.

Nat continued, "Yes. Th-th-thirty-five hundred dollars—two thousand the first time I bought it and fifteen hundred the second."

Trying it Out on the Lambs

IN THE part of Mr. Pipp, Bell, with his excellent support, was a success. He played the piece that season and the better part of the two years that followed.

In four years I had written in fairly close succession the comedies, The Earl of Pawtucket, The Education of Mr. Pipp, The Other Girl, Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots, The Embassy Ball and De Lancey. I felt a real inclination to try something more serious. Among my papers was the little one-act play, A Constitutional Point, made in 1890 for Mr. Palmer. Shortly after that year, perhaps in '92 or '93, my neighbor at New Rochelle, the late Henry Loomis Nelson, showed me a letter from Mark Twain refusing [illegible]

Mark Twain had found "that a short story was a novel in the cradle, which, if taken out and occasionally fondled, would grow into a full-sized book." Partly on that hint, my one-act play was occasionally taken from its cradle and caressed. Mr. Palmer had refused the play because there is a maxim in the theater that no material is useful there until it has served as subject matter for all other literary forms and been made familiar to the public through poetry, fiction, lectures and reportorial and editorial comment.

During the years since 1890 there had been an increasing public interest in telepathy and the public's information had grown. In my own mind my playlet had also grown and was now a four-act play. Before wasting time on its actual writing, however, I accepted a chance to have the one-act piece played to a private audience of some two hundred men in the Lambs' Club; and as the little play contained what was most diaphanous and attenuated in the whole story, if such an audience, entirely lacking the feminine element, would accept the fable, the remainder of the venture would be up to the skill of the dramatist. In the club, with the late Edward Abeles playing the woman's part and Forrest Robinson playing the part of the old judge, the little piece made a decided impression.

I have said earlier, I think when talking of Mr. Paul Potter, that plays are constructed backwards. Paul Potter was the first person to bring that to my attention. The playwright doesn't take his pen in hand and begin placidly to write dialogue which develops without his intention into something dramatic. He starts with a dramatic situation which has a possibility in the theater of some strong effect and tries to find for that the immediate cause, and for that cause one still farther back in origin, and it is in that fashion that his construction grows. Very often this effect, which is the starting point in the development of a story, can be expressed in one act, and it is not uncommon for a playwright to try out his idea in condensed shape. If it has sufficient fiber and power to make a big scene of the play he may then develop it. Denman Thompson's Old Homestead began in that shape. Muldoon's Picnic was once a one-act vaudeville skit. Mr. Royle's The Squaw Man, as told earlier, was done at the Lambs' as a sketch. So was John Willard's The Cat and the Canary, one of the reigning successes of 1922. My own plays, The Burglar, Alabama, The Harvest Moon, As a Man Thinks, The Rio Grande and The Copperhead, were each at first one act.



A Motif From Bret Harte

THE one-act play, A Constitutional Point, had grown out of my experiences with Bishop, the thought reader, of whom I have written in an earlier chapter. Bishop was so constituted that by throwing himself into a receptive condition, which he called autohypnotic, he was impressed by thoughts of other people. He didn't see these thoughts as words, but as pictures, unless the thought was about a word in a book, when his percept would, of course, be that particular typed word and the surrounding print on its page. This power had come to be called telepathy. Oliver Wendell Holmes had written concerning it in his Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, except that he called it cerebricity. Somewhat later Mark Twain, writing of his personal experiences in association with its phenomena, had referred to it as mental telegraphy. Dr. Thomson Hudson, in 1893, published his The Law of Psychic Phenomena, the first of a series of five books on telepathy and related subjects. In one of these, in making an argument for immortality, he raises the question whether telepathy might not be a means of communication between a disembodied entity or spirit, as commonly called, and a person still living. I think it was this hint that brought to my mind A Newport Legend, the poem by Bret Harte, about an old house at Newport, haunted. A young girl in the colonial days died of a broken heart in this house. It seems that her sweetheart sailed away and left her. Bret Harte tells of her coming back:

And ever since then when the clock strikes two,
She walks unbidden from room to room,
And the air is filled, that she passes through,
With a subtle, sad perfume.

The delicate odor of mignonette,
The ghost of a dead-and-gone bouquet,
Is all that tells of her story; yet
Could she think of a sweeter way?

The poet's way of suggesting the idea is so much more acceptable than a scientific one that I used those two verses, which an old judge reads to another, as my way to introduce the subject, and just after the reading had him say:

"Beautiful to have a perfume suggest her. I suppose it appeals to me especially because I used to know a girl who was foolishly fond of mignonette."

So that when the daughter of the judge's old sweetheart comes to talk about her mother and brings a forgotten letter of the judge's from among the time-stained papers that the mother left it seems to him somewhat more than coincidence; and when the daughter has gone, after a pathetic appeal for her son, who is under sentence of death, and the old judge, alone, gets from the old letter the remembered odor of mignonette, the Bret Harte lines come back to him, and he fancies there has been an influence upon him from the other side of the grave.

This little act I decided to make the second and not the third act of a four-act play, because, moving as it had been to the audience when it was tried in its detached presentation, I felt there should be something more positively dramatic as a climax for a play. Casting about for that, I encountered the subject of hypnotism. Telepathy and hypnotism are not especially related, except that telepathic communication is clearer under hypnosis. While Hudson and others had been writing of telepathy and of the therapeutic value of suggestion to hypnotized patients, a religious and ethical opposition to the practice had found expression in some notable protests. One of these, written in a tone of warning and with a claim to esoteric knowledge, called an act of [illegible] great psychological crime.

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THE CITADEL IN THE GRASS

(Continued from Page 21)

furious mêlée they were routed and fled back into the depths of their nest, leaving half their number dead or mortally stricken on the field, while the casualties among the invading ranks were hardly worth mentioning.

The battle once decided, the victors were not vindictive. They had come not to slaughter needlessly but to procure slaves. For this purpose adult captives were of no use to them. They wanted the larvæ and pupæ of the vanquished, whom they could rear in captivity and who—knowing no other state and not regarding their captors as foes—would be contented and unaware of their bondage. At the doorway to each tunnel guards were placed, while strong parties dashed down through all the galleries. At the narrow entrances to the nurseries and to the great central chamber there were brief but sharp struggles with the guards, who all died on the spot rather than betray their trusts.

But, entrance once gained, there was practically no more fighting, as the thoroughly beaten black army had disappeared into the underground passages beneath the stump.

The actions of the invaders within the nest were deliberate, disciplined and swift. To the big black queen, whom they regarded less as an enemy than as a potential mother of a future supply of slaves, they paid no heed whatever. The scattered piles of eggs, too, they ignored, though they would have been glad to devour such succulent fare had there been time. But for some reason the order had gone forth that there was to be no delay and no divergence from the one supreme object of the expedition.

In the main chamber and the several subsidiary nurseries there were almost enough pupæ to burden the whole army of the invaders. The remainder had to content themselves with larvæ, who, being able to wriggle, were less convenient to carry, especially as they had to be gripped without wounding their delicate skins. As soon as each marauder had secured her prize she hastened with it to the surface of the nest. There the column again formed up, but this time rather loosely and irregularly, as there was no longer any fear of attack; and the triumphant red warriors, each bearing aloft in her mandibles, very tenderly and without apparent effort, a captive as big and heavy as herself, were soon streaming back homeward in long procession through the grass roots.

This expedition, however, hitherto so triumphantly successful, was not destined to reach home without a measure of ill luck to dull the brightness of its triumph. A sharp-eyed, sharp-nosed animal, about the size of a cat, of a glossy black color, with a white stripe down each side of its back and waving a long, fluffy, handsome tail, chanced to be nosing along the fence in search of mice, beetles or grasshoppers. His sharp eyes detected the richly laden procession of the ants just as the head of the column reached the fence.

The skunk was not particularly partial to full-grown ants as an article of diet, because the formic acid in their poison sacks was rather pungent for his taste. But their young, whether in the form of larvæ or of pupæ, he regarded as a delicacy.

Standing astride the procession, he began hastily licking up as many as he could, munching and gulping down captives and captors together with huge satisfaction. Formica, with her burden, just evaded this horrid fate. Alert and observant as always, she slipped under the edge of a pebble as the long red tongue of the skunk was descending upon her. But the hot breath of the devouring monster filled her with wholesome fear. Still clinging to her precious burden, she crept aside from the crippled column, taking a path of her own, and rejoined it only under the shelter of the fence.

When the remnants of the rear guard had escaped him the skunk climbed through the fence, hoping to find the procession again on the other side. In this, however, though he searched diligently, he was disappointed, for the line of march lay for several yards along beneath the bottom rail before emerging again into the open. The skunk, stumbling upon a mouse nest in the grass, forgot all about the ants. And the expedition, diminished by fully a third of its number, made its way back to the citadel without further misadventure, the survivors still clinging doggedly to their booty.

As Formica was one of the wisest, most efficient and most courageous citizens of the community, she was usually hunting and foraging farther afield than most of her comrades.

Sometimes, she being inveterately hostile to all other ants except those of her own tribe, she got into savage duels, from which she always came off victorious, though frequently not without scars. Once in a while, moreover, she was rash enough to tackle a quarry too powerful and pugnacious for her—a nimble hunting spider or a savage little bronze scavenger beetle with jaws as destructive as her own. When she made a mistake of this sort she was driven to using the pungent venom at the tip of her abdomen in order to confuse the foe and enable her to escape.

Being thus endowed beyond her fellows with wisdom and quick perception to direct her courage, Formica would probably have lived to follow the fortunes of her tribe through several eventful summers had it not been for her restless and intrepid curiosity. She was of the stuff of which explorers are made. One day, adventuring through a patch of blueberry scrub many yards upon the forest side of the fence, she came upon a strange plant, quite unlike any she had ever seen before. There was no main stalk; but a cluster of stout stems, arising from the crown of the root, bore each one leaf, some three or four inches in length, shaped like a broad-lipped water jug. The leaves were of a lucent, tender green, veined and striped with vivid crimson, and gave forth a subtle odor, perceptible to none but the most delicate senses, which seemed to suggest honeydew. What reasonable ant could resist the lure of honeydew? Formica could not.

But if she had known that this was the terrible carnivorous pitcher plant, the relentless devourer of insects, she would have fled in horror.

Instead of fleeing, however, she eagerly ran up the nearest stem, and up the cool, translucent, red-veined globe of the lower leaf, delighted to find that the firm hairs which covered stem and leaf alike all pointed upwards instead of downwards, and so offered no obstacle to her progress. Gaining the rim of the pitcher, she peered inside, looking for the source of that honeydew fragrance. Beneath her she saw a fairylike interior, filled with cool green light, and about half full of water. In the water, to be sure, there floated the drowned bodies of a wasp, a spider and several small flies. But this fact conveyed no warning to Formica. Rather it suggested to her the hope of easy prey after she should have found the honeydew which she was seeking.

The broad lip of the pitcher offered her an easy path; and she was gratified to find that those fine hairs, which on the outside all slanted upwards, were now, most conveniently, all slanting downwards. The slope grew steeper and steeper, till presently, when she saw the water just beneath, she found the hairs so slippery that she had great difficulty in keeping her foothold. At this point she became apprehensive. Deciding to seek a safer path, she turned to retrace her steps. But now those treacherous hairs, which had so sweetly aided her progress, turned hostile. They became an array of sharp needle points, leveled in her face. She tried to thrust them aside, to penetrate them; but in vain. In a sudden panic she forced herself against them desperately. For an instant they yielded; and then, with savage recoil, they hurled her, kicking and sprawling, into the watery abyss.

A few hours later a young girl, a summer visitor at the farmhouse on the hillside, chanced to be wandering along the edge of the woods, looking for wild flowers. Overjoyed to find so fine a specimen of the Sarracenia, she dug it up carefully by the roots to take it home. But first, of course, she emptied the lovely, pale-green, ruby-veined pitchers, pouring forth upon the moss, among other victims, the bodies of a wasp, a spider, several small flies—and Formica.

OUT-OF-DOORS

The Mysterious Duck

MANY moons ago something was said herein about a mysterious duck found in Upper Illinois years and years ago, which was a bluebill duck except that it had lobed feet. As in the case of the passenger pigeon, countless correspondents have come to the front stating that they have found the identical critter without the question of a doubt. The most of these friends have rediscovered the mud hen, which in the South is sometimes called *poule d'eau*, sometimes Blue Peter—the coot, well known to all duck hunters. It is not our mysterious duck. As near as I can tell that bird must have been a Florida gallinule, sometimes seen in that latitude. If all these owners of mysterious creatures would send in the skin a lot of discussion could be saved.

What Rifle?

I SUPPOSE a thousand men have asked me what rifle is best for big-game hunting. If I were looking for trouble I would answer that question, and give reasons for my answer.

By that means I would antagonize every maker of firearms in the country; also every man who owned any other kind of a rifle. Hence, what I say here must be strictly *sotto voce*.

I have a whole rackful of rifles, and every time I go on a big-game hunt I get another [illegible] But if I ammunition, thirty caliber, but I don't think I should want the spitzer bullet, in spite of its splendid trajectory. You can get that rimless cartridge, 1906, with a soft-nose bullet, and I think that is what I should use, all things considered. I don't think I should use it in the United States Springfield, beautiful weapon as that is, because for a hunting piece I do not like the bolt action or the high foresight or the enormous and complicated hindsight of that rifle.

A lot of things are fine in a room which are not so good in the woods. Not that I would disparage the best military rifle in the world—our own.

I was out on a horseback hunt not long ago with a friend who carried a Springfield in his scabbard on the saddle. Before that time I had always thought well of this rifle as a sporting piece. But the great bolt made it extremely clumsy on the saddle, and the rider dragged enough bark off the trees with that long foresight to start a tannery. Another friend in the same party had a finger-lever rifle, shooting precisely the same cartridge, a 1906 rimless soft-nose.

This rifle, being flatter and thinner, went along through the jack pine very comfortably in the scabbard and comfortably under the leg, and we all liked it better.

I thought then that if I were going out to hang up meat in any sort or all sorts of American country I would just take that finger-lever gun, the sort I was always used to, but I would strip the back sight off would want this so low and strong that nothing could break it off. I would not care a whoop one way or the other about the elevation, because with that cartridge the trajectory is very flat over all hunting ranges, and the cartridge shoots a great deal better than you or I can offhand. I would sight-in my gun at some easy point-blank, say at seventy-five yards. If there is any gun to be made any better than that I don't want it, for it would kill game enough, without any delay, without any inconvenience, without any misfiring or clogging, without any fussing about elevation of sights or any monkey business at all.

And if that load meets a moose or a bear, no matter how big, it will drop it plenty well enough. My old .405 would no doubt stop a big moose or bear a little bit closer; but it would not have equally flat trajectory over hunting ranges, from fifty to three hundred yards.

There is great interest in sporting equipment, and we cranks all love to have a lot of rods and a lot of guns. When a real crank gets to theorizing over his equipment there is no stopping him. When it comes down to a practical horse-sense, simple sporting outfit, we can get along very well without very many theories. If I should lose all my fine rifles and someone should give me such a piece as I have above described, and two six-ounce split bamboo fly rods, and two twelve-gauge shotguns, one improved cylinder both barrels, and the other with right barrel rather open, left I have a dozen rifles, bolt action included, and I don't know how many rods, and several and various shotguns—not half enough.

Fish and Thunderstorms

AMONG many angling superstitions there is one that fish will not bite when it is thundering—every boy has heard of that. I usually have found that trout take the fly most eagerly when a storm is coming up—they seem to know that the water is going to be higher and bring more food, or else feel that they ought to lay in something for a rainy day. Quite often I have found that after the rain had begun to fall trout would not take the fly. Very often I have known trout and bass both to take the fly when it was thundering heavily.

Last summer, with a young angling friend, I was standing in what I call the loveliest fishing stream in America, the south fork of the Madison River, in Montana, just west of Yellowstone Park. We were fishing for grayling, and were caught in a very heavy thunderstorm. The lightning struck all about us—so close that my young friend thought he would go ashore and lay down his rod for reasons of personal safety. I kept on fishing all through that storm, and after it had passed to one side we both fished practically all through it, declaring we both wanted to see whether fish would bite in a thunderstorm. They did bite for an hour before that storm, and all through the storm, before the rain be-

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Car	Year	MAZDA Lamp Numbers: Head Lamp	Auxiliary Head or Side	Rear Lamp	Instrument Lamp
Allen	'19	1130	64	63	63
Allen	'20	1129	63	63	63
Allen	'21, '22	1129	63	63	64
Apperson	All	1129	63	63	63*
Auburn	'20	1129	63	63	63
Auburn	'21, '22	1129	63	63	64
Briscoe	All	1129	..	63	64
Buick	All	1129	63	63	63
Cadillac	All	1129	63	61	61
Chalmers	All	1129	63	63	63
Chandler	All	1129	63	63	63
Chevrolet	'19	1129	63	63	64
Chevrolet	'20	1129	..	63	64
Chevrolet	'21, '22	1129	..	63	63
Cleveland	'19, '20, '21	1129	..	63	63
Cleveland	'22	1129	63	63	63
Cole	'20	1129	63	63	..
Cole	'19, '21, '22	1129	63	63	64
Cunningham	'18, '19, '20, '21	1129	63	63	64
Cunningham	'22	1129	64	64	63
Dixie Flyer	'18, '19, '20, '21	1130	..	62	62
Dixie Flyer	'22	1130	64	62	62
Dodge	All	1141	..	67	67
Dorris	All	1129	63	63	63
Dort	'18, '19	1129	63	63	64
Dort	'20	1129	..	63	64
Dort	'21 (17-12)	1129	..	63	63
Dort	'21 (49-496)	1129	63	63	..
Dort	'22	1129	63	63	63
Elgin	All	1129	63	63	63
Essex	'19, '20	1129	63	61	61
Essex	'21, '22	1129	63	63	63
Ford (head-lights only)	'18, '19	1130	..	..	..
Ford	'20	1129	63	63	..
Ford (with dimmer coils)	'21	1129	..	63	..
Ford (without dimmer coils)	'21	1158	..	63	..
Ford (starter)	'22	1158	..	63	..
Ford (without starter—head-lights only)	'22	1130	..	..	..
Franklin	All	1142	68	64	64
Grant	All	1129	63	63	63
Haynes	'18, '19, '20	1130	64	64	64
Haynes	'21 (47, 48)	1129	63	63	63
Haynes	'21 All others	1130	64	64	64
Haynes	'22	1129	63	63	63
Hudson	'18, '19, '20	1129	63	61	61
Hudson	'21, '22	1129	63	63	63
Hupmobile	'18, '19	1129	63	63	63
Hupmobile	'20, '21, '22	1129	..	63	63
Jordan	All	1129	63	63	63
King	All	1129	63	63	63
Kissel	'18, '19	1130	..	64	64
Kissel	'21, '22	1129	63	63	64
LaFayette	All	1129	63	61	61
Lexington	'18, '19	1129	63	63	64
Lexington	'20, '21, '22	1129	..	63	64
Liberty	All	1129	63	63	63
Lincoln	All	1129	63	61	61
Locomobile	'18, '19	1130	64	64	64
Locomobile	'20, '21, '22	1129	63	63	63
Marmon	All	1129	63	63	63
Maxwell	'18, '19	1141	..	67	67
Maxwell	'20 (12 volt)	1141	67	67	67
Maxwell	'20, '21 (6 volt)	1129	63	63	63
Mercer	'19, '20, '21, '22	1129	63	63	63
Mitchell	'19	1130	..	63	64
Mitchell	'20	1129	..	63	63
Mitchell	'21	1129	64**	63	64
Mitchell	'22	1129	64	63	64
Monroe	'21, '22	1129	63	63	64
Nash	'18, '19, '20, '21	1129	63	63	64
Nash	'22	1129	63	63	..
National	'19	1129	63	63	63
National	All others	1129	63	63	64
Oakland	'18, '19, '20	1129	..	63	63
Oakland	'21, '22	1129	63	63	63
Oldsmobile	'18, '19, '20, '21	1129	63	63	63
Oldsmobile	'22	1129	63	63	64
Overland	'19 (89)	1130	..	61	61
Overland	'19 Others	1129	..	61	61
Overland	'20	1129	..	64	64
Overland	'21, '22	1129	..	61	61
Packard	All	1129	63	63	63
Paige	All	1129	63	63	64
Peerless	All	1129	63	63	63
Pierce Arrow	All	1129	63	63	63
Premier	'18, '19	1129	63	63	64
Premier	'20	1129	..	63	64
Premier	'21	1129	63†	63	64
Premier	'22	1129	63	63	63
Reo	'18, '19	1130	..	62	62
Reo	'20, '21, '22	1129	..	63	63
Roamer	'19, '20, '21, '22	1129	63	63	64
Saxon	'18, '19, '20	1129	63	63	63
Saxon	'21 (125 DS)	1129	..	63	63
Saxon	'21 (125 DT) '22	1129	63	63	63
Scripps-Booth	'18, '19, '20	1129	63	63	63
Scripps-Booth	'21	1129	..	63	64
Stearns-Knight	'18, '19, '20	1141	67	67	67
Stearns-Knight	'21	1141	67	67	68
Stearns-Knight	'22	1141	67	67	67
Studebaker	All	1129	63	63	63
Stutz	'18, '19, '20	1130	64	64	64
Stutz	'21, '22	1129	63	63	63
Templar	'18, '19, '20	1129	63	63	63
Templar	'21, '22	1129	63	63	64
Velie	'18, '19	1129	63	61	62
Velie	'20, '21, '22	1129	63	63	63
Westcott	'18, '19, '20	1129	63	61	62
Westcott	'21, '22	1129	63	63	64
Westcott Sedan	'21	1129	..	61	62
Willys-Knight	'19, '20 Same as	Overland			
Willys-Knight	'21, '22	1129	63	61	61
Winton	All	1129	63	63	63

*64 on closed 1922 models. **64 on closed cars only.
†63 auxiliary head—64 side.

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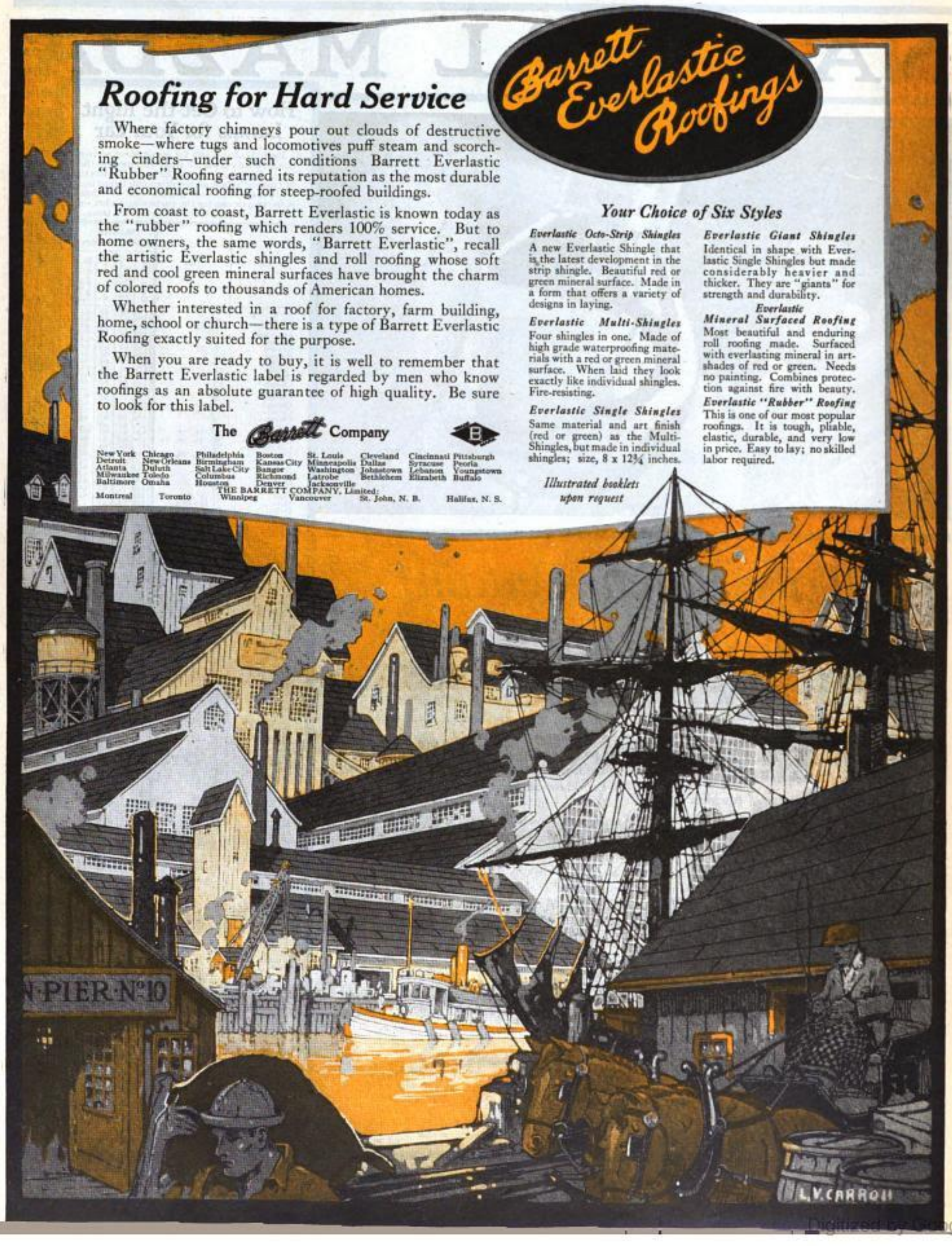
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This is one of our most popular roofings. It is tough, pliable, elastic, durable, and very low in price. Easy to lay; no skilled labor required.

Illustrated booklets upon request



LESS THAN THE DUST

(Continued from Page 19)

"Yes, oh, yes; I am eating the honey of all the little flowers that hang about us; I am eating the sadness from all that so far away music; I am eating the beautiful heart out of the night. It is ambrosia that I eat, I tell you."

"Are you going to give a poor beggar the drops from your cup, the crumbs from your plate, little feaster?"

"The cup it was filled, the plate it was heaped, only for that beggar," she whispered. "That is what makes it nectar—what makes it ambrosia. Eat, drink; I am your handmaid!"

"Saranne, Saranne, I am glad that it is dark; it's when it's dark that I can see you. Out in the light you're a stranger and a tormentor and a masquerader—but here in the darkness your eyes are clear, and your lips are kind, and you've forgotten how to laugh."

"No, no, no!" He could feel her voice like a little sigh against his lips. "That I do not forget—not ever, ever! Laughter it is a lovely, lovely thing, the loveliest of all. When everything else in all the world is gone there still is laughter."

"Saranne, I'm waiting for you to tell me. Aren't you going to? I can't wait much longer."

"To tell you what?"

"To tell me who you are."

"But I am what you see!"

"What I see in the dark or what I see in the light?"

"Ah, how you are curious—is that wise, you think? Perhaps I am both; perhaps I am neither. Better not look too close!"

"You can't tell me that you're that little heathen bejeweled witch, all paint and powder and tinsel," he told her fiercely, a note almost slipping the imposed mask. "That's no more you than the spoiled little prig on the tennis court. I'll never believe it, not if I never live to it!"

"Hush, hush! Naughty, naughty. You do believe, I think, because you do not wish to believe. It is not because it is not true."

"It is not true!"

"You think not? Then, so you shall think, if that will give you happiness! How unhappy when I bring my heart to you to find out what the door I've come through has led into heaven or hell!"

"Saranne—" the whisper moved toward him in a kind of laughter—"what other way is there to discover me by going a little further in?"

"Think you will, eh? Is by standing still saying like a child, 'Where am I? How am I? Where am I?' over and over."

"Oh, Saranne, you cruel little tempter, then I'll go. Are you afraid?" He moved swiftly and caught the shimmery in the dark. "I'll prove to you—"

"Listen! Listen! Rod and Patterson—there are some of the boys that Patterson's invited, and both of them! He is in his greatest need. Eat now, you two, great lovers, and remember, as you go that it is wise always to keep one eye on that door. As you say, you do not know yet where it has led you."

"It's led me to you. I don't give a damn for your ices, or your mocking, or your mummery—or for anything in the world but that, though I certainly hope to heaven that a kind Fate's going to see that you pass the rest of your life expiating the black hours that you've spent turning a fine, reasonable, upstanding, cautious young fellow into a raving lunatic with one idea left in what used to be his head."

"You tell that young man from me that it is a great risk that he takes in keeping even one idea in there. Better put it out, quick, before ——"

There was a sound of a brief but animated struggle at the far end of the veranda, a crash of tinkling glass, and a small raging voice lifted high above the confusion.

"La Rue Sinclair Tolliver, don't you ever dare to speak to me again as long as you live!

"Ugh! Let go of me, you—you unspeakable pig!"

"Well, for the love of Moses!"

The luckless wight's voice was filled with an amazement so palpable that it served as oil to fire.

"You're worse than a pig! You're a great, horrible, clumsy bumpkin, and I'll loathe and despise you till the day I die. I won't keep quiet—I'll tell everyone in the world what I think of you as long as I have any breath left! Get out of my way! I think this is an absolutely poisonous party!"

The voice broke on the wail of a thoroughly overwrought small child, and Rod rose violently to his feet.

"Tolliver, what have you been up to with Babbie?"

"I kissed her," said Tolliver, startled into a state of bald indignation. "What's all this about anyway? Hasn't anyone ever kissed anyone before in this crowd? You'd think to listen to 'em they never did anything else! Look, here, Babs, you told me yourself ——"

"I don't care what I told you!" stormed Babbie. "The trouble with you is you haven't got sense! Here, where are those lights? I think it's absolutely sickening out here!"

"Yes, for the Lord's sake somebody find them," demanded Joan fervently. "Peter's on his fourth ice; he's eating them with one hand and holding on to Patterson's coat tails with the other. Go on, let go the chaperon, darling, and maybe he'll turn up the pretty lights for you."

Peter's laugh rang out, suddenly carefree.

"Gosh, you're an idiot, Joan! I thought you'd gone to sleep, honestly. Here, there's some raspberry left. Hand over your plate and I'll split with you."

"Bob is asleep," drawled Paula Grahame softly. "Aren't you, Bob?"

"No," replied Bob briefly.

"Then it's Mendoza. Someone at this table certainly is asleep. Mendoza!"

"Pardon?"

"What did I tell you? Wake up and turn on the lights, Mendoza! Romance is dead."

"Eet ees not that I have been asleep," explained Mendoza politely and mendaciously. "Eet ees only that for one or two small moments my thoughts they go astray."

"Well, you needn't get brain fever trying to explain where they strayed to," Paula remarked with leisurely amiability. "I took a cat nap myself. Between what used to be in this glass and what I've gone through in whispers—well, never mind, it's over now! Only next time you start to give one of these porch parties, Sarah Anne, you might remember that three's an awful handicap for a pleasant evening."

"I shall not give another porch party, Polly—no, not ever. Have you forgot that this is my farewell? It is you who must now remember how awful a handicap three can be when you give parties and—when you do not give parties. Now, shall we go inside? Patterson has taken up all the rugs in the great drawing-room; in the den that my Aunt Madeleine no longer uses, now that my uncle is dead, Bowling has also fixed all as I desired it. We go? My Babbie, you are still here? You no longer sulk?"

"I wasn't sulking," replied Babbie with dignity. "I never sulked in my life, did I, Rod? I simply have my own opinion about the perfectly rotten way some people behave, and I don't intend to change it till I die—probably not then. In the meantime I'll stay at your party if you'll get out of this disgusting black hole into the light."

"Ah, but come, come, my child, what nonsense is this? Will you tell me, perhaps, that never before have you sat out in the darkness on a veranda?"

"No, I will not tell you any such thing!" replied Babbie hotly. "I've sat on verandas about nine million times and I'll probably do it nine million more, but I'll tell you this—I've never sat on one in my life just after someone had turned loose a whole menagerie of crawling ideas that would make any crowd of self-respecting reptiles turn red in their faces."

"Patterson, put on all the lights—every light in this hall; yes, the little ones, too, so that these poor children shall no longer be afraid of the dark! That is better now? Babbie, it was not that I meant to interrupt you—continue, *chérie!* Was it of me that you were speaking when you told how my ideas would make good snakes blush? Yes?

"But what was it that I said of such frightfulness? I am absorbed with interest, I assure you."

"It wasn't what you said," replied Babbie, staring back somberly at her gleaming adversary, who stood balancing herself on the jeweled tips of her toes under the most merciless light in the room, tilting her face to it audaciously so that the enchanting mockery of her mouth stood like a small flame-colored challenge. "It was what you didn't say. You left rotten little gaps for us to fill in for ourselves—and you took darned good care that we'd fill 'em with the kind of stuff you wanted. I don't like double meanings, and that's that. I don't mind people being rough, but I want 'em to say right out what they're driving at. Then you know where you are, and you can take it or leave it. If it's any satisfaction to you, Sarah Anne, I don't get you even a little bit. Got a cigarette?"

"Alas, no—did I neglect to mention all this time that I did not smoke them?"

"I thought you were through with that line," remarked Joan acidly.

"Line? But it is no line, believe me. It has been many and many a day since I



"Sarah Anne Carstairs! You Aren't Pretending That You Actually Knew a Thief Who Killed Eighteen People, are You?"

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Jim Henry's Column

A Habit Forming Powder

I have made quite a study of the matter and am convinced that everyone who has learned what Kora-Konia means in bodily comfort is definitely committed to its use for the remainder of his or her life.

Let's take a few every-day examples. Baby is all speckled and inflamed from prickly heat, diaper rash or teething rash. Thoroughly miserable—can't sleep—loses weight. A few applications of Kora-Konia and Baby is O. K. Absolutely normal. Happy. Eats, laughs and grows.

That's what Kora-Konia means to a baby.

Then take yourself.

Why do you dread hot weather? Simply and solely because your skin is not constructed to withstand friction, whether of colliding muscles or of perspiry clothing. To express it in modified locker-room language—you chafe—get all raw where rawness hurts the most—suffer torture whether standing, sitting or walking.

Then you try Kora-Konia. The pain, rawness and inflammation disappear. You are comfortable all day. You shoot eighteen holes without a groan.

Kora-Konia is not a talcum. It is a medicinal powder of remarkable curative virtue. It is practically waterproof and very adhesive, clinging to the skin for hours. It forms a velvety film of powder which protects while it heals. It is antiseptic.

Women think the world of Kora-Konia as a protection against tight clothing. It is amazingly efficient for sunburn.

Hospitals use a lot of Kora-Konia to keep patients comfortable after operations, or for those who have been kept in bed for a long time.

Here, then, is a powder which means greater comfort to every member of the family. It belongs in every bathroom, every nursery and every locker.

I'll send a sample for 10 cents.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
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ceased to smoke cigarettes—unfortunately, perhaps. Only here I keep you all standing! Come into the den of my Uncle George; there we can have coffee and—be at our ease. A little later, perhaps, we try some dancing in the drawing-room? *Voilà*—you see I have fixed it over for my amusement, to serve as a small retreat and refuge when I grow a shadow weary of—well, of lemonade and the evening paper and the brown mahogany phonograph. You like it? You think it original, the den that belonged to my Uncle George?"

The den that had belonged to Sarah Anne's Uncle George was undoubtedly original—its least fervent admirer would have admitted that. Its furnishing consisted entirely of four low teakwood stands arranged symmetrically against the walls, and about one hundred and twenty-two sofa cushions of every color in the rainbow and the majority of those in the Russian ballet grouped about them in a series of seductive nests. On each stand stood a framed picture flanked by two lighted candles, very slim and black, and in the exact center of the room sat a little scarlet leather chest, shabby and battered and demurely gaudy. There was literally nothing else in the room, except Sarah Anne's dinner party. Joan was the first to recover her voice.

"Cozy little place!" she remarked with feeling. "Lovely, lovely to have one spot in the world that you can feel perfectly at home in, isn't it? It's going to be the jolliest kind of a surprise for Mrs. Carstairs too; she must have been sick to death of the sight of all that old brown leather furniture and those calfskin law books and steel engravings of Mr. Carstairs'. Does she know yet about the way you've brightened it up?"

"Not yet," replied Mrs. Carstairs' gifted niece happily. "It is to be for her a great surprise! Patterson, you may put the coffee on the little chest; and that will be all—I will not need you again this evening—nor Bowling. Come now, you will all make yourselves comfortable and we shall have coffee! Mr. Thorn, you will sit by me and help me to put in the sugar? Draw the red chest nearer to me—so! Polly, you take a piece of sugar?"

"Yes—no; two, thanks." Paula's eyes were fastened incredulously on the nearest photograph.

"Two, then; no, do not move, Mr. Thorn. Peter will give this to her, will you not, Peter? How many of sugar, Joan?"

"None for me, thanks."

"You know I don't think Mrs. Carstairs will like your tearing this place up like this one bit, Sarah Anne," said Babbie anxiously. "Honestly, I don't. She kept all of Mr. Carstairs' old pipes and fishing rods and everything just the way he left them."

"Ah, *fiute!*" rejoined her hostess gayly. She sank back on her heels as lightly and easily as a Japanese geisha, a great splash of silver against the peacock-colored cushions. "She was undoubtedly too lazy to throw them away. Uncle George, he was a man of the greatest excellence and the most impeccable rectitude, it is not to me that you need tell that, *ma chère*—and for these precise reasons it is not within the realms of any probability whatever that she continued to lament him for one single minute after he had adjusted to himself his well-earned wings and his undoubtedly heavy halo. No, no, I assure you that she will be entirely grateful. Sugar, my Babbie?"

"I'd like to assure you before you go any further that I consider your remarks about Mr. and Mrs. Carstairs entirely unfounded, and atrociously bad taste," remarked Rod equably, but in the candlelight his face looked suddenly haggard.

"Ah, but you are delicious, you Thorns!" cried Sarah Anne, obviously enraptured by this turn in affairs. "So grave, so good, so earnest—like little children in very clean, clean pinafores who would die dead of honor before they would steal even one little bit of jam to eat with their bread and milk. No, I adore that—I forbid you to change, ever. We bad children still all sticky with the jam, we can envy them their clean pink fingers, even while we are licking our own, can we not, Joan?"

"Thanks, don't include me in your finger licking," replied Joan coolly. "I don't think we use the same jam pot. After all, you've got to draw the line somewheres! Pete, haven't you got a cigarette to your name?"

"Nary one," replied Pete gloomily. "I might chase over to the club, though."

"Sarah Anne, whose picture is that?" Paula's drawl had vanished completely, lost in a quiver of ill-suppressed excitement.

"That? But it is mine, Polly, naturally."

"No, no; I mean who is it of?"

"Ah, it is of Georges Carpentier; you do not recognize it?"

"I thought it must be," said Paula in a hushed voice. "And then I thought it couldn't be; it has writing on it. Did—did you know him?"

"Ah, *tiens*—that is good! Did I know him! You cannot read the writing?"

"Bob, look, she knows him! She knows Carpentier! Look, he's written on the picture for her! I saw him twice, Sarah Anne—once at the Biltmore, almost as close as I am to you—and once at the fight. Bob got simply wonderful tickets and we were so close that we could see him pant, weren't we, Bob? And he looked absolutely like a demigod, even if the man behind me did almost tear the hair off my scalp. What's he like, Sarah Anne?"

"Like? Oh, he is very *joli garçon*," replied Sarah Anne tranquilly. "Yes, quite handsome and most romantic, and not at all a bad dancer. Coffee, Mendoza?"

"Did you dance with him?"

"But of course I danced with him! You should be excited more often, Polly—it is most becoming to you when you are all ruffled like that and your voice gets quick. Coffee for you, Mr. Grahame?"

"What does it say on the picture?"

"Surely, surely, Polly, you do not tell me that you cannot read?"

"Well, he's got an awfully funny writing and the candle makes it look queerer."

"Very well, then, I tell you. It says on the picture '*A Saranne, souvenir troublant et délicieux, de Georges.*'"

"What does it mean?"

"'To Saranne, troubling and delicious memory,'" translated Saranne obligingly. "'From Georges.' Coffee, Peter?"

"Well, but—well, but how could he say that?" inquired Paula in stunned accents.

"How could he? Ah, it is easy to see that you do not know Georges! How could he not?"

"Well, but—but isn't he married?"

Sarah Anne set free once the silver flight of her mirth.

"But naturally he is married! He is also, I understand, the father of a very nice small baby. In the United States of America does one cease to be able to write when one is married? Then perhaps it is better to tell you that Georges he wrote that in the days before he had that nice wife and baby. You are happier now?"

"It looks like one of the pictures that he had taken over here," commented Paula feebly. "He was married then, wasn't he?"

"Possibly—I have no memory of dates of any kind, and his matrimonial affairs were not of the most faint interest to me naturally!"

"N-no—I suppose not. Are all these pictures of him?"

"No, no; you do not use your eyes, my Polly. The one next to Joan is of Madame Guilbert. You do not know of Yvette Guilbert?"

"No."

"No, that is to be expected. She is merely the greatest artist in France—some think the greatest in all of the world. Why should you know of her?"

"Yes, you do know about her, Polly," prompted Joan from the depths of her nest. "She's the one dad and your uncle were talking about the other night at dinner—you remember, the old lady who's in New York now; she used to sing the roughest songs in Paris in long black gloves and fuzzy red hair; you remember!"

"She sings them no longer, alas! Her long black gloves are now quite white, and so are her songs; but she is no less the joy of my life; she is entirely a miracle."

"D'you know her well too?"

"Indeed and indeed yes! I am proud to say. You do not see what she writes? 'To my great little friend, Sarah Anne, from Yvette Guilbert.' For me she occasionally puts on those black gloves and we forget the long years that have made her great and wise and sad. There is one little song like a waltz—it goes so." She hummed the lilting bars almost beneath her breath, but clearly enough to rivet Rod's glance of horrified amazement. "Ah, *pardon, pardon!* I forget myself! Mr. Thorn, he knows it, too, it seems. You do not think they would care for it?"

"I'm glad to say that I don't think that they'd understand it."

"No? Possibly you are correct! Well, we must search our repertoire for something within their comprehension. There are those most delicious small fragments from Pierre Louys of a simplicity almost classic."

"Who's the gentleman in the shrine next to me?" inquired Rod hastily.

"That? Oh, that is the Grand Duke."

"Which grand duke?"

"But the Grand Duke, *mon cher*. To those who know him there is but one. You do not recognize him? The beard, the eyes, the carriage of the head? I should have thought them unforgetable."

"He has apparently thought it more discreet to put his inscription in Russian."

"Yes," murmured Saranne pensively. "His discretion, I lament to say, ceased with that."

"We're not to have one of your inimitable translations?"

"No, no, I think not. It is hardly subject to translation; he has beneath that royal demeanor a thick streak of Oriental and savage, like many of his race. Best, therefore, not to attempt even to adapt his sentiments to the rigors of our native tongue! You agree with me?"

"Emphatically. Who's the good-looking beggar in the frame that Babbie's got hold of?"

"You do not think he has a charming face—so sensitive, so *sympathique?* There is tragedy for you in that little green frame, my Babbie!"

"Is he—dead?"

"Yes, he is dead; killed."

"Fighting?"

"As you say—fighting."

"He looks sad, doesn't he? As though he knew he was going to die."

"He did know it."

"He was awfully young, wasn't he? Was it before we got into the war?"

"He was awfully young, Babbie—and it was long before there was any war to get into, that he died."

"Before there was any war? But then how could he have died fighting?"

"*Hélas, ma petite*, men have died fighting long, long before there was a war! You are too young to remember, Babbie, but once this boy's face, it was known to every man or woman or child in all of Paris. Your brother will remember, possibly. You remember Garnier, Mr. Thorn?"

"Garnier?"

"The youngest of the auto bandits—surely you remember? They killed how many men—those bandits? Fifteen—eighteen? No, I forget. But never while I live do I forget the day that they trapped him in that burning house, and turned their machine guns onto him. It took out all of the militia of Paris to capture *le petit Garnier*—and even all the militia in Paris could not capture him alive! He was incredible, that boy—so brave, so reckless, so intelligent—and so unhappy. It was that that killed him in the end—he did not care to live. That and the yellow-headed female she-devil who betrayed him—always, always I told him she was not to be trusted! But he was blind—and out of love with life, *le petit Garnier*." She sat dreaming for a moment, wide-eyed, and then straightened herself swiftly, sketching a phantom shrug with the unbelievably bare white shoulders. "Come, there is no need for sorrow—he was not sorry to die, I assure you. More coffee, Mr. Thorn?"

"Sarah Anne Carstairs!" Babbie's voice was literally an explosion. "You aren't pretending that you actually knew a thief who killed eighteen people, are you?"

"Most assuredly I am not pretending," replied Sarah Anne Carstairs blandly. "He was not, of course, an ordinary thief."

"But you couldn't know a bandit!" cried the distracted Babbie. "Why—why, you were in the convent! Mrs. Carstairs said ——"

"No, no; you did not listen carefully to Aunt Madeleine; it is from that that all this misunderstanding has come. She told you that I had been in a convent for five years, but she did not tell you how long ago I had been there, did she?"

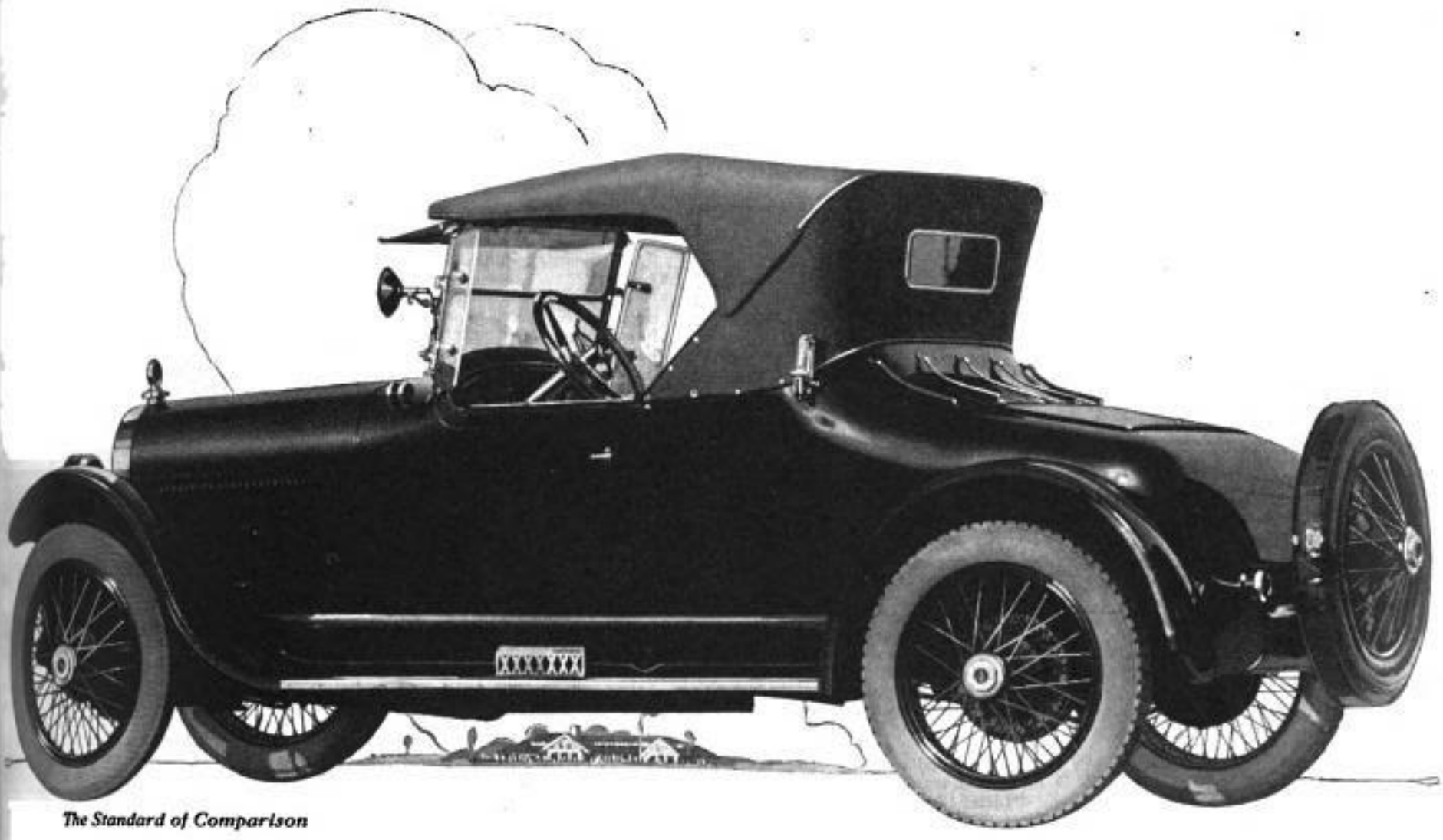
"No."

Babbie's incredulous eyes traveled frenziedly from the exotic small figure in the green-and-silver nest to the romantic young man in the green-and-silver frame. She looked thoroughly exhausted by the journey.

"No. Well, it was very, very long ago, believe me—so long that I am too vain to tell you more exactly. I was not, however,

(Continued on Page 36)

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The Standard of Comparison

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This Buick roadster possesses everything in good looks and appointments that discriminating taste could ask. Its success since its introduction at the New York Automobile Show reveals the instant acceptance by the public of a car of proven mechanical excellence as well as physical beauty.

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(Continued from Page 34)

of so vast an antiquity at the time of all this tragedy; I was young enough to be more disturbed than I care to remember."

"He's written on the picture."

"Yes. You see, always he called me his little sister. Naturally, it is argot that he uses, but he did not write so bad a hand, did he? 'To thee, little darling sister, from thy wicked vagabond of a brother.'"

"But, Sarah Anne, how—how did you get to know him?"

"Well, not in the salon of *petite mère*, as you may imagine! He was a friend of our chauffeur, the brother of my good Marie, and even at that time I was not averse to escapades! Leon—the brother—he helped me one evening to dress myself up in some of his old clothes, and we got out over the balcony to the courtyard, and off to the café of the Dead Snail. I made a very nice and amusing small apache, and Garnier, he took a most enormous fancy to me, and I thought that never in my life had I seen so beautiful a young man! So you see."

"But, Sarah Anne, you didn't play around with chauffeurs and criminals, did you?"

"Why not, *chérie?* The young men in my mother's salon were very, very respectful and respectable and correct—and dull to tears. At the Dead Snail—well, they were none of those things, and I was young, and a little mad perhaps. They taught me many things, between them all—for which I am not quite sure whether I owe them a debt or a vengeance. Sometimes I think it is not great good fortune, to know too much—too young."

She sat staring at the battered red chest, her lips curled to irony—something more bitter than tears behind her shadowed eyes.

"Listen!" Joan's peremptory voice indicated scant sympathy with reverie in any form. "I want to get this thing straight. Do you mean to tell us that you didn't come here from a convent?"

"Of course I did not come here from a convent! Never, never for one minute did I tell you that! It was you who told it to me."

"Then will you be good enough to tell us where you did come from?"

"Joan, there is something in your voice that tells me that you would not really think me good even if I told you that I came straight down from heaven! I will therefore admit that, to be entirely candid, I did not. I came from Dinard, because I was tired, tired, tired down to the innermost center of my smallest bones of being that mad thing that we call gay. I desired to rest with a hunger, with a thirst, with a fever that ate me up entirely. I had been gay for too long; I felt as though I would burn quite up and die if I could not find some place in which to rest—and to be safe—and to be dull. So I came here."

"Here!" echoed Babbie, too startled to be outraged. "To be safe and dull? Here?"

"As you say, my Babbie, here. *Petite mère*, she was badly frightened by the collapse of her mad daughter, and she remembered Aunt Madeleine, who had been to her like a real sister when she was a small strange bride, so she said to me, 'My poor child, I ask your Aunt Madeleine if she will not for a while take you away from all this that you have come to hate and fear. She lives far off in America on a little island in a little house called Tranquillity Farm. Will that give you happiness?' And I said, 'It sounds full of green trees, and little birds, and white peace. Let me go quickly.' So she cabled to my Aunt Madeleine, and I came quickly."

"Some rest cure!" said Robert Grahame. "White peace—you poor kid, hasn't anyone in France ever heard of Long Island?"

"That's all right, Bob—just hang on to your pity for a while yet. I'm not through with this patient. Is the wardrobe you arrived in the kind of thing you wear around Dinard, Sarah Anne?"

"My very pretty Joan, it will be more pleasant for us all if you try to remember that it is not a lady on the rack that you address, but your very fortunate hostess for the evening! Since it is far more amusing for me to answer your questions than to refuse, however, I inform you with delight how it is I come to wear those frocks and hats that gave you and Babbie and Paula so great a concern and diversion."

She settled herself deeper into the brilliant cushions, and the assembled company glared apprehensively; every time she stirred it suggested that once more Venus was about to emerge, exquisite and triumphant, from her silver wave.

"When the cable arrived from my Aunt Madeline saying 'Come,' my mother, she cried out, 'But never, never can you go to that little quiet village in these most outrageous clothes that you wear! Even in Dinard they are a scandal, and there it would be of an unheard-of taste. One or two you might possibly take to wear in New York—though it is now twenty-seven years since I have been there, I remember distinctly that French gowns are worn in New York—but in the country! Ah, *mon Dieu, mon Dieu*, what clothes do they wear in the country in those United States of America?'

"And I replied to her, 'Tranquilize yourself, *chérie*. There is one thing that you have forgotten—the great, the supreme educational force of the world—do they not themselves admit it? *Vive le Cinéma!* Tonight they give A Country Rose, tomorrow Hearts and Homespun. Both nights I go, I take Marie, we observe with our eyes, we create with our needles—and behold I am saved! That blue suit in which I arrive, Babbie, it copies exactly to the button which is gone, the one which that inimitable *tragédienne*, Miss Jewel Carfax, wears when she climbs down off the great train into the great city, in the well-known drama of Hearts and Homespun. The pink dress in which I later made my début at the tennis court was ruffle for ruffle like that one in which the enchanting *comédienne*, Miss June Darling, gets chased through a daisy field by a most inhospitable cow in that heart-warming comedy A Country Rose. Imagine, therefore, my confusion and chagrin when I discover on the tennis court how cruelly I have been misled by the greatest educational force in all the world, and that I am not arrayed in a manner to give edification to the rural inhabitants of America!"

She executed a dramatic flourish with the emerald-green feather that nearly upset Rod's coffee cup, and was on her feet as lightly and swiftly as though she had been blown there.

"Come—I bore you. We must seek some other way to amuse ourselves! What if we ——"

"It's getting pretty late for hayseeds to be up," remarked Joan, patting her white ruffles with a dangerous light in her eyes. "Every good little hick ought to be thinking about bed by ten o'clock! How about moving on, Polly?"

"No, no! Why, we have not begun! This is madness! Hayseeds? Hicks? What are those?"

"Rural inhabitants. Coming, Peter?"

Sarah Anne wrung her hands despairingly.

"Ah, now I have offended you, wicked goose that I am! Listen, Joan, I am guilty, I am guilty; but also I am penitent. It is true that when I saw how you were all making a mock of me that day I cried out inside me like those villains in the Hearts and Homespun, 'Ah ha, I shall get a r-revenge. Wait, wait, my fine lady, it is I who will make a mock out of you!' That, it is true, but now I have seen how wicked it was to be good like I pretended to be, and I am repentant, and I take off the mask, and you can see that I am bad just like you. And yet you hold me off from you and are solemn and cross like you were grandmothers in Sunday schools! Truly, that I do not understand!"

"Well, rid your active mind of any idea that we're grandmothers in Sunday schools," adjured Joan with a carefully ostentatious yawn. "And while it may be bad manners to remark on it, Sarah Anne, the only spectacular thing about this party so far has been you. I've been to some fairly mournful festivals in my day, but this one gets the gold medal. The only excitement that we've had so far is to sit around looking goggle-eyed at you, wondering what you were going to do next; and the novelty of that's beginning to wear off. How about some game that all of the girls and boys can play?"

"Yes, yes!" She was all gracious animation. "Dancing, perhaps? The drawing-room?"

"Well, you may be from Paris, France, dearie, but I doubt whether there's much that you can teach this gang about dancing—eh, what, Polly?"

"I guess not," replied Polly, striving valiantly to inject nonchalance into a voice that had been severely shaken by the events of the past hour.

"Nope—unless you have something better than that to lure us with we'll be moving along. All this is pretty but slow, Sarah Anne. Great cats, you haven't even got a single mortal thing to smoke in the wh blooming house!"

"Oh, yes," said Sarah Anne softly, dr ing the green feather gently across the of her fingers. "There is a single mo thing to smoke in this house."

Joan stared at her with undisgui hostility.

"Do you mean to say that you've cigarettes around all this time? Well, the love of Allah, trot 'em out!"

"Again you misunderstand. Not arettes."

"What is it—a pipe?"

Sarah Anne contemplated the scof face with a strange little smile.

"Yes—a pipe. You would like to try

"Sure, I'd like to try it! I was work to get one out of Rod the day that dropped in on us—wasn't I, Rod?"

"Yes."

Rod threw the syllable to her indif ently, his eyes riveted on the small ser face of his hostess, exquisite and enigm under its clusters of jeweled flowers. stood for a second considering her sembled guests with a flicker of indul amusement, then with the lightest of sh and a swirl of silver draperies dipped to knees before the scarlet leather box.

"As you wish! Only remember, I of you, that I must exact discretion, it is entirely against your most exce laws! The pipe is perhaps a little plicated for the first time—you would prefer something simpler?"

She flung an inquiring glance over shoulder at the transfixed Joan, her fi busy with the contents of the chest.

"What—what on earth are you ta about?"

"Well, it must be held just so—see—breathed just so; these little p must first be warmed and softened, urally. Peter will help you, perhaps; really a task for two. For myself I something less complicated."

"Less complicated than what?" manded Joan in strangled accents.

"But than opium, *mon enfant!* Co in this powder form, ether out of this bottle on a bit of soft cotton—it is rapid, more direct; *enfin*, more si However, it is entirely a matter of one can only arrive by experiment! is your pipe, your pellets, your ligh your saucer. Peter will light it for yo show you how it is done."

"What do you mean—show ho done?" demanded Peter furiously. never laid eyes on the infernal stuff be

"No? No, truly? You American you are extraordinary! Well, the balls they must just cook—then I wil you myself. In the meantime I fix s the cotton for Polly. For me, it favorite, the technic is nothing breathe soft and deep—nothing more for a long, long time I did not hav and when I breathed it in again—ah relief! Like heaven, like Paradise. you shall see for yourself."

Polly shrank back into the cushion dilated eyes, her terrified gaze on t urated bit of cotton so hospitably ext

"No, no! It makes me sick—h it does. Honestly—it makes me t the time that —— Bob, Bob, take it Don't let her—don't let her! T away!"

Her voice rose for a terrified shri Grahame snatched at the piece of furiously, his face an incredulous m anger.

"Here, what are you doing? shake like that, darling! Don't! thing's all right; nothing's going t you. Bob's got you. Look, I've th out of the window; it's all gone. deep breath of that air—that's righ other—now another ——"

"What children!" laughed Sara gayly. "No, but that is touchin delicious! Come now, Babbie, w them what it is to be grown up. here your hand!"

Babbie extended the small, firm hand obediently, saucer-eyed and lipped.

"No, palm down—like that. No back a little soft pinch of it, lik None of those cruel sharp needl are wiser! Your heart is strong? Now lift it to that so small, so in nose—higher—higher—like that. sniff—quick!"

"Stop that!"

The gentleman from California's protest was followed by action

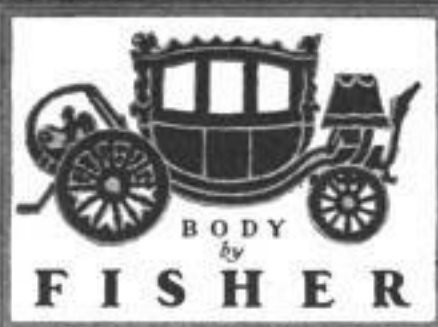
(Continued on Page 38)

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When your attention and admiration are attracted by the beauty of a motor car body of Fisher design, you can definitely identify it by this symbol. It will appear from this time forward, on the right side of the car, close to the frame, and just back of the motor hood.

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Another most interesting use for Listerine that fastidious people have discovered is its value as a deodorizer. In many matters of personal hygiene (applied to the under-arm, particularly) it has become highly prized as a toilet aid. As such it is a safe, fragrant lotion of great efficiency. You *know* you are taking no chances when you use Listerine this way.



Your mirror can't tell you

Many other uses for Listerine are described in the circular which is packed with every bottle.

It is a most versatile antiseptic to have *always* at hand in your home.—*Lambert Pharmacal Co., Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

LISTERINE
—the safe antiseptic



(Continued from Page 36)

and violent that even Sarah Anne gave way before it. He fell on Babbie like a cross between an avalanche and a whirlwind, scattering the white powder into space, shaking her like a kitten, utterly oblivious of any of the less primitive emotions of dignity and consideration.

"Come on out of this hole before I drag you out, you little idiot! Come on! Do you think I'm going to have my wife fooling around with that dirty stuff! Come on where I can tell you exactly what I think of you!"

"Steady on, Tolliver!" recommended Rod pleasantly. "Babbie's not your wife yet, you know. We might all move on to the drawing-room, however, and ——"

"I'll go wherever Tolly wants me to go," retorted the ungrateful Babbie shakily. "It's none of your business what we do, Rodman Thorn. It's no thanks to you I'm not a dope fiend for life this minute! I think we've all gone perfectly crazy, and I want to go home—Tolly."

"But one little dance before you go!" pleaded Sarah Anne, sparkling from the doorway. "One little, little dance! I show you a new one—from Java. See, the rugs in the drawing-room, they are all rolled back. And have you forgotten the prizes? But you cannot go without the prizes! No, come!"

She flitted across the shining expanses of the drawing-room floor to the piano, a creature from another world in the gracious candlelight of the great room—a creature made of moonlight and tinsel and thistledown, at once magical and mischievous.

"Mendoza, you play for us! You do not know the air, naturally, but one of your tangos will not be so bad; only more trailing, more slow. Behind it you must think of little drums, very soft and wicked, beating—beating like hearts. Now with whom shall I begin? With you, Mr. La Rue Sinclair Tolliver?"

"Thanks," replied that gentleman stiffly, his hand on Babbie's arm, "I'm pretty rotten; better try someone else."

"You then, Mr. Grahame?"

"Sorry: I'm no good at it at all!"

"Then you, Peter? Come, it is quite simple—as simple as Africa. They call it Javanese, but that I doubt! It is more primitive, I think you will agree. One arm you put quite around me—so; the hand behind the neck—so."

"Why not try it with me?" suggested Rod amiably. "Peter will be self-sacrificing, won't you, Peter?"

"Rather!" said Peter.

Sarah Anne stood swaying uncertainly, the languid beat of the music hovering in her eyes.

"But you—you do not care for dancing!"

"Well, not as a general rule, but this sounds a bit different. Let's have a try at it, anyway, shan't we? Let's see now—one arm clear around you—that right? And the hand behind ——"

She slipped from the circle of his arms as silently and easily as water, and stood poised and shimmering just out of reach.

"No, it is absurd, but I cannot remember the step. Like that it is gone from me—like that, I tell you! It is perhaps what you call stage fright—my mind it is quite entirely a blank. No, but it is enraging! Never, never has that occurred to me before!"

"Perhaps it'll come back to you; let's try it again."

Sarah Anne fluttered a little farther back, shaking her head until the emerald flowers danced.

"No—no—it is no good; it is quite gone."

"Well, if you ask me I'll say it's a darned good thing it is quite gone!" exploded Babbie, flushed and emphatic. "Don't you ever have it come back to you at the Country Club, either, Sarah Anne; we may not be exactly fussy, but believe me, we draw the line somewhere—and the place where we'd draw it would be about eight thousand miles this side of your little dance. I never ——"

"But, Babbie, it had not yet begun!" protested Sarah Anne plaintively.

"Not begun! Well, holy ——"

"Come on, let's cut this out!" interposed Joan curtly. "If you want to know what I think about the whole thing I'm about fed up. We can get over to the club in time for three or four good toddles if we hurry, and I'll telephone for them to have some hot coffee and chicken salad and strawberry shortcake ready for us. Believe me, I feel hollow as one of Sarah Anne's wicked little drums. Sarah Anne, you can come along too if you'll put on some clothes and remember that you're in the United States of America and not the Dead Snail or Central Africa! You going to drive me over, Pete?"

"You better believe!" acquiesced Pete fervently.

"I wish when you telephone you'd tell 'em to turn on every light in the place and get two extra coons for the band," implored Paula. "I'm feeling crawly all over. What I need is noise and light, and a lot of it. Joan, they're going to guy the life out of us about these clothes!"

"Well, it's better to be kidded than arrested," rejoined the lady in white, with a withering glance at Sarah Anne's shameless silver. "And anyway, I'm going to hand out a long fancy line about how the dead smart thing nowadays is to be proper, and I'll let you in on it, Polly. Hop along, boys and girls—the night's getting older every minute!"

"But you are forgetting!" said their hostess softly. "You are forgetting the prizes."

"Oh, murder! Well, for the Lord's sake, speed it up! I suppose your idea of something really good would be a week's allowance of hashish! Do I get it?"

"There is a prize for each, but not the first for you. The first, it is for Babbie, because at my party she has had first a kiss and then a proposal." She came towards them a little slowly, swinging the beribboned basket that she had lifted from the piano with both hands, as though she found it heavy. "That, you know, is what I call a really great success. To obtain first a proposal and then a kiss, it is far simpler, but not so—not so what you call sporting. Bravo to you, my Babbie! Yours is the prize!" Very gravely she extended the atrocious rose-wreathed centerpiece that she had been embroidering ever since her arrival, and quite as gravely Babbie took it. "Originally I had intended it as a wedding gift to Marie's small new sister-in-law, but now I must make another for her; you will need it first. Roses, roses all the way for you, my wild rose—and see—not one small thorn have I embroidered!

"Joan, yours is the second prize; this I think you may find of use. It was sent to me by someone who had made a very bad mistake in thinking that it was his to give or mine to take! Try it on the second finger of the left hand. See, it fits like it was made for you—that is a very pretty miracle! And look, look how bright it sparkles—like laughter, Joan—like tears! Does it not, Mendoza? Does it not, Peter?"

"Yes," said Peter, and at the look in his eye his restored fiancée lifted to him a face that sparkled like the diamond, slipping the ringed hand boldly and bravely into his.

"Polly, to you I cannot give the bottle of perfume that I thought that you might win, because it is I, alas, who have won that prize of consolation at my party. But I have here another bottle that you will find truly delicious and quite unique. It is called Feuilles Nouveaux—New Leaves. See, it smells of violets, and hope, and spring; it smells sweetest if you turn it over—that way."

"Thanks," said Paula in a small, uncertain voice. "Thanks a lot. I'll try it."

"Then that is all. *Messieurs et meadames*, the party, it is over. I thank you for coming—I wish you more luck where you are going—I bid you good night and I bid you good-by!"

She swept them a curtsy down, down to the ground, her hands at her heart.

"Aren't you—aren't you coming, too, Sarah Anne?"

"No, *ma* Babbie *chérie;* tonight I must pack with industry and energy. Tomorrow, you see, I join my Aunt Madeleine in Canada. She wrote to ask whether I prefer to stay here or join her there for what remains of the summer; and tonight I telegraph her that I come. Your wraps, they are here in the hall. Forgive me if I open for you the door, since Patterson is gone to bed. Good night to you—and happy dreams! Good night, Mr. Thorn."

"I'm not going," said Mr. Thorn with great distinctness. "Good night, Babs—see you later perhaps. You'll get her home, Tolliver?"

"Ra-ther," replied Tolliver gratefully.

The voices trailed far away in the distance, farther still, flickered higher for a moment, died—before the two in the doorway stirred or spoke.

Then Sarah Anne said faintly, "But it is true what I said—I must pack."

"Then that makes one true thing that you've said this evening, doesn't it, Sarah Anne?"

She turned slowly back to the deserted drawing-room, trailing the empty basket a little wearily by its bright ribbons.

"There is a very great deal that I have said this evening that is true, my friend."

"And nothing that you've said that wasn't?"

"Oh, nothing—that is a large word. It is possible that one or two small inaccuracies may have occurred. My memory is an atrocity, I assure you!"

"Yes; I gathered that. Sarah Anne, aren't you going to wash your face? Honestly, I've forgotten what you look like."

For a moment the frozen eyes met his cruelly, then suddenly they wavered, danced, and melted to a lovely laughter.

"But with what shall I wash my face, forgetful one?"

"Here!" He swept down triumphantly on the Venetian bowl in which two roses floated languidly. "Haven't you got a handkerchief? Oh, great! Wait, you can have mine for a towel—that's it. Oh, that is it!" His joyous voice was suddenly shaken. "You're so beautiful, Sarah Anne. You're so beautiful that I'm afraid of you."

Sarah Anne stopped long enough in her task of stripping jewels from throat and hair and fingers to smile at him, tremulously mocking.

"Ah, ah, this pale face beautiful! No, I will blush for you, untruthful that you are, so that it will be no longer pale. Turn now your head away—only for one minute—so."

There was a quick swish of sound, a mighty rustling and ripping, and she stood before him in a silver gown that her great-grandmother might have worn, demure from throat to ankle.

"Marie, she is a magician—she bastes up here, she bastes down there, and behold, I am a spectacle to make angels weep and devils dance! This way you like me better?"

"This way, that way, any way—what difference does it make, little masquerader? Underneath, God be thanked, there's you!"

"Mr. Rodman Thorn, you talk to me not at all like that sensible young man of whom Babbie has told me; that young man who has no heart, and who is so sure that he would tire of any girl alive before one year is over that he yawns out loud when he thinks of marrying one."

"I'm not going to marry one," Rod assured her. "I'm going to marry nine or ten or eleven—and I'm going to do it pretty quickly, thank you."

"I must go to finish that packing," said Sarah Anne hastily. "There is all still to be done; I must ——"

"Sarah Anne, do you really think that Canada is a nice place for a rest cure? Canada? A great, huge, cold place with nothing but an aunt in it? Listen, I have an island that's just exactly the right size for you and two green parrots, and a hundred scarlet flowers, and a thousand blue butterflies, and twelve gray monkeys no bigger than squirrels, and a tame flying fish. It has a strip of silver sand for a beach, with water spreading out from it like a peacock's tail, and a house that's nothing but a veranda with palm leaves to thatch it and a swing to furnish it, and the moon for a lamp and the stars for candles. You can lie there all day and all night with red flowers in your hair and white flowers in your hands, and a brown lady in a bright bead necklace to play to you on your harp, and a little black boy in gold earrings to fan you and swing you and put cool fruits before you. You can rest there—you can rest until you will never be tired or sad or frightened again. It's my island, and I'll lend it to you."

"And where will you go then, if you lend me your island?"

"Oh, I'm coming too," replied her landlord promptly. "I need a rest cure myself. I told the editor about it and he said, 'By all means. We're tired of seeing you around here anyway—and sick to death of hearing about that play you're going to write. Don't let us see your face again until you've done it! What's it going to be about anyway?' And says I, frightfully modestly, 'My dear man, it's going to be the play of the century. The eternal feminine in a setting of tropical splendor—humor, pathos, passion, wit, beauty, moonlight.' And says he, 'Good night! More ukulele stuff! Why don't you get married and cut out the moonshine?'"

(Continued on Page 40)

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The *Newest* of the *New* Oaklands

$1285

Oakland's newest achievement—a six-cylinder, two passenger Coupe for $1285—offers an unequalled value, outstanding and impressive. Nowhere can you match its rugged construction, its pleasing beauty, its wide utility, or its genuine economy at anywhere near its price.

Chassis	$ 895
Roadster	1120
Touring Car	1145
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This newest of the New Oaklands gives you everything you want in a closed car, at a price you will gladly pay. Its overhead-valve, six-cylinder, Oakland-built engine, backed by the 15,000 mile guarantee, assures an abundance of power, with that inherent suppleness and quiet of the six, so desirable in a closed car.

The body is rugged and substantial. It is designed and built exclusively for this Coupe; it is neither a makeshift nor a compromise body. Its thoroughly high-grade construction conforms, in every detail, to the finest coach-making practice. Genuine leathers and rich automobile cloths embellish the interior; plate glass windows of generous proportion afford unobstructed view in all directions.

Wide doors, lever-operated windows, walnut instrument board with silver-faced glass covered instruments, rear-view mirror, visor, windshield cleaner, snubbers, secure door locks, non-skid cord tires and nickeled fittings—all standard equipment—add materially to the beauty and value of this remarkable car.

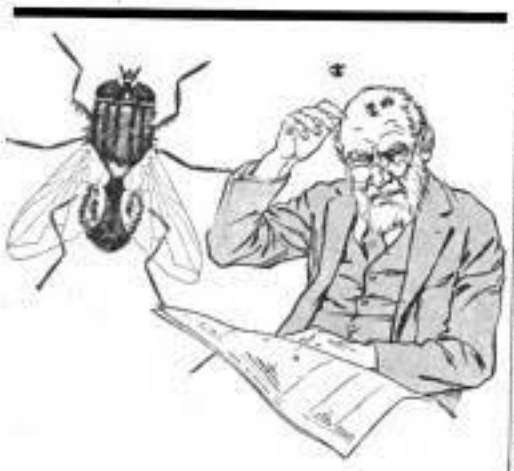
You will appreciate its beauty; you will sense its wide utility; you will enjoy its comfort and convenience. But not until you know the careful and exacting manufacture that has gone into every detail of its construction will you truly marvel that such a fine closed car can be sold at so low a price. At $1285, this newest of the New Oakland 6-44's completes a line that satisfies every motoring taste and requirement.

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OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN
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You should stock Flyosan in the interests of public health—if for no other reason. And there are plenty of other reasons. Write for dealers' prices today.

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SAFE INSECTICIDE
Kills Flies by the Roomful
Copyright 1922, Colonial Chemical Corporation

(Continued from Page 38)

"And what then did you say to that editor?"

"I said then to that editor, 'Great Lord, what did you think I'm going to do? I'm as good as married this minute!'"

"You are?" inquired Sarah Anne in accents that she endeavored to render startled.

"I most certainly am, and you're the last person in the world that should manifest any surprise about it! Now then, how about the packing? I don't think that there's any use in going to Canada first, do you?"

"First before when?"

"First before you get married. As your future husband and present well-wisher I should suggest that sudden changes of climate from Canada to the South Seas are highly undesirable in any case, and particularly undesirable in your case, as there's a nice boat leaving tomorrow afternoon for the island, and our Aunt Madeleine will be perfectly delighted to hear that I've married you—she adores me."

"It is ridiculous how you talk," said Sarah Anne tremulously. "It is ridiculous and idiotic and quite entirely mad to even think of such a thing for one little moment. What time does that boat leave?"

"It leaves at three o'clock," he told her, his voice a good deal unsteadier than her own. "Are—are you coming, Sarah Anne?"

"But naturally I am coming," said Sarah Anne.

Rod crossed the shining space between them in two long strides—and stopped.

"You don't know much about me, do you, darling, darling? I probably oughtn't to marry you at all. I haven't any money to speak of, though you may have noticed that I'm extremely bright, so that I'm liable to make a good deal any minute."

"I have not any either," replied his fiancée. "So that way it will be quite all right and most amusing. And it is absurd to say that I do not know much about you. I know that you have black hair, and eyes that see through everything, and a smile like magic, and brown hands that are strong, and knowledge of all that is desirable to know, and ignorance of all that is stupid to know, and a dearness and a kindness and a foolishness like none I have ever found anywhere. So you see! It is you who do not know anything about me. Not even if I am truly Sarah Anne Carstairs."

"I know that you are truly you. Anything else, in my present state of uncanny lucidity, seems of minor importance."

"Were you not frightened then when you saw of what depravity, of what wickedness and boldness I could be?"

"Well, I wasn't so awfully frightened. You see, you do overdo it just a bit, darling. As a dramatic critic it's my duty to inform you that your various characterizations are just a shade too perfect for Nature. Also I can tell birch beer and licorice and brandy from absinth and vodka, and I happen to have been studying at the Sorbonne at the time of the auto bandits! Who was your friend in the picture?"

"But you are marvelous!" she cried joyously. "Like that Sherlock Holmes—only more. That young man in the picture, he was Marie's brother Leon, but it was not birch beer; no, no, it was cider with tea and brandy and ginger from Jamaica—and, naturally, licorice to make the taste like absinth. You liked it?"

"Like most of the party, I don't believe that I got much beyond the first swallow, darling. Who was the rest of your portrait gallery?"

"Well, the Grand Duke, he is the brother-in-law of Marie, who runs a store of fur skins from Russia in the Rue du Bac, and the one of Carpentier I bought in New York to send back to my little cousin who thinks him a far greater fighter than Foch, and Madame Guilbert's she gave to me, because I took lessons in diction from her for quite a time, and she was adorable enough to think that I showed possibilities as a *diseuse*—what do you call it?—a reciter. Rodman, you do not know how fast and hard I have worked this evening to make that party a failure for me. You do not know how tired, tired, tired I am, now that it is over."

"My blessed little sinner, what am I thinking about to let you stand there? Look, here's a chair with two fat cushions, and a nice piece of floor for me to sit on. Close your eyes—that's better—so."

"No, my eyes I cannot keep closed—I cannot! If you could see all those things I did—to fix those opium pellets from sealing wax and chocolate, and the baking soda for the cocaine, and the ether which Marie used on my slippers—no, to get them all done it required a frenzy! The chest with the pipes and the sofa pillows I found in the Chinese curiosities of my uncle—but there was the dress to arrange and the things to drink, and the work to persuade Patterson and Bowling that it was of an absolute necessity to drag all the things from my uncle's study into the next room, and tomorrow to drag them all back once more. Dinner also—if you could hear how I pleaded with those two great blockheads! Even when I tell them that it is but a farce, a jest, a diversion, they stand there all stiff and stony like they die of horror. No, no—I am exhausted."

"It's tiring to be wicked, isn't it, darling iniquity?"

"Oh, it is nightmare, no less! Hold fast my hands, because I am so tired. What I told about coming here, you see, that was all true; I was so tired just of being alive that I was frightened. For five years—all during the war and after—I was *infirmière*—trained nurse, you know; that time you heard me singing in that Paris canteen I was on my first leave, and I thought my heart would break because it was so sad and monstrous and cruel a world to have to laugh in. If you knew how much more it takes to break a heart than that, Rodman!"

"I know—I know."

"The worst, it was not even that horror of misery we called war. The worst was when it was over, and the whole world went mad trying to forget what they had suffered. You don't know that—Nice and Deauville and Dinard and Paris and Biarritz and London and San Sebastian—I dragged myself through the crazy nightmare of each one of them before I broke all into pieces and frightened my small mother so badly. You don't know what they say, what they think, what they do, those people who are dancing on the graves that they have dragged themselves out of."

"Sarah Anne, we'll find lovely and gentle ways to forget—to forget the horror and remember the splendor."

"Oh, you must find them for me, my Rod dear; I am too tired to look any more. When I come all the way across to America and see how these foolish children are playing with the dreadful fire that I have run and run to escape, I felt sick like I have never felt sick in all my life—and tired—oh, tired. When I feel like that I begin to laugh, because there is nothing else to do except to die. And that I am afraid to do, even when I remember how ugly and absurd and long a thing this life is; so I laugh because the jest, it is on me, without a doubt."

"Sarah Anne, don't, don't! You're forgetting the island, and the moon, and the silver beach." Sarah Anne laid her cheek very softly against his brown hand.

"No, no, I am not forgetting. You are going to teach me all those things I never even knew how to dream. You know, I went straight from that gray Belgian convent out into the war—and straight from the war into the world it left behind it; no one has ever taught me how to dream of peace and happiness and beauty—and I was wearied out trying to teach my foolish self. You do not know how glad I was to see you when you came, how I had missed you when you were not there."

"When you talk that way, my loveliness, how do you think I'm going to be able to say good night to you?"

"Good night—ah, but that is true!" She leaned forward suddenly, the silver flounces spreading about her like a great flower. "You must go, and quickly, because tonight it is late, and tomorrow—tomorrow it is my wedding day. It is possible in America to get married so quickly as that?"

"Yes, God be thanked—there's always Greenwich. We'll take Babbie and Tolly along for chaperons, if you haven't shocked 'em so that they won't speak to you."

Sarah Anne's lovely laughter flooded the quiet room.

"My Rod dear, I tell you something. If I did not run away from this place even one of those strong, wise, shocked men they would be here in this house tomorrow afternoon."

"Darling, I hope that you'll forgive me if I tell you that I doubt it!"

"They would come, I tell you—they would come to save me! They might think that I was more wicked than it is possible to be, but they would know that I would be quiet and gentle and kind—that I might be, oh, most iniquitous, but that I would be oh, most polite; so they would want badly to try to save me."

"Of course, Sarah Anne, there's not a doubt in the world that you are the most unscrupulous and endearing flatterer that ever drew the breath of life."

"Flattery is something in my head, not only on my lips, my Rod. Everywhere here in America we who are women are taught that you who are men are wiser and stronger and braver than we are; we believe that, I think, as though it were true. If it is not true"—the light caressing voice paused and then swept bravely on—"if it is not true—why, then perhaps it is better than truth! I will believe it till I die—it is truer than my laughter when I laugh at you, deeper than my tears when I cry at you; it is because I believe it of you that you must always, always be braver and stronger and wiser."

He bowed his black head suddenly into the small curve of her hands.

"Sarah Anne, who taught you how terrible a weapon gentleness could be?"

Sarah Anne dropped the lightest of kisses on that bowed head.

"It is no weapon—no, no; but it might be for us, perhaps, an armor! Now you will say good night to me, my Rod? I have many dreams that I must sleep through before tomorrow!"

"Ah, I'm a beast to keep you here even one minute longer, little tired angel—but Sarah Anne, couldn't you remember that seven years that I waited to hear you say again? Couldn't you sing good night to me instead of just saying it?"

"Because I am at present an angel." She swayed toward him, all shining with mischievous grace. "Because all good little angels should say good night upon a harp. But no, no, no, I thank you—I am not an angel yet, for which I am very truly grateful. I am that most lucky lady, Sarah Anne Carstairs, who is now glad that life is long, because she has found someone to whom she can sing good night to always and always. Wait now—wait very still, and you shall hear!"

She slipped through the shadows more softly than a shadow; the candlelight fell kindly on her as she knelt by the golden harp in her silver dress. A ripple of falling water, and she was singing.

"Less than the dust beneath thy chariot wheels,"

sang Sarah Anne beneath her breath to her lord and master,

"Less than the rust that never stained your sword.

"Less than ——"

The fairy voice wavered—sank; and Rod swept her up and caught her to him, shaken by sudden panic.

"Oh, life—life's so damned short, Sarah Anne! That devilish miser Time doles out the years to us—twenty—thirty—forty beggarly years to hear you sing."

Sarah Anne stood high on the tips of her gleaming slippers so that she could lay her fingers across his lips.

"Hush!" she whispered, lifting to him the enchanted eyes that danced through tears. "Hush! What folly is this you bring with your talk of forty years? Forty years! No, no, no, you will not so soon be done with my singing! Have you forgotten that it is I who am an angel? Have you forgotten that already I have learned to play upon the harp?"

(THE END)

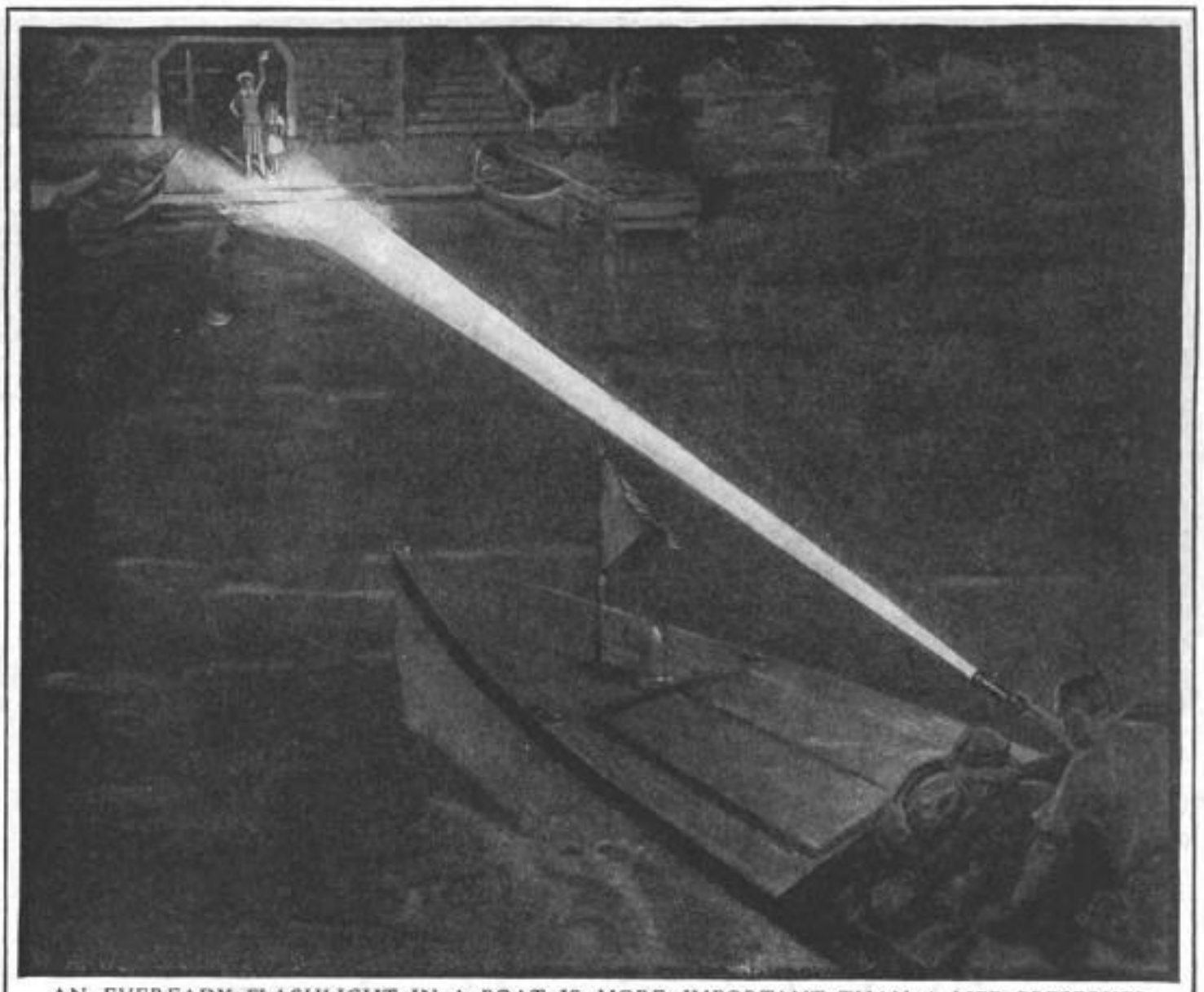


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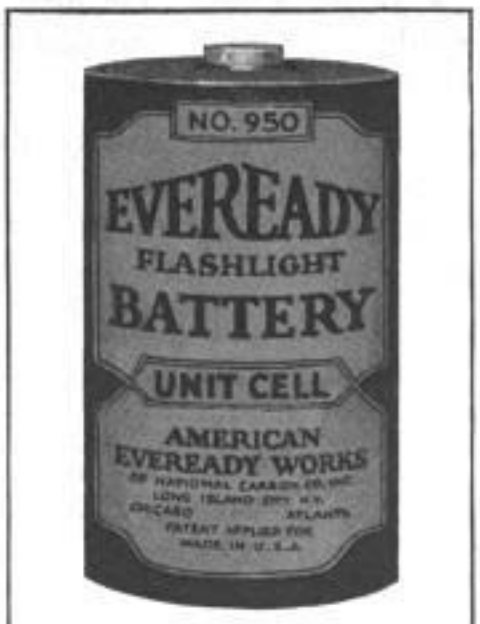
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HOW WILLIE CAME ACROSS

(Continued from Page 7)

So it was her necklace—her necklace after all. Softly he stepped to the door, removed his handkerchief from his sleeve and plugged it in the keyhole. Then he did a curious thing. It seemed almost like a capricious play to fancy. He drew from his pocket another long cigar with its curiously stamped band, but he did not light it. Instead he stared at it intently, sadly shook his head and seated himself the single chair of which his quarters boasted. He sat for a long time very quietly, but finally he sighed. And then he did another curious thing. He crossed his left ankle over his right knee and bent for an instant over the seam in the leg of his trousers. There was a snapping of threads and his hand had moved away. He was pulling something from the seam, something that glittered like the sun on a rippling bay, but more brightly and dazzlingly than sun has ever glittered on water. He was holding a diamond necklace, each stone a thing of beauty, and their aggregate enough to make a more stolid man than he involuntarily catch his breath. No wonder he had forgotten to return it. Yet it was not so grand as she was; no, not half so grand.

For a moment he half closed his eyes, but it was not long before he opened them wide again, and passed a deft hand into his inside pocket. Carefully he smoothed a thumb-marked piece of paper on his knee and diligently perused the penciled writing.

"Dere friend," it read. "The joint is Palermo. I got you, buddy. Hop off the boat. I'll be there. Trust your old buddy to do the rest. Yrs till We Bust—Petto the Wop."

He smiled faintly and closed his eyes again. Before his vivid fancy the events of the day were running—strange crowded moments, tense and stupendous; but always in back of his mind he could see her still, half smiling, but wholly friendly.

Willie had always been a popular guy, popular without courting popularity. Down in Sammy the Swede's billiard parlor, for instance, all the guys used to let out a yell when he came in, and sometimes the birds from the barber shop out front would come waltzing through the door with the lather still on their faces and the towels around their necks just to have Willie hand them the dope. For Willie was a great kidder. But never before had he fully realized his mirth-provoking powers.

From the very first, people wanted to meet him—more friends of Alicia's, and still more. Indeed, as time went on everybody seemed anxious to make his acquaintance. Everybody hung on his words and asked him polite questions.

Even his simplest speeches were received with gales of laughter. And when he sang about the café girl on Broadway at the ship's concert, how they cheered! It was touching, their anxiety to have him keep on singing. How often he wished the guys could see him as he sat in the center of an admiring crowd and made quarters disappear up his sleeve!

More than anything else he wished they could see him as he walked back and forth by the rail with Alicia, his hand courteously supporting her elbow, while she glanced up at him in smiling candor.

Up at Rooney's dance hall in the days before that resort of merry souls was closed to the general public, you used to do a dance where everyone stood in a circle. When the music started you would turn on your heel smartly and grab the hand of the girl beside you, pull her by you, and continue, hand over hand, as it were, along your course. To Willie life sometimes seemed like the mazes of that dance—and now the music was starting again. To put it another way, he was a trousered Cinderella—neatly creased—and the clock was striking twelve.

If he failed to realize the relentless purpose of Fate until the very end it was because he was an opportunist, as anyone must be who leads a varied life. Yet when the moment came he was ready. If he wavered at all it was not through fear or selfishness. It was dark, and he and Alicia were standing by the rail. The day had been cloudy and the night was very black.

"Look," said Alicia. "There's land! See the light? We should be anchored tomorrow early."

"Cheest, lady," said Willie. "You've

"Cheest yourself," she said; "there it is again. It comes and goes. It's a lighthouse."

Willie whistled softly through his teeth.

"You win," he said. "It does come and go—don't it? I wonder what's the big idea. Everything's like that—comes and goes, goes and comes."

"I wonder," said Alicia. "It is funny, isn't it? I wonder what we'll be doing this time tomorrow? What will you be doing, I wonder?"

She was looking at him with unusual kindliness—so kindly that he felt a lump rise in his throat. It was just the way he had felt when he had stood by that rail two weeks before, and had watched the buildings of New York fade into cloudy palaces and disappear. He had a vague wish to expectorate to conceal his emotion. He felt that she would understand, and yet he still refrained.

"I wish I knew," he said wistfully.

"Haven't you ever been here before?" she asked.

"Lady," said Willie, "I've never been two miles east of Broadway."

She laughed a little rippling laugh. He could not understand just why, but somehow she always laughed when she was with him.

"You know," she said, "you've been an awfully—regular guy."

"Tie out the bull," he replied. "Do you think so—honest?"

"Of course I do," she said.

"Lady," said Willie slowly, "you've been white to me. You gave me a knockdown to your swell friends. You gave me a good time, and you didn't know who I was—see? You've been a game sport, lady."

Alicia laughed again.

"Tie out the bull," she said.

"I wish I could afford to be as white to you," sighed Willie; "but times are hard, lady."

"I haven't been very nice to you really," said Alicia on a sudden impulse. "It's just been funny—that's all."

"Can it," said Willie. "But say—you'll remember me sometimes, will you?"

"I certainly will," she said.

He looked at the light again, and wanted to say some more, but what was the use of lingering? He had not known he would feel so badly. He had thought it would be a simple matter, but instead he was experiencing a most uncomfortable sensation. Deliberately and with open eyes he had double-crossed a friend. No wonder he was hissing a tuneless melody through his teeth when he opened his stateroom door.

He opened his stateroom door, and then he stopped whistling. He had always been neat and careful about his things, but now —— He gave a swift lurch forward and closed the door behind him, and instinctively his hand dropped toward his hip pocket. He had always been neat, and now —— The clothing he had hung so carefully on the pegs on the wall was disarranged, the box of cigars at the foot of his berth had been opened. His face became as immobile as though it was carved from marble. His suitcase had been exactly in the corner, but now it was two feet nearer the washstand. Someone had been searching his room. Noiselessly he bolted his door and stuffed his handkerchief in the keyhole. Yes, the clock had struck twelve and the ball was over.

The steady pounding of the Sicilia's turbines had dwindled to a low and fitful murmur when Willie opened his stateroom door again. It was very early in the morning, so early that the day was still soft and misty and the lights were still on in the Sicilia's passages. He opened the door at first the merest crack, and then stood very still. Then he opened it wider and glided, a dark and silent shadow, into the passage. In three noiseless bounds Willie was through the door that led to the second-class deck. And then for the first time in his life he shivered, not from the cold, because it wasn't very cold, but because everything seemed queer.

It was still hardly light, but even in the shadows he had never seen a joint like that before. The trouble was that it did not look real. It was like something in the movies, one of those movies that are educational and make you shut your eyes. In front of Willie something into the mist was

like that. There wasn't a house over three stories, and all of them were colored—like in a stage set. Yes, exactly like in a stage set. And that wasn't all—not all by five fingers. In back of the town were mountains rolling up toward the sky, so high that they swept back into the sky itself, to be lost in a rack of cloud and mist. Was this to be his journey's end?

The Sicilia was still moving, but she was almost drifting now, and the mist was beginning to clear. Down by the water he could make out a forest of masts and spars, masts of little fishing boats, and from the shore he could hear strange calls, like the noise of many venders on the East Side at home. Then something else caught his attention and quickened his pulse. Out from the nest of masts there had glided a long thin launch. In the stern of the launch, easily discernible to Willie's keen eyes, was standing a man in uniform. Willie knew what that meant. It was time to be going.

Hastily he leaned over the rail and then he saw a welcome sight. Close beside the Sicilia was a little boat, a queer boat, but a boat just the same. It was queer because it was painted all red and blue, and at the bow and stern were two useless protuberances of wood, carved and ornate. But that wasn't the queerest thing about it. In the boat a bird was rowing, standing up; a bird who looked about to do a vaudeville act. His pants were all covered with patches, and he had a red undershirt torn in the back. A toboggan cap incased his long black hair, and he had a beard and earrings. But Willie was an observant guy; he had seen them like that before, though not so bad. That bird was a Wop. But what was a Wop doing in a boat? Anyone like that should have been pushing a handcart—selling oranges and peanuts along frequented ways.

He was looking up at Willie and grinning a horrible bearded grin.

"*Sigaretti*," he said. "*Fasore*," and propelled his boat nearer the Sicilia's side.

Willie was used to acting quickly. Beside him, lashed to the rail, was a life preserver and a long coil of rope. Willie produced a knife from his side pocket. A second later the rope was cut and tied to the rail.

At times like those the well-lubricated wheels of his mind revolved at phenomenal speed. Once he was sliding down the rope he was as quick and accurate as the man who turns pancakes in the restaurant window. He had to drop the last ten feet of his journey—first, because the rope was not long enough, and second, because he heard a frantic splashing of oars beneath him.

Willie fixed the boatman with a hard stare. For his part, he was looking at Willie with his mouth half open, seemingly bereft of speech. But suddenly he uttered a loud and angry cry.

"*Walgo!*" said Willie, drawing hastily on the Italian phrases he had heard at home. "You shutta da mouth—see?"

But for some inexplicable reason he couldn't understand Italian, for he uttered a still louder cry. An ugly smile appeared on Willie's pale lips, and he hopped across the thwart.

Willie struck him clean on the jaw. Then Willie took the oars and rowed for shore. That was all there was to it—a crack on the jaw and a brisk row. The Gordian knot was cut and he was free. Willie rowed toward an old wrecked schooner by a stone breakwater. He did not bother to tie the boat, but left it hastily and darted to the land. The first thing was to get away from the water, and Willie did it. He turned up a narrow street, lighted a cigarette and walked away, cool, observant and brazen, to face the unknown.

How was he to know that the worst day in his life was just beginning?

Ever since he had been able to work a chewing-gum machine without the requisite penny he had been a being sufficient unto himself, and able to cope with each vicissitude of the world he knew. It was impossible for him to suspect that he was pathetic, credulous and ignorant, now that the scenes were changed.

But almost at the beginning he had a slight shock. An old man was coming toward him down the street, an old man with



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His shoes had holes in them, and he was picking his way forward with a cane.

"Hi, buddy!" said Willie genially. "Feelin' your oats?"

But the old man only looked at him vaguely and answered with one word.

"*Sigaretti*," he said.

"Why, sure," said Willie. "Stick it in your face, kiddo. Now you showa me da placa to eata. Getta me?"

The old man only stared at him vaguely. Didn't anybody in this town understand anything?

It really seemed as though they didn't. Around a corner came a little boy, a bright little boy with ragged pants. He saw Willie and hurried toward him.

"*Sigaretti*," he said.

"Smoke up," said Willie.

"You speak Engleesh?" the other inquired.

"Boy!" cried Willie, slapping him on the shoulder, "I'll say I do! Listen, buddy. Do you know a guy here named Petto the Wop?"

"You speak Engleesh?" said the boy. "Good morning!"

"Huh?" said Willie.

"Good morning."

And that was all he could say. He was a half-wit too.

Willie sighed and went on his way. Was there anything wrong, he wondered. Everyone was looking at him, and no one could say anything at all. Pretty soon even his spirits began to flag. It was all so very queer. Everything was queer—phony. Everyone had on phony clothes but Willie. All the houses were phony. He decided that he must be in the foreign section of the town.

Everywhere people were shouting in loud meaningless voices. He tried his best to walk by coldly and easily, but his efforts became less and less successful. For almost two hours he walked aimlessly about before he even had a ray of hope. Then he came into a little open square all covered with stones. In the middle of the square was a statue of a bird with all his clothes off. It was just like all the statues in that place. None of them had clothes, but this one was funnier than the rest. A stream of water was coming out of his mouth, gushing high in the air, and falling down into a basin. The little square was all full of people, all hollering at one another like the Wops at home. But they all looked phony, queerer than the Italians of Grand Street, queerer than those of the Bronx. There wasn't a whole pair of pants to the lot of them, and some of them didn't have shoes. There wasn't one who didn't look like a vaudeville skit. Some were sitting in the sun, and some were dipping jars in the basin of water, and some with pants made out of skin with the hair outside were standing by little carts, smoking pipes. And the dump carts, they looked like a circus! Not a cart that wasn't painted like a band wagon, all over with beautiful pictures; and not a cart that was pulled by a horse. Little donkeys were in the shafts, little donkeys that wagged their ears. He was in the Italian quarter of the town, all right.

But then in his darkest moment Willie had a ray of hope. Across from where he was standing was a dirty little building of yellow plaster, with a big sign above the door, a sign as welcome as the handclasp of a friend—American Bar! Willie almost ran to that American Bar. But that was like a dream, too, because when he got there it wasn't a bar at all; just a dirty black little room with a dirty little table.

"Hey!" cried Willie. "Shove up the suds!" And nobody understood that, either.

It was the first time that he was badly frightened. If they couldn't understand plain English in a place called an American bar could they understand it anywhere? He felt weak and faint as he hurried to the door.

"Cheest!" murmured Willie. "They're all Wops! The whole burg's Italian!"

Just outside the door, however, he encountered a new adventure which made even this grisly suspicion a light matter. Beside one of those colored carts was standing a guy in uniform. He had a cape around his shoulders, and a funny little cap with rooster's feathers. For a second Willie stood as though turned to stone. That guy was giving him the once-over, and that guy was a bull!

Willie walked to the corner of a dirty little alley. But once around the corner his feet seemed to have wings, so speedily did they bear him over the cobbles.

Couldn't he ever find some quiet place? Wasn't there a single regular guy anywhere? He walked and walked, looking for that regular guy. He must have walked for two hours. He began to be afraid to try to say anything. Everyone was so queer that it was dangerous. Three times as he turned a corner he saw a cap with rooster's feathers, and once a great big bird with spurs and boots and a sword, and each time he turned and ran. In a little while all the bulls in town would be wise, and here he was as easy to spot as an electric sign. Wasn't there anyone—anyone at all?

It was quite a long time later that he happened to look over his shoulder. His heart nearly stopped beating at what he saw. There was another of those birds with a rooster feather in his hat. He had come around the corner right where Willie had been walking. He was looking at Willie. Willie made for a flight of steps. He heard a shout behind him. He whirled round a corner and out into the sun.

Could you beat it? There was that little square again, and the same painted carts, and the same bird in uniform.

Willie was a game guy, but he knew it was nearly over. He stared wildly about him. He was out of breath and his hands were trembling.

Then, right behind him, he heard the toot of an automobile. He heard a voice calling him, a pleasant quiet voice.

"Lady!" said Willie hoarsely. "Lady!"

It was Alicia, Alicia and the old dame, in the back of a big red automobile.

Yes, Willie was a game guy, but even a game guy sometimes has his lapses, when he forgets that a gentleman of the world should never give way to an emotion. He had a funny buzzing noise in his ears just then, and little black spots seemed to float across the square.

"So there you are," said Alicia. "Now isn't that funny? Father has been looking for you all morning."

Willie pulled his cap from his moist and matted hair. His voice had a peculiar break in it.

"Cheest," he said. "Cheest, lady."

Though that was all he said, he said it with a reverence, deep-ringing and sincere. She was smiling at him as she always did, but her smile seemed to have the radiance of a bright and kindly light.

"Have you been seeing the town?" asked Alicia.

"Yes," said Willie simply. "I've seen all I want, lady."

She looked at him kindly and laughed. He must have looked funny out there all alone with his hair all matted, and his collar all dirty, and mud all spattered over his pants and boots.

"Why, mother," she said, "why don't we take him with us? Father said we ought to have a man."

"But perhaps he has something else to do," the old lady suggested.

"Misses," said Willie, with the courtly grace that never quite deserted him, "tie out the bull. It's a pleasure to be anywhere with you—see?"

"Hop in then!" cried Alicia, and Willie hopped.

"Drive ahead, Emilio," said Alicia.

"Isn't Emilio nice?" Alicia whispered. "We brought him from New York. He's so glad to get home again."

"Cheest," said Willie. "He must be nutty too."

The big red automobile glided forward. Willie grinned and half closed his eyes.

"Say, lady," he inquired, "have you got a sandwich on you?"

"Oh!" they both cried. "Haven't you had anything to eat?"

Willie made a sweeping comprehensive gesture.

"Folks," he said, "they're all nutty in this joint. They don't grab off anything—see? Say—these birds don't even get me when I speak Italian!"

The old lady looked at Willie, and suddenly burst out laughing, but Willie didn't mind. They had handed him a sandwich, a large sandwich, from a wicker luncheon basket. Again the sun felt warm and benignant, and again he felt like a strong man who has run a race.

"You haven't even asked us where we are going," said Alicia.

"Cheest," said Willie. "What do I care?"

"Well," said Alicia, "you must sit up now, and you mustn't close your eyes. We're going to a wonderful place, a place that Emilio knows all about. We're going up into the mountains to a temple."

As stolid a guy as Willie was, he loved the beautiful, for, like other geniuses, he had a strain of romance; and poetic sentiment, too, when he had a sandwich in his stomach. They had passed the last of the little stone houses now, and were going on a muddy road between high walls of masonry—up and up. Sometimes you could look over the walls and see fields, with grand little trees, all in rows, trees that had leaves gray as mice, yet shining like silver. Sometimes you could see little houses that looked like the houses in the toy-store windows at Christmastime, and sometimes flowers grew in the chinks of the wall, so that the very stones looked like a florist's on Fifth Avenue, save that they never had a sky like that out there. It was hard to assume a cynical exterior when you saw things like that. Gradually the beady glitter died out of Willie's eyes. The studied repression left his lips. He yawned.

"Oh," said Alicia. "You're not bored already?"

"Cheest, no," said Willie. "I'm just tired. You wouldn't get me, but the whole place makes me tired. Cheest, lady, it makes me feel nutty."

"I know what you mean," said Alicia. "It doesn't seem real."

"No," said Willie respectfully, "it's like a scenic railway at Coney when you've had a drink. Have you ever tried it, lady?"

The car rounded another curve and Willie held his breath. It was like a scenic railway. Ahead of him were the mountains he had seen from the ship, looming higher now as they approached them, great rugged monsters with deep ravines and rock bowlders that seemed somehow soft and kindly against that velvet sky. Was it any wonder that for hours he forgot that he was a complete man of the world? Greater men than he had felt a silent awe, a simple childish wonder as they crossed those mountains.

Perhaps, however, he only partly forgot, for he was a successful man. And as successful men have a sixth sense, which watches while they sleep and play, so must have been that sense which warned him as time went on. The place was becoming lonelier. There seemed to be some electrical change in the air. Willie moved restlessly and began to look at Emilio's neck. It was brown and ordinary, with close-curled black hair running down the scruff. Willie looked at Emilio's ear and began whistling through his teeth.

The road was becoming rougher. The car was lurching from side to side and was puffing loudly. The little stone houses were becoming fewer and fewer. Big rocks were casting shadows in front of them, and great big plants that he had never seen before were growing out of those rocks—plants with ugly bulbous leaves as big as your head, leaves with prickles over them like the top of the penitentiary wall.

"Say," said Willie at length, "there's something phony about this, lady."

"Phony?" said Alicia. "Why, what a funny word!"

Willie blew on his finger nails and polished them briskly on his sleeve.

"Listen," he said, "no reasonable guy would build a temple in a joint like this. That's phony."

And it was phony. The whole place was phony now; not a sound except the automobile; not one of those guys with skirt pants; not a donkey; not a goat—just nothing. Willie hissed softly between his teeth and looked thoughtfully at Emilio's neck.

Panting and puffing the red car struggled on. Suddenly Willie sat bolt upright. He had seen something that had made him forget the world again.

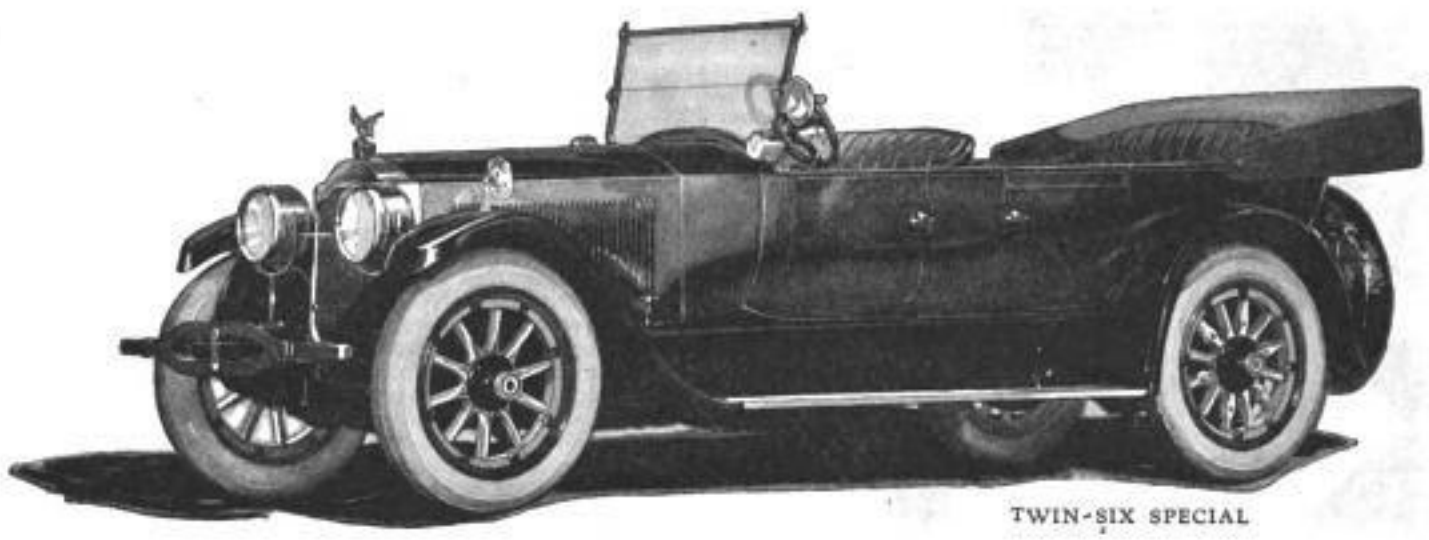
"Oh!" cried Alicia. "How lovely! How darling!"

They hadn't been reasonable guys, after all, because there was the temple. It stood up on a little shelf of rocks, perhaps half a mile away, outlined sharp against the sky. It was as lonely and silent as the rocks themselves; lonely, but very beautiful. It looked like one of those little houses on top of a big frosted cake, except the sun was shining clean against it, making it all golden. He never quite knew why it made him feel the way it did, because, when you took it one way, it was just as phony as everything else. Perhaps it was so beautiful because it stood so still and almost seemed to radiate silence. Emilio stopped the car and they just sat looking.

"Can we climb up there?" asked Willie in a hushed voice.

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They crush at a touch and melt away into fascinating granules.

No other process ever created a grain food anywhere near so delightful. Mix them also with your berries.

(Continued from Page 44)

"We certainly can," said Alicia. "Come on, mother, Emilio can wait for us."

She was pointing to a little winding path that lost itself among the rocks.

"Cheest," said Willie, scrambling out of the car, and professionally alert. "Maybe there's some stuff inside it."

"Perhaps there is," said Alicia. "You never can tell."

Her voice was soft, and her eyes were looking away beyond the temple, away beyond everything. She had never been grander.

"Almost anything might happen here," she said.

Willie started and became very grave.

They were climbing up and up between the rocks in single file, Alicia first, and Willie helping the old dame.

It was a tough walk. You couldn't get a grip on things. You kept sliding back. They had come among some big rocks and the temple was lost to view. Then the way became more level, and they reached a little open space all surrounded by big stones and more of those queer plants.

"Let's stop and rest a moment," said Alicia, and she stopped, looking straight ahead of her.

Just then Willie felt a tingling feeling in the back of his neck. He had heard a noise behind him. His right hand shot into the side pocket of his coat and he flattened himself against a rock.

At almost the same moment Alicia gave a little stifled scream, and before he knew what he was doing Willie was beside her. Right there in the path in front of her a big guy had stepped from behind a rock, and was giving her the eye. He was different from anyone Willie had seen before. It must have been years since he had pushed the cushions of a barber's chair. He had a mane like the wild men of Borneo. He had a bandanna rag tied round his head. He was holding a shotgun.

First he looked at Alicia, then he looked at Willie.

For just an instant Willie stood as though turned to stone. His eyes were like darting points of light. His face had grown as white as a sheet of paper, but Willie was a hard guy.

"Stand to one side, lady," he said politely; "you spoil the view."

Then, before he could continue, something else happened. He heard a voice saying something he didn't understand, and then there were birds all around him, sliding out from behind the rocks, all of them big birds, all of them with guns.

It all happened in just a second. Before anyone else really knew what it was all about, Willie knew that just one thing was left for a guy like him.

"Ladies," said Willie, "hop back to the buzz wagon. I'm the guy they want."

It was a great moment, great with the glory of sacrifice. About him the halo of the martyr. He spat hastily before him and stood quite still. His head was erect, even in defeat.

"Boys," he said gravely, "you win. Bring out the wrist muffs."

He felt their eyes upon him. He felt Alicia looking at him, and expanded his chest.

"And when you take me in, boys," he added, raising his voice, "you can tell 'em this—and don't you forget it—see? You can tell 'em I'm a perfect gentleman—when ladies is around."

Suddenly he gave a little start. Was it possible, the sound he heard? He looked at Alicia with pity and soft reproach, and his eyes felt hot. She was laughing—actually laughing a broken little laugh.

"Lady," said Willie, "I hadn't thought you were that kind of a dame."

"You stupid!" cried Alicia a little hysterically. "Why should anyone want you? They want our rings. That's what they want. Don't you see they're bandits?"

Willie raised a trembling hand to his brow. If he were standing on the threshold of the promised land his expression could have been no different. Still with his hand on his right coat pocket he looked at the bearded faces, no longer coldly but with pleasant trusting candor.

"Buddies," he cried, "bring on the drinks! It's grand to see a friendly face!"

Then he drew a sharp breath. He was looking up the path, and instinctively they all followed the direction of his glance. Down the path was coming another little man—an individual that looked something like Willie, as though they had both been made under the same auspices. L Willie, he was a strange and incongru spectacle in that place. He had o brown suit, which bore something of grandeur of the creation which Willie w although it was bagged and wrinkled f travel. He had on a brown derby thrust far back from his forehead, expos a mat of curly black hair. He had bla sparkling eyes that darted birdlike glan and skin like a ripe olive, and shiny te

"Cheest," said Willie in a low underto "It's Petto the Wop!"

"Mercy!" exclaimed Alicia. "You d know him, do you?"

They were game, all right, those ladies. They had hardly let out a peep, now they were just standing still. The dame had a proud, stagy expressi Alicia's face was pale, but she had a fa half smile on her lips which recalled from unpleasant reverie to the needs of present.

"Know him, lady," said Willie. "I business way. That's all."

He glanced up hurriedly at the appro ing brown derby and made a sliding s close to her side.

"Listen, lady," he whispered. " gonna be all right—see? You're a frien mine—see? I'll protect you, lady."

Even she could see that his face alight with high resolve. His smile firm yet kindly. Slowly, as though re ing a momentous decision, he stepped front of the old dame and Alicia, and t was a gentle clicking sound in his pocket.

Petto had stopped, stopped perfe dead. His mouth had opened, but he m no sound. His eyes looked a little bu He shaded them with his right hand better to see the apparition before him

There was something strange and int about those two little men as they s there face to face. Though they were l quite calm they were circumspect an served, like two doctors who meet una over the bedside of some rich patient.

"Hi, Petto," said Willie with an atte at nonchalance, though his eyes rema beady and still. "Where were you morning—huh, Petto?"

There must have been something turbing in Willie's question, for w Petto replied his voice had a slight tre in it which one could hardly lay to liquid foreign accent.

"Forget it, kiddo," he said. "Shak hand—see?"

And he smiled a nervous oily smile.

"You didn't know you'd see me, did Petto?" said Willie. "Cheest, it's a g surprise!"

Petto looked at the bearded silent behind him and then back at Willie.

"Shaka da hand, kid," said Petto a tionately.

But Willie still kept his hand insid coat pocket.

"Say, Petto," said Willie, "why d you meet me at the boat—huh? Like said you would—huh?"

Again Petto glanced at the big l around him and lowered his voice al to a whisper.

"Bulls," said Petto. "Forget it, kid, shaka da hand."

But Willie still kept his hand in his coat pocket.

"Petto," he replied slowly, "maybe don't know it, but you don't start thing here—see? These dames are fri of mine."

There was a second's silence, and Petto answered, very soft and sm "Say," said Petto. "You better no funny."

"Say," said Willie with something horror, "say—you don't mean to tell you don't mean you're going to try hold-up stuff on me?"

For answer Petto said something l which Willie couldn't understand, every one of those big birds was aim him with a double-barreled shotgun, j though he was a real bird and not a h one.

It was like one of those penny-in-th machines in that halcyon land acros sea, where you put your head in a box, and turn the crank and look a pictures. First, you see a picture o men doing nothing, and then—click! Willie and Petto had been standing and motionless, stiff and polite, and Petto was suddenly active and menac though something had been turned inside his little body.

(Continued on Page 49)

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(Continued from Page 46)

"So—you little stiff!" he snarled, shaking his fist under Willie's nose. "You try to get fresh with me—hey? You think you're a highbrow, hey? You think you're back on Broadway, do you? Why should I meet you at the boat? Ask me—why should I? Why should I be on the level with a little squirt like you? Say, you make me sick! Say, what did you ever do for me at home? Gave me the laugh—hey? Called me a Wop—hey?"

Petto paused for an instant, but continued to shake his fist.

"Maybe you forget you kicked me out of Sam Sweeney's joint—hey? Didn't I tell you then I'd get you? And mebbe I haven't got you now—hey?"

"Look here," said Willie stoically. "What are you tryin' to do? That's what I want to know."

"Do?" Petto suddenly became quite calm. "I'll tell you what I'm trying to do. I'm going to take these two dames to a place I know, and keep 'em there until they pay me ten thousand dollars. That's what I'm trying to do—and you better not get funny about it—see?"

"You don't mean kidnaping?" gasped Willie.

"That's what," said Petto simply. "And now I've heard enough from you. This is my busy hour—see? You throw up the hands and shut the mouth—see?"

Willie had always prided himself on his manners on occasions like this. He gave a long slow whistle, but he did not move an inch.

"Queek!" cried Petto. "You t'row up da hand!"

But Willie just stood perfectly still.

"You hear me?" snarled Petto.

Willie sighed and nestled his hand deeper in his right coat pocket.

"Petto," he said, "you got hayseed in your hair. They shoot, and you and me will be pushing the pansies together—see?"

He leaned forward, and suddenly his voice sounded like a file against iron:

"Say, you poor Wop, you move a finger and I blow off your bean—see? I got a gun on you—see? And you know what kind of a guy I am."

Could anything have been spoken more elegantly under such circumstances? Could anything have been more finely attuned to ladies' ears? There was a restraint and courtesy about it that smacked of the old school, and yet no one could doubt the hand of iron beneath the velvet glove. Somehow without saying another word he had become a man to whom all paid involuntary homage. Even Petto must have felt it, for he stood perfectly quiet just as Willie directed.

"Petto," said Willie, "it's tough to do this, but I'm a polite guy—see? Call off the stage gang. Tell 'em to beat it—see? And I won't do a thing. We'll just talk on the quiet—you and me and the ladies—see?"

Petto cleared his throat and looked at Willie almost timidly. Perhaps Petto knew more about Willie than the rest.

"Then," he said hoarsely, "you givva me da double cross—huh?"

"Petto," said Willie, "ladies is around. I'm going to treat you white."

"You tell me how I know," suggested Petto.

There was a moment's silence. Then Willie's answer rang out proud and strong:

"How will a guy like you know when I'm on the square? I'll tell you how—see? Because I hand you my word—the word of an American crook! That's how!"

No wonder his voice trembled. No wonder the love of country made his heart beat faster.

"Send 'em off, Petto," he said sadly. "Give 'em the nod. Don'tcher see they're bothering the ladies?"

And Petto said something in that weird tongue, and a moment later they were standing alone.

Was ever a man of the world placed in a more embarrassing position? Willie passed his hand across his forehead. He had wanted to appear so grand before those ladies, and now they had his number. He was a crook. He had never been ashamed of being a crook before, but somehow in this gathering his calling did not possess its usual glamour. He drew a deep breath and stuck his brown derby a trifle more to one side, and even his English became more perfect in his moment of triumph.

"Sure," he said, "I let 'em go. They pay me ten thousand dollar. That's all."

"Petto," said Willie, "I've been in a lot of tough places, but none of them was tougher than this. Maybe you might be nut enough to do it. I don't know."

"Of course he wouldn't," said Alicia suddenly. "He's just trying to frighten us. Or, if he wants to take us—why, let him. I'm sure it would be most amusing."

Could you beat it? She was still smiling. She was still as cool as a barkeep. She was grand, all right, that girl; and the old dame was grand too. Even at a time like that he could feel that what she said was very splendid.

"Can it," he said firmly. "I'm doing the talking here. Petto, I said I'd protect these ladies—see?"

He paused and began pulling with deft fingers at his coat lapel.

"Petto," he said simply, "you let these dames go. You send 'em back in the taxi. And I go back, too, and I give you this!"

There was a noise of ripping threads, and Willie's hand began to move away. Slowly, reluctantly, he was pulling something from the lining of his coat, something that sparkled like a hundred suns. They were watching him now with something between awe and astonishment. Petto's hand shook and his eyes began to glitter.

The old dame had a funny comedy look.

"Petto," said Willie, "you come across, and I come across—see?"

For a moment, however, no one spoke. It was hard to speak when you saw the thing that Willie was holding carelessly in his hand. Then Alicia broke the silence.

"Heavens!" she cried. "If it isn't my diamond necklace!"

She was not looking, however, at that tempting array of jewels. Instead she was staring straight at Willie, quite as though he were a perfect stranger. Nor was she staring coldly, but rather with silent wonder.

"Heavens!" said Alicia again. "Now who would have thought of that?"

There was no doubt about it. She was as cool a lady as Willie was a cool and gallant bird. In that fateful moment he never so much as winced, though his heart was leaden and his feet felt like sodden clay.

"Honest now," he said with the sad resignation which belongs only to the truly great, "I wouldn't of took it if I'd known it was yours. How was I to know you'd be a friend of mine? Don't you get it? Don't you see? It's tough on me too lady. It's my necklace now."

"Hey!" said Petto quickly. "All right, kiddo. Veree good—see? You give it to me now!"

Willie laughed a light but bitter laugh.

"Petto," he said, "you must think I'm green. You get it when the ladies is safe—when we're in the buzz wagon and Emilio has turned the crank—see? That's when you get it, kiddo."

Petto smiled radiantly.

"Step out, kiddo," he said. "I'm on."

Petto turned and walked down the path. Then came Willie, his chin sunk on his chest, his automatic dangling listlessly in his long fingers. Then came the two dames, awed and silent.

His face as he walked along had become as expressionless and watchful as a Monte Carlo croupier's, until the red automobile was in sight.

"Ladies," he said sadly, "hop into the buzz wagon."

"Hey!" cried Petto anxiously.

"Petto," said Willie patiently, "won't you never get wise? I can't pull anything! You tell Emilio to crank her up."

There was a buzzing from the motor, and Emilio got to his seat. Willie sidled towards the running board.

"Emilio," he said, "start going—slow."

"You come across," cried Petto more loudly, "or I call de gang!"

Willie drew his left hand from his side pocket. He was holding the diamond necklace. There was a grinding of gears and the car began to move.

"Hey!" shrieked Petto, and then he stopped. The necklace was nestled in the palm of his hand. Willie was standing on the running board, twirling his automatic, [illegible] to move faster. He sighed rocks with a gun on me all the time! It was tough—I'll say it was!"

They needn't have been so hard on a guy, those two dames. They might have said something, but they didn't. Instead they both sat looking at him in stony silence. They were dropping down from the clouds now into a stern and ruthless world. Again he seemed to feel cold fingers clutching him. Already the bay seemed nearer, and the houses of the town were no longer little and beautiful.

"Cheest, lady," said Willie.

But she did not reply. She just looked at him in a funny way. There was not a trace of mirth in that look, nothing at all of that old friendly gayety. Her eyes were large and solemn. Her hands lay listlessly in her lap; and the old dame looked solemn too—solemn and very pale.

"You needn't be so hard on a guy," he said more loudly.

But still no one answered. She still was looking at him in that funny, mirthless way.

"Honest," said Willie desperately, "I tried to be a regular guy." His voice became strained in an agony of self-justification. "Honest now. It isn't every guy I know who would of done what I did. Don'tcher see I feel bad too?"

He was not entirely sure, but he thought her lips relaxed. He gave a little start. She had laid a hand on his arm.

"You didn't need to try to be a regular guy," she said softly; "because you are one. You've been one all the time."

Willie looked a little dazed. He drew a deep strangled breath. He had a queer suspicion of unreality. But she was still speaking on in a voice that seemed as soft and sweet as distant music.

"And you mustn't feel badly about the necklace," she was saying. "Of course you couldn't help it. You couldn't help it at all. And why shouldn't you have stolen it? I should have felt a little badly if you had thought it wasn't worth stealing, because, you see"—her voice gave way to a stifled little laugh—"because, you see, I was rather proud of that necklace."

"Say," gasped Willie. "Say! You mean you're not sore?"

"Of course we're not," she answered.

He could seem to feel the wheels of his mind whirling, pushing him on to some strange resolve. If she had only not said it, but she had. What was a guy to do when a lady was as grand as that?

Little wrinkles came to his narrow forehead and his hand clutched convulsively at his knee.

"Lady," he said slowly, "do you still mean I'm a regular guy?"

He felt her hand tighten on his arm, but it was the old dame who spoke.

"Of course she means it," said the old dame, "and you mustn't feel badly. Really you mustn't. Don't you see you did everything you could, that you were very brave? Don't you see? Why we both of us understand."

And then he did an absurd thing.

Then he leaned down and fumbled at the leg of his muddy trousers. The car swayed and there was a sound of ripping cloth. He leaned back. He was holding something in his hand, holding it toward Alicia.

"Here, lady," he said hastily, "take it—take it quick before I change my mind. I must be nutty, but there's something about you gets me, lady. Take it, and the next time take a tip from a guy who knows. Put it in the safe deposit—see?"

Rattling and swaying with the motion of the car but gripped fast between his fingers was Alicia's diamond necklace.

"Mercy!" she cried. "Where did it come from?"

"Didn't you see me pull it outa my pants?" he inquired.

"But I saw you give it to that man!" cried Alicia.

Willie sighed wearily.

"Folks," he said, "but you must think I'm a simple guy. Did you think I'd hand him a thing like that?"

"But you did give it to him," Alicia persisted.

"Lady," said Willie, "when a guy like me does a job he does it right—see? A guy like me always has two of anything—see? You never can tell, lady, when accidents may happen."

Suddenly Alicia gave a little laugh.

"Oh!" she cried. "How splendid! And [illegible] other ——"

You can join the "Edgeworth Club"

There are thousands of members, most of whom don't realize they belong. There are no initiation fees. No dues. No assessments.

Nearly every man who smokes a pipe is either a member or a prospective member. (We say "nearly" because there are some men who find Edgeworth not just right for them.)

Any pipe-smoker becomes a member of the "Edgeworth Club" as soon as he starts to smoke Edgeworth.

It won't dawn on him at first, perhaps, but after he has smoked a few cans he will notice other Edgeworth smokers.

He will find a comradeship that he shares with them—not easy to explain or understand, but real and lasting.

Suddenly he knows *he belongs*—that he is a life member of the "Edgeworth Club."

Edgeworth smokers are generally good, likable chaps. It isn't smoking Edgeworth of course, that makes them so. They happen to be the kind of men who choose Edgeworth.



If you have never tried Edgeworth and think you might like to join the "Club," we'll be glad to introduce you as our guest.

Write to us.

A post card will do. Just send us your name and address and say "I'd like to try Edgeworth," and we'll send you free samples of Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed. If you'll add the name and address of the dealer you usually buy your tobacco from, we'd appreciate the courtesy.

Edgeworth comes Ready-Rubbed or Plug Slice.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is already rubbed for you. You pour it straight from the can into the bowl of your pipe.

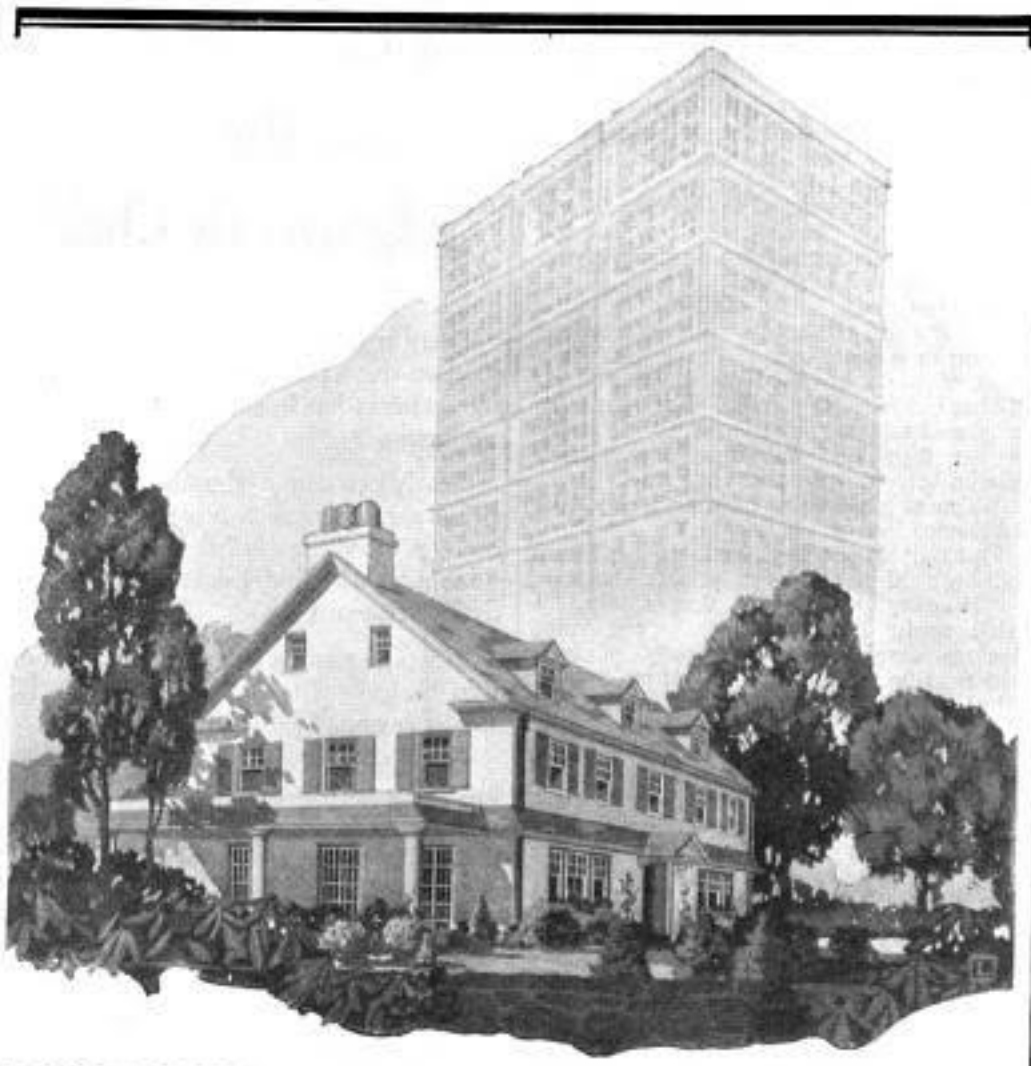
Both kinds pack nicely, light quickly, and burn freely and evenly.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket size packages, in handsome tin humidors and glass jars, and also in various handy in-between quantities.

For the free samples address Larus & Brother Company, 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a [illegible]

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THE BIGGEST INVESTMENT OF YOUR LIFE IS YOUR HOME



SEND FOR THIS BOOKLET

It contains instructive information on pipe costs and the best installation methods. Also literature on Reading Cut Nails, which hold, and prevent squeaking floors.

WHEN you buy or build a home, it's not merely a purchase, it's a huge investment—a life-long investment from which you want a high percentage of dividends in low upkeep and in happiness.

A building like the Western Union Building, Welles and Bosworth, Architects, is an investment too—only much bigger. It is built with all the care and economy that can possibly be put into any structure. The plumbing system is installed with the pipe that endures—Reading Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe.

Reading Pipe resists rust and consequent corrosion. It gives long life that is free from the expense and annoyance of pipe replacement. Its ultimate cost is so low that you can't afford not to use it.

So, if you build a home, don't take it for granted that the right pipe will be installed—see for yourself that Reading Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe is used. And if you buy a home, look for the Reading imprint on the pipe. It assures you of an investment that gives big returns in long uninterrupted service.



STEEL *IRON*

The above are actual unretouched photographs of vent pipes on Wanamaker's Store, Philadelphia. Both these pipes were installed in 1907. Under like conditions Reading Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe far outlived the steel pipe. Note conditions of both pipes.



"'Reading' on every length"

READING IRON COMPANY
READING, PENNA.

BOSTON, NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE, PITTSBURGH, CINCINNATI, CHICAGO, FORT WORTH, LOS ANGELES

World's Largest Producers of Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe

READING
GUARANTEED GENUINE
WROUGHT IRON PIPE

"But why are you giving it back?" Alicia asked. "You didn't need to. You didn't need to at all."

His brow wrinkled again, but when he spoke he failed to give his real reason.

"I don't know," he said. "I must be nutty, I guess. That's why."

"Do you want to know why you really did it?" Alicia demanded, and her eyes were so bright that he turned away. "You did it because you are a regular guy, because you couldn't help being a regular guy. That's why you did it!"

And then Willie said something that was very gallant.

"How could a guy help being a regular guy," he answered, "when a dame like you's around?"

Although she laughed her old pleasant laugh he knew she was glad he had said it. He felt that she was glad about everything, and perhaps that feeling was the reason for a sudden irrational return of carefree merriment. Or possibly without ever having bothered with the Sunday-school books he knew he had done the right thing, and, Rollo-like, was reaping his just reward. Again he felt like a strong man who has run a race. Once more he was his normal competent self, ready for any adventure in a kindly, jolly world.

The car was coasting down and down now, nearer and yet nearer to danger and strife, but he minded it no longer. He had met the denizens of this country now, and they, too, were simple folk, and was he not a regular guy again, blameless and free, with nothing against him but a simple criminal record? Everything was grand again. The little fields and hills were grand. The sun was warm and kindly. It was almost as though he had taken a drink, only it was more than a drink, for the cup of righteousness has a potency far superior to fermented grain.

She was looking at him now, not only kindly but with a sort of admiration.

"Would you mind my asking you something?" Alicia inquired.

How pleasant it was to reply without a hint of dread!

"Shoot it, lady."

"Well," said Alicia, "of course I don't suppose I understand much about these things, but I can't help feeling a little worried about you. What are you going to do? We're almost back in town now."

"Cheest," said Willie, "don't you worry, lady. A guy like me's all right most anywhere. I'll find something to do, lady."

"But how are you going to live?" she asked. "You know we're friends now. Have you got enough money until you find something to do?"

Willie leaned back against that leather upholstery and laughed a merry, careless laugh.

"Listen," he said, "turn on the crank in your bean. What has a guy like me been playing bridge with your old man for, what?"

"Why, of course!" said Alicia admiringly. "You think of everything, don't you?"

He laughed again, and for a little while they were silent as the automobile sped on.

"Why," said Alicia, "what is that tune you're humming?"

"What!" he exclaimed. "Don't you remember? It's a grand tune!"

"Sing it," said Alicia; "sing it out loud."

And Willie's voice rose in joyous song, and his spirits rose also until they seemed to soar beneath the vault of that blue sky:

There ain't no other café girl on Broadway,
There ain't no other girlie in the town,
Either in the darkness or the broad day,
That I had ruther put my arm around.
And, kiddo, if you tell me that you love me,
Why, I'll be just as happy as can be,
For you're the one I love best
An' we'll have a little love nest
In Harlem—just you and me!

They were coming into the streets now with that curious smell of fish and dishwater. All about them they could hear the strange shouts of a strange unwashed folk; but Willie didn't mind. Any lingering doubts he may have harbored regarding his ability were dispelled by the poetic rhythm of those words. He looked coldly to right and left, and then leaned back again comfortably on the cushions. From inside coat pocket he had drawn a long with a band of red and gold and blue, r and beautifully embossed. In spite o motion of the red automobile he light with unconscious ease and placed it i corner of his mouth at a jaunty angle

"Folks," said Willie, "you needn't w about a guy like me. But say—li lady—you won't forget me, will you?

"No," said Alicia gravely, "I'll r forget you."

"Now," murmured Willie, "what d know about that?"

But she made no immediate resp Instead she was staring fascinated a cigar which reposed between his thin

"Why, mother!" she cried. "L Isn't that cigar just like one of fat private brand?"

The old dame looked and gave a gasp.

"Why, it is one of his cigars," answered.

"How funny, mother!" Alicia contin "Why, I wonder —— Do you remer the way he's been bothering us abou cigars all the way across—asking us remembered where they were that n and everything? Mother! Do you pose ——"

"A guy like me," said Willie, "h chance to try lots of smokes—see? you can take this from me, lady—your man knows what's what. And I guess a wise old guy, too, lady."

"Why, mother!" cried Alicia. "Do suppose that's why he wouldn't go wit to the temple?"

Willie hitched himself towards the of his seat.

"Lady," said Willie, "he is a wise guy."

They were going through a crow street now, with shops and little na alleys. They were going more slowly Emilio kept blowing the horn. People walking everywhere, on the sidewalk an the street, too, all hollering at each o just like the Wops at home. The slant of the sun were lighting up the scene, m ing it colorful and sublime. Willie glancing restlessly from side to side and hissing a little tune through his teeth.

Once again he was a Cinderella, one trousers, rather muddy trousers now, the clock was striking twelve; but W did not mind. He still felt as though he had a drink, only it was more than a dr

"Why," said Alicia, "what's the mat What are you getting up for?"

"My legs is cramped," said Wi "That's why."

He was staring fixedly far down street, and something in the narrow wa ful expression of his eyes made Alicia also.

"Oh," she said. "There's father no Sure enough—there he was, com around the corner; and he was not com alone. With him were four little men capes, and funny little tufts of roost feathers in their caps. Willie had skip out of the car and was on the runn board.

"Good-by, lady," he said pleasant "Remember—you won't forget me?"

"Don't!" cried Alicia. "Oh, don't away! Father will understand."

"Maybe," said Willie, "but you ne can tell about the old guys. Watch Emilio! They're bulls!"

Emilio, too, was looking at the figu and suddenly the car stopped dead, Emilio, too, was on the ground.

For just a second longer Willie st there, a muddy, battered little figure w the long cigar still in his mouth.

"Lady ——" he began, and then acr the street he heard a shout. "So lo lady," he said.

Then he gave a little skip to one side

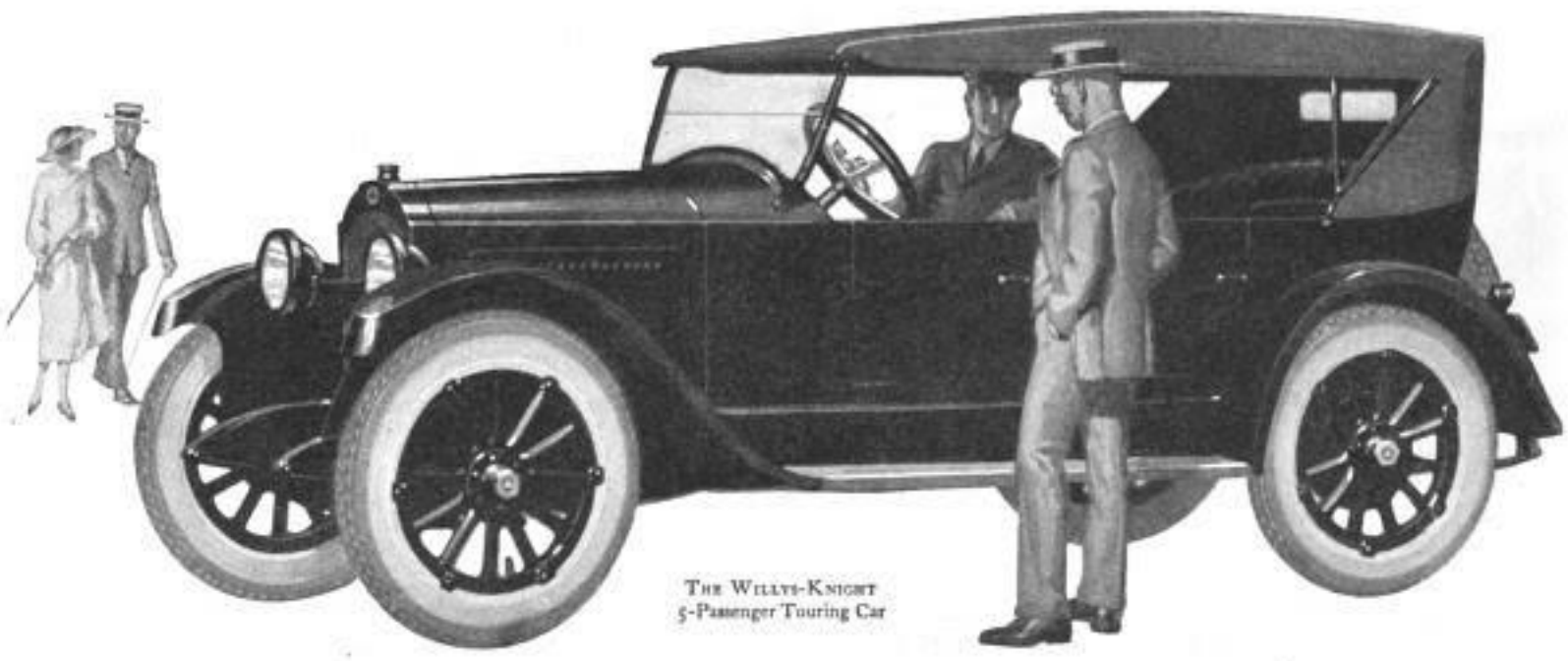
"Wait!" she cried again. "Don't go

But Willie never answered. She hear gentle laugh, but that was all. Then saw him running, dodging here and the a little active unit in that crowded stre His legs seemed to dance and twinkle ur he became but a fitful speck. Then whirled around the corner and was gone search of new worlds to conquer.



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$1375
F.O.B. Toledo



The Willys-Knight
5-Passenger Touring Car

"I've Never Looked at the Motor"

One of our officials asked a strange chauffeur what he thought of the Willys-Knight. "Don't know much about it," said the chauffeur. "Been driving one off and on for a couple of years for a doctor over here, *but I've never looked at the motor.*"

That's it! That's just the point! You don't have to look at the motor. It just keeps on going and going without being touched. *And getting better as you use it.* The Knight sleeve valve principle accomplishes this. Just two sleeves sliding smoothly on a film of oil, instead of intricate, delicate poppet machinery.

The Willys-Knight is the highest development of this amazing motor, and we have enthroned it in a car worthy of it—beautiful; graceful; built to last and match the motor's silence; easy riding; easy steering.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., Toledo, Ohio · Canadian Factory: Willys-Overland, Ltd., Toronto

WILLYS-KNIGHT

Roadster, $1350 · Touring, $1375 · Coupé, $1875 · Sedan, $2095
f. o. b. Toledo

The Willys-Knight Motor Improves With Use

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SLENDER, graceful ankles. Lovely silken hose. And then zip!—a garter run to spoil the whole effect.

Inevitable? Yes, with ordinary stockings, but

True Shape Hosiery

STOPS THE GARTER RUNS

The wonderful cross-stitch below the garter top holds the run out-of-sight—totally harmless.

Wear True Shape and forget ruinous, conspicuous garter runs. Wear True Shape and know the joy of hosiery that feels right, looks well, wears long and yet is moderate in cost.

When you buy stockings be sure to ask for

True Shape No. 564

TRUE SHAPE Hosiery is made for men, women and children. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us direct.

TRUE SHAPE HOSIERY CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

Sense and Nonsense

Specifications

WHEN an animal is killed on the railway it is the duty of the nearest stationmaster immediately to make a report of the accident to headquarters, so that the company may be prepared with a statement of the facts in the case of action. This report is made on specially prepared forms furnished by the company.

On one occasion a newly installed stationmaster found himself confronted with the necessity of making out his first report. Although it was a new experience he described the cow and the circumstances accurately, and all went well down to the last line, when he discovered that he had neglected to question the owner of the deceased cow concerning one important point. It seemed safe for him, however, to rely upon his own judgment, and he did it.

The line was headed "Disposition of Carcass."

Underneath he wrote, with all earnestness: "Kind and gentle."

The Rewards of Punishment

"DOCTOR," called the small boy, "come up to our house quick!"

"Who is sick at your house?" asked the doctor.

"Everybody but me. I'd been naughty, so they wouldn't give me any of the nice mushrooms pa picked in the woods."

Real Presence of Mind

SHOELESS, he climbed the stairs, opened the door of the room, entered and closed it after him without being detected.

Just as he was about to get into bed his wife, half aroused from slumber, turned and sleepily said: "Is that you, Fido?"

The husband, telling the rest of the story, said: "For once in my life I had real presence of mind. I licked her hand."

A Modern Joshua

AN AGED colored man was arrested for the illicit distilling of liquor among the hills of Eastern Kentucky, and while loudly protesting his innocence was taken before the local judge for the preliminary hearing:

JUDGE: Prisoner, what is your name?

PRISONER: My name is Joshua, jedge; Joshua.

JUDGE: Aha! Are you the Joshua who made the sun stand still?

PRISONER: No sar, jedge, no sar; Ise da Joshua what made da moonshine still.

Very Provoking

A NEGRO was receiving bricks at the top of a ten-story building in Los Angeles, where some repair work was going on. Another negro on the ground was loading the bricks on the carrier. The negro above accidentally dropped a brick, hitting the one on the ground squarely on the head.

He was very indignant and yelled to the one above, "Be a little moah car'ful up thar, nigger. That brick hit me and made me bite mah tongue."

Ask the Clerk—He Knows!

LAST winter an association of college professors held a convention at one of the Chicago hotels. In one of their meetings the discussion waxed warm and they finally decided to settle the disputed point by referring to the encyclopedia. Two of them went down to the desk to ask the clerk if a copy of the much-needed book was available.

"May I inquire if you have an encyclopedia?" said one of the professors, looking benevolently over his glasses.

"No, I am sorry we do not. But"—solicitously—"what is it you want to know?"

FOOD, FUEL AND SMOKE

(Continued from Page 15)

workman in an eight-hour day is one-tenth of a horse power. Therefore, generally speaking, two pounds of an average grade of coal equal the energy one worker expends in laboring eight hours. Now an American miner producing four tons of coal in one shift has multiplied his energy more than 4000 times.

Following this line of reasoning, it is plain that when one miner produces 8960 pounds of coal in a day the energy he has made available for use in industry is equal to the labor expenditure of 4480 workers. It is estimated that the 41,000,000 wage earners in the United States expend only a little more than 4,000,000 horse power daily, or a total output of energy no greater than that produced by 9000 coal miners in a single shift. Therefore when 600,000 miners strike one day the loss of potential energy is equal to that expended by all the workers in the nation in sixty-six days. During the first six weeks of the coal strike the loss in possible energy production was as great as that which all our American workmen expend over a period of several years. We should measure the waste caused by the coal miners' idleness in terms of the possible energy that might have been produced.

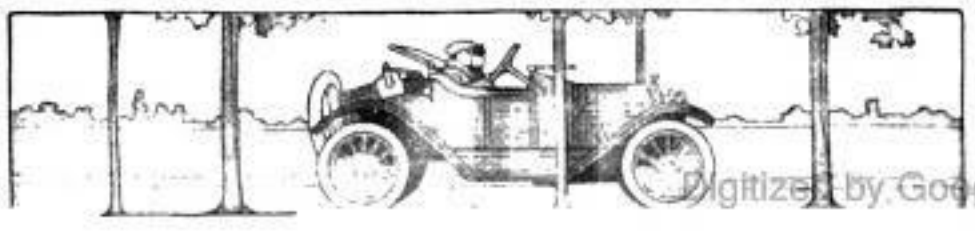
Since energy in one form or another is of such extreme importance it is a sad commentary on our national intelligence that of all our basic businesses the fuel industry of the country is the most wastefully conducted. Without fuel our industrial activities cease and our domestic life drops back to a primitive age. Less than a million American miners could bring this about, and although they have not succeeded in doing so, why should the nation forever be content to face a disaster that would bring complete ruin? America is great largely because of its abundant energy resources, and the mere fact that these resources are abundant has caused Americans to be criminally wasteful.

Wherever we turn we find errors in practice and a disinclination to exert ourselves in remedying them. For example, we have adopted reverse practices in the handling of farm and mine fuels. We burn the bulk of our coal raw, whereas great advantages and large savings would result from refining it, while on the other hand we refine the greater part of the fuel produced by our farms, although greater efficiency would come from utilizing this farm fuel in its raw state. Just why we have overlooked or, rather, ignored the fact that the human furnace needs the ash in the fuel, while the mechanical furnace does not, is difficult to explain. We take the ash content out of wheat, corn and other foodstuffs, when it would be better if we left it in, and we leave the ash content in the coal that is fired in the furnace, whereas it would be far better if we took it out.

If we fire the human furnace with pure fuels containing only heat units the fire will gradually go out and the human engine will stop operating. In order to go on working, it must have a goodly supply of the vitamines and the various mineral salts in the ashes, which have practically no heating value at all. But the mechanical furnace operates with highest efficiency when it is fired with pure fuel containing no incombustible matter whatever.

The human furnace is self-repairing, while the mechanical furnace is not. The iron, calcium and other incombustible constituents of food must be left in the raw

(Continued on Page 54)



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The Van Camp Way

The beans are grown on studied soils. Each lot is analyzed before we start to cook.

The water used is freed from minerals. This insures tender skins.

The beans are baked in sealed containers, so no flavor can escape.

The baking is done in steam ovens, so perfect baking can be done without crisping or bursting the beans. This leaves the beans mellow and whole.

The beans, the pork and matchless sauce are all baked together, so every granule shares the zest and flavor.

The dish that changed the habits of a nation—*Please don't forget*

THIS was the situation when Van Camp perfected this new-type Pork and Beans. About 94 per cent of all housewives were baking their beans at home. And the process took 16 hours.

They lacked the needed facilities. So some beans were crisped and some mushy. All were underbaked. As a result, the beans were hard to digest. They were considered a heavy food.

The beans were cooked in hard water. That made the skins tough. They were usually baked in open dishes, so much of the flavor escaped.

For all these reasons, this national dish was neglected. Few served it even once a week.

What Van Camp Did

The Van Camp kitchens made a study of this dish. Famous chefs and culinary experts gave years of attention to it. Over $100,000 was spent to perfect ideal Pork and Beans.

We found that minerals made skins tough, so we freed our water from them.

We found that open baking lost much flavor, so we baked in sealed containers.

We built modern ovens, where the beans could be baked by live steam under pressure. We could thus apply high heat for hours without bursting or crisping the beans.

We made baked beans easy to digest. Yet we brought them to you mellow, mealy and whole. And that made the dish inviting.

Then, by hundreds of tests, we perfected a sauce with the ideal tang and zest. And we baked that sauce in the sealed container, to permeate every bean.

This Was the Result

Then Pork and Beans gained a new popularity. Thousands of hotels and restaurants bought Van Camp's, because men liked this dish. Men told their wives about it, and we told them in magazines too.

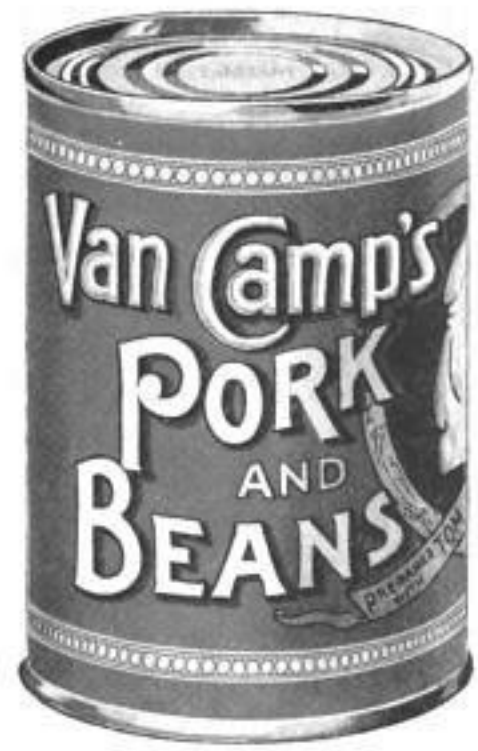
Gradually millions of homes adopted Van Camp's. They gained a new conception of how good Pork and Beans could be. And they served the dish more often.

They compared Van Camp's with others — home-baked and chef-baked. And they found Van Camp's supreme.

Now we have built, to bake these beans, the finest kitchen in the world. It cost $1,700,000. All the country over, housewives who know, demand them. This dish alone has saved women — in total — thousands of years in the kitchen.

It has given to them ready-baked Pork and Beans such as no other process produces.

If you don't know this master dish, won't you try it now?



Cans of three sizes
Baked with the Van Camp Sauce

Other Van Camp Products include

Van Camp's Soups
Van Camp's Spaghetti *Peanut Butter*
Van Camp's Evaporated Milk
Catsup *Chili Sauce* *Chile Con Carne, etc.*

Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis

Van Camp's

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Look for this sign!

THIS is the sign of the Boyce Moto-Meter Authorized Service Station.

It means *two* things:

1. That the garage or store is a responsible Boyce Moto-Meter dealer.
2. That the dealer provides a definite service to every owner of a Boyce Moto-Meter.

If your Boyce Moto-Meter is put out of commission by a *mechanical injury* (no condition of *actual service* can damage a Boyce Moto-Meter) you need not be deprived of the use of "the most necessary instrument on the car" while it is being repaired.

Go to the dealer displaying this Service Sign—he will give you a brand new Boyce Moto-Meter right out of his stock, *at one-half the regular price.*

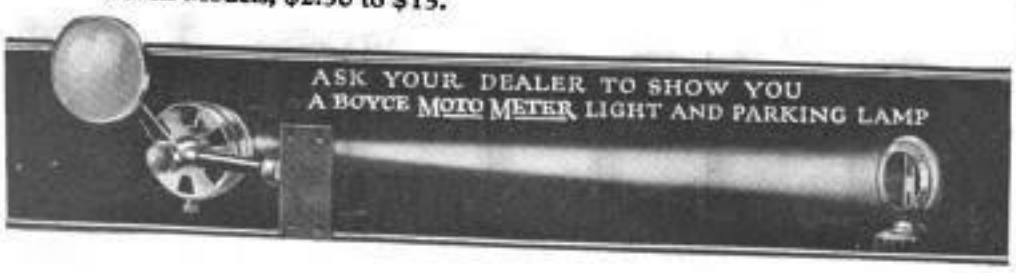


The instrument shown on the left is the Standard Model. Recommended for use on all high grade cars.

Your garage dealer carries the Boyce Moto-Meter in stock, or can quickly obtain one for you.

Seven Models, $2.50 to $15.

Trade with the dealer who offers service—he will display the Boyce Moto-Meter Service Sign.



(Continued from Page 52)

material that provides the human engine with its energy, but the mechanical furnace does not need and cannot utilize any such growth-promoting substances. Protein, sugar, starch and fats are the principal elements in the food that provide heating value, but both animals and humans will die if fed continuously on these four foods of high calorific value. They must be supplemented with vegetables and other unrefined foods low in heat value. In warming up our bodies the calorie is of great importance, but it is not self-sufficient. If it were we might go one step farther than alcohol—which probably has the highest caloric value of anything that is fed to the human engine—and refine part of our large supply of gasoline, making it tasteless and odorless, and then adding a few tablespoonfuls of it to the various soups we eat.

If business continues its recovery it will not be long before we shall hear complaints about a shortage of cars. It should be understood by everyone that the hauling of waste in the form of ashes and water in coal is one of the chief causes of our transportation difficulties. Our normal production of bituminous coal alone is 500,000,000 tons each year, and if we assume that this coal contains only 5 per cent of ash we find that 650,000 cars are required each year to carry this incombustible matter from the mines to the markets. And this is not the end; for after this incombustible waste has been carried into our homes and factories it must again be carried away and disposed of. The urban dweller may think that the disposal of ashes is a matter of small consequence, but he will alter this opinion after an investigation disclosing the percentage of his taxes that goes for handling ashes.

Labor Troubles

Coal is a wasting resource, and one that cannot be replaced. Though we have an abundance of solid fuels remaining, our highest grade and most easily accessible coal seams have already been largely depleted. We may talk of our available water power yet unharnessed; we may add to this our entire oil resources and all the fuel that our farmers can grow, and still the total supplies of fuel from these resources will be only a drop in the bucket when it comes to supplying the country's fuel needs. The more we search for a substitute for coal the more we are impressed with the wonderful job Nature has performed in supplying us with such a tremendous quantity of energy in such concentrated form as is the case with coal.

We hear a lot of talk about our coal supplies being sufficient to last us for a number of centuries. Much of this talk is pure nonsense, as will be found if one will figure on the deteriorating quality of our fuels, the growth of our population, and the continuous increase in the annual per-capita rate of energy consumption. If we assume a net increase in the population of the United States of but 1 per cent a year during the centuries to come, we shall find that in less than four centuries this country will have a population larger than now inhabits the whole earth. On a similar basis of calculation there will not be standing room on this globe for the world's population ten centuries from now. The future is too uncertain to justify any waste of our present national wealth, even if we were to disregard our responsibilities as stewards for future generations of Americans.

This year's coal strike, notwithstanding the public's apathy, has brought forth more discussion pro and con than any similar trouble ever did before. All kinds of remedies have been proposed. Some students of the situation contend that the cure for the bad conditions lies in the consumer, who can help greatly by arranging his purchases so that there will be a more regular demand for coal, which will result in a more regular operation of the mines. Others believe that the greater storage of coal is a partial solution of the problem. Then there are those who assert that in order to let demand overtake the present overdevelopment of our coal fields we must enact legislation which would prohibit railroads from putting in sidings or arranging to serve new mines until after receiving from the Secretary of Commerce or other prescribed Federal official a certificate of convenience and necessity. Such a plan is now in force with respect to our railroads. The nation's carriers are required to secure such a certificate before they are permitted to make capital expenditures for branch or main-line extensions, including n and equipment for same.

We hear that the mine workers must be incorporated, bringing it corporation and partnership reg laws, including the payment of inco excess profits taxes; that concer must be centered on those mines wh function most efficiently, meaning operating end the survival of the A great many people contend th miners' union is an evil thing as it conducted, and that the downfall organization would be a national b

It is a fact that the leaders of the union, as one has said, have Nap ideas of empire, for they propose coal operator in West Virginia or or one of the other states shall barga all the miners on the North Americ tinent, under rules originally dictat not signed in Europe. No consider given to the fact that working con differ radically not only from dist district but from mine to mine; ar rules which may be entirely appr in one region may be hampering other.

Furthermore, it is true that the mi overmanned because the wage rat coal miners are higher than those most other industries employing large percentage of common labor. condition has resulted in intermitte employment, which certainly can eliminated by maintaining a wage high that the workers can make as money in the mines in one-half the n of working days as they can earn in industries working full time. N could be more fallacious than to ac intermittency of employment as a for extra high wage rates. Again, fact that two-thirds of the miners ar tract workers, and to all practical pu are their own bosses, having freed come and go as they please, leaving places of work when they desire a maining idle on any day they wish. freedom is enticing to many men.

Two Solutions

It is difficult to avoid the conclusio the mine workers are asking the pul subsidize them by paying them as wages for 150 working days in the y is paid to other classes of employes f days' work. The mine leaders in this try are no less intelligent than th England, and they are equally awar only through nationalization of the can they bring about a perpetuity of present wage scales. In other word mines would have to be operated at and the deficit made up by the impo of a public tax. There is every reas believe that back of the miners' figh been one great purpose—nationalizat coal.

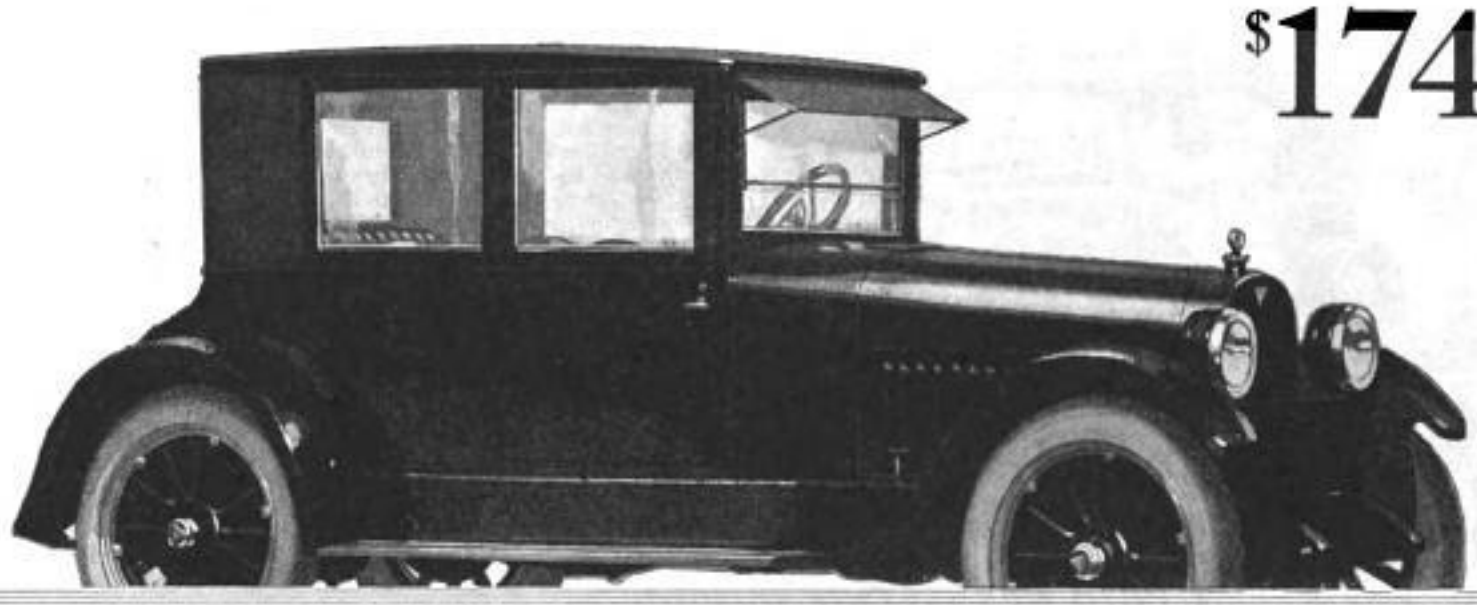
But even though the position o miners is unsound, the cry of many f abolition of the union is premature, t the least. Unfortunately the coal ind has within its ranks conscienceless operators whose ethics are questionabl who observe no standards of practic cept such as are stamped with the mark. In certain fields today non mine operators are paying their men s of wages so low as to encourage revol

After all is said and done, there ar two real solutions for our fuel difficu The first is education, not only of sumers but of coal producers, throug medium of a bureau of coal econo Such an organization would be able t more than all else in the stabilization o bituminous industry. It could point the great public dangers from disorga tion in the country's primary busines could compile and analyze data on cost of production and distribution, could publish facts and figures each m on coal consumption, coal traffic and storage. It could inform the public cerning the cost of living and mi wages and earnings in each and every trict. The data the operators woul obliged to furnish this bureau woul held in confidence, and all individual ports would be destroyed after they served their purpose in supplying ne sary statistics. The coal industry sh be guaranteed that such a proposed bu would never be employed to formulate ulations, policy or legislation, and tha the information it collected would be inviolate and be immune from confiscat

(Continued on Page 56)

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The Coach
$1745



HUDSON

See its New Motor

No car ever had a more famous motor than the Super-Six. None had won greater fame for endurance and reliability. More than 125,000 owners know its patented advantages.

Its popularity has increased with each year. Yet at the height of its success, we adopt a new motor.

It retains all the advantages of the Super-Six. It has its patented principle for minimizing vibration and increasing car life. It has its tremendous power and quick acceleration. It is, in fact, a *super* Super-Six. The performance is a revelation even to Hudson owners. They are accustomed to unusual motor operation. But they never have experienced any car quite so delightful to drive as today's Hudson. Won't you learn its charm? There is a treat in store for you. Any dealer will show you.

A Ride Tells All

Look for the White Triangle

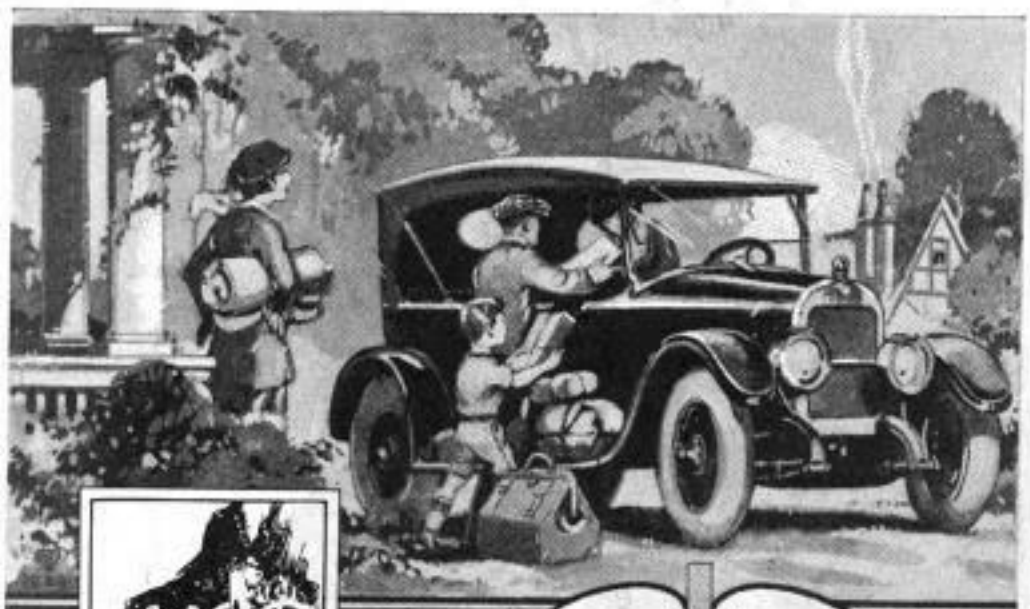
Phaeton - - $1645
7-Pass. Phaeton $1695
Cabriolet - - $2295

HUDSON SUPER SIX

Coupé - - - $2570
Sedan - - - $2650
Freight and Tax Extra

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY

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Each leaf in every Harvey Spring is accurately shaped and properly tempered in Harvey patented machines.



Out of every batch of springs, one is chosen to undergo a continuous series of strains greater than it would ever meet in actual use. If this test spring breaks or sags the whole batch is discarded.



Another test that every Harvey Spring must pass is one in which each spring must stand deflection beyond anything it will get on a car and the spring must not break or settle.



Harvey Dealers, all over the country, offer you complete, immediate Harvey Service.

From Here to There

Measure the Distance by Comfort and Pleasure

On this summer's tour or for short drives, forget the distance and the roads. Go wherever you want to go, get there faster and in greater comfort. Taste the real joy of riding on Ride Rite Springs.

Thousands of other motorists are enjoying the same experience as this Chalmers owner, who says:

"I believe these (Ride Rite) Springs are the best springs that were ever installed on any automobile regardless of price. I can hit bumps and storm drains at 25 miles an hour and hardly feel a jar. When cars are equipped with these springs you eliminate the necessity of ever putting on any sort of a shock absorber."

Because of their scientific design Ride Rite Springs function as springs should function and absorb all jars, jolts and shocks before they are communicated to the car and its occupants.

As a result—tires conform to the road—vibration is eliminated—the motor runs more smoothly—unnatural strains are removed from body and motor, reducing upkeep cost and adding thousands of miles to the life of your car.

There is a set designed for your car.

Know more about springs—learn how to judge the riding of your car—"The Joy of Easy Riding", a meaty little booklet, gives six definite tests to judge riding comfort. Your copy is ready.

HARVEY SPRING & FORGING CO.
Dept. 7 Racine, Wis.

Designers and manufacturers of boltless automobile springs. Makers of the famous guaranteed Easy Riding Replacement springs for all cars.



Harvey Racine Ride Rite PAT APPL'D FOR Springs

Make Rough Roads Smooth

(Continued from Page 54)

Above all else it is essential that coal mining shall be established on a basis of facts rather than on a foundation of rumors and guesses. It will not be easy for professional agitators to mislead the miners if a reliable, disinterested and unprejudiced bureau gives the workers the facts. The individual consumer of coal will not refuse to pay a fair price for his fuel if he knows beyond doubt that the price asked is fair. The public's mistrust of operators and miners would be largely eliminated if it knew approximately the true earnings of the business and the difficulties peculiar to it. With the facts made public, operators would not dare to profiteer, and on the other hand they would not ruin themselves by engaging in orgies of price cutting based on erroneous rumors concerning reductions in prices made by their competitors.

A great many people object to any plan proposed for the betterment of business that entails interference of any kind by the Government. Years of experience in coal have shown that it is futile to expect any educational program to be carried through effectively except by compulsion. The proposed bureau of coal economics must be placed under government control for two all-sufficient reasons: First, the operators and consumers will not compile the necessary information, even for their own benefit, unless compelled to do so; second, if the necessary facts were collected and published by any private agency nobody would believe them. Certain bills providing for the spread of fuel information have already been drawn up by members of Congress, and upon being presented were bitterly opposed, and defeated, largely because of the opposition of the coal industry. It is safe to say that one such bill, at least, would have met with favor on the part of a large section of the coal fraternity if the author of the bill had stuck to the real purpose of the act and had not permitted the inclusion of certain provisions which were interpreted to mean a definite step toward government regulation and restraint. Purely informative legislation need not be feared, and cannot be honestly opposed by anyone inside or outside of the coal industry except for selfish reasons.

The Heat-Unit Basis

Second as a coal remedy, and of even greater importance than the establishment of a bureau of coal economics, is the development of new practices that will wipe out a large part of the enormous waste now entailed in the handling and utilization of our different fuels. Higher fuel efficiency will enable the operator to obtain more for his coal, and therefore earn larger profits; it will provide an opportunity for the miner to earn larger wages and at the same time permit the public to get heat units at lower prices than prevail today. If miners' wages are reduced the saving to the public in a lower price for coal will be of small consequence. Likewise, the benefit that will come to fuel consumers through a reduction in railroad freight rates will amount to very little in the price of coal per ton. Why should we confine all our attention to coal wages, transportation rates and retail handling charges—although all these are at present excessive—when the total saving to the consumer from forcing reductions in all three of these items probably would not amount to more than a 10 per cent lowering of the price of coal? It would be far better if we applied a little scientific engineering to the problem and benefited to the extent of cutting our fuel bill perhaps in half.

The first thought the coal consumer today must get in his mind is that he is not buying a certain number of tons of black mineral at the lowest possible price per ton. He is buying a certain number of thousands of available heat units—British thermal units—at the lowest possible price per thousand. One ton of coal may contain only 23,000,000 heat units, while another ton which looks very much the same may contain 33,000,000 heat units. There can be no satisfactory stabilization of our coal industry until consumers buy their fuel on the basis of its heating value. The consumer using gas would object strenuously to paying the same price for a thousand feet of gas containing 350 heat units per foot as for the same quantity of gas containing 550 heat units per foot. When we commence to burn coal with higher efficiency, consumers will go to great le to choose the coals that they consider advantageous to them. Then the p producing the higher-grade fuels wi operated more regularly, and one effe such stabilization will be to bring l prices and eliminate the high-cost m

The economic crime in fuel today i burning of coal raw. This presents us of all with our smoke problem, which i recognized in its true importance. ishers appointed a committee in 191 investigate the smoke question, and recently the report of this committee handed in. The public was informed 3,000,000 tons of potential fuel in the of soot, representing a direct wast $30,000,000, escapes into the atmos of London each year. Black smoke re always from the incomplete combusti the volatile matter in coal. It comes errors in burning coal rather than any variation in the composition of fuel itself. The blankets of smoke w hang over many of our cities and near our industrial centers not only des property but exert a more direful influ upon the human organism than most ple believe. The population residing smoke-polluted area are directly affe by the immediate contact of the po laden air with the skin, mucous membr and sensory organs of the body.

The Smoke Menace

A smoke-laden atmosphere is filled acrid, poisonous compounds and soot ticles which serve as carriers of the jurious products of human fatigue. T floating particles increase pulmonary nasal disorders and reduce individual w ing capacity. Pneumonia increases the density of atmospheric smoke, and assumed an acute and fatal form in se cities that burn large quantities of coal. More persons are devitalized, abled and poisoned by the impurities tained in smoke-polluted air than by noxious ingredients in food and wa Smoke lessens the duration and inten of sunshine, increases humidity, mists, frequency and duration of fogs, and sibly alters electrical conditions. S shine is the most important factor in preservation of health. Besides promo perspiration and increasing the percen of hæmoglobin in the blood, the blue ultra-violet rays of sunshine are said destroy the injurious bacteria which p on the human body.

In many cities the residents boast their hundreds of smoking chimneys. time we understood that black smok not a sign of prosperity but rather inefficiency, waste and false pract Smoke clouds not only hamper the high æsthetic development of urban comm ties but they destroy artistic effects d in brick, stone, marble or metal.

They soil the wearing apparel of inhabitants, adding to the size of laun bills; and, last but not least, smoke s converts an otherwise desirable city i a place to be avoided by all persons wealth who are searching for an invit community in which to build a home settle down.

The economic cost of the smoke nuisa in many of our American cities and to is far larger than most people imagine. qualified committee of engineers estima that the cost of smoke to the people of large Eastern industrial city was $10,0 000 annually. Among the items inclu were $2,250,000, cost to household through necessitating additional paint cleaning and renewing of wallpaper, an added expense of $2,300,000 for a ficial lighting. In the business section this city the limit of visibility was only tenth the limit in the open country. smoky or foggy days the chemical act of daylight was only 75 per cent of wha was on clear days. The soot fogs wer result of the water globules in the atm sphere becoming coated with a film of bl sticky, tarry soot which retards evap tion. These soot fogs often reduce light one-half, making it necessary to crease the time and intensity of artifi illumination.

What smoke does to our laundry b is evidenced by the fact that the laun business in Pittsburgh amounts to ab $3.12 per capita each year; in Chicag is $3.25; Cincinnati, $3.14, and St. Lo $3.06. Compare these costs with that the city of Philadelphia, where smoke

(Continued on Page 59)

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AC



Showing AC Speedometer installed on instrument board. Also close-up of Speedometer Dial



The AC Speedometer and Drive for Fords

A Necessity for Ford Owners

No Ford car or truck can be operated economically or intelligently without an accurate, dependable speedometer. Only by referring to a good speedometer can you know:

How fast your car is going—the distance you have traveled.

When to change your motor oil—what mileage you get from gasoline.

What service tires are giving—how to follow road guides and detour instructions.

For many reasons the AC Speedometer is the best instrument for Ford owners. It is absolutely *accurate* and *noiseless;* its **sturdy, improved construction assures dependable, trouble-free service throughout the life of the car.**

The driving attachment of the AC Speedometer has many improved and exclusive features.

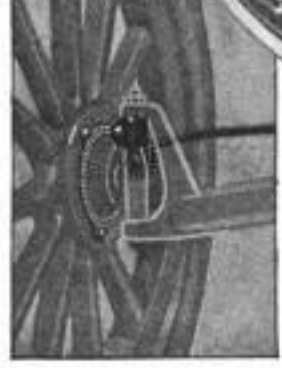
It is easily attached. No holes to drill. The crown road wheel gear is held by the regular Ford hub flange bolts. The fiber pinion gear meshes into the crown road wheel gear, keeping it clean and free from mud, snow or ice, eliminating the constant troubles of the conventional spur gear type. It has no swivel joint to require care and attention. Its flexible shaft is of the cross-wound piano-wire type. The driving attachment fits all Ford spindles, old or new type.

The AC Speedometer is highly attractive. When installed it appears as an original part of the car instead of an "afterthought." It is silent, steady in action and completely reliable. The dial is jet black with legible, white numerals. The rim is of brass, heavily nickeled.

The price of this instrument puts it within reach of every Ford owner.

Good dealers everywhere can supply you with the AC Speedometer, or can get it quickly for you. It comes complete, with all attachments and instructions for quick, easy installation.

Price, complete with all attachments $15
Western Schedule 16
In Canada 21



Showing How AC Speedometer Drive Is Attached to Wheel

AC SPARK PLUG COMPANY, FLINT, *Michigan*

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The drink for rose-time and snow-time

YOU can drink it in the hot summer when the mercury tries to climb out of the glass, and you have a cooling, thirst-quenching drink that is sheer delight.

When the white carpet covers the land, when the trees glisten with their icy coats as if encased in glass, when it is cold—you can drink Clicquot.

It's such an obliging, friendly drink—this Clicquot Club Ginger Ale.

An all-the-year-round drink—and *they all like it.*

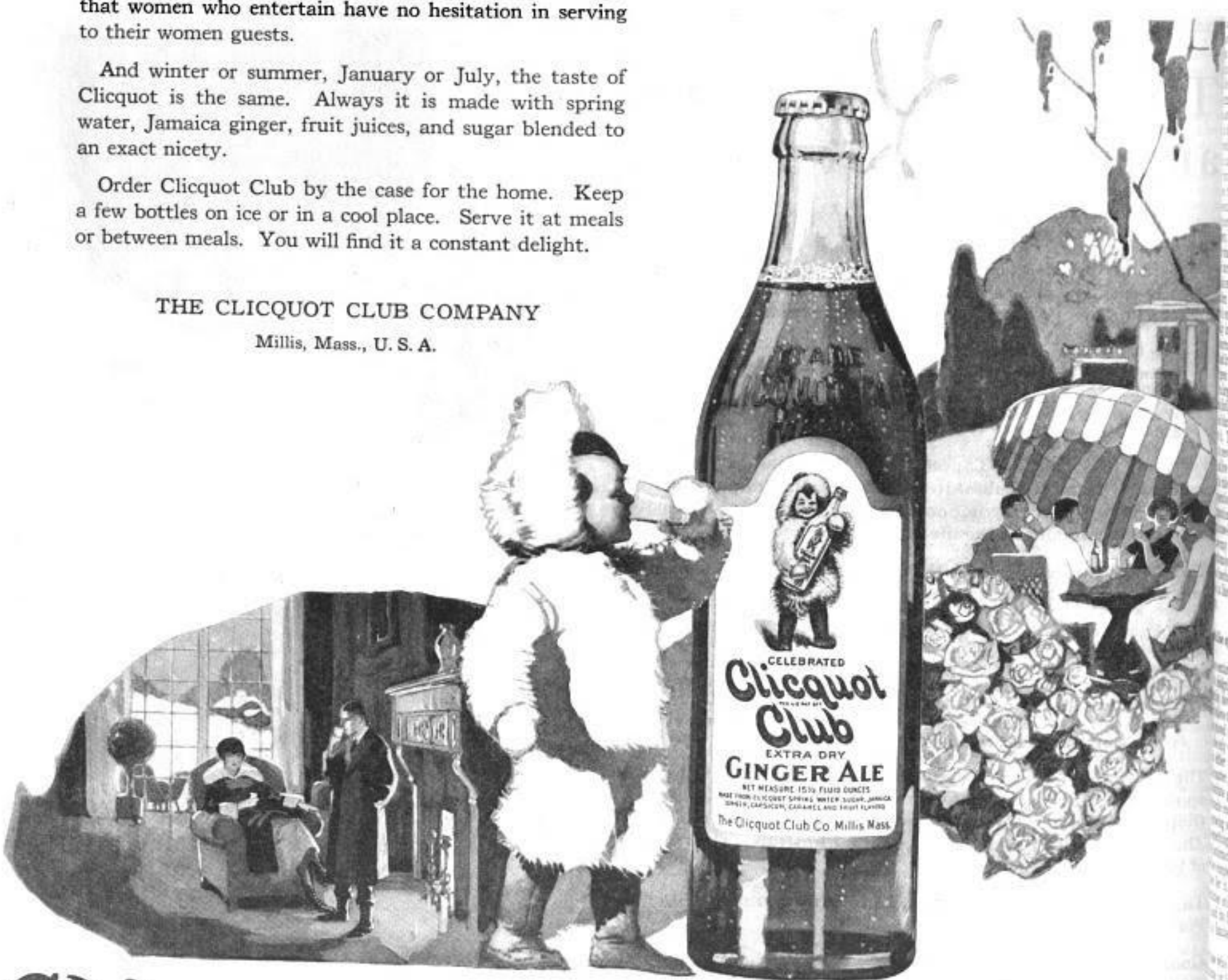
You can give Clicquot to a child and offer it to a man's man without apology. Women do not find it too harsh for their delicate taste; on the contrary, it is one beverage that women who entertain have no hesitation in serving to their women guests.

And winter or summer, January or July, the taste of Clicquot is the same. Always it is made with spring water, Jamaica ginger, fruit juices, and sugar blended to an exact nicety.

Order Clicquot Club by the case for the home. Keep a few bottles on ice or in a cool place. Serve it at meals or between meals. You will find it a constant delight.

THE CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY
Millis, Mass., U. S. A.

Ginger Ale
Sarsaparilla
Birch Beer
Root Beer



Clicquot Club

Pronounced Klee-Ko

GINGER ALE

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(Continued from Page 56)

fuel is generally used, and the per capita laundry business amounts to only $2.01. A research report shows that smoke costs the people of one city an average of $100 per family per year. In this community the average loss to the people from smoke is greater than the total expenditure of the community for domestic fuel.

There is also a material difference in the length of life of sheet metals in smoky cities and in towns free of smoke. One investigation showed that galvanized sheet iron and sheet steel last twice as long in a smoke-free city, while tin sheet iron lasts one and a half times as long. In the matter of stone it has been found that smoke not only soils the surface of the stone, necessitating frequent cleaning, but the acid products of the combustion of coal actually exert a destructive action on all stones, especially those containing calcium or magnesium carbonate.

Just a word about soot: Briefly stated, soot contains finely divided carbon, which is in reality lampblack, the basis of black paints. Carbon in the air is injurious, not only because it soils all substances but because of its power to absorb injurious gases. Soot also contains tar, ash, ammonia and sulphur compounds. The tar is injurious because it makes soot sticky. The ammonia in soot is corrosive to copper and its alloys, but on the other hand it tends to neutralize the free acids in the soot. The sulphur acids in soot do great damage to property, and the activity of these acids is increased because the tar content causes the soot to adhere firmly to anything with which it comes in contact, thus retaining the acid where it can do most damage.

A number of remedies have been proposed for the smoke nuisance. Two-thirds of all the smoke vomited into the air in our large cities comes from house-heating furnaces in the residential districts, where it has the greatest opportunity to do damage to private property. It is a fact that any coal, no matter what its composition may be, if properly burned, will produce very little, if any, black smoke. Experience has shown that uniform firing is the one important essential to smokeless combustion. It is practically impossible to prevent smoke and an enormous waste of fuel when intermittent hand firing is employed. When a quantity of green coal is suddenly shoveled into a fire a large percentage of the volatile matter is distilled off, and the fire is killed by the cool blanket of coal that has been thrown on it. There is an old saying that one way to prevent smoke is to fire little, fire often and fire quick. Everyone knows that such a rule is not easy to follow, even in the operation of industrial furnaces, and it is practically impossible to do so in running a house-heating equipment. Summed up, we may say that when hand firing is employed smoke is inevitable, and even in the case of mechanical stoking of raw coal, smoke is a likely result and fuel waste a certainty.

The Domestic Use of Coke

For no less than two centuries inventors have devoted time to designing and perfecting smoke-prevention devices. Some of these have served to relieve the situation, but none of them has proved to be a final remedy. Practically the only way to solve the smoke problem is either to use fuels that are low in volatile matter, like anthracite or coke, or to substitute gas for solid fuel altogether. Anthracite coal is a wonderful fuel, but it is growing scarcer year by year, and unless something enters the field as a competitor of anthracite the consumers of this fuel will be compelled to pay an ever-increasing price for it. Furthermore, anthracite constitutes only one-fifth of our coal production, and its field of usefulness is confined to a limited Eastern area.

One logical step for those who would find a substitute for anthracite or for bituminous coal is to use coke. It is all very well to talk about the installation of smoke-prevention appliances, but it would not be an easy matter to persuade householders to undertake the expense and trouble to adapt such devices to their own needs, even if smoke-consuming appliances could be obtained. Furthermore, such action would be only a sorry palliative, for it would not correct the waste entailed in burning raw coal. Unfortunately, with respect to coke, which is an ideal solid fuel, of the country house furnaces are equipped with fire pots designed to burn anthracite or a high-grade bituminous coal.

The fuel consumer should understand that a cubic foot of anthracite weighs fifty-five pounds, bituminous forty-nine pounds, and coke about thirty-five pounds. Though hundreds of householders, desirous of burning a smokeless fuel, are now using coke with entire satisfaction in furnaces designed to burn coal, the ideal plan in going over to coke is to take care of the increased volume of this fuel by designing the fire box of the furnace for greater depth. If we assume the same efficiency for the three fuels, and figure that 200 pounds of each is required to bank the furnace at night, then the fire box for anthracite needs to hold 3.6 cubic feet; for bituminous, 4 cubic feet; and for coke, 5.7 cubic feet.

Coke is the cleanest of domestic solid fuels. It is nearly dustless, and such dust as it does carry is of neutral color and will not smudge white material. When bituminous coal is burned in a furnace it practically always forms a soot on the heating surfaces of the furnace, and this soot, which is an admirable heat insulator, destroys the efficiency of the furnace. Tests conducted by the University of Illinois showed coke to be 7 per cent more efficient than anthracite and 11 per cent more efficient than bituminous coal. In burning coke, have the fuel bed at least eighteen inches deep; use very little draft after the fire is started; shake the grates only once a day—preferably in the morning; insist that the pieces of coke shall not be too large—from one-half to two inches is a desirable size; and do not allow ashes to accumulate under the grate. Due to the angularity of the pieces and to the porosity of the structure, less draft is needed for a coke fire than for one of coal.

Soft Coal By-Products

A great step forward in fuel conservation will have been taken when people building new homes will have been educated to equip their houses with furnaces that are not too small for the best possible results with coke. Increasing the size of the fire box one-third would not add greatly to the cost of a home, and it is certain that this would enable the owners to get splendid results with smokeless fuels. Recently the American Society of Heating and Ventilating Engineers went on record recommending that domestic furnaces be equipped with larger fire boxes in order to permit the use of domestic coke to better advantage. A great cry has gone up against the high price of anthracite, and the public talks of finding relief through legislation. Recourse to the law has never saved the people from a monopoly. The sure and simple way to reduce the price of an article is to find a substitute for it and bring about competition for the available markets.

The wide use of coke would bring down hard-coal prices in more substantial fashion than would reductions in wages and freight rates, but that is only one, and the least important, of a number of reasons for increasing our production of coke many fold. When bituminous coal is burned raw the economic crime we perpetrate is far greater than the mere damage we do to property and morale through the production of smoke. The greater evil is the waste of valuable products that go off into the air. The value of a ton of soft coal can be nearly doubled by breaking up the coal into its component parts in a by-product oven. When this is done we get three-fourths of a ton of coke, or solid smokeless fuel; twenty-five pounds of ammonium sulphate, the most important farm fertilizer known; two and a half gallons of motor benzol; seven gallons of tar and 6000 cubic feet of gaseous fuel.

Ammonium sulphate is a splendid material for use as a fertilizer. Practically all the sulphate of ammonia used by our American fertilizer industry comes from the coking of coal. Even during the war, when sulphate of ammonia was selling for $100 a ton, other methods of producing it were found impracticable in competition with our coke ovens.

The high cost of living depends largely on the high cost of food; for investigation shows that 43 per cent of the average family budget goes for food. It follows that the high cost of food depends to a considerable extent upon the [illegible] production of [illegible]

This being a fact, it should not be difficult or at least not impossible, to sell the idea of greater fertilization to the 39,000,000 people in the United States who are operating upward of 7,000,000 farms. In a recent ten-year period the population of the United States increased 21 per cent, while our crops increased but 10 per cent. The world's food consumption, even now, is running beyond the capacity of the cultivated land producing it. Farmers must choose between reducing their land to a barren waste or adding sufficient nitrogen to the soil to make it repay the cost of cultivation. Our fertilizer bill averages more than $100,000,000 each year, and should be a splendid investment at ten times that amount. Cottonseed was once used as a source of nitrogenous fertilizer. Now we know that cottonseed has a greater value as a foodstuff than as a fertilizer.

Prior to the war Germany was using 188 pounds of fertilizer on each acre. Great Britain was using 162 pounds per acre, but here in the United States only about forty pounds of fertilizer are used for each acre of cultivated land. In a survey of the eight countries producing the largest quantities of potatoes, the United States ranked at the bottom of the list. Belgium produced 300 bushels against our ninety-two. Practically the same is true of our other crops. Our agricultural industry now supplies us with only 18 per cent of our total production of wealth. When more than 36 per cent of the people are engaged in producing only 18 per cent of the goods it is evident that something is wrong.

One remedy is a greater supply of nitrogen. More than 80 per cent, by weight, of the ammonia we get from coal is nitrogen, and it is present in an easily available form. When coal is burned raw the ammonia is driven off into the air and wasted. How silly it would be to follow the practice of driving this ammonia off into the atmosphere and then constructing plants to recover it from the air at great expense when it can be recovered directly from coal in by-product ovens. In a few years, when the industrial readjustment has been consummated and business is again normal, we shall be consuming in the United States about 600,000,000 tons of bituminous coal annually. If we were to coke one-half of this coal in by-product ovens and secure the ammonia from it our output of nitrogen thus produced would be sufficient to fertilize 900,000,000 acres of cultivated land, assuming 100 pounds of fertilizer per acre and an 8 per cent ammonium sulphate content in this fertilizer material. In other words, we should then have more than enough nitrogen to cover every acre of cultivated land in the United States.

Refrigeration of the Future

Furthermore, the ammonia obtained from coal is not only of use as a fertilizer but it is valuable for refrigerating purposes. Many of the large refrigerating machines used in cold-storage plants employ liquid ammonia, under a high condensing pressure, as the refrigerating agent. And, speaking of refrigeration, one of the wonders of science is that we can take the heat energy of coal and convert it into ice to prevent the decay of food. This has come as a result of our having learned to produce cold by evaporating, within a system of pipes, a liquefied gas that commences to boil at a temperature of 18 degrees lower than the freezing point of water. One of the reasons that many of the large gas-manufacturing concerns in various cities have not gone in more extensively for the sale of gas for domestic heating is that the demand for gas for heating provides them only a seasonal business, and requires the installation of a large productive capacity which would be an idle investment during the summer months. Before long the gas companies will go in for refrigeration, and then we shall have gas for heating in winter and the same concern will sell us gas to refrigerate and cool things off in the summer.

Our tomorrow in fuel and the utilization of energy will reveal to us marvelous changes in practices hardly dreamed of today. The hydroelectric power that is now going to [illegible]

75,000,000 tons a year. In the steam locomotives on our railroads it takes seven pounds of coal to generate the equivalent of one kilowatt-hour, whereas the same amount of power can be produced in a modern power house with a consumption of only a little more than two pounds of coal. Our railroads consume 28 per cent of the total coal output, and when they are electrified this fuel item will be reduced in the ratio of 2 to 7, or to one-third of what it is now. Over in Germany a great steel maker is manufacturing a low-calorific-value gas and putting it in a holder at a price equivalent to only thirteen cents a thousand for the gas we burn in the average American city. We shall be equaling this feat in certain places before the present year has ended.

So far as we can see now, the ultimate end of all our development work in fuel will be the universal application of electricity for power and of gas for heating. The isolated power plant as well as the isolated heating plant will be done away with, and both electricity and heat will be supplied to communities from central stations. This will be the end of smoke and ashes and dirt. Instead of buying a ton of coal or so many cubic feet of gas, we shall purchase specified quantities of energy and heat units. Right now gas would be used in practically all our homes for heating as well as cooking if it were not so expensive, and it will never be cheap until it is sold on the basis of so many heat units for a dollar instead of so many cubic feet. In each and every city the quality of gas that is manufactured should depend upon the character of the raw fuel at hand and the nature of the market that is available. In one community the most economical gas, for both the manufacturer and the consumer, will contain, say, 500 heat units per cubic foot, while in another town or city the consumer will get most for his money if the gas he buys contains only 300 heat units per foot.

Eighty Per Cent Waste

We are coming to the day of the gas turbine, which will be more efficient than the steam turbine; to the time when the gas plant will be located at the mine, and the electrical plant will be situated there beside it. Then, if the coal is not entirely gasified, and some coke is made, the boilers in the power plant can be fired with incandescent coke, the sensible heat of which is now entirely lost. At present we have first the loss of the sensible heat in quenching the coke, and afterward the loss involved in raising it again to ignition temperature. In that day the heat units in coal will be sent through pipes long distances to the consuming markets, just as oil is transported in pipes under high pressure all the way from Oklahoma to the Atlantic seaboard.

In a community where natural gas is available no one ever heard of anybody using coal for heating unless the gas company found its supply limited and purposely discouraged its use for anything but cooking. Gas is the ideal fuel, because it is clean, flexible and easily controlled. All that prevents its general adoption is its comparatively high price for wholesale use, and this will quickly be remedied when the public gets a clear understanding of the heat-unit idea and commences to exercise fuel wisdom instead of fuel foolishness in purchasing energy for heat and power.

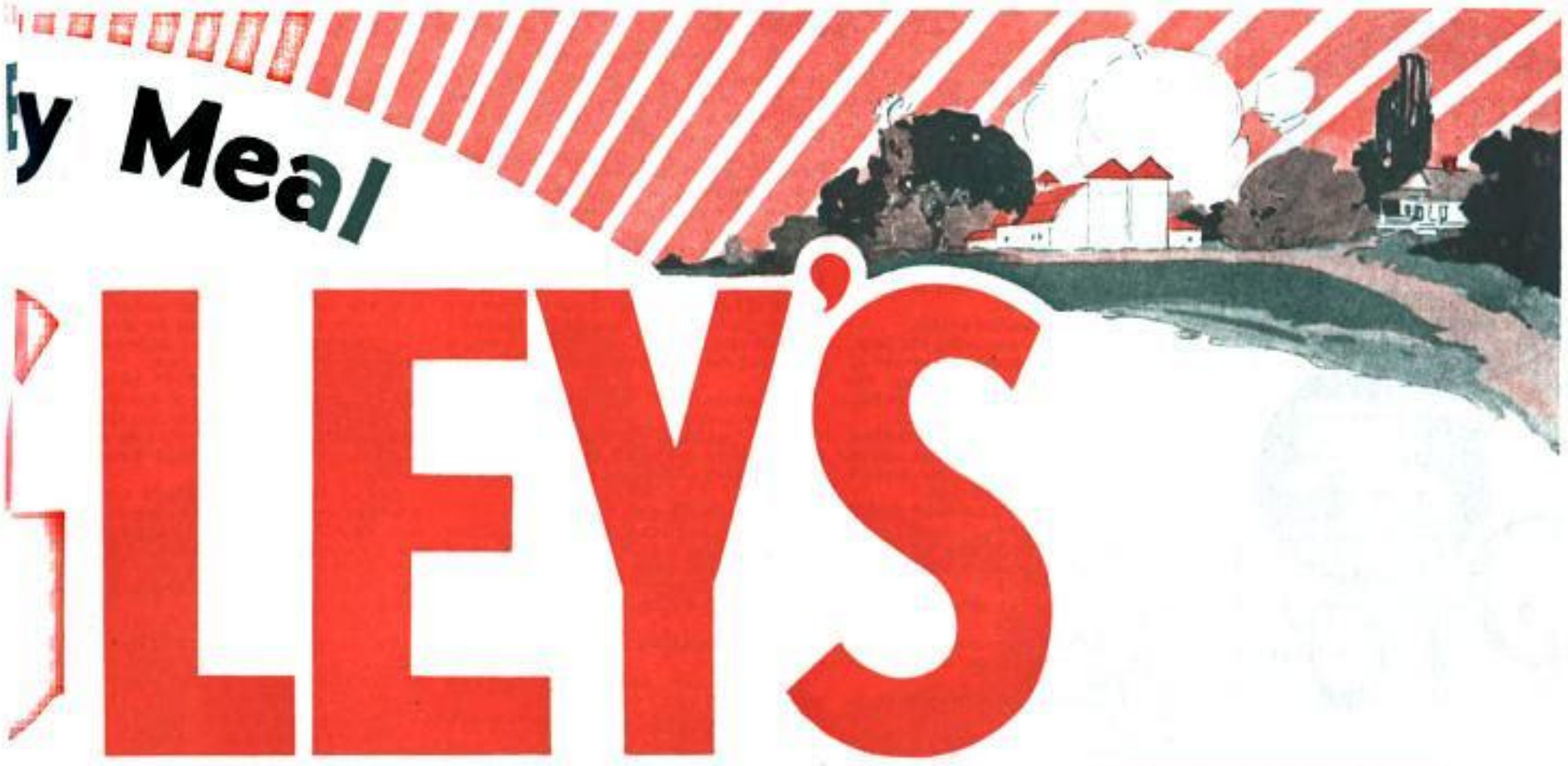
At present 80 per cent or more of the energy of coal is totally wasted. Even in heating our homes the whole system we now use is haphazard and wasteful. Of course we must ventilate our houses and offices, but there is no reason why we should throw away with the foul air all the valuable heat it contains, when we might arrange to use this heat before the bad air is exhausted, and by means of it warm the incoming cold air.

Wherever we turn we see steam, smoke or sensible heat in one form or another being wastefully discharged into the atmosphere, and the pity of it is that such losses are needless, even in the light of our present limited knowledge concerning the utilization of fuel. We are riding to a hard fall unless we mend our ways in the treatment of our energy resources. The situ-

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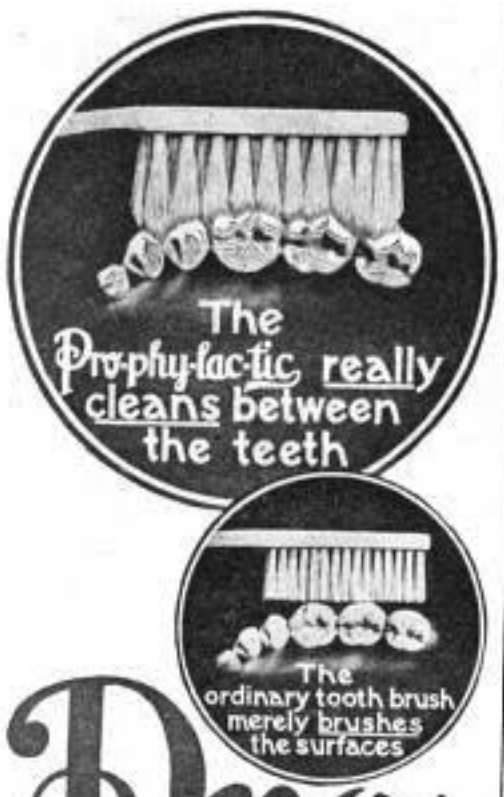
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THE EAGLE AND THE WREN

(Continued from Page 17)

He ordered an ample meal and while he waited smoked several cigarettes, lighting them from little pieces torn off the menu, which he dipped into a candle flame. The table allotted to him was but a few feet from where Alma was sitting. Through a trellis covered with artificial flowers Otto could watch her conveniently without being seen. With satisfaction he noted that she was alone, and took from his pocket a small cardboard box, from which he extracted a white carnation, which he put in the buttonhole of his coat.

"So," said he, and waited events.

Alma, who was idly consuming the pear, looked up and made a quick movement of her head to a waiter who was passing. He approached at once with an open wine list.

"Chianti ver' good," he murmured.

"You must search his rooms," said Alma in a quick whisper. "Get up and search them before he goes to bed. He doesn't carry the book; I've proved that."

The veins in the waiter's forehead corded and his mouth opened.

"That'll do. Go," said she. "Yes, a bottle of thirteen; thirteen is the number of his room. Go!"

Andrea went, followed almost immediately by Alma.

Otto von Weisenberg stroked his lips thoughtfully, and his brows came down straight and hard.

"H'm!" he reflected. "So they've muddled. Yes."

Very deliberately he took the carnation from his buttonhole and replaced it in the box.

"They will have had the wire telling them of my arrest and instructing the present holder to carry on. They've been bluffed, and the wire will have betrayed the fact. Who bluffed 'em?"

He beckoned to a waiter.

"Tell me," said he, "is there a gentleman staying here called Saville?"

"*Mais oui;* M'sieur Martyn Saville."

"Thank you. I thought I recognized him. That will do."

His soup arrived, but he barely touched it. Otto von Weisenberg was thinking. Presently he took out a pocketbook and produced a letter from one of its sections. He was reading it when the fish was brought.

"Take it away and bring me a cutlet. I require nothing but a cutlet."

The letter was in code. It was signed by someone who not many years ago was looked upon as mighty. The letter was in the form of a question. It remarked on the unusual facilities Otto possessed for investigating international affairs. It wondered, in the event of plans for a certain new weapon falling into his hands—a weapon of such potency that its possession even by a firm of private individuals would insure world dominion—whether the said Otto would consider offering a first refusal to a nation at present embarrassed by national debt and indemnity. Any such act on his part would be rewarded with greater generosity and higher honors than the government at present employing him could afford. It concluded with a touching appeal to patriotism.

Otto turned the letter over and over in his hand. The proposition was attractive but difficult to carry out. The nation to which he had sworn service had a ready way of dealing with traitors. One of the heaviest items in the revolutionary budget was the traitor-extermination department. But here was an opportunity not to be neglected.

The agents to whom the plans had been intrusted had failed. If he could succeed in recovering them without his own side being any the wiser, no blame or obloquy could be attached to him. It was a charming reflection. He fell to upon his cutlet with excellent appetite.

When he had finished he strolled round to the bureau.

"I understand you are giving me Room Number Fourteen," said he.

"M'sieur has been allotted Seventy-two."

Otto stormed. He could not tolerate stairs. He could not intrust himself to a lift. He had written explicitly demanding Number Fourteen. Nonsense! Of course the letter had arrived. Someone was to blame and should suffer for it.

"If m'sieur would consent to occupy Suite Number Twelve it could be arranged. It is usually let in conjunction with Thirteen, but as the gentleman merely requires a sitting room and bedroom the partition door has been closed."

"Very well," said Otto, partially placated; "let it be prepared at once."

He turned away to cover a smile of satisfaction. The gods can be very good at times.

XXVIII

ON LEAVING the dining room Martyn Saville passed through the foyer in search of Leslie. He was about to enter the winter garden when George Wedderton's voice arrested him. George was wearing a light coat over his dress things, and a soft hat.

"Off somewhere?" queried Martyn.

George nodded.

"Um!" said he. "One of the waiters at this shack got a wire an hour ago, and I'm slipping down to the post office to get a repeat."

"What's the idea?"

"Nothing particular. Always suspicious of waiters who get wires, and thought it might be worth lookin' into."

"Energetic beggar," Martyn commented. "Still looking for the missing link, I suppose."

"Something of the sort. Like to stroll down?"

"Not just now; rather busy." And he moved away.

"Half a minute," George whispered. "Care for a joke?"

"If it's a short one," said Martyn.

"It's about five foot three if I'm not mistaken," George laughed. "It wears wispy whiskers and looks like Mr. Pim passing by."

"Haven't got you," said Martyn.

"Well, I've a notion friend Butterwick is here. Mind you, I haven't seen him near to, but I glimpsed an old fellow in the moonlight who was uncommonly suggestive in outline. Also, I picked up this at the spot where he was standing." He produced some broken nut shells from his pocket.

"H'm!" said Martyn. "Pretty conclusive. Going to introduce yourself?"

"I am not," replied George distinctly; "but I pray he won't make a nuisance of himself until I'm satisfied the plans are comfortably on their way again. He nearly spoiled the outfit once already. I'll roll round to your rooms later on."

"Do," said Martyn, and passed into the winter garden.

He found Leslie, Mrs. Conyngham and Cyril among a number of hotel guests. They did not show the least enthusiasm at his arrival. A young man named Callant was holding forth on the merits of his motor boat.

"Oh, Lord, no! Wouldn't be seen dead in a cabin cruiser. My little shell is made for speed. Sea-sled type, only smaller; darn fast. Knocks up about sixty miles an hour."

"Sounds ripping," said Leslie.

"It's a good effort. If you'd care for a spin one day and don't mind getting oily ——"

"I should love it!"

"Right. We must fix. I've got her in good tune. Tomorrow any good?"

"Matter of fact," Cyril interposed, "Miss Kavanagh is booked solid for tomorrow."

"But with nothing that can't be unbooked," said Leslie—a remark which set Cyril scowling and did little to contribute gayety to Martyn Saville. He leaned over and touched her on the arm.

"Leslie, old thing," he said, "come for a stroll, will you?"

She shook her head.

"I'm much too interested in what Mr. Callant is saying."

He dropped his voice as the talk became general.

"I only thought," he said, "as we've seen so little of each other ——"

"That you'd rather I didn't make myself too pleasant to other people. I quite understand, Martyn."

There was a touch of hostility in the tone.

"But listen," he whispered. "I ——"

"You have your friends, Martyn; you can hardly complain if we have ours. It seems a very fair arrangement."

"If you'd just let me explain."

"I'd much rather you didn't." She turned to Callant. "Is your boat the big brown one with 36 painted on its side?"

"No jolly fear! That's a taxi, or for about forty miles. Holds twer sengers. Mine's a two-seater stun The Whirlwind."

Not to be outclassed in matters speed Cyril offered some reminisc the air force, in which he had serve the war.

"There's nothing like it," he d "For thrill nothing comes within

Which started an argument on t tive merits of air and water—an ar that was debated with heat on bot

Martyn rose and crossed to Mr yngham, but although he addres twice she did not seem to hear.

"This is too damn silly!" he himself, and marched out to the v

It was an empty cigarette case t him upstairs to restock. Had he a moment earlier he would hav surprised.

Andrea Negretti had turned ou hole and corner of the two rooms search for the missing book. He wa ing feverishly with a bunch of s keys at the lock of Martyn's secon case when Alma entered noiseless the balcony.

"Well?" she demanded.

Andrea sprang to his feet as shot, great beads of sweat starting brow. "You gotta no more sense t come in so quiet!" he gasped.

Alma repeated her question.

"Have you found the book?"

He shook his head savagely.

"I looka efrywheres—no good damnt spy he hide it away."

"He's no spy, you fool," said "He got the book by chance—brought about by your stupidity."

"But he gifa der number."

"Yes; of this room. I tell you he a notion what's in the book."

"Ah, ta ta. You talka some sens change. If he was nod a spy what maka to hide?"

"Where have you looked?"

Andrea gave a sweeping gestur bracing both rooms.

"Did you look in the pockets of t he was wearing?"

"Must I waste ze tima being a he squealed.

Alma's hands came down on his ders and she thrust her face into his

"I tell you that book must be fo she said. "And you've got to find you fail they shall know at the comm And, my boy, you shall pay."

And with this engaging promis slipped out through the windows.

Andrea Negretti said something and turned once more toward the bed

The clothes Martyn had worn i afternoon were thrown carelessly ac chair. His coat was uppermost an white carnation showed in the butto Without hope of success he ran his f over the outer surface and they to the hard outline of a book. With an cry he was about to dive his hand in pocket when the door of the little opened and Martyn Saville came slov

And then began as pretty a little co as one might wish to see.

Andrea saw but a single chance took it. Picking up the clothes he them over his arm and as though he w valet proceeded to carry them off. came abreast of Martyn his heart was ing like a kettle drum.

"Good man," said Martyn. "They a brush. These French roads are infes dusty."

Andrea agreed, with a bow. He di trust his voice. But it would seem Alma Ferraros was right in her sur and it was evident the man was ign of what had happened. Success w sight.

"You have emptied the pockets?"

Perish the thought! What cursed ill prompted it!

Andrea nodded and quickened his

A flash of white in the buttonhole o coat caught Martyn's eye.

"Wait a bit," he said. "I want flower."

It was almost more than human na could endure, but Andrea stood still Martyn disengaged the white carnatio

"Right," said he, and gave the co friendly slap with the back of his han

(Continued on Page 65)

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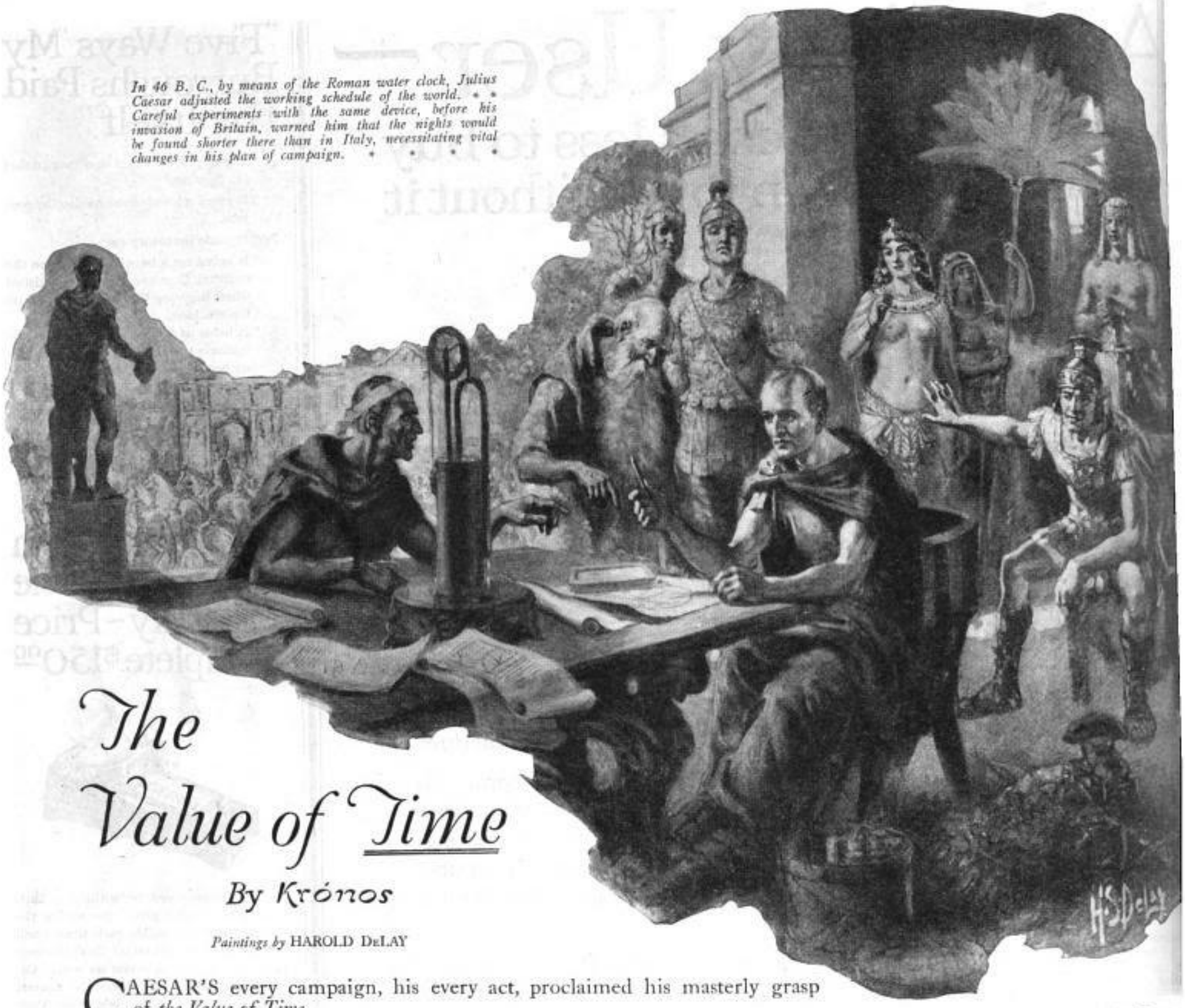
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The Value of Time

By Krónos

Paintings by HAROLD DeLAY

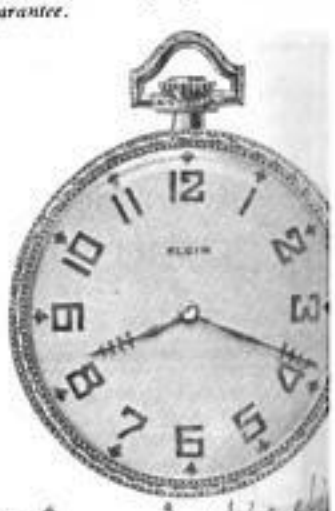
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(Continued from Page 62)

A few coppers and a sixpence fell from the ticket pocket and chased one another in dying circles over the parquet floor.

Andrea turned pale green.

"You're a beauty," said Martyn. "You haven't emptied the pockets at all."

Snatching away the coat he proceeded to do so, heaping the accumulated odds and ends on the table. He shook his head ruefully on producing the copy of Browning's Men and Women, which was the last thing to be extracted, and he held it in his hand a moment before pitching it carelessly aside. He was blissfully unaware that he was also holding his life in his hand, for Andrea, cheated of his easily won victory, was fingering the haft of a concealed knife and debating the wisdom of using it. Conceivably he might have done so, for in his family it was the traditional method of concluding an argument, but at the fine edge of decision Martyn Saville ordered him to fetch a glass of water from the bedroom for the reception of the white carnation.

Andrea did not delay long in obeying the order, and when he returned it was to find Martyn unlocking the second suitcase in search of cigarettes. The opportunity was too good to lose. Andrea put down the glass and reached out for the book. But no one could have stood out against such persistent misfortune. At the very moment his fingers touched the cover Martyn rose to ask for a light.

From the violence of his emotion Andrea shook all over as he struck and held out an evil-smelling French *allumette*. His other hand was behind his back ineffectively dragging the surface of the table.

Martyn made three attempts before he finally succeeded in lighting his cigarette.

"What the devil's the matter with you?" he demanded. "'Fraid of catching fire?"

Andrea could only shake his head.

"Are you waiting for anything?"

"No, m'sieur."

"Then for pity's sake clear out!" said Martyn. "'Cause I don't like you a bit."

"But, m'sieur ——"

"Oh, go, go, man! I want to be alone."

The golden opportunity was lost.

Andrea cast a despairing glance at the book and went.

With an irritable gesture Martyn threw his cigarette into the fender and turned to the French window. A tranquil moon hung in the sky, which speckled the sea with silver. Very lovely was the night with its velvet shadowed trees against an arc of sapphire. In the basin below lay ships at anchor, and the roofs of houses glittered as though painted with brushes dipped in frost. Somewhere a mandolin was playing and from the beach came the music of water running over stones. Martyn shivered.

"I don't know," he muttered softly. "I don't know. Wish I didn't feel as if something were going to happen, something wrong. It's queer! Wish I'd never made that bet with Cyril, and I wish I'd never designed that damned machine. I don't know. Never felt this way before." Once again he shivered, then gave a little laugh. "It's as if—as if I were panicky. Damn queer."

But it was not so queer, after all, for at the very time these misgivings attacked Martyn Saville the one operative eye of Otto von Weisenberg was trained upon him through a neatly bored hole in the panel of the door that separated the two apartments. Otto von Weisenberg was emplaced for the night, and waited developments.

Martyn turned at the sound of his name and found Leslie standing behind him.

"This is ripping of you," he said. "I fancied you hadn't much use for me tonight."

"I don't know that I have," she answered. "You've been rather a disappointment, haven't you?"

"I'm afraid so," he admitted. "Don't seem to have had any luck. Will you sit down for a minute, please?"

"Yes, but only a minute."

He put a chair for her.

"I can't make things out, Martyn," she said.

"There's nothing to make out."

"Isn't there? Perhaps you aren't so fond of me as you used to be."

"Good heavens ——" he began.

"No, no! you don't interrupt. After all, you ran away directly we met today. You preferred being with Mr. Wedderton to being with me."

"I had to see old George. It was ——"

"Oh, yes, I know; but you needn't have stayed with him quite so long if you'd really —— But that's neither here nor there. If you didn't want to hurry back it doesn't matter. But there is one thing that sticks in my throat, Martyn."

"Go on," he said.

"After all, I am staying with Mrs. Conyngham. Of course she's silly and prejudiced, but you can't blame her for being furious."

"About?"

"That woman."

"I see," he said rather grimly.

"Oh, Martyn, I don't want you to think I'm narrow and conventional; I'm not a bit. I know men have all sorts of friends, but you must admit she is rather obvious, and to introduce her to Mrs. Conyngham, to expect her to share our table—I shouldn't have thought you'd have done it."

"I didn't do it," he retorted. "She came uninvited, of her own free will. Good Lord! You don't imagine I asked her to come—wanted her? In these hotels people do odd things."

"But she's a friend of yours."

"Certainly not."

"She calls you Martyn."

"It was a piece of damned cheek. Scarcely know the woman. First time we met was this afternoon."

"Who introduced you?"

Martyn hesitated:

"Cyril, as a matter of fact." A sudden sense of having betrayed a confidence forced him to add, "I asked for the introduction, though."

"When I wasn't there?"

"Yes."

She bit her lip.

"Cyril thinks it was rotten of you to expect us to sit at table with her," she said.

This was more than flesh and blood could stand, and Martyn started to his feet with a protest.

"It doesn't matter so much Cyril having friends like that," said Leslie. "He isn't engaged."

"Leslie, I swear I don't deserve that."

"You do. You deserve anything. I've been looking forward to today for three whole months and it's—it's been perfectly horrid."

He threw an arm round her.

"I say, old girl," he exclaimed, "I wouldn't have you feel like this for the world!"

But Leslie wriggled out of his embrace.

"No, no, no!" she cried. "I'm cross. I'm desperately cross with you. There's something at the back of all this—something I don't understand and I'm afraid to understand."

"But, my dear ——"

"You're mixed up in something beastly. That's true, isn't it?"

"It's not true," he said.

"Then look me in the eyes and say so. Say that there isn't anything you can't tell me."

"I can't say that," said Martyn, "because to do so would put me wrong and ——"

She rose and fixed him with serious eyes.

"Then it is true. What I said is true."

"Look here," said Martyn. "There must not be any misunderstandings between you and me. There are certain details of my life that I'm not at liberty to talk about. They aren't mine to discuss, but in another direction it—it's different. Oh, look here, Leslie, old thing, I've always been an almighty fool, you know that well enough. Meddling with fireworks is my incurable habit. You just happen to have found me with a squib in my hand, that's all."

"Yes," said Leslie, "and I shan't rest till I know what it's made of."

"Very well," Martyn replied; "then go and see Mrs. Conyngham at once."

"But she's gone to bed," said Leslie.

"Then perhaps you will ask her to look in here for a minute before turning in? I can't go to her. She has no sitting room."

"But what's the good, Martyn?"

"You must take that on trust. Ask her. Say it's very important."

"Oh, well," said Leslie disconsolately, "I suppose it can do no harm." And she walked slowly to the door.

"I say, old thing," he pleaded, "let me kiss you. Don't you want me to kiss you?"

She turned.

"Of course I do, Martyn. Of course I do. But I shan't until I know everything



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"Very well. Go to Mrs. Conyngham."

"She'll be ages," said Leslie, at the door. "She'll never let you see her as she really is."

Then she went out, and Otto von Weisenberg, who had been greatly impressed by Leslie's personal charms, was sorely tried to check himself from screaming execrations at Martyn for letting so dainty a morsel escape unkissed.

XXIX

THE man who is a citizen of all the world is possessed of great advantage. George Wedderton knew everybody and could talk to everybody in his own lingo. One of his acquaintances was the local postmaster. It was too late to find the post office open, wherefore George repaired to the particular café at which, memory reminded him, the postmaster was used to take his *petit verre* before retiring to rest. They met, as it were, by accident, and conversed on many subjects before George made his request.

"But certainly," said M. Dinard. "It would be a privilege."

Together they ran through the file of recently received telegrams, and George obtained the required information. The wire dealing with the fall of White Carnation was in code, but George read it as easily as though it were in block type. He thanked M. Dinard and returned to the hotel to convey the news to Martyn Saville.

His unexpected arrival seriously interfered with Otto von Weisenberg's program. Otto had been very busy since Leslie's departure. He had rung up a number on the telephone, with which all the rooms were appointed, and had arranged to charter a motor boat.

"No, no, no, my dear Charvonier," he had said. "I do not want a mechanic. A few provisions and plenty of oil and spirit. Let her be standing by. I may require her tonight. . . . Her name, my friend? Ah, Number Thirty-six; no name. . . . Very good. I can rely on you? . . . Excellent!" He hung up the receiver.

Number Thirty-six was the cabin cruiser which young Callant had disparaged earlier in the evening.

"And now," murmured Otto to himself, "I have merely to wait until Saville has interviewed this woman called Conyngham. Then I shall enter and take possession of the book. The whole affair is charmingly simple."

He returned to the peephole and composed himself in patience.

The entry of George Wedderton was unlooked for and exasperating. George sailed in, smiling seraphically, and clapped Martyn on the back.

"I was right," said he. "That waiter is the missing link, and without uncharity he certainly looks the part. Our friend from Moscow was laid up on the frontier and they wired present holder to carry on."

"The fellow Weisenberg?" queried Martyn without much interest.

"Same lad. Dear old Butterwick got him put away, it seems. By the way, he's known to the troupe by the pretty title of White Carnation."

Otto on the far side of the partition door started violently. This was a new development. He had fondly imagined his identity in the affair was unknown, and that the presence of the plans in Martyn Saville's room was fortuitous. It was a shock to learn otherwise.

Martyn Saville nodded gloomily.

"Wherefore," continued George, "we may expect to witness the departure of the said waiter with tomorrow's sunup, armed with a very beautiful tracing of an entirely unairworthy machine." He lit a cigarette, helped himself to a drink, and laughed. "Martyn," he said, "I'm disposed to think this little exploit of mine crowns an ambitious career. Thanks to me the Thirteenth Communal is invested with a set of dud plans, and thanks to them I am invested with two thousand Jimmy O'Goblins for my pains. Whichever way you regard it, it's rich."

To Otto von Weisenberg all this was mysterious. What was this talk of dud plans and unairworthy machinery?

Martyn Saville gloomily agreed that things had gone very well.

"They certainly have," said George. "Although you look about as happy as a dead man in a pond."

"Don't bother with me," came the response. "I'm a fool. Tell you what it is, George, I can't keep out of scrapes."

"Been getting your feet wet?" queried George.

Martyn swiveled round in his chair.

"Look here," he said, "it can do no harm to tell you the trouble. It's this way."

And briefly he outlined his enlistment by Mrs. Conyngham, and its consequent effect upon his relations with Leslie.

George shook his head.

"If you'll forgive my saying so," said he, "you're all sorts of an ass, Martyn."

"That's right; rub it in."

"You can't monkey with a girl like Ferraros without paying for the nuts. It was a damn silly thing to do."

"Appears so. Browning was to blame, not me."

"Browning? Fellow who invented the repeater?"

"No, the poet. I took the idea from a verse he wrote. Chap who tried to save his pal from a wild woman by getting in the net himself. Hang on a second, it's in this book."

He took the volume Alma had given him and started turning the pages.

"Try the index," was George's practical suggestion.

"H'm! Save time perhaps. Here we are! A Light Woman; Page three hundred and ninety-nine. That's somewhere near the end." He turned some pages. "I'll read you the thing."

"Then I'll help myself to another spot," said George, and gravitated toward the decanter.

Martyn was puzzled. He stood turning a page to and fro in his fingers.

"These numbers are all wrong," he muttered.

It was an awkward moment for Otto von Weisenberg, and he racked his brains as how best to deal with it. Should he fling open the separating door and trust to securing the book by a rush attack, or should he take a chance and wait? It was a perilous adventure either way. Memory of what George had said about the dud plant discouraged a precipitate act. It would be folly to take a risk to secure something entirely worthless. And yet he could not see how a mistake could have occurred when the photograph was taken. The wireless report from England had spoken of unqualified success. It would be better perhaps to allow things to develop quietly, but to be ready in case of need. He silently unlocked the separating door and turned the knob.

Martyn was still puzzling over the want of numerical sequence in the pages he handled.

"It's damn funny," he said. "Page three nine-seven; four hundred. Where's ninety-eight and nine?"

George jerked out a suggestion over his shoulder.

"Stuck together probably. Worst of reading at tea time."

Martyn laughed.

"Yes. I say, though, these pages feel queer. I believe there's something between 'em."

"Let's see," said George, and taking the book tried to separate the pages with a wet finger. "H'm! You're right." He held them to the light and nodded. "Certainly something here. Where did you get this book?"

"From Alma Ferraros. She gave it me in rather an odd way."

Otto von Weisenberg took a pistol from his pocket and laid it on his knee.

"Gave it you?" said George. "Why?"

"Don't quite know. I asked her to lend it to me and she seemed disinclined. Then I remember noticing I'd dropped a flower I was wearing. That one in the glass."

"A white carnation!" said George.

"It was lying a few feet away and I put it back in my buttonhole. After that I said something, don't recall what, and she gave me the book."

"What time was this?"

"Oh, sixish."

"And at 7:30 a telegram was received by a waiter of this hotel saying 'White Carnation fallen at fence. Present holder to carry on.' Anything occur to you?"

Martyn Saville's eyes opened wide.

"You mean the plans are in this book? But why give 'em to me, of all people in the world?"

"Muddle somewhere—and a fluke. It's pretty unaccountable though to rely on a single sign like a carnation. By every rule in the game she should have asked for a number."

Martyn Saville struck one hand against the other.

"By the Lord, but she did!" he

"What did you say?"

"I thought she meant the number room, and I gave it to her."

"What should she want that for?"

Martyn cleared his throat.

"That's another story," said he.

George did not press for an answe

"The wonder is," he said, "they h tried to get it back. They know thei take by now."

Martyn puzzled, and illumination

"That's what has been happenin whole evening," he said. "That ex why she came to our table and why I the waiter carrying off my clothes the book in the pocket."

And he hurriedly explained wha happened with Andrea Negretti.

"Did you show any emotion whe rescued the thing?" George demand

"None at all. Ticked him off for lessness and pitched it on the table t

George rubbed his hands.

"Good," said he. "Then they'll the whole thing was just accidental. her have the book back with a polite thanking her for the loan."

"Matter of fact she'll be along her half an hour to collect it."

"Better still," said George. "Alt I repeat the opinion that you're a an ass."

Martyn ignored this attack on h telligence.

"I would like a glimpse at that t before we let it go," said he.

George shook his head.

"Wouldn't the pages come apart out showing?"

"They might, if it's a heat adhesiv

"Then let's have a try."

"If you insist," said George reluct "but I think it's a mistake."

He held the edges of the paper ag an electric-light bulb, then delicatel serted a knife between the stuck page eased them apart. Within was a n folded sheet of paper.

"Thin stuff," said Martyn.

"Commonly in use," George re "Cast your eye over it, and don't b long."

Martyn spread out the plan unde rays of the table lamp.

"By Gad!" he exclaimed. "It's be fully done. Doubt if I could better it

"Mossi was a nut, my boy; he kne job. Is this the verse—A Light Wom

Martyn nodded; his attention wa sorbed by the tracing. George bega read half aloud, with a woeful wa scansion:

My friend was already too good to lose,
And seemed in the way of improvemen
When she crossed his path with her hun
noose
And over him drew her net.

Martyn's brow was contracted.

"This lettering is so damned small, muttered. "Can't make out why Got a lens—a magnifying glass?"

George searched his pockets and tinued reading:

So, I gave her eyes my own eyes to f
My hand sought hers as in earnest n
And round she turned for my noble s
And gave me herself indeed.

"Here you are, old top." He thr pocket lens across the table.

"Thanks."

With the deepest interest Otto von senberg watched Martyn's face a brought the glass to bear upon the tra A variety of conflicting doubts and tions went in waves across it. Presentl pushed back his chair and sprang to his

"George!" he cried.

"Halloo!"

"This is Type B, George! It's Type

George smiled seraphically.

"I don't think so," he said. "Hone I don't."

Martyn seized his shoulder and shook savagely.

"You idiot!" he cried. "D'you t I don't know my own work? I tell it's Type B, complete and accurat every detail."

George came slowly to his feet.

"Martyn," he said, "you're wrong. must be wrong. I was in the office the photograph was taken. Type B hidden behind the bookcase. I hid it self. Why, damnation, man, there c be no mistake; the two types were ma in your own handwriting on the re side."

(Continued on Page 69)

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(Continued from Page 66)

Martyn fell back into his chair.

"You—you colossal ass!" he exclaimed. "Oh, you monumental fool! I never gave you that detail as a guide. Those pencillings were done by me as a blind."

There was a tap at the door and the Honorable Mrs. Conyngham in lace cap and *peignoir* entered the room like a queen.

XXX

GEORGE WEDDERTON was behind the light, and from the door was practically invisible. Had Mrs. Conyngham seen him it is probable she would not have entered. The honorable lady was in no too amiable mood. She had been persuaded by Leslie to undertake this interview at the very moment of retirement. As a result her complexion, which she systematically effaced before retiring, had to be reassumed, her hair freed from bondage, and her person draped with becoming and appropriate raiment. She had received a severe shock during the evening, a shock which called for immediate and prolonged repose. Thus it will be appreciated that the spirit she brought to the interview was arbitrary.

To make matters worse Martyn clapped a copy of an evening journal over the trace and cried out "Don't come in!"

Mrs. Conyngham raised her brows and increased her height by a couple of inches.

"I have come, Mr. Saville," said she, "at your urgent request and very much against my will." Then she observed George and added still another inch to her stature. "At least I had expected we should be alone."

George bowed, and Martyn rubbed his forehead with an anxious hand.

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Conyngham, "this gentleman would be good enough to retire."

"Sorry," said George, shaking his head; "I can't do that."

"Then I must."

"One minute, please," said Martyn, intercepting her. "I do want to see you—imperatively. But something has turned up of the greatest importance."

Mrs. Conyngham put out a hand.

"If you have an explanation to make, tomorrow morning will be convenient for me to hear it."

"You must hear it tonight," said Martyn. "You dragged me into the business and it rests with you to put me right."

"Mr. Saville, it is my invariable custom to retire at eleven o'clock."

"I am sorry," he replied. "And I shall not keep you waiting a moment longer than I can help. If you'd kindly go into the next room ——"

"Your bedroom?"

"There's a fire and a comfortable chair."

"What is the meaning of this?" said Mrs. Conyngham right off the ice.

"If I let you go now I shouldn't see you again tonight, and I mean to get this matter settled without delay."

"You ask me to enter your bedroom?"

"Why not?"

"And you make the suggestion before a third party?"

"You can rely on my absolute discretion, madam," said George.

Mrs. Conyngham reeled. Martyn crossed to the bedroom door and threw it open. "Please," he begged. "Every moment is of value."

There was a mastery in his tone that forbade argument. Like an aristocrat going to the guillotine Mrs. Conyngham entered the bedroom. Framed in the doorway, she turned with a fine panegyric:

"I am uncertain what breach of the law you are committing in this outrage to me; but I am confident it is one usually attended by a long term of imprisonment."

Martyn Saville closed the door and turned to George.

"To think," he muttered, "that I should have messed it up like this! My Lord! Martyn, suppose we hadn't found out!"

"We're in luck that far, but what's to do?"

"Nothing to be done but burn the damn thing," he answered.

"And let the gang know we've found 'em out?"

"Is there any choice?"

Martyn paced the room, his face screwed up in thought.

"It's a mighty pity—a mighty pity," he repeated. "I liked the notion of that dud drawing going through. Would have been such a gorgeous smack in the eye for them."

"Too late for that."

"H'm!" Martyn stood and bit his thumb reflectively, then picked up the tracing and examined it in silence.

George came to his side with a lighted match.

"Come on," he said, "let's burn it before something worse happens."

The separating door was behind them and neither Martyn nor George heard the faint creak as Otto von Weisenberg thrust it open a full foot and steadying his pistol hand against the lintel took a bead at the back of George's head. A bare three inches separated the corner of the paper from the flame of the match. Otto filled his lungs and took the first pressure on the trigger.

Then, "No!" shouted Martyn. "We'll do the blighters yet!"

George Wedderton never realized that this simple statement saved his life.

"I'm the one man who could draw that original type out of his head. Give me time and this little tracing alongside me, and the bounders shall have a machine that'll break every neck it carries aloft."

George Wedderton grasped him fiercely by the arm.

"Can you do it, man?" he cried. "Can you do it?"

"Do it? On my head! There's a case of compasses in my grip there, and I'll barricade myself in this room until I have done it. She shall have the book back in the morning complete with a drawing that'd bamboozle the devil himself. We'll——" He checked suddenly and all the enthusiasm died out of his voice. "Lord!" he muttered.

"What's wrong?"

"The paper. I've nothing like it."

George snatched up the thin sheet of paper and rustled it between finger and thumb.

"It's their ordinary stuff, supplied to every agent."

"To be done by a thing like that!" cried Martyn.

"We won't be done," said George. "Look here, there are two of 'em in this hotel—the woman and the waiter. One of 'em is certain to have some, and they won't be in their rooms yet."

He hastened to the door.

"What are you going to do?"

"Turn burglar, of course. You shall have the paper if I have to throttle the pair of 'em. Get your things ready; there's no time to lose."

"Good luck, old George," said Martyn, rummaging in his suitcase.

"You bet," came the cheery response as George shot out into the passage.

Otto von Weisenberg stroked his lips and made a quick decision.

"After all," he murmured, "there is no particular hurry. The young man has brains. It would suit me very well for the wrong plans to be conveyed to Moscow. I can collect that slip of paper later on, when things are quieter."

He closed the door noiselessly and dropped the pistol back in his pocket.

XXXI

MR. BUTTERWICK was very much incognito. He had traveled from England disguised as a frail old gentleman with a natural distaste for drafts, which, however, had in no way interfered with his making the journey by air. The owners of the finger prints so kindly presented to him by George Wedderton had been identified. A careful inspection of machine tools had revealed an impression of Paolo Mossi's thumb on the bed plate of the lathe at which he worked. But Paolo Mossi was absent from his duties and from his lodging. Butterwick left instructions that he should be arrested on return, and a wire awaiting him at the La Rhone Hotel stated that this had been done. The other finger prints on the envelope turned out to be George Wedderton's. This piece of typical Wedderton humor had caused Butterwick to froth at the mouth. In his own mind he was confident George Wedderton was employed by the enemy. Everything pointed to that conclusion.

A second wire awaiting him was from his niece, Isobel, and of a very satisfactory nature. Butterwick, alias Cheeselock, was proud of the girl's exploit. It was a notable achievement to have waylaid such an old hand as Otto von Weisenberg, an achievement to be rewarded appropriately with a word of praise and half a dozen handkerchiefs at Christmas. Mr. Butterwick did not believe in giving away more than he could help.

The last person he expected to find staying at the hotel was George Wedderton. He had come there because the scared cashier had hinted at the name of the hotel as a possible halting place for whoever might be carrying the stolen plans.

The sight of George Wedderton's name in the register put Butterwick in a fever of





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(Continued from Page 69)

the terrace, working out a plan of campaign. While so occupied he came across Cyril and Leslie conversing together in low tones and stayed to listen because he overheard Martyn's name.

"Can't understand it a bit," Cyril was saying, "but dear old Martyn seems to have changed so. I'm most awfully sorry, old girl."

"Please don't be," said Leslie. "I'm sure there isn't any reason."

"I hope there ain't."

"Can you think why he wanted to see Mrs. Conyngham?"

Cyril started, but the darkness covered it.

"Not a notion."

They were silent.

"He seems to prefer the society of that chap Wedderton to anyone else's. Heard 'em talking together when I passed his door half an hour ago."

"Did you?"

"I say, Les, you've been most awfully decent to me since we came here."

"I've been quite ordinary."

"Been wonderful. I can't bear seeing you look so down. It's my impression Martyn has said something rotten to you."

"Indeed he hasn't."

Cyril hesitated.

"Perhaps it's a lowdown thing to suggest, but—well, he doesn't give me the idea of a chap who's just been engaged; and at the back of my head I couldn't help wondering whether by any chance he's thinking of some other girl."

"I suppose, Cyril," said Leslie, "you have to say things like that."

In an instant he was all contrition.

"Oughtn't to have said it; no excuse at all 'cept, being fond of you myself, one naturally ——"

"I see."

She looked adorable in the moonlight.

"Y'know I am tremendously fond of you, Les."

Mr. Butterwick turned away and kept to the grass border until he was out of hearing. Then he stopped a moment in thought.

"I might mess about here for the rest of my life and get no forrader," he muttered to himself. He wrinkled his nose and stared at the toes of his boots. It was always from the ground his inspiration came. "But if I could fix up a reasonable excuse for arresting George Wedderton ——"

A speck of plaster fell to the ground at his feet. Looking up he saw a man standing on the ledge of a second-floor corridor window. There was a light beyond the lowered blind, and against it the man's outline showed clearly. Butterwick's eyes were trained to quick observation, and there could be no mistaking the identity of that dark figure. It was George Wedderton.

Mr. Butterwick sidled into the shadow of a cypress and watched. George was looking aloft and seemed to be deliberating. Above his head, but out of reach of his hand, was a sculptured rain spout projecting a couple of feet from the wall face. George measured the distance and leaped upward and slightly outward.

Butterwick shut his eyes and waited for the thud. It never came. When he opened them again George was straddling the gargoyle with his face to the wall. What followed was nervous work to watch. On this perilous and uneven perch George somehow contrived to get to his feet. In this he was aided by an iron pipe, which rose vertically. There was room for his fingers to encircle the pipe and clinging to it with both hands he braced his stockinged feet against the brickwork and climbed upward, very much as a native of Ceylon scales a tilting coconut palm. There was a nasty moment when he released one hand to seize the rain gutter just below the slates. It is doubtful whether he would have done it at all had he paused to consider the risk. Next moment he was erect and moving catlike along the narrow coping. Every twelve feet or so was a gabled attic window and he stooped as he passed them by. At the fourth he paused and listened and, apparently satisfied with the result, gently raised the sash and disappeared into the room.

"Good," said Butterwick. "That should do nicely." And he scuttled off downhill to the town as fast as his legs would carry him.

XXXII

MARTYN SAVILLE was on his knees before the suitcase. He had found a bottle of India ink and the case of compasses was in his hand when a light footfall caused him to turn sharply and spring to his feet. In the open French window stood Alma Ferraros, a patch of scarlet against the blue of night. As ever the smile played about her naughty mouth and her eyes twinkled invitingly. She put a finger to her lips and sibilated "Sh-h!"

The worst had happened and Martyn steeled himself to meet it. Like a conjurer he vanished the surprise he had shown at her appearance, put the case of compasses on the table, and interposing himself between Alma and the book that lay there, he bowed gallantly.

"Was it not kind of me to come by the balcony," said she, "and so preserve your reputation?"

His reply had a touch of irony.

"It was charming of you to come at all."

She took a few paces into the room, stepping as daintily as a tight-rope walker.

"I would not compromise my sweet friend by using the door."

"It was doubtless the same delicate regard for my feelings that brought you uninvited to our table tonight."

The go-as-you-please easy manner of his everyday speech had gone and he met the emergency as girt with phrases as any Prince Florizel.

"I could not keep away," Alma declared. "You see I am very inexperienced; I like anything new and unusual."

"You flatter me. My intentions, after all, were fairly obvious."

He turned a little and still masking the book pulled out the table drawer. To justify the action he picked up the case of compasses.

Alma's eyes flickered restlessly over the room, which now was a trifle disordered.

"And yet, Marteen, at first they deceived me. I thought you were indeed concerned with that boy's immortal soul."

Martyn laughed, and as though by accident dropped his handkerchief over the book and covered the tracing with the evening paper.

"Such credulity does you credit," said he. "It sets a seal on modesty."

She shrugged her shoulders and crossing to the open suitcase touched it with her foot.

"Unpacking?"

He nodded.

"A tiresome task—the curse of celibacy."

She pointed at the case of compasses and asked what it was.

"A case of razors. Care to see them?"

She shook her head and moved toward a console table littered with odds and ends.

"I am not curious," she said.

"Odd," he replied. "I would have thought your life was a series of close shaves."

She turned quickly, too quickly to allow him to slip the book into the open drawer. The hand he had stretched out changed its course and picked up a cigarette case.

"Why would you think so?"

"Because," he replied, "adventure has a lodging in your eyes."

"I wonder, Marteen Saville," she said, "what sort of a man you are and what you do."

"An ordinary man, my dear."

"Who occupies himself—how?"

"That," said Martyn, "is a secret; but between ourselves I have a factory for stamping holes in penny whistles, which we purvey to the trade at the modest charge of a penny a million. Will you be kind and help me to unpack?"

"I am not domestic." She put her head at an angle and fired a bold shot with a careless aim. "You promised to read poetry to me."

He did not show the smallest concern.

"And so I will," said he, "if I can find the book."

"You have not lost it?" she snapped. "You have not ——"

"It is somewhere about. See, help me to unpack first and I will try and find it. Come, make a start."

His innocence was above suspicion. Alma went down on her knees beside the open suitcase, but she was clever enough to do so in a position that commanded a view of him. Only for an instant was her back turned, but like a flash he had the book in his hand.

"I fear," she said, collecting a boot and shirt, "you are a bully. Ah!"

He was just too late. Another second and the book would have disappeared into the open drawer. She half pointed, checked herself, and searched his face suspiciously. But Martyn was not a man to give himself away. Nothing could have exceeded the naturalness of his smile.

"I have it here," said he. "An as you have shifted that boot dress-shirt front the poetry soc start business."

Alma rose from her knees.

"I am not a valet," she said. "the book and I ——"

"Oh, no," retorted Martyn, p behind his back. "I claim a fair of labor. No work—no verse."

She put out a hand that tremb excitement.

"I would not permit you to rea case. I cannot tolerate the voices teurs. Tell me the title of this ver shall read it to you. Please."

And Martyn Saville knew that t was up. The fencing might last minute or perhaps two, but the re inevitable.

The same painful knowledge wa through the brain of Otto von Wei

He, too, realized that Martyn dead end and could go no farth thought galled him to madness. over, he had seen something o Martyn was unaware—Andrea knife in hand, hidden behind the the curtain. Unobserved, the fel slipped in from the balcony a mom Alma, not trusting her to deal problem alone.

Otto could feel the tenseness of t tion as vitally as though it were ha to himself, and he did not stint his tion of Martyn's bearing. Confron inevitable discovery Martyn's fac for an instant lost its tantalizin As a student of such affairs Otto drama precisely a quarter of a mi develop. In his excitement he gave a thought to what his own pa tion in the affair might be. It w time enough to decide that when –

"Give me the book," said Alma gling grimly to preserve her contro

"No, no, no," came the mock swer. "You don't realize I have for reciting. My Casabianca ——"

"Give it to me."

He warded her off with an outst hand and stepped back within reac curtains.

"Oh, lady," he whined, "I shall eyes out if you don't allow ——"

"Martyn Saville!"

There was very little camouflage in tone. In her left hand was a ge kerchief the fall of which was the for Andrea to strike. Already her were loosening upon its hem. The p was reached, and all roads led to d

"Either you ——"

The passage door was flung op George Wedderton, a sheet of white in his hand, burst into the room. I in a flash what was happening; sa realized before Alma had turned he The sheet of paper disappeared into pocket and with a sweep of the h tumbled his hair and loosened the his dress tie. Then rocking gently heels and supporting himself again open door he gave voice to a sna drunken song, punctuated with h and sniggers of tipsy laughter.

Alma spun round to face the int

"Who is this person?" she cried.

And Martyn with fine indignati manded, "What the devil are you here?"

"Me?" said George, much bewil "Don' be rude, ol' man, don' b'rude

"Clear out—you're drunk."

"Drunk? No, not drunk, ol' man. tha's all." His eyes pivoted and sett Alma. He raised an accusing finge turned to Martyn. "Oh, you nat naughty boy," he giggled.

And Martyn had the notion of a lif

"You rotten brute!" he cried. out!" And he flung the book straig the offender's head.

George Wedderton was pretty qui the uptake. His fielding was beyond p He caught the prize in mid-air and cla it to his bosom fairly fell out of the slamming the door behind him. The of his ribald song echoed down the pa mingled with furious snorts and imp tions from Martyn. Alma had made at the door, but somehow and quite rally he was barring her way.

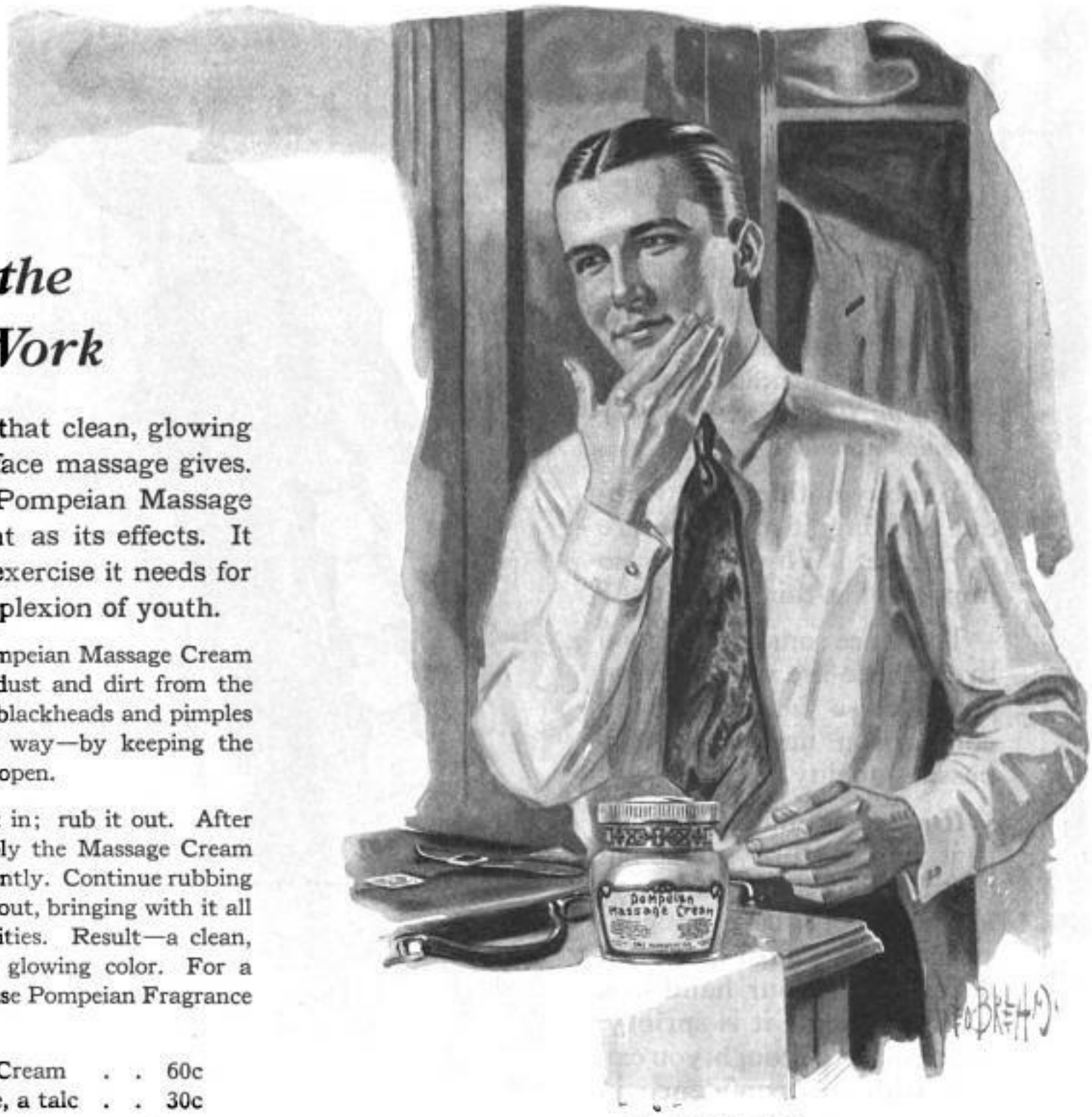
"Confound the fellow! Swine! my soul, I am most awfully sorry."

"Let me go, let me go!" sh Alma "This is unbearable!"

"I'll swear I marked him with that if I did no more."

(Continued on Page 75)

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FISK



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(Continued from Page 72)

Alma turned savagely. Andrea had already retired unobserved.

"How dared you throw my book at a beast like that!"

"Wish I'd had a brick!"

"It was my book. Let me go after him."

"After that rat? No fear!"

"I want my book."

Martyn leaned against the door and wiped the perspiration from his forehead. He felt he had carried indignation far enough and it would be a pity to overdo it.

"I can buy you a dozen books," said he. "I thought it was the beast's insolence had offended you."

Alma bit her lip, realizing the need to keep herself in hand if his suspicions were not to be aroused.

"You insult me by suggesting otherwise," she said. "Allow me to go to my room."

With every will in the world would he allow it, but it would not do to seem eager.

"Ah, not like this. Just when our friendship was beginning to grow."

"You have ceased to amuse me. Oh, very well, I shall go as I came—by the window."

Martyn caught her hand as she whisked by. The hotel clock was striking twelve.

"Stay a bit," he implored. "You look splendid with that rising color. Oh, I like you in a rage. A woman ——"

The door opened and Leslie, followed by Cyril, came into the room.

"Martyn!" said Leslie.

Alma twisted her hand free from his grasp and slipped through the curtains into the night.

XXXIII

IN THE parlance of the theater they held the picture for a full five seconds. Then Leslie jerked her head and turned about.

"Stop!" cried Martyn. "You don't understand."

"No," said Leslie. "I don't understand."

And from Cyril came the protest, "I say, old chap! Really, y'know!"

Martyn swung round with shut fists.

"You young bounder! You've done this on purpose."

"You asked me to come," he retorted. "Never said a word about coming alone."

Martyn ignored him. A fellow who acted thus could not be dealt with before a woman.

"Leslie," he began.

"I don't want to hear anything, Martyn. I—I'm sorry I came, that's all. But you see I didn't know. After all, it is your own affair, isn't it?"

"Leslie!" And quite unexpectedly he broke into a shout of laughter. "Lord! I'd forgotten. You think you've found me in a compromising position. I'll prove you're wrong. No, don't go, either of you."

With the air of a magician he walked to the double doors of the bedroom and threw them open.

"Great Scott!" cried the astounded Cyril. "The aunt—in bed."

It was true. The Honorable Mrs. Conyngham—she of unflinching rectitude, arbiter of public morals—lay upon the couch of Martyn Saville with an eiderdown tucked under her chin. She was fast asleep.

With a sharp intake of breath Leslie turned and went softly from the room. Martyn took a step forward, but Cyril barred the way. Very serious he looked, but it was all he could do to control his laughter.

"Here, stand away," he insisted. "You've no right in there. I don't pretend to understand. It's rank Mormonism."

"You young blackguard!" cried Martyn. "I'll make you pay for this. Leslie shall be told."

"Of course if you mean to break your word you will. But that's a matter to discuss in the morning. Meantime, we must hush this up for all our sakes."

Martyn pointed at the sleeper, who was betraying signs of waking up.

"Get out of here and take her with you."

He swung round and stepped to the balcony. When a moment later he entered the room again it was empty.

Otto von Weisenberg was holding his sides in an agony of suppressed mirth.

"Win or lose," he gurgled to himself, "this is the prettiest Boccaccio comedy I have ever witnessed." His eyes were so filled with tears of laughter that he scarcely noticed George Wedderton's return. He seemed to have arrived from nowhere.

George was banging Martyn on the back and Martyn was destroying imaginary Cyrils in mid-air.

"Well done, you!" cried George ecstatically. "Neatest pass I've ever seen. International! Here's the paper. Got it from the waiter's room after a hell of a climb. All's gay. I'll look after the book so you won't be disturbed."

"Yes, but ——" Martyn protested.

"Can't wait. I'm going back to the foyer to play drunk for the general benefit."

"George, listen, I can't do this thing."

"Can't be damned! Do it on your head. I'll let you have the book back in the morning."

"I tell you, man ——"

"Tell me nothing. I'm off. No time to lose. Burn that tracing when you've finished with it. And lock yourself in."

"George!"

"Good-by."

He was off like a whirlwind, and echoing down the corridor came the words of the song he sang:

Whisky makes me frisky,
But it fairly does me in
When I drink the Brother Vermuth
And a little drop of gin.

Martyn turned the key with an oath. He slammed the shutters across the window and dropped the bar. Then switching off all the lights except the standard lamp he flung himself into an elbow chair, and with a sweep of the hand cleared the table of all the accumulated odds and ends. Newspaper, shirts, collars, George Wedderton's whisky glass—fluttered and tinkled to the floor. He ran his fingers through his hair and beat his forehead.

"Got to be done," he said. "Come on, you fool, concentrate, concentrate!"

And ten minutes later, with a perfectly steady hand and with brows knit, he was laying in the outline of the machine that had failed.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

POWER FROM EARTH'S HEAT

By Floyd W. Parsons

THE basis of civilization is mechanical energy. Coal is of such importance to mankind because it is the one material we can easily obtain for use in producing heat to make power for our industries. The world's supplies of coal are limited and therefore man is turning more and more to the use of oil and to capturing the energy of falling water. The maximum possibilities of these three sources of power are strongly evident; so the next step in our onward advance will likely be the utilization of the interior heat of the earth.

Many phenomena, aside from the deductions of astronomers, indicate plainly that the earth is a cooling globe, like other bodies of the solar system. Yet, although we are living within two or three miles of a seemingly supply of power from heat, very little effort has been made to tap this limitless source of energy. Right now the earth is losing heat by radiation from its whole surface at the rate of five to ten horse power per year per square mile.

In twenty years the industrial and domestic life of America alone will probably require no less than one billion tons of coal annually. By that time we shall have harnessed the greater part of our water power. As a consequence we shall be forced to look to the wind, the sun's rays, the atom or the interior heat of the earth for additional supplies of energy. Of all these the deep well holds forth the greatest immediate hope.

Up to the present time the greatest depth attained by man in drilling is 7529 feet. The temperature at this depth was 168.6° Fahrenheit. This is no proof, however, that the temperature of the earth at such a depth is always the same. Deep-temperature readings in many places indicate wide variations in the earth's heat at like depths in different localities. An investigation disclosed that some wells and mines show a temperature of 100° Fahrenheit at a depth of a half mile, while others show less heat at a depth of a mile.

The earth's crust is not of uniform thickness. Depth temperatures increase faster in thick formations of stratified rocks than in thick formations, and faster in disturbed formations or earthquake areas than in more settled areas. Some volcanic places, such as the Land of a Thousand Smokes in Alaska, show intense heat practically at the earth's surface. It follows, therefore, that much care should be exercised in selecting a location on which to drill for interior heat. In a broken or igneous rock area high temperatures would be reached at less depth than in a section where the surface is composed of stratified rocks. It is believed that as a general rule the heat increase of the earth's surface, after the first thousand feet has been passed, averages about 1° Fahrenheit for each fifty feet of depth.

The first commercial use of the interior heat of the earth occurred at Laradello, Italy, where a subterranean flow of steam passing toward Mt. Vesuvius was tapped for use in operating a sixteen thousand horsepower electric-power plant. This steam is reached only a few hundred feet below the surface of the earth, and therefore the whole undertaking is not an example of deep-well boring for power; in fact there is no record of any effort ever having been made to get steam by drilling a deep hole or sinking a shaft.

About twenty years ago Sir Charles Parsons, inventor of the steam turbine and president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, suggested to British authorities that a mine shaft be sunk twelve miles deep. He estimated the job would require eighty-five years to finish and would cost twenty-five million dollars. Air locks and refrigeration compartments were to be used. Another authority asserts that a temperature of 1000° Fahrenheit—which is more than is needed to be of commercial value—may be found at any place on the earth at a depth of less than nine miles.



Several American engineers are now working on the problem of utilizing the earth's interior heat. If one of these men eventually succeeds in producing practical plans and machines for doing such work great benefits will result. Cheap steam will be piped short distances on the surface to supply the needs of the power plants of groups of factories. Electric power would be so cheap it would be used for all purposes, probably even for heating our homes. There would be a great saving in transportation, for most of our raw materials would be turned into finished or partly finished products near their sites of production. Most metals would be refined in electric furnaces, and farming would become a mechanical operation pure and simple.

The same mystery surrounds the accomplishment of deep-well boring as attached to the discovery of the earth's poles. We do not know the exact constitution of the globe we live on. We are inclined to believe the earth has a metallic nucleus, but we are not sure. Neither are we certain about the interior temperature of our globe. Some scientists hold the opinion that deep boring would encounter radioactivity and that the penetration of unknown subterranean strata would disclose unusual and interesting phenomena.

There are those who can always show reasons why new ideas, especially big ideas, are neither practical nor possible. This is true in the case of deep-well boring for the earth's pent-up heat. However, some of the plans now being proposed are unique and interesting, and in view of the mighty benefits such an achievement would shower on humanity the problem is one that deserves sympathetic study and attention.



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THE LOVE OF QUACKS

(Continued from Page 4)

subsisted on burnt toast and buttermilk. You have spent a lot of time and money on that indigestion. You have an important vested interest in it. You have become learned in proteins and calories. Your indigestion distinguishes you from common people who can eat anything, like so many animals. The household is always solicitously tiptoeing round your indigestion.

Then you go to a candid and informed physician, who looks you over and tells you the startling truth that no horse ever had a sounder stomach; you can eat anything that any normal person eats without the least injury; your trouble is altogether under your hat, not under your waistband; you can get over it whenever you are ready to help yourself.

If you have proper humility you may be grateful to that candid doctor. But many of us lack proper humility; so we leave the candid physician in much indignation because he has treated our precious vested interest of an indigestion with no respect and told us we must help ourselves. Whereupon we are ripe for good old Doctor Hookum, who will perform a major operation, winning a fee of a thousand dollars and our warm affection.

It makes, you see, a difficult problem for the doctor. He may know that what the patient really wants is to be coddled and given a set of hard words to describe his ailment with, and earnestly advised to take a long vacation. And quite often, of course, the good doctor either believes that the human stomach, for example, has about the same power of resistance as a cobweb, or he firmly believes that unless he plants such an inhibitory idea in his patients' minds the patients will ruin their stomachs by reckless eating.

However, of late years—I am quite sure—an increasing quantity of medical opinion and practice has been coming over to a more robust and helpful view of the human body as a wonderfully strong, dependable automatic machine that will very largely take care of itself if you let it alone and stop fussing about it; while in the same time outright quackery has, at least, lost all claim to respectability. Thirty years ago, for example, quackery was the great staple of advertising. Nowadays quack advertisements earmark a publication, as bleary eyes and whisky breath do an individual.

Doctor Hookum in Politics

But in politics the quack still flourishes amazingly. Old Doctor Hookum, shut out of the advertising pages of reputable newspapers, still gets on the front page by way of the United States Senate. His labels and terminology are different, but his methods are precisely the same. Allowing for the different terminology, one of his typical speeches reads just about like my grandfather's patent-medicine almanacs.

He begins by solemnly assuring you that you are sick almost unto death. That shortness of breath after climbing a flight of stairs is an infallible sign of angina pectoris. Soon your heart will dry up and leak like an old pump. You will be gasping for breath; oh, yes! gasping for breath and suffering great agony. Your family will be standing at the bedside with tear-stained faces. Between paroxysms you will murmur a faint farewell. All will be over except the ruinous expense of the funeral and winding up your insolvent estate. Six of the large-sized bottles, alternating with the saffron pills, may save you if you start today, but tomorrow will probably be forever too late.

Have you wakened at night in a perspiration? Never mind looking to see whether you forgot to open a window or there may be too many blankets. Perspiration any time between eleven P.M. and seven A.M. shows that the Great White Plague has fastened upon you. You are coughing now, and instinctively putting your right hand to your mouth, which shows that your left lung is already gone. You are pale, your eyes are popping out of your head. Alas, then, the disease is approaching the final stage. Your only choice is between Hookum Specific and a coffin.

Such is old Doctor Hookum in politics. Sick; oh, very, very sick! Heart all shot to pieces with railroaditis, lungs half gone with trustolosis, kidneys ossified with J. P. Morgan disease, banking system producing a blood pressure of 275, street railv nothing but so many cancers eating yo

Political quacks, like any other, pr sickness. That is their occupation. mere indisposition, no passing disorder will probably correct itself in a short t Even a physician with very dark gla if he is a physician and not a quack, often treat indispositions, slight ailm that are not to be taken seriously. Bu literature of quackery—whether me or political—has no place for slight ments. There every symptom points t grave. Sometimes, it is true, you tarry a while in an insane asylum, or hopeless paralytic, or blind. But if have a symptom and don't begin takin large bottles right off, Doom is at heels.

One of our most versatile quack yesteryear once described the United S as "engulfed in a hellward swirl." T the proper note—makes you think of a freighted with unfortunate men, w and children, plunging down the vort a maelstrom into Sheol. Get 'em to t ing that and they'll rush for the l sized bottles and saffron pills.

Now this body politic called the U States, like the human body, is a wo fully strong, dependable organism, fectly capable, as a broad rule, of t care of itself if left alone. It is enc with a great stock of self-renewing energy and in the main makes its ov pairs automatically as it goes along.

Cracker-Barrel Publicists

You might suppose, offhand, that would prefer to think themselves rather than ill, and that the rule wou ply to the body politic as well as individual body. But it's a parad fact that a great many people deriv gular satisfaction from thinking them ill. For one thing, it's a subtle w shirking and of flattering oneself—may be indulged to almost any exten no guilty conscience or loss of self-r because, with only a few hints, th conscious mind will carry on the fra of itself. The schoolboy's convenient ache is not all a deliberate fraud. just a hint the subconscious little a his skull will provide him with a d pain in the forehead. Inform a bo vincingly that he's going to get a and probably his pulse will run fast temperature will rise. The subcor is trying to get him out of it.

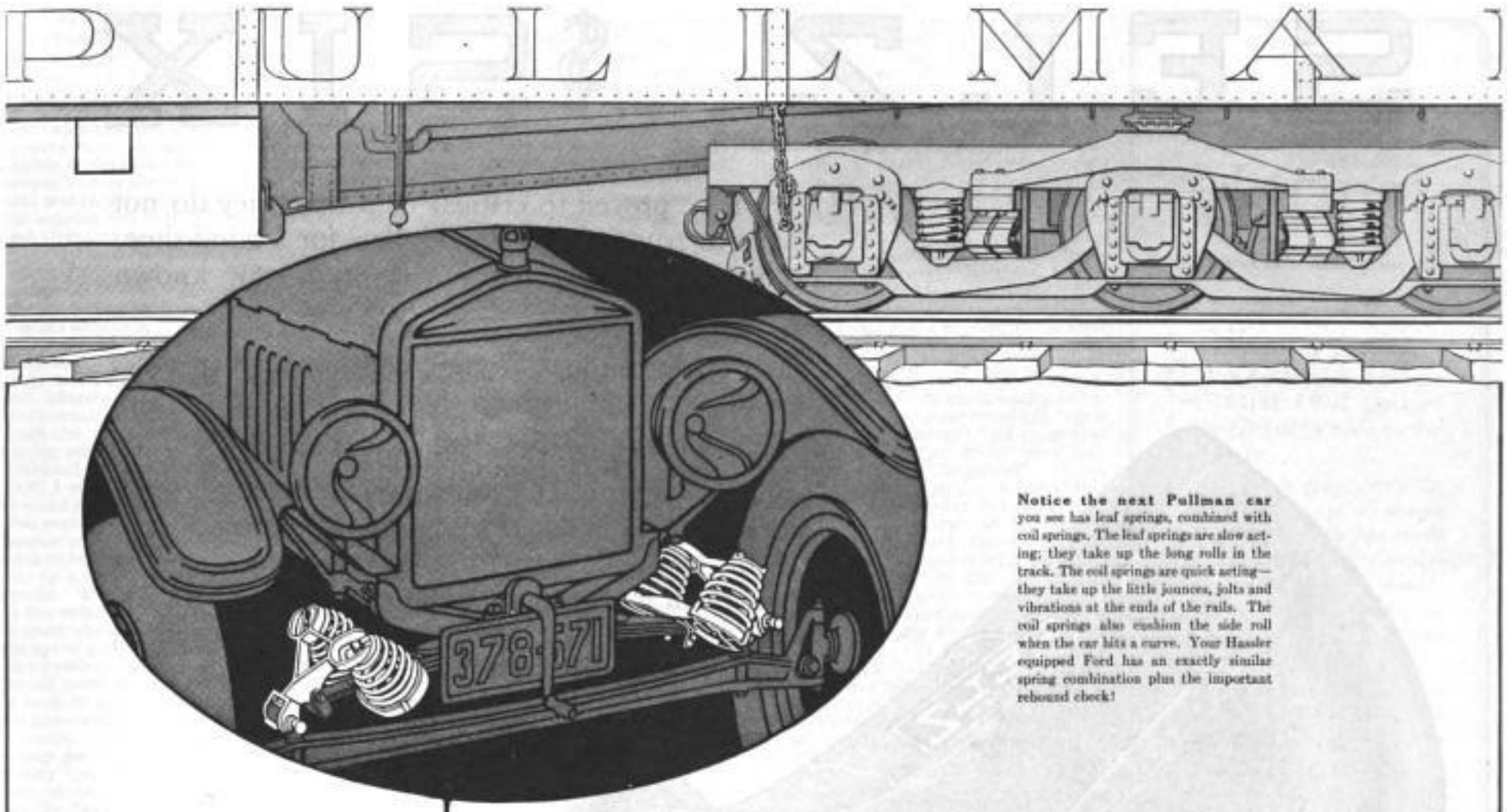
Of course there has been quack politics as long as there has been p The demagogues were outstanding in Greek political life. The first sta of a political nature which made a impression upon me probably date nearly to the time when Professo michael solemnly warned me agai fatal habit of drinking water. I d member why I was in Mr. Spafford cery. I may have been sent on an er I may have wandered in with the hope of finding a cracker barrel ungu Several men were listening to a bearded, grim-faced farmer whose escapes me, although I knew very w he was because he worked a farm be to our next-door neighbor. He was politics vehemently, to the following

"We got to have another revolu war before this country gits square feet. We got rid of being bossed by soldiers, but we ain't got rid of being by British gold by a blamed sight. W a President to go down to Washingt set in the White House, but he spend a ten-dollar bill without he O.K. of British bankers. Baron Rot is the financial President of the States. We got to have another tionary war before we can say our our own!"

I was not more impressed by this tion itself than by the serious a which the listeners received it. idea what patent-medicine alman farmer got his notions from; bu vague references to British gold wer common then—and to revolutions. years later I was no longer in th surprised to hear that a revoluti quite likely to happen over somet other. The men whose talk I wou urally overhear were almost all

(Continued on Page 81)

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Notice the next Pullman car you see has leaf springs, combined with coil springs. The leaf springs are slow acting; they take up the long rolls in the track. The coil springs are quick acting—they take up the little jounces, jolts and vibrations at the ends of the rails. The coil springs also cushion the side roll when the car hits a curve. Your Hassler equipped Ford has an exactly similar spring combination plus the important rebound check!

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HASSLERS on your Ford car combine the action of a quick acting coil spring with the slower movement of the Ford semi-elliptic leaf spring. That's why they give you Pullman comfort in your Ford.

The lively Hassler coil springs take up the short staccato bumps, the vibration and jiggling which come too quick and are too short to flex the leaf springs.

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(Continued from Page 78)

average Middle Western, native-born Americans. My father and his two brothers had served in the Civil War, as had my two uncles on my mother's side. The adult conversation which I overheard was pretty apt to be by men who had been in the war and were now country-town lawyers or druggists or clerks or farmers. But to hear a revolution over something or other darkly hinted was no surprise. I know that many sober citizens seriously discussed whether or not Grant, in his last attempt to secure the nomination for President, was contemplating a coup d'état in the manner of Napoleon III. That gave them a fine, shuddery feeling such as grandfather got out of his almanacs.

Still later, in Populist times, "blood to the bridles" was a cherished figure of speech; and I was in Chicago when an eloquent delegate from Nebraska electrified a Democratic National Convention and secured the nomination for President by declaring passionately that the crucifying of mankind on a cross of gold had to stop. In fact, I was exercised about that myself, and voted for the orator.

You read nowadays, as the most matter-of-course commonplace, that one of the helpful things to the recovery of Europe would be a return to the gold standard of currency. Every sensible person realizes that the welter of cheap money over there is a great obstacle to the production and exchange of goods. I have read dozens of expert opinions, and no doubt you have. They all point out the desirability of getting back to a gold standard. But thirty years ago—and thence onward, increasing, for several years—the gold standard of currency in the United States was passionately described as a mortal national illness, about like cancer or Bright's disease. In 1896, to judge by the election returns, almost half the people in the country believed that.

The offhand assumption that people prefer to believe in health needs a lot of qualifications, physically speaking. Politically speaking it needs still more extensive qualifications. I personally know quite a number of people who would be depressed if they were somehow compelled to believe that the body politic called the United States is a wonderfully strong, vigorous concern that will mostly take care of itself if left alone. They love old Doctor Hookum in politics—and his industrious allies who are not deliberate quacks, but who suffer from mental and emotional instability; political neurotics, in fact.

Good Laws Unopposed

Well-informed people can rather easily detect quacks and quackery in medicine. The earmarks stand out. In politics it is more difficult; but certain earmarks are worth noting. In the first place, quack and demagogue—who is the political quack—always preach sickness, never health; no mere passing indisposition but something in the line of hardening of the arteries. When anybody begins talking political cancer, take warning. He may, to give him the benefit of the doubt, be only an honest neurotic; but probably he's a quack.

In the next place, the quack always prescribes dope or an operation. Never does he tell you to cheer up, trust to Nature, help yourself. Every honest physician will often tell a patient that; but a quack never. He always prescribes dope. The demagogue's dope, of course, will be written on a statute book, instead of on a druggist's pad. But it's something you are to swallow to make you well, instead of making yourself well.

Certainly, honest and able practitioners of politics are always prescribing laws; just as honest and able physicians daily prescribe drugs. How can one tell a quack law from a sound law? It would not be easy to give a comprehensive answer; but it is easy enough to make some general observations on the subject.

Can you think of a law that ever did you good? Inquire of your friends whether or not they can think of a law that ever did them any good. Of course beneficial laws will come to your mind and to their minds—street-traffic laws, sanitation laws, building laws, the law that enabled you to recover your stolen car, the law by which you collect a just debt from a solvent debtor; in short, a host of laws. If you look them over you will find that they come largely under the head of police laws, and plain common-sense ordinances dealing with some specific thing in a specific way.

Moreover, you will find that nine times out of ten, laws of that general kind are not matters of politics at all. There are no great agitation and propaganda and lurid oratory connected with them. Mainly they went through as a matter of course, and pretty nearly by common consent. The experience and common sense of the whole community, or of a very large part of the community, had shown the wisdom of such and such a social regulation; whereupon the social regulation wrote itself into law almost automatically.

Large Vague Gestures

Such laws are good laws. But consider the laws that have made the welkin ring and unlatched the door to the millennium and turned men purple in the face; laws of vast, if vague, remedial scope; laws for social justice, to flatten out the oppressor and uplift the oppressed—the sort of laws, in short, which quackery interests itself in. Many such laws, state and national, have been passed in my time. If you examine the output candidly I believe you will be astonished at the very small amount of tangible good that can be attributed to them in proportion to the vast uproar and bother they have cost.

For instance, forty years ago people began to be much concerned over a tendency in business to coalesce in bigger and bigger units. It was felt that that sort of thing might finally destroy competition and fix monopoly prices. Congress took up the subject and finally, after long wrangle and debate, enacted the celebrated Sherman Anti-Trust Law, which proposed to deal with this supposed evil of combination in business by forbidding all combinations and decreeing that competition should have free play on every hand. That was exactly one of those large vague gestures in the direction of social justice, and in making the gesture Congress cheerfully ignored all the powerful economic forces that were pulling toward bigger business units. It was so difficult to determine just what the act meant, as applied to almost any concrete case, that the Supreme Court has been busy nearly ever since interpreting it, and in spite of the court's learned labors for a quarter of a century it would still puzzle any lawyer to say what the act really means as applied to certain concrete cases. Moreover, as everybody knows, combination in business has gone cheerfully on ever since the Sherman Law was passed. If trusts were a very dangerous ailment when the Sherman Law was passed we must be stone dead of them by now.

Law is something like a handsaw—a very good instrument for simple obvious purposes. When Solon proposes to perform wonderful and intricate surgical operations with it, look out for the ensuing mess. And like the good old army musket, you never can be quite sure whether it is going to kill the crow or kick you into the gooseberry bush. This same Sherman Law was first successfully invoked to break strikes with—and not to break Wall Street, as some of its sponsors had fondly hoped.

It is in the doubtful and difficult field of large and loose altruistic aims that the quack mainly flourishes. Invariably, somehow or other, he is going to curb wealth and at the same time make the country wealthier than ever. Wealth, in some of its forms or manifestations, is always the mortal disease that has fastened upon you. He's going to purge it out or cut it out; and when he gets through there is going to be more wealth than there ever was before.

It is awfully easy, and rather comforting, to regard anybody else's wealth as the sign of disease—a noxious growth, a tumor if not positively a cancer. You know that if you know anything about your own psychology and your neighbors'. If you stop at the next village you will probably find a sweaty day laborer in ragged overalls grading up the lawn at the leading merchant's nice, square, two-story white frame house. If he makes an honest confession he will tell you that the leading merchant's wealth looks pretty tumorous to him. And the leading merchant, with a good deal to worry about in the way of slow collections, will probably admit in strict confidence that old John Stires, president of the First National Bank, who lives in a square, two-story brick house with half a block of lawn, is a case for the surgical ward; while Mr. Stires privately entertains similar views about Armour.

Law can set up simple, specific, matter-of-course social rules and regulations, as that you mustn't dump garbage in the street or drive on the left-hand side of the road or steal your neighbor's cow. What else it can do is problematical.

Will You Stick to Hookum?

Of course I don't mean that we should never have new laws, especially laws with large aims of social justice; nor that we should never take a drug or have a surgical operation. But be cautious. Remember that, by the testimony of up-to-date experts, a fair majority of the laws and drugs and surgical operations in the past have either been useless or have done more harm than good. Look the practitioner over with care. If his stock in trade is preaching sickness he's a quack—or an honest blockhead who is exactly as dangerous.

This human body, and this body politic called the United States, are wonderfully tough, vigorous organisms which will very largely take care of themselves if let alone. Continually stewing about them and doping them is the worst thing for them. The wellsprings of health and the great curative forces are inside—not outside on a druggist's shelf or in a candidate's platform. Helping yourself from the inside once is better than being helped from the outside fifty times.

I believe you'll agree with me. And then, I wonder when good old Doctor Hookum bobs up next time to assure you earnestly that you're very, very sick, wallstreetitis is turning your arteries into cast-iron pipes, and trustolosis is eating your lungs like mice in a ripe cheese, and so on—I wonder whether you'll fall for it and shed a few tears over your sad state, and invest in a couple of the large-sized bottles. We do love quacks. They make us feel nice and miserable and uncommon and deserving of sympathy.

SACRIFICE FOR SACRED PRINCIPLES

(Continued from Page 23)

able to obtain in the way of traveling equipment. The soviet authorities have placed at the disposal of the American Relief Administration just a sufficient number of invariably inferior cars to create a situation wherein someone is usually waiting for an opportunity to use one of them. To explain this let me say that, for instance, the wagon-lit has taken a detachment of American personnel to Kazan; there may be an important mission that has to get down into the lower Volga Valley, or to Kieff or Kharkoff—anywhere; this mission must either petition the railroad for a disinfected car or it must wait for the wagon-lit to get back from Kazan.

It is a very curious business to negotiate official matters with the one and only communistic state.

Colonel Haskell, the American director of Russian relief, has a little saloon car with two compartments in it, besides a fairly large and comfortable compartment of the smoking-room variety. When Colonel Haskell is not somewhere out of Moscow looking after the details of his tremendous job this car is at the disposal of anybody who may legitimately be asking for transportation. Relief people have a good deal of difficulty in getting about, and the soviet authorities, though exceedingly sorry and polite about it, are not disposed to make any very great personal sacrifices in order to improve the situation.

However, I will say that, given a characteristic American disposition, living in the midst of such conditions is not nearly so annoying as it is amusing, and I believe if the soviet officials knew how much and how good-naturedly the Americans laugh over some of their difficulties greater efforts would be made by them to overcome these [illegible] though it might involve a

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sacrifice on their part of some of the luxuries they themselves enjoy.

I am the only person who has ever dared to say right out in public what everybody says in private, but I cannot see why not; though I do recognize, of course, that under some circumstances my taste in doing so might be questioned and questionable. But the circumstances are unique. I do not like the idea of being muzzled by the Bolsheviki merely because I have some regard for the rules of polite association. They come into my country, label me "bourgeois" and challenge my right to live. I see no reason why I should not tell the truth about them. Besides, no American is ever in their country as their guest. Every American in Russia is there on sufferance and under strict and constant surveillance. So if I seem to outrage the ordinary rules of hospitality I wish to call attention to the fact that there is a difference. I know the soviets are having a perfectly fearful time in getting along and that they are in deeper water and more trouble than any makers of the destiny of any people ever were before, but these things I cannot fail to regard as being attributable to their own folly in imposing upon a people their own extraordinary ideas of what the destiny of a people ought to be. There are only a few of them, you know; just a little company of willful men; so that in writing about them one does not feel that one is writing about Russia.

I have before me the Theses and Statutes of the Communist International, and with a picture of Russia in all its hatefulness and horror occupying my mind and refusing ever for a moment to be absent from it, I treat my intelligence to such morsels of reasonable argument as these:

"The victory of socialism over capitalism—as the first step to communism—demands the accomplishment of the following tasks by the proletariat as the only really revolutionary class:

"The first is to lay low the exploiters, and first of all the bourgeoisie as their chief economic and political representative; to completely defeat them; to crush their resistance; to render impossible any attempts on their part to reinstate the yoke of capitalism and wage-slavery.

"Only a violent defeat of the bourgeoisie, the confiscation of its property, the annihilation of the entire bourgeois government apparatus from top to bottom, parliamentary, juridical, military, bureaucratic, administrative, municipal, etc., up to the individual exile or internment of the most stubborn and dangerous exploiters, the establishment of a strict control over them for the repressing of all inevitable attempts at resistance and restoration of capitalist slavery—only such measures will be able to guarantee the complete submission of the whole class of exploiters."

Inside Communistic Policy

And all you have to do in contemplating the plight in which Russia now finds herself is to remember that that is exactly what the triumphant Bolsheviki in Russia succeeded in doing. But one further little touch of inside Communist Party political policy seems to me to explain the Russian situation quite completely:

"The preparation of the dictatorship of the proletariat demands not only the elucidation of the bourgeois nature of all reformism all defense of 'democracy'"—democracy, you understand, being more bitterly hated even than autocracy—"with the preservation of the right to the ownership of the means of production; not only the denunciation of such tendencies . . . but it demands also the replacing of the old leaders by communists in all kinds of proletarian organizations, not only political but industrial, coöperative, educational, etc.

"The more lasting, complete and solid the rule of the bourgeois democracy has been in any country, the more has it been possible for the bourgeoisie to appoint as labor leaders men who have been educated by it, imbued with its views and prejudices and very frequently directly or indirectly bribed by it. It is necessary to remove all these representatives of the labor aristocracy, or such 'bourgeois' workmen, from their posts and replace them by even inexperienced workers, so long as these are in unity with the exploited masses and enjoy the latter's confidence in the struggle against the exploiters. The dictatorship of the proletariat will demand the appointment of such inexperienced workmen to the most responsible state functions, others rule of the labor government will be less and it will not have the suppor masses."

What are you going to do with s that? But do not forget that a p organization exists for the sole pur spreading it around over the earth let me add that, as I write, a t comes through from this side of the border which says that the Third I tional—the Russian communist ment really—has just appropriated half million gold rubles—more than ter of a million dollars—to be used f is called foreign propaganda. This that while our bourgeois-capitalist ernment appropriates twenty ill-got unholy millions to buy corn with w feed the starving people of Rus government of that people sets as other sum from the little gold it has be used for spreading among our and among the peoples of other c its amazing and wholly destructi trines.

And there you are! The "labor racy" whose existence is resented proponents of proletarian communi such skilled, high-class and wholly able citizens as make up such a lar of the membership of so many of o labor organizations which refuse aff with organizations of revolutionar encies. Russia had her share o skilled and valuable citizens, but the down with the other "exploiters a pressors" into what Russia has com

Lenine's Limited Retrea

Russia is suffering under a dicta of the inexperienced. Added to she is under the curse of a vast disl of purpose on the part of a majority leaders, who chose to employ the inn and gullibility of inexperience as a of accomplishing their maniacal pu

As long ago as March, 1921, Mr. began to make what he calls a limi treat from communism, at the sam flattering his followers who were rel to follow him in retreat with an ass that they were several generations of their time and that they would h content themselves with a slower pr building up an international comm state. In any case the retreat was in progress when Russia's door was ingly opened to American philant It was rather in the nature of a rela of communistic regulations; a kind agreement on the part of the authori a gradual resumption on the part people of the usual manners and met existence. In other words, the peopl permitted to drift back into bou practices, but one could not fail to o that they responded to this new and g desired privilege with an apathy b the hopelessness of the position the in.

The government itself revert capitalistic principles and began money out of the people in any wa was possible. The street railways—s continued to be in operation—went to a system of fares that was inten make them, as nearly as might be supporting. The collection of ren authorized, though private ownershi not acknowledged. The governme opened some of the former great d ment stores in Moscow and Petrogra with depleted and curiously moth- and shabby-looking stocks began to regular mercantile business. It was a deal like the beginning of a return t mal conditions, but so far as the necessities of life were concerned it beginning on what could be dug up i national garret, so to speak, while th ment of personal incentive to effor enterprise was missing because the ciple of every man's right to enjo fruits of his endeavors was still d The retreat did not immediately im the situation of the average Russian t great extent, but it was a relaxation therefore a move in the right directi

For four long years the country had in a state of coma. I can think better way to express it. One finds it difficult to understand how the peopl along. The truth is that they got because they were reduced to a consi tion of nothing but the first law of na About the only necessity that any paid any particular attention to wa

(Continued on Page 85)

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In the new imperial palace at Tokyo, where dwells the August Son of Heaven ("Tenshi Sama" to the Japanese), a Wayne Pump serves gasoline to the modern jinrikisha of the Mikado.

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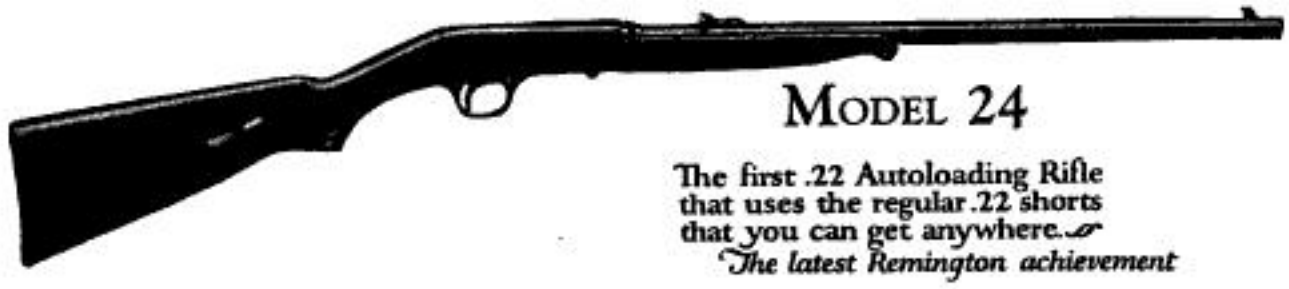
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(Continued from Page 82)

necessity for eating. Today the thought which underlies every other thought in every Russian mind is a thought of food; where it is to be found and how to obtain it. Unless you grasp this fact in its full significance you grasp nothing of the Russian situation.

For four years there were no shops; private trading was forbidden; there was a deliberate attempt to return to a system of barter without a medium of exchange. When I think that I was able to buy an imperial five-hundred-ruble note for a million soviet rubles my mind stops and I simply fail in my attempt to visualize the confusion. Five years ago this imperial note was worth two hundred and fifty American dollars; the million soviet rubles with which I bought it cost me fifty cents!

Everybody's money was confiscated, no matter how much or how little it happened to be—that is, unless it was safely hidden. It is said that the Russian peasants still have about four hundred million gold rubles in their stockings, but they are not changing their stockings where anybody can see them. Nearly everybody had something left in the way of a valuable, and there was a food supply in the hands of the many. Valuables were bartered for food and valuables for valuables; then came the flood of cheap money and the whole nation became a nation of clandestine speculators.

There were public communistic markets where buying and selling went on, perforce, very much in the same old way, but meanwhile the means of production, in connection with which there is so much noble intention in communistic doctrine, had been delivered up to inexperience and had ceased to function. In the beginning the government took everything into its own hands, even making itself responsible for the direct feeding of the entire population on the paiok system—a paiok being a fixed ration that each person could claim in measure regulated to correspond with his value to the communistic state. Good, all, properly inexperienced and sufficiently proletarian communists were pretty well fed as long as the food lasted; then came the student bodies, which, because food was provided for them, grew numerically out of all reason and eventually included every imaginable kind of citizen of every age.

Rationing by Castes

All of which of course refers to the urban populations. In the meantime the peasants, who in Russia constitute such an overwhelming majority of the population, were busy taking advantage of the new land regulations and upsetting the whole system of production, which they were in no way capable without competent direction of replacing with a system of their own. But for the time being they had the surplus food supplies in their possession and it must have been a tremendous surprise to great numbers of them when, for the benefit of the proletarian dictators, the soviets began to confiscate these supplies without offering them anything in return except an assurance that they were contributing to the sacred cause.

But to return to the urban populations. After the proletarian beneficiaries—practically all of whom were directly connected with and controlled by the soviets—and the student bodies came various grades of people from different classes of intelligentzia and different classes of bourgeoisie all the way down to the lowest depths of aristocracy: and the nearer you came to being an aristocrat the less you got to eat.

The principal occupation of the citizenry in general was standing in line outside centers of food distribution, each citizen with his little ticket upon which the nature and the measure of his paiok were designated, while all the bourgeoisie and former nobility who had not succeeded in getting out of the country or who had elected to stay and see it through spent most of their time in pathetic humility hanging round the markets trying to barter some small belonging for a meal of victuals. Or they fled in large numbers to the country and the villages, where they would be in closer touch with the sources of supply.

A pretty picture, is it not? And especially when you view it in its various aspects after four years of it. To see it at its prettiest you should see it, as I did, in the bitterest period of a bitter winter, when the only thing that was lighting it up at any point was foreign benevolence.

A complete economic breakdown was of course inevitable. Too late the leaders recognized that their system of requisition and taxation was all wrong; that there are other common necessities of life besides bread; that even farmers require these necessities and that unless they can exchange their products for them they will cease to produce.

After four years of gradual disintegration the autumn of 1921 found the country in a state of total collapse. The peasants having been forced to give up without compensation everything they possessed except the narrowest margin of supplies upon which they themselves could exist had long since reduced their acreage under cultivation to a minimum, and in the Volga Valley, whence came in such vast quantities the grain which was Russia's chief export in the old days, they were caught by a serious drought with no surplus stocks on hand. In the Volga Valley the people were always from two to three years ahead of their own needs, because the transportation facilities of the country were not such as to render possible the annual disposal of their surplus and current production.

After Four Years of Slipping

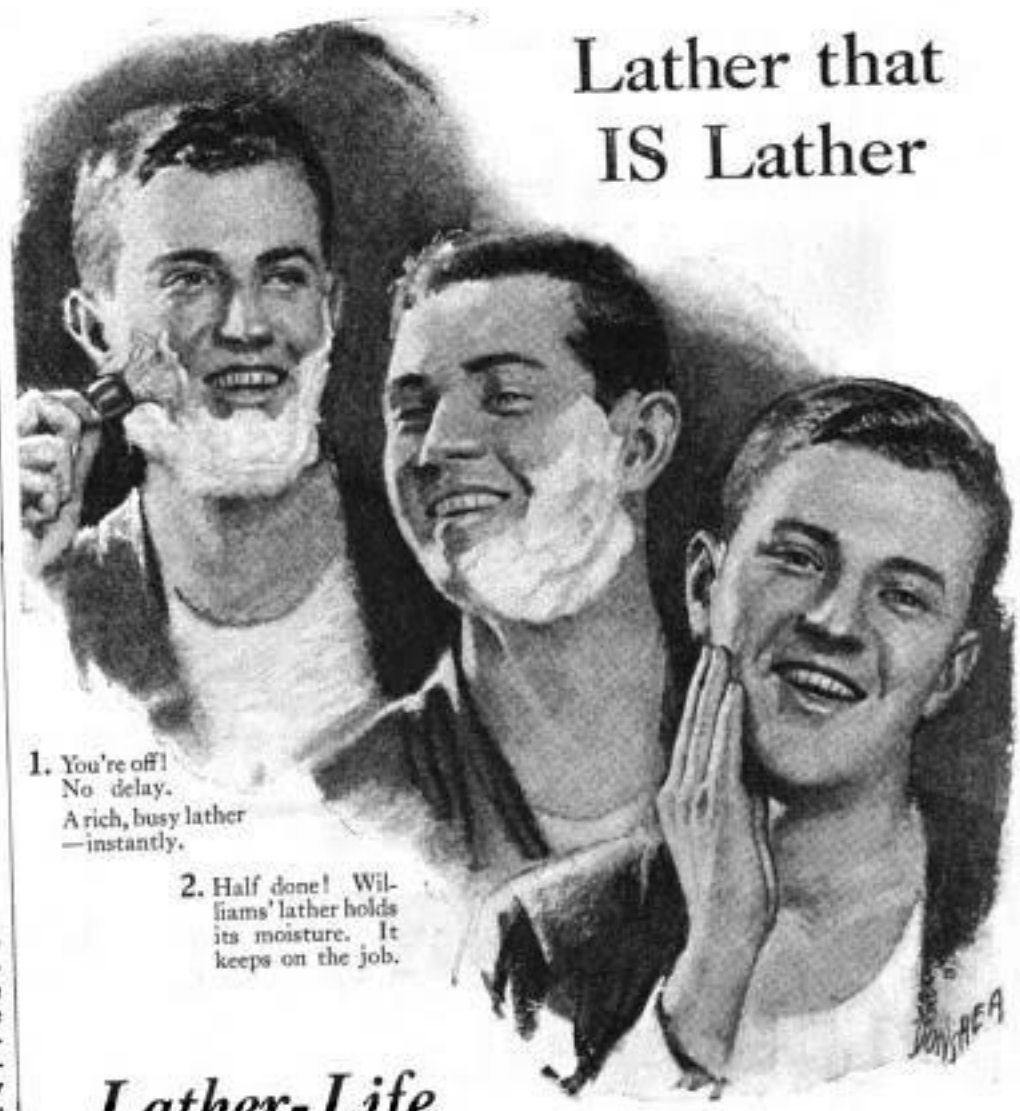
The autumn of 1921 was a bitter time. Manufactures of all kinds had long since been shut down or reduced to a mere fraction of their former output, and there were practically no manufactured articles of any kind to be bought anywhere in Russia. Coal was not being mined in sufficient quantities to meet the needs of any one branch of industry; the production of minerals of all kinds was at a standstill; the import of raw materials had ceased; the soviets could no longer meet their obligation to feed adequately even their henchmen and favorites; nobody had any clothes that were less than four years old; the people were ragged and dirty, and because there was no fuel they were cold. There was nothing but discomfort, deprivation and dilapidation. Even articles of common household utility were as rare as art treasures ordinarily are. There had been none produced or imported in four years, and four years of communism had seen those that once existed either all used up or scattered to the four winds—nobody knew where.

Agricultural machinery everywhere was worn out; the country's herds had been reduced by more than 50 per cent; of the thirty-six million horses that were once counted among the country's assets not more than eight million were left; there were 40 per cent fewer than the normal number of hogs; 30 per cent fewer than the normal number of sheep; the turnover in cotton had fallen from four hundred-odd million pounds before the war to less than thirty million pounds; the flax production from approximately nine hundred and seventy million pounds to less than one hundred million pounds, while the purchasing power of the ruble was more than eight hundred thousand times less than it was in the good old days when the "exploiters and oppressors" used money for such nefarious purposes.

Everything was less! Even the population was less! Some two or three million of the country's best people had fled, and more than nine million had died. It is estimated that about three million Russians fell in the World War, while eight and a half million is the number spoken of as being the sacrifice either by death or exile in the Bolshevik revolution. The death rate was increasing enormously, while the birth rate was decreasing in a corresponding degree. Disease and death had the country by the throat!

There was an estimated venereal infection of 50 per cent of the urban population, this estimate having been arrived at and publicly announced by a body of medical investigators called together in solemn convention at Moscow; there were typhus, typhoid, influenza, tuberculosis, cholera—all present; and all those normally present on an alarming increase in a country empty of medicaments of all kinds, with its doctors unable to render aid and with its once magnificent hospitals mere shells of structural splendor, cold and filthy and denuded of practically every facility for caring for the sick.

Sixteen million people in the Volga Valley, which is to Russia, economically, what the Mississippi Valley is to the United States, were admittedly facing death from starvation; cannibalism had already begun



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to lift its hideous head, and what was not admitted was that famine was stalking throughout the entire land.

Add to all this a psychic atmosphere resulting in a vast and general depression together with a lowering of moral tone to a point where morals were no longer of any importance, and you have a none too dismal picture of what Russia was like when Mr. Maxim Gorky appealed to the people of the United States for Christian charity, and Mr. Herbert Hoover, on behalf of the people of the United States, responded with an offer to extend American relief to starving Russian children on the simple conditions that Americans imprisoned in Russia without charges having been preferred against them and without a hearing be released, and that Americans be permitted to distribute American supplies and to see to it that they were not used for purposes not designated in the bond thereafter to be drawn up and called the Riga Agreement.

Of course I know I have failed to mention any number of things. I have failed to mention the great Red Army forever parading the streets and singing its marching songs. The great Red Army is fed and always fed. It is by means of the great Red Army—fifteen hundred thousand strong with another fifteen hundred thousand taken care of in reserve—that the communistic state maintains itself. It is because the Red Army is fed that its ranks are filled. There can be no doubt about this. Every man's thought in Russia is a thought of food.

I have failed to mention the innumerable churches with the placards on them which read "Religion is the opiate of the people" and the throngs constantly passing in and out of them seeking the solace of their opiate.

I have failed to mention the hectic pursuit of strangely unhectic pleasures; the theaters and ballets and wonderful orchestras, all under the special patronage of the soviets. The boss Bolsheviki began by saying that everybody in the communistic state who could or would must sing and dance, or act, or play musical instruments, or paint pictures, and that therefore the great schools of ballet, music and art of all kinds must be maintained. But unfortunately their patronage grew day by day less fat and less fattening until it became, like everything in Russia, merely a principle. The singers sing for food; the actors act for food; the dancers dance for food; the musicians with their interesting variety of instruments play for food—and food is not! The great Chaliapine returns to Russia and makes his contracts for a series of performances on a basis of food. He will not sing for Russian money, but for certain specified quantities of food expressed in numbers of rations. Which seems to me to be a sufficient commentary on the food situation in general. All the little boys and girls in the ballet schools, the future Pavlovas and Mordkins, are being fed by the American Relief Administration.

Two Women in a Shop

I have failed to mention the women on the streets and in the recently opened shops. I was in a fur shop one day in Moscow looking for a cap to wear on a cold sled trip out into certain village famine districts. I had with me a young man who because of his linguistic attainments could make himself useful as an interpreter and could therefore obtain such employment. There were in the shop two women. One of them, very shabby and dejected, was unmistakably a woman of refinement and high breeding. She was endeavoring to sell to the shopkeeper a small fur collar. The other, who was elaborately but most inartistically painted, wore high-heeled French shoes, a smart gown, and a large hat with a handsome bird-of-paradise feather on it. She was trying on a magnificent sealskin coat. If I had been wanting to buy it they would have charged me at least eight hundred American dollars for it.

My young man laughed and said: "If it were not for that sort of thing the situation would be a whole lot easier to bear. That's the kind of woman who is buying and enjoying all the valuable things in Russia today."

"But," said I, "where on earth does she get the money?"

"Oh, there's plenty of money in Russia, such as it is."

Which was true. The latest figure was fifty-eight trillions of paper rubles, and more being turned out.

"And don't forget," he added, "that of Moscow's million and a half inhabitants at least half a million are soviet governm employes. At least that's what they them. It doesn't pay to be anything b good communist in this country." He a cynical youth.

There are plenty of other things I l failed to mention which are all a part o great unbelievable picture, but I bega mentioning railroads, and in a situa like Russia's, railroads are always to fore as the most important considera The railroads in the beginning were m seized by the people. That is, no rail management having been provided f the plans for the Bolshevik *coup d'état,* simply fell into the possession of such sons as happened at the moment t operating them. The engines belonge the engine drivers and their mates, and to the porters and conductors, and freight cars and other equipment to body and everybody. The confusion complete. I will show you a picture ently of how freight cars were used for by communistic owners of them needed fuel and had no other use f freight car. Certain phases of the situa would be exceedingly funny if they not so tragic.

The condition of utter chaos was n long duration, however. The boss Bol viki are pretty fast organizers and soon gathered the railroads into their eral scheme of inexperienced adminis tion, this fact offering food for interes reflection. If any American bourg conductor in clean linen and smart form—and with a little home of his somewhere—thinks he could ever hold job under a dictatorship of the proleta it behooves him to think again. He regard himself as a proletarian, but h not. He is one of the highest aristocrat the aristocracy of labor, as is the fi skilled engineer in his immaculate magnificent engine up ahead.

Typhus-Prevention Measures

What a wonderful thing an Ameri freight train is! Is there any Ameri who has never counted the cars in an Am ican freight train, noted the various ro they belonged to, the localities of t origins and their destinations? Is th any American who has never lifted up heart in pride at the heaviness and handsomeness of them and their excell adaptation in variety and character to many uses of our commerce? Oh, wha contrast! Poor old Russia with her for conceptions of magnificence in the super tive degree! And poor old world with many discontented and unhappy citiz following their will-o'-the-wisps of so delusion!

The A. R. A. wagon-lit did come b from Kazan and was immediately assig to the assistant director, Colonel Lon gan, and the director of medical relief, Henry Beeuwkes, for a necessary trip inspection to the Volga Valley and out Orenburg, Orenburg being the farth American Relief station and one of t most generally interesting cities in Russ It lies on the border between Europe a Asia and is peopled by a curious and ratl hopeless mixture of races. But of th later on.

I was invited to go along on this inspe tion trip, and forthwith set about maki my preparations to do so. I think it mig be in order for me to say that I had be advised to neglect no precaution agair typhus infection that I might be able take, and to provide myself with clothi that would be as nearly as possible what known as louse-proof. This I did in Ne York, but the truth is there is no su clothing. It is only that certain kinds clothing are better than other kinds.

Shortly after the foreign relief worke began to operate in Russia the question protecting the American personnel fro this disease, which was then raging all ov the country, began to engage the attentio of everybody, and Doctor Beeuwkes, chief of the medical section, issued memorandum of instructions with regar to such measures of prevention as may b taken. Among other things he advised th wearing of silk underwear, and instantly typical American controversy began to de velop. Mr. Denis McSweeney, who, bein in charge of port operations, spent a larg part of his time in the atmosphere pecu liar to wintry docks and cold storage, took exception to the silk theory and launched campaign in favor of old-fashioned flannel

(Continued on Page 88)

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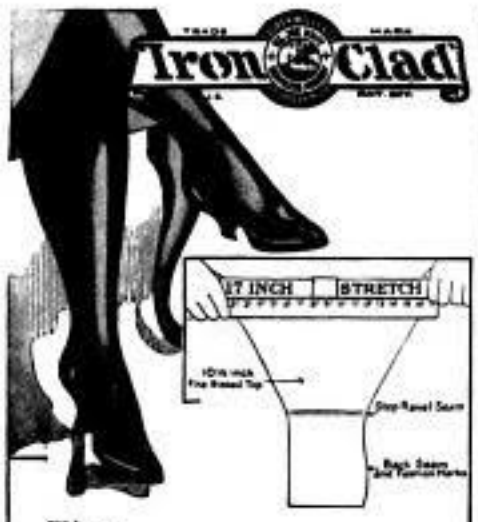
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(Continued from Page 86)

Doctor Beeuwkes' idea—an idea generally advanced by the medical profession—was that the little typhus carrier has a harder time in getting a foothold on silk than on any other material and, as Mr. Farmer Murphy, chief of the communications division, expressed it in an article on the subject in the little weekly bulletin which he issues for the benefit of the personnel, "it slips and slides around until it is dead tired and eventually falls off and perishes of hunger." But Mr. McSweeney contended that wool is full of obstacles that hamper the activities of the insect, together with a lot of underbrush in which he is likely to get entangled and from which, when he does, he is never able to extricate himself. Mr. McSweeney was defeated by a majority opinion that silk underwear might be endured along with the other hardships if the supply department would issue it as a necessary part of field equipment. Whereupon the question was carefully dropped.

In this brief digression I am not meaning to be too specific and detailed with regard to what is included in a reasonably safe traveling kit. What was important to me was that I should, as nearly as possible, clothe myself in leather. I heeded this admonition and had reason many a time to be thankful that I did. I could get caught in fearful crowds and rub shoulders with terrible people with a feeling of much greater security than I should have had in garments less protective.

There are train schedules in Russia, and at the point of departure they are likely to be adhered to—that is, when a train is scheduled to leave Moscow at seven o'clock in the evening, let us say, it is hardly ever safe to bet that it will not get away until 7:30 or nine o'clock. But from Moscow on to wherever you may happen to be going, the time element cuts no figure.

The Nitchi-vo Principle

What with the seething mobs of people invariably to be encountered in railway stations, and the necessity for burdening oneself with rather multitudinous impedimenta, there is always a good deal of a mess about getting aboard a train, but once you are aboard, there you are; after which all you have to do is to endeavor as good-naturedly as possible to adjust yourself to the *nitchi-vo* principle upon which Russian railroads seem to be operated.

In our language there is no equivalent for *nitchi-vo* unless one may be permitted to suggest the peculiarly American expression "What t'ell!" It is translated into Chinese by the word "*masqui*" and into Japanese by a shrug of the shoulders rendered into speech in the mellow syllables of "*shi kata ganai.*" It means: "It cannot be helped. What difference does it make? Why worry?" It is definitely Oriental. The man who first said "Scratch a Russian and you find a Tartar" was not wholly devoid of powers of observation. He had in mind the great historic Tartar invasion of Russian lands and was expressing an inescapable impression of a resulting Oriental touch in the Russian character.

When you stand on the dividing line between European and Asiatic Russia you wonder how the sharp racial demarcations have preserved themselves anyhow, and what the future holds in store. I myself stood on that border looking upon unimaginable horrors and wondered whether or not the Bolshevik movement, which has touched us all in some measure or degree, was not, after all, really a historic phase of the never-ending movement out of the East. I dare say this sounds rather farfetched, but it is merely an observation by the way. The Bolsheviki pride themselves in analogies which line their exploits historically alongside the events of the French Revolution, but in final analysis most of these analogies prove to be false, or at any rate far from exact, and in its present development I think it is not unreasonable to look upon the great Russian phenomenon as being quite in the nature of a continuation of the Eastern menace against which the West has struggled since time began.

But *nitchi-vo!* This seems to be as good a philosophy as any. In any case it is the only philosophy possible for a journey on a Russian railroad.

The first thing you do when you get aboard your car is to make the acquaintance of your *prorodniks*. They are right there with all the helpful motions, and until you have lugged most of your own luggage and stowed yourself away by means of your own muscles and methods you do not realize that their idea is to do the familiar clown act of shoving you while you are engaged in doing all the real and necessary shoving, this being another interesting communist principle.

A *provodnik* is a porter, and there is never more than one of him at once, but on a wagon-lits, even though it be a private wagon-lits, there is also a *konduktur*. It may be that Russians refer to the *konduktur* as such, but the Americans lump all such necessary and unnecessary railroad attachés together and call them *provodniks*. This simplifies matters. The principal consideration is that they have to be fed and kept up to at least a minimum performance of their so-called duties. They may be in uniform or they may not. It depends entirely upon what they were before they got to be what they are. Our communistic interpreter told me in strict confidence that our *konduktur* was a regular "boorjooie," that he had a farm of more than a hundred acres, and eight hundred poods of potatoes buried in the ground! A pood equals thirty-six pounds, so that would be quite a lot of potatoes. The *provodniks* may or may not be in uniform, but they invariably look a good deal the worse for wear, and on their little round astrakhan caps always appears the crossed hammer and sickle, the emblem of the communistic state. They are soviet employes. After I learned that our conductor was a "boorjooie" I looked upon him with enhanced interest. He offered me food for thought with regard to how a man may compromise with a situation. That is what practically all Russia is doing—just compromising with the situation.

The *provodnik* is usually a humble kind of person who tries occasionally to make himself useful with a little twig broom and other primitive implements of housekeeping, but on private sleeping cars the *konduktors* are purely ornamental. They assign themselves one of the best compartments in the car and live in it month in and month out. Their berths are gay with the red blankets that are familiar to everybody who has traveled on a European sleeping car, but they are gay also with odds and ends of food, samovars and other cooking utensils, scraps and stray bits of one thing and another. They are not at all fussy about their surroundings, but I will say for our *provodnik* that he was perfectly good-natured about my objections to his objectionable habits, and that after a day or two of intensive training in connection with such services as he was called upon to render in my behalf he used the excellent brand of American soap with which I provided him, according to directions and with a smile on his nice old Russian face.

The Matter of Baggage

Incidentally the *provodniks* are the only occupants of the wagon-lits who have the familiar red blankets. If the traveler from afar happens not to have his own blankets and sheets and pillows and whatever he requires for sleeping purposes he is out of luck. That was what I was thinking of when I spoke of having to burden oneself with multitudinous impedimenta. You do not take along anything in the way of a trunk filled with fancy garments. So far as clothing is concerned you burden yourself strictly in accord with what you need to keep up your standard of personal cleanliness. As for your outer raiment, in order to give yourself a friendly attitude toward it you call it your field kit and wear it constantly and on all occasions with a kind of bravado born of a curiously pleasing consciousness that you are doing something that is hardly ever done in polite society. And when you remember that I have in mind weeks on end and not just a few days in the midst of inescapable uncleanliness you will know better what I mean.

Your bed and bedding are not such annoying articles either, because after all they do up into fairly soft and easily portable bundles. But there is also food to be carried along—American canned goods only; everything you expect to have to eat from the time you leave your base of supplies until you get back to it. To say nothing of something upon which to prepare it—an alcohol outfit or an oil burner of some kind, with the necessary fuel, whatever it may be. Also there are cooking utensils and everything a fairly civilized person is in the habit of using in the act of feeding himself in a fairly civilized manner. Though I will say that however careful such a person may be to retain his civilized habits, he is not likely to return from such a trip quite so civilized as he was when he started.

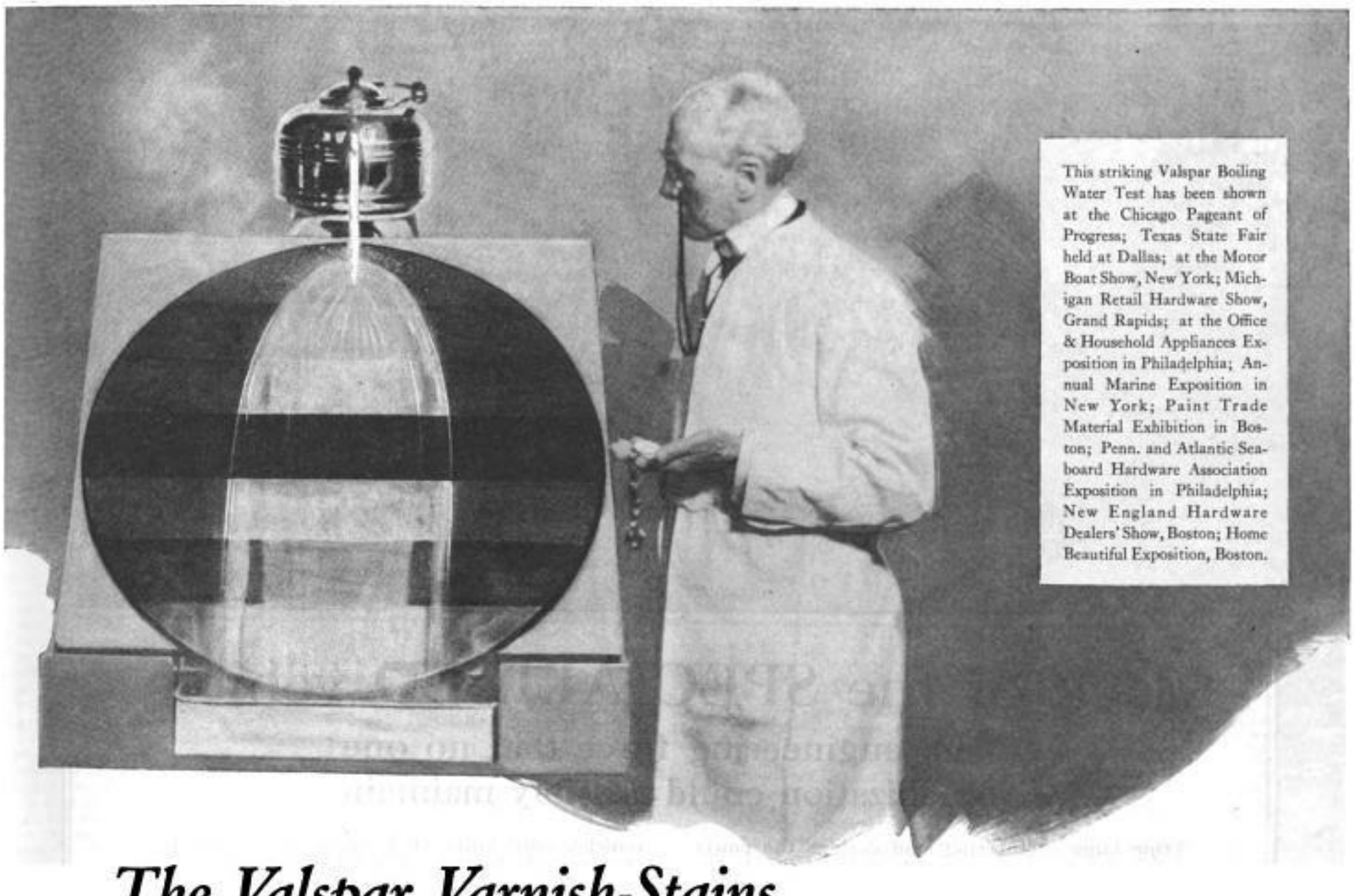
We got away from Moscow in the usual wild scramble. The soviet authorities do try to preserve order, but they succeed, somehow, in being only locally and sporadically tyrannical. The government is a vast and complicated bureaucracy. It is more autocratic than monarchical absolutism ever got to be even in Russia, and it hedges itself about with revolutionary terrorism more terrible than anything ever recorded in any nation's experience. It is looking solely to its own continuity in providing the machinery

(Continued on Page 91)



Peasants With Small Hand Sleds Loaded With Firewood for Sale. A Familiar Scene in Soviet Russia

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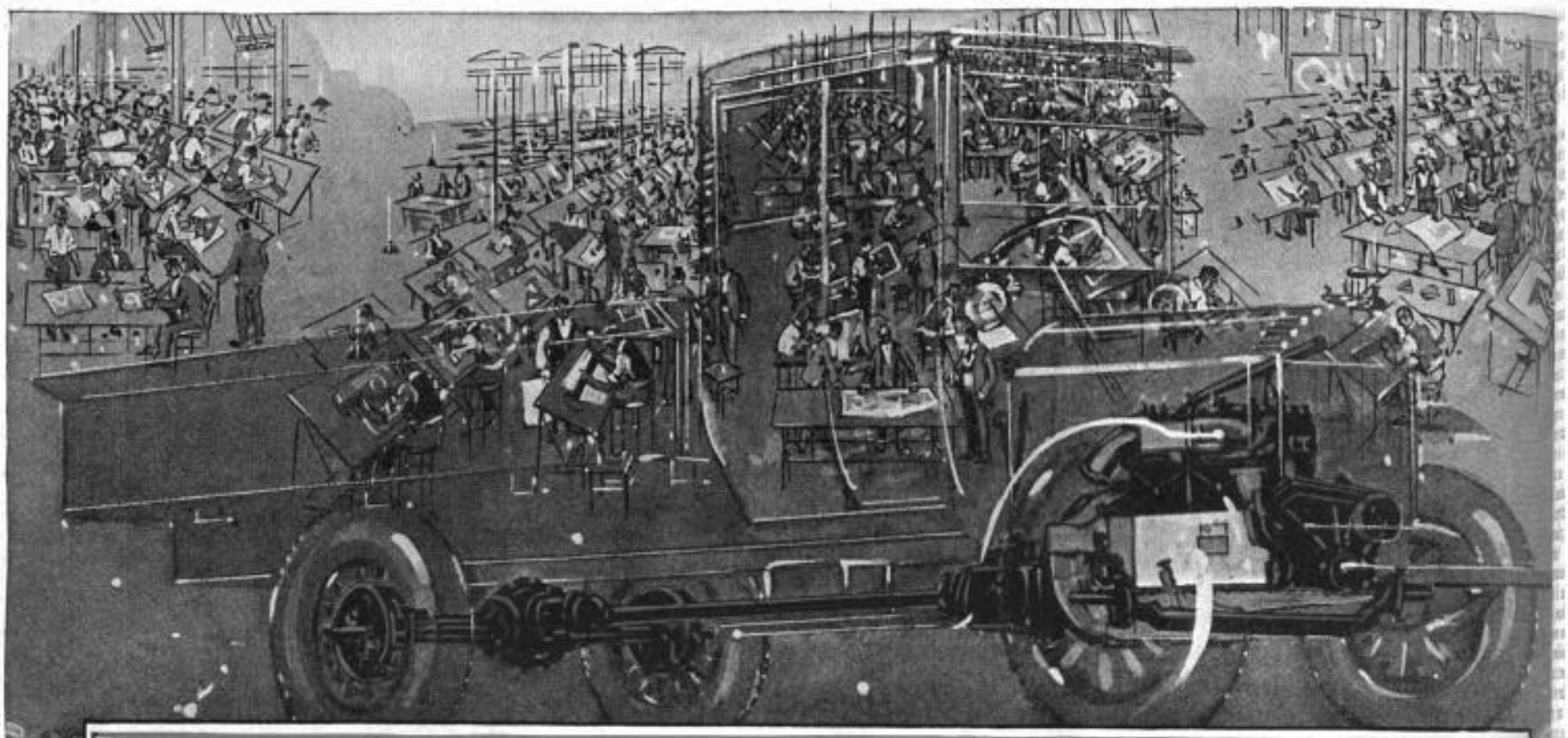
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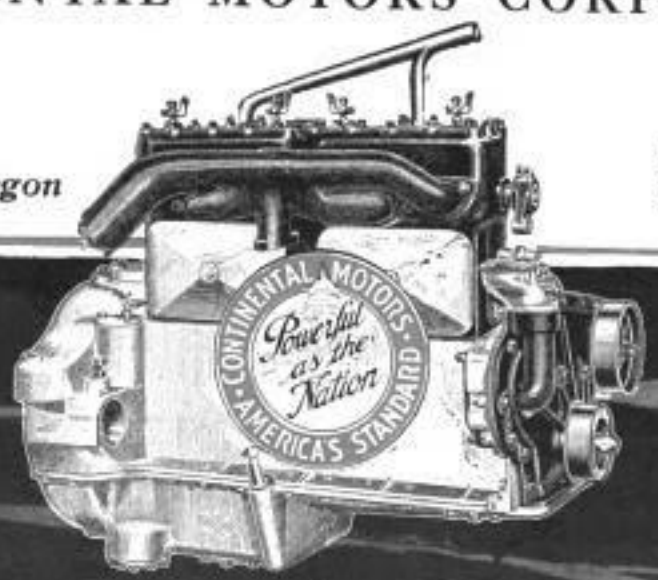
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(Continued from Page 88)

of governmental administration, but the people dodge it in numbers too great to be handled, and go hurrying and scurrying about like sheep in a sheepfold into which wolves have been turned in the guise of shepherd dogs.

In the eyes of the casual observer from the more or less orderly world outside—in comparison, very orderly—this is interesting, to say the least. There are those who will accuse me of being superficial in my observations. They will say that I am incapable of looking beneath the surface and appreciating the potentialities of the great experiment, but to these I would say that if there is one thing humanity can be depended upon to do it is to spread upon the surface of its existence plentiful evidence of the manner in which it exists. If we should ever witness in our country such a scene as I passed through in the great and modern Moscow railway station that February day of this year of our Lord, 1922, we should know that as a ship of state we were sunk with all hands on board and with very little hope of anything in the way of salvage. Incidentally, it was George Washington's birthday!

The dense throngs in the stations are not necessarily to be thought of as moving throngs, though millions of people are forever trying to get somewhere away from where they are. It is not possible to move them, and the result is that in tremendous numbers they camp out in the railway stations all over the country, just waiting, patiently waiting for weeks and sometimes for months on end for their necessary permits. It makes a colossal spectacle.

Time and again men of the American Relief Administration are appealed to by one-time prosperous and useful citizens, men and women of education and refinement, for a leg up—for a lift along the way. But such requests must always be refused, because it is against the rules of the A. R. A. to intervene in any soviet governmental process. These people find themselves not only caught in a jam of stampeding humanity but entangled as well in the red tape of the communistic-bureaucratic regulations. You may be a citizen of a communist state and you may have fondly imagined that in becoming such a citizen you were freeing yourself from all restraints. But the truth is that you are virtually a prisoner and that the performance precedent to practically every act of your life is going through a long rigmarole of governmental procedure to secure official sanction for that act. Everybody's life is done up in bits of paper with something stamped upon them in red ink. There is no freedom of action for anybody.

Slow but Not Sure

We had not gone very far out of Moscow before I began to realize more fully than I did on the way in from Riga what Americans mean when they speak of the railroads as merely hanging together. I doubted a good many times whether they would go on hanging together until I got through with them. When occasionally our engineer grew ambitious and started to make more than ten miles an hour the resulting motion was positively terrifying, not to say distressing; you had to be a good sailor. But whenever he did this his engine was pretty sure to get sick within a very short time; so there were never any very long spurts of speed. For hours on end any fairly energetic donkey could have kept up with us, but another reason for this besides the state of the roadbed was that the fuel we were using at the time was of a specially inferior quality. There was no coal, of course, and an ordinary coal tender will not carry enough wood to keep an engine going for any great distance. We made long stops at every smallest station for the purpose of taking on more wood, and sometimes it was immediately available and sometimes it was not. When it was not it had to be brought from somewhere on sleds. And at every station we were besieged by the hungry throngs begging us to give them bread.

We ourselves were cold a good part of the time. It was winter and the cold was a cold which seems to be peculiar to Russia. It snaps at one's nerves and grips with a kind of cruel intensity. Our car was heated by pipes connected with a wood stove up in one end of it, and when we [illegible] platform was piled then for a day or more, likely as not, our poor old *provodnik*—himself being as blue-nosed as anyone—would complain that he could get no wood, and we would all sit round wrapped in blankets.

When it was decided to extend the operations of the American Relief Administration to cover Russia the program immediately adopted for child feeding alone called for the delivery of one hundred and forty thousand tons of foodstuffs, and all but a few hundred tons of this, reserved for Petrograd and Moscow, was to be distributed over the great famine area referred to ordinarily as the Volga Valley. This area is really from three to four hundred miles in width and reaches from the Ural Mountains to the Black Sea. The donation of the American Government of twenty million dollars made possible a subsequent and supplementary program which called for the delivery of two hundred and seventy thousand tons of corn for adult feeding, to say nothing of a few hundred tons of medical supplies and clothing.

The A. R. A.'s Big Job

This would have been a gigantic undertaking, even with normal transportation facilities available. Under the circumstances existing it looked in the beginning very much as though the American Relief Administration in its extraordinary and always successful operations had finally tackled something it could not possibly get away with. But Mr. Herbert Hoover formed his habits of mind in a school of engineering and he never hands out plans and specifications until after he has made the requisite calculations. He knew better than anyone what his organization was destined to encounter in Russia, but he knew also what it had behind it in the way of funds and affiliations, and incidentally he knew his organization. It is made up for the most part of men who would rather themselves become objects of charity than fail in the administration of the American philanthropy with which they are intrusted.

I am not intending away down here at the end of this article to begin to write in detail about the work of the American Relief Administration. I shall give myself the pleasure of doing that later on. But since American Relief operations constitute the most important economic factor in the life of Russia today it is not possible to separate the difficulties of these operations from the state of affairs existing in connection with Russian railroads. So I wish merely to mention a few figures in order to indicate what Americans as relievers of the situation have been up against.

All the food that we have fed into the ravenous maw of the Russian famine has been a free gift, with the exception of course of such supplies as have passed through the food-remittance process of individual purchase and A. R. A. delivery. But among our stipulations with regard to the gift food was that the soviet officials should move it in from the ports and transport it in Russia to the various bases of relief operations to be established. In this regard they have performed according to contract, but they have been able to do this only under American direction and constant supervision. There is a traffic department in the American organization and in the office of that department a daily check is kept upon every car in Russia which is loaded with American supplies. This is a terrific task; sometimes it is fully accomplished and sometimes it is not. It would be wholly impossible except for the fact that the telegraph service in the country is one of the few things that have been kept up to a fair standard of efficiency. A telegraph service in good working order is indispensable to the maintenance of such a government as Russia is living under, and if the ordinary wires fail to function with sufficient speed and accuracy the relief officers demand service on the lines by which the Kremlin is connected with all its governmental outposts.

The idea of the Americans is to keep the food moving, moving constantly, however slowly. The program calls for the unloading of at least five hundred tons a day from every ship at every port, and this means the utilization of every available facility. Those good people who talk about adding to the extent of American relief in Russia and appeal to the American public for more funds for immediate use are merely complicating a situation already too complicated already provided for is a thing that simply cannot be done. I am for keeping the appeal constantly before the blessed old generous American mind; I am for piling up the funds wherever they may be piled up with safety, because it is my solemn belief that the end of the present program will not see us anywhere near the end of our humanitarian obligation—and an obligation it is if anyone is obliged to give of his plenty to him who has nothing at all! But for the time being, what more can be done? Deliveries are already away behind the original schedule adopted. The freezing in of the principal harbors and the consequent delays in unloading and transport were contingencies not counted upon in the original calculations, but considered in terms of simple normality the facilities for handling cargoes any faster than they are being handled today do not exist.

I had heard so much about the scarcity of serviceable freight cars that I had begun to think of freight cars almost as heading the list of life's necessities. There was an interesting revelation in store for me. Within ten versts of the city of Moscow I began to come upon them by the thousand. It was a trip through the graveyard of Russian rolling stock. The Trans-Siberian Railroad all the way from Moscow to the Volga is literally lined with skeletons of freight cars and dead engines. It is an extraordinary sight!

It is evident that when railway traffic was reduced to the minimum at which it is now maintained these freight cars were shunted onto sidings with an idea that they would be taken care of; but the people needed fuel, and little by little all the wood that went into the construction of them was chopped away. And there they are—gaunt, rusty, bent and battered frames of freight cars representing millions of gold rubles in mere wanton or ignorant or devil-may-care destruction! They are a liability instead of an asset. One wonders how they are ever to be got rid of. Most of them are on rails, but from under hundreds of them the rails have been removed and these are sunk deep into the ground. Getting rid of them will be a difficult and expensive undertaking. I thought of what mountains of scrap iron they would make. Incidentally it will take millions of gold rubles and many years to replace them.

A Wrecked Food Train

Presently we began to come upon long trains of American food cars. Every car that carries American Relief supplies can be instantly identified because it bears the name of the American Relief Administration printed above its doors. We were on the lookout for these all the time, and whenever we found a stalled train of them or a sidetracked few of them we counted them, took some of their numbers, and at the first opportunity telegraphed the information back to the traffic department in Moscow.

Finally, just outside a station not far from the Volga, we came upon a wrecked food train. There had been a head-on collision and the freight cars had left the track and rolled down an embankment. It was only the day before that this had happened, but you may believe me when I tell you that there was not even so much as a splinter left of the cars, and of course not an ounce of the food. The people had raided the wreck and helped themselves, and we were told that there had been quite a handsome little scrimmage over it.

I asked if anybody had been killed, but my question was not answered. It was as though that were the least important matter that could possibly be thought of. We were getting into the region of real horrors—as I shall presently endeavor to reveal. There were a lot of very pitiful-looking people still searching and fumbling round through the wreckage. They were picking up handfuls of the trampled and dirty snow and sifting it through their fingers, looking for possibly overlooked grains of something to eat.

I thought to myself: "Well, that cargo was intended for certain selected beneficiaries, but there can be no doubt that whoever got it needed it, so God bless them!"

It is seven hundred and thirty-eight miles from Moscow to Samara, and we made it in three and a half days and four nights.

Editor's Note—This is the [illegible]

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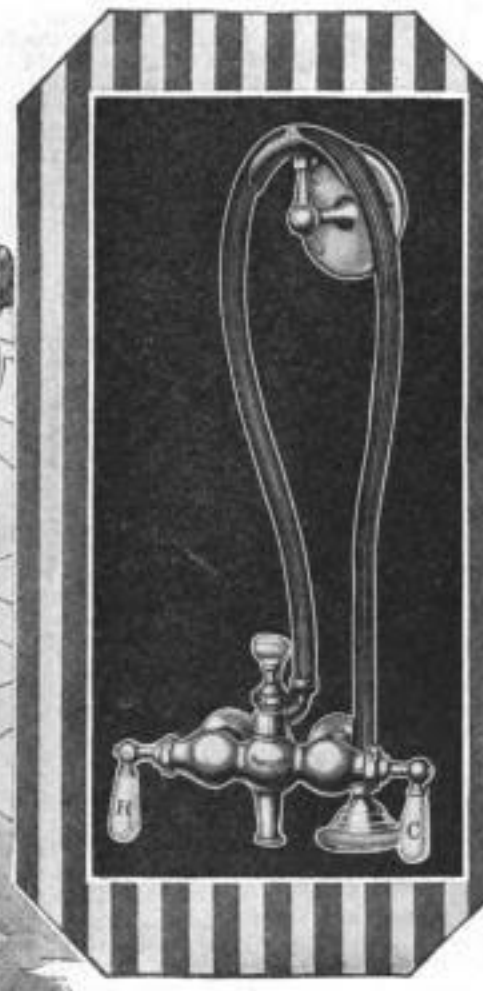
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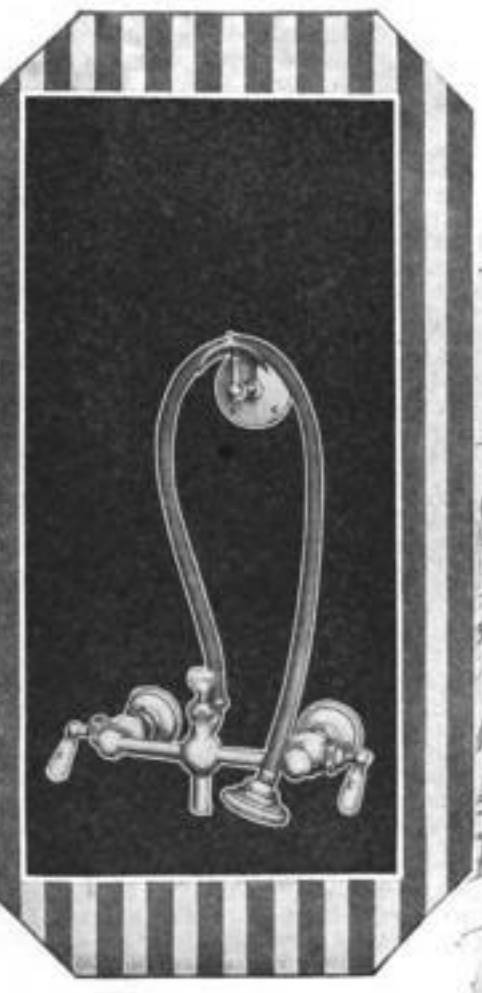
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THE PRINT OF MY REMEMBRANCE

(Continued from Page 28)

It implied that the hypnotist, once in control of the thought of his subject, was never freed of that connecting bond and that both individuals passed into eternity held together by it. This was a little deep and somewhat terrorizing for my use in the play, but I thought I'd be on safe ground in suggesting that the force was not a very good one for the layman to play with. In thinking also of telepathic influence, the control of the thought as well as the will of another presented an equal responsibility. I therefore made these two ethical considerations the theme and overtone of what I was projecting. The result of that, not to bore a lay reader with technical considerations of a playwright, was to give me a rather fine old character in sympathy with my contentions and a vigorous and indifferent one opposed to him and to convince whom would be the business of the play. I therefore had theme, definite direction and some situations. Despite the fact that I had been thinking and reading and having experiences in these subjects for something like eighteen years since my trip with Bishop, I spent another year getting helpful information from professional hypnotists and clairvoyants. I speak of the time thus spent on this play in contrast to some of the hasty efforts like Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots. Perhaps there is a commensurate difference in the calibers.

When the play was done I read it to Charles Frohman. Nobody could have less scientific information on the subjects than he had, and his reception of it would be a fair indication of what an average audience might do. The reading was under rather test conditions too. The night was oppressively warm. C. F. was in his apartment, then on the top floor of Sherry's old building, Forty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue, now remodeled into business offices. He had on a cotton shirt and a pair of trousers. He sat cross-legged in a big leather chair. As I finished each act his only comment was, "Go on." At the conclusion of the play there was a wait that filled me with apprehension.

At length he said, "That's almost too beautiful to bear."

The language was so unlike C. F., in fact the idea was so unlike him, that I thought for a moment there was mockery about it. But he was in earnest.

He added, "When shall we do it?"

We discussed and decided upon the men and women we would like for the company, and I left in an elated mood. I saw him again the next day to talk production. His enthusiasm for the play had not subsided. A week later he sent for me. We met in his office in the Empire Theater Building. He was embarrassed and unhappy, as he had to tell me that he had changed his mind about the piece. He had given the script to his brother, Daniel Frohman, to read, and Daniel had told him that the author of the play was evidently crazy. It was as impossible for me to argue the point with C. F. as it would have been for one to lift himself by his boot straps. A crazy man can't act as both his own alienist and attorney without being an unattractive client. I met Daniel Frohman a day later. In the friendliest way he answered:

"Yes, I d i say that. But I meant, of course, only in the treatment of that subject. Forget it, Gus; go out West and give us one of your wholesome Arizonas."

Tennyson's Clean-Up

I never blamed Daniel Frohman for this opinion or thought less of his general judgment. Except to one who has made a study of the subjects of telepathy or hypnotism, all that can be said about them sounds invented and unreal. That Charles Frohman accepted them I think grew out of hearing the play, and his judgment would have been the same as Daniel's if he had only read the text and not seen it partly dramatized, as every author unconsciously does dramatize his own work when reading it.

Frohman was a most delightful manager to talk terms to. His method was simply to ask, "What do you want?" In my own experience I never heard him say, "We can't give it." It was after many years that I suggested terms which included an interest in the profits, and as he conceded these he smilingly added, "I have been wondering why you didn't ask for a share a long time ago." Somebody had told him something of space rates and the money that prominent authors had got per word for their product from publishers. With his keen sense of values, he was, of course, amused by the story that at one time Tennyson had received a pound a word on his poems. This may or may not be a fact, but Frohman took it seriously.

"And what do you think," he asked, "was the first poem he wrote after he touched the five-dollar rate? Think of it, five dollars a word! Well, here it is:

"What does little birdie say,
Singing, singing all the day?
Singing, singing all the day,
What does little birdie say?"

Charley thought it was pretty shrewd of the laureate to go down the line with these little words one way; but to make a round trip, collecting five dollars every jump, was just too hilarious. This may not be an accurate quotation of the verse, but it was the C. F. version.

The Value of Frankness

My experience with Charles Frohman as an auditor made me believe that Mr. Lee Shubert, who perhaps had no more book knowledge of the subject or actual experience with it than C. F., might find in it a layman's equal interest. This proved to be the case. Before I read him the play I was careful to tell him its history—Mr. Palmer's uneasiness about the subject, Mr. Frohman's enthusiasm for it, and then the change of mind. To tell all about a play when one takes it to a manager is a good practice. It may be a little hard on a rejected manuscript at first, but when the managers come to understand that you are withholding nothing from them your statements acquire a value that outweighs the slight disadvantage in the history of any manuscript. If I were presuming to advise younger dramatists about the conduct of their business I think this is one of the points I would emphasize. The manager ultimately learns the history of the play. If it is a failure some other man tells him he had read it and thought it would fail, or if it is a success the other man boasts that he might have had it. Any attempt at secrecy gains for the author only the unenviable record of disingenuousness. Mr. Shubert had the same sympathetic reception for the play that C. F. had had, and acting upon his decision immediately turned over its production to me. I don't think he heard any of it again until it was up to its dress rehearsals.

In discussing the cast, Charles Frohman and I had agreed upon John Mason as the central character for The Witching Hour, and it was not difficult to persuade Mr. Shubert to this when the play was carried to him. Mason at that time was under contract with Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske, who generously released him to us. To those who knew John Mason's work nothing need be said in description of his art. To those who knew only his reputation and have never seen him play, one may say that he was one of the best actors that America ever produced. To begin with, he was a man of great intelligence, and in the field of mathematics he had a talent that amounted to genius. I never saw any work to justify that statement, but several men have told me of his ability mentally to calculate sums and fractions and other problems in arithmetic that the ordinary man could do only laboriously with pencil.

As an actor his power lay in his great self-possession and a wonderful sense of time, which showed in his reading. He had the ability to put into a pause all the meaning that was carried in its context and somewhat more. His voice was deep and resonant, modulated and trained. He had that other great-actor quality of being able to listen on the stage and give his attention to another speaker; and in his dramatic work—I speak of that in contradistinction to his performances in opera, for which he was well known—he never showed a consciousness of his audience. Add to these qualities a fi[illegible]



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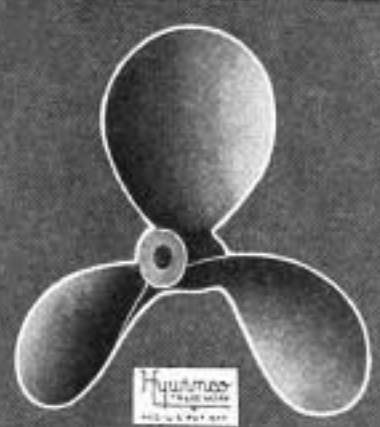


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a wise restraint and very sparing use of which made every motion significant, then a physical relaxation that robbed everything he did of any seeming pose, although to a person trained in the theater it was evident he knew the value of every position, and you have some considerations on which to base an understanding of his equipment as actor, and perhaps of some of his effects.

The part of Jack Brookfield in the play was that of a gambler whose education was above the stratum into which his business threw him socially. Mason's speech and carriage secured that impression. To seem less than socially superior would have been an assumption. The gambler was supposed to be a dominant figure in personal affairs, will power. Mason conveyed that idea also.

I don't remember any consultation with Mr. Shubert about any players. They must have been sent to him on the question of their salaries, but otherwise the wishes of the author were unopposed. I think it was John Mason who suggested the engagement of Russ Whytal for the old justice in the play. I have an idea that Whytal is not so well known throughout the country as some other men of less ability and less real prominence. Mr. Whytal is himself a dramatic author. Some years ago his play, For Fair Virginia, was a reigning success. I can't think of a man on either side of the Atlantic who would have filled more completely the part of Justice Prentiss than Mr. Whytal did with his fine, sympathetic understanding of what the character stood for.

For the heavy man, a district attorney, we were able to get George Nash. I had known Nash ever since he had been in the profession, some eighteen or twenty years before that time. He had played for me in New Blood, On the Quiet, Arizona and other pieces, and has about as sure a knowledge of effect as any man on the stage.

William Sampson, who played the comedy part, an almost dissolute and altogether unmoral old professional gambler, gray-haired and white-mustached, comes very near being our best American character comedian. He is as much like the late James Lewis, of Daly's, in method as one man can be like another. With him, Whytal and Nash supporting Mason, we had a quartet that would have carried any reasonable material to success.

I have written before once or twice in these pages of coincidences occurring during their writing. These have not been remarkable, but they have been arresting, and their accent has perhaps for a moment interrupted the monotony of our march.

The Witching Hour's Success

This above paragraph about William Sampson I dictated at the end of a session in the afternoon of April 5, 1922, and then, as I try to do after a day's work, went for a walk. On the wall just inside the door of the Lambs Club, in the usual place for such communications, was pinned a usual subscription paper, with some fifty or sixty signatures to it under the caption, "Flowers for William Sampson." It was a shock to learn that he had passed away suddenly the night before. I can add to the paragraph only the record of my deep affection for him and my esteem as man and artist.

In our first cast of The Witching Hour we were assisted also by the sterling actress, Jennie Eustace, and a very magnetic young woman no longer in the theater, named Adelaide Nowak. I think it rather incumbent upon me, after having so frankly recorded Daniel Frohman's opinion, to say that the play was the biggest dramatic success of that year. It went through the season in New York, while a second company was playing it in Chicago, and John Mason continued to play in it until nearly three years later, when he went into another play in which I had written him an equally prominent but altogether different character.

I have said earlier in these chapters that I hope at some other time to write an article on psychic phenomena as I have found them. In my wish to be thoroughly informed concerning the background against which in The Witching Hour I was outlining comparatively so little I got a fund of information that would have served for fifty plays. It is not strange then that the two next plays after The Witching Hour should have been on somewhat related subjects. The older readers will remember that in the earlier stages of the cult of Christian Science there was a considerable public interest in the subject of mental science, so called, and therapeutical and metaphysical values of suggestion.

My next play, The Harvest Moon, was upon this theme. There is not enough novelty in the story or incident in the history of the play to make it worth a reader's attention. One item, however, has, I think, significance. That was the performance of Mr. George Nash, of whom I have already written as an excellent actor. There are a few men who take acting as an art, and when we find one of these we usually find a character actor. I have written of Lionel Barrymore's qualities in this department, his willingness to put in study on the type he is to portray. George Nash, somewhat Lionel's senior, is the same kind of man. When George knew he was to play a French savant, a member of the Academy, a celebrated person from his own country, he went over to Paris, with which he was already familiar, to get an intimate contact with the type; to study deportment, carriage, gesture, expression and accent. He came back with all that and a complete wardrobe for the play made by a French tailor; his shirts and collars, linen and neckties and footwear were authentic. One might think that this attention would hardly be repaid; that only the most external showing would affect an audience; and it may be the case. But there was another effect upon the man himself which bred an authority that mere assumption could not have secured. The play was only moderately successful, but that element of the public that approved it remained very loyal to Mr. Nash; and although twelve years have gone by, I get an occasional letter inquiring about him and the possible reproduction of the play. It is the enthusiasm of such men as this in the theater that keeps alive the interest of men writing for it.

A Try at Musical Comedy

About this time there came over the taste of the public one of those changes imperceptible in its progress but definite in its results, concerning the form of the musical play. People began to lose interest to some extent in the formal, well-made comic opera and turned to what came to be known as the musical comedy. With this in mind, a manager came to me to help him get a story suitable to the personality and talents of De Wolf Hopper. He had a facile and rapid-working musician with most melodic faculty, Mr. Silvio Hein, who stood ready to furnish the music, and also one or two young men who wanted to write verses for such a piece. All that he needed was a comic story with some vivacity, and a central character that would carry Mr. Hopper; or, to put it more complimentarily and more truthfully to that artist, a character which Mr. Hopper could properly animate.

If the call had not been a hurry one I probably should have started to build something from the ground up; but with the feeling of haste in the enterprise my mind by association drifted to other occasions of theatrical need. I remembered the times we had put up His Last Legs as an emergency bill. One important fact in its favor as the groundwork for a musical play was that it was short; it required no trimming; it was almost in shape ready for added lyrics and music. It needed a little change that would allow for the introduction of a female chorus, but this was easily fixed by making its scenes those of a female seminary instead of a private house. To emphasize Mr. Hopper's importance to the eye we gave him a little horse-racing kind of a valet of devoted attachment. This wasn't particularly new. Mr. Hopper had in two or three of his earlier successes been so seconded by Adolph Klein, a talented brother of the dramatist, Charles Klein. I gave the manager a synopsis of the story; his verse writer and his musician went to work; chorus was assembled for rehearsal; I took the book of His Last Legs, and dictating from it made a free transcription with such changes as would accommodate the differences I have described. The company was ready to play in four weeks, which is somewhat less than the time usually taken by musical rehearsals for a book that has already been completed.

Feeling that the public would be slow to accept a musical play from me, the manager announced the authorship of the book as the joint work of Henri and Bernard. Henri was a supposititious person, guessed without any particular mental strain as name indicates. Bernard was the Eng author of His Last Legs. Mr. Hein's na went on the program properly as the co poser. The play, called The Matinée Id was, as I have implied in earlier chapt an immediate success. Critics were a li at sea over the English and French coll *rateurs* on the book, but they were agr upon its value to Mr. Hopper and w glad to see him once more on Broadw with something suited to his talents.

When John Mason had about finis playing The Witching Hour, I was try to get for him a story of equal seriousn and value, and a character necessa mature, that he could play, and follow performance of Jack Brookfield. The c tor in As a Man Thinks was to my m such a part, and his relationship to patient in the last act I regarded as a l note for his character, although the l dramatic of the things he might do therefore tried it out, as I have said sometimes does, in a little one-act play. gave this at the Lambs. Mr. Eug Presbrey played the sick man, and I pla the doctor myself. I felt that we ha character that would stand develope and that would be acceptable. I kn Jewish doctor who was giving a great of his time to the care of crippled child and doing it with an unselfishness a lack of advertising that made it admir I thought it would be acceptable to public to see a Jew put in that pos prominently instead of having him culed as he generally was in the theat share none of the hostility that many the dominant management in the Amer theater because it is Jewish. I felt t and have said more than once in p since, that the Jews were in control o American theater because they deserv be. The theater as a business is one does not lend itself readily to union l for the persons in control. Its problem constant from the moment one com duty to the time that the curtain drop often later. There is something in Anglo-Saxon temperament disposed to lect these duties. The Jew will stic close to the work as the work requires as he sticks to his work in the sweatsh the sewing machine, or long hours i secondhand clothing business. Startin to do something, he persists. For reason among others the theater falls ily into his control.

The Double-Standard Then

Having made my doctor a Hebr began to think in terms of Hebrew p ophy. I moved naturally to the d standard of morality discussed in the the fact that in modern society for a b of the conjugal contract woman is severely punished than is man. While us the punishment is in the pillory of opinion, in the old Jewish law the w was stoned to death. The play tr show that such punishment must per long as the family is the unit of our structure. A woman knows or can the father of her children. A father sure of his paternal relationship only degree of his faith in his wife. W maintain a social structure, no matte unworthy husbands and fathers ma but as soon as mothers fail chaos h rived. If womanhood becomes corru only life preserver that can keep ev heads of humanity above the water paternal state, a strong socialistic g ment, in which the individual and n family is the unit, in which the il mate or foundling child is just as imp as one born lawfully.

The dramatization of that idea so sily stated in this dictated paragraph a second theme in the play. Thes ideas, one associated with mental s and the other associated with the Jewis of woman's greater responsibility, the construction of the story which in the book As a Man Thinks.

In this play Mason made an impr as profound as the one he had made i Witching Hour, and in a character diametrically opposed. This is not m partial estimate alone. There was ha principal city in the United States in some Jewish rabbi did not speak up performance in the part. Few auth so fortunate in their supporting cas was in this company that was asso with Mr. Mason in that play. Walte and Vincent Serrano, about both of

(Continued on Page 97)

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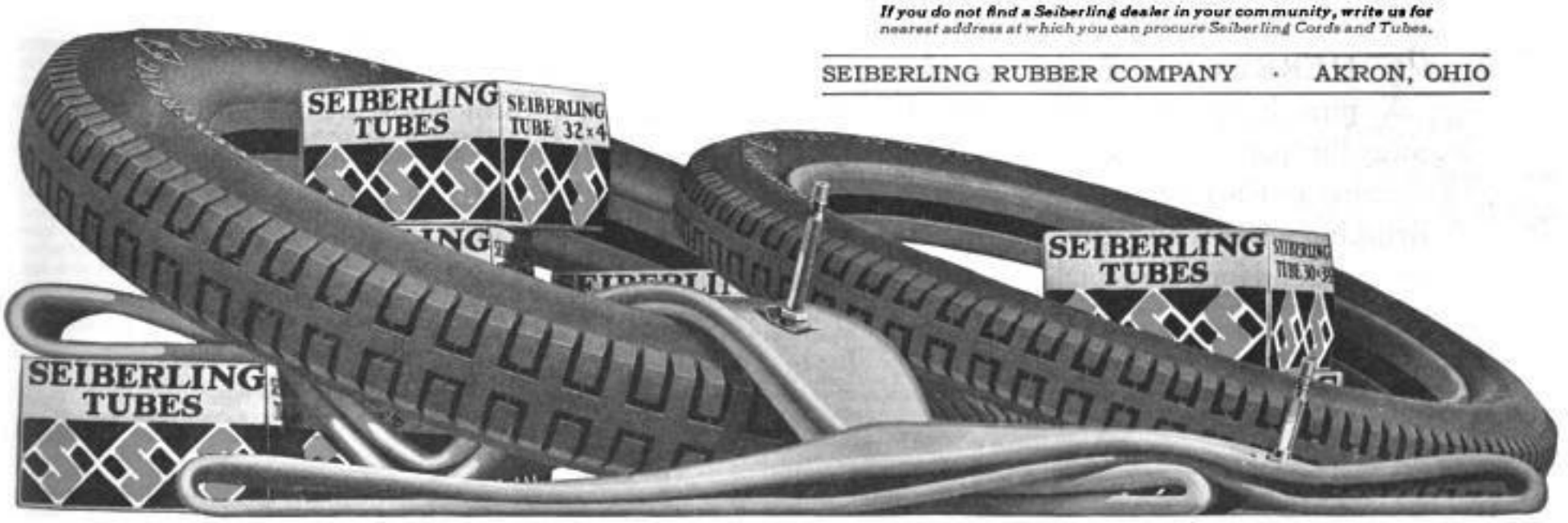
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(Continued from Page 94)

I have written fairly intimately in earlier chapters, had parts that suited them. William Sampson, referred to only a few paragraphs above, played the comedy old man with fine discretion and excellent effect; and that convincing player of American business men, Mr. John Flood, had such a rôle.

Some writer for the papers spoke of the flowerlike Chrystal Herne. I have no quarrel with that description of the lady, but what impressed me about her work as Mrs. Clayton was the impression of mental alertness, the constantly emotional and thinking personality. The play was printed as a book. When an author inscribes a book it isn't always easy to find the most proper phrase, but in the copy that was given to this actress I had no difficulty in writing, "To Chrystal Herne, who was Mrs. Clayton." If in writing the part I had a conception that differed from her performance it was not sufficiently definite to hold its place against her lifelike and convincing assumption of the rôle. In the more mature part it would be impossible to get a better actress than Amelia Gardner. So, as I have said, taking the cast altogether, it was such another organization as I had had only three or four times in some thirty years. The other casts associated in my mind were the ones that played Alabama and Arizona.

The Value of Mistakes

This report carries me to March 13, 1911. I am tempted to write of subsequent events, but will wait. Early in these chapters I referred to the remarks of the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table as he decided to offer the brown seed capsules, as he called them, the early simple memories from which sprouted such "flowers as his garden grew." In rather haphazard manner I have tumbled my planting and some of its resultant vegetation into the notice of patient and hopeful readers, and now as I near the end of the hearing I fancy them saying "Well?" and "What of it?" In one of Wilde's plays he has a speaker respond to the cue—experience: "Experience is the name Tuppy gives to his mistakes." As I remember, it was one of the best laughs in the scene. But experience is the name we all give to our mistakes.

What, as a matter of fact, is so significant as our mistakes? Certainly our successes are not so instructive. As I quickly review my own experience, more largely mistakes than I have felt at liberty to burden others with, and attempt the difficult feat of a summary, I find myself fronting the task with attention directed in such homemade method as mere habit has formed.

What is it that a patient friend would like me to report—a friend, let us say, like the poet stranger who has read some early chapters of this stuff and is moved to write to me this month of April, 1922, from beside his kerosene lamp in the town of Lost Cabin, Wyoming? Perhaps he would ask: "What have been the most potent influences you have known? Or to what opinions and beliefs have these influences and their consequent effects led you or inclined you?" That's what I'd like to ask any man whose book I've read. Perhaps that is what we all are practically asking every book.

Among the influences important to me have been a few men, more fine reputations and still more fine books, some fine women, some music, both rather simple and both quite old-fashioned. The books, after the nursery jumble was past, were, in order of discovery, the Bible, Shakspere, some other poets already named, Washington Irving, Holmes, Hawthorne, Ingersoll, Plutarch, Emerson, Thomas Jay Hudson, William James, Thomas Jefferson, Hugo, Voltaire, Montaigne.

I think the Bible, Shakspere, Holmes and Emerson influenced my vocabulary as far as it was permeable under the callus of the railroad yard.

I didn't select the reading by any superior resolve or instinct. The New Testament I learned by rote to recite in Sunday school for tickets exchangeable for prizes. I have a recollection of reciting on one Sunday one hundred and forty-four verses, beginning with "In those days came John the Baptist," and so on. This was not a religious exercise with us boys. It was a business proposition. I have since gone to the New Testament with various motives; once to study out [illegible] deduce from the speech and story the personal appearance of the Man of Nazareth when there was a project to produce a pas'on play. The Old Testament I read for its entertaining stories, skipping, boy-fashion, the begats.

Shakspere, in his acting plays—that is to say, those in the regular and possible repertoires—I read and studied as a matter of professional requirement. My reading of Holmes was prompted by John Colby's liking for him. Plutarch was an assignment on the Missouri Republican. One day in 1887 I brought in the Life of Lycurgus, revamped and adapted to the space of two columns and a half of dialogue between two boys, one of whom had read the story and was telling it to the other. This voluntary selection so pleased Frank O'Neill, the editor, that I was assigned to do one or two of the Lives every week. I think there are fifty altogether. I rewrote and illustrated forty of them. One may learn much in reading a history such as Plutarch's Life of Cæsar, but he learns it much more thoroughly when he is required to condense and rewrite it.

Emerson's essays were first called vividly to my attention by a little actress named Dudley who was in our Dickson's Sketch Club. She seemed to get a good deal of poise and self-possession from them. The essays fascinated me, and my first purchase of books, when I had a house of my own, was the Concord edition of Emerson's complete works in twelve volumes. In the year 1909 the same publishers issued a ten-volume edition of Emerson's Journals. These were edited from his entries in his private journals from the year 1820, when he was seventeen years of age, until 1881, when he was in his seventy-eighth year. No writing could be more revealing than these almost daily notes and comments upon his observations, and his thoughts about the things he saw and the books he read. They let a reader into the very springs or fountainheads of Emerson's utterances throughout his life, and permit a study of the form and color that he gave the same ideas clothed in the dialect of his day.

Religion and Reading

For Voltaire I had the unreasoning abhorrence that is drilled into the consciousness of nearly all children raised under a church influence. Much as I admired Ingersoll, his unstinted eulogy of Voltaire did not remove this prejudice. In France I was astonished to see the life-size seated figure of Voltaire by Houdon in the foyer of the Théâtre Français, and was again impressed by the standing statue by Caillé on the Quai Malaquais in front of the building of L'Institut de France. I began to believe there must be something admirable in the man, when at the most prominent points on both sides of the Seine a nation so honored him in its capital. Under the arcade of the Théâtre Odéon, in one of the rows of bookstalls there, I saw a large octavo edition of Voltaire, bound in leather, printed in 1829, on fine linen paper, no longer employed, so far as I know, in the manufacture of books. The edition consisted of fifty-four uniform volumes. The price was one franc each—a total of ten dollars and eighty cents in American money. I bought them as a possibly foolish adventure in property book backs. The dramas, being principally in verse, had little interest for me; but the numerous essays and letters were the most delightful reading.

To my astonishment, I found that the religious views of these great men, from Plutarch to Emerson, were not far enough apart to have the difference a matter of discussion. They all thought alike and expressed themselves in similar terms. Then one day I read in the latest notes of Emerson, written in his sixty-sixth year, this single, detached line: "When I find in people narrow religion I find narrow reading." My own reading is regrettably narrow, but it has been sufficient to make me wish not to disturb anybody's religious views or shake his creed. There is enough good in any one of the creeds to help its possessor through his life if he will permit it to guide him in his own conduct. But there is enough tyranny in any one of them to make its possessor intolerable when he attempts by force to impose his belief upon another.

In 1890 Funk and Wagnalls, encouraged by eighteen hundred gentlemen connected with the enterprise under the designation [illegible] printed what was called the Jeffersonian Cyclopedia. This volume, as large as a law book, contains over a thousand pages, with alphabetically arranged utterances of Mr. Jefferson, ranging from a line or two to paragraphs of half a column, and numerically listed to the number of nine thousand two hundred and twenty-eight quotations. In an appendix to these there is a document drawn by Mr. Jefferson in the year 1786 for the Assembly of Virginia, entitled, "A Bill for Establishing Religious Freedom." In the body of this bill, which is before me, is this sentence: "Our civil rights have no dependence on our religious opinions any more than our opinions of physics and chemistry."

This valuable book was a gift to me. The distinguished donor was Mr. William Jennings Bryan, and I am having a little difficulty in reconciling my idea of Mr. Bryan's admiration for the book and his recent earnest endeavor—which failed only by a vote of forty-two to forty-one—to persuade the Kentucky Legislature to forbid the discussion of the theory of evolution in the public schools because it didn't square with his deductions upon geology as set forth in the Book of Genesis. One glides so easily in these days from a discussion of religious beliefs into the consideration of questions political that I am impelled to take in lazy fashion this chance for digression and move on to a statement of my political views.

The Two Theories of Government

As a page boy in Congress I was made aware of the two theories of government in America: The one advanced and advocated by Alexander Hamilton, whose genius nobody seems to dispute, and which as a matter of simple reference may be called the system of centralization; the other the Jefferson idea, or the system of local self-government. All through my life, between those page-boy days and now, I have heard discussions of these two theories and occasionally had glimpses of the application of one or the other theory in practice. In my own mind I have finally come to something like an adjustment between them for America. I am not sure that my conclusions are right, but they have that consoling quality that sometimes comes with a decision—namely, peace. There has also been economy of time and attention through having some beliefs that were not dissolving views. One important contribution to this state of mind was made late in the year 1891, when I found at a bookstall a small octavo volume by John Fiske entitled Civil Government in the United States. I read it carefully, and at times I studied it. In a bibliographical note on page 274, in a list of books valuable to the student of government, Mr. Fiske wrote the following:

A book of great merit, which ought to be reprinted as it is now not easy to obtain, is Toulmin Smith's Local Self-Government and Centralization, London, 1851. Its point of view is sufficiently indicated by the following admirable pair of maxims (p. 12):

"Local self-government is that system of government under which the greatest number of minds, knowing the most, and having the fullest opportunities of knowing it, about the special matter in hand, and having the greatest interest in its well-working, have the management of it, or control over it.

"Centralization is that system of government under which the smallest number of minds, and those knowing the least, and having the fewest opportunities of knowing it, about the special matter in hand, and having the smallest interest in its well-working, have the management of it, or control over it."

An immense amount of wretched misgovernment would be avoided if all legislators and all voters would engrave these wholesome definitions upon their minds.

Later in a campaign, I quoted these two maxims at a meeting at which Mr. William Jennings Bryan was and I was "also." Mr. Bryan asked where I said I had got them, and then asked to have them typewritten for him. He subsequently used them, giving proper credit to their author. He told me they were the best definitions that he had ever heard for the purpose of showing the difference in the two systems of government.

Certain benevolent considerations have recently made Mr. Bryan swerve a little from his complete reliance on local self-government, but I am going to hang onto my admiration for the system. I have thought there might be found a workable interplay of the two systems in our [illegible]



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ARE YOUR SEAMS ON STRAIGHT ?

BY Natalie Norris



THOUGH her lips be rose petals and her cheek lovely as an evening song, when Fathma goes forth to the bazaars in the land of Mohammed she must veil her beauty humbly from the passers-by. It is tough. But it is the law of the Prophet.

Here, in America, the eye is never stymied. If madame be beautiful, one may regard her radiance unrebuked. If mademoiselle be fair to see, she selects her wardrobe with great care that her beauty be enhanced, thanking Allah she doesn't live in Constantinople.

Although you might never suspect it, all this is introductory to a discussion of stockings.

She who has pride in her appearance must select even her hosiery with utmost care.

Seams she avoids, because she knows from private observation on the street that seams run woefully awry and not primly perpendicular. And she knows that crooked seams can mar the comeliness of the most graceful leg and even accentuate ankles that are not entirely one's heart's desire.

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In addition to being much better looking, BURSON HOSE are much more comfortable to wear, due again to the absence of that seam which only annoys the foot. Important, too, is the fact that with BURSON stockings one may wear smaller shoes.

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BURSON
FASHIONED HOSE

SPORTS
SILKS
AND
HEATHERS

say, in everything that affects our own well-being as a great commonwealth, the system of local self-government adopted and adhered to; in all questions that deal with our relations as a government to the governments of other countries, the system of centralization.

Something of the kind seems to have been in the minds of the founders when they wrote in Section II, Article II, of the Constitution: "The President shall be commander in chief of the Army and Navy of the United States and of the militia of the several states when called into the actual service of the United States."

This seems to apprehend national emergencies and something like centralization in meeting them. Also, all of those powers granted to Congress in Section VIII, Article I, under the heads of taxes, duties, imposts, coinage of money, weights and measures, punishment of counterfeiting, piracies and felonies on the high seas, and offenses against the laws of nations are on the centralization system. In the field of local self-government seem to lie those rights listed in the first ten amendments which Mr. Jefferson advised adopting before all the states ratified the Constitution, so that there should be no doubt about what powers were surrendered by the local governments to the central one, and what powers were by the central one definitely acquired. This may be saying "an undisputed thing in such a solemn way," but it has been a comforting possession. It has made me a Jeffersonian American. It has even enabled me to keep from meddling in family matters that seem to fall into similar but self-governing departments, such as those assumed by married children. And finally it has helped me to preserve a schoolboy respect for both those eminent and admirable characters, Alexander Hamilton and Thomas Jefferson, who were looking at the same shield from different sides.

Another department of life that I thought a good deal about has been that of labor. As a lad I was with the working people; people with callus not only on their hands but well up the forearm where a brake wheel caught it. I think every man should be capable of sustaining himself by the labor of his hands. I was quite a middle-aged person, much pampered and self-indulged, when I saw James M. Barrie's play, The Admirable Crichton, in which a submerged butler of the English social caste becomes the principally capable person and commander as soon as the family is stranded on a South Sea island. In France I saw a much finer democracy than our own, as far as I could judge without being a part of it; a finer intercourse between the different social stations; the politeness of a stone mason on the top of a bus asking a duke for a match with which to light a cigarette, and the fraternal compliance without mockery or condescension. And after a while I came to learn that that relationship had been acquired by men of those classes working in fine equality in their military training.

Labor as a Stabilizer

When the war was on and our American young men were enlisted and drafted I saw so many clerks and professional youngsters improved by the rough manual work that the Army made them do that I became an advocate of universal military training, for the sole reason that it would give the Government the power to call young men out of the mines, let us say, and send them elsewhere on other duties and to replace them by a lot of young fellows that are now selling neckties and watching stock tickers, who could be sent down into the mines as part of their training. One or two months of this transposing in their formative years, nineteen to twenty-one, would give them sympathetic understanding of the men who are performing the basic material and manual tasks. It might answer some other problems. Eight or ten years of such successive assignments would see the country equipped with a body of citizens not in those industries but yet partially educated in mining, railroading, and the like, which would be a great stabilizer.

A few lines above I said that I was with the working people. Maybe it will be well to confess that I am a little partisan a it. I know that is so because I seldom of a strike anywhere without the per unfair hope that the strikers will be cessful; this quite outside of the meri the dispute. When this partisanship pears I trace it as confirming a rememb proverb about training a child in the he should go. In a rather poverty-stri boyhood I grew committed to the sid the workers. I favor organized labor; recently in our Society of Amer Dramatists, which after all is a kin labor union itself, or at least a guild, the proposition came up to join the A ican Federation of Labor I was opp to it; and because of my opposition hopeful. I remember reading somew that an expert hatter had said there only two professional classes whose h didn't change in size between the yea adolescence and old age. These two fessions were clergymen and actors. I ing been an actor for a while, and ha felt a good deal like a clergyman in c whiles, I thought maybe I fell within t restrictions; but if despite my sympa for organized labor I was opposed to g into its federation the chances were th somehow had escaped the hatter's arre development.

A Believer in Unions of a So

I was aware of a new idea, althou found that it leaned upon my old pre ceptions concerning machinery. Onl feed a machine seems to me a dreary th for example, to do what I am told me certain automobile manufactories do— apparently the same nut upon appare the same bolt hour after hour and day day as the piecework on an endless passes for a moment in front of them. in its monotony must be as near he any work can be. I think all men so w ing or similarly engaged, men whose wo not measured in man power, should be only in unions but in a federation of un to prevent too much speeding up of endless belt.

But that doesn't seem to be true of us say, a bricklayer, because his wor measured by the human unit, and afte he has some self-expression. There is a of artisanship in laying his courses to plumb line and in finishing the sur seams. There is a measurable degre self-expression in bricklaying; also, in o handicrafts.

I am not persuaded that everybody gets any wage for anything should b a federation against everybody who any wage. It seems to me, in my untra approach to the question, that suc division comes pretty near to being warfare. And if this republic is what Jefferson and I hoped it would b shouldn't harbor or inspire or cultivate warfare. And whether I am right ab the bricklayers or not, I thought that dramatists and perhaps college profes and artists of all kinds, and any other who deal more or less in ideas, and are simply feeding raw material to machi and who because they deal in ideas some day be called upon to arbitrate, o least mediate, in these industrial collisi should stay outside of the federation. the long run it might be better for the eration to have them do so.

I feel that these are pretty big-lea questions, and maybe far beyond my sta in life; but they are products of experien that have made me feel and perhaps m me think.

Aside from these gems on religion politics and labor, I have some impressi about art and literature, and especi about standards in each of those dep ments, which people must be anxious learn; but as they are good subjects special essays, I will reserve them.

Men and women who now begin to deserted and alone as they draw to the of these chapters should read over ag the last two pages, containing my opini and beliefs. Persons who write their ollections often forget to include the and really a principal object of life is to f nish a person with opinions and beliefs think.

Editor's Note—This is the twelfth and last series of articles by Mr. Thomas.

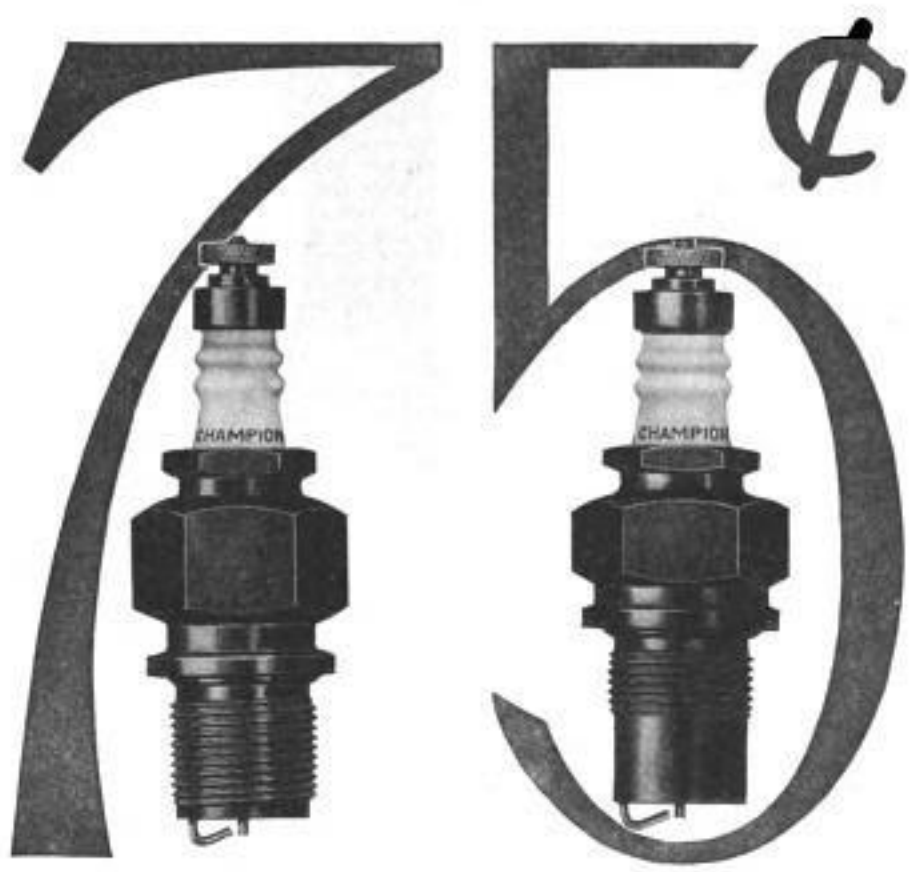
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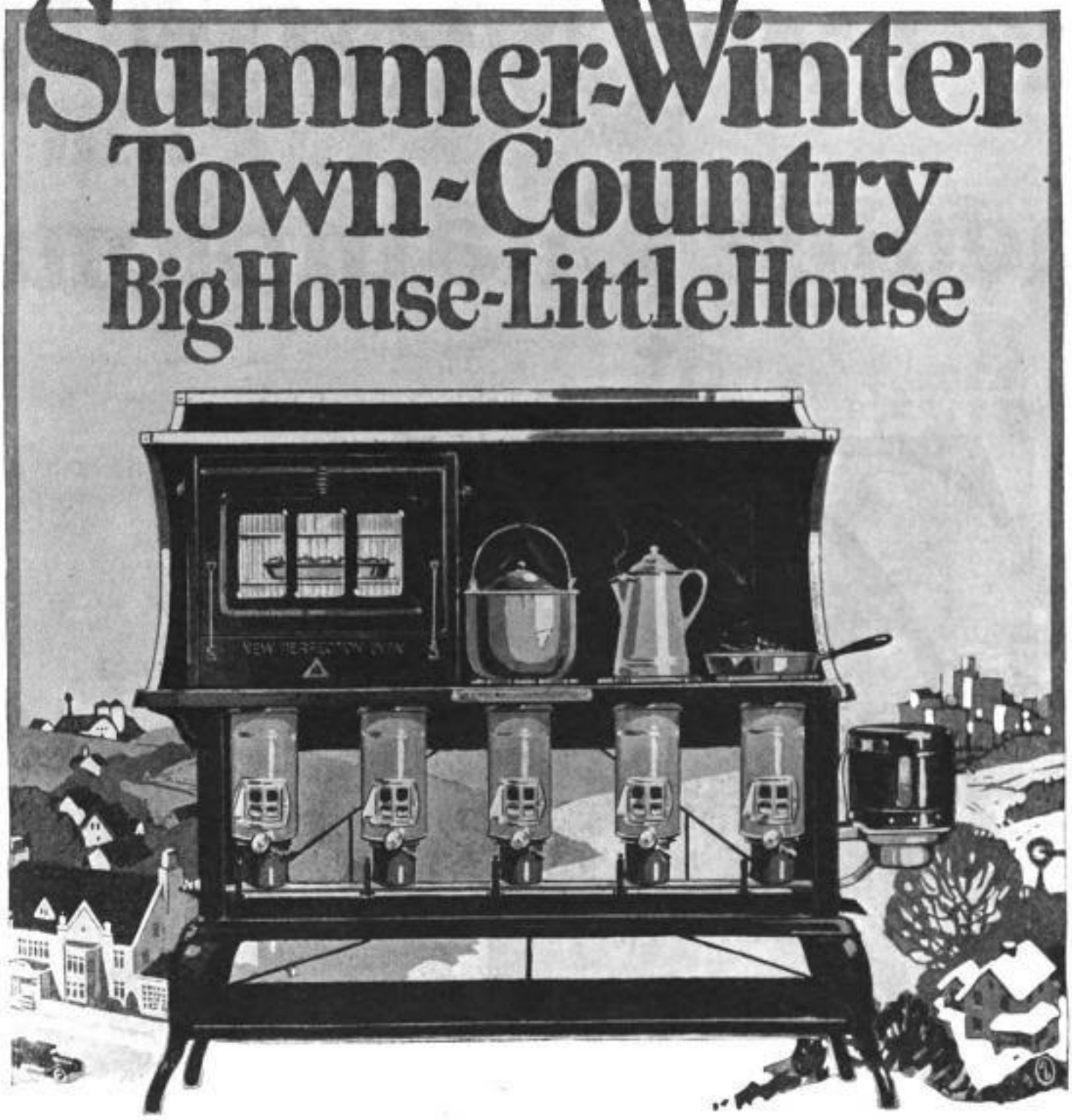
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NOT SO DUSTY

(Continued from Page 11)

"Oh!" he said. "Then I guess they is no mistake at all. You are the fighter which I bought off old Joe for a hundred thousand dollars."

I could not think of anything to say except "How?" so I said that.

"Yes," he said, "I bought you offen old Joe for a hundred thousand dollars cash and I see that I made no mistake about it and that you made no mistake about it. And I want to say it was the luckiest day of your life when you was bought up by Elray T. Robbins, the Original Boy Manager. And when I say Original Boy Manager I mean what I say and I have the documents to prove it. I have managed them all from Peter Jackson to Tommy Burns and I have made more fortunes for my fighters in the ring and out of it than all other managers put together. I want to congratulate you, Mr. Walters"—and he shook me by the hand—"on your luck in being associated with the Original Boy Manager. You do not have to do any more worrying because I will look after your matches and in about two jerks of a lamb's tail we will be at the top of the heap. Ask Willie Ritchie, Abe Attell or any of the other champions I have managed."

All this time, Mr. Burke, I was trying to tell him that my name was not Walters, but he kept shaking me by the hand and saying, "I congratulate you again, Mr. Williams," and smiling with a smile that looked like it had been chiseled in with a coal chisel.

"Well, well," he said, "I am going to make you a proposition that I have never made before to any fighter except Philadelphia Jack O'Brien and I am going to say that I am satisfied you are entirely on the square and from now on everything I have got is yours and all you have to do is to ask for it. Where do you live? We might as well go there now, because I am not like some managers that do not care how or where their fighters get along. I am not satisfied unless I can see it with my own eyes so as to make sure they are living right."

Well, Mr. Burke, I could not think of anything to say except to give the number where I was and we walked down the street Boulevard Port Royal together, he saying to me all the time, "Well, boy, it was a lucky day for you when you got a manager willing to go fifty-fifty good luck or bad." And, "Well, boy, sometime you will look back with tears of gratitude in your eyes when you think of meeting up with the Original Boy Manager. Ask Tom O'Rourke."

When we got up in my room he said, "Well, boy, you have got it pretty nice up here and if it is good enough for you it is good enough for me because that is what I say to them all. I may be a manager but I do not want to live any better than the boys I manage."

Then he sent me out to buy a bottle of wine with my own money because he had been troubled with rheumatism ever since 1898 when he went over the Chilkoot Pass with Jack London, ask Rex Beach.

So I got the wine and after he had had a good long drag he said, "Yes, I am the Original Boy Manager and I will simply state that I have managed every one of them from Jake Kilrain to Jess Willard. I am the man who made Stanley Ketchel, and I discovered James J. Jeffries when he was nothing but a boilermaker's apprentice. I have managed them all and if you will pick out seven of the world's champions I will name six of them that would not be where they are today if it had not been for the Original Boy Manager ask Jack McAuliffe."

Well, he kept at me till I began naming a few such as Johnny Dundee and every time I entitleated anybody that had ever won a fight he would say, "I brought him out ask Billy Gibson." Or, "I landed him on Easy Street ask Old Man Brady." Or, "I put him where he is today ask Tex Rickard."

The more the Original Boy Manager drank out of that bottle the more he had to say.

He went on as per follows: "I will tell you confidentially that I was the party responsible for developing Man-o'-War and why shouldn't I know all about horses seeing that for ten years I had my own stable ask either of the Belmont boys. I Weber and Fields. Why don't you go down to the American consul and ask him who it was that give Wilson the plan for the Peace Treaty ask him ask him."

Then he drank all the rest of the bottle and tumbled over on the bed leaving me to sleep any way I could.

Now, Mr. Burke, I am asking you as gentleman to gentleman kindly be so kind and state have you or have you not sold me to this Original Boy Manager which claims he bought me for a hundred thousand dollars. And I want to say, Mr. Burke, that if you have sold me I will not stand for it and if necessary I will not fight again. And I guess they is no law passed that will compel a man to fight if he does not want to.

Yours truly,
GEORGE WILSON, S. S.

P. S. Those letters S. S. stand for Scenerino Student and I have got a certificate which came with my book to prove it. I have almost finished one scenerino already, entitleated Only a Blonde. The hero is a boxer and by winning the fight is able to save the poor girl's home from being foreclosed by the fellow who has the mortgage and would like to marry her. It looks like I am set to clean up. When I started I did not suppose I could write scenerinos for Norma Talmadge and Dorothy Gish the same as Jones Preacher and Williams Plumber, but I find it is like rolling off a log for a man who has been in the fighting game. And I want to say that I have a certain person in mind to act in my scenerinos, and if they will not let her act in them they can whistle for them. That is positively finle.

P. S. 2. So far I have not told Miss Barret anything about my Original Boy Manager, and I do not see how I can explain it, because she has just sent me a note saying it is all fixed up so that I am matched with Charley Julleville instead of B. M. and I would never have got this match without her. Tonight when she told me she had fixed up the match I was all confused and caught hold of her and kissed her. She was very sore and said, "What do you mean by that?" "Well," I retorted practically like a flash, "I was just trying to fix up a match myself." After a minute she stopped frowning and said, "Not so dusty."

P. S. 3. Before I close the present letter I will simply state that my Original Boy Manager is snoring till it sounds like a train in a railroad tunnel. I do not see how I can sleep in the same room with my Original Boy Manager snoring like that even if there was another bed and there is not. Fighters has feelings. His hair is very black except where it goes into his head and if you have sold me to him I want to state in a quietly dignerfied manner that you done wrong.

PARIS, FRANCE.

SILENT JOE BURKE,
New York City.

FRIEND MR. BURKE: I am not going to lose my temper in this letter, Mr. Burke. I am simply going to be quietly dignerfied. But I will ask you to kindly be so kind and cut it out, because I have had about all the nonsense and jokes from you that I can stand and this is positively finle.

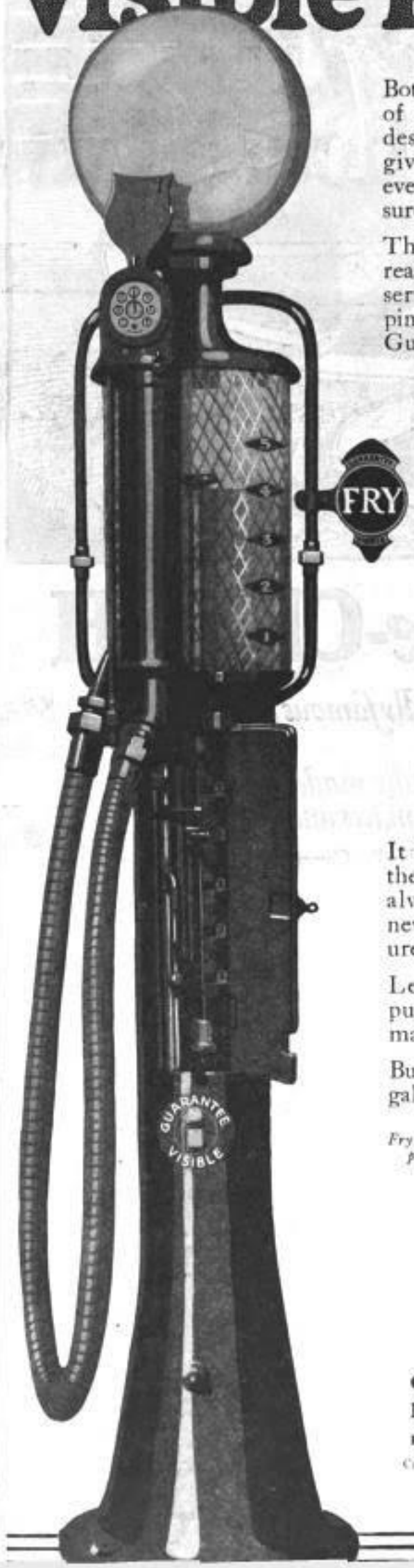
To begin with I am asking you for the truth about my Original Boy Manager which I cannot get rid of no matter what I do. I cannot see that it is any privilege to go fifty-fifty with an Original Boy Manager who has not even an extra collar and who makes me pay for everything he eats and drinks. Every day it grows worse and I do not see how it will all end.

Each morning he shakes me by the hand and says, "Well, boy, I want to congratulate you once more. It is not everybody that is lucky enough to fall into the hands of the Original Boy Manager which will provide you with fame and fortune ask Jack Dempsey."

When he says this I am always all confused and cannot think of anything to say back.

In the middle of the first night he woke me up from the sofa where I was trying to sleep and he said, "Boy, I am not a boxer, but you probably know already and if you do not I will tell you here and now that I am the champion rough-and-tumble fighter

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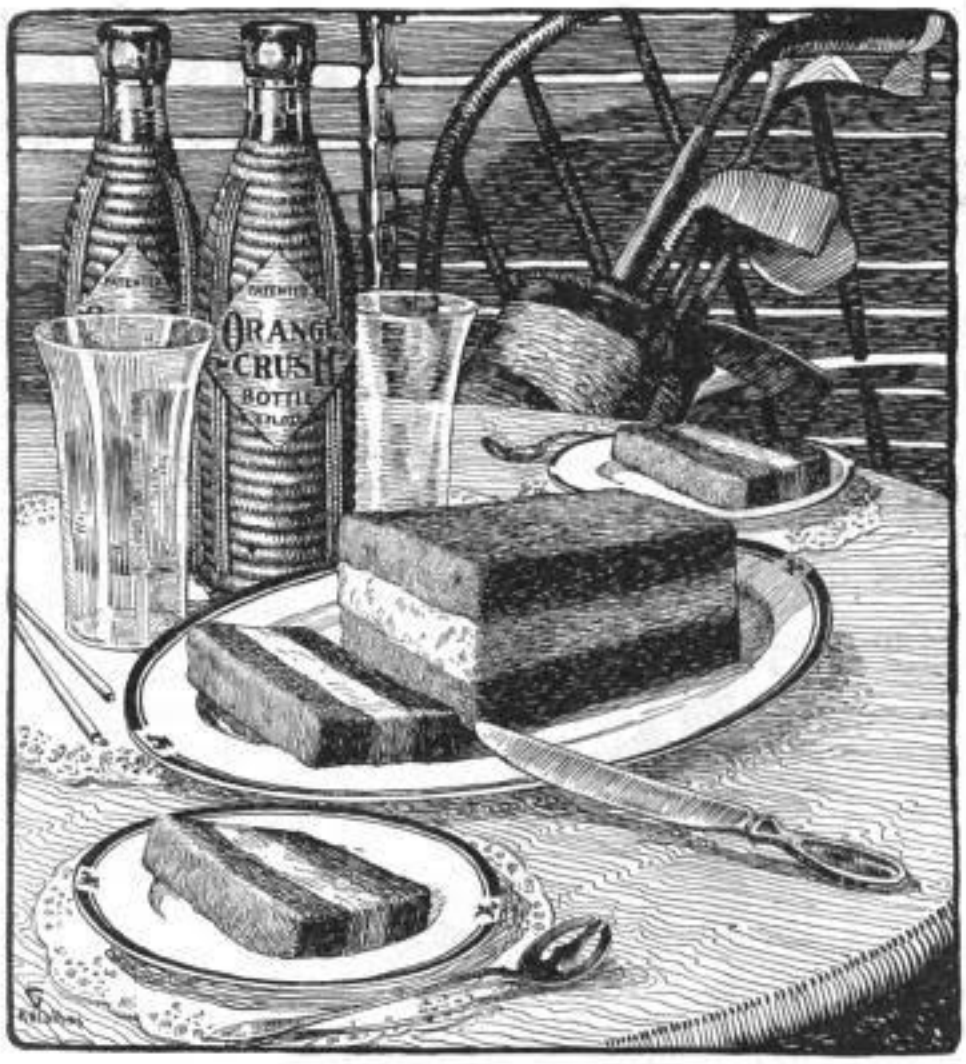
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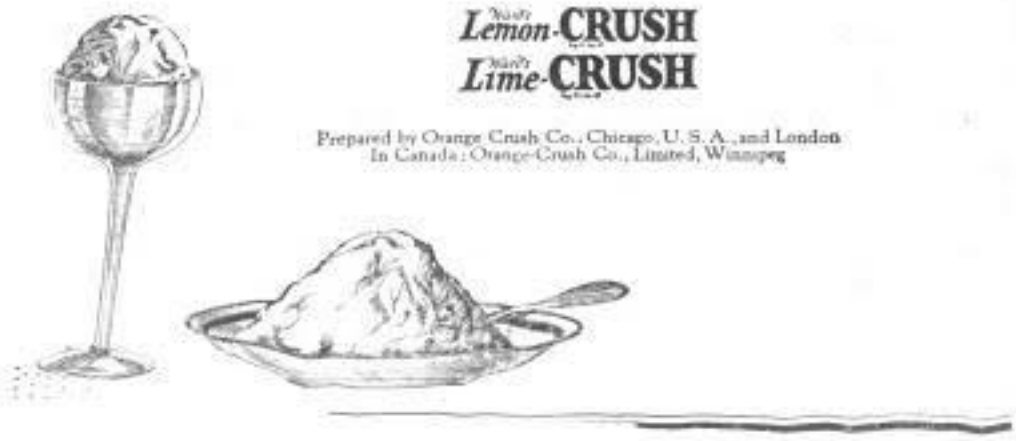
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Prepared by Orange-Crush Co., Chicago, U. S. A., and London
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fighters than dominate them with one look of my eye. I do not have to hit them on the head with bottles the same as some managers. I simply look at them steady and they see it is no use trying to pull anything crooked, because I can rough-and-tumble the best of them and have done so more times than you have fingers and thumbs ask Tom Sharkey."

Then he went to bed and began snoring again.

It gets worse all the time. When I am in my room writing on my scenerino he comes up and sits on the table swinging one leg over the side. While he swings it he says, "Well, boy, we will show them before we get through. Hey?"

Then I have to say "Yes."

"There is no stopping us this side of Vanderbiltville. Hey?"

I have to say "Yes" again.

"I guess we are rotten, hey?"

I have to answer.

"Boy, it was the luckiest thing that ever happened to you when I bought you from Silent Joe Burke for a hundred thousand dollars cold cash."

Etc. as before.

"I will put you where I have put them all from Bob Fitzsimmons to Johnny Kilbane and all I ask for my trouble is ten per cent of the purse. Pretty cheap, hey?"

Etc.

"Yes, boy, as soon as I get back my hundred thousand dollars that I paid for you we are going to split every purse ninety per cent for you and ten per cent for me. Pretty soft for you, hey?"

Sometimes when he has me about worried to death answering his heys he will sit down and write out a training program that it would take me two days to follow even if I wasn't eating or sleeping. And he hands it to me and says, "Well, boy, here is a little line of exercise for tomorrow. It is what I have all my fighters do when I am getting them into condition for my fights. After I get rested up a little I am going to get out and do the roadwork along with you the same as I am in the habit of doing it with Joe Walcott, Bat Nelson, and every other boy I have managed bar none."

Then he sends me out to get another bottle and the only roadwork he has done yet is walking from one café to another.

But all this is just leading up to what happened later. It was afternoon in the gymnasium and I was boxing with Pete Dellys, who is a Belgian, and Miss Barret and her brother was standing by and giving me good advice when all of a sudden I heard an American voice say, "Well, how is the Long Hick?"

And I said, "What?" and turned around, and there were two newspaper reporter boys smoking cigarettes.

And I said, furthermore, "Kindly be so kind and call me by my right name, because I do not intend to be called out of my right name and that is positively finle."

"Well," one of them said, "I am here for the Paris edition of the Chicago Tribune and my friend here represents the New York Herald and we thought we would come and talk with you about the scenerino that you are writing."

Then he pulled out of his pocket an American newspaper column which was entitleated: "Long Hick Quits Fighting Game. Silent Joe Burke's Agricultural Scrapper Trades Padded Mitt for Fountain Pen. Regards to David Wark Griffith; Douglas Fairbanks, Please Write." And underneath same, Mr. Burke, and I have it in my pocketbook now, was printed that first letter I wrote you.

Fighters has feelings, Mr. Burke, and I will ask you to kindly be so kind and remember that I have always treated you like a gentleman and I have never published any of your letters even if you had ever written any which I am waiting for one now. As one gentleman to another, Mr. Burke, is this square and is this fair?

Well, Mr. Burke, I acted quietly dignerfied with those newspaper reporter boys and I told them I did not have nothing to say about scenerinos and I merely mentioned that I had one pretty nearly finished and I may have said a word or two about the plot.

And what happened? They were all smiles and kept saying, "All right—all right," and the next morning both papers came out with pieces about me and in both cases they were written comical with the idea of making people laugh.

You know who is the responsible party, Mr. Burke, and I would not feel I done right by [illegible]

through with you for good and all and this is positively finle.

Well, Mr. Burke, as you used to say the day is not over till it is over and there was more coming and worse but I did not know it. The newspaper reporter boys had hardly gone when the French girl came in and said, "Mr. Wilson, there is somebody to see you."

Then, before I had a chance to turn around, in come my Original Boy Manager. I do not know yet how he got there unless he hired somebody to follow me, because he was never yet up in time to find the gymnasium by himself.

Anyway there he was. He did not spend any time getting acquainted; he just walked up to Miss Barret and said the following: "Well, kid, I am the Original Boy Manager and I have managed them coming and going from John L. Sullivan, the noblest Roman of them all, to George Carpenter ask Jim Corbett or anybody at the Lambs Club. I have this boy here"—and he pointed at me—"under my management and I will back him against the world before any club offering a suitable purse and I will put up a side bet of twenty-five thousand dollars or any part of same that he will win before the limit. He is a hundred-thousand-dollar fighter, that being the sum I paid for him in certified checks ask the President of the First National Bank of New York."

Then he took off his hat and held it in both hands the same as One Round Brogan does when he is being introduced to challenge the winner, and he spoke as if he was in Madison Square Gardens making an announcement to twenty thousand people.

He said, "I want to say that while I am always pleased to have the public interested in the boy's workouts the increase of requests for admission has compelled me to charge a nominal fee of twenty-five cents or one-quarter of a dollar for each person present at one of these training bouts. The money is not retained by myself or by any of the boys giving the exhibition, but is turned over to the Home for Crippled Children ——"

Then Miss Barret interrupted him, because her and her brother were the only two persons there besides me and Pete Dellys, and she said, "Who is this person who claims to be your manager? Is he your manager?"

I could not think of anything to say, and while I was not thinking my Original Boy Manager broke in and began, "Am I his manager? Why, listen here, kid ——"

She said, "I am not speaking to you; I am speaking to Mr. Wilson. Is this man managing you?"

All I could think of was to say, "Well, he says he is."

When I remarked as above she caught hold of B. M.'s arm and said, "We'll have to get out of this, B. M. I don't feel comfortable with that Boy Manager person around."

Then I said, "Miss Barret."

She said, "Please don't let me come between you and your manager. Take this and build a home for crippled children out of it." And she took out a five-centime street-car check good in Saint-Malo, France, and dropped it into my Original Boy Manager's hat. Then she sailed out of the gymnasium dragging B. M. after her.

He kept saying, "Wait a bit," but she did not wait.

Since then I have not had the nerve to go back to their hotel, so I do not know whether my match with Charley Julleville is on or not. And I ask you again, Mr. Burke, have you sold me to this man? I will be glad to have you send back the information by cable or any other way because I have got to know in a hurry.

Yours truly,
GEORGE WILSON (Alas The Long Kick.)

P. S. I have practically given up my scenerino entitleated Only a Blonde until I hear from you, Mr. Burke. It is no use trying to turn out a good scenerino with an Original Boy Manager sitting on your table and making you change it so that the hero will be a lightweight instead of a light heavyweight. He says, "I will play the hero myself and save money for both of us. I know more about acting than any man in France, England or America. I made Bill Hart a movie star by means of a few secret directions and I taught Dave Warfield all he knows ask Belasco."

I said, "Mr. Robbins, how do you expect me to ask Belasco and others too

(Continued on Page 105)

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(Continued from Page 102)

numerous to mention when they are not even in France?"

"Well," he said, "you big boob, why didn't you ask them before you came over here?"

P. S. 2. Just before those newspaper reporter boys came in I got off a pretty good one for Miss Barret. I caught Pete Dellys with a short right to the jaw and he went down like a barn and Miss Barret said, "Be careful! This is just a friendly bout. You are liable to give him concussion of the brain."

"Well," I retorted practically like a flash, "I guess I will never give him concussion of the brain." She saw it right off and said, "Not so dusty." Well, she is not so dusty herself, Mr. Burke. Not so dusty at all.

P. S. 3. Last night I said to my Original Boy Manager, "If you are only twenty-seven years old, the same as you say you are, you must have been managing John L. Sullivan before you were born." And he said, "I am not giving away my secrets to every Tom, Dick and Harry ask Doctor Munyon." Well, Mr. Burke, I leave it to you, what can a man do with those kind of people?

P. S. 4. Since writing the last I have received your letter and certificate as requested and I do not see why you should have put it "The Long Hick," especially when I asked you to be careful about same. But I am glad to know I am not sold to my Original Boy Manager and thank you kindly, Mr. Burke. I will send you the two dollars and forty-nine cents price of certificate as requested.

PARIS, FRANCE.

SILENT JOE BURKE,
New York City.

FRIEND MR. BURKE: Just a few lines to let you know that I have split with my Original Boy Manager for good and all and this is positively finle. As soon as I got your letter I knew the law was on my side, but I wanted to get away from him quiet, so I guess you will be interested in knowing how I managed things.

The day I received your certificate which you were kindly so kind as to send me I went right to Miss Barret and explained that the Original Boy Manager had not bought me at all. Well, it turned out that Miss Barret was not sore at me, though she had been irritated a little. She said I could get a room in the same hotel with her and B. M. I said, "All right, but first I will have to escape from my Original Boy Manager."

She said, "Why don't you put him to sleep?"

"You can't put him to sleep," I retorted practically like a flash, "until you wake him up first."

After a minute or two she saw this and said, "Not so dusty."

Well, Mr. Burke, escaping from my Original Boy Manager was not so easy as it had looked at first, because after I came back from Miss Barret he seemed to feel that I was getting ready to pull something, and from that time on he would not let himself be separated from me for a minute. Sometimes I thought it would be a good deal easier to wait until he died or something like that. But I could not say this to Miss Barret, because the only time I spoke to her about it she said, "Well, I'd jolly soon show him!" Still she did not know how I felt about being rough with a manager who was the champion rough-and-tumble fighter of Indiana ask George Ade.

So I simply had to let him trail along hoping all the time that he would fall under the influence of liquor, but no, the bird was too cagey for that. He did not drink a drop more than he needed to keep the wheels running.

Well, two afternoons after I spoke to Miss Barret as above a package was sent to me that looked like a bottle. And when I unwrapped it I saw it was a bottle, and with the bottle a note from Miss Barret. She said her brother had just received this from a friend in Scotland and that she was sending it to me and not to my Original Boy Manager.

But when my Original Boy Manager saw the bottle and read what was in the note he shut his right eye and wrinkled up the right corner of his mouth and began nodding his head like one of those Chinese dolls and said, "Well, everything is clear to me now. She is sore because I have seen through her little game and so is trying to get you out of condition so you will lose your fight with Charley Jolleville which I am promoting, and I want to say that I have promoted or helped promote every big sporting event of the past forty years ask Al Jolson or anybody in the A. A. U., and there is nothing worse than whisky for a man getting into condition. Well, I know a trick worth two of that: I will take this vile stuff and put it somewhere until I get a chance to dump same where it will not do nobody any harm."

Then he took a corkscrew out of his pocket, opened the bottle and smelt; then he leaned back his head and drank two or three swallows.

"Yes," he said, "I was right. This is whisky and it is lucky you had the Original Boy Manager with you to keep you from putting that dope in your insides. I can tell by the taste"—here he drank some more—"that it is old and mellowed, and in the case of a young man like you it might start him on the downward path. I am probably one of the few men in the world who can take a drink or leave it alone and if everybody was like me there would be no drink problem ask William Jennings Bryan. If I should give you the names of some of the big people I have saved from a drunkard's grave you would be surprised. For I am the Original Boy Manager and I have managed them all from George Dixon to Billy Papke, the Illinois Thunderbolt, and if Oscar Gardner had only listened to me he would be champion lightweight of the world today bar none. There is nobody in America that I do not know and nobody in America that does not know me. I am the man that made America dry and I am ready and willing to do the same thing for Europe."

And with that, Mr. Burke, he begun a lecture that ran for two hours without stopping and the longer it went on the more big people he would drag into it. He begun by saying, "Ask General Pershing. Ask Sarah Bernhardt. Ask Herbert Hoover." But after the first half hour it was: "Ask George Washington. Ask old Ben Franklin. Ask George M. Cohan."

Once he put the bottle in the wardrobe, but right after that he took it out again and said, "Well, boy, you are lucky that you are not rooming with some rumhound that would drink this up like an Indian swallowing firewater and then get noisy and make trouble for everybody on the place. I am glad to say that I do not touch whisky in any form and I attribute my success in life to that fact alone ask John D. Rockefeller. Now I will take this bottle into the hall and throw it out of the window."

He went out into the hall, closing the door very careful behind him, and did not come back for about thirty seconds.

"It is all right now," he said. "I have thrown the bottle out of the window and we can talk like gentlemen without that stuff being around to hamper us ask the landlady."

At the end of two hours after he had gone out into the hall several times to see whether the bottle had really fallen out of the window when he threw it that time, he stopped in the middle of a story about how he won the Spanish-American War ask General Wood and went to sleep.

Then, not making any more noise than I could help, I packed up my stuff and paid the landlady for two weeks in advance and hopped into a taxi and went to my new room.

"Well," I retorted practically like a flash to Miss Barret when she met me, "well, my Original Boy Manager may not have the Long Hick, but it looks like he's going to have the long hickups."

And she smiled and said, "Not so dusty."

Yours truly
GEORGE WILSON.

Challenge Champion Light Heavyweight of the World.

P. S. After I moved into my new room Miss Barret said, "What are you writing anyway?" And I replied, "I am writing some scenerinos for the movies." And she said, "I don't understand a word you say." So I showed her the scenerino entitleated Only a Blonde.

"Well," she said after she had finished reading it, "I fancy you had better let this sort of thing alone. The only kind of cinema production that should interest you is a match for the championship with cinema privileges. If anyone wants you to outline plots for the cinema you'd best let me do it."

"Yes," I said; "all right." So I gave her my book and the test questions and my scenerino ideas too numerous to mention.

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There is no economy in using bargain counter grease on your car. Poor lubricant is almost as bad as no lubricant at all. That's why we urge you to use Alemite Lubricant with the Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System. This lubricant comes in patented containers for loading the Alemite Compressor quickly. It is pure solidified oil, containing no grits, acids or other foreign matter. We guarantee it absolutely. It costs but little more than ordinary grease but it is the finest lubricant we know of at any price.

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P. S. 2. I forgot to say that last night at the Salle Wagram I K. O.ed Charley Julleville in the seventh round and got a big hand from all present including the newspaper reporter boys. B. M. was in my corner, but he did not have much to say except, "You're beating him, lad," and so forth. But Miss Barret was sitting right behind and she kept giving advice like, "He is leaving his jaw open every time he counters with his left." And "Why don't you use your right uppercut? Have you broken your arm?" And in the seventh round when I was getting ready to go into a clinch I heard Miss Barret yell, "Crumple him!"

And I done so.

After I had won the fight Miss Barret said, "Well, how would you like to have me manage you for life?"

For a minute I was all confused, but pretty soon I sort of smiled and took hold of her and retorted practically like a flash, "Yes."

And this morning we got married.

P. S. 3. But I forgot to say that that night after I had K. O.ed Charley Julleville, B. M. and Miss Barret and I were back in B. M.'s room in the hotel when all of a sudden I heard somebody coming up the stairs. It sounded as though they were trying to hold him back, but a voice which I knew who owned it before I saw the person who spoke was saying, "I have got an apartment at the Biltmore all the year round with permission from the International Secret Service Association to enter any building at any hour of the day or night ask William J. Burns or any of the Pinkertons."

And the next minute the door opened and in come my Original Boy Manager.

I stood there quietly dignerfied, not being able to think of anything to say.

"Well," he said, "here you are and I am willing to overlook it and let bygones be bygones. You have been badly fooled, but I am one of the most generous men on earth and I do not hold it against you."

Miss Barret said, "What are you talking about?"

"Well, kid," he said, "I am talking about this boy here which I paid a hundred thousand dollars cold cash for him and you are trying to steal him off me."

Miss Barret said, "I haven't the slightest idea what you are talking about, but this is a private room and I advise you to get out in a hurry."

"Listen here," he said, "though I have paid a hundred thousand dollars cold cash for this boy I am always willing to be reasonable."

"When you go out," Miss Barret said, "don't bother about shutting the door behind you, because I will be glad to shut it myself."

And he said, "Yes, I will go after I have finished my business here and not a minute before."

And Miss Barret said, "But you haven't any business here, have you?"

And at that my Original Boy Manager broke out into a yell and said, "What, what, what, I guess you will soon find out, kid, whether I have any business here or not! I guess you will soon find out whether they is a law in the United States or whether they is not a law in the United States. And I will simply state that I have bought this boy and that he belongs to me and that I am the Original Boy Manager and I have managed them all from Paddy Ryan to Packy McFarland ask Freddy Welch or Willy Lewis or Charley White of Chicago. And when you step in here trying to steal his earnings offen this poor boy ——"

And then all of a sudden Miss Barret said to me in a low firm voice, "Crumple him."

And, Mr. Burke, I put out my right hand and it stopped on the side of the jaw of my Original Boy Manager. I did not hit him hard and I give you my word, Mr. Burke, if she had not spoke so sudden it got me all confused I would not have hit him at all.

And what happened surprised me because I never hit a manager before and I always had the idea that if I was to hit a manager, especially a manager who was a rough-and-tumble champion, my fist would bounce back the same as if I had hit india rubber. So I did not know what to make of it when I saw my Original Boy Manager flat on the other side of the room with the table and two chairs piled on top of him.

I said, "Mr. Robbins," and he did not say anything.

I said again, "Mr. Robbins," and still he did not say anything.

Then Miss Barret took a drinking glass full of cold water and threw it over him.

By the time I had lifted off the table and the two chairs he had begun winking his eyes and rolling his head. Pretty soon he sat up and then he stood up, but still he did not say anything.

So I started to explain to him that I was very sorry I could not consider myself under his management any longer, and that even if I had asked Billy Gibson I realized that he was the best Original Boy Manager in the world. But Miss Barret said, "Oh, stop all that silly rot!"

Then she took Mr. Robbins' hat and slammed it down on his head so hard that it crowded his ears and then she shoved him to the door and said, "Now, grandpa, march!"

And he went out not saying anything and probaly thinking it was all a dream.

And I have not seen my Original Boy Manager since.

P. S. 4. After I got married to Miss Barret I said to her, "Fighters has feelings and now that you are going to be my manager I have got one thing to ask you and that is that I am not advertised any more as being the Long Hick."

She said, "But you are long, aren't you? And in American slang they call a farmer a hick, don't they? And it's wonderful publicity, isn't it? So altogether I think we must just carry on, mustn't we?"

And I could not think of any reply to make, so I did not make any reply.

P. S. 5. Mr. Burke, I would not feel I done right by myself if I did not relate to you the following facts:

After seeing the certificate where you say that on receipt of two dollars and forty-nine cents you were glad to state that I was free, white and twenty-one, she said to me, "How did you send that money?"

I showed her the express-office stub.

She laughed and said, "When we get to the States we will sue your friend Mr. Burke for obtaining money under false pretences. He has managed to get some amusing articles for the press out of you; perhaps we will get some quite as amusing out of him. Not so dusty. What?"

And, Mr. Burke, you will probaly think this is simply a joke, but I will tell you frankly she is one of those kind of women that you cannot do anything with, and since I am under her management I must act accordingly. She says this is the last letter I can write to you, so I guess it will have to be. Regards to One Round Brogan.

Yours truly again

GEORGE WILSON (Alias the Long Hick).



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To Fair-Minded Men

—to those who give a hearing to men who try to please them

By V. K. Cassady, B. S., M. S., Chief Chemist

I am asking here for a simple test of a unique shaving cream.

I spent a lifetime to qualify to make it. I consulted 1,000 men to learn just what they wanted. I made up and discarded 130 formulas before I attained this perfection.

Now I ask you to try it—free. And if you have something you are equally proud of, I'll do the same for you.

No ordinary soap

We are makers of Palmolive Soap. It is based on palm and olive oils—the premier cosmetics since the days of Cleopatra.

To millions of women it has brought new beauty—skins like velvet, soft, clear, clean.

The makers desired to combine that blend in a shaving cream for men. But they insisted that we first create the best shaving soap in existence.

What men wanted

We first learned what men wanted, by 1,000 interviews. Then, step by step, we met those wants in scientific ways. In 18 months we made and tested 130 formulas.

They wanted abundant soap. We made a soap which multiplies itself in lather 250 times.

They wanted enduring lather. We made a lather which maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.

They wanted quick results. Within one minute, with our soap, the beard absorbs 15% of water. And that's enough to make a tough beard cut like wax.

They wanted the skin left soft and velvety, free from irritation. The palm and olive oils do that, as in Palmolive Soap.

We've won the men

This shaving cream has won. Its sudden success has seemed like a fable. And every user has been won from some former favorite.

Now we ask your verdict. We have done this to please men like you. In mutual fairness try it and tell us what you think.

Stop now and cut the coupon.



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Just Make This Test

At Our Expense

Send the coupon for this ten-shave tube. Compare results with the best shaving soap you know.

Then decide for yourself. We will accept your choice.



Multiplies Itself In Lather 250 Times

A tiny bit—just one-half inch—suffices for a shave. One tube supplies over a hundred shaves. A pea-size bit makes a lather ball as big as a potato.



Softens the Beard In One Minute

Within one minute the beard absorbs 15% of water. And that's enough. The horniest beard may then be cut like wax.



Leaves the Skin Soft and Velvety

No lotion required. This blend of palm and olive oils soothes all irritation. The after effects are delightful.

10 Shaves FREE

Simply insert your name and address and mail to

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"Our advertising in THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN *brings an especially large number of inquiries from women readers."*

"Our Largest Sales are in the Farm-Trade Towns"

writes The Cleveland Metal Products Company of Cleveland, Ohio.

"We are making THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN our key medium in this market.

"We find our advertising in it affords a strong support for our dealers because its readers are the sort who influence the buying practices of their communities.

"Through it we rediscovered the farm possibilities of one of our lines that had been pushed hardest in cities.

"Also it has helped to lengthen the normal buying season of some of the more seasonal CMP Household Products.

"This year, with the largest list of publications and the most extensive advertising effort we have ever used, THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN *is the only medium in which we are carrying a full and uninterrupted monthly schedule."*

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

The Saturday Evening Post *The Ladies' Home Journal* *The Country Gentleman*

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SOCIETY SEEKS ITS OWN LEVEL

(Continued from Page 13)

...ost the depot, "and see if you can possibly get a permit to use Goldacres for a location. Good luck, good-by, and low expenses!"

Now when a place is as well known as Palm Beach you would suppose they would have a fast train to it, and maybe they do and we missed it. But I personally myself got the impression that once you get South, a train is rated fast if it can go as quick as a soft-shell turtle. Or maybe they want you to get a full chance to admire the lovely Southern scenery of boxed-pine trees and water tanks. There must of been somebody on our train with a terrible thirst, for we never missed a tank the whole way down. What with cinders and stops and jerks and waits in the broiling sun and utter lack of scenery, the trip was much in the same class as the purgatory which some religions believe a person has to go through before they can get to heaven, by which I freely admit I mean Palm Beach in this case, for it sure is heaven when you get there.

It is, I know, tolerated in every traveler when they give a description of scenery, and so forth. But scenery when described is usually pretty painful to the reader and they consider it a dirty trick and generally skip it entirely. So I will put all descriptions in this one place and then it will be over and we can forget it.

Florida was made before prohibition but with foresight, and has more water-front than any other state in the Union. It is very popular as a starting point for Rubs, Bennt and Delirium Tremens. In fact Florida is a old country. You can tell that at a glance by the beards that grows on everything, under the name of Florida moss. Whiskers does not confine themselves to old men and jokes down here, but anything can grow them from a live-oak tree to a telephone wire, and it's the honest truth that the Florida telephone women is all equipped with soap and safety razors. Alligator pocketbooks is often found in their native state and there are more pelicans outside the zoos than in them. Florida brick roads is mostly nine feet wide in the middle and nine feet deep at the sides, and there is no grades on them any higher than one-half of one per cent. Among the inhabitants of Florida are tourists, hell-hops, real-estate agents and mosquitoes, but these can be avoided with care. Snakes is also unpopularly supposed to live in Florida and in quantities, but they are now so blasé as a result of all the free advertising they have had, that it would take a regular Salome to excite a rattle from one of them strong enough to warrant a prescription.

Then on the other hand Florida has got a climate that is 98½ per cent perfect, only a lot of tourists crab if it ain't 100 per cent, and these same boobs would brag if they had three good days a week when they was home but squawk if they don't get perfection for their vacation money.

The sky is nearly always blue, and the water, of which there is a lot, don't pay any attention to it, but is green and blue and purple and yellow.

There is hundreds of miles of wonderful beaches on each coast, orange blossoms enough to marry off a army, and coconut trees, and fish of all kinds, creeds and colors. And you don't have to be rich to go there and enjoy it. In fact you seldom are rich when you come away. And that is about all the principal facts about Florida.

Palm Beach, itself, is a island completely surrounded by millionaires, and the water on the inside of the island is appropriately named Lake Worth, and nobody really knows what it is worth, but probably in the neighborhood of three hundred dollars a front foot. They put Palm Beach on the island instead of on shore, so's to be able to have a toll bridge to help run up expenses. The train slides in over this same bridge and parks between the leading club and the hotel long enough for the head porter to get yours and his and so forth. The hotel itself is a fine sample of late Contractic architecture, and it is several miles long and a couple high, or some such figure. Anyways, I suppose they built it that big in the first place so's to be able to accommodate the entire Four Hundred at one clean if necessary, and the Upper Ten, as well, and then The Breakers, which is a kind of annex, was, I guess, added to take care of the ones which broke in later.

But to behold the hotel we stopped at in full action for the first time of a late afternoon is some sight, and it runs as true to the advertisements as does the Grand Cañon, and these two is the only freaks of nature which I have not been disappointed in when at last I have seen them, on account they are even more so than expected.

When we arrived the enormous porches was jammed with millionaires, as far as the eye could see, while under the porches a flock of adult baby carriages was darting in and out. These roller chairs was made, I guess, by crossing a bassinet with a blooded, racing bicycle, although where they found the bassinet or anything else belonging to a baby, down there, is more than I can imagine. As for the bicycle, that was easy, for many are around and everybody rides one that has the use of their legs.

Well anyways, I and Jim give a reluctant farewell glance at our bags which we had a feeling was kidnaped for good and all unless we ransomed them for more than the original cost, and walked the fiery way of about 1½ m. of scathing glances up to the desk in the main lobby.

"Well!" says Jim when the boy had left us in privacy and Jim's bedroom. "Can you beat this?"

"Not outside of a tank town," I says, looking around at the old-fashioned bed, one little bureau, Nottingham lace curtains, and the rest in keeping. "But this is probably a sample of the simple unpretentiousness of the truly rich and fashionable that we have heard about, hon. You know, swells is supposed to be in a position where they can afford to be shabby and not mind."

"Afford my eye!" says Jim with a snort. "This room is affording us thirty iron men a day, American plan."

"Then they are certainly getting our money's worth!" I says.

"Well, as long as it is costing Al such a lot," says Jim, "we better use it thoroughly. Hop in the tub and wreck the soap and towels and leave us go down and waste every course in the choice-of!"

"All right," I says, "but leave me tell you one thing, James Smith. I come down here to observe, and I already have observed one thing, and it is that a dash of simplicity is the right dope. What I mean is—bicycles—this furniture—this building—get me? Conservative! I'm not going to wear any make-up tonight; very few diamonds—a stunning but simple dress. Get the line?"

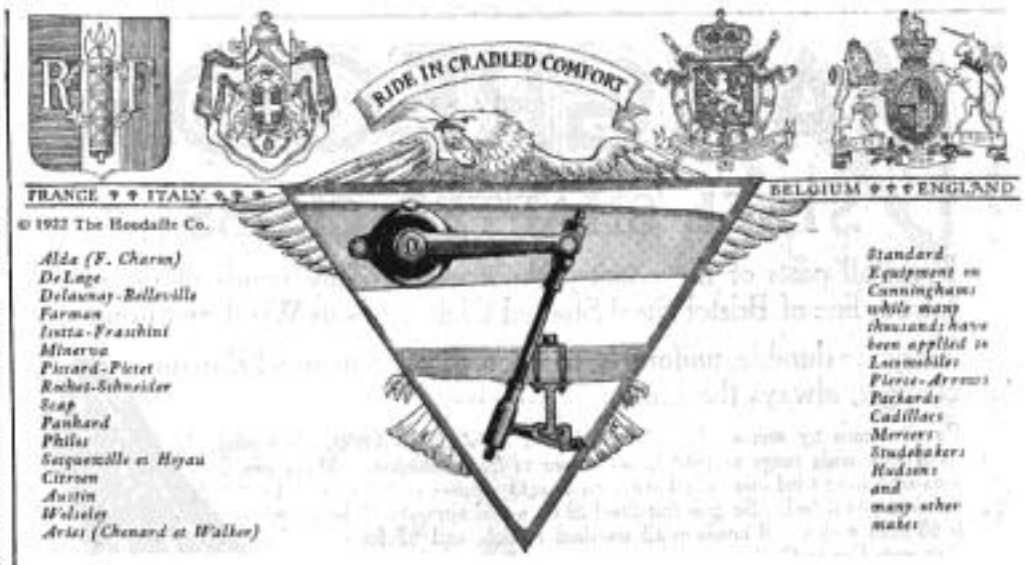
"All right," says Jim. "But snap into it, now. I'm hungry."

Ain't that a husband for you? No understanding of my spiritual interests or intellectual needs, but all he had on his mind was soup! So I dashed through the bathroom to my own room which was just like his. And in it I dressed like I had said I would, much to the disgust of Musette, and when I joined up to Jim, I must say we was as shot with class as anybody could desire.

Well anyways, we walked down three or four miles of corridor, and by the time we reached the elevator I begun to understand why the roller chairs and bicycles: they have them on account the guests get all the exercise they need walking to and from their rooms. We caught the elevator on its downward flight, several ladies reluctantly drew in their lorgnettes sufficient to make room for us, and in another minute we was shot out into the brightest, most dazzling scene I ever saw off of a big set, and which looked far more like a conventional million-dollar society-set than any society-set I ever saw on any lot where I have worked as yet, including the make-up on the women. The jewels, clothes and paint on them females set Hollywood in the shade like a bunch of modest violets. With our eyes bugging out we made for the eats which was served in a room about the size of the Goldringer lot, and stood hesitating in the doorway while the Astors, Vanderbilts, and so forth, got attended to first.

"Say, listen, kid!" says Jim. "Did you ever see such an army of king-pins? How will we ever get acquainted with their Altitudes?"

"I don't know, Gorgeous!" I whispered back. "But I got a hunch that most of this bunch is merely gold-plated. I suspect they ain't the real thing any more than we are. See that refined but snappy couple



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Professional men of Europe and America—doctors and osteopaths—are finding that the fatigue after a few hours' motoring is directly due to the jouncing of the car and vibrations constantly transmitted to the spinal column.

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If motoring wearies you or makes you conscious of your tired nerves, send for our book "How Motoring Shocks Affect the Nervous System" by R. Kendrick Smith, M.D., D.O., one of America's foremost physicians and osteopaths. For your own health's sake you should have a copy—send for it today and learn the health way of motoring. Ride easy with Hoo-Dye Hydraulic Shock Absorbers.

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R. E. Funsten Company, 1503 Morgan Street, St. Louis, Mo.
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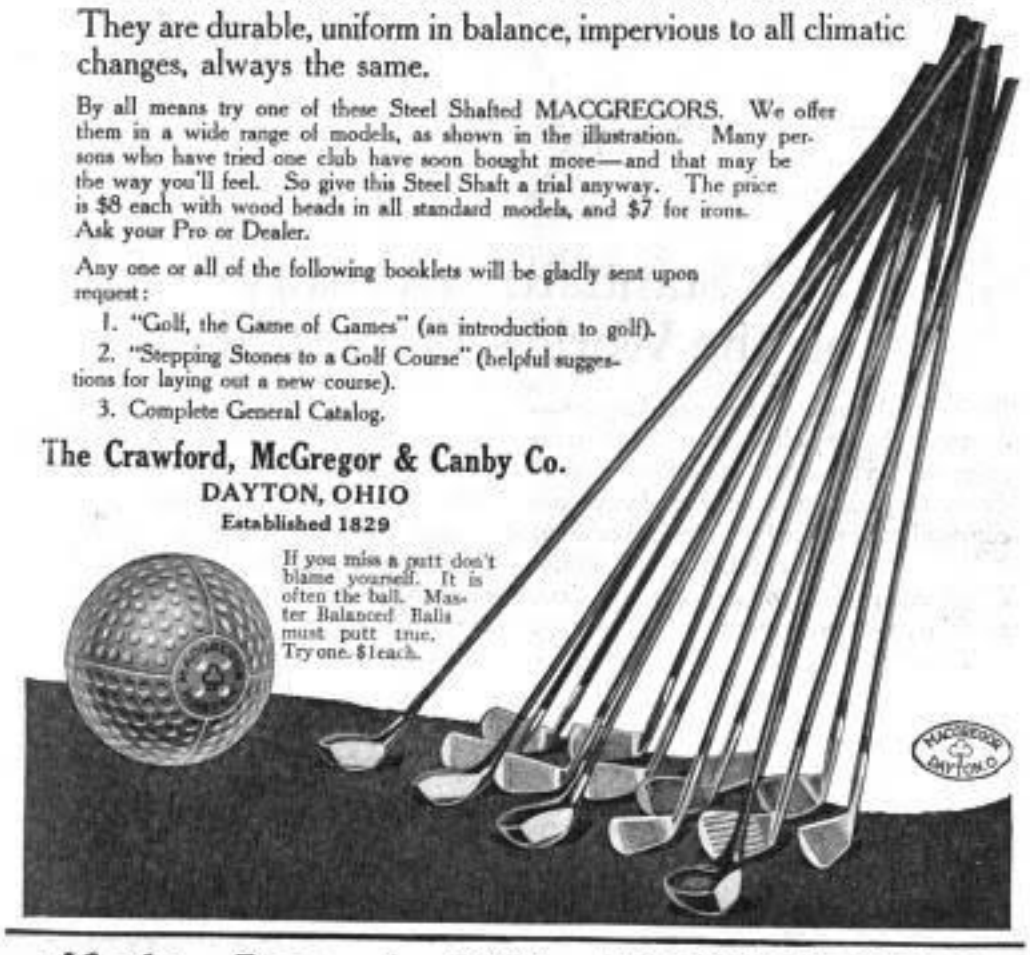
They are durable, uniform in balance, impervious to all climatic changes, always the same.

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Any one or all of the following booklets will be gladly sent upon request:

1. "Golf, the Game of Games" (an introduction to golf).
2. "Stepping Stones to a Golf Course" (helpful suggestions for laying out a new course).
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The Crawford, McGregor & Canby Co.
DAYTON, OHIO
Established 1829



Make Records With MACGREGORS



over to that big table? Now they are my idea of class! They look like they are Mr. and Mrs. J. Livingston Vandeveer, at least."

"Uh-huh!" says Jim. "Fat chance we have of meeting the Vandeveers or any of that bunch!"

Now this couple which I had pointed out with the end of my fan was certainly a lot above the common though expensive herd. The girl had a familiar look to me, as if I had seen her some place before, I couldn't be sure where, but it was probably in the society pictures. She was a sweet brunette with very simple hair, well but plainly done, a severely plain dress which anybody could plainly see at a glance was more a gown than a mere dress—a marvelous rope of pearls, and a extremely quiet manner, while the man, a handsome, slim one, was to match. They had class, yet in a low key, and I picked on them right away for the goods.

"See the difference between them and that painted old jazz-bell in the green satin and diamonds, Jim," I says. "There is as much difference between them and her, as there is between them and that little woman standing over there in the corridor staring at me, and I am afraid, recognizing me—the one looks like she is somebody's governess or private secretary—see?"

"Uh-huh!" says Jim. "When do we eat, I wonder?"

Well, just then the colored captain grew a heart, and come over and says two? And we admitted it, and he give the room a hopeless look, and then commenced to lead us straight for the table with my 1st choice couple at it, where there was a coupla vacant seats!

"Cut the rough language and talk refined, Gorgeous!" I says to Jim in a fierce whisper. "We are shot with luck!"

Well, we took our seats at this table in spite of the lady arching her eyebrows at her husband ever so slightly, and even made so bold as to order our meal, which Jim did out loud, not even decently ashamed of his appetite until I stepped on it by way of his foot. The lady was toying with a toy portion of fish, and I suppose the fish put her in mind of something, because she turned to her husband and made a remark.

"Have you any news about the yacht, as yet, deah?" she says.

He must of been thinking on some other subject at the time, because he looked surprised and says "Eh?"

"Our yacht," says she. "Have you any ideah when it will arrive?"

"Oh, the yacht!" says he, indifferent, as though a mere yacht was too small a thing to stick in his mind. "I'm afraid she won't be in for a day or two. The captain wired me this morning. Can you get along without it for a day or so? You can go out with the Reggies, you know!"

"Yas, I suppose so!" says she, turning her attention to a small bunch of salad and keeping it there for a while.

Then it appeared to remind her of something and she spoke again, and you would not of thought from her manner that anyone only her husband was in the same room, much less at the same table, with the two of them.

"By the way," she says, "that new maid of mine is fearfully green. She doesn't even know how to wash my diamonds. I gave her all four necklaces today, and they didn't look propahly at all."

"What a pity!" says he. "Let her go, my deah!"

"I shall indeed," says the lady and commenced eating a piece of Limburger that the waiter brought. I thought it would hold her for a while, but apparently everything that woman ate put her in mind of something.

"Did you see those dreadful, vulgar people attempting to make my acquaintance again this afternoon, deah?" says she. "That's what comes of stopping in a hotel."

"Quite so!" says he.

Well, it was plain to be seen that anyone who was so high up that they looked down on staying in this hotel must be the real genuine article, not to mention the yacht, four diamond necklaces, and ect. These was the sort of people I wanted to know, and I had to get in some quick action because at the hotel rate we was going, why Al would not stand for more than a few days of it. I knew that bird!

So for a starter, I turned to Jim in a quiet voice, first giving warning with my elbow, however, and I says: "Deah, don't you think half a million dollars ra excessive to pay for a simple little twe four-room cottage? I rully think we best look farther before deciding on it.

"Yeh," says Jim. Well, that wa what I wanted at all, so I hastened on

"Besides," I drawled, "so many pe one doesn't know are crowding in, I'm suah I want to buy here after all!"

"There is something in that!" says thoughtfully.

The lady opposite seemed to think t was something in it, too, for she actu looked directly at me and smiled.

"Pardon me," says she, "but how that is! We have a cottage here, but being redecorated just now, which is we are stopping at the hotel. But I don't know that we shall come ano season."

"Surely!" says I. "One never can whom one will meet when one comes, one?"

She seemed to think that was a mout too. Apparently I had made a hit. I hadn't played in The Private Secre for nothing, although that one stuff ab sounded more to me like a line out arithmetic than a classic drama.

"It is odd that I haven't met you before," says she. "Your face is vag familiar."

"Yes, it is odd," says I, "but then one meets so many one can't remembe can one?"

"Quite so!" says her husband. He a gift for making this line sound li vocabulary.

They both got up then, I mean arose, and bowed restrainfully.

"Perhaps we shall see you at Hadle said the lady. And we says yes, and husband says quite so. And then went away.

"Jim!" I says the minute they was of earshot. "Ain't that luck? They the goods, all right. Maybe when yacht gets here they will ask us out o Or maybe they will take us out on gie's—Reggie Vanderbilt, I'll bet a do See, I told you I could pick 'em!"

"Yeh!" says Jim. "They are all only they are a coupla nuts. And tal this tongue-tied English gets my If I got to climb socially on this w your-stepladder for very long I am g cuckoo!"

"Remember it is for the sake of art!" I says earnestly.

"Yeh!" says Jim, snorting. "B guess they will have to build the set they come to shoot the picture. I talking to the feller runs the garage an says this Goldacres house belongs to biggest snobs in town. And the feller the garage, he says every picture con in the country has tried to get permis to use it, but nothing doing!"

"James Smith," I says disgustedly, " I am trying my best to make the soc crowd, and right off the reel you go pick up with the garageman! It ain't and I wish you would lay off before queer me. What is this Hadley's, t people was talking about, do you pose?"

"It's a exclusive club where they roulette wheels," says Jim.

"Oh, dear!" says I. "Then I sup we got to have somebody give us a car get in!"

"I got one already," says Jim.

"You darling!" I cried. "Where did get it?"

"From the feller runs the garage!" Jim.

"Then the place can't be any go I says, "and I won't go."

"Your new friends are going," Jim poi out.

"That's so," says I. "Then it mus all right. I'll take a chance. But I think you ought to corroborate with a little. You never do. If I'd have mar Lem Hornby I'd have had no tro getting in with Palm Beach Society. used to come here every winter, be me."

"That so?" says Jim coolly. "Well, go bring your wrap and leave your mo and let's give this club the double O."

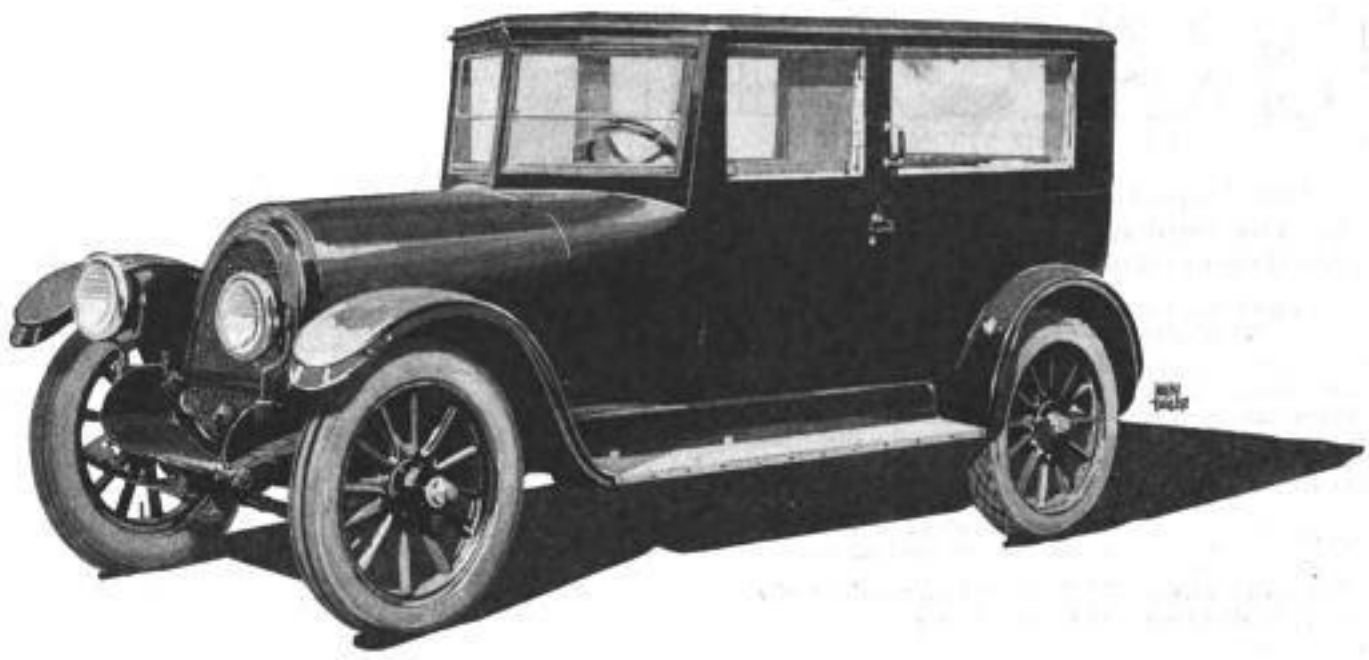
"All right, Gorgeous!" I says. may as well see it all and have the De L crowd licked before they land here!"

Well, I went and got me a simple li jade and silver evening wrap, and hur back, and as I was crossing the lob which, believe me, crossing it at that h is much in the same class as Washin

(Continued on Page 112)

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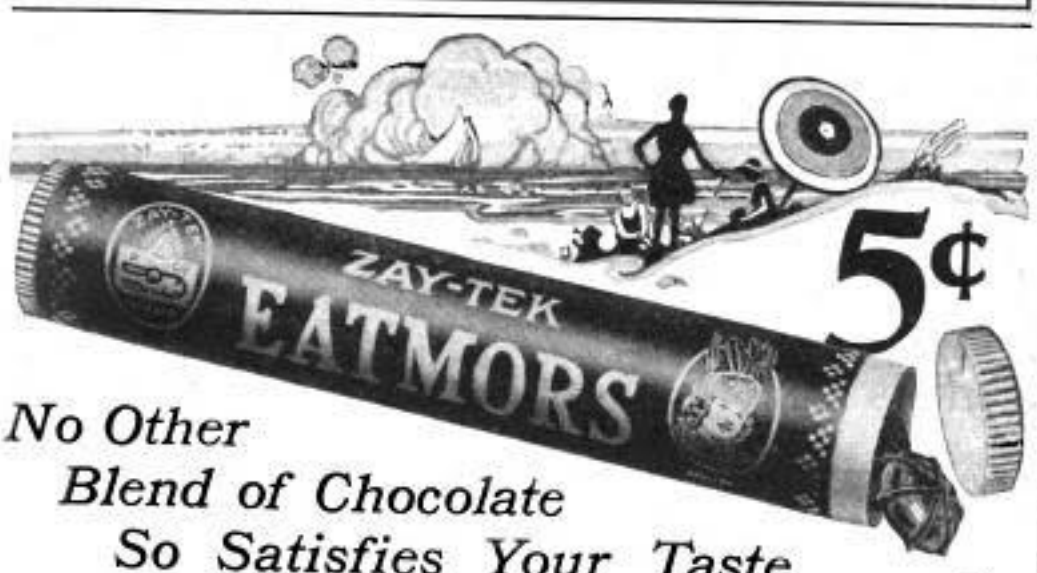
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EATMORS

(Continued from Page 110)

crossing the Delaware, for notwithstanding it's a hot climate there is plenty of ice and crossing is difficult on account of the jam.

Well, anyways, I was crossing it when who would I see but that plain little woman, the same which I had noticed standing near the dining room. She saw me, too, and, just as I had been afraid, she made a dive in my direction.

Now I am grateful to all fans for their kindness to me, and appreciate their good taste and am aware that they are my living, and so forth, but this was one time when I was too busy to bother with some little governess running up and queering me in the middle of that lobby with everybody looking on, and ect. And so I put up my head higher and dashed by like I didn't see her. I missed her by about two feet, and giving a sigh of relief, I met up with Jim about two miles down the porch, and we hopped into one of the mammoth baby carriages and was peddled away through the shade of the sheltering palms to the doorway of this club, and the boy only charged two dollars for the trip, I suppose because it was such a short trip he hadn't any time on it to think of a higher figure.

Well, this club was sure the real goods. On the outside the building was old-fashioned, being trimmed with a wooden imitation of the kind of edging ma crochets for her underwear. But inside Oh boy! It was some other story. Exclusive, swell, snappy, I'll say it was all of that, in appearance at least. It had one of these thoroughly up-to-date dining rooms with so few tables in it that of course folks will just naturally pay any price to get into it. And as we passed this little dining room I at once observed that we had ate too early to be swell, because these inside people was just sitting down at 9:30 and I decided we would eat at ten to-morrow night if I had to buy some dog biscuit to keep Jim quiet in our room until then, and that we would eat in this place when we finally did. For I also perceived that one sign of being familiar with and equal to Palm Beach, was to be able to pay thirty dollars a day at a American-plan hotel and then eat all your meals outside.

Well, at the end of a corridor in this club was a big round room and in it was roulette wheels, five of them, going full tilt and other games of chance, while around them crowded the frenzied faces of the idle rich, all tense and excited as they lapped up a little of the vice which grips with a iron hand. And I'll tell the world I never seen a gambling sequence in any picture that looked any more like the real thing than this scene did. The types was all there—the made-up women, the jewels, the eager faces. Believe me, any director would of been glad to shoot that set, it was so completely like what his normal idea of the scene would be. And as any average picture fan will know what it looked like I need not describe it any more. We run into the refined couple from our dinner table and they bowed most graciously but we didn't get to talk to them any.

Neither did we gamble, because I and Jim can both think of a lot of other uses for our money such as starving China and so forth, and we was not sure if Al Goldringer would consider a flyer part of the expense account, especially if we was to lose. So we merely hung around and watched for a hour or two, and one interesting thing we seen was the female fan which had tried to flag me in the lobby, and with her was a man and the two of them was playing roulette for small stakes and winning steady.

Well, the woman, now that I got a good look at her, was sort of sweet looking, with no make-up on, and not in evening decollete but a brown linen dress suitable to her station in life, sports shoes and no hat, while the man with her had a soft-boiled shirt on him and a sloppy-looking suit with no snap to it, and I thought, well I hope your boss don't catch you here, either of you. They didn't seem to know anybody in the room, and I felt kind of anxious about them playing, too, until I see they stopped and cashed in when they was three hundred dollars ahead. She didn't get to spot me, I took care of that, but I happened to be near when he got their coats, and I noticed the man got change for a half, and tipped the hat boy only a thin dime, as they went out ahead of us, and I says to Jim, well, they are pretty careful birds and I'll bet they are in the habit of making quite a comic supplement to their salaries that way, and Jim says yeh.

The next morning I woke up early looked out the window at a piece right of heaven for beauty, with all tropical f age and blue sky and green water white yachts on it as thick as ducks in S tember, and with the weather warm sweet, and so I felt even more unreal t the night before. I and Musette had a h time deciding what would be the ri thing for morning wear in these parts, finally decided on a rough silk suit sports hat to match and no jewels exce few rings and one barpin. And Jim put a Palm Beach suit to wear on Palm Be which believe me that use of it was far fi his mind when he had it made to wear picture the summer before. But ain't strange, because here he was actually w ing it in its native element? And then went down to breakfast and the hands strangers had already beaten us to it.

Well naturally the first thing I done a saying good morning was look at clothes, and she had on white chiffon f head to foot, including a sort of harem of it, and several yards of pearls; one of prettiest costumes I ever seen, but n like an afternoon tea than a beach pa And next I noticed pretty near all women had these elaborate costumes veils which, though their knees might sh it was plain necks was considered imm est, and I felt like I had come down half dressed.

"Good morning," says the lady. " you going to bathe this morning?"

Well, at first I was going to tell her I already did, but realized in time meant the beach.

"I'm merely going to look on," say "We are thinking of buying a little p here, and want to drive about a bit."

"Oh!" says she with a quick glanc her husband. "Then this is your visit?"

"Yas," says I languidly. "We h been going to California."

"Oh!" says she again. "Then perh you will let us show you around in our after the beach hour? I can see that are the sort of people we rully need he the old traditions are to be maintained

Well, that hit me just about right, admit, for she had plainly taken us for swells even if we didn't have P.B. at fingers' ends, and so we accepted their i tation to join them after the beach h and we exchanged names, I and Jim gi ours as Smith, which is of course our vate one, and these people was na Lewellyn, and then they left the taole, I turned to Jim in triumph.

"There!" I says. "Pretty poor, I d think!"

"I do think," says Jim. "Believe r would croak if I had to keep this from very long."

Well naturally that made me sore, later, when we had made two simple l purchases, a veil to cover my nakedne eighteen dollars for a two-dollar one, Jim had innocently walked into the fl shop and put a white carnation in his l tonhole, and they nicked him four bits, we was hardly on speaking terms, in wh typically married condition we started the beach along with the rest of the cro which it is a fact at this place everyb does the same thing at the same time li flock of sheep, and you would think it government orders or something, the they live up to the schedule.

Well, if any director on Goldringer's was to make a society sequence like bathing sequence I personally my own seen that morning over to the Casino, Al would be sitting on his salary ch wanting to know what and the devil thought he was making, a scene from Follies or a Arabian Knight's dream? cause no manikin show in the world could compete with the frail clothes jewels I see between 10:30 and tw o'clock on that beach. At first glanc looked like the women had been up all ni and was still in full evening dress. Bu second sight, why of course I realized t this was merely the national morning tume of the Four Hundred, and that I distinctly underdressed. In fact I pretty nearly as out of it as that si governess person whom I see her again w the same man as last night and a few l and some others, sitting a little apart fr the jam, in bathing suits, and she saw too, and headed towards me, but I mana to lose her in the crowd.

Well, a little later, when the bunch beg to thin out, we run into the Lewellyns, we certainly was proud to do it in pub

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for of all the swells we had seen they were the swellest.

"Shawn't we take a bit of a spin in the motah?" says she. "We can show them about, cawn't we, my deah?"

"Quite so!" says he. And then they herded us over to a perfectly grand automobile, and she says, up along the ocean drive to the chauffeur, and we all got in and went, while she apologized about their only decent car was out of commission and they had to get along with this awful old thing, and how they was expecting their yacht and so forth. And meanwhile we was speeding along the most beautiful ocean drive I ever see, past glorious houses set in grounds like landscapes and she would point out where the Vanderbilts and so forth lived, first asking did we know them, and would we like to stop, and when we says no, she would say well I believe dear Reggie, or dear Vincent, or so forth as the case might be, has gone North, hasn't he deah? And deah would say quite so. And she would say too bad, I would love to introduce you to them.

All the way on this drive I kept my eye peeled for Goldacres, the home which Goldringer wanted so bad for a location, but it was a long time before we come to it, and just as I had give up hope, a pink palace come in sight with also a pink stucco fence around it, and it had every other home we had seen outclassed a mile. This was Goldacres.

I knew it at once, even before I noticed the little plate to that effect on the enormous gate. And it was then Mrs. Lewellyn pulled a haymaker.

"This is our little cottage," says she as we dashed by. "So awfully sorry we can't ask you in, but the place is simply ripped to pieces inside; full of beastly painters and what not."

"Quite so!" says deah.

Well, for a minute I couldn't speak. Was ever a female so shot with luck as I was? Here I had gone and got chummy with the owners of the very place Al was hankering to borrow, and that would make our society picture a knockout. Naturally my first temptation was to ask for the loan of it then and there. But on second thought I realized I had better wait, on account she took me for an idle rich, and I had better give her time to learn to like me for myself before I told her who I was and what I wanted. I felt you had to play these highlifes right if you wanted something out of them and they are easy birds to scare. And so I says nothing and also pinched Jim's arm so he would say nothing either, and he didn't, only ouch, but I was able to pass that off. And my virtue was rewarded because right next minute Mrs. Lewellyn dated us up.

"Won't you and your husband have tea with us in the Coconut Grove this afternoon?" she says. "At about five? It is quite amusing, rully, although if circumstances allowed we would of course prefer to have you at the house."

"Why thanks, yes," I says. And so it was a date, and we went back to the hotel and then ate out, to show we could afford to, and then decided well this would be a good time to look up a little cottage for ma and Junior to occupy during the weeks I and Jim would be fighting to see who would occupy the spot directly in the camera. So we got a car and a real-estate agent and a good look, but that was about all.

Because in Florida around Palm Beach a cheap cottage is anything over ten thousand, not for the house and lot, but merely for the loan of it for three months. So the realator says why don't we buy, he is interested in a high-class subdivision that he would like to interest us in, and we says no thanks we are not interested, so he says just run out there it will not cost you anything to look at it, but it cost us a pain on account it was one of them subnormal subdivisions. It was called Hope Springs after "Hope springs eternal in the human heart," I guess, for nobody had built out there as yet.

After we had persuaded the agent back to the hotel I got all dogged up in blue chiffon and sapphires for our date with the Lewellyns, and then I complained about my sables which I didn't have, because they would of gone so good with this costume.

"I am a regular dumb-bell, the way I allow you to talk me out of things my bet- [illegible] talk me to do, James Smith," [illegible] there was no help, we was in for it

"Say!" says Jim, suddenly looking away from my mirror which he was as usual hogging it to pat his tie in front of when he had a bureau of his own and me waiting to tease my lid to the proper angle. "Say," says he, "you better lay off Lem Hornby. He's down here."

"What?" I says. "He is? Who told you that?"

"The feller runs the garage," says Jim. "Come along or we will be late, and the Lew Whatchercallums will get sore and not loan us their place."

Well naturally I was crazy to know more about Lem, what with not having seen or heard him in so many years. But I was also thinking of business before pleasure, and always do, which is one reason for my colossal success. So I bustled along downstairs, as we had by then just about time to make the grove, and while I of course kept firing questions at him as we went, not a word more about Lem could I get out of him.

At the desk Jim stopped for mail, and there was just one for me—addressed to Miss Marie La Tour but in the right box, although I was supposed to be incog. Wondering what fan had spotted me, and kind of annoyed with them for doing so, I come pretty near not opening it, and then I seen it was a hand-delivered note, and decided I had better see what was in it, and did, and then I got some shock. For it was a card—the visiting card of Mrs. Livingston Vandeveer, and she had written a note on it.

"Dear Miss La Tour," says the note, "I recognized you yesterday, and have been trying to connect with you ever since. We are, unfortunately, leaving tomorrow, and I shall be so disappointed if I don't meet you, for I am an enthusiastic admirer of yours. Won't you and your husband have tea at the house with me this afternoon at about five? I will run over and get you."

Can you beat it! The very A-1 grade swell of all the swells, not alone calling on me of her own free will but slipping me an invite to enter their sacred portals at which the vulgar herd clamored in vain!

"Say, Gorgeous!" I says to Jim breathlessly. "Lamp this, will you?"

"Whew!" says he when he read it. "Some bon chance, eh? Too bad we have that date with the Lewellyns, ain't it!"

Well, that removed some of the joy of living, but only for a moment.

"Why, they are probably friends of hers," I says, "and when she sees us together we will very likely all go out to her place. Anyway, let's leave word where we are, and see how can we work things so's not to miss a trick either way."

"Well, you made a fine mess of it!" says Jim. "You was altogether too cordial to the Lewellyns."

"Huh! Neither were you!" says I indignantly. "Besides, remember their place—Goldacres!"

Well, that shut him up, and we went along to keep our date and there they was, waiting just outside the grove, as usual the very most elegant-looking couple in all the crowd, with the lovely Coconut Grove behind them, which is some back-drop, being an eyeful at that hour of a perfect late afternoon, with the tables set under the tall coconut trees and the red lights strung from one to another overhead, but with the coconuts removed for safety sake, and a orchestra and a raised dancing platform in the center, and all the handsome vivid clothes on the somewhat, as a rule, less handsome people.

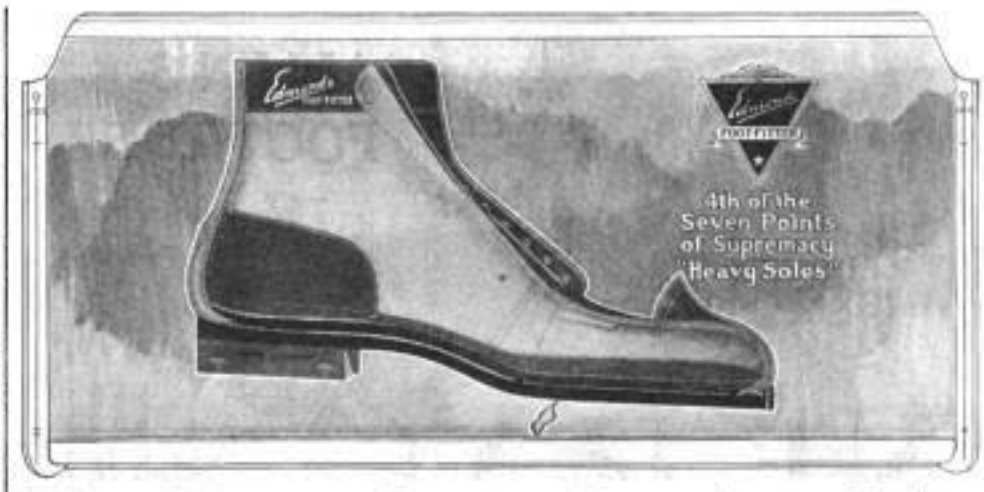
Well, Mrs. Lewellyn greeted me with a smile, and I greeted her with the card in my hand and a big explanation on my lip. Just as I was about to speak, who would come dashing towards me through the mob but that governess person I had been dodging so hard, but this time there was no escape.

She had me nailed and by the hand before I knew what was up, and a good thing I happened to be leaning against the table when she spoke, because otherwise I might of fell over.

"Miss La Tour!" she says. "Did you get my note? I am Mrs. Vandeveer. So glad to catch you, my dear!"

"Mrs. Vandeveer?" I gasped. "Why, yes—I got it, your note I mean, and I am awful pleased to meetcher."

"Marie La Tour!" says Mrs. Lewellyn in a awful funny voice. "Are you Marie La Tour?"



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plainly for me, even if she was also plainer than expected in other ways, as well.

"That is my professional name," I admitted, keeping my head pretty good under the circumstances, and at once introducing her. "Mrs. J. Livingston Vandeveer meet Mrs. Lewellyn," I says. "Mrs. Vandeveer—you must known the Lewellyns; they have a cottage here."

"So?" says she, acknowledging the introduction. "I don't happen to have had the pleasure. Can you and your husband run out to the house for tea, Miss La Tour? I am so anxious to have you. I do love your work, and I go to see every picture you are in!"

"Well," I says, "that's mighty sweet of you, and we would love to, only Mr. and Mrs. Lewellyn here asked us first."

"Won't you and Mr. Lewellyn come along then?" says Mrs. Vandeveer, turning to the lady like an eager little kid. "And let it be my party? Our boat came in last night, and my husband is dragging me off to Long Key in the morning for some fishing. This is my only chance at Miss La Tour, and we can't talk in this awful mob!"

"Why we would be enchanted to, deah Mrs. Vandeveer," says Mrs. Lewellyn, and Mr. says quite so, and in a minute more we was all in Mrs. Vandeveer's car, an old 1917 Colby-Droit, and driving out along the ocean, the same route we had taken that morning, and our hostess was asking me a thousand questions about the pictures and how it felt to be in them and about Junior, when she heard I had one, and all as sweet and eager and natural as any schoolgirl, and nothing upstage about her in the least, but a perfect lady every inch, and what is further, a awful good scout.

Well, the Lewellyns just sat there and even Jim was in the also-ran class, and we went bounding along past mansion after mansion until I wondered when we was going to get to the Vandeveer home, when at last Goldacres, the location of my heart, come into view, and I was just about to pass some remark about this is the Lewellyns' little place, when it was wiped from my mind by the Vandeveer car turning in at the gate and driving right up to the palatial portals, and stopping there, and Mrs. J. Livingston Vandeveer hopped out.

"Here we are!" says she. "Come in, Miss La Tour, and we'll have a cup of tea in a jiffy."

Well, I was jolted but I followed Mrs. V. into her magnificent residence where there was no more signs of painters tearing the interior decorations to pieces than the man in the moon!

Well, I give one look at Mrs. so-called Lewellyn, and she was as white as a sheet, and holding on to herself by main force. And then we all seated ourselfs in the magnificent sun parlor full of trick furniture and live birds in cages, and jazz decorations equal to any set I ever seen on any picture stage only more so, in fact. And believe me, both I and that Lewellyn woman needed to sit. And then Mrs. Vandeveer went over and rung a bell and while she was doing it Mrs. Lewellyn leaned over and whispered to me shakily.

"Don't give us away!" she says. "I'll explain to you, after!" And her husband says "Quite so!"

Well, that was all the remarks we had any time to pass, because Mrs. V. got right back on the hostess job again, and we had the tea and so forth, while she talked and I watched Mrs. Lewellyn whenever I could, trying now in dead earnest to place why her face was so familiar to me. And as a kind of suspicion about her commenced growing in my mind, a resolve also formed there, and I struck while the tea was hot and Mrs. Vandeveer in such a friendly mood.

"Mrs. Vandeveer," I says, "I am awful glad you like my work, because I got a great favor to ask you. You see, Al Goldringer, that's the producer I work for, well, he's going to make a picture out of a well-known society novel named Vanity Fair. Of course they have decided to change the title to Hollow Faces, but it's a high-class script, and I am down here to make it, and I want awfully to use this place of yours for a location. There will be nothin the piece you will need to be ashame I will personally myself see to that. I do want to use this place. Can I it?"

Well, there was a little silence after t and somehow or other, I couldn't fi just how, the atmosphere of the r changed from warm to distinctly Mrs. Lewellyn give a gasp which I di then understand, and Mrs. Vande wrinkled up her forehead thoughtfully fore giving me a verdict.

"I suppose I would be very ungracio says she, "if I were to refuse, after al expressed admiration for your work. you may use the place, Miss La Tour, I will leave a note to that effect, an struct the caretaker. You will be sure nothing is hurt, and that our name is used in the publicity, I presume?"

"Oh, sure, I promise that!" says I with the heart gone out of me, some I had a feeling I had disappointed Vandeveer, and I didn't see quite how yet I was sorry. So I got up to say goo I felt the visit was over. Mrs. Vande was still very sweet, but she didn't anything about what's your hurry, go, or any words to that effect.

"Do let me send you back in the says she. "It is waiting outside. So aw glad to have met you, and I hope the ture will be a great success!"

And then, almost as if wafted by m the four of us outsiders was back i lumbering old Colby-Droit, and on our

"Well, you certainly put it over on Mrs. Lewellyn burst out, the very m we left Goldacres. "But, gee-whiz such a relief to act natural I don't as I care!"

And her friend husband give a big si

"You said it!" says he. "Say l Miss La Tour, do you know we took two people for the real thing, and studying you? We are down here fo De Luxe superproductions, and we g option on Vanity Fair too! We was Goldacres ourselves, but you beat us t

"Well, for the love of Mike!" sa "Alice Lewellyn! Of course—that's your face was so familiar! You playe vamp in The Wife Market. Ain't dumb-bell though!"

"Yeh," says she. "Say dear, it's something awful down here, watchin language and trying to break into so I'm glad we lost out, honest I an couldn't of stood the strain much lon

"Say listen!" says Mr. Lewellyn tell you what. Don't be sore at us for we done—it was all for our art, see? eat together tonight and talk abou pictures and have a regular time in of where we are. How about it? I will come over to our room about 7:3 shake up a few."

"Oh boy!" says Jim. "We'll be th

And then the J. Livingston Vand family hearse dumped us at the hote we parted until later.

"Ain't they nice people?" says thusiastically. "I'm commencing t this place!"

"So am I," says Jim. "Run alon stairs and begin to dress. I'll send to Al telling him we cinched Gold and be up directly."

Well, I done like he says, and w was pretty near ready, all but my in come Jim with his soup-and-fish or a coat over his arm, and when h folded it, there it was the very Ru sable coat I had been so crazy for.

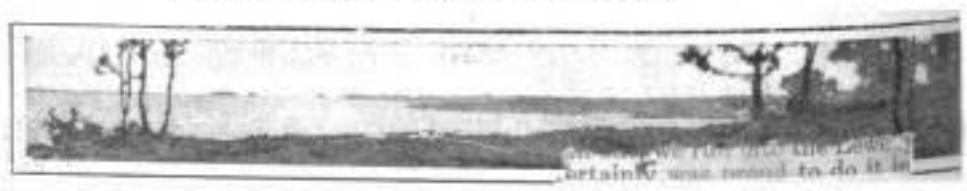
"Just a little trifle for you, hon," he, "to protect you from the social At last I understand why women their furs to fashionable warm resorts

"Oh, Jim, you Gorgeous!" I says.

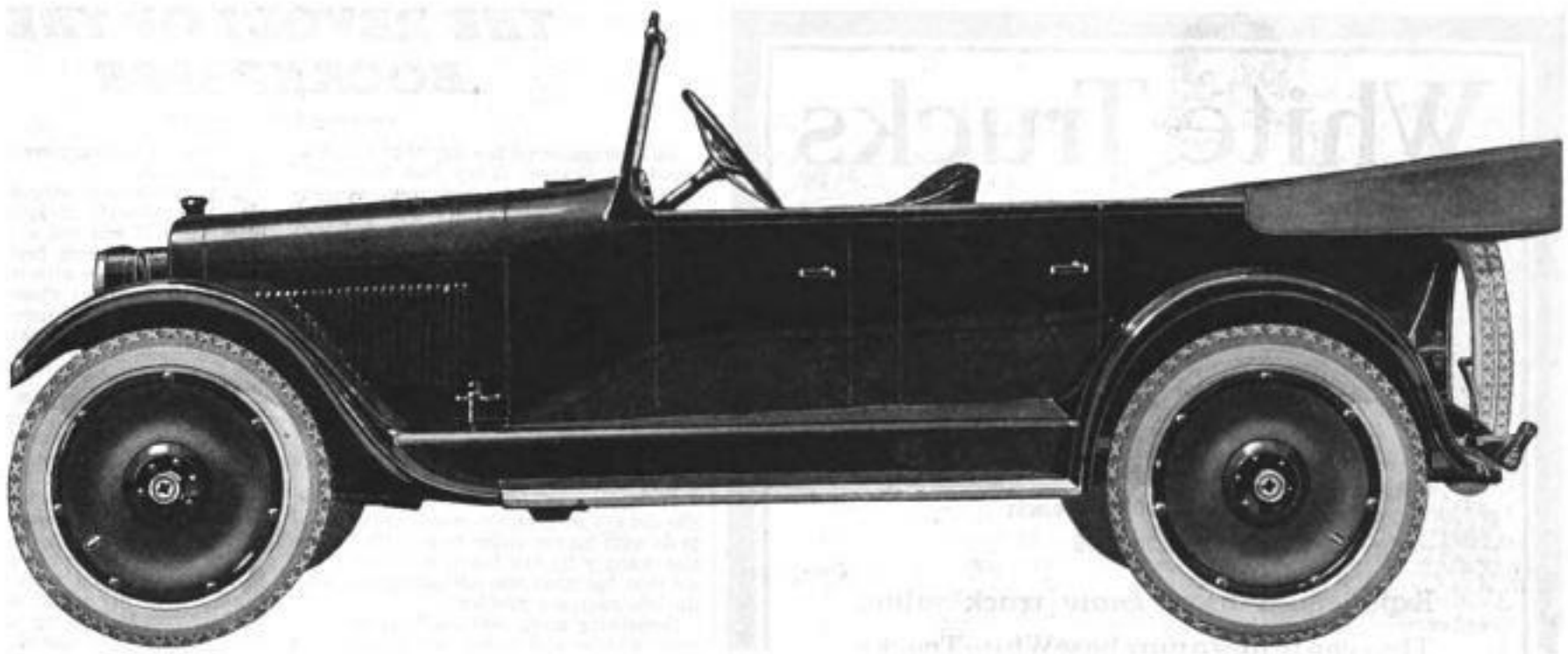
"Fold yourself into it while I giv a shock," says Jim, helping me to do so a kiss. "I asked an old friend to join dinner tonight—he ain't much to at—getting bald and fat—he's kind dumpy little runt, common, but hearted."

"For heaven's sake, Gorgeous," s patting the sables with a loving "who is it?"

"Lem Hornby," says Jim. "Feller the garage!"



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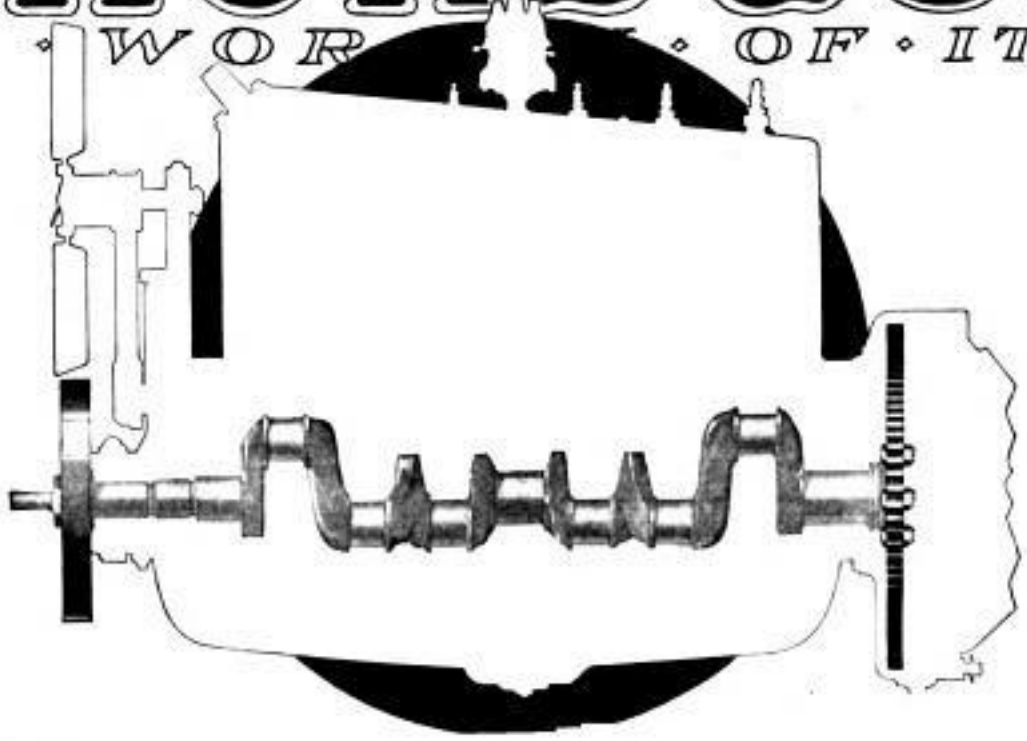
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THE REVOLT OF THE BOOKKEEPER

(Continued from Page 9)

Jack remembered the day that Phil had sailed for France. They had been only engaged then. Grace had been wonderfully calm and brave until he was gone, and then Jack had seen all her despair and terror—her conviction that she could not go on living if anything happened to Phil. She had not thought of life insurance in those days. Now she would say she owed it to the children. Well, there it was—that was what marriage did to love.

He patted his nephew on the head to avoid kissing his milk-streaked face, and bade an affectionate good-by to his sister. She disapproved intensely of his going.

"But you'll be back before the year's out," she said.

He smiled and did not contradict her. She did not suspect how much she had had to do with his resolution to go. Phil shook him warmly by the hand, but Jack could see that his mind was still struggling with the life-insurance problem.

Something more than an hour later his train, a little behind time, was approaching Millie's station. He left his seat and went to the platform. It was bitterly cold, and the wind was blowing a hurricane. He leaned out, holding his hat on. It was hard to see through the snow. He scanned the whole length of the deserted platform. No one was there; the light stood alone. She hadn't come.

He went back to his seat with a heart like lead. He was in a day coach. Grace and Mr. Howieson might think him improvident, but he had saved a little money to start him on his travels, and he was not going to spend any of it on a Pullman berth; he was going to sit up all night. Fortunately the train wasn't crowded. He had a seat to himself—at least he had had when he went to the platform. When he came back he found it occupied by a child—a little boy of four, slightly cross-eyed, and evidently prepared to be friendly.

Removing one hand from his mouth he rubbed it lovingly along the plush of the seat.

"I'm going to Washington," he said boastfully. "Where are you going to?"

The child was repulsive to Jack, but he would no more have allowed this fact to appear than he would have shown it to a cripple. At the same time he had no intention whatsoever of entering into relations with him.

"I'm going to Mobile," he answered.

At once the child, casting off all pretense of being interested in any movements but his own, began repeating: "I'm going to Washington, to Washington. That's my mother."

He pointed back, where Jack saw a foreign-looking woman, bareheaded, hawk-faced, her large tragic face calm as a statue, until it suddenly broke up into a furrowed, ugly, wrinkled irritability at something which a child smaller than the first one had done to annoy her. With a shock of surprise Jack saw that she was holding a still smaller one in her arms under her shawl. He averted his eyes, and taking the four-year-old by the hand he started him on his way down the aisle.

"You had better go back to your mother," he said.

An elderly woman in black satin and gold beads, across the aisle, stopped his progress.

"Now aren't you a fine boy?" she said.

Feminine admiration had its wonted effect. The child at once began to wave his head from side to side, to jump up and down, exclaiming loudly: "I'm going to Washington, to Washington."

Jack glanced about, expecting to read his own disgust in other faces, but everywhere he saw smiles and softened glances. He slumped down in his seat and stared out at the flying snowflakes, lit an instant by cones of light streaming from the windows.

All the agony of renunciation, all the homesickness and loneliness of his going came over him now. She had not come; she was letting him go unsatisfied, he who asked so little. He would have braved night and storm for her sake. Or perhaps she hadn't received his message; or perhaps she had tried to come and had failed. Something maternal in him woke, and made him hope that she was safe and warm at home—not struggling toward the tion, too late.

The train was slowing down for its stop, for though it ignored Millie little town it was not a through ex The passengers were beginning to shuffling down the aisle toward the door. He watched them as they "How terrible most human beings are thought. "Ugly; misshapen." The comers began to enter by the front They were no better.

And suddenly, like a miracle perfo before him in that dark shabby car, h Millicent walking down the aisle to him, her small face showing like ivory coral above her dark furs. For a seconds she did not see him, and whe did her expression hardly changed, her eyes grew suddenly dark and imm

He stepped forward to meet her, a he did so the child from the seat b slipped into his place, so that as turned to let Millicent go in before hi child was already seated, tilting his up at them with an expression oddly gled of impudence and an intense des please.

Again Jack took him kindly by the and started him back to his owner.

"Yes, we know," he said firmly, are going to Washington."

Then he sank sideways in the seat b Millicent and looked at her—with too deep for smiles.

After an appreciable period of silen said, "N. B.: Remember never to God and die, because something be your wildest dreams may be just roun corner."

She explained that she had been goi visit an aunt in Baltimore, and had changed her train by a few hours in to give them this meeting.

So first they talked like friends. He her all about his interview with Howi and how the great man had read his and had offered him seventy-five doll week. And Millicent thought he must nice man, and she had read the verses and understood that he was going, before she got his telegram.

And then they began to play like dren, telling each other stories, an agining what it would be like if day Millicent sailed into the harb Dominica on a yacht—the yacht of he lionaire husband. Former husband, cent suggested.

"And I'll row out in a boat all f roses and oranges and hibiscus and apples, and that stupid man you ma won't understand why I insist on giv for nothing—like an offering on a sh

"And if I ask you on board?"

"Oh, I wouldn't come, but I'll loo at you as you lean over to see my boat you'll know I'm saying, 'I love you. I you—just as much as ever.'"

And then as their time grew shorter began to talk like lovers, telling each how each was to the other the only one would remain so, whatever life broug them; and how they were wise and s and wonderful to dare to part; and they would not even kiss, but just lool look, and go.

This last conversation was so abso that they did not notice that the trai stopped and showed no disposition soever to go on again. To them the tion of sound and motion was part world that they had ceased to observe

A brakeman came through with a lan and the cross-eyed child greeted him the accustomed information, but ne Jack nor Millicent noticed the braken somewhat sinister reply, "I wouldn't too much of a hurry."

At last the car began to grow cold, cold, so that Millicent's little feet chilled; and that brought Jack bac reality. He went forward to find the ductor and order more steam turned i car.

In a few minutes he came back, h able to suppress his joy.

"My darling," he whispered as he into the seat beside her, "it's too mu too wonderful! We've run into a we're snowed up at least till morning. me your hand. We are going to have a quiet night sitting here side by side."

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Millicent turned her pretty eyes upon him and smiled at the radiant prospect. But, alas, he deceived himself. The night was to be long but not quiet; nor were the lovers to spend it sitting side by side.

A wailing presently sounded in their ears, at first faintly, but soon growing louder, more continuous, more desperate; the terrible persistent cry of a sick baby. Millie suddenly started to her feet.

"I can't stand that!" she said.

Jack, thoroughly in accord with her, supposed she meant to move into another car; instead she went straight to the rear, and came back with the baby—brother, and came back with the baby—the tiniest one—in her arms.

To Roe's surprise he found himself moved at the sight of his Millie walking down the aisle of the car with her arm crooked to hold a wailing, dark-skinned baby. The baby was repugnant to him, yet Millie adored him as she had never done before.

"What are you going to do with it?" he asked coldly.

She answered, as if babies were common-place occurrences in everyone's experience, that she was going to keep it warm in her shawl, so that the mother could take care of the next larger one under her shawl. In quieting the baby about, Millicent had displaced her hat crooked, which gave her a strange, rollicking appearance. One of her chief charms was the simple perfection of her appointments. Jack did not like to see her with her hat over one eye, and yet he did not like to tell her about it, either, when she was busy getting the baby settled. So he simply averted his eyes, and as he did so they fell once more upon the baby.

"Are they all as awful as that?" he said.

Millicent just glanced at it, as if its personal appearance made no difference.

"No," she answered; "I think it's rather unusually ugly, poor little thing. Jack, I'm afraid you'll have to go and see if there's a doctor on the train; it seems to be really ill."

Jack jumped up with alacrity, eager to escape Millie, and not sorry to remove himself from the proximity of the baby. He was ashamed to admit it, but his dream was disturbed. The last few hours they would ever spend together, and yet Millie was thinking more of that baby than of him—and it was such an ugly little creature.

The only doctor on the train was an elderly man comfortably sleeping in a Pullman chair. He did not seem eager to exercise his art, but he grew more interested when he saw Millicent. He assumed the child to be hers, and evidently thought her a jealous, beautiful, inexperienced young mother. Jack could not bear anyone to suppose his lovely girl had any connection whatever with that hideous child, but when he began to explain to the doctor Millie tickled him. She told him later that the doctor was the kind of man who would take many interest in the baby if he thought it was hers. Jack felt ashamed of disliking the baby so intensely, and went out on the platform to smoke a cigarette.

He was summoned thence by the information that the trouble with the baby was hunger—milk must be obtained. Jack had already noticed the lights of a farmhouse not very far away across a field. He volunteered to go and get some—having first assured himself that the train would not get into motion without him.

Now sinking into snow to his waist, now striking his toe against bare stones, he made slow progress toward the light, and at last knocked on the door. It instantly opened, and a woman, tall and monstrously fat, stood in the lighted square. She was without eyebrows or eyelashes, and what little hair grew on her head was gathered into a small knot on the exact summit. She was so large, she towered so high above Jack, that he felt a mild amusement at seeing that she held a club in her right hand.

"I wonder," he said politely, "if you could let me have a little milk."

She gave a guttural exclamation and attempted to shut the door, but he inserted his foot in the opening—an action that did not increase her cordiality. She said that if there were any milk in the house she would not give it to tramps who came begging at that hour of the night.

"It isn't for myself," said Jack, "but we have a sick baby on that stalled train, and it seems rather likely to die if it isn't fed."

"A baby!" cried the woman.

And suddenly she changed completely. From a menacing ogress she changed into a friendly mass of humanity. She opened the door, led him to the stove, and began hurrying to and fro on her large flat, felt-slippered feet, looking for a bottle that he could slip in his pocket. His wife must be nearly crazy, stalled in the snow; but they'd get the train out by morning; he hardly looked old enough to be a father. She remembered when she was first married ——

He thought to himself, as he sat waiting, and only half listening, that this was a species of insanity in women—this exaggerated interest in babies; it was like a secret religious cult, with a password. The old woman was evidently desperately poor, and yet he could hardly get her to take money for the milk, and after she had accepted it, she presented him with two apples. They parted like old friends.

When he got back to the car Millie had just a moment to greet him as a hero before it developed that the milk was no use to the baby unless it could be heated.

"That will be very difficult," said the doctor.

Millie rolled her lovely eyes up at him under the dissipated hat.

"You can think of some way, can't you, Jack?" she said.

"Certainly," he answered, glad to show that a poet has more invention than a scientist. "There must be a fire in the engine." He wanted to sit down and demand Millie's undivided attention while he described to her the transformation in the ogress. Instead he started instantly for the engine.

Everyone knows that locomotive engineers are men not to be approached unadvisedly or lightly, and an engineer with his train in difficulties is especially formidable. This one was just climbing back into his cab after a consultation with the conductor, and swung round quickly, aware of Jack just behind him. He had a handsome, heavy square head, like a Roman emperor, thick eyebrows and an implacable eye.

He looked down at Jack, and surprised to find his glance did not drive off the intruder, he said, "Well, sir?"

Jack knew that tone well; he had heard Mr. Howieson use it. It meant: Nothing can excuse the enormity you are committing, but I am willing to hear your excuse.

"I have some milk here I should like to heat," said Jack.

"My engine isn't a cookstove," said the engineer, and continued his ascent.

"We have a baby back in one of the cars who seems rather likely to die," replied Jack.

And immediately the engineer was transformed—not melted as the ogress had been, but galvanized into action. He leaned down and took the bottle from Roe's hand, shouted to his fireman, "Here, Pete, let this set by the boiler." Then he turned and looked down at Jack with a different eye. "Come in and warm yourself," he said. "You look hardly old enough to be married."

Jack was surprised to hear himself saying, "I suppose you have children yourself?"

"Six," said the engineer.

He was not a garrulous man; Jack saw at once he was not going to talk about the children, but that in the little silence that followed he was thinking of them intensely. Then he looked at Jack and smiled; it was a charming smile, and Jack could not help smiling back, although a little ashamed of having won it under the false pretense of fatherhood. Then Pete came back with the bottle.



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When Jack got back to the car the baby was worse. Millie and the doctor had cast off all sense of decency.

"I'm not conventional," Jack found himself saying to himself, "but really——"

The heated bottle was snatched from him. "Do you think she'll take it?" asked Millie tremulously.

"Yes—though she may not retain it," said the doctor.

This hint was not lost upon the baby—she did not retain it. It would, in fact, be impossible to print all that happened to that baby and her guardians in the course of the next two hours. Jack, who had supposed that at his sister's he had known all the horrors there were to know about children, found that he had not so much as brushed the subject with the wing of his thought. Even his aloof attitude left him. He ceased to be a spectator. Once he found himself patting the shoulder of the weeping mother; once, for a long time, he held the cross-eyed child on his lap, keeping him quiet with a hastily invented story of snow fairies. These things he did, not from pity, but from a sense that they were inevitable, that he and Millie were united in a struggle to save the life of a baby, a struggle probably unintelligent, but about which no one had any choice.

And all the time the lines of one of the wisest of modern writers were running through his head:

My dear, these things are life:
And life, some think, is worthy of the Muse.

Dominica and the tropic seas began to look as pale and meaningless to him as the fairy tale he was telling—and it was a pretty tale.

Suddenly it came to him that his plan for living had been just pretty—like a picture by Bouguereau, like a poem by Adelaide Ann Procter, like an opera in the earliest manner of Verdi. Good heavens! He had always hated the romantic schools in the arts, and yet in his own life had been willing ——

"Go on, go on!" said the sleepy child.

But Jack could not go on. He sat staring down at the child as if he saw him for the first time.

Just at dawn the train began to m preceded by two snowplows, like an press with an escort. The baby was s sleeping in the arms of its legiti mother. The doctor, who by this tim discovered that the child did not b to Jack and Millicent, was still unab disabuse his mind of the belief that were married. He paused at the do bid good-by to Jack.

"I'll look after them in Washington said. "Your wife tells me that you she are getting off at Baltimore. woman—your wife—looks facts rig the face—only thing that matters i experience—good night—or rather morning—look at that green in the Hudson! And he went forward to doze once in his Pullman chair.

Jack turned and looked at Millie, had sunk back into the seat, leanin head against the woodwork of the w frame.

Her little face was pale and thin al most plain, and yet so poignant, so so good—like a good little child's. He off; he couldn't think about it, for a sight of her something rose within hi great wave of the emotion that lies b both romance and reality, so that fr moment there seemed to be no diffe between them. He went to Millie an his arms about her.

"Oh, Millie, my darling," he said, could I ever think I was going to be to leave you? I shall telegraph How I'll take his three hundred a month. you give up all your lovely dream beauty and romance, and just marry Don't you think Fate gave us a hint it sent you to visit your aunt in more?"

There was an alarming little silence. lie let her forehead rest against his bone, but she said nothing. Jack tho "Of course this night has meant jus opposite to her; it's shown her the l and the ugliness of life as she had seen it before, my poor little Millie."

Then he heard her draw her bres speak.

"Dearest," she said gently, "I ha any aunt in Baltimore."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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New U. S. Treasury Savings Certificates offer the soundest investment conceivable. A direct obligation of the government. Risk is eliminated.

THE Government now offers through the Treasury and Post Office Departments, a new and attractive system of savings. It is being welcomed everywhere by men and women who seek the opportunity to save a share of their earnings—and make it earn while it is being saved.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

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U. S. Treasury Savings Certificates may be purchased at Post Offices, Federal Reserve Banks, banks and trust companies, or direct from the U. S. Government Savings System.

Do not delay in becoming acquainted with this simpler, more profitable system of making your savings grow. See how quickly your money earns 25 per cent.

Mail this coupon with remittance to the United States Government Savings System, Treasury Dept. Washington, D. C.

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Enclosed find Check, Draft, or Money Order for—

Number Desired

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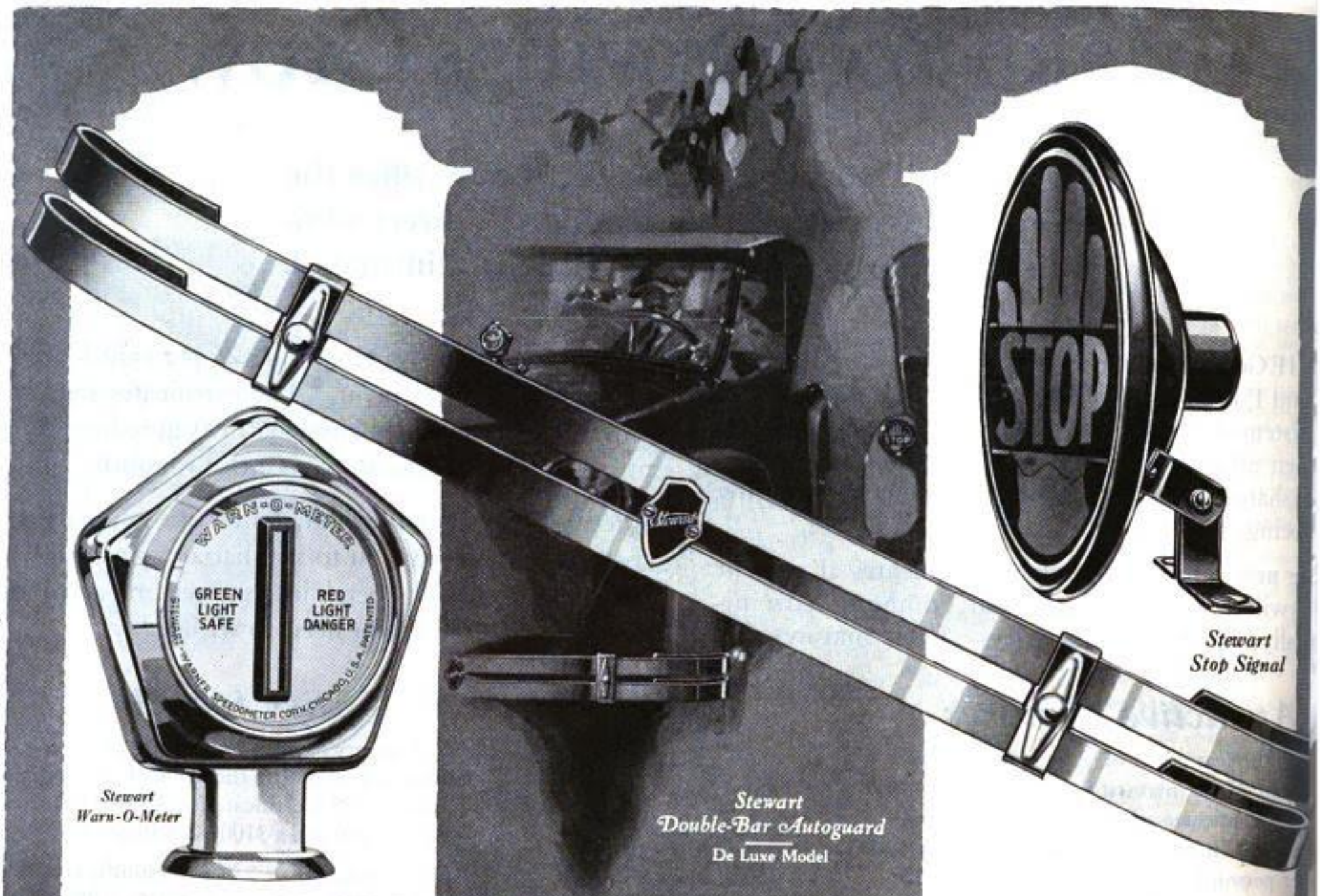
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Stewart Warn-O-Meter

Stewart Double-Bar Autoguard
De Luxe Model

Stewart Stop Signal

THE little green light you have seen atop the radiators of so many cars is the Stewart Warn-O-Meter.

Should you forget to put in water, oil, release your brakes; should your fan belt break or something else overheat your motor, the green light will quickly change to red. To run with overheated motor is apt to cause considerable damage.

In the opposite side of your Warn-O-Meter may be placed your monogram, lodge emblem or other insignia illuminated from within the instrument.

The De Luxe Model in a beautiful nickel finish is $12.50. The Standard Model in black and nickel, $10.00. The Ford Model with special radiator cap, $10.00.

BEAUTIFUL and protective best describes this De Luxe Autoguard. Note how the double steel bars protect the car from fender to fender.

Collisions are instantaneous. You haven't time to turn your car so as to receive an impact on the strongest part of your bumper. You need double bar protection at all points along the front or rear of your car.

Constructed by a concern known the world over to produce only products of quality. An autoguard that is made to take a terrific blow without snapping and leaving the car unprotected. Approved by the Board of Underwriters. Look for the name STEWART on the center clamp.

Stewart Autoguards sell from $11 to $22. Increase in Western prices.

Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

THE red hand in the Stewart Stop Signal commands instant attention. It sometimes takes more than a red flash to warn the man behind. The red hand, like a traffic officer's signal, stops him instantly.

The Stewart Stop Signal is made to give satisfaction. You can't depend upon a cheap signal to work perfectly. It will cause more accidents than it will prevent.

When giving over the rear of your car to the protection of a Stop Signal, be sure you get a good one. You can place entire confidence in the Stewart Stop Signal. It is made right—Stewart custom-bilt.

Priced at $5.00.

Stewart

PRODUCTS USED ON 7 MILLION CARS

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Armstrong's Linoleum

for Every Floor in the House



The New Floor for Modern Homes

The floor you see in this picture is very different from the temporary linoleum floor covering of a few years ago—tacked down in kitchens, halls, and pantries.

This floor of Armstrong's Linoleum is a permanent floor, cemented over a layer of builders' deadening felt. Rugs are laid on this floor. It is waxed and polished occasionally, and always looks fresh and new.

It is not uncommon, today, for an interior decorator to build up an entire decorative plan for room or suite from a well-chosen floor of this modern linoleum. There are rich plain colors, delicate two-toned Jaspés, and many distinctive inlaid and printed designs from which to select.

These linoleum floors are smooth and solid. They are quiet and comfortable under foot. They are easy to clean. Linoleum is a cool floor in summer and a warm floor in winter.

Such floors are inexpensive, too. For instance, the floor of Armstrong's Inlaid Linoleum, shown above, would cost $49.00, laid in a dining-room of average size—12 x 14 feet (slightly higher in the Far West).

Any good store will be glad to show you Armstrong's Linoleum in a variety of colors and designs, and also tell you what modern linoleum floors will cost you.

ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY, LINOLEUM DIVISION
941 Liberty Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Write to our Bureau of Interior Decoration for advice as to proper patterns and colors for use in any scheme of home decoration. No charge for this service.

"The Art of Home Furnishing and Decoration"

(Second Edition)

By Frank Alvah Parsons, President of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art. Sent, with de luxe colorplates of fine home interiors, on receipt of twenty cents.

Armstrong's Linoleum Rugs

You can also buy rugs of Armstrong's Linoleum suitable for kitchen, dining-room, or bedroom, and fully guaranteed to give satisfactory service. Send for free booklet, "Armstrong's Linoleum Rugs," showing colorplates of many pleasing and artistic designs.

Look for the CIRCLE "A" *trademark on the burlap back*

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What three Wise Women say:



"Old Dutch is a natural-born cleanser"—Made from a substance mined from earth—soft, flat flakes that erase the dirt and can't scratch. Use it for fine cleaning.



"It is the thrifty cleaner"—A little goes a long way because every particle does so much work. Your cleaning costs are lessened. Use it for heavy cleaning.





"It's the safe, easy way to clean"—Old Dutch shoulders the heavy work. It takes the drudgery out of cleaning. Your things look better, last longer. Use it for all cleaning.

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JUL 13 1922

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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—an Investment in
Good Appearance
Kuppenheimer
GOOD CLOTHES

Westclox



Timed by the kitchen clock

IN thousands of homes the Westclox in the kitchen starts the workers of the family on their way, and sends the children off to school.

It times the meals, the household duties, and at night goes into the bedroom of the one who must be up first in the morning, to ring the hour to start a new day for the whole family.

Westclox are handy to carry from place to place, if you want to have a one-clock household. They lose no time on the way, they are running when you set them down just as they were when you picked them up.

But thousands of Westclox are used as timekeepers only, in bedroom, kitchen or shop, wherever dependable time is needed and low cost counts.

A Westclox watch in your pocket will match minute for minute round the day with the Westclox at home.

It's easy to choose Westclox—look for the trade mark Westclox on the dial, and the six-sided, orange-bordered buff tag.

WESTERN CLOCK CO., LA SALLE, ILLINOIS, U.S.A.

Factory: Peru, Illinois. *In Canada:* Western Clock Co., Limited, Peterborough, Ont.

Big Ben
7 inches tall, 4½-inch dial. Runs 32 hours. Steady and intermittent alarm, $3.50. In Canada, $5.00.

Baby Ben
3¾ inches tall, 2¾-inch dial. Runs 32 hours. Steady and intermittent alarm, $3.50. In Canada, $5.

America
6¼ inches tall, 4-inch dial. Nickel case. Runs 32 hours. Top bell alarm, $1.50. In Canada, $2.00.

Jack o' Lantern
5 inches tall. Luminous dial and hands. Back bell alarm. Runs 32 hours, $3.00. In Canada, $4.50.

Sleep-Meter
5 inches tall. Nickeled case, 4-inch dial. Back bell alarm. Runs 32 hours, $2.00. In Canada, $3.00.

Pocket Ben
A nickel plated watch. Stem wind and set. Neat hands and dial. Dependable, $1.50. In Canada, $2.00.

Glo-Ben
Nickel plated watch. Stem wind and set. Black face, luminous dial and hands, $2.50. In Canada, $3.50.

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COMMUNITY PLATE

Teaspoons $3.75
Set of Six

At your Service
for 50 Years



"I've been hinting at COMMUNITY for my birthday, Bess,—but Jack is as dense as a Scotchman at a Charity Bazaar.

BARBARA"

"Barbara always starts to hint for just the thing I'm planning to surprise her with. What chance has a man got?

JACK"

The day after—

"Oh, Bess! It's here! Lovely! But I've promised Jack never to hint again—until I want some more COMMUNITY.

BARBARA."



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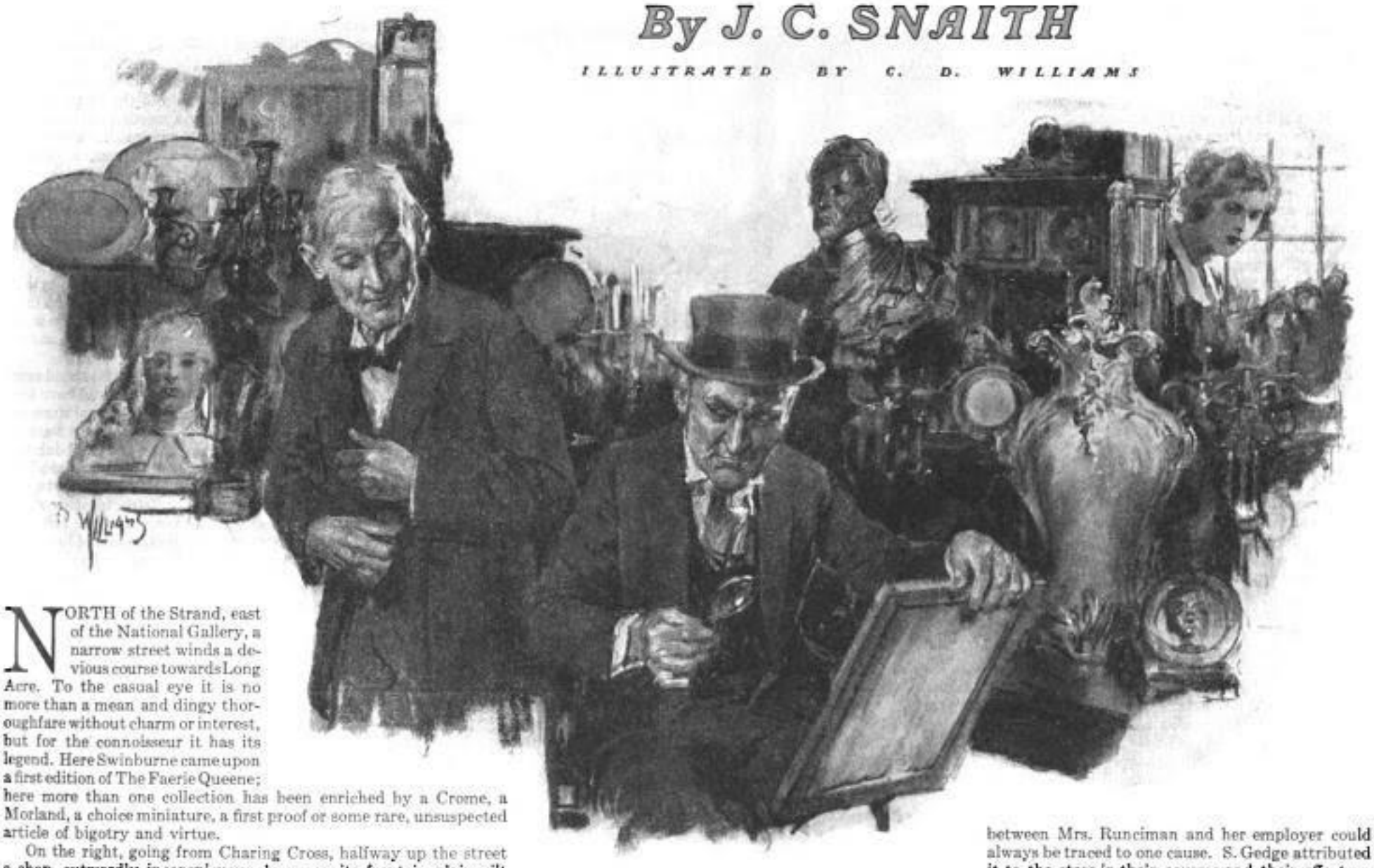
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THE VAN ROON

By J. C. SNAITH

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS



"Tell Me, Mr. Thornton, if We Happened to Come Upon the Signature of Hobbema Down There in That Left-Hand Corner—in That Black Splotch—What Do You Suppose It Might be Worth?"

NORTH of the Strand, east of the National Gallery, a narrow street winds a devious course towards Long Acre. To the casual eye it is no more than a mean and dingy thoroughfare without charm or interest, but for the connoisseur it has its legend. Here Swinburne came upon a first edition of The Faerie Queene; here more than one collection has been enriched by a Crome, a Morland, a choice miniature, a first proof or some rare, unsuspected article of bigotry and virtue.

On the right, going from Charing Cross, halfway up the street a shop, outwardly inconspicuous, bears on its front in plain gilt letters the name, "S. Gedge, Antiques."

A regard for the *mot juste* could dispense with the final letter. S. Gedge, Antique, was nearer the fact. To look at, the proprietor of the business was an antique of the most genuine kind, whose age, before he was dressed for the day, might have been anything. When, however, he had tidied himself up to sit at the receipt of custom, a process involving a shave, the putting on of collar and dickey, prehistoric frock coat, new perhaps for the Prince Consort's funeral, and a pair of jemimas that also were of the period, his years, in spite of a yellow-parchment countenance of an incredible cunning, could at a conservative estimate be reckoned as seventy.

On a certain morning of September, the years of the proprietor of S. Gedge, Antiques, whatever they might be, sat heavily upon him. Tall, somber, near-sighted, with the look of a molting vulture, a razor had not met a grizzled chin for nearly a week; tattered dressing gown and chessboard slippers lent a touch of fantasy to his look of eld, while the collar and dickey of commerce still adorned the back-kitchen dresser.

Philosophers say that to find a reason for everything is only a question of looking. The reason for the undress of S. Gedge, Antiques, so late as eleven o'clock in the morning was not far to seek. His right-hand man and sole assistant, who answered to the name of William, and who was never known or called by any other, had been away for an annual holiday of one week, which this year he had spent in Suffolk. He was due back in the course of that day and his master would raise a pæan on his return. In the absence of William the indispensable S. Gedge, Antiques, was like a windjammer

between Mrs. Runciman and her employer could always be traced to one cause. S. Gedge attributed it to the stars in their courses and their effect on human kind; but the real root of the mischief was Mrs. Runciman's demand for a raise in her salary. For many years past the lady had held that her services were worth more than half a crown a day and her grub. The invariable reply of her master was that he had never paid more to a char all the time he had been in trade, and that if she wanted more she could keep away. This Thursday morning, according to precedent, when matters came to a head, Mrs. Runciman had taken him at his word. The old man knew, however, that her absence would only be temporary. A single day off would vindicate the rights of woman. As sure as the sun rose on the morrow Mrs. R. would return, impenitent, but in better fettle for charring. But as he made a point of telling her, she would play the trick once too often.

Charless for the time being, assistantless also, this morning S. Gedge was not only looking his age, he was feeling it; but he had already begun to examine the contents of a large packing case from Ipswich which Mr. Carter Paterson had delivered half an hour ago at the back of the premises by the side entry. Handicapped as S. Gedge, Antiques, at the moment was, he could well have deferred these labors until later in the day. Human curiosity, however, had claimed him as a victim.

By a side wind he had heard of a sale at a small and rather inaccessible house in the country where a few things might be going cheap. As this was to take place in the course of William's holiday the young man had been given twenty pounds to invest, provided that in his opinion the goods were full value. By trusting William to carry out [illegible] master whose name in trade circles was that of a very [illegible]mpliment in his power. For the god [illegible] however, Will[illegible]

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on each of the young man's purchases; indeed, there were occasions when the few shillings had been many. The truth was that William's flair for a good thing was almost uncanny.

Adroit use of a screw driver prized the lid off the packing case. A top layer of shavings was removed. With the air of a *dévot* the old man dug out William's first purchase and held it up to the light of New Cross Street, or to as much of that dubious commodity as could filter down the side entry.

Purchase the first proved to be a copy of an engraving by F. Bartolozzi: the Mrs. Lumley and Her Children after Sir Joshua Reynolds. An expert eye priced it at once a safe thirty shillings in the window of the front shop, although William had been told not to exceed a third of that sum at Loseby Grange, Saxmundham. So far so good. With a feeling of satisfaction S. Gedge laid the engraving upon a chair of ornate appearance but doubtful authenticity, and proceeded to remove more straw from the packing case. Before, however, he could deal with William's second purchase, whatever it might be, he was interrupted.

A voice came from the front shop.

"Uncle Si! Uncle Si! Where are you?"

The voice was feminine. S. Gedge, Antiques, crusted bachelor and confirmed hater of women, felt a sudden pang of dismay.

"Where are you, Uncle Si?"

"Com-ming!" A low roar boomed from the interior of the packing case. It failed, however, to get beyond the door of the lumber room. "That girl of Abe's," ruminated the old man. He had almost forgotten, in the stress of affairs, that the only child of a half brother was coming to London by the morning train.

"Uncle Si!"

With a hiss of disgust worthy of an elderly cobra, he writhed his head free of the straw. "Confound her, turning up like this! Why couldn't she come this afternoon when the boy'd be home? But that's a woman. They're born as cross as Christmas."

A third time his name was called.

S. Gedge, Antiques, unshaven, beslippered, bespectacled, slowly shambled from the decent obscurity of the back premises into the fierce publicity of the front shop. He was greeted by a sight of which his every instinct profoundly disapproved.

The sight was youthful, smiling, fresh complexioned. In a weak moment, for which mentally he had been kicking himself round the shop ever since, he had been so unwise as to offer to adopt this girl, who had lost her father some years ago, and had lately buried her mother. Carter Paterson had delivered her trunk along with the packing case from Ipswich, a fact he now recalled.

Had S. Gedge had an eye for anything but antiques he must have seen at once that his niece was by way of being a decidedly attractive young woman. She was nineteen, and she wore a neat, well-fitting black dress and a plain black hat, in which cunning and good taste were mingled. Inclined to be tall, she was slender and straight and carried herself well.

Her eyes were clear, shrewd and smiling. In fact, they appeared to smile quite considerably at the slow emergence from the back premises of S. Gedge, Antiques.

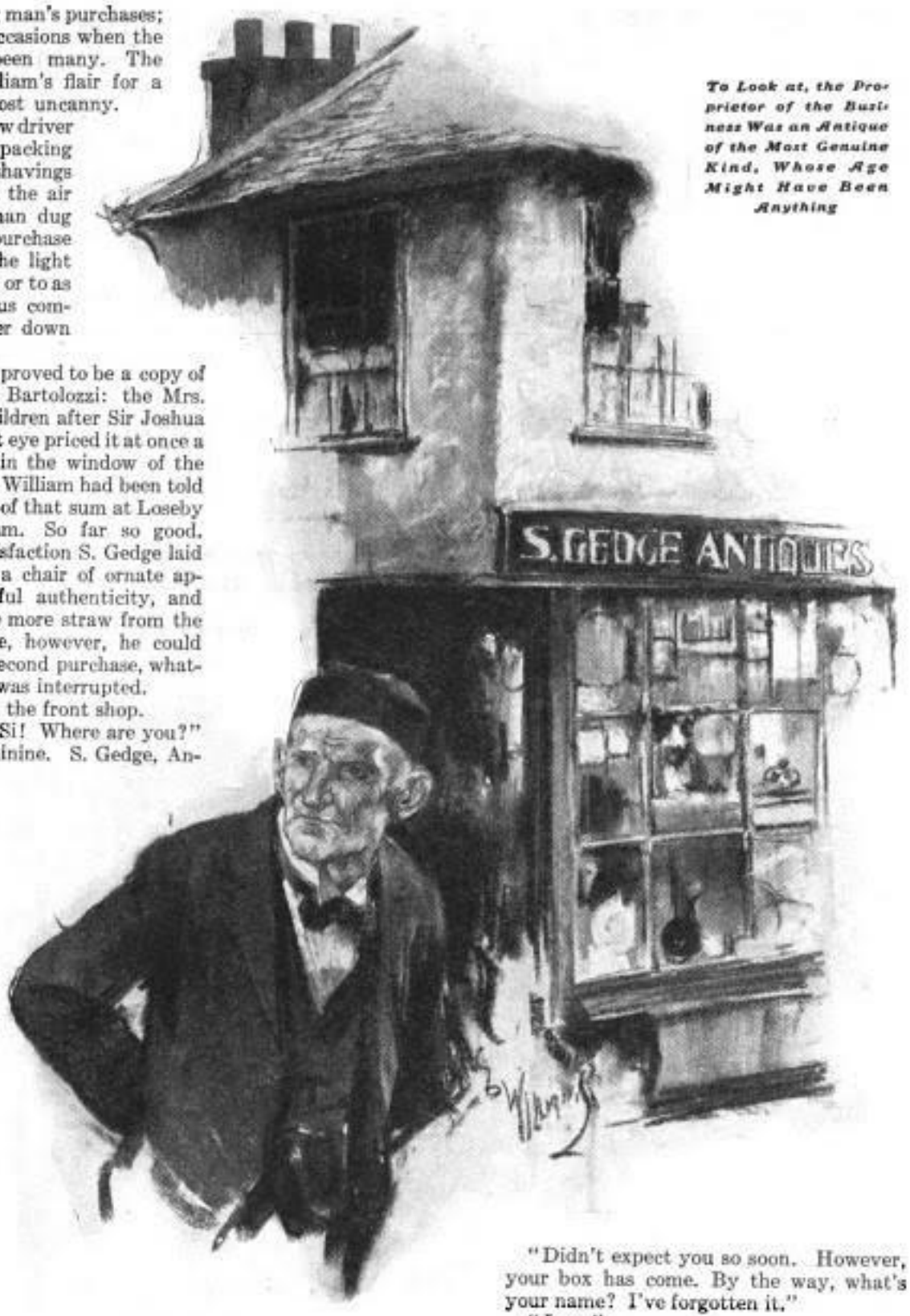
In the girl's hand was a pilgrim basket, which she put carefully on a gate-legged table marked "£4.19.6, a great bargain," and then fearlessly embraced its owner.

"How are you, niece?" gasped the old man, who felt that an affront had been offered to the dignity of the human male.

"Thank you, Uncle Si, I'm first-rate," said the girl, trying for the sake of good manners not to smile too broadly.

"Had a comfortable journey?"

"Oh, yes, thank you."



To Look at, the Proprietor of the Business Was an Antique of the Most Genuine Kind, Whose Age Might Have Been Anything

"Didn't expect you so soon. However, your box has come. By the way, what's your name? I've forgotten it."

"June."

"June, eh? One of these newfangled affairs." S. Gedge spoke aggrievedly. "Why not call yourself December and have done with it?"

"I will if you like," said June obligingly. "But it seems rather long. Do you care for De, Cem or Ber for short?"

"It don't matter. What's in a name? I only thought it sounded a bit sloppy and newfangled."

The eyes of June continued to regard S. Gedge, Antiques, with a demure smile. He did not see the smile. He saw only her, and she was a matter for grave reflection.

II

S. GEDGE, ANTIQUES, peered dubiously at his niece. He had a dislike of women, and more than any other kind he disliked young women. But one fact was already clear. He had let himself in for it. Frowning at this bitter thought he cast his mind back in search of a reason. Knowing himself so well he was sure that a reason there must be, and a good one, for so grave an indiscretion. Suddenly he remembered the charwoman and his brow cleared a little.

"Let me have a look at you, niece." As a hawk might gaze at a wren he gazed at June through his spectacles. "Tall and strong seemingly. I hope you're not afraid of hard work."

"I'm not afraid of anything, Uncle Si," said June with calm precision.

"No answers," said S. Gedge curtly. "If you intend to stay here you've got to mind your *p*'s and *q*'s, and you've got to earn your keep."

He sighed and impatiently plucked the spectacles from his nose. "Thought so," he snarled. "I'm looking at you with my selling spectacles. For this job I'll need my buying ones."

Delving into the capacious pockets of his dressing gown the old man was able to produce a second pair of glasses. He adjusted them grimly.

"Now I can begin to see you. Favor your father seemingly. And he was never a mucher—wasn't your father."

"Dad is dead, Uncle Si." There was reproof in J strong voice. "And he was a very good man. There never a better father than dad."

"Must have been a good man. He hardly left you your mother the price of his funeral."

"It wasn't dad's fault that he was unlucky in busin

"Unlucky!" S. Gedge, Antiques, gave a sharp t his buying spectacles. "I don't believe in luck mysel

"Don't you?" said June with a touch of defiance.

"No answers!" Uncle Si held up a finger of war "Your luck is, you're not afraid of work. If you stop you'll have to stir yourself."

June confessed a modest willingness to do her best

S. Gedge continued to gaze at her. It was clear th had undertaken an immense responsibility. A live, girl, nineteen years of age, one of these modern hu with opinions of her own, was going to alter things. I no use blinking the fact, but a wise man would looked it in the face a little sooner.

"The char is taking a day off," he said, breakin reverie, "so I'd better give you a hand with your box can then change your frock and come and tidy up. I give your mind to your job I dare say I'll be able without the char altogether. The woman's a nuisan all women are. But she's the worst kind of a nuisanc I've been trying to be quit of her any time this ten y

In silence June followed Uncle Si kitchenwards, removing a pair of black kid gloves as she did so helped her to carry a trunk containing all her worldl sessions up a steep, narrow, twisty flight of uncar stairs to a tiny attic, divided by a wooden partitio a larger one, and lit by a grimy window in the ro was provided with a bedstead, a mattress, a ch drawers, a washing stand and a crazy looking-glass

"When the boy comes he'll find you a couple o' bla I dare say. Meantime, you can fall to as soon as you

June lost no time in unpacking. She then exchang new mourning for an old dress in which to begin wo she did so her depression was terrible. The death mother a month ago had meant the loss of ever she valued in the world. There was no one else, no thing that mattered. But she had promised that she be a brave girl and face life with a stout heart, a was going to be as good as her word.

For that reason she did not allow herself to spend time over the changing of her dress. She would hav to sit on the edge of the small bed in that dismal roo weep. The future was an abyss. Her prospects w She had ambition, but she lacked the kind of edu and training that could get her out of the rut; and money she had in the world, something less than t pounds, was in her purse in a roll of notes, together few odd shillings and coppers. Nothing more re of the sum that had been realized by the sale of her which her mother and she had striven so hard t together. And when this was gone she would have on the charity of her Uncle Si—who was said to be hard man and for whom she had already conceiv odd dislike—or go out and find something to do.

Such an outlook was grim, but as June put on house frock she shut her lips tight and determined think about tomorrow. Uncle Si had told her t out the grate in the back kitchen. She flattered that she could clean out a grate with anybody. to stop the cruel ache at the back of her brain she think of that and nothing else.

In about ten minutes June came down the attic fully equipped, even to an overall which she ha undecided whether to pack in her box, but had pru done so.

"Where's the brushes and the dust pan, Uncle S

"In the cupboard under the scullery sink." A emerged from the packing case, followed by a g head. "And when you are through with the kitche you can come and clear up this litter, and then y cook a few potatoes for dinner—that's if you know

"Of course I know how," said June.

"Your mother seems to have brought you up pr If you give your mind to your job and you're not soiling your hands I quite expect we'll be able without the char."

June, her large eyes fixed on Uncle Si, did not from the prospect. She went boldly, head high, direction of the scullery sink, while S. Gedge, An proceeded to burrow deeper and deeper into the p case.

Presently he dug out a bowl of Lowestoft china, he tapped with a finger nail and held up to the li

"It's a good piece," he reflected. "There's on to be said for that boy—he don't often make mist wonder what he paid for this. However, I shal presently." And S. Gedge placed the bowl on opposite the engraving after Bartolozzi.

His researches continued, but there was not m follow. Still, that was to be expected. William ha given only twenty pounds, and the bowl alone wa fiver. The old man was rather sorry that William h been given more to invest. However, there was a

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coal scuttle that might be polished up to fetch three pounds, and a set of fire irons and other odds and ends, not of much account in themselves, but all going to show that good use had been made of the money.

"Niece," called Uncle Si when at last the packing case was empty, "come and give me a hand here." With cheerful and willing efficiency June helped to clear up the débris and to haul the packing case into the back yard.

Said the old man at the successful conclusion of these operations, "Now see what you can do with those potatoes. Boil 'em in their skins. There's less waste that way and there's more flavor."

"What time is dinner, Uncle Si?"

"One o'clock sharp."

S. Gedge, Antiques, having put on his collar and discarded his dressing gown for the frock coat of commerce, shambled forward into the front shop with the air of a man who has no time to waste upon trivialities. So far things were all right. The girl seemed willing and capable, and he hoped she would continue to be respectful. The times were against it certainly. In the present era of short skirts, open-work stockings, fancy shoes and bare necks, it was hard, even for experts like himself, to say what the world was coming to. Girls of the new generation were terribly independent. They would sauce you as soon as look at you, and there was no doubt they knew far more than their grandmothers. In taking under his roof the only child of a half brother who had died worth precious little, S. Gedge, Antiques, was simply asking for trouble. At the same time there was no need to deny that June had begun well, and if at eight o'clock the next morning he was in a position to say, "Mrs. R., you can take another day off and get yourself a better billet," he would feel a happier man.

A voice with a ring in it came from the shop threshold. "Uncle Si, how many potatoes shall I cook?"

"Three middling size. One for me, one for you, one for William if he comes. And if he don't come he can have it cold for his supper."

"Or I can fry it," said the voice from the threshold.

"You can fry it?" S. Gedge peered towards the voice over the top of his buying spectacles. "Before we go in for fancywork let us see what sort of a job you make of a plain b'ilin'. Pigs mustn't begin to fly too early—not in the West Central Postal District."

"I don't know much about pigs," said June calmly, "but I'll boil a potato with anyone."

"And eat one, too, I expect," said S. Gedge, severely closuring the incident.

The axiom he had just laid down applied to young female pigs particularly.

III

S. GEDGE, ANTIQUES, feather duster in hand, began to flick pensively a number of articles of bigotry and virtue. The occupation amused him. It was not that he had any great regard for the things he sold, but each was registered in his mind as having been bought for so much at So-and-So's sale. A thoroughly competent man, he understood his trade. He had first set up in business in the year 1879. That was a long time ago, but it was his proud boast that he had yet to make his first serious mistake. Like everyone else, he had made mistakes, but it pleased him to think that he had never been badly let in. His simple rule was not to pay a high price for anything. Sometimes he missed a bargain by not taking chances, but banking on certainties brought peace of mind and a steady growth of capital.

Perhaps the worst shot he had ever made was the queer article to which he now applied the duster. A huge black jar, about six feet high and so fantastically hideous in design as to suggest the familiar of a Caribbean witch doctor or the joss of a barbarous king, held a position of sufficient prominence on the shop floor for his folly to be ever before him. Years ago he had taken this grinning, wide-mouthed monster, shaped and featured like Molech, in exchange for a bad debt, hoping that in the course of time he would be able to trade it away. As yet he had not succeeded. Few people apparently had a use for such an evil-looking thing that took up so much house room. S. Gedge, Antiques, was loath to write it off a dead loss, but he had now come to regard it as a hoodoo. He was not a superstitious man, but he declared it brought bad luck. On several occasions when a chance seemed to arise of parting with it to advantage, something had happened to the intending purchaser; indeed, it would have called for no great effort of the imagination to believe that a curse was upon it.

By an association of ideas, as the feathers flicked that surface of black lacquer, the mind of S. Gedge reverted to his niece. She, too, was a speculation, a leap in the dark. You never knew where you were with women. Now that the fools in Parliament had given females a vote the whole sex was demoralized. He had been terribly rash; and he could tell by the look of the girl that she had a large appetite. Still, if he could do without that woman it would be something.

The picture, however, was not all dark. A flick of the feathers emphasized its brighter side as William recurred suddenly to his mind. Taking all things into account, he was ready to own that the able youth was the best bargain he had ever made. Some years ago William, a needy lad of unknown origin, had been engaged at a very small wage to run errands and to make himself of general use. Finding him extremely intelligent and possessed of real aptitude, his master, with an eye to the future, had taught him the trade. And he had now become so knowledgeable that for some little time past he had been promoted to an active part in the business.

If William had a fault it was that in his master's opinion he was almost too honest. Had it been humanly possible for S. Gedge, Antiques, to trust any man with a thousand pounds William undoubtedly would have been that man. Besides, he had grown so expert that his employer was learning to rely more and more upon his judgment. The time had come when S. Gedge, Antiques, had need of young eyes in the most delicate art of choosing the right thing to buy; and this absolutely dependable young man had now taken rank in his master's mind, perhaps in a higher degree than that master recognized, as an asset of priceless value. Sooner or later, if William went on in his present way, the long-deferred rise in his wages would have to enter the region of practical politics.

For example, there was this packing case from Ipswich. Without indulgence in flagrant optimism—and the old man was seldom guilty of that—there was a clear profit already in sight. The bowl of Lowestoft might fetch anything up to ten pounds, and even then it would be "a great bargain at clearance-sale prices." Then there was the engraving. William had a nose for such things; indeed, his master often wondered how a young chap with no education to speak of could have come by it.

At this point there was heard a quiet and respectful "Good morning, sir!"

S. Gedge, standing with his back to the shop door, the china bowl again in hand, was taken by surprise. William was not expected before the afternoon.

That young man was rather tall and rather slight; he was decidedly brown from the sun of East Anglia; and some people might have considered him handsome. In his left hand he carried a small gladstone bag, and beneath his right arm was an article wrapped in brown paper.

"Ah, that's the bowl!" said William eagerly. "A nice piece, sir, isn't it?"

"I may be able to tell you more about that"—the cautious answer—"when I know what you gave for it."

William had given thirty shillings.

S. Gedge, Antiques, tapped the bowl appraisingly. "Thirty shillings! But that's money."

"I'm sure it's a good piece, sir."

"Well, you may be right," said S. Gedge grudgingly. "Lowestoft is fetching fair prices just now. What's that under your arm?"

"It's something I've bought for myself, sir."

"Out of the money I gave you!" said the old man with the swiftness of a goshawk.

"No, sir," said William with great simplicity. "Your money was all in the packing case. I'll give you an account of every penny."

"Well, what's the thing you've bought for yourself?"

(Continued on Page 61)



"I Couldn't Think of Taking a Penny of Your Money," He Said Stoutly. "Not as You Know It to Much

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THE JAZZ BABY

By Julian Street

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

HAD a stranger seen Elsa Merriam sitting at the piano in her drawing-room at dusk on this spring evening, with the lamplight falling on her cheek and her golden hair, he might have guessed her ten years younger than her actual age; but had he told her of his guess she would not have thought him sincere, for it was a part of Elsa's charm that when people spoke admiringly of her girlish figure, the fine texture of her skin, the delicacy of her coloring, or when on meeting her with the stupendous Lindsay they voiced amazement that she could be his mother, she saw in their utterances only efforts to be tactful.

Her fingers touched the keys softly; she was listening not so much to her playing as for the sound of the front door, for the Easter holidays were here, and Lindsay was coming home this afternoon from college, bringing a friend with him.

"Chet Pollard's family's in Europe or some place," her son had written, "so he can't go home this vacation. He's a good egg, terribly smooth and talented musically."

When presently from the hall below came the dull sound of the front door closing, she stopped playing and rose from the piano, but on hearing a sedate tread upon the stairs sat down again. The step was not Lindsay's, but her husband's.

"Hello, dear," he said on reaching the doorway. "Lindsay not home yet?"

"No, but I've sent the car to the station."

Her husband came in, kissed her on the cheek, and having performed this customary rite, turned to leave the room.

"Been playing?" he asked casually over his shoulder as he moved away.

"Yes, I've found a Grieg sonata with a nice cello part for Lindsay, and I've been brushing up on some of our old Beethoven duets."

"H'm, he likes Grieg and Beethoven, does he?" he inquired vaguely, heading for the stairs.

She was smiling as she resumed her playing. It seemed impossible that Hobart Merriam should not know that his son liked Grieg and Beethoven.

Again the sound of the front door, but this time a distinct concussion followed by a tumult of voices, boyish laughter, the noise of something scraping the banisters, then as she was halfway across the room, Lindsay in the doorway, wearing the shy affectionate grin with which he always greeted her. He let his suitcase fall with a thud to the floor, but with a second piece of baggage was more careful, depositing it gently upon the carpet; then taking his mother by the shoulders he leaned far down and kissed her, while she marveled, as she always did when he reappeared after an absence, that this gigantic college creature was identical with the helpless infant of a few years ago.

"Mother," he said as he straightened up again, "I want you to meet—I mean, this is my friend Mr. Pollard."

Mr. Pollard was a handsome youth almost as tall as Lindsay, with brilliant dark eyes and a complexion like a dairymaid's. Why, Elsa wondered, were the young people of this generation so much taller? Certainly in her girlhood, boys of this height were exceptions.

As she welcomed her son's classmate his manner was that of one overtaken by mirthful recollections.



How Often She Had Secretly Visioned Him Playing to Just Such a Hushed Audience as This!

"Huh-huh! I'm sure it was very kind of you—huh-huh—to invite me here for the vacation, Mrs. Merriam."

Lindsay also began to laugh in the same nervous manner; the two stood chuckling together as if at a secret jest. Desiring to help them regain their composure she spoke gravely of practical affairs. Had their train been on time? Had the chauffeur found them without difficulty? But though Lindsay became calmer his friend continued to laugh his replies. Trying to pacify him was like trying to haul down a captive balloon in a high wind.

"Lindsay tells me you're fond of music," she said.

The young man chuckled that he was, and she turned to her son.

"I didn't have time to write about it," she told him, "but there's a splendid symphony concert tonight with Lazlof playing the cello part of a Grieg sonata I've just bought for us to do. I got three tickets on the chance that you and Mr. Pollard would be able to go with me."

Abruptly the laughter ceased; a profound solemnity overtook the two boys; they stared at each other, evidently exchanging wireless messages which resulted in the nomination of Lindsay to be spokesman.

"Look, mother," he began, "it certainly was good of you. We certainly appreciate it and everything. But now look—Chet thought—at least there's a girl—I mean a couple of girls—they were down at the prom—and this girl's mother is a friend of Chet's mother, and she wanted him to be nice to her when he came to New York, so we kind of arranged to take them to the theater tonight — only we haven't called up yet, so of course they might not be able to go, and ——"

Here Pollard seemed to think best to break in.

"Oh, they'll be able to go all right," he said with the air of one sure of his women.

Mrs. Merriam was quick to help them out of their embarrassment.

"I thought it likely you'd have an engagement," she said, "but I got tickets on the off chance. I'll probably be able to get Cousin Ellen and Aunt Fannie to go with me."

"Gosh!" said Lindsay sympathetically.

"I admit I wish Dorothy Hallock were at home," said his mother.

"We went to lots of concerts last year. I always have a fine time with Dorothy, she's such a sweet girl."

"Yes," her son replied, "sweet's the word; sweet means dopeless."

"Indeed? And what does dopeless mean?"

"Just what Dorothy is—unsophisticated."

"I should hope so!" she said with a little baffled sigh. "Well, dear, hadn't you better be seeing about your theater seats?"

"I'll call up Bea and Midge," Pollard said, and Lindsay forthwith led him to the telephone closet in the hall.

Mrs. Merriam was at the piano when her son returned alone to the room.

"Here's that Grieg sonata," she said. "Bring your cello and we'll run through it before dinner."

"Look, mother," he answered uneasily, "I didn't bring my cello this time. You see, the vacation's so short, and it's such a job lugging it around."

It was the first time he had failed to bring his cello home, and she was keenly disappointed; perhaps he read her disappointment in her face, for he went on: "I would of brought it, mother, but it's so darn bulky and I had two other things to carry."

"I suppose you couldn't, then," she said.

From early childhood Lindsay had loved good music and she prized the taste as his most valuable inheritance from her. As a girl she had dreamed of becoming a professional pianist; at fifteen she was sufficiently advanced to study under a great master; two years later, however, her mother had died, and just then, when she felt so alone, she had met Hobart Merriam and married him. At the time there was some talk of a resumption of her studies, but it was prevented first by Hobart's complete indifference to music, then by the birth of Lindsay. Lindsay more than made up to her for the loss of her career; he was worth a thousand girlish dreams; deep down in her heart she acknowledged to herself that, good and kind though Hobart was, her real companion was her son.

Early she had begun to give him rudimentary musical instruction; at seven he had a little cello, and within a few years he had so far progressed that she began to harbor visions in which her early ambitions for herself cam-

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fruition in him; visions in which she saw him seated with his cello on a stage, playing to a hushed audience.

Because of the boy's talent she would have preferred to keep him at school in New York, where he could continue his musical education under the best teachers, but his father had other plans for him. His own parents had been poor, and he was determined to give Lindsay the advantages of boarding school and college, which he had been denied. Elsa fought off the selection of a school as long as she could, and when compelled to decide, chose one in which the head master was musical. Occasionally she would go up and hear the school orchestra, in which Lindsay played, and all through the school year she looked forward to the summer vacation at Westfield, in the Berkshire Hills, where they had time to play together a great deal, working up difficult duets, and also trios—for Dorothy Hallock often joined them with her violin.

Summer residents were wont to speak of Westfield as unspoiled, by which they meant that the same families occupied the same houses every season, that the country club was simple, and that there was no flamboyant hotel to attract social gypsies. The automobile, of course, did tend to bring to the country-club dances young people from the smarter settlements near by, giving Westfield occasional glimpses of the genus flapper, but such glimpses served only to heighten local conservatism.

The Hallocks were typical of the place; old New Yorkers whose residences in the city and the country dated from an era of architectural ugliness; but they were spacious homelike houses, and their owner and his wife were old-fashioned enough to be attached to them, and moreover to have a family large enough to keep them comfortably filled. With her music and her quick intelligence, Dorothy, the youngest of the Hallock children, seemed to Elsa the most attractive girl in Westfield, and it flattered her that despite the difference in their ages Dorothy so evidently enjoyed being with her. It was nearly a year now since Dorothy had gone to school in Paris, and the elder woman had genuinely missed her.

Lindsay, too, had missed Dorothy, Elsa thought; for during the summer of her absence he spoke often of their need of a violin, and showed a restlessness she had never seen in him before. Until that summer he had always been satisfied to stay in Westfield, but he now began to take nocturnal motor trips to dances at neighboring resorts. Of course, though, he was at the restless age.

Often when they were playing she spoke of Dorothy.

"Sure I miss her," he once told her. "She's an awfully nice kid, but I wish they'd get some new girls in this place."

"Why, Dorothy isn't a kid. She's only a year younger than you are."

"Nearly two years," he corrected. "She's sixteen."

"She'll be seventeen this summer."

"Well, anyhow," he said, "I couldn't get interested in her; we know each other too well. Look, mother, can I have the motor tonight? There's a dance over at Arlington. And I need twenty-five dollars."

A little after that he left for college, and she was overjoyed when presently he wrote that he had made the college orchestra. During his Christmas holidays they played but little, most of his time having been given to social activities. She supposed it was only natural that a college boy should want a lively vacation, and she prized the more such odd moments as he spent with her.

And now, after what seemed a trifling interval, the Easter holidays were here. Time went faster and faster. After another little interval it would be summer and they would go again to Westfield. Before long he would be out of college; then presently he would marry and she would lose him. She must make the most of the few remaining years. Ah, how she wished that he had brought his cello home!

II

CHET POLLARD was still at the telephone when Mr. Merriam came downstairs.

"Well, Lindsay," was his greeting to his son, and the two shook hands, Lindsay giving a jerky little half bow. He always seemed a trifle ill at ease when he greeted his father; Elsa believed it was because both were conscious of the fact that two or three years ago they would have kissed.

"I believe you're taller than ever," Mr. Merriam said.

"No, I've stopped growing but I'm putting on some weight. If I can put on about twelve pounds I've got a chance for the crew."

The father made no comment upon this, but remarked: "Your mother and I were pleased that you passed your uniform tests."

"Believe me, I was pleased!" said Lindsay, grinning. "I was half expecting to get on pro. Spanish and French saved me; they're gut courses."

"They're what?" his mother asked.

"Gut—soft—easy," he elucidated.

"H'm," said his father. "Better have your bags taken upstairs. I tripped over one of them in the hall."

"You did?" Lindsay looked agitated. "You didn't trip over that long black one, did you? Gosh! I wouldn't have anybody trip over that!"

"It might be a good idea, then, not to leave it in the center of the hall."

"Gosh! Did I leave it there? Well, I'll take it up to my room right now!"

He started for the door, but his mother interposed.

"Just ring for Wilkes," she said. "He'll take them up."

"Not on your life!" Lindsay answered with great earnestness, as he picked up the suitcase and the long black box. "Not this thing. I'll carry this myself."

"What you got in it you're so particular about?" his father asked.

"Well," replied the boy obscurely as he started for the stairs, "it's something I can't afford to have broken."

"But look here," persisted his father, "why are you so careful about that box? What you got that's so breakable?"

Lindsay, who was now halfway up the stairs, stopped, and looking over the balustrade laughed down at the anxious upturned faces of his parents.

"Oh, it's not hooch—if that's what you mean. No, dad, nothing like that. It's just something—something that I—well, I wanted to ease it to mother, but I guess I might as well show it to you now."

He descended, let the leather bag plump to the floor again, and carried the mysterious black case to the drawing-room, where he placed it carefully upon a couch. Then without moving to open it he turned and earnestly addressed his parents.

"Now look," he said, "in the first place I want you to realize I got this thing at a wonderful bargain. Probably you could go from one end of this country to the other and you'd never see a bargain like it again. Probably there aren't five others like this one I've got here, in the whole country. I want you to realize, mother, what a perfectly unprecedented ——"

"You haven't told us what it is, yet," his father broke in.

"I was just going to tell you," the boy returned, "but first I want to make absolutely sure you understand what a wonderful bargain I've got."

"It seems to me," remarked his father dryly, "that you have succeeded in impressing that point upon us. What is it?"

"But first," continued Lindsay—"first you must realize that it's quadruple gold plate over triple silver plate. If you understood about these—these things, why, you'd know they don't *make* 'em that way—not except when they get a special order. And even then you'd have to wait weeks and weeks before you'd ——"

(Continued on Page 73)



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THE WATER FIGHTERS



PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY U. S. ENGINEERS AND ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R. CO.

Convict Laborers at Fulton Lake, Arkansas. Sacks of Sand are Fed Down the Chutes and Land Along the Base of the Threatened Levee

IN THESE postwar days of floundering and inefficiency, of clock watchers and grumblers and grafters, it makes the heart beat faster to see a man sized job bravely tackled and honestly well done. During our high water fight along the Mississippi River we saw an exhibition of human courage and tenacity that gave a sparkle to the eyes of men. Ten years ago I wrote for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST a story of failure, of broken levees, and disaster. Now I joyfully record a success. The world is not lost while men can yet stand resolute. Confronting their ancient enemy, our valley dwellers assembled with such an organization and sturdy work that old Jonah Q. Grouch himself now admits a possibility of hope for the republic.

The average river dweller is an incurable optimist, undismayed as the peasant who rebuilds his home upon the volcanic slopes of Vesuvius. Like his pioneer father before him, Colonel Damascus Swampwood swats mosquitoes, borrows money to ration free negroes, puts all his credit into growing cotton, and starts over again when the Mississippi runs amuck and washes away everything except his mortgage. Being a dead-game sport the colonel never whines over spilt milk, but plasters his property with a second mortgage to some innocent financier, patches up his levee, corrals more negroes and plants more cotton, all in the sublime assurance that one good crop will land him on Easy Street. Two bumper crops in succession would make the colonel disgustingly rich, which he doesn't crave. All he wants is plenty for himself and his friends.

Overflows and hope deferred have taught Colonel Swampwood to be a long-shanked wader and a cheerful loser. In lean years he eats corn bread with the same grace that next season he smashes European speed laws. He believes in the valley, and sticks to it. "Consider the postage stamp, my son; its virtue consists in sticking to one thing until it gets there." His country has a glorious future, forty feet deep in fertility from the erosions of a continent. When the river has become a servant instead of a master, and drainage an established fact, then the two-legged world must wear his cotton breeches and pay tribute to the colonel. Until that sure millennium arrives he swears by his country, and swears at it. In drought years he cusses high whisky, and in wet years he cusses high water.

This has been a wet year. The colonel has cussed and fought, and beat the Mississippi to a fare-you-well. Today, May twenty-fourth, the whipped river is running away, and folks who perch upon the mountain tops must pardon us if we strut a bit, and flirt our tail feathers free from mud. I say "we," because everybody did it. We forced our levees to serve our turn long after they were gone; when water towered two feet over their tops we halted it, and held a fighting line four times longer than the battle front in France.

For the past five years old Father Mississippi has behaved himself pretty decently, with only local outbreaks. Waterspouts in Wyoming, torrents in the Yellowstone, and chunk floaters in Western Pennsylvania all subsided like a village hell-raiser in New York City when they got lost in a vaster channel. Little streams cut up mightily at home, but died before they reached first base. One at a time they have no more effect upon the lower Mississippi than squirting a garden hose into the Atlantic.

This year, however, they all seemed to synchronize their watches and agree upon a zero hour. The Monongahela and the Platte, the Cumberland, Arkansas, Missouri, Ohio and Tennessee—all went over the top together. Deluges from Denver, Buffalo and Winnipeg, wave upon wave, crest upon crest, came raging down the valley.

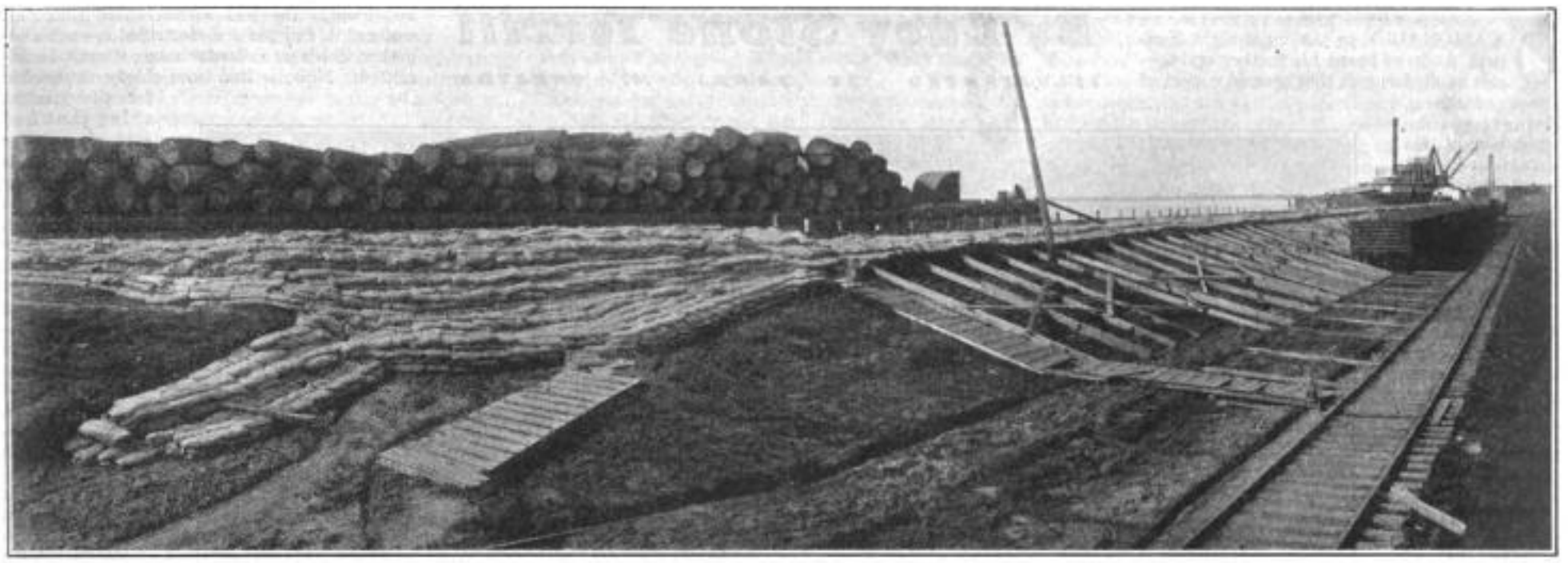
"Told ye so! Told ye so!" Old croakers gleefully shook their heads and based predictions of calamity upon their observation of crawfish prophets.

Colonel Swampwood tightened his belt and realized what a general overflow would mean. Under present business conditions the best he can do is to hang on by his eyelashes, stave off taxes, extend his notes, and draw three cards. With ten feet of water blanketing his plantations



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By HARRIS DICKSON



Land Side of Levee in Front of Arkansas City. The Logs are on Barges Placed There to Prevent Wave-Wash. Note the Height of the Water Level

the tenants must swim out, and keep swimming; for unless they make a crop this year none of these negroes can get a dollar until Santa Claus comes down his chimney in 1923. If the levee broke, it would depopulate the country. The levees must be held.

A delusion exists in certain unfortunate cities which are so far distant from Vicksburg that they cannot be expected to know much—a delusion that our levees are huge dams of stone or concrete, reënforced, buttressed and impregnable. When Colonel Swampwood takes his rightful seat in heaven he'll plunk his harp in peace behind a levee like that; but in this vale of tears and swears he fights to hold a ridge of dirt so very soft that it melts in his mouth. And his mouth gets hot enough to melt anything.

Our valley is built up of material brought down and deposited by the river; and Father Mississippi had more gumption than to fetch stone or concrete that could be used to bar him from his happy playground. He brought only the mushiest kind of stuff that levees are made of.

Near two thousand miles of these ridges barricade the river on either bank; and every inch is a danger point; when floods stand for weeks against it, not even the strongest levee can be left unguarded.

Our present trouble lies in a lack of uniformity in height and strength, because the system itself is an evolution.

Originally the colonial planter threw up his private embankment to protect his own tater patch; a neighbor joined him, and another, the community, the county, the state—and a system developed. Independent levee boards cherished different ideas as to dimensions, or piled up dirt as far as their dough permitted—until the Federal Government became a partner, and the Mississippi River Commission established its standard designed to keep off any water. Learning the lessons of failures and success, one fact stands forth: A levee constructed according to specifications of the river commission will hold off the highest known water, and everybody is now struggling towards bringing our dikes up to "commission grade and section"—a standard phrase for a standard levee.

This cannot be accomplished in a day. The work itself can be pushed only during fair weather, and as far as the money will stretch. Frequently we see a huge levee machine standing idle, because of rains or failure of appropriations, an abandoned and futile thing gazing upon the tragedy of its unfinished task.

Up to the point where it stopped we walk along a stalwart dike, proof against any flood, and beyond it tremble at the weakness of a temporary sacking. The thick dike gives no anxiety, but thousands must labor upon the thin one.

During overflow after overflow we suffer through this agony, when Federal appropriations are not sufficient and the larger funds raised by local taxation have become exhausted. Much of this money is expended in emergency work, the cost of which sometimes runs as high as ten thousand dollars a mile; all wasted, for it must be torn away when standard levees take its place. The pity of it is that losses from a single crevasse would probably pay for completion of a system that insures immunity, confidence and increased production.

However devoutly we might wish it otherwise, lower and weaker levees do join the standard levees, and are first threatened by the floods.

When the waters rose this year they found a small and experienced force already at the front; and as weak points developed the cry for help went out. With the Anglo-Saxon genius for organization this help assumed the form of a feudal military system. In brave days of old the barons, earls and dukes marched to war with their king, followed by retainers in proportion to the lands they held. So did plantations and towns now furnish labor. If a planter objected to diverting labor from his crops he was bluntly reminded that unless the levees were held he'd get twenty feet of water. So the labor came.

(Continued on Page 104)

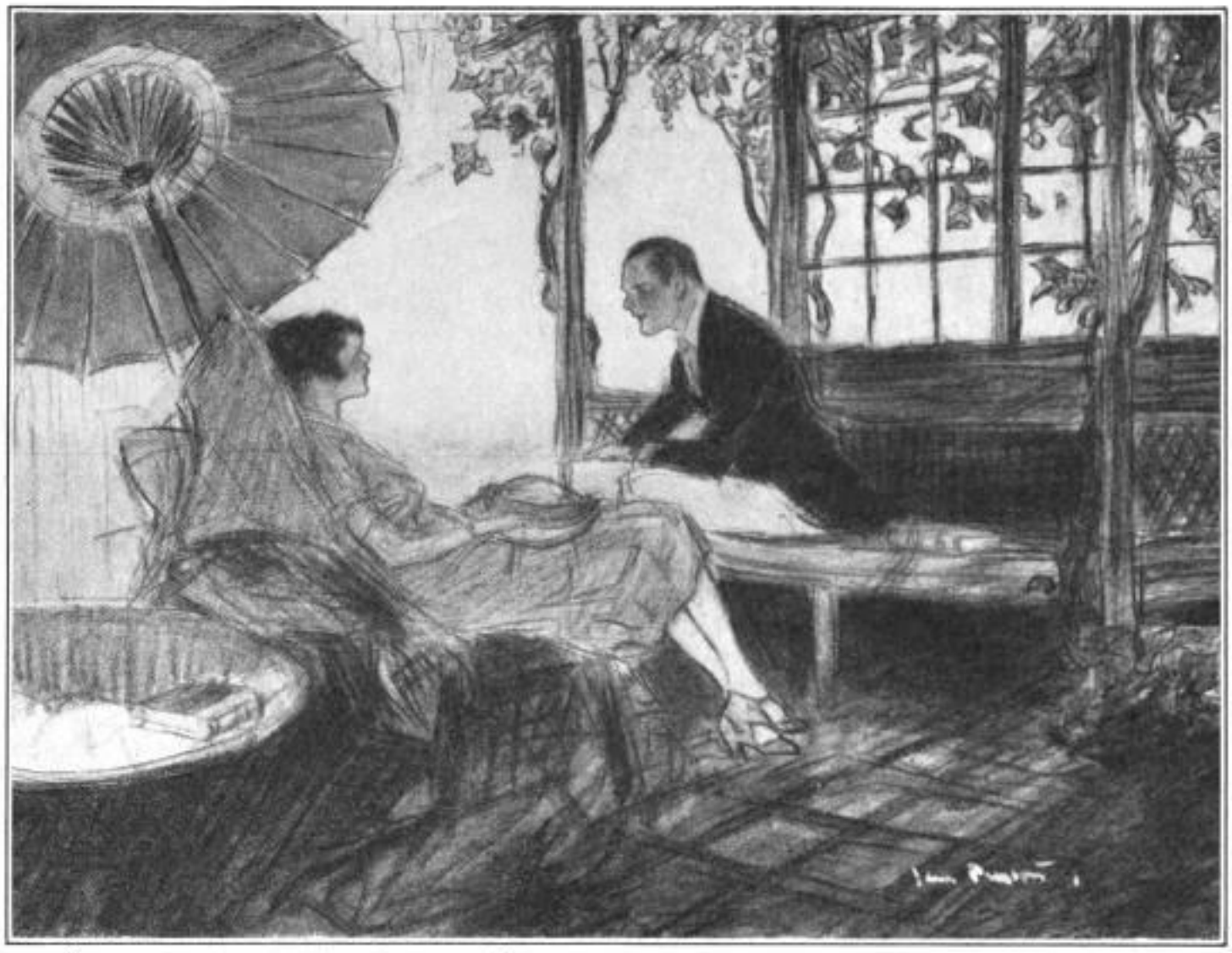


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THAT NAME MARY

By Lucy Stone Terrill

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON



"Women of the Future Will Never be Slaves to Men's Whims the Way the Poor Things Used to be," She Calmly Announced

PROLOGUE

OCCASIONALLY in the quiet night Kenneth Andrews heard his mother crying—soft muffled sounds that seemed a part of the very darkness. Sometimes he stole out of his warm bed and stood shivering by her doorway. But he never went into her room. A strange intuition told him that he had no power to comfort the shame of her loneliness. She could better endure it alone. So he always crept back to his bed, excited into intense wakefulness by bitterness against his father, until his fierce determination to make it up to her would quiet him into deep sleep. Then:

Oh, come! Come! Come! Come!
Come to the church in the wildwood!
Oh, come to the church in the vale ——

Morning; and his mother singing in the kitchen. She was getting his breakfast. Already her day's baking of bread was in the oven. He would deliver the warm brown loaves to the neighbors on his way to school. He had a nice big regular man's purse to hold the thin precious dimes. Mr. Tom Jennison had given it to him one evening when, whistling on his way home from his office, he had found Kenneth trying to recover a dime he had dropped through a crack in the sidewalk.

No-o spot is so dear to my childhood
As the little brown church in the vale!

His mother's voice was like dance music—even when she sang about a church. She made the little brown church in the vale sound like a very gay place indeed. It was the song she always sang to wake him up.

When he heard it he could scarcely believe the crying in the night. He would watch her furtively, curiously, when he went into the warm kitchen to dress; and there was a smile on her lips and a song in her throat and an affectionate pinch in her fingers as she hurried him in his slow dressing.

It was this knowledge about her—which she never knew he possessed—that became the outstanding influence of his boyhood and gave him an immense regard for womanhood—that sound of smothered sobbing in the night, and then the brave morning with its singing and the smell of fresh good bread.

I

THE party was on. The big dining hall was a melody of lights and liquor and ladies and laughter. Legions of food had come—and gone; but better things than home-brew flowed on forever; and flowed legally, for the hospitable owner of them was properly registered, taxed and appreciated. Yet the members of the Bigger Boomton Committee were in no sense grateful for their lavish entertainment, arranged for them by their rich Eastern host and his associates. They were too proud of themselves. They were men of perspicacity and persuasion. They had come to this rich city to procure a million dollars with which to develop Boomton's adolescing coal mines and, thanks mostly to Tom Jennison's leadership, they were going home with seven million. It was more than success; it was achievement. They were indeed the fathers of a Bigger Boomton.

The only member of the committee who was not taking full pleasure from this merited merriment was Kenneth Andrews, the handsomest and one of the youngest men there, who normally should have been the life of the party. For while the older men could be proud of Boomton, the young Western city of their own making, Boomton could well be proud of Kenneth Andrews, one of its first native sons and of the state's best lawyers, whose slight limp, which he had brought back from France, was a matter of more municipal pride than the new city hall and the drinking fountains on Broadway.

Andrews hadn't wanted to come on this business trip. He had been home only a month. He had wanted to attend to his own affairs and to marry Mary Winsor. But the older men had insisted, and here he was; at least his body was here. His mind seemed, bewilderingly, to be everywhere except here. He wondered if perhaps he were getting drunk, but the idea lost weight with reflection, for the other time he had got drunk his hilarity had made regimental history, while tonight he felt as dejected as a fly with its feet fast in a honey jar and its free wings wearied with futility. Try as he would, he was unable to beat down the confusions that depressed him, shamefully sentimental though they were.

In the first place, the keen insistent memory of Mary Winsor intruded itself every time he turned to listen to the devilish funny things the woman at his side was saying. The woman's name was Snowball—so she said. Like the rest of the party she had been arranged for. She danced, she had told him, on a roof somewhere. To overcome his mood he originated a humorous classic about her name, which convulsed their table neighbors. Even Tom Jennison withdrew his attention from the beauty of the banquet, whose party name was Cleopatra, to join in the appreciative laughter. It was pleasant to be appreciated by Tom Jennison, despite the incredible fact that his straight, firm gaze was wavering into silliness under the wiles of woman.

Jennison was the chairman of the Bigger Boomton Committee. He had never been mayor of Boomton or even on the city council. He preferred to be merely one of its influential business men. That he was influential there was no doubt. He had street-carred Boomton, watered it, and gas-and-electrified it—not altogether to his own disadvantage, it must be admitted. Now he had been chiefly responsible for the greatest thing that had ever happened to Boomton. His elation struck deep. "First time he's acted human since the war," his friends whispered to one another. For the loss of his two oldest sons had done queer things to Tom Jennison. It had changed his serenity to bitterness. But tonight he was exhilarated — exultant. His triumph possessed him.

"Good boy, Kenneth!" he called across the table into the laughter Kenneth had created. "It's about time you came to the party." Then he returned to the flattering attention of the gay woman beside him.

Young Andrews swallowed hard. He realized that the words held a subtle reprimand, a call to buck up and show these Easterners what good sports they were. He made a determined effort to establish himself in the festivities, encouraged by vigorous punches from Snowball's elbow. She had just changed her name from Snowball to Tiger Lily, and they were clamoring for him to coin another capricious classic. He did, for wit was born in him from his Irish mother, and they laughed uproariously.

Then for a time they left him free again, and he watched Tom Jennison through half-lowered lids and wondered about Mary Winsor and the promise he had made himself—the clean boyish promise born of the faith he had had in Tom Jennison. Tiger Lily politely brought him back to the party by pricking him with an ice-cream fork in an endeavor to gain his ears for her other neighbor, Evans Hall, who was trying, sputteringly, to whisper something to him. There was the same jovial triumph in Hall's eyes that rested in the meaningful glances of the other men over this reducing of Tom Jennison to vulnerability. Evans Hall was Boomton's leading real-estate man. He had been educated in the Middle West for an English teacher.

"Hi, Andrews!" he was hissing across Tiger Lily's uncomprehending face. "This is the time Galahad's hit in the heel, all right, ain't it?"

Though his tremulously delighted glance indicated Tom Jennison, it was evident that his metaphorical error meant nothing to Tiger Lily, who regarded them with puzzled respect. "Galahad wasn't the guy," Andrews corrected heavily; "it wasn't his heel."

"Why, sure it was! 'Galahad—the pure, the true, the lovable.' You can't fool me on classical stuff. I tell ——"

Tiger Lily settled this literary controversy by filling Hall's erudite mouth with a small mountain of ice cream, and Andrews returned to his fascinated gaze of the beautiful woman opposite him, whose languid eyes seldom lowered their compelling gaze from the surrendering one of Tom Jennison.

"Say, Gloom," Tiger Lily finally complained, "what's the matter? Are you sore because you drew a brunette for this party—or what?"

"Why—why, surely not. Brunettes for me every time," he said stiffly. Mary Winsor was a brunette. He must be thinking about her.

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"Well, if your head aches," Tiger Lily persisted kindly, "I've got some stuff in my slipper that'll buck you up."

Andrews caught her hand, which had started on a willing search for the tablets, and disciplined himself into kissing the five pink finger tips as an expression of gratitude. She looked at him curiously, as if she wondered if she were perhaps assisting at an initiation. He hated to be thought provincial, young—so he kissed her lips.

"You're a good little scout, Mary," he muttered.

She started to raise a clamor at this, and in the desperate necessity of mending the unforgivable slip of his tongue he drowned her out by vociferously gathering an audience and putting forth another joke suggesting that his companion's name be changed to Deadly Nightshade. Their neighbors accepted it charitably but with lesser ardor, for someone at the head of the table had started toasts, which offered fresher diversion.

Andrews was dully relieved. Now he could watch Tom Jennison, undisturbed. He was mesmerized by this thing before him—this seeing the winged feet of an ideal change to ordinary clay, for Tom Jennison had been the outstanding figure of his life. His valiant mother had reared faith in this man, who was at the moment delightedly patting Cleopatra's cheek, into his very bones.

And now, stumblingly, as if held back by her dead hands, he lost himself from the noisy table and went back into the years, hunting out the reasons for the seeds of Tom Jennison's influence having taken such deep root in his life.

Bacchus is a capricious master. He ordinarily endows his quiet conscientious followers with fantastic feet and ribald tongues. And had Kenneth been more of a Bacchanalian or less in love, this might have happened to him. As it was, he secreted himself in a solemn massive introspection.

II

HE FIRST remembered Tom Jennison as the big big man with the big big voice who wore big big hats and lived in the big big white house in front of their little white one. He had used to wonder if his father would ever grow to be as big as Mr. Jennison. Once he had asked him. His father had laughed.

"I guess not. Not in your mother's opinion, at any rate," he had said.

"It's for you to put on the shoes that fit you!" his mother had flashed back.

"They'll never be Jennison's clodhoppers, my dear. A little dancing keeps the feet young," his father had laughingly answered her challenge. His teasing laughter and his loosely knotted scarf ties—he was a newspaper man—were the two things Kenneth remembered most clearly about his father; those, and his indescribable way of making you love him. He was the type of man who is given by his very weakness a peculiar power over strong women.

Sometimes Kenneth had wondered about the shoes that would make his father as big as Mr. Jennison.

Kenneth often heard his father talking about Tom Jennison. Once, having listened to a puzzling conversation between his father and another neighbor, he had said, "Papa, don't you like Mr. Jennison?"

"Like him? Sure I like him. But I wouldn't want to have to trade him a good wheelbarrow for a team and buggy."

This seemed strange. "Why, I should think that'd be an awful good trade," he had argued.

"Yes, you probably would think so until he had the wheelbarrow. Then you'd see light. Run along now. Don't bother me."

There was a fascination in his father's indefiniteness. He always left you with more to wonder about than you began with. His mother didn't; she settled things for you; she loved to explain things to you; she could be depended upon. But after all, Kenneth loved his father best. His father knew it. Sometimes he joked his mother about it.

"It's glad enough I am—if you keep yourself deserving of it," she would say.

. . . . . .

How many things his unheeding ears of childhood had treasured up for his adult ears to understand. There was some grown-up matter about Mr. Jennison which his father and mother never settled between them, but their recurring controversies on the matter made a composite memory in Kenneth's mind, as if they had been one definite conversation.

"We-ell," he could hear his father say, "Tom Jennison pulled off another shady deal today, that for sheer nerve had anything skinned I ever heard of. He ——"

"Oh, yes, my dearie!" Kenneth's mother never waited for her husband to finish. "Anything that he does is shady. Envy makes always a righteous tongue. It's jealous of his brains you are."

"Brains, nothing! He could shake a rattle all day and get fun out of it. You'd sing a very different tune, no matter how much money I made, if you had one baby in your arms and another one tagging at your skirts all the while, like Mary Jennison."

This unvarying defense of his father's was always countered by his mother's equally unvarying "You don't need to waste any sympathy on Mary! A husband as decent as Tom Jennison is worth having a dozen children for! If there were more like him it's happier far this old world would be, and well you know it."

Kenneth knew from frequent hearing that Mr. Jennison was a very decent man. He didn't know why, exactly; for he knew even at that early age that Mr. Jennison shared his own father's curse for poker—some strange game that Mr. Jenks kept in his pool hall—and that he occasionally electrified their sleepy street at midnight by a riotous and remarkable search for his own residence. These occasions were manna to Kenneth's father.

"Poor Mary Jennison," he would say the next morning, his eyes twinkling. "You can be thankful I'm not a drinking man, Winnie my girl."

"Poor Mary nothing!" she would make undaunted reply. "You notice it's home he comes—to Mary, even when he's drunk. Home. That's more than you always do, sober."

And his father would laugh, for at that time he was safe in his deceit, and the wistful uncertainty in his wife's eyes had not yet become the pain of knowledge; and perhaps he would kiss the back of her neck with its two pretty little black curls. If he did a light would pass over her face that always made Kenneth feel strange and shivery. And when she next spoke her voice would be more like singing than like talking. Kenneth grew to dread ever seeing his father give her any careless caress; she seemed somehow to unclothe her soul—for his father to laugh at.

. . . . . .

One night after he had gone to bed Kenneth had heard footsteps. He peeked through the curtains and saw Mr. Jennison coming down their narrow walk. In the clear early moonlight he looked even bigger than in the daytime; and he was alone—that was queer—and bareheaded. He went around to the kitchen, where Kenneth's mother was waiting for his father to come home, and Kenneth heard their quick mingled words, and then silence—such a long silence.

Kenneth got out of bed and tiptoed through the cold quiet parlor and the narrow hall. The kitchen door was slightly ajar. He peeked.

They stood there together, Mr. Jennison and his mother, facing each other. His mother's hands, both of them, were in Mr. Jennison's. Her face was white and her blue eyes were as wide and stiffly open as if propped by invisible sticks. But Mr. Jennison's eyes were closed. To Kenneth, that was the impressive thing—Mr. Jennison's eyes being closed. He looked funny. But instead of laughing Kenneth turned, terror-stricken, and crept back into bed. Then he thought about how his mother had looked. It made him feel sick; and it told him why Mr. Jennison had closed his eyes.

He heard his mother softly latch the door he had peeked through.

Very soon Mrs. Jennison came down the narrow walk, hurrying. She must have been putting her baby to bed. She was tall too; "twice as tall as mother," Kenneth thought.

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" he heard her say as she went in the kitchen door. It was odd that she should call his

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The Ring-Tailed Galliwampus

By Eugene P. Lyle, Jr.

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

THE boss down at the Donovan-Merrill Printing Company's shop does not look like a boss. He is long and negligent and easy, with fun-loving light gray eyes and a certain shyness about him—a boyish readiness to flush that afflicts him still. From the bindery on the top loft down to the heating plant in the subcellar, he has three hundred men under him, but he does not look like a driver of men, of himself or of other men. Nevertheless, the foreman of the composing room, with a man problem frazzling his temper, came to him.

"Mr. Merrill ——" began the foreman, and stopped for a rhetorical pause to convey his state of mind. He was an old-timer in the shop, but invariably when under stress he mistered his young boss with terse formality. "Mr. Merrill, that Burke kid's no good. He just ain't interested in learning. He's a clock hawk. He's a washroom lizard. He gets too many pains and has to step out to the drug store. Twicet I've caught him in the pool room round the corner, and not five minutes ago I come on him rolling the bones in the alley. One fine apprentice! I guess you'll have to let me fire him, Mr. Merrill."

Evidently, unto the least of the three hundred, firing was not done until the boss said so.

"H'm," said the boss thoughtfully. "Not interested, you say?" He smiled in a kind of reminiscent sympathy. You might fancy that the Burke kid was going to get off light. But the boss said, "Sam, what's the nastiest job you got in the shop?"

The foreman ran five dusty fingers through a grizzled mop.

"Well," he said, "there's always pi. Recollect the form that dropped through the crack between the floor and the elevator? Mostly pica, too, set solid. Well, none of that's been distributed yet. We just ain't got to it—too danged onery. The job, I mean. Mr. Merrill, that young loafer, messing in that heap of type, would get himself a cramp in the stomach before he'd watched the minute hand travel an inch."

"You tell him," said the boss, "that you don't really expect him to stick to it. You tell him no man can set it up in a day, which is why it hasn't been done, because you can't spare a real man that long. But don't tell him—mind now!—don't tell him that his job depends on it. No threats at all, understand?"

The foreman grinned a wicked grin.

"All right, Joe," he agreed, and went back to his domain.

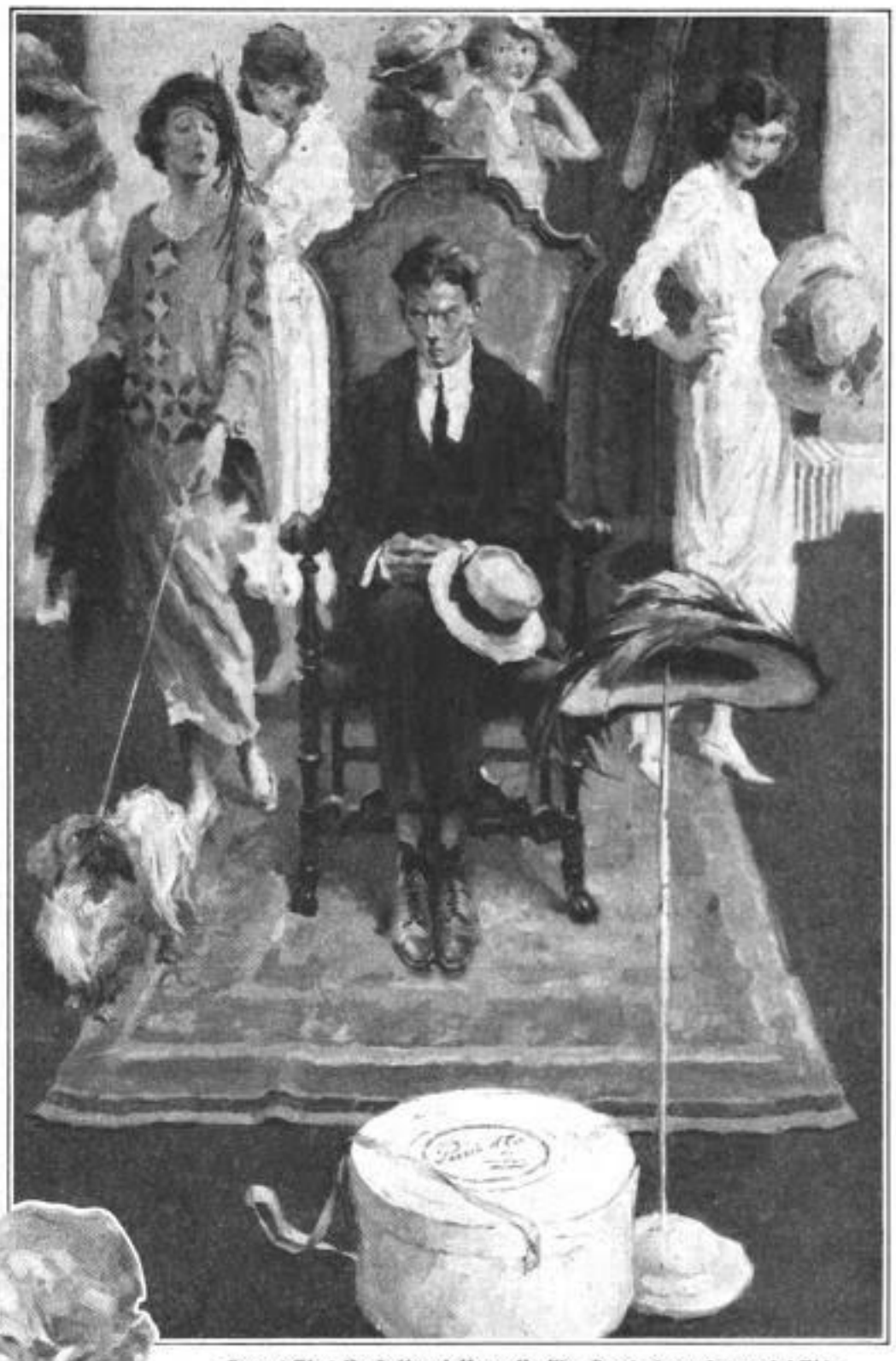
Ten years before this, when as yet Donovan hadn't retired and when there was no Merrill in the firm, Donovan himself was boss, and he looked it—square browed, rock jawed, with a battler's eye. The plant was not a third so large in those days, and down to the errand boys the employes made contact with the boss himself, where they'd break up if they did not brace up.



Tim Perrin

Merrill, not many months out of business college, was doing the collecting then—scarcely more than an upper-class errand boy himself, and waxing sulky and ashamed as the humiliating comparison bit deeper into him. It was the first of the month and ten minutes past seven—ten minutes late—when he reached the office and heard that the old man was asking for him.

Donovan sat at his scarred roll-top desk and snapped a [illegible] of statements, folded [illegible]



Except That He Suffered More, He Was Precisely as Successful This Second Day as He Had Been the Day Before

that his bookkeeper had worked overtime the night before to make out. He gave voice like a barrel bumping down cellar as young Merrill drifted in.

"Hell's bells, late again! And with a look on you like you're the one being abused! See here, Joe, what's the matter with you, anyway?"

"Misplaced, I guess, Mr. Donovan," said the young fellow, not glibly, but trying to find the words, trying to be frank; and flushing rather bitterly.

Donovan grunted. "Misplaced? Huh! Finding it crowded at the bottom, eh?"

"No, that isn't it. But I don't see any step up. Collecting bills—it's all a dead level. Just a dead level for wearing out shoe leather."

"Huh! No golden stairs anywhere, I suppose."

"Something like that, yes, sir. None that I can see. No opportunity. No—no sporting interest. Nothing."

"Sporting interest, is it?" And now a gleam of sporting interest lighted in the battler's eye. "Well, well, well! Hell's bells!"

It was really a moment of crisis in the young fellow's life, when he needed a word, shove or kick to turn him rough hewer, was, though, apparently as oblivious as a peevish grizzly.

"Here's your bills," he growled. "Wait! Hold on a minute. There's one I forgot."

He pulled out the contents from a stuffed pigeonhole of his desk, found a certain folded statement and slipped it into the packet of statements, burying it deep. Then, grunting dismissal, he handed the packet to his restive young bill collector.

The lad suspected nothing. He suspected no leaven in the usual sodden mess, no dash of seasoning, no pinch of paprika, but sorted his bills into routes and started out with the resentful attitude toward it all that had become habitual. He didn't care. The sooner they fired him the sooner he'd drop into something else. That morning he had in him all the makings of a drifter. If he had aught else in him the germ was dormant, submerged, stifled.

In the course of the afternoon of the second day, having worked through the wholesale district into the feminine flurry of the retail shops, often delicately lettered "shoppes," he looked at the next bill on his ordered docket. The debtor was Perrin et Cie., and it was for "$25.11, statement ren'd." Evidently an old bill, but for Merrill it was an entirely new one. Until now he had never stepped within the portals of Perrin et Cie. And of his own accord he never would. They were milliners. People have various dreads.

This boy had a dread of closed places populated preponderantly by strange women.

"In again, out again—quick," he thought, or hoped.

It was about the dreadfulest closed place he had ever known—not a man in sight. He supposed the women were buying and selling hats, but it was more as though they were examining rare porcelains or something of the sort, handling the *objets d'art* in ecstatic reverence, speaking in low cultured tones. Merrill was cowed by the awed hush, the delicate and exotic fragrance, the sirupy politeness of the officiating priestesses. Involuntarily he dragged off his own hat. It was a temple of pretense, but pretending hard enough to get away with it. When the high priestess, very gracious, very refined, inquired his pleasure, he diffidently asked for the proprietor and mentioned a little bill. A money transaction seemed so out of place—a vulgarity, a sacrilege, here.

However, the high priestess smiled. "I am the head saleswoman," she told him gently. "Might I see it?"

He shifted his weight to the other foot on the deep velvet rug. "The proprietor," he faltered.

How he did long for a man, or something in pants anyhow! But in her politely insistent hand he placed the bill.

"Oh, this!" exclaimed the lady with a slight start. "I am so sorry, but—won't you be seated for only a moment or two? Then perhaps monsieur the managaire will be at leisure."

With a dulcet inclination of the head she indicated a high-backed carved chair in the center of another rug, and miserably Joe Merrill seated himself in that ceremonial chair. He waited the moment or two, and kept on waiting. They seemed to have forgotten him, though patronesses and priestesses glanced at him in passing, as at an oddity, an intrusive foreign substance or a discordant speck in the opulent though subdued atmospheric harmony. He was a good-looking young fellow in his easy, negligent way, but now he felt dusty, sweaty, uncouth, unkempt, and steadily more so. He felt like a tramp queerly admitted to a grand salon, an offense in the sight of highborn dames. He wondered if he didn't need a shine, a haircut, a fresh collar. He yearned to get out and check these items

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glanced at him in passing. Fidgeting uncomfortably in his chair, holding his hat, he hated them.

After a long age, and after many resolutions to do so, he plunged. That is to say, he arose, begged the high priestess' pardon, and asked her if there were any news of the proprietor. She arched her penciled brows inquiringly, but, suddenly recalling him to memory, she was most apologetic. She would herself see if the proprietor would not see him, but her mission back into an inner sanctum beyond heavy draperies was unavailing, and yet iridescent with hope. The proprietor so exceedingly regretted having kept the gentleman waiting, and he would be with him now in only a very few minutes.

The few minutes stretched into another age, until at last Joe Merrill nerved himself to another plunge. The high priestess, after having again placed him in memory's halls, was devastated by remorse over the inconvenience he had been caused. If only he would wait only just half a minute longer she ——



Joe Merrill

Merrill tried to tell her that he would come back tomorrow, but she would not hear of it, and unable to disoblige his hostess, as it were, he returned to the chair of torture and sat and sat. Only towards six o'clock, closing time, did the lady come to him, and in great distress personally, and with apologies for the proprietor, who certainly must have forgotten that a gentleman was waiting for him, informed him that the proprietor had departed, but if he would be so kind as to return on the morrow, surely ——

The next morning, down at the good old he-man's printing shop, where the big presses shook the floor with their thunderous rhythm and printer's ink smeared hairy forearms unashamed, Joe Merrill passed the Perrin et Cie. statement over to the bookkeeper and asked him what in seven counties was the matter with that account.

The bookkeeper glanced at the bill and gave a slight start. Then he peered expectantly over his spectacles at Joe, as though looking for contusions, lacerations or a black eye. "What—what did they do to you?"

"They didn't do anything. That's the trouble. Might as well try to fight sofa cushions. Everybody soft and polite as perfumed thistledown."

"That's funny," said the bookkeeper. "Old Perrin took his oath that the next dun peddler to present this bill would get a course of sprouts."

"But they didn't even decline to pay it. I was to come back again today."

"Then you didn't see old Perrin, I guess. He'd decline fast enough. He won't ever pay it."

"Won't, you say? Then seems to me it's a case for the courts. Why don't we sue?"

The bookkeeper explained. If they sued, Perrin would show a canceled check for twenty-five dollars in proof that he had paid that much of the bill, and offer eleven cents to make up the balance. Various times he had already shown the canceled check to old Donovan, and had hurled eleven cents at Donovan when Donovan refused to accept them for settlement in full. Seemingly Perrin frequently hurled eleven cents at Donovan, whenever the two men met and the discussion arose. Perrin declared that, except for an oversight, the eleven cents would have been included in the check in the first place. Perrin would be delighted to have Donovan sue, so as to hurl the eleven cents at him in open court.

"That's a pretty note!" exclaimed Joe in pardonable disgust. "Expecting me to collect a bill that no court would allow! What's eating the old man?"

"A grouch, probably. He can't expect you to collect it, but still he wants it collected, like so much of his life's blood. The thing has gotten to be a feud between him and Perrin—those two stubborn old files bombarding each other with eleven pennies. They say old Perrin always keeps exactly eleven pennies ready for hostilities in his right-hand vest pocket. I reckon he's thrown enough pennies, eleven at a throw, to pay the dratted bill twice over."

"What was the bill for?"



Rhoda Perrin

"For a batch of check books, which happened to be the only job we did for Perrin that month, and it's the last we've ever done. Too bad! Perrin's account used to be a nice fat one, but all because of this measly twenty-five-dollar check ——"

"Great guns!" Merrill interrupted. "If Donovan got the money on the check ——"

"But Donovan claims he didn't. He claims that Perrin got the money. He claims that Perrin was in here and happened to need some cash and wrote out a check for twenty-five, and that our cashier, the one we had then, who married and went East soon after, cashed the check, and that Perrin stuffed the money in his pocket and forgot all about it the minute after."

"If Donovan knows this why can't he prove it to Perrin?"

"But he doesn't know it. He only deduces it, like a detective, because the books don't show Perrin credited with the twenty-five. Donovan deduces that the cashier simply took the money out of the cash drawer and put in Perrin's check instead, and no need to make an entry."

"And Perrin—what does he say?"

"Perrin can't remember anything of the sort. When the canceled check came back his bookkeeper credited their

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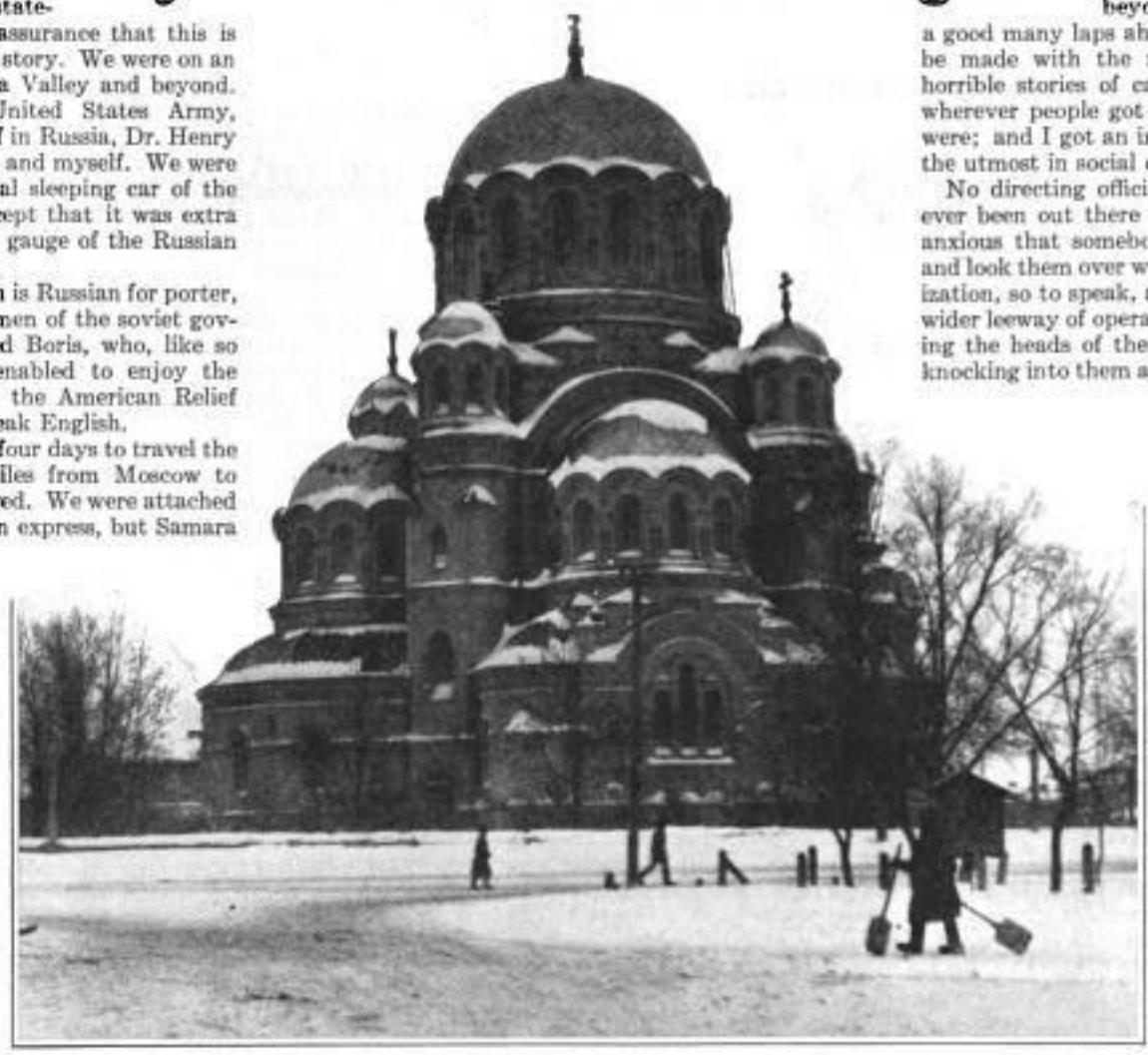
UTOPIAN NIGHTMARES

By Eleanor Franklin Egan

OUR intention was to go straight on from Samara to Orenburg if we could get an engine. Which statement seems to me to call for an assurance that this is nothing in the nature of a continued story. We were on an inspection trip down into the Volga Valley and beyond. There were Colonel Lonergan, United States Army, assistant director of American Relief in Russia, Dr. Henry Beeuwkes, director of medical relief, and myself. We were traveling in a one-time international sleeping car of the more or less European variety, except that it was extra broad gauged to fit the extra broad gauge of the Russian railroad track.

We had with us a *provodnik*, which is Russian for porter, and a *konduktur*, these being henchmen of the soviet government; also a young man named Boris, who, like so many Russians these days, was enabled to enjoy the special benefits of association with the American Relief Administration because he could speak English.

It had taken us the better part of four days to travel the seven hundred and thirty-eight miles from Moscow to Samara, but eventually we had arrived. We were attached to the regular weekly Trans-Siberian express, but Samara was as far as it went in our direction, or as far as it would take us, and there was just one alternative to waiting three days for the regular weekly train to Orenburg, and that was to appeal to the soviet authorities for an engine. It being only two hundred and sixty miles from Samara to Orenburg we thought we were justified in doing this, especially since we could take on a few food cars and thereby expedite the delivery of American Relief supplies to Orenburg.



The Cathedral at Samara

Famine Shock

FROM the beginning of American Relief operations in Russia, after the first investigations were made, the Orenburg district was regarded as being the blackest of the black famine regions, the most terribly stricken area in the entire country. American organizers were sent out to take the situation in hand and get the relief measures started, and these men, one after another, came back to Moscow—or were called back—suffering from what is known in Relief circles as famine shock.

I saw some of them. Their nerves were shaken, but their nerve was not. After they had taken a few deep breaths in a fairly healthy atmosphere they almost invariably asked to be sent back. It was like asking to be sent back into service in the front-line trenches, or, more accurately perhaps, it was equivalent to going over the top. They were permitted to go.

In the meantime the processes of organization were uninterrupted, and quite as rapidly as it was done in any other part of the country American kitchens were established and the starving children were gathered in. It is to be remembered, of course, that in the beginning the American Relief Administration undertook to feed only a specified number of children. The gift of the American Government of twenty million dollars—which means the American people, don't forget—made possible a subsequent program of adult feeding, but at the time I entered upon the scene the supplies for this purpose had not yet begun to arrive. Within two weeks from then they would begin to arrive; we knew that; and, oh, how we found ourselves longing for them!

The situation in Orenburg was described in dispatches to Moscow as being beyond belief; the awful conditions were a good many laps ahead of any effort that could possibly be made with the means available to alleviate them; horrible stories of cannibalism were being talked about wherever people got together for talk; true stories they were; and I got an impression that Orenburg represented the utmost in social chaos and demoralization.

No directing official of the Relief Administration had ever been out there and the men in charge were keenly anxious that somebody from headquarters should come and look them over with an idea of knitting up their organization, so to speak, and providing for them, if possible, a wider leeway of operations. Also for the purpose of knocking the heads of the soviet representatives together and knocking into them a clearer and more detailed conception of what was required of them in the way of coöperation. It was very important that we should get on to Orenburg with as little delay as possible.

Railroad Soviets

THE railroad soviets, or administrative committees, are made up for the most part, you understand, of men who know about as much about running a railroad as I know about making a Swiss watch. I am not meaning to say that there are no trained and capable men among them. This would be an obviously absurd and easily challengeable statement. If a few trained men had not stayed with their jobs or had not been impressed back into service by the central soviet authorities in the Bolshevik government the railroads would not be run at all. But I am taking the railroad soviets by and large; and by and large they are part and parcel of a great dictatorship of the inexperienced and untrained; more or less ignorant workmen and peasants who would be perfectly good and valuable citizens in their own lines, but who are very much out of line in their communistic employment.

When we asked the commissar in charge of the Samara railway section for an engine to take us on to Orenburg he shrugged his shoulders and said he had no engines. There were two or three of them puffing up and down on the tracks outside, shunting freight cars here and there, so Colonel Lonergan waved his government mandate, which called for the full coöperation of all soviet authorities in the activities of the American Relief Administration, and demanded one. The answer was that they were all sick.





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"Never mind," said the colonel; "you can put one of them in good enough shape to get us to Orenburg, and it is very important that we should not be detained here for three days."

The upshot of it was that we got one of the engines, and with a couple of freight cars attached, and a coal tender piled high with wood, we were on our way.

It is a curious fact that though Orenburg lies far to the southward it lies in the middle of the coldest region in Russia. For some distance to the east of the Volga and Samara the land rolls away in long sweeps of hills and valleys and there are occasional great forests of pine and silver birch, these in wintertime being so beautiful that one has an almost irresistible desire to get out into the deep feathery depths of them. Then suddenly the hills and forests end, and the steppes begin. The steppes are prairies of such vastness and such breadth of horizons as are to be seen nowhere else on earth, but in comparison with them many a desert has in it a feel of smiling friendliness. There is something about the Russian steppes that is curiously repellent, but they are, or should be, unlimitedly productive.





Unloading American Relief Supplies at Orenburg. Above—The Cemetery at Orenburg, With the Greek Cathedral in the Distance

In the Middle of Nowhere

LEAVING Samara at midnight it was not unreasonable on our part to expect that we should be in Orenburg sometime late the following evening. Any self-respecting engine, even though it is sick, should be able to make two hundred and sixty miles in twenty hours. But the dawn of day revealed to us that in eight hours we had made less than forty miles. The trouble with the engine was evidently serious, but there was nothing for us to do but preserve a calm demeanor and take things as they came. We had to get our breakfast, wash our dishes and clean up ourselves and our compartments as best we could, and this took time. Meanwhile we were limping along. With every revolution of the wheels there was a wiggle, a wabble and a bump. The motion reminded me of a crippled man hitching along on one crutch. The *prorodnik* and *konduktur* were very solemn about it, while Boris predicted that we should land in a snowdrift as soon as we got out on the steppes, and stay there until the regular train from Samara three days later came along.

But nonsense! The Americans at Orenburg had been told by telegraph that we were on our way; there were stations all up and down the line with which they could communicate; they would know all the time about where we ought to be, and if we got stranded out in the middle of nowhere they would send an engine to pick us up. It was not dangerous; it was merely unpleasant.

We went hitching and lurching along through that first unforgetable day with our minds fixed upon the city of Buzuluk. At Buzuluk we expected our troubles to come to an end, Buzuluk being the station which lies on the border between the governments—*gubernias*, they are called—of Samara and Orenburg, and where the railroad management passes from one set of soviets to another. We were sure that at Buzuluk we should be able to get a serviceable engine to take us on to Orenburg. But getting to Buzuluk was not so easy.

By and by we came out on the steppes and began to run between snowbanks that were anywhere from five to twenty-five feet high, while our lame engine began to bump and snort even more violently on account of snowdrifts on the tracks.

Along late in the deep dark of our second night, after we had made maybe another fifty miles, we suddenly came to a standstill. And we stood still for such a long time that our curiosity finally overcame our patience and we lifted up our voices to inquire what might be the difficulty. The engine had broken one of its piston rods! You know an engine cannot run without its piston rods. And sure enough, we were right out in the middle of nowhere! On a single-track line too! There were no passenger trains running that we knew of, but there was an occasional freight, and I saw visions of our being run into, with the result that we would be scattered in small pieces along the twenty-foot snowbanks between which we were standing. Though, come to think of it and considering the rate of speed at which even the best of Russian trains are run, we could hardly have been run into with sufficient force to do more than shake us up a bit.

There being nothing else we could do we sat round for an hour or so and discussed the situation, after which the colonel and the doctor decided to walk back about ten miles to the last station we had passed, where they would be able to send a telegram. They were just growling and putting on their overcoats in preparation for carrying out this plan when the engineers sent back word through the *prorodnik* and Boris that if they could get the broken piston rod off they thought they could get on to Buzuluk, but that they were hungry and could not work without some food.

We sent them some bread and meat and got the *prorodnik* to make them tea, then with candles and electric torches we waded around in snow up to our knees at the track side lighting the job up for them and offering suggestions. The tools they had to work with would have disgusted a small boy tinkering with a velocipede. Eventually, however, the broken parts detached themselves in some way, whereupon the fireman jumped up into his box and began to shove more wood into the furnace, the sparks began to fly, everybody climbed aboard and pretty soon we began to move, there being a piston rod on either side of an engine, as you know. It was the queerest motion I have ever felt. It was as though the cripple on one crutch had thrown his crutch away and was hopping along on one leg. But we kept at it; Buzuluk was only about twenty miles away, and next morning along about nine o'clock we were there.

The Stop at Buzuluk

THE men went immediately to the office of the commissar to see about securing some means of further locomotion, while I wrapped myself up and climbed out into the cold, cold world with an intention of taking a brisk walk up and down the platform.

Instantly I was besieged by a clamoring throng of pitiful people—children and grown-ups; old men and old women; young men and young women. When I opened my hands and shook my head to indicate that I had nothing for them they permitted me to get across the tracks to the main platform, but they followed me, the children tugging at my sleeves and coat, everybody whining and whimpering, and one person after another running along to fall on his knees at my feet and touch his forehead to the ground.

Buzuluk is, or used to be, an important railroad center, and has a very large and very handsome station, with a number of fine freight depots and several long granite-and-concrete platforms between its many tracks. The town lies off at a distance across the steppe looking exceedingly interesting with its numerous pineapple-shaped domes and graceful Greek towers of varied and brilliant hues. I was wishing I might go across and have a look at it. Then, just as I was passing a gateway that led off from

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"—That Shall He Also Reap"

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THERE was no manner of doubt about it; the old town had changed, and mightily changed, in these four years. It had changed both in spirit and in the flesh. It was not so much the strange faces topping strange bodies which I saw on every side of me, nor yet the strange names of signboards over store fronts, nor even the new and therefore strange buildings which had risen up here and there, that kept driving consciousness of the outstanding fact into my brain, stroke by stroke, like the tapping of a persistent hammer. Rather, it was the altered look, the profanely altered look of familiar objects; that and, more than that, the altered mien of familiar individuals.

There were two men of my acquaintance, though, who had not altered by so much as a peppercorn; or, if they had, my eye could not appraise it. Yet these two were two who had attained to what Shakspere's Jaques called his last scene of all, and by the laws which govern mortal change should have been gnawed by time's tooth more deeply than most. On second thought, perhaps Judge Priest was a trifle more fumbly in his gait than when I saw him last before this. And possibly Dr. Lew Lake's sparse frame had shrunken by the breadth of ever so narrow a whipstitch. But on this first night of my return, as I sat with this pair who were almost the last that were left of my father's closer friends, I told myself that they miraculously had endured on, untouched in mien or fashion of speech, whilst all others about them either had gone ahead or had slipped back. It gave me a comforting sensation as though, passing down a stream in freshet, I happened upon a brace of seamed but solid and dependable old buttresses uprearing as the sole remaining props of a structure shifted by the flood from its former foundations and transmogrified out of its former likeness.



"He Lacked Something Else Besides the Nerve, Too—He Lacked the Opportunity"

We sat, the three of us and no more, upon Judge Priest's front porch, where the moonlight, sifting through the screen of dishrag vines, made a pattern of black Spanish lace on white brocade; and Jeff Poindexter, the judge's auxiliary shadow, who was very dark and very silent, as a shadow should be, brought us soothing mixtures in tall glasses. And the talk ran this way and that, one thing bringing up another, as it does, until I saw my way clear to steer it into a channel of my own choosing, the intent on my part being to draw from them the completed tale of a matter to which that afternoon they had given me most alluring hints.

I had begun my visit on a day of history. It was the day of the dedication of the new hospital. I had known of course there was a new hospital toward. In letters from home through months past I had been advised of its building. In the Daily Evening News I read where the editor, with pardonable pride, pointed out that this was to [illegible] institution of the sort ever erected in any [illegible] inhabitants south of still to wear the look it had worn for me in my boyhood. Re-creating it mentally I saw that there should be a small gravelly bluff dropping abruptly away from the built-up line of Yazoo Street, thence a flattened terrain pocked with crawfish holes and at its farther edge fringed with a whisker line of straggly willows where the face of the earth dipped its retreating chin in the river; and to carry the simile of a face still on, two red-edged gravel pits for the rheumy eyes and, for its nose, one upthrust spindle of ruined brickwork set right in the middle of the space.

But when I came that afternoon to the verge of the hollow facing the river I found my immediate view blocked by the majestic bulk of the Humphrey Bray Memorial Hospital, standing all complete now and ready for service. Directly in front of me it reared the fine white stone and red brick formalities of its main part, and, to right and left, spread-eagled its wings across a wide strip of man-made fill, with terraces rippling grandly down to smoothened stretches of what now was naked soil but soon would be green lawn, and leading from where I stood up to its broad steps, a double row of lopped saplings—no more than switches today, but some day, Lord granting it, they would be bushy-topped maples beneath which convalescents might sit enshaded to take the river breeze.

The exercises of dedication began at three o'clock, and when they began I was there, one of a multitude. There was a speech by that modern Demosthenes, ex-Congressman Dabney Prentiss, as attorney for the estate of the deceased donor, he turning the completed hospital over to the county for its usages forevermore; and then a speech by the county judge, this being a sweated and nervous gentleman who was no Demosthenes or, if he was, was one who had forgotten to spit out his pebble; he, for his part, accepting the gift on behalf of the county and in turn transferring it to the keeping of the local medical profession; and of course there were prayers—invocation and

to see and to hear all this, and afterwards to tour the building. Chance and the pressure of human bodies had thrust me into the company of Judge Priest and Doctor Lake; they had anchored themselves against the drifting human tides in the middle of Yazoo Street after they came down from the temporary platform whereon the oratorical phases of the ceremonies had been staged; and for more reasons than one I was glad these agencies had so luckily wrought. The crowds were shredding away from our immediate vicinity when the old judge aimed the brass ferrule of his slatted and venerable cotton umbrella where, directly above the entrance doors, at the level of the second-floor windows, there gaped a niche in the wall, empty now but beyond peradventure designed to contain bronze or stone.

"See that there little recess up yonder?" he said, reducing his normal high-pitched whine to a discreet undertone. "I understand they're aimin' to stick a statue or a bust of old man Humphrey up there. It seems like the sculpture man up North didn't quite git it done in time fur today. Well, suzz, it makes me laugh inside of myself to think of a stone figger of him gazin' happily down on a charity provided and paid fur with money of his savin'—it most certainly does, me knowin' him like I did. Still, when they git it derricked up there I s'pose that'll make a finished job of the whole thing in the eyes of the populace at large. But not in my eyes—no, suh-ree." He chuckled a meaningful little chuckle into his wisp of white chin whisker. "Ef justice should be done where justice is due there'd be a figger of a mighty different-lookin' person from the late onlamented set there in that vacant jog, eh, Lew?"

And at that Doctor Lake had nodded his fine old head in brisk assent.

"You hit the nail square on the head then, Billy. Now, by rights the statue that should be planted there would be one cut out of black marble instead of out of white—a statue of a lowering old nigger woman with her underlip stuck out like the fender on a street car, and her hands on her hips. Something like that would be the proper ticket."

I noted that he, too, spoke somewhat under his breath and into his beard, as though mindful not to take any third person into his confidence. So, naturally, by what they had said and by the way they said it, my curiosity was quickened to the point where I made so bold as to ask them for an explanation of these most cryptic comments of theirs.

"You drop round to my place tonight after you've had supper at your mother's," the old judge said. "Lew, here, 'll be there and we'll set a spell and mebbe we'll tell you the real meanin's of what we've jest been hintin' at. You might git the groundwork fur one of them pieces you write out of it. Purty near time the yarn was told in its

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on Clay Street. It was quiet there, a most restful spot. About once in so often the grackles roosting in the twin cedars at the foot of the steps stirred and gabbled sleepily, and about once in not quite so often a screech owl with an uneasy conscience made wailing confession of his sins somewhere down in the old Enders orchard. A car passed and sounded like a dozen cars.

"Well, son," said Judge Priest, "I reckin you've happened on the only two persons left in this world that're qualified to give you the real inside facts about this here matter. Yes, suh, you might say you've come direct to headquarters." From the patch of darkness where he took his ease his voice came as a voice out of a void, and the fire in his pipe bowl was one little red star set in the black of a lonely firmament. "Had I better start the yarn off, Lew, or will you do it?"

"You go ahead, Billy," said the old physician, from where he sat. "You go ahead and do the main log raising. I'll provide some of the chinking when it's necessary."

"All right, then," agreed the judge. "Well, son, I figger you ain't been livin' up North amongst the Yankees so long but whut you still kin recall old man Humphrey Bray ez he looked twenty-odd years ago when you wuz a boy growin' up around here? And of course you recall Miss Cordelia, his old-maid daughter?"

I uttered sounds to indicate that I remembered.

"Well, suzz, Hump Bray always wuz a puzzle to me, more or less. He wouldn't strike you offhand ez bein' specially smart. He'd be more apt to strike you ez bein' sort of dull and slow-witted. But he had the sense to make money and the sense to keep it after he made it—both qualities which the good Lord in His wisdom hez seen fit to deny me, fur one. Such bein' the case with me, personally, p'raps it's jealousy which prompts me to disparage his gifts in these directions; still, even so, I wouldn't exactly call it brains. Ef you ask me I'd call it a sort of an instinct—this here money-makin' faculty of his. Some men air towards a hidden dollar like one of these here little black-and-tan terriers is towards a rat. There's a rat, we'll say, layin' snug and quiet behind a baseboard. You and me would pass there a hundred times and never suspect that he wuz round. But along comes your terrier and he takes one sniff at a crack and starts diggin' Mister Rat out. And ef he can't git him by diggin' he'll camp right there until the rat ventures forth, and then nail him and have his life's blood. Well, there's aplenty men organized the same way, only their game is dollars and not rats. They've just natchelly got the nose fur it. They kin smell out a hidden dollar where the run of us wouldn't even think to look fur it, and on top of that they've got the patience and the persistency to hang round until they've got their ever lovin' fingers twined about it in a grip which only death kin loosen. I jedge a good many of these here multimillionaires that you hear so much about these times are built on them lines. I wouldn't say myself that it's the happiest way to live, or the best way; but I do say this—it seems to satisfy them which follows after it ez a regular callin'.

"It certainly satisfied Humphrey Bray. I kin recall like it wuz yistiddy when he moved over here frum Mims County. It was right after the Big War—I

him of bein' a poor man frum a poor district. You'd say, to look at him, that everything he'd ever tackled had failed up on him. Well, right there is where he'd deceive you. He deceived everybody here fur quite a spell. He opened up a rusty, smelly little den which he called an office, in one of them old ramshackle houses down on Front Street, which they afterward tore down to make room fur the new ice factory, and he started in to dealin' in lands and mortgages and loandin' little dabs of money at high interest and the like. Even though he could shave a note right down to the quick, people couldn't figger how he was earnin' any more than his keep. They used to wonder how him and his wife got along—that is, they did at first. He never seemed to be doin' much business and whut business he did do wuz in dribs—a few dollars put out on security here, and a few put out there. All day you'd see him coiled up behind his old desk fiddlin' with a set of books and mebbe frum breakfast time till dark not a single soul to darken his doors.

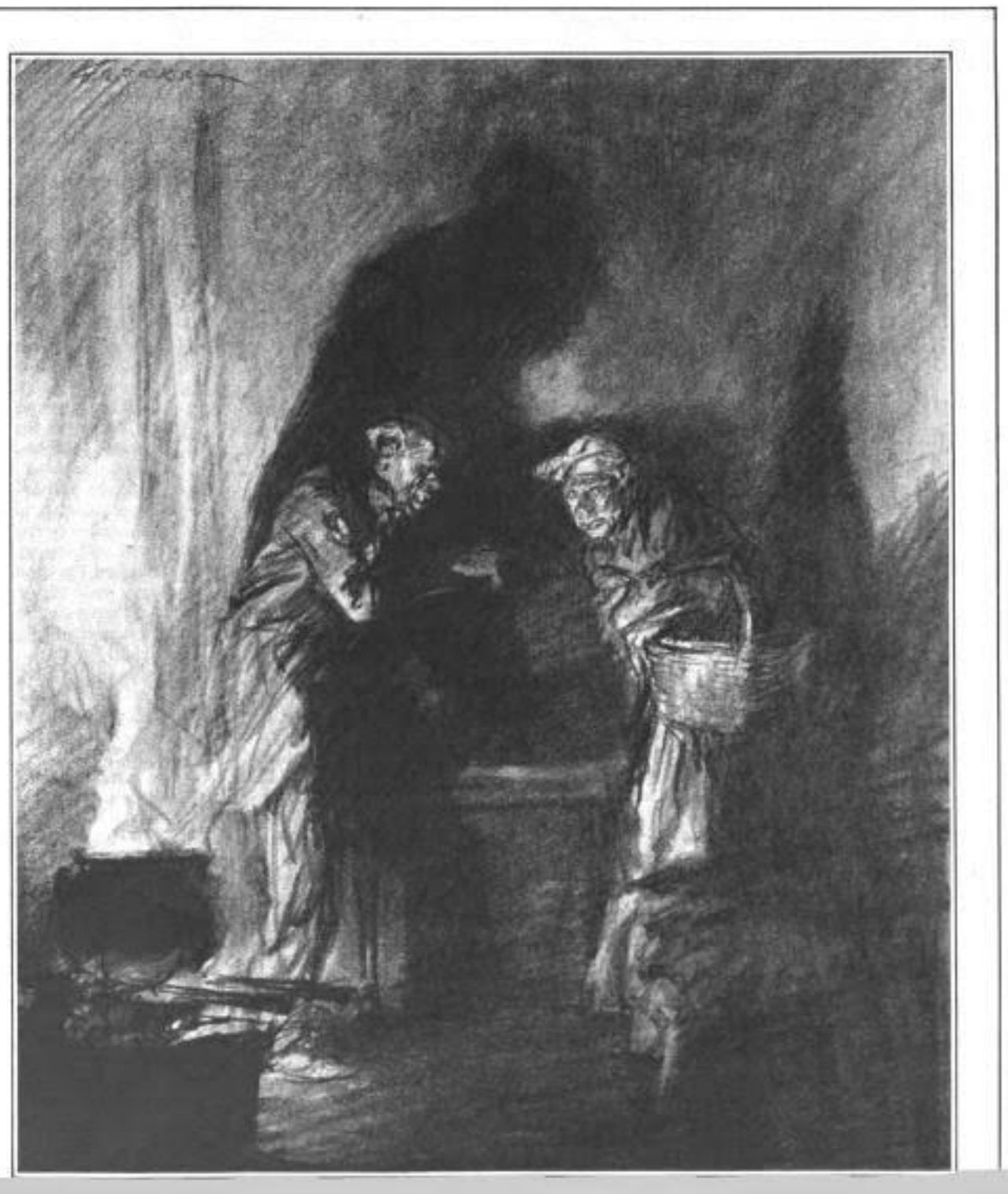
"Well, he went along that way fur years. He had a child born to him—one child, her that you afterwards knew as Miss Cordelia—and about the time she wuz born he moved out to the old Grundy place three miles frum town. That is to say it wuz three miles frum town then, but whut with all these real-estate developments, the whole neighborhood is built up mighty near solid now. Takin' over the old Grundy place didn't stamp him in the public mind as bein' prosperous. It wuz purty badly run down and goin' to seed and dry rot; and besides it wuz ginerally known that he'd took it over on a foreclosure fur practically nothin'.

"And then one mornin' people had a fresh cause to wonder about Humphrey Bray. Because they woke up all of a sudden to the realization that he wuz about the second-richest man in this county and in a fair way to be the richest, too, ef he kept his health and stayed in his right mind. The Planters' Bank took him in as a director and purty soon made him a vice president. He wuz a powerful good hand to have round when it came to votin' No on a proposition to loan somebody more money than the collateral seemed to justify. Every bank big or little needs somebody like him on its board. From money tradin' on a small scale he branched out hither and yon till before long there wuz hardly a goin' concern in town but whut he had a busy probin' finger in it somewheres. But down yonder on Front Street he still kept his little old dollar trap baited and set, and he still went on livin' in a kind of a nibblin' frugal way. He just about did keep the old Grundy place weather-tight and that wuz all. A mile away you could hear its clapboards callin' fur a fresh coat of paint. You probably won't recall this part, son, him havin' passed on to his reward, whutever it wuz, when you wuz still a shaver in knee britches, but behind his back people used to call him Kangaroo Bray. It wuzn't that he looked like a kangaroo; he'd put you more in mind of a little old gray weather-beaten rabbit. But natural history records that the kangaroo is born with a pocket. But they didn't call him that to his face, you betcher. A man who's got half a million laid by and is in a fair way to run it up to a million is commonly treated with respect by one and all. You kin hear his respectability rustlin' in his wallet ez he passes you by.

"Well, in the fullness of time his wife died, not causin' much more excitement in dyin' than whut she had in livin', which wuz practically no excitement at all, and then one day he hauled off and died too. He didn't come home to supper in the evenin', and when Miss Cordelia got worried and sent a darky in frum the place to look fur him they found his old hoss and buggy hitched outside his office and him inside bunched up in a chair with a handkerchief over his face and his lap littered with promissory notes and other precious documents. He'd left a will, and by it he'd left everything he owned to his daughter. Not a cent went to poor people on whose necessities he'd been tradin' all these years, nor not a two-bit piece to good works—but all to her. Outside of the directors in the bank not a great many people went to his funeral. But practically everybody heartily indorsed the idea of it, eh, Lew?"

Down in his throat Doctor Lake made rumbling assent. "I don't seem to remember a more popular movement," he said.

"I want to be fair, though," went on Judge Priest. "He had one sincere mourner, anyway—his daughter. He'd left her alone in the world, sure enough; with all her money she cut a mighty lonesome, mighty pitiful figure. Them that envied her fur all her dollars didn't furgit to be sorry fur her, too, I reckin; because if ever there wuz a woman ordained and brought into the world to be an old maid she wuz the one. Why, she had that there onmistakable old-maid look about her before she wuz out of short dresses—primmish and precise and always displayin' a kind of a skeered nervousness, ef you git whut I mean. And ez she grew older the signs of it grew more pronounced, seemed like, with every month that rolled over her head. There's one kind of old maid everybody in a community loves—because she loves everybody and everything. I



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The Reminiscences of a Stock Operator

By Edwin Lefèvre

DECORATIONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

THE next time I saw Lawrence Livingston was at his home. We were sitting in his library. He offered me a cigar.

"I don't smoke," I told him. "But I make it up by listening."

He nodded, lit a cigar and was silent. I let him alone.

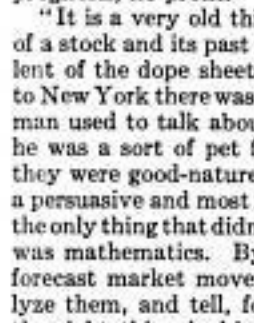
Presently he said: "The average ticker hound—or, as they used to call him, tape-worm—goes wrong, I suspect, as much from overspecialization as from anything else. It means a highly expensive inelasticity. After all, the game of speculation isn't all mathematics or set rules, however rigid the main laws may be. Even in my tape reading something enters that is more than mere arithmetic or repetitions. There is what I call the behavior of a stock, actions that enable you to judge whether or not it is going to proceed in accordance with the precedents that your observation has noted. If a stock doesn't act right don't touch it; because, being unable to tell precisely what is wrong, you cannot tell which way it is going. No diagnosis, no prognosis. No prognosis, no profit.

"It is a very old thing, this of noting the behavior of a stock and its past performances. It is the equivalent of the dope sheets in racing. When I first came to New York there was a broker's office where a Frenchman used to talk about his chart. At first I thought he was a sort of pet freak kept by the firm because they were good-natured. Then I learned that he was a persuasive and most impressive talker. He said that the only thing that didn't lie, because it simply couldn't, was mathematics. By means of his curves he could forecast market movements. Also he could analyze them, and tell, for instance, why Keene did the right thing in his famous Atchison Preferred bull manipulation, and later why he went wrong in his Southern Pacific pool. At various times one or another of the professional traders tried the Frenchman's system—and then went back to their old unscientific methods of making a living. Their hit-or-miss system was cheaper, they said. I heard that the Frenchman said Keene admitted that the chart was 100 per cent right, but claimed that the method was too slow for use in an active market."

Chart Versus Tape

"THEN there was one office where a chart of the daily movement of prices was kept. It showed at a glance just what each stock had done for months. By comparing individual curves with the general market curve and keeping in mind certain rules the customers could tell whether the stock on which they got an unscientific tip to buy was fairly entitled to a rise. They used the chart as a sort of complementary tipster. Today there are scores of commission houses where you find such trading charts. They come ready-made from the offices of statistical experts and include not only stocks but commodities.

"I should say that a chart helps those who can read it, or rather who can assimilate what they read. I myself prefer reading the tape. The average chart reader, however, is apt to become obsessed with the notion that the dips and peaks are all there is to the game. If he pushes his confidence to its logical limit he is bound to go broke. There is an extremely able man, a former partner of a well-known Stock Exchange house, who is really a trained mathematician. He is a graduate of a famous technical school. He devised some charts that were not only rational but were carried out in great detail. They were based upon a very careful and minute study of the behavior of many markets—stocks, bonds, grain, cotton, money, and so on. He went back years and years and traced the correlations and seasonal movements—oh, everything. He used his charts in his stock trading for years. What he really did was to take advantage of some highly intelligent averaging. They tell me he won regularly—until the World War knocked all precedents into a cocked hat. I heard that he and his large following lost millions before they desisted. But not even a world war can keep the stock market from being a bull market when conditions are bullish, or a bear market when conditions are bearish. And all a man needs to know to make money is to appraise conditions.





"I didn't mean to get off the track like that, but I can't help it when I think of my first few years in Wall Street. I know now what I did not know then, and I think of the mistakes of my ignorance because those are the very mistakes that the average stock speculator makes year in and year out.

"After I got back to New York to try for the third time to beat the market in a Stock Exchange house I traded quite actively. I didn't expect to do as well as I did in the bucket shops, but I thought that after a while I would do much better because I would be able to swing a much heavier line. Yet, I can see now that my main trouble was my failure to grasp the vital difference between stock gambling and stock speculation. Still, by reason of my seven years' experience in reading the tape and a certain natural aptitude for the game, my stake was earning not indeed a fortune but a very high rate of interest. I won and lost as before, but I was winning on balance. The more I made the more I spent. This is the usual experience with most men. No, not necessarily with easy-money pickers, but with every human being who is not a slave of the hoarding instinct. Some men, like old Russell Sage, have the money-making and the money-hoarding instinct equally well developed, and of course they die disgustingly rich.

"The game of beating the market exclusively interested me from ten to three every day; and after three, the game of living my life. Don't misunderstand me. I never allowed pleasure to interfere with business. When I lost it was because I was wrong and not because I was suffering from dissipation or excesses. There never were any shattered nerves or rum-shaken limbs to spoil my game. I couldn't afford anything that kept me from feeling physically and mentally fit. Even now I am usually in bed by ten. As a young man I never kept late hours, because I could not do business properly on insufficient sleep. I was doing better than breaking even, and that is why I didn't think there was any need to deprive myself of the good things of life. The market was always there to supply them. I was acquiring the confidence that comes to a man from a professionally dispassionate attitude toward his own method of providing bread and butter for himself."

Reaction That Never Came

"THE first change I made in my play was in the matter of time. I couldn't wait for the sure thing to come along and then take a point or two out of it as I could in the bucket shops. I had to start much earlier if I wanted to catch the move in Fullerton's office. In other words, I had to study what was going to happen: to anticipate stock movements. That sounds asininely commonplace, but you know what I mean. It was the change in my own attitude toward the game that was of supreme importance to me. It taught me, little by little, the essential difference between betting on fluctuations and anticipating inevitable advances and declines, between gambling and speculating.

"I had to go further back than an hour in my studies of the market—which was something I never would have learned to do in the biggest bucket shop in the world. I interested myself in trade reports and railroad earnings and financial and commercial statistics. Of course I loved to trade heavily and they called me the Kid Plunger; but I also liked to study the moves. I never found anything irksome that helped me to trade more intelligently. Before I can solve a problem I must state it to myself. When I think I have found the solution I must prove I am right. I know of only one way to prove it; and that is, with my own money.

"Slow as my progress seems now, I suppose I learned as fast as I possibly could, considering that I was making money on balance. If I had lost oftener perhaps it might have spurred me to more continuous study. I certainly would have had more mistakes to spot. But I am not sure of the exact value of losing, for if I had lost more I would have lacked the money to test out the improvements in my methods of trading.

"Studying my winning plays in Fullerton's office I discovered that although I often was 100 per cent right on the market—that is, in my diagnosis of conditions and general trend—I was not making as much money as my market rightness entitled me to. Why wasn't I?

"There was as much to learn from partial victory as from defeat.

"For instance, I had been bullish from the very start of a bull market, and I had backed my opinion by buying stocks. An advance followed, as I had clearly foreseen. So far, all right. But what else did I do? Why, I listened to the elder statesmen and curbed my youthful impetuousness. I made up my mind to be wise and play carefully, conservatively. Everybody knew that the way to do that was to take profits and buy back your stocks on reactions. And that is precisely what I did, or rather what I tried to do; for I often took profits and waited for a reaction that never came. And I saw my stock go kiting up ten points more and I sitting there with my four-point profit safe in my conservative pocket. They say you never grow poor taking profits. No, you don't. But neither do you grow rich taking a four-point profit in a bull market.

"Where I should have made twenty thousand dollars I made two thousand. That was what my conservatism did for me. About the time I discovered what a small percentage of what I should have made I was getting I discovered something else, and that is that suckers differ among themselves according to the degree of experience.

"The tyro knows nothing, and everybody, including himself, knows it. But the next, or second, grade thinks

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he knows a great deal and makes others feel that way too. He is the experienced sucker, who has studied—not the market itself but a few remarks about the market made by a still higher grade of suckers. The second-grade sucker knows how not to lose his money in some of the ways that get the raw beginner. It is this semisucker rather than the 100 per cent article who is the real all-the-year-round support of the commission houses. He lasts about three and a half years on an average, as compared with a single season of from three to thirty weeks, which is the usual Wall Street life of a first offender. It is naturally the semisucker who is always quoting the famous trading aphorisms and the various rules of the game. He knows all the don'ts that exist—excepting the principal one, which is: Don't be a sucker!



"This semisucker is the type that thinks he has cut his wisdom teeth because he loves to buy on declines. He waits for them. He measures his bargains by the number of points it has sold off from the top. In big bull markets the plain unadulterated sucker, utterly ignorant of rules and precedents, buys blindly because he hopes blindly. He makes most of the money—until one of the healthy reactions takes it away from him at one fell swoop. But the Careful Mike sucker does what I did when I thought I was playing the game intelligently—according to the intelligence of others. I knew I needed to change my bucket-shop methods and I thought I was solving my problem with any change, particularly one that assayed high gold values according to the experienced traders among the customers.

"Most—let us call 'em customers—are alike. You find very few who can truthfully say that Wall Street doesn't owe them money. In Fullerton's there were the usual crowd. All grades! Well, there was one old chap who was not like the others. To begin with, he was a much older man. Another thing was that he never volunteered advice and never bragged of his winnings. He was a great hand for listening very attentively to the others. He did not seem very keen to get tips—that is, he never asked the talkers what they'd heard or what they knew. But when somebody gave him one he always thanked the tipster very politely. Sometimes he thanked the tipster again—when the tip turned out O. K. But if it went wrong he never whined, so that nobody could tell whether he followed it or let it slide by. It was a legend of the office that the old jigger was rich and could swing quite a line. But he wasn't donating much to the firm in the way of commissions; at least not that anyone could see. His name was Partridge, but they nicknamed him Turkey behind his back, because he was so thick-chested and had a habit of strutting about the various rooms, with the point of his chin resting on his breast."

Elmer Grows Indignant

"THE customers who were all eager to be shoved and forced into doing things so as to lay the blame for failure on others used to go to old Partridge and tell him what some friend of a friend of an insider had advised them to do in a certain stock. They would tell him what they had not done with the tip so he would tell them what they ought to do. But whether the tip they had was to buy or to sell, the old chap's answer was always the same.

"The customer would finish the tale of his perplexity and then ask 'What do you think I ought to do?'

"Old Turkey would cock his head to one side, contemplate his fellow customer with a fatherly smile, and finally he would say very impressively, 'You know, it's a bull market!'

"Time and again I heard him say 'Well, this is a bull market, you know!' as though giving a priceless talisman wrapped up in a million-dollar accident-insurance policy. And of course I did not get his meaning.

"One day a fellow named Elmer Harwood rushed into the office, wrote out an order and gave it to the clerk. Then he rushed over to where Mr. Partridge was listening politely to John Fanning's story of the time he overheard Keene give an order to one of his brokers and all that John made was a measly three points on a hundred shares and of course the stock had to go up twenty-four points in three days right after John sold out. It was at least the fourth time that John had told him that tale of woe, but old Turkey was smiling as sympathetically as if it was the first time he heard it.

"Well, Elmer made for the old man and without a word of apology to John Fanning, told Turkey, 'Mr. Partridge, I have just sold my Climax Motors. My people say the market is entitled to a reaction and that I'll be able to buy it back cheaper. So you'd better do likewise. That is, if you've still got yours.'

"Elmer looked suspiciously at the man to whom he had given the original tip to buy.

"The amateur, or gratuitous, tipster always thinks he owns the receiver of his tip body and soul, even before he knows how the tip is going to turn out.

"'Yes, Mr. Harwood, I still have it. Of course!' said Turkey gratefully. It was nice of Elmer to think of the old chap.

"'Well, now is the time to take your profit and get in again on the next dip,' said Elmer, as if he had just made out the deposit slip for the old man. Failing to perceive enthusiastic gratitude in the beneficiary's face Elmer went on: 'I have just sold every share I owned!'

"From his voice and manner you would have conservatively estimated it at ten thousand shares.

"But Mr. Partridge shook his head regretfully and whined, 'No! No! I can't do that!'

"'What?' yelled Elmer.

"'I simply can't!' said Mr. Partridge. He was in great trouble.

"'Didn't I give you the tip to buy it?'

"'You did, Mr. Harwood, and I was very grateful to you. Indeed, I am, sir. But ——'

"'Hold on! Let me talk! And didn't that stock go up seven points in ten days? Didn't it?'

"'It did, and I am much obliged to you, my dear boy. But I couldn't think of selling that stock.'

"'You couldn't?' asked Elmer, beginning to look doubtful himself. It is a habit with most tip givers to be tip takers.

"'No, I couldn't.'

"'Why not?' And Elmer drew nearer.

"'Why, this is a bull market!' The old fellow said it as though he had given a long and detailed explanation.

"'That's all right,' said Elmer, looking angry because of his disappointment. 'I know this is a bull market as well as you do. But you'd better slip them that stock of yours and buy it back on the reaction. You might as well reduce the cost to yourself.'

"'My dear boy,' said old Partridge, in great distress—'my dear boy, if I sold that stock now I'd lose my position; and then where would I be?'

"Elmer Harwood threw up his hands, shook his head and walked over to me to get sympathy. 'Can you beat it?' he asked me in a whisper. 'I ask you!'

"I didn't say anything. So he went on: 'I give him a tip on Climax Motors. He buys five hundred shares. He's got seven points' profit and I advise him to get out and buy 'em back on the reaction that's overdue even now. And what does he say when I tell him? He says that if he sells he'll lose his job. What do you know about that?'

"'I beg your pardon, Mr. Harwood; I didn't say I'd lose my job,' cut in old Turkey. 'I said I'd lose my position. And when you are as old as I am and you've been through as many booms and panics as I have, you'll know that to lose your position is something nobody can afford; not even John D. Rockefeller. I hope the stock reacts and that you will be able to repurchase your line at a substantial concession, sir. But I myself can only trade in accordance with the experience of many years. I paid a high price for it and I don't feel like throwing away a second tuition fee. But I am as much obliged to you as if I had the money in the bank. It's a bull market, you know.' And he strutted away, leaving Elmer dazed."

The Wisdom of Old Mr. Partridge

"WHAT old Mr. Partridge said did not mean much to me until I began to think about my own numerous failures to make as much money as I ought to when I was so right on the general market. The more I studied the more I realized how wise that old chap was. He had evidently suffered from the same defect in his young days and knew his human weaknesses. He would not lay himself open to a temptation that experience had taught him was hard to resist and had always proved expensive to him, as it was to me.

"I think it was a long step forward in my trading education when I realized at last that when old Mr. Partridge kept on telling the other customers 'Well, you know this is a bull market!' he really meant to tell them that the big money was not in the individual fluctuations but in the main movements—that is, not in reading the tape but in sizing up the entire market and its trend.

"And right here let me say one thing: After spending many years in Wall Street and after making and losing millions of dollars I want to tell you this: It never was my thinking that made the big money for me. It always was my sitting. Got that? My sitting tight! It is no trick at all to be right on the market. You always find lots of early bulls in bull markets and early bears in bear markets. I've known many men who were right at exactly the right time, and began buying or selling stocks when prices were at the very level which should show the greatest profit. And their experience invariably matched mine—that is, they made no real money out of it. Men who can both be right and sit tight are uncommon. I found it one of the hardest things to learn. But it is only after a stock operator has firmly grasped this that he can make big money. It is literally true that millions come easier to a trader after he knows how to trade than hundreds did in the days of his ignorance.

"The reason is that a man may see straight and clearly and yet become impatient or doubtful when the market takes its time about doing as he doped out it must do. That is why so many men in Wall Street, who are not at all in the sucker class, not even in the third grade, nevertheless lose money. The game did not beat them. They beat themselves, because though they had brains they couldn't sit tight. Old Turkey was dead right in doing and saying what he did. He had not only

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THE EAGLE AND THE WREN

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

XXXIV

CYRIL was full of solicitude. He provided Mrs. Conyngham with a neat brandy and her salts and patiently waited until these restoratives had worked before starting on the inquisition. For the purpose of inspiring confidence he assumed the character of a broad-minded man who is open to conviction.

"Pop into bed, aunt," said he, "and make yourself comfortable. Good! Now we can talk."

Mrs. Conyngham struggled to recover her lost dignity. She presumed that Cyril wished to express contrition for his behavior of the afternoon.

"Though heaven knows," she added, "not only you appear to have lost sense of decency."

"Precisely," said Cyril. "My very point. If you've an explanation to make I'll listen with an open mind."

"An explanation? Me!"

"I am naturally curious to know why you abandoned your own couch in favor of Martyn Saville's. That sort of thing won't do, aunt. You're old enough to know better."

"Silence!" insisted Mrs. Conyngham. "This attitude is intolerable."

"Let us keep to the point," Cyril insisted.

"The point?" she repeated.

"Certainly. How often have I heard you advocate frankness? Come now, be open with me."

Mrs. Conyngham wavered. Under this relentless fire her front-line system was beginning to collapse. She said: "A foolish impulse persuaded me to ask Mr. Saville to remonstrate with you."

"Glad you admit the foolishness," said Cyril sweetly.

"I am bound to, in view of his obvious infatuation for that woman himself."

"Just so, aunt."

"At the very moment I was about to retire Leslie brought me a message saying Mr. Saville urgently desired to make an explanation. I did not wish to hear it, but out of kindness of heart I put on a *peignoir* and went to his room."

"And did he explain?" There was a touch of anxiety in Cyril's voice.

"He did not."

The young man sighed.

"There was a person with him and at the moment of my arrival they appeared most excited. Mr. Saville insisted on my waiting in his bedroom, and against my better judgment I consented."

"Oh, quite," Cyril agreed. "But that's no reason for turning in."

Mrs. Conyngham lost her anchor and drifted with the tide.

"Do you think I am not aware of that?" she cried hysterically. "Mr. Saville kept me waiting interminably and I was tired, Cyril. Forgetful—I lost consciousness of my surroundings ——"

"But surely not to the extent of ——"

"One hotel room is very like another, and I mistook his for mine—and—and acted accordingly."

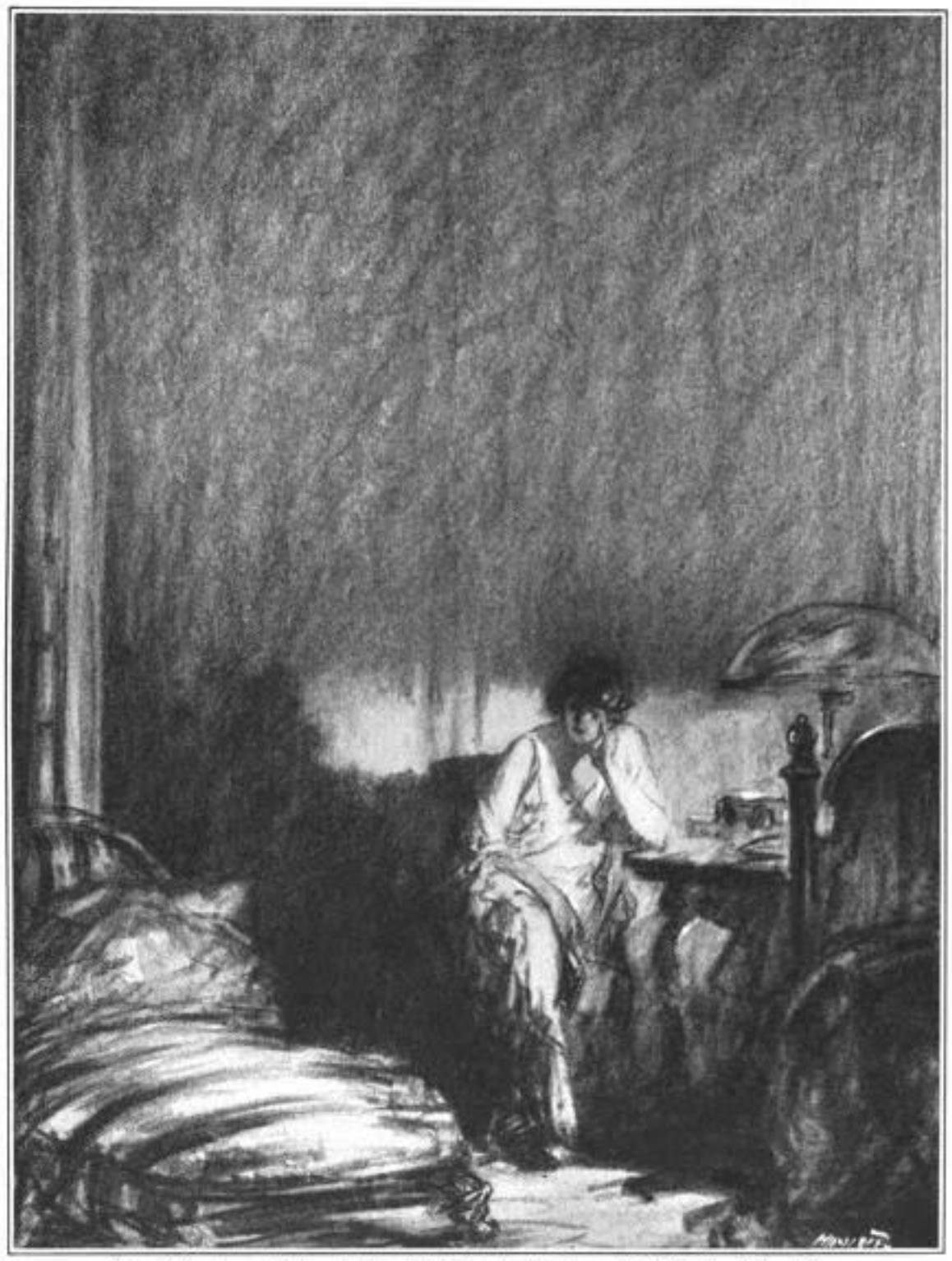
Cyril threw back his head and laughed.

"Lord!" he cried. "If that isn't the best ever!"

"Do you disbelieve me?"

"I believe you devoutly. Can see you doing it—most natural thing in the world. Wonder it isn't always happening. Look at the similarity between sheets and blankets—beds too—and when one has only been a week in a place, damn it, one hasn't had time to learn one's own wall paper."

"Will you cease this ribald laughter?"



Browning's Men and Women! By What Conceivable Means Could Such a Thing Play a Part in Any Adventure?

"Straightaway, and we'll come down to brass tacks. Look here, I told you this afternoon I love Leslie and mean to marry her."

"She is engaged ——"

"Not any longer. After finding Alma Ferraros in Martyn's room I fancy that little engagement is off."

Mrs. Conyngham started violently.

"Was Leslie aware of my presence?"

"Oh, rather! But I'll fix that all right. Now what I want you to do is to help me win her. Back me up financially and that sort of thing."

"Certainly not."

"And in return," Cyril proceeded with great magnanimity, "I promise to say nothing whatever about your nocturnal jaunt."

Mrs. Conyngham gasped.

"Do you dare to make a bargain like that?"

"Yes; I realize the sacrifice, but ——"

"With your aunt's honor?"

"Oh, come! That's rot," said Cyril. "There can be no question of honor. You have reached the age of perpetual propriety. The thing can only be told as a joke."

Mrs. Conyngham went limp against her pillow.

"Have you no shame?"

"None at all. Is it a bet?"

"You really mean you would publish this story?"

Cyril nodded cheerfully.

Mrs. Conyngham closed her eyes and kept them closed for a long, long while. At last she spoke:

"Are your affections for Leslie sincere?"

"Do you think I'd have acted like this if they weren't?" It was the first time that the least real emotion had sounded in his voice.

Mrs. Conyngham shook her head.

"Leslie might reclaim you," she murmured.

"Satisfy your conscience how you please," said Cyril. "Is it a go?"

Very slowly the honorable head was bowed.

"Right!" said Cyril, and marched out of the room.

Humming to himself he strode along the corridor to the head of the staircase. From the distant bar came the sound of a tipsy voice in song. Cyril looked over the banister rail and in a recess immediately beneath him he saw Leslie. Her face was buried in a black sofa cushion and her shoulders shook. She was crying as though her heart had broken.

Cyril watched for a moment, then he turned softly away. As he tiptoed down the long corridor to his own room a sudden realization smote him fair, and he saw himself in a true light as a worthless and unspeakable cad. But he did not retrace his steps.

XXXV

GEORGE WEDDERTON saw clearly enough that before him lay a night of adventure. The opposition could hardly be expected to leave him in unchallenged possession of the book, and he would need all his wits to hold them off, keep them unsuspicious, and at the same time preserve an air of intoxication. To lend color to the fact that he had been a target for the book he deliberately banged his head against a sharp angle of wall and so produced a livid wale across his forehead. Taken in conjunction with a crumpled collar and dishevelled hair, this self-inflicted injury gave an excellent effect.

To the tune of the drinking song he stumbled down the stairs and finding no one in the lounge save Leslie he collapsed on a sofa at her side. The girl, who was looking terribly white and agitated, rose immediately and moved away. George also rose and made her a bow, but between sitting down and getting up again he had thrust the book well out of sight between the seat cushion and the back of the sofa.

There are few better hiding places if you happen to be in a hurry.

Leslie had moved to a little recess below the well of the staircase and George was occupying a chair in a different part of the lounge when Andrea Negretti entered hurriedly through a green baize door.

"You come here," said George. "Fac' is, I'm ill." He closed his eyes and shrank as though the ceiling were falling upon him. "S-some s-swine chuc-chuc-chucked a b-brick at me. Bi[illegible] m'head. You a doctor?"

Andrea shook h[illegible]d.

"Don' move ab[illegible] that, s'bad thing t'do. I wan' a nankerchief. Fee[illegible] pocket and get me a nankerchief."

Andrea needed [illegible] invitation. His fingers ran over every surf[illegible]s clothing.

"You silly [illegible]rge. "You're tickling me! Where's th[illegible]ood. Put some water on it from t[illegible]

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Andrea splashed a little water from a carafe on the handkerchief and returned it to George, who held it to his injured forehead.

"You're a minist'ring angel," said George. "Goo'night."

"Someone throwa de brick, m'sieur?"

"Brick—no, y'fool—book. B-o-o-k—brick." He staggered to his feet. "I wan' drink."

But Andrea was in no mind to let him go.

"M'sieur was assaulta, yes? Must produca de book for evidences, don't it?"

"Evidence is good idea, but I chucked it away; chucked it down somewhere. Be good chap and find it. Get a drink now."

And staggering to his feet he steered for the bar like a ship without a rudder, leaving Andrea to prosecute a search.

There was only one other man in the bar besides the attendant, an old fellow seated alone at a table with his back to George. He wore straggling whiskers and was very bent.

As George entered he noticed that the old man was looking anxiously at the dial of his watch. But back views and front views were all the same to George Wedderton. The nape of Butterwick's neck was as distinctive as his little twinkling eyes. George moved into a position from which a mirror on the opposite wall reflected Butterwick's face and as he called for whisky he saw the flashlight glance his dubious partner shed upon him.

For some reason it made George Wedderton uneasy. He had spent his life dealing with subtle menaces and was very susceptible to impression. What was Butterwick's game? What was he waiting for? Why had he looked anxiously at his watch? Why did he keep his head averted? Any interference from the little man at this stage of the game would be calamitous. The bar against which George was leaning was primarily intended for cocktails, and to the furtherance of thirst it supplied little dishes of olives, salted almonds and nuts of various kinds in and out of shell. George Wedderton did not in the least desire to share the fruits of victory with Butterwick, but nevertheless it was not safe to take risks, and somehow the little man would have to be warned that he must leave things alone. In ordinary circumstances this would have been simple enough, but with Andrea poking about in the foyer and with the probability that Alma Ferraros also had him under observation it would be folly to attempt an exchange of confidence.

George puzzled with himself as to the best course to take, and suddenly had a charming idea. In his coat pocket was a little note pad and a pencil. The rest was simple. He slipped a hand into his pocket and without withdrawing either pad or pencil he wrote:

Don't interfere. Everything O. K. Meet me at Bical's noon tomorrow and will report progress. G. W.

He had written messages in this way before and could rely on doing so clearly. He detached the sheet of paper and rolled it up to about the size of a pill. After that he began to eat olives and presently picked up a walnut that happened to have a loose shell. A little pressure on the sides of the shell caused the two cases to open like a frog's mouth and wide enough to swallow, let us say, a pill, for example. The whole operation was adroitly performed with one hand, and when it was over George Wedderton palmed the nut and called for another drink.

"One more whisky," he ordered, "'fore I turn in."

He swallowed the drink at a gulp and reeled from the bar, tripping over a mat and measuring his length beside Butterwick. As he fell he dropped the nut into Butterwick's overcoat pocket.

Butterwick, his head still averted, sprang from his chair and hurrying towards the window piped in execrable French, "*Cet homme est dégoûtement ivrogne.*"

Outside in the garden appeared the shadowy forms of half a dozen men. Out of the tail of his eye George saw and recognized them as French gendarmes.

"He is drunk and should be arrested," cried Butterwick.

"Damn the man!" muttered George under his breath, and struggled to his feet.

Butterwick's voice was raised to a shout:

"I demand that this man is put under restraint."

The last thing in the world George expected was to find an ally in Andrea Negretti. The Italian, hearing the uproar, hastened in from the lounge and besought Butterwick to calm himself. He protested that Monsieur Wedderton was entirely sober, but had been the victim of an accident. He himself would guarantee to take charge of monsieur. Monsieur was a gentleman of very great integrities, beloved in his own country and respected in all others. Seizing the opportunity afforded by the interruption George staggered from the bar with as much speed as was consistent with insobriety.

Glancing over his shoulder he saw Andrea endeavor to snatch a whistle from Butterwick's fingers, but in this he was too late. A shrill blast screamed out, followed by the sound of running feet on the gravel terrace. But Andrea was not without resource. Leaping back into the lounge he seized the main switch and plunged the whole ground floor into darkness.

"Well done!" thought George, and made a dash for the stairs, missing the banister rail by a couple of feet and plunging headlong into the recess alongside. He heard a faint exclamation and was brought up by a sudden contact with a human body.

From behind him came a shout from Butterwick:

"After him, my boys; and collar this waiter too!"

A table turned over and fell with a crash, and another voice called for lights. There was a rush of feet and the sound of a scuffle.

"You're Miss Kavanagh," whispered George.

"Yes. What ——"

"Sh-h-h! That sofa where you sat, between the cushions, behind the seat—a book. Get it somehow without being seen. Give it to Martyn Saville early to-morrow. Vital."

He was gone.

There was not much time for deliberation. A successful flight now would argue that his conduct throughout the evening had been a series of frauds. There was nothing for it but to stand by and face the music.

Shouts and orders filled the air, and the sound of people running in the corridors above.

"Guard that window!"

"Lights!"

"A man in the door there!"

Click! Down went the switch.

When the lights came on George Wedderton was sprawling on the floor with his head resting on the arm of an overturned chair.

"What a lot of noise and nonsense!" he driveled.

Through half-closed eyes he saw Butterwick point him out to a commissary of police, at a gesture from whom two gendarmes descended upon him and dragged him to his feet.

"I saw him enter my bedroom window an hour ago," said Butterwick. "By your leave, since I am an old man, I will give my evidence in the morning."

"*Bon*," said the commissary, and jerked his head toward the door.

"'Sdamn silly, all this," said George.

With a gendarme on either side he was led from the hotel in the wake of the already captured Andrea.

XXXVI

LESLIE KAVANAGH did not sleep that night. She barely closed her eyes. The reflection of a lonely star was mirrored in the crystal of her water bottle, and hour after hour she watched it shining like a will-o'-the-wisp in

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 15, 1922

Pecksniff in Politics

POLITICAL cant is at a premium this year. Because so many voters, especially the women, seem disposed to do a little thinking and choosing for themselves, the Pecksniffs of politics are passing out the old platitudes that have proved so effective in the past. Especially is the voter warned against the sin of irregularity, and threatened with political hellfire should he question the authority of the boss.

In that interesting book, The Great Conversers, no mention is made of political bosses. Conversation is not for them. They have their high-jackers, who are men of deeds, and their Pecksniffs, who are men of words. They are men of affairs. Their Pecksniffs—and Pecksniff wears petticoats at times—extend the right hand of reform to the crowd, while the left is grasped firmly by the boss behind them. Often respectable citizens and fine figureheads, self-righteous and self-deceived, they are rewarded with votes, not dollars; with office, not contracts.

"No man is bigger than his party," "A good soldier must follow his leader," and "Reform must come from within the organization" have always been pet phrases of the Pecksniffs. They sound convincing to one who accepts phrases without examination, but they are almost never used when the organization will stand examination. They are at once the apology and defense of the man who is trying to justify a doubtful political stand, and the time-tried method of offense against those who show signs of rebelling against an unscrupulous political organization. By "the party" Pecksniff means the organization; by "the leader," the boss; and by "reform from within," go along with the machine. It may be, of course, that both the boss and the organization are clean and honestly efficient, but too often in our politics they are neither, standing only for an appetite for office and for loot. Under these circumstances any man who is not "bigger than the party" is a pretty poor fish and he should be thrown back to grow.

In the past, reform has been made hateful to the voter by some of our professional reformers. Too often they are simply a different kind of Pecksniff. At best these men are theorists, and at worst they are fakers. They are quitters in defeat and incompetent in victory. When the spotlight is turned on they take the center of the stage, but between elections, when the hard day by day work for good government must be done, they are not in evidence. The voter has reached the state where he prefers the evils that he has to the mess that these professional reformers are almost sure to make. But there is no reason why he should choose either gangsters or quitters. Business reform, as practiced in business, is what politics needs. If the voter will clean up the organization from without, for the strength of the boss is greatly overrated; if he will vote for a business man instead of a Voice, it will be true that no one is "bigger than the party," for then "the party" will really be the party instead of a tight little personal organization. It will be averaged up instead of averaged down.

The party committees, like the primaries, have been a neglected branch of government, but they are the real seat of power in American politics. Good or bad candidates are selected, good or bad government determined in these committees and in the primaries. They are easily packed and controlled when the voters are indifferent to their composition. If an organization is corrupt the candidates sponsored by its bosses, no matter how honest personally, must look the other way at regular intervals. Inefficiency, waste and high taxation go back to the beginnings of politics, and those beginnings are back in the precinct and the ward. The root evil of our political system is the organization that is controlled by an unscrupulous boss, with the resultant favoritism in giving out jobs and contracts; in nominating and electing men to office who raise money by ruinous methods of taxation and then spend it wastefully.

So long as voters are afraid of having the black curse of irregularity laid on them, so long as they can be made to believe that independence of thought and action is political sin and that the whole duty of the citizen is performed when he votes for a candidate that is imposed on him by the organization, regardless of the character of that organization, we shall be held down by high taxes and held up by political high-jackers.

The good soldier must follow his leader, but a bad officer will lead him to disgrace or death. The voter is not a soldier bound to obey any master, but he is free to choose his leader and to refuse to follow one who proves himself unworthy. Obedience is not always a virtue in politics. It is often a weakness. The voter is an employer, not an employe, of politicians. Only as an organization proves up as a force for better men in office and for honest and efficient government can it command the allegiance of the voter.

The strength of the boss system is a docile electorate, trained like a troupe of performing dogs to jump through the hoops at the sound of their master's voice, and rewarded by petty office or punished by the party whip. By all means follow your leader, even though you may disagree with him at times, but first make sure that he is a leader and not a stuffed shirt; that you have selected him and employed him, and that he is not the tool of a boss; that he places the party above the organization, the country above the party, and the interests of the people above the interests of the machine.

Broadcast the Facts

THE newborn craze for wireless telephony has already brought in its train hundreds of excellent opportunities to lose money in fake radio stocks, and it is safe to predict that these opportunities will be renewed and repeated as long as the crop of suckers holds out.

These assertions are made without prejudice to those established corporations that control basic patents, operate well-equipped factories manned by skilled workers acting under scientific guidance, that maintain effective selling organizations and conduct their activities under the direction of able business men of high reputation.

It should be obvious that companies thus firmly intrenched could have small motive for appealing indiscriminately to the public for funds; and that they would not allow their shares to be distributed by brokers of the fly-by-night species in fictitious markets made by circular trading, wash sales, and all the other arts and artifices employed to foist painted pups upon a credulous public.

No one, not even the best-informed insiders, can predict with certainty how vast or how lucrative the radio industry may become or what radical modifications it may not undergo in the near future as the result of new inventions and the discovery of new principles governing wave transmission. It is reasonable to suppose, however, that those who were first in the field, and who, by the ownership of underlying patents, are to be the dictators-apparent of the industry for the next few years, are fully aware of the strength of their position, and will not be disposed to hawk about their shares on the street corners.

Enthusiastic amateurs in radio transmission who are aching to back their enthusiasm and judgment with cash should bear in mind that only a small proportion of the mushroom companies whose stocks are thrust upon them are going concerns, actually manufacturing meritorious radio apparatus on a basis that holds out much promise of financial profit to the public at large. Promoters of too many of these enterprises are merely manufacturers of so-called securities. If they can sell their stock so as to make a quick clean-up and a safe get-away they will probably see no real necessity for making anything else.

These sharpers are almost certain to find many victims and to trim them handsomely. Without a penny of expense the stage has been set for these promoters far better than they could have done it themselves at a cost of millions. Circumstances have conspired to make their work easy: Radio communication unquestionably has a future of high importance; popular interest in it is already well-nigh universal; and, to consolidate these advantages, newspaper publicity keeps radio telephony constantly in the spotlight. Under these conditions printers of wireless stock should have plain sailing, for falsehood is never so plausible as when flavored with truth, and fraudulent business never has a better chance to thrive than when it seemingly parallels honest and successful business. The truth about radio lends color to the falsehood, and thus helps to make a market for worthless stock.

Persons in control of wireless broadcasting stations are in a happy position not only to do a good turn to their audiences but also to add to the gayety of nations by performing an act of poetic justice characterized by the irresistible humor of singular appropriateness. We make bold, therefore, to suggest that our leading broadcasters make careful investigations of some of these new radio flotations that are coming out at the rate of four hundred a month, and send out their findings as part of their regular daily service. The stories of some of these wireless and conscienceless promoters would be well worth listening in on!

Government Out of Business

ONE important point is being too frequently overlooked in the discussions on Muscle Shoals. It is accepted that the plant must be placed in operation for the manufacture of fertilizer in time of peace and explosives in time of war. This being the case, the question is not whether the Government or Henry Ford should undertake the project; the question is, Which private offer for the plant shall be accepted? The Government should, under no circumstances, be permitted to complete and operate the Muscle Shoals plant. It may be that the offer of Ford is too low, that the plant is worth more as scrap. It may be that his terms as to interest and amortization are exacting. It may be that he does not bind himself to manufacture fertilizer at a proper price. Those are matters of detail. If the projects of Henry Ford are too remunerative to himself other capitalists may be trusted to make offers for the plant.

But no matter how unsatisfactory the offer of Ford or anyone else, what is lost is lost, and lease of the plant will not entail further loss. Governmental operation would certainly entail heavy, continuous and unbudgeted losses, to be paid out of taxes. And no assurance would be maintained that fertilizer would be manufactured in time of peace or the plant held ready and prepared for war. Henry Ford knows how to run a manufacturing plant. So do numerous other capitalists. But a manufacturing plant should not be turned over to the Government to run. The main issue is between private and governmental operation of Muscle Shoals. The terms of lease to a private operator are details.

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GYPPED! — By WILL IRWIN

ONE Jimmie, who knows the underworld of New York, was searching with me for a certain bootlegger on a mission no more romantic and illegal than establishing the pedigree of a cherished Airedale pup. Our inquiries in English and pidgin-Italian led us at last to a joint on one of the avenues. This, explained the man who knows the underworld, was a special hangout for bootleggers.

"Their liquor is right," he remarked. "The boys see to that."

The place had been before the Eighteenth Amendment an open saloon. The front room still retained its dusty bar. Behind it the cases bordering the mirror held a few fly-specked packages of cigarettes, a few fly-specked boxes of cigars. Except for two or three chromos on the walls there was nothing else in sight. Any acute passer-by gazing through the uncurtained windows might have known from its deserted air that all this was a blind.

Unwelcome Visitors

WE PASSED through the swinging doors. In old unamended days the bar had run through the partition; here, it was apparent from the polished brass grating, had been the beer pump. Behind this short strip of mahogany stood Giuseppe the bartender. As we entered I saw him make a sudden gesture to his inside pocket. The man who knows the underworld passed him a swift office. Giuseppe withdrew his hand. It held a whisky flask, from which he immediately filled two glasses for two patrons. In the corner sat a circle of young men playing cards and chattering, with much laughter, in Italian. About a table against a rear wall another group were debating loudly, good-humoredly, in mixed Italian and English. They were all young. Mostly they wore caps; otherwise their clothes bore the stamp of Fifth Avenue tailoring. From the motions of the card players flashed now and then the glint of a big diamond.

Giuseppe finished pouring whisky, collected, restored his flask to the inside pocket of his checked jumper. Two other patrons approached, ordered in Italian. From beneath the bar Giuseppe brought up a bottle of red wine. I was watching him, when I was aware of several unusual phenomena, all simultaneous. Giuseppe's motions with the bottle had stopped. A complete hush had fallen—a hush that clipped off words in the midst of a syllable. It all seemed strangely familiar, as though it had happened before. Only afterward did I realize that it was the same hush I had heard so many times in Picardy or Flanders or Friuli when the first blast of the siren announced an air raid. Giuseppe came suddenly out of his inaction. With a flip he inverted the bottle of red wine into the head of a water pipe. With another flip he began to pour the contents of the whisky flask into the sink. My eyes traveled round the room. Every man was on his feet. Every jaw was set. Every hand was in a side pocket. Every eye was looking past me toward the swinging door. I heard footsteps without.

The man who knows the underworld was also looking toward that swinging door. He spoke between his teeth: "Three plain-clothes men have just come into this place. Maybe we're raided."

I heard the swinging door creak, and footsteps behind me. The card players still stood like statues. Into the range of my vision came a young man with detective feet and a police manner. He walked straight up to Jimmie.

"Why, hello Jimmie!" he said loudly and with ostentatious cordiality. "Thought you was dead, it's been so long since I've seen you!"

"Mr. Irwin, meet Detective McBlank," said Jimmie. "Have a drink?"

Why Jimmie Was Scared

"NO, THANKS!" said Detective McBlank. "If I take one drink I want to have a party. I'm built that way. Well, so long. Got to be movin' on." Scarcely had he passed through the swinging door before the card players had resumed their seats and their hands, and conversation was bubbling again. But from the bar I heard a growl of hate, and turned just in time to see an action which made the whole episode significant. Giuseppe was slipping something from his sleeve to the drawer under the bar. It wasn't a bottle this time. It was a thirty-caliber automatic pistol. And from him poured Italian expletives which shaded off into vigorous English.

"Made me spoil a bottle of whisky and a bottle of red wine!" said Giuseppe. And he shifted gears to Italian again.

Outside I asked Jimmie, "What's the answer?"

"The answer is I was good and scared," said Jimmie. "We were in line of fire—plain English! I didn't want to make no sudden motion for fear I'd be took for a stool pigeon and kicked off. I was getting ready to slam you down on the floor, first shot!"



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"What was it all about?" I asked.

"Guess the answer is they're paying for protection for that joint," said Jimmie. "That's why Giuseppe was so sore. I'll say McBlank has got his nerve, walking in that way! Don't know why the cops called. Maybe they were looking for somebody for something else. And maybe they were just keeping prices up. Anyhow, the bootleggers thought they'd been gypped."

"Gypped?" I inquired. I had heard the term, but I wanted Jimmie's definition.

"Double-crossed," said Jimmie. "Done. Gypped—you know. Thought the cops had gone back on their agreement—see! They'll shoot for that quicker than for anything else. You can do things that will surprise you to a gunman and he'll stand for it. But when he thinks he's been gypped, if it's only a matter of a dime—good night!"

This occurrence, told just as it happened to me last spring in New York, showed a small cross-section of a new underworld which has been in creation ever since the war and the Eighteenth Amendment. In the half mile between the Tombs Prison and police headquarters twenty-nine men were murdered last year; and only three or four men at most have been convicted of these same crimes. In most cases, spite of strenuous work by the bomb squad, there have been no arrests. Now, by habit, the newspapers attribute any shooting down in that district to a bootleggers' row. That isn't so by any means, especially if you believe the police. But the newspapers are half right. Probably most of these affairs have begun with quarrels over contraband liquor. And in nine-tenths of these cases the first cause is the same. Someone has been gypped. Whereupon the executioners of the law under the law have done their job. These unavenged murders of the foreign district are only the extreme cases, where trouble has come to its dramatic climax. There are a hundred gunplays to one real shooting, probably. But the bootlegging industry in New York and throughout the East generally has for its foundation the automatics of gunmen.

Highly Paid Morons

The liquor business, since prohibition went into effect, is, of course, illegal. It is nevertheless a large and flourishing industry. Someone has said with partial truth that during the period of hard times the bootleggers were the only New York people who really made money. Foreigners in the tenement-house district of New York were the first to see its possibilities. Beginning very humbly with doctored liquor made from alcohol and flavoring matter and sold under forged labels, they branched out into importing or manufacturing on a fairly large scale. As the horizon widened, as the possibilities of good graft in withdrawal permits and Canadian importation became apparent, certain districts of the East Side blossomed into El Dorados of new swollen riches. Leaders of the underworld who a few years ago looked forward to no clean-up greater than the reward for getting a man kicked off or what the fences might leave from the fruits of an occasional robbery, returned to the old country to live as landed proprietors or died in purely commercial feuds, leaving hundreds of thousands of dollars to their heirs. Shifty-eyed boys of the slums who were before the war content to play extra men in pool-room swindles, to act as lookouts for an occasional second-story game, or even, in hard times, to snatch hand bags, suddenly began to wear two-hundred-dollar suits of clothes, to flash five-carat diamonds, to drive high-powered cars, to shoot craps for a hundred dollars a throw. Even the morons of the clan, the members without brains or initiative, have done well. They have been getting seventy-five to a hundred dollars a week and expenses just for sitting on a truck and looking fierce.

In fact, it is to these humble members of the bootlegging fraternity that I wish to call special and particular attention. Their guns are the pillars of the industry. The business could no more get along without them than automobile manufacturing could get along without mechanics. Bootlegging, of course, has no standing in law. You have brought into New York, we will say, a truckload of whisky from the Canadian border. Everything calculated, this consignment has cost you ten thousand dollars. You leave it for a moment, and some gentleman who has been watching you mounts the seat and drives away. What can you do? So far as the law is concerned, simply nothing. If you complain to the police you merely give yourself away as a bootlegger. If the police recover the stolen goods you surrender your property to the commonwealth, and have to stand trial besides. Property rights cannot exist for long without protection of some law. And bootlegging, from the first, involved millions of dollars in investments.

A law under the law already existed in New York among the East Side gangsters and gunmen. Especially well organized—for various reasons to be considered later—were the Italians of this class. These Italian gunmen had in their little world their own efficient methods of enforcing order, preventing gypping. That is why the larger activities of bootlegging had, at first, an Italian cast. I am writing now of the early days. The native American and the immigrants of other breeds have seen the possibilities in this good graft, and that period is over. But the pioneers of the bootleg industry, needing protection, bethought themselves of the Italian gangsters. It happened—partly as a result of the war—that the underworld of New York was just then in a state of flux. Old gangs had died out; new ones were only in process of formation. The Hudson Dusters and the Goophers of the West Side, mostly composed of native Americans, had totally disappeared. Monk Eastman and several other leaders of his type had cut it out to go into the Army—and a gang is nothing without a leader. The execution of the four gunmen in the Rosenthal case, and the publicity which followed, had broken up several mobs centering round the race tracks. But nothing special had happened to the Italian gangs. Indeed, the accession of demobilized soldiers from the other side had rather increased their strength.

These Italian gangs have always afforded a special problem to the New York police, and equally to the Italian police. In this both Italy and New York are paying the debt of King Bomba. Between 1815 and 1860 the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies in Southern Italy lived under the absolute rule of Bourbon monarchs. By all accounts this was probably the worst dynasty of modern times. It culminated in Ferdinand II, known as King Bomba, who for a combination of tyranny, coarseness, incompetence and superstition holds all royal records. In 1860 Garibaldi's thousand patriots, armed with condemned muskets which would not shoot, toppled over his kingdom by the bayonet and sheer valor. But in the forty or fifty years of Bourbon rule, preceded by several centuries of kings almost as bad, there had arisen a situation which still troubles Italy. The law of the land in the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies was an impossibility. To do business, to get ahead in the world, even to think, men must organize outside of the law. Societies of such bad name—lately—as the Camorra crept into Southern Italian life. These were in the beginning often bands of devoted patriots, like our own Minute Men before the Revolution. From them came several of the guiding lights of New Italy, such as Crispi, the great premier. In absolute monarchies the first stirring of revolution usually takes the form of political assassination. And the knife, wielded by Italian experts, became the chief instrument of protest.

States Within States

These secret states within states usually tend downward, even in a society of comparative freedom. We had our own experience with the San Francisco Vigilance Committees of 1849 and 1852. Rough-and-ready reformers, of high principles, founded these societies to regulate a community where the law was incompetent or corrupt and would not do its duty. The men they hanged would have been hanged legally had San Francisco possessed competent courts and policemen. But they established the tradition of extra-legal justice which dragged out a lengthening and rusting chain until now lynching is the reproach of our civilization.

By the time Garibaldi came with his thousand and Victor Emmanuel took over the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies these societies were already going sour. With the appearance of a real law in Southern Italy the patriots and respectable element generally left them. The criminal and the lawless remained, after which they degenerated into instruments of blackmail, robbery and private vengeance. Italy has never been able satisfactorily to cope with them. There is no miracle of modern government to compare with the creation of the new Italy, in fifty years, from the wreckage of the Middle Ages. But this final miracle—the extermination of her criminal element—she has not performed.

However, the Carabinieri, that efficient body of national police, have succeeded at home in keeping this element fairly well in check, even in healing the infection round the edges and working toward its core. They are an extraordinary body of men, these Carabinieri. Every tourist in Italy remarks them—always traveling in pairs as a precaution against assassination, dressed in most elaborate uniforms topped by gold-splashed cocked hats, worn to impress the populace. What the tourist does not see is their secret agents, working in disguise often at the very heart of gang life, living without record such adventures as the author of old Nick Carter never imagined. Backing them up are certain Italian laws passed to deal with this very situation. When an ex-convict of the gang variety gets out on parole in Italy it is a real parole. At sunset the local Carabinieri knock at his door. If he is not at home they go out and find him; when found he returns to jail. If he is picked up out-of-doors before sunrise the same thing happens. The Carabinieri know that Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do, and also that a man living without visible means of support is probably living by illegal means.

A Land of Easy Laws

So if the paroled man is too long out of work in a period when work is to be had—jail again! By the '90's of the last century the Carabinieri seemed to be winning. Then came a period of hard times on both sides of the water; but far harder in Italy than here. The plain people of the Peninsula followed in the wake of Cristoforo Colombo and rediscovered America. Our high tide of Italian immigration began. Those who should know have told me that the savings sent back from America during this period rescued the financial integrity of the kingdom. With this industrious element went as parasites members of the gangs. They found wonderful pickings among their emigrant compatriots—blackmail, extortion, even open robbery. And they sent the word back to their kind at home. Here was a land of easy laws, where the police did not understand. You could get away with almost anything, because the simple Italian of the Latin quarters in New York, San Francisco or Chicago was by tradition so afraid of these gangs and their vengeance that he would never inform the American authorities. The gangsters began to come our way. The Italian police probably understood this perfectly and were glad to get rid of them. This was, however, poor policy in the end, because the harvest of gold across seas served to strengthen the gangs in the old Kingdom of the Two Sicilies. But for this the Carabinieri might by now have stamped out the system.

These gangsters are still bred in Italy rather than in America. It has shallowly been assumed that our city life is bad for the Italian-American of the second generation. Examination of police records goes to disprove this. From superficial examination I should say that about nine-tenths of the men with Italian names arrested and convicted for gang crimes in New York are entered as natives of Italy. The American boy of Italian blood seems to go wrong no more commonly than the boy of other bloods. And when he does he tends to join American gangs, as had two of the young men executed in the famous Rosenthal case.

The Italian gangster brought his old grudges. Once—perhaps as far back as the days of King Bomba—occurred some kind of row in the insignificant town of Castel Ana, Sicily. It grew into a feud, which was transferred to America. How many murders have happened in our own cities as the inheritance of Castel Ana even the police cannot tell. In connection with this Castel Ana chain of murders there exists a document whose main details I must suppress, but which illuminates the methods of the Italian gangs. The author of this confession was apparently of low intelligence. The more able heads of the gang got him involved in crime—they had something on him. After which they ordered him to kill an individual whom we will call Giuseppe. He did not in the least want to kill Giuseppe. The man w friend. He ran away from New Yor western city and got a job. After weeks appeared a member of the saying, "You are to kill Giuseppe." fly in the web struggled; he ran again, this time to a Pacific Coast ci

A few weeks of freedom—and stranger met him, made a gesture acr throat to indicate the penalty of dis ence, and said, "You are ordered Giuseppe."

Terror and the force of superior did their work. He returned to the and killed Giuseppe. All this beca a feud so old that its original caus forgotten.

Popular belief in the Italian qu holds that these gangs are oath-organizations with secret and terrib The police doubt this. They are b gether, the city detectives say, by n more than common economic intere mutual fear; each member has som on all the others. However, the ga carefully cultivate this impression. surround them with the proper atm of terror; as witness the true story Black Hand Society.

When Italian crimes—mostly of ance—first appeared in our great some forgotten reporter of the yello remembered the bloodbound old still a heritage of King Bomba is Every mysterious murder in the quarters became a Maffia murder. the Maffia grew stale with use.

One night a reporter on a Ne newspaper, reading a curious old boo holding down the late watch, came the story of the Spanish Black H ciety. This organization was the so inative creation of a curious but wo liar who once played informer to th ish police. His tale involved a n set of anarchists. In the course romancing he led the police to a v where the archives of the anarchi supposed to be buried. A workm laid his muddy hand on the vineya leaving its imprint. The imaginati liar caught at this circumstance. the secret mark of the anarchists," "The society is known as the Black All this came out years later in th sion of the informer, which release men from Spanish prisons.

The Black Hand Appea

The next day that same repo sent out by his highly sensation paper on one of the first kidnapi to reach the attention of the pol was grist to his mill. He attribu crime to the Black Hand. The the other yellow newspapers follow Black Hand figured as the sinister of every kidnaping case. The Itali ster is no fool. He took his cue The newspapers were advertising power of the Black Hand, and th industrious Italian on whom he pr lieved the newspapers. To this d blackmailing letter in every kidn extortion case bears for a seal a bl

Before I leave this part of my must repeat that this heritage Bomba is a burden on Italy as w America, and that it cannot fairl as a general reproach against eit or our Italian element. These are numbered only by hundre other Italians, characterized by to get ahead in the new country racial talent for hard work, are by millions. The Italian crimina to the tradition in which they h bred, are well organized and th understand their game. Furth Latins, they have a talent for th esque and dramatic. They get th advertised.

So when the directors of th game found that both their pro their money needed some extra-tection, they turned at once to ment, widely advertised in all th world as desperate offhand kill tomed to taking occasional jobs guards. The big men in the gam want them to kill anyone—n They wanted merely the protecti by their reputations as killers. automobiles carrying the dispens withdrawal permits, the truck Canadian run, the private distill ing gin from alcohol and juniper all operated under protection

(Continued on Page 26

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MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS



A great summer dish!

Bring your husky outdoors appetite to a plateful of Campbell's tempting, tasty, filling beans! Feel your hunger gradually disappear, while your appetite is having the time of its life. Campbell's Beans are great summertime food—they're so richly nourishing, so delightful with their famous tomato sauce, so digestible because they're slow-cooked. Nothing to do but eat them!

Serve hot **Serve cold**

Campbells' BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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(Continued from Page 24)

gentlemen adventurers who drew good salaries for doing nothing but pack a gun and sit still.

As the business grew the demand overflowed the supply of Italian gunmen. The head bootleggers began to draw on the wild youth of other breeds in the tenement district of New York. Lately I have talked over the general situation with several social-settlement workers of New York. They all report their people doing well under prohibition. In general they find less desertion, less thriftlessness, fewer crimes against women and children. One or two lament a recent increase of home-brewing which affects the sobriety of the women; but they seem to regard this, at its present extent, as a minor evil. Of late the traffic in women and commercialized vice in general have dwindled almost to the vanishing point. All but one, however, mentioned the growth of the gun-toting habit among the wilder element of the young men. They saw with gratification the disruption of the old gangs, but they wonder if new gangs are not in process of formation. Here, I think, they have seen, without understanding it, one manifestation of bootleg law. A criminal or semicriminal gang rests always on an economic basis. It affords to its members a life unplagued by hard work. Without much doubt these new gangs are helping enforce bootleg law.

The ethics bred into their trade made the Italian gunmen especially useful in this new occupation. From time immemorial the chief crime in their decalogue had been double-crossing. Most of their old feuds arose because someone had gypped a member of a gang. In the bootleg game gypping began with outsiders; very largely, I understand, native Americans drawn from the West by the prospects of fair adventure and good pickings. They began laying for trucks which carried liquor across the Canadian border. A load of whisky is worth from four thousand to ten thousand dollars spot cash, besides the value of the truck. As compared to other stick-up operations the risk with the law is slight. If you are caught in possession of the goods you get off with a comparatively light penalty. For the robbery itself you do not suffer at all. Part of the Canadian booze route runs through the uninhabited Adirondacks. Night after night, if one may believe bootleg gossip, there were battles in these wilds. Certainly the state police last winter picked up and buried two bodies of unknown individuals, and certainly the inmates of remote Adirondack lodges and farms have many times given first aid to wounded men. Through that ticklish stretch of woods the trucks run to this day with the throttle wide open.

The Cases of Frankie and Joe

However, the engagements in the Adirondack woods are probably mild compared to the affrays in New York itself. As the game reached the stage of more or less permanent organization, some of the head bootleggers had their own special gangs. The members not only drew wages but participated in the profits. Now in ordinary business, situations constantly arise where each party to a disagreement believes most ardently that it is in the right, and where actually right and wrong are separated by a hair's breadth. Courts of law exist to settle such difficulties. But when such a clash arises in the bootlegging business there is only one recourse—gun law. It would be straining truth to say that the bootleg gang always, even usually, takes this recourse. Killing a man, even to a professional gunman, is a serious affair, entailing, even if one has taken all reasonable precautions, the possibility of most disagreeable consequences. But there occur incidents where passions grow inflamed, after which someone dies, shot by a storm of bullets from automatic pistols. The police, doing the best they can, are very busy for a few days. Then the incident fades gradually into oblivion. And no one knows who did it, except perhaps every man, woman and child in a whole tenement block. But they will never tell—in court. They value their lives too highly.

Here are a few of these incidents. For various reasons I shall generally disguise the names.

Frankie and Joe were brothers. Frankie belonged to a bootleg gang operating in a suburb of New York. Joe ran a small restaurant. One night Frankie's touring car was discovered on a remote boulevard. In the back seat were sixteen cases of whisky. Bent over the wheel was the dead body of Frankie. He had quit his mob that night after a dispute, and taken away these sixteen cases, which, he maintained, belonged to him.

The tenements whisper two versions of the inside story. One has it that the gang killed him because he had gypped them. The other holds that they never meant to kill Frankie. They held him up in order to get back their sixteen cases, but one member, having previously filled himself with cocaine, developed a nervous trigger finger and fired prematurely. There were no arrests, at least none that stuck. Joe gave his brother a good funeral and went on with his little restaurant.

A certain social club, since suppressed by the police, was holding its annual picnic in the suburbs. A man described by every member of the club as a total stranger stepped into the midst of a group and filled one member full of lead. A dozen guns were out at once. But the members did not fire, because they could not tell at once whether the man to right and left of the shooter belonged to their mob or his. Taking advantage of this confusion the killer turned, pointing his gun at whoever tried to stop him, and escaped. Every member of the club was grilled by the police. All protested that the killer was a man of mystery, and that the dead member, so far as known, had not an enemy in the world.

Foreign Gangsters' Methods

Three months later Joe was sitting at nightfall before his restaurant. An ice wagon drove up and stopped. Next, a man dressed in a jumper and carrying an ice pick approached Joe and held him in conversation for about ten minutes. Then appeared a touring car filled with young men in caps and brown shirts. Joe saw this, and started to run. The man in the jumper stabbed him with his ice pick. Joe fell. Before he could get up someone leaped from the touring car, stood over him, emptied a pistol into him and jumped back into the seat. The car drove away. Joe was dead before the police arrived. The street was crowded at the time. But no spectator of these events could or would give the slightest clew to the identity of the criminals.

Those schooled in the lore of murder by system—like this one—say that the foreign gangsters upon mapping out a job lay their plans for suppressing evidence as carefully as for the get-away. The spot is chosen to avoid the presence of native Americans, whom the gang cannot silence. Two or three members are told off to do the work. They are expected to riddle the victim with bullets, so that when the police arrive he can make no dying statement. The rest, entirely unarmed, just loaf about the spot. When the crowd gathers they circulate through it. If anyone shows the slightest disposition to talk he is poked in the ribs and just a word or two are whispered into his ear. Usually that suffices.

What can the police do? Down in the basement of Headquarters dwells the Italian Bomb Squad, commanded by that able and two-fisted Roman, Sergeant Freischetti. Its ways, methods and problems are so different from those of the other police that it seems a thing apart; the reporters call it Little Headquarters. Ever since he took the job over from the dead hands of Joe Petrosino—stabbed in Italy while in search of a murderer—Freischetti has been harrying the gangs. General opinion held, before the Eighteenth Amendment complicated matters, that he had them on the run.

The extraordinary problems with which the bomb squad must deal are illuminated by the famous Akron, Ohio, case. In the space of two months four policemen of Akron, patrolling lonely beats by night, were mysteriously assassinated. No one could trace any connection of motive for these four murders—but there you were! Some tiny clew gave a hint that Italians might be back of them. The Akron police, unskilled in dealing with the Italian criminal element, appealed to New York. Freischetti and two of his assistants disappeared from Headquarters. When, a few weeks later, they bobbed to the surface, they had a set of confessions that sent six men to the electric chair. A wild man of a gangster with the appropriate name of Borgia was back of it all. He had been given a light jail sentence for keeping a disorderly house. Thereupon he had sworn a vendetta against the authorities, and announced a reward of five hundred dollars for every policeman killed. For this set of convictions Freischetti got the thanks of the Akron Chamber of Commerce, a medal and a raise in pay.

But the murders under the very nose of New York Headquarters are a different matter. If Freischetti would talk freely—which, being a real detective, he never does—he could probably tell you with moral certainty who committed just about half of them. But moral certainty and proof under our Anglo-Saxon law of evidence have points of wide variance. When criminals hold over witnesses a terror greater than the terror of the law, when no one who knows the facts will whisper a syllable, what can the police do?

Possibly no other corpse was ever so popular in Greater New York as that of Tony, who met a sudden and violent end last autumn. Tony advertised the fact that he was bad, bad. In this case the goods seem in every respect to have justified advertising claims. The police could never prove him a murderer, but they suspected him of two or three mysterious killings. He would shoot, all the Italian quarter believed, at the wink of an eyelash. Once a man driving an expensive touring car left it for a moment while he went to buy a pack of cigarettes. When he returned, a dark, dapper little man sat in the driver's seat with the engine running. Now that he is dead the neighbors admit that the little man was Tony. "That's my car," said the owner. "'Tain't now," said Tony, nonchalantly pointing a pistol. "Get off that step." The owner got off. Tony and the car drove away to parts unknown.

A gang engaged in the bootleg business made a big clean-up. The boss, an enlightened employer, believed in profit-sharing. He distributed twelve thousand dollars among his help. Promptly they began to shoot craps for it at one hundred dollars a throw. And Tony, a pistol in each hand, stepped into the room. It was a night off for the gang. They had checked their guns with the boss. Moreover, Tony had the drop—and Tony, as was well known, would shoot at the first ripple of an irritated expression. He took away with him most of the twelve thousand dollars and disappeared from New York.

The gang did an unprecedented thing. They reported this hold-up to the police. No, it was not bootleg money, they said. It was a big killing on the races. No, they were not shooting craps. When Tony called they were just dividing the money and gloating over it, sort of. The police probably saw through this flimsy fiction and are to be pardoned if they put no exceptional energy into the hunt for Tony.

When Tony Came Back

Three months later Tony came back. He stepped from his own door just at nightfall, and firing started from across the street. Your city gunman would probably make a poor score at the targets. He depends, just as did the bad man of the old Wild West, on quickness at the draw and the nerve to go through with it. In this case, however, the first shot, fired from a distance of perhaps eighty feet, brought Tony down. He tried to reach his gun and to struggle to his feet. A man bounded like a jack rabbit across the pavement and fired into him the regular finishing volley. This happened less than a block from a police station. The reserves and the precinct detectives started with the first shot. The neighbors—now that Tony is dead—relate that a precinct detective reached him first, bent over him, recognized him and said, "Well, you son-of-a-gun, who'ver got you deserves a gold medal." As usual, no one could identify the assassin.

In the early days when bootlegging, intelligently followed, was a Golconda, a certain Italian broke into the game. He was not of the gang element, but he understood how to handle gunmen and he began with a little capital. Last year he went back to Italy, having sent ahead of him thirty-two million lire—more than a million and a half dollars at present rates of exchange, and six millions if the lira recovers. Popular rumor always exaggerates any fortune, and were it not that I have this fact from an exceptionally accurate source I should hesitate to set down a sum so large. He left the business to a junior partner. This man, it would seem, tried to get rich too fast. Rumor has it that he gypped several powerful personages. At any rate, he died on the street at eleven o'clock one morning—in the usual way. This ti gunman from Providence, Rhode Islan doubtedly involved, ran into the arm policeman. He got twenty years to Sing Sing.

Most picturesque of all the ga lately killed by their own medicine in York was he whom I will call Dia Dan. The high lights of his life and are too well known. Dan not only gr he reduced gypping to a system, a sc A raw boy, lately landed but al known and feared, he was employ bodyguard to a rich fellow countr marked for death by a gang. One Dan's employer was found dead in a ment stairway. The police believe tha did it himself, induced thereto by two sand dollars in hard cash. Shortly ward complicity in a murder was prov him and he went to state's prison for years. When he came out the golde of bootlegging had begun.

Diamond Dan reviewed the situ organized a gang of shooting me began preying on bootleggers. Th away with trucks left momentari guarded, or they got the drop guards. When a boss bootlegger m big deal and carried away a roll, he look out, or Dan and the gang woul him and force a transfer. Not only lence did he prosper but also by su Once he sold to a trusting friend thousand dollars' worth" of with permits for the trifling sum of twelv sand dollars. They were forgeries the purchaser presented them he g deep trouble.

The End of Diamond Da

Dan extended his operations. H to hold up the professional burglars York, the bank thieves, the very men. His weird knowledge con projected criminal operations can plained in only one way: He mu had stool pigeons in most of the m one trusts underworld rumor sev jobs pulled off in New York were loss to the original criminals. In th of the get-away appeared Dan and h and took charge of the receipts.

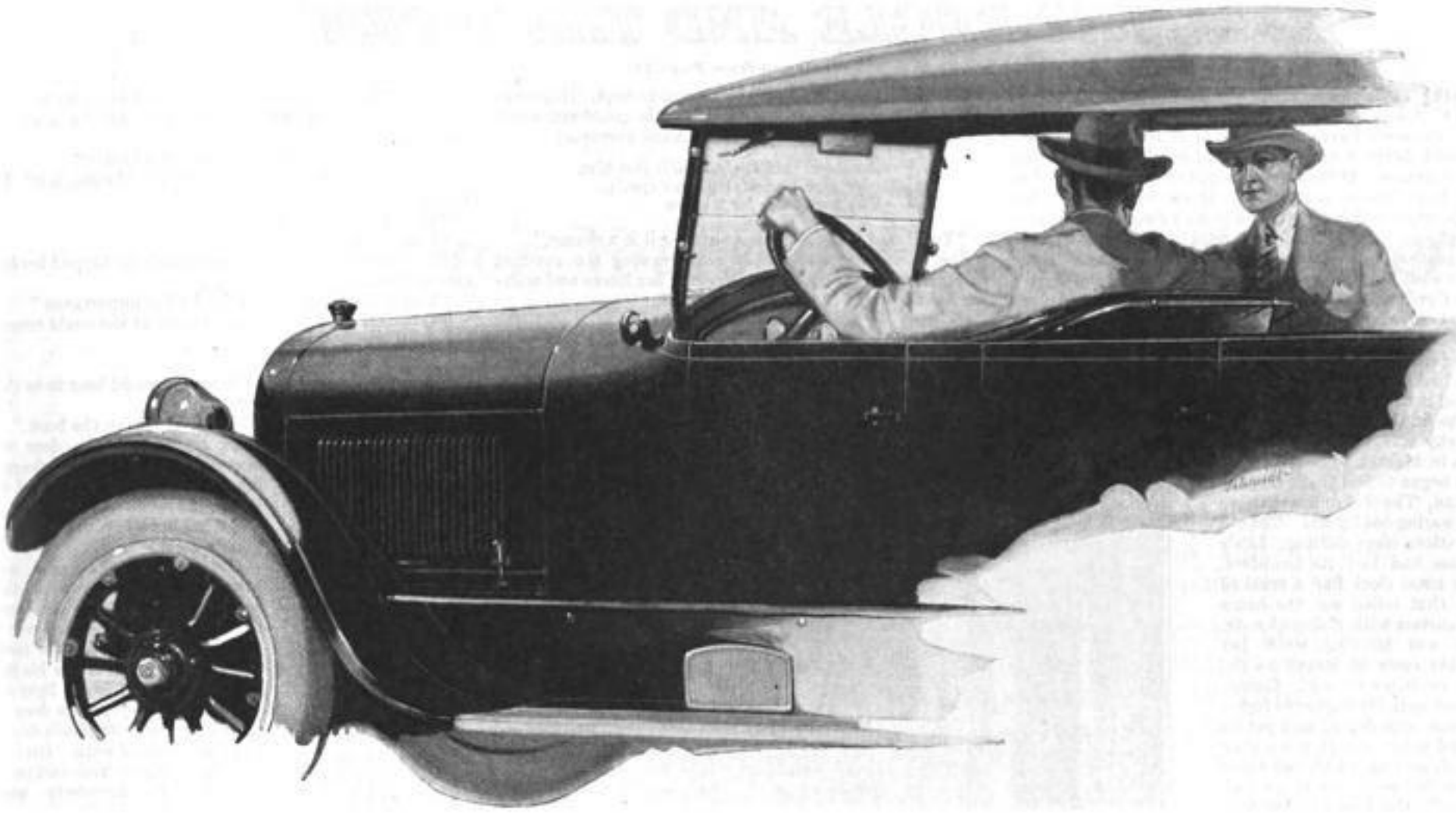
Dan prospered exceedingly. " figured up the diamonds he was w said an envious neighbor to me. " five carats he had on him."

It was a great idea. Here, so fa police went, was crime without pe of punishment. The shorn lamb never, never bleat. Only it involv possibilities, which would appeal average citizen as more disagreeal arrest. At every moment, day o Dan stood in danger of his life. that he guarded by keeping his two chief lieutenants always about him

Nevertheless, he was got. One he sat at his ease in a restaura parently—perhaps only apparen bodyguard was for once absent. shot twice from the rear by a hea held so close that its powder bu skin. He died like a tiger. As h drew his own pistol and killed the in sight—the unoffending proprie restaurant. At Police Headquart have a scrapbook which is not mended to the perusal of the weak In it the police keep for trial photographs of murdered men, jus lay when they died. In his las graph Dan, spite of his disfiguring shows a beautiful head and face—r Byronic.

Having written all this, I ad have written of the days that were move rapidly in the bootlegging i Various factors have united to for founders. Capital, of sorts, has possibilities. As in many a mor esteemed industry, the big men ar ing out the small. These pioneers make money too fast, and took to a adulterations, which helped dri their customers. They depended portations mostly on the Canad That route has of late become u partly because of the booze robber the way, partly because of a thre seems more than a threat, to border. Large capital is cautio owners deprecate unnecessary Their goods still need guarding; employers prefer a class of gunmen reluctant to shoot. Unless some un factor appears, New York may ward to a decreased homicide rec

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It springs not merely from his car's beauty, nor from its comfort nor its lightness of movement, grateful and wonderful as these characteristics are to him.

It proceeds from something even more than the dependability, the power, the swift acceleration or the basic economy of his Cadillac.

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THE EAGLE AND THE WREN

(Continued from Page 21)

the dark. There was so much she did not understand—so much that was pitiable to fill her thoughts. All she possessed she would have given gladly to efface that last interview with Martyn when she found him almost embracing Alma Ferraros. At the mere thought of it Leslie kicked at the bed rail like an angry child. It was impossible to believe Martyn could prefer that woman's company to hers—and yet —— The pain of the wretched discovery was the more acute since she had gone to Martyn's room with the will to wish him a sweet good night. It had been Cyril's idea. Cyril had seen how sad she was and just as the clock struck twelve he said, "If you feel that way, my dear, let's go up and say something decent to the old bird before turning in."

She had almost kissed Cyril, for he was fond of her himself and it was generous of him to have suggested it. And then to find Martyn with —— Oh, it was unthinkable! And why was Mrs. Conyngham asleep in Martyn's bed?

She began to feel that everyone was mad. The old landmarks were disappearing one by one. The old foundations were shifting. Life's staircase had lost its banisters.

The hotel clock had a cracked chime that tolled out the hours and quarters with a dismal note. Three was striking when her thoughts came at length to the queer *contretemps* with George Wedderton in the darkened foyer. The man was drunk, and yet he sounded sober enough when they collided, and he whispered those few hurried sentences in her ear. Hidden in the recess at the foot of the stairs she had seen the gendarmes carry him away, and a little later had seen an old man with straggling whiskers mount the staircase, chuckling to himself and rubbing his hands.

What did it all mean? What were the words Wedderton had uttered? Probably some drunken nonsense. Yet he spoke of Martyn and a book to be returned early in the morning. What book?

Leslie got out of bed, put on a wrap, felt about for her slippers, and took a tiny electric torch from her dressing bag.

The bedroom corridor was silent and unlighted. Curious how thievish and bad she felt tiptoeing past the rooms of sleeping people in the dead of night. The rustle of her silk sounded like ghosts whispering "Sh!" and boards creaked like the voices of inanimate things crying out in alarm. The moon-cast shadows of window transoms made gallows on the blind, and the wind sighed piteously.

Leslie shivered and drew her wrap about her as she came to the head of the stairs. It was black as the pit below, and daring greatly she pressed the button of her torch. The thin rod of light was like a knife that stabbed a sleeping darkness. Hidden objects wakened, startled, springing to unnatural life—a chair, a table.

Leslie held her breath and went down. The sofa was her objective—and something hidden behind the seat cushions.

Ah! It was here!

She knelt and thrust her hands into the close mysterious recesses at the back. Nothing! Wait, what was that? A crochet hook and a coin. Stupid! It was at the other end of the sofa he had sat during that brief moment before she rose and left him. Success! The hard outline of a book. She drew it forth and covering it with her wrap hastened to her room and collapsed breathlessly on the bed.

A full minute passed before she turned on a table lamp and inspected her prize. Then she frowned. A book of verse! Browning's Men and Women! By what conceivable means could such a thing play a part in any adventure? And yet George Wedderton had said its return to Martyn was of vital importance. She opened the book haphazard at the poem A Light Woman. The edges of the pages were sticky, but this was a fact without significance.

The eagle am I, with my fame in the world,
The wren is he, with his maiden face.

Leslie shook her head and continued to read. There was something suggestive in the lines, but she could not determine what they suggested. Was it Alma Ferraros?

A shame, said I, if she adds just him
To her nine-and-ninety other spoils,
The hundredth for a whim

"Yes," said Leslie. "It is a shame—it is a shame."

She threw the book aside and drawing the coverlet under her chin sat up in bed, hugging her knees and waiting for the night to end.

XXXVII

HALF PAST SEVEN was striking when Leslie passed along the bedroom corridor to Martyn's room. She was wearing a fawn-colored suit and the book was hidden beneath her coat. Passing Cyril's door she heard him moving and wondered that he should be rising so early. She did not know that he, too, had spent a sleepless night, tormented, probably for the first time, with a wholehearted contempt of himself. Since she did not wish to meet him until she had carried out her mission Leslie hurried on.

Until now she had not realized that thirteen was the number of Martyn's room. The discovery was depressing, and she stared at the porcelain number plate a full minute before summoning up the courage to knock.

There was no answer. She knocked again, rather louder. Still no answer. She concluded that Martyn must be asleep in the inner room and could not hear, and debated with herself whether she should go away and return later. It was memory of the compelling note in George Wedderton's voice that persuaded her to try the door. It was locked. For no traceable reason she felt suddenly afraid, and seizing the handle rattled it noisily.

"Leave the can outside," came a voice. "I'll fetch it when I want it."



He Reeled, Blinded by the Knowledge That He Was Alive, Snatched From the Maw of Death

It was Martyn who had spoken, and his voice sounded tired and dry. Evidently he mistook her for a *valet de chambre*.

"Martyn," she said. "It's me—it's Leslie."

There was silence for a while, then: "Leslie, is it? I—I can't see anyone; no one at all."

"Martyn, let me in."

"Later—later," he replied.

The blood flowed to her cheeks and she tapped her foot on the floor.

"You must let me in! It's of vital importance."

The words were George's as nearly as she could remember them.

"Later," he said again.

It was almost more than her pride could bear to be thus dismissed by the man she loved.

"Now or not at all," said she. "I have the book."

In an instant the door was opened. Almost rudely he dragged her into the room and turned the key in the lock.

"What book? What book have you brought?"

Never before had she seen Martyn Saville as he looked that morning. The shutters were across the windows and the room was lit by a single lamp at the table, whose tilted shade threw his face into violent contrasts of light and shadow. His eyes were deep-set and cavernous, with pupils dilated from the strain of work. His hair, usually smooth as fresh-laid paint, straggled in disorderly wisps across his brow. His lips were thin and parched, and the lines of humor at the corners of his mouth had gone.

"Oh, Martyn!" cried Leslie. "Are you ill? What's wrong with you?"

"Please don't ask me any questions," he begged, "but answer mine. You spoke of a book."

"It is here."

She drew it from beneath her coat and gave it to him.

"How did you get this?"

She explained.

He nodded.

"Arrested, was he? H'm! That's a pity. Let me think a minute. Yes, I see. Leave this with me for three-quarters of an hour. Then come back and I'll return it."

"I don't understand why ——"

He motioned her to be silent.

"It's better you shouldn't. When I return the book I want you to be seen reading it in the most public places of this hotel. Follow?"

"Yes, I follow."

"The lounge, terrace, winter garden. Be seen reading it. If anyone claims it give it up without protest. Say you found it lying about. That—that's all." He closed his eyes for a second and rubbed them wearily. "Come back in three-quarters of an hour. I ought to be ready by then."

He walked a trifle unsteadily to the door and turned the key. But Leslie did not move.

"Is that all, Martyn?" she asked. "Is there nothing else you want to say to me?"

He shook his head wearily. "Many things, my dear," he replied. "But not now, if you don't mind."

"Suppose I do mind?"

"It mustn't make a difference. There is still so much to do. I know appearances were against me, but I can't justify myself yet a while."

"Then you wish me to go on thinking what I can't help thinking?"

"Oh, don't you see," he replied, "that nothing must disturb me now?" His tone was frayed and almost irritable.

"Very well," said Leslie. "I'll do what you ask. The rest must wait. Good-by."

She went out, and he closed the door behind her.

Cyril was on the terrace gazing thoughtfully out to sea. There was a touch of awkwardness in his greeting.

(Continued on Page 30)

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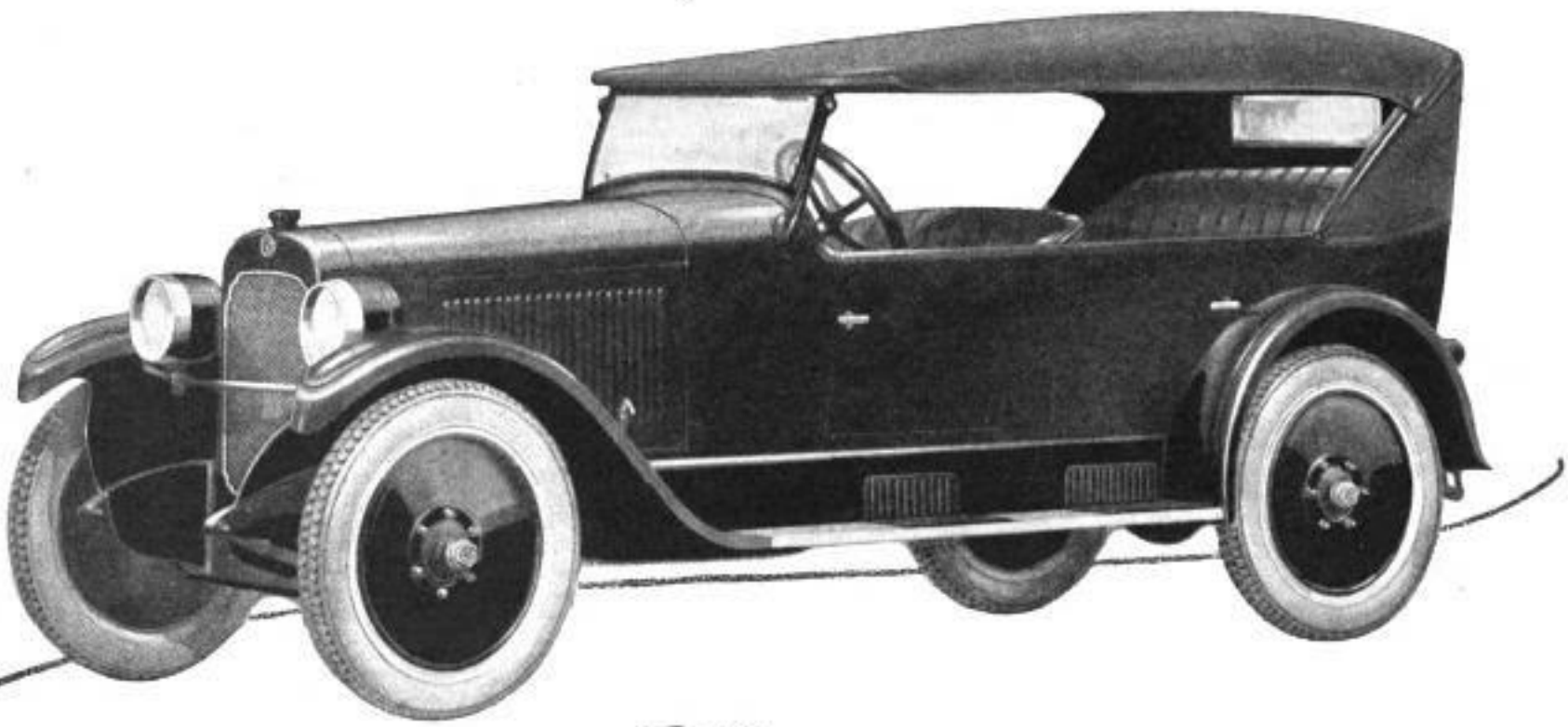
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The
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(Continued from Page 28)

He smoked for a while in silence as they watched the sun breakfasting on the early morning mist.

"Oh, dear," said Leslie, very softly to herself.

Cyril started and looked at her guiltily.

"Don't suppose," he blurted out, "you'd have much use for a chap that played crooked to win a hand."

"A hand?" she repeated, only half listening. "Whose hand?"

"Yours."

She thought he was speaking of Martyn, and tipped her head a shade petulantly.

"Please, Cyril!"

"All right. I won't go on. Only some chaps can't help themselves. Call it selfishness—anything you like—winning is the only object—they scout the rules. There's the old proverb 'Everything's fair,' you know."

"I don't know why you should be talking like this."

"It's stranger still I should be feeling like this," he replied with a little laugh. "Oh, well! We humans are a queer race. What's your idea, Leslie? D'you count love as an excuse?"

"I'm rather tired of love and excuses," she answered. "And it's too early to discuss either."

She was making confession very difficult.

"That was a rotten business last night. I've been kicking myself ever since for leading you into it."

"There's no blame attached, Cyril. After all, it's best to know, isn't it?"

"You were fond of old Martyn, Les?"

"I was engaged to him," she answered very simply.

"Yes, yes. You never cared two straws for me, did you?"

"I liked you, Cyril."

"But not in that way?"

"No, not in that way."

There was silence for a moment, then: "S'pose you'd never met Martyn, should I have had a chance?"

"Not an earthly," she answered. "Sorry."

He straightened up and shook himself.

"Seems to me I've made a pretty useless mess of things," he said.

"In what way?"

"In every way."

He looked her squarely in the eyes, half opened his mouth, then with sudden want of nerve turned on his heel and marched off in the direction of the hotel.

The time passed very slowly as Leslie wandered along the garden paths waiting for the quarters to strike. She met young Callant blithely setting forth to tune up the engine of his motor boat.

He complimented her on being abroad so early and reminded her of the promise to come for a spin over the waves.

"Going to try castor oil," he announced unexpectedly. "There's nothing like it. Bet it'll give the old Whirlwind another five miles an hour."

And with a wave of the hand he turned downhill. Callant was a young man who thought in terms of speed.

Another casual meeting was with Mr. Butterwick, who was trotting up and down on the terrace looking for an appetite. Leslie recognized him as the old man who had been instrumental in obtaining George's arrest. He lifted his hat and wished her good morning after the fashion of one guest to another. Knowing him to be involved in the mystery that surrounded her Leslie paused to exchange a few commonplaces. Mr. Butterwick, who was in excellent spirits, piped away gladly. He confided to her that being a martyr to rheumatism he was staying in the south for his health. As he chattered on, his hand strayed to his overcoat pocket and produced a nut.

"Dear me," he exclaimed. "I did not know I had any. This is very fortunate. My dear young lady, you behold in me a direct proof of the Darwinian theory, inasmuch as I am incurably addicted to the habit of eating nuts. You will excuse me? Yes?"

His thin bony fingers cracked the shell at a slight pressure.

"A weak shell usually bespeaks an indifferent kernel. Ah! Yes, yes! You see I was right, poor and wizened. Dear me, what an odd thing! Most unusual."

Among the fragments lying in the palm of his hand was a small pill of rolled-up paper.

"Whatever can it be?"

Leslie watched with interest as he unrolled the paper and straightened it out.

"Writing," he said. "Writing. Very odd."

Coming a little nearer Leslie saw the words "Everything O. K." and the initials "G. W."

Their effect on Mr. Butterwick was magical. His face became purple all over. He seized her by the wrist and breathed, "Not a word to a soul about this!"

And next instant he was gone, running like the wind with coat tails flying.

"The world has gone mad!" said Leslie, as the hotel clock struck the quarter.

She did not speak to Martyn on her return to his room. She merely gave her name, and in answer he opened the door and thrust the book into her hands.

"Be seen reading it," was all he said.

Limp and lifeless she returned to the foyer and seated herself conspicuously in an armchair at the foot of the staircase.

One by one the guests came down for breakfast, but although she held the book in view of all no one addressed her.

Presently Mrs. Conyngham appeared and seemed to totter at the sight of Leslie.

"My dear," she said with an effort to recover her dignity, "I trust you had a good night."

"Not very," Leslie replied, and without malice prepense. "Did you?"

Mrs. Conyngham swayed and grasped the banister rail.

"Disturbed," she answered. "I was gravely disturbed."

"Perhaps it was just as well," said Leslie.

Mrs. Conyngham could not trust herself to answer the charge at so early an hour. Hers was a nature that required coffee and bacon before taking possession of its full faculties.

"Cyril will explain," she murmured, and proceeded toward the dining room with the air of a deposed sovereign.

Another ten minutes passed uneventfully.

Next to come down was Alma Ferraros. She was dressed for traveling, in a costume of pineapple brown with a surcoat of Russian sable. Behind her was the hotel boots carrying a couple of suitcases. She did not waste a glance in Leslie's direction.

"I wish to see my waiter," she said. "You find him for me, please. Oh! He was called Andrea."

She seated herself with her back to Leslie, while the boots went on his errand. In a few moments he returned with one of the hotel managers, who whispered something confidentially.

"Arrested!" exclaimed Alma. "You are sure? But on what grounds?"

The manager murmured inaudibly. Alma nodded.

"It is of no importance. I merely wished to tip the man." She rose and turned her head, giving Leslie an impression of anxiety carefully concealed.

The manager bowed and was retiring when she recalled him.

"I am leaving Nice at ten o'clock. You will order me a car, please."

"*Bien, madame.*"

"There is a guest here with whom I wish to have a word—a Mr. Wedderton."

The manager raised his hands pathetically.

"I fear, madame, that m'sieur was also embroiled in the mysterious affair of last evening. He, too, is in the hands of the police."

Alma's self-control was miraculous.

"That will do," was her only comment. "I may not require the car, after all. I will advise you later."

The manager withdrew and Leslie noticed that Alma was trembling and her white hands were opening and shutting convulsively. She seemed to be deliberating with herself as to a course of action. She walked rapidly to the foot of the stairs, mounted to the half landing and turned again with a sudden change of purpose. To conceal the fact that she was watching, Leslie raised the open book and hid her face behind its pages.

She was totally unprepared for what followed. There was a quick patter of footsteps, and next instant the book had been flicked out of her hands.

Leslie sprang to her feet and found herself facing Alma Ferraros.

"How dare you!" she cried.

Alma was breathing jerkily, and her eyes were fierce with excitement.

"So," she exclaimed, "he gave it to you!"

"Will you please explain ——"

"This book—it is mine. By what right do I find it in your possession?"

"I do not understand, madame. I am quietly reading and ——"

"It is mine. Do you dare to deny it?"

"It may be yours for all I know," said Leslie. "I found it lying here by the sofa and turned over a few pages. But that hardly excuses ——"

The anger departed from Alma like a vanishing cloud. In an instant she was wreathed in smiles.

"You must please forgive me, mademoiselle, that I behave so cavalierly, but I am deeply attached to this little volume of verse, which I thought had been stolen. I ask your pardon."

"I see," replied Leslie. "I am sorry you should have thought I took it willingly, and I had no idea it was so valuable."

"Its value is of the heart," replied Alma, with one of her most enamored glances. "For the rest, it is a mere book. Surely one so young and charming will appreciate how deeply one may treasure a—a keepsake."

Leslie repeated "A keepsake?" with a question mark.

"Mademoiselle will recall an unhappy intrusion, yes—upon the rooms of a certain gentleman. Need I say more? Mademoiselle will respect my confidence."

She lifted the book to her lips and kissed it. Then to the boots, who had reappeared in the lounge: "Send my luggage to the station in the car. For my part—I walk." She came a step nearer and dropped her voice to a whisper:

"You have rendered me a great service, mademoiselle; render me a smaller. Convey to Mr. Martyn Saville my true affection and say that I shall put his gift beneath my pillow that I may dream sweetly. *Au 'voir.*"

She kissed her finger tips, gathered her furs about her and was gone, leaving Leslie speechless with amazement and indignation.

The bluff had worked.

XXXVIII

MARTYN SAVILLE rested his forehead on the panel of the door and like a man in a dream heard Leslie's footsteps retreating down the passage. His work was done. The faked plan was in the book and very soon would find its way into the hands of Alma Ferraros. It only remained to destroy the tracing Mossi had made, and which he, Martyn, had used as a pattern of style for the counterfeit drawing. It had been a killing job—a job that fairly sapped vitality. Not content with merely reproducing the original type from memory he had modified its best features—redesigning the whole structure on weaker lines—supplying a faulty formula of the gases to be used, and generally insuring failure for the machine. Even to a man of his ability this was a tricky business, for he dared not commit himself to an obvious folly in design, since he would have to provide something that would deceive skilled engineers. And somehow or another he had done it. His genius had been equal to the task.

"Lord, I'm tired," he muttered.

It was all he could do to keep awake half leaning with his head against the panel of the door. The wound in his shoulder was throbbing painfully and the lids of his eyes were weighted as with lead. A thought that he must lock the door sent his hand fumbling for the key, but before it had reached its mark the intention was forgotten. He stepped back wearily into the center of the room, fumbling in his pocket for matches. He found none. An empty box lay upon the table beside the tracing that had so nearly transformed the world into a ghastly charnel house.

"You've got to be burned," said Martyn with a yawn. "Where are the matches?"

He turned to the bedroom, steadying himself against a chair back as he walked. But there were no matches in the bedroom. He recalled having collected that box a little before dawn. His pipe never would keep alight when he was at work. The embers in the grate were cold and gray and the fire in the sitting room had been out for hours.

"I'll ring for some."

But it was all he could do to ignore the invitation of the bed. It seemed to be calling to him urgently, compellingly. He hurried past it with eyes closed, as a starving man passes a cook shop. Nor did he open them again until he was back in the sitting room.

Three paces from the table, on the opposite side, stood Otto von Weisenberg.

"Ah!" said he. "You arrive a moment too soon. It is a pity."

Martyn blinked, smacked his tongue against the parched roof of his mouth, tightened his jaw muscles and stared.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"My name," replied the intruder, "is Otto von Weisenberg."

"Is it?" said Martyn. "How the devil did you get in?"

Otto tilted his head toward the partition door, which now was standing ajar.

"We are neighbors," he announced, "and through a small perforation in the panel I have been an appreciative spectator of this night's doings."

Martyn made no reply, but took two quick paces forward, which brought him to relatively the same distance from the table as Otto.

"Don't do that, Mr. Saville, please," came the urgent request. "I do not wish to make a mess of a young man with such a brilliant career ahead of him. Sit down and I will do likewise."

It was not the spoken invitation Martyn Saville obeyed, but a hand concealed in the side pocket of Otto's jacket that argued the wisdom of compliance. Martyn's pistol was in the other room. The precious tracing lay on the table between them and the odds against his reaching it alive were heavy. He turned a chair to face his opponent. Somewhere behind him, near the fireplace, was the bell, and with a little tact it might be reached. As he sat down he pushed the chair back a full yard.

"Ah, come!" said Otto, also seating himself. "Not quite so far away, please. I see your idea clearly, but in this case the intrusion of even a hotel valet would be tiresome. A little forward. Excellent! Let us be sociable."

"Look here," said Martyn. "If you've something to say, say it without frills. You're after that plan, what?"

"I am, Mr. Saville, and I have every hope of persuading you to let me have it without opposition."

"Right!" said Martyn. "Go ahead and see what happens."

"I was afraid you would take that view."

Martyn nodded grimly.

"I'm dog-tired, Otto," he said. "But I'll undertake even with a bullet through my head to eat half that paper before you lay a finger on it."

"Do not let us discuss anything so melancholy as undertakings," Otto besought. "It is a tragic subject for a man who is engaged to so charming a girl as Miss Leslie."

Martyn colored brick-red.

"Keep her name off your rotten Bolshie tongue!" he ordered.

"There you do me an injustice, Mr. Saville. Neither my tongue nor my inclinations are in the least Bolshevik. Indeed, no one is more delighted than I am at the clever way you have deceived these foolish agents from Moscow."

"Eh?"

"I imagine by now the drawing you made is safely on its way to the Thirteenth Communal, where I trust it may arrive without mishap. You look mystified. Allow me to explain."

He extracted from his breast pocket the letter which had been the subject of his reflections on the previous evening, and neatly shaking out the folds with his left hand he decoded its substance aloud.

Martyn said nothing. He merely nodded in silence.

"I trust," said Otto, "this may convince you that my sympathies, like yours, are imperial. With the aid of your remarkable invention I have a vision of my oppressed country rising like a phœnix from the ashes of the late war and occupying at last the position of world supremacy which clearly it was God's intention should be ours."

"I see," said Martyn. "You have worked it out very nicely. But there's one thing you haven't taken into account."

"You are about to say yourself."

"I am."

"Mr. Saville, I have been more than considerate. From my observation post I could have killed you conveniently at any hour of the night."

"Possibly, but that would have been bad generalship, Otto, since you were relying on me to do the dirty work in deceiving your own crowd."

Otto made a deprecating gesture.

"Agreed. Besides, I have no wish to see you dead. Our countries are no longer at war and it is always pleasanter to adjust difficulty in a peaceful fashion. Now, Mr. Saville, let us come to terms. Any little

(Continued on Page 33)

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It is not unfitting, now, to review the progress of Peerless since the property was acquired by the present administration.

Fortunately it is not necessary to deal in generalities in order to demonstrate that Peerless has progressed in a very marked manner.

The facts are at hand to establish that conclusion.

Public approval of the Peerless has greatly increased—that is indicated by augmented sales in old Peerless strongholds, and throughout the country in general.

This public response came quickly, as the new administration applied to the wonderful Peerless plant-facilities the sum of its own extended eight-cylinder experience.

The climax of this recognition seemed to have come in May, when the company recorded the largest single month's business in its history. But the sales swelled still higher in June.

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The Peerless was bound to be a better and better Peerless—and to broaden its market tremendously.

The new administration brought to it, over and above an unequalled eight-cylinder experience, a harmony of thought and action, and skill and ingenuity, which have literally outdone all their finest previous efforts.

On the splendid Peerless foundation, it has superimposed the finer shades of power-abundance and power-obedience which are the very essence of supreme motoring comfort.

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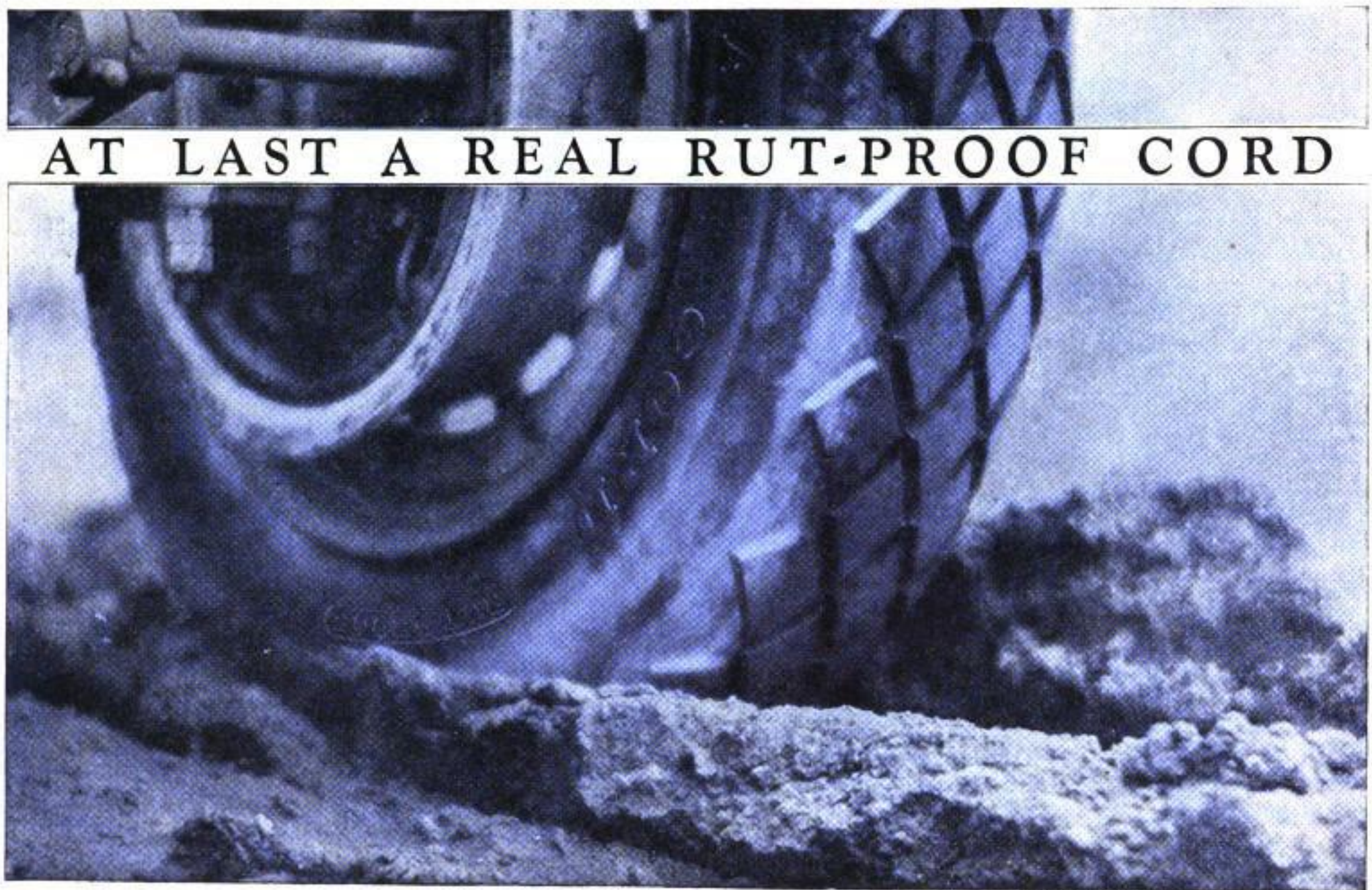
PEERLESS

"All that the name implies"

JULY 1922

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AT LAST A REAL RUT-PROOF CORD



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IN the past the worst enemy of pneumatic tires in rural hauling has been the rutted road.

Deep, saw-edged ruts, baked to a stony hardness in summer, frozen into rocky ridges in winter, swiftly wore away the walls of the pneumatics and set at naught many of their valuable advantages.

To meet this condition, Goodyear has pioneered, developed and perfected the new Goodyear Rut-Proof Cord Truck Tire. The special construction and durable materials of this tire make it staunchly rut-proof.



This cross section of the new Goodyear Rut-Proof Cord Truck Tire shows the extra thickness of the sidewall and tread, as compared with the thickness of the standard cord truck tire, indicated by the dotted line

The Goodyear Rut-Proof Cord Truck Tire has an extra thick, tough sidewall.

This massive sidewall is built up of stoutest tread rubber—the same tough, slow-wearing stock that gives the All-Weather Tread its famous lasting qualities.

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No experiment or innovation, this new Goodyear tire is a thoroughly developed and completely tested cord pneumatic. How it has mastered the ruts and lasted for thousands of miles can be read in the enthusiastic reports of its users.

Goodyear Rut-Proof Cords are powerfully tractive, high in cushioning quality, and notably active. They cost only 5% more than standard Goodyear Cord Truck Tires, and by their special ability to withstand rut action they give unexampled tire service at low cost per mile.

For further information about Goodyear Rut-Proof Cord Truck Tires for country hauling, write to Goodyear, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.

GOODYEAR

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(Continued from Page 30)

arrangement we may arrive at will be between ourselves. Your own people will imagine you have brought off a successful coup, and mine—I refer to Moscow—will be so pleased with their apparent success that they will overlook my unhappy blunder on the French frontier. Both parties being entirely satisfied—we are free now to discuss some private business on our own account."

Martyn Saville yawned openly.

"I would hate to think," said Otto with a frown, "that I was keeping you up, Mr. Saville."

"That's all right; you go ahead."

"It would be a simple matter for me to put a bullet through your head and take possession of this tracing, but to do so would be to court inquiry. A more attractive program is to enlist your sympathies in my cause, and reward your silence substantially. Your newspapers have probably told you that my country is bankrupt, but believe me, Mr. Saville, we have certain resources in gold to an extent that would astonish you, and these resources we propose to employ to more profitable account than by paying indemnities."

"Half a minute, old thing," said Martyn, showing signs of waking up. "Do you honestly believe I'm likely to keep my mouth shut at a price?"

Otto von Weisenberg nodded.

"In the circumstances, yes," he replied. "For you will observe on reflection that your silence is either voluntary or enforced. You give it to me or I take it from you. In both instances it is insured."

"And you mean to use my machine to wage a new war on civilization?"

"Not a war," Otto corrected. "A few weeks of intimidation and the thing is done. War is an argument of nations. Here would be no argument, but merely a single voice. A triumph of matter over mind. The sword of Damocles shall hang in the sky and the peoples of the earth shall prostrate themselves beneath it."

And at this moment Martyn Saville struck. With little or nothing in his favor he had been racking his brains for a chance to gain mastery of the situation. While Otto talked the hidden pistol was trained upon Martyn's chest, but even with knowledge of this he made the attempt. The chair in which he sat was of Queen Anne style, solidly built, and Martyn had curled his foot round one of the heavy cabriole legs. With sudden force he kicked outward, snapping like a carrot the tenon that held the leg into the seat frame. Then like a flash he ducked, seized the broken member in his hand and flung it with all his might at Otto's head.

Otto had two alternatives, either to protect himself or fire his pistol. He chose the former. Up went his hands and down went his head. The flying missile swept him clean off his chair, bringing both to the ground with a crash. But he was up again in a second, up again even as Martyn plunged forward to seize the tracing. He knew very well that Martyn would reach it before he himself could hope to do so, and that once those mighty hands had fastened upon the wisp of paper all hope of success would be gone. As a quick thinker Otto von Weisenberg had few rivals. He made no effort to reach the tracing, but instead seized the side of the table and pushed it violently into Martyn's stomach.

The sudden impact sent Martyn staggering back, his fingers missing the plan by the fraction of an inch, and as he tottered Otto leaped at his throat like a tiger cat. The fight that followed was not a pretty exhibition. Otto tried for a strangle hold, but Martyn Saville knew a little of jiujitsu, and broke away repeatedly. At the fourth attempt he escaped being throttled only by snapping Otto's little finger at the main joint. It made a sound like the crack of a toy pistol. After that Otto went for Martyn's eyes. But to conduct this particular kind of offensive warfare it is expedient to control the movements of your adversary with a single hand. Otto made the attempt by first driving his elbow into Martyn's solar plexus, and following up the advantage by the application of a half Nelson. Unfortunately Martyn had a thorax of iron, and the jolt he received failed to wind him. Without understanding how it happened Otto described an aërial semicircle and found himself under dog with Martyn's hands fastened in a viselike grip round his throat, and a sure conviction that the end of his ambitious career was in view.

But even in that moment of lost hopes and endeavors he did not entirely despair. In the fight Martyn's shirt sleeve had been ripped to the shoulder, revealing a slipped bandage and a half-healed wound furrowing the deltoid. Otto's single eye, starting from his head, saw these things and knew that the heel of Achilles had been revealed. With the last of his strength his left hand went upward and, shaped like a claw, scratched and tore at the livid wounded flesh.

The red-hot agony startled a cry from Martyn, his eyes closed blindly and his grip relaxed.

Otto asked for no more. Whipping the pistol from his pocket he crashed it, butt end first, on Martyn's temple.

Like a sleeping man who mutters in a dream Martyn Saville gave a thin sigh and rolled over on his face.

XXXIX

OTTO VON WEISENBERG struggled to his feet and licked his swollen lips. There was an aching at his throat and something was wrong with the lights. It was as though a black curtain with fiery spangles had fallen and blotted out vision. He felt that he was racing from day to night—night to day—in constant succession. From a distant wing of the hotel came the sound of a piano being hammered to a ragtime melody. He listened without comprehension, without appreciating that the tune was of earthly origin. At first he mistook it for the dreadful music of spheres—the death pipes that whistle in eternal solitudes. A voice broke in and sang: "I met my love in Avalon, beside the sea."

The human words brought realization back to him—a slow return to consciousness—stately as the passage of a hearse, and agonizing in intensity. The common objects of the room—chairs, tables, an open suitcase—which a moment before had had for him no existence, resolved themselves into tangible things that brayed reality. He reeled, blinded by the knowledge that he was alive, snatched from the maw of death—alive. The shock of discovery was too much for him, it caught at his heartstrings, and in a burst of self-pity he fell into a chair, gulping and choking and blubbering like a child. The paroxysm lasted some while and finally died away with gusty sobs and the heaving of shoulders.

There was a decanter of whisky on a side table, toward which he made his way. The raw spirit brought color to his cheeks and control to his limbs. Then for the first time he looked at Martyn Saville, who lay very still with a big purple bruise above the temple. His hands were open with the fingers curved inward as though seeking to close on something. Otto shivered at the sight, and drew back a pace. With eyes averted he crossed to the door, listened, and shook his head. Returning to the center table he took the precious tracing, folded it neatly and put it in his pocketbook. Once more he looked at Martyn as though considering a problem. Presently he went to the fireplace, where he picked up a heavy poker and balanced it in his hand. Satisfied with the result he stealthily approached the sprawling figure on the floor, drawing back the sleeve of his right arm and raising the poker above his head.

From the passage outside came the sound of running feet and a girl's voice crying gladly "Martyn!"

With a savage exclamation Otto flung the poker aside and leaped for the windows. Someone was knocking at the door.

"Martyn!" was repeated.

Otto threw back the shutters and kicked the window frame outward with his foot. The upper branches of a sapling brushed the rail of the balcony. He heard the door open behind him and a girl's voice crying out in amazement, and without pausing to think he leaped over the rail and caught the main stem of the sapling in his right hand. The sudden weight of his body thrown outward bent the plant stem into an arc and lightly, as though he had been lowered on a wire, his feet touched ground. Then with his face toward the sea he ran.

"Martyn! Martyn!" cried Leslie, dropping to her knees and lifting Martyn's head. "What's happened? Oh, my dear, what is it?"

And very slowly Martyn opened his eyes.

"Oh, Martyn!" she cried. "Cyril has told me it wasn't your fault, and ——"

But Martyn wasn't listening.

Fear—terror, almost—was his. He raised himself on his arm and stared at the table. A cry rattled in his throat when he saw that the tracing was gone.

"God! He's got it!" he moaned. "The plan! Get help! Go after him. The world's safety depends on you."

"The man who was here?"

"Yes, yes." He struggled to his feet and battled his way to the window. "There! Look there!" He pointed at a figure running among the trees at the garden end. "Oh, for God's sake—alive or dead ——"

He spun round and fell in a heap beside the curtains.

And Leslie Kavanagh did an amazing thing. Without pause or argument she obeyed. The man she loved was injured—dying, perhaps—and yet she left him. Following the same perilous course Otto had taken, leaping at the high branch, swinging earthward through the air, and racing downhill, heedless of cry and obstacle, to where a motor boat waited at the quay.

XL

CYRIL CONYNGHAM was on the lower terrace chewing the cud of repentance. He had found Leslie two minutes after her interview with Alma Ferraros, found her with flaming cheeks and close-shut hands. She was alone and saying to herself, "I could have forgiven him anything but that."

It was unbearable that Martyn Saville should have used an old love as the means of restoring keepsakes to a new. There was no other explanation. Of course it ended everything between them. She had only one more word to say to Martyn, a word picked up in the bazaar at Cairo, "*Mafisch!*" The Eastern full stop, the end of argument.

Leslie tried to avoid Cyril, but he caught her arm as she passed him by.

"I've got to speak to you, Les," he said.

"Not now," she answered. "I'm going to pack. I want to be alone. I can't speak to anyone."

"Leslie, I've the rottenest job of my life before me."

She shook her head and stamped her foot, but he did not relax his hold.

"All this is my fault," he blurted out. "It was my fault that woman was in Martyn's room last night. My fault you found her there. I got him to fix the time, and I brought you there on purpose."

She ceased struggling and looked at him dazedly.

"No, Cyril, it's decent of you, but it's no good. I know ——"

"You don't. The aunt induced Martyn to try and rescue me from Ferraros. One of her confounded regeneration stunts. She wouldn't believe I was in love with you, really in love. I saw a chance of cutting Martyn out—I knew he was always tripping over wires—so I egged him on and —— Oh, Les, honest to God he wasn't to blame, and I feel like the most unutterable swine that ever lived."

"Then you mean——?"

"Ask the aunt. Ask Martyn. Say I told you to ask."

"Cyril!"

He could have borne abuse. He had steeled himself to do so, but the relief, the rapture that swept over the girl's face like a shaft of evening sunlight, was harder to bear than any contempt.

Without another word he turned away and left her, while she, forgetting his existence, raced up the stairs two at a time with Martyn's name upon her lips.

Very unhappy and ashamed, and yet with a curious sense of having been cleansed, Cyril wandered to the lower terrace and flung himself down on the grass.

"I'm glad I told her," he muttered. "I'm damn glad. It was a lowdown trick."

He fell to wondering what sort of chap he might have turned out with a girl like Leslie for a wife. The moment was inopportune for such a reflection, yet it filled his mind so completely that he never turned his head at the sound of a man bursting through the bushes near by and breathing noisily as he ran.

Two ants were marching side by side through an avenue in the grass, and he watched them as they went. It was uphill work, for one of them was encumbered with luggage of some sort, which he carried upon his head. In imagination Cyril decided they were newly wed and were voyaging forth together to spend a honeymoon in distant parts. A little ahead a spider was concealed in a curled-up leaf, and every now and again peeped forth stealthily. Absurdly enough Cyril conceived the idea that the fellow might have evil designs

Jim Henry's Column

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Suspicious as it may seem, we don't pay a cent to those friends of yours who buttonhole you on the slightest provocation and sing the glories of the modern Mennen shave.

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My most successful method is to induce several thousand men a week to pry themselves loose from a dime for my demonstrator tube.

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Now honestly, if Mennen's Shaving Cream is only half as wonderful as I have indicated in my amateurish way, isn't it worth a ten cent piece to try it? Admitting that your better judgment counsels caution in financial matters, doesn't your intuition tell you that Mennen's must have something you are missing?

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upon the bridal pair, so he flicked the leaf aside as they came abreast of it. It was good to see the honeymooners go forward unmolested until lost to view in a jungle of dandelion and daisy.

Once again came a brush and rattle of twigs and the sound of running feet. Cyril turned his head and had a momentary glimpse of two legs moving very fast. The owner of the legs was obviously a girl, but foliage concealed her head and body. Vaguely Cyril wondered what errand should drive her to run so fast. He sat up in the hope of a better view, but the path she followed took a twisting course away from him. Half interested he rose and strolled to the head of a flight of stone steps. From this point was an uninterrupted view of the sea. Three hundred yards away was the little quay with Number 36 standing alongside.

While he watched, Cyril saw a man run up the jetty and spring into the motor boat. He was too far off to be recognized, but his movements appeared to be unnaturally rapid. As something of a mechanic himself, Cyril could follow what was happening. The man turned on the petrol, flooded the carburetor, and seizing the starting handle swung it vigorously. A single pop rewarded his labors. With an angry gesture he dropped the handle and looked about him, as though in search of something. Apparently he found what he needed and picking it up busied himself over the engine.

"Priming up," thought Cyril.

His attention was distracted by the sight of a girl who appeared and disappeared among the trees at the end of the garden.

"I could almost swear that's Leslie," muttered Cyril in surprise.

"Pop-pop—pr-r-r-r-r-r" came up from below. It was the full roar of an eight-cylinder ninety-horse-power marine engine.

At the sound Cyril turned his eyes to the boat and its occupant. He saw the man release the painter from the mooring ring, cast off, and get into the driver's seat. The long motor boat reversed three-quarters of its own length, then leaped forward for the narrow mouth of the tiny harbor. And simultaneously appeared the figure of the girl racing up the jetty. She stopped for a moment with her hand on her heart, and in that moment Cyril knew beyond doubt that it was Leslie. The man in the boat lifted his hat and blew her a kiss with his fingers. It would seem that Leslie was only waiting for some such signal, for she came instantly to life. The jetty was shaped like an L. She cut the corner with a four-foot jump, sprinted along the last few yards and leaped clean into the motor boat as it whisked by.

The whole performance was so amazing, so hazardous, so utterly unexpected that Cyril was rooted speechless to the ground. Was he crazy? Had this thing really happened? He pinched himself and shut his eyes. When he opened them again Number 36 was tearing through the sea with a creamy wake and a high shaving of water that curled green on each side of her bows.

XLI

MR. BUTTERWICK found it a more troublesome task to get George Wedderton out of jail than to get him in. The story he had told overnight that had resulted in the arrest had been a mere farrago of lies, but they had been delivered with such emphasis and accuracy of detail that the authorities resolutely declined to accept his equally emphatic early morning denials. Mr. Butterwick raved at a perfectly stolid individual who sat on a high stool behind a higher desk. George Wedderton, he declared, was innocent of the smallest crime, was, in fact, the most honorable of Englishmen, the very glass of probity. But the stolid individual shook his head.

Mr. Butterwick prophesied the fury of the British consul, failing the immediate release of the prisoner. He hinted at a disseverance of relations between Great Britain and France; he declared that the safety of nations was at stake. So vehement were his words and so violent his gestures that one of his carefully assumed side whiskers came unstuck and fell to the ground at his feet. No more unfortunate calamity could have occurred, since it resulted in suspicion being directed upon himself. A gendarme formed up on each side of him and his liberty was all but lost. At this critical moment who should appear upon the scene but George Wedderton, arm in arm with the local *juge d'instruction*. They emerged from a door that led to the cells, chatting to each other after the manner of old friends.

"Ah, Butterwick," said George. "So you got my message. I was expecting you to turn up. Hello, what's wrong with your port-side face fixing?"

Butterwick was speechless.

"Was not this gentleman responsible for your arrest, *mon vieux?*" inquired the *juge d'instruction* with a frown.

"That's all right," said George. "It was a perfectly natural mistake. By your leave, judge, he and I will return to the hotel together. We have business. Good of you to have come round so quickly."

They shook hands.

"*Au 'voir*, judge, and if it isn't bothering you too much keep that waiter locked up until this evening."

"It will be a pleasure. *Au revoir.*"

Mr. Butterwick and George Wedderton walked for a hundred yards in silence, and once Butterwick stopped to buy a bag of nuts from a street vender. He needed stimulant.

"I don't mind telling you," said George at length, "that you nearly put the lid on last night. If I hadn't done some pretty quick thinking the whole structure would have come down like a house of cards."

He was not prepared for an apology and was genuinely embarrassed on getting one.

"That's all right," said he awkwardly. "Matter of fact, I made the worst bloomer of all."

And as rapidly as possible he ran through the events of the preceding night and all that had gone before.

Mr. Butterwick was lost in admiration. The complexity of the affair delighted him, more particularly in view of his rival's disastrous mistake over the plans. On this point he betrayed the most unexpected tolerance, in the manner of a father overlooking the faults of a child.

"Thanks," said George grimly. "I earned that, but don't be too kind, for after all ——"

He left the sentence significantly unfinished.

"Yes, yes, yes," said Butterwick.

And there the matter ended.

At the head of the flight of stone steps they met Cyril Conyngham. He was still gazing across the sea with troubled eyes.

"By the way," said George, "is Miss Kavanagh anywhere about?"

"About?" replied Cyril. "About ten miles out to sea, I imagine."

"What's that?"

He described the extraordinary scene he had witnessed a quarter of an hour earlier.

"Who was the man?"

"Couldn't say. S'pose it was Martyn Saville, though it didn't strike me at the time. Might have been young Callant. He's a motor boatist. Can't get the strength of it."

"H'm!" said George. "I think we'll get up to Saville's room."

He linked arms with Butterwick and hurried away toward the hotel, with Cyril following a hundred yards behind.

At the door a motor car was being loaded up with Alma Ferraros' luggage. George paused to exchange a word with the boots.

"Is Madame Ferraros leaving?"

"She has left already, m'sieur. Madame decided to walk to the station. Her boxes were to follow in the car."

"To walk—indeed."

"Madame remarked that the morning being fine she would prefer the exercise. She had a book and was reading as she walked."

"Ah! I am sorry I missed madame. Thank you."

He gave the man a franc and returned to Butterwick.

"It's worked," he said. "She evidently left that message, that Andrea might gather that everything was all right. A smart girl, that."

They mounted the stairs and knocked at the door of Martyn's room. Getting no answer Butterwick turned the handle and they entered.

Martyn Saville still lay by the window, but his eyes were open and he was breathing regularly. As they came in his head rolled in their direction and he stared stupidly.

"Heaven alive!" exclaimed George. "What's wrong here? Lock the door, quick."

But before Butterwick succeeded in doing so, Cyril Conyngham thrust his way in, with the words "I'm not satisfied about —— Lord! Martyn, you're here! Then who ——"

It was the sight of Cyril that brought realization back to Martyn Saville. For the last ten minutes he had been lying in a kind of stupor, but seeing Cyril woke him like a cold douche. There is no finer restorative than resentment. Martyn struggled to his feet, aided by George Wedderton, and pointed an accusing finger.

"That young swine can get out," he said. Then to George: "Have you got him?"

"Got who, old fellar?"

"Him. Otto something. Got the plan—the real one." A sudden rush of memory swept away the remaining cobwebs from his mind. "Good God! Leslie—she went after him!"

Cyril sprang forward and seized him by the shoulders.

"Leslie's gone out to sea in a motor boat with some chap. Who was he?"

"Otto," muttered Butterwick. "Otto von Weisenberg."

And George spun round to say: "The man you arrested on the French frontier."

Martyn Saville was staring out before him with wide-open eyes.

"Leslie, Leslie and ——" He took a step forward and beat the table with his clenched fists. The violence of the action seemed to calm him. He turned his head to Cyril. "Come on, you," he demanded. "What happened?"

In a few barely coherent sentences Cyril told his tale. When he had finished Martyn laughed, but the laugh died instantly on his lips.

"See what it means?" he said. "Do you grasp it? Not only her peril—but the whole world's. God! Why did I ever invent the thing? Why didn't I see? Either we get it back or ——" He stopped with bitten lips and clenched hands, every muscle vibrating. "We will get it back—we will—we must!"

A sudden idea flashed across his brain.

"Where's young Callant?" he said. "Where's that motor boat he was bragging about last night?"

"Down at the beach!" exclaimed Cyril excitedly. "That's the notion! She's the fastest ——"

"They've twenty minutes' start," moaned Butterwick. "And how can we tell in which direction ——"

"By air, of course." Martyn's head was throbbing like a two-stroke engine, but his brain worked all right. "By air. Isn't there ——"

"There's me!" Cyril almost shouted. "There isn't a waterplane in this harbor I couldn't handle. I know the owners, too, and if I'm not up in half an hour from now ——"

Martyn Saville snatched his coat from a chair back.

"Come on!" he cried.

XLII

HER engines roaring gladly and under a spray that stung like hard rain Number 36 took a straight course out to sea. She was a sturdy craft of the cabin-cruiser type, capable of carrying a dozen passengers, and built throughout of mahogany, an outer and an inner skin. In decent weather she was good for an average of forty miles an hour, and the conditions on this particular morning were all that anyone could desire. The sea was smooth, and what wind there was blew from the land.

Leslie Kavanagh lay where she had jumped, a little forward of the cabin skylight, which she had missed only by inches.

Otto made no observation, no movement. He remained in the driver's seat, steered neatly to avoid the floating corks of some crab pots, and opened up the throttle at full. A clear sea was ahead of him—the blue untroubled Mediterranean—the plan which should re-create his fallen country was tucked in his breast pocket, and a great gladness was in his heart. What matter that a charming girl had elected to bear him company. Girls were easily dealt with, especially charming ones. If she imagined her presence would in any sense interfere with his arrangements she would quickly discover her mistake. True, her sudden apparition upon the jetty had surprised him, but he could not fail to admire the reckless courage she had displayed in leaping so nimbly into the passing boat. Had he guessed her intention he would certainly have given the jetty end a wider berth; but after all, what did it matter? Two is company and one is not, and she would be an admirable stimulant to insure wakefulness. Added to this he had an outstanding score against women in general,

(Continued on Page 36)

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(Continued from Page 34)

and Leslie would provide an excellent opportunity of settling it.

He looked at her with a quizzical and admiring eye. There was something very attractive about her scarlet cheeks and the steady rise and fall of her breast as breathing became easier. Really these English misses were delicious, so fresh, so piquant, so daring.

"My dear," he said, "I have never been so complimented in my life. To think that the kiss I blew should have brought you so swiftly to my side. I trust the leap may have caused you no injury."

"I want that plan," said Leslie. "I want that plan."

Otto assumed an expression of pain.

"Ah, please," he beseeched, "do not shatter my self-esteem by suggesting a material cause for your pursuit of me."

Leslie did not reply at once, she seemed to be deliberating. Presently she said, "You dirty little cad!" and looked around for something to throw, but there was nothing. The smooth, cambered deck beams provided neither marlinspike nor belaying pin, those ever-popular missiles of the sea.

Otto, as a person of some sensibility, objected to being called harsh names, and frowned deeply.

"Young lady," he said, "you will govern your tongue in addressing me. I am not amenable to these violences of speech."

"Dirty cad!" said Leslie again, and then as an after-thought: "Spy—murderer—dirty cad!"

"At sea," said Otto, "discipline must always be maintained."

He put the helm hard down and a slapping wavelet broke over the gunwale of the boat, drenching Leslie to the skin. She gasped and nearly toppled overboard, only saving herself by clutching at the teak frame of the skylight.

Otto smiled and shook his head with the solemnity of a schoolmaster.

"You see," he remarked, "it hurts you more than it hurts me." Then in a kindly tone, "There are some rugs in the cabin if you contemplate removing your wet things."

It was the first time Leslie had received harsh treatment from a man, the first time she had come up against the Prussian spirit of *force majeure*. The discovery shook all her most cherished beliefs. Hitherto she had had but to express contempt of a man's word or act and at once he prostrated himself and called on her to command his destiny. It was unthinkable that her orders should not be obeyed; unthinkable that she should receive orders that must be obeyed.

The desire anew to acclaim him "Cad, cad, cad!" burned her tongue like cayenne pepper, and yet she was certain should she speak the word, retribution would follow, swift and relentless. But to resist the impulse was a terrible sacrifice to her pride.

From the driver's seat Otto watched her with a precise knowledge of what was taking place in her mind. He could see the resolution to affront him come and go in waves of color across her forehead. The sight made him chuckle to himself, and the chuckle made Leslie abandon caution.

"You are a cad," she said.

"I see," smiled Otto, and repeated his previous performance. A second wave swilled over Leslie where she lay. "I trust," he remarked, "you may speedily exhaust the present topic, which is very wearying to me and a trifle wetting to yourself."

There was one advantage to Leslie in having her face dripping with salt water. It was not possible for him to see whether or not she was crying. Never in her life had tears been more tremendously provoked. It is always your despot who breaks into the smallest pieces. But Leslie Kavanagh, despot though she was, had no mind to break yet a while. She had a mission, an office in life that must be performed before the personal element could be considered. In front of her was a vision of Martyn, bruised and broken, who bade her overtake this man and detain him alive or dead. And the safety of civilization was in her keeping. Martyn had said so.

Steadying herself by a low handrail she crawled toward Otto and climbed down into the cockpit.

"Excellent," said Otto. "Excellent and sensible."

The big eight-cylinder engine separated them, and his face showed above it, wreathed in captivating smiles.

"Hold your hands near the exhaust pipe there, and get some warmth. At this time of year the sea is distinctly cold."

"What are you going to do?" asked Leslie.

"I had not intended discussing the matter with anyone," he replied; "but since we are inseparably united on this adventure I will give you my confidence. We are shaping a course for the Balearic Islands, where, after finding an agreeable landing for you, I—but that I had best keep to myself."

Leslie gasped.

"The Balearic Islands!"

"You will find them most interesting and instructive. I once attended a lecture ——"

She interrupted him.

"And do you imagine I shall let you take me all that way? That I shan't find some means of stopping you, of getting that plan?"

"Ah, the plan," said Otto. "How full of plans women always are! Yes, since you came uninvited, I fear ——"

He broke off abruptly as the engine sneezed and stopped.

Leslie had driven a car during the war and had some small knowledge of mechanics. Seated as she was, adjoining the petrol tank, it was an easy matter to turn off the tap of the feed pipe.

Otto half rose in his seat with lips pursed, but almost at once a look of enlightenment came into his face.

"Be so good," he requested, "as to turn on the petrol again."

"I won't," said Leslie.

"In that case I must do it myself."

She did not attempt to oppose him as he came to her side.

"It is always unwise for girls to meddle with what they do not understand," he observed. "By doing so they inevitably bring disaster upon themselves."

With unexpected suddenness he seized her wrist and pushing her hand forward pressed her thumb against the black-hot exhaust pipe of the engine. There was a tiny hiss, a little wisp of smoke, and a sharp cry from the girl. She wrenched her hand free, sprang back into the cabin, and half fell on one of the long seats running on either side.

"You see," said Otto. "I warned you it would come to no good."

Leslie did not answer, but she looked up at him with all the hatred of which she was capable.

"Are we going to behave?"

Someone, probably young Callant, had told her that the hull of a motor boat was almost as thin as cardboard, and in the intensity of her pain and resentment she remembered the fact. Kicking away the stretcher beneath her feet she stamped her heels with all the force she could muster on the thin mahogany shell. In such company it was preferable to sink than to swim.

Otto realized instantly what she was at, and picked her up in his arms before she had done any damage. He was angry now. He pulled off her shoes and flung them—one, two—into the sea. This little fury could not be allowed to go unfettered. Wherefore he dragged down a couple of cords from the window curtains to secure her limbs. She did not make it easy for him to bind her legs; she kicked and bit, and even tried, very nearly with success, to drag the leather case that contained the plan from his pocket. For all these attentions Otto handled her as roughly as he could, wrenching her arms behind her back and binding the wrists cruelly tight. When he had finished he wrapped her in a rug and flung her into the seat adjoining his.

"So," he said. "Those who cannot behave must be taught."

He cranked up the engine and took his place at the wheel. But before getting under way again he kissed her repeatedly on the mouth. After that he slipped an arm round her shoulders and drew her close.

The twin propellers churned the water into cream, and once again Number 36 cut her way through the waves.

A sailor in an admiralty tug two hundred yards distant chuckled to himself and spat over the side as he watched the high-sea lovers go thundering by to the sou'sou'west.

XLIII

YOUNG CALLANT'S protests were wasted. In vain he argued that the Whirlwind was his boat and his alone. In vain he urged that no one but himself could be sure of conducting her at the maximum speed.

"My good lad," said Martyn Saville, "I was designing these toys when you were in the pram. There is only seating for two, and Wedderton here is coming with me."

George Wedderton nodded, and subscribed.

"Better make the best of it, Callant, for, sure as eggs, if you put up opposition I'll drop a spanner on your head accidental-like."

From overhead came a resonant throbbing and a wisp of shadow skimmed over the sandy fore shore.

"Good boy," said Martyn. "He's up."

The hydroplane was flying low, low enough for the features of Cyril Conyngham to be visible, and just behind him, peeping over the nacelle, the outline of Mr. Butterwick's head.

"That was quick work."

It had been quick work too. For once in a way, Cyril Conyngham, inspired by the wish to wash out a score against his conscience, had got a move on. The big hydroplane had been floating at the pierhead ready to take up its complement of two-guinea passengers. Fortunately Cyril's friend, Lemoine, had been in charge. Lemoine had had rather a hectic time overnight and his powers of resistance were low. Cyril's French was fluent and his manner persuasive. He and Butterwick were hopping over the waves before Lemoine had sufficiently recovered from his astonishment to yell an emphatic refusal. Then, of course, it was too late. The unhappy Frenchman was left, a dwindling dot of protest on the pierhead, calling on the heavens to answer what his directors would have to say on the subject.

Cyril handled the machine neatly. He swept in a wide circle over the beach and headed for the open sea.

"Hundred to one," he yelled, "the swine is making for the Italian coast!" And Butterwick nodded.

Cyril's orders were clear. He was to scan the horizon and as soon as he saw the fugitive he was to return and give the course to Martyn Saville. The sense of doing something made him almost forget the misery of mind that had tormented him since Leslie was carried away. He waved to the tiny knot of watchers on the beach, rose higher and opened up.

"Come on! Lend a hand here," said Martyn. "Let's get her afloat."

Callant, having realized the uselessness of further objection, switched his talk into a pæan of praise for his little craft. Her speed, her flexibility, her astounding seaworthiness—he praised them all. Never did troubadour exalt his lady with greater wealth of adjective and noun than was employed by this ardent young man.

"She's a daisy—a wonder," he declared. "Here! Hike her up a bit or the prop. will foul this shingle bank. That's the style. I tell you there isn't another like her. and ——"

Martyn cut him short.

"Never mind her good points. Let's hear her bad."

"Aren't any; she's perfect. 'Least when I'm in charge, she is. Want to use your clutch easy. Deuce of a thrust from this new propeller and she's built light. Don't open up too fast—give her the gas gently or she'll bell ——"

They were at the water's edge now with little wavelets swilling over their ankles. The wind had freshened considerably in the last half hour.

"Wait for a good 'un," said Martyn. "And let her bows drop; all the weight is aft."

A big seventh wave sliced across the sand, and as it sucked back they lowered the little craft on the receding crest of it, thrusting outwards until the three of them were waist deep in water.

"Good enough!" shouted Callant.

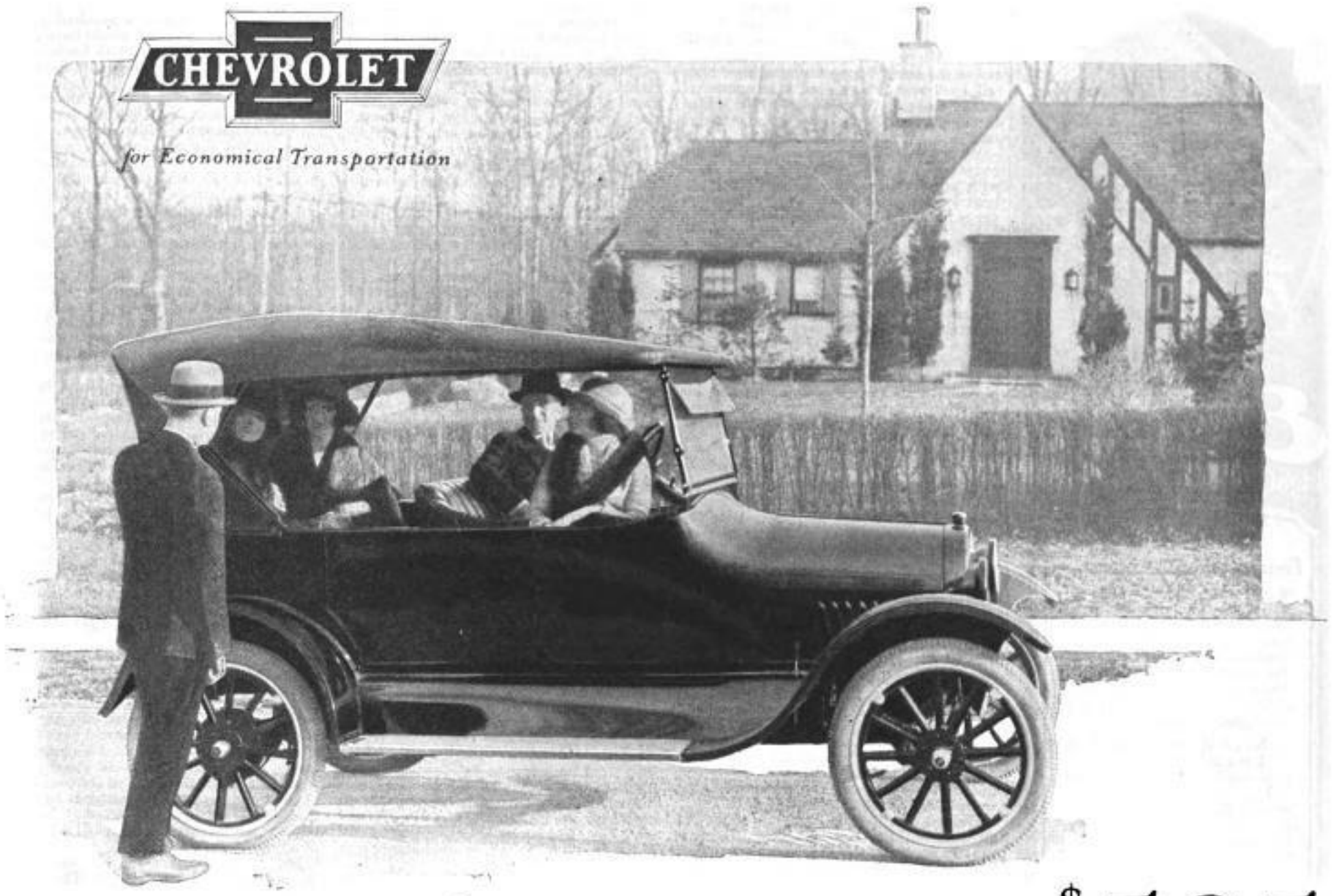
He certainly knew how to play with his toy. Leaning inboard he cranked up the engine with a nimble half turn. His yell of "Get in!" was almost drowned by thunder from the exhaust. "Keep her to it!" he screamed, as an unexpectedly large sea piled up a few yards ahead.

George Wedderton rolled over the side and Martyn flung himself into the driving seat with a bare second's grace. The vanguard of the wave was already sweeping the little boat parallel with the shore. It seemed almost certain they would meet that curl of water on the beam and be rolled over and over up the sand.

Young Callant flung his weight against the bows to bring her head round, and

(Continued on Page 38)

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(Continued from Page 36)

simultaneously Martyn let in the clutch. The kick as the propeller took up the drive nearly snapped his spine against the bow-rail of the seat. Young Callant threw himself back and disappeared in a spume of water as the Whirlwind drilled clean through the center of the wave and emerged on the far side.

When young Callant picked himself up, coughing and spluttering and half filled with water, all he could see of his beloved boat was a narrow white line three hundred yards in length that terminated in a gray, bouncing speck. Unconscious of the water that broke over him he stood sorrowfully gazing out to sea until even the white line had faded into blue.

It had never occurred to him to ask what all this commotion was about, and it never occurred to him to wonder until he had returned to his room at the hotel and was rubbing himself down with a rough towel. It then occurred to him that he had allowed himself to be rushed, and addressing his reflection in the mirror he gravely observed, "Wouldn't surprise me to find I've acted like a supremely pink fool."

XLIV

ACCORDING to plan Martyn Saville laid a course due south. Cyril was to scour the seas east and southeast. Otto von Weisenberg, as we know, was steering sou'-sou'-west. It had been arranged that Martyn should pursue his course for ten miles and then stand by until the waterplane returned with information.

He covered the distance in less than a quarter of an hour, and the wild race had been wonderfully soothing to his nerves. The Whirlwind was all her owner had claimed her to be. Like a bobsleigh she skimmed the surface, riding gayly forward on a cushion of frothed water and air. From stem to stern she thrilled with life—throbbing, pulsing life; mad, ecstatic, unconquerable life. It was almost more than Martyn could bear to throttle down and idle in the trough of the waves while he waited for the return of the plane.

George Wedderton was a pillar of strength in that time of inaction. He knew exactly what was passing through the mind of his companion, knew exactly the pictures he must be conjuring up, and knew what any expression of sympathy would be worth.

Accordingly he lit a pipe of rather damp tobacco and as though it were a chance meeting at a club, talked of persons and incidents which had no relation to present circumstances. He rattled on, answering his own questions and supplying his own arguments. The idea was to provide a counterirritant, and was entirely successful.

"You didn't know old Ned Sefton? No. Charming chap. Married one of the —— Lord! I'll forget my own name next. Had a place out Dorking way. Keilings—that's the name! Knew you'd think of it. Old Keiling drank a bit, but was a good shot at a driven bird. Met him first in Kashmir in '89—or was it '90? Still—doesn't matter. Ned Sefton was mixed up in that gambling case; though, of course, White was really the chap to blame—low-down beggar, but smoked most astonishing good cigars. Used to get 'em from ——"

And suddenly Martyn burst out laughing.

"You confounded ass," he exploded, "for any sake, dry up!"

At precisely that moment a dark speck appeared in the eastern sky, and Martyn sprang to his feet, aglow with excitement.

The waterplane approached rapidly and sighting the motor boat dipped to an altitude of a hundred feet.

Cyril cut out his engine for a second as the plane passed overhead, and yelled, "Nothing doing!"

He made a gesture toward the southwest, cut in again and rose quickly.

All the hope died out of Martyn's face.

"Can't stand this hanging about," he announced. "George, old man, I'm going to follow."

"With you there," said George. "Let her have it!"

Their spirits rose as the little boat started again on its mad career.

The plane was the faster, but although it gained rapidly they never let it out of their sight. Like a gigantic hawk it zigzagged in the sky, ranging from right to left, and for the best part of two hours the race went on. The wind was astern now and every condition favorable. The angry wavelets that had slapped at the port bow now chased the Whirlwind forward to speed her on the way.

Martyn Saville had not spoken since they changed their course, but looking round, George Wedderton noted that his face was drawn with misery.

"Mustn't forget, old man, they had a big start," he said, and threw a friendly arm round Martyn's shoulders.

"I know," nodded Martyn. "I know."

"We'll keep our end up, won't we?"

"You bet!"

"That's the stuff," said George. "Damn it, we'll get that plan and the little girl too."

"Put her first if you don't mind," Martyn replied. "She's what counts."

He was silent again for a moment, thinking.

"As for the plan," he said at last, "if once I lay hold of it—it shall be destroyed. Yes, and every trace of the thing."

"You don't mean ——"

"I swear to heaven I'll obliterate it. Whatever it costs me, that machine shall be sponged out of existence. It's too mighty a weapon, old chap, too dangerous. The world isn't civilized enough to handle a power that ——"

He stopped abruptly and shouted, "Look! Look!"

Away in the distance they saw the waterplane bank perilously and come roaring back toward them.

"Got 'em!" yelled George. "He's found 'em! There—over there! You can see the swine!"

On the extreme horizon a tiny dot that might have been a cork bobbed up and down to the rise and fall of the sea.

Martyn's mouth set firm and he huddled down in the driving seat. The engine fairly screamed, its voice echoed by the roar from the waterplane overhead.

Once again Cyril brought her round and the avenging forces of sea and air raced madly after the black dot on the horizon.

Mr. Butterwick had the best view of what subsequently took place. The Whirlwind was gaining on Number 36, and by leaps and bounds was swallowing up the distance that separated them. Cyril had throttled down as nearly as possible to keep over the little craft, and Mr. Butterwick saw George Wedderton take a repeater from his hip pocket and balance it in his hand. The expression on George's face was as calm as a man's who waits at the covert side for the birds to rise. Martyn Saville was crouched over the wheel, looking grim as steel.

Shifting his attention from pursuer to pursued, Butterwick saw Von Weisenberg glance over his shoulder and thrust Leslie away from his side. The girl half rose, but he put out a foot and forced her back into the seat, holding her down with his leg across her lap. It was evident he knew he must be overtaken, for without warning he put his helm hard down and brought Number 36 round to face the enemy in a sharp circle. He closed his throttle, tugged a pistol from his pocket and pressed the muzzle against Leslie's head.

Clearly Martyn Saville had not expected this maneuver, and nearly collided with the stationary Number 36, missing her only by inches as he slowed down.

"Go straight on," said Otto. "If you turn or follow me this girl is shot."

Above the roar of the motors Butterwick could not hear the words; it was as though he sensed their meaning. He saw George Wedderton's pistol arm drop suddenly, and the Whirlwind's propellers churn the water. He knew that the first round of the fight had gone against them, and the bare thought drove him mad. To keep in touch Cyril had zigzagged, and at the exact moment that fury entered into the heart of Mr. Butterwick the plane was passing immediately over Number 36 at a height of barely thirty feet. Mr. Butterwick was wearing his overcoat, and in the pocket was the bag containing two pounds of walnuts which he had bought earlier in the day. His twitching fingers were circling it and neither thought nor judgment persuaded his action. Flinging himself half out of the plane's nacelle he slogged the bag of nuts at a momentary flash of black that was Otto's head. There wasn't a dog's chance of scoring a hit—later on he admitted that it was no more than a crazy, rage-born impulse, but nevertheless it turned the day. The bag missed Otto's head, but it struck his wrist with a clean healthy smack and sent flying into the deep a Mauser pistol that any man might have been proud to handle.

"Get back!" yelled George. "Bring her round! He's out of it!"

Martyn Saville needed no second invitation. He had shot past a hundred yards when the order came, and would have gone on till the crack of doom, with Leslie's life in jeopardy. But there was that in George's voice that spelled triumph. He declutched, bore down on his wheel, faced about and let in his clutch again with a jerk. In normal circumstances he would never have acted so, but the excitement of a victory that he did not yet understand for the moment robbed him of mechanical sense. His foot was hard down on the accelerator, and the engine, running free, was racing madly. The sudden let-in of the clutch imposed a tremendous strain on the transmission.

There was a jerk, a slugging motion, and the key in the propeller shaft was sheared off as cleanly as a scythe cuts hay. The voice of the engine pitched high to a crazy scream, and the Whirlwind ran forward a few yards on its own impetus, slowed down and stopped.

Otto von Weisenberg had lived by his wits, seizing opportunities as they arose and profiting by them ruthlessly. He saw that by a miracle his principal enemy was at his mercy, and the counterblast from the engine of Number 36 proved his realization of the fact.

"He's coming!" said Martyn; then lifting his voice to a yell, "Lie down, Leslie! I'm going to shoot."

Number 36 was leaping toward them at the speed of an express train. Otto had thrown himself sideways, and only the top of his head was visible. A couple of bullets whined past his ear and a third pecked up a splinter from the cabin skylight. Then—crash!

The bows of Number 36 struck the Whirlwind, smashing her light hull and knocking George Wedderton heels over head into the sea.

But Martyn Saville jumped—just one second before the impact would have made a jump impossible. Otto read his intention in the flash of an eyelid and stood up to ward him off in mid-air. But thirteen stone of solid and determined matter is no shuttlecock to be easily diverted. Martyn landed fair and square and locked his enemy in a mighty embrace.

No longer under control, Number 36 ran on for fifty yards and stopped. The Whirlwind had disappeared, but the brown head of George Wedderton was bobbing in the sea over the spot where she had sunk.

"Otto," said Martyn, "this is the end." And his hand fastened on his adversary's throat.

A playful wavelet tilted the boat to a sharp angle and sent the two figures stumbling backwards to the low rail, where they swayed perilously.

"For you," gasped Otto, and kicked savagely at Martyn's shin.

Leslie heard a thud as Martyn's left came home over Otto's heart. Then a splash and they were gone. With a cry she threw herself forward and gazed down into the water. Far below she saw a gray formless mass vanish into the green. A few bubbles rose and burst lightly on the surface—then nothing.

"Martyn! Martyn!" she moaned. "Oh, my dear—my dear!"

A gull mewed overhead, some little white clouds came sailing up from the east, and the noonday sun scattered diamonds upon the sea. It was a gentle requiem, without sign or sound of what had gone before. A winding sheet of water, and a clear, clean sky, and Nature singing her old contemptuous song.

Something struck the seat by Leslie's side. She started, and looked at a small leather pocketbook dripping with water and bearing the initials O. W.

"Sorry to have been so long," gasped Martyn Saville.

It was like him to come up on the wrong side of the boat.

About two minutes later the voice of George Wedderton hailed them from the sea.

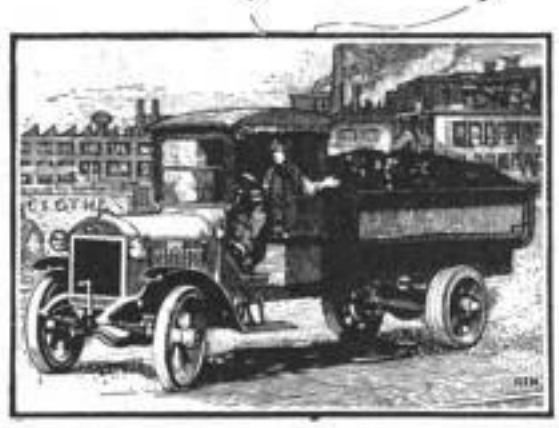
"I don't know whether you young people expect me to swim home?"

But they did not seem aware of him, which is no great mystery after all.

"Oh, very well," he grumbled. "I'll get where I am wanted." And he struck out for the big hydroplane, which with its crew of two enthusiasts, who were yelling themselves hoarse, had settled on the surface of the water fifty yards away.

(THE END)

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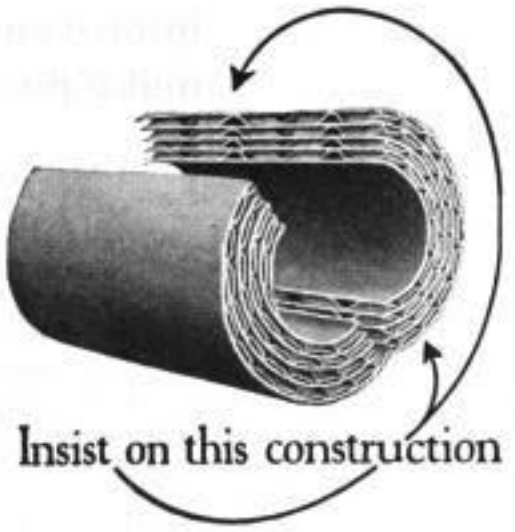
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UTOPIAN NIGHTMARES

(Continued from Page 15)

the platform to the space behind the station which in ordinary times would probably be crowded with droshkies and great bundled-up muzhiks clamoring for fares, I saw a dead woman lying in the snow. The beggars tugged at me more frantically and cried more bitterly, pointing to the dead woman and beating themselves upon the breasts as much as to say that that was what they were coming to.

It was too much for me. I decided to go back to the car and shut myself in, and was just about to turn to recross the tracks when I saw a woman coming toward me down the platform. Unmistakably British! I hurried toward her and held out my hand. I did not say "How do you do?" or anything like that. I said, "What on earth are you doing here?"

She told me she belonged to the British Friends' organization that had taken over the Buzuluk section for relief operations.

"I'm supposed to be doing famine-relief work of some sort for the benefit of the Russians," she said, "but what I'm really doing and have been doing ever since I got here is nursing our own chaps, down with typhus." She was plainly disgusted. I asked her how many cases she had had.

"Five all together," she replied. "My last one just died, and now I'm off to take care of a sixth. I'm a nurse, but I say I didn't come out here to Russia to nurse Englishmen down with typhus."

I saw then that she was not so much disgusted as dejected. She had fatigue written all over her. She was dressed, as I was, in a sort of haphazard outfit of leather with a big leather overcoat and aviator's cap. The cold was so intense that it brought tears to my eyes, and my lips could hardly form the words I wished to speak, but though she had the nosepiece and temples of her spectacles wrapped in cotton wool to keep them from freezing to her face, her coat was open at the throat, and the straps of her cap were flying in the bitter wind. She didn't care. She was all in. I asked her where she was going.

"Oh, up the road about forty versts to a village where we've got some kitchens going."

I thought it probably was the village back to which the colonel and the doctor had not walked the night before.

"Is there a train?" I asked. "When do you expect to get away?"

"I don't know," she answered, "but there ought to be something along sometime today."

"What are you traveling in?"

"I'm traveling in what I live in," she said, pointing to a small box car a few tracks across from where we stood.

"Do you mean the little yellow one with the smokestack?" I asked.

"I do," said she, and we both laughed.

Besieged by Beggars

This lit things up a bit and I was not so reticent then about asking her how she was managing to get along. The smokestack was a piece of ordinary stovepipe running out through a hole in the roof of the box car and was attached within to a little sheet-iron stove. This stove provided her with such heat as it could and with the means for preparing her own food. She had an army cot, a washbasin, pitcher and pail, and some boxes of supplies. We had gone over to have a look at it and I had to stand on my tiptoes in order to peep through a crack in its door.

"But how do you get into it?" I asked.

"By main strength and awkwardness," she answered.

We were laughing as we went back across the tracks. The beggars were still following us, but they had stopped tugging and whimpering, and seemed to be regarding us with a kind of strained interest. I wonder if any of them wondered how we could laugh under such circumstances as those. Maybe not. They were a misery-bedulled and hopeless lot; but, nevertheless, one felt quite sure that begging was to most of them a hateful employment. Incidentally it is a new kind of employment in Russia. In the old days one often remarked that there were very few Russian beggars. Indeed, I do not remember ever having encountered one. But now they are everywhere. It would be interesting to know what percentage of the population has been reduced to this mode of existence. There are so many of them that they are a constant annoyance, not to say a menace. They are all so fearfully ragged and dirty that contact with them is a thing to dread, yet even in the once proud old city of Moscow it is not possible to walk on the streets without being besieged; this being true of Petrograd as well, and other cities in all parts of the country. It is hideous and amazing! We walked on up the platform and with a nod of my head I indicated the dead woman lying in the gateway.

"Why don't they pick up that body?" I exclaimed. "It's an awful thing to have a woman die like that and no more attention paid to her than if she were an alley cat!"

"Yes, isn't it?" said my weary English friend very wearily. "But it's too early in the morning to begin to pick up the dead. They are lying all round everywhere. She's only one of many."

"Do you mean to tell me that the situation in this section is as bad as all that?"

"It is just so bad that there is no way to tell you about it. I fail to see what's going to come of it. We are feeding as many as we can, but our means are limited to what we can get by appealing to our people."

The Plight of the Boorjooies

She grew suddenly silent and deeply thoughtful. We walked on a few paces, then she said: "But, do you know, I'm not nearly as much moved by the dead and dying as I probably ought to be. It is a terrible situation and a certain number must die. That sounds hard-hearted, but as you know in your own experience it is absolutely necessary to be hard-hearted and selective in this kind of work. It gets on my nerves, of course, horribly! To see people starving to death by the dozens every day is too awful, but what can one do?

"The thing my intelligence resents more than anything else in the whole wretched mess," she continued, "is the situation of my own kind of people; the good, ordinary, everyday citizens of the country—the boorjooies as they call them—reduced to idleness and beggary and just scratching around trying to find a little food!" She was indignantly voicing my own most positive sentiments and I responded with hearty agreement.

"And the young people!" she exclaimed. "One generation already grown up from fifteen years old to twenty without education, and another generation growing up without education, while the soviets putter around with their grand and unworkable schemes and pretend that their first object in life is to educate everybody. Though I probably shouldn't say it is pretense. They are sincere enough, likely as not, but they have simply undertaken something that cannot be done."

We discussed the plight of the bourgeois children and the fathers and mothers of them for a while, then, as we were standing opposite the car in which my companions and I were traveling, she said, "I see you Americans are getting about with your usual regard for comfort. You certainly do know how to do yourselves!"

"Oh, I don't know," said I. "The only thing that car has to recommend it is that it is clean. And at that, we gave it an extra spray of gasoline when we got into it, just to make sure. We are not taking any unnecessary chances with typhus. When an American gets typhus he is pretty likely to die. We seem to be less immune than any other people, and we are not over here to die for the Russians if we can help it."

"Well, of course you are right," she replied. "But then, you have your great rich Government behind you, and are taking care of ten thousand people to our one. You can demand what you need from the soviets, and get it. And I'm glad you can! More power to you! I wish we could do more than we are doing. But in England we are pretty hard up ourselves, you know. There are two and a half million unemployed, with other millions on part employment in one way or another, and everybody from me to the Prime Minister giving up to debts and the government more than half of everything we can rake and scrape. We can't expect much in the way of public support for philanthropic work in Russia, can we? But we are doing what we can. Monstrous situation!"

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DODGE BROTHERS

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She was a gloomy soul, was she not? But such a nice soul! It gave one a kind of healthy and wholesome Anglo-Saxon feeling to look into her tired eyes behind their spectacles wrapped in cotton wool. And she was right when she said the British Friends were doing all they could. They, together with some other British organizations, are doing a very great deal, and they are doing it all on a basis of popular benevolence. Sir Benjamin Robertson went into Russia and had a look at things. He is a specialist in famine relief, having directed some of the big British operations in India at one time or another, and after he had investigated conditions in Russia in that thorough British manner with which we are all familiar, he went back to England and told the plain simple truth. He said that the American Relief Administration, with its affiliated American organizations, was doing about 95 per cent of all the relief work that was being done, and doing it with remarkable efficiency and with no ulterior motive that any reasonable person could possibly discover.

I am not quoting Sir Benjamin Robertson exactly, but am offering merely the gist of his expressed conclusions. He said that the American program was such that it exhausted all Russian facilities for handling relief, and that therefore it would be attempting the impossible for Great Britain to undertake to do more than was being done by the private philanthropic organizations already in the field. He advised strong public support of these organizations in order that they might continue to function, because he had observed that they were doing an amazing good. His sane and measured sentences of sound judgment were as the firm hand of a physician restraining hysteria. The people of England will go on supporting their organizations, and these organizations will go on doing their splendid work.

Sweden also is helping, you know. I am sorry, but I forgot to ask, so I do not know whether the Swedish relief is wholly a public benefaction or partly governmental. In any case, it is very fine. It is confined, for the most part, to a section of the Volga Valley centering in Samara and is administered by Swedish army officers. I saw some of them in Samara and they certainly are one good-looking and efficient outfit. I was as proud of them as I naturally would have been if they had hailed from Minnesota. They offer even a sharper contrast to the bedraggled Russian population than is offered by the Americans present, because the Americans are in civilian clothes and nearly all of them seem to be saving their good clothes for somewhere else.

Universal Hunger

I am not going on with a detailed account of how we got to Orenburg. It should be enough to say that it was a journey of two hundred and sixty miles and that it took us four days to make it. The details of such a trip are interesting only because they illustrate quite vividly what the breakdown of transportation facilities and all the normal processes of life can mean to a people.

But really the Russian situation is too tremendous! If it were only just a little problem with the fortunes of a numerically insignificant people involved it would be so easy to comprehend and to write about. One can take from two to ten millions of people in one's hand, regard them as a unit, and say with a certain degree of assurance what is or is not sound and true in their social organization, in their claims and general attitudes. But in Russia one's mind sweeps over such vast areas; the populations are so great and so various and their problems so manifold and diverse. There is one thing, however, that is not complicated in one's mind in any way, and that is that universal hunger in Russia has served to dwarf all other considerations throughout the entire land.

Orenburg is the farthest great outpost of European Russia. It lies on the border between Europe and Asia and is peopled by a curious and interesting mixture of races. The Kirghiz and other Asiatic elements seem to predominate, and the general countenance of the population as a whole is strongly Oriental, but also there are European Russians of all the known varieties, as well as Germans and Dutch; these belonging to the large Mennonite colonies that were established in these regions as the same kind of colonies or communities were established in the United States.

The city is built in and round the edges of a kind of shallow cup in a vast steppe which stretches away and away on all sides as far as human vision can reach, and at any point from the slight rise of the rim of this cup one can see it all. What one sees is a curiously unfinished Oriental sketch of a city. It is partly Mohammedan and it is therefore that among the innumerable glittering gilt and bright-colored pineapple-shaped domes of its Greek churches are many tall and graceful minarets, all these rising above a widespread commonplaceness in the way of ordinary city buildings and dun-colored human habitations. From afar off I saw it one day in a thick soft snowstorm, and it looked as though the heaven-soaring part of it had detached itself from the earthbound part and were floating away. That was very beautiful.

But I saw it otherwise and otherwheres. Ordinarily a traveler to such an outpost of western civilization would be interested in its history and development. He would be exploring its churches and its mosques, its schools and museums; he would be investigating its industries and resources, and discussing with himself its ethnological peculiarities. But that would be in normal times under normal conditions. The city has about one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, and I was chiefly interested in the facts that these inhabitants were dying of starvation at the rate of approximately six hundred a day, and that cannibalism had become so common among them that their butchers had actually begun to profiteer in human flesh, with the result that the soviet authorities had had to issue an order forbidding the sale in the public markets of anything in the way of cutlets or chopped meat.

Still Hunting for Home

The statement that the inhabitants of the city were dying of starvation at the rate of six hundred a day is not quite sufficiently correct. Orenburg is the metropolitan center of a very extensive agricultural section dotted all over with small peasant villages. This section was empty of food, and as always happens in such a case the panic-stricken people by the thousands flocked to the city. The city could neither shelter them nor feed them, and in consequence they contributed very largely to the daily toll of death.

Incidentally, Russia is filled with human derelicts, with people who belong to nobody and who have no social identity. This has always been true to a certain extent, and as a normal phenomenon could be attributed on the one hand to the nomadic instinct and habits of the people and on the other to the milling around in a vast domain of great numbers not yet brought within the influence of the settling processes of a social organization still in the course of formation. In Russian literature one meets such people constantly, finding them under ordinary conditions strangely fascinating, but the derelicts of today are much too numerous and they are not as the derelicts of happier times. The average Russian peasant knows the name of his village, but so far as geography is concerned that is practically all he knows. In innumerable instances he knows nothing about even his county, much less his province. These are not the names by which Russian divisions of territory are called, but they are the equivalents of the Russian names.

Came the great war, and the Russian peasants were conscripted by the million, hundreds of thousands of them not having previously been called to their regular military service and never having been away from the villages in which they were born. They were taken to the Russian front under circumstances about which the world has since informed itself. They fought a brave fight and were very wonderful, as we all know, but they continued to walk in benightedness, save as they were influenced by the subtle propaganda of the social revolutionists. The revolution came; the Russian front broke up and these men in multitudes turned their backs upon the war and started for home. They boarded trains wherever there were trains to be boarded; they rode in anything that happened to be available; inside cars or on the roofs of them, on the trucks or coupling pins; it made no difference; they were going home!

But where was home? They didn't know. They might name the name of some obscure village thousands of miles away, but that was all they could do. They were without guard or guidance—many thousands of them, you understand—and for a long period they simply went on wandering here and there, living on the railroads and picking up the wherewith to live any way they could. Many of them—most of them, probably—were absorbed in the Red army, but there are still great numbers of them, along with hordes of women and children, in the army of the wholly unattached; men, women and children living without any kind of human relationships save such as they may form among themselves in their common misfortune.

Such people would naturally gravitate in throngs to the cities. They are constantly going somewhere, anywhere that happens to be on a highway or a railroad; and thus it happens that the city of Orenburg has its share of them in addition to the refugees from the regions round about. They seem to think that if they can only get where there are many other people they will be able to live.

But there is nothing to do, you know. There are no industries of any kind. Government funds have been mysteriously dissipated throughout all Russia and the administrative soviets are no longer able to take care even of government employes, much less of such people as these.

Orenburg came nearer to being hell on earth than anything I had ever seen either in actual fact or in nightmares brought upon me through intimate association with too much horror. In forty-eight hours in that awful city I saw more dead bodies than I had seen before in the entire course of my life, and I saw the Chinese famine, as a result of which people died in sufficient numbers. I saw worse filth and more of it and completer degradation than I had ever before dreamed of, and I saw the Armenians at their lowest, which was low enough. I saw dogs eating human corpses by the roadside while throngs of people passed by with utter indifference. And it was not so much the fate of the dead that troubled me either; it was the apathy of the living. I saw starving men catch and brutally slaughter pariah dogs for the purpose of eating them, holding them by the hind legs and beating their heads against the ice banks with which the streets were lined. I saw worse things than these.

Relief Work at Orenburg

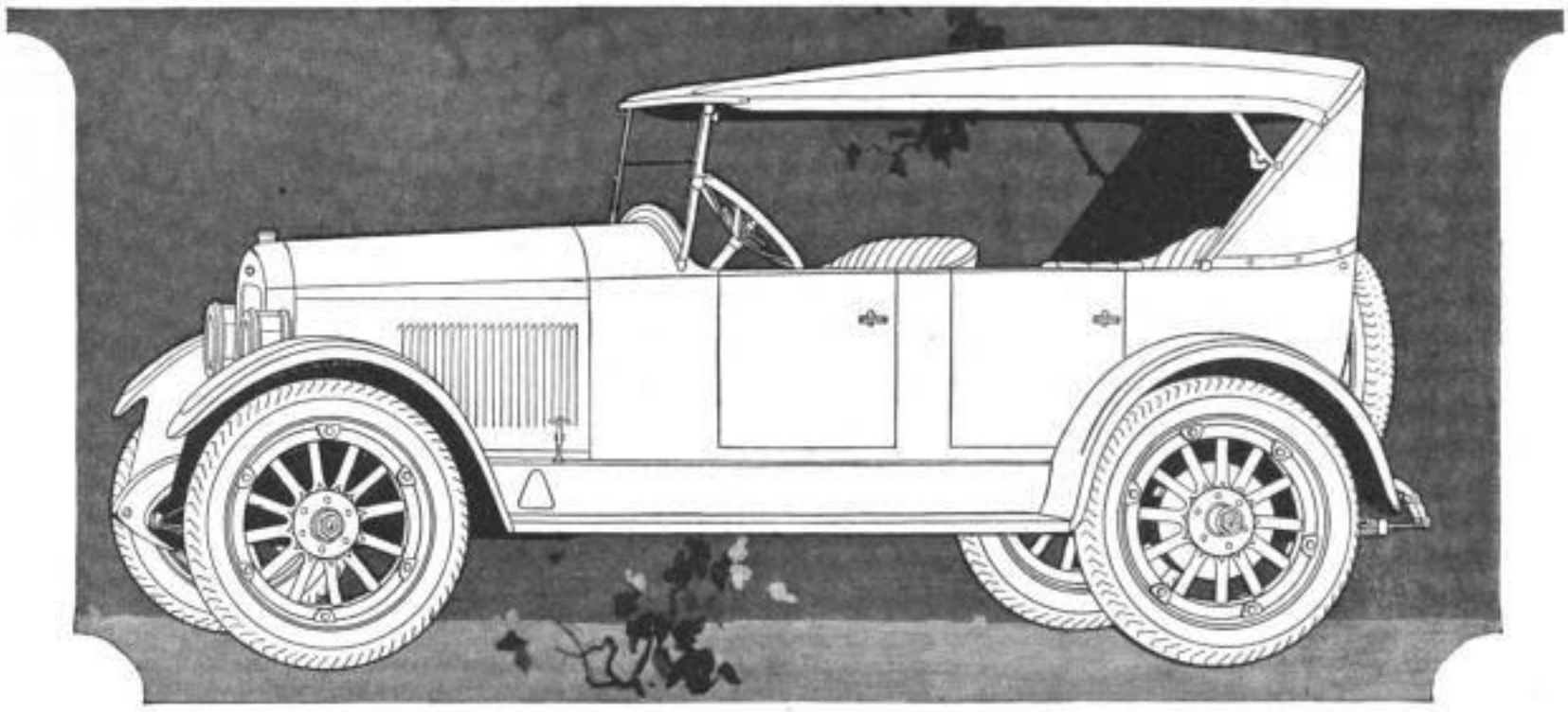
And in the midst of it all I saw a little company of American men, with their teeth set and their nerves held in check, doing what they could to help. They were carrying out a fixed and provided-for program. What more could they do? They were responsible for the direct feeding of a certain specified number of thousands of children, for actually putting into the mouths of these children American food doled out and prepared under their own supervision and accounted for in their records to the last ounce. It was, or is, rather, a gigantic task. It is not a task they expect to see the end of for a long time to come. But I am writing about them now in perspective. They were feeding not only a large part of the child population of Orenburg—nearly every little citizen who had not passed his or her fourteenth birthday—but they were operating kitchens in many villages scattered over an area of some hundreds of square miles, their only lines of communication being open roadways across the steppes, their only means of transporting supplies being sledges drawn by camels or horses, themselves half dead from starvation.

The suffering of the animals was a terrible thing to witness. One of the first things the American Relief Administration did in Russia was to buy in Finland, Sweden and other near-by countries a few tons of fodder—one hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth, I think it was—and distribute it over the areas in which relief operations were to be carried out. But even so, there was a great shortage, and the animals as well as the people were on famine rations, their ranks being rapidly thinned by slaughter and death; the only difference being that when a camel hasn't even a cud to chew on you cannot reason with him about it and bolster up his pluck with talk about how he is just one poor camel among thousands. And did you know that when a camel is underfed or otherwise reduced from a normal physical condition his hump gets soft and flops over most forlornly? Also he gets mangy and his hair comes out in big patches, leaving him shivering and shuddering in the cold. He looks

(Continued on Page 44)

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It bears Mr. Jewett's name because it is a Paige product and represents a personal ideal of all that a sound five passenger automobile should be.

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It is a Six because a Six is a mechanism of inherent balance. The smooth, even-flowing power means lack of vibration and that, in turn, means long life and the truest form of economy.

It is fifty horse power because ample power is the prime essential of performing ability. An undersized motor in an automobile means just the same thing as weak, undersized muscles in a man.

It is built on a sturdy, deep channeled frame and equipped with the best clutch, transmission, drive shaft and rear axle that engineering affords.

It is, in brief, just the car that you would expect to bear the name of Jewett. As an investment value at $1065 f. o. b. Detroit, there could be nothing sounder or safer on the market.

Take a ride today. Make up your mind to find out why this strictly modern six is breaking sales records in every section of the nation. Let the Jewett speak for itself

It is sold and serviced by Paige Dealers everywhere

JEWETT

A Thrifty Six Built by Paige

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Before Buying Any Car

THE newest development is Standardized Service which means the finest transportation at the lowest cost per mile.

Marmon is first to announce it. All guesswork is ended as to upkeep costs. A flat-price system, nation-wide, standardizes and lowers the price of 85% of all service operations.

This is a fitting climax to the years of development behind the Marmon. It has always been conceded first place in performance, easy handling and comfortable riding. It has long been noted for dependability and sturdiness.

Now it takes first place among all fine cars for economy of operation and maintenance.

Don't be satisfied with a lesser car, now that you can own a Marmon.

Investigate Standardized Service and what it means to you.

MARMON
The Foremost Fine Car



Mail the coupon for free copy of "Modern Transportation Costs."

NORDYKE & MARMON COMPANY (D)
Established 1851
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

Gentlemen: Kindly send me a copy of "Modern Transportation Costs," describing in detail your new system of Standardized Service.

Name_____
Street_____
City_____ State_____

(Continued from Page 42)

down upon humanity with great disdain, as usual, but to his disdainfulness is added an expression of peculiarly poignant pathos, and he lifts up his raucous voice in frequent protestation.

It is a surprise to nearly everyone to find that camels are the principal beasts of burden in the lower Volga Valley and on the steppes beyond. Camels go with whispering palm trees, burning sunlight and billowing deserts, and not with interminable reaches of white iciness and frozen silence. But I found a camel train in silhouette against a world of snow no less fascinating in its way than a camel caravan in silhouette against a world of golden sand, except that I felt so sorry for the poor brutes.

On my tour of inspection in Orenburg, Doctor Beeuwkes thought it would be a good idea for me to begin with a *priemnik*. And when I think what a *priemnik* is my mind pauses, then registers nothing but a row of exclamation points which cannot be translated into adequate words. A *priemnik* is a thing which clutches at one's soul, producing only emotion and forbidding orderly and reasonable thought. A *priemnik* is an institution into which the authorities, such as they are, gather the starving and the distressful from off the streets and from which great heaps of naked corpses are constantly being carted away. A *priemnik* offers an illuminating example of what can result from a total collapse of a civilized social order.

Though of course there was the undeniable act of God in the Volga Valley. There was the great drought, and the consequent crop failure. Between Bolshevism and natural causes responsibility for conditions in the Volga Valley—to say nothing of all other parts of Russia—should be justly divided. A just division according to the universal opinion of intelligent people in Russia would be 20 per cent to natural causes and 80 per cent to Bolshevism. Indeed, they go further and say that with Russia as far on a normal way toward recovery from the war as neighboring countries have managed to get during the past three years, the drought in the Volga Valley would not necessarily have resulted in any tragedy at all; certainly not in a situation demanding foreign relief administered by foreigners and paid for with foreign philanthropic funds. How they do hate it, these splendid ruined people, and yet how pathetically grateful they are!

Soviet Arguments

And what howls of Red protest these statements will produce! The friends of Soviet Russia have a lot of arguments up their sleeves, and among their favorites is that conditions in Russia are largely due to a wicked blockade maintained against a noble people struggling to be free, and to foreign invasion of Russian soil in the form of support given to the White armies under Denikin, Kolchak and Wrangel that, in their numerous retreats, devastated their own country and destroyed enough food to have tided the Russian people over any crisis. It interests me to reflect that these arguments are sometimes couched in the oily—often enough well-oiled, no doubt—at any rate excellently phrased and charmingly modulated language of the American intellectual, and at other times in the heaving and merely venom-vomiting language of the merely habitual demagogue.

During the course of the Genoa conference when the Bolsheviki were putting forward their fantastic claims it seemed to me to be a great pity that nobody demanded of them that they render their claims in specific detail along with a few details with regard to what they themselves had done with the revenues and resources of their country. In a certain degree the Genoa conference was undoubtedly under the influence of the Red Terror and maintained within itself almost as much of a shushy atmosphere as one encounters in Russia itself. Inside Russia one leads a whispering life. To breathe above a whisper any disagreement with the principles of the forces in control is to run a definite risk, and the forces in control have their observers planted at every turn any outsider is likely to make.

And yet the people on the whole are so unhappy! They hate it all with such a mighty hatred! If this be true why should they not rise en masse and throw it off? I asked that question many a time, only to have it answered with a tolerant smile. It is all a fearful welter of complete prostration and hopelessness in the midst of which one can discern no glimmering of a possibility of redemption. Outspoken leadership of the conservative elements is not to be thought of while the organized forces of fanaticism and terror continue to be relentless.

I went with Doctor Beeuwkes to the *priemnik*, and I went in my customary capacity as a casual observer and with my usual feeling of complete detachment. If anyone beforehand had succeeded in describing to me adequately what I was about to see I should have said that he had Dante, Edgar Allan Poe and other detailers of horror and writers of strange fiction looking like mere amateurs.

This *priemnik* was only one of many, but I should like to believe it was the worst of them all. It was in an old and picturesque palace of some sort, built upon a slight elevation out near the edge of town, from which one could see a long, long roadway winding off across the snowy steppe and scattered groups of little wooden houses and detached villas here and there. It was built in the form of a half square and had ornamentally balustraded balconies and finely wrought carved-wood screens round some of its windows that reminded one of an East really Eastern. The way in was through a big gateway in a high wall and thence across a wide court to what once upon a time must have been a very proud entrance. Crowded round this doorway were many people standing in grim silence waiting for something.

Distressing Scenes

With polite gestures the doctor got them to make way for us and we passed into a wide dim-lit hall. The walls of it were reeking and its floor was inch deep in half-frozen slippery mud. I became almost instantly nauseated, but I set my teeth, wrapped my scarf round my face in such a way that I could breathe through it, and went ahead. We climbed a one-time handsome stairway, went through another long dark hall and came to a room. In size it was about twenty feet by forty. It might sometime have been somebody's very fine library or living room. It had long windows done in leaded panes of colored glass in intricate designs. None of them was open. The room was totally bare; not a stick of furniture of any kind; bare floor; bare walls; but lying about on the floor in heaps and close-packed rows were literally hundreds of human beings, looking like so many piles of unspeakable rags.

They were wallowing in their own filth like so many maggots. I could think of nothing else with which to compare them. They were all in the last stages of starvation, and many of them were stricken with disease. They were groaning, crying, whimpering, moaning, coughing, retching in death agony and breathing the cold poison of an atmosphere that sent me staggering out into the hallway to lean for many minutes against the wall, trembling all over uncontrollably and with beads of cold perspiration standing on my face. We counted four dead in that room, then we went on to others. They were all alike; and the whole building was as cold and clammy as the inside of a tomb, the excuse for this being that there was no fuel. The steppe produces no fuel; the sources of Orenburg's one-time plentiful supply were far away and transportation facilities were reduced to a minimum. There was fuel with which to bake the black bread of the people; there was fuel in meager quantities for other soviet purposes, but there was no fuel with which to heat a shelter for the derelicts.

When I could stand no more of it I made my way back down the stairs and out into the court. Against the wall at the far side of this court they had put up a rough wooden shed such as is sometimes built for a temporary tool house on premises where construction is going on. This was the morgue, and into it a body was being thrown about every ten or fifteen minutes. They were stripping the dead and throwing their clothing into a fearful pit they had dug right in front of the door of the shed. Never have I smelled anything as foul as the stench that rose from that pit! I don't know why they were doing this unless it is that lice quit a dead body and it was safer to handle them naked than clothed.

Doctor Beeuwkes followed out the body of a young boy. I have said that the Americans were feeding nearly all the children, but of course there were many among the bands of refugees trudging along the roadways and into the city from all directions. Besides, fourteen years was the age limit for children who could enjoy the American benefaction, and there are many children who continue to be children longer than that. The long emaciated body of the boy —— Dear God! Why try to write about it! He might have been fifteen or sixteen years old!

When they opened the door of the morgue I turned away in shuddering dread. The doctor called to me to come and look, but I was reluctant to do so and yielded only to his accusation that I was too chicken-hearted for my job. I took my courage in my two hands and walked up to the door and looked in. The bodies, about forty of them at that hour, were piled one upon another like cordwood with the heads of one layer in one direction and of the next layer in the other. Can you imagine such a sight! One got an impression of a hideous mix-up of dead feet and dead faces. Many of the bodies were sprawled out in indecent ghastly attitudes, arms and legs were flung about at all angles; heads were askew and I caught upon some of the faces I could not help but see, terrible and unforgetable expressions. Not only life is robbed of all its dignity in the one and only communistic state, but death as well! All these had been carried out dead from that awful place that morning, and as many more were due to be carried out dead before night.

I could go on writing about Orenburg indefinitely and still forget a great many things that I am sure would interest nearly everyone.

The important thing, of course, was the relief work. The soviet authorities, demoralized as they were by the enormity of what had come upon them, were doing what they could, but they could do very little because their resources were all but wholly exhausted. What they were doing in this *priemnik* that I have attempted briefly to describe was the one kind of thing in which the Americans would not assist them. The Americans had taken a firm stand with an idea of preventing if possible an almost inevitable epidemic of cholera and had said that even in saving child life they would coöperate only in clean surroundings and on a basis of cleanliness. It was the only thing for them to do, though if they had not met a right response they would have been faced with the necessity for finding some way of their own to reach out and get the children.

Giving the Kiddies a Chance

And at that it was not so much the authorities who responded as the people themselves—the local doctors and lawyers and former merchants and chiefs; the submerged and suffering bourgeoisie. And what a heroic lot these people have proved themselves to be! They do not like the ones who ran away and who are now enjoying a certain degree of comfort and security in Europe or the United States or somewhere else. They say of such Russians that Russia is their country and that in her extremity they deserted her. But this is very unjust, because for so many who ran away running away was the only alternative to sudden death.

It was a great relief to go from the fearful *priemnik* up into the town to a fine modern building—one of many that had been nationalized and looted, of course—where children in literal droves were being hustled in and introduced to something new in the way of an outlook on life. There was a long line of them standing outside the door, being herded and scolded and comforted and taken care of by a couple of capable-looking women. With a few nods and smiles we passed these by and went on inside. Just within the entrance there was a small officelike room made of glass partitions in which two barbers in long white robes and rubber boots were busy with clippers, all but scalping every kid who came along, boys and girls alike. This was the first surprise that awaited the poor little tikes in their new environment, after which they were sent along down to the end of the long corridor, where some more capable-looking women were waiting to divest them of their clothing. Having submitted to this process with varying degrees and forms of protest and being stark naked they were sent scampering under further direction into a near-by room that

(Continued on Page 46)

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Sampler Days

In Society since 1842

We like to think that the growth of Whitman's, from the little shop in Philadelphia in the time of President Tyler, is due to the bed-rock devotion to *quality* on which this business is founded.

From the fair shoppers in 1842, drawn in quaint Victorias, who called at the Whitman shop, it is a far cry to the thronging thousands who now buy Whitman's Chocolates every day in every town in America.

In stage coach days folks from New York, Boston and Richmond always took home Whitman's when they visited Philadelphia.

Now the Whitman quality, with modern improvements and infinite variety, can be had conveniently in nearly every neighborhood in the land.

The names Sampler, Salmagundi, Fussy, "1842", Super Extra, Pink of Perfection and Pleasure Island are full of significance for candy buyers. Each stands for the satisfaction of a special taste in confections.

Simply look for the Whitman sign on the selected store that is agent for the sale of Whitman's Chocolates.



Whitman's

Chocolates

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.
Also makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate, Cocoa and Marshmallow Whip
New York Branch: 215 W. 33rd St. Chicago Branch: 1337 Michigan Ave., South
San Francisco Branch: 449 Minna St.

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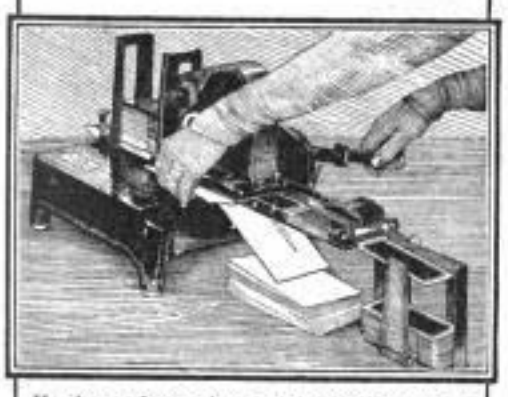
LET THIS DREAM
Come True
In *Your* Office



This girl used to *copy* addresses from index cards onto envelopes, statements, circulars, etc.—an endless, monotonous, expensive process.



ONE DAY—she became so tired she fell asleep and dreamed that the index cards one by one jumped from their files—each card writing its own address onto a circular before hopping back in its place again.



Her dream of yesterday is a *fact* today! Because in place of old-fashioned index cards she now uses *Elliott Index-Address Cards*. She slides a tray of these Elliott Address Cards into the ELLIOTT ADDRESS-PRESS—and as fast as she can turn the hand crank each card *automatically* prints a perfect typewritten copy of its address.

MORE than One Million Dollars' worth of Elliott Index-Address Cards are now being sold every year. These wonderful "*Index Cards which print Their Own Addresses*" cost less than two cents each. You write your addresses onto them *with any regular typewriter*. Then you file them and keep them up-to-date just like regular index cards.

In up-to-date offices the following lists of addresses are especially adaptable to Elliott Index Address Cards:—

List of Employees—
for addressing Pay Forms
List of Ledger Accounts—
for addressing Monthly Statements
List of Prospective Customers—
for addressing Advertising
List of Stockholders—
for addressing Reports, etc.

And scores of others

The Address-Press

Write us for our Free Book
"Mechanical Addressing"
THE ELLIOTT COMPANY
146 Albany St., Cambridge, Mass.

(Continued from Page 44)

had been fitted up with bathtubs and tanks with heating apparatus attached for making hot water.

Not that it was warm in the building. Indeed it was not. There were practically no heating arrangements anywhere. And in Russia, mind you, in February! It was cruelly cold, and I felt sorry for the little goose-fleshy half-starved youngsters. But, oh, after what I had just seen, it was such a happiness to see them being taken care of! I stood and watched the performance for quite a long time, laughing with the good women who were doing the work when one baby child after another protested vigorously against being taken out of the nice warm water in which he had been lathered with good American soap and scrubbed nearly down to his poor little sticking-out bones.

Oh, you weep, my friends, you weep when you see such things as these! You would have wept and laughed together as I did if you had seen these shivery kids by the dozen—by the hundreds in a day, really—being wrapped in American Red Cross blankets and hustled along into another room to be clothed in clean warm clothing—the gift of the American people! Then up they go into the dormitories, ready to associate with other cleaned-up and deloused little citizens.

Down below in a big improvised kitchen there were great boiling caldrons of good bean soup with lots of fat in it, and other huge kettles of bubbling and deliciously fragrant corn grits. There were long tables laden with sweet white bread cut up into generous chunks, while off the kitchen there was a storeroom—double-locked and most carefully guarded—filled with supplies; with sugar and milk and cocoa and flour and corn grits and bacon and beans and lard; with everything that goes into a well-balanced ration for a child—all the gift of the American people.

It was about an hour before feeding time. One of the women workers was showing me round, and as we passed from the kitchen into the big dining room—with its long tables made of planks laid on trestles and its benches similarly constructed—I was startled to come upon the body of a little boy. He had been gently laid out on one of the tables. The woman who was with me knew nothing about him, but supposed he had just died either from typhus or because when he came in he was too far gone from starvation to be saved.

Trainloads of Medical Supplies

"A good many of them die," said she, "but this place is heaven in comparison with a place I helped to open some weeks ago. We lost them there at the rate of 75 per cent a week."

"What do you mean, 75 per cent a week?"

"I mean we were taking them in at the rate of a hundred a week and losing them at the rate of seventy-five a week. It was awful! But we got the upper hand of it, and now that place is one of the best we have. It is small in comparison with this, but we hope to make it a permanent home. We have a good many like it—thanks to you Americans!—and as we get children in places like this back to more or less normal health we send them on to homes of that kind, where we are beginning now to try to give them a little schooling. This place, you understand, is only a sort of clearing house, and children come in here not only starving but with all kinds of diseases." She went on telling me about things in this quiet, matter-of-course way.

In connection with all such institutions there are always hospital wards, a clinic and a dispensary; these being demanded, along with general cleanliness, by the American Relief Administration, which provides for them all the necessities. The doctors in charge of them are usually women. The Russian bourgeois women are really quite wonderful, and there are a great many women doctors, usually graduated from one or another of the one-time fine Russian universities that formerly offered such excellent educational advantages in the different professions.

But I shall have more to say about medical relief later on. Every American Relief unit in the country includes an American doctor, while attached to every local headquarters is a medical storeroom filled with supplies of all kinds. Doctor Beeuwkes, as director general of medical relief, is intrusted with the rather tremendous task of administering judiciously a gift from the American Red Cross of three million six hundred thousand dollars and the Congressional gift of four million dollars in excess army supplies, as well as a good many other funds. He gets his supplies in the United States through cabled requisitions on A. R. A. headquarters in New York, which in turn draws upon the Red Cross. He takes charge of them as they arrive in trainload lots in Russia, and distributes them in measures to meet the varying needs of the relief units throughout the country. The benefits of this service are incalculable.

When the doctor had finished showing me the sick children in the hospital wards upstairs—all snug between American Red Cross sheets and blankets—and had indulged himself sufficiently in pleased contemplation of his shelves piled high with soap and disinfectants and his cupboards filled with medicaments he said he thought it would be a good idea for me to take a trip out to the cemetery.

At the Cemetery

Delightful day, was it not? I had had about enough of it. But it was agreed that I ought to see the cemetery. It was interesting. People who were about to die were going there every day to lie down and die either on the graves of their own dead or on some spot where they hoped they might be buried. When I was told that the number of people who were doing this was increasing all the time I thought to myself that I was not surprised. I tried to turn my soul into a Russian soul. I thought my way down into the horror and imagined myself starving to death and with no hope; homeless, shelterless, stripped of everything but a lingering belief in God and a glimmering sense of decency. I shuddered at my memory of the stacked-up naked bodies and knew that I should want to creep out to some spot somewhere that in my mind had some kind of sacred association, there to lay me down on six feet of earth that I would hope might be regarded as my own.

In the ramshackle old automobile of the early European tin variety in which we were doing our getting about we bumped and banged our way through the awful streets—that looked and felt, incidentally, as though they had been neither cleaned nor repaired for the past five years—and out to the cemetery, which lies on a slope just at the edge of town. It had snowed a good deal the day before, so the car could not make the gentle grade, and quite a distance from the entrance we decided it was up to us to get out and walk. It had to be, of course, that we came to a standstill just where we did! As though I had not been close up to enough of the hideousness! As a matter of fact, my idea was to shirk the graveyard, get a general view of it from a safe distance and leave the ugly details of it to the say-so of others and my own imagination. But no such luck for me! Within a few feet of where we stopped lay the body of a man. It was a third or more eaten up, and as we approached, a flock of crows rose from it heavily and flew away, while two dogs loped off across the snow field and sat down thirty or forty yards distant to watch us and to wait for us to move on. One of them was an evil-looking scrawny big black cur, but the other was a fine shaggy white fellow that any dog lover would have wished to make friends with. I stood and gazed at him and he gazed back at me, lifting up his noble-looking head as much as to say that he knew he was doing a terrible thing, but hoped I would believe that under ordinary circumstances he was a respectable dog. Reading these thoughts into his dog mind was by way of comforting myself, of course, because I love dogs. There were four or five others skulking among the graves, while innumerable loudly cawing crows were swooping and hovering about here and there.

There were five bodies within our immediate range of vision while we were still outside the cemetery wall. And there were people passing along the road all the time, some in camel sleds or droshkies, but most of them on foot; and only an occasional person even so much as glanced at the gruesome sights. I watched them and wondered about them. Large numbers of them, with their unsightly bundles of belongings on their backs, were easily recognizable as famine refugees from the outlying districts making their way into the city. I wished awfully that we had got started a little earlier on our program for adult feeding. Incidentally, I wanted to know why the communist government had not spent some of its hoarded gold for the purchase of food supplies abroad in time to save the situation in some degree. There was plenty of money for this purpose in the soviet treasury; it was as long ago as last August that Maxim Gorky uttered his Macedonian cry; there was nothing to prevent the Bolsheviki from buying food in the United States and elsewhere; yet not until January did they appropriate a penny for this purpose. And now what are they doing with the hundred million dollars in church treasure that they have succeeded in confiscating? Has anybody heard of any large soviet purchases of grain to feed the starving millions? I think not. But one continues to hear about the starving millions. The stories that come out of South Russia and the Crimea are growing worse instead of better. Another partial crop failure! A pest of locusts! The daily toll of death from starvation mounting higher and higher! And Leon Trotzky telling his communist cadets to depend upon nothing but their bayonets and batteries and to prepare to carry the Red flag across the frontiers of Europe!

At the top of the cemetery slope, just outside the wall, was a kind of old rubbish heap that looked a good deal like an upheaval of broken bricks, decayed street sweepings and old tin cans, and it was here they were burying the unknown dead, such dead as I had seen in the morgue at the *priemnik*. I climbed to the top of this slope and stood at the edge of a trench that had been dug to receive these bodies. It was about twelve feet deep, I should think, and fourteen feet long. It had been dug only that morning or the evening before, because none of yesterday's heavy snow had fallen in it.

A Red Soldier's Funeral

There were at least fifty bodies piled up in one end of this trench, and piled up regardless. They had been just thrown in any way. One hesitates to write about these things for fear of seeming to be morbid. But I am not morbid. I did not stand and gaze into the trench. I merely glanced into it, but I shall never be able to forget a single detail of it.

Suddenly there were weird, wild strains of music floating into the silence from somewhere away off. I stood and looked out across the great graveyard. It had once been filled with neat wooden crosses, but these had all been hacked down or broken off to be used for fuel and there was nothing left but a few splinters.

The sound of the music came nearer and nearer and finally resolved itself into a funeral dirge. Every once in a while a church bell tolled and the sound seemed to hang in the air, murmuring about something.

"Oh, how amazing!" said I to myself. "Someone who had human relationships is about to be buried!"

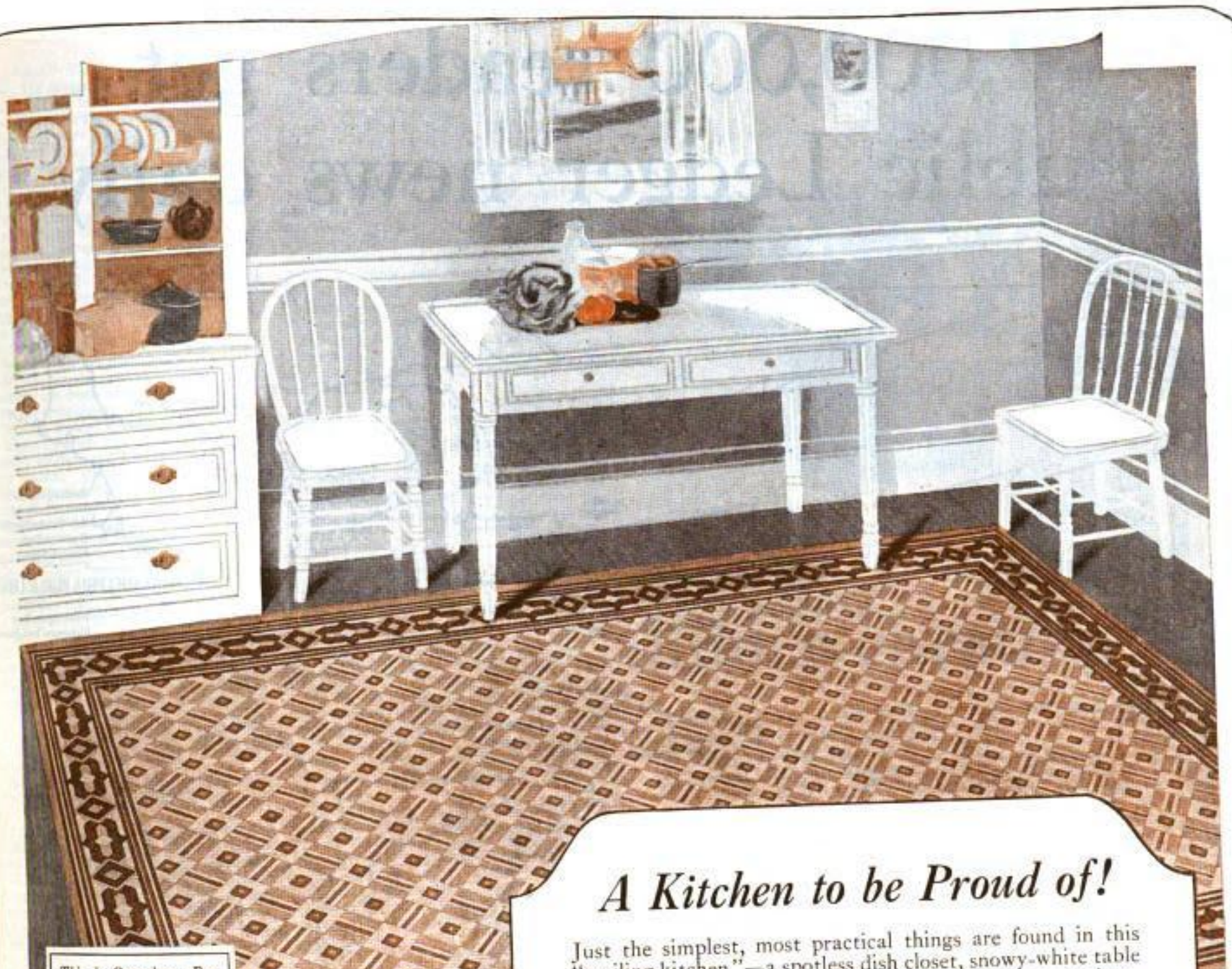
Pretty soon the funeral procession turned the far wall of the cemetery and came into view, marching slowly and solemnly up the roadway. There was a military band wearing Red-army uniforms, and there were priests and chanting monks in long black robes and tall black hats. There was a great gleaming cross carried aloft by someone; then came the coffin, borne by Red soldiers and covered with a Red flag. It was followed by a company of soldiers and a motley throng.

I stood and watched them for a long time, listening to the heart-chilling music, music of barbaric melancholy punctuated by the tong of a temple bell! Then I went back down the road, and just as I was passing the body of the partly eaten man they fired a military salute over the Red soldier's grave. I climbed into the automobile and stood looking upon the scene and searching my mind for an understanding of it. It seemed to me to be very significant that they should be burying a Red soldier with a religious ceremony. It meant that Bolshevism was not having everything its own way, even in its own ranks. The one and only communistic state has no use for God and the Bolsheviki have tried to abolish the sacred uses of religion by calling it the opiate of the people.

I thought to myself, "Well, if my people should ever have to live through a thing like this an opiate for them would never satisfy me. I should want them to have an anæsthetic!"

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mrs. Egan. The next will appear in an early issue.

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This is Congoleum Rug No. 386—in the 6 x 9 ft. size, it costs only $8.10.

A Kitchen to be Proud of!

Just the simplest, most practical things are found in this "smiling kitchen"—a spotless dish closet, snowy-white table and chairs, and on the floor, an attractive, easy-to-clean, sanitary *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug.

These artistic rugs have a smooth, firm surface that spilled things cannot stain or penetrate. A few brisk whisks with a damp mop, and the rug is again sweet and clean—its bright colors like new.

Gold-Seal Congoleum Rugs are so comfortable underfoot and lie smooth and flat without fastening of any kind.

There are delightful patterns suitable for every room in the house—from plain wood-block and tile patterns to rich, Oriental designs. And yet, with all their artistic charm and labor-saving qualities, *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs are surprisingly inexpensive.

Note the Low Prices

6	x 9	feet $ 8.10		1½ x 3	feet $ .50
7½	x 9	feet 10.10		3 x 3	feet 1.00
9	x 9	feet 12.15		3 x 4½	feet 1.50
9	x 10½	feet 14.15		3 x 6	feet 2.00
9	x 12	feet 16.20			

The rugs illustrated are made only in the five large sizes. The small rugs are made in other designs to harmonize with them.

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South, west of the Mississippi and in Canada are higher than those quoted.

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
INCORPORATED

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GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
REMOVE SEAL WITH DAMP CLOTH

Look for this Gold Seal

It is pasted on the face of the goods and identifies the genuine *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs and Floor-Covering By-the-Yard. It is your protection against inferior substitutes. Also look for the Gold-Seal Guarantee which stores that sell *Gold-Seal* Congoleum usually display in their windows.



No. 510 at the left—is a brown and rose pattern.

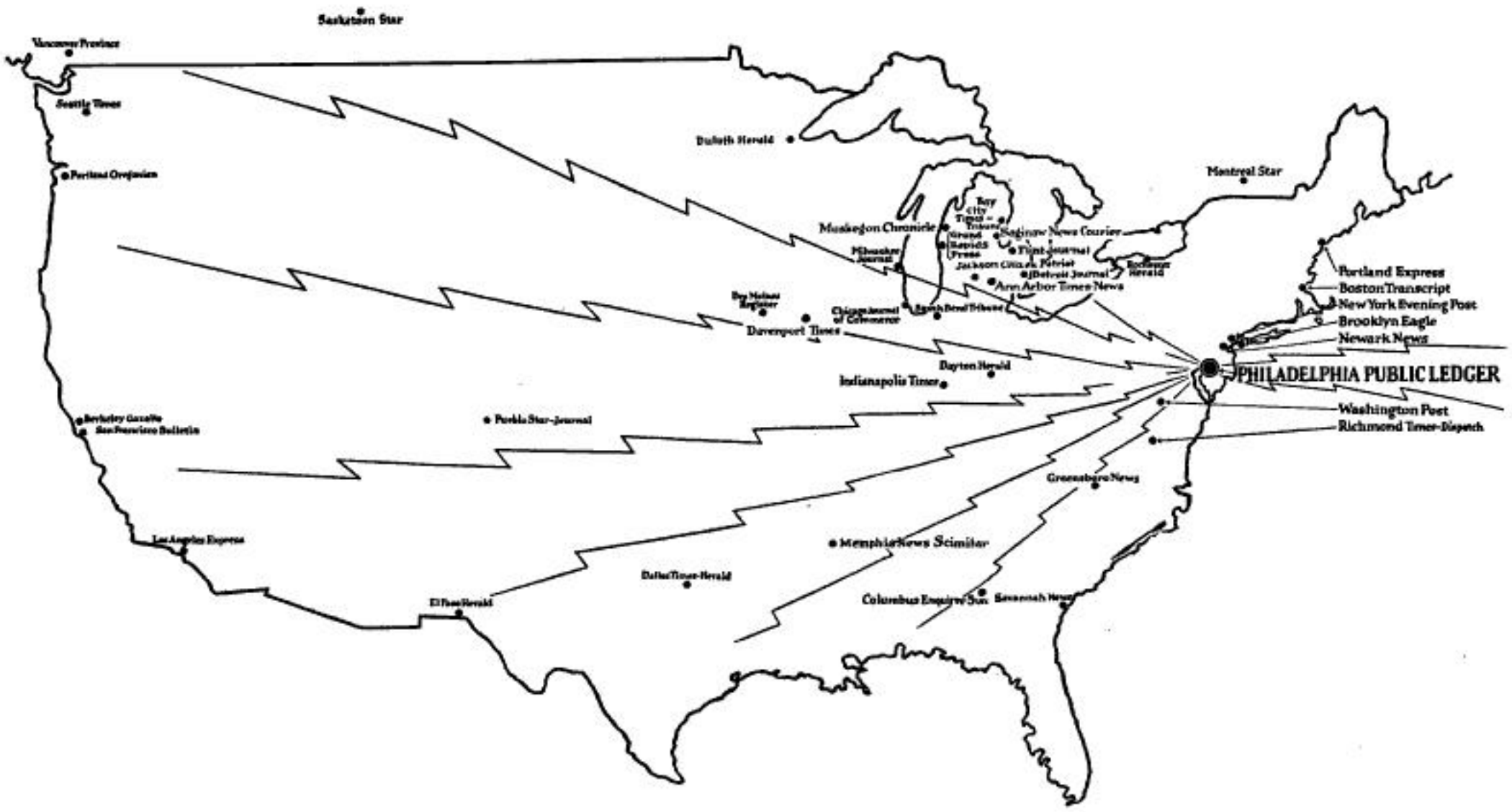
Above is No. 321—a popular tan design.

No. 388 at right—reproduces a rich Persian design.

Gold Seal
CONGOLEUM
RUGS

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THIS map shows how news gathered by Public Ledger correspondents is daily flashed by leased wires to more than 40 newspapers throughout the continent. These papers have a total circulation of more than 2,000,000.

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THAT NAME MARY

(Continued from Page 11)

mother "dear." They were not very good friends. The Jennisons had richer friends.

How long they talked! Kenneth grew hot and his mouth kept filling with water.

At last they were going. He got out of bed again and by squeezing in between the bureau and the wall he could look through a little square window and see them on the small back porch. His mother looked like a little girl standing between them.

"And anything that bothers you about the boy, send him along over to me," Mr. Jennison was saying.

"Thank you, I'll do that," said his mother clearly, the quality of her voice making an unforgetable impression on his young ears.

Mr. Jennison put his hands on his wife's shoulders to place her ahead of him on the narrow walk, but she pushed him aside and impulsively ran back to Kenneth's mother and put her arms about her and kissed her. Mr. Jennison walked slowly on; when his wife caught up with him they were under Kenneth's window and Kenneth saw tears on her cheeks. He looked back at his mother. She was not crying. She was standing there, quiet, in the moonlight.

"Oh, Tom," Mrs. Jennison said in a choked voice, "what a dreadful, dreadful thing for that poor little woman to face!"

Kenneth never forgot Mr. Jennison's answer, because it was all so queer.

"Not half so dreadful as he's got to face. I'd a hell of a lot rather live her life than his. She'll get some satisfaction out of hers."

And then, almost before he had time to get back into bed, his mother came in and lay down by him, outside the covers, and told him in a queer way, as if he were a grown-up person, that his father had gone away forever—to live with Mrs. Jones, the meat-market man's wife.

"How can he?" Kenneth had demanded shrilly. "He's—he's married to us, isn't he?"

She explained it to him as best she could, patiently, over and over. She had an answer for his every question and she left out all bitterness. But their simple world had become a wretched place, and all the school children would whisper about them. For a long time she lay there beside him, her hot hand against his cheek. He loved her so much that he wished he could hate his father, but the tears would come.

"After tonight we will never talk about these things again," she said when she told him good night. "I want you to be a fine good man like Mr. Jennison."

That was a long, long night. But finally morning came and he heard his mother singing in the kitchen.

. . . . . .

There had come that calamitous time when his mother first sent him to interview Mr. Jennison in the big formidable offices over Mill's hardware store. An avalanche of catastrophes had been thrust into his babyless hands to commit: He had thrashed an undersized sickly youth named Billy White; he had called Billy names; he had made these names inclusive of the shocked and intervening teacher; he had told the principal to mind his own business. And he had not been sorry for any of these things when severely interrogated, whereupon he had found himself expelled from school.

All this because Billy had traded him a watch which fell short of his expectations.

"Oh, it's a grand mess we're in," his mother had lamented cheerily—she always included herself in his troubles—and had sent him straightway to the fine good man.

While he sat there waiting for Mr. Jennison, who was at the moment occupied with the problem of trading an expiring cattle railroad for a flourishing water system, the poisonous thought came to Kenneth that he was beginning to be like his father. He had brought that old half-forgotten look of unwilling fear into his mother's eyes. This thought was disastrous to his defiant mood, for a shame of his father had grown on with the years as he had come increasingly to respect the value of his mother. Chastened by these reflections he entertained serious intentions of killing himself; perhaps by jumping out the open window. But inherent love of life kept him glued unhappily to his chair.

"Good Lord! I haven't time to bother with any kids!" he heard Mr. Jennison growl at the stenographer who had taken Mrs. Andrews' note to the inner office and was hastily coming out again. "Wait a minute!" Mr. Jennison yelled after her. There was something different in his voice—he must be reading the note; then he said, "Come in, Kenneth. Come in."

At sight of the big friendly man, one side of whose mouth grinned at him while the other side stayed firm on an enormous cigar, Kenneth's defiance deepened. This was the sort of man who would understand why he couldn't be sorry. Mr. Jennison reached out a long arm and drew him up beside his chair, giving him a terrific and cordial slap that sent a cloud of dust from his short trousers. "Now hurry up and tell me the whole business," he said.

Standing encircled by the strong sympathetic arm it took Kenneth just five minutes to show conclusively that Billy White was the root of all evil.

"—— an' so you see, sir, he played me a dirty trick, an' everybody took sides with him when they hadn't ought to; so what's the use of me saying I'm sorry when I'm not sorry?"

During the recital Mr. Jennison bit his cigar as savagely as he had done over the tangle of the railroad and water-system matter, for this problem in lesser traffic required a finesse all its own.

"I see; I see. Who wanted to make this trade first, you or Billy?"

"I did"—promptly. "I needed a watch. He had two of 'em. He said 'at the one he had at home kept just as good time as the one he carries all the while."

"We-ell, you say it does, don't you, when it's tipped a certain way?"

"Why—why, yes, sir. But what good's it do me to have a darned watch tipped kitty-cornered on the dresser at home when I want to know what time to quit playin' ball so's I can get home to take mother's doughnuts round to folks by half past five?"

Mr. Jennison admitted that this gave the affair a serious aspect. But he said, "Since it was really business with you, it was up to you to see that you made a good trade. Did Billy know the knife you traded him was in good shape?"

"Sure he did. He borrowed it the day before. Besides, he gave it to me my last birthday."

"Oh!" Mr. Jennison converted a grin into a reflective grimace. "Well, why didn't you borrow his watch for a day and try it out too?"

"Why—because I believed him! We—we was friends!"

"Oh," said Mr. Jennison again, and looked hastily away from that earnest, troubled face so like his mother's with its blue, black-lashed eyes.

No man can meditate on self-perfection, but there come times when his human weaknesses seem vicious out of all proportion. Tom Jennison was a born trader and had no reason for shame of it, but at the moment it seemed strangely difficult to express the ethics of his birthright.

"Well, you know, Kenneth, friends seem to have a lot of trouble over this trading game. Now trading is a regular game, like baseball or—or—well, more like checkers. If you play a game of checkers with a friend and he beats you, you don't get mad and tear into him, do you?"

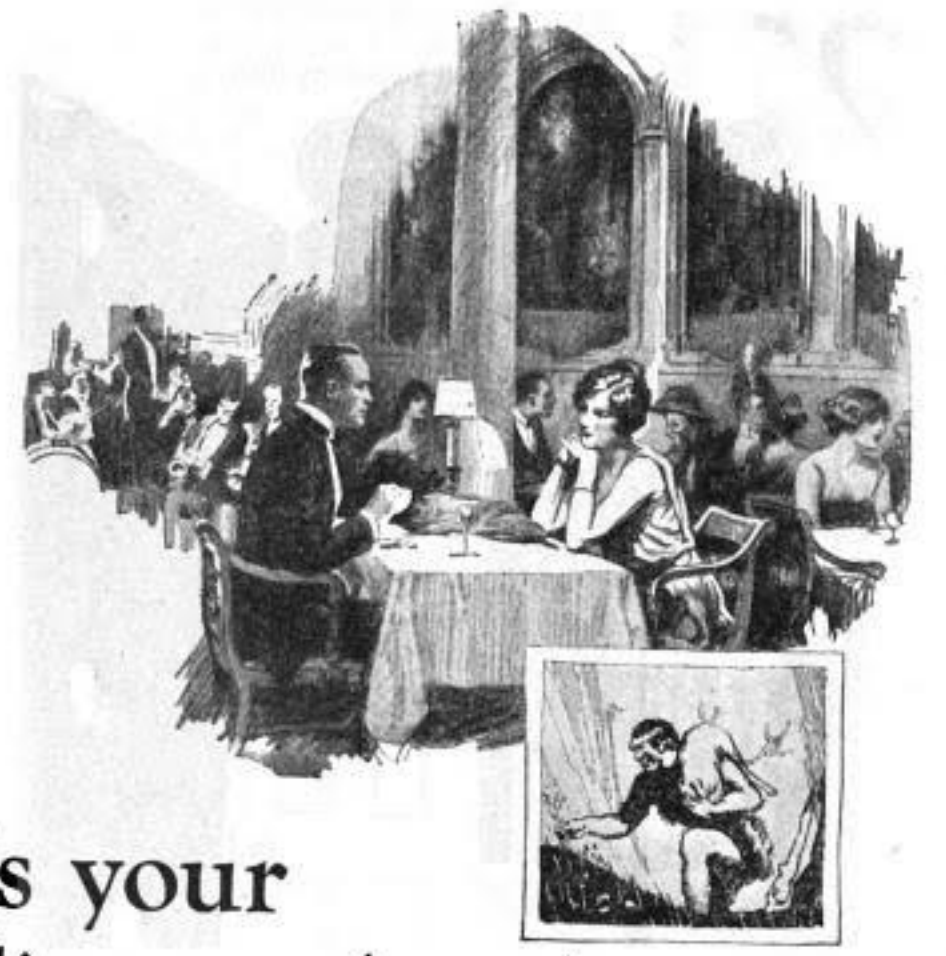
"Maybe I would if he cheated. Decent kids don't cheat," Kenneth argued quite logically.

"You're right. But that's just the part to think about. Now suppose you're playing a game of checkers; the other fellow does every single thing he can to keep your mind on a certain play so that you'll overlook another one that would save the day for you. Then he jumps you where you didn't expect it, and gets the best of you. But you were right there and could have seen it if you'd had your wits about you. Looks to me as if that's just what Billy did in this trade. If you had said 'Say, Billy, I'll try out the watch while you try out my knife,' then the joke would have been on him. By the way, isn't he smaller than you are?"

This was the terrible part of it. Kenneth met his gaze bravely, but he got very red.

"Yes, sir, he is. But I was so mad I didn't have time to think about his size. I'm willing for him to get some bigger kid'n me to fight me back."

"I know, but that isn't the point. I've traded a good deal in my day, and I've



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Modern medicine has little to do with drugs, physicians now tell us—it is concerned chiefly with food. That is why Fleischmann's Yeast has been welcomed by physicians and hospitals all over the country. It is a natural corrective food for rundown condition, intestinal inactivity, indigestion and skin troubles. It supplies abundantly the food factors essential to health and vigor.

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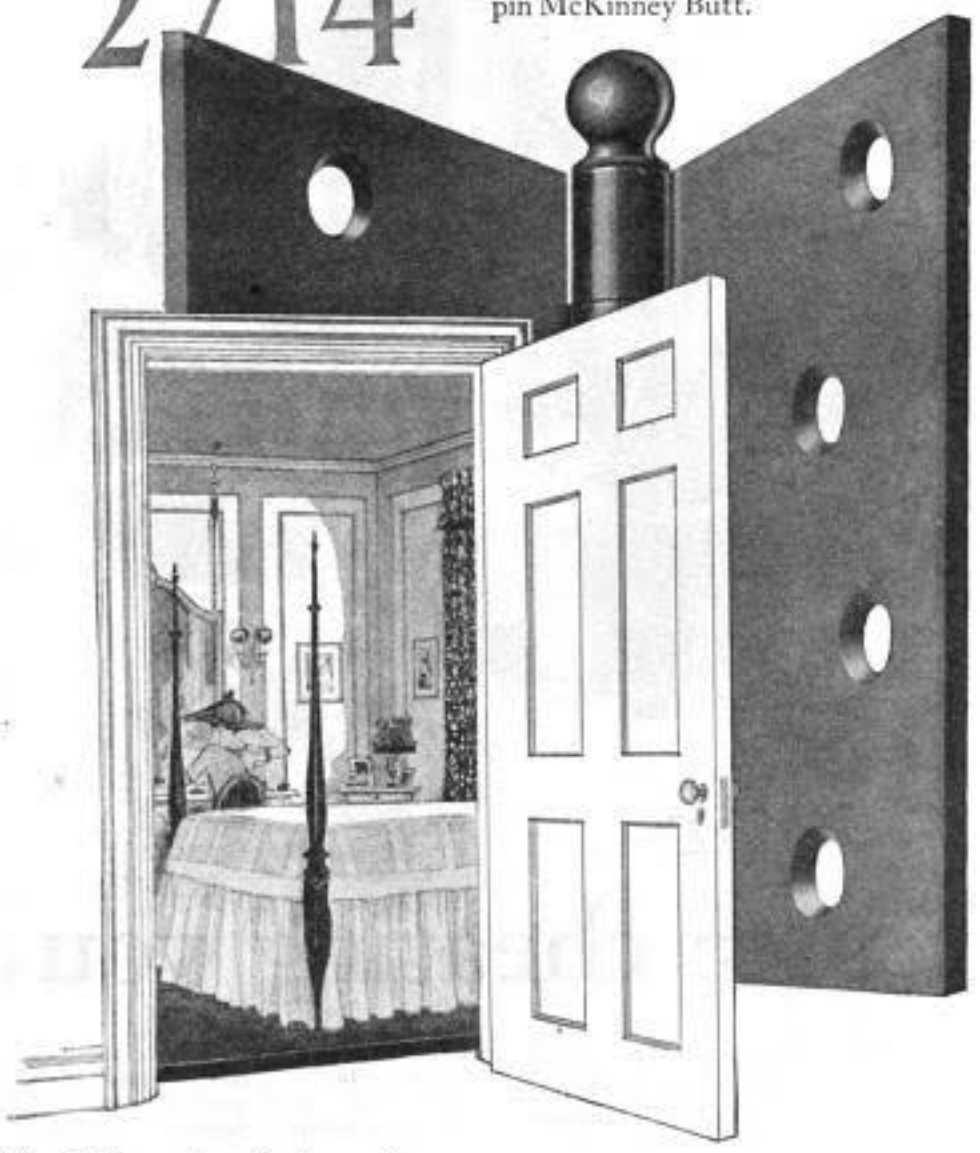
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come to notice that every time I get mad like that I've been the poorest trader. Yes, sir, it never seems to fail that it's the poorest trader that calls the names."

"I s'pose it is," Kenneth finally mumbled into the uncomfortable silence.

"And I've noticed, too, that if I never call a name I never have to take one back."

Kenneth had nothing to contribute to this next silence, and after a little Mr. Jennison continued his confessions. "But when I do make a fool of myself and know I'm wrong I admit it just as fast as I can. Then the other fellow hasn't got anything on me."

Another silence allowed this observation to gather weight. Then Mr. Jennison said confidentially, in the manner of one sharing a very dear philosophy, "You know, Kenneth, it's the things we do ourselves that make life pleasant or miserable for us. You're getting old enough to think about that now. I talked to Junior about it just the other day, but it's something you boys have to teach yourselves. But you think about it. Every time you get in bad, look back and see how you could have avoided it. Now it's what you've done, and not what Billy did, that's got you into trouble. If you'd just swallowed your mad and said 'Well, Billy, you got the best of me that time, but I'll get even with you some day'—all friendly, you know—well, I'm dead sure you'd have come out ahead."

The big voice went on and on, and as the big arm tightened about his shoulders Kenneth had a horrible feeling of approaching tears. At the first silence he edged out from under the heavy arm.

"I s'pose I better 'pologize to 'em then," he mumbled, making for the door.

"I believe that's the best thing. Good-by, my boy," Mr. Jennison said.

But before he got to the door Kenneth turned and came quickly back—very close. He did not look at Mr. Jennison's face, but stared at the middle of his tightly knotted necktie.

"Do you s'pose I'm going to be like my father and—and do wrong things?" he whispered.

Mr. Jennison jerked his long, loose body into a straighter posture in his swivel chair. Then he put down his cigar and coughed. Then he took Kenneth's arms above the elbows, one in each hand.

"Kenneth," he said in a low, slow voice, "don't worry about being like your father. He was one of the most likable men I ever knew in my life. He wronged himself more than anybody else—just like I've been telling you. But where he was weak you have your mother's strength. And I'm just as sure as I know my name that you're going to be the fine, square man your mother wants you to be."

No greater proof than this could have been given. It was such a terrific relief to have his destiny thus decided that Kenneth knew he could no longer repress the approaching tears. To hide them he fled and shut the door behind him. But outside in the waiting room he smeared them away with his shirt sleeves and opened the door a crack. Mr. Jennison was smiling at him.

"She wants me to be just like you, sir," Kenneth told him. It made Mr. Jennison look very queer.

That afternoon was historic. Kenneth took his apologies sincerely and earnestly to the amazed and admiring teachers, and to the much more amazed Billy White, who was so moved by the occasion that he appeared in the evening with the good watch to exchange for the erratic one. Kenneth and his mother protested in vain. Billy insisted, and not only Billy but Billy's father and mother and maiden aunt. It was all very gratifying. Oh, how wise, how wise Mr. Jennison was!

As he was going to sleep that night a wandering little memory came sleepily into Kenneth's tired boy brain. It was something about a wheelbarrow and a team and buggy. It was too bad Mr. Jennison had never explained trading to his father. Kenneth knew, that night, that he loved Mr. Jennison. Not for the proven profit of his words, nor for the value of his friendship. He loved him because of the kindly thing he had said about his father.

. . . . . .

Then love.

Mary Winsor was Mrs. Tom Jennison's niece. When Kenneth was sixteen she came from Massachusetts to visit the Jennisons, and Kenneth's quietly busy existence became an alternating cycle of heaven and hell. Mary Winsor's hair was black, like his mother's, and she had two little curls on the back of her neck, just as his mother had. Whenever Kenneth saw them he thought of his father and how he had used to kiss his mother's curls, and something alarming, like fear, would shiver over him.

But Mary Winsor's eyes were not blue like his mother's; they were dark—neither black nor brown, but simply dark, as are deep unrevealing pools in a forest. She was a very poised little person. There wasn't a girl in Boomton like her. Although totally different in appearance from her tall, blond Aunt Mary, some analogous quality in the two of them made Kenneth wonder what it was about Massachusetts that made people different. Junior Jennison had told him before she came that she was a snob. Junior had overheard his mother reading one of her sister's letters aloud to Mr. Jennison, and it had said, "I do hope that you and your male family will cure her of her snobbishness." Even after she came the stalwart Jennison boys were somewhat skeptical of her. But when Kenneth looked upon Mary Winsor his naturally discerning gaze found graces that blinded all practical judgment.

The eyes of the entire Jennison family were present at his presentation.

"I'm pleased to meet you," Kenneth said, properly polite. He had a thwarted thought of shaking hands.

But Mary Winsor remained languidly leaning against the far end of the living-room table and her words fell like little flowers of insult.

"How do you do? It is nice to meet the perfectly splendid person whose mother makes such perfectly wonderful doughnuts."

Her voice said that if these strange Western relatives of hers wanted to know such proletariat, she, as their guest, could of course tolerate them. Having initiated Kenneth into the knowledge of class distinction she began an animated chatter with her Aunt Mary. All the Jennison boys sensed that she had insulted Kenneth, though only the proud and honorable truth had been spoken.

They looked at their father expectantly, waiting for him to rise up and make her eat her words, but he merely asked solemnly, "Mary, do they have doughnuts—in Europe?"

Mrs. Jennison smiled at something. Mary Winsor shuddered daintily.

"Oh, no!" she said. "Only the darlingest little cakes! Some of them are too pretty!"

If Mr. Jennison's remark anticipated results it was disappointed, for Kenneth was concentrating all his powers on escape. This divinely disdainful person had been to Europe. Her presence was no place for him. He made awkward but determined farewells, and departed.

But love went with him.

It was the first secret he ever had from his mother. How could he tell her about that insinuating, insidious inflection which had rested on the word "doughnuts"? Worse still, how could he think of, dream of and adore a girl who had spoken sneeringly of his mother's proud labor? Love, however, took none of these things into consideration, and persisted. When he met Mary Winsor on the street or in the Jennisons' back yard, which was the Andrews' front one, instead of saying "Hello" she said "Mr. Andrews"—a mere acknowledgment of his existence. He thought this was silly, but nevertheless "Mr. Andrews" had its charm.

Meanwhile she chose Frank Thompson as her summer's slave. Frank was the son of the new banker, recently from Denver. Frank was a senior, sophisticated and debonair. Kenneth came to know hatred when he looked upon him.

One night he came home late from the law office where he studied in vacation. And because he was late he hurried with his delivering of the doughnuts. Flinging the huge basket on his handlebar he went cycling swiftly down the narrow walk. At the Jennison gate, not six feet from the Andrews smaller gate, stood Mary Winsor and Frank Thompson.

"'Lo, Andrews," said Frank.

"Mr. Andrews," murmured Mary.

Kenneth lifted his cap, and just as he did so the front wheel found a crack in the sidewalk, and stopped. Not so the rear wheel. No natural catastrophe was ever more complete; the bicycle became discriminative with diabolical cunning. Having catapulted him into heights where he saw tree tops, it continued to attack him

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"Came Prometheus, the Fire-Bringer, he who matched from the sun's glowing chariot thrice-precious fire and brought it, hidden in a fennel-stalk, to earth, that men might live like gods in its pleasant warmth."
(Transl. Greek Myth)

THIS is today's Prometheus . . . . . Bringer of comforts . . . . The Chemical Engineer!

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It is he who, watching on the frontiers of science, has seen in his test-tubes visions of industries yet unborn that are to drive commerce to the far corners of the earth in the service of man's needs.

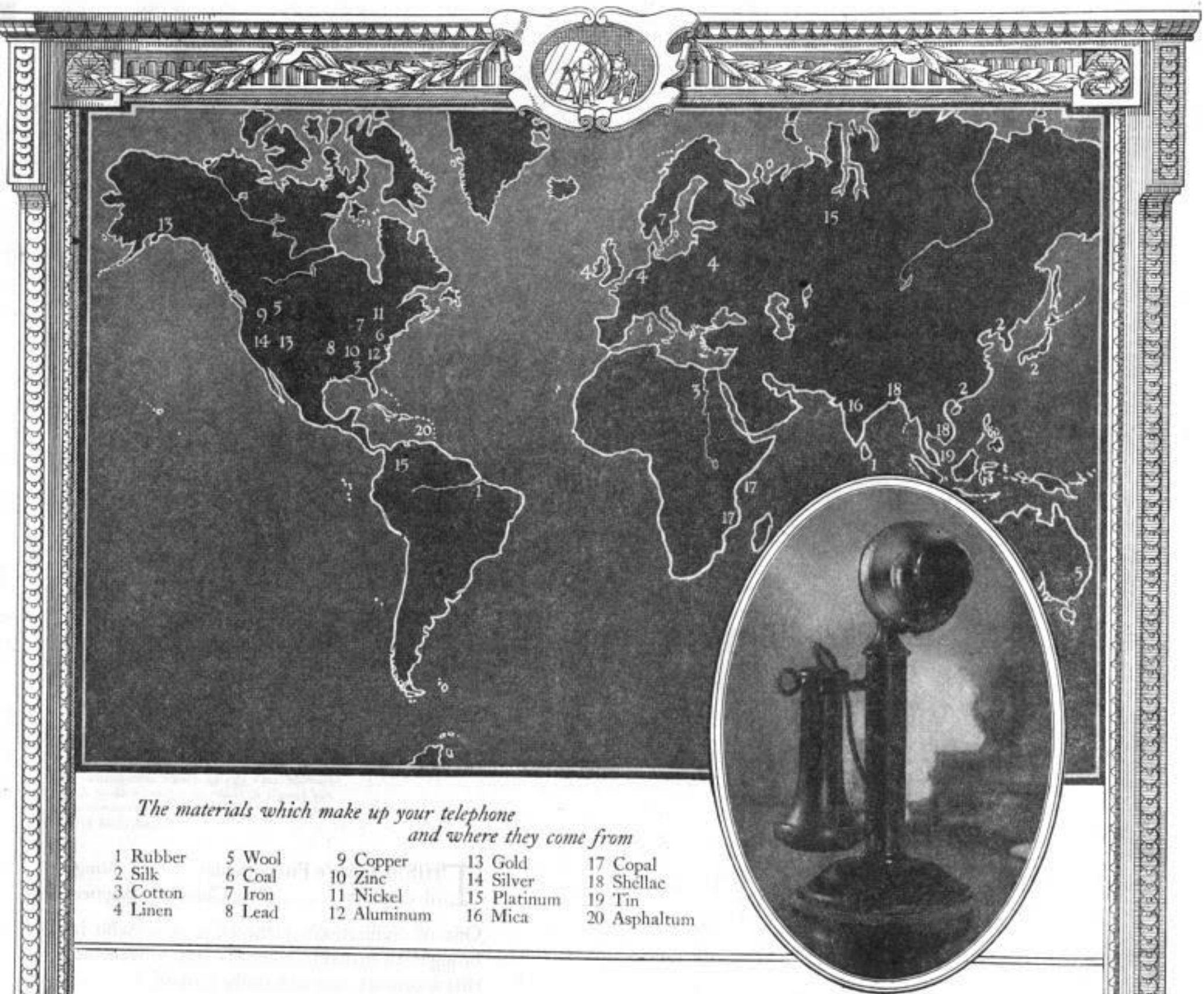
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The materials which make up your telephone and where they come from

1 Rubber	5 Wool	9 Copper	13 Gold	17 Copal
2 Silk	6 Coal	10 Zinc	14 Silver	18 Shellac
3 Cotton	7 Iron	11 Nickel	15 Platinum	19 Tin
4 Linen	8 Lead	12 Aluminum	16 Mica	20 Asphaltum

They searched the earth so you could talk

Gold! In your telephone? Why, of course. And also coal, and eighteen other things hidden away under its modest coat of black.

But what kind of gold, coal, rubber, silk, wool? And why from such far-flung places? Just because all cotton isn't alike, and because it is a long journey from the nearest platinum mine to Chicago, where your telephone is made.

Searching the markets of the world is part of the Western Electric Company's work—to find materials of high quality and to make from these an instrument that is a marvel of precision and ruggedness.

Your telephone today, sensitive to your voice, alert to be of service, was made possible only through 45 years' relentless meeting and raising of standards in its manufacture.

Western Electric

Since 1869 Makers of Electrical Equipment

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(Continued from Page 50)

when he landed in the gutter. And doughnuts! Gravity lost control over them. They floated buoyantly in the air, no one of the ten dozen returning to earth until it had playfully flecked Kenneth with its powdered sugar.

Then laughter, horrible hideous laughter that made agony of his humiliation and grew gooseflesh all over him, finally clarified into jeering words, "Ho, ho! Look at our noble King of the Doughnuts! King of the Doughnuts!"

Kenneth was somewhat stunned from having encountered the pavement with his left temple, but he managed to get to his feet.

"Damn you!" he muttered thickly. "You shut up or I'll knock your head off! It took my mother four hours to make those."

For it seemed to him they were laughing at his mother, and the dominant thought in his hurting head was of how tired and flushed his mother had looked when she handed him the big basket, with damp little curls all about her face.

But hang it all, he couldn't lick anybody. His knees were queer; he had to sit down hastily on a bank by the sidewalk. Hideous male laughter continued, then suddenly was still. In its place came a clear indignant voice.

"I think you are a very hateful person, Mr. Thompson! Indeed I do. And I'm indeed sorry to have been your friend the last two weeks. Please leave me. I never wish to see you again—never!"

Though histrionic, there was undoubted sincerity in this dismissal.

Then Mary Winsor was there, kneeling close beside him, her pretty daisied hat pushed back from the face that had always remained the most beautiful in the world to him.

She was really frightened and quite shamelessly concerned.

"Oh, you poor dear, you poor dear," she kept whispering. She was surely a queen of her species. What girl in Boomton would have said "Oh, you poor dear"? They would have said "Gosh, kid, are you hurt?"

While he sat there, unable to move, and speechless, watching this beautiful, disdainful, desired creature murmur over him, they heard his mother's light running footsteps.

"He isn't hurt!" Mary Winsor called.

He heard his mother's trembling breath. She knelt down with the two of them, her eyes swiftly covering his bruises, but she made no other sign of alarm, nor did she touch him. It was bully of her—to know that in Mary Winsor's presence, even under the circumstances, he was no longer a boy, but a man.

Having capitulated, Mary Winsor was generous. While words were still dead within him she remarked carelessly to his mother, as if they had gathered there on their knees to discuss that very subject, "Uncle Tom told me I would like Kenneth better than any boy in Boomton, and I certainly do—indeed."

Perhaps his mother divined that this was meant as a stimulant for her wabbly son—and as a comfort. Anyway she listened as solemnly as Mary had spoken.

"I'm so glad you do. I do myself," she said; and they all laughed together. But laughter had become beautiful again.

And above the delicious embarrassment of it all Kenneth's mind flashed away for an instant to render passionate gratitude to Mr. Jennison for having opened a path for him into Mary Winsor's heart. Every keen ecstasy of his life included Mr. Jennison.

For the rest of that summer Mary Winsor was Kenneth's girl, and his mother taught her how to make cream puffs.

"Next to my own mother, I love yours," Mary Winsor told him. She was all flour, standing across their kitchen table from his mother as she labored determinedly at pastry dough. Kenneth was standing beside her. Her hair was twisted on top of her head and fastened with one of his mother's big bone hairpins.

Kenneth leaned down as she bent over the table and quickly kissed the moist little curls on the back of her neck. Then, furiously flushed, he bolted through the screen door.

"Why—why, whatever made him do that, Mrs. Andrews?" he heard Mary Winsor stammer. "The devil, I'm afraid," his mother answered in a hard, frightened voice.

She talked to him very earnestly that night about being gentlemanly to nice girls.

. . . . . .

There was a crumpled scrap of letter which Kenneth carried in his bill folder. It was written in that tight little handwriting which always seemed odd for so big a man. Tom Jennison had written it to Mary Winsor's disturbed mother in those young years of Kenneth's and Mary's unbroken correspondence and love for each other. Mary had sent it to him. And to that letter and to the heart behind it, Kenneth knew he owed the most wonderful thing in his life. The excerpt began:

If you and Will are going to trust to my judgment, Agnes, I'd say let the youngsters go ahead and write to each other. In my opinion Mary will never—if she hunts to the world's end—find a mate with better stuff in him than this kid has. Judging by your suffragette and democratic speeches which we read in the Eastern papers, it won't make any difference to you if Mary should marry a poor man, though I can well imagine it'd be a bitter pill for Will. And I wouldn't like to prophesy that the boy will soon be rich—he's too conscientious; he's almost godlike in his honesty. But don't worry about his father; he's his mother's son.

Oh, but was he altogether his mother's son? This was the thorn whose pricking Kenneth never allowed himself to ignore. There had been occasions—college larks, other times, when other girls, and lesser far than Mary Winsor, had proved that they had a cursed lure to them, even though the steadfast voice of his heart said always, "Mary Winsor is my love."

"I meant to tear off the part about your father," Mary Winsor told him two summers later, when she again visited the Jennisons. He had granted her the delightful intimacy of looking through his secret pockets, and she had found the letter.

"Why? Why? I don't see why," Kenneth floundered. "I know my father was a quitter. Don't you suppose I realize that other people know it too?"

"Oh, but, Kenneth," she corrected, her voice hollow with solemnity, "his leaving your mother isn't the—the real thing about it at all."

With Kenneth it was very much the real thing at this period. He was then at the close of his sophomore college year, and because he had large views of life and often entertained tremendous ideas he considered himself very old for his age.

But Mary Winsor was old, old, older than his mother, older than her Aunt Mary Jennison. She was as old as the spirit of woman. She no longer said "indeed" intermittently, or allowed—consciously—literature to influence her conversation in any way. She was an individual. But always she was a winsome sweetheart, too, for she was born with a value of balance.

"No, the real part that mattered was the—the deceit," she made clear to him. "No marriage is honorable when there's deceit. Don't you feel that way?"

"Oh—why, why, sure," Kenneth muttered. He hated to feel younger than Mary Winsor, but her almost abandoned candor embarrassed him out of all big mature thought.

"Women of the future will never be slaves to men's whims the way the poor things used to be," she calmly announced. "They will demand all—or nothing."

Kenneth's type of mind was naturally unable to digest generalities, but he knew from Mary's voice that great things were astir.

"When you think of what women used to put up with," she marveled. "Well, goodness knows it's time the worm turned!"

Her tone intimated that, having turned, the worm might easily develop formidable aspects and subdue all that was male in the universe.

Kenneth could have found arguments for this if she had given him time. But, "I think," she went on in dispassionate reflection—"I really think that if you should ever be untrue to me I would ——"

This was a case where, though generalities might be confusing, they were infinitely preferable to specific prophecy.

"Oh, bosh!" he cut her short. "You know darned well I never will be."

Her caress was subtly contrite. "No-o, I don't think so either," she confidently agreed, "but then, I think we love each other in—in a bigger way than most people do. More like Uncle Tom and Aunt Mary. Don't you?"

And having ended the discussion in the same serenity in which it was born she did not notice that Kenneth did not answer.

He did not answer; and he did not forget.

. . . . . .

And then the war.

While Kenneth was in training camp his father came to see him. Even in a uniform, with gold leaves on his shoulders, his father was so little changed that for a paralyzing instant Kenneth wondered if all the full years had been merely myth and if he were still a little chap, pleased that his father should smile so kindly on him.

How dapper he was, how graceful, as he walked smilingly out of the years.

"I see you remember me," he greeted Kenneth, whose hand came slowly into his own, under the watching eyes of several student officers in a group near by.

"Yes, I remember you," Kenneth said. "What have you come for?"

He took his hand away as quickly as he could, but he wanted to leave it clasped in his father's. The old fascinated love was strong upon him. He loved this man. How proudly he would have liked to claim him, before the fellows, as his father. But the sound of his mother's smothered crying, unforgetable from the dark nights of his boyhood, beat strangely in his ears, and a stubborn loyalty to her hardened him.

"I'm ordered here—secret matter," his father replied, carelessly important. "But then, I knew you were here. I've always kept track of you. How's your mother?"

"Quite well," said Kenneth, revolted at the casual query. Before he could think he raised his hand in salute and said briefly, "They're expecting me at the adjutant's office. Good-by, sir."

As he turned his father said quietly but quickly, "I'll look you up then, this afternoon."

Kenneth stopped and faced him. "I—I'd rather you wouldn't, sir," he said.

His father looked exactly as if he were going to laugh—his old quick teasing laughter. But the laughter did not come. His attempted unconcern was like a mask that sat loosely and grotesquely on his dark attractive face. The moment stripped him of pretense. For he had built mightily on this revealing himself in these clothes of consequence with which the war had graciously garbed him. Because of his newspaper training and his scent for situation the Intelligence Department had given him a majority. And in his pride he had dreamed—foolishly; so that the awakening was bitter.

All these things Kenneth realized as they stood there stiffly, staring at each other. And the fact that his father possessed any capacity for pain lent him mercy.

"You surely understand, sir, that I can't feel otherwise," he said in a constrained voice. "Besides, mother and the Jennisons are coming this afternoon. It'd be mighty unpleasant for them to run into you."

A nervous twitching, less definite than a sneer, disturbed his father's pale face.

"So the perfect Jennison is still manifest, is he?" he said. Kenneth stood silent, reminded by an old surmise of his childhood that his father had never liked Tom Jennison. "And by the Lord, you even look like him!" his father added, whipping out suddenly unrestrained words like a scourge. "Yes, you walk like him, and stand like him, and have the same satisfied manner! By the Lord, it's so!"

"I shouldn't wonder," admitted Kenneth easily, aware that his short laugh and indifferent manner were possible only because of his heritage from this very man whom he helplessly punished with them. "He's been the nearest thing to a father I've had, you see, and I can't remember the time I haven't tried to be just like him. Good-by, sir."

He saluted and turned away quickly, before the older man could again offer his hand, uncomfortably conscious as he strode off toward headquarters that his father stood there unmoving, watching him until he disappeared behind a barracks building. Old words of Tom Jennison's, from that miserable night of long ago, freshened themselves in his mind:

"I'd a lot rather live her life than his, Mary. She'll get some satisfaction out of hers."

It was true. Out of his mother's pain and years of hard striving had been born proud recompense. Kenneth thought of it all that afternoon. He knew that his father was watching them from a certain high window of headquarters building. He was sitting there on a straight-backed chair, alone. Some woman, somewhere, was probably loving him. But her love availed him nothing in the face of this desire that the great normality of Nature had laid upon him. And in time he would fail her, as he had failed all love.

That afternoon, for the first time in his life, Kenneth gloated because of his broad fine shoulders and his handsome face—so like his mother's. But his conceit was not for himself; it was for his mother. He was childishly glad that his father should see her looking so smart in the new suit whose tailoring Mary Winsor had superintended; that his restless amber-colored eyes should note how Mary Winsor—the loveliest guest, surely, any cantonment ever had—how Mary Winsor so evidently loved his mother and paid her pretty little courtesies; that he should see the colonel, a friend of Tom Jennison's, walking beside his mother and leaning to chat to her with marked deference; that he should see the sisterly affection between Mrs. Jennison and his mother—how they stopped, waited for each other, laughed together. In fact Kenneth gloried that the animation of the little group seemed to center about his mother.

All his passionate loyalty was hers. It troubled him because a love beyond his willing went from his heart to that silent figure in the high barracks window. It made him feel guilty toward her.

It was a strange afternoon, which ended with the kisses of three women who loved him, for Mary Jennison loved him too. And after the kisses came the fine firm hand clasp of Tom Jennison.

"Perhaps—if you hadn't come today ——" thought Kenneth, looking into Jennison's quiet gray eyes, but he did not finish his thought. Exceeding love that admitted no questioning or regret for what might have been flowed over him for his mother. Always, into every difficulty, into every temptation Tom Jennison came, and the way seemed clear again.

. . . . . .

Captain Kenneth Andrews.

And Mary Winsor wanted to be married before he left for France. She wanted to share the responsibility of this thing that was before him. Mary Winsor was now a mature modern woman, and her love was splendid in its serenity. Illusion fled before it; she met modern issues with a candor that robbed them of their complexity, and sought to cure them with common sense and the salt of humor. And her love was as candid as her philosophy. If Kenneth came back in need of her eyes to see for him or of her hands to help him she wanted to be sure that no vicarious concern of his could bar her from the happiness of serving him. She had kissed the shining new bars on his shoulders, so that they now meant two laws for him—the law of duty and the law of love. Her kiss made them mentors of his conduct, even as was the crumpled old torn piece of letter that he always carried in his pocket—the letter Tom Jennison had written to her mother. "He's almost godlike in his honesty," the letter had said.

It was not far from true. And his inherent regard for womanhood, rooted in the courage he knew of his mother and coupled so closely with his love for Mary Winsor, had led him into a fear of himself that amounted almost to the abnormal.

If he had loved Mary Winsor less she would have been his wife at her first willingness. Even now that he sat in Tom Jennison's office, waiting for words that would clear his way, he could not have formulated definitely the reason for his coming. His own blundering words sounded strange to him.

"I know Mary wants to be married before I go, but—but ——"

Tom Jennison did not help him out; he sat leaning back in his old swivel chair, studying him with his grave gray eyes.

"—— but—but I'm not sure if it's best," Kenneth finished lamely.

"Why not?"

There was antagonism in the sharp words, something Kenneth was far from expecting. He fell back from the essential to a more plausible reason.

"Well, for one thing, I may come back—done for, like those Canadian fellows we saw in training camp. I couldn't stand it to spoil Mary's life. She'd be game if it killed her."

"It wouldn't kill her," said Jennison quietly, "and chances are you'll come through without a scratch. I don't expect anything to happen to my boys. Don't get the idea of harm into your head. It's not business."

(Continued on Page 56

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VACUUM OIL COMPANY

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Your Holiday

Make it a day of rest

EVERY SEASON the crankshaft of the average car makes twenty million revolutions—sending pistons up and down. Twenty million friction risks! Twenty million calls for scientific lubrication!

Is it a wonder, then, that trouble follows the careless request "Give me a quart of oil"? Is it a wonder, then, that thoughtless lubrication turns many a promising holiday into a work day?

If you want your car to give you a real holiday, it is only fair that you should supply it with real lubrication.

Then:

You leave trouble behind you instead of carrying it with you under the hood.

You explore for pleasure instead of for engine knocks.

You face a cool day's pleasure—instead of a hot engine's troubles.

You gather flowers instead of extra repair bills.

This greater protection and economy will be *yours* the day you begin to use the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil.

Most lubricating oils are simply by-products secured through manufacturing gasoline. In such cases the crude oil is chosen for great *gasoline* yield.

When you buy lubricating oil remember that 9 out of 10 oils offered you are simply these gasoline by-products.

The Vacuum Oil Company specializes in *lubrication*. It selects crude oils primarily for their *lubricating* qualities. These oils are refined to *bring out* that lubricating value. The *gasoline* in this case is the by-product.

Make the Chart your guide. If your car is not listed in the partial Chart shown here, ask your dealer for our booklet "Correct Lubrication"—or write us for a copy. This booklet contains the complete Chart, which specifies the correct oil for every make and model.

Warning:

Don't be misled by some similar sounding name. Look on the container for the correct name *Mobiloil* (not Mobile) and for the red Gargoyle.

Not a gasoline by-product

In refining, all petroleum crude oils give off gasoline.



Don't believe false statements that some other oil is identical with Gargoyle Mobiloil. Gargoyle Mobiloil is made only by the Vacuum Oil Company, in its own refineries, and is never sold under any other name.

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

Domestic Branches: New York *(Main Office)*, Indianapolis, Boston, Minneapolis, Chicago, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Des Moines, Detroit, Dallas, Pittsburgh, Kansas City, Kan.

Chart of Recommendations

(Abbreviated Edition)

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of both passenger and commercial cars are specified in the Chart below.

How to Read the Chart:

A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
BB means Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB"
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arc means Gargoyle Mobiloil *Arctic*

Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendation should be followed during the entire period when freezing temperatures may be experienced.

This Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers, and represents our professional advice on correct automobile lubrication.

NAMES OF AUTOMOBILES AND MOTOR TRUCKS	1922		1921		1920		1919		1918	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Allen	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Apperson (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models									A	A
Biddle	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Brewster	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Buick			A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chalmers	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chandler Six	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chevrolet (8 cyl.)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (Mod. 490 Lt. Del.)							A	A	A	A
" All Other Models	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Cleveland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cole	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cunningham	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Dart, 1 ton					A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (1½ ton)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.						
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Davis	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Dodge Brothers	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Durant Four	Arc.	Arc.								
Earl	A	Arc.								
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Grant 6 cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (Conv.) (Mod. 12)							A	Arc.		
" " All Other Models			Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
Haynes 6 cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
(12 cyl.)			A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Hobson	A	A	A	A	B	A				
Hudson Super Six	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Indiana (1 ton)							A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (1½ ton)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.				
" (2 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (3 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
Kissel Kar (12 cyl.)									A	A
" All Other Models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
LaFayette (Indianapolis)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Lexington	A	A	A	A						
" (Cont. Eng.)			Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Liberty	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Lincoln	A	A	A	A						
Locomobile	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E
McFarlan	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Mathehon			A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Maxwell	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (Cont'l)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Mercer	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
M. H. M.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Mitchell	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Moon	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Nash	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (Model 671)									A	A
" (Cont.) (Quad)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" " (1 & 2 ton)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
National (6 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (12 cyl.)							A	A	A	A
Old Hickory	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile 16 & 8 cyl.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
Overland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Packard	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Paterson	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Peerless (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models									Arc.	Arc.
Pilgrim	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Pierce-Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (Cont.) (5 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.
" " All Other Models	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Porter	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
Premier	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
R. & V. Knight	BB	A	B	A	B	A				
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Rolls Royce	B	A	B	A						
Saxon (Mod. 1250)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.						
" All Other Models			A	Arc.	A	Arc.	E	E	E	E
Seneca	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Service (Mod. 230)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (Mod. 15)	A	Arc.								
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Stearns-Knight	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Stephens	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Templar	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
White (Mod. 15-45 & 20-65)	A	A					A	A	A	A
" (16 valve)							A	A		
" (3 and 5 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
" All Other Models	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Wills Sainte Claire	A	A	A	A						
Willys-Knight	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Winton	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.

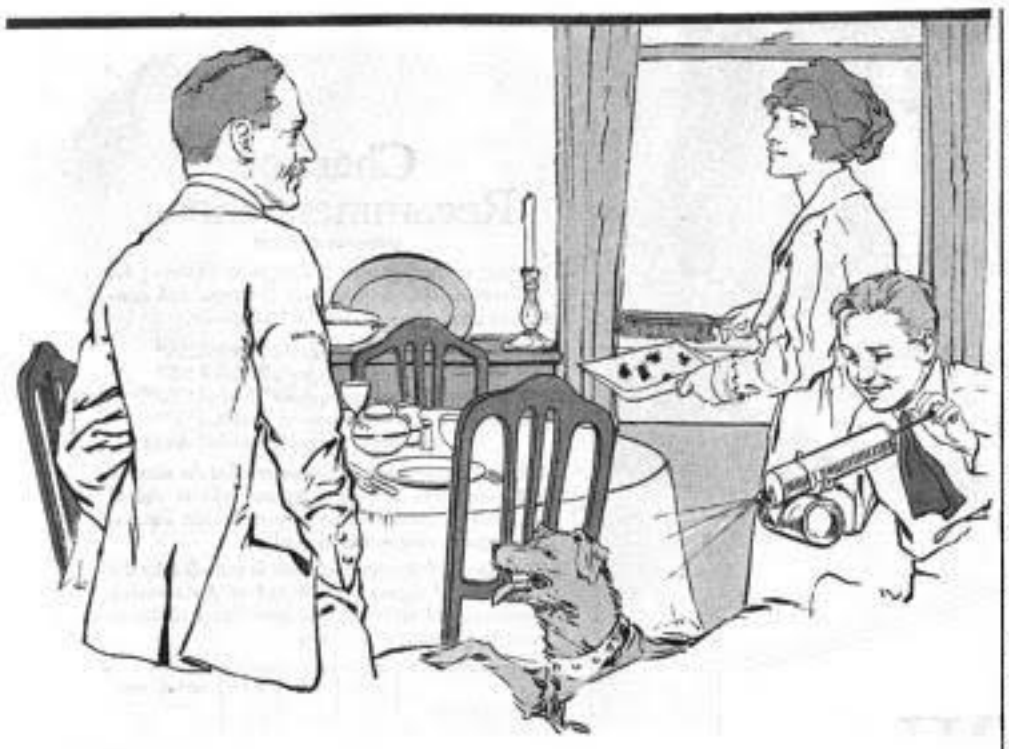
Makes of Engines

(recommendations shown separately for convenience)

Ansted	A	A	A	A						
Buda (Mod. DU, QU, TU							A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (Mod. RU & WU)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Continental (Mod. BI)	A	A								
" (Model RI)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
" (Model T)							A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" All Other Models	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Falls	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hercules	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Herschell-Spillman (Mod. JU, S, V, & VA)							A	A	A	A
" All Other Models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hinkley	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Lycoming	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Midwest (Model 400)	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A				
" (Model 450)	A	Arc.								
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Northway	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Waukesha (Models CU, DU, SU, & YU	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
" All Other Models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Weidely	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Wisconsin (Mod Q & QU							A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A

Transmission and Differential:
For their correct lubrication, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C," "CC" or Mobilubricant as recommended by complete Chart available at all dealers.

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Kill flies wholesale
—the new way

MODERN chemical science has discovered a new way to kill flies—a quick, safe, clean method. Flyosan will kill every fly or mosquito in a room within five minutes without damage to another thing.

You apply this wonderful new liquid with the ordinary garden sprayer which comes in the introductory package. Merely pump a few sprays in the air of a closed room. Then watch the flies struggle toward the windows to die. It's wonderful how quickly and effectively Flyosan acts.

Flyosan is absolutely safe. It is non-poisonous to everything except bugs and insects. Its pleasant aromatic odor soon disappears when a room is aired. Flyosan will not stain.

Best of all, Flyosan is equally effective against flies, mosquitoes, roaches, bedbugs, ants, fleas, lice, moths and most other insect pests.

Get a can today.

If your drug, department or hardware store does not carry Flyosan, send us a dollar and we will send you an introductory package containing a pint of Flyosan and a sprayer.

If Flyosan doesn't do all we claim for it, we will refund your money without argument.

To Dealers:

By stocking Flyosan you do two things.

1. You give active help in the national war against disease carrying insect pests.
2. You add to your stock a profitable, nationally advertised, quick moving repeater.

COLONIAL CHEMICAL CORPORATION
Reading, Pa.

Flyosan
SAFE INSECTICIDE

PRICES:

Pint	$ .75
Quart	1.25
½-Gallon	2.25
Gallon	4.00
Introductory Package (pint and sprayer)	1.00

KILLS FLIES BY THE ROOMFUL

Copyright 1922, Colonial Chemical Corporation

(Continued from Page 53)

A queer chill went down Kenneth's spine. Jennison's short defiant words betrayed the fear they sought to cover, and he felt that the man's keen mind had sped to that censored spot in Flanders where Junior Jennison might at that very moment be in action; or perhaps to the treacherous high sea, where in some long camouflaged convoy his second son, Harry, played his small part in the mighty conflict. But after a brief pause he brought himself back to Kenneth with his characteristic interest in any matter at hand.

"What's the real trouble?" he asked, still sharply; and Kenneth, driven by his discomfort, flung his thoughts out as if they were in some way Jennison's fault.

"Well, sir, I don't want to give her the sort of deal my father gave mother—or anything approaching it. And I'm not sure I'm altogether different—from him."

"Why?"

"If you don't want to understand me, sir, I'm afraid I can't explain it."

Bewilderingly angered, Kenneth got out of his chair to go. But Jennison held out a long slow arm that held apology in its gesture.

"Sit down, kid; sit down. You're so much like your mother that I can't ever see a trace of your father in you. I suppose you mean that other girls have an unholy attraction for you?"

"Yes," said Kenneth, keenly uncomfortable. To ease the silence he went on jerkily, "You see, Mary and I haven't really been together very much all these years—just a few summers and two Christmas vacations, and we've always left each other free to go about with other people, and—well, it isn't that I've ever thought of wanting to marry any other girl but—but I've liked 'em—a hell of a lot."

With any man except Jennison he would not have floundered in such subtleties.

"I wouldn't be surprised if Mary's had the same experience," Jennison said easily.

"No; not the way I have," Kenneth persisted, wondering to himself that he found expression so immensely difficult. "She—she says that whenever she's with any chap who's especially—well, congenial, it only makes her think of and want to be with me."

"And it isn't that way with you?"

"No," said Kenneth. In fact it had several times been distinctly to the contrary.

His tone said as much, but Jennison's slow quiet smile held only affectionate amusement.

"You don't expect Mary to make all other women distasteful to you, do you?" he said.

Kenneth did not answer his smile; to him the matter was brain baffling and soul deep.

"I have expected my love for her to keep me from having a desire for other women," he said stiffly and boyishly.

"Well, don't." Jennison carefully balanced his cigar on a tray and threw himself back in his chair as if invigorated by the sudden decision to do something he had not in the least expected to. "There isn't any woman on earth who can, of herself, keep a man true to her. It's up to the man. There'll always be some other woman he could love if he lets himself. You bet. It's up to you. Want to know what I believe about marriage?"

It was exactly what Kenneth had come for, and was a generous opening.

"I'll tell you. I believe it can be made a paying proposition, just like any other worth-while venture—if you apply logical principles to it. Now you're a lawyer. Suppose you've taken offices across the hall from a young doctor. You're going through a starvation period—waiting for business. He seems to have all kinds of work—patients all the time—buys a car and all that sort of thing. You begin to chafe a little—wonder why you chose law out of all other professions; your office seems like a prison; you begin to wish you'd chosen medicine; to knuckle under; to lose your morale; in fact you begin to be a failure just because you haven't the guts to stick with the thing you chose for yourself and that's really best suited for you, if you hadn't set up a false standard to judge it by. Exactly the same with marriage. There isn't any woman or anything else on God's earth—once it's yours—that you won't get a little tired of. But just as soon as you begin to compare—the trouble begins. You'll notice that your wife isn't as careful about her dress as somebody else, that her hair perhaps isn't as tidy as somebody else's; that she nags at you. But you forget to take into consideration that that somebody else hasn't been married to you for so long a time, nor gotten so fed up with you as your wife has. You judge by a false standard.

"It doesn't make you strong if some woman's got enough attraction over you to chain you away from all other women. But what will do it is to give up something that you may at that particular moment want like hell. You won't want it in the long run."

He stopped, reached for his cigar, and thoughtfully regarded the ash it had accumulated.

"Not in the long run," he repeated. "I've watched a good many men find that out when it was too late. Trouble is, young men think that things won't matter one way or another when they're fifty."

Kenneth thought of his father, sitting alone in the barracks window. Then he thought of what Jennison had so surprisingly said about there being always another woman to love if a man permitted himself. Meanwhile the silence of the room grew in his ears. But the older man did not look as if he expected him to say anything. Finally Jennison put his cigar down again and went on talking, more in the manner of one dictating a lecture than of conversation.

"One of the most satisfactory things about marriage—no sentiment about it—is to have somebody to ease up your own knowledge of your faults and your mistakes and your sins. Lord! I'll never forget—but that hasn't anything to do with this discourse, I guess. All I mean is that when you're good and sick of yourself there's nothing that bucks you up like talking it all over with the woman you trust. If she isn't your wife she ought to be, for there's nobody else that'll fill the bill. I never did see where that fool poet got hold of his idea that love is blind. Anyhow, it doesn't fit women of today. A woman who loves you is a damn intuitive thing. Ever notice it, Kenneth?"

Yes, Kenneth had noticed it, but he had supposed it was only another of Mary Winsor's superior qualities.

"Now I figure that right here's where marriage can either make or break a man," Jennison went on in a less studied voice. "He can keep on sort of washing out his troubles in her knowledge of 'em or he can do the one thing that he can't ever talk over with her. Then—he can't beat human nature; some devilish trick of his own conscience makes him try to justify himself. Then's the time he begins to notice his wife's small shortcomings and to magnify 'em into faults. We-ell"—his tone changed abruptly and he brought his fist down on the desk so that the ash tray danced about merrily—"you know the rest as well as I do. He gets about as much benefit out of marriage as a fish gets out of a sand pile. I tell you, my boy, train yourself to know real value—to make whatever you do pay with satisfaction instead of discontent. Depend on yourself and not on Mary to make you live your married life so that you can go home from your office in the evening feeling you've got just as much to whistle and grin about as you had when you came down in the morning. Lord! I know a lot of poor devils that wish five o'clock never came. But what's the use playing a game if you don't get any fun out of it?"

Out of the far years an absurd condemnation of his father's struck into Kenneth's consciousness:

"Tom Jennison could shake a rattle all day and get fun out of it."

Well, the lesson was proved. But it was his father who was the fish in the sand pile.

Tom Jennison looked up at the clock and smiled. It was five minutes past five. Down below an auto horn was honking. He leaned out the window and a woman's eager voice came up to greet him.

"Hurry up, you old slow-poke! Here's a letter from Harry. He's safe over, dear."

Leaving Tom Jennison's office Kenneth telegraphed Mary Winsor asking her to meet him in Chicago and marry him. But before her answer hurried back, secret orders sent him to Camp Merritt—and on. So he did not see Mary Winsor again until many months after the armistice.

. . . . . .

There was another note now, folded away in his inside pocket with the one Tom Jennison had written to Mary Winsor's mother. And there were tear stains on this

(Continued on Page 58)

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Sturdy sport shoes, with or without heels. Heavy reinforcements and ankle patch. Smooth, corrugated, or suction soles.



One of the children's Keds—made on a Nature last. Similar models with low heels, with strap and without, for women and young girls.



The world's standard summer shoe for tennis, canoeing, sailing, and general outdoor wear. High and low, sizes for everyone.



One of the most popular all-purpose Keds. For street, home, sport. Comes also in a high model. For children and grown-ups too.

From the country schoolboy to the Yacht Club Commodore

Light, cool, comfortable—Keds have become the universal summer shoes



IN the smallest country towns and in the largest cities you find them, out-of-doors and in the home.

At the smartest seaside yacht club you see them worn by the Commodore. Boys and girls, men and women, at work and at play, *everywhere* they are wearing Keds.

The sweep of the Keds idea has been astounding even to those who at the beginning believed in a big future for them. Their success is due to many things—but principally to the craving for real foot comfort such as Keds can give, and to the quality of the famous Keds line.

As light and natural as barefoot, yet Keds give the foot perfect protection. And then they have a snap in lines and finish which makes them popular even on the verandas of exclusive clubs.

Keds were originated and are made only by the United States Rubber Company. It is your guarantee of quality and value.

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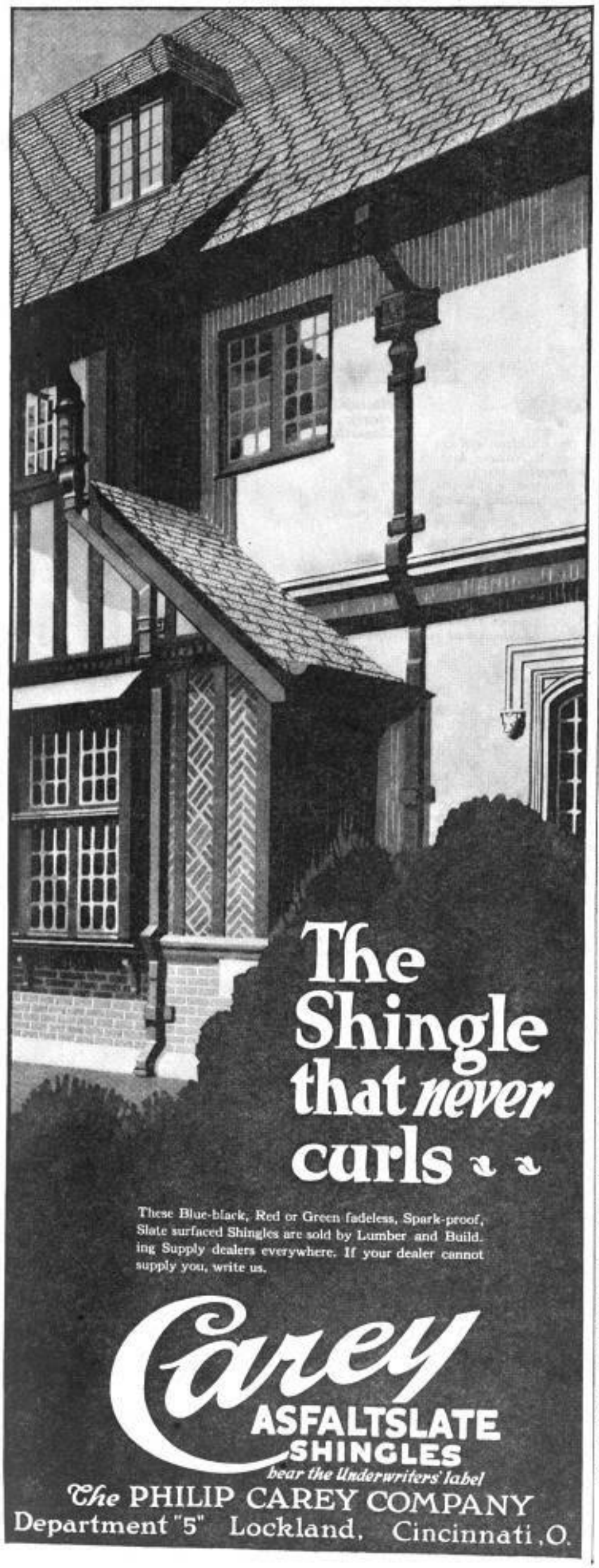
You can get the kind you wish at your dealer's. If he hasn't them, he will get them for you. But remember—Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company. If the name Keds isn't on the shoes, they aren't real Keds.

United States Rubber Company

Keds

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(Continued from Page 56)

other note—such a poorly penciled little note, written by such effort. Mary Winsor had addressed the envelope to him after his mother was dead:

CAPTAIN KENNETH ANDREWS,
American Expeditionary Forces,
A P O 743.

Oh, Kenneth boy [it laboringly said], they tell me I'm soon to go. I want you not to grieve. Now mind me, honey. You've given me a beautiful life. I want you never to fail Mary, either. I'm coming straight to your side and keep you from harm and bring you safe back to her, here.

And if you should some day see your father, dear, be kind. He will want you, I'm feeling, and it's right you should love him as you did when you were a wee laddie.

Oh, my dear precious laddie—I'm too tired to—yes, if ever you're sore bothered about anything, Mr. Jennis——

III

"BY MR. THOMAS JENNISON!" These loud words, acclaimed in a thick male voice, brought Kenneth headlong into the reality of the Bigger Boomton party. For the first time in twenty minutes he looked, seeingly, about him. The party was going gayly on, and no one had noticed his absence. The glass by his plate was empty—it was always empty; so was Tom Jennison's. Their glasses were always empty.

He raised his eyes to the place where Tom Jennison's head should be, but instead there was a confusing picture of Mary Winsor and her aunt, Mary Jennison, wailing together and trying to pull along a crippled youngster who stumbled between them, and fell. And, normally enough, the twisted broken figure seemed to be the boyish promise he had made himself about the clean faith he would keep with Mary Winsor.

Again the woman at his side—she was a pretty woman; she danced somewhere on a roof—concerned herself in his bewilderment. She nudged him cheerfully—such a sharp elbow—and smiled up at him as if to assure him that she was there for his best interests.

"What's your name?" he asked her, seriously. Funny, he couldn't place her.

"Why, it was Deadly Nightshade at the last count," she told him helpfully, "but it'll be mud, same as yours, if this liquor supply holds out. Look at your friend over there; he's changed his spots, all right."

Seemingly Tom Jennison had accomplished that very thing. He was another man than the one who had sat down across from Kenneth. The sullen hard look about his mouth, which had taken line there since the loss of his two oldest sons, was gone. Gone, too, was that reserve about him which made men feel he had gained an enviable serenity from life. His elation carried him far beyond the mere jubilant intoxication of the other men; it carried forgetfulness of those two narrow graves in France; and it held the exultance of having achieved great good for Boomton. That was his greatest drunkenness.

But there was no denying that he was as boisterously exhilarated, as hilariously drunk as in the long-ago days when he had come shouting down the quiet Boomton streets in a desperate search for his own house. And even then, Kenneth remembered, his mother had scorned to feel any sympathy for Mary Jennison. "You'll notice it's home he comes—to Mary, even if he's drunk," she had used to say.

Her words came to Kenneth so clearly that he shivered, as if his mother might be there, beside him, seeing Tom Jennison fail their faith in him. To-night Mary was a thousand miles away, and Cleopatra's languid eyes shone with conquest.

Laughter hovered on lazy wings over the table. The last speech was bringing its tired toll of appreciation. Then the toastmaster announced in a voice like a blundering bell that Mr. Thomas Jennison, the prince of the party, would respond to a toast, "Seven times one are seven."

There was a perceptible pause while many memories fumbled with the old familiar words. Evans Hall, the real estate man, who had been educated for an English teacher, began to quote the old poem in a contented singsong:

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven ——

It somehow struck a discord into the harmony of pleasure.

"Choke him! Choke him!" a voice advised. "This ain't a daisies-and-rain party. This is a seven-million-dollar party. We came for one million—an' we got seven! Come on, Jennison! Seven million for Bigger Boomton!"

Tom Jennison slowly rose. He had difficulty in pushing back his chair, so Cleopatra helped him and he patted the top of her golden head gratefully.

His upper lip lifted in the humorous twist that always prefaced something worth while. His eyes traveled slowly around the table and found eager anticipation on his friends' faces.

"I bet this'll be good!" Deadly Nightshade yelled into Kenneth's ear, though she leaned close to him as if she were whispering. Perhaps she thought he was deaf.

"Seven—times—one—are—seven," Tom Jennison said thoughtfully, one hand lingering pleasurably on Cleopatra's golden hair while his eyes continued their circle of the table.

They came finally to the gaze of Kenneth Andrews, and stopped there so suddenly it was like the silencing of sound. He stared an instant, queerly, and closed his eyes.

He looked like —— Where? Where? Kenneth's sensitized mind searched for and found the time when Jennison had looked like that before. It was long ago, in his mother's kitchen; and Tom Jennison had held both his mother's hands, and her eyes had been wide open, sick with pain and asking help—her blue, black-lashed eyes like Kenneth's own.

After the merest instant Jennison opened his eyes and quietly met Kenneth's staring gaze. Kenneth stretched his lips into a mirthless grin, and the older man answered with a smile of peculiar tenderness—such a look as the love of a woman might perhaps have brought to his face. Kenneth felt strangely cold. That queer aloof thing we call the soul had claimed his trembling body for its usage. And stabbing through his brain bewilderment came the quiet knowledge that his mother had been the "other" woman Tom Jennison could have loved; his little blue-eyed work-worn mother.

"Seven times one are seven," repeated Tom Jennison. His lips lost their humorous twist and he lifted his hand from Cleopatra's yellow head, looking close and searchingly at his palm which had rested on her perfumed hair.

The party laughed expectantly.

"Back in our town of Boomton," he began conversationally, "there's a big white house whose old walls have seen another case of seven times one are seven. The seven, ladies and gentlemen, were my seven sons. And the one is the mother of 'em all. An' her name is Mary, an' she's my wife—yeh, her name's Mary, an' she's my wife."

He had taken up his glass. Now, in the stricken silence, he put it carefully down on the table and looked over at Kenneth Andrews.

"This is a damn fine party," he continued, grinning, "but somehow it strikes me that the right place for me to drink a toast to Seven times one are seven is in that big white house. An' that reminds me that it needs painting. Coming along with me, Kenneth?"

And the last thing that Kenneth remembered of the petrified party was the reflection of the real-estate man who had been educated to teach English.

"They might have known he'd spill the beans," he was muttering. "I guess Galahad wasn't the guy, after all. I guess he couldn't have been."

EPILOGUE

So it was that Cleopatra and Deadly Nightshade went home without escort from the Bigger Boomton jollification, and went dutch in paying their taxi fare. But neither seemed so downcast as might be supposed.

"Oh, Lord!" said Cleopatra wearily. "I blew myself for a new dress to waste on that old John the Baptist. But still—it's worth something to know there is one man on earth like that."

"Two of 'em," Deadly Nightshade reminded her wistfully. "And both from one little town. I wonder what there is about that name Mary."

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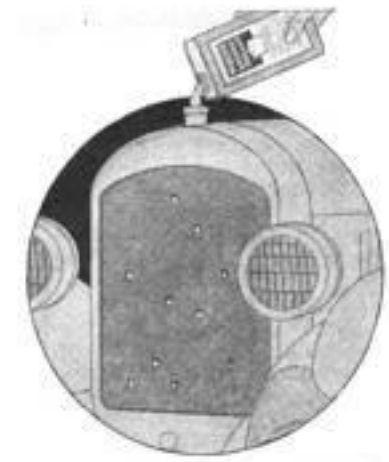
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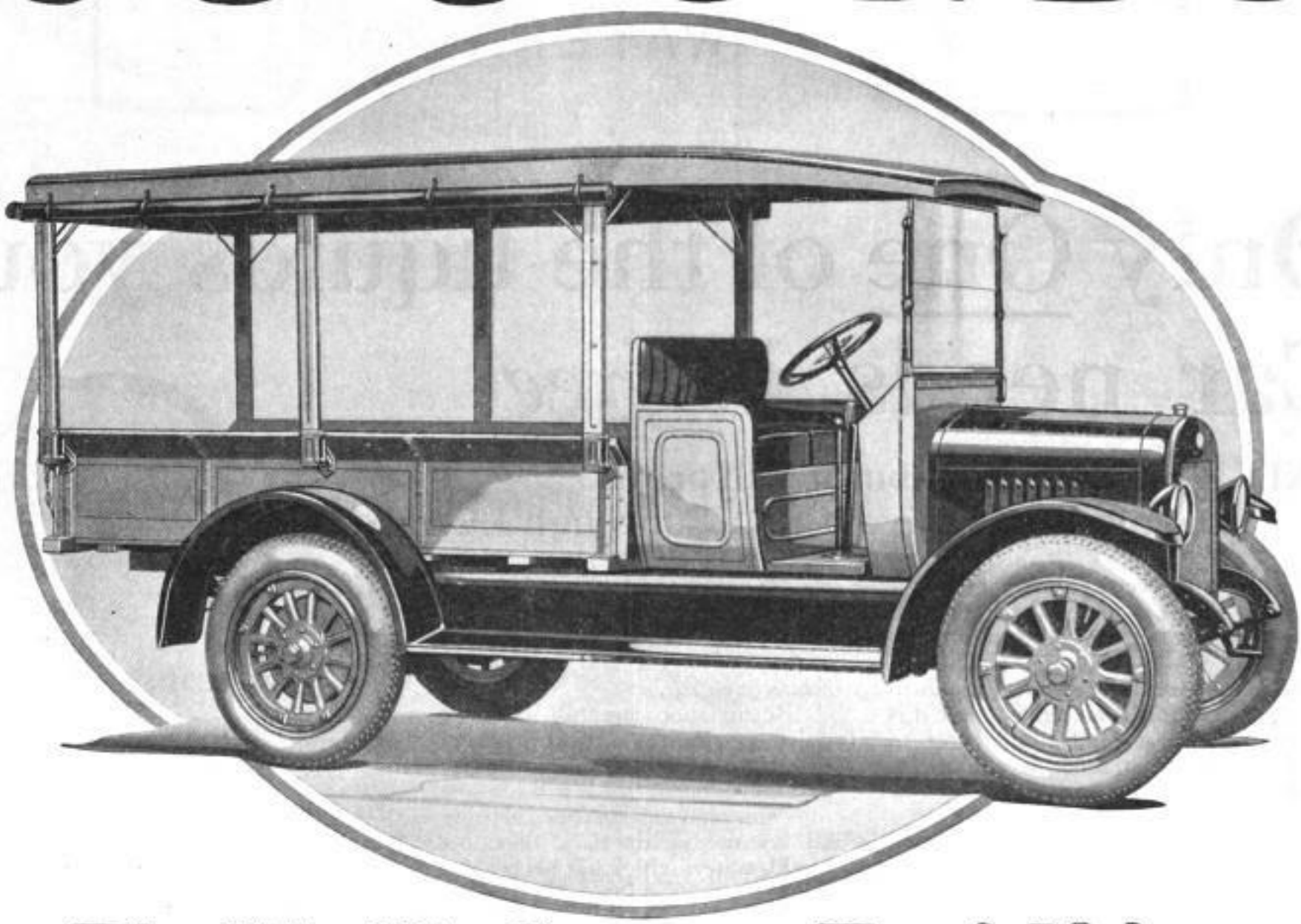
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THE VAN ROON

(Continued from Page 5)

"It's a small picture I happened to come across in an old shop at Crowdham Market."

"Picture, eh?" S. Gedge, Antiques, dubiously scratched a scrub of whisker with the nail of his forefinger. "Don't fancy pictures myself. Chancy things, are pictures. Never brought me much luck. However, I'll have a look at it. Take off the paper."

William took off the paper and handed to his master the article it had contained. With a frown of petulant disgust the old man held an ancient and dilapidated daub up to the light. So black it was with grime and age that to his failing eyes not so much as a hint of the subject was visible.

"Nothing to write home about anyhow," was the sour comment. "Worth nothing beyond the price of the frame. And I should put that"—S. Gedge pursed a mouth of professional knowledge—"at five shillings."

"Five shillings, sir, is what I paid for it."

"Not worth bringing home." S. Gedge shook a somber head. Somehow he resented his assistant making a private purchase, but that may have been because there was nothing in the purchase when made. "Why buy a thing like that?"

William took the picture gravely from his master and held it near the window.

"I have an idea, sir, there may be a subject underneath."

"Don't believe in ideas myself," snapped S. Gedge, taking a microscope from the counter. After a brief use of it he added, "There may be a bit o' badly painted still life, but what's the good o' that?"

"I've a feeling, sir, there's something below it."

"Rubbish, anyhow! It'll be a fortnight's job to get the top off, and then like as not you'll have wasted your time. Why buy a pig in a poke when you might have invested your five shillings in a bit more china? However, it's no affair of mine."

"There's something there, sir, under those flowers, I feel sure," said the young man, taking up the microscope and gazing earnestly at the picture. "But what it is I can't say."

"Nor can anyone else. However, as I say, it's your funeral. In our trade there's such a thing as being too speculative, and don't forget it, boy."

"I might find a thing worth having, sir," William ventured to say.

"Pigs might fly!" snapped S. Gedge, Antiques, his favorite formula for clinching an argument.

The mention of pigs no doubt again, by some association of ideas, enabled S. Gedge to notice, as he might have done any time for two minutes past, that his niece had emerged from the back premises, and that she was regarding William and the picture with frank curiosity.

"Well, niece," said the old man sharply, "what do you want now?"

"Is the cold mutton in the larder for dinner, Uncle Si?" said June, with a slight but becoming blush at being called upon to speak in the presence of such a very nice-looking young man.

"What else do you think we are going to have? Truffles in aspic or patty de four grass?"

"No, Uncle Si," said June gravely.

"Very well then," growled S. Gedge, Antiques.

IV

IT WAS not until the evening, after tea, when S. Gedge, Antiques, had gone by bus to Clerkenwell in order to buy a Queen Anne sofa from a dealer in difficulties that William and June really became known to each other. Before then, however, their respective presences had already charged the atmosphere of No. — New Cross Street with a rare and subtle quality.

William, even at a first glance, had been intrigued more than a little by the appearance of the niece. To begin with, she was a great contrast to Mrs. Runciman. She looked as clean and bright as a new pin, she had beautiful teeth, her hair was of the kind that artists want to paint and her way of doing it was cunning. Moreover, she was as straight as a willow, her movements had charm and grace and her eyes were gray. And beyond all else her smile was full of friendship.

As for June, her first thought had been when she had unexpectedly come upon William holding up to the light the picture he had bought at Crowdham Market that the young man had an air at once very gentle and very nice. And in the first talk they had together in the course of that evening, during the providential absence of Uncle Si, this view of William was fully confirmed.

He was very gentle and he was very nice.

The conversation began shortly after seven o'clock, when William had put up the shutters and locked the door of the shop. It was he who opened the ball.

"You've come to stay, Miss Gedge, haven't you?"

"Yes," said June, "if I can make myself useful to Uncle Si."

"But aren't you adopted? The master said a fortnight ago he was going to adopt you."

"Uncle Si says I'm half and half at present," said June demurely. "I'm a month on trial. If I suit his ways he says I can stay, but if I don't I must find a situation."

"I hope you will stay," said William with obvious sincerity.

There was enough woman in the heart of the niece of S. Gedge, Antiques, to cause her to smile to herself. This was a perfect Simple Simon of a fellow, yet she could not deny that there was something about him which gave her quite a thrill.

"Why do you hope so?" asked Woman, with seeming innocence.

"I don't know why I do, unless it is that you are so perfectly nice to talk to." And the simpleton grew suddenly red at his own immoderation.

Woman in her cardinal aspect might have said "Really!" in a tone of ice; she might even have been tempted to ridicule such a statement made by such a young man; but Woman in the shrewdly perceptive person of June was now aware that this air of quaint sincerity was a thing with which no girl truly wise would dare to trifle. William was William and must be treated accordingly.

"Aren't you very clever?"

She knew he was clever, but for a reason she couldn't divine she was anxious to let him know that she knew it.

"I don't think I am at all."

"But you are," said June. "You must be very clever indeed to go about the country buying rare things cheap for Uncle Si."

"Oh, anybody can pick up a few odds and ends now and again if one has been given the money to buy them."

"Anybody couldn't. I couldn't for one."

"Isn't that because you've not been brought up to the business?"

"It's more than that," said June shrewdly. "You must have a special gift for picking up things of value."

"I may have," the young man modestly allowed. "The master trusts me, as a rule, to tell whether a thing is genuine."

June pinned him with her eyes. "Then tell me this." Her suddenness completely took him by surprise. "Is he genuine?"

"Who? The master?"

"Yes—Uncle Si."

The answer came without an instant's hesitation: "Yes, Miss June, he is. The master is a genuine piece."

"I am very glad to hear it," said June with a slight frown.

"Yes, the master is genuine." Depth and conviction were in the young man's tone. "In fact," he added slowly, "you might say he is a museum piece."

At this solemnity June nearly smiled aloud.

"He's a very good man." A warmth of affection fused the simple words. "Why, he took me from down there, as you might say"—William pointed to the ground—"and now I'm his assistant."

"At how much a week," said the practical June—"if the question isn't rude?"

"I get fifteen shillings."

"A week?"

"Yes. And board and lodging."

She looked the young man steadily in the eyes. "You are worth more."

"If the master thinks I'm worth more he'll give it to me."

June pursed her lips and shook a dubious head. Evidently she was not convinced.

"Oh, yes, I'm sure he will. In fact, he's promised to raise my wages half a crown from the first of the new year."

"I should just think so," said June, looking him still in the eyes.

"Of course I always get everything found."

"What about your clothes?"

With an air of apology he had to own that clothes were not included; yet to offset this reluctant admission he laid stress on the fact that his master had taught him all that he knew.

June could not resist a smile. Nice as he was she would not have minded shaking him a little. No Simon had a right to be quite so simple as this one.

A pause followed.

And then the young man suddenly said, "Miss June, would you care to see something I bought the other day at Crowdham Market?"

"Yes, very much indeed," said the gracious Miss June. She had seen the something already, but just now she was by no means averse to having another look at it.

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind coming up to the studio," William laughed shyly. "I call it that, although of course it isn't a studio really. And I only call it that to myself, you know," he added naïvely.

"Then why did you call it the studio to me?" archly demanded Woman, in the person of the niece of S. Gedge, Antiques.

"I don't know why, I'm sure. It was silly."

"No, it wasn't," said Woman. "Rather nice of you, I think."

The simpleton flushed to the roots of his thick and waving chestnut hair, which was brushed back from a high forehead in a most becoming manner; and then, with rare presence of mind, in order to give his confusion a chance, he showed the way up the two flights of stairs that led direct to June's attic. Next to it, with only a thin wall dividing them, was a kind of extension of her own private cubicle, a fairly large and well-lit room, which its occupant had immodestly called a studio. A bed, a washstand and a chest of drawers were tucked away in a far corner, as if they didn't belong.

"The master lets me have this all to myself for the sake of the light," said the young man in a happy voice as he threw open the door. "One needs a good light to work by."

With the air of a Leonardo receiving a lady of the Colonnas he ushered her in.

A feminine eye embraced all at a glance—the walls of bare whitewash bathed in the glories of an autumn sunset, the clean skylight, the two easels with rather dilapidated objects upon them, a litter of tools and canvases and frames, a pervading odor of turpentine, and a look of rapture upon the young man's face.

"But it is a studio!" said June. Somehow she felt greatly impressed by it. "I've never seen one before, but it's just like what one reads about in books."

"Oh, no; a studio is where pictures are painted. Here they are only cleaned and restored."

"One day perhaps you'll paint them."

"Perhaps I will; I don't know." He sighed a little, too shy to confess his dream. "But that day's a long way off."

"It mayn't be, you know."

He had begun already to try, but as yet it was a secret from the world. "*Ars longa, vita brevis*," he said.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Life is short, art eternal. It is the motto of the old man who teaches me how to clean and renovate these things. He says it keeps him up to his work."

"You go to an art school?"

"I should hardly call it that. But the master wants me to learn as much as I can of the practical side of the trade, so he's having me taught. And the more I can pick up about pictures the better it will be for the business. You see, the master doesn't pretend to know much about pictures himself. His line is furniture."

"Didn't I say you were clever?" June could not help feeling a little proud of her own perception.

"You wouldn't say that"—the young man's tone was sad—"if you really knew how little I know. But allow me to show you what I bought at Crowdham Market. There it is."

He pointed to the old picture on the smaller easel, which, now divorced from its frame, seemed to June a mere daub, black, dilapidated, old and worthless.

She could not conceal her disappointment. "I don't call that anything."

"No!" He could not conceal his disappointment either. "Take this glass." A microscope was handed to her. "Please look at it ve-ry, ve-ry closely while I hold it for you in the light."

June gave the canvas a most rigorous scrutiny, but she had to own at last that the only thing she could see was dirt.

"Can't you see water?"

"Where?"

With his finger nail the young man found water.

"No," said June stoutly. "I don't see a single drop. And that's a pity, because in my opinion it would be none the worse for a good wash."

This was a facer, but he met it valiantly.

"Don't you see trees?"

"Where are the trees?"

The young man disclosed trees with his finger nail.

"I can't see a twig."

"But you can see a cloud." With his finger nail he traced a cloud.

"I only see dirt and smudge," said June the downright. "To my mind this isn't a picture at all."

"Surely you can see a windmill?"

"A windmill! Why, there's not a sign of one."

"Wait till it's really clean," said William, with the optimism of genius.

He took up a knife and began delicately to scrape that dark surface, from which already he had half removed a top layer of paint that some inferior artist had placed there.

June shook her head. There was a lovely fall in the young man's voice, but it would take more than that to convince her. She believed her eyes to be as good as most people's, but even with a microscope and William's finger nail to help them they could see never a sign of a cloud, nor so much as a hint of water. As for a tree—and a windmill! Either this handsome young man—he really was handsome—had a sense that ordinary people had not or—or ——

▼

JUNE suddenly remembered that she must go and lay the supper. William modestly asked that he might be allowed to assist.

"Can you lay supper?" Polite the tone, but June was inclined to think that here was the limit to William's cleverness.

"Oh, yes, Miss June, I lay it nearly always. It's part of my work."

"Glad of your help of course." The tone was gracious. "But I dare say you'd like to go on looking for a windmill."

"Yes, I think perhaps I would." It was not quite the answer of diplomacy, but behind it there was a weight of sincerity that took away the sting.

"Thought so," said June with a dark smile.

It would have been pleasant to have had the help of this accomplished young man, but above all things she was practical and she realized that the time of such a one must be of great value.

"But I'm thinking you'll have to look some while for that windmill," she said, trying not to be satirical.

"The windmill I'll not swear to, but I'm sure there's water and trees; although of course it may take a long time to find them." William took up a piece of cotton wool. "But we'll see."

He moistened the wool when she wasn't looking, then not too hard he began to rub the surface.

"I hope we shall," said June doubtfully. And she went downstairs with an air of skepticism she was unable to hide.

Supper, in the main, was an affair of bread and cheese and a jug of beer drawn from the barrel in the larder. It was not taken until a quarter past nine, when S. Gedge, Antiques, had returned from Clerkenwell. The old man was in quite a good humor; in fact, it might be said to verge upon the expansive. He had managed to buy the Queen Anne sofa for four pounds.

"You've got a bargain, sir," said William. It was William who had discovered the sofa and had strongly advised its purchase.

"That remains to be seen," said his master, who would have been vastly disappointed all the same had there been reason to think for a moment that he had not got a bargain.

After supper, when the old man had put on his slippers and an ancient smoking cap that made him look like a Turkish pasha,

(Continued on Page 64)

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MO



Delicious—

at home and on outings

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R R I S

Supreme
Ox Tongue
Vienna Sausage
Prague Ham
Dried Beef

Choice meats—skillfully prepared and ready to serve. Morris Supreme Canned Meats offer a great variety of tempting, nutritious meals.

Each can bears the famous yellow and black label—as do the many other fine Morris Supreme foods.

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The VESTA Code

1 *The customer's battery, of whatever make, must be made to function properly, if it can be done economically to the customer.*

2 *In all inspection service and repair work, only pure distilled water shall be used.*

3 *All repairs are guaranteed for six months.*

4 *Whenever a customer's battery fails to take a charge it shall be opened in the owner's presence and condition explained unless inconvenient to the customer.*

5 *If, in the Vesta Battery man's judgment, repairs cannot be made with the indication of six months' further service such repairs shall not be made. If the customer insists, it is better to let others do it, for such jobs are only breeders of dissatisfaction and ill-will.*

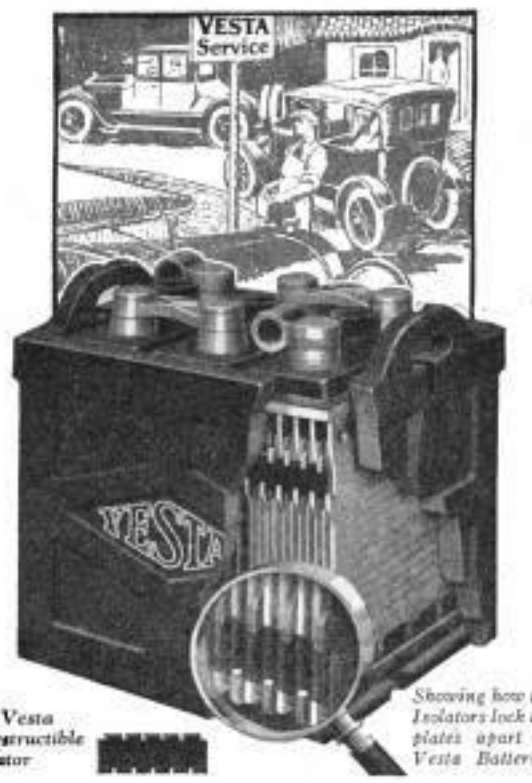
6 *Charging rate of generator on the car will be changed only at the owner's direction. Battery man shall first make explanation and suggestion for the good of the owner and receive owner's sanction for any change.*

7 *Corroded terminals, poor wiring, etc., which tend to increase battery troubles, are to be called to the customer's attention, so that he may order the necessary repairs in order to increase his battery's efficiency.*

8 *A Vesta recharge, by a Vesta Station, will be considered accomplished only when the gravity is brought to 1280° and the voltage to 2.45 volts or better per cell at 70° Fahrenheit and this condition attained without at any time during the process raising the battery's temperature above 105° Fahrenheit.*

9 *Vesta Patented Impregnated Mats (separators) may now be used in the repair of other makes of batteries. The owner's attention should be called to the fact that the extra service from his battery is due to the addition of these parts.*

10 *The Vesta Battery is sold only on the policy of Service, First and Last. First, on the old battery until it cannot be made to perform economically, and, Last, when the Vesta Battery is sold, to the end that it gives the perfect satisfaction to which the owner is entitled.*



The Vesta Indestructible Isolator

Showing how the Isolators lock the plates apart in Vesta Batteries

Vesta Service is Impartially Rendered on all makes of Batteries

NO CAR OWNER need wait until he requires a new battery before he begins to enjoy Vesta Service.

For every one of the 3,500 Vesta Service Stations dotting the country is operated under the Vesta Service Code, the first article of which insures you every effort to make your old battery deliver its maximum term of service.

Furthermore, Vesta Service Stations are now allowed to use Vesta Patented Impregnated Mats in the repair of all batteries. The addition of these parts frequently lengthens the service-life of various batteries greatly.

The Vesta Service Code, printed at the left, is a code of business morals to which every Vesta Service Station unconditionally subscribes and upon the observance of which its franchise depends.

Therefore, any motorist may approach a Vesta Service Station for inspection, repair, or replacement of his battery, *of whatever make*, with fullest confidence that he will be squarely dealt with.

The superior life and efficiency of the Vesta Battery are due to its patented features for preventing the various sorts of short circuiting that shorten battery life. These are the famous Vesta Isolators and Vesta Impregnated Mats.

VESTA BATTERY CORPORATION
CHICAGO

There are special "A" and "B" Vesta Batteries for your Radio Set, too

VESTA
STORAGE BATTERY 42
Costs Less Per Month of Service

(Continued from Page 61)

he took from the chimneypiece a pipe and a jar of tobacco, drew the easy-chair to the fire and began to read the evening paper.

"By the way, boy," he remarked quizzingly, "have you started yet on that marvelous thing you were clever enough to buy at Ipswich?"

"Crowdham Market, sir."

"Crowdham Market, was it? Well, my father used to say that fools and money soon part company."

June, who was clearing the table, could not forbear from darting at the young man a gleam of triumph. It was clear that Uncle Si believed no more in the windmill, not to mention the trees and the water, than did she.

A start had been made, but William confessed to a fear that it might be a long job to get it clean.

"And when you get it clean," said his master, "what do you expect to find, eh? That's if you're lucky enough to find anything."

"I don't quite know," said William frankly.

"Neither do I." S. Gedge, Antiques, scratched a cheek of rather humorous cynicism. And then in sheer expansion of mood he went to the length of winking at his niece. "Perhaps, boy," he said, "you'll find that Van Roon that was cut out of its frame at the Louvre in the '90's, and has never been seen or heard of since."

"Was there one, sir?" asked William with an air of interest.

The old man took up the evening paper and began to read. "'Canvas sixteen inches by twelve'—just about your size, eh? 'One of the world's masterpieces; large reward for recovery been on offer for more than twenty-five years by French Government'—but not claimed yet seemingly. 'Said to be finest Van Roon in existence.' Now's your chance, boy." A second time S. Gedge, Antiques, winked at his niece; and then folding back the page of the Evening News he handed it to William with the air of a very sly dog indeed. "See for yourself. Special article, Mystery of Famous Missing Picture. When you find the signature of Mynheer Van Roon in the corner of this masterpiece of yours I shouldn't wonder if you're able to set up in business for yourself."

Allowing fancy a loose rein in this benign hour the old man for the third time honored his niece with a solemn wink.

VI

THE next morning saw the beginning of a chain of epoch-making events in the history of S. Gedge, Antiques.

Shortly before eight o'clock Mrs. Runciman turned up as usual after her day off. With a most businesslike promptitude, however, she was given her quietus. In dispensing with her services from now on Uncle Si took a real pleasure in what he called telling her off. Many times had he warned her that she would play the trick once too often. And now that his prophecy had come true he was able to say just what he thought of her, of her male and female belongings, and of her sex in general. She would greatly oblige him by not letting him see her face again.

Mrs. Runciman, for her part, professed a cheerful willingness to take her late employer at his word. There was plenty of work to be had; and she departed on a note of dignity which she sustained by informing him in a voice loud enough for the neighbors to hear that he was a miser and a screw, and that he would skin a flea for its feathers.

On the top of this ukase to the char the old man held a short private conversation with his niece. June had begun very well; and if she continued to behave herself, got up in the morning without being called, was not afraid of hard work, and had the breakfast ready by a quarter to eight she would receive, in addition to board and lodging, two shillings a week pocket money, and perhaps a small present at Christmas.

As far as it went this was very well. "But," said June, "there's my clothes, Uncle Si."

"Clothes!" The old man scratched his cheek. "You've money of your own, haven't you?"

"Only twenty pounds."

"We'll think about clothes when the time comes to buy some."

S. Gedge, however, admitted to William privately that he had hopes of the niece. "But let me tell you this, boy: It's asking for trouble to have a young female sleeping in the house. Old ones are bad enough, even when they sleep out; young ones sleeping in may be the very mischief." In fact, the old man thought it wise to reënforce these observations with a solemn warning. "Understand, boy, there must be no carrying on between you and her."

"Carrying on, sir!" Such innocence might have touched the heart of King Herod.

"That's what I said. I can trust you; in some ways you hardly know you're born; but with a woman, and a young one at that, it's another pair o' shoes. Women are simply the devil."

William's blank face showed a fleck of scarlet; but the inwardness of these Menander-like words was lost upon him; and he was rebuked for being a perfect fool in the things that mattered. However, the arrangement was merely temporary. If the girl behaved herself, well and good; if she didn't behave herself, niece or no niece, she would have to go. But—touching wood!—there was nothing to complain of so far.

William quite agreed, yet he dared not say as much to his master. In his opinion there was no ground for comparison between the dethroned goddess, of whom he had always been a little in awe, and the creature of grace and charm, of fine perception and feminine amenity who slept the other side of the studio wall. For all that, in the sight of this young man, one aspect of the case was now a matter of concern.

"Miss June," he said on the evening of the second day, "do you mind if I get up early tomorrow and do a few odd jobs about the house?"

"What sort of jobs?"

Miss June's air of suspicion was tinged with sternness. Now that she reigned in Mrs. Runciman's stead she could not help feeling rather important.

"If you'll show me where the brushes are kept I'll blacklead the kitchen grate."

"Please don't come interfering." In June's manner was a touch of hauteur.

Beneath the tan of East Anglia the young man colored. "But you'll spoil your hands," he ventured.

"My hands are no affair of yours," said June, a little touched, and trying not to show it.

"Let me take over the kitchen grate for the future. And if you don't mind I'll clean the shop floor."

"Is there anything else you'd like to do?" said June with amused scorn.

"I'd like to do all the really rough jobs if I may."

"For why?"

The sawney had given his reason already, and in spite of a growing embarrassment he stuck to his guns.

Said June sternly, "You mustn't come interfering." Yet the light in her eyes was not anger. "You've got your department, and I've got mine. Windmills are your department. Blackleading kitchen grates and cleaning floors won't help you to find windmills. Besides, you have the shop to look after, and you have to go out and find things for Uncle Si and study art and talk to customers, and goodness knows what you haven't got to do."

"Well, if you don't mind," said William tenaciously, "I'll get in the coal anyway."

June shook her head. "No interference" was her last word.

Nevertheless the following morning saw a division of labor within the precincts of No. — New Cross Street. When June came downstairs at a quarter to seven she found a young man on his knees vigorously polishing the kitchen grate. He was *sans* coat, waistcoat and collar; there was a smudge on the side of his nose, and as the temper of a lady is apt to be short at so early an hour it was no wonder that he was rebuked crushingly.

"Didn't I say I wouldn't have interference? I don't come into your studio and look for windmills, do I?"

William, still on his knees, had penitently to own that she didn't.

"It's—it's a great liberty!" said June hotly.

He looked up at her with an air to disarm the Furies. "Oh—please— no!"

"What is it then?" Secretly she was annoyed with herself for not being so much annoyed as the case demanded. "What is it then? Coming into my kitchen with your interference?"

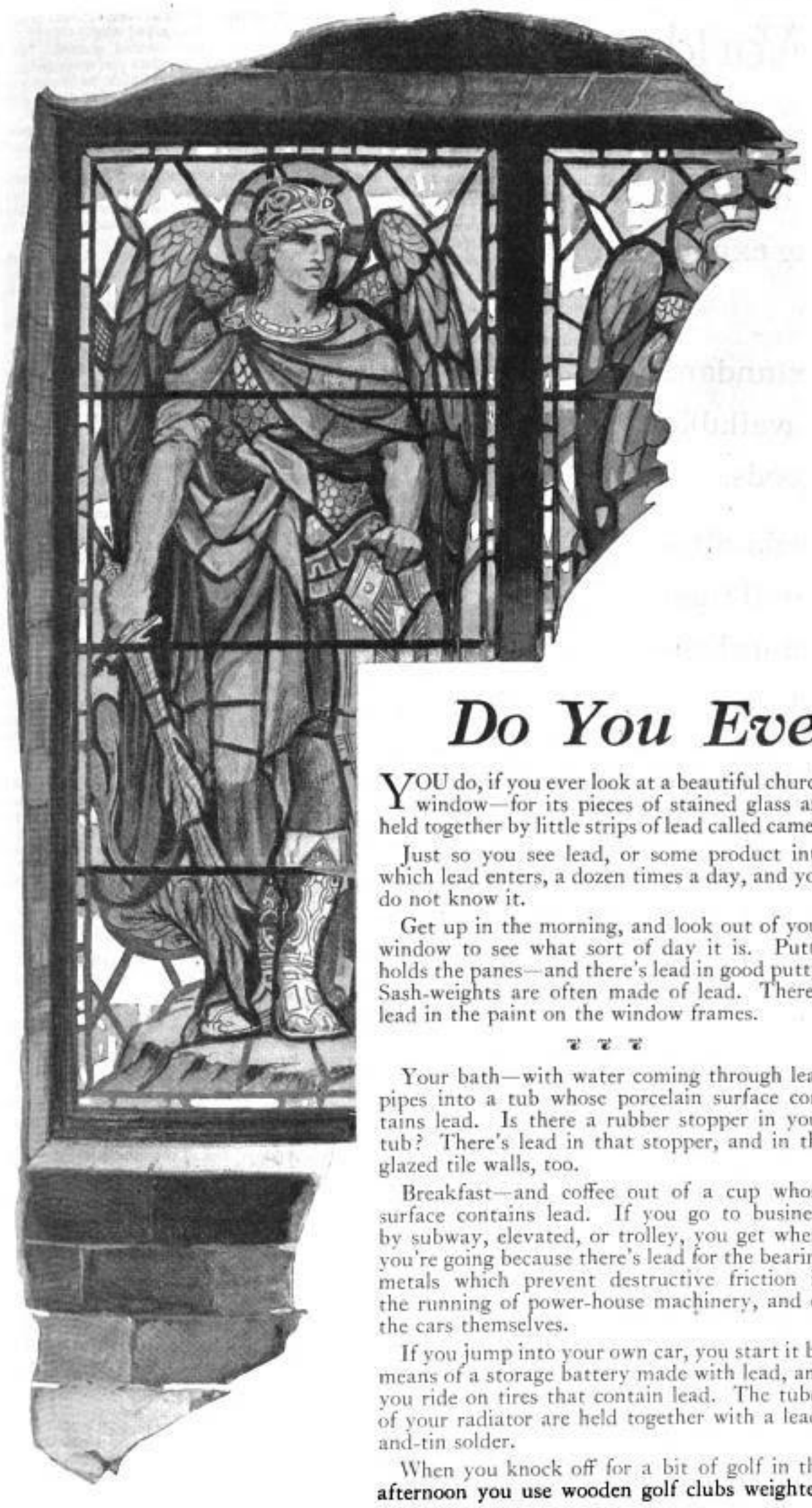
"I'm ever so sorry, but ——"

"But what?"

"I simply can't bear to think of your spoiling your beautiful hands."

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Do You Ever See a Came

YOU do, if you ever look at a beautiful church window—for its pieces of stained glass are held together by little strips of lead called cames.

Just so you see lead, or some product into which lead enters, a dozen times a day, and you do not know it.

Get up in the morning, and look out of your window to see what sort of day it is. Putty holds the panes—and there's lead in good putty. Sash-weights are often made of lead. There's lead in the paint on the window frames.

❦ ❦ ❦

Your bath—with water coming through lead pipes into a tub whose porcelain surface contains lead. Is there a rubber stopper in your tub? There's lead in that stopper, and in the glazed tile walls, too.

Breakfast—and coffee out of a cup whose surface contains lead. If you go to business by subway, elevated, or trolley, you get where you're going because there's lead for the bearing metals which prevent destructive friction in the running of power-house machinery, and of the cars themselves.

If you jump into your own car, you start it by means of a storage battery made with lead, and you ride on tires that contain lead. The tubes of your radiator are held together with a lead-and-tin solder.

When you knock off for a bit of golf in the afternoon you use wooden golf clubs weighted with lead, you wear rubber-soled shoes, and perhaps you use a rubber tee. Rubber contains lead.

❦ ❦ ❦

Of all the ways in which civilization makes use of lead and its products, the most important is the use of white-lead as the principal factor in good paint.

Thousands of tons of pure metallic lead are corroded into white-lead every month, all over the civilized world, to make the paint that decorates and preserves buildings and manufactured articles. A painted surface is a protected surface—and when you "save the surface" you "save all."

Some paint manufacturers use more white-lead, some less, in the paint they make. Most painters use the white-lead straight, thinning with pure linseed oil. The quality of the paint depends on the quantity of the white-lead it contains. White-lead furnishes the durability and the working qualities.

National Lead Company makes white-lead of the highest quality, and sells it, mixed with pure linseed oil, under the name and trade mark of

Dutch Boy White-Lead

Write our nearest branch office, Department A, for a free copy of our "Wonder Book of Lead," which interestingly describes the hundred-and-one ways in which lead enters into the daily life of everyone.

"Save the surface and you save all"—Dutch Boy

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NATIONAL LEAD & OIL CO., Pittsburgh



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Dutch Boy White-Lead	Needle Metal
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Dutch Boy Linseed Oil	Sash Weights
Dutch Boy Flatting Oil	Lead Wedges
Dutch Boy Babbitt Metals	Lead-lined Tin Pipe
Dutch Boy Solders	Impression Lead
Lead Plumbing Materials	Lead Gaskets

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America Needs the World

The United States has reached a point in its industrial and commercial development where constantly increasing expansion of foreign trade is essential.

If labor is to continue its high standard of living, foreign markets must be available for surpluses of manufactured goods.

So long as manufacturers depend altogether on domestic consumption will they face the danger of recurring demoralization in prices due to overproduction.

This country imports from all points on the globe raw materials and fabricated goods essential to the support of our civilization. The volume of these imports is dependent upon what we sell abroad for, generally speaking, one country must pay in goods for what it buys from other countries.

The National Bank of Commerce in New York, through its world-wide banking service, offers a comprehensive helpfulness to commerce and industry in this vital task of winning for the United States a firm position in foreign markets.

National Bank of Commerce
in New York

Capital and Surplus Fifty Million Dollars

(Continued from Page 64)

June's eyes were fire; her cheek flamed like a peony. "Go and look for your beautiful windmills, and leave my hands alone!"

But the owner of the beautiful hands was now fettered by the knowledge that she was beginning to blush horribly.

VII

IN THE evening of the next day, about half an hour before supper, June climbed the attic stairs and knocked boldly upon the studio door.

"Come in," a gentle voice invited her.

William, a lump of cotton wool in one hand, a piece of raw potato in the other, was absorbed in the task of looking for a windmill. He had to own, the queer fellow, that so far success had not crowned his search.

"I should think not," said June.

"But there are the trees." William took up a knife and laid the point to a canvas that was already several tones lighter than of yore.

There was a pause while June screwed up her eyes like an expert; and in consequence she had reluctantly to admit that they were unmistakable trees.

"And now we are coming to the water, don't you see?" said the young man in a tone of quiet ecstasy.

"Where's the water?"

With a lover's delicacy William ran the point of the knife along the canvas.

"Don't you see it, Miss June?" There was a thrill in the low voice.

"Why, yes," said June. "It's water right enough." No use trying now not to be impressed. "Now I call that rather clever."

"I knew it was there. And if you know a thing's there, sooner or later you are bound to find it. Do you know what my opinion is?" Of a sudden the exalted voice sank mysteriously.

June had no idea what William's opinion was, but she was quite willing to hear it, whatever it might be, for he had just had a considerable rise in her estimation.

"It wouldn't surprise me at all if this turns out to be a ——" He broke off with a perplexing smile.

"Turns out to be a what?"

"Perhaps I'd better not say."

The words in their caution and their gravity intrigued a shrewd daughter of the Midlands. June in spite of herself was beginning to respect this odd young man.

"You think it might be something very good?"

"It might be something almost too good." William's tone had a deep vibration. "If it keeps on coming out like this it'll be wonderful. Do you see that cloud?"

June peered hard, but she could not see a suspicion of a cloud.

"Take the microscope."

Even with the microscope no cloud was visible to June.

"I'm as sure of it as I ever was of anything," said William. "There's a cloud—oh, yes!" The note of faith was music. "And there's a sky—oh, yes!" A stray beam of the September sunset made an effect so remarkable as it slanted across those upturned eyes that June paid them rather more attention at the moment than she gave to the canvas.

"Has Uncle Si seen those trees?" she asked suddenly.

"Yes, the master came up to look at them a few minutes ago."

"What did he say when he saw them?"

"He just scratched his cheek and changed his spectacles."

"Did you tell him what you've just told me?"

The young man nodded.

"Did Uncle Si believe you?"

"He said he'd wait till he saw it."

"Well, he can't deny the trees anyway."

"No, he can't deny the trees. But of course the real picture is only just beginning to come out, as you might say. All the same, he's made me an offer for it, even as it stands."

With a swift, sudden intuition June cried: "I hope you haven't taken it!"

"As a matter of fact I haven't," said William casually. "I feel I'd like to keep the picture until I find out what it really is."

"Well, mind you do. And if the question isn't a rude one, what did Uncle Si offer you?"

"Seven and sixpence. But that's for the frame mainly."

June grew magisterial. "You mustn't think of parting with it," she said.

With an innocence hard to credit in one so clever William asked why.

"Why?" June almost snorted. "Because if Uncle Si offers you seven and sixpence for a thing which he knows you bought for five shillings, you can be sure that he considers it may be valuable."

"The master has always been very good to me," said the young man with extreme simplicity.

At these words June felt a stab of pain, so great was the contrast between the two men. One saw the wares in which they dealt only in terms of beauty, the other in terms of money.

"You are too modest. And although you are so clever, if you don't mind my saying so, you are also rather foolish in some ways—at least, that's my opinion."

William frankly admitted the impeachment.

"Well now," said June, a cool and steady eye upon him, "suppose you tell me where you think your foolishness lies?"

"Why, I was foolish enough to think that patch"—the simpleton pressed the finger of an artist upon the patch—"was really and truly a windmill. But of course it's nothing of the kind."

"I'm not speaking of windmills now," said June severely. "I'm speaking of things much more important."

"Oh, but a windmill can be very important. Have you ever really seen a windmill?"

"Yes, of course I have."

The sawney asked where.

June had seen a windmill in Lincolnshire.

"Lincolnshire! Oh, but you should see the one in the National Gallery."

"The one in the where?" said June with a frown.

Of a sudden his voice took its delicious fall. The rare smile which lit his face was for June an enchantment. "It's a Hobbema."

"A what—emma!"

"A Hobbema. On Saturdays the shop closes at one, so that I could take you to see it if you'd care to. I should like you so much to see it—that's if it interests you at all. It will give you an idea of what a windmill can be."

"But I meant a real windmill. I'm only interested in real things, anyway."

"A Hobbema is better than real."

"Better than real!" said June, opening wide eyes.

"When you see it you'll understand what I mean. I do hope you'll come and look at it."

June was such a practical person that her first instinct was to refuse to do anything of the kind. But that instinct was overborne by the complexity of her feelings. In some ways he was the simplest Simon of them all; a longing to shake him was growing upon her, but the disconcerting fact remained that after a fashion he was decidedly clever. And leaving his mental qualities out of the case, when you got his face at an angle, and you caught the light in his eyes, he was by far the handsomest young man she had ever seen. Therefore her promise was reluctantly given that on Saturday afternoon she would go with him to the National Gallery to see what a windmill was really like.

VIII

BEFORE June's promise could be fulfilled, however, much had to happen. Saturday itself was put out of the case by the departure of William early that morning to attend a sale in Essex, where several things might be going cheap. And on the following Thursday he was sent on a similar mission to Tunbridge Wells. During his absence on that day, moreover, June's interest in the picture he had bought at Crowdham Market was roused suddenly to a very high pitch.

Even before this significant event occurred her mind had been full of this much-discussed purchase. Day by day William had wrought upon it with growing enthusiasm. There was now no more doubt in regard to the clouds and the sky than there was as to the trees and the water. S. Gedge, Antiques, had been up to the attic several times to see for himself, and although in his opinion the best that could be said for the picture was that it might turn out to be a copy of a fair example of the Dutch School, he went to the length of doubling his offer of seven and sixpence. In other words, which he issued with point at the supper table on the evening prior to William's trip to Tunbridge Wells, there was "a full

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week's extra wages sticking out" if only the young man cared to take it in exchange for a dubious work of little or no value.

William needed, among other things, a new pair of boots; he was short of the materials of his craft, and the sum of fifteen shillings meant a great deal to him at any time, facts with which his employer was well acquainted. The temptation was great. While the offer was under consideration June held her breath. She had a frantic desire to signal across the table to William not to part with his treasure. Much to her relief, however, the young man resisted the lure. His master told him roundly that only a fool would refuse such an offer. William allowed that it was princely, but he had quite an affection for the picture now; besides, much had to be done to get it really clean.

At present, moreover, he had not even begun to look for the signature.

"Signature!" S. Gedge, Antiques, took up the word sarcastically. And there were times, as June knew already, when the old man could be terribly sarcastic. "You'll be looking, I suppose, for the signature of Hobbema. Seems to me, boy, you're cracked on that subject."

"I don't think, sir," said William in his gentle voice, "that this picture is a Hobbema."

"Don't you indeed?" To conceal a rising impatience Uncle Si made a face at his niece. "You're cracked, my boy!" He gave his own forehead a symbolical tap. "Why waste your time looking for a signature to a thing you bought for five shillings at an old serendipity shop at Crowdham Market? You'd far better turn over a snug little profit of two hundred per cent, and forget all about it."

The next day, however, when William set out for Tunbridge Wells he was still the owner of the picture. And in the light of what was to follow it was a fact of considerable importance.

In the course of that morning, while June was helping Uncle Si to dress the front window, there sauntered into the shop a funny, oldish, foxy little man, who wore a brown billycock hat at the back of his head, and had a pair of legs as crooked as a Louis Quinze chair. She set him down at once as a character out of Dickens.

"Mornin' to you, Mr. Gedge," said the quaint visitor.

"Mornin' to you, Mr. Thornton," said S. Gedge, Antiques, returning the salutation with deference.

June cocked her ears. The note in Uncle Si's rasping voice, which always seemed to need a file, told her at once that the visitor was no common man.

As a preliminary to business, whatever that business might be, Mr. Thornton fixed an eye like a small bright bead on the hoodoo, whose sinister bulk seemed to dominate half the shop.

It was fixed, moreover, with an air of whimsical appreciation as he murmured, "The British Museum is the place for that."

"There I'm with you, Mr. Thornton." S. Gedge, Antiques, looked his visitor steadily in the eye. "Wonderful example of early Polynesian craftsmanship."

"Early Polynesian craftsmanship." The little man stroked the belly of the hoodoo with a kind of rapt delicacy which other men reserve for the fetlock of a horse.

"Only one of its kind."

"I should say so," murmured Louis Quinze-Legs, screwing up his eyes; and then, by way of afterthought: "I've just dropped in, Mr. Gedge, to have a look at that picture you mentioned to me yesterday."

"Oh, that, Mr. Thornton." The voice of S. Gedge, Antiques, suggested that the matter was of such little consequence that it had almost passed from his mind. "S'pose I'd better get it for you." And then with an odd burst of agility that in one of his years was quite surprising the old man left the shop, while June, her heart beating high, went on dressing the window.

In three minutes or less William's picture appeared under the arm of William's master.

"Here you are, Mr. Thornton!" The voice was oil.

June made herself small between a Chinese cabinet and a tallboy in the window's deepest gorge. From this point of vantage the privilege of seeing and hearing all that passed in the shop was still hers.

[illegible] received the picture in silence turning it over and tapping it several times in the process. The slow care he gave to this ritual began to get on June's nerves.

"There's good work in it," said Louis Quinze-Legs at last.

"Good work in it!" said S. Gedge, Antiques, in what June called his selling voice. "I should just think there was!"

"But there's one thing it lacks." The little man, looking more than ever like a fox, chose each word with delicacy. "It's a pity—a great pity—there's no signature."

"Signature!" The old man's tone had lost the drawling sneer of the previous evening. "Tell me, Mr. Thornton"—he must have forgotten that June was so near—"if we happened to come upon the signature of Hobbema down there in that left-hand corner—in that black splotch—what do you suppose it might be worth?"

Mr. Thornton did not answer the question at once. And when answer he did his voice was so low that June could hardly hear it. "I wouldn't like to say offhand, Mr. Gedge. Mosby sent a Hobbema to New York last year, but what he got for it I don't know."

"I heard twenty-eight thousand dollars."

"So did I, but I doubt it. Still, the Americans are paying big money just now. Did you see that thing of Mosby's, by the way?"

"Yes; it was a bit larger than this chap, but it hadn't the work in it."

"Well, get it a bit cleaner; and then, if you can show me Hobbema's signature with the date, about the place where I've got my finger, I dare say we can come to business, Mr. Gedge."

"I quite expect we'll be able to do that," said the old man, with an air of robust optimism that surprised June considerably.

Foxy Face ventured to hope that such might be the case, whereupon the voice of Uncle Si fell to a pitch that his niece had to strain a keen ear to catch.

"Suppose, Mr. Thornton, we omit the question of the signature? Do you feel inclined to make an offer for the picture as it stands?"

The pause that followed was long and tense, and then June was just able to hear the cautious voice of Foxy Face: "Possibly, Mr. Gedge—I dare say I might. But before I could think of doing that I should like a friend of mine to see it. He's wise in these things, and knows what can be done with them."

"Right you are, Mr. Thornton," said S. Gedge, Antiques, brisk and businesslike. "If you can tell me when your friend is likely to call I'll be here to meet him."

"Shall we say tomorrow morning at ten?"

"That'll suit me."

"Very well, Mr. Gedge. And if my friend can't come I'll telephone."

Foxy Face was bowed out of the shop with a politeness that fairly astonished June. She could hardly believe that this mirror of courtesy was Uncle Si. In fact it was as if the old man had had a change of heart. With the light step of a boy he took back the picture to the attic, while June, thinking hard, retired to the back premises in order to cook two middling-sized potatoes for dinner.

IX

IT WAS not until the evening that William returned from Tunbridge Wells. He had been to look at a picture that his master had seen already, but S. Gedge, Antiques, was wise enough to recognize that his assistant had an instinct for pictures far beyond his own. In the matter of bric-a-brac he would always trust his own judgment, but when it came to an oil painting he was very glad to have it fortified by the special and peculiar knowledge that William had now acquired. There was no doubt that in this sphere, which for his master was comparatively new and full of pitfalls, the young man had a remarkable gift. It was a gift, moreover, of which he had yet to learn the true value.

In "summer-time" September the days are long; and as supper was not until nine o'clock there was light enough for William on getting home to spend a rare hour in the studio delving for further beauties in that derelict canvas which already had far exceeded his hopes.

"I know where you are going," whispered June in the young man's ear as he left the little sitting room behind the shop, where sat Uncle Si, spectacles on nose, poring over the pages of Crowe and Cavalcaselle. "And I'm coming up to look at [illegible] I may," she added as she followed the room.



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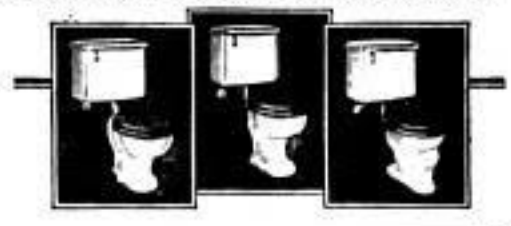
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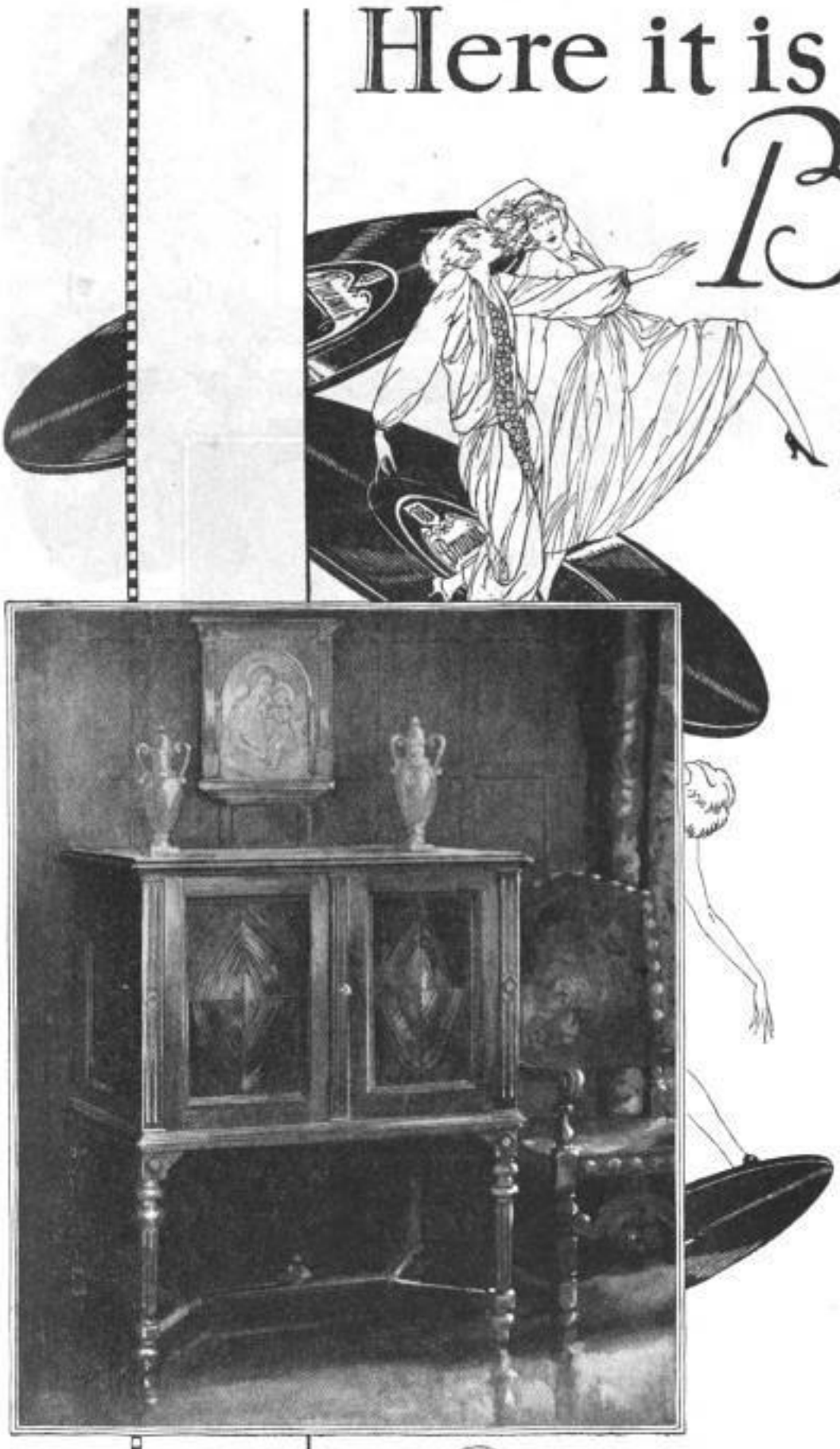


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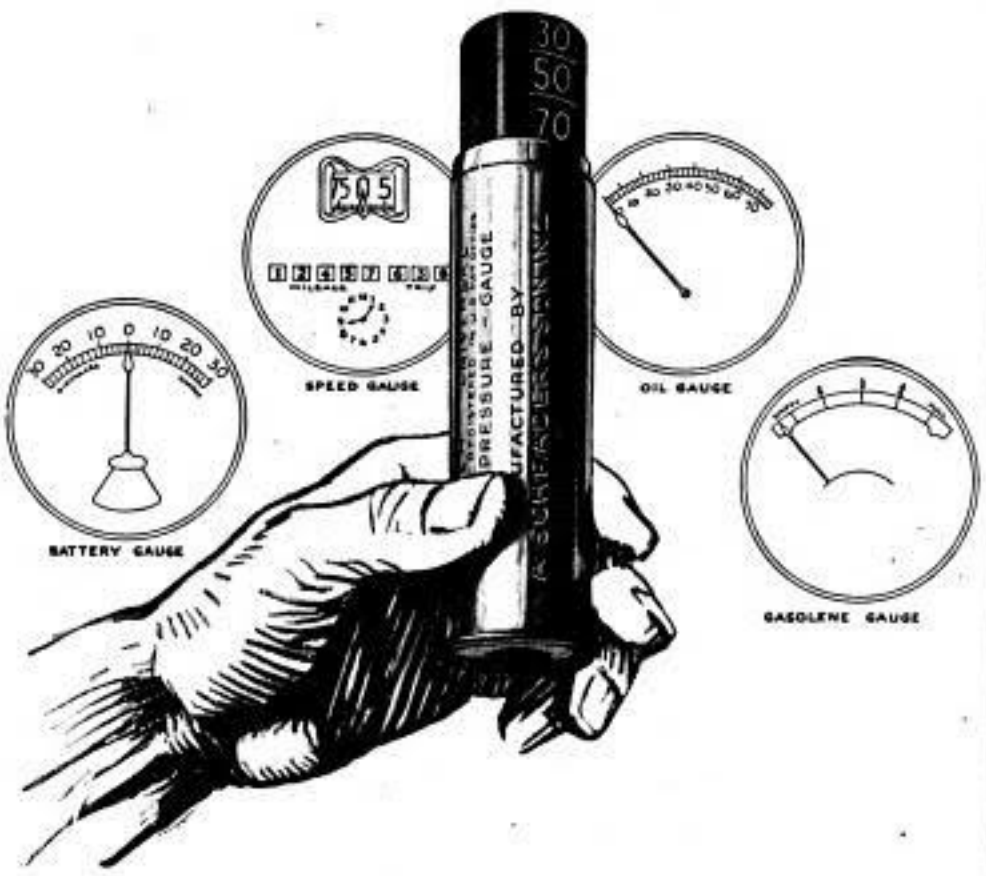


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SCHRADER
TIRE-PRESSURE-GAUGE

(Continued from Page 67)

"Please, please do," he said delightedly.

As she climbed the steep stairs William, in the seventh heaven, followed close upon her heels. What a pleasure to expound the merits of such a work to one so sympathetic!

As for June, her quick mind was at work. Even before the coming of Foxy Face she had guessed, or some instinct had told her, that this picture was no ordinary one, and now that she had overheard that gentleman's recent talk with Uncle Si she had been given furiously to think. To understand all its implications needed far more knowledge of a deep, not to say tricky subject than she possessed, but one fact was clear: Her opinion as to the picture's value was fully confirmed. Here was a treasure whose real worth even William himself might not be able to guess.

Now was the moment, June shrewdly saw, for prompt and decisive action. Uncle Si had set his heart upon this rare thing; but if flesh and blood were equal to the task she must take immediate steps to balk him. Alas, she knew only too well that it was likely to prove an immensely difficult matter.

June halted in front of the easel and set her head to one side quite in the manner of an expert.

"It seems to grow finer and finer," she said in a soft voice.

"Yes, it does," said William, touching it here and there with loverly fingers. "If I can but manage to get the top off without hurting the fabric.I'm sure it'll be a nonesuch."

June fervently said that she hoped it would be.

"There's the cloud I spoke to you about the other day."

"Why, yes," said June, screwing up her eyes in unconscious imitation of Foxy Face. "I see it now. And it's very beautiful indeed."

"And the touch of sunlight in it. I hope you notice that!"

As William spoke it almost seemed to June that she could see the reflection of the sunlight in the eyes of this enthusiast.

"Yes, I do," said June stoutly.

"A real painter has done that!" The young man's voice took that dying fall she had learned already to listen for. "This is a lovely thing, Miss June!" Pure cadence touched her heart with fire. "Do you know, I am beginning to think this little picture is the most perfect thing I have ever seen?"

"Very valuable, I dare say," said June, bringing him to earth.

"I only know it's good."

"But surely if it's good it's valuable. What do you think it might be worth?"

"Miss June"—the queer little tremble in his voice sounded divine—"don't let us think of it as money."

But at those hushed words, at the far-off look in the deep eyes, she felt once more a touch of pain.

"Uncle Si would call that sentiment. He believes that money is the most important thing there is. He believes it is the only thing that matters."

She meant it as a facer for this sawney who had declared to her that Uncle Si could neither think wrong nor ensue it. A hit, shrewd and fair, but the sawney was still in business.

"In a manner of speaking, it may be so. But I am sure the master will tell you there are things that money can't buy."

"What are they?" June's frown was the fiercer for the effort to repress it.

"Take this glint of sun striking through that wonderful cloud. All the money in the world couldn't buy that."

"Of course it could. And I don't suppose it would take much to buy it either."

He solemnly dissented. She asked why not.

"Because," said he, "that bit of sunlight only exists in the eye that sees it."

"That's sentiment," said June severely. "You might say the same of anything."

"You might, of course. Nothing is, but thinking makes it so."

Again June heard the queer little tremble in his voice, again she saw that strange look steal across his face.

"What you say sounds very deep, but if you talk in that way I'm quite sure you'll never get on in the world."

"I'll be quite happy to live as I am, if only I'm allowed to see the wonderful things that are in it."

June had a fierce desire to shake him, but he beamed upon her, and she became a lamb.

"On Saturday," he said, "when we go to our little treasure house, you will see what I mean."

"If you talk in this way," said June, once more severe, "I shall not go with you on Saturday to your little treasure house. Or on Sunday either. Or on any day of the week. If you were a millionaire you might be allowed to talk like this. Being what you are, and your salary less than half what it should be, I really think you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

She was a little astonished at her own vehemence. He seemed a little astonished at it also.

"Nothing is, but thinking makes it so!" said June, with fine scorn. "That's what Mr. Boultby, the druggist at the bottom of our street at home, would call poppycock. It means you'll be very lucky if some fine morning you don't wake up and find yourself in the workhouse."

One smile more he gave her out of his deep eyes.

"That sort of talk," said June with growing fierceness. "is just potty. It won't find you tools and a place to work in, or three meals a day and a place to sleep in at night."

"But don't you see what I mean?"

"No, I don't. As I say, to my mind, it's potty. But now tell me, what do you think this picture's worth if you were buying it for Uncle Si to sell again?"

"That is a very difficult question to answer. The master is so clever at selling things that he might get a big price for it in the market."

"Even without the signature?" And June fixed the eye of a hawk on the young man's face.

"I don't say that. The signature might make a lot of difference to a dealer. But don't let us talk of the price. There are things in this picture that money ought not to buy."

An impatient "Poppycock!" all but escaped Mr. Boultby's disciple. Yet of a sudden, in a fashion so unexpected as to verge upon drama, her own voice took that quick fall he had taught her to listen for.

"I can't tell you how much I love it," she said dreamily. "I would give almost anything if it were mine."

William's limpid glance betrayed that he was only too happy to believe her.

"It is quite as beautiful to me as it is to you," June plunged on, but she did not dare to look at him. "And I think it would be a terrible pity if it ever came to be sold by Uncle Si. I simply love it. Suppose you sell it to me?"

"To you, Miss June!"

"Yes—to me." There was swift decision and the fixing of the will, "I like it so much that I'll give you nineteen pounds for it, and that's all I have in the world."

William was astonished.

"I hadn't realized," he said, in charmed surprise, "that you admire it so much as all that."

"Yes, I do admire it." Her heart beat fast and high. "And I want it. I can't tell you just what that picture means to me. But nineteen pounds is all I can pay."

He shook his head in slow finality.

She did not try to conceal her disappointment.

"I couldn't think of taking a penny of your money," he said shyly. "But as you love it so much I hope you will allow me to give it you."

(Continued on Page 73)



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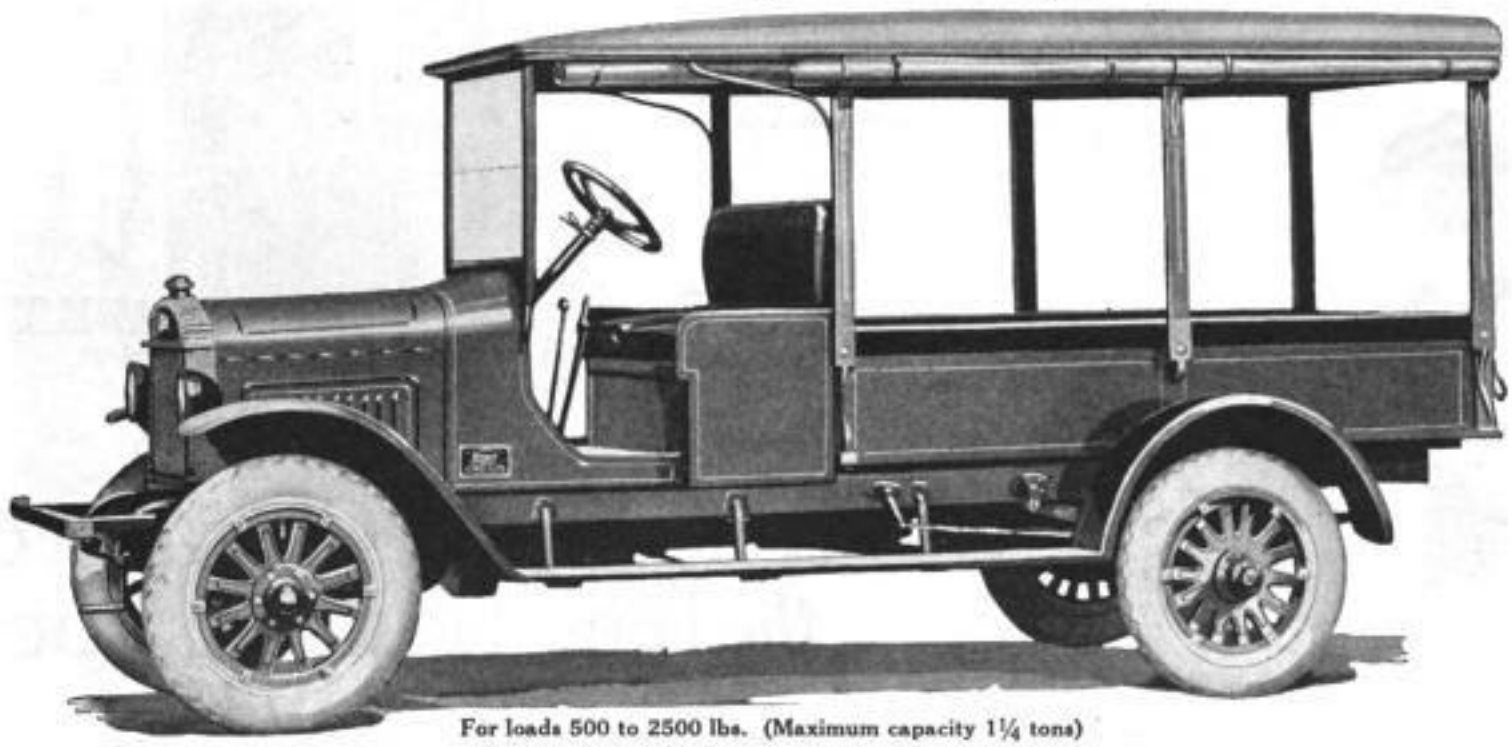


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(Continued from Page 70)

She gave a little gasp. An act of such pure generosity was rather staggering.

"I hope you will, Miss June." He spoke with a delicious embarrassment. "Loving it so much really makes it yours. To love a thing is to possess it. And I shall always have the happiness of feeling that it has made you happy."

She turned away a face glowing with shame. She could never hope to feel about it in the way that he did, and it seemed almost wicked to deceive him. But a young man so poor as he could not afford to be so simple; and she soothed her conscience by telling herself what she was now doing was for his future good.

Conscience, however, was not to be put out of action that way. The part she was playing hurt like a scald on the hand. Both their tongues were tied by the pause that followed, and then she said in a weak, halting manner that was not like her: "You must have something in exchange for it of course; not that I shall ever be able to offer anything near its true value."

"I ask no more than what you have given me already."

"What have I given you?"

"You have given me the wonderful look I see sometimes in your face and the light that springs from your eyes and the glow of your hair. When you came to this house you brought something with you that was never in it before."

"How funny you are!"

June's cheek was aflame. But he spoke so impersonally, delicately weighing each word before a passion for sincerity gave it birth, that any effective form of rebuke was out of the question.

"Miss June," this amazing fellow went on, speaking for all the world as if she were a picture whose signature he was looking for, "when you came here you brought the sun of beauty. Color and harmony and grace—you brought those too. If only I knew how to paint"—he sighed gently—"I could never rest until I had put you on canvas just as you stand at this moment."

It was clear that he had forgotten completely that this was the niece of his employer. She also forgot that no young man had ventured yet to speak to her like that. This was William the wonderful who was addressing her, and his voice was music, his eyes slow fire, his whole being a golden web of poetry and romance.

"You oughtn't to give away such a thing," she persisted, but with none of her usual force. "It's valuable; and I oughtn't to take it." The sound of her voice, she knew only too well, was thin and strange.

"Please, please take it, Miss June," he quaintly entreated her. "It will give me more pleasure to know that you are caring for it and that its beauty means something to you than if I kept it all to myself. I love it, but you love it too. If you'll share the happiness it brings me, then I shall love it even more."

Shadows of the evening were now in the room. His face was half hidden, and the wildness of her heart scarcely allowed his voice to be heard. She thought no longer of the worth of the gift, nor was she now concerned with the propriety of its acceptance. Her mind was in the grip of other things. Was it to herself he was speaking? Or was he speaking merely to a fellow worshiper of beauty? To such questions there could be no answer; she trembled at the daring which gave them birth.

His mere presence was a lure. She longed to touch his hand very gently, and would perhaps have done so had she not been cruelly aware that she was cheating him outrageously. The only excuse she had was that it was all for his own good; such, at least, must now be her hope, her prayer, her faith.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE JAZZ BABY

(Continued from Page 7)

"What you got?" demanded his father in the tone of one whose patience is being worn thin.

"That's what I'm trying to tell you," answered the youth, going to the box and undoing a catch at one end.

But instead of releasing the other catches and opening the box he turned and with all the impressiveness he could command delivered a final word.

"It cost two hundred and seventy-five new," he declared, "and what do you think I paid for it? Only one hundred and fifty dollars! That's all! Yes, sir, only one hundred and fifty! Why, if I hadn't of bought it it would of been a crime! Nothing less than a crime! I want you to keep that fact in mind, dad, because ——"

"For heaven's sake!" cried Mr. Merriam, "what—you—got—in that—box?"

Dramatically Lindsay threw back the lid, revealing in a velvet recess a shining, tubular, twisted, bell-mouthed something, scaffolded with metal bars and disks.

"Oh, Lindsay!" cried his mother in an anguished voice.

"Quadruple gold plate over triple silver plate!" her son reiterated.

"You haven't mentioned what it is—not even yet!" commented Mr. Merriam with abysmal cynicism. "Is it a fire extinguisher, or a home-brew outfit?"

"No—home blew," replied his son.

Seizing the gilded instrument and holding it as if to play, he began to shuffle, undulating his body in a negroid manner and singing:

"When I blow those home-brew blues
On my sexy saxophone,
I can get any gal I choose—
Come, ma baby, pouse ma own!
Bring yo' bottle, baby dear;
Fill it full of gin or beer;
Come and lap the home-made booze,
While I blow those home-brew—
Hear me blow those home-brew—
Blues!"

Having finished his song he blew upon the instrument, evoking from its golden throat sounds resembling ribald laughter, ending on a dissonant note.

"Oh, Lindsay!" cried Mrs. Merriam again.

"That's a nice refined song!" said his father caustically. "I suppose that's what they teach you in college."

At this juncture Chet Pollard came from the telephone closet.

"I had an awful time getting 'em," he said. "They had to page 'em all over the hotel. It's a darn nuisance!"

"Can they go?" Lindsay demanded.

"Naturally," replied Pollard.

Lindsay introduced him to his father; then: "We want to get theater seats for tonight, dad," he said. "I was wondering if you'd work your drag at the club."

"It would be nice if you could get seats for the new Shaw play," said Mrs. Merriam.

Again she sensed an exchange of wireless messages between the two young men.

"But look, mother ——"

Pollard, however, cut Lindsay short.

"That's so, Mrs. Merriam," he declared. "I understand the Shaw play is very—very clever. In my opinion Shaw is one of the cleverest playwrights there is; but you see, these girls we're going to take are musical—uh—they're very musical, and—uh—they thought they'd like to go to something—uh—something musical this time."

"There's a lovely little operetta called Mignonette," the mother suggested. "Quite the daintiest thing I've seen in years. If you ——"

"But look, mother," Lindsay broke in, "we were planning ——"

Here, however, the more adroit Pollard again took matters into his own hands.

"Yes, indeed, Mrs. Merriam," said he, "I hear Mignonette's awfully dainty. But I guess these girls must of—uh—must of seen it, or something. Anyway they were speaking of another musical show they hadn't seen, and ——"

"So we thought ——" began Lindsay.

"What's the name of it?" Mrs. Merriam asked.

"It's at the Apollo," answered the guest.

"I don't remember what's at the Apollo," she said, and turning to her husband, who had begun to read the evening paper, asked him to look it up.

At that, however, Pollard spoke up quickly.

"Oh, yes," he said, as if the name had just come to him. "It's called Jazbo."

Mr. Merriam now became interested.

"Jazbo?" he repeated. "Isn't that the name of the show the police were ——"

"It's quite all right now, though," his son interposed hastily.

"Who says so?"



The Triumph of Steel

Glance back over the history of automobile development and you will recognize one outstanding fact—

The tendency from the first has been toward an all-steel motor car.

Power and speed express themselves most effectively through steel.

Steel combines lightness with tremendous strength. It is readily shaped to sleek and beautiful contours. Being resilient and springy it resists vibration and the countless shocks incident to road-travel.

The amazing rapidity with which Michelin Steel Wheels are replacing spoked wheels on all types of motor cars is a natural step in this great development.

Michelin Steel Wheels—*five in each set*—perfect the evolution of the steel motor car, both in the quality of their performance and the singular grace and smartness of their design.

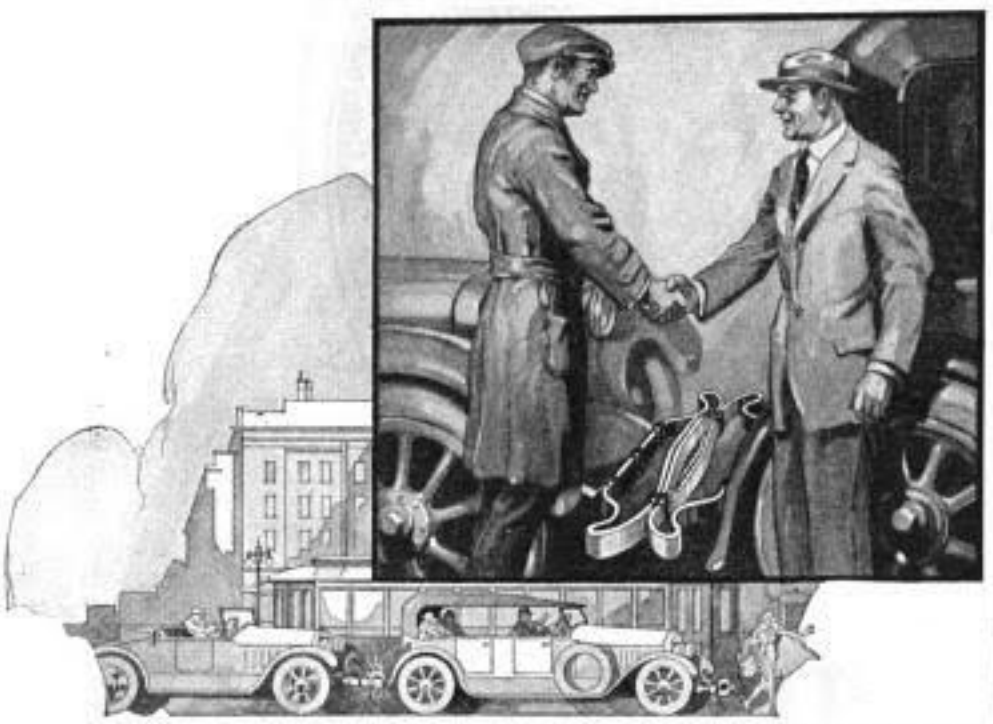
Dodge Brothers, Studebaker, Willys-Knight, Chalmers, Winton, Nash, and also White Truck are among those who have recognized the superiority of Michelin Steel Wheels by adopting them as standard or optional equipment.

BUDD WHEEL COMPANY
Philadelphia

BUDD
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"All right friend — no harm done!"



(Overheard in New Brunswick, N. J., between owners of cars No. 560-541 New York and No. 101-000 Conn.)

"All right, friend, no harm done."

"Some collision, too!"

"I'll say it was. No way of avoiding it, either."

"Didn't bother me a bit when I saw you had on Weed Bumpers, too."

"They certainly saved us from a bad smash-up, —my gas-tank and rear fenders, your front fenders, headlights, radiator—maybe worse."

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With Weed Bumpers a collision is merely a harmless incident instead of a costly accident. They pay for themselves many times over, to say nothing about keeping a car going. And they save you good money on your insurance in the first place.

Nothing to compare with the Weed Spring-Bar Bumper design. It is scientifically right. Did you read that "Up Against A Stone Wall" test? That super-test proved and sold the Weed Bumper to thousands of motorists.

As for looks, there is nothing that sets off a car so handsomely. The Weed Bumper adds distinction and beauty to any car.

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WEED SPRING-BAR BUMPER

"I was reading in the paper where they made those girls put on different costumes."

"Costumes?" said his father. "Was there trouble about costumes too? I understood it was the dancing of this woman, What's-her-name, that ——"

"Khiva," said Pollard. "But they say her manager paid the police to make a row, Mr. Merriam."

"Yes, just an advertising dodge," quickly supplemented Lindsay.

"The advertising dodge seems to have worked so far as you two boys are concerned," his father commented.

But this elicited immediate protests.

"No, sir, that's not it!" declared Pollard righteously.

"No, I should say not!" Lindsay added. "Why, dad, the music in this show's a knock-out. Three big fox-trot hits in one show: My Raggedy Rose, Sweet Cookie and You Gorilla-Man. And besides, if you invite a lady to go to the theater, and she expresses a desire to see some particular show, and you ——"

"And they have Joe Eckstein and his Saxophone Six," urged Pollard.

At this Mr. Merriam became still more interested.

"Oh, those fellows?" he said. "They must be the ones I heard last year. They're very good." He smiled at the memory; then looking with dawning curiosity at his son's new treasure lying in the open case he asked: "Is that the same sort of thing they play?"

"Sure," replied the collegian; "a saxophone—but this one's quadruple gold plate over triple silver plate."

"Let's hear you play it, then."

Lindsay took it up, put the mouthpiece to his lips and blew a stream of bubbling bursting notes.

"Can't you play us a tune?"

But the saxophonist shook his head.

"Needs other instruments—a piano anyhow," he answered.

"There's your mother—she'll play for you."

But Lindsay shook his head again.

"Oh, mother can't play jazz," he said.

"Your mother can't?" exclaimed Mr. Merriam. "I guess your mother can play anything anybody else can!" He looked questioningly at his wife, but she remained silent.

"No," said Lindsay, "jazz isn't like other music. It's a trick by itself. Maybe, if you'd like, we can get somebody in to play before vacation ends. Chet, here, has got his clarinet with him, and he's great on it."

Having won his father over to his instrument he now exhibited it in detail, showing how the stops worked.

"Gosh, I was lucky to get this one!" he said. "I never would have got it if Len Spinney hadn't been dropped out of college. You remember Len, mother?"

She nodded. "You say he's been dropped? That's too bad."

"Yes, and he didn't need to be. But he kept going to New York to see a girl, and he took too many cuts. He didn't mind much, though. He'd been thinking of marrying her anyway, so when he got dropped he decided to do it; but he hadn't any money and that's how I came to get it so cheap. He had to have a hundred and fifty dollars."

"A classmate of yours—married?" cried his mother.

"On a hundred and fifty dollars?" demanded Mr. Merriam.

"Uh-huh," replied Lindsay with a nonchalance that both his parents found ghastly. "That was all he really needed right away. His wife couldn't go on a wedding trip. She has to stay in town because she's in the Follies."

Mrs. Merriam stared at her son, thunderstruck, but the father was vocal for them both.

"My God!" he exclaimed.

"Well," said Lindsay, "she's knock-out for looks and a wonderful dancer, and a fellow has to marry sometime, doesn't he? By the way, dad, I need twenty-five dollars and —— Oh, I tell you who we could have in to jazz up the piano—Bea Morris—eh, Chet?"

"None better," said the other youth.

"Who's Bea Morris?" Mrs. Merriam inquired.

"Girl 't's going to the theater with us tonight. Say, dad, would you mind phoning for those seats?"

"How many?" asked his father, moving toward the door.

"Four."

"Aren't these girls to have a chaperon?" Mrs. Merriam asked.

An expression of pain came over the boy's face. "Gosh, mother!" he sighed. "Where you been all this time? If a girl's so dopeless she has to have a chaperon she doesn't get asked—that's all."

"Well, I'm thankful we haven't a daughter to bring up, the way things are," she said.

"Oh, I don't know," returned her son. "Just because there's no chaperon it doesn't necessarily mean necking."

"That's a comfort," Mr. Merriam said. "Then it's four, is it?"

"But really, Hobart," pursued his wife, "do you think it's proper for these boys to take young ladies to see a musical comedy the police were going to close?"

Again the look of pain swept over her son's face.

"Oh, mother!" he protested. "Don't be a flat tire! You'd call the Hallocks proper enough, wouldn't you?"

"Certainly."

"Well, Mrs. Hallock took Bobby and a lot of young people to see Jazbo—a big theater party, and a lot of subdebs at that."

"I could telephone and ask her what she thought of it."

"Mother! What kind of a position would that put *me* in? Asking people what shows I'd ought to see or not! You seem to forget I'm practically twenty."

"It can't hurt to ask her what sort of show it is," his mother contended, "if I don't tell her ——"

"Well," he said, still protesting, "I don't say she'd exactly *recommend* this show. Maybe she didn't know about the police and everything, but she took 'em, all the same. One of the girls came down to the prom, and she told me. She said she was kind of disappointed in the show, herself, after so much talk; said it wasn't so very rancid—just a little sour in spots."

"I'm not worrying about you," said his mother, "but about where you take these young girls."

But Pollard hastened to reassure her.

"Oh, don't worry about that, Mrs. Merriam," said he. "They're not young. Both of them are over twenty."

"But what will their mothers think if I ——"

"As far as that goes," he told her, "their mothers won't know anything about it. Midge hasn't got any mother, and Bea's mother is in White Sulphur or some place. And anyhow, Mrs. Merriam, she's a very broad-minded woman—she lets Bea do just whatever she pleases."

"What do you think, Hobart?" the mother asked.

"Oh," said her husband, "I'd let 'em go. These girls aren't our daughters, and from what I hear, it's the way all of 'em are now." And as she interposed no further objections he went to telephone for the theater seats.

III

IMMEDIATELY after dinner the two boys, slim and clean-looking in their tucs, rushed away in a taxi, and a little later Mrs. Merriam, having been unable to find anyone to accept her belated invitation, left her husband reading in his library and departed alone in her limousine for the concert.

But tonight the music, whirling in great somber currents through the auditorium, made only a background for her thoughts. Her mind was full of Lindsay. She was troubled about him; he had not only left his cello at college but had brought home what an instrument instead! A saxophone! And it had belonged to a boy who had been dropped from college and had married a chorus girl.

Who were these girls Lindsay was with? What had come over her son that he wished to take them to a tawdry show? She thought of her incessant efforts to develop in him a fastidiousness not only in music but in other things which should be his æsthetic and moral safeguard. And was this to be the outcome?

During the intermission she found friends to talk with; then the orchestra reassembled and she was left alone again. Lazlof, the great cellist, entered at one side, carrying his instrument, and amid applause made his way to a chair at the center of the stage; the choir of stringed instruments softly played the prelude, Lazlof lifted his slender bow, and the miracle began.

The sound of the cello added poignancy to her thoughts of her son. How often she had secretly visioned him playing to just

(Continued on Page 76)

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One of the many new type Fifth Avenue 'buses which are being equipped with Caterpillars



52,000 miles of service on rear wheels— and still running

For a long time the Fifth Avenue Coach Company, which operates the famous Fifth Avenue 'buses in New York, was skeptical as to the ability of Caterpillars to stand up on its vehicles.

Conditions of service on these 'buses are severe. The side-sway and the constant starting and stopping are a test of any tire's stamina.

The anxiety of the Fifth Avenue Coach Company to find tires that would be easier-riding than solids finally led it to give Caterpillars a trial. The following letter, dated May 12, 1922, and signed by Mr. George A. Green, General Manager of the Fifth Avenue Coach Company, tells the rest of the story:

> "In response to your request for data in connection with service rendered by your Caterpillar Cushion tires when mounted on our 'buses, please be advised that in December, 1920, we applied four 36x5 Caterpillar tires on the rear of 'bus 68, which successfully operated up to April, 1921, and which were then changed over to 'bus 538.
>
> "These tires are still in service and up to this date have performed a total mileage of 52,000 miles. As their condition is still good we have no doubt but that they will continue for some time longer to render satisfactory service."

Many more of the Fifth Avenue 'buses are now being equipped with Caterpillars.

Caterpillars are made in sizes suitable for trucks of every type and weight. If you are not familiar with their advantages, send for our little booklet "Caterpillar Logic."

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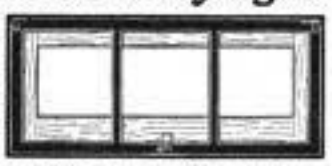
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How Much Daylight For Your Basement?

When you put in windows, you buy that much daylight. Naturally the more daylight the windows afford, the better is your purchase. Truscon Steel Basement Windows offer you double value. Not only do they give you a great deal more daylight than wooden windows, but surprisingly enough they cost you less.

83% More Daylight



In this illustration an actual Truscon Steel Basement Window is superimposed upon a wood window of same size. Note that the space occupied by the entire steel window, including the frame and sash, is no greater than that of the wood frame alone. Thus, from an opening 33¾" x 15", a Truscon Steel Basement Window gives 83 per cent more daylight.

46% More Daylight



This illustration shows the same comparison for an opening 33¾" x 23"; and here again the Truscon Steel Basement Window occupies only the space used by the wood frame and thus admits 46 per cent more daylight than the wood window.

Other Advantages

Truscon Steel Basement Windows can't stick or warp. They are always easy to open and close; they lock automatically. Their double contact weathering effectively keeps outwind, rain and snow. They are simple to install.

Get more daylight at lower cost

Dealers: Get our plan

Cost Less than Wood

With all their advantages the actual cost of Truscon Steel Basement Windows is as little as wood. In making comparisons remember that the Truscon Window comes complete with hardware attached, and with coat of paint, while for wood window you must add the cost of frame, sash, hardware, labor of fitting and priming coat of paint. Based on the amount of daylight received, the cost of the Truscon Window is one-third to one-half less.

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Address _____ (SEP-9)

(Continued from Page 74)

such a hushed audience as this! But alas, that dream, like so many others, must be relinquished.

"Did you hear those boys come in this morning?" her husband asked at breakfast.

"Yes."

"Did you notice the time?"

"Yes; I didn't sleep very well."

"Nearly seven!" he said, and she had a wanly humorous sense of his looking at her accusingly, as though the lateness of their home-coming were in some way her fault.

"I went into Lindsay's room before I came down," he continued gloomily. "I could have set off a bomb in there for all they'd have known! Room in horrible disorder—clothes all over the place. I stepped on a watch—don't know which of them it belongs to. What condition do you suppose they came home in?"

"Lindsay has always thrown his things around," she said.

"What could they have been doing?" he went on. "Do nice girls stay out with boys all night?"

"I don't know," she answered. "I don't believe I understand these young people."

"Well, I've been reading a book about them," he declared, "a novel some young fellow's written. If they're what he says they are they're a pretty queer lot."

"What's the name of the book?"

"I don't remember. If you want to look at it you'll find it on the table by my bed; it's got a red cover. Do you know anything about these two girls?"

"No."

"I wouldn't be surprised if they were chorus girls," said he.

"Oh, no!" It was as much a prayer as a denial.

"Why not? Didn't Lindsay say a classmate of theirs married a chorus girl? Didn't he seem to approve of it?"

"Oh, I can't believe he was thinking of that side of it," said she. "I think he was just glad to get the boy's saxophone."

"Well," he said in a sinister tone as he left the room, "you just read that book!"

Having the morning to herself she did read some of it and skimmed the rest. The publisher's announcement on the paper jacket proclaimed it A Passionate Tale of Youth in Revolt, and described the author as A Fearless Young Iconoclast, Impatient of Literary Shackles. Except one drunken middle-aged woman, there were in the world with which the story dealt no grown-up people. It was a world of flappers, gin and familiarities.

When about noon the boys came down to breakfast she looked apprehensively for signs of dissipation, and was infinitely relieved to find them clear-eyed and in high spirits. Lindsay, kissing her, did not smell of gin, but of the sticky oily stuff that made his hair so shiny.

"Did you have a good time?" she asked as she poured their coffee.

"Did we! Do you know what time we got in? It was darn near seven."

"How was Jazbo?"

"Pretty peppy, and great music. We just naturally had to go around to the Prowlers' Club afterwards, and dance all night."

"A club?"

"Not a real club; just a restaurant—the joint where they have the best music in town. Gosh, I can hear Sinzy yet, whanging out that You Gorilla-Man!" He began to hum, bouncing in his chair.

"Sinzy?"

"Yes," said her son; and as she looked blank he continued: "Mean to say you've never heard of Sinzy? Why, he's one of the greatest characters in this town. He's got a face like bad news from home, but I guess he's the best jazz piano player in the world."

"And the young ladies didn't get tired?"

Lindsay laughed.

"If they had their way we wouldn't be home yet, would we, Chet?"

"No," and he explained: "You see, Mrs. Merriam, these girls are a couple of the busiest little pep artists this side of Cayenne."

"They both dance well?"

"A girl's got to dance well to make the grade these days," her son informed her. "She's got to be practically as good as a professional."

"Then these girls aren't professionals?" she asked quickly.

"For heaven sakes!" returned her son. "What would we be doing with professional dancers?"

"Professionals look good on the floor," said Pollard, "but they try to lead you too much. But you take Midge"—he was speaking now to Lindsay—"did you ever dance with anybody as light as she is?"

"I sure did!" the other answered almost indignantly. "Bea's every bit as light as Midge—except maybe above the ears."

"Oh," retorted his friend, "you think so 'cause Bea falls for you harder! She sure was handing you a heavy line last night."

"Aw, what you talking about! She was not!"

"Sure she was! Didn't I hear her saying how you were so cynical and everything."

"I guess you're sore because she didn't shoot you a line," Lindsay returned. "Next thing, I s'pose, you'll say she's got a wooden leg or something. Why don't you say that too? Why don't you say she can't bang the box?"

"No, I wouldn't say that," conceded Pollard. "I got to admit she's some jazz baby."

"You just ought to hear her, mother!" Lindsay said.

"I should like to. Do you expect to see her again this vacation?"

"Do we? We're going to see 'em this afternoon."

"And again tonight," Pollard added.

"And that reminds me, mother—I'd like the car if you're not going to use it; and I need twenty-five dollars."

"What's on tonight?" she asked.

"Dance."

"But this is Good Friday, dear!"

"Oh, we won't begin dancing till after midnight. We can start kind of late, and eat along, and go to a movie or something."

She saw her opportunity and seized it.

"Why not ask them here to dinner? We can have some jazz afterwards."

Again the wireless went to work between the boys.

"Why, I think that would be fine," Pollard said in answer to his friend's unspoken question.

"Yes, if we could get 'em," Lindsay said, "but they might have a date for dinner or something. You know, mother, they're about two of the most popular girls in New York."

"Oh, we'll get 'em all right," declared Pollard.

"Hadn't you better telephone and ask them?" suggested Mrs. Merriam.

"Way I look at it," said Chet, "if I was doing it I wouldn't ask 'em anything. Keep calling a girl up and you don't have her guessing. These dopeless birds keep calling their girls up, 'Can you do this?' 'Can you do that?' and so forth; so that girl isn't guessing, 'cause she sees the bird's dopeless. But my way would be, I'd wait till I saw 'em this afternoon, and then I'd tell 'em. I'd just say, 'You're coming to dinner, woman.'"

"All right," said Lindsay, impressed; "you handle it."

"Well, I'll expect them at eight," Mrs. Merriam said. "If they can't come telephone me."

IV

WITHOUT having definite knowledge of their plans she had supposed that the boys would return in time to dress for dinner, but when at eight they had not appeared she concluded that they would arrive with the young ladies.

In a few minutes, however, they came in alone, paused breathless in the drawing-room door to tell her that the girls would be along presently, and rushed upstairs to dress; but when at half past eight they came down the guests had not arrived.

"Where's dad?" asked Lindsay.

"He had to stay downtown on business. Where are the young ladies?"

"Oh, they'll breeze in pretty soon," said Pollard with the insouciance of one accustomed to hotel service.

"You asked them for eight?"

"Yes, but it was after eight when we broke away."

It was nearly nine when the girls arrived. Though much of the slang she heard the boys use seemed meaningless, the term "breeze in" struck Elsa Merriam as describing very accurately the manner of Miss Bea Morris and Miss Midge Ayres. Their appearance fascinated her. Their figures were slight and supple, their necks and arms round and white like young birch trees, and their filmy little evening gowns, continually agitated as they flirted their bodies about, called to mind the cloudlike texture of springtime tree tops whipped by erratic April winds. She could hardly tell them apart. Their faces had a look of unreality, suggesting carved masks, very pretty and almost human in expression; eyebrows plucked to a narrow line, cheeks frankly tinted, lips like scarlet poppy petals, hair like a shock of yellow uncurled ostrich plumes. Shaking hands with them she heard a little clatter of gold boxes knocking against each other as they dangled from short chains attached to their wrists.

"Oh, Mrs. Merriam!" panted Bea, hardly waiting for Lindsay to introduce her, "we've had a perfectly fantastic time getting here!" She clutched her chest like an emotional actress.

"Simply revolting!" cried Midge.

Whereafter they ran on together in gasping broken sentences, noisily exclamatory, recounting the misadventures of the preceding hour. Mrs. Merriam gathered that they might, by implication, be apologizing for the tardiness of their arrival; at all events it was the nearest thing to an apology that she received. Stripped of dramatics, their story was a simple one. They



At the Center of the Stage She Stopped, Faced the Audience, and Touched Up Her Cheeks and Lips

(Continued on Page 79)

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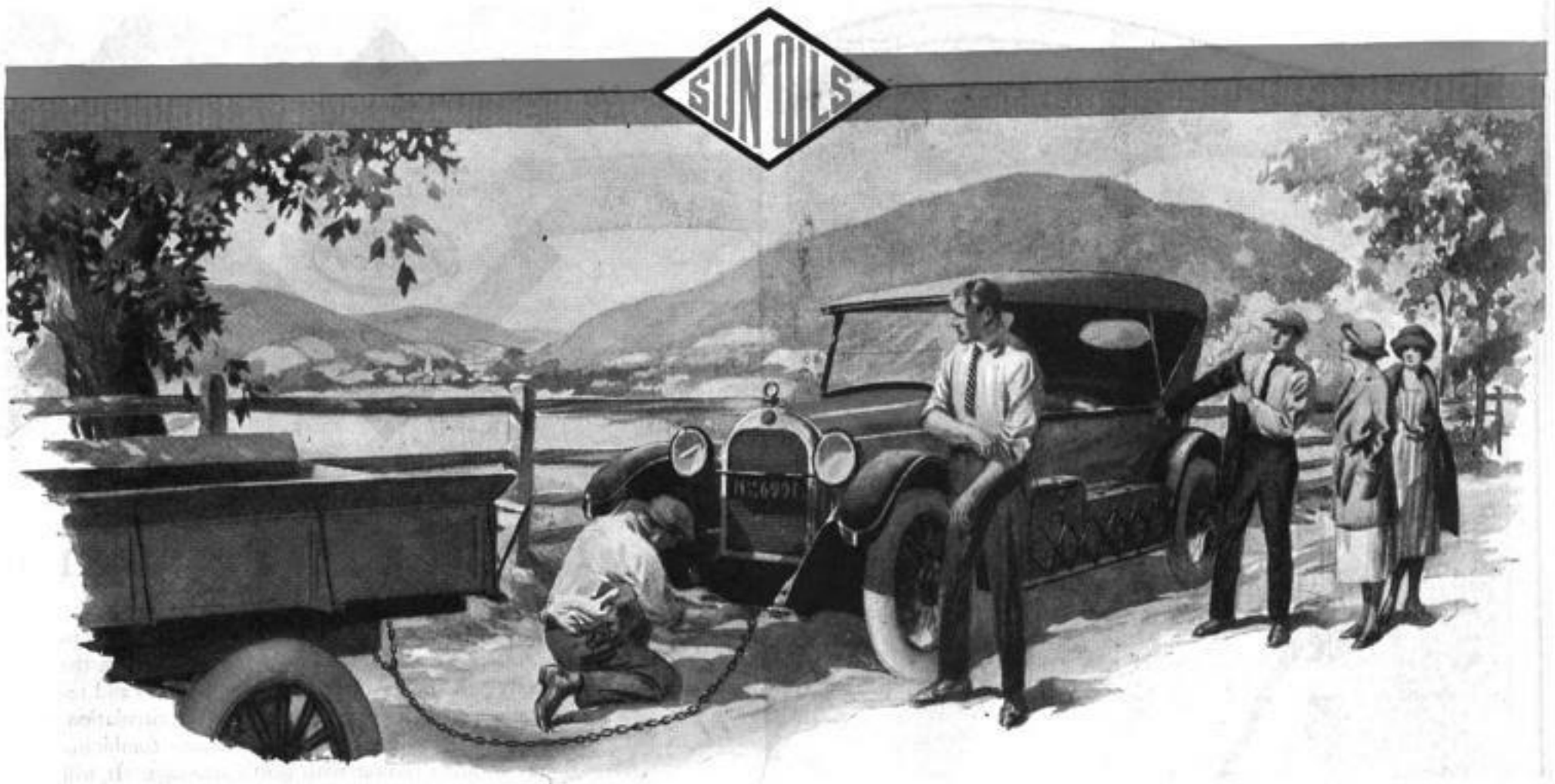
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Engine trouble—

and your vacation trip just started!

Your motor tuned up—battery fully charged—new tires all around! You thought you had prepared against every possible trouble.

And you had—except one vital thing. *You failed to replace the old, "dead" oil in your crankcase* with a fresh supply of good, clean oil of the proper type.

On the first clear straight-a-way, your engine began to heat up. *Faulty lubrication was getting in its deadly work.*

Whether it was a burned-out bearing, "frozen" piston, broken connecting rod or damaged crankshaft, the results were the same—trip spoiled and a big repair bill to pay.

Two things you MUST do—*and this means all the year 'round*—if you want a full-powered, dependable, trouble-free engine. (1) Use a high-quality oil of the right type. (2) Drain your crankcase every 500 to 800 miles.

Make this a habit. Go regularly to a dealer who sells SUNOCO Motor Oil. Have the old oil cleaned from your crankcase and refill with the type of SUNOCO *designed for your car*. Remember—this should be done every 500 to 800 miles.

SUNOCO is a high quality and scientifically accurate lubricant—a clear, clean oil of heavy body that will maintain a proper piston-ring seal and eliminate carbon troubles. It is made by a company that has specialized in lubrication for 25 years.

Thousands of car owners who use SUNOCO exclusively realize what proper lubrication means in added pleasure and economy.

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(Continued from Page 76)

seemed to wish her to understand that there had been difficulties with the shoulder straps of the new frock Bea was wearing, and that the chauffeur had driven them to a wrong address.

"These old shoulder straps! And just when I was trying to hurry! And that fantastic chauffeur! I told him West Forty-eighth as plain as could be, didn't I, Midge? But he drove ——"

"You don't mean West Forty-eighth!" shrilled the other. "You mean East Forty-eighth. You told him ——"

"Yes, that's what I mean—East Forty-eighth! East Forty-eighth, I told him, as plain as could be! But he drove us to West Forty-eighth. Poor creature must be feeble-minded!"

"And he stopped in front of a tailor shop!" cried the other.

"Yes, fancy! A tailor shop!"

So they ran on, their arms, shoulders and fluffy bobbed locks continually in motion, while Elsa, bewildered, listened and watched.

Catching sight of her reflection in a mirror Bea turned suddenly and crossed the room, revealing that the back of her dress consisted, above the waist, of very little more than the shoulder straps, which were flesh-colored ribbon. Before the mirror she took from her hair a comb, with which she fluffed up her outstanding yellow mane. Midge followed suit; then the two flopped down together on a couch, crossing their knees, exhibiting the tops of rolled down stockings. Elsa had hardly convinced herself that she saw aright when the entrance of Wilkes, with the announcement that dinner was served, caused the girls to open the little gold boxes hanging from their wrists, and gazing into the mirrored covers, freshen the color on their already tinted lips.

"Did I tell you," cried Bea to the boys as she took her chair at the dinner table, "that I'm going up to the prom at New Haven? I'm so thrilled I'm almost insane!"

"Hush—New Haven!" commented Chet; while Lindsay asked, "Who you going with?"

"Freddie Spencer." And in response to a contemptuous snort from her host, she added, "Why, what you got against Freddie?"

"Sofa specialist," said he.

"Oh, indeed! Well, a New Haven boy told me he was a wonderful athlete."

"Cozy-corner athlete," the boy muttered.

"Look, Bea," put in Chet in a fatherly tone, "I wouldn't advise any woman I cared about to go to a lot of proms."

"Well, I like that!" she exclaimed. "Why, the prom at Princeton was the first one I ever went to in my whole life."

"New Haven's a very different matter," Pollard declared.

"Oh, is it?"

"I'm only advising you f' your own good," Pollard went on. "A woman doesn't want to get herself known as a prom trotter."

"Specially with a bird like Freddie," Lindsay put in quickly.

"Prom trotter!" she repeated pettishly. "Don't be fantastic!" And to Lindsay: "I certainly wish I'd known you didn't like Freddie, though, 'cause if I had I wouldn't have invited him around."

"Around here?" he repeated, surprised. "When?"

"Tonight, of course."

"What you do that for?"

"We need somebody to drum, don't we? Freddie drums like an angel."

"Oh, we could of got along without drums."

"Well anyway," said Bea, "he wasn't certain he could come. He was just starting out from the hotel when we met him—going to some putrid party—but he said he'd get away if he could."

"He's a knock-out dancer," Midge put in.

"Yes," said Bea, "and of course you've noticed how wonderfully his hair grows. I've never seen a boy with such divine hair."

Whereat Pollard, who had been gazing at her, shook his head, exclaiming as if with instant admiration: "Oh, you woman! You woman, you!"

V

WILKES failed to pass cigarettes to the young ladies with the coffee, they followed them from their own cases, which, together with their make-up boxes, they had laid beside their plates on reaching the table; and the butler, thus prompted, hastily brought matches.

"I'll have a cigar," said Chet, and when Lindsay remarked at this deviation from custom he explained, "I'm off cigarettes—they're too effeminate."

"Listen," said Bea, "if we're going to play let's go to it," and though the hostess had not finished her coffee the two girls rose from the table.

"Hold on," said her son. "Mother hasn't finished."

"Oh, don't wait for me," she said, whereupon the four young people left the room.

Nor was she greatly surprised at this, for with the exception of Lindsay, who had tried to include her in the conversation, they had ignored her throughout the meal.

When a little later she followed her guests to the drawing-room she saw no sign that her entrance was observed. Midge and the boys were standing at the piano watching Bea, who was beating out a syncopated tune with a rhythm that reminded Elsa of a mechanical piano. She sat down in a chair across the room and watched. A cigarette was dangling from the girl's lower lip and as it burned shorter she threw her head back to keep the smoke out of her eyes.

"Give us an ash tray, somebody," she said, blinking and addressing the room.

The boys began to look about for ash trays, but they were on a table near Elsa, so she carried one over and placed it on the shelf at the side of the music rack, receiving by way of acknowledgment a little nod from the girl.

Presently the music was interrupted by the arrival of the sleek Freddie Spencer with his two drum cases.

"Yay boy Freddie!" was Bea's greeting. "Glad you made the grade."

"Got in wrong doing it," he said.

"Why, was she snooty to you?"

"Yop."

"She's that way. She was snooty to me once too," Bea told him. "I never get invited there any more. I should lie awake nights!"

While Freddie adjusted his drums Lindsay ran upstairs for the saxophone and clarinet, and when he returned the little orchestra assembled around the piano.

"We'll play Sweet Cookie," announced Bea. "Everybody ready? Altogether now—let's go!"

And with a crash they began; the piano, drums and cymbal beating out the rhythm, the saxophone belching the melody, the clarinet garnishing the composition with squealing arabesques. The music, moreover, was accompanied by physical activities. Bea at the piano and Freddie at the drums were dancing—if people sitting down may be said to dance; Chet, his body undulating, maneuvered in short steps upon the rug, while Lindsay swayed in what appeared to his mother to be a sort of negroid ecstasy, swinging his instrument about as he played, and occasionally throwing his head back like one drinking from a bottle.

With a feeling that Midge was temporarily left out, Elsa moved over and joined her on a couch where she was seated, but Midge had no intention of remaining in the background. As they finished Sweet Cookie she leaped to her feet shrieking a demand for You Gorilla-Man, and upon their complying, began to shuffle loose-jointedly, her whole body shaking as if with palsy; and upon their reaching the refrain she added to the tumult by singing loudly through her nose:

Oh, you Gorilla-Man, I'm so in love with you!
Come catch me if you can! It won't be hard to do!
Oh, swing me through the trees, beneath the moon serene.
You're my Gorilla-Man, and I'm your Jungle Queen!

"But she doesn't know what the words mean," Mrs. Merriam reflected in extenuation; and as an afterthought she added: "Neither do I."

Overwhelmed at first by the mere volume of barbaric sound she found herself after a time trying to analyze jazz. It seemed to her to be musical Bolshevism—a revolt against law and order in music. Apparently, too, the jazz Bolsheviks were looters, pillaging the treasure houses of music's aristocracy. One piece was based upon a Chopin waltz, another was a distortion of an aria from Tosca, another had been filched from Strauss' Rosenkavalier. Had something gone wrong with the mind of the world? Was there a connection between the various disturbing elements—free verse, futuristic painting, radicalism, crime waves, obstreperous youth, jazz music, jazz dancing, jazz thinking? She rose, crossed the room, and standing behind Bea, watched her hands upon the keyboard.

"How do you do that bass?" she asked the girl in an interval between pieces. "You seem to hit a lot of black notes with the flat of your hand."

"That's what a crash bass is," said Bea over her shoulder.

"How did you learn it?"

"Just picked it up. But there are lots of basses I can do that are more difficult than that; take the Honky-tonk, for instance, or the Hoochy." Nonchalantly she exhibited several of her left-handed accomplishments. "It's a gift," she explained. "One of the best jazz players I know can't read a note—picked it up from listening to records and watching the keys go down on a mechanical piano. And they say Sinzy himself can't read very well. Anyway, people that play classical music can't play jazz; they ruin it trying to put expression in it."

"Then," said Elsa, "the idea of jazz is to ——"

But she was cut short by Pollard, who had been wandering restlessly about, and who now, unable longer to control himself remarked, "It's getting late. We've got to ease along pretty soon. Let's play Tag, You're It!"

"No, I can't play any more," said Bea. "This fantastic shoulder strap's cutting the arm off me." She pulled the ribbon aside, exhibiting a red mark upon her flesh.

"If you'll come up to my room," invited Elsa, "I'll try to fix it."

"All right," said the girl, and they went upstairs.

"I'll have to take off my dress," she said on reaching the bedroom. "Guess you better give me something to get into."

Mrs. Merriam brought a peignoir; then she undid the few catches holding the dress together in the back, and Bea stepped out of it.

Hastily Mrs. Merriam looked away, holding the peignoir toward her.

"And he's going to dance all night with this girl!" she thought.

During the three remaining days of the vacation Elsa saw Lindsay hardly at all. After their noontime breakfasts the boys would dash away, returning at nightfall to change into their tucs and disappear again.

On Monday night as he and Chet were leaving the house Lindsay said good-by to her. "We're going to take our bags to the station now," he told her, "and dance till train time."

"When does your train go?"

"Six."

"You're going out on a morning train in evening clothes?"

"Sure," he returned debonairly; "and to an eight-o'clock class."

"Then," she said, too wise to let him see how the picture shocked her, "I hope it's a gut course."

As she kissed him good-by at the front door she seemed to remember something.

"What's the name of that jazz piano player at the Prowlers' Club?"

"Sinzy."

"I thought that was it, but it's not in the telephone book."

He smiled, saying, "It's short for Sinzenheimer."

VI

RESTLESSNESS was apparent in the first few letters Elsa Merriam received from Lindsay after his return to college, and she observed with concern that as the term progressed he frequently came to New York for week-ends. Shortly before the beginning of the summer vacation he wrote:

Why do we always have to spend our summers in the same old place? I'm sick and tired of Westfield. Why can't we take a house at Southampton, where there's something doing? If we've got to go to Westfield I want to visit around. Bea's invited Chet and me to spend a couple of weeks at their place in Southampton.

In her reply she suggested that instead of his going to Southampton, Bea and Chet come up to Westfield immediately after college closed. In her letter she said:

Westfield's going to be quite gay in June and July. There's the golf tournament, and I've already heard of several house parties. Dorothy Hallock will be coming back pretty soon, and they're planning to have the amateur

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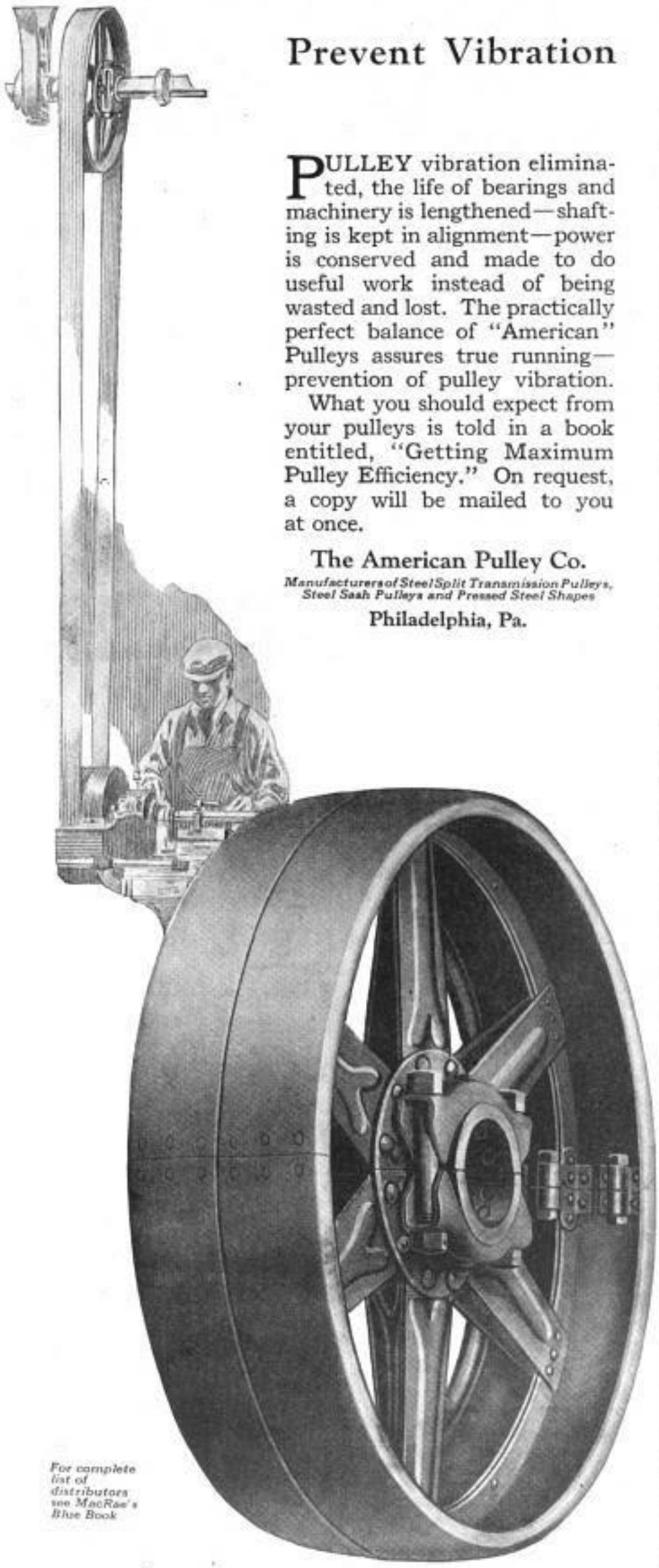
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vaudeville at the country club soon after we get up there. You'll be glad to know that I've engaged Sinzy's orchestra to play for the dance afterwards.

She had barely finished writing when Wilkes announced the arrival of the instructor, an acknowledged leader in his special branch of the musical art, who since the Easter holidays had been giving her three lessons a week at a fabulous fee.

She found him in the drawing-room, a slight, dark, foreign-looking man, dressed in a black-and-white-striped suit, much cut in at the waist. His buttoned shoes had gray cloth tops and his haberdashery was obviously expensive, but his face, which was all nose and mouth, looked, as Elsa remembered hearing someone say, like bad news from home.

"Well," he said genially as she entered, "how's d' little woman t'day?"

"Fine," she answered, and congratulated herself on having made the appropriate reply.

"All right," he said. "Go to it!" And she sat down and played The Spinning Mouse.

"Swell!" said her professor when she finished. "Take it from me, you won't find nobody can play that piece like you can. They're scared of it—it shows 'em up. All you gotta do now is keep on—agitate the ivories."

She did keep on, in New York, and later in Westfield, until Lindsay came home, though after his arrival she was not able to practice when he was in the house. But he was not often in the house—particularly after Bea and Chet arrived from Southampton in Bea's yellow roadster.

In the week that followed she found herself somewhat in the position of a roadhouse keeper, supplying meals to transient motorists who might arrive at any hour or might not arrive at all.

On the night of the vaudeville and dance she sent the three young people over to the country club for dinner, saying that she would dine quietly at home with Mr. Merriam, who had arrived from New York that afternoon.

"One thing's sure," Lindsay told her proudly before leaving, "Bea's jazz is going to be a knock-out at the vaudeville. I told 'em they better put her at the end of the program, 'cause if she played early she'd kill the other acts."

Outside the open door the yellow roadster was purring, and Bea in the driver's seat was impatient.

"Snap it up!" she called in to Lindsay, whereupon he hastened out, and his mother went upstairs to dress.

Tonight it took her a long time. When she came down her husband was waiting, and from his expression she was immediately aware that her costume interested him.

"My goodness!" he chuckled. "Why, I'd hardly have known you. You look about eighteen. How did you get your hair like that?"

"It's a wig." She spun around, making the fluffy mass stand out.

"My goodness!" he exclaimed again.

When they reached the club she said, "You go out and sit in the audience. I'm going in the back way."

As Mr. Merriam entered, the vaudeville was about to begin; the footlights were turned on, the lights in the assembly room were dimmed, and those who had dined at the club were hastening to find seats.

In the half darkness Lindsay caught sight of his father.

"Where's mother?" he asked.

"Oh, I guess she's around some place," answered Mr. Merriam, his eyes twinkling.

"Here's three places!" Chet called, and Lindsay hastened on.

As he made his way between the rows of chairs, followed by Bea and Chet, he perceived that the Hallocks were seated in the same row, and that a young lady, evidently their guest, was in the chair next to his. She was talking to Bobby Hallock, and her face was turned away from him, but he liked the way her dark hair was piled up on her head, and it struck him that her gown had, somehow, a very fashionable look.

As usual there were no printed programs; the names of the performers were displayed successively on large cards placed at either side of the proscenium. The first card announced George M. Cohan, the second Uncle Remus, and the third Signora Wilsoni, who was additionally billed as The Sweet Singer of Hillside Road. But the members of the Westfield Country Club were much too astute to be deceived by the names upon the cards or the disguises worn by the performers. They recognized Ellen Niles, dressed in her brother's clothes, which were much too large for her, flourishing a cane and singing nasally from the corner of her mouth; Bud Smith in blackface, feigning to hoe the stage while he gossiped humorously in negro dialect about various members of the club; and young Mrs. Templeton Wilson, singing ballads in a demure blue frock.

The cards for the fourth number announced The Painted Jazzabel, but when the curtains were drawn back the stage was empty, save for a grand piano and a bench. Almost at once, however, The Painted Jazzabel strolled on, and the manner in which she did so might accurately have been described as breezing in. Her figure was slight and supple, her neck and arms round and white like a birch tree, and her filmy little evening gown, continually agitated as she flirted her body about, might have made an onlooker think of the cloudlike texture of springtime tree tops whipped by erratic April winds. Her face had a look of unreality, suggesting a carved mask, very pretty and almost human in expression; eyebrows penciled to a narrow line, cheeks frankly tinted, lips like scarlet poppy petals, hair like a shock of yellow uncurled ostrich plumes.

"Gosh!" gasped Lindsay. "It's mother!"

The note of burlesque in the costume was accentuated by two large tin boxes dangling at the end of dog chains wrapped around the wrist of The Painted Jazzabel. At the center of the stage she stopped, faced the audience, opened one of the tin boxes, took from it a large stick of crimson grease paint, and gazing into the mirrored interior of the lid, touched up her cheeks and lips. Then, closing the make-up box, she took from the other a cigarette, lighted it, and let it dangle from her lower lip as, with a gait suggesting a surcharge of vitality, she proceeded to the piano, her arms, shoulders and fluffy bobbed locks continually in motion.

As, after a moment, Elsa was generally recognized, there was amused whispering throughout the room; then laughter and applause—in which, however, her son did not participate.

"Gosh!" he muttered again when, in taking her seat at the piano, she momentarily revealed the fact that her stockings were rolled down.

"How perfectly fantastic!" Bea exclaimed. "What's she going to do?"

"Darned if I know—in that get-up! She usually plays Chopin."

But this time she did not play Chopin. Detaching the dog chains from her wrist she flung the two tin boxes with a clatter to the bench beside her, and with her cigarette still dangling, began in an extremely efficient manner to agitate the ivories, playing a composition which, despite embellishments, was instantly recognized by those familiar with the music of the moment as Booful Baboon Babe. The music, moreover, was accompanied by physical activities. Elsa was dancing—if a person sitting down may be said to dance.

Her final burst of pyrotechnics was met by a roar of applause, but she seemed unconscious of it. Putting down her cigarette she opened the tin make-up box, took out a comb, and gazing into the mirrored cover, fluffed up her bobbed locks, amid increasing laughter. Then after adjusting her shoulder straps and pulling up her stockings she played the eccentric fox trot Stub Your Toe, and modulated from that into The Spinning Mouse. This performance drew a comment from Bea, for The Spinning Mouse was notoriously difficult, and was seldom attempted by pianists because, to quote the words of an authority, "They're scared of it—it shows 'em up."

"Why, I didn't know your mother could rag!" she said, during the tumult that followed.

"Neither did I, but she certainly can! I think she's got Sinzy trimmed, don't you?"

Bea did not answer his question, but remarked: "Well, I never could see that Spinning Mouse."

Lindsay had his own views as to his mother's appearance, and was planning to express them to her at the earliest possible moment; but for this new accomplishment of hers he had only admiration, and the criticism implied in Bea's remark annoyed him.

"Do you mean you couldn't see it, or you couldn't play it?" he demanded.

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"I mean," she replied stiffly, "that it's just a stunt to show off with."

"Anybody that can play like my mother can," he said, looking her pugnaciously in the eye, "has got a darn good right to show off." And he added: "I don't remember as I ever saw you showing off that way!"

She looked at him angrily, then turned away and spoke to Chet.

"It's awfully stuffy in this place," she said. "It's given me a headache. Come on, let's get the roadster."

She rose and Chet followed.

"But look, Bea," protested Lindsay; "you can't go like that! They're expecting you to play."

"Then they're going to get fooled," she said scornfully. "They've got too much piano playing on their program. This whole place makes me sick abed anyway! Come on, Chet."

And the two moved away.

Lindsay watched them to the door. All right, then! If Bea wanted to go like that, let her! He was pretty well fed up on Bea anyway—and Chet, too, for that matter! It was one thing to go out to dances with them, but quite another to have them visiting for days and days in your own house. What did he care whether Bea played tonight or not? It made no difference to him. All he'd have to do was notify the committee that she'd changed her mind—a simple enough matter, since Mrs. Hallock, the chairman, sat but a few seats away from him.

During the intermission he rose and informed her of Bea's departure; whereupon the young lady beside whom he had been sitting smiled up at him and ventured a remark:

"I'm not surprised that your friend doesn't want to play," she said. "Your mother's a perfect marvel."

Lindsay's eyes grew large as he looked back at her.

"Why, Dorothy!" he cried. "For heaven sakes! And I've been sitting right next you all this time!" He seized both her hands.

"I've been wondering how long it was going to take you to speak to me," she said.

"Believe me," he answered, gazing at her appreciatively, "I wouldn't have waited long if I'd recognized you; but how could I, in that grown-up dress, and with your hair done that way?"

"Do I look so much older? You know short skirts and bobbed hair aren't considered smart any more. They're *vieux jeu*."

"In Paris, you mean?" he asked her eagerly. "Are they? Well, I'm mighty glad to hear it! I'm fed up with flappers, with their short skirts and their stockings at half-mast. I like a woman to be dignified, and her hair done up." He sank down in the chair beside her and continued: "You know, Dorothy, as a matter of fact, I don't think much of modern girls. What can they do? Nothing but dance. Or if they play it's only jazz. Their manners leave much to be desired and they haven't got anything above the ears. In my opinion your father did a mighty good job to send you to a nice conservative place like Paris. I tell you, if I had a daughter ——" But at this juncture, catching sight of his mother, still in that outrageous flapper make-up, he broke off. "Excuse me," he said. "I've got to see about something. I'll be back."

VII

AS HE paused on the margin of the group surrounding his mother one of the older men spoke to him.

"Well, Lindsay," he said, "I didn't know your mother was such a siren."

"She isn't!" he returned shortly, and began to elbow his way toward her.

The young men were around her too; they were congratulating her and she was handing them a line. He was beginning to feel a contempt for his own sex. You might think they were hoping she was going to keep on like this! Dumb-bells!

As he was about to speak to her he found himself cut off by a small, dark individual wearing a tight-waisted tuc.

"Well, little woman," Lindsay heard him say as he patted her on the arm, "you sure did put it across. I'll tell the world you're some jazz baby!"

Lindsay crowded in and put his arm roughly around her.

"Look, mother," he said in a low, determined voice, "you come out of here!" And without regard for the maestro or the

"What do I want? I want you to go home and get some clothes on!"

"But I have to stay for the rest of the show, and the dance. I promised young Mr. Curtiss ——"

Still with his arm around her he was propelling her down the porch toward the door of the ladies' dressing room.

"Look here," he said, "you don't dance with young Mr. Curtiss, or young Mr. Anybody Else, till you get some more clothes on! The idea of your coming to a public place like that!"

"What you so snooty about?" she demanded.

"Mother!"

"Well, don't you want me to be up-to-date? I haven't had so much attention in years."

"Up-to-date!" he repeated with vast superiority. "If you kept really up-to-date you'd be aware that short skirts and bobbed hair aren't considered smart any more. They're *vieux jeu*—that's what they are!"

He thrust her through the door, planted himself outside, and waited until she reappeared in her light cloak; then taking her by the elbow he hurried her down the gravel drive and into the car, and drove her home. As they neared home they saw, disappearing down the road, the tail light of another car which had just left the house, and Lindsay thought he knew what car it was.

"Did Miss Morris and Mr. Pollard just drive away?" he asked Wilkes, who let them in.

"Yes, Mr. Lindsay. They came home and packed in a hurry—got Sarah and me to help them—and from what they said I don't think they're coming back."

"Didn't they leave any word?" asked Mrs. Merriam.

"No, madam; but they were saying how they would make Southampton in time for breakfast tomorrow morning."

"Yes," said Lindsay to his mother, "and they'll stage a snappy entrance at Southampton—breezing in to breakfast in evening dress, and thinking they're the hit of the piece. If you want to know what I think, I think that kind of a performance is pretty juvenile."

"But they can't have gone without leaving a message," she said, incredulous. "That would be so rude."

"They think it's the thing to be rude," he told her, "and there are lots more like 'em. Park in people's houses, order their servants around, treat their hostess like a hotel keeper, and get up and go when they feel like it, without so much as saying thank you. There's modern young people for you! Nothing above the ears. I tell you, mother, if I had a daughter you bet I'd get her out of all this kind of thing. I'd send her over to Paris, where it's conservative."

He had walked upstairs with her and they were standing at her bedroom door.

"Paris? Conservative?" she repeated, mystified.

"Yes. Now hurry, mother, will you, so we can get over to the club by the time the dancing begins? I told Dorothy I'd be back."

"Ah!" she said to herself as she shut the door.

While she was dressing he paced the hall outside, occasionally shouting to her.

"Didn't you think she looked wonderful?" he demanded at the top of his lungs.

"Who?" she called back, laughing silently.

"Why, Dorothy."

"Of course," she shouted. "Dorothy always looks well." Then, with an amused sense of experimenting with words, she added: "And she's such a sweet girl."

This time he did not correct her, but heartily agreed, whereupon she asked: "You wouldn't call her dopeless, would you?"

"I should say not! Not since Paris. She's a very sophisticated woman. Look, mother, let's get her over for some real music tomorrow afternoon."

"All right!" Elsa called back happily.

When a little later she emerged from her room he surveyed her critically.

"That's more like it," he said.

They descended and got into the car, but after he had started the motor he thought of something and, setting the brake, jumped out again.

"Wait a second," he said. "I want to get my saxophone to show to one of Sinzy's men. I bet he's never seen one that's

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"— THAT SHALL HE ALSO REAP"

(Continued from Page 17)

goes round motherin' up stray ash cats and lost dogs and other people's neglected babies. And there's another kind of old maid that don't seem to fit in anywheres, but air shy and awkward and always on the outside of whut's goin' on. And I reckin there ain't no more mournful lot fur any human bein' to fill than that is—specially in a town about the size, say, of this one, where everybody knows who and whut you are. But, shuckin's, son, whut's the use of my drivelin' on about Miss Cordelia Bray, when you saw her every day of your life, purty near it, up till the time you went away frum here to live? You kin picture her jest ez well ez I kin."

I did get the picture clearly enough. Across the eye of my mind it came walking in out of the darkness—that small, shrinking, flat-chested shape, dressed always in garments which seemed to have been devised for some other woman to wear, that shy, bleak face, those pale, yearning eyes, of the town's chief heiress. The completed image as I had last seen it was most amply conjured up. But it had taken the old judge's words to give me adequate understanding of this woman, who might have had everything which money will buy, and yet through all the days she walked this world utterly lacked for those gifts which money cannot buy—physical comeliness, grace, warmth, high spirit, personality, the art of making friends, the joys of loving and being loved in return. Oh, yes, I could see her.

"Let's see, now, where wuz I?" went on Judge Priest when Jeff, obeying a wheezed command, had done his duty by the drained toddy glasses. "Oh, yes! Well, suzz, fur all the money she had now at her command, Miss Cordelia Bray went on livin' purty much ez she had lived whilst her paw wuz alive. She did fix up the old Grundy homestead with paint and a new roof and one thing and another, and she had the fences mended, and planted flowers round the house where before there'd been a regular jungle of weeds and briers, but she didn't put on any special amount of style, otherwise. Fur one thing, she didn't clutter the place up with servants—jest kept right on with Aunt Jurdina and Uncle Silas, them two faithful old darkies that had been workin' fur the Bray family since away back before she wuz born. But in a quiet kind of a way she done a right smart fur charity and fur her church, which that, I'm bound, wuz one trait she hadn't inherited frum her paw. With old Humphrey it wuz a case of charity beginnin' at home and stayin' right there too. It never got a chance to stray off the premises whilst he held the purse strings. And he'd never been much of a hand fur churchgoin', neither, and certainly he'd never qualified at church givin'. 'Lowin' him his dues, we've got to admit that he differed frum some of these here confirmed money grabbers—he never tried to hide his greedy little soul under the mask of religion. But Miss Cordelia took after her mother, I jedge. Anyhow, she wuz mighty faithful to her church and mighty generous to it, too, oncet she got the control of her estate.

"Well, the years went rollin' by. Lawsy, but how they do roll by on a feller! And here, all of a sudden, seemed like, Miss Cordelia wuz an old maid in real downright earnest, same ez she'd always been one in spirit—her hair turnin' gray and her face gettin' lined and wrinkled before her time. Yit down in her soul I'm certain shore she never had got entirely reconciled and used to bein' an old maid. Somehow, there wuz a look out of her eyes that told you she wuz starvin' fur a little genuine affection in her life. Every woman is entitled to at least one romance and she'd never had hers and she wuz rebellious, I take it, at the trick that had been played on her. Ez I recall, she'd never had any beaux sparkin' round her when she wuz a little trick growin' up; she didn't even have anybody to come a-courtin' after she come into her fortune, and that wuz a curious thing, and yit, after all, not such a curious thing neither when you think it over. Ef jest oncet some stranger had a-tried to flirt with her on the street I jedge it would a-been a sweet boon to her. She probably would a-ducked her head and run like a deer, but at any rate she could have nursed the belief always afterwards that fur one precious little minute a man had been drawn to her. But nothin' like that came to pass. And then, here three years ago this comin' summer, the romance she'd been waitin' fur all her days came into her life—and a pretty sorry sort of a romance it turned out to be too."

"I'll say it was," put in Doctor Lake, and I knew the doctor had been absorbing the slang of the newer generation. "I'll tell the world."

"Not jest yit," said Judge Priest dryly. "Let's tell this boy here about it first, and then sort of let nature take its course. Here's the way it started: One day a gentleman freely advertisin' himself to be named Christopher Columbus Gaffney and by profession to be a free-lance journalist, whutever that may be, hit this town. He let on to hail frum the city of Chicago, but it's my private opinion that a crack in the earth opened up somewheres and he crawled out frum a damp moldy hole underground. Take notice, son, frum now on, he's the official villain of the piece. 'Enter the villain!'—ez they say on the stage; only, nearly every stage villain ever I seen was long and limber and dark complected with coal-black hair turnin' white around the temples, thus denotin' a dissipated past. Whereas this party wuz short and fat and kindofroly-poly,withalittlebitsy pursed-up mouth and a pair of little sharp eyes; and he wuz pink ez a baby in the face, and instid of black hair he hadn't scarcely no hair at all to speak of, and whut he did have wuz a sort of rusty red that sprayed out in a fringe around his scalp, with a slick bald spot in the center."

"Like a secondhand halo on a counterfeit saint," stated Doctor Lake. "Don't forget, Billy, to describe his smile while you're on the subject."

"I won't," said Judge Priest. "I wuz jest comin' to that. The smile wuz one of Christopher Columbus Gaffney Esquire's chief distinctions. It wuz, ez you might say, a chronic failin' with him—smilin' wuz. I don't know whether he took it off when he went to sleep at night, but he always wore it daytimes. You've heard, ain't you, of the look on the face of the cat that had jest et up the canary? Well, imagine the set, expectant hungry look on the face of the cat that's prowlin' round fixin' to eat the canary ez soon ez he locates it, and is smilin' fur practice in advance of the happy event, and you'll git a fairly accurate likeness of our friend frum the shores of Lake Michigan. And one or the other of those little fat freckly hands of his wuz forever and eternally playin' at the corners of his mouth where the smile started frum."

"Show me a man that can't keep his fingers away from his mouth and I'll show you a man that's striving to hide greediness or cruelty or both," interrupted Doctor Lake. "If ever I ran across an unwholesome-looking object—why, even his fat wasn't good honest fat! You could wipe it off with a rough towel, almost. Excuse me, Billy, for breaking in on you, but when I think of that Gaffney I get red-headed myself—the conniving, colleaguing, despicable, little fat—fat porpoise!"

"You must pardon this old gentleman fur his strong statements," explained Judge Priest, addressing me with playful gravity. I could almost hear his eyes twinkling. "His private feelin's air involved, ez you'll be learnin' a little bit further on, and likewise he's been wounded in his professional pride. Now me, I aim to be milder and more conservative in my choice of words. In passin' I'll merely risk the assertion that in my deliberate judgment the said Gaffney got included in the human family by mistake in the first place.

"Well, be that ez it may, the main p'int wuz that here he wuz, landed in our midst without bein' invited, and givin' every outward indication of settlin' down and remainin' fur quite a spell. He gave it out that he wuz compilin' data fur a history of the lower Ohio River Valley, but the work didn't seem to be pressin' and he filled in his spare time writin' locals and pieces fur the mornin' paper. But he made it clear to everybody that he wuzn't jest an ordinary reporter or a mere newspaper man. No, suh, he wuzn't anything so mere ez that—he wuz a journalist. I jedge he wuz too. If bein' a journalist implies the use of stylish language he had his credentials right with him at all times. F'r instance, he never admitted that anybody had been buried after a funeral service; invariably deceased wuz 'suitably interred following the solemnization of impressive obsequies.' It wuz him

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that introduced us to 'high noon' too. Before that we'd only had two kinds of noon around here—twelve o'clock and dinner-time. In private he talked like he wrote—flowery and yit majestic and overpowerin'. And no matter whut the weather might be, he always wore a fancy vest—frequently white, but sometimes stripetty or ring speckled, and generally more or less soiled. I don't think he owned but one suit of clothes to his back when his native Chicago reluctantly surrendered him over to us, but he had a vest for every occasion. I used to say to myself, times when he'd come pompousin' into my court room pickin' up items, that out of the depths of Christian charity I might find it in my heart to forgive him everything else if only it hadn't abeen fur them dog-gone vests. Funny, son, ain't it, how you'll tote a special grudge against some little thing about a feller's wardrobe, specially if you haven't been closely drawn to the feller himself?"

"Get along, Billy, can't you? I, for one, have got to be getting home sometime tonight." Doctor Lake was taking vengeance for that sideswipe of a minute or two before. "You've painted the man's portrait—and rambled all over creation doing it. The next thing is for you to tell about his getting acquainted with Miss Cordelia Bray."

"Ef you know how and when and where he first met up with her s'pose you tell it," countered Judge Priest. "All I know is that all at oncet word got noised round that our new literary light wuz attendin' the Old First Church—attendin' it regular, not only Sundays but prayer-meeting nights ez well—which natchelly made talk, him bein' a person who didn't look like he'd be frequentin' a church house without he had private motives fur so doin'. And on the heels of that came the startlin' news that he wuz actually keepin' company with Miss Cordelia Bray. Nobody seemed to know how it started; but there was the amazin' fact to speak fur itself. Just think of it: This visitin' nobleman, direct frum the great city, payin' respectful but seemin'ly devoted attentions to the richest woman in town, and her, till then, at least, belongin' to the permanently onmarried class, ez you might say—well you could jest feel the community rock and sway under the tidin's. He escorted her home one We'n'sday night—a dozen pairs of eager eyes watchin' 'em when he joined her at the church door comin' out, and a great gross of clackin' tongues busy next mornin' retailin' it frum Island Creek to the Big Gulley. He set alongside of her at services the followin' Sunday mornin'—the first time in many a long day that the Bray family pew had had more'n one occupant—and 'twuz him found the place fur her in the hymnbook whilst the whole place rustled with suppressed excitement, and the Reverend Doctor Brower purty near lost the thread of his discourse, ef any such there wuz.

"He trailed in with her that evenin' fur the night preachin', her flustered and smilin' and lookin' skeered and self-conscious and yit proud and blushin'—yes, suh, actually blushin'—fully thirty reliable witnesses saw the blush and reported it promptly—and him squirin' her jest ez courtly and gallant ez ef he'd been five or six Sir Walter Raleighs rolled into one and then stomped down to about five foot seven. You had to say one thing fur him, anyway—oncet he got his campaign planned out he moved fast. Stonewall Jackson nor old Bedford Forrest never moved to the attack no prompter than whut he did—and that's about ez high a compliment ez you kin pay to speed and strategy. Ain't it, Lew? Inside of three weeks it leaked out that they wuz engaged. By a conservative estimate I'd say fully one thousand individuals were helpin' it leak."

"Huh!" From Doctor Lake came a deep-chested grunt. "A pity that somebody didn't have the gumption to go to that poor, deluded, flattered little old spinster and warn her that all the low-flung scoundrel was after was her money!"

"The trouble wuz that them that had gumption enough to do so had too much gumption to do so," said Judge Priest, coining his epigram without, I think, meaning to do it. "Reguardless of your own private convictions you can't go, on your own hook, meddlin' in the intimate affairs of a woman old enough to be a grandmother and commonly reckoned to be smart enough to prone to admit I think she wuz entitled to her pitiful little hour of happiness and triumph without let or hindrance. She wuz havin' her romance at last, even ef she wuzn't to have it fur very long. I'd not been the one to try to snatch it away frum her after her waitin' so long fur it, and neither would you, Lew Lake, fur all your indignant snortin's jest now.

"No, suh, you done like everybody else—took your feelin's out in talk. I didn't know a city the size of this here one could produce such a noble output of talk on short notice. It wuz proof of our hidden resources. Who knew anything about the gentleman's past? Everybody asked it, nobody answered it, but nearly everybody was inclined to hope the worst. Whut on earth could she be thinkin' of—trustin' herself and all that wealth to a stranger? And jest look at the difference in their ages! There wuz no need, though, fur this last suggestion—the lookin' wuz already bein' conducted on a general scale. He might pass fur forty, or even fur thirty-five in a poor light amongst nearsighted people. But she'd never see her fiftieth birthday ag'in without she peered backward over her shoulder. In a big town, whut with paint and hairdressin' and youngish clothes, she might fool a few, but not here, where she wuz born and brought up. We had amongst us too many official historians with good memories—mainly of the gentler sex. 'Let's see, now—she was putting her hair up the year my nephew Harry fell out of the cherry tree and broke his right arm in two places, and he was going on nine then, because he was eighteen when the Spanish American War broke out, because I remember how set he was on enlisting and how his mother carried on—yes, she's fifty-one if she's a day.'"

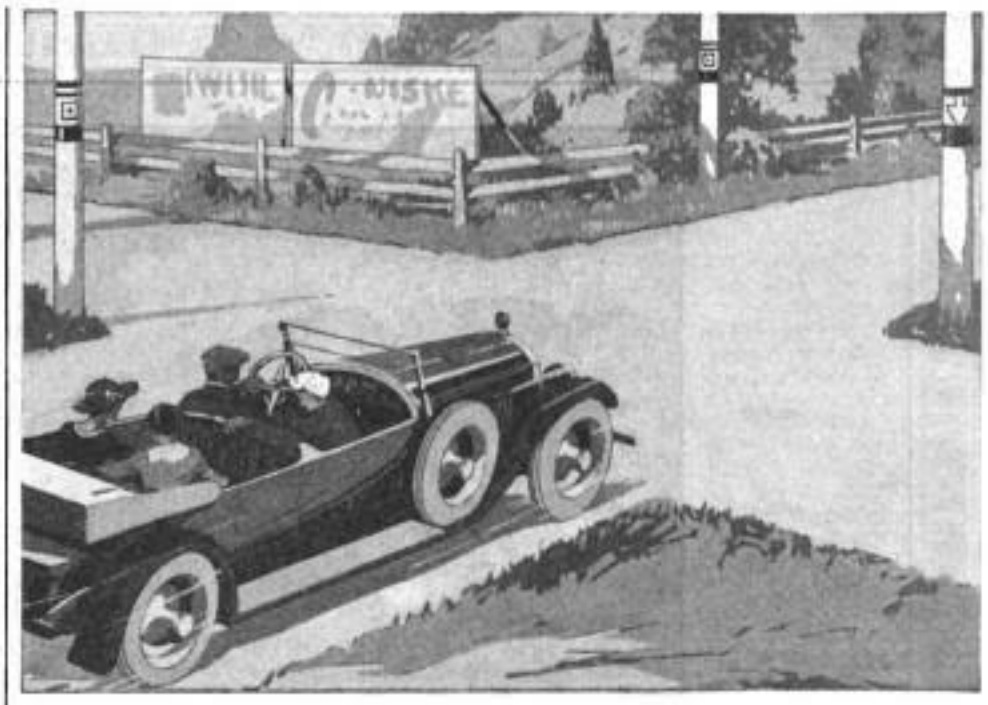
I had to laugh. The old judge's mimicry of Mrs. Puss Whitley, our most efficient and painstaking gossip, was a little bit of perfection. He slipped back into his own purposely ungrammatical fashion of speech:

"Yes, suzz, there wuz indeed consider'ble talk. There were people who swore they'd go to that weddin' ef they had to git up out of a sick bed to do it and crawl there on their hands and knees. But here's where a large number of our citizens suffered a most grievous blow. Because them two slipped off down to Dyersburg and wuz married without anybody knowin' anything about it in advance. There wuz a feelin' that an unfair advantage had been took on the populace at large. And then, as though to arouse popular disappointment to a still higher pitch, they went off on a honeymoon and wuz gone all of two months."

"Aren't you overlooking one important detail?" suggested Doctor Lake.

"No, I ain't; I'm jest gittin' to that. Here's whut Doctor Lake means, son: Before they eloped thataway they entered into whut us lawyers call a prenuptial arrangement. Unbeknownst to anybody they went down to Dabney Prentiss' office and had Dabney Prentiss draw up their wills fur them. On the face of it, ef you didn't know the respective circumstances of the contractin' pair, you'd a-said 'twuz a fair deal. Ef he died first everything he owned went to her. Ef she died first everything she owned went to him, with the exception of a few private bequests here and there; but in the event of her outlivin' him and dyin' without issue the bulk of her estate wuz to be devoted to erectin' and maintainin' a public hospital ez a memorial to her father. I'm inclined to think this here last provision—fur the hospital—wuz the only part of her last will and testament that Miss Cordelia had any actual hand in dictatin'. Probably it soothed away any lingerin' suspicions she might have had that her adorin' lover wuz nursin' mercenary motives in the back part of his head, when he fell in so prompt with her notion of doin' somethin' on a big scale to redeem her daddy's reputation in this community. I kin almost see him settin' alongside her on a sofa out yonder at the old Grundy place holdin' her withered, flutterin' little hand in his and agreein' with her that the idea of the Humphrey Bray Memorial Hospital wuz a perfectly splendid idea and an everlastin' credit to her.

"But the kernel in the nut wuz that she had to outlive him to carry out her ambition. Doubtless it never occurred to her that ef he died first about all she'd inherit [illegible] a pair of moss-agate cuff



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Sir Thomas Young little dreamed how great his renown would be one hundred years later. Even when he had proved at the age of 28 that light is a wave movement, still he could not look into that far-away age, the Twentieth Century, and imagine orations delivered in his honor by scientists famous for solving other mysteries of eyesight. At the Imperial College in London the Thomas Young Oration is a classic event. It has been delivered by three world-famous scientists. The fourth Oration came last year and the honor fell to an American, Dr. Charles Sheard, head of the Ocular Division of the Wellsworth Scientific Staff.

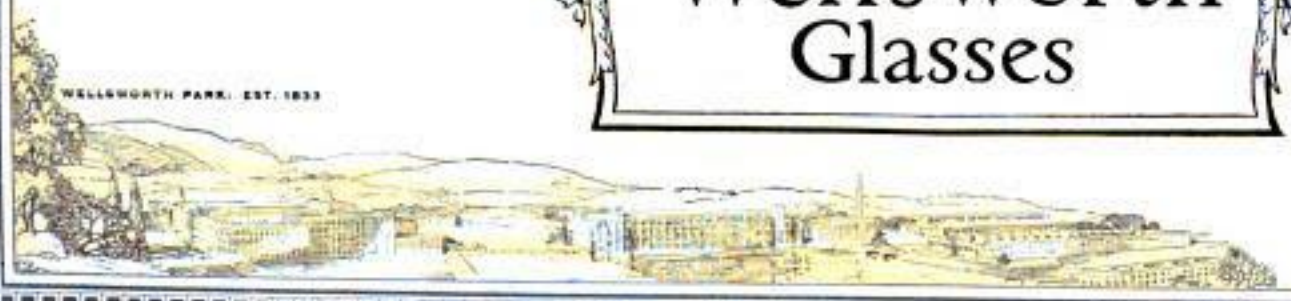
That miraculous thing called Sight—that picture which spreads out to full breadth and depth whenever eyelids are opened—still holds its mysteries. Scientists are tracing light waves and mind energy to their meeting point. They are finding a new thing—that mind energy is similar to light energy. Will they eventually discover that mind is captive light?

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(Continued from Page 83)

first to pass away he'd come into one of the biggest fortunes in this end of the state of Kintucky. Bein' swept off her feet the way she plainly wuz, she doubtless couldn't see any selfish motive lurkin' behind his little proposition. It must 'a-been his proposition; we kin lay bets on that. And it wasn't Dabney Prentiss' place to point out to her that the thing didn't perzackly track square. Ez an attorney it wuz his place to make the papers legal and shipshape and keep his mouth shut. Anyway, him bein' a lawyer, I figger that all the time he wuz settin' at his desk draftin' them two interestin' documents he wuz renderin' to the prospective bridegroom the tribute of a sneakin' and begrudged admiration fur his financial sagacity. Leavin' out any discussion ez to his soul, it's not to be denied that this here Christopher Columbus Gaffney had a good business head on his shoulders."

"And a heart as black as the underneath side of a skillet," interjected Doctor Lake.

"Figgerin' out the state of a party's vital organs is part of Doctor Lake's trade," remarked Judge Priest blandly, as though speaking for my benefit solely; "so I reckin us two better not quarrel with his diagnosis in this case, but jest go ahead with our yarn.

"Two months the happy pair wuz off in Eastern parts on their bridal tour. And they wuz, indeed, a happy pair when they got back, ef ever I seen one. The distinguished husband wuz happy in the possession of a most ornate and picturesque wardrobe which he'd amassed in the great marts of fashion whilst on his travels, and happy in havin' onlimited cash money in his pocket, and in his plans fur remodelin' the old Grundy place and makin' it over into whut he called a country estate, and fur buyin' himself a high-powered touring car right away, and fur first one thing and then another. 'Twould appear he'd returned to us with quite an elaborate spendin' campaign already mapped out.

"And his lady wuz happy in her proud estate of wifehood—so happy she couldn't see a single flaw in him anywhere; and that only goes to show true love is not only blind but frequently half-witted, also, seein' that here she wuz, visitin' her idolatrous worship upon a hero who, to the observant eye, appeared to be made up of probably the most conspicuous and outstandin' collection of flaws that's been consolidated together in one package during the entire Christian Era. But to her he wuz jest absolute perfection. She showed it by the way she looked at him, by the way she spoke to him and about him, by every breath she drawed and every step she took. She couldn't see yit—in time, of course, she would, but so fur she couldn't—whut immediately wuz painfully apparent to every well-wisher she had, which wuz that even this soon he wuz speakin' of her behind her back with the early beginnin's of a sneer, not more'n half tryin' to hide his contempt fur her lack of good looks and her gawkiness and her poor, distressful attempts to make herself purtified and youthful in the new clothes she'd brought home with her. She didn't know that already he wuz braggin', ez he spent her dollars over Link Seever's bar and in Andy Hooker's crap game, how easy it wuz to git onlimited funds out of her. He'd established his connections with Andy's layout before he'd been back two weeks; but she didn't know it. It wuz the mercy of God she never did know.

"It may have been a fool's paradise she lived in fur the little time she wuz to live, but I'm mighty glad for her sake that she had it, and that disillusionment didn't come to spile it fur her during them last three months or so before she had her stroke."

He gave a little wheezy sigh. He scratched his match to relight his pipe and for a moment or two his old face, pink and wrinkled and compassionate, showed in flashes as the little suck of flame flared up, then down.

"Well, Lew," he said, "it's your turn to piece out the tale. Try not to be too technical fur the understandin's of us laymen."

"Billy just mentioned a stroke," said Doctor Lake. "It came without warning, so far as anyone ever knew—came on her one night as she was getting ready for bed. Bilateral hemiplegia, it was; probably with cerebral tumorous complications; a typical case; you'd call it complete paralysis. It was complete, too—not partial as the first attack frequently is. Arms, legs, body, face were all involved, all stilled and deadened in an hour. Only her eyes lived. It was the expression of her eyes that proved she still had consciousness. She couldn't speak, of course; couldn't move. She was merely a living spirit imprisoned in a dead body. She wasn't even so lucky as that other paralytic, that character in Les Miserables, who talked with his eyelids while his frozen tongue lay behind his frozen lips.

"There was no chance for her, naturally—that is to say, no chance for her betterment. There was really nothing medical science could do except provide for proper nourishment and proper nursing and be on the guard against bed sores. Even so, there was a possibility that she might linger on for months—might even last in that state for years.

"And he knew it—that dog of a husband of hers knew it—and didn't want this to be. He wanted her to die, and die quickly. He tried to mask his feelings, but the rôle was one his master, the devil, never meant for him to play. Behind his transparent efforts to appear grief-stricken, behind his faked and futile display of a sudden and devastating grief, behind his loud lamentations, what really was in his heart showed plainly enough for any reasonably acute observer to see. It showed in the look out of his greedy, cowardly little pig eyes, it showed in the way his hand—with big rings on it now; rings of her buying—played around his mouth. Most of all it showed in the questions he kept asking the medical men who'd been called in, and the nurse who'd been put on the case.

"Why, gentlemen, you could read his mind as plainly as though he had bared it to you in a sworn and signed affidavit. No doubt he'd calculated, in the natural course of things, to outlive her. His expectations of doing that were good; he had the advantage of ten or fifteen years' difference in age on his side. But he had reconciled himself to the prospect of a long endurance test—of putting up with life with her and with life in this town for years perhaps. His current recompense while she lived would be the spending of what he could get out of her, and in the end his reward would be a fortune that would be his to do with as he pleased. But that meant patience, it meant a waiting game. By his standards it meant dullness and being bored and annoyed and irked by her presence. And now, then, she had been stricken down; was already the same as a dead woman. Why couldn't she have the decency to die then and leave him free—free to go on back where he came from and squander his legacy in what way he chose? No need for him to utter the thought aloud; he uttered it all the louder for keeping it locked in his brain. Merely as a study in degeneracy it's interesting to observe the workings of that sort of mentality. That is to say, it would be interesting if it weren't so nauseating; if only the observer could bury his natural instincts to destroy such a worm in the psychological aspects of the case.

"If wishes could kill she'd have died a hundred times a day, I'll warrant you. From his perverted standpoint the situation was decidedly aggravating, I'll admit. Between him and his capital prize there stood only a faint flickering spark to be snuffed out—but the trouble was he didn't have the courage to snuff it out by his own deliberate act. He had the impulses, all right, but he lacked the nerve which a murderer has. At least, that's the way I appraised his qualifications. As a matter of personal taste, I believe, on the whole, I'd have a higher respect for a man willing to commit murder to gain his object than for the one who thinks murder and dreams murder and craves murder, yet can't force his craven hands to tackle the job.

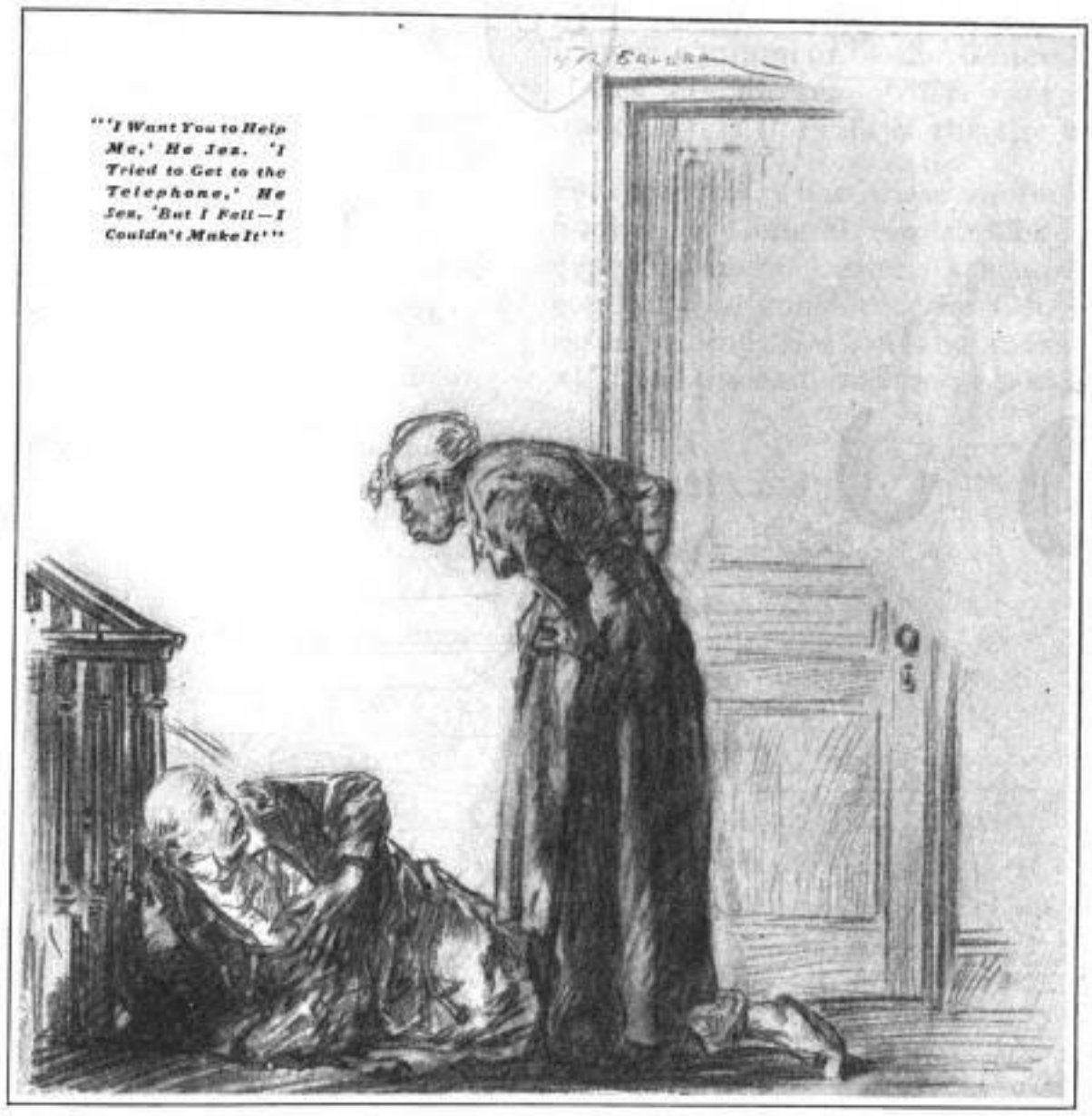
"He lacked something else besides the nerve, too—he lacked the opportunity. And here's where the old woman, Aunt Jurdina, that Judge Priest mentioned a while back, comes into the picture. That old creature—and a rough-talking, high-tempered old piece she was too—had been a fixture of the Bray household for nearly fifty years or more, I guess. She was one of the old-fashioned, faithful type that are pretty nearly extinct these days. She'd nursed Miss Cordelia as a baby; she'd mothered her on up through her childhood. And if there was one person on this earth who loved her with an unselfish, unquestioning love it was this selfsame old Aunt Jurdina. There was a trained nurse in attendance, as I said just now; a competent one, too, but really she wasn't needed. Nobody knew just when that old black woman slept; there was hardly a minute, day or night, from the time the patient was stricken down, when she didn't seem to be at the bedside studying her mistress' face out of those brooding, sullen, bloodshot eyes of hers; tending her, feeding her, sometimes singing to her—singing one of those curious, crooning, wordless songs that these old-time darkies favor—but more often just crouched there by the bed, silent and watchful. Watchfulness! That's the word that sums up her attitude. Whatever it was she had at the back of her head—dread or suspicion or fear—she showed it only by that vigilant posture of hers. She never voiced it in words. But let anybody at all—even one of the doctors or the nurse—come near the bedside, and old Jurdina never took her hostile gaze off of them, whoever it was. Small chance for Gaffney to work any mischief with that old terror on guard, even if he'd had the will to screw himself up to the sticking point!

"Well, this sort of thing went on for two weeks or more, with the sick woman lying there like a statue, with the old negress forever standing ward over her, with Gaffney eternally hangdogging about, hoping and fearing and—as it turned out—scheming. One morning when his plans had ripened he showed his hand. He wasn't satisfied with the treatment his poor dear wife was getting; that's what he came out and said. The intimation plainly was that he doubted the ability and the skill of resident physicians to handle the case. I think he used the words 'country doctors.' He had decided—he, mind you, this cheap little adventurer—he had decided to call in an eminent specialist of his acquaintance from Chicago, a certain Doctor Champion, who had achieved wonderful results in the treatment of paralysis by an electrical method of his own devising. In fact, he had already wired to Doctor Champion and had an answer back. Doctor Champion would arrive by the evening train, bringing his own expert nurse with him. He had said, though, in his telegram that he must have absolutely a free hand in his handling of the invalid; by all accounts Doctor Champion stood for no interference by lesser men of the profession—the patient must be turned over entirely to this miracle man. And so, would the local practitioners kindly be prepared to step down and out when Doctor Champion arrived? Or words to that general effect.

"Well, the local practitioners didn't wait for night and Doctor Champion to come. They just reached for their hats and got right out then and there."

"You mean they quit the case knowing, or thinking they knew, what was in that man's mind?" I asked.

"What was there for them to do?" he answered grimly. "There's such a thing as professional etiquette in our calling, and in any calling there should be such a thing as self-respect. What else? The woman's husband, her legal next of kin and the head of the house, as good as invited them to step out from under its roof. They might think what they pleased of his private motives, but by every recognized law he had the final say-so. Just consider for a moment how well fortified in his position he was. Even if the outcome was fatal to his wife he could plead solicitude, zeal, husbandly affection. And if it came to a showdown, wouldn't the world have to accept his decision as an honest one? Private opinion based on surmise, on suspicion, on personal

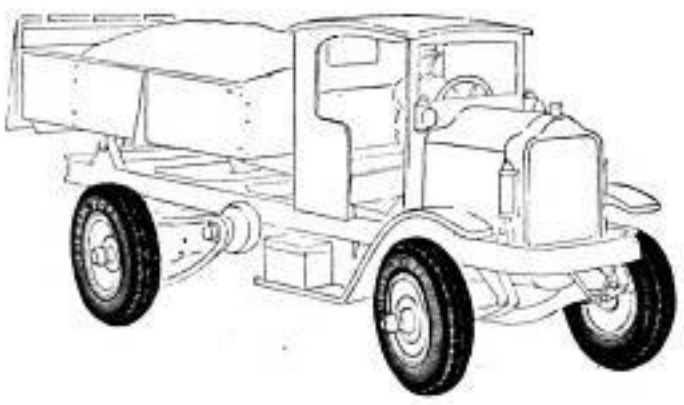


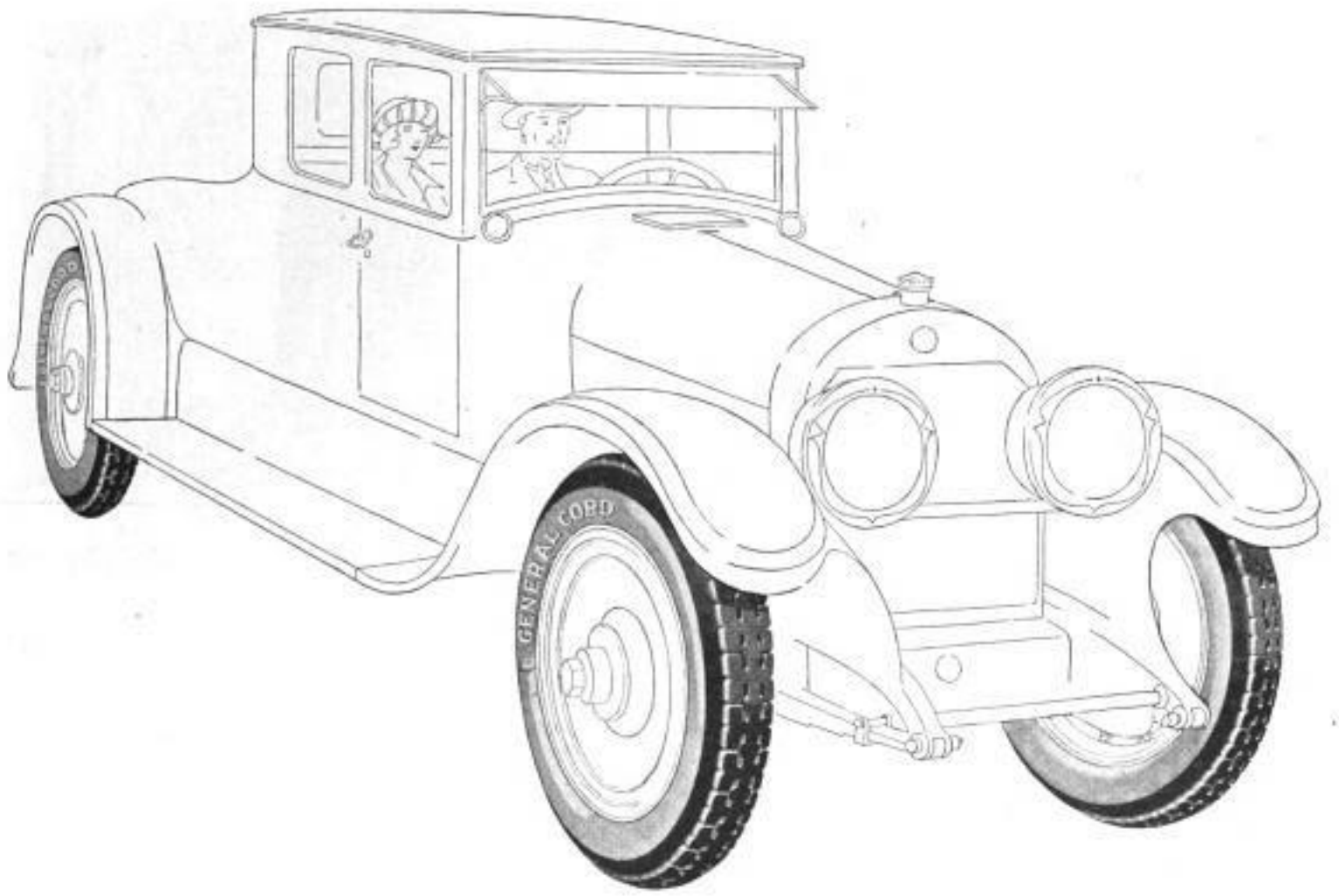
"'I Want You to Help Me,' He Sez. 'I Tried to Get to the Telephone,' He Sez, 'But I Fell—I Couldn't Make It'"

(Continued on Page 88)

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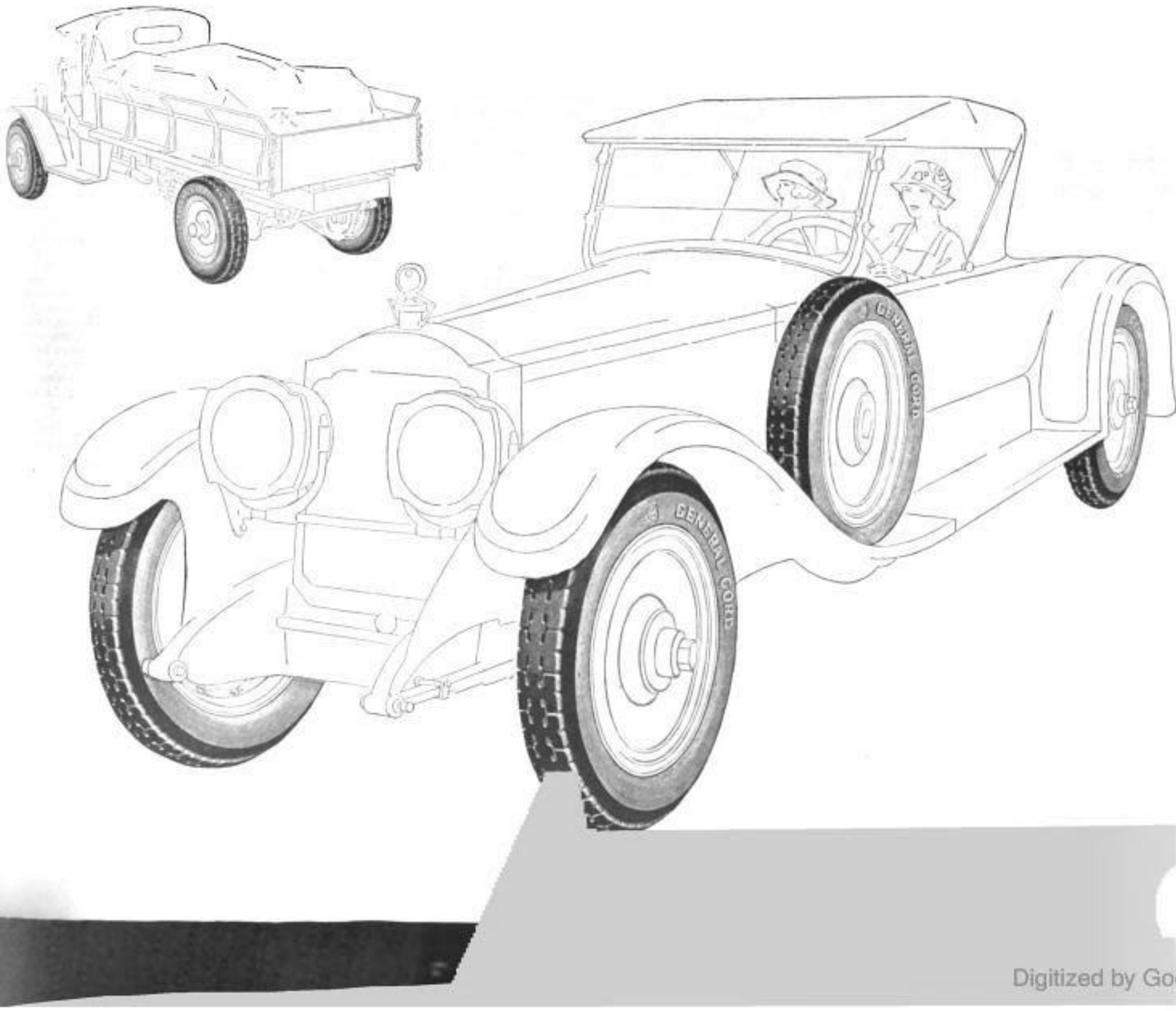
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BOWSER ESTABLISHED 1885
ACCURATE MEASURING PUMPS

(Continued from Page 85)

prejudice and personal dislike, is one thing; evidence fit for a jury is another, as you'll agree. Besides, these home doctors knew one thing for certain—they knew that, come hell or high water, Gaffney would never get rid of old Jurdina by any method short of killing her outright. She'd stick right there on the job; they could rest assured of that. Anyhow, she was as good a nurse as you'd ask for, even if she couldn't read or write her own name. And in the last analysis, nursing was really all that the patient needed; practically all, for the time being, anyone could give her. So they packed up their little kits and they got out and left the field to the great man from Chicago.

"He rolled in at six that evening with his cabinet of tricks and his beautiful life-size side whiskers and his own nurse and all—and a fine large picture of a charlatan and a poser he was; hiding monumental ignorance under a nice thick covering of dignity and assurance. Or at least that's what I decided in my own mind the only time I ever saw him and talked with him, which was several days later. Gaffney was waiting for him at the train and hurried him out to the house, and in half an hour after they got there he had his conjuring box all rigged up and was in sole charge.

"Afterwards certain people here learned certain things about him. I rather took it on myself to make a few private inquiries. Probably it was none of my business, but I had a curiosity and I took steps to gratify it. The man had always been a sort of hanger-on at the ragged edges of the profession; not exactly disreputable, you understand, and yet, measured by the ethics, not exactly reputable, either. Years back he'd advertised to reduce ruptures without an operation, guaranteeing a cure or your money back—you know the sort. When that line petered out on him he set up as a cancer specialist, and more recently he'd switched again and was professing to cure pretty nearly everything, but especially palsy and epilepsy and paralysis, by some sort of electrical penny peep-show. These, briefly, appeared to have been the high lights in his career. He was, I figure, just an ignorant, greedy pretender, trading on the credulity of the hopelessly afflicted and the hopelessly crippled. Mind you, though, I don't say, even so, that he was a conscious criminal. There was no record of his ever having been accused outright of malpractice or anything of that nature. Indeed, I'm inclined to think that he had his moments of sincerity, when he really and honestly believed he was doing good—he was probably ignorant enough even to have confidence in himself. And certainly outright murder was not his specialty."

"But I gathered that you rather inferred Gaffney brought him down here with the idea of making an actual coconspirator of him?" I said.

"Then you gathered wrong. That wasn't my meaning at all. Here's how I reason it out: I imagine that Gaffney must have known him long before this. They'd naturally be drawn to each other if ever they'd met, each being in his particular field a sort of shabby adventurer. You know the saying: 'Birds of a feather ——' And Gaffney had a sort of low animal cunning, as I've tried to make you see. No doubt he had read through Champion's pretensions; no doubt he'd figured him out to be an impostor of sorts at the least. Well, with an incompetent and a bungler on the job, wasn't there a pretty fair prospect that the stricken woman, already as good as dead, might be got out of the world sooner than would be the case if responsible men were in attendance? Her life hung by a thread. If this faker, with his hocus-pocus, should unwittingly snap the thread in short order, who could show even a color of deliberate intent on the part of either one of them? Or maybe it was that Gaffney wanted no potentially hostile witnesses about—that is, assuming he was contemplating actual violence himself. Still, I'm inclined to give him the benefit of the doubt and assume, for the sake of argument, that he depended on stupidity and quackery and perhaps unintentional neglect to do the trick."

"But how about this old black woman?" I asked. "Surely you wouldn't call her a friendly witness? Why didn't he get rid of her when he was getting rid of the others?"

"Remember this, son," said Doctor Lake: "Gaffney was a Northerner. He didn't know her race. He'd be likely to figure that all this show of electrical mummery and all those high-sounding long words which Champion used would deceive her into accepting him as a great man who might be able to save the patient. I'm not saying she mightn't have been deceived, either, if only her apprehensions hadn't been sharpened by her love for her mistress—and other things she'd noticed. And, in any event, he couldn't shelve her without a pitched battle, no matter how much he might want to do it. Ethics meant nothing to her. She was her own code of ethics and, as I told you just now, yoked oxen couldn't have dragged her away from her post. So he just let her stay; he had to, that's all.

"Never mind about that, though, for the moment. I'll get along to the next real development. The very next afternoon after Champion appeared on the scene Gaffney himself was taken ill with gripes in his abdomen—suddenly and violently and painfully ill. His eminent friend, the imported specialist, said it was an attack of acute nervous indigestion brought on by distress over his wife's condition, and gave him a treatment—an electrical treatment, I suppose—and put him to bed. Nervous indigestion—bah! Any six months' medical student should have known better.

"For a whole night and well on into the next day he lay there suffering the agonies of the damned—and only this pet faker of his to attend him. He must have had a premonition—people very often do when they're like that. Oh, I guess he knew—he must have known; he could feel Nemesis taking hold of his vitals. We can imagine his sensations; he was no fool. By his own trick and device he'd delivered himself into the perilous keeping of a man that he knew was an ignoramus and a charlatan. I can almost see him—writhing and tearing at the bedclothes when the pains gripped him, and between spasms tortured by thoughts of the fix he'd got into. He'd dug a deep pit for another—and had fallen to the bottom of it himself.

"And on that second day of his illness, getting worse all the time, he —— But here, Billy, you take up the story from now on. The final chapter is yours by rights anyway."

And the old judge took it up:

"It wuz the next day, ez Lew sez, about four o'clock in the evenin', that he managed to git up out of bed—he wuz in a room on the top floor of the house—and drag himself through the hall and git down the stairs. How he done it, in the fix he wuz in, is a marvel. Mebbe desperation and skeer give him an onnatchel strength. Anyhow, he didn't have to come all the way down the stairs—he crawled part way and rolled the rest. Layin' there at the foot of the steps moanin' and whimperin', wuz where old Jurdina found him.

"It happened she wuz alone fur the time bein', settin' alongside Miss Cordelia in the big bedroom on the main floor, and she heared him when he tumbled, and then she heared his groans and she went out in the hall to investigate, and there he wuz. She went up to him and stood over him, with her hands on her bony old hip joints, lookin' down at him and not no more compassion in her face than whut you'd expect to find in one of these here African idols.

"'Whut you want?' she sez to him.

"'You,' he managed to gasp; 'I want you.'

"'Whut you want wid me?'

"'I want you to help me,' he sez. 'I tried to get to the telephone,' he sez, 'but I fell—I couldn't make it. But you'll do.'

"'Do whut?'

"'Get me a doctor,' he sez. 'I must have a doctor right away!'

"'Whut's de matter wid dis yere high-toney doctor you done fotch on f'm de Nawth?' she sez. 'Ain't he right yere on de premises handy to yo' beck an' call?'

"'But I want some other doctor,' he sez, pleadin' hard. 'I want one of the doctors that we had here last week—both of them, if they'll come. I tell you I need help.'

"'You done turn dem doctors off,' she sez.

"'But I want 'em called back in,' he sez; and by now he's cryin' in a kind of a weak, whisperin', pantin' way. 'I'm awfully sick,' he sez. 'I tell you I'm a terribly sick man. There's something frightfully wrong with my side here.'

"'An' how 'bout my Li'l' Miss?' she sez. 'Ain't she turr'ble bad off too? Ef dat Chicago man is fitten to 'tend her all alone by hisse'f howcome he ain't fitten to 'tend you? Tell me dat.'

"'But I'm sick in a different way,' he sez; 'you don't understand. Oh, for God's

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sake,' he sez, 'don't stand there tormenting me with questions! Do something to help me!'

"'Oh, yas, I does un'erstand,' she sez, and with that she stoops down alongside him so that her blazin' eyes air glarin' right into his, and her words come frum her hissin' hot. 'Oh, yas, I does un'erstand, Mister Mealy-mouf Man. I un'erstood frum de fust minute ever you set foot inside dat frunt door yonder, five months ago. You could fool my Li'l' Miss—you could fool other folkses. But not me! An' I un'erstands now. An' it's high time you un'erstood me. Lissen: You done med de nest—you gwine lie in it. Whut's good 'nuff fur my Li'l' Miss is good 'nuff fur you. Whut she's got to tek, you teks too. Whut she gits, you git; only ef I'm ary jedge, you gits yourn fust an' you gits it quick.'

"She wuz readin' him his death warrant and he knew it, and he tried to shove her away from him and git up. She shoved him back.

"'Lay still an' lissen to me,' she sez. 'You know whut I'm gwine do? I'm gwine tek you in dese two arms of mine an' I'm gwine tote you back up dem steps an' put you in yo' baid in dat room w'ich you jes' left, an' dar you gwine stay, effen I has to stand at de do' an' bar de way. An' ef I cain't be dere on guard, my husband Silas, he'll be dere in my place, an' ef he stirs f'um dere, ur lets you stir, I'll skin him alive, an' he knows it. Try to git to de telefome—jes' try,' she sez, tauntin' him. 'Try to yell fur help outen de winder effen you wants to—'tain't nobody gwine heah you an' 'tain't nobody gwine heed you; dey's ten acres of ground round dis place, an' yo' voice is departin' f'um you mouty fast.'

"It must have been jest about then that he fainted away, because the only sound he made ez she heaved him up and drug him back upstairs wuz by his feet bumpin' on the steps. And frum then on it seems he wuz never more than half conscious; plumb out of his head when he wuzn't layin' in a stupor-like. I reckin her words had been enough to drive him out of his wits anyway, weak ez he wuz. She wuz enough to drive him out of 'em. I bet you the original Jezebel couldn't a-been a more furious sight or a more dauntin' one than whut she wuz ez she squatted down there by him in that old dark hall, spittin' out the sentence that spelled his doom fur him."

"It was his finish, then?" I asked.

"It wuz his finish," answered Judge Priest soberly.

"How soon after that did he die?" I pressed.

"Oh, not right away; not till the next night. But I'll let Lew supply you the details of his finish. It's more properly his job."

"Might have been my job, you mean," said Doctor Lake crisply. "I got there in a hurry about dusk of the following evening, answering to an emergency call. One look at him and I realized there was nothing I could do—acute appendicitis of the fulminating type. He was moribund by then, and past helping. He must have been sinking fast all through that day and he was just about gone. No use to try doing anything, and I knew it. Still, a man hates to quit. I had 'em rig up a kitchen table and I laid out my instruments, but he flickered out while I was getting ready to etherize him.

"Taken in time, he could have been saved, and would have been. Organically he was sound, and he was strong, too—he proved how strong he was by lasting as long as he did with all that poison spreading inside of him. A prompt operation at the outset, or even an operation twenty-four or thirty-six hours earlier, before his appendix burst, and he'd have been alive today. I'm certain of that. But he isn't—thanks to that old black woman."

"Did she finally relent? Was it she who sent for you?" I asked.

"She relent? Not a chance! It was the eminent Doctor Champion himself who sent for me, most urgently. The man got frightened. Even he could see—when it was too late—that Gaffney was dying. And anyhow, I suppose he had a trace of a conscience concealed somewhere inside of him—rudimentary, perhaps, but still a trace. So he called me up and begged me to come. I could tell by his voice over the telephone that he was in a blue funk of panic. It was neither human nor professional for me to refuse to go. So I went, and I stayed on, as it happened. Because he got out—gathered up his batteries and dynamos and things, and took his nurse with him and pulled out. He'd had one patient die on his hands; it was plain to be seen he didn't want another doing the same thing. So the late Mr. Gaffney was buried next morning in the Bray family lot out at Elm Grove Cemetery, and just two weeks later his wife followed him there.

"And now you know all the whys and wherefores of that fine big memorial hospital you saw dedicated today. And it's time I was getting along home to bed. We've been palavering away here too long as it is." He rose up from his chair.

"There's just one point that still isn't clear in my mind," I said. "I can understand, Doctor Lake, why you knew at first hand the things you've been telling me—you must have been one of the two physicians that had Miss Cordelia's case at the start; that's plain enough. But, Judge Priest, I don't quite see how you came to know part of what you've been telling me. For instance now, take your description of the scene between Gaffney and old Aunt Jurdina, after he fell down the stairs and she ——"

"Oh, that?" said the judge. "Why, she told me about it."

"She?"

"Yes, shorely—old Jurdina told me. Where else could I 'a'-got the straight of it but frum her? You see, son, fur some reason or other, there's quite a passel of people in this town who come to me frum time to time when I'm not settin' on the bench, and tell me things that ain't exactly in the line of my judicial duties. It's got to be a kind of a habit with some of 'em round here. I don't know why it is, but such is the case. Moreover, in this instance, I'd knowed old Jurdina fur goin' on fully fifty years, I reckin, and then besides, right soon after her mistress died she'd come to me instid of goin' to a practicin' lawyer, ez she should, to ask me some questions about her legacy. By the terms of the will she and old Silas come in fur a nice little sheer of money and a comfortable house to live in. So I jedge she felt that she wuz entitled to bestow her confidences on me; and here about ten months ago, when she come to die herself, she sent a messenger to me sayin' that she had something mighty important to say to me fur the peace of her soul and would I please come right away. So when court had adjourned that evenin' I went out there to the little cottage on Harrison Street where she lived. And after they'd propped her up on a pillow and when, at her request, I'd shooed all the other darkies out of the room, she told me this thing about her farewell dealin's with the late Gaffney, in jest about the words I've used in tryin' to tell it to you. You might call it a deathbed confession, because that's practically whut it wuz.

"But don't misunderstand me and go away frum here thinkin' that she had any regrets fur the part she'd played in the matter. No, suh, not that old woman! There wuzn't a regret in her system. Right up to the last breath she drawed, she gloried in it. It's hard sometimes, even fur us that've lived all our lives amongst these black folks, to fathom the workin's of their minds, but ez a matter of fact I'm inclined to think it wuz a sort of pride that made her send fur me when she realized she wuz about due to pass away. And pride is no kin to remorse. You see, son, she really believed she'd killed Gaffney. Mebbe she had, too—Lew, here, seems to think she contributed to the result, jedgin' by his remark of a minute or so ago—but that wuzn't the sense in which she meant it. She thought she'd had a direct hand in his takin' off. And I figger she didn't want to go without intrustin' her precious secret to somebody who'd carry on the memory of it. So she picked on me. Yes, suh, she wuz firmly convinced, that old woman, that she'd been directly responsible fur his death, and ef I'm pressed I'll have to admit I didn't try to tell her no better either. Appendicitis didn't mean a thing to her—to her it wuz merely an effect and not a cause. No, her firm conviction wuz that she'd had him put to death by hoodoo."

There was a scuffling of feet behind me and I became aware of Jeff Poindexter. Listening to the two old men, I had altogether forgotten that Jeff was still present. He stepped nimbly backward and fumbled at the jamb of the front door. An electric bulb set in the porch ceiling flashed on, flooding the spot where we sat with radiance.

"Who turned on that there light?" demanded Judge Priest querulously.

Retailers

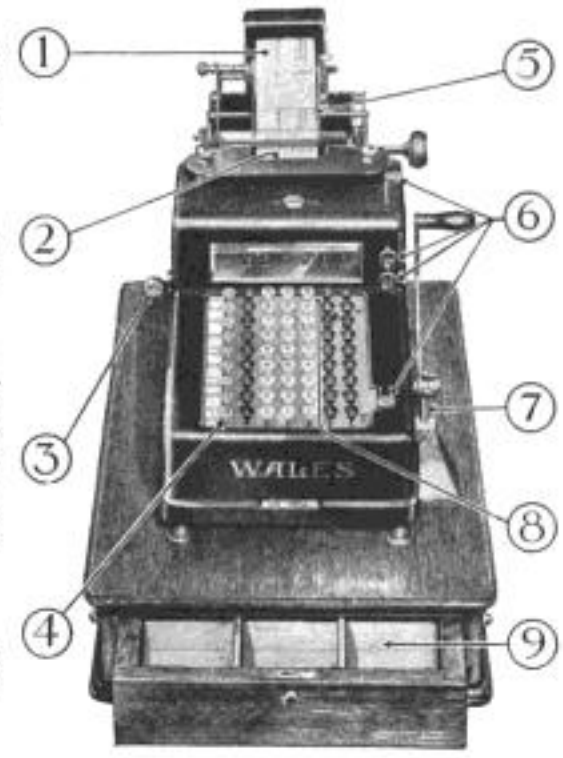
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"Me, suh—I done it," said Jeff, and it struck me there was a quick and nervous quaver in his voice. "Hit seemed lak, wid de moon goin' down, 'twould—'twould—er—be gittin' kinder dark out yere fur you gen'l'men."

"Well, turn it off again," said his master. "Whut you want to do—draw all the mosquitoes in the county?"

Jeff obeyed, but I observed that he was now withdrawn well inside the door. There was a small light in the hall.

Judge Priest went on as though he had not noted this byplay: "Yes, suzz, that wuz it—she thought she'd done it by havin' him witched to death. Propped up there in her bed, ashy gray and breathin' so loud she sounded like a leaky bellows, she told me about it. It seemed whilst Gaffney wuz plottin' agin her mistress she'd been plottin' agin him. She hated him with an onquenchable hate to begin with. Then after Miss Cordelia wuz stricken down she'd read his true feelin's the same ez Doctor Lake and Doctor Boyd, his associate on the case, had read 'em. So she put off to old Daddy Hannah. You'll remember him—the old nigger conjure-doctor that used to live out yonder in that darky settlement on Plunkett's Hill. She found him in his cabin and she told him—not namin' any names though—that she aimed to put a deadly spell on a deadly enemy. So he told her, she said, to manage to git holt of a lock of hair out of the candidate's head some way or other and fetch it there to him. Which she did. She bided her chance and she slipped into Gaffney's room when he wuzn't there and she collected some little red wisps out of a fine-tooth comb he used, and taken 'em back to old Daddy Hannah. And he said some conjure words over that wad of hair and then he tied it up in a little piece of blue cotton rag along with a white rooster feather that had been dipped in blood, and a dried frog's leg, and one thing and another, and he told her, she said, to take it back home with her and bore an auger hole in a growin' tree close to where her enemy lived and stick the charm in the hole and seal it up with a plug. He told her that inside of a month the tree would wither and die and the man that'd owned the hair would die along with it. He charged her twenty dollars fur his professional services; she payin' it gladly and reguardin' it ez reasonable at the price.

"So she went home and she followed after his instructions. She stuck the rag in a hole she made in a big sycamore standin' in the yard close up to the main house, and then she settled back, waitin' fur results. She didn't have long to wait. So fur ez Gaffney wuz concerned, she and Daddy Hannah wuz ten days ahead of their schedule. Fur Gaffney wuz dead and buried in jest twenty-one days; she kept close track. Of course it wuz jest a coincidence, but nobody could have convinced her of that. And she died happy in the belief that she'd sent him where he's gone to.

"Curious thing, there wuz another coincidence, too—an even more strikin' and remarkable one," added Judge Priest musingly, and although I could not see his face a whimsical undernote in his voice told me that for sufficient reasons he was now departing from the strict truth and drawing on his fancy. "I asked her about the sycamore tree and, believe it or not, she gave me her solemn, dyin' word that frum the very hour he sickened, the leaves on that tree begun to fade and wither, and that ——"

He was interrupted by a scurry of quick retreating footsteps behind him; then we heard the sound of a door slamming somewhere at the back of the house; and by these things we knew that Jeff Poindexter, for once forgetting his manners and the proprieties of the occasion, had summarily and suddenly quit the company.

THE RING-TAILED GALLIWAMPUS

(Continued from Page 13)

account with us for the amount. Perrin says our cashier needed the twenty-five to marry on, and Donovan says that Perrin's bookkeeper probably needed twenty-five for alimony and neatly charged it to us. What can you do with a thing like that?"

"You tell me!" said Joe.

"Well," said the bookkeeper, "you've had your try, same as most all of us. The boss don't expect more, so I'll just give this back to him."

Young Merrill flushed. "Oh, no, you don't," he said, holding out his hand for the bill. "Course of sprouts, you said. They made a fool of me, all right, asking me to wait a half minute, putting me up on a throne, and laughing at me up their polite taffeta sleeves. Give it here. It's my grouch now; my own private grouch."

The high priestess, when he went back there after doing a half day's hustling so as to allow himself plenty of time, appeared graciously charmed to see him again. Besides which, there was now an added terror in the person of a young novitiate of the temple. She must have been having a day off the day before, but she was entirely here now, however. Her duties seemed to consist principally in putting on hats, so that customers could see how pretty the hat would look on them if they were as pretty as she was when the hat was on her. Nothing in all the paraphernalia of commerce could be more insidiously unfair. It induced an ecstasy of temporary aberration, for under one of the establishment's articles of merchandise the ravishing girl was so piquant and demure by turns that a woman would have pawned her soul for the hat, and a man hisn for the girl.

Joe Merrill, presently transfixed on his throne, was unable to decide which of the bewildering succession of hats she looked prettiest under. It would have been a hopeless case for a jury of trapped Joe Merrills.

"Wup!" she exclaimed in a silvery bubble of mirth when the high priestess said something to her in an undertone, at the same time nodding towards Joe. "Wup, another one!"

Merrill didn't like the look that girl gave him. It was as though she had paid admission and the show was meeting every expectation. She was under a poke bonnet at the moment, though he didn't know it from a turban, and he uneasily detected saucy deviltry twitching at the lovely demure lips. He hated her the most bitterly of all. She stole glances at him, too, and once he caught her at it, when her rose-petal cheeks puffed out alarmingly and she pirouetted round, turning her back.

"That's right—laugh!" he hissed inwardly.

Except that he suffered more, he was precisely as successful this second day as he had been the day before. He couldn't be rude, he couldn't be insistent—not against the downy politeness that smothered him under. He couldn't even get out—till closing time. Course of sprouts? He reckoned so!

He had to let the third day go by, to catch up on his regular collecting, but by four o'clock of the afternoon of the fourth day he was ready for another try, and he hated it worse than a well-remembered appointment with a dentist, when a tooth was to come out and there'd be no laughing gas—only the cold, cold forceps. He was, besides, no nearer a plan of campaign than at first. How, indeed, attack thin air, where there was nothing to hit? Still, he would try again. A streak of stubbornness in him somewhere was solidifying. The novitiate—that girl—made it hardest. The way he dreaded her, and the interested look in her big demure brown eyes, as though he were coming up to expectations, were breaking into his sleep. He faced two hours of slow torture, going back, but he procured a shine and a haircut and went back.

The high priestess, in her first pleasure at seeing him, greeted him almost as an old acquaintance, her gracious manner subtly giving him to feel that she was flattered at the continued honor of his presence in her salon. And off in the middle background, where the novitiate was demonstrating a wonderful toque for a stylish stout dowager, two big brown eyes brimmed with sly mirth and welcome. Her day was to be brightened after all, it seemed.

Merrill was discouraged. The oftener he came the better they liked it. He envisaged no sign of regarding him as a

(Continued on Page 92)

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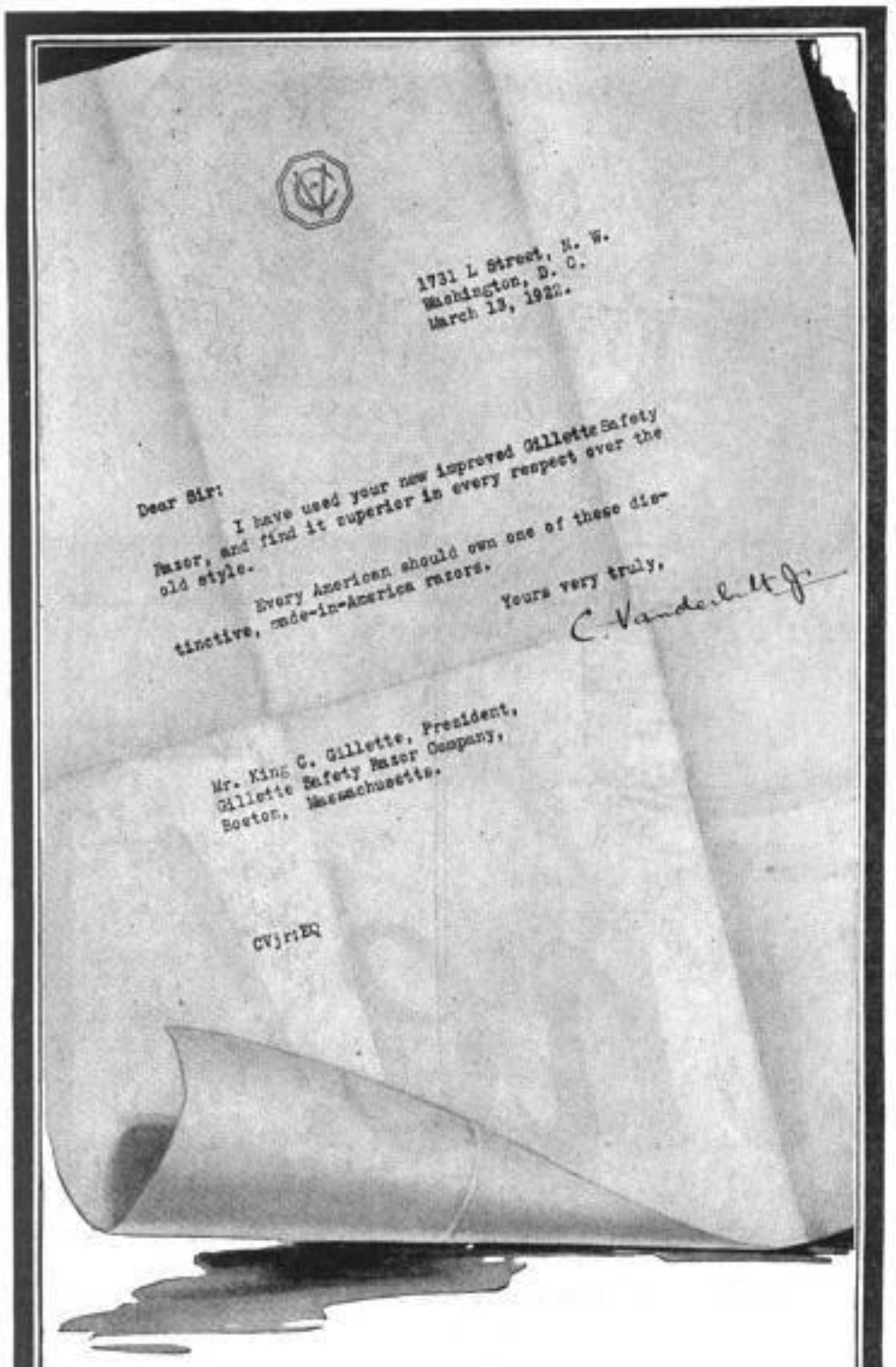
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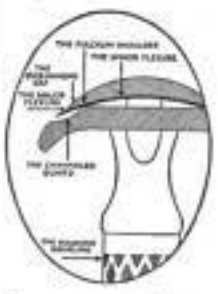
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(Continued from Page 90)

nuisance, of crumbling before his dogged persistence. Nevertheless, as the high priestess came smiling towards him her delicate nostrils quivered. Two richly gowned customers going out paused abruptly near him, and the nostrils of each did a quick triple sniff. A shade of horror crossed their features, and with a significant glance at the high priestess they hurried out. A something was pervading the softly fragrant atmosphere of Perrin et Cie., breaking down even the awed hush. Another customer, haughty as a duchess, with a spaniel in her arms, caught the aroma as she entered.

"Phew, smells like a barber shop!" she ejaculated.

Clearly she had blundered into the wrong temple. Nose in air, she swished about face and went out again.

Joe knew now. It was the bay rum. He had a weakness for bay rum. It smelled cool and clean and comforting. He always had the barber use it. But to delicate nostrils here it was a coarse and plebeian odor. How the lady who had just gone out associated it with barber shops he did not know. Perhaps she had started being a lady as a manicurist.

The high priestess did not ask him to be kindly seated for just a moment. So Merrill said, "I'll just sit down for a moment."

There was an acidulated tinge in the dulcet intonation as the high priestess replied, "So sorry, but it would be useless. Mr. Perrin—no one—is here."

Merrill poignantly felt the attention he was attracting, and it required all his new obstinacy, but he said, "That's all right. I'll wait. I don't mind being seated for only a minute or two," and he started towards the high-backed ceremonial chair.

"Yes, yes," said the high priestess hastily. She turned to the brown-eyed novitiate. "Rhoda, dear, won't you see if he is in? Yes, quickly, please!" Then to Merrill, almost prayerfully: "You may go with her if you wish. Yes, yes, do."

That monosyllable of surrender—"Yes, yes!" For the first time in days the fun-loving light that pertained by nature to the intruder's light gray eyes broke through the sulky mist of his countenance. The impalpable first line of defense had given way before the assault of forthright, honest bay rum, and the bay leaves of victory should crown him next. At last he was to meet a man.

He followed the slender fairy figure of Rhoda dear into cloistered depths to a tapestried, boudoirlike little office, and here, at least, was something in pants anyway. It was dapper and tubby, with a minute mustache and brightly animated little eyes, and it was wreathed in smiles of welcome.

"You Mr. Perrin?" Merrill began.

The little pet of a man turned his palms up deprecatingly. No, he was not Monsieur Perrin, but he would endeavor to answer for Monsieur Perrin. And to what might he ascribe the honor ——

"This little bill, if you please," and Joe presented it.

The tubby little person looked, and he started slightly. Ah, quite so, but this little account was liquidated quite many weeks ago, with exception of the sum of eleven cents. If monsieur would accept the sum of eleven cents, and give a receipt ——

"No," said Merrill, again interrupting, "it's not paid, but payable."

"Payable?" echoed the other, letting his inflection rise with a faintest tinge of irony.

"Payable," Merrill repeated tersely, but rather ashamed. This antagonist was as fragile as the ladies in the temple. He felt like a horrid rough brute.

Still, he added, "And it will keep on getting more payable until it is paid. Might I see the check—you know the one I mean—that canceled check you flash at us instead of a receipt?"

"Oh, but Monsieur Perrin has that. He always has that for the purpose—as you say—to flash at Monsieur Donovan when those two monsieurs each other encounter. I am veritably desolated that I can do no more for you, monsieur."

Rhoda dear, waiting, let him out by a side door upon a side street. Before she closed the door she said, "It was good while it lasted. Only it lasted too quick."

Her voice tripped with laughter; and flushing, he retorted, "But it's not over yet."

"No?" she echoed, making a rosebud of her mouth, but before he could retort again the lock of the door had clicked.

On the side street he moodily kicked the shine off one shoe with the other shoe. "If the bay rum brought up the manager," he reflected, "I wonder how high-powered a smell it will take to bring up Perrin himself. Say it with scents, say it with scents!"

He pondered earnestly. "Barber shops?" he mused, working out his odor scheme. "I wonder how about a nice, rich, lingering hospital smell. Chloroform? No. Iodoform? Ha—iodoform!"

The next day was Sunday, and he rested that day, but Monday he went primed to bring Monsieur Perrin himself to the surface of events. However, he did not pass the threshold of Perrin et Cie. He perceived instead what Rhoda dear perhaps had had in mind at their parting two days before when she had mockingly regretted that it was all over. A vast giant in plum-colored livery stood in the doorway. The man's courteous deference to incoming and outgoing patronesses was of a piece—or better, of a flavor—with the overawing atmosphere of the establishment. Obligingly he himself would receive the little bill that Merrill mentioned, and have it conveyed to the manager; but he would not, it seemed, give place, step aside, make gangway. He was a polite and refined giant, but to all intents and purposes Perrin et Cie. had hired a low-browed bouncer. He was par excellence the antidote to bay rum.

All this was making a grievously harassed boy of Joe Merrill. The thing had become an obsession, a life's ambition, a career, tensing every breath he drew. He returned to the printing office and asked the bookkeeper for Monsieur Perrin's initials. T. D. they were. Then he looked up T. D. Perrin's residence in the telephone book. He'd pass the plum-colored monument, over, under or through, if he had to, but first he'd try a flank movement—tackle Monsieur Perrin under his own rooftree and pull his probable French imperial.

He went that same night. It was in a neighborhood of wide lawns and houses built large enough for the servants. Monsieur T. D. Perrin's house, when Merrill had located it, was festively ablaze with lights. Party, eh? Joe hurried home, changed into evening clothes and came back.

Stowing his hat and topcoat under an ornamental shrub he sauntered in among the guests with the manner of having just stepped out for seven puffs at a cigarette. So far as he had any definite plan, he meant to waylay the butler or a maid and say, "Oh, by the by, have you seen Mr. Perrin in the last minute or two? I'd like ——" And then, before he needed to finish, the servant would likely say, "Why, yes, right over there, sir," and point him out. After which, having identified his host, he would maneuver for a chance to speak with him, alone if possible. But the young man was in for a series of jolts first.

He was standing with a group watching the dancing, when a radiant fairy shape among the dancers caught his eye, and he forgot why he had come. And then, as she turned, she saw him. The big brown eyes of the novice of Perrin et Cie. rounded wonderingly in recognition, and he wished he were somewhere planting cabbages. Nor would she let him escape. He had all but gained the front door when he heard a racing scurry of slippered feet behind him, and there she was. More formidably than the massive giant she barred the way, regarding him with an expression of puzzled inquiry. And yet she seemed ready to be friendly and hospitable. So far she was giving him the benefit of the doubt.

"I—I'd like to see your employer," he managed to say.

"My —— Oh, you mean daddy. I am Miss Perrin."

"You? But ——"

She knew what was bothering him. Inextricably she was fixed in his confused wits as a demonstrator of hats.

"Why not?" she demanded. "It's going to be my store some day. I'm the C-i-e—the Compagnie—already."

"I—I'd like—this little bill ——"

Her wonderment mounted to a sort of helpless admiration.

"You haven't—haven't come to collect that bill—here?"

He nodded, since he was well caught in any case.

"My land sake's alive!" she breathed. It was fervent invocation of powers beyond

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her own to account for this gift of brass-bound nerve within an exterior so blushing and shy.

"I'd like ——" he began again.

"You—you wouldn't mind being killed, would you?" she asked him then. Clearly she was easing her conscience of consequences; shifting the responsibility on him.

He smiled feebly, and yet it was a flash of genuine humor.

"That's all right," he assured her. "It—it would be a sort of change."

"Then come." Under her breath he heard her add "Poor lamb!"

Naturally she idolized her father, he reflected, yet after all, how much killing does one usually expect from a man milliner? And then, ushered by her into a den-like retreat beyond the library, he found himself gaping at a square-browed, rock-jawed citizen with a battler's eye.

"Old Donovan!" he thought; but Miss Perrin called him daddy.

"Daddy," she said, "this gentleman wishes—or did wish—to see you about—well, about a little matter of business."

"Business?" the man grunted, ominously shifting in the large leather armchair where he sat, turning a vast acreage of shirt front and iron gray beetling brows on the intruder. No, he wasn't old Donovan, Joe now perceived, but he almost was. "Business? Huh, must be all-fired urgent if it can't wait till morning!"

"Oh, but daddy," said Miss Perrin sweetly, "only wait till you hear what it is."

Then with a glance she gave Joe Merrill the floor, so to speak, while dancing imps in her eyes offered him up for a ghastly immolation. Joe hesitated, but because the great bear was not alone in his den. Another sat with him, his broad back towards the door. Two cronies they were, evidently, who had slipped away from the general frivolity for a quiet smoke and drink of Scotch.

"If I might speak with you privately, sir," Joe began, but got no farther.

At sound of his voice the broad back of Mr. Perrin's crony had upheaved, and Joe was blinking agape at another square-browed, rock-jawed countenance. But there was no error this time. It was old Donovan himself.

"Oh, but Uncle Larry will want to hear it too," Miss Perrin protested in her voice of sweet, childlike naïveté.

Again there was no error. She meant Donovan. Donovan for his part had been staring at Joe, and as he stared a gleam of unregenerate joy scintillated in the battler's eye.

"Hell's bells!" he murmured reverently. Then he nodded approvingly at the girl. "Sure thing, Puss; I'll want to hear it too."

Joe contrived to swallow.

"It's about a little bill, sir," he explained, and handed the statement to Perrin, while Donovan took a long, satisfying pull at his cigar and waited.

Others had given a slight start, but by comparison Mr. Perrin went up into the air and came down with both feet. Almost literally he did just that. He opened his mouth for a smashing oath, but gave over the attempt with a hopeless gesture more eloquent yet. No oath could be adequate. A gloating rumble in Donovan's throat brought him hard round on his late crony.

"It's you, Larry—it's you who set this infernal pest to dunning me in my own house!"

Choking for utterance Donovan waved the hand with the cigar.

"Not so," he retorted. "I gave the lad the bill to collect, that's all. But if he's got to work after hours to collect it, the more shame to you. D'you want the name of a dead beat before all your elegant guests?"

"The bill's been paid, as well you know!" Perrin roared. "Here's the check—look again! No, I'd not trust it in your hand. And the eleven cents—I'm not disputing the eleven cents. Take them!"

Out of a pocket of his white vest he dug them and showered them over Donovan's head. The two men glared at each other like twin grizzlies.

The girl cried severely "Oh, tut, tut!" as at two rowdy boys. Merrill put out his hand.

"Might—might I see that check, sir?"

But Perrin rumpled it back into his pocket. Let his word be questioned by every printer's devil that Donovan minded to hound him with? Show the check? He'd be damned!

"Timothy Donovan Perrin!" said Donovan sternly. "Aw—aw, language, Tim! Language! From a ladies' milliner too! Dear, oh, dear, I'm that shocked! I shouldn't have come!"

"You call off this perambulating dun, that's all! He's driving away my trade till that he-doll manager of mine threatens to resign. Call him off or I'm telling you flat, Larry—he'll get hurt."

From under pent brows Donovan shot a swiftly appraising glance up at Merrill before he replied. Then he said, "That depends on the young divil himself, Tim. He can quit—lay down—any time he's a mind to."

"If I might see that check, if—if you please," Joe persisted.

Perrin made a motion of fighting for air. "Talk—talk about one-track minds! No, you don't see the check. And you let my hat store alone too. Ladies' milliner? Godfrey's goat! Listen, my young friend, I'm in the coal-and-wood business, and I took that hat store over for a bad debt—rent six months overdue and a winter's coal bill. I gave the joint a name and tone, hired experts in hokum, and ——"

"Yes, sir, but speaking of a bad debt ——"

Joe had to stop there, for Perrin was twisting a coal heaver's fist under his nose.

"Now you scoot on out o' here! If ——"

"Would it be all right," said Joe, backing off, "if I came to see you down to your coal-and-wood yard?"

"Eh, what? Ha, do!" Perrin shouted cordially. "Yes, and bring all the bay rum you want. My lily-fingered teamsters won't mind at all. But if you ever get past those jokers—look here, my boy, there's no real wish on my part to see you worked into shredded hash, so I'm warning you. I ——"

"If I do get past the jokers, sir, will you show me the check?"

Perrin's hands dropped to his side. He looked beaten. "Godfrey's goat!" he whispered.

"Then you will show him the check, Tim?" Donovan asked.

Perrin nodded helplessly. "Yes—if! Boy"—he turned to Joe—"don't hurry. Stay and dance and be merry. I'd like to be able to remember that your last evening on earth was a pleasant one."

Five minutes later Joe was dancing with Rhoda. She had seconded her father's invitation.

"Hard to tell them apart," he observed.

"It's hard to keep them apart," she replied, "but it's easy to tell them apart. One says 'Hell's bells,' and the other says 'Godfrey's goat.'"

But he was still mystified. "They're mighty chummy to be having a scrap."

"And why not? Where'd be the fun in it if they didn't get together? Poor darlings, they do love their scraps so, ever since they were boys!"

They had been boys together, then—those two with the conqueror contour of piano movers, as alike as two blocks of granite. But Donovan could not be Rhoda's Uncle Larry. Joe mentioned this.

"Pretty nearly," she laughed. "They're double cousins, and that's the same as brothers. You've got to go back to their mothers and fathers. Well, then, a brother and sister named Perrin married a sister and brother named Donovan, after which there were two consequences. One was Timothy Donovan Perrin, and the other was Lawrence Perrin Donovan—otherwise dad and otherwise Uncle Larry. Clear now?"

It was clear now.

"Their scraps are such fun," said Rhoda musingly.

"For me, yes," Joe agreed with a grimace.

She became serious, and now it developed that her hospitality was not without a motive. She wished to warn him. He was not to go near the coal yard. He was only a pawn in the fierce game of the two cantankerous old darlings, and he'd get hurt. Yes, really.

He thanked her, losing step in their dance. A coal yard would be a relief after that hat shop full of women.

"Then you intend to go anyway?" she exclaimed, and he did not mind, now, the way she looked at him. He lost two steps.

"Do you suppose—oh, won't you," she cried eagerly, "call by for me when you go? I—I should like to see the last of it."

He became suspicious. Was she wanting to protect him? He flushed to the roots of his hair and caromed awkwardly from one couple to a second. Being now stopped entirely, he stammered that he was a rotten dancer and guessed he'd better be going.

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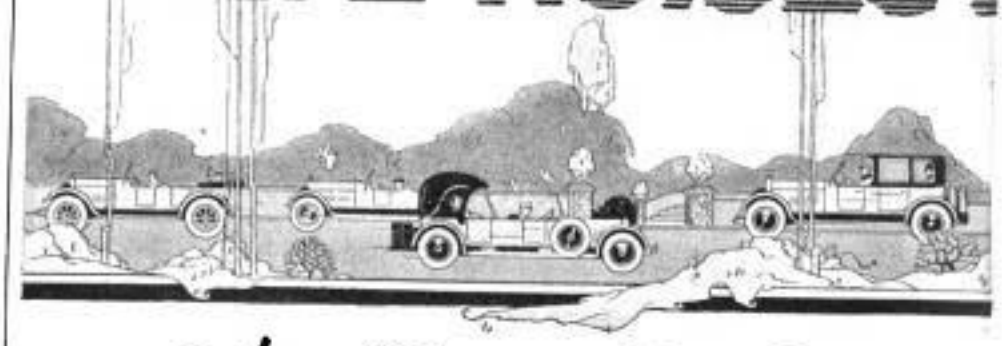
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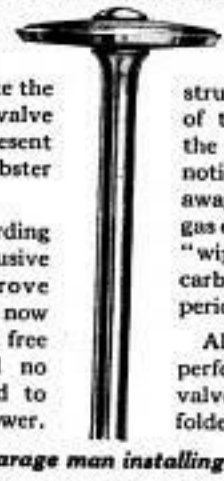
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Florsheim Low Shoes are Skeleton Lined and Non-slip—they fit the ankle and hug the heel.

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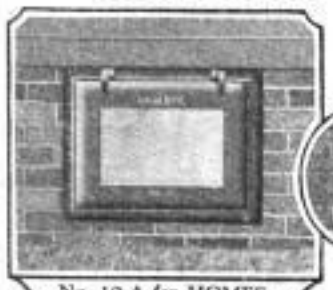
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Store Chute



Ready for Coal

The Mark of a Modern House or Building

He went, taking with him his new problem—how to assault a coal yard. Back home he grinned wryly at his recently laid-in stock of ammunition, the package of iodoform, picturing a reception committee of coal heavers pleasantly awaiting him. She wanted to protect him, did she—or to laugh?

His whole manhood seemed wrapped up in this piffling item of a twenty-five-dollar bill. It was a symbol and a possessing fiend. Off on the sidelines he would have laughed with the other bystanders, but being himself enmeshed in burlesque only intensified his feeling of helplessness and at the same time hardened his obstinacy by making him angry. He thought of going in disguise, but discarded the notion as impracticable. He dismissed other fantastic notions. This was not comedy to him. It was serious. In its significance it was mortal combat. With no sense of the comic had he conceived any of his notions. He was in earnest every time. Now then, how to assault a coal yard?

He decided on artifice, as of necessity, to oppose to brute force, and so hit on a bit of strategy as simple as it was neat. There'd be the fiddler, the brute force momentarily tricked and therefore enraged, to pay afterwards, but he must risk that.

The idea dropped on him like ripened fruit next day while he stood in a lost hypnotic state, watching a Consolidated Fuel Company's wagon being unloaded down a sidewalk manhole in front of a department store. The Consolidated was Perrin's company, and the word aptly expressed Perrin. The big blackened truck, the big blackened driver, and the big span of black mules in heavy, brass-mounted harness—the sight of these, representing so much in his young life that day, had cast a spell over him.

Finally the driver tossed his scoop into the empty wagon and disappeared within the store. He would be quite some minutes finding the proper person to sign his receipt for the coal, and it was then that the idea made contact with Joe Merrill's brainpan. Here was at once a conveyance and a passport. He swung himself up to the seat of the wagon, seized the reins and was off. Through the dense traffic he turned the mules at the first corner.

Remembering then a lady's whim, he drove around to Perrin et Cie., some four blocks away. He crowded to the curb between a limousine and a taxicab. Already fairly grimy he sprang to the sidewalk and confronted the uniformed giant in the doorway, whose statuesque urbanity was rocked to its pedestal as Joe, making no attempt to enter, proffered this request:

"Say to Miss Perrin that I've come."

"But—but ——" began the giant lucidly.

Argument might have ensued except that Miss Perrin herself, not a great way from the door, had heard her name. She looked and saw and came. She came in a beautiful leghorn picture hat that she had been demonstrating, and under the brim the brown eyes danced and sparkled.

"I'm going now," Joe told her.

"My land!" she squealed, amazed. "In one of dad's own coal wagons?"

"If you really must come you can take a taxi."

"No; wait!"

She passed him, skipping across the sidewalk to the wagon. He caught her by the arm.

"If you come—no interference? You promise?"

She saw how serious he was.

"Oh, well, then—I promise."

He helped her over the wheel, picture hat and all. Perched upon the high seat, she was as dainty as a Cherokee rose, as saucy and brightly expectant as a Shasta daisy. She might have been one of Marie Antoinette's exquisite dairymaids transported to a coal wagon.

"This coal dust," he said, climbing up beside her—"you're going to get badly mussed up."

She shot him one of her swift glances. "Nothing to the mussing you're in for." After a moment she added quietly, "There's still time to back out."

He drove on, gaze focused straight ahead, brows drawn to a moody scowl. She said no more, but sat subdued, like a good little girl being taken for a ride.

A traffic policeman held up his wand, but the bumping coal wagon kept coming. Joe drew upon himself the officer's attention before he pulled leather. He would embroider his original idea a bit.

The cop checked a warm stream of vituperation as a something incongruous about the offending outfit percolated.

"Say, you two up there, going to a pink tea or what?" he demanded. "Anyway you don't look like you belong with them mules and wagon. I gotta find out."

Detaining them he blew his whistle, and another of the force, a broad, florid-faced roundsman, presently appeared at a flat-footed lope.

"Yeah, good work," said the roundsman to his colleague. "This team's been reported stolen. Think I'll join you in your little joy ride, young fellah."

He climbed aboard, and they were now three on the high seat—the boy, the girl and the policeman.

"Drive round to the coal yard first," ordered the policeman, and Joe nodded. It was according to his idea. Rhoda shot him another swift look from under the picture hat, and the brown eyes narrowed comprehendingly.

The coal yard was down by the railroad tracks, and they came to it through a district of shanties. Merrill drove through the open gateway. Three burly gentleman tossing bundles of kindling wood into a cart looked up, and recognized the team.

"Butch!" one of them called. "Hey, Butch! Here's your wagon come back."

The screen door of the office—a long low frame shack at one side—slammed open, and a grimy figure excitedly emerged. Obviously he had lost no time in returning to the office to bewail his loss. He identified wagon and mules in a truculent bellow.

"I remember that guy too. He was loafing round, watching me unload."

"Might be the cuss the old man was wanting us to lay for," another suggested. "Slim, clean-shaved, gray eyes—bet my hat! Hey, hey everybody!"

Everybody seemed to be coming—the crew of a motor-driven saw under a shed; a muscular clerk with sleeves rolled up, from the office; a stable man; two teamsters from the coal bins. Joe had not stopped. He lashed the mules, heading for the scales in front of the office door. Here the man Butch grabbed the bridles and brought the team to a standstill.

"Now let's have him!" said Butch, and Joe looked down on sooty forearms reaching for him.

"Quit ut!" the policeman interfered, vaulting to the ground. "I got this lad in charge. Where's your boss?"

They pointed to the office. A moment before, Merrill had seen Perrin's bulk appear at the dust-streaked window and vanish.

"In you go," ordered the policeman. Keeping off Perrin's jokers with a loosely swinging club, and holding open the screen door, he herded his two prisoners before him into the office.

This was not the establishment of Perrin et Cie. A film of consolidated bituminous lay over battered, obsolete office equipment and weighted the sagging cobwebs. The ogre of the dingy cavern, T. D. Perrin in person, stood straddle legged, chewed cigar clamped between teeth, and glumly reviewed the entering procession. Joe Merrill spoke first:

"It's about that little bill, Mr. Perrin." And he handed Mr. Perrin the bill.

The latter mechanically crumpled the statement in his heavy fist and let it drop to the floor. He vented a low, rumbling snort of contempt.

"Humph! Had to come in under the arm of the law, I notice."

"Under arrest, you mean," the policeman, not minded to be ignored, put in. "You people reported a stolen rig. Well, them two"—he ducked a cleft chin towards Merrill and the girl—"they had it, joy-riding down Main Street. Want to know if you'll prefer charges; then I'll be taking them along."

"Godfrey's goat!" said Perrin. "Look here, man, the young lady is my daughter!"

The broad, honest face of the officer was wiped blank of expression.

"But—but the wagon was stolen, wasn't it?"

Before answering, Perrin looked at his daughter. But Rhoda had promised not to interfere. She wandered about the room, peering at the ceiling, humming a little tune. She neglected to meet her father's eye. Most dearly Perrin would have loved to send Donovan's pesky collector on to jail for the joy of sending Donovan there afterwards to bail him out. But seemingly the lady, his daughter, must go along too. He had to frame his reply accordingly.

(Continued on Page 96)

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To-night! In 10,000,000 homes—they are asking this question—

"I wonder if that picture is worth while?"

An important question—when you realize that about three million dollars will be spent this afternoon and evening for tickets to the "movies" all over the country! Well spent if the entertainment is refreshing and inspiring . . . wasted when the pictures are not worth seeing.

The Latest Photoplay News

How the quarters can save the dollars! Not more than two-thirds of the pictures are worth your time and money. The average price of admission to the pictures is twenty-five cents. Suppose two million of the readers of this page should pay a quarter for Photoplay to find out about the worth-while plays. . . . In the next four weeks they could save at least four quarters, ordinarily wasted on pictures that disappoint. A possible saving of $1,500,000.00! Read "The Shadow Stage"—

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Well, what *is* the matter with motion pictures? Producers, scenario-writers and theatre owners have told us this and that. . . . Photoplay thought it was about time to find out what the people who buy the tickets think about it! So we asked our readers to tell us—and 20,000 answered. You will be just as surprised and gratified as the editors, with the keen, intelligent, constructive letters, published in the August issue. This composite "answer" of the people is "not the usual sort of thing"—so, of course,

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"The National Guide to Motion Pictures"

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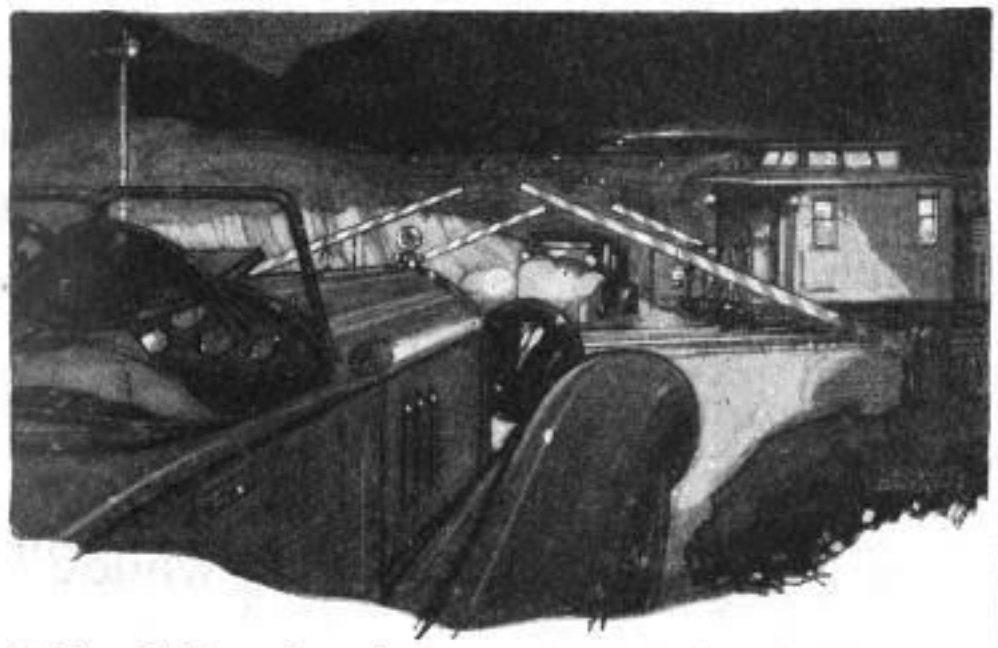
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The World's Leading Moving Picture Magazine

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(Continued from Page 94)

"Stolen?" he repeated. "Of course not! There's some mistake. Here, officer, have a smoke." From a box on his desk he swept a handful of cigars into the policeman's hand. "Have a long one."

Deftly the officer was started on his way, beaming. Perrin turned back into the office and faced the two young people. He fixed the twain with twitching brows.

"I don't know how," he said, "but somebody's slipped something over here. Rhoda ——"

"Not a word, daddy—not to me," Rhoda cut him short. "He's the one." She nodded brightly at Joe. "Whatever's done, he did it, all out of his own head. I never said a word from start to finish. I—I'm only just among those present."

"H'm," said Perrin doubtfully. "That'll take some explaining too. But not now. Young man"—his tone changed ominously as he brought Joe under fire—"young man, you're here and I gave my word. You're to have a look at the check. There—take it. Now look your fill."

The young man was yet looking his fill when Perrin pushed open the screen door, and as one revealing a delightful surprise he indicated his strong-arm cohort expectantly waiting there.

"I'll grant that you're here, and I've kept my word, but not for that would I disappoint you," continued Perrin. "There's still a diverting time ahead—still the getting away again, and no policeman, either. Bringing along cops and daughters and using one of my own wagons for it—how do I know what you'll do next? Nay, nay, I've had enough."

Gripping Merrill by the arm he stepped outside with him.

"Boys"—he addressed the grinning pack—"among other little things you do to him, I'd just recommend this—shear off his pants at the knees. 'Tis a long, long sprint to the nearest clothing store."

Empty hands were uplifted. "Throw him to us, boss! Throw him to us!"

And that, indeed, was what the boss was about to do. Joe Merrill knew he could never live it down, not in the eyes of the girl. No matter how many years after, seeing him again, she would see him with pants sheared off at the knees, sprinting for the nearest clothing store.

"Wait!" he said, pulling back. "I want another minute to study this check. I've risked enough for the chance."

The minute was accorded by Perrin, with watch in hand.

Merrill scanned the paper with burning gaze, his heart thumping in his throat. The check seemed all right, all that Perrin claimed, made out on the private lithograph form of Perrin et Cie.; yet here, on this slip of paper, if anywhere, he must ferret out the clew to salvation.

"Minute's up!"

Joe nodded, and returned the check to Perrin. He was flushed to the cheek bones, but his eyes were steady as they met Perrin's and as he said, "That check, sir, was never given in payment of our bill, nor for any part of it."

"Bosh, bosh! Bosh, bosh and fiddlesticks!"

"You pay all company bills out of your bound check books, don't you?"

"Certainly we do! What ——"

"And the checks are numbered. They are bound first into books and then numbered on our numbering machine."

"Yes, sure; but I'd like to know ——"

"Now look at that check in your hand. If you please, Mr. Perrin, look especially at the number."

Mr. Perrin looked, and as he looked his eyes goggled and his jaw sagged.

"The damned thing ain't got a number!"

Joe did not say anything. He waited.

"Here—you tell me—how'd I get it? How ——"

But Joe lifted his shoulders. How was he to know?

"Of course!" Perrin suddenly exploded. "Don't tell me I don't remember. My memory's as good as anybody's. That cashier of Donovan's who got married—she found me a loose one. She got it out of stock for me. Larry lithographs 'em by the quantity and binds them up as I need 'em. Don't tell me I don't remember! I—uh—I was needing a little change that day and when I says to Larry's cashier ——"

"Daddy!" exclaimed Rhoda in shocked reproof. "Oh, daddy—dad-dy!"

Daddy's color slowly mounted until his square-browed visage was of the rich, empurpled congestion of a beet. A dozen of poor Joe's blushes overlaid wouldn't have equaled it.

"Not—not a word!" he said to his accusing daughter, and bolted into the office. When he reappeared he handed Joe Merrill a newly drawn check for twenty-five dollars and eleven cents. Then he seemed to see his cohort of jokers for the first time.

"Why aren't you bums at work?" he roared. "Now scatter—get to your jobs! Don't one of you smile, either. Godfrey's goat, can't you see the show's over?"

"Your receipt, sir," said Merrill, "and thank you very much," he added as per routine.

"You tell Larry Donovan," Perrin ordered, "that if my credit is good now, I'll give him my printing again."

"I was going to mention that, sir. Though I'm only a collector, still ——"

"Only a collector?" Perrin snorted indignantly. "You're a ring-tailed galliwampus, and I hope to the pearly gates I've got nothing else you'll be coming around to collect."

But his glance happening to alight on the lady, his daughter, he was stunned as by a flash of revelation.

"Godfrey's goat!" he muttered prayerfully under his breath.

It is true that her being among those present still needed a deal of explaining.

The managing partner of the Donovan-Merrill Printing Company swung genially round in his chair when the foreman of the composing room entered.

"Well, Joe," said the foreman, "I had to let that Burke kid go home."

The boss looked unhappy.

"You mean he blew up—lay down?"

"No-o," said the foreman. "He not only set up the pi but he found himself a marked case and distributed it. He'd been at it all night, so I told him to go home to bed."

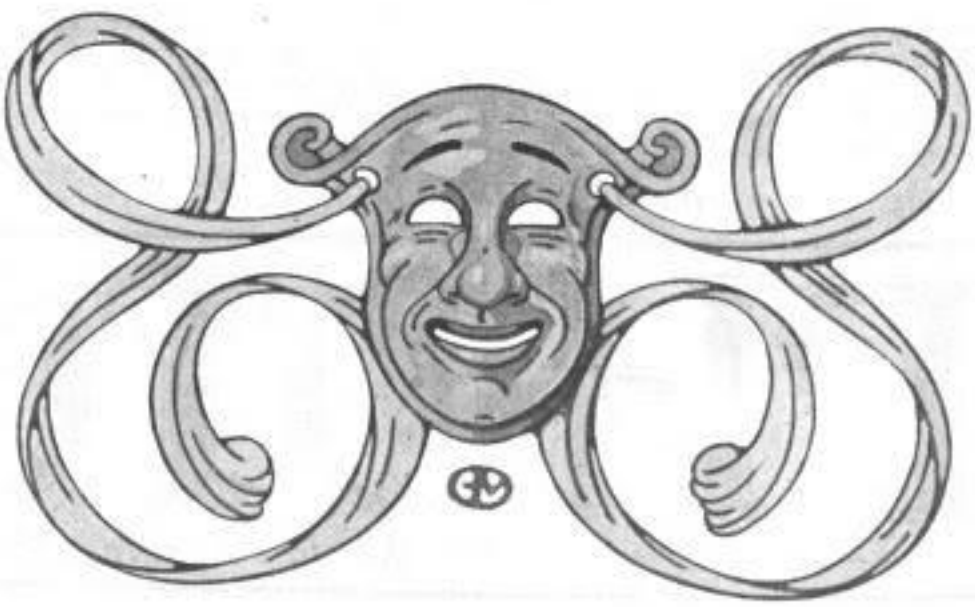
The boss looked pleased.

"That's fine, Sam. That's fine."

"Maybe," said Sam. "I told him what you said—that no man could set up that pi in a day—and the son of a gun wanted to bet that he'd have it distributed as well by ten this morning. Of course we all of us give him long odds. Gosh, the hole he made! He got five of my smackers."

The boss did not know how to look.

"Hell's bells and Godfrey's goat!" he said.



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To Which Group Do You Belong?

PURCHASERS of gas mantles are divided into three groups—Those who merely ask for gas mantles; those who ask for Welsbach Mantles and take anything given them, because they think every gas mantle is a Welsbach Mantle; and lastly those who know there is a difference and insist on getting genuine

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"'I don't know,' I answered.

"'Going to sleep?' he said.

"'No,' I said. 'I am not going to sleep. What I am going to do is to sell that stock.' I had always made money following these hunches.

"I walked over to a table where there were some blank order pads. My friend followed me. I wrote out an order to sell a thousand Union Pacific at the market and handed it to the manager. He was smiling when I wrote it and when he took it. But when he read the order he stopped smiling and looked at me.

"'Is this right?' he asked me. But I just looked at him and he rushed it over to the operator.

"'What are you doing?' asked my friend.

"'I'm selling it!' I told him.

"'Selling what?' he yelled at me. If he was a bull how could I be a bear? Something was wrong.

"'A thousand U P,' I said.

"'Why?' he asked me in great excitement.

"I shook my head, meaning I had no reason. But he must have thought I'd got a tip, because he took me by the arm and led me outside into the hall, where we could be out of sight and hearing of the other customers and rubbering chair warmers.

"'What did you hear?' he asked me.

"He was quite excited. U P was one of his pets and he was bullish on it because of its earnings and its prospects. But he was willing to take a bear tip on it at second hand.

"'Nothing!' I said.

"'You didn't?' He was skeptical and showed it plainly.

"'I didn't hear a thing.'

"'Then why in blazes are you selling?'

"'I don't know,' I told him. I spoke gospel truth.

"'Oh, come across, Larry,' he said.

"He knew it was my habit to know why I traded. I had sold a thousand shares of Union Pacific. I must have a very good reason to sell that much stock in the face of the strong market.

"'I don't know,' I repeated. 'I just feel that something is going to happen.'

"'What's going to happen?'

"'I don't know. I can't give you any reason. All I know is that I want to sell that stock. And I'm going to let 'em have another thousand.'

"I walked back into the office and gave an order to sell a second thousand. If I was right in selling the first thousand I ought to have out a little more."

The Subconscious Urge

"'What could possibly happen?' persisted my friend, who couldn't make up his mind to follow my lead. If I'd told him that I had heard U P was going down he'd have sold it without asking me from whom I'd heard it or why. 'What could possibly happen?' he asked again.

"'A million things could happen. But I can't promise you that any of them will. I can't give you any reasons and I can't tell fortunes,' I told him.

"'Then you're crazy,' he said. 'Stark crazy, selling that stock without rime or reason. You don't know why you want to sell it?'

"'I don't know why I want to sell it. I only know I do want to,' I said. 'I want to, like everything.' The urge was so strong that I sold another thousand.

"That was too much for my friend. He grabbed me by the arm and said, 'Here! Let's get out of this place before you sell the entire capital stock.'

"I had sold as much as I needed to satisfy my feeling, so I followed him without waiting for a report on the last two thousand shares. It was a pretty good jag of stock for me to sell even with the best of reasons.

"It seemed more than enough to be short of without any reason whatever, particularly when the entire market was so strong and there was nothing in sight to make anybody think of the bear side. But I remembered that on previous occasions when I had had the same urge to sell and didn't do it I always had reasons to regret it.

"I have told some of these stories to friends, and some of them tell me it isn't a hunch but the subconscious mind, which is the creative mind, at work. That is the mind which makes artists do great things without their knowing how they came to do them. Perhaps with me it was the cumulative effect of a lot of little things individually insignificant but collectively powerful. Possibly my friend's unintelligent bullishness aroused a spirit of contradiction and I picked on U P because it had been touted so much. I can't tell you what the cause or motive for hunches may be. All I know is that I went out of the Atlantic City branch office of Harding Brothers short three thousand Union Pacific in a rising market, and I wasn't worried a bit.

"I wanted to know what price they'd got for my last two thousand shares. So after luncheon we walked up to the office. I had the pleasure of seeing that the general market was strong and Union Pacific higher.

"'I see your finish,' said my friend. You could see he was glad he hadn't sold any.

"The next day the general market went up some more and I heard nothing but cheerful remarks from my friend. But I felt sure I had done right to sell U P, and I never get impatient when I feel I am right. What's the sense? That afternoon Union Pacific stopped climbing, and toward the end of the day it began to go off. Pretty soon it got down to a point below the level of the average of my three thousand shares. I felt more positive than ever that I was on the right side, and since I felt that way I naturally had to sell some more. So, toward the close, I sold an additional two thousand shares."

Does the Tape Ever Lie?

"There I was, short five thousand shares of U P on a hunch. That was as much as I could sell in Harding's office with the margin I had up. There was no telling what might happen and I thought I'd better be Johnny-on-the-Spot.

That was too much stock for me to be short of, on a vacation; so I gave up the vacation and returned to New York that very night. There I could move quickly if I had to.

"The next day we got the news of the San Francisco earthquake. It was an awful disaster. But the market opened down only a couple of points. The bull forces were at work, and the public wasn't responsive. You see that all the time. If there is a solid bull foundation, for instance, whether or not what the papers call bull manipulation is going on at the same time, certain news items fail to have the effect they would have if the Street was bearish.

"It is all in the state of sentiment at the time. In this case the Street did not appraise the extent of the catastrophe because it didn't wish to. Before the day was over prices came back.

"I was short five thousand shares. The blow had fallen, but my stock hadn't. My hunch was of the first water, but my bank account wasn't growing; not even on paper. The friend who had been in Atlantic City with me when I put out my short line in U P was glad and sad about it.

"He told me: 'That was some hunch, kid. But, say, when the talent and the money are all on the bull side what's the use of bucking against them? They are bound to win out.'

"'Give them time,' I said. I meant, prices. I wouldn't cover because I knew the damage was enormous and the Union Pacific would be one of the worst sufferers. But it was exasperating to see the blindness of the Street.

"'Give 'em time and your skin will be where all the other bear hides are stretched out in the sun, drying,' he assured me.

"'What would you do?' I asked him. 'Buy U P on the strength of the millions of dollars of damage suffered by the Southern Pacific and other lines? Where are the earnings for dividends going to come from after they pay for all they've lost? The best you can say is that the trouble may not be as bad as it is painted. But is that a reason for buying the stocks of the roads chiefly affected? Answer me that.'

"But all my friend said was: 'Yes, that listens fine. But I tell you, the market doesn't agree with you. The tape doesn't lie, does it?'

"'It doesn't always tell the truth on the instant,' I said.

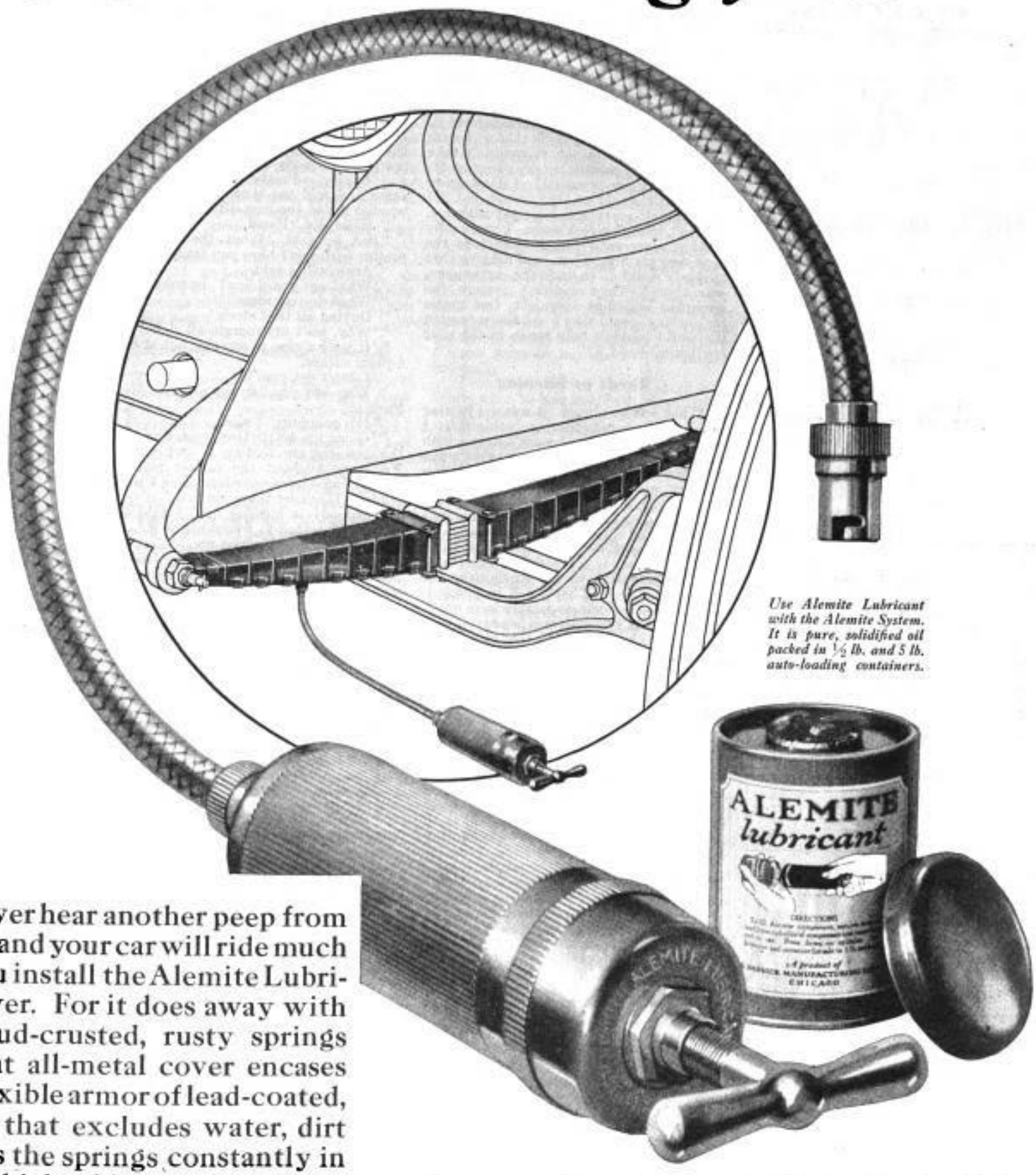
"'Listen. A man was talking to Jim Fisk a little before Black Friday, giving ten good reasons why gold ought to go down for keeps. He got so encouraged by his own words that he ended by telling Fisk that he was going to sell a few million. And Jim Fisk just looked at him and said, "Go ahead! Do! Sell it short and invite me to your funeral."'

(Continued on Page 100)

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GAS RANGE POLISHING OIL

(Continued from Page 98)

"'Yes,' I said; 'and if that chap had sold it short, look at the killing he would have made! Sell some U P yourself.'

"'Not I! I'm the kind that thrives best on not rowing against wind and tide.'

"On the following day, when fuller reports came in, the market began to slide off, but even then not so violently as it should. Knowing that nothing under the sun could stave off a substantial break I doubled up and sold five thousand shares. Oh, by that time it was plain to most people, and my brokers were willing enough. It wasn't reckless of them or of me, not the way I sized up the market. On the day following, the market began to go for fair. There was the dickens to pay. Of course I pushed my luck for all it was worth. I doubled up again and sold ten thousand shares more. It was the only play possible.

"I wasn't thinking of anything except that I was right—100 per cent right—and that this was a heaven-sent opportunity. It was up to me to take advantage of it. I sold more. Didn't I think that with such a big line of shorts out, it wouldn't take much of a rally to wipe out my paper profits and possibly my principal? I don't know whether I thought of that or not, but if I did it didn't carry much weight with me. I wasn't plunging recklessly. I was really playing conservatively. I could read the tape very plainly. There was nothing that anybody could do to undo the earthquake, was there? They couldn't restore the crumpled buildings overnight, free gratis for nothing, could they? All the money in the world couldn't help much in the next few hours, could it?"

Words of Warning

"That was no plunge. I was not betting blindly. I wasn't trading recklessly. I wasn't a crazy bear. I wasn't drunk with success or thinking that because Frisco was pretty well wiped off the map the entire country was headed for the scrap heap. No, indeed! I didn't look for a panic. Well, the next day I cleaned up. I made two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It was my biggest winnings up to that time. It was all made in a few days. The Street paid no attention to the earthquake the first day or two. They'll tell you that it was because the first dispatches were not so alarming, but I think it was because it took so long to change the point of view of the public toward the securities markets. Even the professional traders for the most part were slow and shortsighted.

"I have no explanation to give you, scientific or childish. I am telling you what I did, and why, and what came of it. I was much less concerned with the mystery of the hunch than with the fact that I got a quarter of a million out of it. It meant that I could now swing a much bigger line than ever, if or when the time came for it.

"That summer I went to Saratoga Springs. It was supposed to be a vacation for me, but I kept an eye on the market. To begin with, I wasn't so tired that it bothered me to think about it. And then, everybody I knew up there had or had had an active interest in it. We naturally talked about it. I have noticed that there is quite a difference between talking and trading. Some of these chaps remind you of the bold clerk who talks to his cantankerous employer as to a yellow dog—when he tells you about it.

"Harding Brothers had a branch office in Saratoga. Many of their customers were there. But the real reason, I suppose, was the advertising value. Having a branch office in a resort is simply high-class billboard advertising. I used to drop in and sit around with the rest of the crowd. The manager was a very nice chap from the New York office who was there to give the glad hand to friends and strangers and, if possible, to get business. It was a wonderful place for tips—all kinds of tips, horserace, stock-market and waiters'. The office knew I didn't take any, so the manager didn't come and whisper confidentially in my ear what he'd just got on the q. t. from the New York office. He simply passed over the telegrams, saying, 'This is what they're sending out,' or something of the kind.

"Of course I watched the market. With me, to look at the quotation board and to read the signs is one process. My good friend Union Pacific, I noticed, looked like going up. The price was high, but the stock acted as if it were being accumulated. I watched it a couple of days without trading in it, and the more I watched it the more convinced I became that it was being bought on balance by somebody who was no piker, somebody who not only had a big bank roll but knew what was what. Very clever accumulation, I thought.

"As soon as I was sure of this I naturally began to buy it myself, at about 160. It kept on acting all hunky, and so I kept on buying it, at five hundred shares at a clip. The more I bought the stronger it got, without any spurt, and I was feeling very comfortable. I couldn't see any reason why that stock shouldn't go up a great deal more; not with what I read on the tape.

"All of a sudden the manager came to me and said they'd got a telegram from the office—they had a direct wire of course—asking if I was in the office, and when they answered yes, another came saying: 'Keep him there. Tell him Mr. Harding wants to speak to him.'

"I said I'd wait, and bought five hundred shares more of U P. I couldn't imagine what Harding could have to say to me. I didn't think it was anything about business. My margin was more than ample for what I was buying. Pretty soon the manager came and told me that Mr. Ed Harding wanted me on the long-distance telephone.

"'Hello, Ed,' I said.

"But he said, 'What the devil's the matter with you? Are you crazy?'

"'Are you?' I said.

"'What are you doing?' he asked.

"'What do you mean?'

"'Buying all that stock.'

"'Why, isn't my margin all right?'

"'It isn't a case of margin, but of being a plain sucker.'

"'I don't get you.'

"'Why are you buying all that Union Pacific?'

"'It's going up,' I said.

"'Going up, hell! Don't you know that the insiders are feeding it out to you? You're just about the easiest mark up there. You'd have more fun losing it on the ponies. Don't let them kid you.'

"'Nobody is kidding me,' I told him. 'I haven't talked to a soul about it.'

"But he came back at me. 'You can't expect a miracle to save you every time you plunge in that stock. Get out while you've still got a chance,' he said. 'It's a crime to be long of that stock at this level—when these highbinders are shoveling it out by the ton.'

"'The tape says they're buying it,' I insisted.

"'Larry, I got heart disease when your orders began to come in. For the love of Mike, don't be a sucker. Get out! Right away. It's liable to bust wide open any minute. I've done my duty. Good-by!' And he hung up."

A Cheap Lesson

"Ed Harding was a very clever chap, unusually well-informed and a real friend, disinterested and kind-hearted. And what was even more, I knew he was in position to hear things. All I had to go by, in my purchases of U P, was my years of studying the behavior of stocks and my perception of certain symptoms which experience had taught me usually preceded a substantial rise. I don't know what happened to me, but I suppose I must have concluded that my tape reading told me the stock was being absorbed simply because very clever manipulation by the insiders made the tape tell a story that wasn't true. Possibly I was impressed by the pains Ed Harding took to stop me from making what he was so sure would be a colossal mistake on my part. His brains and his motives were not to be questioned. Whatever it was that made me decide to follow his advice, I cannot tell you; but follow it I did.

"I sold out all my Union Pacific. Of course if it was unwise to be long of it, it was equally unwise not to be short of it. So after I got rid of my long stock I sold four thousand shares short. I put out most of it around 162.

"The next day the directors of the Union Pacific Company declared a 10 per cent dividend on the stock. At first nobody in Wall Street believed it. It was too much like the desperate maneuver of cornered gamblers. All the newspapers jumped on the directors. But while Wall Street hesitated to act the market boiled over. Union Pacific led, and on huge transactions made a new high-record price. Some of the room traders made fortunes in an hour and I



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remember later hearing about a rather dull-witted specialist who made a mistake that put three hundred and fifty thousand dollars in his pocket. He sold his seat the following week and became a gentleman farmer the following month.

"Of course I realized, the moment I heard the news of the declaration of that unprecedented 10 per cent dividend, that I got what I deserved for disregarding the voice of experience and listening to the voice of a tipster. My own convictions I had set aside for the suspicions of a friend, simply because he was disinterested and as a rule knew what he was doing.

"As soon as I saw Union Pacific making new high records I said to myself, 'This is no stock for me to be short of.'

"All I had in the world was up as margin in Harding's office. I was neither cheered nor made stubborn by the knowledge of that fact. What was plain was that I had read the tape accurately and that I had been a ninny to let Ed Harding shake my own resolution. There was no sense in recriminations, because I had no time to lose; and besides, what's done is done. So I gave an order to take in my shorts. The stock was around 165 when I sent in that order to buy in the four thousand U P at the market. I had a three-point loss on it at that figure. Well, my brokers paid 172 and 174 for some of it before they were through. I found when I got my reports that Ed Harding's kindly intentioned butting in cost me forty thousand dollars. A low price for a man to pay for not having the courage of his own convictions! It was a cheap lesson."

Livingston's Trading Methods

"I wasn't worried, because the tape still said higher prices. It was an unusual move and there were no precedents for the action of the directors, but I did this time what I thought I ought to do. As soon as I had given the first order to buy four thousand shares to cover my shorts I decided to profit by my own tape reading, and so I went long. I bought four thousand shares and held that stock until the next morning. Then I got out. I not only made up the forty thousand dollars I had lost but about fifteen thousand besides. If Ed Harding hadn't tried to save me money I'd have made a killing. But he did me a very great service for it was the lesson of that episode that, I firmly believe, completed my education as a trader.

"It was not that all I needed to learn was not to take tips but follow my own inclination. It was that I gained confidence in myself and I was able finally to shake off the old method of trading. That Saratoga experience was my last haphazard, hit-or-miss operation. From then on I began to think of basic conditions instead of individual stocks. I promoted myself to a higher grade in the hard school of speculation. It was a long and difficult step to take.

"I never hesitate to tell a man that I am bullish or bearish. But I do not tell people to buy or sell any particular stock. In a bear market all stocks go down and in a bull market they go up. I don't mean of course that in a bear market caused by a war, ammunition shares do not go up. I speak in a general sense. But the average man doesn't wish to be told that it is a bull or a bear market. What he wants is to be told specifically what particular stock to buy or sell. He wants to get something for nothing. He does not wish to work. He doesn't even wish to have to think. It is too much bother to have to count the money that he picks up from the ground.

"Well, I wasn't that lazy, but I found it easier to think of individual stocks than of the general market, and therefore of individual fluctuations rather than of general movements. I had to change and I did. The story is too long to tell tonight."

Livingston made an end of speaking and stared questioningly at me.

I said: "Very well. But you once made a remark I'd like to ask you about. You said you always bought on a rising market. I think you said it was the most comfortable way of buying stocks."

"Yes. The point is not so much to buy as cheap as possible or go short at top prices, but to buy or sell at the right time. When I am bearish and I sell a stock, each sale must be at a lower level than the previous sale. When I am buying, the reverse is true. I must buy on a rising scale. I don't buy long stock on a scale down, I buy on a scale up."

"Why?" I asked Livingston.

"Let me tell you how I operate: Suppose I am buying some stock. I'll buy two thousand shares at 110. If the stock goes up to 111 after I buy it I am, at least temporarily, right in my operation, because it is a point higher; it shows me a profit. Well, because I am right I go in and buy another two thousand shares. If the market is still rising I buy a third lot of two thousand shares. Say the price goes to 114. I think it is enough for the time being. I now have a trading basis to work from. I am long six thousand shares at an average of 111¾, and the stock is selling at 114. I won't buy any more just then. I wait and see. I figure that at some stage of the rise there is going to be a reaction. I want to see how the market takes care of itself after that reaction. It will probably react to where I got my third lot. Say that after going higher it falls back to 112¼, and then rallies. Well, just as it goes back to 113¾ I shoot an order to buy four thousand—at the market of course. Well, if I get that 4000 at 113¾ I know something is wrong and I'll give a testing order—that is, I'll sell one thousand shares to see how the market takes it. But suppose that of the order to buy the four thousand shares that I put in when the price was 113¾ I get two thousand at 114 and five hundred at 114½ and the rest on the way up so that for the last five hundred I pay 115½. Then I know I am right. It is the way I get the four thousand shares that tells me whether I am right in buying that particular stock at that particular time—for of course I am working on the assumption that I have checked up general conditions pretty well and they are bullish. I never want to buy stocks too cheap or too easily.

"I remember a story I heard about S. V. White when he was one of the big operators of the Street. He was a very fine old man, clever as they make them, and brave. He did some wonderful things in his day, from all I've heard. I think I've heard you say you knew him very well. I don't have to tell you anything more about him.

"It was in the old days when Sugar was one of the most continuous purveyors of fireworks in the market. H. O. Havemeyer, president of the company, was in the heyday of his power. I gather from talks with the old-timers that H. O. and his following had all the resources of cash and cleverness necessary to put through successfully any deal in their own stock. They tell me that Havemeyer trimmed more small professional traders in that stock than any other insider in any other stock. As a rule, the floor traders are more likely to gum up the insiders' game than to help it."

Deacon White's Tip

"One day a man who knew Deacon White rushed into the office all excited and said, 'Deacon, you told me if I ever got any good information to come to you at once with it and if you used it you'd carry me for a few hundred shares.' He paused for breath and for confirmation.

"The deacon looked at him in that meditative way he had and said: 'I don't know whether I ever told you exactly that or not, but I am willing to pay for information that I can use.'

"'Well, I've got it for you.'

"'Now, that's nice,' said the deacon, so mildly that the man with the info swelled up and said, 'Yes, sir, deacon.' Then he came closer so nobody else would hear and said, 'H. O. Havemeyer is buying Sugar.'

"'Is he?' asked the deacon quite calmly.

"It peeved the informant, who said impressively: 'Yes, sir. Buying all he can get, deacon.'

"'My friend, are you sure?' asked old S. V.

"'Deacon, I know it for a positive fact. The old inside gang are buying all they can lay their hands on. It's got something to do with the tariff and there's going to be a killing in the common. It will cross the preferred. And that means a sure thirty points for a starter.'

"'D'you really think so?' And the old man looked at him over the top of the old-fashioned silver-rimmed spectacles that he had put on to look at the tape.

"'Do I think so? No, I don't think so; I know so. Absolutely! Why, deacon, when H. O. Havemeyer and his friends buy Sugar like they're doing now they're never satisfied with anything less than forty points net. I shouldn't be surprised to see the market get away from them any minute

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and shoot up before they've got their full line. There ain't as much of it kicking around the brokers' office as there was a month ago.'

"'He's buying Sugar, eh?' repeated the deacon absently.

"'Buying it? Why, he's scooping it in as fast as he can without putting up the price on himself.'

"'So?' said the deacon. That was all.

"But it was enough to nettle the tipster, and he said, 'Yes, sir-ree! And I call that very good information. Why, it's absolutely straight.'

"'Is it?'

"'Yes; and it ought to be worth a whole lot. Are you going to use it?'

"'Oh, yes. I'm going to use it.'

"'When?' asked the information bringer suspiciously.

"'Right away.' And the deacon called: 'Frank!' It was the first name of his shrewdest broker, who was then in the adjoining room.

"'Yes, sir,' said Frank.

"'I wish you'd go over to the board and sell ten thousand Sugar.'

"'Sell?' yelled the tipster There was such suffering in his voice that Frank, who had started out at a run, halted in his tracks.

"'Why, yes,' said the deacon mildly.

"'But I told you H. O. Havemeyer was buying it!'

"'I know you did, my friend,' said the deacon calmly; and turning to the broker: 'Make haste, Frank!'

"The broker rushed out to execute the order and the tipster turned red.

"'I came in here,' he said furiously, 'with the best information I ever had. I brought it to you because I thought you were my friend, and square. I expected you to act on it ——'

"'I am acting on it,' interrupted the deacon in a tranquilizing voice.

"'But I told you H. O. and his gang were buying!'

"'That's right. I heard you.'

"'Buying! Buying! I said buying!' shrieked the tipster.

"'Yes, buying! I understood you,' the deacon assured him. He was standing by the ticker, looking at the tape.

"'But you are selling it.'

"'Yes; ten thousand shares.' And the deacon nodded. 'Selling it, of course.'"

The Deacon in Action

"He stopped talking to concentrate on the tape and the tipster approached to see what the deacon saw, for the old man was very foxy. While he was looking over the deacon's shoulder a clerk came in with a slip, obviously the report from Frank. The deacon barely glanced at it. He had seen on the tape how his order had been executed.

"It made him say to the clerk, 'Tell him to sell another ten thousand Sugar.'

"'Deacon, I swear to you that they really are buying the stock!'

"'Did Mr. Havemeyer tell you?' asked the deacon quietly.

"'Of course not! He never tells anybody anything. He would not bat an eyelid to help his best friend make a nickel. But I know this is true.'

"'Do not allow yourself to become excited, my friend.' And the deacon held up a hand. He was looking at the tape. The tip-bringer said bitterly:

"'If I had known you were going to do the opposite of what I expected I'd never have wasted your time or mine. But I am not going to feel glad when you cover that stock at an awful loss. I'm sorry for you, deacon. Honest! If you'll excuse me I'll go elsewhere and act on my own information.'

"'I'm acting on it. I think I know a little about the market; not as much, perhaps, as you and your friend, H. O. Havemeyer, but still a little. What I am doing is what my experience tells me is the wise thing to do with the information you brought me. After a man has been in Wall Street as long as I have he is grateful for anybody who feels sorry for him. Remain calm, my friend.'

"The man just stared at the deacon, for whose judgment and nerve he had great respect.

"Pretty soon the clerk came in again and handed a report to the deacon, who looked at it and said: 'Now tell him to buy thirty thousand Sugar. Thirty thousand!'

"The clerk hurried away and the tipster just grunted and looked at the old gray fox.

"'My friend,' the deacon explained kindly, 'I did not doubt that you were telling me the truth as you saw it. But even if I had heard H. O. Havemeyer tell you himself, I still would have acted as I did, for there was only one way to find out if anybody was buying the stock in the way you said H. O. Havemeyer and his friends were buying it, and that was to do what I did. The first ten thousand shares went fairly easily. It was not quite conclusive. But the second ten thousand was absorbed by a market that did not stop rising. The way the twenty thousand shares were taken by somebody proved to me that somebody was in truth willing to take all the stock that was offered. It doesn't particularly matter at this point who that particular somebody may be. So I have covered my shorts and am long ten thousand shares, and I think that your information was good as far as it went.'

"'And how far does it go?' asked the tipster.

"'You have five hundred shares in this office at the average price of the ten thousand shares,' said the deacon. 'Good day, my friend. Be calm the next time.'

"'Say, deacon,' said the tipster, 'won't you please sell mine when you sell yours? I don't know as much as I thought I did.'"

Livingston paused. I nodded my approval of the story. He went on.

Timing Operations

"That's the theory. That is why I never buy stocks cheap. Of course I always try to buy effectively—in such a way as to help my side of the market. When it comes to selling stocks it is plain that nobody can sell unless somebody wants those stocks.

"If you operate on a large scale you will have to bear that in mind all the time. A man studies conditions, plans his operations carefully and proceeds to act. He swings a pretty fair line and he accumulates a big profit—on paper. Well, that man can't sell at will. You can't expect the market to absorb fifty thousand shares of one stock as easily as it does one hundred. He will have to wait until he has a market there to take it. There comes the time when he thinks the requisite buying power is there. When that opportunity comes he must seize it. As a rule he will have been waiting for it. He has to sell when he can, not when he wants to. To learn the time, he has to watch and test. It is no trick to tell when the market can take what you give it. But in starting a movement it is unwise to take on your full line unless you are convinced that conditions are exactly right. Remember that stocks are never too high for you to begin buying or too low to begin selling. But after the initial transaction, don't make a second unless the first shows you a profit. Wait and watch. That is where your tape reading comes in—to enable you to decide as to the proper time for beginning. Much depends upon beginning at exactly the right time.

"I don't mean to be understood as advising persistent pyramiding. A man can pyramid and make big money that he couldn't make if he didn't pyramid of course. But what I meant to say was this: Suppose a man's line is five hundred shares of stock. I say that he ought not to buy it all at once.

"Suppose he buys his first hundred, and that promptly shows him a loss. Why should he go to work and get more stock? He ought to see at once that he is in wrong; at least temporarily.

"That of course is really a method of betting your money. It is what I did in roulette at Gridley's in Palm Beach, that I told you about. It is a matter of simple arithmetic to prove that it is a wise thing to have the big bet down when you win, and when you lose to lose only a small bet. And of course placing the bets the way I say, a man will always be in position to cash in on the big bet."

Livingston rose and said, "That's enough. You must be bored stiff."

"Can't you tell me what was the lesson that the Saratoga incident taught you which changed your method of trading?"

"For one thing it taught me to stop piking. It paved the way for big money. I never should have made my first million if it hadn't been for that."

"How old were you then?"

"Twenty-six. Come on! Some other time."

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Lefèvre. The next will appear in an early issue.

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THE WATER FIGHTERS

(Continued from Page 9)

An enormous trough, brimful of water, ran down the middle of this continent. On either side lay farms and towns and homes, ten to thirty feet lower than the rim of the trough. The rim is not made of steel or wood, but of mellow dirt that dissolves like sugar. And if that rim should break more water will pour out than Niagara ever dreamed of.

Such was the menace at Arkansas City. In May the water in front of town stood two feet higher than the crest of their levee, being kept out only by a topping of dirt-filled sacks. The rains fell and the storms raged, and the waves dashed against it. It seemed that puny man could never hold the line in defiance of a maddened river. Perhaps not, but they'd try. First they towed some heavy barges loaded with logs and moored them along shore to break the wave wash, while volunteers waded in the river itself, nailing together a plank revetment outside the levee.

Inch by inch, as the bubbling waters climbed, the people stacked up sacks and more sacks, fighting like rats to keep from drowning. But they were loading too much weight on their levee, already weakened by its soaking, with water creeping through every pore and converting it into slush. Engineers realized this, levee officials knew it, and looked for their superstructure to tumble down like a house of cards. It did—or tried to.

On the night of the crisis—such calamities always occur about two o'clock A. M.—the levee began to slough—pronounce "sluff." This means that their ridge began to cave on the land side, to slide like mush, and sink. Should that embankment collapse, by tomorrow morning there might be a lake fifty feet deep where Arkansas City once stood, and no vestige of a town. Scared? Of course they were scared, with a terror that makes men clench their jaws and die hard.

Yet the girl in the drug store, thirty feet below, never batted an eye as she inquired "Sassapriller? Choc'late? Strawberry?" The hotel business kept going as usual; most of it was going, for skittish traveling men declined to occupy rooms on the ground floor, and departed. Townsfolk set up scaffoldings in their homes, hoisted babies to the second story, and wired Little Rock for more convicts. Nobody slept. Folks didn't seem to be tired. Convicts and college professors, lawyers and laborers and ladies, everybody worked knee-deep in mud on the levees.

A sloughing levee is the delirium tremens of the water fighter. While the banquette stands firm as a rock he can pile sacks on top and keep three seconds ahead of strangulation. But when the water-sogged embankment wabbles like a bowl of gelatin and begins to spread at the base he gets squeamish in the pit of his stomach, for the top is fixing to crumble, and a torrent come rushing through.

The Hero of Issaquena

With a terrific pressure of water against it their slushy levee kept sliding, and must be stopped—stopped right now. A water fighter never pesters his head about red tape; he uses the first thing that comes handy, no matter who may own it or who protests. In this case of emergency they grabbed a railroad track which ran along the banquette, just inside the levee and some twenty feet below its top. Somebody had several carloads of coal standing on this track. Long beams of wood were braced against them, and the tottering top of the levee held in place. This makeshift would serve for a while, but might give way at any moment; the entire structure must be made more substantial. A sand-and-gravel company had been dredging up sand from a bar in front of town. There stood the idle dredge, and here were empty barges. Tugboats got busy, the dredge began to work, pumping material into the barges—90 per cent solid matter, the water being allowed to run off. At the danger point a force of convicts and citizens filled their sacks with sand, hundreds of thousands of sacks, and piled them at the base of the embankment. This adds weight and steadies the wavering mass.

During that crucial night eleven hundred tons of material were sacked by hand and piled in the slush to make it firm. And the levee held. By all fair rules of courtesy it should have held, as a testimonial to the grit and tenacity of those indomitable people. After this flood goes down nobody can look at that rickety ridge without taking off his hat to the men who defended it against every power of the river. At this point the waters rose some sixty-five feet above their lowest level.

Crevasses, however, are not always caused by water pouring over the levee's top. Their crests can generally be kept above the flood by a topping of sacks; loose earth does no good, but the covering of cloth prevents it from dissolving and washing. These sacks are so carefully laid and trampled down that surprisingly little seepage water comes through. Seepage is always a problem and often a peril. Every schoolboy thrills at The Little Hero of Haarlem who stopped a leaky dike with his finger and got himself immortalized in a poem, but poets are unfair, and fail to record every deed of valor. On our Issaquena levee a far more gallant exploit has gone unsung for lack of a local poet. It was an anonymous hero who discovered not a trickling leak but a miniature crevasse, two feet wide and three feet deep, far too big for anybody's finger. The Hero of Issaquena had no coal cars, no sacks, no sand-and-gravel company. He had only himself, and used his material by squeezing into the crevasse. He saved his country, yet no songster has garlanded his feat in poesy—which might be difficult. "Hero's finger" rimes with "lovers linger" and "spring's harbinger"; but the broad Hero of Issaquena didn't stop that crevasse with his finger; he sat down in it.

The Cure for Sand Boils

If Issaquena's hero hadn't sat down on the psychological spot, in ten minutes this overtop station would have passed beyond control. Which sometimes happens, but more frequently the pressure of water searches out a stratum of sand far below the levee, or a pocket of decayed vegetable matter. The levee itself may have been constructed across the bed of a lake, one of those cast-off coils that was anciently a channel for the capriciously changing river. Through crevices or crawfish holes the water is forced beneath a levee that seems more solid than the Republican majority in Vermont, until it bursts up like a fountain in the rear. This warns the engineer of an underground stream, and he immediately diagnoses a sand boil. A boil hurts, but there's no sense in damming it, although hot-tempered engineers use this treatment while they apply other remedies. Dams only irritate a sand boil, and make it break out somewhere else.

An undiluted gunny sack is to a levee doctor what calomel and quinine are to the country practitioner—first aid in every case. His prescription to cure a sand boil calls for thousands of sacks, full of dirt, copiously applied in a ring around the boil—like a corn plaster, leaving the center open. The doctor applies these sacks in a circle, erecting a hollow leak-proof tower, and lets the water rise within. This creates a column of water inside the levee to counterbalance the column outside. Theoretically the inside column should rise to a level with the river. But it doesn't. Yet it checks the underground current and minimizes friction until the boil ceases to bring up mud. Then the doctor knows that interior caving has stopped.

Such a sand boil, violent and terrifying, broke loose behind the Vaucleuse levee at two A.M. This boil spouted like a geyser three feet across, and tossed a cypress stump four feet into the air, just to show how strong it was.

The night patrol instantly detected it, and summoned the fighters with a barge of sacks. It seems queer to meet again upon an Arkansas levee the same little trench sacks that protected our lads in France. Soldiers and water fighters get mighty chummy with their efficient friend who stops a bullet or an overflow.

The malignant boil at Vaucleuse was ripping the very bowels out of their levee. Round and round its festering head the experts placed their sacks, accurately as a skilled mason lays his bricks. But the marsh behind it threatened other boils or an even more disastrous slide. So two small sublevees were hurriedly built, inclosing the entire area. In this precarious



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situation a levee needs weight, quick weight, substantial weight behind it. The most available commodity is water, siphoned over the main levee from the river, and filling the sublevee. Tons upon tons of water were pumped across to offset the pressure outside. Human intelligence and courage had saved the levee at Vaucleuse.

Perhaps our most ticklish fright came at Fulton Lake. Here the levee crosses low ground, an extraordinarily high embankment that lays an enormous load upon its soft foundations. The flood had been standing against it for weeks, and the water-soaked ridge began to slide. An avalanche slipped off from the inside, leaving only a thin barrier of dirt, fourteen inches thick at the top. A one-legged grasshopper might have kicked this over, yet that flimsy wall alone stood between the country and destruction. Another hour, another minute, top, base and sides might be washed away together, overflowing seven thousand square miles of cotton and sugar lands—about the area of Connecticut added to Delaware.

But the line did not break, for determined men were guarding it. The top must be held, the base, the sides, everything done at once, for the entire levee seemed rotten to its core. As a good general holds ready his reserve, an ample force, principally convicts, rushed forward and built a double bulkhead of timbers across the weakest point. This had to be set in the river itself, for the levee's top was practically gone. Between bulkheads they filled in sand from the barges, while other men swarmed like ants below to strengthen the foundation. Sacks, sacks, sacks; more sacks, additional sacks, tier upon tier of sacks—were stuffed with sand by the convicts, sent whizzing down the chutes, and laid along the base of the threatened levee. Again the levee held, again the river was beaten.

During a water fight the United States assistant engineer is busier than a one-armed man with the itch that continually breaks out in a new place. His telephone tingles. Another sand boil? The spur at Ashbrook? A hurry call for sacks? No. The sheriff.

"Hello! Hello! Say, I've got to do something about your fellow in jail."

"What fellow?" The engineer had forgot.

"The man you grabbed for pasturing hogs on your levee."

"Oh! That fellow?"

"Sure," the sheriff explained. "I've held him for two weeks without a warrant. He's getting peevish. Send up your witnesses and have a trial."

"Can't spare a man. Hold him. Good-by."

Constitutional rights are apt to get sidetracked when folks are wrestling with an overflow. This backwoodsman had waded out of the swamp with his drove of hogs—an Arkansas razorback being more sacred than cats in Egypt. With his hogs he fetched a steel blue eye and a wicked-looking rifle. Levees are also sacred. Hogs root them up and cause crevasses. But this drove didn't make a crevasse; they made pork chops.

Shifting Waters

During a previous low water the official inspection steamer had gone chugging up White River, raising waves that jostled the shanty boats. A fisherman's boat is his castle; the rains may beat upon it, and the winds may whistle through it, but no stiff-necked brass-buttoned fellow is allowed to jostle it. Fishermen opened fire on the pilot and the official steamer slowed down.

Which is only their simple-hearted method of asserting a fisherman's low-water rights. High-water rights, however, must be construed more strictly. At the very crest of this flood a bank began caving on the Mississippi side. Men and material hurried there in a barge to find that a shanty-boat man had already preëmpted the locality. A long-bearded river rat shooed them off with his rifle—for ten minutes. He is now a jail rat, while the caving bank has been revetted.

This cannibal propensity to eat his own banks is what makes the maintenance of levees a never-ending job. If old Father Mississippi would settle once for all just where he wants to run, and stay there, we could possibly complete our levee system and be done with it. But the river is a restless person, who always craves to ramble somewhere else. This year he meanders along the Mississippi shore, throwing up a big sand bar and letting willows grow on the western side, as if he had no intention of ever consorting again with Louisiana. Next year he takes a notion to hug Louisiana some more, picks up the sand bar, and deposits it next to Mississippi, a few miles down stream. The willows he uproots and totes away for souvenirs. He swings round in a long bend and hurls his power against Louisiana as if to wipe that state off the map. By constant gnawing he reaches the levee and eats it up, unless the engineers stop him by sinking a mattress or revetting the banks with rocks. Usually these methods will save a levee, but sometimes it must be abandoned for a new line a thousand yards to the rear. This character of repair work will probably continue indefinitely—or until the river gets old enough to lose its pep.

Caving banks frequently cause what is called a cut-off, where the tortuous river carves a brand-new channel for itself through some narrow neck of land, and lops off a portion of its own length.

For ages this process has been going on, and many detached fragments of Louisiana now lie east of the river, while sections of Mississippi find themselves divorced on the west.

In 1863, for instance, the Mississippi River at Vicksburg twisted itself into a bend nine miles long. The Confederates held fortified positions above and below the city, which General Grant found it costly if not impossible to pass with his gunboats. So Grant attempted to dig a canal and make an artificial cut-off. But the Mississippi River, for malicious motives of its own, declined to patronize Grant's Canal, and the project failed. Thirteen years later, in 1876, after consulting with nobody, Father Mississippi chose a route that pleased him and made a cut-off to suit himself, which now became his main line of march. This left the horseshoe Lake Centennial of stagnant water, and demoted Vicksburg to the rank of an inland town; for the ends of Lake Centennial filled up.

The Fight for Ashbrook Spur

The Yazoo River at that time emptied into the Mississippi, twenty miles above. To provide a water front for Vicksburg, and improve navigation, the Government constructed a canal, built dams and dredged the channel. This forced Yazoo water down what was formerly the Mississippi and gave Vicksburg the added distinction of being the only great city on earth that has moved from one river to another without budging a foot.

Father Mississippi is now trying his same old tricks of cut-up and cut-off just above Greenville, Mississippi, which would erase Greenville from the list of water towns and necessitate a rearrangement of levee lines on both sides of the river. To prevent such a cut-off a spur had been constructed at Ashbrook neck, hoping to deflect the current. But when Father goes on a rampage it takes a lot to divert him. He rose in his wrath and attacked the spur, not only by tearing at its end but by a sloughing in its middle. The end crumbled, the center caved, and tidings of disaster went over the land that "Ashbrook is caving! Ashbrook is lost!" For weeks the fight to save Ashbrook spur was one of the dramatic spectacles of our flood. Thousands of sacks filled with gravel were sewed together on wire cables, the cables being securely moored before the sacks were sunk. Engineers dropped line after line of gravel sacks into the torrent, causing the waters to hesitate and become irresolute, which gave them time to protect its end. Ashbrook spur is saved, and the sacks are now held in position by cables as taut as those that support the Brooklyn Bridge.

Every foot of levee is being watched every minute. Keen-eyed men patrol its crest and its banquette and its base. By night hundreds of lanterns swing low against the ground like ignes fatui that hover about the swamps. The slightest weakness is marked, and the inspector sees little stakes flying a white flag; not the flag of surrender but the flag of fight. He examines each tiny rivulet of seepage or soggy spot or depression.

For every trickle there's a man with a spade, testing it out, seeing where it comes from, and leading it away by a trench. Clear leaks do no harm; but when they bring mud, showing an interior erosion, the defenders mobilize.

It is deplorably true that a levee did break on the Louisiana side near



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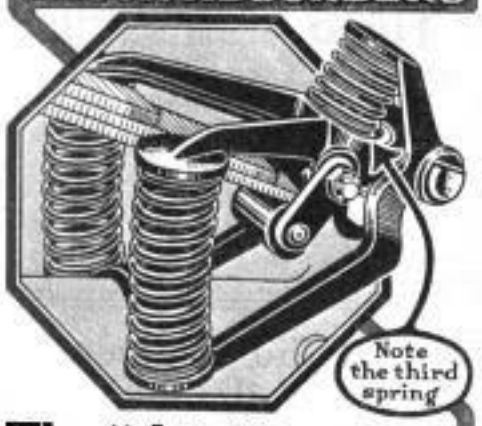
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to Natchez, Mississippi, and another crevasse occurred below New Orleans, at Poydras. There were also two other breaks on the Atchafalaya. It is true that five thousand square miles in Southeastern Louisiana and Western Mississippi are now under water, that enormous property damage has been done, with loss of life, and that forty thousand people are refugees. Yet these distressing facts only emphasize another fact—the levees that gave way were not up to "commission grade and section." Engineers did not expect them to afford protection against such unprecedented water. And they have not. On the contrary, no standard levee has broken, shown weakness or given serious trouble. Behind those standard levees the plowman now works unafraid. His livestock has not been drowned, his property has not been swept away; no child is homeless and fed by charity. Thousands of square miles are being successfully cultivated that would otherwise be under water, a protection that experienced men insist can be extended to our entire valley.

The partial overflow in the state of Mississippi is not due to levees breaking. Our inundated section lies at the junction of the Yazoo and Mississippi rivers, at the southernmost angle of our delta. The Yazoo River is not leveed, and backwater stands upon its unprotected lands. No trouble whatever came from the Mississippi River front, where all embankments held intact.

The Y. & M. V. Railroad traverses this country where back water invades its coaches, and the pilots' union kicks like a mule because locomotive engineers are permitted to navigate tributaries of the Mississippi River without a pilot's license.

An adventurous traveler observed a section foreman climb into the train and hitch his skiff behind. The traveler got into the skiff alone, and enjoyed the novelty of being towed by a northbound express—until they reached a higher stretch of track, and his skiff went bumping over crossties.

Throughout this fight our railroads have rendered notable service. For example: The Government had four million sacks stored in a warehouse at Schenectady, New York, doing nobody a particle of good. So a trainload was shot along its route to Greenville, Mississippi, fourteen hundred and fifty miles away. Limited specials sulked on the sidings, and millionaires waited while the humble sacks went by, the shipment reaching our levees in eighty-nine hours—a world's record for the movement of freight. Hard-headed jurors who used to soak the soulless corporations are now holding love feasts and passing flowery resolutions; while cynics wonder if their Damon-and-Pythias performance will last until the next term of court.

In this sweet and gentle springtime old folks discuss the levees, and a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of river control. Behind receding waters the usual crop of crossroads theorists is sure to germinate. Each one presents a sizzling panacea, and writes a piece to the editor, writes to every editor. They orate at public meetings, get red in the face, and sweat like a negro under oath, seeking to convince a bunch of stupid professionals who persist in doing the wrong thing. These reformers are even more earnest than some of our junior civilian officers during the late war, who invented brand-new plans for revolutionizing strategy—unaware that their patents had been plagiarized and discarded by Alexander the Great. We hear a lot about spillways, and the resuscitated error that levees make the bottom of our river fill up. The wiseacre on Pike's Peak is positive. But the trained engineer who has chosen the Mississippi as his life's work, who takes accurate soundings year by year and compares records—this engineer reports that the channel shows no tendency to fill; on the contrary it is scouring deeper. Innocent bystanders can also remember when boats used to tie up at Natchez in low water, because they could go no higher; and pilots were always wondering whether they could cross a certain bar. Boats now proceed to St. Louis, for navigation is far better than it was fifty years ago.

After all, the outstanding feature of this flood is how an undaunted people rallied to the fight. In leisure hours they may squabble; but, like good Romans, they get together when the barbarians hammer their gates. Hill men helped the valley men; the planter left his plow in the fields, the merchant closed his shop and went to the levee. Everybody worked and everybody won. Now we turn to the future with more than hope that we shall have a standard levee system to the Gulf, strong as that which conducted, without a break from St. Louis to Natchez, the highest flood in recorded history.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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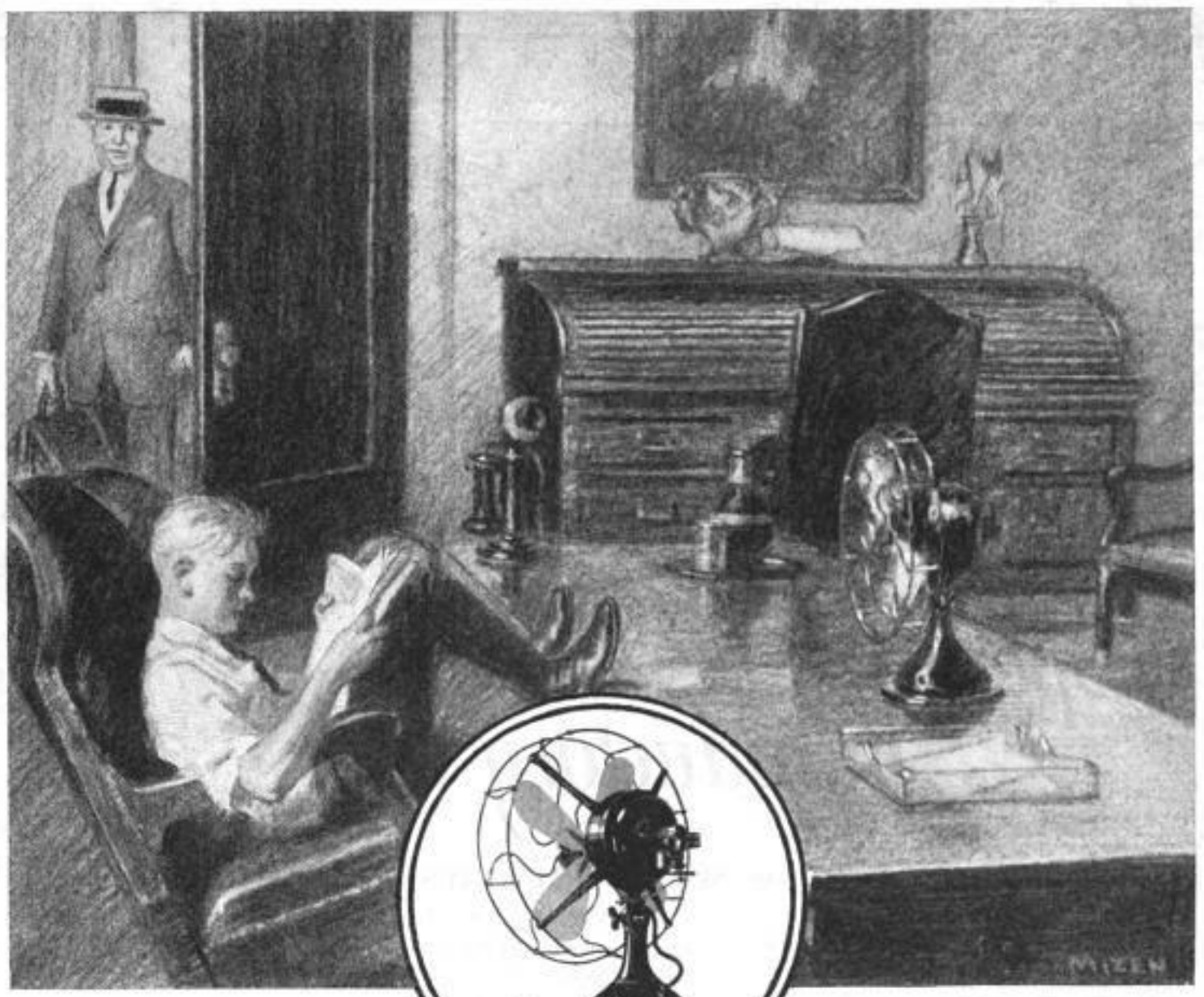
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Try Pineapple in this Simple, Easy-to-Serve Form

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There's a better way. Use DEL MONTE Crushed (or Grated) Pineapple.

To meet the wide need for a pineapple product in this convenient form, we crush it and can it for you—ready to use, easily and quickly, in an endless variety of ways.

DEL MONTE Crushed Pineapple is the same high quality as DEL MONTE Sliced Pineapple, which every housewife knows so well. The only difference is in its form. Both are the finest Hawaiian Pineapple, sun-ripened in the fields, picked at the very moment of perfection, and canned in Hawaii with all its natural fresh flavor and juicy goodness.

To put the lusciousness of pineapple into fruit cocktails, salads, puddings, pies, ice creams, sherbets, punches, beverages and other kinds of cool summer dishes, save time and trouble by using DEL MONTE Crushed (or Grated) Pineapple.

Prove its convenience by trying the recipes below, and remember to specify DEL MONTE. It is your assurance of highest quality and finest flavor in Pineapple, whether Sliced, Crushed or Grated, as well as in more than a hundred other delicious varieties of canned fruits, vegetables and food specialties.

CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION
San Francisco, California

Pineapple Suggestions

PINEAPPLE SHERBET—Add 1½ cups (½ can) of DEL MONTE Canned Crushed Pineapple and the juice of ½ lemon to 2½ cups of grape juice. Dissolve 2 tablespoon of softened gelatin in ½ cup of boiling water. Add to mixture and freeze.

PINEAPPLE CHARLOTTE RUSSE—Drain 1 can of DEL MONTE Canned Crushed Pineapple. Cut a loaf sponge cake in two. Between the layers place most of the pineapple fruit. Heap whipped cream on top. Garnish with remainder of pulp and serve cut in slices.

PINEAPPLE CORNSTARCH PUDDING—Make a cornstarch pudding and after removing from the stove add 1½ cups (½ can) of DEL MONTE Canned Crushed Pineapple, fold in a stiffly beaten egg white, pour into a serving dish and chill.

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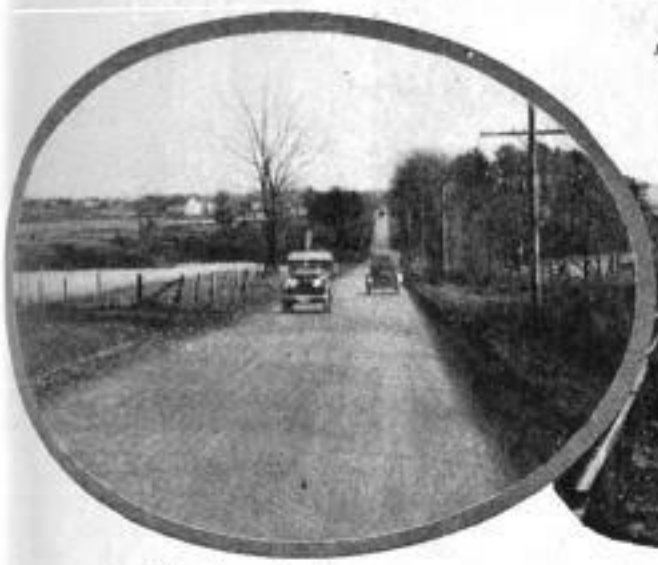
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"Tarvia-X," 1920



Typical Spring condition of soft-surfaced roads



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Another Tarvia Highway



Glastonbury-Hartford Road, Glastonbury, Conn. "Tarvia-X," 1915



State Road at Kittery, Me.
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For Road Construction Maintenance and Repair

Special Service Department

In order to bring the facts before taxpayers as well as road authorities, The Barrett Company has organized a Special Service Department, which keeps up to the minute on all road problems. If you will write to the nearest office regarding road conditions or problems in your vicinity the matter will have the prompt attention of experienced engineers. This service is free for the asking. If you want BETTER ROADS and LOWER TAXES, this department can greatly assist you. Booklets free on request.



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Out of the kitchen by noon!

Recipes for a care-free afternoon and a delicious cold supper.



AN AFTERNOON on the veranda! A motor ride into the country! Visits with congenial friends! These and other alluring prospects beckon to you these warm July days.

"Yes," you say, "If I could only escape the kitchen occasionally."

You can.

A friend of ours did. In the cool of the morning she tried the menu given below. She found that with the help of Crisco its preparation became a sort of lark.

We believe you'll agree, too, when you learn what treats you can make with this pure *vegetable* shortening. See if your family doesn't compliment you on the delicious natural food flavors which Crisco leaves undisguised.

Yes, in bringing out the fine natural flavor of foods you will find Crisco a most helpful partner. And you will find the following facts very important if you wish your summer foods to digest easily.

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Doctors unite in this warning: "Carefully select hot weather foods for your children." Speaking particularly of the digestibility of fats, a well-known professor of food chemistry says:

"If the melting point of the fat lies much above the body temperature, the fat will not become sufficiently fluid to be readily emulsified and digested."

Crisco **(pure vegetable fat) melts at 97** degrees—**which is below body temperature.**

Think **how easily your own little child** will digest **vegetable Crisco.**

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To assure **delightfully uniform yet digestible** cakes, pastry **and fried foods order a can of Crisco** from your **grocer now. Today or tomorrow try** the recipes **given on this page. In welcoming Crisco** for your **own favorite recipes remember that you** use ⅓ less **of Crisco than you would of butter or** animal fats.

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Small, medium and large sized cans Crisco is also made and sold in Canada

Try this Cooling Summer Supper

Fruit Cocktail

Cold Meat

Escalloped Potatoes
(Bake them in the morning. Re-heat just before serving. To brown, scatter bits of Crisco on top.)

Quick Nut Bread
(See Recipe at Right)

Asparagus Salad
French Dressing

Cherry or Berry Pie
(See Recipe at Right)

Iced Beverage

Quick Nut Bread

3 cupfuls flour
1 teaspoonful salt
3 scant teaspoonfuls baking powder
1½ tablespoonfuls sugar
1 cupful nut meats
1½ cupfuls milk
2 tablespoonfuls melted Crisco
1 egg beaten light

Sift well together first four ingredients. Add the well-beaten egg to the milk, then add the nut meats cut fine, then the two tablespoonfuls melted Crisco. Then mix all together and bake one hour in a moderate oven.

Cherry or Berry Pie

First make a plain pastry from this recipe:

1½ cupfuls flour
½ teaspoonful salt
½ cupful Crisco
4 to 6 tablespoonfuls cold water
(sufficient for one medium size pie)

With a knife cut Crisco into sifted flour and salt until mixture looks like coarse meal, then add slowly enough ice water to make a paste that clears the bowl. Take half of dough, roll out on lightly floured board until about ¼ inch thick. Roll lightly from center outward. Use light motion in handling rolling pin. Line pie pan, letting pastry emerge ¼ inch over edge. Mix one cupful sugar with one teaspoonful flour and a pinch of salt. Mix this thoroughly with fruit. Fill pie pan, add bits of Crisco, moisten edges with cold water. Roll the remaining half of pastry to a thin sheet. Cover the pie. Press edges close together. Trim with knife and a few slits in center. Bake ½ hour in hot oven.

For delicious cakes which stay fresh longer.

For digestible and flaky pastry.

For crisp, digestible fried foods.



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MY LIFE

By EMMA CALVÉ

TRANSLATED BY ROSAMOND GILDER

Sweetness and strength, high tragedy and mirth,
And but one Calvé on the singing earth.
—*Richard Watson Gilder.*

IT WAS in France, ah, many years ago! The Midi sun, in all its blazing ardor, filled the still air with vibrant heat and light. Along a road which led past a château, high perched on its rocky hilltop, I was walking with a group of little girls, my companions in the convent where I was being educated. The castle we approached was the only one in the countryside, a proud place, noble and aloof. We thought it very beautiful, and used to gaze in awe and admiration at its towers and turrets silhouetted against the burning sky. On this particular day I seemed to see it with new eyes.

"Who knows?" I said to one of my companions. "Perhaps some day that castle will belong to me!"

My playmates looked at me in surprise, and then burst into laughter.

"What nonsense!" they exclaimed. "You own the château—you! Don't be so silly! It's not even for sale; but if it were, how could a poor little girl like you buy such a beautiful place?"



Calvé at Five

I laughed with them at the absurdity of the idea, and we went on our way, happily irresponsible and unconscious of the future.

Yet, after all, in that moment of prevision I had not been wrong. That castle was Cabrières, where I now live. The dream came true, though the way was long and hard. It led through years of strenuous work, through sorrow and suffering, through difficulty and despair. Sometimes there were stretches of happiness, where the birds sang and joy filled my heart. Sometimes the road led through the dazzling gateway of success, through triumph and achievement, to a goal not yet attained, for, though I own Cabrières and my childhood prophecy has been fulfilled, I find that, once started on the arduous path, there is no resting by the way. Each year brings new interests and possibilities, new striving for an unattainable ideal.

One day it occurred to me to write down a few of the most striking incidents that had taken place along this road, to record one or two of the scenes, sad or gay, humorous or pathetic, that had mottled with lights and shadows the pathway of my life. I have a vivid photographic memory, and I found that my pen could hardly keep pace with it.

Before I realized it, I had written what I have here. It is not a treatise on art or life, nor has it any pretensions to literary excellence. It is quite simply the story of my artistic career. I give it to the public with something of the perturbation of a young singer making her first appearance before the footlights.

The prelude is over. The curtain rises. But, after all, I am not a newcomer on the scene. I see many familiar faces in the audience, and I can say, before I begin my story, "Greetings, my friends and comrades!"

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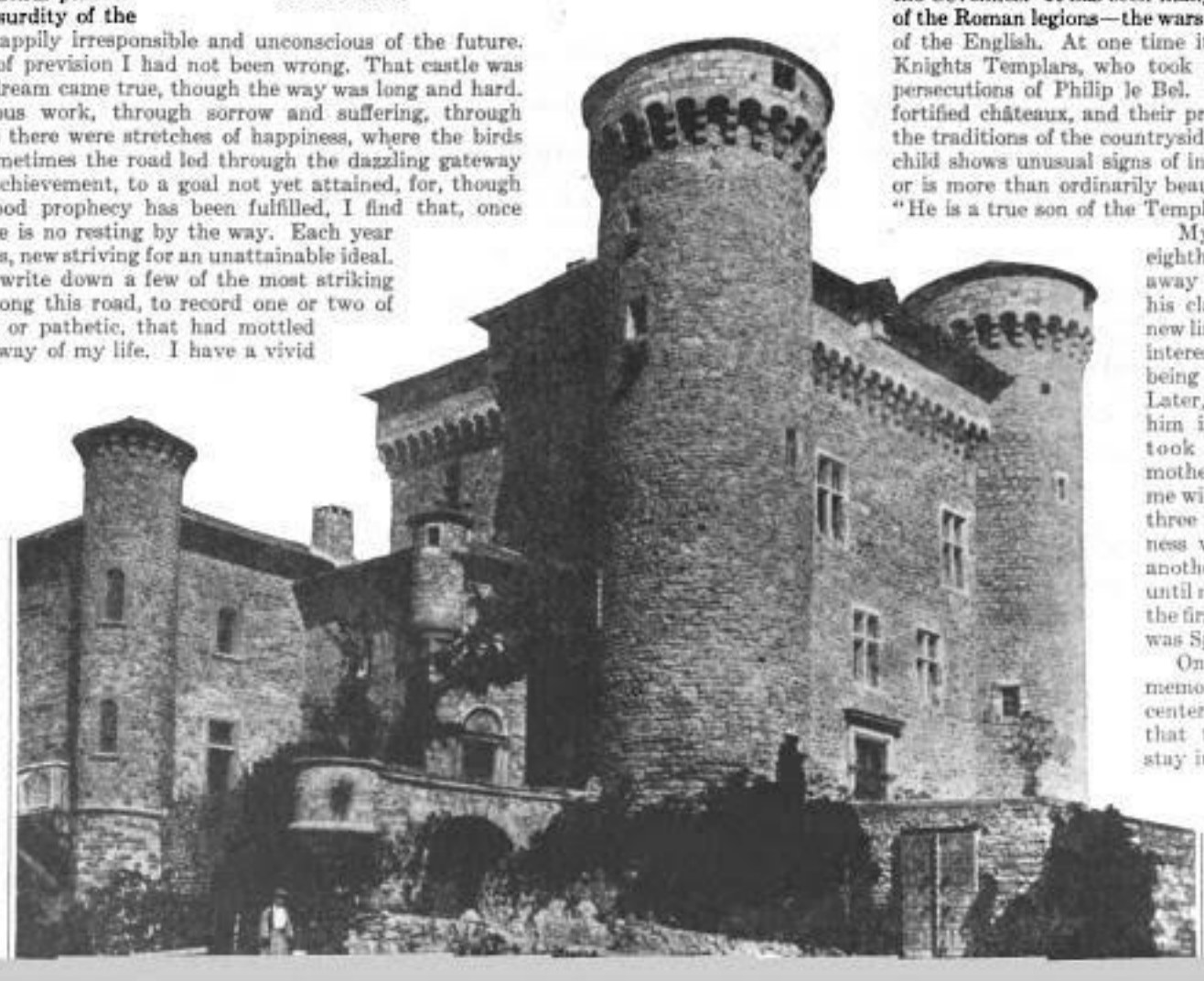
I WAS born in the Department of [illegible] upland of the Cévennes Mountains, where my forbears had lived for countless generations. The country is rugged, desolate. Its limestone cliffs, its deep valleys and mysterious grottoes are filled with a romantic charm. To the south, a range of lordly mountains raise their peaks against the sky, crowned like royal princesses, with flashing diadems of stone.

This part of France is little known to the outside world. Only recently, since the Gorge of the Tarn has been opened to the public, have strangers visited our corner of Aveyron. To me it has always seemed beautiful. I love its lonely stretches, the strange colors of its rocks, its hills and valleys. It has about it something of the fascination, the melancholy of the desert, and so I call it L'Aveyron Pétré, thinking the while of Stony Araby.

This region was once the haunt of the Ruthenian tribes, whom the Roman legionaries conquered on their way northward through ancient Gaul. The Romans built their roads along the high plateau, imperishable roads that can be followed to this day. One of my learned friends has told me that Cæsar in his Commentaries describes this tribe of Ruthenians as "an indomitable race, living like wolves in their impenetrable forests."

Alas! The forests have disappeared; but we, the people, are still untamed, clinging to our traditions, deeply religious, passionately attached to the soil. As for me, I am immovable! My roots are in the past; I am part of that earth, those rocky mountains, that burning southern sky. Elsewhere I am in exile. I must return to that small spot of land, my little country on the mountain side, if I am to keep well, if I am to maintain my happiness, my courage and my voice.

For centuries my forbears lived in the old family house, or *oustal*, as it is called, at La Bastide, where I passed the second part of my childhood. They were stern and hardy men, owners of the land, cultivators of the soil. They cared nothing for money, preferring their independence, proud to pass on their property from father to son. The plateau of Larzac, where they lived, is one of the loveliest of the Cévennes. It has seen many battles since the days of the Roman legions—the wars of religion, the descents of the English. At one time it was inhabited by the Knights Templars, who took refuge there from the persecutions of Philip le Bel. They built themselves fortified châteaux, and their presence is still a part of the traditions of the countryside. To this day, when a child shows unusual signs of intelligence or character, or is more than ordinarily beautiful, it is said of him, "He is a true son of the Templars."



My father, who was the eighth son of the family, broke away from the traditions of his clan and ventured upon new lines of work. He became interested in the railroad then being built in the Rouergue. Later, an associate involved him in an enterprise which took him to Spain. My mother followed him, taking me with her. I was then only three months old. One business venture following upon another kept my father there until my seventh year, so that the first language that I spoke was Spanish.

One of the most vivid memories of my childhood centers around an incident that took place during our stay in Spain. It illustrates, more vividly than any amount of description, the courage and energy which were striking characteristics of my mother's [illegible]

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of strong opinions and of a ready address. Though her heart was warm and generous, she was impulsive and willful, and had no hesitation in carrying into effect what she thought to be right.

At the time of which I am speaking Spain was in a condition of acute political excitement. Don Carlos, Duke of Madrid, the last of the long line of claimants to the Spanish throne, had entered the country with a considerable army, and had organized and led a revolt against the existing government. War and rumors of war were all about us in the village where we were living. Carlist and government soldiers and the members of the ever-present *guarde civile* swarmed its streets. Feeling ran high in the Basque Provinces, where the inhabitants were unanimous in their support of Don Carlos, who promised them the regional privileges they so much desired. Very naturally my mother's sympathies went with those of her neighbors. She was keenly interested in all that went on around her; and even I, young as I was, had absorbed a little of the excitement and enthusiasm of the moment.

One day my mother and I were in our living room. She was occupied with some domestic cares, and I was lying on the big bed, taking my afternoon siesta. This bed was one of those large, old-fashioned affairs, built into a corner of the room, and quite as broad as it was long, so that I had ample room to roll about and amuse myself.

I was supposed to be asleep, but actually I was daydreaming and blinking at the sunlight which was filtering through the closed blinds.

Suddenly the door was thrown violently open and a man staggered into the room and fell in a heap on the floor. I cried out in terror and my mother leaped to her feet. She seemed to have grasped the situation in a flash, for she rushed to the door instantly and closed and bolted it. Then she turned to the man on the floor. He was wounded, but not unconscious, and in a moment she had helped him to his feet.

"Hide me! Hide me, for the love of God!" he exclaimed, gasping for breath and clutching his wounded arm. "They're after me, and I can't go another step!"

"Who are you?" my mother asked. "What has happened? I see you are hurt. What have you been doing?"

"Don Carlos!" the man cried. "I am a Carlist! There has been a scrimmage out there." He indicated the road leading to the next village. "The others got away, but I was shot in the arm. I have lost so much blood ——" The poor boy, for he was not much more than that, turned to my mother and clutched her arm desperately. "Hide me! Hide me! I can't go on!"

While he talked my mother had been binding up his arm with strips of linen from her workbag, and now she turned to me, where I sat, wide-eyed and frightened, on the big bed.

"Get up, Fantoune!" she ordered.

I can see her intent face and commanding presence to this day. In the haze that time has drawn over the long-past scene I can still feel the force of my mother's will as she dominated and controlled the situation.

"Get up, Fantoune!" she repeated sharply, and by the time I had got to my feet she was beside the bed.

Throwing back the covers and feather mattresses she made a place between the springs and the bedding where she could hide the fugitive. He crawled in near the wall, lying flat, so that he could breathe and so that the weight of the mattress and covers came on him only lightly. Then the coverings were replaced and the bed smoothed over.

"Now, *mon enfant*," my mother said, taking me in her arms and looking into my eyes, "you must lie down and go to sleep. Remember, not a sound, not a word from you!"

"*Oui, ma maman, oui!*" I answered in an awed whisper, my whole being strained to meet the demand that I read in my mother's eyes.

"Not a word!" she said again. "You have seen nothing! Do you understand? If anyone comes in, you have seen nothing!"

She had hardly put me on the bed in my old position near the outer edge, and covered me with a blanket, when we heard steps on the roadway outside. In a flash my mother was at the door, slipping back the bolt. Then she returned to the work she had dropped a few moments before and continued her occupation as though nothing had interrupted her.

She was only just in time. Lying on the bed, my heart gave a dreadful thud as the room reverberated with a cascade of violent knocking. My mother opened the door and I saw a flash of sunlight on steel bayonets and heard the clashing of the soldiers' accouterment. I shut my eyes and swallowed hard.

"You must go to sleep," my mother had said to me. And so, as the room filled with soldiers, and as my mother's voice rose in inquiry or protest, I tried to pretend at least that I was sleeping. I shut my eyes tight and breathed slowly, lying as still as a mouse.

I heard the men come near the bed. I thought my heart would burst as it beat against my side. Then my mother's voice came, strong and reassuring.



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Calvé Singing the Marseillaise

"Can't you see the little one is sleeping?" she said to the soldiers. "Certainly no one has been here! Why do you come, disturbing the peace of innocent women and children?"

"Sleep, sleep!" I whispered to myself.

It seemed an eternity that the soldiers stood around my bed. Then they must have gone to look into the wardrobe, in the scullery, for I heard doors opening and closing and rough voices arguing and expostulating in Spanish.

Is it surprising that the scene made a violent and unforgetable impression on my young mind? I cannot, of course, remember all the details, for it must have been when I was not more than four or five years old; but the intensity of emotion that I felt, the terror and excitement, are as vivid to me today as though it had all happened a few weeks ago. I experienced for the first time in my life a new emotion, a feeling of dreadful responsibility, for my mother had made me realize that for her sake, as well as for that of the poor wounded boy, I must not move or cry out. With all the strength that I had at my command, I obeyed her injunction; and I learned, in those few moments of intense experience, a useful lesson in self-control.

When the soldiers finally left the tension broke. I am afraid I cried hard; and I remember that for several days after I could not hear my mother refer to the incident without an inexplicable feeling of distress and almost physical anguish.

We lived for some time in this little village in Northern Spain, and my memories of those far-off days contain a sort of composite picture of our occupations and interests. I am conscious, first of all, of the heat of the summer sun, the parched streets, the sun-baked plaza, where a few poor pepper trees strove in vain to mitigate the heat of the day. In vivid contrast to the torrid atmosphere outside, our little house, thick-walled and solid, was a haven of delicious gloom.

I was, on the whole, something of a lizard, and rather enjoyed the scorching sunlight; but my mother kept me indoors during the noon hours, allowing me to go out only when she considered it safe. She would permit me to sit on the doorstep and watch the world go by from that vantage point.

What an interesting world it appeared to my young eyes! Stray dogs played in the streets. Passing beggars limped by. A boy driving a herd of goats to the well at the end of our street brought a breath of the rocky hills to our doorsteps. The *cacique*, the rich man of the village, occasionally hurried by, intent on his affairs. I think he was the only one that ever hurried in the whole township. Everyone else strolled or lounged from doorstep to doorstep. Perhaps his wealth was due to this ability of his to get somewhere quickly, or perhaps the habit had been acquired as an unfortunate result of his money. At any rate, he was the most notable figure under my observation; yet he had little interest for me, compared to the fascination I found in watching the gypsies who came occasionally to our village and who seemed to me the most interesting beings in the whole world.

When they came to sell baskets on the plaza and to trade their ill-gotten possessions with the housewives of the town, I would slip down from my perch on the doorstep and cautiously approach them. How beautiful and romantic they seemed to me! Their brightly colored rags, their sparkling eyes and animated gestures, their incomprehensible language, enthralled me. An added charm was, perhaps, derived from the fact that this was forbidden fruit. My mother had warned me repeatedly to have nothing to do with the *gitanos*.

"They steal little girls!" she assured me.

But I was not in the least afraid. I may even have thought that it would be rather amusing to be stolen.

Nothing about the gypsies enchanted me so much as their songs and dances. I positively thrilled with delight at the sound of the throbbing, rhythmic music. I could never get enough of it, and one day I decided to follow a band of gypsies to their camp.

I had been sitting, quietly watching them pack up their things and make ready to start. My mother was in the house and did not notice me get down from my perch and follow them. I trotted along the road in their wake, regardless of dust and stones, and with only one idea in my head—not to lose sight of my friends, who, though they walked slowly enough, had long legs compared to mine, and were some distance ahead of me.

Finally, one of them looked back and saw my small figure in the distance. They waited until I had joined them, and then asked me where I belonged. It was fairly late in the day by this time, and as they had reached their encampment they decided to have supper before taking me home. I was delighted to stay, and began right away to make friends with the girls and boys in the camp.

In the meantime my mother had discovered my absence. She looked for me everywhere, called in the neighbors and instituted a search. She asked everywhere in the village whether I had been seen. Finally, in a frenzy of anxiety, she rushed to the town hall and begged for help. The whole police force was called into action, and after interminable conversations and arguments a body of gendarmes was sent to the gypsy camp to see whether I had been carried off into captivity.

When my mother and the group of impressive guardians of the law finally reached me they found me as happy as a little queen, dancing and singing in the midst of the gypsy band like a true *gitanella*. I was most reluctant to leave my new friends, and had my mother not been there I should probably have refused to budge.

After this adventure I was watched more carefully. Although I often saw my friends, the gypsies, in the market place, I did not again attempt to join them. From the safe distance of my doorstep I admired their dances and listened to their songs, many of which I learned to sing myself.

Was it because of this that when I came to act Carmen I never needed to be taught the dances and gestures of the Spanish gypsies? Was it because of these years in Spain that I seemed to know by instinct how to carry the shawl, how to walk and move and dance, when I found myself impersonating the lawless *gitana* of Bizet's famous opera? I do not know, for who can tell what memories and associations remain in one's inner consciousness? Surely the impressions of childhood are a permanent and vital part of all one's later life, and of my early contact with these strange people undoubtedly some trace remains imbedded deep in my mind.

Not long after this, when I was in my seventh year, my parents decided to go back to their native land. I spoke only Spanish, and they had the greatest difficulty in the world forcing me to learn French. When I had finally

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mastered my new language I was sent to a convent at Millau, not far from the home of my father's family.

The atmosphere of religion and mysticism in which I then found myself in the convent made a deep impression upon me. I became extremely devout, and when I was confirmed I was fully determined to become a nun. Apparently this kind of temporary vocation, or call to the religious life, is not unusual among singers and actresses. I know two very great artists who have been through the same experience.

My holidays were passed in the old family homestead, where my father's sister lived. Here I found everything that could delight the heart of a child. The old house, the rambling farm buildings with their cattle, the meadows, pastures and gardens were my playground.

My aunt's garden—how well I remember it! Ah, that delicious corner of paradise, where I spent the happiest hours of my youth, and where I dreamed the first dreams of my girlhood! It was built up behind the house in terraces, as are all gardens on the mountain side. Stone retaining walls divided it, and flagged steps led from one level to the next. Each terrace had its own particular use. One was for the vegetable garden, another for the fruit trees, another for shrubs and berry bushes.

On the highest terrace of all was the flower garden, my own particular haunt and delight. Modest flowers grew there; lilacs and marigolds, sweet Williams, forget-me-nots, and the lovely, odorous blooms of the wallflowers, particularly dear to my aunt, who used to call them by their old-fashioned name of *violiers*.

I would spend hours and hours on the upper terrace, warming myself like a little lizard in the sun, drinking in its strength and radiance. In the midst of my noisy, romping games I would become suddenly quiet, contemplative, overcome with a desire to lie on the warm sod and dream of vague and far-off things. Sometimes I would betake myself to the corner farthest removed from the house, where the beehives were installed. There I would remain standing immovable, as I had been taught, watching the bees at their fascinating task.

When I shut my eyes I can still see before me the picture of the sunset hour in that peaceful garden. My aunt is knitting her interminable stocking. Margarido, her faithful servant, distaff in hand, works with rapid, skillful fingers, singing those very folk songs which to this day I sing before another sun—the footlights! I alone am idle, watching, half hypnotized, the circling of the bees, which every evening gather in dark masses near their hives, buzzing and humming in unison, as though chanting an evening hymn.

"They are saying good night to the sun," Margarido would invariably remark.

My aunt would nod her approval, and I would open my eyes wider still with interest and astonishment.

Suddenly the angelus rang. My aunt recited aloud her evening prayer, to which I made, rather vaguely, the proper responses. We stood for a moment, watching the sinking sun, then turned and went into the house for our evening meal.

Margarido, my aunt's servant, was an orphan who had given herself, of her own accord, to the Calvet family in her early girlhood. It was an old and honored custom, in our part of the world, for girls who had been brought up in an orphanage or by the charity of some religious organization to choose in this way a home of adoption. They became proud servants in the families they selected, refusing wages and working freely and gladly in return for the good food, the comfortable lodging and the home which was provided for them. They were treated as members of the families, and sometimes became the mainstays, almost the mistresses of the households.

Margarido was one of those devoted and at dawn, in bed the last of all; hard-working, industrious, loyal and good. Ah, infinitely good!

As for me, she adored and spoiled me. I heard later that as a young girl she had nourished a dumb and entirely unrequited affection for my father, who was hardly more than a boy when she first came to our house. Poor lovelorn little creature, silent and resigned! She turned her affection from him to the family as a whole, and finally to me, whom she cared for with a special and intense love that made her sometimes overindulgent in my regard.

She gave me everything I wanted—the best fruits of the garden, the most delicious of all the jams and jellies that she made. I shall never forget a basket of cherries she let me eat one day. They were delectable, the first of the season, treasures, but they nearly killed me!

She remained with my aunt many years after I grew up, and finally died at her post, very old, but as active and energetic as ever. On the day of her death she rose as usual and went about her business. Suddenly, in the midst of her household duties, she collapsed on the floor. My aunt rushed to her. It was too late. She had died instantly, without a plaint, working to the last moment, as she would have wished. My poor aunt did not live much longer. She followed her faithful servant to the grave a few months after Margarido's death. All this was, of course, much later. In my childhood these two dear women were in their prime, and surrounded me during my holidays with all the joys a child could wish.

At night the great hall of the homestead was as fascinating to me as was the garden by day. Vast and smoky, it sheltered all sorts of legends and dreams.

Here masters and servants assembled nightly for prayers. Here, in the long evenings, the women sat spinning in the flickering firelight. The old shepherd Blaise regaled us with ghost stories, each more dreadful than the last. The women crossed themselves. I trembled with terror, and finally went to bed to dream of goblins, gnomes and werewolves. My appetite for the marvelous fed upon these tales. I actually experienced a sensation of pleasure in being afraid.

Once back at the convent, it was my turn to make my comrades tremble. I told them the tales I had heard, with additions and amplifications of my own. I finally discovered a way of singing them in a weird minor key, a sort of melodious chant, which I improvised as I went along, and which added greatly to the effect.



Emma Calvé at the Age of Twenty

I remember hearing a colloquy between one of the sisters of the convent and a small comrade of mine.

"What is the matter with you, my child?" the sister asked. "Why are you crying?"

"Oh, *ma sœur!*" the child answered, all in tears. "What fun we are having! Emma Calvé is making us cry with her songs!"

I think it was from that day that I began to be an artist, for it was then that I learned to express my own emotions, to externalize them, to convey them to my listeners. How thrilled, how intoxicated with delight I was when I felt my little audience respond to my mood! Their applause gave me a hitherto untasted sense of power, an exaltation, an indescribable joy! Ever since that tender age I have been dependent upon the exhilaration which comes with success.

I appeared before my first grown-up audience on a graduation day at the convent. This time I could not make use of my ghost stories; but I had to sing, with all the care and dignity I could muster, Les Hirondelles by Félicien David and Le Lac by Lamartine.

The Bishop of Rodez, who was officiating on this occasion, turned to the mother superior as I finished.

"How beautiful!" he exclaimed. "What a lovely, what an unusual voice! And her face is extraordinarily expressive! She is an artist!"

II

I LEFT the convent when I was about fifteen. My father was absent in Italy, and my mother, my two brothers and I remained in the little town where I had been educated. Our neighbors and friends were not long in making up their minds that I was to become a great artist. They talked of it incessantly and asked me to take part in all the celebrations and ceremonies that took place in the village. All this interest and attention impressed my mother. She became accustomed by degrees to the idea of my going on the stage.

"Everyone tells me a brilliant future is in store for you," she said to me one day. "If you succeed we shall be able to give your brothers a better education. It's worth trying. *Le bon Dieu* will help us!"

She was advised to take me to Paris, for it was only there that I could learn to sing. It was a formidable undertaking in those days; but without further hesitation my mother gathered together her modest resources and started ahead of me to make arrangements for our move to Paris.

In the meantime I remained with my aunt and spent my days, as I had when I was a little child, in the garden of our old house. The bees still fascinated me as they had of old. They represented so many golden, lovely things! During my convent days they had provided me not only with delicious honey but with surprises of all kinds as well.

"I will buy you a pretty dress at the St. Jean," my aunt used to say. "Margarido



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THE DUKE AND THE DUCATS

By HOLWORTHY HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

THERE are some philosophers who believe that heredity is everything; and then again there are others who dispute this, and claim that environment is all that really counts. In the case of Duke Bryan, for example, one faction would arbitrarily blame him on his great-grandparents, while the other would point back to his home and the neighborhood, and maintain that, like a blotter, he had merely absorbed what had been set before him. The Duke himself, however, would have resented both explanations equally. He was very positive that whatever he was, and whatever he had accomplished, were due to his own sheer ability, plus tedious practice. He would never have been willing to share his luster.

His first name was rightfully Fitzsimmons, because his father, who occasionally stevedored, had been privileged to shake hands with that speckled beauty on the very night that his son was born. To be sure, a year or two later there was a certain exhibition of boxing at Coney Island, and in view of the outcome the stevedore rather wished that he hadn't been so hasty; but it was too late now; and besides, Jeffries had never shaken hands with him.

And in a couple of decades or so it was all the same anyway, because the Duke's acquaintances, including the police, never called him anything but the Duke. It was a nickname, but it was also a title; it meant that he belonged to the nobility, and also that he dressed the part. It meant that he would no sooner condescend to pick a pocket than an archbishop would scramble for pennies, and that if anyone had asked him to divert himself by a little second-story work he would have considered it as a deadly insult. Even to those who asked him kindly to assist in the dissemination of new, germless money, hot off the press, he turned a bilious eye. His specialty was nothing if not genteel; he made friends with lonely strangers, and played poker and other social games with them, and he was very lucky.

And then, when he was twenty-four, and his talent was just blossoming into true genius, he went to a dance and fell in love with a stenographer who took him for a gentleman.

Now according to her lights this girl was not entirely unjustified, for almost from the beginning of things the Duke had been busily discounting the philosophers. At public school he had shown more intelligence than all his ancestors in a lump; and from his garments and his manner you would have said that he belonged at least two avenues west of where he was born. Furthermore, his features were none of them typical. His chin didn't retreat, his eyes weren't small or placed too close together, his lips were neither thin nor slack. He was good-looking, if not actually handsome, and he had the figure of a slim grenadier.

The dance was under the auspices of a great political organization, and was thoroughly respectable, even if a third of the male guests weren't. Indeed a girl could be far more confident of utter decorum here than at any ball that was ever engineered by the Four Hundred, for here there was positive insurance of it, what with a dozen censors, all heavyweights, who had been told off to lay violent hands on whosoever offended against the proprieties, and to throw him out on the sidewalk. The girl's brother had brought her, and her brother was a plain-clothes man who knew the Duke very well, and gave him credit for never having pulled his gat on anybody, even in frolic. He saw no reason at all why the Duke, who had his clothes made to order and wore twenty-dollar shirts, shouldn't dance with his sister. The Duke danced beautifully.

So they had a dance, and the Duke liked her; they sat out an intermission and he began to grow more intent; they danced again and he was head over heels. There were many reasons for it, but above all, she was the most different girl he had ever met.

She was so different that whenever he looked at her his eyes widened like a child's when it catches sight of a new and bright and fascinating object. She was different in her appearance, her behavior, her speech, her laugh, her smile, her style of dancing. She was eighteen or nineteen, but to the Duke she was almost impossibly young, impossibly innocent; and at the same time she was a woman, and no chicken. Also, she wouldn't even let him hold her hand.

This amazed and interested him. By putting herself a trifle out of reach she multiplied his ardor a hundredfold. It made her sort of sweet and old-fashioned.

"Kid," he said cordially, "how did it happen you and me've missed each other so often—and where are you goin' to be after this?"

She laughed, and the Duke tried to compare her laughter with beautiful things, but because his pasture was limited he could think only of the Roman fountains at Murray's cabaret.

"Well," she said, "I'm probably going to be at the Jolly Seven dance next Saturday, anyhow. At the casino. Are you?"

He had never heard of the Jolly Seven, but he wasn't bothered by a little detail like that.

"Sure I'll be there," he said. "What time do I roll up in a taxi for you, and where do I roll to?"

Her eyes were as bright as—as a whole showcase of diamonds.

"Nobody ever called you a slowpoke, did they?"

"Oh, no," said the Duke, brushing invisible lint from his coat. "I ain't exactly a Philadelphia snail, but I got an awful bad memory. Maybe I better ramble up to your flat once or twice beforehand, so's to kind of get the lay of the land, or I might forget to tell the shofer where to drive to. How about Tuesday?"

She blushed and said that he might take a chance that she wouldn't be at Sunday school that night; and then they danced again, and the Duke held her a trifle closer than before, and glared at a city magistrate who wanted to cut in. When the orchestra stopped he gave her a tiny squeeze, and for all her innocence she only looked up and laughed.

"Just like that," she said.

And the Duke wondered why his palms were so moist, and his breath like a mountain climber's. And for the next few hours he lived on the mountains; and the only thing that worried him was that she wouldn't hold hands.

Toward the fag end of the evening, however, her brother hunted him out and had words with him. Her brother knew the Duke very well, and had diagnosed his symptoms.

"Listen, Duke. Mary says you're comin' up to the flat. What's the idea?"

The Duke's eyebrows went up the merest trifle. "Why, it goes as it lays, Tom. Any objection?"

"Have you put her wise to yourself?"

"I don't get you."

"Well, you see it's like this, Duke. Mary's on the level, and she thinks you're a friend of mine, so she thinks you're on the level—d'you follow me? Now, tonight she's been havin' a good time; she wanted to see what these gebees were like, and I didn't want to queer it, but I just want to tip you off. Nothin' to get mad about, Duke, but she's awful particular about folks. And she wouldn't like it."

"Wouldn't like what?" said the Duke, puzzled.

"Your lay."

There was a pause of several seconds. The Duke wasn't exactly angry, because astonishment had stunned all anger out of him. He was simply dumfounded.

"Well, that's damn funny, Tom," he said, and his voice was very low. "That's the first time in my life anybody put up a roar like that. What's the matter with me, anyways? There ain't any leg on my—



"How Did it Happen You and Me've Missed Each Other So Often—and Where are You Goin' to be After This?"

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is there? I don't need a shave, do I? I never done any time, did I? I don't go round stickin' up cigar stores, do I? What is this—the bum's rush? Are you tellin' me to keep off the front stoop?"

"I'm just wisin' you up, Duke. Tonight was all right, but if you're countin' on a run of it I'm tellin' you she wouldn't stand for it."

When he chose, the Duke had an eye as cold as a pawnbroker's. "Well, suppose me and her settle it between us, Tom. That all right with you? I'm goin' to be up to your flat, Tuesday."

And then he went home and consulted the mirror, and the face of the man who looked out at him had unusual lines on it—lines of perplexity.

"Why, cripe!" said the Duke to the man in the mirror. "You'd think I was a roughneck or somethin'. What's bitin' him, anyhow? Ain't I a swell dresser? Ain't I a good spender? Cripe! He couldn't meant I ain't good enough for her! Huh! Never was a dame yet I couldn't had if I'd wanted 'em, only I didn't want 'em."

And yet, because he knew that Tom was a regular guy, and because he knew that Tom's sister was sort of old-fashioned, even if a pippin, he was vaguely disquieted.

He went up to call on her, but she wasn't spontaneous, and he realized at once that she was in the know. He also realized that Tom must have sized her up right; and this gave him a most peculiar sensation, as on a roller-coaster. And although two nights ago, and again yesterday, the possibility had piqued and stimulated him, it now began to creep under his skin.

"See here, kid," said the Duke, speaking from the throne, "I got somethin' on my mind besides hair, myself. Listen, there's one thing nobody says about me. I ain't one of these he-vamps. I'm serious. Ask Tom. Ask anybody; they'll tell you. I ——"

"That's what Tom told me." As a matter of fact, it was the cause of Tom's uneasiness.

"Well, I've never fell yet. But there's something about you that gets me, and gets me hard, and I'm playin' it right across the board. You like me—oh, don't squirm; I got my growth, and I got eyesight—and I'm crazy about you. Well, where's the out about me? I guess Tom told you I play cards, didn't he? Well, what difference does that make?"

She had drawn away from him. "It makes all the difference in the world, Mr. Bryan."

The look in his eyes was that of a rejected potentate. He bristled.

"But, cripe! Why should it? It never has yet. This is gettin' my goat! Do I look any worse to you than if I was follow'n' the ponies? Do I look any worse than if I was in Wall Street? You're the only-only, Mary, and that goes from here to the finish, but what's the matter with me?"

So she told him as gently as she could, and the Duke listened until he was limp.

"Well," he said, subdued, "that's kind of rough. But isn't there some way we could fix it up?"

"I don't see how, exactly—do you?" Her eyes were sorry, but the Duke was blind.

"No, I don't. Not right now. But what's your limit?"

"How do you mean, Mr. Bryan?"

"Well, a bargain's a bargain, isn't it? I take you out Saturday night just the same, don't I?"

"Why—maybe you better not, Mr. Bryan."

His lips tightened a little. "Oh. I see. And if I show up anyhow, what do you do—slip me the cold and glassy?"

"Oh, I couldn't do that! I couldn't do that to anybody as long as he behaved himself."

"Thanks for the compliment. But you wouldn't let me take you?"

"I couldn't. Not now."

The Duke rose. "Well, I got to hand it to you for one thing, anyway. You put all the cards on the table. Tell Tom I was here, will you? Good night."

On the stairway he emitted a short laugh, not unsimilar to a bark, which was to express his complete and final renunciation of her. He told himself imperially that she didn't seem to know who he was. He was the pride of his bailiwick, the man with the most sensitive finger tips, the quickest eye, the most flexible wrists, between the two rivers. He made easy money, and a wad of it, and worked only when the spirit moved him, and the flesh was safe. His fame reached from the Battery to the Bronx; and if he had ever taken one step below the dead line into the financial district he would have been pinched on sight. This is a distinction which, among the elect, counts as a university degree, or the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor.

And this ignorant little pounder of typewriter keys, this simple kid who from all the evidence had learned nothing at all of the world—not even from her brother, who certainly ought to have taught her something by this time—she actually gave him the marble heart because he wasn't holding down a job, like a farmer with no brains. He banged the street door hard, and hoped that Mary heard it.

This mood persisted until he was in his room and smoking his last cigarette, and then it suddenly doubled on its tracks. He got up and paced the floor restlessly. He was thinking of the sitting room in Mary's flat; how cheerful and friendly and homelike it was—and so different from all the other flats he knew. It looked sort of like a window in one of those decorating joints in the Forties—wicker furniture, and some kind of bright flowery stuff for curtains, and no plush. There was a canary and a bowl of goldfish and a kitten. And books—incredible numbers of books—maybe a hundred. And Mary had worn a blue frock, the same tint as her eyes, and she had corn-color hair, and the sweetest mouth and chin in the world. He wished, now, that he hadn't banged that door quite so hard.

His inclination was to go to the telephone and explain to her that he hadn't been quite himself tonight, because he had a headache or his feet hurt him or something; but even in love the Duke was moderately cagy. Besides, she had said very harsh things about his profession, and that is a form of affront that no self-respecting man can forgive in a twinkling. He decided magnanimously to give her a chance to miss him and to discover what she had lost.

So in the morning he sent a messenger up to the West Side Casino and got the address of the treasurer of the Jolly Seven, and bought a ticket for gent only, including hat check. Thereafter he continued to let Mary miss him until after dinner; at nine he tried to ring her up, but the operator said that the party didn't answer. The Duke swore painstakingly and with traces of art.

On Thursday night he called her again; the party didn't answer. On Friday the line was busy, still busy, and still busy, until the Duke laughed long and loud and told himself that it wasn't worth bothering about. It was like buzzing around a butterfly. But on Saturday he made sure that his soup-and-fish was neatly pressed, and at the proper hour he climbed into it and persuaded his best ruby studs into an imported shirt, struggled into his fur overcoat, and rode forth to the West Side Casino.

The man who had brought her wore tortoise-rimmed spectacles, and looked apprehensive while he danced—as though counting the time—so that the Duke of Sixth Avenue was as thoroughly primed with advance knowledge as was ever the Duke of Wellington.

"Excuse me, please," he remarked pointedly to this cavalier after drawing him to one side, "but I guess you got your card all balled up—didn't you?"

The youth felt of his collar, which was already melting, and examined the Duke's contours.

"Why—did I?"

"I guess you must have," said the Duke with kindly indulgence, "because the next few dances is mine."

Some minutes later he demanded of her brusquely, "Who's that bird, anyhow? The one with the rubber-tired glasses?"

"Oh, he's a friend of mine."

"Was he the one you was with Wednesday and Thursday?"

"Why, how did you know?"

"I know a lot that never gets in the papers. So that's the kind of a guy you'd rather have hang around than me!"

She didn't answer at once. "I wish you were doing what he is, though."

"What's that?"

"Earning it."

"If you hate me so much you didn't need to dance with me, baby."

"I don't hate you. But I almost wish I could."

"Why?"

"You know, yourself."



He Went Up to Call on Her, But She Wasn't Spontaneous, and He Realized

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Their eyes clung together, and the Duke's wavered first. This was a phenomenon. Usually he could outstare the Sphinx, and make it blink.

"Let me take you home anyhow, baby."

"I can't. He brought me. I promised him."

"I can soon switch that."

"No! I don't want you to."

"Oho! So he's your steady, is he?"

"Don't be so silly!"

He was an experienced man, and he wasn't fooled for a second. "Well, can I come see you sometime this week?"

"Why ——"

The music had stopped; the Duke applauded until he perceived that he was doing a solo.

"I'll come anyway," he said in an undertone, "and if Four-Eyes is there first, he goes out on the pavement on his ear."

She caught his arm. "You shan't talk like that! He's a friend of mine."

Again the Duke wavered. Jealousy was expanding in him like yeast, and it turned him into a martyr. This is one of the signs.

"Sorry," he said huskily. "It was only a kind of a joke, baby. I hadn't any call to butt in, anyhow. Want I should beat it?"

She hesitated. "After one more dance. The next one. Because he really did bring me—and you were horribly rude to him—but if you want to you can come up and see me Monday."

The Duke, recognizing the convention, bowed penitently; but he found a way to reach the ear of the orchestra leader with a word, and his hand with a ten-dollar bill.

"Play encores on the next one till I tip you the wink to lay off, Jack," said the Duke subtly. "Are you on?"

The leader was on; so that the next waltz ran for forty minutes by the clock, and the Duke went home exalted.

He had put one over on Four-Eyes, and he had received an invitation to call. That was something. Yet during that waltz she had repeated almost verbatim certain things that she had said before, and they stuck in his memory. She had said quite frankly that in some few items he wasn't so attractive to her as the bird with the goggles. And that hurt. He wondered vaguely where that bird stood with her, anyhow. He would like to attract that bird into a secluded spot and pull his nose so far around that he'd sneeze in his ear.

He mooned about the Tenderloin for two days, and some of his friends asked him if he were sick. Then at last came Monday night, gloriously on schedule, and the Duke, who inventoried at least two thousand dollars as he stood, counting jewelry in sight and haberdashery blocked out, was again in the fairy sitting room, and Mary was smiling at him.

Deliberately he crossed over and sat down beside her.

"You mustn't," she said.

"Why not?"

"I—I don't want you to."

"Then it's a standoff," said the Duke, "because I do want to." Daringly he covered her hand with his; there was a brief fluttering resistance, then surrender. "Now, listen, kid," said the Duke soberly, "I want to be reasonable. What is there could fix this up?"

There was a silence. "I wish I knew. I was crazy about you too. I thought you were wonderful. And if you'd only been like everybody else I know—if you'd only had a job and ——"

The Duke recoiled. "A job! Cripe! What does that get you? You got to pay rent, you got to eat, you got to wear clothes, you got to have a little amusement—what does a job get you? That's for the guys that ain't got nerve enough to play a lone hand, like I do."

"Isn't there anything you could do that's clean—and decent?" He winced.

"A bird named McCarty—Tom knows him—'s been tryin' to get me to take a half interest in a restaurant. But, cripe! Don't I look better to you than a ham slinger?"

"It's honest, anyway."

"Yes—and he wants seven and a half grand for it. That don't grow on lamp-posts. And I'd have taken him up, at that, if I'd had the coin."

"Why would you?"

"Because it's a sure thing, and that's all I play. It's a bankrupt lease, and a swell stand."

"Tom told me you make ten thousand a year. You ought to have saved a lot."

"Listen, baby. I got a hundred and eighty in my jeans, and that's the family bank roll."

"Not really!"

"Think I'd lie to you?"

"But what do you do with it all?"

"Cripe! How do I know? It goes." He leaned toward her. "Mary, I'm down to my last card. I ain't somebody else, I ain't Willie-Off-the-Yacht, I'm Duke Bryan. Straight goods—where do I stand?"

Her head was averted. "Haven't I told you often enough?"

"But, dearie, a man's got to live!"

"A man can be square, though."

"I'd want you to have things; I'd want you to have everything there is. I make ten now; I can make fifteen. Ain't that enough?"

"Not the way you make it. Never."

"Don't it mean somethin' that I'm the top of the heap?"

"Not that heap. Never."

His expression was almost pathetically incredulous, as though a bourgeois were finding fault with royalty only because it was royal.

"Well, why don't it? It always has before."

"You'd have to cut out gambling, and work like everybody else."

His universe came tumbling about his head. His brain was whirring and he was sore distressed. But Mary was very near to him, and it's a mean man who won't make a promise.

"Well, suppose I cared enough to—think it over?"

"Do you really care as much as that?"

"Just suppose I did. Then what?"

She raised her eyes to him. "You see, I've felt the way about you—you say you feel about me. So—if ——"

"If I quit the game? Is that what you meant?"

"Yes."

"Go on from there."

"Why ——"

"Suppose—just suppose—I told you I'd never throw another card, never roll the bones—and I love 'em, kid, the soft roll, the galloping dominoes, oh, cripe! how I love 'em, and they're always workin' for me—suppose I said that. Then what?"

"Then I'd wait for you."

His heart was hammering. "Honest, would you? What about the guy with the glasses?"

"I'd wait years and years if I had to. He was only the best until I met you."

"Why would you wait?"

"Don't make me tell you."

"I want you to tell me."

"I can't."

"You've got to."

Helplessly she raised her eyes again. There were depths in them.

"Because I love you," she said, "and I want you to cut it out. I'd rather have you than him—if you'd only let me."

She swayed toward him; the Duke caught her in his arms and went to Paradise against her lips.

"Give me a chance to think it over, baby."

She struggled against him. "Let me go! Please! I shouldn't have done it! You can't kiss me again! I don't ever want to see you again—until you'll tell me you'll cut it out as long as you live. I care too much. I couldn't see you again!"

The Duke caught his breath. "You're askin' such a lot, baby."

"Too much? Because if it is—why ——"

"I can't tell yet." He released her and got to his feet. "Well, we dealt 'em face up, anyhow, and I'm goin' to think it over."

But toward midnight he sat in a game of stud with an old friend and two fresh acquaintances, and ran his bank roll up to six hundred dollars. At this juncture he felt that up in Mary's flat he had made rather a fool of himself.

It struck him forcibly as he reckoned his winnings that when a woman with finicky ideas expects a man to change his whole method of life simply to suit her, she expects much. As though he would forswear his purple and fine linen, his open-handedness and popularity, because Mary happened to be behind the times. She didn't seem to appreciate that he was a prominent character, with some small influence in the precinct, and no inconsiderable number of admirers. He moved in the best of all possible society; and Bald Jim Plant, the millionaire bookmaker, and Lulu Latour, who got nearly a thousand a week on Hammerstein's Roof, and Young Buffo, the lightweight champion of the world, were dignitaries who called him friend and brother. As a matter of fact Lulu was dippy about him and wanted to marry him just as he was. He wondered what Mary would think if she knew it.

And yet, as he visualized Mary in her little flat, so cozy and comfortable and homelike, the Duke was meditative. He told himself that Tom was lucky to have a dump like that to go home to. It oppressed him to think that maybe Four-Eyes would have a dump like that to go home to sometime, unless the Duke himself took a brace. Mary was so different. The white lights would never appeal to her; she was quiet and sort of domestic, and—nice. That was it; she was so awfully nice. Merely to look at her made him feel as though he had just taken a bath. He wondered what Four-Eyes thought of her. And she was so pretty, without any of the vividness which his other lady friends bought at the cut-price drug stores. She was so sweet and flowerlike; and she had kissed him. Kisses weren't by any means unknown to him, but Mary's had breathed an individual flavor. When he remembered it he preferred to be alone, and not to have somebody hanging over his table and asking him if he had heard Bald Jim's latest—which was quite likely to be Bald Jim's worst.

And then he wondered if she had ever let Four-Eyes kiss her; and that made him fretful and impatient.

He wandered over presently to see his friend McCarty, who was a retired lieutenant of detectives, and had the option on the restaurant. Times were too good, and McCarty hadn't found a partner; people wanted a greater return on their money.

"But for fifteen thou," said McCarty persuasively, "we could knock 'em cold, Duke. These new dances is goin' to get 'em, and get 'em good. I'd have the best floor and the best nigger orchestra in New York. Tea from four to six, and dinner from seven on, and supper at eleven, and you got to wear your open-face suit to get past the lookout, and it costs a dollar a throw for cover charge. No paddin' the checks, no rough stuff, everythin' quiet and refined, a fancy chef out in the kitchen—and you take a slant at the location, Duke!



"Duke, Take It From Me, It Don't Pay. You Know Me. I Been Through the Mill"

(Continued on Page 92)

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WELCOME HOME

By Dorothy Parker

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

IF AT any time you happened to be hunting around for an average New York couple you couldn't make a better selection than my friends the Lunts. They are just about as average as they come.

The Lunts may not go so far as to say that they helped buy the island from the Indians, but they do feel that they have every reason to regard themselves as dyed-in-the-wool New Yorkers. Mr. Lunt has been living here for going on fourteen years now, and Mrs. Lunt is virtually a native, having come on from the West with her family that time her father got the good offer, when she was twelve years old.

I shouldn't want to come out with the bald statement that the Lunts live as quiet a life as any couple in the city. You have to be pretty well up on your statistics before you can go around talking that way. But I will step right up and say that Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Watson Lunt plod along in about as homy and unspectacular a manner as you would want to see. In fact, their high point in riotous living was touched five years ago, when Mr. Lunt nerved himself up definitely to take the plunge and sign it J. Watson.

In the first place, they are not exactly in the position of having it to throw around. Mr. Lunt is in the advertising business, and anybody will be glad to tell you where that was shot to, during the past few seasons. He is generally considered quite a boy in his own line of work. It is practically an open secret that it was he who thought up the slogan, "Good-by, Button Troubles," for the Anti-Button Suit people; though it is perhaps not so widely known that the famous line, "Ask the Prince of Wales," used by the Never-Slip Sleeve-Garter Company, was one of his brain children. He would be the first to say that he deserves no particular credit; it is simply that his mind happens to work that way.

Thrilling Hours With Radio

HE HAD been connected with a small and determinedly doggy advertising agency for some time. There was a stretch of months when the phrase "connected with" would have been putting it rather too firmly. It would have been more in line with the facts to say that he was hanging on to the agency. For things down there were looking so thin that the office force regarded itself as but one jump ahead of the boys on the park benches. Indeed, Mr. Lunt got into the habit—from which he will doubtless never wholly recover—of looking on every pay envelope that did not contain the official raspberry as just so much velvet.

Even now that business is beginning to get the roses back in its cheeks, Mr. Lunt is scarcely able to present any parks to the city. His is what you could call a fair salary, but couldn't really hail as fair enough. The Lunts make both ends meet, and let it pass at that. There is no chance of tying them in a large and dashing bow. What with the rent of the four-room apartment, and the wages of the handmaiden who returns to the bosom of her family every evening, Mr. Lunt is glad to be able to call it a month twelve times a year.

So you will be among the first to see for yourself that the Lunts can contribute little towards keeping the white lights blazing on Broadway of an evening. Eleven o'clock usually finds the apartment dark, and Mr. and Mrs. Lunt fairly into the swing of the night's gay round of sleep.

Now and then they run so wild as to go to a movie—the movie house around the corner from them gets all the big feature pictures only a month or so after the Broadway film palaces are through with them, and you are pretty nearly always sure of a seat, if you make the theater by quarter past seven—and twice a month, say, they attend,



There They Can Sit, in Their Own Living Room, and Hear a Lecture on Diseases of the Cranberry and How to Fight Them

in a body, some show that they have heard highly spoken of by their friends. The Lunts conscientiously read the newspaper dramatic reviews every morning, and ache for them when they are out of town and unable to procure a New York paper. But they regard them purely as reading matter. When they want dramatic criticism they ask their friends.

Occasionally they break out in a game of bridge with some other average New York couple, for a stake of half a cent a point. The losing side carefully copies down the sum lost on a slip of paper, and carries it over till the next meet, to be played off then.

The radio, which has recently come into their lives, has done great things for the Lunts. Now that Mr. Lunt has, with considerable difficulty and frequent muttered mention of biblical characters, got the apparatus installed, they are never at a loss for an evening's stimulating pleasure. There they can sit, in their own living room, and listen to some kindly soul over in the Newark broadcasting station tell How Johnny Musk-Ox Went to Old Daddy West Wind's Party, or they can hear a lecture on Diseases of the Cranberry and How to Fight Them, that keeps them right on the edge of their seats. As Mrs. Lunt says, she hasn't the faintest idea what science is going to do next.

Every few weeks Mrs. Lunt puts on the black evening dress she picked up when one of the Fifty-seventh Street shops was having its sale, and Mr. Lunt dons his vintage dinner coat, and they go forth to a social gathering at the apartment of one of their friends. Conservative dancing is indulged in, to the strains of the phonograph. Between dances the ladies exchange amusing anecdotes of the bright things said by their children and the stupid things got off by their maids, while the gentlemen punctiliously offer one another cigarettes and solicitously ask if it doesn't seem to be getting pretty warm. Over the refreshments things open up appreciably, and there is much hearty laughter over references to purely local incidents. Any strangers to the crowd who happen to have been invited can do little about helping the banter along.

On Sunday mornings Mr. Lunt gets in a lot of good wholesome sleep, so that he will be in condition to grapple with the puzzle page of the Sunday paper. Once that is off his mind he and his wife make an exhaustive study of the newspapers. Then Mrs. Lunt gets caught up on her correspondence, and Mr. Lunt, with the interest of the dilettante, endeavors to make the mainspring of the living-room clock listen to reason, or has a try at nailing together the place where the bookshelves have sprung.

It sometimes happens that one of their more prosperous friends asks the Lunts to make a day of it and come for a motor ride in the country. The friends would be surprised did they know what a treat a Sunday in the country isn't, to the Lunts. As Mr. Lunt often says, there is no use talking, he likes his Sundays at home.

Gayety Always on Tap

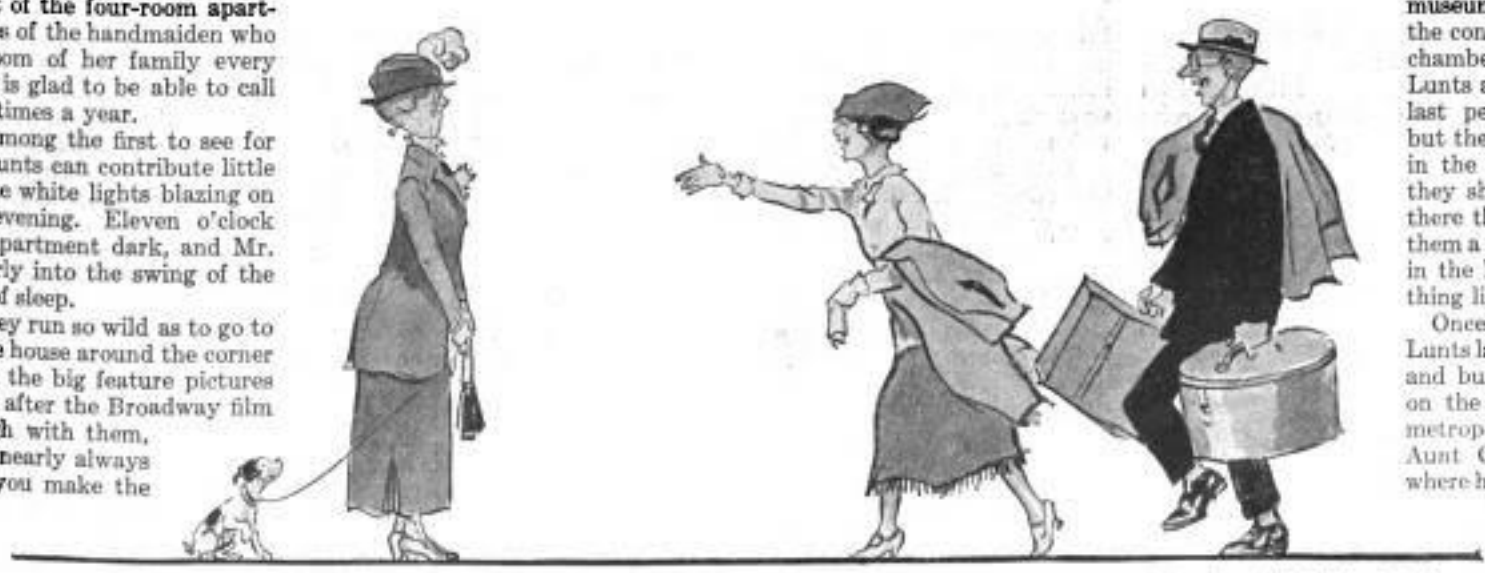
MRS. LUNT gets in a good deal more social life than her husband, for she can work it in in the afternoons. Intimates gather at her apartment, or she visits one of theirs, to put in a few rubbers of bridge or a few yards of sewing on lace-edged crêpe-de-chine underwear. In either case the afternoon comes to a climax in watercress sandwiches and tea.

You know, the curious thing about the Lunts, and the thing, perhaps, that goes farthest toward making them an average New York couple, is that they are not at all worked up over the calm of their existence. I don't recall ever having seen their eyes brim with bitter tears over all the widely advertised gayety going on about them, in which they have no part. In fact, they really seem to go ahead on the idea that they are sitting comparatively pretty.

There is to them, as to the other average New Yorkers, something strangely reassuring in knowing that the hotels, the theaters, the dance clubs and the restaurants are always right there, ready and waiting for the time when the Lunts may have the price and the inclination to give the gay life a fair trial. In the same way there is a pleasant security in the thought of all the museums and the art galleries, the concert halls and the lecture chambers, always in action. The Lunts are easily the next-to-the-last people to patronize them, but there is something soothing in the knowledge that, in case they should ever see the light, there they are, all set. It gives them a feeling like having money in the bank. Or at least something like that.

Once a year, however, the Lunts lay aside the cloistered life, and burn up Broadway. This is on the occasion of the annual metropolitan visit of Mr. Lunt's Aunt Caroline, from the town where he spent his boyhood days. There are times when, dreaming idly in

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She Meets Them at the Train, Bubbling With Exclamations of How Glad They Must be to Get Out of That Horrid Old New York

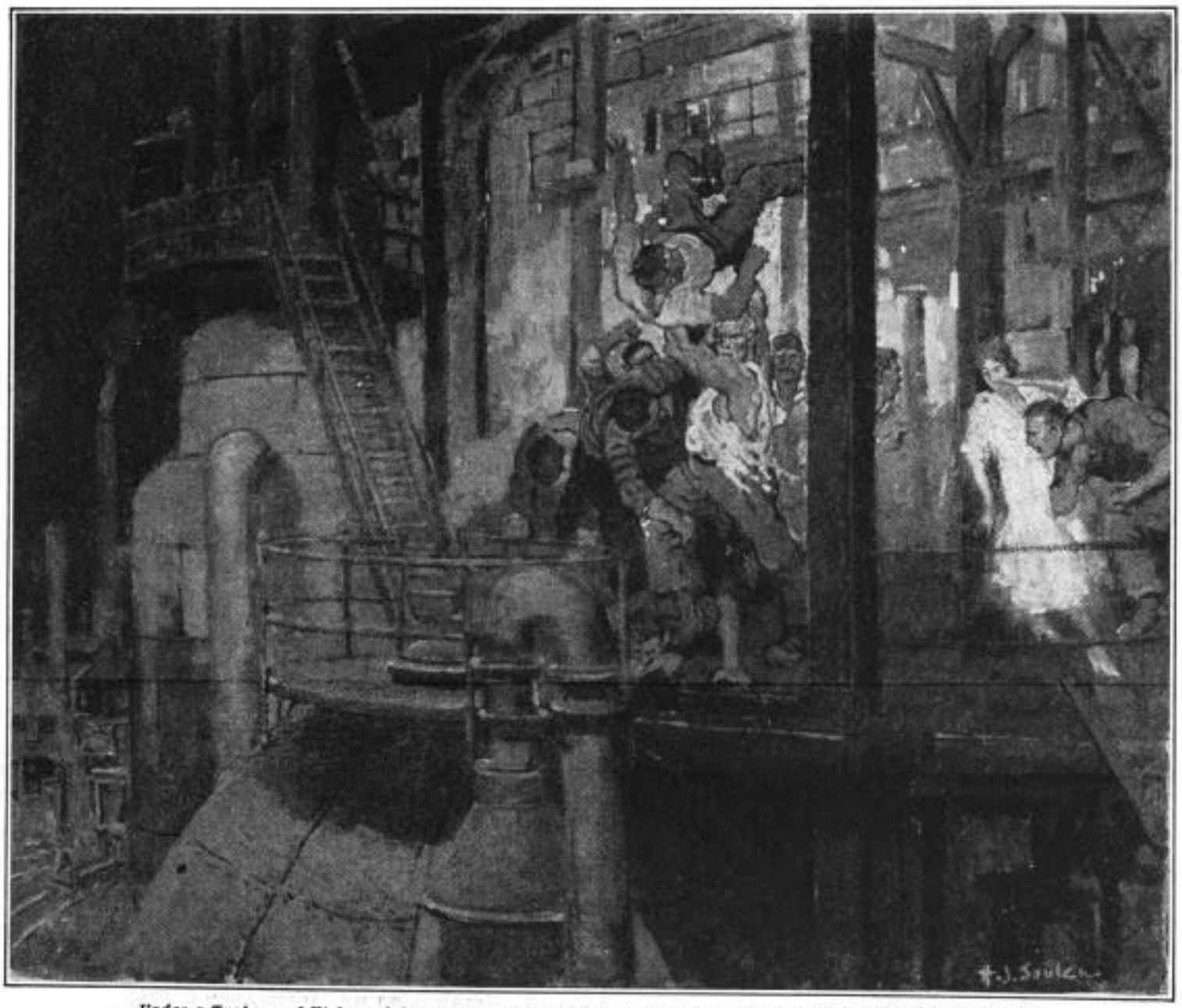
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SCRAPPER O'DOON

By R. G. KIRK

ILLUSTRATED BY M. J. SOULEN

ALL week the converters blow; four of them—roaring. Number One, up! With a blast of heat and a poisonous hiss Number One sits back on his tail, cascading sparks, belching red fumes—a Chinese dragon suddenly roused from sleep. Number Two, reared high, is warming to wrath, a baleful violet fire hot in his throat. Number Three raves, a Chinese dragon gone berserk. Fearfully voiced is Number Three, a wild yellow flame of full-kindled hate leaping and raging before him; hell tongue ablaze, licking forth hungrily out of his terrible gullet. Number Four, down! Down, you, you burly old spark-snorter! Who are the masters here, dragons or men? Number Four sucks in his fiery forty-foot tongue, blows a short, pale, greenish flame of malign compliance and lies down, cringing and surly, hissing and spitting defiance, filling the dragon house with a blaze like the sun's and a million drops of crackling molten venom. No empty threatenings, either, are these of Number Four. He will take toll from these keepers of his, never fear; has taken it many a time. And these keepers, these dragon masters? What sort of lads are they? Yellow-skinned, yellow-fanged devils? Mandarin giants, versed in black magic; with Vulcan shoulders sweat streaked and loaded with bulging thews; knotted armed, corded legged, grotesque and terrible, slant eyed and flat faced, flailing about with barbed cats? Not much!



Under a Typhoon of Kicks and Gouges and Vile Twists and Stampings, O'Doon Fought Those Russniaks Out With His Hands, and Broke Them One at a Time

Fred Harley, steel blower, is dragon master. Call him that, and he'd get it, all right, and a mighty pride would stir him; but you'd never know it. Fred would give you the laugh.

"Dragons?" he'd say. "Them pots?" And he'd squirt a contemptuous stream of brown saliva out over the pouring platform toward his flaming vessels.

Fred Harley has sense, and he knows as well as you know that one of these days—a thousand years hence, maybe—some inspired pen will write a saga called Steel and its Men; an epic alongside of which the long-winded heroics of the Iliad and the Odyssey will jingle like nursery rimes. But "Dragons? Them pots?" is all the blank verse you'll get out of Fred Harley. A quiet, small man Fred is, mild faced and white with mill pallor, with a head that glistens with an altogether unepic baldness in the glare when he shoves back his hat to peer at his pets across the mill through his lenses of dark blue glass. At a little drop of Fred's hand one of his lever men leans on an iron handle before him. No spike-balled cat-o'-nine-tails is needed, it seems. Fred Harley's magic is far more potent than any persuasive that might be brewed in a jade bowl from rotten soy leaves and the entrails of night-slain frogs. Occidental magic Fred uses on dragons, not Oriental—the magic of guts, go-get-it and brains. And at that little gesture of his Number Four comes lumbering down with a final flare that makes the evil shadows crouch back into the black corners, where they lurk here and there throughout the long Bessemer mill.

All week the converters blow. All week the hot-metal dinkeys charge helter-skelter about from cupola runner to mixer, from mixer to hungry converters; hustling great pots of slopping iron before them with as little regard as though they were kettles of soup. All week the ingot molds come banging in on their squat little trucks at one end of the pouring stage, empty and black and sober, to be snatched out again at the other end, staggering drunk, filled with a wine that makes them sparkle with life. All week the pot-bellied mixer gobbles in thousands and thousands of tons of hot stew fresh from the blast furnaces, to vomit it forth again into the dinkey-harried ladles that serve the ravenous vessels. All week the Bessemer building is a place of flame and blaze, of flare and blinding brightness; a place of roaring air blast and grinding crane gears, of clanking dinkeys and clattering mold trucks, of scorching heat and dripping sweat and shouting men and screaming signal whistles; a place too full of light and work to harbor evil. But each week brings Saturday night, and on Saturday night an hour or two after twelve the mill shuts down. And then ——

Then, just a little before the dawn, at the time which has been so aptly called the dead of the night, there comes to the Bessemer plant the graveyard hour. Number One has ceased to snarl and spit and at last lies quiet, his wide mouth growing dull red. Number Two is still, hot fumes still trailing upward out of his gleaming throat. Number Three has poured his last heat and stands on his head, disgorging his load of fast blackening cinder onto the iron truck centered beneath him. Number Four turns horizontal, filling the mill with the last cloudburst of molten rain. The final ladle is drained. The final mold lumbers out of the darkening house. And then, at the dead of the night, at the hour when sick people die ——

Quiet, oppressive beyond description after that week of turmoil, settles. Darkness, made unbelievably drab and unclean by the flickering of sickly arcs high up among the roof trusses, comes creeping into the mill. Stillness incredibly pregnant fills up that long, once clamorous steel-beamed house. A ghost voice calls, down in the dimness yonder, faint and detached. A footfall scrapes somewhere, echoing. And the mouths of the four great vessels that have roared yellow flame all week grow dull, and duller.

All week, while the vessels blew, there was too much hustle and brightness for the thriving of evil in this place. But now, at the hour when sleep is nearest to death, and the dead are nearest to waking; now, just a little bit before dawn, at the graveyard hour ——

At seven on Sunday morning, by which time the vessels will have sufficiently cooled, there will swarm into them the other turn; and all Sabbath day the quiet mill will echo with the rap of masons' hammers as the burned-out converter linings are replaced. All Sabbath day they will hammer and tap and upset endless bucketfuls of fire-resisting mortar onto endless flat layers of refractory stone—all Sabbath day and much of the night; for this is the dreaded twenty-four-hour turn that shifts the day force to night and the night force to day. Sometime, an hour or so before midnight, Sunday, a cordwood fire will spring up in one of the vessels, and then in another, and then in another, announcing by their dull red light and their dull soaring sparks that the relining is done, and the wet masonry being dried out. And sometime, an hour or two after midnight, the hot-metal dinkey will be heard fussing about importantly back in his den beneath the cupola tapping floor, and will presently come blustering out into the silence, puff chestily down through the dark to Number Four, and scatter the shadows by dumping a seidel of sparkling suds into the vessel's maw; upon which another week of merciless rawhiding will begin; a week in which the devil would have the job of his young life finding in that long house a single pair of hands idle enough to work any hellment for him. But late on Saturday night, when the mill shuts down, when the dank dawn breezes just begin to stir, at the graveyard hour, then ——

Then life under the feeble shadows cast by the gibbering arcs seems absent—except for a weak stir of half life, perhaps, down there by the overpour pits. There young Jimmy Doan, labor foreman, who six short months ago fought a spectacular way through maroon jerseys to the cheering of fifteen thousand, now fights sleep; fights sleep as he growls at men whose bodies sag with the load of six nights' scorching labor; fights sleep doggedly, just as he fights that other hopeless, endless, unapplauded, unspectacular fight—to turn over the mill one time, just once, to his buddy on the other turn, clean and fresh and orderly as it should be. Except for the sluggish stir of Jimmy Doan's men a sinister silence flutters batlike about through the long mill at the end of that roaring week; and as though afraid of something, the lever men and the vessel men slink home, leaving their burly dragons to glower.

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masterless, silent and sullen and empty bellied there in the dark, watching and leering with bloodshot eyes.

In an hour or so the colorless steel-plant dawn will come blowing in through the sooty louvers, bringing the light that evil abhors, listlessly herding the shadows out of black corners where they lie crouched; but now, as small inexplainable sounds echo ominously in the dismal silence after that week of heroic uproar; now in the dead of the night, at the graveyard hour ——

Jimmy Doan was fairly happy. And taking into account the yearning that filled Jim's heart for the sight of a seal brown jersey and the sound of a mellow bell telling the tranquil hours to a grove of spreading chestnuts whose shadows lay black and inviting on a velvet-lawned mountain side, you have got to hand it to Jim. But Jimmy Doan, in whatever kind of a dump he happened to land, whether on his feet or plunk on the back of his neck, managed always, somehow, to find many things that made of the world an elegant place for Jimmy Doan to live in. And the main thing that he found at Lakeside Steel, which compensated for many a rough hour's going, was the fact that he was almost invariably mistaken there for an Irishman. So if you know anything about Lakeside Steel you will know that the social side of Jimmy's mill life was one glad sweet song.

Old S. B. Carnahan—accent on the "na" if it's just the same to you—was general super at Lakeside Steel; as truculent a Leinsterman as ever wielded a spear in the ranks of the ancient Gailiana. Most mill men will swear to you that the "S" of his signature stands for Satan, and by that name he was almost unanimously known wherever steel language is spoken; and whenever he took a fresh steel plant under his wing, he surrounded himself, as soon as might be, with short-nosed men.

"Are you Irish?" old Satan asked Jimmy Doan as Jimmy stood before him, newly graduated and verdant as any freshman, in happy ignorance of the steel-works beating that awaited him provided his candidacy for a job at Lakeside were successful.

"No, sir," Jim answered.

"Well, then," growled Satan from behind a rather poorly concealed grin, "why in the hell did you come to me for a job?"

"You had your sign out," stated the applicant. "And one of them got posted on Packer Hall bulletin. Remember what it said?

WANTED: A half dozen of this year's metallurgy crop who are not afraid to work twelve hours or more a day, seven days a week, fifty weeks a year, indefinitely. This means what it says.
(Signed)
S. B. Carnahan,
Gen'l Supt.
Lakeside Steel.

"It didn't say anything about brains being necessary," Jimmy went on, "so I thought I'd like to take a whirl at you."

S. B. coughed to hide a chuckle.

"Well," he told Jimmy, "we've really got no serious objection to brains here; but what we wanted you tah-tah boys to get between the lines was that guts with a



that no amount of brains without guts will move you an inch. That, and the idea that it wasn't any *thé dansant* you were being invited to attend. Do you know what it means to slug twelve hours a day with the boss on your tail every minute, and no Sunday rest to look forward to; every day the same thing only worse, month after month after month? Do you know how long the average college man stands up under that?"

"No, sir," said Jimmy. "When do I go to work?"

S. B. ignored the question and asked another.

"Look here," he said rather wistfully, "you're sure you're not Irish?"

"No, sir," replied Jimmy positively. "I never did have much luck. My great-great-granddad's name was Friederich Donau, Fritz Danube, of Donauwörth, whose posterity settled in Pennsylvania. Isn't that a deuce of a note?"

Satan shot back his chair and stared in horror.

"For that," he decided, "you get shot at sunrise." Then, "No," he relented. "With a nose that short and a lip that long I'll venture that one of old Fritz's grandsons married a girl named Nora. I'll take a chance at you. When did you say you wanted to go to work?"

"If it's up to me to say," stated Jim, "I've been on your pay roll three hours. I've been waiting to get in here to see you since eight o'clock, Mr. Carnahan."

Satan bore down on a button.

"Some crust!" he admitted admiringly. "Here, you"—to a black-browed boy who answered the ring—"take Mr. Doan over to the Bessemer mill and tell Pop Kinelly I said to put him to work. Hey, Doan!" Jimmy turned.

"They tell me you shot a sweet straight arm into that maroon gang last fall. Where did you get the most, down at school, anyhow, in the classroom or out on the field?"

"On the field," came instanter.

"Huh!" exploded S. B. "And what hazelnut of knowledge did you root out of the gridiron mud?"

"That God hates a quitter," answered Jim quietly.

"Remember it!" snapped S. B. "You'll need to in this game!" And he ended the interview by whirling about on his chair and leaning on another button.

So Jim went into the game that makes more good men quit cold than any other game in the world, and he hadn't played it a month till the referee had counted up to nine over him a half dozen times; but he hugged that gridiron truth to his chest and gritted his teeth and shook the fog out of his head, and managed to scramble up on his feet each time before his towel flew into the ring.

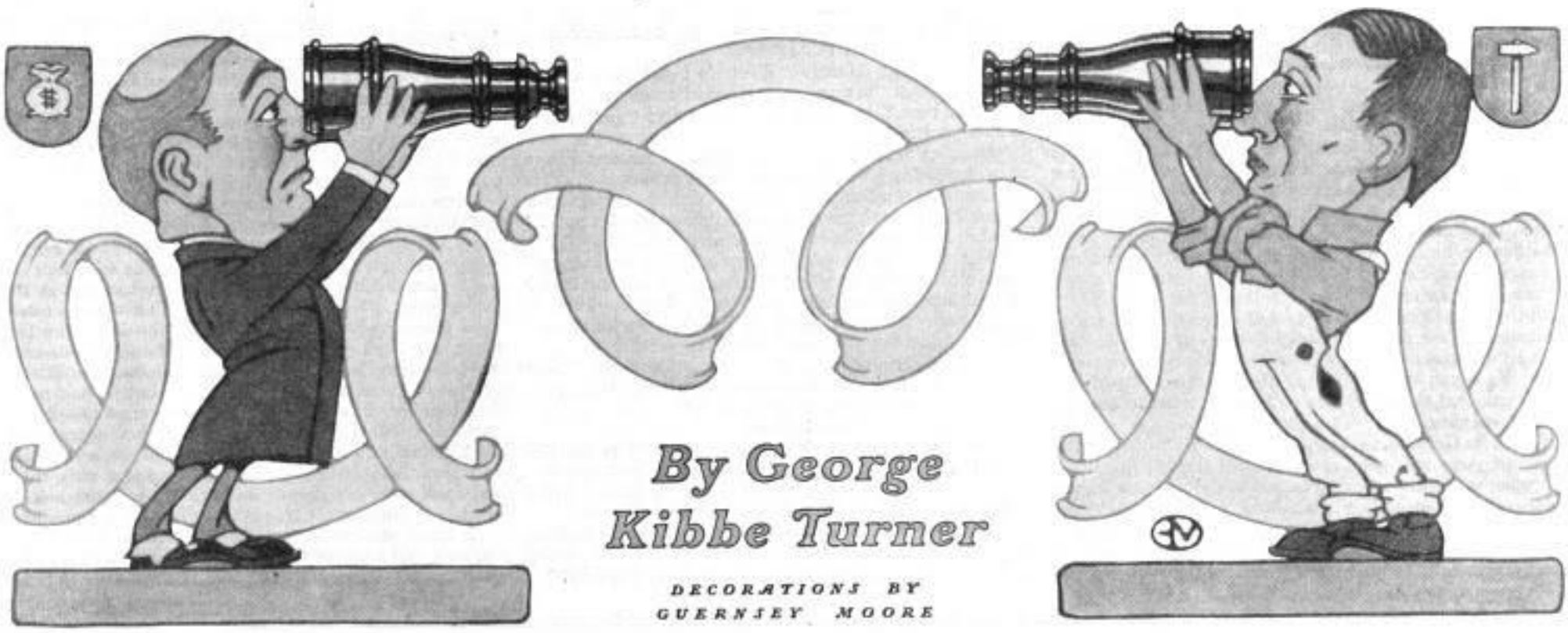
There were helps. And Jim, as has been hinted before, had the happy faculty of digging out whatever helps there were, and using them. One that he had was a mental picture he carried about through the mills with him of a girl named Aideen Carnahan, a girl he had met at the Senior Prom. The girl who made you think of a leopardess when she moved. Since that night of the dance Jim had never seen her again, and but once before—that evening when the team had run down to the natatorium after a basketball game with Carnegie Tech; but he had never forgotten her. No man ever could quite erase the picture from his mind. Let him come to slippers and cane, and a grandchild on each knee, with years of single devotion to a beautiful wife behind him, and once in a while there will flash upon grandpop's memory screen some motion of limb or sway of the supple body of Aideen Carnahan.

An imperious creature. Cold as a glacier. With a face too long, and a mouth too thin, and a body too spare, if a young girl's body can be too spare. Facial beauty she had; but of such a kind that it took the health and the charm of youth to put it across. Yet in spite of a dagger tongue and a long cold face, and a lack of warm curves to her long, flat, broad-shouldered body, she had the men-folks knocked flat and laid out in windrows before her.

There were reasons aplenty. For one thing, she didn't make up. Not because of any scruples against it, but because of the magnificent self-sufficiency of the girl; because of her assumption that Nature had done so by her that to practice artifice were the height of folly. Aideen Carnahan knew that her long face was white with the unusual healthy pallor that Maev, the wild warrior queen of old Connacht, had, and that a spot of red on her cheeks would spoil the vivid contrast of them with the thin scarlet line of her mouth; knew, too, that her deepset far-apart eyes needed no other shadow upon them than that which was cast by wonderful copper brows. So the gentlemen swarmed, each of them sure that he alone had caught beneath that cold exterior the glimpse of a spark which, once touched off, behooved the lucky igniter of it to be the world's champion lover. And a every man who ever courted a woman thinks he is that

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WHEREAS, THE WOMEN



By George Kibbe Turner

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

BY HEAVEN—said the fat foreman—you ought to seen them stare. A woman in overalls right in there amongst them—painting automobiles with the rest!

"Say, what's the grand idea?" they says, coming over to Six Hour Kelly, the union president, at noontime. For they were all kind of leery there lately about what the management was liable to do to them. "What's the plan now? Are they going to run in women on us?"

"And that's only a beginning," says Six Hour Kelly, glancing up with that still sidewise gaze he had.

"Is that a fact?" they says.

"Ain't they running them in all over the country into everything now?" he tells them. And they all cursed out the women.

"It's time someone come along and put them where they belong," says old George Cooper. He was the oldest living member in the union, and a kind of an old bachelor. Some woman must have done something bad to him sometime. For he hated the women special and unusual. "It's time," he says, "something was done."

"You're just right on that," says Six Hour Kelly.

"I am," says old George, looking at him hard and steady over that old white-and-yellow mustache of his. "For I tell you fair and square, and I make no secret of it—if the women keep pushing on and pushing on into men's work and business the way they've done these last few years there's going to be bad trouble all over between the sexes."

"You'll think so," says Kelly, looking up slow and sidewise when he got done talking, "unless we can head off the management from doing what they're after with this one. There'll be trouble here all right."

"What kind?" they says.

"What kind?" he says. "You know as well as I do. It's just one more of their schemes to take away from labor the gains and advances we made in the war. It's women now. And this one's just the entering wedge." And he showed them what was up.

"What'll we do?" they says. "Give her the run out?"

"No," he says. "You'll leave her to me!"

And so they went on back to work again, cursing and swearing and suspicious at this woman and women in general—breaking into overalls, taking away men's work and livelihood all over today. But they done no more at the time. They shut up and left it in the hands of that there Six Hour Kelly, their president. For they knew he was the one to handle it.

A wise boy he was, and crafty and hep to all the different games of the employers. A tall lean feller, and silent generally. Yet a grand persuading talker when he wanted to be. 'Twas him that got through all them gains against the management during wartime—more money and shorter hours and big pay overtime and against speeding up. Six Hour Kelly they called him, because he come out and showed them plain and simple how six hours a day and five days a week, like the miners wanted, would cure up most all the labor troubles now. And he got his name and reputation from that.

"I got the dope," he tells them that next day.

"What is it?" they asks him, anxious.

"And what to do about it."

And they begged him to tell it to them.

"You know who this woman is," he answers back.

"Her name is Perkins," says another one.

"Raw Rhubarb, it should be," says one more, "from the looks and appearance of her face."

"Milly Perkins," says the other one.

"Yes," says Six Hour Kelly. "And she's the daughter of old man Perkins, that dropped out of the shop and died last winter. And she says she's got to work somewhere to get a living."

"Let her go somewhere else, where a woman belongs then," says old George Cooper. "This ain't no place for her."

"She can't place herself nowhere else, she claims," says Six Hour Kelly, looking up.

"Aw, let her stay!" says one feller. "She don't look dangerous to me."

"That's where you're wrong," says old Cooper, starting bristling up. "That's where you're wrong. Let them just stick their heads and ears in anywhere and they're dangerous."

"She won't be dangerous," says Six Hour Kelly; "not if you handle her the way I tell you to. She'll be a help!"

"I warn you!" says old George.

"Nor we won't lose her her job, neither," says Kelly, addressing the other man, who wanted her kept on.

"I warn you," says old man Cooper, finishing up. "The less you have to do with them the safer you'll be."

"Aw, shut up, George," says one of them. "Let him talk."

"Go on, Six Hour," says the rest, grinning. For they seen he had another one of his deep schemes hatched probably that he was always working out. "What'll we do to her?"

"We'll let her stay right on at work," he says, "without no protest. Like good generous-hearted men should do."

"Yes," they says, waiting.

"And then we'll give her a glad and glorious welcome into the union."

"The union!" says old George, in a hard frozen voice.

"How can you keep her out—or any other working painter—under our present agreement?" says several.

"The next thing," says old Cooper, bitter, "you'll have them all in tying ribbons to the chairs in the Labor Temple, and little silver bells on all the cuspidors."

"And next," says Kelly, going on after he was done again, "we'll elect her an officer in the union."

"An officer!" they says—surprised now, the whole of them.

"Yes," says Six Hour Kelly. "A joint associate lady president."

"Joint lady president!" they says. "What's a joint lady president, and what are the duties of that office?"

"We'll work out the duties," he says, "later, when we create the place."

"Yes—and bust up the union!" says George.

"Go on," they says to Kelly. For they knew for sure now he had another one of them deep schemes of his under way.

"And next," he says, with that still laughless look he had on his face at such times, "we'll start up and inaugurate the Milly Perkins movement."

"The Milly Perkins movement!" they says.

"The Milly Perkins movement, yes. For fair play for women!"

"Fair play for women!" they says.

And old George Cooper gave a groan.

"Fair play, yes," says Six Hour Kelly. "For women against the men. And a grand farseeing movement all over this country, and the whole entire world. For the grand, high, noble principle of equal pay for equal work."

"Go on," they says, smiling, yet puzzled too. "Where does all this fit in on us?"

"Don't you see it yet?" says Kelly.

"We do not," they says.

"Then I'll explain it to you," he tells them, and started out and done so—the rest all keeping still and listening around him.

"You know what the game is," he says, "of the management—and the capitalists all over. It's to make us lose and forfeit all the gains that labor won during the war; and especially to attack and bust up that one great principle that we seen and worked out during wartime for spreading regular employment to all the toilers all the year, by having short days and short weeks—each one stretching out the work, so all can share."

And of course they all remembered that, for it was the thing he was always preaching to them.

"And now they're out again—attacking us with this woman, trying another tack. For you can see their idea plain if you give it but the slightest thought," he says, going on—"what they're trying to do with this big rawboned Perkins woman. They're just merely trying it out with her to see if women can do our work here, or any part of it."

"Yes."

"And when they see they can, what'll they do? They'll either replace us or cut us down to women's wages. It's a slick scheme, and what's more, we'd have one wild time beating it—with labor fixed the way it is now."

"What'll we do then?" they says, anxious, for they seen what he said was true.

"What can we do but just one thing?" he says. "Come right out and declare free and strong and open for the equal-pay, equal-work principle. Start up and push on the Milly Perkins fair-play movement through all the women of the country, every possible way we can."

"But what ——" they says again.

"By advertising and resolutions," he goes on.

"Resolutions!" they says. "What good are resolutions?"

And old George Cooper gave a low sarcastic grunt.

"Say, listen," says Six Hour Kelly. "Are you dumb? Who is it has the most to say about buying automobiles? And specially the high-priced ones like this here? And about the looks and painting of them, more specially still? The women, ain't it?"

"Yes," they says.

"Well, then," says Kelly, working out his scheme for them, "suppose we elected her lady president—just to put and set it in all the women's minds all over as something strange and new!"

"Yes," they says.

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"And then suppose we pass our resolutions strong for equal pay for equal work—as started here by this here high-minded company—and fair play for women all round the world, and sign them with my name and her name side by side as president and associate president and send them out to all the women we can think of—the women's clubs and political parties and fraternities and sororities, all over this grand land, asking them to write and resolve back whether or not they would indorse our action and the action of the company, and push forward shoulder to shoulder with us here the grand movement for equal pay for equal work for women all over."

"Yes," they says.

"Then when or how would the management here dare to drag in more women here expecting to cut down their pay later—or force ours down by means of them—when the minute they done so we could start the women screaming murder and treachery all over the land—spoiling their sales all over? It would just knock the whole thing in the head where it stands, wouldn't it?"

"You'd think so," they said, smiling.

"Do you mean you'd leave her in here working right along?" old George Cooper asked him, speaking again.

"I do," he says.

"There's where you make one grand big mistake!"

"What would you rather have," says Six Hour Kelly—"one woman here for a lesson and example, or women swarming in all over the place?"

"One's all too many," says George, "as you'll find!"

"And the beauty of it all is, boys," says Six Hour Kelly, going on, disregarding him, "not only what it'll do here for us but what it'll do all over to the women, where they're breaking in everywhere, grabbing off men's jobs, as you'll see when you think of it. For the more they resolve for equal pay the less jobs they'll be liable to get. For who'd pay equal pay for a woman when they could get a man? Nobody—you know that. So then, if this thing should ever get started good and rouse the women right, you'd see an odd strange sight—you'd see the women all up hollering themselves out of a job from Maine to California."

And they laughed hearty, thinking of it, and slapping him on the back. "One grand idea!" they says, laughing still—all but old George Cooper.

"You think you're smart and cunning," he says, coming in, "fooling and managing and playing with millions of women. But you ain't—and I'll warn you of it plain and simple. No man yet ever managed one, let alone millions. And you're headed for disaster and bad trouble if you start mixing it up with them. For there never was a man yet that could compare with a woman in slick lowdown trickery and deceiving—not even you yourself!"

"I'll take my chances," says Six Hour Kelly. "I've seen and studied thousands of them; and there's one thing you can always count on—you can always lead them where you want to by playing up to their pride and vanity."

"That's where you're wrong again," says old George Cooper. "Flatter them up, and they get pleased with themselves more than ever and think they own the earth. And the next thing, they're loose! Loose entirely, and God only knows what they'll do then!"

"Aw, shut up, George," they says to him.

"And by the millions, too," he says, gloomy.

"Aw, hang up, shut off," they says, "on the mournful noise. Six Hour knows what he's talking about."

"And I'll go off," says Kelly, "to frame it up—to interview her and work up the resolutions."

So he went and seen her, and first off she was kind of leery and suspicious—like it seemed it was her nature to be.

"I don't know as I want to come in there alone with a lot of men," she says when he asked her about joining the union.

And then he showed her how she nor anybody couldn't afford not to organize and join the union, and convinced her finally, and then went on and took up the president idea—and fixed that finally, though at first she talked off.

"Well, I'll take it," she says, "if they all want me to so much, though I don't care much about it. And yet, for that, I don't see no good reason why a woman shouldn't make as good and capable a president as a man."

"There ain't any," says Six Hour Kelly, hearty. "And that's just the idea we want you to come in with us on, and spread around like I'm telling you," he says, going on giving her more about his idea for pushing on the equal-pay-for-equal-work idea all over—that everybody should help!

"For there ain't no reason why a woman shouldn't get as much as a man if she does the same work—that you know of, is there?" he says.

"Not a one," she says, short, "except men's cussedness."

And he seen by now just what she was—one of those raw-boned old maids that make their boast of getting along without the men, and fighting them whenever they can.

So he thanked her and spoke kind and cordial to her on what they'd do together, and then went out and wrote the resolution that was going to start off the great world-wide Milly Perkins movement, and it run something like this:

Whereas, the women of this grand united democracy, having now been given and accorded the ballot all over today, are entitled to free and equal fraternity in all other things, no less;

And Whereas, at this time the wise enlightened management of the Octo Automobile Company has introduced into its industry the broad farseeing policy of bringing in and standing up shoulder to shoulder together women with men, in the painting of automobiles, with no wrong discrimination as to pay, hours or conditions, as in the dark and unenlightened past;

And Whereas, Union 250 of the Amalgamated Automobile Painters, Decorators and Varnishers of America stands firm as a rock for the grand ennobling principle of equal pay for equal work amongst the sexes, ever stretching forth a warm hand of welcome to its fellow sisters;

And Whereas, in order to establish its unalterable position on this grand principle before the public, it has elected its sister member, Miss Milly Perkins, to act as associate lady president, an office not heretofore so common in unions, but yet destined to play a great part in the future of unionism;

Therefore, Resolved that Union 250, hereby desiring to indorse the wise, high-minded policy of the Octo Automobile Company, and also to further and push on the great cause of equal pay for equal work amongst the sexes, does now hereby resolve and decree that this action be spread upon its minutes and be forwarded to all women's organizations, wherever situated, that may be interested and concerned in the future of womankind, in the hopes that they will forward and give all possible publicity to the desire of American unionism to coöperate in all ways with the grand forward movement for fair play for women and equal pay for equal work amongst the sexes.

(Signed) JOHN HENRY KELLY, President,
MILLY PERKINS, Associate President.

"That'll fix 'em!" says the boys when they heard it.

"It'll fix you, you mean!" says old George.

And then they elected her joint lady president, and passed the resolutions unanimous, with just only old George Cooper standing out against them.

"I've seen fools," he says, bitter, "but I never before seen them that would start out looking for trouble, rousing and inflaming up women by the millions!"

They almost put him out finally, but it only made him all the more warning and gloomy.

"Don't you hate to see them?" he says in the shop next day, looking over, dark and moody, to where she was standing at her work. "A woman in overalls," he says—"there ain't no meaner sight in Nature! And yet they're slipping and insinuating themselves into them—and trousers and politics and men's business generally all over today. And we standing letting them. And you know what that means.

"You know what that means," he says. "It means bad trouble ahead between the sexes. It means they're loose and have got their heads. And that means destruction for this country—or any country that they once get loose in.

"Look at Rome," he says, for he was a great reader. "Everybody knows what it was bust up and ruined her. It was women—women's rights and women's laws and women scrapes and women mixing and interfering into government. Just women getting loose all over for the first time in history that destroyed the greatest nation yet and brought it down to nothing. And we're going the same way—only ten thousand times worse and faster. And any man of sense can see it and fear it, without going out and stirring them up to more trouble by appealing to the worst appetites and passions and prejudices of millions of them."

"Aw, shut up, you loon," they says. "Most likely nothing might come of this at all!"

But there did; it started right away. For Six Hour Kelly had laid his plans far and deep, and sent his notices out everywhere. And the first they knew the papers were talking it up all over, starting with that one that had the longest story on it on a Sunday—illustrating it with drawings of her they made themselves in their office, and calling her little Milly Perkins, getting the idea most likely from the looks and appearance of her name.

"Little Milly Perkins!" they were saying, and laughing around the shop. For of course she was big and strong and bony as a derrick.

"That's the way with things like this," says old man Cooper. "You never know what direction they'll take or where they'll land."

"They'll land all right," says Six Hour Kelly. "Don't you fret. It's going big all over. And the management is wild about what we've done to them—heading them off. And we've had successful schemes before. But in my opinion this is the grandest move we've made yet to keep and protect and consolidate all the gains we've made in the war—for more pay and less toil and more leisure for the worker—that they're all the time working to take away from us. And it's only beginning. For the women are only just starting to come in."

It started though right after that—the women answering and resolving back to the resolutions they sent them. And the union received them, a whole mail bag of them. And they had her—the new joint lady president—get up and read them at their meeting, all hands keeping their face straight. And the first one she started in on was from the women's clubs of Massachusetts, that ran on something like this:

Whereas, the women of Massachusetts for long and untold centuries have ever stood strong and firm for the best there was;

And Whereas, recognizing that the grand old Bay State—first in religious liberty, first in civil liberty, first in the abolition of human slavery, first in the education of woman, and in all other great movements, too many to speak of here—cannot now look backward from the cause of humanity and of womanhood, by far its best and most precious part;

(Continued on Page 38)



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COMMON STOCK

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

GERALD CORWIN emerged from the elevator, glanced apprehensively about the ornate lobby of the hotel and walked swiftly toward the dining room. But as he handed hat and cane to the checker a huge, ungainly figure bulked before him and a mild, pleasant voice brought misery where a moment before there had been contentment.

"Gonna eat now, Corwin?"

Gerald sighed resignedly. Too thoroughly a gentleman to display consciously his frank distaste, he was yet too poor a dissembler wholly to conceal it. He merely nodded and strode disgustedly in the wake of the obsequious head waiter, with Jim Hanvey waddling cumbersomely in the rear.

Corwin was disgusted with the whole affair, and particularly that phase of it which placed him under the chaperonage of the ponderous and uncouth detective. Not that Jim had been obtrusive, but the man was innately crude, and Corwin despised crudeness.



"The Stockholders' Meetin' Takes Place in Just About One Hour, an' as a Friend I Advise You to Beat It an' Beat It Quick"

One could readily understand his antipathy. The two men were as dissimilar as an orchid and a turnip. Corwin, about thirty years of age, was tall and slender and immaculate, shrieking the word "aristocrat" in every cultured gesture. He was unmistakably a gentleman, a person to whom asthetics was all-important, and he could not fail to consider Jim Hanvey thoroughly obnoxious.

Jim was all right in his way, perhaps, but never before had Corwin been forced into intimate association with a professional detective. He was resentful, not of the fact that Jim Hanvey was a detective, but because the man was hopelessly uncouth. Jim was an enormous individual and conspicuously unwieldy. He wore cheap, ready-made clothes that no more than approximately fitted his rotund figure. He smoked vile cigars and wore shoes which rose to little peaks at the toes. But Corwin felt he could have stood all that were it not for Jim's gold toothpick.

That golden toothpick, suspended as a charm from a hawserlike chain extending across Jim's vest, had fascinated Corwin from the commencement of their journey to Los Angeles. It was a fearsome, flagrant instrument, and Jim Hanvey loved it. It had been presented to him years before by a criminal of international fame as a token of sincere regard. Otherwise unemployed, Jim was in the habit of sitting by the hour with his fat fingers toying with the toothpick. Gerald had once hinted that the weapon might better be concealed. His insinuation resulted merely in debate.

"Stick it away? Why?"

"A toothpick ——"

"Say, listen, Mr. Corwin; have you ever seen a handsomer toothpick?"

"No, but ——"

"Well, I haven't either. That's why I'm proud to have folks see it. It's absolutely the swellest toothpick in captivity."

No arguing against that, but from the first hour of the acquaintanceship Corwin reviled the fates which decreed that for two weeks he should be under Hanvey's eye.

The thing was absurd of course. Corwin, fearless and no mean athlete, was well able to take care of himself and fulfill the delicate mission with which he had been intrusted—a mere matter of securing a proxy from Col. Robert E. Warrington and returning with it to New York in time for the annual meeting of the stockholders. He was not a simpleton and there was no doubting his integrity. Why, then, this grotesque and goggle-eyed sleuth?

Matter of fact, Jim had appeared wholly disinterested since their departure from New York. All the way across country he had slouched in their drawing-room, staring through the window with his great, fishy eyes. Those eyes annoyed Corwin. They seemed incapable of vision. They were inhuman, stupid, glassy eyes which reflected no intelligence. Corwin fancied himself the victim of a stupendous hoax; it was unbelievable that this man could rightfully possess a reputation to justify the present assignment.

The meal was torture to the fastidious younger man. There was no denying that Jim enjoyed his dinner, but the enjoyment was too obvious. Jim caught the disapproving glance of his companion and interpreted it rightly.

"'Sall right, Mr. Corwin. Eatin' ain't no art with me. It's a pleasure."

Corwin flushed. Suddenly he discovered that Jim was not listening. Hanvey had turned slightly and was gazing into a mirror which reflected a section of the huge dining room. Corwin followed the direction of his gaze and saw that the object of his scrutiny was a man of medium size but muscular figure who was searching for a table.

Hanvey was interested, and as an indication of that interest he blinked in his interminably deliberate manner, lids closing heavily over the fishy eyes, remaining shut for a second, then uncurtaining even more slowly. And finally, when the newcomer had seated himself, Jim nodded toward him and addressed Corwin.

"Yonder's the answer," he said.

Corwin shook his head in puzzlement.

"To what?"

"Me."

"I don't quite understand."

"See that feller who just come in?"

"Yes."

"It's him."

Corwin inspected the newcomer with fresh interest. The man was of a type, one of those optimistic individuals who futilely struggle to acquire gentility and who fondly believe they have succeeded. In every studied move of the man one could discern mental effort. Even the hypercorrect raiment was subtly suggestive of a disguise. There was nothing flagrantly wrong with the man, just as there was nothing quite as it should be. Corwin, himself not an overly keen student of human nature, could yet fancy the stranger's manner of speech—careful, precise, stilted, rather malapropian, with here and there a moment of forgetfulness, with its reversion to downright bad grammar. He turned back to Hanvey.

"Who?"

"Billy Scanlan, alias Gentleman William, alias Flash Billy, alias Roger van Dorn, alias a half dozen other things. He's done time in Joliet and Sing Sing. He's a good friend of mine." The faintest suggestion of a smile played about the corners of Jim's mouth. "An' he's why your crowd hired me to trail you out here."

It was quite plain to Hanvey, but Corwin was puzzled.

"I don't yet understand."

"You don't? Gosh, son, there couldn't anything be any plainer! We ain't never discussed what brought you out here, but I know all about it just the same; an' since you prob'ly won't answer no questions, I'll tell you what I know. The Quincy-Scott gang started a drive recently to grab off the control of the K. R. & P. Railroad from McIntosh and his crowd. Before McIntosh woke up the Quincy bunch had corralled every loose vote, enough to give them a control in the forthcomin' stockholders' meetin'. When McIntosh got wise he knew that his only hope was Colonel Warrington out here in Los Angeles, the colonel ownin' about ninety thousand shares of common stock. So he telephoned the old bird and found out that he wasn't interested in the fight one way or the other; that he'd already been approached by the Quincy-Scott combination an' had turned 'em down cold an' final, which seemed to indicate that with a little proper persuasion he'd be willin' to deliver a proxy to McIntosh. It bein' 'most time for the meetin', an' things bein' pretty desperate, they sent you out to get the proxy from the ol' gent, his proxy gettin' there meanin' victory for McIntosh, an' its failure leavin' the vote control with Quincy an' Scott. Ain't it so?"

Corwin was staring at Hanvey in amazement. The pudgy detective had been speaking disinterestedly, casually, but he had the most intimate facts at his finger tips. Corwin nodded before he thought, then bit his tongue.

"I'm not at liberty to say whether or not you're correct, Mr. Hanvey."

"Sure you ain't. You're dead right, son. Don't you never spill no beans to nobody no time. I wasn't tryin' to pump you. I got the dope straight from headquarters. I was just tellin' you so you'd understand that I know why I was sent out with you, an' so you'd understand too."

Hanvey paused, and as though that ended the matter he extracted from an elaborately engraved and sadly tarnished silver-plated cigar case two huge black invincibles.

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one of which he reluctantly extended to his companion. Corwin declined, and Jim sighed relievedly as he tenderly returned the cigar to its place. He lighted the other, inhaled with gusto and blew a cloud of the smoke into the air.

"I still don't understand, Mr. Hanvey."

Jim jerked his head toward Scanlan. "Billy's been sent out by the Quincy gang. His job is to keep that proxy from getting to New York in time for the stockholders' meeting."

"O-o-oh!"

Corwin's jaw hardened, his sinewy frame tensed and a fighting light blazed in his fine, level eyes.

Jim grinned.

"They ain't gonna try no rough stuff. That ain't Bill Scanlan's way of workin'. He's one of the smoothest con men in the known world, but he ain't rough—not Billy. He's smooth as butter."

"Then how ——"

"Easy enough, son. He'll be on the same train that carries us back east, an' before we get to Chicago he'll swipe that proxy. At least that's what he's figurin' he's goin' to do."

Matters were clarifying slightly in the brain of young Corwin. But his curiosity was still unsatisfied.

"If I may ask, Mr. Hanvey, how do you know that he is the Quincy-Scott agent?"

Jim shrugged his fat shoulders.

"Easy enough. Y'see, it's this way: When the good Lord manufactured me he forgot to hand me out any good looks an' he slipped me entirely too much figger. But he didn't find that out until too late, so what he did to make up for it was to give me a mem'ry. I've got a mem'ry like a cam'ra, son. I just naturally don't forget things, an' I've sort of built up the rep of knowin' more professional crooks than any other ten men put together. McIntosh knew that the other crowd would engage a professional crook to get the proxy away from you, it not bein' no job for an amachoor. He was sure to foller you out here, an' the way he was plannin' to work was to scrape an acquaintance with you, you never suspectin' nothin', which would have made things pretty easy for Billy. I just trailed along to sort of point out to you the feller you wasn't safe with, an' Billy Scanlan is him."

Gerald Corwin felt a fresh respect for the fat man with the bovine expression, and a bit of his resentment vanished at the same time, for he now understood one or two things which before had left him wholly puzzled and more than a trifle resentful.

They finished their meal in silence. The check paid, they rose and started from the dining room, but Hanvey took Corwin's arm.

"C'mon over an' lemme introduce you to Billy. It'll sort of make things easier for him, bein' introduced formal-like, an' the poor feller's got a tough-enough job on his hands as it is."

Startled but obedient, Corwin followed, and he saw the expression of incredulous amazement, not untinged with apprehension, which flashed into Scanlan's face as they paused by his table.

"Hello, Billy!"

Scanlan rose slowly. His jaw was set and it was plain that he was struggling to orient himself to this bizarre situation. He strove to make his tone casual.

"Hello, Jim!"

Hanvey was exceedingly gracious.

"Lemme introduce my friend Mr. Corwin. Mr. Corwin is the feller you was sent out here to watch, Billy. Mr. Corwin, shake hands with Mr. Scanlan."

Awkwardly the two men—one an innate gentleman and the other a student at the school of gentility—shook hands. Corwin was a trifle sorry for Scanlan. The man seemed afraid of Jim Hanvey.

"I'm pleased to meet Mr. Corwin."

"Sure you are." The voice of Hanvey chimed in genially. "Didn't you come all the way from New York just for that? An' wasn't you wonderin' how you was gonna work it? That's me—always ready to help out a friend, Billy—so I up an' introduces you fellers."

"It's real kind of you, Jim"—Scanlan was choosing his words with scrupulous care—"but I don't quite—er—comprehend what you're driving at."

"No?" Hanvey's bushy eyebrows arched in surprise. "I'd sure hate to think that you wasn't tellin' me the truth, Billy."

"I really don't understand your—a—innuendoes. I'm in Los Angeles on a vacation and without no definite objective."

"Sure, Billy, sure! I know that. You're a gent of leisure, you are. But if you could grab off that fat wad the Quincy-Scott people hung under your nose, you wouldn't have no objections, would you?"

Scanlan's hand dropped on Hanvey's shoulder and he gazed earnestly into the eyes of the detective, Corwin for the moment forgotten.

"Honest, Jim, I'm runnin' straight. I ain't plannin' a thing. So leave me be, won't you?"

"I ain't aimin' to bother you none, Billy. Goodness knows, you're too much of a gent to be in jail. Only it just struck me that I was doin' you a favor by introducin' you to Mr. Corwin, him an' you both bein' genuine swells an' li'ble to have a heap in common."

Suddenly reawakened to consciousness of Corwin's presence, Scanlan pulled himself together.

"Mr. Hanvey is bound to have his little joke, Mr. Corwin. A very interesting chap, isn't he?"

Corwin inclined his head gravely.

"Very."

Hanvey regarded them amusedly.

"You fellers like each other?"

They nodded.

"That's fine! I'm sure glad!" He turned away, then swung back suddenly. "By the way, Billy, we're leaving on the California Limited Friday morning, ten o'clock. We've got Drawin'-room A in Car S-17. I'm tellin' you so you can get your reservations early on that train. Eastern travel is awful thick these days."

They parted from the bewildered Scanlan. In the sanctuary of Hanvey's room Gerald Corwin voiced his displeasure.

"You are probably a very great detective, Mr. Hanvey ——"

"Naw! Not me! I'm just a fat, lucky bum."

"But it strikes me that you volunteered some valuable information unnecessarily."

"To Billy?"

"Yes."

"How so?"

"About our reservations east. Why did you tell him the correct day?"

"I never lie to a crook," said Jim gravely. "It ain't fair. Besides, if they're good enough crooks to be worth lyin' to a feller ain't gonna get away with it. Billy will check up, an' once he found I'd lied to him he'd lose all confidence in me."

"But I don't see what difference it makes."

"That's 'cause you're a business man, son. Detectives an' crooks know the value of tellin' the truth."

"You didn't have to tell him who I was."

"No-o, that's true. But it saved him a heap of trouble."

"I don't understand your desire to save him trouble."

"It's this way, Mr. Corwin: The less trouble Billy has to take the more time he'll have for thinkin', an' the more he thinks the worse off he is. Thinkin', son, has ruined a heap of happy homes, an' don't you forget it."

Hanvey was right. At that moment Billy Scanlan was slumped in a chair in the hotel lobby, smoking cigarette after cigarette and wondering what it all meant. He knew Jim Hanvey of old, was familiar with the working methods of the ponderous, slow-moving, quick-thinking detective; and he knew that Jim had told the truth. Of course he'd check up, but that was a mere formality. All the more prominent criminals knew that Jim Hanvey did not lie. That was one explanation of the high esteem in which they held him—because he played fair.



Scanlan was worried. He had been intrusted with a definite mission, one well suited to his peculiar talents. His job was to secure from Gerald Corwin the proxy which Corwin was to receive from Col. Robert E. Warrington and to deliver that proxy to the men who were fighting to wrest control of the K. R. & P. from the McIntosh interests. That was all. The sky was the limit so far as he was concerned. His professional reputation was at stake. Besides, the reward offered by the Quincy-Scott crowd was stupendous, and Billy was sadly in need of ready cash—and plenty of it.

The presence of Jim Hanvey complicated matters somewhat in the way of accomplishing a task already difficult and delicate. But Billy was game and not entirely averse to matching wits with the Gargantuan detective. So he waited patiently in the lobby, watching the elevator bank, and eventually he was rewarded when Gerald Corwin descended, walked swiftly to the street and hailed a taxi.

As he drove off, Scanlan stepped into another cab.

"Follow that chap ahead. Keep about a block in the rear. When he stops you stop."

As Scanlan drove off, he glanced over his shoulder in time to see the ungainly figure of Jim Hanvey climb laboriously into yet a third taxi. He did not quite fathom Jim's motive in following, but he didn't care particularly. He knew that Jim knew he'd trail Corwin. So much for that.

Corwin's taxi driver, evidently aware that his fare was

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THE OLD GUARD DIES

By Alexander Porterfield

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK SPRADLING

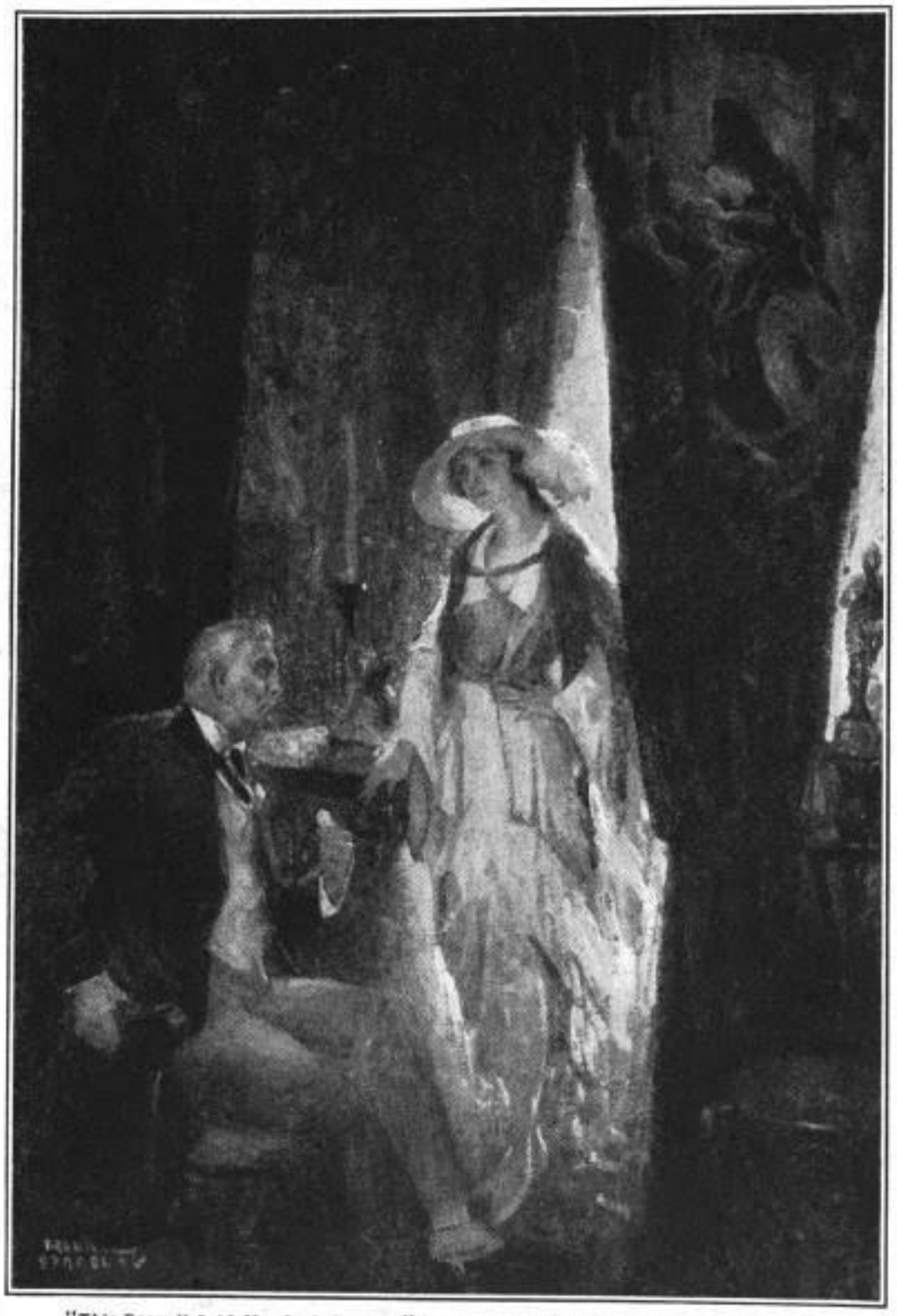
MR. JACK CRONYN was sitting in the big bay window of his club in Pall Mall, reading an afternoon newspaper. He was a large, thick-necked, red-faced, rather handsome man of fifty, clean-shaven, scowling, very carefully dressed, and he wore white spats and a flower in his buttonhole. He was smoking a good cigar and he read the latest news as if he despised it.

It was a pleasant sort of day, soft, warm and exceedingly bright. Illimitable sunshine filled the tall smoking-room windows, which were open, and let in little promises of summer and subdued sounds of the street, but Mr. Jack Cronyn sat with his back to them as if he despised the sunshine too. The fact was, his whole bearing seemed to suggest an enormous contempt for his fellow members, many of whom were reading their newspapers, rather than any interest in his own; occasionally he looked at his watch. At half past three he rang a bell at his elbow; a waiter replied with obsequious alacrity; Mr. Jack Cronyn, however, continued to read in his newspaper. He read a long article on Shakspere and the Spanish Inquisition to the end, said "Bosh!" in a loud, truculent voice, and finally looked up.

"Taxi," he added curtly.

The waiter bowed and withdrew; Mr. Jack Cronyn laid aside his newspaper, stood up, stared disdainfully through the bay window into Pall Mall, pulled down his waistcoat, and then strolled slowly after him out of the room. He stopped in the hall to examine the glass, tapping it suspiciously, and, having satisfied himself it was perfectly steady, passed on. Immediately a small boy in buttons brought him his hat, his admirably rolled umbrella and his gloves. The hall porter emerged from the dingy little compartment he occupied at the door and delivered several letters to Mr. Jack Cronyn with an air of majestic privilege and persuasiveness; these Mr. Jack Cronyn stuffed into his pocket without looking at them. He was bowed into the sunshine of Pall Mall; the great doors swung to smoothly behind him; as he descended the steps to the street another small boy opened the door of his taxi. No delay disturbed the superb punctuality of these proceedings, nevertheless Mr. Jack Cronyn paused on the lowermost step and made a single, disapproving, scepter-like movement with his umbrella.

"Top down," he directed.



"This Room," Said Mr. Jack Cronyn, "Gets on My Nerves. It's Perfectly Hideous!"

He remained waiting on that lowermost step for this to be accomplished, tall, formidably inattentive, frowning. His umbrella hung negligently from one arm. He looked at nothing, but his eyes had a hard, cynical expression in them as though warning the weather that, while it might deceive the entire universe with a little fictitious sunshine, it was unable to deceive him. Mr. Jack Cronyn was prepared for almost any emergency; he was going to see Lady Victoria Poole that afternoon; still, that was no reason for being caught and bored by some casual acquaintance beforehand. Thus he pretended to see nothing, not even the taxi which drove up and stopped directly behind his taxi, though the fair young man who jumped out of it made a vaguely comprehensive gesture of relief and recognition upon seeing him. In this, however, Mr. Jack Cronyn was not especially successful. The fair young man advanced towards him without the slightest hesitation, cheerfully undeterred by his tremendous inattention, triumphant, businesslike and blithe.

Mr. Freddie Hill—for that was the fair young man's name—was a slim, erect, engaging, rather military-looking young man with clear blue eyes, a good many freckles, and the unmistakable aspect of one who has a great deal to do with horses.

As a matter of fact he was not Mr. Freddie Hill at all, but Captain Freddie Hill; he was in a famous regiment; he was also Mr. Jack Cronyn's nephew. Like Mr. Jack Cronyn, he was very carefully dressed; he wore the tie of his famous regiment; he reeked delicately of bay rum and Russian leather. He saluted Mr. Jack Cronyn in a semi-military and lively manner.

"'Fraid I'd miss you," he remarked, "what with one thing and another."

Mr. Jack Cronyn grunted and gazed darkly into the sunshine of Pall Mall; he detested his nephew. He considered his sister to have married beneath her; neither she nor the originally offending Mr. Hill managed to survive this ordeal, but Mr. Jack Cronyn had never forgiven Freddie; he sent him to Eton, then Sandhurst, and then put him in his famous regiment, gave him a good allowance, and had as little to do with him as possible. This was characteristic of Mr. Jack Cronyn.

"Look here, sir," Freddie went on with undiminished cheerfulness, "can I see you a moment?"

"Can't you?"

"I mean to talk to for a moment."

"Then why the devil don't you say what you mean in the first place," said Mr. Jack Cronyn loudly, "instead of beating about the bush?"

Captain Freddie Hill became pinkishly dashed and pensive.

"However," said Mr. Jack Cronyn, "what is it?"

"As a matter of fact," replied Freddie, "it's—it's jolly important."

"It's about money then, I'll be bound," grumbled Mr. Jack Cronyn. "Well, I can't talk about it now. I've got a very important engagement this afternoon and I'm late."

"The fact is, I bumped into a patch of bad luck at Newmarket this week," continued Freddie.

Mr. Jack Cronyn remarked sardonically that a fool and his money were soon parted.

"And I'm overdrawn at my bank, so I thought possibly you might——"

"Did you?" interrupted Mr. Jack Cronyn grimly. "Well, you've no business to think anything of the kind, sir. I may be your uncle—after all, I can't help that!—but I'm not a congenital idiot. I've something better to do with my money than simply chucking it away."

He said this with immense conviction and very loudly. He said nothing at all about the enormous cost of his racing stable at Epsom, where his trainer, Mr. Stokes, annually expected to produce an animal worthy of Mr. Jack Cronyn's unfaltering confidence in the Guineas, the Derby and at Doncaster; in this, however, they were each annually disappointed. He said nothing about backing Ally Sloper against the field for the Grand National in 1914, and losing all he won and a great deal more besides the next day at Lincoln. He said nothing about losing fifty thousand francs in the course of one evening's play at Cannes. Indeed, these vexatious details entirely escaped his memory, for, though he firmly believed that racing was a magnificent British institution and veritably the sport of kings, and included a few commoners in his consideration, he did not include Captain Hill.

Consequently he said, "It's damned nonsense, sir!" and let it go at that, and scowled at the soft blue London sky overhead.

His gaze took in the pretentious architecture, the pavements, the vistas of Pall Mall, softened by the misty glamorous April sunshine, but he was far too exasperated to note any of these familiar things.

And presently he heard Freddie Hill explaining that it wasn't that——

"Look here, my lad, don't contradict me!" said Mr. Jack Cronyn. "I won't have it."

"But I'm not contradicting you."

Then what the devil was he doing?

"Well," said Freddie, "you see, I've only got my pay and the allowance you give me——"

"It's a very good allowance," interpolated Mr. Jack Cronyn, scenting a demand for a larger one and preparing to refuse that demand immediately. "A very good allowance indeed."

"And I thought—that is, we thought——"

"We!" exclaimed Mr. Jack Cronyn.

"Two heads are better than one; besides," said Freddie Hill with infuriating mystery, "we've been thinking of it for a jolly long time."

"Thinking of what? And who's been thinking it with you?"

"Who?" repeated Captain Freddie Hill. "What?"

"Yes," said Mr. Jack Cronyn in rapidly increasing irritation and resentment. "Can't you understand plain English? Who's been thinking what and why? That's what I want to know."

"Why, we have. We thought you'd possibly give us a leg up, so to speak."

Mr. Jack Cronyn made a gesture of concentrated fury. The veins in his neck were becoming more and more manifest, he grew more red-faced, he seemed actually upon the point of explosion. He controlled himself only with difficulty and it was some time before he could speak.

"Idiot! *Who?*"

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"Well, I don't know whether I ought to tell you or not, but the truth is, sir," said Freddie hurriedly, "that I'm — well, dash it all, you might as well know since I've really come to tell you about it ——"

"What?"

"I'm married," said Freddie Hill simply.

"Married? Married?"

Freddie nodded.

"A few days ago. It's secret, of course; because her people would kick up the dickens of a row if they knew, and—as a matter of fact, if they thought you—er—you wouldn't help us along a bit in the usual way."

Mr. Jack Cronyn at once became purple in the face. He shook his fist at his nephew, he hammered the pavement with his admirably rolled umbrella, he stamped and ramped and raved until the veins stood out in his neck unbelievably. He wouldn't add another penny to his nephew's allowance. He'd have nothing to do with it—nothing!

If his nephew had been infernal idiot enough to marry some infernal fortune-hunting chit of a girl, that was his lookout. If his nephew liked to make a conspicuous fool of himself he could please himself. But there were limits. This was one of 'em. He wasn't going to countenance such preposterous silliness. He, Mr. Jack Cronyn, would have nothing whatever to do with it, and that was that.

"But, sir," protested Freddie, "she's not a fortune-huntin' chit of a girl. She's ——"

"I don't care a rap who she is!" exclaimed Mr. Jack Cronyn passionately. "Not a rap, sir!"

"But ——"

"Not another word! I won't hear another word about it. You've got your allowance. I shan't stop it. But I'll not add another penny, sir—not another farthing! And that's my last word."

And with that Mr. Jack Cronyn climbed into his taxi and banged the door to behind him savagely. The small boy in buttons peered through the window from the running board.

"Where to, sir?" he asked.

Mr. Jack Cronyn puffed out his cheeks, scowled more terribly than ever, coughed and could not cough, and seemed to be again upon the verge of that tremendous internal explosion, when he cried out suddenly and with astounding violence: "Home!"

He was far too exasperated to go to Lady Victoria that afternoon. In fact, he was far too exasperated to remember he was sitting in a taxi and not in his own motor car; and affairs were not greatly mended by the small boy in buttons presently asking where Mr. Jack Cronyn lived when he was at home—he was a very small boy and he had been in the club's employment merely a short time. Still ——

It was all infuriating and ridiculous, one thing after another. And, besides that, a particularly disquieting idea came into Mr. Jack Cronyn's mind just at that moment.

As a matter of fact Mr. Jack Cronyn lived in a large red-brick house in Queen Anne's Gate, between an ex-Lord Chancellor and an Admiral of the Fleet. That is, he inhabited two or three rooms of it. The remainder overlooked the whole of St. James's Park; the remainder of it was left to a shuttered darkness, the penetrating devastations of London weather, and the occasional scrutiny of the butler, footmen, chambermaids and caretakers, scrub-women and people who came to see about the lights, rugs, pictures and old furniture.

Mr. Jack Cronyn was rich—immensely and miraculously rich. He was ruthless. He was inordinately proud, he exulted in his ancient lineage, he despised people whose fathers or grandfathers or great-grandfathers had accepted peerages. There was a story that the Cronyns were descended from a Saxon king; Mr. Jack Cronyn subscribed to that story, and exulted in it; he also exulted in the fact that he was a commoner, like every Cronyn since the Conquest. When he met bishops, actor managers, admirals, field marshals, dukes, ambassadors, eminent jurists, daughters of dukes—and of marquises, if they were pretty enough—cabinet ministers and chimney sweeps, he nodded to them, bringing two fingers to the brim of his hat. Everybody else he ignored. He was distinguished by no gifts of any kind, sort or description, yet his dinner parties were among the supreme events of the season. His presence in a theater on the first night of a new play was considered a superb and marvelous omen. His photographs appeared continually in the illustrated weeklies—pictures of him talking to the king at Ascot, playing tennis with the Grand Duke Gregory at Monte Carlo or driving his splendid four-in-hand through Hyde Park. Everybody referred to him as Jack Cronyn; it was doubtful, however, if he had been called Jack since he left Eton, except possibly by two or three tremendously beautiful and illustrious young ladies. He was ruthless, domineering, irascible, anything you please—but he did like tremendously beautiful and illustrious young ladies. They were delightful to look at. And they pretended to listen.

Nevertheless, there were two serious and vexatious shortcomings in Mr. Jack Cronyn's life. One was the marriage of his sister with a man named Hill—a fellow in an ordinary infantry regiment, a nobody. The other was a curious, haunting, ever-present suspicion of a certain illusive irony in existence. Mr. Jack Cronyn walked through St. James's Park every other Sunday on his way to church, rain or shine; he contributed lavishly to hospitals, homes, funds, establishments; the Armenians and the unfortunate tea tasters of Tchernigoff never appealed to him in vain. He surrounded himself with the gay and youthful. He did everything—and went everywhere. But he could not shake off his fear of death. He could not bring himself to have anything to do with any of its preliminaries; for instance, he could not be persuaded by any mortal means to make a will. To the urgent, insistent, eloquent representations of Messrs. Tod, Blenkinthrope, Sanders & Tod, his solicitors, Mr. Jack Cronyn turned a deaf ear.

Yet the thing had to be done some time or other; indeed, it was the connection of this serious and vexatious shortcoming in his otherwise richly ordered existence with the other serious and vexatious shortcoming, which had occurred to him the previous afternoon just as he was telling that infernally dull-witted boy at the club where he lived, and which troubled his tranquillity so uncomfortably.

Mr. Jack Cronyn squirmed in his splendidly upholstered easy-chair as he thought about these things. The serene sunshine of another clear blue-and-white April afternoon filled the library of his house, where he sat, smoking a cigar and swearing to himself. St. James's Park was delicately green, and splashed with color; borders of tulips and daffodils were red and gold and white; a baffling scent of lilac and wet new-turned earth hung in the soft sun-steeped air.

"Oh, damn!" exclaimed Mr. Jack Cronyn savagely.

There was no way out of it. The will had to be made and signed. Messrs. Tod, Blenkinthrope, Sanders & Tod had to be summoned. Otherwise—well, if anything should happen to him his nephew would come into the entire Cronyn property.

The mere thought of this enraged Mr. Jack Cronyn. He swore very hotly that such indeed should not be the case. He scowled vindictively into the April sunshine and shook his fist at it and rang the bell. A pretty thing—bothering about wills on such a day! And suddenly Mr. Jack Cronyn was aware that London was at its loveliest, that in that soft glamorous haziness of mist and sunshine chimneys and gables and housetops and wires took on the turreted aspect of some high enchanted city, that there was magic in the soft murmur of traffic coming up distantly from Whitehall. He became tremendously resentful; he rang again for Merkleson, his butler.

Merkleson appeared presently, haughtily obsequious, deferential, correct, magnificent, and debased himself with the air of one exceeding his privileges—as became a butler of Mr. Jack Cronyn's.

That gentleman still stared into the sunshine of St. James's Park. Then he said, "Merkleson!"

He said this in the voice Napoleon might have used when he demanded pen and ink in order to sign his abdication. He made a single impressive gesture, and paused. It was faintly apparent that Merkleson himself had something to say.

"What is it, Merkleson?"

"Lady Victoria Poole, sir, wishes to know if she can speak to you on the telephone?"

"Can, Merkleson? Can?"

Merkleson bowed—rather as Lord Bruce bowed when George IV corrected him for making a false quantity in quoting a line of Greek.

"These little inaccuracies, Merkleson —— However, I'll speak to L——



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FROM McKINLEY TO HARDING

Personal Recollections of Our Presidents

XIX

By H. H. Kohlsaat

THE telegram Governor Roosevelt sent President McKinley the end of June, 1899, pledging his support to McKinley for renomination in 1900, which led to an invitation to bring Mrs. Roosevelt and spend Sunday at the White House, brought about a great change in McKinley's feelings toward Roosevelt.

Some of Roosevelt's friends had irritated McKinley and Hanna in bringing him forward as a candidate against McKinley for the Presidential nomination in 1900. When Roosevelt pledged his support all opposition for renomination disappeared. McKinley had the field to himself.

There was a strong demand for Roosevelt, especially in the West, for Vice President on the ticket with McKinley. His spectacular career as colonel of the rough riders endeared him to the young men of the country.

Senator Platt wanted to get Roosevelt out of the governor's office in New York, and seized the opportunity offered by the boom for him as Vice President to realize his hopes. Roosevelt and most of his friends fought the effort to shove him into the Vice Presidency.

In February, 1900, I wrote him, strongly advising him not to be a candidate. His reply was as follows:

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER, ALBANY, February 9, 1900.

My dear Mr. Kohlsaat: I thank you heartily for yours of the 8th inst. with inclosed clipping. The Vice Presidency was one of the few things I made up my mind it was not needful to write you about. I am not going to take it on any account. Mr. Payne, of Milwaukee, and Senator Lodge, as well, are anxious that I should, but it is the very last office I would want or care for. In two or three days I shall announce this publicly.

Faithfully yours, THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

March twenty-first I received the following telegram:

Can you not stop off here to take lunch or spend the night? Very anxious to see you. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

We were together several hours and thoroughly discussed the Vice Presidency and some tax matters which were disturbing Senator Platt and the banking interests in New York City.

June sixteenth he wrote me the following letter, in part:

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER, ALBANY, June 16, 1900.

My dear Mr. Kohlsaat: I shall have to face a rough fight here next fall, because the lunatic Goo Goo, the wealthy corporation corruptionist and the basest variety of machine politician will all join my ordinary party foes in trying to beat me. But I have never hesitated in my belief that it was far better to chance such a fight and go down than to take an office for which I really had no special fitness and where there was nothing for a man of my type to do.

Hastily, but always faithfully yours, THEODORE ROOSEVELT.



PHOTO BY C. H. GILBERT. FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK

Colonel Roosevelt and His Family Photographed While He Was Governor of New York

A few days later the Republican National Convention was held in Philadelphia. I did not attend, but sent him a wire urging him not to take the Vice-Presidential nomination. He received it during the session and sent word he would not accept under any circumstances.

Mark Hanna was bitterly against his nomination, but McKinley was inclined to favor him. George W. Perkins, of New York, told me he telephoned McKinley, strongly advocating Roosevelt's nomination. He said he thought he influenced McKinley to telephone Mr. Hanna to throw his strength to Roosevelt, as he believed his nomination would strengthen the ticket.

Mr. Hanna favored Senator Dolliver, of Iowa; John D. Long, of Massachusetts, Secretary of the Navy; or anybody, rather than Roosevelt. He later told B. B. Odell, of New York, he would throw his votes to him if New York wanted the Vice Presidency. Mr. Odell declined the Vice Presidency and threw away the chance to be President!

Two or three years later Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler told me the following story:

"Frederick Holls and I had been out for a walk with T. R. during which he had insisted with all the emphasis at his command that never, no, never, would he be browbeaten by Platt and Quay into accepting the nomination for Vice President. When we got back to the Hotel Walton we stood at the bottom of the elevator shaft, and after waiting several minutes were told that the elevator was out of commission for a bit, and that we must either wait or walk upstairs to our rooms on the seventh floor. While we were waiting Lemuel Ely Quigg and Frank H. Platt joined us and after taking Roosevelt aside for a few minutes walked him up with them to a room on the mezzanine floor. There he talked with Senator Platt personally. An hour later T. R. rejoined us in our headquarters, his tail feathers all down. The fight had gone out of him and he changed his former tune to that of 'I cannot disappoint my Western friends if they insist,' 'I cannot seem to be bigger than the party,' and so on. The deed had been done, and the rest you know." The face of history might have been changed if that elevator had not gone out of commission!

McKinley and Roosevelt were nominated and elected, defeating William Jennings Bryan for the second time, by a vote of 7,207,923 to 6,358,133, a plurality of 849,790.

When McKinley and Roosevelt were inaugurated March 4, 1901, someone asked Senator Platt if he was going to attend the inaugural exercises. He replied, "Yes, I am going to Washington to see Theodore Roosevelt take the veil!"

XX

SATURDAY, August 31, 1901, Vice President Roosevelt was in Chicago on his way to Minnesota to deliver a speech at the state fair.

I invited a few friends to meet him at dinner in the Chicago Club. As I left him in his hotel room he said he would like to attend service in a Dutch Reformed Church Sunday morning. I called for him and took him to a small unfinished brick church on the West Side. When we got into the carriage he pulled the Sunday Tribune pink sheet out of his breast pocket and said, "There was a prize fight last night. I did not want to attract attention by reading it at the breakfast table in the hotel!" He had not finished it when we reached the church, so put it in his pocket.

We arrived while the minister, Dr. Peter Moerdyke, was praying. The usher looked critically at Roosevelt as if he could hardly believe it really was the Vice President attending services in their little church, which held probably one hundred and fifty people. When the prayer ended I introduced him to Roosevelt. We were shown into the front pew. During the singing of a hymn the usher stepped up to the pastor and probably assured him it really was the Vice President!

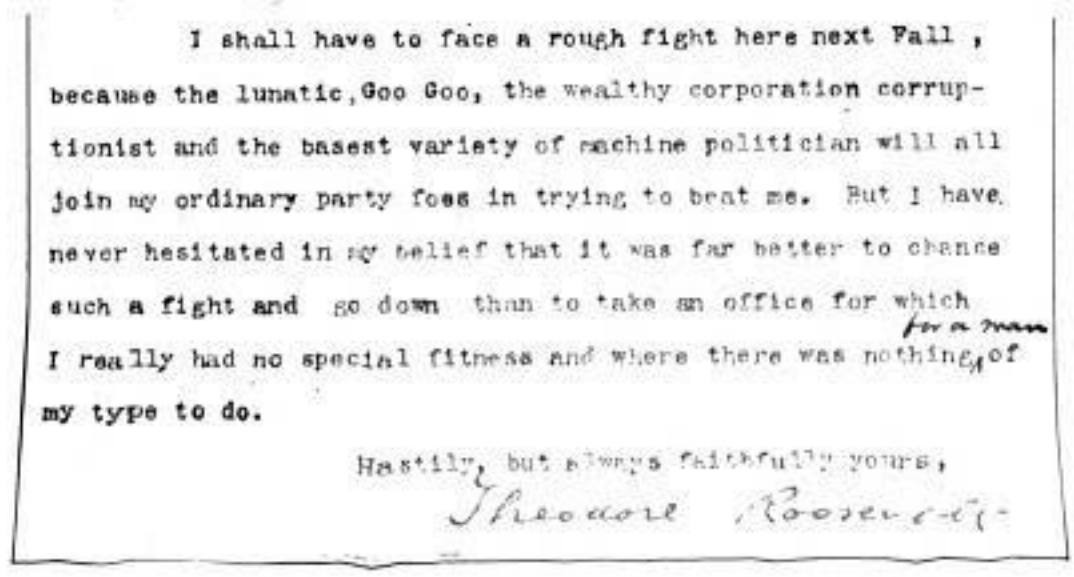
Roosevelt sang louder than anyone else in the congregation, and made the responses in a vigorous voice. Doctor Moerdyke's text was "Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only."

At the close of the sermon the pastor said: "We are honored by having with us today a fellow member of our church, the Vice President of the United States, Theodore Roosevelt. I am going to ask him to speak to us."

Before he had finished Roosevelt literally sprang out of his seat and mounted to the pulpit and began to talk on the text of the morning.

He threw his fists right and left—upper cuts and under cuts—evidently his subconscious mind was dwelling on the prize fight. He ran to the farther side of the pulpit and struck out with so much vehemence that he terrified a child of two or three years of age, eight or ten feet away. It screamed and not only startled the congregation but embarrassed the poor mother. She picked the youngster up and started out of the church. Roosevelt said, "Sit down, please, madam. Don't go out. I have six of them of my own at home, and am used to crying children!" The woman took her seat, but the child continued to yell and finally compelled Roosevelt to stop talking. He left the pulpit and shook hands with each person present.

When we left the church quite a crowd outside cheered him as we drove away. A block or two from the



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church he pulled the pink sheet out of his pocket and resumed the story of the fight, remarking, "By George, that was a bully fight. Sorry I missed it!"

XXI

PRESIDENT McKINLEY and Mrs. McKinley visited the Buffalo fair in September, 1901. On the fifth the President delivered a memorable address in the fair grounds. He called for a greater participation in world affairs and putting an end to isolation.

He held a reception in the Temple of Music—one of the fair buildings—on September sixth, and shook hands with hundreds of men, women and children. A man approached with a handkerchief covering his hand. As the President held out his hand a shot startled the crowd. Under the handkerchief was a pistol. McKinley was shot in the arm and stomach.

The secret-service men grasped the lunatic, Leon Czolgosz, and were treating him roughly. When McKinley saw it he asked them not to hurt him.

After examination the President was taken to the home of John G. Milburn, president of the Buffalo fair. For several days it seemed as if he had a chance to recover, as the following telegrams would indicate:

BUFFALO, September 8, 1901.
H. H. KOHLSAAT, Chicago.
I wish to contradict false dispatches that I predicted the President would not live. His condition this morning greatly improved. If this continues a day or two we may hope for speedy recovery. M. A. HANNA.

BUFFALO, September 9, 1901.
H. H. KOHLSAAT, Chicago.
All now firm in belief that the President will speedily recover.
MYRON T. HERRICK.

Secretary Cortelyou wired me the doctors' bulletins daily. The last two telegrams received from him were as follows:

BUFFALO,
September 14, 1901. 1:40 A.M.
H. H. KOHLSAAT, Chicago.
The President is dying.
GEORGE B. CORTELYOU.

BUFFALO,
September 14, 1901. 4:34 A.M.
H. H. KOHLSAAT, Chicago.
The President passed away at a quarter after two o'clock this morning. GEORGE B. CORTELYOU.

If the President's physical condition had been good he might have survived his wounds, but the doctors said after his death they doubted if he would have lived two years, as several organs were badly diseased.

McKinley made a brave fight, but became weaker daily and passed away early Saturday morning. In semiconscious moments he repeated several times "Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee." Once he had said to me, "If it was not for Ida"—his wife—"I should like to go the way Lincoln did." He had his wish.

I left Chicago Saturday night, arriving in Buffalo Sunday morning, and telephoned Senator Hanna, who was a guest of his friends, the Hamlins.

I asked him how to get into the Milburn residence for the funeral exercises, as the house was surrounded by militia. He asked me to go with him. We went in the rear gate and entered the house through the kitchen, where I took a seat until Secretary Cortelyou took me into the small library where the casket was placed.

Among the few men in the library when I entered was Charles G. Dawes, whose grief could not have been greater had his own father been in the coffin.

President Roosevelt, who had been sworn in the day before, came in with six out of eight members of his cabinet. They were Elihu Root, Secretary of War; Ethan A. Hitchcock, Secretary of the Interior; John D. Long, Secretary of the Navy; James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture; Charles Emory Smith, Postmaster General; Philander C. Knox, Attorney General. The other members of the cabinet, John Hay, Secretary of State, and Lyman J. Gage, Secretary of the Treasury, were in Washington.

As the President and his cabinet seated themselves beside the casket poor broken-hearted Mark Hanna limped in and took a chair at the foot of the coffin. For a while he rested his head on his hand, with elbows on knees. Finally he sat up straight and with folded arms put on a brave face.

There is an impression that Mark Hanna controlled William McKinley. That is not so. His attitude was always that of a big bashful boy toward a girl he loves. It was not the power that it brought Mr. Hanna that made him fight for McKinley's nomination and election. It was the love of a strong man for a friend who was worthy of that affection.

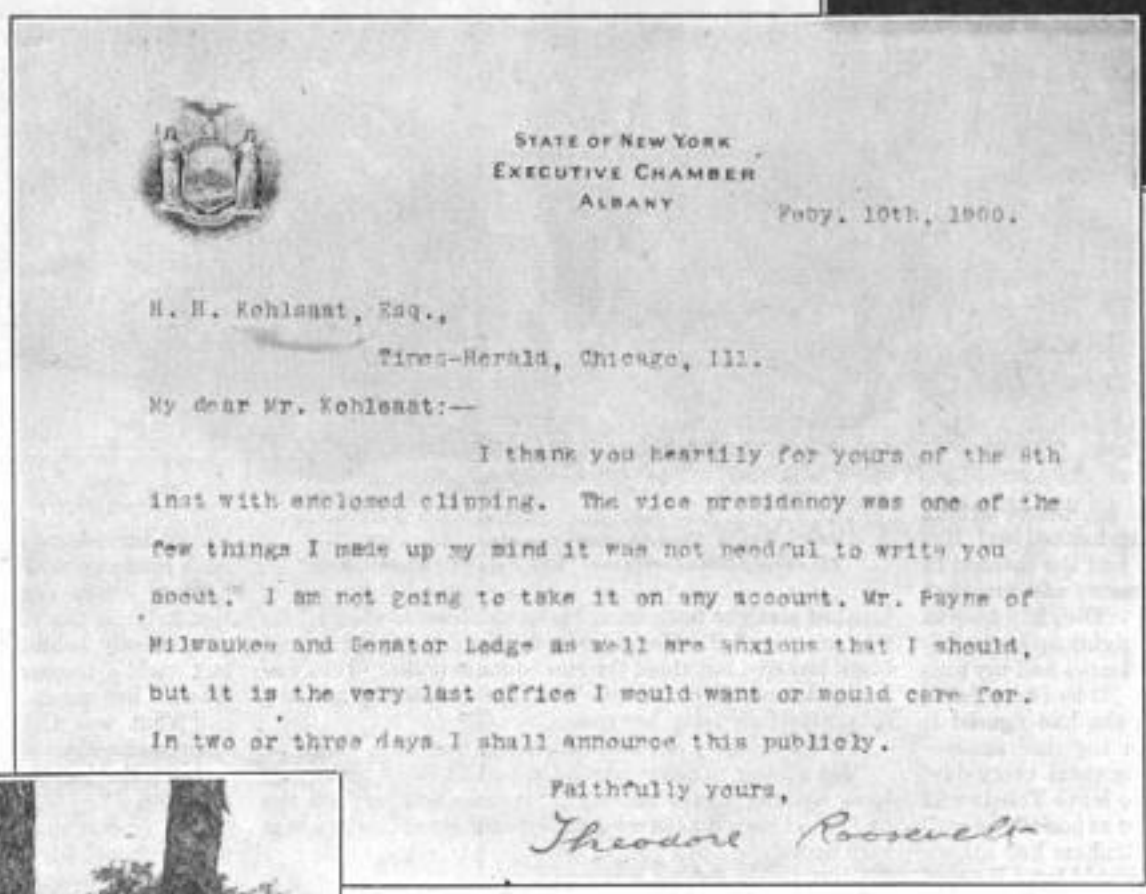
Before the services began President Roosevelt came to me and said, "Come to Ansley Wilcox's house on Delaware Avenue at three o'clock. I want to see you."

After the services in the Milburn residence the casket was taken to the City Hall, where thousands passed the bier before midnight.

At three o'clock I gave my card to the colored man at the Wilcox home. The house was old-fashioned—a hall with rooms on both sides. My card was carried into the room on



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Roosevelt, as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, on the Algonquin, Charleston, S. C.



STATE OF NEW YORK
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER
ALBANY

Feby. 10th., 1900.

H. H. Kohlsaat, Esq.,
Times-Herald, Chicago, Ill.

My dear Mr. Kohlsaat:—

I thank you heartily for yours of the 8th inst with enclosed clipping. The vice presidency was one of the few things I made up my mind it was not needful to write you about. I am not going to take it on any account. Mr. Payne of Milwaukee and Senator Lodge as well are anxious that I should, but it is the very last office I would want or would care for. In two or three days I shall announce this publicly.

Faithfully yours,
Theodore Roosevelt



I answered, "Why do you think it would please me to have Hay go?"

He said, "Why, Hay's position on the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty was what brought you and me together."

I said, "John Hay is a warm friend of mine. Instead of sulking when the treaty was defeated he was man enough to amend it to allow fortifications, and it was finally ratified. And," I continued, "what have you against Lyman Gage?"

Roosevelt snapped his teeth and said, "He always gets his back up against the wall and I can't get around him."

I said, "Don't you know I am responsible for Mr. Gage being in the cabinet? McKinley did not know him. He appointed him inside of five minutes after a long-distance telephone from Chicago to Canton, in January, 1897."

I continued, "Yesterday, when you were sworn in, you issued a statement that you were going to carry out McKinley's policies, and now you propose to fire his Secretary of State and Secretary of the Treasury! Saturday the stock exchanges of the country closed when the news came of McKinley's death. Today's papers report there is great uneasiness as to what will happen when they open tomorrow. Why? Because you are considered a bucking bronco in finance, and now you propose to let Gage out of the Treasury Department, and heaven only knows whom you will appoint. It will probably cause a panic and it will be known for all time as the Roosevelt panic."

Roosevelt looked at me a moment, made one of his characteristic faces and in one of those falsetto notes of his said, "Old man, I am going to pay you the highest compli-

shaking hands with Roosevelt he turned to a gentleman by his side and said, 'Woodrow, you know Kohlsaat, don't you? Mr. Kohlsaat, let me introduce you to Woodrow Wilson." After a moment or two Roosevelt said, "Woodrow, would you mind stepping into the library for a few minutes. I want to talk to Kohlsaat on an important matter."

In 1901 Mr. Wilson was professor of jurisprudence and politics at Princeton University. A year later he was made president of the institution.

After Mr. Wilson left us Roosevelt said, "I am going to make two changes in my cabinet that I know will please you. I am going to let John Hay go, and appoint Elihu Root, Secretary of State. I am also going to ask Lyman Gage for his resignation."

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ON THE SHELF

By Viola Brothers Shore

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER



"She's Got a Grandmother Complex. She's Always Inventing Grandmothers. You See, She Hasn't Any"

MA BENHAM sat up in bed, wide awake, ready for anything the day might demand. As her hand encountered the lavender satin comforter, however, ready to toss it off, she remembered, and with a rather beaten movement drew it back. She was always forgetting. Every morning when Fuller tapped at Tom's door she would start up—and then remember that she was no longer a useful citizen leading a useful life in Toledo, but an old woman disintegrating from sheer uselessness in a beautiful house on Fifty-fourth Street, New York.

She looked out of her window at the made-over brownstone houses opposite. Fifty-fourth Street near Fifth is still asleep at 7:30 on a spring morning. Ma Benham sat hunched forward in her bed until Minna, in a black dress and a little white apron, brought her breakfast on a tray. After which Minna turned on her bath and handed her her brush and comb. It was like that all day. The few things she could have done somebody always did for her. Her shoulders sagged wearily as she contemplated the empty day stretching cheerlessly ahead of her—a duplicate of all the other empty days of the past five months. If she had known it was going to be like this she would never have left Toledo. It seemed an age before Minna appeared with the tray. How Ma Benham loathed tea! But the doctors had forbidden coffee. Why had she listened to their drivel about heart and blood pressure and arteries? On account of Tom and the girls mainly. They had been so worried. And when Tom had proposed giving up his bachelor quarters and all living together with Isabel and her husband she had hated to disappoint him. It had been hard, selling out her home. But, after all, she had figured it would be fine having all her children together again—sharing their interests once more, seeing them every day. And Eve was twenty-eight and eager to leave Toledo and live in New York, where she had a sister as socially prominent as Isabel Morrison. But if Ma Benham had known how things were going to be she never would have listened to any of them. Could any sudden death caused by sticking to her own home—her own sphere of usefulness in the town where she had all her interests and her friends—have been worse than this gradual atrophying of all her faculties?

To some women, she reflected while she dressed, this life of idleness would be heaven. Her own two daughters asked for no better lot. And Frankie Carlyle was angling desperately for Tom mainly so that circumstances might not compel her to relinquish her life of ease. But they were used to nothing else. They could be busy for days over the purchase of a hat.

Ma Benham thought back over her own girlhood in her father's home above the little dry-goods store; over the early years of her married life with a husband who had had big dreams but no money; then her widowhood—making dresses to bring up her three babies. After Isabel's marriage, Alec Morrison had taken Tom into business with him and they had prospered and things had been quite easy for Ma Benham then. She and Eve had moved into a modern little apartment and kept a maid. Still, Ma Benham had never been idle. When her war work was finished she had taken charge of a workroom supplying clothes to the devastated countries of Europe. Tons of clothes had gone out of Ma Benham's workroom. It was known all over the country. Ma Benham received the thanks of the Queen of Belgium through the Belgian ambassador. She was interviewed for the newspapers. She was a well-known figure in Toledo. And then, all of a sudden, to be pushed off into space like this with nothing to cling to ——

Tom looked up from his breakfast and smiled as she came round the table and kissed him. Tom was thirty-six but looked younger, with his thick snuff-colored hair brushed straight back from his unwrinkled forehead. He was so unspoiled. He had Ma Benham's eyes—gray and black lashed—but there the resemblance ended. Tom was inclined toward roundness and Ma Benham was very thin, especially since her illness.

"What brings you down this early, ma?"

"No reason to sleep late. Go to bed early and don't have a thing to do all day." Increasingly of late she had found herself answering well-meant questions like that with asperity.

"But you're feeling better, aren't you?"

He looked at her anxiously. He had had great hopes that the change and rest would do her good. Instead, she looked older, frailer than ever.

She changed the subject. Unreasonably, it annoyed her when they inquired about her health.

"Where were you last night?"

"Took Frankie to the theater."

"She'll get you yet, Tom."

"I don't know. I suppose a man must get married some day."

"All right, but why don't you look around a bit instead of letting Isabel railroad you into this? Why, Tom, you could have anybody on earth!"

She had seated herself beside him, and he reached over and covered her hand. "You would say that. Frankie's quite a thoroughbred."

"So's a racing horse, but you don't want to live with one. She's a parasite." But she did not remove her hand; rather, returned his pressure.

"Don't be too hard on her, ma. She may not have me. And I won't even ask her if that's what's making you unhappy."

"I'm not unhappy, Tom. The trouble with me is I'm growing old and I won't be nice and resigned about it."

"Old? Why, Grace Benham, you're a chicken! Sixty-two isn't old."

She shook her head. Something like tears smarted the back of her eyes.

"Last year I didn't think so either. But I'm old. That's all there is to it, and I don't like it."

"You worked too hard in your workroom out there."

"I don't believe it. I don't believe work hurts anybody. It's stopping that hurts. Why, the year after Eve was born and I had the three of you and no man and no money—everybody said I would kill myself. But I never was sick a day. Managed to raise you all and made a good job of it. Only now you all think I'm too feeble-minded to turn on my own bath."

"Ma—you were so good to us—and now you want to cheat us out of the right to take care of you. If you'd only take things easy, the way the doctor said! I know it's hard at first, but if you'd only give it a fair trial!"

She followed him to the door and he stooped to kiss her good-by with a clutch at his heart. She looked such a pathetic little figure standing in the big hallway. He wished he could find something to occupy her mind. But she just wouldn't take an interest in anything. The girls had often told him so.

Morrison & Benham were wholesale distributors of artistic novelties. Morrison was the artist of the firm, so he never went to the office before 10:30. Ma Benham stayed in the breakfast room toying with a copy of House and Home until Alec and the girls came down. Eve was dressed in a blue tailored dress stitched in red. Belle was wearing a trailing negligée of corn color trimmed with cream lace. Both girls were brunet and slender; but Belle, although thirty-two, looked younger and prettier than Eve. Neither would have looked handsome after two days on a desert island, but both made up well.

They kissed their mother dutifully and not unaffectionately on the cheek and sat down at the table. Alec was already behind his paper. Belle and Eve discussed last night's theater party. Ma listened, but it did not interest her much. It was always about the same.

"What was the matter with Frankie?" Eve asked. "She seemed cut up."

"Oh, she lost money in the afternoon. She's such a fool."

"Of course she's a fool," said Alec from behind his paper; "only people who win ought to play cards."

"Idiot," remarked his sister-in-law. "But Frankie oughtn't to gamble."

"She's just phoned," Belle announced. "She's coming over to lunch. She's awfully low."

"Why doesn't she go to work if she's really so poor?" Ma Benham asked with a trace of sharpness.

"She's not poor," Alec corrected her; "she's just broke."

Belle could not imagine a girl like Frankie Carlyle working.

"Besides, what could she do?"

"You bet I'd find something to do if I were in my twenties and had my health," asserted Ma Benham.

"Frankie's thirty, and she's never done anything in her life. She belongs in a home. If Tom only wasn't so slow —— She'd make him a splendid wife."

"I don't think!" Ma Benham's neck stiffened perceptibly.

"She's good-looking, smart, wide awake, travels in the right set. What do you want for your darling boy—an angel?"

"No, I want a real woman. Not a parasite that'll just be marrying him to keep from going to work. I hate parasites."

"Mother Benham"—Alec twirled his little pointed mustache—"if you are insulting my wife ——"

"Mother," broke in Eve, "you're not like yourself at all. You never used to snap people up that way. You're just making yourself needlessly unhappy. You've certainly got everything in the world to make you contented and not an earthly thing to worry about. I bet there isn't a woman out home that doesn't envy you."

"I'd be all right if you didn't all go round with thermometers. All I need is something to do."

"Do?" asked Belle. "What do other women your age do?"

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"Play with their grandchildren," said Ma Benham.

Belle sighed. "What are your plans for today?" she inquired indulgently.

Plans! Ma Benham curbed her desire to be sarcastic. She knew how well they meant it.

"I'll take a walk in the park and watch the children play."

"Don't you want the car? I'll be sending François back ——"

"No, thank you. I'd rather walk. I have some sewing to do first."

"I had Miller sew the hooks and eyes on your dyed waist, if that's what you mean. No need for you to strain your eyes when I have Miller."

"But I like to do it, Belle," Ma Benham protested feebly.

"Nonsense. You sewed enough to last you a lifetime. I should think the very sight of a needle would make you ill."

"Wouldn't you like to wrap me in wadding and keep me in an even temperature?"

"You can joke about it," said Eve, "but it's no joke for us to have you sick. Why don't you see the picture at the Rialto this afternoon?"

"Heavens! I'm so sick of movies ——"

"There's a lecture on Russian music at the club, if you'd like."

"No, thanks." Ma's tightly shut lips showed what she thought of the club.

"Well, of course," said Belle wearily, "if you won't interest yourself in anything ——"

Ma went upstairs to her room and looked round rather helplessly. It was in perfect order. There was absolutely nothing she could do to it. She opened her underwear drawer and rearranged the neat piles of garments. All her life she had begun the day by first putting away her clothes. She opened the closet and took down a hanger and regarded her dyed waist regretfully. The hooks and eyes were all neatly sewed on. She could have cried. She had counted on half a morning's work.

Ma Benham sat in an easy-chair in the window and opened the morning paper. She had always loved to snatch a hurried reading of the paper out of a crowded day. Now that she had nothing else to do, however, and the paper had become a regular morning rite, Ma Benham did not enjoy it so much. It was like making a meal of strawberries.

She read the paper very carefully—including the death notices. She never recognized a name, as she had in Toledo, but she used to speculate on whether the women of sixty who died had been seized with some sudden illness or had merely died. They probably didn't mind much either way. Except, perhaps, those who had grandchildren.

She read the advertisements too. Not that she ever bought any clothes. The girls quarreled with her because she said one black silk dress was about the same as another and refused to buy anything except a suit. However, she read the ads because for so many years she had read them to keep abreast of the fashions and to figure where she could save half a dollar on a suit for Tommy—and whether it would be cheaper to make Belle a coat or pick one up at a sale.

She dallied with the idea of going for a walk. But she lacked the ambition to start. She supposed that was old age. She never really felt like doing anything any more. She picked up a book listlessly. Reading, too, had gone back on her. For so many years it had had the zest of a stolen pleasure. But now—well, it seemed a poor way to spend the day, just reading.

At one o'clock she went down to lunch. Eve was still wearing her blue tailormade, but Belle had changed to something black and draped. Frankie Carlyle was a pretty, just-beginning-to-fade blond girl, whose pale bobbed hair and whose figure were girlishly youthful but whose face was thinning under the cheek bones and about her rather pointed nose. She used scarcely any make-up except a black penciled rim about her gray eyes and continuing the short curved line of her brows, and an elaborately applied coating of mascaro on each of her scanty lashes. She wore a blue suit, of which she could not remove the coat because the sleeves of the frilled blouse underneath had succumbed to too many launderings.

Ma Benham did not really dislike Frankie; only she did not want her as a wife for Tom. She felt even friendly today when Frankie spoke of taking a job. The girls found the very notion too absurd.

But later, while they were getting their wraps, "I've got to get a job," she reiterated to Ma Benham. "I'm desperate. I'm seven hundred in the hole and no earthly chance of making it up. I can't stand the strain any longer."

At that moment Ma almost liked her. "What kind of job do you want?"

"Oh—I don't know—I'd do anything."

"Can you do anything?"

"No," admitted Frankie ruefully, "not a darn thing."

"Why don't you take a business course?"

"It costs money. And takes time. I've got to do something right away. The girls don't realize it, Mother Benham, but I've touched bottom. Also my last relative."

"Have you looked in the papers?"

"Why, no—I ——"

"Don't you think you might find something?"

"Oh, I'm such a dub. I wouldn't know what to say. What good are friends anyway?" she burst out irritably. "Wouldn't you think somebody'd exert herself and say 'Frankie, here's a job you can get'? I can't just go to a strange man and say 'Give me a job,' because he'd say 'What can you do?' and I'd have to admit, nothing. But if somebody'd only say to somebody 'I know a nice girl and she's desperately in need of work and she'll do anything'! And I would, too, Mother Benham; I really would."

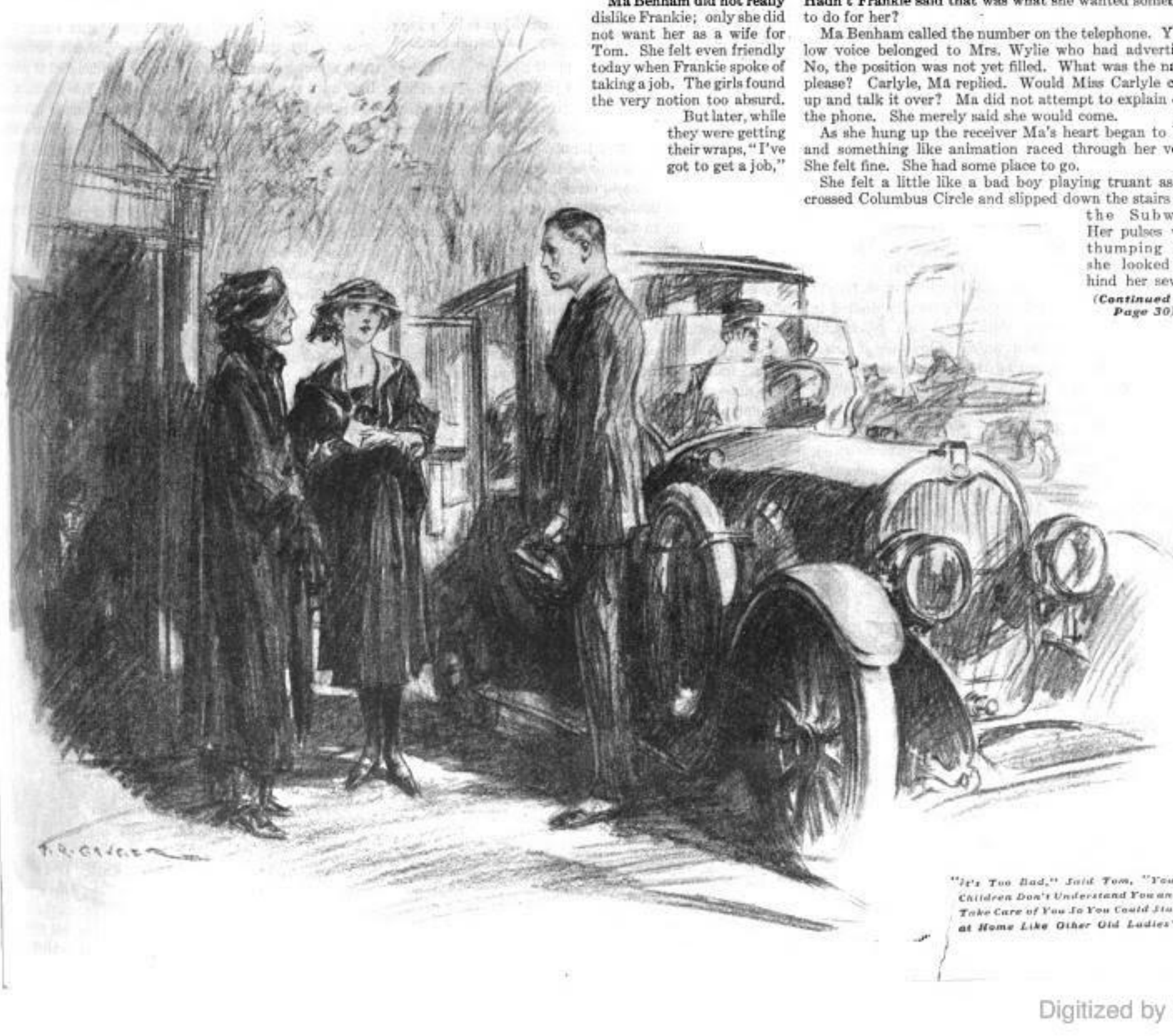
After she had gone Ma Benham picked up the Want Ads. Of course if she had been in Frankie's place she wouldn't have waited for somebody else to get her work. But girls like Frankie were brought up so badly. And there was an ad that had caught Ma Benham's eye earlier in the day—Mother's Helper. As Belle had said, Frankie belonged in a home. Of course it was a servant's position—still, this particular ad had been worded so attractively that Ma Benham had noticed it. There it was. The woman distinctly said she did not want a servant, but someone with whom she could trust her children part of each day while she went to business. Ma Benham realized it might be difficult to convey to Frankie just what she felt about this particular ad. Besides, by the time she could get hold of Frankie the place might be filled. Whereas, if she looked into it—and she had nothing better to do—then she could speak to Frankie about a concrete proposition. Hadn't Frankie said that was what she wanted somebody to do for her?

Ma Benham called the number on the telephone. Yes, a low voice belonged to Mrs. Wylie who had advertised. No, the position was not yet filled. What was the name, please? Carlyle, Ma replied. Would Miss Carlyle come up and talk it over? Ma did not attempt to explain over the phone. She merely said she would come.

As she hung up the receiver Ma's heart began to beat and something like animation raced through her veins. She felt fine. She had some place to go.

She felt a little like a bad boy playing truant as she crossed Columbus Circle and slipped down the stairs into the Subway. Her pulses were thumping and she looked behind her several

(Continued on Page 30)



"It's Too Bad," Said Tom, "Your Children Don't Understand You and Take Care of You So You Could Stay at Home Like Other Old Ladies"

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 22, 1922

The War Finance Corporation

THREE influences have combined to convert the pessimism of the American farmer into optimism: The rise in prices of agricultural products, the decline in costs of operations, and the ameliorating interventions of the War Finance Corporation. The rises in prices have not been reflected to the farmer in full measure. For example, the rise in the price of wheat came after most of the crop had left the farm. But the higher price has a positive value, since it stands as the promise of the return on the new crop. With the increased prices the grower contrasts the lowered costs of production, and the margin gives him ground for hope and confidence. Reduction in freight rates should go far toward completing what is desired in the clarification of price relations, though much still remains to be done in the direction of lowering of prices of finished goods consumed by the country people. The operations of the War Finance Corporation have helped greatly during an interim period of disorganization of business. In the timeliness, rather than in the dimensions, of the acts of this body are the largest effects to be noted.

To date, the War Finance Corporation has advanced more than three hundred and fifty million dollars in aid of agricultural producers. The law does not permit the corporation to loan to individuals. It loans to banks, loan companies, coöperative associations and export companies. Loans have been made for the benefit of practically every farm product, and in every state. Sometimes the loans have directly averted bankruptcy, or at least ruinous liquidation of products. Stability has been restored to marketing operations. Confidence has been reëstablished between bankers and farmers. The willingness of the corporation to make loans has led banks to follow them. Marketing, manufacturing and exporting of farm materials have been brought back into normal channels. Everywhere one hears praise of the directors.

Applications for loans receive sympathetic consideration. The business views of the corporation are catholic and progressive. The treatment is symptomatic, but the experts make careful diagnoses before applying treatment. One by one, stumbling groups of producers are helped to their feet. The corporation has carefully avoided the attitude of paternalism, and studied avoidance of the appearance of Government in business is clearly in evidence. The operations of the corporation bring out the need of middle-term credits for farmers. But they do not breed expectation of government credits, once conditions are restored to the plane of normal processes. There will be no backwash of governmental lending or price fixing. Congress has prolonged the life of the corporation. This is much safer than passing bloc legislation for credits to agriculture. The one procedure cultivates the self-reliance of farmers; the other makes them tenants of the Government. It is a cause for congratulation that the operation of the War Finance Corporation has been in the hands of men who believed in individual initiative in agriculture as the basis of national prosperity.

Illogic in the Logician

THE Hon. Bertrand Russell, of Cambridge University, has long been a leading writer on subjects mathematical and philosophical. In 1914 he delivered as the Lowell Lectures an inquiry on Our Knowledge of the External World that was highly praised. Previously he had published original contributions to mathematics. During the war he was a pacifist and conscientious objector. Two years ago he made a tour of Russia, and published an apologia of communism, in which the communists found little comfort. His position is that of an advanced socialist of evolutionary type.

In a description of the future ideal state he makes the following statement:

As regards distribution, what is paid for each kind of work must be fixed by a public authority, with a minimum of what is required for bare necessities, and a maximum of what will give the greatest incentive to efficient work. . . . What is essential is that a man should not be able to extort profit by his possession of means of production, whether land or capital. But Socialism certainly has as its ideal equality of income, subject only to such modification as may be imposed by the special needs of various classes of workers.

This is a hedge unworthy of a philosopher. The necessity of "a maximum of what will give the greatest incentive to efficient work" is an old capitalistic principle that forced recognition in Soviet Russia. What is the efficient man to do with the maximum, the high wage or salary necessary to induce him to extend himself? He may not invest it in land or in the tools of production, because that would enable him to "extort profit by his possession of means of production." The man of large income could hoard money, a provision against a rainy day. Presumably he could not bequeath hoarded money to heirs. He could invest his surplus income in works of art, in endowing institutes of learning. That has been done in capitalistic society. He could spend his large income in luxurious living. Indeed, that is about all Mr. Russell would leave to be done with large incomes. Luxurious living is now a common way of disposing of large incomes.

The inequality of income of which the older socialists complained was really inequality of standard of living. But precisely this is made obligatory on the man of efficiency in the new society of Mr. Russell. This is certainly a fine twist to "equality of income." Marx believed that equality of income and of standard of living was vital to his system, and that men would work unequally, but each to his uttermost, for the same return. Mr. Russell, forced to concede that greater incentives are required by men of larger capacity, grants such incentives, but compels the recipients to spend the incomes, with the result of producing inequality of standard of living, the abolition of which was the chief object of socialistic theory. This is surely a surprising inconsistency in a logician. Can it be that even a logician cannot remove the inconsistencies from socialism?

Americans will be interested in an interpretative comment. Our Government has made certain stipulations with respect to our relations with Russia, dealing in no wise with European politics but solely with elemental matters like security of life and property. Mr. Russell compares us with people of affairs in other countries, referring to "the big capitalists of America, who are more naïve, more untouched by modern thought than any other set of men, with the exception possibly of a few Central African negroes."

Whether we are judged from personal contact and observation or by ratiocination is not stated. This African insularity doubtless explains many of our peculiarities. This may be the reason why our Government, reflecting its big capitalists, is naïve enough not to want to lend Europe any money. It may also explain why Mr. Russell prefers to write for American rather than English periodicals. It gives him opportunity to try his theories on raw material. But in all probability we shall be as naïve and "untouched by modern thought" after we have read the writings of the Hon. Bertrand Russell as we were before.

Fists Across the Sea

THE other day an English court sentenced one Horatio Bottomley to seven years at penal servitude. Mr. Bottomley was a member of Parliament, and was long editor of a weekly publication. His claim to notoriety arises largely from his hatred of America and Americans and from his efforts, persistently exercised through the columns of his paper and from his seat in the House of Commons, to make his fellow countrymen detest and execrate ours. It was not for this, however, that Mr. Bottomley was sentenced to seven years of penal servitude, but for what laymen might regard as a lesser offense. His case is now on appeal.

England has no monopoly of publicists of this species. In America we find specimens of the genus highly placed in the yellow, the pink and even in the quasi-respectable press; in the House, in the Senate and in public life.

Writers and editors are not to be hastily lumped in with the venomous species because what they write or print sometimes proves disagreeable reading in countries not their own. To stand up for the rights of their country and of their countrymen is part of their bounden duty. The length, breadth and depth of fair discussion are theirs by right; and it is not to be forgotten that this right was won for the English-speaking world only after centuries of struggle, by sturdy English writers, printers, parliamentary reporters and petit jurymen who laughed at prison bars until they saw the thing through. Fair discussion of international issues does not include wanton mischief-making. Fair discussion does not monger malicious stories reflecting on foreign nations, which though not known to be lies bear every mark of untruth. Its bounds are those of decency and of good faith.

We still recall with pleasant feelings of gratitude Robert Browning's excuse for being late to an appointment. The poet explained that he had remained overlong at his club in order to blackball a London editor who was notorious for his efforts to stir up animosities between England and America. The poet-philosopher knew that the blackball in social, in business and in political life is the surest exterminator of these trouble-makers.

Red and Black

VIVID language and graphic symbols may not change the facts of existence, but they are a help to the readier understanding of truth. When it is stated that a business enterprise "has been operating in the black since March" or "we threw the red ink out of the window in February" the essential condition of business profits and losses is brought home to the least interested. For years it has been a common practice to use red ink instead of black in showing a loss or deficit on corporate books, but not until the heavy losses of 1921 did the contrast in colors come to have a widely understood meaning.

Fortunately the last few months have witnessed a procession of accounting officials on their way to the window to throw out the bottles of red ink. There has been steady pruning of overhead, a weeding out of workers of every grade from laborer to president, provided the wages or salaries paid bore an inflated ratio to the service rendered.

There has been an intensification of sales efforts, a finding of new markets and new uses for products. But greater by far than the work of man, more efficacious than the exertions of the most brilliant managerial genius, has been the slow but certain reaping of Father Time.

No doubt there are many evidences of business improvement whose recital would make a more impressive showing of economic learning and analytical power, but none are more convincing than the change from red to black.

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AN OUTLINE OF POLITICS

By Will Payne

I BEGAN to participate actively in politics under shocking conditions. This was in Nebraska in the '80's. By gang rule a lawyer of my town was elected to the State Senate. He chose me as his secretary. Thus I was enabled to observe the operations of a corrupt political machine from the inside.

My town boasted fifteen hundred inhabitants and actually had more than half that many. When I arrived there a few years before, at the age of fourteen, it was so new that the shingles were just getting weather-stained and a pleasant smell of new lumber and fresh paint pervaded the air.

In time I knew the local political machine rather intimately. All lawyers and editors were ex-officio members of it. American political experience pretty much began on the shore of Massachusetts Bay with political affairs in the hands of preachers. With no disrespect to the cloth one may note the historic fact that they made a mess of it. Thenceforth, until quite recently, political affairs were mostly in the hands of the legal profession—which, to give the devil his due, did somewhat better at it. In the '80's, all over the United States outside of big cities with their legal specialists, the shingle of any disciple of Blackstone might have read this way: John Smith, Attorney and Counsellor at Law and Politics.

Looking back, it is surprising how much law that small frontier community had need of. For our eight hundred bona fide inhabitants I can count up six or seven lawyers, and probably I have forgotten a few. Besides lawyers and editors our machine included Dele Morrow, the druggist; Sam Stout, the postmaster; Let Warner, a grocer; and my uncle, the town banker. Those come to mind now; doubtless there were others.

It was as thoroughly capitalistic and bourgeois a machine as ever existed. Only the vested interests were represented in it, said interests consisting of the bank, two drug stores, three groceries, a furniture shop, and other items of like nature. I am sure the notion of admitting a laborer or even a mechanic would have struck the machine members with surprise. All members of it were capitalists. Dele Morrow and Let Warner, for example, were probably worth four or five thousand dollars apiece, and Sam Stout, the postmaster, owned a good story-and-a-half frame house with an L, painted bright yellow. There were capitalists who did not belong to the machine—because their tastes did not run in that direction. As they looked at it, the rewards were not worth the bother.

A Matter of Taste

YET the rewards were considerable. For one thing there was the precious satisfaction of being on the inside and having a finger in the pie—of slipping into the snug little convocation at Judge Hammond's office, or my senator's, or in the back room of the bank, and confidentially talking over the prospective candidates and fixing up the slate, while mere citizens remained in outer ignorance. And there was the sportsman's reward of playing an exciting game.

Any game whatsoever is exciting to people who are interested in it. I have seen a very capable man get all wrought up over a rare postage stamp. Colonel Roosevelt spoke contemptuously of golf because it didn't interest him; but many an able citizen has got more excited over a golf score than he ever was over the colonel's political propositions. The political game interested some capitalists very much; they belonged to the machine.

A lank Yankee farmer named Dan Paddock, living seven or eight miles south of town, was an outstanding figure in county politics. After many a hard day's work he hitched up and drove miles to a caucus or to one of the more informal gatherings of the machine. I observed him several times at county conventions and the like, where he was either chairman or a conspicuous figure on the floor. Any child could see that he was simply reveling in it, eating it up. He never sought an office, so far as I know, but he loved the game.

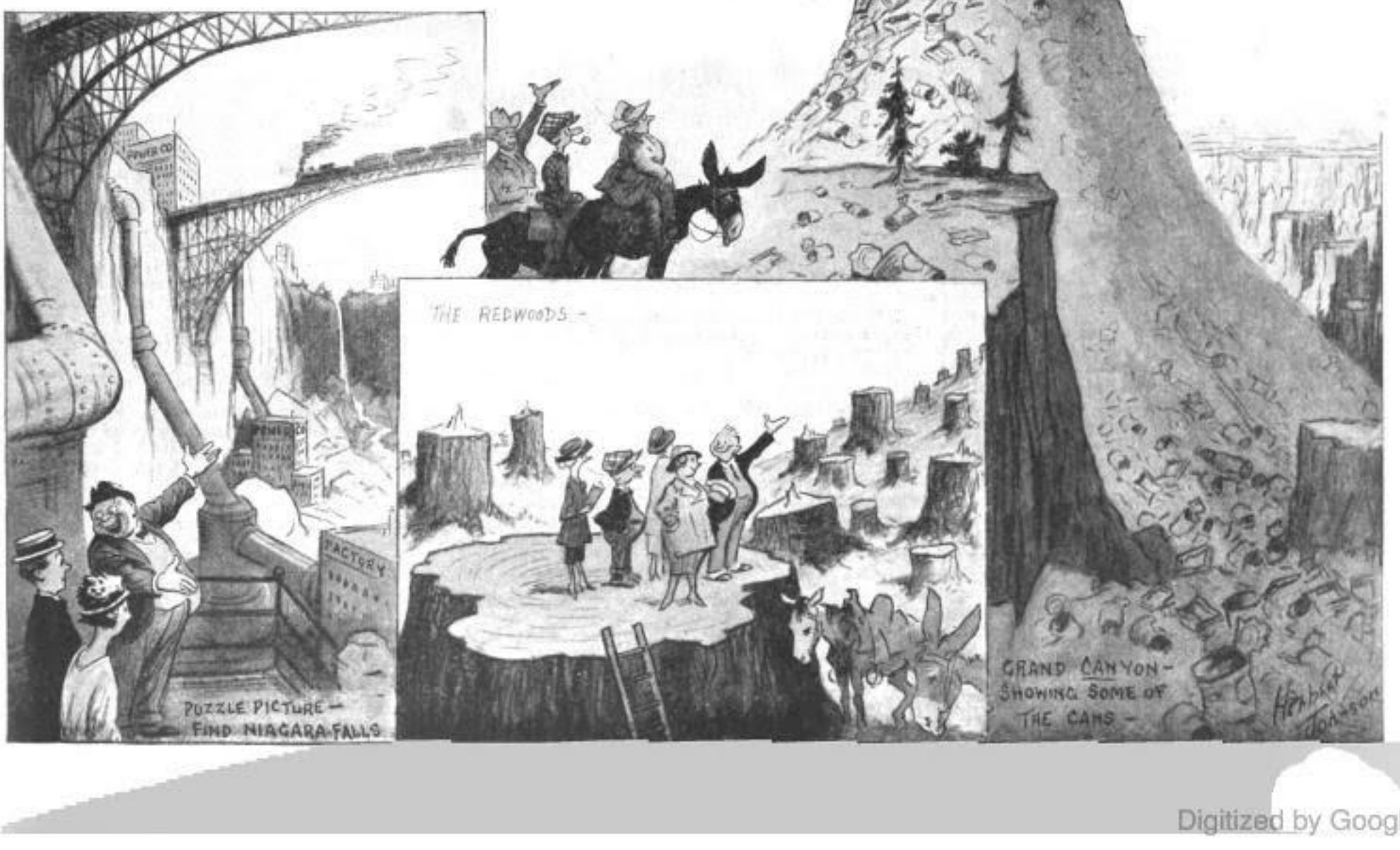
Nearer town lived old Ben Hewitt, one of my choicest farmers. He didn't care a rap for politics, but he loved draw poker. I see him now, the steel-bowed spectacles pushed far up on his benevolent forehead, judiciously scanning his hand at one of the sociable little gatherings in the back room over the harness shop—wicked, and happy as a clam.

It would be well after midnight when he quit. The weather might be inclement or the horses might be tired, in which case no decent man would make the poor beasts stand for hours at a hitching post; so old Ben would plod the two miles home on foot. Dan Paddock got his emotional reactions out of politics. Ben Hewitt got his out of draw poker. No one can account for tastes. Mostly, belonging to the political machine was a matter of taste—just as it is today.

The county machine was a product of the various local machines. Probably Judge Hammond and my senator and Dele Morrow, or Sam Stout, would meet similar representatives of seven or eight other nefarious local organizations and thresh out the great question whether the county treasurership was to go to Smithville or Jonesville that year. Nine-tenths of the burning questions which racked and fevered our county machine were of a geographical nature. There was only one political party to speak of. Here and there eccentric individuals called themselves Democrats; but there were not enough of them then to make a party to be reckoned with.

So the great question was whether the nomination for a certain office should go to Jones of Smithville or Smith of

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THE VAN ROON

By J. C. SNAITH

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

X

THE next morning was Friday, and Foxy Face, true to the appointment he had made with S. Gedge, Antiques, came at ten o'clock with a friend. A quarter before that hour William had been sent to the King's Road, Chelsea, in quest of a Jacobean carving table for which his master had a customer.

June, in anticipation of the event, took care to be busy in a distant corner of the shop when these gentlemen arrived. As on the occasion of Louis Quinze-Legs' previous visit, Uncle Si lost no time in going himself to fetch the picture, but his prompt return was fraught for June with bitter disappointment. By sheer ill luck, as it seemed, his stern eye fell on her at the very moment he gave the picture to Mr. Thornton's friend, a morose-looking man in a seedy frock coat and a furry topper.

"Niece," sharply called S. Gedge, Antiques, "go and do your dusting somewhere else."

There was no help for it. June could almost have shed tears of vexation, but she had to obey. The most she dared venture in the way of appeasing a curiosity that had grown terrific was to steal back on tiptoe a few minutes later to retrieve a pot of furniture polish she had been clever enough to leave behind. Like a mouse she crept back for it, but Uncle Si flashed upon her such a truculent eye that without trying to catch a word that was passing she simply fled.

Fear seized her. She felt sure that she had seen the last of the picture. Her distrust of S. Gedge, Antiques, had become so great that she was now convinced that money would tempt him to anything. Twenty miserable minutes she spent wondering what she must do if the picture was disposed of there and then. She tried to steel her heart against the fact, now looming inevitable, that she would never see it again.

At last the visitors left the shop. June then discovered that her fears had carried her rather too far, and that for the time being, at any rate, Uncle Si had been done an injustice.

He shambled slowly into the kitchen and to June's intense relief the picture was in his hand.

"Niece," he said threatfully, "understand, once and for all, that I won't have you hanging about the shop when I am doing business with important customers."

The sight of the picture was so much more important than the words which came out of his mouth that June felt inclined to treat them lightly.

"I'm telling you!" said the old man fiercely. "Mark what I say! I won't have females listening with their mouths open when I'm doing business. And don't laugh at me, else you'll have to pack your box. Here!" Uncle Si handed her the picture with a scowl. "Take this back to where it came from; and just remember what's been said to you, or you'll find yourself short of a week's pocket money."

Adjured thus, June was a model of discretion for the rest of that day; and yet she was the prey of a devouring curiosity. She would have given much to know what had taken place in the course of the morning's traffic with Louis Quinze-Legs and his friend. It was not until suppertime that she was able to gather a clew, when Uncle Si mentioned the matter to William. He was careful to do so, however, in the most casual way.

"By the way, boy," said the old man, gravely balancing a piece of cheese on the end of his knife, and fixing June with his eye as he did so, "that daub of yours—I've had Mr. Thornton here to look at it."

"I hope he liked it, sir," said William with his eager smile.

Uncle Si pursed his mouth. Then he went through the rest of his performance, which on this occasion ended in a noise through closed lips like a hornet's drone, which might have meant anything. June felt an insane desire to give the old wretch a punch on his long and wicked nose.

"What did he think of the cloud?" asked William. "And the light of the sun striking through on to the water?"



All the Same It Was a Rare Experience to Walk Abroad With William

"He says it's very rough and dirty, and in bad condition, but if I could buy it for two pounds he might be able to show me a small profit."

"I should think so," murmured June, holding a glass of water in suspense.

Uncle Si laid down his knife and looked at her.

"You think so, niece!" he snarled. "Have the goodness to mind your own affairs, or you and I will quarrel. That's twice to-day I've had to speak to you."

June covered a retreat from the impossible position strong feelings had led her into by emptying her glass in one fierce draught.

"You see, boy," said Uncle Si, turning to William with a confidential air, "this—this picture"—it seemed a great concession on his part to allow that the thing was a picture at all—"is without a signature. That makes it almost valueless."

William smiled and gently shook his head.

"Beg your pardon, sir, but it is signed in every line."

"Rubbish! No theorizing—this is a business proposition. And I tell you that without the signature this pity of pretty-pretty just amounts to nix." The old man gave his fingers a contemptuous snap. "That's what it amounts to. But as you've taken the trouble to bring it all the way from Suffolk and you've spent a certain amount of your master's time in trying to get it clean, as I say, I'll spring a couple of pounds to encourage you. But why I should I really don't know."

June was hard-set to refrain from breaking the peace which followed with the laugh of derision. Happily, by a triumph of will power, she bridled her tongue and kept her eyes modestly upon her plate.

"Now, boy!" Uncle Si made a series of conjurer's passes with his spectacles. "Two pounds! Take it or leave it! What do you say?"

William did not say anything, yet one of his shy smiles was winged to June across the table. She promptly sent back a scowl quite feral in its truculence, which was counteracted by a world of eloquence and humor behind it. There was no other way of intimating that Uncle Si must not learn too soon that the picture was now hers.

William—no fool, if he chose to use his wits—was able to interpret this wireless. Thus he began to temporize; and he did so in a way delightfully his own.

"What difference, sir, do you think the signature would make to this little gem?"

The old man gave his assistant a look almost superhuman in its caution.

"Heh?" said he.

The question was repeated.

"Depends whose it is," was the testy answer. "You know that as well as I do. If it's Hobbema's it might be worth money."

"It isn't Hobbema's."

"Ah!" said S. Gedge, Antiques. "Interesting to know that." Had he been on winking terms with his niece he would have winked at her; as it was he had to be content with a sarcastic glance at the tablecloth. "But how do you know?" he added, idly careless.

"Anyone can see it isn't."

Anyone could not see it wasn't a Hobbema, and that was the snag in the mind of the old man at this moment. Neither Mr. Thornton nor his friend Mr. Finch was quite certain it was not a Hobbema; they were even inclined to think that it was one, but in the absence of proof they were not disposed to gamble upon it.

"How do you mean, boy, that anyone can see it isn't?"

"That bit of sunlight, sir." The voice of William was music and poetry in the ear of June. "I doubt whether even Hobbema could have painted that."

"You tell that to the marines," said S. Gedge, Antiques impatiently. All the same he knew better than to discourage William in the process of unbosoming himself. The young man was continually betraying such a knowledge of a difficult and abstruse subject that it was becoming a source of wonder to his master. "Maybe you've found somebody else's signature?" The tone was half a sneer.

"Yes, sir, I rather think I have," said William quite calmly and simply.

"You have!" A sudden excitement fused the cold voice. "When did you find it?"

"It would be about half an hour ago."

"Oh, indeed!"

This queer fellow's casual tone was extremely puzzling. Why should he be inclined to apologize for having discovered the name of the artist, when it was of such vital importance? The explanation of the mystery at once presented itself to the astute mind which asked the question.

"Then I expect you've been a fool. If you couldn't find Hobbema's signature you had no right to find the signature of anyone else."

William was out of his depth. He could only regard his master with eyes of bewilderment. But June was not out of hers; she was careful, all the same, not to regard Uncle Si with eyes of any kind. She merely regarded her plate. And as she did so a little shiver that was almost pain ran through her. Uncle Si was such a deep one that she felt ashamed of knowing how deep he was.

"I don't understand, sir," said William in the way that only he could have spoken.

"Boy," said his master, "you make me tired. In some ways you are clever, but in others you are just the biggest

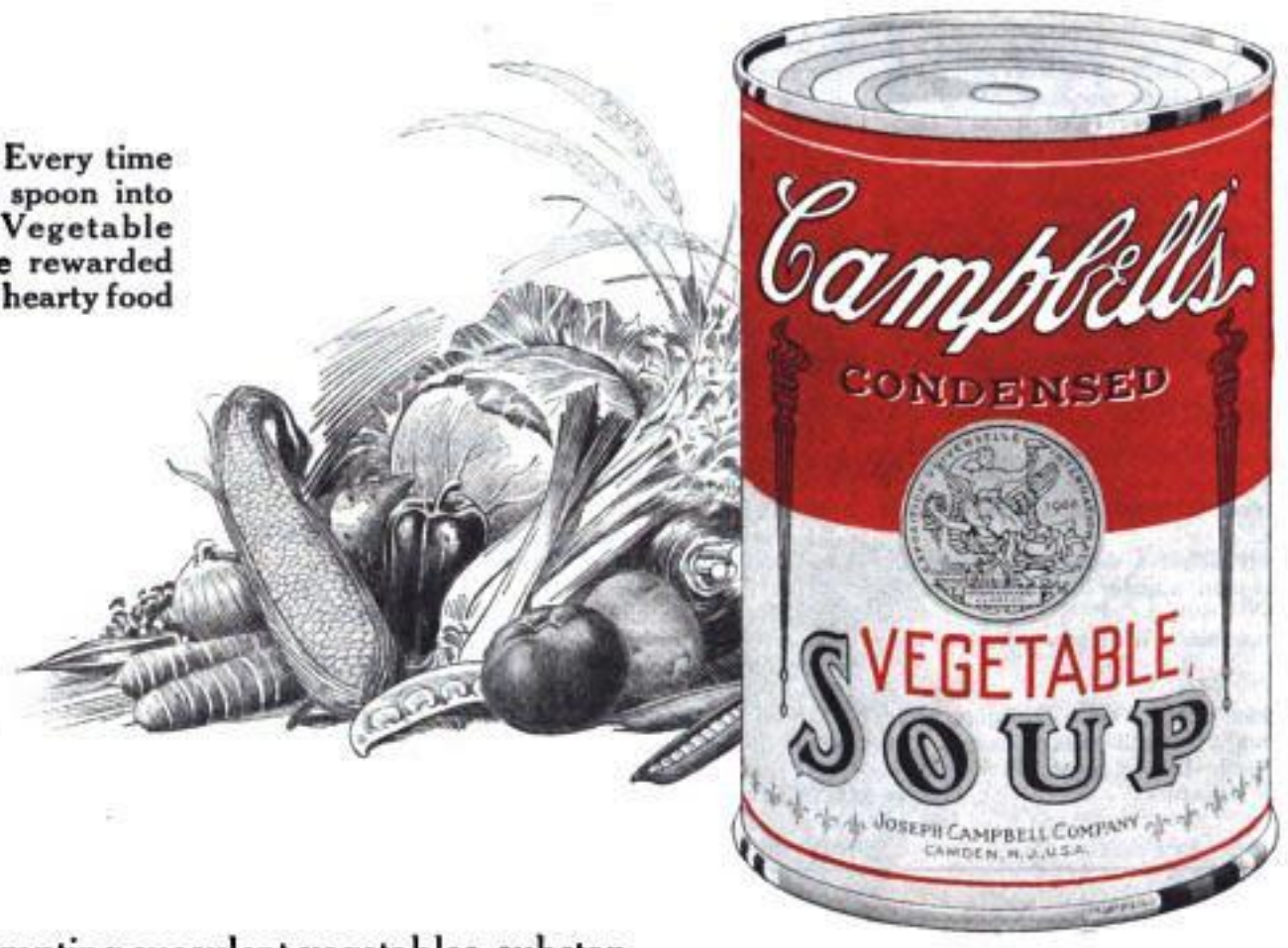
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Delicious Vegetables in every spoonful!

Just taste it! Every time you dip your spoon into Campbell's Vegetable Soup you are rewarded with luscious, hearty food



Fifteen tempting succulent vegetables, substantial cereals, rich invigorating meat broth in a thick, filling soup, heavy-laden with tastiness and nourishment! It's a joy to be hungry and have Campbell's Vegetable Soup to give your appetite such fun! Dainty little peas, baby limas, Chantenay carrots, golden turnips, diced potatoes—whites and sweets—chopped cabbage, full-ripe tomatoes, sugary corn, crisp celery, alphabet macaroni, barley, French leeks, okra, fresh parsley, and other choice ingredients are all blended into this one delightful, popular soup. Order Campbell's Vegetable today.

Nobody can say I'm a dummy
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At night or at noon
I'm right there with my spoon
Taking care of my round little tummy!



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(Continued from Page 24)

idiot that ever happened. I should have thought a child would have known that this has either got to be a Hobbema or it has got to be nothing. The best thing you can do is to go upstairs right now and take out that signature."

"But I understood you to say, sir, that the picture has no market value without a signature."

"No more it has, you fool! But there may be those who think it's a Hobbema. And if there are it is up to us to help them to keep on thinking so."

June hung breathlessly on every word that passed. She watched William shake his head in slow and grave perplexity.

"But anybody can see that it isn't a Hobbema!"

"Anybody can't!" said the old man. "Mr. Thornton can't, for one, and he's a pretty good judge, as a rule. Mr. Finch is more doubtful, but even he wouldn't like to swear to it."

William shook his head.

"Boy, you are a fool. You are getting too clever; you are getting above your trade. Go at once and take out that signature, whatever it may be, provided it isn't Hobbema's, and I'll give you two pounds for the thing as it stands. And let me tell you, two pounds is money."

William shook his head a little more decisively.

"I'd have to paint out the trees," he said, "and the water, and that cloud, and that bit of sunlight, before I could begin to touch the signature."

"What do you mean?"

"It's a Van Roon," said William in a voice so gentle that he might have been speaking to himself.

S. Gedge, Antiques, laid his knife on his plate with a clatter. He gave an excited snort.

"Van Fiddlestick!"

William's smile grew so intense that June could hardly bear to look at him.

"Every inch of it," said William—"and there are not so many—is Van Roon."

"Why, there are only about a dozen Van Roons in existence!" said the old man, a queer little shake coming into his voice.

"There's one more now, sir." William's own voice was curiously soft.

XI

"IF YOU go on like this," said S. Gedge, Antiques, after a pause full of drama, "you will have to have a cold compress put on your head. Do you mean to tell me you have actually found the signature?"

"Yes, sir," said William, "right down in the corner about half an hour ago."

"Then why didn't you say so, instead of keeping it all to yourself?"

"Because it doesn't seem half so important as the other things I've found."

"What other things?"

"The trees and the water and that ——"

"We've heard more than enough about those. Here have you been rubbing for that signature for the best part of a fortnight, and you pretend to have found a Van Roon, and you keep it as close as the tomb."

"I had found Van Roon, sir, long before I came upon his name."

"Rubbish! What do you know of Van Roon?"

"There is a Van Roon in the treasure house in the square," said William with his inward smile.

"There's only one!" snapped S. Gedge, Antiques, "in the treasure house in the square, as you call it, and it's a very small one too."

"Ours is very small, sir. All Van Roons are small. And they are very scarce."

"They are so scarce, my friend, that you'll never convince anybody that ours is genuine."

"There's no need, sir, provided you know it is yourself."

"But that's just what I don't know," said the old man. "Anyhow, you had better go upstairs and fetch it. I'll have a look at the signature of Mynheer Van Roon." And then Uncle Si scowled at his niece, who, in a state of growing excitement, had already begun to remove the bread and cheese from the supper table.

While the young man went up to the attic his master ruminated.

"Fellow's cracked," he declared, a hostile eye still fixed upon June. "That's his trouble. I'll never be able to make anything of him. This comes of Hobbemaizing. Van Fiddlestick!"

"Uncle Si," said June in the voice of a dove, "if it is a Van Roon, what is the value of it?"

"Heh?" growled Uncle Si, and his eye became that of a kite. "Never you mind. Get on with the clearing of that table and don't interfere. I never knew such creatures as women for minding other people's business. But I can tell you this—only a born fool would talk of Van Roon!"

A born fool came down the stairs at that moment, the picture in one hand, a microscope in the other.

"It's not a very good light, sir"—William's voice trembled a little—"but I think if you hold it up to the gas you will be able to see the signature right down in the corner. Just there, sir, along by my thumb."

The old man, glass in hand, brought a long and earnest scrutiny to bear upon the spot along by William's thumb. Then he shook his head sagely.

"No, it is just as I thought. There doesn't begin to be the sign of a signature."

"Don't you see the upstroke of the R?"

"Don't I see the leg of my grandmother!"

"Just there, sir. Round by the edge of my finger nail."

S. Gedge, Antiques, solemnly exchanged his selling spectacles for his buying ones, screwed up his eyes and grunted: "Why, that's the tail of a Q, you fool." Again he took up the microscope and made prodigious play with it. "That's if it's anything; which I take leave to doubt."

Wiliam, however, was not to be moved. And then Uncle Si's manner had a bad relapse. He began to bully; but William stuck to his guns with a gentle persistence that June could only admire. This odd but charming fellow would have Van Roon or he would have none.

At last the old man laid the microscope on the supper table, and there came into his cunning, greedy eyes what June called the old crocodile look.

"If you'll take my advice, boy, you'll turn that R into an A, and you'll make that upstroke a bit longer, so that it can stand for an H, and you'll touch up those blurs in the middle, so that ordinary common people will really be able to see that it is a Hobbema. Now what do you say?"

William shook a silent, rather mournful head.

"If you'll do that you shall have five pounds for it. That's big money for a daub for which you paid five shillings, but Mr. Thornton says American buyers are in the market, and with Hobbemas in short supply they might fall for a thing like this."

William was still silent.

"Now what do you say, boy?" The old crocodile was unable to conceal his eagerness. "Shall we say five pounds as it stands? We'll leave out the question of the signature. Mr. Thornton shall deal with that. Now what do you say? Five pounds for it now?"

William did not speak.

It was at the tip of June's tongue to relieve his embarrassment by claiming the picture as her own; but luckily she remembered that to do so just now might have an effect opposite to the one intended. Even as it was she could not refrain from making a mouth at William to tell him to stand firm.

(Continued on Page 28)



"We Have Come to See the Van Roon, Sir," Said William Impulsively. "Oh, You Have? Seems to Me, Boy, You've Got Van Roon on the Brain"

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Held in High Honor Abroad as at Home

Hupmobile Accepted Everywhere in Foreign Field as the Standard of Rugged Excellence and Long-Sustained Service

Greater volume of sales in the home market is the only point of difference between the Hupmobile abroad and the Hupmobile in America.

Its high standing here is matched by the deep-seated confidence it has inspired on the other side of the seven seas.

Post-war depression interrupted, for a time, the steady sale of American products in Europe, Africa, South America, Australia and the Orient.

But slowly returning stability is heralded by a surprising resumption of Hupmobile demand in every land which holds its name in honor.

Held in honor it *is*, everywhere it is known—with a warmth of appreciation seldom awarded to an American product in the foreign field.

Few American Products Stand So High Abroad

American cars of lighter construction have probably sold in greater volume in the old world—but *no* other American car is so universally accepted there as a standard of rugged excellence and long sustained service.

Just as it is ranked here as the car of the American family, so it is a trusted family institution, accepted as the embodiment of smart style, in England and South Africa, India and Australia, Holland and Belgium.

The tests to which it is subjected in some of the far corners of the earth are such that no car of lesser construction could possibly survive them.

Here are two typical instances out of scores and hundreds.

Sgt. G. R. Cox, South Persian Rifles, writes from Kerman, South Persia, of bringing two Hupmobiles from Nushki, Baluchistan, to Kerman—800 miles over rugged mountain passes, narrow, rocky river beds and deep sand.

He said they were the first cars to travel the route. Its difficulties are told by the fact that they were 19 days on the road. But they were running as well as ever at the finish.

Fred A. Donnithorne, a scientist and explorer, writes from Bulawayo, Rhodesia, that in all his experiences with cars, he has never seen or heard of a car doing what he saw the Hupmobile do on many occasions.



Touring Car, $1250 Roadster, $1250 Roadster-Coupé, $1385 Coupé, $1835 Sedan, $1935
Cord Tires on all models—Prices F. O. B. Detroit—Revenue Tax Extra

How the Hupmobile Stands in Holland

The following are translations of letters written by Hupmobile owners in Holland to Dirk van der Mark, Hupmobile representative in Amsterdam. They are typical of the spirit shown toward the Hupmobile all over the world.

In the past summer we drove a Hupmobile under full load 4,000 kilometers in three weeks, over Alpine passes, such as the Grande Chartreuse, the Lautaret, the Galibier, the Stilfser Joch, the Col d'Allos, the Thorame Haut, and on to the Mediterranean. We drove special-train rapidities, made day's marches of 450 kilometers and more, arrived at fixed time and throughout the three weeks we never touched a tool on the way.

HENRY MEIJER, Arnhem, Holland.

I drove my first Hupmobile about 18,000 kilometers. I drove in it to the Mediterranean via the Grande Route of the Alps, over Lautaret, Col de Vars and Col d'Allos, with absolutely no trouble. My second Hupmobile I drove to Italy over the Grimsel and Simplon, returning over the Gotthard.

P. H. SCHELTEMA BEDUIN, Hilversum.

Last year I made a three week trip in France, where I crossed the Col de Galibier, the highest pass except one, in Europe. I can't say anything else than that the Hupmobile is absolutely satisfactory.

A. DE KUYTER, Amsterdam.

Not only in our country, but also in different trips abroad, the car was always dependable. Even through heavy territory, as the Ardennes, Chemin des Dames, and Britain, my Hupmobile ran absolutely noiselessly, and gave no trouble.

A. D. HAMBURGER, Utrecht.

I have driven a Hupmobile for seven years, almost every day. By night and day, in terrible cold or extreme heat, on plain and mountain roads, and very bad roads, always was she faithful and absolutely dependable. Time and time again I had to pull bigger cars that had failed on the roads I travel.

DR. BAUME, Amsterdam.

Last August I made a trip to Carlsbad and Marienbad, about 2,000 kilometers. The Hupmobile made the trip, notwithstanding the hot summer days and heavy mountain roads, without the slightest trouble. Only once, on an exceptionally steep incline, had I to change to low speed.

J. H. L. ANDRIESSE, The Hague.

Holds the Same Confidence All Over the World

The *service* the Hupmobile gives—its absolute reliability miles from any source of repair work and repair parts, and for days and weeks of rigorous travel—is the reason it stands so high in foreign lands.

For years, Americans here at home have placed an extraordinary degree of confidence in the Hupmobile. They have singled it out as an especially good car to buy and to own.

The same thing has been taking place all over the world.

The Hupmobile is regarded abroad with precisely the same confidence and warmth of general good opinion that it is here at home; and its numbers in use are increasing every year.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

Hupmobile

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(Continued from Page 26)

He saw the mouth, but unfortunately so did Uncle Si. There were few things escaped the old man when he happened to be wearing his buying spectacles.

"Niece, you cut off to bed!" he said sternly. "And you must learn not to butt in or one of these days you'll bite granite."

June showed no desire to obey, but Uncle Si, with a look set and dour, shuffled as far as the parlor door and opened it. "No more of it, my girl." The voice was full of menace.

For one instant more June hesitated. The picture had been given to her, and the right and proper course was to claim it. But this daughter of the Midlands was shrewd and clear-sighted. The revelation sprang to the tip of her tongue, yet a mysterious power seemed to hold it back. She may have expected help from William but he, alas, seemed too much occupied in proving his case to be able to give a moment's thought to the picture's ownership.

"Off to bed with you!" The old man's voice was now savage. "Or ——" There was a world of meaning in the strangled threat.

June climbed up to her attic with the best grace she could, her thunderbolt unlaunched. As slowly she undressed by the uncertain light of one poor candle she felt very unhappy. Not only was there something unpleasant, one might almost say wicked, about Uncle Si, but his manner held a power of menace that fed her growing fear.

What was there to be afraid of? As she blew out the candle and leaped into the meager, rickety bed, which had lumps in the middle, that was the question she put to a rather stricken conscience. To ask the question was not to answer it; a fact she learned after she had said her prayers, in which Uncle Si was dutifully included. Perhaps the root of the mischief was that the old man was so horridly deceitful. While he held the picture up to the light and gazed at it through the microscope she fancied that she had seen the devil peeping out of him. In a vivid flash she had caught the living image of the hoodoo. And June was as certain as that her pillow was hard that cost what it might he had made up his mind to get possession of the treasure.

At the same time she lacked the knowledge to enter fully into the niceties of the case. The picture might be a thing of great value; on the other hand, it might not. She was not in a position to know; yet she was quite sure that William, in spite of his cleverness, was in some ways a perfect gaby and that his master was out to take advantage of the fact.

As she sought in vain for a soft place in her comfortless bed she was inclined to admire her own astuteness in persuading William to bestow the picture upon herself. It was for the sawney's own sake—that, at least, was how she chose to view the transaction now. But a sense of vague triumph was dashed by the thought lurking at the back of her mind. Uncle Si was bound to get the picture from the feckless William somehow; indeed, the young man being as clay in the hands of his master, she was soon besieged with a fear that he had parted with it already.

The slow passing of the tardy minutes gave form and pressure to the specter. With an excitement that grew and grew she listened intently for William ascending to the room next door. Soon or late she would hear his feet on the carpetless stairs; but to one burning with impatience it seemed that an age had to pass.

At last came the sounds for which she was so expectantly listening. The door of the next room was softly closed. What had happened? Was the picture still in his keeping? To lie all night with that question unanswered was more than she could bear. Suddenly she jumped out of bed, flung a mackintosh over her white nightdress so that the proprieties might be observed, thrust her feet into slippers, and then knocked upon William's door.

It was opened at once.

"Why, Miss June!" Astonishment was in the tone. "Are you ill?"

"The picture?" said June in a quick whisper so that Uncle Si should not hear. "You haven't left it downstairs, I hope?"

Laughing gently William half turned from the threshold and pointed to a small table in the middle of the room, on which lay the treasure with a bit of candle burning beside it.

A deep sigh expressed June's relief. "Please give it to me. I will lock it up in my box for safety."

He smiled at her eagerness and declared that it was quite all right where it was. Besides, another week's work was needed to give the last touches to the delicate process of cleaning. June, whose careful bringing up would not allow her to enter the room in such circumstances, tried from its threshold to make clear that the picture was already clean enough for her. But William was not to be moved. Many exquisite details yet called for the labors of a true lover.

"Well, you must promise," whispered June finally, "to take enormous care of it. You must promise not to let it out of your sight for a single moment."

William hesitated to give this pledge. It appeared that his master wanted to show the picture to a friend; a fact which did but serve to confirm June in her suspicions. But she had the wisdom not to put them into words. She was content to affirm once more that the picture was now hers and that she would not trust anyone with a thing of such value.



"What Sort of a Job Do You Expect a Charwoman to Find for Me?" June Asked

"But I'd trust the master with my life," said William softly.

June felt that she would like to chastise him for his innocence. It was not easy to dissemble her feelings. In some things he was almost too simple to live.

Suddenly she gave him a stern good night and abruptly closed the door. But it was long after Saint Martin's Church clock had struck the hour of two that sleep visited her pillow.

XII

THE next day was Saturday; and as the shop closed at one June prepared to keep her promise of accompanying William to his treasure house. Strategy was needed, all the same. After she had washed up she put on her going-out dress. But when she came downstairs in it Uncle Si, who took a most unwelcome interest in all her movements, inquired where she was going.

"To look at a hat," was the answer, bland and cool.

"Going to look at a hat!" To the mind of Uncle Si it was an unheard-of proceeding. "Next thing you'll be wanting to buy a hat."

June confessed that it might be so.

"You've got one already, haven't you? Besides, the shops won't be open."

The good shops might not be open, June allowed. But she was not seeking a good hat. The article to which her fancy turned was for everyday use. Yet when all was said, it was a mere blind. She did not really intend to buy a hat, but she certainly meant, if possible, to throw dust in the eyes of the old crocodile. Had he been able to guess that she was going with William to the National Gallery he would have banned the expedition.

In order to stand well with her conscience and not be a story-teller in the eyes of the world, June walked as far as the Strand, and carefully inspected the window of a cheap milliner's; and then, as arranged, she met William as the clocks were striking three at the Charing Cross corner of Trafalgar Square.

It was a glorious September afternoon. And for June it was an exquisite if brief escape from servitude. She had yet to see William apart from the shop, yet now as she came upon him standing by the post office she was quite struck by his appearance. Tall and slight of form, he carried himself well; his neat suit of blue serge, old though it was in the revealing light of the sun, was brushed with scrupulous care; and his large flowing tie, which he had the art of tying in a way of his own, made him look so interesting that June secretly was rather proud of being seen in his company. For undeniably he was handsome. In fact, standing there straight, alert and smiling upon all the world, he had a look of mysterious charm which in the eye of one beholder raised him above the run of men.

At the sight of June he lifted his old straw hat with a little air of homage and also a slight blush that became him adorably. And in his mood there was a poetry that delighted her, although she was careful not to let him know it.

"How wonderful it all is!" He waved his hand gayly to the sky. "And to think that every bit of it belongs to you and me!"

June, as matter-of-fact a young woman as the city of Blackhampton had ever produced, felt bound to ask what William meant by this extravagant remark. Charmed she was, and yet she was a little scandalized too.

"Beauty, beauty everywhere," said the young man, letting his voice take its delicious fall. "There was an old Frenchman who said that to see beauty is to possess it. Look, Miss June, at that marvelous blue, and those wonderful, wonderful clouds that even Van Roon himself could hardly have painted! It is all ours, you know, all for our enjoyment, all for you and me."

"But you are speaking of the world, aren't you?" There was a slight note of protest in June's solemn tone.

"If you fall in love with beauty all the world is yours. There's no escape from beauty so long as the sky is above us. Wherever we walk we are face to face with beauty."

June was afraid that a girl who looked so smart in a lilac silk dress and a picture hat that she had the air of a fashion plate must have caught William's injudicious observation. At any rate she smiled at him as they passed. But then arose the question, had he not first smiled at her? Certainly to be up against that intriguing frock, to say nothing of the hat, must have meant rare provocation for such an out-and-out lover of the ornamental.

Miss Grandeur, no doubt, had caught the look in his eyes which a minute ago June herself had surprised there. He simply could not help paying tribute to such radiance.

But was the girl beautiful? There was no doubt that William thought so. Still, the worst of that was that in his eyes everything under the sun was beautiful.

"She'd be nothing at all if it were not for the money she spends on herself," June remarked with more severity than relevance.

All the same it was a rare experience to walk abroad with William. He had an eye for all things, and in all things he found the thing he sought.

On the steps of the National Gallery was a majestic policeman. To June he was but an ordinary symbol of the law, but for William he had a different message.

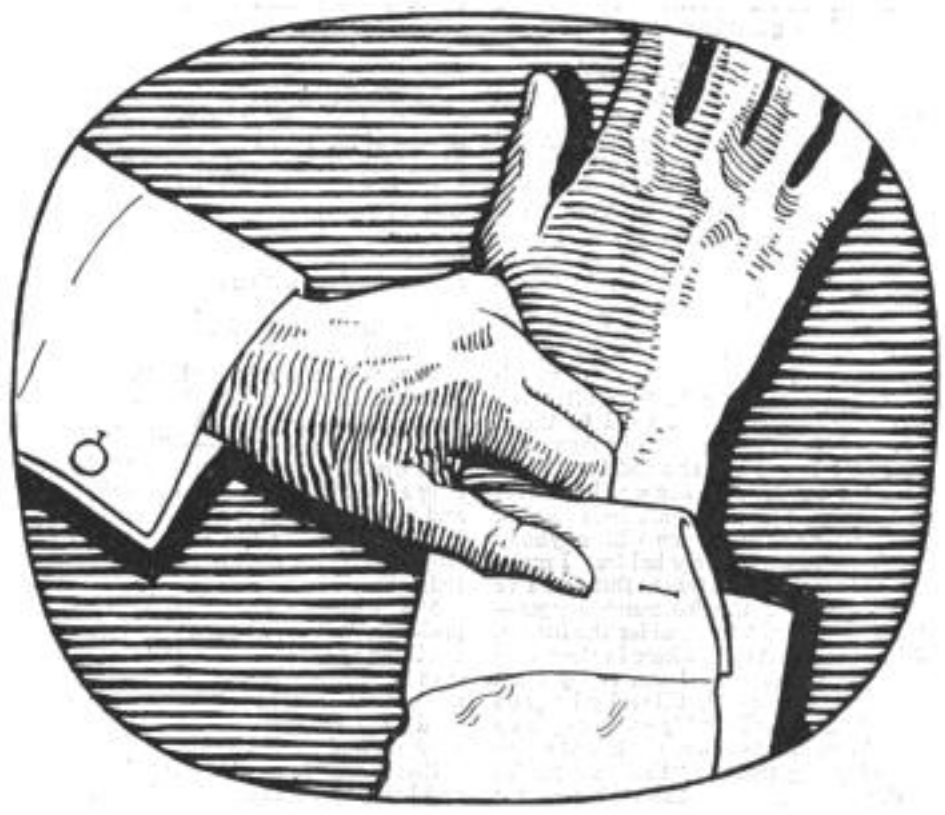
"Good afternoon, sir!"

At the compliment of this unwonted style of address Constable X drew himself up and returned the greeting with a proud smile.

"I can't tell you how grateful we are to you," said William, "for taking such care of our treasures."

(Continued on Page 46)

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The PHILLIPS CUFF *Shirt*

PAT. APPLIED FOR

HERE is a new shirt, with new features and new usefulness. The cuff is woven to turn—it can be reversed—reversed in an instant—reversed without a ridge or a wrinkle. Both sides of the cuff are alike and both sides are the *right* side. Ask your dealer to show you this shirt. Examine the cuff. Note how simple it is and how durable. It doubles the life of the shirt and saves its purchase price in reduced laundry bills.

Made in Seven Different Styles of White Fabrics

No.	Style	Material	Price
1	Philcove	Fine Count Cambric	$2.50
2	Philglen	Corded striped Madras	$2.50
3	Philvale	Superior quality White Oxford	$3.00
4	Phildell	Soft Handkerchief Cloth	$3.50
5	Philrock	Fine quality Corded Madras. Stripes in 3 widths	$3.50
6	Philpark	Superfine Woven Madras. Stripes in 3 widths	$5.00
7	Philpeak	Pure Silk Broadcloth	$7.50

If your dealer cannot supply you, write direct to us, stating number, style and size required, enclosing money order. We shall arrange for prompt delivery to you.

PHILLIPS-JONES CORPORATION, *Makers*

1223 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Also makers of VAN HEUSEN, the World's Smartest Collar, & Van Craft, the new negligee shirt with the VAN HEUSEN collar attached

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ON THE SHELF

(Continued from Page 21)

times. She fully expected a hand to be laid on her shoulder and a voice to exclaim, "What are you doing here? And where are you going?" And like a hardened criminal she had her alibi all ready. "I always had a curiosity to see where the Subway ends," she would say.

She very nearly did have her curiosity satisfied, because to reach Mrs. Wylie's address she had to go nearly to the end of the Subway line. She emerged in a section of modern, not unattractive apartment houses overtopping numberless butcher, vegetable, stationery and tailoring shops.

Ma climbed the three flights of stairs to the Wylie apartment with an increasing sense of daring and adventure. True, her heart beat very hard, but that was proof she was still alive.

From the moment the door opened Ma Benham had a sense of fate. That of all the ads in the paper she should unerringly have selected this! Even fastidious Frankie could not cavil at a place like this. A large foyer opened directly into the living room beyond, giving the effect of one enormous room. One entire wall of the foyer was lined with open bookshelves stained, together with the woodwork, a green gray. Against the opposite wall was a gate-leg table with an orange glass bowl, a pair of candlesticks and a mirror. Two pictures leaped from the walls of the room beyond—two large etchings. And Ma Benham, before she turned to the young woman, who had shut the door, noted a small grand piano, a spinet desk, two parchment-shaded lamps, and striped taffeta draperies of gold color over gold net curtains, through which the afternoon sun streamed and fell in a pool of light across a black upholstered couch and dribbled on to the gray rug.

Mrs. Wylie had hair the shade of corn silk and it was waved, either by Nature or design, to follow the contour of her head, and was buried under a vertical comb at the back. Seen in profile her head was perfect. But seen in full the face was too thin, the high cheek bones too marked, the eyes too large. You noticed neither the small straight nose nor the pretty curved mouth at first, because the eyes dominated the face and captured your attention. Much too large not only for the face but for the whole girl, who was not nearly so tall as Ma Benham.

"You came in answer to my ad?" inquired Mrs. Wylie after Ma Benham had seated herself on the couch.

"Yes," replied Ma Benham, still struggling for her breath.

"Well," said Mrs. Wylie as though she were taking a hurdle, "I can't pay much, and there are two children—the youngest only four." When this did not arouse any violence she relaxed into her armchair and continued: "They're very good children, and not a bit of bother. Wilma is seven and she practically takes care of Jean. Jean is four. But I work and it's often necessary for me to be out almost all day, and I either have to keep Wilma out of school or drag the little one downtown with me; and it's very wearing for both of us."

Ma Benham nodded sympathetically. She knew. Mrs. Wylie unbent further.

"When I leave them alone, of course, I worry, although Wilma is so reliable. Still, she's only seven. I think I have a chance to go into something that would pay me. But it's somewhat of an experiment and I couldn't afford to pay much until I saw. I'm a widow, you see, and I can't afford to gamble much. It's quite a problem."

Ma Benham swallowed. Nobody knew any better than she just how much of a problem it was.

"I've an important engagement that will probably keep me downtown all day tomorrow. It's about this new business. I've got to have somebody. You're the only one that's answered my ad. I wish you'd help me out, for a few days anyway. You know," she went on eagerly before Ma Benham could interrupt—there was something about Ma Benham that fairly lured confidences—"I used to have a position downtown. I was a designer of novelties. I had somebody to look after the children. But she wasn't good to them. Oh, it was terrible! Jean was taken very sick—and I found out she fed her things to keep her quiet. And she was impatient with Wilma. She even—hit her! I just couldn't bear to trust them with anybody since. They're such lovely babies. I make things at home and sell them. But now I've this chance—and they're much bigger—and I think I ought to consider the future. And I figured that somewhere in the world there must be someone I can really trust them with; someone that'll really be good to them." She fixed her big somber eyes on Ma Benham, and Ma Benham had the sensation of going under. "I'm sure you're just the right person. Something in me went out to you the moment you came in the door. If you only knew how much it would mean to me, Mrs. Carlyle."

"It's not for myself I'm inquiring, but for a friend of mine. My name is Benham. Her name is Carlyle."

Ma Benham meant to say it. In fact she had struggled to an upright position and cleared her throat, but Mrs. Wylie didn't give her a chance.

"Jean!" she raised her voice and called; and a door leading to a bedroom opened.

A little girl with a headful of tightly rolled, very blond curls, dressed in a pink apron which spanned a perfectly rounded chest development beginning under the creases in the neck and extending in an unbroken curve to her legs, stood in the doorway.

"I ath-t you not to dith-turv me," she said, reproach and reproof mingled in the depths of her very blue eyes. Then, noting Ma Benham, she gazed at her in a perplexity which almost immediately gave way to a sort of savagely triumphant joy. "O-o-oh!" she cried ecstatically. "It 'th my gramma!" And propelling herself across the floor with a sort of rolling motion she catapulted herself into Ma Benham's lap, with the aid of Ma Benham's outstretched arms.

Mrs. Wylie apologized. "She's got a grandmother complex. She's always inventing grandmothers. You see, she hasn't any. Just the picture ——"

It was that which haunted Ma Benham long after she had gone to bed that night, and tied her all up in knots on the inside in a way she had not been tied since she stopped making clothes for the children of Belgium.

Mrs. Wylie with her big sad eyes and her problem; Wilma, who could be relied on for anything at seven—she, too, had big brown eyes like her mother, with something about them that caught at your throat, and straight bobbed hair—they touched Ma Benham and stirred her.

But it was Jean who wanted a grandma and had never had anything but a picture. Well, we all have our own particular open sesame to the cave of our treasured follies. Ma Benham called herself an idiot, but she had made up her mind what she meant to do—just for a while, until Mrs. Wylie's affairs were straightened out.

Of course Frankie wouldn't consider the place at six dollars a week. Why, that was only taxi money. Ma Benham hadn't really expected she would. And yet, if nobody came to help her, Mrs. Wylie must forego that engagement on which so much seemed to depend; or keep solemn-eyed Wilma out of school and leave those two babies alone in the flat. That was out of the question. Besides, Ma Benham was utterly thrilled with her idea. It would be such fun! And nobody need know.

"That's right, Mother Benham," Alec had said; "early to bed ——"

Yes, it was good to go to bed early when you had something to get up for.

The next morning when Fuller knocked at Tom's door Ma Benham sat upright in bed. With her right arm she flung back the lavender quilt, flung it all the way. Then she stepped out of bed briskly and turned on her own bath. In the closet she found her old black suit, the one she had promised not to wear again. But of course she couldn't go up and help out in her Poiret twill.

"Hello," Tom greeted her at breakfast. "What are you up to?"

"Why, nothing."

"Don't lie to me. All dressed and eating so early? What is it? Something so bad you can't even tell me?"

"Well, don't tell the girls, but I'm going to help out a friend who has no one to leave with her children. Belle and Eve wouldn't understand."

"Neither do I, but it doesn't sound so terrible. I'll keep your dark secret. Who's the friend? Toledo?"

"No; a new friend I just made here in New York."

Ma Benham sighed to herself. What an easy time Tom's wife would have! What a pity if he didn't get the right kind of woman. She kissed him good-by as usual, but did not stand, as usual, in the doorway watching him go. She was too busy writing a lying note for Eve.

"Going to spend the morning getting beautiful; don't wait for me," she wrote. She was not nearly so nervous as yesterday about traveling in the Subway. Again she had her unchallenged alibi all ready. She reached Mrs. Wylie's at half past eight—and the look on Mrs. Wylie's face! Ma Benham was sure she wanted to kiss her.

And Wilma actually seemed happy when she heard she could go to school. A strange child!

Afterwards, when she was alone with Jean, Ma Benham went through the rooms with the carpet sweeper and mop she found in the broom closet. Jean, meanwhile, plied the dust rag, and not like any amateur either. Ma Benham sang Annie Laurie. Jean was inclined toward conversation, and from her, in spite of her outrageous lisp and her way of singing her sentences instead of speaking them, Ma learned a great deal about the Wylie family life. You paid the butcher if you had received money for an order; you made believe you weren't at home if you hadn't. Jean would dash to the dumb-waiter and be engaged in an argument with the ice man before Ma Benham had made up her mind whether it was the front-door bell or the telephone that had rung. Ma Benham had never met a Jean. She kept looking at her as the farmer gazed at the giraffe for the first time. It just didn't seem possible, that was all.

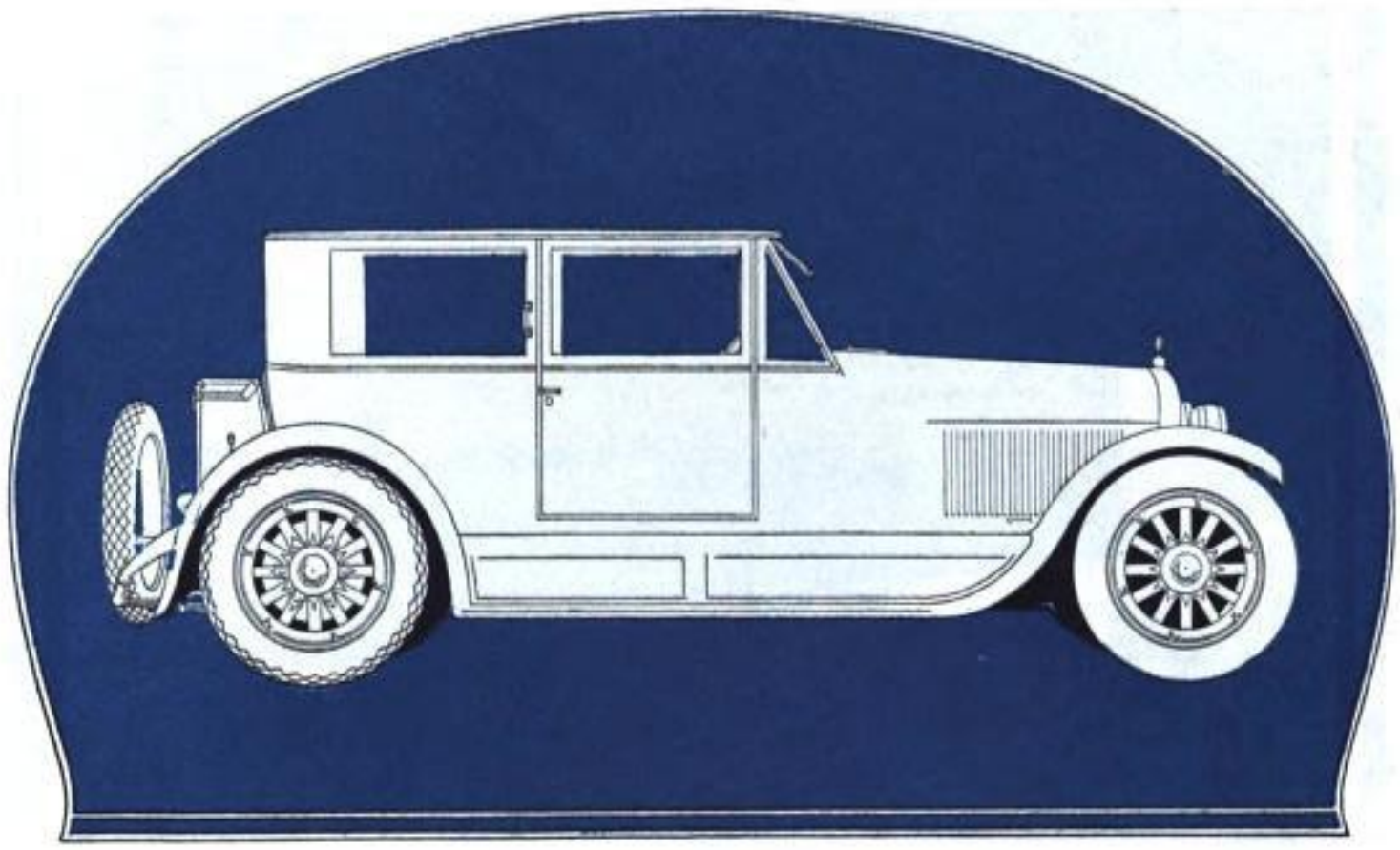
The ice box and the pantry shelves gave Ma quite a thrill. She lived in a home where

(Continued on Page 33)



"The Girls Don't Realize It, Mother Benham, But I've Touched Bottom. Also My Last Relative"

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A Smart New Touring Brougham

Somebody was sure to do it. Everybody knew it was coming. Jordan was farsighted —that's all.

People of inherent good taste who deplore any sacrifice of quality, have long wanted an enclosed car of extraordinary comfort, finished in perfect taste, with ample trunk equipment for touring at all seasons of the year.

And they wanted such quality and such convenience at a price that would set a new standard among quality enclosed cars.

Jordan has produced it in this new touring Brougham.

It is a little lower, a little closer to the ground, as all modern enclosed cars must be.

The seats are broad and pitched just right, with deep, lazy cushions. The wheel is tilted for all-day driving ease.

The trunk is larger than any you have seen, resting easily upon broad cast aluminum fluted bars. It carries two real suit cases of fine quality and construction.

A smart, luxurious enclosed car for the busy man or woman about town. Easy to turn in traffic—quick to find a place at the curb—a delight on the open road—nimble and economical—the lightest and best balanced car for its wheel base.

Upholstery of the new tuftless type—no place for dust or dirt to gather.

Deliveries will be made in fashionably bright shades of blue and green, with the Crane Simplex Gray predominant in response to popular demand.

It is the Jordan purpose to offer this new Brougham to those who have learned the necessity and convenience of an enclosed car as the result of an investment in an enclosed model of lesser quality.

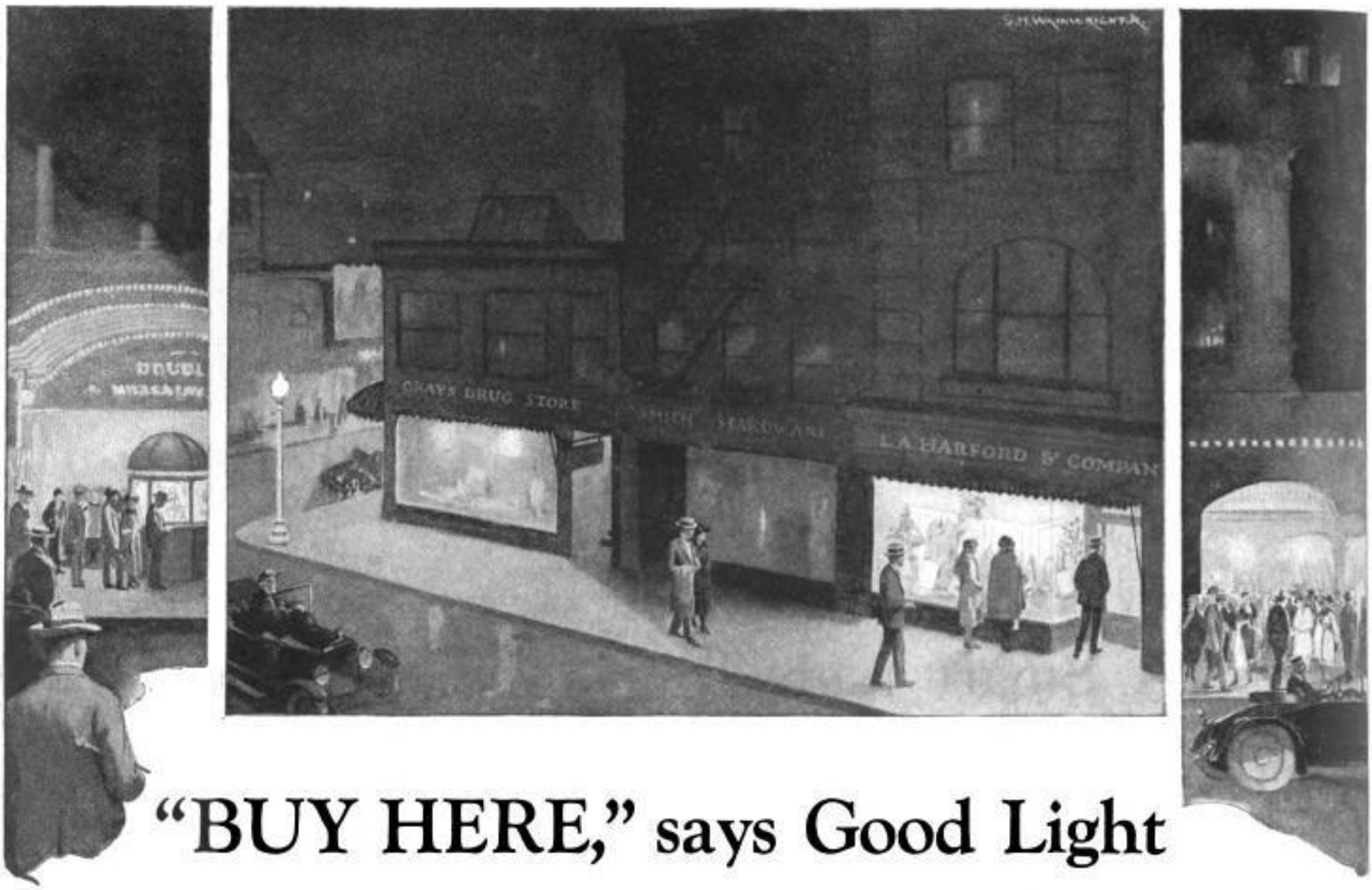
White water lilies asleep on the lake—a languorous moon, soft as a pale moth's wing, filtering through fragrant leaves, stirred by a breath of wandering air—the cool wash of tiny waves below a softly stealing canoe—a boy and a girl, silent under the spell of this fairy summer dream. That's mid-July in the Adirondacks.



JORDAN

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Inc., Cleveland, Ohio

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"BUY HERE," says Good Light

"PEOPLE patronize the well lighted store," says John J. Cronin, chairman of the Display Committee of the Retail Research Association, composed of leading department stores in eighteen cities.

"One difference between a storekeeper and a progressive merchant is this: The storekeeper puts some goods in his window and waits for customers to come in. The merchant uses Light to *draw* the attention of customers to his window and to help make satisfactory sales to them inside.

"A storekeeper waits for a competitor to show him improvements in lighting. A merchant is constantly seeking for better and still better lighting effects.

"Light sells goods. It gives full advertising value to a merchant's windows, helps overcome the handicap of unfavorable location, saves salesmen's time, reduces returns and sampling, and increases turnover. That is why the Display Committee of the Retail Research Association is constantly experimenting with improved lighting methods for the benefit of its members."

* * * * * *

A well lighted store window is the outward mark of a progressive spirit inside. You are pretty sure to be safe if you go where Light helps you to see what you are buying.

And progressive merchants the country over are helping you buy safely and quickly with Edison MAZDA Lamps.

TO MERCHANTS:

Our Lighting Service Engineers have prepared three practical guides covering the proper lighting of the following:

Show Windows and Show Cases.
Large Dry Goods and Department Stores.
Small Stores.

The proper guide or guides will be sent you immediately upon request mailed to the Edison Lamp Works, Harrison, N. J.

Your Edison MAZDA Lamp Agent can supply you with the proper lamps.



EDISON
MAZDA LAMPS
EDISON LAMP WORKS OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

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(Continued from Page 30)

apparently there were no such things as ice boxes and pantry shelves. Ma Benham liked to feel them in back of her meals. But these shelves were too bare. That was poor economy. Ma Benham's mind raced ahead to a gradual supplying of those shelves. She took Jean for a walk, to look over the markets. But she did not make much progress. Jean could not pass a window without pasting her nose against the pane and making an inventory of the contents.

"O-o-oh!" she would exclaim ecstatically before the butcher's window. "O-o-oh, t-thicken! O-o-oh, gramma—more t-thicken. O-o-oh, red t-thicken. O-o-oh, look—lot-th of more t-thicken"—*ad lib.*

Everybody turned and looked at her, she was such a picture in her blue cloth cape and hat, clinging to Ma Benham's forefinger. Ma Benham met the eyes of the passers-by with a sort of humid pride in the depths of her own, behind her glasses. She had an insane desire to smile at everybody—a sort of silly smirk. Jean was undoubtedly the prettiest child Ma Benham had ever seen, and the brightest, not to mention the most lovable. Ma Benham took her into the toy-and-stationery store to buy her something. Jean was impartially attracted to almost the entire stock, most of which she carried in her arms until she resembled a badly balanced Christmas tree. Ma Benham would have bought them all for her, only she did not think it would be politic. They compromised finally on a red wagon and two boxes of crayons—one for Wilma. Ma had forgotten about Wilma. She hurried home to fix lunch.

Ma Benham was very tired when she had climbed the stairs, especially her back, but she had no time to think of it. Luncheon was on the table when Wilma came home from school. Wilma was not talkative like Jean; nor did she make advances.

However, when Ma Benham had covered her lib'ry book, "Are you going to be here every day?" she asked.

"Would you like me to?" inquired Ma Benham.

"Oh, yes," said Wilma, "you're so kind."

When Mrs. Wylie came back Ma Benham gave her some cold meat and a cup of coffee—good coffee—the kind Ma Benham wasn't supposed to drink. She explained to Ma about the business that had called her downtown, while they sat in the kitchen; and incidentally Ma Benham drew from her other details—about her work and life.

Elizabeth Pratt had come to New York after college and found work with an interior decorator. Matt Wylie, to whom she had been engaged since she was fifteen, had followed her, and a year later they were married. He had never been very successful. She had furnished the home out of her savings and after Wilma was born she made lampshades and novelties, which Matt took downtown and sold in his lunch hours. This was in addition to her housework and the care of her baby. Two weeks after the birth of the second baby he had died, leaving her with mortgaged insurance.

As soon as she could she had taken a position as designer with Bray & Cohen, manufacturers of lampshades—until her unfortunate discovery about the children. After which she had gone back to the making of lampshades and boxes and all sorts of decorated gewgaws at home. She took them downtown herself to sell, and she never made quite enough to meet expenses. Her savings were nearly gone.

Then she had heard that Alva Dering, society woman and interior decorator, was going abroad with her husband for an indefinite stay and wanted to leave her shop in charge of someone who would be willing to work for a share of the profits instead of a salary. However, it would have to be someone who would keep up the tone of the establishment. The shop was not a business to Alva Dering—it was a spoiled child. She had talked the thing over with Beth Wylie, and they had come to a sort of understanding. That day Beth had had a conference with Mrs. Dering and her attorney, at which it transpired, however, that whoever took over the shop would be required to put up a thousand dollars to protect Mrs. Dering.

"That seems fair enough," said Ma Benham.

"I suppose it is, but it's just impossible.

"You really think it's a good spot? And that you could make out there?"

"I know it. I've seen her get sixty dollars for a shade I sell for eighteen. She has a wonderful trade. I know I could make a go of it. I never could work down to middle-class pocketbooks. If only her old lawyer hadn't begun about the money! After that she began to have all sorts of qualms—that I didn't have the social connections to attract the right kind of trade—and the place might run down. And then I had to admit I didn't know anything about bookkeeping or running a business. And, oh, it did get to look as if the whole thing was going to fall through. But I'm just not going to let it! I've got to have that place. I never wanted anything so much in my life."

Ma Benham was free to go home. But, as she explained to Beth, nobody was expecting her, so she was not in a hurry. She did not explain that her daughters were at the golf club. So she stayed and looked at some of the things Beth had in work. They were really exquisite. Ma Benham was certain that, given the proper setting, those things must sell to the right people.

Beth wanted her the following afternoon. That would be easy. The girls were always out afternoons.

The next morning Ma Benham was again down before Tom. He looked at her in a pleased way.

"Feeling better, aren't you, ma?"

She did not resent the question this time. "I feel fine."

"I heard you singing Annie Laurie in the bathroom, and it reminded me of old days. What are you doing up so early?"

"Swear not to tell the girls and I'll tell you. I've a job."

"A job?"

She nodded. "Day work. I'm a mother's helper. I mind the children while the madam goes out."

He looked positively comical in his amazed incredulity. She told him all about it.

"Mrs. Carlyle, eh? Well, I will say you are the most astounding old lady out of captivity. Here we are, trying to—and you go—you and your raptures over kids! Still, I can't see what harm there is in your playing with a couple if you don't overdo it. The only part I don't approve of is the Subway riding. In fact, I won't stand for it. I'll make a bargain with you. I won't tell the girls if you promise to taxi up and back. Or I'll send Togo for you before he calls for me."

"But, Tom, imagine me coming out of the servants' entrance and stepping into your limousine!"

He laughed. "I see your point. But Togo can wait at the nearest Subway entrance. What time will you be through to-day?"

"About five."

"All right. About five he'll be there."

"Thanks, Tom. And, oh, Tom, if I needed some money would you let me have it—properly secured of course, and with interest?"

"What on earth are you driving at? Of course you can have money. But what do you want it for?"

"Oh, a sort of investment."

"Ma, you're not speculating?"

"No. I tell you it's an investment."

"Listen, ma. I'll let you have as much as you want, without interest, but only on condition that you let me know what it's for."

"All right," agreed Ma Benham, "that's a deal."

Mrs. Wylie had already gone when Ma reached there at a little before one. Ma Benham shipped Wilma back to school and picking up a basket of mending settled herself in a corner of the sofa to await, with what patience she could, the return of her employer. Mrs. Wylie didn't get in until a quarter of five. Ma Benham didn't wait for her to take off her hat and coat, but nailed her against the door.

"I've good news for you!"

"Yes?" listlessly. "Well, I need it."

Ma Benham noticed then how ill she looked.

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Oh, it's all off. I was there. There's another party interested."

"Oh, you poor child!" said Ma Benham. "Sit down. I didn't know you were going there today. I—that is, a friend of mine—

"It's not definite; she has to take it up with her son; but if he thinks it's sound she'll go ahead with it and you're to run the shop with a half interest."

"But—but I don't understand ——"

"It's very simple. You'll know definitely tomorrow."

"But I don't—somebody's going to let me run the shop? With a half interest? Without putting up any money? But who? Doesn't she want to know me first?"

"No, she's satisfied with what she heard about you from Alva Dering and me. We both said you were just the person. She's been looking around for something to occupy her mind, and this seems just about right. I expect they'll close the deal tomorrow morning."

"But who is it? And how did you persuade her?"

"She's an old lady with lots of money and lots of time. And I told her about this place, and she went over to look at it and persuaded Alva Dering to sell it outright. She's got all the social connections Alva Dering could ask for. But of course she doesn't want to be bothered with the details of running it—she doesn't know the first thing about decorating—and that's where you come in."

Beth shook her head. "It's like a dream. Just when I gave up hope. And you arranged it all—without her even seeing me. You've been like a good fairy. From the moment you came in the door everything's been different. Why, even the children—Jean hasn't talked about anything else since you left yesterday. I don't know what you did to her, but every other word has been grandma."

Of course that made Ma Benham perfectly furious.

"And now this. I can't grasp it yet. Which way are you going?"

"Subway."

"Subway? I'll walk with you. I want to stop at the delicatessen."

"I bought butter."

"No cheese." She commenced to laugh. "Did you ever hanker for cheese?"

She seemed overwrought. But Ma Benham could readily understand that. Still, she didn't want her at the Subway, where the car waited. But she didn't know how to get out of it without being pointed. Sure enough, there was the car. And worse, in it sat Tom. Ma Benham made for the Subway entrance, intending to double on her tracks and come out again. But what man ever had a grain of sense?

"Oh, Ma!" called that big dummy, Tom. "Ma!"

The look she gave him woke him up, but it was too late. Beth was looking from Ma to Tom and back again.

"That's Mr. Tom Benham," Ma explained, raising her voice so the big dummy could hear. "He's always called me Ma. I nursed him when he was a baby. In fact, I brought him up. Yes, indeed. Many's the time I washed his face. And slapped it, too," she added viciously. "Why, what are you doing up here, Mr. Tom?"

"I was waiting for my mother, who is off on some wild-goose chase up this way. Hop in and we'll all go down together—that is, if you're going down."

"Thank you, I am. This is Mr. Benham—Mrs. Wylie, for whom I work."

"I know Mr. Benham," said Beth, and Ma noticed she was blushing. "I don't know whether you remember me. I used to be with Bray & Cohen."

"Of course I remember. I wondered what had become of you. You haven't been with them in some time."

"So that's your boss," he remarked later, when they were driving home.

Ma replied absently. She was speculating why Beth, who had had such a hankering for cheese, should have forgotten all about it and gone straight home.

"You're certainly playing a queer game, Ma. And I do think you rubbed it in to me. It wasn't an attractive picture of me—always getting my face either washed or smacked. How long are you going to keep up the masquerade?"

"Well, I'm like the man that had the bull by the tail. It was much easier to take hold than to let go. But I shan't keep it up for long."

"I should hope not."

"Drive me down to Alva Dering's place on Fifty-first Street. Tom, I—

Jim Henry's Column

I have been studying how to write advertisements

I have been making an earnest effort recently to master the technique of regular professional advertising writers and the following paragraphs are an expression of my progress.

The Man who knows (ain't that snappy?) **is the man who grows**

You—discriminating in judgment—demanding the world's best—you are the man for whom Mennen Shaving Cream is made.

This marvelous achievement of science marks the zenith of soap making. It is inconceivable that better soap could be made. It works with lightning speed, softens the most stubborn beard instantly and afterwards your face enjoys the sensation of relaxed content ordinarily experienced only after the hot towel massage of a skilled barber.

There's happiness in every shave. Dull razors seem sharp—tough beards seem tenderest down.

Demand Mennen's—accept no substitute.

That's about as far as my advertising vocabulary will go as yet—somehow I never have been able to accumulate more words than I need to carry on an ordinary conversation.

But there's something wrong with that new style. I can't quite put my finger on the trouble, but it doesn't sound true. Perhaps it's because it isn't true. A superlative statement rarely is true.

Mennen's isn't a marvelous achievement of science—it's just almighty good shaving cream. It doesn't work instantly—no shaving soap or cream does. The longer you take to work up the lather, the better will be the shave. That last statement about the hot towel massage sort of skirts the outer edges of the truth, for your face does feel great after a Mennen Shave.

After all, I guess I'll stick to my own style.

Now don't forget—three things you have been meaning to do are to send for and try Mennen Talcum for Men—Kora-Konia and my demonstrator tube of Mennen Shaving Cream. To get it off your mind, I'll send all three for 10 cents.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.



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Drink it through a Straw



It's more refreshing
to "drink it through a straw"

Always use straws at the soda fountain

They Safeguard Your Health
They Protect Your Clothing
And Cost You Nothing

Then, too, their use prevents too hasty drinking and makes cold drinks more satisfying.

Use STONE'S STRAWS
At Home

They add a novel touch of original daintiness to every home festivity. A sanitary box for home use containing several weeks' supply can be obtained at small cost from your druggist.

The Stone Straw Co

EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS

GENERAL OFFICES—WASHINGTON, D. C.

FACTORIES:
WASHINGTON, D. C. BALTIMORE, MD.

you took," he added. "You got into this. I guess you'll find a way out. She has nice eyes."

"Yes, but you ought to see her hair."

He started to reply, but thought better of it. He had a bit of a bad conscience about letting his mother do day's work. But, on the other hand, it was a sort of lark for her, and she could always stop. And Mrs. Wylie wasn't exactly a stranger.

"She seems like a game girl," he remarked after a pause.

Ma Benham looked at him quickly. "She is, Tom. Fine. It's such a pity she can't get ahead." And she told him about the dwindling bank balance.

He was moved. "Too bad she can't find something with a future."

Well, of course, with such an opening Ma had him roped and tied before they even reached Alva Dering's place.

"Where have you been all day?" Eve asked at dinner that night.

"Wherever it was, it agreed with you," said Alec. "I'll bet she's been to the Claridge with the rest of the flappers."

"I've run across a little social-service work. A worthy family I'm interested in. I've been trying to find work for the mother and someone to look after the children."

"You would find something like that," sighed Frankie, who was there as usual. "Why don't I ever run across interesting things like that, I inquire?"

"Don't overdo, mother," cautioned Eve. "You'll rest tomorrow?"

"After I've looked into a certain investment for Tom."

Tom was dependable. "I'm putting some money in a new idea and I want Ma's opinion."

Beth was sewing when Ma Benham arrived the next afternoon. "I didn't know you knew Mr. Benham," she began, without even asking about the shop.

"I didn't know you knew him either."

"I've always admired him tremendously. He's so vital, don't you think?"

"Yes, T— Mr. Tom's a good boy. Very good to his mother."

"She's awfully Ritz, isn't she?"

"Oh, no. Mrs. Benham is a plain person—like you or me."

Beth shook her head. "I've seen Mrs. Morrison's picture, and if she's that frozen, what must the old lady be like?"

"The—old lady isn't frozen. She's—well, like Mr. Tom."

Beth's needle flew in and out of the ruching she was shirring. "Will you think I'm awfully silly if I tell you something about him?"

"Probably not—but give me that; I feel better with something in my hand."

"Oh, no. You do enough ——"

"Nonsense! I like it. Rests my nerves. What were you going to say?"

"Well, I know I'm an idiot and I wouldn't breathe this to another soul, but you having been his nurse—it's a sort of coincidence—and I know you'll understand. Wait!" And she darted into the bedroom and returned with a silver frame.

"Well!" gasped Ma Benham, and blushed. It was a picture of Tom that had once been printed in a magazine, together with an article about him.

"I'm a fool, don't you think? He doesn't know I'm alive."

"Oh, yes he does—now!" Ma Benham had an impulse to say, but checked it.

Beth regarded the picture broodingly. "I just adore that man. I might as well tell you the rest of it. I saw him sitting there in his car and that's why I wanted to walk back to the Subway. To see if he'd still be there. I think he's the finest man in the world. And to think he calls you Ma!"

"Oh, well, everybody calls me Ma out home. Ma B— Just Ma," she finished rather lamely.

"I would, too, if you'd let me."

"I should say so. I miss it here in New York. Why, half the time I don't answer when people call me Mrs. B— Carlyle."

"Yes, I noticed that. And if I call you Ma will you call me Beth?"

"I certainly will. But, Beth, you didn't even ask about the shop! I think it's all fixed."

"Oh, no—Ma—not really! Not all fixed? Hurry up and tell me! You don't mean I'm to get it?"

"I certainly do. Mrs. Benham bought the place today."

"Mrs. Ben—— Not his mother?" She looked positively stricken. "But how—how did you do it?"

"Well, I've known Mrs. Benham all her life. I knew she was looking for something to interest her, so I brought this to her attention."

"But did you tell her I don't know anything about running a business?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, she wants me to keep an eye on the business end—to sort of look after her interests. She and I ran the same workroom out in Toledo. She has confidence in me."

"She must think a great deal of you, Ma."

"Oh, she does. Loves me like one of the family."

"I wish I could say the same." Beth laughed and reddened. "Did you see him?"

"Yes; and he's going to send his car up for me whenever he can."

"Isn't that sweet of him—and democratic? He's not a bit snobbish, is he?"

"No. Not a bit. But, of course, he's known me so very long."

Beth refused to walk to the Subway with Ma that evening, although Ma asked her to. Tom was in the car and it seemed to Ma he looked a little disappointed when he saw her alone. But she may have imagined that.

"Well, well, our old nurse!" he cried quite gayly. "We treat her like one of the family, send the car for her and everything. Where's your boss?" he added in an offhand manner.

"Home." Ma Benham had an idea. "Oh, dear, I left my glasses up there. Will you drive over and have Togo run up for them?"

"I'll run up myself," he volunteered obligingly.

"Remember my name is Carlyle," she cautioned him.

"An assumed name and everything. At your age!"

She was about to send Togo to tell Tom the glasses were in her pocket after all, when he reappeared.

"Pretty place she has there. Sort of homy. Nice kids too. Especially the dark one. Has her mother's eyes. Prettiest kid I ever saw."

Of course, what do men know? Wilma was a pretty child—but Jean!

The next day the papers were signed and the business officially turned over to Mrs. Grace Benham by Mrs. Alva Dering, in the presence of their lawyers and Mrs. Benham's son. Mrs. Dering's assistants were paid and dismissed. Then Ma Benham sat down in a tapestry wing chair to await the arrival of her manager and partner-to-be, Mrs. Wylie. Tom Benham had sent his car up for her and she came with the children.

"Ma," said Beth and there were tears in her eyes, "I just don't know how to begin to thank you."

"Don't," said Ma. "Whatever I've done has been as much for myself as for ——"

"I don't believe it! Really, it's all too wonderful. God was certainly good when he sent me you, Ma."

"Nonsense! Come and look at this back yard. Won't it be fine for Jean?"

But Beth was too busy regarding lovingly everything in the shop—her shop in a way—really, almost quite her shop.

Mr. Tom Benham arrived at five and drove the Wylie family home. He let Ma Benham off at Fifty-fourth Street.

Belle was a little annoyed that her brother did not come home for dinner. She had planned for him to take Frankie to a concert. If she had looked closely at her mother she might have perceived a secretive expression about her tightened lids—and something else, too, in the depths of her eyes. But nobody noticed Ma Benham, beyond inquiring how she had spent her day. She lied outright and said she had been to a play. It had been a play, at that; and more interesting than any Ma Benham had ever sat through at a theater.

She called to Tom as he passed her door that night. He came in and sat on her bed.

"Ma, I think you ought to tell her the truth."

"Who—Belle?"

"No; Mrs. Wylie."

"I suppose so." There was a little silence. Then Ma asked, rather innocently, "She's a fine girl, isn't she?"

"Who?" asked Tom, even more innocently.

"Beth."

"Oh, yes. Very nice girl."

"The nicest girl you ever knew, and don't you forget it."

"Poor thing. I'm sorry for her."

"Well, you needn't be. I'd rather be her boots than in Frankie Carlyle's a day." He looked at her quickly. "Or yo sister Eve's either, for that matter. Sh got a fight on her hands, but that's wh makes life worth living. And with h personality she's bound to win out."

"She seems very bright."

"Bright? She's a college graduate, a that's more than you or your sisters a And she's an artist. And a studer Bright? Why, that girl's one in a millio Tom Benham, and don't you forget it."

He suddenly kissed her on the mou and departed. After he had gone M Benham looked blank. Then abruptly s switched out her light, and in the dark s grinned. After she had dropped her he on her pillow she actually laughed out lou

Every day for a week Ma Benha hopped out of bed as though someone h pressed a button and propelled her ou Beth left early for the shop and Ma had hustle to catch her before she left. M liked to hustle. She was a happy woma She would wash up the breakfast dish make the beds, dust, carpet-sweep an perhaps stick a pie into the oven. Th Jean and she would go marketing. Aft which Ma Benham would sit on a litt camp stool in the sun while Jean play with the other children. Of course no of them was so cute as Jean. And sh had the most lovable way of including M Benham in her games. Ma Benham ha never had time to play with her own chi dren, but she had always known how. No she made up for it.

The other mothers all smiled at Jea They couldn't help it. They smiled to M Benham, too, and often she talked to ther They were real people—the kind Ma ha known all her life. She hadn't believe there were any like that in New York.

One day, sitting on her camp stool, M Benham noticed a young woman dresse all in black who was watching Jean in way that went straight to Ma Benham heart. Ma Benham smiled. The youn woman smiled, too, rather wanly. By an by they spoke. Her name was Mrs. Rose She had lost her baby, and her husban was up in the Adirondacks for his healt When she got her strength back she wa going to look for a position with childre The empty rooms were driving her craz Ma Benham felt the way she had felt i Toledo—as though she were a part of lif

After Ma Benham had made lunch fo Wilma and sent her off to school again was time for Jean's nap. Sometim Wilma's return at three would wake the both. How Ma Benham did enjoy tho stolen naps. No trouble at all fallin asleep.

Tom sent his car for her every day, an as a rule it picked up Beth and brought h along. As a rule, too, Tom was in the ca Spring seemed to have utterly demorali Tom the conscientious. He knocked o work at all sorts of ungodly hours. Qui often Ma Benham stayed with the childr while he and Beth went out. Or he stay up there for dinner and Ma Benham dro home alone. However, he said very litt to his mother about Beth. She had to g what information she could out of Bet herself.

"I hear you've offered Beth the use your workrooms until she gets an organ zation of her own. That was very swe of you."

"Not at all. A business arrangemen We buy the designs from her afterwards we like them. Quite an advantage. Pure a matter of business."

But Ma Benham didn't believe him.

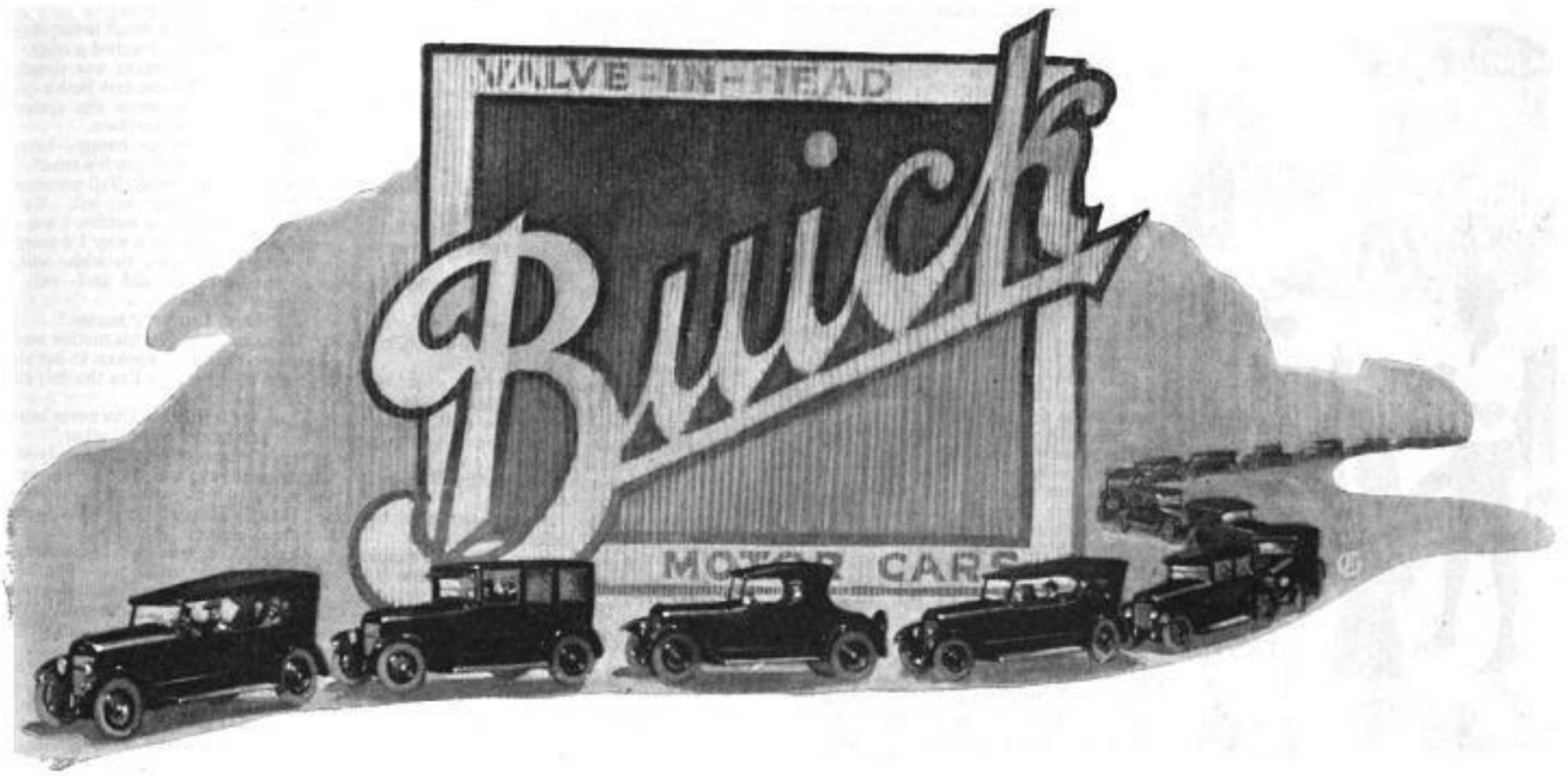
And he practically turned over to h the order for the La Farge bungalow Forest Cove. Bob La Farge was his be friend. Business was not brisk at the sho but there were a few inquiries from o customers and several people strayed i attracted by the window display of lam shades. Some of them bought things a there was a fair sale of cretonnes and linen Not startling, of course, but encouragin The La Farge order was the only windfa

"I've got to get out and shop." Be was so excited you would hardly ha recognized her eyes as the big broodi ones Ma Benham had encountered at firs "If you could only stay in the sa tomorrow ——"

"I can. I've got someone to look aft the young ones. A Mrs. Rosen. You c speak to her tonight. I promised her living wage."

(Continued on Page 36)

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Consistently Good for 20 Years

For twenty years Buick has been building Valve-in-Head motor cars whose goodness the public has proved to its own satisfaction.

Into the Buick of two decades ago was built the best engineering knowledge of that day. Each succeeding Buick acquired new excellence—keeping step with the hard-won experience of its makers.

Built on principles which were sound at the outset, Buick's development has been normal and constant. There have been no "off" years in Buick progress. Buick success has been logical and lasting.

Consistently good for twenty years, Buick is recognized today as the standard of comparison. What confidence this gives the world that the Buick of to-morrow will live up to Buick traditions!

The thirteen Buick models, comprising fours and sixes in open and closed body types, provide a range of choice that will best meet any motorist's needs

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, Flint, Michigan

Division of General Motors Corporation

Pioneer Builders of Valve-in-Head Motor Cars

Branches in all Principal Cities—Dealers Everywhere

When better automobiles are built, Buick will build them

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THE GREATEST
Sandwich
IN THE WORLD

TAKE them with you on canoeing trips, motor trips, camping trips, hiking trips, on picnic parties of every kind.

You can make them in a jiffy. Just open a can of Underwood's Deviled Ham and spread like butter on thin crustless slices of fresh white bread. Then you truly have "*the greatest sandwich in the world.*"

It's the famous Underwood Deviled Dressing mixed with finely chopped ham—salted, sugared, hickory-smoked ham, boiled en casserole—that gives the taste that hungry people hanker for.

Get a can or two from your grocer today and you'll be ready at a moment's notice to prepare the best picnic luncheon you ever served. 25c in stamps will bring you a trial can. Free Recipe Booklet on Request.

WM. UNDERWOOD COMPANY
53 Fulton Street Boston, Mass.

Look for this seal of quality on Underwood's Sardines in Oil, Tomato Sauce, and Mustard Dressing; on Underwood's Clam Chowder, Clam Bouillon, and Clams in Bouillon.

In business over 100 years.

Underwood
Deviled HAM

(Continued from Page 34)

"Of course. We can afford it now. And, Ma, that reminds me, we haven't talked salary, you and I, since ——"

"That's all right. I'm drawing mine out of the business, the same as you are. Mine is charged to Mrs. Benham."

"Ma, doesn't she want to—come in ever—and see how things are going?"

"Oh, yes; she's coming in some day soon. But she has great faith in you. She thinks you're going to make a fortune out of this place."

"Well, when we do I'm going to make you retire and just sit on a cushion with your hands in your lap the rest of your days!"

"Not on your life!" said Ma Benham firmly.

She had never felt better in her life than now—juggling a household, a business and a double life as she was.

"Haven't you any family at all, Ma?" Beth asked her once.

"Oh, yes indeed."

"And don't they—well, look after you?"

"Oh, they mean well," Ma replied, "but they don't understand me."

As a matter of fact the girls had ceased to worry her with questions. She was looking and acting so much more like her old self that if she chose to be mysterious—well, you had to humor old people that way. So long as her health didn't suffer. And she went driving with Tom almost every day.

Ma installed Mrs. Rosen in the little flat and took charge of the shop while Beth chased out to Forest Cove to work on the bungalow. She didn't like the shop so much as she had expected to—that is, she liked it, but she missed Jean.

"If I could sublet the flat uptown and find a place in the neighborhood ——"

If she had the children downtown she could keep an eye on them and the shop as well. That was a great idea. It lifted her spirits wonderfully.

And it kept her busy for about three weeks, putting it into execution. Beth was not consulted until the new place had been found and the future tenant located. Then she was enthusiastic of course. The new place was a floor of a made-over private house on the same street as the shop. They were glad to let it go quite reasonably over the summer. Ma then located a school for Wilma, and she and Mrs. Rosen superintended the moving. Beth was too busy.

The day they moved Tom called for Ma at the new address.

"I'm glad you came, son. I'm too tired to hail a taxi."

"It's too bad," said Tom rather vindictively, "your children don't understand you and take care of you so you could stay at home like other old ladies."

"But, Tom, I had to say something."

"Well, you didn't have to make me look like a dog. She's got a good opinion of you, all right. You're the finest woman in the world and she's made up her mind to take the place of your own children to you."

"I'm sorry, Tommy. I didn't think ——"

"When are you going to tell her?"

"Tom, every day it gets harder."

"Well, if you don't I will."

"No, Tom, you mustn't. You promised me you wouldn't tell a soul."

"But it's too silly. And it's cruel. Think how she'll feel if she finds it out from strangers. You should have told her long ago."

"Well, right in the beginning she told me things, one day. And when I remember what she said I just can't go and tell her I'm your mother. They were about you. Can't you see?"

"About me? What did she say?"

"Never mind what."

"Oh, but I do! Ma, what have you been saying to her about me?"

"I told her about Frankie Carlyle."

"About Frankie? But there never was anything between Frankie and me."

"I know. That's what I told her. Of course I'm going to tell her—the truth, just the first moment I can. I hardly see her at all these days, she's flying around so. I'm glad you got her the club order."

"I didn't get it for her. I just recommended her. They're in luck to get somebody like Beth."

"Since when do you call her Beth?"

"Since last night"—defiantly. "And I've invited her to the benefit Saturday night. She hasn't been anywhere since her husband died."

"Oh, you didn't, Tom? Right in Belle's box? What'll Belle say?"

"What will she say? I pay for half that box, don't I? Besides ——"

"But, Tom—I'll be there."

"I know it. It'll be a showdown unless you tell her before."

But Ma Benham didn't get a chance to tell Beth before Saturday, because Beth was out of the shop so much that when they were alone together there was an accumulation of business to be talked about. So Ma Benham had a headache the night of the benefit and couldn't go.

"You're better off," consoled Eve. "All that excitement isn't good for you anyway."

Beth was rather quiet the following Monday.

"It was wonderful. But his sisters—oh, Ma, they're awful! Just ice—all the way through."

"No, they're not really. That's just the surface. Why, back home Belle Morrison used to carry packages for her mother, and Eve used to mind a neighbor's baby for two dollars a week. about the Benhams

"You know more than they do themselves. ut as much.

"No, not more. But abo Did you meet his mother?" obably

"No. She was home sick. Pro air. strained her nose sticking it up in the Oh, they really weren't nice to me, Ma. Really."

"That's too bad. But Tom?"

"Oh, Ma, he's so perfectly wonderful that I'm afraid some day I'll just forget to come down to earth again. Oh, I wish he were a chauffeur or a plumber or something. Or if they'd only lose their money!"

"And have to sell the shop? Don't be silly. And if I were you I wouldn't give his sisters another thought. Sisters don't count anyway."

But they try to. Belle spoke to her mother quite earnestly one evening.

"It's about Tom. He's treating Frankie shamefully. I wish you'd use your influence."

"What's he done?"

"You know how much he used to see of her. Well, he's just dropped her. He seems to be rushing that Wylie woman. You know whom I mean?"

"Yes—I know."

"She's running Alva Dering's place. Nobody's ever heard of her. I don't know where he picked her up, do you?"

"I believe he met her in a business way."

"Just imagine! You must speak to him! He won't listen to me. And you know how simple Tom is. First thing he'll be committed. Why, he as good as told me he'd marry when and whom he pleased. Marry! You'll speak to him?"

Ma Benham promised she would, but she did not tell just what she would say. So Tom was thinking of marrying? "Well, why not?" she asked herself fiercely.

The bungalow was an immense success. Mrs. La Farge was so happy she brought half a dozen people into the shop. They were all impressed with Beth's place and with Beth herself. Beth could scarcely breathe when she got her check. She handed it over to Ma in a sort of trance.

"And, Ma, she invited me to her home!"

"Well, why shouldn't she?"

"But you don't understand. She's invited me to dinner—with him! If I thought there was a chance of my being accepted socially ——"

"What would you do?"

"I'd—well, it's sort of in the air. I've been strong-minded enough to hold it off—because I didn't think his family ——"

"Bother his family!" advised Ma Benham, and took Jean to the park. Jean never wanted to go to the park with Mrs. Rosen. Ma Benham bought Jean a bunch of violets. Violets for a four-year-old! But Ma Benham felt like celebrating the spring or something. And besides, Jean wanted them. No wonder Mrs. Rosen found competition somewhat difficult.



Ma Benham made up her mind that afternoon; she was going to Beth in the morning and make a clean breast of everything, before things reached a crisis.

But the next morning was already too late. The moment she met Beth's eyes she knew. Without a word she opened her arms and Beth was in them.

"Oh, Ma—I'm so happy—happy! I can't realize it. And yet it's true."

"Of course it's true. Tell me about it."

"There's nothing to tell. We were driving—and all of a sudden I was—well, conscious of him—in a way I'd never been before—and I began to wish—well, that he'd just—and he did and—well, we're engaged."

"My dear, I'm very happy."

"He says he knows his mother won't disapprove—that he's spoken to her already. And oh, Ma, he says I'm the only girl he's ever loved!"

"You are. I mean, I've never heard that he was interested in any other."

"He's arranged for his family to meet him here today, and then he's going to tell them."

"Here? Today?" cried Ma Benham in very real terror.

"Yes. You know how insistent he is when he's made up his mind to a thing."

Ma Benham knew. She sat down weakly. Her one thought was escape. Tom had ld the girls to meet him there. She must to age to be out.

mar Tom had not asked the girls to meet But He had brought them over with him there om the breakfast table. They him right fr before Ma Benham had a were upon her er wits.

chance to collect h sisters, dear?" Tom

"You've met my Morrison and Miss was saying. "Mrs. his sisters. "I Benham." He turned t ould be the first brought you here so you c Except Ma of to hear of our engagement. duce you to course. Dear, I needn't intro e paralyzed my mother?" He indicated th of Tom's Ma Benham.

The expressions on the faces h the exsisters were wooden compared wit ncée as pression on the face of Tom's fi itations she accepted rather numbly the felic ve the of her future relatives. Tom, to relie t the tension somewhat, began to point ou ice, beauties of the shop to his sisters.

"Oh, Ma," said Beth in a stunned vo d "how could you?"

Tom glanced toward them. "Come a d see the rest of the family," he cried, and le the way to the stairs.

"Rest of the family?" asked Belle.

Ma answered her, glad for a reprieve. "Yes. I felt that I was really entitled to grandchildren, and I grew tired of waiting."

When the girls had followed Tom down to the yard she turned to Beth.

"Dear, I've treated you very badly. Forgive me. And don't blame Tom. He wanted to tell you all along. But I was too cowardly. I was so afraid to break up things. And I didn't know how you'd take it. I really came up to try and get your position for a girl I knew—but you made a mistake and thought it was for myself—and—well, I didn't like sitting around doing nothing—and you needed help and I hated to disappoint you—so I just drifted into it. And then—after you told me the way you felt about Tom—I couldn't tell you—don't you see?"

She shook her head, still dazed.

"Mrs. Benham! Tom's mother! And I've had you doing my work!" she cried with a sudden rush of realization.

"Yes. Isn't it fine? I've always been afraid it might be hard getting my daughter-in-law used to me. ¶ And here you are, all used to me, and you won't even think I'm meddlesome if I snoop around your pantry—because you're used to having me snoop around."

"And minding my babies! And the way I called you Ma!"

"My dear"—she took hold of Beth's shoulders and looked into her moist eyes—there were tears in Ma Benham's eyes too—"there isn't any other name in the world that means so much to me, except ——"

"Gramma!" came a voice from the yard. "Yoo-hoo, gramma! Lift thith thidewalk for me."

Belle's head appeared above the landing. "You seem to be needed, mother."

"Yes, thank God!" said Ma, hurrying past them down the stairs. "There's somebody who does me the honor not to consider me a feeble doddering old derelict, past all usefulness." She raised her voice. "Gramma's coming, precious angel. Gramma's coming to lift the sidewalk for Jean."

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WHEREAS, THE WOMEN

(Continued from Page 13)

Therefore, Resolved that to us, the best and leading women of that great historic state, little Milly Perkins must ever stand up as a symbol and watchword of all that is wise and forward looking in the grand and noble onsweep of women today into American industry, wherever placed or located;

And Resolved that together with the Octo Automobile Company and the Union 250 of Amalgamated Automobile Painters, Decorators and Varnishers of America, our voice will never be wrongfully hushed or stilled till the coming in of the great and new and saving principle into industry of true justice for women founded on the grand eternal principle of equal pay for equal work.

"Did they bite?" says Six Hour Kelly, after the Perkins woman had gone out.

"You'll think so!" says old George Cooper, gazing at him, severe, "when you've roused them up a little more. They'll be biting us—by the millions!"

"What—for giving them fair play and justice?" says several.

"Justice!" says old George. "Since when do women want justice? Snatching is what they want. One thing after another! You just gave them the ballot—and what happened? Do they want to fight, or go on juries, or do police work, or work on the roads, or do anything in return? They do not. They want more special laws and legislation, for women only—to get more and more advantage for themselves over us. Snatchers, I call them—and gimmes. It's 'gimme this, gimme that' from the time they start in, fifteen minutes after they're born, to hang out ribbons on them to serve notice they're softer and lazier and got to have all the privileges there is over the men!

"Snatchers!" he says. "That's what they are by nature and training. Did you ever know anything or anyone that could satisfy them yet? The Almighty could not," he says; "that's sure. And we're outside the Garden of Eden now for that special and particular reason. And that ain't no guesswork nor say-so of yours or mine. It's divine Bible history.

"And now," he says, "not willing to leave bad enough alone, you've got to go out with this justice-and-equality talk again, inflaming them up by the millions and sicking them direct on us ourselves right here—swelled up with thinking there's something more here to be snatched. And the next thing you know they'll have grabbed all our jobs from us.

"And as for this woman here, you can see already what they've done to her. She's puffed up now so she can't hardly see out of her eyes. And the more you give her the more she hates you—and all the men!"

And they laughed, for of course that was her all over.

It was a week or two more then, when more resolutions came in from farther out in the country, starting in with that one from the women's clubs in Illinois, which they claimed first got her going on what she done to them. And it run somewhat like this:

Whereas, the women of the fine fertile foremost state of our great middle empire have never yet been backed down on any grand forward movement;

And Whereas, recognizing that as the first chief representatives of the state of the manhood of the Great Emancipator, we shall never give nor take quarter in the grand inspiring battle for the rights of womanhood, too long delayed;

And Whereas, brave courageous little Milly Perkins has, through merit and popularity among her beloved fellow workmen, been elected and chosen to be joint associate lady president for the first time in the history of the Automobile Painters in America, and no doubt of unionism of all the world, for all we know;

Therefore, Resolved that together with all the true womanhood of the United States, we hasten to stand beside our brave courageous sister, her fellow and sister members of Union 250 and the Octo Automobile Company, without reserve and without restraint, for the grand principle of equal pay for equal work among the sexes;

And Resolved, also, that we register our opinion that in this generous rivalry in equality between man and woman, the woman will not be found wanting.

"Not wanting, no—nothing she can grab off for herself!" says old Cooper, after she had gone home from the hall, the way she did right after the meetings.

"Look, ain't she speeding up a little here lately," says one of the other ones, "at her work? It seems so."

"She will be, probably, if she ain't!" says olds George. "After a few more of these resolutions and whereas-the-women's. For they're nothing but vanity and showing off, just as I warned you. And if they once put it in her head that she could show herself out smart by beating us at working, heaven help us! She might speed us up to where we was working and slaving before the war."

"What—a woman?" they says.

"You don't know them the way I do," he tells them.

"Don't worry," says Kelly, for he'd kept on good terms with her. "If she gets working too fast—for our understanding with one another—I'll give her the hint."

"A hint—with an ax," says old George.

But it wasn't so long before Kelly got the chance to pass it on to her in the shop, where she was working near him.

"Say," she says to him, sneering, "is that the best you can do? I never seen painting done so slow. I thought when I got in here I'd have hard work keeping up to you men. But you all the time keep me dragging. What ails you? Why are you so slow?"

"What's the use of killing yourself?" he says to her.

"What's the use of always having to hold back?"

"There might be a reason," says Kelly, tipping her the long wink.

And then he thought probably, her being a woman, nobody'd ever troubled to go over with her the principle they were working on today.

"I'll take it up with you," he says, "when we get the time—the principle of the thing," he says.

And right after that more resolutions—or whereas-the-women's, as they called them now, copying old George Cooper—came in to be read by her at the meeting. And the best and strongest one was that from them Kentucky clubs:

Whereas, the women of the grand storied Southland, though for centuries rejoicing in the precious privilege of the priceless panoply of the peculiar chivalry and manhood of the South, yet choose now to stand forth firm and strong in the marts and markets and forums of the world upon their own commanding merit;

And Whereas, the State of Kentucky, most regal of the star-topped daughters of the Union, has ever held the proud and recognized distinction of leader and pacemaker among her sister states, and expects the same from all within its borders—women, men and horses;

Therefore, Resolved that the womanhood of Kentucky, holding high the torch of recognition for the success of sweet, brave, noble little Milly Perkins, sets its empurpled seal of approval upon the Octo Automobile Company and Union 250 of the Amalgamated Automobile Painters, Decorators and Varnishers of America, and their recognition of the grand, noble and undisputed principle of equal pay for equal work;

And Resolved, further, that as true daughters of that great leading state where we were nursed and nurtured, we can do no less than to warn the fellow members of Union 250 to look sharply to their laurels all over on the ground that our brave sister, Milly Perkins, will be found not merely an associate but a leader and a pacemaker among the men, not alone in unionism, but in all departments whatever where they now stand together in industrious toil.

"Pacemaker," says old George Cooper. "That's it. That's what they're inflaming and prodding her up to now. And she's speeding up, right now, under the influence of it. I heard the foreman jeering and taunting about it in the shop no longer back than yesterday—about her complaining about waiting for men to keep up their end of the work with her."

And several others said they got it too.

"I'll see her," says Kelly, "and reason it out with her—how we've got to stand together and organize on that line."

"Reason with them!" says old George. "Organize them! No, no more than mad raving savages."

"And another thing," says Six Hour Kelly to the rest of them—"you want to lay off that snickering and laughing when she's reading them resolutions."

For they were letting go more now when it came to that little-Milly-Perkins stuff.

"Aw, what difference would it make," they says, "when you come down to it? She couldn't speed up to amount to anything—a woman!"

"She couldn't, huh?" says Six Hour, for he had been thinking about that lately.

"Did you ever stop to think what they done in the mill business in New England—driving practically all the men out of it? And lots of that is heavier work than most of this painting."

"Well, what did you let her in here for if that was the case?" they says to him.

"Just what I warned you!" says old George Cooper.

"Aw, shut up!" says Six Hour Kelly. "Or I'll mow you one in the neck." For he was getting a little sore and leery now, the way this thing was going.

So he went to her after work that next day, and explained the principle of the idea—tried to—in a kind pleasant way.

"Say, why don't you use your nut?" he says to her.

And he showed her that principle that labor worked out all over so successful in the war.

"Look," he says. "It's plain and simple. You want all the money you can get for your work, don't you?"

"Yes," she says back.

"And you want it—all the time?"

"Yes."

"And you want enough work to go round, don't you—so you won't have any chance of being laid off the job?"

"Yes."

"All right, then. Now in the past there's always been times of unemployment and low wages and all that—just from nothing but there being too many that wanted work—and the employers playing them one against the other, ain't there? All right. Then what must labor do to meet that?"

"I dunno," she says.

"It holds back and works less—fewer hours and fewer days and a slower rate of speed. And then there's just so many more folks working, and getting their wages and regular work. And by and by, when we hold back enough, there'll be work enough for all—and no layoffs whatever.

"That's what the war proved out and showed to us," he says, going over it. "It's just plain simple mathematics, dividing up so much work between so many workers. And nobody yet has ever come up that can dispute it. And that's the grand principle organized labor is working on today—or ought to be. You see it now, don't you?"

"Well, I dunno," she says.

"Why not?"

"Well, you'd think maybe," she says, "somehow, the less work that's done, and the less things that were made, the less they'd have to divide up in wages."

And that made him hot—for he'd never had anyone try and dispute that principle to him before—let alone a woman!

"Are you dumb?" he says. And he went over it again—raising his voice. And by this time she was raising hers. "Don't you see it yet?" he says.

"No," she says; "no"—firmer and firmer.

"Well, you see this anyhow, probably," he says, getting sore finally—"you see how long it would be if we don't coöperate—if the men got out against a woman, speeding up, how long the woman would last—or women in general!"

"How long would they?" she says, looking up, hard and insulting.

"About a minute, more or less!"

"Is that so?" she says. "Well, I ain't seen that yet!"

He had no idea she had such a swelled head—and he told her so. And the end was they parted worse than ever.

"I'll show you something now," she says, "how good the women really are." And the tone of voice she said it in made him anxious.

The bad trouble between the sexes that old George Cooper was all the time talking about started in right after that, for she done what she said she would—she started in showing something in the line of speeding, and making a grand big howl if the others did not hurry up and get her share of the work around to her on time. And the men got back at her more and more, all getting sorer and uglier each day—till finally it all burst into flame in the meeting where she started in reading that last whereas-the-women thing, from Oklahoma, that went on something like this:

Whereas, the women of Oklahoma, used and accustomed to the broad grand spacious freedom of God's own country, have long understood and seen that women's place is ever first

(Continued on Page 40)

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(Continued from Page 38)

in the van and the foreguard of civilization, since man began;

And Whereas, we know well it is the sacred duty of America's staunch womanhood to show forth and proclaim with every living breath that self-evident fact;

Therefore, Resolved that we see cause for rejoicing but not surprise in the new harmony of the sexes founded by the work of the Octo Automobile Company and the Union 250 of the Amalgamated Automobile Painters, Decorators and Varnishers of America, in standing firm together in the recognizing of the grand eternal principle of equal pay for equal work amongst the sexes, so long freely recognized in this grand large Western country;

And Resolved that we extend our fellowship to our sister, little Milly Perkins, and urge her on to be never satisfied with mere equality, but to remember that now as ever, in every civilization worth the name, women will be found leading on and up in the van.

"What kind?" says one. "A moving van?"

"The more it moves the better we'll like it," says another one, half aloud, "if it only takes her with it!"

"I'll show you what van!" she says, overhearing. "And it'll be moving. And the dust from it will not please you, neither."

And they laughed and hooted her some and the meeting broke up in jawing and disorder, with her going out ugly with her head up.

"You made a mistake," says Six Hour Kelly, "getting her mad."

"What about you with your resolutions and your whereas-the-women's?" they says. And they went at him hard.

It was a bad blow to Six Hour Kelly, the way this thing was turning, for up to that time he had had them eating out of his hand. And now they was getting away from him, and he knew it. But if this was a blow it was nothing to what come to him right after that, when the superintendent of the works sent word to have him come and see him in his office.

"I want to thank you," he says to Six Hour Kelly, "personal."

A slick, soft-talking article he was—sitting soft and quiet in his still, fine-furnished office.

"Thank me?" says Kelly, leery already at the soft way he was starting out. "For what?"

"For all the boost you gave us by that advertising of our product with the women all over."

"Oh," says Kelly.

"Yes," he says, looking up; "but that ain't half."

"What else?" says Kelly, staring.

"For giving us," he says, looking down to where he was tapping a lead pencil on the desk, "the chance to try out women labor."

"Thank me?" says Six Hour Kelly. "That's a good one. You brought her in—we didn't."

"Yes," says the other man, looking up, still and serious. "But only for the minute—because she wanted work at once, and was the daughter of an old-time trusty employe—and thought herself she could do it. We had it all fixed up to transfer her to the next place for women we had, when you came along with your resolutions and made us keep her in there, and see—to our surprise—just how good the women are."

"They ain't so good as men, and you know it!" says Kelly.

"This one is," he says, "and better—if we are to judge by results. And what's more, if they were not so good—the rest, as her—still, you made it grand business by your appealing and resolving to the women all over, for us to stick them in the shop and show them in our advertising and circulars all over working side by side with men. In fact," he says, making fine dots with his lead pencil, "it's getting hard work today for us to keep from hiring more. And that's what I got you in here for now. For it was you that started it—you and your resolutions."

And Kelly said nothing, only cleared his throat.

"And that wasn't the whole, neither," says the superintendent, looking more and more careful at the marks he was making on his blotter. "For now we've seen and convinced ourselves that women could do the work, all at once there's thousands and thousands of women applying for the chance to do it. From what I see we have the pick of all the women in the United States," he says. "They are surging in around us by the millions, you might say, looking for the good pay here. All, of course," he says, looking up again, "on account of those resolutions of yours starting in the advertising of it through the country."

And Kelly said nothing. He was too hoarse.

"And so I sent for you," says the superintendent, "to help stave it off."

"Stave what off?" says Kelly.

"This thing about the women rushing in here," he says after a kind of pause. "For you see what it is—all this what you've done has put us in a bad awkward position. It would be to our advantage every way to be hiring women—if only for the advertising from it. And they almost compel us to—after all this talk about it all over. And I don't mind telling you confidential," he says, soft and quiet, "we'd be giving in to them and hiring them in today if it wasn't for our wanting to protect our old-time loyal employes—the thing I want you to help about."

"Help about?" says Six Hour Kelly. "Me?"

"Yes," he says, and cocked his head back to one side, slow, to get a good look at the mark he was making on the paper. "Yes, for we've done all we can alone—by ourselves. We've held back against our own interests and all these women as long as we can now, and will keep on trying to do so. But now you've got to help us—or we cannot keep going on," he says, stopping and looking up sidewise, "fighting off these women!"

"What is it you want?" says Kelly at last, in a hoarse, kind of strangled voice, for he seen something bad was up.

"We'd like," he says, "to get our product up to the same it was before the war. At least that. For we never had the name of driving nor pushing our men then. And why should we now? It's that or the women," he says.

And Kelly finally had to come to it mostly; though he did manage to hold out something on him of what they'd gained and obtained in the war. And he had a bad time fixing it with the boys; and more so after the line of talk he had been giving them the past few years.

"So this is your gains from the war!" they says, cursing him harsh. "You see where it lands us, don't you—first letting down and then speeding up like this? There's plenty of us that will drop out now—that will have to. And you're the man that done it."

And he done the best he could. He showed them the things he'd still held out on the management.

"She'll be taking all that away," they says, "if you don't hold her back. You've got to get to her some way or she'll get us all discharged," they was telling him; and especially the ones he had been always strongest with—the younger ones that had always took it easy and held back on the work, according to his principles.

And Kelly told them he'd go and take it up with her—only they'd have to hold back from mixing up and battling with her the way they were lately. For it was getting now something terrible—they calling her down and she all the time sneering and nagging and rawing them up.

"What makes you do it?" he says, going at her, soft and reasonable.

"What?" she says, sharp.

"Rowing and speeding up. Can't you see it's against all our interests? Can't you see that argument I was giving you yet?"

"What argument?" she comes back.

"That argument that everybody knows now, and there's no answer to: That the only reasonable, sensible way is for labor to lay back and each one have short hours and stretch out the work so all will have the benefit of it. So that the less work each one does, the more pay there'll be for labor in the total."

"The less work," she says, "the more pay! What sense is there to that?"

"All the sense in the world," he says, flushing up. "There's no possible answer to it."

But she refused to see it. "It may sound grand to a man," she says, "but it sounds like foolish nonsense to a woman."

And he held back, keeping his head, and went over his arguments again. But he seen he couldn't make no headway with her. Her mind was set, like a woman's gets. You couldn't reason with her.

"How can they pay out as much in wages," she kept saying, "if they don't make up the stuff to sell?"

And so finally he had to give her up in disgust. He seen he couldn't change her. And in fact he seen there was no reasoning at all with her. It was all probably just merely the prejudice and the hate she had in her for men anyhow. And that was worse than he'd thought.

"What do I care anyhow?" she says. "I hate men and I always did. I'm a man-hater," she says, "of the worst kind—and was from childhood up.

"You see these," she says, taking a big bunch of letters out of her overalls pocket and showing them to him. "Them's proposals of marriage. I get them from all over," she says, "since you started out advertising me with the newspapers and those resolutions all over the nation.

"And here's one," she says, picking it out, "from a millionaire!"

"A millionaire?" he says, giving her a still, mocking look.

"Yes—a new fresh millionaire, from Oklahoma oil," she says. "An oil king, they call them out there—that's seen those women's resolutions and my picture in the paper. And he's all for hotfooting it on here to marry me."

"He is?" says Kelly, thinking then of course she was lying.

"Yes," she says. "But would I accept him? I would not! Nor the best man in the world. I want nothing to do with them, nor never did—more than to fight them and show them up. As I'll probably be doing now to my dying day—staying on right here, fighting and showing up these poor lazy painters here. Though heaven knows I don't take no special pride showing up painters. For they're well known and established to be the laziest and most shiftless of a loafing sex—from high art to barn painting."

"What'd she say?" the boys asked him when he came reporting back to them.

And he told them.

"Ain't that just like a woman?" they says. "No sense! No brains!"

"No, you can't teach them nothing," says Six Hour, gloomy.

"Well, you've got to do something," they says, "for she's getting worse each day. And if this keeps up we'll all be fired."

But instead of doing something to her it was just the other way. For the next day the superintendent was sending for Kelly talking still smoother.

First he thanked him again. And then he told him they had all got to speed up some more.

"I hate to ask you," he says, "but the pounding on me to hire more women," he says, "is getting terrible. And though I want to do the best I can for the good boys boys here now, yet you can see the least they can do at the present time is to put out as much work as the one woman we've got in there now does."

"She ain't a woman," says Kelly. "She's a demon in overalls; and you can search the world for another."

"She counts as a woman with us," says the superintendent, "and with all the rest of the women that you stirred up and excited on the matter by your resolutions describing her as such. So you'll have to put off, I fear," he says, "and stir up the boys to work at least equal to her."

And Six Hour Kelly gave a great inward groan, for he seen what that would mean to him himself. But he went back and to them nevertheless, for he seen he had to.

"We've got to do it, that's all, boys," he says. "It's turned against us a way no man could foresee."

"I foreseen it," says old George Cooper "and warned you."

"I said a man," says Six Hour; "not a walking wart."

And they had all they could do to pull them apart.

"Aw, let them go," says some of the others, "and kill each other off."

And Kelly seen right then he had lost them.

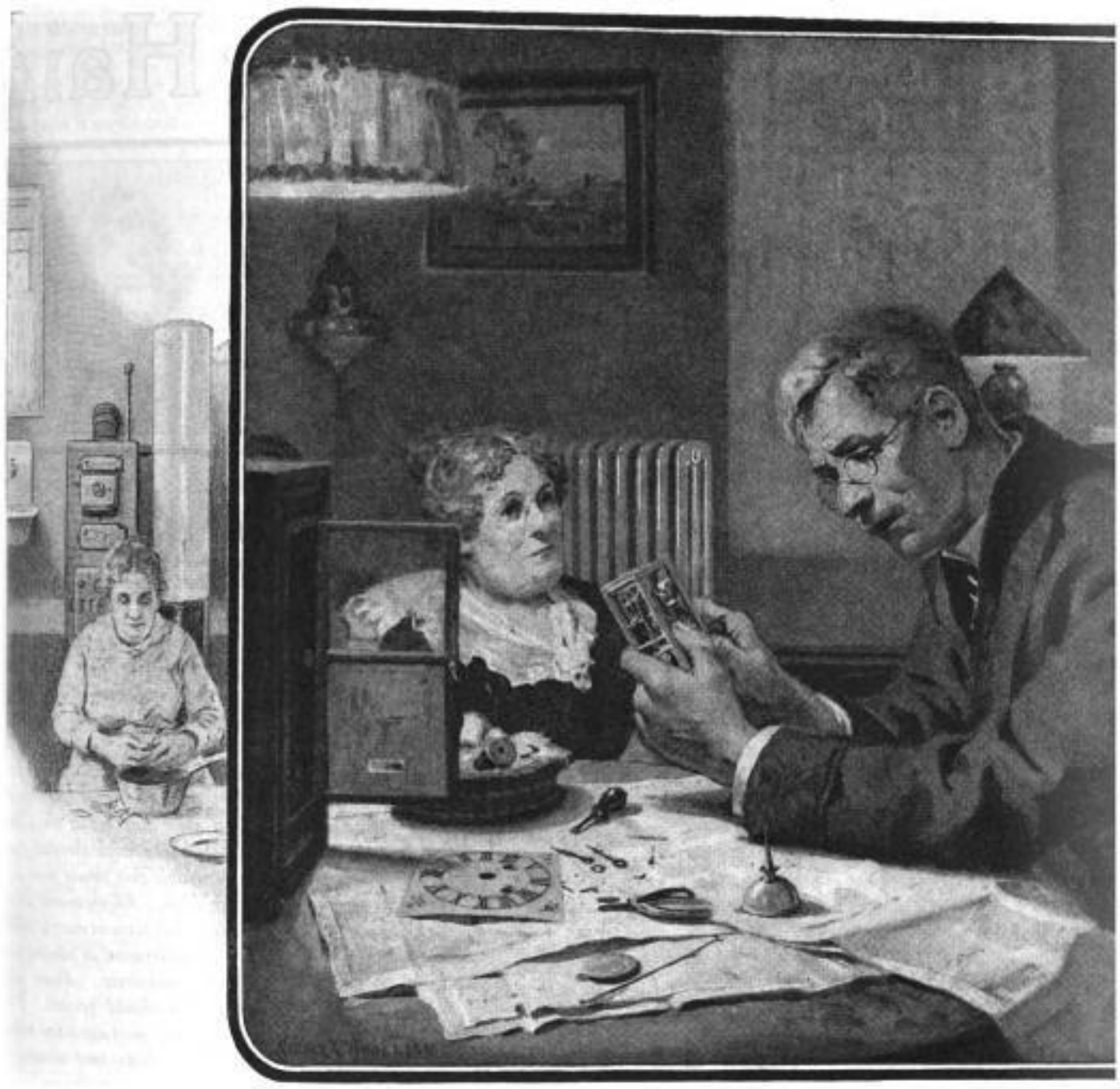
"I s'pose we've got to do it, boys," they says. "I s'pose we've got to get in and work and plug, and some of us lose our jobs by it in the bargain. But the next time we elect officers we'll have something leading us that carries something heavier than a Brussels sprout on top of his shoulders."

"You don't have to wait," says Six Hour Kelly.

And he done the only thing he could. He resigned. Yet it went hard with him too. For he knew what would happen next to him when the management got wise that he was out and lost his power with the rest. For they'd laid him off long ago if it had not been for that.

(Continued on Page 43)

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From a painting by Victor C. Anderson

© ARC

Half hot and half cold for 27 years

IN DETROIT lives an old couple whose home has been half hot and half cold for twenty-seven years. How many thousands of couples there are who understand what that means!

"We have always heated with two coal stoves," he writes, "and have experienced the sensation of having one room hot and the others cold for twenty-seven years."

A year ago they installed ARCOLA, setting it in the kitchen and connecting it with small pipes to an American Radiator in each room. It was a revelation to them. Bed-rooms, living room, dining room—all warm; and plenty of hot water for washing and bathing as well.

"We anticipated comfort after reading your advertisements," he concludes, "but we can't tell you how much more comfort we are receiving than expected."

If you live in a small home or work in a detached office, don't wait twenty-seven years for comfort. Send today for the booklet that tells about ARCOLA, and how it pays for itself in the fuel it saves.

A postal card to either address below will bring the booklet at once. Mail your request today

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators for every heating need

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Making the MOST of Your Hair



How To Make Your Hair Make You More Attractive

EVERYWHERE you go your hair is noticed most critically.

People judge you by its appearance.

It tells the world what you are.

If you wear your hair becomingly and always have it beautifully clean and well-kept, it adds more than anything else to your attractiveness and charm.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

Study your hair, take a hand mirror and look at the front, the sides and the back. Try doing it up in various ways. See just how it looks best.

A slight change in the way you dress your hair, or in the way you care for it, makes all the difference in the world in its appearance.

In caring for the hair, shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali, which is common in ordinary soap. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method:

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water.

Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair, but sometimes the third is necessary.

You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.



Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Your hair should be dressed so as to emphasize your best lines and reduce your poor ones

Begin by studying your profile. If you have a short nose, do not put your hair on the top of your head; if you have a round, full face, do not fluff your hair out too much at the sides; if your face is very thin and long, then you should fluff your hair out at the sides. The woman with the full face and double chin should wear her hair high. All these and other individual features must be taken into consideration in selecting the proper hairdress. Above all, simplicity should prevail. You are always most attractive when your hair looks most natural—when it looks most like you.

Keeping a Child's Hair Beautiful

CHILDREN should be taught, early in life, that proper care of the hair is essential.

Get your children into the habit of shampooing their hair regularly once a week. Put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified over the hair and rub it in vigorously with the tips of the fingers. This will stimulate the scalp, make an abundance of rich, creamy lather and cleanse the hair thoroughly. It takes only a few seconds to rinse it all out when through.

You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of the hair; and you will be teaching your child a habit that will be appreciated in after-life, for a luxuriant head of hair is something every man and woman feels mighty proud of.



WATKINS

MULSIFIED

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

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(Continued from Page 40)

"But let me warn you," he says, going out, leaving them, "you don't want to get rough with her and try to drive her out. For if you do you'll be doing just what they're itching and longing for. They'd bring women into at least half your places so quick it would make your head totter."

"It's a shame and pity you never seen that," says old man Cooper, "before you started in sicking them on us by the millions."

And then they did have it out. And it was something bad.

And that next pay day, sure enough, they handed Kelly his notice in his envelope.

He was walking down the street that next morning after that, thinking of how things had changed for him and that reputation as a leader he had made in wartime—and now it was all gone and lost! And he was wondering what would be the outcome of that thing he had started out with, so free and easy, with the union. And would she keep on pushing them along with her hate of men and the excitement and praise from all those women's resolutions—or would she break down and bust up under the strain of it?

And he was down at the railroad station finally, and he looks up, and who does he see stepping out of a taxi but the woman herself—all spangled out in a bright new blue dress and a big long red feather in her hat and what looked like diamonds all over her. And with her was a little short leather-faced man with a thick red mustache—and most strange and unusual clothes.

And when they got out and got opposite him, to his surprise she stopped and spoke.

"Meet my husband," she says, smiling.

And Kelly shook hands with the small man in the big hat and the tall cowhide boots.

"He was the one," she says, explaining to Kelly, "that was in the oil business, that came to me from your resolutions."

"The oil king!" says Kelly, startled, to himself.

And he seen then he might have known from the start. For what else would be out wearing checked pants tucked into his boots and a diamond like a headlight, in a red tie and three diamond rings.

But by now the oil king was wringing his hand off, thanking him.

"So you're the man," he says, "that got me to my little girl! For if it hadn't been for your advertising and spreading all over the world about her in the papers, neve in my life would I have found and won her," he says. "God bless you!"

"And that's no lie neither," she says, towering over him in her new blue suit and red-feathered hat and diamond earrings and a diamond heart on a necklace in front, and two diamonds as big as your fist upon her fingers.

And the oil king was still thanking him, coming closer and closer. "I was all fixed—every way but a bride," he says, "by them recent oil strikes you seen about in the papers. And then you came along and gave me her—the best of all.

"For you see how it is with me," he says, "now I have this money. I am bound and determined to have the best there is—in everything—if I search the world for it. That's me today. And when I seen what all said and agreed in the papers and the resolutions about my little girl here, that settled it. I seen she was the one I must have or know why! And so I came on and I got her—thanks to you! God bless you!"

And talking close up as he was, Six Hour Kelly seen that without a doubt he had a drink or so in him.

"Yes," he says, going on, more and more cordial, "it's the same way with everything with me today. I've got the dough and I'll have the best—from wives and diamonds down to horses, cattle, pigs and hens—while the oil holds out! And if you ever come out to Oklahoma," he says, "you've got to stop off at my place. I just got me a ten-thousand-acre ranch—the grandest in the state," he says; "and riding horses, and all kinds of ways to enjoy myself. And prohibition won't bother us none either. For I'll get the what's-this in tank cars if I want it, and me and my little girl, we'll give you the time of your life. For we ain't no pikers, and we owe all our joy and happiness to you, God bless you!" he says. "And we won't never forget it."

And just then their train came in for Oklahoma and they hurried and got aboard it.

"Good-by, God bless you!" says the oil king, waving his hat from the rear end. "God bless you for all you've done for us!"

But she just smiled a kind of mean superfluent smile at Kelly, and waved her hand.

And then they moved off—all their diamonds flashing and gleaming in the sun. And Six Hour just stood there watching.

"What do you see where you're looking?" says the express messenger, coming on by with his truck finally, and seeing him standing there still and rigid.

"Whereas, the women," says Six Hour Kelly in a low dreamy kind of distant voice, like somebody waking slowly out of a sleep.

"What's that you said?" says the express messenger, not thinking he heard him right, and the train being out of sight long ago.

"None of your cockeyed business!" says Six Hour Kelly; only he said it different—much more violent—and longer.

FROM McKINLEY TO HARDING

(Continued from Page 19)

He then insisted I go to Washington with him on the funeral train at 8:30 the next morning. I told him it was impossible, as I had to be in Chicago Monday morning to borrow ten thousand dollars for my Record-Herald pay roll.

He said, "Do you remember what you said to me a few minutes ago—'you must'? Well, you must go with me tomorrow. The only friend I have on the train is Elihu Root. If I talk to him all the time it will make the other fellows mad. Telephone your banker that I say you must go to Washington, and to take care of your pay roll." That night I telephoned Ernest A. Hamill, president of the Corn Exchange Bank, at his home and was told to go ahead. "I will take care of your pay roll."

Roosevelt continued to talk of his cabinet. He said, "Gage does not like me. I want you to wire him to meet you at your hotel on our arrival and tell him he must stay for a while, at least, and I want you to see the Associated Press man and ask him to send a dispatch that when we reach Washington tomorrow night I am going to ask Hay and Gage to remain in the cabinet."

In 1904, during the Republican convention in Chicago, I met Secretary of Agriculture Wilson at the Chicago Club. He said, "What did you say to Roosevelt the day of the McKinley funeral in Buffalo at that house where we stopped?"

I said, "Why, Uncle Jimmie?"

"Well," he said, "when Ro[illegible] to the door and [illegible] he rushed into the room where we six cabinet fellows were and said, 'I have changed my mind. I am going to keep all of you!' He had asked us for our resignations that morning, which, of course, is customary!"

Monday morning at 8:30 the funeral train left Buffalo. The President and cabinet preceded the casket to the special train, Mrs. McKinley, her friends and George B. Cortelyou following. When the casket had been placed in the private car of some railroad official President Roosevelt stepped up to me and said, "Did you send that telegram to Gage?" The newspaper men were very curious to know what Roosevelt whispered, and sent some wild conjectures to their papers.

The railroad officials had entirely cleared the depot of all cars, both sides of the track. Not a soul was to be seen on either platform with the exception of the crew of the funeral train. In the thirteen hours it took to go to Washington no cars of any sort were on the track next to our train. The railroad arrangements were perfect. The train consisted of a baggage, dining car, three Pullman sleepers and a private car. One coach was occupied by the President and cabinet; another by friends, including Senator Hanna, Charles G. Dawes, Charles W. Fairbanks, Cornelius N. Bliss, John G. Milburn and Elmer Dover, secretary to Senator Hanna; the third by newspaper correspondents.

[illegible]-room. He

HEINZ Vinegars

Every drop awakens flavor

FRESH, crisp vegetables! Heinz Vinegar and Olive Oil! There's the start of a successful salad! There's zest to lagging appetites! Heinz Vinegars blend deliciously with other good condiments, and develop exquisite flavors from otherwise plain-tasting foods. Aged in wood for at least a year.

Malt Vinegar—made from barley malt
White Vinegar—made from selected grain
Cider Vinegar—made from choice cider apples
Tarragon Vinegar

in bottles filled and sealed in the Heinz establishment

HEINZ Imported **Olive Oil** *is the first pressing from choice olives in the Heinz establishment in Seville, Spain. In bottles or tins.*



Some of the

57

Spaghetti
Baked Beans
Apple Butter
Tomato Ketchup

HEINZ GOODS SOLD IN CANADA ARE PACKED IN CANADA

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When that letter takes shape in your mind

EVERY time you read a letter, you think of precisely the things you want to say in reply. But days go by, and that answer never takes shape in an actual letter. Failure to answer letters is often due to the lack of social stationery. Prompt answers are the rule when you are supplied with personal stationery. And more, answering letters becomes a congenial matter when you use the right kind of note paper.

HAMMERMILL BOND

Social Stationery

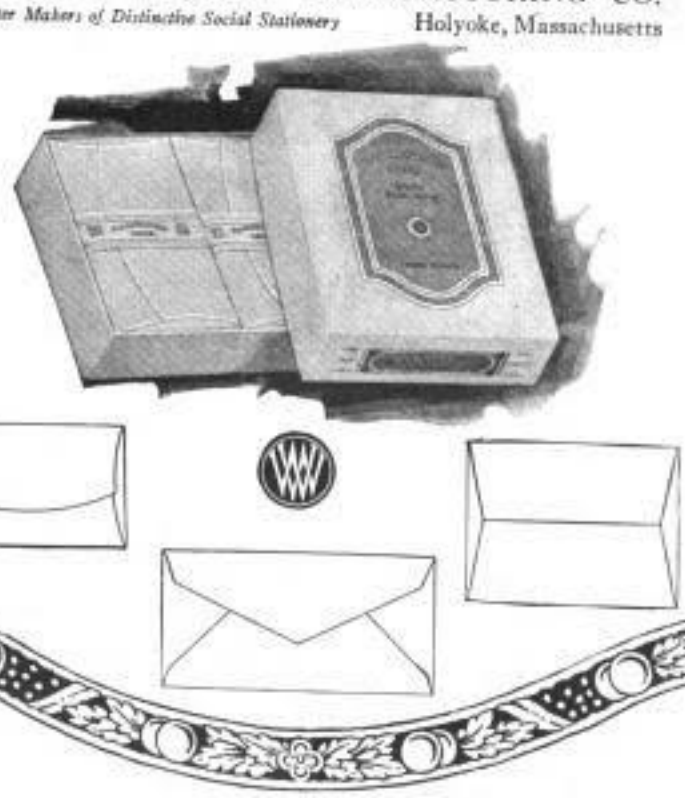
At drug stores, stationery stores, and department stores you can see Hammermill Bond Social Stationery in eight envelope sizes, with sheets to fit. These sizes are for general family correspondence and for men's correspondence. The paper is made in three finishes—linen, bond, and ripple. The price is from 35c to 75c a box. The same papers are also supplied in writing tablets in all sizes, with blotter and sheet of guide lines.

To make it easier for you to choose the best personal stationery, we will send you samples of different styles and finishes for ten cents (stamps or coin).

Hammermill Bond Social Stationery prepared by

WHITE & WYCKOFF MANUFACTURING CO.

Master Makers of Distinctive Social Stationery Holyoke, Massachusetts



working like a trip hammer. He talked of many things he was going to do.

Part of the time I was in the second Pullman. An hour or two after leaving Buffalo, Mark Hanna came to my seat. He was in an intensely bitter state of mind. He damned Roosevelt and said, "I told William McKinley it was a mistake to nominate that wild man at Philadelphia. I asked him if he realized what would happen if he should die. Now look, that cowboy is President of the United States!"

I tried to reason with him; told him Roosevelt did not want to be shot into the Presidency, but could not mollify him.

A little later I asked Roosevelt how he and Mark Hanna got along. He said, "Hanna treats me like a boy. He calls me Teddy."

I asked him if he realized what it meant if he and Hanna quarreled, and told him Hanna held the Republican organization in the hollow of his hand; that he was the leader in the Senate and could defeat any measure that he, Roosevelt, proposed, and make his Administration a failure. I cited the Garfield-Conkling row.

Roosevelt said, "What can I do about it? Give him complete control of the patronage?"

I said, "Hanna would resent any such suggestion." I told him Hanna was heartbroken. He saw his best friend gone. All his hopes crushed.

Finally I made the suggestion that he invite Hanna to take supper with him alone in his drawing-room; that he must not say anything in the presence of the waiter that could be repeated, as the newspaper men would pounce upon the poor colored boy when they arrived in Washington; that after the plates and cloth were removed, let the table remain, calling his attention to the awful gap between the front and back seats of a Pullman sleeper; when they were alone say: "Old man, I want you to be my friend. I know you cannot give me the love and affection you gave McKinley, but I want you to give me just as much as you can. I need you. Will you be my friend?"

"Then put your hands, palms up, on the table. If he puts his hands in his pockets you are a goner, but if he puts his hands in yours you can bet on him for life."

Roosevelt said, "All right, I'll try it!"

Later as I sat in the forward coach I saw the waiter whisper in Senator Hanna's ear. He hesitated a moment, and then nodded his head. He came to my seat at the other end of the car and said, "That damned cowboy wants me to take supper with him alone."

I said, "Mark, you are acting like a child. Go and meet him halfway."

Shortly after, he disappeared into Roosevelt's car. I was very nervous, but as an hour passed and thirty minutes more, Hanna came in, and I knew by his face as he limped toward my seat, it was all right.

With a smile which the late Volney Foster said would grease a wagon Hanna said, "He's a pretty good little cuss, after all!"

When I asked him what took place he told me of Roosevelt's putting his hands on the table and as near as one man can quote another he told what Roosevelt said, repeating what I had told Roosevelt to say.

"What did you do, Mark?"

He answered, "Putting my hands in his I said, 'I will be your friend on two conditions: First, that you carry out McKinley's policies, as you promised.' 'All right, I will.' 'Second, that you quit calling me old man. If you don't I'll call you Teddy.' 'All right. You call me Teddy and I'll call you old man.'"

From that moment Roosevelt and Hanna were staunch, loyal friends. The only rift was for a few weeks, late in 1903, when some anti-Roosevelt people tried to get Mark Hanna into the race for the Presidency.

All Roosevelt's own writings and hi numerous biographers tell of his friendl relations with Hanna, but are silent as t how it came about.

As the funeral train left Buffalo th streets through which it passed were fille with men with bared heads, women an children.

As we went through the towns and citie the station platforms were crowded wit school children singing Nearer, my God to Thee, Nearer to Thee. The day wa bright and warm for September. The win dows of the car were up. As we neare the stations the engineer slacked speed an slowly passed the singing, weeping crowds Before the day was over everyone on th train was in a highly strained condition Tears came easily. It was an exhauste party that reached Washington at nin o'clock that night.

For days after that trip, awake or asleep I heard that Near-uur, my God, to Thee Near-uur to Thee!

At Harrisburg thousands of people in th depot shed were singing McKinley's last words.

As we neared Washington darkness came on; the negroes in Maryland lighted fires near the track. As the train passed we could see their dark forms and faces in the glare of the burning brushwood. Here, too, their song was Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee.

During the entire day in the last coach a little frail figure in black kept tender watch over her beloved dead.

XXII

THE following telegram was received:

WASHINGTON, D. C., September 16, 1901.
H. H. KOHLSAAT, care Funeral Train, Harrisburg, Penna.

Will come to Arlington Hotel to see you as soon as I can after your arrival.

LYMAN J. GAGE.

I bought the evening papers in Harrisburg and read to Roosevelt a dispatch from New York stating that his announcement made through the Associated Press that he would retain Hay and Gage in his cabinet had had a good effect in Wall Street.

"I don't care about stocks and bonds," said Roosevelt, "but I don't want to see them go down the first day I am President!"

Secretaries Hay and Gage met us at the depot and rode with Roosevelt to the White House. Later in the evening Mr. Gage came to the Arlington Hotel and told me he had promised Roosevelt to remain for a while.

Four months later he resigned and was succeeded by Leslie M. Shaw, of Iowa.

That Secretary of State Hay was uncertain whether he would remain in the cabinet is shown by the following letter in William Roscoe Thayer's admirable Life of Hay, written to his intimate friend, Henry Adams, September 19, 1901:

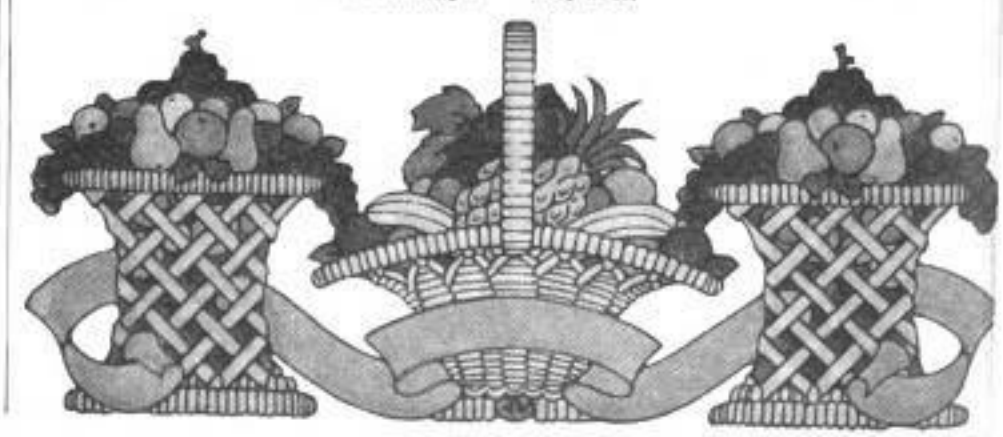
I have just received your letter from Stockholm, and shudder at the awful clairvoyance of your last phrase about Teddy's luck.

Well, he is here in the saddle again. That is, he is in Canton to attend President McKinley's funeral, and will have his first Cabinet meeting in the White House tomorrow. He came down from Buffalo Monday night, and in the station without waiting an instant, told me I must stay with him, that I could not decline or even consider. I saw, of course, it was best for me to start off that way, and so I said I would stay forever, of course, for it would be worse to say I would stay a while than it would be to go out at once. I can still go at any moment he gets tired of me, or when I collapse.

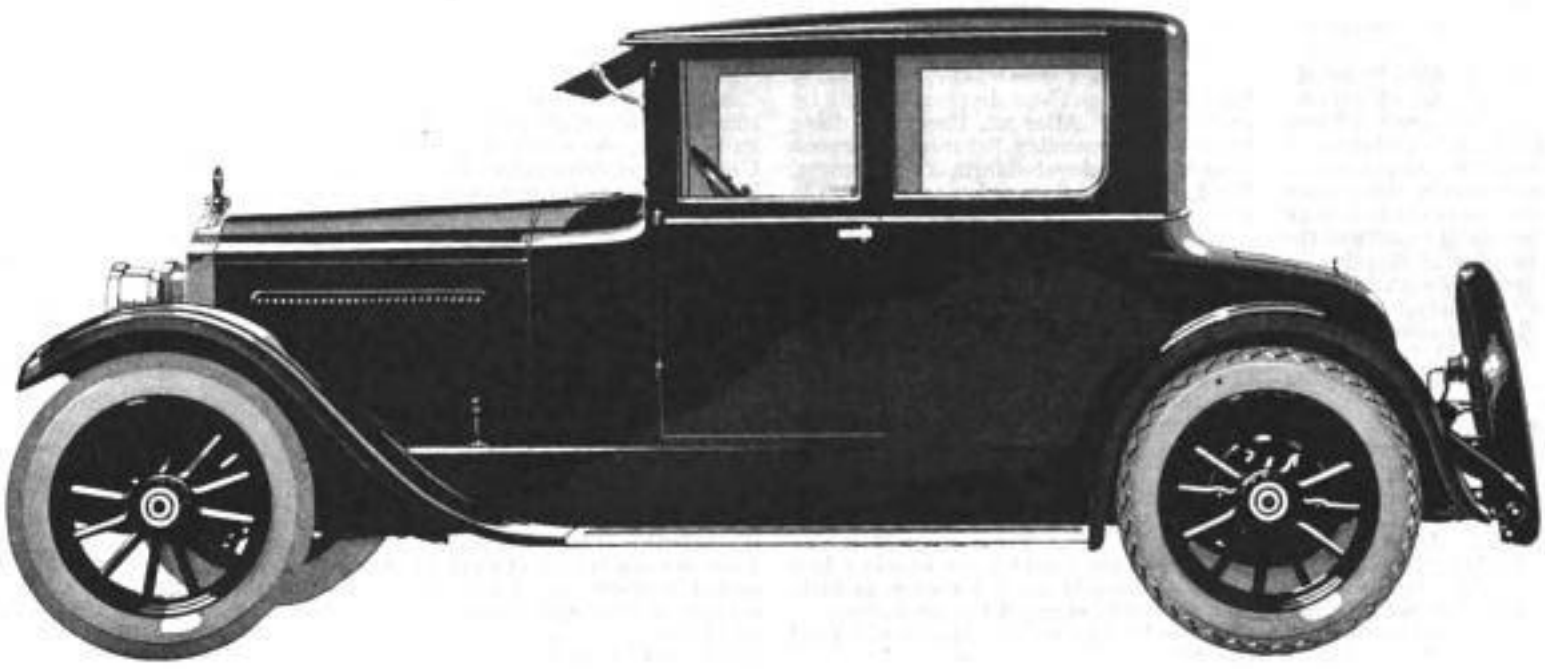
John Hay remained as Secretary of State in Roosevelt's cabinet until his death July 1, 1905.

Elihu Root succeeded him July 6, 1905

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Kohlsaat. The next will appear in an early issue.



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The
SINGLE-SIX
COUPE

Retail sales of the new Packard Single-Six during the first 30 days of its showing, reached the astounding volume of more than $10,000,000.

Further figures from our distributors and dealers show how far the Single-Six has penetrated beyond the so-called circle of Packard ownership.

Forty per cent of these initial buyers offered no other car in trade. They were irresistibly attracted by this beautiful new car, regardless of their previous car-affiliation.

More than 40 per cent offered in trade, cars other than Packard, clearly indicating that a tremendous number of car-owners have been waiting for such a car as this new Packard.

Everywhere the Single-Six is the topic of motoring discussion, and the object of general admiration and approval. We are receiving by letter every day, performance and mileage statistics which are amazing to the owner, but directly in line with the calculations of the Single-Six designers.

The conclusion is obvious—the value which characterizes this car is so great and outstanding, that it is completely without precedent among cars of the highest class.

Five-Passenger Touring, $2485; Seven-Passenger Touring, $2685; Runabout, $2485; Sport Model, $2650; Coupé, $3175; Five-Passenger Sedan, $3275; Seven-Passenger Sedan, $3525; Seven-Passenger Sedan Limousine, $3575; at Detroit

The Packard Twin-Six is recognized as a superior car, which performs in a superior way. Packard Trucks are recognized as the unequalled hauling investment. Packard standardized service now insures an even lower cost of Packard upkeep

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

PACKARD

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THE VAN ROON

(Continued from Page 28)

The policeman seemed rather amused. "It's my job," he said, training at the same time upon June an eye of quizzical intelligence.

It was odd, yet all in a moment Constable X had ceased to be a stern-looking fellow.

As soon as William crossed the threshold of his treasure house a kind of rapture came upon him. His voice grew hushed. And to June it seemed doubtful whether he would ever get beyond the Hermes on the main staircase. Once within this palace of many enchantments, he began to lose all sense of time and place; and in spite of the fact that he was the soul of chivalry he even seemed in danger of forgetting that he was accompanied by a lady.

Troubled at last by the silence of her escort June gently observed, "This place seems nearly as big as the Blackhampton Art Museum."

To William's fine perception it was a delicate reminder that art is eternal, and that in the month of September the National Gallery closes at seven.

The young man sighed deeply and turned away from the Hermes. Up the main staircase they walked side by side.

"Keep straight on, Miss June. If we glance to the right or the left we may not get to the Van Roon before next Saturday."

"We!" was June's thought. "Better speak for yourself. In the Blackhampton Art Museum we have things far nicer than a few old chipped statues." Happily, for the time being at least, it remained a thought without words.

They went through a room on the right, and then into an inner room. June was led to its farthest corner and proudly marshaled into the presence of an object so small and so insignificant that she felt it was really surprising that even William should attach the least importance to it.

However, a mere glance proved that it was not so surprising after all. The picture contained a cloud, a tree, some water and a windmill. And these things, in themselves so trivial, yet sufficed, as June had learned already, to raise William at any time to the seventh heaven of bliss.

A moment's inspection of the picture was enough for June. To her mind the work was quite commonplace. Yet William stood in front of it in an attitude of silent adoration, his head a little to one side, and apparently holding his breath for such a long period that June began to wonder how the trick was done. She was bound in honor to share this silent ecstasy, but having varied the proceedings a little by standing first on her right foot and then on her left, she decided at last to throw up her part.

Very gently she put a term to William's reverie.

"I think I will sit down," said June.

"Please, please do!" The queer fellow came back with a start to the world of reality. "Let us sit over there on the corner of that sofa. Perhaps we may be able to see it even better then than we do now."

To the sofa they went accordingly, and to June's secret dismay her mentor was at pains to dispose them both in a manner that would enable them to keep the picture in their eye. June had no wish to keep the picture in her eye. She had had more than enough of it already. Besides, the large room was full of things vastly more imposing, much better worth looking at. But William, even seated on the sofa by her side, was still in the thrall of this remarkable work.

There is no saying how long June's trial would have lasted, but after it had gone on for a length of time that began to seem interminable it came to an end in the most abrupt and dramatic way. Without any kind of warning a strange appearance swam into their ken. Uncle Si, looking spruce and businesslike, and much better dressed than usual, entered the room through the door behind them.

XIII

JUNE held her breath, while S. Gedge, Antiques, with thought for nothing save the object that had brought him there, made a bee line for the picture at which William was still solemnly staring. The old man put on his spectacles. Whether they were his buying or his selling ones June was unable to decide, but whichever they might be they had an important function to perform. Uncle Si's long and fox-like nose bent so close to the paint that it might have been smelling it.

June's instinct was to flee before they were discovered. And perhaps she would have urged this course upon William had not pride said no. She was in mortal fear of the old man, yet she despised herself for that emotion. After all, they were doing no wrong in spending Saturday afternoon in such a very elevated form of amusement. Surely it devolved upon her to stand up to this tyrant.

William, for his part, was without misgiving. Thinking evil of none, least of all his master, he was a little awed by that odd arrival, and yet he was unfeignedly glad of his presence. It was almost as if the simpleton regarded it as a compliment to himself that S. Gedge, Antiques, should take the trouble to come in his own person to look at the Van Roon.

At last S. Gedge, Antiques, turned away from the Van Roon and, little suspecting who were so near to him, came full upon William and June seated together upon the adjacent sofa. For a moment it was as if a feather would have knocked him down. He could trust his eyes so little that he hastily changed his spectacles.

"What!" His brow was thunder. "You! Here!"

June, ready to carry the war into the country of the enemy, was prepared to offer a cool "Why not?" Happily, a second and wiser thought led her to await developments. Secretly Uncle Si was in a pretty rage, as June could tell by the look of him. But he was not one to let his feelings override his judgment. Whatever they were, they could keep. He had come there for a particular purpose; this afternoon he was bent on business only.

In the rasping voice which made June think of a file and sandpaper, S. Gedge, Antiques, remarked: "Still Hobbemaizing, eh?"

William modestly admitted that he hoped Miss June would have a look at The Avenue.

"Let's hope she'll be the better for it." The old man did his best to be polite. "It will improve her mind, no doubt."

"But we have come to see the Van Roon, sir," said William impulsively.

"Oh, you have?" There was a sudden narrowing of foxy eyes. "Seems to me, boy, you've got Van Roon on the brain."

William could not help laughing at his master's tone of playfulness, but June did not laugh. She knew but too well that as far as Uncle Si was concerned, Van Roon was an exceedingly serious matter.

"You are wise, boy"—the old man tried very hard to keep the sneer out of his voice—"to come and find out what a Van Roon really looks like."

William modestly said that he thought he knew that already.

His master shook the head of wisdom. "Judging by the way you've been going on lately I take leave to doubt it. If you can trace the slightest resemblance to that thing of ours"—as Uncle Si half turned to point to the picture June noticed that he was careful to say "ours"—"I'm afraid, boy, you're qualifying for Colney Hatch."

William laughed gayly at his master's humor. He felt bound in honor to do so, since the jokes from that quarter were thin and few. But June did not laugh. Something cold, subtle, deadly, was creeping into her heart.

The old fox struck an attitude before the Van Roon. "How a man who has his wits can compare that daub of ours with this acknowledged masterpiece passes me altogether."

As a fact, William had not exactly compared his Crowdham Market purchase with Number 2020 in the official catalogue. He had merely affirmed that it was by the same hand.

June was privileged to hear great argument. And as at her birth a kind fairy had bestowed the gift of penetration upon her, she listened to all that passed with a fixity of mind that was almost painful. Carefully weighing the pros and the cons as they were advanced, she was fully determined to get a real insight into the merits of a most singular and perplexing matter.

Who was in the right? It was the opinion of William against the opinion of Uncle Si. From the first she had had horrid doubts of the old man's sincerity, yet she must not prejudge so grave an issue. Account must be taken, moreover, of the entire range of William's fantastic ideas. The thought was not pleasant, but on the face of it Uncle Si was likely to be far the safer guide of the two.

As June listened, however, to the wheedling sneers of the one and the forthright tone of the other, almost too transparent in its honesty, she could only conclude that Uncle Si was deliberately cheapening William's discovery for purposes of his own.

Looking at the masterpiece on the opposite wall, with what June was only too keenly aware were the eyes of ignorance, it was impossible to deny an extraordinary similarity of subject and treatment. And this, as at once she perceived, was where Uncle Si overdid it. He would not allow that to the vision of a technical expert, the possession of which he did not scruple now to claim for himself, there was the slightest resemblance. Such similarities as might exist on the surface to delude the untutored eye he explained away in a flood of words whose vehemence was intended to convince them both. But he convinced neither. June, pinning her wits to a plain argument, smiled secretly as more than once he contradicted himself. William, on the other hand, was not permitted by the love and reverence he bore his master to submit his speeches to the scale. He took his stand upon the divine instinct that was his by right of birth. Such being the case he could but gently dissent from the old man. It was one of his peculiarities that the surer he was the more gentle he grew. And therein, as June perceived, he differed strangely from Uncle Si, who could render conviction only in terms of vehemence.

Finally, as a clincher, S. Gedge, Antiques, growled "Boy, you talk like a fool!" and, head in air, marched with the aid of his knobby walking stick out of William's treasure house.

William and June, having stood to talk with the old man, now sat down again.

"Thank goodness, he's gone!" said June.

William confessed that the master had puzzled him considerably.

"'Tisn't like him to close his eyes to the facts of a case. I can't think what has happened to the master. He hardly ever makes a mistake."

Said June sagaciously, "Uncle Si being so wise about most things, isn't it likely that the mistake is yours?"

"It may be so," William allowed. But at once he added with a divine simplicity, "I will stake my life, all the same, Miss June, that our picture is a Van Roon."

"Or a clever forgery perhaps."

"No, no! As sure as you and I sit here, only one hand painted that little thing of ours."

"Then why should Uncle Si declare that it doesn't in the least resemble a Van Roon?"

"Ah, that I don't know. It is very strange that he should be so blind to the truth. As I say, it is the first time I have known it happen."

"It may be," said June, "that this is the first time there has been so much money in the case."

William dissented gravely. "The master would never let money influence him in a matter of this kind."

"Uncle Si lets money influence him in matters of every kind."

William shook his head. "I am afraid you don't know the master," he said with a wonderful look in his deep eyes.

June was too wise to contest the point. He might know more about pictures than did she, but when it came to human nature it was another pair of shoes. The fellow was a goose, a simpleton, a perfect sawney. It made her quite hot with anger to feel how easily he could be taken in.

Sitting by William's side on the edge of the sofa she made a vow. From now on it should be her aim in life to see that Uncle Si did not get the better of this young man. She had made a good and wise beginning by inducing him to bestow the picture upon herself instead of giving it, as so easily might have happened, to the old crocodile. She knew that some bad quarters of an hour lay ahead, in the course of which she and her box might easily find themselves in the street; but come what might, let her cherish that picture as if it were life itself. For she saw with a startling clearness that William's future—and perhaps her own—was bound up in its fortunes.

This surmise as to trouble ahead was borne out very exactly by events. When, accompanied by William, she returned to tea in a state as near positive happiness as she had ever known, Uncle Si's aspect was so hostile that it would not have been surprising had she been sent packing there and then. The presence of William helped to restrain the anger of S. Gedge, Antiques, since there was more to lose than to gain just now by fixing a quarrel upon him; but it was clear that the old man did not intend to pass over the incident lightly.

"Niece," he began the moment his cup had been handed to him, "kindly tell me what you mean by gallivanting about London."

A hot flame of resentment ran in June's cheek. But she was too proud to express it otherwise than by rather elaborately holding her peace. She continued to pour out tea just as if not a word had been said on the subject.

"It's my fault, sir," said William, stepping into the breach chivalrously, but with an absence of tact. "Miss June very kindly consented to come and look at the Van Roon."

"There must be no more of it." Miss June received the full benefit of a north eye. "I will not have you going about with a young man, least of all a young man earning fifteen shillings a week in my employ."

It was now the turn of William's cheek to feel the flame, but it was not in his nature to fight over a thing of that kind, even had he been in a position to do so. Besides, it hardly needed his master to tell him that he had been guilty of presumption. Indeed the circumstances of the case made it almost impossible for either of the culprits to defend such conduct in the other's presence. Yet June, to the intense astonishment of Uncle Si, and no doubt to her own, contrived to give battle in hostile territory.

"I can only say," she remarked with a fearlessness so amazing that Uncle Si scalded his mouth by drinking out of his cup instead of out of his saucer, "that if fifteen shillings a week is all that William gets it is just about time he had a rise in his wages."

For a moment Uncle Si could only splutter. Then he took off his spectacles and wiped them fiercely.

"Gracious goodness me! God bless my body and my soul!"

June would not have been at all surprised had the old slave driver thrown a fit.

"William is very clever," she said, undaunted.

"Niece, hold your tongue!" The words came through clenched teeth. "And understand, once for all, that I'll have no more carryings-on. If you don't look out you'll find your box in the street."

Having put June out of action the old man turned his attention to William. But with him he walked more delicately. There must be no more Van Rooning, but the ukase was given in a tone so oily that June just had to smile.

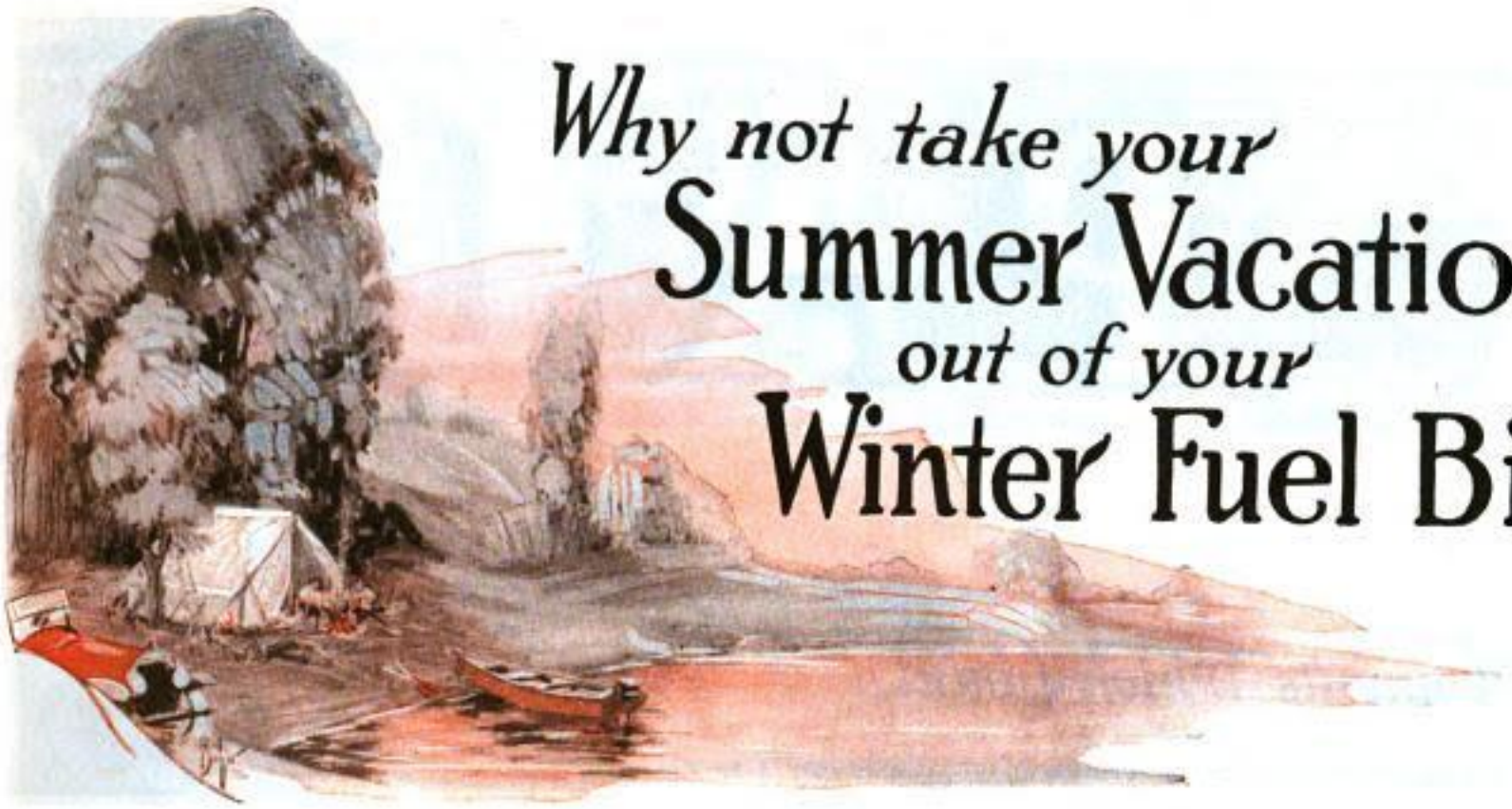
In spite of his own edict, however, it was clear that Van Roon continued much in the mind of William's master. The next day was Sunday. Instead of taking the air of the West Central Postal District, his custom, as a rule, when the forenoon was fine, he spent most of the morning with the young man in the studio. June felt this boded so ill that she went about her household chores in a fever of anxiety. She was sure that Uncle Si had fully made up his mind to have the picture; he meant also to have it at his own price. However, she had fully made up hers that this tragedy simply must not occur.

XIV

JUNE, preparing for dinner a Yorkshire pudding, brought an acute mind to bear on the still graver problem before it. What would happen when Uncle Si found out that William had been persuaded to give her the picture? It was a question she was bound to ask, yet she dared not foretell the answer. William and she were completely in his power. Wholly dependent upon the food and lodging the old man provided and the few shillings a week with which he grudgingly supplemented them, they could not afford to come to an open breach with

(Continued on Page 51)

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Why not take your Summer Vacation *out of your* Winter Fuel Bills?

WHY not? If you heat your home you spend far more than enough to pay for a Summer outing. You can save a large part of this expense.

Read this page. Here is no vague promise of fuel economy that depends on how you throw a shovelful of fuel on the fire. It is a clear explanation of how a better heating system, the Mueller Convector, will cut **your** fuel bills.

First of all, thousands of Convector owners will tell you that they heat their homes with ⅓ to ½ less fuel than they once used with other methods of heating. If you asked them why, they might say, "Because the Convector burns any fuel you care to use, with greater efficiency".

It does. But this is not the whole reason for this huge saving. Efficient fuel burning is only the beginning of economy in heating. What happens to the heat that comes from your fuel?.....What form of heat is it?.....Do you use more than you need?.....These are the important questions.

Millions of Dollars in Heat Are Wasted Through Windows Every Year

Wasted in heat that drifts aimlessly out, simply because some heating systems do not control the movement of warmed air in homes and buildings. People are in the habit of calling this **ventilation,** but a large share of it is not ventilation at all—**it is sheer waste.**

Suppose you are heating a room with stoves, or other direct heating apparatus. You lower a window at the top and raise another slightly—a favorite means of securing so-called ventilation. Immediately a current of fresh air enters at the bottom of the window, makes its way to the heating unit in the room where it is warmed, and it rises at once to the ceiling.

Here a large share of it will be caught by the warm air current that is certain to be leaving through the window open at the top. This fresh air enters, steals the heat from your heating system, and leaves like a thief. It doesn't ventilate. This is why you can have several windows open and still have stuffy air, still suffer from headaches and ill health.

Some time ago a physician advocated the use of electric fans in Winter to prevent this waste, and bring better health to those whose homes and buildings are heated in this inefficient manner.

The Convector changes all this. Installed in the basement, where the entire heating system belongs, the Convector circulates warmed, healthfully moistened air throughout all your home from one register on the first floor. It doesn't need pipes or fans—in fact, **no system of pipes and fans** could circulate air so evenly over your home as the Convector does, by depending upon the natural law of air circulation.

This complete circulation of air places ventilation absolutely under your control. You can have just as much fresh air as you please. **Wherever it enters you know that it is going to every room**—all the fresh air that enters is used to ventilate. It is not sneaking out again with your heat.

This is why the Convector gives you better air to breathe, why you need never suffer from cold drafts, why you will have more even heat, why less heat is wasted with this remarkable system.

The Convector Changes Wasteful Heat to Useful Heat of Convection

From 40% to 60% of the heat from many systems is **radiant heat,** the kind of heat given off by an open fire and, in a great degree, by **any hot metal surface,** especially stoves. This is the most wasteful form of heat used in homes and buildings. It always makes the temperature uneven, it strikes but one side of us at a time. It is rapidly absorbed by walls, and more than half of it passes through windows.

The Convector gives no spotty, uneven, wasteful, radiant heat. Radiant heat given off by the hot metal of the Convector's large heating surface is changed to useful **heat of convection** by the air-spaced metal casing surrounding the Convector. This heat of convection warms the **air,** and it is sent evenly throughout your home.

This is the second great reason for Convector economy, and the reason for the name CONVECTOR.

And in Spring or Fall When Many Systems Waste Fuel

—when they are hard to regulate, and rooms get too hot or too cold, the Convector never falters in its economy. It is more quickly and easily regulated to temperature change than any other type of heating system.

A quick fire, a little fuel, and the chill and damp are gone from a cool October day. No waiting until the system "warms up"—it warms up as quickly as the fire is built. You do not need to burn a pound more fuel than the weather demands. If the temperature is fifty degrees, you regulate the fire for a fifty degree day. A chilly April has no terrors for your fuel bin.

Think of the saving! More than half the days you need heat are **mild days.** Think of the satisfaction in knowing that you can be quickly comfortable in any weather without fuel waste!

This quick, direct fuel burning regulation makes the Convector the universal system. From Alaska to Mexico it permits every home owner to get most from his fuel dollars—enjoy year-round comfort without extravagance.

Every Known Heating Comfort at Least Cost

These are the reasons for Convector economy. What other method of heating combines them all?

(1) The Convector ventilates your home and saves fuel in doing it.

(2) It keeps wasteful, spotty, radiant heat out of your living rooms and saves fuel in doing it.

(3) It makes you quickly comfortable any time without fuel waste.

Now that you know just why the Convector saves fuel for its owners—now that you know it is not imagination that tells them they are keeping in their pockets from ⅓ to ½ the money they once spent for fuel—why shouldn't you have a Convector in **your** home?

It is easily managed. The installation, even in a finished house, is made in less than a day's time without tearing up walls or floors, and you can secure the size you need from a dealer near you—**ON EASY TERMS IF YOU DESIRE,** even though the cost is remarkably low.

Free Offer

No matter how you heat your home now, send the request form below. It will bring you complete details about a Convector installation for your home and a copy of "Heat, What it is and How to Use it"—some of the most useful information ever collected about home heating. No obligation—**and it's worth having.**

L. J. MUELLER FURNACE CO.
246 Reed Street, Milwaukee, Wis.
Makers of Warm Air, Steam, Vapor and Hot Water Heating Systems
ESTABLISHED 1857



***SALESMEN:** We have places for several proved men who want an excellent product to back their ability. Write us.*

***DEALERS:** Write now for details of exclusive sales plan. This is an unusual opportunity for good business.*

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P. n.

L. J. MUELLER FURNACE CO.,
246 Reed St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Gentlemen:

☐ Please send me without cost a copy of your book on HEAT.

☐ Please send me complete information about the CONVECTOR.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

MUELLER CONVECTOR

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Moments Which Count

WHEN you are conscious of the scrutiny of interested eyes which appraise every detail of your appearance, can you sit serene, secure in the consciousness that there is nothing to criticise but everything to admire?

Happy is the girl who can answer "Yes" in these all important moments. She is the girl who knows that her fresh, clear skin and smooth, white neck and arms are sure to command admiration.

The girl who is not so sure of her personal attractiveness, who is conscious that complexion defects may affect her popularity, should waste no time remedying these conditions. The secret is cosmetic cleanliness, which keeps the skin free from clogging accumulations.

Once a day, do this

Once a day, preferably at bedtime, give your face a thorough cleansing. This doesn't mean a harsh, irritating scrub but a cosmetic cleansing accomplished by the gentlest possible means.

Soap is necessary, but only the mildest soap should be used. This is Palmolive, blended from palm and olive oils.

Once you experience the mild, soothing effect of its smooth, creamy lather, you will recognize daily cleansing as the surest complexion beautifier.

Removal, once a day, of the accumulations of dirt, oil, perspiration and the remaining traces of cold cream and powder is absolutely essential to a clear, fresh skin.

Neglect results in clogged pores, coarse texture and blackheads. When the accumulated soil carries infection, pimples are the result.



Made from Palm and Olive Oils



Happy is the girl
clear skin and smoot
sure to co

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s that her fresh,
neck and arms are
miration

An Ancient Secret

THE value of beautifying cleansing was discovered long ago, in the days of ancient Egypt. It was Cleopatra's secret—whatever the embellishments she employed, they were applied after the daily bath with palm and olive oils as cleansers.

The great queen was famous for her beauty long after early youth was passed. She kept her looks with the aid of the same gentle, stimulating cleansing which we recommend today.

Not for faces only

Just as Cleopatra used palm and olive oils for bathing, so should the modern woman adopt Palmolive for her daily bath.

For beauty of complexion extends beyond the face—neck, arms and shoulders are as noticeable for attractive smoothness.

This smoothness is best secured and retained by the soothing, softening action of palm and olive oils as enjoyed in creamy Palmolive.

Blended from the same oils

Palmolive is blended from the same costly oriental oils which served Cleopatra as cleanser and beautifier. We import them from overseas in vast quantity to keep the Palmolive factories at work day and night. This is necessary to supply the world-wide demand.

This popularity has reduced price, as manufacturing volume permits economies which lower production costs. Thus we are able to supply Palmolive for only 10 cents a cake.

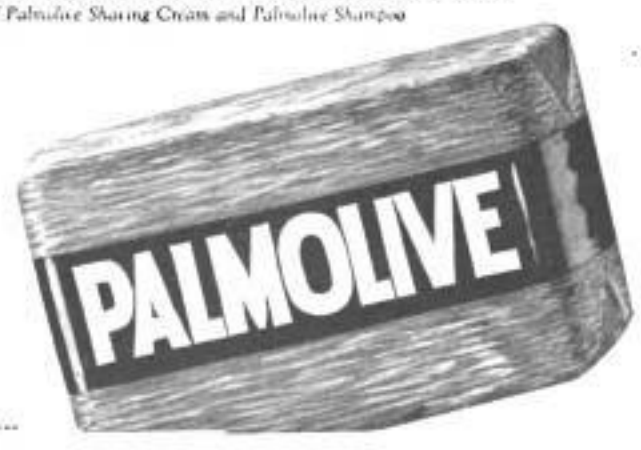
So while Palmolive ranks first as finest facial soap, you can afford to follow Cleopatra's example and use it for bathing.

Remember that complexion beauty does not end with the face, and beautify your body with Palmolive.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Milwaukee, U. S. A.
THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA, Limited, TORONTO, CANADA
Also makers of Palmolive Shaving Cream and Palmolive Shampoo

Volume and Efficiency Produce 25-cent Quality for Only

10c



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Rich in Cream
to the last drop

Every ounce in every can of Pet Milk is of uniform richness—no separation, no thin milk in the bottom. The last drop is as full of cream as the first.

Undiluted, Pet Milk is fine as cream. Diluted, one pint of Pet equals two pints of very rich milk or three pints of ordinary cooking milk.

Pet Milk perfectly meets the daily need for both milk and cream. It is economical and convenient. Ask for free copy of Pet Recipe Book. The Helvetia Company (Originators of the Evaporated Milk Industry) General Offices, St. Louis.

TRY THIS PEACH SHORT CAKE

2 cups flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon sugar
Sliced peaches
⅓ cup butter
¾ cup Pet Milk diluted with ½ cup water

Mix dry ingredients, sift twice, work in butter with tips of fingers, and add diluted milk gradually. Toss on floured board, divide in two parts. Roll out to fit buttered layer cake pan, and bake twelve minutes in hot oven. Spread each layer with butter and arrange sliced peaches between and on top, sweetened to taste.

Milk at its Best





The Choice of Experience

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(Continued from Page 46)

him; at the same time, to June's practical mind it would be an act of sheer madness to give up the rare thing that fortune had put into their hands.

Her need just then was the advice of some able and disinterested friend. There was only her power of putting two and two together to tell her that the picture might be worth a large sum. And even that did not allow her to know for certain; she must find a means of making sure. Unhappily there was not one person in the world to whom she could turn for advice, unless it was William himself; and in plain matters of business he seemed so hopelessly at sea—if they involved dealings with his master, at all events—that June was convinced he would be no use at all.

Beating up an egg for the Yorkshire pudding she felt a deep concern for what was now taking place up that second pair of stairs in the garret next the tiles. Vainly she wished that she had had the sense to ask William to keep back as long as possible the fact that he had given the picture to her. But the mere request would have opened the door to another anxiety. If the picture was what he thought it was, could such a gift, made in such circumstances, be regarded as irrevocable? That must be left to the giver himself to decide—assuming the simpleton had enough strength of mind to prevent Uncle Si deciding it for him.

The pudding was just ready for the oven when she heard Uncle Si come downstairs. He went into the parlor, where every Sunday morning, with the help of the Exchange and Mart and half an ounce of shag, he spent an hour in meditation. As soon as the door closed upon the old man June ran atticwards to confer with William.

There was no beating about the bush. Bursting in upon him breathlessly she cried, "I hope you have not told Uncle Si the picture is mine. I had meant to warn you not to do so on any account—not for the present, at all events."

William looked up from the treasure with his absorbed air; but it appeared that as yet he had not let the cat out of the bag.

"I am very glad," June breathed freely again.

"I thought," said William sadly, "it would be best not to tell the master until after his dinner. But I fear that whenever he knows it will upset him terribly."

"Why should it?"

"It's like this, Miss June—the master is fairly setting his heart upon this picture."

"Then he'd better unset it," said June harshly.

Trouble came unmistakably into the expressive face of the picture's late owner.

"I am afraid it will be quite a blow to him if he doesn't get this beautiful thing," he said, gazing affectionately at what he held in his hand.

"And yet he thinks so little of it?"

"Oh, no! Not now. This morning he examined it so thoroughly that he's changed his mind."

June was not impressed by this face-about on the part of S. Gedge, Antiques. "If you ask me," she declared scornfully, "he changed his mind some time ago. But he's a bit too artful to let you know that."

"But why?" said William perplexedly.

"Don't you see that he thinks the more he cheapens it the easier it will be to get it off you?"

William could not bring himself to take so harsh a view.

"What does he offer for it now?" the new owner of the Van Roon sternly inquired.

"You are not fair to the dear old master, believe me, Miss June," said the sawney, with charming earnestness. "He has such a reverence for beauty that he cannot reckon it in terms of money. This morning I brought him to see with my eyes." Pride and affection deepened in the voice of the simpleton. "He has now such a regard for this lovely thing that he will not be happy until he possesses it, and I shall not be happy until you have given it to him."

June was simply aghast.

"But—but it was given to me!"

"I know—I know." The giver was pink with confusion. "But you see, Miss June, your uncle has quite set his heart on it. And I am wondering if you will return it to me, so that I may offer it to him as a token of love. No one could have had a better or kinder master. I owe everything to him." Suddenly, however, the young man was aware of her dismay. "I do hope you will not mind too much," he said anxiously. "If you will allow me I will give you something else."

June averted her eyes. "You gave me this; and you can't believe how much it means to me."

"Yes, I know you have a great feeling for it. To part with it will hurt you; I can see that. But please think of the dear old master's disappointment if he doesn't get it."

"He merely wants it to sell again."

"You are unjust to yourself, Miss June, in thinking so. Money does not enter into your feeling about this beautiful thing; it doesn't enter into mine. Why should it enter into the master's, whose love of art is so intense?"

"Because his love of money is intenser. It's his ruling passion. Where are your eyes that they can't see a thing as plain as that?"

She must be as gentle as she could with this absurd fellow, yet she knew only too well that such words must cause a wound. And the wound was willfully dealt. It was so important that he should be made to see the whole thing as really and truly it was. But her hope was slight that he would ever be brought to do so.

"I beg you," he said, almost with passion, "to let me have it back, so that I may give it to the dear old master."

"It is madness," said June bitterly. "He has no true feeling for the picture at all."

She saw that her words were unwise. They made her own position worse. But faced by such an appeal she had to do what she could on the spur of the moment.

"I know how much it means to you." Pain was clouding the eyes of this dreamer. "I know your love for it is equal to mine, but that will make our joy in giving it to your uncle so much the greater."

"But why to Uncle Si—of all people?"

"He wants it." William's voice was low and solemn. "At this moment I believe he wants it more than anything else in the world."

Said June with scorn, "He wants it as much as he wants a thousand pounds. And he doesn't want it more. I believe money is his god. Think of the fifteen shillings he pays you a week. It makes my blood boil!"

A quick flush sprang to the young man's cheek. "Money has nothing to do with this, Miss June."

"It has to do with everything."

Delicately he ventured to contradict. "Where love is money doesn't come in. I simply want to offer this priceless thing to the old master out of a full heart, as you might say."

"Then you shouldn't have parted with it." She hated herself for her words, but she was not in a mood to weigh them. "You have already had the pleasure of giving it to me, therefore it is only right that you should now deny yourself the pleasure of giving it to Uncle Si. It is like eating your cake and having it."

William was not apt in argument, and this was cogent reasoning. He lacked the wit to meet it, yet he stuck tenaciously to his guns.

"When you realize what this rare treasure means to the old man I'm sure you'll change your mind."

June shook her head. Secretly, however, she felt like weakening a bit. In the wistful voice was a note that hurt, but she could not afford to yield; there was far too much at stake.

"I shall have to think the matter over very carefully," she temporized. "And in the meantime, not a word to Uncle Si that the picture's mine."

She mustered the force of will to exact a promise. Bewildered, and a little incredulous, he gave it.

"I hope he doesn't hate me half as much as I hate myself," was the swift and sickening thought that annihilated June as she ran from the studio, having recollected with a pang of dismay that she had not put in the pudding for dinner.

XV

DINNER was a miserable meal. The Yorkshire pudding was light, the roast sirloin was done to a turn, the potatoes were white and floury, the kidney beans were tender, but June could find nothing in the way of appetite. The mere presence of William at the other side of the table was almost more than she could bear. So keen was her sense of a terribly false position that she dared not look at him. What did he think of her? How must she appear to one all high-minded goodness and generosity?

Surely he must know after what had just passed that her love of the picture was mere base deceit. Surely he must hold such an opinion of her now that he would never believe or trust her again. And the tragedy of it was that she could not hope to make him see the real motive which lay behind it all.

Seated at the table, making only a pretense of eating, but listening with growing anger and disgust to the artful change she now detected in the tone of Uncle Si, it was as if the chair in which she was was poised on the edge of an abyss. William must despise her quite as much as she despised the old crocodile, was the thought that turned her heart to stone.

S. Gedge, Antiques, having had the wit to discover the lie of the wind, had begun most successfully to trim his sails. An hour's careful examination of the picture that morning had convinced him that he had underrated its merits. There was very good work in it, and as a lifelong lover of art—with a devout glance at William—good work always appealed to him. But whether the thing as a whole was to be rated as highly as William put it—that, of course, was very much an open question. Still the picture had merit, and personally he should treasure it as much for William's sake as for its own.

June realized that it was now the turn of this cunning old fox to make love to the Van Roon's owner. But was he cunninger than she? Yet what concerned her more than anything just now was the plain fact that he had already managed to persuade himself that the treasure was his own property.

This was not the hour to disabuse his mind. And no matter when that hour came she foresaw a dire quarrel. She was now involved in a business to strain all the resources of her diplomacy. But William needed help. Cost what it might the task devolved upon her of looking after his affairs.

William, meanwhile, in his own peculiar way, seemed not averse from looking after hers. After dinner her first duty was to clear the table and wash up; and he simply insisted upon bearing a hand. He carried the tray into the back kitchen, and then, almost with defiance, presided at the washing of the crockery, while she had to be content with the humbler office of drying it.

"It's your hands I'm thinking of, Miss June."

"My hands are no affair of yours," was the terse reply.

The lover of beauty shyly declared that such hands were not meant for such a task.

"Nothing to write home about—my hands aren't."

Politely skeptical, William drew from his pocket a bit of pumice stone.

"It is to take the soils out of your fingers," he said, offering this talisman shyly.

June's face was now a tawny scarlet. She did not know whether to laugh or to be angry. Yet how was it possible to be angry with a creature who was so charmingly absurd?

"May I take them out for you?"

The answer was no.

But somehow her face must have said yes, for without more ado the amazing fellow took one of her hands and with nice discretion began to apply the pumice stone.

"There, now," he said finally.

A stern rebuke trembled upon her lips, yet with the best will in the world it could not find a form of words whereby to get itself uttered.

XVI

A LITTLE later in the day Uncle Si came into the back kitchen where June was at work. It seemed that he had an announcement to make.

"Niece, there's a piece of news for you. I've decided to take Mrs. Runciman back."

June saw no reason why Mrs. Runciman should not be taken back. Indeed she would welcome the return of the charwoman. It would certainly reduce the burden of her own labors, which was by no means light.

"Niece, you and I are not going to hit it off; I can see that. Already there's been too much of your interference. Next thing you'll upset that boy. And I wouldn't have that happen—not for a thousand pound. So I think the best thing I can do is to take Mrs. Runciman back, and get her to find you a job."

"For me?" said June slowly. "Mrs. Runciman find a job for me?"

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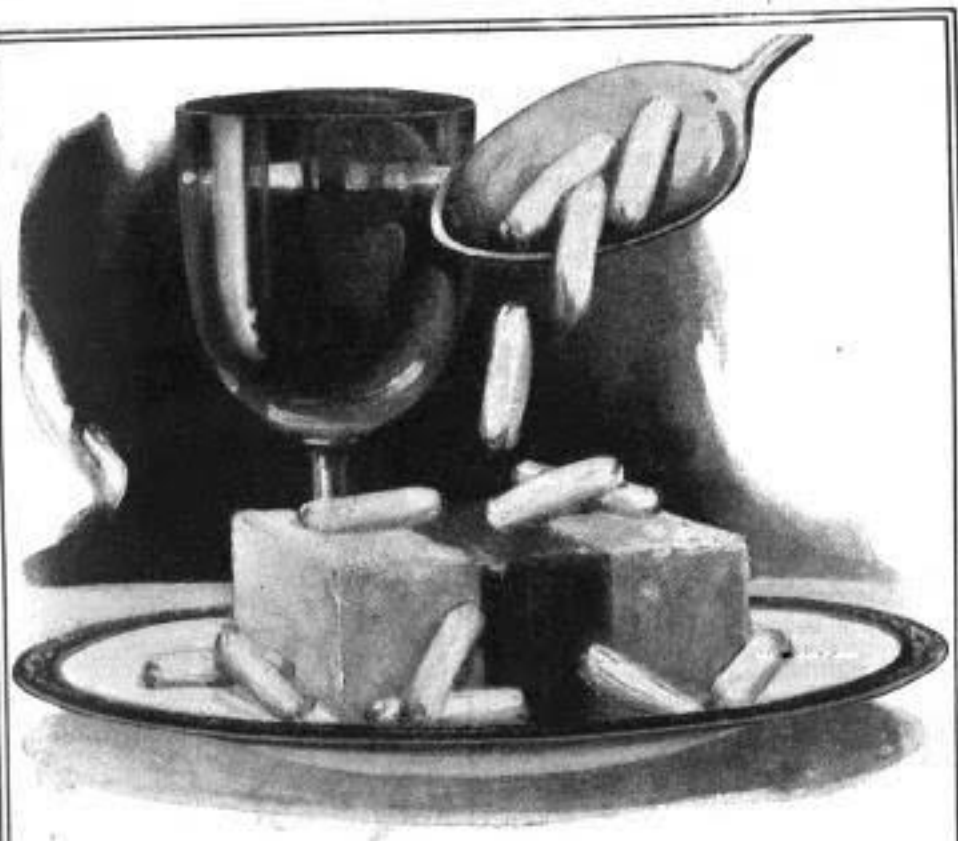
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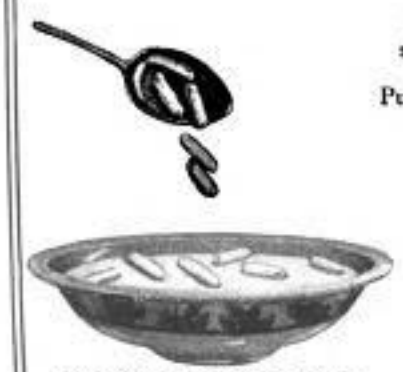
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"If she comes back you'll have to go. I can't afford to keep a couple o' women eating their heads off. The times don't run to it."

"What sort of a job do you expect a charwoman to find for me?" June asked, biting her lip.

"She may know of somebody who wants a domestic help. As far as I can see, you are not fit for anything else."

That was true enough, as June felt with a sharp pang. She was a girl without any sort of training except in the tedium of housework. No other career was open to her, and she was going to be turned adrift. There came a hot flame to her cheeks, a sting of quick tears to her eyes. She was a proud and ambitious girl; never had she felt humiliation's bite so keen.

"If you stay here," said Uncle Si, "you're sure to upset that boy. And, as I say, rather than that should happen I'd pay a thousand pounds to a hospital."

June made no reply. But in a surge of feeling she went up to her attic, and with rage in her heart flung herself full-length on the bed.

The blow was fully expected, yet that hardly made the weight of it less. Soon or late this miser was bound to turn her out-of-doors; yet coming at such a time the decree was in the nature of a calamity.

Well, she must face it! Domestic service was the only thing to which she could turn her hand, and that, she foresaw, was likely to prove a form of slavery. A future, hard, confined and miserable, lay in front of her.

Bitterly she regretted now that she had not been able to fit herself for some other way of life. She had had a reasonably good education, as far as it went, in her native town of Blackhampton, where her father had at one time been in a moderately good position. But he had died when she was fourteen. And her mother, with health completely broken several years before her death, had been left so badly off that June perforce had to give up all thoughts of a career. Stifling vague ambitions she had bravely submitted to the yoke, but in spite of a sense of duty honestly, even nobly done, the sequel was a grim distaste for household drudgery. And this had not been made less by a month under the roof of S. Gedge, Antiques.

With a gnawing sense of misery that was like a toothache June slid off the bed and looked at herself in the cracked mirror which adorned her crazy dressing table. Her only assets were comprised in her personal appearance. Instinctively she took stock of them. Alas, as she beheld them now, they were pretty much a washout.

First to strike her was the telltale redness of her eyelids, and that disgusted her to begin with. But apart from that, she felt in her own mind that her personality could hardly be considered attractive. She was but half educated, she had talked with only a few people in the course of her life, Blackhampton was the only town she had ever known, and only the most middling of its society had come within her ken.

Honestly she was not pretty, she was not clever, and she knew next to nothing of the world. Even at Blackhampton, where the supply of smart girls was strictly limited, she had never passed for anything out of the common. She had felt sometimes that her nature was too serious. In a girl a serious nature was a handicap, she had once heard Mr. Boultby, the druggist at the corner of Curzon Street, remark. One asset, however, she certainly had. The mop of golden-brown hair had always been her stand-by, and Mr. Boultby, that sage and man of the world, had paid her compliments upon it. An artist would revel in it, he had said. Certainly there was a lot of it, and the color having aroused comment even in her early days at the high school among her form mates, it was no doubt rather striking. She was also inclined to be tall and long in the leg; she knew that her shoulders and chest were good; she prided herself upon the neatness of her ankles, yet at the back of her shrewd mind lurked the fear that the general effect must be plainness, not beauty. She had heard Mr. Boultby, always a friend, describe her as unusual, but she felt that it was his polite way of saying she was not so good-looking as she might be.

No, wherever her fortune might lie, it was not in her face. Once or twice, in her romantic Blackhampton phases, which at best were very brief and few, she had thought of the stage. But one month of London had convinced her that it was not her line. Considering her inexperience of life her fund of horse sense was remarkable. She was a great believer in the doctrine of looking facts in the face. And the fact she had to meet now was that she was not in any way pretty or talented. Unless you were one or the other—and London was teeming with girls who were both—the doors of the theater were locked and barred.

Back on the edge of the bed she began to consider the question of learning shorthand and typing, so that she might become a clerk in an office. But her means were so limited that the plan was hardly feasible. Really it seemed that no career was open to her other than the one she loathed. And then the thought of William came. At once, by a strange magic, it eased the pressure. Heart, brain and will were merged in an immediate task; she must stand between this child of nature and the avarice of the master.

The sudden thought of William brought courage, tenacity, fighting power. She knew that at this moment he was on the other side of the wall. An impelling need urged her to go to him. Forgetful of red and swollen lids she got up at once and went and knocked on the studio door.

"Come in!" said a familiar voice.

William, as usual in that room, was pottering about amid oils, canvas and varnish. He was in shirt sleeves, he wore a large apron, his shock of fair hair, which gave him the look of a poet, was rumpled, there was a smudge on his cheek, but the absorption of his eyes, their look of intensity half filled her with awe.

She had really come to tell him that she was going to be sent away, but as soon as she found herself in his presence she was overcome by sheer pride. From the first this young man had treated her with a deference which implied that she was of a clay superior to his own. His bearing towards her always stressed the fact that she was the niece of his good master, and that he was a servant humbly grateful for his fifteen shillings a week.

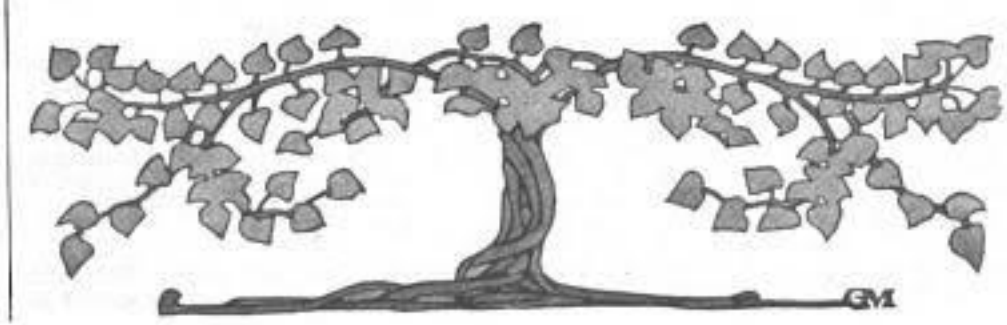
At first this attitude had fed her vanity in a subtle way. But now, in present circumstances, it seemed almost to enrage her. It was quite absurd that a man of such distinguished talent should place her upon a pedestal. The truth of the matter was she was unfit to lace his shoes, and it was amazing that he did not know it.

Upon her entrance William had immediately risen from his stool, and had bowed slightly over the pot of varnish he held in his hand, with a half humorous air of homage. "I know it's not me you've come to see," his gentle manner seemed to say; "it is this marvelous thing on the easel at my elbow."

All the same it was William she had come to see. She had come to him for countenance and sympathy. And it did not help her at all that she should be treated with a shy reserve. She craved to be told that his fastidious concern for her hands and the regard he had for a beauty in which she herself did not believe were more than mere chivalry towards women in general. Alas, in spite of the eager friendliness of her reception, this was not apparent. In the eyes of William she was just the master's niece, and the incident of the pumice stone was without significance, beyond the fact that he was no more than the least of her servants. It was very exasperating.

"But if you are wise," said a voice within, you will not let this gaby know that you think so."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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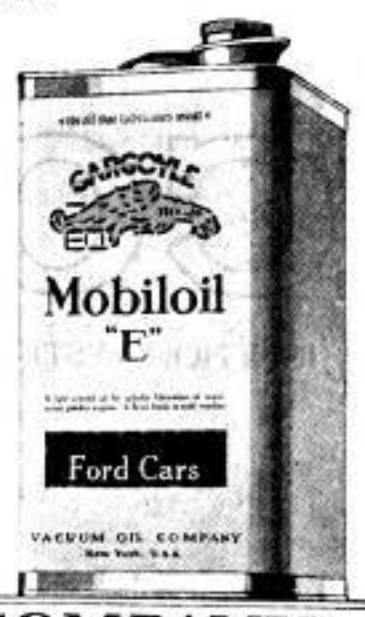
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VACUUM OIL COMPANY

MY LIFE

(Continued from Page 5)

market, and with the money it brings I will get you whatever you want."

So to me the bees seemed like true fairies, dispensing all good things, from the golden honey itself to the still more magic gold of the louis d'or, into which it could be transmuted. Now, on the eve of the greatest adventure I had yet undertaken, these winged fays came again with their tiny bags of treasure.

"Take this," said my aunt, pressing into my hand a knitted bagful of gold pieces. "It's all that we have made from the sale of the honey. Take it, and may it help you on your way!"

My darling little aunt! I can see her now, holding me in her arms on that day of parting. She was deeply moved, feeling that I was embarking on a long and dangerous journey. Margarido, as she packed my bags, expressed the anxiety that they both shared.

"Poor Fantoune! Poor child!" she murmured, shaking her head mournfully as she leaned over her task. "Where is she bound for? Paris is so big, so distant! Who knows what will happen to her? She is going so far away from us!"

She was almost in tears by the time everything was ready. I kissed my aunt and hurried away, followed by the old servant, carrying my bags. We went down the hill path to the highway below, where I could catch the diligence for Clermont and Paris. I must have looked a melancholy little Manon, standing by the side of the road, surrounded by bags and boxes, waiting with a sinking heart for the stagecoach and my fate!

When it came the only seat vacant was on the very top. I was hoisted up there onto the *impériale*, and found myself installed next to an old gentleman who did his best to make me comfortable. I was grateful for his kindness, and, exhausted by my emotions and lulled by the rocking of the coach, I dropped off to sleep.

Suddenly I felt an arm around my waist. My old friend was becoming a little too attentive. I freed myself with a jerk, administering at the same time a resounding slap. The blow made such a noise that everyone on the coach knew what had happened. The driver stopped the horses. Everyone jumped out and talked at the top of their lungs. A sympathetic young man from the interior offered me a seat beside his parents. For the rest of the trip, until I joined my mother at Clermont, I was well cared for by these kind old people.

What a journey it was in those days, from La Bastide to Paris! We went by the way of Clermont-Ferrand and Moulins. It took us days and days, where now it is only a matter of hours. The way was long, and we stopped every two or three hours to change horses.

Hospitable taverns opened their doors to the weary travelers wherever the relays were made. What noble feasts were spread in the kitchens of those road houses! Chickens and ducks turned on spits before roaring fires, in appetizing readiness. One could eat like a king of all the good things of the earth, for the vast sum of one franc fifty, about ten cents at the present rate of exchange! Oh, times forever past! *Où sont les neiges d'antan?*

Once settled in Paris, we were faced with the problem of finding a teacher. My mother, with her usual courage and energy, went straight to the leading singing masters of the day and put the proposition to them in these terms:

"Give my daughter a hearing. You yourself will judge what talent she may have. I am not rich, but you can have entire confidence in me. We will pay you as soon as she has succeeded."

She was most fortunate in finding a well-known singing teacher, Jules Puget, a retired tenor of the opera, who was willing to accept these conditions. The lessons which he gave me were excellent. He taught the principles of the Italian *bel canto*, with which he was thoroughly familiar. He was a talented artist and had created several important rôles during his long career.

At the end of three years of study he advised me to obtain some concert engagements in order to accustom myself, little by little, to singing in public. My very first appearance was therefore on the concert stage in the tiny hall of the Théâtre de la Tour d'Auvergne. The building has long since disappeared, but at that time it was a favorite place for young singers to make their débuts. I was given fifty francs for my songs. With what pride, with what triumph, I carried my earnings back to my mother!

Like all singers, I have been asked repeatedly at what age I began to sing. It seems to me I have always sung. In my earliest childhood I used to hum all day long, imitating everything I heard around me. My mother had a very beautiful natural voice. Although not a musician, she sang charmingly all the old songs of France, folk songs in the dialects of the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, shepherds' songs from our own country of Aveyron. She had an enormous repertory. One day we tried to count and classify them. We found that, between us, we knew about two hundred!

In Paris we lived, my mother, my brothers and I, very modestly, indeed, in a little apartment on Montmartre. I left home before eight every morning, walking halfway across Paris to my lessons, through rain or snow, in soaking shoes. I grew rapidly; I was very thin.

Next door to us was a market run by a burly butcher and his wife. They greatly enjoyed listening to my singing when, during the hot summer days, I practiced with my windows open. One day my mother stopped at the shop to do her marketing.

"Your daughter has a pretty voice," the butcher remarked as he prepared her order. "My wife and I think she is a wonder."

"It's very kind of you to say so," my mother answered. "She works very hard, and I hope some day ——"

"Yes, she's a fine singer," he interrupted, "but she's too thin. Much too thin! She ought to eat lots of beefsteaks and cutlets."

My mother was taken by surprise at what appeared to be a rather crude way of increasing trade. Before she could answer, however, the astonishing man continued.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. "To prove to you how much confidence I have in your daughter's future, I'll open an account for you at this shop. You can pay me when she makes her début."

I have never forgotten these good people.

When I was singing at the Opéra Comique we always sent tickets to the musical butcher and his family. I have no doubt he sat there, telling anyone who would listen to him:

"Do you see that wonderful singer? It is entirely due to me that she is in such fine form!"

III

AFTER my first public appearance in Paris I traveled through France, giving a number of concerts with the Philharmonic Societies. These first successes increased my confidence, and I returned to Paris resolved to pursue my career with even greater determination. Our resources were rapidly diminishing. I was not yet twenty, but it behooved me to make my début immediately. Fortunately I had the opportunity to sing for the director of the Théâtre du Monnaie de Bruxelles. He listened to me attentively and seemed agreeably impressed.

"Could you be ready to sing the rôle of Marguerite in Faust within two weeks?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered, without the least hesitation.

As a matter of fact, I knew the ballad of the King of Thulé from Faust, and not another note! But I could not miss the opportunity. I signed the contract and immediately started to study the rôle.

It was no easy matter to memorize a whole part, words and music, in the short time at my disposal; but I had unbounded enthusiasm and an excellent memory. Three weeks later I made my début in Brussels. It was under these circumstances that I achieved my first operatic success. Undoubtedly I was extremely inexperienced; but my youth, my voice, and the simple, naïve manner in which I interpreted my rôle were apparently effective.

Immediately after this I sang in Massenet's Herodiade, and Cherubin and the Comtesse in the Noces de Figaro, in all of which I was received most cordially. My voice had a very great range, going from

(Continued on Page 57)

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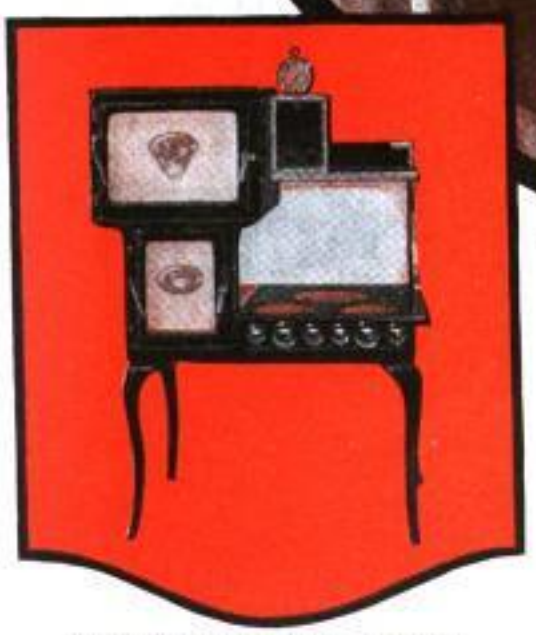
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(Continued from Page 54)

low A in the deep chest tones to E, above high C, in the high head notes. In fact, my range was so great that I was able to sing both Herodias and Salome in Herodiade, the first being a contralto and the second a soprano rôle.

I remember that I made a great hit at my first performance of Cherubin. Such an absurd incident! I laugh to this day when I think of it.

I was, as I have said, very slender at this time, and the appearance of my thin legs—spider's legs, as my mother called them—gave me the gravest concern. I hit upon a brilliant plan of overcoming this defect; and when I appeared on the stage the first night of the Noces de Figaro enormous calves of cotton swelled the dimensions of my silken tights. The old gentlemen in the front rows trained their opera glasses on these superb affairs. I was conscious of their attention and proud of my success, until I left the stage at the end of my first scene. In the wings the infuriated director was waiting for me.

"*Ah, ça!*" he shouted, pointing at my unfortunate legs. "What are those hideous lumps, I'd like to know? I am tempted to stick pins into them! Stupid child! Don't you know that everyone is laughing at you? Do you expect anyone to believe that those fat excrescences belong to you? Take them off instantly!"

And so it was that for the second act I had to make my entrance with my poor bean-stalk legs all unadorned! My mortification was intense. I tried to cover my legs with my cloak, but it was impossible. The audience saw the change instantly, and was highly amused. I was applauded and cheered uproariously, and indeed I doubt if I ever created quite so much excitement at the Monnaie as I did on that night of painful memory.

I earned in Brussels during my first year the vast sum of seven hundred francs a month. A fortune! How little would I have believed it had I been told that some day I would get ten thousand francs for a single evening's performance!

After my first season I went home for a rest and holiday. I was eager to share the news of my good fortune with all my relatives and friends in the town where I had been educated.

"What? You are singing in a theater?" exclaimed my aunt, when I told her of my engagement at Brussels. "My poor child! You will be everlastingly damned! Who would ever have thought such a thing possible? A little girl of our family going to be an actress—one of those women who could not be buried in consecrated ground in the old days! The *curé* himself has told me all about it. It's terrible, terrible!" she cried, rocking herself back and forth in her chair and bursting into tears. "I will pray for you!"

When I visited the convent where I had been educated I was received in much the same way. I arrived while the service was in progress, and I went up into the gallery of the chapel and sang Gounod's Ave Maria during the mass. How proud and happy I was to show my former teachers all the progress I had made! The mother superior received me afterward, affectionately but sadly.

"Alas, my dear child," she said, "what an unfortunate end for one who had hoped to take the veil! That a former president of the Daughters of Mary should go on the stage is sad indeed. Yet Monsieur l'Évêque foresaw it! He said long ago that you were a born artist." And she added, in the same words as my aunt, "We will pray for you!"

The most curious thing of all, however, happened the day that I visited the little village from whence our family came. The mayor ordered the tocsin rung to call the peasants in from the fields. They came running from all sides, just as they were, carrying their pitchforks, their rakes and scythes, expecting at the very least to find the town hall in flames! The mayor leaned out of the window and addressed the crowd in the square below.

"I have made you come here," he proclaimed in stentorian tones, "to listen to a little nightingale of these parts. It will sing to you from this very window. Listen well, and I am sure you will acclaim our accomplished compatriot, Mademoiselle Emma!"

Standing at the window, my eyes raised to our beautiful mountains, I sang with all my strength, with all my heart, gay songs and sad songs, everything I knew. I did my best, wishing to show all my skill to these men and women who had known me since my birth.

Finally I stopped. A dead silence greeted my efforts. Astonished, a little hurt, I went down among my listeners.

Addressing myself to my old friend the shepherd, "Blaise," I said, "what is the matter? Why don't you applaud me? Did I sing as badly as all that?"

The old man was hardly able to hide his emotion.

"Poor child! Poor little girl!" he stammered, his voice breaking with tears. "How you scream! How it must hurt you! You are wearing out your life! You are wearing it out! Such waste of strength! It's dreadful!"

So was the news that filled my mother and myself with joy and pride received by our people! Everyone was heartbroken, even to my cousin, the canon, who, that I might enter into paradise, said his mass every morning for twenty years for the salvation of my soul!

In spite of this discouraging attitude at home I continued my engagement in Brussels. My master, Puget, in order to give me confidence, had assured me that my performance was perfect. At that age one is credulous! I soon discovered for myself, however, that I had much to learn; and as soon as the next vacations began I returned to Paris to work. I had to find a new teacher, as my dear old master had died during my absence. I went, therefore, to Madame Marchesi, with whom I had studied for about six months.

While I was her pupil it was my good fortune to hear and see the marvelous Krauss at close range. I had a tremendous admiration for this great lyric tragedian. Her voice was not beautiful, and she had occasionally a marked tremolo. Her appearance ordinarily was unattractive, even ugly; but when she sang she was transfigured. She became beautiful, inspired! She was able to thrill even the audiences of the Opéra, that public of *dilettanti* so difficult to please or move! I heard her in Gounod's Sapho, in the Tribut de Zamora and Henri VIII of Saint-Saëns; in fact, in all her famous creations.

On the first night of the Tribut she surpassed even herself. It was in the battle scene, where, ardent patriot, desperately wounded, she sang a battle hymn to the soldiers that surrounded her. Dragging herself on her knees across the stage, she reached the footlights. In a final effort that seemed to lift her out of herself she rose to her feet, singing, "*Debout, enfants de l'Ibérie!*"

I and my companions were in the first row of the orchestra. It was like a sword thrust, a physical blow. We cried out and leaped to our feet. The whole audience rose, electrified, transported, surging forward in answer to her inspired call.

One afternoon at about this same period Krauss was singing at the home of Madame Marchesi. Liszt was present. He sat silent and unmoved amidst the enthusiastic acclamations of the rest of us. I felt that he did not appreciate my idol, and was almost indignant with him for his indifference.

In the course of the afternoon, Madame Marchesi asked him if he would accompany Madame Krauss, who was about to sing the Erl-König. "I do not wish to," he answered brutally. "She is too ugly, and she has a tremolo."

His hostess, however, quietly insisted.

"Very well, then," he conceded grudgingly. "I warn you now, though, that if her singing does not satisfy me I will stop in the middle and leave."

"I am not in the least anxious," Madame Marchesi answered.

Liszt rose and crossed the room with obvious reluctance. I can see him now as he sat down at the piano. His lion's mane thrown back, his talons crashing down on the sonorous keyboard, he attacked Schubert's admirable prelude. He alone, with his incredible force, was as mighty as a whole orchestra.

Madame Krauss, who had heard the uncomplimentary remarks of the great man, rose to her feet. Pale but resolute, her eyes on the master's face, she began to sing. Almost immediately he raised his head, attentive, surprised. His eyes met those of the tragedian and could not leave her face.

In a poignant communion, intense, transcendent, their spirits met and mingled. They swept us with them, in their tragic ecstasy. It was tremendous, indescribable! Little by little, Liszt had risen to his feet. As the last notes died away he held out his arms to the inspired singer.

"Forgive me, my sister, my child!" he exclaimed in a voice broken with emotion.

Krauss, completely exhausted by her prodigious effort, could only murmur "Thank you" as she sank into her chair.

More than twenty years later all the leading musicians of the day were asked in a newspaper interview to describe the moment in their lives when music had most deeply moved them. Without exception, all those who had been present on that unforgetable occasion answered, "The day, at Madame Marchesi's, when Liszt accompanied Madame Krauss in the Erl-König."

I myself was so profoundly impressed that never since then have I dared to sing that admirable ballad, feeling myself incapable of reaching such tremendous heights.

Not long after this, while I was still a pupil of Madame Marchesi, I was engaged by Victor Maurel to create the rôle of Bianca in Théodore Dubois' opera, Aben-Hamet, at the Théâtre des Italiens. The celebrated barytone sang Aben-Hamet in this production. This rôle was one of his most remarkable creations. He gave me invaluable advice and assistance in developing my own part. I have always been deeply grateful to him for the lessons in lyric declamations which I received from him, and which have greatly influenced my artistic career.

After I had sung for a few months at the Théâtre des Italiens, Carvalho, director of the Opéra Comique, engaged me for the principal rôle of the Chevalier Jean de Joncières, in which I had a considerable success, due to my youth, my voice and the striking picture I made in the gorgeous costumes, unusual in those days, which were provided for the part.

I sang Cherubin in Mozart's Noces de Figaro with Madame Carvalho, wife of the director. She was at the end of her long and successful career, but she consented to sing for us in order to teach us her exquisite art. I knew her well and loved her greatly. It was she who created the leading rôles in Gounod's finest operas. An accomplished singer, possessing an admirable diction, she personified French lyric art in all its refinement, its restraint and charm. She was the idol of her generation.

I remained two years at the Opéra Comique; but, in spite of my voice and my dramatic ability, my success was not striking. I felt that I could learn much by a change of environment, and I longed for Italy, feeling that there, in contact with a new world of art, and under warmer skies, I could best develop and expand. My desire was achieved when I obtained an engagement at the Scala of Milan. There I was asked to create the leading rôle in the opera Flora Mirabilio, by Samara.

IV

I WENT to Milan with all the faults and all the advantages of my youth. My seasons at the Opéra Comique had taught me nothing. I seemed only to have acquired a new timidity, which paralyzed my faculties at the most crucial moment. In spite of the burning fires within me, I gave the effect of being cold, for I was unable to communicate with my audience or in any way to express my emotions.

The night of my début at the Scala I was horribly frightened. I sang out of tune and lost my head completely. The audience hissed me, and quite rightly! How often, since then, have I blessed that fortunate hissing which made me realize my shortcomings and spurred me to undertake the serious studies which I so much needed!

I returned to Paris in a state of despair, ready to make corsets rather than continue my career. I was rescued from this fate by M. Hugel, the well-known publisher, who took me to Mme. Rosina Laborde. This remarkable singing mistress is so widely known that I need not enlarge upon her extraordinary gifts as a teacher. Her conscientiousness and her patience were beyond praise, and it was from her that I learned the fundamentals of my art.

During the period that followed my disastrous appearance at Milan I changed very greatly. Not only did my voice improve through the wise and experienced teaching of Madame Laborde but my character and personality developed and crystallized. I am reminded in this connection of a remark made by Madame Malibran about La Sontag, at a time when the two famous opera singers were appearing at the same theater. Each one had her



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It's many a hearty thrashing
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Mother's whippings didn't count—
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ardent followers and partisans, and one day an admirer of Malibran, trying to be ingratiating and pleasant, began to speak disparagingly of La Sontag, saying that she had neither feeling nor artistic temperament.

"Wait until she has lived and suffered," answered Malibran. "You will be astonished at the transformation which will take place in her personality; you will see its effect on her art."

It so happened that not long after this conversation La Sontag experienced a deep misfortune. Returning later to the very theater where she had been criticized for her lack of feeling, she achieved a triumphant success. The beautiful statue had come to life. La Malibran had foretold truly.

My own experience was very much the same. During the first years of my career I was, as I have said before, unable to express what I felt. I often heard the same criticism made of me as had been made of La Sontag in her early days.

At the very moment that I started my work with Madame Laborde I suffered a great sorrow, the first tragedy that had touched my young life. Of that I still cannot speak. It is enough that the shock was so violent that I fell seriously ill. For a whole year my condition was almost desperate; but my youth and natural vitality struggled against the forces of sickness and despair, and finally triumphed.

The process was slow and my convalescence long. During the interminable months of recovery I read a great deal and meditated on many things which until that time had not held my attention. In the crucible of pain and suffering my spirit seemed to have developed a new sensitiveness, a new power of sympathy, a wider understanding of life and art.

When, later, I returned to the stage I found that I knew at last how to communicate with my audience; how to reach the public and make it feel my joy or sorrow, my happiness or pain.

v

MY HEALTH restored, I took up my work with Madame Laborde, preparatory to continuing my career. I was now more ready than ever to understand and appreciate what my teacher had to give me, and my progress was remarkably rapid. Madame Laborde had had a long and successful operatic career. A pupil of Piermarini and a friend of Cherubini, she had appeared for many years in Italy. At one time she had sung with Patti and Alboni, and had made several extended tours with that great impresario.

Her début, however, had taken place in Paris, not in Italy. She appeared for the first time at the Théâtre des Italiens in 1840. She was then only sixteen years old, but to her dying day she never forgot that terrifying occasion, and used often to tell us about it. Just as she was about to make her entrance on the stage her singing master said to her:

"If you are unlucky enough not to sing well I will never come near you again! I will be in the front row of the orchestra, listening to you."

The poor child was so petrified with fear that her voice broke in her first phrase. Courageously, like a good little girl, she began over again; and in order to show that she really knew how she proceeded to improvise eight or ten cadenzas, one after the other. The public, enchanted by her sweet ingenuousness, went wild with joy. Her success was complete. Even her master was disarmed.

She was a member of the Paris Opera for many years. Then, after her Italian tour, she returned to Paris and founded her school of singing. She had a truly phenomenal patience with her pupils. I remember on one occasion she made me repeat a phrase from the mad scene of Ophelia eighty separate times. I was ready to cry with nervousness and exhaustion when she finally allowed me to rest.

"That will do very nicely," she remarked tranquilly at the end of the ordeal. "You are worthy of being my pupil, for you are beginning to learn patience."

I truly believe that I will be able to sing that phrase on my deathbed, so deeply is it imbedded in my larynx.

Madame Laborde had an impeccable style and perfect diction. She allowed no compromise, forbidding all *portamento* and bad attacks. She called me her best, her most grateful pupil, and I had in turn a very deep affection for her, full of respect and admiration. No cloud ever came between us or dimmed the glow of our long and perfect friendship.

During the years that I knew her she told me countless delightful stories. It seemed to me that, through her, I came to know all the artists of her period. She had known Madame Malibran, La Pasta, La Sontag, La Frezzolini, Grisi, Mario, Tamborini, Lablache. She would describe to us their way of singing, their gestures and stagecraft, all the traditions of the fine old Italian school. She had an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes and a ready wit. Her gift of description was remarkable. Her stories usually began, "It was in the year 1840."

She had known the mother of Patti, apparently a most disagreeable woman. One evening this fiery lady was singing with a companion who had false eyebrows. At that time it was the custom to shave the natural brows and glue on false ones at a more dramatic angle.

Patti's mother, jealous and furious at the success of her comrade, began to stare at her fixedly.

"What is the matter?" the other whispered under her breath.

"Your right eyebrow has fallen off!" came the answer, *sotto voce*.

The poor victim, horrified, tore off her left eyebrow and remained for the rest of the act with only her right one in place!

On another occasion this high-tempered singer, whose besetting sin seems to have been jealousy, became annoyed at the applause given Lablache, with whom she was singing. She seized one of the wreaths destined for him, and planting it on her own head approached the footlights.

"I have well deserved it myself!" she exclaimed to the astonished audience.

Apropos of Lablache, I recall a most diverting incident. He was staying at one time in the same hotel in which General Tom Thumb, the dwarf, had an apartment. Tom Thumb was very popular and had many visitors.

One day a lady, seeking the general, entered Lablache's apartment by mistake. She found herself face to face with the enormous singer, who, besides being very tall, was corpulent as well.

"I was calling on General Tom Thumb!" the astonished visitor stammered.

"I am he," answered the giant gravely.

The lady, thoroughly bewildered, protested in surprise, "But, monsieur, I was told that Tom Thumb was the smallest man in the world!"

"Ah, yes," Lablache answered, "that is true—in public. But when I am at home I make myself comfortable!"

Madame Laborde said to me one day, "My dear child, take careful note of the way in which I teach, for you are one of the valiant spirits, and when you are old you will be giving lessons in your turn."

"Oh, no, never!" I exclaimed. "Never in the world! I have not enough patience!"

Yet fate willed that I should go back to the very same apartment where Madame Laborde gave lessons for more than forty years, and where I myself had studied so long!

It happened just after the war, during the time of great shortage of apartments in Paris. I had searched long and vainly for a place in which to live. One night I dreamed vividly of Madame Laborde. She came to my bedside, saying to me with her sweet smile, just as she used to when she was encouraging me to work:

"Patience, courage! You will come to me again!"

The next morning, impulsive as always, I rushed to the house where Madame Laborde had lived. I asked the *concierge* whether there was an apartment for rent. She assured me that there was nothing vacant, but at the same time told me that Madame Laborde's niece was in Paris and could tell me the exact situation. I went to her immediately.

"Lily," I said, "you must rent me your apartment. You are here so seldom, you really don't need it. You are always in the country."

"No, Calvé," she answered discouragingly; "I have told you twenty times that I will not rent it. When I do come to Paris, even though it is not often, I like to return to my dear godmother's rooms. I am so happy to be once more among her things."

I told her my dream, hoping to soften her heart; but she interrupted me, saying that we must go to see her husband, who was ill at the moment. As soon as we came into

(Continued on Page 60)

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Tommy Milton, Los Angeles, March 5th, 1922. New track record of 110.8 miles per hour in 250-mile race.

Tommy Milton, Los Angeles, April 2nd, broke world's record for fifty miles—average 115.2 miles per hour.

Earl Cooper, San Francisco, April 17th, broke world's record for stock chassis—average 93.24 miles per hour.

Jimmy Murphy, April 27th, Fresno, Cal., new mile track record for 150 miles at 102.8 miles per hour.

Jimmy Murphy, May 7th, Santa Rosa, Cal., new 50-mile world record—average 116 miles per hour.

Jimmy Murphy, May 30, won the 500-mile International Sweepstakes at Indianapolis. New track record of 94.48 miles per hour. Broke all records for this distance.

Joe Thomas, San Francisco, June 15, won the 150-mile Golden Jubilee race. Average 107.7 miles per hour—without a tire change.

Jimmy Murphy, Uniontown, June 17, won the 225-mile Universal Trophy race and broke the track record by averaging 102.2 miles per hour.



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They're hiding now~BUT think of next winter!



THESE warm days it's easy to forget the Bad-Heating Imps. The Imps who ruined your comfort, your disposition, and your pocket book, last winter. The Imp of the banging pipes; the Imp of the ice-cold, air-bound radiator; the Imp of the leaky valve, dripping water and hissing steam.

But don't think for one minute that the crafty Imps have disappeared. They're just lying in wait to ruin your comfort and boost your coal bills next winter.

There's just one way to get rid of 'em. Just one way to have steam heat that's silent, efficient and coal-saving.

And that one way is to *call the Watchman*, the No. 1 Hoffman Valve! Have your Heating Contractor put No. 1 Valves on all your radiators *now!* Later, in the Fall, he'll be rushed to death trying to satisfy all the people who will need Hoffman Valves in a hurry. Do it *now* and laugh at the Bad-Heating Imps next winter!

Five full years of satisfactory service from Hoffman Valves is guaranteed you in writing.

"MORE HEAT FROM LESS COAL" is a booklet that tells all about Hoffman Valves and how they increase your comfort and lower your coal bills. Write for it today.

HOFFMAN SPECIALTY CO., *Inc.*
Main Office and Factory, Waterbury, Conn.

BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES

No. 1 Hoffman Valves, Watchmen of the Coal Pile, make steam radiators absolutely silent, efficient and coal-saving. They greatly increase your comfort and pay for themselves in coal saved. $2.15 sent to our Waterbury office will bring you one sample valve.

HOFFMAN VALVES

more heat from less coal

(Continued from Page 58)

the sick room the patient greeted me with these words:

"My dear Calvé, I have just had the most extraordinary dream! Not about you—about our godmother. She came to my bedside and said, 'Calvé must come to our house! She must come right away!'"

"When did you have this dream?" I asked.

"About three o'clock in the morning," he answered.

On the same night, at the same hour, we had had the same dream! We were all very much touched, and we talked long of our dear dead friend, recalling incidents and stories, evoking the memory of the charming woman who had been like a mother to us all. In the end they let me have the coveted apartment, where I lived and taught in the setting that so vividly recalled my youth and my studies.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Madame Calvé. The second will appear in an early issue.

WELCOME HOME

(Continued from Page 9)

the gloaming, one finds oneself drifting into wondering why, barring acts of God and business trips, Mr. Lunt's Aunt Caroline should ever feel called upon to come to New York.

Of course she does want to see her nephew and niece, whom she groups under the general heading of "those poor children"—a little phrase of hers which does not imply that the Lunts are in a thin way financially or that they are in bad health; it simply expresses her kindly pity for them because they live in New York. But even allowing for her natural desire to be with her dear ones, it does not seem that the sacrifice involved is worth it.

For Aunt Caroline seems to have a peculiarly poisonous time of it in the big city. She is unalterably against New York—a feeling which she splits with the something over seventy thousand transients that daily knock at its portals. The city-by-the-Hudson's hem, all right to visit is to them, and it is nothing more.

Like them, Aunt Caroline sees in Manhattan nothing but a mammoth reminder of how much better things are done back home. The distress which her annual visit causes her would make the suffering in the Near East look like so much spirit of Mardi Gras.

And Aunt Caroline is not the girl to suffer in silence. She isn't going to store it up in her mind, to brood over during the long winter evenings. She comes clean with it then and there. It's a rather nice idea, too, because it gives her something to chat about all through her visit.

The big object of Aunt Caroline's journey to New York seems to be to put the city in short pants, if you might say so. The moment she sets foot in the Grand Central Terminal she compares it audibly and unfavorably with the new railroad station back home, built as soon as a decent interval had elapsed after the old one burned to the ground. Escorted to the street by Mrs. Lunt, Aunt Caroline, after becoming promptly and passionately in the wrong as to which is up town and which down, gazes tolerantly up at the buildings and is reminded to tell, at considerable length, of the new six-story Beehive Store recently erected at the corner of Elm Street and Maple Avenue. The taxicab in which she presently finds herself but brings back audible memories of the superior qualities of the jitney line owned by that nice Mr. Gooch, who used to own the livery stable over on State Street.

A Critical Guest

In the short ride to the Lunt apartment she manages to work in at least three times the line about "New York may be all right for a visit, but I wouldn't live here if you gave me the place." That is Aunt Caroline's favorite, really, though she is only slightly less fond of that other sparkler of hers—"We live, back home; you exist, in New York."

Epigrammatic—that's Aunt Caroline down to the ground. There can be little doubt but that she picked up the mantle of Wilde somewhere.

Aunt Caroline stays with the Lunts but three or four days, but in that brief while she tears their bank roll wide open. She is not the sort of visitor who gets along on a couple of bus rides, a jaunt up the Statue of Liberty, a ramble through the Aquarium and a trip to the Hippodrome, and then returns home, broadened with travel.

She goes in for being entertained on a large scale. In the first place, she wants—and only natural too—to mingle with the pleasure seekers and learn what goes on in what she looks upon as the Hollywood of the Atlantic Coast. And in the second place—or no, on thinking it over, it would really be better to put this one first—Mr. Lunt has an admirably normal desire to demonstrate to Aunt Caroline, and thus vicariously to the inhabitants of his native town, that he has got along so spectacularly since leaving the village green that money is little, if any, object to him.

And then, besides, Mr. and Mrs. Lunt do want to give Aunt Caroline just the best of good times. I keep forgetting that one.

So every evening of her stay Aunt Caroline and the Lunts attend a highly popular play—naturally Aunt Caroline wants to see the big successes—sitting somewhere along about the fifth row, center. As a tribute to his personality the ticket agency has taken Mr. Lunt in on the inside, and let twenty-five dollars cover the three tickets.

During the play's unfolding, Aunt Caroline sets up an opposition entertainment—a discourse in full detail on the higher merits of the productions given weekly by the Florence Hemingway-Lester De Vaux stock company at the Majestic Theater back home. Those about her gather from her remarks that people from all over the world flock there, as to Oberammergau. She frequently wishes aloud that Mr. and Mrs. Lunt could see Miss Hemingway's and Mr. De Vaux's company present Lord and Lady Algy. She even volunteers, out of the goodness of her heart, to send them word next time the comedy is revived, so that they can abandon everything and rush right up.

Aunty Makes the Money Fly

Before the theater the Lunts, as is only fitting, have taken Aunt Caroline to dine at the Biltmore, the Knickerbocker Grill, the Commodore or the Pennsylvania; even on their annual outing they seldom feel quite up to making the grade at the Plaza or the Ritz.

Aunt Caroline takes it all pretty personally. She looks coldly about at the neighboring diners, and remarks that if you want to see a really stylish woman you should hurry and meet Mrs. Doctor Robbins, who lives in one of those new two-family houses out by Oak Park, and has every single stitch made in the house by a seamstress.

She all but runs a temperature over the prices that are demanded for the dishes she selects. But she courageously goes right ahead and orders them anyway, a dogged look about her mouth as if to say, "I'll put this management in its place!" I forget just who it was that got the bill passed through the Senate making it a misdemeanor for Aunt Caroline to eat anything but such foods as lobster thermidor, breast of guinea hen under glass, hearts of palm and baked Alaska when she is dining out. Certainly she never takes a chance of breaking the law.

During dinner she beguiles her host and hostess by comparing the food before her with that served by the Misses Amy and Lucretia Crouch at Ye Signe of Ye Green Teapotte, which they are conducting over in the old Lewis house on Evergreen Street—food which, she asserts, is the finest that has ever passed her lips.

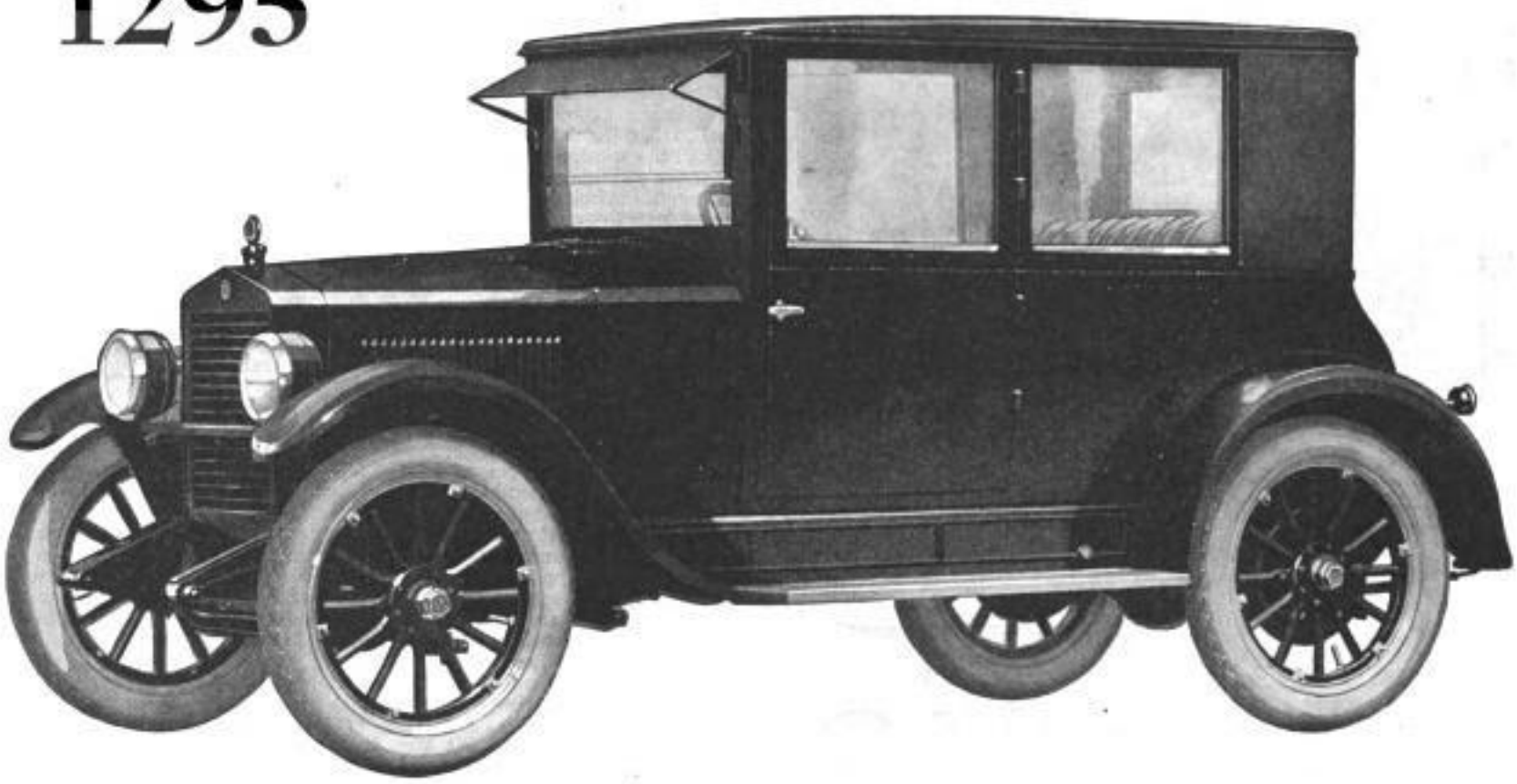
After the theater, Mr. Lunt suggests that they drop in at a restaurant or a roof show for a while. He does it awfully well too—you'd think he did it ten or twelve times every year of his life. If he is a little slow on his cue Aunt Caroline helps him along with the laughing suggestion that they go to one of those cabaret places, which is the name that she has got up for them. As is but natural, she wants to see what all the talk is about.

Established at a ringside table, for which Mr. Lunt has helped a head waiter on to wards an independent old age, Aunt Caroline again goes the full course, for she has

(Continued on Page 62)

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The Coach
$1295



If You Only *Knew* the Essex

Nothing an owner or we ourselves can say will give you full appreciation of Essex performance. But if you will drive an Essex you will understand what is meant when its ease of operation, smoothness and reliability are spoken of.

Whatever your feeling concerning the value of any car, you owe it to yourself to know the Essex. Do not choose a car merely from what you have heard of its quality or by your own experience, even with a car that has given satisfaction.

Match the Essex against any car you know. Ask the opinion of any owner. Then drive the Essex, and what others have said for it will have real meaning for you.

And then, too, you will know why Essex so seldom requires service attention. You will know why the performance is unusual and why owners are so outspoken in their endorsement.

Don't fail to investigate the Essex. Dealers everywhere will gladly give you the facts.

Touring - -	$1095
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ESSEX MOTORS — DETROIT, MICHIGAN

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Spur Tie

Patented—Trade Mark reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

ON the links—the tennis court—wherever you see outdoor men you'll find this stylish, convenient bow tie. Better than the four-in-hand, of course. Doesn't get in your way. Has the ordinary bow tie's neat, good looks without the trouble of having to tie it up. You see, the Spur Tie comes to you all made up, ready to slip on to your soft or stiff collar.

Neat, but not too much so. Just enough of the careless effect that well-dressed men admire these days. Holds its shape too, always. An exclusive **patented** feature in its construction makes this possible.

Your dealer will show you the Spur Tie in two attractive sizes, large and small—two styles—elastic neckband or slip-on-grip, guaranteed not to rust or soil the collar. Numerous patterns:—black, polka, fancy and many others. Get your Spur Tie today.

50¢
TWO FOR
$1.00

If your dealer won't supply you, send $1.00 for two, 50c for one, specifying size, color preference and whether elastic band or slip-on-grip.

LOOK FOR THE NAME SPUR ON THE TIE

HEWES & POTTER, BOSTON

Makers of
BULL DOG SUSPENDERS (double wear), BELTS, GARTERS (wide and narrow web), and VESTOFF SUSPENDERS (worn out of sight, under the shirt), 75c.

On the Pacific Coast, PAUL B. HAY, INC.
120 Battery Street, San Francisco

MR. DEALER:
Write for 3 dozen Sample Assortment of Spur Ties on approval

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR
75¢ BULL-DOG 75¢
SUSPENDERS

MORE-AND BETTER RUBBER-LONGER WEAR

GREATER COMFORT-GUARANTEED TO WEAR 365 DAYS

(Continued from Page 60)

always had a fine appetite, thank goodness. While she sups she gives a talk on how terrible it is for New Yorkers to eat so much rich stuff late at night, and how the only thing she really enjoys at such an hour is the hot chocolate served at McGovern's drug store at the corner of Poplar Street. This light-hearted chatter makes it easier for Mr. Lunt to face the check for nineteen dollars and sixty cents.

With no kindly eye Aunt Caroline looks on the seething throng of exhilarated transients worming their way around the dance floor, and states that she simply does not know what the New People are thinking of, she declares she doesn't.

Nor is she overcome when the professional part of the entertainment is in progress and the spotlights are turned on some of America's Finest costumed, as the Twelve Leading Nonalcoholic Beverages or the Eight Most Popular Winter Resorts, or something along those lines—weaving sinuously around the tables and making a strong personal appeal to the gentlemen nearest them. Aunt Caroline blots out their singing by her somewhat protracted account of the much prettier divertisement given by the young ladies of the Lazy Daisy Club back home, who gave A Pageant of America's Heroines to raise money for new weather strips for the clubhouse.

The music of one of the highest-paid living orchestras only serves to call to her mind what a pleasurable experience it would be for the Lunts to hear Mrs. Topping's two boys, Earl and Royal, perform The Jolly Haymakers' Quickstep, lively but not too fast, on mandolin and piano.

Time flies over these reminiscences, and it is not till somewhere around two o'clock that Aunt Caroline and the Lunts arrive at the silent apartment. Aunt Caroline frequently remarks on the way up that it is a mystery to her how New Yorkers stand the pace.

During the days of the visit Mrs. Lunt conducts her guest to a matinée or two, so that she may have other opportunities to get in press work for the actors back home. The remainder of the time she shops, piloted by Mrs. Lunt.

Aunt Caroline does not trust the New York shops for important things like hats or dresses or shoes. The best they can hope to do for her is to supply her with hooks and eyes, sewing cotton and assorted needles. One year she did go so far as to give one of the larger department stores a chance to sell her a hair net. But she found it so far below the standard of those sold at G. F. Newins' store on Spruce Street that ever since she has made a point of bringing quantities of hair nets down with her when she comes to New York. Nor has she ever allowed the unfortunate occurrence to die away in silence.

Yet Aunt Caroline likes to tour the more exclusive shops. It gives her many a laugh to look over the hats and gowns, and tell how much cheaper and more out of the ordinary are those shown by Miss Emma—Miss Emma Mullitt, in private life, and from a very nice family too—in her shops next door to the library on Grove Street.

Visiting Aunt Caroline

It is a wearing thing, this shopping, and Aunt Caroline is glad to drop in with Mrs. Lunt at Sherry's or the Ritz, afterwards. Over the teacups, between intervals of glancing about and remarking that she hasn't seen what she calls a really good-looking woman since she came to New York, she tells about the perfectly delicious tea—not anything like this—that you can get at the new Cozy Tea Room back home.

And so, what with one thing and another, the hours dash by, as on their hands and knees, and the time comes for Aunt Caroline to leave the white-light district flat for another year. Tearful at leaving those poor children behind her, she kisses her nephew and niece, urges them as a personal favor to her to take care of themselves, and departs for the great open spaces where men are men and there are no *convert* charges, leaving the Lunts to make up the deficit in the next five or six months.

Once a year, when advertising in America can manage to stagger along without Mr. Lunt for three or four days, the Lunts do their share in the way of tightening up the home ties by paying a visit to Aunt Caroline. With her noted kindness of heart Aunt Caroline is logically aglow over her annual opportunity to give the poor children a chance to stop existing for a little while, and take a crack at living, for a change. She meets them at the train, beaming with welcome and bubbling with exclamations of how glad they must be to get out of that horrid old New York.

Her friends, too, get into the spirit of the thing, and congratulate the Lunts on their escape, on meeting them. The impression seems to have got around that they are up from North Brother Island for a day or two. Also, it seems as if Aunt Caroline had taken everybody aside and warned them that her nephew and niece would strive to press New York City on them for a gift, the only condition being that they establish residence there.

"Well," is their cheery greeting, "I guess you're pretty glad to get out of that New York, heh? I go down there once or twice a year, and I tell you I'm glad enough to get back home after a day or two. I wouldn't live there if you gave me the place."

You gather from the firmness of the tones that they have been turning down offers of Manhattan Island all day long, and are getting sick and tired of the thing.

They are interesting conversations, but somewhat onesided. The Lunts have yet to get together and work up something notably snappy in the way of a come-back.

Village High Life

The fun of visiting Aunt Caroline is not confined to exchanging friendly greetings with the natives. I don't mean by that you should go crashing to conclusions. I can't tell you how I should feel if you were to get the thing all wrong, and carry around the idea that Aunt Caroline's home life is one mad round of pleasures. Just one good look at her would put that thought out of your mind forever. In fact, if you want to find the ideal exponent of average small-town life, Aunt Caroline is the very girl for you.

In the first place, she really hasn't got it to burn. Though Mr. Lunt's Uncle Phil left enough always to keep the wolf at a respectful distance from the door, Aunt Caroline is in no position to give away any libraries.

Then, too, as she delicately puts it, she is not so young as she used to be. Ever when she was, the wild life was not being done by the town's best families. And now, when after ten years of easy widowhood she has arrived comfortably at the middle fifties, she cares virtually nothing about making a habit of drinking champagne from slippers or being carried to the table in a pie. She has never had any desire to join the goings-on of the young married set, which she does hear are little short of scandalous, at the Country Club. Aunt Caroline seldom gives them a thought. Eleven o'clock, almost any night, finds her house dark, and her eight hours of sleep well under way.

Now I shouldn't want you to leap to the other extreme and believe that Aunt Caroline and her friends don't have plenty of wholesome enjoyment out of life. Indeed they do. And Aunt Caroline is only too glad to let the Lunts have a generous share of it when they come to visit her.

If they crave excitement there is a perfectly splendid moving-picture theater just three squares away from Aunt Caroline's which shows all the big feature pictures just a month or so after they have been shown on Broadway. All you have to do is to be sure to get there around quarter past seven, so as to be certain of getting a seat.

If they want to patronize the drama Aunt Caroline inquires among her friends if the attraction then on view at the Majestic Theater is worthy of their attention. If she gets enough favorable replies she, her nephew and her niece make a family theater party of it.

To vary things Aunt Caroline asks in enough friends for a few tables of bridge one evening during the Lunts' stay. As a concession to the New York gambling spirit a stake of half a cent a point is agreed upon, with much laughter. When the rubbers are over, the losers put down the sum they have lost on a slip of paper, joking called a slate by the men, and all gayly agree to hold it over till the Lunts' next visit, and play it off then.

And then, of course, there is always the radio. Aunt Caroline's wealthy brother-in-law had it installed for her as a birthday gift, and you have hardly any idea of the comfort it has been to her. Sitting right there in Aunt Caroline's third-story gue

(Continued on Page 64)

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The Rewards of *Greater Production*

Two important purposes are served in the greater tire-making capacity which our large new building represents:

1—The desires of more car owners, wanting Hydro-Toron tires, can now be met;

2—Price reductions, in keeping with increased production, are made possible.

These are the rewards of a greater output. They will be appreciated by all who have learned that *mileage costs less* when Hydro-Torons are used. These tires are far beyond the experimental stage. They have stood the test. Thousands of them—in use on cars in every state—have performed in a way that proves all claims.

The unusual Hydro-Toron guaranty is more than the expression of a manufacturer's faith. It is the substance of owner experience.

The Same Processes—The Same Oversize Feature The Same Quality—at Reduced Prices

Now these proved tires are offered at prices consistent with increased production.

Original values are all retained: The Internal Hydraulic Expansion process of vulcanizing, the Toron chemical treatment which seals the tire against the damaging action of moisture, the oversize feature which puts them in the size class with cords, and at prices not only less than cords, but less than many of the average fabric tires.

In many markets, Hydro-Toron tires dominate the situation. There is still some open territory, however, and dealers who would make *more money* in the handling of a product like this should write for our proposition.

A booklet describing Hydro-Toron materials and processes will be sent to anyone upon request.

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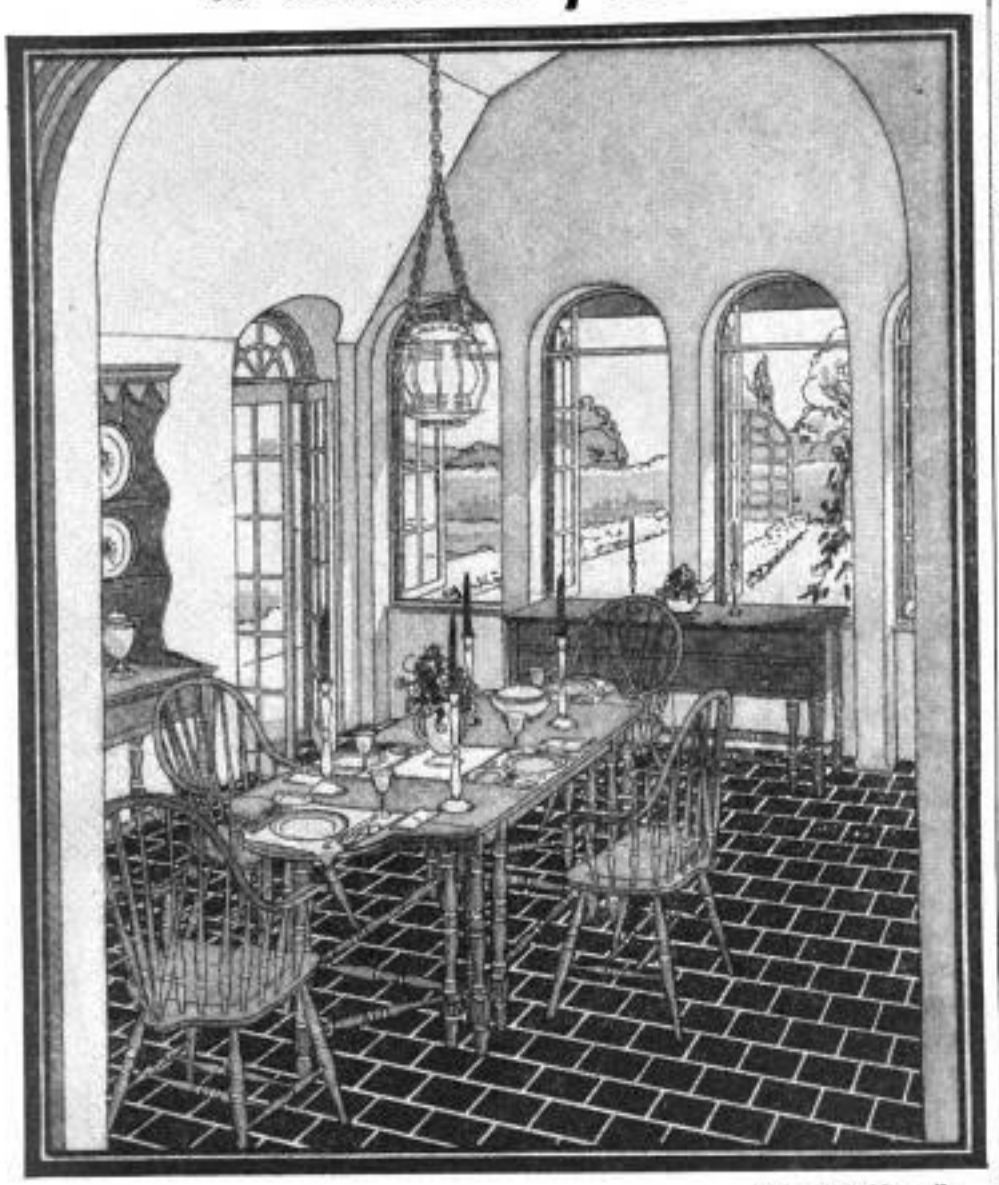
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Guaranteed 10,000 Miles *Against Stone Bruise Rim Cut - Blow Out*

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For an inviting dining-porch a Blabon floor!



The floor of this well furnished enclosed veranda is concrete, on which Blabon Art Linoleum (pattern No. 396) is cemented down, making a permanent floor of genuine linoleum.

FOR *any* room, upstairs or down, you will be delighted with the way Blabon Art Linoleums fit into the decorative scheme.

Their beautiful patterns with subdued colorings have determined the choice of Blabon floors for many attractive homes.

As a summer floor Blabon Linoleums give a cool, refreshing appearance to the house. In winter fabric rugs may be thrown over them.

Blabon floors are sanitary. A light regular going over with a damp cloth is all the care they need. Waxing and polishing now and then keeps them in splendid condition. You never have the expense of refinishing. Their inlaid patterns and plain colors go through to the burlap back, and last as long as the linoleum. Blabon floors are quiet and comfortable. Economical, because they are so durable.

Any Blabon dealer can send or recommend an experienced man to lay them, which insures the best results.

For genuine linoleum look for the name Blabon. Write for illustrated booklet.

Blabon Rugs of genuine linoleum are beautiful durable rugs at a moderate price. Sanitary, moth-proof, and lie flat without fastening. Ask your dealer.

Important Notice:

Floor coverings (including rugs) made upon a felt paper base are not linoleum, and to describe, advertise, or sell them as linoleum is a violation of the law. Felt paper floor coverings have a black interior which is easily detected upon examining the edge.

BLABON ART Linoleums Guaranteed

Look for this label on the face of all Blabon Art Linoleums

The George W. Blabon Co., Philadelphia
Established 71 years

BLABON ART Linoleums

(Continued from Page 62)

room, the Lunts can hear all about Tommy Woodchuck's Adventure with the Wishing Fairy or listen to a discourse on How Shall We Stop Our Forest Fires? that they will never regret having heard. As Aunt Caroline often asks, Isn't it just wonderful what things science can do?

The big night of the visit comes when Aunt Caroline puts on the lavender-and-gray changeable taffeta dress she had sent her by her sister in Boston, and, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Lunt, who are dressed accordingly, attends a social gathering at the house of one of her friends. It is quite a wild night. The comparatively younger guests dance to the music of the phonograph. Between numbers the dancing ladies join the elder matrons and discuss the quaint sayings of their children and their maids, while the men exchange cigarettes and inquire if anybody doesn't want a window raised. Things grow pretty informal when the refreshments are served, and there are bursts of gayety over references to strictly local events.

The Lunts politely come in on the laughter, but they can't do much to adding any helpful lines to the somewhat specialized conversation.

Mr. Lunt sleeps long and deep on the Sunday morning of their visit. It is just as well, too, because then his mind is all fresh for the puzzle page which comes in the Sunday Clarion. The guests and their hostess devote a large part of the day to missing nothing in the papers, and then Mrs. Lunt, following Aunt Caroline's example, gets a few letters off her mind. Mr. Lunt, meanwhile, rambles about the house, striving to do something constructive about the limp G-flat on the piano, or seeking to discover what really is the matter with the hinge on the china-closet door.

Aunt Caroline often says that she loves her quiet Sundays at home. She really prefers them to the ones when her prosperous friends take her motoring through the surrounding country.

In the afternoons, while Mr. Lunt drops around at their various offices to talk over the old days with his one-time schoolmates, Aunt Caroline and Mrs. Lunt get in a little social intercourse. Some of Aunt Caroline's friends come in for the afternoon or else she takes Mrs. Lunt with her to spend a few hours at one of their houses. They may play a bit of bridge or they may devote the time to putting in some work on crêpe-de-chine lingerie—it costs practically nothing at all when you make it yourself; and when you think of what the shops ask for it!

Either occupation just leads up to lettuce sandwiches and tea.

And so the time goes by, till the Lunts must return to New York. Aunt Caroline is annually pretty badly broken up over their leaving for that awful city. Tears blur her vision as she waves them good-by from the station platform, and the only thing that keeps her from going completely to pieces is the thought that she has again brought into their sultry lives a breath of real life.

The Lunts blow the annual kisses to her from the parlor-car window, and settle back to watch the old town go sliding past, a tolerant light in their eyes. As Mr. Lunt sums it up, it's all right for a visit, but he wouldn't live there if you gave him the place.

Sense and Nonsense

Preparedness

IN ONE of the Southern States the negroes are great patrons of a matrimonial agency. One darky, anxious to find a wife for his son, went to this agent, who handed him a list of lady clients. Running through this the man came upon his own wife's name, entered as desirous of obtaining a husband between the ages of twenty-eight and thirty.

Forgetting about his son the darky hurried home to announce his discovery to his wife. She was not at all disturbed.

"Yes," she said. "I done give him my name. I puts it down when you was so sick in de winter and de doctor he says we must prepare for de worst."

A Change of Landlords

A YOUNG real-estate man in Missouri found himself after the war in dire financial straits, due to overinvesting. He owned a few pieces of property, all of which were mortgaged—the mortgage in each instance being held by an old man who lived with his son, Brocky, in a tumble-down hut that could not be rented to anyone else.

In the course of time the miser foreclosed, taking all the young man's property, which was valued far in excess of the amounts loaned. Then the young man began paying rent on the house in which he lived.

Three months after the foreclosure the miser lay dying. An urgent message reached the real-estate man, and he, supposing that the other, knowing his end to be near, wanted to make what restitution he could for the good of his soul, hurried down to the cabin. He found the old man in a rickety bed, covered with a tattered quilt and an old overcoat. The young man bent his ear hopefully to the other's lips.

The miser drew a long breath, clutched the quilt in a skinny hand and whispered, "Pay your next month's rent to Brocky."

Assisting the Engineer

ON THE new brakeman's first run there was a very steep grade. The engineer always had trouble to get up this grade, but this time he came near sticking altogether. Eventually, however, he reached the top.

Looking out of the cab he saw the new brakeman and said, with a sigh of relief, "We had a hard job getting up, didn't we?"

"We sure did," assented the new brakeman, "and if I hadn't put on the brake we'd have slipped back."

Taking Time by the Forelock

IT WAS late in the afternoon, just at dusk, when an automobile of well-known make stopped in front of a stationer's shop and a young woman alighted and entered. She asked to see some thin stationery, and after selecting what she desired she hesitated for a moment.

"Do you make any reduction to clergymen?" she asked softly.

"Certainly, madam," said the stationer with great promptness. "Are you a clergyman's wife?"

"N-no," said the young woman.

"Ah, a clergyman's daughter then," said the stationer as he began to tie up the paper in a neat package.

"N-no," said the young woman. Then she leaned across the counter and spoke in a confidential and thrilling whisper: "But if nothing happens I shall be engaged to a theological student as soon as he comes home this autumn."

Made Something From Nothing

A NEW representative of the legislature of New Hampshire from one of the rural districts in the northern section of the state was recently presented to the governor for the first time. Being somewhat unfamiliar with state-house etiquette, he addressed his excellency as Most High.

The governor informed the gentleman from the rural district that there was but one Most High, He who had made everything from nothing.

"Well, governor," replied the country legislator, "I'll give you credit for making a justice of the peace out of a man in my town that is about as near to nothing as ever walked on two legs."

Tried, But Failed

THERE is a judge who presides over the police court in one of the cities of Texas who always endeavors to smooth over any little difference between persons brought before him. The other day the charge was for a technical assault, and it came out in the course of the evidence that the parties were neighbors and had been on the best of terms for some years.

"It is a great pity," said the judge, "that old friends, as you seem to have been, should appear before me in such a way. Surely this is a case which might be settled out of court."

"I reckon it can't be done, jedge," answered the plaintiff moodily. "I thought of that myself, but the cur won't fight."

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Advice that moved a fire tower

The insurance agent was going over the plans for the new factory:

"That fire tower," he said, "though correct in itself, will open directly on a lumber yard—a dangerous hazard. By changing the location of the tower you can save $1160 a year in lowered rates."

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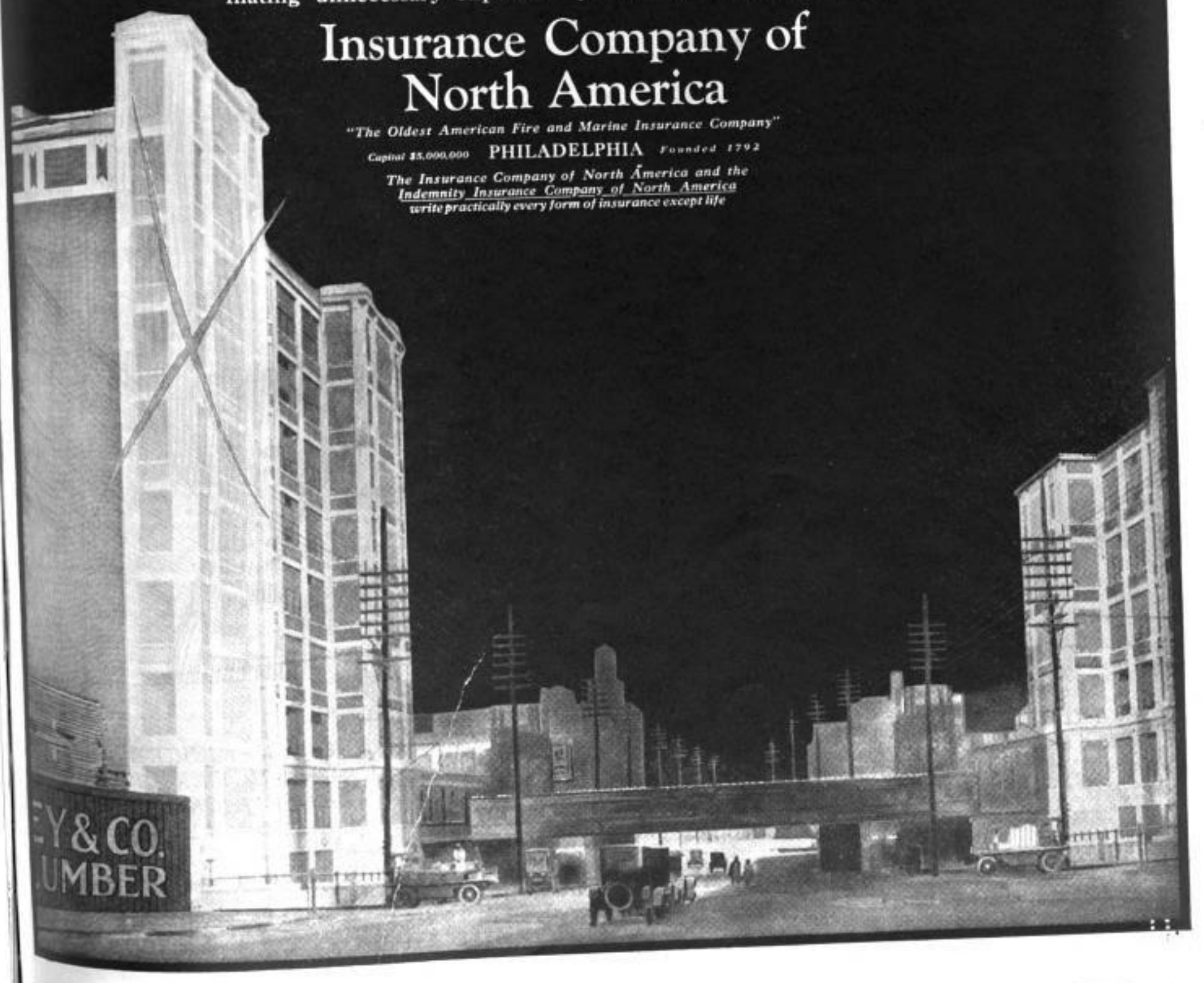
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SCRAPPER O'DOON

(Continued from Page 11)

But even greater than the enchantment of hidden fire was the animal grace of the girl. Her walk was an undulation. And when she danced with you the incarnate lissomeness inside your arm made you think of pictures you'd seen of Ruth St. Denis.

Her body at ease was only that of a very tall, very straight, immature, almost sexless young girl; but once let her move, and somehow, subtly, swift femininity flowed into every long limb and flat curve. A sway of her head, and the exquisite lines of her throat, unnoticed before, demanded your eyes. The lift of a wide, slim shoulder, and every low contour suddenly called to men like the voices of harps in Armida's tent.

Such was the helpful vision that Jimmy Doan lugged about with him in the Lakeside Steel plant; and when that vision fades from Jim's head send the coroner out to his place; for Jim, who never did have much luck, first saw her poised tiptoe for a back jackknife at the edge of a springing board! Curtains for Jim's peace of mind; especially so since he and the girl were so constructed that their minds struck sparks at the very first contact.

That night of the Senior Prom when, all unexpectedly, Jimmy's eye picked out in the dancing throng a flat curved body that swayed with an unforgetable grace to the saxophone's pixie chuckling, he was rendered seventy-five per cent speechless; ninety per cent so when a bit of keen engineering on his part resulted finally in an introduction. But the remaining ten per cent did not fail him in the tilt that at once resulted.

"Not of the Cambridge Doans," the girl stated rather than asked when Jim was presented.

Something in that cool presumption got under Doan's skin. He assumed a blank look.

"Ach, no-o-o!" he droned. "Uf the Hokendauqua Doans!" He flattened out his vowels and spread them all over the place, and placing his rising and falling inflections in that gloomy and dreadful manner which has caused the Pennsylvania Dutch manner of communication to be classified not as a dialect but as a disease he added, solemn as any boiled owl, "Are your dances all?"

She eyed him a moment with mingled disdain and doubt, and then caught, out of the corner of her eye, a twinkle in the eye of the gentleman who had just done the honors. She shot fire at Doan. "Why act?" she asked acidly. "With such splendid natural gifts, Mr. Doan, feigning boorishness is a waste of time." And whirling with a twist of her pliant waist, she left the two gentlemen standing there with their teeth in their gums, which is, as you probably know, the very worst way you can stand.

The introducer looked dolefully after the girl. Then he reached out a hand to Doan.

"Shake, tallowbrain!" he said earnestly. "As a low comedian and a party-jimmer you reach the world's series without competition. I am proud to call you friend. I will now dash off and try to square myself, you poor minnow, and when you die I hope you sizzle well!"

But Jim only grinned.

"I'll get you for that!" he said to a glint of copper, down where the couples were pairing off at the far end of the floor.

So, though it may not be doubted that Mr. James Doan told the truth in answering Mr. Carnahan as to what decided him to bestow his youthful genius upon Lakeside Steel, still the question may fairly arise as to whether or not he told the whole truth. Be that as it may, the fact remains that one of the helps which kept him at Lakeside Steel when every ounce of him wanted to cut and run was the thought that he had actually met the girl of the Nat. That was Aid Number One, Number Two being built upon expectations surrounding the fact that the lady's name was Carnahan, with the accent on the "na."

As a real bump smoother, however, nothing could match the deceitful cut of Jim's upper lip. Three days old on the job, the narrow-gauge yardmaster poked under his nose a couple tickets for the Third [illegible] Drill and Dance of the First Hi[illegible] End City.

"[illegible] n g.y.m. end up the home waltz as sweet as we did last year, whenever you see a head you'll have something to hit it with."

So Jim, being a Republican by faith and fearing discovery, stayed away; but he bought the two tickets, nevertheless, and rejoiced at the compliment implied.

But it was old O'Doon who capped a joyous climax by asking him did his parents come from the auld sod; and although Jim had to say no to this, he avoided going into horrible ancestral details that would have located some of his forbears in England and some in Bavaria.

Just the same, long before his guilty secret was discovered, and he was found to be more Teuton than Celt, he had won his way into the hearts of the Bessemer Irish so deeply that there was no shaking their love for him. As to O'Doon and Jimmy, the pair of them had safely merged hearts long before the disclosures came.

O'Doon, now. There was a man for you! Fifty-five if he was a day, and a vessel scrapper. And if any man can dig out of the English language, or any other for that matter, a heftier team of words than vessel scrapper, let's see 'em.

Three centuries ago, when a young English fellow of French descent had the gall to tell a group of ice-faced British ironmasters that he could turn pig into steel without fuel, he found that Johnny Bull had a sense of humor. Not long after, however, their laugh came to sound very much like a bray, for it soon developed that not only could the thing be done but that a blast of air blown up through a mass of molten iron burned off impurities at such a rate that unless something were done to cool off the bath, surplus of heat so terrific would generate as would burn up much of the iron itself, and threaten to melt down the very vessel in which the conversion was done. Indeed as an engineer watches a Bessemer vessel blowing its fierce flame wantonly into the air he deplores the shortness of human life, which prevents him from solving, along with other more important problems, the matter of using that heat. Boilers, he knows, is not the answer; for enough fumes and sparks and flying slag drops leap in a Bessemer flame to choke up a boiler's flues in a heat. Some day, perhaps, the thermoelectric engineers will get enough current off the converters to run the blowing engines that furnish the blast, whereupon the conversion of pig into steel will be fuelless, sure enough. But until that time O'Doon and his buddies must suffice.

O'Doon and his buddies infest high platforms of steel whose floor plates grow hot to the touch when the vessels are hitting their stride; platforms close up alongside the converters, and a little above them, from which there run down to the vessel mouths short chutes of iron. Into the platform end of these chutes O'Doon and his buddies pitch chunks of scrap steel—rail ends, billet crops, bloom butts; and these, sliding down the steep gutter, plunge into the bubbling charge, cooling it off like lumps of ice dropped into a pot of hot bean soup. So the surplus heat of conversion at least serves the purpose of melting down scrap.

From the blower's stage you can see O'Doon and his buddies high up under the roof trusses, across the mill, moving about like black devils up there in the yellow light and the waving heat; and if you watch you will see O'Doon poke his head around from behind a column and look down at Fred Harley to get the good word.

Now a metallurgical engineer who knows the weight, the charging temperature and the chemical analysis of the pig, the amount of blast blown per minute, the temperature of the outside air and its moisture content, and a few other minor details, could, after a week or so of metallurgical calculations, tell you how much scrap to add to the charge in order to hold the temperature of the blow down to the desired point. And so can Fred Harley, who wouldn't know metallurgical calculation if he fell over it and broke his neck on it. But Fred has a pair of blue specs and ten years of steel blowing to back them up, and he squints at the long wicked flame that marks the middle of the blow, and he holds up ten fingers to show O'Doon that the metallurgical calculations say to drop in a thousand pounds of scrap.

[illegible] and maybe doesn't. If he's scrapping bloom butts he doesn't; for after O'Doon has dropped in four or five butts he can tell you the weight of the lot to within ten pounds. Also, if he's scrapping bloom butts he doesn't care very much how many fingers Fred Harley holds up. But if it's rail ends he does care a lot, and also he has to weigh 'em; and he tells the world his troubles in no uncertain terms:

"Rail ends, the dirty blackguards! It's straw I might just as well be tossin' into thim vessels! Fifty pound apiece, the dom splinters; wit' th' wind agin' me and thim pots all blowing as hot as the devil's breath! Four minutes to scrap that last heat, and my head singed bare; bad cess to the lot of th' lack-brains downstairs! Th' next pan of rail ends comes up here can go down agin, for I'll be unhooking no crane chains off of such lousy horse bedding if I burn down the mill around the jackass ears of thim! Let the open-hearth have that dom fodder. Bloom butts, bloom butts, bloom butts! What the hell's become of th' bloom butts? Ain't they croppin' their blooms any more, thim white-livered rail-mill bums?"

O'Doon loved a bloom butt. A bloom butt is eight by eight in section, or thereabouts, and varies in length, the rough end bit off by the blooming-mill shear before the steel goes on to the finishing rolls. It may weigh a hundred pounds. It may weigh three hundred. Three or four of these down the chute and the vessel is scrapped, and a man can get away from the scorching flame and breathe a spell until the next vessel is ripe for its dose of cold steel. The weight of the butts meant nothing to Mr. O'Doon but that much less work. A trick to all trades. A flip of his hand, and the leathers were round on his palms. A reach, and a short easy jerk of his shoulders and the butt sat balanced on the edge of the scrap pan. A tilt, and it lay on his thighs, with almost none of the weight of it on his arms or his back. A waddling step or two to the edge of the chute. The twist of a hip much like the peculiar flick with which a veteran lacrosse player spills his opponent over an acre of turf, and the butt hops into the chute and dives off of the lower end into the caldron below.

Imagine it—bawling for two-hundred-pound bloom butts when the turn foreman is kind enough to send up fifty-pound rail ends! But right there you've got their size—the buckos that scrap the vessels.

And yet, on hot summer nights, with the breeze all wrong, coming off of the lake, carrying the flame of the vessels right back to the scrappers' platform, man after man of them has come blindly clutching down the narrow ladder, to crumple up on the vessel floor, sopping with sweat, blistered with heat, choked with red fumes, bat eyed with dust, sick to vomiting, cork pulled, bolt shot, licked to a frazzle. Giant young black man and thick-shouldered Polack and broad-backed, short-legged Hun—all of them panting and crumpled, gathering strength to tackle it over again; with O'Doon up there, the old salamander, spelling the whole gang off, doing the work of four, scrapping the heats, keeping the mill a-going; the whole roaring Bessemer riding that one dray-horse back, and that back as straight as the straightest ramrod you ever saw when the day turn comes on.

I give you a toast: A Man—O'Doon. No ink slinger's dream. The real solid stuff, with a hand to shake and a shoulder to slap and a pair of Kerry blue eyes to look square into the eyes of the devil himself; eyes like those of MacNess, who led his army of clean ruddy men against the Connacht hosts in the pleasant little ruction for the Brown Bull of Cooley. "Blue eyes had MacNess," the old tale says, "and a red, pleasant face—blue eyes that you would be afraid of!" So with O'Doon's blue eyes. And at the same time the heart of a gentleman whanging away in that barrel chest of his.

O'Doon was too good to be true. He wore a soft hat, high of crown and narrow of brim, with the stem of a short pipe stuck inside the ribbon, believe it or not. And the brogue on his tongue! No musical-comedy affair at all. Not so much a matter of accent or pronunciation as of voice quality; a mellow huskiness in it, the rich whisper of expelled breath mixed with the

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IF it is minimum *first* cost, the Marmon's new low price of $3185* is today's chief attraction. Of all high-grade cars, Marmon was first to get back to normal. So here is an unusual value.

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The difference is just a matter of a few hours' painting with Da-cote. Clever taxi owners use Da-cote regularly every year. It's easy work and results in trim, new-looking cars that every one prefers to ride in.

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Murphy Varnish Company

NEWARK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.

The Dougall Varnish Company, Limited, Montreal, Canadian Associate

upsidedown. If he hadn't, the bowl of it would have scorched the end of his nose.

"You should see the wife of my heart," he confided to Doan one night. "A fine body of a woman, lad; two hundred and fifty pound, and comes no higher than my shoulder!" Pride beaming out of the Kerry blue eyes; pausing to say it midway between scrap pan and chute with an eighth of a ton of steel resting lightly across his great thighs.

Bang! Zip! Plun-n-n-g! You could feel the whole vessel quiver as that big block of steel hit bottom.

"And the brood that's come. Moorna now, the oldest girl"—strolling unconcernedly away from that withering column of flame, one elbow crooked up alongside his head to protect the skin of his neck and jaw—"Moorna now; a hazel wand, lad, for budding and bending and slimness."

For a long, long time Jimmy Doan was afraid to ask him his given name, worried to death for fear that the answer might be some such prænomen as Michael or Patrick or Cornelius. But at last he summoned his nerve.

"What's your first name, O'Doon?" he inquired one night, and held his breath, sick and atremble with dread.

"Dinnis," said Mr. O'Doon.

And a great peace descended on Jimmy Doan's soul.

At 7:15 one baking Monday morning in August two men came trudging wearily through the time-card alleys at one of the gates at Lakeside Steel. They were both strong men and their backs were broad, but they walked with the springless step of the end of the double turn. Sixteen straight hours the tall one had driven his tired men to keep quiet the vessel liners in their insatiable bawlings for stone and mortar, until the time came at last when he could fill up the finished vessels with cordwood to dry them; and then eight other hours he had kept his dead self and his dead men on their feet as he bulled away at the endless task of cleaning up the mess that the night turn had left in the mill at the end of the week.

Sixteen straight hours the short thick man had pounded innumerable flat slabs of new ganister home in the burned-out bowls of the vessels. Then, while they were drying, he had curled up for a few hours' cat nap on a soft spot in the iron floor of the vessel scrappers' platform, to be wakened at last to sizzling labor for the balance of the night by a dinkey's blast announcing that the mill was about to start up again.

Both men were wet to the hide with sweat, dirty and bearded, dark eyed and drawn; back of them long hours of giving their best; ahead of them the drab slag streets of Iroquois Village, and a restless sleep in the swelter of August daytime, with a sweet week of night turn staring them in the face at six o'clock that evening. Joyful! And yet in their eyes was no sign of defeat, no shadow of chucking it all. The triumphant light of getting the best of their jobs did not shine in their eyes, for a steel man's job is always about three jumps ahead of him, no matter how good a man he is; but in its stead there shone the steady bulldog look of those who never acknowledge defeat; the look of those who, sorely punished, fight right on with nothing to keep them at it but their own bulldog hearts and a certain grim fact that somehow penetrates the thickest of steel-works skins and skulls—the fact that the world, when going its clip, has merciless need for the magic metal, steel; and that somehow that need, come twelve hour days and seven day weeks and labor-dulled faces, has got to be met.

But just as they got through the gate the tired eyes of the younger of this particular pair of steel men suddenly brightened.

"Great shades of Hagenbeck, O'Doon!" he exclaimed, jogging the heavy man with his elbow and pointing to where a touring car with a hood that looked as though it covered at least twenty-four cylinders stood by the curb in front of the general office building.

O'Doon followed the pointing finger, and what he saw made his red pleasant face light up with a smile of surprise and delight and eager recognition; and a moment later he was standing beside the car, with a wild bristling head, savage and shaggy, knife fanged and dragon eyed, nestled against his neck. So engrossed was he with the terrible dog that nuzzled against him, and so taken up was his young companion with the instantaneous love affair that had leaped into being between the two, that they both missed another still more astonishing eyeful; for as they stood by the car a girl came out of the big office doors and down over the steps to the pavement with exactly the same amount of noise and physical pliancy as though a puma had done it.

"Down, Kimbay!"

At the sound of her voice Doan whirled and his hat came off. The great hound went down on the back seat, filling it up from side to side; but he still stretched out that terrific face and nuzzled against O'Doon's thick arm.

"Miss Carnahan!" came Doan's eager voice.

And the copper-haired girl looked at him, and through him; and then with a flow of Bengal muscles, and the flash above flat-heeled sport shoes of something so nearly thin as almost to miss beauty and at the same time too distractingly beautiful to be thin, she sinuated her long lovely body under the wheel.

Jimmy grinned ruefully; but he grinned.

Then the girl turned her head. A viola should have sung a low chord then, to match the curving of her throat.

She spoke. "I'd prefer you do not handle the dog," she said, addressing O'Doon, and totally ignoring his companion. "The kennel man finds it so hard to keep him clean."

O'Doon dropped his hand as though he had touched something hot. His face looked as though it had touched the same thing.

A sharp retort flowed out to the end of his tongue, but he swallowed it back; not because he shrank from a trial of wits nor because her name was Carnahan, you can bet your last cent, but because she was a woman.

Jimmy Doan's face hardened a bit. For himself he was willing to take most any affront; but that her desire to humble him should react in indignities on his friends—that wiped the grin off his face.

The girl stretched out a foot and the car started a deep soft purr. Still with her bright head twisted about like some flower gracefully awry on its stem, the wide mouth curved up at the ends in a pleasant smile which she turned on the older man, she added a dozenfold to the sting that had already reached him by addressing him as though by no chance was he able to perceive or resent an insult.

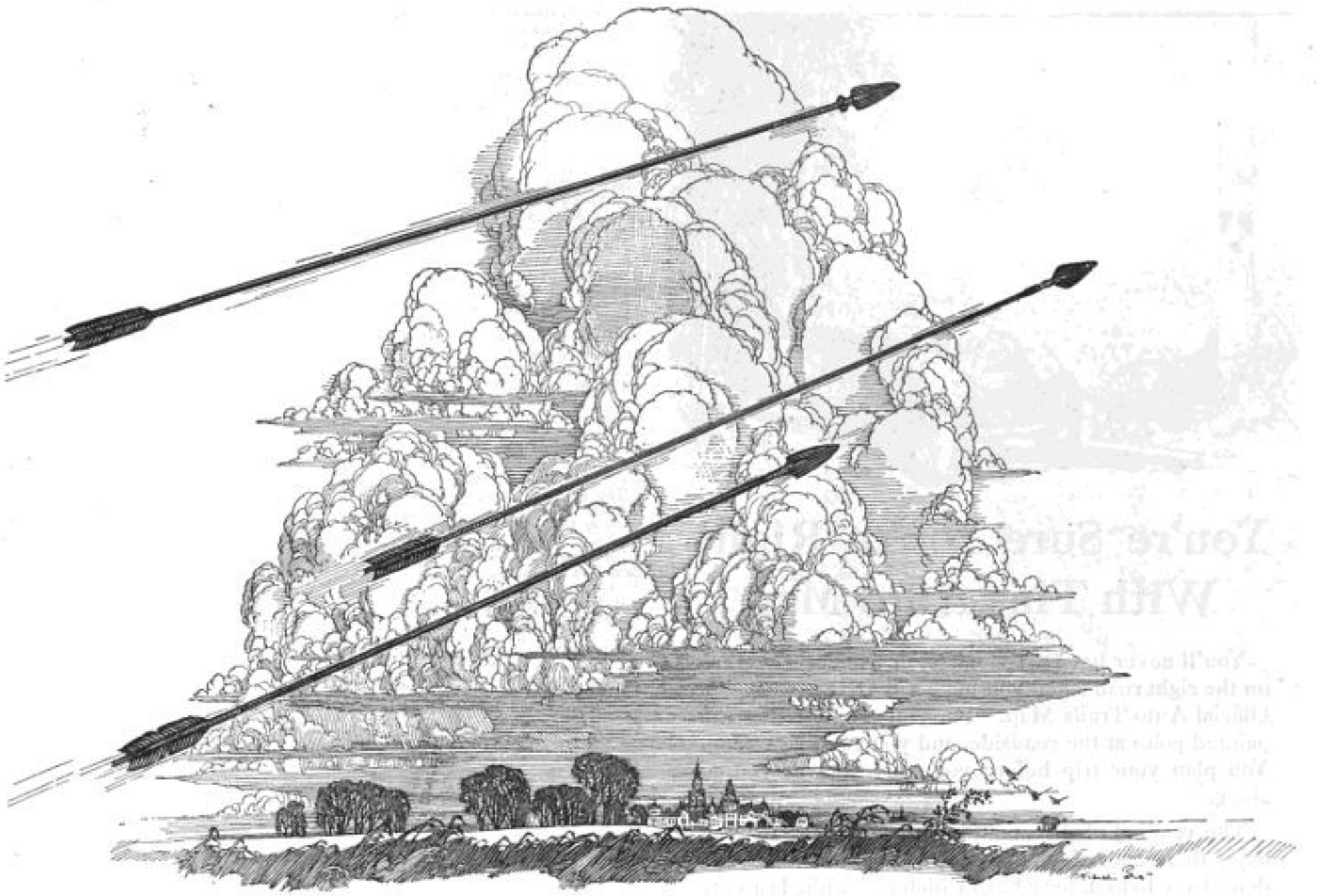
"Have you some charm about you?" she asked. "No one has ever before dared approach the car when Kimbay was left to guard it."

(Continued on Page 70)



The Girl Stretched Out a Foot and the Car Started a Deep Soft Purr

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THE THREE ARROWS

"WHEN I was a boy," said the manufacturer, "at the age when a boy won't read a book unless it has Indians in it, I used to practice every day with a bow and arrow. On the back of my father's barn I painted a white target with an outer circle, an inner circle, and a bull's-eye in the center. After a time the outer area of that target bore the signs of many arrows, and the inner circle, too, gave evidence of a fair number of hits—but there were mighty few marks in the bull's-eye.

"The subject of advertising always carries my mind back to that target. In business today, there are so many of us aiming at the same markets that advertising has become a contest in marksmanship.

"Reduced to its simplest terms, the work of advertising is, first, to cause people to *know;* second, to cause them to *remember;* third, to cause them to *do.* If we accomplish the first, the arrow hits the outer circle. If we accomplish the second as well, we have hit nearer the center. But to score a bull's-eye we must accomplish all three.

"In my own line of business, for example, the advertising of my competitors is either so similar that people do not remember one from another; or else it strives so hard to be 'different' that it wanders away from the methods that sell merchandise.

"My own product is the leader in its field because its quality is backed by advertising strong enough to make itself known in any company; individual enough to be remembered apart from all competitors, and so sure in its knowledge of people that it awakens the buying urge.

"And the principal reason is this—when I chose an organization to do my advertising, I chose one whose record proved that it knew how to put the arrow in the bull's-eye."

N. W. AYER & SON

ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS

NEW YORK BOSTON PHILADELPHIA CLEVELAND CHICAGO



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Write for free booklet "THE BLAZED TRAILS" Valuable to every motorist

(Continued from Page 68)

"Oh," she added rather stiffly, after a perfect silence on the part of Mr. O'Doon, "you don't speak English, do you, John?"

O'Doon reddened again to his hair.

"I speak it, ma'am," said O'Doon with a little bow, "well enough—that and Gaelic. But the last gentleman who addressed you in English failed to get any answer at all."

She opened her mouth, but her eyes chanced on O'Doon's, and she probably saw something in the Kerry blue of them that you would be afraid of. At any rate she shut her lips suddenly, much to her own surprise, no doubt.

"As to the hound," Mr. O'Doon went on, "it is known that the ancient Irish wolf dog, which in better days dared only be owned by noble folk, will always be fawning upon any man come down direct from the old Irish kings."

Dignity mixed with a flash of the old druid satire winked in the Kerry blue eyes. But a cold light glowed out from under the copper brows as the long pale face turned away. As she moved her levers the girl spoke, looking straight out over the hood.

"If the Irish wolfhound were as good a scent hound as he is a sight hound," she spat, "Kimbay might have mistaken the Irish king for a Hottentot chief."

The car gave a surge and was gone. O'Doon looked down at his sweat-soaked shirt, and his blue eyes twinkled through the hurt.

"A chummy small piece of calico old Satan's after havin' for a daughter, I dunno," quoth O'Doon.

But Jim's face was dark, and he made no reply to the older man.

Saturday night and hell to tell the captain. A record in sight and the vessels all burning to scrap. A bughouse week just behind and four batty hours just ahead; for that record has got to go. Since Thursday night, when that record first hove in sight, it has been stark madness. Take a chance! Let 'er rip! Shoot the piece! Risk it! Since Henry Bessemer blew the first piffling heat that gave steel a price within reach of a hungry world, and so, perhaps, did more for the progress of mankind than any other human being, no plant on earth has ever blown as much steel as Lakeside will turn out this week. Let Birmingham look to its laurels. Lakeside is pegging it down the stretch. And the men show it.

The night super's underlip trembles continuously, uncontrollably, out of sheer stress. The turn foreman tears and raves. Fred Harley chews one cigar after another to a stump with never the thought of a match. And one of the vessel floor dinkey skinners, back in his dark hole under the cupola tapping floor, pulls forth from beneath a pile of fire bricks a flat bottle that he hopes will assist him in standing the strain of hustling the big pots of molten metal about. But it doesn't seem to help him or his mates in the race for that record. He gives a toot and comes flying out from his den with half a ladle of cupola metal and stops with sliding drivers in front of the mixer to fill up the pot. The mixer man, seeing him come, starts to tilt the monster container that his lever controls before the ladle arrives; so delicately timed the teamwork between him and the dinkey runner that the iron ladle stops on the mixer scales at the exact second when the hot stuff starts to pour out of the long snout of the mixer.

The mixer is a plethoric old behemoth. His skeleton is of massive steel castings, and his skin of inch plate, and his insides are lined thick with fire bricks; a fellow of Gargantuan appetite and proportions, whose belly will hold a hundred and fifty tons and more of blast-furnace broth. So he moves with deliberation. But there is no time to waste in starting to tilt him after the ladle is centered under his snout. That would mean the loss of ten seconds; and that record has got to go. So the mixer operator starts his tilting when he sees the iron ladle moving his way. But for once things fail to fit up. Nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand that dinkey skinner can center his ladle on a chalk mark; a thousand times out of a thousand if he seeks no aid from flat bottles. But this time the pot slides halfway over the scales, and the dinkey skids halfway on them, and before the mixer man can jerk up his lever a thousand pounds of the flaming juice has poured down between the ladle car and the little engine.

Peep! Peep! Peep!

Peep! Peep! Peep!

Fireworks! Millions of sparks! Smothering clouds of fumes! And the vicious bang of liquid iron exploding where it runs into little puddles of water. The dinkey tries to back out—to run ahead; but the tracks are thick with the gleaming stuff, and the engineer unloads when his cab takes fire.

Peep! Peep! Peep!

Peep! Peep! Peep!

Three blows. Trouble! The labor gang's signal.

Where in the name of the holy, jumpin', horned toad are Doan and his guineas?

Keep your shirt on, old scout; Doan and his guineas are on the works. Here they come now, Jim in the lead, on the run, yelling and beckoning, and his guineas humping along behind him, paddling big-footedly in his wake, in a long single file up over the pouring platform to the vessel floor, and on to the scene of disaster.

"Come on, boys! Come on! Yom! B'rrzha! Hurry up! Every man! Ketch'n barry—big bar, John! Ketch'n hammer! Two, t'ree big hammer. Come on!"

Fifteen minutes of sledging in an airless cavern under the sizzling mixer's mouth. Fifteen minutes of prying and tugging and slugging at half-solid iron that must be torn loose from rails and wheels and scale platform before it cools and hardens. Get 'er while she's red, boys. Here you, Mike, gimme that bar; wadda you know about machinery? Now! Every man! Up! Yohee! Up now! Lift'm up! Digni! Digni gora! Up high like a tree! Pavel, you big 'Orvat, quit pushing down on that bar! Now, Stanko, put'n block under bar. Further in, fathead! Attaboy. Now down. Down on 'er! Dolya! Once more now; andera! Atsa stuff! Good men, I call you! Step on 'er, Pete, your old coffee pot is free. Watch, Walyo! Hop to hell offa that track or you'll get run down! If you wanta sleep go for house, ketch'm bed!

Peep! Peep! Look out, Birmingham!

Shoe soles burned through; shirts black with sweat; faces burned red; gloves singed stiff from tossing dull red scraps to a side; flakes of glistening graphite plastered to greasy skins; knees sagging with August sultriness added to all the rest of it! Well, what about it? That record has got to be broken; you know that.

The vessel men curse. The last two days of hard going has burned the converter linings to rags. Number Four will not last out the night. Number Four is a mess. Scrap hangs thick on his nose and his sides are shaggy with slag, and his mouth is burned out so wide that the flame of his blowing is doubled in size, driving the vessel scrappers down off their platforms at the very time when scrap is most needed to cool off the charge, and so save the precious thin linings.

To help out O'Doon, who is holding the fort all alone till his buddies recover their breath and their wits, a little flat buggy lolls out on the charging track and Fred Harley turns down Number Four and shuts off the blast long enough for the turn foreman himself, with his clothes asmoke, to pry off the half-ton ingot butt that he has dug up from some place, and tumble it into Number Four's dripping maw. That'll cool 'im off, blast his hide! Then swish! the wind goes on. Duck your nut! Number Four up again, roaring.

Number Three's bottom is gone. But no time to change bottoms now. Off with the wind-box plate and plug up a couple of tuyères. She will blow a heat or two more as she is. So while his three men handle that job around at the back, big Scardon, the first vessel man, stands in front and, peering between his lowered hat brim and his raised forearm, tosses ball after ball of patching into the burned-out hollow in the vessel's belly lining. The puttylike balls fly true; soar, black and steaming, straight to their mark; gather and grow to a dark patch against the vessel's yellow wall, filling up the weak spot. He hears the clang of a hammer against the wind-box plate at the back, the signal that the job around there is complete, so he gathers the balance of his patching into one huge ball and heaves it. He grabs a long-handled, limber steel paddle, rams it far into the vessel's mouth and with a half dozen peculiar stiff-armed heavings smacks the new patch flat and firm to its place; yanks the long paddle out with one mighty jerk; kicks it off the track.

"Come on! What's holding you now?"

And the dinkey fidgeting near at hand butts its waiting potful of metal up to Number Three's mouth, while Scardon leaps out

(Continued on Page 73)

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(Continued from Page 70)

of the way, batting out the fire on the elbow of his jumper. What if a man's overalls do actually smolder or become so heat glazed that you can flake the knees out of them with a finger touch? That Birmingham record has got to go bust; you know that.

And on such a pleasant midsummer midnight old Satan, hearing that the world's record for a week's steel blowing is going to smash, elected to stroll coolly into the mill, with a fragrant Havana cocked up in under his nose, and a fragrant bevy of coolly dressed folks at his back. Stopping a moment, Beelzebub is—interrupting a cool lake drive home from some white-flanneled country-club dance to show off the works.

But they don't tarry long, that party. The ladies shrink back against their escorts as the vessels go up and down with their typhoon of fire and sparks. And the gentlemen press the ladies' arms reassuringly, meanwhile feeling the need for someone to press their own arms reassuringly; and then, with something of the awe on their faces that must have shown on the countenance of Doctor Faustus when he stood at the Brocken, the party filed out, in a dazed sort of manner, feeling somehow that here were the boys whom they had to thank for the shining luxurious things that would presently roll them home through the sweet lake air.

Following their guide the party filed out; but they left old Satan behind; for old Satan had just been nipped by the steel bug, and had decided to stick around Hell till it closed down over Sunday. Old Satan wanted actually to see that record go bust. He was also more or less glad to be shut of that country-club crowd; and he had consigned his daughter to a couple of ice-cream-trousered gentlemen, with the hope that she would see them safely home.

So at last the record goes bust; and the mill is a mess. Scrap piled up all over the works. Vessels a wreck. Slag cars rounded to gospel measure and overrun and blocked in with cinder. Ladles burned out. Débris from rebuilt converter bottoms heaped high, wide and handsome. Ingot molds and their trucks all sheeted in steel from the leakage of ill-stoppered ladles. All jumbled chaos and disorder. Labor gangs thinned down to quarter their quota by wholesale desertions under the stress; and a week's job of cleaning up to be done by Monday morning.

Young Kinelly, the turn foreman, hard-fighting, high-strung, honest working roughneck Al, the son of his dad, fired; kicked out; canned like some bohunk; because, save the mark, in the strain of that mad week's going he told the assistant general super, who picked out that time of all times to voice his small criticisms, to go take a run and jump in the lake for himself; as he dog-gone well should have been told.

And a little bride motionless, staring and staring and staring, beside a bed in the hospital up at Lake End City; for the bed beside her holds all that is left of young Billy Smartt and her dream of a home. Number Four has taken his toll. Billy was a stopper setter, and in the wild rush of the week Billy made one little misstep. Below the stopper setter's platform lie the overpour pits, into which are spilled the few pounds of metal that happen to be left over in the steel ladles from time to time after the molds are full. Billy's one misstep sent him clutching down six feet onto the dull red slab of scrap that lay growing slowly below; no fatal matter with any luck. A scramble off the hot slab; maybe badly blistered hands through the thick leather gloves; scorched knees, perhaps, or a bad leg burn. But when Billy made his misstep and fell he broke his leg. He did his best to make the edge of the dull red slab, but because of the rush it had not been yanked out by the overhead crane when due, and had spread to three times its usual size. When his buddies ran out on the glowing cake and got him Bill's clothes had started to burn.

"Get my gloves off; they hurt," said Billy, just before he fainted. But Al, when he tried to do it, found that they had become a part of Billy's hands; and Al fainted too. And shortly afterward he told the assistant general super to go jump in the lake, and got fired.

Billy Smartt came to, just once up at the hospital, saw Al beside him, and lifted his lips in the nearest he could come to a smile.

"Who ever told that Birmingham crowd that they could blow steel?" were the last words he said.

The record is broken. And so are the strength and nerve of many men. But the hands of the world, grabbing hungrily out for a metal so precious that gold is mere garbage beside it, spare no one. And the men file home; not to a good long thirty-six-hour Sunday; not to a big lazy day sandwiched in between two long soft nights; but to an all-insufficient spell of twenty-four hours that marks the interval of twenty-four hours of driving labor by the other turn which will try to get the mill ready for them again by Monday morning. Their only free day in a fortnight will be spent in the dead, daytime sleep of spent men. Their rest merely rest, with the saving business of recreation, in all that the word implies, altogether missing. On Monday morning they will go back to the mill, rested physically, perhaps, but without buoyancy, mental or bodily, and without the one thing that makes work a delight—the desire to take your job by the seat of the pants and whale the everlasting whey out of it. Sometime the steel-plant managers will see the horse sense and real dollar value in giving men time to play. If they don't the thing will be rammed down their throats. But why worry about this now, at any rate? Hasn't the record just been smashed?

It has, you bet. Number One is quiet now, his fire-torn mouth gaping dull red. Number Two is still, hot fumes still trailing upward out of his seared and scrap-slobbered muzzle. Number Three is still. Number Four is still. A quiet incredibly pregnant has fallen. A footstep scrapes somewhere in the quiet, echoing. A voice sounds from somewhere, ghostly and small. The mill is down. And a silence, sinister after that roaring week, seems to flutter about, batlike, weaving back and forth through the scrap-piled, brickbat-piled, dirt-piled jumbled chaos of drabness and confusion and crouching shadows that is the Bessemer plant at the graveyard hour at the end of a record week.

Down by the overpour pits, where Billy Smartt put in his last game hour of work, a stir of half life shows where Jimmy Doan fights sleep, growling doggedly at his men, who droop with the load of a week's scorching labor. The night super has gone home; Fred Harley and his lever men have gone home; Dan Scardon and his vessel men have gone home; skulking, the whole crew of them, as though afraid of the eerie stillness, leaving their burly charges to leer, red-eyed and empty-bellied, into the sneaking gloom. In an hour the steel-plant dawn, colorless and dank, will come blowing smokily in through the sooty louvers, listlessly herding the evil shadows out of their hiding places. But now, just now, at the dead time of the night, when inexplainable small sounds whisper and sneak ——

It came, chilling Doan's bones, causing the selfsame actual prehistoric movement of flesh along his spine that lifts the hackle hairs of a dog. As unexpected as the wail of a violin string in the Pit.

The scream soared a second, feminine, sickening. High up there from the cupola charging floor it seemed to come, up there where the Russniaks work; and then it shut off so suddenly that Doan could vision dirty thick fingers slapped across a fear-stretched mouth.

Aideen Carnahan, better for you if you had trusted yourself to the protection of your two be-flanneled young men. They do not miss you, those two lily-white youths, each thinking that you roll safely home in a car with the other. A spoiled, willful, snobbish piece you are, Aideen Carnahan; but this time it had been better far to have heeded your father. True, from the end of the cupola charging floor you can get the best view of the mill. From high up there the whole stupendous business lies spread out before you, under you. You look down into ladles of sloshing dark-golden spiegeleisen as they dash to the spot where the vessels pour out their blown heats. You see the bright contents sink in the steel ladles as the long stoppers lift and lower, letting the steel squirt down into the sparkling molds. And you see the men, like steaming demons, dodge in and out from shadow to high light, from high light back into shadow. From the cupola charging floor you can watch with positive fascination the wonderful change that comes when the last heat is blown and poured and the chaos of noise and fire dies and the mill goes down.

But the cupola charging floor is no place for a girl to go to unaccompanied, nor any place for a girl to remain at the graveyard hour, when the light of the mill goes out, and her father, thinking her safe, has gone home without her. For the cupola charging floor is manned by Russniaks, pig-eyed and flat-faced, scum of the scum of poverty-cursed Galicia; long-haired Boiki nurtured in filth and sordidness on their barren farms and back in their soil-less mountain valleys; subsisting on an ill-balanced ration of cornbread and cheese of sheep's milk, and besotted with vile polinka, a more poisonous concoction than the rottenest vodka ever distilled. Little Russians, these, Aideen Carnahan. Broad smiles must have suffused the faces of the Austrian immigrant council when they waved that hand-picked shipload merrily off toward America's imbecile welcoming arms.

Lucky for you, Aideen Carnahan, that the scrappers' platform is on the same level as the cupola charging floor; for although there is no pathway communicating between them, yet a precarious way, by crane girders and bracing members, offers itself to a sure-footed man.

So when Jimmy Doan, well winded with his long dash upstairs, reached the cupola charging floor at last, his first glance caught the figure of a tall girl, no longer screaming, but drawn back against a column with the back of her hand across her open mouth; and his ears caught the bellow of a rich, husky voice roaring battle music.

What saved the girl was the fact that O'Doon was no boxer. The thousands of tons of bloom butts that had passed through his hands had piled muscle thick upon him, and had given him strength beyond belief; but those very same thousands of tons had slowed him and rendered him muscle bound; had built him for grappling, had fitted him out for this very night's work. For Russniaks are not boxers either. They closed on O'Doon, hoping to tear him down, like the animal pack that they were. They could not have played more perfectly into his hands. No boxer could have possibly stood off the seven of them. But O'Doon made no attempt to stand them off. He gathered them into his arms with a whoop of joy, and as they swarmed over him, reaching for his eyes and hair with taloned hands and searching for his life with stamping boots, they hindered their own clumsy efforts. And O'Doon, in the midst of the pack, kept his stocky body upright and sought them out one by one; and when an arm or a leg came into his hands he broke it.

Two hundred and twenty pounds there was of O'Doon, packed into five feet seven. Round was O'Doon, and the fat thick upon him. Not the flaccid fat of laziness, but the firm adipose of a half century and more of clean living. No great abdominal paunch, quaking and bulgy; but the stuff laid over the whole of him, like a seal. The mighty muscles of back and loin incased, the tough stomach thews all hidden, the huge shoulder sinews covered to smoothness. A very hogshead of a man, come sailing normally through his middle years with the layer of excess upon him that Nature spreads as superfluous protection for the great vitals, not now so bursting with vigor as once they were. Made for this very night's business was Scrapper O'Doon. His well-cushioned body absorbed enough battering there to have laid out three younger, lean-muscled men clean and cold; and, living under a typhoon of kicks and gouges and vile twists and stampings, O'Doon pulled his head tight down on his shoulders, sought those Russniaks out with his hands, and broke them one at a time.

As Doan tore down the floor to his aid a form came whirling out of the tangle, spun once on relaxing knees, arms and head queerly hanging, and then crashed down with three others that lay sprawled and groaning about.

Three were still at him. And three, though they did not know it, could do more than seven; for as Jim reached the mix-up one of them, who had been circling about on the fringe of battle waiting for just such a chance, raised his arms and brought down a pinch bar. Then he dropped his weapon, satisfied that no man could take such a blow and stay up, and turned away from the fight and took a step toward the column where the white figure still stood silent, with the back of her hand across her wide-stretched mouth.

Jim, sick at heart that he could not fly to the aid of the stricken O'Doon at once, went into the air horizontal. His shoulder crashed into its mark knee-high, and as the two went to the floor Jim wrenched his body about, and the tackled man's head

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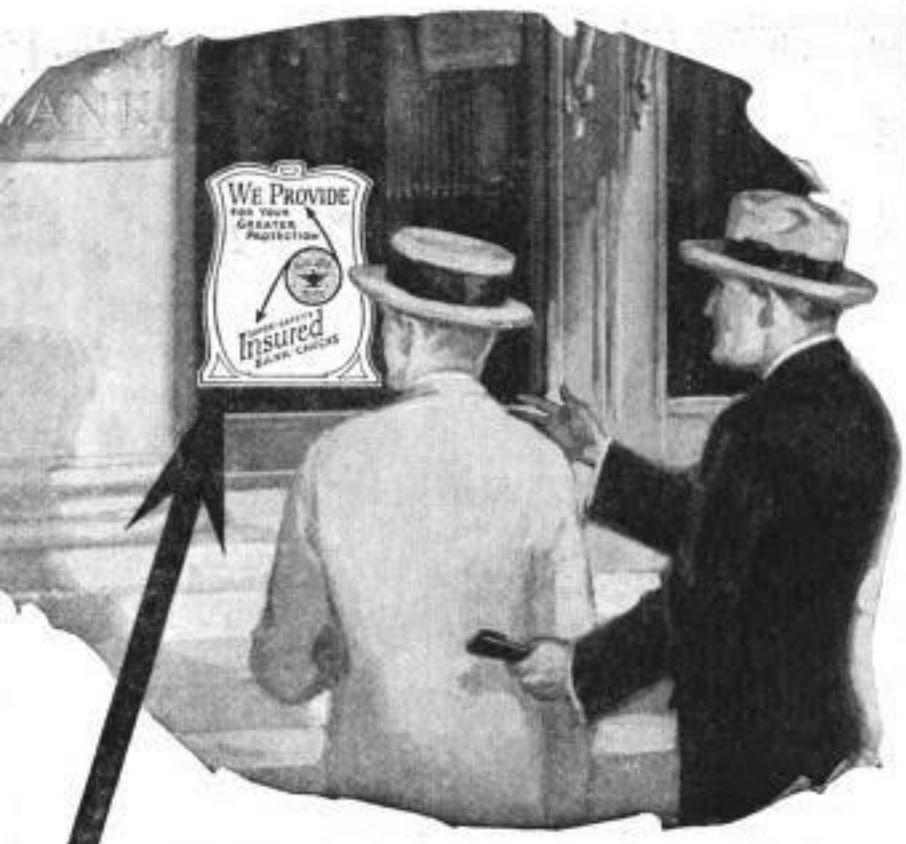
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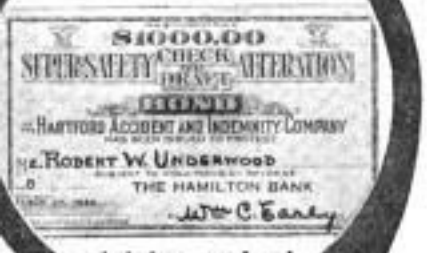
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came down with a crack on the steel floor plates. With the very wrench that laid out his man Doan spun his own body up on its feet and leaped toward the fallen O'Doon.

Fallen? O'Doon?

O'Doon was still standing up on the two hind legs of him. O'Doon was bare to the belt, his shirt hanging down in a fringe from his waist like a hula dancer's grass skirt. Talon scratches traced scoring paths across his glistening back and the high square of his chest was a Blue Book map. One corner of his mouth was hideous where a claw had searched inside his cheek and had hooked there and pulled. Both his eyelids were torn and red, and no white showed beneath them, so red and bloodshot were his eyes from jabbing thumbs; and down over one side of his head and a shoulder, matting his hair and drenching a big white arm, ran the red. And as he jumped for the two hunyaks that remained he let out a war-shout like Finn MacCool's, with the pure joy of it all.

Jimmy laid hold of a shoulder, and spinning his man about, started one off his shoe laces and landed it where it would do the most good. Then without looking to see him go down he wheeled and was just in time to see O'Doon land his first, last and only punch of that pleasant little levee. It caught the remaining opponent, a swarthy evil-faced giant, square on the clasp of the wide money belt that was keeping out of circulation every cent of good American money that he had made since he had landed on our hospitable shores. Two hundred and twenty pounds of Dinny O'Doon was moving in with the punch when it landed; and the Russniak folded himself up on that outshot arm and seemed to cling there a second.

Then, as though some great tight elastic had suddenly jerked him, he shot out, still bent double, off that smoked ham of a fist, and, clear of the floor by a foot, sailed through the air, and while Doan gasped with horror, hit the charging curb of a cupola with his heels, turned upside down and was gone.

O'Doon cast a quick glance about him; but seeing nothing left of the Russniak unit but groaning wreckage, a look of disappointment came into his face, and he dusted his palms.

"Wurru," came Mr. O'Doon's admiring comment. "The lad that wopped me that kiss on the knob must have had a fist on the end of his arm like the Blarney stone—eh, Jamesy, me boy?"

But before Jamesy could answer, the limp figure against him gave a sigh and a stir. The girl opened her eyes; and the first thing she saw was O'Doon's half naked and bloody figure before her. She shuddered and crept close up to the man who held her.

"Take me away, Jimmy Doan," she said, and her eyes looked far into his. Those suitors who thought that their eagle eyes had caught a glimpse of fire aglow deep under the surface ice of Aideen Carnahan were probably not so far wrong after all. "Take me away from these beasts, Jimmy Doan," she whispered.

Jimmy Doan looked down at that wide thin red mouth. Like a blood mark it looked, stroked curving across that long pale face with a pointed brush. Jimmy gritted his teeth and took hold of himself.

"Beasts!" she had said, with never a word for the glorious old fellow who now stood behind a column trying to gather enough of his shirt together to cover his skin.

"Hottentot chief!" she had said, just because old Dinny O'Doon at the end of an August twenty-four-hour shift failed to carry about him an aura of the same kind of violet talc that the white-trousered waldos affected.

There came the sound of steps on the iron stairs at the far end of the floor, and of voices speaking the blessed English tongue.

Jimmy drew a deep breath and leaned his face down close to the girl's.

"Before they come," he whispered, and his voice had deep music in it, "I want to ask you a question." He took a full breath that pressed his broad chest against her. "Something I've never asked any other girl in my life."

The beautiful long face lifted to his, and the blood-red mouth curved in a smile that would have dragged an anchorite out of his cave. No boa ever moved with half the litheness of that slim neck as her smooth chin tilted up.

With an effort that made his head reel Jim kept his lips from touching that white, white throat.

"Something I'll never ask any other girl as long as I live, no matter what answer you give me; I'll swear that to you, Aideen Carnahan, you beautiful thing!"

The long copper lashes went up, letting the warm light out. The long slim body moved in his arm. Jimmy Doan shut his eyes and his jaw muscles bulged; but he won. Just the same, his voice trembled and broke as he hurried his question.

Figures were running toward them; were almost within arm's reach. Jimmy lowered his lips till they brushed a beautiful ear as he spoke. "How would you like to go plumb to hell?" Jimmy Doan asked, ever so softly.



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THE OLD GUARD DIES

(Continued from Page 17)

Mr. Jack Cronyn took up the telephone and said "Hello" in it in his usual curt and be-damned-to-you manner. And then, as he heard Lady Victoria's clear, candid, delicious voice on the wire a sudden idea, and a more agreeable idea than his last, occurred to him.

He said, "Yes, I can hear perfectly"; but do not imagine for one moment he also said "Thanks," because he did not. The truth was that, besides his habit of brevity, Mr. Jack Cronyn was a little preoccupied. He explained that he had been unable to turn up for tea the previous afternoon, because ——

"What's that?" he broke off to ask.

Lady Victoria's answer came back instantly, deliciously clear, gay, thrilling:

"Oh, incense to injury!"

"Incensed? Are you?"

"No, no! I said ——"

She was an astoundingly pretty woman, reflected Mr. Jack Cronyn, listening rather inattentively, and pursuing the course of reflections to their logical conclusions. She was extremely amusing. The Pooles—well, everybody knew about the Pooles. Their place at Lakewood, with its terraces and Italian gardens, its Velasquezs and its Rubenses, its view of open country stretched out to the sight, its stables and its tapestries. Ditchett House in Piccadilly. Their illustrious position in society. Their wealth. Their influence. And then, of course, there was Lady Victoria herself—slight, dark-eyed, delightful, buoyant and bewildering.

"See here, Jack," said Lady Victoria—since she was one of those radiant splendid aristocratic beings who are the chief ornament of the illustrated weeklies and seemingly beyond all conventions, either good or evil, a daughter of a former Prime Minister, and a very alluring young lady, she was of that small and supreme number who called Mr. Jack Cronyn by his first name—"I want to see you."

"Want to see you," said Mr. Jack Cronyn.

"Well?"

"What?"

"What about this afternoon?"

"Can't—this afternoon," replied Mr. Jack Cronyn, with habitual and characteristic caution.

It was one of his guiding rules in life never to do what anybody wanted him to at the time he was wanted to do it. Besides—there were those infernal solicitors. Then Mr. Jack Cronyn thought about Freddie Hill. Then about Freddie Hill's mother.

"What's that? Tomorrow?" And as he thought about Freddie Hill's mother it occurred to him that there must be something unstable and unsatisfactory in his blood—somewhere. That rushing madly off to get married.

He said "Hell!" suddenly, and Lady Victoria said "What?"

"I said *well*," said Mr. Jack Cronyn.

"Am I? Or well, what about tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow," explained Mr. Jack Cronyn.

"About four?"

"Suits me, Vicky," said Mr. Jack Cronyn, but as he hung up he felt a lancinating qualm of uneasiness—could it be love? Mr. Jack Cronyn was unused to this emotion; he had an odd dread of appearing ridiculous. He rang for Merkleson. He wanted a stiff whisky-and-soda. He had definitely decided to ask Lady Victoria Poole to marry him.

The difficulty turned out to be to whom Mr. Jack Cronyn proposed leaving the farms, collieries, villages and woods, hills and dales, the vast accumulation of stocks and bonds and debentures, mortgages, manorial rights, advowsons, reversions, ricks, stables, byres and marshlands, properties in London and out, and all those things which were his.

Mr. Tod, of Messrs. Tod, Blenkinthrope, Sanders & Tod, was duly telephoned for and as duly arrived—a suave, thin, austere, practiced man of uncertain years, indispensable to half the aristocracy of Britain, attired in the correctest of clothes, and given to saying "I see" upon the slightest excuse. Mr. Jack Cronyn [illegible] upon himself. Mr. Jack Cronyn ordered drinks and cigars.

"The fact is," he began, "I feel I ought to make some—er—some sort of arrangement about the disposal of my property."

"I see," said Mr. Tod, thereby putting a full stop to all conversation for fully five minutes.

Mr. Jack Cronyn puffed and grunted and fidgeted in his chair and finally talked loudly about the weather—very decent for the time of year—the outlook in Russia, the outlook at home, everything except the subject in hand. He rang again for Merkleson and ordered the lights switched on.

"And now," said Mr. Jack Cronyn, "about this little matter."

"I take it you want to give me a rough idea for your will, to be drafted by us."

"Exactly."

"As it is at present, Mr. Cronyn, everything passes to your nephew at your death."

"Everything?"

"Everything," said Mr. Tod. "Captain Hill is your next of kin—in fact, I believe your only known relation."

Mr. Jack Cronyn scowled. "It's that aspect I want to discuss," he said.

Mr. Tod nodded his agreement as if to say: "Very proper indeed, Mr. Cronyn, if I may say so."

"I have decided to make other arrangements," Mr. Jack Cronyn went on quickly.

Mr. Tod rubbed his chin. "I see," he remarked.

"I want my nephew to be confirmed for life in the sum I am at present allowing him, but no more."

"Then you intend making ——"

"Making what?"

"You propose, Mr. Cronyn, a new chief beneficiary in place of Captain Hill?"

"Exactly," said Mr. Jack Cronyn.

Mr. Tod made a note of it. "Your chief beneficiary, then?" he asked presently.

He paused, pensively alert, his pen poised in readiness above the paper. His head was tilted a little to one side, as one prepared to receive the most astounding confidential revelations. Presently, however, Mr. Tod put down his pen. Mr. Jack Cronyn stared vaguely into space. Of course, there was Lady Victoria; still, circumstances hardly warranted that—yet.

"Admirable whisky, this," remarked Mr. Tod.

Mr. Jack Cronyn poured some of it into his glass and added the soda. Now, the new chief beneficiary ——

There were, too, the usual Armenians; the neglected tea tasters of Tchernigoff; the Argentines; and the Turks. But Mr. Jack Cronyn somehow or other could not feel any particular generosity for these unhappy and destitute peoples. Nor for the innumerable charities nearer home to which he subscribed handsomely every year. Then he thought about Freddie Hill, and his disgusting conduct—of his mother's equally atrocious behavior in marrying a mere infantry officer, of no ancient lineage and without any money at all—and the business of making a will seemed to be a very complicated, necessary, but perplexing business.

Mr. Jack Cronyn's mind became occupied with thoughts of Lady Victoria.

The last gleam of twilight faded in the windows. A gust of wind stirred the curtains. After all, why the devil should he leave anything to his nephew? He detested his nephew. And why the devil should he leave anything to anybody? Why couldn't he enjoy it all himself? He'd show 'em. Mr. Jack Cronyn resolved determinedly not to die; he shivered; he poured himself another drink. That infernal wind was cold—it haunted the dimly lit room like a ghost. Mr. Jack Cronyn rang for Merkleson to close the windows.

"Look here, Tod," he said eventually, "I find I'm—er—not clear on one or two points. Come tomorrow, will you, like a good fellow?"

Mr. Tod stood up gravely.

"Naturally, Mr. Cronyn, I feel that you should be perfectly clear in your mind on all points, in order to make the instrument ——"

"Oh, quite, quite!"

"You'll find everything in order."



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Lady Victoria and made a little baffled gesture of irritation—"there are some things," he said—"er—to be settled."

"Just so, Mr. Cronyn."

Mr. Jack Cronyn rang for Merkleson.

"Not the simple ordinary affair in your case, Mr. Cronyn," Mr. Tod went on, "as it is in others."

"No, it isn't," replied Mr. Jack Cronyn with some truth and an irrational feeling of satisfaction. "Oh, Merkleson, show Mr. Tod out."

And the following afternoon he lunched as usual at his club in Pall Mall, read a newspaper in the smoking room afterwards and displayed his enormous contempt for everybody there, consumed two or three large glasses of excellent port, and two cigars; at half past three precisely he set out in his own motor car for Ditchett House and Lady Victoria.

Meanwhile Captain Hill was moving from his trim boxlike little flat just off St. James's Street into another trim but rather larger flat in Albion Street, Bayswater, W. I., which was conceivably suitable for two persons. In this he had the active assistance of Private Peters, his soldier servant, and he whistled cheerfully as he packed boots, photographs in solid silver frames, books, sporting prints, pipes, flannels, blazers, riding breeches, silver boxes for cigarettes, bottles, cups neatly engraved with his name and regiment and the occasion on which they had been acquired, coats, trousers, gayly striped shirts and innumerable waistcoats, socks, shirts, pajamas, collars, neckties, gloves, mirrors, field glasses, caps, hats and velvet smoking jackets. His japanned uniform case, also neatly inscribed with his name and regiment, stood waiting to be carried downstairs; golf clubs, walking sticks, a leather gun case, some cricket bats, hunting crops and tennis rackets had been collected in bundles; and Captain Freddie Hill—in his shirt sleeves—paused, mopped his forehead, ceased whistling and surveyed the scene.

It was not a particularly cheerful scene. It was a gray afternoon—showery, with a bleak east wind, and a touch of winter belatedly chilling the air. It was not particularly cheerful, either, to reflect—as Freddie did reflect—that in the future the sum which frequently had seemed inadequate for one would have to do duty for two, but Captain Hill was tremendously in love and thought about these things glowingly, and was exceedingly cheerful indeed.

"Now, Peters, just push along and pick up a taxi ——"

"Might be able to pick one up in Piccadilly, sir," said Private Peters, with the simple gesture of a cynic inquiring what one amounted to among so many. "I'll try, sir."

"Get a jolly old fourteen-wheeler, then," suggested Captain Freddie Hill. "Get a flock of 'em."

"Very good, sir."

"Or a van," said Freddie. "Must be moved by six."

It was then exactly ten minutes of four.

Private Peters gazed with undiminished gloominess at the floor. He stuffed some neckties which Captain Hill had overlooked into an already overflowing Gladstone bag, rescued a pair of quite reputable evening trousers from the waste-paper basket and departed.

Captain Freddie Hill sat down on a flat steamer trunk and filled his pipe. He wore a canary-colored waistcoat with the hunt buttons of the Coldbury. He wore brown brogued shoes, loose trousers of gray tweed and a dark necktie; he looked more than ever like a man who has a good deal to do with horses. Sitting there, staring absentmindedly at the streaming windows, preoccupied, gravely happy, cheerfully pensive, he might have been evolving a theory for the perfect race horse. His eyes seemed to be fixed upon some ghostly turn of turf; his ears filled with a ghostly thud and flop of hoofs as the considered generations of illustrious strains came into the last flat stretch for home. As a matter of fact he was thinking about Mr. Jack Cronyn and the inconsistencies of human nature. There was nothing bitter about these reflections. "The bigger the fool," he observed to himself, "the better the luck." After all—well, something would happen. They'd pig along somehow or other. He was vaguely sorry to be giving up his rooms; they were comfortable; they were extremely convenient. Still ——

Still, there you were.

He wondered what had happened to Peters, and whether Gay Lady was a good bet for the Guineas; he resolved to ask about that at the club. He wondered whether he'd have to give up his clubs; people did when they went bust; of course he wouldn't be bust, but it would be as near as dammit. He'd have just enough to keep the boat afloat; he sighed, for though he was tremendously in love and was eager and anxious to announce his marriage as soon as possible, and believed he was the most fortunate young man in the entire universe, he thought of racing and late suppers and his rooms with regret. A little more in the matter of income and how much it would mean; a little less, he thought ruefully, and what miles apart; the distance from St. James's to Bayswater never seemed so great.

Perhaps in time Mr. Jack Cronyn—perhaps ——

But at this point in his reflections the telephone bell rang—suddenly, sharply insistent, demanding. Captain Hill thought of Mons, and put away all doubt, uncertainty and apprehension; he rose slowly, took his pipe out of his mouth and answered the telephone; a clear, excited and distressed voice announced itself at the other end of the wire.

"Oh, Freddie! Come at once—the most terrible thing's happened!"

The room into which a footman solemnly ushered Mr. Jack Cronyn was one of the most remarkable in London. It was a large, long, irregular shaped room, intimate in an astounding degree, filled with innumerable cushions of every conceivable color, a concert grand piano, books, brocades, rugs of faded blues and grays and yellows, red lacquer cabinets, screens and Japanese paintings. The furniture—such as it was—had been painted black, with a curious cipher of vermilion stenciled on the backs of chairs, the centers of the tables, and variously upon the piano. The curtains were red and the valances black. The floor was black.

Mr. Jack Cronyn caught his breath. He detested the room; he distrusted it—he suspected some malicious irony in the scheme of decoration, mockery in all those ridiculous ciphers and idiotic paintings, something. He said "Stop!" as the footman closed the door. He puffed his cheeks out in disgust. "Bring me a whisky-and-soda," he said, "and turn on some light."

Of course all this sort of foolery would have to stop. He couldn't have the house at Queen Anne's Gate turned into such a ghastly spectacle; or his little place in Sussex; or Cronynshall Castle, his place in the north. The footman turned on more light and Mr. Jack Cronyn breathed a little easier. He wondered Lord Lakewood allowed such silliness. Those screens! Those senseless pictures! Those curtains! He wondered what the devil Lady Victoria was doing. And presently he began to wonder whether he had not better reconsider his idea of proposing. The room affected him painfully, but—as on those previous occasions when he had called—he became used to it. He smiled eventually—Victoria called it the most restful room in the house.

She came in a moment later—slender, radiant, impressive by reason of a unique and immediately felt personality, direct, unconcerned and dark. She was expensively dressed, as if for the street. She wore a marvelous hat. Furs of a rich costliness tripped negligently from her slim shoulders. She was deliciously perfumed.

"Hullo, Jack. Sorry I'm late," she said. She spoke in a clear, collected voice.

Mr. Jack Cronyn remarked that he had taken the liberty of ordering a whisky-and-soda, except he did not phrase it exactly like that.

"That's quite all right. However, sit down; I've got something to tell you."

"This room," said Mr. Jack Cronyn, "gets on my nerves. It's perfectly hideous!" He spoke with characteristic candor, and displayed a disgusted though distinguished profile. "Besides, I want that whisky-and-soda first."

"Tea?"

Mr. Jack Cronyn looked contemptuous at the suggestion.

"Very well, then. Dope springs infernal in this house," said Lady Victoria. "Now don't say this room is enough to make anything seem infernal, Jack. You will, of course. But then, that's the trouble with you—you're so dreadfully consistent."

(Continued on Page 80)

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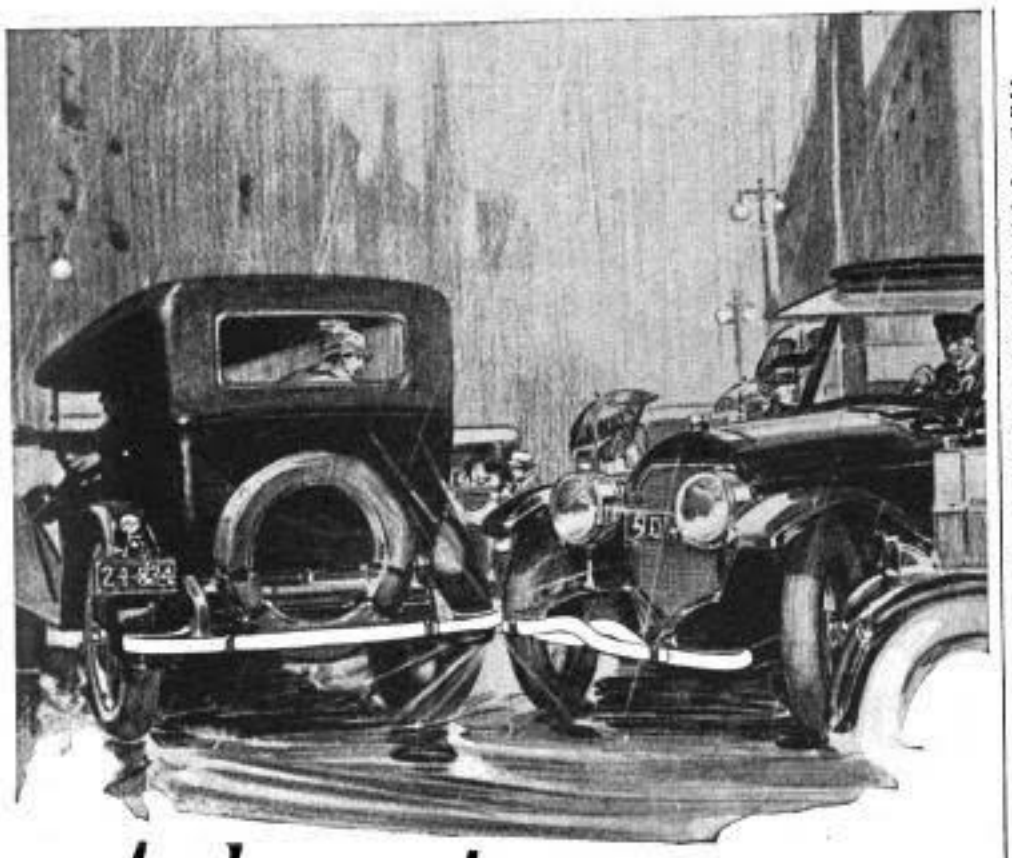
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LYON RESILIENT BUMPERS

(Continued from Page 78)

"Ho!" said Mr. Jack Cronyn.

"And the worst of it is you admire it—you like being consistent. Your moods and movements are as expected as Ascot or the Ripleys next divorce."

Lady Victoria sat down cross-leggedly on some cushions on the floor and lit a cigarette and smiled at Mr. Jack Cronyn in a way which made that gentleman very agitated indeed. The footman returned with a table set for tea; he retired, and reappeared with a decanter, glasses, a siphon of soda, and ice; he drew the curtains and then withdrew altogether.

"You ought to be ashamed of being either like Ascot or the Ripleys next divorce—but you're not. You're disgustingly satisfied. You really ought to get married, Jack."

"Married!" ejaculated Mr. Jack Cronyn. "Well, as a matter of fact ——"

"Is this a confession? If it is I suppose I ought to congratulate you, but I'm not at all sure about the bride. Perhaps I should congratulate her, too; I'm quite certain you both deserve something, though I'm not at all certain it is congratulation."

"You're difficult enough to satisfy, anyhow," said Mr. Jack Cronyn. "However, as I started to say ——"

"However, as I was going on to say," interpolated Lady Victoria skillfully, "I've got something else to tell you besides all this, excellent as it is."

"Ho!" said Mr. Jack Cronyn.

He glanced at her fixedly and smiled. She seemed so strangely out of keeping with her surroundings—those insane daubs, those screens, and curtains, and cushions—so suitable for Queen Anne's Gate, so desirable, so delightful. He sipped his drink, steeped in a reflective faint security. He was dressed more carefully even than usual. His white hair, brushed back from his forehead, his dark pointed eyebrows, his profile, his hard inflexible urbanity, his greatness of one kind and another—lent him distinction; he was aware that he was attractive to women. There were other considerations, too, and Mr. Jack Cronyn entertained the opinion privately that he was acting with extraordinary condescension indeed in asking Lady Victoria Poole to marry him. Presently he was aglow with this benevolence, and put down his glass.

"Look here, Vicky, I've something to say, too, and there's no need for beating about the bush."

He paused and glanced downwards at her, coughed and started again: "You know I'm very fond of you—obvious, of course—still, you probably haven't suspected ——"

"Jack, this isn't a bigamous proposal, is it?"

"Well, hardly that."

"What do you mean?"

"What I say."

"My dear Jack, I was never good at riddles, even as a child."

"Riddles!" exclaimed Mr. Jack Cronyn. "I give up, anyway."

"My dear girl ——"

"Well, really ——"

Mr. Jack Cronyn bent forward in his chair. "You know what I mean," he said, smiling. Never had Lady Victoria seemed so wholly desirable, so lovely, so illustrious. "Don't you?" he added with a pleading, rather impulsive gesture. "Don't you, Vicky?"

"No, I don't."

"But ——"

"See here, Jack, is this some sort of Münsterberg method? Because if it is I'm not very good at that, either. And I've really something quite important to tell you."

Mr. Jack Cronyn assumed a manner of immense unruffled social distinction. He assumed this manner easily; it was natural to him; he stood up.

"My dear Vicky," he said kindly, as one should say such things, "I'm trying to ask you to consent to become my wife."

"Jack!"

"Well, am I ——"

"Jack, can't you see? That's rather what I've been trying to tell you—at least, it's something like it."

"I—I beg your pardon?"

"I mean, I thought—er—we were such friends ——"

Mr. Jack Cronyn smiled blandly. "Dear Vicky, I—I hope we're something more than that," he said.

"Oh, we won't split straws about it!"

"However ——"

"However, as I was saying —— Bother! What was I saying, Jack?"

"That you'll consent to marry me, I hope."

"To—to marry you? But, my dear old boy, I am married!"

"M-married?"

"Married," said Lady Victoria in a most convincing earnest voice. "You see, we thought, Freddie and I ——"

"What?" ejaculated Mr. Jack Cronyn terribly.

A moment before he had picked up his glass; this crumpled in his hand with a muffled silvery faintness of sound; he made a last desperate enraged movement with both hands and collapsed on the floor.

Lady Victoria cried out, ran to the door, and cried out again. There was no answering sound but a ripple of rain on the curtained windows. She returned, knelt beside Mr. Jack Cronyn; then scrambled to her feet and somehow or other found the telephone.

Captain Freddie Hill reached Ditchett House in a dripping raincoat and a state of tremendous agitation, rang furiously, and was instantly admitted. He was shown upstairs at once, but by that time Mr. Jack Cronyn was dead, killed by the extraordinary and outrageous impudence of fate. Lord Lakewood was summoned from the House of Lords; the most eminent physicians had been hurriedly commanded—Sir Philip Beggs, Dr. Erskine MacIntosh, Mr. Badger and several others; Mr. Tod arrived a moment later.

Naturally Lord Lakewood was shocked. Naturally he demanded certain explanations. In these, however, he was rather disappointed; explanations there were, but they were of a rambling, vague, unsatisfactory description; and Lady Victoria was finally sent off to lie down and rest and have her forehead bathed with *eau de Cologne*. Captain Hill was given a whisky-and-soda in the library. In the front of the house all lights had been extinguished; the footmen in the hall maintained an air of sedate melancholy.

"And so I'm to understand, sir," said Lord Lakewood, ominously, like a man who has a disagreeable duty to perform and is about to perform it, "that you've married my daughter?"

Captain Hill intimated—by a circuitous method of conversational evasion and affirmation—that such indeed was the case. All further discussion, however, was interrupted by the appearance of Mr. Tod. He advanced slowly. His face wore an expression of deep regret. His manner was irreproachably correct. He shook hands with Captain Hill—whom he met for the first time that afternoon—and he, too, accepted a whisky-and-soda.

"Very lamentable—very lamentable indeed," he said gloomily. But ever and again he glanced at Captain Hill "Of course, my lord, I'll have the necessary arrangements made immediately—immediately."

Lord Lakewood bowed.

"Only yesterday," went on Mr. Tod, speaking in a regretful and ruminative voice, "Mr. Cronyn undertook the making of his will."

"Did he?"

"I—I beg your lordship's pardon?"

"I mean, did he make it?"

Mr. Tod sipped his drink in thoughtful silence a moment before replying. Then he shook his head rather sadly. "No, my lord," he said. "He—er—he didn't. Died intestate."

"Ah!"

"'God moves in a mysterious way,'" remarked Mr. Tod, glancing at Captain Hill, "'his wonders ——'"

"Quite, quite!" said Lord Lakewood, interrupting him.

He, too, glanced at Captain Freddie Hill, who was in his dripping raincoat and a state of rapidly increasing perplexity and confusion. It was no secret Mr. Jack Cronyn's income amounted to something over sixty thousand a year. Like Jacob Marley, he was indisputably dead. It was also authentically known that Captain Freddie Hill was not only the next of kin but all the kin Mr. Jack Cronyn had in the world.

Lord Lakewood made some hasty computations. The cloudiness which shadowed Lord Lakewood's face lightened. He slapped his son-in-law delicately on the back.

"My dear boy," he said presently, speaking in a tone of great kindness, "I—I hardly know what to say. As Tod says, 'God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform.'"

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AN OUTLINE OF POLITICS

(Continued from Page 23)

Jonesville. Do I hear you say that politics under such circumstances must have been intolerably dull? If so, it shows how little you know of politics, or of human nature—or of history. Any question whatever is sufficient for man to divide upon and fight over and get all the thrills of mortal combat out of. Many, in fact, of the greatest, bloodiest, most devastating divisions of history have been over questions that only an expert can make the least sense of now. So long as men love to divide and strive against one another any question will answer.

The most exciting political contest I have ever sensed happened about the time I am speaking of. When our county was organized the only town within its borders, located in the extreme northeast corner, was made county seat; but as other towns evolved it became evident that such a location would not endure; and the question arose whether the county seat should be moved to my town or to one, half as big, several miles farther south. A detached and cynical observer might have said that as neither town amounted to two whoops, and as one location was about as convenient as the other, the question might well be settled by flipping a coin. But I have never since seen any community so uniformly het up to the boiling point over a political issue as that community was over that issue.

Bismarck, you know, was determined to form the South German States into a federation under the leadership of Prussia, and Napoleon Third was determined he shouldn't. Or Cavour was bound to unite the Italian states into a nation under the headship of Piedmont, and the Hapsburg dynasty was bound he shouldn't. The maneuvering, jockeying, mining, countermining, threatening and cajoling in those cases form the subject matter of modern European history. The Bismarcks and Cavours who strove to form alliances in favor of my town, and the Napoleons and Hapsburgs of the opposition who strove to circumvent them, worked on a smaller stage, but they worked as hard.

On the great day of election ordinary business was practically suspended throughout the county. Quite early in the day Judge Hammond happened to see me on the street and, like the true strategist who never despises small details, he drew me aside.

"Don't you vote today," he enjoined in solicitous confidence. "Your uncle has taken an active part in this fight. These Sodom blacklegs have got spies here. If they catch you voting they'll probably have you arrested in order to get back at your uncle; they're playing a dirty game. You keep away from the polls."

Snappy Politics

I promised him that I would. I was seventeen at the time. As it turned out, my vote would not have mattered. My town, with about eight hundred inhabitants of all ages and both sexes, polled eleven hundred votes. But by infamous trickery the Sodom blacklegs, who controlled the crucial county offices at the time, outcounted us. After due deliberation we decided not to appeal to the courts. Of course Sodom was not the real name of the town whose rivalry with mine furnished the motive for the county-seat fight. Before that contest surcharged the atmosphere I supposed it was a very good sort of town, inhabited by a very good sort of people; in fact, as like my own town as two peas in the same pod. But when the campaign was at its height I found that it was a mere hole, populated largely by rogues.

Only the other day a great many of the people who lived on one side of a line drawn down the continent of Europe were convinced that most of the people on the other side of the line were hardly human beings. Getting people into that pleasant Christian state of mind toward one another has always been one of the chief results of politics. The issue in our county-seat campaign may seem trivial to an outsider, but—as political issues go—it had one extraordinary merit: Every voter could really understand it. The issue was whether a certain squat, square, two-story red-brick spot, or in another spot seven miles south. Anybody could understand that. Also, our county-seat election had an extraordinary merit: It actually settled the question at issue. To this day the squat, square, two-story red-brick building stands in the spot seven miles south. Only once in a blue moon does anything so conclusive as that result from an election. On the whole our county-seat campaign is entitled to more respect than it is likely to get.

Anybody who thinks there was no snap in our politics because there was only one party to speak of and nobody had ever heard of a class consciousness, makes a mistake. And if you have been gathering an impression that this was essentially innocent politics you make another mistake. It was not only machine politics, but dominated by the big predatory interests, those interests, in this case, being the railroads. Every real member of the machine received a reward in addition to the satisfaction of having a finger in the pie; to wit, a railroad pass, the length of the free ride being nicely proportioned to the extent of his political influence.

If he was an ordinary rank-and-file member, like Let Warner or Sam Stout, he could get a trip pass to Omaha or Denver and return. If he was one of the pillars of the county organization he could get a pass to Chicago or Salt Lake City. If he cut a notable figure in state conventions he could ride free to New York or Los Angeles. If he had a really ponderable hand in the making of congressmen and United States senators he would carry an annual pass, good between Omaha and Denver, while he could in addition get a trip pass for himself and family—I suppose—to Tokio or Moscow. We were henchmen.

Badges of Honor

The position of the Fourth Estate was interesting and instructive. There were two weekly newspapers in my town; and in any Nebraska village of those days even one weekly newspaper was apt to be an excessively pindling venture in the strictly economic or capitalistic sense. Yet every editor was a member of the political machine. No doubt this was because the press served the interests, but it is difficult to imagine how a press could have avoided that. What the interests wanted was to boom the town. If the town didn't thrive the press would die. In many individual cases it died anyhow. But if it lived it had to serve the interests by booming the town whether it wanted to or not. And as a servant of the interests every editor had an annual pass on the railroad. He might lack many other things of a worldly nature, even including a seat to his trousers. That is no mere figure of speech, for one of our associate editors wore a long linen duster half of one summer for precisely that reason. But only in a most extraordinary case was an editor without a pass.

I have heard the pass system denounced on both political and economic grounds; but now that it is extinct some things may be said in its favor. For one thing it was an incomparable solace to literature. The local editor, with whom my relations were most cordial—notwithstanding he held the exasperating opinion that Pope was a greater poet than Shakspere—took immense satisfaction in his annual pass, often finding a pretext to show it off in public. The bit of glazed pink cardboard, neatly engraved and bearing the signature of the general manager, was a sort of Croix de Guerre, or ribbon of the Legion of Honor; in short, a mark of distinction. Only twice or thrice during the several years of our acquaintance did he ever have time and money to travel farther than the next town to east or to west; but we spent many pleasant hours first and last looking up places on the map to which he might travel on his annual pass, or on one of the trip passes which the railroads would always issue, in reason, to good editors.

I have since learned that the editors should have regarded their passes as a badge of shame, but in fact they took the exactly opposite view of them. This subject chanced to come up last winter in Florida, where I ran across an old comrade

You need at least one all-round wrench

This is it—

Dan Stillson's *original*



TRADE MARK STILLSON REGISTERED WALWORTH BRAND

IF THIS DIAMOND MARK ISN'T ON YOUR WRENCH, WALWORTH QUALITY ISN'T IN IT

NOWADAYS a good wrench is as indispensable in the family tool-box as a hammer, saw or screwdriver. There are a hundred and one household emergencies that only a wrench can handle. And for breaks and fixes of this kind, the handiest tool you can own is a genuine Walworth Stillson.

Here is a wrench that will turn anything—square, round or hexagonal. Upstairs and down, in the kitchen, garage and barn, a Walworth Stillson is your one best bet as the tool-of-all-work.

* * *

Dan Stillson had a great idea. But he never dreamed how far it would carry. He invented the Stillson in the Walworth plant over 50 years ago—designed it for pipe work. Today it is accepted as the wrench of widest possible household utility.

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WALWORTH

Stillson Wrench



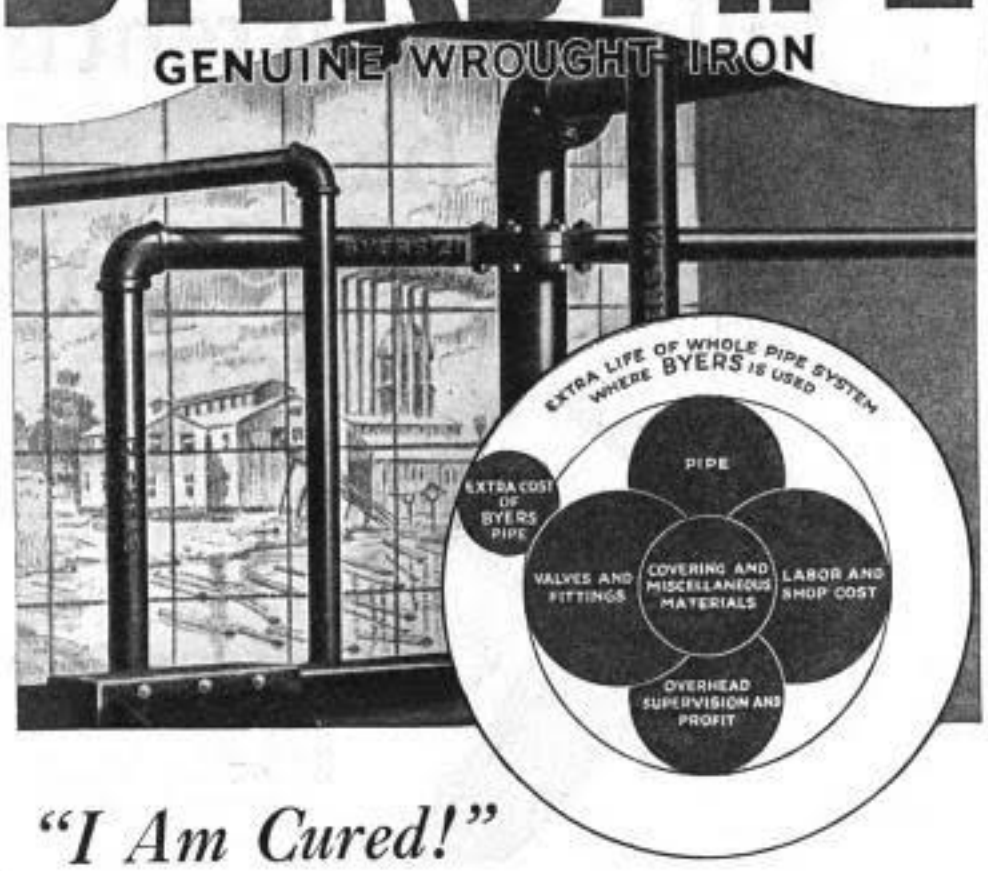
A complete line of Valves

23,000 items for Steam, Water Ga-

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GENUINE WROUGHT IRON



"I Am Cured!"

said an architect to a Byers salesman. "I never attached much importance to the subject until a pipe, buried in my living room ceiling, burst and did $3,000.00 worth of damage to floors, walls, draperies, rugs and furniture. From what I have since found out about pipe, I have decided to allow no clients of mine to be quite as foolish as I was myself. From now on, I will specify Byers pipe for all permanent buildings."

Even leaving out of consideration this possible damage to the building and furnishings, the cost of pipe failures is ten or twenty times greater than the bare cost of the pipe itself. And the extra cost of Byers rust-resisting pipe measured against the installation cost, is only 5 to 10%. (See diagram.) And this small amount is the means of greatly increasing the life of the installation, reducing maintenance cost, and preventing serious damage to the building and its contents.

Send for Byers Bulletin No. 38, "The Installation Cost of Pipe"

A. M. BYERS COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, PA.

Established 1864

New York	Philadelphia	Boston	Chicago
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1 Kennedy Bldg., Tulsa, Okla. Architects, A. W. Black & Son, Tulsa. Byers Pipe for plumbing and heating systems.

2 St. Mary's Boys Dormitory, Winona, Minn. Architect, C. H. Johnston, St. Paul, Minn. Byers Pipe for plumbing and heating systems.

3 Stacy-Trent Hotel, Trenton, N. J. Architects, Esenwein & Johnson of Buffalo; associated with Architects William A. Klemann and J. Osborn Hunt, of Trenton. Byers Pipe for plumbing and heating systems.

Look for the Name and Year rolled in every length

town was on a branch line which was served in an uncertain fashion by two passenger trains a day. One week, in youthful exuberance, he wrote a poem, the purport of the refrain being that No. 9 was due at half past eight, but she got there when she could. A number of papers reprinted this tribute to No. 9's uncertain habits. That annoyed the railroad, which punished the poet by canceling his annual pass.

Only three times in two years, my friend told me, had he ever ridden on his pass, and then but for short distances; nor was there any prospect of his using a railroad more extensively in the coming year. Yet he suffered a searching sense of humiliation from the cancellation of his annual pass—the degraded feeling of an outcast; for an editor without an annual pass was a peculiar and branded being, like a dog without a tail. The cancellation of his pass so affected him that he lost proper pride in his vocation and presently sold his paper, going up to Chicago to start life anew.

And on the economic side passes were by no means such a ruinous drain on the railroads as has since been alleged. By and large, railroads were more genial, human affairs in those days. Probably a generous distribution of passes helped to promote a sociable relationship. And people generally took the simple view that as the trains were running anyway it could make no difference to the railroads whether they contained a few passengers more or less. Passengers without baggage to be checked commonly paid fare on the train, instead of bothering to buy a ticket in the station, and it was generally supposed that conductors thought it made no difference whether the railroad received the fare for a certain seat or not, since it was bound to run the train anyhow.

In the Good Old Days

A large stock of folklore tales illustrated this popular impression of the conductor's attitude in the matter. The following typical examples come to mind:

Conductor, speaking to a friend: "I've always divided fairly with the company, giving them the silver and keeping the bills."

Conductor's wife: "It costs frightfully to live in Omaha. To save us, we've never been able to lay by more than three hundred dollars a month out of my husband's salary"—the husband's salary being a hundred and twenty-five dollars a month.

A passenger hands up a five-dollar bill in payment of fare. The conductor examines the bill and tenders it back, saying: "That's so badly torn I can't take it." The passenger replies, "If you don't want it turn it in to the company."

For all I know these tales may have slandered the conductor, but they illustrate a popular impression, and I remember hearing of a couple of conductors who retired in middle life in quite comfortable circumstances. Also an enterprising young man of my acquaintance who had served two years as a Pullman conductor on a transcontinental run told me how he came to leave that employment. He and his particular pal, enjoying a day off in Omaha, were notified to report to the superintendent. When they presented themselves the superintendent regarded them sourly and spoke substantially as follows:

"I've checked up and find that the company still has all the cars which it intrusted to you. I wonder you didn't sell a few of 'em to the Mormons. A Mormon elder could build a kitchen on in front and make a fine family residence out of a sleeping car. I suppose that didn't occur to you. We're satisfied to get our cars back and call it quits. Now clear out."

One point of this digression is that in the day of cash fares and a more genial, pioneer attitude toward common carriers the issuance of passes may not have been so serious a drain upon the railroads as later economists have assumed. There had as yet been no organization of politics on the basis of opposition, or hostility, to the railroads. But the sentiment which later political organization precipitated was in the air—that is, the railroads were commonly regarded as great aggregations of Eastern capital; they were essentially alien and foreign institutions. A railroad, in short, was a strange Indian, belonging to an unfriendly, far-away tribe, who came among us for the purpose of collecting tribute; so if anybody could soak him, that was all to the good. Tales of peculating conductors were repeated with relish.

I mentioned two conductors who retired in comfortable circumstances. In the bank one day my uncle was repeating a conversation with one of them in which the ex-conductor had summed up the situation as follows: "I've got thirty thousand dollars in good money; the railroad can go to hell." The half dozen or so men to whom my uncle repeated this statement received it with roars of laughter. Our conductor had soaked the strange Indian and we were quite glad of it.

On that general sort of feeling the later political opposition to railroads was pretty much founded, and on that general sort of feeling it pretty much subsists to this day. Much later, when every state had its railroad commission, some of the commissions fought tooth and nail to get the lowest possible local rates, irrespective of their fairness or of what their effect would be upon the railroads as a whole, so that the Interstate Commerce Commission was compelled to intervene. The state commissions, in short, were cheerfully raiding the railroads within their jurisdiction. A witty Frenchman said, "All generalizations are false, including this one." But I offer the rough-and-ready generalization that that Western country has never had any particular conscience about railroads, regarding them as strange Indians, collecting tribute for the unfriendly tribe of Eastern capitalists and cheerfully soaking them as opportunity offered.

No doubt a liberal distribution of passes assisted for a time in maintaining a truce between the Eastern tribe and many of the more influential members of the Western tribe. Passes were, in fact, the grand staple of the railroads' political machine. That the railroads had a very large and active hand in politics was no secret; everybody knew it. When my senator and I went to the capital for the opening of the legislative session, that we should travel on passes was as much a matter of course as that we should travel by rail instead of walking.

A beneficent law, passed I don't know how far back, provided that every senator should have a secretary who was carried on the public pay roll at a salary, as I recall it, of one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month. My qualifications for the position consisted of ability to manipulate a typewriter and to spell with considerable accuracy—an art which, in some mysterious manner, I have since lost. But those qualifications were sufficient. My senator—like all other senators whom I knew personally—had about as much use for a secretary as for a valet. As I recollect it my secretarial duties during the session consisted of copying a dozen letters, running a dozen simple errands and transcribing one short bill. In fact, I was at home quite half the time, traveling back and forth on passes. The rest of the time I amused myself, loafing in the senate chamber or wherever else the loafing was good.

A Fair Split

Why, then, did senators have secretaries? For the same reason that an infinite number of other things are done in American politics. My senator was a country-town lawyer, thirty-odd years of age, with a growing family whose sustenance depended almost wholly upon his modest law practice. He had half a dozen or more busy competitors in the legal profession, any of whom would be much pleased to pick off a client during his absence; and his senatorial duties required him to be absent from his office for ten weeks or so. Probably his salary as senator was about sufficient to pay his board at the capital. That was, roughly, about the situation of most senators. If they raised their senatorial salaries, thrifty constituents would accuse them of pay-grabbing. So they allowed themselves mileage out of the state treasury and traveled on passes; and they allowed themselves secretaries. If they were fortunate enough to have a son or daughter old enough to sign the pay roll and look like a secretary, the son or daughter would very likely be appointed to the post. Otherwise they made such arrangements as they could. The arrangement between myself and my senator was that my secretarial salary should be fairly divided between us—an arrangement eminently satisfactory to both of us. In fact, I didn't earn 10 per cent of the half of the salary that I received, and I had a pleasant little vacation at the state capital. I was

(Continued on Page 85)

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Hotels Statler

Buffalo - Cleveland - Detroit - St. Louis

The "Back in the Kitchens"

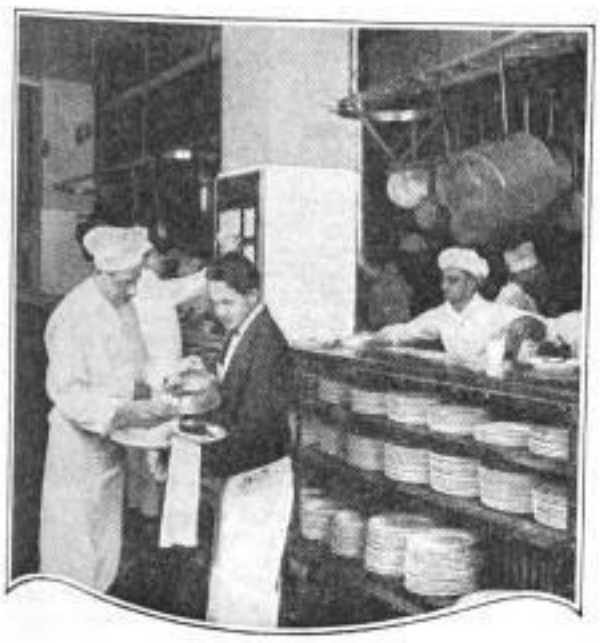
By E. M. STATLER—being one of a series of ads embodying instructions to Statler employees.

BACK of the swinging doors through which your waiter comes with your dinner, there's a small army working for you.

These kitchens are *run for the guest;* and the chefs and their helpers, the stewards and their assistants, everybody who has a hand in the preparation of your food, is taught *to think in terms of your satisfaction and pleasure and convenience.*

That the kitchens are completely equipped, and well organized, and clean, goes without saying—but if you'd like to see with your own eyes, you are invited to visit them any time you like. The point I'm trying to make here is that all those things are worth nothing to you *unless* the food that is brought you is right and satisfactory. It's the *human service,* here as elsewhere, that makes or unmakes your satisfaction. Perhaps, therefore, you will be interested to see how this aspect of service (from people with whom you aren't in direct contact) is accented in our instructions to them:

A new Hotel Statler (1100 rooms, 1100 baths) is now building at Buffalo, to open early in 1923; 500 more rooms will be added later.



Instructions to the Kitchen-Staff *in the Statler-operated Hotels*

"THE fact that you do not see the guest, and do not know his name, doesn't change the fact that it is he for whom you are working. In everything that you cook or garnish or serve or prepare, you are rendering *a personal service to a paying guest.*

"You know your business, or you wouldn't be here. You know whether things are done as well as they can be done; you know what 'best' means. So I want to say to you that every dish you prepare must be *a best of its kind;* that you must never do anything that isn't done well.

"When a guest takes the trouble, and the waiter takes the trouble, to explain some particular way in which a dish is to be prepared, be especially careful to get it as it is wanted.

"And always remember that our reputation depends, absolutely, upon *whether people are pleased or displeased* when they come to us; and that our success (and your success with us) depends upon the kind of service they get. See that they have no cause to be dissatisfied with what you do for them. See that you do your part toward making more and more people *want to come here.*

"You are behind the scenes, and you may think that what the Codes say about courtesy doesn't apply to you. But it does, just the same; if you can't be courteous, and considerate of your fellow-employees, you are not as good a man or woman, in our eyes, as the others who are courteous.

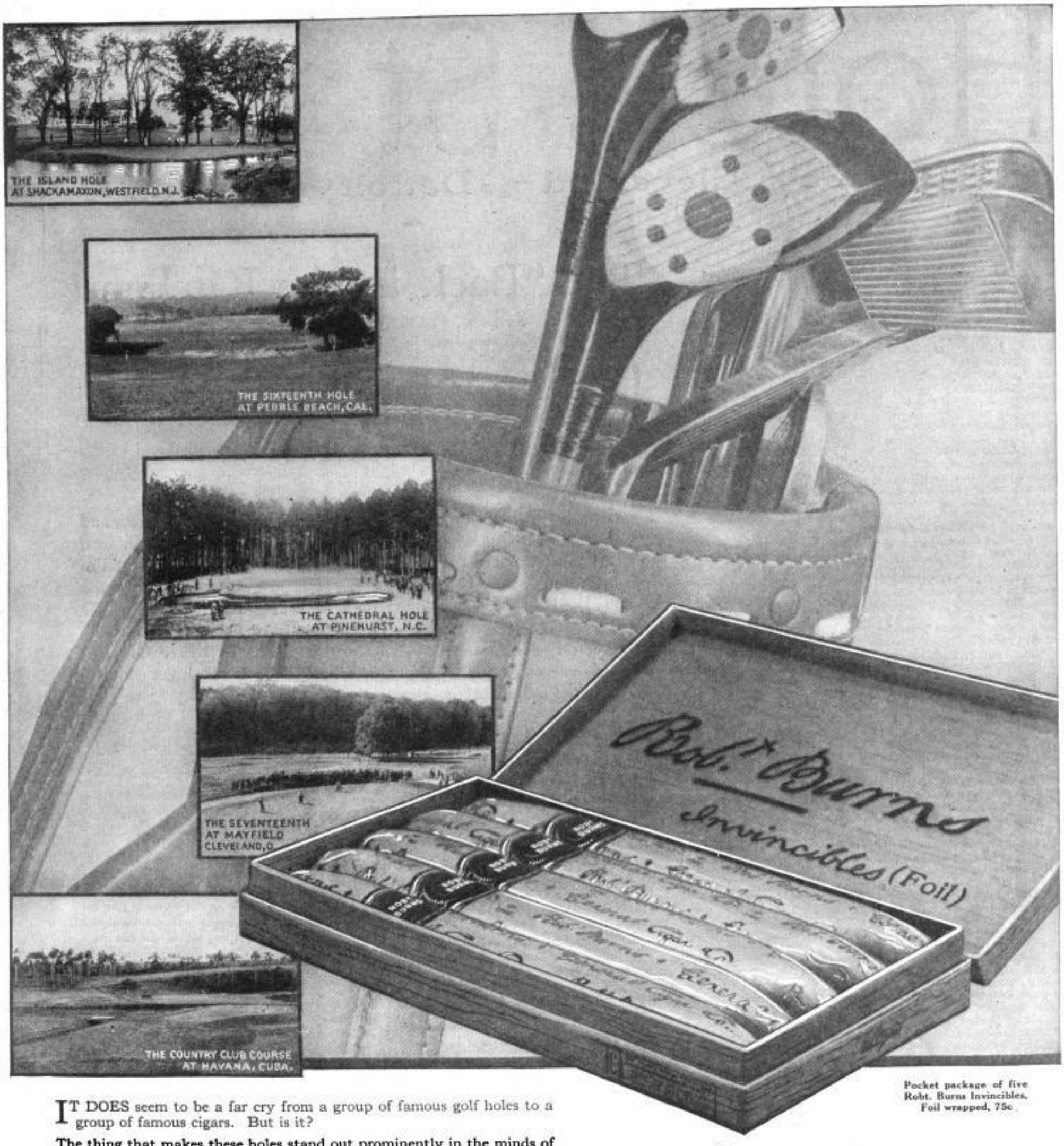
"We want our restaurants regarded as the best restaurants there are; we want people to know that we will do anything necessary to give them satisfaction when they come to us—even to taking off their checks the charge for any items which they do not consider wholly satisfactory. Unless you are in sympathy with this policy, and will help us to carry it out, you aren't in the right job."

E. M. Statler

Hotel Pennsylvania

Opp. Pennsylvania Terminal, New York, *The Largest Hotel in the World*

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Pocket package of five Robt. Burns Invincibles, Foil wrapped, 75c

IT DOES seem to be a far cry from a group of famous golf holes to a group of famous cigars. But is it?

The thing that makes these holes stand out prominently in the minds of golfers everywhere is this: They are out of the ordinary, they are distinctive, the conditions they offer are unusual. They give them individuality.

And Robt. Burns is a cigar of *marked* individuality. The full Havana filler, properly aged, cured, blended and mellowed, has a wonderfully pleasing mildness that is as much a part of the cigar as the band by which you identify it. It is a distinctive cigar.

And incidentally, the big Invincible shape, foil wrapped in the handy pocket package of five, is just right for a day's go on the links.

Have you tried one lately?

General Cigar Co., Inc.
NATIONAL BRANDS
NEW YORK CITY

Robt. Burns Cigar is Full Havana Filled

POPULAR SIZES 10¢ to 15¢

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(Continued from Page 82)

duly flattered and grateful that my senator chose me instead of any one of half a dozen other youths who were equally available. It was a genuine favor and a genuine act of friendship on his part.

The senatorial secretary, in brief, was one of American politics' numberless devices for making both ends meet without being seen in the vulgar act of pulling them together. To raise senatorial compensation outright, by direct increase of salary, would be to invite opprobrium. To raise it indirectly by mileage and secretaries satisfied everybody. The secretary was just a bit of political bunk. Where can you find a politician, high or low, of any party, who does not believe—and act upon the belief—that his beloved constituents cannot be depended upon to function properly in the political sense unless they are fed up on bunk?

Glance back, for instance, at the aircraft bunk, and other bunk, that was fed to the public from Washington during the war. Are the politicians right in this judgment of the American collective mind?

One of the first objects which arrested my attention at the capitol was a tall spare figure, with large feet and hands and a large chin which was slowly pinched between thumb and forefinger in moments of deliberation. Whether the name attached to this figure was Andrew or Anderson, or only something like that, I cannot now recall; nor have I any recollection of how I came by the idea that Senator Andrews or Anderson was the special repository of railroad power in the Upper House, whose opposition would probably be fatal to any bill. Certainly nobody took me over in a dark corner and told me so in hushed tones. No doubt my impression was derived from common talk. This sinister person must have had an easy time that winter, for if anybody tried to introduce a bill that any reasonable railroad could have objected to I never heard of it. In fact, a legislative session could hardly have been duller than that one was.

Fool Legislation

The only really memorable bill of the session was a cause of mortification to my senator and myself. Members of the legislature were mainly lawyers, as a matter of course. But as a dawn of the agrarian movement which was to make so great a stir a few years later, our county had sent a farmer to the House of Representatives. A few other counties, or legislative districts, had done likewise, thus constituting what might be called a farm bloc in miniature. The agricultural members naturally wished to do something for the relief of the basic industry. The western half of the state had but recently passed out of the cattle-range and gun-toting period. Not only was hunting a common pastime but firearms were often used as a means of emotional expression—as by letting go both barrels in order to inform a neighbor that you were feeling good. I suppose the equine population in the gun-toting period had been used to that; but it often had a disastrous effect on the nerves of sedate farm horses. So our farmer member drafted a simple bill to prohibit the discharge of firearms upon a highway. It was pointed out to him, however, that a discharge of firearms might be necessary for protection against a dangerous animal or to enforce law.

The bill as introduced began as follows:

> Be it enacted . . . that whoever shall discharge a firearm on any public highway except to kill a noxious animal or an officer in pursuit of his duty shall be guilty ——

As the member came from our county that let my senator—and incidentally his secretary—in for a good deal of chaff. The senator took it as a solemn warning of the havoc that might be expected from the criminal folly of sending farmers to make laws.

At that time railroad influence in politics—even a dominating influence—was a fact about which no bones were made; everybody knew it. And for a while almost everybody accepted it as a matter of course. Practically it was an influence founded on common, if tacit, consent. A few years later, when farmers decided to take a directing hand in politics, they carried the state with little trouble. They could have carried it any time they had wanted to. But for a good many years they didn't care enough about it to make the effort, and by tacit common consent the railroads openly pretty much bossed state politics.

The Union Pacific's sphere of influence roughly covered the northern half of the state, and the Burlington's sphere lay in the southern half, with the Rock Island attending to a strip in the corner; and all three of them, in the main, heartily coöperating on general propositions. There was quite a spell when any patriot would have found exceedingly hard sledding in reaching an office of any importance that the railroads wanted to keep him out of, or in getting to the governor's table a bill which the railroads opposed.

I have given a good deal of attention, first and last, to this period of acknowledged railroad domination in politics. In my opinion its chief practical effect was to temper the wind to the corporate lamb in the matter of taxes. As a rule the railroads exerted their political influence not to procure the enactment of laws in their interest, but to prevent the enactment of laws against their interest. Mainly they wanted to stand pat, and their political machine operated defensively.

Friction With the Railroads

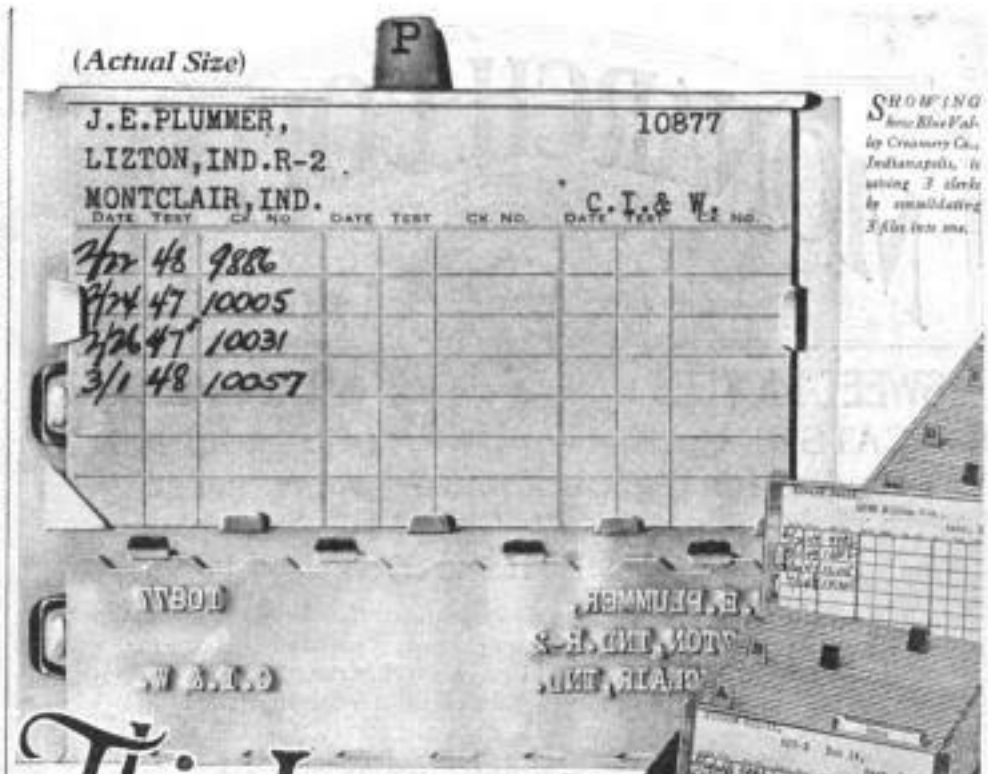
Powerful railroad interest in politics was a phenomenon which followed the construction and development of railroads from the days of Commodore Vanderbilt and the New York Central to the days of Harriman and the Southern Pacific. In this movement from coast to coast the railroads, at the given time and place, were always the biggest business interest and the most exposed politically. Being creatures of law, law could handicap them with heavy grades and sharp curves from one end of the line to the other. Many years after those Nebraska days an Illinois railroad fatuously proposed to limit the passes of members of the state legislature so that they would be good only on certain trains, including some very good trains but not the fastest one.

I have forgotten the precise provisions of the bill which outraged members thereupon framed and proposed to pass; but it was something in the nature of requiring every passenger train to come to a full stop at every flag station, and then back up and salute the village water tank with three long blasts of the whistle. Some serious-minded editors reproved the members for this blackmail; but I'm sure that a great deal of public opinion forgave them—with a chuckle. After all, they were soaking the strange Indian. The railroad promptly surrendered.

First and last, railroad politics was unquestionably marked by a good deal of direct outright bribery. Railroad critics say the railroads began this, cold-bloodedly corrupting hitherto honest legislators. Even so, I wouldn't give much for the legislator's hitherto honesty. But railroad apologists say that bribery was a purely defensive measure; the sovereign people elected crooks to the legislature, the crooks framed strike bills, and the roads had to bribe them to keep from being ruined. Who began it is like the question whether the German mobilization in 1914 was a counter move against Russian mobilization or an act of aggression which had been irrevocably determined upon in advance. Probably that argument will continue long after we are dead. Or it is like the much older question whether the hen or the egg came first. Very likely the truth in all three cases is about fifty-fifty.

For forty years or so the trans-Mississippi railroad, at least, has been a strange Indian sojourning in a tribe that he was suspicious of and which was very suspicious of him. The morality of the relationship on both sides has been just about the morality of suspicious Indians. The railroads had their organization and leaders—or their machine and bosses. Every legislative body that accomplishes anything worth mentioning has an organization and leaders which the opposition calls a machine and bosses. Some silly people, who attribute magical properties to the word "democracy," as though it stood for something that will work just of itself, like to reprobate organization and leaders—for which they prefer to use the words "machine" and "boss." But there is no getting anything done, good or bad, without them.

The United States Senate comprises the highest political and legislative experience in the country. Nearly all its members have been long in public life, sitting in many representative bodies. By and large,



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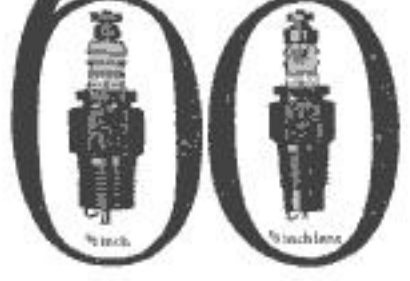
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the senators are our best experts in the technic of transacting business in a representative assembly. Yet for many months the machineless and bossless Senate has floundered like a rudderless tub in a choppy sea, utterly unable to get anything done within a conscionable time. If these experts are so helpless because, for the time being, they have no machine and boss, what could be expected of the average raw state legislature?

The legislature, if it is any particular good, will have organization and leaders—or a machine and bosses. And in my opinion a man who wouldn't far rather take his chances under a legislature bossed by a railroad lawyer than under one bossed by a demagogue is a hopeless blockhead. With your permission I will elaborate that theme a bit.

The fundamentals of the railroad situation in Nebraska in the '80's were just what they are now. Railroads were a necessity. Every other material interest in the community depended upon them in some degree. My fellow citizens in Nebraska in the '80's were capitalists and individualists, believing firmly in private property, competition and individual initiative, just as an overwhelming majority of my fellow citizens in the United States today believe in those things. Since then we have had an actual experience of government operation of railroads; and I don't hear anybody who really expects to be elected to any public office, from village selectman up, urging a return to that experience.

In principle, as the diplomats say, nearly all of us believe in private ownership and operation with the inevitable implication that the roads must be permitted to earn expenses and a fair return upon the investment. Nearly all socialists, while talking government ownership and operation, agree that government-owned roads should earn expenses and interest on the bonds representing the investment. But agreeing to that in principle doesn't help the case much. We all agree in principle that expenses of government must be paid by taxation; yet how many of us complain bitterly of the particular taxes that are assessed against us? Of course we want government expenses paid—provided somebody else pays them. If Congress ever proposed a tax which was not opposed by the particular people who were going to pay that particular tax it has escaped my notice.

The Ancient Squabble

We agree in principle that railroad expenses and interest should be paid, like government expenses, by somebody else. An immense number of particular interests, ranging from farmers to collar-button makers, and a great number of communities, are always at work trying to get lower freight rates for themselves—in other words, to shift the tax on somebody else. The railroads themselves, with an absolutely free hand, unrestrained by any law or commission, could much better be trusted with the power of fixing freight rates than could many state railroad commissions, which, amenable to local interests, would simply get the lowest possible rates for those particular interests and let somebody else pay the tax. The country at large has nothing to hope for from a general scramble to shift the freight tax on somebody else; and that is what state politics, as applied to railroads, very largely means.

The political history of mankind, to a surprising extent, is a record of this immemorial squabble over taxes—of efforts to shift the burden to somebody else. It is almost a fundamental human instinct. Applied to railroads it gives the railroad-baiting demagogue a peculiarly golden opportunity. The tax assessor can finally rely on sentiments of patriotism—of loyalty to and affection for the United States. But the railroad is pretty much a strange Indian whom nobody loves, while a great many people rejoice to see him soaked on general principles. The railroad-baiting demagogue is a more dangerous figure in politics than the railroad lawyer, for he has much more inflammable and destructive materials to work upon.

Railroads, after all, are under heavy and inescapable bonds. So is every other vested interest—from the simple fact that it is vested, or invested. Pirates had what may be called free and unfettered wealth in the form of gold and jewels buried in the sand. But nowadays a man can hardly have wealth without giving a bond to the public. In some way or other he must almost inevitably invest his wealth in the country and set it productively at work. The chief collective object of the interests in my village was to boom the town. By and large, as soon as a man makes an investment he is committed, to that extent, to booming the town. Any large investment of wealth—which is peculiarly true of railroads—is tied up with the general prosperity.

They may want very much to grab one or two more golden eggs than rightfully belong to them, but in spite of that the health of the goose that lays the golden eggs is always near to their hearts. Making every fair allowance for a well-developed selfishness on their part, they are still zealous for the growth and prosperity of the country, especially of the region which their lines tap; and having, as a rule, a great deal of practical sense and experience they are capable town boomers.

In brief—and to repeat—railroads are under heavy bonds; subject to strong responsibilities and restraints. They did damage in politics. They would do damage in politics again if their old political machines were restored to pristine vigor. But in the nature of the case it was a relative and limited damage. On the other hand, your demagogue has no responsibilities or restraints whatever. Usually he hasn't even a true sense of responsibility. If the audience looks hungry he is just as apt as not to advocate roasting the goose for dinner. Why not? He did nothing to help breed and rear it. What he sees in it is an interesting sort of bird to try an experiment on.

The Lost Sense of Proportion

If the experiment ends disastrously he will only be in the position of the cheerful experimenters at Moscow. He can simply say, "Well, by George, that's too bad! I really thought it was going to turn out differently." And then put his hands in his pockets and walk off.

To put the case in milder American terms: At one time or another, from coast to coast, railroads dominated politics; public harm resulted therefrom, but probably less public harm than has resulted from political domination of railroads the last dozen years. That, finally, is what I wish you to think about; for in politics, as in everything else, it is useful to keep a sense of proportion; but politics is always striving to wipe out every sense of proportion.

After the session whose pay roll was adorned with my signature I saw my state legislature in action only once. That was a few years later, when the Populist dissipation was at its height. My decrepit memory is not clear as to whether or not professed Populists carried the state at that election; but at any rate farmers were in full control of the House, and our county furnished the speaker—a very earnest man with a very red face and red hair which stood up sparsely over his head. He was a new member, like most of his fellows.

I retain a mental picture of this earnest and agitated speaker, pounding with his gavel and pleading with the tumultuous assemblage: "Hold on now, boys! Hold on! We're getting all snarled up!"

There was an experienced and conservative element—mostly, no doubt, remnants of the old railroad machine—which took an unholy delight in turning the House into a bear garden by offering two or three amendments in rapid succession, demanding the previous question and then raising a point of order. In the ensuing turmoil only the ghoulish gangsters had the least idea where the House was at.

I don't doubt that this bedeviled House was a much more earnest body than my machine legislature had been, with higher and warmer ideals of public weal. But I do doubt that it finally did anybody any more tangible good. By and large, your political choice lies between a conservative with low practical aims which he knows how to achieve and a radical with high idealistic aims who is certain to get himself and you all snarled up trying vainly to reach them. That is why I have become very conservative in politics.



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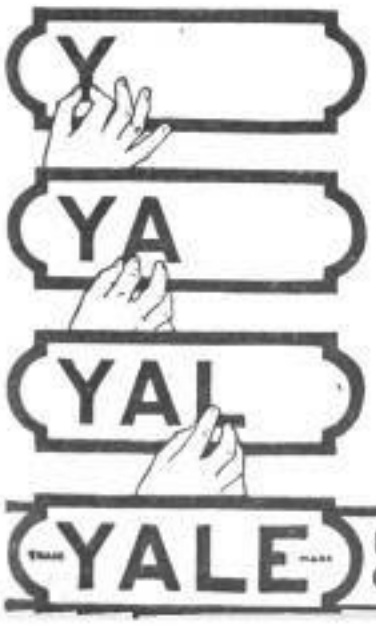
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(Continued from Page 15)

route to the Wilshire Boulevard address of Colonel Warrington. He drove through the traffic to Pico and via that important thoroughfare to Western Avenue, swinging across then to the fashionable Wilshire section, a tremendous area of spotlessly white homes, immaculate lawns, stiff and artificial gardening and aggressive affluence. Before the gates of a huge home, the grounds of which occupied an entire block, Corwin's taxi stopped. Gerald retained his man and entered the Warrington mansion. A block farther down Wilshire Boulevard Scanlan's taxi halted, and a half block behind that Jim Hanvey left his taxi.

Jim, alone of the three, dismissed his driver. And then, slowly and purposefully, puffing on a cigar, Jim waddled up the street toward Scanlan's automobile.

"'Lo, Billy!"

"Hello, Jim!"

"Have a good ride?"

"Pretty good."

"Just wanted to let you know I follered you, Billy. All I done it for was to make sure you was watchin' young Corwin yonder. I'll be trottin' back to town now." He addressed Scanlan's driver: "Which street car do I take to get back to town?"

The driver vouchsafed the desired information. Scanlan could not forbear a question:

"Where's your taxi, Jim?"

"I let it go. Taxis are terribly expensive." And Hanvey moved heavily away.

Scanlan's vigil continued for more than an hour. Then through the gates of the Warrington home swung a limousine. It stopped briefly while Corwin alighted, paid his taxi and then returned to the big car. The route into the city was more direct this time, and Scanlan followed Corwin and Colonel Warrington into one of the larger Broadway office buildings. He saw them enter the offices of a law firm and knew that Corwin had won the first move of the game by persuading Warrington to issue his proxy in favor of the McIntosh interests.

From his vantage point in the marbled hallway Scanlan kept watch. Eventually he saw a young man emerge from the offices of the firm of lawyers and enter a smaller office down the hall which was marked "Real Estate & Insurance. Notary Public." A second young man returned with the first and in his hand was a small notarial seal. It was obvious to Scanlan that if there was a notary in the law firm he was out at the moment. Alone again, Scanlan ascertained the name of the notary—Leopold Jones.

When Warrington and Corwin descended in an elevator a few minutes later Scanlan did not follow. Instead he produced from his pocket an income-tax blank and went with it to the office of Leopold Jones. Of that young gentleman he requested an attestation of his income-tax return. Mr. Jones found Mr. Scanlan an engaging talker and they chatted for several minutes. When Mr. Scanlan eventually departed Mr. Jones was happily unaware of the fact that in Mr. Scanlan's coat pocket reposed his, Mr. Jones', notarial seal.

From the office building Scanlan visited the city ticket office of the Sante Fe Railroad. He learned readily enough that Drawing-room A in Car S-17, California Limited, for Friday morning had been sold the day previous to a very fat gentleman. He bought Compartment C in the same car. He returned to the hotel.

Thus far things appeared propitious for Mr. Scanlan.

Jim was a hindrance, of course, and a grave one; but Scanlan operated on the theory that no vigilance is so keen that it cannot be eluded. There remained nothing now save the trip east. At some time between the departure from Los Angeles and the arrival in Chicago it was incumbent upon Mr. Scanlan to secure from Corwin the Warrington proxy.

That night—Wednesday—the three men dined together, Corwin's distaste swallowed up by his keening interest in the peculiar friendship existing between Hanvey and Scanlan. Corwin had always held the idea that criminals and detectives clashed on sight; that the former were habitually in flight and the latter constantly in pursuit. To see them chatting amiably about topics in general, reminiscing over past escapades of Scanlan and exploits of other criminals and swapping theories on unsolved crimes was astounding. Corwin found it hard to reconcile himself to the fact that at the moment the portly detective and the would-be-gentleman crook were engaged in a battle of wits. He later discussed the matter with Hanvey.

"Why don't you arrest Scanlan?"

"Arrest him? He ain't done nothin'."

"He's planning to."

"You can't arrest a man for what he's got in his head. If you could the jails'd be overflowin'."

"You could arrest him for that McCarthy affair I heard him telling you about. He confesses he was involved in the swindle."

"Aw, you know I wouldn't touch him for that! He just passed that dope on as a friend."

"But I didn't know that policemen and criminals were friends."

Hanvey smiled wistfully.

"'Bout the only friends I got in this world, son, are crooks. Most of them are servin' time. Some of 'em I put there. But we're friends. This here solid-gold watch charm—that was given me by one of the niftiest con men in the world. I sure hated to send him up."

They checked out of the hotel Friday morning. Billy Scanlan was at the station when they arrived. The heavy train rumbled under the shed and they settled themselves for the three-day journey to Chicago. At Hanvey's invitation Scanlan joined them in the drawing-room and they became absorbed in a game of setback at half a cent a point.

Hanvey and Scanlan waxed violently enthusiastic over the game —— "King for high." "Trey low?" "Well, dog-gone your ornery hide ——" "You're a rotten setback player, Mr. Corwin; y'oughta learn somethin' 'bout the fine points of the game."

Nothing to indicate that a crisis was approaching, no outward manifestation of the drama which was imminent. Occasionally Corwin reassured himself by touching his coat, in the lining of which was sewed the envelope containing the proxy which controlled a railroad. Once Hanvey saw the gesture and he laughed.

"It's safe all right, son. It'll stay safe unless you lose your coat."

Corwin flushed angrily. Hanvey rightly interpreted his anger and extended a fat and reassuring hand.

"I wasn't giving no dope away. Billy knew where you had the proxy, didn't you, Billy?"

Scanlan nodded.

"Sure! It's the regular place."

Both men—detective and criminal—were vastly amused by Corwin's obviousness, and Corwin knew it. But he didn't care. Perhaps the lining of a coat was the regular place to keep a valuable document; certainly it was a safe one; and Hanvey might have been more careful than to remove the last vestige of doubt from Scanlan's mind. Corwin knew that Scanlan could not possibly get the proxy. Such a thing was impossible during the day, and at night Corwin planned to use the coat as a pillow.

Following a light breakfast the next morning, Corwin made his way forward to the club car for a shave. He removed coat, collar and tie, for the moment unmindful of Scanlan. When the hot towel was removed from his face and fresh lather applied he noticed Scanlan sitting with two other men, awaiting his turn for a shave. Next to Scanlan was Jim Hanvey. Corwin sighed relievedly.

The barber shaved the right side of Corwin's face, then turned him in the chair to get at the other side. As he did so Scanlan cast a glance of simulated impatience at the waiting men, rose, donned coat and hat and left the club car.

But the coat which Scanlan wore on leaving the car was Corwin's!

In five minutes' time he returned. Corwin was just emerging from the chair. Hanvey was slumped in a corner immersed in the very-female pictures of a weekly periodical. Scanlan removed Corwin's coat and extended it to that young gentleman.

"Took your coat by accident, Mr. Corwin. Just discovered my mistake."

Corwin's face blanched. He grabbed the coat and touched the spot where the proxy had been. For a single wild instant Corwin contemplated bodily assault, and only

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the hulking figure of Jim Hanvey and his slow, drawling voice prevented.

"What's the matter, son? What's the matter? You look all het up."

"This thief ——"

"Whoa, son, whoa! That ain't no kind of a name to call a crook."

Corwin whirled on Hanvey.

"You don't know what you're talking about! This man has that proxy! He just stole it from me!"

Jim was unperturbed. He turned mildly reproving eyes upon the amused countenance of his friend.

"You didn't go an' do that, did you, Billy?"

Scanlan grinned.

"Mr. Corwin seems to think so."

"Well, I'll be dog-goned! Let's git together an' kinder talk things over."

Back through the swaying, grinding cars went the procession, Scanlan leading, Hanvey next and Corwin bringing up the rear. Corwin was in a cold fury. He felt that he was being made ridiculous—they were laughing at him. He didn't like the looks of the whole business anyway. What assurance had he that Hanvey and Scanlan were not confederates? They were suspiciously intimate, and Hanvey must have seen Scanlan —— In the privacy of their drawing-room Corwin's sinewy figure towered over Scanlan.

"If you don't give me back that proxy I'll break every bone in your rotten body."

Jim restrained the young man.

"Them's awful harsh words, Jack Dalton."

Corwin shook him off.

"I think you're as crooked as he is. I've had my suspicions from the first, and I'm not going to allow any pair like you to make a monkey of me."

It was Scanlan who spoke.

"Just what are you going to do about it, Mr. Corwin?"

"I'll do aplenty!"

"Giving me a licking isn't going to get you anywhere except in jail. We're in New Mexico now; and if you lay a finger on me I'll have you dumped in the Albuquerque lockup tonight; and you can't do the same to me, because you haven't got a lick of proof."

"Will you let us search you and your compartment?"

"Surest thing you know!" He turned to the detective. "C'mon, Jim. Get busy."

Hanvey shrugged and reached for one of his black cigars.

"Ain't gonna waste my time, Billy. If you've got that proxy there ain't no use of my searchin' for it now. I've just got to think things over and get a hunch where you put it. Then I'll get it."

"Do you mean," interrogated Corwin furiously, "that you're not even going to search this man?"

"I do. I mean just that exact thing, son."

"Well, I will!"

Scanlan meekly submitted to the search. Once as Corwin's trembling, clumsy fingers probed into a pocket he deliberately winked at Hanvey, and at the conclusion of the personal search Scanlan led the way to his compartment. Twenty minutes later Corwin, dispirited and dully angry, returned to the drawing-room, where he found Hanvey gazing stolidly out of the window. The detective spoke without turning his head.

"When you git peeved, son, you sure git peeved all over."

The younger man did not answer. He slouched opposite and tried to think, to piece together the ends of this tangled skein. He was distrustful of everyone, particularly of the slothful Hanvey. Jim's only other remark did not add to his comfort.

"You sure was careless with that coat, Mr. Corwin—awful careless."

Hanvey was right. He had been careless, inexcusably so. True, there had been a feeling of safety in the knowledge that Hanvey was also in the barber shop; but there was small solace in the thought that it wasn't entirely his fault that too great confidence had been placed by his employers in Hanvey's ability. And now, should Hanvey fail to recover the proxy, he—Corwin—was ruined, a brilliant career abruptly and ignominiously terminated.

Meanwhile, in Compartment C, behind a locked door, Scanlan was busy. He obtained a table from the porter and then proceeded to open his suitcase, to unpack it, to remove a false bottom and extract was strikingly similar to the proxy which lay beside them on the table.

Then slowly and painstakingly Scanlan prepared a duplicate proxy, being very careful that his forging of Colonel Warrington's name should be patently a forgery. The finished job was a masterpiece. No one unfamiliar with Warrington's signature could guess that this was not genuine, yet a comparison left no room for doubt that Scanlan's work was a forgery. Carefully he inscribed the attestation, affixing thereto the impress of the notarial seal he had stolen from the office of Mr. Leopold Jones. That done, he viewed his handiwork with pardonable pride. He next destroyed the other blank proxies which had been prepared by the Quincy-Scott crowd in New York, placed the forged proxy in the false bottom of his suitcase and put the genuine proxy in an inside pocket of his coat.

At lunch time Scanlan found Hanvey sitting alone at one end of the diner while Corwin sulked at the other. The crook paused by the detective's table and cheerfully accepted Hanvey's invitation to join. Jim nodded toward the tragic figure at the other end of the car.

"You sure have played tarnation thunder with that kid, Billy."

Scanlan shook his head. Naturally tender-hearted, he was genuinely regretful.

"Business is business, Jim."

"Yep, so it is. Kinda tough on the kid, though. He feels bad, knowin' he played right into your hands. An' I ain't feelin' any too spry myself." The detective's dull eyes turned toward his companion and blinked slowly. "Where have you got that proxy, Billy?"

Scanlan laughed.

"I haven't admitted that I have it."

"No-o. An' I didn't ask you to admit nothin'. The point bein' that you can't get away with it, kid. I'll have you held when we get to Chicago and search you—a search that is a search."

Scanlan registered apprehension.

"That ain't fair, Jim. You ain't got a lick of proof that I have the proxy."

"Nope. But I intend to get it."

From the diner Scanlan went back to the observation platform to think things over. He did not relish the prospect of an additional thirty-six hours on the same car with Hanvey. He contemplated dropping off at Albuquerque, then thought better of it. Jim would merely remain with him. And then an idea came.

At eight o'clock the train pulled into the handsome station at the capital of New Mexico for a one-hour layover. Scanlan walked swiftly up the street toward the post office. There he prevailed upon a registry clerk to accept a letter. In a long envelope he inclosed a note to Phares Scott and with it the proxy he had that day stolen from Gerald Corwin. He sent the document both special delivery and registered. It would get to New York a day or two late, perhaps, but still in ample time for the meeting. Besides, it was not essential that it get there at all. It was only necessary that the McIntosh forces be deprived of its possession.

Scanlan would have destroyed the thing in preference, but he knew that he would have difficulty in collecting his fee unless the document itself was produced.

But even though Billy Scanlan had left the train at Albuquerque, Hanvey and Corwin had not. Hanvey, making quite sure that Scanlan had gone, entered Scanlan's compartment in Corwin's company. The manner of the big detective had momentarily lost its sluggishness. He questioned Corwin.

"Where'd you search?"

Corwin told him. Jim shook his massive head.

"How 'bout his suitcase?"

"I looked in there, of course."

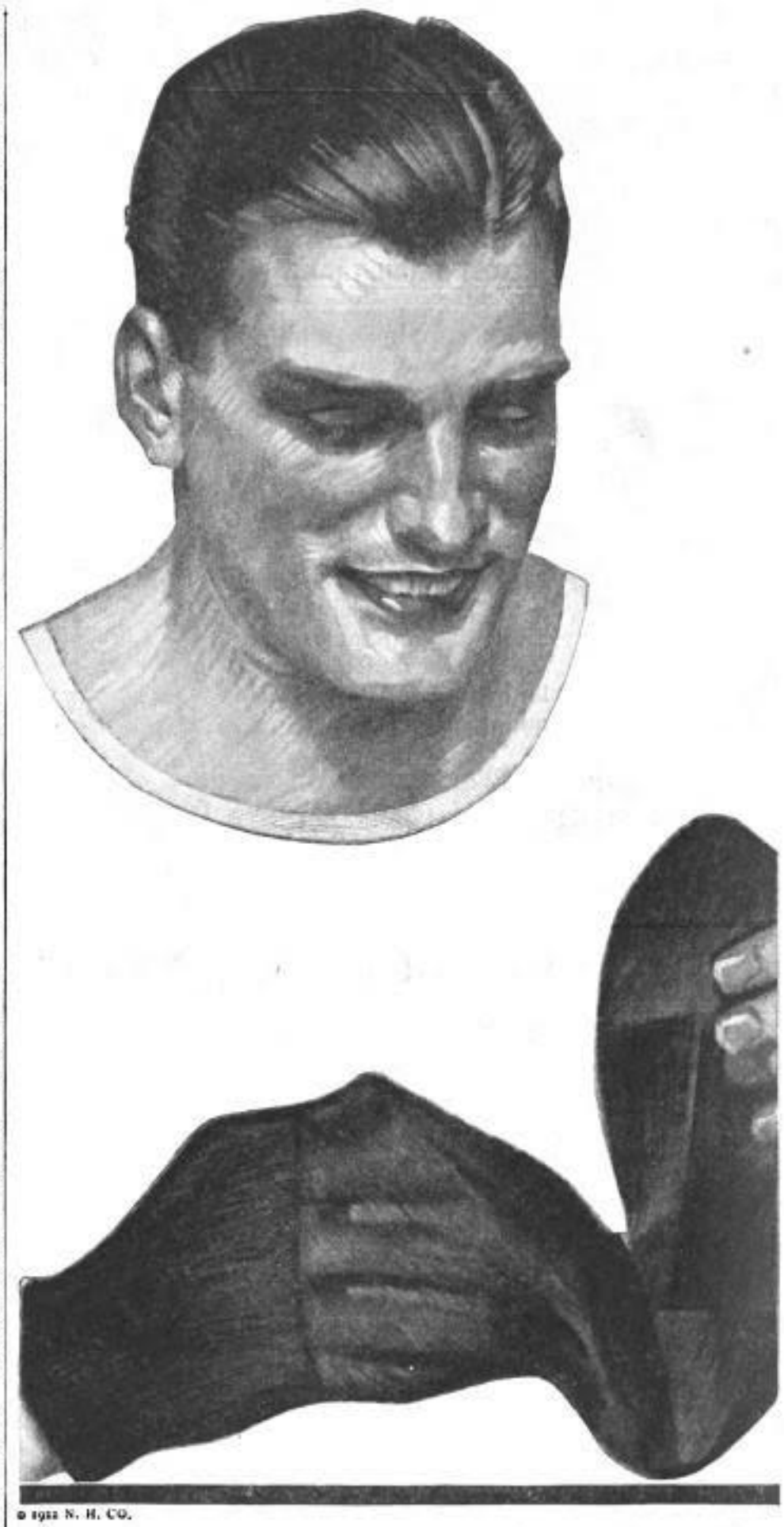
"Sure—of course you did, son. Naturally. But let's us try it again."

Jim dumped the contents unceremoniously on the seat. With deft fingers he went through every garment and even inspected the contents of the rolled traveling case.

"You see," commented Corwin resentfully. "I told you nothing was there."

Hanvey paid him no heed. He had closed the suitcase and was inspecting it carefully. Then suddenly he turned it over and thumped it with a heavy, spatulate finger. His pursy lips creased into a smile.

"Think we got sumethin', son."



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The suitcase was reopened and Hanvey fumbled inside for a moment. Then a button unfastened here and one there and he removed the false bottom. He extended the envelope to Corwin.

"Better see that he don't get another chance at it, son."

With fingers that trembled the younger man spread open the forged proxy, never questioning its genuineness. There it was—Warrington's signature, Jones' attestation, the notarial seal. Corwin seized Jim's hand and wrung it gratefully. His voice was choky.

"I've been a rotter, Mr. Hanvey. I suspected you of being a confederate ——"

"'Sall right, Mr. Corwin. 'Sall right. Don't slop over."

"I can't help it. I feel like a cur."

"Gwan!" Hanvey was touched by the boyish gratitude of his young friend. "Let's get this stuff back in here. Scanlan'll spot that we have the thing, but it wouldn't be decent to leave his stuff all spread out like this."

Ten minutes before leaving time Scanlan returned to his compartment. He opened his suitcase, discerned the disorder—and grinned. Then, pretending disappointment and fury, he rapped on the door of Drawing-room A. Inside he faced Corwin.

"You wanted to start something a little while ago, Mr. Corwin," he snapped, "when you thought I copped a paper from your coat. Well, I'm here to say that whenever you're ready you just wade right in, because, no matter what I've done, I never robbed a gent's suitcase."

A hard, chill smile appeared on Corwin's lips. He rose slowly. From the window seat Hanvey viewed the tableau amusedly.

"Get out!" ordered Corwin.

"Put me out!"

"Get out or I shall!"

Scanlan's eyes met those of the other man, and Scanlan discreetly withdrew.

But that night Scanlan lay in his berth, smoking and smiling. Success had blessed his strategy. The Warrington proxy was en route to New York by registered mail, the envelope specifically marked "For Delivery to Addressee Only." Better still, Jim Hanvey thought he had recovered the document. There was the strongest point in Scanlan's favor—the fact that Jim was smugly contented. Now all he had to do was to assume the attitude of a man thwarted. He was a trifle sorry for poor old Jim, yet it was no lack of acumen on Jim's part, but rather a superlative cunning on his own.

During the final twenty-four hours of the journey to Chicago, Gerald Corwin clung to the supposed proxy with a pitiful grimness. Alone with Hanvey in their drawing-room, he sat with his hand against the pocket of his coat. He shaved himself. He slept with the coat for a pillow.

"He got it once," he explained to Hanvey. "He won't again."

Jim smiled.

"Once ought to be enough for any man."

"What made you think of a false bottom to that suitcase, Mr. Hanvey?"

"Same thing that made Billy think of the lining of your coat. Plumb obvious. Gosh! I'll bet Billy's ravin'."

Corwin was frankly admiring.

"And I thought you were no good! I even thought you might be double-crossing McIntosh!"

"That's right, son; that's right. Never trust nobody an' you'll never get a shock. That's my motto. The honester a person is supposed to be the easier he can crook you."

They reached Chicago at noon of the following day. Hanvey and Corwin boarded the Pennsylvania for New York. Scanlan secured a berth on the New York Central. Freed from the Scanlan menace, Corwin thawed slightly and attempted to make late amends to his benefactor. He even summoned sufficient courage to request a closer inspection of Jim's gold toothpick and to say complimentary things about the fearful weapon which had been anathema to him. Jim bloomed under the praise of his decoration.

"Feller that gave me that had sense," he said earnestly. "It ain't only beautiful—it's useful."

Corwin repressed a shudder.

"I suppose it is."

The gratitude of the younger man was pathetic. He grimly determined to invite Jim to dinner some night—the ultimate test of his fortitude.

They reached New York on time and repaired immediately to the offices of the K. R. & P. There Gerald Corwin delivered over to Garet McIntosh the Warrington proxy. McIntosh congratulated the young man and assured him of the directors' appreciation. But before leaving the room Corwin made a straight-eyed confession.

"You must thank Mr. Hanvey," he said. "The proxy was stolen from me on the train and Mr. Hanvey recovered it."

"Good!" McIntosh dismissed Corwin with a nod and reached for his notebook. "How about it, Hanvey?"

Jim grinned. "Don't listen to nothin' the kid says, Mr. McIntosh. He's game all through, that lad. But it was funny."

At that moment Billy Scanlan faced Phares Scott and gave a detailed report of the success of his mission. A gleam of admiration appeared in the steely eyes of the financier.

"Good work!" he commented briefly. "You'll get your pay when the proxy arrives."

The following day at noon Scanlan presented himself again at Scott's office. His reward was paid in legal tender —— "To avoid the embarrassment of a check." Scanlan nodded and pocketed the money.

"The proxy?" he questioned.

"We've destroyed it. Simply wanted to look it over to make sure we were safe."

That night Billy Scanlan celebrated. The following morning he awakened with a violent headache, and was aroused by a ringing of his telephone.

"Jim Hanvey," announced the slow, drawling voice on the other end. "Can I come up?"

Jim came. He regarded Scanlan interestedly.

"I judge they paid you off all right," he commented.

"They did," admitted Scanlan. "What about it?"

"Nothin'; nothin' in particular." Hanvey glanced at his watch, a tremendous affair, gaudily engraved. "Only that the stockholders' meetin' takes place in just about one hour, an' as a friend I advise you to beat it an' beat it quick."

Scanlan sat upright, hands pressed against his throbbing forehead.

"Me beat it?"

"Uh-huh."

"What for?"

"Takin' pay from the Quincy-Scott crowd for somethin' you didn't do. They're li'ble to get awful sore."

"What are you talking about, Jim? You know good and well I got away with it."

Hanvey shook his head. "Nothin' of the kind, Billy; an' I'm advisin' you as a friend to beat it—an' stay put."

The eyes of the other man narrowed.

"You must be gettin' into your second childhood, Jim. Do you mean to tell me that you haven't yet found out that the proxy you stole from my suitcase was a fake?"

Hanvey's voice was quite matter of fact.

"Oh, that? Sure, I knew all the time that was a fake."

"Well, then ——"

"What you ain't never stopped to realize," explained the detective, "is this: The proxy you swiped from young Corwin wasn't no good either."

Scanlan rose abruptly.

"What do you mean—no good? Old man Warrington executed it ——"

"Sure he did! An' the next day he executed another to McIntosh. That second one was the only one worth the paper it was written on. It nullified the first, an' I had it in my pocket all the time. An' when that real proxy appears at the meetin' today the gang you were workin' for is li'ble to get all het up. You see, Billy, you and Corwin both had the wrong dope. I wasn't on that train to keep you from gettin' that proxy off Corwin; I was there to see you did get it so you wouldn't bother me none, me bein' the real messenger."

Headache forgotten, Billy Scanlan leaped for his suitcase and commenced a frenzy of packing.

"I might've known you were too easy, Jim! I might've known it! Anyway, they paid me off yesterday ——"

"That's what tickles me," replied Jim; "you gittin' paid for that proxy. It's a swell joke on them fellers. An' say, I got somethin' to show you. You know young Corwin was awful grateful for what I done."

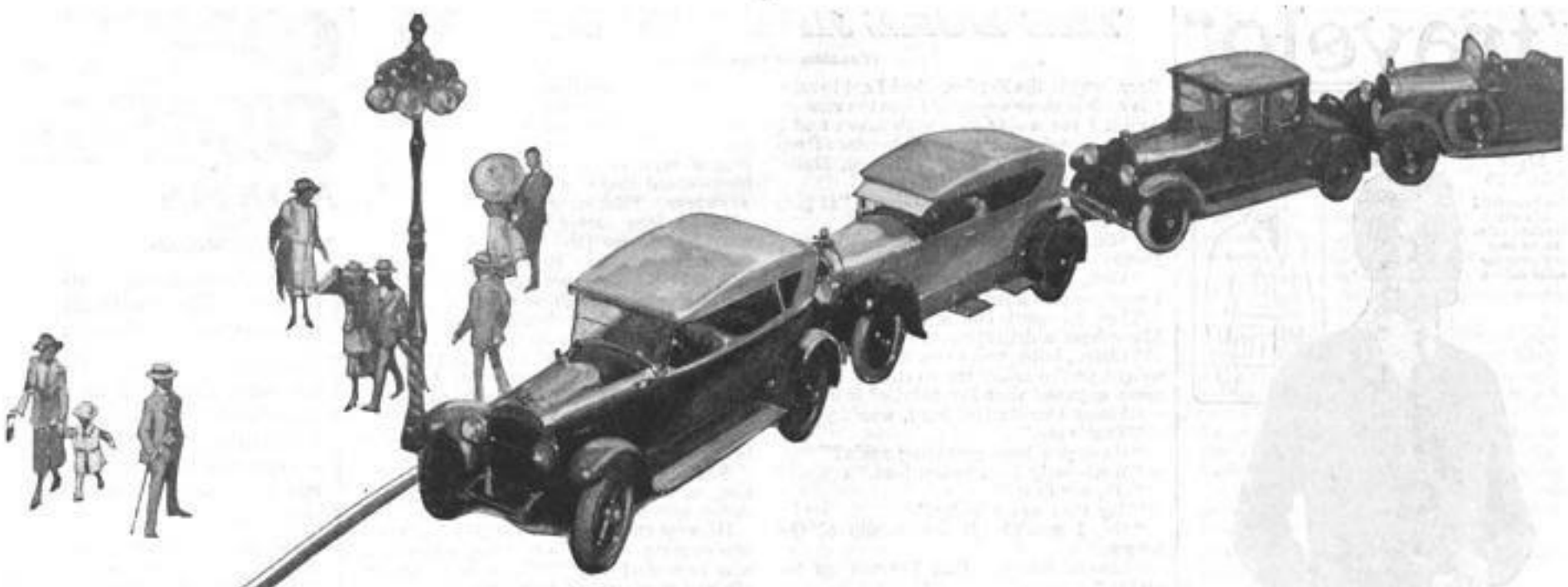
"He should have been."

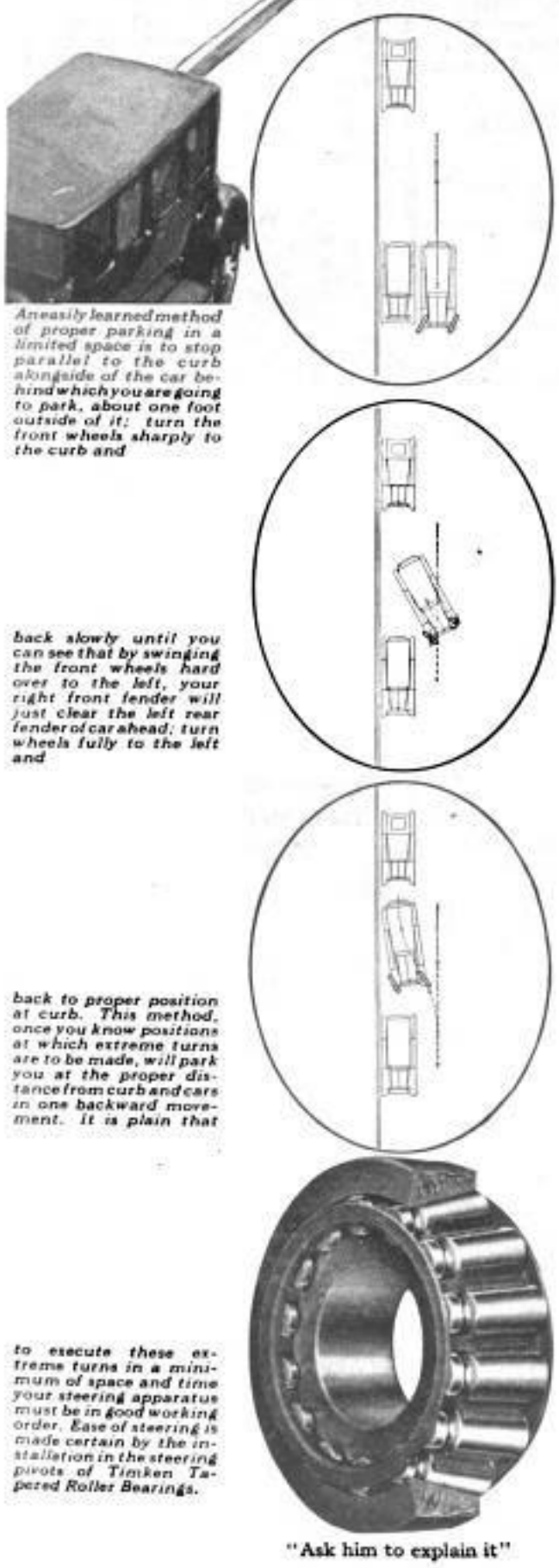
"He was. He sent me a present this morning. Ain't it swell?"

And beaming with pride Hanvey exhibited the gift of the fastidious Gerald Corwin.

It was a gold-handled toothbrush.

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THE DUKE AND THE DUCATS

(Continued from Page 8)

Broadway in the Forties. And I got to raise the cash in three weeks or I lose the chance. And if I got a side kick with seven and a half, to match mine, we could borrow fifteen more, and make a killin'. Honest, Duke, don't it get you?"

The Duke lifted his shoulders. "It gets me, but I don't get the jack."

"Still, if you could put your hands on it, Duke ——"

"Well, you can't always sometimes tell. I may see you later."

Then he went out and telephoned to Mary from a delicatessen:

"Listen, baby, you know that's an awful weight you're askin' me to carry. Does it mean anythin' that I'm thinkin' it over?"

"Please think awful hard, won't you?"

"That's me."

"Have you been gambling again?"

"Well—only for chicken feed."

"Oh, my dear!"

"Say that again, baby."

"No, I won't! It was a slip of the tongue."

"Listen, honey. Can I come up tonight?"

"Don't you remember what I told you?"

"Baby, you don't know what you're askin'."

"Yes, I do. You could make thirty dollars a week, couldn't you?"

"Thirty! That wouldn't hardly buy cigarettes."

"It's enough, though, if you get it the right way."

"It's four days since I saw you, Mary. And they was awful long ones."

"Really?"

"I'm tellin' you. Can't I come up just once?"

"I couldn't let you. I care too much."

And a moment later the Duke slammed out of the booth and went over to his headquarters, where he found a note from Lulu asking him to take her to supper that night. He also found two complimentary tickets for Lew Tendler's fight with Johnny Dundee at the Garden. Mechanically he tore up both the letter and the tickets, which was rank extravagance, for even if Lulu's autograph had little value to collectors, the tickets were ringside and worth money.

At about this period sleep deserted him, and the Duke lay scowling up at the ceiling, where he saw visions. He saw one vision of the Bryan and McCarty restaurant, with himself in a frock coat standing in the background and counting the house. He saw another vision of his apartment on Riverside Drive, and Mary, weighted down by diamonds, rushing to the door to welcome him. And on Riverside Drive he could sport a silk lid without danger. For half a decade the Duke had longed to wear a silk lid, but on Forty-sixth Street he had known better than to try it. And then finally he saw a vision of the bird with the goggles.

In the morning he telephoned her again. "Baby, the Jolly Seven's havin' another dance tomorrow night. You goin'?"

"Why, I might."

"Want me to take you?"

"N-no, thank you."

"What's the trouble?"

"Why—I just can't let you."

"Listen, Mary, is it Four-Eyes again?"

"Why—yes."

There was a silence. Jealousy and pride combined to slaughter him. "Well, baby, I guess that about finishes us, don't it?" More silence. "Don't it?"

"If you'd—only do what I want you to ——"

"Mary!" His voice had agony in it. "You'd asked Napoleon to quit the army and go in the insurance business! You'd asked Columbus to go shine shoes. A man's got to have some say! For the love of Mike, be reasonable!"

"Good-by."

"What's that?"

"I said 'Good-by.'"

"Good-by, yourself," said the Duke, and went off to a small gathering at which, intentionally and methodically, he kicked in for three hundred dollars.

But he knew his quarry; they would come back tomorrow for more, and go away with nothing. Which is precisely what happened, and the Duke ordered four new winter suits, and then sat for two dreary days in his headquarters, playing solitaire. The day after that he threw dice, right hand against left, and owed himself vast sums at the finish.

More than anything else, more than everything else, he wanted Mary, but she required a sacrifice that seemed to him impossible. He held it to be beyond reason that a man of his age—it was twenty-four—could make a fresh start and get anywhere. That is, without capital. And after his long career of luxury, a job—a mere grindstone job—was revolting. He balked, absolutely. It would declass him; it would put him among the goofs who haven't sense enough or nerve enough to do anything else. It would make the gang line up and give him the laugh—the raspberry. Bald Jim and Lulu and Young Buffo—they would recommend him for the funny house. He had worked like a dog for eight years, perfecting his mastery of the cards and the dice—and was that to be thrown away for a woman's whim?

But Mary's smile kept coming back to him, as he sat there; and Mary's confidence, and Mary's kiss.

He went through a week of this, and then one evening he ran into Mary's brother, who beckoned him. "Come here, Duke. Me and you's got to talk turkey."

"What's eatin' you?"

The bull took him by the arm. "Mary's uptown cryin' her eyes out. Damn you, Duke, I'd have framed you and sent you up the river before I'd let you get away with that!"

The Duke took it as another compliment, because he knew that the dick meant it, and could have made good.

"Well, where do I fit in?"

"All you got to do is go on the square."

"Tom, I been thinkin' it over."

"Yes, and you ain't got the guts. I hear McCarty's give you a bid to sit in with him. Why don't you grab it?"

"I got everything but the price."

"Well, go get it, then. Do somethin'—or inside of a month I'll put you where Mary couldn't get you if she wanted you—you big stuffed shirt!"

The Duke reached behind him, but the dick only laughed.

"No four-flushin', Duke. You never pulled a gat yet, and I doubt you got one on you. Come on, man to man, what are you going to do about it? Just let her bawl?"

Something snapped in the Duke's brain. Something rose up in him and overwhelmed him. It wasn't the threat—which he could avoid if he chose—it was pure sentiment. All the cold logic which for twenty-four years had governed him was melted by the thought of a girl's tears. Nobody else had ever cried for him. And the Duke was sentimental. Also, there was Four-Eyes, who might conceivably drop in to comfort her.

"Tom, where you bound for?"

"Report off duty, and go home."

"Do me a favor?"

"What?"

"Stay away a while."

The bull regarded him fixedly. "What are you doin', Duke? Comin' across?"

"Comin' across is right," said the Duke.

They shook hands silently, and parted.

By the time that he touched the bell he had lost all muscular control of himself. When she opened the door his expression was so startling to her that she forgot her own embargo. In the narrow corridor he stood with his back to the wall, twisting his hat like a demoralized schoolboy.

"I got to have you," said the Duke thickly. "I got to have you. I come up to tell you I got to have you, baby. I can't go it any longer." His mouth was working and his lips were dry. "There's only one thing, honey. Only one thing. Let it ride two, three weeks. Maybe not so long, even. Just long enough so I can raise a stake. For McCarty. Just to get capital. Then I'm off it. Can't you see what I'm tryin' to do for you? Can't you see? Just let me have two, three weeks, to raise some coin for McCarty. You'll do that much, won't you?"

She shook her head. In the dim light of the hallway she appeared to him as an angel.

"No. But if you said from this minute, if you said from this second—you'd cut out gambling for good and all ——"

The situation had gone beyond his endurance. He forgot everything but the girl who gazed at him with such desperate appeal.

"Then so help me God," said the Duke brokenly, "I'll never touch a card or a dice

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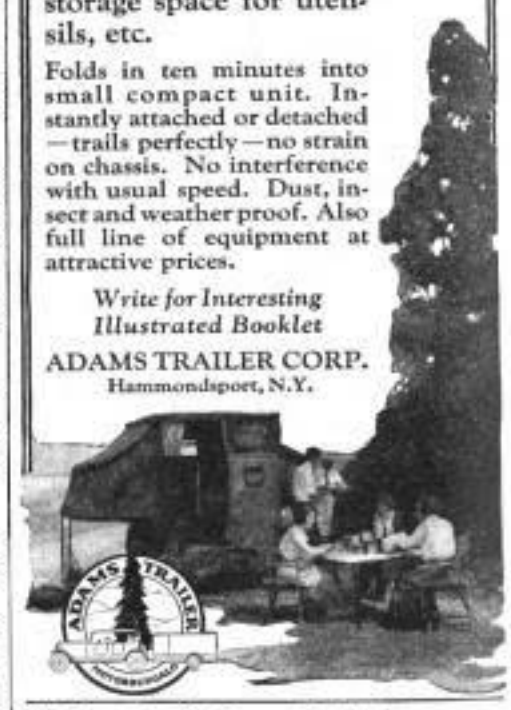
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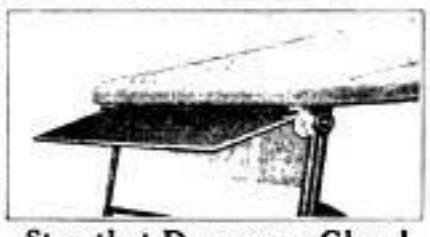
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again to gamble with 'em. Do you believe it?"

She held out her arms. Her voice was irresistible. "Believe you? Haven't you promised?"

"When I give my word, baby, I keep it."

And in the dim hallway she was suddenly sobbing against his shoulder, and the Duke was holding her tightly to him, and smoothing her hair and whispering things that came to him by instinct and not by education.

When he left her he was elevated among the stars, but within the half hour reality swooped around the corner and sandbagged him. He had sworn an oath, and he had only a few hundred dollars in the world. He had cut off his means of livelihood. As far as he knew, his only chance was with McCarty, and McCarty wanted a man with a big bunch of jack; permanent capital.

He thrust his hands deep into his pockets and gave himself over to thought—unusually practical thought for a man so lately affianced.

It was eleven o'clock, and he was strolling aimlessly along Forty-second Street when he was suddenly aware of Christmas. To the Duke, Christmas meant chiefly a one-day change in the menu, and about five hundred dollars to be distributed about the precinct; but he never recalled the calendar until he saw the signs. The first signs of all were the Salvation Army kettles, and the men with long white beards and red gaberdines who stood beside them, ringing monotonous bells. And the particular Santa Claus who guarded the corner of Sixth and Forty-second was a man who had once played with markers instead of chips at Honest John Kelly's—and his marker had been good for whatever he said it was. But that was before his luck changed.

The Duke halted, and with the delicacy of his caste he spoke to this man, not as royalty to a pauper, but as one good citizen to another.

"Hello, Jake. How's business?"

"Cheap skates tonight, Duke. All jitneys. What's the matter you ain't up to Rooney's?"

"Rooney's?"

"Over Rooney's garage. I heard they're pullin' off the biggest crap game of the century."

"So? Who's there?"

"Oh, the boys—and some hick sports from the Jersey bushes, but they got wads would choke a horse."

The Duke rubbed his nose reflectively. "It's news to me."

"They're fadin' hundreds like they was postage stamps. Must be twenty, thirty grand in it. But, Duke ——"

"What?"

"Goin' up?"

"I'd thought of it. Why?"

"Duke, take it from me, it don't pay. You know me. I been through the mill. It's great while it's runnin', but it turns. Believe me, it turns. Salt down what you can, and quit, Duke. Take it from me."

"That's all right, Jake. Save it for somebody else. Much obliged for the tip."

He turned and went slowly back along the Avenue. His word to Mary was precious, but after all Mary was only a woman, and women don't understand these things like a man does. His own dice were in his pocket, and they knew their master's voice. He could blow into Rooney's for an hour, perhaps two, and blow out again with a fair percentage of the loot. He knew it.

And there was no possible way for Mary to find out. She need never even suspect. And if the game were really as big as it was advertised he might even draw down all he needed. What odds would it be to Mary if she never knew? Tommyrot!

But she had looked into his eyes and said that she trusted him. That was a novelty. She had volunteered to keep on stenogging after they were married, to help out with the finances.

His word was a peculiar thing. It had a real meaning to him. He prided himself on it. But to break it meant perhaps to make Mary happier in the long run; although the knowledge that he had broken it would break her heart. But she wouldn't ever know.

He fingered the dice in his waistcoat pocket. All he needed was time enough to warm up the little African golf balls and

men, with a letter. One of these men was frail and almost effeminate, with sly eyes, a hard mouth and a hard cough; the other was blocky and more aggressive. They were just in from Chicago, and their letter was signed with the manual of Chicho the Wop, who was nearly as lucky at cards as the Duke himself, but a year ago, during the course of a little altercation in regard to five aces in one deck, had been unlucky with his trigger finger. It had twitched accidentally, and sent its owner into swift and voluntary exile. Chicho had been rather a pal of the Duke's, but the two strangers, who came so highly vouched for, were on an infinitely lower plane; so low, indeed, that the Duke was privately annoyed because they had been sent to him. But one doesn't betray such feelings—if one has tact.

He tossed the letter back across the table. "Chicho ought to have known better," he said thoughtfully. "He ought to have sent you to Monk Bird or Lefty Lanigan or some of those guys. I don't know what you boys can do around New York. You're in the wrong pew. Still ——" And he was still hesitating, when quick inspiration came to him. "Still, Chicho was a buddy of mine; I suppose I got to do somethin' for you." He drummed on the table. "How about artillery?"

The frail stranger grinned. "Oh, we carry a little somethin' on the hip."

The Duke nodded gravely. "That's right. Now this is out of my line, but I heard just now there's a big crap game goin' on over Rooney's garage. Hick sports, with big bank rolls. And seein' you're new here, nobody'd spot you, even if they lamped you. Well, how'd you boys like to go stick it up, just for a starter? If you're on I'll hand you the dope."

The blocky stranger sat forward. "Shoot it, bo," he said gratefully. "You're all right."

Now between twelve and two the Duke sat alone in his headquarters, with a single excursion of five minutes to the telephone. He called up Mary again, and what he said to her was sacred. He even tried to kiss her over the wire, which is a tasteless proceeding. And he reiterated the fact that he was through with the devil's picture book and the ivory bones forever.

Then he came back and sat in the furthermost corner of the room, with his eyes fixed unwaveringly on the door, until the door swung inward, and two men came in as noiselessly as two cats.

The Duke smiled genially. "Well, boys," he said, "did you cop?"

The frail stranger laughed as noiselessly as he walked. "You said it, Percy."

"Big game, was it?"

"Swell," said the blocky one, "and a clean get-away."

"Then put 'em up," said the Duke, and for the moment his eyes were the eyes of his ancestors.

He was leaning forward with his right elbow resting on the table, and in his hand was the gat which he had carried for eight years, and never pulled on anybody, even in frolic. But this wasn't frolic. The strangers, however, couldn't know that the Duke's whole soul was quaking with the thrill of it. For the first time in his life he felt a true conqueror. Also, he had an amazing sense of virtue because he had kept his word. He had sworn not to gamble; and in spite of temptation he had kept away from Rooney's. In spite of temptation he had stayed out of the game for Mary's sake.

"Put 'em up quick!" said the Duke softly, caressingly, like the sweep of a tiger's claw.

With all celerity the strangers put 'em up. They knew the human eye, and what was behind it. And shortly afterward there was a little pile of Chicago artillery under the Duke's chair, and on the beer-dregged table there were many bills, green and yellow, sprawling in fat little cocoons.

"I'm goin' to teach you cheap Chicago crooks," said the Duke, pleasantly enough, "not to go monkeyin' with the buzz saw. You come ramblin' over here like we was on the pitcher-and-bowl circuit, and didn't know money from green goods. You come in here askin' for dope, and you don't say nothing about any kind of a split, and you was goin' to pig it—wasn't you? Well, in New York the guy that delivers the info gets a commission, see? Keep 'em up!"

Watch This Column

"THE acting and scenery were fine but the story was bum."

Many times I have heard people make that remark when leaving a motion-picture theatre. Hence, I am prejudiced against poor stories. I won't buy them or let my talented stars waste their time or talent on them.

I like stories written by the best authors. I don't like stories written around stars. I like connected, coherent, logical, human stories. I like stories of romance, of adventure, of conflict, of courage.

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after all, the visitors were entitled to something. "Your split's one apiece. Mine's seven. There's your one apiece. And you can keep 'em up! I'll slip it in your jeans. Then you boys can take a quick sneak back to Chi. That's your railroad fare. And tell Chicho." His lips relaxed a trifle. "Yes, I can see you tellin' him. They'd kid you out of the Loop. Well, that's all. Kindly don't make no noise while you go out. I got a lot of friends workin' this side of the street. But maybe you'd like to get showed out like they do at the Vanderbilts'. That's all right."

And he lifted up his voice gently for Mike, the bartender, who weighed two hundred and twenty, and got out of the road for nothing less than a steam roller. And Mike's brother-in-law was high in politics, and the two visiting gentlemen from Chicago knew it. Everybody knew it.

And so, in the early part of another evening, the Duke went swinging up Sixth Avenue, and over to Columbus, toward the flat where a girl was waiting for him. His heart was proud and high, and his feet had the lightness of good conscience. He had kept his word.

Mary opened the door to him, and the Duke took her hungrily into his arms.

"Well, baby," he said, "here I am—and I ain't busted any promises yet, neither. Not even cracked one."

Her eyes were wide and adoring. "Don't talk like that—ever."

He laughed excitedly. "I got some news for you, though. Special extra five-star final. I bought in with McCarty this mornin'."

She drew back. "What?"

"What's the matter, baby? What makes you look that way? Oh, I see! You're wonderin' where I got it, after I said I was broke? Well, hush up and listen—this was an old deal. It goes back to a guy in Chicago. Why, here's the way it was: One time I give some of the boys from Chicago a straight tip on a deal. See? And it went good, and they was white men enough to pay me a commission. See? Last night after I went home they came in and give it to me. See? It wasn't enough, baby, but I hang up all my ice—ring, pins, studs, everythin'—look me over—and bought in. Fifty-fifty. And I got twenty-eight hundred left for a stake. Honest, baby, I did not gamble—I'll swear it on a stack of Bibles as high's the Statue of Liberty. Look at me. Don't you know it's true? Don't you know I wouldn't lie to you?"

She looked at him and she knew that it was true. She knew that whatever else happened, the Duke would never lie to her. She knew that if he promised to stay on the square he would freeze to it. But she never suspected that in the days to come he would own a string of fashionable restaurants where the proudest aristocrats in the city would love to dine and dance. She never dreamed that each of her frocks would cost, then, as much as her month's expenses now. She didn't know that even in so short a time as two years he would make far more, on the level, than he had ever made with his educated dice and his trained decks of cards. She only knew that the Duke would never lie to her. She was quite ready to be poor with him because she loved him. And he had even hung up his ice for her—the diamonds, and the ruby studs he had loved so.

"I've told you I believe you, dear."

"Kiss me again, baby. And say, I made McCarty hold open a tenth interest for Tom. I thought you'd like it. And if Tom can't swing the price right now—why, I'll carry him. That all right?"

"Oh, my dear, my dear!"

At midnight the Duke was walking south over the clouds which paved Sixth Avenue. At the corner of Fiftieth Street he came upon a dour and aged man with white whiskers and a red kimono, who rang a feeble bell for Christmas. And the Duke, brought suddenly out of his trance, remembered when and where he had been tipped off to that crap game over Rooney's.

He had a very delicate sense of ethics, and much sentiment, the Duke. Also, he had gone on record in respect to commissions. He fumbled for a moment and dropped a bill into the kettle.

"The blessing of the Lord," quavered the guy with the false whiskers.

"Don't mention it," said the Duke politely, and strode on southward, wondering what the cashiers would say when they found a thousand-dollar note in the night's collection. And the philosophers, if they tried to explain him now, would certainly have had hard work to choose between heredity and environment.



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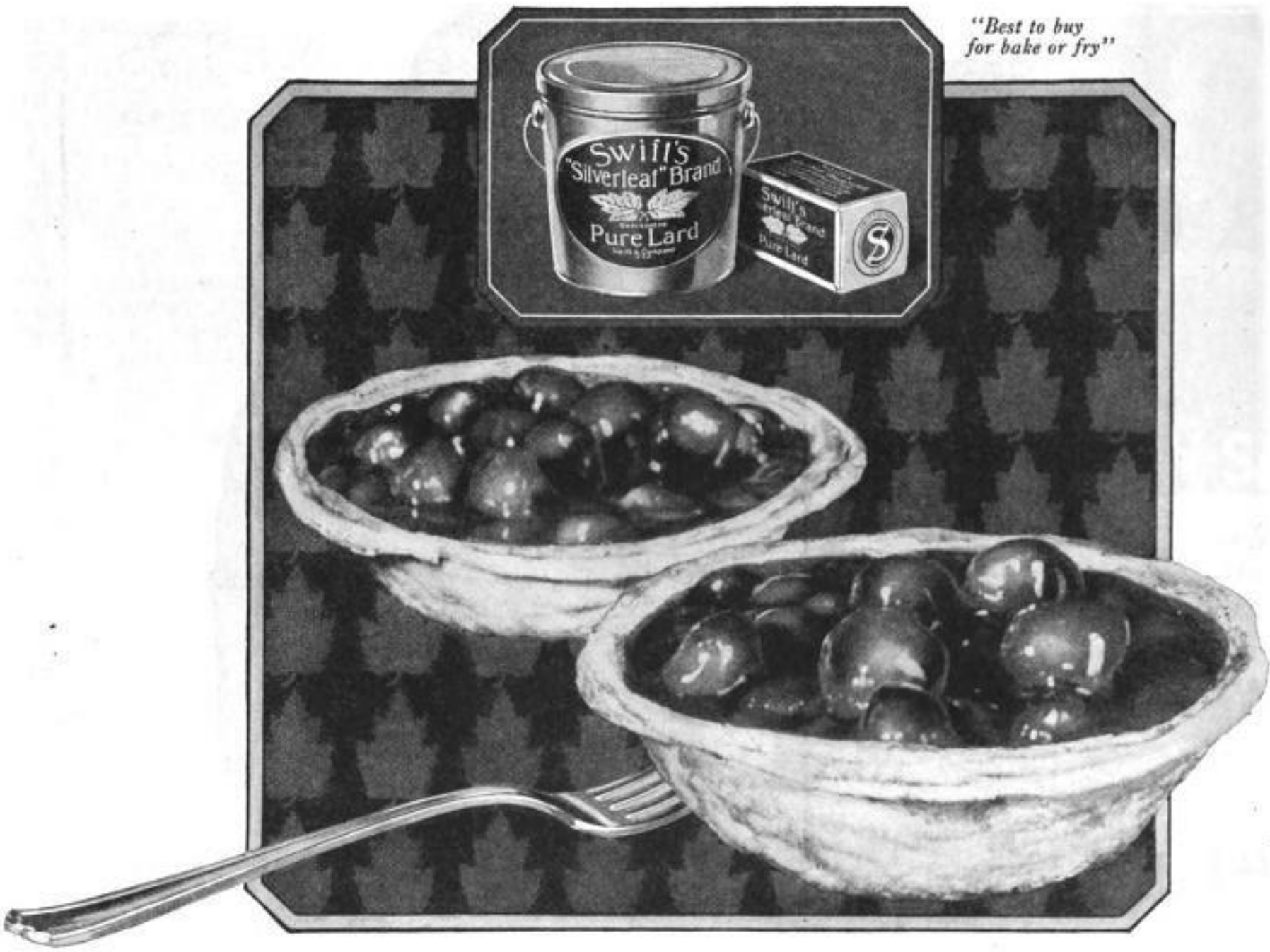
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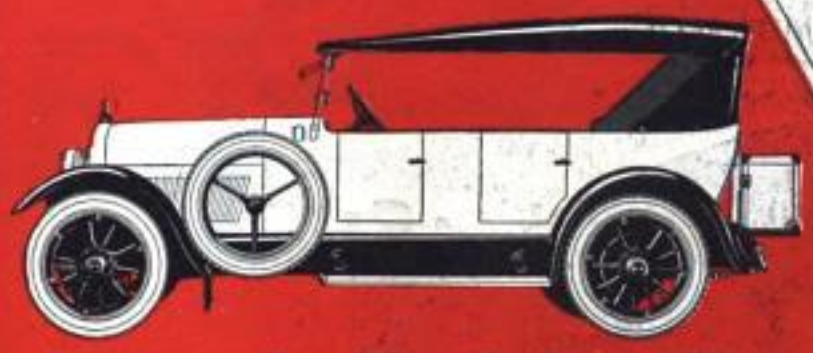
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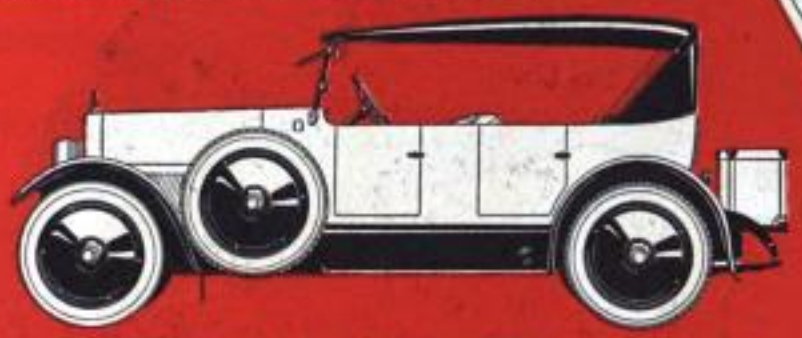
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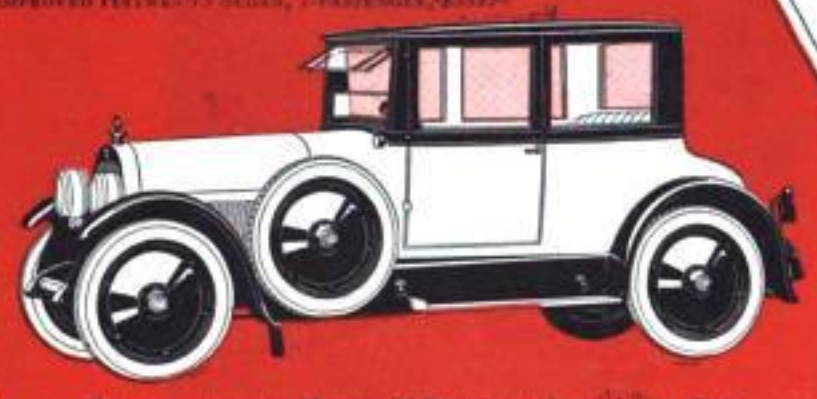
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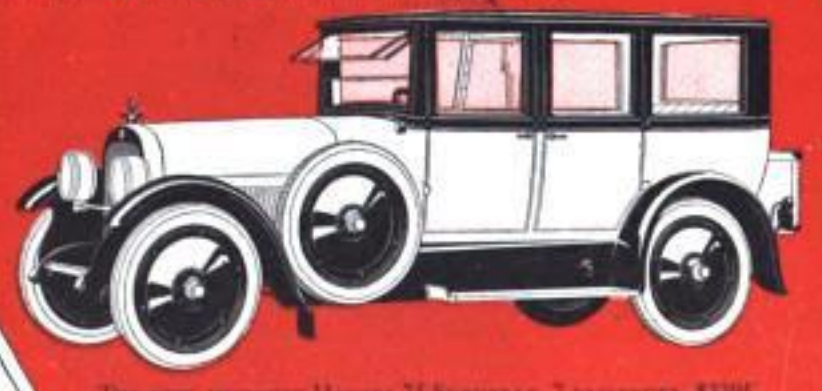
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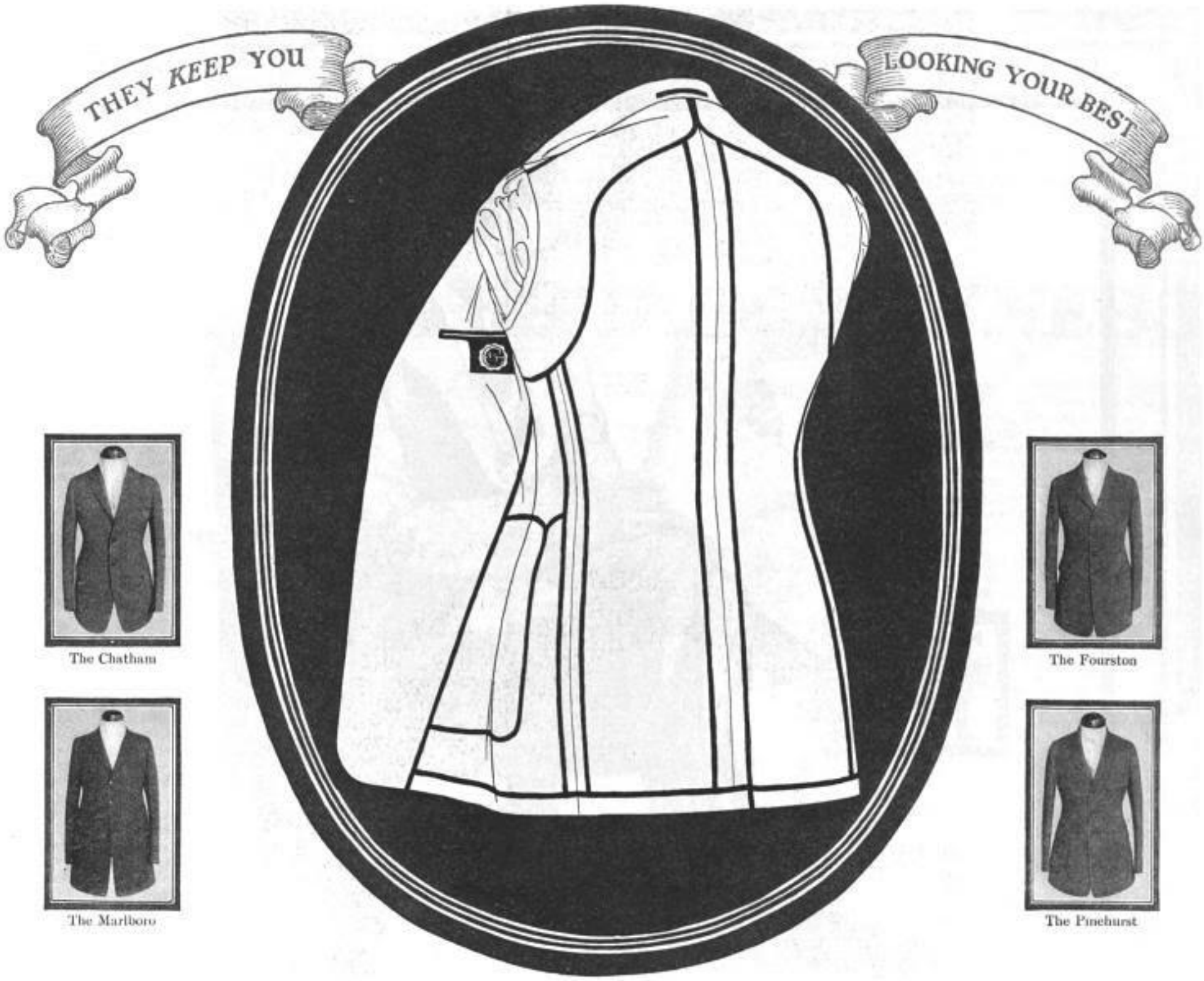


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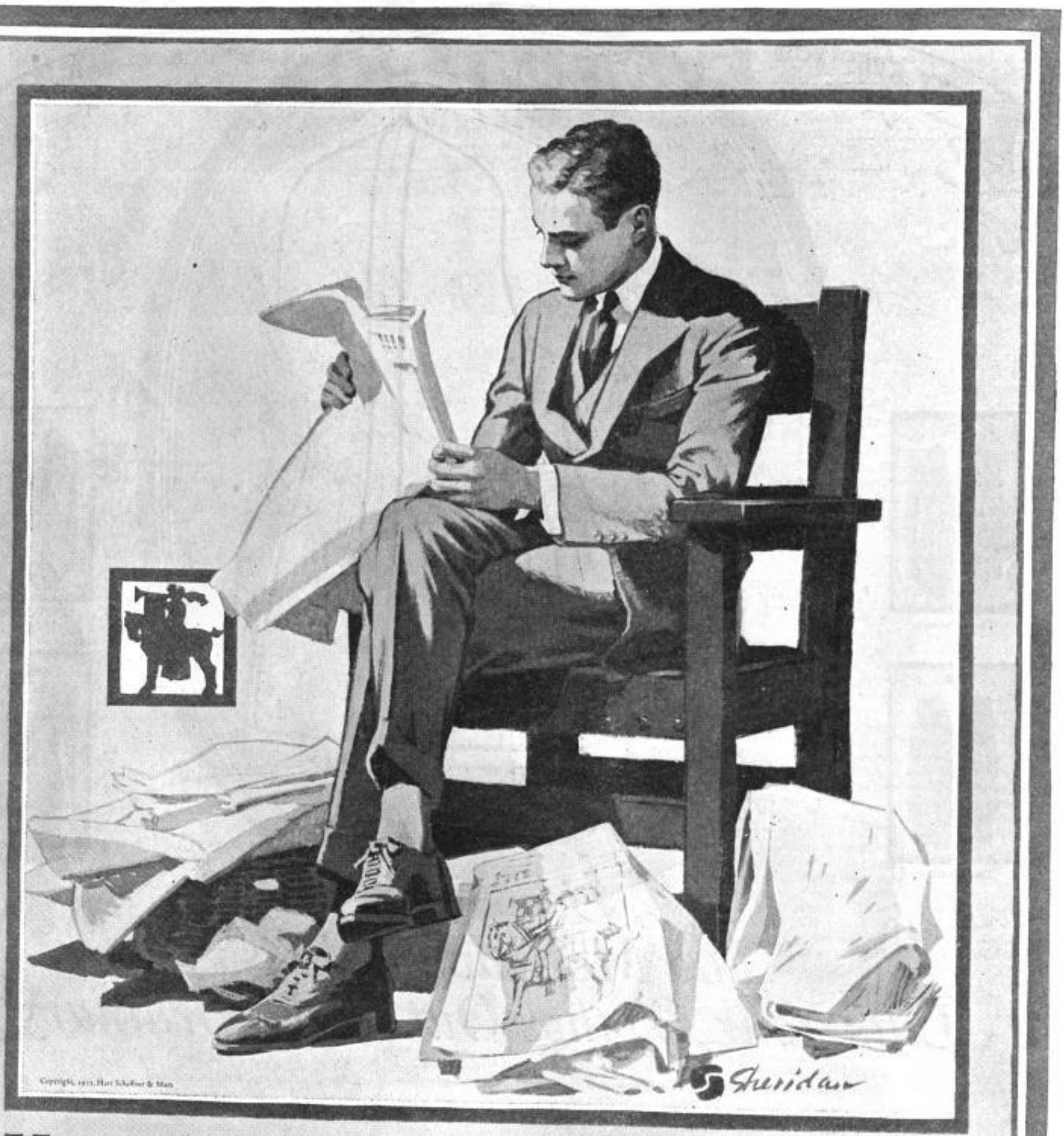
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SWELLED HEAD IN BUSINESS

By Albert W. Atwood

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE



IT IS impossible to reflect soberly upon the failures, readjustments and changes in corporate management of the last two years without reaching the disagreeable but unavoidable conclusion that very considerable parts of the business structure are recovering from a bad case of the big or swelled head. Such a statement should not be made lightly or without the support of painstaking investigation and the dissection of individual cases. Nor does a certain obviousness about the fact itself reduce in the slightest degree its fundamental importance or the worth of its lesson to future generations of business men.

It is not to be denied that the colossal losses that have fallen upon business enterprise followed close upon the most unusual and extraordinary of world events. Also it is true in a sense that losses, like the rain, have fallen upon the just and the unjust. All manner of men have suffered, young and old, inexperienced and those who had previously come through many hazards. Some have been merely unlucky and others have gone crazy with the heat. To the fever of speculation, inexperience, mistakes of judgment, stupidity, ignorance and downright misfortune—to all these and to still other causes may be traced the disastrous issue.

Old organizations considered to be gilt-edged, and individuals heretofore canny and well trained, have either foundered or come close to the rocks. Actual failure or the wiping out of surpluses and impairment of capital have not been confined to that army of more or less parasitical middlemen which sprang up during the war. One might well expect the elimination of mere speculators, those worth at the start five or ten thousand dollars and who, after purchasing materials found to be in great demand, blossomed out into millionaires. Or even the downfall of a host of youthful and inexperienced industrial navigators who burst overnight into large-scale manufacturers, need cause no surprise.

It is even clearer that mortality is sure to be high among the companies floated on the crest of the wave merely for purposes of stockjobbing, whose promoters expected to make profits out of the sale of stock instead of from the development of the trade itself. Nor would anyone expect the period of strain to leave, untouched, combinations and mergers fated from the start with an overburdened capitalization, the sort of enterprise where each individual owner puts such value as he pleases upon the property which he turns into the combination. If these were the only cases of distress, embarrassment and serious discomfort there would indeed be little cause for wonder. But though the great corporate organizations of national importance have in few, if any, cases gone under, a number have shouldered losses running into the scores of millions, the effect of which "on the stockholders' investment in the shares of your company makes a discussion necessary"—as the annual report of one of the greatest of these concerns naïvely remarks.

Business Now Set to Go Ahead

IF IT were a case of wartime expansion only, if the huge and unprofitable investments and inventory had been made while the armies were engaged in the mighty death struggle, the whole adventure would be easier to explain. But when the war was over factories continued to be built and raw materials purchased as if, to express the idea in the language of the ancients, man were greater than the gods themselves.

Thus far there have been comparatively few disclosures of actual crookedness during the period of inflation. There were a few bankers from whom loans could not be had by even the best of borrowers when money was the cheapest, without heeling the banker himself. There were a few manufacturers who formed subsidiary companies which turned up in possession of the parent company if unsuccessful and in the manufacturer's own pocket if more fortunate.

Such practices can never be wholly eradicated. But considering the vast extent of the drop in prices, profits and surpluses, the amount of misrepresentation, irregularity and downright dishonesty has been small indeed.

In many instances creditors have overlooked the usual relation between the assets and liabilities of debtors, searching for character and ability behind the balance sheet. Renewed faith in human nature is strengthened by the knowledge that a single mistake in judgment, even though it may have wiped out surplus and impaired capital, has meant in many cases anything but the business demise of those who had worked hard, thriftily and in other respects wisely for so many years.

Fairness demands the statement, and fortunately for the country it is true, that the great majority of business enterprises are now in a position to go ahead and do a normal volume of business.

"People have lost more money than I believed it possible to lose, and yet they are alive and going ahead," said the chief credit vice president of one of the largest banks in the country. "The financial statements of several thousand concerns have been examined here since January first. They are of all sizes, but most of them are among the more important factors in their respective trades. If you will keep these thousands of statements in mind you will agree with me, I think, that we are fairly well behind the scenes. These statements prove one thing at least—that the financial and business structure permits the continuance of trade along normal lines and that the whole fabric is in at least as strong a condition as in 1914."

Errors of Judgment

"I FIND myself constantly disposed to overlook this underlying fact, because of a few spectacular cases of distress and of instances where organizations or individuals have been carried away by the orgy of speculation."

But the mere fact that the great majority of business enterprises have somehow weathered the storm is no reason, in the opinion of the writer, for failing to see why they did not weather it better. It is a fine thing when a farmer is willing to plant another crop after the flood has receded, even if his barn and other farm buildings have been destroyed; but it is even better when he builds a barn that cannot be swept away.

It is easy, of course, to point out what was wrong after the event. Hindsight is anything but rare. But it is no easier to indulge in, not one iota more common, than the motley assortment of excuses, the alibis of those who made the mistakes. Of course there are denials, thousands of them, that there was any element of swelled head or even of ignorance and incompetence in the mistakes that have been made. Indeed, many persons will hardly admit that bad judgment was used; or, if forced to the acknowledgment that subsequent events disproved the judgments reached, they fall back upon saying that it was practically impossible to act otherwise.

What they say is extremely interesting. It has great force and carries much conviction. It is not to be laughed at or lightly dismissed. The times were unusual. The current ran exceeding strong. The strain was terrific. Don't let's forget it too soon. It is worth remembering. What happened is told here briefly in the form of a combined quotation from half a dozen different authorities—bankers, credit men, manufacturers.

"It must be remembered that the smash did not come as a result of war orders, but came two years after the close of the war. In 1919 the world seemed to be absolutely bare of goods. There were apparent shortages everywhere. Producers and manufacturers were flooded with orders. Everyone was urged to produce, and governments carried on campaigns to get people to speed up on production. Everyone said that there were no goods anywhere. We scoured South America for hides, Australia for wool and Java for sugar."

"But," I objected, "high prices never have lasted forever, and there must always be a penalty for over-enthusiasm, over-trading and over-building."

"Yes, I know, but the united judgment of the world showed that shortages existed. Now, most business is done on forward orders or commitments. Manufacturers have to buy raw materials far in advance. In many lines goods must be purchased a year or

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so before the finished article reaches the consumer. Nearly everyone knew that it couldn't last forever and that prices were absurdly high, but what were they to do? Deliveries were coming in slowly and yet everyone had a big volume of orders to fill. Were they to refuse orders and go out of business? This could only mean losing their position in the trade, and it may be better in the long run for a concern to keep its position in the trade and the goodwill which comes from continued operation with the loss on inventory than to close down without a shrinkage in inventory.

"In many cases men had to pay exorbitant prices for goods in one line to get their regular business. Wholesale grocers had to supply sugar at any cost to keep their trade with the retailer. One of the strongest and oldest firms in the country had trainloads of sugar coming in at the highest price on record. What were they going to do, refuse the business?

"Then came the most remarkable thing in business history, the cancellation of confirmed orders all over the world. The consumer stopped buying, the retailer cancelled back on the jobber, the jobber on the manufacturer, and the manufacturer on the producer of raw materials. It was not a case of swelled head, but of an endeavor to maintain business. Usually a business concern has a chance to work off its inventory on the down grade, but the drop this time was so extreme as to be beyond human experience. Things changed in an awful hurry. I know one board of directors that met on a Friday and decided unanimously to declare the dividend on its preferred stock. The following Friday the board was hastily called together to rescind the action.

"A few concerns were able to turn themselves rapidly, and they came out of the experience with a lot of money. But the majority, especially the refiners or manipulators of raw materials, were caught by the cancellation of orders on the part of those in whom they had confidence. Concerns on a wholly cash basis, like railroads, electric power and telephone companies, came out all right, of course, but where large supplies of raw materials had to be carried, losses were almost inevitable."

Buying at the Top

"THE precipitateness of the drop was furthered by the quick-and-easy communication which the world now enjoys. Things happened faster than ever before, because the world markets were in closer touch with one another. It was all the same breed of cats, whether sugar, rubber, coconut oil or what not. Wherever goods were brought in from a long distance, wherever there were several sources of supply, they piled in so fast that no chance was given for recovery. In one case a commodity was coming in from more than fifty different countries. The diversion of a few carloads broke the market and the flood came with a rush.

"It was all perfectly human. Didn't your wife buy sugar above twenty cents and store it away? All sorts of unusual people had been storing up different kinds of goods, and the concealed supply was beyond what anyone realized.

"Of course a few who sold out in time turned out to have done the right thing. But suppose it had been the other



way and prices had gone on up. They would have been cursed and damned just as much as they are now praised.

"Then, of course, taxes were a contributing factor. For while people were losing money hand over fist they had to pay out big sums in taxes for the previous year, which had been very prosperous. It is very fortunate, however, that the panic came in the summer of 1920 instead of six months later or six months sooner, because people at least had six months of good business out of which to pay the big 1919 taxes."



A young man who during the boom times had bought a well-known candy company and had suffered heavy losses, but who has now come through without losing control, was met on the street recently by a friend. Asked about business he said he was now doing well and in a strong financial condition.

"Now that it is all over with," said the friend, "tell me why you bought sugar at twenty-six cents a pound?"

"Every darn fool knew that that was an absurd price," was the reply, "but we had to make a big contract at that price or shut down the plant. That was the only way I could get enough to keep going. I have lost an awful lot of money and have had a terrible jolt, but I don't see how I could help it."

Now all this is very plausible and very engaging indeed. Also it is true, absolutely true—as far as it goes. But it is very far from being the whole truth, and it doesn't go anything like far enough.

Despite every excuse and every explanation that can be made, the fact remains that there were two groups—those who got stuck too much, and those who didn't. Here and there concerns may have suffered or avoided really serious losses through sheer luck. But there were enough who did escape to show that other elements besides blind fortune were at work.

"Of course losses were unavoidable, and heavy ones, at that," said a bank president who belongs distinctly to what might be called the right or conservative wing. "You must not in your article damn people for getting stuck, but you are entirely right in hammering them for getting stuck too much. Losses were inevitable, but the most obvious and elementary principle of sound business is not to place oneself in a position where the losses will be beyond one's power to meet.

"Almost everyone was sure to get a thump and see their paper values reduced. But if they observed the handwriting on the wall at all, if they were not utterly obsessed and intoxicated, they must have reduced to some extent before the smash came. I admit that it was hard work to steer clear of losses, but with very few exceptions I am convinced that the losses of the good, strong, solid men are fairly small, or at least such as their position in their trade enables them properly to bear.

"A very important point which is rarely mentioned, although it bears closely on your subject, is that many ably managed concerns while wholly unable to prevent inventory losses on large future engagements, nevertheless, contracted so far ahead for money that they have been able to carry their inventory comfortably and have taken their losses chiefly on what they paid for money. In other words, they put the loss into insurance, and while it has cost some of them heavily it has saved them."

Winners and Losers Side by Side

"THERE were days when the chairman of the board and myself were terribly discouraged, I can tell you, at seeing other banks get so much business. The chairman used to say to me, 'We'll get our reward in heaven anyway'; and it took almost more faith than we had, to realize that we really would get it here."

Among others whose opinions were asked was a high official of a great merchandising organization, one of the most important in its trade, which has suffered heavy losses, but well within its power to meet and far less than those of its mushroom competitors.

He replied as follows: "It is true that fear of losing their position in the trade led many people out beyond their depth, but the very sequel certainly shows that they did not need to stock up so much. Right inside this organization you can find two departments side by side, one of which made money in the old conservative way, and the other lost its head and a lot of the owner's money, although operating in just as profitable a field."

"But hasn't the manager of the department which lost some good excuses to offer?" I ventured.

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THE MORNING AFTER

By Alice Duer Miller

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES M. PRESTON

A GIRL does expect to be the heroine of her own wedding—at least the central figure; she certainly does not expect to find a rival in a middle-aged maiden aunt. Aunt Helen's idea of middle age was an old-fashioned one—no lip stick or rouge, no perpetual wave or juvenile model contradicted Nature. Small wonder that my sister Gertrude was surprised to find that guests, ushers and at moments even the groom himself drifted away to form part of the circle about Aunt Helen.

In my boyhood she had lived in our house. She was my father's sister; and the Fenellons, who think a lot of themselves—from the point of view of family—believe in sticking together. She had read me stories from mythology, and I had pictured the goddess Diana in her image. She read me fairy tales, and she was always the rescued princess with the golden locks. She read me my first novels, and she was Lucy Bertram and Rowena and Ethel Newcome. I can shut my eyes and see her now—her fine profile, her slender throat, her elegant clothes photographing themselves on my mind; a sort of perpetual illustration of the book she was reading.

And then there was all the romance and mystery of her broken engagement, the first secret, the first realization I ever had that life was not just breakfast, luncheon, supper and being taken to walk in the park. Suddenly, out of the many tall and indistinguishable strangers who came and went at our house, one—particularly tall and big, with a bushy mustache—stood out through an incomprehensible desire on his part that we should call him Uncle Ormond. We had hardly, with some embarrassment, accomplished this feat when he melted away and, as far as we knew, ceased to exist. It appeared he was not our uncle after all. The servants whispered about him in our presence.

My mother said to my father, "Don't you think we had better explain to the children?" and my father answered with a favorite phrase of his—"I see no necessity."



"One Man Said I Was Like Moonlight on a White Rose"

Later, when we reached that delightful age when your mother begins to gossip with you about your father's relations behind his back, we heard a little more. By that time Aunt Helen was considered to be old enough to live alone, and she had moved to a little house of her own, much to my regret; but I think my mother, who brought a good deal of robust common sense into the remote aristocracy of the Fenellons' point of view, had always suffered from Aunt Helen's perfection and was not sorry.

"I used to pity Helen's beaus," my mother would say; "and she had quantities. They always began to feel sooner or later like chimney sweeps in the presence of a little white blossom. If she deigned to read a book or wear a flower they had sent her they almost wept with the sense of their own unworthiness. But Ormond was different. I doubt if he believed so entirely in the dewdrop idea. He was attractive in a rough Newfoundland puppy sort of way. No, I never knew exactly what happened, but I can guess. Poor fellow, he lost his self-control so far as to kiss the tips of her fingers. Helen, confronted with such an example of masculine brutality, fainted away and, when she came to, refused ever to see him again."

My loyalty to my aunt was a little shocked at my mother's amusement over the picture she had drawn, but I felt there was probably some truth in the sketch. Aunt Helen was extraordinarily unapproachable. She had the personal dignity of an Arab and the gentleness of a good child. I shall always remember seeing her enter the room at a tremendous dinner party to which I had been asked among a few younger, unimportant people. Her rank was transmitted in the butler's tone as he announced "Miss Fenellon"; and when she entered, though she is a small woman, it was like the entrance of a queen, so simple and secure.

My father was devoted to her, and I often wondered if he knew the whole story of her engagement. When I grew old enough to go into business with him—to be his partner as well as his son—I ventured to ask him, but he knew no more than anyone else.

The breaking of the engagement had taken place twenty years ago. Now my aunt was over forty, still slim, still long-throated, still with a cameolike profile; but her hair was gray and her color faded. She came to Gertrude's wedding dressed just as a maiden aunt ought to be dressed, in gray and silver, with touches of blue, like the sky on a windy day. In the front pew behind a hedge of white lilies I could see her crying delicately—gentle tears that a cobweb of lace and cambric easily absorbed. They left no trace, except that as she came down the aisle after the ceremony her eyes were shining. I drove back to the house with her. "Why is it," I said, "that women always cry at weddings?"

"I don't wonder your dear mother cried," she answered. "She feels as if she were losing Gertrude, but she really isn't."

I glanced at her. Of course I had wanted to ask why she cried, but I did not dare. She had the power of wrapping a veil of emotional invisibility about herself.

When we reached the house I established her in a quiet corner of the dining room, brought her a glass of a delicious cold liquid which had been concocted under my father's direction, and when she said "There's nothing intoxicating in this, is there, Jim?" I answered, because it was the quickest and easiest thing to say, and didn't seem to matter much anyhow, "Oh, dear, no," and went away about my own business.

As the son of the house I was kept busy. The wedding was a small one, but my mother had endless errands for me to do, and there were left-over members of both families to whom special attentions were to be paid. I did not see my aunt again for perhaps an hour—not until the party was almost over. Gertrude had gone up to change her clothes and many of the guests had left. I had been noticing for some time that the ushers were drifting away into the dining room. I thought it was our punch that was attracting their hungry young spirits. I found it was my Aunt Helen.

She was sitting just where I had left her, erect—that is to say, without a curve in her flat back, but inclined forward in her large chair. One hand hung like a pale fringed leaf from the arm of her chair; the other was holding the tall glass I had given her, at the moment almost empty. Grouped about her were all the men in the house, except the waiters, my father and myself. Some were in chairs, some on the floor, and one red-haired friend of the groom was curled up so close that the tips of her pointed fingers almost touched his copper-colored crest. Even the groom himself, aware that he ought to be changing his clothes, hung on the outskirts of the crowd, unable to tear himself away.

My mind took in facts in the following order: That my aunt had regained all the color and vivacity of youth; that her manner was rapidly varying between a priestlike graciousness, which would have been pomposity in a man, and an intimate friendliness; that she was amusing a group of young people not easy to amuse; and that she had been consuming my father's rum punch as if it were lemonade. I drew nearer in an agony and, leaning against the wall close to her but slightly behind her chair, I listened in an agony.

"Because you're a lady—I'm a lady—one's a lady," she was saying, annoyed as we all are at times by the weakness of the English language in pronouns, "you mustn't assume she's absolutely inhuman. It's true—and you know it just as well as I do—the more refined a woman is the more she wants a man to be a man, if you know what I mean."

Looking about her to be sure—and she would not accept less than a definite verbal affirmative—she allowed a few drops from her glass to trickle out upon the forehead of the red-haired boy. At this she was sincerely distressed.

"Oh, sussha pity!" she murmured, drawing away to observe the accident more clearly. Then, when the red-haired boy, eager to set everything right, assured her that it didn't matter a bit—that it was his own fault, she surprised us all by a complete reversal of her mood.

"To be candid," she said, "I don't think your head should have been there at all," and with the gesture of an empress she held out her glass to be refilled.

Gray Wellington, a serious young lawyer, a friend and contemporary of my own, hurried to obey her. He ought to have known better. I shook my head at him. I hope I am not a prig, but a feeling of horror had crept over me—horror for her.

When the moment of realization came to her what might it not mean to that proud and overrefined nature? It seemed to me that a woman like my aunt might easily

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THE HERO

By HUGH MACNAIR KAHLER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER



"How Much Did You Say You Were Short?" Ollie Swallowed. "A Thousand—Even"

JUST as Ollie Rand began the agreeable job of filling the stack of pay envelopes his desk telephone buzzed. He lifted the receiver with a mildly pleasant sense of anticipation. Very little of his work was transacted over the wire; his desk extension served mainly for agreeable conversations with his friends, and its occasional interruption of his workaday routine was always welcome. He recognized the voice at once. Bill McKaig had promised to let him know the next time he could offer a real bargain in actual Scotch.

"Just a second, please—this connection's bad."

He glanced over his shoulder at the door of the Old Man's private office. It was open, and he knew that half a telephone conversation could be as illuminating as all of it. Beyond the mahogany counter and brass grille which cut his room in two there was a booth where Amos Harlow conducted his long-distance interviews, stubbornly persuaded that he was still dealing with the cruder apparatus of a bygone day. Some of the Old Man's obstinate prejudices irritated Ollie Rand, but he approved of this one. A booth could be a very convenient thing sometimes. He stepped to the opposite door and thrust head and shoulders into the blended clamor of the typewriters. The switchboard was within the range of a whisper here.

"Give me that call in the booth, will you, Fannie?"

The girl at the board flashed her teeth in understanding assent. Ollie grinned his thanks, and was still grinning when he met the unsympathetic glance of Miss Rowan, Harlow's personal stenographer. Its obvious disapproval vexed him; he enjoyed his general popularity and hated to discover an exception, even such an exception as Edna Rowan, whose opinion of him certainly ought not to have mattered at all. He shut the door quickly on that level, unfriendly look. It did not catch, and as he went through the gate of the counter he could hear the chatter of the machines, but he did not bother to go back. Bill McKaig would resent even this minor delay, and Bill could get hold of better Scotch at lower figures than anybody else.

He closed the door of the booth carefully and heard McKaig's pleasing intelligence. He could supply a case of first-rate stuff at eighty dollars—ten or fifteen below the current quotations. Luckily the Saturday-night poker game had been kind to Ollie Rand; he had a little over a hundred on hand. He prolonged the talk to chaff McKaig for having contributed most of this. There was no special hurry, in spite of the pay roll; his work was arranged so that he could always spare a few minutes when he chose. Afterwards he reckoned that he had spent five minutes, at least, in the booth—the most important five minutes of his life.

He went back to his desk in excellent humor over his repartee and his bargain. He noticed that somebody had spared him the trouble of shutting that door into the outer office, and the trivial circumstance pleased him. Somebody would relieve you of little tasks like this, almost invariably, if you weren't in too much of a hurry to do things for yourself.

He sat down, humming softly, to the pleasing task of filling the pay envelopes. He always liked this; he had clung to it as to a privilege when Amos Harlow had suggested turning it over to one of the clerks. He enjoyed the feel of the bills, the pleasant routine labor which made no demands on his mind. He drew the uppermost envelope toward him and sat up suddenly and straight, staring at the empty space on the blotter where, when McKaig's call had interrupted him, he had left two packages of five-dollar bills.

For a moment he had the absurd impression that his eyes were playing a joke on him. Two hundred bills couldn't have disappeared like this; the thing was impossible on its face. He rose and searched the cork carpet under the desk; he opened the drawers, on the chance that he might have stowed the bills in one of them without remembering it; he went through his pockets and examined the leather brief case in which he had brought the money from the bank. But all the time he knew better; he had put those sheaves of bills on the blotter as he always did, with the other packages of ones and tens and twenties which had not been disturbed. And while he had been kidding Bill McKaig somebody had stolen them, within ten feet of where he sat.

He leaned his elbows on the desk and considered, his mind clearing quickly. It was a silly theft. Whoever had taken those two hundred fives had left behind more than twice as much in ones and tens. And whoever had taken them was perfectly certain to be caught, of course.

There were only two doors through which the thief could have passed—he couldn't have come in from the corridor and let himself in by the wicket in the counter without being visible through the glazed walls of the booth. The money had gone through the door into the outer office or else into Amos Harlow's private room. That was self-evident.

Nobody could have passed through either of those doors unobserved. In fact, there was only one person whose passage through the cashier's room would not have been unusual; the Old Man himself hardly ever went into the outer office, and the only employe who took the short cut to his room was his stenographer. The others, when they were summoned to the presence, went around through the corridor.

Ollie Rand's mind jumped straight at the easy answer to the sorry little puzzle. It must have been Edna Rowan. She could have done it; nobody else would have had the opportunity. He nodded. Nobody else out there would have had the nerve, either. The others were just the usual sort of office-working girls, soft or silly or both, according to Ollie's easy generalizations concerning a sex with which he dealt distrustfully. Edna Rowan was different; he remembered the way she pressed her lips together, the intent, direct glance. Yes, she'd have nerve enough. But she wasn't so sharp as he'd given her credit for being, or she'd have realized that she couldn't get away with it.

A thief, eh? The word jarred on Ollie Rand's thought. It seemed to acquire a new harshness, now that he used it for the first time about somebody he knew, somebody who until this moment had been pretty much like the rest of humanity. He examined his impressions of Edna Rowan, trying to square them with this new light on her. He remembered when she had been taken on, a beginner, still awkward at the machine, but desperately in earnest. He had noticed her particularly—the way she leaned forward, her shoulders tense and rigid, her lips pressed together, keeping pace with the other girls by the strength of her purpose instead of the trained skill of finger and wrist. He'd been mildly sorry for her in spite of her reserve, her abrupt, unfriendly responses to his affability, but he had foreseen, even then, that she'd get on. She was the sort that did—the sort that was more interested in making a living than in living one, Ollie decided.

He had always been canny about girls, distrusting even his own reason where they were concerned. He had

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watched other fellows fall for them—fellows just as nimble-witted as Ollie Rand himself. He kept his distance, without forfeiting his general favor, avoiding occasional temptations to consider them individually. He had reasoned it all out; the minute you got the idea that one of them was different from the rest you were on dangerous ground if you were a fellow with forty a week and a scheme of existence that needed every nickel of it.

But as he faced the conviction that Edna Rowan had stolen that thousand dollars from his desk he permitted himself to think of her as sharply distinguished from the others, to wonder about her and the motive that had urged her to a theft so certain of detection and punishment as this. His imagination stirred. She'd never dressed like most of them; she wore inconspicuous clothes that avoided the casual glance instead of inviting it. He remembered having seen her eating lunch at her desk, too, and resuming her work long before the others came back from their cafeterias. These things, added to the intensity with which she attacked her tasks, suggested poverty as the impelling cause behind the crazy robbery.

He frowned at the idea; he was so frequently broke himself that he couldn't help a certain sympathy for anybody else in that condition, and he instinctively sought to avoid sympathy for Edna Rowan. Presently he'd have to go in and tell the Old Man; it wouldn't be pleasant, at the best of it, to be the means of bringing down disaster on that grim, tight-lipped woman out there.

She must be pretty desperately up against it, he thought, to take a chance like this; she was intelligent enough to have realized the odds against her getting by with it. He remembered the time when the cards had run against him so obstinately that he'd had to give Bill McKaig a post-dated check and let his name go up on the notice board at the club. He felt suddenly virtuous about this; it would have been easy for him to borrow a little from the petty cash in that crisis, but he hadn't done it, hadn't even seriously considered it. There must be something crooked about this girl; people didn't steal just because they needed money and found a chance; if that excuse sufficed, Ollie Rand would have been a thief long ago. He stiffened his resolution. If there was any forgiving to be done, it was the Old Man's job. He could afford it. He rose. Better break it to him right away—every minute he waited increased that girl's chances of hiding her plunder somewhere.

But he hesitated before the closed door, aware of a certain consciousness of controlling a dramatic situation, a feeling at once novel and mildly stimulating. The moment he told Amos Harlow, his own importance would end; until he told he was in some sense a proxy for destiny. Besides, he discovered, he was sorrier for Edna Rowan than he had thought. There was a kind of bond between people who were hard up, uniting them against those who had more than they needed. Perhaps before he surrendered his discretion in the affair he'd better look into it a little; the Old Man wouldn't consider anything but the vital facts; palliating circumstances wouldn't influence him a bit. It took a man who knew poverty at first hand to understand its effect on others.

He turned and opened the door into the outer office instead. She was at her machine, desperately busy, as always, her face rigid, her shoulders forward, her fingers stabbing at the keys. He noticed her waist; he didn't know much about such things, but its severity confirmed his guess that she had counted pennies when she chose it. He wondered what she was thinking about; she must know that he was standing in the doorway, must guess that he was watching her, must suspect that he knew she had taken the money. It needed a pretty steady set of nerves to go on working like this under such conditions, without even looking up.

Her eyes met his as if in answer to the thought. He searched them for some sign of confusion, guilt. In the fiction of crime as Ollie read it thieves nearly always gave themselves away to a properly percipient eye. But Edna Rowan merely frowned and resumed her work, as if she found his inspection only impertinent. He moved to her desk, intending to ask her to come into his office. She glanced up impatiently.

"What is it?"

Her voice was brisk, abrupt, unfriendly, and yet he noticed for the first time a quality wanting in Fannie Dolan's, for instance—a kind of roundness which struck his ear almost pleasantly. He felt himself flushing under the challenge of glance and tone, absurdly, as if it were his fault—it became suddenly impossible to cross-examine her. It was no affair of his to pry into the reasons that had prompted her theft. It seemed to him suddenly that there was no just basis for the assumption that a thief is fair game for idle, inquisitive intrusion. He had a right to accuse her of taking that money, a right to demand its return, to see that she was punished if she refused. But he had no right to trespass on her private motives.

"I—nothing, nothing, Miss Rowan."

He retreated hastily, angry at himself. She'd robbed the firm of money temporarily in Ollie Rand's keeping; it was his plain duty to make her give it back, and he hadn't even mentioned it—he realized that he didn't dare to tell her, to her face, that he knew she had taken it. After all, that was the Old Man's job, wasn't it? Ollie Rand had nothing to do with it. He crossed the room resolutely and opened Harlow's door with a jerk. No more nonsense!

"Mr. Harlow, I ——"

He stopped. Harlow's chair was empty. Harlow's hat was missing from the tree in the corner. Ollie Rand was aware of a flooding sense of reprieve. The Old Man must have gone out through the corridor. It would be foolish to do anything till he came back. It was strange that the delay should relieve him so much, Ollie thought. He went back to his desk. The pay envelopes reproached him; whatever happened, they'd have to be ready by four. He could make up the deficit from the cash in the safe. Lucky Harlow insisted on carrying a couple of thousand as petty cash, Ollie told himself—you could never tell when something like this would happen.

He moved the knobs swiftly and counted out a thousand in small bills. As he filled the envelopes he conducted a number of imaginary conversations with Edna Rowan, conversations in which by beautiful finesse Ollie Rand melted that frozen reserve and elicited the whole pitiful story. He had no difficulty in supplying details; an extensive acquaintance with film plots suggested several tempting solutions, between which he found it hard to decide. She might be the sole support of an invalid mother, whose affliction could be cured provided there was an immediate operation; on the whole Ollie preferred this hypothesis to the less sentimental supposition of a mortgage on the little home that was all that remained of a quondam prosperity, or the slightly more poignant theories of a crippled younger sister or a tubercular brother who must be sent west before it was too late.

Ollie Rand had been decently sophisticated before cinematographic versions of these distresses, but confronted by one of them in sober reality he found himself reacting rather differently. It was a nasty business to



It Needed a Pretty Steady Set of Nerves to Go on Working Like This Under Such Conditions, Without Even Looking Up

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send a girl to jail for yielding to such a temptation, under such compelling pressures. He felt almost angry at the Old Man; if it were up to Ollie Rand he'd deal mercifully with the case; Harlow couldn't take his money with him when he died; it wouldn't hurt him a bit to charge that thousand to p. and l. and forget it. He wouldn't, of course—people who could afford such benefactions never yielded to their merciful impulses, if they had them. He'd come down on Edna Rowan like a load of brick and persuade himself that it was his duty!

By the time he reached the R envelopes Ollie Rand had worked up enough sympathy to speculate over the four five-dollar bills he tucked into Edna Rowan's. He could fancy her parceling them out, penny by penny, among clamoring rival necessities. No wonder she was a bit grim, no wonder she worked as if her life depended on her speed! Ollie would do what he could for her, with the Old Man; perhaps if he told the story cleverly he could jolly Amos Harlow into something like mercy.

There was, at first, a consolation in this thought. He knew that he had a pull with the Old Man. He owed his job to Harlow's friendship for his father, and Harlow had given other evidences of that surviving regard often enough. Ollie remembered how they had grumbled in the outer office when he got old Morrow's place as cashier; a dozen times since then he had been obliged to sidestep Harlow's suggestions of less comfortable jobs which held out larger but less assured returns. He knew that these proposals were signs of the Old Man's good will, and was always diplomatic about evading them. Catch Ollie Rand going out on the road when he could stick to the office, where you knew what you had coming to you on pay day! Yes, he ought to be able to keep Harlow from going too far up in the air over this business.

He was annoyed by a recurrent thought that if Ollie Rand had taken the money the Old Man would have been easier on him than he'd be on Edna Rowan. That had nothing to do with the case—nothing at all. He certainly wasn't to blame for being on good terms with Harlow. He rejected the reproachful idea angrily, telling himself that even Harlow wouldn't be too hard on her—he'd only fire her if the money was recovered; and there was no denying that she deserved that much.

He had finished the pay roll and turned over the box of filled envelopes to the clerk who distributed them when he heard Harlow come in. He rose determinedly; better get the ugly job done right away. Business was business; you couldn't afford to fool with sappy sentiment in an affair like this.

He paused in the doorway.

Harlow glanced up from his desk inquiringly, his stubby pen suspended above the sheaf of typed letters. Ollie couldn't help noticing the squareness of his jaw, the way his lips fitted together, the straight, ice-colored eyes. He felt himself smiling a little; long ago he had discovered that his facial expression could exert a mollifying influence on the Old Man. Harlow's mouth relaxed.

"Mr. Harlow—I ——"

Ollie Rand stopped. The words just wouldn't come. That girl must need her job terribly—it seemed as if he were taking it away from her just when she needed it most. His amazed ears heard his voice; his conscious intelligence, numb and helpless, struggled in the grip of some paralyzing emotion, aghast at the stupendous folly of what he was saying.

"Mr. Harlow, I—I guess I better own up—I'm a thousand short in my cash. I—I'll pay it back if you'll give me another chance."

II

HE SAW blank amazement in Harlow's face. His common sense, gagged and hand bound, writhed and strained against the monstrous idiocy of his deed. Saddling himself with the burden of a silly theft for the sake of a girl he didn't even like! Fool, fool! Sidney Carton himself hadn't been any sillier. He seemed to hear an echo of that farewell speech: "A far, far better thing that I do ——"

He raged at the discovery that the words sent a warming tingle down his spine. Of all absolute lunatics!

"Say that again, Ollie. I want to get this straight."

Harlow's lips fitted together again, but, as he had foreseen, there was no anger in the voice. It sounded flat, as if his confession had numbed the Old Man's temper along with his wits. Again Ollie Rand's sensible self shrieked at him; he hadn't committed himself, even now; he could still state the case as it was. He opened his lips to blurt out the facts, and again listened to his voice stammering that incredible quixotic lie.

"I—I just said that I—I'm a thousand dollars short in my cash, Mr. Harlow. I thought I'd better own up—make a clean breast of it. I didn't mean to—to dip in ——"

Again there was that stunned silence on Harlow's part.

"You mean to stand there and tell me you've been helping yourself to the petty cash?"

It seemed to Ollie that his real self struggled for the third and last time against the suffocating clutch of his obsession. It wasn't too late, even now. He strove to control his tongue; he felt his head move in a gesture of assent.

Harlow studied him deliberately, the strong lines and angles of his face grimmer than ever.

"How much did you say you were short?"

Ollie swallowed. "A thousand—even."

Somewhere deep in his brain a surviving fragment of reason hoped that Amos Harlow would detect the truth from that suspiciously round sum. Under cross-examination he might be pinned down, in spite of this unbelievable insanity, convicted of nothing worse than an idiotic attempt to act like a movie hero. But Harlow nodded, his big fingers drumming on his blotter.

"I see. That was your limit, was it?"

Ollie nodded miserably. Harlow consulted the memorandum on which, every morning, Ollie acquainted him with certain financial details.

"You ought to have twenty-three eighteen in the safe, according to this. How much have you actually got?"

"Thirteen eighteen." Ollie swallowed again.

"Go get it."

As he opened the safe Ollie struggled hopelessly with himself, with this new crazy self he could not recognize. It was too late now; if he tried to tell the truth Harlow wouldn't believe him—would think that he was shamefully trying to clear himself at the expense of that girl. He'd spoiled his case by not giving the alarm the moment he discovered the theft. He'd been a fool to keep it quiet and draw on the petty cash that way. If he'd raised a row while the pay-roll money still lay on his desk ——

Harlow counted the bills clumsily. Ollie Rand's fingers itched as he looked on; he could have riffled those notes like a deck of cards.

"Thirteen eighteen," said the Old Man at last. "How long have you been dipping into us, Ollie?"

Ollie managed to shrug, as if to say that it had been going on a long time. That detached intelligence, hopelessly remote from control of his acts, informed him that he must be looking the part; he was as wretched as if he had been telling the truth; more miserable, perhaps. He didn't need to act.

"What got you doing it?" Harlow still kept his anger in hand. "Couldn't you get along on your pay?"

Again Ollie shrugged and shook his head. It was nearer the truth than anything else he had conveyed in this interview. Forty a week had to be stretched to compass his needs. He must owe a hundred or so in little bills this minute.

"Forty a week ought to be enough for a single man," said Harlow mildly. "It's more than the job's worth, Ollie. I thought I was giving you the best of it. Always liked you or I'd have kicked you out the first time I caught you riding the saw. Liked your father." He drummed on the blotter as if he weighed conflicting impulses.

"You could have made more money, too, if you'd wanted to." He seemed to be arguing in self-defense. "I've given you plenty of chances to get into the selling end of the game. Make a good salesman too."

Ollie ventured on a faint headshake. Harlow frowned with a sudden ferocity.

"Yes, you would, if you'd had to scratch for your living, like most kids. Been picking salesmen for thirty years. Don't tell me I don't know my business! Ought to 've made you get out on the road, instead of letting you jolly me into giving you a soft spot in the office." He evidently considered this more thoughtfully. "No—you'd have quit. Fellow like you can always work somebody for a job. Got a lot of friends, haven't you? Easy enough to catch on somewhere else if I fire you, eh?"

Ollie spread his hands. He probably couldn't get another place so congenial and profitable as this, but Harlow was right, in the main. Curley would make room for him in a minute; or Bill McKaig; or Joe Fish.

Harlow meditated.

"Ollie, I'm going to be a fool about this. I ought to have you jugged, I guess. Ought to fire you, anyhow. But I feel's if it was partly my fault, and I always liked your father too. So here's what we'll do about it: You'll pay up this shortage out of your salary, and till you pay it you'll carry it as a shortage, see? You're shy a thousand in your cash. Any time we audit your accounts we'll find it out, but till we do I don't know a thing about it. Couldn't live on forty a week, eh? Well, maybe you can do it on twenty, then. I'll count that cash every Friday, and as long as it shows a twenty-dollar gain every week I'll wait. First time it doesn't the bonding company takes hold."

Ollie Rand stared. Even the strutting, posing fellow who had usurped the identity of the real Ollie was horrified at this calamity. He had imagined himself as being forgiven, as listening to one of the Old Man's tiresome lectures on industry and thrift and ambition, and then going back to his books with a not disagreeable consciousness of nobility to console him. Sometime, possibly, when it had all blown over, he might have told Harlow the truth. But this ——

It was funny that the first coherent thought that came to him should be a regretful reflection that he'd better call off that bootleg bargain with Bill McKaig. Darn McKaig, anyway! If he hadn't butted into business hours to peddle his liquor none of this would have happened.

"That's all, Ollie." Harlow jerked a hand at the door.

Ollie turned, crushed beyond expostulation. Twenty a week! Twenty ——

"Wait!" He stopped. Harlow gathered up the bills on his desk. "Put these back in the safe. And just chip in the first installment while you're at it. Let me see you do it."

Ollie pulled his own envelope from his vest pocket and obeyed. His reviving self declared bitterly to the interloping cavalier that it served them both right.

Till he paid up that thousand—no, it was only nine hundred and eighty now—he might as well be the Old Man's slave. Harlow could wave that club over him whenever he pleased; he couldn't even quit. Forty-nine weeks of it, and all for a minute or two of playing the pinchbeck hero!

As he stooped at the safe Edna Rowan went past him to the inner office and came back with the Old Man's letters. She didn't even look at him. He scowled after her. What a perfect ass he'd made of himself while he was at it! Putting his neck in a rope for a girl he didn't even like, a girl who had as little use for him!

She must be wondering why there hadn't been any fuss over that money. Behind that look she must be horribly afraid of being caught with the goods. He acknowledged her nerve; no professional crook could have carried it off any better.

He realized suddenly that he could make her give it back. She didn't know that he'd shouldered her guilt; all he had to do was to confront her boldly. She'd break down; they all did if you went at them right. He chuckled. After all, it wasn't so bad; he'd done a magnanimous thing, and it wasn't going to come very high, either. He could invent a remote relative to die handily and leave him a little; that would be better than trying to account for the lump payment by some lucky deal. Harlow would want to know too much about a speculation.

Ollie Rand moved to the door, minded to call her in and have it out at once, but he decided that it would be too bad to risk wasting his benefaction by accusing her within a few feet of where the Old Man sat. She might go all to pieces; even hardened crooks did under shrewd pressure. As long as he'd shouldered the blame she might as well benefit by it. But he mustn't give her a chance to get rid of the money, of course.

He consulted the card index of employes. She boarded out at Wonalancit. He made a note of the address, not tempted, for once, to grin at the mild humor which the name of the suburban village suggested to the metropolitans at the club. He had been too near to the idea of living in some such place to find it funny just now. He decided that he'd go out with her; it would frighten her to find that he was trailing her, simplify the job of breaking down that nerve. Perhaps he could settle the whole thing on the train. She'd have the money with her; she'd give it back if he asked her firmly for it, after letting her wonder a bit. Then he could tell her not to worry about his giving her away; she'd tell him why she had taken it and he'd do what he could to help her—give her some good advice.

He left his desk a little before five and was waiting at the exit when she came out. He saw that she carried a small leather box—probably a lunch box, he thought. The money would be in that, of course. He followed her down Main Street to the dingy station and managed to keep an eye on her while he bought a ticket. He was agreeably conscious of a certain excitement now. This was like having a regular detective story happen to you.

He watched her enter the second car and gave her time to choose a seat before he followed her. It was natural enough to affect a surprised recognition as he approached her, to take the vacant place at her side as a matter of course. If she was frightened by the encounter she concealed it splendidly, though. He observed that there was no slightest tremor in the evening paper that she continued to read.

"Live out this way, Miss Rowan?"

"Wonalancit."

She did not remove her attention from the paper. He registered satisfaction.

"That's luck! I was just wondering how to get a line on the place—thought I'd go out there and board if I could find anything. Hear it's cheaper than the city."

He liked this delicate approach to the topic. He saw that it interested her; she lowered the paper and inspected him briefly. Again he admired her command of her nerves.

"That's true enough. You can get a room and two meals a day at Mrs. Fenton's, where I live, for about ten a week, and your commutation ticket's only five-fifty a month."

"Think she'd have room for me?"

"I know she would. There's nobody on the third floor. You might get a special rate."

She returned calmly to the editorial page. He meditated. This hadn't helped much, after all. He'd have to try again.

"It sounds good." He sighed. "I've got to cut down expenses all I can." He endeavored to instill a hint of

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THE SPECIAL CASE

By Dorothy DeJagers

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH



"Thus Began My Double Life. More and More Did I Retire to What I Termed My Home for the Aged"

"AND so we are to be married in May!" With this climax to his heart history John Thorne lifted a framed photograph to the open porthole above, studying it with an undisciplined adoration. Under a gauzy hat a pretty girl of twenty or possibly twenty-one laughed up at him lazily; and as he replaced the picture on the desk next the brown traveling clock, it was with a vocal sigh suggestive of an adolescent Romeo, rather than a lover of fifty-one.

Yet as he towered there, boldly handsome, erect, there was something ageless about him; an authoritative physical dominance over mere birthdays. His huge, hard-muscled body, magnificently carpentered, the vigorous modeling of his dark leonine head, the plunging black eyes above an aquiline nose—these found some youthful accent by contrast with the other man, seated on the lower bunk across. Certainly Abbott Randall looked twenty years older than Thorne. A delicately chiseled frailty gave him the blurred insignificance of a quaint old gentleman in a faded French pastel. His soft white hair tufting above a face fretted with feathery-fine lines, the mild, vague gaze behind gold-rimmed spectacles, the drop of pinched shoulders contributed to the appearance of at least seventy. And how flabbergasted Thorne had been when, his attention drawn to some detail of the other's passport, he had noted a birthdate only twelve years earlier than his own. Yet Randall's tacit acceptance of a ripe seniority and the faint paternal shadings in his attitude towards the younger man gradually erased the birth date; and now as Thorne watched the slow precision with which his companion packed the bizarre pipe his glance featured that humorous affection often evoked by the older generation.

Then something like tenderness flashed through his smile. The confession of that nearest his heart—his love for Helen—and ah! her love for him—had somehow quickened a sense of intimacy already incredible in the light of their brief acquaintance. Why, gad! Six days ago he had never even heard of Abbott Randall, and now—well, next to Helen, of course, he felt closer to the old boy than to anyone he knew.

Suddenly he recalled how eloquently he had cursed when the firm's urgent cable from Marseilles had forced him onto this third-class old tub. Then the impossibility of securing a cabin alone had provoked even more unquotable impieties. Solitude seemed so imperative; solitude for undisturbed anticipations of the future. Disgustedly he had previsioned some nerve-wracking atrocity monger; some chatty newspaper correspondent; or, more awful still, a nargile-smoking Oriental! Instead of which the gods had smiled, and offered as cabin mate not merely a compatriot but a New Yorker; a gentleman and a scholar of flexible fancies and robust ironies; a man, in short, with whom it was a privilege to share one's stateroom—and one's romance. From the very first they had hit it off; and the imminent parting at Marseilles brought a ridiculous pang. Still, they mustn't lose track of each other, and when Randall returned in the fall Helen could have him for a long visit.

"So she is twenty-one and you are fifty-one!" It was Randall speaking, and the comment was merely an absent-minded statement of fact. Even the concluding sigh held no acknowledgment of the odium imputed to comparisons as he murmured, half to himself:

"How the repetitional pattern of life always startles. Curious, too, how these duplications of experience always surprise us into some gesture of disbelief or a comment on how small the world is!"

He halted to take off his spectacles; then a gaze of charged intentness focused upon Thorne, a gaze that seemed to measure the breadth of the other's indulgence.

"My friend," he began after a moment, in a voice energized by a slow earnestness, "these few days with you have meant a lot to me. When a man reaches my age companionships as satisfying as ours happen seldom—far too seldom. And when I tell you this story I ask you to see behind it an affection for you big enough to risk your boredom and even resentment."

With a smile Thorne dropped to the padded seat under the portholes, adjusting two musty cushions behind him. What delicious modesty! This prophecy of boredom from him whose monologues those first two nights had held him in yawnless fascination from six bells to daybreak.

"Oh," he laughed, "I'm sure——"

"When I left college——"

Thorne saw that Randall's good ear had missed his remark; and two hands buckled about his knee, he relaxed in his usual posture of an audience absolved from any antiphonal expectancies.

"When I left college my people insisted upon my escape from the industry built up by my grandfather. There'd been so many of us, you see, sacrificed to the prosy business of turning steel into implements none of us used, that they wanted some antidote in the way of artistic expression. The fact that I found more appeal in a Turner landscape than in a plow; more interest in a Swinburne poem than in a tractor, made them think I might approximate Joseph's and Algernon's stunts. And somehow their confidence infected me. So finally I rushed off to Paris, and for a couple of years dramatized myself as a dilettante, making some poor canvases and worse plays an excuse for a boundless desultoriness. When at last I recognized my artistic worthlessness my conscience dictated returning to the usual Randall job. But the dear illusionists at home wouldn't hear of it. The next three years I wandered around the Continent, gradually losing all my American ideals of the love of labor for labor itself, and making a collection of first editions and Renaissance bronzes cover a growing restlessness. So when, the following spring, I was offered a small diplomatic post in Turkey I grabbed it eagerly. It would satisfy the family—so long as the family tree sprouted something besides the tired business man—and it delighted me. Peeps into queer pockets of the earth, time to read and write and study the amazing human species—that sort of thing.

"Well, post followed post. I skipped from Hong-Kong to Macedonia, with occasional winters in Washington. I saw life from many lopsided angles; human nature through many highly colored prisms; and by the time I'd reached fifty-four—well, I was a funny synthesis of clashing concepts and experiences. Women somehow hadn't contributed much to these. My ramblings around had never been a Byronic pilgrimage, at least in that sense. Yet you can't lap over the half-century mark without having conducted a few emotional experiments. So why I'd never married in all those years occasionally struck me as rather unfortunate. When I went home that winter, however, at the death of my father, my immunity changed into a divine miracle—a kind of proof that the gods sometime

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establish a protectorate over male susceptibilities. It was then, you see, I met Lindall.

"She was just twenty at the time, and the most exquisite thing I had ever seen. Very black sheeny hair with wide lateral waves. A skin so white—well, I can't describe it exactly, but it gave each eyelash a separate identity. Then her eyes! Something in between amber and aventurine, and incredibly beautiful. She was quite tall; your first glance gave an impression of thinness which your second look revised, for you were sure to take the second look. That deceptive suppleness for which the French have invented *fausse maigreur*. It's a pity there isn't some word to cover her grace. A fluid grace—for she didn't move; she flowed. No overemphasis of muscle, yet an exquisite articulation made studying each gesture an adventure in beauty.

"The first time I met her she was telling fortunes at some country-club affair, and as I watched the turn of her wrists as she laid out the cards, well I knew the game was up. I was insanely in love. And with every meeting, because naturally I let no turf grow under my feet, the madness increased. Her individuality, you see, was as vivid as her loveliness. There was an enchanting personal incandescence about her. She was always to me Shelley's 'lovely lady, garmented in light.' Then there was her supreme quality of what I shall call sweetness; not that bovine amiability that comes from a happy heredity and a reliable nervous system but an active individual graciousness. She was incapable of rancor, malice or unkindness, and with her opulent equipment for indulgence, being catty should have been so tempting at times.

"Well, after a courtship of high suspense values she told me she cared for me. Perhaps my Latin amenities, as my sister called them, flattered her at first. Then, God knows why, but my diplomatic background impressed her. Though a Protestant, you see she'd been reared in a Kentucky convent and hadn't had many chances for comparing male values. Anyway, to her simplicity my sophistication seemed omniscience, and ah, it is not unpleasant to understudy Providence for a lovely lady, garmented in light."

He dropped into reverie and his eyes contracted suddenly as if to pinch out the memories behind them. But in a moment he went on, in a voice of studied inexpressiveness, a voice trying to impersonalize the story as much as possible. Thorne even sensed in his slightly rhetorical treatment of the theme an effort to rule out all emotionality from it.

"Of course I proposed immediately, and then the storm broke. All her relatives and friends joined in a loud chorus: 'But, my dear, he's old enough to be your father!' And curiously enough, I was aghast. I'd grown so accustomed, you see, both in Europe and the Orient, to such alliances, I assumed the old tribal taboos against May and—er—October unions had expired with the superstition about night air. To be sure, I privately granted that in ordinary cases such marriages were unwise. But, good heavens, mine was a special case! One's own is always a special case. That's why, I suppose, sweeping generalities brush the weight of precedent so lightly off the individual shoulder.

"Yet as the news seeped into my circles another cry arose: 'But, my good fellow, the child's young enough to be your daughter!' And as the combined volume gathered force daily I began to be affected. The damnable refrain rang through all my waking hours; it poisoned my sleep, and with the most nightmarish connotations. In simply being old enough to be her father I seemed to have sunk to the lowest depths of human cussedness.

"But Lindall—she never wavered. The opposition, instead, made her more determined; so in December we were married. And because I saw something so divinely heroic in her resistance, my love took on a heroic mold. I vowed that never should she regret her decision. I must be and would be everything that a young man could be.

"Well, several of her friends were wintering near Davos, and after a honeymoon in Italy, at her suggestion we joined them. And here the bridegroom of fifty-four, who in livelier years had watched the icy sports from a conservative distance, now joined in as recklessly as any sixteen-year-old. The tempo of her pulse seemed to time my own, and when after some foolhardy stunt of mine she'd look around triumphantly at the former opposing forces, my blood leaped for even wilder exploits. In seeing what that triumph meant to her, you see, I sensed her happiness would always depend, more or less, upon my illusion of contemporariness. Now that I was no longer a fiancé but a husband, I was conjugated not in the potential mood but the possessive case, and her property sense was on the defensive against any belittling assessment of her holdings. So it was up to me to save her from any I-told-you-so ignominies.



The Lateness of the Hour, the Stillness Outside Gave an Illusion of Inviolable Isolation. The Chattering, Clattering World in Which We Lived Seemed Unreal, Nonexistent

"But real love isn't built that way. At least that's what I'd have said in my tender twenties; but you can't knock around for fifty years without seeing the emotion is not a simple matter of clinging kisses and pounding pulses, such as the pre-Raphaelites would have us believe. Instead, a complex state of mind conditioned by all sorts of contacts with reality. Then another thing: most women are, first of all, I believe, their social selves.

"Where was I? Oh—yes. Well, that spring we returned to New York. The plant had been sold by this time, and I'd been made executor of the estate; enough money and leisure to live any life we chose, or rather Lindall chose; and she preferred the so-called social whirl. Whatever she did she did extravagantly, redundantly. I mean if a prescription called for two pills she'd invariably, unless watched, take three. And that in a sense typified her nature. She wanted a concentrated solution of experience, sensation; and there was nothing that didn't move and interest her. Once I took her through the kitchen of our largest hotel, and here the mechanical ingenuities thrilled her just as much as her first hydroplane ride or the morning she found two kittens in her sewing basket. To every experience she brought the same fresh zest; and she was so saturable, such an extraordinary conductor of sensation, that she transmitted to me a vicarious new enjoyment of old, old stuff. We could go to some stupid play and through her childlike absorption I'd find it breathing with life. In fact, in everything her enthusiasms gave new revisions to all my jaded evaluations.

"But outside the drama her ardors ran to the objective phases of life. She read little, and the novels she chose were always plotful love stories with the happy ending hung up until the penultimate chapter. And yet when I found these about, with some sentimental passage underlined, and a 'How true!' scribbled in the margin, there would come over me a tempestuous tenderness that very few of the classics had ever evoked. Now and then she had her poetry moods. I'd find in the mirror of her dressing table some lyric of the Ella Wheeler Wilcox school of ecstatics. I remember I'd collected thirty-eight of these at the end of the first year, and when I tell you I'd have given my Renaissance bronzes sooner than part with these ragged little clippings, you can guess ——"

He halted, toying with a cuff link made out of an Egyptian coin. Thorne noticed the hand, webbed with veins, trembled slightly in its aimless movements. Then it clenched suddenly, as Randall resumed.

"No, she wasn't in any sense the intellectual woman. It was her fierce joy in the external pleasures that fed my sense of—of adventure, I'll call it. The bubble of her high spirits was like a fountain of youth that flooded me with a flushed tumult. It washed away the accretions of half a century, irrigated barren territories of thought, and there sprouted fresh appeals and appreciations. Psychically I grew younger every day. I looked younger too. A positive bounce in my walk. A new brightness to my eye. Nerve and muscle, heart and brain responded to the rejuvenation. I took up tennis again, after thirty years' neglect, and actually learned to dance. So now, after some brilliant serve or difficult caper, it was I who used to look around triumphantly at the former opposition party.

"And so passed a year of unforgetable and unforgotten bliss. As a young man speculating about the ultimate she, as I suppose we all do, I'd put upon her the usual decorous exactions: A sense of humor, a community of tastes and interests, and so on. But Lindall, with her spontaneity and sincerity, and, above all, her divine sweetness, made that ideal into a wooden, machine-made figure. With negligible understanding of what we are pleased to call the arts of life, with a sense of humor frustrated by the impact of her sympathies, she created, by simply being, an impression of the sheerest adequacy. In her very simplicity lay her charm; she was as beautifully normal as a flower. No, please understand, I would never have had her changed in the slightest degree. I loved her just as she was, and oh! that first twelve months she gave life new meanings that brought heaven within commuting distance. Even the jealousy motif, that you always expect in these May and October arrangements, vibrated but faintly. Lindall's beauty of course registered on other men besides myself, but my rejuvenescence had given me such a sense of power, of security, that I was insensible of the green-eyed monster's attacks.

"And this illusion of equality continued till the spring of the second year; then I began to feel a slackening grip on the situation; a growing immunity from the contagion of Lindall's zest. By this time, you see, we'd become absorbed in the younger set, and keeping up with youth today—which takes in the last ten years—is a pretty exhaustive business. They swarmed in bunches, wanted something doing every minute, unappeasably athirst for novelty and excitement. They made life into a thing of gyral activities, incessant gestures of pleasure, so that the job of being fifty-four years young became more and more grueling.

"I recall a play in which old age is diagnosed by the following symptoms: A discovery of how much more frivolous modern youth is than in the good old days; that even the policemen are mere boys, and the type in the newspaper so much smaller than formerly. Well—that's what

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ailed me, of course; that explains my intolerance, possibly unjustness to the young things. But oh, God! How their *gamineries*, their mental, spiritual and muscular restlessness did get on my nerves. I had the obsolete idea, for instance, that time can often be killed painlessly, even pleasantly, with thoughtful conversation. An absurd theory, of course; for modern youth doesn't converse; it just expresses nervousness. There were evenings, too, when instead of rushing to some festivity I wanted to stay at home and get in touch with my long-neglected books. But Lindall's joyous anticipation always curbed my rebellion. So on I went, from morning tennis to daybreak hops, struggling pathetically to interpret the ache of middle-aged muscles into growing pains.

"But an evening came, though, when my bones sulked so painfully that when Lindall came saying she'd saved me four dances, I begged off. She turned away, a little hurt fold between her amber eyes, and as she left, a red-headed Diana near shrugged her shoulders, murmuring audibly to the gallant fanning her: 'Well, that's what she gets for going in for antiques.'

"Funny, isn't it, what love will do to you? In my wanderings around I'd stood for some pretty stiff bludgeonings of outrageous fortune, and yet nothing had ever lacerated me as this had done. Frantically I rushed to Lindall, almost trembling with the fear that she'd overheard. The music had started, and clutching her desperately I stumbled through a waltz. I whispered I'd been a brute; then promoting my pains from the spinal cord to the frontal bone, I begged forgiveness on the plea of a headache.

"And instantly her pique melted into compassion. She insisted on going home at once, and there she mothered me with such divine tenderness that I swallowed without protest two headache powders instead of the one prescribed on the box. Yet somehow the very excess of her solicitude bothered me, and when, as she left the room, she turned and eyed me, with a troubled appraising fixity—then I knew. She had overheard!

"As soon as the door closed I rushed to the mirror, and saw a tired old gentleman patently old enough to be her father. For the first time I noted the autographs Time writes about the eyes and chin, under the belt and shoulder seams, and let me tell you, something like terror froze me. I remember a cold perspiration poured from me; a pulse of fear clicked in my throat; and it was fully five moments before I pulled myself together. Then I sat down and faced the situation. I saw, since I could no longer revive youth spontaneously I must do it deliberately.

"Well, I slept little that night, and the next morning rose early to look up some first aids for the veteran lover. I found a new tailor, a specialist in juvenile, snappy styles, whose deft trickeries disguised the sag of middle-aged shoulders. I laid in dumb-bells, electric vibrators, violet rays, and so on; and my highboy with its outfit of skin tonics, muscle oils and astringent lotions looked like the dressing table of some Broadway star. I joined a gymnasium too; and when later I found silver threads among the brown—well, there's a certain process known as touching up! Not dye, you understand, but a magic fluid guaranteed to restore the natural color. What a wonderful thing! Science, I mean. It overlooks nothing. For instance, one may buy for an aldermanic girth a restraining influence known as Beebee's elastic support, a garment that persuades you that Mr. Beebee's ancestors furnished the creative intelligence behind the inquisition.

"But to get on. Now massaged and dumb-belled into some semblance of the roaring forties, I threw myself into the rôle with the most convincing gusto. Never was there a moment when you'd have guessed I wasn't having the time of my life. My creative instinct, such a cropper in the arts, now approached genius in the matter of thinking up new drinks and diversions. From being one of the boys I rose to the ranks of what is termed a hell of a good fellow; and on and on until I reached the distinction of being the life of the party. My bon mots achieved immortality in 'Say, have you heard Randall's latest?' And my entrances were always greeted with bellowed welcomes and Masonic slaps between the shoulder blades. In other words, I belonged. I was one of them. Very gratifying, of course, to a veteran old enough to be their father; yet it couldn't quite make up for the horrible strain I was under.

"I'd found, you see, that the effects of the aids to beauty were never noticeable upon rising; so I began getting up at seven so that my needle shower and the other contraptions might give Lindall a well-preserved breakfast mate. At seven, mind you, when we'd probably turned in at three. Old folks, I've heard, are supposed to require more sleep than the younger generation. I don't know, but let me tell you there came a time when I envied Rip Van Winkle more than any figure in history, when I'd have given anything for another hour's snooze—that is, anything except Lindall's disillusionment. So I always crawled out. And when in the middle of the day I felt a stupor pinching my eyeballs—several large cups of black coffee and a bracer. All of which, of course, added to the peace-on-earth-good-will-to-men outlook.

"Then about this time my ears began acting trickily and I noted with alarm how much smaller the newspaper type really was. An aurist and an oculist corroborated my fears. I was quite deaf in my left ear, an irremediable condition; as for my eyes, I needed double convex lenses. This was a blow! To look upon myself as a playboy of the Western World was hard enough as it was, but in convex lenses! Still, Lindall was delighted with the pince-nez on the black ribbon. It made me look more distinguished than ever, and this soothed to some extent the raw place that stationed itself on the bridge of my nose.

"But the deafness was a graver matter—more closely associated with age, and not even a distinguished old age, but a comic one, thanks to our limited theatrical devices for humor. It would never do to—to let this get out. So there must be new adjustments to my rôle. And don't think, please, it meant simply a concentrated attention to their insipidities. It meant imagination always on the job, too, to fill in the missing gaps and translate mumbled word into terms congruous with the text. Quite a mental contortion. At least you'd be surprised to know how much intellectual effort's involved in deciding whether your vis-à-vis said pajamas or bananas. Then I must contrive some position, if possible, to place my best ear next the speaker, and not until you are half deaf do you appreciate the limited opportunities society offers for such groupings.

"Now as I look back on that strain and tension I'm always divided between its comic and tragic aspects. One thing, however, shoves it nearer to the tragedy side. That's the haunting, ever-present fear of the call of youth to youth—the other man. In the background always lurked that phantom rival, some chap on the right side of thirty whose authentic youth would show up my mechanistic one. You mustn't think that Lindall gave me any reason for such misgivings. Hers was not a polyandrous nature; in fact, I've never known a woman with so little coquetry in her make-up. As a rational being the tertium

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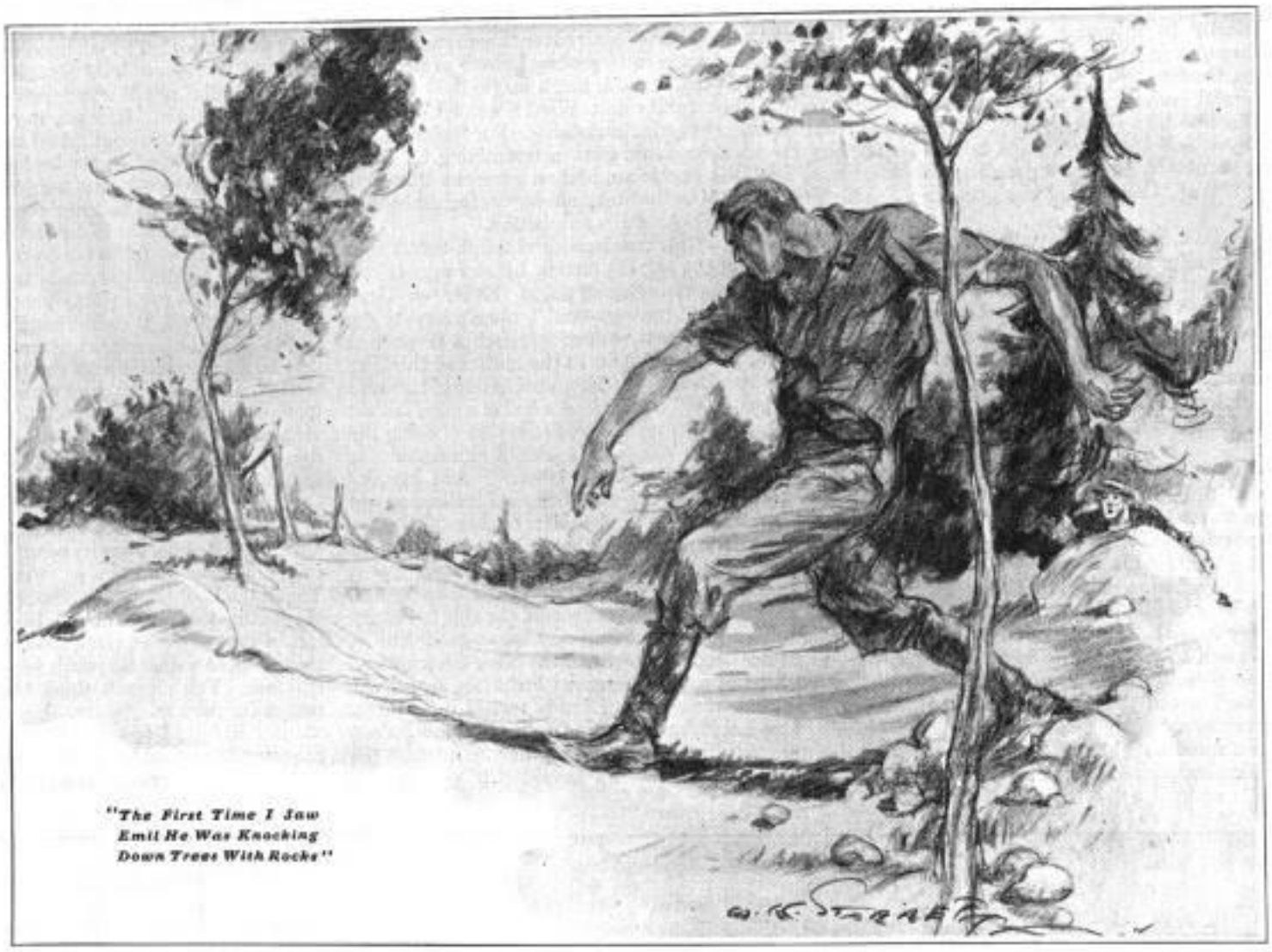


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THE SHOSHONE CATAPULT

By Sam Hellman

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT



"The First Time I Saw Emil He Was Knocking Down Trees With Rocks"

McGRATH, the ivory sorter, broke excitedly into Heenan's office at the Blue Sox park and leaned floridly over the manager's desk. "Remember Walter Johnson's fast one when he was good?" he demanded.

"Yeh," was the weary response; "and you've just found a kid out in the bulrushes who has twice as much speed, and besides can hit .450 and steal three bases a day on Ray Schalk."

"This bird I'm talking about," said the scout evenly, "never had a bat in his hand in his life and never saw a diamond; but when you say he can only pitch twice as fast as Johnson you make me laugh. Ever see one of them slow movie pictures, the kind that make a guy running a hundred flat look like an eel with locomotor? Well, the best Walt ever had is like them compared to this baby."

"What are you talking about? A machine?"

"No, I ain't talking about no machine. I'm introducing Emil Krock, the pride of Big Horse."

"Big Horse, eh? I suppose that's where the mares nest."

"Big Horse," explained McGrath, "is out in the Shoshone country in Idaho. It's so far from a railroad that if you started on a fast walk around Christmas you'd just about make the Fourth of July excursion train at the water tank. I got a brother farming around there and I thought I'd take a look at him. That's how me and Big Horse got acquainted. The first time I saw Emil he was knocking down trees with rocks."

"Bill," said Heenan solemnly, "if I were you I'd change bootleggers. You ain't getting quality stuff."

"At first," went on the scout, "I wasn't sure they were rocks. All I could see was a guy making a throwing motion. At the same time a tree about fifty feet away would splinter into pieces."

"I guess," satirically suggested the manager, "they were those big redwoods, the kind they drive stagecoaches through."

"No, they weren't very big. Saplings, I figure you'd call 'em. About as thick as this." The forefingers and thumbs indicated a bole some six inches in diameter.

"Don't they have any axes or saws in that Shoeshine country?"

"Emil wasn't cutting down trees for a living," replied McGrath. "He was practicing pitching."

"With rocks?"

"Yeh. He told me he had a regular ball at first and used a sand dune for a backstop. One day he hit a rock and busted it to pieces. Since then he's been using stones and pine cones."

"Whew!" Then gently: "Sit down and rest your feet, Bill, while I get the bonesetter."

McGrath took a chair.

"Now listen, Mike. You know I'm no fool. What I'm telling you may sound crazy, but get yourself an earful before you throw a sure-fire pennant in the ash can. This Krock boy is about twenty years old. He's a six-footer, weighs about two hundred pounds, most of it in the shoulders, and has arms twice as long as your legs. He's a freak, and I'll bet a dime against anything you've got that he can throw the fastest ball in the world."

"Never played?"

"Nope."

"How come?"

"Nobody to play with. There are only three families in Big Horse, and the nearest town of baseball size is twenty miles away; but Emil's been working out nearly every day for two years. He's been taking a correspondence course in pitching; trying to learn to curve a ball."

"Can he?" asked Heenan.

McGrath laughed shortly.

"He ain't got brains enough to read the directions, even if they'd do him any good; but his fast, straight ones—oh, boy!"

"Any control?"

"Control!" repeated the scout. "Emil could knock a sparrow off a tree fifty feet away one hundred times out of one hundred tries. Mike, there never was such an eye and arm, but outside of them he's a total loss. He might be all right if he mixed with folks a while, but he and his mother have been in that God-forsaken place for ten years. She's a funny dame. Treats him like a baby and wouldn't let him come until ——"

"Come? Now listen, Bill! I ——"

"Don't worry," interrupted McGrath. "He ain't signed up. It won't cost you a red. I'm paying his railroad fare, and you don't have to come through to me until you get down on your knees and beg this lad to make his mark on the dotted line."

"Hello, Bill," broke in a cheery voice. It was Randall, the young owner of the Blue Sox. "Any phenoms this trip?"

"Only the greatest pitcher that ever happened," returned the scout modestly. "He's a world beater. There never was anything like him before."

"Where's he working?" queried Randall. "In the League of Nations?"

"Never played a game in his life, but he can pitch a ball so fast ——"

"A rock, you mean, don't you?" cut in Heenan.

"He can throw a ball so fast," continued the scout, "that you can't see it, and his control is perfect."

"Who is he?"

McGrath went into detail.

"I watched him for an hour throwing at a knot hole in a tree, regulation pitching distance—got it out of the correspondence dope—and he never missed it more than an inch. I tell you, boss, I don't think there's a guy living that can move a bat fast enough to hit him."

The unconvinced Heenan grunted. Randall, however, had an open mind.

"You never can tell," he said. "The world is full of Nature's freaks. There's a law of compensation, you know. If you're weak in one spot it's made up to you in another. Some folks are shy on brains and get card sense in place of it. You tell me this boy is a dumb David. Well, they just slipped him a strong arm and held out on the rest of the fixings. When's he coming, Bill?"

"Just as soon as they can crowd his feet into a pair of shoes."

II

THREE days later, an hour before game time, McGrath steamed into port with his dreadnought.

"This is Emil," he announced briefly.

Heenan gazed silently at the young giant, top-heavy with the shoulder weight of a wrestler. Krock's arms extended fully six inches below the edge of his coat sleeve, the termini being more reminiscent of hams than hands.

"Want to pitch for us?" asked the manager.

The reply was a sullen question.

"When do I go to work?"

"In a couple of days, I hope," returned Heenan. "You'll want a few work-outs first, I guess. Your arm must be a little stiff after the train riding."

"No, 'tain't," was the surly response. "My arm don't never get stiff. Ain't there no game to-day?"

"Yes, but I want to see you work first."

"I didn't come down here to fool no time away," asserted Emil. "If you ain't satisfied ——"

McGrath came to the rescue. He led Krock away and finally prevailed upon him to look on for one day, anyhow. The youth demurred until the scout promised to pay him five dollars for sitting in the dugout.

"Don't I get no uniform?" demanded Emil.

After considerable searching one was found that could be draped across the massive shoulders of the Shoshone catapult. It was more difficult to isolate a pair of shoes that would fit him, but this, too, was eventually accomplished. When McGrath led his find back from the clubhouse to the dugout even Heenan found himself admiring the wonderful back-and-arm development of Emil.

"Want to go out and pitch a few to the boys?" asked the manager.

"No, I don't," was the reply. "I've been practicing for two years. Ain't that enough for you?" he demanded truculently.

Krock looked on glumly, sneeringly, while the pitchers warmed up their arms.

"Can't they throw any faster than that?"

"Those are pretty fast," returned McGrath.

"Huh! I can pitch speedier than that with my left hand. No wonder a baby like Ruth can hit so many home runs. I'd like to see him hit one of mine!"

"So would I," said the scout, mentally picturing the result of the swinging bat of the behemoth connecting flush with one of Emil's straight fast ones. His gaze went beyond the church, two blocks from the ball park.

"Now watch closely," he cautioned as the umpire called "Game"—"especially the pitchers. Mathews is one of our best. Keep your eye on him."

The first ball cut the heart of the plate, but the batter let it go by. Emil began showing a bit of interest.

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"You just got to get them across that rubber, huh?"

"Yeh; across the rubber and between the knees and neck of the man at the plate. That's a bigger target than you had at home, eh?"

"I should say so! This is a cinch!"

The game developed into a slaughter of the Blue Sox. In the second inning a rain of hits netted six runs for the Vamps and twice that many sneers from Emil. In the next half hour three of Heenan's other hurlers were hammered to the four corners of the park. At the beginning of the eighth inning the score was 14 to 1 in favor of the visitors. The first man up in that stanza drove one into the bleachers for the circuit, and the Blue Sox manager's eyes strayed toward the remaining available pitcher warming up alongside the fence in right field.

On a sudden impulse McGrath left the side of his protégé and walked over to the scowling Heenan, standing at the third-base line.

"Put in Emil," whispered the scout.

"What? Aw, hell!"

"Go on," urged McGrath. "What's the difference? The game's shot, anyway. Come on!"

The manager wavered, then motioned the pitcher from the box.

"All right! You tell him!"

The scout started toward the bench, but turned back to Heenan.

"Listen! Tell Tracy nix on the signals. Just tell him to hold his hands where he wants the ball thrown, high or low. No curves. Get me?"

Heenan nodded and walked toward the catcher's box. McGrath ran to the dugout and seized Emil by the arm.

"You're going in to pitch. At first throw a few easy ones to the catcher so he can get onto your style. Understand? Charlie, loan him your glove."

"Don't want no glove," growled Krock. "Gimme a ball."

"Never mind the ball. You'll find one when you get out there."

Emil moved toward the box, pacing off the yards from the plate to the hill. He appeared satisfied that the distance was as prescribed in the correspondence course.

"Krock now pitching," announced the caller after a brief parley with the manager.

The news meant nothing in the life of the discouraged fans and they showed their indifference with silence.

The pride of Big Horse, apparently unperturbed by his strange surroundings, adjusted his belt. The batter, the crafty, hard-hitting Morton, stepped aside for the usual preliminary throws. Emil stooped, picked up the ball at his feet and, with a motion akin to an athlete throwing a sixteen-pound weight, let loose. The fast one shot through the heart of the plate with cannon-ball speed.

"Got a whip all right," commented Heenan.

"Whip!" laughed McGrath. "That's his slow ball!"

Two other throws hissed through the air and across the rubber. The last one caused the catcher to stagger backward under the momentum. There were evidences of interest in the bleachers as the batter took his place.

"Now watch!" hoarsely whispered McGrath.

Emil threw. A gray flicker, a thud against the backstop, a dazed catcher and a dazed batter looking at each other foolishly.

"Strike!" gasped the umpire.

"Did you see that one?" exclaimed Heenan.

"No," grinned McGrath, "did you?"

"I saw him throw," said the manager slowly, "and I heard the ball hit the fence, but—can he keep up that speed?"

"For a week without stopping, I'll bet. Watch the next baby!"

Again the awkward motion, a flicker and a thud, the ball crossing the plate perhaps a foot higher than the first one.

"Strike two!"

Heenan's eyes narrowed into a frowning slit.

"Can't Tracy hold 'em?"



"It Was Five Minutes Before He Came Up for Air"

McGrath didn't hear. He was watching the batter. The quick-thinking Morton had come to the realization that he was up against uncanny speed and control. Instead of holding the bat back on the third pitch he thrust it straight before him. There was no time to be wasted swinging with such a boxman.

The ball struck the tip end of the outstretched wagon tongue. It was knocked from Morton's stinging hands, the ball rolling dully along the first-base foul line. The Vamp slugger was barely set before the next one came over. It seared its way through the desperate hands of Tracy and rolled to the fence, a missed third strike. Morton reached first without any trouble.

"What do you think of the boy now?" asked McGrath.

"Not as much as I did before," grunted Heenan. "What's the good of him if the catcher can't hold him?"

"Why don't you send Tracy to the backstop? There's no rule against a catcher playing where he wants to back of the plate."

The manager scowled.

"And let them steal their heads off?"

"What do you care? Let Morton score. One run more or less don't make no difference now. Emil'll get the next three. Go on! This is just a try-out for Krock. You don't expect to win today, do you?"

"All right."

The game was halted while Tracy was called into consultation. He was only too glad to play back.

"Where in the hell," he asked, "did you get this Big Bertha? He's nearly torn my hand off. Look!" And he pointed to a sear across his unprotected fingers.

The crowd was now visibly excited, and cheered when the catcher took his archaic position. The manager of the Vamps rushed up to Heenan.

"What's the big idea?" pointing to Tracy at the backstop.

"No rule against it, is there?" retorted McGrath.

"I don't know, but nobody ever does it. How about it, umpire? Can a catcher play as far back as he wants?"

The arbiter wasn't quite sure. He pulled a rule book from his pocket.

"Nothing here that says he can't," he announced at last; "but say, listen"—he turned to Heenan—"where do I stand to call balls and strikes?"

"There won't be no balls," grinned McGrath.

"That's your business," snapped Heenan. "I didn't make the rules. Come on! Let's play ball!"

The next three batters fanned with little opposition. All they ever saw of the ball was a shadow that flitted by their futile bats. Tracy, playing forty feet back of the plate, had no difficulty in blocking the pitches with their diminished momentum and throwing to first. Morton, however, scored standing up. Emil knew nothing about coming in for a play. He even had difficulty holding onto the ball tossed back to him by Tracy.

The ninth inning was a repetition of the eighth, except that no one got on base. Krock came to bat in this session, but the correspondence course had been but little help in this direction. He struck feebly at balls, either long before they had reached him or long after they were in the catcher's mitt. At the end of the game Emil walked over to Heenan. He seemed dejected.

"I dunno," he complained. "I just couldn't get no real speed out of the ball today."

"If you get any more," shot back Heenan, "I'll brain you with a bat."

"Don't you want me to pitch fast?" queried Emil. Then belligerently, "I'd like to see you brain me with a bat!"

"He's only fooling," soothed McGrath. "He likes your work. Nobody could brain you, anyway, could they, Emil?"

"Not on your life!" agreed the pride of Big Horse.

III

IT WAS raining heavily the next morning, and it was early apparent there would be no game that day. Heenan was pleased. He had a problem to work out and went to his office at the ball park before noon to ponder on it. He found Randall there, reading the papers.

"Now that you've caught the lightning," grinned the young owner, "what are you going to do with it? See this?"

Heenan had read the headline at breakfast:

BLUE SOX GET PITCHER SO FAST BATTERS CAN'T SEE BALL, NOR CAN CATCHERS HOLD IT; GAME MENACED

It was an eight-column streamer across the sport page of the conservative Star. What gave the narrative beneath it strength were interviews with Vamp players who admitted freely

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With a Rip and a Crash the Ball Disappeared Under the Grand-Stand Seats

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THE GAY ADVENTURE

By Woods Hutchinson, A. M., M. D.

ILLUSTRATED BY LUCILE PATTERSON MARSH

WELL begun is half done, the old proverb tells us, and by the mercy of heaven nine-tenths of all who start in Life's Handicap begin well. Every one of us is quite a respectable success as a baby—at least our mothers think so, and that's the most important thing for us.

The mere fact of our putting in an appearance in the sunlight is proof that we have winning blood in our veins, and have already formed the habit of surviving.

We and our ancestors have been winners in the game of life for millions of years past or we shouldn't be here.

All the world loves a conqueror, even in the sense of the classic story of the captain of industry and the lobster. He was lunching one day at his favorite club, and ordered a broiled live lobster. When the crustacean was served the millionaire noted that one of his great shearing claws was missing. Calling the waiter he demanded an explanation; he didn't propose to eat any crippled or diseased shellfish. The waiter suavely explained that it was quite all right, merely due to one little accident, a fortune of war.

"Ze lopstaires were shut up togezzer in large cars of sea water, and *naturellement* they did fight each other, and some of zem did bite off ze claws of ozaires, but ze rest of ze lopstaire perfectly good an' fraish."

"Nothing doing," said the patron. "Take him away. Bring me a winner."

And thank heaven we are beginning to be able to feel and even see that we are winners: that, given so much money and adequate authority, we can produce the desired results, deliver the goods, reduce the death rate of any town or country to any figure we choose above 1 per cent per annum.

The attitude of the Orient and the tropics is still different, on the old fatalistic order. Talking last spring in the Orient with a famous sanitarian, he spoke quite casually and as a matter of course of us workers in public health, or rather public disease, for there's so much more of it! The Eastern skies are still gloomy and gray, but the Western heavens are bright. If we could just get out of the habit of looking eastward—and backward—we could soon see the coming of a happier and brighter day.

The Greatest Thing in the World

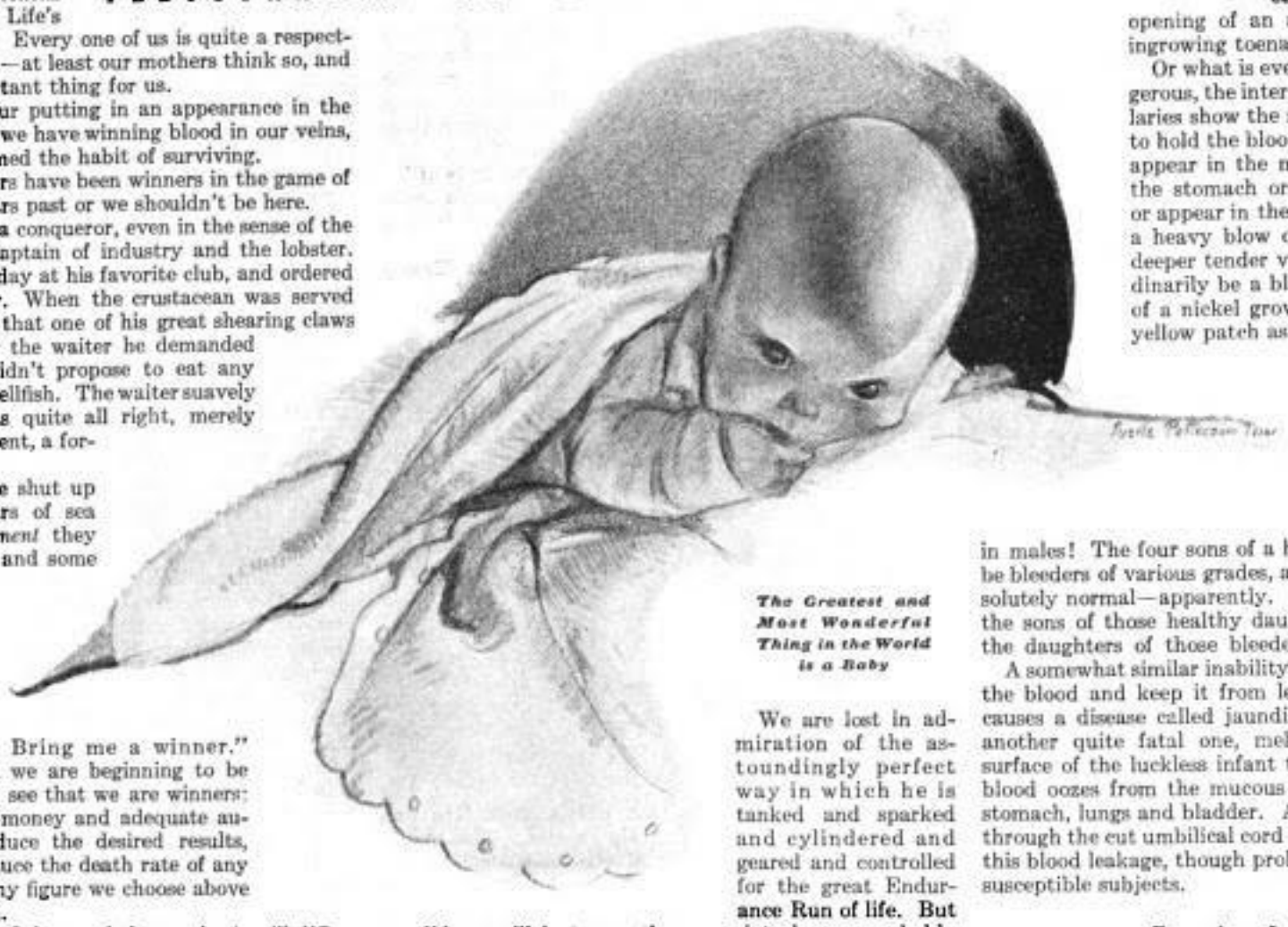
THE greatest and most wonderful thing in the world is a baby. Not so much for what he is, though that's astounding enough, but for his chemical and explosive possibilities. He's a marvelous little machine, an infant dynamo, and he has juice enough in his storage battery for a seventy-two-hour run, but the moment that is gone he goes out like a blown candle, *muy pronto*, unless he has connected up with his surroundings.

When he lets out his first yell he is a marvelous little working model of most exquisite finish and elaborate detail. But nine moons before he was only a grayish speck of animal jelly no bigger than a pin point. Yet every tiniest rack and pinion of his incredibly perfect and complex birthday model of 1922 was present in the germ.

When we realize what the baby has actually already accomplished before he ever sees the light of day, the millions of miles he has traveled all by his little lonesome from that speck of jelly, the ages and ages of his own family tree he has successfully climbed, we can hardly be surprised at the placid, cherubic smile of self-satisfaction which beams from his little pink countenance and bunch of features and wrinkles his tiny snub nose.

He has actually lived not merely 99 per cent but .999 of his little life before we ever see him. And the remaining one-thousandth, thanks to modern science, is a little 'oliday for him compared with what he has already been through, and with the perils and trials which used to face him at birth less than a century ago.

It has passed into a household word how marvelously our little human pink potato is equipped to absorb food and moisture, grow and sprout like a weed, enlarge his tiny heart pump from the size of a pigeon's egg to that of a muskmelon so as to drive his food, soup and oxygen all over his body, balloon out his tiny collapsed lung bellows into a great garbage-burning fan, grow a brain, learn to balance and walk upright, pick up a language, persuade himself into the proud delusion that he is thinking.



The Greatest and Most Wonderful Thing in the World is a Baby

We are lost in admiration of the astoundingly perfect way in which he is tanked and sparked and cylindered and geared and controlled for the great Endurance Run of life. But we did not till just recently appreciate how remarkably he is forearmed and equipped to meet most of the commonest and most serious breakdowns and risks and punctures of life. For instance, let a pin slip and scratch his silky little tender skin, and blood flows at once. But scarcely has it had time to stain his little silken vest when a change takes place in it. It is no longer liquid but semisolid, and in about three minutes has set into a firm gumlike or varnishlike clot, which seals up the tiny torn vessel, coats over the edges of the scratch, making a flexible germ-proof aseptic dressing under which the wound heals perfectly. So that when the now dried and shriveled scab drops off you can hardly see where the scratch was.

"Why, of course the blood clots when you cut your finger; what's wonderful about that?" you say.

Nothing, except that if it hadn't been for this emergency reserve against tooth and claw and brier and flint, knife and arrowhead, the race would have bled to death millions of years ago; also, that this simple everyday life-saving process of clotting of the blood, which looks so easy, is one of the most delicate, elaborate and complicated processes in the whole living body. When the writer was a medical student forty years ago we had then worked out about five stages of the process, beginning with fibrinogen and fibrinoplastin and fibrin ferment, and were very proud of ourselves and our cleverness in unraveling the mystery. Today there are not less than fifteen known stages and between thirty and forty substances, beginning with prothrombin and ending with cephalin, which, as its name implies, is closely related to the brain substance.

Also, we have a terrible and vivid example of what happens to people whose blood casually happens to have failed to inherit this simple little trick of clotting. They are only a few in ten thousands, and are known as bleeders, or in medical bad language, hæmophiliacs. The worst of these stop very short indeed, for the mere severing of the umbilical cord of blood vessels which connects the baby with the mother's veins sets up an oozing through which their whole life's blood seeps away, and they die within three or four days.

The next grade have enough cephalin in their blood to seal this gap and also to coat over scratches and small cuts in babyhood, but one day a gum is lanced or a tiny tooth extracted or a slight surgical operation done, and the blood steadily leaks and pours and seeps until the life limit is reached, or by tremendous efforts, by injections of clotting ferments into the veins or pressure on the nearest artery or sealing over the wounds with a hot iron or an electric cautery, the gap is bridged for the present time.

Still milder forms run no real danger to life, but will bleed slowly for weeks after the pulling of a tooth or the cutting out of a wart or the opening of an abscess or removal of an ingrowing toenail.

Or what is even more annoying and dangerous, the internal blood vessels and capillaries show the same trick of being unable to hold the blood, and blood will suddenly appear in the mouth or be vomited from the stomach or be passed by the bowels or appear in the urine. Or commoner still, a heavy blow or bruise will rupture the deeper tender vessels, and what would ordinarily be a black-and-blue spot the size of a nickel grows into a great green-and-yellow patch as big as a saucer.

The defect is clearly hereditary, and families of bleeders have now been traced for seven or eight generations. For some extraordinary reason it is a sex-limited defect and appears only in males! The four sons of a hæmophiliac family may all be bleeders of various grades, and the three daughters absolutely normal—apparently. But in the next generation the sons of those healthy daughters will be bleeders and the daughters of those bleeder sons absolutely healthy.

A somewhat similar inability of the blood vessels to hold the blood and keep it from leaking out into the tissues causes a disease called jaundice of the newly born, and another quite fatal one, melæna, in which the whole surface of the luckless infant turns green and black, and blood oozes from the mucous membranes of the mouth, stomach, lungs and bladder. A form of infection entering through the cut umbilical cord is believed to play a part in this blood leakage, though probably it could work only on susceptible subjects.

Egyptian Incubators

THOUGH this prenatal preparation for the emergencies and accidents of life may look fairly elaborate and complete, it is nothing compared with the hereditary endowment of many animals, including birds and insects.

If the egg of a beautiful little swimming and diving water bird, the purple gallinule, be taken from its nest just as it is about to hatch, then held out over water and gently opened, the moment the chick strikes the water it dives like a flash. Nor is this all, for instead of coming up to the surface again in open water it swims under water until it reaches the shadow of the bank or the leaf of a water plant, under the shelter of which it comes up cautiously with only enough of the tip of its beak and nostrils showing to allow it to breathe.

Our own familiar little domestic chicken, as soon as its head and neck are clear of the shell, even while its body and legs are still inside, will peck vigorously at any shining small object placed in front of its eyes, just as a baby at three or four months will clutch at a spoon or key or watch dangled before its eyes, and try to thrust it into its mouth. To both chicks any shiny glittering object looks as if it might be good to eat, and like the good sports they are, they will try anything once.

And the glitter of the specks in the miner's wash pan, and even of the gilt letters on the certificates of mining stocks, has a similarly irresistible lure for many chickens or rather gulls and suckers of larger growth.

Another striking instance of priming for life is the chick of the brush turkey of South America. The parent birds make a huge nest of leaves and grass as big as a small haycock, dig a deep hole in the center and wait for a rain. The moment the rain stops the mother bird gets on the job at once and lays four or five eggs right off the reel, one after the other. These are then covered by the father bird with the wet grass and leaves, which start to ferment and sweat, and the heat they generate is enough to hatch the eggs without further attention from the hard-hearted parents. When the young turkeys hatch in this incubator it is a case of root, hog, or rather scratch, chick, or die. They claw their way up to the surface, and being fully feathered fly right up into the trees at once and roost there.

We thought the ancient Egyptians were pretty smart when they struck out the bright idea of building domes of donkey manure in which to incubate their hens' eggs by the heat of its sweating, like our hotbeds which we used to build on and in piles of stable manure every spring for our lettuce and cucumbers.

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But these brush turkeys were onto their job at least two or three million years before even the most ancient Egyptian had ever been invented. And the ants knew the trick millions of years before the brush turkeys.

Even so low-grade and bone-headed a citizen as our own Florida alligator has some apparent glimmering of this incubator idea, for he piles up huge dunghills of nests, made of mud, leaves, branches and decaying vegetation, scoops a big craterlike hole in the middle and waits for a rain. The moment the shower comes, Mamma Alligator mobilizes for active shell practice and puts down a barrage of thirty to forty eggs in one night. Then the wet leaves and mud are scraped over them and they are left to Fate.

For two, three, four rainless weeks the earnest searcher after 'gator eggs for embryological purposes finds nothing but empty nests. Then one evening it rains, and the next morning the maternal egg jam is broken, and every nest is chock-full and running over with tennis-ball eggs.

Much to the disgust of the earnest searcher the whole flood of eggs is poured out on him all in the same stage of development, and all racing madly for dear life towards hatching time. So that instead of getting them fifty or so a week and having plenty of time to observe and compare eggs in different stages of development, all he can do is to pick a dozen or two out of hundreds and watch them race through to full hide and teeth.

Now the wily expert goes gunning for 'gator eggs armed with a refrigerator and puts his turbulent and rampant eggs into cold storage till he's good and ready to give them the word "Go."

Valet Ants and Their Masters

BUT perhaps the most amazingly complete and final prenatal adjustment is that of the valet ants. These extraordinary little creatures have for thousands of generations past been captured by the lordly and magnificent slave-owning or warrior ants and brought home to be kept as domestic servants. Like most military aristocracies, the master or warrior caste, though brave and successful fighters, are mighty little good for any other purpose. So absolutely dependent upon their servants have they become that they are not only utterly incapable of foraging or growing their own food but they can't even feed themselves if food is placed before them, and will starve to death among rotting heaps of food if deprived of their servants. Of course like human aristocrats they are quite unable to keep their hands, faces and bodies clean without their valets and ladies' maids.

They look most impressive as they march forth to war and capture first farmer and gardener and mason ants, to clear their fields, raise their fungous crops, dig their chambers and mushroom cellars and build their ant hills. Then they raid the nests of this special valet species and bring them back in triumph. Fabre gives a most amusing picture of a lordly group of these great slave-catching ants, who have been placed in a glass-sided ant hill and intentionally deprived of all their valets and ladies' maids. They refuse to eat, though they can sip a little water, their bodies grow dirty, their antennæ and feet covered with mold, and they sit about in the most dejected attitudes, looking as seedy as clubmen in the cold gray dawn of the morning after.

But enter R. U. E. three or four bustling little valet ants, and—presto!—the whole atmosphere of the scene changes at once. The little slaveys bustle up to the seedy big fellows and begin combing their hair, washing their faces and scraping the mold off their feet. Then they pick some of the fungous food, chew it, moisten it with their saliva, partly predigest it, and squirt it into the big fellows' mouths. Instantly the nobility begin to sit up and take notice, clean off their own antennæ, rub their eyes and ask for more. In twenty minutes they are running about and chatting with one another like a five-o'clock tea, and all is once more serene. And the bustling little waiters and valets seem to enjoy themselves as much as anybody.

But now comes the singular and almost the incredible part of the story. If instead of a group of grown valet ants a bunch of their eggs, or rather chrysalises just ready to hatch, is introduced into the morning-after chamber of seedy aristocrats, the moment the young ant grubs come out of their chrysalises and begin to wave their antennæ in the air and thus get the smell of the moldy millionaires, they shoot straight for them, like iron filings to a magnet, and begin to fuss over and brush and clean and feed them, just as if they had served a year's apprenticeship at the job. They smell their life work just as Rockefeller did oil, and go to it instanter.

And we come painfully near developing just such an instinctive servant and servile class in most of our European aristocracies, and many of our American would-be governing classes would like to achieve the same triumph at home.



For His Intellectual Development He Has One Great Instinct and Guide, Curiosity



A Baby at Three or Four Months Will Clutch at a Spoon or Key or Watch Dangled Before Its Eyes, and Try to Thrust It Into Its Mouth

Another hereditary asset possessed by our small human squab when he first sees the sun, or the smoke, as the case may be, is his wonderful powers of repair. He can close over and heal a gaping wound, with nothing to show for it but a thin linelike scar; knit a broken bone; regrow a finger nail or toenail; re-lay a severed nerve cable; form a new socket on either shoulder blade or hip bone if an arm or a leg be dislocated, whether after birth or before, as in the now famous congenital dislocation of the hip, though of course he falls far short of the earliest forms of life in this respect. Cut an ordinary pink angleworm—earthworm—in two and his head end grows a tail and tail end a head, with apparently equal facility, and in a few days you have made two worms grow where but one grew before, like Arthur Young's famous blades of grass. *Divide et impera*—divide and rule—is his motto, though in a different sense from the classical one.

The Lizard's April-Fool

ALOPSTYRE, as the earliest chroniclers term the national bird of upper Broadway, can regrow any number of legs, claws, jaws and stomachs. A frog can replace a whole foot; his city cousin, the salamander—newt, hell-puppy, eft, water lizard, and so on, of the vernacular—can not only do the same feat with either paws or tail, but completely replace an eye—lens, cornea and all—if this be gouged out in a fight or by the beak of some marauding heron or crow. Lizards break off their own tails by a violent muscular jerk, and leave them in the disappointed hands of their would-be captors. In a few months they've grown another handle with which to April-fool inexpert pursuers.

But these are some of the traces of immortality and heaven which lie about us only in the infancy of our race and fade away in the common light of later day. No warm-blooded animal or bird can regrow a lost part or limb, though they all possess wide powers of repair of injury. The forgetting of this lost art is one of the penalties attached to our rise above the lobster, the clam and the salamander, though there are many other characteristics which we have in common, as the picturesque slang of the day reminds us.

All this may be perhaps somewhat dimly remote and ancestral, but the same eager power of adjustment and advance preparation comes right down into the twentieth century itself.

"To live is to adjust oneself," said Cuvier, and our 1922 model baby is no exception to the rule.

We gaze appalled at the myriad dangers which surround the cradle from the swarms of supposedly newly invented microbes and the plagues they carry, but does that worry the baby? He actually comes into the world loaded with antitoxins against nearly all of them, drawn from his mother's blood and good for from six months to a year! We had long noted that young babies under one year were seldom attacked by even our most intimate enemies among the acute infections—typhoid, tuberculosis, rheumatism, pneumonia, or even scarlet fever, diphtheria, measles, whooping cough and children's diseases, so called, which never ought to be allowed to be anybody's diseases.

For years we endeavored to account for this blessed exemption by the fact that babies and infants were so

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

On Any Hotel Porch

ISN'T the heat so much as it is the humidity that makes a day like this seem ——"

"—— a scorcher in the city. I'm so glad I made Fred promise to use the living room of the apartment as a bedroom this summer. I always say, if there's a breeze going we're always sure to get it in that front room. Everyone speaks of it ——"

"—— thought we would go abroad, but Roger simply could not get away from his business, and what with the trunks and all I just didn't feel like going without him, so we decided we might as well come back here again. After all, it's so safe for the children and ——"

"—— so few places where you get both the trees and the water, the way they are here ——"

"—— don't think the table is anywhere near as good as it used to be. Why, I remember when Joe and I first came up, nine years ago, there was always your choice of three cereals, and either chops or steak every morning, and all the fresh vegetables you could ——"

"—— must come out to Brambledale and see us this winter. Now be sure you don't forget; 18 West Fountain Terrace, Dry Brook 0783-Party W. We must get together and have some more of those games of five hundred ——"

"—— didn't get a new thing, absolutely not a thing. As I said to Ed, 'What is the use, when I'm simply going up there to rough it?' So I just had the seamstress make me four or five little ginghams, and picked up a few sweaters and a couple of evening gowns and two or three organdies, and ——"

"—— doesn't seem to me that they are getting the same class of people that they used to. Now five summers ago we had just the best crowd you ever saw. I remember telling Walter that they were some of the nicest people I'd ever met in my life, and he said yes, he thought so too. There were the Beasons, and the Winches, and the Tuttles—awfully nice people from Brooklyn—and the Morriseys, and ——"

"—— have to go right back to town after Labor Day. The hall has to be repapered, and I want to see if they won't do something about the dining-room chandelier, and I'm thinking of changing laundresses, so you see ——"

"—— awfully fond of the water, and as a girl I used to be quite a swimmer, if I do say so myself. But ever since I had my operation I've had to be so careful ——"

"—— don't mind the heat so much, but on a day like this it's the humidity that ——" —*Dorothy Parker.*

Rosemary

AH, NO, I dare not lose myself in dreams
Of that dead day we ne'er shall know again;
So pitifully brief a while it seems,
So sharp the thought of you, as you were then.
The poignant memories of little things—
A flower in your coat, a frock I wore;
The wistful autumns, and the troubling springs—
I dare not let them come to me once more.

The tender gloamings, when we two would stray
Where locusts hung their frothy blooms above;
The violets—like my eyes, you used to say;
The rustic bridge, where first you spoke of love;
The words we whispered, while the summer breeze
Fluttered the grasses with its scented breath;
Ah, no, I dare not summon thoughts like these;
I'm so afraid I'd laugh myself to death.

—*Helen Wells.*

An Old and Safe Equine Propeller

THE old lady had come up from the country to see her married daughter in London. Motor busses and taxicabs were out of the question and she was a little nervous about having a growler. Hansoms she had always been afraid of.

Finally she chose a man with a good-tempered face and timidly inquired:

"There is no fear of your 'orse running away, is there? 'E's not afraid of motors, is 'e?"

"Bless you, no, mum," said the genial cabby. "Why, 'e didn't even shy at railway trains when they first come in!"

The Bucket Shop's Victim

A Rimed Editorial

A COMPETENT young shipping clerk
Who every penny shaved
Had, after seven years of work,
Twelve hundred dollars saved.
He kept it in the savings bank.
His name was William Feliz Blank.

One day Adolphus Milton Doyle
Who'd made, I have been told,
A million bucks in Sucker Oil—
That's right, a million cold!—
By William Felix Blank was seen
Out riding in his limousine.

Said William Blank, "I cannot see
Why Doyle should ride around,
When I, who am as smart as he,
Must walk upon the ground.
Well, here is where I cease to trudge!
No longer will I be a drudge!"

"Oh, do not," his employer said,
"Waste thus the fruits of toil;
Don't risk the roof above your head
To plunge in Sucker Oil!
To lose my roof I should not wish!"
But William only answered, "Pish!"

"Oh, do not draw your savings out,"
Implored the bank cashier,
"Don't watch them vanish up the spout
But leave them safely here —
That is the only thing to do!"
But William sneered and answered, "Pooh!

"My life in slavery I've spent—
Why should I sweat and strive
To earn a measly four per cent
When Oil pays fifty-five?"
So William got down every sou
He owned on Sucker Oil at two.

You know the rest—I need not tell
Of Sucker's sudden flop;
Nor on poor William need I dwell—
Wrecked by the bucket shop.
I'll only say his fate was sad;
But there's one word I'd like to add:

His boss was long two thousand shares
When Sucker took the count;
The bank cashier has new gray hairs—
He'd bought the same amount;
I owned, alas! a thousand more—
Say, how much did they take you for?

—*Baron Ireland.*



DRAWN BY PAUL MARTIN

Civil War Veteran—"So I Says to Gen'ral Sherman, 'Bill,' I Says ——"

Senator Dodo by Radio

"FELLOW citizens! In this hour of grave domestic problems, in this period of confusion and bewilderment, it gives me great satisfaction to you to say ——"

BARYTONE VOICE: You ma-ade me-e-e what I am to-da-ay; I hope you're sat-us-fi-ied.

"—— consequently I can assure you the nation is in no danger if you put your trust in the party of your forefathers and remain true to its principles. But in saying this I am but repeating the words of that great statesman, that famous lawmaker, that peerless orator ——"

VOICE OF ANNOUNCER: Signor Petro Ignitchkovitsky and saxophone.

"—— who did so much that his country might benefit and prosper. This great and glorious country of ours is destined to endure, my friends. It has passed through many a crisis since the long-ago day when the illustrious patriot and soldier ——"

QUARTETTE: Ole Bla-ack Jo-o-o-oe.

"——became the first President of the republic. In his first inaugural address you will recall the glowing words that fell like pearls from his lips ——"

VOICE: Steel closed firm; oils were steady; Chicago pork prices broke sharply at midday; there was a decline in beet sugars.

"—— and from his message you will gather food for solemn thought and reflection, dear people. Only yesterday I was seated in the White House talking with those three great figures ——"

VOICE OF ANNOUNCER: Madame Lydia Fogg, Miss Hilda Kraut and Jasper Hoke, famous Oil City harmonists.

"—— and it is a source of much pleasure that I am able to say to you today that as we parted they agreed with me the great need of the nation today is for cool heads and ——"

VOICE OF ANNOUNCER: Uncle Doodle-Duddle's Man-in-the-Moon Stories.

"During the past few days the party I have the honor to represent declared itself firmly in favor of the immediate return to the free list of such necessities of life as ——"

VOICE OF ANNOUNCER: Thornton Burgess' Bedtime Stories and Silvuh Threads Among the Golduh by Millicent Muggins, Muskogee Soloist.

"Just one more word and I am through: Take this important thought home with you when you leave tonight ——"

VOICE: It is now 11:32 by Arlington official time.

"—— which is as it should be if this country is to endure. It has been very kind of you to bear with me in this talk on the great problems confronting our beloved nation and I may say, in closing, that if elected I will endeavor to the last drop of my blood, to my last ounce of energy, to my very last breath to ——"

TILLIE TOODLES, JAZZ SINGER: Shake-a-little-shimmy! Shake-a-little-shimmy! O-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-oh!

And so on, and so on, and so on. —*H. I. Phillips.*

Additional Passenger List

AMONG those sailing on the Five Star liner Dementia today were:

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace B. Reevey, one child and three maids and valet.

Mr. Lewis J. Kleinstork and the contents of the cash drawer of the Second National Bank of Readle, Illinois;

Mr. Roger L. Gershwin and hangover;

Mrs. Thomas W. Bream and thirty pounds of excess weight to be walked off around the deck on the trip across;

Mr. Philip B. McTearl and new checked outing cap;

Mrs. Newman Grossklatch and weak stomach.

Oh, Well, What of It?

THE village band had just finished a vigorous and not overharmonious selection, but the villagers fairly boiled over with enthusiasm.

As the musicians sank perspiring to their seats after bowing for the applause the trombonist asked hoarsely, "What's the next one?"

"Washington Post March," answered the leader, consulting his program.

"Good Lord!" ejaculated the trombonist. "I just got through playing that!"

Editor's Note—Contributions to this department should be sent to the Editor, Short Turns and Encores.

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THE FOLLANSBEE IMBROGLIO

By Frederick Irving Anderson

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

HAVE you been following the Follansbee case, Oliver?" inquired Deputy Parr, the famous man hunter, settling himself comfortably in his favorite elbow chair by Armiston's desk with the unmistakable air of one come for a long visit.

"The Imbroglio? Who has not?" replied Armiston, the extinct author, to whose font of imagination Deputy Parr was wont to fetch those few occasional crime puzzles that resisted his classic nutcracker methods.

Mr. Parr was a man of infinite resource; Armiston was a phase of his amazing versatility—one of the most highly prized. Parr's usual device was to lay before his talented friend the *mise en scène* of what he was pleased to call a frozen plot, an insoluble crime, and leave it to the hectic imagination of the retired writer to bring to a finish, in the guise of fiction, what the man hunter himself had been unable to complete as fact. The results had been, to say the least, startling. Parr had come to hold his curiously endowed friend in some awe; but Oliver explained the phenomenon naïvely by pointing out that though fact may outrage all the probabilities, fiction—to be salable—must be sound.

It was this faculty of logical connotation that had made Oliver Armiston so unexpectedly valuable to the police deputy. Parenthetically, it was this same virtuosity that had been Oliver's undoing in his career; when a clever thief dramatized one of his lurid tales, in real life, with murder as the sequel, the police stepped in and politely but firmly requested Oliver to cease, in the interests of society. Now the only outlet Armiston had for his fantastic powers of divination came through these occasional frozen plots, served up by his friend and admirer, Parr. Mr. Parr's visits were preciously few. Accordingly Oliver's blood always coursed a little more quickly when the ponderous deputy entered his study, dropped into that chair, as now, with the vague air of having nothing of importance on his mind, when as a matter of fact he was inwardly seething.

He studied Parr now expectantly as the deputy with maddening deliberation selected a pug-nosed cigar from the assortment of fats and thins on the tray. As Mr. Parr executed a light with a single magic twist of his wrist he nodded familiarly to his fat friend, the bronze Buddha toasting his shins by the slow November fire.

There were several things Oliver would have liked to hear his friend discuss this morning. For instance, there was that front-page murder, one of those horrible ferocities that appear out of the blue now and then to daunt the whole world over its breakfast. But the deputy was apparently reversing his ordinary process; instead of bringing Oliver fact to solve as fiction, he was bringing fiction, for some inconceivable reason; and for all his versatility Mr. Parr could not be considered literary. The Follansbee Imbroglio was the current serial in a highly spiced magazine.

"I wasn't sure of your familiarity with the story," said the man hunter, "so I brought it along with me."

He withdrew from a pocket of his topcoat a rolled and tied bundle of magazines and laid it on the desk before Oliver.

"Those are the installments to date," he said; and he added, as if the fact were of no importance: "It's stopped short, never to go again."

"Stopped short?" asked Oliver. "What do you mean?"

Parr quoted in answer a line that for one reason or another had been much in vogue in the vaudeville houses.



An Elderly Gentleman With Red Hair Turning Gray Had Negotiated With the China-Painting Chatelaine for the Second Floor West, for His Daughter

"'That's all there is. There isn't any more.'" He eyed Oliver mysteriously. "That is, unless you want to try your hand at it," he added sweetly, and he winked at his fat friend by the fire.

Armiston slit the string around the bundle. They were all there, the copies of the Half Moon, that amazingly fecund periodical that paved the whole town on the first and third Saturdays of each month, actually added in bulk to the Brooklyn Bridge crush—for every straphanger must have his copy. Everybody read it, cultured and callow, proud and simple. It realized the universal market in literature. Its success—its sole reason for existence, in fact—was the amazing fertility of its single star, an author who wrote under the heterogeneous name of Nain Gail. Twice each month Nain Gail snipped off a segment of imagination and delivered it, at five cents the copy, to the waiting world. The secret of Nain Gail's amazing vogue lay in the trick of actuality; there was no appeal of fine writing—the style was simplicity itself; but in the mounting suspense, frequently horror, it was difficult to believe the events were not transpiring in real life.

"Gail!" ejaculated Armiston. "Stopped?"

"Short! Never to go again!" muttered Parr, actually scanning the line for dramatic effect.

"But, my dear fellow, he can't stop! He's right in the midst of things."

"Impossible, but true," said Mr. Parr suavely.

"Do you mean to say there won't be any more Follansbee Imbroglio?"

"Not at all," responded the deputy. "Nain Gail has stopped, yes. But you are going to finish it for me, Oliver. In fact I've come to make you a definite proposition—a very flattering offer, I may add."

"Don't be an ass, Parr! The man can't stop! Any more than a surgeon can stop when he's cut the first artery. The wound is wide open. It will bleed itself to death. There never was such a story, Parr!"

The extinct author's gaze wandered. He smiled wistfully; in his thoughts he was paying the homage of one artist—Armiston had been that in his time—to another far greater, to one removed to the order of the *n*th power. This Nain Gail's themes—Oliver knew from his habit of peeping behind the scenes in whatever he read—were elaborated from those lightninglike flashes in the day's news that reveal, in a split second, a stageful of actors in some unsuspected drama, frozen in impossible attitudes, and are succeeded by blinding darkness—the undreamed-of tragedies that come starkly to the surface of the city's life, to be as swiftly expunged, probably by the hand of one of the horror-stricken actors themselves. There is a faculty of the eye called persistence of vision, that seeks to hold the image; there is a lag in our mental perceptions, but it has the instant decrement of an electric spark. This was all the newspaper-reading public ever tasted of these slits of revelation. Oliver Armiston in his prime had always been tempted to put one of these flashes of actuality through the crucible of his imagination, to see what went before and what lay beyond. But his courage had always failed him—it would be too cruel, too vivid.

Then this Nain Gail came along. For the last year Nain Gail had been selling by the million twice a month. There was nothing squeamish about Nain Gail.

"Do you know, Parr," mused Oliver, "I actually found myself buying an extra from a newsboy the other night, to see if there were any developments in the Follansbee case!"

"What night was that?"

"Night before last," said Oliver mechanically.

"What time?"

Oliver looked queerly at his interrogator.

"About eleven," he replied. "We were coming from the theater. Why?"

"That was the night Nain Gail was murdered," said Parr softly.

"Killed!" said Armiston stupidly.

"Not killed, Oliver," said Parr with slow emphasis. "She was obliterated!"

"She?" cried Armiston. "Nain Gail a woman?"

Parr nodded.

"But how—why—what ——"

The deputy pointed to the newspaper on the desk.

"There it is, before your eyes," he said.

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There it was, indeed, spread over the front page, black block type shrieking "Murder!" It was all there—except the name, the identity. At that moment the air resounded with the baying of an extra in the street outside; it was the ominous howl of one of those curious harpies that suddenly spring to life throughout the city on the heels of disaster. Parr went out, returning in a moment with the latest paper. It was merely a rearrangement of known facts to make up for the dearth of fresh detail; the news of the world stood aside for it, gave it right of way. The headline invoked the whole community:

FIND THE MAN WITH
THE SALT-AND-PEPPER HAIR!

The sleuth hounds of the press were trying to pick up the scent. Parr glanced at the extra and tossed it aside.

It was in one of the rear tenements in the lower part of the city that one enters through a tunnel. This may sound fanciful, but the fact is there are many such. There is a sheaf of streets down there that start out in orderly courses in their journey across town to the Hudson, but arriving in sight of the river seem to lose all sense of deportment and direction. They abruptly step off the beaten path and dive at awkward angles into the helter-skelter cowpath town of the old days. Here they turn on one another, confused and lost, meet and intersect as no well-behaved numbered streets should; two of them actually haul around to the north again, finally to come blundering to an end against brick walls. It has passed into a proverb that one may be as crooked as Pearl Street. One might say the same of the vague meanderings of Little West Twelfth.

The house had originally stood out in the open in the low ground between old Chelsea and old Greenwich Villages. When the land became valuable enough to be passed on for its ground rents there was a paved lane in front of the modest dwelling. Houses rose in front and in the rear and on both sides, finally boxing it in completely, with only the tunnel, the afterthought of some greedy builder, plunging through the foundations of the house in front, to give it access to the world.

Thus it stood for decades.

In the old days as captain of police Parr came to know that rear tenement well, classing it, with the unconscious humor of his profession, in the mixed-ale category. Time and again he had backed up his wagon to the mouth of the tunnel at midnight and corded up a load of its drunken inhabitants, shrieking their maledictions to high heaven. Latterly the neighborhood had experienced a change. Artists, and interesting people—queer nomads who pitch their tents in the most outlandish places—professed to find something picturesque in the little rear courtyard with its broken flags and the rotting timbers and moldering bricks of this notorious hutch. Even that noisome tunnel took on the nature of an asset; it became quaint. North lights were broken through the roof. Paint and disinfectants fought the memories of mixed ale. An eruption of window boxes hid the bruised bricks; and a touch of sod on either side of the courtyard blossomed in remote suggestion of its cows and milkmaid days. Daughters of the rich modeled from life on the top floor; a compiler of statistics, which he published as social dynamics, brought his expanding family to the sequestered quiet below; a girl settlement worker of independent means; Whitley, the young explorer, who maintained a legal residence for his trunk here; a publisher's editor, whose wife painted china and managed the lease—and others of the same ilk, who ran to batik hangings and Grand Street pottery and brasses, made up this exclusive group.

So in time this mixed-ale number had come to have a new patina. No longer were drunken longshoremen, with their villainous hooks, heard brawling in the passage; no longer did slattern wives scream vituperations from the windows. Limousines quite as elegant as those that wait in the side streets during the opera parked at the curb; and chauffeurs in whipcord and plum-colored melton, with their ladies' foot furs worn like muffs, lounged at the entrance of the quaint tunnel. The private-school girls and subdebs, who demurely tortured anatomy on the top floor, made the vaulted entrance ring with their full-throated cries; passers-by would stop and stare enviously as they came gayly up the half flight of stone steps to the street level, with flaunting ribbons and flashes of trim legs.

Even the postman changed his demeanor these days. Instead of bawling in insulting accents "Kelly! Brannigan! Colanicci!" at the mouth of the cavern, he now traveled inside and climbed from floor to floor to deliver important-looking packets and billets that somehow had discovered this number—which was not a number at all, only half a number. It was two hundred blank, and one-half. With its success the neighborhood caught the contagion. A film of interesting people presently spread in a circle roundabout, like a drop of ink on a blotting pad. Shortly it became a quarter—though it had no name. It scorned the tag of the rank growth of old Greenwich Village, to the southeast.



She Was Dressed for the Day—a Bedizened Old Hag Who Waved Her Kerchief at the Group in the Courtyard

An elderly gentleman with red hair turning gray had negotiated with the china-painting chatelaine for the second floor west, for his daughter. The young lady, he explained with crestfallen air, had the itch to write and must be humored. There was something pathetic in his acceptance of the situation, which he was plainly anxious to hush up as not exactly seemly for one of his get. He made it clear that his graciousness in the matter would extend only so far as his daughter's honest determination, to be gauged by her application and industry; and though he did not ask Mrs. Bell—the china painter—to assume any responsibility, he indicated that he would be glad to hear from her lips any intimation that his daughter was wasting her time and his money. He carefully inquired into the character of her neighbors and expressed himself as relieved of all anxiety.

Indeed there was only one at whom the most captious could cavil, and she was purely an eccentric, a light-headed old woman who had a life lease to one corner of the top floor through some old will. She wore wide old-fashioned silks as heavy as leather, which had probably come in on a New Bedford whaler; she talked familiarly of Robert Bonner and Josie Mansfield and Maud S., and once each day, gorgeously attired, she sallied forth for food, which she brought back in a two-pound paper sack. Otherwise she sat in her window, smiling. Mrs. Bell touched off the old lady with rather biting humor.

Some furniture was moved in, and some cannel coal. The literary daughter proved as timid as a mouse. She came and went like a shadow. But her industry was unquestioned. Tenants who helped themselves up the rickety stairs by the old railing knew she was at home by the smutty whiff of her fireplace that affronted them at the landing; frequently as they passed her door they would catch the subdued murmur of talk inside. Mrs. Crowley, the plump janitress, whose husband was night watchman on the docks at the foot of the street, brushed up the writer's rooms, a service that was paid for in cash, as was the rent, by the elderly gentleman with the rusty hair on the first day of each month. The name he gave was Cottrell; but it was the young woman he passed off as his daughter who was murdered here, and by Parr identified as Nain Gail.

Mrs. Crowley, the janitress, had been scouring the street steps shortly after seven that morning, when Officer Flannagan, working slowly upstream to the end of his beat for his relief at eight, paused to pass the time of day as he idly played a tattoo with his stick against the grille. They conversed in the easy mellifluous rhythm of the West country, with its decorative harmonics in thirds and fifths, Flannagan bantering the plump lovely lady, who glowed and dimpled as she pretended not to listen and applied her scrubbing brush vigorously to the stone steps. Prolonging her task as much as might be, she must finally admit it completed; and gathering up her pads and pans and brushes and shaking her skirts about her ample hips, she passed from view in the ancient tunnel.

Flannagan, sauntering on to the corner, leaned over the fence of the old Bleecker Row, a block of houses decorated to the eaves with New Orleans balconies facing green gardens of grass and privet. The gardener, flourishing his hoe and grass hook, was mildly abusing a street cleaner at the curb. Flannagan later testified that ten minutes must have elapsed since he saw the janitress, when he heard her piercing scream and caught sight of her agonized face at the mouth of the tunnel; she beckoned frantically, and still screaming rushed back into the hole. The policeman followed at a run and blew his whistle. He overtook her at the second-floor landing, by the open door, through which she pushed him, with many incoherent invocations of the saints.

In ten minutes the wagon was backed up to the tunnel, to be followed immediately by Parr himself in his car. In the course of a working day a thousand alarms came under the eye of the great deputy—but this was that occasional one which, through some instinct of perception or selection he did not pause to fathom, caused him to bestir himself.

A half circle of the stupidly curious already blocked the narrow little street, staring with wooden intensity at the whitewashed hole as if it were the neck of a bottle from which would presently emerge the genie.

Parr turned on them ferociously; in an instant his men had driven them to the end of the block, where they momentarily increased in numbers, holding gruesome vigil. Swiftly the deputy gave his instructions: Anyone with business within should be permitted to pass through the tunnel; no one could pass out. Thus he baited his trap; and stooping he ducked into the low passageway and disappeared.

Nothing had been disturbed—the able Flannagan had seen to that. The tenants clustered at the little rail of the steps in the courtyard, Mrs. Bell, in her morning smock, alone self-possessed. In her upper window sat Miss Estelle de Morney, the life tenant, oblivious of the consternation below; she was dressed for the day—a bedizened old hag who smiled and nodded and waved her kerchief at the group in the courtyard.

Parr stepped inside and gingerly closed the door behind him with gentle pressure of the elbow. For the moment he stood motionless to group the picture, in the twilight; the blinds were still drawn and the only light was from a heavily shaded reading lamp on the table, still burning. The room had the casual disorder of a workshop. Mechanically he noted the exits, the windows, the fireplace with its basket of coals still faintly glowing; the shadow box of a disused trapdoor in the ceiling; the little cubicle of an entresol, where her things hung. Then he found what he sought.

At first he was conscious only of her glorious hair, which seemed fairly to cover her; it was golden hair; it was over everything, almost clothed her as a shroud. Its coils had been broken loose, exploding in all directions, like the rays of the sun. She lay where she had fallen, on a heavy rug in the middle of the room, a pair of bent fire tongs beside her. It was simple enough to visualize it—one swift blow from behind. She must have been sitting at that table; her tiny handkerchief and some other trifles lay there on the pad.

Parr brushed aside a strand of the hair. His stony countenance preserved its impassivity, and his mind went on ticking, like the well-ordered machine that it was. But he felt a tingling all over his scalp. Used as he was to such confrontings, for the instant this one shook his iron nerve. It was the utter savagery of it; the impulse here was beyond mere murder; it had aimed at obliteration, nothing less—and it had all but achieved it. He had the baffling sense of a weird anonymity to which the victim herself, through some unconscious striving, some strange motive, the consequences of which she could not have foreseen, had contributed quite as fully as the murderer, in his insensate fury for effacement.

He made swift appraisal of her meager possessions. The woman might have been anybody. Or nobody. Or a dozen, or a hundred, rolled into one. She was a writer. Very well, there must be writing. But not a scrap, not even a pencil or a pen. He dug in the velvety ashes of the fire, looking for some telltale fragment, but he found nothing except, lying behind the grate, a battered metal fixture of some sort, burned to redness and falling apart; he made nothing of it, but he promised himself he would return to it.

"But her clothing, Parr?" said Armiston, as his friend the deputy related these facts.

Parr shook his head.

"Nothing," he said. "Absolutely nothing."

"There must have been some mark."

"Not on this kind," said Parr in a curious voice.

"Cheap, you mean?"

"Oh, quite the reverse! It was all model stuff."

"Model?" repeated Oliver, beyond his depth.

"Manikin modes," explained Parr.

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"What? The stuff the models parade in, in the fashion salons?" cried Armiston in surprise; then: "But how would Nain Gail come by such stuff?"

"Buy it, of course. How but? In the parlor stores, in side streets," retorted the obvious man hunter. "It all gets to the secondhand dealers sooner or later. Then there is the 'fashionable lady, in mourning, who will dispose of several recent importations.' You've seen that ad, haven't you, Oliver?"

Armiston nodded; he had often wondered at the continuous bereavement of that same lady.

"Then there is another source," went on the cynical Mr. Parr. "The polite loot of wives whose husbands pay their bills but not their gambling debts. They buy extravagantly, on their charge accounts—not to wear, but to sell—to sell to the secondhand dealers, for cash, for pin money."

Oh, a clever woman with a flat purse can do herself rather well if she knows the ropes of the model-gown parlors in the side streets. The stuff is swagger, without tag or ticket, all the identifying marks scrupulously snipped off. That was what the dead woman wore.

"Somehow," remarked Armiston distastefully, "that doesn't suggest Nain Gail."

"What follows does," Parr contented himself with saying.

Parr had left that room after a mere superficial survey, principally for first impressions, on which he set great store. He pried open the door with his penknife and let himself out, letting the door fall to after him. His experts had come, specialists in this sort of thing, a queer crew reminiscent of the ghoulish searchers of old, who must test the dead with their wands and bedeck it with cerements. From the group the deputy picked out a little fellow named Pelts, with a skin like old paper and ferretlike eyes peering out under a thatch of ragged brows. This one he carefully worked into the room, and when the door fell to again he scattered the others with commands; they were to seek, at his bidding, needles in haystacks and motes in sunbeams. They were to sweep out the parlor stores. They were to isolate that cannel coal whose stratified ash Parr had noted in the fire basket; usually fastidious people who burn cannel coal in kitchenette apartments must go fetch it themselves, in basketfuls. That cannel coal might take a trick.

He passed down the stairway, searching himself for impressions; absentmindedly he scuffed a heel on the brass ferrule of the tread covering to dislodge some plastic substance that had balled under foot like soggy snow. His strongest impression was that that lady upstairs was in a fair way to join that shadowy, ubiquitous army of the unknown who every day pass in squads to the great beyond, through the receiving station on the river front at the foot of Twenty-sixth Street; with them the mystery is never whither, but whence. Still, Parr set great store by his man Pelts, who exercised an ingenuous interest in obvious things that a more seasoned man would overlook. At the foot of the stairs Parr turned up his heel and pried off the balled stuff; it was a horny substance, semitransparent, and he found he could dent it with his finger nail.

He examined the catch in the yard. No one who promised anything had entered the trap; besides the dumfounded tenants there was a grocer's boy, a gas man and the first deploy of newspaper reporters. The tenants were sent to their rooms to await his summons, except Mrs. Bell. She said she had heard nothing during the night; none of them had apparently.

The china painter told him what she could. Probably not until this moment had she realized the scant credentials with which the literary ingénue had been foisted on her. But even then she did not suspect what Parr had already begun to know with his sixth sense, that the victim was without identity by her own contriving. Mrs. Bell felt that the elderly gentleman with the rust hair would solve the whole matter when he came; he must hear soon, for the newspapers would be hawking it through the streets in another hour. In our social intercourse certain little conventions of deportment are accepted unequivocally as danger or as safety signals. The man had disarmed her from the first; he was of such evident caste, so obviously one of the nice people; his chagrin that a daughter with all the advantages still could be a common scribbler had struck her at the time as a quaint snobbery excusable because it was harmless. There had been no guile about the gentleman, surely.

There was one curious thing—although he had come regularly, to pay her score, it was evidently not to see the girl; never to Mrs. Bell's knowledge were the two there together. He had always come in a public taxi; lingered on one or two occasions, expressing a polite interest in Mrs. Bell's work, evidently more impressed with her industry and business acumen than with her artistic talent. When was he here last? Two days ago. He was not due again till the first of the month.

"Of course he will come now," she added, breathless.

"Doubtless," said Parr.

He eyed her sharply, a look that was as much part of his technic as is an actor's business. That look turned people inside out. The woman her to describe the man,

"Salt-and-pepper hair

"Red pepper," she ex the head of her little dau buried in her smock.

"Describe the woman She shook her head he

"You never saw her?'

"Never—except at a many come and go."

"Oh, they do, eh? H in the same way?" Parr

"Oh, no!" she protes all my people. Except window."

She raised her eyes fo framed in the top-floor w

"She's an—an encumb nervously. "A flaw in t something about her in can live and die here, to accept her when we arra

"Did this woman sper reverting to the tragedy.

"There was always a days—and people," repli

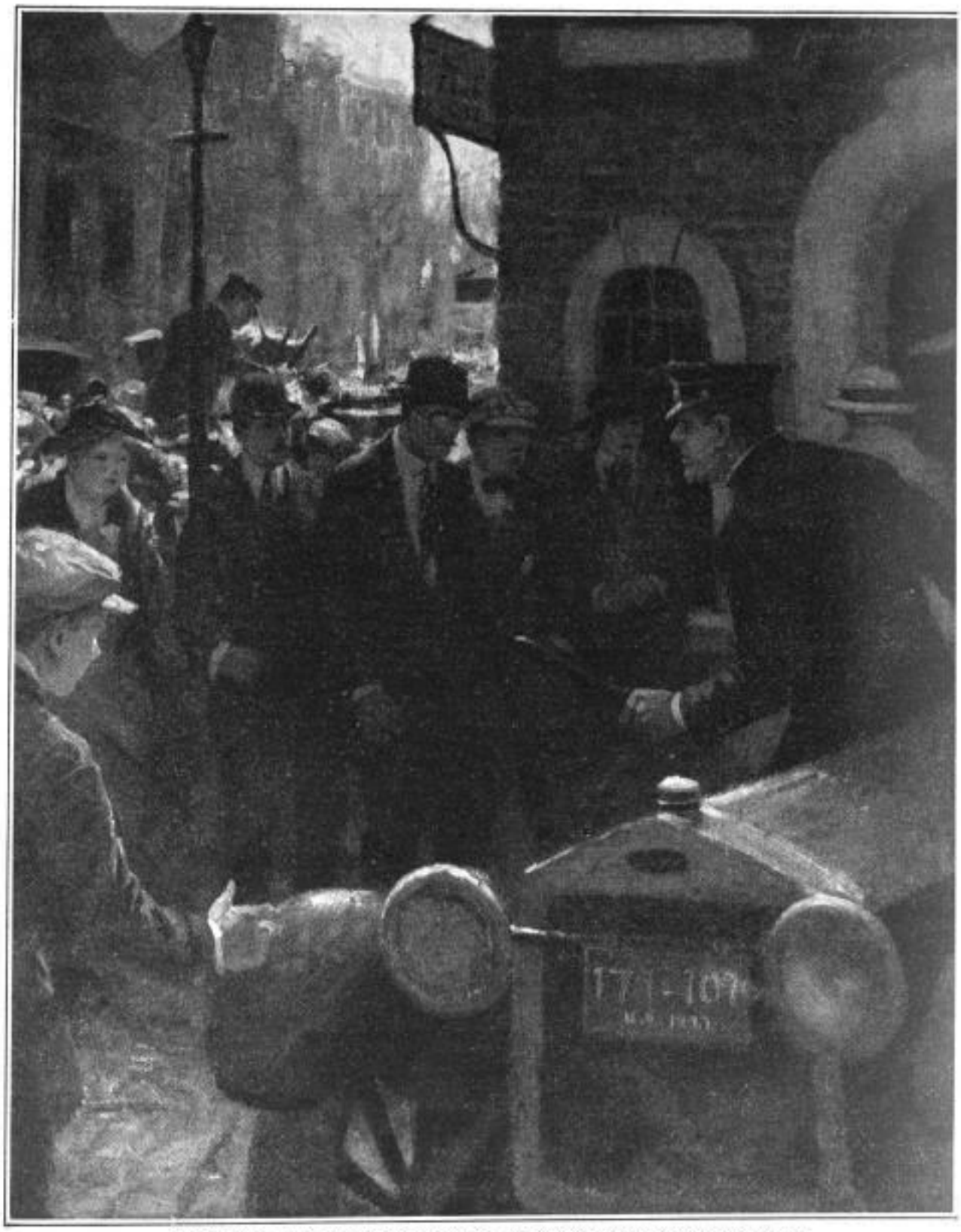
"People?" caught up The china painter mad

"I shouldn't say—I c Her troubled eyes search

"You saw nobody?"

"No."

"You heard somethin



A Half Circle of the Stupidly Curious Already Blocked the Narrow Little Street

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THE VAN ROON



"I am Looking for a Model Now. Would You Like to Sit to Me?"

By J. C. SNAITH

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

XVII

JUNE spent a worried and disconsolate night. She had very little sleep. Times and again she listened to the melancholy drip-drip of rain on the eaves just over her head. Never in her life had she felt so wretched. She was terribly lonely, without resources or friends. How she was to live through the endless year of servitude and dependence on the will of others that lay ahead she did not know.

To keep on telling oneself to bear up seemed of little use. She had had to do that each hour of the day since her mother's death. The prospect of being cast upon the world was indeed dispiriting, yet in the end it might turn out better than to sacrifice one's youth upon the altar of such a Molech as Uncle Si.

As people who sleep ill are apt to do, she fell into a comfortable doze just about the time she ought to be getting up. Thus, to her dismay, she entered upon the trying institution known as Monday morning at a quarter past seven instead of half past six.

"Uncle Si will be growling for his breakfast in another quarter of an hour," was the thought that urged her into her clothes with a frantic haste.

One twist she gave, and no more, without so much as a glance in the glass, at the mane of brown-gold hair, and then she flew downstairs, buttoning the front of her dress as she went.

A fire was burning in the kitchen grate, and upon it slices of bacon were sizzling in a frying pan; the cloth was laid for breakfast; moreover, the parlor was already swept and dusted. In fact, at the precise moment of June's belated appearance upon the scene William, with a businesslike air, was returning from a visit to the dustbin.

When they met in the passage by the scullery she came within an ace of rebuking him. "Even if I oversleep myself you've no right to be so officious," was the sharp phrase which rose to her lips. But a saving sense of justice, not always at the service of the female soul, held it back. After all, such kindness and devotion were worthy of respect; he had saved, besides, an unpleasant scene with Uncle Si.

"Oh, thank you, William, ever so much," she had the grace to murmur, hoping as she hastily disposed of the last button of her dress that he wouldn't notice that she had come down half undone.

"Please don't mention it, Miss June," he said with the politeness of a courtier as he returned the empty dustpan to its home beneath the scullery sink. "As you didn't seem quite yourself last night I was hoping you would not get up at all this morning. I was going to bring your breakfast up to you and set it outside your door."

"Oh, but you are much too kind."

A sudden fierce rush of color made her cheeks burn horribly. He was a very nice fellow, even if he was not so sharp in some things as he ought to be.

Uncle Si, by the grace of Providence, was a few minutes late for his breakfast. This seldom happened, for as a rule he was the soul of punctuality. However, he was going down to Newbury by the nine o'clock from Paddington to attend a sale; in consequence he had bestowed far more pains upon his appearance than was usual at this early hour. He was in a fairly good humor. The fact that the charwoman's return would enable him to fire his niece had cheered him so much that for once he had slept like a just man.

"Don't expect me until suppertime," he said to June as he put on his high felt hat and his mackintosh and grasped the knobbed stick, as ugly as himself, which invariably accompanied his travels. "And my advice to you, my girl, is to think over very carefully what I said to you last night."

With an air of quiet satisfaction S. Gedge, Antiques, stepped briskly forth into a soft autumn day where the sun as yet could not quite make up its mind to greet him.

It was to be a day of great events. And the first of these began to materialize shortly before eleven, when June chanced to enter the shop. William just at that moment was fathoms deep in conversation with a customer. The customer was very tall, she was strikingly distinguished, and in the opinion of June she was dressed exquisitely. Soft silk and faint blue Chinese embroidery clothed her with a dangerous beauty. But it was the coquetry of her hat, an artful straw wreathed wonderfully in flowers of many a subtle shade, that gave the crowning touch.

The hat it was, no doubt, that completed William's overthrow. There was a look of rapture in the eyes with which the vain fellow regarded its wearer, for which June could have found it in her heart to slay him on the spot.

That telltale look was really a little too much. June could not forbear to linger on the threshold to watch these two. So shamelessly was William engrossed with this vision of pure beauty that there was not a chance of his eyes lifting to look at her. And she would not have cared if they had. Such an irrational surge of jealousy was now in her heart that she would have been glad of his seeing what she thought of his behaving in that way, even with the grandest young woman in the land.

"So nice of you to take so much trouble," the fair customer said in a voice of such melody that June had to own that the celebrated Miss Banks, the daughter of Blackhampton's chief physician, whose charm of manner had ever remained in her mind as the high-water mark of human amenity, would now have to take second place.

"Not at all, madam," said William in the William way.

Even June had to admit that such fine courtesy, a little excessive, no doubt, was far removed from mere sycophancy. Had he not practiced on her? For that reason she had a perfect right to feel furious; William's homage was far too inclusive.

At the same time there was no gainsaying that just now he had every excuse. Regarded as the mirror of fashion and the mold of form, Miss Banks of Blackhampton was now a back number.

"The friend I sent it to liked it very much indeed," said the supergirl. "It was so exactly what she wanted. And if by chance you are able to match it I shall be most grateful."

William, with that divine air of his, promised quite simply and sincerely to do his best.

"The price, too, was very moderate," said the supergirl with the geniality of one who owns a province. Then suddenly she half turned, and her merry glance, assisted by a Miss Banksian stick-eyeglass, was trained full upon the hoodoo. "What a delicious monster!" The voice had quite a Brahms trill in it—not that June had ever heard of Brahms. "It reminds one of Poe or the Grand Guignol."

Unabashed by culture William stood to his full height. June could only marvel at his coolness.

"So Oriental. So grotesque. Makes one think of Ali Baba and the cave of the Forty Robbers. Very valuable, of course?"

"No, madam, I wouldn't call it valuable." June hardly knew whether to admire or to deplore this candor. "It takes up such a lot of room and absorbs such a lot of light. Almost needs the British Museum, as you might say, to show it to advantage."

Again the Brahms trill as the eye of the supergirl traveled from the hoodoo to William. "Those large ears and those grinning jaws studded with crocodile's teeth give it the look of a living thing. And it's so perfectly hideous that one feels sure there must be a curse on it."

"Mr. Gedge declares there is, madam."

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"Really?" The eyes, the blue eyes of the supergirl grew round and merry. "I'd love to have a thing with a curse on it—if it's a real one."

"Mr. Gedge would part with it for a very reasonable sum, madam, I feel sure," said William with a judicious air that June admired the more for being hardly able to credit it in him.

With the casual tone so becoming to riches the young woman asked the price.

"Thirty pounds would buy it," she was informed.

"Curse and all?"

"Curse and all, madam." William had a nice sense of humor, which June had discovered before she had known him an hour, but in this big moment he did not relax a muscle.

For about a quarter of a minute the supergirl looked again at the hoodoo. And then with an air of one who takes a great decision she gave the ugly chin a playful tap and said, "I believe the long gallery at Homefield is the very place for you, my friend. You may not be a thing of beauty, but at the far end I am sure you would be a joy forever!"

She made then such fine play with her stick-eyeglass that Miss Banks was put off the map altogether. "And a real live curse given in, I think you said?"

William bowed a grave affirmative.

It was clear that Miss Blueblood was intrigued. She folded, unfolded, refolded her stick-glass; she looked the hoodoo up, she looked the hoodoo down, standing three paces back in order to do so. "Before I really decide"—addressing the monster in a voice of warm caresses—"I must get my father to come and look at you, my dear. He's wiser than I in these matters. You might kill all the pictures in the long gallery."

At this point William bowed again with exceeding deference. But here was not the end. The stick-eyeglass lit on the bowl of Lowestoft, which the sawney, who was turning out to be not quite such a sawney as he seemed, had picked up in his recent travels in Suffolk.

"I like that. What a charming piece!"

Mr. Half-Sawney held the charming piece to the light for Miss Stick-Eyeglass to gaze upon.

"Yes—really quite charming!"

Their heads were so close while together they bent over its beauties that June, without wishing real harm to either, could have found it in her heart to hope that the bowl might fall from the hands of William and shiver into a thousand pieces.

"What is the price?"

The bowl was turned onto its base while the young man glanced at the mystic code which had been traced by the hand of S. Gedge, Antiques.

"Six guineas, madam," she was most deferentially told.

"I collect Lowestoft. A charming piece. It'll go so well with my others. Will you kindly send it to 39b, Park Lane?"

"Certainly, at once, Miss Babraham."

The amazing Miss Babraham opened a vanity bag, took out a sheaf of notes, and chose six which, with the smile of a siren, she handed to William, who received them with one more bow from his full height and proceeded to write out a receipt.

Somehow this transaction was too much altogether for June. Flashing one long last glance of immeasurable venom upon the stick-eyeglass, who, all unconscious of the deadly passions it had aroused, had now returned to elegant and final contemplation of the hoodoo, the niece of S. Gedge, Antiques, withdrew hurriedly to the scullery sink, filled a bucket of water and proceeded with a kind of contained fury to scrub the floor of the larder.

XVIII

WHEN William came in to dinner there was music to face. But as there was no sure ground at the moment for real battle, the music opened pianissimo. It began with a few rather pointed inquiries.

"Had a rather busy morning, haven't you?"

"I don't think it has been anything out of the way," was the noncommittal answer.

"Done any business?" The question was casual, but June fixed him with her eye.

"Oh, yes!" So light and airy was the tone that business might have mattered nothing. "I've sold the Lowestoft bowl."

"Uncle Si'll be pleased, I expect." She found it terribly difficult to keep a sneer out of her voice, but you never know what you can do till you try. "Fetch much?"

She knew perfectly well, of course, the price it had fetched.

"Six guineas."

"Isn't that a pretty good profit on what you paid for it at Saxmundham?" said June, with the precision of the born head for affairs.

"I got it for thirty shillings at Saxmundham, but of course that was at a sale."

"Seem's a fair profit anyway."

"Yes, I suppose it is."

"Will you get any?"

"Oh, no!" said William, trying to spear a pickled walnut.

"Then I think it's an infamous shame that the whole of that six guineas should go into the pocket of Uncle Si."

With a polite shake of the head William dissented. "But don't you see, I couldn't have bought it unless the master had given me the money, and also marked the catalogue?"

"It was your brains that bought it. And your brains sold it too. I think you ought to see that Uncle Si is simply living upon them."

"No, no, Miss June," said William. "Please don't forget that it is the master who taught me everything."

June declined to argue the point. She knew it was no use. For the hundredth time she was up against his fixed idea. Besides, there was something else to talk about.

"To whom did you sell that beautiful bowl?" Her voice was that of a dove.

"I sold it to a Miss Babraham," said the sawney in a voice of perfectly stupendous impersonality.

"To a Miss who?"

She had caught the name quite clearly, and not for the first time that day, but there was a kind of morbid fascination in toying with a subject that was really without significance and could lead nowhere. All the same she pined for an insight into the workings of the mind of this strange young man who was such a baffling mixture of the oversimple and the highly gifted.

"Her name is Miss Babraham."

"Who is she when she is at home?"

She tried hard to imitate a detachment that was a little uncanny, yet knowing all the time that she was making a sad hash of the performance. The trick seldom comes easy to the daughters of Eve.

"Who did she say she was?"

"Her father is Sir Arthur Babraham." The imperson ality of William made her writhe.

"Oho!" said June, still trying her best to rise to William's level and fully conscious that she was failing miserably. "One of the big bugs, eh?"

It was vulgar, she knew, to speak in that way. Among the things she had learned at the Blackhampton High School was a due and proper regard for baronets. Miss Preece, its august headmistress, would have been shocked, not merely by her tone but also by her choice of words. But high school or no high school, the intrusion of Sir Arthur Babraham suddenly made her see red. She must be vulgar—or burst!

"What you'd call one of the smart set, I suppose?" said June abruptly, breaking a long and rather trying pause. "Well, I don't think much of her stick-eyeglass anyway."

Terrific disparagement of Miss Babraham, her works and her belongings was intended, yet to the queer creature seated opposite, who by now was almost ready for the tapioca pudding which had so carefully been prepared for him, it did not seem to imply anything at all.

"You take no stock of smart sets, I dare say," said June with growing truculence. "You've never heard of them, have you? China tea sets are more in your line, aren't they?"

That was real wit, and people far less clever than this sawney—a contradiction in terms and yet the only word which seemed to describe him after all—must have seen the force of it. But not he! He solemnly rose and collected the plates, and then fetched in the tapioca pudding, for all the world as if there was absolutely no point in the remark.

"Who did you say that tall girl was?" said June, returning mothlike to the flame, as she helped the sawney very substantially to his favorite dish.

"Miss Babraham!"

"And who did you say her father was?"

"Sir Arthur Babraham!"

"And what might he do for a living?"

This was not ignorance. It was mere facetiousness. She knew quite well that no Sir Arthur Babraham since first invented by that ridiculous monarch, King James, had ever done anything for a living. But it was good to feel how such a break would have hurt Miss Preece.

"He's one of the richest men in England," said William, dipping his spoon into his tapioca with an impersonality that approached the sublime. June knew that. There was the daughter of Sir Arthur Babraham to prove it.

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The Eyes, the Blue Eyes of the Supergirl Grew Round and Merry. "I'd Love to Have a Thing With a ***Curse on It—if It's a Real One"***

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 29, 1922

Politicians and Paper Money

THE mischiefs produced by a managed currency, or by any monetary system that is not self-regulating, are now more widely recognized than ever before, thanks to the havoc wrought in all parts of the world since the war by inconvertible paper currencies. Nothing short of an automatic currency seems to be of any use, because only hard money of a fixed legal weight and refinement is independent of politicians. No country can be sure that its statesmen will always be and remain sufficiently virtuous and sufficiently intelligent to keep their hands off so convenient and easy a resource as the paper mint. It is the modern postwar substitute for an overflowing treasury. It is a ready means of covering a deficit and of paying state wages and state salaries to a host of supernumerary bureaucrats when the revenue from taxes is inadequate and the people are unable or unwilling to lend to their government.

Unfortunately these advantages to the government are overbalanced by corresponding and much greater disadvantages to the governed. Every fresh issue of a paper currency diminishes the value of the unit, be it ruble, mark, crown, peseta, lira, drachma, franc, dollar or pound. Thus the real income of every inhabitant, if derived from securities, mortgages, and so on, bearing a fixed rate of interest, is continually reduced, and with it the capital value of his savings. At first the process of confiscation is slow, gradual and stealthy. With the exception of a few rogues who speculate with inside knowledge, the whole society suffers without perceiving the cause of its misery. In some cases the political intelligence of the governing classes has been sufficient to pull up and stop the currency chariot somewhere on the slope that ends in nothingness.

One of the reactions of a paper currency resembles the boomerang; for the tax yield continually declines as the money in which taxes are paid depreciates; and at the same time public credit disappears altogether. No one except a lunatic will invest in the loans of a government that meets its bills by printing paper money.

Government in Business

READERS of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST during the past two years have had numerous occasions to observe editorial comment on one or another phase of the restoration of individualism in the conduct of business. For this policy the editor has no apologies to offer; quite the contrary. In every country one of the problems of the after-the-war has been the unshackling of business from governmental control. The vast majority of Americans still believe in individualism, of which the German communist, Kark Radek, now administering soviet government to the people of Russia, has sneeringly remarked that we are a land "where every bootblack still imagines that he will become a dollar magnate."

The most recent development in the relation of government to business has taken place in Australia. The chief exports of agricultural Australia before the war were wool, meat and wheat. During the first three years of the war the availability of these products to Great Britain was reduced by distance, scarcity of ocean tonnage and submarine danger in the Mediterranean Sea. Europe found it better to buy from North and South America. The British and Australian governments coöperated in a system of state control of wool, meat and wheat. Prices were fixed and the products taken over, in effect.

Following our entrance into the war the scarcity of ocean tonnage became still more desperate and the submarine menace more dangerous. American credits made it advantageous to buy as much as possible in the United States, and as little as possible in Australia. The close of the war found a large volume of agricultural products dammed back in Australia.

When American credits to the ex-allied countries were withdrawn Australian products again appeared upon the competitive markets of the world. Ocean carriage became plentiful; for a year tonnage has exceeded cargoes in the world. Ocean freights were decontrolled, and rates fell heavily. The governments were able to effect the liquidation of the largest part of the accumulated Australian products. The last of the mutton was sold on credit to Eastern Europe and Russia. One by one commodities were decontrolled. Only a wheat pool was retained in West Australia for the crop of 1922.

Meats were decontrolled in the United Kingdom last year. Heavy importation of feeds resulted in increase in production of home-fed beef. Denmark and Holland resumed their shipments of meats and dairy products to the United Kingdom. At the same time, continued unemployment in the British Isles kept down the national income and delayed the return to a higher meat consumption. During the war the consumption of meats and dairy products was greatly lowered in the United Kingdom, outside of the military forces. A higher intake of meats and dairy products is clearly the desire of the British, but that must await industrial recovery. The cumulative effect of these circumstances was a heavy fall in the price of beef in the United Kingdom.

These lowered prices were naturally not to the liking of the Australian stockmen. Cattle were not sent to market and the packing houses were practically shut down. This was followed by appeal to the government.

In the meantime Argentine meats were freely sold in the British markets, whose prices were too low to attract Australian carcasses. The ocean haul is shorter. Incidentally the Argentine meats are prepared in modern packing houses, largely owned by Americans. In these plants overhead had been rigidly reduced and efficiency in operations improved. A trade war has helped prices downward. British sentiment for Australia was not strong enough to overcome the difference in price, and the meat from the Plate excluded the meat from the Dominion.

It is now announced that the government of Australia is to grant a subvention to the producers of cattle. As stated, this subsidy will work out at something like a half cent a pound for the dressed carcass. Beyond that, the beef must meet the world price. It is not a minimum price but a flat subsidy per unit, and apparently the government has obligated itself for the present to pay this price on all cattle whose meat goes into international trade.

One of the elements in the case is the wage of farm labor. During the war an agricultural wage board became intrenched in Australia. Wages of farm workers in that continent have not been reduced, as in this country. Wages of land workers have been reduced in Argentina, and this and the shorter haul to market remain the principal reasons for lower costs of production of meat in Argentina as compared with Australia.

This subvention will run into large figures of money. If paid with paper notes it will constitute an inflation. If paid for by issue of bonds it will represent a tax on the next generation. If paid for out of current revenue it will result in direct tax increase. Australia is so heavily rural that the costs cannot be passed to urban industries. To a considerable extent the ultimate effect will be to take money out of the right pocket of the stockmen and place it in the left.

The international aspects of such policies are disturbing to a degree. Germany already grants subventions to producers of potash and other commodities, despite protests of the Reparations Commission. Why should not the gold mines of the Rand, the wool ranges of New Zealand, the sugar plantations of Cuba, the tin mines of Bolivia, the iron mines of Styria, the nitrogen plants of Norway and the vineyards of France all receive doles from the state? The possibilities appear endless! But all such moves will end in the same place—disorganization of trade and insolvency of government. Of course there is no doubt that the cattlemen of Australia are in trouble, but this solution of present difficulties only postpones and magnifies the ultimate adjustments to a new equilibrium.

The Short Workday in Germany

A MOVEMENT is under way in Germany to return to the nine and ten hour workday. When the present government took over the country after the enforced abdication of the Hohenzollern family the workday was shortened to eight hours for all occupations, and to seven and six hours for certain arduous occupations. It is now proposed to add one or two hours to the workday. This policy is not one forced on the workers. The government of Germany is still a workers' government. The labor leaders have seen the necessity for the longer workday. The present salvation and the future hope of Germany depend on increased industrial production. The output per hour of the German industrial worker has not yet risen to the prewar level. With a low output per hour and a shortened workday, the position of the country appears hopeless. It seems agreed that increase in output per hour is not to be attained, on account of the physical state and morale of the working classes. Therefore the only way to increased production is to work more hours per week. A domestic servants bill to limit the workday to thirteen hours per day, with full pay for holidays, has been rejected by the government. If Germany is to pay her debts and rehabilitate her industries overtime is necessary for pretty nearly everybody; and it must be overtime without time-and-a-half pay.

Germany is learning by experience that shortening of the workday below a certain figure develops into a problem of disposition of the free time. When a twelve-hour day is shortened to ten the disposition of the two hours does not constitute a problem. But when this free time is extended from two to four or even six hours a day a civic and economic problem arises. The usual and natural social doctrine is that the free time of the shorter day is to go into the family life, recreation, study—in short, to enable the workman and his family to cultivate qualities valuable to the family, society and the coming generation.

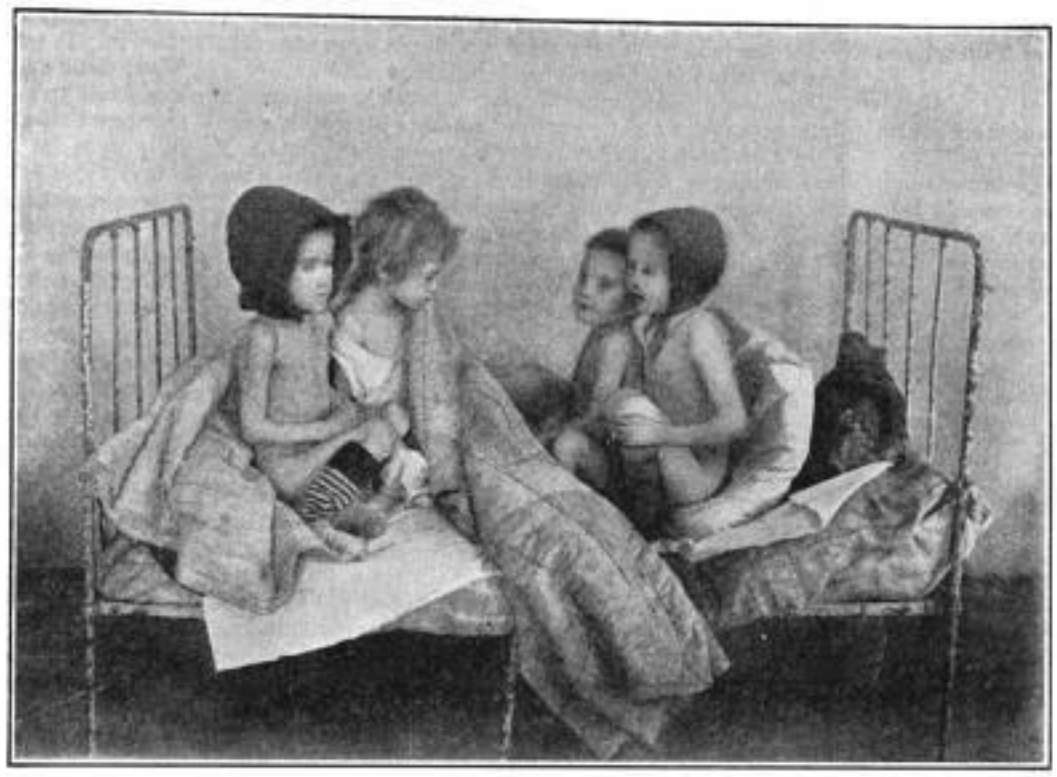
Unfortunately, in Germany, as elsewhere in Europe, the free time is to a marked extent devoted to one or another form of waste. The waste is often economic, in that the free time is devoted to trivialities that reduce the family income for necessaries. One of the named frivolities in Germany is beer drinking. In a word, the fact is that the free time has, with many, not been devoted to social, cultural or economic ends. It is believed that for this state of affairs the postwar psychology is to a large extent responsible. But whether resident in postwar psychology or in common human triviality, the Germans seem to have made up their minds that the reconstruction of their country demands use and not waste of time. It is a matter of no little disquietude in the United Kingdom that the average workday is becoming longer in Germany and not in the United Kingdom.

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Comrade Lenine's Compromise

By Eleanor Franklin Egan

THAT anybody should fail to see or refuse to acknowledge that farming is essentially a capitalistic and individualistic industry is a puzzling thing to me. I wish very much to believe in the mental honesty of the Bolsheviki, but the best I can do in this connection is to believe that they are influenced chiefly in what they do by a singular obsession. In applying their principles to the reconstruction—or the remodeling, rather—of the Russian social organization their procedures have certainly served to indicate that they regard themselves as being capable of disproving proved essentials, eradicating fixed human tendencies, and annulling the laws of Nature. It is only because these things cannot be done that the situation in Russia is that which we now behold; an important fact in this situation being that one of the most outrageously outraged elements in it is the agricultural element, the small farmers.



Uncovered to be Photographed. Clothes and Heat are Unknown Luxuries

I came out of Russia about a week after the Bolshevik delegation to the Genoa Conference had taken its somewhat spectacular departure from Moscow, and when I arrived in Riga I found society there still entertaining itself with stories about what the different delegates had said and done. And when I refer to society I have in mind not only the circles dominated by foreign relief organizations and diplomatic missions; not only the interesting groups of Russians of the aristocratic and bourgeois classes who have taken refuge in Riga, but the Latvian citizens as well, who manage to maintain in their beautiful old city a very attractive social atmosphere even in the midst of extreme and extraordinary difficulties and in spite of the sense they suffer of never-ending peril as Soviet Russia's next-door neighbor.

The Latvians are a most interesting and likable people, and, by virtue of their possession of the greatest port on the Baltic Sea and a consequent age-long contact with the entire world of commerce and culture, they are curiously cosmopolitan. The man who is likely to become the first president of the Latvian Republic was for many years professor of economics in one of our own great Western state universities, and in his eager interest in the world at large and his intelligent grasp of its broad problems he is quite typical of his class in his own little homeland. Also he is typical of his people in his bitter hatred of everything that Bolshevism stands for. It was to Latvians that I did most of my talking in Latvia, because I was anxious to know what their attitude might be toward their colossa and menacing neighbor, so it is of certain Latvians I am thinking when I say I found society in Riga still entertaining itself with stories about the Russian delegates to Genoa.

The Trustful Eighty

I MAY not mention any names for fear of exposing someone to retaliation. It is necessary always to bear in mind the peculiarities of the Bolshevik disposition and to remember that freedom of discussion is one thing the Bolsheviki will not tolerate. This is rather cramping to one's style. It would simplify matters considerably to be able to follow a direct line to a given point and say that Mr. or Mrs. So-and-So told me this or that, but nearly everything that Mr. or Mrs. So-and-So told me in connection with the subject of Russia was told in rather appealing confidence so far as his or her identity was concerned. I went through my entire Russian experience promising individuals to forget that I had ever met them, which is another kind of commentary on the situation.

In any case, the Latvians in Riga talked to me, as did the Americans and the British and the Russians and others, and it was a Latvian who told me the story about the Russian-American farmers.

There were eighty of them. They were going through Riga on their way into Russia just as the Bolshevik delegates were going through in the opposite direction on their way to Genoa, and they were carrying with them something like eighty thousand dollars' worth of American farm machinery, together with such other belongings as they happened to possess. They were described to me as Russians of a fine, sturdy and purely agrarian type who had been induced by the communist agitators and rainbow painters in the United States to pool all they had labored separately for years to achieve and accumulate, and to return to Russia for the purpose of establishing an agricultural commune on one of the big confiscated estates. All of which may be perfectly all right except that it is their money and not their communistic faith that the Bolsheviki are interested in and that they are likely to discover a vast difference between the promises that were made to them and that which they will eventually realize.



PHOTO. BY M. BRETTAUER, PETROGRAD

Determining Whether or Not He is Eating More Than He Should

One of the most widely celebrated of the Bolshevik delegates in discussing them with my Latvian friend revealed the official attitude toward them when he said: "We have exhausted every financial resource that we know of except the church properties and the Russian-Americans, and now we must concentrate on these for a while. A great many Russians have gone to the United States and have succeeded in making small fortunes, many of them actually owning valuable properties and the means of production. We are doing everything in our power now to induce these people to come back and bring their American money with them, and those eighty farmers are the first to come across. There will be plenty more. Out of the half million Russians in the United States there ought to be at least fifty thousand, who together would represent a large amount of capital, and it is their duty to share their prosperity with their own people."

How They Treat Comrades

THE man who told me this was a government official and he went on to say that he was reminded of a Russian-American he had recently been called upon to befriend and who was then working as a laborer on a Latvian farm for Latvian wages which amounted to about two dollars a month. He had lived in the United States twelve years, and, working as a tailor in a big Western city with a small pressing and renovating shop, had accumulated something like eight thousand dollars. The American Bolsheviki took him in hand and, through a process of filling his mind with communism in its rosiest aspects, induced him to believe that he could return to Soviet Russia with his little American fortune and become a leading citizen. He yielded to their hypnotic influence and eventually embraced the Red flag with great enthusiasm, his story afterward being that when he reached the Russian border on his way into the poor man's paradise he was met by soviet officials who began by hailing him as *tovarish*—which means comrade—and ended by relieving him of every cent he possessed and sending him on to Moscow with nothing but an assurance that in the communistic state he would have no need for money, that all Russia was his as it was everybody's, and that he would be taken care of.

When he reached Moscow he was still *tovarish*, but he encountered at once the communistic principle of "no work, no food" which at that time was occasionally being applied, and suddenly found himself in a gang of conscripted laborers on his way to somewhere and something he knew nothing at all about. He was hungry and cold, worried and weary, and immeasurably homesick for his little American tailor shop. This was the way he told it.

He escaped from the gang of laborers and made his way north to the border of Finland, begging

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THE VAN ROON

(Continued from Page 21)

"One of Uncle Si's best customers, I suppose?"

"Doesn't often come here. But he has wonderful taste."

"In daughters?" said June sardonically.

"In everything. Only last night I read in the paper that there isn't a better judge of pictures living."

June merely said, "Oh!"

"He's one of the trustees of the National Gallery, you know."

"Oh!" said June.

"And owns a very fine private collection of the Flemish School."

"Does he?" It was June's turn now to be impersonal; in fact it was up to her to let him see that it would take more than Sir Arthur Babraham and a private collection of the Flemish School to impress her.

"I suppose his daughter's what you'd call rather fetching?" She had once heard the term on the lips of the admired Miss Banks at a charity bazaar.

But in William's opinion it was not adequate to the occasion.

"To my mind," he said, and his voice fell, "she's a none-such."

June stopped midway in the act of bestowing upon him a second helping of tapioca.

"She's a what?" she demanded fiercely.

"A museum piece, Miss June." His enthusiasm was restrained but none the less absurd. "She's hall-marked. She walks in beauty." A blush, faint yet becoming, slowly overspread William's delicately tinted complexion.

June snorted. Had it been within the province of eyes to slay, this gaby would have had no use for a second helping of tapioca.

"Glad to know that!" said June homicidally. "As you are so set on beauty you must have had an interesting morning."

A disgracefully impersonal silence was William's only answer. The deadliness of the observation seemed completely lost upon him. But was it? That was a question for gods and Woman. Such a silence might mean anything.

"I suppose you'd say she had wonderful taste?"

"Miss Babraham?"

"No, Joan of Arc," said Woman venomously.

"Her taste is very good indeed—that is, in some things."

"In hats, I suppose."

"I meant in old china," said the impersonal one. "I've never known her make a mistake in old china."

"That's interesting." It was a weak remark, but June had seldom felt less conversationally brilliant.

Silence came again. A third helping of tapioca pudding was politely declined. June then pushed across the cheese. William removed its cover and disclosed an extremely meager piece of Leicestershire.

"Please may I give you a little?" he asked with his inimitable air.

"There'll be none for yourself if you do. Besides, I don't want any. No, thank you." She remembered her manners, although that was not easy just now. "I'll go out presently and buy some more. I'd clean forgotten the cheese."

"Please—please take this tiny piece."

"When I say no I don't mean yes," said June, tempering strength of character with calm politeness. "I can't imagine Miss Babraham eating a piece of Leicestershire cheese in a dirty overall. Can you?"

The remark was so irrelevant that it was grotesque.

It was quite open to William to follow the line of least resistance and ignore the question. A William less true-blood, a William less a gentleman right through to the core, might, without dishonor, have done so. But this was a William of a nobler clay.

"Miss June, your overall isn't dirty."

The rich sincerity of these six and a half little words seemed gravely to imperil the whole sublime edifice of his impersonality.

He was contradicted flatly for his pains; yet she knew in her heart that whether the overall was dirty or whether it was clean the renegade was already half forgiven.

"What did you think of her dress?"

This new onrush of irrelevance was despicable, but she seemed quite to have lost control of herself.

"It was perfect. To my mind, nothing is more becoming to a tall lady than a dress of soft dark blue silk."

The sawney! As though it was not his clear and obvious duty never even to have noticed whether Miss Babraham wore a dress of soft blue silk or a muslin with spots or a gray alpaca or just a plain serge. Times there are when the stupidity of the human male has really no limit.

"Must have cost a pretty penny," said June acidly.

William shook his head and boldly affirmed that it couldn't be bought for money.

"That's just nonsense!" said June. "There isn't a dress in the world that couldn't be bought for money."

"What I really mean is, to have a dress which looks like that you would also have to buy its wearer," said William the Amazing.

June expressed a ripe scorn by vehemently beginning to clear the table. High time, certainly. They had been discussing cold mutton and pickled walnuts and tapioca pudding and Leicestershire cheese and things and women for one solid hour by the Queen Anne clock, a real antique, in the middle of the chimney-piece, for which S. Gedge, Antiques, had lately refused the sum of forty guineas.



She Told Him Plainly That Much as She Disliked Her Present Address She Did Not Propose to Change it Until Her Lawful Property Had Been Restored to Her

XIX

IN THE course of the afternoon June found herself immersed in the crisis of her fate. It began with a desire to own a dress of soft blue silk, which was insane.

Not a shade of excuse could be found for this vaulting ambition. But it was fixed so firmly in the center of her mind that when she set out soon after three to order the cheese she could think of nothing else. The grocer was at the end of the street and a couple of minutes did her business with him. And then in the toils of imperious desire she marched boldly down to Charing Cross and took a bus to Oxford Circus.

A yearning for a dress of blue silk was upon her like a passion. It was madness, and yet it was very delicious. What could a blue silk dress avail when at any moment she was likely to be cast adrift? That thought hit hard as she sauntered slowly along the Street of Streets, gazing wistfully upon its long array of too fascinating drapers' windows.

Her store of worldly wealth was nineteen pounds and a few odd shillings. It was as certain as anything could be that she was about to enter upon the most critical period of her life, and this was all she had to tide her over. But do what she would to act like a reasonable being she was now at the mercy of a demon more powerful than common prudence. She was haunted by a passion for a blue silk dress, and no matter what happened to her afterwards she must satisfy that craving.

It was a rather thrilling business to rake these forbidden windows in quest of a thing it was sheer madness to buy, yet within one's power to do so. Why was she going to buy it? Because she wanted it so badly? Why did she want it so badly? That was a question she could not answer.

Had she been really pretty this folly might have seemed less amazing. But she knew she was plain. At least, she always felt and always passed for plain at Blackhampton. But her pilgrimage along Oxford Street, which in the middle of a bright afternoon of early October seemed the Mecca of fashion, beauty and good taste, went some way to change the attitude she had taken up in regard to her personal appearance.

Plain she might be, her clothes might be severely provincial, their hue depressing, but she was clearly informed by the sixth sense given to woman that she was not wholly unlooked at. It was nice to feel that such was the case; indeed it was stimulating, yet so deeply was she occupied just then with large affairs that she didn't think much about it.

After many windows she had seen, she found herself drifting with the tide into a store of regal aspect. Here she was received by young women, elegant and gracious, with a courteous charm that made a search for five yards of blue silk fabric in its least expensive form a perfectly simple and yet delightful adventure. Moreover, it brought in its train a great idea. Was it necessary, after all, that domestic servitude should be her lot? Might it not be possible to become one of these smart and pleasant ladies in their neat black dresses?

Expenditure of spirit, anxious care went to the final purchase of four and a half yards of cotton-silk material, more cotton than silk, at eight and eleven pence three farthings a yard; and then the new thought gained such a hold upon her that before leaving the store she took an inventory of her person in one of the huge mirrors that made the place so enchanting. Standing boldly in front of the great glass, surveying herself with a curiosity that was half fear, she went over her points as might an Eastern merchant who buys a slave.

She was taller than she supposed. That was thought the first. And if she wore shoes with high heels, as so many girls did, she could look still taller. She might pass for slender. That was her second thought; and her chest was something to be proud of. She might not have much grace, and she might lack style, yet she didn't lack dignity.

But when all was said it was her hair that was important. This she had always known, but in the strong and subtle lights of the best mirror into which she had ever gazed it ministered considerably to the sum and total of her charms. Perhaps her friend, Mr. Boultby, the druggist, had not overshot the mark when he compared her hair to the Empress Eugénie's, and said it ought to be painted by an R. A.

A mop of russet-gold hair was little enough for a girl who stood in her particular shoes. She felt that as she gazed upon it; felt it, moreover, with something akin to resentment. But even a self-criticism, cool and stern, must allow that she made a better showing in the store mirror than could have been expected. She was far from being beautiful, but that hair in its subtle-tinted abundance saved her somehow from being ordinary. And today she looked very much alive with the bloom of youth and health.

Four and a half yards of blue material under her arm, she went out into Oxford Street, feeling rather better equipped for the battle of life. She drew back a pair of shoulders that were really not so bad, and defiantly lifted a chin that had looked uncommonly square in the mirror. It was good to feel that she had underrated herself. She must learn to dress in the London way, and then she might be able to hold her own.

(Continued on Page 26)

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MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS



A heaping plateful every time!

And you can eat Campbell's Beans without wondering whether they will agree with you. For they are slow-cooked and so easily digested that you can indulge yourself to your heart's content. It's news to many people that they can now eat beans plentifully; they can be certain that Campbell's Beans will be as wholesome as they are delicious and satisfying.

Serve hot **Serve cold**

Campbells' BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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(Continued from Page 24)

Walking slowly back to Oxford Circus, head higher now, she began quite to like this new idea of becoming a shop assistant. At the worst, it would be a far easier and more dignified way of life than domestic service. So much was she engaged by it, and so great the pressure of her thoughts that at first she didn't notice that a man was following her.

The knowledge overtook her by degrees. Stopping to look in various windows, each time she did so brought a vague feeling that the eyes of a man were upon her. She crossed the Circus, but the feeling was still there. And at the corner of Berners Street, without knowing how, surmise entered the region of fact. Moreover, she even contrived to learn the style of man he was.

Out of the tail of an eye, as she stood by the edge of the curb, she saw that he was pale and dark, neither short nor tall, that he had a slight mustache, and wore a hat of peach-colored velours. His presence gave her an odd feeling; in fact, it might be said to frighten her just a little, although there was certainly no reason why it should in broad daylight. But she had an idea that he was going to speak to her and that he was seeking an opportunity to do so.

Hastily she moved on, determined to give further shop windows a miss for the present. However, she had not gone far when it occurred to her that she was in need of a cup of tea, and that it would be very pleasant to have one.

Just across the road was a tea shop. The fear of pursuit still upon her, the sudden dash she made for this bourn was so ill-timed that her sovereign faculty of keeping her head in a crisis was needed to save her from being run over by Bus 13, which was going to the Bell at Hendon.

With quite a sense of adventure she went to one of a row of vacant tables at the far end of the shop. She ordered a small pot of tea, a scone and a pat of butter. And then she realized that a pale dark man, neither short nor tall, with a slight mustache, and wearing a hat of peach-colored velours, had followed her in and was just about to take a seat at the table next her own.

XX

JUNE was not a timid girl. She had no lack of courage; and now that a chance had been given her to reason things out, a feeling akin to fear promptly yielded to mere annoyance. And even that emotion took wings when she had had time to glance at the hat of peach-colored velours. Its owner looked harmless enough. He was a man of thirty or perhaps a little more; he wore a well-cut black jacket, a pair of rather baggy trousers of a light gray check, a silk collar, a flowing bow tie, a diamond ring on the little finger of the left hand. The general effect of what to June was a decidedly interesting personality was to fulfill her preconceived idea of an artist.

As soon as the man felt the gaze of June upon him he swept off the hat of peach-colored velours with a gesture at once easy and graceful, fortified it with a smile at which it would have been impossible to take offense, and said with a slight lisp, "Miss Graham?"

"I am not Miss Graham," said June calmly.

She always prided herself upon her self-possession. Just now it seemed to help her considerably.

The man carried off his question with such an air of tact that it must have ranked as a bona-fide mistake had not June been aware that he had crossed the road and followed her into the shop. Rather strangely, as soon as he took it upon himself to speak to her the lingering sense of vexation gave way to curiosity. The mere look of the man had the power to excite an immediate interest, but June was careful to keep strictly upon her guard.

He ordered a bottle of ginger beer, and when the waitress had gone for it he turned to June and said with the companionable air of an old friend, "It's funny, but you are exactly like a girl I used to know."

"Why funny?" asked June bluntly.

The nature of the question and the look of June's keen eye made the man smile a little. Evidently she was a bit of a character. It appeared to stimulate him.

"It's always funny when you mistake someone for someone else."

"Is it?" said June warily.

"Don't you agree?" he said with a laugh that sounded decidedly pleasant.

"It's a thing I should never think of [illegible]"

"You are lucky." He was amused by her bluntness. "I wish I had your good memory."

The tea arrived, and June poured it out in a spirit of thankfulness. As soon as she had drunk half a cup, which was quite reviving, she forgot all about her annoyance in a new feeling of exhilaration tempered by quiet amusement.

"You are most remarkably like a Scotch girl I used to know in Paris," said the man, taking up the conversation after having drunk a little, a very little, ginger beer.

"Am I?" said June coolly.

"She was an artist's model. Sometimes she used to sit for me."

"Are you an artist?" said June, allowing herself to become interested, for the reason perhaps that she simply could not help it.

"Of sorts," was the answer. "I studied several years in Paris before the war."

From the moment he had sat down at the next table and June had been able to get a clear view of him she had somehow known that art was his calling. He looked an artist so emphatically that there would have been something fatally wrong with the cosmos had he turned out to be anything else.

In spite of a determination to be very cautious indeed she was not equal to the task of repressing an ever-growing curiosity. Art had lately come to have a magic meaning for her.

"What kind of pictures do you paint?"

"Portraits and the figure chiefly."

"Do you ever paint landscapes?"

"They are not quite my line of country," said the man. "Portraits and the figure are what I go for as a rule. I am looking for a model now. Would you like to sit to me?"

"I don't know." June spoke doubtfully. "I don't think I could."

"Haven't you ever sat?"

"No, I haven't."

"Time you began. You are just the sort of girl."

"Why am I?"

"For one thing, you have personality."

This was a surprising and rather thrilling corroboration of Mr. Boulthy. At the back of her mind the old druggist had always figured as a bit of a gas bag with a ready flow of conversation and a gift of easy compliment. But it would seem that this estimate did him less than justice. Mr. Boulthy was better informed than she had thought. And at this moment a phrase he had used came back to her with a force that was a little startling. "A girl as good-looking as you can always get a living," Mr. Boulthy had once said.

"I suppose you mean my hair?" said June naïvely.

He showed two rows of very white and level teeth in a smile which piqued her curiosity.

"Partly your hair and partly your figure," he said, taking a second tiny sip of ginger beer. "Why not come and try? I have a studio in Haliburton Street, just out of Manning Square."

June shook a doubtful head. She then gave a glance sideways at the imbiber of the ginger beer. Her knowledge of the world was slender, but she was not a fool, and there was something about this forthcomingness which even exceeded that of Mr. Boulthy himself and that warned her to be careful.

"You'd be well paid, of course."

"How much?" June had no false modesty when it came to a question of money. This was an aspect of the matter that had not struck her until then.

"I'd pay you five shillings an hour," he said lightly, "and ten for the altogether."

June's heart gave a leap. To a girl in her position it was a princely reward. Such an offer seemed most tempting. But a moment's consideration of the issues it raised brought on a sudden fit of shyness.

"I don't think I could," she said.

"Why not?" The eyes of the man were now fixed intently upon her face.

"Oh, I don't ——"

"Not enough, eh?"

She felt his eyes so forcibly upon her that she colored hotly.

"It isn't that."

"What's your reason then?"

"I've not been used to that sort of thing."

He smiled broadly.

"It's only a matter of keeping still. Of course I shall not press you to sit for the altogether if you had rather not."

"The altogether" was Greek to June.

However, she did not confess [illegible]

note to ask William what it meant. And at the moment she did so the thought of William brought the Van Roon to her mind.

"I suppose you know a lot about pictures?" An idea was forming already in that practical head.

"Perhaps I know as much about them as some people," said the man, beginning to roll a cigarette.

June could not help feeling that his answer was in piquant contrast to what William's would have been had such a question been put to him. It had a self-complacency which even if it implied deep knowledge was also open to criticism.

"What do you think a Van Roon would be worth?"

"A Van Roon?" he said off-handedly. "Well, you know, that might depend on many things."

"They are very valuable, I suppose," said June, trying to look innocent.

"Very valuable, indeed, at the present time. Privately, I think they are overrated. The Flemish School is being run to death; but of course that's only my opinion."

"Would it be worth a hundred pounds?"

"What? A Van Roon?" The man laughed. "My good girl, you might multiply a hundred pounds by a hundred, and then think you had got some bargain if you found yourself the owner of a Van Roon."

"This mightn't be a good one."

June spoke cautiously. She saw at once that it would be wise to go slow.

"All Van Roons are good, you know. But some, of course, are a bit better than others."

"I've been told it is one of the best," said June after a moment's deliberation.

"Which are you talking about? The one in the National Gallery, I suppose. That's the only Van Roon in this country. The Americans have robbed us of three within the last ten years."

"Yes, I've heard so," said June with a wise air.

"In my humble opinion it can't be compared with the chap in the Louvre, and they say that its stable companion, which was cut out of its frame back in the '90's and has never been found, is even finer."

"Still you think it's very valuable?"

"The one in the National Gallery? Sure! It wouldn't be there, you know, if it wasn't. The Flemish School is booming these days, and Van Roon is the pick of the bunch, and the least prolific. Tell me"—the man's small and rather furtive eyes began to twinkle—"why are you so interested in Van Roons? Is it, by any chance, that you've got one for sale?" And he laughed very softly and gently at what he evidently considered to be a rich joke.

June looked at him gravely.

"It so happens that I have," she said with a caution that seemed to give the value of drama to a simple announcement.

XXI

ADOLPH KELLER was the man's name. And, as June was to learn later, he had never felt more amused in his life. It was really a jest that he should follow a countrified-looking girl into a tea shop, get into conversation with her, and then be quietly told that she had a Van Roon to sell. There was something rather pathetic in a girl of her class making such a statement. All she could mean was that somehow she had got hold of a more or less dud copy of Sun and Cloud, that much-lithographed work in the National Gallery which in consequence was now familiar to the big public.

"So you've got a Van Roon for sale, have you?" said Adolph Keller, who was hardly able to keep from laughing outright. "Good for you! What's the size of it?"

"Sixteen inches by twelve," said June with the patness of one who prided herself, and with reason, upon a most excellent memory.

"Without the frame?"

June nodded.

"Yes, that's about the size," said Keller. "It's called Sun and Cloud, I suppose?"

"It's not called anything at present," said June, "as far as I know, although sun and cloud are in it."

"Bound to be—if it's a Van Roon."

"And there are trees as well."

"Trees, are there? A copy of the one in the National Gallery, I expect. Is there a windmill in the left-hand corner?"

There was no windmill in the left-hand corner, June declared with confidence. She remembered that [illegible]

"Then that washes out the National Gallery. I dare say it's a copy of L'Automne, in the Louvre. By the way, how did you come by it?"

"It was given to me by a gentleman, a friend of mine," said June after a moment for reflection.

"A very good friend too." The tone of the laugh had a little too much banter to be pleasant. "Isn't everybody, you know, who gives a Van Roon to his best girl. A bit of a plutocrat evidently."

June didn't know what a plutocrat was, but she was too proud to say so. She made a mental note to look up the word in the dictionary.

"How did your rich friend come by it? Do you happen to know?"

"He isn't rich," said June with a wish for perfect honesty. "He found it in a shop."

"Where was the shop?"

"It was at a place called Crowdham Market."

"Down in Suffolk. Sounds a funny place to find a Van Roon."

"It was ever so dirty when it was found. And another picture seemed to have been painted on the top of it."

"Queer." The eyes of Adolph Keller narrowed in their intentness. "Who told you it was a Van Roon?"

"The man who gave it to me."

"Who told him?"

"He found the signature." June's quiet precision owed something to the fact that she was now fully and rather deliciously aware of the effect she was making.

"What! The signature of Mynheer Van Roon?"

"Yes," said June.

The incredulity of Keller had yielded now to a powerful curiosity. He looked at June with a keenness he tried hard to veil. This was a very unlikely story, yet he knew enough of life to appreciate the fact that that was no reason why it should not be true.

Besides, this girl had such an ingenuous air that it was impossible to believe her tale was a deliberate invention. At the same time it had elements which were particularly hard to swallow.

"Why was the picture given to you?"

"I asked for it," said June, whose simple honesty now involved a telltale blush.

Mr. Keller looked her steadily in the eye, and then he laughed, but not unsympathetically.

"Your best boy, I suppose, and he could deny you nothing."

"That's it," said June awkwardly. This audacious irony was new to her, and she did not know how to meet it.

"By the way, what is this young chap of yours? An artist?"

"Yes," said June. "I suppose he is—in a way. He studies art and renovates pictures, and he knows a lot about them."

"Not so much as he thinks," said Adolph Keller, "else he would not be such a fool as to go giving away a Van Roon, even to a girl as nice and pretty as you are."

He had lowered his voice to a soft whisper that had rare sweetness and carrying power. There was something about him that was powerfully attractive; at the same time a look had crept into a pair of rather furtive eyes that was oddly repellent.

"Do you say you really have this picture in your possession?" His intentness when he put this question made June feel a little uncomfortable.

"Yes, it has been given to me."

"Could you let me see it?"

June hesitated.

"I think I could," she said after a pause.

"Well, suppose you bring it round to my studio for me to look at?"

Again June hesitated.

"As you like, of course," said Keller carelessly. "I was only thinking it might be worth your while, that's all. You see, I happen to know one or two dealers and people, and I might be able to find out for you just what it's worth."

June saw the force of this. She was in desperate straits, and this man had the appearance of a friend in need.

"Perhaps I will," she said.

"Very well," said the man. "When will you come?"

For a moment June thought hard. "I couldn't come before Thursday."

"That'll suit me. What time?"

June continued to think hard. "It would [illegible] four." She

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C A D I L L A C

There is no subtle nor secret explanation for women's preference for the Cadillac.

Delving straight to the heart of good motoring, women demand the rarest, the most unusual trait in an automobile—utter dependability.

They require that the motor car of their choice shall be so sound mechanically that they need never give it a moment's thought, save of admiration for its consistent, flawless performance.

In addition, they require that it be safe, simple, and easy to drive. Exquisite beauty, elegance of appointment and embellishment, restful travel, they expect as a matter of course.

But first, foremost, and fundamentally their demand is for complete trustworthiness; for the sureness that alone spells satisfaction, the constancy of performance that promotes peace of mind.

Granted that this is what women demand in an automobile, isn't it perfectly logical and natural that they should show unmistakable favor for the Cadillac?

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation



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Jim Henry's Column

A Lesson from the Nursery

Reflect on how a baby is cared for. The tiny body floats, you might almost say, in fairy-like coverings of talcum powder, sheerest linen and wool and silk, resting on eiderdown. Every precaution is taken to protect Baby's skin from irritation.

That is because it is recognized that discomfort in babyhood not only checks growth but is instrumental in developing a nervous petulance which may be a characteristic through life.

The point is that comfort is just as necessary for you as it is for a baby, and discomfort is just as harmful.

When you are uncomfortable—when your skin itches and clothes stick to you and the acids of perspiration irritate—your nerves get scratchy and you are unhappy and comparatively useless.

If you had a nurse to look after your comfort, she would keep your skin well covered with Mennen Borated Talcum in hot weather, just as millions and millions of babies have been protected by Mennen's.

That's what Mennen Borated Talcum is—a protection—an almost invisible, mildly antiseptic film which covers the skin and prevents friction.

You'll see what I mean if you will borrow the nursery Mennen Talcum tomorrow and shake it all over yourself after your bath. Your street clothes will feel loose as pajamas. You'll get through a hot day with less nervous strain. Keep it up all Summer and you will admit the importance to health of skin comfort.

About all I need to say about the quality of Mennen Borated Talcum is that it is almost certainly the kind they use in your nursery—the one place in your house where there is never any compromise on quality. Baby always gets the best.

Mennen Borated Talcum costs a quarter at all drug stores.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.



(Continued from Page 26)

"All right," said the man briskly. "You'll find me at the Haliburton Street Studios up till five o'clock on Thursday. Number Four. Give a good ring; the bell is a bit out of gear. My name is Keller. Can you remember it or shall I write it down for you, with the address?"

"Write them down for me, please."

The man tore a leaf from a notebook, and wrote his name and address with a fountain pen: Adolph Keller, 4, Haliburton Street Studio, Manning Square, Soho. When he had done this and given it to her, he tore out another leaf and asked her to write down hers.

This she accordingly did, and then the sudden thought of William's tea caused her to rise abruptly.

Mr. Keller wished to pay her bill, which was fivepence, but she declined to let him.

"*Au revoir!* Thursday afternoon. Manning Square is only about three minutes from here. Don't forget," were the words with which he took leave of her. "Bring it along. I dare say I'll be able to tell you whether it is genuine, and perhaps give you an idea of its value."

He laughed slightly, and then offered his hand in a very friendly manner. She took it with a reluctance she was rather ashamed of showing. He was so kind, so agreeable, so anxious to be of use that there seemed no warrant for the subtle complexity of feeling he had aroused in her.

XXII

JUNE'S way home to New Cross Street was fraught with questioning. Much would depend on what she did now. She felt that her whole life was about to turn on the decision she had to take in a very difficult matter.

There was no one to guide her, not a soul on whose advice she might lean. But before she had returned to the threshold of S. Gedge, Antiques, she had made a resolve to get immediate possession of the picture and to let this Mr. Keller have a look at it. She did not altogether like him, it was true. But the feeling was irrational; she must be sensible enough not to let it set her against him without due cause. For he was a friend whom Providence had unmistakably thrown in her way, and there was no other to whom she might turn.

William was a broken reed. With all his perception and talent he was likely to prove hopeless now that Uncle Si was setting his wits to work to obtain the picture for himself. William's devotion to his master's interest would be simply fatal to her scheme. For the sake of them both June felt she must take full advantage of the heaven-sent opportunity provided by this Mr. Keller.

Other decisions, too, would have to be made. As soon as Uncle Si knew the picture was hers he would almost certainly carry out his threat of putting her in the street; at least she was no judge of character if the event proved otherwise. A means of livelihood must be sought at once. That afternoon's experience of Oxford Street had opened up new vistas, which, however, might lead nowhere. But even if she could not get employment in a shop Mr. Keller's offer of work as an artist's model at five shillings an hour must not be lightly put aside.

The first thing to be done, however, was to clinch William's gift of the picture once and for all. She made up her mind that it should be consummated then and there, before the return of Uncle Si from Newbury.

As soon as William had been given his tea she broached the subject. But when she asked for immediate and exclusive possession his crest fell.

"I was still hoping, Miss June," the simpleton owned, "that you'd let the dear old master have this lovely thing. It has come to mean so much to him, you see. I will get another one for you."

"Not another Van Roon," said June sharply.

"No, I'm afraid I couldn't promise a Van Roon." A cloud passed over William's face. "But I might be able to pick up something quite good, which perhaps you would come to like as much."

June shook a disconsolate head.

"I don't think," she said in a slow voice as she fixed her eyes on the wall in front of her, "there is another picture in the world I should value so much as that one. I simply love that picture."

William was troubled.

"The old master loves it too."

"But you gave it to me, you know." June was painfully conscious of a swift deepening of color.

The plain fact was not denied.

"You mustn't think me very hard and grasping if I hold you to the bargain."

"No, Miss June. If you insist of course the picture is yours."

"To do with just as I like?"

"Why, yes, certainly."

June proceeded to take the bull by the horns. "Very well," she said. "After supper I shall ask you to hand it over to me, and I will put it in a place of safety."

William sighed heavily. He seemed almost on the verge of tears. June simply loathed the part she was playing. The only consolation was that she was acting quite as much in his interest as in her own.

Uncle Si came in shortly before eight. He sat down to supper in quite a good humor. For once the old man was in high conversational feather.

It was clear that his mind was still full of the picture. Without subscribing for one moment to William's preposterous theory that the thing was a genuine Van Roon, he had had a further talk on the matter with his friend, Mr. Thornton, with whom he had traveled down to Newbury; moreover, he had arranged with that gentleman to bring his friend, Duponnet, the famous Paris expert who was now in London, to come and look at it on Thursday afternoon. M. Duponnet, who knew more about Van Roon than anybody living and had had several pass through his hands in the last ten years, would be able to say positively whether William was wrong and S. Gedge, Antiques, was right, or—with a devout gesture for which June longed to pull his ugly nose—vice versa.

The time had now come for June to show her hand. Very quietly indeed her bolt was launched: William had given the picture to her.

The old man simply stared at her. It was clear, however, that his thoughts were running so hard upon M. Duponnet and the higher potentialities that just at first he was not able to grasp the significance of June's bald statement.

So that there should be no doubt about the position June modestly repeated it.

"Given it to you!" said the old man, a light beginning to break. "How do you mean—given it to you?"

Calmly, patiently, June threw a little more light on the subject. And while she did so her eyes were fixed with veiled defiance upon the face of Uncle Si. The thought uppermost in her mind was that he took it far better than could have been expected.

"Given it to you," he kept on saying to himself softly. There was no explosion. "Given it to you," he kept on. He grew a little green about the gills, and that was all.

At last he turned to William. "Boy, what's this? Is the girl daft?" The mildness of tone was astonishing.

William explained as well as he could. It was a lame and halting performance, and at that moment June was not proud of him. But she was even less proud of herself. The part she was playing, gloss it over as one might, was ignoble. And William's embarrassment was rather painful to witness. He stammered a good deal, he grew red and nervous; and all the while the voice of his kind and good master became more deeply reproachful, and melted finally in a note of real pathos.

"How could you do such a thing?" he said. "Why, you know as well as I do, my boy, that I would have given you anything in reason for that picture—anything in reason."

And there he sat at his supper, the very image of outraged benevolence and enthusiasm, a Christian with a halo!

"Old serpent!" said the fierce eyes that June fixed upon his face. For a moment it looked as if the old wretch was going to shed tears. But no, he was content with a mild snuffle, and that was all.

XXIII

BY BEDTIME, when June went to her attic, she had fully made up her mind that there must be no half measures now. She feared Uncle Si more than ever. There was something in that snuffle at the supper table, in that whine of outraged feeling, in that down-gazing eye that was far more formidable than any mere outburst of violence. Here was such a depth of hypocrisy that she must look out.

A light was showing under the studio door. June's knock met with a prompt invitation to enter. William was affectionately lingering over a few final touches, which should prove beyond a doubt the authenticity of this masterpiece.

"Have you got it really clean at last?" said June, trying to speak lightly, yet not succeeding.

Emotional strain could not be so easily concealed; and—uncomfortable thought—her acting was not so finished as that of the old crocodile.

"Yes," said William with a little thrill of rapture. "And how wonderful it is!"

June agreed. "Yes, wonderful!" Also with a little thrill of rapture, yet loathing herself because her tone was so vibrant; the old crocodile was not to have a walk-over after all! "And now if you don't mind I'll put it in a place of safety."

He flashed one swift glance at her. "But, Miss June, isn't it quite safe here?"

"I should just think it wasn't!" leaped to the tip of her tongue. But Uncle Si's masterly snuffle recalled to her mind the value of meiosis. Thus she had recourse to a gentle "I think I'll sleep better if I take care of it myself," which sounded quite disarming.

With one of his deep sighs which made her feel a perfect beast, William handed over the picture.

"If you only knew, if you could only guess what pleasure this exquisite thing would give the dear old master ——"

Overcome by a kind of nausea June fled headlong to the room next door. She groped for her candle, found and lit it; and then proceeded to bury the treasure at the bottom of her trunk. Heaping and pressing down as many things upon the picture as the trunk would hold, she locked it carefully and put the key in her purse. Then she undressed, knelt and said her prayers; she then blew out the candle and crept into bed with a stifling sense of disgust, tempered by grim satisfaction.

XXIV

NEXT morning at the breakfast table June looked for developments. To her surprise, however, things went their accustomed way, except that if anything Uncle Si was a little more amiable than usual. He made no reference to the Van Roon; but it was referred to in his manner, since he bore bacon and coffee to his lips with the air of a known good man deeply wounded in his private feelings.

Not a feather of this by-play was lost upon his niece; and no doubt, what was of more importance, it was not lost upon William. But its impact was very different in the two cases. While June simply longed to hit the old crocodile upon his long and wicked nose William seemed hardset to refrain from tears.

About midday, however, while June was in the back kitchen preparing a meal, Uncle Si came to her.

"Niece," he said in the new voice whose softness June found so formidable, "you remember the other day I told you to look for a job?"

June nodded.

"Have you got one?"

"No, I haven't."

"Well, Mrs. R. is coming back on Monday, so the sooner you get fixed up the better. Your best plan, I think, is to go this afternoon and have your name put down at a registry office as a cook-general. Cook-generals earn good money, and they live all found. Your cooking won't be the Carlton or the Ritz, of course"—a gleam of frosty humor played upon that subtle face—"but you seem strong and willing, and you know how to boil a potato, and no doubt you'll improve with experience."

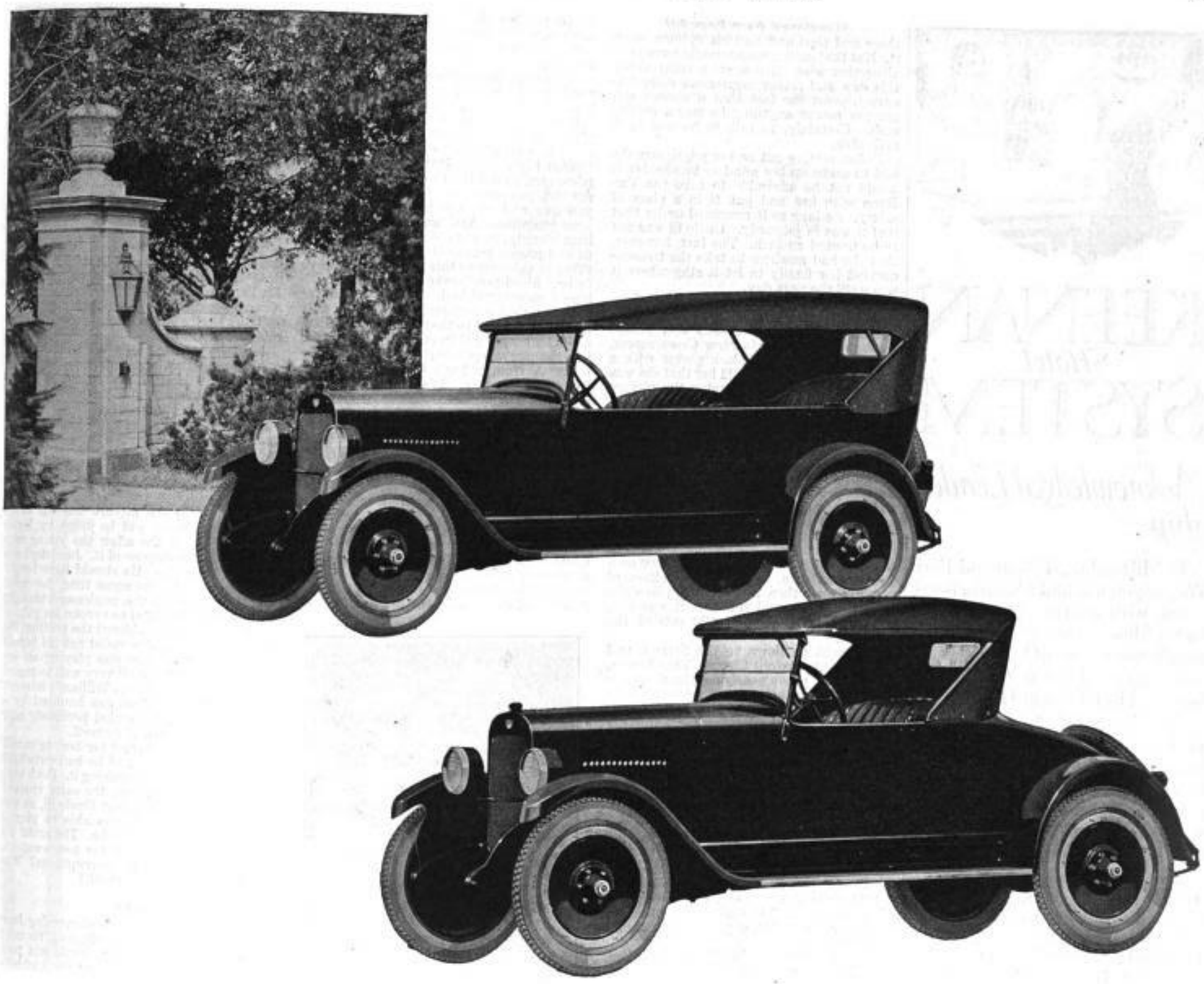
June felt inclined to curtsy. The old wretch plainly felt that he was giving her a handsome testimonial. But at the back of her mind were anger and contempt, and it was as much as she could do to prevent their peeping out.

After dinner, as soon as the table was clear and the pots washed, she proceeded to take Uncle Si at his word. She decided to go out at once and look for a place, which however, except as a last resort, should not be domestic service. To begin with, she would try the shops, or perhaps the dressmakers, as her mother always said she was handy with her needle; or, failing these, she might consider the exciting proposal of becoming an artist's model.

Fixing her hat before the crazy looking-glass the thought of Mr. Keller recurred to her mind. Had the day only been Thursday she could have taken the picture to him

(Continued on Page 30)

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The Good

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Acknowledged Leadership

In Milwaukee, Toledo and Fort Wayne you will find a leading hotel—one with all the cheerful comforts of home—one where the best people meet—one of better service—and you will find that this leading hotel is a Keenan Hotel.

The beautiful, home-like appointments, the friendly atmosphere and the courteous and willing service of an efficient staff cause people to return to our hotels each year, and give Keenan unchallenged leadership.

Keenan Hotels are leaders because it is the creed of the Keenan System to give the guest every courtesy, service and consideration possible, to want you to get a little more attention than you expected, so that when you leave you will feel fully satisfied that we have given service supreme.

You will also find the dining rooms of Keenan Hotels very popular. Our cuisine service is such as to meet the requirements of the most particular guest, and our prices are moderate.

Sales managers should note when routing their salesmen that only those itineraries which take in these cities are made out to the best advantage when they include the Keenan Hotels.

THE PLANKINTON
Milwaukee

THE WALDORF
Toledo

THE ANTHONY
Fort Wayne

Acknowledged Leaders



(Continued from Page 28)

there and then and had his opinion upon it. Not that such a course would have been altogether wise. She knew nothing about this new and rather mysterious acquaintance beyond the fact that if speech and manner meant anything he was a gentleman. Certainly, to talk to he was most agreeable.

Before setting out on her pilgrimage she had to make up her mind as to whether it would not be advisable to take the Van Roon with her and put it in a place of safety. So long as it remained under that roof it was in jeopardy. Uncle Si was not to be trusted an inch. The fact, however, that she had nowhere to take the treasure decided her finally to let it stay where it was until the next day.

Anyway, it was under lock and key. That was something to be thankful for; yet as she came downstairs and passed through the shop into New Cross Street, drawing on her neat black gloves with a sinking heart, instinct told her that she was taking a grave risk in leaving the picture behind.

No, S. Gedge, Antiques, was not to be trusted for a moment. Of that she was quite sure. By the time she had gone twenty yards along the street this feeling of insecurity took such a hold upon her that she stopped abruptly and faced about. To go back or not to go back? Indecision was unlike her, but never was it so hard to make up her mind. Could it be that Uncle Si was as wicked as she thought? Perhaps she had now become the prey of her own guilty conscience. In any case, she knew of nowhere just then in which to place the precious thing; and this fact it was that turned the scale and finally settled the question.

She went on down to the Strand, and took a bus to Oxford Circus. That Mecca, alas, did not prove nearly so stimulating as on the previous afternoon. As soon as she came really to grips with that most daunting of all tasks, the looking for a job, her hopes and her courage were woefully dashed: Real pluck was needed to enter such a palace as David Jones, Limited, to go up without faltering to some haughty overseer in a frock coat and spats and ask if an assistant was wanted.

Three times, in various shops, she screwed herself to the heroic pitch of asking that difficult question. Three times she met with a chilling response. And the only gleam of hope was on the last occasion.

"There is one vacancy, I believe," said Olympian Zeus. "But all applicants must apply by letter for a personal interview with the manager."

Sooner than renew the attempt just then, June felt she would prefer to die. A girl from the provinces, new to London and its ways, without credentials or friends or knowledge of the ropes, must not expect to be taken on—at any rate in Oxford Street.

Much cast down she returned to her tea shop of yesterday. Seated at the same table her mind went back to the fascinating acquaintance she had made there. Was it possible that a career had been offered her? Or was the suggestion of this new friend merely the outcome of a keen interest in the picture?

It could not be so entirely, because she clearly remembered that Mr. Keller had proposed her sitting to him as a model before she had mentioned the picture at all.

She went back to New Cross Street in a state of gloom; her mind was dominated by a sense of being up against it. And this unhappy feeling was not lessened by the discovery she made as soon as she entered that cold and uninviting garret: In her absence the lock of her trunk had been forced and the picture taken away.

The tragedy was exactly what she had foreseen. But faced by the bitter fact she was swept by a tempest of rage. It could be the work of only one person. Her fear and dislike of Uncle Si rose to hatred now.

In a surge of anger she went downstairs and in the presence of William charged Uncle Si.

"You've been at my box!" she stormed.

He looked at her with a kind of calm pensiveness over the top of his spectacles.

"If you lock away things, my girl, that don't belong to you I'm afraid you'll have to stand the racket."

So lofty, so severe was the old man's tone that for the moment June was staggered.

"It's stealing!" she cried, returning, hectic, to the attack.

Uncle Si waggled a magisterial finger in her face. "Niece," he said with a quietude which put her at a disadvantage, "I mus ask you not to make an exhibition of your self. Have the goodness to hold you tongue."

June maintained the charge. "The pic ture's mine. William gave it me. You'v broken open my box and stolen it."

S. Gedge, Antiques, after a mild sid glance in the direction of William, pro ceeded to fix a glacial eye upon his niece "What I have to say is this." His tone wa more magisterial than ever. "At present my girl, you are under age, and as long a you live with me the law regards me a your guardian. And, as I have told Wil liam already, in my opinion you are not fit and proper person to have the care of thing so valuable as this picture may prov to be. Mind you"—the old fox gave Wil liam a meaningful look—"I don't go so fa as to say that it is valuable, but I say tha it might be. And in that case I can't allow a mere ignorant girl from the country, who in a manner of speaking, doesn't know th letter A from a pig's foot, to accept i from you, my boy. It's very generous o you, and I hope she's thanked you prop erly, but if I allow her to take it som unscrupulous dealer is sure to bamboozl her out of it. That's assuming it's valu able—which, of course, I don't go so far a to say that it is."

"Thief!" stormed June. "Wicked thief!"

However, she knew well enough that i was a real pity to let her feelings get th better of her; it enabled the old crocodil to shine so much by comparison. He ad dressed himself to William in his most sanctimonious manner. For the good of all concerned, such a bee-yew-ti-ful thing—it sickened June to see the old humbug lift



PEERLESS

JULY 1922

Humanizing the Motor Car

A really fine motor car attracts an eager and an appreciative market in America as surely as a magnet attracts steel.

Of all the conveniences and commodities of modern civilization, it is still the one most desired.

But it must be truly fine, in the strict and literal meaning of the word—and that fineness is the fruit of a combination of elements rarely attained.

Engineering genius is not enough, nor metallurgical skill, nor mastery of design, nor scrupulous choice of materials, nor fine manufacturing equipment, nor unlimited financial strength.

After all these have been supplied, the history of the past twenty-five years has proven time and again that something else must be superadded which spells the difference between the ordinary and the exceptional.

That something else is almost like a transmutation of the lifeless metals which enter into the construction of the car.

It endows the completed product with an entity as much its own as the personality of a human being.

Neither technical skill, nor scientific accuracy, nor soundness of theory, nor all of them combined, *necessarily* confers this peculiar identity upon a motor car.

Motor cars are built for human beings, who re-act to them continuously, in brain and body, with every pulse of the motor and every turn of the wheel.

It is important, therefore, that engineer, and designer, and metallurgist, and manufacturer, alike, shall warm the cold processes of theory and practice, with constant remembrance of flesh and blood.

When such a car is achieved, it is not merely mobile in the highest sense of that word, but instantly obedient to every demand of human ease and enjoyment.

It is only achieved when the individual craftsman submerges the ego of his genius and unites with his fellows in harmonious group-action under intelligent direction.

When such group-action and direction are assured, and when the hard mechanical processes are mellowed, and softened, and humanized—then, and only then, does a motor car become the perfect personal servant.

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Dealers who sell genuine *Gold-Seal* Congoleum usually display this same Gold Seal—in large size—in their show windows. Look for it.

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What woman doesn't want to avoid the dusty sweeping that woven rugs and carpets require? *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs eliminate that wearisome work once and for all. These waterproof, sanitary rugs are wonderful time-savers.

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And the patterns are a joy to every woman of taste—rich, colorful, Oriental and Chinese designs for bedroom, living-room, and dining-room—trim conventional ones for kitchen and bathroom.

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No fastenings of any kind are needed to make Congoleum Rugs lie flat—they never curl or turn up at the edges.

If there's a room in your home you want to make more attractive, don't fail to see these rugs. They bring the charm of artistic floor-coverings at amazingly low prices.

Note the Low Prices

6 x 9 ft.	$ 8.10	9 x 9 ft.	$12.15
7½ x 9 ft.	10.10	9 x 10½ ft.	14.15
9 x 12 ft.	$16.20		

The rugs illustrated are made only in the five large sizes. The small rugs are made in patterns to harmonize with them.

1½ x 3 ft.	$ .50	3 x 4½ ft.	$1.50
3 x 3 ft.	1.00	3 x 6 ft.	2.00

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South, west of the Mississippi and in Canada are higher than those quoted.

Write for "Modern Rugs for Modern Homes," showing all the beautiful patterns in full color.

Gold Seal CONGOLEUM ART-RUGS

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(Continued from Page 30)

"Dare to touch my box again and I shall go straight to the police."

Uncle Si didn't care a straw for the police. She had not the slightest claim upon him; in fact, she was living on his charity. As for the picture, it had nothing whatever to do with the matter.

At this point it was that William showed himself to be true-blue. He had been standing by, unwilling witness of these passages. Anxiously concerned, he could no longer keep silent.

"Beg your pardon, sir," he said, stammering painfully and flushing deeply, "but if Miss June leaves the house I'm afraid I'll have to go as well."

This was a thunderbolt. S. Gedge, Antiques, opened his mouth in wide astonishment. He gasped like a carp. The atmospheric displacement was terrific. Slowly the old man took off his selling spectacles and replaced them with his buying ones. Certainly the effect was to make him look a shade less truculent, but at the moment there was no other result. "Boy, don't talk like a fool," was all he could say.

William, however, was not to be moved. He never found it easy to make up his mind; for him to reach a decision in things that mattered was a slow and trying process. But the task achieved, it was for good or ill. His stammers and blushes were a little ludicrous; he seemed near to tears, but the open hostility of his master could not deflect him an inch.

"Never in my born days did I hear the like!" S. Gedge, Antiques, seethed like a viper's nest. "Boy, you ought to be bled for the simples to let a paltry hussy get round you in this way."

"Give me the picture, Uncle Si," cried the paltry hussy with a force that made him blink, "and I'll take precious good care you don't see me again."

The old man whinnied with rage. But he had not the least intention of giving up the picture; nor had he the least intention of giving up that which was almost as valuable, the services of his right-hand man. William was irreplaceable. And the instant his master realized that this odd fellow was very much in earnest he saw that there was only one line to take. He must temporize. With all the tact he could muster—and on occasion the old man could muster a good deal—the old crocodile proceeded to do so.

The firing of his niece should stand in abeyance for the time being. He gave solemn warning, however, that she must get a job right away, as his mind was quite made up that he was not going to find house room for the likes of her an hour longer than he could help.

As for the boy, of whom he had always held such a high opinion ever since the day he had first picked him out of the gutter, and upon whom he had lavished a father's kindness, he was really quite at a loss—with a snuffle of heart-melting pathos—to know how to put his deeply wounded feelings into words.

For June, all the same, the upshot was victory. The inevitable packing of her box could be postponed to her own good time. But well she knew that the reprieve was due to William, and to him alone. It was his splendid, unexpected intervention that had enabled her to win the day.

The previous evening harsh thoughts of the sawney had crept into her heart. After giving her the picture, surely it was his duty to take a stronger line upon the rape of it. But that phase of weakness was forgotten now. He had come out nobly. At a most critical moment he had fought her battle; and he had fought it with magical effect.

All was forgiven. He was true-blue.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE HERO

(Continued from Page 8)

reproach into this confession, and when she ignored the remark he added: "Just been stung for a cold thousand bucks—got to make up for it somehow."

She met his eyes again. "You'll be harder to sting after you've spent a while at Mrs. Fenton's."

Her lips shut neatly. He informed himself that he'd underestimated her nerve, after all. She wasn't going to crack at a hint or two. He'd have to use stronger methods to make her come through.

He considered the problem deliberately as the train slid over the flat, depressing marshes. Perhaps it would be better to have it out with her alone—he'd go to Mrs. Fenton's on pretext of inspecting the rooms and sampling the fare. He'd get a chance, there, to bring her to terms. A public place like this wasn't suitable for such interviews.

"What's the box for?"

He might as well continue the attack on her self-control in the meantime.

"Lunch. I save time that way."

She spoke absently, absorbed in her reading. He scowled. This wasn't getting anywhere at all. He hadn't counted on such professional hardness. He'd better come out flat-footed. These roundabout approaches were no good.

He was still experimenting mentally with accusing phrases when they reached Wonalancit, aware of a mounting impatience with his absurd timidity. The town surprised him by looking rather nice, with its little row of stores on each side of a wide somnolent road, its widely spaced houses set in shaded lawns and gardens. There was a pleasing feel in the air, too, he decided; it was perceptibly cooler than the city, and he had a sense of its cleanness after the diluted smoke which was Pittland's atmosphere.

He'd go through the motions of looking at Mrs. Whatshername's rooms—stay for supper, maybe. And after that he could settle things with this girl—get the money out of her somehow. No sense bringing things to a head just yet. Let her worry and wonder a while. Serve her right to have a few bad minutes.

He continued to procrastinate during the short walk to the white frame house under the graceful elms. Here, as he stared blankly, Edna Rowan opened the leather lunch box and removed a folded napkin, nothing more. She left it on the marble-topped, knock-kneed table in the front hall, and departed to fetch the proprietress. He made sure that it was empty. She must have got rid of the money during the afternoon, after all. He agreed absently with Mrs. Fenton's favorable comments on the upper room she showed him, his thoughts dwelling gloomily on a new view of his late behavior.

He'd given her all the chance in the world to get away with that money—she could have left the office a dozen times during the afternoon without his knowing it; she could have mailed the bills away without even leaving her desk; she could have turned them over to some accomplice summoned by telephone for the purpose. And now it was going to be a mighty ticklish job to prove that she'd taken it at all—he realized that he'd already convinced Amos Harlow that Ollie Rand was the thief. His only chance was to catch Edna Rowan herself in some revealing blunder. And to do that, he decided abruptly, he'd better live where he could watch her as closely as possible. Besides, he'd have to live where it was cheap till he recovered the loot and could count on his weekly forty again.

"I'll take it," he said suddenly. "Move my stuff out tomorrow."

Mrs. Fenton archly admitted that her guests usually settled their bills in advance. He gave her two of his five-dollar bills, and went down to supper prepared for the worst. But the food wasn't bad, and there was plenty of it, and the other boarders were pleased to meet him, and he was, moreover, given the chair directly opposite Edna Rowan's.

He decided not to say anything to her tonight. As things stood there was no reason for haste; it would be better to wait till he could back up his accusation with hard facts. He took the 8:30 back to town and gloomily packed his belongings. This hero stuff ——

III

OLLIE RAND reflected unhappily that the Old Man wouldn't have taken any such tone in the old days. Barking at him!

"But I'm no good at selling, Mr. Harlow."

Harlow's heavy brows gathered. "Who asked you if you were? I told you to get out and cover city sales till Callum gets back, didn't I? Didn't open a debate about it. And get this too: Covering city sales means bringing in city orders, Ollie, not excuses."

Ollie stood his ground. Harlow thought he was an embezzler, but that didn't make him one. He didn't have to stand for slave driving from anybody. He honestly meant to say exactly that. Something happened to the words on their way from brain to lip.

"But I've got my own work to do."

"Shucks! Any girl in the office can handle a job like that. Get a good one from Miss Laney and break her in. Ought to 've done it long ago."

Ollie inspected the unfriendly face for some hint of the old amiability and found none. Again his intended refusal underwent an involuntary metamorphosis in transit.

"All right, sir."

He went out, aghast at the prospect. He'd always felt secretly sorry for the salesmen. Instead of hunting for pleasant, safe inside jobs they went out looking for trouble. He had never envied even Riker, the star, his commissions. Forty a week and peace was a lot better than a couple of hundred the way Riker had to work.

He permitted three of Callum's customers to flub him off with evasions before he realized that he would presently have to repeat their remarks to the Old Man. Even his guiltless conscience failed to quiet the pang of alarm with which he observed that it was after eleven. He attacked the next prospect with the determination engendered by his memory of Harlow's new tone. It surprised him a little, below his relief, to find himself entering a respectable order; he wasn't a salesman; this was just a piece of bull luck. He consulted his watch. Twenty minutes left before noon—hardly worth while to tackle the next card till after lunch. Still—he might as well. He'd have to get back in time to see what that darned girl was doing with the books. He booked another little order, still impressed with a sense of its purely accidental quality. But after lunch in an armchair restaurant he began to think that he might have overestimated the difficulty of selling goods. These customers seemed willing enough to listen; he reflected that Callum was certainly no mental giant, and Callum had always managed to justify his drawing account.

Harlow, demanding a report, grunted sulkily:

"Thought you'd do it when you had to. Next time don't try to tell me you've got lockjaw."

Ollie hesitated. "Do I get the regular commission on this business, Mr. Harlow?"

Harlow looked up. "Get credit for it—on that shortage. Pay it back quicker that way. Being pretty easy on you anyhow."

"But ——" Ollie had harbored a pleasing vision of going back to the club, and it faded reluctantly. "But ——"

"That's all!" barked Harlow. "Try to argue with me, will you, when by rights I'd ought to be prosecuting you this minute? Don't you have the impudence to talk back to me! I'm a fool not to collect from the bonding company and let them sweat it out of your hide."

Ollie retreated on tiptoe. After six weeks of surveillance he had nothing definite on Edna Rowan, and every day of these forty-two had helped to solidify the case against him. He would have taken a little comfort in criticizing the work of his new assistant, but even this was denied him. She'd handled it exactly as he had told her. He indulged himself in a little grumbling as he rode out to Wonalancit with Miss Rowan, but she listened without sympathy.

"I should think you'd be glad to pick up the extra money, you're always talking about being so hard up."

Ollie scowled. She knew perfectly well why he was hard up. Not that he'd told her in so many words as yet, but of course she must guess that the Old Man was holding him responsible for that missing thousand. He wavered on the edge of downright accusation, and drew back. Better wait; she'd give herself away sometime or other. If he said anything now she'd only sit tight and challenge him to prove it.

"Of course I can see why you hate it—selling, I mean." She folded her paper neatly. "It takes more—more nerve than

(Continued on Page 35)

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What Columbias do

—furnish ignition current for tractors
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—call the police
—ring fire alarms
—buzz buzzers
—fire blasts
—run toys
—call Pullman car porters
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Elimination of parts requiring attention or delicate adjustment is a sound principle of mechanics. Therefore on tractors, where conditions are hardest, the Columbia "Hot Shot" Battery is the most satisfactory ignition. *Requires no adjustment nor attention;* gives more power, lasts longer, and is obtainable everywhere at little cost

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(Continued from Page 33)

sitting behind a desk and doing girl's work for girl's pay."

He always hated her when she used that tone—brisk, cool, superior, as if she had a right to patronize him. He chuckled.

"Guess I've got as much nerve as the next fellow," he said. It seemed a lame retort. "I can sell if I want to. Got as much business today as Callum could have."

She shrugged. The skeptical gesture irritated him.

"You watch if you don't believe it. I'll be covering city sales till Callum gets out of the hospital, anyway."

"And then you'll go back to filling pay envelopes and running errands to the bank." She opened the paper again. "There's no accounting for tastes. You must like living at Mrs. Fenton's and commuting."

"Don't you?" He opened his eyes at the sudden intensity of her tone.

"I don't. That's why I'm doing it. I'll be through with it that much sooner for every dollar I can save."

He shrugged. "It's not so bad, as boarding houses go. And I kind of like living out of the city this way."

"Boarding houses!" Again her voice puzzled him. "Wait till you've lived in them as long as I have! I was born in one—my mother ran it. I've never lived anywhere else! But I'm going to some day! I'm going to! I'm going to!"

He was interested now. This was his first light on her motive for stealing that thousand. If he encouraged her, diplomatically, she might give herself clear away.

"Tell me," he said. "I wouldn't mind a change myself."

She laughed grimly. "Oh, you don't hate them enough. It's different, anyway. You're a man. You don't know how a woman gets to hate living with a lot of strangers—how I'd just about steal, sometimes, to have a place that belonged to me—my own stove to cook on, my own things ——" She stopped. "Now laugh. I know it's funny."

He shook his head slowly. "I don't see it. Sounds good to me. Never thought much about it myself, but I can see what you mean. It isn't natural, when you come right down to it, living around in a rented room this way. I'd sort of like to be back in the old house again myself—always wanted to get a dog, but you can't do it till you get a place of your own."

He was startled by the glow in her face. "A dog! I'm going to have the ugliest, noisiest Airedale alive, and two big cats and a parrot and ——"

"I like a collie," he objected. "We had one when I was a kid, that could just about talk—brainiest dog there is, if you get the old-fashioned kind. None of these modern flat-headed ——"

In the heat of the debate he forgot to draw the inference that this girl had robbed his desk to bring that shaggy Airedale a thousand dollars nearer reality. And when it did occur to him, after supper, he saw nothing absurd about it all. After all it was a poor business, this living in a hired room and eating in public. No wonder she hated it. He discovered that he was good and fed up with it himself. But she was all wrong about the dog—a collie was what she wanted; he'd have to argue her out of that Airedale idea.

He had to force his thoughts back to the main issue. She'd put that stolen thousand in with her savings, of course; that was perfectly clear now. He could make her give it back; probably she was already sorry she'd taken it. Just a crazy impulse when she saw it lying there on his desk—and no way to return it once she'd taken it. All he'd have to do would be to ask her for it probably. She wasn't so hard as he'd thought.

He decided not to be in a hurry about it. She wouldn't spend it. And it was going to be a mean job, anyway, making her give it back. He'd pick the right time. Too bad he couldn't afford to forget it; a girl that wanted a home and a dog bad enough to steal to get them ——

He began to contemplate a new, preposterous benevolence. After all, he'd already borne the blame of that theft; and he'd paid back pretty nearly two hundred of the amount, counting the commissions on today's orders. If he kept on selling at anything like that rate he'd be almost square with Harlow by the time Callum was fit for duty again. He laughed at himself for even considering such a crazy stunt. Let that girl get away with a cold thousand—a thousand that came right out of Ollie Rand's pocket! He'd better look up an alienist; he must be going dippy or he wouldn't even have thought of it!

He'd have a showdown with her the first thing in the morning. On the train. He'd been a blithering sentimental ass long enough about this thing. A girl he didn't even like—a girl who openly despised him as a weak sister, a cold-footed, cinch-hunting quitter.

He had almost convinced her about the collie matter by the time they left the train in the morning. He'd open the other topic, he decided, when he could talk to her alone. The train was no place for such talk, anyway. And there wasn't any hurry, now that he knew where the money was.

IV

"CALLUM'S not coming back till spring. You let that girl tend to the cashier job, and get your back into city sales as if you meant it. You've done all the soft sitting you're going to do around this shop."

Ollie Rand nodded. He had rather enjoyed listening to Harlow's bark lately. The Old Man imagined that he was punishing Ollie by driving him outside, where a fellow could make twice a cashier's pay and only hustle enough to keep his appetite in good shape! If he'd stayed inside all summer he'd still owe half that thousand. As it was—he coughed gently and Harlow looked up from his resumed labors to scowl interrogatively.

"Just wanted to tell you I'm square with the cash drawer, sir. Last week's commissions ——"

Harlow grunted. "S'pose I didn't know that? Think you can lie down on the job now, do you? Just try it and see what happens!"

Ollie shook his head. "I just wanted to—to thank you. I guess I needed a lesson, all right. I got it."

Harlow seemed to relax a little of his hostility.

"Well, what is it? Want your old job back, do you? Well, you don't get it—that's final. You can stay outside or you can quit, but ——"

"Not a chance!" Ollie laughed. "Been averaging around a hundred outside. Forty doesn't look good to me any more. That's what I was thanking you for—kicking me out into a regular he-job."

There was another perceptible relenting in the Old Man's look. He surveyed Ollie deliberately and leaned back. Something in his eye disturbed Ollie's complacent mood.

"Ollie, who did you think took that thousand off your desk?"

Ollie stared.

"Why—why, I told you—I—I was short ——"

Harlow chuckled. "You did it a whole lot better the first time. Almost made me believe you, the way you looked and talked, when you came in with your story. Did think you meant it till I counted your cash myself. And by that time I got the idea."

Ollie saw that he must stick to his guns. "I don't know what you're talking about, Mr. Harlow. I was short ——"

Harlow shook his head. "Maybe I ought to keep still even now. It made a first-class club, and perhaps I'll need it again, but I'll take a chance that you're cured. Just about ready to quit bothering with you, Ollie, when you came in with that line of movie-hero talk. Tried every way I knew to make you show a little ambition; knew that if I fired you somebody else'd give you another desk job—somebody who didn't care a whoop whether you ever got out of it or not. Didn't want to pass you up. Good blood in you. Shame to let it go to waste. But I was just about through. Darn you, Ollie, I used to do everything but go down on my knees and beg you to work, didn't I?"

Ollie Rand felt his cheeks warming uncomfortably. Somehow his summer's work had infected him with something very much like the Old Man's attitude toward desk jobs. But he was still mystified, still unreasonably afraid that by some hook or crook Harlow had found out the truth. Even in his bewilderment he found a thought to spare for this phenomenon: Why should he be afraid of that? Wasn't it exactly what he wanted?

"Had me buffaloed at first when you pulled that phony confession on me. Couldn't for the life of me see what you were up to. Didn't really guess till you moved out to Wonalancit. Then, of course ——"

Ollie shook his head helplessly. "I don't see ——"

Harlow chuckled. "Well, I did. Only what gets me is why you didn't ask her about it. Been waiting for her to get remorse and own up in the last reel? Ollie, I don't believe there's another one like you on earth!"

He wagged his head admiringly. Ollie, groping in a bewildering mental fog, stuck to his story:

"She didn't take it. I ——"

"Ollie, you're giving yourself credit for being a high-grade liar when you're only telling the low-down truth. She didn't take it, and nobody but you would have thought she did. A girl like that!" The Old Man sobered. "I needed some cash in a hurry—I was sending Simsbury over to Sweden on that hot tip we had about the government contract, and I didn't want to fuss with the safe to get it. Only had time enough to make the train as it was. Just grabbed a thousand off your desk and beat it. If you hadn't been all excited about buying a case of bootleg you'd have heard me. I could hear you, all right."

"I don't see why you let me think ——"

"I told you why. At first I thought you really had helped yourself. Then when I counted up the cash I doped it out right. Always thought you were most kinds of a fool, Ollie, but it hit me right between the eyes to find you were that kind too! Mighty near told you right then, but I happened to think that as long as you believed I had a whip over you I could make you hear it crack. Only chance I ever had to jam you into a job and make you like it."

Ollie drew a long breath. He saw the Old Man writing a check which presently touched his own fingers. His order, a thousand dollars! He realized dimly that he had been slaving all summer to scrape his own money together. A thousand dollars—Ollie Rand's thousand. He heard his voice repeating the words. Harlow laughed again.

"They say it's the hardest thousand to get, and the biggest, Ollie. I'd hand you some high-priced advice about investing it, only I know better. I don't need to tell you what to spend it for, do I?"

He administered a thumping slap to Ollie's shoulder blade. For a moment the innuendo of his tone merely thickened Ollie's mental fog. Then, quite suddenly, everything was clear. Ollie even understood, at last, the simple, wonderful, incredible answer to the question that had mystified him from the beginning. He knew why he had done it now!

He filled his lungs again, and deeply. Harlow's last question jogged him into speech. He laughed tranquilly.

"First off I'm going to buy a dog, I guess. A collie ——" He stopped and meditated. "No," he decided. "An Airedale."



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COMRADE LENINE'S COMPROMISE

(Continued from Page 23)

or stealing food whenever or wherever he could, and for the purpose of riding as often as possible losing himself in the mobs by which the trains on the railroad to Petrograd were constantly beset. In order to get across the Finnish frontier he was compelled to take his life in his hands—as many a Russian can testify who has done the same thing—but under cover of darkness he managed to elude the Red Guards and found himself at last on the free soil of Finland. His idea was to get back to the United States, but during his long residence in our country he had neglected the important formality of acquiring American citizenship, so one after another the American consular and diplomatic representatives had to explain to him his unfortunate position and turn him away.

I forgot to ask how he finally managed to reach Riga, but I did not forget to ask whether or not he had appealed to the American commissioner in Riga. In fact, I asked the American commissioner himself, who verified the story as it was told to me. He had; but the American commissioner could do nothing for him because he was not an American citizen, and under the new laws he could not even qualify as an acceptable immigrant. And there he was! It was then that he appealed to the Latvian authorities, who found employment for him as a farm hand.

This is just one story, and not such a sad story, either, in comparison with many I have heard. My idea would be to bring that chap back to the United States, along with a few other disillusioned exiles, and turn him and them loose in the midst of certain sections of our body politic to act as missionaries in the cause of common horse sense. The only time any of them see red nowadays is when you begin to talk to them about communism and freeing the workers from the yoke of wage slavery. They are antifiubdub to a man, and believe in nothing but every citizen's right to do his best for himself with such equipment as the fates have accorded him.

However, when I was discussing Bolshevism—stories about it, its principles and the dire possibilities of its further development—with the comfortable but wholly insecure and rather terrified people of the little state that knows itself as a buffer state between Bolshevism and all that humanity has achieved in the way of modern civilization, my mind was filled with the horrors I had but recently witnessed. So now I suppose I must journey back into the land of the horrors.

What the Leaders are Up To

Though it might be as well to linger along for a brief space for the purpose of considering what Messrs. Lenine and Trotzky are up to. It is as much anybody's guess as it is mine. There has been a good deal of guessing one way and another. The Genoa Conference, like a beacon fire in a high place calling a world of men to sober council, has flared up and flickered out, leaving behind it only a spark of hope to be kindled anew perhaps in a conference at The Hague; the American Government for the time being stands immovable upon those principles the subversion of which it may neither tolerate in the zone of its own jurisdiction nor condone on the part of any other government, while the star that the wise men of the world have been endeavoring to follow has resolved itself into a perhaps too flaming question mark, filling the whole horizon of the future.

What are Messrs. Lenine and Trotzky up to? It is my belief that at this juncture neither of them nor any of their confederates is sincere in anything but a determination to retain the power of governmental authority at any cost. Mr. Lenine compromises with his communistic conscience and graciously permits the Russian people to drift back into bourgeois practices because there is nothing else he can do, while Mr. Trotzky, being wholly out of sympathy with Mr. Lenine's conciliatory methods, thinks he can scare a billion dollars out of the capitalistic world by threatening to invade Europe with his Red Army.

If Nature should be permitted to take its course the natural consequence of Mr. Lenine's compromise would be the gradual resumption on the part of the people of more or less normal processes, but under the restrictions he continues to insist upon these processes would represent nothing more than the operation of the law of self-preservation as this law influences individual action, and could never result in the upbuilding of a state with which other states could with safety, to say nothing of advantage to themselves, resume friendly relations. If Mr. Trotzky should carry out his monstrous threat to invade Europe and plunge the world once more into devastating conflict there surely could be but one end for the Russian people, and that would be chaos complete; a descent into a maelstrom of suffering and confusion that would make their present situation look almost as promising as the friends of Soviet Russia in the United States would have us believe it is. The higher-class Russians—the intelligentzia and bourgeoisie who have been the chief victims of the Bolshevik triumph—have in their minds some kind of picture of such a finality for themselves when they say: "If Lenine dies God help us!" It is an illuminating circumstance that in Soviet Russia Nicolai Lenine has come to be regarded as a safe conservative.

The Biggest Obstacle

There is nothing new in Comrade Lenine's compromise. He began his retreat from absolutism in the application of communistic principles early in 1921, but in comparing his utterances of those days with his recent declarations and reading both in the light of the course pursued by the Bolsheviki at Genoa, one cannot see that he has proceeded very far. Considering that he has been able to impose his doctrines upon a people more numerous by at least 50 per cent than the people of the United States, it is exceedingly interesting to follow his utterances from their lurid stage of mere class denunciation, of vituperation and diatribe, on through his experiences as a man burdened with overwhelming responsibility, and thence to the point where the actual as differentiated from the wholly imaginary gets to be too much for him. He suddenly decides to cut out the polemics and get down to an examination and analysis of economic facts, and the first thing to which he gives his sobered attention is the condition created by the failure of the peasant population to perform according to proletarian dictation and to do its duty as the most important contributing factor in the life of the communistic state.

He charges his hungry people with being rather confused in their expressions of opinion with regard to this condition and seeks to comfort them with an assurance that it is merely incidental to an unavoidable period of transition from capitalism to complete socialism. Though one cannot fail to observe that he himself is not altogether clear on the subject. He attempts to define the word "transition" in its applicability to the problem which confronts him, and gets rather mixed up in the elements that go to form the Russian social order. He grants the time-honored patriarchal character of peasant economic management first place among the obstacles to be overcome in the process of consolidating a communistic régime and all but couples it with petty industrial production—home industry, that is, in some form or measure of which nine-tenths of the peasants and semiproletarians of Russia have always been engaged. The small landowning peasants and producing craftsmen of various sorts are classed as petty bourgeoisie and referred to as the chief enemies of socialism, after whom come the private capitalists and owners of large estates; these being easier to handle because they represent something that can readily be got hold of through confiscation and nationalization. You cannot nationalize a man's ability to make good felt boots in his own little workshop, nor a woman's skill in making fine thread lace at her own fireside. Nor can you prevent such individuals from selling their product as long as there is a medium of exchange. There being no medium of exchange they might eventually



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Making Oil Barons



ALTHOUGH I may be ostracised by some of our oil barons, I shall herewith reveal how American motorists may curtail the consumption of oil and reduce the flow of gold into the coffers of the gusher millionaires.

It is rumored that in the United States today there are 10,505,660 motor cars and trucks, including a few one-lunged relics of the horseless carriage age.

Some genius with an eye for figures (no, not a movie director) has estimated that one out of every 20 of these vehicles is limping along, trailing a stream of smoke behind—all due to overweight, misfit, oil-pumping pistons which cause more misfires than wet powder on a duck hunt.

You know, of course, that where there is a leak something decamps. That's true of a bank, a milk pail or a hip-pocket flask. It is also true of a motor. And if your pistons are worn, or inclined to be lopsided, there is bound to be a leak of oil past them into your motor. Hence the smoke screen.

Then you get that weak feeling—in the motor, of course—and your compression is like that in the pioneer pump which succeeded the old oaken bucket.

The genius with the eye for figures hasn't had time to measure all the oil that is wasted in the 525,283 vehicles in the United States said to be suffering from piston ailments.

But suppose each one of these cars wastes only one gallon of oil every six months. That means 1,050,566 gallons of oil gone to the bow-wows each year.

And if this oil sells for only $1.00 a gallon, can't you see why I am taking a pretty big chance of being severely admonished by some of these oil barons?

At the risk of losing the friendship of these plutocrats, I'm about to disclose a bit of information that should reduce oil dividends a fraction. It's simply this. Get piston wise—Spencer-Smith Piston wise.

Have your garage man regrind the cylinders in your motor and replace your old, worn, overweight pistons with Spencer-Smith lightweights. Instantly your motor will stop filling with carbon, will stop fouling spark plugs, will stop exhibiting all the costly pranks of an oil pumping motor.

The postscript below tells you why.

There are about umpsteen additional reasons why Spencer-Smiths are known as the world's standard replacement pistons. These have been compiled, boiled down, and turned into a frank, easy-reading masterpiece entitled, "Making Your Pistons Pay a Profit." The boss wrote it—so it must be good. No—this is one time you get something for nothing. Just drop me a post card, care of Spencer-Smith Machine Company, Howell, Michigan, and I will see that the booklet comes forward without handing your name to the accounting department.



SpenSmith

P. S.

A Patented Oil Drain Groove

Notice that oil groove and oil holes. They stop oil pumping and prevent carbon troubles caused by burning oil. On the down stroke of the piston the oil is wiped into the groove by the third ring and is then drained through the holes back into the crankcase.

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SPENCER-SMITH PISTONS

Built by the largest manufacturers of pistons exclusively

adjust themselves to a system of commodity exchange; but suppose a woman who makes fine thread lace wishes to exchange some of it for calico with which to make herself a dress, how much calico would she be entitled to for a yard of fine thread lace? Who is to fix the values of the multiplicity of commodities that a people produce in anything but money?

In the beginning and through the transition period nationalization amounts to nothing more nor less than state capitalism, but somehow or other, according to Mr. Lenine, state capitalism is to fade away and communism consolidated is slowly but surely to emerge. He says that an overwhelming majority of the people are petty producers of commodities, defines bread monopoly as the envelope of state capitalism, and accuses the peasants of breaking this envelope through clandestine dealings with private speculators, the sole object of whose speculation is bread. It all sounds very confusing to me and I am not at all surprised that he begins by charging his own people with being confused.

He scolds immoderately and calls names. Calling names is a Bolshevik specialty. The Bolsheviki invariably address one another as *tovarish*, but otherwise they are not any too soft-spoken in their association, while to refer politely to an opponent would seem to be, in their opinion, something in the nature of a betrayal of the cause. Mr. Lenine is a gentleman, you know. By which I mean that he is well born and well bred. Being high-class bourgeois himself he has acquired in his remarkable career a very broad culture, but perhaps he realizes that the average mind to which he addresses himself is better attuned to rudeness than to courtesy. In any case, whatever, to his way of thinking, is not quite sufficiently red is invariably yellow, while anyone who has the temerity to oppose or even slightly to modify his views is either a social traitor or a muddle-headed fool. Though I will say for him that he is much more reasonable in his method of expressing himself than most of his colleagues. To listen to what a great many of them have to say, or to read what they have written, is inevitably to feel that you have drifted into bad company.

This may be why the more or less polite and orderly minded nine-tenths of common humanity has made such a poor showing in its contest with the fanatic minorities. The average, good, everyday citizen will back away from abusive language as from any other manifestation of abnormality, and refuse to argue with the individual who uses it. He may disgustedly invite the demagogue to rave on, but that is about as much as his code of manners will permit him to do.

Interviewing an Educator

This is just a vagrant observation in passing, but it reminds me of an experience of my own. I was talking one day in Petrograd with a Russian-American Red, one of our ordinary and not in any way distinguished deportees in whom the revelations of life in Russia had not yet killed the Red revolutionary venom which cost him his privilege of residence in the United States. And when I speak of such persons as Russian-Americans I bestow upon them the honorable hyphen solely by way of indicating that at one time or another they have lived among us and been identified with our own social order. They are not American in any sense or degree, and I am tempted to write long roundabout sentences for the purpose of avoiding a suggestion that they are, but the hyphen is a convenient short cut to an acknowledgment of our association with them—perhaps to a certain extent of our responsibility for them.

This man in Petrograd was a madman if ever a man went mad, yet he was occupying an important position in the department of the soviet government that has to do with the education of the youth of the country. I had no wish to get into an argument with him. I went to him for some information with regard to certain institutions of learning that were supposed to be functioning in at least a minor degree and that were appealing to the American Relief Administration for food. My questions must have been irritating, because suddenly he got wild-eyed, brushed aside the question of the starving student bodies, and began to talk about the horrible conditions in the United States that Bolshevism was destined to overcome.

He told me all about how Russia at her darkest was a haven of refuge for the oppressed in comparison with the United States of America; how American police officials commit murder with impunity and hang people up by their thumbs or beat them into insensibility for expressing an honest opinion. He said that Ellis Island was a hideous hell hole, a sink of iniquity and degradation in which men, women and children were deliberately starved to death and tortured in every conceivable way; that the American Government embodied the most ruthless despotism that had ever been established on the face of the earth; and that the task which inspired the finest fervor in the breasts of Red revolutionaries was the task of bringing about its eventual and inevitable overthrow. This is not his language. Indeed he used the most awful language I ever heard, and in listening to it I knew that with him it was habitual and that he was quite unconscious of the fact that it was offensive. To me it was a liberal education in invective, but it could not possibly be conveyed in print to polite minds.

I was sitting in a deep and luxurious leather-upholstered chair at one end of the big mahogany desk in his handsome office. It was all so extraordinarily incongruous. At the point where he began to attack my Government I stood up and planted my closed fist down upon his desk.

A Revolutionists' Textbook

I was rigid with indignation, but I kept perfectly quiet until he, too, rose up out of his comfortable chair, ran his hand through his tousled and rather repulsively unclean hair and exclaimed: "In your country, madam, there is no such thing as liberty! In your country the masses are ground down and oppressed as they are nowhere else on earth! The American capitalists are fat leeches sucking the blood of the whole world—and then pretending to be philanthropic! Until American capitalism is destroyed and every American millionaire is shot or hung there can be no peace or freedom in this world!"

He used a few vile epithets, but I prefer to eliminate them or to substitute somewhat gentler words. In the main, however, this is the manner in which he expressed himself.

I looked him straight in the eye for a moment, then I said: "And do you mean to tell me you actually believe all that?"

"Believe it!" he shouted. "I don't have to believe it; I know it!"

"Well," said I, "I came here to talk with you about our plans for feeding some of your magnificently free but slightly undernourished students, but now I think I have only one thing more to say to you, and that is that I feel sorry for the Russian boys and girls who come in contact with you as an educator, because in my opinion the only occupation you are fitted for is playing with the tassels in a padded cell."

Whereupon I walked away as quickly as my dignity would permit and got out into the corridor. He followed me to the door, and as I started down the stairs he had the effrontery to call after me, "Give my regards to Broadway and say I'm coming back one of these days!"

I had to answer, "You never will if I can help it!" And that was that.

But to get back to Mr. Lenine and his fundamental problem. The introductory declaration of the Communist Party resolution with regard to the agrarian question was that: "No one but the city industrial proletariat, led by the Communist Party, can save the laboring masses in the country from the pressure of capitalism and landlordism, from dissolution and imperialistic wars, ever inevitable as long as the capitalist régime endures. There is no salvation for the peasants except to join the communist proletariat, to support with heart and soul its revolutionary struggle to throw off the yoke of the landlords and the bourgeoisie."

And that declaration seems to me to offer a quite sufficient revelation of the most glaring and important inconsistency in the whole Bolshevik doctrine. How is anybody to reconcile the purpose it sets forth with the fact that all small landowners and land renters, as well as the owners of larger estates, are classed as bourgeoisie? Would they not be expected to resist an attempt on the part of the urban proletariat to destroy them?

If this were all speculation, or argument solely for argument's sake about something that might under certain circumstances take place in the world, it would sound too addle-pated and idiotic for serious consideration. But it happens to be all about something that has already taken place, unbelievable though it may be.

As a matter of fact, the class of small farmers in Russia did resist, as is revealed in this same resolution. It says: "The experience of the Russian proletarian revolution, whose struggle against the landed peasants became very complicated and prolonged, owing to a number of special circumstances, nevertheless, shows that this class has been taught at last what it costs to make the slightest attempt at resistance, and it is now quite willing to serve loyally the aims of the proletarian state. It begins even to be penetrated, although very slowly, by a respect for the government which protects every worker and deals relentlessly with the idle rich."

Which was by way of being communistically optimistic and was intended for proletarian consumption. In the face of the Red Terror to which they were subjected the landed peasants, who in Lenine's own words "constitute an overwhelming majority of the population of Russia," did not begin to be penetrated by a respect for the government, but by a profound depression; a sense of utter hopelessness that expressed itself in an all but universal apathy, in nonresistance and noncoöperation.

This resolution from which I am quoting was adopted by the Communist International and is an article of communistic faith. Its object is not to guide Russian Communists in the way they should go, because when it was passed the Russians were already on their way. Its object is rather to instruct revolutionists in other countries in revolutionary tactics and principles. The Red brethren, who are among us in larger numbers than is perhaps generally realized, are supposed to be making preparations in every country for the kind of *coup d'état* by which Bolshevik rule in Russia was instituted, and it is necessary that they should know just what to do when the great day arrives.

The resolution goes on to say:

"The specific conditions which complicated and prolonged the struggle of the Russian proletariat against the landed peasantry consisted mainly in . . . the low standard of culture and numerical weakness of the town proletariat and in the enormous distances and exceedingly bad transport conditions. As far as these adverse conditions do not exist in the advanced countries, the revolutionary proletariat in Europe and America must prepare with much more energy and carry out a much more rapid and complete victory over the resistance of the landed peasantry, depriving it of all possibility of resistance. . . ."

"Down With the Landowners!"

"The revolutionary proletariat must proceed to an immediate and unconditional confiscation of the estates of the landowners . . . who systematically employ wage labor directly or through their tenants. . . . To this element belong a majority of the descendants of the feudal lords: the nobility of Russia, Germany and Hungary, the restored *seigneurs* of France, the lords of England and the former slave owners in America. . . .

"No propaganda can be admitted in the ranks of the Communist Parties in favor of an indemnity to be paid to the owners of estates for their expropriation. . . .

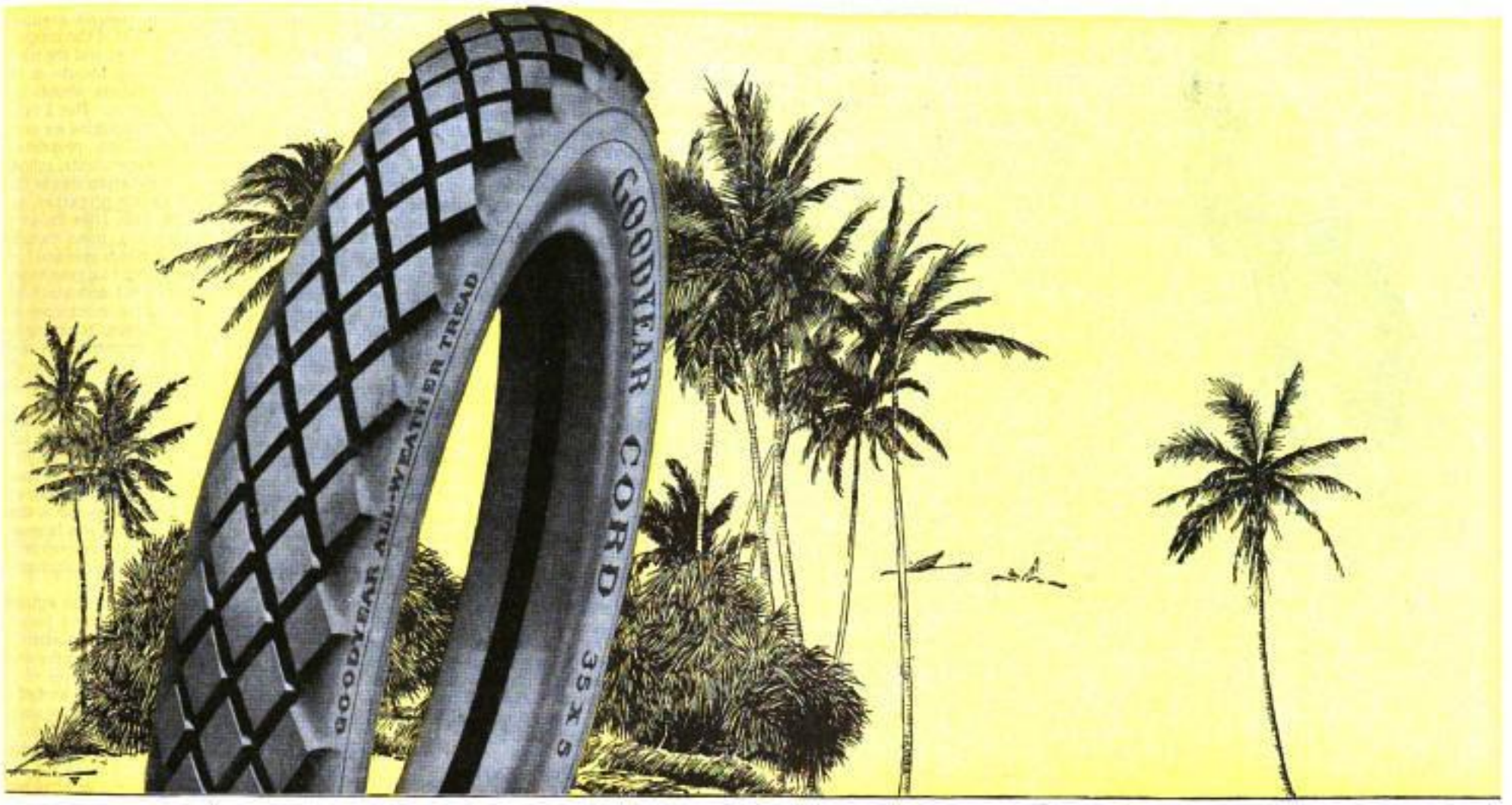
"The proletariat must put up with a temporary decline in production so long as it makes for the success of the revolution. . . .

"The implements of large estates must be confiscated and converted into state property absolutely intact, but on the unfailing condition that after these implements will have served the interests of the large state farms they should be placed at the disposal of the small peasants gratis, subject to conditions to be worked out by the proletarian state. . . .

"If just at first after the proletarian *coup d'état* not only the confiscation of the large estates shall become absolutely necessary but also the banishment or internment of all the landowners, . . . then later on, in proportion as the proletarian power will be consolidated, not only in the towns but in the country as well, it will be necessary to strive systematically to

(Continued on Page 40)

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Vacation Days!

AT the seashore, the mountains, in the country—wherever you plan to spend your vacation—enjoy the satisfaction of being well-dressed.

Don't neglect your feet. Wear an Educator Oxford for summer—you will be surprised how good-looking a comfortable shoe can be when it is built right.

Educator Shoes mean freedom from foot troubles—they add to the pleasure of vacation days. You don't have to endure the discomfort of incorrect, narrow pointed toed shoes.

Wear Educators and give your feet a vacation too.

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RICE & HUTCHINS, Inc., 14 High St., Boston, Mass.

RICE & HUTCHINS
EDUCATOR SHOE

For MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN

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utilize all the forces of the above class, of all those who possess valuable experience, learning, organization talent—under the special control of the communist workers—in order to organize large-scale agriculture on socialist principles."

In other words, they propose to confiscate your farm and everything on it, put you in jail for a while, and after you are sufficiently chastened compel you to return to agricultural employment in absolute bondage. I know it all sounds like the ravings of a madman, but there it is; it is real, and a great many supposedly intelligent people have subscribed to it.

When this resolution was adopted the boss Bolsheviki in Russia who framed it knew perfectly well that the principles it embraces could not be made to operate. It was in July, 1920, and within six months Comrade Lenine was devoting his entire time and all his mental energies to conciliation and compromise. Indeed we find him saying that by the spring of 1920 conditions had "acquired such an acute form that most immediate, most urgent, most extreme measures for the improvement of the conditions of the peasantry and the raising of its productive forces" had become imperative. He attributes these conditions mainly to the devastations of the White armies that had traitorously plunged the country into civil war, and to bad harvests. Nevertheless, out of the maze of much talk in which he seeks to conceal his anxieties emerges finally a confession that the wholesale expropriation of farm products with which the Bolsheviki instituted their régime and upon which it was maintained for more than two years, was a great mistake.

He is talking to a turbulent mob of proletarians. The proletariat is the dragon upon which he is mounted, and this dragon may turn upon him and destroy him. There is a note of mollification in everything he says. He is propitiating his unruly god. He deprecates the "military communism" of which he has been the head and front, and excuses it as being the outcome of "extreme penury, ruin and war."

He says: "The peculiar military communism consisted in that we practically took from the peasants all the superfluous foodstuffs and even sometimes not only the superfluous food but part of what the peasant really needed for himself, for the needs of the army and the workers."

He does not refer to the fact that in retaliation the peasants ceased to produce, but he goes on insisting that an improvement in their conditions is a matter of paramount importance. Then he exclaims: "But why only the peasantry and not the workers? Because for the improvement of the condition of the workers bread and fuel are necessary. At present the greatest impediment from the point of view of state economy lies in the lack of those two commodities."

Concessions to the Peasants

Very simple, so stated, is it not? And how simple is his style of oratory when he speaks of "the lack of forage and the loss of cattle which has still further delayed the restoration of transport and industry, preventing, for instance, the transport of firewood, our chief fuel, by the peasants' horses."

He is reasoning with his proletarians and uncompromising revolutionists, preparing them for his limited retreat when he goes on to say: "The dictatorship of the proletariat means the directing of the policy by the proletariat. The latter as the leading ruling class must be able to direct the policy in such a way as to decide first of all the most urgent and most important questions. Those not to be deferred are now the measures which are capable of increasing the productive forces of the peasant economic management immediately. Only through these may be attained the improvement of the conditions of the workers, the strengthening of the union between the workers and the peasants and the consolidation of the dictatorship of the proletariat."

Which would seem to make plain enough that Mr. Lenine came eventually to realize that communism can be consolidated only upon a basis of production; that communism as a system can survive only with the consent and through the coöperation of the farmers, and that farmers as a class are a somewhat difficult lot to handle, especially if your purpose is to take something away from them while offering them nothing in return.

The measure he proposed for improving the conditions of the Russian peasants was to substitute for wholesale confiscation a limited levy on farm produce coupled with a grant of privilege to the peasant to trade freely with whatever he had left after he had submitted to the levy. Or, in substance, he proposed a recognition of the fact that farming is essentially a capitalistic industry and a definite reversion to capitalism. If he had been proposing merely a "modification of the food-supply policy" as he called it, without this qualifying compromise, he would not have found it necessary to explain the position so carefully to his proletarian dragon that he had been at such pains to fill with class hatred and with bitter antagonism against everything that capitalism stands for.

And even so, he was too late; much too late. This was in April, 1921, and in August, Maxim Gorky was uttering his Macedonian cry: "America! America! Come over into Russia and help us!"

I was especially interested in the peasants, because it seemed to me to be such a monstrous thing that men who till the soil should starve to death. Men who till the soil cannot establish for themselves a five-day week and a four-hour working day, and that they should have the product of their labors taken away from them—not bought from them, but seized for the benefit of people who have succeeded in ordering their lives on the theory that five days a week and four hours a day is enough time for anyone to devote to the dull business of making a living—I could not fail to regard as being an infamous outrage.

Lo, the Poor Farmer

I had seen starving peasants by the thousands making their way into the towns and cities and throwing themselves upon the mercy of the distracted urban soviets, but I hoped to discover that to a large extent they had defeated the dictatorship of the proletariat in the agricultural villages by holding out on it and providing a certain margin of safety for themselves. However, we have already noted the proletarian dictator standing up in meeting and boasting that "this class has been taught at last what it costs to make the slightest attempt at resistance," while I have observed that their resistance soon began to take the form of nonresistance. They did not provide for themselves a margin of safety; at any rate, not in sufficient measure to avert the disaster of wholesale starvation over wide areas and all but universal distress in rural communities throughout the country.

European Russia—which means Russia exclusive of the Caucasus and the Asiatic possessions—had an area before the war and the loss of Bessarabia, Poland and the Baltic provinces, of 2,075,700 square miles and a population of 131,000,000. The total area of all Europe is only 3,800,000 square miles, while the European population before the war was approximately 444,000,000. Prewar Russia, including the Caucasus and the Asiatic possessions, had an area of 8,600,000 square miles, with a total population, according to the last census of 162,400,000. It was an amazing country, was it not, for the fates to select for such an experiment as has been made upon it.

I have said before that an American in Soviet Russia, groping his way round through the miseries that have resulted from the triumph of fanaticism, invariably imagines himself groping around under similar circumstances in his own country. If such a thing could happen to an almost homogeneous population of still more than 150,000,000 in such a naturally rich and magnificently productive domain as Russia, why could not the same kind of thing be brought about in our own newer land with its vast industrialism, its extraordinary mixture of races, and its incalculable wealth to tempt the revolutionaries to their mightiest efforts?

I did not find it difficult to imagine the breakdown of our great railroad systems under soviet management; I did not find it difficult to imagine our tremendous and constantly developing network of magnificent highways gone to ruin, because the price of the excellence of these is eternal vigilance and unremitting attention to upkeep. I did not find it difficult to visualize American cities and manufacturing centers wrapped in the lethargy of communistic inactivity; I could easily picture to myself the gradual diminution and final cessation of the roar of American industrial life under the blight of a dictatorship of the inexperienced and the irresponsible, and the whole population wandering idly about—as the Russian population wanders about—like lost souls in eternal silence. But I failed utterly in an attempt to imagine six and a half million American farm proprietors, with their millions of dependents, submitting supinely to a proletarian decree that they give up title to their properties, surrender to that troublesome tribe known to them as hired men their most valuable lands, along with their residences and farm equipment, and hand over to a government represented by militarized and absolutely nonproductive small-town communes the entire yield of their acres, reserving for themselves only such quantities of foodstuffs as some proletarian dictator might happen to regard as being sufficient for their needs.

The average American farmer includes a loaded shotgun among his necessary farm implements and I am thinking that, given this set of circumstances to combat—machine guns, rifles, hangmen's ropes and Red Terror notwithstanding—for a time, at least, he would see to it that a large section of the proletariat had one occupation and that would be picking buckshot out of its hide.

The Bolshevik intention—the outcome of unreasoning class hatred and founded upon nothing even remotely resembling common sense or sound economics—was that only the former wage slaves of the farm industry, those who had worked as laborers for the landowning peasants, should be landowners in the communistic state, and it was of this that I was thinking when I referred to the troublesome tribe known to American farmers as hired men.

John Reed—dead now and lying in the shadow of the walls of the Kremlin in Moscow—an American, but in his life as rabid as any Red revolutionist ever got to be, told the Communist International all about the explosive stratum by which our social structure is partially underlaid, and as an advocate of the principles upon which the I. W. W. is founded, called attention to the interesting fact that a majority of the members of that organization are seasonal workers who migrate annually from factories and lumber camps to the harvest fields and from the harvest fields back to the factories and lumber camps. He describes these American citizens and noncitizens—mostly noncitizens, as we all know—with great enjoyment. He is addressing an audience of men and women whose lives are dedicated to the task of overthrowing established institutions and he strives to please.

What John Reed Omitted

He says: "Nothing like the conditions in the harvest fields of America exists in any other country in the world. The harvest begins in the Southern state of Texas in the summer, and with the advancing season a mighty wave of thousands of workers moves north through the great producing Middle States, across the Canadian frontier and up into the immense wheat plains of Manitoba. These migratory workers who reap the harvests come into the fields with nothing but the clothes on their backs. They live on the country as they go, traveling vagabondlike on freight trains or under the cars, begging their food or expropriating it from the farmers' vegetable patches and fruit orchards, living in 'jungles,' some spot in a field or a patch of woods where they lie out under the sky and share their worldly goods together."

He further describes them as being "a rough lot—mostly migratory, unskilled workers who have been the prey of every exploiter, who have grown bitter and violent under the terrible lash of American capitalism." And so on.

Then he says: "This was the class that the I. W. W. set out to organize and to revolutionize!" In parentheses: "Prolonged applause."

He failed to mention that the best the poor devils could do in the way of wages was anything from five to ten dollars a day, depending upon the character of their temporary employment, and that so far as a majority of them are concerned wild horses could not drag them into the ranks made up of settled citizens who lead prosaic but decent lives. Considering the kind of audience he was addressing, however, this is

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WHERE THE OLD DEVOTION LIVES IN GUILDSMEN'S HEARTS

FROM services in the church they came, faces lighted by the glow of wax torches borne aloft, winding in stately procession along the narrow streets. Preceded by their minstrels and wardens, they marched to the feast of brotherhood.

Thus gathered the members of the ancient Guild of Watchmakers. Around long tables in the old guild-hall they pledged anew their love for craft and guild.

In their banqueting, as in their daily toil, did the guildsmen foster the spirit of fine craftsmanship which had come down, a priceless heritage, from generations of watchmakers before them.

This spirit of the guild, fanning to flame each workman's genius for creating, lent refinement to his hand for the fashioning of his masterpieces.

Exalted by the guild ideals and traditions, each man looked upon his work, not as a succession of daily tasks, but as an art worthy of the best that was in him. His watches became more than instruments for the telling of time; they were works of art well fitted to grace the waistcoats of the nobility of any court.

We of today may only read of these ancient masters, or see perhaps in some museum the creations of their genius. But the spirit which made possible their masterpieces lives on. We find it reflected in the works of their descendants, who labor in the modern workshops of the Gruen Watchmakers Guild.

It is but natural, then, that the men and women of America, seeking watches of rare beauty and dependability, watches which contain that intangible something called distinction, should turn for their choice to the products of these modern masters, the craftsmen of the Gruen Guild.

The sale of Gruen Watches is confined to the best jewelers in each community. Look for the Gruen Service Emblem displayed by leading jewelers.

Prices: $25 to $750; with diamonds from $100 to $4,000

GRUEN WATCHMAKERS GUILD, Time Hill, Cincinnati, U.S.A.
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Masters in the art of watchmaking since 1874



How the Gruen Pat. Wheel Construction made an accurate



watch logically thin. It isn't a genuine Verithin unless it is a Gruen



The Antique
No. 71—Precision movement, Swiss lined hand chased case with artistic dial to match, engraved or black enamel monogram . . . . . $175.00 up



No. 72—18 kt. solid white gold, $85.00 up

GRUEN GUILD WATCHES

Including the original and genuine "VERITHIN"

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A Better Balanced Club

A properly balanced club is necessary to good golf. It makes the swing natural and the stroke easy. The balance of the Bristol Steel Shafted Club will appeal to you, because the weight is right where you want it, down near the head.

It gives every golfer the same quality club—something which a hickory shaft cannot do, for all hickory varies. This takes out of golf the uncertain factor of club values, placing the emphasis more strongly on skill.

NOTICE: Basic and Supplementary Patents Covering Steel Golf Shafts are controlled exclusively by us.

"Bristol" TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. Steel Golf Shaft

Patented Nov. 22, 1910 Oct. 3, 1911 May 12, 1914 May 2, 1916

The Bristol Steel Golf Shaft does not rust. It cannot warp like hickory. It stays the same in all kinds of weather.

If you have any trouble obtaining Bristol Steel Shafted Clubs order direct from us. State length and whether whippy or stiff shafts are desired. Should you wish, Bristol Steel Golf Shafts can be attached to your old heads.

Professionals: Write for "Directions for Fitting Bristol Steel Golf Shafts to Old Heads."

Golf Shops and Sporting Goods Dealers: The Bristol Steel Golf Shaft is taking the golfing world by storm. Write for information.

Bristol Steel Shafted Clubs can be supplied by The Crawford, McGregor & Canby Co., Dayton, Ohio; Thos. E. Wilson & Co., Chicago, Ill., and the Hillerich & Bradsby Co., Louisville, Ky.

THE HORTON MFG. CO.,
477 Horton St., Bristol, Conn.

Kingfisher
Silk Fishing Lines

They are the choice of real fishermen in all kinds of fishing for they not only catch the fish but land them. Just as popular are Bristol Steel Fishing Rods and Meek and Blue Grass Reels. Round out your fishing equipment with these three and you will never go wrong.

Bristol, Meek and Kingfisher Catalogs sent *free* on request.

(Continued from Page 40)

not to be wondered at. To have done so would have been to lessen the dramatic effect of his colorful picture and to fail in his purpose, which was to exhilarate minds of the class that derive their only stimulation from that kind of moonshine. He is dead now, but his extraordinary utterances survive him in the literature of the Communist Party and have all the more effect on radical thought, perhaps, because he is dead.

In traveling about Russia, going from Moscow to Samara and from Samara to Orenburg, up to Petrograd and from one place to another, I saw a great many peasant villages, of course, and thousands of the kind of peasants who, being reduced to utter destitution, chose to leave their village homes and join the wandering bands of refugees; terrible people who moved in on the cities in unmanageable hordes.

But I wanted very much to get away from the railroads, out into the open country where the peasant villages are far apart and isolated in the midst of vast acreages. I knew such villages in days gone by. For the most part they are more primitive in a way than any communities I know of anywhere, but they have a curious charm, nevertheless, and their inhabitants, before they became so sad and so pitiable, were extremely likable—as everybody unhesitatingly testifies—and it was a genuine pleasure to come in contact with them.

Spreading Relief Thin

There are two kinds of villages, and in Russian the names by which they are called distinguish them for what they are. One name means a village with a church, while the other means a village without a church. They are built principally of hewn logs and heavy grass thatch, but nearly every house is quite handsomely ornamented with intricately carved wood scrolls surrounding the windows and doorways and hanging from under the eaves. There is hardly ever more than one long street, with a few scattered houses in the outskirts here and there perhaps, while if there is a church it occupies a spacious plaza and is almost invariably quite magnificent with its five bright-colored pineapple-shaped domes, the people being always tremendously proud of its grandeur.

In Samara one day we decided to go out and inspect the village of Alexejewska, where the American Relief Administration was conducting a feeding station for about two hundred and fifty children and from which reports were coming in of adult distress so dire that men wept and grew inarticulate in telling about it. The American corn for adult feeding—purchased with the Congressional gift of twenty million dollars—was due to arrive in the Samara district within two weeks and it was necessary to make up the lists of those who were to receive rations.

There would not be enough to feed everybody, of course, so it would have to be a case—as with the children—of selecting the neediest and leaving the rest to get along as best they could.

This sad fact, however, should not be regarded emotionally. If the men who have to do the selecting should permit the distress of those they must turn away to get on their nerves they would all go mad. Among the requisite qualifications for a successful famine-relief worker are coolheadedness and just a little touch, perhaps, of cold-bloodedness, and the man who does not possess these qualifications soon becomes a famine-shocked candidate for retirement.

It is all a matter of mathematical calculation. You pour into a given area just so much food, thereby displacing just so much food—such as it is—and making it more easily available for those who have the means left to procure it; and the first thing you know you have raised the level of supply to a point where nobody need actually be in danger of death from starvation, though undernourishment and the distress of perpetual hunger may still be quite general. That is what famine relief usually amounts to. It is not giving the people enough to eat, but enough merely to tide them over the danger of death.

Though as regards the children of Europe the work of the American Relief Administration has been of an entirely different character, the intention having been to provide for them a full and well-balanced ration for the purpose of overcoming the effects of undernourishment and giving them their chance to develop normally. This has been done in Russia as well as in most of the countries of Europe, but when it comes to adult feeding and you hear an American relief worker talking about the danger of spreading relief out too thin to make it effective you may be sure he is making close calculations, dividing the supplies at his disposal by the lowest possible number of calories per man and making them go just as far as they will in the business solely of checking the ravages of actual death from starvation.

The village of Alexejewska—a village with a church and a most important place from a peasant viewpoint; lying in the midst of interminable wheat fields about twenty miles northeast from Samara—had not been surveyed for adult feeding, nor had Mr. Will Shafroth, the director of American relief in the Samara district, inspected the child-feeding station for quite a while, so, as I have said, we decided one day to go out and have a look at it.

The time was mid-February and the terrific Russian winter had not yet given any sign of breaking. I am not meaning to suggest any superior quality in myself when I say that the weather is one of the things I seldom permit to interfere with my plans or to influence my decisions. It may be that this indicates a hiatus somewhere in my mental equipment, but the truth is that I usually find myself in winter where I ought to be spending a balmy summer season, while in summer I am nearly always to be located in some tropical region to the likes of which one might be expected to hie for the purpose of escaping the rigors of winter in the zone we call temperate. I do not follow the sun. I follow the signs that point to manifestations of human peculiarities, so it would hardly do for me to pay much attention to the weather, would it?

Anyhow, it was mid-February in Russia. Old Mother Volga, so far as was indicated upon her broad bosom, was frozen solid, while the soft hills to the westward of her and the vast rolling plains stretching away into the east were lying under several feet of snow. It was very beautiful, but the cold was a cold that bit at one's nerves and was dangerous. It was necessary to remember all the time that ears and noses and fingers and toes become frozen before you know it and that in such a case the consequences are not unlikely to be very serious. However, precautions against that sort of thing are simple enough, and while I was wrapping myself up to the point of suffocation I had visions in my mind of nothing but a long and rather wonderful sleigh ride. It turned out to be all of that.

A Typical Village

When I saw what was referred to as our transportation my optimism got rather oozy and uncertain of itself and I could not conceal the anxiety I began to feel.

"Do you mean to tell me," I exclaimed to Mr. Shafroth, "that we are going to do forty-odd miles today with those animals?"

"What do you mean, animals?" he laughed.

"Well, look at them!"

"I don't have to look at them; they're old friends of mine. They are A. R. A. pets and the best-fed horses as to quantity in this district. What they need in the food line is a little quality, but you needn't worry about them. They are not skinny; they are merely wiry. They'll make it all right; and they are not hungry!"

This was comforting and reassuring; but of all the knock-kneed, moth-eaten and dejected-looking beasts I had ever seen they were the worst! In the old days there would have been a troika for us; a deep comfortable sleigh filled with fur robes and drawn by three splendid horses abreast with the middle one galloping under a graceful and brightly ornamented arch. You know the Russia that was destroyed specialized in fine horses; they were celebrated the world over; and the muzhiks who drove them treated them as though they thought more of them than of their next-of-kin. There would have been a joyousness of robust shouts and jingling sleighbells in our get-away, and our hearts would have thrilled for miles on end to the swiftness of our going. There is nothing like that in Russia these days.

Our sleigh was a shallow old paintless contraption with a sack stuffed with hay for a seat and with hay in the bottom of it for the horses to eat. There were low-hung clouds and a strong wind blowing close to the ground and carrying before it eddies and whirls and blinding sheets of fine stinging snow. The road was just one long succession of ruts and bumps and the consequent motion was both neck-wrenching and back-breaking. The expedition turned out to be a good deal of a business proposition, but never mind; it was a most interesting day notwithstanding.

A thing to remember is that Alexejewska is only one among many villages in the Samara district in which the American Relief Administration is conducting feeding operations, but they are so much alike that having seen one of them you really have seen them all.

We arrived just as the little people were finishing their midday meal of corn grits with sugar and milk and bread and cocoa, and as they filed out past us on their way back to their homes each one of them made a little curtsy and said "*Spotsiba*," which means "Thank you." Our little Russians everywhere are always saying this to us. I have actually met children on the street in Moscow who have curtsied to me and said "*Spotsiba!*" One supposes their parents teach them that they must never pass an American without saying "Thank you." It is rather pathetic and was always to me exceedingly embarrassing.

Mercy Among Thieves

We were occupying for feeding purposes the largest of the picturesque wooden houses on the long curving street, a house that had once been a kind of inn or posting station for travelers on the highway and was therefore adequately equipped for preparing large quantities of food. We entered through the kitchen and observed the emptied huge iron kettles buried in the cement top of the big brick stove; then we went on into what must have been a taproom once upon a time and that was then being used as the children's dining room. There were the customary improvised long plank tables and benches, such as have been provided for the children in so many Russian towns; the likewise customary icons high up in the corners near the heavy-beamed ceiling; and that was all. The children had messed things up a bit, but one could see at a glance that the place was kept spotlessly clean, and already two barefoot girls with pails of hot water were attacking the tracks the children had made on the smooth board floor.

We put the cooks and the women who took care of the dining room and kept the accounts through a course of questions with regard to conditions and the details of their work, then Mr. Shafroth said he would like to see their stores. I thought at first that there was some embarrassment about this and that for some reason they were hesitating to comply with his request; but the difficulty was that the storeroom was double-locked, that the head village commissar had one key and some other soviet official the other, and that these men would have to be sent for. Neither of them would ever think of surrendering his key to anyone, nor would either of them permit the other to go to the storeroom alone. Quite solemnly each morning they went together to weigh out the supplies for the day, and having got their two receipts for them from the kitchen manager they locked up and went their separate ways. This is the method by which relief stores are guarded in every village and town in Russia in which the A. R. A. is operating, and although it is said there is not a Russian alive—of whatever class—who would not steal food if an opportunity to do so presented itself, the loss of American food by theft has been negligible. Soviet storehouses, food trains and caravans have been raided time and again, but of anything with the A. R. A. label on it the people seem to say "That is for the children," and they let it alone.

For instance: I am reminded of a little item that appeared one day in the Russian Unit Record, a news bulletin covering relief operations and "the world outside," as it is called, which Mr. Merle Farmer Murphy, chief of the A. R. A. communications service, hammers out on his typewriter once a week and has manifolded for the benefit of the American personnel. This item, under a Moscow date line, says:

Carl E. Floete, of San Francisco and Pugachov, arrived here the first of the week and brought the first details of the raid of bandits on his adopted city the middle of last month. He says there were eight hundred of them all

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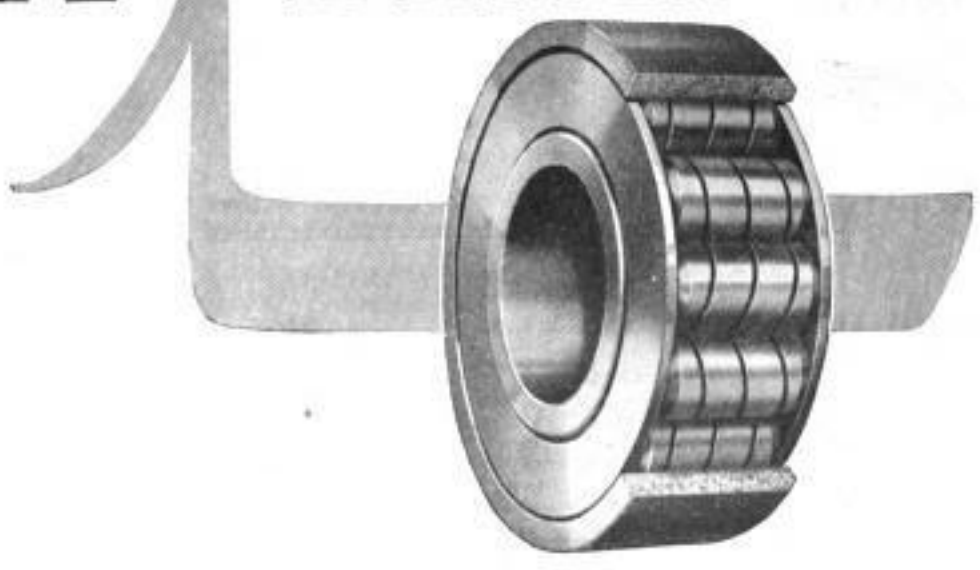
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A dependable truck must have dependable bearings. It can give continuous, trouble-free service only to the degree that its bearings are unaffected by the pounding that comes from heavy going. The number of trucks equipped with Hyatt Roller Bearings is a significant tribute to Hyatt dependability.

Dependable

HYATT QUIET BEARINGS



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They pay heavily for it in later life—*Each year over 100,000 men and women still young pay the supreme penalty for uncorrected wrong habits of eating*

STATISTICS show that each year in this country thousands of men and women still under forty die from diseases that come normally only with old age.

It is acknowledged today that the deep underlying cause of this condition is often lack of certain necessary food factors. This lack is largely responsible for the lowered vitality that means early ageing and shortened life.

Today thousands of men and women are getting these essential food elements by eating Fleischmann's Yeast, for yeast is the richest known source of the vitamin B. Fleischmann's Yeast also supplies abundantly the factors that repair the body tissues, and because of its freshness it helps the intestines eliminate waste matter. It increases appetite, improves digestion and keeps the body more resistant to infections.

It is recognized that laxatives cannot remove the cause of the trouble. Fleischmann's Yeast by its very nature as a wholesome food is admirably suited to the stomach and intestines. In tested cases it has restored normal functions in periods of time ranging from three days to five weeks.

Hundreds of men and women who have long been in bondage to laxatives are now free. The addition of Fleischmann's Yeast to their daily diet has restored normal action of the intestines.

Many physicians and hospitals are prescribing Fleischmann's Yeast for impurities of the skin. It is a corrective food which has given remarkable results in treating these ailments.

The ways they like to eat Fleischmann's Yeast

Many like to nibble Fleischmann's Yeast from the cake a little at a time. Some prefer it spread on crackers or bread. Others take it in water, milk, fruit juices, coffee or cocoa. It is very nourishing with malted milk drinks. You will grow to like its distinctive flavor just as you grew to like the taste of olives or oysters.

Begin today by eating Fleischmann's Yeast—2 or 3 cakes every day. Place a standing order with your grocer. 200,000 grocers carry Fleischmann's Yeast. If your grocer is not among them, write to the Fleischmann agency in your nearest city—they will see that you are supplied. If you prefer, you may buy 6 cakes at a time. They will keep fresh for two or three days if kept in a cool, dry place.

Send for free booklet telling the fascinating story of "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet"—what it has done for others—what it can do for you. Use coupon, addressing THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. 615, 701 Washington Street, New York, N. Y.



Fleischmann's Yeast protects your health by correcting these faulty habits of eating

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY,
Dept. 615, 701 Washington Street,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet." (Please write plainly.)

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

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told. The band was composed of both men and women, all dressed in sheepskin coats and all riding black horses. Each carried two rifles. The town and government officials had notice of their coming and, possessing a highly developed sense of prudence, withdrew to the westward. The band arrived about eight o'clock in the morning, looted all the government warehouses and left the A. R. A. storehouse absolutely untouched. The leader of the force, a tall man with the regulation piratical black beard, made a speech in the public square in which he called the American representative by name and said he would like to speak to him. The leader had evidently full information about the American work and had undoubtedly given orders that it should not be molested, for even small wagons carrying our provisions on country roads were not touched by the raiders. They left Pugachov in the evening after having cut all telegraph and telephone wires and smashed the instruments.

When I read this I was a tenderfoot in Soviet Russia and thought it was pretty awful, but I learned afterward that it was nothing to get excited about.

The men came hustling along very shortly, and after we had inspected the supplies, of which there were enough on hand for another two weeks, we told them we wished to make a survey of the village for the purpose of determining the amount of adult relief that would be required. The simple statement of the commissar was that every grown-up person in the entire community was starving, and I came afterward to believe that this was actually true.

We trudged out into the deep snow, and with heads down against the bitter wind walked all over the place, going from house to house and making our own choice of those into which we decided to intrude. I must not forget to say that Mr. Shafroth speaks Russian and that therefore we did not have to have anything sifted to us through the mind of an interpreter. As we went along he translated for me into my own kind of English everything that was said.

I did not like going into these Russian peasant homes. It seemed, somehow, a very impertinent thing to do and I felt apologetic. One could not cover it with any kind of pretense or put on an air of pleasant sociability. It was just a grim business, the most awful kind of inspection that can possibly be imagined.

Bone-Meal Bread

We went into one house after another, finding the completest emptiness I have ever seen anywhere. The houses nearly all consist of just one fair-sized room and a kind of shedlike lean-to covering the back entrance. In one corner of the room there is always a large brick stove with a flat top which serves as a bed for as many of the family as can crowd upon it, while a table and a bench and a couple of chairs, perhaps, make up the rest of the furniture; not forgetting, of course, the inevitable icon in a corner. Ordinarily the lean-to would be hung with dried vegetables and meats of various kinds and piled high with fuel. But we saw nothing in any of them except a few sticks of firewood, while we found family after family—men, women and young people; fourteen years being the age limit for American child relief—in extremes of distress, huddled together on the tops of their stoves or sitting about in utter dejection—absolutely helpless and hopeless.

The whole village was living on a variety of imitation bread that was new to me. I have seen plenty of bark bread and bread made of leaves and roots of different kinds, but as a substitute for food this had everything I had ever seen looking like a delicacy. It was made of pulverized bones—bone meal they called it—mixed with ground-up leaves and other ingredients I failed to identify. An old woman in the first house we went into introduced me to it.

Then she brought out the thigh bone of an animal of some sort along with the pestle and mortar with which she did the pulverizing and endeavored to explain to us exactly how she made the awful little cakes. She offered me one of them and I tasted it, but I couldn't swallow it. It tasted and smelled like something badly decayed.

When we told the people of this community that there would be corn for them in sufficient quantities within two weeks, that it had been unloaded at the ports and was already on the railroads coming slowly but surely their way, we had all we could do to keep them from falling on their knees to us—even the soviet officials. But how it did light them up! I found myself wishing that some American congressmen who had voted to give them twenty million dollars could have seen them.

The sight of them then would have made these congressmen prayerfully glad that they had acted so promptly and so generously.

One old man began to cry in a happy kind of way and said: "Well, in that case we must all make up our minds to live. We can live two weeks. There is seed grain coming from America too. The Americans have said so. We men will all be needed for the planting. Our women are terribly spent."

I thought to myself when Mr. Shafroth had interpreted this for my benefit: "Yes, and there is not much left of you either!" Then I remembered that they had practically no farm animals or implements left, and wondered how they were to get their planting done.

They told us that in their district, which covered a good many square miles, they had managed to get in about a thousand acres of fall wheat and that they could have put in more but for the fact that the confiscations and the drought had left them without seed grain.

Governed by Inferiors

By that time we had gathered together in the home of the village commissar and were having a regular meeting, and when this bit of information about the fall wheat came out a shaggy and sour-looking old man standing over in a corner growled as though he were very much annoyed about it: "Yes, and if it were not for our American friends there would be mighty few of us left to see that wheat turn green in the spring!"

Everybody laughed quite happily. It was only his way of displaying his profound emotion and expressing his deep disgust with the situation in general.

At this meeting I got my first satisfactory impression of the workings of the soviet system in a small community. It is all organized from the top of course. That is, the peasant village communes are under the definite and really established dictatorship of the urban proletariats, that in their turn are dominated by the central soviets. It is much more complicated than that, but that covers it simply and sufficiently for my immediate purpose. The point I wish to make is that it is the inferior citizen everywhere who exercises authority. The boss communists in this village were the inferior citizens, though I must say there was nothing very bossy about them. Indeed they did not seem to me to be at all happy in their jobs, and we were told that even in the face of danger of death from starvation they spent most of their time snooping around, spying upon each other and everybody, seeking to gain favor for themselves in the eyes of their own bosses higher up. It amounted merely to a new kind of politics.

I noticed that they permitted themselves to be considerably browbeaten by more substantial-looking citizens, however. There was one tremendously bewhiskered old giant of a farmer who enlivened the meeting by frequently interrupting the commissar, to whom Mr. Shafroth was addressing his questions, and calling him down for misrepresenting things. The room was filled with men standing round the walls and occupying every available space, while we and the soviet sat at a small table in a corner. One of the officials would be engaged in explaining something to Mr. Shafroth when the big fellow would break in with a declaration that he was not telling the truth. Whereupon he would launch forth with his version while all the others except the discomfited wielders of authority would side in with him and say: "*Da-da-da! Da-da!*" which means: "Yes-yes-yes! Yes-yes!" It was a most extraordinary scene.

And one thing sure and certain: Such people as these hate the soviet system with a mighty hatred, and to a man. But it is the only system they have now; it has been ruthlessly imposed upon them and relentlessly maintained. They must just make the best of it and get along with it any way they can.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Mrs. Egan. The next will appear in an early issue.

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TRUSCON STANDARD BUILDINGS

All Types and Sizes

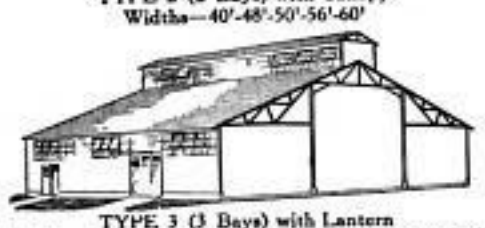
Sectional views below show typical arrangements of Truscon Buildings.



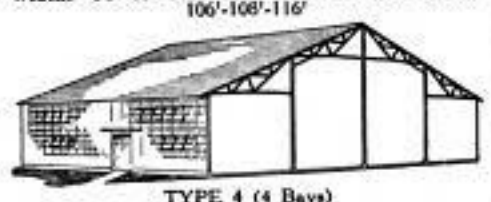
TYPE 1 (Clear Span)
Widths—8'-12'-16'-20'-24'-28'-32'-40'-48'-50'-60'-68'



TYPE 2 (2 Bays) with Canopy
Widths—40'-48'-50'-56'-60'



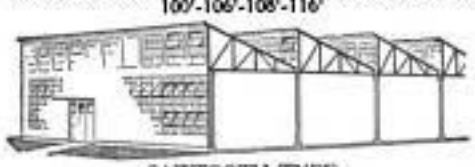
TYPE 3 (3 Bays) with Lantern
Widths—56'-60'-64'-68'-72'-76'-80'-84'-88'-96'-98'
106'-108'-116'



TYPE 4 (4 Bays)
Widths—80'-100'-112' (4 Bays @ 20'-25' or 28')



TYPE 3M (Monitor)
Widths—60'-64'-68'-72'-76'-80'-84'-88'-90'-96'-98'
100'-106'-108'-116'



SAWTOOTH TYPE
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SENSE AND NONSENSE

Ballade of Mrs. Grundy

I'D GLADLY look in siren eyes
If siren eyes were not taboo;
Gladly I'd hear their songs and sighs
And dare their worst enchantments too.
I'd live the gay life, entre nous,
If only I could have my way.
There's much that I desire to do—
But what would Mrs. Grundy say?

I want to whisper loving lies
To Amaryllis and to Prue.
I think 'twould be a sweet emprise
With these fair maids to bill and coo,
And ditto with some other few.
I could so joyous be and gay
If there were naught to reck or rue—
But what would Mrs. Grundy say?

To dance and play my spirit cries;
Rapture and revel are its due.
Prudential maxims I despise
Within my soul as much as you.
I hate to have my whole life's hue
A sober and a somber gray.
I'd like to join a pirate crew—
But what would Mrs. Grundy say?

L'Envoi

O Priestess of the Laws of Blue,
I am a victim of your sway!
I yearn to drink and smoke and chew—
But what would Mrs. Grundy say?
—Thomas Lomax Hunter.

Song

AND shall we build a little nest
In Arcady, in Arcady,
Where we can settle down and rest
In sweet security;
A place where sunbeams cast their spell,
And shadows play, and shadows play,
Where you and I and Love can dwell
Forever and a day?

And shall we go there, you and I,
In poppy time, in poppy time,
When fluffy cloudlets dot the sky
And clustered roses climb?
And shall we watch the seasons wane,
And come and go, and come and go,
And welcome April's golden rain,
And hail December's snow?

And will no other ever find
Our garden spot, our garden spot?
And shall we leave the world behind
And count it well forgot?
There boundless peace can come to us,
But trouble can't, but trouble can't.
And shall we live forever thus?
You bet your life we shan't.
—Dorothy Parker.

Fifty-Fifty

A MAN in Savannah was passing a negro shack off Abercorn Street when a darky woman popped her head out of a window and shouted, "Ferdilizer! Ferdilizer!"

"Are you calling someone, aunty?" he asked.

"Yeah, sah; Ise callin' our youngest chile."

"Why did you name him that?"

"'Cause we thought maybe he'd be our las', sah, so we named him after bof uv us. Mah husband's name's Ferdinand an' mine's Eliza, so we jes' naturally called him Ferdilizer."

A Slum Flower Shop

JUST a breath of fragrance in the welter
of the slums,
Just a ray of sunlight from the country
far away;
Roses in a tawdry vase and daisies in a
jar,
Ferns from some cool forest spot where
little shadows play.

Just a sense of sweetness in a dingy crowded
place,
Where the heat hangs sullenly above the
shouts and cries;
Just a bit of loveliness and color in a spot
Where all life seems painted drab to many
weary eyes.

"Happiness and joy and peace"—words the
flowers say—
Seem like notes of music here, like music
soft and sweet,
Drowning, by its radiance, the anguish of
the soul,
Touching, with a vivid hand, the squalor
of the street.

"Love and hope and dreams come true"—so
the message rings,
Bluebells and forget-me-nots, pinks and
mignonette;
Teaching pallid lips to smile and tired feet
to dance,
Teaching frightened hearts to pray and
promise and—forget!

Just a breath of fragrance in the tumult of
the slums,
Beauty—creeping poignantly where pain
and sorrow are—
Just a sense of sweetness in a dingy,
crowded place.
Roses in a tawdry vase and daisies in a
jar! —Margaret E. Sangster.

Ballade of Art and Love

THE Indian wears the gay tattoo,
And calcimines his countenance
With streaks of crimson, green and blue,
Believing that it does enhance
His pulchritude, and much advance
The high ambition of his heart,
To be a hero of Romance—
He seeks to cozen Love with Art.

The savage of the southern seas
Adorns his face with bits of glass,
Arranged with taste and graceful ease,
And hangs his nose with rings of brass,
And stains his teeth as green as grass,
And spares no labor to improve
On Nature, somewhat crude and crass,
To please the sweet caprice of Love.

The modern flapper has attained
A skill of far more witching grace:
Her lovely lips are carmine stained,
A peach-blow pink is on her face.
She hasn't overlooked a place
Where Art its very best may do
To cover Nature's smallest trace—
She's garnished up for me and you.

L'Envoi

Prince, this is not all vanity,
As once I wrongly said, in haste,
But is, as now I plainly see,
A criticism of our taste.
—Thomas Lomax Hunter.

Nothing Doing

OLD Mose carefully knocked the ashes from his corncob and put it on the mantelpiece.

"Mandy," he remarked, "I thinks Ise gwine put on mah bes' clothes an' go down to de theayter ternight to see de chorus ladies dance."

His wife turned a stony eye on him.

"Mose," she said slowly, "lissen heah! If dat am what yuh thinks, then yuh'd bettah think agin. Niggah, yuh ain't gwine put on nothin' to go no place no time to see nobody do nothin', never, nohow an' not at all. Does yuh understan'?"

The Little Things

EVER so little means so much
In the little world of workaday:
The lips that smile and the hands that touch—
The easier things. Not many such,
Easy or hard, in the common way!
Ever so little means so much
In the little world of workaday!

Ever so little, but how they aid:
The kindly glance and the friendly word!
The flash of an eye, and a debt is paid;
A syllable uttered—a friendship made
Or ever the syllable's clearly heard.
Ever so little, but how they aid:
The kindly glance and the friendly word.

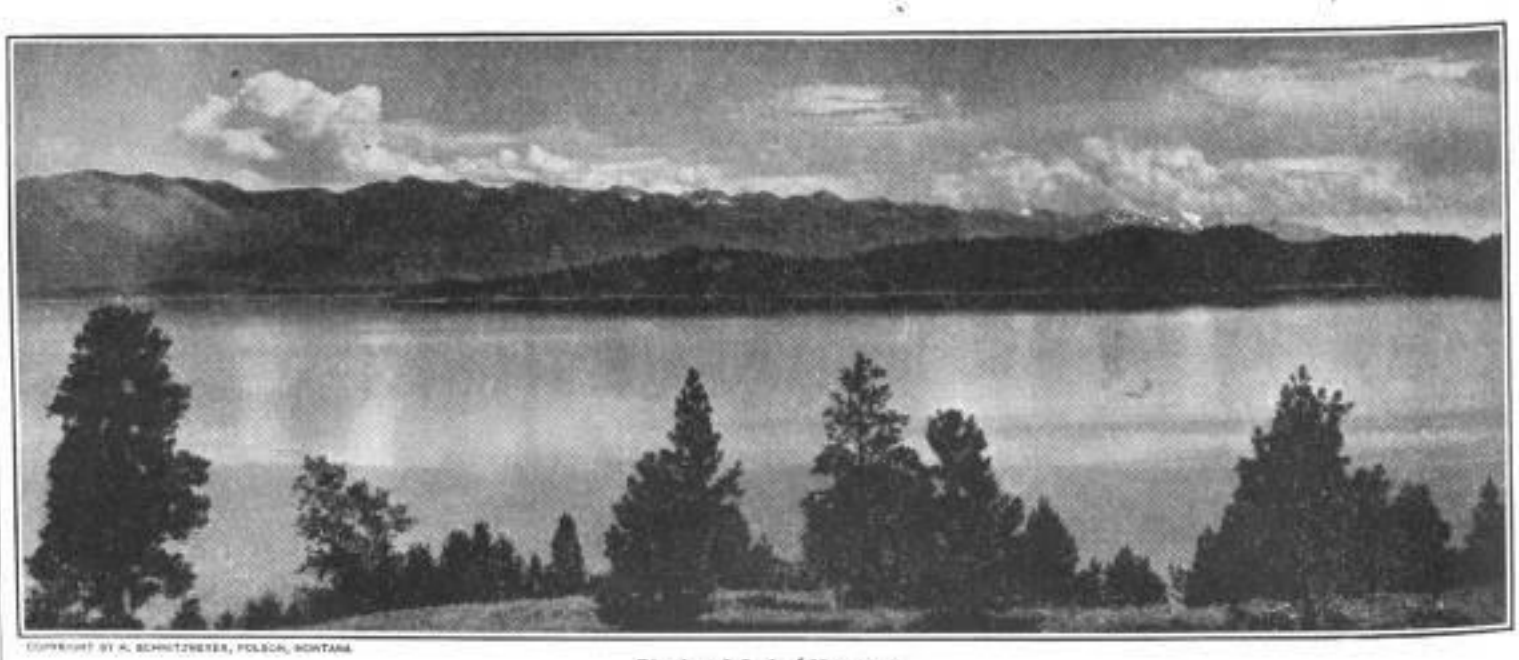
Ever so little, but they will last:
The least of the deeds that your hand can do!
Open your heart door freely, cast
Windows wide on the starry vast—
And God's good face comes shining through.
Ever so little, but they will last:
The things that are best in the best of you.
—Reginald Wright Kauffman.

Strong on System

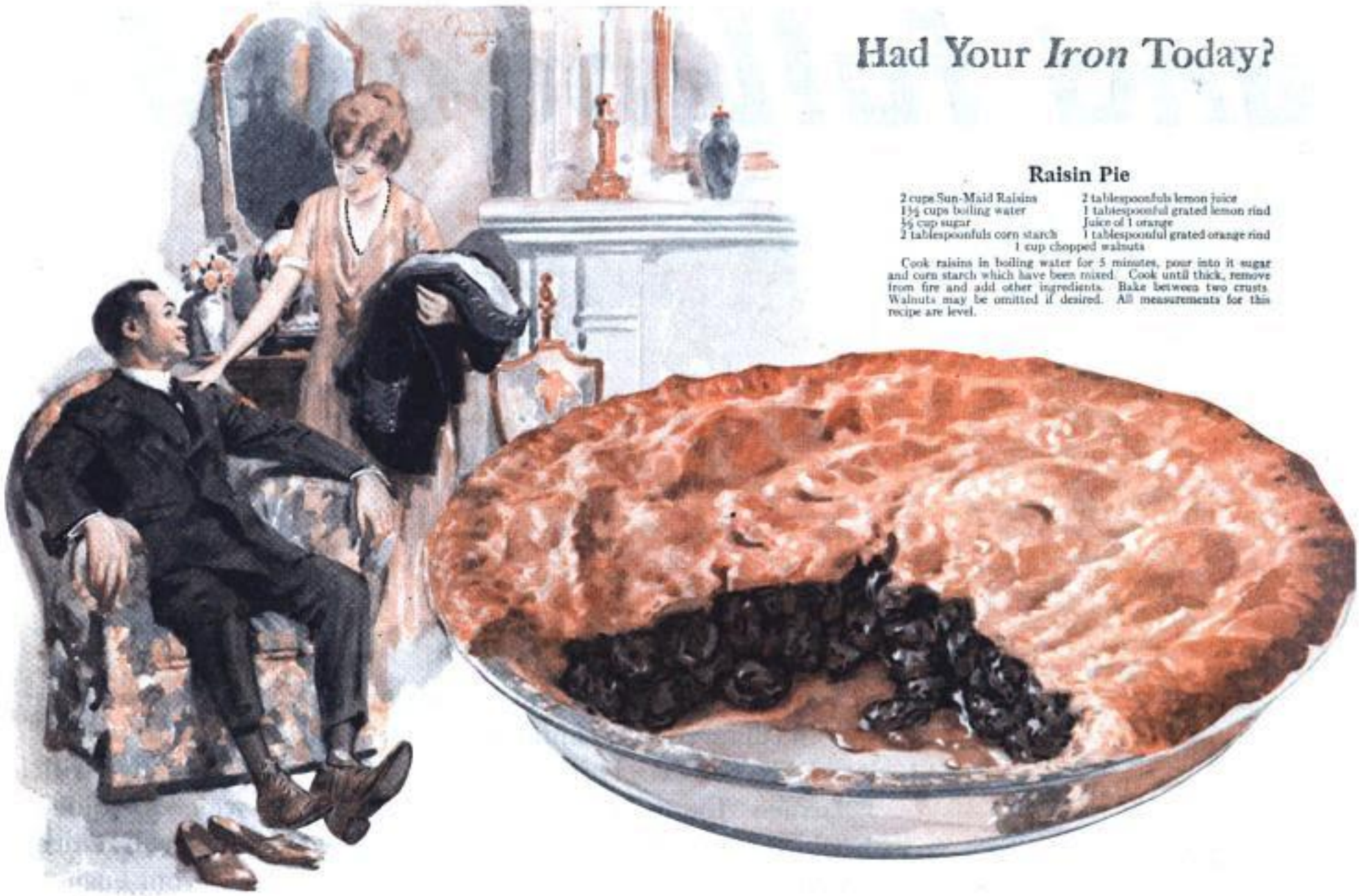
AT A CERTAIN coal mine down in New Mexico the superintendent was greatly annoyed from time to time by employes moving into and out of the company's houses without due notification of their frequent changes of domicile. It became quite impossible to keep the rent accounts straight on the office books, and finally the superintendent, in his exasperation, resolved upon stringent measures. He therefore posted the following notice:

july the 11

Notis to all thom imployed:
aney Person or Persons what Moves into A House Without My Consent shall be Put Out Without anney Cemmony.
Dam it i Must and Will have some Sistom.
(Signed) HEN FELKER.



Flathead Lake, Montana



Had Your *Iron* Today?

Raisin Pie

2 cups Sun-Maid Raisins
1½ cups boiling water
½ cup sugar
2 tablespoonfuls corn starch
2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice
1 tablespoonful grated lemon rind
Juice of 1 orange
1 tablespoonful grated orange rind
1 cup chopped walnuts

Cook raisins in boiling water for 5 minutes, pour into it sugar and corn starch which have been mixed. Cook until thick, remove from fire and add other ingredients. Bake between two crusts. Walnuts may be omitted if desired. All measurements for this recipe are level.

Not Merely Delicious

This Raisin Pie Supplies Quick-Acting Energy to Tired, Hard-Worked Men

HE'LL thank you for its luscious flavor, but more for the *refreshment* in this incomparably good dessert after his long business day. A man's food is of paramount importance.

Raisins furnish 1560 calories of energizing nutriment per pound. They are 75 per cent *natural fruit-sugar*, and *this kind* of sugar is in practically predigested form.

So it doesn't tax him, and he is conscious of its nutriment almost immediately. With such refreshment he feels fit—and ready for anything you want to do that evening.

Raisins are rich in food-iron also—good for the blood.

Wise women cater to these needs of men.

Pie is man's ideal dessert, and Sun-Maid Raisins from California's sun-bathed valleys make a pie de luxe.

Tender, meaty, thin-skinned fruit-meats. The juice forms a luscious sauce. Add these features to your pie crust and then taste the result.

There's a recipe above if you want one. Try it if you haven't a favorite of your own. See what *he* says when he tastes pie like this.



Blue Package (seeded) best

SUN-MAID RAISINS

Sun-Maids are selected raisins produced from California's finest table grapes.

The Seeded Sun-Maids, called Muscats, are sterilized and wrapped in wax paper, all ready for your use.

Always ask for Sun-Maid brand and get the finest raisins grown. Raisins are 30 per cent cheaper than formerly—see that you get plenty in your food.

Send coupon for free book containing 100 tested recipes for delicious raisin foods.

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Little Sun-Maids
Between-Meal Raisins

Luscious little raisins full of energy and iron—sold in 5c packages everywhere.

Revive you when you're tired. Taste good when you're hungry. Try them. At all stores—5c.

CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT

Sun-Maid Raisin Growers
Dept. A-1407, Fresno, Calif.

Please send me copy of your free book, "Sun-Maid Recipes."

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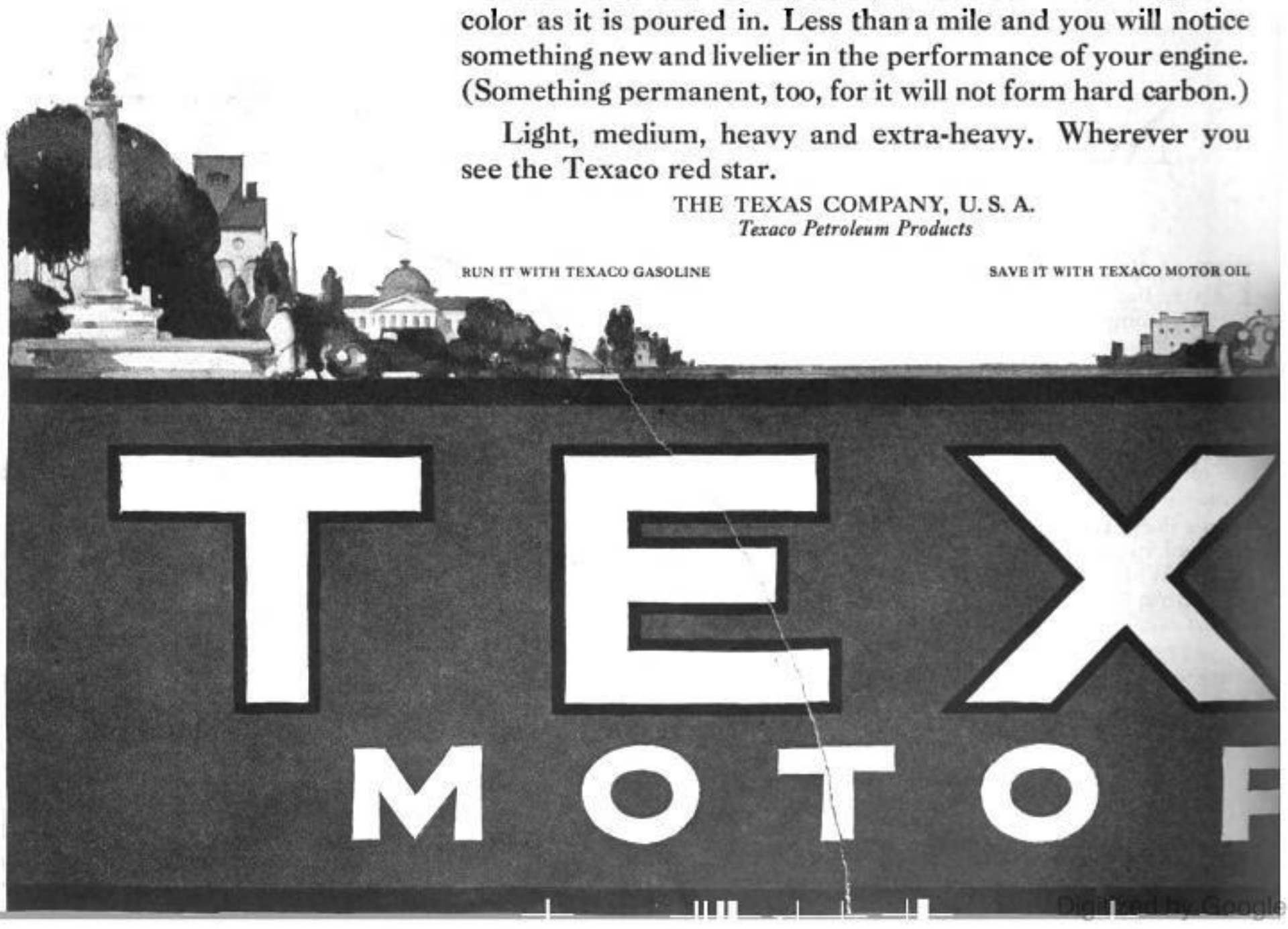
and full-bodied—

NO one thing you can do for your car will make so much difference, so immediately, at so little cost, with so little trouble as this: Drain out your crank case, and refill with Texaco Motor Oil. Clean, clear, full-bodied—watch its golden color as it is poured in. Less than a mile and you will notice something new and livelier in the performance of your engine. (Something permanent, too, for it will not form hard carbon.)

Light, medium, heavy and extra-heavy. Wherever you see the Texaco red star.

THE TEXAS COMPANY, U. S. A.
Texaco Petroleum Products

RUN IT WITH TEXACO GASOLINE SAVE IT WITH TEXACO MOTOR OIL



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Do 19 out of 20 persons have "Acid-Mouth"?

Is it true that only 1 person in 20 is free from "Acid-Mouth"?

The chances are you have "Acid-Mouth"

It is said that only one person in twenty is free from "Acid-Mouth," the condition that causes early tooth decay. So you have but a small chance of being free from this condition—unless you take steps to guard against it.

"Acid-Mouth" is doubly treacherous because it works unseen and unfelt. The first warning of what "Acid-Mouth" is doing comes with the twinge of pain that tells you a tooth is decaying. Soon other teeth decay and ache—victims of "Acid-Mouth."

To combat this destructive enemy, thousands of men and women clean their teeth night and morning with Pebeco Tooth Paste.

Pebeco is the tooth paste that counteracts "Acid-Mouth" by stimulating the flow of normal alkaline saliva—nature's own mouth wash, and the most effective means of neutralizing mouth acids.

In addition to checking "Acid-Mouth," Pebeco keeps the teeth clean and firm, and leaves the mouth delightfully refreshed.

To the last squeeze, Pebeco rolls out of the tube fresh and creamy.



How to tell if you have "Acid-Mouth"

First, send for Litmus Test Papers and big trial tube of Pebeco

Then moisten a blue Litmus Test Paper on your tongue. If it turns pink, it indicates an acid condition of the mouth. Brush your teeth with Pebeco and make another test. The paper will not change color, thus demonstrating that Pebeco counteracts "Acid-Mouth."

Fill in the coupon now, enclose ten cents and mail to us at once. The Litmus Test Papers and big trial tube of Pebeco will be sent you immediately.



LEHN & FINK, INC.
635 Greenwich Street, New York

Enclosed find 10 cents, for which please send me your Litmus Test Papers and large trial tube of Pebeco.

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LEHN & FINK, INC.
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It cleans every part of every tooth
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OUT-OF-DOORS

More Cow Brands Than Ever

WE ARE disposed to believe that the cattle business of old now is past or rapidly passing, and that the old ways of the open range are now no longer needful. As a matter of fact, there are more different brands for cattle today than ever were known before. It is said that there are thirty-five thousand different brands registered in the state of Colorado alone, and that five or six hundred new brands are filed every month. Of course it is getting so that it is hard to invent a brand which some other fellow has not already adopted, and it always was hard to invent one which some ingenious brand blotter could not alter. Most of the brands today run in only one letter or figure, not very many have three or more letters or figures. This requires considerable originality, hence geometrical designs or figures of animals or articles now also are seen in brands up to date. There are still brand experts who comb the stockyards for tampered brands, and in many ways the old cow industry survives. Sometimes cattle have to be driven, even today, a hundred miles or so to reach the rails, and road branding or even stockyard branding for shipment to feeding ranges is by no means unknown even today. The study of the books of the registered-brand department in any Western state capital is a curious and interesting one. I observe that the writer in a Colorado paper making these statements also states that the legislature of Colorado collects a brand tax every eight years and discards all brands on which taxes are not paid—this in the intention to keep down the voluminous registration work.

A Trout Secret

I HAVE often wondered what made trout take the bucktail fly so eagerly, as they quite often do—that is to say, the bucktail fly as I tie it myself, with rather a long wing of brown or black hair. Last spring I was fishing on the Prairie River in Wisconsin, and in opening my trout I found they were feeding on hellgramites and small crawfish. In parts of the stream where this was going on, and in other near-by streams, I found the bucktail deadly, although that is country where the small dry fly is pretty nearly a religion today. Then one day, when standing on the bank near the end of a submerged log, I saw that the surface of the log was well-nigh covered by a lot of oblong objects which were swaying lightly in the current, but holding on. These, of course, were the little cylinders made of bark and sand, concealing the larvæ which after a time would hatch into flies. I cut off the bucktail from my leader, waded out and stuck it just lightly in the bark. The long hairs of the wings looked rather darkish, and swung just a little here and there in the current, but hung on.

I thought then I had discovered the secret of the bucktail. I believe the trout take it for the hellgramite, or for a larva, or for a small crawfish.

Cleaning Fish

AWHILE ago I was on a Western trout stream where there were two Austrian fishers, and I watched them clean their trout. First they cut off the head of the fish, then cut a big notch at the vent, and then ripped it open. Another Austrian had a way of cutting off one end of the gill attachment and yanking it all out. There are different ways of cleaning trout, but one of the best is practiced by most of the friends with whom I fish. You can use either a sharp knife or a pair of scissors. Make two cuts at the throat of the trout, the first detaching the gills where they fasten at the angle of the lower jaw, the second cut back of the gills and through the throatlatch just back of the point. Now rip your trout open along the belly as usual. Take your thumb and finger and tear off the detached gills from their fastening at the roof of the mouth. Then you can strip back the entrails and not get anything very much messed up. You will still have left the black streak along the spine of your fish. If you are going to eat your trout right away take your thumb nail and scrape that out. If you are going to take him home and keep him two or three days, for the love of Mike leave that black strip in until just before you cook him! Don't wash that trout again, don't handle him any more, but leave him alone until you are just ready to put him in the pan. All of which I think worth repeating.

Of course you know how to clean perch. Last spring the trout fishing was not good, so with some friends I went perch fishing in a mill pond. We caught some small minnows and cut them into little chunks for our bait and caught all sorts of perch—while fishing in just this way one of my friends two weeks earlier had caught a five-pound rainbow trout, which sort of took the curse off the perch fishing. In cleaning our perch, which I wanted to take home to the city, we first run the edge of a sharp knife round back of the gills and back of the first big fins just back of the gills. Then with the point of the knife we split the skin from the shoulder back to the tail, running another split on the opposite side of that long, bristling back fin which Mister Perch sports. With the thumb and knife blade for a pincers we then stripped off the tough skin on each side, cut off the tail and the ventral fins, pulled out that bristly back fin, cut off the head and dragged out the entrails attached to the head. True, we did not have very much meat left, but it is all the meat there is to a perch, and you do not eat the fins and the head.

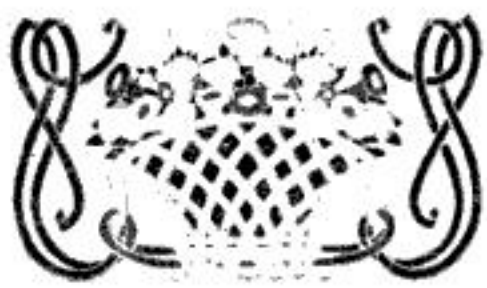
Our perch were rather small. At home I took these fillets and had them dropped into screeching hot grease to cover them, and fried thoroughly. I thought them very much worth bringing home.

We even got so low as to catch three or four bullheads by mistake on that perch-fishing trip, and in these days when porterhouse is a dollar a pound a bullhead is worth skinning. Of course you know how to skin a bullhead. First, you kill him by severing the spine at the back of the head. Always be sure to do that. Better lay him down sideways on a board and then cut off that top spine, which is disposed to be poisonous; also his side horns. The pincers do this best. Run the knife blade back of his gills and those two spines in front, and rip him down the back as you do a perch. Then again take the little pair of pliers which you ought to have in your tackle bag, catch hold of the corner of his hide on top of the shoulder where the two cuts meet, and yank off his hide. Cut off the tail, head and big fins as from the perch, and clean likewise. You have not got much bullhead left, but it is very good when porterhouse is a dollar a pound—or any other time.

By the way, about frying fish: Of course you know that when a fish is very fresh it will curl up in the pan and be much harder to cook than it is if you let it lie overnight. An absolutely fresh trout will sometimes curl up and break almost to pieces in the pan. Last summer I was at a ranger station in one of the national parks, and one of the rangers and I brought in a basket of mountain trout averaging ten to twelve inches. We wanted a panful of these for supper, and I noticed that one of the rangers—of course they are all bachelors, and every fellow has to do his own cooking—put a kettle lid on top of our fish as they lay in the big skillet. The lid was too small for the skillet, and it is not generally considered desirable to put a lid over a skillet of frying trout; so I asked him for why.

"Oh, that's to keep them from curling up," said he. "I just use that lid to hold them down level."

It was another of those discoveries that you never make at home. I found that the light weight of this pot lid was enough to keep the fish flat in the pan, and we fried them beautifully, the texture of the fish holding together so we could turn them over in the pan without breaking them to pieces. Of course you know that the way to cook any fish is to cook him slow and to cook him plenty, and with plenty of grease to keep him from burning to the bottom of the pan. When a fish is done the tine of your big fork will go into it anywhere easily, and without any grating—which also is worth repeating and remembering.



Mending Rubber Boots

OF COURSE you know how to mend your rubber boots when you get a hole in them. In your tackle bag you should always have a little pure rubber sheeting or perhaps some of the patching material which is rubber with a drilling back; also a little tube of the rubber cement which all tackle dealers have. You also should have a small piece of sandpaper in your tackle bag. Sandpaper all round the snagged hole and rub on the cement, waiting until it does not shine any more—two or three minutes. Treat your patch the same way, and repeat once or twice. Then put on your patch and squeeze it down hard, or tap it down with a hammer or knife handle if you can get something smooth and hard to put inside of the boot under the hole. This is the usual way of mending a boot on the stream.

Since the days of the bicycle and the motor car even better ways have been devised for stopping a crack to keep the water away. In any garage you can get a tin box of small, hard, round rubber patches, which can be used very quickly and efficiently. To use them you must have gasoline. Wash round the hole in the boot, dip the patch in gasoline, slap it on and press it and tap it on tight. It will stick. I have five of these patches on the leg of one rubber boot, and some have been there for years.

The hardest place to mend a rubber boot is just at the edge of the sole. Down in Louisiana last winter I got a break in a boot in just that ticklish place, and my patch came off so that the boot leaked again. The plantation manager, himself a good all-round man, scoffed at my method.

"I'll fix it so she'll stay," he said.

He went out into his garage and came in with a piece of heavy, thick, red tire patching or tubing, and some of his tire cement, which he used in mending the tires on his car. This patching material had a canvas backing. He put on a patch; and believe me it did stick, although it lapped over on the sole, where the greatest wear would come.

Again last spring, with that same pair of boots, which now began to look like Joseph's coat, I sprang another leak along the sole, this time up in Wisconsin. I went to a garage and we put on a round patch such as I have described, and over that a thin, very elastic patch, which the garage man said was inner-cushion stuff. It was very thin, very stretchy, pure rubber, and it stuck for fair. Over it all we put a canvas-backed patch, and I went merrily on my way.

Last summer out in Montana this same pair of boots—which must have been more than a dozen years old—went wrong again along the soles, and I went to a garage again. We put on a big slab of rubber with gasoline preliminaries, but the old boots still leaked a little. I found that one heel was coming off. Entertaining certain suspicions which could be verified only in one way—you know you have to skin a cow critter to look at the inside of the hide before you can really tell whether or not a brand has been blotched—I cut the feet off both my boots and dissected them clear down to the sole to see where the leak was. I now found that the inner part of the sole had become detached from its original connection with the lower sole. The water was working in at the heel and in between these two soles of the boots. There seemed to be no way of fixing this, especially since I had cut the legs off the boots, so I gave the legs away to a chap who sometimes has to wallow around the snow in the wintertime. The moral of all of which is that if you want to patch a rubber boot today go to a garage.

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THE FOLLANSBEE IMBROGLIO

(Continued from Page 19)

Parr had quite a thrill when he came to the little old woman in the wide silks on the top floor.

"Did I hear anything?" she repeated in a grieved tone. "Why, I saw it! All! In a measure, I was really the cause of it. I suppose my enemies will begrudge me even this satisfaction." She smoothed out her silks between her bony fingers. "Captain Avalone," she said with a little bow to Parr, "had just tied up at the wharf. He hurried to me directly—he said it was all he could do to wait. The captain was such a gentleman! He brought me a roll of stuffs. Blanche thought they were for her, poor child! We were standing in the corridor by the ladies' entrance—there was about to be a scene. I love scenes!" She threw back her head with a little laugh. "I can always carry them off so beautifully! Brent was coming down the staircase. I saw him throw up his hand to his face, and when he fell he ——"

"Who are you, woman?" demanded Parr. "What are you talking about?"

"I am Estelle de Morney, sir, at your service," she said, essaying a curtsy.

"Good Lord!" ejaculated the man hunter. The creature was regaling him with an account of the Donald Brent murder, of the '70's. This hag to write Finis on that frail beauty who was the center of it all!

Going out he was met by Pelts, who leaned forward and said in low tones: "I've found the voice, sir."

"Eh? Found the voice! What the devil you driving at?"

Pelts held up for his inspection a wad of some plastic substance.

"What do you make of that, sir?" he asked.

"The same as I make of this," said Parr, producing a bit of his own. "It looks like the wax they made those old talking-machine cylinders of."

"That's what it is," agreed Pelts. "It's all over the place—pounded to crumbs. See, this piece was hammered out of shape by a candlestick. I've got the candlestick."

Parr started back to the chamber at a sharp pace.

"Just a moment, sir!" said Pelts. "I've got the cylinder."

He produced a bulky object, at sight of which Parr scowled with the utmost ferocity. It was not an old-fashioned music roll. It was an up-to-date dictating-machine record.

"All the others were smashed," said Pelts. "This one—rolled under the davenport—escaped him."

Parr nodded. He put his glass on the roll; it was bitten by a fine spiral line.

"I identified that bunch of scrap iron in the fireplace," Pelts was going on. "It was the dictating machine. It was mashed to a pulp. I put enough of it together to identify it. It was an Acme, sir."

In five minutes Parr was hurrying south on Broadway, the magic "P. D. 2" on the number plate of his car winning him right of way through the crush of traffic. In a store off Liberty Street dealing in rebuilt typewriters and other mechanical impedimenta of the business offices of this section, he requisitioned an Acme, and in another ten minutes sat alone with it in his inner office, adjusting the needle, conscious of a rare thrill. If this should prove the living voice of the dead woman it would be indeed something new under the sun of crime.

"I swear," he said to Oliver in relating this, "my hair stood on end when she began to talk. And when I heard that 'No, no, no, no, no,' I honestly thought it was a cry from another world. I hooked over the needle and put that jelly roll through again. Then I gradually got my feet back to earth. It was a fragment of the forthcoming installment of the Imbroglio. That was the way she wrote. She didn't write—she talked it off to the machine. That was the chatter, the confused talk they heard. That was why we couldn't find a scrap of writing. I wonder how many rolls that fiend destroyed. If we had them, Oliver, he'd find me sitting on his doorstep when he gets out his latchkey to-night."

The man hunter smiled grimly; eying Armiston, he pried out of a bulging pocket a box from which he produced, from a nest of cotton batting, not one cylinder but two. He set them down before the extinct author as carefully as if they were spun glass instead of all that remained this side of the Great Divide of the amazing Nain Gail. Oliver looked questioningly at Parr.

"Two?" he said. "I thought you said one."

Parr nodded.

"Yes; I thought you'd require confirmatory evidence, so I brought two."

When Parr, in the seclusion of his office, had finally got his feet back to earth, and assured and reassured himself that beyond a measure of doubt the embalmed record recited a fragment of a further never-to-be-born installment of the notorious Follansbee Imbroglio, the first thing he did was to send for Pelts, being a great stickler for credit due.

"You are all right, son," growled the deputy commissioner in charge of man-hunting. "Let me give you a tip: Most of these flatties around here take on a press agent, to pin a rose on them, in print. Don't. Where you're going you won't need any. Don't pal with reporters. Don't confide to any of them."

Where Pelts was going immediately was out after the man with the salt-and-pepper hair.

II

PARR himself drove over to the publication office of the Half Moon. It occupied an entire floor in a loft building off Madison Square with windows on four sides, and a hundred girls were occupied in the various departments. Preston Black, the publisher, a carefully dressed man, whose natural expression was one of agreeable surprise—and for very good reason, too—occupied a desk in the very middle of the mêlée, a low rail being the only indication of the seat of the mighty.

Parr sat down heavily, making the merest response to the publisher's greeting. He looked about him, scowling, at the visible evidences of prosperity, with which, to tell the truth, few business concerns were afflicted during this period of slack times. This entire industry was pyramided on the amazing talents of Nain Gail. To the outward eye there was no indication that the wheels had stopped, the end had come. Parr played his cards accordingly.

"I was in two minds whether to send the wagon or come myself," he said, his eyes finally coming back to the publisher.

Preston Black turned from his desk with a smile; he was trying to explain to himself palatably the occasion for this official call.

"You jest, commissioner," he said easily.

"Do I?" said Parr thoughtfully. His little eyes suddenly became fierce. "Was it a jest," he demanded in a low tone, "when Flora West killed herself last spring when you were publishing the concluding pages of the Siege of Peking? Was that a jest? Eh? Answer me! Was it a jest"—he ran up on the startled man with savage emphasis—"that drove the Alstair family out of the country? Or was it something that Nain Gail threatened in The Weak Sister? Do you call that a jest"—he leaned over the desk—"or do you call it blackmail?" he demanded.

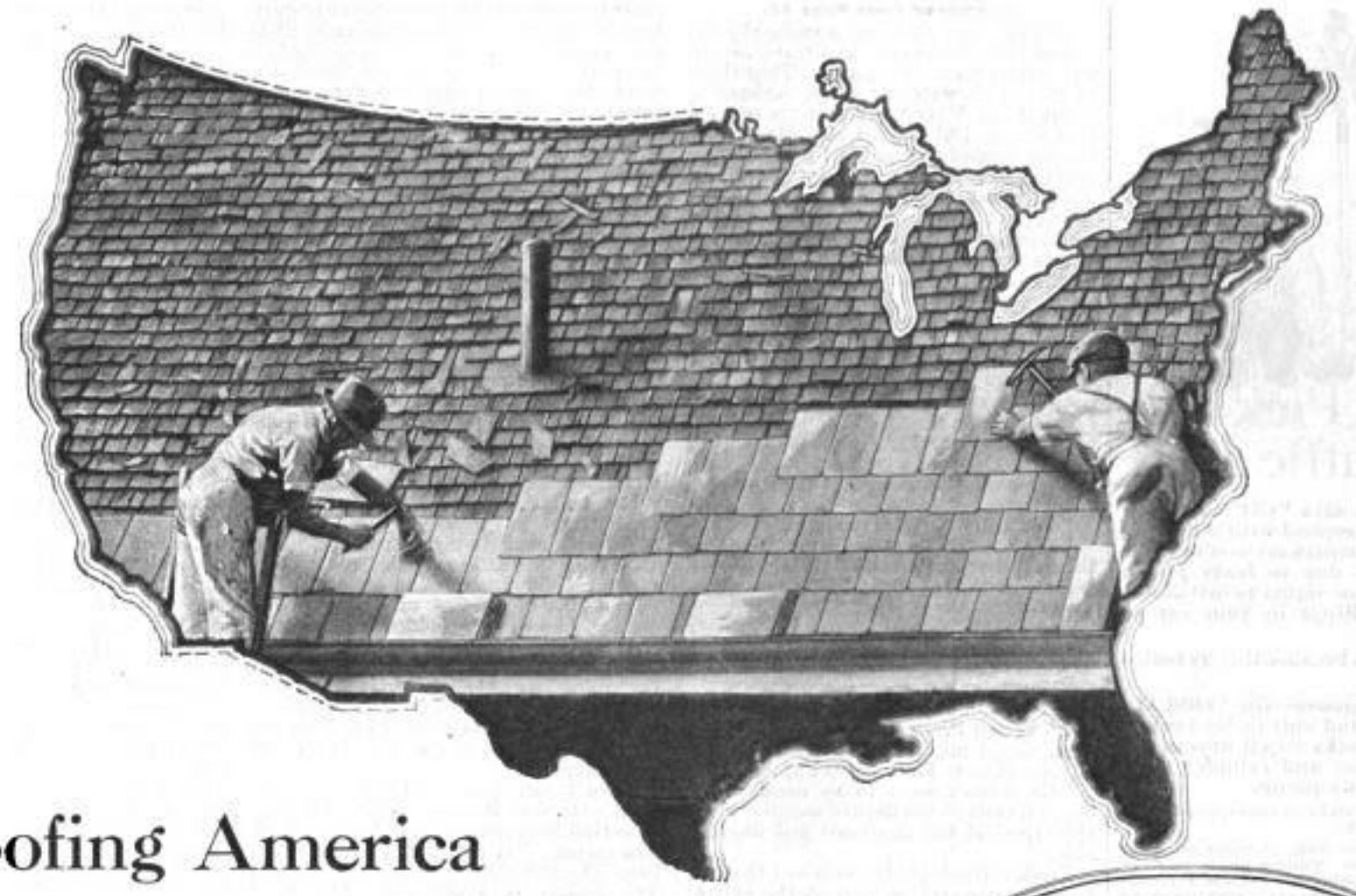
Preston Black returned Parr's look straight for a moment across the narrow space. Then with a swift look around he satisfied himself that no one had overheard; the chatter of typewriters, the clucking of adding machines, the buzz of mechanical bookkeepers in their eternal come and go, the fine whine of the motors had not let up for an instant; there had been a little flurry at the entrance of the great Mr. Parr, but that had quickly subsided.

He lit a cigarette, blew a puff or two at the ceiling, then began to talk very rapidly in a low tone.

"I know there was some talk about the Flora West case," he was saying, his eyes roving restlessly about the room. "We had it looked up. We went to considerable pains and expense. There was a similarity. Nothing more. Fiction is built of fact. You know that, sir. And fact has the habit of repeating itself. In life, and in print." He turned to Parr. "I don't know about the Alstair episode. I can't make head or tail of it. There were some letters." He dismissed them with an impatient gesture. "We get bushels of letters. They did move to Paris, I believe. I've read The Weak Sister forward and back—I can't find the answer. Certainly not a sin of commission. Was it omission? A threat? People have

(Continued on Page 54)

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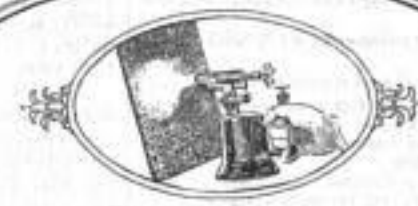
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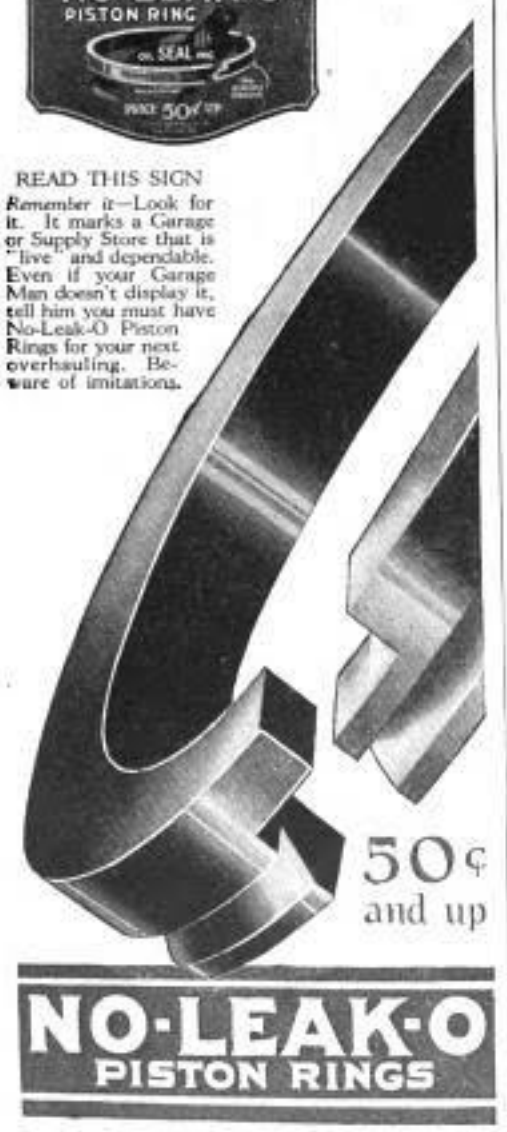
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(Continued from Page 52)

skeletons. And they are occasionally exhumed. Usually by chance. Creatures with a past have a curious egotism. They think everybody is watching them, whispering about them. They think they are original in their sins. But they are not. Man isn't." He had himself well in hand now. "They study our mysteries. They accuse us. Threaten us! As if sin was copyrightable! Anonymously." His lip curled. "And now you come, Mister Commissioner, as if it were a matter for the police. Blackmail? That's an ugly word. What do you mean?"

"You seem to have gone into this business with your eyes wide open," said the deputy dryly.

Indeed it was obvious that the owner of the Half Moon gold mine labored under no delusion as to the nature of the contents of its pay dirt.

"On the contrary," said Black with a queer laugh, "we were born stone-blind, like puppies. But we opened our eyes soon enough!"

"You admit you sail close to the wind."

"We buy the best of advice," replied the publisher comfortably. He half turned, pointing with his pencil. "Do you see that man over in the corner? The little gray-headed man? We took him off a newspaper desk. He knows more unprinted news than any other man in the country."

"Unprintable, I guess you mean?"

"It amounts to the same thing in the end," agreed Preston Black suavely. "He is employed just to read proof. To steer us clear of more Flora Wests and Alstairs."

"He doesn't seem to be occupied today," remarked the deputy sweetly, eying the expert of the unprinted and unprintable.

Preston Black glibly explained that the person was merely a man at the switch; twice a month he ran his eye over the galleys, and drew his pay check—a very nice one.

A silence intervened. There was no doubt that Black, after his first flutter of apprehension, was not displeased to have the affable, if occasionally abrupt and caustic Mr. Parr cast a professional eye over his works. Like all men who make it a practice to buy that expensive commodity, advice, he prided himself on his perspicacity.

"Blackmail?" he said, handling the ugly word with easy contempt. "Just cast your eye over this." He picked up a typed tabulation, one of those last-minute business recapitulations the modern captain of industry keeps handy at all times. This epitome of the momentary monetary value of Nain Gail was indeed an astonishing document. "Aside from the turpitude of it, which we won't consider," said Preston Black, "we would have to be mental defectives to kill our golden goose with blackmail. We are hardly that."

"No, hardly that," agreed Parr, putting the paper down. "I believe," he said, carelessly looking about him, "I'd like to have a talk with this Nain Gail. Do you happen to have him handy?"

Black's answer was to touch a button and ask for a certain file; when it came he handed it to Parr. It was marked "Broadbill Detective Agency," and was a bulky affair made up of reports extending back more than a year.

"You don't know who Nain Gail is?" ejaculated Parr.

"We've spent fifty thousand dollars trying to find out!"

"Is it a man or a woman?"

Black shook his head.

"Look at it!" he cried suddenly, making a sweep of his hand to indicate the swarming office. "All built on a mystery! This is only one office. We've got a dozen—across the country. The thing got away from us in the beginning. We didn't dream of the success of the idea. We were overwhelmed before we could turn around. We had no time to lay our plans. We can't print enough copies. We've got presses running in thirty cities! Where is it all going to end?"

"Where did it begin? That's what I want to know," said Parr tartly. "How did you get hold of this Nain Gail in the first place? There must have been some materialization. Thrillers don't come out of thin air."

But Nain Gail had apparently. The Half Moon was Black's idea in the first place. He had summoned his angels and swung into the current, not heeding the advice of experts that it was no time for a launching. He had to have a sensational seller to go on. He indicated to the literary brokers that he was in the market for first-run masterpieces at top figures; but before he could appraise the wares submitted a truck drove up one day and deposited a romance by Nain Gail.

"A truck?"

Black drew a deep breath. He nodded. "A truck, just that," he said. "I thought they were moving in a piano when I saw the crate." He turned, and with nervous fingers opened a safe door and took out a jelly roll of wax, which he submitted with an air of great mystery for Parr's inspection.

"The crate was filled with these," he said. "Hundreds of them. All nicely numbered and packed in wadding."

Parr's features wore an air of mild astonishment as he turned the record in his fingers. It was a perfect mate for the one recovered by his man Pelts. Preston Black deftly slid the jelly roll into place on a dictating machine at his elbow, affixed the rubber tentacles in Parr's ears and pressed the button.

The roll began to revolve; that same female voice that had so startled him with its reiterated "No, no, no," in his own office but an hour before took up a recitative in measured accents. A sudden vision of that room swam before his eyes. He snatched the rubber tubes from his ears, staring at the overwrought fool hovering over him, the fool who didn't know that at this very moment the house of cards of which he was so joyously boasting was tumbling down about him.

"Don't you see? Don't you get it? That's the way it came. That's the way Nain Gail first materialized!" Preston Black was saying. "It got me! From the first line. The first word, I should say. It was The Fallacy of Fulfillment. Recollect? That was the sensational seller we started on! Gad! It was a sensation!"

Parr recollected it, that strange creepy yarn that had launched Nain Gail and the Half Moon on their amazing careers. Not a bookish person, the deputy's attention had been drawn to the story, The Fallacy of Fulfillment, by the whispered rumor that here at last was a plausible if daring explanation of the tragedy of poor Freddie Kerfoot, an international sportsman who had disappeared from a liner in midocean.

"A woman," said Parr, eying the machine malevolently.

"Probably a secretary," Black replied. "That was Freddie Kerfoot; you accepted it without investigation?"

"Oh, I made inquiry, you may be sure," cried Black quickly. "But to no avail. It was too good to throw away. It had the tang, the bite, the—I don't know what to call it; there is an elusive flavor to the real thing. It pops out in the first line. It was there." The searcher after the elusive pulled a deep breath as he recollected the thrill of the moment of discovery, discovery of Nain Gail. "There remained, as an objection, only the possibility of plagiarism," went on Black. He laughed outright. "That kind of stuff isn't plagiarized," he said shrewdly.

"Who collects payment for these fairy tales, Mr. Black?"

"That's another curious phase of it," said Black. "At the end of that first tale, tacked to the last roll, we were directed to pay the check, at the usual rates, to the Salvation Army, in the name of the story."

The man hunter shook his head in bewilderment; this was getting beyond his depth.

"It was a great success, as you know—or maybe you don't?" Black was rambling on, reliving the moments of the mystical blooming of his great idea, a great idea that probably had been destined to die a-borning, except for the miracle of that truckload of jelly rolls. "Those records have continued to arrive," he continued. "The first story was entire. Then they began coming installment by installment. We never know till the last roll whom we are to pay. Always some charity. Isn't it weird? Look around you! Imagine this office duplicated in thirty cities—batteries of printing presses running day and night. Sometime I wake up pinching myself, wondering if it is a dream. As I sit here now, relating it to you, I seem to have a premonition that the whole structure is about to come crashing down."

He laughed outright at the absurdity of it—that is, of the premonition; but he picked up the golden balance sheet to reassure himself. He laid the typed statement aside, his look of pleased surprise now in full bloom, and he rubbed his hands together vigorously.

"Might I ask, Mister Commissioner," he said, "just what your interest is at this particular time?"

Parr was staring thoughtfully at that little gray-headed man, the repository of the great unprinted and unprintable, in the corner; the old fellow was poring over a chess problem, one of those gloomy taciturn affairs of white to move and mate in two moves. Parr could use that man. Not yet, not yet. Wait.

"Has something turned up in The Follansbee Imbroglio?"

Parr turned on his questioner. He gave it to Black straight between the eyes: "Nain Gail was murdered last night," he said.

The effect, of course, was volcanic.

"I'd thought he'd gone out for good," said Parr relating this scene to Armiston. "At that, he did go out for a second or so. Imagine the poor devil, with this unbelievable success on his hands, suddenly waking up. I had the very deuce of a time keeping him quiet. You see, I didn't want to disturb the old man over his chess problem over in the corner. I had to take Black out in my car and run him uptown for a turn in the Park. I have just delivered him at his home. He won't believe Nain Gail was a woman."

"Naturally," said Oliver, fingering his single white lock of hair. He picked up the two records, studying them curiously. "This second one is an authenticated segment of the last printed installment of the Imbroglio, I take it," he said.

"Yes; I got that from Black. He said I couldn't take it away. Impossible, but true! I thought you would require it for verification."

"Verification?" laughed the extinct author. "Why, my dear fellow, a young lady who donates fifty thousand a year anonymously to charity and wears secondhand clothes doesn't need verification."

Parr ruffled his feathers.

"You make a great mistake," he retorted. "Plenty of rich women affect model gowns. It's a kind of disease."

"How about your man with the salt-and-pepper hair?"

"We've got him."

"Got him? Good!"

"No; not so very good," admitted the deputy. "Pelts got him. That boy's a wonder—I'd hate to have him on my trail. It was old Josiah Bourne—Bourne & Struthers, lawyers; you know them."

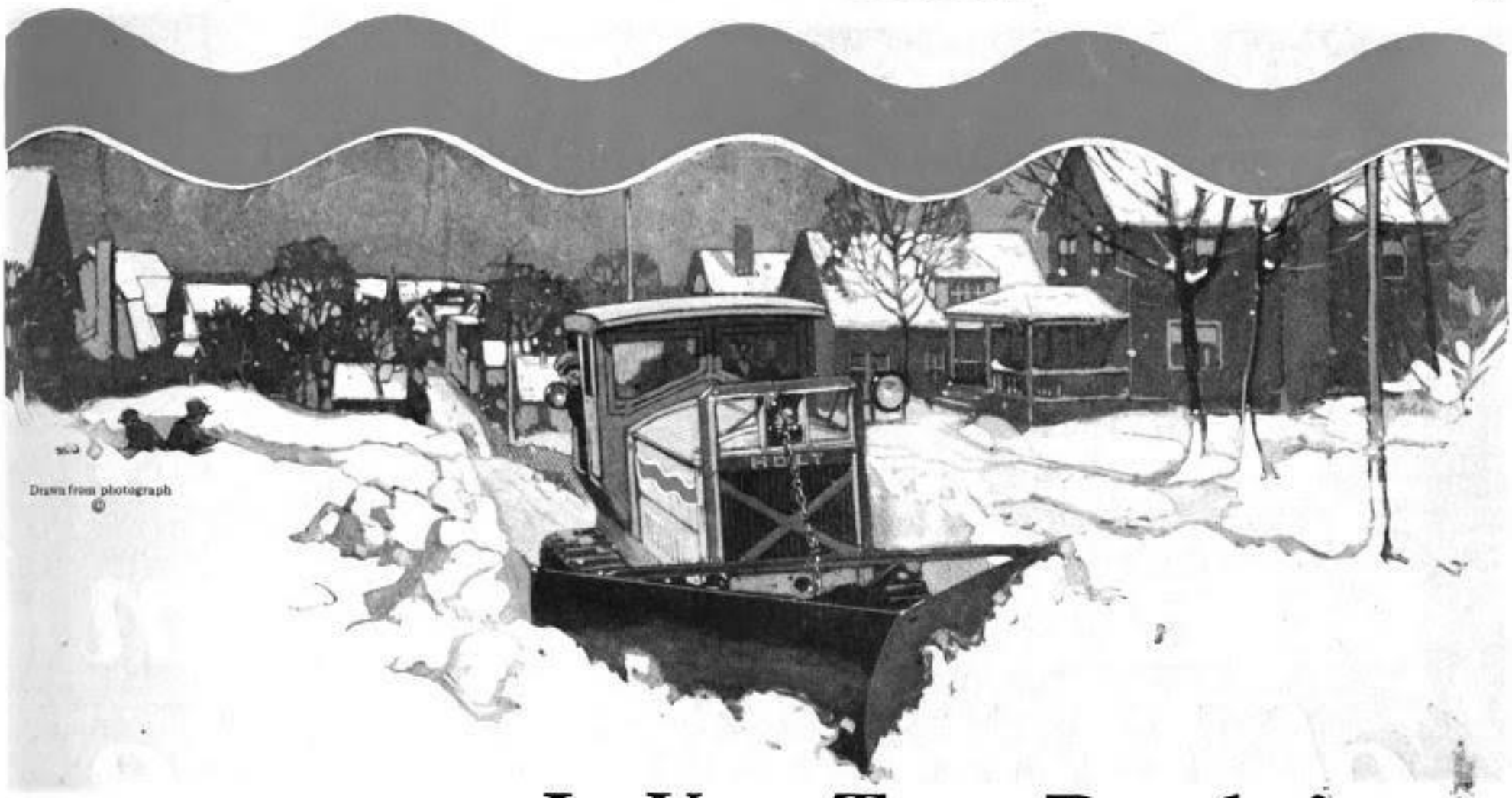
"What! That old reprobate?" snorted Oliver in disgust. "So she was his kind?"

"No—only a client," explained Parr. "He didn't seem to know much about her. I talked with him. It hit him pretty hard—he's an old man. Her real name was Cottrell. She was a queer little nobody, without kith or kin. From what he said I imagine she had a weird mania to be a famous nobody! Do you get the slant of that?" Oliver nodded. That was what he called a fertilizing germ of thought—the thing Henry James was always writing about in his prefaces. A famous nobody! He could write a book on that. "She seems to have had a little money, so she could indulge herself," went on Parr. "When she went to Bourne for help it was about the only time she ever broke cover, so far as we can find out. There were some business matters—and she asked him to get this apartment for her—she had to have references, or at least a show of being respectable, to crawl into that hole in the wall. The old man seems to have helped her out without asking too many questions. At least if he did, it's confidence between lawyer and client, and you know what that is. He's a good deal of a clam."

The eminent firm of Bourne & Struthers, counselors and attorneys at law, were more than clams: they were the quintessence of discretion. One does not realize what a highly specialized profession that of law may be until some chance reveals a legal light risen to dizzy heights in an unsuspected specialty; trade-marks, titles, corporate instruments and a hundred other side lines. Bourne & Struthers conducted what had been facetiously referred to as a nursing home for those incorrigible children of the rich who have nothing more arduous before them in life than unconscionable sums to spend foolishly. The chief task of this brace of cold-blooded men of law was to ease these youthful decadents out of their inevitable escapades with as little

(Continued on Page 59)

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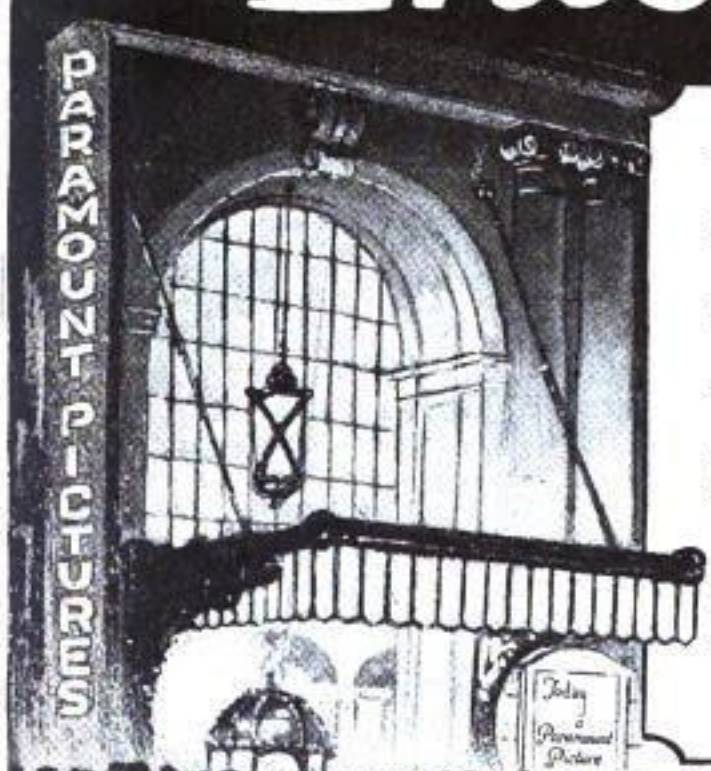
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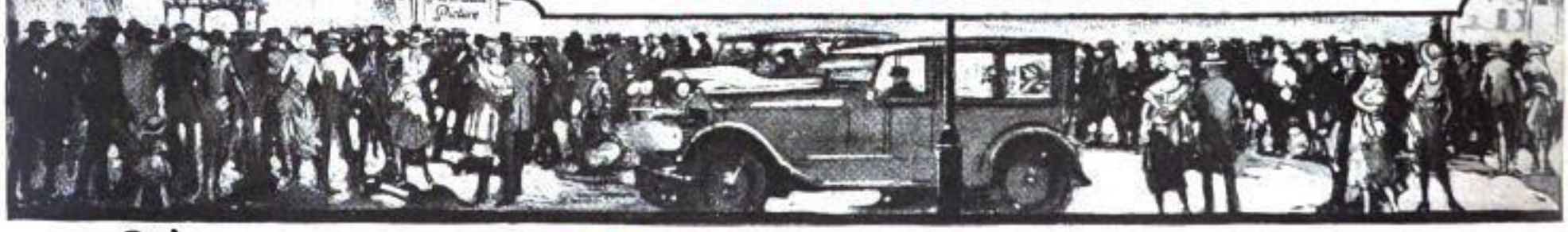
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THOMAS MEIGHAN
in "If You Believe It, It's So"
by Perley Poore Sheehan
Directed by Tom Forman

BETTY COMPSON
in "The Bonded Woman"
by John Fleming Wilson
Directed by Philip Rosen

MAY McAVOY
in "The Top of New York"

"THE LOVES OF PHARAOH"
with Emil Jannings, Dagny Servaes, and Harry Liedtke
An Ernest Lubitsch Production

GLORIA SWANSON
in "Her Gilded Cage"
A Sam Wood Production

A William deMille Production
"NICE PEOPLE"
with Wallace Reid, Bebe Daniels, Conrad Nagel and Julia Faye
From the play by Rachel Crothers
Scenario by Clara Beranger

RODOLPH VALENTINO
in "Blood and Sand"
A Fred Niblo Production
Supported by Lila Lee and Nita Naldi
From the novel by Vicente Blasco Ibañez and the play by Tom Cushing
Adaptation by June Mathis

"THE VALLEY OF SILENT MEN"
with Alma Rubens
From the story by James Oliver Curwood
Directed by Frank Borzage
A Cosmopolitan Production

"THE SIREN CALL"
with Dorothy Dalton
An Irvin V. Willat Production
Supported by David Powell and Mitchell Lewis
by J. E. Nash
Adaptation by J. E. Nash and Philip Hurn

JACK HOLT
"While Satan Sleeps"
A Peter B. Kyne Special
Adapted by Albert S. LeVino
From the novel "The Parson of Panamint"
Directed by Joseph Henabery

CECIL B. DeMILLE'S
"Manslaughter"
with THOMAS MEIGHAN
Leatrice Joy and Lois Wilson
From the novel by Alice Duer Miller
Adaptation by Jeanie Macpherson

The Hamilton Theatrical Corp. presents
"THE MYSTERIES OF INDIA"

"PINK GODS"
A Penrhyn Stanlaws Production
with Bebe Daniels, James Kirkwood and Anna Q. Nilsson
Adaptation by J. E. Nash and Sonya Levien

"THE OLD HOMESTEAD"
with Theodore Roberts
Adapted from Denman Thompson's play
by Perley Poore Sheehan and Frank Woods
Scenario by Julien Josephson Directed by James Cruze

"THE FACE IN THE FOG"
by Jack Boyle
A Cosmopolitan Production

"BURNING SANDS"
with Wanda Hawley and Milton Sills
A George Melford Production

WALLACE REID and LILA LEE
in "The Ghost Breaker"
Directed by Alfred Green

"THE COWBOY AND THE LADY"
with Mary Miles Minter
and Tom Moore
A John Robertson Production

A George Fitzmaurice Production
"TO HAVE AND TO HOLD"
with Betty Compson and Bert Lytell
Supported by W. J. Ferguson and Theodore Kosloff

THOMAS MEIGHAN
in "The Man Who Saw Tomorrow"
by Perley Poore Sheehan and Frank Condon
Directed by Alfred Green

"ON THE HIGH SEAS"
with Dorothy Dalton and Jack Holt
Supported by Mitchell Lewis
by Edward Sheldon
An Irvin V. Willat Production

RODOLPH VALENTINO
in "The Young Rajah"
Adapted from the play by Alethea Luce and novel "Amos Judd"
by John Ames Mitchell
Directed by Philip E. Rosen
Adaptation by June Mathis

ALICE BRADY
in "Anna Ascends"
Directed by Joseph Henabery

A William deMille Production
"CLARENCE"
with Wallace Reid, Agnes Ayres and May McAvoy
Adaptation by Clara Beranger

GLORIA SWANSON
in "The Impossible Mrs. Bellew"
A Sam Wood Production
by David Lisle
Adaptation by Percy Heath

"ENEMIES OF WOMEN"
by Vicente Blasco Ibañez
Directed by Robert Vignola
A Cosmopolitan Production

A George Melford Production
"EBB TIDE"
with Lila Lee and James Kirkwood
Cast includes George Fawcett and Raymond Hatton

"THE PRIDE OF PALOMAR"
From the story by Peter B. Kyne
Directed by Frank Borzage
A Cosmopolitan Production

ELSIE FERGUSON
in "Outcast"
by Hubert Henry Davies
A John Robertson Production
Adaptation by Josephine Lovett

"SINGED WINGS"
with Bebe Daniels
A Penrhyn Stanlaws Production

THOMAS MEIGHAN
in "Back Home and Broke"
by George Ade
Directed by Alfred Green

AGNES AYRES
in "A Daughter of Luxury"
Adaptation by Beulah Marie Dix
Directed by Joseph Henabery

A George Fitzmaurice Production
"KICK IN"
with Betty Compson and Bert Lytell

WALLACE REID
in "Thirty Days"
by A. E. Thomas and Clayton Hamilton
Directed by James Cruze

MARION DAVIES
in "Little Old New York"
by Rida Johnson Young
Directed by Frank Borzage
A Cosmopolitan Production

RODOLPH VALENTINO
in "A Spanish Cavalier"
Based on the play "Don César De Bazan" by Adolphe d'Ennery and P. F. P. Dumanoir
Scenario by June Mathis

JACK HOLT
in "Making a Man"
A Peter B. Kyne Special
Directed by Joseph Henabery
Adaptation by Albert Shelby LeVino

ALICE BRADY
in "Missing Millions"

A William deMille Production
"NOTORIETY"
with Bebe Daniels
by Clara Beranger

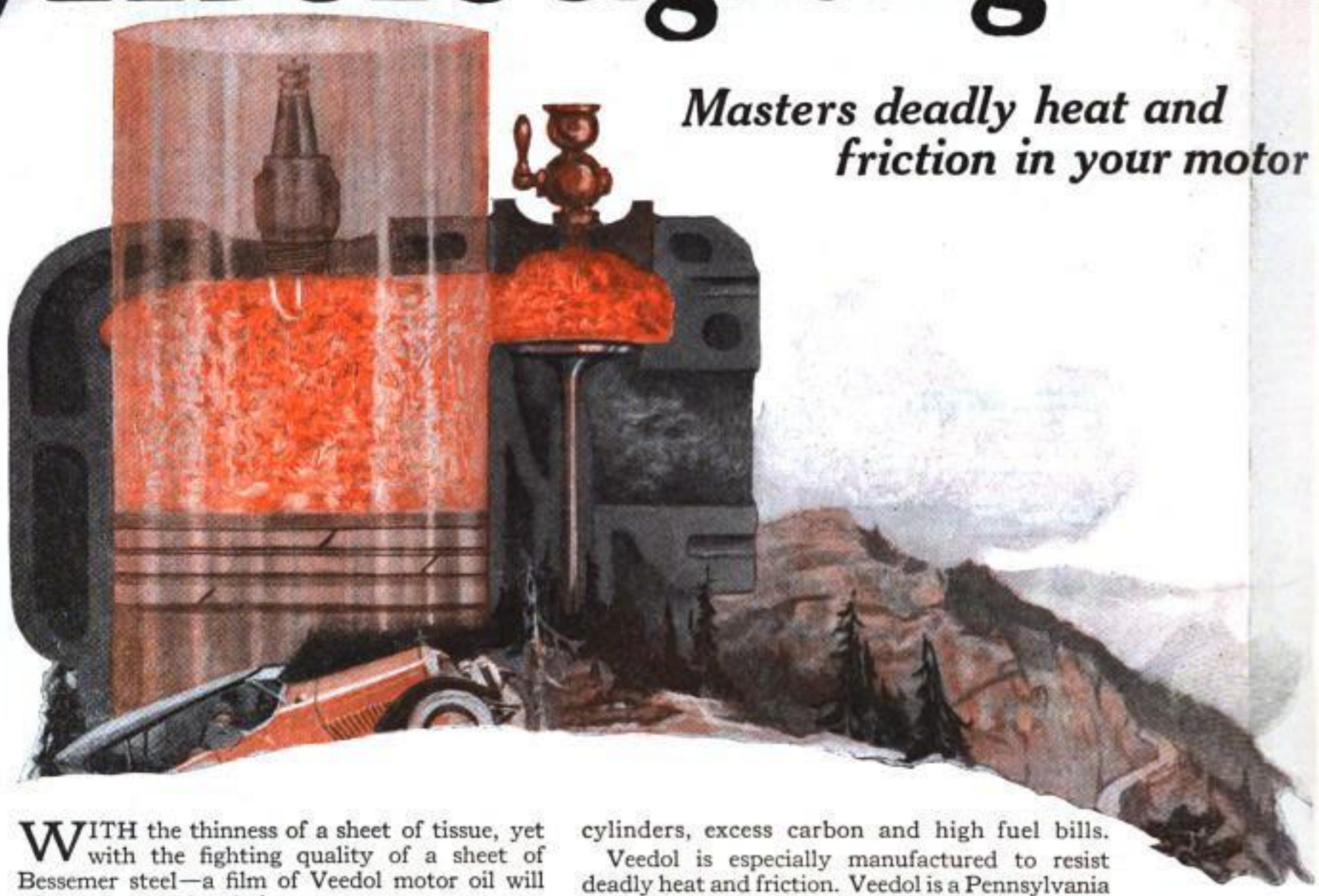


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(Continued from Page 54)

damage to holy family names as possible. Then there were the widows and orphans who had to be protected against the necessity of working for a living; their purse strings were opened and shut with paternal solicitude by the discreet and always judgmatical firm of lawyers. That the mystic Nain Gail was among their clients was of great significance to Oliver Armiston.

"Doesn't all this thrill you?" demanded Parr suddenly.

His friend and oracle admitted that it had its elements—at loose ends, true—nevertheless, elements.

Parr hitched forward in his chair and with a sweep of his arms cleared the desk in front of them as if to make room for the blue prints of the case.

"The situation is this," he began. "She was an actualist, as you say. Her first story, The Fallacy of Fulfillment, was the story—the true story, I verily believe—of poor Freddie Kerfoot, who ended a run of bad luck by jumping overboard. Where she got her facts I don't pretend to say. I was never able to get them in that particular case. But I believe she knew what she was talking about."

Armiston nodded and waited.

"In the Siege of Peking she came so near the true explanation of the West robbery of 1908 that she drove poor Flora West to the confession of suicide," went on Parr. "I thought at the time that Flora West robbed herself to float her campaign in society. Now I know it. Do you follow me?"

"For the sake of argument, yes."

"Thirdly, when The Weak Sister came along the Alstair family picked themselves up and moved across the great water. They are living in seclusion in Paris now. Do you follow me where I am going, eh?"

The extinct author straightened up with a chuckle.

"Perfectly," smiled Armiston; he held up an ominous finger, like Monte Cristo. "Number Four!" he cried. "The Follansbee Imbroglio! Nain Gail goes too far! One of her characters, foreseeing inevitable shame, ignominy, ruin if the story is permitted to run to its logical conclusion steps out of his—or her—part, long enough to brain the lady as she sits gossiping at her desk. That's what you are driving at, isn't it?"

"Good!" ejaculated the ferocious man hunter. He pounded the roll of magazines on the desk. "The whole thing is there! The logical conclusion of the Imbroglio will reveal the murderer of Nain Gail! There is only one man in the world who can bring the loose ends together. That one man is Oliver Armiston!" Dramatically Parr raised a pointing finger and aimed it at the extinct author's head. "Will you finish it for me?" Parr demanded.

Oliver shook his head. But his eyes wavered, fired with sparks. It was a weird idea—a fertilizing germ—Nain Gail struck down, done to death, her lips sealed forever, by one of her own fiction characters she was about to expose to public shame and ignominy. There was actuality for you—with a vengeance.

"Does money mean anything to you?" cried Parr, showing his teeth.

"Not that kind."

"Because if it does," cried Parr with startling emphasis, "I am empowered to offer you the rates paid Nain Gail."

"What's that? Do you mean to say you've come here with a proposition from Preston Black to finish the Imbroglio for him?"

"And why not?" retorted the deputy. "I had to hammer it into his head with a monkey wrench. I suppose I'll have to do the same with you." The man hunter's excitement was rising to the exploding point. "Don't you see?" he urged, lowering his voice to a whisper, "the murderer is priding himself on his cleverness. He alone ran down Nain Gail, finished her, demolished her! Now if she should come to life again with another installment of the Imbroglio—don't you see? Eh, man? Eh?"

He fell back in his chair, hypnotizing his victim with his bright little eyes.

"It doesn't matter how far you carry it in the next number," he said, returning to the attack. "Mark time, stall—that will give you a breathing spell, to study it, pull the threads together, to snare him! There was such an opportunity before!"

'ston was combing his white lock good sign. Parr savagely bit off a cigar.

"Meantime, what are you going to do with your unidentified body?"

"Identify it," said Parr. "That's being done now." He looked at his watch. "As this Cottrell woman—an unknown."

"What about a squeal—an anonymous letter to the newspapers saying it's Nain Gail?"

"The murderer? No! He's written 'Finis.' That's the point. I want to jar him out of his eyeteeth."

"But the old lawyer knows," said Armiston.

"Leave him to me." Parr closed one eye significantly.

"How much time will you give me?" asked the author.

"Four days. Ten thousand words. I've brought a machine for you. You see, everything is to be regular. You write it, then have your wife talk it into the jelly rolls. There mustn't be a slip-up anywhere. Black has typists turn the stuff into copy. Then the telegraphers send it out over the country; then it's set up by the printers, and the presses start. At six o'clock Saturday night the newsboys will be yelling 'Here you are! Get your Half Moon!'" Parr closed his steel jaws with a vicious snap. "Gad! I'd give a year's pay to see him when he gets his!" he cried.

A communing silence followed, measured sedately by the ticks of the old clock, stirred now and then by the rustle of burnt embers on the hearth. The deputy winked in sly triumph at his fat friend and counselor, Buddha. He got up suddenly and went to the street window, where, without a by-your-leave, he ran up the roller shade, and as swiftly yanked it down again, whereupon he resumed his chair and helped himself to a cigar. Shortly Oliver's Jap appeared at the door with the startling message that a squad of piano movers waited without.

"Show 'em in!" cried Parr; and on the heels of the Jap came a blue-blouse squad with heavy crates, which they set down in the middle of the room.

"I thought maybe you'd like to hear it all over again by word of mouth," explained Parr when he closed the door on his hefties. "So you could get the rhythm of it. I've got the Imbroglio here, complete, to date."

He pried up a cover. It was a dictating machine. He pried up another. It was a nestful of wax cylinders, hundreds of them, it seemed to Oliver.

"Here's Number One," said the master of ceremonies joyfully. He slipped Number One into place, plugged the electric wire that actuated the machine into a lamp socket, and touched a switch with his thumb.

"The Imbroglio," piped a squeaky little voice exuding from a rubber tube that hung down to the floor—Parr picked it up—"is a misunderstanding involving a great many people." Parr held the rubber tube to Armiston's ear. The lady's voice became full and rich. "Life," she added in a stage aside, "is a misunderstanding involving the human race."

III

SOMEONE suggested that we might impress on the inhabitants of Mars that we are intelligent beings down here by signaling them that two plus two is four. Whereupon someone else arose and remarked that two plus two possibly does not make four on Mars. And recently there has arisen some serious discussion as to the length of a yardstick on which an adventurous soul might elect to go bronco-busting through outer space. That yardstick would shrink, as its speed increased, until finally, at the velocity of light, it would cease to exist, and the gentleman aboard would be astride of nothing. But the bronco-buster himself would not share our horror at his predicament because his ideas of length would be shrinking by inches, so that the pellet of nothing on which he was careering must still appear to be a yard long to him. It is all a matter of point of view.

"I don't seem to get the perspective," said Oliver Armiston. "Maybe I am viewing it from the wrong angle."

For hours he had been locked in the quiet of his study with the living voice of Nain Gail, a voice indeed from the tomb. He had applied himself assiduously with the humor to please his friend Parr, the deputy of police; if he were, from the beginning, skeptical, complacent, ironic, nevertheless he was also compliant. The versatile Parr, he considered, was a great man only so long as he kept his feet on the ground. But when he elected to flap off the earth on the wings of imagination he was an awkward bird indeed.

That the murderer of Nain Gail was to be discovered lurking between the lines of the unfinished Follansbee Imbroglio, that one of her own characters had stepped out of the book long enough to brain the lady with a pair of fire tongs, was not, Oliver mused, an original idea. There were historic instances of imaginary beings coming to life, either with or without the wish of their creators: Galatea was the obvious one; and—nearer home, in the present case—there was the monster of Frankenstein turning, finally, on its fabricator. It was a pretty idea—really quite creditable, for one of Parr's full habit—but it wouldn't work!

Nain Gail's people were not the kind to right their wrongs by slinking through a subterranean tunnel at midnight, to lie in wait with a bludgeon. True, they were human—woefully so. And they had wrongs—horrible ones. But they didn't stoop to violence, as such; they had more sophisticated ways of accomplishing their ends.

Nain Gail's people belonged to the *beau monde*. The lady herself might affect model gowns and slink unknown in the obscurity of a rear tenement. But the world she moved in, in which she exercised her creative fancies—or, it was beginning to appear, her photographic faculty—was inhabited exclusively by what the man in the street calls swells. She was not interested in the simple annals of the poor; she had had no genre colors in her palette; her *métier* concerned itself exclusively with the vicissitudes of high life. That was the secret of her amazing vogue.

If indeed the lady had been possessed with a mania to become a famous nobody—a distinguished *inconnue*, in the occasional Gallic of the deputy—she could not have chosen a more direct road. For she played on the universal human weakness—envy. There does exist an upper crust, as remote from the humdrum life of the man in the street as the fabled Isles of the Blest—and quite as inaccessible, except in storybooks. Thither she led her readers. She painted the scenes so fair, peopled them with creatures so fortunate, that to those who breathed this rarefied air it seemed there could be no vicissitudes. Then, having achieved this effect, she would lift the hidden clouds above the rim of the horizon and swiftly blot the June valleys with dark shadows.

For there are vicissitudes in high life. The effete dwellers, thwarted, will turn and strike. They—Nain Gail's kind—never step out of the picture; there is nothing impulsive, instinctive, primal about them; they dispense vengeance with subtleties unknown to the lower levels.

Telling himself all this in snatches of thought as those jelly rolls revolved, Armiston pursued his task with a subconscious and growing certainty that once the inherent wave length betrayed itself the mystery would cease to be confusion and become articulate. While Parr was concerning himself purely with the physical fact of murder and the identity of its perpetrator, to Armiston the crime was merely a detail, a connecting link. He was conscious that he was looking through and beyond for something of which The Follansbee Imbroglio had as yet given no hint.

Read a second time—or rather given an audition, for he had the whole affair by word of mouth, from its beginning to its abortive end—in the light of murder, and with the knowledge that in the past the revelations of the lawless Nain Gail had driven at least one woman to suicide, and one family to expatriation, it took no great amount of candle burning to determine what the lady was driving at in the present instance; in fact, to set down a complete *dramatis personæ* out of real life, for The Follansbee Imbroglio. But try as he would to put her aside, it was the figure of the drab little nobody, Nain Gail, which obscured the significance of everything else.

Armiston had turned out his reading light; the flickering fire on the hearth now and then explored the shadows of dark corners uneasily; old Buddha sat serene, musing; street sounds were muffled; with garrulous precision the clock chimed the quarter hours. But Oliver did not hear. All he had ears for was that infernal machine. There was something weirdly supernatural about it all—that voice lingering on earth through some freak of chance.



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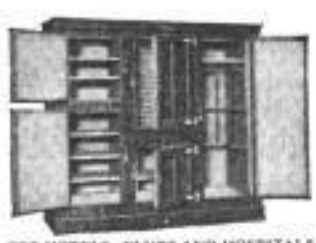
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As the séance progressed more than once Oliver sat bolt upright with a chilly spine, oppressed with the sense that he was not alone, that the owner of that insistent voice was not at this moment secure in a wooden box hurrying west over the prairies to an obscure last resting place. This sense of presentment became ludicrously strong. At times he would have sworn she slyly bent forward and touched his ear with her whispering lips. All through it she had the sly air of whetting his appetite for succulent details to come. The while she hovered there, just beyond the circle of actuality, Armiston was doing his utmost to visualize her, to reconstruct out of this haunting voice a picture of the woman, as a paleontologist might put together a little eohippus out of a prehistoric hock. It is a safe bet that the little eohippus, if it ever came back to earth, would allow—in the words of Truthful James—that its reconstructed brother was, to say the least, peculiar.

So with Armiston and the image he evoked. It was wholly at variance with the image he had somehow conceived between the lines of Parr's recital. Finally he gave it up; it bordered on the mystic. He would return to it later.

Being a craftsman himself, he had to admit her admirable incessancy. She was never at loss for a word, never in doubt which way to turn. Doubtless—and here he conjured her departed shade, saw her sitting at her desk in her rear tenement, weaving her endless skein—doubtless she started and stopped often enough to give her mind a chance to fill up again, like an intermittent spring. But in the jelly-roll rendition one was not aware of these revictualing pauses; there was no break in the sequence.

Sometime along in the middle of the night Armiston began to be aware of elements remotely familiar in the June valleys she was painting; gradually the characters of this last romance of Nain Gail began to take on remembered form, like shapes in a vague dream. In her ingratiating tones she was promising that in the course of this tale she would picture Inez—"who is really the misunderstanding that involves so many people"—in three adventures—with Love, Riches and Renown; and—possibly—in a fourth, with Remorse as the motif, though this was uncertain.

"You might think of Inez," gossiped the lady, "as a sensation of warmth. Just that and nothing else. It satisfies all the demands one could possibly make of her, and explains all the reactions, no matter how grotesque, of those who by chance come within the sphere of her radiance.

"You must know, if you are old enough to read," went on the lady unctuously, as if conscious of the sly smile she was evoking, "that warmth is the single impression to which all forms of life, plant and animal, respond helplessly. The newborn caterpillar crawls out to the end of the branch, not through any sense of direction but of warmth. The sprouting seed pushes its acrospire up through the earth in response to the warm glance of the sun. A tree takes on beautiful form as its tender buds reach out to the alluring rays. One may hoax a stupid seed by burying a hot brick beneath it. One may draw a beautiful tree into a most ugly attitude by shielding it from warmth. The seed will inevitably perish, the tree languish; but their species will never take heed of their dolorous fate; the sensation of warmth will always find them off guard. Note Doctor Sartoris, of our tale. With everything to lose, that wise man revolves on his heel as Inez passes, quite as helplessly as a Jerusalem artichoke craning its neck to the sun. Inez was soft and smooth and round. Once, when she was just out of school and sold flowers at a charity bazaar, someone called her a pink-tinted nun. Early in her life her parents apprehended that she was destined to revive, in her person, the fortunes of their illustrious house, that had been at low ebb for several generations."

The vocative jelly roll proceeded to recite, with the insistence of a clock, Inez's first adventure, that of Love.

It was a tale of idyllic beauty, of young love, that rarest of wares on the manuscript shelves of the harassed editors. It was in the pink-tinted-nun period of her career. She was just becoming acquainted with her emotions; they were a new toy, which as they revealed themselves to her timid heart had the thrilling surprise of an opening bud. She might indulge them—but with the utmost discretion, always keeping in mind her destined career in life. These emotions might have been a divining rod, a water-witch the beauteous damsel held in her hands as she palpitated with eager, wistful, at times fearful anticipation, as the magic thing—after the habit of water-witches made of willow—nosed this way and that, exploring the terrain. Sooner or later, she knew, the fateful wand, putting at naught all her powers of resistance, would direct her, helpless, to the hidden spring—her fate. It did!

"This is love!" said the pink-tinted nun. "It must be!" she reassured herself; for she trembled at his touch, she had soft sighs for him, and only inarticulate words for his incoherent protestations; and she tasted for the first time a vast humility and happiness, and had moments when the veils of all the mysteries were lifted—just for a moment!

He was a very desirable young man, the kind many mothers put at the head of their lists. It had all the aspects of a miracle—not that he should have loved her but that she should have discovered so radiantly and finally that she loved him! Still, she always carried that divining rod along with her, just for safety's sake, when they went a-maying. She questioned it frequently, just for the joy of the answer.

Then one day the thing failed to work. Something went wrong; it didn't point, she didn't thrill, she didn't sigh, the veils refused to lift.

"I don't know why," she confessed to him, a little frightened and abashed at the discovery, "but it seems I do not love you after all."

There was no use to question. She wasn't in love. That was all there was to it. The young naval lieutenant set sail for the Congo, with a firm determination to be bitten by a tsetse fly, an ambition he achieved and expired in. Inez's attitude was that of the victim of a hoax.

Armiston brought the chatter to a full stop by the simple expedient of stepping on the electric switch. He leaned back in his chair, cudgeling his brains.

"Who was that young naval lieutenant who ran off to die on the Congo?" he demanded of his memory box. "And who was that girl? They called her the woman who didn't care."

Suddenly he sprang to his feet, to pace the room excitedly.

"Inez? Inez?" he sought; and then, abruptly, as it dawned on him—"Eva! Eva Baudry!"

The afterthought was still more astonishing. "Berkley! Canon Berkley! Good Lord!" He stared malevolently at the infernal machine. "So that's what you are driving at, eh? Berkley! So that's what you're coming to!"

Nervously he sat down and adjusted the rubber tubes again, and turned on the tractable voice.

"As if old Berkley hadn't paid enough already!" he muttered.

That was what she was coming to eventually. In a clear flash Armiston saw the whole sinister significance. Details he had passed over in the letter-press rendition as of no consequence now stood out like finger posts pointing the way.

Armiston knew the tale from beginning to end. No need now to dig for signals—there was no Baconian subtlety about Nain Gail; she had the candor and spite of a camera, with none of its aberrations. No need either to summon his vaunted power of divination to construct a finished whole out of the beginnings she had laid before him. It was a story that had been whispered in secluded corners of drawing-rooms for the past three years.

Canon Berkley was a beloved master of whom it was related that, so inspiring was his presence, people instinctively rose out of respect when he entered a room. Before he reached the age of forty—the age of prophecy—he had seen most of his visions come true. He had passed the age of fifty when a woman entered his life.

"Inez," recited the jelly roll, "found the door on the latch and entered without knocking."

This was her adventure with Renown. She had had her adventure with Love, in the matter of the water-witch. She had had her adventure with Riches, in the episode of Ursus Follansbee, or the Big Dipper of Wall Street, duly recited here. And now she "found the door on the latch, and entered," intent on her adventure with Renown. Now—except for the incident of the fire tongs—Canon Berkley, under the

(Continued on Page 62)

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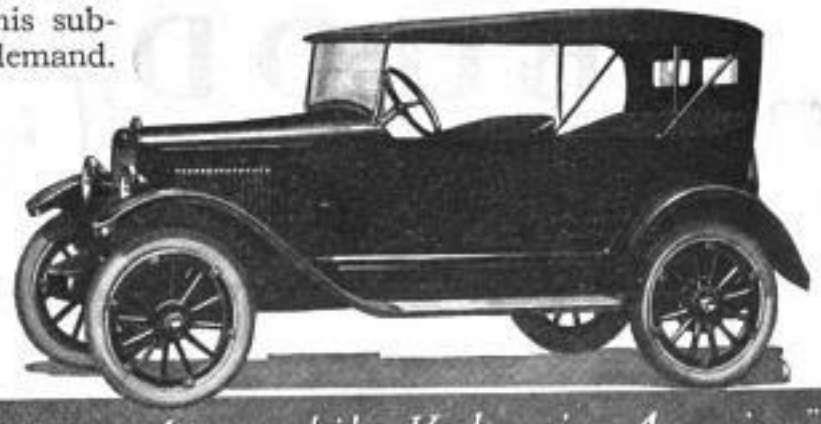
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BUDD WHEEL COMPANY
Philadelphia



BUDD
Michelin
STEEL WHEELS

(Continued from Page 60)

thin disguise of Doctor Sartoris, must inevitably step upon the stage! A shudder of disgust swept over Armiston.

The Berkley episode with the wife of the Great Bear of Wall Street was merely another of those famous, or—if you will—infamous tales of real life on which the tainted renown and amazing vogue of Nain Gail rested. Fragments of it had come to the surface of the news now and again, though so meager that the avid public, always on the search for a sensation, was vouchsafed only crumbs for suspicion. It was one of those stories that are filed away in newspaper offices, as unprinted—and unprintable. Proving its truth would only aggravate the offense of giving it publicity.

But no such fear had stayed the hand of Nain Gail. She was about to gratify her readers with the inside story of a notorious event in high life that had been more or less of common rumor for several years past. Canon Berkley's had been one of those classic catastrophes over which the prudes lick their chops and discover smug satisfaction as a justification for their own feeble sins.

Again Oliver Armiston snatched those rubber tentacles from his ears, thrust the machine from him as though it were uttering blasphemy. The roll continued to whir, and the insistent voice, now in a thin far-off whine, ran on, as if it would not be silenced. Angrily he yanked the electric cord out of its socket, and the machine stopped with a last despairing shriek.

There was something devastating about that woman.

First, it had been the widow of poor Freddie Kerfoot; she continued to exist, but utterly forsaken.

Then Flora West—driven to suicide.

Then the proud Alstair family, which for generations had demanded and accepted precedence as its due, had meekly folded up its tents and removed itself to oblivion when Nain Gail scratched the varnish off its escutcheon.

And now it was to be Berkley! A scholar of international fame, who had been dragged from his pedestal by a scheming, vain woman intent only on a new sensation. Oliver groaned aloud.

And Parr wanted him to finish it!

He stared vindictively at those jelly rolls, from whose fragile thread the inspired Mr. Parr had so confidently predicted Armiston the clairvoyant was to uncover the lurking murderer. He was puzzled that he had not recognized what Nain Gail was driving at, in the first reading. Why had he never, until now, suspected the insidious import of her fascinating tales? For no one could deny their fascination. True, he had realized that she found her plots in those lightninglike flashes in the day's news that could not fail to excite a creative fancy. But he had always thought—if he had considered this side of it at all—that she dressed her themes from her own imagination, not from fact. Undoubtedly the vast majority of her million readers never realized that she dealt wholly with truth; outside of the victims and the coterie in which they moved, few would guess the veiled significance. Parr, of course, knew—his business involved the accumulation of family skeletons.

"But where does she get her detail?" Oliver asked himself for the hundredth time. This drab little nobody, in second-hand clothing—who was she, to be the Nemesis of the great and the near-great?

The malicious ingenuousness of her disclosures—it might have been Eva herself in the Follansbee case!—a startling thought which he instantly put aside—and as quickly picked up again. There are women like that, with the erotic impulse to tell. Occasionally they break into print, with tales so stark that readers beg for more. But there never is any more; this type exhausts itself in one telling because it is merely a life story. Nain Gail did not exhaust herself—she was a constant spring. Those sinister tales that had gone before were quite as specious as The Follansbee Imbroglio promised to be.

It was two in the morning. Oliver picked up the desk telephone, but instantly set it down again, and went to his police wire instead. This was a special circuit installed by Parr during the Sophie Lang case, of recent celebrity, and never removed. In a moment he was connected with the deputy.

"You said that woman was a drug addict, Parr," began Oliver.

Now Parr had not said this, as he tersely informed the author.

"But she was," persisted Oliver.

"Why?" demanded the man hunter gruffly. He admired this sort of thing in Armiston, yet it irritated him.

"I seem to feel the ebb and flow of the needle in this stuff," replied Oliver.

"Well, there was something to that effect—I neglected to mention it, that was all."

"Anything else you have neglected to tell me?" demanded Oliver ceremoniously. The deputy merely grunted. "Parr," said Oliver, "the picture of this woman is incomplete. Who can fill it out for me?"

"Maybe Pelts can," began Parr, with a reservation in his tone.

"Anybody else? How about old Bourne?"

Parr chuckled.

"Go to it—with my compliments! Act as my agent," Parr added quickly. "By the way, I hop off West at three this morning. I'm sending myself by aërial post. I won't be back till Friday. If you need any help call on Pelts."

"Good!" said Oliver.

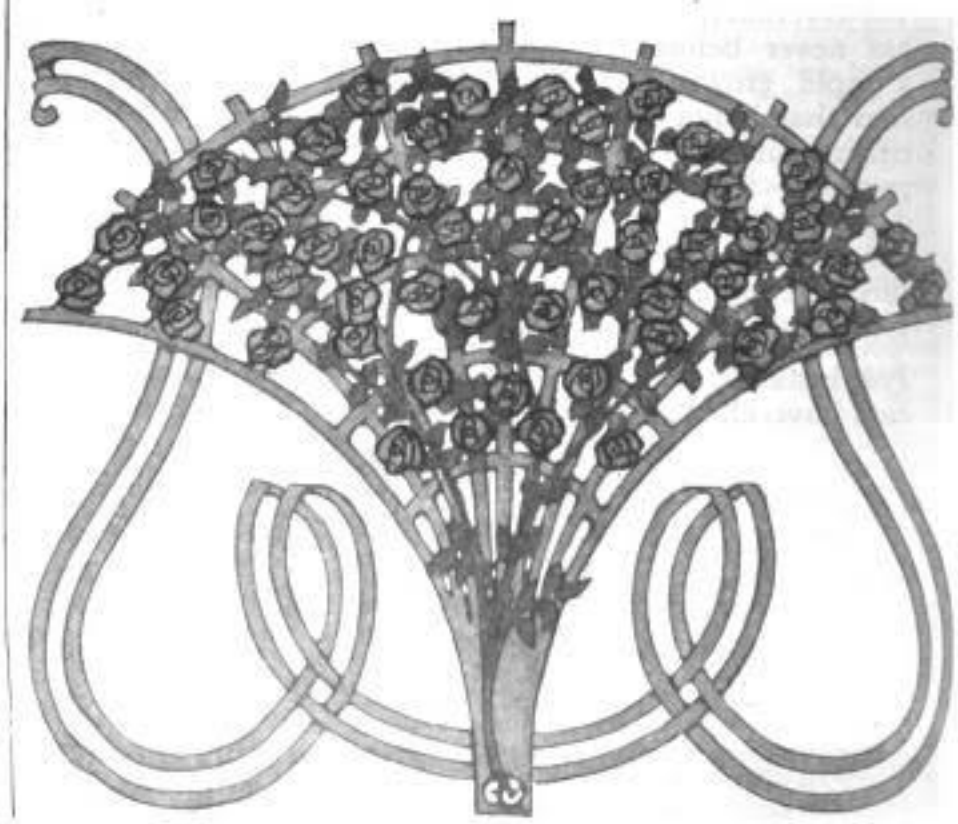
"Somehow I don't seem to like the way you say that," said Parr. "Sure you will be able to manage it alone?"

"Couldn't be better," responded Oliver.

"Will you see that it is delivered on time? It's important, you know," persisted Parr.

"It will be delivered," promised Armiston, and hung up.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



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He knew she would prefer Johnston's



Photographic Illustration by Eugene Hutchinson

SUCH a girl would naturally prefer Johnston's. And such a young man, being anxious to sustain he reputation of good taste, would just as naturally elect Johnston's.

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Each piece in the Choice Box is plainly identified y name. She will know, probably for the first time, ust what each of the tempting sweetmeats is called, nd you will know how to buy her favorites the ext time.

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A Johnston chocolate must always be the finest of its kind that can be made.

We even make our own chocolate, using only the very finest of the 110 grades of cocoa bean, from which chocolate is derived.

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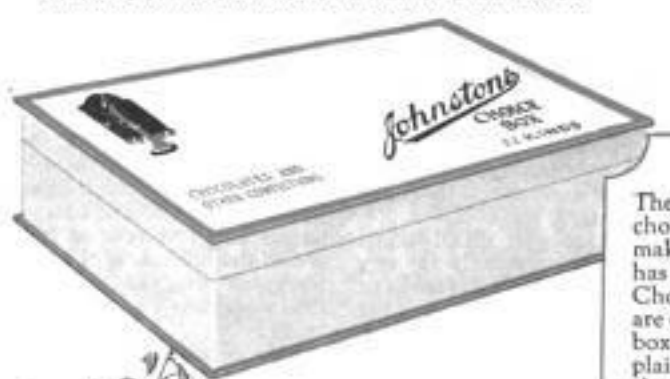
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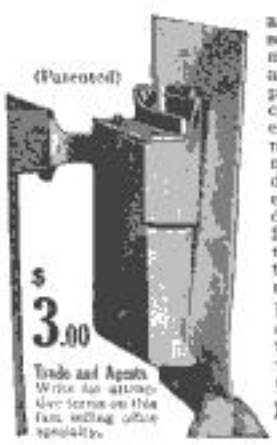
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SWELLED HEAD IN BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 4)

"Thousands of them," was the quick reply. "He offers the one you mention, and also that very old one about his business being different.

"Don't forget that the hardest competition to meet is always that of the fellow who is in process of going broke and doesn't know it. Before he comes to the end of his rope he is making the market, and a lot of good conservative people, who of their own accord would do nothing foolish, are led on by that sort of competition, and they often fail to realize that they are competing with people who are headed for bankruptcy. You will find that a great part of the recent losses are those of supposedly good houses which were carried away by trying to keep up with the new people who rushed into the trade and to their ruin.

"We have a district manager who has always made a profit for us, even in 1921. His territory is not a rich one, but he is on the job every minute and works it so zealously that he always makes something. I asked him the other day how he managed to come out ahead of the game in 1921.

"Here is his reply: 'The reason I didn't lose any money was because I watched the methods of that big new competitor of ours that had grown so rapidly. They came in and took away a lot of my business and at first I was worried, but then I realized they were all wrong, because I saw them give fifty thousand dollars in credit to people who I knew couldn't possibly be trusted with more than five thousand dollars. You know a lot of our customers are all right up to that point, but when you give them ten times as much it is a gamble and nothing more. Not only their business ability but their moral stamina and honesty break down under a larger amount. It is impossible for them to pay.'"

Among the manufacturers who have won a reputation for getting out in time is a man, just under fifty, who was born in one of the factory centers of the industry with which he has always been connected. He began in this trade early in life and has been connected with both large and small concerns. For many years he was an important, although not the highest officer of the largest unit. He is now president of his own company, a relatively small one, although growing, and is also an active executive in numbers of other manufacturing concerns in other lines. It is not maintained that every company with which he is connected has come out of deflation without serious loss, but it is generally known in financial circles that two companies engaged in entirely different lines of business did, under his insistent direction, work down their inventories to a substantial degree before the storm broke.

When the Limbs Began to Bend

As knowledge of this kind permeates the larger investing groups, capital inevitably turns towards such a man. He is asked to reorganize, build up and take hold of this and that corporation. I sought him out and found him a stocky, powerful-looking, direct and plain-spoken man.

He said: "In 1919 I told myself that I must get away from the immediate situation. I drew a long straight line on a sheet of paper and charted above it the prices of all the leading basic commodities. I saw, of course, that they were the highest on record, and I remembered that as a boy I had been a terror at climbing trees. I was always frightening my mother, but I had sense enough to come down when the limbs began to bend violently.

"In the organization you asked about we were on the watch constantly for any sign of a falling off. We had increased our plant like other people and expected an increase of from 25 to 50 per cent in business. We had bought a tremendous supply of raw material, and made big profits in the early part of 1920. I won't pretend that I took any active steps to unload until I saw business beginning to slow down a little. But in June, 1920, I began to sell our raw materials, and as quickly as possible disposed of all in excess of what had been a normal volume. I got rid of that part with which we had expected to take care of the increased business.

"I sold material at thirty-four or thirty-five cents which cost us forty-two cents. We took a loss on it, but if we had kept it we could not have sold it at fourteen cents, and as a matter of fact we bought it back at twelve cents, and thus avoided paying high interest.

"Now, of course, everybody can't get out on the same fire escape if the crowd is too big. I am not saying that the biggest units in the trade could have gotten out the way we did. This is a comparatively small concern, and we were able to dispose of enough material, without breaking the market, to put us in a comfortable position. Selling that amount would not have helped the biggest interests very much. But I will say this: One of the officers of one of the largest concerns and I were both asked to write an article on the future consumptive requirements a short time before the turn came. He placed it almost twice as high as I did.

"It takes no great ability to see that a hand-to-mouth policy is the wisest one to pursue when the prices of raw materials are the highest on record. I must admit that just before the turn came I commenced to feel I was entirely wrong in being conservative. It looked as if there were a world of business in front of us."

Fortunes Saved by Judgment

Perhaps the most remarkable case, almost uncanny in its way, is that of a manufacturing concern engaged in the manipulation of an important basic commodity. This commodity is in world-wide use and is produced on a world-wide scale. At one time during the war the shortage was extreme, and at all times the industry was subjected to intense speculation, government regulation and conditions approaching the chaotic. In the late summer and fall of 1920 prices took a terrific drop, and the losses were widespread and of vast amount.

This concern took a distinctly bear attitude even while the pot was boiling furiously. To show how contrary a position this was to that generally held it is only necessary to quote from a public advertisement as of April 15, 1920, of another firm active in the financial as well as in the management end of the trade:

"Through an active, intimate experience of three decades in the —— industry, we are in a unique position for securing the facts upon which to base a worthwhile conclusion, and consequently have no hesitation in stating that this is the psychological time to consider the purchase of . . . for large profits." (Naming the shares of about a dozen companies.)

Now the literal fact, of course, is that anyone who had sold short either the stock of companies engaged in that trade or the raw material itself in the spring of 1920 and who had hung on until the late summer or early fall, would have made a tidy fortune. Indeed, one need not have gone so far as to sell short; it was necessary only to sell out what one had to avoid terrific losses.

Out of dozens or scores of manufacturers there were apparently only two or three who acted in time. In the one most conspicuous case the company not only refused to buy any raw materials ahead but operated its plants only for members of the trade who would themselves buy the raw material and turn it over to the manufacturing company to work up on a reasonable commission basis—that is, on a tolling basis. As a result, this company's balance sheet as of April 2, 1921, shows an increase in surplus from May 3, 1919, of considerably more than two million dollars, while in the same period of two years other companies had lost tens of millions. I asked one of the officials of this fortunate concern to explain why they had taken such a position as opposed to the general view of the trade.

"We don't claim that we're very brilliant," he replied with the barest suggestion of a smile. "All we take credit for is having operated on an old-time, careful, cautious basis. My partners and myself have been in this business for a great many years, ever since we were boys, and we were brought up to do business on a strictly mercantile basis.

"We have operated for more years than I can remember on the basis that producers could make a living at two or three cents, and you can just bet that when they were getting from ten to fifteen cents and talking about still more, pretty nearly everybody in the world was going into the business, and that sooner or later there would be too much production. But the important thing, the one main idea that we chiefly clung to, was that business was extra hazardous when prices got extremely high."

"But were you not afraid of losing your position in the trade?" I asked.

"The brokers told us that we would not only lose our position in the trade but all our trade. Our reply was that we would rather lose the trade than our money. We had some regard for our stockholders.

"This business of losing your position in the trade is all bunk anyhow. As far back as I can remember, ever since I was a boy in this business, we have been told 'If you don't do this or don't do that you'll lose your trade.' But I usually find that if the prices and goods are right we get trade. It is all very well to do a favor for a customer, but if a year later your competitor is selling goods for a fraction of a cent less the customer will forget the favor you did for him and go to your competitor."

It is a highly dangerous subject to dogmatize or generalize about, yet the question is worth raising whether youth and inexperience are not to a considerable degree responsible for the heavy business losses, and for the cocky, heady attitude that preceded them. There are numerous conspicuous exceptions, but I believe, none the less, that anyone who stands off and studies in a disinterested manner the business events of the last few years will be convinced that with a few exceptions the really reckless and avoidable losses were due to the overconfidence and lack of conservatism of men who were to a large extent and essentially unseasoned amateurs and tyros in what they were trying to do.

A New York banker who has become hardened and sophisticated to deficits and inventory losses had occasion to visit a relative in another part of the country. "I suppose most of your investments have declined in price," he said by way of making conversation; "even the X Company, which has always been so well managed."

"That's a strange thing," was the reply. "I have just received their last report, and the balance sheet shows no losses at all."

How They Managed

"What!" exclaimed the banker. "No losses? Either they are wonders or the report is crooked. You have most of your money invested in this concern, haven't you? I had better look into this; there may be a lot of trouble there. I'll stop over at —— on my way back to New York and see what I can find out. I don't suppose they will tell me the truth, but I'll do the best I can for you."

On his return trip the banker, true to his word, stopped over at the headquarters of the company and reached the offices at noon. Everybody had gone to lunch—president, vice president and treasurer. The caller had very little time to catch his train and was disappointed until he saw in a rear office the old plant superintendent, sitting in a chair tipped back, with his feet on a counter, and lazily reading a paper. The banker was delighted to find this man alone in the building, because he knew he would get the literal truth out of him easier than from the more sophisticated higher officials. Besides, he had played with the superintendent's children when he was a boy.

"How the devil did you manage to come through so well?" asked the banker.

"That's easy," said the superintendent. "One of our bankers here in town is more than ninety years old and has been through an awful lot. Three years ago he said prices were too high and so we decided to buy from hand to mouth."

In one trade where the losses have been especially heavy and only two or three companies out of scores have escaped, one of these is presided over by a man of sixty who has long been worth probably twenty or thirty million dollars, and the general opinion in the trade is that such a man of mature years and with his wealth would not take the risk of doing business when prices were so high as to make operations hazardous. He had nothing to gain and he might have lost his entire fortune.

Now it must be recognized that this is a growing country, in its stock rather than

(Continued on Page 67)

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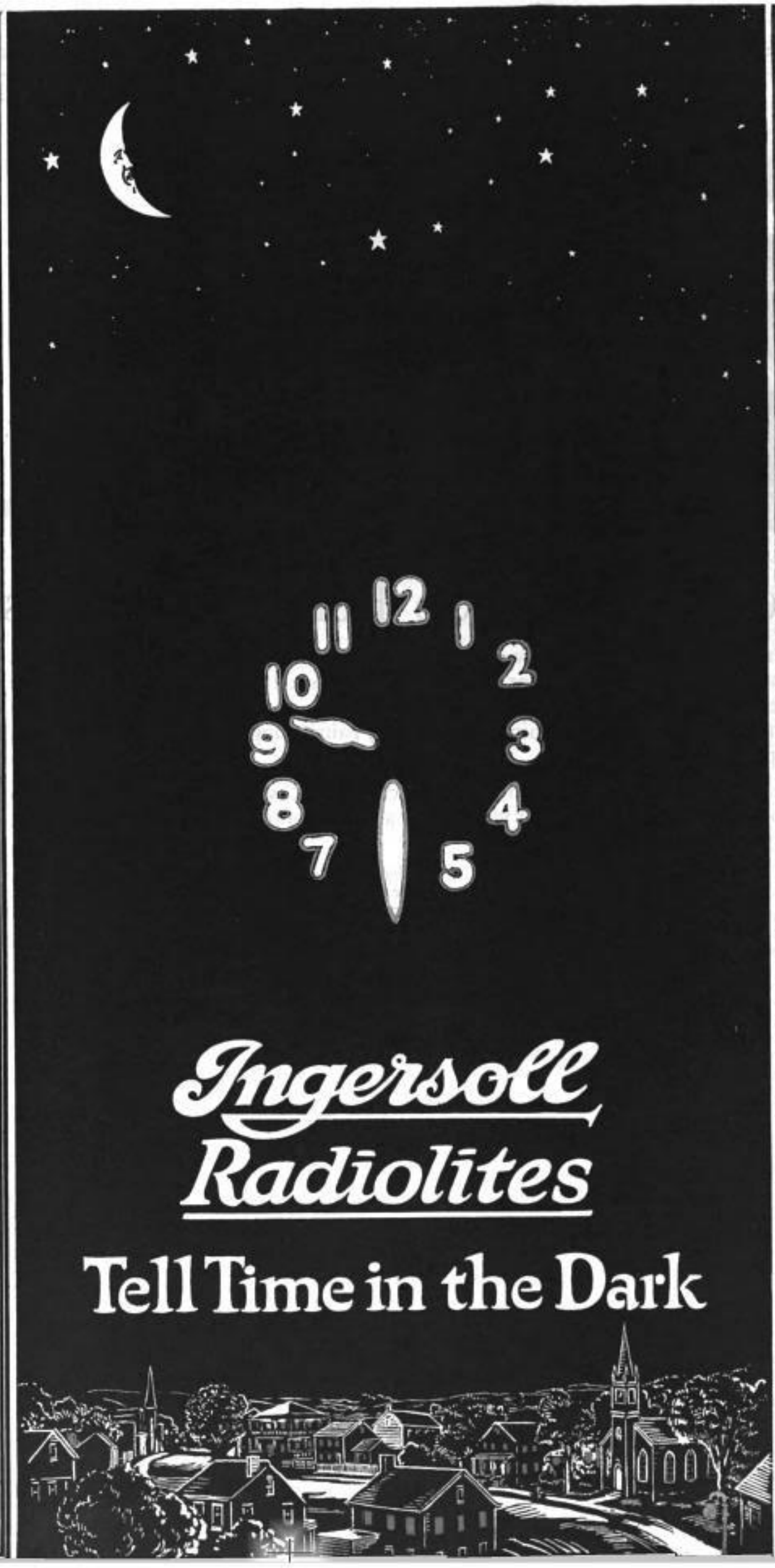


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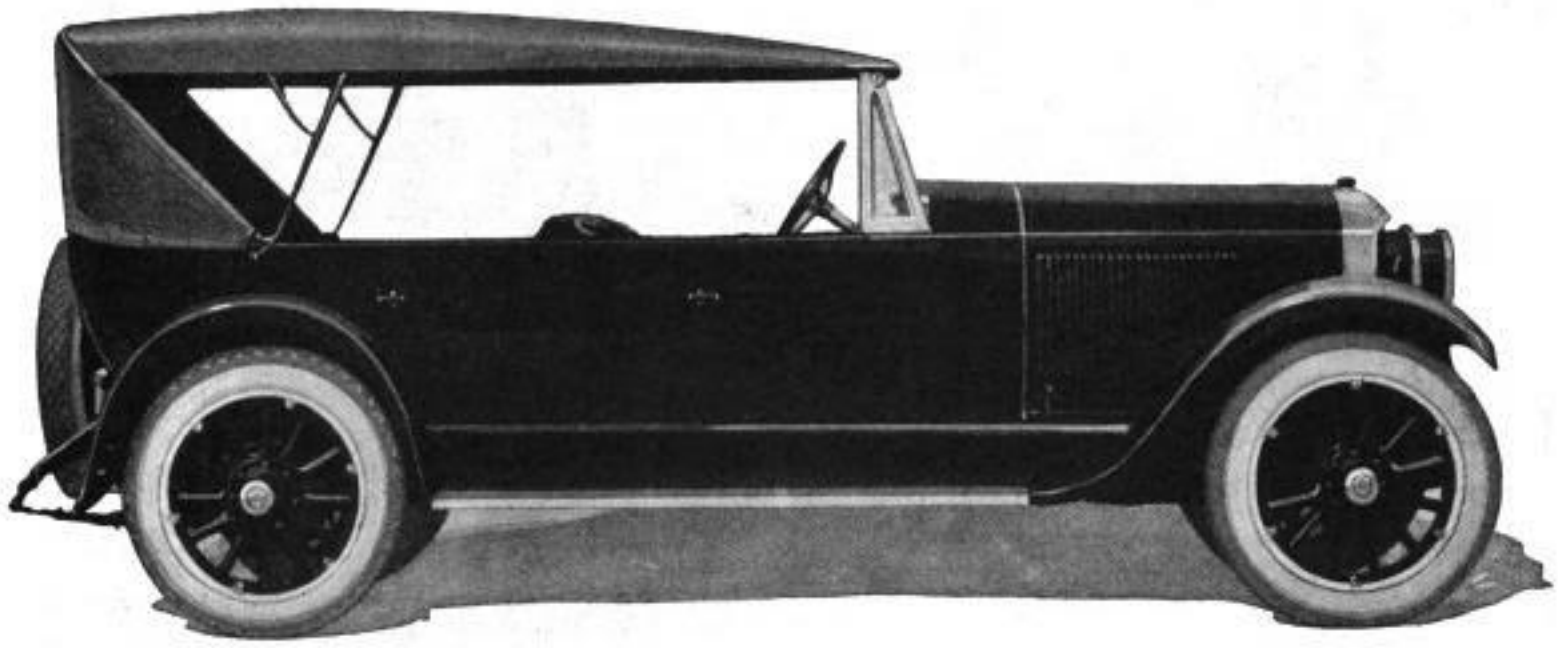


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THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA

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(Continued from Page 64)

its bond stage. The younger men are the active energetic forces, and it would not do to have business entirely in the hands of men from sixty to ninety. But the fact remains that as a broad generalization the men under fifty, or under fifty-five, were those who got stuck.

The quality of being inexperienced, of being essentially an unseasoned amateur or tyro in business, is of course not wholly a matter of years. There is a certain type of man, whether young or old, who never seems to gain experience or who always puts his own power above the settled teachings of experience. One of the chief functions of banking is to hold in check this type of business man, to refuse him credits unless he increases his reserves, and to insist that though less money will be made on a conservative basis when prices are high, far more will be made when they are low. Unfortunately, some at least of the larger banks in at least one of the most important financial centers were in the hands of equally reckless men during the period of inflation.

Another generalization that must be made with great care is that the heaviest losses fell upon concerns where the element of absentee ownership was considerable; or, at least, it may be said that generally speaking the man who managed his own business and was on the job every minute lost money, but not more than his position in the trade warranted. It is true, of course, that the United States Steel Corporation is often pointed to as a striking example of absentee ownership, and its losses were, relatively speaking, strikingly small. But this is the exception to the rule. Despite its vast size the chairman of this concern has been able somehow to coördinate and control his organization, and that is, after all, the vital thing.

The real distress has come in the cases of very large organizations, either those which were not definitely integrated, controlled and coördinated from within, or those whose chief stockholding interests have failed to recognize the lack of distinctive features of ability on the part of the chairman or president. Men have been put at the head of great corporations because of ability as salesmen or production managers or in some other one line, and not because of their competence to direct a great organization.

It takes time to develop an organization, one from which no sounds of poorly greased gears are heard. The United States Steel Corporation has had more than twenty years to create its organization.

Speaking not of this company, but of organizations in general, a successful manufacturer recently said: "Nothing illustrates better the idea that the boy is father to the man. The good organization of today was not built today or yesterday or last year; it is the outcome of policies and plans established a good many years ago. You cannot develop an organization inside of five years—probably not inside of ten."

Soundness Better Than Bigness

The senior credit officer of a bank with thousands of customers told the writer that he did not know of a single case of real distress among either large or small organizations where there was not an element of speculation aside from the necessary risks of business, or the wrong sort of management, and that in the case of trouble in the larger organizations the two elements were practically always present.

One obvious difficulty with a very large organization is that the managers often become obsessed with the mere idea of size, with an ambition to corral and dominate the market. An old man, now practically retired, but for many years president of a bank which has weathered every panic successfully and profitably, and has held the accounts of numberless millionaires, in discussing the losses of recent years with the writer said that he had never had any desire to be big, but that his consuming passion had always been to be sound.

Referring to another and younger banker of the notoriously plunging type he added: "That man once said that he could write his check for five million dollars as easily as he could have written it for fifty dollars when he was just starting in business. Now I regard five million dollars as a lot of money and don't like to hear it talked about in that way."

The president of another bank in the conservative camp, whose losses have been small or nonexistent, said that his less conservative competitors had explained his success on the ground that he did not have the accounts of such big corporations as they did.

"All I can say is, thank goodness that I haven't the accounts of all the world's greatest plungers."

A rather typical case is that of a young man who, upon graduation from college, went to work in either a lawyer's office or a bank, this choice of occupation being mentioned not because the writer is unaware of the exact location, but to prevent too easy a recognition of identity. The young man worked hard day and night, he was always talking about business, and learned quickly. He was bright and had ability, but evidently not so much as he thought he had. Finally, shortly before the war, he was asked to take over a weak company and put it on its feet, a most difficult job in this instance.

He bought something like a thousand shares of the company's stock at four dollars a share and slowly the company made a little headway under his earnest efforts. Then came the war, and goods were sold without difficulty. The stock was listed on the exchange, it rose to several hundred dollars a share, and finally was split up eight or ten shares for one. The head of the company, who at the beginning of the war was about thirty years old, found himself growing rich. After the company had turned the corner he bought several thousand additional shares, and now with the splitting-up process found himself the owner of a great quantity of stock, although aside from what he had made in the company his resources were not large.

He began to form pools and syndicates to operate on the exchange and he organized three or four other companies to operate in similar and also in different lines. He went into the banking business and also set up as an authority on management in general. His chief worry was how to reduce his income tax.

Going Up on the Escalator

Then came the smash, the stock in which his holdings were so large dropped to a few dollars a share, and one of his companies alone lost a million dollars.

"One trouble was that he didn't know the details not so much of his own business but of business in general," said a man who had closely observed this typical career. "It wasn't that you could stump him on any particular details that he had chosen to study up on, but somehow he knew the business from the top instead of from the inside. He was the kind of boy who says, 'Give me the balance sheet, I won't bother with the details.'

"That's all right, of course, with an older man who has come up in the business itself through all the details. But it's no go with a young fellow."

But the heart of the whole difficulty was well expressed recently by Harlow S. Person, managing director of the Taylor Society, when in a lecture to a group of students in a business college he said: "The young men who preceded you from about 1897 to 1920 happened to step on an escalator and were carried up. Now the escalator has stopped."

The writer will not undertake to argue either with or against Mr. Person in his thesis that the upward movement is for a considerable period at an end. That is not the point of this article. But there cannot be the slightest doubt that a basic cause for the heavy losses of the last two years was the belief on the part of younger men who had experienced nothing but rising prices that their success was due to their own efforts and not to the fact that they were in a seller's market, where the customer didn't count. They had been successful, but their success was only during a period of rising prices, and it was due to circumstances, not to their own ability.

There can be very little question that the really big men of the country have been trained during a period of adversity rather than of prosperity. Permanently successful men are made in lean times, and it is comparatively unusual for the young man who has risen on the crest of the wave to come through. The men who start quick and early, who make their clubs before they are thirty, usually fizzle out.

"You can't get away from it, adversity is the best training," said a capitalist who is in many corporations, successful and unsuccessful alike. "Look at it another way. A short time ago I took —— out of the A. & Z. Railroad, where as vice president he had been struggling with that impoverished industry, and made him president of a big holding company for oil, gas and other properties. He found the people already in the company didn't know the rudiments of economy. They had been trained in an easy-money business, but he had worked under entirely different circumstances and he found he had a tremendous margin of safety."

It is not to be assumed, of course, that every railroad official will make good as the head of an oil company. But other things being equal there is good psychology back of the incident. Prosperity is harder to stand than adversity.

It is the old, old story. During prosperous times and rising prices there is an intoxication, a buoyancy which keeps the minds of most people, of all but the very exceptional man, off the possibility of a decline. A starving man after eating a large breakfast of cakes and sausages will stick out his chest and demand to know, "Who in blazes said I was hungry anyway?" When prices are rising and profits rolling in everyone says, "Who in blazes says that I am not a big financier?" The minute people get anything ahead they forget the hard teachings of experience.

Preparing for Hard Times

People are actually blinded by prosperity. They may honestly believe that good times are going to last forever or they may be too busy to think about it at all. In any case, it is probably fair to say that swelled head, the quality of being toppy and arbitrary, of launching out upon grandiose schemes, is really a result rather than the cause of the prevailing state of mind. People lose their heads with quick success. They think everyone wants to follow them and that success in one thing insures similar results in other fields. They use a temporary condition as a basis for judging, they are unable to think straight, their feet are no longer on the ground.

The accountancy of many deflated inventories throws an amusing side light on this phase of human nature. In a number of cases of corporation reports the losses due to a shrinkage in inventories are put at the bottom of the statement as a separate item and not included as part of the actual operations. But when prices were going up instead of down and the profits in inventory were enormous, these profits were included as part of the operations and the managers patted themselves on the back as being such good operators. It is awful hard sometimes to admit that sauce for the goose is just as good for the gander.

Wisely it has been said that one of the most remarkable things about hard times is that so few people make provision against them. It must not be supposed that the active managers of business enterprises were the only ones to blame for the losses sustained. Generally speaking, inactive stockholders are as greedy as the active executive—or more so. If the question is put up to them in periods of rising prices and large profits whether the profits shall be put into liquid reserves or into an increased volume of business, their usual reply is, "Strike while the iron is hot. Things are going our way. Orders are coming in."

"One of the companies I was interested in during the war," said an experienced and level-headed executive, "didn't have a single stockholder who was a poor man. Yet during the war they wanted me to pay out every cent in dividends. I had given the active managers a considerable block of stock, but they were easily seduced by the other stockholders. One of the stockholders said to me, 'The only purpose of a stock company is to pay dividends.' I replied that dividends once paid are gone, and while if they could be kept up at that rate all the time it would give the company a basis for future credit, we had no assurance that such profits would continue."

Greed and avarice, the desire to seize golden opportunity to the full, usually defeat themselves to a very considerable extent. Men feel that they have Dame Fortune in their arms. She must not be allowed to get away too soon. But there is an old saying in Wall Street that no one ever lost money taking profits. There is an excellent story of the clergyman whose success in stock-market operations was so phenomenal that great financiers went to him for the secret.

(Continued on Page 70)



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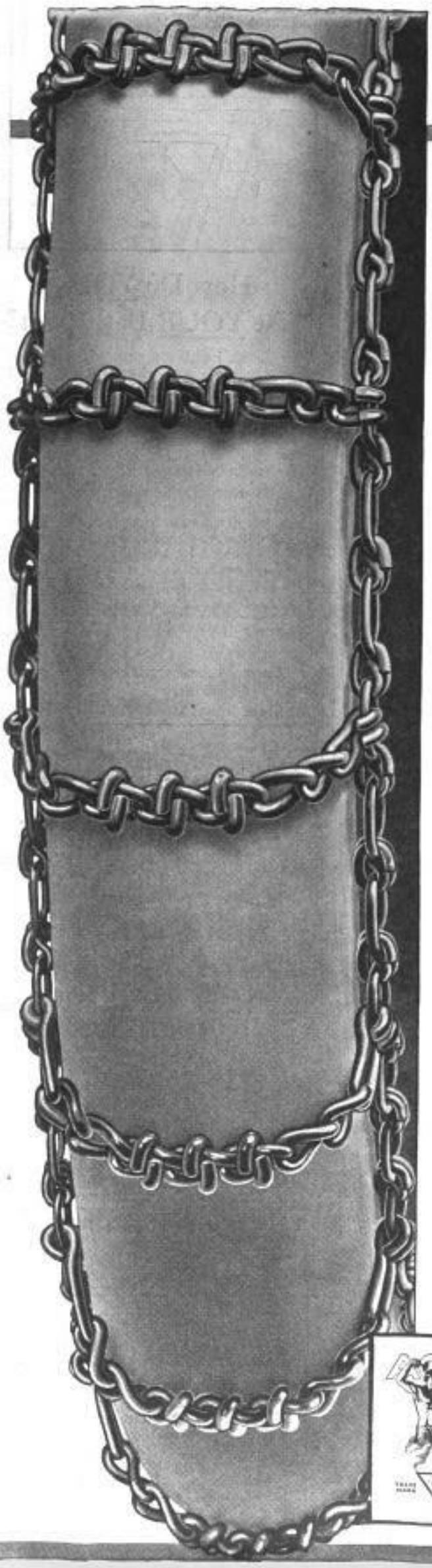
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THE REINFORCING LINK—*How It Works and Why*

The Reinforcing Link encircles the main cross chain link, gripping it so that it can withstand the heaviest bending strains, particularly those resulting from car tracks, etc. The Reinforcing Link also acts like a stud in a ship's anchor chain, preventing kinking, which is likely to cause premature breakage.

In addition to strengthening the main link, and preventing kinking, the Reinforcing Link gives 100 per cent more contacts to stand the abrasive action of the road and to increase traction.

Because the Reinforcing Link takes care of the bending strains, and prevents kinking, the exterior of the main link is hardened to a greater depth, giving much longer wear. Tests extending over three years under standardized conditions—for no two roads are alike, nor do any two drivers handle a car in the same way—proved that the WEED DE LUXE Tire Chain gives at least 100 per cent increased mileage.



THE TWIN-LOC SIDE CHAIN—*Why It Withstands the Heaviest Strains*

The TWIN-LOC Side Chain is absolutely smooth on both sides, due to the absence of projecting ends, and it is made to withstand any strain whether right angle or longitudinal.

The end of each link is "knotted" in twin connecting eyes so constructed that, even in emergencies, excessive pulls by the cross chains cannot spread these eyes. In fact, no matter from what direction the strain comes, the metal will break before the link gives away.

THE LEVER LOCKING CONNECTING HOOK—*How It Functions*

The Lever Locking Connecting Hook has three distinct advantages which make it the most effective in existence.

The Lever Takeup: In applying the usual chain it so often happens that the desired tension of the side chain just misses the hooking position. The leverage provided by the new connecting hook makes it possible to force the side chain into the locking position with little effort.

The Hand Attachment and Detachment: The hook is locked merely by pressing the lever into the locking position. It automatically locks itself like a closing door with a spring lock. Another pressure of the thumb and the hook is unlocked. You can do it with one hand.

Positive Locking: It doesn't make any difference whether the side chain is stretched tight or hangs loose, the locking-action of the Connecting Hook is certain under all conditions, going forward or backward.

The tension of the chain has nothing to do with the locking. This is an important point because at low speeds there is practically no tension on the chains, and when brakes are sharply applied the chains are shaken good and hard. Of course you know that chains must be attached loose enough to "creep" around freely, otherwise they injure tires.



Engaging the chain



Drawing it in



Locked

Look for the red enameled Connecting Hooks, the name "Weed" on the hooks of the brass-plated Cross Chains, the galvanized Twin-Loc Side Chains. Packed in the Little Gray Bag, plainly marked with the size of cord and fabric tires the pair of WEED DE LUXE Chains will fit. The size and the name "Weed" are also stamped on the Connecting Hooks.

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(Continued from Page 67)

"It is simple; I am a Christian and a minister of the gospel. My religious scruples will not permit me to do the other man. I never attempt to sell stock unless it is likely to go enough higher to permit the purchaser also to sell out at a profit."

Two banks in adjoining buildings in the same city each had a department engaged in a certain line of business. One of them lost perhaps twenty-five thousand dollars, and the directors and executives had chills, although the bank's resources run into the hundreds of millions. The loss was stopped then and there, because the operations themselves were stopped. The bank next door lost five or ten million dollars the same way before anyone woke up to it. The difference was merely a question of how long to hold on to Dame Fortune.

"People have lost because they took on more than they could carry except in the finest weather," said one conservative banker. "They didn't have the prudence to realize that the game has to be played both ways. Money which should have gone to reserves, which should have been used to enlarge the margin, was put into permanent investments or enlarged operations. Many of these men remind me of little boys who go out to sea and when they are far away from shore the biggest storm in a generation comes up. They are awfully nice fellows, but they don't know what to do when the squall hits them."

Another way of expressing the same idea is to say that most people will always follow crowds, that mass psychology is almost irresistible, that it takes a tremendous amount of character and backbone to fight the current.

"I do not think it was quite so much swelled head as it was a case of running with the crowd," said a man who is possibly the most intelligent and able of the younger middle-aged bankers and financiers in the country today. "Don't write about business cycles as if they were something apart by themselves. They are nothing but human nature. If demand is 5 per cent more than supply, then the crowd thinks it is about 500 per cent more. If demand is 5 per cent under supply, then the crowd thinks that business has gone completely to pieces."

"But aren't there a few people who run against the crowd?" I asked.

"Yes, there are always a few. Any success I have had has been due to that."

Executives Who Look Ahead

It is not the purpose of this article to decry optimism or to preach a kill-joy attitude toward business. The optimism of faith in the fundamental resources of the country, of belief in the continuance over considerable periods of time of the regular increment of production and consumption, is one thing. But the optimism to be decried is that based fundamentally on the overvaluation of mere price changes, for that is the optimism of ignorance.

The task of the company manager or executive is not a light one. If he knows nothing about the details of his own business, if he comes in from the outside, he often goes astray. But on the other hand, no matter how minute his mastery of production or sales routine, he is just as likely to go astray if he is ignorant of finance and economics in general. Far too many executives failed to take their eyes off their own immediate business in the spring and early summer of 1920. They were not sufficiently detached.

"The chief executive must not make the mistake of always standing by the wheel," says Henry P. Kendall, who operates numerous medium-sized plants. "In the medium-sized plant which we have in mind he should be able to do that in time of emergency, but at other times he should be free from details. He should be able to study his business from the mountain peak, in perspective; he should be a student, not merely of his own business, his own product or his own market, but from the point of view of the industry to which his business belongs, general market conditions, general financial conditions, the economic conditions of the country, the conditions and tendencies of business the world over.

"Of course it is necessary to meet the pay rolls today and tomorrow, but the chief executive who is thinking in terms of years ahead is he who can make the quick and sound decisions today."

One manufacturing concern had charts and statistics which purported to show that its particular trade had increased steadily for years through good times and bad alike. The company contracted for raw materials at the highest prices on record in sufficient volume to make up finished goods, as one cynical critic put it later, to last the country for twenty years.

Of course this is an exaggeration, but the company, whose business had never been especially large, was borrowing tens of millions of dollars in the spring and summer of 1920 from merchandise creditors, from banks and from the investing public to buy all the raw materials it could lay its hands upon.

Yet on May seventeenth of that year, as the result of a conference between the Federal Reserve Board and the Advisory Council of the Federal Reserve System, including such financial leaders as J. P. Morgan, of New York, and J. B. Forgan, of Chicago, there was recommended to the Federal Reserve banks a plan of "urging upon member banks the wisdom of showing borrowers the necessity of curtailing general credits and especially for nonessential uses, as well as continuing to discourage loans for capital and speculative purposes; by checking excessive borrowings through the application of higher rates."

For months there had been warning after warning that any business man could read. The red flag was up. The credit strain had become terrific. Money rates had reached prohibitive heights. Not only were prices at the highest records but there was a feverish excitement, an acute speculation, an increase in the size and inefficiency of labor forces and methods of management, and a carelessness as to how the load of high prices and cost could be carried in the future when the fever subsided, all of which boded ill.

Danger Signals Hoisted

As late as the early part of August the company just referred to—and it was typical of many others—was selling through a syndicate of supposedly intelligent bankers a big issue of notes, and the chairman of the company in a letter to the syndicate stated that "the sale of these notes has placed the company in an exceptionally strong position, so that with its efficient organization it can take full advantage of the many opportunities now presented. As a result, it is anticipated that the present year will be the most successful one in the history of the company."

A larger number of erroneous statements could not be made in two short sentences. Instead of the company being placed in a strong position it was soon taken over by its creditors, and barely escaped going into bankruptcy. As for "the many opportunities now presented," the gross volume of sales declined the following year by more than half. Instead of being the most successful year in the company's history, the company had to reduce its surplus by more than fifteen million dollars. As for the "efficient organization," it had been entirely changed by the winter of 1921–22. As a member of one of the creditors' committees said, in gently referring to the chief executive, "He is no longer connected with the management."

Aside from the bulletins of the Federal Reserve Board, much other literature published in the spring of 1920 could be found which contained ample warnings. Unfortunately most of it would be found also to contain reassurances as well. Indeed, the business man is always faced with the difficulty of too much reading matter, of a perfect welter of conflicting advice and information. It is almost inevitable that he should act on hunches, that he should have failed, in this particular case, to study why he believed high prices were going to continue.

There is nothing the country so much needs as coördinated business information. It comes now through a thousand different channels, and none of it carries authority. Its good effect is largely accidental. In the spring of 1920 a Wall Street financier made a speech in an industrial center distant from New York, warning his listeners that deflation was coming speedily. Two years later he met a prosperous manufacturer who had been at the meeting and who shook his hand warmly, remarking that he had been so impressed by the speech that he had canceled all his orders the next day and sold everything he had in stock. It had saved him a considerable fortune. "My!" said the financier. "I wish I had taken my own advice!"

It is not argued, of course, that institutions or organizations can really know anything or decide upon policies. That is the function of an individual. The president of a large New York bank appointed a committee of three vice presidents to decide whether the bank should increase its foreign business. Two of the members insisted upon the affirmative and one upon the negative. After months of wrangling the committee reported that it could not agree.

"But," said the president, "you must make a unanimous report. Go back and reach an agreement!"

"We shall never agree," said the minority, "until the others back down. I will never back down."

And of course the event proved him right. Someone must always decide.

But there is no reason why the Government or a combination of all the trade associations should not get out a monthly statement that really carries weight and will act as a guide to the executive who is trying to formulate a policy. An industry where the losses have been as heavy as any did not have any record of monthly production until during the war when the War Industries Board forced the manufacturers to provide such data. As soon as the war was over the association, which includes the entire trade, immediately dropped the collection of these statistics, and the trade entered upon a ruinous orgy of overproduction. Now the collection of such valuable statistics has been resumed and each executive knows each month what the total production amounts to.

There is no doubt that one gain from recent business losses will be better executive control. In most plants the daily report the chief executive receives is much more detailed than it was four years ago. Especially is this true of forward commitments. Until the big smash came in 1920, with its cancellation of orders, neither bankers nor executives had laid such great stress upon forward commitments.

In many cases banks are increasingly insisting that all commercial customers work out budgets for at least six months in advance, outlining the volume of sales, purchases, overhead and the like. What the banker must constantly face is the customer who says, "I've got these bills and no money to meet them with." The banker believes that a wider use of the budget system would prevent this difficulty to at least some extent.

A Hard Lesson Learned

It would be fortunate, also—although the writer sees few signs of such a happy outcome—if, as a result of the recent business troubles, securities could be sold to the individual investor on the basis of open covenants openly arrived at. Vast quantities of short-term bonds or notes were sold in 1920 and 1921 to save companies from failure. The money was used to pay bank loans or otherwise take care of depreciated inventories. But rarely was any such fact frankly imparted to the investor.

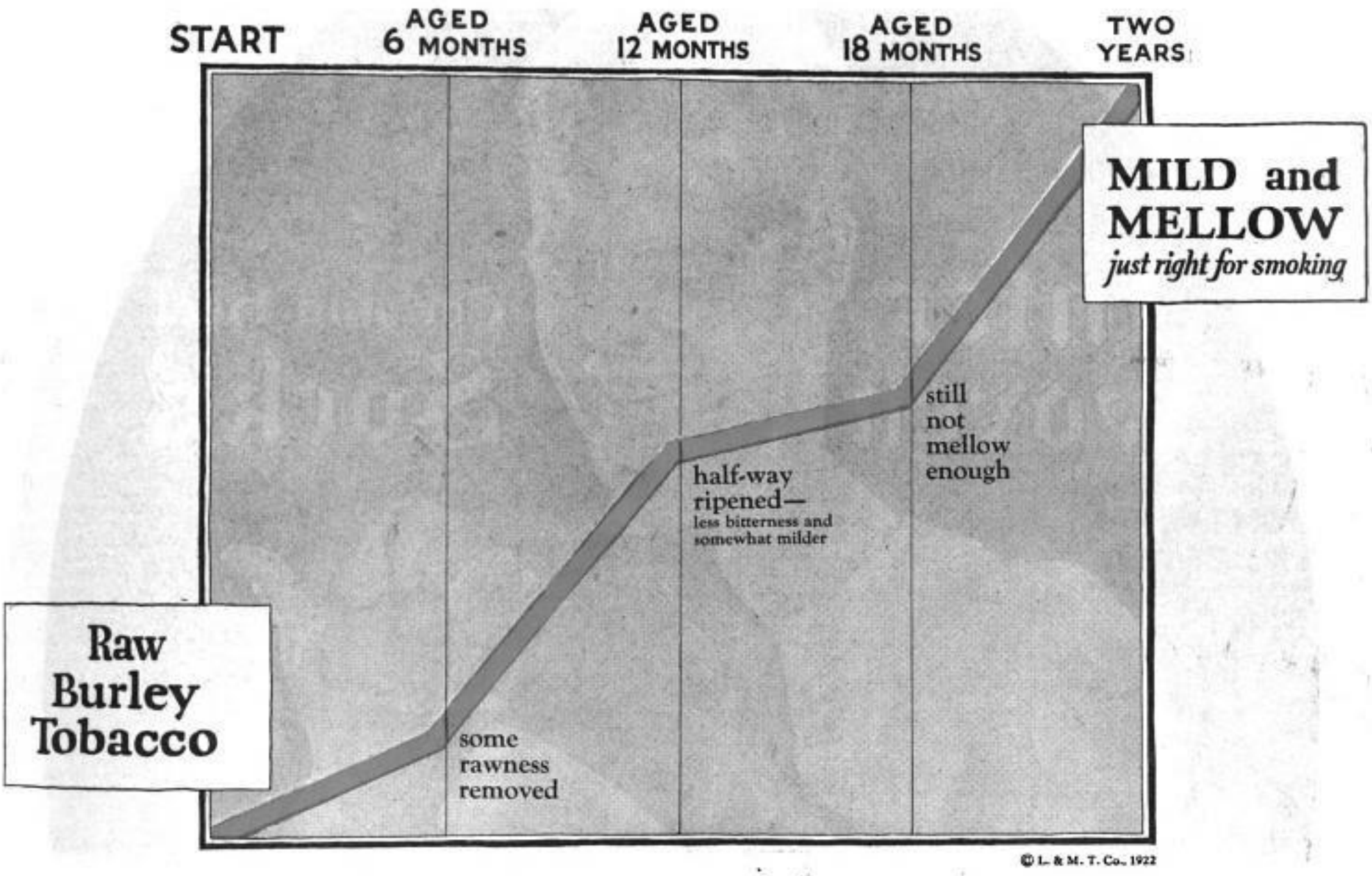
At this time, when there are so many schemes for enlarging the money supply or making credit more available for this or that class or group, it is interesting to note that very few heavy losses took place where there was not too great an extension of credit. The biggest banking downfall in the country was that of a newly formed concern which went out and took customers away from old, strong, conservative banking institutions by offering them in some cases four times the line that the older banks would give.

Loans of several hundred thousand dollars were made to men who had no financial responsibility at all. From the point of view of the borrower, of the enterpriser and builder it is desirable, or may temporarily seem to be, to get the largest line of credit possible. It is possible that our whole credit, banking and money system is at fault. But the simple fact remains that in the aftermath of a crazy expansion those who have loaned and borrowed conservatively are always and invariably the ones that come out whole.

"Suggestions have recently come to me along the line of cautious, careful banking that a year ago I would have regarded as impossible from such a source," said the chairman of the bank clearing-house committee in one of the great financial centers. "Indeed if I had made the same suggestions to them a year ago they would have said that I was an old fogy. The lessons are being learned."

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Study this Ageing Chart



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THE CHART tells the whole story of two years' ageing in wooden hogsheads. It shows how Velvet "climbs the hill" to mildness and mellowness —losing all bite and bitterness on the way.

You'll notice that after one year of ageing in the wood the choice Kentucky Burley tobacco is half ripened. There's not so much natural bitterness; but two whole years are needed to fully develop that mellowness which is Velvet's own.

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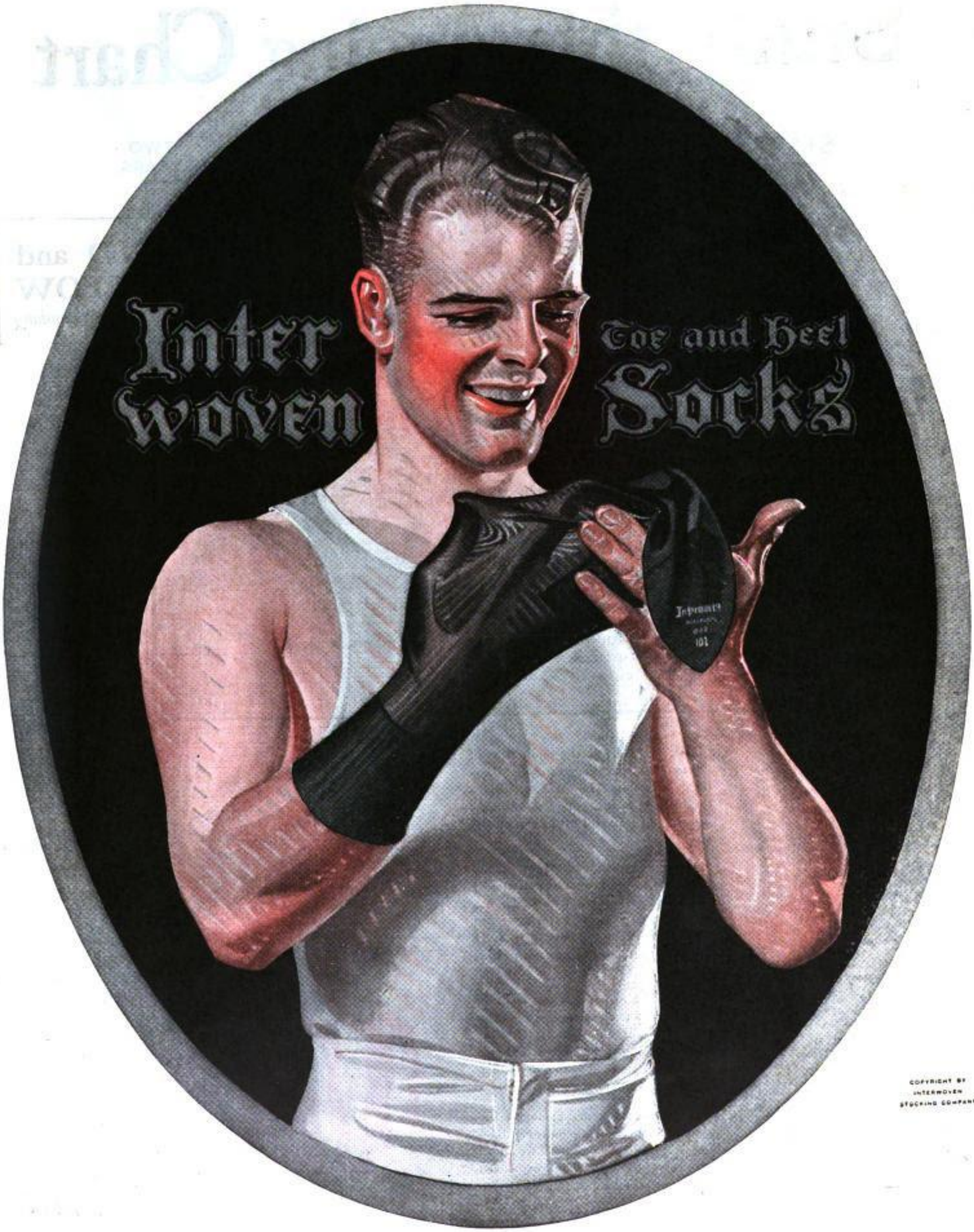


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Velvet

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THE SHOSHONE CATAPULT

(Continued from Page 13)

that Emil was too much for them. However, they all seemed to be agreed that he would pitch himself out in a short time.

"There never was anything like it in the way of speed and control," remarked Randall, lowering the paper, "but what about the catching end of it?"

"That's what's worrying me," returned the manager. "If we slow him down they'll break down the fences with his straight one. If Tracy plays back and has to throw out every man at first his arm'll be gone in a week. Besides that, he's bound to miss some and every man that gets on, scores. I was thinking some of fixing up Tracy with a glove like a pillow and letting him knock them down."

"That's all right," said the owner dubiously; "but, as I get it, Tracy says he can barely see the ball."

"According to McGrath, Tracy doesn't have to worry about that end of it. All he'll have to do is to hold his glove up like a target and Emil will take care of the rest. With his control ——"

"Why not try that?" interrupted Randall. "I believe that boy could hit the glove every time. How about a contract? Have you signed him?"

"Bill's taking it up with him this morning. I expect to hear from him pretty soon."

"What are you offering?"

"You can't deal with him like a regular player. I've left everything to Bill. He seems to be able to handle Emil. I wanted him to get hold of Krock before the kid saw the papers. There he is now, I guess."

The scout entered, mopping his forehead with a handkerchief. Sighing noisily, he dropped into a chair.

"Did you sign him?" demanded Heenan.

"I did and I didn't," was the reply. "Let me tell you first some of the stuff that hick pulled on me. Some day I'm going to pick up a bat and break it over his dome."

"What does he want?" growled the manager. "A hundred thousand dollars and ninety per cent of the gate?"

"Nothing like that. All he wants you to do is to release all the rest of the players except the catcher and the first baseman."

"What's the matter? They been kidding him?"

"Emil says they ain't no use paying guys that don't do no work, and he'll be swished if he does all the playing and let them get the jack. He says it's sinful to give out money to people who don't do nothing."

"What about scouts?" snapped the manager.

"We didn't get to them," grinned McGrath. "You don't even need a catcher, though, to hear Emil."

"What's he got, a boomerang ball?"

"No," said the other with a straight face; "but he says you could plant a post about five feet back of the plate and he could make the ball come right back to him. Tells me he used to practice doing that stunt up in Big Horse."

Randall, who had been listening in quiet amusement to the colloquy, now took a hand.

"Great!" he exclaimed, slapping his knee. "That's a bright idea. Look at all the money I'd save with a two-man team. Listen, Bill! I wonder if Emil, with a little practice, couldn't fix it so the ball instead of coming back to him would rebound toward first base. Then all he'd have to do on the third strike would be to run over toward the bag and tag the runner."

"I'll take it up with Krock," said McGrath in a choked voice.

"Come on!" snarled Heenan. "Did you do anything about signing him up? You can put on your burlesque show some other time."

"Wait a minute!" interrupted Randall. "What finally happened about the suggestion for releasing the rest of the players?"

"Well," replied the scout, "I told him we'd consider the plan next year when the National Commission met, but according to the rules now you had to have nine players in the field and twice that many warming the bench. Then we talked turkey. He isn't sure he's going to like it here, but we got together on this: Emil is to get a dollar for every ball that he puts over the plate that isn't hit. That's eighty-one dollars a day, as he figures it. How about it?"

"Cheap at the price," came from both Randall and Heenan.

McGrath went on, "He agrees to try you for a week. If everything's all right he'll sign a regular contract. He promises not to talk to anyone else."

"He's to be trusted, is he?" asked the young owner.

"Yes," was the unhesitating reply. "How about the catching end, Mike? Have you figured that out?"

"We were talking about it just before you came," said Randall. "We figure on getting Tracy a big padded glove and taking a chance on him knocking down Emil's shoots."

"How would it be," interjected Heenan, "to let him play back on the first two strikes and come in on the third? That'll be playing it safer. He'll only have to stop one cannon ball."

"Good idea," Randall turned to McGrath. "What do you think? He's your baby."

"Mike's idea is all right. Sure we can get away with that playing-back stuff?"

"What do you mean?"

"The umps—the rules."

"They ain't nothing in the book against it," contributed the manager. "It went by the other day when you sprung it. It ain't never been done before, because there never was no reason for doing it. The umpires will raise the devil, but what do we care?"

"How about the fans?"

"We'll pack 'em in," assured Randall. "They won't care if Tracy stands on the roof of the bleachers or out on Market Street. They're coming to see Emil on a chance that they'll be there the day someone gets a real hit off of him."

IV

ORGANIZED baseball—all of America—was stunned the next day. Out of twenty-eight men who faced Emil that afternoon twenty-seven were called out on strikes. The odd one, swinging at random, met the ball squarely and it shot over the fence almost on a line, marking the first home run this particular player had made in eight years of service under the big top. With the aid of a heavily reënforced glove Tracy had managed to knock down the third strikes successfully. Emil, however, was not at all elated by the day's work.

"That Smith," he complained, "beat me out of a clean sweep."

He walked away sullenly. Near the clubhouse, the manager noted, Emil was joined by Thayer, a second-string pitcher.

Later Heenan remarked to McGrath, "I see Krock's got himself a little playmate—Thayer."

"Yeh," returned the scout with a frown, "and I ain't stuck on the idea a-tall."

"What do you mean?"

"The last time I saw the two of them together Thayer was explaining some of that stuff in the correspondence course. I told you Emil was a nut on trying to pitch a curve. If he should ever learn, though I doubt it, I'm afraid he won't be worth a damn. He's good because he ain't got no form and because he does things naturally. If he tries to pitch like the rest of 'em, and falls for the stuff Thayer hands him, he'll be just as rotten as Thayer."

"Well," said Heenan dogmatically, "a fast ball is a fast ball, and no guy can talk his arm away from him."

McGrath shrugged and walked away unhappily. In the next week Emil pitched three full games and finished another. The monotonous strike-out record continued unabated. The balls he threw could just be seen, a mere gray whirl in space, once hissing by the knees of the batter, again by the neck, and still again by the belt line; but always over the plate. Umpires called strikes automatically and the ball indicator fell into complete disuse when Krock worked. Tracy's mixing of high, low and middle pitches was clever enough to deceive the keenest-eyed batters. What few hits were made were pure accidents, as the players themselves readily admitted.

"I'll give this baby about two weeks to burn himself up in," said Grayson of the Leopards, "and then good night."

"Think so?" was Heenan's retort. "Let me tell you something, Pete: That boy's been doing the same stunt for two years and gets faster all the time. I'm figuring on pitching him every day for the rest of the season."

"H'm! Where'd you find him?"

"Up in Big Horse, Idaho, knocking down redwood trees with rocks."

Saturday afternoon Emil signed a contract calling for sixty-four hundred and eighty dollars a year for two years. The sum was arrived at by multiplying eighty by eighty-one, Krock insisting that he could strike out all the men in that many games a season at one dollar a strike. However, he was crafty enough to refuse to consider any conditional clauses in the agreement. Followed a week of almost constant rain, during which McGrath and Heenan virtually lost sight of Emil. Had they sought for him assiduously they might have chanced upon him under the right-field bleachers, working out with Thayer.

At Monday morning practice Krock whispered to the manager "I've got it!"

"Huh?"

"You oughta see! I can pitch an incurve and an outcurve now."

"Who taught you? Thayer?"

"Yeh. I got the motions down good now. Wanna see?"

"Listen to me, Emil! You forget them curves! It's your straight fast one that wins games. That's what we're paying you sixty-five hundred dollars a year for. Understand?"

"And lose my arm throwing them?" whined Krock. "Not on your life! You get a glass arm pitching fast ones all the time."

"Who told you that?" snapped Heenan. "Thayer?"

"No. It's right here in the book. Look!" He drew a frayed pamphlet from his trousers pocket. "See what it says there?" pointing. The manager read:

Pitchers should early learn to throw curves. A fast ball is ruinous to the arm, and two years is about the limit of its usefulness. A glass arm awaits him who persists in trying to throw them past the batters. Smart pitchers ——

Heenan thrust the booklet back with an angry movement.

"Don't pay any attention to that! It's full of hop! Anyhow, you got two years ahead of you, ain't you?"

"No more straight fast ones for me," was the stubborn reply. "I already done it for two years and I ain't going to take no chances. I'm going to be a smart pitcher. I can throw some crackajack curves. Wanna see?"

"All right," growled the manager. "Let's see! Oh, Tracy!"

The catcher came over.

"Emil here wants to throw some curves. Let's see what he's got. Throw 'em like you would in a game."

The exhibition nearly brought tears to Heenan's eyes. To begin with, Krock's position on the mound had been changed into a rough imitation of the usual pitching stance. As for the curves, they were pitiful roundhouse affairs that a blind man could have hit. There was a certain amount of speed to them, but nothing reminiscent of Emil's straight ones.

"How do you like 'em?" asked the pride of Big Horse.

"Rotten!" replied Heenan heartily. "You stick to the old-timers, my boy. There are sixty thousand guys in the country who can throw curves, but there is only one Emil Krock."

The flattery fell dead.

"I ain't going to get no glass arm for nobody!" was the sullen retort.

"I signed you to pitch straight ones," shouted the manager angrily.

"I didn't see nothing in the paper about what kind of balls I had to throw. I'll pitch the way I want to, and you got to pay me for two years." There was a cunning quirk about Emil's mouth.

Heenan walked over to where Tracy was standing.

"The nut wants to curve 'em. Get together with him on some signals if you can get any through that bone head of his. Maybe he'll let you call for enough straight ones on third strikes to do some good, but let him have his way about the curves as much as you can or he'll bust up the game. I'm using him to-day."

Heenan didn't see McGrath until that evening at the hotel. The scout hadn't been at the game. He was reading the box-score edition of the Star when the manager approached.

"Well, there goes your thunderbolt and thirteen thousand smackers."

"What happened?"

"Nothing," was the sour reply, "except that your white-haired boy has learned to

(Continued on Page 76)

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The Fulton Diesel has won the highest endorsement that can come through tests in service. In one case after another where there was a Fulton installation and increased horsepower was needed, another Fulton Diesel was bought.

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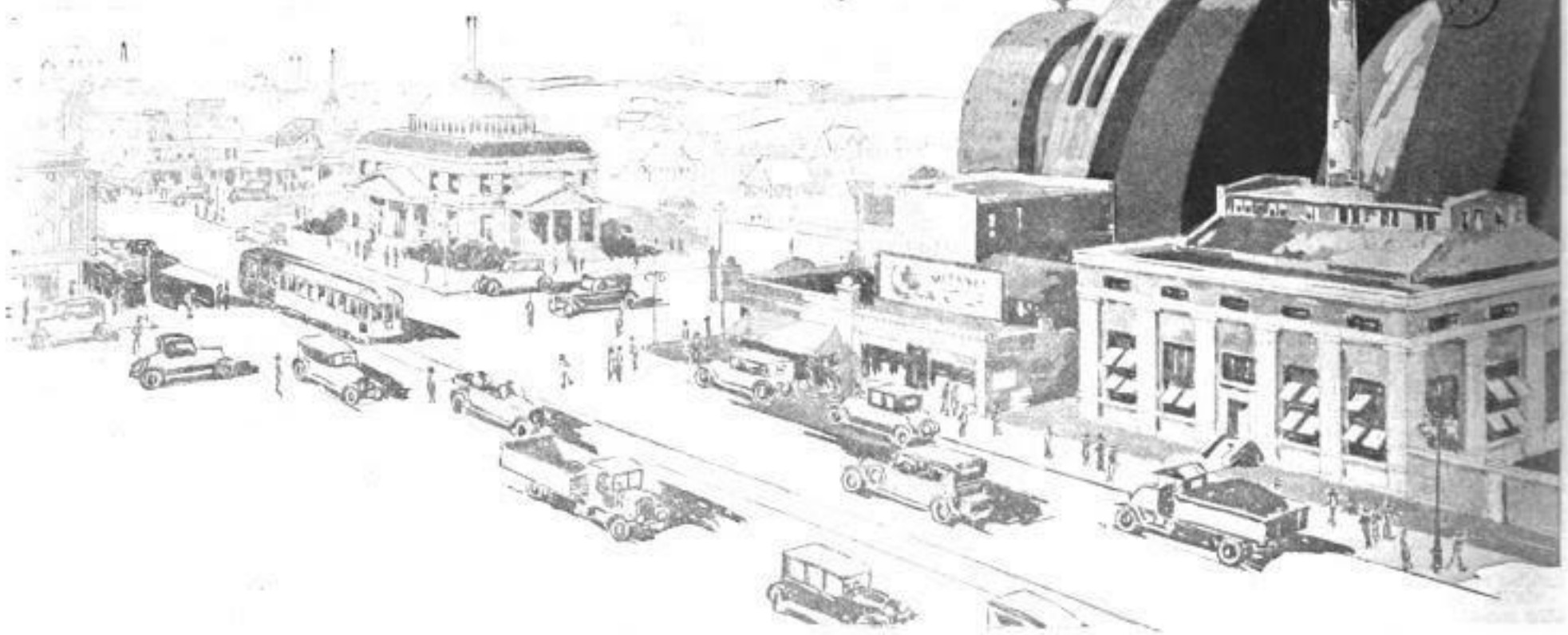


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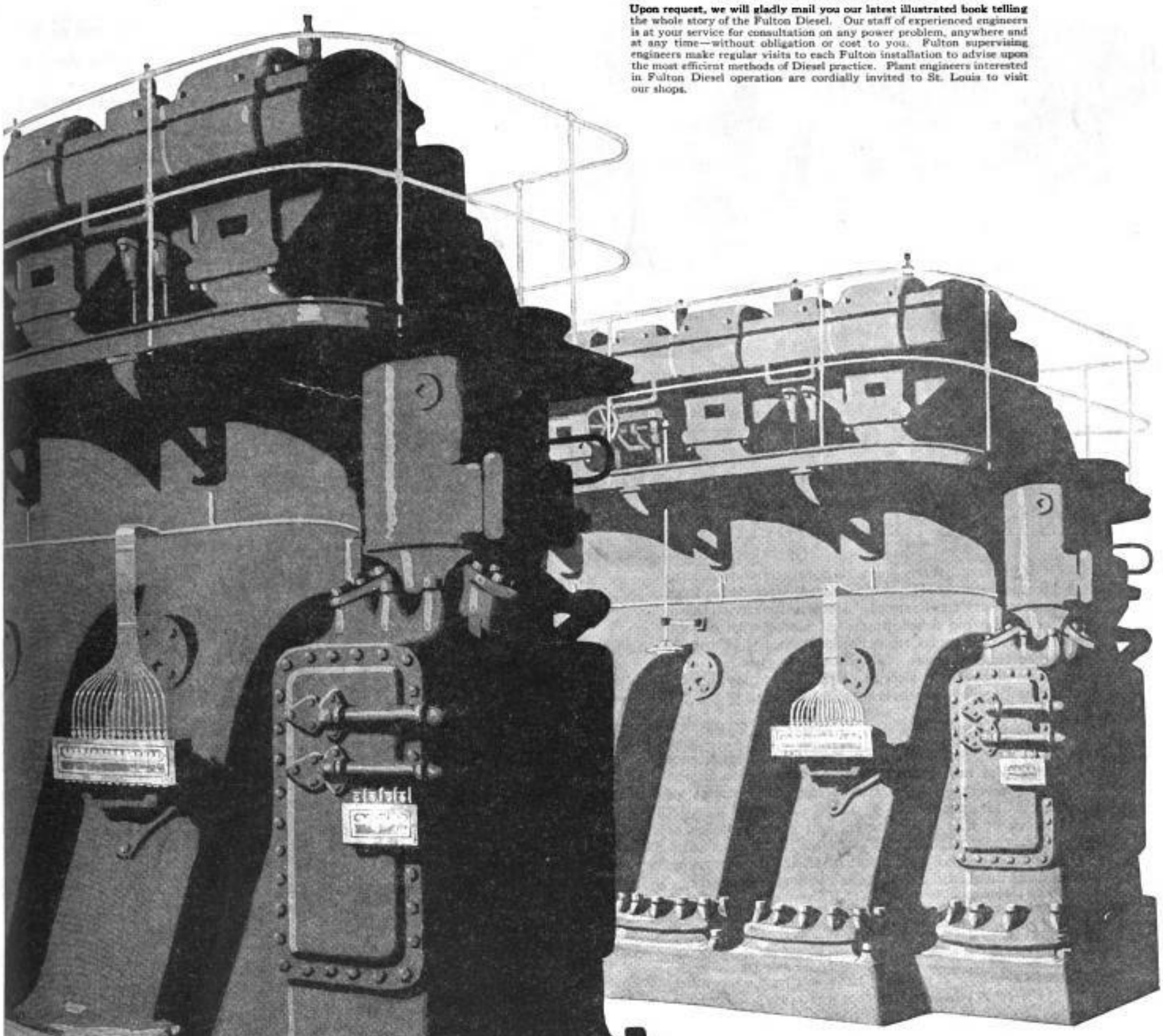
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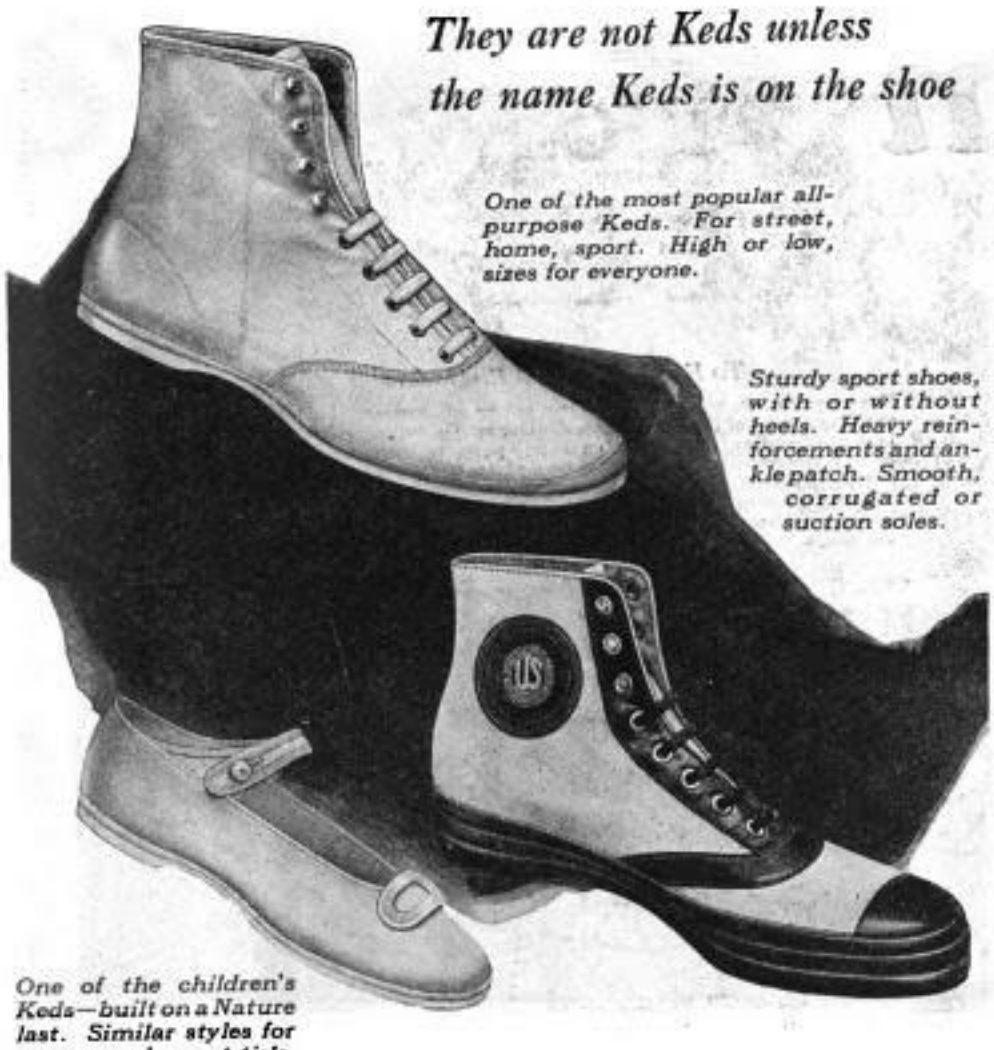
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— turn off the oil and in seconds it is still.

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Keds

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(Continued from Page 73)

throw curves and how to stand in the box. They just butchered him, that's all."

McGrath muttered,

"The worst of it is," went on the manager, "that he has even lost control of his fast one. He tries to make motions like other pitchers. He ——"

"That's what I was afraid of," cut in the scout, "when I saw him playing around with Thayer. Emil's bean is only big enough to hold one idea at a time. Give him a new one and he has to give the old one the air to make room for it."

"Sixty-five hundred a year," groaned Heenan, "for stuff that any sand-lot kid's got!"

V

"WHY pick on me?" demanded Buck Daley, manager of the Lizards in the Cold Valley League. "Mike must think I'm running a wild-animal farm."

"Well, you've tamed a lot of 'em in your time," said McGrath encouragingly.

"Yeh, but this bird Krock's all through, isn't he?"

"No, he ain't," retorted the Blue Sox scout. "He ain't shot his bolt by a jugful. He's still got the greatest arm in the world."

"That's why you're slipping him to me, huh?"

"Now listen, Buck! I've told you the whole situation. Heenan can't handle him any more. They just don't gee. They been battling around for a month. Emil wants to pitch curves and he can't; the boss wants him to throw straight ones and he won't. Personally I think Mike's gone after the kid wrong. I talked him into sending him down here. I figured different handling might bring Krock around. Take a try at him, Buck. It ain't gonna cost you a red."

"All right, Bill. Did he raise any holler about coming down here?"

"Not much. He's sore at Mike, and all he cares about is the dough. Besides, he figures he's five hundred miles nearer home. Got a strong backstop, Buck?"

"There's no one in the big show that's got anything on Travers."

"I don't mean the catcher; I mean the fence. I notice you got it pretty close to the plate. If Emil ever lets loose with a real fast one he'll wreck your doll house."

"Huh! He's more apt to brain some guy on the back row in the bleachers if what I hear about his control is true. Morton out of the hospital yet?"

"He's a wild man, all right," conceded McGrath, "but that's only because that flathead Thayer educated him out of his natural stride. Get him back to his old stuff, Buck, and Mike will make you a present of the Blue Sox franchise."

"Got to break him of the curve habit first."

"That won't be so hard," declared the scout. "I think he's willing enough now to throw them straight and fast, but he can't help putting something on the ball. That's what makes him so wild, trying to throw straight ones with his fingers fixed for a curve. His position ain't right, neither. He's such a dumb-bell, Buck, you can't show him where he's all wrong. Anyhow, Mike and I couldn't. He's a bull-headed simp—I ain't holding anything back on you—but maybe you'll have better luck. I've told you everything that I can tell you about Emil."

"I'll take a try at him," said Daley, "but you pay all hospital bills."

"All right," returned McGrath. "I'll be back this way in a week or so. Be sure and get Travers' glove padded, and for Pete's sake don't let him get smart and try to play close up except on third strikes!"

Daley and Krock met the next day at the ball park.

"I'm using you this afternoon," said the manager curtly. "The bird that's catching you doesn't know a thing about curves. Get me? All he can handle is straight ones."

Emil scowled.

"Ain't you got a smart catcher? I got some swell curves."

"Save 'em for Christmas," snapped Daley. "Straight and fast. Get me?"

Krock muttered something and walked away. Despite the angry demands of the manager, Emil refused to warm up, and Daley was compelled to send him into the game cold.

"Remember now! Straight and fast!"

The first pitch was in the best pristine style of the catapult. It sang over the center of the rubber, a gray shadow barely visible to the eye. Tearing through the hands of the catcher, playing close to the backstop, the ball crashed against the canvas-covered planking. There was a splintering sound.

"If he should bean a guy with one of those!" muttered Daley.

On the next throw Emil almost did that very thing. The ball came straight toward the batter's head, veered outward, struck the visor of his cap and flipped it to the ground. Again there was a crash against the backstop and a splintering sound. The Lizard manager glanced anxiously toward the fence back of the catcher. On the next pitch his forebodings materialized. With a rip and a crash the ball disappeared under the grand-stand seats. The planking in the backstop had given way under the fire of Emil. Daley halted the game and walked out to the box.

"Slow down, kid, slow down! Wanna wreck the ball park?"

Krock glared sullenly.

"Wanted 'em straight and fast, didn't you?"

"Yeh, but make 'em a little straighter and not so fast."

"All right," sneered Emil, "if you want baby stuff."

He threw a slow underhand ball which the batter caught on the end of his club and smashed into left field for three bases. This didn't annoy Emil, but a movement of disgust made by Daley did. When the next batter came up he tore loose with a fast one that again ripped a hole through the backstop. It was wild and high and out of reach of the frantic catcher. The next and the next also broke through the fence. Daley motioned Krock from the box.

"Get out!" he said. "You ain't a pitcher; you're a house wrecker."

Emil sneered and departed. He pitched in one more game, the day before McGrath returned to Lizardville.

"Take him away!" snarled Daley to the scout. "He's almost ruined us!"

"What's the trouble?"

"Look!" said the manager, pointing toward the grand stand where some carpenters were at work. "They're building a new backstop. Your wild man made the old one look like a Swiss cheese."

"I was afraid it was too close," remarked McGrath thoughtfully. "But that ain't so bad. You can put in a stronger one."

"Who'll pay for it?"

"We will."

"Yes, you will!" Daley laughed shortly. "You won't have enough jack after you get done coughing up for Travers' broken hand and Dillman's busted shin. Besides, there's a guy talking about suing us ——"

"What for?"

"For almost killing him with a wild pitch. He was sitting in the second row of the grand stand when Krock let loose one of his wild ones. It went through the screen and struck this bird in the stomach. He says he's got infernal injuries; wants five thousand smackers."

"The devil! What about Travers and the other bird you were talking about?"

"Travers got an idea yesterday that he could play close up ——"

"On a third strike?"

Daley fairly snorted: "There never was no third strike! Travers got a big glove and thought he could stop Emil's shoots. It'll take three weeks to get that hand of his in shape again. Dillman played back all right, but didn't see the ball coming until it hit his leg. He's out for a month. Know who I got catching for me now?"

"Who?"

"A high-school kid. Krock just naturally put my whole catching staff on the hummer."

"Tough luck," sympathized McGrath. "Then you don't think there's any chance of doing anything here with Emil?"

"Not a bit, Bill. The park isn't built right."

"How do you mean?"

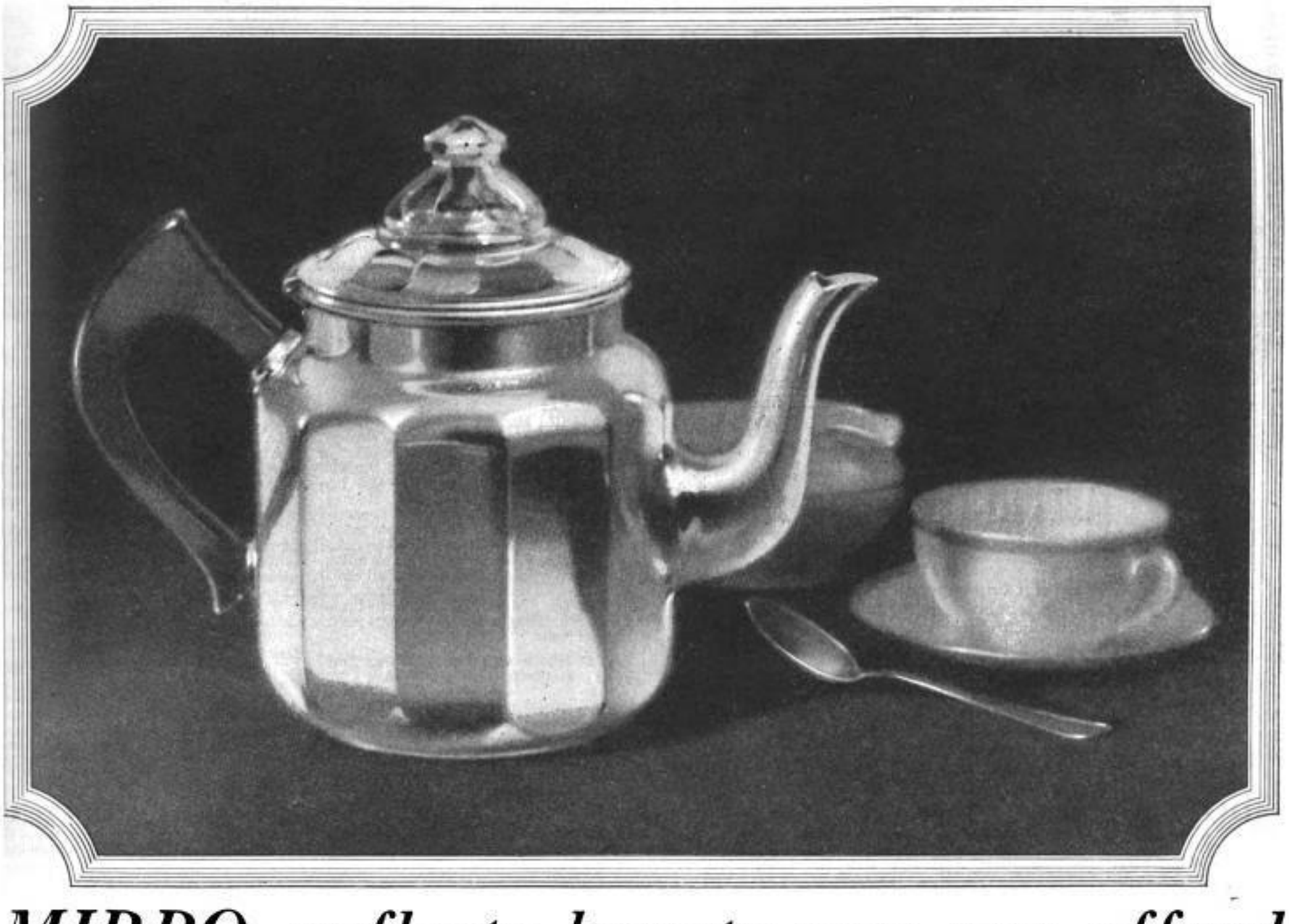
"There's not enough room between the plate and the grand stand. Up in your park there's eighty-ninety feet, and the catcher can get back far enough to stop those shoots. Nothing like that here. There's no chance for Emil's hot ones to cool off, and our boys just can't hold him at the distance they got. It's just suicide to put him in a game, even if he gets control."

"Isn't it tough," sighed McGrath, "to let a bird with a whip like that get away?"

"Yes, it is," agreed Daley. "He's the fastest pitcher in the world. There's no

(Continued on Page 78)

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(Continued from Page 76)

question about that. Walter Johnson in his best days had nothing but a slow ball compared to Krock's stuff. But what's the use? Even if I was willing to let him murder the whole ball team and half the fans, you can't expect us to rebuild the park on a chance that he will get over his wildness. It's a shame too; I'd kind of like the job of taming this Idaho hellcat."

"Well," said the scout, "I guess the only thing to do is to send him somewhere where the backstop is a mile back of the plate."

"Yeh, and that won't do much good. About every second guy would get on first and score. You can't expect a catcher to throw out many men from the fence."

Heenan received the bad news with equanimity. "Just what I thought. That's a swell lemon you handed us."

"I didn't hand you Thayer, anyhow," retorted the scout.

Emil's reputation had traveled so far by this time that for a time none of the teams approached would have anything to do with him at any price, under any consideration. At length a hardy soul in the shape of Red Mayer of the Coyotes in the Prairie League offered to take a chance. A heavy casualty list cured him in ten days, and Emil was sent on to the Oil League. Several weeks passed and the Blue Sox chief heard little of him. Heenan still had a string on Krock, but it was a tenuous thread that the manager never expected to pull. In fact the Idaho catapult had almost been erased from his mind, until one day late in August Randall came into the office waving a newspaper.

"See this, Mike?" he exclaimed excitedly, thrusting out a folded sport page. Heenan read:

FANS 27 MEN IN ONE GAME; NO ONE GETS TO FIRST; NO FOULS MADE

Blue Sox discard, failure in first half of double-header, comes back in second session with absolutely perfect exhibition

"When did Krock go to Arapahoe?" demanded Randall. "The last I heard of him he was with the Oil League."

"Hanged if I know. A couple of weeks ago Casey told me he wanted to get rid of Emil, and I told him to send him wherever he pleased. There's another comeback down at Arapahoe too."

"Who's that?"

"Bowen, who caught the game. He's the manager too."

"Bowen?"

"Yeh. Don't you remember that heavy-set guy that used to catch for the Vamps four or five years ago? Got into some kind of a jam with his wife and some other woman. I forget, but I think he kidnaped his child and had to beat it out of the state."

"Yes," said Randall, "I think I do. Was he a good catcher?"

"Fair, but kinda weak on his throws to second."

"What do you make of this, Mike?"

"I don't know," was the slow reply. "Twenty-seven strike-outs—not a foul," he repeated thoughtfully.

"It's not much of a league, is it?" asked the young owner.

"No, but I—— Listen, boss! Can you take a run down there? Bill's laid up. Maybe Emil's cured for good. Take a look at him. We sure could use him now."

"We still own him, do we?"

"Yeh. Will you go?"

Randall started for the door.

"I'm even now on my way to Arapahoe. Where is it?"

VI

HEENAN passed the next two weeks in a high state of nervous excitement. The newspapers recorded three more marvelous games by Krock but not a word from Randall. On the fifteenth day the young owner returned and calmly seated himself in the manager's office.

"Is he here?" demanded Heenan.

Randall smiled.

"No, Mike, he isn't, and he isn't coming; not for the present, at any rate."

"Why?"

"Because," returned the other deliberately, "he is engaged in a duel with your friend Bowen—a battle to the death, so to speak."

"I don't ——"

"I know you don't," returned Randall, "and you won't until I tell you the story from the beginning."

"Shoot!"

"It may interest you to know, Mike, that this man Bowen plays right under the batter with an ordinary glove and holds everything Emil throws."

"Has he slowed up?"

"If it were possible," was the reply, "I'd say he is faster than he ever was. You don't see the ball—that's all.

"Emil came to Arapahoe," went on Randall, "about a month ago from Petroleum City. He pitched one wild game to start with. Three days later Bowen decided to use him in a double-header. First he took Krock aside and had a talk with him, the nature of which you will gather from developments that followed.

"Emil's first ball was a curve, although the signals called for a straight one. Bowen immediately took him out, but ordered him to remain on the field. At the end of the inning the catcher turned his job over to a substitute and went with Emil to the clubhouse. I'd like to have been there," added Randall reminiscently.

"What happened?"

"'Didn't I signal you for a straight one?' demanded Bowen.

"Emil started to say something, but before he got far a terrific wallop on the chin knocked him to the floor. He got up in half a daze—I got the story from Bowen—only to hit the ground again. Bowen, you know, is a big fellow, as strong as Krock and twice as fast in the head. The second wallop put out Emil for good, and it was five minutes before he came up for air.

"'Now,' said Bowen, 'take a rest. You're going to pitch the second game of the double-header, and you're going to throw nothing but straight fast balls right into my hands. Yes?'

"Emil looked up at the doubled fist and nodded."

"Why didn't I think of that?" said Heenan.

"It wouldn't have done any particular good in your case. There's another angle to the situation in Arapahoe. However, to get on with the story: Emil pitched the second game and fanned twenty-seven. He threw just as he did the first game here. Rage had robbed him of everything he had learned from Thayer or anyone else."

"I don't ——"

"It's very simple," explained Randall. "The tendency of great anger is to strip men of the veneer of acquired traits and to throw them back into stark primitiveness. Emil was fuming with passion; he hungered for the blood of Bowen. All of his actions and reactions went back to first principles. His manner of throwing rocks at Big Horse was instinctive and in his fury the instinctive came back and routed the acquired. Yet lurking in the back of his head was a fear of Bowen's fists. Do you follow me, Mike?"

"In a way. Can't you tell it in smaller words?"

"I'll try," smiled Randall. "There was something besides the beating that roused Emil's rage, and that was Bowen's ability to hold anything that he could throw. Krock wasn't trying to pitch them past batters—he didn't even think of them. He was trying to throw them through the hands of the catcher with the rather childish hope that he could in this way humiliate Bowen. There was another reason too. I told Bowen I wanted to take Emil away.

"'You can if you want to,' he said, 'but he won't go.'

"'Why not?' I asked.

"'Because he wants to stick around here long enough to break my hands or smash my head. I know it, but I don't think he knows that I know it. If you notice, he always throws the ball at my head. I caught onto it quick, and I give him high and low signals by crouching and sticking my dome out or halfway standing up, all depending on what I want him to throw. He's the most wonderful pitcher that ever lived. Some day he may slip one through me, and then good night!'"

"Did you ——" gasped the manager.

Randall went on: "I asked Emil if he wanted to go back, and he said he would if I'd take Bowen with me."

"Well," demanded Heenan, "can't we?"

"Unfortunately," replied the owner, "the kidnaping story you told me about him was true, and Bowen can't come back to this state without losing the kid. It's out of the question."

"Can't some other team ——"

"Yes, it might get Bowen, but not Emil. Our claim is good for more than a year."

"And by that time," contributed Heenan, "Bowen's hands will probably be cut into ribbons."

"Or Emil's heart," said Randall.

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THE SPECIAL CASE

(Continued from Page 11)

quid shouldn't have troubled me. But you can see by this time I was no rationalist; instead a victim of curious disorientations. My imagination played me tricks. However casually she smiled at some other man, I read into it something withheld from me, not as a husband but as a senior. I used to watch every glance, inflection, gesture—always on the lookout for qualitative difference. There was the time—but no need to go into that now. But I want to say these suspicions, or rather anticipations, dragged me periodically through hell.

"When October marries May this is, in the very nature of things, inevitable. Then there's the pressure of what I'll call the crowd mind. Behind the surface acceptance of the situation you see the stock expectations of a dénouement solidified into tradition by the weight of precedent. For society, alas, never acknowledges the special case! Certainly back of the Masonic slaps in my case I thought I saw a cynical certainty of the ultimate *drame à trois*, and a little impatience for the delayed entrance of the other man. And this prodded me on and on.

"Up at seven with dumb-bells and vibrator; then to the office for an hour; then the barber and the gymnasium; the rest of the day in a whirring gregariousness. Oppressed by Beebee's belt and the pinching pince-nez; hounded by the fear of the phantom rival and an exposed middle age; and every nerve crying out for sleep. Sleep! Nobody will ever know what I went through. I had wild impulses to snatch off the mask, to grab Lindall and carry her away to some isolated fold of the earth, far from this noisy externalized life. But, ah, these attacks always cured themselves with bitter doses of logic. The continuous performance was too much a part of the child's joyousness to exact any other program. And if autumn finds the pastimes of spring a torment—well, autumn knew what he was doing!

"Besides there were Eden hours that almost compensated for the intervening hell. The moments alone, for instance, after some party. The two of us on her chaise longue before a leaded bow window; Lindall with a mug of milk and a cracker, in a honey-colored chiffon thing, her black hair in crisp uniform waves like those of an Assyrian statue, gushing about her fabulously white shoulders; the firm beautiful flexure of her fingers—she always held the mug with both hands. The lateness of the hour, the stillness outside gave an illusion of inviolable isolation. The chattering, clattering world in which we lived seemed unreal, nonexistent; and when after finishing her milk she drooped back against me with a tired sigh the feeling that this exquisite thing loved me, belonged to me almost made up for everything.

"At least it made me hope, as the third year wore on, that habit, usually so reliable in adjusting organisms to their environment, would see me through. But on the contrary, each day became less tolerable. For an interesting new psychology developed; a kind of self-disgust. In attempting to edit my anniversaries I saw I had committed a forgery of personality. Do you see what I mean? The relative youth I had retrieved was not my own youth. That is, the man of forty, we'll say, I was impersonating was not Abbott Randall of forty, but some ridiculous counterfeit—a fraudulent entity to whom I'd sacrificed my self-respect, almost my dignity of soul. And with this reaction came a revulsion against the very thing I sought—youth itself. Our crowd, you see, had almost made a cult of it; the world to me seemed populated with professional juveniles. They were eternally announcing that all the big things, professionally and artistically, were being done by people under thirty. I remember once, after such an outbreak, when the gin-fizzing orator ended up: 'And it always has been! Look at Thanatopsis!' A little widow near, previously preoccupied with her lipstick, looked up dazedly with 'What are thanatopses anyway?'

"Smile? No. I was too confoundedly busy trying to think up some post-thirty achievement—for of course I always applied these innuendoes personally. And oh, you should have heard the withering triumph with which I tossed them the reminder that [illegible] Greek at seventy!

"In such surroundings [illegible] I mean, they'd forgive a charred past, but not a prolonged one. To be connected with any event behind 1890 made one coeval with the Jurassic period. And after the glazed stare that met my ill-advised allusion to the Chicago World's Fair—well, dates were entirely blue-penciled from all dialogue.

"It's no wonder, is it, that middle age grew more and more alluring, my feelings towards Father Time increasingly filial? I wanted to make peace with him, slink back like a prodigal son, for the blessings I'd forfeited. I wanted suspended animation, books, comfort—and dear God! I wanted to be myself!

"By this time I had few of my old friends left. In the first year of marriage they'd drifted away, and during my professional rejuvenescence I was glad, impenitently glad. It wouldn't do, you understand, identification with antiquated intimacies, before Lindall and her friends; no reminders of the birthdays I was struggling to erase. But now I began missing them woefully, both as pals and representatives of beneficent middle age. Soon I tried sneaking off to lunch with them, but somehow a queer constraint short-circuited our old current of understanding; and this made me more miserable than ever. I felt grimly and pitiably alone, fitting in with neither the thirties nor the fifties.

"Well, one day as I was coming in from the country the car stalled at the edge of the town near one of those community golf courses. At the chauffeur's prophecy of a half hour's delay I got out and took a walk. Farther up the road stood a weather-beaten house; from the veranda a room-to-let sign swung creakily. My first feeling, I remember, was amusement. It seemed so naïve, the hope of getting a lodger in this detached neighborhood. Then an audacious idea struck me. This very isolation suggested a retreat from—youth; a place where a man might retire from the madding mob and read and relax and—sleep. First of all, sleep.

"I rushed up the steps with a sixteen-year-old speed, and in a few moments was shown to a pleasant room upstairs, with five windows. But it was the furniture, I think, rather than the windows, that clinched the deal. It was so old, so honestly, bravely old, making no pretenses of youth by massaged polishings or camouflaged cracks. Immediately I paid three months' rent in advance, arranging about having my meals served in the room, and murmuring something about writing a book to explain my incoherent tenancy. When I came out John, the chauffeur, was in front waiting for me, and all the way back into town I drowsed in the tonneau, my hand gripping the rent receipt with the pathetic gratitude of a drowning man who's finally gotten hold of a straw.

"The very next Friday, pleading official business in Washington, I taxied out. In my bag was an old shabby suit, comfortable spectacles with gold wires for the ear—which I'd ordered the day before—an old pipe, previously disinherited for obvious reasons, and some books.

"As soon as I'd unpacked these I went to bed and from noon to six I paid some of my long-standing indebtedness to Morpheus. Then after an appetizing dinner brought up by Selena, the landlady's niece—a chubby young thing of seventeen—my pipe and my books. It is amusingly significant that I'd taken with me not Thanatopsis, but Cicero's Offices, and it was the essay on old age that absorbed me until eight, when I turned in. The next morning I slept till noon; and that afternoon in the old suit and the comfortable glasses I took a walk and had a long chat with a motor cop—a mere boy, by the way. In the evening I strolled over to the deserted links and flopped under a tree. Around me the course spread like a deep pool, and lying there, drinking in the healing silence, bathed in a feeling of security and serenity, I was happier than I had been in months.

"I can't explain it very well, but out there under faint stars I felt a sensation of timelessness; my very soul took on an honesty beyond equivocation or assault. And when, Monday morning, I went back to the land of make-believe, refreshed and rested, it was with the calm of an actor who can discharge the most difficult part because he's located an exit and knows it leads to a definite escape.



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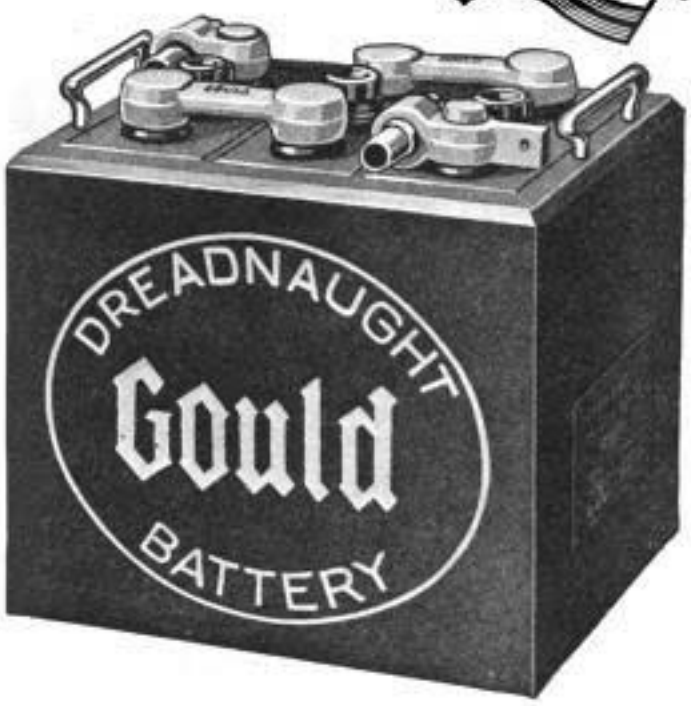
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"Yet three weeks later an inner urgency for flight recurred. Again the Washington quibble sufficed. This time I'd had some golf sticks sent out, golf having been discarded, as the accepted sport of the arteriosclerotic. And of course, more books: Hugo's Shakespeare, Amiel's Journal, Emily Dickinson's poems, Tartarin for lighter moments, and finally my precious first edition of Thompson's Hound of Heaven. All of these, you see, had been prime favorites in prenuptial days, and I think I chose them now as a kind of test to see if the middle-aged Abbott Randall I'd resurrected was an authentic one. And when I found myself chuckling with all the old relish at Tartarin's buffooneries, followed The Hound 'down the nights and days' with the same exaltation—well, I was relieved. It was like finding a verifying birthmark on someone of whose identity you weren't quite sure; like discovering a muscle you feared atrophied, functioning nobly. So a round of golf, more reading and release from tension made this another memorable truancy.

"On my next trip out I phoned my old cronies I was writing a book. Could they drop in? They could and did. And now in my middle-aged clothes and personality, all constraint vanished; we swiftly knitted together all the threads that Cupid had snipped and raveled. We sat off and discussed life not as passionate participants but as passive spectators; and I can tell you, those were talks worth hearing! I, so long inhibited from delicate abstractions, simply reveled in that feast of reason and flow of soul. I discovered one might still hear the deeper rhythms of life with a bad ear, and even through convex lenses perceive fine differences between the meaningless and the significant. And then, my friend, the dazzling indiscretion of plunging into reminiscence and coming up with a date in one's mouth! With a kind of devilish glee I simply plundered the almanac. 'You remember, Jim, it was in '83 that we met Fraser in Prague?' became a Declaration of Independence; not because meeting Fraser involved any of the thirty-six dramatic situations, but, heavens, the chronological audacity of it!

"Well, thus began my double life. More and more did I retire to what I termed my home for the aged. I'd brightened it up with a few prints—a Forain and a Goya, and that girl of Vermeer's with the tremble on her lips; an easy-chair, a reading lamp. On a marble-topped table my books piled higher and higher; in the top drawer my specs; in the closet the old suit and my golf sticks. And as these made it less and less impersonal it grew dearer and dearer.

"But, you are thinking, could I love Lindall, and still crave these separations? But, you see, it wasn't Lindall I ran away from, but from life—my life, I mean; the life of any man who marries a girl young enough to be his daughter. Certainly I still loved her. No other woman could ever hold the magic for me that she did. There were gemlike moments, still—tiny perfect things, glances, inflections, touches—exquisite in their very transiency. Flashes of jealousy, too, that testified to my undiminished ardor. And yet—and yet when she grew suspicious and resentful of my business trips the holidays meant too much to promise any renunciation of them. So at last her pique matured until she announced spending a month with her sister in Virginia.

"Of course I was acutely unhappy at this shadow between us. There warred in me an impulse to take her in my arms and promise to let business go hang—and an unholy joy at the prospect of one whole month of legitimate senility. The latter won out. So on the day she left I rushed out to the room, a curious fusion of self-reproach and self-congratulation. The moment the door closed, though, my spirits soared. Heretofore the swift termination of my holiday had somewhat qualified my pleasure in it; as the imminence of Monday morning clouds the schoolboy's Saturday, I suppose. But now, there being no need for a concentrated absorption of freedom, I entered into it with a kind of sensuous laziness. So it wasn't till a week later, after some golf and reading and sleep—much sleep—that I phoned the boys, and they came out.

"Again the marble-topped table became the rallying point of collateral interests and curiosities. Time was admitted into the group hospitably; with humorous affection we bantered one another about the individual marks he had left upon us. Old Gregory Firth's rheumatism got the same barbed publicity as my bad ear. And somehow in the exploitation of an infirmity so long concealed I felt a new mental readjustment. For, you see, in accepting time as a friend and not as an enemy our afflictions became badges of service, to be exhibited with the pride of—of—a medalist. I remember Henderson flaunted his high blood pressure so obviously as evidence of having lived life to the full that I grew jealous. Really jealous. I resented the fact that I'd only a bad ear and double convex lenses to show for half a century of far richer experience than he could boast. I even thought of springing a leaking valve or a paralytic stroke—anything to put the old braggart in his place.

"Perhaps this feeling—that time had cheated me out of my rightful heritage—accounts for my sense of triumph when I saw my hair gradually whitening. The natural color was being restored, but hardly in the shade guaranteed by the inventor of the touching-up process. And I gloried in the snowy result. It seemed to me extraordinarily becoming; lent a kind of pontifical dignity that matched the benignant God-bless-you-my-children expression the gold-wired specs had given. A really convincing papal figure, I assure you, except for the pipe sagging from the papal mouth.

"But didn't I ever miss Lindall? Yes, horribly at times. Then her letters, so chilling, so constrained, doubled the actual distance between us. Towards the end of her visit, too, allusions crept in about this handsome aviator, and that adorable Tom Tevis, and so on. All of which I saw, by interlinear readings, were deliberate baits, but that didn't circumvent my usual Othello reactions. And when, the last week, she wrote about a masked ball and having been kissed by her hostess' son, in a most insulting cave-man manner—well, I walked the floor all night, finally determining to take the first train in the morning. The beast! But at daybreak my mirror dissuaded me. I saw an oafish, superannuated old fellow who, had he taken the first train, would have sent Beauty flying into the arms of the Beast. Anyway, she'd be home in a few days; after which, fortified by this long vacation—in other words, not quite so fiftyfied—I'd win back her allegiance with all my honeymoon exhilaration.

"So the Thursday of her return I rushed to town for a two-hour session with the barber; then sneaked out to the house to don the regimentals of youth. The train wasn't due till six; and suddenly there came an overpowering impulse to take a last look at my haven of rest. The instinct of the murderer to return to the scene of crime, I suppose—the murderer, in this case, of a nice pontifical old gentleman with gold-rimmed spectacles and a rosewood pipe. 'It's perfectly idiotic,' I kept reproving, but of course, in the end I went.

"But out there I'd no sooner closed the door than there came a knock; Selena, my landlady's niece, to thank me for the bill I'd left in the breakfast tray. I saw her gasp faintly at my transformation; her round-eyed stare at the blackthorn stick and the boutonnière in the lapel of the snappy suit. And when I drew out a monogrammed cigarette—well, she was quite overcome; her bosom rose and ebbed under an orange-striped cotton blouse; speech died in her throat. Hitherto, you see, in our excessively casual relations, she'd given me the inattentive tolerance reserved for pipe-smoking grandfatherhood; and I want to tell you, this new attitude registered on me powerfully. It was a reassurance for an uneasy ego; a symbolized guaranty that I could still affect the circulation and respiration of youth—in other words, Lindall. And when finally she managed to thank me for the bill I protested I had much more to thank her for, and, believe me if you can, that nothing, nothing but gratitude prompted my action. I bent and kissed her lightly—just as my wife burst through the door.

"What a taste for histrionics fate sometimes develops. It sounds like a movie, doesn't it? Well, it came out later that she'd taken an early train, and I'd missed her wire. At the house the servants reported my absence during the month, which, with the postmarks on my letters, pointed to mystery. I was such an amateur, you see, in this double-life business I hadn't thought of the accessory deceptions. Our mutual friends had seen nothing of me; the servants, nothing. And it was not until a general outcry, that John remembered my original visit at this place.

(Continued on Page 85)

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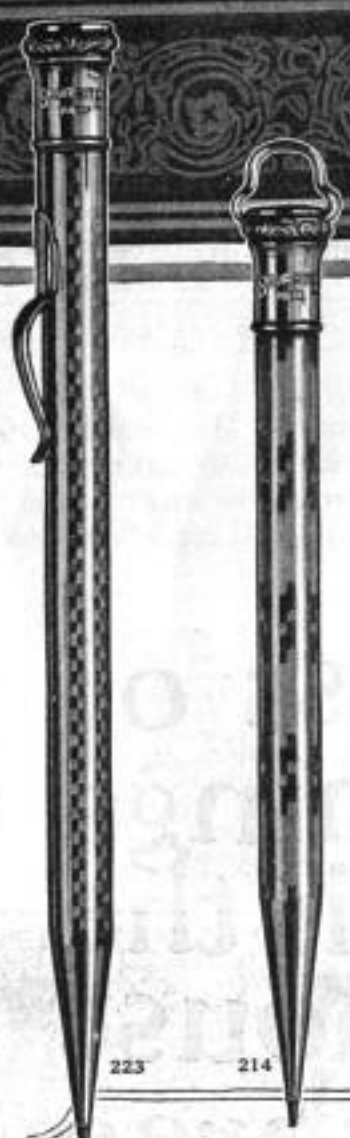
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(Continued from Page 82)

So, balked of all other clews, they rushed out; and the tableau Lindall confronted, I fear, was in perfect keeping with the one her imagination had insinuated. For one outraged moment she stared at me dumbly; then managed three words: 'You—old—roué!'

"Selena burst into frightened sobs and fled, leaving me alone to face her, my 'lovely lady, garmented in light,' in a paralyzed silence. The whole thing seemed so theatrically far-fetched I couldn't reason myself into a sense of its reality. I was like a spectator at some bedlam farce, who, when coöpted into the cast, knows neither the lines nor the cues. My only clear-cut response was to Lindall's loveliness. She had on a soft gray suit, a small hat faced with pansies, and a cluster of real pansies where her belt buckled. Her eyes were like wine—the last drops of chartreuse that cling goldenly to the glass; and emotion had given her a new radiance, an intensification of that personal incandescence. More than anything I wanted to take her in my arms—a blind feeling that only by some swift contact could we be awakened from this nightmare.

"But with my first move she stepped back, something like horror in her face. Then faintly, as if from a far distance, I heard her unloosed accusations. She interpreted my business trips in the traditional way; my retreat as the usual rendezvous. She even explained my attacks of jealousy as the natural suspicion of one subject to such temptations. And as she talked she slowly changed before me into a figure, phantasmal and remote, and yet who would shape my future into a definite concrete form—a future of strain and insecurity, a constant struggle with forces more and more implacable. I saw the years ahead wherein no more rest cures could be arranged. I saw waning faculties and resources making my rôle more and more difficult, the terror of the phantom rival more and more poignant. And in the end I saw either her final flight from senility or an intolerable resignation. Intolerable to me, I mean.

"No, I couldn't see it through. Here was a chance for escape, and a rather bravura one. Because of my temperamental incapacity for intrigue her charges took on flattering implications. By some curious permutation my alleged attraction to other women turned into other women's attraction to me. And to step out of the drama now as Don Juan seemed so much less humiliating than to fade out of the picture later as Methuselah. A cad? Yes, I dare say. My excuse is, though, that those four years had so deranged the delicate mechanism of ego that this brief moment of megalomania was coming to me. Certainly, the alternative, a confession that my rendezvous had been merely with Father Time—and Morpheus—was an anticlimax beyond me. But at least I had enough decency to explain Selena, and Lindall enough sanity to believe me. As for her other accusations—well, I admitted I had never been to Washington but in this same room. For what purpose? I simply shrugged my shoulders. A long moment she stood, it seemed, without breathing, one hand squeezing the pansies so that the petals spilled to the floor. Then without a word she walked out. A month later I heard from her in Reno. Six months later she was given her divorce.

"Naturally you want to know what became of her. Oh, the next fall she married the Virginia author of the cave-man salute; a fine young fellow, I understand, and she is very happy. There are twins now, who probably hold their mugs of milk with both hands and make up to their mother in the best possible way for her four wasted years. As for me, I came to Paris, a rather futile old man with a budget of tattered clippings and some pressed pansy petals to show for what I'd gained—and what I'd lost. Oh, I won't deny that what I'd lost sometimes swallowed up what I'd gained; life seemed sterile, planless. Then the war came along and the personal equation merged into larger issues. And afterwards, books and people and wondering what in the devil it's all about bribed my soul into a kind of vegetable content. But of course there were—and are still—moments of numbed unhappiness. But this I know—nothing as compared with the unhappiness that had awaited me as Lindall's husband."

He paused to refill the neglected pipe, and for several moments smoked in a silence which Thorne made no effort to fill.

"A rather ridiculous story, isn't it? And oh, I know what you're going to say! Mine was a special case. Well, I suppose it was; almost a pathological case, thanks to my supersensitiveness and inflammable imagination. But the principles involved, John Thorne, are to be counted among the infernal verities of life! I tell you when October marries May these things are inevitable, unescapable; first an unceasing conflict with time, in which you're not only doomed to defeat but reduced to weapons whose very absurdity destroys all the dignity of the struggle. You're a pitiable Ponce de León in search of a fountain of youth that's always a mirage; you're an amateur Einstein trying to eliminate time, a job whose rewards are tortured nerves, a disordered ego and self-disgust. Then there is always in the background that phantom rival who tricks the imagination and mocks the reason! Oh, won't you believe me when I say it's a mistake, a grisly tragic mistake, this bucking all the laws of—metabolism—and mathematics? When she's thirty-five I'll be almost seventy! That's what the veteran lover faces. And oh, wouldn't you think it would bring us to our senses?

"But you love the girl, you say. Of course! Keep on loving her, but don't, don't, for God's sake, marry her. Psychically, biologically, even sociologically, it's wrong. It isn't fair to you or to her; it isn't fair to the suitable mates the future may hold in store for you both."

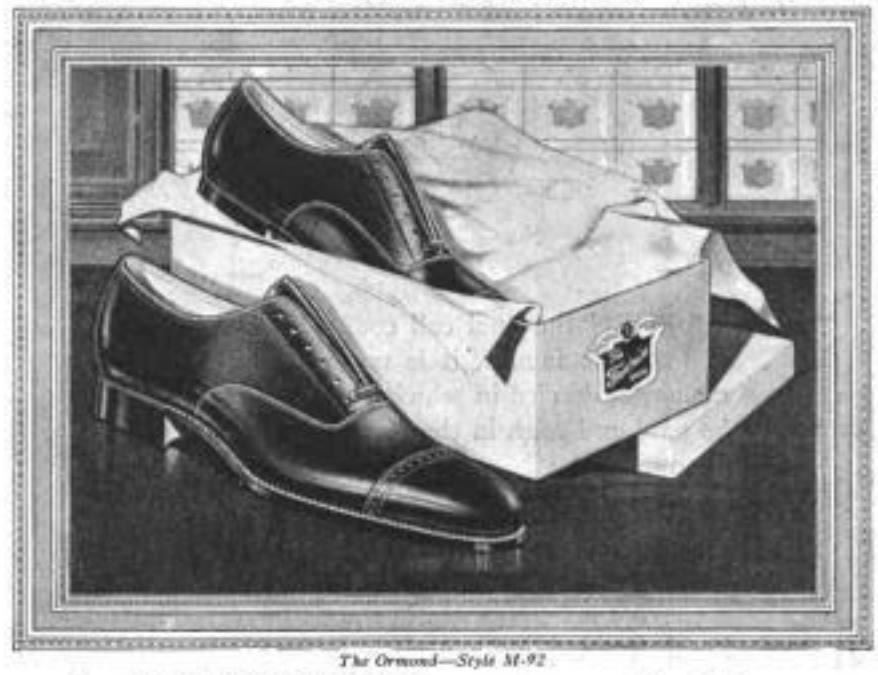
He stopped at last, and over the top of the glasses looked at Thorne questioningly. It had grown dark in the room, but the vaporish light that sifted through the open portholes silhouetted the resentful lift of the younger man's leonine head—played faintly about his twitching nostrils. Randall bent forward with a kind of conciliatory anticipation; but when the lapse of several moments brought no comment he rose and left the cabin.

Immediately Thorne leaped to his feet. Hands in pockets he paced the brief expanse from the washbasin to the desk. What consummate effrontery! To presume upon a casual cabin acquaintance to poke into his affairs with such a preachment! Rotten taste too! Exposing an intimate experience like that to a practical stranger. And an experience built upon such unsound premises. Why, a man in his fifties was in the prime of life—at least a normally healthy man who'd taken care of himself. With a smile he switched on the light above and the hooded lamp on the desk to examine the reflection in the mirror over the bowl. Above the aquiline nose his black eyes swam out boldly. Ah! No visions of middle age here! And a swift comparison with the faded gaze behind the convex lenses gave ampler curves to his smile. Then he leaned closer. Funny he'd never noticed those little sacs that ballooned over his cheek bones! And the fold that sagged under his jaw; surely that was a late development. But then a man's attractiveness didn't depend upon these crow's-feet exemptions! That was woman stuff. Of course he did resent that increasing exposure of forehead; not that baldness suggested middle age, for most of the young chaps he knew rather specialized in it. Anyway, all it needed was a few treatments; once the circulation was improved, a vibrator, perhaps; a vibrator. "A conflict in which you're not only doomed to defeat but reduced to weapons whose very absurdity ——" With a jerk he clicked off the lights and strode out. Gad! He was getting morbid. A few turns on the deck would set him right.

And later as he leaned over the taffrail at the stern of the boat the indolent sprawl of his massive body suggested a recaptured serenity. Behind a toppling cloud bank a new moon thrust a timid point towards a horizon still pinkly reminiscent of a reluctant sunset; and Thorne, watching the colors imperceptibly fade, threw back his shoulders and drank vigorously of the breeze that poured by him in cold salty fluxions. Below, the swish of the waves seemed to suck all thought from his brain, leaving only a vague, sensuous response to buried sunsets, rushing winds and leaping waters. Ah! There was nothing to compare with a sea voyage. Instead of a honeymoon in that Canada lodge of her uncle's they'd run down to the West Indies. This back-to-nature stuff was all right for young bloods, but when a man reached his age—when a man reached his age ——

And then memories, linking themselves with Randall's prophecies, swarmed through his mind. The day at the circus when the

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Cleveland

21 Years of Knowing How

peddler's whine "Buy a balloon for your daughter, sir?" had colored him into a sickened fury, masked under an even sicklier grin. The morning he had raced Helen to the mill pond, and her laughter at his panting exhaustion. Gad! That had cut below the surface of his pride. He lived over the primitive pangs that stifled him the evening she flirted so outrageously with that fool in white flannels. Of course he hadn't walked the floor all night. He had some sense, thank God! But still—still there had been one mad moment when he wanted to sink savage fingers into the stringy neck in the pongee collar. Well, she'd simply have to drop that sort of thing after they married. It was natural, perhaps, for a young girl to exercise her right to charm, but as his wife he wouldn't stand that stuff one minute. But of course he mustn't be too hard; after all, it was simply an expression of the general irresponsibility of modern youth. They were so much more frivolous than ——

"Old age is diagnosed by the following symptoms: That the young people are so much more frivolous ——" Oh, but what damned nonsense! He hadn't noticed that the policemen were mere boys, and certainly the type in the newspapers was the same size it had always been.

He shook himself testily, as if flinging off the pressure of the afflictive fancies. He leaned far over the rail, deliberately trying to give himself back to the magic of the night. But as his gaze focused upon the water the waves writing themselves chalkily from the side of the boat seemed to curl and round into figures—the number of years between twenty-one and fifty-one. With a muttered imprecation he shut his eyes; and then when, after a moment, they opened, a league-long roller shaped itself like a crayon-clear sentence across some cosmic slate: "When she's thirty-five you'll be almost seventy! When — she's — thirty - five — you'll—be—almost—seventy!"

Sharply he turned on his heel and started for the gate that separated him from the main deck. Three hurrying strides as if something pursued him; then his foot caught in a coil of rope. He stopped and disentangled it; then dully, automatically, he dropped to the side of a lifeboat. Thirty-five! A time when life was fullest and richest for a woman! Seventy—if he lived. But the Thornes had never been distinguished for their longevity. He'd probably die sometime in the sixties and some other man would spend his money—and—and father his children; for of course Helen, with her beauty, would surely marry again.

His hard-knuckled hands clenched, then relaxed with a spurt of ironic laughter. What selfish beasts—men! Throughout Randall's screed had been his own misery that had been stressed; and here he was repeating the offense. But how about Helen? For oh, she meant far more to him than the doll-like Lindall had ever meant to Randall. Was it fair to her? To be sure, she thought she loved him now; but could a girl of twenty-one know? And would she love him ten—fifteen years hence? And ah, her Catholicism made any future problems insoluble in Reno.

The moon had whittled its way behind the cloud bank, and through the darkness there stole upon him a startling lucidity of mind. From behind rosy dreams stark realities outlined themselves nakedly; and he saw—he saw that Randall was right. It was a mistake, an incredibly tragic mistake, not so much for himself as for Helen. And he loved her unselfishly enough to protect her from her young unwisdom. He would write and tell her she must give him up. He could post the letter from Marseilles. Resolutely he rose, and when a moment later he strode through the narrow companionway his leonine head was flung back in response to a not unpardonable pride—the pride of one capable of magnificent renunciation in a world accustomed to sniveling compromises.

The cabin was empty when he entered, and switching on the lights he sank before the little desk. And then, and then the huge head buried itself in the angle of his elbow. But only for a moment. Bravely, defiantly, he took out some paper and dated it; after which he looked up with a frown of concentration. Above, the photograph next to the brown traveling clock caught his eye. Under the gauzy hat a pretty girl of twenty or possibly twenty-one laughed down at him lazily. A laugh so intimately understanding that his breath broke into a sigh of relief. Scratchily the pen flew across the paper; just a few words. He had decided to cable from Marseilles, instead of writing, you see. And signed now, he read it to himself aloud:

"Be ready to marry when I arrive. Cannot wait till May."

Then he laughed, an arpeggio of joy that lost itself in soliloquy.

"After all, mine *is* a special case."

THE GAY ADVENTURE

(Continued from Page 15)

little exposed to infections of any sort, coming in contact only with their mothers and nurses and very seldom taken abroad in public places. But this really wouldn't wash; first, because babies, though not actually sent to school or allowed to travel alone on the trolley cars, are most pestilently visited and kissed and slobbered over and played with by all their brainless relatives and most of the neighbors; second, because this immunity extended well up toward the end of the second year of life and for some diseases such as rheumatism, typhoid and consumption—pulmonary tuberculosis—up to the fifth and even the tenth year.

Smallpox and syphilis are almost the only severe diseases that are mean enough to attack a very small new baby. Finally, when we became able to test out and discover antibodies and antitoxins, we set to work and tested out both mothers' bloods and babies' bloods, and there were the protectives and antibodies, sure enough, one after the other.

We inherit something besides the results of the sins of the fathers. From the successive fever sufferings of the mother are distilled elixirs which protect her newborn babe. Disease is much kinder and more decent than the decalogue. And the deadly germs which lie in wait around the cradle are treated like the fabled snake placed around the cradle of the infant Hercules by Juno or other of his mother's well-wishers, but which the Sandowlike infant mistook for a plaything, clutched by the throat and gleefully strangled.

Of course the dose of antitoxin or protective—sozin—from the mother's blood which will protect an eight-pound baby can hardly be expected to be adequate for a forty or fifty pound child, and this inherited immunity is hence comparatively short-lived.

In addition to direct protectives and antitoxins our little child of the new century inherits also some as yet mysterious but very definite immunities against certain serious diseases. Even such a fierce captain of the men of death as tuberculosis can be bidden "Hands off" by a fair proportion of well-born civilized infants.

One of the most striking and, from the point of view of modern citified people, cheerful facts is the far greater deadliness of this grave disease among more primitive and less urban races. Some fifteen years ago I made a study of comparative death rates, with the finding that although the then one death out of every eight claimed by consumption among civilized races seemed appalling enough, it was twice as great in the negro, and nearly four times as great among Indians on reservations. Incredible as it may seem, over half the death rate on some Indian reservations was due to tuberculosis.

I have personally seen seven half-breed Indians out of a family group of twelve die of tuberculosis; lungs, bones and brain—meningitis—while one of the great Canadian Indian schools actually found, on taking a census of its graduates for fifteen years past, that 80 per cent of them were already dead of tuberculosis!

Of late years striking differences in susceptibility to consumption have been found among the white races.

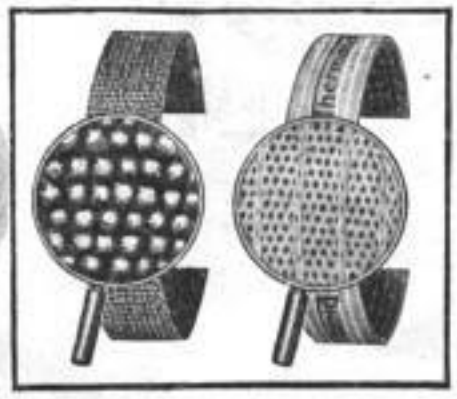
For instance, in 1910 the deaths reported from tuberculosis among Italian males in Pennsylvania were only 81 per 100,000 living, while among Irish males in the same state the rate was 342 per 100,000, and in New York, 589 per 100,000, the general tuberculosis death rate of the whole United States being 105, with the Jews 20 per cent below that.

(Continued on Page 89)

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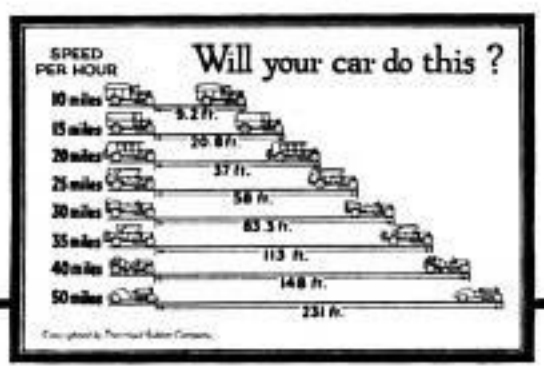


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If you want further particular information, write to

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ARMCO INGOT IRON
TRADE MARK

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(Continued from Page 86)

So we have the striking and curious para-
ox of the Jews, our far largest and most
ghly citified race, who have never in
odern times lived anywhere except in
ettos, with a t. b. death rate of less than
ie-quarter that of the Irish, who have
ways lived in the open country or in small
llages until the last one or more genera-
ons in America.

What makes it the more puzzling is that
point of size, physique, fighting weight
id general vigor the Irish are far superior
the Jews, though they also have a very
gh fatal susceptibility to pneumonia.

More interesting and striking still are the
eliminary findings of a great research
w under way in the splendid new School
Public Health of Johns Hopkins. This
search is being made on the broadest and
ost thoroughgoing scale by taking one
ter the other, just as they come, the cases
pulmonary tuberculosis coming into the
spitals and almshouses of Baltimore.
or each consumptive two other cases are
lected of as nearly as possible the same
ge, race and social condition, from the
her patients in the hospitals, or from the
sts of the poor-law officers, or from men
the voting lists.

Then trained field workers in eugenics
e put to work to hunt up the family rec-
rds of the consumptive and his two con-
ols for as many generations as possible to
etermine the number of known cases of or
eaths from tuberculosis which had oc-
rred. The contrast is largely between
hite native-born Americans of several
enerations, for the reason that usually the
mily records of foreign-born immigrants
r of negroes cannot be traced with any
rtainty for more than one or two gen-
rations.

Nearly two years of painstaking and la-
orious research have accumulated some
fteen hundred consumptive pedigrees and
bout double that number of nonconsump-
ive controls, averaging about five gen-
rations each and involving some fifty
housand persons.

No results have been published except a
rief report of progress, and what the final
onclusions and results will be is still in the
alance. But one fact stands out with
triking and unmistakable clearness, and
hat is that there are so far on the average
nd in almost every case more than three
imes as many known cases of consumption
the family trees and groups of the con-
umptives as there are in those of the non-
onsumptives!

Mysteries of the Ductless Glands

Of course this may be modified by later
nd more extensive findings, and the
chool of Public Health commits itself to
o conclusions whatever; but it is scarcely
ikely that such an overwhelming prepon-
erance will be changed more than 10 or 15
er cent either one way or the other by
vider and final findings.

The precise nature and mechanism of
his higher resistance or lower susceptibil-
ty are still in doubt. They may in part
onsist of a capacity for catching and throw-
ng a mild form of tuberculosis infection
nd thus acquiring an immunity against
he disease for the rest of one's life. But
whatever the explanation, the cheering fact
emains that a large percentage of modern
ivilized white babies are now born with
vhat amounts practically to a 93 per cent
nsurance against going into a decline and
lying of consumption.

Of course it goes without saying in this
lay of the ductless glands that the new
itizen of this modern world comes into it
vith a full equipment of thyroids, thymus,
ituitary, suprarenal, pancreas, interstiti-
ials, and so on *ad infinitum et ad nauseam*.

His thymus gland fills his blood vessels
vith white blood cells or corpuscles, the
hages, or eaters, in Greek, macrophages,
he scavengers and mounted police of the
ody, which eat invading microbes alive;
nd the small mononuclears, large polynu-
lears, eosinophiles, mastzellen, and so on,
which break down and from their life blood
urnish the raw material for the manufac-
ure of antitoxins, sozins and immune bod-
es, as well as some of the most important
erments needed for the clotting of the
lood. Then after having spawned all these
nd seen them safely started in life, the
thymus sings its *Nunc dimittis* and fades
eacefully away and disappears about the
econd year.

Our only personal acquaintance with
this gland comes from the fact that it
furnishes the popular though ridiculously named delicacy, sweetbreads, or *ris de veau*—from young calves and lambs.

By this time another gland pilot has taken hold of the steering wheel, and from the second to the tenth year our thyroid rules supreme.

It determines the stature and proportion of the body, builds the heart, controls the growth of the hair and teeth, and seems the glandular, or, to be strictly *au dernier cri*, as the French say, endocrin or cryptorhetic Pooh-Bah or Lord High Everything Else.

If the thyroid fails to develop properly our poor little human squab remains a stunted, thick-tongued apathetic, half-idiot dwarf, with hardly the intelligence of a child of two, though his actual years may be thirty or more.

A little later and less complete failure of the thyroid produces dullness, stupidity, greasiness of hair, drowsiness, swelling of the neck, called goiter, anæmia, sulkiness and bad temper. All of which can now be relieved completely by doses of the active principle or essence of the thyroid gland, called thyroxin.

This was discovered and isolated by Kendall at the clinical laboratory of the famous Mayo brothers at Rochester, and is so wondrously active and adjustable that the precise dose needed to bring the body of child or adult up to proper thyroid balance can be calculated to one one-hundredth of a grain, and then given daily with marvelous results.

The Magic Essence

Make the dose a hair's weight too large and the symptoms of overthyroidism develop—rapid excitable pulse, sweating and flushing skin, projecting eyeballs, excitement and hysteria. Just the reverse of underthyroidism.

With this magic essence we can play upon the life pulses and rhythms of the human body, child or grown-up, like Polonius upon the stops of Hamlet's famous pipe or flute.

As usual the most vivid and tangible pictures and proofs of the power of thyroxin can be got outside the human species. Young tadpoles growing slowly and steadily into frogs, if given a tiny dose of thyroxin, are speeded up so as to become mature frogs in little over half the usual time. If a little larger dose be given they become frogs in about one-third of the usual time, but are much smaller than normal, while if an overdose be administered they are rushed to maturity almost overnight, and frogs of any size, from that of a blue-bottle fly up, can be produced at will simply by changing the dose of the weird, magic stuff, thyroxin, as that chief magician of modern science, that master juggler with life, Jacques Loeb, has repeatedly shown.

His other miracles of hatching a fatherless frog—to say nothing of thousands of bastard sea urchins and fishes—and controlling the lifetimes of fruit flies by simply raising and lowering the temperature, will be long remembered among the most wonderful feats of modern life science.

After the dynasty of the thyroid has become firmly established another endocrin or ductless gland comes to the fore, the even more powerful and vitally important suprarenal or adrenal.

As its name implies, this extraordinary little gland wizard perches up on top of the kidney and until a few hundred years ago was scarcely recognized as separate from it. Though only about the size and color of a large chocolate cream and the shape of an old-fashioned cocked hat, it has its hands on a surprising number of life wires in the body.

When danger threatens and either fight or flight is imminent, it throws a ferment into our veins which squeezes the blood out of the abdomen and digestive tract where it won't be needed, and pours it into the great muscles, the heart and the lungs, where it will be. It is the nearest approach to a middleman or liaison officer between mind and body, flesh and spirit, our internal missing link, that we have ever yet discovered. At the same time against the ill fortune of war it pours out another ferment which quickens threefold the time of clotting of the blood. And finally, as a last foreseeing and forearming precaution, it sends another ferment into the blood, which, when it reaches the liver, converts the stored glycogen, or animal starch, into sugar and pours this into the blood, a ready-made fuel or gas on which the muscle



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cylinders can either fight or run for their lives.

By it emotions and even thoughts are converted into their chemical equivalents, and the mind influences the body. In return, through it the body influences the mind, and ten times as powerfully: Courage, an abundance of suprarenal ferment; fear, an excess of thyroxen; cheerfulness, plenty of the three great elixirs, thyroid, suprarenal, pituitary.

A little later in life another gland wizard comes into play, a tiny little coffee bean at the base of the brain, both of whose most unfortunate and appalling names are four times as long as it is.

Pituitary gland or Hypophysis cerebri is its shortest pet name. So we'll just call it pituitary for short.

This little giant of the ductless glands has really four divisions, one of which raises the blood pressure, something like the suprarenal, another has a powerful stimulant effect upon unstriped or involuntary muscle, and hence is used extensively in practical medicine as a laxative, a diuretic, and an increaser of labor pains in confinement. But its most extraordinary—front—section and power is that of determining the body height and stature.

If the tiny gland does not pour out enough of its essence, tethelin, then growth is arrested early and the child stays under normal height, though healthy, well formed and proportioned.

If the supply of tethelin is ample good height and bulk are attained. But if the supply be excessive and the gland begins to enlarge enormously, then we get that fortunately rare and luckless literal monstrosity, a giant.

In spite of thousands of absurd legends and fairy tales, giants, instead of being dangerous and savage monsters, are feeble, weak-minded, most amiable and harmless folk, short-lived, dying of a sneeze or a cough, rickety, knock-kneed, deformed, almost incapable of reproducing their kind, inferior in every way not merely to the average man but to the dwarf.

Nor is our new knowledge of these extraordinary energy centers and growth centers in the child's body of simply academic and theoretic interest. On the contrary, thousands of obscure malnutritions and tantrums, of failure to grow and thrive, to sleep well and play happily, enjoy good food, to get on well with other children and at school, can already be traced to a defect in some one of these controller glands and relieved by giving small doses of its essence.

We have now an absolutely natural and home-grown *materia medica*, or list of remedies, for many heretofore obstinate and unmanageable ailments, not only so, but a much wider and more vital and fundamental field and relation is now opening up.

Diet for Children

In the latest examinations, both of experimental animals which have been deprived of proper amounts of vitamines, and of poor little youngsters who had died of malnutrition in famine areas in Europe, the greatest and most striking breakdown changes in all the tissues of the body were in the ductless glands.

In other words, by keeping our babies and young children well supplied with vitamines, in the form of rich milk, cream, butter, tomato juice, orange juice, fresh fruits and fresh vegetables, we can keep these growth-center and controller glands in good condition and full activity.

And this helps to explain why all these endocrin, or ductless-gland disturbances, dwarf, idiocy—cretinism—goiter, anæmia, rickets, chronic bowel trouble, and wasting in children—marasmus—beriberi, leprosy, and so on, are always most frequently found in peoples whose food is scanty and badly balanced, and whose water supply is impure or bad.

Give our little new-come men and women of the Stone Age the cream, butter, ice cream, fruits, green vegetables and pie that their souls long for, and we need worry little over the precise dosage of thyroxin or suprarenal or tethelin which they—won't—need in later years of childhood.

It is hard to gaze upon the placid countenance of our little pink human new potato and conceive of him as a fourteen-inch shell, packed full of high explosives, detonators, time fuses, fulminate, wheels and balance wheels, range finders and self-guiding torpedoes. But such is the cold, simple, scientific fact.

All his well-known little preferences for sweets over sours, oranges instead of onions, tomatoes in place of turnips, cream instead of sky-blue on his cereal, pie instead of corn pone, ice cream over flabby mush or bran bread—take on a new meaning in the light of recent findings.

He knows so much more than we ever dreamed he did, and we so darned much less! Let us profit by the humiliation and give him a chance for his white alley!

He wants and has always wanted quarts of water a day, and we dribbled it out to him in spoonfuls—and then usually put some beastly milk or cereal or toast or other curse into it before we gave it to him.

I shall never forget the day in my early and innocent practice when I sat and watched a tiny white-faced slip of a six-months-old baby literally melting down and pouring out of itself with summer diarrhea. His little face was shriveled and blue, his skin beginning to hang in folds upon it. He was literally wilting and shriveling like a green lettuce leaf in the summer heat. His pain had been relieved by opiates before I saw him.

His little interior must have been empty of all spoiled or otherwise offending food or drink, but still he poured out his literal life blood by the quart, and his temperature ranged about 105 degrees. Twenty-four to forty-eight hours would see his pitiful tiny finish.

Out of the depths of my unprejudiced innocence I said to myself, "That baby needs water inside and out." A tub half full of hot water was brought, and the kiddy put into it; he breathed a sigh of relief and started to lap it up!

That hint was enough. I set the nurse to pouring cool boiled water down him with a tablespoon while I loaded up my bulb syringe with the same, adding a little salt so as to imitate the blood serum, and shot a pint of it into his small colon. His face flushed up like a white rabbit's ear when you rub it, and he actually began visibly to take up the slack of some of his wrinkles. In twenty-four hours he had swelled up like a tick, and in forty he was well.

Health Through Happiness

Now we call it desiccation fever, drying-up fever, coax and shoot and soak water into the body in every way possible and don't give him a single drug or food of any sort.

When he's properly irrigated he's well. In extreme cases when the baby can hardly swallow we even take a big hypodermic needle and inject sterile salt solution under his skin, or even a pint or more into the peritoneal cavity.

If we adults and beastly grown-ups, who are unluckily the legal and irresistible guardians of his person, would get rid of our cave-man ideas about the dangers of draft and let the new citizen of the world follow his own likings for fresh air, few clothes, sunlight and warmth and paddling in wet water wherever found, his life would be as much healthier as it would be happier.

Our little child of the New Age comes into the world, geared, equipped and loaded for a fifty-one-year run, just as he stands, or sprawls, cheerfully.

If we cordially and intelligently indorse his life ticket and have it countersigned by the health authorities it can be extended to seventy-one years, every year of it a joyous fighting, winning adventure.

Even for his cerebral and mental growth he is completely equipped and supplied with enzymes, ferments, endocrin secretions—lack of which is probably the chief and real cause of insanity and mental unbalance—explosives and range finders.

For his intellectual development he has one great instinct and guide, curiosity, which will assure his mental growth as certainly and safely as hunger and heredity will his bodily stature, height, weight, color of eyes and hair.

Once our self-appointed educators grasp this fact and fit education to the child, every schoolwork will become happy, natural, health-promoting and growth-promoting.

Industry à la Henry Ford, Lord Leverhulme, and Seebohm Rowntree has beaten them to it and raised Happiness for the Workingman, His Wife and His Family to its standard as one of the great vital requirements for efficiency.

Make children and grown-ups happy and their health, efficiency and morale will follow like the tails of Little Bo-peep's sheep.

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To the Merchant who wants more Farm Trade

AS THE SATURDAY STREAM OF FARM FOLKS GOES BY YOUR DOOR, you realize how much quicker turnover you could get if you could attract more of them to your store, if you could interest more of them in buying the things you have to sell.

Tonight when these same farm folks sit down to rest and talk things over, suppose you could put into their hands a catalog attractively presenting the things you have for sale—things that would make life easier and better and happier for them.

And suppose you could have that catalog there without one cent of cost to you, wouldn't you jump at the chance of doing it? Wouldn't you be sure that next Saturday more farm people would come to your store to buy?

A catalog that *can* be made your own—a catalog that can be made to get business for you—is going into the better farm homes in your county now. A catalog not only of things the *farm* needs, but of things that *farm folks* need and want.

That catalog is the advertising pages of Farm & Fireside, where every month the leading manufacturers of farm and farm home merchandise display their goods.

You can make this advertising—this catalog of merchandise—your own if you will and turn it into more sales, more farm trade for yourself just as other progressive merchants have.

How other merchants make Farm & Fireside work for them

To make the advertising in Farm & Fireside your advertising—to make it aid you in a steadily expanding trade in your community, is very simple.

First, give preference to the lines of merchandise advertised in Farm & Fireside. See list below.

Second, let the farmers in your county know that you have this merchandise. For instance, make a window display of some of these goods. Put with them a big sign reading, "As advertised in Farm & Fireside." In your local newspaper advertising feature the same articles and use the same slogan, "As advertised in Farm & Fireside."

But, most important of all, write to the manufacturer of these goods. Tell him you want to get all the value you can out of the money he is spending to help you by advertising in Farm & Fireside. Ask him for suggestions. You will be surprised at the many good ideas he can pass on to you from the experience of other merchants in your particular line, and at the helpful material he can furnish you to carry out your plans.

And don't forget to ask the same question of the manufacturer's salesman when he comes along. Smart fellows, many of these salesmen, and often ready with good ideas to help you get the most out of the money their firm is spending.

Watch out for more of these talks. Every month we will run a page in this publication telling you about ideas and methods which dealers in different lines have used to make Farm & Fireside profitable to them.

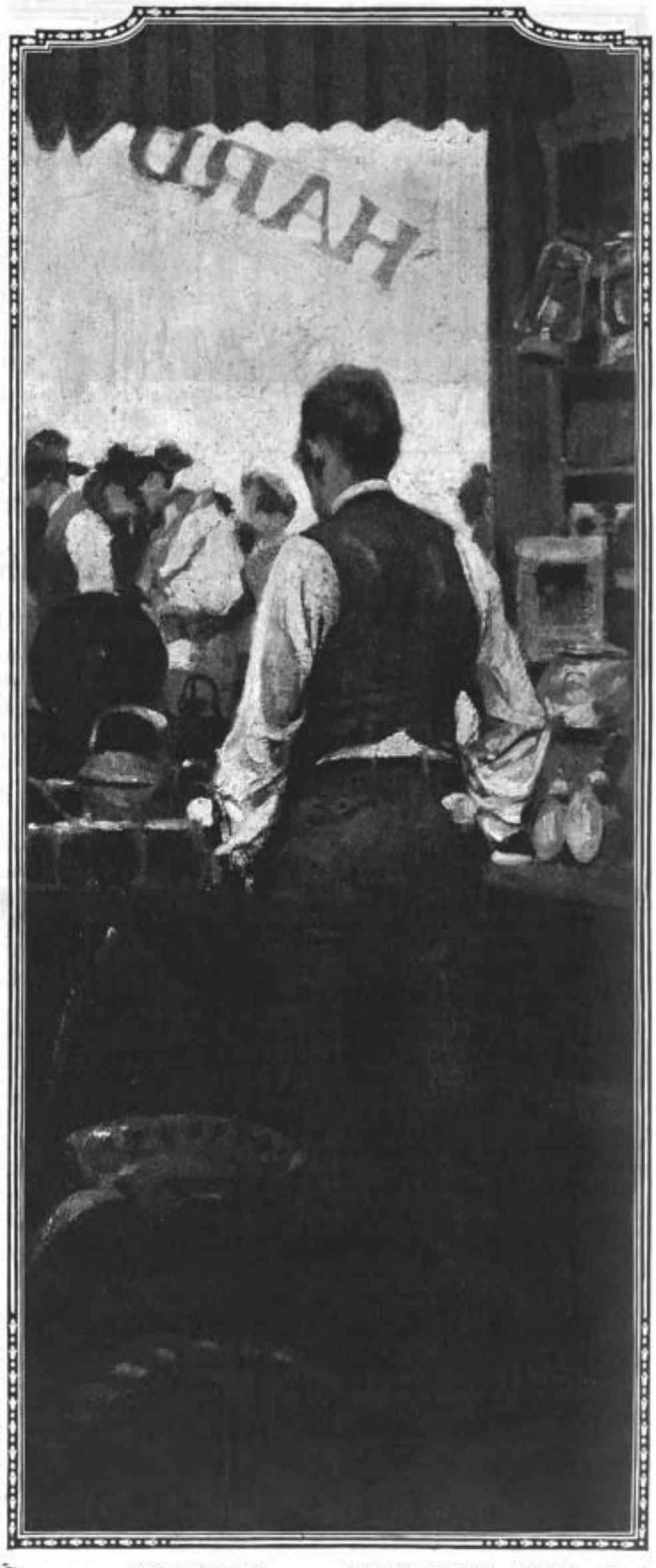
Special offer

Probably you have some good ideas of your own. If so, send them along. For any idea, plan, or scheme that we can use showing how retail merchants in any line can get more sales from Farm & Fireside advertising, we will pay $25.00.

Many merchants like to keep in touch with Farm & Fireside themselves, and watch its advertising pages as the great market place of the best merchandise. To enable you to do this, we make a special offer. Pin a dollar bill to your letterhead and simply say, "Send me Farm & Fireside for three years," and we will do it.

The Crowell Publishing Company
381 Fourth Ave., New York City

Farm & Fireside, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion, Collier's, The National Weekly, The Mentor



TIE *to these products advertised in*

FARM & FIRESIDE

The National Farm Magazine

Absorbine
Advance Brake Lining
All-Weather Corduroys
American Telephone & Telegraph Co.
Barrett Everlastic Roofing
Burpee Seeds
Chevrolet Cars
Champion Spark Plugs
Clothcraft Clothes
Columbia Dry Batteries
Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream
Dodge Cars
Dandelion Butter Color
De Laval Separators
Devoe Paints
Dr. Hess Stock Tonic
Dr. Hess Poultry Pan-A-Ce-A
Du Pont Products
Eveready Flashlight Battery
Freezone
Gillette Razors
Goodrich Tires
Goodyear Tires
Hartshorn Shade Rollers
Henderson Seeds
Hudson & Essex Cars
Hupmobile Cars
Ingersoll Watches
International Harvesters
Iver Johnson's Bicycles & Guns
Jewett Cars
Kelly Springfield Tires
Lehigh Portland Cement
Lyon & Healy Musical Instruments
Mellin's Food
Mulsified Cocoanut Oil
Pepsodent Tooth Paste
Philadelphia Diamond Grid Batteries
Planet Jr. Implements
Potash
Prest-O-Lite Batteries
Red Baby Speed Trucks
Red Star Timer
Renfrew Devonshire Cloth
Resinol Soap
Shaler Vulcanizer
Simmons Beds
Sun-Maid Raisins
Swift Products
Titan 10-20 Tractor
Union Carbide
U. S. Tires
Viko Aluminum Utensils
Waterbury Watches
Wear-Ever Utensils
Whiting-Adams Brushes
Wright Bias Fold Tape
Wurkshu Shoes

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Panorama of part of Weyerhaeuser operations at Cloquet, Minnesota

Are You Looking for *Boards* or *Lumber Service?*

PURCHASING agents for industrial plants will tell you that their chief difficulty lies in finding concerns they can depend upon year in and year out. That what they want is promptness, precision, a uniform product and a continuous service.

The Weyerhaeuser organization years ago discovered that meeting the present-day needs of American industry efficiently meant a more advanced kind of lumber merchandising—broad policies, specialized service, distributing yards nearer the market from which emergency shipments could be made, and an organization tuned to giving its customers exactly what they wanted, when they needed it, and in the shape they required it.

TODAY the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company makes possible a new service in lumber to industrial buyers.

Available through this organization are:

Seventeen immense stocks of lumber, including fifteen different kinds of wood.

The combined resources of fifteen complete lumber manufacturing units and two great distributing plants.

Structural timbers for industrial building.

Lumber for boxing and crating.

Factory grades for remanufacturing purposes.

A corps of salesmen trained to think as purchasing agents and buyers have wished for lumber sellers to think.

IT IS not the aim of the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company to furnish a car of lumber now and then to every industrial concern in America. But rather to deliver a complete service—something more than mere boards—to a smaller number of permanent customers.

The Weyerhaeuser Sales Company distributes Weyerhaeuser Forest Products through the established trade channels. Its principal office is in Spokane, Washington, with branch offices at 208 So. La Salle St., Chicago; 1015 Lexington Bldg., Baltimore; and 4th and Robert Sts., St. Paul; and with representatives throughout the country.



THE longevity of lumber and the service it renders are largely dependent on correct seasoning. Weyerhaeuser mills have long recognized the importance of this. In the selection of their drying yards and in the building of dry kilns every factor that enters into the science of wood seasoning has been considered.

Take, for instance, the seasoning of Idaho White Pine thick finish at the drying yard of the Edward Rutledge mill. This stock is used for pattern making and other high class products. A special drying process is necessary to secure a superior product.

As the thick selects come from the green chain, the ends are sealed with Parowax, applied by an electric blower. This prevents too rapid drying which is often the cause of end checking.

The picture above shows the method of piling 10/4 and thicker selects in the seasoning yard. A one-inch cedar board, varying in width from eight to ten inches, is placed on top and on bottom of every piece of White Pine. This is termed "wrapping" and is done for the purpose of retarding the drying and thus preventing the formation of defects. Cedar is used because it will not stain.

Between each layer of wrapped selects are placed stickers to permit the circulation of air in the pile. In the center of the pile a chimney is left which helps to secure equal ventilation throughout the stack.

WEYERHAEUSER FOREST PRODUCTS
SAINT PAUL · MINNESOTA

Producers of Douglas Fir, Pacific Coast Hemlock, Washington Red Cedar and Cedar Shingles on the Pacific Coast; Idaho White Pine, Western Soft Pine, Red Fir and Larch in the Inland Empire; Northern White Pine and Norway Pine in the Lake States

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A treat for the home

Orange-CRUSH

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

ice cream, ices and sherbets

New and delightful! A refreshing frozen flavor you will say is *great*. The same superb quality, fruit fragrance and deliciousness you like so well in Ward's Orange-Crush, the drink.

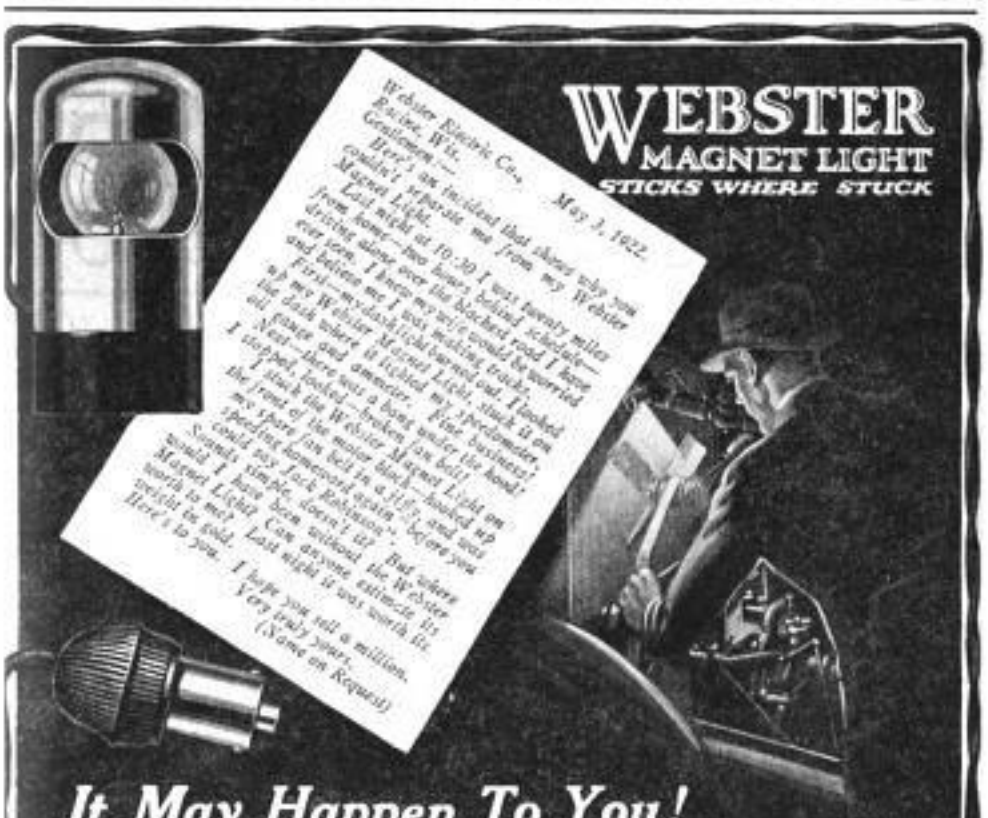
Ask any retail dealer for Orange-Crush ice cream, ices and sherbets in brick or bulk; also be sure to try the companion flavors, Ward's Lemon-Crush and Lime-Crush.

These flavors are delicate compounds of fruit oils and juices obtained from oranges, lemons or limes, U. S. certified food color, and pure cane sugar.

One leading ice cream manufacturer in each principal city and town is licensed to supply "Crush" ice creams, ices and sherbets. Buy them from your retail dealer. Try them this week.

Send for free booklet, "How Orange-Crush Is Made."

Prepared by Orange-Crush Co., Chicago, U.S.A. In Canada: Orange-Crush Co., Limited, Winnipeg



It May Happen To You!

"—my dash light burned out—a broken fan belt—where would I have been without the Webster Magnet Light?" The motorist whose story is reproduced above was prepared. He was ready for the unlooked for emergency—the emergency that may confront you tonight—or any night.

Night complicates motoring troubles. There is one sure way to simplify them. Have a Webster Magnet Light tucked away in the door pocket of your car.

This handy trouble lamp "sticks where stuck". Plug it in on any lamp socket about the car—twelve feet of cord permits reaching all parts of your machine—and the electro-magnet base clings tightly to any steel or iron surface (paint or enamel does not affect its efficiency). A nickel reflector throws a bright beam of light wherever needed, keeps glare out of eyes, and protects the bulb.

Fortify yourself against troublesome night-time repairs by getting one today. If your dealer can't supply you send $2.50 together with the name and address of your dealer direct to us.

WEBSTER ELECTRIC COMPANY

RACINE WISCONSIN U.S.A.

Manufacturers of Webster Laminated Valves, the Webster Magnet Light, and the Webster Magneto — three quarters of a million now in use.

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How Carlisle Has Eliminated The Principal Cause of Blow-outs

BLOW-OUTS, as you know, are caused principally by internal friction (heat) produced by the rubbing of cords against each other at some slightly defective spot in the carcass.

This heat slowly burns out the vitality of the *thin* sheet of rubber insulation between the cords, and one day when your tire hits a rut or a bump it BLOWS OUT.

Look at the cross-section of the Carlisle Rope Tire. Only two plies of rope, each rope individually embedded in a thick mass of rubber. One rope *cannot* rub against another. That is why Carlisle has eliminated the principal cause of blow-outs.

"They Keep COOL"

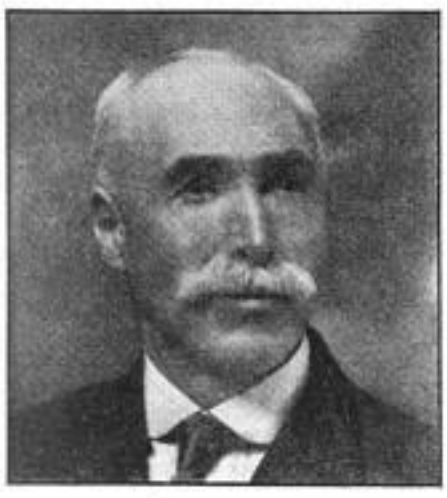
Let us send you literature outlining the other six patented features that make—

CARLISLE Rope TIRES

"Destined to Revolutionize the Industry"

Write for Booklet A-1
CARLISLE TIRE CORPORATION
Stamford Conn.

COMMISSIONS . $39.50
BONUS 22.00
$61.50



FOR just one month's spare time work we recently paid Mr. E. R. Macomber, of Maine, $61.50. He made this extra money by caring for our present subscribers and enrolling new readers for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. "I can secure orders any month in the year," says Mr. Macomber, "and as I am getting better known some of the orders are telephoned to me and the money sent through the mail."

Spare Time Profits

Many of our subscription representatives earn $1.50, or more, an hour just by selling us their spare time. We need men and women workers in your locality right now. You need only the willingness to try work that is easy, pleasant and dignified. Learning about our plan will cost you only two cents—for mailing your letter—and may enable you to earn hundreds of dollars.

Send This Coupon

The Curtis Publishing Company
741 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Gentlemen: Please tell me, without obligation, how I can make $1.50 an hour in my spare time.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ *State* _____

I answered that of course I would, and to end the agony I added, "Is there anything special?"

There was a second's pause.

"No; just something I wanted to ask you."

I annoyed my mother during the rest of breakfast by not being able to give my full attention to anything that she said.

It was only a little after nine when I reached my aunt's house. Her custom was not to breakfast in bed, but this morning I expected to find her still in her room. I was wrong. She was already at her desk; and Maria, her cook, an elderly woman in lilac gingham, who had once been ours, was discussing the day's meals. Maria's presence made my entrance easier, and I made a note of Aunt Helen's unfailing tact.

"It was nice of you to come so promptly, dear boy," she said. "I think that's all, Maria. Oh, yes, give me grapefruit again for lunch. It was very delicious for breakfast. But your coffee, Maria—it did not quite have its usual flavor, I thought."

I detained the astonished Maria, whose coffee was impeccable, for our habitual interchange of memories. When she had gone I intended to say just what I ordinarily would say, and caught myself in time as I was about to ask how Aunt Helen felt after yesterday's festivities. She spoke first.

"And how are you after all the excitements of the wedding?" she said.

I answered that I was well; and she?

"I feel wonderfully," said my aunt. "Not tired at all. You know, Jim, I believe it does people good now and then to get out of the rut, to see younger people, and even"—she paused as if she were overstepping the limits of credibility—"and even to talk a little nonsense. As I look back on yesterday it seems to me a—a—I don't know how to describe it—an illuminated afternoon, a golden day. Even this morning I feel full of vitality and—and ——" She hesitated for a word, and I suggested one.

"And pep?"

Her smile faded.

"I know I'm old-fashioned, dear. I don't like those slang words. Vitality is what I mean. Life seems vivid and interesting. I suppose it's all a reflection of dear Gertrude's happiness. How lovely she looked, Jim! And her husband—what a delightful young man! So friendly and sincere. In fact all the young people there impressed me very favorably. Sometimes I feel as if there were a barrier between me and the younger generation, but I did not feel it yesterday—quite the contrary. I hope your mother is not feeling sad today. I'm so fond of your mother, Jim."

"Mother's a great old scout," I answered flippantly; "but haven't you ever felt she was a little—how shall I put it?—heavy-handed?"

"My dear boy, I can't let you even think such things of your mother, with her wonderful energy and common sense. No, I've never thought such a thing."

I saw she was really shocked at the suggestion, and at this proof that she remembered nothing my relief was so intense that I came as near tears as I have since I was a child. Yet I could not feel perfect confidence until I knew the motive that had made her send for me. Dangerous doubts might yet lie behind that impulse. I stood up.

"I must be getting downtown, Aunt Helen," I said as casually as I could. "Was there anything special you wanted to ask me?"

Her eyes lit up softly.

"Oh, yes!" she said. "I was just telling Maria. I wonder if you would give me the receipt for that lemonade you had. It was so delicious, so unusually delicious."

I was obliged to think quickly. If I evaded her question she would ask my father, or even worse my mother, and learn the truth.

"My dear aunt," I said, "I'm sorry, but that's a secret of my father's—one of the few he cherishes. If you asked him he'd only tell you something perfectly fantastic and he doesn't like to be asked. Let it go until I'm married; then we'll have it again."

She smiled gently. Hers was not a materialistic nature, and it never occurred to her that the point was worth pressing. Only, as I stooped to kiss her, she noticed my emotion.

"What does this mean, Jim?" she asked. "Are you keeping something from me? Are you thinking of getting married?"

I shook my head. "Not until I can find a girl just like you," I answered.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

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DRAG SICK FROM HOSPITAL FLAMES

Firemen Seize Patients, Some Just Operated On, From Beds; May Die.

TWO WOMEN PERISH IN FIRE IN SANITARIU

Bay Minette, Ala., Nov. 14.—Mrs. J Campbell, 65, and Miss Annie Byr 75, sister of Mrs. Campbell, were bu ed to death early today when trapp in the Campbell Sanitarium wh

TWO DIE IN FIRE AT MATERNITY HOSPITAL

By United Press Wire.
OTTAWA, Ont., May 13.—In a fire at mate/nity hospital, two patients lost heir ... Morris and

AGED WOMAN DEAD IN JERSEY HOSPITAL FIRI

Two Other Inmates of Colony the Feeble-Minded at Mount Holly May Die.

MOUNT HOLLY, N. J., Dec. 10. Fire destroyed the right wing ... hospital ...

80 WOMEN IN FIRE RESCUE

Aged, Bedridden and Blind Are Co...

Not realistic enough!

THESE clippings show that the picture is not realistic enough! It should show the dead and dying—aged women being cremated on fire escapes—the sick and infirm prostrate in the path of on-rushing flames without the heroic help of nurses and doctors.

One hospital in every ten catches fire each year, but not one in a hundred is equipped to put out a fire surely and automatically no matter when or where it starts.

Yet the big business men so largely making up hospital boards have almost universally safeguarded their commercial enterprises from fire by automatic sprinkler systems. The trouble is that they think of sprinklers in terms of huge insurance savings and do not stop to figure that those insurance savings mean only one thing—safety from fire. Otherwise they could not, for so long, have failed to bring the greatest fire safeguard of the business world into the more important field of hospitals, colleges and schools.

When human life and not mere merchandise is at stake, nothing else should be considered but this system—the highest type of fire-fighting device ever devised, the Grinnell Automatic Sprinkler System. It is automatic! The heat of the fire works it. It is always on guard. Always ready. No human aid is required. When the Fire Starts, the Water Starts.

Laws require such protection for factory workers. Are school children and hospital patients less worthy of your protection?

Read—*"Fire Tragedies and Their Remedy"*

Write us for your free copy of *"Fire Tragedies and Their Remedy"* and learn the truth. How about the schools, hospitals and asylums of *YOUR* town? Write us and ask about them. Address Grinnell Co., Inc., 302 West Exchange St., Providence, R. I.

GRINNELL COMPANY

Automatic Sprinkler Systems | Steam & Hot Water Heating Equipment | Humidifying and Drying Equipment | Fittings, Hangers and Valves | Pipe Bending, Welding, etc. | Power and Process Piping

When the fire starts, the water starts

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In little more than a Century He has advanced Civilization by Ten Centuries!



IT is as difficult for you to realize how much the Chemical Engineer has contributed to your daily life as it is for your little son to realize the wonder of the motor cars that glide up the Avenue: you are so used to it all.

But, turn the pages of history a century.... and then, a few more centuries, and the infinite changes in life, the abundance of comforts and conveniences, and the luxuries that the Chemical Engineer has brought into today's civilization, are written in letters of fire.

LIFE has changed more in its essentials since the time of Thomas Jefferson.... and remember, that was in your great-grandfather's day, than Jefferson's life had changed since William the Conqueror's days. In little more than one century Civilization's frontiers have advanced farther than they had advanced in eight centuries before!

Journeys in 1806 were matters of horses' endurance just as they were in 1066; Jefferson's coach may have been easier to ride in than the Norman duke's slower vehicle.... but what is that to the smooth-riding motor that whirls you along at a mile a minute?

Rushlights are not so far from tallow-dips as tallow-dips are from electric lamps. Jefferson's buildings rose little higher than William's.... but what of the structural steels that make it possible for today's Woolworth Towers to pierce the skies? The doctors of 1806 took nearly as many chances as those of William's reign ....but the Chemical Engineer has placed in your doctor's hands specifics that silence forever the threats of many of man's dreaded scourges.

So you may run the gamut of life's needs and comforts, and you will find that, although life did change in the passing centuries from the autocratic Norman to the democratic Jefferson, the changes were mostly refinements.... seldom radical additions to man's possessions.

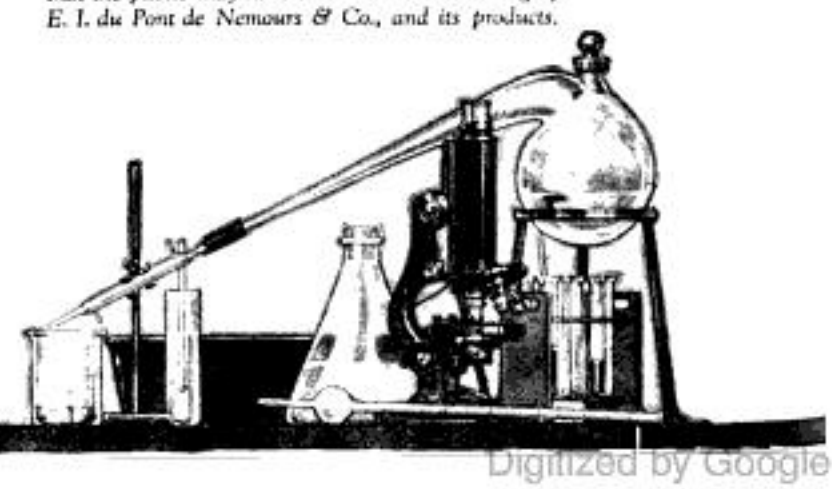
Yet the few years from Jefferson's day to yours are marked by startling, by radical changes in the way of living, changes possible only through the Chemical Engineer's slowly won mastery over nature's elemental substances and forces.... by his miracles in metals, in petroleum, in textiles, in rubber, in explosives, and in dyes and drugs and chemicals.

* * *

IT is the growth of industrial chemistry that has made the past century the most wonderful period in man's history....for the Chemical Engineer's province is the mastery of matter, the transformation of matter from useless to useful forms. He has in a few years changed the entire face of industry, and it is to him that the world's industries look in the future.

We, of the du Pont organization, which for 120 years has been building on this foundation of applied chemistry, take no little pride in the contributions that du Pont Chemical Engineers have made to the development of industry in the United States.

This is one of a series of advertisements published that the public may have a clearer understanding of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., and its products.



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Weather-hot as blazes

But no milk problem



IT was hot weather that suggested to Gail Borden the idea of sealing up sweet, pure milk in tin containers so that it would keep indefinitely. That was 65 years ago. Today, the various Borden products are used by millions, and there is no longer a summer milk problem.

During the hot summer months, babies often suffer from digestive troubles. Babies fed on Borden's Eagle Brand are usually healthy even during this trying period, for Eagle Brand is always uniform, always safe, always available.

Into millions of homes during hot weather comes Borden's Evaporated Milk for cooking and general household use. In sealed containers it is always fresh, unaffected by weather conditions, ready for use. Pure country milk with the cream *left in*.

Borden's Chocolate Flavor Malted Milk is delicious, served ice cold in the home,—it's nourishing too. And Borden's line of milk chocolate confections is rich in that same pure milk.

During the hot months, as at all other times, specify Borden products and be sure of quality.

THE BORDEN COMPANY
Borden Building, New York



Book details:
☐ Multi Volume Work
☐ Tight Gutter
☐ Text in Gutter

BIG
1st Pass
2nd Pass

The Nation's Milk

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There's a rhythm in Victor dance music that brings joy with every step

And no wonder! The best dance orchestras make Victor Records—Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra, The Benson Orchestra of Chicago, Club Royal Orchestra, Joseph C. Smith and His Orchestra, The Virginians, All Star Trio and Their Orchestra, Hackel-Bergè Orchestra, International Novelty Orchestra, and other favorite organizations. And such records played as only the Victrola *can* play them make dance music a perpetual delight.

Victrolas in great variety of styles from $25 to $1500.



"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

Victrola

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Important: Look for these trade-marks. Under the lid. On the label.

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, New Jersey

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LIBRARY DEPOT
SOUTH DAKOTA
STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY
PIERRE

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

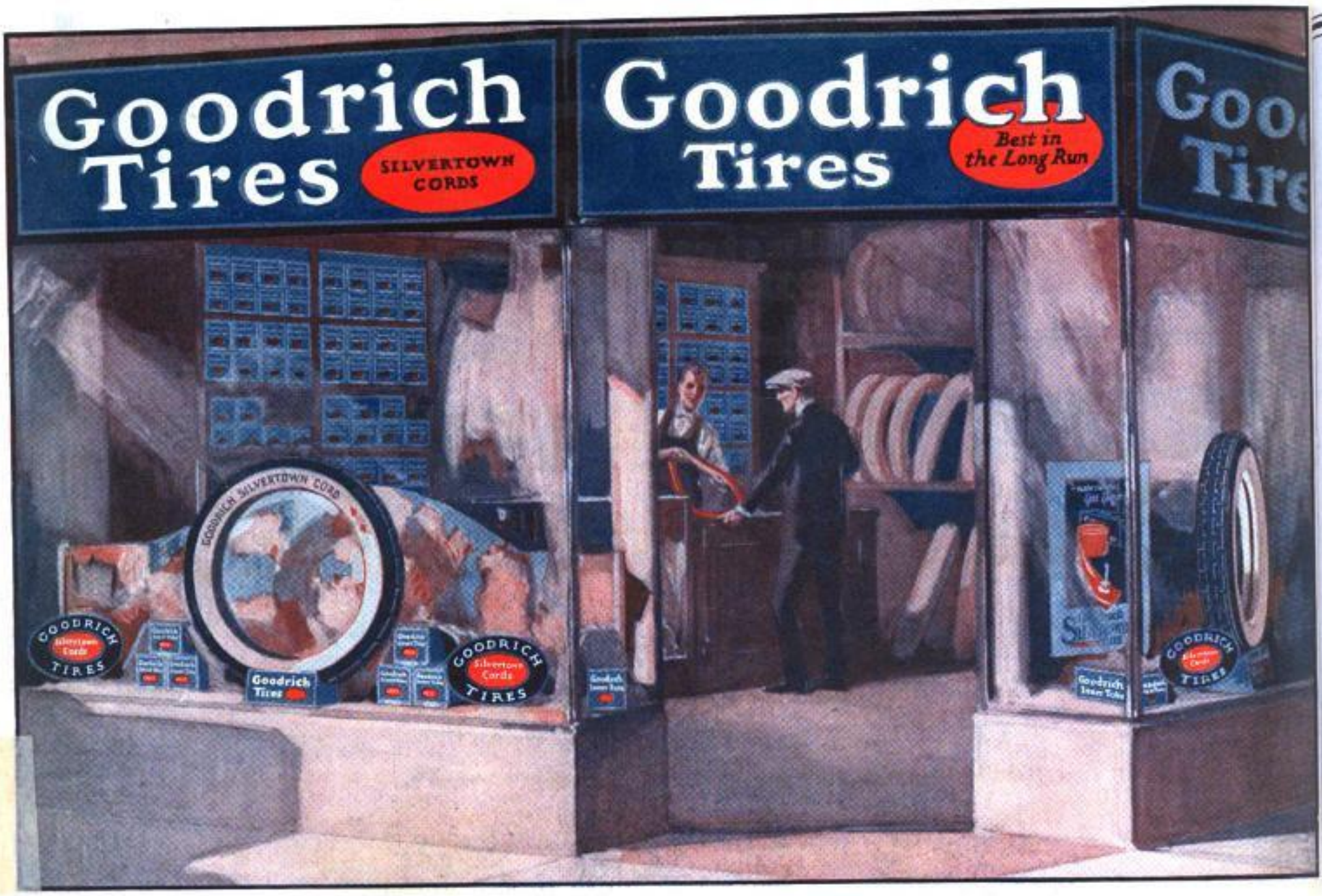
An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

AUGUST 5, 1922

5c. THE COPY
10c. in Canada



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Buy your Tires where you see this sign

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FOR FALL

Quality in style and fabric

for the man who buys his clothes carefully

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The new Fall styles—in models and fabrics—will soon be on display at your dealer's.

Society Brand Clothes

FOR YOUNG MEN AND MEN WHO STAY YOUNG

Our selection from the finest foreign and domestic woolens and worsteds we label "Double Service Fabrics." They serve more by looking better and wearing longer. Because they are the best that skill can produce and money can buy, they are particularly adapted to Society Brand Style and Tailoring.

ALFRED DECKER & COHN, MAKERS, CHICAGO, NEW YORK · IN CANADA: SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES, LIMITED, MONTREAL

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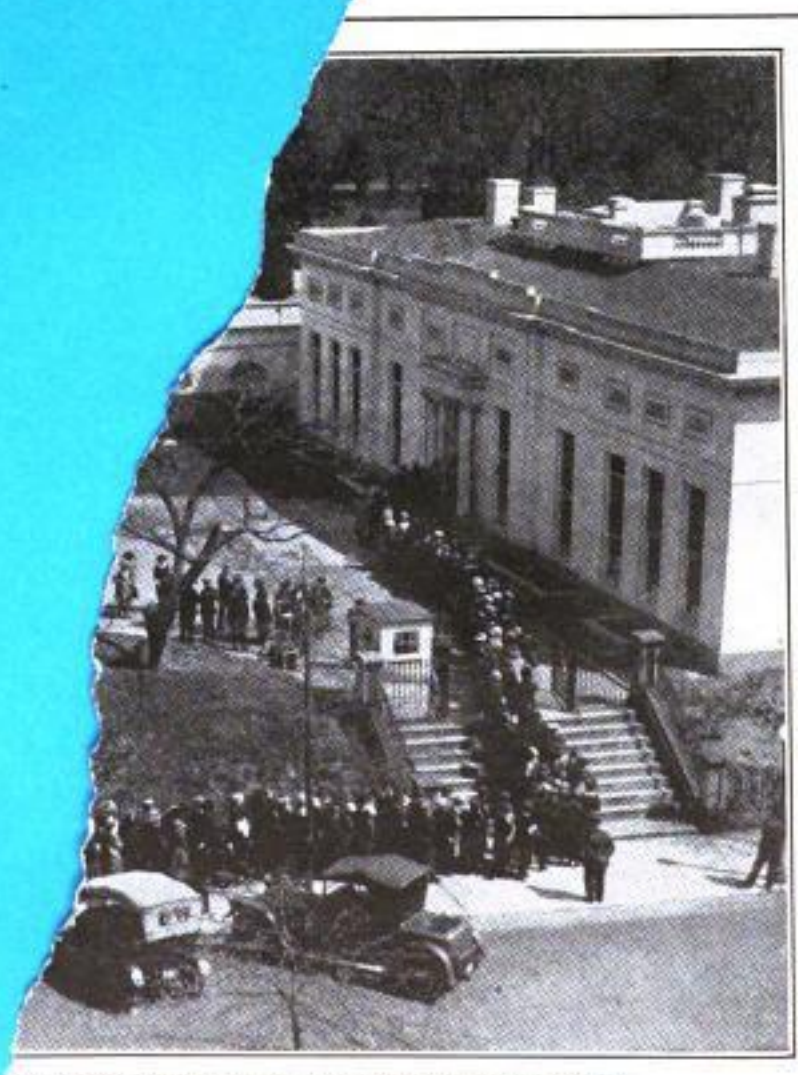
"Never mind. I am on schedule this afternoon, but there is time; I have been very prompt so far."

So I answered her query rather at length. Then she said several more pleasant things before she let us go. Our visit was a mere incident in her busy afternoon, but she made it important to us; and it left a charming impression on us of sincere hospitality and friendliness. I found that nearly everyone who had these little visits with Mrs. Harding praised her, and many stories flew about Washington of her kindness. At some bazaar for poor soldier's widows, where she received, the contents of one table were flowers from the White House conservatories, to be sold for the benefit of their cause. Anyone who offers her a little gift gets a very pretty note back full of feeling.

White House Etiquette

THE state entertainments as well as the informal parties at the White House are delightful; never overcrowded, always well managed, with a busy group of aides and their wives, Colonel Sherrill and Miss Harlan in charge, looking after everyone's comfort in an unobtrusive way. There is generally good music, too, for Mrs. Harding has a great fondness for music, and her discriminating taste chooses her programs wisely for the very varied audiences, who listen to these small concerts with evident enjoyment. I was impressed always with the pretty smile with which Mrs. Harding turned to her husband when it was time to terminate a function, and with his deferential chivalry of manner towards her as he bent to offer her his arm before they left the room. They struck a happy medium between excess of ceremony and too much freedom, and they made the etiquette of their dinners and receptions seem exactly right for the presidential residence of the world's most important republic.

At the New Year's levee they received from eleven in the morning till very late in the afternoon. My mother was in that receiving party, and there was but a short interval for luncheon. It was said that seven thousand people passed before the President and Mrs. Harding, who were on their feet, of course, all through those hours. My mother asked Mr. Harding if he was not weary, and he answered, not at all; that he hoped he was a strong enough man to stand up and shake hands with those who wished him well. First came the functionaries, foreign and American; then the simple citizens came pouring in from the street—men, women and children who had been waiting patiently in line in the wintry weather to shake their chief magistrate and his fair lady by the hand, and wish them well for the coming year. Mrs. Harding had decorated the rooms admirably with lovely flowers and had taken much pains to make the old residence look its best for this their first public party.



spects to President and Mrs. Harding at the White House

Two pretty anecdotes were told afterwards about the function—one, of her doctor's protest over Mrs. Harding's standing so many hours to receive, when her health was so fragile. At his suggestion of

(Continued on Page 50)

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THE EVE... Four...

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SOCIETY...

By P...

IN OCTOBER, 1921, we settled down in Washington to what was the gayest winter in many years, and the most interesting probably the American capital had ever seen. By the variety of its foreign visitors and the importance of the home people gathered within its walls it certainly was unique.

We had a débutante daughter to present, a slip of seventeen summers, with curious Byzantine eyes, long slim neck and hands, with the olive skin of the East and the shadowy moods of a Slav. She is an amusing mixture of old traditions and young head, of old-fashioned manners and modern modes of dress. For this picturesque little person, curiosity and surprise mingled in her mind, it promised to be an interesting experience to go into the world of society at a republican capital, instead of making her curtsy at a Czar's highly colored court. I fancied from my own experiences that the child had gained by the revolution in this at least—that she would have more fun and liberty in Washington, even though the frame of her début was to be less gorgeous, and even if her previous fortune and the background of our large estates ... Anyhow, it seemed in people's minds that the winsome creature ... out of the ordinary if only because in her blood ran so many natio... Byzantine emperor's, American soldier-president's and a peasant-bo... ler's of Russia, who had also been a revolutionary, were but a few variations.

I asked the etiquette; found it was, as I had supposed, proper to present a débutante to Mrs. Harding; wrote asking the favor of a fixed date; and received a kindly response from Miss Harlan, who is the model of cultivated and agreeable lady secretaries to a President's wife.

At the appointed hour we drove up to the beautiful portal of the old house where I was born, and which seems to me more satisfactory in its dignity and beauty each time I return to it from European palaces. There is just enough convention about such a



"I Was Just Wondering—How Do We Get From Him to You? No Connection That I Can See"



British Envoys to the Disarmament Conference Were the Guests of Ma... Fareham, Sir John William Salmond of New Zealand, General The Rig... Hughes and Senator The Hon. George ...

's been a war. Maybe you heard

y, old scout, I was nearer than ew a cloud of smoke toward the on't want the story of my adven- er does. Coming down to cases, ouse is still doing business at the

le man with gold-rimmed eye- the platform—Will Varney, the er, editor and star reporter, all

ello, Bob. You back again?" n to be back, that's a fact.

the editor. "Going up

man turned and saw battered face. "Think

THE HEART OF THE LOAF

By Ben Biggers

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

I'll walk, Clay. Do me good. But here's the half dollar, just the same." He nodded toward his bag. "You take that young trunk up to the Mayfield House and leave it there. And here's a check for his older brother. You might deliver that too."

"Sure, Bobby; sure."

The returning traveler fell into step beside the editor.

"Well, boy, you're quite a stranger," Varney remarked.

"Five years. I believe you were at the station when I went away."

Varney nodded. "Yes, I guess so. That's been my rôle in the drama, Bob. At the station, watching others go. Watching them—with envy."

"Like to travel yourself, eh?" said Bob. "Well, why not? Can't you get away?"

"No, I can't," answered Varney. "But it's not because I'm too busy. It's because I'm too poor. Journalism's a genteel profession, my boy. That's about all you can say for it." They walked on up Main Street in silence for a moment. "Eugene Benedict was telling me yesterday he'd sent for you," the editor continued. "Wants you to do a portrait of the old man, I understand?"

"Yes. It's kind of hack work, but I need the money. Painting is also a genteel profession."

Will Varney's eyes twinkled. "Well, I don't suppose you know it, but you're going to stir up a hornet's nest with your picture. You're certainly going to start something in this town."

"Great Scott. You don't think it will be as bad as all that."

"That's not what I meant."

"Then what did you mean?"

"Reckon I'll let 'Gene explain it to you. Where do you aim to put up?"

"Mayfield House, I suppose."

"Heaven help you! You must come up to our place for supper—often. Mother'll be happy to have you."

"That's kind of you," Bob Dana said. "I take it the Mayfield House hasn't changed."

"Nothing has changed," answered Will Varney, with just a trace of bitterness in his gentle voice. "Same old Mayfield. Eight thousand population when you went away, eight thousand or even less today. Sound asleep, this town is. All up and down the valley—I guess you saw 'em when you came along—steel mills, blast furnaces ——"

"Smoke and grime."

"Prosperity, Bob. Life. Every town around here has grown and thrived, touched by the magic fingers of the steel industry. But slow old Mayfield ——"

"You're writing an editorial," Bob laughed.

"I've written it," Varney said. "Time and again. Yes, I've blown the horn, but not a sleeper waked. A lot of old mossbacks—that's what has ailed poor Mayfield. I tell you, what this town's needed has been a few big funerals. And we're getting 'em at last. Quite a group of our leading citizens have gone this past winter—old Henry Benedict, Judge Samuel Ward. They're dropping off. You needn't look at me," he added smilingly. "I'm feeling fine."

"Hope so, I'm sure," Bob answered. "Don't feel so well myself."

"What's the trouble?"

"No breakfast yet. Silly little habit of mine."

They were now in the very heart of the town's oldest business section, and on the signs about him Bob Dana read many a name familiar to his youth. He glanced across the brick-paved street to a shabby one-story building built of wood. Gilt letters against a black background announced this as the establishment of Herman Schall, the Baker, and on the window in white letters were the words: "Schall's Bread—Fresh Every Hour." In the doorway stood a portly bespectacled old German with a white apron draped across his ponderous middle.

"Well, well," Bob cried. "There's old Herman Schall! Used to buy cookies from him—years and years ago."

"Yes, Herman's still on the job," Varney said. "Tiptoeing round the kitchen turning down the gas, just as he

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used to count the lumps of coal in the days before gas ranges. A penny saved is a penny earned. Leave it to Herman!"

Suddenly Bob Dana felt a glow of friendliness for the old man across the street. "I think I'll go over and ask him for some coffee and rolls," he announced. "Good place as any for breakfast, I guess. See you later." He stopped. "Say, what in the world did you mean—about this portrait I'm going to do stirring up trouble?"

Varney laughed. "Don't you worry, boy. The row won't concern you. Come in when you get a chance and tell me about your travels."

"I sure will."

"That's a promise," the little editor reminded him.

Bob crossed the street and stood before Herman Schall, impassive as a statue in his doorway. "Hello, Herman," he said.

The old man peered at him through thick lenses. "Excuse, please. The eyes ain't so good."

"Herman, you old rascal. Don't you know me? Dana. Bob Dana."

"Little Bobby Dana!" cried the old man. "Sure I know you. Sure!"

"I should hope so. How about a bite of breakfast, Herman? Just coffee and rolls."

"Coffee and rolls, hey? Come in, Bobby, and take a chair."

Bob followed him inside. The place had a run-down air, prosperity had passed, an old man was left to putter round the scene of his life's activities. Two small tables stood against the wall, their covers faded and patched, but clean.

The young man hung his hat on a rack and sat down. He watched the baker enter the kitchen at the rear, heard his instant cry: "Louie, Louie—turn down dot gas!" Heavy footsteps resounded—Herman saving the pennies. After a time the old man reappeared, carrying two rolls on a plate, and a steaming cup, muttering and protesting to himself: "Oh, dot Louie! In the poorhouse he will have me yet." He set the dishes down before his customer.

"And butter," Bob suggested. "Any butter on the program?"

"Sure. Butter—sure."

The old baker ambled off. Bob broke open one of the rolls. The crust was brown and crisp, but the inside was soggy. However, he was young and reckless—and hungry—and when Herman returned with a thin slice of butter he set to.

While he ate, Herman hovered aimlessly near by. "They tell me you was in the old country," he said presently. "Maybe you was in Germany—maybe."

"Off and on," Bob told him. "Mostly in Paris and Rome—Florence too. Studying, you know. Trying to be a painter."

"A painter? Artist, hey? Is dot so?" He pondered this for a time, standing and blinking down on Bob's brown head. "My nephew in Stuttgart—he would be an artist, too, now, maybe. Only the war ——" The old face clouded. He wandered uncertainly away.

His brief meal finished, Bob stood with Herman in the solemn presence of the cash register. "You had enough, hey?" the old man inquired. "Twenty cents, then."

"How's business?" Bob asked as he paid.

"Business ain't so good," sighed Herman. "Us old merchants, we get crowded out. Strangers they come and take our trade. Too much competition."

"I'm sorry," the young man answered. "But you can't complain. For years you were the only baker in Mayfield. I guess I've seen your wagon standing in front of every house in town—all the big bugs on Maple Avenue. You had things all your own way then."

"Sure, sure; but not no more." Herman shuffled from behind the counter, gathered the dishes from the table, turned toward the kitchen. "Good-by, Bobby." As Bob reached for his hat he heard the querulous old voice: "Louie—*ach*, would you have me in the poorhouse yet?"

The clock in the courthouse tower was striking nine; Main Street was astir with life. Bob Dana cut across under the elms of the park. Suddenly before him loomed the



"He Said You'd Done a Speaking Likeness of Grandfather, and That Several People Had Heard It Say Distinctly: 'Pay Up Tomorrow or I'll Put You on the Street'"

dingy outlines of the Mayfield House, a three-story building of brick with a pretentious cupola on one corner. Back in the '80's when it was built Will Varney's father had spoken of it in the Tribune as "the finest hotel building in any town of comparable size between New York and Chicago. A modern hostelry in every sense of the word."

But in thirty years the most modern of hostelries may alter sadly. The marble lobby was soiled and battered, Bob noted, as he crossed it and engaged a room from the somewhat seedy stranger at the desk. His bag lay on the floor. A bell boy seized it and led the way through swinging doors at the rear into a dark and smelly cave. Bob stumbled after him up the stairs and finally out into the light of a big room on the second floor front.

"There's a bath here, isn't there?" he inquired.

"Sure, there's a bath," the boy answered proudly. He flung open a door. "Right in here. Only room in the house that's got one. Used to belong to Mr. Cornell."

Bob remembered; old man Cornell, who sat for years before the hotel, his hands crossed on his cane, his watery eyes staring off into space. "Where's Mr. Cornell now?"

"Dead," said the boy. "Last winter."

"Who runs the hotel since he's gone?"

"Oh, I don't know. It just seems to run itself. Your trunk's downstairs; I'll send it up."

Left alone, Bob tossed his clothes onto old man Cornell's bed and filled old man Cornell's tin tub with cold water, half of which he obtained from a faucet plainly marked "Hot." After his bath he arrayed himself in his best, and lighting a pipe sat down to read a Cleveland paper he had bought on the train. He had drawn an easy-chair into the big bay window, and after a few moments the paper fell from his hand and he sat staring out at his town.

Here he had been born and spent his youth; across the park that dozed under the elms he had gone a thousand times to and from high school; under that very tree he had stood one afternoon in 1906 and watched the old courthouse burn. Suppose God had not given him his inexplicable talent with the brush, the never-satisfied ambition that went with it. He would still be a part of Mayfield, perhaps this young mechanic driving a flivver down Market Street; or that brisk young business man hurrying to the bank for his day's cash; or even that hopeless figure out of work and lolling on a bench in the park.

But he was none of these, he was Bob Dana who wanted to be an artist and was on his way. That way had led him far from Mayfield, perhaps in the future it would lead him farther still. But this remained his town, these were his people. There was nothing but kindness in his eyes as he sat staring out through old man Cornell's window. Let others belittle the environment that had molded them. Bob Dana was one of those faithful souls who, having once given their affection, cannot take it back.

A narrow, mean little town? Some people might call it that. Certainly there were narrow, mean folks in it, as in all towns; big cities too. And certainly it was, as Will Varney had said, a town that slept. All the way from Pittsburgh that morning Bob had ridden under the pall of the steel mills' smoke, up and down the valley Mayfield's neighbors prospered, but here the old order remained, the conservatives had made good their slogan, "Keep the strangers out." They had triumphed, the mossbacks. And was it such a pity, after all?

The courthouse clock was striking ten when Bob rose from his chair, brushed scattered ashes from his coat, and sought the street.

The First National Bank stood, as in former days, on the corner of Market and Park, its home a worn old business block with the figures "1888" cut in the stone at the front. On the opposite corner, Bob Dana noticed, an ambitious project was under way, a six-story office building not quite completed.

He went into the First National and asked for the president. As he entered that official's private office Eugene Benedict jumped up to greet him. A ruddy, prosperous little man, Eugene, with a flower in his buttonhole and the unlined face of a baby. He had never had a worry in his life save the presumption of the working classes and, these later years, Bolshevism.

"Hello, Bob!" he cried. "Thought it was about time for you to breeze in. How are you, anyhow?"

"Great," said Bob. He banished his smile temporarily. "Seems strange not to see your father here."

Eugene sought to be solemn too. "Yes, poor father. Passed away in April, as I wrote you. A sick man for months, but insisted on coming down here up to the day he died. Just wouldn't give up, you know."

"Ah, yes—he had that reputation." Bob Dana was sorely tempted, but he refrained from saying it.

"A great pity," Eugene went on. "If only he could have lived until we moved into our new building across the street. Maybe you saw it."

"Oh—is that yours?"

"You bet. Six stories. Finest office building for a town this size anywhere between New York and Chicago."

"Pretty daring for Mayfield, isn't it?" Bob inquired.

"Oh, I don't think so. Mayfield is going to pick up. Forge ahead. 'Twenty thousand by the next census'—that's our slogan now. Got a chamber of commerce and a rotary club and everything. Bound to boom."

"Seems about time," said Bob. "But about our little job of work. When do I hang up my hat and begin?"

"Sooner the better. You know, it was a great surprise to me to find you could paint a portrait of father now. Really, the whole idea came from Della ——"

"Oh, yes—Della. How is she?"

"Fine. Just came home from college last week. Graduated."

"That so? The last time I saw Dell was at the senior dance after high-school commencement. I stepped on her skirt and tore it. I believe we parted more in anger than in sorrow."

"No? Well, they're wearing 'em shorter now. But as I was saying, I was surprised to know you could paint a portrait of a man who had—er—passed on."

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"Oh, sure. Of course they're not quite so satisfactory as those painted from life. But they serve. Resurrection portraits, we call them."

"Resurrection portraits! Well, that's expressive. Now, we'll help you all we can."

"You've a lot of old photographs, you wrote me."

"Well, we've several. And one crayon enlargement. And about the color of the eyes and hair and all that—I'll watch you as you go along and keep you straight. We all will."

"That will be lovely," shuddered Bob Dana. "Did Dell recommend me for this job?"

"Come to think of it, I guess she did. Now about the financial end of it. A thousand dollars, I think you said. Need any of it in advance?"

"Well, I'm just back from Europe. To be frank with you ——"

"Sure, Bob—that's all right. I'll write a check. How about three hundred? Or"—he was, after all, Henry Benedict's son—"perhaps two hundred would be enough?"

"Oh, plenty," Bob told him. He took Eugene's check. "Mighty kind of you."

"Not at all. Now, Bob, I haven't told you anything of what's behind all this. In the first place I want a cracking good portrait of father—a speaking likeness. And I want it finished inside of four weeks, which is about the stretch before we open our new banking quarters across the street. You see, I intend to hang it in a prominent place in the main banking room, and I want it there the day the doors are thrown open to the public."

"That's all right. You'll have it."

"Good! I'm going to hang it there, and underneath I'm going to put an inscription. Just a few innocent words, but they'll stir up something in this town, or I'm a liar."

"Why—what words?" asked Bob Dana, startled.

"Simply this: 'Henry Benedict; born 1858, died 1922. Banker and leading citizen, who more than any of his contemporaries influenced the life of his times and left his impress on the town.'"

"And then what?" Bob wanted to know.

"Nothing more. Just that."

"But I don't see anything explosive about that."

"No? You haven't kept up with things round here of course. Well, I want you to understand just what we're working towards. Can you spare me a few minutes?"

"Sure. All I've got."

Eugene Benedict rose and put on his hat. "Better if I let you see for yourself," he announced. He led the way outside to his car, which was parked across from the bank.

"Jump in," he ordered. "I'm taking you out to the cemetery."

"That's nice," said Bob Dana. "You've got sort of mysterious since I saw you last, Mr. Benedict."

"Oh, no," protested Benedict. "It's simple enough—or will be when I show you." The car sped along Market Street and in a few moments turned in at the cemetery gates. "Maybe you heard," said the banker—"Judge Samuel Ward passed away last winter too."

"Somebody mentioned it. Sort of unhealthy climate you've got round here, it seems to me."

"Not at all. Three score and ten—man's usual span." Eugene stopped the car before an imposing marble obelisk. "Get out here. This is the judge's grave. I want you to read the inscription on that monument."

Bob Dana alighted and followed the banker. He stood in front of the monument and read:

SAMUEL CLARK WARD

1851–1922

JURIST—PUBLICIST—STATESMAN

WHO MORE THAN ANY OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES INFLUENCED THE LIFE OF HIS TIMES AND LEFT HIS IMPRESS ON THE TOWN

"Oh," said Bob Dana. "I get you now."

"I thought you would," Eugene replied. "Jump in. We'll go back." He stepped on the gas. "I want to tell you this thing has made me mad—hopping mad. It's a direct slap at father. Sam Ward was a good man in his way, but an obstructionist—an old grouch. He sat on every progressive movement that's been attempted round here in the past fifty years. His decisions from the bench were sour and prejudiced. Of course father was a conservative too, but his conservatism was based on a sound business instinct."

"Of course," smiled Bob.

"You've been away from Mayfield a long time, but if you think back you'll realize that inscription is a lie. 'More than any of his contemporaries.' Ha! Who says so? Clarence Ward; and not another soul in town. Everybody will tell you that my father was Mayfield's leading citizen, that he financed every project that came up, that he led the way for years. Yes, sir, if anybody influenced the life of his times father was the man. And if Clarence Ward thinks he can put an inscription like that on his father's tombstone and not hear from me by return mail—well, he's got another think coming, that's all."

"I guess your come-back will give him pause," said Bob Dana.

"It ought to. Right in our main banking room. No one ever visits a cemetery if he can help it. But father's memorial will be where hundreds will see it every day—hundreds, mind you—everybody in Mayfield who counts."

"Ought to start a nice little row."

"I hope not. Unless it starts a good big row I'll be disappointed. I want this thing thrashed out now for all time. I know who will win." He brought the car to a stop before the bank. "You can see now that I've got to have the portrait on time, and that it must be good enough to be taken seriously. Where were you thinking of doing the work?"

"Why—at the hotel, I suppose."

"Nonsense! We won't hear of it. I've talked it over with Mrs. Benedict; we'll find you a place to work up at the house. Good thing to paint right there in the atmosphere where father lived. Catch his spirit better."

"All right." Bob accompanied the banker inside.

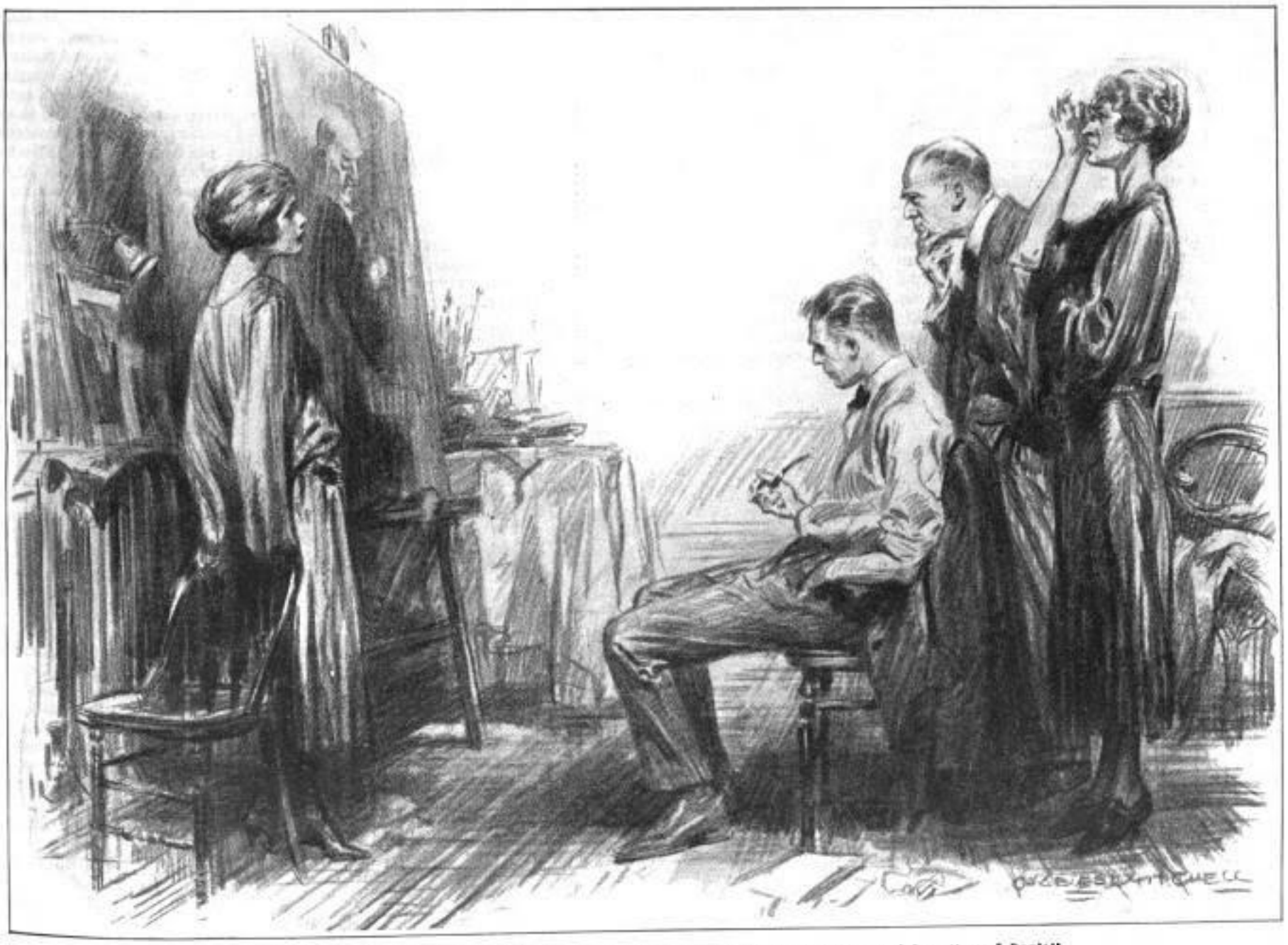
"Tell you what you do—go up to the house this afternoon. Della and her mother will help you pick out a room. Want the right light and all that, I suppose. We'll clear it out and you can start slinging paint in the morning."

"That's a go," Bob Dana agreed. "I'll be up about three."

Eugene disappeared into his office and Bob stopped at the paying teller's window, where an old acquaintance cashed his check.

As he stepped again onto the hot sidewalk he was saying to himself: "And they're all going to help. Won't that

(Continued on Page 81)



"I Don't Know Either," She Admitted. "Sometimes I Think it Looks Like Father—and Sometimes I Don't"

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HIGH PITCH—LOW PITCH

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE VAN WERVEKE

NATURALLY, we all know, it is the feminine half of the universe which pursues the bargain to its lair, throttles it, then in triumph drags it home to be exhibited before a sarcastic male who, being above such temptations, can see nothing in it save an exhibition of weakness and a lack of self-control. Yet there is a vague possibility that there is something wrong with the theory; in fact, there are a number of witnesses who form a little world of their own, and who will swear that a woman's aptitude for a bargain is not only shared but eclipsed by the very persons who jeer at her for her failing. They even hint that men are worse wasters of money than women when it comes to getting something cheap, and that—but to the evidence.

A few years ago I came trailing home with a patent can opener, a potato peeler, a fountain pen, a beautifully wrapped piece of chemical cleaner and a preserve-jar-top opener, all of which I had bought for fifty cents.

Being a man I had expected my purchases to be received with happiness. They weren't; this in spite of the fact that it was a fairly good can opener, a perfect potato peeler, a pen that would write after a sort, and a cleaner that would take off the spots if you worked hard enough, to say nothing of the fruit-jar opener, which opened very well. More, I had bought the entire collection for fifty cents, in addition to having been amused by a couple of card tricks, a few funny jokes and a sleight-of-hand performance. The only trouble was that we already had everything in the house.

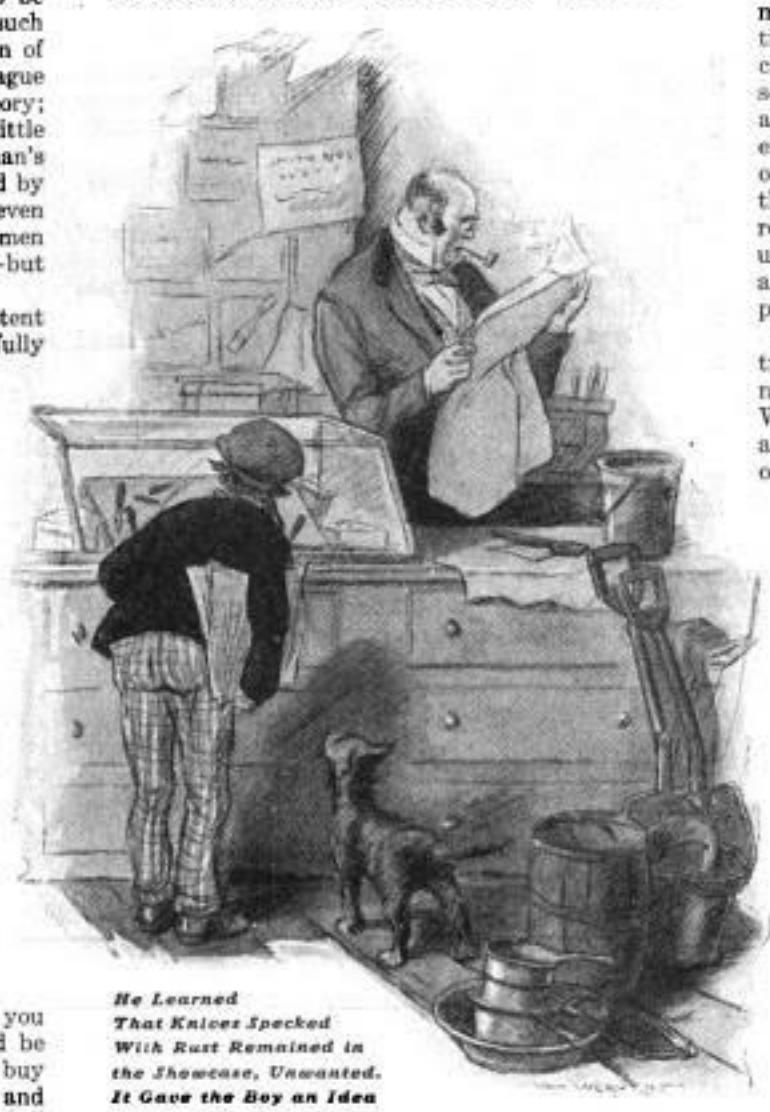
The Bargain-Hunting Male

AFTER the lecture—that is, after the other half of the household had relieved herself of a few remarks concerning the gullibility of mankind in general—I wandered back to the pitchman, or street faker, who had sold me the articles, and asked a question. He answered.

"Well, bo," came in frank fashion, "if it wasn't for you umpchas, us knights of the tripes and keisters would be skidding along the toboggan. You're the babies that buy us our bread. Give the women the bargain counters, and give the men to the pitchmen. It's a fifty-fifty break."

All of which may be a variegated statement. But it is the language of the persons who make their living by appealing to the bargain instinct of the masculine mind and selling him a lot of things he doesn't want. It is the language also of a world of master psychology of which little is known—even among showmen in general—a cliquelike universe which has its own language, its own methods, its own division in showman magazines, the idioms of which are understood only by themselves; even circus men and carnival men of twenty and thirty years' experience can tell you little about them save that they exist, goodness only knows how.

And, lest you still be in the dark, a pitchman is a person such as you perhaps have seen on the street corners, with a little grip fastened on the top of a tripod, and with a small knot of men about him, to whom he talks confidentially and in a voice suggestive of adenoids; a street faker, in other words, whose living must be gained not only by selling but by creating a desire to buy where a moment before that desire had not existed. More, his wares are usually something which the ordinary person doesn't want or need; the purchase, nine times out of ten, means a duplication of something already in the possession of the customer. How it all is accomplished is something of a mystery even to a pitchman, and affords a wonderful opportunity for anyone desiring an intensive study in practical psychology.



He Learned That Knives Specked With Rust Remained in the Showcase, Unwanted. It Gave the Boy an Idea

As has been mentioned, little is known of the pitchman by the general public. Yet his tribe runs high into the thousands and the annual turnover of his business means a hundred millions or so a year, taking the entire output of factories which produce nothing but pitchmen's supplies, most of which are purchased by men who believe they are getting a bargain. More than that, the annals of pitchdom show that it was the men who formed the original bargain hunters and that had it not been for this masculine instinct there might have been no department stores today to lure the women! Which brings about history and the story of the beginning of pitchdom.

Don't ask for the genesis of the name. It seems that the majority of the pitchmen themselves do not know where it came from; in fact, there is a haziness about the whole business, a sort of concealment which amounts almost to the mysteries of a secret organization. The members are taught their trade through a personal apprenticeship; when one pitchman needs an assistant he educates a younger man into the work. He in turn brings someone else into the fold, to guard as jealously its secrets as though it were some nefarious trade—which, strangely enough, it isn't. It's merely a game in which shrewd men outguess other men, who, perhaps in their chosen lines, are the shrewdest of the shrewd. But few are there who can resist the pitchman, once he has got a half chance at his umpcha—which, with variations of sap, fink, mark, push and other choice appellations, applies to the chump, or purchaser of the wares. But to that history:

It was in 1869 or thereabouts, according to the meager traditions of the pitchman tribe, that George Stivers, a newsboy, hesitated for a moment in a hardware store at Wall and Nassau Streets, New York, where he had gone as usual that day to deliver a paper to Joseph Prince, the owner of the store, a regular customer. The original thing which caused the pause was a large showcase full of knives—and the failing in the heart of a boy to window-wish in front of every display of cutlery. But as Stivers looked, a new element entered—the fact that a great many of the knives were rusty. Following which he learned that while knives with bright shining blades could be retailed for a dollar or more apiece, those which were specked with rust merely remained in the showcase, unwanted. It gave the boy an idea. He asked for a price on rusty knives in wholesale lots, and received it—a dollar a dozen. Then he purchased twelve, hurried to the nearest cigar stand, begged a cigar box, marked "Twenty-five cents apiece" on the lid and started out.

A Corner on Rusty Knives

IN ALL this George Stivers didn't know that he was dealing with a fundamental selling principle as regards men. Whether the principle stands good with stores in general I do not know. But as regards the pitchman, the theory has held water and procured dollars for more than a half century now—the fact that the boy spirit never dies in a man, that the things he likes in boyhood he will like in manhood, and that if dangled before him, like the proverbial worm before the proverbial fish, he is sure to take the bait. One of the most important of these things is a knife; and upon various forms of cutlery have thousands of pitchmen made a living ever since the days of the Reconstruction.

However, all that George Stivers knew was the fact that he, a boy, liked knives, and that other persons should like them also, especially if they could be purchased at a bargain price which incidentally would give him a profit of 200 per cent. He was right. Before he had gone a block the entire stock was gone, and Stivers was bulbous-eyed with a big idea. If he could sell one dozen rusty knives in a block, how many could he sell in an all-day session?

The matter had progressed to one of high finance now, with a necessity for more dollars than the newsboy possessed. So he hurried to a friend, known as Dutchy Lehman, for the necessary financial backing, and told him of his newfound pocket-knife gold mine. Lehman listened, and Lehman gave his assistance. The result was that within a few hours Stivers had purchased the entire stock of rusty pocket knives which the hardware store possessed, and then cornered every other discolored whittler that he could find in that section of New York. After which he took his stand at the corner

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There Was a Yelp, Weird and Racking. An Eminent Manufacturer of Salve Leaped Wildly

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Concerning Joe and Jemima

By KENNETT HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

RECORDED examples of perfect connubial felicity are not very numerous, when you come to think it over, are they? Let's see, there were—well, there was—eh? Of course one recalls the mythical Philemon and Baucis, Darby and Joan, John Anderson, my jo—— Why, there you are! Joe! Joe and Jemima! There's one modern instance, at least, and one really worthy of record.

I wonder if, after the turmoil, distraction and social mutation of the war years, the beautiful institution of the Dunmow Flitch still survives? You remember the Flitch? In the middle of the thirteenth century a tough, cynical old joker of a baron, Robert de Fitzwalter, offered it as a prize, in perpetuity, to any couple who, married a year and a day, were willing to kneel on sharp-pointed stones and swear that in all that time they had never quarreled or wished themselves single again. It may be said that the Essex pork market has never been perceptibly stimulated during the six hundred and seventy-eight years that have elapsed by reason of the rush of claimants; but now and then—ten or twelve times in all—some happily mated pair have sworn the oath and triumphantly returned home with their winter side meat. Joe and Jemima have been talking of one of these five-hundred-and-up tours, including the British Isles, the Passion Play and the Battlefields. Of course they won't go. Joe couldn't get away from his business, and the money could be more wisely spent just now; but if they did decide to invest a part of Uncle Joseph's legacy in that broadening and educational experience it wouldn't take long for them to run down from London to Dunmow and bring back the bacon. Properly cured and dried and mounted on a shield decorated with the Fitzwalter arms in Jemima's art-and-craftiest style, it would make a beautiful ornament for their living room—and absolutely unique.

The trouble would be that nobody would believe it, even now. I should not have believed it possible myself a week ago, knowing Joe and Jemima as well as I do. You don't know them at all, so I shall have to try to give you a little idea of them, going as far back into ancient history as may be necessary.

Jemima first:

Red-headed, and you know what that means. Whether it includes that creamy, delicately textured skin that lets the red show through its transparency in the most effective places and in exactly the right gradations of color is a question of the particular girl. Some redheads have quite muddy complexions and some have hazel eyes or nondescript grayish, greenish, brownish or yellowish eyes, just as you find them with big mouths, defective teeth or glossy noses that are sadly lacking in symmetry; but one and all, each and every, from sandy to coppery, the redheads are what you might call spunky.

Jemima's eyes were and are blue—b-l-u-e, blue, and nothing else, except bright. She has the redhead complexion at its best; her nose is as symmetrical as it is possible to imagine a nose to be, nicely proportioned to the rest of her features, and nonshining; her mouth and teeth—well, if I tried to describe them you would think that I had a tender feeling for Jemima, and I really never had; not to amount to anything. Considered as a spectacle, Jemima may be tersely described as a little bit of perfectly all right; but as for falling in love with her—and lots of fellows did—excuse me!

Not that I ever blamed Jemima myself. She couldn't help her looks and the cute little ways she had any more than people could help spoiling her on account of them. Her mother began the spoiling process, with the active and efficient coöperation of her father; and everybody else just naturally fell into line. Her father, John Henry Hogan—familiarly known as John H.—was a plain, ordinary bookkeeper for an unimportant firm of coffee brokers on Randolph Street. He had been with the firm for a long time and they thought a good deal of him, but he wasn't a high-salaried man. Just comfortably poor, you might say; owning his little home at Deepdene, paying his bills regularly, and with equal regularity putting a little by for a rainy day. Incidentally it may be remarked that it began to rain on the tenth of April in the year 1900—Jemima's birthday.



"You May Come, Too, if You Like," She Called Back Carelessly. "But Mr. Bingham and I are Going to Reminisce a Lot"

No, the Hogans were by no means rich people, but I am informed that you would never have suspected it if you had based your estimate on little Jemima's baby outfit. Her clothes the sheerest muslins and the softest and finest flannels, embellished by the most exquisite needlework and wonderful embroidery; her bassinet might have nested infant royalty and her carriage was the most expensive that had ever been seen in Deepdene up to that time. When Jemima took her airings in that splendid equipage the whole neighborhood seemed to rush out and surround it, filling the circumambient air with ecstatic cries.

"Those darling, blue, blue eyes!"

"Oh, see her smile!"

"Did you ever in all your life see such a tiny rosebud of a mouth!"

"And will you look at her hair! What a quantity she has of it, and isn't it just like spun sunshine!"

"And ve tweet, tweet, tunnin' 'ittle paddies!"

And all the rest of it, *ad infinitum, ad nauseam*—and add—don't forget to add the touching, would-be deprecatory responses of the pride-puffed parents or whichever of them happened to be trundling Miss Jemima at the time. Young as I was then, I can remember tiptoeing to admire the little beauty and not minding when her waving fist struck me in the eye, and I can also remember my father laughing as John Henry Hogan went by the house wheeling the carriage and trying to look careless and matter of fact about it.

A neighbor would heave in sight and old John Henry's eyes would light up, but he would look about him as if he was more interested in lawns and flower beds than anything else. He would take one hand from the handlebar of the carriage, even, and thrust it nonchalantly in his pocket. He would seem quite suddenly aware of the neighbor's approach and to be about to pass on with a nod and a casual greeting; but he would stop just the same.

"How's the kid, John H.?"

"The kid?"—with an air of recalling something. "Oh, she's all right, I guess. Great morning, isn't it? Feeney ought to have sown more blue grass with that clover, don't you think?"

He steps around and adjusts Jemima's silken coverlet in a perfunctory fashion. "Everything all right, Jemima? Any complaints?"

"My gosh! John H., that's a little beauty!"

"Oh, for a redhead," says John H. almost disparagingly, but not quite.

"I'll take red-headed girls for choice," says the neighbor, who is a mighty sensible man and knows what's what. "And pipe those blue eyes! Say, are you trying to make a mash on me, girlie? Lookit, John H.! Lookit the way she's giving me the glad eye! Yessir, by gosh! She's a beauty, all right, all right."

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"I s'pose there's worse-looking kids," says old John H., relaxing a little. "Feel what a grip she's got in her fingers, Hank."

"Gosh! She's going to make the boys step around fifteen years from now. I see lots of trouble ahead for you, John H. You wait until she gets to be about sixteen or seventeen. You'll have to get a detail from the station to handle the mob."

"Oh, I guess I'll be able to handle it all right," says John H. with a simper. "She'll probably be as homely as a mud fence when she grows up. They say that's the way it is if you're a looker when you're young. I'm told I was a handsome baby. But her eyes certainly are blue. Just feel of her hair, Hank. Say, ain't her little cheeks just like rose leaf? Hold on a moment until I pull off her shoe; I want to show you her feet."

Well, that was the way it went, and when she got big enough to run around and tell what she wanted—why, she got what she wanted, and nothing that she didn't want, and whatever anybody thought she might want if it were offered to her. Naturally! Because if there's anything more compelling than a beautiful baby it's a beautiful two-year-old—three, five, seven, nine or ten year old girl. And when Jemima reached her teens—nothing to it! Which, of course, means everything in the world to it.

Waited on? Hand and foot, early and late. How that mother of hers slaved, denying herself all leisure and rest that her angel Jemima might find life a gay round of play and pleasure into which no unpleasant tasks should intrude! What special dishes she was everlastingly cooking to tempt the dear child's dainty appetite! What weary feet she dragged from store to store, Friday after Friday, for bargains in material of the best, which she afterwards fashioned into ravishing little frocks, stitching on them long hours after John Henry had gone to bed, and simply ruining her eyesight in the labor of love! What endless fluffles and ruffles, and what work it was, washing and ironing them all in the stuffy little kitchen! How she buttoned and unbuttoned precious sweetheart, bathed and combed and brushed her! The little parties she gave for her to the other children, and her one pair of hands for all of it, for the Hogans kept no girl. Very few of their friends did, for that matter, help being scarce, hard to get, inefficient and more bother than they were worth, to say nothing of being expensive.

"But you must find Jemima quite a help to you now," Mrs. Hogan's friends would say, sweetly nasty, knowing darned well how much help Jemima was.

"Well, I'll tell you now," Mrs. Hogan would reply; "I don't believe in making drudges of young girls. I had plenty of that in our family when I was a girl, and I mean that Jemima shall have a good time while she can. What I say is we are only young once. She would like to help, and she does in lots of ways, but she's got her school work and she'd better be attending to that while I run the house."

Self-sacrificing? I don't know. She pleased herself, and the most selfish of us are generally willing to do that. If people thought that she had a funny idea of taking her pleasure, that was because they did not know how love lightens the burden of toil or properly estimate the keen delight that Mrs. Hogan felt when Jemima came dancing into the house—certainly a lovely sight in her pretty clothes and trinkets, and full of the joy of life. This dainty and vivid creature was hers; flesh of her flesh, bone of her bone, and renewed spirit of the spirit of her youth; Jemima's happiness was her happiness, too, and Jemima's griefs would as surely be her griefs, for which reason, perhaps, she kept grief from the girl by every means within her power.

It was much about the same with John H. He made a few sacrifices too: wore his clothes farther into the last possible stages of seediness; made things do a little longer—his old winter coat into another winter, his rather threadbare spring suit another season, his shoes another month or so, abandoning the remnants of his former spruceness one by one, forgoing, one by one, little social habits that cost money, giving up as hopeless that other ingrained habit of always putting a little something by and never encroaching on the rainy-day fund. Not without grumbling occasionally; not without outbursts of strong common sense, such as: "Why don't you get her something simple and inexpensive?" "What's the use of all these fal-lals?" "We aren't in the millionaire set." "It isn't a month ago since she had a new dress. What's become of that?" "There's no service in shoes like those. Pretty enough, but what she wants is something that will wear."

To which the all-sufficient answer was "Now, father, you don't understand at all!"



There Was No Time for Him to Dodge the Impact, and His Stick Had Fallen From His Hand

And later on, Mrs. Hogan leads Jemima by the hand into the living room where John H. is waiting patiently for his deferred dinner—deferred to allow Mrs. Hogan to assist her daughter with an evening toilet.

"Now put that paper down, father, and look at the belle of the party," she says. "This is the little dress you were making such a fuss about. Stand still, darling. Now turn around and let your father see the back."

Smiling that peculiarly fetching little smile of hers, Jemima stands, pirouettes, minces a pace or two with an exaggerated affectation of fashionable hauteur, giggles, and returns to her station while her mother plucks and twitches the new frock here and there, wondering audibly if this couldn't be advantageously taken up a little here or let out a little there—"Wait a minute, darling. Stand still. Well, I guess it will have to do. Now what do you think of it, father?"

"Huh!" John H. grunts.

"Huh? Is that all you have to say?"

He looks at his child. She is posing again, her slender white arms gleaming through the short blue chiffon sleeves as she extends them, one small foot—in the unserviceable silver slippers—pointed forward, her lithe young body bent gracefully back, a picture far beyond the limitations of brush, paint and human fingers, a picture hard to contemplate with a grim countenance. John H., looking at it, feels that after all it may be pretty cheap at the price. He may not have one of these palatial homes and a red automobile and money to throw at the dickey birds, but he'd like one of these bloated plutes—any of 'em, by George!—to show him anything they'd got that would touch this.

"Huh!" says he again. "Well, Jemmy, you're looking pretty fine. But," he adds, to get in a little of that hard common sense of his, "handsome is as handsome does. Give daddy a kiss."

"She ought to have a little fan," says Mrs. Hogan.

"Then why the dickens don't you get her one?" says John H.

But John H. was not always so complaisant. There were times when he overdid the strong-common-sense business and was altogether absurd and unreasonable. As when, coming home one hot day and finding Mrs. Hogan in the kitchen putting up raspberries. Like the boiler room of a steamer in the tropics; with the bubbling kettles on the stove and the sickly sweet, oppressive smell, and the poor woman scarlet as the berries that she was pouring into the rows of glass jars before her. John Henry was peeved.

"All foolishness!" he declared. "No need of it. Just because berries happen to be cheap."

"Jemmy loves them so," said Mrs. Hogan. "And you know you're fond of them yourself," she hastened to add, seeing that he frowned.

"Where is she?" demanded John H.

He found her in the living room, curled against a heap of sofa pillows, reading a book that she hastily closed as he entered. She looked so confoundedly fresh and cool and daintily immaculate that John H. was peeved worse than ever.

"Why aren't you in the kitchen helping your mother?" he asked, quite sternly for John.

Poor Jemima was utterly astounded. Why wasn't she in the kitchen? In the kitchen! And helping! Had father got a touch o' sun?

"I should think that you'd be ashamed of yourself," John H. went on. "Lazing and lolloping here, reading silly trash. Give me that book! And your poor ma just about all in, putting up preserves for you! I'd think you'd try to lighten her work for her a little instead of letting her kill herself doing for you. You get up from that lounge and go and help her. Right now! You hear me?"

Jemima started up, her cheeks flaming, her eyes darting blue lightnings of righteous resentment and anger.

"I won't, I won't, I won't!" she cried, stamping her foot. "I think you ought to be ashamed to say such things!"

"Are you going to mind me?" asked her father in a quiet voice that had nevertheless something in its tone that Jemima recognized as preliminary to new outrage.

She made no articulate reply, but she went—in a fury, though, and slamming the door behind her. Her father, standing where she had left him, heard her passionately recounting her wrong to her ever-sympathetic mother. He caught such fragments as: "I wasn't doing a single thing!" "I won't stand it!" "I won't!" "I'll run away." Sobs, wails, and Mrs. Hogan's gentle consolatory murmur.

John Henry began to realize that he had been acting pretty meanly to the poor youngster. After all, she was just a kid. Just the same, it wasn't right for Evvy to be forever coddling and babying her, making a nigger of herself.

Whatever doubt he may have had as to the propriety of his conduct, Mrs. Hogan settled for him at once, opening the door with a fling that was hardly less eloquent than her daughter's recent slam, and standing there with the rich color completely banished from her face and her eyes strangely hostile and accusing.

"I must say you're in mighty big business, John Henry Hogan! Mighty big business!"

"Well, mother, I do think ——" John H. began lamely.

"You do think! You think you are justified in jumping on that poor child and abusing her?"

"I didn't abuse her. All I said was ——"

"I know what you said, and I know you had no reason whatever for saying it. The idea! The very idea!"

"Well, perhaps I was a little hard on her," John H. admitted.

"You! Her own father! She's just broken-hearted over it. Why, John!"

Jemima, standing on the stair landing where she could hear perfectly, nodded her head in approval. She nodded once more when John H. again expressed regret for his brutal behavior, and a third time when he promised to make it up to her—which promise, you may be sure, he kept. Jemima looked as broken-hearted as she could, nevertheless, when she came down to set the table for dinner—talk about her not helping; and though she was sweet and forgiving and respectful in her bearing toward her father, you may bet that she made him thoroughly realize how deeply she had been wounded by his cruel words.

But that passed, of course. John H. had had his lesson and all went well and happily once more. Jemima pursued the even tenor of her way, which certainly did not take her into the kitchen. She attended grammar and dancing schools and took piano from Miss Warchop and craft work from the same versatile spinster, so that, with her various social engagements, her time was pretty well occupied without fooling with dishpans and cookstoves. No necessity for it anyway, for the handsome young American millionaire or the foreign nobleman whom she was to marry in due course of time would have a housekeeper to direct

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he servants, of course. There was not the least doubt in he Hogan family that Jemima would marry a duke or umpin, and I think myself that if it hadn't been for Joe nd if she had gone on the stage, as she might have, the hances wouldn't have been so poor, at that.

Now we get to Joe: You know these pictures of ggressive-looking gentlemen who so evidently have taken o heart the injunction of one of our captains of industry o "So live your life that you can look any man in the eye nd tell him to go to hell"? You know them. They stand, esolute, compelling, inflexible, shaking minatory fingers or ounding positive palms with emphatic fists, looking the whole world in the eye from a full-page advertisement and elling it that they can make it well, increase its salary 0 per cent, bend the most stubborn to its will, convince he most incredulous of the excellence of its commodities or nake its mnemonic faculties a wonder to itself. Well, Joe lways reminds me of those indomitable, forceful fellows. He can and does thrust out his jaw like them when the ccasion seems to demand it; he can and does wiggle a orefinger as impressively and pound his own palm in a way highly suggestive of his perfect readiness—should ircumstances render it necessary—to pound whatever art of your person he can most conveniently and effecually reach.

And nobody ever accused him of bluffing. He has a way f accompanying certain statements with a staccato rapping of his knuckles on a table or a desk that commands nstant and respectful attention, and his eyes have the gimlet or steel-jacket quality of penetration. You may ool with Joe if you fool properly, but not otherwise. He s good-natured enough, and his big mouthful of white eeth is oftenest displayed n a grin or a hearty wholeouled laugh; but the fuse o his highly inflammable emper is not overlong, and when it is ignited the resulting pyrotechnical display is not always harmless. People often say that he is a little oo much so, and perhaps he is; but he always makes riends and he keeps most of them. He is a friend of mine and has been ever since he licked me at the Felix Boznanski Grammar School.

One tough kid, he was. He would fight anybody without waiting for the drop of the hat or any formality whatsoever. If we displeased him he frankly told us all about it, and unless we promptly satisfied him that we were regretful and anxious to amend, clouts or kicks or both instantly followed his discourse. The younger, weaker and more timid of us stood in holy awe of the little bully, for he had no sympathy for weakness or timidity. But his tongue was just as rough with the big seventh and eighth grade kids, and if they resented his freshness, as they did at first, he would tackle them with a total disregard of any odds of size and strength, and, being a glutton for punishment and utterly reckless with rocks, baseball clubs or whatever was hard and handy, the big dubs eventually let him have. Nobody really aches to thrash a fellow that one knows will, in the course of the thrashing, do all the damage he can to the last gasp and renew the conflict the moment that he is sufficiently recovered. That was the way Joe did. You could beat him up, but you couldn't make him stay licked.

So Joe became an acknowledged leader, and, secure in that position, his natural good qualities made him fairly

teacher, Miss Wagram—a little old maid with a long nose that had a large wart on it, a thin long neck, and thin short hair. She was extremely nervous and acted as if she was scared to death when we got obstreperous. Not a very good teacher, perhaps, as I recall her methods, but conscientious and hard-working; and, as everybody knew, she had a cranky old bed-ridden mother to support, which made her too fearful of losing her job. Well, Joe certainly made life a burden to her.

His very last prank was when he drew a rude caricature of her on the blackboard, devilishly and unnecessarily exaggerating the nose and the wart. But I think he really intended that as a joke that she would have sufficient sense of humor to appreciate. She was so far from relishing it, however, that she mustered courage to send him in to the principal, who, making rather a failure of the corporal punishment that he tried to administer, expelled Joe from the school.

"Suits me," Joe bragged. "I'll get into a school where there's teachers that can learn a fellow something. That old hen ain't no good and never was. I know more'n she does, right now."

"Yes you do," said I sarcastically. "What you know and what you don't know would fill a book. You didn't know enough to wipe that off before she come into the room."

"I thought she could take a joke," said he.

"You hurt her feelings," I told him, unconsciously repeating Tommy Traddles.

"I don't see how," he replied. "She's got a wart on her nose, ain't she? Well!"

And it was this bellicose young ruffian who, seeing pretty little Jemima playing among the girls, fell at once a victim to her charms, and who with his usual contempt for public opinion escorted her to and from school, carried her books, rescued too ambitious kittens from trees—tenderly and at the risk of neck and limb, instead of pelting the squalling things with rocks—who even blacked his shoes at her behest.

Public opinion could hardly refrain from expressing itself concerning this charming episode, but Joe at once made public opinion sorry that it spoke.

Oh, little Jemima had him eating out of her hand. It was certainly funny to see the two together. She was mighty disdainful at first, and she continually said things to him that made hearers hold their breath; but he only laughed at her, and in time she at least tolerated him and accepted his escort and some of his gifts. Still, so far as anybody could guess, she was not consumed with grief at his expulsion, and shed no tears when a few weeks later Joe's parents moved to Aurora and took him along. There were plenty of others to take his place.

I had almost forgotten Joe when I ran into him on State Street just before we got tired of holding Germany to a strict accountability and made up our minds that more could be accomplished by personal interview than correspondence. I quite literally ran into him, and at my first glance after the collision I put myself in an attitude of defense before I had finished my apology. It seemed a wise precaution. But when he suddenly relaxed into a grin I knew him at once, and we shook hands with mutual pleasure. He had grown into a handsome young brute, with the same jet-black hair and piercing jet-black eyes that I remembered. Not tall, but about my own height and build; well set up and muscular. He was also well groomed and fairly well dressed; altogether much improved in his appearance.

We went to lunch together and I learned that he had a good job as assistant manager with a wholesale stationery and job-printing concern and that it was going to be a better one or he was going to know the reason why—if he didn't go to Canada and join up with some bunch that was overseas bound. But he had taken this doddering old concern a year ago, put it on its shaky legs, pumped pep into it, cut out dead timber and put the fear of God into the rest, until now it was fairly firm on its feet and walking ahead as fast as could be expected.

"And they're going to bounce the old saphead that's been playing at manager, and put me in his place at his salary or I'll quit 'em and let 'em slump back," said Joe, with a thump of his fist on the table.

"I'm going to say to them, 'Gentlemen——'"

He proceeded to tell me what he was going to say, with the staccato knuckle-rapping accompaniment that I have before mentioned. There were two men seated at an adjoining table. The one who faced me—a pleasant-looking young fellow with a blond mustache—smiled gently as though amused by Joe's emphatic manner; but it wasn't an offensive smile; rather friendly.

But Joe finished and then laughed, and we talked of other things and were very jolly together until I found I had to go back to my work. Joe insisted on paying the check—and it was a good-sized one—and all was sweet and lovely and fine and dandy when, as we rose, the young man at the next



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MY LIFE

By EMMA CALVÉ

TRANSLATED BY ROSAMOND GILDER



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Calvé as Carmen in an Early New York Appearance

VI

I STUDIED for a year with Madame Laborde, and made such effective progress that I was immediately reëngaged in Italy. I appeared at the San Carlo of Naples, where I sang Ophelia, with Victor Maurel as Hamlet, and where I appeared in Bizet's Pêcheurs de Perles with the tenor Lucia, a gifted singer, with whom I was later to create Mascagni's L'Amico Fritz. I sang for two consecutive years in Naples, before the most amusing public it has ever been my privilege to encounter. A group of *dilettanti*, gentlemen of taste and leisure, assisted regularly at every performance, criticizing the actors and actresses, praising and blaming in loud tones, punctuating the performance with exclamations and ejaculations, to the vast amusement of the rest of the audience. One day, at the house of some friends, my attention was arrested by the appearance of one of the guests.

"Tell me," I said to a Neapolitan acquaintance, "who is that distinguished old man? It seems to me that I have seen him before. What is his profession? What does he do?"

"He is a subscriber to the San Carlo," answered my informer with perfect seriousness, as though this description explained everything. "He is in fact the senior member of the fraternity. Allow me to present him."

The old gentleman proved a most entertaining friend. He described to me the fatiguing duties of an *abbonato*, as a subscriber is called in Italian. An *abbonato* had to be at the theater early in the morning to watch the rehearsal of the ballet dancers. At half past one he returned to give his opinion on the performance of the orchestra. Later in the afternoon he gave his entire attention to the rehearsals of the singers. The evening, of course, was devoted to the regular performance. A full day's work!

My friend must have been ninety years old, but he was still pursuing his arduous profession. He had known all the singers in what he described as the great era. He had even known La Malibran when she was hardly more than a child. Her father, Garcia, was a terror. He taught his daughters to sing with the help of a cudgel, beating them when they did not do exactly as he commanded. One night La Malibran was singing Desdemona to his Othello. As they made their entrance he turned to his daughter.

"Do not forget what I told you to do in the last act!" he whispered in a threatening undertone. "If you dare make a mistake, you will catch it from me!"

As the evening wore on the little Desdemona became more and more nervous. She blundered several times, and her father's anger rose. By the time they reached the scene in which Othello strangles Desdemona, Garcia was in a fury. He glared at the poor child ferociously, his face contorted with rage. Suddenly she became panic-stricken, and running from him threw herself into the orchestra pit.

"Help! Murder!" she screamed. "He's after me! He's going to kill me in real earnest!"

The first violinist caught her in his arms, and, we suppose, reassured her successfully. At any rate it happened that a few years later she became the wife of this musician, whose name was De Bériot.

La Frezzolini, a dramatic personality of the old days, was another star in my *abbonato's* firmament. At one period of her career she had contracted for a tour in South America. The day of her début in Buenos Aires she was told that her lover, who had remained in Italy, was unfaithful to her. Mad with jealousy, she determined at all costs to reach him. She purloined her maid's cloak and passport and made her escape from the hotel. A ship was lying in the harbor, anchor weighed, ready to sail for Europe. She managed to get on board unnoticed.

Several hours later, when the curtain should have been rising on her first appearance in the Argentine capital, she was well out at sea. This pretty piece of folly cost her three million francs! *C'est beau—la passion!* I can imagine the eloquent despair of her manager; I can see the expression of his face when he discovered the flight of his song bird!

In spite of my cordial reception at Naples and elsewhere in Italy, I was not yet satisfied. My heart was set on returning to Milan.

I longed to wipe out the memory of my failure there; but that terrible public! I dreaded to appear again before it! I was finally persuaded to make the attempt, and it was arranged for me to sing Ophelia with the celebrated Italian barytone, Battistini.

The audience received me coldly during the first acts. I was in despair.

"If I do not succeed," I said to my mother as I dressed for the mad scene, "I will throw myself out of the window!"

I went on the stage in a desperate mood, too frantic to care how I looked, pale with grief and rage. I had no make-up on, my dress was in disorder; I must have seemed, indeed, half mad.

The audience thought it was a studied effect and I felt a current of interest and sympathy sweep through the theater. I began singing, with a complete abandon, a tragic fervor. The first phrase was greeted enthusiastically. Determined to win a complete triumph, I attacked a cadenza which I had never before attempted in public. It was an extremely difficult piece of vocalization, going from low A to F above high C. Once upon that dizzy pinnacle, I was like a child on a ladder, afraid to come down.

The conductor was terrified. I held the note as long as I could; but when my breath gave out I had to descend the chromatic scale. I did it with such *brio*, such perfection, that the audience burst into a thunder of applause. Seldom have I had such an ovation. I can truly say that it was the greatest moment in my operatic career. What intense, what triumphant joy filled my young heart that night!

I cannot continue the narrative of my years in Italy without speaking of an artist whose influence upon my career has been incalculable—La Duse! All my life I have loved and admired her deeply. I cannot see her upon the stage without being profoundly moved. Hers was the spark that set my fires alight. Her art, simple, human, passionately sincere, was a revelation to me. It broke down the false and conventional standards of lyric expression to which I had become accustomed. She taught me to appreciate sincerity in art; a sincerity which in her case went to the length of being unwilling to make up for the stage.



Calvé as Ophelia, by Dennis Peuch, Who Designed the Statue at Her Request for Her Tomb



Galli-Marié, the Originator of the Rôle of Carmen

She was severely criticized for this when she first appeared in Paris. She returned another year, with the usual type of costume and make-up, proving that she could shine in the school that believed in the embellishment of Nature as well as in her realistic manner. I shall never forget her beauty that year. All Paris flocked to see her, and everyone was forced to bow before her genius.

I followed her on her tours through Italy one summer, going from town to town where she was playing, attending each performance, and sometimes watching for her at the stage door or in the lobby of her hotel. I never wished to approach my divinity. I wanted her to remain exalted, remote, inaccessible.

Years later, however, when we were both touring in America, I learned to know her well, and to appreciate deeply her great qualities of mind and heart.

VII

IN 1891 I was chosen by Mascagni to create the charming rôle of Suzel in his opera L'Amico Fritz. It was given at the Constanzi Theater in Rome, with Lucia and Lhérie in the tenor and barytone parts. Lucia I have already mentioned in connection with my début in Naples. Lhérie, an artist of distinction, had been a tenor in his youth. He had created the rôle of Don José in Carmen. He was very popular in both France and Italy, and I have often sung in Hamlet with him. He excelled in the title rôle of this opera, which he interpreted in a truly Shaksperean spirit. We had, all three, marked successes in Mascagni's delightful production, which is, indeed, a small masterpiece.

During my sojourn in the Holy City I often went to hear the choir of the Sistine Chapel, which was at that time under the direction of the last of the eunuchs, Mustapha, a Turk, like all his companions. He had an exquisite high tenor voice, truly angelic, neither masculine nor yet feminine in type, but reflecting the qualities of both sexes; deep, subtle, poignant in its vibrant intensity. He sang the classic church music admirably, especially Palestrina. He had certain curious notes which he called his fourth voice—strange, sexless tones, superhuman, uncanny!

I was so much impressed by his talent that I decided to take some lessons from him. The first question I asked was how I might learn to sing those heavenly tones.

"It's quite easy," he answered. "You have only to practice with your mouth tight shut for two hours a day. At the end of ten years you may possibly be able to do something with them."

That was hardly encouraging!

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"A thousand thanks!" I exclaimed. "At that rate I will never learn! It takes too much patience!"

Nevertheless, with the tenacity which is a fundamental part of my character, I set to work. My first efforts were pitiful. My mother assured me that they sounded like the mewing of a sick cat. At the end of two years, however, I began to make use of my newly acquired skill; but it was not until the third year of study that I obtained a complete mastery of the difficult art.



Queen Victoria at the Age of Five

These special notes, which I have used since then with great success, are rarely found in the ordinary run of voices. I have tried repeatedly to develop them in my pupils; but in spite of hard work and close application I have never found one pupil who has been able to imitate them.

While I was studying in Rome I overheard one of my comrades remark that, after all, this fourth voice was nothing but a trick. Much vexed, I told Mustapha what had been said.

"Let them howl!" he answered. "Our friends call our achievement trickery when they cannot do the same thing themselves. As soon as they have learned the art they call it talent."

I have always been an eager student, anxious to acquire new skill, ready to try any method that might increase the effectiveness of my interpretations. When I was young I would have walked through fire had I been told that I would sing or act better in consequence. Fortunately for me, fire was never thought of, but water was suggested.

I was at the studio of Dennis Peuch, a sculptor from my own country of Aveyron. He explained that in order to obtain graceful lines he soaked his models' clothes in water before arranging their draperies. The idea struck me as admirable.

The next time I sang Ophelia I wrung my dress out in a basin of water before putting it on for the mad scene. The effect was all that could be desired, until the middle of the act. It is then that the pale Ophelia, surrounded by a group of lovely maidens, sinks to the ground beside the lake. As I lay on the mossy bank, playing with my flowers, I noticed that the little ballet dancers were staring at me, round-eyed.

"Look at Calvé!" I heard one of them whisper. "What's the matter with her? She's on fire! See the smoke!"

What an unexpected disaster! My lovely Grecian effect was drying off in a cloud of steam! We were all convulsed with laughter. The farce ended in a bad cold, and I never tried this particular method again.

During one of my later visits to Rome I carried into effect an idea that had long haunted my imagination. I wished to have a monument designed for my tomb, and I asked Dennis Peuch to carry out my idea. This great sculptor was not only my friend and compatriot but a very talented artist as well. I give on page 12 a photograph of the statue he made of me in the rôle of Ophelia, which some day will be used for its destined purpose.

M. Peuch is now director of the Academy of France in Rome, and we of Aveyron are very proud of our distinguished countryman. Our little department can claim many famous men among its citizens, not the least of whom is Henri Fabre, who lived near my own home, and whose marvelous researches in the insect world have brought him world-wide honor.

VIII

CONTINUING my tour through Italy, I went to Venice, where I sang in the Théâtre de Fenice, a charming eighteenth-century hall, decorated with a Louis XV fan, the loges paneled in *vernis Martin*. I gave over twenty performances of Ophelia, with tremendous success.

One afternoon I went to the theater rather earlier than usual. As I entered I saw a group of porters and mechanics hovering around a little sedan chair which stood in the wings and which I had noticed before. It had been built for Patti on her last stay in Venice. She feared the dampness of the canals and insisted on being carried to and from her hotel in this specially constructed *portantina*.

As I made my way toward my dressing room the stage manager, who had been in animated conversation with the group around the sedan chair, approached me.

"Will mademoiselle be so kind as to tell me how much she weighs?" he asked.

"A hundred and twenty-five pounds," I answered, much surprised.

"Splendid!" he exclaimed. "Just the thing! Mademoiselle, if she wishes, can use Patti's sedan chair. The porters will not carry more than a certain weight, but mademoiselle is exactly right."

I was, of course, delighted. Every evening I made the journey through the narrow alleys of old Venice, and as my *portantina* was unique, I was known all along the route. The street urchins began cheering as soon as they saw it appear at the end of a street.

"*Eccola prima donna!*" they shouted. "Here she comes! *Evviva! Evviva!*"

My farewell performance at the Fenice was a gala night. The stage was inundated with flowers, the audience wildly enthusiastic. Finally it was time to go home, and my mother sent my maid to call the porters. This maid, Valérie, was a Parisian, dark, graceful and not unlike me in build and coloring. She loved to imitate my way of walking, my gestures, sometimes even my clothes. She wore a mantilla, and at a distance might easily be mistaken for her mistress.



My mother and I sat waiting in my dressing room for a long time. Valérie seemed to be unaccountably slow. We were beginning to wonder what had happened to her, when she burst into the room.

"Oh, mademoiselle, forgive me!" she exclaimed, all out of breath. "I didn't do it on purpose! They carried me off in the *portantina!* There were serenaders, gentlemen in evening clothes! It was grand! A regular triumph! They thought it was mademoiselle!"

She stopped for breath, but before we could ask a single question she was off again.

"When we got to the hotel," she continued excitedly, "the manager opened the door with a deep bow. When he saw me, how he jumped! 'It's nothing but the maid!' he shouted in a rage. But really it isn't my fault," Valérie concluded plaintively. "I can't help it if I look like mademoiselle. The porters brought me back, but the celebration is all over. Everyone is gone!"

My mother was very angry and wanted to dismiss the girl on the spot. I could only laugh. It seemed to me so absurd! When we got back to the hotel no one was in sight, but the steps were covered with flowers, strewn at the feet of my chambermaid!

In my own room at last, I could not sleep. I stood on my balcony, looking out over the peaceful lagoon. It was a marvelous night. Venice was still a city of gondolas and midnight serenades. There were no motor boats to spoil the picture, as there are today. My mother was thrilled with joy at my successes.

"Never, never have you had such a triumph!" she exclaimed again and again. She had forgiven Valérie her escapade and only remembered the flowers, the applause, the tributes of appreciation and enthusiasm.

Before we left the hotel the next day we were presented with a bill:

"For carrying off in the *portantina*—200 francs."

My mother, greatly incensed and surprised, called the manager.

"What does this mean?" she demanded.

The unhappy man was overcome with embarrassment.

"Patti's manager used to arrange for a triumphal progress of this sort," he exclaimed. "He hired the hallboys and musicians from the hotel. I thought mademoiselle, too, would like it. I am sorry if you are displeased."

"It's really too much," wailed my mother, "to have to pay such a price for the glorification of a maid!"

In after years I was telling this tale to one of my comrades who had also sung with success in Venice.

"Oh, Calvé, what a blow!" she exclaimed when I had finished my story. "You have shattered one of my most precious illusions! My poor father must have had to foot the bill, while I thought that I had been acclaimed by the flower of Venetian nobility!"

IX

VENICE, that city of delight, the joy of poets and the home of beauty, holds for me other memories than those of the gay days of my triumphs there. For me it is darkened by the shadow of a great sorrow, the memory of a day when my soul touched the black depths of passion and despair, and yet was saved.

I was alone. For a whole week I had been awaiting, in an anguish of pain and suspense, the arrival of a certain letter. It came at last—brutal, crushing, final, announcing an overwhelming catastrophe, the end of happiness, the death of hope.

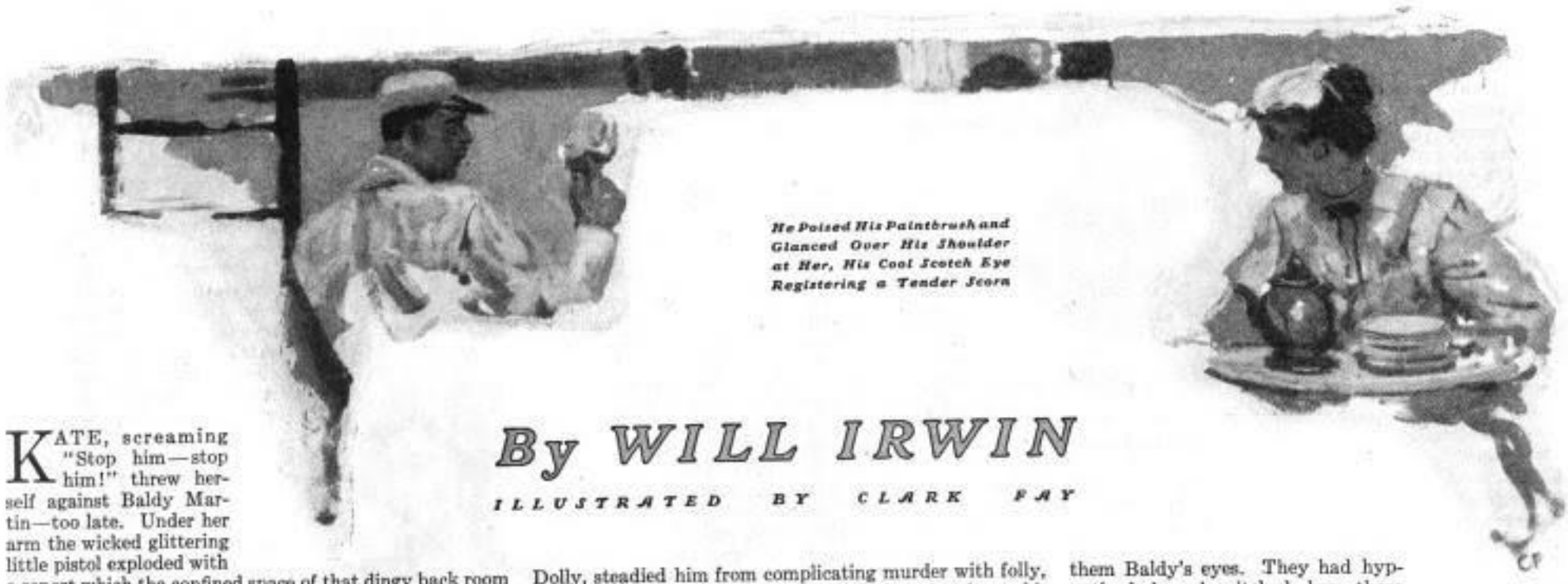
(Continued on Page 33)



Calvé in De Lara's Messaline at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, 1900. Above—Eleanora Duse

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THE GATE OPENS



He Poised His Paintbrush and Glanced Over His Shoulder at Her, His Cool Scotch Eye Registering a Tender Scorn

By WILL IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

KATE, screaming "Stop him—stop him!" threw herself against Baldy Martin—too late. Under her arm the wicked glittering little pistol exploded with a report which the confined space of that dingy back room magnified into the roar of a cannon. Into its reverberations broke the clatter of tin, the tinkle of breaking glasses. The waiter, entering with drinks, had seen the flash of the nickeled barrel and, man of experience that he was, had thrown himself on his face. An instant then of silence; then sound on sound broke in. From the bar outside chairs scraped, feet clattered, male voices spoke in quick exclamatives.

Dolly, backed against the wall, gave two quick screams, light and sharp like the wail of a kitten; and then the gang instinct rising over every emotion she cried, "Mike jumped him!"

Although the man who lay there on his face was her escort and personal property, although his dying ears must have heard this treason, still she said it—even repeated it as the first of the crowd without peered warily in at the door.

Kate, as the pistol went off, had disengaged Baldy with a shove, had turned in time to see Mike crumple up on the floor. The scream which had started from her chest seemed to choke, to congeal in her throat. Mike lay with his left arm outstretched. As she watched, it groped along the floor toward his chest, moving more and more slowly until, with a final bounce like a rubber ball, it lay still. Kate knelt down and with both hands tugged at his shoulder. She lifted it only by inches, for he was a heavy man. That was enough; a pool of blood grew suddenly on the floor about him. She straightened up. Two fingers of the white glove on her left hand bore a vivid, spreading red stain. She stared at it with wide, stupid eyes; and the range of her glance caught Baldy, backed up in his own corner. His hand still held the pistol, but it had dropped to his side. The hideous contortions of anger complicated by many drinks were dying out of his face. A curtain of sickly green had started from his throat, run up over his jaw, his cheeks, finally veiled with apprehension the sullen defiance of his eyes. No one, momentarily, looked at Mike. Tacitly they all recognized that Mike was done for, had passed from the drama until his shade should return with vengeance in his hands.

As two heads, tousled, strained, scared, peered in at the door a police whistle shrilled from the bar outside. The waiter began to scramble heavily to his feet. Baldy wheeled, half raised his gun as though to force his way toward escape; then Dolly screamed again, and "Don't touch that bottle! Mike tried to bean 'm with it!" she said. It lay on the floor, where it had fallen during the confusion before the shot. And that spurt of woman's wit, flashing suddenly out of the mass of vicious frivolities which was Dolly, steadied him from complicating murder with folly, as the blind instinct of Dolly had told her that it would. It saved him in the end from the electric chair. Kate still leaned like a piece of furniture against the wall, still held her hand before her, the two stained fingers raised in a posture like a priestly benediction, still watched across them Baldy's eyes. They had hypnotized her, bewitched her, those eyes; they were the lights that had lured her along the road ending in this chasm—they with their mystery, their roving boldness. They were different eyes now. Into their sullen fear had crept a rat-quality. He lowered the pistol, reversed it in his hand, held it out, butt foremost. The waiter, the men at the door, rushed on him.



"I Done It as Much as You," Confessed Kate. He Did Not Respond; He Did Not Help Her

"Easy, will you?" said Baldy. "I'll go quiet. Had to do it. Didn't he try to bean me with that bottle?" Then as though the diplomacies of the situation called at least for regret, he looked down at Mike and said, "Hell of a thing, ain't it?" And as though responding that lump of clay on the floor made its final movement. A shiver ran over Mike; a feeble rattling cough began and ended as suddenly as though someone had stopped his mouth. The waiter, who had disarmed Baldy, turned in time to see this—and something else. With his free hand he clutched tardily at Kate as she collapsed on the floor.

"Six to ten years."

It came out with a touch of elocutionary effect from the perfunctory voice of the judge, droning legal phraseology on sentence day. The judgment brought no surprise, really, either to Baldy, standing between two guards there at the rail; to Dolly, back again, now that the necessity for a modest appearance on the stand was over, in feathers and finery; or to Kate, sitting in the front row, her hands clasped on the rail. Least of all to Kate. After those first three days of torment—the Tombs, the refined brutalities of the third degree as applied to women, the sessions with Baldy's lawyer who was fixer for all the gang—the shadow of the electric chair seemed no longer to hang over this affair. Baldy, though only recently arrived from Syracuse, was a member of the gang; and the gang took care of its own. The waiter, who saw it all, had his memory most astonishingly refreshed before the police reached him. He had seen Mike seize the heavy water bottle and jump at Baldy before he himself went to the floor. Dolly lied in confirmation—steadily, craftily, with the proper appearance of reluctance.

Kate did not have to lie about the water bottle. If no one, either in the torture chambers of Central Police or in the court room, pressed her on this point, it was because she came out with a vital piece of frankness which Baldy's lawyer was able to twist into a most potent instrument of defense. Baldy had been her steady. Of late they two had made, more and more, a party of four with Dolly and Mike. Of late also, Baldy had grown

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a little cold. That night they had dined together—too well. And Kate had used the oldest method known to women of lashing up a fading affection. She had flirted with Mike—heavy-handedly, grossly, for they were all a little drunk. Later they were going to the grand ball of the Francis I. Goreham Association; but meantime they had repaired to the back room of Moroni's for another drink. At the door, with an ostentatious show of furtiveness, Kate had slipped an arm about Mike, kissed him. Dolly, at this moment only a pawn in Kate's game, had seen this passage too. Perhaps that was why Mike began suddenly to pay violent court to Dolly. And then it all happened—violent, obscene invective between the two men, both suddenly on their feet, the shot, the red stain on her white glove.

One thing she did not tell, either to the inquisitorial police or to the court. It was that she threw herself, when she saw action approaching, not upon Mike but upon Baldy. With the waiter fixed, there was none to recall that.

"I got to treat you rough, girlie," the lawyer had said at their final rehearsal before the trial. Kate only nodded. She well knew in her heart who was responsible for the death of Mike Naughton. What did a little more public shame matter? The girls at the rooming house where she lived had already stopped speaking to her, and the landlady had given her notice. Even the newspapers, in their brief accounts of this inconsequential little tragedy of the dock region, had made her a back-room siren—"the Beale woman." For a month she had worked on at her job in the waist factory, until ostracism had grown too much to bear. Now she was living on her savings; oddly, Kate had saved. It was the one stable spot in a life that had begun to float away on its own impulses. No; she found herself experiencing a curious joy of abasement when the lawyer held up her character for all the world to see; as one finds perverse pleasure sometimes in pressing a wound.

Then, when all looked like plain sailing for an acquittal, the jury, partly planted though it was, developed one of those whimsical turns of juries. It was locked up for twelve hours. The news filtered through the door that someone was holding out. But the verdict came like a blow—second-degree murder, with recommendation to mercy. The case was not appealed. For while Baldy waited in the Tombs for trial, New York had experienced at the end of a series of gang murders a spasm of virtue. "If they tried him again it would be the chair," said the lawyer bluntly. The judge, gang opinion held, did the best he could in the present state of public opinion—six to ten years, which experts said would mean about seven if Baldy behaved himself.

Kate, going for her last interview before they took him away to Auburn, far up the state, met Dolly coming out of the visitors' room in the Tombs. Some emotion made on Dolly's cheeks a dull background for her rouge, almost ennobled her insignificantly pretty features. As she faced Kate her eyes went wide, her color even more vivid.

"Just tellin' him it was all right with me," Dolly said.

"Nice of you, Dolly," said Kate.

Dread as of a blow, remorse, affection—into this whirl of emotions shot a kind of envy. Dolly and all the rest of the world could face him clean, while she —— He was looking at her sullenly through the bars. For an instant love seemed to conquer all other emotions. Then remorse reclaimed its own.

"I wisht I could serve it for you," said Kate. "I wisht I could go to the chair if I could get you off."

"Hell you do!" said Baldy.

He was an explosive man, Baldy; his temper had a way of breaking into sudden, violent action as it had on the night of the murder. Once, months ago, he had struck her, and thrilled her even in the midst of her squalls and execrations. His eyes had looked then as they looked now; she dropped hers.

"I done it as much as you," confessed Kate. He did not respond; he did not help her. She faltered on. "I want to make it up to you. I'll work, I'll save every cent I get and"—the whole thing was oddly beyond any maiden modesty which Kate had left, yet she stumbled here—"I'll—I'll marry you now if you say the word." She dared look up again, and saw that his eyes had become kind.

"That can wait till I get out," he said, his voice shaking a little with some emotion. "It's all right, kid."

"I'll come up every visitors' day," added Kate.

She looked up at him; he seemed to be considering that.

"No; what's the use?" he said. "No, you keep away from the stir. When I come out and go straight I don't want them identifying you too."

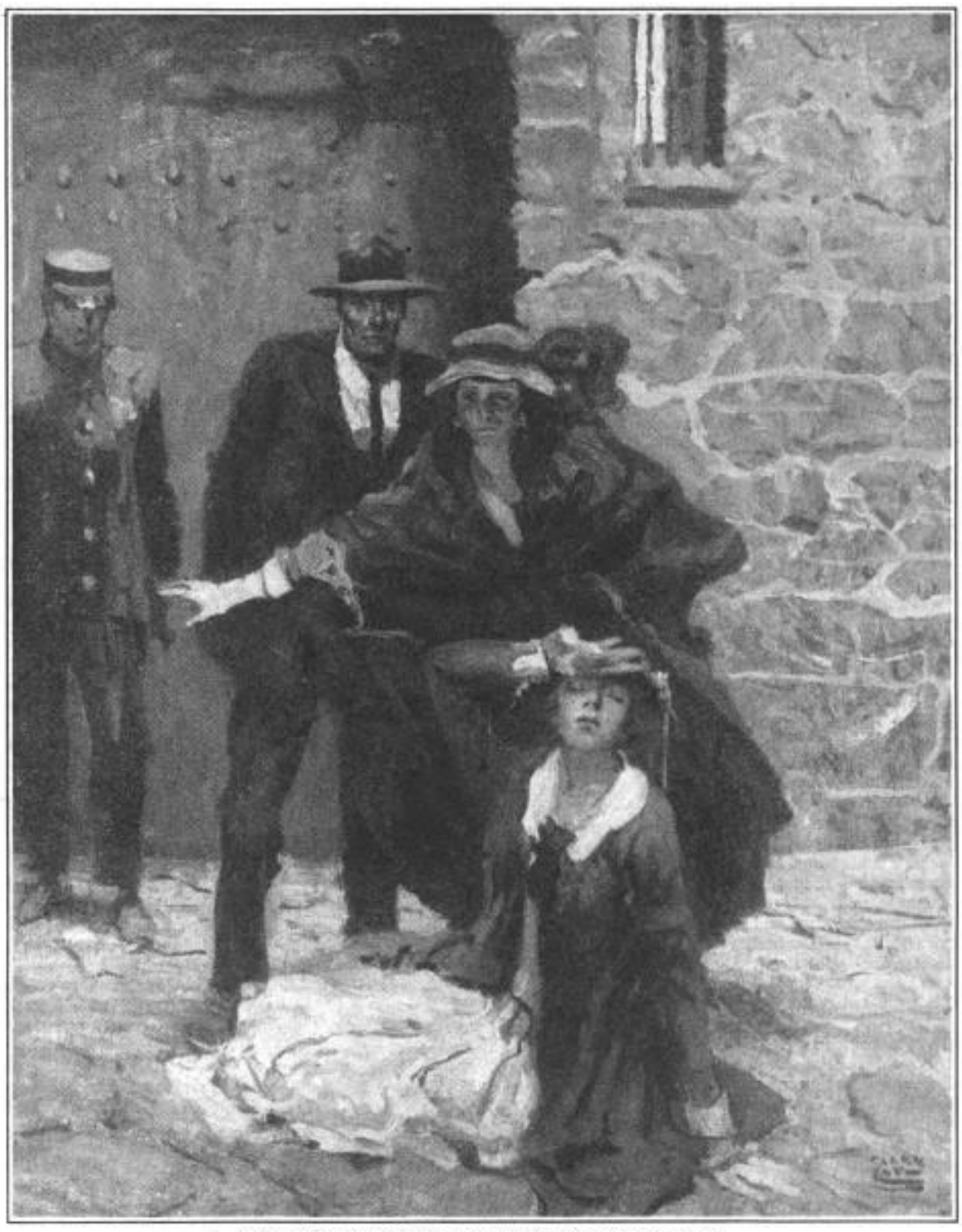
The guards were coming now. Kate caught the metallic glimpse of the handcuffs. She kissed him through the bars and turned away that she might not witness this final shame. He kissed her ardently enough; even, as she took one final look, she saw that his eyes had become gay.

At the door of the Tombs her tears broke the last feeble barriers of her self-control. All that day she walked the streets, weeping at intervals—not turbulently, as she had always wept before, but as softly and steadily as an autumn rain. Twice, when that vision of a red stain on a white glove brought an inner misery too acute to bear, she turned toward the river, and twice she said, "I'd be a quitter."

And that evening from the little ill-smelling congregation at the Hudson Street Rescue Mission a girl came forward and sank down at the mourners' bench. She had already attracted the attention of the Reverend Mr. Watkins, the young and zealous missionary, by her wide, serious, tear-dimmed eyes. She was not of the "lost" class; even he could see that. But the soul looking out of those eyes was scarred; he could see that too. He had bent over her, begun his somewhat formal approach; but she only shook her head, so that he left her. Even after she came forward, so suddenly yet so quietly, he could make little of her. Simply, she signed the roll of the saved and went away.

The Reverend Watkins awaited her return for a week, then visited the address she had given and found from a severe and disapproving landlady—whose attitude implied that she could tell much more if she wished—that Katherine Beale had moved, leaving no address. He shook his head. "An emotional conversion," he said. He did not know that of all the flowers of grace garnered that week by the Gospel Mission this was the one most likely to prove an immortal.

But the recording angel knew. Only he did not quite close the page wherein he had set down since her birth the things important to the soul of Katherine Beale. With his divine insight into hearts he passes over many things that you and I would record. That night of the murder, for example, he merely wrote "Finis" on Mike Naughton's page, and closed it. He did not write on Baldy Martin's page at all. He knew that this dramatic climax was but the logical sequence of little acts and choices, invisible in their significance even to Baldy, which predetermined something like this. Probably he had a page for Dolly; though that amorphic soul would seem to you and me scarcely worth a record. But the night when she stood staring at the blood stain on her glove, the night when she walked into Mr. Watkins' mission, he wrote much on Katherine's page—and left it open for further record. He knew that the real test was yet to come.



"C'mon—Get Out of This!" Cried Dolly, Drawing Him Away

At the moment when the Reverend Mr. Watkins turned away with solemn, shaking head from the rooming house in Hudson Street, the object of his search was whirling through another circle of many-circled New York. In a white-tiled, ostentatiously sanitary restaurant far up by the Bronx River, she was rushing an order of wheat cakes and sausages from the cook's window to the marble-topped table. On the night of her conversion she had sent the last of her savings to Baldy's lawyer, packed, settled her affairs as though for death. Save to Baldy she had no farewell letters to write; she was thankful now for that. Yet therein lay part of the reason for the course she had traveled.

When she was eight years old her mother had died. Her father remarried a slatternly, scolding stepmother with a brood of her own. Then her father died; in the trail of Gertie Blum—older, more enterprising, wholly fascinating—she had drifted from Cleveland to Buffalo to New York. Gertie, whose life had become more and more careless, had dropped a moral notch with each remove. In New York she flopped violently into the category of the lost. If Kate did not follow it was because of some solid

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substance in her character from which proceeded her whim for work and for saving money. Then came Baldy and ——

At the employment office next morning she had seized on the first job remote from her old haunts, and set herself to serve her own sentence. Those scrubbed, sanitary white tiles were to be for the term of Baldy's sentence as much her prison as the gray stones of Auburn Prison were to be his. She knew that in a flash of prescience on the morning when she pulled on her white apron, fell to work. And in a month she had established her own prison routine. The first hard pull was past—the period when she spent her leisure afternoons off in walking on her swollen feet that she might be sure of sleep at night. The vision of that back-room tragedy tormented her with a duller poignancy; it alternated with currents of returning life when old desires for unnatural excitements took momentary control. By the end of the month they, too, were growing dull.

She lived like a nun in a hall bedroom just large enough so that she might squeeze in beside her cot. And the first week she saved, from her pay and her tips, a dollar and forty cents. She was only twenty-one and not obviously pretty; the most you could say of her on first glimpse was that she possessed a straight-backed, boyish figure, that her chestnut hair—if you looked long enough—had glints of gold, and her brown eyes flickers of green. She had no talent for saucing the provender of Barrows' with sex, as had some of the other girls; but by the same token, before the month was out regular patrons were asking for her table, were tipping steadily. For the rest, she went to church twice on Sundays and, after the inner storms of that first month, to afternoon classes in the rudiments at the Y. W. C. A. It was a month more before she realized that she liked this part of her life—was living for it. Her weekly letters to Auburn State Prison grew longer, grew even articulate, began to show a dawning sense of the relations of parts of speech. Baldy wrote regularly every fortnight, such letters as a prisoner may.

It was six months, however, before she nerved herself to write, after painful beginnings and failures, what was mostly in her heart about him—that night at the rescue mission, and what it had meant to her. Baldy answered in kind—a letter which sent her scurrying to her hall bedroom that she might fall on her knees alone. Baldy had seen the light. That was how he put it. It had been the doings of the prison chaplain. He was going square when he came out.

It came, all this, in a dramatic and useful moment. For the wild impulses of twenty-one were again fluttering against the walls of her prison. Only they were growing different now. When she let herself meditate on joy she thought less of all-night dances in Sullivan Hall than of the clothes she saw in church, of pretty apartments glimpsed through the windows of the Elevated. Even that she could put aside now; and she went on with her régime of a nun, saving—always saving. At the restaurant the cooks and pantrymen had ceased their offers of flirtation and of nights at the movies; and the other girls dismissed her simply as Miss Tightwad or Teacher's Pet. For Mr. Gowdy, the young, efficient, serious-minded manager, held her up as a model to student waitresses.

At the end of the year she had saved three hundred and six dollars. She wrote this to Baldy. Of what else she had gained she said nothing, but the letter spoke for itself. "And I'll be doing better next year," she wrote. "Mr. Gowdy says I'm in line for head waitress—what do you think of that?"

Then the life that she had left behind thrust itself visibly, disturbingly for a moment into this routine; and was in a moment gone. At the door of the restaurant a figure had stepped out from the shadows of the doorway in the house beyond—a figure identified by motion before the light revealed the face. It was Dolly, but no longer the old Dolly. Her face in the electric light shone innocent of rouge under a neat, cheap turban; a plain camel's-hair coat, thrown aside, revealed a plainer dress. Gaudy trimmings and cheap jewelry—something had stripped all these from Dolly. But her voice as she spoke was as of old—light, a little flat and childish.

"Hello, kid. Thought I'd come 'n' see you," said Dolly.

Kate's main anxiety rose to the surface at once, found words without her volition.

"How'd you learn where I was?" she asked a little sharply.

"Pooch Sieger said he seen you here last week," replied Dolly. "Ain't seen him much lately either," she added somewhat hastily. "Fact is, it's the first time since ——" She broke off here. They had begun to walk, as by common instinct, in the direction of Kate's rooming house. "Had to be up this way," Dolly went on in somewhat hasty explanation. "Just thought I'd ask if you was hearing anything from Baldy—poor kid!"

"Yes," replied Kate almost proudly; "I hear twice a month. I don't go up to Auburn because he'd rather I wouldn't see him there. He's doing—better than I had expected."

"'S good," replied Dolly a little carelessly. "Thought I might write to him myself."

"I wish you would!"

"Well, I dunno," replied Dolly. "When I saw him before they took him away, to tell him it was all right with me, he didn't exactly try to kiss me, or anything."

From the corner of her eye Kate had been studying Dolly. And what she saw warmed her heart.

"What are you working at?" she ventured.

"Laundry," replied Dolly. "You see—after the jolt I cut out the high life and got me a job."

"Did you? So did I," said Kate; though indeed the facts had spoken for themselves.

And then Dolly, who had always been hen-minded, seemed unable longer to carry on this serious conversation.

"Some coat you're wearing—if it is that sensible stuff," she said, fingering Kate's shoulder.

"It's sensible, all right—got to be," said Kate. "It's the one rag of clothes I've bought since I came up here."

Conversation flowed easily then to the favored feminine topic; and now they stood at the door of Kate's rooming house.

"I'd like to ask you in," said Kate, "but I guess I wouldn't want anybody to see the place."

"But it's the Ritz beside the hole where I hang out," replied Dolly. "I'm saving my jack, I am."

"So am I," replied Kate. "For Baldy when he comes out." Again she spoke with a curious pride. This was the first human being to whom she had been able to declare herself.

"And me for little Dolly. Say, where do you put it away—the savings bank? So do I." Dolly fumbled in her cheap bag, brought out a bank book. "I got it here to show. I'll match you—bet I've beat you."

"All right," said Kate. "I'll match you—if you don't mind this hole."

They threaded the dim hall with its dingy paint, its smell of old cooking. Kate opened a door at the head of the stairs, lit the gas, revealed a narrow aisle beside the rickety, rusting iron bed, the one open space before the window plugged with a chair, a washstand and a trunk, the row of hooks holding the three spare garments of her wardrobe, the photograph of Baldy and the pretty-girl calendar, sole ornaments of a flaking wall.

"Sit down—on the bed," invited Kate. She opened her trunk, took out a dingy leather book. They solemnly exchanged.

"Glad I didn't bet anything," said Dolly. "Three hundred and six dollars! Gee, you beat me by most a hundred. How do you get that way?"

Then Dolly's mind jumped again—to clothes.

"I'd rather you wouldn't say anything about seeing me," Kate ventured at parting.



Baldy Wheeled, Half Raised His Gun as Though to Force His Way Toward Escape

"Sure—I'm on!" said Dolly. "I ain't told you where I live myself, have I? I'll write to Baldy if you say so—if you think he'd stand for it."

"I guess Baldy looks at a lot of things different now," replied Kate. It was on the tip of her tongue to say why he had changed—why she had changed. But a shyness—perhaps a fear of disturbing the delicate balance of Dolly's reformation—restrained her. "He'll write when he can," she concluded weakly.

Dolly said nothing about coming again. Kate understood. It was a relief to know that Dolly had reformed; it seemed as though poor Mike in dying had made expiation for all the rest. But Dolly was disturbing. Yes, she was glad to let things stand as they did.

Nothing more happened for six months. Then Mr. Gowdy announced the not wholly unexpected. Mrs. Carter, the irate, scolding but likable head waitress, was leaving to start a restaurant of her own. With his serious air slightly touched by pomposity, he offered Kate the job of head waitress and felt his vanity of position a little hurt when she did not accept at once—only stood with her serious eyes down-turned, her fingers resting on the surface of the table.

"Is there anything more you'd like to know about me—before I take a responsible job?" she faltered.

"I know enough," Mr. Gowdy replied. "I have learned what you are doing with your leisure. I may say that it is your attempts at self-improvement as well as ——"

And suddenly her delayed gratitude seemed to break the dam. She looked at him with her shining eyes. "Thank you, Mr. Gowdy—you don't know how much I thank you," she said.

And in that second year—to record only the important thing—she put away nearly five hundred dollars.

Then the war came—our part of the war—and opportunity. Its bugles reverberated even past the gray stones of Auburn. Baldy wrote that he was mad to go; that all the boys were. It tore to pieces the staff at Barrows' Bronx branch. The cooks began to drop out—they were needed in the training camps; the waitresses scurried away to war work. Mr. Gowdy, who was a first sergeant in the militia, found his regiment called out and chose, spite of his family, to go. The offer of a commission helped his choice. A nervous young man, in whose hands the machinery of Barrows' Bronx establishment creaked frightfully, tried the job for a fortnight. Then he was snapped up to manage an officers' mess. And when Kate was summoned by telephone to the office of the great Barrows himself she knew what was coming and wrestled with her private problem all the way down in the Subway.

He had graduated from a meat cook, this Barrows—plump, rough, only half literate, with a shrewd little blue eye, an irregular humorous mouth, a weakness for diamonds.

"Well, we're down to the ladies," he said. "How'd you like a try at running the Bronx branch? I ain't blind. You've been managing it for some time, but the manager didn't know it."

"I'd like it—if ——" she began, and hesitated. And that hesitation drew out of him an offer of salary which made her gasp. Where she had saved for Baldy by hundreds she could now save almost by thousands.

But she steeled herself to answer as she had answered Mr. Gowdy: "Are you sure you know enough about me?"

Now the feet of Mr. Barrows' soul were large and awkward, but he never stepped consciously on a flower. His shrewd eyes narrowed.

"Is there anything more I ought to know—not your private affairs, but—in connection with the business?"

"No—nothing." But her manner, Mr. Barrows felt, was not entirely at ease.

He paused, considering. He knew that she had come to them from nowhere. He knew that Gowdy had marked her from the first as a "corker." He knew about her attendance at night school; and he cherished the superstitious respect of the uneducated for education. Moreover, had he not himself observed her mania for clean sugar bowls? That was Mr. Barrows' professional hobby.

Never before had he met anyone so particular about sugar bowls.

That consideration, together with the native delicacy buried under so many layers of fat, bluster and strict business, tempered his words when he broke the silence.

"Sure there's nothing you'd want to tell me—bearing on the business or money or anything?"

She looked full at him with her serious eyes.

"No, Mr. Barrows. I guess I can say truthfully I never stole or cheated in my life."

He laughed his good-natured, rumbling laugh.

"Then I'm satisfied if you are," he said.

After she was gone he rather regretted that he had not questioned her further. But the spirit bred in those early high days of war had touched Mr. Barrows also. He was disposed to take generous chances. And as the war went on, as troubles with inexpert and uncertain help, with rising prices, with shortages, mounted up on Mr. Barrows, he

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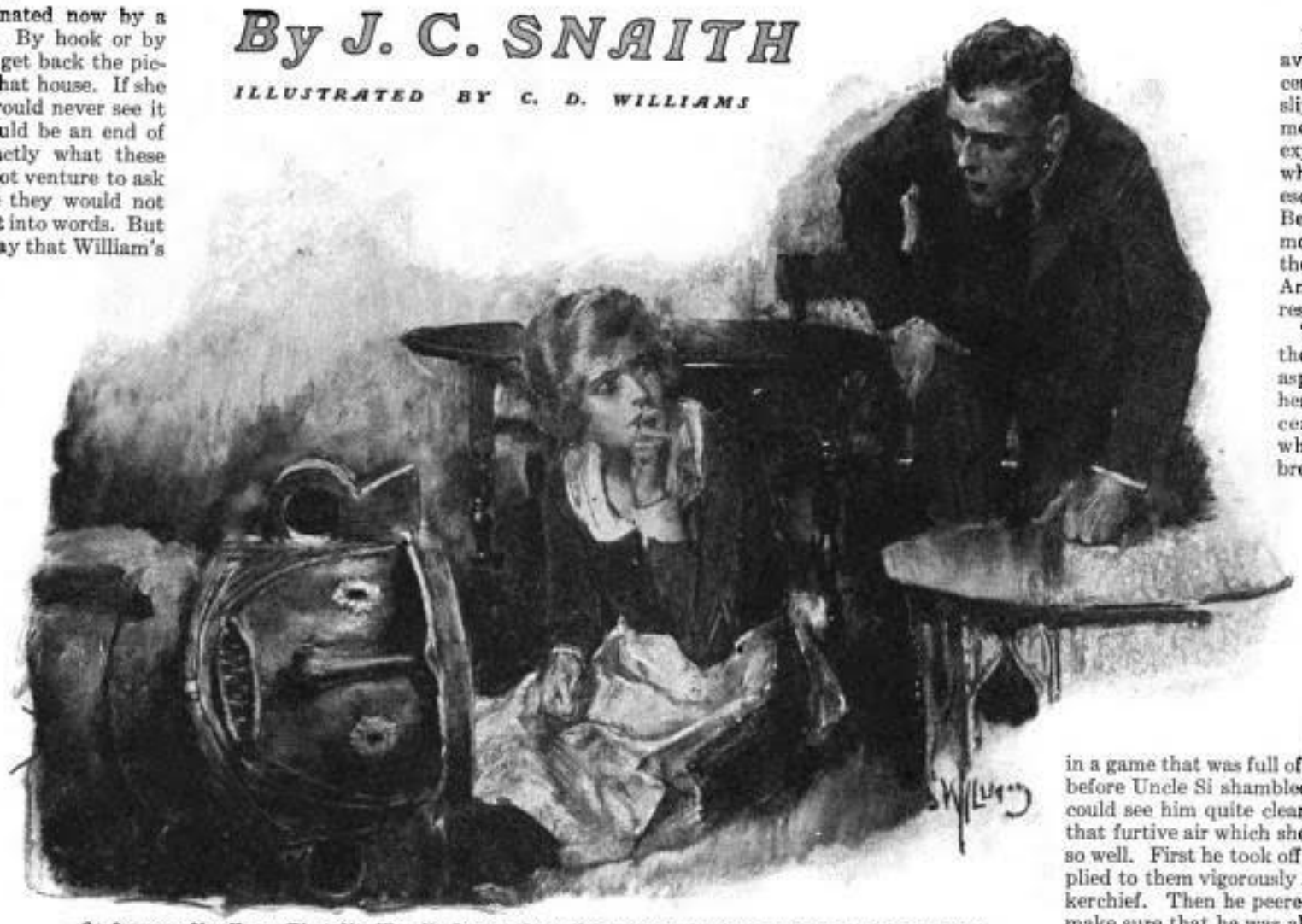
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THE VAN ROON

XXVI

By J. C. SNAITH

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS



As Soon as She Knew That She Was No Longer Pinned by the Jaws of the Monster the Action of a Strong Mind Was Needed to Ward Off a Threat of Hysteria

JUNE was dominated now by a single thought. By hook or by crook she must get back the picture before she left that house. If she failed to do so she would never see it again, and there would be an end of all her hopes. Exactly what these hopes were she did not venture to ask herself; in any case they would not have been easy to put into words. But she felt in a vague way that William's future and her own were bound up in them.

It was clear that the picture was concealed somewhere upon the premises, because Mr. Thornton and his friend M. Duponnet were coming there the next day to look at it. June was quick to realize that this fact offered a measure of opportunity which, slender as it was, must certainly be used. No other was in the least likely to come her way.

Three o'clock on Thursday afternoon, she had learned already, was the hour of the appointment. It was now the afternoon of Wednesday. No matter what the penalty, if flesh and blood could contrive it she must be present at this interview and see what happened to the treasure.

Despair heavy upon her, she lay awake the best part of the night searching her mind for a plan of action. But the quest seemed hopeless. Uncle Si could so easily checkmate any scheme she might form. And he would not have a scruple in doing so.

She must outwit him somehow; but to outwit one of such cunning was a task for a brain far stronger and nimbler than hers.

Lying up there in her comfortless bed, wild thoughts flocking round her pillow like so many evil spirits, the whole sorry affair was as haunting as a bad dream. And interwoven with it in the most fantastic way was the shop below, and more particularly the hoodoo, the presiding genius, which now stood forth in June's mind as the replica of Uncle Si himself. He was surely possessed by a devil, and this heathen joss as surely embodied it.

On the morning of Thursday June rose early. She was in a mood of desperation. Little sleep had come to her in the long and dreary night hours. But in spite of feeling quite worn out, her determination to best Uncle Si and to regain her own property had not grown less. No ray was to be seen anywhere; yet defiant of fate as she still was, the time had not yet come to admit even to herself that all was lost.

As, dustpan and brush in hand, she began the day's work more than one reckless expedient crossed her mind. In the last resort she might put the matter in the hands of the police. If she could have counted on William's support she might have been tempted to do this, but the rub was, he could not be depended on at all. Nobly as he had fought her recent battle, it was clear that so far as the picture itself was concerned his sympathies were wholly with Uncle Si. Even if he did not deny that the picture was her lawful property, he had certainly done his best to revoke his gift.

No, she would gain nothing by calling in the police. She must find some other way. During the night a wild plan had entered her mind. And if in the course of the morning no scheme more hopeful occurred to her she was now resolved to act upon it.

To this end she began at once to throw dust in the eyes of Uncle Si. At the breakfast table he was told that she meant to spend the afternoon looking for a job if—with a modest eye on her plate—he had no objection.

The old crocodile had not the least objection. With gusto he assured her that it was quite the best thing she could do. Privately he assured himself that he didn't want her hanging around the place while he was transacting business of great importance with Mr. Thornton and M. Duponnet. Ever in the forefront of his mind was the fact that these gentlemen were coming to see him at three o'clock.

About an hour before the time appointed the old fox sent William on an errand that would keep him away most of the afternoon. And further to insure that the coast would be quite clear S. Gedge, Antiques, said sharply to his niece, "Go and put on your hat, my girl, and make yourself scarce. Get after that job you spoke about. I won't have you about the premises while these gentlemen are here."

June, however, had other views. And these, whatever they were, she was at great pains not to disclose. First she watched William go innocently forth on a long bus ride to Richmond. Next she made sure that Uncle Si was composing himself in his armchair for his usual forty winks after dinner. And then she proceeded boldly to develop her audacious design.

To start with, she crept into the front shop and surveyed the hoodoo. The quaintly hideous vase was fully six feet tall, its body huge, its mouth wide. Was it possible to get inside? There was little doubt that if she was able to do so this curious monster was quite large enough to conceal her.

She saw at once that the task before her was no light one. But by the side of the hoodoo inscrutable Providence had placed a genuine antique in the shape of a gate-legged table—"£4.19.6, a great bargain." The sight of this was encouraging. She climbed onto it. And then wedging the hoodoo most cunningly between the table and the wall and artfully disposing her own weight so that the monster might not tip over, she lowered herself with the caution and agility of a cat into its roomy interior.

It was almost a feat for an acrobat, but she managed it somehow. Keeping tight hold of the rim as she swung both legs over, her feet touched bottom with the vase still maintaining the perpendicular, and without even the need to bend, the top of her head was invisible. Near the top of the vase, moreover, was the monster's open mouth, a narrow slit studded with teeth, which not only afforded a means of ventilation but also through which, to June's devout joy, she was able to peer.

For such a crowning boon on the part of Providence she had every reason to feel grateful. So far everything was wonderfully right. Her daring had met with more success than could have been hoped for. One problem remained, however, which at that moment she did not venture to look in the face. To get into the vase was one thing; to get out of it would be quite another.

No friendly table could avail her now. In ascending that sheer and slippery face of painted metal work she must not expect help from outside when the time came to escape from her prison. Besides, one incautious movement might cause the whole thing to topple. And if topple it did the results would be dire.

This, however, was not the time to consider that aspect of the case. Let her be thankful for a concealment so perfect, which allowed her to breathe and to see without being seen or her presence suspected. For such material benefits she must lift up her heart, and hope for the best when the time came to get out. With a sense of grim satisfaction she set herself to lie doggo and await the next turn in a game that was full of peril. It was not long before Uncle Si shambled into the shop. June could see him quite clearly as he came in with that furtive air which she had learned to know so well. First he took off his spectacles and applied to them vigorously a red bandanna handkerchief. Then he peered cautiously round to make sure that he was alone.

June had not dared to hope that the picture was concealed in the shop; and yet it offered every facility. There were many nooks and crannies, and the whole place was crammed with old pieces of furniture, bric-a-brac, curios. But June had felt that S. Gedge, Antiques, was not likely to run the risk of hiding his treasure in the midst of these. She thought that his bedroom, under lock and key, was the most likely place of all.

Howbeit, with a sharp thrill, half torment, half delight, she saw that this was not the case. Within a few feet of the hoodoo itself was an old oak chest, which Uncle Si cautiously drew aside.

The very spot whereon it had rested contained a loose board. He took a small chisel from a drawer in the counter, prized up the board, and from beneath it took forth the buried treasure.

Long and lovingly the old man looked at it, hugging it to his breast more than once in the process; and as he did so June was reminded irresistibly of the Miser Gaspard in Les Cloches de Corneville, that famous play she had once seen at the Theatre Royal, Blackhampton. To hide such a thing in such a place was a regular miser's trick. It was just what she might have expected of him. Presently a grandfather's clock, with a Westminster Abbey face, "guaranteed Queen Anne," chimed the hour of three. June could scarcely breathe for excitement. Her heart seemed to rise in her throat and choke her.

At five minutes past three came Mr. Thornton and M. Duponnet. The Frenchman was a small and dapper personage with a keen eye and a neat imperial. In manner he was much quieter than tradition exacts of a Frenchman, but it was easy to tell that Uncle Si was much impressed by him. Louis Quinze-Legs, too, was full of deference. That gentleman, whose face was almost as foxy as that of Uncle Si himself and about whose lips a thin smile flitted perpetually, had an air of tacit homage for the smallest remark of M. Duponnet, who was clearly a man of great consequence if the bearing of Mr. Thornton was anything to go by.

June, at the back of the shop inside the hoodoo—and her keen eyes hidden by its half-open jaws—which in addition to other advantages was partly masked by a litter of bric-a-brac, was in a position to gain full knowledge of all that passed between these three. To begin with, S. Gedge, Antiques, ceremoniously handed the picture to Louis Quinze-Legs, who with a fine gesture handed it to M. Duponnet.

The Frenchman examined the canvas, back and front, through his own private glass, scratched portions of it with his nail, pursed his lips, rubbed his nose, and no doubt would have shrugged his shoulders had not that been such a jejune thing for a Frenchman to do.

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With a deference that was quite impressive Mr. Thornton and S. Gedge, Antiques, waited for M. Duponnet to say something.

"Ze tail of de R is a little faint, *hein!*" was what he said.

"But it is a tail, mussewer," said S. Gedge, Antiques, in a robust voice.

"And it is an R," said polite Mr. Thornton as he bent over the picture.

"You can bet your life on that," said S. Gedge, Antiques.

M. Duponnet did not seem inclined to wager anything so valuable as his life. After a little hesitation, which involved further minute examination through his glass, he was ready to take the R for granted. But he went on to deplore the fact that the picture was without a pedigree. "A pedigree, mussewer!" It was now the turn of S. Gedge, Antiques, to rub his nose.



"You Know as Well as I Do That it's a Van Roon." Uncle Si Verged Almost Upon Tears

M. Duponnet succinctly explained with the air of a man expounding a commonplace in the world of art that Van Roons were so few, their qualities so rare, their monetary value so considerable, that as soon as one came into the market its history was eagerly scrutinized. And should one appear that previously had not been known to exist it would have to run the gantlet of the most expert criticism.

"May be, mussewer!" S. Gedge, Antiques, wagged a dour head. "But that's not going to alter the fact that this be-yew-ti-ful thing is a genuine Van Roon and one of the finest examples known."

In a manner of speaking it would not, agreed M. Duponnet, but it might detract considerably from its market value.

"That's as may be." The old man suddenly assumed quite a high tone.

M. Duponnet and Mr. Thornton took the picture to the other side of the shop and conferred together. So low were their voices that neither Uncle Si nor June could hear a word of what passed between them. Time and again they held the canvas to the light. They laid it on a tallboy and pored over it; they borrowed the microscope of each other and made great show of using it; and then finally Mr. Thornton crossed the floor and said to Uncle Si, who was handling a piece of old glass with the most pensive unconcern, "What's your price, Mr. Gedge?"

"Heh?" said the old man as if emerging from a beautiful dream. "Price? You had better name one."

Excitement at this point seemed to cause June's heart to stop beating.

"The trouble is," said Mr. Thornton, "our friend, M. Duponnet, is not quite convinced that it is a Van Roon."

"But there's the signature."

"It seems to have been touched up a bit."

"Not by me," said S. Gedge, Antiques, austerely.

"We don't think that for a moment," said Mr. Thornton in a voice of honey. "But the signature is by no means so clear as it might be, and in the absence of a pedigree M. Duponnet does not feel justified in paying a big price."

There was a pause while the old man indulged in a dramatic change of spectacles. And then he said rather sourly, in a tone that M. Duponnet could not fail to hear: "Pedigree or no pedigree, I shall have no difficulty in selling it. You know as well as I do, Mr. Thornton, that American buyers are in the market."

"Quite so, Mr. Gedge," said Mr. Thornton suavely.

And then while Uncle Si glared at both gentlemen as if they had been caught with their hands in his pocket they conferred again together. This time it was M. Duponnet who ended their discussion by saying, "Meester Gedge, name your figure!"

"Figure?" said Uncle Si dreamily; and then in his odd way he scratched his scrub of whisker with a thumb nail and rubbed a forefinger down his long and foxlike nose.

"Your price, Meester Gedge?"

"Mussewer," said the old man solemnly, "I couldn't take less than five thousand pounds; I couldn't really."

June held her breath. For some little time past she had been convinced that the picture was valuable, but she was hardly prepared for this fabulous sum.

M. Duponnet shook his head. "Meester Gedge, if only we had its 'istory!"

"If we had its history, mussewer, I should want at least twice the money. Even as it is I am taking a big chance. You know that as well as I do."

This seemed to be true. At all events M. Duponnet and Mr. Thornton again talked earnestly together. Once more they fingered that rather dilapidated canvas. Head to head they bent over it yet again; and then suddenly M. Duponnet looked up and came abruptly across to the old man.

"Meester Gedge," he said, "I can't go beyond four t'ousand pounds. That is my limit!"

"Five, Mussewer Duponny; that is mine," said Uncle Si with a dark smile.

It was a jejune thing for a French gentleman to do, but at this point M. Duponnet really and truly gave his shoulders a shrug and walked three paces up towards the shop door.

Uncle Si did not stir a muscle. And then M. Duponnet faced about and said, "Guineas, Meester Gedge, I'll give four t'ousand guineas; and that's my last word."

Uncle Si having no pretensions to be considered a French gentleman did not hesitate to give his own shoulders a shrug. It was his turn then to confer with the discreet and knowledgeable Mr. Thornton, who it was clear was acting the difficult part of a go-between.

June heard that gentleman say in an audible whisper: "A fair price, Mr. Gedge, for the thing as it stands. It hasn't a pedigree, and to me that signature looks a bit doubtful. In the market it may fetch more or it may fetch less, but at the same time four thousand guineas is a fine insurance."

Finished dissembler as Uncle Si was, even he did not seek to deny the truth of this. There could be no gainsaying that four thousand guineas was a fine insurance. True, if the picture proved to be a veritable Van Roon it might fetch many times that sum. In that shrewd mind no bigger miracle was needed for the thing to turn out a chef-d'œuvre than that it should prove to be worth the sum offered by M. Duponnet. Either contingency seemed too good to be true. Besides, S. Gedge, Antiques, belonged to a conservative school, among whose articles of faith was a certain trite proverb about a bird in the hand.

It went to the old man's heart to accept four thousand guineas for a work that might be worth so very much more. June could hear him breathing heavily. In her tense ear that sound dominated even the furious beating of her own heart. A kind of sickness came over her, as only too surely she understood that the wicked old man was giving in. Before her very eyes he was going to surrender her own private property for a fabulous sum.

"Four t'ousand guineas, Meester Gedge," said M. Duponnet with quite an air of nonchalance. But he knew well enough that the old man was about to fall.

"It's giving it away, mussewer," whined Uncle Si. "It's giving it away."

"Zat I don't t'ink, Meester Gedge," said the French gentleman, quietly unbuttoning his coat and taking a fountain pen and a check book from an inner pocket.

"It's a *risque*—a big *risque*. It may not be Van Roon at all—and zen where are we?"

"You know as well as I do that it's a Van Roon." Uncle Si verged almost upon tears.

"Very well, Meester Gedge, if you prefer ze big chance." And check book in hand the French gentleman paused.

June was torn. And she could tell by the strange whine in the rasping voice that the old crocodile was also torn.

At this moment of crisis Mr. Thornton interposed with masterful effect. "In my humble opinion," he said, "it's a very fair offer for the thing as it stands."

"You are thinking of your ten per cent commission," said S. Gedge, Antiques, with a gleam of malice.

"Well, Meester Gedge," said M. Duponnet, "take it or leave it." And the French gentleman began to fold up his check book.

With a groan to rend a heart of stone S. Gedge, Antiques, brought himself suddenly to accept the offer. Half suffocated by excitement June watched M. Duponnet cross to the desk and proceed to write out a check for four thousand guineas. And as she did so her heart sank. She was quite sure that she was looking upon the picture for the last time.

In jumping to this conclusion, however, she had not made full allowance for the business capacity of Uncle Si. When M. Duponnet had filled in the check and handed it to him the old crocodile scrutinized it very carefully indeed, and then he said, "Thank you, Mussewer Duponny. The bank closes at three. But tomorrow morning I'll take this round myself as soon as it opens. And if the manager says it's all right you can have the picture whenever you like."

"*Bien!*" The Frenchman bowed politely. "Meanwhile take good care of the picture. There are many thieves about." M. Duponnet laughed. "Mind you lock it up in a safe place."

"You can trust Mr. Gedge to do that, I think," said Louis Quinze-Legs dryly.

"I hope so, I'm sure," said the old man with a frosty smile.

"*Soit!*" M. Duponnet smiled too. "I'll call for it myself tomorrow morning at twelve."

"Thank you, mussewer!"

S. Gedge, Antiques, gave his visitors a bow as they went up to the shop door, and ushered them ceremoniously into the not particularly inviting air of New Cross Street.

XXVII

JUST at first June was unable to realize that M. Duponnet had not taken the picture away with him. The blood seemed to drum against her brain while she watched Uncle Si turn over the check in his long talon fingers and then transfer it to a leather case, which he returned to his breast pocket with a deep sigh. Afterwards he took up the picture from the table on which he had set it down, and then it was that June grasped the fact that the picture was still there.

The face which bent over it now was not that of a happy man. It was a complex of emotions, deep and stern. The price was huge for a thing that had cost him nothing, but—and there it was that the shoe pinched—if it should prove to be a real Van Roon he might be parting with it for a song.

June could read his thoughts like an open book. He wanted to eat his cake and have it too. She would have been inclined to pity him had her hatred and her scorn been less. In his cunning and his greed he was a tragic figure, with a thing of incomparable beauty in his hand, whose sole effect was to give him the look of an evil bird of prey. Utter rascal as she now knew him to be, she shivered to think how easy it would be for herself to grow just like him. Her very soul was fixed upon the recovery of this wonderful thing which in the first place she had obtained by a trick. And did she covet it for its beauty? Or was it for the reason which at this moment made Uncle Si a creature so ill to look upon? To such questions there could be only one answer.

For the time being, however, these things were merged in the speculation far more momentous—what would the

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old crocodile do now? She was feeling so uncomfortable in her narrow hiding place, which prevented all movement, and almost forbade her to breathe, that she hoped devoutly the old wretch would lose no time in putting back the treasure.

This, alas, was not to be. The picture was still in the hand of Uncle Si, who still pored over it like a molting vulture, when a luxurious motor glided up to the shop door. Almost at once the shop was invaded by two persons, who in the sight of June had a look of notable importance.

The first of these, whom June immediately recognized, was the tall fashionable girl whose visit had caused her such heartburning a few days before. She was now accompanied by a gentleman, who beyond a doubt was her distinguished father.

"Good morning, Mr. Gedge!" It was twenty past three in the afternoon, but June was ready to take a Bible oath that Miss Blueblood said "Good morning." "I've persuaded my father to come and look at this amazing vase." And with her *en-tout-cas* Miss Blueblood pointed straight at the hoodoo.

Feeling herself to be a rat caught neatly in a trap June at once crouched lower. The hoodoo being fully six feet tall and her own stoop considerable, she was able to take comfort from the fact that just then no part of her own head was showing. But how long was she likely to remain invisible? That was a question for the gods. And it was further complicated by the knowledge that the hoodoo's mouth was open, and that the point of Miss Blueblood's green umbrella might easily find a way through.

Ashiver with fear June tried to subdue her wild heart, while Miss Babraham, her father, Sir Arthur, and S. Gedge, Antiques, gathered round the hoodoo. She hardly dared to breathe. The least sound would betray her. And in any case one of the three had merely to stand on an adjacent coffin stool and peer over the top for the murder to be out.

The tragedy which June so clearly foresaw was not permitted to take place at once. Plainly the fates were inclined to toy with their victim for a while. Miss Blueblood's laugh—how rich and deep it was!—rang in her ears and made them burn as she gave the hoodoo a prod and cried out in her gay Miss-Banks-like manner, "Papa, I ask you, did you ever see anything quite like it?"

"By George, no!" laughed that connoisseur.

"It's such a glorious monster," said his enthusiastic daughter, standing on tiptoe, "that one can't even see over the top."

"Puts one in mind," said Sir Arthur, "of the Arabian Nights and the Cave of the Forty Robbers."

"The long gallery at Homefield is the very place for it!"

"I wonder!" The connoisseur tapped the hoodoo with his walking stick and turned to S. Gedge, Antiques. "Do you happen to know where it came from?" he asked.

"From a Polynesian temple in the South Sea Islands, I believe, sir," said Uncle Si glibly.

"What do you want for it?" And Sir Arthur tapped the hoodoo again.

"I'll take thirty pounds, sir." It was the voice of a man bringing himself to part with a valuable tooth. "Sixty was the sum I paid for it some years ago. But it isn't everybody's fancy, and it swallows a small place."

Sir Arthur observed with pleasant humor that such a monstrosity ought to be taken over by the nation. Si Gedge, Antiques, with a humor that strove to be equally pleasant, concurred.

At this point, to June's mortal terror, Miss Babraham made a second attempt to look over the top.

"Stand on this coffin stool, miss," said S. Gedge, Antiques, politely, producing that article from the collection of bric-a-brac around the hoodoo.

June's heart stood still. The game was up. Sickly she closed her eyes. But Providence had one last card to play.

"Thank you so much," said Miss Babraham, "but it won't bear my weight, I'm afraid. No, I don't think I'll risk it. There's really nothing to see inside."

Uncle Si agreed that there was really nothing to see inside; and June breathed again.

"Thirty pounds isn't much, papa, for such a glorious monstrosity." Miss Blueblood had evidently set her heart on it.

Sir Arthur, however, expressed a fear that a thing of that size, that hue, that contour would kill every object in the long gallery. Great argument ensued. And then to June's relief Miss Babraham, her father, Sir Arthur, and S. Gedge, Antiques, arguing still, moved away from the hoodoo.

The upshot was that Sir Arthur, overborne at last by the force of his daughter's reasoning, agreed to buy the monster for what, in the opinion of the seller, was a ridiculously inadequate sum. It was to be carefully packed in a crate and sent down to Homefield, near Byfleet, Surrey. So much for the hoodoo. And then the eye of a famous connoisseur lit on the picture that the old dealer had laid on the gate-legged table.

"What have we here?" said Sir Arthur, fixing his eyeglass.

Uncle Si became a sphinx. The connoisseur took the picture in his hand, and while he examined it with grave curiosity he, too, became a sphinx. So tense grew the silence to June's ear that again she was troubled by the loud beating of her heart. At last the silence was broken by the light and charming note of Miss Babraham.

"Why, surely," she said, "that is the funny old picture I saw when I was here the other day."

"We have cleaned it up a bit since then, madam," said Uncle Si in a voice so toneless that June could only marvel at the perfect self-command of this arch dissembler.

Sir Arthur, it was clear, was tremendously interested. He turned the picture over and over, and used the microscope very much as M. Duponnet had done.

Finally he said in a voice nearly as toneless as that of Uncle Si himself, "What do you ask for this, Mr. Gedge?"

"Not for sale, sir," was the decisive answer.

The nod of Sir Arthur implied that it was the answer he expected. "Looks to me a fine example." A true amateur, he could not repress a little sigh of pleasure. There was no concealing the fact that he was intrigued.

"Van Roon at his best, sir," said S. Gedge, Antiques.

"Yes-s," said the connoisseur—in the tone of the connoisseur. "One would be rather inclined to say so. If the question is not impertinent"—Sir Arthur fixed a level eye upon the face of deep cunning which confronted his—"may I ask where it came from?"

The old man was prepared for the question. His answer was pat. "I can't tell you that, sir," he said in a tone of mystery.

Again Sir Arthur nodded. That, too, was the answer he had expected. In the pause which followed, Sir Arthur returned to a loving reëxamination of the picture; and then said S. Gedge, Antiques, in a voice gravely and quietly confidential, "Strictly between ourselves, sir, I may say that I have just turned down an offer of five thousand guineas."

"Oh—indeed!"

It was now the turn of the old crocodile to gaze into the impassive countenance of the famous connoisseur.

XXVIII

"FIVE thousand guineas, sir, I have just refused," said Uncle Si, "for this little thing, as sure as God's in the sky."

So shocked was June by this adding of blasphemy to his other crimes that she shivered audibly. Miss Babraham cocked her head up at the sound. "You've a cat somewhere, haven't you?" she said, looking around the shop.

"No, madam," said Uncle Si shortly.

So like a woman to butt in at such a moment with such a remark!

"In my humble opinion," said Sir Arthur, gazing solemnly at the picture, "this is a finer example of Van Roon than the one—and the only one—we have in the National Gallery."

"There, sir, I am with you," said S. Gedge, Antiques, with unction.

"One would like to know its history."

The old man became a sphinx once more. "I can only tell you, sir, I didn't buy it as a Van Roon," he permitted himself cautiously to say.

"Really!" Sir Arthur grew more intrigued than ever. "Well, Mr. Gedge, whatever you bought it as, I think there can be no doubt that you've made a lucky purchase."

(Continued on Page 38)



Crusty Sides, With an Air of Outrage, Sternly Interposed. "But a Pawty Claims It. And Here's His Ticket"

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THE FOLLANSBEE IMBROGLIO

By Frederick Irving Anderson

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

IV

IN BROADWAY, a stone's throw from Trinity churchyard, within whose close stenographers sit noons on prostrate gravestones over their lunch, there is a cluster of rookeries that once may have been palatial but today are only fire traps. It is not that they have grown old, for they are substantially built; but times and fashions have changed, that is all. For instance, a builder these days would not tack a staircase diagonally against a wall, from cellar to garret, with a little landing stage every twenty steps for a floor.

Such a staircase, boxed in as tight as a chimney, Oliver Armiston climbed at eleven of a morning, cautiously planning what he would do in case of fire in such a chute. At the first little landing stage was a door with an old-fashioned bit of hardware for a knob, which he turned and with a sigh of relief escaped from the chute. He found himself in an expansive loft, lighted front and rear by high bare windows. It was furnished with high desks, high chairs and high bookcases, and long-horned gas jets. All was ancient, as were the clerks, male and female. A neat little man affecting a white stripe to his vest, a boutonnière and mutton chops greeted Oliver across a counter, with a palsied yet smiling negation. The principals were absent. He must see the senior partner within the next three days. It was important. His time was not his own. Would they telephone him an appointment?

"We don't telephone."

"Then write me a letter," said Oliver agreeably.

"We don't write letters."

Oliver cogitated on this, revolving on one elbow and looking around for Wemmick, if Jaggers was absent. There were several Wemmicks, with spindle shanks entwined among stool rungs; and an elderly female with a churchman's collar and sparse hair, which she stirred meditatively with a pencil over her casting of long columns. He came back to his vis-à-vis, who had not ceased to wag his mutton chops with uplifted gaze of grave admonition.

"But I must have an appointment," said Oliver.

"We do not make appointments."

"But he must see people!" protested Oliver feebly; and he swept the room with a gesture to indicate the palpable evidence of activity on the part of the judgmatical firm of Bourne & Struthers—tall daybooks, journals and ledgers, looking down from high stacks that swept the ceiling. This, he cogitated, was the famous nursing home of the defective second generation. Well, it had the smell of an eleemosynary institution!

"But when he has business with people what does he do?" demanded Oliver.

"Ah!" whispered the old man, brightening. "Has he business with you, then?"

"He will have ——" began Oliver hopefully.

"Then he will send for you!" said the other assuringly.

"But he doesn't know my name—where I live!"

"It is not necessary—until he has business with you."

This obvious remark, delivered with that effective wag, closed the interview; and Armiston let himself out and eased himself down the chute to the street, where he drew a long pull of contemporary air into his lungs. It would need more than a cold chisel and hammer to effect an entry here. Still, he couldn't but admire the system—there was no lost motion about it. He thought of Struthers, the other partner, a proper, possible fellow who did the outside business for the combination. He had encountered Struthers recently among the high jumpers of the Long Island sporting set. He recollected having seen Struthers several times recently in the buffet at his club. And there he found him over the abstemious lunch the hard, fit kind go in for these days.

But Struthers shook his head with quite as much negation as the little old warden of the eleemosynary institution downtown. It seemed he didn't approach his partner except through an intermediary. One of these two worthies apparently rose while the other set—they never met.

"I suspect you might give me a letter to the Grand Cham," persisted Oliver, nettled.

Struthers shook his head. Oliver started off in a daze. He ran into his legal friend Ballard in the hall.

"Do you happen to know old Bourne?" he asked hopefully.

Ballard remarked gravely that it wasn't done.

"But you must know someone who could give me a card to him?"

Ballard was glad to say that he did not know such a person. The emphasis was unmistakable.



They All Watched With Horrid Fascination the Contortions of Josiah Bourne's Face as He Slowly Raised Himself

"But I've got to see him!" cried Oliver helplessly. "Where can I find him?"

The grave barrister said that he thought a front table on the Midnight Roof would be a likely spot.

"But, man," sputtered Armiston, "he's over seventy!"

Ballard said he believed they all were, at the front tables, and passed on.

The extinct author was not familiar with the ropes of the Midnight Roof, an institution that had been born and developed in the city life since he lost interest in that part of the metropolis called the town. It developed that the tables were all bespoken some time in advance; as for a front table, all he got from the first broker he approached was a pitying smile. But when he learned that he could wander at large during the dance intermissions he contented himself with what was available. The main thing was to get on the floor; then he could run the Grand Cham to his lair at his leisure.

He started to roam at the first opportunity, and discovered himself quite the center of attraction, now that the stars on the stage had fallen below the horizon for the time being. The dancing couples stopped and enveloped him with glad little cries of greeting; parties with select table positions urged him to let them make room for him. He had to handshake himself across the floor, suddenly aware that here was a slice of life he had utterly overlooked, and titillated to discover that he was not so wholly forgotten as he had believed. People whom he scarcely knew, seeing him something of a lion, attached themselves to his circle. Altogether it gave him the thrill of an utterly unlooked-for *réclame*.

Even Mrs. Billy Wentworth, the ambitious wife of the parlor diplomat, who hadn't spoken to him since the time, several years before, when Oliver Armiston had murdered her butler in one of his fiction stories and a clever thief had instantly dramatized in fact his clever fiction, escaping with a fabled jewel—even Mrs. Billy buried the hatchet under the spell of midnight frivolity and thrust out her hand to detain him. Indeed it had been the incident of the Wentworth butler that had caused the police politely but firmly to request Oliver to desist from realism, since his printed stories were becoming correspondence courses for thieves and murderers.

"Is he never coming back—your infallible Godahl?" asked Mrs. Billy intensely, with a flash of her beautiful teeth.

Godahl had been Oliver's fiction character whose brilliant crime had been repeated in the Wentworth household.

"Madam," said Oliver mysteriously as he bowed low, "he is stalking the boards tonight!"

Her eyes took fire at his words. There was a rapid exchange of repartee, with a deeper undercurrent, now that the ice of their discord was broken. Oliver as he finally turned away still wore the smile with which he had parted from the vivacious and unprincipled Mrs. Billy. And quite unexpectedly he found himself conferring it on the Grand Cham himself, who was peering up at him from the next table over the inflated bulge of his shirt front.

Josiah Bourne promptly accepted the fag end of Mrs. Billy's smile for himself. He had been watching Armiston's triumphal progress across the floor with curious emotions. He rose with alacrity to a gaunt height, bowed ceremoniously and said, "How are you, sir?" He encompassed Oliver with a lank arm, dug the talons of his two hands cordially into the creeping flesh of the extinct author and whispered with something of melody in Oliver's ears, "I can promise you truffles, dug by my own swine. And terrapin designed by my own geometricians! You are alone? Will you join me?"

Armiston with ready camaraderie took the chair which the Grand Cham with courtly deference drew out for him. Before sitting down himself Josiah Bourne posed for a moment to let the room see who it was that had so neatly bottled the lion. As he composed himself Oliver noted out of the tail of one eye that his friend, Mrs. Billy, was losing no detail of this little scene, although to a casual observer her attention was elsewhere. At the same moment Armiston with something of a shock became aware that a third person, a very young and ornate lady, was seated at the table. He was conscious of a sinking sensation, but his qualms proved baseless.

"That will be all, my child," said Josiah Bourne in kindly tones; and the fluffy bunch of ribbons and chiffons tripped off obediently, with a lisped good night.

When the soup came on, green turtle, the elegant Oliver and the old lawyer, heads together, discussed it judicially from the viewpoint of dietetics. The terrapin, honey-colored islands floating in a jasper sea—was after the Grand Cham's own recipe. Oliver was enjoying his rôle immensely—his flattering progress across the floor, his reconquest of Mrs. Billy, the lucky chance of his present encounter. The old lawyer may well have been a clam under the brusque attack of the deputy commissioner—but as privileged host to the catch of the evening an old-fashioned courtesy and a mellow humor that were not without their charm distinguished him.

"How do you manage with Delphinium?" asked Oliver naïvely.

He had found, in high life, this subject was quite as conducive to conversational ease as "How is your second act?" in other circles.

The old lawyer was riding a hobby directly. There is a secret as to Delphinium not to be found in books or gardeners' lore, but passed on from hand to mouth at the dinner table. Physostegia too. The crinoline effect achieved in the gardens back of Plymouth Bay is a matter of topsoil. The Grand Cham had transported a gondola carload of it to Long Island to keep his Physostegia contented. He maintained thirteen acres for five gardeners—about the same allowance a careful farmer would make for cows on grass. As Josiah Bourne mellowed it became evident that the old lawyer did himself rather well on the other side of his zodiac—it was only during office hours that he played Old Scrooge, and then largely to terrify his wayward clientele.

The Grand Cham had an uncomfortable habit of speaking right into Oliver's eardrum; at the same time his

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yellow eyes were on patrol to warn off lurkers. Having collared Oliver he had the air of a dog with a bone. They rambled on pleasantly through pictures, pewter, plant food and porcelains; finally they came to best sellers, of the type consumed in such inordinate quantities by the leisure classes.

As to actuality in fiction, Josiah Bourne submitted, as he stirred his coffee and craftily eyed Mrs. Billy, an author on the outside, looking in, gets a better perspective than an author on the inside, looking out.

Returning his yellow gaze to Oliver, he said, "As a case in point, Nain Gail."

"Nain Gail," repeated Armiston appreciatively, nodding. "But Nain Gail"—with sudden protest—"is a genius! It is unfair to ordinary mortals to measure them by the yardstick of genius. There is only one Nain Gail. He is *sui generis*. I think they must have broken the die when that intellect was cast. Did you ever know another like it, sir?"

"You, yourself!" murmured old Josiah pleasantly. "You would have accomplished as much—if you hadn't stopped in full career. Tell me, why did you stop? I never knew a man could."

"I became too proficient in the art of murder," said Oliver drolly. "I quit by request."

"But you have the gift of tongues!"

Armiston had no small opinion of himself and could be led to admit it on slight provocation. But like many another frank egotist, he, having no false modesty, was quick to prostrate himself before his betters. And Nain Gail was his master. All through his writing career Oliver had striven for what he called the elusive pitch of actuality—and just as he achieved it he was condemned to retirement. Nain Gail, he added, was achieving verisimilitude with the limpidity of a mirror. He recounted to old Bourne how only the other evening he had found himself scanning a newspaper extra to see if there were any new developments in the Follansbee Imbroglio. The Grand Cham nodded—he knew.

"And yet," Oliver said, fetching up short in his eulogium of the facile Nain Gail, "this greatest of contemporary authors exists merely as a name. Have you ever met anyone who knew him, who had seen him or knew anything about him?"

The old man's eyes glowed. He leaned nearer.

"She was by way of being a client of mine," he whispered, enjoying the sensation.

Oliver's astonishment was profound. Nain Gail a woman! She painted like a man.

"I should jolly well like the privilege of meeting her," urged the enthusiastic Armiston; but the old man shook his head.

"She is dead," he breathed in Oliver's ear.

The startled look that Oliver turned on him was no mere histrionic achievement; it was born of the sudden conviction that from behind the wrinkled mask beside him he was being covertly watched. Armiston had come here to study old Bourne. Were the rôles being reversed? Old Bourne was whispering in his ear again.

Mrs. Billy shifted her chair slightly; her eyes were on fire, but her outward attention seemed to be for her guests. Josiah Bourne was pouring forth his confidences with sibilant intensity. The absorption of the pair was too much for her; Mrs. Billy could stand it no longer. Scribbling a command she dispatched it to Oliver, who, after reading it and exhibiting it to his host, laughed and kicked out his shore legs and claimed the lady for a dance. They moved off across the floor in one of those leisurely measures so conducive to small talk. Mrs. Billy rallied her distinguished friend on his recent neglect; and he, pleading a sense of guilt, found he was wholly forgiven.

Life had hung itself up on a dead center with Mrs. Billy. This woman who had been everywhere and done everything—shot elephants, pinked savages, thieved politely under cover of her husband's official position as plenipotentiary to small courts—was now bored, even desperate. She was still collecting lions in her drawing-room, but they were running thin these days; the pet gorilla she had groomed for presentation to society had died on the very eve of its coming-out party; even her private views of uncensored films had proved pallid for her sophisticated circle. Was there nothing new under the sun? Couldn't Oliver help? Oliver smiled; the police, he said, had put him on his good behavior.

"Raise a spook," suggested the extinct author agreeably. "Hook a lively one," he added, as if it were only a matter of bait.

"They are so dreadfully vulgar when they come back," Mrs. Billy giggled. She cleverly reversed Oliver out of earshot of her companions. "Now if you would only bring Nain Gail back for me!" she said. "She might tell us why she didn't like Eva!"

She was eying him mischievously. Oliver preserved a stony countenance.

"Foolish boy!" she taunted. "I can hear a fly walk across a window pane. Didn't you know that?"

The cat was out of the bag! This prying woman seemed to have overheard every word of the Grand Cham's confidences. But that was ridiculous. The distance —— Then Oliver recollected that this woman, the daughter of deaf mutes, had an uncanny perfection of hearing that had been cited by scientists.

"Wouldn't it be thrilling," said the shameless Mrs. Billy, "if we could materialize her out of a spook cabinet? Maybe she would finish the Imbroglio for us! Don't you recollect how Poe kept a dead man talking until he fell to pieces?" Mrs. Billy shivered at this luscious recollection.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Armiston. "That's an idea!"

He deposited the startled Mrs. Billy at her table.

"Not a word—to anybody!" he commanded her. "We shall see what we shall see!"

Josiah Bourne, exercising the privilege of his years, had fallen asleep. His footman came in presently and aroused him and bundled him off. The old gentleman made abject apology to Oliver and promised to resume their pleasant evening at the first opportunity.

It was three when Oliver let himself in with his latchkey. Instead of going to bed he sat down to his typewriter, to think. His fingers itched. If, as Parr held, Oliver possessed a clairvoyant faculty it resided in his finger tips. This idea of Mrs. Billy's required elaboration. Summoning the departed shade of Nain Gail to inquire why she did not like Eva, and otherwise putting her to the question, started his musing fingers off on a strange trail. It would be rather unusual, of course, putting the *corpus delicti* on the witness stand to inquire into its motives—as if it were the accused instead of the victim. But it suggested possibilities.

V

IT WAS Friday morning. Parr, the man hunter, going downtown from his train, the Century, found an argument blocking the door to his private office in Center Street—Headquarters. Preston Black, the publisher, had

(Continued on Page 24)



She Had Unexpectedly Produced a Match, Which She Struck Alight. She Singed the Hair in the Flame

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 5, 1922

Get-Rich-Quick Politics

THE American public plays politics and the stock market in exactly the same way.

We go crazy as bulls and then go broke as bears. We buy on hope and sell on fear, instead of trading on knowledge and good judgment. We first go long on Democrats and then go short on Republicans without really knowing anything about either, except what the promoters set forth in their prospectuses.

The speculator in stocks or in politics always loses in the end, because he lacks knowledge and patience; because he trades and votes on tips; because he is swayed by emotions instead of facts; because he believes get-rich-quick prospectuses and platforms without investigation; and because he is more impressed by big vague promises than by small solid possibilities.

The political sucker and the bucket-shop boob are of an exact piece. The front of the Wallingford, the beautiful flow of language of the demagogue convince the come-on. No matter how often he is trimmed he goes back for more. The bait may have to be varied, but the game remains the same. If the sucker has been stung in political oil he will bite on political radio.

You can show one type of man a thousand Russias, and he will clamor for a chance to buy more Communism, or crowd the counter to add to his line of Socialism. A theorist always fights hardest in the face of facts disproving his theories. You can show another type of sucker the ledgers of the last war, with red ink on every page and against every item, and he will start in to pyramid his holdings of fear and hate, because the militarists tell him that war will surely come back. He is persuaded that Government Ownership is a good buy, because though our experiments in it have proved dusters, Private Ownership is bringing in gushers in a nearby field.

The average voter has faith in the political philosopher's stone, the extraction of gold from sea water and perpetual motion. He is a firm believer in political crystal gazing, ouija boards, table rappings and levitation. He wants get-rich-quick results, so he accepts get-rich-quick politics, regardless of facts, fundamental conditions and human possibilities. He knows nothing of what makes the ticker tick and the machine run.

We need investment education in politics just as much as in finance. We need thrift in legislation—the knowledge that a sound law is one that promises six and not sixty per cent advantage to the voter. We need to know that hundred per cent stocks and politics are in the same class and that the politician who promises too much is keeping a bucket shop. Voters never get one hundred per cent out of politics. But the crooks do when the voters invest their political capital with them.

The possible returns to the voter from legislation are small, but they are safe and steady. In addition, honest and businesslike men in politics—the kind of hard-headed men with whom we like to keep our bank accounts—will cut a melon for the voter periodically in the shape of lower taxes. And every voter, in one way or another, pays his full share of all the taxes levied.

Many men and women declare that they have no interest in politics. No one ever says that he has no interest in the size of his income. But the size of every income is revised downward by politics and politicians. Thousands are answering advertisements proclaiming that by spare-time study anyone can fit himself for a better-paying job. A spare-time study of politics will not only add to your income but to your self-respect. As the ads put it, "You can be your own boss!"—your own political boss. A few hours weekly—the time spent in a game of bridge or devoted to the sporting page or to reading If Winter Comes—will put you in possession of the information that will enable you to act intelligently in politics.

Zeal and good intentions are not enough. They must be informed with knowledge to enable you to get possession of the political machinery, and with common sense if you are to diagnose and defeat get-rich-quick legislation. You must learn to read the political tape if you are to be anything but a sucker in politics. Organization, votes of protest, unhorsing this senator and rebuking first this party and then that are all futile unless they are based on education. And that education is ridiculously easy to get and to make effective, compared to its social and economic value to the individual. The first thing it will teach you is how little you can expect positively from legislation and how much you can save by businesslike administration. Apart from the so-called police laws—which range from protection against the burglar to protection against undesirable immigration—the effect of any legislation is largely guesswork. One after another of these laws backfires in operation and burns the bystander. But there is no guesswork about the beneficial results of General Dawes' work, or of the agreements to limit armaments, or of the refusal of a township to authorize a bond issue for an unnecessary or too expensive public improvement. You can't afford to live beyond your means in your public any more than in your private expenditures.

We wish that the educational process could be even more extended. A year in Soviet Russia, taking pot luck with the comrades, for those editors and writers who acclaim and proclaim Communism, might clarify their ideas. It would be a real pleasure to see some of our senators attacking the problems of the Pennsylvania Railroad as officials bound to satisfy labor, shippers, travelers and stockholders. Those ardent advocates of immigration whose present activities are confined to bossing aliens, or exploiting them, or voting them, or sentimentalizing over them, might modify their point of view if they had to live and compete for jobs with them. It might give pause even to those officials who are so joyously proposing bond issues that are far in advance of the real needs of our cities and states and what they can afford, if they had to spend the rest of their lives meeting the problems they are so carelessly creating. No doubt it would be a salutary experience for us to work on our farm during the haying and the harvest. A short intensive course in the other fellow's troubles, a practical comprehension of his problems, would teach us that they cannot be solved by any get-rich-quick law, and go a long way towards exploding our theories, dispersing our blocs, and retiring our demagogues to private life.

Ed Howe has a comprehensive term that he applies to all mussers, meddlers and muddlers—people whose great hearts are always throbbing over somebody, who are always starting something at the other fellow's expense—passing around silly subscription lists, launching fool movements, demanding extravagant expenditures for unnecessary public improvements, trying to swing the town by its tail and to lift the world by its equator. Ed Howe calls these people Public Affairs Lunatics, and the breed is increasing in proportion as it is found that there are publicity, leading-citizen stuff and soft-snap jobs in the game.

There is no remedy for these things except education in the simple fundamentals of politics and the common sense that comes with a knowledge of what legislation cannot do and of how much honest administration can do; in learning to distrust anything that looks too good and to suspect anything that comes too easy; and to reject any politician or party that promises too much. People are always saying "pass a law to stop it," about conditions that legislation cannot cure, and the demagogue will pass a law to oblige. Nine times out of ten pass a law means pass the buck.

Mr. Edison has recently propounded a list of questions for the young man seeking a job. When he has a little more leisure we wish that he would propound a series of questions to be answered by every man and woman who wants to vote, with some special queries for the dumbbells who do not.

He might begin by asking: On what grounds and for just what reasons are you a Republican? A Democrat? Exactly what are the basic principles and policies of your party?

How are our national, state and city party committees elected, organized and financed? From whom do the largest contributions come and for what purposes are they expended?

If the church, the Y. M. C. A. and the chamber of commerce make for "a good town" to live in and so enlist your personal and financial interest, why do you not organize and support political clubs working actively and continuously for good government for your good town? Do you appreciate how much of the influence of church, Y., and chamber of commerce is nullified by rotten politics or even by inefficient officials?

Who nominates the candidates for the primaries and how? If independent voters do not like the party organization's candidates, what can they do about it?

Are independence of thought and independent action in politics sinful?

Mr. Edison might go on from there with a hundred simple questions about the duties of our executives, legislators and officials, the size of their salaries and, in some cases, of their graft, about why we are taxed and how, about state and city bond issues, about this new tariff bill, this ship-subsidy bill and this bonus bill.

Until the voter studies these things and understands them he will be on the political sucker list. They are not hard to find out, they are worth understanding, even if one's motive is not to be a worthwhile citizen but merely to keep an undue proportion of one's income from being taken through taxation for graft, waste and extravagant public works. There must be party organizations and party leaders. Both Cæsar and Cæsar's wife may be bosses, but there is no good reason why Mrs. Cæsar's husband should not be above reproach, too.

Bucket shops have been blowing up like a string of firecrackers. The losers have been howling to high heaven, yet already many of them have opened accounts with new bucket shops or bought the latest novelty in hundred-per-cent stocks. But how many of the suckers have taken the ticker apart to see what makes it tick, or have read the highly educational characters on the tape that spell out the simple lesson: Don't speculate! Pick a stock with a good record, investigate it, watch it, and then buy it for safety and a small steady return.

The rule holds good in politics: Educate, investigate, organize and vote! Buy a baby bond of Reform, a few safe Liberties of legislation, and beware of all uplifters, pinks and politicians, sincere or insincere, whose prospectuses seek to persuade you with references to the profits made by the original holders of Bell Telephone, Ford Motors and Standard Oil. A six per cent law is a safe law. A hundred per cent promise is one hundred per cent bunkum and hokum.

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The People Who Live in New York

By Edward Mott Woolley

DECORATIONS BY RAY ROHN

SOME 5,000,000 of New York's 6,000,000 people live and work under the deadly handicap of the New York mind. This poisoned or distorted metropolitan brain likewise characterizes most of the three million additional persons who live within the district served by suburban trains.

From the standpoint of the normal proportions of life, which are the foundations of family prosperity and individual independence, this lunacy is eating its way into the fabric of our boasted American character. Looking ahead a generation or two, one may see New York and its environs with 20,000,000 inhabitants. If we run out to Chicago at that time on the six-hour air express we may find 10,000,000 people; in Philadelphia, as many more. A few great cities will have absorbed 70 per cent, say, of the population. And what then?

The New York mind will be only an emphasized Chicago or Philadelphia mind, and for present purposes let us study at close range this New York cerebrum and its processes. To understand it as it exists today and must exist with intensified manifestations in years to come, we must know the people who live in New York, and how they live and work and think. How people think is the most vital thing to know about them, for as they think so goes the nation.

Typical Cross-Sections

AN HOUR'S saunter through upper New York will reveal hundreds of big apartment houses, more or less alike, and each something of a mystery until you get directly to the source of things. Who are the people who live in these vast piles of brick? Whence came they, whither are they bound, and where do they get the income to pay the fantastic New York rents and other expenses? What is their state of mind, what their outlook on life? On Manhattan Island, with over 2,250,000 people, only 2.1 per cent own their homes.

To reduce these speculations to concrete facts I undertook a research which, though fragmentary, has developed some typical cross-sections of New York living conditions. These studies, picked from apartment buildings in different sections of New York, serve to illustrate what is unquestionably true wherever you go in the metropolis.



On one of the streets close to upper Broadway and not far from One Hundredth Street is an apartment house containing forty-eight families. It is one of the less expensive type, eight stories, with bad elevator service and a small shabby rotunda with a few uncomfortable chairs and a telephone exchange. The people who live there are of the everyday type one finds in offices and the better class of stores. To get at the inside of things I enlisted the assistance of the superintendent of the building, who supplied a complete list of the families, together with much contributory information.

With the aid of the New York City directory the majority of these families were further brought into the microscopical vision, so far as occupations were concerned. Then a canvass of the building, for the open purpose of a sociological-magazine survey, brought forth additional information. Altogether 90 per cent of the occupants of the building were dissected. Thus we have a concentrated group of forty-three New York families paying from $120 to $150 a month for living quarters. The apartments range from five to seven rooms.

These families average slightly under five persons apiece, with a total of 206. The occupations of the heads of the families are about equally divided between clerical work, salesmanship and allied callings. Only six are in business for themselves—two of them lawyers, three small merchants, and one a partner in a secondhand office-appliance business.

Less than 6 per cent of the heads of these forty-three families are natives of New York City. Most of them came from small towns or farms, and more than half have lived in New York over twenty years.

The Item of Rent

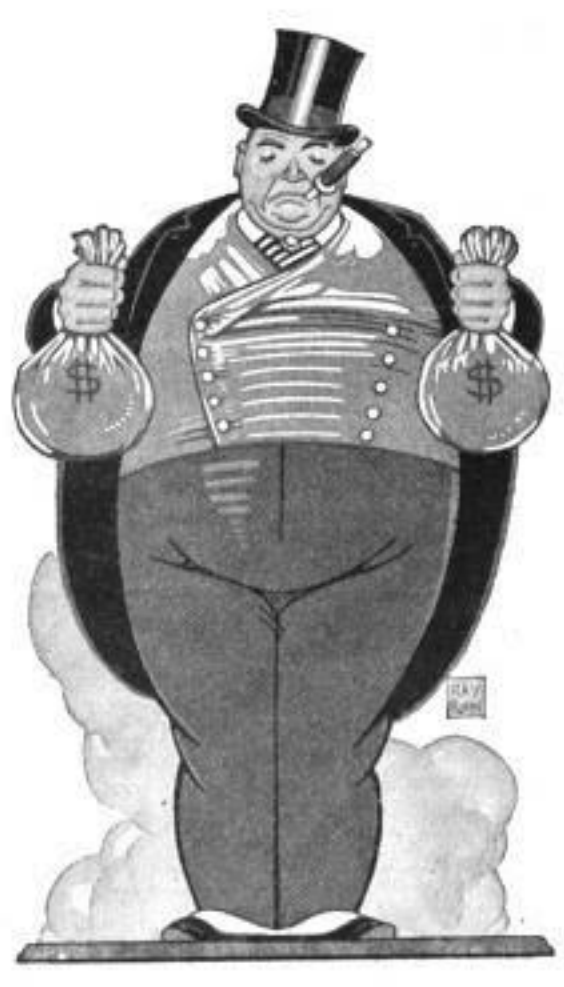
FOR the moment forget the six who are in business for themselves, and consider the probable income of the remaining thirty-seven. For other purposes I recently made a survey of average salaries paid in New York City and other places, and with reasonable certainty we can estimate the annual earnings of these thirty-seven family heads to average not over $2000.

So we derive the significant information that they are paying over 70 per cent of their incomes for rent. We are tolerably safe also in estimating that not over 5 per cent of these families possess any independent income. Quite a number of them, however, derive some revenue from the wages of sons and daughters, and from the renting of sleeping accommodations on cots or folding beds.

Now in smaller communities a few years ago it was reckoned that a man on a salary of $100 a month should not pay more than twenty dollars for a house, which, of course, he had to heat. Rent and heat would not aggregate more than thirty dollars. In those small communities it

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THE FOLLANSBEE IMBROGLIO

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come up short against the unyielding bulk of Parr's doorkeeper, a huge emeritus policeman as impassive as the doorknob itself.

As an interested and somewhat anguished spectator there stood the little gray-headed copy reader, reservoir of the Great Unprinted; and behind him, like a Greek slave, stood Preston Black's stalwart chauffeur weighed down by a large soap box, filled, as Parr noted with a momentary qualm, with jelly rolls.

Black, brandishing a wad of paper like a tomahawk, was dancing before the peaceful fat guardian of the door, shrieking in anguished accents: "But I'm telling you I've got to go to bed in another two hours!"

What he meant to convey was that the forms of the Half Moon must be locked this morning at the stroke of noon and put to bed in thirty fast octuple printing presses; that at a given telegraphic signal these thirty presses, straining at the leash in thirty cities, would begin to devour rolls of print paper by the uncounted ton to satisfy the craving of the great public for tomorrow's installment of Nain Gail's amazing Follansbee Imbroglio. The doorkeeper, not comprehending the parable of the excited publisher, told him by all means to put himself to bed if he felt that way about it. At this hectic moment the broad-shouldered Parr himself stepped between the antagonists. With a yell Preston Black turned on Parr, flourishing his paper tomahawk menacingly.

"It can't go on!" he cried. "I refuse to be a party to it!"

"So! So!" said Parr soothingly.

The man was beside himself. With a dexterous pass the deputy possessed himself of Black's paper weapon, which he swiftly ascertained to be the proofs of the forthcoming installment of the Imbroglio. Pushing the erupting editor and his little old expert before him into his office he closed the door behind him. Waving the pair to chairs Parr settled himself at his desk by the window and began, with a comfortable feeling, his perusal of the advance sheets of his great idea. Smiles betokening immense satisfaction gradually wreathed themselves on his normally imperturbable countenance.

"Marvelous!" he breathed. It was verity; it was categorical, actual. It was genuine, authentic! Oliver had caught the pitch. Parr did not really believe in spirits, but as he progressed he was conscious of a feeling of awe for his gifted friend and accomplice rising within him. Oliver had even managed to catch that hair-raising "No, no, no" that Parr had recovered from the violence of murder. Before the deputy reached the end of the first galley he had utterly forgotten the editor. He paused for a cigar, gazing with a paternal pride on the accomplishment. Yes, he would give a year's pay to see the murderer when he got his copy tomorrow.

The tale moved on, with Nain Gail glibness, into the adventure of the beautiful Inez with Renown. She had had her adventure with Riches, with Ursus Follansbee the money machine, when, as his wife, she treated him with proper contempt. Then Renown walked on the stage. The illustrious Doctor Sartoris became conscious of the sensation of warmth when Inez Follansbee passed by. Vanity exacted its fill of the simple scholar; Renown was enmeshed with scarce an effort; and the saturnine Follansbee, watching the woman play her newest catch, bided his time and savored his vengeance. Sartoris was at his wit's end to save one of his pet philanthropies, when Follansbee let slip, in the presence of Inez, a hint of his next great bear onslaught in the Street. Inez, for once off guard, rushed to Sartoris triumphantly—here was the opportunity to put himself beyond the need of soliciting alms for his charities. The doctor plunged.

It so happened in this instance—the only one on record—that Follansbee coppered the wrong card; the deal fell through. Sartoris was ruined. In a desperate effort to retrieve himself he tossed in his wife's fortune.

Up to this time no one had remembered that the illustrious Doctor Sartoris had a wife. An invalid for years, she had hidden herself away on the top floor. Now the forgotten woman stepped on the stage, actuated by lunatic fury. Inez, aghast at the catastrophe, got only taunts from Follansbee. It was then she turned to the wronged woman, and swallowing her pride begged for mercy to avert the scandal. The forthcoming installment ended with the dogged, passionless refusal of the half-demented woman to hold her hand—her reiterated "No, no, no, no!"

"Great!" ejaculated Parr. "Gad! I'd give a year's pay ——"

Preston Black, watch in hand, was hovering at Parr's elbow.

"It will ruin me! It can't go on!" he was stuttering wildly.

"And why not?" demanded the man hunter loftily.

"It's atrocious! It's Berkley—Canon Berkley! Man, it flays him alive!" He glared at Parr. "You bullied me into this! Well, I withdraw! I'm through!"

"Berkley?" said Parr, for a moment bewildered. Then the light dawned on him. "Ah-h! I see, I see. I'd forgotten."

Catching something of Black's consternation the deputy sprang to his feet with a string of oaths. Berkley! Why hadn't he recognized that before? The damnable finesse of it! Seizing his hat and coat he rushed off, dragging the astonished publisher and his copy reader after him. Fifteen minutes later the three were standing before Oliver Armiston. The elegant author was lolling back in his swivel chair, contemplating his extended finger tips. Parr thrust the proofs into the hands of his fellow conspirator.

"It won't do!" snorted the deputy. "It's too stiff! It's old Berkley. Lord, man, we can't exactly ——"

"Who told you it was Berkley, Parr?" interrupted Oliver calmly.

"Black. It's as plain as the nose on your face!"



The householder shrieked. Cries of "Police!" filled the air

Oliver turned on the lowering publisher. "And who told you?" he demanded shortly.

"Well, as a matter of fact—Stigers, here, brought it to my ——" Black began.

But Oliver had already swung another point on his swivel.

"And who told you?" he shot at the old copy reader.

"I've seen it coming—for some time," said Stigers. "Oh, it's been very cleverly done—not a word or a line that is actionable. But this last installment is too raw! I am afraid," he said apologetically, "I was a little brusque in presenting my objections to Mr. Black. I didn't know then what I know now."

"Brusque!" howled Preston Black. "You called me a blackmailer!"

"But you wouldn't have seen it, Black, if it hadn't been for Stigers, eh?" cried Oliver triumphantly.

"That's neither here nor there," said Black hotly.

"It might be toned down a bit," put in Parr with a weak effort. There was something so cocksure about Oliver.

"Toned down!" shrieked the publisher. "Toned down!" He looked at his watch. "In fifty-five minutes? Well, I guess not! It's going to be exterminated! We're not running a torture chamber!" He seized the telephone from the desk. "Crafts," he bawled when he got his number, "take this carefully: Wire broadcast—'Kill Follansbee Imbroglio. Substitute The King's Fool, by Henry McMurtrie.' Run an editorial paragraph—'Owing to unforeseen circumstances this number's installment of the Imbroglio ——' Oh, fix it up. Say anything. Don't be too specific. What's that?" Preston Black, listening, eyed Oliver Armiston with a frank disgust. "Fool, yes, it's all in type!" he snarled into the 'phone. He hung up and with trembling hand mopped his wet brow.

"I've dreamed of this crash!" said the distraught publisher. "Thank God, I am prepared!"

He picked up his hat and waved old Stigers out before him. Imperiously he summoned his chauffeur, who at this signal entered, bearing the soap box laden with the apocryphal jelly rolls, and deposited it on the floor. Having thus washed his hands completely of the occasion, Preston Black bowed ironically to Parr and Armiston.

"Good day, gentlemen," he said sneeringly. "I trust I shall not have the pleasure of your amateur collaboration again," and he closed the door on himself and the dumb Stigers.

Parr's jaws shut with a vicious snap. His fierce little eyes traveled to old Buddha for consolation, but there was none. He turned to Oliver. The serene calm of that deft clairvoyant moved Parr to a dull rumble of profanity.

"How in the blank of all blasted blanks did you happen to pull a bone like that?" he demanded.

Oliver caressed his white lock.

"Like what?" he asked childishly.

"That! That!" sputtered Parr, indicating the soap box. "This! This!" he cried, hammering the offending proofs.

"But my dear fellow, I didn't do that."

The deputy of police exploded.

"What!" he shrieked. He was on his feet now; he towered menacingly over Armiston. "You didn't write it?" His voice rode the falsetto of intensity.

Oliver shook his head.

"No," he said sweetly, "I didn't write it."

"Who wrote it, then? Who wrote it, I say?" demanded Parr.

"If I didn't have your word for it that Nain Gail had passed on," said Oliver, "I should say the lady herself had baked those jelly rolls in her oven."

Parr sat down heavily. He returned again suddenly to the attack.

"Didn't you promise me over the telephone the other night," he demanded with savage emphasis, "that you would deliver that copy?"

"I did not," said Armiston. Raising his voice as if in excitement he added, "I said they would be delivered. They were. Here they are!"

He picked up a jelly roll from the soap box and waved it at Parr. There was a sound at the door. Oliver swung round.

"Ah, Black!" cried Oliver. "I thought I noticed the door slightly ajar. Did you forget something?" Armiston carelessly dropped his jelly roll into a desk drawer and closed it.

Preston Black stood there on the threshold. He had come back for his cane, so he tried to say.

"Get out of here—and stay out!" snarled the deputy.

"No!" bellowed the publisher. "Not until I've had the truth of this!" He turned on Oliver, who was kicking Parr's shins under the desk. "So? You did not write it, then?" cried Black. "Oh, you can't deny it! I heard it all!"

Oliver nodded, smiling.

"Didn't you telephone me yesterday morning—didn't you ask me if these cylinders had been delivered O.K.? I suppose you won't try to deny that?" Black was seeing red.

"I did take that precaution," admitted Oliver suavely.

"And you knew all the time that Nain Gail was not dead, eh?" he cried tensely.

For ten agonizing seconds the publisher of the Half Moon—that unbelievable gold mine built on the shifting sands of Nain Gail's versatility—stood dumb and rigid. Then suddenly he was all action. His hand shot out and seized the telephone.

"Crafts!" he yelled with a ring of diabolical elation in his tones. "Crafts! Wire broadcast: 'Disregard telegram killing Nain Gail. Run Imbroglio as usual.'"

The darkling Black set down the telephone and, revolving slowly on his heel, reached for his cane, at the same time challenging the pair with a look, daring them to come on if they wanted an argument. His eye caught the no longer apocryphal soap box; and tucking his stick under one arm he hoisted the box and started off. The door slammed. A flurry of words blew up outside. It was only poor old Stigers, the human safety valve, blowing off. His manner as he now resigned his office out there on the doorstep was brusque.

The saying goes that, given motive power, even a kitchen table can fly. Parr at the present moment had his doubts. In his long and distinguished career as a man hunter he had relied implicitly on those two classic tools of

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NEVER BE WITHOUT SOUP IN YOUR PANTRY

Meaty, marrowy Ox Tail joints

delicious vegetables nourishing barley





Just the aroma from Campbell's Ox Tail Soup as it simmers in the saucepan is a challenge to your appetite—it is so rich and savory. And the minute you taste the first spoonful, you realize what a treat is ahead of you. The sliced ox tail joints are the very tenderest and finest the market affords. Their rich tasty broth is blended with diced carrots and turnips, puree of luscious tomatoes, hearty strengthening barley, ox tail joints (not used in making the broth), a dash of French leeks and parsley fresh from our own farms. Real, substantial food—and how delicious!

Soup so good you'll want to sing
Dance and play and everything.
For it is made the Campbell's way
Which means the best, as you will say!



21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

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(Continued from Page 24)

his craft, the night stick and shoe leather. If by inadvertence imagination cropped up among the bright young men of his staff in the detective bureau it was his wont to tap it on the head with a stout club. Imagination killed more time than it did birds. Crime is merely a bad habit; as to its addicts, leave them alone and they'll come home—in irons. The fact that Parr always happened to have one of his strong-arm men waiting on the doorstep with the irons was beside the mark; that was a phase of his success he did not attempt to analyze.

And yet now, in his old age—Parr felt positively senile at the present moment—he had sprouted wings, essayed to fly. Parr fly? So could a kitchen table! He fairly groveled in self-abasement. The brilliant idea was his own—he could not leave it at any other door: Nain Gail done to death by one of her own characters who had stepped out of the book long enough to wield a pair of fire tongs!

The lady hadn't even had the decency to stay dead! No; she must burst into song again. In another twenty-four hours she would be on the street, the newsboys yelling raucously, "Here y'are! Git your Im-brog-lio! Nain Gail! Five cents!" She was back again, as large as life, and twice as devastating. Back from where? Who said she had been away? Parr rumbled ominously. Question marks played leapfrog in his brainpan. He wanted to quarrel with someone, preferably Oliver.

But Oliver refused to put up his hands to defend himself. Instead he put up his feet on the slide of his desk and began to read those proofs. Up to the moment of the final exit of the triumphant Preston Black Armiston had resisted those fascinating galleys with the abnegation of a sorely tempted saint. Now he was wallowing in them. Here was the egregious Nain Gail of undiminished magnitude. Momentarily, like a variable star, she had seemed dim and distant. But she had come around again into perihelion. Even Parr, reading those same proofs but an hour gone by in his office, had been no more proud of what he then supposed to be the virtuosity of his gifted friend Armiston than was Oliver himself at the present moment. Oliver could have written it, he told himself gleefully—if not word for word, at least detail for detail. Oliver could finish it, from that final succession of noes, with his eyes shut.

It was about old Berkley of course. And there was more to come. In the tale, as it would develop, left to itself, that half-demented woman, the doctor's wife, would never live to taste her vengeance. At the moment when the sardonic Follansbee would be politely divorcing Inez, in Paris, Mrs. Sartoris must exercise her long-denied privilege of dying; thus it devolved upon the illustrious savant to marry the beautiful Inez as a point of honor. But even then the tale did not end. Tied for life to that woman was not enough. Sartoris must live to experience a succession of misfortunes, as if an ironic fate, now and then recollecting him and the sorry figure he had cut, must give another and yet another turn to the screw.

Oliver, dimly conscious that Parr was making his escape, dragged himself out of the Imbroglio.

"What! Abandoning your brain child on my doorstep, Parr!" exclaimed the infatuated author.

"Bah!" snorted the famous man hunter; and he went out, slamming the door to give emphasis to his disgust.

For a moment Oliver listened to his retreating footsteps. When they had quite died away he opened his desk drawer and extracted the apocryphal cylinder, which he had so dexterously snatched from the burning. With a smile of satisfaction at the thought that he had outwitted even the eagle-eyed man hunter by his sleight of hand, Armiston adjusted the roll in the machine.

"Hydra-headed monster!" he apostrophized it. "Who are you now?" Indeed the amazing Nain Gail did possess the qualities of the mythical monster; no sooner was one voice stilled than another must spring into being. In spite of himself his face grew stern, his pulse quickened, as he put the rubber tentacles in his ears and reached up to turn the electric switch of the infernal machine.

The cylinder began to turn slowly. The needle picked up the tiny thread. At first it was a confused murmur. Then abruptly articulate words began to pour forth. For a few seconds Armiston sat still as a graven image, listening with every nerve in his body. This was not the liquid accents, not the admirable incessancy of the Nain Gail of the earlier cylinder. Less facile, less practiced, he was saying to himself, and——

He sat up with a start. He gave ear intently, his heart pounding. That voice! He knew it! Where had he heard it? He snatched the tentacles from his ears, got up, paced the room nervously. That voice, that barely perceptible——

He halted in his tracks, his eyes afire now. That was it! The girl with the baby lisp! Like a panorama there moved before his eyes the gay lights, the dancing floor, Mrs. Billy in the near distance, the old man beside him, and, vanishing at a command, the young person in ribbons and chiffons.

Pelts, thought Oliver. He could use Pelts now.

About the hour that newspaper wagons were charioteering up and down and across town, tossing overboard great bundles of Half Moons at every corner; about the hour that the discomfited Parr, the complacent Oliver, the enthralled Mrs. Billy, the haughty Eva, the austere canon, were dipping into their purses for nickels; about the hour that the supercilious Ned Alstair, coming down the gangplank of a liner at the Chelsea Docks for a brief inspection of the hated country of his birth, was having his patrician ears assaulted by newsboy howlings of "Nain Gail! Nain Gail! Five cents!"; about the hour that one million readers across the length and breadth of the land were opening their copies of the Half Moon, with that synchronism of interest that so warmed the cockles of the heart and bank account of the astute Preston Black—about this hour, of a Saturday evening, Pelts, the human sleuth hound, was lying in wait outside the entry to the office of the Broadbill Detective Agency, behind the advertising sign in the hall that proclaimed the concern to be discreet, private, confidential. Pelts was waiting for somebody, anybody, connected with that office, to enter, so that he might do likewise without the risk of bringing a bushel of burglar alarms down on his head.

Shortly before eight the patience of the tireless lurker was rewarded. Broadbill himself arrived; and no sooner had the inner door banged than Pelts dexterously admitted himself and packed himself away under the telephone switchboard to await a clear field. Broadbill evidently wished to appear at his best whither he was bound this evening; he carefully shaved himself, renewed his collar and cuffs and shoe shine; and, paring his nails and polishing them on a coat sleeve, finally let himself out, humming a gentle air of spring as he set the burglar alarm against possible prowlers.

There was in truth little to steal here. The walls of the inner office were stacked with files, but they were for the most part dummies.

"Ah; here's the meal ticket, I suspect!" chirped the pleased Pelts, taking down a file and finding it heavy.

He seated himself with an air of owning the place, with the entire night ahead of him and Sunday, too, if need be; behind that burglar alarm he was as snug as Robert Bruce behind his spider web.

This file contained a voluminous conscientious loose-leaf dossier pertaining to the value of X, "for the account of the Half Moon Publishing Company." That it was the focus, the center of gravity, the excuse for being, the nest egg, the meal ticket, the golden goose of the discreet, private, confidential firm of Broadbill & Co. was instantly apparent to the eye from its thumb-marked, dog-eared condition. Files to right of it and files to left of it wore a Sunday-morning spick-and-span look; but this file was for use, not for show. It paid the rent; it furnished light, heat and spring water; it provided cigars, janitor service and window washing; it enabled Broadbill, a gregarious person, a dismantled police captain, to lead a life of ease, to have a tailor and to eat three good meals each day. The Broadbill Detective Agency was, in truth, merely one of that horde of jackals that follow in the wake of every success in public life, feeding off it and thriving.

For the past fourteen months the Broadbill Detective Agency, represented by pieceworkers, had relentlessly pursued the elusive Nain Gail once every fortnight. As that purely hypothetical personage had the habit of appearing in materialized form during the first and third weeks of every month, in the shape of vocative jelly rolls it was these rolls themselves which the tireless workers of the detective agency back-tracked with ferocious pertinacity on each appearance. Broadbill expended all the mental ingenuity on this sporadic product that an astronomer would expend in the calculation of the orbit of a stray comet, pursuing it backward on its trail into the most remote regions of calculable space. His bright young men, engaged semimonthly for each manifestation, anxious to make a name for themselves, fearlessly stalked innocent express wagons to their lair, usually a public garage; drivers were backed into corners and offensively warned; clerks at public receiving stations were outrageously browbeaten; taxicab drivers were threatened with the loss of their tickets. There never was any real danger of finding Nain Gail. Once or twice bright young men who bade fair to distinguish themselves were removed from the trail and given an imaginary doorpost to watch, till their ardor cooled. Captain Broadbill had no intention of going to work for a living.

Pelts thumbed the reports with growing admiration—not only for the tireless detectives but for the astute Preston Black as well. No one could accuse Preston Black of leaving a single stone unturned. Twice each month he countersigned the report with his O. K. and paid on the nail. The ubiquitous Nain Gail had the habit of appearing in the most out-of-the-way express or baggage collecting stations—according to these files—either in person or represented by some innocent dupe, to deliver a crate marked "Perishable—Rush!" addressed to the voracious Half Moon, collect. At times she turned up on the island of Manhattan itself, not a stone's throw from the destination of the jelly rolls. On another occasion it might be Albany, New Brighton or Buffalo; once Broadbill backtracked the sender to Milwaukee.

Only last week, of a Thursday, Broadbill had gone to the expense of dragnetting the town for a taxi driver who had played the rôle of party-of-the-first-part in the matter of the jelly rolls—and they had found him! Backed into a corner, and under duress, the taxi driver had admitted, after being warned that his testimony might be used against him, that while cruising for a fare on the Drive—against police rules—he had been summoned by a young woman motorist in distress; something was wrong with her ignition, but she professed herself well able to take care of that if he would transship a soap box of some weight she had hid under a lap robe and deliver it at the nearest express station. She paid him liberally, and in her distraction over the errant ignition she neglected to give her name. So the driver, eager to be off cruising again, had written his own name as the sender. He placed a value of "nominal" on the box—not suspecting it might contain a torso or something equally contraband—the lady appearing so respectable. She might have been a foreigner, he said; he described her talk as being good, but a bit thick. The patient Pelts searched every page, every line, every word of every report.

It was late when Pelts concluded his researches. As he dexterously let himself out through the burglar-alarm mesh he made a mental promise that he would take up the trail tomorrow where the indefatigable Broadbill had left off.

At midnight a householder in little West Twelfth Street, chancing to look out of a rear window, was startled by sight of a nimble shadow threading its way among clotheslines and snaking itself over creaking old back-yard fences. The householder shrieked. Cries of "Police!" filled the air. The night suddenly resounded with the plaint of shrill whistles, the thud of heavy boot soles, the clatter of night sticks. Police surged in from all directions. When they gained access to the rear yards the nimble Pelts, cursing himself for his clumsiness, had already shinned up a drain pipe and with infinite precautions let himself in through a window to the empty room of that rear tenement.

He lay still till the storm outside had subsided. Then his first act was to assure himself that the police guard was on duty outside the sealed door of this lethal chamber. Peering down on this man through the transom the paper-faced Pelts indulged in a grin; of all the inhabitants of the block only this stalwart guard, propped in a chair against the door panel, was undisturbed by the alarums; this minion of the law was sleeping like a child.

Pelts made an inch-by-inch examination of the room with the aid of a little electric torch. He gave particular attention to the bookshelves and the top of the door frame, and climbing on a table he spent several minutes in rapt consideration of the disused trapdoor in the ceiling.

But nothing had been disturbed since he had left this room at dawn. His guess—chief, the great deputy, might have lost interest in the rear-tenement murder, with the recrudescence of Nain Gail. But not Pelts. Night after night he had watched and waited here.

Shivering in the unheated room he selected a couch cover from a heap in the corner, and winding it about him like a blanket Indian he moved a chair—the chair—up to the desk—her desk—and sat down, letting his head fall wearily on his hands, a forlorn, forsaken figure.

An electric light on a pole in the yard cast a single broad band of incandescence in through the parted window hangings and bisected the room with its radiance, conjuring vague shapes from the blue shadows on either hand.

Hours later, it seemed to the watcher there came the sound of micelike nibblings and scratchings from an uncertain direction. The muffled figure at the table did not move, but the eyes beneath their lids turned expectantly upward. The old trapdoor in the ceiling was being lifted by bony fingers.

A strange old face framed itself in the aperture for several seconds, while she studied the scene below. Then catching sight of the forlorn figure at the table she nodded briskly, the ringlets at her ears bobbing. She disappeared, almost at once to reappear; and gathering up her silks she prepared to descend. She was as agile as a wiry squaw, and the route apparently was familiar to her feet. One toe felt for a footing on the top of a door frame; the bookcase formed a convenient ladder to the table; and thence from a chair to the floor, where she shook out her wide skirts and with a little secret smile unhesitatingly advanced.

It was Miss Estelle de Morney, the lodger above, the "encumbrance on the property," belle of long-gone days. She picked her way without a sound to the hall door and listened intently, her eyes all the time on the figure at the table, as if with secret understanding. Picking up a chair she placed it with elaborate precaution beside the table, and sat down, arranging herself with prim ceremony. Her face in the light was deeply graved and calamerous in its eager intensity. The silence of her companion apparently reassured her; this might have been a phantom visitor expected, an anticipation realized; she gave the suggestion of an intercourse unknown to grosser mortals. Her lips moved continually, but no sound came. Occasionally she would pause and fix a look of question or reproach on the silent figure and bend an ear as if expecting a response.

A door slammed; some one of the tenants coming in late made his cautious way up the stairs outside, at which sound the old lady turned her head and waited in breathless terror, putting out a bony hand behind her to enjoin silence. The alarm passed. All was quiet again.

The old woman had composed herself again. As she smoothed out the folds of her dress the shrouded Pelts noted with a sprouting of gooseflesh that she was toying with a heavy cut-glass bottle of smelling salts that might have felled an ox. These creatures always had something about them, some weapon. Now she was holding up another object, which at first he took to be a twist of fluffy silk thread. As she curled it over her finger the shivering Pelts identified it as a strand of human hair—golden hair! The Cottrell woman's hair! The hair that had seemed to cover everything in that aftermath of the murder.

The old woman leaned close to him, grinning. Now she had unexpectedly produced a match, which she struck alight. She singed the hair in the flame.

"I cut this from your right temple, Blanche," she whispered as she watched the figure intently. "Does it hurt, dearie? Does it hurt you? I burn an inch of it each day!"

As she sat there enacting this age-old superstition with the light of madness in her eyes, Pelts, tense and watching her every move, suddenly visualized it all. The Cottrell woman had been slain by the victim of the hypothetical Nain Gail wielding a bludgeon to silence her blasphemous lips. She had become the pr

(Continued on Page 28)

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Inspiring a Friendly Feeling for America All Over the World

People of Other Nations Accept Superiority of Hupmobile and Make It an International Institution

he high standing of the Hupobile abroad means even ore, in a certain sense, than s strong hold on folks here at ome.

merican manufactured prodts have not always stood well the Old World, and the unudging admiration accorded e Hupmobile therefore carries special significance.

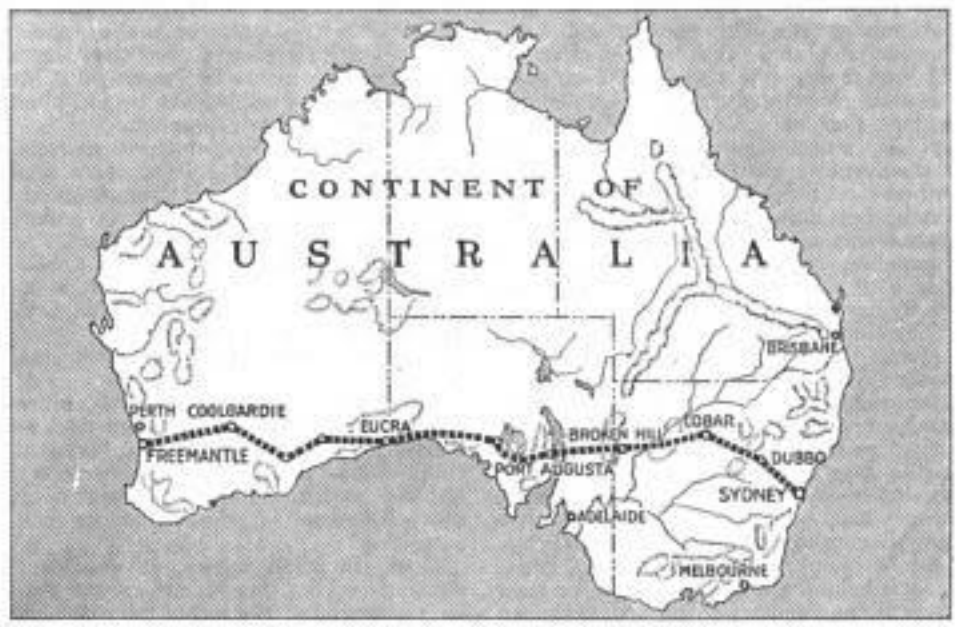
he *reasons* for this admiran are precisely the same in urope, Africa, South America



dotted line shows the route taken by a detail manded by Sgt. G. R. Cox, South Persian Rifles, riving two Hupmobiles from Nushki, Baluchisto Kirman, South Persia. The first motor cars ravel this route, the Hupmobiles made the 800 s of rugged mountain passes, rocky, dry river s and clinging sand in 19 days, and were none worse for their severe trip.

d Asia as they are in America except that these reasons are centuated in the case of Oldorld motorists.

nericans admire the Hupmoe especially because of its gged and undeviating good rvice under every conceivle road condition.



Australia is another far-off land that knows the Hupmobile favorably and well. The car has been exported to Australia almost ever since it was first manufactured. The map shows the route of the Hupmobile's record-breaking run across the Australian continent. The distance from Freemantle to Sydney is 2677 miles—almost as far as from New York to Los Angeles. The Hupmobile traversed the continent from west to east in 7 days, 2 hours, 17 minutes. Between Port Augusta and Broken Hill, 404 miles, it left the beaten track and struck out across the desert and the washouts. In spite of an average of only 10.6 miles per hour for this stretch, the Hupmobile was able to excel the best previous trans-continental record by 45 hours, 18 minutes.

But the road conditions which the Hupmobile meets and conquers across the ocean are even a truer test of its indomitable soundness than those it encounters here.

Away from fine main routes, South Africa, for instance, has no roads in our sense of the word; India is almost equally deficient; Holland motorists must leave their own borders for a worth-while tour—and so it goes in many a foreign state in which the Hupmobile is most ardently admired.

It is natural that the people of other nations should be slower to accept the superiority of an American product—but in the case of the Hupmobile this superiority is accepted without question.

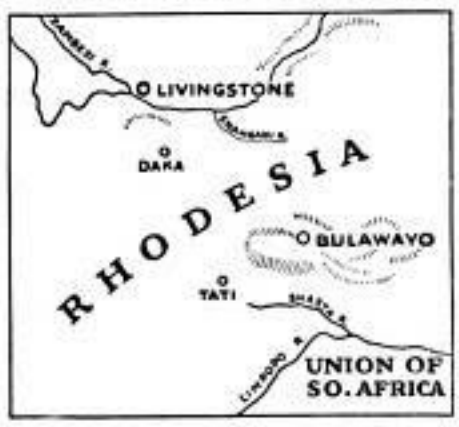
It is not too much to say that wherever it goes, there is bred an increased respect for the honesty of purpose, and the thoroughness, of American manufacturing methods.

The American tourist abroad can be absolutely sure that American products are more highly thought of in any community where the Hupmobile is known.

He may find more lightly constructed American cars in larger numbers, but he can be certain that nowhere will he find another American car as highly regarded as the Hupmobile.

It must be a source of satisfaction to any American to know that native products are generating a friendly feeling for America in foreign places.

It should be a special source of satisfaction to Hupmobile owners to know that the Hupmobile is not merely the car of the American family, but an international institution as well.



Some of the earliest Hupmobile exportations in 1909 were made to South Africa, where the car today is exceptionally well thought of. The Hupmobile is used with as great success in the South African hinterland, far from good main roads, as in the cities and thickly populated sections. Fred A. Donnithorne, scientist and explorer, is only one of many to testify to its splendid behavior. He writes from Bulawayo, in Rhodesia, that in all his experiences with cars, he has never seen or heard of a car doing what he has seen the Hupmobile do on many occasions.

For that reason we feel sure that the incidents detailed herewith will make grateful reading for you all.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

Hupmobile

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(Continued from Page 26)

of this crazy old woman, who was actually burning the hair of a fancied rival inch by inch to prolong her torture—of this belle of the underworld, heroine of a famous murder of the '70's, who mentally had not lived a single day beyond that catastrophe.

There was the rumble of a milk cart, the patter of feet on frosty boards, the clink of bottles, early morning sounds. Miss Estelle sprang to her feet, concealed her precious lock of hair in the bosom of her dress; then noiselessly as a ghost she stepped into the deep shadow of the fireplace.

Some sixth sense must have warned Pelts, for she was beyond the angle of his vision. The figure in the chair suddenly toppled over, just as Miss Estelle de Morney, wielding her murderous salts bottle, struck from behind, as she must have struck the poor Cottrell woman. As he flung himself aside, prone on the floor, Pelts seized her ankles and brought her down.

Policeman Phelan, on guard outside in the hall, came up out of a refreshing sleep with a rush and a roar. The seals on the door were still unbroken, yet from within came strange crashing sounds. He smashed the door with a heave. A gasping, snarling, clutching bundle of humans was rolling about the floor.

"Lights! Help!" gasped Pelts. As Phelan threw himself into the fray, amazed at its ferocity, Pelts was stuttering, "She's like a coil—of wire. One man can't handle—this—kind! They're—super—human! I—was—a fool! Smother her, or strangle her—anything!"

Miss Estelle de Morney finally succumbed to numbers.

At daybreak, when they were driving her away in a patrol wagon, the murderess, who had come within an inch of repeating her crime with the agile Pelts as victim, smiled up at Parr.

"Did I hear anything?" she repeated, answering that question for the second time. "My dear sir, I saw it all! Indeed, I was the one who did it! I suppose my enemies will even grudge me that satisfaction. Captain Avalone," she said, smoothing out her silks coyly, "had just come up from the ship. It was all he could do to wait. Poor Blanche thought he was bringing the stuffs to her." She whispered in Parr's ear: "Silly chit! With her baby face! And her great loads of hair! She thought the captain admired her hair!" After a pause she said, whispering again secretly, "She talked—she talked—she talked. So I smothered her in her hair!"

She was living again the Donald Brent murder. Here was the answer to the mystery: The one beauty of that unfortunate Cottrell woman, her wonderful hair, had roused the jealous fury of an old madwoman, who saw in her the rival of her youth.

VI

AWAY downtown, in the zone of roasting coffee and drying fish, there is a street half a block long, which, probably by reason of its terseness, is called Regnum. It takes its beginning in the avenue under the Elevated, decorated by a plaza of Italian greengroceries sprawling over the sidewalk and attended by ample nursing mothers who acquire a clever one-armed dexterity in waiting on customers. It ends without argument against the wall of an old churchyard in the middle of the block. Half a century ago Regnum Street was a mere alley of stables and hayloft. Later it washed its windows and painted its doorways and ornamented them with wrought lanterns and brass knockers, and broke holes in its roofs for north lights. A serious tribe of artists toiled here over their inspirations when the light was good; the sculptors being betrayed by foot tracks of plastilina in their doorways and the painters by the aroma of turps. In the evenings it was not rare for a flotilla of fine limousines to lie at anchor at the curb in the avenue. If you took the trouble to read the names on the letter boxes you would have a fairly safe list of the medal winners at the winter's exhibition.

The door knocker of Number Five portrayed a playful bear swinging from a limb and twiddling his toes at an inquisitive turtle. The doorway was tracked with modeling clay and the air was pungent with turpentine, indicating that the practitioner within paid homage to the dual arts of the spatula and of the brush. Besides housing an artist of parts, this old stable had another distinction: it was the place of rendezvous on Sunday nights of such members of that restless tribe of explorers as might happen to be in town momentarily from the Congo, the Amazon or the Arctic. For these there existed a perpetual unwritten welcome here; the latchstring hung out for them after nine; inside they made a vague camp-fire circle about a stereopticon, and in low tones talked the talk of frontiersmen, in their own language.

There was a fine informality about it; one entered without announcing himself, and departed without adieus. One had the Quaker privilege of talk or silence; if one listened he could absorb the moody confidences of those who had traveled beyond tea and tobacco. The secret of the open door was beautifully kept; a few patrons of art and patronizers of artists edged themselves in, as was inevitable; but even these latter prized the secret for its anonymity.

It was at nine of a Tuesday evening that Josiah Bourne, an elegant old beau, got down from his chariot in the avenue and gave gruff directions to his man; as he drew his fur collar up about his plucked old neck he examined the gloomy dead end that was Regnum Street. For a timid person it was not particularly inviting on a murky November night. The street lamps' rays reached only part way; the upper end, under the old church wall, was shrouded in gloom. Had he been alone the old lawyer might have hesitated to enter the little closed street. But it was quite evident that he was only one of several arrivals; a fleet of glittering equipages lay in the avenue roadstead, their riding lights and owners' burgees trimmed for the dog-watch; in a hallway a few doors down the avenue was a huddled group of expensive chauffeurs, rattling bones and chanting hymns to goddesses of chance. This was wholly familiar, and reassuring.

The old man indulged in a smile of satisfaction. He was going into society this evening. It had been many years—several generations, in fact—since he had had the privilege of moving in marble halls at the invitation of the great and the near-great. In the days of his youth, when one held his chin up with a choker and his trousers down with bootstraps, there had been a time when doors opened to Josiah Bourne. Later, doors were shut against him. Prone to look behind the clouds of life for their silver lining Josiah Bourne had explained to himself this social ostracism as the penalty of success; he knew too much about the great and the near-great; he made a profession of their shifts, their shams, their subterfuges, their unregenerate sons; he maintained a catacomb for the skeletons of the first families of Manhattan. His exile, however unpalatable, had its flattering if sardonic compensations.

But—yesterday morning, when Josiah Bourne was being drawn into a gay waistcoat by his man, chancing to look down into the street he was thrilled with the spectacle of a glistening brougham, drawn by a prancing pair of hacks, stopping at his door; a footman, springing down from the box and running up the steps, deposited an important-looking document. The footman was hardly back in place again and the whip snapping about the ears of the prancing pair when Josiah Bourne, breath whistling through his teeth, had dispatched his man in pursuit.

His heart glowed with fond memories. This savored of Knickerbocker days, elegant leisurely days before the era of traffic policemen; days of a brougham and a pair, with coachman and footman on the box in fawn-colored liveries, with flaring shiny silk hats, high tight boots, fur chokers and black gloves, delivering their lady's billets from door to door.

The old man was ogling the huge envelope, which might contain a death sentence or reprieve, from its weightiness, when his man came trotting back with the information that the brougham was decorated with the crest of the Wentworth family. Josiah Bourne studied the embossed heraldry he held in his trembling fingers; it was unfamiliar to him, but the astounding fact that a carriage, decorated with the coat of arms of the brilliant Mrs. Billy, had stopped at his door to deliver a billet in bright daylight was enough. He slit the envelope.

The content of this portentous document was cabalistic. It was a summons to Number Five. It was the familiar two-story handwriting of Mrs. Billy. Of that he could have no doubt. He, the recipient of an invitation to one of the rare evenings of the original Mrs. Billy! The old buck twisted his mustaches and posed for the delectation of his mirror. It was a favor he unquestionably owed to his engaging young friend, Mr. Armiston.

He recollected that the date engraved herein, Tuesday, was that of the special performance of Tristan, at the opera. He had planned to appear there. During the long decades of his exile old Josiah Bourne had religiously frequented the great events in society's calendar where mere money was the password at the door; the charity balls, the bazaars under distinguished patronage, the tableaux vivants of the maids and matrons of the Social Register—these occasions and effete first nights where the elect were to be found in all their glory were never missed by Josiah Bourne. The great and the near-great never by any chance saw him—but he always made it a point to be seen. He stalked among them like the ghost of Peter Grimm, visible to the audience at large but not to his fellow actors on the stage. Well, let the nabobs look holes through him if they must! He could stand their vacant stares. They would come to him soon enough when their daughters took the wrong turn or their sons got mired without chains. When that delicious moment arrived he made it a point of not being in; no, he didn't telephone or write letters or make appointments—with the needy; when they wanted him—and no one else would do!—the haughty nabobs would have to find him in public and do a little fawning.

How he had relished these morsels—taking his humiliation from them white hot, and then standing off to crack his whip over their heads. An enemy of society? Indeed no—its invisible ringmaster!

But—a brougham bearing the heraldic emblem of the proud Wentworths had stopped at his door, and left a billet! The fascinating queen of society had tossed a sop to Cerberus. He might well forgo Tristan.

"A most captivating woman!" he was muttering as he gripped his stout stick and started to punt himself forward over the cobblestones towards the gloomy end of the little street. "I think, without doubt, she will find me of great assistance in her activities."

Could he have chosen, of course this entry, properly ticketed, into society would have occurred at the lady's palatial home, a fortress in the Avenue facing the Park, in the Seventies. To have tasted the triumph of being announced in that gilded hall, to have been welcomed there by the gracious queen of the Upper Regions—such a spectacle would have struck his stone-blind clients stone dead. Instead, his recall to the world of fashion would take place in the anonymous dark. The lady must be up to one of her pranks again. Old Josiah knew about Number Five, where the privileged few played their blind man's buff, unknowing and unknown. It would be thrilling of course. Still, for the old lawyer the real thrill lay in the fact that the gracious lady had sent her carriage to his door in broad daylight.

Craning his neck and straining his eye Josiah Bourne finally discovered the playful bear twiddling his toes at the inquisitive turtle. His heart, an old pump with a leaky gasket on the intake side, chattered a little as he reached out and touched the cold doorknob with his fingers. He drew back, resting himself for a brief spell against the brick doorpost, amazed at his own weakness. A couple passed in as he stood there in the shadow, but displayed no curiosity as to his identity. The swish of the woman's silks shook out a faint indefinite perfume as she passed; the man's bearded face in silhouette stirred some dull memory in the watcher. Another car had stopped at the foot of the street; someone else was coming up the alley, examining doorways. Josiah Bourne passed in.

At this moment a dimly outlined figure detached itself from the side of a potted box plant across the alley; it was the indefatigable Pelts, who, hands deep in pockets and shoulders curled like a beggar in a bread line, shuffled over the cobbles to the foot of the street and appraised with great satisfaction the flotilla of limousines lying there; he gave especial attention to the little lighted signal lamps on top, the owners' burgees. Apparently gratified with this census he returned to the shadow of the box plant.

The door swung to behind Josiah Bourne; and in the mottled darkness a hand appeared to relieve him of his hat and stick, returning a moment later to lift his fur coat from his tall frame. He was wor[ing] which way to turn when the h[and] again came back, slipped itself through [his] arm and urged him gently forward [into] the studio. The room was completely [in] shadow except for the fitful flashes of l[ight] from a balky stereopticon, which, howe[ver] failed to reveal any more than the [dim] face of a man peering down into its w[ork]hot interior as he tinkered with the [lens]. The operator shut the furnace door [and] focused a white circle of radiance o[n a] screen standing against the far wall. T[he] ing to adjust his eyes to the feeble twil[ight] Bourne felt himself skillfully tooled in[to] out among obstructions, several of w[hich] he took to be human; and finally g[ot] eased into a comfortable chair. At [the] moment of relinquishment his stu[pid] senses caught his guide's softly whis[pered] "So good of you to come!"

The old lawyer, settling back in [the] chair, gently inhaled the incense of [old] life in a stable. In days of old, when h[is] ney coaches were in full bloom, a w[ord] ordered drawing-room, food and good [cheer] sufficed; now all that had grown n[ecessary] Débutantes and matrons must pick [up] their skirts—already perilously short—[to] explore dark alleys or a musty mews u[nder] the pretext of patronizing anthropo[logy] and the faunal sciences.

He chuckled at the thought of the p[resent] ent situation. In his stalwart youth [he] would have thought twice about surr[en]dering his hat and coat to a disembo[died] pair of hands in a dark corridor and p[er]mitting himself to be pocketed in the corner of a dark room, from which esc[ape] would be impossible except over a hu[ge] of obstructions. But if one would go in[to] society these days, when Mrs. Billy set[s the] pace, one must expect the unexpected.

The old man was evidently one o[f a] broken camp-fire circle behind the l[an]tern. Peering curiously at the shapes ab[out] him in the dimness he strove to make [out] their features; but the high relief of [the] man's shirt front or the misty outlines o[f the] woman's shoulders were all that re[ward] him. Guests, of uncertain visibility, c[on]tinued to arrive. This was better t[han] Tristan—at Tristan he would have para[ded] in full light, outstaring his foes, made [the] evening of it; this had the flavor of an [ad]venture; friend or foe, all were equ[al] beneath the veil.

The man by the stereopticon had ta[ken] a seat and begun to talk. A picture a[p]peared on the screen. The old law[yer] opening and poising his spectacles on [the] nose, apprehended with a smile that he [was] doomed to become a patron of anthro[pol]ogy and the faunal sciences himself. It was a scene of the Far North; and [the] conversational explorer presently was [re]galing his distinguished clientele with homily on the lob stick, which is a spr[uce] tree trimmed like a feather duster. T[he] warmth of the atmosphere, the pleas[ant] proximity of elegance about him, gradu[ally] lulled his senses.

In spite of himself his old eyelids g[rew] more and more leaden, and the voice of [the] explorer more and more indistinct, until finally trailed off altogether into the fa[int]nesses of Arctic night. Josiah Bou[rne] frankly slept.

He awoke with a start; a moment or hour might have elapsed. Was it the to[uch] of a hand on his elbow, a breath of [air] on his forehead that had aroused him?

Coming up thus, suddenly out of t[he] well of deep sleep in that dark room, [the] old man had a sense of floating in nothi[ng]ness. Then his animal instincts warn[ed] him of the close proximity of his kind: [and] he stiffened, bristling, staring at the dus[ky] shapes of his companions. Presently [he] found himself. Mrs. Billy. Of cour[se] Clever woman, that! Very, very clev[er] She had sent her brougham—he really m[ust] do something handsome. But surely [the] guests had thinned. He could hardly co[unt] a dozen now.

"We must be very quiet," cautioned [a] mellifluous voice off in a dark corner. [To]ward—Mrs. Billy's, "if we hope for s[uc]cess. There are thousands of voices [out] there in the ether."

A vibratory buzz shook the air, to [be] quickly stifled; then the rhythmic beat [as] of some great pendulum tolling off s[ec]onds—a pause, and a deep bass, coming [up] out of the bowels of the earth, remark[ed] "Ten o'clock!" as if anyone cared a [fig] time. A high thin whistle succeed[ed]. Josiah Bourne, bending an ear, had no [dif]ficulty in breaking it up into dots a[nd]

(Continued on Page 30)

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23-4-37—Sedan	5 pass.
23-4-38—Touring Sedan	5 pass.

Only a Demonstration Can Show the Riding Qualities and Real Worth of These New Models

Ask about prices and the G. M. A. C. purchase plan

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation

Pioneer Builders of Valve-in-Head Motor Cars

Branches in All Principal Cities—Dealers Everywhere

When better automobiles are built, Buick will build them

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(Continued from Page 28)

dashes—Continental Code. A rich barytone, from some lower stratum, intoned with great dignity, "The first Thanksgiving in America was celebrated by the little band of ——" The voice was abruptly expunged; and in its place came a broken phrase of jazz, a tinkling guitar and banjo and beating cymbals.

The old man relaxed and fell back, baring his teeth in a cadaverous grin. Radio telephone, with a loud-speaking trumpet. That was the machinery of Mrs. Billy's interpretations. Someone was manipulating the controls of the wireless receiver over in that corner, exploring the upper strata of the air for vagrant voices. Child's play. Here in the dark. Well, let them amuse themselves. They were only children, after all, he concluded indulgently—sometimes very bad children.

A rich, vibrant voice, the voice of a woman, suddenly filled the room.

"No, no, no, no," and on interminably—"no."

There was a startled, spasmodic movement at the right of him. Old Josiah Bourne sat up as if a pistol shot had rung through the room. That voice! Was he hearing it? Or did he dream it? Still that incessant "No, no, no" beat on the air with the relentless throb of a bell.

The Cottrell woman! That fragment, left in the wake of murder. He controlled himself with an iron hand.

"Oh," burst out the mellifluous Mrs. Billy, "we're coming to it. We're coming to the great moments in the famous romances of Nain Gail."

This devilishly clever woman, all the time on the lookout for sensations, must have come across the secret of Nain Gail's methods, got hold of that missing cylinder. A mere coincidence, Bourne told himself. Probably Preston Black. That jackal would sell anything, for a price. An ugly leer lit the yellow old face.

Suddenly the round rich voice began to speak again. Nain Gail was dipping into the past. She was giving a reading from The Fallacy of Fulfillment. It was a dramatic reading. It was a brilliant idea of Mrs. Billy—to stage those jelly rolls for the delectation of her guests, as if she were actually picking the dead voice out of the upper regions of the air. The mechanism would be simple enough, the pleased old lawyer told himself; she would merely hitch the rolls to a remote telephone transmitter in another room and relay them to the loud speaker in this dark studio, to dumfound the foolish nabobs of society.

Now that his crafty mind had brushed aside the hocus-pocus of this pseudo séance he bent an ear with keen enjoyment, reliving again the exquisite moments of long ago when he had first seen that tale in print.

A pause—and then the voice of the dead and gone Cottrell woman took up its plaint again. Now it was a chapter from The Siege of Peking. Reclining in his chair he listened with eyes closed, weaving his fingers together. Again—there came a fragment from The Weak Sister, that cruel tale that had sent the privileged Alstair family to Coventry. The old lawyer turned to scan the mute circle of his fellow guests. They sat there like dumb ghosts, drinking it in, doubtless dumfounded by that clever trickster, Mrs. Billy. Occasionally there would be an uneasy rustling, a sigh quickly suppressed—once he could have sworn he caught a stifled sob.

The voice of the Cottrell woman ceased abruptly in the middle of a sentence; the hand of the operator began manipulating the inductances and capacities, exploring other bands in the spectrum of vagrant voices. At a restless movement among the auditors, "Please!" pleaded the voice of Mrs. Billy. "Let us all be very quiet. There's something more! There is another voice, hovering there. Listen! Don't you catch it? It's beginning to come in now!"

There was a voice—another voice. Not the Cottrell woman's. Josiah Bourne started forward in his chair, his eyes wide, his mouth falling open, every hair in the sparse thatch of his crown counting itself, a dash of ice water rolling down his spine. It was a woman's voice—with a faintly perceptible lisp. A premonition gripped him. The timbre of the voice, through some practiced trick of the operator, was coming nearer and nearer, the words were beginning to trickle through.

"Oh, I can't! I can't!" the voice wailed, suddenly present in the room itself. "I'm afraid! I'm afra-a-aid!"

There was the sound of a woman's convulsive weeping.

A man's tones interposed.

"But try," it urged gently. "There is wrong to be righted. Many people have suffered—many innocent people. Try." After a pause: "Then, tell us about the other woman—the one who is dead."

"Ah-h!" murmured the woman's despairing voice. "She—she has paid—God knows!" In scarcely more than a whisper: "There was the drug—that was his bribe—always that! Poor creature!"

A snarl as of an enraged animal burst through the hypnotic stillness. Someone was blundering to his feet, dashing blindly one way and another, making for the corner whence the voice issued.

"Silence! Cease!" came in muffled ferocity; and at the same instant a heavy body colliding with some piece of furniture went down with a crash, punctuated by the scream of a woman.

"Lights! Lights!"

It was the high voice of Mrs. Billy, with the quick response of a stage director to an impending situation.

A switch clicked. The lights flared up with blinding intensity.

Old Josiah Bourne lay sprawling on the floor, close by the overturned stereopticon. He lay so still that for an instant they thought him dead. Beside him Eva Berkley, on her feet, was clutching her skirts about her as if she feared contamination from the touch of the fallen man.

They all watched with horrid fascination the contortions of Josiah Bourne's face as he slowly raised himself. There was no hand stretched to help him; with a painful effort he pulled himself upright, and still clutching the chair which had aided him he indicated by a weak but imperative gesture that he was about to speak.

"A moment—give me a moment," he commanded. "I will be heard!" he gasped. Still breathing heavily, and obviously much shaken, the old man turned slowly and faced the circle confronting him. His lips curled.

"Ah! A jury of my peers!" he muttered as his eye traveled slowly from face to face.

First, Ned Alstair, that bearded silhouette, snatched momentarily in the dark outside that had vainly haunted him. His gaze met the smoldering hatred in Canon Berkley's look without a flicker. If he momentarily paled at the sight of Horace West, brother of the woman sent to perdition through that blasphemous tale, The Siege of Peking, only those nearest guessed it. To Eva Berkley, the Inez of the unfinished Imbroglio, he gave the tribute of a sneer. And the hollow-eyed woman in black, poor Freddie Kerfoot's widow, he passed as though she was a stranger—the butterfly of so many social seasons.

Mrs. Billy, a queer smile on her lips, watched the old lawyer, alert to every change. Behind her at a box ornamented with graduated dials and pointers, stood Oliver Armiston, calm, unruffled, waiting—the informed observer. Undoubtedly Josiah Bourne was indebted to the hectic versatility of that weaver of thrillers for this evening's entertainment. At a slight movement at his elbow old Bourne turned to confront the stony visage of Parr, deputy of police. Bourne nodded with a sardonic smile. Near the door, ready for instant disappearance, was the pale figure of Preston Black, the publisher. It was to him that Josiah Bourne addressed his first words.

"Hah!" he snarled nasally. "The Jackal! You are getting on in society, I see!"

The agitated voice of Preston Black rose shrilly.

"I swear, sir—I didn't know—I was tricked into it!"

Josiah Bourne silenced him with a contemptuous word. He was completely himself again.

"Well?" he cried harshly, sweeping the circle with a withering look. "Well, what now? Are we quits? Eh? Tell me, have you had enough?" He bared his teeth. "Or must we have more?"

He halted as if he half expected an answer to his challenge.

"You!" he intoned in a great resonant voice. "You, who give yourselves airs! You, who judge me and my feeble sins!" The insolence of his gesture was indescribable. "You—and your sons—and your daughters! Yes, and your lovers! A-ha! You flinch!" he cried. "Yes; you flinch! You thought to hurl the stone at me—to degrade me in the eyes of all men—because I sacrificed in the light of day at altars whose fires you kindled only under cover of darkness."

It was his big moment.

"Madam," he said, bowing ceremoniously to the electrified Mrs. Billy, "you did me the honor to send your brougham to my door. I thank you. And you, sir!" he said, turning on Oliver Armiston, "you with your marionettes and your trick box—you thought to expose me to my enemies. Good! They know my quality now. I have paid them in kind! I—I—none other," he cried, pounding his chest—"I am Nain Gail!" Dropping his voice, a taunting smile on his lips, he added: "You will bear with me that I find a certain sweetness in the revelation."

His glance flicked like a lash across Berkley's white face. At the canon's involuntary movement Horace West checked him with a touch and a whisper:

"There is nothing worth it! It is his death cry."

In the silence that followed, Mrs. Billy, her eyes afire, whispered under her breath to Oliver, "Your Grand Cham is stealing your act, Mr. Godahl! Stop him!"

"Stop him?" cried Josiah Bourne, his ears on a hair trigger. "Who shall stop me? Not the law," he sneered. "No, not even this precious deputy of police, whom you have called in to witness my humiliation." He showed his teeth in an ugly smile.

Armiston turned and tripped the catch of the roller shade at the window; it shot up with a report like the snap of a whip. At this signal the door banged violently. The galvanized listeners heard again the voice whose disembodied accents had so recently precipitated this crisis:

"I—I am afraid. Oh, I am afraid!"

The tones were anguished.

"You'll be more afraid if you don't!" growled a man's voice.

Throwing aside the shrinking Preston Black, the indefatigable Pelts flung into the studio, and literally spun to the middle of the floor a young woman swathed in a gaudy opera cloak. At sight of her a savage oath escaped old Bourne.

"There she is!" cried Pelts. "That's the real thing, Mr. Armiston. You had only a cheap imitation in that music box of yours."

She was the girl of the chiffons and laces who had been the Grand Cham's table companion on the Midnight Roof. She was the girl with the suggestion of the lisp who had said an obedient good night when her patron briefly dismissed her. She was the girl with the ignition trouble who talked a bit thick in the current reports of the Broadbill Detective Agency.

"She's all dolled up for the opera tonight," smirked the shabby little Pelts, showing off his star. "She thought he was going to coach her for more jelly rolls tonight. He always took her and the other one to a show when he talked off a yarn to them. Didn't he, miss? I told you I'd bring you to your old bird, didn't I, eh?"

The terrified girl stood trembling, with averted eyes.

Mrs. Billy, clearly enamored of the dramatic possibilities of the situation of which she had been the distinguished patroness, turned expectantly to old Bourne, confident that his surpassing audacity would put his enemies to rout. It did. Josiah Bourne advanced and offered an arm to the half-fainting girl.

"Come, my child," he said gently, "there is no one here to detain you. You are not amenable in any way. You have merely been my voice, as the other woman was before you. I, alone, am Nain Gail!"

"Oh, you forgive me?" she cried, looking up. "But they made me tell—everything!"

"Forgive you?" he repeated. "Because they bullied you—browbeat you? There is nothing to forgive. Come."

He challenged Parr with a look; then with a dignity that had lost all its bombast he led her to the door and they passed out.

"He's splendid!" cried Mrs. Billy. "As a villain I adore him!"

"A meaningless crime," said Armiston to Parr as they turned away from the court which in the commitment of Miss Estelle de Morney to a lifelong companionship with the criminal insane had written "Finis" to the rear-tenement mystery. "A meaningless crime! The senseless ferocity of a madwoman!" pursued Oliver. "And yet—it has wiped the slate clean. The murder of this poor derelict, the Cottrell woman, the overworked literary hack whom old Bourne rescued from the gutter to be his facile amanuensis, has accomplished the impossible! It has killed the infamous Half Moon; Preston Black is on the rocks. It has silenced forever the blasphemies of the hypothetical Nain Gail. It has unmasked Josiah Bourne and left him powerless. What more could you ask?"

(THE END)



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The Mission Range, Flathead Valley, Montana

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Warning!

You may be offered counterfeit Gargoyle Mobiloil
How to protect yourself

ONE of the most striking tributes to Gargoyle Mobiloil is the fact that it is more imitated than any other oil. Some of these imitations have even been called "Mobile Oil" and given letters similar to our grade marks—"A," "B," "E," and "Arctic." And we are sorry to say that a few unscrupulous dealers pass off to the unsuspecting motorist cheap and inferior oils as genuine Gargoyle Mobiloil.

Some of these imitators and substitutors have been legally prosecuted. We are taking—and will continue to take—legal steps to protect motorists and reputable Gargoyle Mobiloil dealers.

Remember: Gargoyle Mobiloil is never sold under any other name. Claims that some other oil "is the same as Gargoyle Mobiloil" are plain attempts to deceive you. Gargoyle Mobiloil is manufactured only by the Vacuum Oil Company at its own works and refineries.

How to secure the genuine

We suggest these simple precautions:

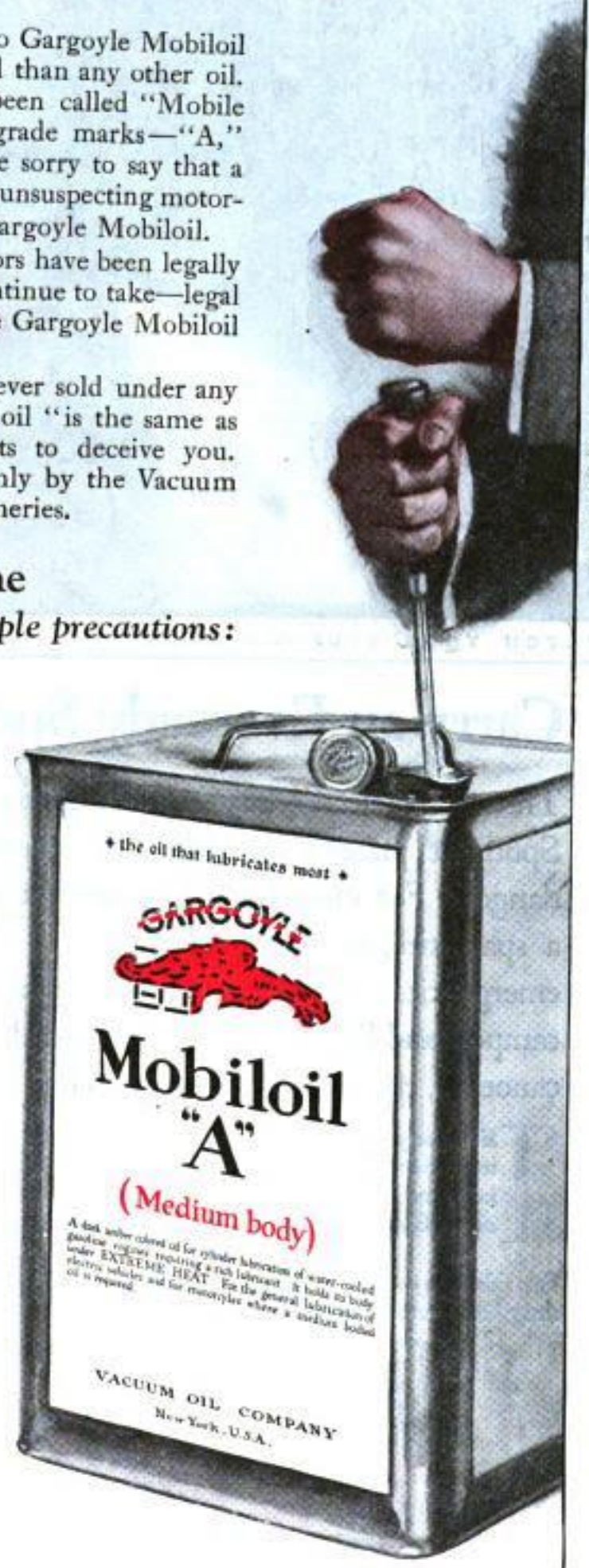
1. Don't be misled by some similar sounding name. You want Gargoyle Mobiloil—not "Mobile" or some oil similarly named for purpose of deception. See the word Mobiloil and the grade mark on the can, drum or barrel.
2. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container. This is our mark of manufacture and appears on all cans, drums or barrels filled with genuine Gargoyle Mobiloil.
3. Preferably, buy in original, sealed containers bearing these identifying marks.
4. Break the seal *yourself*.

To avoid misunderstanding:

We believe that the average dealer who sells Gargoyle Mobiloil is fully as honest as any other reputable merchant. But there are occasional exceptions in this field as there are in every other line of business. To protect car owners and Gargoyle Mobiloil dealers we sound this warning.

Reputable dealers who have Gargoyle Mobiloil in the several grades and sizes of containers aim to give you the fullest possible measure of lubricating protection.

If you have a home garage we suggest that you purchase your Gargoyle Mobiloil in 5-gallon cans or the larger steel drums. In this way you buy your oil from your regular dealer and are assured of always having an adequate supply of the correct oil for your car.



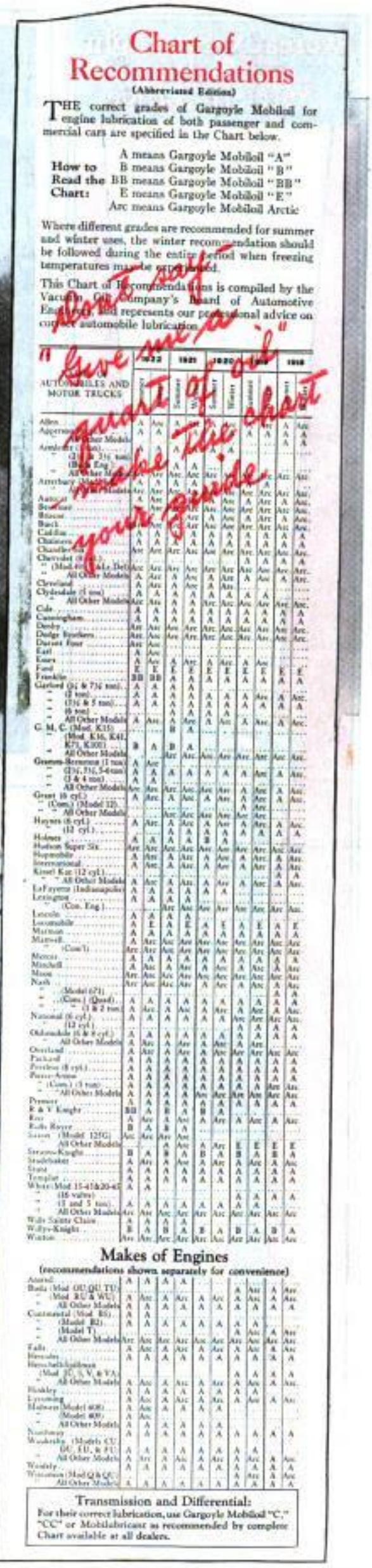


Chart of Recommendations

(Abbreviated Edition)

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of both passenger and commercial cars are specified in the Chart below.

How to Read the Chart:

A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
BB means Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB"
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arc means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter uses, the winter recommendation should be followed during the entire period when freezing temperatures may be encountered.

This Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers, and represents our professional advice on correct automobile lubrication.

AUTOMOBILES AND MOTOR TRUCKS	1922 Summer	1922 Winter	1921 Summer	1921 Winter	1920 Summer	1920 Winter	1919 Summer	1919 Winter	1918 Summer	1918 Winter
Allen	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Apperson	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models										
Armleder (4 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" (6 cyl. 3½ mm)										
" (Buda Eng.)	A	A								
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Atterbury (Model [illegible])	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A		
Auburn	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Beardsley	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Biscoe	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Buick	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cadillac	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chalmers	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chandler-Six	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chevrolet (4 cyl.)							A	A	A	A
" (Mod. [illegible])	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" All Other Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cleveland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Clydesdale (1 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cole	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Cunningham	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Dodge	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Dodge Brothers	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Durant Four	Arc	Arc								
Earl	A	Arc								
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Garford (3½ & 5 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (2 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (3½ & 5 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (6 ton)			A	A	A	A				
" All Other Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
G. M. C. (Mod. K35)			B	A						
" (Mod. K36, K41, K73, K303)	B	A	B	A						
" All Other Models			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Gramm-Bernstrom (1 ton)	A	Arc								
" (2½, 3½, 5-6 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (3 & 4 ton)	A	A								
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Grant (6 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (Conv.) (Model 32)							A	Arc		
" " All Other Models			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Haynes (6 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (12 cyl.)			A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Holmes	A	A	A	A	B	A				
Hudson Super Six	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Interstate	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Kissel Kar (12 cyl.)									A	A
" All Other Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
LaFayette (Indianapolis)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Lexington	A	A	A	A						
" (Con. Eng.)			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Lincoln	A	A	A	A						
Locomobile	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Maxwell	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (Con'l)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Mercer	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Mitchell	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Moon	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Nash	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (Model 671)									A	A
" (Cont.) (Quad)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" " (1 & 2 ton)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
National (6 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (12 cyl.)							A	A	A	A
Oldsmobile (6 & 8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Overland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Packard	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Peerless (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Pierce-Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (Com.) (3 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc
Premier	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
R & Y Knight	BB	A	B	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Rolls Royce	B	A	B	A						
Saxon (Model 125G)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc						
" All Other Models			A	Arc	A	Arc	E	E	E	E
Stearns-Knight	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Templar	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
White (Mod. 15-41&20-45)	A	A								
" (16 valve)							A	A	A	A
" (1 and 5 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Wills Sainte Claire	A	A	A	A						
Willys-Knight	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Winton	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc

Makes of Engines

(recommendations shown separately for convenience)

Atterbury	A	A	A	A						
Buda (Mod. QU, QU TU)							A	Arc	A	Arc
" (Mod. RU & WU)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Continental (Mod. R5)	A	A								
" (Model R2)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
" (Model T)							A	Arc	A	Arc
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Falls	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hercules	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Herschell-Spillman (Mod. JC, JV, & VA)							A	A	A	A
" All Other Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hinkley	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Lycoming	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Midwest (Model 608)	A	Arc	A	A	A	A				
" (Model 809)	A	Arc								
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Northway	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Waukesha (Models CU, DU, FU, & FU)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
" All Other Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Weidely	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Wisconsin (Mod Q & QC)							A	Arc	A	Arc
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A

Transmission and Differential:
For their correct lubrication, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C," "CC" or Mobilubricant as recommended by complete Chart available at all dealers.

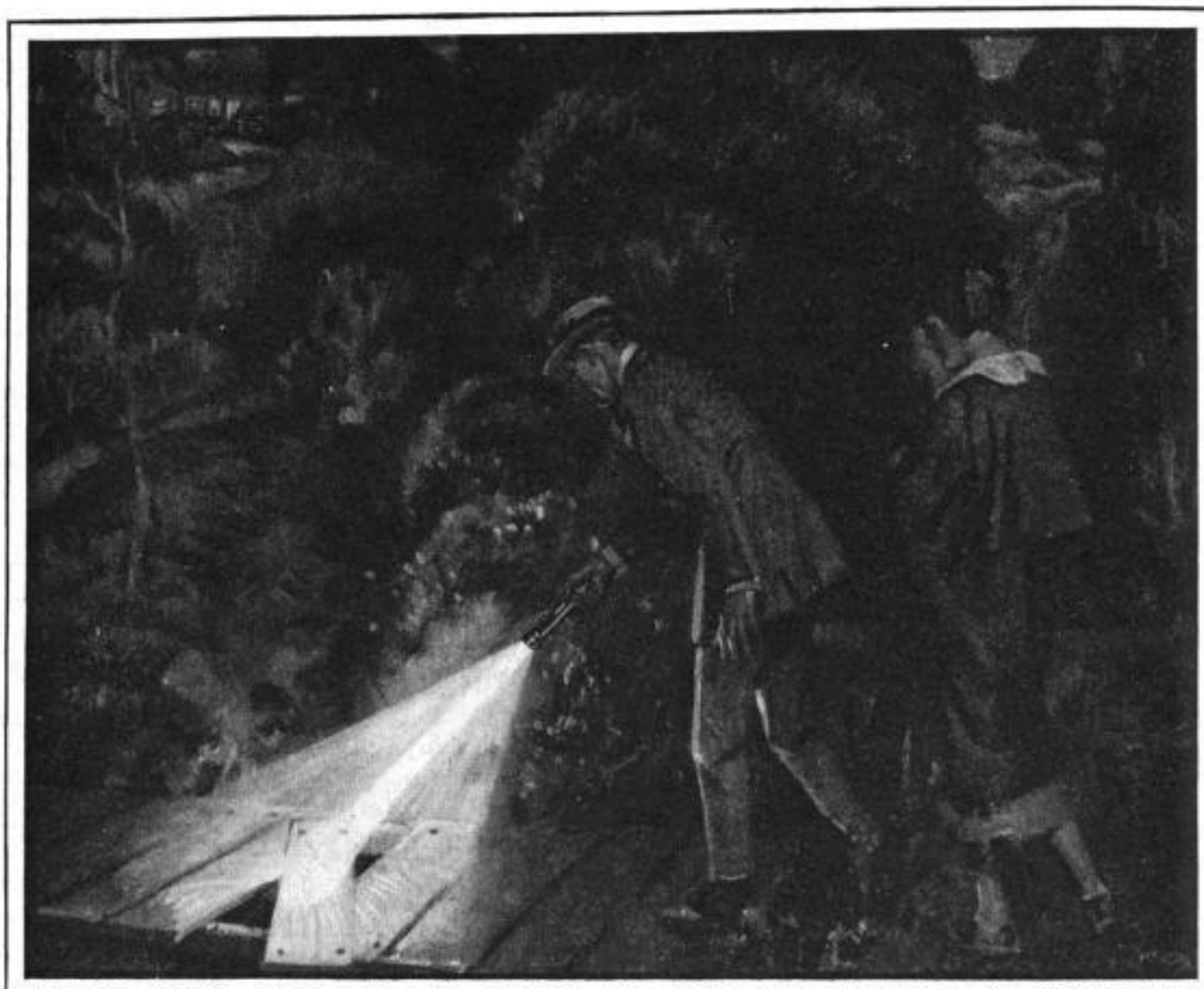
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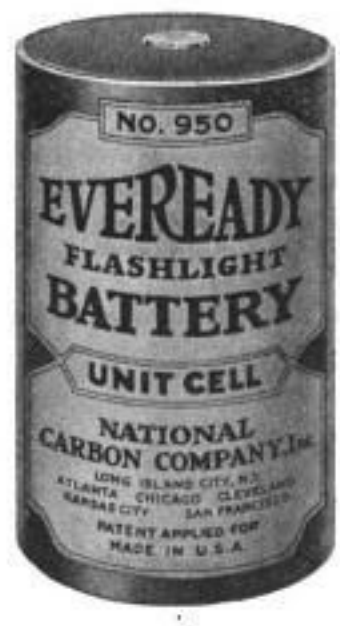
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[Eveready **Flashlight Batteries are universally** used because **they are better. They give a** brighter light; **last longer; and** ***fit and improve*** *all makes* ***of flashlights.*** **Insist upon Eveready**]

For sale everywhere at electrical, hardware, sporting goods, drug, and auto accessory shops; garages; general stores.



EVEREADY FLASHLIGHTS & BATTERIES

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MY LIFE

(Continued from Page 13)

A terrible despair seized me. I wished to die. Leaning from my balcony, I looked into the black water below, longing for the peace, the forgetting that one movement, one single effort would bring me. Cut off from the world around me, dumb and blinded by my pain, I bent to the black abyss. But my musician's ear was not yet dulled. A sound penetrated the wall of my despair. I heard the voice of a gondolier singing as he swung his oars.

Ah, to sing! To sing once more before I died! To cry my anguish to the night before the eternal silence should engulf me!

Like one distraught, I threw my cloak about me and went out into the night. A bark lay at the foot of the stone stairway outside my door. I found myself seated in it, floating along the still canal between the dark water and the darker sky. I began to sing, madly, passionately, all the songs I had ever known. Gay or sad, tender or tragic, they poured from my lips in a turbulent flood. I sang as though I would never sing again, spending my strength, my grief, my life; giving to the unresponding shadows all that I had of beauty and of art.

Only when my voice died in my throat and my parched lips could make no further sound did I realize my strange position. As one who painfully returns to reality from the uncharted seas of fever and delirium, I looked about. I saw where I was and became conscious of what I had been doing.

All around me a moving mass of small boats pushed and jostled. They had gathered from every side like specter ships filled with whispering, wondering people. In a bark that almost touched my own I could see a young couple, closely embraced, watching me with a startled, ardent gaze. How long had my voice been leading this phantom procession through the night?

I shrank back under the hood of my gondola, my one desire to hide from these people I had so strangely evoked! I gave my gondolier the address of a friend whom I knew to be absent and in whose empty *palazzo* I could take sanctuary. Many hours later, when I thought the way was open, I left my place of refuge. As I stepped into the waiting gondola a black shadow slipped out from the protection of the building opposite and followed me to my hotel. The lovers on the lagoon had not given up the vigil and had waited to discover my real abiding place!

The next morning a bouquet of flowers was brought to me with this message:

"From Paul and Jeanne, who love each other greatly and to whom you have given an unforgetable night. May the blessing of God be upon you, you who are the bearer of the fire divine."

These last words touched me to my inmost fiber. They wakened my soul. I could pray at last, and I thanked God that I was still alive. My voice had saved me.

Nor have I ever forgotten that night. Every year on the same day, in any corner of the world where I may be, I receive a line from Paul and Jeanne, with its inspiring lesson of love and gratitude.

X

AFTER my successes in Italy I was eager to return to Paris. When Carvalho engaged me to create Cavalleria Rusticana at the Opéra Comique I went back to the scene of my early endeavors, filled with ambition and enthusiasm. Yet in spite of the experience that my years in Italy had brought me I felt myself out of place in this conventional theater, where tradition and established customs were blindly venerated.

My interpretation of the rôle of Santuzza astonished my comrades. My spontaneous and apparently unstudied gestures shocked them. Even the costume which I had brought with me from Italy, the clothes of a real peasant woman—coarse shirt, worn sandals and all—was considered eccentric and ugly. I was unmercifully criticized and ridiculed.

At the dress rehearsal I heard one of the older singers pass judgment upon me.

"What a pity!" he exclaimed. "She has a lovely voice, and she has really made astonishing progress. But such acting! In this part of the world we do not hang on the table with our fists when we are singing. At the rate she is going she will be ruined!"

The speaker was a man for whom I had the greatest respect and admiration. His remark disturbed me profoundly. I was on the point of changing my whole manner, which was apparently too realistic for the taste of the moment. The night of the first performance, however, as I was about to make my entrance, courage returned to me.

"Come what will," I thought, "I shall act the part as I feel it."

I went on the stage, and I was, as I had been before, the naïve and tragic Santuzza, the passionate, impulsive peasant girl of Italy. It was a triumph.

Shortly afterward I created Carmen.

If I was criticized out of all measure before these two successes, after them I was praised with equal lack of restraint. Everything I now did was right. Unfortunately for me, no one dared utter a word of criticism; and in consequence I was carried away by my passion for realism. It became an obsession, and occasionally I overstepped the mark. Later, however, I learned wisdom and moderation.

In developing the rôle of Carmen I used the same sincerity, the same courage and disregard of tradition that I had in my interpretation of Cavalleria. I insisted on wearing the fringed shawl which is called in Spain the *mantón de manilla* instead of the bolero and short skirt in which the part had always been costumed.

In the matter of the dance, also, my ideas and those of the directors did not agree. They wanted me to learn the steps which had been danced with such grace and charm by Galli-Marié, the original creator of the rôle.

"How do you expect me to imitate Galli?" I protested. "She was small, dainty, an entirely different build. I am big. I have long arms. It is absurd for me to imitate anyone but the gypsies themselves."

Whereupon I showed them the true dance of the *gitanas*, with its special use of arms and hands—a manner of dancing for which the Spaniards have invented the expression "*el brazear*."

I had been to Granada and I had visited the district of the Albaicin, where the gypsy bands, lived in mysterious caves and grottoes. I had watched them in their daily life. I had seen them dance and sing, and had studied their gestures and movements. I had learned how the women dressed, and had bought from them the very shawls they were wearing. Nor had I entirely forgotten my youthful contact with those strange and fascinating people. I came, therefore, to the study and interpretation of this rôle with a thorough knowledge of the subject, and I was able to develop my ideas in spite of criticism and discouragement.

It is unnecessary for me to speak of the success of Carmen. I have sung this rôle all over the world, and it has brought me whatever fame I may have. It is one of the most interesting and perhaps the most popular creations of my long operatic career.

I was now greatly in demand. Following closely upon the launching of Carmen, I obtained excellent engagements in London and New York. My popularity was assured. But my greatest reward was the appreciation and praise of the generous and warm-hearted Galli-Marié.

"Bravo, Calvé!" she said to me one day after the performance. "You are most interesting and original. This is the first time I have consented to attend a performance of this opera, which reminds me so poignantly, so vividly of my own youth."

I heard from her again, years later, at the time of the festivities in connection with the thousandth performance of Carmen. I was asked to sing the rôle at the Opéra Comique. On the day in question I received a telegram from Galli, saying, "My heart and my thoughts are with you tonight."

I have often been asked whether Carmen is my favorite rôle. Indeed, it is not! I adore Bizet's music, but the character is, on the whole, antipathetic to me. Yet I have been a prisoner of that opera. It is apparently eternally popular, particularly with the American public. My impresarios, who were, above all things, keen business men, forced me to sing it much more often than any other rôle of my repertoire.

Carmen has only two redeeming qualities. Even in the face of death she will admit that she no longer loves! Marguerite, Ophelia, Juliet, Elsa, Santuzza have been my favorite parts.

I have had the privilege of creating two rôles written especially for me by our great composer Massenet. La Navarraise was produced at Covent Garden in London in 1897; Sapho a year later. I have sung both these operas frequently. The first is short, a passionate dramatic tragedy in one act. The second, taken from Alphonse Daudet's novel of the same name, has been one of my most successful creations. Massenet wrote it for the special and individual notes in my voice, those unusual tones of which I have already spoken.

Massenet was a very popular figure in his day. His witticisms were widely quoted, his epigrams passed from mouth to mouth. He was agreeable, entertaining, a charming individual and a thorough Frenchman.

At the last general rehearsal before the first night of Sapho I had the misfortune of arriving at the theater ten minutes late. The company was waiting; and Massenet, excited and nervous as usual, was decidedly out of patience. He greeted me abruptly, disregarding the presence of my comrades and the members of the chorus and orchestra.

"Mademoiselle Calvé," he said, "an artist worthy of the name would never keep her fellow workers waiting."

I was extremely angry. Turning away, I walked off the stage and started to leave the building. On my way out I had a change of heart. It took all my courage, but I decided to go back.

"My friends," I said, "the master is right. I am at fault. Forgive me! I am ready to rehearse my part, if I am permitted to do so."

The chorus and the orchestra applauded. Massenet embraced me. I was forgiven, but it had been a painful lesson. Since then I have never been a minute late for even the most unimportant engagement.

Sapho, as I have said, was taken from Alphonse Daudet's book. I knew the distinguished writer, and used to visit him in his charming house at Champrosay. He received me in his study, his sensitive face always beautiful and calm in spite of his suffering. His wife and children were with him, devoted to his care, surrounding him with affectionate attentions.

We were talking of Sapho one day, and discussing the presentation of the character on the stage.

"Remember the phrase of Baudelaire," Daudet admonished me. "Beware of movements which break the line! Few gestures, I beg of you! Be restrained, calm, classic. She is called Sapho in the play, because she posed for the statue of the Greek poetess."

I always remembered this advice and strove to carry it out in my interpretation of the rôle.

We used to talk often of Aveyron, my own beloved country. I sang the songs of the mountaineers and shepherds; songs without accompaniment, which I had learned in my childhood.

"You evoke all your race in your singing," he said to me one day. "Your mountains and your wide, high plains live again in the sound of your voice, pure and luminous like golden honey!"

XI

I SANG every season for many years at Covent Garden in London, appearing there in all the operas of my repertoire. I also created several rôles at this theater, notably La Navarraise by Massenet, in 1894; and Amy Robsart, the first production of its author, De Lara, whose Messaline I sang some years later.

Each year during my engagement in England I was summoned to Windsor Castle to sing for Queen Victoria. I shall never forget my first audience. We had been waiting in the reception hall for some time, when the Queen entered, leaning on the shoulder of a young maharaja of India. What an extraordinary picture they made! He, a slender youth, handsome, exotic, his turban surmounted by a flashing spray of diamonds, his canary-colored tunic covered with precious stones; the Queen, in black, as usual, the severity of her widow's weeds hardly lightened by the little white tulle cap which she wore during her last years.

(Continued on Page 15)

Jim Henry's Column

Is Your Face Round, Soft and Pinkish?

The other day a middle aged young fellow raised a little Cain with me because he said he couldn't for the life of him understand why I have consistently buried the comfort feature of the Mennen Shave.

He had one of those expansive façades—round, soft and pinkish—tender looking as a baby's. His particular lament was that after shaving, his skin used to crackle up and smart like he'd mixed his lather with a dash of carbolic.

"A lot of men are like that," I said.

"Sure," he answered. "But here's the point. Two months ago you sold me on trying Mennen's. I didn't think it would make any difference, but the first session left my face feeling great. At the time, I gave credit to my razor. But, by golly, after two months, I know it's the cream!

"Now, why keep harping about how Mennen's will take the cussedness out of a wire beard and how it works with hot or cold water? The big thing is *comfort!* Why not play it up at the top of your ads?"

I guess my friend is right. But I've been holding back on this comfort feature for selling reasons. You see, most of my converts start with my demonstrator tube. When they experience that bland, soothing afterglow—that suave, back-to-boyhood feeling on their skins, why there's nothing to it. They're sold!

If your particular facial terrace is architectured on the round, soft and pinkish plan, why not send me a dime for my demonstrator tube? Put Mennen's to the comfort test. I'll stand by the result.

And, speaking of comfort, I'll include a sample can of Kora-Konia—our wonderful anti-chafing powder. If you get raw from walking or exercise, put a little on the affected areas. Kora-Konia soothes and heals in almost no time. It forms an antiseptic silken film that prevents friction and protects while it heals. Stays on for hours even in spite of perspiration. Lots of athletes use Kora-Konia.

Both samples for ten cents.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

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L. V. CARROLL

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(Continued from Page 33)

Yet it was the Queen who held every eye! She was impressive, dominating, a real presence, in spite of her short stature and her plain exterior. Her blue eyes, which could shine with such tender affection for her adored grandchildren, flashed stern and imperious to the world at large.

The Queen spoke excellent French, and was even familiar with Provençal, the language of the south of France. She had read Mistral's poems in that dialect and could recite many of them from memory. She was interested in the folk songs of old France, and used to ask me to sing them for her. How gay and full of charm she was in her moments of relaxation! She used to call me a child of Nature and laugh at my inability to remember the rules of etiquette.

One day she sent for me to congratulate me after one of my concerts. I was very much moved by what she said, and in my confusion I answered, "Yes, princess," to one of her questions. She laughed, delighted.

"You make me feel young again!" she exclaimed.

As I was leaving her presence, walking backward, as custom demands, I stumbled on my dress. Forgetting everything, I turned quickly and picked up my train. Then I realized, by the expression on the faces of those around me, what a break I had made. I had turned my back on the Queen! She, however, was only amused.

"Go on! Go on!" she said, covering my embarrassment with a laugh. "You are charming from the back, as from every other point of view!"

During my visits to Windsor Castle I saw many interesting personages: the ill-fated Czar of Russia and his young wife, the Crown Prince and his fiancée, the King of Bavaria, the Kings of Sweden and Greece, the Empress Eugénie, and many others.

Eugénie was a frequent visitor at Windsor, where Queen Victoria, who had a warm affection for her, always welcomed her most cordially. I had been told by her cousin, Count Primoli, that the ex-Empress treasured very greatly anything that related to her son, the unfortunate Prince Imperial, whose early and tragic death was so crushing a blow to his adoring mother. One day I presented the Empress a small package which I had brought with me from France. In a few words I explained the impulse that had led me to take a bit of earth from the place that had once been the orange grove of the Palace of the Tuileries.

"They tell me that the Prince Imperial used to play in this garden as a child," I said. "Perhaps this earth still holds the memory of his footsteps."

I had not realized how much my gift would move her. Pale with emotion, she took the little bundle in her hands and left the room hurriedly. It was as though this handful of dry dirt were some holy relic that she must gaze upon alone and undisturbed.

The present Queen of Spain was then at court, a little girl who was occasionally permitted by her grandmother to attend the theatrical performances given at Windsor. She was present one evening when I sang Santuzza in Cavalleria. In one of the scenes the tenor had to throw me violently to the floor. The sensitive child burst into tears.

"I don't want him to hurt the lady!" she wailed in such a loud voice that everyone turned and looked at her. As I came off the stage I heard the future queen being thoroughly scolded by her governess.

"A princess must never cry in public!" she said sternly. "Your people are watching you! Pull yourself together! Be worthy of your position!"

The poor little girl, who could not have been more than six years old at the time, drew herself up. She swallowed her tears and walked, sedate and dignified, through the lines of obsequious attendants. Once out of sight, however, I heard the sobs break out anew. Nature had triumphed! I could not help pitying this royal child, as I compared her with the children of the people, who have at least the liberty of letting their tears flow unrestrained.

I have, among my treasures, a charming little picture of Queen Victoria, taken from a portrait made of her when she was about five years old. She presented it to me one day at Windsor, in a frame carrying her device and crest. A London newspaper had published, a little while before, my own picture made at that tender age. It had apparently greatly amused Her Majesty, for she spoke of it immediately on my next visit to the court; and at the same time gave me this delightful picture of herself.

The first time I sang at Windsor Castle a most absurd incident occurred. I was sitting in the suite of rooms which had been set aside for me, waiting to be conducted to the concert hall. It was after eight o'clock, and I was supposed to sing at nine. Becoming impatient, I rang the bell. No one answered. I told my maid, who was with me, to go in search of someone. She went to the door. It was locked.

"*Mon Dieu!*" she cried. "We are prisoners!"

There was no telephone in those days, and we could not make ourselves heard. We finally gave up the attempt, and I settled down philosophically to write some letters. My maid, who appreciated the opportunity of using note paper with the Windsor crest on it, did likewise. This girl, by the way, must have laid in a large supply of writing paper, for I used to receive letters from her years after she had left my service, written under the royal letterhead.

We were finally released from our confinement by an agitated lady in waiting, who explained that the sudden death of the *maître d'hôtel* had thrown the whole household into confusion. No one had realized my plight until I failed to appear.

One of the admirable and endearing qualities of Queen Victoria was her kindness and consideration for those whom she honored with her favor. I remember on one occasion being taken ill before a concert at Windsor Castle. I could not keep my engagement, and it was suggested that someone be sent to take my place. The Queen would not hear of it.

"No, indeed!" she said. "It would pain our friend Calvé. We will wait until she has entirely recovered."

I had the pleasure of seeing the Queen not only in the formal splendor of Windsor Castle but in her Highland home at Balmoral as well. There I was given an opportunity of judging how popular and well beloved a sovereign she was among her people. The whole countryside assembled one day on the terrace of the castle. All the farmers of the neighborhood were there, with their wives, their children and their grandchildren. The Queen walked among them, gracious and kindly. She seemed to know everyone by name, talking to them with the greatest interest, making all sorts of inquiries as to their welfare. Later in the day a banquet was served on the lawn, under the trees—a charming scene of rustic hospitality.

As a result of my many visits to Windsor and Balmoral I came into contact with various members of the royal family. One of the daughters of Queen Victoria was particularly witty and amusing. I remember hearing her discuss a certain actress of the Comédie Française, who was playing the part of a society woman in a modern comedy. The only criticism that could be made of this talented actress was that she played the part overconscientiously. She was excessively distinguished, impeccably perfect.

"What does your highness think of Mlle. —— in this part?" someone asked the princess.

"Oh, I am no judge!" she answered. "I do not always understand her. She is too much of a great lady for me!"

The royal princesses have continued their kindness to me since the death of Queen Victoria. They receive me most cordially whenever I go to London, and I had the pleasure of being presented to the Queen of Spain only a short time ago. She remembered vividly the incident of her childhood, and we laughed again over her anxiety for my safety, her tears, and the scolding she received in consequence.

One day during Queen Victoria's lifetime I received the following letter from her cousin, the Countess Feodora Gleichen:

"Madame: Her Majesty has commanded me to make a portrait bust of you in the rôle of Santuzza in Cavalleria Rusticana. Will you do me the very great honor of coming to my studio to pose, or would you prefer that I should come to you?"

I am therefore enshrined in marble at Windsor Castle, in the company of princes and princesses, of generals and kings.

"What are you thinking of, as you pose?" the countess asked me one day. "How do you manage to hold so dramatic, so intense an expression?"

"I am trying to personify human jealousy," I answered, "and so I sing to myself, 'He loved me once, I love him still!'"

The sculptress wrote these words across the base of the bust, and I have often thought, should that marble be lost and then found again after many hundred years, what a mystery it would create. The antiquarians would shake their heads and marvel.

"Who is this unfortunate princess dressed in peasant's clothes?" they would ask. "What is her history? What her secret sorrow?"

It would be a nine days' wonder!

The bust is not yet lost, however, for only a few years ago I asked the Princess Beatrice what had become of it, supposing that since Queen Victoria's death it had been relegated to some attic storeroom.

"Not at all!" the princess assured me. "We have gathered together all our mother's favorite possessions, portraits, statues, mementoes of all kinds, and placed them in a room known as the Victoria Room. There they will remain as long as the castle stands."

My memories of England are not all of royal gatherings and pleasant places. I witnessed there one of the most pitiful scenes that I have ever beheld. It was at the house of Lady de Grey one evening during a brilliant London season. Oscar Wilde came into the drawing-room where Lady de Grey was receiving. He approached our hostess and begged her to allow him to present a friend whom he had taken the liberty of bringing with him.

"He is very poor," Wilde explained, "and very unhappy. He is a distinguished French poet, a man of genius, but just now in great trouble."

Our hostess, whose kind heart and generous hand were ever at the service of the unfortunate, immediately acquiesced. Wilde left the room and returned in a moment, bringing with him—Paul Verlaine! Their entrance was spectacular. Oscar Wilde was at the height of his glory—brilliant, dashing, bejeweled, a veritable Beau Brummel. With his extraordinary clothes, his tall figure and buoyant carriage, he dominated the ill-clothed, shrinking figure beside him.

Wilde was rejoicing in his recent theatrical triumphs. Verlaine was just out of prison. I shall never forget the poor poet's eyes that night—eyes of a lost child, naïve, bewildered, infinitely pathetic. They haunt me to this day.

At Wilde's urgent request, Verlaine consented reluctantly to recite a recent poem, D'un Prison, which he had written while he was in prison. His voice, as he spoke the heartbreaking lines, was so poignant, so tragic, that everyone in the room was moved to tears. I have never been able to sing that song, set to music by Reynaldo Hahn, without a reminiscent shudder.

Several years later I was at the theater in Paris. I noticed a man sitting some distance from me. He was badly dressed, his shoulders hunched, his whole appearance shabby, furtive. There was something vaguely familiar about him, but I did not recognize him until he turned his head.

It was Oscar Wilde! Oscar Wilde, in the same forlorn state as his friend Verlaine, just out of prison himself, all his splendor gone, a miserable wreck, trying to hide his shame in the indifferent crowd.

I went toward him, greeting him with outstretched hands. He started at the sound of my voice, and turned toward me. Terrible! I saw again the pitiful child's eyes of poor Verlaine. For a second he shrank from me as though the memories that I brought were more than he could bear. Then with an exclamation of grief and despair he grasped my hands, murmuring in broken accents, "Oh, Calvé! Calvé!"

XII

I MADE my début at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, on November 29, 1893, in the rôle of Santuzza in Cavalleria Rusticana. The American public did not care very much for the opera at that time. It was severely criticized in the newspapers, but I myself had a great success.

The next morning the directors sent for me. They wished to change the bill immediately, and asked me to sing Carmen, not in French, as I had always sung it, but in Italian. I refused. The effect of my French diction would be lost, and the whole opera would be thrown out of focus. It was an impossible demand. One of the

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directors was particularly insistent, and not entirely courteous.

"You have no choice in the matter!" he said curtly. "Cavalleria has not been the success we expected. We must make a change immediately, and there is nothing more to be said."

I was in despair. I could not make the directors realize what I myself saw so clearly—that this work of art, conceived in the mind of a Frenchman, Prosper Mérimée, put to music by a French composer, must be sung by me, a Frenchwoman, in French. In no other way could it be given its full value, its true flavor and quality. It seemed to me both inartistic and impracticable to attempt anything else. If the directors wished to replace Cavalleria with a success, they would not achieve their object by putting on an ineffective Carmen.

In my agitation and helplessness I appealed to the elder Coquelin, who was acting in New York at the moment. I told him my troubles. He sympathized entirely with my point of view, and with his usual kindness went to the directors himself and used his influence to persuade them to give up the idea. They told him that they had no French tenor to sing the rôle of Don José, and that, therefore, I would have to sing in Italian. Undaunted by this rebuff he determined to succeed where they had failed. He would find a tenor. He went to Jean de Reszke and laid the case before him. Although it was not in De Reszke's repertory, he promised Coquelin that he would sing the rôle.

What a triumphant success was that production of Carmen! From then on it was the drawing card at the Metropolitan. We gave it again and again, to packed houses. The box receipts were astounding. In the succeeding seasons its popularity never waned. There was no further question as to how it should be sung.

What unforgetable casts, what glorious evenings! Jean de Reszke, Melba, Plançon and myself! The public was wildly enthusiastic. After each performance we would be recalled a thousand times. It was said that Carmen became epidemic, a joyful contagion.

In spite of my manager's enthusiasm for Bizet's opera, I sang all the other rôles of my repertory in New York, including Marguerite in Faust, Ophelia in Hamlet, the Margherita of Boito's Mefistofele, Massenet's La Navarraise, and the Messaline of De Lara.

For more than twelve years the Metropolitan was a fabulous opera house. Never have so many artists of exceptional talent been gathered together under one management. It was due largely to the genius of Maurice Grau, who was one of the most intelligent as well as one of the ablest impresarios I have ever known. He was more than a capable business man; he was an artist and an enthusiast as well. If he considered an opera above the average, a true work of art, he would produce it without regard to its money-making possibilities. He was interested, first and foremost, in achieving artistic success. That practical and financial success should follow was not distasteful to him, but at least it did not blind him to other issues.

He was always a thoughtful and considerate manager in his relations with his artists. I shall never forget his kindness to me at the time of my father's death. I was singing Carmen when I received the unexpected and crushing news, and I was in constant demand at the opera house. At that time Carmen was exceptionally popular. It was not a convenient moment for me to be given a leave of absence, but Mr. Grau understood my distress.

"My poor friend," he said, "I shall, as you know, lose money by your absence; but you must take your time. I leave you entirely free. Come back when you feel that you are able to sing again."

His kindness was surpassed only by his remarkable skill and ability as a manager. He grouped around him a brilliant company of singers, each distinguished in his own line, every one a musician and an artist.

Foremost among them was Victor Maurel, the great tragedian, a man of genius, whose Falstaff and Iago, not to mention his many other brilliant creations, stand alone. His name will remain forever linked with that of Verdi. I have never seen anyone with a more noble presence, a greater dignity of gesture and carriage, on the stage. His dramatic gift was so extraordinary that it dominated the minds of those who saw him, and almost made them forget his voice, which was, nevertheless, of an unusual quality, full of color and exceptionally expressive.

The rôle in which, to my mind, his qualities as a singer showed to best advantage was that of Mozart's Don Giovanni. I can still hear the inimitable manner in which he sang the famous serenade, "*Deh, vieni alla fenestra*" (Appear, love, at the window). His performance was a marvel of lightness and grace. His diction was always exquisite and enchanting.

And his Falstaff! With what elegant fatuity he rendered the air, "*Quand'eri paggio del Duca di Norfolk!*" (When I was page to the Duke of Norfolk). It was a masterpiece, complete and perfect.

He was, as I have said before, my teacher and master in the art of lyric declamation. I was fortunate in making my début with him in Aben Hamet, at the Théâtre des Italiens, of which he was at the time director. I was then very inexperienced, and he had an important and constructive influence on my career. I have for him an abiding gratitude and admiration.

I am fortunate in having a most interesting portrait of Maurel as Iago. It was taken before the first performance of the rôle in Italy, and he himself considers it the most interesting photograph of this character.

Jean de Reszke, the unforgetable, master of the art of singing, whose style and finish have never been equaled. He was the Romeo of one's dreams, the ideal Lohengrin, the perfect Siegfried.

Edouard de Reszke, of the glorious voice, was his brother. Both admirable singers, they were an unusual pair, each the complement of the other.

Marcella Sembrich, marvelous singer, impeccable vocalist in the art of *bel canto*, has left in the memory of all those who had the privilege of hearing her an impression of perfect execution in all the coloratura rôles which she so admirably interpreted.

Melba, whose pure voice soared like a skylark—"intimate of heaven."

Lilli Lehmann, that noble singer, whose authoritative style, scientific knowledge and perfection both in singing and in acting aroused the admiration of artists and public alike.

Emma Eames, whose voice and talent equaled her great beauty.

Madame Nordica, admirable interpreter of Wagner, whose sudden death in Australia was so great a blow to all her friends.

Milka Ternina, highly intellectual, a Kundry beyond compare.

Mme. Clementine de Vere, accomplished musician, whose lovely voice had an unusual range. She was a highly gifted musician and possessed a very large operatic repertory.

Madame Schumann-Heink, who, after a long and successful operatic career, has continued to delight the American public from the concert stage.

Salignac of the fiery temperament, talented singer and actor, who, after his engagement in New York, became one of the leading figures on the stage of the Opéra Comique in Paris, where he created a number of extremely interesting rôles.

Plançon, the admirable bass, exponent of the pure French school in art and diction, with whom I sang for many years, both in the United States and in England.

And poor Castelmary, my old friend and comrade, who died so tragically on the stage while singing Sir Tristan in Von Flotow's Martha. I was in the audience that night. As soon as he came on the stage I noticed that he looked tired and ill. In the second scene, where he is surrounded by the village maidens, who are supposed to prevent his pursuit of Martha, I saw him stagger and throw his arms in the air.

"I am choking!" he cried.

The chorus, thinking this an impromptu piece of acting, crowded around him even more closely, laughing, teasing, pulling him about, smothering him with their embraces. He struggled frantically for one or two minutes, and then fell to the floor with a crash.

Everyone rushed behind the scenes, but it was too late. He was dead. Nothing could be done for him. I tried to wipe the make-up from those cold cheeks. It was difficult, impossible. I put a crucifix between his hands, and they carried him away as he was, in his comedian's costume.

Speaking of my comrades at the Metropolitan reminds me of a tenor with whom I appeared for a single performance only, a most extraordinary experience. The bill that evening was Cavalleria Rusticana, with Salignac as Turiddu. When I arrived at the theater I heard that my partner was ill. Much perturbed, I inquired who was to take his place.

"It is quite all right!" I was assured. "An excellent substitute has been found. A very fine singer, well known in New York. Go ahead with the performance!"

After my aria in the first act the tenor enters. Imagine my stupefaction when I saw before me a hunchback! A hunchback, of whom I was supposed to be passionately enamored, desperately jealous! It was grotesque! I heard someone in the audience snicker. I was furious!

I turned to leave the stage, indifferent to the scandal it might create, when I was arrested by the expression on the face of the unfortunate man. Timid, fearful, ashamed, the mute appeal in his eyes touched my heart. Pity overcame my anger. I took up my cue and went on with the scene.

Fortunately an inspiration came to my rescue. I made the poor man sit down. He looked like a dwarf when standing; but seated, he seemed taller. I threw myself on my knees before him, and with my arms about him I sang the passionate love song of Santuzza. It was difficult, one of the most difficult things I have ever had to do; but in order to save the situation I sang with such sincerity, such conviction, and he, poor creature, with so much good will, that we made a tremendous hit. Between curtains he would wring my hands, tears of gratitude streaming from his eyes.

"Thank you! Thank you!" was all he could say, over and over again.

As I look back upon those years at the Metropolitan they are illuminated by a radiance, a glamour of their own. It was due in no small measure to the enthusiasm and cordiality of that great American public, which welcomed us with open arms.

This does not mean that we were never criticized. No, indeed! Each one of us, and the troupe as a whole, received occasionally a thorough rating from the press. I remember that at one time a violent discussion was in progress with reference to the salaries paid the stars of the Metropolitan.

"These European song birds," the papers said, "go beyond the limit. They come over here and demand the most enormous sums. They make all their money here and then fly home with it. It is outrageous. It ought to be stopped!"

An enterprising reporter interviewed Duse on this subject. She answered him with her usual wisdom and grace.

"You are astonished," she said, "that these great opera singers should be able to command such high salaries. Have you ever considered the heritage that goes to the making of so marvelous and delicate an instrument as Melba and Calvé possess? Do you realize how many generations of clean and simple living flower in those pure voices? Calvé once told me of a remark that her father made one day after hearing her sing. It is so appropriate and so true that it needs no further comment.

"'Ah, my daughter,' he said, 'it is easy to see that your forebears have economized for you. Through the long ages they have sat mutely by their firesides, spinning and weaving through the quiet hours. Your song is made of their silence.'"

Our seasons with Maurice Grau were not all spent quietly in New York. Part of the time we traveled through the United States and sang in all the important cities in the country. After these long tours and the hard work of the winter months we turned our faces toward Europe. But for myself and certain other members of the troupe the year's work was not yet done. We were engaged in England, to sing at Covent Garden. The season in London is later than in New York; and so, in spite of the fatigues of my American engagements, I appeared there during six or eight weeks in all my different rôles.

Year after year I returned to America for the winter months. I did not leave the boards of the Metropolitan for many years. In 1906 I sang for one season at the Manhattan Opera House and after that I went on extensive concert tours, visiting all the important cities of the United States and Canada, welcomed everywhere with a joyful cordiality by a public which is the most eclectic, the most enthusiastic that I have ever known.

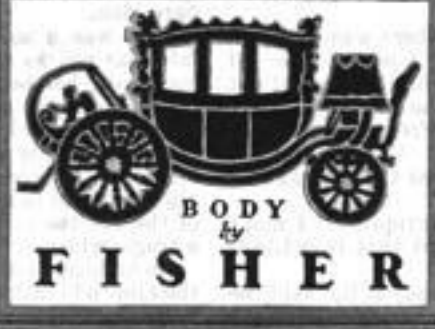
Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Madame Calvé. The third will appear in an early issue.

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He could borrow money from an Edgeworth smoker

"I left the house in a hurry. Had bought my railroad ticket the day before, so I didn't realize I had left my money at home until I was aboard the train. I was going to a strange town to do business with a man I didn't know, so it would have been quite embarrassing.

"I went into the smoking car. I looked over the men and decided to tell my story to one of them. But which one? That was the question. It was answered quickly. A man pulled out a pipe. 'He's the man for me,' I thought. But when he took a can of Edgeworth from his pocket, *then I knew.*

"He lent me the trifling sum I asked for and in thanking him I mentioned that I was an Edgeworth smoker and that was what influenced me to speak to him, a perfect stranger.

"'Perfect stranger!' he laughed. 'Not on your life. No pipe smoker is a perfect stranger to another—especially if they both smoke Edgeworth.'"



There does seem to be a friendship among Edgeworth smokers. We don't claim that the tobacco is responsible for this so much as the *kind of men who smoke Edgeworth.*

Perhaps you've had a similar experience. If you have, we'd like to hear of it.

And we'll send free samples—generous helpings of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed or Plug Slice—to any man whether he has some favorite brand or not. We know we couldn't change him from a tobacco that exactly suited him, but if Edgeworth should convince him—well, that would make us both happy.

After all, the happiest man in this world is the one who smokes a tobacco he likes—from the very first pipeful in the morning to the last pipeful at night. For all you know, that tobacco might be Edgeworth.

Send a postcard for free samples with your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 1 South 21st St., Richmond, Va. If you would also add the name and address of the dealer from whom you usually buy your tobacco, we would appreciate your courtesy.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome tin humidors, and also in various handy in-between quantities.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

THE VAN ROON

(Continued from Page 19)

"I am wondering, sir," said S. Gedge, Antiques, "whether the National Gallery would care to acquire this fine example."

It was a sudden inspiration, but those measured tones and cautious eyes gave no indication of the fact. Sir Arthur Babraham, in his own capacity of a National Gallery trustee, began sensibly to moderate his transports.

"More unlikely things, Mr. Gedge," at last he brought himself reluctantly to say. "Van Roons are very scarce, and if this chap is as all that he appears to be at a first glance it will be a pity to let him leave the country."

Piously S. Gedge, Antiques, thought so too.

Sir Arthur turned to the picture again. Like M. Duponnet, he seemed to have difficulty in keeping his expert gaze off that modest and simple canvas.

"Reminds one," he said, "of that choice thing that was stolen from the Louvre about twenty-five years ago. The size is similar and, as I remember it, the whole composition is in some ways identical."

The old man was startled, but not visibly. "Was there one stolen from the Loov, sir?" he said with a polite air of asking for information.

"Why, yes. Don't you remember? There was a great stir at the time. It was cut out of its frame. The French Government offered a big reward, but the work has never been recovered."

"Indeed, sir." All at once the old crocodile began to gambol a little. "Let's hope this ain't the boy." He gave a mild snigger. But, as his next words proved, there was more in that snigger than met the ear. "In the event of this little jool turning out to be stolen property, what, sir, do you suppose would be the position of the present owner?"

"Difficult to say, Mr. Gedge."

"He'd receive compensation?"

"Substantial compensation one would think—if he was able to prove his title."

If he was able to prove his title! Those blunt little words had a sinister sound for S. Gedge, Antiques, but he did not turn a hair. "No difficulty about that, sir," he said robustly.

"Quite!" Evidently Sir Arthur had no doubt upon the point. "But as the question might arise it may be well to have it settled before disposing of the picture."

S. Gedge agreed.

"And in any case, before parting with it," said Sir Arthur, "it will be wise, I think, to take advice."

Again S. Gedge agreed. "You mean, sir, it may be very valuable indeed?"

"Yes, I quite think it may be. At a cursory glance it has the look of a fine example of a great master. I remember at the time that L'Automne disappeared from the Louvre it was said to be worth at least two hundred and fifty thousand francs, and since then Van Roons have more than doubled in value."

"In that case, sir"—there was a tremor of real emotion in the voice of the old dealer—"this be-yew-ti-ful thing ought not to be allowed to leave the country."

"Unfortunately the French authorities may compel it to do so." And the connoisseur sighed as he fingered the canvas lovingly.

Affirmed S. Gedge, Antiques: "I don't believe, sir, for a moment that it is L'Automne."

"One wouldn't like to say it is," said the cautious Sir Arthur, "and one wouldn't like to say it isn't."

"It'll be up to the Loov to prove it, anyhow."

"Quite. In the meantime, before you let it go I hope you'll give me an opportunity of looking at it again."

This modest request caused the old man to rub his nose. He was not in a position, he said mysteriously, to give a promise, but certainly he would do his best to meet the wishes of Sir Arthur.

"Thank you, Mr. Gedge. If this picture is not claimed by other people—and, of course, one doesn't for a moment suggest that it will be—steps might be taken to keep it here. We are so poor in Van Roons—there is only one, I believe, to our shame, in this country at the present time—that we can't afford to let a thing of this kind slip through our fingers. Therefore, as I say, before you decide to sell I hope you'll take advice."

S. Gedge, Antiques, gravely thanked Sir Arthur Babraham. He would keep those wise words in mind. And in the meantime he would pack that in a crate—he pointed a finger straight at June's eyes—and send it to Homefield.

"Near Byfleet, Surrey, I think you said, sir?"

XXIX

THE distinguished visitors were bowed into the street. And then S. Gedge, Antiques, with the face of a man whose soul is in torment, returned to contemplation of the picture and also of M. Duponnet's check, which he took out of his pocketbook. It was clear that his mind was the prey of a deep problem. The bird in the hand was well enough so far as it went, but the bird in the bush was horribly tempting.

At last with a heavy sigh the old man returned the check to his pocket, and then, cautiously lifting up the loose board, put back the picture whence it had come and drew the oak chest over the spot. He then shambled off to the room next door, which was full of odds and ends, mingled with a powerful smell of oil and varnish.

June at once made an attempt to get out of prison. But she now found her position to be as she had already surmised. To enter without help had been no mean feat; to escape in the same fashion was impossible. Wedged so tightly inside the hoodoo, there was neither play nor purchase for her hands; and frantic as her efforts were, they were yet subordinated to the knowledge that it would be quite easy for the thing to topple over. Should that happen the consequences would certainly be alarming and possibly ghastly.

Frantically wriggling in the jaws of the hoodoo, it did not matter what she did; she was firmly held. And the fear of Uncle Si, who was pottering about quite close at hand, while imposing silence upon her, intensified the growing desperation of her case. She was a mouse in a trap.

Too soon did she learn that only one course was open to her. She must wait for William's return. Irksome and humiliating as the position was, it was clear that she could do nothing without help.

Would William never come? The minutes ticked on and her durance grew exceedingly vile. She became conscious of pains in her shoulders and feet; she felt as if she could hardly draw breath; her head, throbbing with excitement, seemed as if it must burst. It was a horrible fix to be in.

Suffering acutely now, she yielded as well as she could to the inevitable. There was simply nothing to be done. She must wait. It was imprisonment in a most unpleasant form, and she was frightened by the knowledge that it might continue many hours. Even when William did return—and there was no saying when he would do so—he was quite as likely to enter by the back door as by the shop. So terrible was the thought that June felt ready to faint at the bare idea.

This was a matter, however, in which fate was not so relentless after all. June was doing her best to bear up in the face of this new and paralyzing fear, when the shop door opened, and lo, William came in.

Great was her joy, and yet it had to be tempered by considerations of prudence. She contrived to raise her lips to the mouth of the hoodoo and to breathe his name in a tragic whisper.

As he heard her and turned she urged in the same odd fashion, "For heaven's sake—not a sound!"

"Why—Miss June!" he gasped. "Where are you?"

She checked him with wild whisperings that yet served to draw him to her prison.

He was dumfounded, quite as much by her fiercely tragic voice as by the amazing predicament in which he found her.

"Help me out!" she commanded him. "And don't make the least sound. Uncle Si is next door, and if he finds me here something terrible will happen."

Such force and such anxiety had one at least of the results so much to be desired: They forbade the asking of futile questions. Every moment was precious if she was to make good her escape.

William in this crisis proved himself a right good fellow. His sense of the ludicrous was keen, but he stifled it. Moreover, a legitimate curiosity had been fully aroused, but he stifled that also as he proceeded to carry out these imperious orders.

But even with such ready and stalwart help June was to learn again that it was no easy matter to escape from the hoodoo.

Without venturing to speak again, William mounted the gate-legged table and offered both hands to the prisoner. But the trouble was that she was so tightly pinned that she could not raise hers to receive them. And it was soon fatally clear that so long as the hoodoo kept the perpendicular it would be impossible for any external agent to secure a lien upon the body wedged within its jaws.

After several attempts at dislodgment had miserably failed June gasped in a kind of anguish, "Do you think you can tip this thing over—very gently—without making a sound?"

This was trying William highly indeed, but it seemed the only thing to be done. Happily he was tall and strong; much was said, all the same, for his power of muscle and the infinite tact with which it was applied that he was able to tilt the hoodoo on to its end. Keeping the vase firmly under control he then managed to regulate its descent to the shop floor so skillfully as to avoid a crash.

Such a feat was really a triumph of applied dynamics. June, however, was not in a position to render it all the homage it deserved, even if she was deeply grateful for the address that William brought to bear upon his task. Once the hoodoo had been laid at full length on the shop floor she was able to wriggle her body and her shoulders with what violence she pleased without the fear of disaster. A series of convulsive twists and writhings and she was free!

As soon as she knew that she was no longer pinned by the jaws of the monster the action of a strong mind was needed to ward off a threat of hysteria. But she controlled herself sufficiently to help William restore the hoodoo to the perpendicular, and then she said in a whisper of extreme urgency which was barely able to mask the sob of nerves overstrung: "Not one word now! But go straight into the kitchen—just as if you hadn't seen me. And remember whatever happens"—the whisper grew fiercer, the sob more imminent—"if Uncle Si asks the question, you haven't seen me. I'm supposed to be looking for a job. You understand?"

To say that William did understand would have been to pay him a most fulsome compliment; yet the stout fellow behaved as if the whole of this amazing matter was as clear as daylight. Such was June's fixity of will, the sheer force of her personality, that he left the shop at once like a man hypnotized. Excited questions trembled upon his lips, but in the face of this imperiousness he did not venture to give them play.

He made one attempt—one half-hearted attempt: "But, Miss June ——"

The only answer of Miss June was to cram one hand over his mouth, and with the other to propel him towards the door which led to the back premises.

XXX

AS SOON as William had passed out of the shop June stood a moment to gather nerve and energy for the task before her. Feeling considerably tossed, above all she was devoured by a horrible form of excitement whose effect was like nothing so much as a bad dream. But this was not a time for dreams. The situation was full of peril; not a moment must be lost.

The picture was her immediate concern. She set herself at once to the business of moving the oak chest aside. This presented no difficulty, for there was nothing in it; but the loose board beneath it did. Fingers unhelped could not prize it up; they must have a chisel. She knew that such an implement was to be found in one of the drawers of the desk, but she had stealthily to open three or four before she came upon the right one.

While all this was going on she could hear the voices of William and Uncle Si in the room next door. It seemed that no matter what her caution or her haste she would almost certainly be interrupted before she was through with her task. But luck was with her. She was able to lift the board, take forth the picture, replace the chest and return the chisel to its drawer without the voices coming any nearer.

(Continued on Page 41)

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When the coffee's hot

BE sure to take plenty of Carnation Milk with you when you go into the woods on your camping trip. It is as important an item as bacon or coffee. It will keep perfectly no matter how long you are gone and you will have use for it three times each day for cooking, drinking and in your coffee. Just cows' milk evaporated and sterilized, Carnation belongs in every duffle bag.

CARNATION MILK PRODUCTS COMPANY, 832 Consumers Building, CHICAGO; 932 Stuart Building, SEATTLE

Flapjacks— Make a batter of 1 cupful Carnation Milk diluted with 1 cupful water, 2½ cupfuls flour, ¼ teaspoonful salt, 3 teaspoonfuls baking powder. Mix well and drop by spoonfuls on a hot greased pan. Brown on one side, turn and brown on other side.

Carnation Milk

"From Contented Cows"

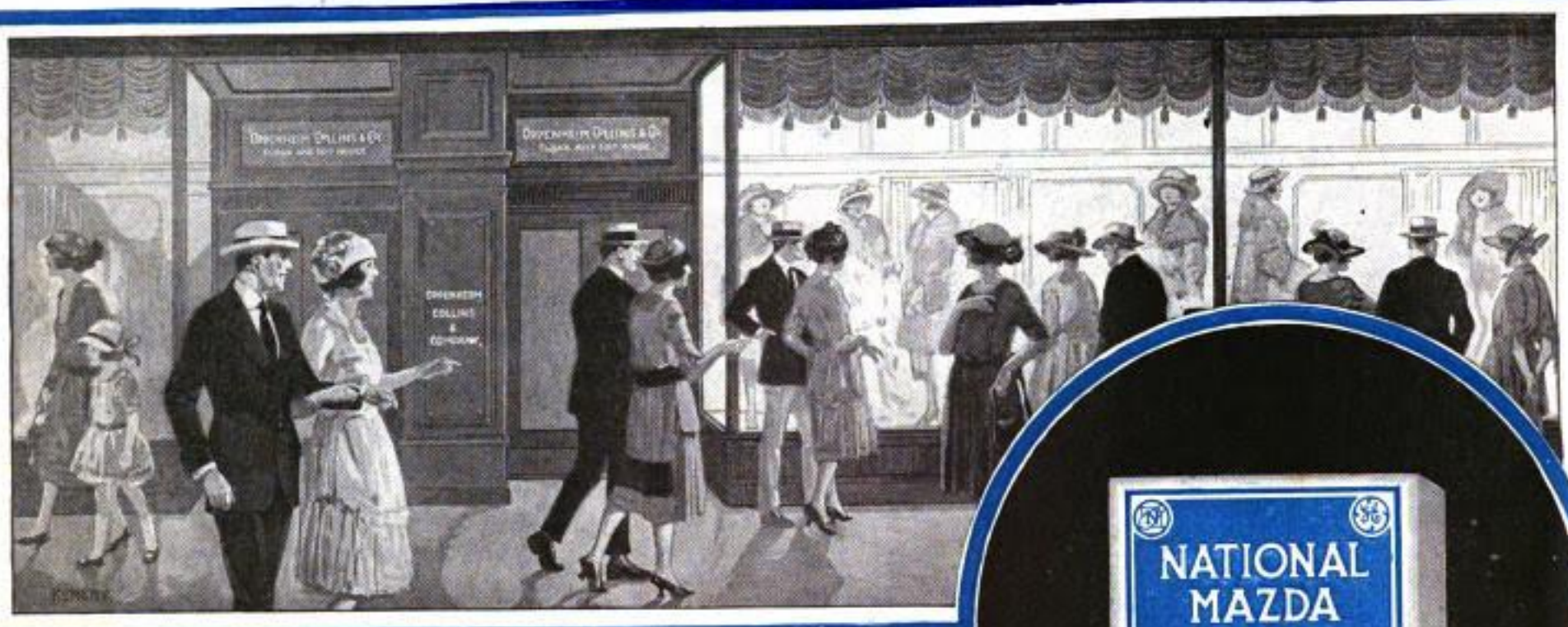


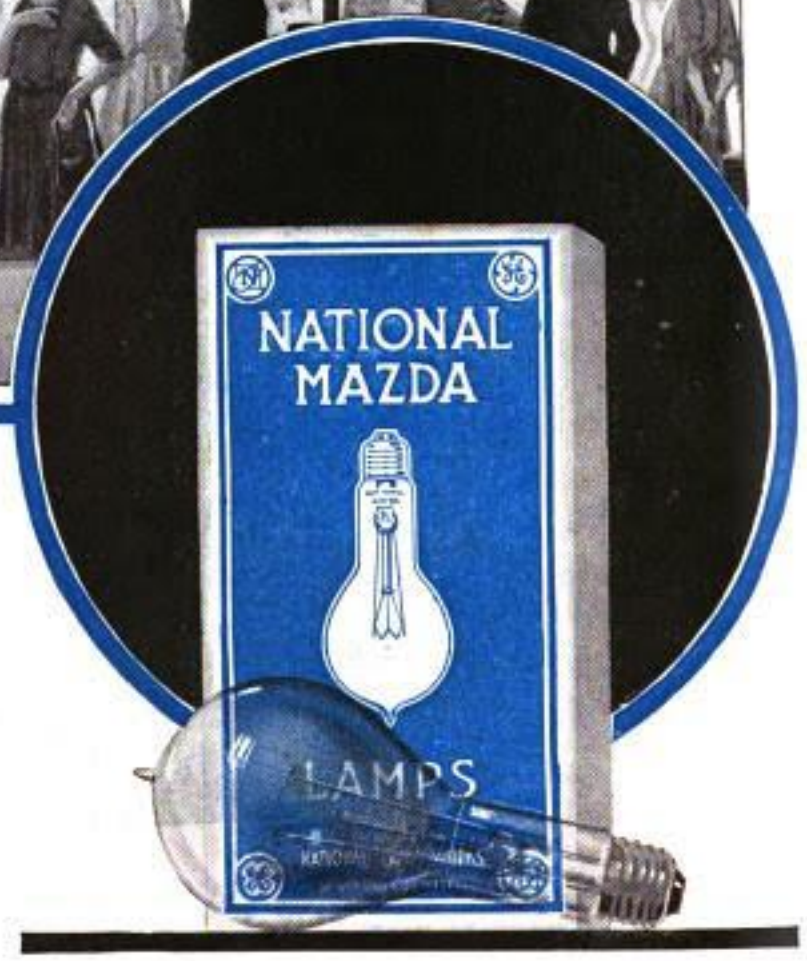
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LIGHTING Helps in SELLING





Is Your Display Window Worth $1 an Hour?

In the Cleveland store of Oppenheim, Collins & Company was conducted recently a scientific test of the attraction power of display window lighting.

Every merchant knows that good windows, well lighted, do attract trade, but this is the first time the attraction power of light has been *accurately measured.*

The tests were made at night and all persons passing in front of the store were counted until 10,000 had passed. Changes were made in the window lighting every half to three-quarters of an hour and the number who stopped to look was registered with each change, especial care being taken to eliminate possibility of error.

The following facts derived from the test will be found helpful to merchants everywhere.

(1) Increasing the light from ordinary levels to the middle level stopped 24% more passersby.

(2) Increasing the light to high level stopped an additional 18%.

(3) If the cost of ordinary lighting is, say, 8 cents per hour (including current and lamp renewals), then the middle level of lighting on this basis would cost 13 cents per hour, and high level lighting 18 cents per hour.

(4) Any store whose windows bring a direct profit of $1.00 or more per hour should employ high-level illumination which will increase their value to $1.40 or more per hour at an additional cost of only 10 cents per hour.

(5) Stores whose windows are worth less than $1.00 per hour in direct profit can, in most instances, well afford the middle level of illumination, as the increased cost will be only a fraction of the increased profit.

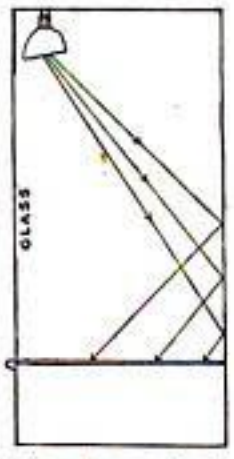
Merchants who are interested may obtain a complete report of the Oppenheim, Collins & Company test, together with instructions for obtaining the various levels of illumination in their own windows.

In the column at the right are published some recipes which will produce satisfactory illumination in average windows—and these recipes will give you a standard against which to measure the effectiveness of your present window lighting! National Lamp Works of General Electric Company, 307 Nela Park, Cleveland, O.



Each of these labels represents a Sales Division equipped to give a complete lighting service.

Some Recipes for Display Window Lighting



This diagram shows how reflectors should be placed in window.

For high-level illumination in the average show window, use 150-watt clear MAZDA C lamps in standard mirrored or prismatic glass show-window reflectors spaced 12 inches apart. This lighting level is somewhat lower than the highest level used in the Oppenheim-Collins test For middle-level illumination use 100-watt clear MAZDA C lamps with reflectors of type and spacing given above. For windows with extra high ceilings use the next larger size of lamp, and if the window is more than eight feet deep, use two rows of lamps. If MAZDA Daylight lamps are used for window lighting, the next larger size lamps should be installed.

NATIONAL MAZDA LAMPS

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(Continued from Page 30)

Picture in hand she tiptoed out of the shop as far as the stairs. Through the open door of the inner room the back of Uncle Si was visible as she crept up. It was taking a grave risk to attempt the stairs at such a moment, but she was wrought up to a point where to go back and wait was impossible. She must continue to chance her luck.

Up the stairs she crept, expecting at every second to hear a harsh voice recall her. To her unspeakable relief, however, she was able to gain sanctuary in her own room without hindrance. She bolted the door against the enemy, although so far as she was aware he was still in the room below in total ignorance of what had happened.

Shivering as if in the throes of fever she sat on the edge of her narrow bed. The treasure was hers still. She held it to her bosom as a mother holds a child; yet the simple act gave rise at once to the problem of problems: What must be done with the thing now? There would be no security for it under that roof. And not to the picture alone did this apply but also to herself. Anything might happen as soon as the old man found out that the Van Roon was not, after all, to be his. Meanwhile the future hardly bore thinking about; it was like a precipice beyond whose edge she dared not look.

One thing, however, did not admit of a moment's delay—there and then the treasure must be smuggled out of the house and put in a place of safety. Roweled by this thought June rose from the bed, took a piece of brown paper and some string from her box and proceeded to transform the picture into a neat parcel. She then slipped off her dress, which was considerably the worse for contact with the dusty interior of the hoodoo, performed a hasty toilet, put on her walking-out coat and skirt and changed her shoes.

Finally she put on the better of the only two hats she possessed, slipped her mother's battered old leather purse into her coat pocket, and then, umbrella in one hand, parcel in the other, she turned to the hazard of stealing downstairs and making good her escape.

In the middle of the twisty stairs, just before their sharpest bend would bring her into the view of persons below, she stopped to listen. The voices had ceased; she could not hear a sound. Two ways lay before her of reaching the street—one via the parlor to the kitchen and out along the side entry, the other through the front door of the shop. Either route might be commanded at the moment by the enemy.

With nothing to guide her June felt that the only safe course just then was to stay where she was. In the strategic position she had taken up on the stairs she could not be seen from below, yet a quick ear might hope to gain a clew to what was going on.

She had not to wait long. From the inner room, whose door opposite the foot of the stairs was still half open, although its occupant was no more seen, there suddenly came the strident tones of Uncle Si. They were directed unmistakably kitchenward.

"Boy, you'd better get the tea ready. Seemin'ly that gell ain't home."

"Very good, sir," came a prompt and cheerful response from the back premises.

June decided at once that the signs were favorable. Now was her chance; the way through the front shop was evidently clear. Deftly as a cat she came down the remaining stairs and stole past the half-open door of what was known as the lumber room, where, however, old chairs were sometimes fitted with new legs and old chests with new panels.

Uncle Si was undoubtedly there. June could hear him moving about as she passed the door; indeed she was hardly clear of it when she received a most unwelcome reminder of this fact. Either he chanced to turn round as she crept by or he caught a glimpse of her passing in one of the numerous mirrors that surrounded him, for just as she reached the shop threshold she heard his irascible bark: "That you, niece?"

The road clear ahead, June did not pause to weigh consequences. She simply bolted. Even if the old man was not likely to guess what her next parcel contained it would surely be the height of folly to give him the chance.

Never in her life had she been quite so thankful as when she found herself in the street with the treasure safely under her arm.

XXXI

JUNE went swiftly down New Cross Street to the Strand. Until she reached that garish sea of traffic she dared not look back lest hot on her heels should be Uncle Si. Such a discovery she well knew was not at all likely; the feeling was therefore illogical, yet she could not rid herself of it until she merged in the ever-flowing tide.

Taking refuge at last in a jeweler's doorway from the maelstrom of passers by, June had now another problem to face. The Van Roon must find a home. But the question of questions was—Where?

Apart from William and Uncle Si and her chance acquaintance, Mr. Keller, she did not know a soul in London. Mr. Keller, however, sprang at once to her mind. Yet more than one reservation promptly arose in regard to him. She knew really nothing about him beyond the fact that he was a man of obviously good address, belonging to a class superior to her own. He was a man of the world, of a certain breeding and education, but whether it would be wise to trust a comparative stranger in such a matter seemed exceedingly doubtful to a girl of June's horse sense. Still there was no one else to whom she could turn. And recalling the circumstances of their first meeting, if one could ignore the means by which it had come about, there was something oddly compelling, something oddly attractive, about this Mr. Keller.

In the total absence of any alternative June found her mind drawn so far in the direction of this man of mystery that at last she took from her purse a slip of paper on which he had written his name and address: Adolph Keller, No. 4, Haliburton Studios, Manning Square, Soho.

Could she trust him with the care of a Van Roon? Now that she had been a witness of its terrible effect on Uncle Si she was forced to ask whether it would be right to trust any man with such a treasure. Luckily, the world was not peopled exclusively with Uncle Sis. She would have to trust somebody with her treasure; that was certain. And, after all, there was no reason to suspect that Mr. Keller was not an honest man.

She was still in the jeweler's doorway, wrestling with the pros and cons of this tough matter, when a passing bus displaying the name Victoria Station caught her eye. In a flash came the solution of the problem.

Again she entered the sea of traffic, to be borne slowly along by that slow tide as far as Charing Cross. Here she waited for another bus bound for Victoria. The solving of the riddle was absurdly simple after all. What place for her treasure could be safer, more accessible than a railway-station cloakroom?

She boarded Bus 23. But hardly had it turned the corner into Whitehall when a thin flicker of elation was dashed by the salutary thought that her brain was giving out. The cloakroom at Charing Cross, from the precincts of whose station she had just driven away, was equally adapted to her need. Along the entire length of Whitehall and Victoria Street she was haunted by the idea that she was losing her wits. A prolonged scrutiny of her pale but now collected self in a confectioner's window on the threshold of the London and Brighton terminus was called for to reassure her. And even then, for a girl so shrewd and so practical, there remained the scar of a distressing mental lapse.

It did not take long to deposit the parcel in the cloakroom on the main line down platform. But in the act of doing so occurred a slight incident which was destined to have a bearing on certain events to follow. When a ticket was handed to her she could meet the charge of threepence only with a ten-shilling note.

"Nothing smaller, miss?" asked the clerk.

"I'm afraid I haven't," said June, searching her purse, and then carefully placing the ticket in its middle compartment.

"You'll have to wait while I get change then."

"Sorry to trouble you," June murmured as the clerk went out through a door into an inner office. Ever observant and alert, she noticed that the clerk was a tallish young man, whose freely curling fair hair put her in mind of William, and that he wore a new suit of green corduroy.

The likeness to William gave bouquet to her politeness when the young man returned with the change. "Sorry to give you so much trouble," she said again.

"No trouble, miss." And Green Corduroy handed the change across the cloakroom counter with a frank smile that was not unworthy of William himself.

XXXII

THE treasure in a safe place, June had to consider what to do next. One fact stood out clear in her mind: She must leave at once the sheltering roof of S. Gedge, Antiques. There was no saying what would happen when the old crocodile discovered that the Van Roon was missing.

The sooner she collected her box and her gear and found another lodging the better. Her best plan would be to go back to New Cross Street and get them now. Uncle Si was hardly likely as yet to have made the discovery. It would be wise, therefore, to take advantage of this lull, for at the most it was only a matter of a few hours before the truth would be known. And when known it was, No.— New Cross Street was the very last place in London in which she would choose to be.

There was a chance of course that the murder was out already, but she would have to take the risk of that. All that she had in the world beyond the six paper pounds, nine shillings and ninepence in her purse, was in the box in the garret. Her entire resources were about seventeen pounds in money, a scanty wardrobe and a few odds and ends of jewelry of little value, but if she could get hold of these they might suffice to tide her over a sorely anxious time.

In the present state of her nerves courage was needed to return to New Cross Street. But it had to be. And it was now or never. If her box was to be got away she must go boldly back at once and claim it. How this was to be done without arousing suspicion she did not quite know, but the most hopeful method was to announce that she had been able to find a job and also good lodgings, and that she did not care to lay the burden of her presence upon Uncle Si one hour longer than was necessary.

She had been brought up with a strict regard for the truth, but fate was driving her so hard that she could not afford to have scruples. Hanging by a strap on the Underground to Charing Cross, which seemed the quickest route—and time was the essence of the matter—she rehearsed the part she had now to play. Certainly the playing itself would not lack gusto. Nothing life so far had given her would yield quite so much pleasure as saying good-by to the old crocodile and ironically thanking him for all his kindness. At the same time the job-and-lodgings story must be pitched in just the right key or his suspicions would be aroused, and then something horribly unpleasant might occur.

By the time June had turned out of the Strand into New Cross Street a heavy autumnal dusk had fallen upon the bleak thoroughfare. Somehow the dark pall struck at her heart. In a sense it was symbolic of the business upon which she was engaged. She felt like a thief whose instinct welcomes darkness but whose conscience fears it.

Never in her life had she needed such courage to turn up that gloomy and dismal street and accost the forbidding threshold of S. Gedge, Antiques. The shop was still open, for it was hardly more than six o'clock, and two gas jets lit the interior in a way that added to its cheerlessness.

She stood a moment with the knob of the shop door in her hand. All the nerve she could muster was wanted to venture within. But she did go in, and she felt a keen relief when a hasty glance told her that Uncle Si was not there.

XXXIII

JUNE had a further moment of indecision while she thought out what her line must be. She resolved to go direct to her room and pack her box. Afterwards she must find William and enlist his help in bringing it downstairs, and then she would get a taxi and drive off with her things before Uncle Si discovered his loss. Otherwise——

Her mind had not time to shape the grisly alternative before the immediate course of events shaped it for her. Suddenly she was aware of a presence lurking in the dark shadows of the shop interior. It was couchant, vengeful, hostile. Almost before June could guess what was happening it had sprung upon her.

With astounding force her right wrist was grasped and twisted behind her back. She gave a little yelp of pain. A second



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yelp followed as she struggled to free herself, only to find that she was locked in a vise, and that to fight against it would be agony.

"Now, you hussy, where is it?" The low voice hissing in her ear was surely that of a maniac. "Where's the picture?" The grip upon her had the strength of ten. "Where is it—eh?" As the question was put her captor shook her fiercely. "Tell me!" He shook her again.

"Oh, you won't—won't you?" And then she realized that there was something in his hand.

She called wildly for William, but there was no response.

"No use lifting up your voice. The boy's out."

She fought to get free, but with a wrist still locked she was at his mercy. "Now then, where's that picture? Won't tell me—eh?" There was madness in that depth of rage.

Quite suddenly there came a sickening crash upon her shoulders. She let out with her heels and found the shin of the enemy, she fought and screamed, yet, pinned like that, she felt her wrist must break and her arm be wrenched from its socket.

"Where is it—you thief?"

The stick crashed again, this time in a series of horrible blows. So severe was the pain that it appeared to drive through her whole being. She began to fear that he meant to kill her; and as the stick continued to descend she felt sure that he would.

She was a strong, determined girl, but her captor had her at a hopeless disadvantage. His strength, besides, was that of one possessed. Her cries and struggles merely added to his savagery. "Tell me where it is or I'll knock the life out of you!" Utterly desperate, she contrived at last to break away; and though with the force of a maniac he tried to prevent her escape, somehow she managed to get into the street. He followed her as far as the shop door, brandishing the stick, hurling imprecations upon her and threatening what he would do if she didn't bring the picture back at once.

Bruised, gasping, June reeled into the darkness. Feeling more dead than alive she lingered near by after the old man had gone in, trying to pull her battered self together. She badly wanted her box, yet the only hope of getting it now was by means of the police. As things were, however, it would not be wise to ask their help. The old wretch was so clever he might be able to make her out a thief; besides, for the time being she had had more than enough of this horrible affair.

Cruelly hurt she moved at last with slow pain towards the Strand. By now she had decided that her most imperative need was a night's lodging. Before starting to look for one, however, the enticing doors of a tea shop gave her a renewed sense of weakness. Gratefully she went in and sat down, ordering a pot of tea and a little bread and butter, which she felt too ill to eat.

Nearly half an hour she sat in the company of her thoughts. Hard, unhappy thoughts they were. Without one friend to whom in this crisis she could turn, the world which confronted her now was an abyss. The feeling of loneliness was desolating, yet, after all, far less so than it would have been were she not fortified by the memory of a certain slip of paper in her purse.

A slow return of fighting power revived a spark of natural resolution within her. After all, a potent weapon was in her hands. She must think out a careful plan of turning it to full account. And at the worst she was now beyond the reach of Uncle Si. Even if he kept her box and all its contents, weighed in the scale of the picture's fabulous worth, her modest possessions amounted to very little.

Stimulated by this conclusion she began to forget her aches. When a waitress came June asked for her bill. It was sixpence. She put her hand in the pocket of her coat. Her purse was not there.

With a little thrill of fear she felt in the pocket on the other side. The purse was not there either. She was stunned. This was a blow far worse than those she had just received. She grew so dazed that as she got up she swayed against the table and had to hold on to it to save herself from falling.

The waitress who had written out the bill caught a glimpse of scared eyes set in a face of chalk.

"Aren't you well?" she asked.

"I—I've lose my purse," June stammered. "It's fallen out of my pocket, I think." As with frantic futility she plunged her hand in again she was raked by the true meaning of such a fact in all its horror. Unless her purse had been stolen on the Underground—and it was not very likely—it had almost certainly fallen out of her pocket in the course of the struggle with Uncle Si.

It was lying now on the shop floor unless the old wretch had found it already. And if he had he would lose no time in examining its contents. He had only to do so for the cloakroom ticket to tell him where the Van Roon was deposited, and to provide him with a sure means of obtaining it.

All this flashed through June's mind in one wild vista just as the concerned voice of the waitress came to her again:

"You may have had your pocket picked."

June did not think so. Yet, being unable to take the girl into her confidence, she did not choose to disclose her doubts.

"Perhaps I have," she gasped. And then, face to face with the extreme peril of the case, her overdriven nerves broke out in mutiny. She burst into tears. "I don't know what I'll do!" she sobbed.

The waitress was full of sympathy. "Your bill is only sixpence. Come in and pay tomorrow."

Through her tears June thanked her.

"'Tisn't my bill, although it's very kind of you. There was something very important in my purse."

"Where did you have it last?"

"In the booking hall, when I took a ticket from Victoria to Charing Cross."

"Your pocket's been picked," said the waitress with conviction. "There's a warning in all the Tubes."

The comfort was cold, yet comfort it was of a kind. June saw a wan ray of hope. After all, there was a bare possibility that inexorable fate was not the thief.

"I'd go to Scotland Yard if I were you," said the waitress. "The police often get back stolen property. Last year my sister's house was burgled, and they recovered nearly everything for her."

June began to pull herself together. It was not hope, however, that braced her faculties, but an effort of the will. Hope there was none of recovering the purse, but she was now faced by the stern necessity of getting back the picture. In the light of this tragedy it was in most serious peril. Delay might be fatal, if indeed it had not already proved to be so. She must go at once and get possession of the treasure lest it be too late.

The waitress was a good Samaritan. Not only could the bill wait until the next day, but she went even further. "Is your home far from here?" she asked.

"My home—far?" said June dazedly. For the moment she did not understand all that was implied by the question.

"If you live on the District and you haven't a season, I don't mind lending you a shilling to get you there."

June accepted a shilling with earnest thanks. In the circumstances it might be worth untold gold.

"You can give it me back any time you are passing," said the waitress, as June thanked her again and made her way unsteadily out into the street.

The chill air of the Strand revived her a little. She had decided already that she must go at once to Victoria. Every minute would count, and it now occurred to her that if she took the Underground several might be saved.

To the Underground in Trafalgar Square she went. It was the hour of the evening rush. Queues were lining up at all the booking-office windows. And at the first window she came to, some three persons or so ahead of her, was a figure oddly familiar, which, however, in her present state of disintegration she did not recognize at once. It was clad in a somber tail coat of prehistoric design, frayed shepherd's plaid trousers braced high, and a hard, square felt hat that gave a crowning touch of oppressive respectability. Moreover, its progress was assisted by a heavy knotted walking stick, at the sight of which June gave an involuntary shiver.

An instant later the shiver had developed into a long and paralyzing shudder. Uncle Si was just ahead of her; in fact she was near enough to hear a harsh voice demand almost with menace a ticket to Victoria.

June's worst fears were realized. The purse had fallen from her pocket to the shop floor in the struggle, the old wretch had found it, deciphered the precious ticket, put two and two together and was now on his way to claim the parcel. All this was crystal clear to her swift mind. She felt a strong desire to faint, but she fought her weakness. She must go on. Everything was as good as lost—but she must go on.

She took her ticket. And then in the long subway to the platform she raced on ahead of Uncle Si. He was so nearsighted that even had he been less absorbed in his own affairs he would not have been likely to notice her.

June reached the platform well in front of the old man. But the train to Victoria was not in. It arrived two minutes later; by then Uncle Si had appeared, and they boarded it together. She was careful, however, not to enter the same compartment as the enemy.

Short as the journey was, June had ample time to appreciate that the odds were heavily against her. The mere fact that the cloakroom receipt for the parcel was in the custody of Uncle Si would confer possession upon him; it had only to be presented for the Van Roon to be handed over without a question.

The one chance she had now was to get on well ahead of the old beast and convince the clerk that in spite of the absence of the ticket the parcel was hers. She knew, however, only too well that the hope of being able to do this was frail indeed—at all events before the holder of the ticket arrived on the scene to claim it.

At Victoria June dashed out of the train even before it stopped. Running past the ticket collector at the barrier and along the subway she reached the escalator yards in front of Uncle Si, and in spite of being unused to this trap for the unwary, for Blackhampton's more primitive civilization knew escalators not, she ascended to the street at a pace far beyond the powers of the old crocodile. By this means, indeed, she counted on gaining an advantage of several minutes, since it was hardly likely that Uncle Si would trust himself to such a contrivance, and in ignorance of the fact that she was just ahead would choose the dignified safety of the lift.

So far as it went the thought was reassuring. Alas, it did not go far. As June ran through the long station to the cloakroom at its farthest end she had but a very slender hope of being able to recover the parcel. She had no intention, however, of submitting tamely to fate. In this predicament, whatever the cost, she must make one last and final effort to get back her treasure.

At the cloakroom counter she took her courage in both hands. A man sour and elderly had replaced the wearer of the green corduroy, who was nowhere to be seen. This was a piece of bad luck, for she had hoped that the nice-looking young man might remember her. Happily, no other passengers besieged the counter at the moment, so that without loss of time June was able to describe the parcel and to announce the fact that the ticket she had received for it was missing.

Exactly as she had foreseen, the clerk raised an objection. Without a ticket she couldn't have the parcel. "But I simply must have it!" said June. And spurred by the knowledge that there was not one moment to lose in arguing the case she boldly lifted the flap of the counter and entered the cloakroom itself.

"No use coming in here," said the clerk crustily. "You can't take nothing away without a ticket."

"But my purse has been stolen, I tell you," said June.

"Then I should advise you to go and see the station master."

"I can't wait to do that." And with the defiance of despair, expecting each moment to hear the voice of Uncle Si at her back, June ignored the clerk and proceeded to gaze up and down the numerous and heavily burdened luggage racks for her property.

XXXIV

"NOT a bit o' use, don't I tell you?" The clerk was growing angry.

June pretended not to hear. Her heart beating fast, she went on with her search for the parcel; yet in the midst of it she grew aware that somebody was approaching the counter. She dared not pause to look who it was, for she knew only too well that it was almost bound to be Uncle Si.

The clerk uttered another snarl of protest as he turned away to attend to the newcomer. As he did so June breathed a

(Continued on Page 44)

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prayer that her eye might fall on the parcel in that instant, for her only hope now was to seize it and fly. That, however, was not to be. She had omitted to notice the place in which it had been put, and do as she would she could not find it now.

At this crucial moment there emerged from the inner office her friend of the green corduroy. She simply leaped at what was now her one remaining chance.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come!" cried June in a voice that was a little frantic. "You remember my bringing a brown-paper parcel here, don't you—about two hours ago?"

The tone, tinged as it was with hysteria, caused Green Corduroy to look at June with mild astonishment.

"I've lost the ticket you gave me for it, but I'm sure you remember my bringing it." Her brain seemed on fire. "Don't you remember my giving you a ten-shilling note, and you had to go and get the change?"

Green Corduroy was a slow-brained youth, but a knitting of the brow seemed to induce a hazy recollection of the incident. But while the process was going on June gave a glance over her shoulder, and behold, there was Uncle Si the other side of the counter. A second glance told her, moreover, that Crusty Sides already had the fatal ticket in his hand.

What must she do? It was not a moment for half measures. While she was stirring the memory of Green Corduroy the treasure would be gone. She did not hesitate. Observing Crusty Sides wheel, paper in hand, with the slow austerity of one of the company's oldest and most respected servants towards a luggage rack near by, June seized the clew. Of a sudden her eyes lit on the parcel at the top of the pile. Already the responsible fingers of Crusty Sides were straying upwards, yet before they could inclose the Van Roon, June made a dash for it and managed to whisk it away from under his nose.

Her brain was like quicksilver now. She had a mad impulse to rush off with the treasure without further explanation; all the same she was able to resist it, for she realized that such a course would be too full of peril.

"Yes—this is it!" she said in an urgent whisper to Green Corduroy.

And as she spoke, with a presence of mind which in the circumstances was a little uncanny, she slipped behind a large pile of boxes out of the view of Uncle Si. "Surely you remember my bringing it?"

Green Corduroy seemed to think that he did remember. At this point Crusty Sides, with an air of outrage, sternly interposed.

"But a pawty claims it. And here's his ticket."

"The ticket's mine," said June in a fierce whisper. "It's been taken from my purse."

"Nothin' to do with us, that ain't," said Crusty Sides.

"But you do remember my bringing it, don't you?" Beseechingly June turned to Green Corduroy.

And he, that nice-looking young man, with a frown of ever-deepening perplexity, slowly affirmed that he thought he did remember.

"The ticket's what we've got to go by," said Crusty Sides sternly. "Nothin' else matters to us."

"If you'll look at it," said June to Green Corduroy, "you'll see that it's made out in your writing."

Green Corduroy looked and saw that it was. As far as he was concerned, that seemed to clinch the argument. And even Crusty Sides, a born bureaucrat, was rather impressed by it.

"You say this here ticket's been taken off of you?" he asked.

"Yes," breathed June, "by my wicked thief of an uncle."

Instantly she regretted the imprudence of her words.

"Uncle a thief, eh?" proclaimed Crusty Sides in a voice of such carrying power that to June it seemed that the old crocodile could hardly fail to hear him.

"Anyhow, this gentleman knows that it was I who brought the parcel," she said determinedly to Green Corduroy.

That young man looked her straight in the eye and then declared that he did know. Further, like many slow-minded persons, when once aroused he was prone to deep conclusions. "Seems to me, Nobby," he weightily affirmed, under the stimulus no doubt of being addressed as a gentleman, in the company's time, by such a good-looking girl, "that as this lady has got the parcel, and we have got the ticket for it, she and uncle had better fight it out between 'em."

"I don't know about that," growled Nobby.

Green Corduroy, however, stimulated by the fiery anguish of June's glance, and no doubt still in thrall to the fact that she considered him a gentleman, was not to be moved from the statesmanlike attitude he had taken up.

"You let 'em fight it out, Nobby. This lady was the one as brought it here."

"I gave you a ten-shilling note, didn't I?" The voice of June was as honeyed as the state of her feelings would permit.

"Yes, and I fetched the change for you, didn't I?"

Crusty Sides shook a head of confirmed misogyny. "Very irregular, that's all I've got to say about it."

"Maybe it is, Nobby, but it's nothing to do with you and me."

Green Corduroy, with almost the air of a knight-errant, took the all-important slip of paper from his colleague. Flaunting it in gallant fingers he moved up slowly to the counter.

S. Gedge, Antiques, buying spectacles on nose, knotted cudgel in hand, was impatiently waiting.

"The parcel is claimed by the lady who brought it," June heard Green Corduroy announce.

She waited for no more. Following close behind Crusty Sides, who also moved up to the counter, she slipped quietly through an adjacent door to the main-line platform before Uncle Si grew fully alive to the situation.

Clasping the parcel to her bosom, she glided swiftly down the platform and out by the booking hall, traveling as fast as her legs would take her without breaking into a run, which would have looked like guilt and might have attracted public notice. She did not dare to glance back, for she was possessed by a fear that the old man and his stick were at her heels.

Once clear of the station itself she yielded to the need of putting as much distance between Uncle Si and herself as a start so short would permit. There was now a hope of throwing him off the track. Thus as soon as she reached the Victoria Street corner she scrambled on to a bus that was in the act of moving away.

One seat only was vacant and, as in a state of imminent collapse she sank down upon it, she ventured for the first time to look behind her. She quite expected to find Uncle Si at her elbow already, but with a gasp of relief she learned that the old man was nowhere in sight.

XXXV

JUNE did not know in which direction the bus was going. And when the conductor came for her fare, which he did as soon as the vehicle began to move, she was quite at a loss for a destination. There was nothing for it but to draw a bow at a venture. She asked for Oxford Circus, the only nodal point of the metropolis, besides Charing Cross, with which she was familiar. By a rare piece of luck Oxford Circus was included in its route, and what remained of the shilling the girl at the tea shop had given her was sufficient to get her there, and leave fourpence in hand.

Alighting at Oxford Circus she stood under a lamp to consider what she should do now. There was nowhere she could go, there was not one friend to whom she could turn. Battered and spent in body and spirit by all that had happened to her during the last few hours, she was now in a flux of terror to which she dared not yield.

At first she thought of seeking advice of a policeman, but it would have been extremely difficult just then to tell her strange story. Its complications were many and fantastic; besides—and she shivered at the idea—it was by no means clear that she would be able to establish her claim to the Van Roon in the eye of the law.

Still, something would have to be done. She must find a home of some kind, not only for her treasure but for herself. Feeling desperately in need of help, she decided as a preliminary measure to spend three of her four remaining pence on a cup of tea. She had a vague hope that in that magic beverage inspiration might lurk.

The hope, as it chanced, was not vain. Near by was a tea shop; and she had hardly sat down at one of its marble-topped tables when, by an association of ideas, her mysterious acquaintance, Mr. Adolph Keller, sprang again into her mind. He had given her his address. Alas, the slip of paper on which it was written was in her purse, but she had a particularly good memory, and by raking it fiercely she was able to recall the fact that his place of domicile was Haliburton Studios, Manning Square.

She did not like trusting any man on an acquaintance so slight, especially as it had come about in so odd a fashion, but Mr. Keller had shown himself very friendly, and there was no one else to whom she could turn. Sipping her cup of tea in slow and grateful weariness, she began to develop this idea. Horse sense, Mr. Boultby had always said, was her long suit; therefore she well understood the peril of taking a comparative stranger into her confidence in this pass. But very cogently she put to herself the question: What else could she do?

Of sundry policemen, who were very obliging, June asked the way to Manning Square. It was in Soho, not so very far from Oxford Circus, as she remembered Mr. Keller saying, and, in spite of a local fog which had come on in the last twenty minutes, the police were so helpful that she had no great difficulty in getting there. During the short journey her mind was much engaged in settling just what she would and would not say to Mr. Keller. She decided that as far as might be practicable she would leave the picture out of the case. It might not be possible to exclude it, but at any rate she would begin by offering to sit to him as a model in accordance with his suggestion; and with that the pretext of her visit she would see if she could get him to lend her a little money to tide over immediate needs.

By the time she had come to Manning Square it was a few minutes past seven. Two complete circuits had to be made of this dingy, ill-smelling hiatus in the heart of Soho before she came upon Haliburton Studios, which were not in the square itself but in a dismal by-street debouching from it. The tall block of buildings which comprised the studios was equally dismal, and as June entered a vestibule that showed no light she felt a sudden chill strike at her heart.

This, however, was not a moment to quail. It was a case, if ever there was one, of any port in a storm. The hazard of her errand fell upon her like a pall, but the knowledge that she had only a penny left with which to obtain a night's lodging was a veritable barb in the flesh.

Try as she would she could not recall the number of Mr. Keller's studio; nor was the information to be sought upon the walls of the vestibule, which she was not able to see. But while she stood at the foot of a winding flight of stone steps, striving to meet the difficulty which faced her now, she heard someone coming down. At the sound she went back to the door by which she had entered, where a lamp contending feebly against the fog would enable her to see anyone who passed out.

The person who did so proved to be one of June's own sex, a youngish woman whose fur coat seemed to accentuate a note of tawdry and flamboyant finery. Even in the semidarkness June could see that her face was rouged. She had no illusion as to the kind of person she addressed.

"You want Mr. Keller's studio?" The woman peered into June's face in a manner which she felt to be decidedly objectionable. "It's the second door on the first landing." The tone, offhand and more than a little contemptuous, was like a blow in the face.

XXXVI

IT WAS not until the woman had passed out of the vestibule into the street that June could find courage to mount the stone stairs.

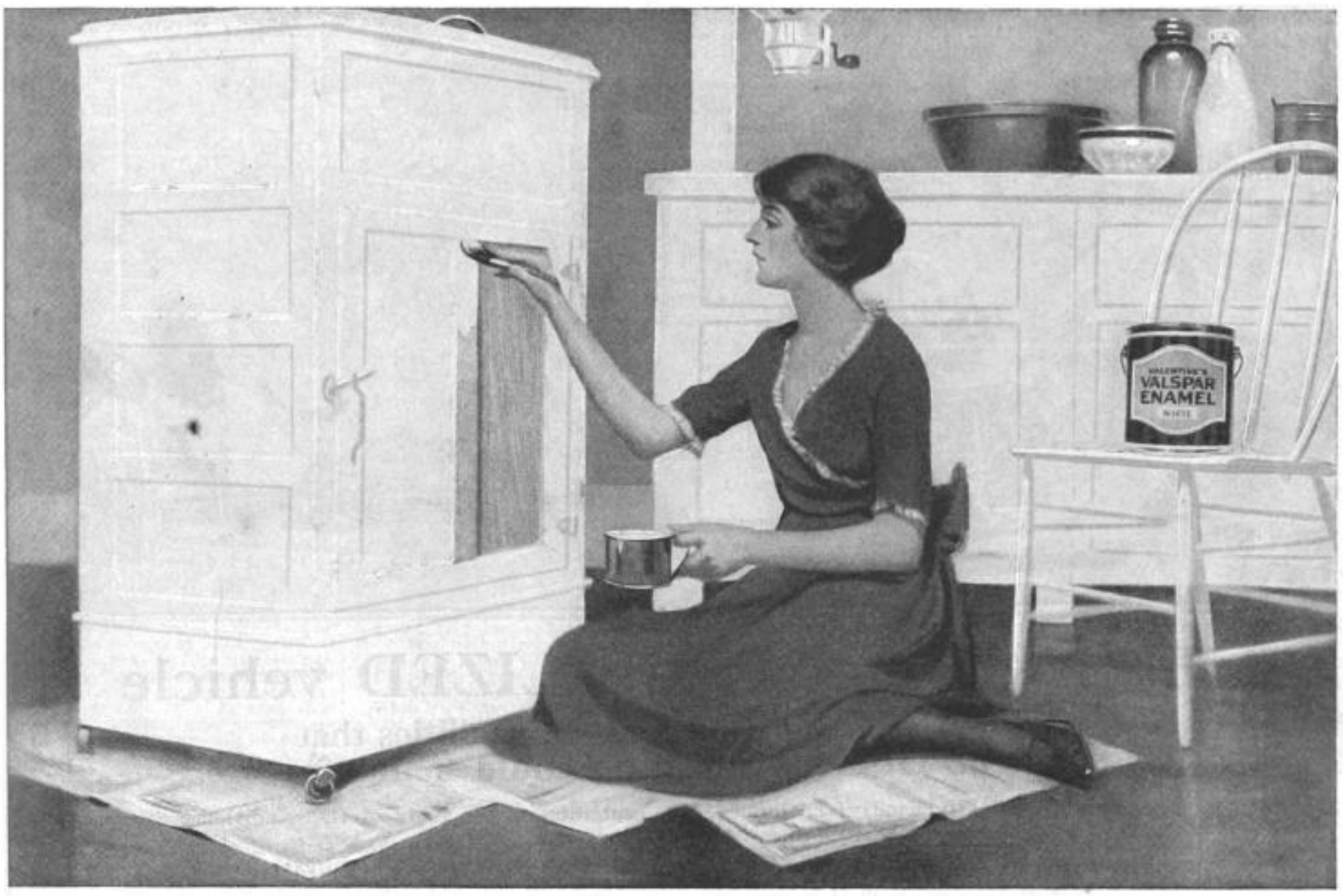
The knocker on the second door was so crazy that it threatened to break off in her hand. Tact and skill were called for to draw sound from it at all; bell there was none; but a faint light percolated through the fanlight and it was a glimpse of this which heartened June to persevere. By dint of application she was able to coax a few sounds out of the knocker, and at last her feat brought reward. The beam beyond the fanlight expanded, there was a shuffle of approaching slippers, and then the door came open.

Mr. Keller, wearing a dressing gown in lieu of a coat, stood before her.

"Hello!" he said. Before June could find words of her own she had been recognized. "Why—it's you!" The gentlemanly voice

(Continued on Page 47)

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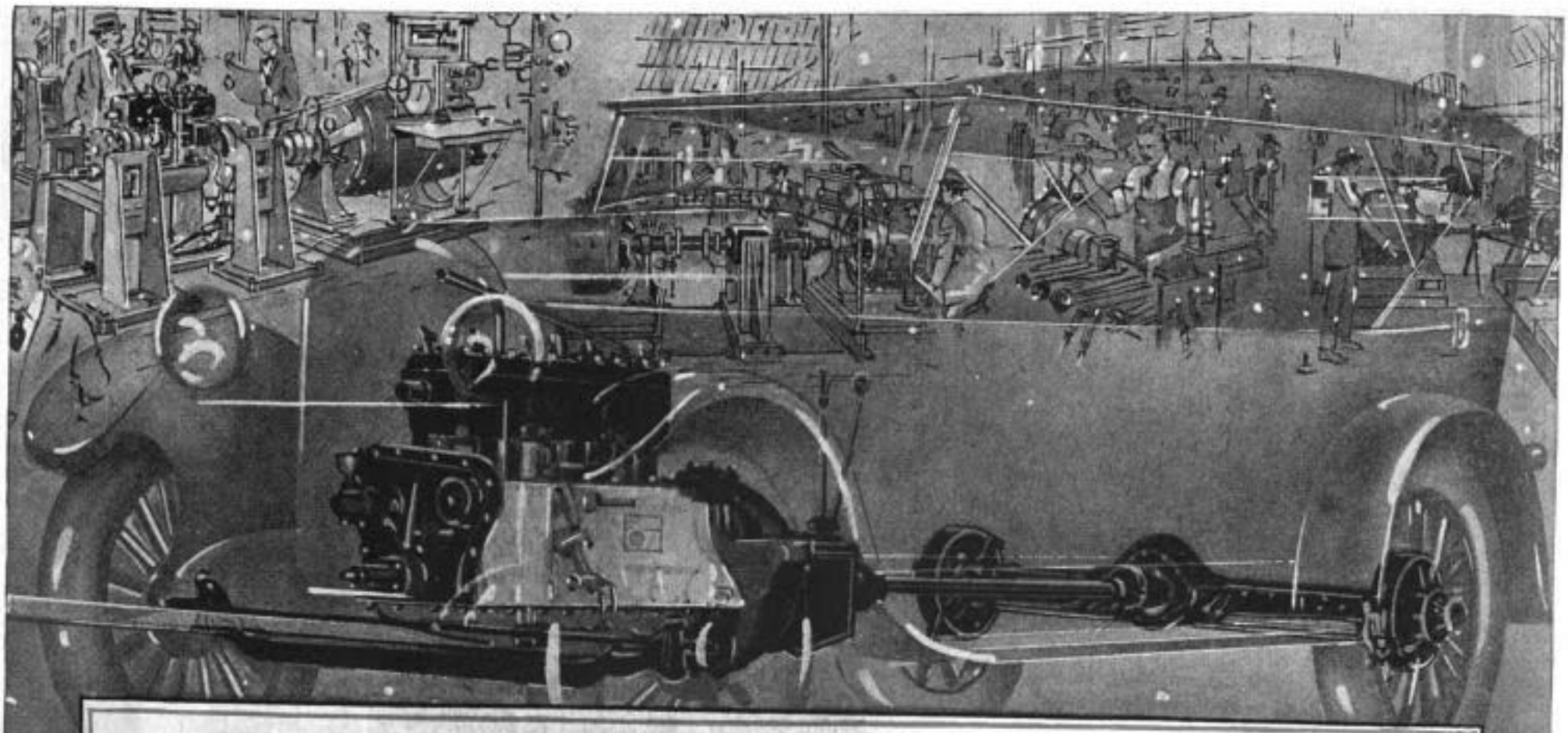
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(Continued from Page 44)

sounded most agreeable. "Walk right in. You're welcome as the flowers in May."

Tossed by the tempest as Mr. Keller's visitor still was, she could not help contrasting such a welcome with the air and manner of Uncle Si.

XXXVII

THE geniality of Adolph Keller had a tonic effect upon June's depression. She crossed his threshold with a sense of extreme relief, as one who finds a refuge from the storm. He closed the door of the flat, and then led the way into a spacious room with a high ceiling, which was fixed up as a studio.

It was not without an air of comfort. The main part had been screened off; within a small but seductive inner space a bright fire mingled pleasant gleams with the radiance of the electric lamp. Two low wicker chairs were set invitingly near the hearth, and a table piled with books and magazines was between them. Amid these, however, space had been found for a tobacco jar, a siphon, a glass and a bottle of whisky. On the floor was a French novel, which he had laid down open to let her in.

Mr. Keller evidently was making himself comfortable for the night. The contrast between this snug and cheerful room and the rising fog from which June had just escaped struck her at once as delicious. With a little sigh of gratitude she sank at the cordial invitation of her host into the first of the easy-chairs.

He remembered her quite well of course, yet for the moment he had forgotten her name, and what to June was the more surprising, the appointment she had made with him for that very afternoon seemed to have passed right out of his mind. Yet she was quick to see, for her wits were now working at high pressure, that this strange forgetfulness was in her favor. At any rate it was going to help her in the task of keeping, as far as possible, the Van Roon out of the case.

"Lyons', wasn't it, we met at? One day last week? Your name's ——"

"I'm Miss Gedge." June's tone was a shade stand-off, for that appeared to be correct in the circumstances.

"Miss Gedge—yes—of course. Stupid of me to forget." He fixed the eye of a man with a sense of humor upon this odd visitor. "I've a shocking memory for names. Very glad to see you, anyhow, Miss Gedge." He took the low chair opposite with the calm and easy air of a model host. "And very nice of you to come on a damp and foggy night."

The tone rather than the words put it up to June to explain her coming. She did so rather awkwardly, with a touch of nerves. Yet before committing herself to any positive statement as to why she was there she was careful to dispose the parcel she carried as far beyond the range of his eyes as was possible at the side of the wicker chair in which she sat.

"You told me the other day"—she found it impossible to control the queer little tremble in her voice—"that you wanted an artist's model, and that my hair was just the color you were looking for."

"By Jove, yes," he laughed. "Your hair's topping." The laugh deepened to enthusiasm. "It's the color I want, to a hayseed." An eye of veiled appraisement passed slowly over her. "And what's almost as important, there's stooks of it."

"Yes, there is," said June, doing her best to pick up his light tone of intimacy. "It is important, I suppose, for an artist's model to have hair long and thick."

"Ra-ther!" As he looked at her sideways out of the corner of one eye his tone seemed to change a little; and then he got up alertly from his chair, the mantle of the model host again upon him. "I'm afraid there's not much to offer you in the way of refreshment. There's only whisky. If you'll excuse me I'll fetch another glass."

"Oh, no, please, not for me!" said June quickly. She was very tired and horribly depressed, but she had been brought up strictly.

The host seemed a little amused by her vehemence. He looked at her keenly with a pair of curious, small, near-set eyes that June liked even less now than when she had noticed them first.

"Well, have a cigarette, anyhow. These are like mother's milk." And he offered a box of Virginia.

June also declined a cigarette in the same odd, rather fluttered tone, which caused him to smile in a way that added to her nervousness.

"No? Well, make yourself comfy anyhow. Draw your chair up to the fire."

She thanked him in a voice which in spite of itself was a little prim, and which assured him that she was quite warm enough where she was. The attempted lightness and ease had gone; a subtle sense of fear, bred of hidden danger, yet without any root in fact or logic, was rising in her. The position itself was embarrassing, yet so far Mr. Keller had shown no wish to presume upon it. Up till now he had been easy and charming; but June, in spite of worldly inexperience, had the intuitions of her sex to guide her; and she felt instinctively that there might be a great deal behind these graces. She was grateful all the same; they were much-needed balm for many bruises.

When Mr. Keller sat down again in the wicker chair, about two yards away from her, a sense of languor crept upon June. The warmth of the fire, the glow of the lamp, the notes of a singularly quiet voice were like a subtle drug. Alive to danger as she was, its caress was hard to resist. Such a position was one of acute peril, for she was literally throwing herself upon the mercy of a person who was very much an unknown quantity. Yet what alternative was there?

"Don't mind a pipe, I hope?" The polite voice from the chair opposite was not really ironical; it was merely kind and friendly, yet feminine intuition shivering upon the dark threshold of adventure knew well enough how easily a tone of that kind could turn to something else.

"Oh, no, I don't mind at all." She tried again to get the right key, but a laugh she could not control, high-pitched and irrelevant, was horribly betraying.

"That's all right then."

For about a minute Mr. Keller puffed away in a sort of whimsical silence. Then he said with a soft fall, whose mere sweetness had the power to alarm, "Your hair's jolly. Very jolly indeed!"

June nervously muttered that she was very glad he liked it.

"So much of it, don't you know. Awfully useful to me just now. Quantity's almost as valuable as the color. Does it reach your waist when you let it down?"

June, not without a little pride, said that her hair when let down reached below her waist.

"Capital!" said Mr. Keller with a laugh. "The very thing I'm looking for just now. You'll make a stunning Andromeda."

June had not heard of Andromeda. She had read some Dickens and a little George Eliot, and she could remember bits of Shakspere learned at school, but her tastes were not literary. She pretended to know all about Andromeda, yet the next words of Mr. Keller were a proof that he was not deceived. June did not know, however, that he had pierced clean through her ignorance.

"She's the altogether. A classical subject."

"I like classical subjects myself."

By an association of ideas June's mind went back to Miss Preece, the revered headmistress of the Blackhampton High School, where it had been her privilege to spend one term. Her voice rose a whole octave in its involuntary desire to approximate as closely as possible to that of a real lady.

"So do I." Mr. Keller's humorous pur was that of a man well pleased. "That's capital."

"You can't beat classical subjects, can you?" said June, making a wild attempt to achieve the conversational.

Again Mr. Keller looked across at her out of those near-set eyes, of which by now she was rather afraid. "No, you can't," he said. "So simple, and yet they strike so deep. They are life itself. A sort of summing up, don't you know, of all that has been, all that can be, all that will be!"

June responded with more composure than she had yet shown that she supposed it was so. It was nice to listen to talk of this kind from a man of Mr. Keller's polish. The chair was most comfortable, and how good it was to be in front of the bright fire! Her nerves were being lulled more and more as if by a drug; the sense of her peril amid this sea of danger into which she had plunged began to grow less.

"I expect," said Mr. Keller in a tone so friendly and so casual that it fed the new sense of peace which was now upon June—"I expect you are pretty well used to the altogether?"

Even if she did not know in the least what was meant by "the altogether" it did not seem to be quite wise to confess such ignorance.

"Yes-s, I suppose I am." And in a weak attempt to rise to his own agreeable plane of intimacy she laughed rather foolishly.

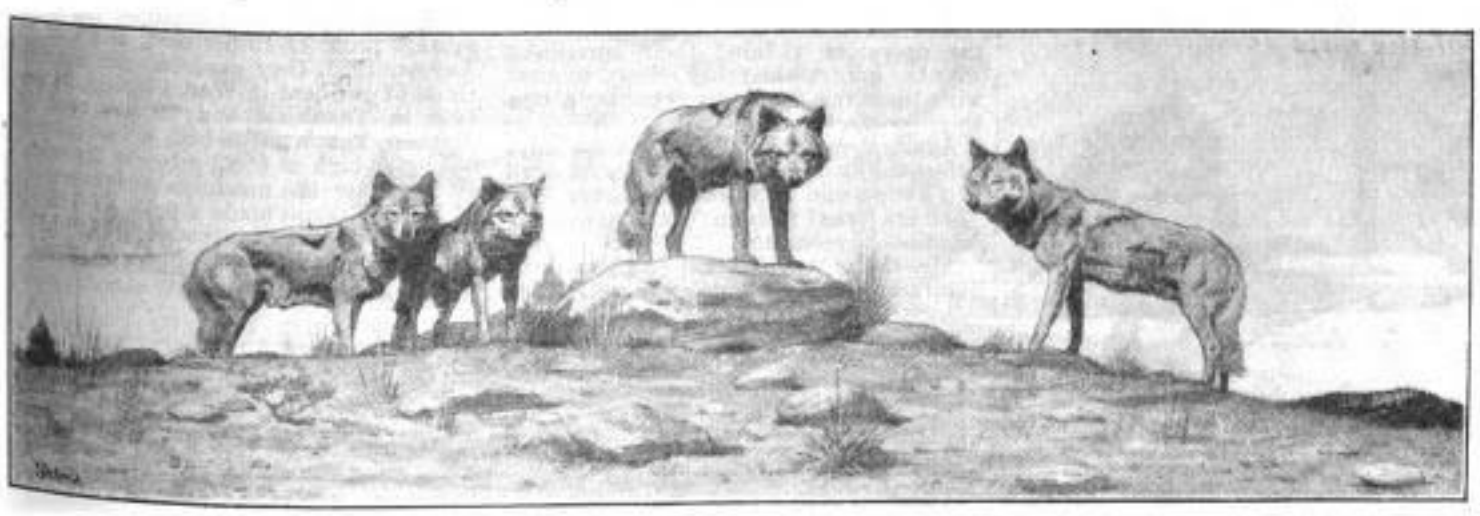
"Capital!" said Adolph Keller. "You are a well-built girl." He sipped a little whisky. "Excellent shoulders. Figure's full of fine lines. Bust well developed. Plenty of heart room. Everything just right."

She colored at the literal way in which he catalogued her points: even if it was done in the manner of an artist and a gentleman one was a little reminded of a dog or a horse.

"I'll fix you up a screen. And then you can get ready." He sipped a little more whisky and rose briskly and cheerfully. "Near the fire; it's real chillsome tonight. And when you pose you can sit on top of it if you like." He opened the lid of the coal box and replenished the fire. "We must take care you don't catch cold. If you feel a draft you can have a rug round your knees. I only want to make a rough sketch of the lines of the figure, to begin with; the shoulders chiefly. It won't take long. Quite sure you won't have a finger?" He pointed to the whisky. "Buck you up a bit. You look rather down."

June was quite sure that she would not have a finger. Mr. Keller passed beyond the screen into the studio itself to procure a second screen. June felt this activity to be alarming. It brought her up against the fact that she was there in the capacity of an artist's model. Suddenly it dawned upon her that she was expected to take off her clothes.

(TO BE CONTINUED)





The Dance of the Perfumes

JAVA is ever verdant, ever odorous with jasmine, ylang ylang, champaka, nagasari and tenjong. The Bedaya, dancing girls, shower their smooth skin with fragrant powder ere they dance in the sweet grasses. The sighing music of the angklung blends with the love call of all nature. Java, Pearl of the East, has given of its choicest flowers and subtlest arts to complete the Oriental bouquet mystery, Jafleur. A Javanese twilight seems to have fallen like a caress of touch and scent about the woman dainty made by soft, transparent, clinging

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Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add Quaker Oats, to which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla. Beat whites of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tins with teaspoon, but very few on each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven. Makes about 65 cookies.



Quaker Macaroons

The Poets' Corner

The Nomads

THE nomad strain is in our blood;
It haunts us in our crowded marts;
It whispers subtly to our hearts
Of steppe and desert, hill and wood,
And memories, dimly understood,
Of ancient raids and vanished arts.

We built the city yesterday,
Wearied, a moment, of the tent;
But when we built we never meant
Forever here to stop and stay;
We thought when idle pleasure went
To mount again and ride away.

The city lured and held us back
With easy joy and soft delight;
We lost our hardihood and might;
Our hearts grew tame, our sinews slack;
Then came the plainsmen who could fight,
And gave us up to storm and sack.

We walled ourselves about with stone
And moat, against the vandal raid,
For we were feeble and afraid;
Unused to weapons had we grown,
And to the warlike tribes we paid
A tribute to be let alone.

Still, in the spring, we feel the call
To travel northward with the grass,
And never can the season pass
Without the southward lure of fall.
These wander-longings grip us all
Of every age and sex and class.

There is a taste within our mouth,
Of wild adventures on the plain,
Of feast and famine, joy and pain,
Of cattle famishing of drouth,
Of riding, in a swift campaign,
To sack the cities of the south.

The nomad strain is in our blood,
It calls us north to golf and gun,
It lures us, in the name of fun,
South where the tarpon's biting good,
And sends the city's pallid brood
Adventuring in wind and sun.

—Thomas Lomax Hunter.

Home

SEVEN flights high we twain have dwelt,
Perched in a rotten tenement;
The rain dripped through a moldy roof,
The landlord cursed us for his rent;
Below, the crowded street tossed up
Its endless tide of living foam;
We ate or starved, as chance was kind
Or cruel, dear—but that was home.

And we have tramped, hand fast in hand,
Under wet skies, forsaken ways,
And slept beneath strange stars and seen
Together good and evil days;
And yet, whatever roof was ours,
The tiled, the thatched, the starry dome,
However brief our lingering,
That roof, or lack of roof, was home.

How deaf, how blind! The leaner years
Themselves now slip down alien ways;
Gone is the wanderlust, and gone
The careless joy of gypsy days;
For little hands are holding tight,
And little feet aren't made to roam:
The children bind us gladly fast,
And where the children are—is home!

—Reginald Wright Kauffman.

MORE ABOUT COAL

EDITOR,
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
Dear Sir:

IN MY article entitled The Coal Miners' Case, published in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on the first of April, I said one of the primary objects of the coal operators in forcing the bituminous coal miners to strike was to destroy the United Mine Workers of America and take away from the miners the protection which that union affords them. Now comes Mr. C. E. Lesher, in an article in a recent issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, and says this is not true. He says it is absolutely at variance with the facts. This is the first time, to my knowledge, that anyone has denied that the operators were out to break the miners' union. Mr. P. H. Penna, an Indiana operator, recognized official spokesman for the coal operators for twenty years and a member of the board of directors of the National Coal Association, made a speech in the annual convention of that association in Chicago, in the latter part of May, in which he said: "I would like, if I could, to wipe out not only the United Mine Workers of America, but all memory of it."

Mr. Penna speaks for the coal operators. Many operators have openly declared that this was the right time to have a strike, for with it they could weaken or destroy the union. That's what they started out to accomplish. But the plan is not working out that way.

And Mr. Lesher denied my charge that the operators violated their agreement with the miners when they refused to meet with them this spring to negotiate a new wage contract.

Again I quote Mr. Penna. A few days before the strike began on the first of April Mr. Penna said in a newspaper interview: "We are forced to admit that we have violated our agreement."

Mr. Penna was one of the signers of the contract which the operators refused to live up to. He probably knows as much as Mr. Lesher about whether it was violated.

Mr. J. D. A. Morrow, vice president of the National Coal Association, the operators' union, said in a letter to the editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST that I was mistaken when I quoted him as saying that the labor cost of producing bituminous coal in October, 1921, averaged $1.97 a ton and that the average retail selling price of bituminous throughout the United States in that month was $10.41. On bended knee I beg his pardon. He did testify before the Interstate Commerce Commission that the labor cost was $1.972 a ton, but it was the United States Government that stated officially that the average retail selling price was $10.41. This is found in the Monthly Labor Review, published by the Bureau of Labor Statistics of the Department of Labor, in December, 1921. I was misinformed when I credited this statement to Mr. Morrow. But Mr. Morrow never has denied the accuracy of the figures, and I respectfully suggest that the $10.41 quotation loses none of its convincing weight when it comes from the United States Government instead of from Mr. Morrow, representing the coal operators. If the miner got $1.97 for digging a ton of coal that was sold to the consumer for $10.41, who got the remaining $8.44?

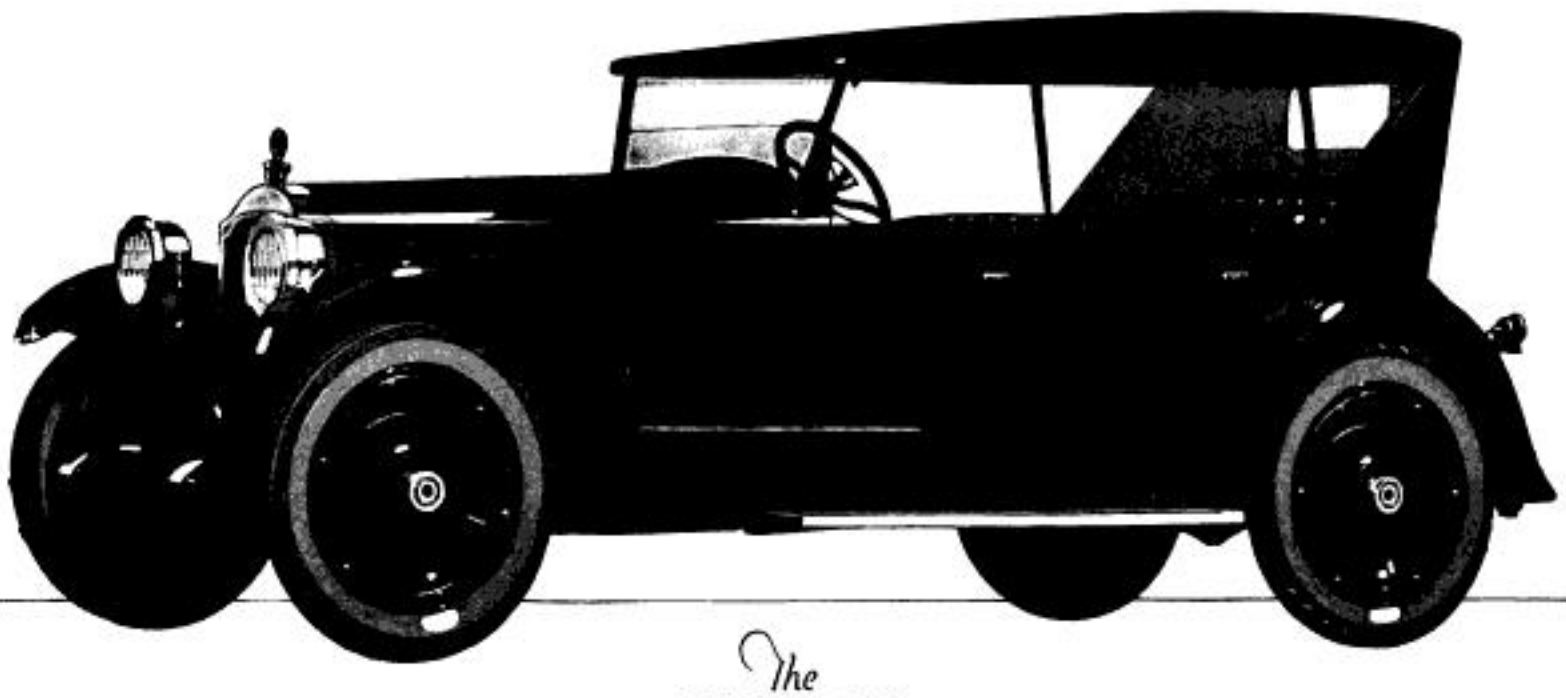
Coal operators and their spokesmen insist that they have not made any money. But the Federal Trade Commission, in a report to Congress on the first of June, shows that in the six-year period, 1916 to 1921, inclusive, coal companies made an average profit of 15 per cent, and that in August, 1920, they made 59 per cent in Ohio, 57 per cent in West Virginia, 64 per cent in Tennessee and 79 per cent in Kansas. That's not so bad, when coal was selling as high as $5.23 a ton at the mine. At that rate the nonunion coal operators of West Virginia made a profit of $2.98 a ton. West Virginia produced 89,970,707 tons of coal in 1920.

ELLIS SEARLES
Editor United Mine Workers' Journal.



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SOCIETY AND STATESMEN

(Continued from Page 4)

cutting the reception shorter her anxious reply was supposed to be: "Then we must cut it from the front end, leaving off some of the officials. It is the people's party of the year, and not one of those who take the trouble to come shall be turned away. We must see that part through at least, and I can stand. I'll rest afterwards." And stand and shake hands and smile in welcome both she and the President did till long after five o'clock in the afternoon. The second story was a delightful one of how two small black citizens, a little colored boy and girl, squeezed in between the older people and moved along the lines through the long corridors, unnoticed; and how they came, smiling delightedly and holding hands, to where there was a little space before the President. Seeing them he laughed loudly, and exclaiming "See who have come to the party!" he leaned down, shook hands heartily, and passed the two pickaninnies on to his wife.

I would not vouch for the truth of these tales, but they were enough illustrative of what people thought of the new occupants of the White House to seem quite probable. There was general rejoicing over such a hospitable spirit being shown, after years of gloomy closed doors and barred gates.

Our little family—Russian refugees, as we technically were—seemed to have no place in the procession that filed past the receiving party on New Year's Day, since we were neither foreign diplomats nor American citizens. Realizing this I had ventured that morning to send Mrs. Harding a few flowers and a book of old White House memories, with our good wishes. The next day came a charming note of graceful thanks, dictated to Miss Harlan, "as Mrs. Harding's arm and hand were completely out of commission." It was said also that often this brave woman stood for her receptions with her legs bandaged tightly, and that her doctor was always anxiously watching her. He stated that she was always a most obedient invalid, save where her duties to her husband's position were concerned; and then through sheer strength of will she forced herself to make the necessary effort to appear.

Apropos of our not attending this New Year reception, I had a most amusing conversation with Lady Annesley, who was visiting Washington, the conference having drawn her there, while her great popularity and the invitations showered on her had held her. She wanted to go to this particular reception; said so quite frankly. Apparently Sir Auckland Geddes, the British Ambassador, had said she had better not, and had given her the same good reasons I had given myself. Apparently, also, she had put her Irish wits to work on the problem, and our chat was the result. We were at dinner the evening before the reception.

Foreign Lions

"Are you going?" she asked me, and I answered no, and told her why. "But it isn't an invitation affair; and no one's invited; and I think all ought to go to wish the President a happy New Year. Now what do you think? You can't go because you don't belong to any group indicated. You are a Russian refugee; I don't go because I'm told I mayn't, since I'm also without diplomatic rank, yet a foreigner. I know! Let us go together, not with our ambassadors, but with one another: you as a Russian refugee, I as an Irish refugee; and we will make a very smart group all to ourselves!"

Everyone present was delighted with this idea, and asked whether we should dress the parts or wear our jewels. Lady Annesley's were as famous as her beauty was. I think the spirited "Irish refugee" was a little disappointed that her proposition wasn't taken more seriously. Her joy in the feasting of Washington was very great; and perhaps also it seemed a little annoying to stay at home at the suggestion of the British Ambassador!

The season's first parties were all built around the foreign lions who had come for the burial of the unknown soldier or to take part in the conference for the limitation of armaments. Some of these were very interesting men, and some of the functions for them were awfully well done. The Italian Embassy opened the season with a large reception and ball given for General Diaz. He was a miniature man physically, but his war record made him a great figure, and everyone rushed to the party in his honor. It was our little daughter's first ball and she looked very young and sweet in a dress of soft green velvet and gold lace with a quaint wreath of tiny fruits and flowers, green and purple, on her head. It wasn't at all a fashionable gown, but its style suited her type and was rather reminiscent of ancient Renaissance days. Somehow the child had an Old World look with a gentle natural manner, which with her radiant smile and happy eyes and the changing color brought on by an excitement shown in no other way made her rather an unusual personality that night. She had never been to school, had had no dancing lessons, knew nothing of modern sports or methods; but after her first years of happy childhood she had had the hard experiences of war and revolution, had knitted for the wounded and the destitute, had known deep anxiety for her father's life and the lives of many relatives and friends. Traveling, changing habits and point of view, as well as new associates and frame, left a strong impress on mind and nature susceptible in the extreme; and she had seen suffering and had suffered more than is ordinary for a lassie seventeen. Because she had had us elders for companions she was not shy, and she talked easily of many things much older than her years. Her strange past and peculiar traditions drew attention, and the soft charm of youth held those who saw and met the child. She was so grateful for the pleasures which came her way—music, light, joy and the rhythm of the dancing, which she learned quickly and well. She loved being young. People were introduced, and men asked her to dance; and her happiness warmed one's heart to watch; it was the natural thing.

Official Receptions

I had not been to a ball for seven long years; and though there was no temptation to me in society's whirl as I sat watching Bertha swing by with twinkling feet, her red lips parted in laughter that was gay, I remembered my emotions at my own first ball and felt glad the world renewed its joy with each succeeding generation, whatever went between of sadness.

Not that I didn't like going about, for there is much to enjoy in Washington, even for those who are old. There are many delightful houses. Some very splendid ones are full of rich art treasures; some with an attraction which only thoroughbred inhabitants for generations give; and a perfume of history hung about some rooms, where carved rosewood and brocatel led one to feel one should be dressed in crinoline and a poke bonnet. Several houses of my grandfather's time as President, a few far older, made historical frames for delightful dinner parties. No one has to be rich in Washington, though money is pleasant everywhere. Most people really offer something more worth while in one way or another; at least those one meets about the dinner table or at luncheon do. I'm free to confess that making hundreds of calls which amount to leaving cards with the maid or the butler seems rather a waste of time; and the herding of human beings at teas and formal receptions didn't seem to me a satisfactory thing. I made some casual inquiries about this and elicited a number of curious replies.

Some people said, "Oh, well, it is something to do with one's afternoon." Others said, "We hate it, but it is the reverse of the medal of official life, and must be done." And others seemed to think it was an American, democratic institution, which should be respected as such. Then a few who stopped to consider the question said, "Many come to Washington, strangers; they go about to these teas, and they feel less lonesome. They write back to foreign or American homes that they are in society; and it gives them a little pleasure—some of the crumbs of others' fun, as it were." Yet another answered: "These are the clearing house to which all can come and have an opportunity to meet. In a little time circles of intimates are formed from the cream, and the rest get no further than teas."

A few people really seemed to enjoy the noise and clatter and pushing, with the fragments of shouted talk; and two or three I saw evidently came to get a meal, even in conditions that suggested a riot. Once I met a friend in one of these crowds, and she said as she stood near me, before she was pushed off and whizzed into the current, "It is funny, isn't it? We as a nation eliminate all we can from our days, as we are breathless with haste; yet we find time for this!" And a man passing laughed and said, "This might make one name Washington the city of unfinished sentences."

It is a curious custom, this wild rush of a crowd, six or eight times larger than the rooms can hold, in and out of so-called private homes, and the noise, and heat, and quantities of refreshments which can't possibly refresh; yet it is called pleasure by some. It is much abused by many impostors who join the crowd; so that servants, even detectives, must be on guard. The French Ambassador's wife told me she was often addressed by unknown handshakers in her own embassy as Lady Geddes; and a friend of mine making a dinner call on Madame Riafio was accosted by another woman on the crowded stairway with: "Say, what embassy are we in anyhow? I've been going the rounds, and I've got three more to do, but I got kinder mixed up." I also passed down some of these receiving lines, where the hostess had only time to say a sentence half through to each guest; and I admired her amiability. Occasionally several other women or even a man—some lion like Diaz or Foch—received with her. When he was a foreigner he generally looked dazed after the tenth person introduced, and he remembered nothing after another ten. If he saw a face he knew his eyes lighted up, he became conscious and tried to say something sane, with pleasure in it; then was instantly seized and dragged back into line.

Mrs. Harding made a supreme effort at helping matters by bringing at least two sets of official ladies comfortably together. The ladies of the cabinet and of the Senate met one afternoon at the White House, and by mutual consent at Mrs. Harding's suggestion they considered they had called on one another. Most people don't like teas, they say. I mean these vast affairs, with the discomfort and fatigue which they entail. The papers contain constant announcements that one or another hostess can't receive because of any flimsy excuse she finds it possible to invent. Yet between November first and the end of May there were three or four of these functions daily. I soon discovered they took all my strength, and my business engagements at our relief committee's office cut me out of the vast majority; but it is the one phase of society I cannot understand as civilized; for to my humble mind society means relaxation from one's work and pleasant human intercourse; dancing, music, conversation, one's friends; and as a result, some good to body, heart and mind. Space and quiet, an exchange of ideas, with brilliant talk or soothing sound when possible, to give one rest from strain. Society can mean so much; and it does offer much in Washington, as well as elsewhere; but there should be a rule that a very good excuse is required before a hostess is permitted to issue invitations for a crowded official reception or tea.

Cosmopolitan Society

As for the lunches and the dinners—never anywhere have I been to more charming parties or seen people better grouped than they are in Washington. One dines out daily and one lunches out almost as much; and I remember only a very few feasts where my neighbors were such that I noticed if the food were good or not. Men and women, distinguished for their brains and looks, abounded, and the conversation was always interesting and agreeable; often of really rare quality. There were Englishmen like Lord Beatty, Lord Balfour, Lord Lee, Sir Robert Borden and the British Ambassador, with their attractive staffs of experts and aides; French like Briand and Joffre, Sarraut and America's old friend, the French Ambassador; and Asia furnished the last of the shoguns and the most modern of Far Eastern statesmen. There were Italians well worth talking with, the cosmopolitan Austrian Jew, Schanzer, at their head; and charming Dutch, Belgians and Portuguese, and many, many others from different lands; the best each government could send. They brought their note of argument, of foreign ideals, of admiration, of analysis, of different points of view, new on many subjects. Though I often found myself in opposition to their theories, I liked this international mingling, and the foreigners' frank compliments and interest for the things they saw about them.

The American capital looked its best; and it received its guests with open arms. It seemed to me that Washington must strike these strangers as a very beautiful and sympathetic city, with a great strength throbbing in the nation behind it; a strength for good, at the world's service for constructive building, on right lines. They might have preferred us weaker, perhaps more easily exploited; but they could not be blind to our generosity, our merits and the fine brains of those they came to deal with here.

Lord Balfour told me frankly that to him one of the greatest privileges of his life had been to work in association with Mr. Root; and to all the strangers the American delegates were marvels. Root's wisdom shed clear light. Hughes' strength and tact and great capacity were quite unrivaled, and Underwood's fine judgment, his technical knowledge, with his patience and adroitness; the dignity and kindliness of all these men, were often spoken of and much appreciated. The President, who had made the foreigners so welcome and who loomed so large in power, had only generosity and praise for his own representatives. No jealousy or vanity or any meanness did he show. How different an atmosphere from that of Paris in 1919!

Lord Balfour's Golf Story

Balfour looked his part of leader and was the much-spoiled favorite everywhere. With both men and women he was popular, and quite perfection in his rôle as the guest of honor at many a dinner. He loved music sincerely and took great delight in the playing of artists, like Ernest Schelling, at some quiet evening gatherings, which Mrs. Bliss most frequently arranged. Her parties were of ideal blending, and as some Frenchman said, with sudden appreciation of her salon, "Maybe the brain of Washington is found at Continental Hall, in conference hours, but the heart of Washington throbs here!"

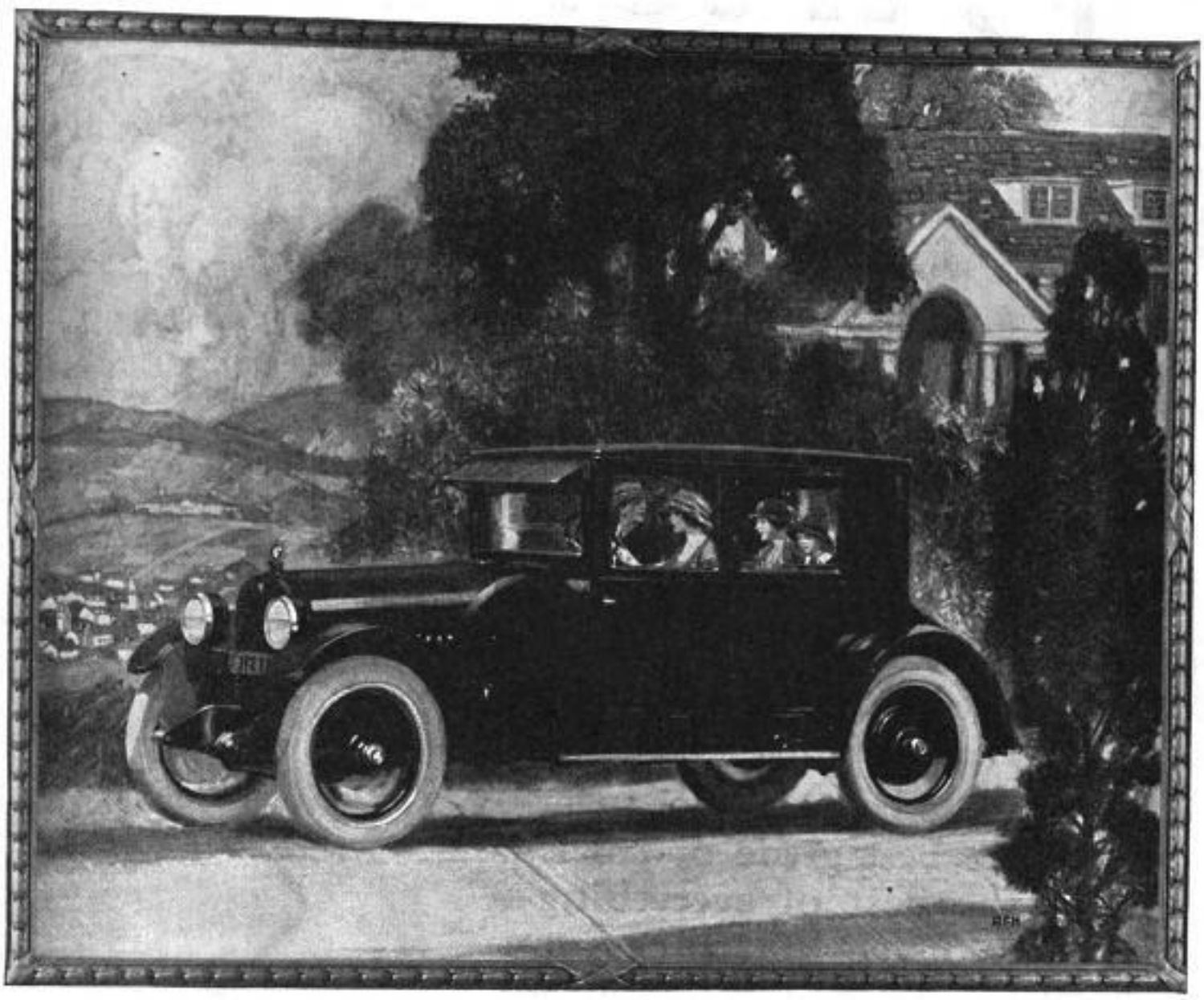
Balfour liked a good yarn, even at his own expense, and he told one to us at a dinner of which he was the center at the British Embassy. It was a splendid weighty function, worthy of prewar days, when Europe was neither depressed nor hysterical. Someone had spoken of Balfour in complimentary fashion, of his great brain and his work at the conference, and he replied that this consoled him for an occurrence at Chevy Chase Club, where he had gone to play golf the day previous. Finding no one he knew about, he engaged a caddy and started off walking and chatting with the latter. He asked caddy's opinion about the use of a certain club. The boy gave advice, which Lord Balfour attempted to follow; but he missed the shot. Caddy took the club, illustrated his explanations, also missed the ball; but further explained this was because he was too short for the club. Lord Balfour again tried to follow caddy's instructions and again missed; whereupon caddy eyed him and remarked in solemn sincerity: "Gee, if I was as tall as you or you had my brains, what corking golf we could play!"

But the talk of these foreigners visiting Washington wasn't all in light vein. They had much that was serious to say, and they made many speeches to associations or to groups gathered in one salon or another to hear them. They gave opinions on every conceivable subject, and we Washingtonians were considerably surprised by some of their theories. Also, they occasionally astonished one another, I found. There was the Indian, Sastri, for instance, who was a delegate in the British group. He lectured on Gandhi and his movement; on India and her ambitions. His American audiences found him interesting and exciting of course. Personally I did not care for Sastri. He was picturesque enough in dress, but fat and lazy-looking, and he seemed to me to have the poses of a demagogue. Certainly he preened himself for the delectation of his many lady admirers. I didn't go to hear him speak, but he had crowded audiences, and his

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talks were much discussed. They were not especially pro-British and were all about India's hope to be free some day. I was told he even went so far as to say he hoped Americans would sympathize with this wish and aid India as Ireland had been aided from here!

An old friend of mine, an Englishman in the Indian service for many years, was as surprised as I was at Sastri's attitude and at the tolerance of the British delegates and embassy; and I wondered were they indifferent or were they uncertain as to the result of a protest, and afraid therefore to make it. One of the English with whom I had several long and frank talks admitted that the position at home was so critical that almost anything offering a promise of success in straightening out both empire and European problems was welcome; and also he said that no one here realized what a terrible position Europe was in.

Yet the British delegation and embassy held themselves with perfect calm and dignity, and presented no sign of trouble. They acted as if they owned the earth, as someone said.

France as Frenchmen See Her

It was very different with the French. They were openly having endless bother among themselves and at home; and they had a lot to tell about both. They complained bitterly of the treatment meted to them with reference to the conference and with reference to their position on all sorts of world questions. Briand, however, was a passing meteor, greatly applauded. Viviani was cordially hated, on the contrary; systematically he made an enemy of everyone who came in contact with him. Jusserand, twenty years a resident in the United States, had many friends, and they were friends of France too. Sarraut was admirable, ready to discuss any and all subjects quite openly with a simplicity and calm that are rare in a Latin, and which won him many friends and for his cause much sympathy. I had several long talks with him and was much interested in his statement of the French case. He had a commonsense attitude, not sentimental at all; and I found myself agreeing with him and some of his compatriots on various subjects.

"France is anti-Bolshevist always," they said, "because there is no logical reason for recognizing a government of criminals who do not keep their word given or their contract signed, who do not recognize their debts or others' rights to property, who try by every means in their power to wreck the governments from which they ask recognition, and who want to trade with neither money nor materials supplied by their own side." The French claimed propaganda was being made against them in the United States, by the British especially. Most of them thought it was largely France's own fault, as she had not organized any newspaper campaign and had depended on Foch and the popularity of her delegates, with the friendliness of the Americans, to champion the French cause. "*Nous sommes des imbéciles tout simplement,*" said one of their experts, and shrugged his shoulders. I hastened to assure him that whatever faults they possessed as a nation, they were not considered imbeciles as a rule.

"But we are often misunderstood, princess, and I am glad to talk with you, who know us well. It is a curious series of developments, which has brought about injustice, I think," came from Sarraut as we sat at dinner one evening. "Let me tell you what happens: Americans come to us; serious ones, I mean. They come to study one thing or another, and are well received and greatly liked by our people of the same castes. They come home fond of France, keep up the friendships they have made, but there is no noise about this. The tourist, and to some extent those who went over to make war or even to aid us, come with money then, lots of it; and they throw it about wastefully, also some act in a noisy way. Our people were always thrifty; so poor that they must work hard, and save pennies—pennies have built the riches of France—and after generations of small economies we see thousands of Americans come to work or to play, always with gold to toss about. Our people snap at every chance to gather this harvest, which in their misery they feel is a godsend. Yet the wastefulness of it all shocks them, and they feel the gold is legitimate prey. Their pride and national vanity are often hurt by an arrogance which is only seen, of course, among the vulgar tourists. But those are the ones of your compatriots who make a noise and attract attention, just as these Americans come in contact also only with our worst elements—the hotel and shop keepers, the race track and theatrical exploiters. Many of these aren't even French. Foreigners say the French as a people are immoral, too; yet tell me what country holds the family as a unit higher than we French? Among our peasants and our bourgeois, as among our industrial classes, I fancy there are more hearths respected than in other lands, fewer divorces, too; and children grow up protected, directed, educated by both parents together. The same of our deep respect for traditions, and for our parents or elders. I have visited many lands and found no such respect for these things, no such obedience to conventions and ideals, as I know there are at home in France.

"In Paris there is considerable catering to human frailties, but note what small proportion of this is French, and how many English, American, South American, Italian and even Oriental travelers come to Paris to amuse themselves, innocently or otherwise. Vice is less brutal perhaps with us than in London, Berlin and New York; for we are light, artistic and gay, even when we misbehave. We attract a cosmopolitan crowd who are jaded; and we amuse them. Those who are shocked and stay in their far-away homes talk of wicked Paris. They know little of the hideous side of their own cities or of the intellectual and virtuous side of France. The latter brings us so many quiet, dignified, fine friends, of whom we are very proud, but who make no noise. They are not often overcharged."

Another took up the tale and said: "Our people, like all of Europe, are a bit hysterical just now; and our struggle for life and reconstruction is a difficult one. Our politics is bad, too, for it belongs to the general chaos and is governed by the same conditions which are making other countries face emergency treatment to recover from four years of war. We have lost our best men, and our richest lands have been destroyed; yet in spite of our many problems and failures it seems probable France will recuperate and rebuild rapidly. Everyone is interested, everyone owns property; the pennies will be saved and the people will work hard; and as we get to our feet we shall be better judged by outsiders."

The League of Nations

A French journalist said: "One has to admit France is more generous with her blood than with her francs, but in a period of reconstruction, with debts to pay, this is a virtue!"

Afterwards I was asked by an American if I thought that France, rich and prosperous, would have sent her armies over here, had we been fighting with our backs against the wall. And in spite of the Lafayette tradition I had to admit it seemed to me a certainty that no Western European nation would have done for us what we did for them in 1917. Natures of nations, like natures of individuals, seem greatly to differ. Obviously we all know this, yet we are surprised to find it so when the test comes. Individuals seem to be able to work together in communities, however, in spite of this; even perhaps better because of their varied characters. Yet we expect somehow to have nations give an equal measure of generosity; and where they vary some are called at fault, and everyone complains of them.

A league of nations where each country must furnish an equal portion of every needed thing is absurd, but understanding treaties strung around the globe, bringing those who have problems in common to discuss and settle them in peace, seem wise and fairly possible. In one family of children—my own—rougher treatment had to be given to our boy to prepare him for responsibility and to make his way in life; while our girls, to whom we try to give protection, are saved from blows. So in this nation the farmer in the Northwest and the industrial in New England and the cotton grower of the Southern States all want and need quite different things, and they contribute different things also to the general treasury.

We cannot measure England, France, Italy, Germany or Russia and the East by our home standards. If we want American ways and comforts we must live here and have them; if we go out to see the world we

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must take what we find there. Americans offered rich gifts in lives and money during the war; we were awfully hurt at the way these were accepted, the slight gratitude expressed, and—seemingly or actually—our deeds were forgotten and we were even criticized.

Russia's martyrdom is another such case. It is largely made up of the good intentions and misunderstanding of those who were her friends. Americans often judged Russians by themselves at first, while the British thought English methods should apply, and the French theorized in their own way. Yet they all meant well. They fussed and fumed among themselves, too, over Russia, and did all sorts of right and wrong things; but generally at the wrong time, in the wrong way, and all separately. Enough money and blood effectively to help the Russian misery were given; and enough fighting was done to rid the world of this Bolshevik peril which Western Europe is now so anxious about. If it had all only been given and done by everyone together, in one really wise and well-planned effort! Now each country is wondering why Russians aren't more grateful, why they are starving, and what is the matter with the Russians anyhow. Simply the matter needs understanding, and in time America is realizing best what the trouble was about, and how much Russia has suffered. For some odd reason the ideals and generosities, the feeling of unrecognized sacrifice, the wide horizons and the broadmindedness of these two peoples have made them nearer kin than any others are. Everywhere scattered exiled Russians cling to Americans with admiration and deep gratitude. Americans, men and women, who have seen the Russians' courage and their patience, their faith and energy through martyrdom, have understood them best and have made friends.

France now is learning the theory too; is putting all her strength into her opposition to the Bolshevists' political invasion of Europe, and she has taken a share in helping the unhappy people exiled in her land. Also, France fed for a long time an army of our war waifs along the Bosporus shore. Other smaller states are doing their small shares. England still stands wavering. A conservative solid group of the best of England see the dangers. They aid the exiles with their charity and protest against the radicals at home who are pressing the British Government while propaganda from without is threatening. The men at the head, however calm their masks appear, are doubtless anxious, for they show a helplessness and weakness that are a most unBritish attitude. Impossible to believe, somehow, that an Anglo-Saxon nation can be weak. One looks anxiously from day to day to see them put their backs against some wall and fight, and one expects it of them.

The English Spirit

I remember during the early years of the war an Englishman in Russia said to me after the news of some disaster came in: "It's annoying, but that's the way with us. We think war is sport, and till we get a few hard blows we never settle down really to fight. When we do we put ourselves against a wall and attend to business."

"And then you English always win," I said; and he looked at me with a rather grateful smile. "Well, yes, we generally do," he answered very quietly.

So I'm hoping to see the English and the French line up together soon and fight the new enemy. One can't admit that European civilization should go down before the Bolshevist commune.

Somehow my mind refuses to accept defeat for the Allies, and after the way they fought during the war I am sure still that they can fight out problems of reconstruction, putting aside all sophistry and fear and all hysterical idealism impossible to realize. One wishes some genius, a real leader, would arise and take hold of the tangle, but the war produced none of importance over there, while late events seem to have drained the capacities of even the many secondary stars in the European constellations. They are too tired, or maybe their world is grown too old.

There exists the ancient prophecy of a Slavic apostle from the northeast who is to come and save the world, but Russia's bed of agony seems unpromising for the fulfillment soon of any prediction of the miracle man. There is need of haste too; and eyes which looked for safety found it some time ago as on their battlefields they watched the arrival of a new type of youth, with cool eyes, calm nerves and implicit confidence in himself. He came from a distance to win the war. The older men with these youths, and even their women, all carried aid and this same conviction wherever they were seen; and having done the job they went abroad for, they disappeared again across the seas. They brought and took back their vast baggage and they left a legend in their trail which was undreamed of till then in European lore. It spelled hope and force for all the world to turn to and to count on for the future.

I felt this spell of constructive power all winter in the capital, and there, strangely enough, it took expression mostly in the more mature among the American men, those especially grouped about the President, who carried the nation's burdens. Typical men, they deserve a chapter to themselves, for they mean the brain and sinew for construction, as much as their President means the normalcy he preaches and he lives.

Honors to Madame Curie

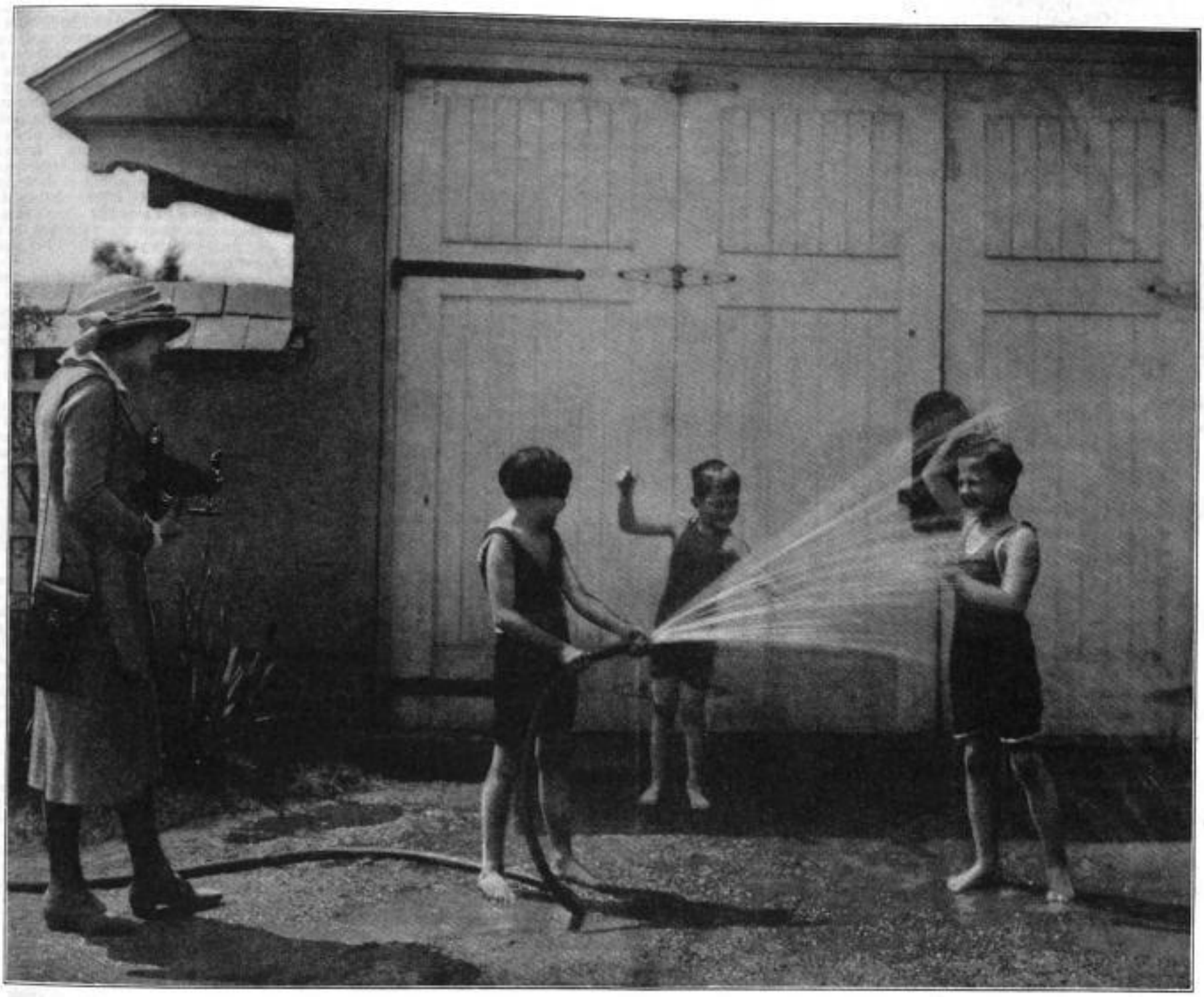
The reception to Madame Curie, when the President presented her a gram of radium, gift from her American admirers, was an interesting occasion. It was a hot day, late in May, but the lovely old White House looked cool as always, and too noble to shelter any but a dignified, well-ordered crowd. As a matter of fact there wasn't a large crowd at all; and the guests of the President had space to sit comfortably. In the great East Room chairs had been placed forming a semicircle which faced the windows along the East Façade. There was an aisle left through the middle of the room to a table, whereon lay a box of mahogany containing the precious gift, with engraved dedication and date on a bronze plate fastened to the lid. This heavy casket could not be opened, nor the radium seen by the public. It was like a mysterious Pandora's box; no one must open it without knowledge and wisdom or the contents would burn and kill. Yet packed and isolated as it was, the radium was innocent and a tiny bottle made like an hourglass, about two inches high, held as much phosphorescent salts as represented in size and aspect one gram of radium. It cost one hundred and twenty thousand dollars and was a fit gift to the discoverer of the fairy-like cure for so many ills. She was to use it for the good of suffering humanity, a power her gentle heart rejoiced in.

The audience included a few diplomats, among whom were the ambassadors from France and Poland, Madame Curie's adopted and native lands. There were officials of the new cabinet, too, some army officers in their gay uniforms, and then a collection of scientists and a large number of women, representing those groups who had been instrumental in bringing Madame Curie over here, in entertaining her and in making her this gift. Madame Curie looked into space, quite unconscious of her importance or her surroundings. Someone had thrown a scarf of black lace about her shoulders, someone had also chosen her a thin black hat and told her to put it on. She had done so without a mirror, I'm sure, as there was no style at all in the way that hat set. Nevertheless she looked attractive, soft, feminine, ethereal and distinguished. Soon double doors were thrown open, the audience rose and the President of the United States came quietly down the aisle. He made a very imposing figure, I thought. Quite tall, broad and strong looking, he had a face as powerful as his figure. The brow was fine; he had rather a long nose, with firm mouth and chin, and deep-set eyes that gleamed as he cast a kindly look about. I think everyone has a pleasant impression whenever he appears; and he seems very natural always as he speaks. That day the head of the women's delegation made the first address, quite a fine one, giving the history of this movement which had made possible the box lying there and which had brought Madame Curie from France to receive it at the President's hands.

Mr. Harding thanked the speaker for the compliment paid him and then he turned to Madame Curie and said what the radium meant to him—its healing power, the expression of admiration and of friendship to her and to France it was meant for by the women of America. She responded—just a

(Continued on Page 58)

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You will never know how comfortable garters *can* be until you have worn Pioneer-Brighton Wide-Webs.

There is something in the happy combination of soft, pliable weave and wide web of Pioneer-Brighton Wide-Webs that gives a perfect hold with absolute comfort. There is no tightness, no binding. And they are adjustable to your own idea of comfort.

Moreover, the superior quality of elastic used in all Pioneer-Brighton Garters, is your surety of longer and more satisfactory wear.

At the men's wear counter, ask for Pioneer-Brightons, in the smart blue and orange box.

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For 44 years manufacturers of
Pioneer Suspenders Pioneer Belts
Pioneer-Brighton Garters

PIONEER
Brighton
WIDE-WEB GARTER

Single Grip
35c and up
Double Grip
50c and up



(Continued from Page 56)

few well-chosen words of humble gratitude. She told her desire to use the fine gift well, for the good of those who suffered and for science.

The little ceremony was soon ended, and the President stood, with Mrs. Harding by his side, and little Madame Curie beyond, seated, by the doctor's order, because she was too ill to stand. We, the audience, filed past this group; and the President and Mrs. Harding cordially shook hands with every guest and heartily bade them welcome. As I came up someone said to Mr. Harding that I had been born in the White House and gave him my maiden name.

He smiled as he took my hand.

"You belong here, madame, and I am glad to welcome you," he said.

And I replied, "I was born here, sir, but I come back now a foreign refugee, a Russian."

"Then you must consider this as your second home, and we shall hope to see you often," was his quick remark.

He passed me on to Mrs. Harding, who gave a hearty greeting and introduced me to Madame Curie.

The latter was looking dazed, but suddenly grew attentive when I addressed her in French. We exchanged several sentences before other visitors pushed me on down the line, and I shook hands with all the ladies of the committee in charge of the little scientist.

Somehow she and they made a curious contrast. They were so healthy and efficient and organized; she was such a frail accidental lamp, but she gave out a flame, nevertheless, which lighted all about her and threw its rays far into the future. Two types, the difference between the Old World and the New, representing some of the things which make it difficult for them to meet on the same footing. These capable, well-dressed, prosperous American women, with their genius of common sense and their practical success, were full of generosity and hospitality. They rejoiced in the gift they made from their riches and in the triumphs of their foreign sister, whom they considered a lion among lions. She, coming from a vague drab background where work, privation, fatigue and suffering had predominated always, didn't feel the success of the moment at all, nor the excitement around herself. She was unconscious of everything about her save her science, and was in rather a hurry to quit the noisy world and go back to her labors for humanity.

She was somewhat unconscious also of all these kindly individuals. She did know for some unaccountable reason they were putting into her hands power to do more good, to save more humanity, as well as the possibility for her to work, abolishing future anxiety over the financial side of her life.

I kept wondering what at the back of their minds Madame Curie and the American women's committee really thought of one another. I liked and knew both types, but they were a little amusing and a little pathetic to watch together. There were in that grouping the Orient and the West, the heavenly mystic and the worthy of the earth, the practically generous and the generosity which squanders its genius for an ideal and lets money it needs go by without counting the loss. My American compatriots wouldn't one of them be caught by their early morning visitors—ice men or butcher boys—in the clothes Madame Curie wore to a public dinner or a White House ceremony when she was the central figure; yet they worshiped her and aided her generously.

She was immensely grateful, yet wondered, doubtless, why such a fuss should be made over her. I'm sure though that she liked the President's simple speech, the tribute of the things he said, and the homage in his rich voice and chivalrous manner. She made a very direct appeal to all the big men about her, I found, yet she was always ready to leave a social function. She seemed so very tired, and I knew she could find rest only in her quiet home and her laboratory. The latter was being fitted up by her American admirers.

HIGH PITCH—LOW PITCH

(Continued from Page 8)

of Ann and Nassau Streets and made the first authentic pitch in the annals of street fakery.

There was something new about it, something different. Here was a boy, lecturing on the good qualities of an oil-tempered, bone-handled four-bladed knife, with a sample sharpened to a razor thinness, and the slivers flying in all directions as he whittled a piece of soft pine to demonstrate the cutting ability of an edge which could be purchased for twenty-five cents. The crowd gathered, the crowd watched him whittle; then the crowd bought. Nor was it long before George Stivers scoured the city of New York in vain. The stocks of rusty nonreturnable bargain knives were gone.

Then another element entered—again with fortune on the side of the first pitchman. This time it was another thing to appeal to the boy in man—lead pencils.

A big pencil factory had burned, with practically every pencil in its stock damaged by scorching, blistering or by water. The firm of Stivers & Lehman hurried to the place and purchased the salvage for almost nothing. Then Stivers went a step higher in his operations. He bought a pushcart, loaded it with pencils, sharpened a dozen or two of them for demonstration purposes, and began to extol their virtues. Anyone at all who desired to test the writing qualities of the offerings could step right up and scribble to his heart's desire on pads furnished for the purpose, and then buy half a dozen pencils for the price that one would cost in a stationery store. There never was a small boy without a stub of a lead pencil in one of his pockets. There never was a man who didn't feel lost without a pencil or a fountain pen. Stivers had bumped headlong into another masculine failing, and a few days later the entire stock of pencils was gone, while the combination of Stivers & Lehman split a gross profit of more than six thousand dollars.

By this time Stivers had learned the psychology of the spiel and of the personal recommendation and demonstration in selling. He held no other ideas than a continuance in the pitch business. Lehman, having been the backer, and not actively engaged in the selling, looked on the venture as more of a fluke than anything else, and determined to place his easily acquired wealth in something more substantial. So he took his share of the profits, three thousand dollars, to Chicago, and on the strength of his cash obtained credit for many times the amount, opening a combined notions and dry-goods store. However, the pitchman idea followed through. Lehman displayed his goods on tables, with everything before the eyes of the prospective purchaser. His stock disappeared, the profits rolled in, and the business expanded.

The idea of the tables expanded also into departments. The store which Lehman started is still running, a gigantic place where women seek cheap prices in everything from baby buggies to filet lace; and all because a crowd of men once bought bargains at Ann and Nassau streets in slightly damaged lead pencils. So, after all, perhaps the feminine side of the household is right when she says that a woman isn't any worse than a man when it comes to buying something below cheap. At least she has the alibi that she didn't start it. None of her gender bought any of the rusty pocketknives which came from the hardware store of Joe Prince.

So while the pitch idea was expanding in the dry-goods store it was expanding also in every part of the country. Agile-minded men had seen the possibilities in the game which George Stivers had played—that of bringing the thing to be sold directly before the eyes of the purchaser; of specializing, as it were, and inciting the interest of the buyer by personal contact and the enhanced interest of demonstration. Within a year the pitch business had become widespread, with hundreds of men carrying little cases of notions, small outfits of calicoes, dress goods and toys, into various parts of the country, especially the West, where railroads and stores were few, and into the South, where reconstruction, following the war, was at its height. Like Topsy, who was famous about that time, the pitch business just grew. The venders found that to interest their prospective patrons they must do something to center their attention. They resorted to mountebank methods, sleight-of-hand performances, songs and dances, card tricks and jokes to draw the crowd—and though this may be an enlightened age let it be known that the same things that drew the throngs in those days still draw the crowds today. Curiosity is ever rampant in the human mind, coupled with the idea of getting something for nothing. The man who stops on a street corner to watch a pitchman tie a hard knot which the harder he ties it the easier it loosens, wants to be amused without paying for it. Nor does he figure that he has paid an admission charge when he walks on, fifteen minutes later, with anything from a patent window cleaner to a tube of gummy, or glass cement, guaranteed to hold broken china together in sun, storm, heat or rainy weather, and not to chip, crack, check or get black in the seams.

Of course in the beginning the business was merely one of intensified peddling. The store was brought to the person's attention, that was all. Specialization was not a general thing. Then a pitchman discovered the German double-lever collar button, and the finding of a diamond mine could not have been more remunerative.

Why? Even a pitchman cannot explain—despite the fact that he sells them today. The German double-lever collar button had been on the market for twenty years. Men had passed it by in stores without a second glance, and remained true to the old-style collar fasteners. Then one day a man stood with his tripe and keister—which is pitchman slang for a tripod and demonstration case or suitcase—filled with nothing but double-lever collar buttons. His name long has been forgotten in the maze of those who have claimed the distinction, but the effect still remains, a half century afterward.

He had nothing but that collar button and a wonderful agility in taking off his collar and putting it on again. Naturally, there had been many an hour of practice before the mirror—but the crowd didn't know that. On went the collar—and off it came—like a flash. More than that, stand-up collars could be made in an instant to do a strange and unaccountable thing—actually to hold a tie so that it would not ride the back of the wearer's neck. Within a year the man who didn't wear a double-lever collar button was not abreast of the times. And today there are more than a score of old-time pitchmen who are living on the proceeds of their sales of fifty years ago—money derived from a thing that had been on the market nearly a quarter of a century before they discovered it. More than that, there are men who have sold nothing but those double-jointed collar buttons since the day of their entrance into popular use, and who make nearly as much through their demonstrations now as they did when the articles first were put on the market.

It was the beginning of a mass of discoveries. In like fashion the spud peeler—which will peel a potato, take out the eyes, and peel and core an apple, open cans and do a score of other useful things, and which is in nearly every American home today—came into common use, years after its introduction. Safety razors found champions in the men who stood on street corners, shaved with their eyes blindfolded, and gave away a razor every time they cut themselves. Many cheap articles of common use were introduced by pitchmen after the public had walked past them time after time in the various stores—and consistently refused to buy. But the strange part is the fact that once a thing is introduced, it doesn't interfere at all with the continued sale; in fact, it seems the more common the article the more easily is it sold at a bargain price.

Of course there is a theory to it all, which, however, best can be explained by an active member of the clan.

"It's this way," a pitchman will tell you—confidentially, of course. "The umpcha really doesn't want to buy anything. That ain't his racket at all. He's thinking about something entirely different when he comes up to where I'm pitching. The last thing he's got on his mind, we'll say, is a shave. And I'm selling German

(Continued on Page 61)

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"A Tire that Will be Known Everywhere"

Seiberling Cords are as good as the best materials and human skill can make them.

Not only a GOOD Tube— but a BIG Tube also

Why a GOOD tube?—Because the tube represents a comparatively small investment to protect the return upon a much larger one—the money you have put into your casings. Leaky tubes mean lost mileage. Seldom can you stop and repair a tube injury quickly enough to prevent casing injury. It may not show on the outside but it is there, and in one mile on a soft tire you have cut several hundreds or even thousands of miles out of the casing.

An old story? Yes, but we shall keep on telling it because it is the truth and we owe it to you to be sure you understand its importance.

Why a BIG tube?—Because if the tube is too small, it is over-distended when you pump up the tire. This stretching opens the tiny pores in the rubber and soon you have a slow leakage that you don't notice till the tire has already suffered injury. The stretching also causes more heat from friction, the rubber loses its resiliency and the tube is worn out before its time.

Put a Seiberling Tube in a Seiberling Tire. We want you to get every last mile out of your Seiberling Cords, and we do not like to think that any tube goes into one of our tires except the tube that we *know* is good enough and big enough, because we made it ourselves and made it not just to be sold but to keep Seiberling Cords in service on the road and out of the repair shop as long as possible.

Seiberling Tubes are extra large and are made of pure gum, a floating stock. They are laminated, built of thin gum strips. If a blow-out occurs, they will not rip as some tubes do. Ask your dealer for Seiberling Tubes—ask him, too, what pure gum, floating stock, lamination, and extra size mean to you from *his* view-point.

If you do not find a Seiberling dealer in your community, write us for nearest address at which you can procure Seiberling Cords and Tubes.

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SEIBERLING TUBES

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All leather, made of genuine full grain Cordo Calf

Goodyear Wingfoot Rubber Heel

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Natural Finished Oak Sole, bringing longer wear

If you have paid more than $6.00 for your shoes you will appreciate a dealer who has voluntarily sacrificed part of his usual profit to give you a famous shoe at a close price.

Every merchant handling the Selz 'Six is doing this. Only by this co-operation with us—for we, too, accept a smaller profit on this leader—can so good a shoe as the Selz 'Six be offered you at so low a price!

Increasing patronage has shown every Selz dealer that the public does appreciate and believe in the merchant who seeks larger sales through smaller profits. The sales of the Selz 'Six—now exceeding any other shoe of its kind—prove this beyond question.

Ask your dealer for this special value shoe. If you do not know a Selz dealer, write us. Address Selz, Chicago or Pittsburgh.

1871 SELZ *1922*

ELEVEN FACTORIES—30,000 DEALERS

MAKERS OF GOOD SHOES RETAILING AT $5 TO $10, INCLUDING THE FAMOUS "ROYAL BLUE"

CHICAGO :: PITTSBURGH

Twenty-one models t
select from, high o
low—street or dress

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(Continued from Page 58)

safety razors that cost me eighteen dollars a gross, plus the blades, and which are made in straight imitation of one of the makes on the market. You can buy 'em at the store on the corner for forty-five cents. I'm selling 'em for fifty, with a dozen extra blades and a stick of shaving soap thrown in. But, you see, all I'm paying is a reader, or license. No rent, no salary list, no light, heat, taxes, no nothing.

"But as I say, the umpcha comes along the street with his head in the air and his mind ten miles off. Then he hears me plunk a couple of chords on a banjo. Something for nothing—get me? If he's a real umpcha—and 90 per cent of men are—he'll stop, just to hear what I'm going to play. About that time another fink slides up and stops. Then a couple of shills.

"A shill, you know, is a capper, or booster. Practically every hobo is a natural born shill, willing to work any time, and be the first one to buy whatever a pitchman's selling. The old game of the sheep following a leader, you know. It's a part of the pitchman's game to slip 'em a two-bit piece afterward and return 'em the money for what they've bought. So, we'll say, by this time I've got three or four saps around me, and I'm talking as hard as I can:

"'Now, gents, I'm going to sing a few songs, tell a few jokes, play a couple of bright, sassy little tunes on the old box here, just for your edification and amusement. Not going to take up much of your time or bother you with a lot of stuff you don't want to hear. It's free, boys—you don't have to buy; no obligation on your part! If you'll just move up a little closer ——'

"Get the idea? When I start telling 'em what I'm goin' to do, that busts in on the entertainment, doesn't it? Well, while I'm stallin', a couple more umpchas breeze up, see the crowd and stop. So far I ain't sung a song, and I ain't told a joke, I ain't done a card trick and I ain't played a tune. If I ever do that I'm lost."

The Pitchman's Yes Guys

"Get me? That's all they want, that entertainment. But I've got to sell my safety razors. So I play a couple more chords and I welcome what new umpchas have gotten into the crowd. Then I pick up the deck of cards and start to shuffle 'em, an' about that time I begin looking for a yes guy.

"Maybe you don't know it, but half the men in the world are yes guys. All you've got to do is to put the idea in their heads and they'll come right back at you with what you want. So I begin fishing around for a yes guy or two while I'm shuffling the cards. And before I get through stalling I've found one of 'em.

"There he is out in the push with his eyes glued on me. I speak to him—sort of friendly: 'Howdy, brother.'

"Right away he yesses me. Comes back with the greeting. Then I know I've got him hooked, and the second step comes. To show you what I mean, every person in the world's got tucked away somewhere in his head the desire to be an actor. The next time you see an accident, just make a canvass of all the birds who know just how it happened, and see if I ain't right. Every other guy'll tell you the whole story, just the way it was pulled off, and maybe he don't know any more about it than you do. Yes guys and the would-be actors go together. So I slide the cards over into one hand, and pick up the safety-razor case.

"'Now,' I say, and I pump my eyes sort of confidential on the yes guy, 'you wouldn't mind helpin' me out on this little trick, would you?'

"'No,' says he. It's right in his head, you know. Then I start working. I hand him the case with the safety razor in it.

"'Would you mind examining that carefully?' I ask him. 'Don't be afraid of it—I ain't selling 'em. No obligation, brother.' Being a yes guy he's more than happy to do it. He's acting, you see—helping me out in this little card trick I'm going to do; although, of course, he can't quite get the connection. So he takes the razor out of its case, looks it all over carefully, and the rest of the push, just to be sure that I ain't going to get away with anything, crowds up and looks it over too. What they think, I don't know—but they figure all the time that the razor—chiv, we call it—has something to do with that card trick. The interest gets keen, and I look for some more yes guys. So I pass out a few more chivs.

"Now, here's the punch of the thing: These same umpchas that stand there looking those chivs over from stem to stern, probably have passed them by with hardly a look when they're displayed in store windows. All they see is the price, and it's cheap compared to the regular price for safeties. The chiv costs me twelve and a half cents, the blades fifteen cents, and a stick of soap two and a half cents. Thirty cents for the whole smear. Every chiv that I put out, with blades and soap thrown in, makes me 66⅔ per cent profit. And five or six dollars a day clear ain't bad money, even for a pitchman.

"By this time I've got five or six yes guys lookin' at those razors. I've got their interest turned on something else besides that entertainment. Most people've got a single-track mind—only think of one thing at a time. By now half of 'em have forgotten the card trick and are all hooked up with the razors. I've accomplished what I wanted, and what the stores haven't been able to do. I've put those chivs right in front of the umpcha's eyes, and forced him to see their good qualities. I've gotten his interest aroused in 'em—an' that's half the battle of selling. Now I go on with the yes guy.

"'Brother, if I told you that razor cost me four dollars and a half you'd believe it, wouldn't you?' Of course he yesses me right back.

"'And if you had to buy a dozen blades for that razor you'd expect to pay a dollar for 'em, wouldn't you?'

"Sure he would. He's a yes guy."

Something for Nothing

"'And if I'd tell you I was going to demonstrate these razors by giving 'em away absolutely free, ypu'd want one of 'em, wouldn't you?'

"Did you ever see anybody who wouldn't take something for nothing? Sure he wants one.

"'And you'd want one, too, wouldn't you, brother?' I've picked myself another yes guy. He's frothing at the mouth for one. Then I find one or two more, and immediately go into my push-over.

"'Aw-w-w-w-l-l-l right now, brothers!' I shout. 'I've told you I ain't here to sell these razors. You couldn't buy one of 'em off me if you'd give me ten dollars! I'm here, gentlemen, to give 'em away! Here to give 'em away, gentlemen—razors built on the same style and pattern that you'd walk into a store and plank down five dollars for.'

"Get that? I don't say the same kind. I tell 'em it's the same style an' pattern. And I go on:

"'So put up your hands, gents. Can't give this free introductory demonstration in less than a dozen lots! Let's have eight more now, gents—just eight more. There's another one—seven more now—six; another sensible gent here now—that's eight, nine, ten—eleven—one more to make it an even dozen.

"'And now, gents, just step up here and lay down a half a dollar, fifty cents, two quarters, five thin dimes, for a dozen extra razor blades and a stick of Doctor Lather's Eucalyptus Oil Creamy Wave Shaving Soap for fifty cents—and I throw in the razor! Right this way—a guaranteed imported safety razor absolutely free!'

"They step up and buy. Why? It's simple. In the first place, I've practically put that razor in their hands, ain't I?

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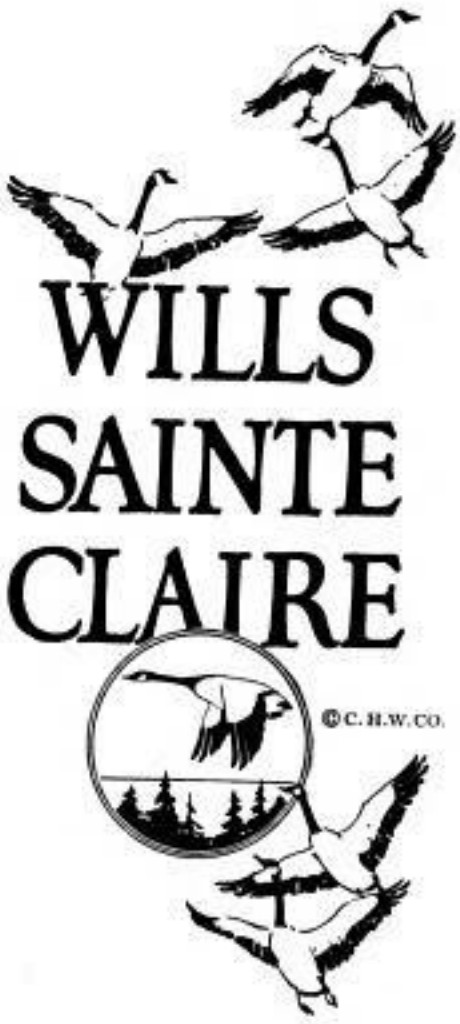
The Medicine Pitch is About the Only One of the Hundreds Which Includes Women Among its Patrons



A Finer Motor Car, The Wills Sainte Claire

The Wills Sainte Claire is a *finer* motor car, because it is *finer* in design, engineering and workmanship; because its eight-cylinder, overhead-cam-and-valve motor gives it more power and greater flexibility; its perfect balance gives it easier riding, finer roadability; its Mo-*lyb*-den-um steel construction makes it stronger, safer and more durable. You go farther, faster and more surely in the Wills Sainte Claire.

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Marysville, Michigan



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Watch This Column

"In the Days of Buffalo Bill"



I USED to dream of Buffalo Bill. He was my ideal American hero. He was the essence of Romance. He was scout, plainsman, Indian-fighter, trailer, hunter. He was the most picturesque figure in border history.

He derived his title from his dashing raids on the vast herds of buffalo that roamed the plains of the Northwest in his day. His cunning and courage in Indian warfare made him of inestimable value to the government.

That his deeds may live in the American mind, I am producing them in moving-picture, in a series of thrilling chapters. It is the most ambitious and expensive thing of the kind Universal has ever done. And every American boy will thrill to the core and see border history as it was enacted.

The picture directed by Edward Laemmle shows over 100 historical characters, such as Lincoln, Grant, Stanton, prominent army men of the period, celebrated Indian chiefs, border ruffians and those determined and fearless men who settled the West. It teems with heroic action, hairbreadth escapes and exciting battles.



ART ACORD, a sterling actor of Westerns, is the hero, and his remarkable work distinguishes him from the type usually seen in Western plays. The cast is exceptional, and so faithfully has history been followed that you will see with your own eyes many of the heroes you love to read about.

Tell the manager of your favorite theatre to get "In the Days of Buffalo Bill." Every real American, young and old, will want to see it and *ought* to see it. I am delighted with it. And I am proud to be the means of making it for you.

CARL LAEMMLE, *President.*

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

1600 Broadway, New York City

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Second place, I'm selling the small article and giving away the big one. What's more, I've got twelve of 'em half obligated by holding up their hands. Now they know they don't have to buy anything, but by this time they actually want the razor, and they're willing to pay for the blades and the soap to get it. Doesn't make any difference whether they've got a dozen razors at home, they want this particular one. And all they have to do is to purchase the blades and soap, and the razor is theirs, free for nothing!

"So there's the whole secret. Maybe you'll say it ain't a high-minded way of selling stuff. But you can't argue that way with us pitchmen. We look on it as honorable and straight; it's just a matter of the way you hook the guy's attention. We don't see any difference between that and the lady demonstrator in the grocery department who passes you out the swellest cup of coffee that you ever drank in your life, all for the reason that she's a shark at making it, and because she's got all the chemists in the factory behind her to show her just how to get every bit of juice there is in the bean into the consumer's cup—and then sells you a pound of the berries and sends you away happy. It's all the same."

For that matter, there is another line of argument, which the pitchman neglected. This is the fact that there are few forms of demonstration or of selling by the arousing of personal interest the beginning of which cannot be traced back to George Stivers and his rusty knives. When a store holds a style demonstration or a manicure department installs an expert to show you just how your nails should be treated by some new form of cuticle remover; when the grocery department gives away hot biscuits the foundation of which is a certain flour which that department desires to push, or when almost any kind of demonstration is staged to interest the public in a given article, a silent and unintentioned tribute is paid to a newsboy of the '60's with a cigar box full of pocket knives, for the reason that all these things had their origin early in the pitch game, and it was the pitchmen themselves who first started them, through the necessity of making a living when the cold months of winter formed a barrier against their work on the street corners.

In fact, were it not for this angle, the pitchman's game might have withered and died. Things went well with its pioneers during the summer months. But when winter came, even legerdemain and jokes and card tricks wouldn't cause half-frozen umpchas to stand in the wind and storm to listen to the merits of the various offerings; with the result that the world of the pitchman was bleak and bare and full of forebodings. Then someone conceived the idea of a pure-food show, and the pitchmen hurried to give their assistance. Within a week the promoters found that it was the booth with the man making the personal appeal which was doing the best business—and the vocation of demonstrator thereby came into existence.

Why Umpchas Buy

However, years have to a certain measure drawn a fairly distinct line between the two fields of effort. The pitchman remains a pitchman the year around unless sheer necessity forces him into the stores to demonstrate. He prefers to follow the sunshine that he may continue to work on the street corners and where the police indicate, with his eye continually on the main stem, or important business street, but his actual place of effort is more often in the fringes of the actual retail district, owing to the opposition of merchants, who hardly can be blamed for objecting to a man whose sole expense is his reader, or license, selling spud peelers by the gross before their very doors, when they have those same spud peelers in their kitchenware department which refuse to move, even by the dozen. Incidentally the relegation of the pitchmen to the less frequented parts of a town is often blamable upon a member of his own clan—for there is the distinctively crooked pitchman, just as there is the crooked banker or minister. The only difference is that when a dishonest pitchman jams a town the whole fraternity must pay the penalty by finding only a refusal at the city hall when the visit is made to take out the reader, or license, which may run all the way from a dollar a year to ten dollars a day. The town has been closed, and the pitchman is under the ban.

Naturally, the pitchmen and their selling methods easily can become a matter of argument. The broad view is that they are shrewd psychologists who outguess the men to whom they sell, and do it by thinking faster than the other fellow. Their game is built largely upon the power of suggestion and extravagant inferences, and along the same principle which the sideshow ballyhoo man uses in inducing a crowd to take a look at the wild man whom it knows beforehand to be a fake, but upon whom it gazes, and goes away satisfied. The shrewd pitchman merely makes a number of statements from which one can draw his own, and naturally obvious, conclusions. Then he sells the umpcha a cake of soap wrapped in tinfoil for ten cents, guaranteed to remove spots from the clothing, take out grease marks, restore goods to their natural color, and in no manner, shape or form harm or mar the most delicate fabric or destroy the texture, weave or coloring. The only thing about it all is that the price is ten cents for the little cake of soap wrapped in tinfoil, when sold by the pitchman, and the same price for ten times the amount of the same soap, minus the tinfoil and the spiel, when bought at the corner grocery. Naturally, the corner-store soap hasn't been dyed a delicate pink in its reboiling, perfumed with Jockey Club, and sold to the accompaniment of a couple of chords on an out-of-tune banjo. Nor does the grocer take the time to call up a subject, and remove before your very eyes, gentlemen, the spots from a yes guy's clothing. So, there may be something in the joy of watching the demonstration, instead of merely following the directions. Besides, you know, no one is forced to buy.

Behold the Gila Monster!

In this connection it is the umpcha who does the purchasing, more than the pitchman who does the selling; more the interpretation that the man in the crowd places upon the pitchman's words than what is actually said. One of my main amusements a year or so ago was to form a part of the push which gathered every afternoon before the tripe and keister of a pitchman on Larimer Street, in Denver, to watch the play of the crowd—and the incidental sale of Doctor Parks' Infallible Salve, for cuts, wounds, scalds, sunburn, diseases of the skin and cuticle, and the bites of insects, man, beast and reptile.

The doctor himself, inventor of this famous salve, did the selling. But did he lecture on the ointment in the true form? He did not. On the contrary, flanked by boxes of salve, by pamphlets and pictures of everything from puff adders to boa constrictors, by stuffed tarantulas and hairy scorpions, the doctor carried as his main exhibit a live and slothful Gila monster, which had been procured from the lowlands of Arizona, and which snoozed away the hours under the wire grating which covered the doctor's keister. And it was upon this Gila monster, instead of the salve, that the doctor dilated with extremely lucrative results.

"I am here this afternoon," he would announce, "to present to you the world's renowned Doctor Parks' Infallible Salve for cuts, wounds, abrasions, sunburn, diseases of the skin and cuticle, injuries to the tender membrane, and the bite of insect, man, beast or reptile. Now, gentlemen, I am not going to bore you with a description of this wonderful remedy, I'm not going to take up your time by giving you a long list of medical phrases and pharmaceutical combinations. But I wish to call your attention to these fierce and ferocious reptiles which repose in and about this exhibition case.

"I know there is no one among you who is so ignorant as not to know that the bite of the hairy scorpion is deadly poisonous. The next time a scorpion bites you, what would you give for a box of Doctor Parks' Infallible Salve, which I am retailing today for twenty-five cents, a quarter of a dollar?

"And the tarantula!" His voice would become higher now. "The tarantula, gentlemen! Unfortunately, the only specimen which I have is stuffed, owing to the fact that these beasts cannot live in this rarefied atmosphere. However, suppose a tarantula should bite you? Eh? Or the deadly rattlesnake, or hooded cobra?"

Nor did the fact that it might be necessary to take a trip to India to get into active connection with a hooded cobra affect the crowd at all. It was taken for granted that Doctor Parks' Infallible Salve would send any cobra writhing back to his lair in thwarted rage or the rattlesnake calling to its mate with the disappointing news that at last there was something more powerful than its venom. About the time that this had thoroughly sunk in, the eminent Doctor Parks would round into the main line of his argument.

"But, gentlemen, I have something here today which will give you an accurate test of the remarkable curative properties of this wonderful ointment; a real, live, writhing Gila monster, the *Heloderma horridum* of the everglades of Old Mexico, the most poisonous reptile known to man or science. If, gentlemen, one drop of the poison from the deadly teeth of the *Heloderma horridum*, or vicious Gila monster, were to be placed upon a baby's tongue, the length of life thereafter would not be a greater span than three seconds. Two drops will kill a ten-year-old boy, and three a full-grown man. The Gila monster, gentlemen, famed in fable and story, the most deadly enemy to mortal man ever invented. Here he is! Look him over—the *Heloderma horridum*, whose bite is instant death, and whose deadly teeth can make a corpse of a strong man in five minutes! Step up and look him over—look him over, the *Heloderma horridum*, the Gila monster!"

Whereupon, led by the usual yes guys, the crowd would look him over through the wire netting, while the Gila monster snored on in peace and quiet. After which:

"Now, gentlemen, if there is any one among you who has any doubts regarding the efficacy of this marvelous remedy, Doctor Parks' Infallible Salve, for cuts, bruises and the bite of insect, man, beast or reptile, all he has to do is to stick his finger in there and let this Gila monster bite him. Then cover the wound immediately with Doctor Parks' Infallible Salve. That's all, gentlemen—just cover the wound immediately. Now if any of you gentlemen would like to make the test—right this way; don't be afraid, don't be skeptical! Make your own test and determine for yourself what Doctor Parks' Infallible Salve will do to the bite of the deadly Gila monster, the *Heloderma horridum*, the most fearful beast of the reptilian world!"

Nobody cared to make the experiment. Nevertheless, everyone had gained the impression that the infallible salve was a sure safeguard against anything poisonous. So they made their purchases and went their way, serene and safe against the bite of anything from a New Jersey mosquito to a hooded cobra.

The Doctor's Waterloo

Day after day, month after month, it continued, into the hot days of summer. One afternoon the sun blazed particularly strong upon the board which formed the resting place of His Honor, the Heloderma. It brought him very much to life; so much, in fact, that in moving about, the wire netting was displaced. The famous doctor went on with his lecture, meanwhile, absently putting forth a hand to restore the netting. And the Gila monster struck.

There was a yelp, weird and racking. An eminent manufacturer of salve leaped wildly, with a mottled Gila monster hanging to one thumb. An anguished flip and the thing was dislodged, to fall lumpily and blinking to the pavement, while the doctor seized a brick, murdered his pet *Heloderma horridum*, and then, disregarding entirely his two gross or so of infallible salve, ran five blocks to the emergency hospital for treatment. A week later he left town, minus a Gila monster and one thumb. But he took his infallible salve; there were other towns and other times, and a true enthusiast never quits.

Which brings about the statement of a queer condition of affairs. Twenty-five years ago, before the United States Government began to inquire into the various ingredients of patent medicines, one of the main amusements of the small town was the medicine show. Then along came the drug laws, and the great doctors went out of business. Now there has been a renaissance, with more medicine shows than ever, and all of them making more money than ever was dreamed of, even in the days when a Kickapoo Indian remedy was supposed to cure everything from chilblains to paralysis.

More, it is the same old medicine show that it always was. The same old outfit

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Oral orders breed mistakes as to date, as to details, and have no standing as records.

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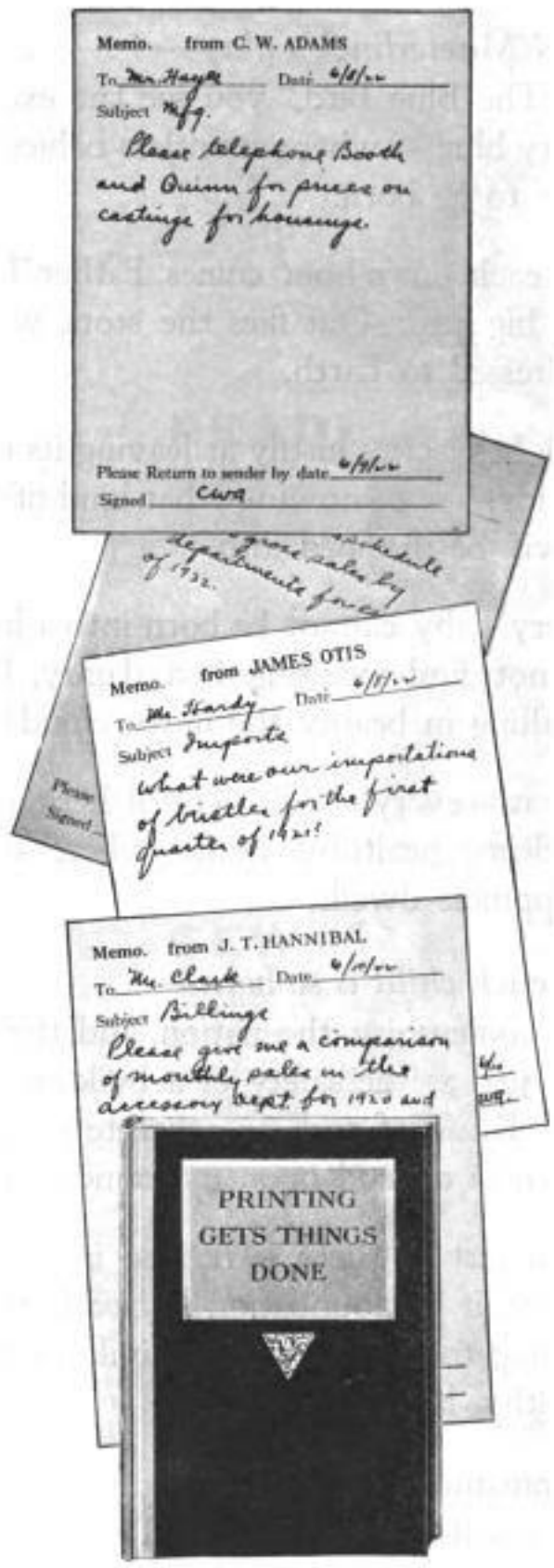
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The Land of Unborn Babies

IN Maeterlinck's play—
"The Blue Bird," you see the exquisite Land—all misty blue—where countless babies are waiting their time to be born.

As each one's hour comes, Father Time swings wide the big gate. Out flies the stork with a tiny bundle addressed to Earth.

The baby cries lustily at leaving its nest of soft, fleecy clouds—not knowing what kind of an earthly "nest" it will be dropped into.

Every baby cannot be born into a luxurious home—cannot find awaiting it a dainty, hygienic nursery, rivalling in beauty the misty cloud-land.

But it is every child's rightful heritage to be born into a clean, healthful home where the Blue Bird of Happiness dwells.

As each child is so born—
the community, the nation, and the home are richer. For just as the safety of a building depends upon its foundation of rock or concrete so does the safety of the race depend upon its foundation—the baby.

And just as there is no use in repairing a building above, if its foundation be *weak*, there is no use in hoping to build a strong civilization except through healthy, happy babies.

Thousands of babies—
die needlessly every year. Thousands of rickety little feet falter along Life's Highway. Thousands of imperfect baby-eyes strain to get a clear vision of the wonders that surround them. Thousands of defective ears cannot hear even a mother's lullaby.

And thousands of physically unfit men and women occupy back seats in life, are counted failures—all because of the thousands and thousands of babies who have been denied the birthright of a sanitary and protective home.

So that wherever one looks—the need for better homes is apparent. And wherever one listens can be heard the call for such homes from the Land of Unborn Babies.

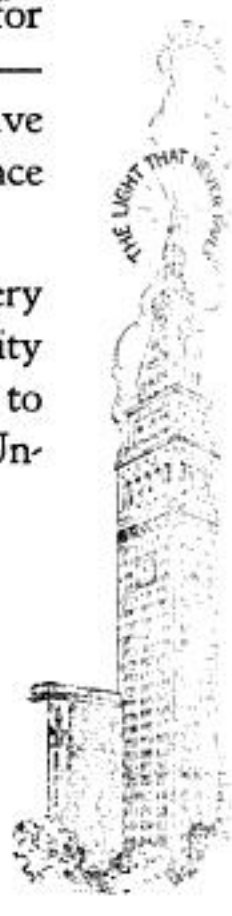
The call is being heard—
by the schools and colleges that are establishing classes in homemaking and motherhood; by public nurses and other noble women who are visiting the homes of those who need help and instruction; by the hospitals that are holding Baby Clinics.

By towns and cities that are holding Baby Weeks and health exhibits; by magazines and newspapers that are publishing articles on pre-natal care.

By Congress that has passed the Mothers and Babies Act, under which health boards in every State will be called upon to give information to expectant mothers.

All this is merely a beginning—
The ground has hardly been broken for the Nation's only safe foundation—healthy babies—each of whom must have its rightful heritage—An Even Chance—a healthy body.

The call will not be *answered* until every mother, every father and every community helps to make better homes in which to welcome visitors from the Land of Unborn Babies.



The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has been working years for improvement in home conditions and surroundings, and rejoices in having helped thereby to reduce materially the death rate of babies and of mothers in childbirth. During this period the death rate from infectious diseases of children has been reduced 37%. The total death rate has been reduced 31.9%.

The work of this Company has been of such vital importance to its policyholders and the public that it is publishing the results, with the hope of showing to everyone, everywhere, that there is nothing more important than protecting the people of our land from preventable diseases and unnecessary death.
In 1921 the Metropolitan distributed 25,000,000 booklets dealing with the most important phases of health and disease. It will be glad to furnish, on request, booklets telling the mother how to prepare for the baby; how to keep the home sanitary; how to protect her children against contagious diseases; how to make the family healthier and happier.

HALEY FISKE, *President*

Published by
METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

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with its negro entertainers, its song-and-dance team, its ventriloquists, its monologue artist; with its same eminent doctors, and the same negro push worker out there in the audience, with his same old shout of "Sold out ag'in, doctah! Sold out ag'in! Two mo' bottles of de Worl' Famous Indian Kickapoo Herb Remedy, doctah! Sold out ag'in!"

There is only one difference. Where the nostrum of a bygone day was composed largely of burnt sugar, a medicinal flavor and water, the medicine of today must contain some remedy or tonic properties which will stand the examination of government chemists. That is all. The Government cannot rule what is said by a person—especially if that person is a living testimonial. All it can do is insist, via Leavenworth, Atlanta and other points of interest, that the label of the bottle be a truthful one regarding the contents and the remedial qualities of the medicinal agent. The result is that there are factories which now do nothing but turn out medicines for the various med shows, all of which are prepared according to the prescription of some physician. There are few physicians who do not include in their prescriptions for almost any illness a tonic of some sort.

So the medicine shows have launched merrily forth again, with hardly a change from what they were twenty-five or thirty years ago. The same things hold the interest of the people that did then, despite all the turnovers of the world; again is it the idea of getting something for nothing. They go to see the entertainment, which is free. And the entertainment is given—that is, half of it. But in the intermission the doctor calls attention to a few very important matters.

Terrifying Symptoms

One of them is a thing which places him in the confidence of the audience immediately—a recitation of the horrible penalties inflicted upon anyone who disregards the pure-food-and-drug laws. Therefore he couldn't sell them anything that wasn't right, could he? Of course not!

But the audience forgets one important fact—a little matter of psychology—and where is the pitchman who doesn't make his living through a knowledge, studied or inherent, of that very thing? The audience forgets that the average human is self-centered, that what would be a small thing to anyone else is a great thing to the person concerned. It forgets that a day of happiness is a short one and a day of misery interminably long. Therefore it isn't hard to convince the person who has been bilious for a few days that it really isn't biliousness at all, but liver complaint. Which is done in the simple fashion of:

"Now I don't want to frighten anyone in this assemblage, but if you have spots before the eyes, aching of the eyeballs, sallow skin, lack of luster in the eyes, bad taste in the mouth, lack of digestion, and dizziness on arising from a sitting position, it's a matter which should be looked after at once. Liver complaint, my dear and good friends, is one of the greatest enemies of the human race. Liver complaint is the scourge which makes young men and young women old before their time, causing lack of ambition, faulty functioning of the vital organs and death far before one's time. Roger, turn the anatomical chart to the display of the natural and the atrophied livers!"

Whereupon Roger turns the chart and the doctor lectures upon the sorrows of inward poisons. Now no one wants an atrophied liver, but practically everyone in that audience at some time or other has spots before the eyes, bad taste in the mouth, lack of digestion and dizziness on arising. Out goes Roger into the audience with an armload of medicine. And in a moment more his calls are echoing: "'Notheh bottle of de famous Liver Reliever, doctah! Sold out ag'in!"

So it goes on through the list. There are, indeed, few diseases which have distinctively peculiar primary symptoms. Given the proper imaginative aid, simple gastritis easily can become appendicitis; indigestion carries certain heart symptoms; kidney symptoms often are only the result of some violent exercise about which we have forgotten, and so on *ad infinitum*. Most of us are fundamentally whole, with the exception of minor ailments and an ever-present imagination. However, once that imagery has started working in the other direction, with its faith placed implicitly in a bottle of medicine, the cure arrives just as quickly as the disease came. So about all that devolves upon the eminent doctor is to cure a disease that doesn't exist; and when that cure is effected—to come back in six months and do it all over again.

It all is accomplished through the fact that we are self-sympathists. We like to think that our lot in life is harder than that of anyone else. If our head aches it is the worst headache on record. If we have the flu we more nearly approach death than anyone else who ever slid up to the Great Divide and escaped to tell the story. Therefore, when the cure is effected, isn't it only natural that it should be miraculous? And when one of these cures is especially noteworthy, and including four or five major ailments, the doctor prevails upon the patient to come along as a living testimonial—and, after that, little more is needed.

Incidentally the medicine pitch is about the only one of the hundreds which includes women among its patrons. In practically every other form of the pitchman's industry fully 95 per cent of the pushes are men. One reason for this is the fact that a woman doesn't like to stand with a crowd of men in the street. This in spite of the fact that the article being sold may be something for the household or distinctively for womankind. However, the absence of women makes little difference. The man usually buys it to take home and surprise his wife. He succeeds.

The medicine show belongs also, as a general rule, to that part of the game known as the high pitch; and it is in this division that most of the crooked work is done. However, let it be known that the actually crooked pitchman is fought as hard by the members of the clan as by his victims. The jam guy, as he is called, is a social pariah among pitchmen, and he isn't admitted to the realms of the calling's best society.

The man with a low pitch—usually only a tripod and case set up at a street corner—is only a merchant, persuading persons to buy goods at a price which gives him an excellent profit. Usually these goods are shoddy or imitation; slum, or cheap jewelry; pokes, or pocketbooks; gummy, or china cement; chivs, or knives; white rocks, or imitation diamonds which have been chemically treated, and which closely resemble real diamonds until the umpcha happens to wash his hands, when the chemical and the resemblance immediately depart; hoops, or rings; blocks, or watches; spud peelers; soap, or patent cleaner; sticks, or fountain pens; and anything else that can be peddled to a crowd, once its interest is aroused.

The Moribund Chicken

Naturally, a novelty of any sort is immediately seized upon as a gold mine. About two years ago some inventive person conceived the idea of altering the shape of an ordinary squawker toy balloon from its usual globular shape to that of a chicken, with legs and painted wings, a bead and a beak, and more, an inclination to wither and to die a squawking death as the air departed. He called it the dying chicken, and for two years now, at Forty-second Street and Broadway, New York, sidewalk pitchmen have sold dying chickens by the great gross. In the stores they are just so many pieces of limp rubber, awaiting someone to come along and take an interest in them. But on the sidewalk they become living, breathing things, squawking as they expire, and the twenty-five-cent pieces travel into the pitchmen's tills in a steady stream.

So the novelties are welcomed, but the staples—the spud peelers, the double-jointed collar buttons and the rest of the old favorites—never fade. It is merely a question of profit, and the lack of a general public knowledge regarding the cheapness with which shoddy goods can be manufactured. For instance, a low-pitchman working a load-up, or big-parcel sale, can sell a beautiful white-rock gold-plated ring, a gold-plated clutch pencil, a safety razor, a metal hair comb and case, a rubber belt and a dying chicken, giving you everything from convenience to amusement, all for a dollar—and make more than 100 per cent profit! The rings cost eight dollars and fifty cents a gross, the pencils nine dollars a gross, the razors eighteen dollars a gross, the combs one dollar and seventy-five cents a gross, the belts eighteen dollars a gross and the dying chickens twelve dollars a gross, making the cost for one of each, a total of about forty-six cents! He sells for profit only. So in many cases do the high-pitchmen, or those who work from some sort of conveyance. But often, also, those high-pitchmen have something else on their minds, especially if they're working what is known as an if or give-away pitch.

These are the crooks. They also are the real money-makers. But when their method of working is known there always enters that element of the other fellow—the playing upon that desire to get something for nothing. It seems to be rampant in most of us.

Of course there is the usual pretense of an entertainment to draw the crowd. Once that is present —— The high-pitchman looks down from the tonneau of an automobile, which has a driver at the wheel, and the engine running. He picks out his yes guys. Then: He's there merely to demonstrate. First of all, he wishes the crowd to have a cake of some of the most famous shaving soap ever invented. Whereupon he seizes a handful of the soap and begins to throw it out to the waiting ones—suddenly to halt, angry, chagrined.

"Just a minute there! Just a minute! What's the use of being a hog about this? I said I was going to pass one of these out to every customer, not three or four to some, and none to the others. That's no way to do!"

Everyone naturally has looked around for the culprit, the person with grasping spirit enough to seize three or four cakes of free soap while someone else gets none. The pitchman goes on.

From Soap to Razors

"Now, gents, while I intended to do nothing of the kind I see I've got to fix this proposition so that everybody gets a fair shake. Now I ain't going to charge you for this soap, and I'm going to give you your money back. But just to be sure that everybody gets just one cake of soap, and one only, I'm going to ask all you gents that've got this soap to come up here and give me a dime deposit on it. You'll get your money back. And anybody else now that wants a free sample of this famous free-lathering, smooth-shaving soap, just step up here and lay down a dime until all the samples are passed out."

Something for nothing! Up comes the dimes and out goes the soap. It is insurance that the crowd is to be held until the pitchman achieves his object. There is a dime deposit on every cake of soap, yet that soap is free. Then comes the second step:

"Now, gents, just hold tight to that soap, because that's your receipt for that dime deposit. And in the meanwhile"—meanwhile of what is not explained—"I want to draw your attention to what I'm really here to demonstrate today, the finest hollow-ground, smooth-edge razor on the market today."

On goes the lecture regarding the merits of the razor, at last veering into a very carefully prepared little statement.

"Now I've got a big notion, gents, to do the same with you on these razors that I've done with the soap. I want one of these razors to be in your home, so you can tell other folks about it, and I ain't caring much how it gets there. Now you"—and he picks his yes guy—"would you put up a dollar deposit on a five-dollar razor?"

The yes guy would. The inference goes through the crowd that the same thing is about to happen with the razors that happened with the soap—that the pitchman is going to give away the razors, merely asking a dollar deposit until they are all safely distributed. Something for nothing is working strong in their brains. About that time the pitchman remembers that he hasn't returned the deposits for that soap. He hurries to an apology.

"Gents, I beg your pardon. I ain't returned you your dimes. Now every one of you that got a cake of soap, hold it up!"

Up goes the soap. To every holder of a cake, back goes a dime. Then the pitchman veers swiftly again to those razors.

"All right now, gents, step right up, lay down a dollar and get a razor. Remember I'm here to treat you right, and to get these razors into general use, and I don't care how much it costs me to put 'em there. Lay down a dollar for the deposit,

(Continued on Page 70)

"It Clamps Everywhere"

$5



The LAMP with the CLAMP

PAT. U. S. A., CANADA AND FOREIGN COUNTRIES

READ-

Clamp it on bed or chair; or anywhere.



WRITE-

Clamp it or stand it on your desk or table.



SEW-

Clamp it on sewing machine or table.



SHAVE-

Clamp it on the mirror or any handy place.



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A FARBERWARE PRODUCT

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE lamp of a thousand practical uses. More uses daily. The longer you have it the handier you find it. Clamps—stands—hangs—anywhere and everywhere—and stays where you put it. A necessity in home, office, store. All the light you need, where and when you need it. Hundreds of thousands are finding Adjusto-Lite indispensable. Prevents eye-strain—reduces light bills. No other lighting device like it.

Solid brass; handsome, durable and compact. Clamp is felt-lined—can't scratch. Guaranteed five years. Complete with 8-ft. cord and plug. $5

Get an Adjusto-Lite today. If your dealer doesn't carry it, order direct.

S. W. FARBER

141-151 So. Fifth St. Brooklyn, N. Y.

Prices in U. S. A., complete with 8-foot cord, plug and socket; Brush Brass finished $5.00; Statuary Bronze or Nickel Finish $5.50. West of Mississippi, prices 25c per lamp higher.

TRADE FARBERWARE BROOKLYN MARK

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A Word from the WORLD'S LARGEST Exclusive Makers *of* Genuine Silk HOSIERY

Specializing on One Single Style

MILLIONS OF WOMEN have become customers of ours because they have tried Real Silk Fashioned Hosiery

—and *like* it better than any silk hosiery obtainable.

They also much prefer to get their silk hose *direct* from the *fresh*, unhandled, daily replenished stocks of *the mill itself*.

Furthermore, they like the advantages of dealing direct with a silk hosiery *service expert*, right at their very doors.

* * *

Otherwise, how can you account for the tremendous *success* of the Real Silk Hosiery Mills? Can you imagine a single mammoth silk hosiery institution with a *daily capacity* of 60,000 pairs? Remember that this astounding business has been developed absolutely on *the merit of Real Silk Fashioned Hosiery* and on the superiority of the *Real Silk service system*. The only possible answer to this unprecedented succes

—*quality and service*.

We have observed that when any woman *experien the genuine silken feel of Real Silk Fashioned Hosie* and comes to realize *from actual usage* how mu longer it *lasts* and how much *better it fits*

—she becomes an *enthusiastic* business friend the local *Real Silk Representative*, and immediate wants her neighbors and friends to know about t *newer* and more economical way of getting genu *silk hosiery*.

* * *

The finest silk in the world comes from Japan. Japan today 4000 people are working to produce r silk for the exclusive use of the Real Silk Hosie Mills of Indianapolis. Our inspectors, right on t ground, insist that the quality standards of the Re Silk Hosiery Mills be strictly maintained. Ev



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detail is scientifically supervised—the selection of silk worms, crossed to secure silk of maximum tensile strength and highest luster; their feeding and care, and the cultivation of the hundreds of acres of mulberry trees from which the worms are feeding. Absolutely nothing is left to chance.

In our mills it is the same. Here we continue the *fight for quality*. Our people (the very highest type of native Americans) are given every approved machine known to experts in the manufacture of silk hosiery; and *in addition*, exclusive, superior devices and attachments for making silk hosiery finer and better have been devised by us

—*and these devices are not available* to any other manufacturer.

Every person in our mills does *just one thing*—with us *specialization* reaches its highest peak.

Our people, on their particular work, are probably *the highest paid in the whole silk hosiery industry*.

* * *

Our hosiery *fits*. Real Silk Fashioned Hosiery *invariably* conforms perfectly to the human anatomy. It takes into consideration the natural muscle play—bulging *just enough* where the muscles thicken and tapering *with nature* over the trim ankle and the graceful arch of the instep. These people of ours *sculpture* style and shape into their work—that's what we mean when we say "Fashioned" hosiery.



OPEN THE DOOR TO THE REAL SILK REPRESENTATIVE

"FROM MILL TO MILLIONS"

In order that *every* American woman can enjoy the advantages and satisfaction of Real Silk Fashioned Hosiery, a *Real Silk Representative* has been especially trained and assigned to duty in practically every locality in the United States.

This local *Real Silk Representative* is the most important factor in our whole industrial *policy*. He it is who makes possible our direct service "from mill to millions."

Above all, he is invariably a gentleman and a specialist.

He knows *Silk Hosiery* better, no doubt, than any one to whom you could talk. Whether you ever wear *Real Silk Fashioned Hosiery* or not—*this silk hosiery specialist* will reduce your annual silk hosiery expense appreciably. The scientific care of silk hosiery is his *profession*.

In a few days such a man as we have rather carefully described is very likely to call at your door.

When he comes, please be very careful not to confuse him in any way with any door-to-door canvasser or peddler. He has *unquestioned credentials* and can give you the phone number of the Real Silk District Office in your locality—so that you can *call up* and *make sure* you are dealing with the genuine, authorized, local *Real Silk Representative*.

IMPORTANT: ***You can buy Real Silk Fashioned Hosiery only from our mills—it is* NEVER *sold in retail stores.***

REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

REAL SILK FASHIONED HOSIERY

BRANCH OFFICES:

Akron, Ohio
Albany, N.Y.
Albuquerque, N.M.
Alexandria, Va.
Altoona, Pa.
Annapolis, Md.
Atlanta, Ga.
Baltimore, Md.
Beaumont, Texas
Berlin, Md.
Binghamton, N.Y.
Birmingham, Ala.
Bloomington, Ills.
Bluefield, W.Va.
Boston, Mass.
Bridgeport, Conn.
Brockton, Mass.
Brooklyn, N.Y.
Buffalo, N.Y.
Butler, Pa.
Cambridge, Mass.
Canton, Ohio
Charleston, W.Va.
Chicago, Ills.
Cincinnati, Ohio
Cleveland, Ohio
Colorado Springs, Colo.
Columbus, Ohio
Coshocton, Ohio
Council Bluffs, Iowa
Covington, Ky.
Cumberland, Md.
Dallas, Texas
Danville, Va.
Davenport, Iowa
Dayton, Ohio
Denver, Colo.
Detroit, Mich.
Dorchester, Mass.
Duluth, Minn.
Elizabeth, N.J.
Elmira, N.Y.
Erie, Pa.
E. St. Louis, Ills.
Fairmont, W.Va.
Fall River, Mass.
Fitchburg, Mass.
Framingham, Mass.
Fresno, Calif.
Ft. Collins, Colo.
Ft. Worth, Texas
Greenfield, Mass.
Hagerstown, Md.
Hamilton, Ohio
Hannibal, Mo.
Hartford, Conn.
Haverhill, Mass.
Holyoke, Mass.
Homestead, Pa.
Houston, Texas
Huntington, W.Va.
Jackson, Miss.
Jacksonville, Fla.
Jamestown, N.Y.
Jefferson City, Mo.
Jersey City, N.J.
Johnstown, Pa.
Kalamazoo, Mich.
Kansas City, Mo.
Lansing, Mich.
Lawrence, Mass.
Lexington, Ky.
Lincoln, Nebr.
Little Rock, Ark.
Long Beach, Calif.
Los Angeles, Calif.
Louisville, Ky.
Lowell, Mass.
Lynchburg, Va.
Lynn, Mass.
Malden, Mass.
Miami, Fla.
Minneapolis, Minn.
Newark, N.J.
New Bedford, Mass.
New Britain, Conn.
New Haven, Conn.
Newport News, Va.
New Orleans, La.
New York, N.Y.
Niagara Falls, N.Y.
Norfolk, Va.
Oakland, Calif.
Oil City, Pa.
Oklahoma City, Okla.
Omaha, Nebr.
Orange, N.J.
Parkersburg, W.Va.
Peoria, Ills.
Perth Amboy, N.J.
Petersburg, W.Va.
Piqua, Ohio
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Pittsfield, Mass.
Plymouth, Mass.
Portland, Maine
Portland, Ore.
Portsmouth, Ohio
Providence, R.I.
Quincy, Mass.
Richmond, Va.
Roanoke, Va.
Rochester, N.Y.
Rochester, Pa.
Rockford, Ills.
Sacramento, Calif.
Salem, Mass.
Salt Lake City, Utah
San Antonio, Texas
San Diego, Calif.
San Francisco, Calif.
Schenectady, N.Y.
Seattle, Wash.
Shreveport, La.
Sioux City, Iowa
Spokane, Wash.
Springfield, Ills.
Springfield, Mass.
Springfield, Ohio
Steubenville, Ohio
St. Louis, Mo.
St. Paul, Minn.
Syracuse, N.Y.
Tacoma, Wash.
Tampa, Fla.
Taunton, Mass.
Toledo, Ohio
Topeka, Kans.
Tulsa, Okla.
Uniontown, Pa.
Utica, N.Y.
Waco, Texas
Walla Walla, Wash.
Waltham, Mass.
Washington, D.C.
West Somerville, Mass.
Wheeling, W.Va.
Wichita, Kans.
Wilmington, Del.
Woburn, Mass.
Worcester, Mass.
Youngstown, Ohio



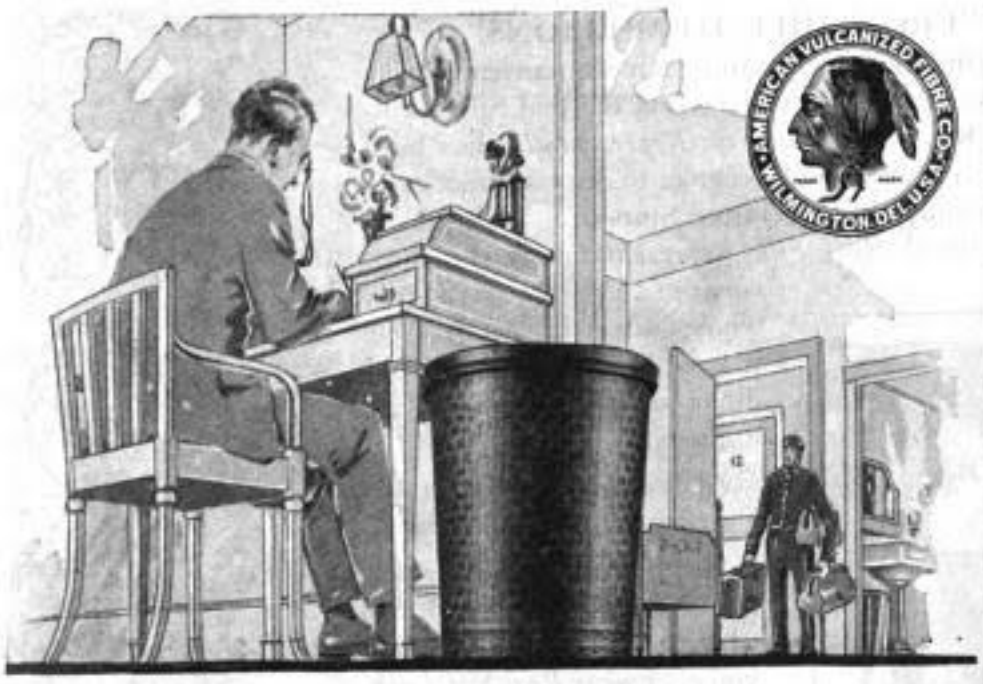
REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS INDIANAPOLIS — REAL SILK — "FROM MILL TO MILLIONS"

TRADE MARK

"NEVER SOLD IN RETAIL STORES"

© Real Silk Hosiery Mills Indianapolis

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Hotels Simply Keep House on a Large Scale

TO SUCCEED with their large-scale housekeeping, hotel managers must thoroughly organize all of their work. Where the average housewife has eight or nine rooms to keep neat, a hotel has eight or nine hundred. That's why a hotel manager could not possibly get along without appropriate trash baskets placed conveniently in each room wherever trash may accumulate.

There's a valuable lesson in this for the housekeeper.

The eternal "picking things up," the endless collecting of crumpled papers, bits of lint or string, odds and ends of every description, will automatically stop if you will let the Vul-Cot do your trash-collecting.

Vul-Cot Office Baskets have been used for many years. Now an entirely new line of Vul-Cot Receptacles has been added for the home. And the same reasons which have made Vul-Cots so famous in offices, hotels and other institutions, are now making them indispensable in that greatest of all institutions—the home.

Attached to every Vul-Cot is an absolute guarantee to replace any basket that fails in normal service within five years. Made of tough vulcanized fibre, they withstand the roughest possible usage; they can't dent or rust like a metal basket, they can't break like a wicker basket; they can't chip or crack like an enameled basket; nor can bits of paper and other trash sift through their solid sides and bottom.

There is a Vul-Cot for every home need—a smaller basket, neat and trim, for the living room, library and bed room; a large, spacious one for the kitchen; a roomy hamper for the laundry. An attractive basket-weave has been stamped right into the fibre. And they are finished in colors to harmonize with any of your furniture: a rich brown and a deep green for general use, and light colors appropriate with white enamel of kitchen, bath room and perhaps some bed rooms.

Your favorite department store, stationery store, or house-furnishings store should now have Vul-Cots in stock. If for some reason you can't get Vul-Cots in your neighborhood, write us at once, giving us the name of your dealer, and we will see that you are supplied.

An interesting color-booklet illustrates all of the Vul-Cots; gives sizes and many suggestions of their helpfulness to you. We'll be glad to mail you a free copy. Just ask for it on a postal.

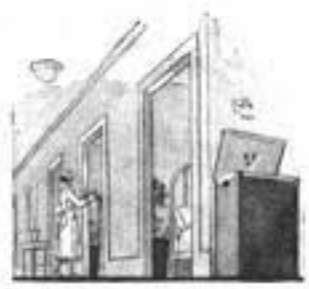
AMERICAN VULCANIZED FIBRE COMPANY
Wilmington, Delaware



For the School



For the Home



For the Hospital

VUL-COT RECEPTACLES

Guaranteed for 5 Years

(Continued from Page 67)

gents, and get your razor. A dollar a razor—ah, one for you!"

Someone has passed forward a dollar. Out goes a razor. Then another. About that time someone who hasn't a dollar hands up a five-dollar bill, expecting a razor and his change. Instead:

"And one, two, three, four, five razors to you!" comes the announcement as the pitchman shoves five of the chivs into the bewildered one's hands, adding before the remonstrance can come: "That's so I'll know just exactly how much money you gave me, brother!"

Following which he sights someone with a ten-dollar bill, and another with a twenty. Into the hands of one goes ten razors, and to the other twenty.

"Just so I'll know how much you gave me! No need to make change, brother; it'll all come out all right. You've got twenty razors. When the time comes I'll know you gave me twenty dollars! Anybody else now?"

The conviction becomes stronger than ever that the razors are to be given away! Isn't he merely passing out twenty razors for twenty dollars, just so he'll know how much money they gave him? More of the crowd become interested now. More dollars go up to the pitchman. More razors travel outward. Finally:

"All right, now. Has everybody got a razor that wants one? Remember, I took a deposit on the soap and I gave you the soap and returned your deposit. Anybody else? Ah, a man with a ten-dollar bill. There's one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten razors for you, brother. Just so I'll know how much you gave me. Everybody supplied? Now, gents, just stand right where you are, and hold those razors up in the air where I can see them. Stand right where you are ——"

It is the signal to the man at the wheel. While the various assortments of razors are being lifted into the air the machine gives a lurch as the driver throws it into gear and presses hard on the gas. Before the push can realize it the pitchman is around the corner and gone, leaving every person who has patronized him with one cake of soap, received free, and from one to twenty razors purchased at a dollar apiece. Following which they hurry to police headquarters. But the jam guy, as he is known to the clan, already is hurrying for the city limits.

The variations of this are many, the most important of which is the give-away pitch, in which there is a wealth of presents until the psychological moment. After that—the beginning is the same as in the other game of duplicity, but it is worked more thoroughly. The jam worker starts with a small article, sells it for a dime, and then gives back the dime, allowing the purchaser to keep the article. He works swiftly to a dollar—and gives back the dollar. Then he jumps to three dollars and finally to five. Altogether he gives away about a dollar's worth of goods. But when he reaches the five-dollar mark, and the money has come in, he forgets to give anything back. Instead there comes the signal, and there is a quick get-away, leaving the push with the articles and the pitchman with the money.

The Sheet Writer

But, as has been mentioned before, these are things that are looked upon with disfavor, and for a very good reason. After one of these gentle little games of give and take has been held, an order usually goes forth from police headquarters barring all pitchmen from the particular town for anything from a month to a year. And unless a pitchman can obtain a reader he cannot work. He is harassed by every policeman, driven from corner to corner like a hunted thing, and does the only possible thing—leaves town to escape the inevitable arrest.

However, there is one form of the pitchman's art which is neither straight nor is looked upon with especial disfavor by the rest of the pitch clan—just why cannot be explained. This is the sheet writer. And of all, it would seem, this particular branch would cause more trouble than any.

The sheet writer is the outgrowth of a desire on the part of certain magazines of a distinctly low class to obtain subscriptions without the slightest worry as to the manner in which it is accomplished. The law forbids magazine publishers to carry subscriptions in arrears for more than one year, or to send magazines free. Not until recently did the Government indicate the proportion of the advertised subscription price that the publisher must receive. The result is that magazines of this class, depending upon a certain type of advertisements for their revenue, obtain their subscriptions by the sheet-writer method and the umpchas find themselves paying in the end almost as much for poor magazines as they would by legitimately subscribing for good ones. But to the method:

The subscription agent, or sheet writer as he is called, pockets everything he can get above a certain figure, which he must send the magazine and which is sometimes as low as four or five cents for a year's subscription. He works the main streets of small towns, house-to-house canvasses, and, in fact, any place where he can obtain an interview with the umpcha. Usually it is the fair grounds or the carnival lot, and his work is one of exceedingly clever manipulations of words and actions.

The umpcha is thinking of nothing save prize hogs or perhaps a ride on the dip-the-dips. He is benign, self-satisfied. Then:

"That's for you, brother!"

A fountain pen with a gold band around it, worth all of fifteen cents, is under his nose, and an obliging-appearing person is at the other end. The umpcha gasps, naturally. Then comes the second move.

Bargain-Loving Umpchas

"Just a moment, brother; I'll show you how to work it. See, just unscrew this little cap and she's ready to write. Highest-grade fountain pen on the market, brother, and all yours, free of charge and without cost, as a special premium to the Blank group of magazines."

About this time the umpcha recovers his breath.

"But I'm not taking those magazines."

"Of course not, brother. What did you say your name was?"

It is the old play on the yes guy. The answer comes almost immediately. "Don't think I mentioned it, but it's Jones."

"Ah, Jones, of course. Not Tom Jones, from Meridian?"

"No. Henry Jones, from Breakwater."

"Of course. No street address?"

"No; just Breakwater."

While this is going on the sheet writer has taken out his receipt book, written the man's name and address, and the amount he is to pay, in it, this latter being figured on the spur of the moment, from the appearance of hardness or softness of the individual. Then he digresses and pulls from his pocket three or four magazines.

"Thanks very much." He folds the receipt. "I've put you down for these three magazines for two years. Of course you wouldn't mind paying the postage? Practically nothing, you know. Three magazines for two years each, a total of six years of the best reading in the United States!"

The umpcha doesn't stop to figure. A mere matter of postage seems infinitesimal. Besides, the sheet writer has reached into a pocket and brought forth a handful of small change, planting a similar idea in the mind of the other man. Out comes a dollar. The sheet writer takes it, adding, "Just three-forty more, brother."

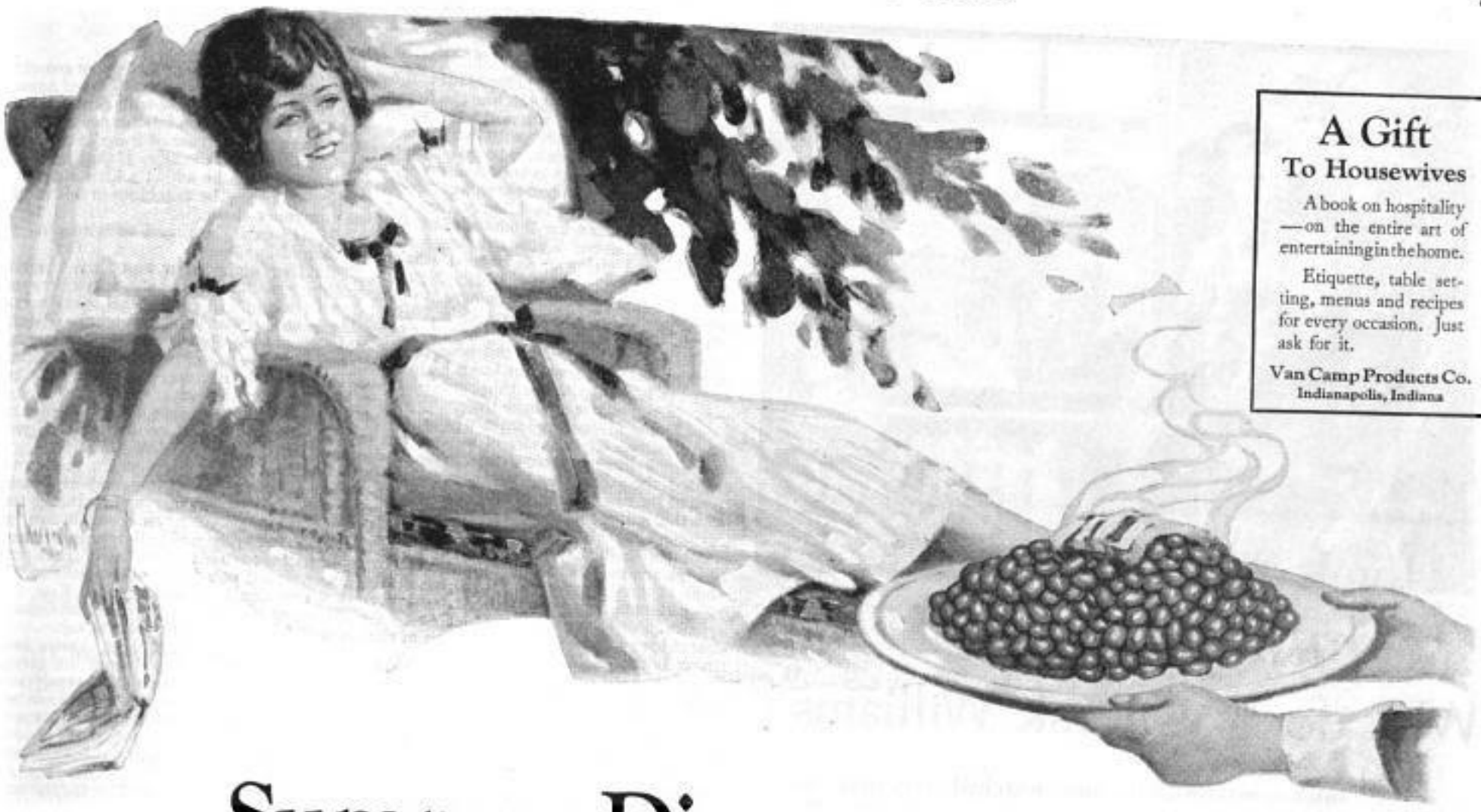
In nine cases out of ten the money is forthcoming. It all is done so swiftly that the umpcha has time to think only of the fact that he has received a fountain pen and three magazines for two years absolutely free and that he is paying only the postage. If he makes the mistake of bringing forth a five-dollar bill he receives his change and pockets it without a true realization of how much he has spent.

"There now, brother, there's your receipt, so you'll know that you've got the magazines coming to you and to show to the postman in case he thinks the postage hasn't been paid!"

Whereupon the umpcha wanders blankly on, not even stopping to think that postage is paid at the source, and the sheet writer searches for another victim.

But withal, in the land of the pitchman, it is to his credit that the main revenue seems to come through shrewdness and not chicanery. He talks faster, works quicker and thinks more swiftly than the man to whom he sells—and they say there's a premium on brains. And, incidentally, if in the reading of this you have found that you at some time during your life have played the umpcha, don't let it worry you. Yours is the company of almost every other bargain-loving man in the United States.

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A Gift
To Housewives

A book on hospitality—on the entire art of entertaining in the home.

Etiquette, table setting, menus and recipes for every occasion. Just ask for it.

Van Camp Products Co.
Indianapolis, Indiana

Summer Dinners

Ever ready—Baked in Van Camp's matchless way

These are the days of all days for Van Camp's Pork and Beans. For luncheons, for picnics, for dinners—ever ready, hot or cold.

It is the national dish—the best loved, hearty food you know. Everybody welcomes it, and few get it often enough.

We bring it to you baked by experts—an incomparable creation. And a dozen cans on the shelf means a dozen dinners ready at your call.

A new-style dish

Not "like mother used to bake"—not like others bake today. Modern culinary art has developed a vastly better way to bake beans.

In old times, beans were not even half-baked, so they were hard to digest.

They were baked in open dishes, so much of the flavor escaped.

They were boiled in hard water, so the skins were tough. Some were crisped, some mushy—all through faulty baking.

Such pork and beans were for sturdy stomachs. It was not a very tempting dish. Few homes served it more than once a week.

An expert creation

In the Van Camp kitchens, many experts have worked for years to perfect this premier dish. Famous chefs, college-trained cooks, domestic science experts—all have given it their best.

The beans are grown on studied soils, rich in nitrogen. Each lot is analyzed before we start to cook.

The water used is freed from minerals, because minerals make skins tough.

The baking is done in steam ovens, without contact with the steam. Thus hours of high heat can be applied without bursting or crisping the beans. The beans come out whole and mealy, and easy to digest.

The sauce is a masterpiece, made by testing and comparing countless blends.

The pork, the sauce and the beans are all baked together. They are baked in sealed containers, so no flavor can escape. The tang, the zest and savor thus permeate every bean.

The dish of millions

This dish has won millions by its new delights. It has brought to people a new baked bean conception. Now a mammoth model kitchen—the finest in the world—has been built to keep homes supplied.

If you don't know Van Camp's, go try it. Compare it with other baked beans. You will be surprised. If you do know Van Camp's, keep plenty on hand to save cooking in hot weather. Carry plenty with you when you tour or camp.

Telephone your grocer now.

Why Van Camp's?

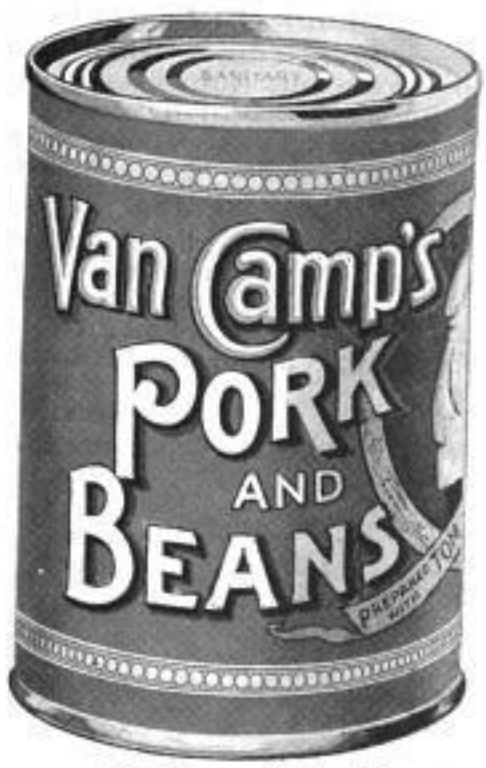
Because the beans are mellow, mealy, whole. Yet long baking at high heat fits them to digest easily.

Because the skins are tender, for all the water that we use is freed from minerals.

Because they are baked in sealed containers, so the flavor is intact.

Because the sauce baked with them has ideal tang and zest.

Because no other kitchen has ever baked beans to compare.



Cans to serve 2, 3 and 5

Other Van Camp Products include

Tomato Soup	*Chile Con Carne*
Spaghetti	*Salad Dressing*
Evaporated Milk	*Mustard Dressing*
Peanut Butter	*Catsup, Etc., Etc.*

Van Camp's

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"Controlled Heat" Why don't *you* ask "Williams"?

With intense interest, Mr. Jones watched every move as Williams, the steam fitter, and Jim, his helper, installed the radiators in the new house next door. Mr. Jones was planning a new home of his own.

"What's that, Williams?" he asked pointing.

"This Valve?" said Williams. "Why it's part of this new 'Controlled Heat.' Touch this handle and it regulates the amount of steam in the radiator—gives you just the heat you want in the room."

"Mean to say you can have any temperature you want in any room?"

"Absolutely! Living room 70°. Bed room 65°, any way you want 'em. At a touch of your finger!"

"Hum! That ought to save coal bills!"

"Sure it does! You never have more heat than you want in a room. Not a bit of coal wasted in *this* system; it only generates heat *as needed*. Why! Mr. Jones, if people would take the trouble to investigate, we wouldn't install anything *but* 'Controlled Heat.' Would we, Jim?"

"Nope!" said Jim.

Jim was right and Williams was right! The more thoroughly you investigate the more certain you are to choose "Controlled Heat." To help you in making your decision we have prepared an interesting booklet called "Controlled Heat." *Send for this booklet today!*

HOFFMAN SPECIALTY CO., Inc.
Main Office and Factory, Waterbury, Conn.

BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES



HOFFMAN EQUIPMENT
~for Vapor heat control

THE GATE OPENS

(Continued from Page 16)

forgot this passage. Kate helped him to forget; nothing in his string ran like the Bronx branch. So, when the war was over, when Mr. Gowdy came back with his wound stripes and his captain's bars to take a place directly under Barrows in the head branch, Kate stayed on—even had her salary raised. The savings—now all in Liberty Bonds—were mounting into the thousands.

Externally even, Kate was only first cousin to the girl who had stood staring at a white glove on the night Mike Naughton died. She was passing, now, into her middle twenties, and looked older. But this maturity became her. Except for her eyes and her hair, she had not been pretty in her teens. Her nose, fine but a little too long, her mouth with its thin-rimmed triangle of red under a short upper lip, her round forehead—only character could give them beauty. Those years of a hard, self-disciplined life crowned with success had granted them that final touch. New patrons of Barrows' found themselves looking past the milkmaid charms of very young waitresses to this woman, always so busy about the cashier's desk or the counter. Though she could smile pleasantly enough when explaining to a captious customer why the steak was late, she had usually a brisk professional air that choked incipient love words in the very throat of the Bronx Lothario.

A little hard on others, she was hardest of all on herself. When she became manager she found it necessary to live in a better room, to buy a few clothes. She had less time for courses in the Y.W.C.A., but she read much—under guidance of the English teacher: Still was her life as rigid and ruled as a nun's—work, reading, church on Sundays, more work, more reading. Its only golden lights were those evenings twice a week when she sat down to tell everything to Baldy, that afternoon once a fortnight when she took from her box in the branch post office his letter in return. She had committed the extravagance of that box lest the regular arrival of a coarse yellow envelope postmarked from a prison town should betray her at her rooming house or the shop. Luck and the immensities of New York had guarded her secret—so far as she knew. No one had identified her as the siren of that minor murder case which had its little day in the newspapers. The old life, save for the one not disagreeable fact of Baldy, was growing a little dim. She need no longer keep her mind shut to the memory of that evening in a back room. It was effacing itself—with one exception.

Kate was shopping in a department store. Across an aisle two counters away a figure passed in the crowd, for a moment clearly revealed, then blotted out by the shelves. Was it—Dolly? Eyes like slits between the black smudges of their make-up, a big gray squirrel coat below, a hat too feathered for shopping above, a kind of assured air tempering that little girlish swing of movement which had always marked Dolly—Kate registered this before the figure disappeared. Kate dropped her bundles on the counter and wriggled through the crowd; there was no squirrel coat in sight. She told herself that she must have been mistaken; but whenever she thought of this in the fortnight before she forgot, an uneasy conscience raised a regret that she had not taken Dolly's address when last they met.

They were renovating Barrows' now after its wartime neglect—almost a vacation for Kate, who had little to do but sit in the place and read. The guard was off from her eyes when she read; they softened and let the dreams through. They looked now, as she raised them from The Outline of History, like Highland lakes misted with April. Or so it seemed to Angus Knight, foreman of the painting gang. Little had Angus Knight said to her since he reported to her as boss, heard exactly what was wanted. Angus Knight had in his working hours the true taciturnity of the Scot.

But once on the second day he had looked over his shoulder to see her standing above him as he dumped a tin of Prussian blue into a pail of chrome yellow, and "What are you doing?" she had asked.

"Making gr-reen paint," replied Angus. But instead of turning back to his work he continued to look up, as if awaiting her next question.

"Oh—do blue and yellow make green?" she asked. The cropped mustache of Angus quivered for a moment with Scotch scorn for the learning of the inferior peoples. Yet there was only a trace of irony in his burr as he answered, "Usually. If they're mixed r-right." Then he added a little apologetically, "There'll be two blues in this to get the pr-roper shade."

"Oh!" said Kate, and withdrew to her desk and her book.

But her glance now and then traveled to him involuntarily as she rested her eyes from reading. In spite of his heavy working boots he was light and precise of step; his shoulders, for a workingman's, were singularly erect. He seemed about thirty. His face was massive but clean-cut, like the irregularities of a cliff. The jaunty cropped little mustache at first seemed in odd, almost comical contrast. Then you realized that you liked it.

She had to pass him again that afternoon. He was splashing away at a baseboard. He looked up; and as though the conversation had never been broken he said, "And green and yellow can near make black if you understand how. That puzzles you till you study the spectr-rum."

"You don't say so!" replied Kate, not with any intention of sarcasm but because she did not know what else to say.

When he left that night, having seen that the tools were gathered up, having given tomorrow's directions, tersely and emphatically, to his staff of three, he drifted past her on his way to the door. He was in a plain blue suit which set off the breadth and erectness of his figure; under his arm he carried his overalls in a canvas bag. As he approached she noticed for the first time that a scar ran from the roots of his thick, sandy hair obliquely across his neck.

And still as though the conversation had been but momentarily broken off he remarked, "I used all that, camouflagin' in the war."

It was with only formal politeness that she answered, "Oh—you were in the war, then?"

"King's Own Scottish Borderers," replied Angus. "The kilties. From Loos to the Armistice."

"Oh, you're Scotch then?" she ventured.

"Amer-rican now," said Angus Knight, "or soon to be. A mon's his own mon in a r-republic."

The mouth of Angus Knight opened as though he were going to say more and thought better of it. Then abruptly, almost rudely, he turned away. But he gave her a backward glance from under his heavy brows which spoke a desire for further acquaintance, spoke shyness, spoke interest—especially interest. She found herself looking after him and smiling; something about him tenderly stirred up her thin sense of humor.

Next day she was standing by him again as he lined a molding with brown.

"Now," said Angus Knight suddenly, "what would you say was in this color?"

She stood off and regarded it with squinting eyes. "Yellow," she replied; "and isn't there a little bit of blue?"

"Good for a beginner," said Angus. "And those br-ricks out there now—what would you say of them?"

Kate looked with new eyes at the wall which had confronted her from across the street these six years.

"Lavender," she pronounced; and then almost to herself, "I never thought of that before."

"It's the kind of thinking that makes ar-rtists," complimented Angus.

"Do you paint pictures too?" asked Kate.

She was in one of those moments, mileposts of life to the intellectually curious, when a gate opens on vistas of a new world. A picture had always been a picture to her; it was pretty or it wasn't pretty; you just painted it—she had never considered how.

"We all try," said Angus. "I've spoiled much canvas. But I haven't the trick. Only appree-ciation."

Then as suddenly as though the cork had been pulled from his conversation Angus Knight bubbled forth into talk—wonderful talk, Kate thought, though she but half understood. Such talk as she had never heard from a man before. She caught herself realizing that men must talk this

(Continued on Page 74)

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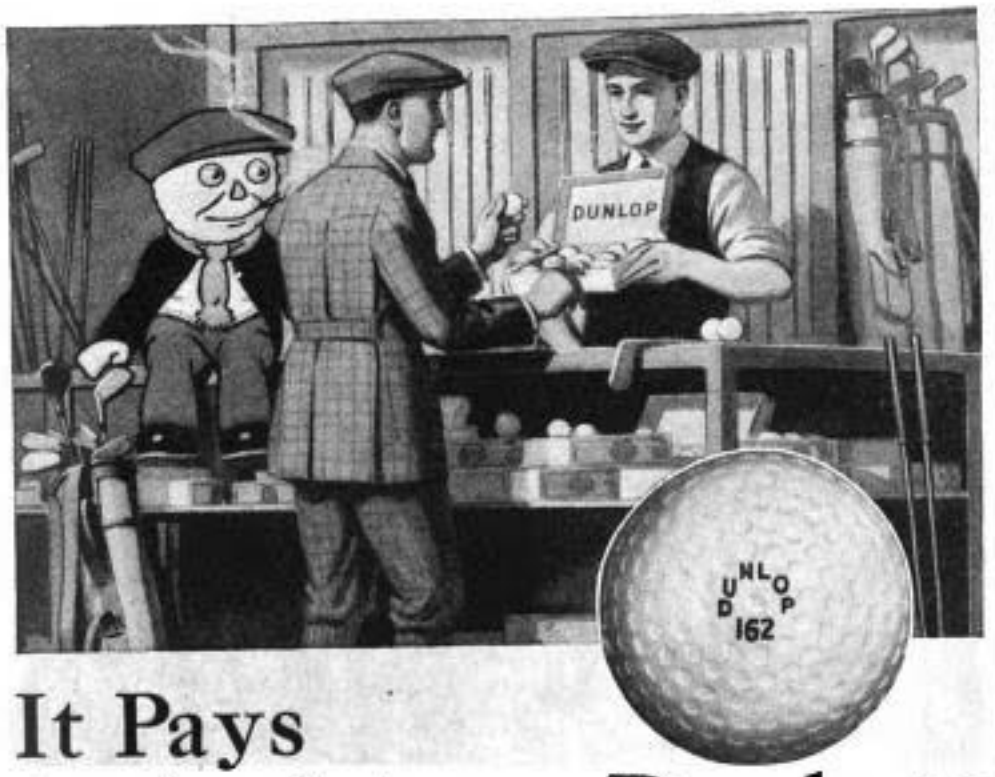
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(Continued from Page 72)

way sometimes—instead of business and baseball and the chatter of flirtation. It was full of names of men, a few of which she recognized dimly from her reading—Raphael, Velasquez, Rubens; of foreign places, almost as dimly recognized. He dwelt long and longingly on Florence. He called it the jewel of cities, as people speak in books. He had taken a three-day leave in Tuscany, he said, when they sent him on a camouflage job to the Italian Front. She found herself absorbed for a moment in his picture of the jewel town, so that she lost the thread of his talk.

When she came back he was saying, "You've seen that, maybe, in your Metropolitan Musee-um—you know it, I suppose?"

"No," she replied simply, "I've never been there."

He poised his paintbrush and glanced over his shoulder at her, his cool Scotch eye registering a tender scorn.

"Pity," said he; "'tis a liberal education. Though it's not the National Gallery."

Then his flow of talk suddenly froze as a journeyman painter came up to ask for another brush.

And on the next day she talked to him again; and the next. Not always of painting—though at each conversation he tested her eye for color—but of the war and of Edinburgh and London. Saturday came, and a rush in which Angus Knight drove his gang quietly but masterfully to finish the job before noon. He had his luncheon with the cooks in the kitchen; and while Kate busied herself seeing that the dishes were washed and put away, the kitchen tables scrubbed, the doors and windows locked, Angus Knight took an unconscionably long time to gather up paint, brushes, ladders and overalls. She was putting on her hat at the mirror behind the cashier's desk when he approached, dressed for the street. His voice caught as he began to speak; she should have taken warning by that.

"I thocht," said Angus, his speech grown suddenly broad, staccato, entirely Scotch, "that it's time you were lookin' at that Metropolitan Musee-um—if you've no plans for the afternoon."

Her own breath caught. And then: "I'd like it," said Kate.

In the writing room of the Y. W. C. A., Kate was composing a letter to Baldy. The first page, done without difficulty, reposed, face down, on the desk before her. She had started the second three times, torn up the sheet, put the fragments into her bag, begun again. And this, finally, was what she wrote on the subject nearest to her thoughts:

I've been out once or twice in the past week with Mr. Knight. He's a painter who worked on the restaurant when we renovated. Just to the museum to look at some painting, and to the pictures, etc. It's the first man I've gone anywhere with since you went away, and I won't even see him again if you tell me you mind one tiny bit. I managed to let him know that I didn't go out with men regularly—I guess I hinted enough to make him understand why. My little boy ——

Illogically, it changed now into a real love letter. Having discharged herself of this, having posted the letter, Kate felt free somehow to accept all Angus Knight's invitations, of which there were three. More and more deeply was Angus Knight revealing himself to her. She knew now of his reading, whose breadth stretched far beyond all her intellectual horizons; of his family in Scotland, about whom he was tenderly humorous; of his deeper emotions when he went over the top at Looe; even of his religion. Nor did Angus Knight talk entirely about himself.

"You've felt that yourself perhaps?" or "Like, you've exper-rienced the same," he would say, and pause, his head cocked on one side, for her answer.

These thrusts she parried; and when his delicate tact forbade a longer stop on the subject Angus Knight would perform one of the mental somersaults of a child or a Celt, attack some remote subject, and talk wonderfully. Sometimes, though, Kate lost the thread of what he was saying in contemplation of the twinkle in his eye as he took a humorous turn or of the set of his shoulders or the manner in which his clay-blond hair grew from the nape of his neck like a baby's.

But when on Sunday morning she found him in her own church, when he waited for her at the door, when he walked back to the restaurant with her and proposed a tour of the zoo in her afternoon leisure, she realized that the road was becoming dangerous. Hadn't he understood her hint? She hesitated—and accepted. Baldy's fortnightly letter was overdue. When it came she could decide. In the meantime—when you have pulled so long against a hard current it is pleasant to drift a little in a quiet pool.

The letter came in the middle of the week. Her anxieties about his jealousies of Mr. Knight, Baldy dismissed with a tolerant permission. "Enjoy yourself. I know you'll play square," he said. And then—Kate forgot this toy worry in the shock of the next sentences.

"I shouldn't wonder if I'd see you pretty soon," he wrote. "I guess my bit's about done. The Board of Parole is going to meet, and they tell me I stand a swell chance. I've got a good-conduct record because of saving grace, and the chaplain will put in a word for me, besides the boys. That little business proposition I wrote you about before is stirring. A guy will come to see you pretty soon. If you want to help out do what he says as soon as he shows he's O.K. I may be out any day now, but I don't want to miss this chance."

Baldy was coming out. Baldy was coming out! Kate, leaning against the tier of mail boxes in the branch post office, the letter crumpled in her hands, repeated this to herself blankly, mechanically. In a month perhaps—a week—she would see Baldy. See him! See —— Suddenly, unaccountably, the truth tore that veil of illusion which she had been weaving for six years. As though her mind had developed a photographic plate she had a picture of the Baldy she was going to see. It was not the Baldy of her pitying fancies. That Baldy—white but interesting with prison pallor, refined by his religious conversion—was gone forever. In its place came the old Baldy with his touch of swaggering wickedness which she had once so loved and could never love again, with his good-natured but empty chatter, with his sudden brutalities. In that flash of revealing truth came another conviction which she had held for some time without admitting it to herself. Baldy had never been converted. The Scriptural references in his letters were too regular and mechanical. He was playing a game for parole purposes. He was the same Baldy.

But he was hers—her expiation, her responsibility, her burden. She faced it now. Her burden to bear as long as she should live. Then—Angus Knight with his fresh skin, his clear, muscular figure, his sun wrinkles about the eyes, planted himself on the screen and would not go away.

She glanced up. The crowd in the branch post office was beginning to stare. She crumpled the letter into her bag and hurried away. But in the street she drew it out again, reread it. Through the guarded language of a prisoner she tried to construct what Baldy expected her to do. He was referring, doubtless, to the garage. He had written of that before. When he came out he wanted to go clean in Syracuse, where people knew him as a boy. He had his eye on a garage and transfer business. With her savings and his own he thought he could swing it. That was arranged between them long ago. Why, now, this guarded language? Well, curious things happen in prisons.

That afternoon the picture of Angus Knight, flashing in and out beside the picture of Baldy, became suddenly flesh and blood. He was standing before her desk, with the military set of his shoulders, the tender, humorous light in his eyes.

He was saying, "I thought perhaps you'd like to be goin' to a show tomorrow evening?"

No more of Angus Knight! Yet she could not dismiss him there, with the whole establishment looking on. And she had not played quite fair with him. She had hinted, and, hinting, had fooled even herself. She owed him something more than an abrupt break—she had become as involved as that! All this she thought while she sat looking down at the counter, mechanically aranging a plate of doughnuts.

"No, not a show," she said finally. "I ought to go to bed early tomorrow night. But I'll walk over to the park with you if you'd ——"

Customers, entering, broke in. He merely nodded and withdrew, looking back over

(Continued on Page 77)

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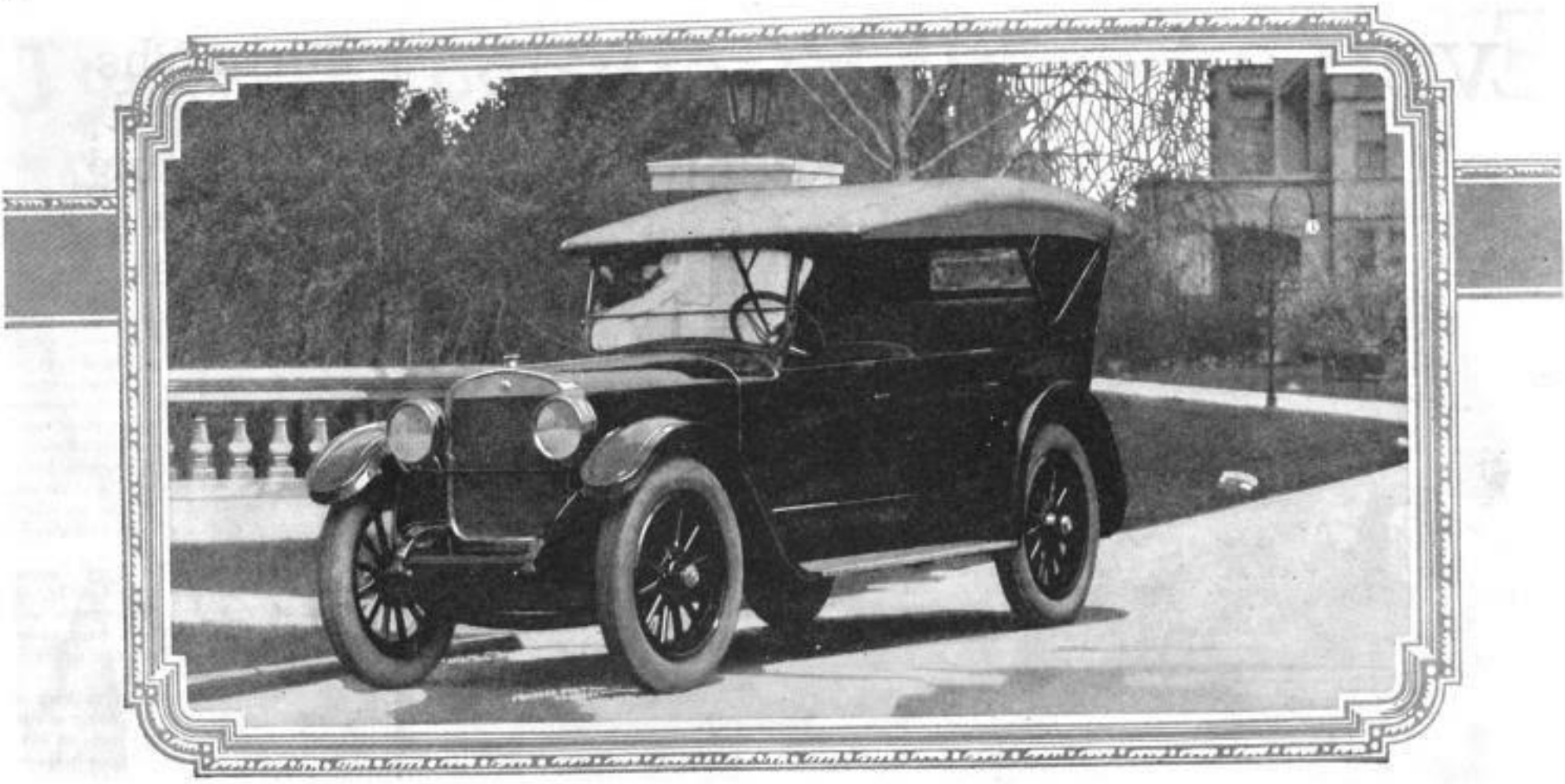
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(Continued from Page 74)

his shoulder, the sun wrinkles making attractive little creases about his perplexed eyes.

As she came up the front steps of her house that night a man stepped from the doorway—a small, neat-stepping man. He spoke to her by name.

"I'm from your friend in Auburn," he said. "Wrote to you about me, didn't he?"

"Come in," she said simply.

She turned up the light in the tiny parlor of the lodging house. They were alone; nevertheless, she closed the door and looked behind the portières before motioning him to a seat, drawing her own chair close. He was dressed nattily in a brown suit with a diamond in his purple tie; his face was pale, his long eyes were narrow-lidded and shrewd. He exhaled a faint odor of alcohol and cigarettes, which recalled Baldy—and recalled him disagreeably. Such were to be her associates the rest of her life—but he was holding out a letter to her. She shut her imagination and set her mind to business.

"I was to show you this," he said. It was prison paper; it was Baldy's hand:

Dear Kate: This will be handed you by John B. Comers of Syracuse my partner in the garage business he's got a fine opening on —— Street but it will take all you got to hold it until I get out which wont be long now. If you want to do this its a grand chance for us girlie

yours with love

BALDWIN H. MARTIN.

She glanced up into the shrewd eye of Mr. Comers.

"The letter's genuine, of course," she said in her crispest accent, "but how do I know you're John B. Comers?" He smiled. She did not like his smile. It was oily. Partner—yes, she must make him an associate too.

"No offense," said Mr. Comers. "Here's my proof."

He drew from his pocket a chauffeur's license, with an inartistically accurate photograph of himself. It bore also his signature. Mr. Comers produced a fountain pen, after a fumbling search for paper borrowed the letter, scratched "John B. Comers" on its back, held up the two signatures side by side. They matched. Kate nodded her satisfaction. Mr. Comers slipped the license and the letter back into his pocket, and as he did so began to talk:

"It's the best proposition in Syracuse, you see. Three blocks from the business center, you see. Sale of gas alone ——" But Kate cut in abruptly: "How much is wanted? All right. Meet me at three tomorrow by the safety-deposit entrance of the Bronx Mutual Bank."

She was on her way upstairs before she reflected that she should have kept Baldy's letter. She would ask Mr. Comers for it tomorrow. Still, it mattered little—in the face of all her perplexities. The fact that by tomorrow night she would have less than a hundred dollars in her bank account figured as the least of these.

When Angus mounted to the rooming house she confronted him suddenly from the steps. The shadows of her eyes were moonlit mists; at what he saw there his cheerful "Good evening" seemed to choke in his throat, and "Is there anything wrong?" he asked.

"No," replied Kate, and then, "Yes," and then, "Let's walk."

"Can you tell me?" he inquired. "Or when you're ready."

"Wait until we can get somewhere alone," she said.

As they stepped along he was turning his head to try to catch a glimpse of the face under her broad hat.

Suddenly she spoke; her tone was low, constrained: "Talk to me. Oh, do please talk!"

With a touch of embarrassment making broader his burr, Angus Knight attacked the first subject that flashed through his mind—an old story of camouflage days on the Western Front. He spoke rapidly for him, nervously, with little breaks here and there, as one talks when he is not certain that he has the attention of his auditor. Only once did she look up at him; and then her absent gaze rested not on his eyes but seemed to sweep his brows. They were in the park now. Angus had turned into a bypath, climbing to a hill of artificial rocks. He stopped talking as suddenly as he had begun, spoke no word until they reached a bench half shaded by an elm.

"Will you seat yourself?" he said.

His voice and hand were both trembling.

She sank down and faced him. Even in the dim, uncertain light he could see how something had drawn her face into the lines of misery.

"Angus ——" she began, and stopped. She had never called him by that name before. And suddenly things seemed to go out of his own control. She was in his embrace; he was kissing her eyes, her cheeks, her lips. She was returning his kisses. She grew first limp and then stiff in his arms, as though she had melted and then frozen. With a tender but steady thrust she put him away. Her hands flew to her face and she burst into a torrent of weeping. He let her cry.

Once he began in Scotch as broad as a moor, as soft as a mist, "Lass, bonnie lass ——" but she stopped that with a shake of her head. The storm died away. Angus crammed a clean handkerchief into her hand.

"You'll be wantin' this," he said.

She dried her eyes; but when she began to speak there came a little after-shower of tears, which overflowed on her cheeks without choking her voice.

"Oh, why did you do that, Angus?" she asked. "I came to tell you the truth, and I guess"—here for a moment the tears did catch her voice—"I guess I've got to tell you the whole truth now. Angus, you must go away from me. I came to tell you that we weren't to go out together any more. I've got to tell you now that I'm never to see you again—never, never!"

His "Why?" came out of him like a groan from the wounded.

"Because I've been wicked, wicked—because I am wicked now!"

"Is that all?" said Angus Knight. "Have I been an angel mysel'?"

"You are not to see me again," she persisted.

"In this life, maybe," replied Angus Knight. "There's another life as broad as the whole wide world beside my little finger. You an' I don't govern that life, lass. When you were made for me an' I for you, it was ordained that somebody or something else might have you in time, but I'd have you in eternity."

"Till death, then," said Kate. Her voice grew matter of fact. "I'm going to tell you all about it, Angus. I never told it all before. When I'm through, you yourself won't want to see me any more."

She was surprised, now, at her own calm. Fluently, steadily, in a tone as even as though she were directing operations in the restaurant, she related the story from the moment when she first met Baldy Martin to the latest news—his approaching parole. Angus listened in silence, though now and then she could hear the hiss of a breath sucked through his teeth. She finished and sat twisting his handkerchief in her fingers. And only then did she say a word of excuse for herself:

"You see, I never had anybody to tell me what was right and what was wrong. I've had to figure it out for myself. I tried to hint to you—but, oh, I should have done more than that! And I didn't see until—until just lately—that I had no right to let you go with me even as a pal—that I'm almost as good as married."

She looked at him now timidly and for the first time. The distant park lights threw deep shadows along the lines drawn suddenly in his face. He spoke in a tone as low and even as hers:

"I understand. I couldn't love you if you took any other course. But it's awfu', awfu'!" He choked here. "And when I looked over my shoulder and saw you standin' there like a wraith, I knew that what I'd waited for all my days ——"

"Don't!" she said. "Don't talk of that!"

Angus was silent for a moment, as though giving the subject a long, Scotch consideration.

"You've got to stick wi' him—or at least as long as it lasts," he announced at length. "I see that plain. I'm not for marryin' without lovin'—but this is a special case. I'll not trouble you more—now, at least." He paused again. "Only once more. I'll be dee-visin' some address where you can always write to me in case you want me—if anything changes or if you need me. If 'tis fifty years and I'm alive—I'll be waitin' to claim you or to serve you. You believe that, don't you, lass?"

"I believe anything you tell me, Angus," she said. "And I promise." Suddenly she was on her feet. "It had better be now."

"Yes," he agreed, and rose too.

She held out her hand. He took it, but made no movement to approach nearer.

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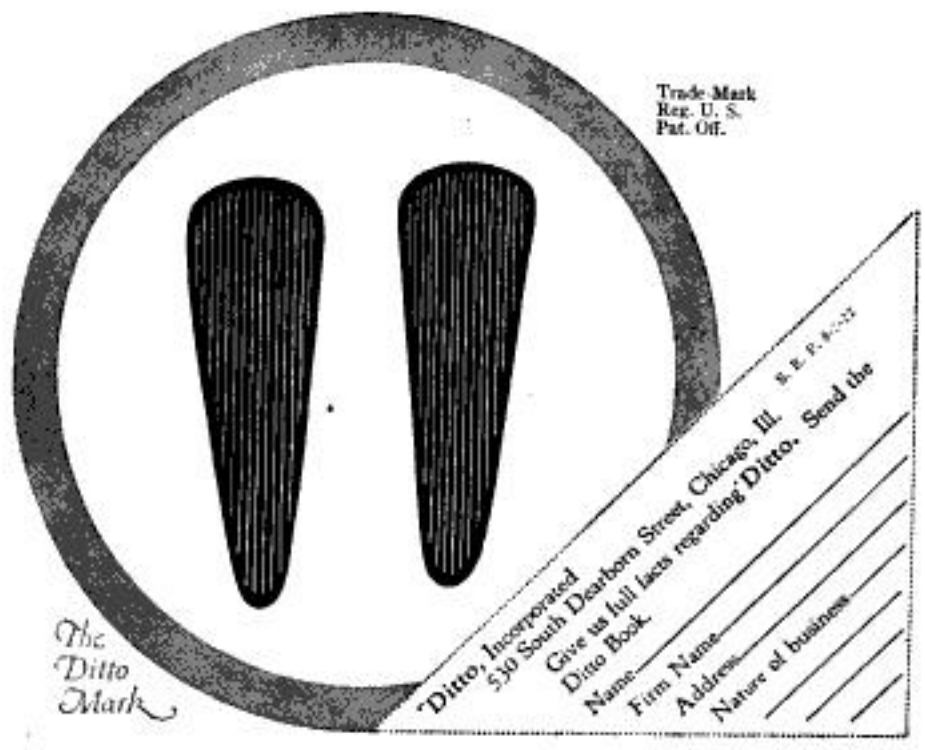
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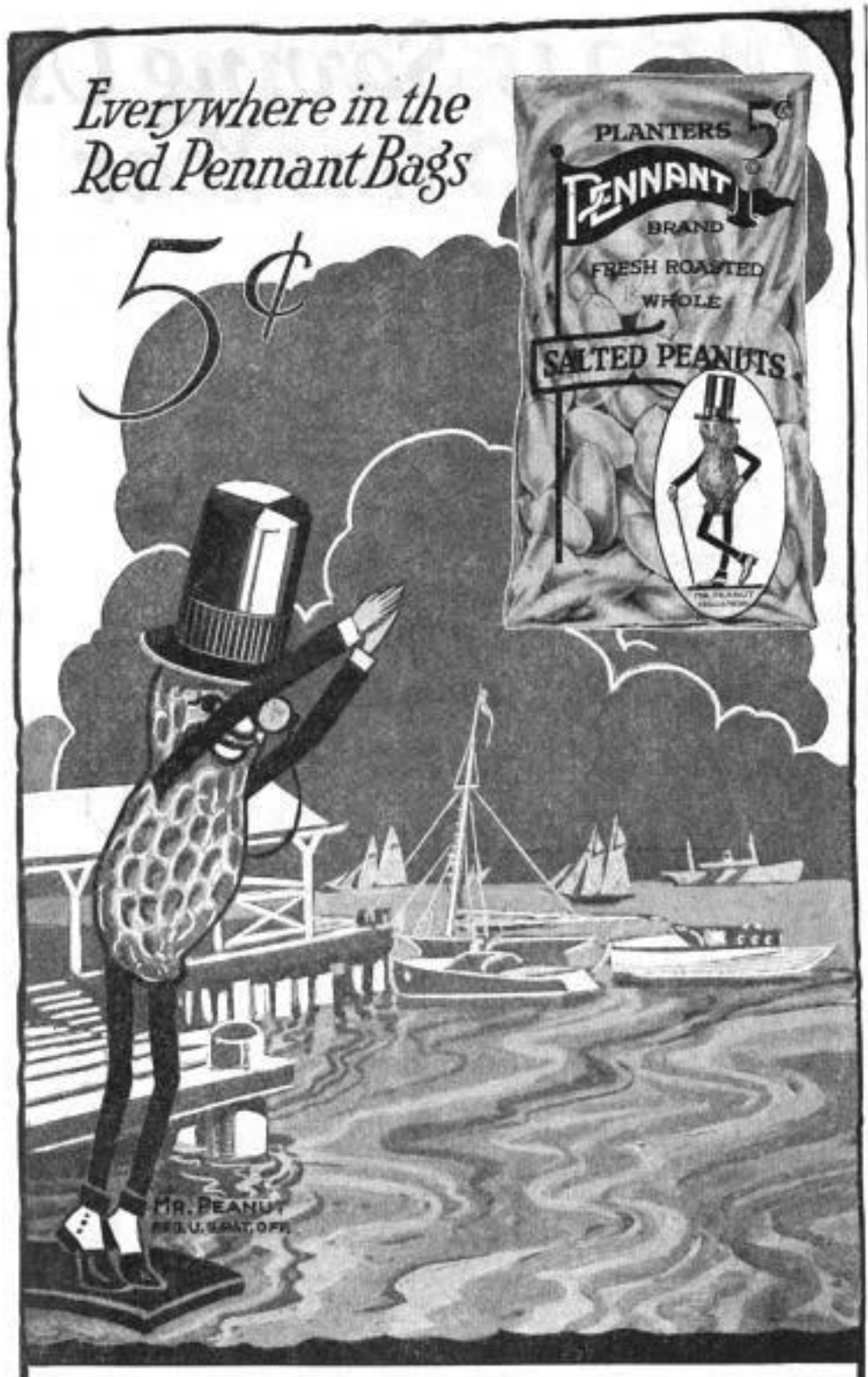
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the big, crisp kind, so good to eat and so chock full of nourishment. Just the thing to fill the long gaps between meals and to satisfy that hungry feeling after exercise.

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Planters
PENNANT
SALTED PEANUTS

"Your soul will always be mine," said he. "Go wi' God."

"Go with God," she whispered.

She dropped his hand, turned and sped down the path. At its foot she weakened, but only for an instant—just long enough to look back and see that he had sunk down on the park bench, that his face was buried in his hands, that his shoulders were heaving.

She had cut the knot just in time. It was next day when, going languidly, absently about her daily routine, she opened the evening newspaper to find the produce-market reports. Tucked away on a back page was the inconspicuous item, "Parole Board Acts." She skimmed the text. Her eye caught this line:

Baldwin H. Martin, convicted in April, 1915, of the murder of Michael Naughton.

He had not written her the news; she had visited the post office that afternoon. It was as though he did not want her to know. The spurt of hope that followed this thought warned her of the danger that she might weaken yet. That was why she rushed suddenly to the telephone booth, called up Grand Central, engaged a berth on the night train to Auburn.

From the railroad station it is a ten-minute walk to where old Auburn lies in broad gardens behind sweeping elms; but—as though to prove how easy are the paths of vice—it is only a step to the great doors, the gray turreted walls, the bars and spikes of Auburn prison. As Kate approached she realized that she might be too late. By the door stood a small, intent crowd—men, mostly, two of them in Salvation Army uniform, but women here and there. The gate clanked, opened; a man stepped out, walked rapidly, jerkily away. One of the Salvation Army uniforms fell in beside him, gesticulating. On the other side, like his bad angel disputing with his good, walked a man in citizen's clothes who plucked at his sleeve. Kate hurried forward. The door clanked again—and Baldy stepped into the sunlight. His face was pasty. His shoulders sagged and—he was blotted out by a woman's figure which came between them. A woman in a smart brown beaver coat and a smarter hat. She had thrown herself into his arms. They were embracing. They fell apart now, and stood looking at each other, he with his arm about her waist, she patting his cheek. The woman was Dolly—a Dolly older by years, leaner, with much hard experience lined under her rouge. Hand in hand they started to walk away—and confronted Kate, waiting in their path. A moment of panic stabbed through Dolly's eyes; she veiled it in bravado.

"Why, look who's here!" said Dolly.

But Kate was addressing herself to Baldy. His face was sullen; in spite of the prison pallor its lines seemed black.

"You didn't tell me you were paroled," said Kate. "Did you—did you write it to her?"

"Sure. Ain't she my girl?" he asked. "What are you doing up here anyhow?"

"You know what I'm doing up here," she replied simply. Then a little emotion caught her voice. "I wanted you to go straight, Baldy. You won't go straight with her. I've been good for six years. I've saved my money for you—just to make it right—if I could. I killed Mike Naughton as much as you—working you up by flirting with him—I always told you that ——"

"Say," said Baldy, addressing Dolly, "the kid ain't stuck on herself, is she?" He turned on Kate. "I plugged the stiff because he was after Dolly here—see! I was through with you. If you wanted to dream ——"

"And the garage in Syracuse?" put in Kate. "And my money ——"

"What garage in Syracuse?" asked Baldy nonchalantly enough. But into his eyes came that look she knew so well as of old years—the one they assumed when he was lying. "What money? Dreamin' again?"

Kate's glance went for the first time to Dolly. It caught a trifling, significant gesture. Dolly's hand had started toward her throat, had stopped halfway. Just above the opening of her waist glittered a diamond in new platinum.

"I see," said Kate. There was not the slightest sarcasm in her voice. It was almost meditative. "I see! That's why I was never to come up on visitors' day. I might meet you and ——"

A red tide surged up Dolly's throat. She caught Baldy by the arm.

"Aw, shake her and come on!" she said.

Kate waited while they took two steps, and then sprang forward as by reflex action. Her hands clutched at Baldy's shoulders. She loathed the touch of them, but she held on. He was her burden—she must! Angus would agree with that—she must.

"Don't go with her, Baldy!" she pleaded. "You're a crook for life if you do."

That explosive, blind temper of Baldy Martin went off like a blast.

He whirled, he shook her free; there, in the very presence of the law to which he had been making expiation for six years, he struck her on the face so that she staggered and fell.

"C'mon—get out of this!" cried Dolly, drawing him away.

Without looking back they hurried down the path.

Jim the guard, talking that night with Bob the turnkey, told the rest.

"I've seen some funny things out by the gate," he said, "but this had 'em all skinned. Yes, sir, he hit her—good, snappy jolt—and waltzed off with the other skirt. You remember him—a parson's pet that would slip anything over on you behind your back. Well, I ain't supposed to pay any attention to what happens after they go out, but when a man hits a woman—you know. I run up to her to see if she was hurt before I fixed him. She was on her knees with her hands up to her face—like that—and wouldn't pay any attention to me at all. She was saying 'Thank God!' Over and over just like that—'Thank God! Thank God!'"



Lake George, New York

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McQUAY-NORRIS
PISTON RINGS
PISTONS
PINS



"I'm glad I didn't trade her in"

That's what the car owner says when the cylinders of his motor have been reground or rebored and fitted with McQuay-Norris Piston Rings, Pistons and Pins.

You don't have to buy a new car just because your motor is worn, any more than you would buy a new house just because the roof leaks. Motor wear can be corrected for but a fraction of the cost of a new car. In all parts of the United States, there are now well-equipped shops where cylinder blocks can be reground or rebored and new piston rings, pistons and pins installed.

Any good repairman can tell, by measuring your cylinders, if they need regrinding or reboring. Car life will be lengthened many, many thousands of miles by this method. In having a motor rebuilt, see that its three vital units—piston rings, pistons and pins—are made by McQuay-Norris. You cannot add new life to your car if poor cylinder equipment is installed.

There are many cases, however, where a car's cylinders are not badly out of round and where regrinding or reboring is not necessary.

Your repairman can tell you what is needed. If new piston rings are all your car needs, he can supply a McQuay-Norris ring—made of Electric Iron—for every purpose and price. If the cylinders also need rebuilding, he can install McQuay-Norris *Wainwright* Pistons and Pins—a complete line especially designed for replacements, in all standard sizes and over-sizes.

McQuay-Norris Manufacturing Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.

Canadian Factory—McQuay-Norris Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto

McQuay-Norris Wainwright Pistons and Pins — gray iron pistons as light in weight as safety permits—specially designed for replacements—available in standard sizes and over-sizes—also in semi-finished form 75-thousandths oversize—pins of special hardened steel, ground to exceptional accuracy.

Pistons and Pins of quality



LEAK-PROOF—an exclusive two-piece design, preventing loss of gas and compression. Gives equal pressure at all points on cylinder walls. For all piston grooves except top, which should have *Supercyl*. Each ring packed in a parchment container. Price per ring—

$1.25

In Canada, $1.50



Supercyl — Keeps lubricating oil out of combustion chamber. Collects excess oil on each down stroke of piston and empties on each up stroke, which ordinary grooved rings cannot do. Each ring packed in a parchment container. Price per ring—

$1.00

In Canada, $1.25



JIFFY-GRIP—a one-piece ring. Non-butting joint, which can be fitted closer than ordinary step cut—velvet finish—quick seating. "Seats in a jiffy." To keep them clean and free from rust, each ring is packed in an individual glassine envelope. Price per ring—

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Snap Rings—of the highest grade. Raised above the average by McQuay-Norris manufacturing methods. Their use insures all the satisfaction possible for you to get from a plain snap ring. They are packed twelve rings to the carton and rolled in waxed paper.

And Snap Rings of the highest grade

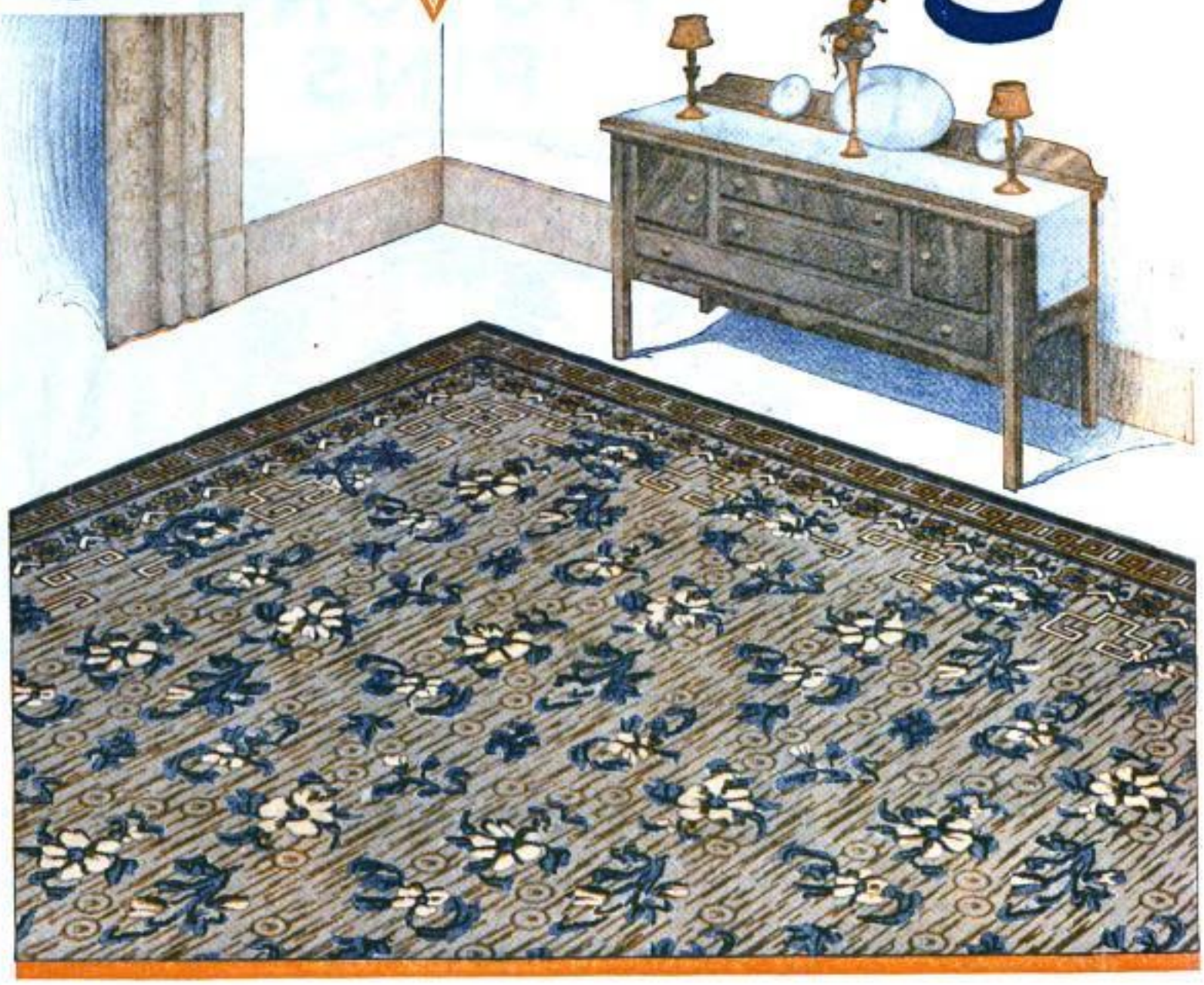


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Bird's Rugs



When "Mad Anthony" Wayne Quit Fighting Indians

— and in the name of the United States Government made the peace first permitting our colonists east of the Alleghanies to trek safely into the great Northwest — in that year, 1795, the first Bird product was made.

Today, Bird products — each in its particular field — are known as standard merchandise from Halifax to Portland, Oregon, and from Hudson's Bay to the Rio Grande.

Bird's Paroid Roofing (Smooth Surface and Slate Surfaced)
Bird's Art Craft Roofing
Bird's Shingle Design Roofing
Bird's Asphalt Shingles
Bird's NEPONSET Black Building Paper
Bird's NEPONSET Wallboard, Cream White Finish
Bird's Asphalt Felt
Bird's Built-up Roof
Bird's NEPONSET Fiber Shipping Cases and Shoe Cartons
Bird's NEPONSET Felt-Base Printed Rugs and Floor Coverings
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BIRD'S NEPONSET PRODUCTS

Look for this mark when buying floor coverings. It is your guarantee of satisfaction or your money back.

Bird's Neponset Rug No. 700, an attractive combination of bright blue and delicate yellow flowers, outlined in black on a soft, two-tone gray background

HOME-KEEPERS today are quickly waking up to the fact that, to equip new rooms or renew old ones, it is no longer necessary to face a heavy expenditure for floor coverings.

And Bird's Neponset Rugs — inexpensive, beautiful, durable — have largely contributed to this awakening.

The sizes in which they come are 6′ x 9′, 7½′ x 9′, 9′ x 10½′ and 9′ x 12′. The prices range from $8.25 to $16.50.

Easily cleaned with a damp mop, 100 per cent waterproof and mothproof.

Be sure to see these Bird's Neponset felt-base printed rugs, floor coverings and rug borders at your dealer's before you spend another dollar on floor coverings. Their suitability for many floors in your home will immediately be apparent to you.

BIRD & SON, Inc. Established 1795 **East Walpole, Mass.**

NEW YORK: 200 Fifth Avenue CHICAGO: 1429 Lytton Building
Canadian Office and Plant: Hamilton, Ontario

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THE HEART OF THE LOAF

(Continued from Page 7)

be nice? Happy days ahead." He walked on toward the Mayfield House. "But at that, these little greenbacks sure do feel grateful to the touch."

For an hour he sat around the lobby of the hotel, hoping for a glimpse of some familiar face, but none appeared. When the dining-room doors were thrown open for lunch he went over and glanced inside. One look discouraged him—that, and the weird uncomfortable feeling in his chest. For his health didn't seem just right, his genial spirits of the morning had evaporated, he felt depressed and gloomy. He went upstairs and lay down on the bed.

At three that afternoon he crossed the park and set out up Maple Avenue. His mood had not improved. He was conscious of a silly irritation over nothing, a sudden dissatisfaction with the world which he was accustomed to regard through cheerful, approving eyes. What, he wondered, ailed him anyhow.

Under the tallest elms in town lay Maple Avenue, unchanged. Here were the houses of the town's élite, outmoded piles of brick or stone standing in the midst of beautiful lawns. He came shortly to the Benedict mansion, the finest of all; in the old days it had represented for him wealth and the aristocracy. He smiled to himself as he entered the big gate and strolled up the front walk past a well-remembered cast-iron deer.

Della Benedict was reading a novel on the front porch, and Bob felt a little better at sight of her. Another link with his past, and assuredly a link that had greatly improved since he last saw her. He had always liked Dell, though he remembered her as a nervous, spindling girl who moved in a constant whirlwind of energy that was decidedly wearing. He had never thought her pretty, but time and an Eastern college had changed her mightily. Her slenderness was now a rather alluring item in her favor, she had seemingly gained in repose, and you might almost call her—well, if not pretty, at least charming and alive.

"Hello, Dell," he said.

"Hello, Bob." She gazed at him approvingly. "Little Bobby's grown up. Not so bad, either—as far as you've gone."

"I'm not going any farther, Dell. Got to like me as I am." He dropped into a chair beside her. "You've changed, Dell. But you're still wearing it, I see."

"Wearing what?"

"Little old freckle on the end of your nose. I was wondering if it would still be there."

"What an eye for trifles," she laughed.

"Trifles," he said solemnly, "make perfection, and perfection is no trifle. Got that straight from Mike Angelo. Studied under him in Italy."

"Oh, yes—you and Angelo. Famous artist now, aren't you?"

"Who says so?"

"I read about you in a newspaper. It said you had a lot of talent."

"Did it say I had a lot of money too? You can't believe all you read in the newspapers, my child. By the way, did that article move you to recommend me for this job?"

"Did I do that?"

"Didn't you?"

"I don't know—I forget. Anyhow it isn't much of a job—not for you."

"My dear girl, it's a life saver, and I'm mighty grateful. Even the most talented of us must eat now and then. I'll give this assignment my best, to justify your recommendation. And I may add that I'm going to enjoy the row."

"Oh," she smiled. "Father told you."

"Yes. Gave me a free ride to the cemetery and everything. The old story of the Montagues and Capulets. By the way, who's playing Romeo? Clarence Ward had a precious son if I'm not mistaken."

"Herb Ward," she answered. "Just graduated from law school—Harvard."

"Oh, yes—little Herb. Pale young shrimp with curls and the air of a crown prince. Used to ride round town in a pony cart. Nearly ran over a dog of mine once, and I pulled him out of the cart and blacked his eye. Them was the happy days."

"You always did have such brutal instincts," she reminded him. "Even now you look more like a boiler maker than an artist. It's hard to believe. Are you sure you're the Bob Dana who paints?"

"Lead me to my new studio and I'll prove it to you. By the way, your father said ——"

"Oh, yes. Come inside." She led him into a big cool hall. "You're the white-haired boy round here—any room in the house you want. That's orders. Anybody who happens to be established there must be dropped from the window."

"Look out or I'll take your room." He followed her up the stairs and they made the rounds of the second floor. His selection fell on a large guest room with a good north light not too impeded by the trees. "Move everything out—rugs and all," he said. "Just a kitchen chair and maybe a little table."

"It shall be done, O rajah," laughed Dell. They returned to the upper hall. The girl snapped on an electric light, illuminating a dark corner. "By the way, you'd better take a look at that," she said.

She pointed to a crayon portrait of a tired, dyspeptic-looking man in middle age. His lips were a thin line on a thin face, his eyes fishy, his entire aspect chill and bleak and seemingly lacking in all human feeling.

"Oh, yes—your grandfather," said Bob Dana, and his heart sank. For a long moment he and Henry Benedict stared at each other.

"I know what you're thinking," Dell said. "You're thinking, 'There's old Eight-per-cent Benedict. I've got to resurrect him, and gosh, how I dread it!'"

"You wrong me," Bob smiled. "I was just wondering—how do we get from him to you? No connection that I can see."

"Thanks for the ad. Well, the least said about poor grandfather the soonest mended. As a tyrant he made the Kaiser look weak. However, do the best you can."

"Your father says he wants a speaking likeness."

"Heaven forbid!" said Dell. She snapped off the light, and Henry Benedict receded into the shadows. "I moved him up here myself. Some battle, but I won. We've got a few other photographs—an old tintype, and one of him on his wedding day. He looked quite human then."

"Oh, I'll make out," Bob told her. "Your father has promised to keep a sharp watch on me and tell me when I'm wrong."

"You poor thing—I'm afraid he will. Pretty tough for you."

"That's all right," he assured her as he followed her downstairs. "I've got a strong constitution and a cheerful disposition. At least I always did have—up to today. Somehow I feel terribly depressed and mean this afternoon."

"Why's that?"

"I can't make out." He held the screen door for her and they returned to the porch. A shaft of sunlight fell across her hair. "Honey!" Bob Dana cried.

"What?" she inquired, surprised.

"Honey," he repeated enthusiastically. "The color of your hair, I mean. I've been trying ever since I saw you again to think what that shade reminded me of. I know now. It's honey—the sort of honey I used to have for breakfast at a little *pension* in Rome. Lots of butter, and this honey, and delicious hot rolls —— Oh, my Lord!"

"What now? Bob, you are absurd."

"No, I'm not. I just remembered what's wrong with me. This depressed, sad feeling. This wave of bitter regret. I ate two of Herman Schall's rolls for breakfast, and the darned things weren't half baked."

"Oh," said Dell, "that's too bad. But you'll get over it. Only keep off Herman Schall's bread, fresh every day. Do you really like my hair?"

"Like it? It's lovely! As a matter of fact—I don't want to spoil you, Dell—but you're quite wonderful. I wish it was your portrait I was going to paint."

"Well, I'm father's favorite child. There are no others, of course, but I'm well in the lead. Maybe after you do grandfather you'll get an order to do me."

"No," he said, sternly shaking his head. "I couldn't consider it. Sorry—something else I just remembered. Artist, you know. Can't support myself, let alone a —— What I mean is, I've got to keep my mind off girls. Not so much as look at one. Dangerous. First thing I knew ——"

"What are you talking about? You don't for a minute think that I ——"

"No, Dell; no. I mean to say, might get to know you, like you, think better of your whole sex. Go right on from bad to worse, meet some little flapper, fall for the wedding idea—another artist gone wrong!"

"You're in no danger here, my lad," said Dell. "Shall I tell father you'll punch the time clock in the morning?"

"Expect me at nine."

"All right. I'm afraid you'll have to put up with me around the house; I live here, you know. But I want to set your mind at rest, so I'll tell you a little secret. Keep it dark. This thing is more like the Capulets and Montagues than you imagined. I'm engaged to Herbert Ward."

"What! Little Herb Ward?"

"Yes. He's not so bad. The curls are gone and he drives a racing car now."

"Well, I'm glad," said Bob grimly.

"Thanks. I knew you would be."

"You don't understand. I mean I'm glad I blacked his eye that time. I only wish it had been permanent."

"You—an artist!" she said derisively. "With all those brutal instincts struggling inside you."

"Ain't any brutal instincts struggling inside me," he told her. "Just the little old indigestion I bought from Herman Schall."

And he went from her down the walk, as solemn as the cast-iron deer.

II

"TOMORROW morning at ten o'clock," said the Evening Tribune some weeks later, "the doors of the First National Bank's new home will be thrown open to the public. The citizens of Mayfield may be pardoned a keen pride in what they will behold. It is doubtful if any city of similar size between New York and Chicago can boast finer banking rooms. Pillars, partitions and walls of marble, mahogany paneled rooms for the directors and the president, in the basement safety vaults of the newest design and construction—all in all a revelation in modern banking quarters. To the strains of sweet music discoursed by the Mayfield Silver Clarinet Band the directors and officers will be happy to meet their friends and show them about. It is understood that the *chef d'œuvre* of the main banking room is to be a portrait of Henry Benedict, the late president of the institution, painted by our talented and up-and-coming young townsman, Robert Dana, son of the late Melville Dana, well and favorably known to all our people. 'Come one, come all' is the invitation extended by the bank."

At about the time Will Varney's words were being read by the citizens of Mayfield Bob Dana sat before his finished job of work in his studio on the second floor of the Benedict house. He looked at the moment neither up nor coming, but rather down and out. The feeling of hopelessness, of doubt concerning his own ability, that all true artists experience at the moment of final achievement was his, and the remarks of the small but select group of spectators gathered at his back did little to dispel it.

"Well, I don't know," Eugene Benedict was saying dubiously. "What do you think, Nellie?"

He appealed to his wife, a haughty beauty in her time, but somewhat faded now. She adjusted her glasses and stared—a famous stare in Mayfield, where she had long been the social arbiter.

"I don't know either," she admitted. "Sometimes I think it looks like father—and sometimes I don't."

"My case exactly," said Eugene. "Around the chin—somehow. Did you make the chin fuller, Bob, as I suggested?"

"I think it's just wonderful," Dell announced.

Bob gave her a grateful look. "I've done my best," he said to Eugene. "I've changed it and changed it, day after day, as your opinions altered. Sometimes I think—you'll pardon my saying it—that the thing would have been better if I hadn't listened to you quite so much."

"But we knew father better than you did," Mrs. Benedict reminded him.

"Yes," Bob sighed wearily. "Yet you never did agree on the color of his hair. And as for the eyes—one of you said gray, and another green, and another light blue. It's what always happens on this sort of portrait. I've done my best, as I said, and if you don't like it I'll be happy to draw a knife through it now, and pay you back that advance when I can."

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DISTINCTION—all admit it. The Marmon's graceful lines and high-bred appearance give it style dominance.

Performance—yes, for years Marmon has been acknowledged a wonderful performer, easier to handle, speedy, comfortable.

Price? Now $3185, a new low price for such a superior car. More money can't buy a finer car.

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THERE IS a smaller size Dr. West's Tooth Brush made for children too. Every Mother knows the necessity of teaching them the proper care of the teeth early in life.

Dr. West's Tooth Brush is truly a safeguard to good health. It really *cleans teeth better.* That means that it is designed to clean with ease *inside, outside* and *between* the teeth.

Glance at the illustrations at the right — follow this method carefully, and you'll not only clean the teeth perfectly but actually improve the condition of the gums.


1. Brush upper outside down.


2. Brush upper inside down.


3. Brush lower outside up.


4. Brush lower inside up.

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If your dealer can't supply you, write name and address on margin below, send his name, enclose stamps or cash for size brush you want.

THREE SIZES—
Adults, 50c Youths, 35c
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For sale by all good dealers.

A brush for every member of the family—lettered A to F.



"No, Bob, no!" cried Benedict, alarmed. "It's not so bad as that, my boy. Perhaps we've given you a wrong impression. We were so close to father, of course we'd be overcritical. It's not bad—not bad at all—I'll be mighty glad to hang it. Besides," he added with the usual tact of the layman discussing an artist's work, "the inscription is to be the important thing, after all."

Bob and Della exchanged a long, understanding look. "Sure," Bob said. "That's the way to look at it. The inscription will take off the curse."

"Now let's get down to dinner," Eugene ordered. "I've got a busy night ahead at the bank. Will you stay, Bob?"

"Not tonight, thank you," Bob answered.

"Well, I'll take the picture down in the car tomorrow morning. Drop in about nine and help me hang it. Now, Nellie, let's get along. Della!"

The two older people left the room. Bob picked up his coat.

"Don't you mind them," smiled Dell. "They don't know anything about art—not even what they like."

"It does resemble the old boy, Dell?"

"Bob—it's uncanny. I'm darn glad it's going to hang in the bank, and not up here. It would make me nervous."

"Then maybe that newspaper was right. I mean—perhaps I have a little talent."

"A little? Bob—what ails you?"

"Oh, I always feel like this just after I've finished a thing. Gloomy."

"Then you ought always to have someone around—someone who thinks you're—wonderful."

He stood staring into her eyes. He had been staring into them a good deal of late—in the intervals of work; at luncheon, which he had been taking daily with the Benedicts; sometimes at dinner, too; and in the evenings. There had been a period when Eugene urged him warmly to look into Dell's eyes, Eugene's feeling being that they somewhat resembled Henry Benedict's. After a thorough investigation Bob denied this.

But now the portrait was finished. Bob Dana held open the door of the guest-room studio.

"You're wanted at dinner," he smiled.

Dell followed him out onto the front porch. "I suppose you'll be going back East soon?" she inquired.

"Yes; in a few days. Got some unexpected business to look after first. Poor father left me a little plot of land on the north side—the only thing he owned after a long, hard struggle. They're thinking of a factory there, and I may sell it for fabulous wealth. All the money in the world—six thousand dollars."

"Good luck," she said. "You must come up often until you go."

"I'll come for my things," he told her. "But"—he shook his head—"that'll be about all, Dell. That had better be about all."

"Della!" her mother called.

"Good-by," said Dell. "And the portrait, Bob—it's wonderful. I'll tell the world."

"Thanks," he smiled. "The same goes for you. You've helped me through; I'd have quit cold long ago if you hadn't been hanging around. You see, I'm sort of silly and temperamental in many ways—even if I do look like a boiler maker. Good-by, Dell."

He endured dinner at the Mayfield House, and passed a solemn evening with a magazine in the apartments of the late Mr. Cornell. Promptly at nine in the morning he appeared at the First National Bank. Entering the big front doors he found himself in a fragrant bower of roses and other blooms.

"Well, things certainly look festive," he remarked when he encountered the perspiring president. He took hold of the tag on a big basket of roses. "Compliments of the Mayfield Lumber Company," he read.

Eugene smiled. "Yes, everybody whose notes we hold has come across," he remarked. "And yet some people say there is no sentiment in business." Bob looked at him in sudden wonder. Had little Eugene a sense of humor, after all? The banker pointed to the spot where the portrait was to hang. "Pretty good light, eh? That brass plate shows up fine. I'm glad I had it in big letters. 'More than any of his contemporaries influenced the life of his times and left his impress on the town.' That ought to hold Clarence Ward for a while. Now, boys, bring the ladder." He picked up the portrait and turned to Bob. "Al' the fellows have looked this over. They're delighted with it. Say it's father to the life. Congratulations."

Bob saw the portrait hung, and collected a check for eight hundred dollars.

"Like to have you stay and meet our leading citizens," Eugene suggested. "Might interest you to hear their comments on the picture."

Bob was alarmed. "You don't insist on that?"

"Oh, no, of course not."

"Then I think I'd—I'd rather not."

"Funny fellows, these artists," thought Eugene Benedict.

Bob left the bank just as the Mayfield band began to discourse sweet music and the eager citizens were crowding in. From others later he heard of that day's happenings. The opening proved a big success, and no small part of the interest shown was accorded Henry Benedict's portrait. But the painting itself, Bob judged, figured only incidentally in the excitement. It was the sentiment on the brass plate underneath that won most comment. Everyone recognized it at once for what it was, a direct challenge to the Ward family. The noncombatants were amused and warmed at once to the fray; arguments arose. The spirit seemed to be: "Is this a private fight, or can anybody get into it?"

Clarence Ward, slim, dignified, gray-haired, with the manner of the law courts, came, all unsuspecting, into the bank about noon. He was standing before the portrait of old Henry Benedict when Eugene emerged from his office on the way to lunch. There, just as the sweet music came to a sudden stop, the two met. The spectators held their breath.

"Hello, Clarence," said Eugene breezily. "What do you think of our new home?"

"Very fine," admitted Mr. Ward coldly. "I have just been reading the inscription under your father's portrait."

"Ah, yes," said Eugene, smiling sweetly.

"You ought to write fiction, Eugene," Mr. Ward advised. "Fiction, I believe, is mostly lies."

Eugene flushed. "I am not aware of any inaccuracy in that inscription," he said.

"A pinch-penny banker!" sneered Mr. Ward. "Eight-per-cent Benedict, I believe they called him, though I don't recall that he was ever satisfied with that modest rate."

"That will do!" Eugene cried.

"You have insulted the memory," Mr. Ward went on, flushing, too, "of one of the finest men who ever lived, an incorruptible judge, an honored member of Congress——"

"A country lawyer with a mind as broad as a knife blade!" Eugene cut in. "A millstone round the neck of progress!"

"Enough!" shouted Mr. Ward.

"You started it," the banker said. "Boasting on your dead father's tombstone. Did you think you could get away with that fairy story? Not likely!"

"I intend," interrupted Mr. Ward, "to withdraw my personal account from this bank. I shall also withdraw all funds of which I am trustee."

"Withdraw, and be damned to you!" roared Eugene.

He turned and walked from the bank. Mr. Ward glared after him. The feud was on.

That evening, the warmest of the summer, to date, Bob Dana walked the streets of his native town. His dominant emotion was joy. Henry Benedict was finished; never again need he stare at that horrible crayon portrait, never again writhe in his chair over the problem of Henry's eyes. He had eight hundred dollars in his pocket, he was twenty-five, life stretched before him gay and wonderful.

At the corner of Park Avenue and Market Street he narrowly escaped being hit by an automobile.

He awoke in time, however, and leaped nimbly to safety. The car ran up to the curb, stopped, and a familiar voice called "Whoo-oo!"

"What's the idea?" asked Dell as he went up to her. "Trying to end it all? You gave me a turn, I'll say."

"Sorry," he apologized. "Just one of those boneheaded pedestrians. You should have run me down. World's better without my sort. Better for motorists, I mean."

"Hop in," she ordered. "I'll give you a spin. It will cool your fevered brow."

"Thanks." He climbed into the seat at her side, and seized his hat just in time as she shot the car off into the night. The cushions were soft, the breeze rushed over

(Continued on Page 85)

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(Continued from Page 82)

him pleasantly. "This is elegant," he said. "And it's an old story to you. Curse the rich!"

"Cut out the cursing," Dell answered. "We had plenty of that at dinner. Father held forth on the subject of Clarence Ward."

"That so? I heard there was quite a little grapple at the bank."

"Sure was! Father's inscription did the work. He asked for a row, and now he's got it. I hope he's satisfied."

"Well, the lad's jazzed things up. Give him credit. Say, I rather like the moon. Take a look at it."

"No, thanks. I was doing just that when I nearly ran over you. Better keep my eyes on the job."

"All right. I'll look at it for you and report. It's a grand old moon, Dell. Same moon I've seen shining on the Arno and on the roses that bloom on the long road up to Fiesole. I've seen it shining on the Colosseum and on the Seine and on lovers in the Luxembourg, and from the Embankment watched it silver the roofs of Parliament and Big Ben in his tower. I've seen it shining on the Atlantic in the wake of a ship when the band was playing an old-fashioned waltz—and now I've seen it shining on your hair."

"Still fond of honey?"

"Oh, Dell! If I could only get up in the morning and have those rolls in Rome—melt in your mouth, they would, and the golden butter, and that honey! Life, Dell, life has possibilities."

"You sound rather happy tonight," she said.

"Why not? Eight hundred hard-earned dollars in my pocket. Going to put over a big real-estate deal in a day or two. Then—there are a few places I haven't caught that old moon shining, and thank God the boats still run."

"I wish I were a man!" Dell said suddenly.

"Well, you're mighty nice as you are," he told her. "But of course—there are advantages. Now, take my own case. So many interesting things I can do. First of all, I ought to find a place to do a bit of work before I wander off again. Know what I'm planning? Little cottage out on the end of Cape Cod, in Provincetown. Exhilarating spot, air like good red licker, sea spray in your face when you go down to watch the fishing boats come in. I can get it for twenty-eight hundred cash. Going to buy it, fill it with my traps, work there when the spirit moves, pull out when the soles itch again. Good idea, eh, Dell?"

"Splendid!" she answered gayly.

"When I'm hard up," he went on, "I can eat fish. They give 'em away. Fish aren't so bad, you know."

"I know," she said softly.

"Little half acre I can call my own. Every man ought to have a place like that. Go there and paint. And when I get blue and lonely, discouraged ——"

"Yes?"

"I can hit the old trail again." They drove along in silence for a time. "Say, Dell," he inquired presently, "have you told your father you're engaged to Herb Ward?"

"No, I haven't," said Dell.

Bob suddenly noticed where they were. She had swung into the Benedict drive and now she brought the car to a stop under an old-fashioned porte-cochère.

Perhaps she had remembered that the front porch was in shadow, that the air was filled with the odor of syringa, and the moon so highly spoken of was tracing fantastic patterns on the close-cropped lawn. Perhaps.

The touch of her strong, slender hand gave him a thrill as he helped her to alight, and as he followed her across the lawn he was saying to himself: "Be careful, you fool. Man in your position can't marry. Silly thing to do, spoils everything, travel all over, nose to the grindstone. Watch your step!"

They went side by side up onto the dark porch. A figure emerged promptly from the shadows to greet them, a rather frail figure in white flannels.

"Why—hello, Herbert," said Della. "What are you doing here?"

"Hello, Dell. Oh, that's you, Bob. Say, Dell, if you don't mind I must see you alone—right away."

"Well, good night," Bob Dana said. "Had a fine ride, Dell."

"Don't go," Dell protested. "Herb just

"None of my business," Bob answered briskly. "Must run along. See you before I leave town."

He walked rapidly, like a man seeking to get out from under some overhanging menace. Through the big gate, down Maple Avenue under the tallest elms in town.

"My boy, my boy," he thought, "that was a narrow one! Another minute and I'd have said something rash. She might have taken me too; women are foolish at times. Me married! Dreadful, dreadful! Herb, old boy, you saved my life. You certainly popped up in the nick of time. Often wondered what the lad was good for—now I know." He stopped for a moment under the trees. "Dell's darn sweet," he admitted. "Darn sweet. If only I had a prosperous hardware business or something of that sort. No use wishing, though. But I wonder is this Ward boy good enough for her?"

His way led him past the office of the Mayfield Tribune. Inside, under a green shaded lamp, he saw Will Varney bending over his desk. He went in.

"I want to thank you for what you wrote about me in the paper tonight," he said. "That about the picture, you know. Did you really mean it?"

"With all my heart," Will Varney answered. His pale, kindly face lighted with enthusiasm. "You're a genius, Bob. You'll make little old Mayfield mighty proud some day."

"I hope so, I'm sure," Bob told him. "But I guess it was the inscription under my latest effort that made the big hit this morning. I hear the riot's on."

Will Varney laughed and tapped a little pile of letters at his elbow. "Here they are," he said. "The first fruits of the controversy."

"What do you mean?"

"Who did the most to influence the life of his times and leave his impress on the town? The letter writers are limbering up. This bunch came in the evening mail. It's just a beginning. Some say Ward, some Benedict, and some have other candidates. Here's a letter from poor old Mrs. Hughes. She thinks her husband, Reverend Elan Hughes—you remember, he preached at the First Church for years—should be elected. Sour old Elan—a gloomy view of the hereafter he expounded. And the Masters family wants to edge in. Their vote goes solid to Fred Masters. But these are also-rans. The main race will be between Benedict and Ward."

"Funny thing to get excited about," commented Bob.

"Isn't it?" Will Varney agreed. "Look about you. Why should any man want to see his father get the credit for sleepy old Mayfield? I can't figure it. And, thinking it over—there's my own father. You remember him, Bob. Year after year, in this paper, he chronicled the history of the town and shaped its opinions. I guess if any man can lay claim —— But, Great Scott, I'm afraid I'm as bad as any of them!"

"Looks that way," Bob laughed. He stood up. "I didn't mean to interrupt. Just came in to say thank you. I'm leaving in a day or two."

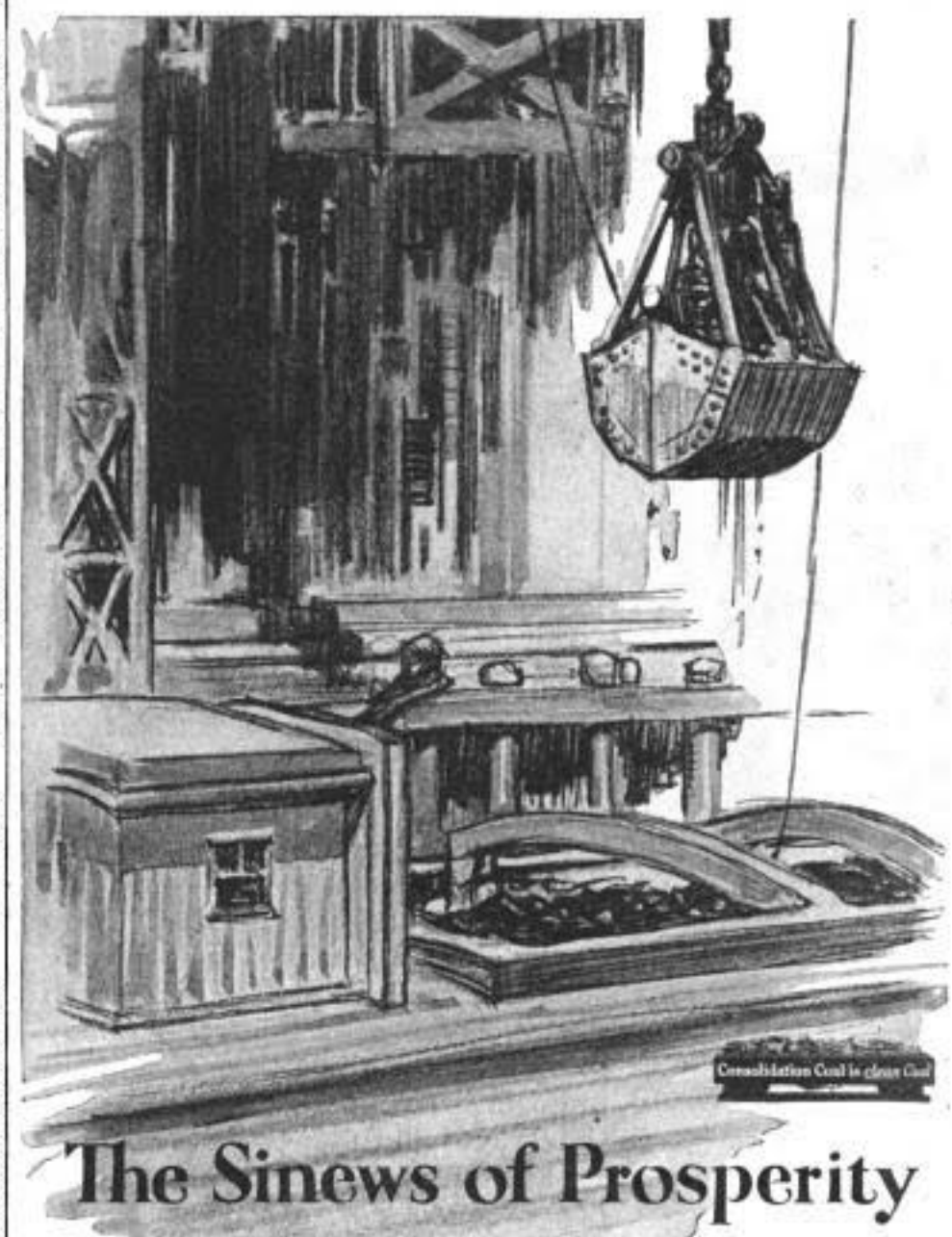
"No?" Varney's face clouded. "I'll be sorry, Bob. You'll never know how I've enjoyed our talks here. All those things you told me about Europe—it was almost as good as though I'd had the trip myself. And about as near as I'll ever get, I guess." He was silent for a moment, thinking of his frustrated ambitions. "Well, I've got my job here." He turned to the pile of copy paper on his desk. "By the way, how do you spell Stuttgart? You know, that town in Germany. Two 't's' in the middle of it, or one?"

"Two, I believe," Bob told him. "But what are you doing in Stuttgart?"

"Why, that was Herman Schall's birthplace," Varney explained. "I've just been writing his obituary. You know Herman left us this afternoon."

III

"WITH regard to the controversy now disrupting Mayfield," Will Varney wrote two days later, "it must be understood that the position of this newspaper is strictly neutral. We have been accused of favoritism by both sides, which is the best proof of our disinterest. Samuel Ward was a splendid type of the old-school jurist, and Henry Benedict was well known up and down the valley as a conservative banker of the highest integrity. The question as [illegible] exerted the largest influence on



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Plate glass is the only glass good enough for your car. It costs a trifle more than ordinary glass, but it makes all the difference in the world in the appearance of a car.

It's the plate glass windows that make it look "well-groomed" and spruce. The surface is perfectly smooth and clean. There are no waves, hollows or bumps to annoy the eye. Plate glass is absolutely uniform in thickness. It stands road shocks and vibration without rattling. It slides easily in the windows and doors, while common glass sticks, rattles and is easily shattered from sudden jolts. Yet the difference in cost is so small it is hardly worth mentioning.

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Nothing Else is Like it

Mayfield seems to us an academic one impossible of solution, but we love excitement and we have furthered the discussion by printing all letters received, save for a few that were anonymous and abusive. Seventeen epistles written by the Ward faction have appeared in print, as have fourteen from the Benedict side. Such is the box score as we go to press. Let the battle rage."

Obligingly the battle did just that. Clarence Ward and Eugene Benedict fought the main engagement in full view of the populace, cutting each other in public, each discovering daily some new means by which to embarrass or belittle the other. Here and there minor skirmishes took place between lesser dependents of the rival houses. Nor did the women hesitate to enter the arena. Few who were present will forget the afternoon meeting of the Ladies' Guild of the First Church, when Mrs. Clarence and Mrs. Eugene encountered each other and demonstrated the possibility of fighting a war with no weapon save the human eye.

Dell Benedict and Herbert Ward alone of the two rival camps remained on friendly terms. Meeting Bob Dana on the street the morning after his abrupt departure when he found Herb Ward among those present on the porch, Dell explained the situation.

"Herb had just dropped over to discuss the great war," she said. "We decided not to let it make any difference between us."

"That's the sensible view to take," Bob approved heartily.

"I knew you'd think so," said Dell with amazing sweetness.

"Oh, absolutely. Silly row anyhow. How can you decide a thing like that? Then you and Herb are still engaged?"

"More so than ever. Herb's been awfully sweet." She held up her hand, displaying a diamond-and-platinum ring. "We told our people all about it. Sort of had to, under the circumstances."

"Must have been good news for your father."

"He nearly passed out. But he knows better than to interfere. Well, that's that. I wanted to tell you—just to make you comfortable in your mind."

"I'm mighty glad you're happy, Dell. That is, of course—if you are happy?"

"Delirious." She smiled up at him. "Come and see me before you leave."

"I sure will."

In the bright light of the morning, with his thoughts traveling the highroad of common sense, on which no moon may shine, this seemed to him excellent news. Good old Herb! The lad was showing a surprisingly level head. But for Herb he might by now be painfully entangled, his career endangered, his wanderings ended. Herb was his insurance, his protection.

"Ought to invite Herb to lunch," he thought. "Show my appreciation somehow."

The following Tuesday night, when he wandered out to the country club to the regular weekly dance, he felt the same way. His business had dragged on longer than he had expected, but it was practically settled now, and he could leave Mayfield very soon. He sat on the club veranda, staring in at the dancers. The orchestra was playing a popular song that referred in sentimental strain to the moment "when it's moonlight in Kalua."

Kalua. Sounded like Hawaii. That was the direction in which he would travel next. The South Seas, on Gauguin's trail, and Stevenson's. He promised himself many a languorous afternoon on some white bathing beach, many a calm, breathless night with the Southern Cross flaming overhead.

Through the open window he caught sight of Dell Benedict dancing in Herb Ward's arms. Dependable old Herb! He watched them approvingly. Dell was lovely, and no mistake. Sometimes, when he was lonely and discouraged, he would think sadly of what might have been. That would, in the last analysis, be much more satisfactory than if what might have been had been. "He travels fastest who travels alone." True talk.

He was still musing gently in this strain when, ten minutes later, Dell appeared, somewhat breathless, before him.

"Bob—I want you to take me home," she said.

He jumped to his feet. "Sure. But I thought—you came with Herb Ward."

"Herb and I have just had the most frightful row," she explained. Bob saw that her eyes were flashing, her cheeks flushed. "He said you'd done a speaking likeness of grandfather, and that several people had heard it say distinctly: 'Pay up tomorrow or I'll put you on the street.'"

"Pretty snappy for Herb."

"And I told him that his old fossil of a grandfather —— Oh, I don't know what I said! I was furious! I may have my own opinion of my family, but no one else can knock it and live." She drew her cloak about her white shoulders. "Come on, Bob."

Bob started nervously. "The ring's gone!" he cried.

"You bet it's gone! Forever!"

"Well, now, Dell—you ought not to get drawn into this foolish argument. It's beneath you. If you'll take my advice ——"

"All right. I can go home alone." She walked briskly away.

"Hold on! Wait a minute! Wait till I get my hat." He dashed into the club. When he reappeared Dell was far down the drive, going strong despite high-heeled dancing pumps. He caught up with her. "I'm mighty sorry, Dell—I have no car. I came by trolley."

"That's the way I'm going home."

"May I—er—come along?"

Dell hadn't a penny with her, and his company was rather essential. But all she said was "If you think you can choke off your fatherly advice."

Conversation sort of languished in the moonlight. He helped her onto the trolley and climbed up beside her. "Not so soft as the seat of Herb's car," he suggested.

"If you can't talk about anything but Herb, don't talk."

He subsided, hurt. Oh, well, women were like this, of course. All sorts of moods and whims and fancies. Sunshine and shadow. Keep a lad stirred up all the time. Better hang on to that precious freedom of his. "When it's moonlight in Kalua"—couldn't get the insidious thing out of his head. "Because you are—not there." Just as well too.

He glanced sideways at Dell's haughty countenance. In spite of himself he could not smother his approval. "Your profile's pure Greek," he said admiringly.

"Grandfather didn't start with a fruit-stand, if that's what you mean," said Dell.

Well, if she wanted to be cross, let her be cross. He'd keep his future thoughts to himself.

In silence they alighted from the street car and crossed the park; still with no word spoken they passed on up the avenue and through the big gate. The porch lay calm in shadow, syringa bloomed on the lawn. Dell held out her hand.

"Thanks for bringing me home. Good-by—if I don't see you again."

"But, Dell—look here—of course you'll see me. I'll come round."

"Oh—don't trouble."

She was gone inside the door—hadn't even asked him to stop a minute. Treated him like a rather tiresome stranger. Women, inexplicable women!

He strolled along down the avenue. Certainly did act haughty, that girl. He pictured her now in her room, head held high, eyes flashing.

Which was all he knew about it. In her room Dell had flung herself across the bed and was weeping bitterly. For Herb, and all the lost glories of romance? Herb, of course.

Will Varney's light was burning. Looking through the window, Bob saw the little editor bending above his pile of exchanges. He went inside.

"See here, Mr. Varney—something's got to be done."

"What do you mean, Bob?"

"This silly feud between the Montagues and Capulets. It's gone far enough. Hearts are being broken, young lovers wrenched apart."

"I suppose so. Such is life in the feud country."

"You know," Bob told him, "before I leave town I'd like to settle this foolish argument once for all. Just naturally kill it."

"Easier said than done. Unless you have an idea."

"Well—something flashed through my mind the other day. I don't know—it seems reasonable. I'll sit down if you don't mind."

"Sure, Bob; sure. Push those papers off the chair—that's right."

Bob Dana sat and crossed his long legs. "You know, when I'm away from Mayfield

(Continued on Page 88)

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"I'll be ready in a minute. This is Palmolive Shaving Cream" Copyright 1922—The Palmolive Co. 1646

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The smoothest, easiest shave men ever knew

By V. K. Cassady, B. S., M. S.
Chief Chemist

GENTLEMEN: We know your views on shaving cream. You are using one you like well, and have no wish to change.

We would never trouble you—never offer you this 10-shave test—did we not know that we had something better.

1,000 men consulted

Some years ago we asked 1,000 men to tell us what they wanted in a shaving cream. They all agreed on four things, and we've met those ideals as was never done before.

Then we added one other from our own knowledge—something no layman knew. And we have made a shaving cream which far surpasses anything you know.



It multiplies itself in lather 250 times

Tried 130 formulas

We know soap chemistry. One of our soaps—Palmolive—has become the leading toilet soap of the world.

We have devoted our lifetime—all of us here—to making better soaps.

But we have tried 130 formulas before we got a shaving cream to suit. It took 18 months to, step by step, perfect the soap you want.



Acts in one minute

What we attained

At the end we attained these things:

A cream that multiplies itself in lather 250 times. A tiny bit—just one-half gram—suffices for a shave.

A cream that acts quickly. Within one minute the beard absorbs 15% of water, and that's enough. No finger-rubbing, no hot towels are required.

A lather that maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.

The Five Qualities
you most desire

1—Multiplies itself in lather 250 times, so one-half gram suffices for a shave.
2—Causes the beard to, in one minute, absorb 15% of water. No finger-rubbing.
3—Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face. No replacing.
4—Supports the hairs for easy cutting, for the bubbles are substantial.
5—Leaves the face smooth and soft, free from irritation, because it applies palm and olive, the great cosmetic oils.

A soap with strong bubbles to support the hairs. That's a quality you overlooked. Light bubbles break, so the hairs lie down. That's why you miss so many—why you go over and over a surface.



Delightful after-effects

A cream that is also a lotion—based on palm and olive oils. It soothes and softens, cleans the pores, and leaves the face in an ideal condition.

Give us 10 shaves

What we ask is this: Permit us to send you a 10-shave tube. Use, watch and compare it—criticise or praise it, as you will.

Remember our claims and see if this soap fulfills them.

Then do as results suggest. Get more, use it always, or tell us that we have not met your wants.

Do this in fairness to yourself and us. Millions of men are adopting our cream. Tens of thousands of letters tell us how we have pleased them. Now, please, let us have your vote.

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Wilson Bro's

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WILSON BRO'S, CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 86)

and think about the town I always remember the amazing amount of sickness here. My mother was never very well, and I used to go to the doctor for her—in the evenings mostly. And I can still picture Doc Cunningham's office, every chair taken, people standing along the walls—dreary, discouraged-looking people."

"Yes." Will Varney nodded. "Always been a surprising lot of doctoring here. Doctoring for this and that. You've noticed Cunningham's big house on Maple Avenue. Doctoring built that."

"Precisely. Now, Mr. Varney, tell me—what sort of men were the leading citizens here—the ones who ran the town?"

Will Varney smiled.

"You mean Ward and Benedict and that crowd? Take a look at Mayfield for your answer. Twenty years behind the times, this town is; you've heard me say so before. Lying here sound asleep through the biggest boom this valley has ever known. Benedict and Ward and their gang did that—conservative, suspicious of everything new, shouting their selfish slogan 'Keep the strangers out.'"

"I thought so," Bob Dana said. "Sour old parties, as I remember them. Looked at life through jaundiced eyes. Depressed and irritable and grouchy."

"You've said it," Varney agreed. "And their dispositions molded this town. I could give you a thousand examples, and Benedict would figure in a lot of them. We might have been on the main line of the railroad, but Benedict got a stubborn spell over some land he owned that was necessary to the scheme. Oh, he was a lovely old chap. I can still see him sitting in that little office of his, looking at prospective borrowers through those cold, fishy eyes. Heaven help the man who had to go to Benedict for a loan! It didn't take long for the word to spread that the banking interests here were unfriendly, so new business gave this town a wide berth." The little editor leaned back in his chair; it creaked faintly beneath him. "And Ward! The Turner steel mills might have located here, but Judge Ward blocked the move. Said it would bring in a lot of dirty foreigners. I think of him as he sat on the bench—never dishonest, I don't mean that—but severe. Too blamed severe. Mercy wasn't in his vocabulary. He wrecked a good many lives that a little sympathy and understanding would have carried along to happiness. I tell you, Bob, this town owes a lot to Ward and Benedict and their gang." Will Varney finished. "A lot they're not boasting about now, wherever they may be."

"Rather mean old men," Bob Dana said. "That's how I picture them. Mean and dissatisfied and bitter." He leaned forward suddenly. "I'll bet both Ward and Benedict suffered tortures from dyspepsia," he added.

"Most people do—most middle-aged people," Varney replied. "In Mayfield, at any rate. For years we've had a lot of trouble with hired girls here—eating has been a rather catch-as-catch-can affair. Now you mention it, Ward and Benedict did have dyspepsia. Yes, both of 'em had it mighty bad."

Bob Dana laughed, and stood up. "That's all I want to know," he said.

Will Varney gave him a long look. "By Gad," he cried, "I begin to get you!" He leaped enthusiastically to his feet. "And you're right, boy, you're dead right!"

"I'm going to hop on a train and run up to Cleveland in the morning," Bob told him. "I can get what I need up there. A modest supply of modeling clay."

"Modeling clay," Varney chuckled. "Yes, that's what you want."

"You'll help me with this?" Bob asked.

"Will I?" The little editor's eyes twinkled. "You bet your life I will!"

For three days Bob Dana was not much in evidence on the streets of Mayfield. The hotel help reported that he seemed to be extremely busy in his room.

On Saturday morning Eugene Benedict drove down to the bank about 8:30, as was his custom. The sun lay blazing hot on the brick pavement of Maple Avenue, and Eugene sped over it savagely, for he was feeling hot himself.

He had just seen Clarence and Herbert Ward strolling down to their law office, and the sight of them nowadays tended to infuriate him.

As Eugene approached the corner of the park at Main and Market streets he was surprised to see a crowd gathered on the lawn in open violation of the notice, posted everywhere: "Keep Off the Grass!" He slowed down his car. An old friend caught sight of him and waved.

"Come here, 'Gene," he shouted. "This will interest you."

His curiosity suddenly aroused, Eugene parked his car at the curb and pushed his way through the crowd. It parted to give him gangway, a favor he accepted as due to the president of the First National Bank. In another moment he came upon the center of Mayfield's interest.

On a cheap oak pedestal that suggested the Mayfield Furniture Store he beheld a figure about three feet high. It was modeled in clay and took the form of a short, heavy man in middle age. The face was flat and on a pudgy little nose spectacles rested. The generous stomach was covered by what appeared to be an apron; a cap rested on the head. It was a tribute to Bob Dana's skill that Eugene, like all the other spectators, recognized the figure at first glance. As the banker stood there staring he could almost hear the querulous, cracked voice: "Louie—Louie—turn down dot gas!"

Hanging about the feet of the figure was a placard that might have been printed in the job department of the Mayfield Daily Tribune. Eugene read:

ERECTED IN MEMORY OF
HERMAN SCHALL THE BAKER

WHO GAVE ALL HIS CONTEMPORARIES INDIGESTION AND THUS MORE THAN ANY OTHER MAN INFLUENCED THE LIFE OF HIS TIMES AND LEFT HIS IMPRESS ON THE TOWN

WE ASKED FOR BREAD AND HE GAVE US A STONE

While the citizens of Mayfield grinned and nudged one another Eugene Benedict read the placard a second time.

IV

AT SIX o'clock that evening Bob Dana sat in old man Cornell's easy-chair with the last edition of the Tribune before him. In his leading editorial, entitled Herman Schall, Will Varney ably seconded Bob's efforts of the morning. He began with the Herman of fifty years before, a young man newly arrived from Germany, who came to Mayfield and started the town's first bakeshop. He carried him along until the time, years later, when Herman's delivery wagon stood before the houses of both high and low, and Herman's bread was the daily diet of all Mayfield.

"Such bread!" Will Varney wrote. "Herman had the habit of thrift. To the outward view his product was O.K., but the heart of the loaf was only partially baked, still fermenting, indigestible. Those who ate it experienced very shortly a deep and dark depression, their outlook on life turned gloomy.

"Herman never figured as a leading citizen of Mayfield. Other men were in the limelight, directing the destinies of the town. But back of these men were a number of vital influences, and not the least of these, moving on tiptoe through his dim kitchen, doling out the coal or turning down the gas, was Herman Schall the baker. It is not at all improbable that to Herman's bread may be traced a thousand heartaches and tragedies—divorces, business failures, meannesses and wrongs.

"The editor of this newspaper has thought things over, and he has no hesitation in announcing that, in so far as his columns are concerned, the controversy that has been raging hereabouts for some days is settled for all time.

"Settled by the election of Herman Schall to the post of honor that stood as the ultimate prize."

Bob dropped the paper and sat staring out across the park. His telephone rang.

"Hello," he said. "Hello, Dell. What's the good word?"

"Seems to be Schall," she answered. "Started a lot of excitement, didn't you?"

"Think so? How is your father feeling?"

"Oh, he'll recover. As a matter of fact the old dear seems to have a sense of humor, after all. His dignity was outraged for a while, but he's come round. He's just talked with Clarence Ward over the telephone."

"No! An armistice?"

"Permanent peace, I fancy. They agreed that maybe you're right. Father is going to take down that inscription and replace it with a simple plate—just grandfather's name and the dates. Clarence Ward is wondering how you edit a tombstone.

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You see, that famous sentiment won't sound anything but ridiculous round here for a long time to come."

"Well, Dell, I'm certainly glad to hear all this. It's what I was trying to do, you know. Put an end to the feud."

"I gathered that."

Silence over the wire.

"Er—have you called up Herb Ward and waved the white flag?"

"Me? Say, Bob, you certainly know all about girls. An open book to you."

"Well, has he called you up?"

"I don't know. I've been out. Mighty kind of you to take such an interest."

"Not at all. Want the young people to be happy."

"Old Grandpa Fixit. Leaving soon?"

"Been packing all afternoon. Pull out tomorrow."

"Well, good-by—if I don't see you again."

"Dell—where do you get that stuff? I'll be up this evening to say good-by."

"Sweet of you to trouble. I'll try and have Herb on hand."

"Oh, never mind Herb."

"I'll have him here. Want you to be happy, too, old lad. See you later."

Bob ate one final dinner at the Mayfield House. His pockets bulged with money, life was beckoning, rumor had it that the boats still ran. But somehow he wasn't feeling so elated after all.

At eight o'clock he came abreast of the cast-iron deer on the Benedict lawn, and three seconds later Dell gave him her hand at the top of the steps. An amazingly lovely Dell, starry-eyed in the dusk, gentle and calm and restful.

Bob looked anxiously about. "I don't see young Herb."

"No," said Dell. "Herb hasn't called up. Pity, isn't it?"

"Oh, don't worry. He'll come round. Herb's no fool."

"I'm not worrying. Have you time to sit down?"

"Sure." Bob dropped into a chair. Life was certainly mighty peaceful, there in the shadow on the porch. He leaned back and heaved a sigh of deep content. The syringa was still in blossom, lilies nodded in the distance, roses climbed a trellis. Roses with the moon on them, recalling the fragrant walls on the long road up to Fiesole.

"Are you really leaving tomorrow?" Dell asked. "I'd begun to think you were never going."

"That's true hospitality. But don't fret—I'm off this time."

"Provincetown, I believe you said."

"Yes—Provincetown," he answered. "I've wired a friend to get me an option on that cottage. Going to be just the place for me."

"Sounds like it, I'm sure." Her tone was brisk and cheerful.

"I love the roar of the surf. Some people find it disturbing. Restful, I call it."

"That's good. You'll get a lot of work done, I hope."

"I'll certainly have a try at it. And afterwards—well, look to the East for me. The South Seas. China. Pick up all in a minute some bright morning. Just lock the door and go."

"It must be wonderful," Dell said. "I mean—to have no ties. Nothing to hold you. Just yourself." Somewhere in the house a telephone rang.

"Yes—pretty good feeling," Bob assured her.

A maid appeared at the door. "It's that Mr. Ward again, miss."

"I'll go," said Dell. "If you'll excuse me, Bob."

She was away some time. When she reappeared, Bob Dana was anxious.

"Young Herb, eh? Fix everything up?"

"Count on me," Dell said. "It's all fixed. Nothing to worry about."

"Sensible thing to do, of course," said Bob.

"Of course," Dell agreed.

He tipped back his chair, leaned his head against the cool bricks of the house. After a long silence he spoke: "That cottage only has three rooms."

"Three ought to be plenty for you," said Dell.

"For me—yes. But I've been thinking—times when I've just finished a picture—sort of depressed—need somebody round who thinks I'm wonderful."

"How about a dog?"

"Dog, nothing."

"Some people prefer cats," Dell said.

Another silence. "Dell," he said. "I don't know what ails me."

"Something ail you?" she inquired politely.

"Seems to. My head's all wrong. Mind's affected. Keep thinking to myself how almighty sweet you are."

"Better stop it," Dell advised. "Spoil all your fun, a girl would."

"Oh, I don't know. Depend a lot on the girl. If she happened to be a good scout—ready to pick up and go at a minute's notice ——"

"Ain't no such animal," said Dell.

"How'd you like fish, Dell? As a steady diet, I mean?"

"I'd hate 'em."

He pondered. "Sorry to hear that. There's one room in that cottage—you'd love it. Looks right over at Spain."

"Spain—where the boats run. You'll travel faster alone. For your own sake, Bob—try and be sensible."

Again the telephone rang. The two on the porch waited in silence. In a moment the maid reappeared, and Dell rose. Bob stood beside her.

"It was only Mr. Ward, miss. I hung up the receiver—just the way you did."

The girl vanished into the dim hall. Bob turned slowly toward Dell. He seized her hand.

"Look here, Dell—you never intended to take him!"

"Who says so?"

"I do. Well, this settles it." He held her close. "And maybe it won't be so bad. You didn't really mean that—about hating fish?"

"I—I guess not, Bob."

"Dell! And that bright morning—just before we lock the door. It won't take you long to pack?"

"Five minutes. Only an overnight bag."

"That's the talk!"

He kissed her. He was a little breathless. "Hard luck for you, Dell. I mean—marrying me."

"Oh, I don't know," Dell whispered. "I believe I'm going to like it."



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Out on a Limb—Yellowstone National Park



Two ways to eliminate the "Neglected Inch" from your home

THERE are two ways to curb the damage done by the "Neglected Inch". Stop moving your furniture, or equip it with Bassick Casters. The first is impossible—you must move a chair; you can't very well sweep behind a Davenport without pushing it to one side. Yet if you move your furniture on faulty casters, casters which stick and drag broadside across the floor, you are bound to have torn rugs, marred floors, rickety furniture.

When two hundred pounds of steel or iron rubs against a piece of wood, the wood can't help getting scratched.

Bassick Casters are made the proper size to sustain the weight of your furniture. They roll easily with as little friction as possible. When a chair or table is turned, the casters swivel immediately. The Diamond Velvet Socket takes care of that.

And then Bassick Casters for use on hardwood floors are equipped with the Feltoid Wheel. This special feature eliminates any chance of mars and scars, and all noise.

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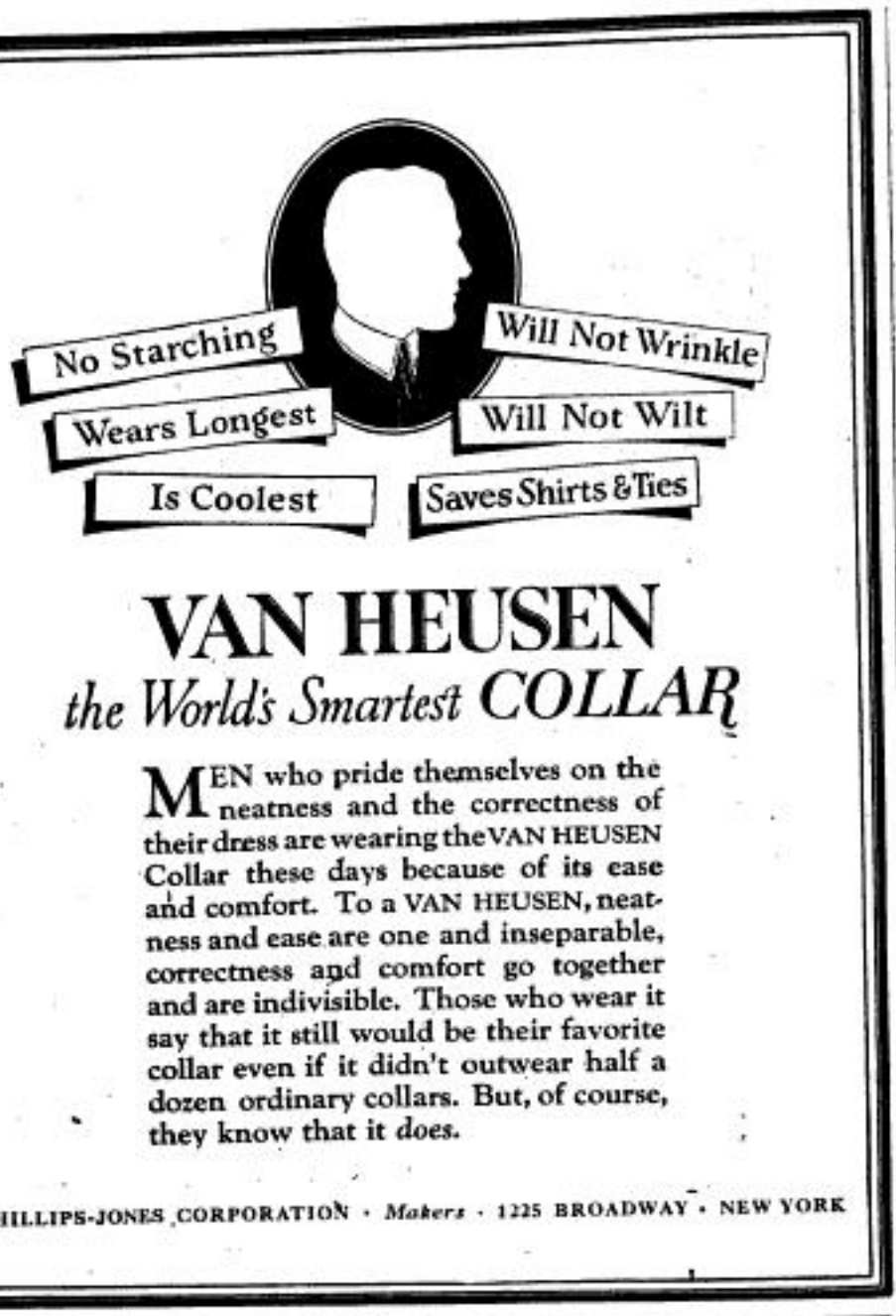
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THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 23)

was figured, in the days of sane proportions, that the ratio of rent to income should not by any means keep pace with the increase of income. A man hesitated to pay over thirty dollars a month for a house on an income of $200 a month. Incomes above that were the exception, and still are. In the smaller communities there is still a large measure of expense sanity; in New York, almost none.

Here in this typical New York apartment house is this group of average New Yorkers contributing 70-odd per cent of their earnings for living quarters, pathetically inadequate at that!

To broaden the survey I investigated rents by personal visits to other apartment houses, district by district. Then searching the city directory for names lying within these districts, I classified 1000 persons of the salaried group. By comparisons and tabulations of occupations and living districts, it was easy to estimate the proportion of their probable income to the indicated rent. And the total income of the 1000 persons was something more than half the total rentals.

How can these people pay such rents? Take, for example, the case of John X, who is one of the forty-three tenants of the apartment house I cited. At forty his salary as clerk in a downtown office is $2200 a year, and he has a wife and two young children. Twenty years ago John X came to New York from a small New England town to take a position found for him in an office. Since then he has held six clerical jobs, with intervals of unemployment. Once he was out of work nearly a year. The memory of that year has seared his soul.

How do John X and his family live on $760 remaining after paying rent? He says they skimp by. Surely their sacrifices are heroic. Sometimes contributions of second-hand clothing come from relatives elsewhere, and sometimes they have a boarder. But they are eternally on the ragged edge of the abyss.

John Y, another of the forty-three tenants, is an accountant on forty dollars a week, or $2080 a year. He has one of the apartments at $150 a month, or 86.5 per cent of his salary. But he has two sons at work, and their meager joint income is wholly consumed in the struggle. Having known no other plane of living they regard New York as standard. These boys never went to high school; they stand no chance of special training. They are job hunters.

Making Ends Meet

Then there is John Z, a salesman in a shoe store. His wife works in a department store, and his daughter in a small shop. Their rent is 50-odd per cent of their combined income.

In New York the normal proportions of various items of living costs are indeed altered. The one overwhelming, enormously pyramided item is housing cost. Rents were 300 per cent above normal nation-wide proportions even before the war, and since then they have gone up 50 per cent—often 100 per cent.

Before the United States can restore its sociological equilibrium this factor of proportion must be restored to something near its correct figure. But in New York a normal ratio has not existed for generations, and of course cannot be expected. As long as New York is New York, people cannot live there and enjoy the right proportions of rent and living costs.

And don't forget that the fundamental basis of family prosperity is and always will be the ability to save—the margin between earning capacity and expenses. On this factor—lacking in New York for the vast majority—rests the fate of the family, which means the fate of the nation. So the bigger our cities grow the more families will descend to penury.

You cannot get away from the fundamentals of human nature. Within a few generations something is going to happen. If it comes suddenly it will be social revolution and war. The spark of independence still remaining will ignite. Let us hope the revulsion will come gradually from a change of sentiment and the scattering of people to where they can restore the normal proportions of life.

This article is not meant to be destructive, but to point the way so far as possible. But first we must face conditions as they are.

Consider the habit of mind into which John X has drifted during his two decades in New York. He still retains some of the instincts of the independence he knew in New England, and he'd like to escape from New York if he could find a way out; but like several million other New Yorkers, he has utterly lost his power to reach out for his independence.

The dominating trait in John X's character has come to be fear. The shadow of possible job hunting continually darkens his daily grind. Next to old age and dependence, unemployment is the thing he fears most.

John X fears poverty, fears the landlord, fears his employer and those who execute his employer's orders. Every morning his chief concern is fear of being late at the office, which will militate against his job. All day he is beset by a host of fears over trifling details of his work. He fears to assume the slightest authority.

The Tyrant in the Basement

At home he fears the janitor next to the rent man, for this functionary in his petty way holds extraordinary powers. If John X fails to come across with satisfactory tribute the family may find itself on a hot day or in illness without milk or ice. Other deliveries may be mysteriously missing or delayed.

Likewise, friendly relations must be maintained with the elevator boy and the telephone girl. There are sure methods of revenge. Even in many high-grade apartment houses the janitor dictates who shall or shall not deliver goods in the building—and this includes milk and in some measure other edibles. If maids are advertised for applicants may be sidetracked in some unaccountable way.

But John X scarcely resents this sort of thing. He bows under the yoke meekly; clammy acceptance is part of the New York mind. He even accepts the landlord's idea of a heated flat. In winter he takes it as a matter of course that his apartment will be cold between ten at night and seven in the morning; he fears continually the danger and discomfort of the cold during night sickness.

The habit of fear has undermined John X's individuality. Every movement and thought is tyrannically dictated by others; he is incapacitated for directing his own fortune, and hopelessly overshadowed by vast institutions.

In the New York mind you find little of the pioneering spirit—the red-blooded eagerness for adventure and rebellion against adverse conditions. There is no longer the resolve to be master of one's own destiny. Once inoculated with the virus of the New York mind, the atrophy of will, courage and vision quickly begins. Exceptions are relatively few. New York's tonic is furnished in constant doses from outside. The big concerns send to the smaller communities for new blood.

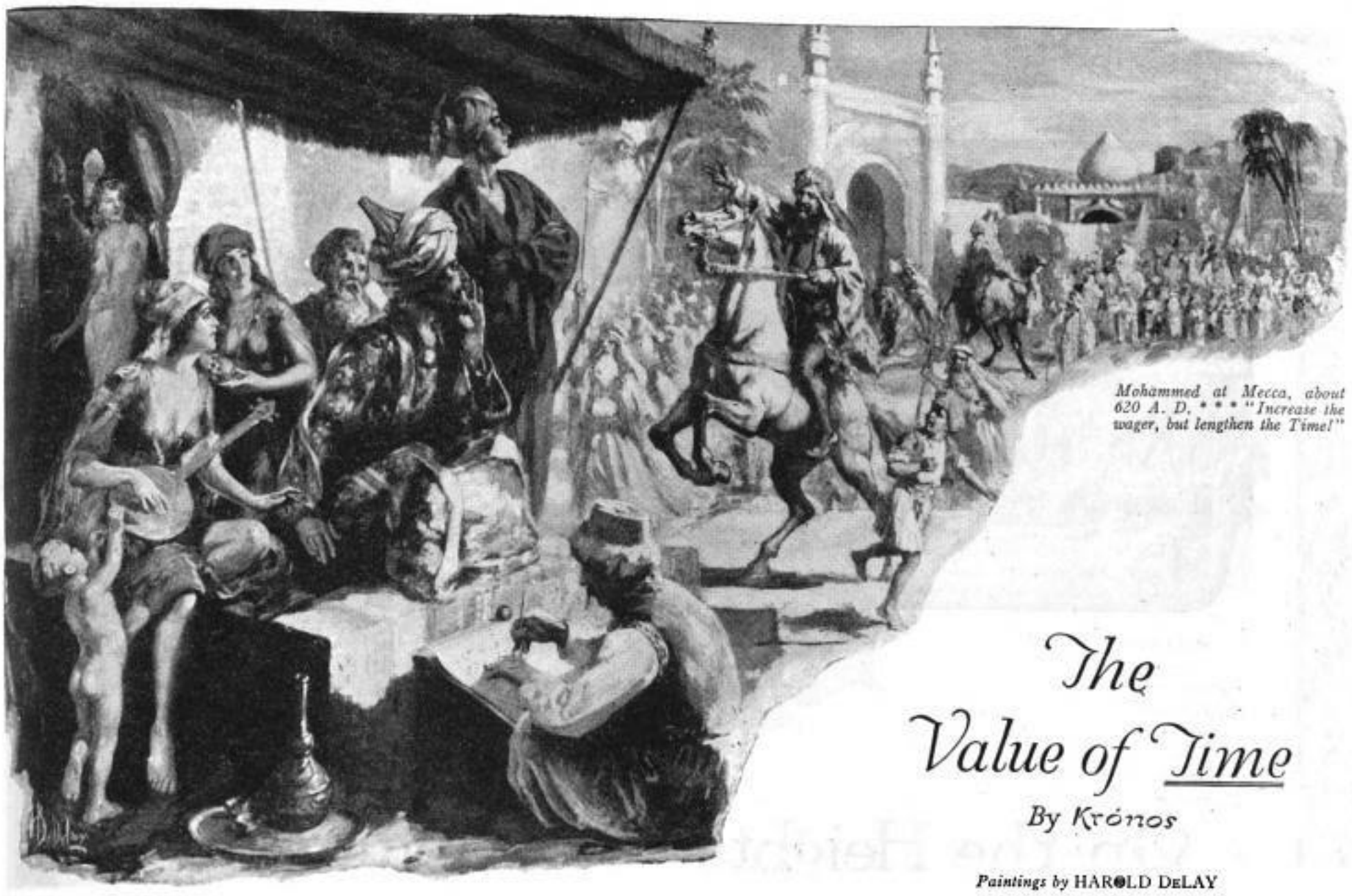
A few generations ago the iron men of the open were at least masters of themselves and of their work and homes. With grim but unhesitating valor they packed their belongings into covered wagons and took their families, with rifle and dog, out into the unknown. And if their ultimate destiny was not scintillating fame it was at least their own; and the strong men and big things of this nation have come from these pioneers.

Not so today with the millions of people herded into the confines of the metropolis. Here hundreds of thousands of men, young and old alike, meekly submit. Their blood no longer boils at the normal man's boiling point. The right to their own souls is no more an inalienable prerogative. In the vast crush of humanity they go with the crowd; there is no escape unless they get out of the current, and they have forgotten how to navigate rapids.

The New York classified directory lists 4600 apartment houses on Manhattan Island and in the Bronx district. There are numberless thousands of other apartments

(Continued on Page 93)

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*Mohammed at Mecca, about 620 A. D. * * * "Increase the wager, but lengthen the Time!"*

The Value of Time

By Krónos

Paintings by HAROLD DeLAY

Below, at right, three views of Elgin Presentation Watch with "Mecca" Bow, $325 • The Presentation Series embodies the new 19-Jewel C. H. Hulburd Movement, 12-size bridge model, extremely thin.

All watches of this new series have the Invar-Steel Balance, which minimizes temperature variation and makes for remarkably accurate timekeeping.

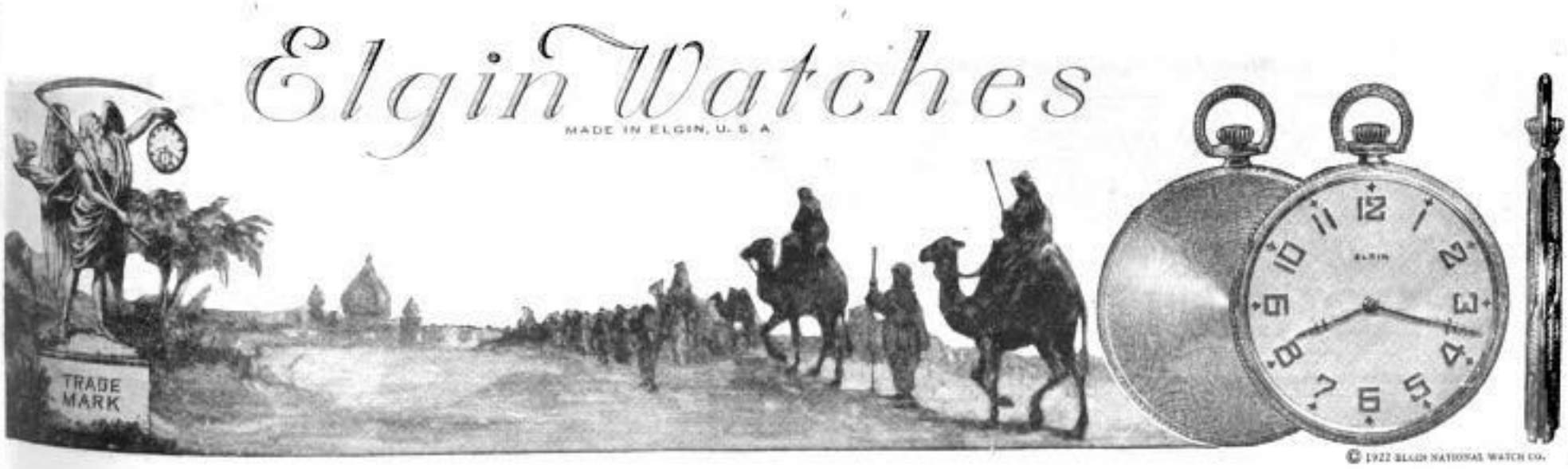
Each Presentation Watch is an individual creation. Cased in a pleasing variety of exclusive designs, in White, Green and Yellow Gold—$325 to $500 • • The Elgin Presentation Series is considered the last word in the Gift Idea as applied to modern business and social requirements.

TO MOHAMMED, life was a waiting game. Time lifted him from poverty to power. Like Caesar, he sensed Time's value to the full, but for the Roman's whirlwind dispatch he substituted the patience of the Orient. "Now!" was Caesar's watchword. "*Wait!*" was Mohammed's.

An Arab rival ridiculed Mohammed's prophecy of the end of Persian domination. "Master," cried Abu, the Prophet's zealous bodyguard, spurring hotly through the gates of Mecca, "I have wagered him ten camels that it will come true within three years!"

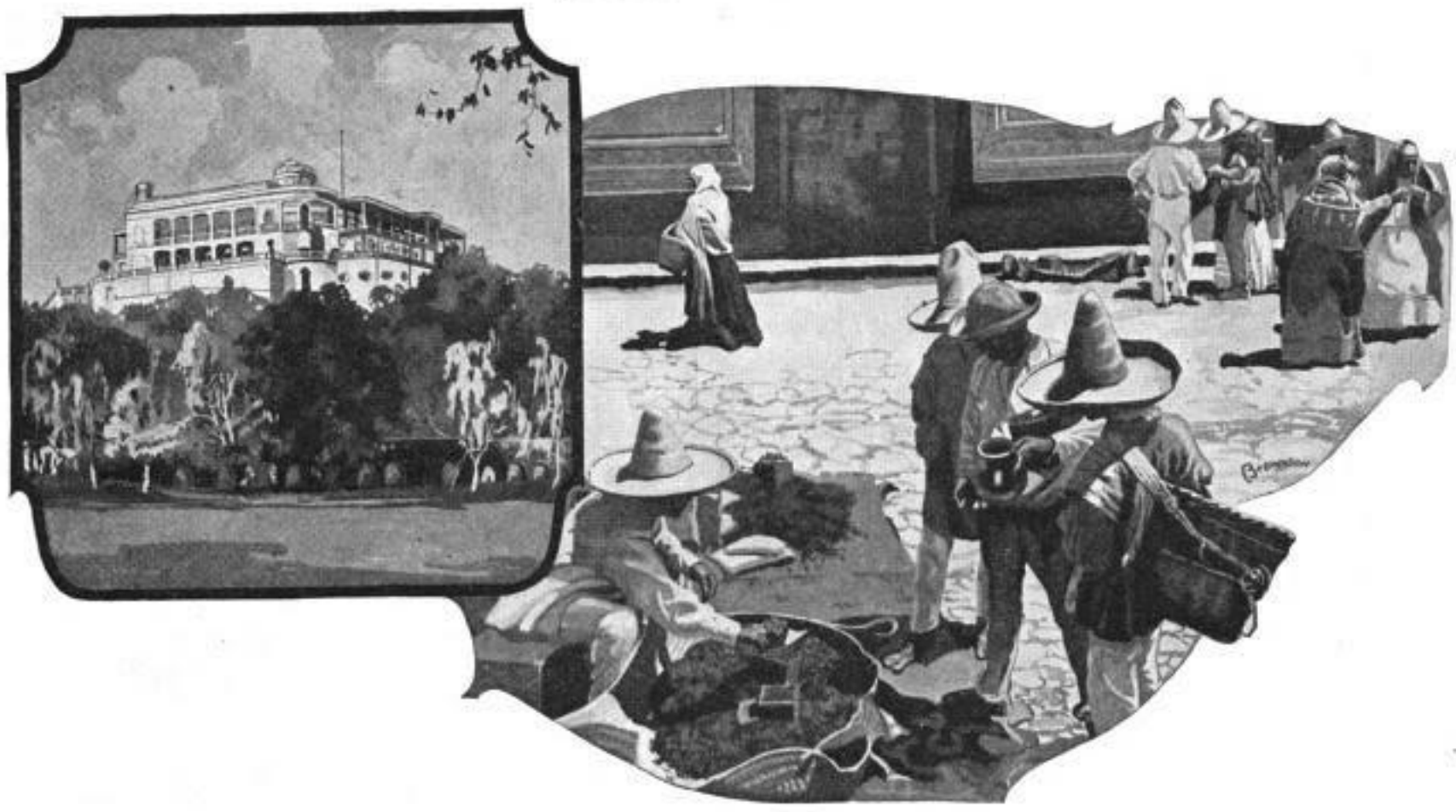
"Increase the wager," came the Prophet's crafty whisper, "but *lengthen the Time!*" Abu promptly trebled the Time and staked *one hundred* camels —and won!

The flight of thirteen centuries—which has increased Mohammed's following to three hundred million souls—has brought to the world a steadily deepening sense of *the Value of Time*, and of the responsibility which rests on those matchless guardians of the priceless minutes of our day—



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On the Heights of Chapultepec

At *El Castillo de Chapultepec*, standing high above the Capital City of Mexico, a Wayne Pump has been chosen to supply gasoline to the official automobile of Mexico's chief executive—the political, if not the lineal, descendant of Montezuma of the ancient empire.

And naturally so. Wayne equipment will be found wherever the desire exists for year-in and year-out dependability, continuous accuracy, and rapidity and cleanliness of operation—those essential qualities sought by expert buyers of gasoline pumps, oil storage systems, water softening systems, and air compressors, the world over.

And, too, what is more natural than that the distinction of serving leaders of governments should fall upon the leader of its industry? Wayne's position as a manufacturer of gasoline pumps, and oil storage systems has been gained by sheer superiority of product.

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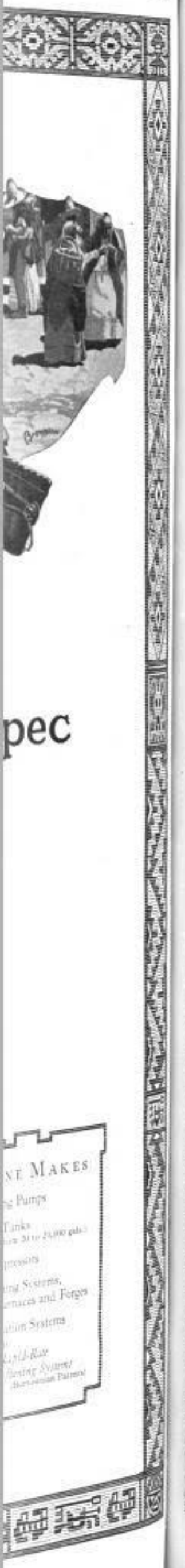
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HONEST MEASURE PUMPS

6 M-C

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(Continued from Page 90)

in smaller buildings. In one typical four-story brownstone row I found two-room furnished suites renting from fifteen to nineteen dollars a week. The latter rental would aggregate $988 a year. In the Bronx, with 750,000 people, only 8 per cent own their homes. These the apartment houses are displacing.

On upper Broadway are numerous great apartment buildings where the rentals range from $400 to $1000 a room per year.

On Broadway between Seventieth and Eightieth streets is a twelve-story building where you can get three unfurnished rooms for $3300; or the same rooms furnished for $3600; or two unfurnished rooms for $1900.

On Broadway in the seventies you may find a seven-room unfurnished apartment with three baths for $3500, and a little farther north, nine rooms, unfurnished, for $5000.

On Broadway in the eighties are some seven-room apartments, including two rooms with a bath between for maids, for $3500. In this building are more than 160 apartments.

On Broadway near Ninetieth Street is a great building, with five, six and seven room unfurnished suites that rent from $2200 to $3500. Near by you may find some very nice five-room suites for $3000, but if you want one with a maid's room you will pay $600 additional. With wages from fifteen to twenty-five dollars a week, and food, a maid costs from $1500 to $2500 a year.

On Riverside Drive, bordering the Hudson for nine miles, some of the older buildings have apartments of nine or ten rooms, at $4000 and up. Suites in new buildings, four to six rooms, run from $2000 to $3500.

Where do such tenants come from? Of course many are business men, and others to whom even $10,000 a year is reasonable rent. There are apartments on Park and Fifth avenues that rent from $25,000 to $30,000, whole floors of fifteen to twenty rooms. A building on Fifth Avenue has apartments where the lowest rental is $6000 and the highest $12,500. Hundreds of rich men drift into New York every year from all over the country, to make their homes. Thousands of near-rich families come there to spend a year or two, much as they would go to Europe. Many families bring their children for educational purposes. These groups continually supply a market for expensive apartments. Yet the great bulk of renters must come from the families who live permanently in New York and subsist on salaries.

New York Salaries

Even in New York $10,000 salaries are not plentiful. Here are average figures I obtained through personal inquiry from a large number of concerns: Sales managers range from $6000 to $15,000; assistants, $3500 to $8000; topnotch salesmen, $5000 to $15,000; branch managers, $5000 to $15,000; merchandise managers, $4000 to $8000; high mercantile executives in general, $6000 to $18,000; traffic managers, $3000 to $6000; engineers of reputation, $5000 to $10,000; purchasing agents, up to $10,000; advertising men, $6000 to $15,000. The higher extremes mentioned are infrequent.

In surveying this type of renters, too, I made a city-directory investigation of several hundred names, occupations and home locations, and it showed the proportion of rent just as high as that paid by the middle class.

Inquiry among the agents of such buildings brings to light many curious stories. A theater executive drawing $5000 a year paid $2900 for his apartment; a department-store man on $6500 paid $3100; two young bachelors earning not far from $3000 apiece pay $3600 for a suite of two bedrooms and living room. An instance is given of a corporation executive whose rent of $6500 actually exceeded his salary by $500, but was paid for a couple of years on borrowed money to further the social ambitions of his wife. A high executive on a salary of $30,000 cut a swell in a $15,000 apartment, and kept five servants, but had to economize by moving into a $10,000 apartment. A lawyer who paid $10,500 for a nine-room suite ran behind many months and was evicted.

What is the mind of these people that they will pay—and continue to pay year after year—a killing percentage of their income for a place to live? What are the mental phenomena taking place in the family lives of this higher group? Are their minds materially different from those of the middle group?

Ask the average head of such a family why he pays $2500 to $3000 a year for a small apartment in New York, when for $1000 he could get a fairly large and attractive apartment or house in the suburbs, and he will answer something like this: "I don't want any of that commuting business; besides, my family will not listen to leaving the city. Inconvenient to the theaters, you know—and so far from the heart of things!"

But for the average New Yorker the theater and the dress suit are not really important considerations. Theaters feed largely on outsiders; few New Yorkers go more than once a month during the winter. They must and do economize somewhere. Being in the heart of things simply means crowds, glaring lights, noise, towering buildings. Even granting the lure of these things, the fact remains that it overcomes the better judgment and wipes out the sense of proportion which is always the foundation of financial independence. The intoxicating but subtly poisonous aura of New York holds its people in bondage and kills bold and independent thinking.

Housing in the Suburbs

For the higher-salaried New Yorkers the suburbs certainly offer enormous reductions in rents. But for the middle-class salaried people suburban life is full of obstacles; at least, obstacles to the New York mind. To the independent and daring mind of former decades this would not be so. There are hundreds of thousands of suitable building sites available within twenty miles of New York for a few hundred dollars, and owners, largely with their own hands, could build temporary homes of two or three rooms. Groups of neighbors could unite in this procedure. A man of this mind could acquire for very little money a place to live, pending the accumulation of means to build a permanent home. Indeed, all around New York you will find such temporary homes by the hundreds—built by men who have escaped from the New York mind.

But things which the pioneer accepted as commonplace the New Yorker considers impossible. He thinks only in terms of six or twelve story buildings; of janitors, steam heat, rent collectors. Live in a shanty? No, not even temporarily to lay the foundation of later independence.

John Doe is employed in a New York office at $2400 a year. Twelve miles out in New Jersey he pays $70 a month for an apartment. His monthly commutation ticket costs about $100 a year. This takes him only to the Hudson River; then he goes by tunnel train to uptown New York, paying ten cents. This brings his personal transportation up to $160.

Others of his family together average two trips to New York a week, totaling $135 without additional car fare in New York. He lives a mile from the railroad station and stores in his home town, and local transportation amounts to $75 a year; with an occasional taxicab, $100. This brings the total around $400. Seventeen per cent of his income for transportation is enormously out of proportion. Doe pays for rent and transportation $100 a month—out of an income of $200.

Every morning tens of thousands of girls and women teem into New York from suburban communities. Today the average wage for a stenographer is twenty or twenty-two dollars a week—less than the average in smaller cities. Yet these women have a transportation expense of forty to sixty cents a day. This and modest lunches cost around 23 per cent of earnings. Then a girl spends an hour and a half to two hours a day getting to and from her work, and often must stand the whole distance.

Above One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street on Manhattan Island one finds more apartments bordering on the tenement class, at rents from fifteen to twenty dollars a room per month. The tenants include a large percentage of people of fair education and associations, who are out of their element in these bare and often dirty walk-up buildings. Typical three-room apartments can be rented for fifty to sixty-five dollars a month. I was in a fifty-five-dollar apartment on the fifth floor opening only on an inside court. It was occupied by the

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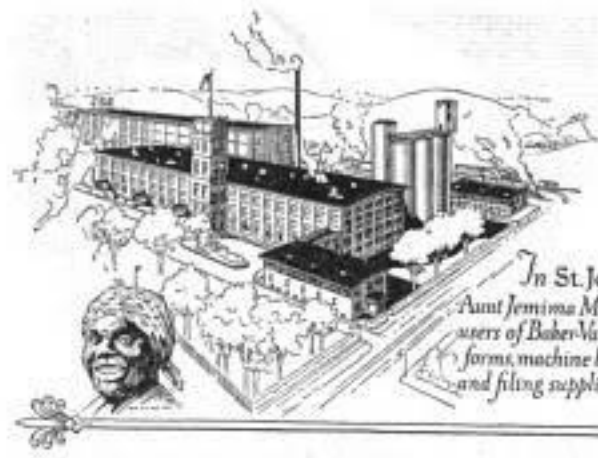


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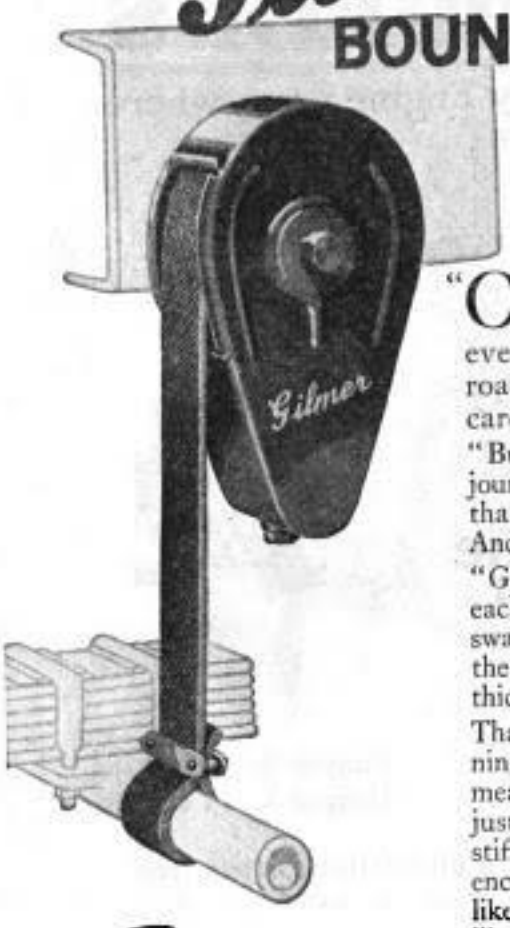
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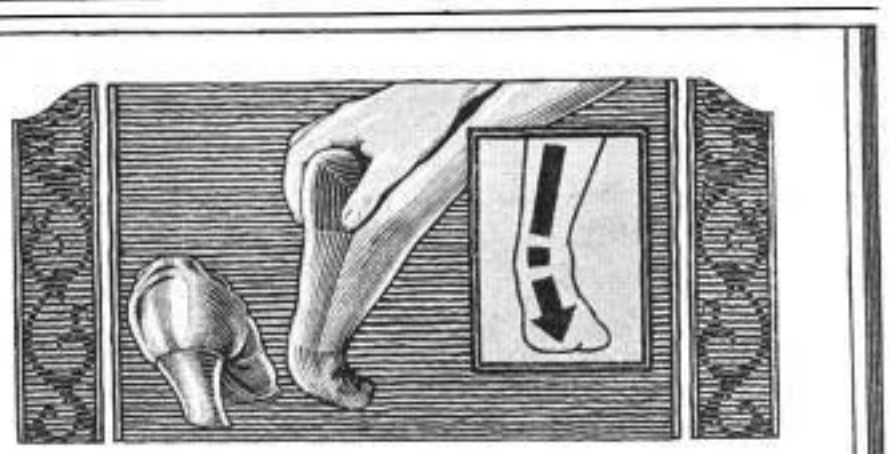
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family of a salesman who works on commission and earns less than $100 a month. Many of these apartments are occupied by young married couples who cannot finance more suitable quarters. In New York are multitudes of such men working for twenty-five or thirty dollars a week. You may see girl-mothers dragging baby carriages up four or five flights of stairs. These vehicles do double duty as beds.

Across the Harlem River in the Bronx and northward as far as the transportation lines run are vast mazes of apartment buildings, mostly walk-ups, where the flats range from fifteen to twenty dollars a room per month. Many of the new buildings have light and fairly attractive five-room suites at $100. In older buildings are five-room apartments at eighty dollars—often on the fifth or sixth floor. Neighbors call on friends in adjacent buildings via the roof. In metropolitan Brooklyn the scale of rents is slightly lower.

From many of these buildings I secured large groups of names, which I again tabulated by occupations. The result was the same. Superintendents and janitors likewise gave numerous instances showing that tenants' rentals were 50 per cent or more of their incomes. In one typical case a young couple with two small children were paying ninety-five dollars a month for five rooms, on an income of $150. The husband lost his position without notice and had scarcely a dollar of reserve. Friends took in the family temporarily.

The difficulties that hem in these young married men are not altogether of their own making. Such a man is in veritable bondage—though landlords are not responsible for the high rents. The fault lies with the New York mind. Probably the average landlord is not earning excessive profits. Nothing short of outside assistance will ever remedy the dire evil wrought by two or three generations of the New York mind.

A Typical Struggle

Most of those who do get ahead in New York are foreigners, who beat the abnormal expense proportions by crowding. Thus they are able to acquire a little capital. The story of the tenement districts is not a part of this article. Nor is it the most distressing feature of New York. These people could escape far easier than the types we have been considering. Their conventions would permit them to go elsewhere as laborers and live under conditions hopeless for the other types. But most of them are just as truly slaves to New York and a growing menace to that fundamental, family life.

Business expense in New York, like living expense, is grotesquely out of proportion as compared with business expense in the more normal communities. A man of forty-five engaged in a small way as manufacturers' agent gave me the following information: He came to New York twenty years ago from a small town, and after desperate search for employment secured work in a wholesale house, where he remained ten years. Then he went into business as representative for two or three manufacturing concerns. Today he is paying $2400 a year for two small rooms in a downtown office building. He employs two girls who together cost him about $2000 a year, and his other business expense, including some traveling in the adjacent territory, brings the total close to $10,000. His volume is not large enough to warrant a salesman, and he does his selling himself.

For his living apartment of five rooms he pays $125 a month, although he really needs seven rooms to house his family of six. He says it is difficult to keep his other living expenses within $3500 and make the necessary front his business associations require. So he must earn in commissions at least $15,000 a year before he can begin to lay aside any money. For three years he has run behind.

A year ago he began to look for some way out, and always the one big item that loomed up was rent—for both business and home. He figured that if he could cut his office rent to seventy-five dollars a month and his home rent to fifty he would be able to put in the bank as a personal surplus $2400 a year. Assuming that he could do this for ten years, and invest his money in high-grade bonds, he would have a neat little fortune of $35,000. But in New York this was manifestly impossible.

He then began to investigate to determine whether he could do it in some other locality. Finally he arranged with his companies to represent them in a Western city of 100,000, to which he will soon transfer his home and business. He is confident he can do at least as much business as he does in New York, with less strain, and with the reduction in rent to the figures indicated above. He has made a trip to this Western town and rented both office and home. For fifty dollars he gets a detached eight-room house, with yard and trees thrown in. The business is there if he goes after it, and if he gets his $35,000 surplus in ten years the bulk of it will come from a reduction in his rents.

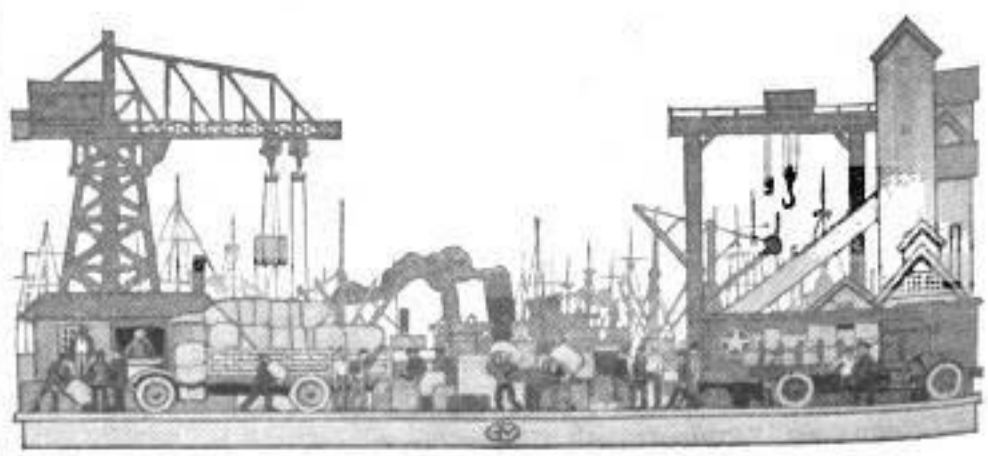
Decentralization Needful

Unless a man has some special advantage in the way of markets, commissions or competition, it is virtually impossible to make any net profit in business in New York. The barrier which he cannot climb is rent. Other expenses may be ill proportioned also, but the one thing he cannot beat is the cost of office space and living quarters.

In 1920 there were in New York 121,671 retail dealers, or one to forty-six customers. Altogether beyond the question of rent, is it strange that the great majority of retailers who appeared in the directory a few years ago are no longer there? Competition in New York is superdifficult; unless a man is capitalized and specially equipped with knowledge of business finance and other important factors he cannot last. And what is true of retailers is more or less true in every line. Men are swallowed up in this maelstrom and disappear almost inevitably. There are large agencies in New York engaged in disposing of unprofitable retail businesses, with some salvage to the owner but large commissions to the agent.

In the decade preceding 1920 there was an increase of 54 per cent in bookkeepers, cashiers, office clerks and sales persons in New York City. The total increase in New York's population was 17 per cent. Independence, both of the individual and the family, is waning much faster than the cities grow.

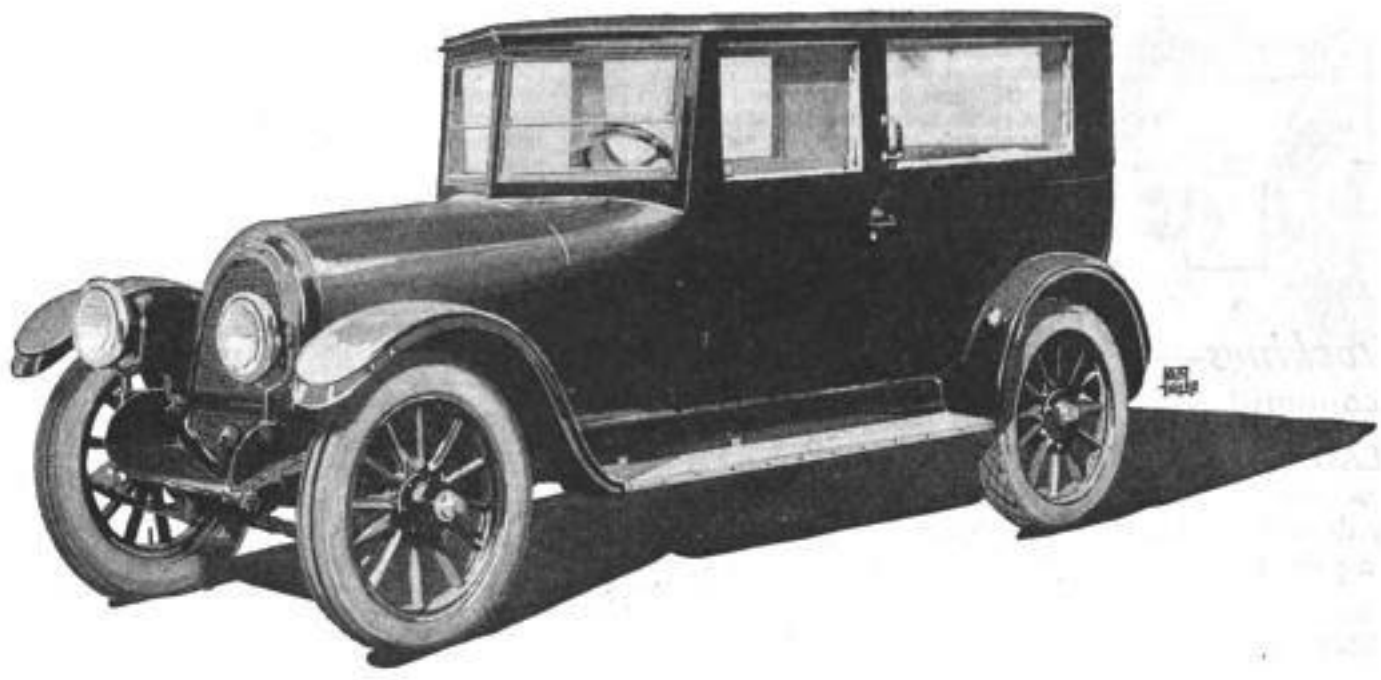
The solution must lie in the spread of information showing the small chance the man or family will find in the large city for individuality, comfort and ultimate competence. Decentralization must be accomplished. This could be done in large measure by smaller-community organization and systematic dissemination of knowledge. Country and small-city newspapers, as well as chambers of commerce and other organizations, could enlighten the people and influence a vast multitude toward the building up of these smaller places. Perhaps, more than all, the public schools, through special studies and research in local opportunities and fundamental economics, could impress on the rising generation the lunacy and hopelessness of the great cities.



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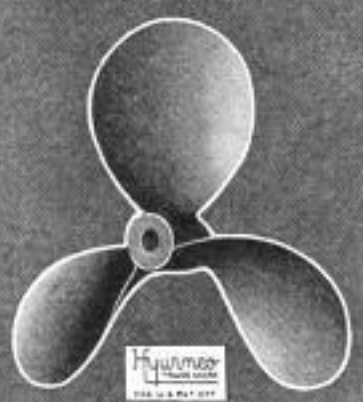
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CONCERNING JOE AND JEMIMA

(Continued from Page 11)

With one stride Joe was towering over him, his black eyes flashing and his fists clenched.

"What's that you said?" he demanded in his most belligerent tone. "Say that again."

The blond young man flushed, but controlled himself, I thought, remarkably well.

"I was not speaking to you, sir," he answered with quiet dignity.

"I know that," said Joe. "You'd have to speak to me in a language that human beings use—real men, get me? You're one of these dirty, yellow, baby-killing Deutsch swine, aren't you?"

"I'm an American, if you wish to know, but I'm not ashamed of my parentage," the young man answered indignantly.

"What is it? What's your name?" Joe snapped.

I put my hand on his arm and tried to draw him away, but he shook me off roughly. People were leaving their seats and crowding around.

"My name is Wasserman—Herman Wasserman—and I'm ——"

"I'll show you what I think of an American named Herman Wasserman," said Joe.

With that he hauled off and biffed Herman on the nose and sent him reeling back against another table. As wanton and unprovoked an attack as could be imagined. He had no sooner accomplished this feat than Herman's companion bounced a heavy coffee cup on the aggressor's head, and chaos came again. There are quite a few Germans in Chicago, and a number of them were among those present and taking part. For a minute or two the air about us was guttural with Teutonic oaths and obscured by brandished fists and flying tableware. Then the police came.

At the central station after first aid had been rendered we did some telephoning that brought us bail, and the next morning Joe was lucky enough to get off with a twenty-five-dollar fine and settlement for the damages. He wanted to pay my fine, too, contending that it was on his account that I had mixed in. It wasn't, though. I had simply acted in self-defense. I wouldn't have lifted a finger to have saved Mr. Joe from the worst kind of a beating, under the circumstances, and I told him so. I was sore.

"You ought to have got thirty days," I told him; "and I'll bet that Wasserman is as good an American as you are, and maybe better."

"You're a liar," he returned promptly and offensively.

I turned my back on him and was walking away, but he overtook me and apologized.

"All right," I said. "Then you'll listen to me, you plug-ugly."

"I can't take much of that, you know, Bill," he interrupted. "You aren't one of these German lovers, are you?"

"I can sympathize with a man who is handicapped by a German name and German parents, anyway," I replied. "I can sympathize with a German, too, if he's a decent German. There are lots of 'em going to need sympathy, too, if we go into this."

"You bet your life," he grinned.

"I mean American Germans," I said. "As for me, I'm neutral. That's what we're supposed to be."

He looked at his knuckles. "That's the kind of a neutral guy I am," he muttered.

I'm getting pretty far off the track perhaps, but it may show you what kind of a guy Joe was. We met frequently after that and had some mighty good times together. Then Mr. Wilson either got to the end of his string or cut it off, and I met Joe and he told me that he had enlisted and was leaving the next day for the training camp.

"Good leather!" I said. "I won't be long after you. It's up to us to stop this barbarism. I love my life, but oh, you civilization!"

"Civilization nothing!" he replied. "We're getting altogether too darned civilized as it is. What I've joined up for is to get some good scrapping."

I proposed that he should come home with me. I wanted him to see my girl before he left. "And you can call on your old sweetheart, Jemima Hogan," I added.

"You're on," said he.

We had talked of Jemima before or, rather, I had and Joe had listened. I had plenty to tell him: How she was reckoned the prettiest girl in the suburb—or in any other suburb for that matter; how she had all the boys daffy about her; how the rest of the girls loved her for it, but nevertheless sought her company and put up with her impertinences for the sake of the boy overflow; how the matrons roasted her for her willfulness, her lightness, her immodesty and extravagance in the matter of dress and her selfish, heartless conduct toward her foolish parents; how gayly and saucily Jemima triumphed over all her critics, did what she pleased and got away with it; how it was predicted that she would come to no good, and heaven pity the man who married her!

"Sure," Joe had agreed with a grin. "I've heard 'em." He looked thoughtful. "Did you ever tell her you'd met me?"

"I did. She didn't remember you at first. Then she said, 'Oh, yes, that little tough. I think I know who you mean. The one who never washed his face.'"

"She's a little liar," said Joe, laughing. "I washed my face right along after she spoke to me about it. I guess that's how I got the habit."

"Shined your shoes too," I reminded him.

"Sure. I was thinking of changing my name to Ronald or Howard or Harold or sumpin' to please her. But I'll tell you what that girl needs, Bill. She needs a guy that will take and straighten her out; a fellow that won't stand for any foolishness and that will show her that he's the boss—make her understand that he is—get me? Somebody that will come right back at her and give her just a little better than she sends."

"Cave-man stuff," I suggested.

"That's the idea," said Joe. "I don't say beat her up or drag her around by the hair; but somebody that will tell her where she gets off and see that she doesn't pass her corner; not cater to her. I believe I'll take an afternoon off sometime and call on her."

But he either forgot it or thought better of it until the time I speak of—after he had enlisted.

We called first on Adeline—my girl—and Adeline took to Joe right off. I could see that she liked him. Not in any way that would make me uneasy, but they just seemed to hit it off. After a while I proposed walking over to the Hogans'.

"You two boys go over if you want to," said Adeline. "I don't feel like walking."

"I'll order the limousine around," said Joe humorously; but he could see and I could see by Adeline's altered manner that something was wrong.

"Not even in a limousine," she laughed. "You'd have to get an ambulance or a patrol wagon to get me over to Jemima's now."

"Then we won't go," declared Joe. "I didn't want to, anyway, but Bill said it was his only chance—to take me along. He would go alone if he thought you would stand for it, and you bet that would suit me."

"Just for that you're both going right now," Adeline declared, and she gave us our hats and hustled us out; but I left Joe at the gate and ran back to ask what the trouble was.

"Oh, no trouble," said Adeline. "Only I'm through with Jemima. I've put up with her temper and her selfish whims and her vanity just as long as I'm going to, and that's all there is about it. Now you run on, Bill dear, and you can come back after supper if you want to. Oh, of course I know you want to; I'm not afraid of Jemima vamping you. Scat!"

I overtook Joe, who grinned and asked me if he had put me in bad. I reassured him.

"It's just some little spat she's had with Jemima," I explained. "What do you want to walk so fast for?"

He slowed down at once, and the result of that was that we almost missed seeing Jemima. She was just in the act of stepping into a classy roadster that I recognized as the property of Archie Groves. The identification was completed by Archie himself, who was sitting at the wheel. Archie was Jemima's latest offense in the eyes of her girl friends. He was the one and only son of Judge Alexander Groves, and was understood to be a promising young architect—just squaring off, as it

From crude asbestos

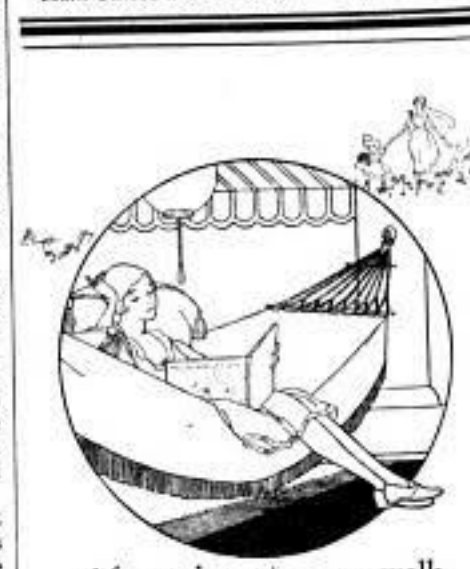


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were, to fulfill his promise; principally, it appeared, by an intensive study of the better sort of houses and clubs. He was almost too good-looking, and had traveled and even lived abroad, thereby acquiring the sophisticated air of a man of the world. His people had a big house at Holme Knolls, not so far from Deepdene, and Archie had made his début in Deepdene society through our own Fred Parsons, who had made his acquaintance at a boxing match. Foolish of Fred, because he had been getting along pretty well with Jemima before he introduced his aristocratic friend.

But there it was. For nearly a month Archie had been rushing Jemima as hard as she would allow herself to be rushed, and Fred had dropped to the rear. As we, Joe and I, came up, Fred was standing by the side of the car with Russell Spencer and Ben Williamson, and all three were loudly protesting against Jemima's desertion of them. Ella Spencer and Maud Delaney were standing a little apart and laughing at the boys. Jemima was laughing at them too.

"Good-by," she called gayly, and Archie started the engine.

Ben ran around and placed himself in front of the car, folding his arms defiantly. Archie honked loudly and slowly let in the clutch.

All this fooling gave us time to come up, and as soon as Jemima saw us she leaned forward and switched off the spark. She always had an eye for a new man.

"Wait a moment," she said to Archie. "Here's Bill. Hello, Bill!"

"It's hello and good-by, Bill," said Archie. "Hail and farewell. See you later."

But Jemima, to everybody's surprise, calmly opened the door and jumped out.

"Here's an old friend of yours, Jemima," I said, pushing Joe forward. "Joe Bingham. Remember him?"

"Indeed, yes!" cried Jemima.

And—could I be mistaken? Could we all have been mistaken? Certainly as her eyes met Joe's and he took her hand she blushed. Actually blushed! It was a beautiful thing to see, but so absolutely strange that we could hardly believe it. You might have taken her for some modest little daisy of the dell who had never met a strange man in the whole course of her innocent secluded life. That is, if it had not been for her dress, which, if not actually prismatic, had that effect, and suited her down to—well, as far down as it went. I thought I had never seen her so lovely as she was at that moment, with that blush and the weirdly shy look in her eyes.

That Joe thought so, too, was easily surmised. I should say that he considered her at least equal to the advance notices, judging by his face. I will say for him, however, that Archie himself with all his social experience could not have comported himself more gracefully or with more apparent ease.

He made a good appearance too; not too dolled up, but quite enough so.

"It's good to see you again, Jemima," he said, and of course nobody but myself could have detected anything unusual in his voice. A sort of rich organ note that was as significant to me as the summer lightning flash from black eyes to blue eyes and from blue to black again, at the first encounter of their glances.

"It's lovely to see you once more," said Jemima, laughing, but in a fluttered, embarrassed sort of way. "Let's go and sit on the porch."

"Here, I say, you know," called Archie. "How about this, Miss Jemmy?"

Instantly Jemima recovered her cool self-possession.

"You may come, too, if you like," she called back carelessly. "But Mr. Bingham and I are going to reminisce a lot, so I don't think you'll enjoy it."

With which she turned her back and led the way to the porch. Archie laughed good-naturedly and drove off, the girls looking wistfully after him. It did seem as though he might have taken one of them. Ben, Russell and Fred, after a moment's whispered consultation, tagged along to the porch, and the girls tagged them. I wasn't altogether sorry, a little later, as it gave me somebody to talk to during the three-quarters of an hour or hour that we outsiders stuck.

Maud was the first to speak as we all walked down the street together.

"Well, I must say!" she

"I'll tell

"They didn't know we were on earth," Ella chimed in.

"I don't believe they've noticed that we've gone," said Fred Parsons. "It looks to me like a sure-enough case of love at first sight. First time I ever saw a fellow put the Injun sign on Jemmy. Even Archie never made anything like the hit with her that this guy has, and I'll say a guy has got to go some to get ahead of Archie."

"Don't you worry," said Ben gloomily. "More than once she's been mighty sweet to me, and then turned right around and given me a jolt that loosened my teeth."

The chorus continued. Maud did like a girl to be a lady and wouldn't be rude to her company for the most fascinating kind of a man, which she didn't consider that Mr. Bingham was. Ella considered that for rudeness they were a pair, and she expressed sympathy with Mrs. Hogan, who had brought us lemonade, a little thing Jemima might have attended to.

"But that's the way she always is," Ella concluded. "Pig-selfish."

"Gosh!" said Fred. "How you girls do knock!"

I left them at the corner and went back to Adeline and reported that Joe was hard and fast in Jemima's clutches and then gave her the particulars. The dear girl was quite distressed, and blamed me for having left him. She thought Joe was really a nice gentlemanly fellow with a sweet and rather sensitive nature.

I had to whoop. "Gentleman Joe! Sweet and sensitive! Whee-ee! And I to protect him from the wiles of the siren, Jemima! Cheer up, darling," I said. "It's poor, sweet-natured, loving, trusting little Jemima that I am anxious about. If you'd only seen her hanging breathless on Joe's words, her color coming and going, and her whole, tender, loving soul shining in her azure eyes!"

"Yes," said Adeline dryly, "if I had only seen that! If I had I might believe it."

Well, Joe did show up for supper, but he was mighty absent-minded during the meal and after it; and whenever anyone referred to our afternoon call he hastened to change the subject. He left early and I walked with him to the station. On the way Archie's roadster passed us, heading for Hogan's, with Archie at the wheel. Joe stopped to look back after him and made a few remarks about Bandoline Berties and the incongruity of five-thousand-dollar cars and five-cent drivers. I judged that Archie had not made a good impression on him.

Just before the train came in I asked him, flat-footed, what he thought of Jemima.

"It isn't going to do me any good to think anything about her," he answered shortly.

"She needs a guy that will take and straighten her out, as you said," I observed.

"What you need is a little sense," said he.

"Well, if you're starting off tomorrow morning you won't be able to teach me any for quite a while," I retorted, and he exploded a vigorous "Damn!"

"Eh, what's that?" I asked.

"I was a fool to have been in such a rush to enlist," said he. "I might just as well have waited for a while. Well, it's done now and I suppose I can't back out."

Then the train rolled in and I shook his hand and wished him luck as he got aboard. On the whole, for his sake I was glad that it was too late for him to back out.

A week or two later the people along Ardmore Avenue, where the Hogans resided, noticed that Jemima was getting up early in the morning and taking open-air exercise—so early that she was able to intercept the mail carrier three or four blocks down the avenue—the extent of her rambles—and get the family mail. Soon after that she began doing her bit and making the young men of her acquaintance unhappy by her patriotic desire that they should immolate themselves on the sacred altar of their country at a good deal sooner than the earliest possible date. For the very first time in her life the attendance of her swains dropped off until Fred Parsons and Archie Groves were about the only regulars left. She didn't seem to care much about the defection; she was really too busy with her war work: bazaars and things, and drives various and sundry, to say nothing of her knitting. You never saw



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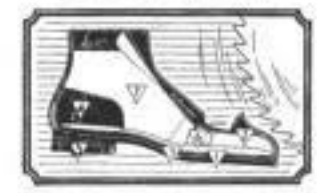
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bought bales of wool without a whimper. He also put the entire rainy-day fund into Liberty Bonds at her instance. She was on more committees than you could shake a stick at, and when it came to raising money, Adeline said, and I believed her, that every man Jemima tackled gave until it hurt. I was at the Great Lakes then. It had always been a sailor's life, a sailor's life for me, yo-ho, my boys, from the days when I first piloted Tony Laird's staunch twelve-footer from the Lincoln Park lagoon into the lake or rowed Adeline in a skiff on the heaving bosom of the Kalamazoo; so I naturally chose the Navy. Adeline and her mother occasionally came out to see me at the camp, and it was there I learned that Jemima was corresponding with Joe, that Archie had got his commission and was designing huts and had, perhaps, the glossiest boots in the Army; that he managed to get a good deal of leave and drove Jemima around in his car on official business.

The next thing I had a letter from Joe in camp at Rockford. Read between the lines it was reeking with insubordination and disrespect for constituted authority who, out of pure cussedness, denied deserving men the little matter of a furlough unless they were lucky enough to have dying parents or something of that sort.

"All that I can hope for now," he wrote, "is that they will get it through their ivory domes that we are in as good shape to scrap now as we ever will be, and ship us over and turn us loose. If we can't clean up and start back home in a couple of weeks after we land I'll eat my hat and blankets. How are all the Deepdene people? How is Adeline? Do you ever see Bandoline Bertie? I heard he had got some desk job. I'll bet his mother doesn't have to die to get him a furlough."

The next news was that Jemima and two other girls, accompanied by Mrs. Spencer as chaperon, had been out to Rockford to see the Deepdene boys. On Jemima's return she had confided to Adeline that she found Joe rather interesting.

"As interesting as Archie Groves?" Adeline had asked.

Jemima wasn't sure. Archie was lovely and knew just exactly how to talk to a girl, and always did the right things. Of course he had had lots of experience and no doubt it was that which made him so tactful and understanding.

"He understands me perfectly—too darned perfectly," said Jemima. "He's really not a bit afraid of me."

"Why should he be?" Adeline had asked.

"Well, I can flare up and be pretty fierce once in a while," Jemima confessed. "You know that, I guess. Archie never laughs at me or tries to joke it off, but I feel sure that he isn't at all terrified. Joe—Mr. Bingham—is. He's afraid of me. He was when we were at school together."

Adeline asked her if she had flared up at Joe when she was at the camp or the afternoon that he called. Jemima said that she certainly had not.

"I'd be afraid to," she added.

Joe got his wish before very long. One fine day they put him on a train and took him to a port somewhere in America and landed him somewhere in France. The Navy Department considered that I was too valuable to risk losing at sea, so they sent me to the navy yard at Philadelphia, where, if I do say it myself, I did them yeoman's service. Of course what I wanted was the stormy blast and the reeling deck with the cannon's roar and the hail of steel and maybe a glorious death in the moment of victory; but we of the Navy had to obey orders at any personal sacrifice, and Adeline consoled me a great deal by coming down to Philadelphia and marrying me. So from that time until Joe and his comrades had finished their cleaning-up job we heard little of Jemima, except an occasional reference to her in Deepdene letters. She was still carrying on, it seemed, but in the old-fashioned, provincial American sense of the phrase. The old people were drudging along as usual.

Well, we didn't care much. No especial reason why we should. We had plenty to do and our own affairs to think of. After the armistice I got my discharge and the offer of a pretty good job from an old friend of my father's in Chicago, so we went back to Deepdene and bought a little house there. Of course we saw Jemima then and got many an earful of talk regarding her. She was as beautiful as ever, but to Adeline and me she seemed to have grown more fragile, less blooming, and though at times she was as vivacious and full of the Old Nick as ever, at other times—she simply and distinctly wasn't. She would be talking and laughing sixteen to the dozen, and all at once she would become silent and you would realize that for the moment she had forgotten where she was, who was talking to her and what they were talking about. Oblivious and dreamy. She looked well in those trances too. Now that the war work had petered out, she was attending classes in design at the institute, although Deepdene considered her designing enough already, heaven knew. But the classes took her away from Deepdene a good deal, and her new Chicago friends—society people who had taken her up—made more demands on her time, so we saw little of her. What we saw and heard convinced us that her swains still swarmed and that she was as useless as ever.

It got out that Archie had finally proposed and been rejected. Fred Parsons, after several rejections, had got a consolation prize in Becky Adams. Of the old boy bunch, George Rumney and Everett Blaine were the only ones that had straggled back to Deepdene after their discharge from the Army, and it was known that Everett went up to the Hogans' within a couple of hours after he got home and, returning within another hour, never went there again. After he had gone to Arizona his mother said that he had been writing to Jemima and that she had been writing to him all the time that he was at the front; but I don't think that there was anything in Jemima's letters to make the old lady feel so bitter. In fact Jemima told Adeline that she had not written a word that any friend might not have written.

"I wrote to George Rumney, too, for that matter," she said, "and George knew perfectly well that it was just out of friendliness. He owned that he did."

"And you wrote to Joe Bingham, didn't you?" asked Adeline; and at that, to her amazement, Jemima burst into tears.

"I haven't heard a word from him for nearly six months," she sobbed, "and his regiment got back three weeks ago."

"Well, what do you know about that!" I exclaimed when Adeline told me this. "Do you suppose she's been in love with Joe all this time?"

"I don't," replied Adeline. "She may have had a fancy for him, but she was never in love with anyone but herself. Her vanity's hurt, and she's nervous and rundown, too, with the life she's leading. I noticed today how thin she's getting. She'd better marry that Leslie Gammett there's so much talk about, and settle down as far as she's capable of it. He's got more money now than all the Groves outfit put together, and he made it himself and isn't so old that he won't make more. No, it's just nerves and pique."

I was inclined to think that Adeline was right. She generally is. Gammett was the latest of Jemima's conquests, according to rumor. He was rich before the war, and richer after; in his middle forties and a widower, but looking younger than his age. He was supposed to be watching Jemima's finger with eager eyes and bated breath. If she chose to lift it —— Of course you can't tell, but there was no doubt that, as old John H. boasted to me one day, Jemima could pick and choose.

"Why the devil doesn't she?" I wanted to ask him.

As to Joe, I felt rather conscience-stricken because I had never definitely tried to get track of him. But what with shaking down into my new job and into our new house—you know how it is. But I had thought of him often. So he was back! Probably brought some little French girl with him, and that was why he had stopped writing to Jemima.

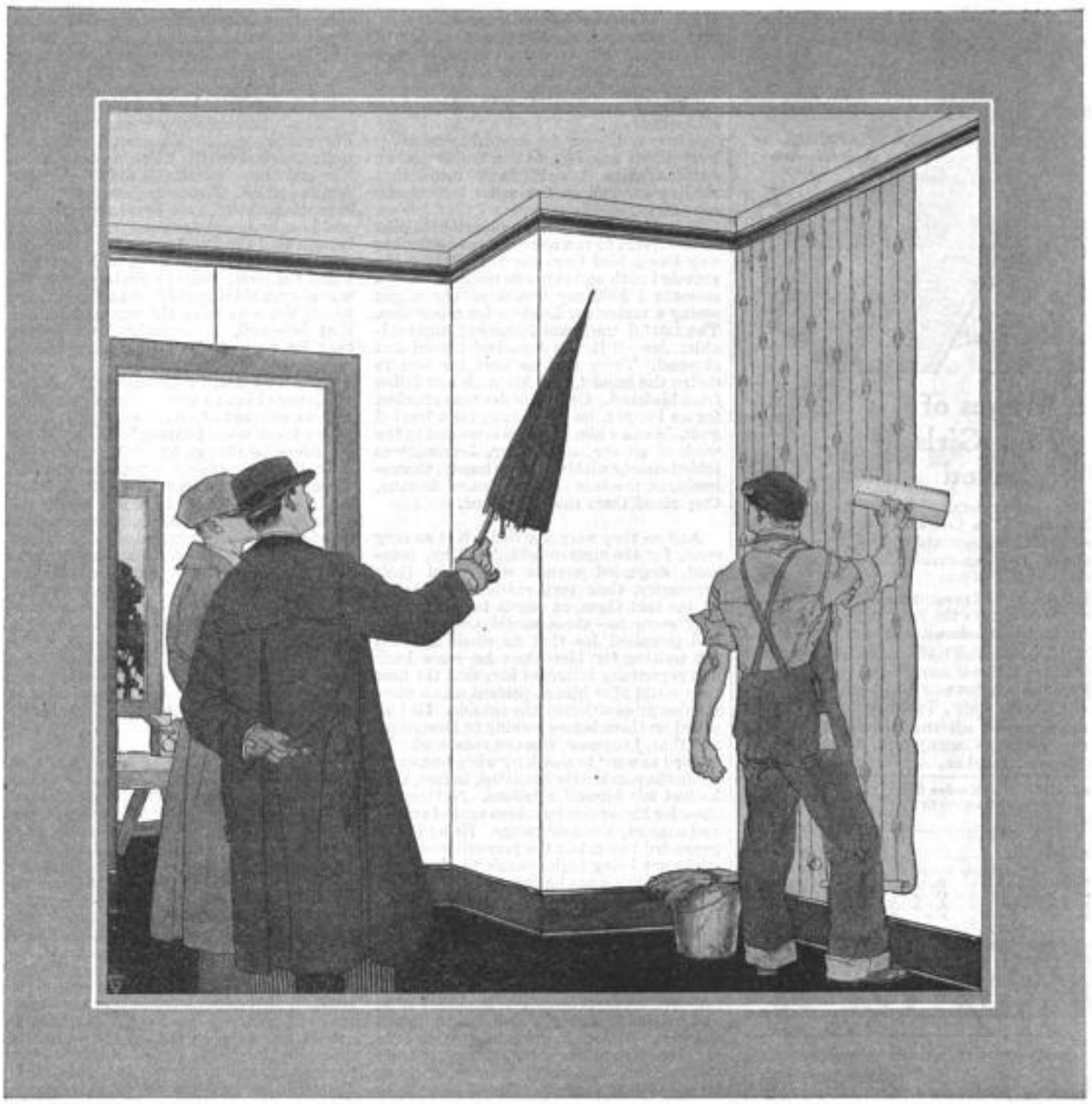
But I was wrong, and Adeline was wrong. In less than a week after the conversation before recorded Adeline and I were going by the Hogans' house, when we saw Jemima and her father sitting together on the front porch. I asked Adeline if we shouldn't stop a minute and see them.

"I don't care," said Adeline, smiling and waving to Jemima. "We won't stop long though. You notice her and tell me if you don't think she's getting thin and falling off in her looks."

We didn't stop long. Not so long as we had intended, even, for we were hardly seated and fairly started talking when a

(Continued on Page 100)

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(Continued from Page 98)

man in the uniform of a private soldier of the United States Army came limping along with a stick, his hatbrim tilted down over his eyes.

"Who's that, I wonder?" I said, and we all looked.

Whoever he was, he seemed to be going by without any sign of recognition, when Jemima cried "Joe!" in a voice that thrilled us, and in the same instant she took flight.

It is the only way I can describe it. She did not seem to run so much as to wing her way like a bird from the porch along the graveled path and through the gate. For a moment I held my breath as one might seeing a motor car head-on for a collision. The fateful crash was imminent, unavoidable; Joe—if it was Joe—had turned and stopped. There was no time for him to dodge the impact, and his stick had fallen from his hand. Only that Jemima checked for an instant, he must have been bowled over. We saw him open his arms and in the wink of an eye, or quicker, Jemima was folded closely within them. Openly, shamelessly, in the face of all Ardmore Avenue, they stood there thus embraced.

And so they were married. Not so very soon, for the unmentionably filthy, indecent, degraded vermin who owed their prosperity, their very existence, to Joe—as Joe told them, in words to that effect, only more so—these sordid animals who had promised Joe that he would find his job waiting for him when he came back had regretfully informed him that the best they could offer him at present was a commission proposition on the outside. He had called on them before coming to Deepdene, and that, I suppose, was one reason why he seemed to want to sneak by when he saw us all on the porch. He admitted, in fact, that he had felt himself a failure. Nothing to show for his service but three wound stripes and a measly croix de guerre. He had been promoted twice, but the promotions didn't stick, not being high enough to allow him to do and say what he darned pleased without unpleasant consequences. A first-class fighting man, but overstocked with initiative and frankness of speech, so I gathered. And here he was, crippled up still, and out of work.

But he soon recovered his old aggressive self-confidence, if he ever had really lost it, and his bodily strength and vigor returned quickly. Within a week or two he had another job and threw himself into it heart and soul, and although it was no big thing he eventually made it produce enough to cover house rent and living expenses for two.

Quite a comedown for Jemima, so Deepdene opined. And you couldn't make Deepdene believe that she didn't realize it, for all the magnificent bluff that she made; and, said Deepdene, the old folks must feel pretty cheap, too, if the truth were known—and would feel cheaper yet, you mark my words, when Jemima went back to them. Just wait and see! Wait until this young man found out what he had got—when all this really quite sickeningly spoony lovy-doving wore off a little. Wait until she gets into one of her tantrums and see what he'll think of little angel wife!

I don't say that Adeline and I didn't feel much the same way about it. We did think that the beautiful devotion and perfect happiness of Joe and Jemima could not, in the nature of things, last long. It was lovely to witness—not sickening at all, in our opinion—but Adeline knew Jemima and I knew Joe. It was a wonder that their engagement went so smoothly to its fulfillment, but that the intimacy of married life would not result in rather more than less frequent spats was too much to expect. Yet month after month passed without a cloud on the sky so far as anybody could see.

"Perhaps they are going to hit it off," I said to Adeline.

Adeline had been telling me about her latest call on Jemima and the talk they had had together.

"I will say that her kitchen was as neat as a pin," said Adeline. "The whole house was, and she's as proud of it! She's really taking a tremendous interest in cooking, but I must say she isn't very successful and if it wasn't for her mother always running in with some little thing I don't believe that poor Joe would get much that was fit to eat. She said, though, that he ate everything and pretended it was delicious, but she knew that it wasn't. Still, some of these days Joe was going to be able to brag about her without lying, she said. It was Joe, Joe, Joe! She just seems to think there's nobody on earth like him."

"She's right; there isn't," I said. "That's going to be the trouble."

"Don't let her hear you say that," Adeline warned me. "Bill, dear, I really was quite touched by the way she spoke about him and about herself. It didn't seem like Jemima at all. The tears just stood in her eyes when she told me how happy she was and how little she deserved it. Would you believe that she has been in love with him ever since they were at school together? I don't myself; but she declares that she was always thinking of him and wondering about him ever since she was a child, and that he—well, I certainly don't believe that he was, or he would have hunted her up."

"I don't know," I disagreed. "A fellow sometimes likes to dream about something and doesn't want to have reality spoil it—if you know what I mean."

Adeline let that go by. "Anyway, when they did meet, the time you brought him down, they came together just like that. And since. I think that she really did suffer when he was away; and when he was wounded the last time and she didn't hear from him on account of his letters miscarrying—well, it must have been awful for her. She says she just tried to forget him and to bring herself to accept Leslie Gammett. She thinks she is the luckiest girl in the world. She really does."

It was then I said that perhaps they might hit it off; but I was doubtful in my own mind, for I knew Joe. I decided that Jemima would know more about him before very long.

But the months went off and still no sign of trouble. In those months other things happened too. Joe's Uncle Joseph died and left him quite a little piece of money; but instead of moving into a larger house, buying all kinds of new clothes and a car and hiring a servant or two, the Joe Binghams simply let the legacy lie in its safe investment to await the big opportunity that Joe saw ahead of him. I thought that was a pretty sensible thing for Joe to do, but I felt a little sympathy for Jemima. Joe certainly got her a few labor-saving electrical devices, but that was the extent of the holdout. I thought I saw in that the beginning of the end—Joe putting his foot down.

Still, when there were any sort of festive doings in Deepdene, and we of the younger married set saw to it that they were fairly frequent, Joe and Jemima were the gayest and happiest of the crowd, and Jemima, even in well-known frocks, was as much the belle as ever. Joe didn't seem to mind in the least the admiring attention that the men paid her or her charming responsiveness to it. He himself was quite popular, and with the women as well as the men, which didn't seem to disturb Jemima a bit. Nevertheless I fancied that there might be elements of trouble in this. Then, watching, I would see Mr. and Mrs. Bingham exchange a look and a smile that put me wrong again.

But shucks! it couldn't be! No such an animal! I knew it and Adeline knew it; all the world knew it; the Dunmow archives attested it with their six-century record of but ten couples who had lived in perfect accord for a year and a day—and of these ten, who shall say that five didn't perjure themselves, tempted by the bacon? Married people will bluff, of course. Any of them. Even Adeline and I—but that doesn't matter. The point is that even when wives and husbands are well suited to each other in all respects, naturally amiable, tactful, forbearing, and slow to anger, still little differences will arise; little clashes of opinion resulting in rows. Were we to believe that Joe, tactless, touchy and opinionated, and Jemima with her fiery disposition, her sensitive refinement, petted and humored as she had always been—that these two didn't spat? Certainly not! They just managed to put up an extra good front, that was all, and it was only a question of time before Joe would raise his voice loud enough for the neighbors to hear. We all waited for something like that to happen, and still the months went by, leaving our predictions unverified. A year went by, and a day, and several days after that.

Dinner was over. I was in my armchair with my pipe drawing smoothly and a book that Adeline and I were reading together in my lap. I was waiting until Adeline had

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adjusted the table lamp and settled herself to listen, and she had just got the light right and was opening a box of candy that I had brought from town, when the doorbell rang. It rang sharply, half a dozen times in quick succession and then with one loud continuous ring. At the same time we heard Joe Bingham's voice.

"Bill! Oh, Bill! Hurry up and open this door! Bill! Adeline! Get a wiggle on!"

The bell stopped and the door quivered to a loud peremptory kicking. I dropped my book and ran out and opened to a gasping lunatic.

"What the dickens ——" I began.

"Don't stop to talk!" said Joe impatiently, and I saw that his broad chest was heaving and that his forehead was wet with perspiration. "Pants—I want your pants, quick! Run up and get 'em. Your dress pants."

"My dress pants?" I said wonderingly.

"Great guns! Don't you understand? Yes, your soup-and-fish trousers—pants. Hello, Adeline! Listen, I want Bill's pants—his dress pants. Want to borrow 'em. In a rush."

I don't know what Adeline said because I mounted the stairs three at a time, jerked the trousers of my dress suit off the hanger and hurried down with them. Joe snatched them from my hand, gave them a quick glance, rolled them up and stuffed them under his coat.

"Thanks," he said, turning to the door. "Explain later. G'night."

He pushed me aside to get out and then whirled around to face us. "Forgot to tell you. Don't mention this to Jemima. Get that? Don't want her to know I've been here. Don't tell a soul. Not on any account. G'-by!"

He made a leap down the outside steps, and, standing there, we saw him scudding down the avenue like a bounding gazelle or a dog with a can tied to his tail. Before we could say a word he had turned the corner of our street and was out of sight.

"Is he crazy?" Adeline exclaimed.

"Looks like it," I replied. "He's got his own dress suit, but even so, why the spectacular rush, and why doesn't he want Jemima to know? And kicking our door down! Paint must be cheap where he last came from."

Well, we discussed it up and down so that we got little of our book read that night; but all we could decide on was that there must have been something mighty queer happening, and it looked pretty fishy.

The explanation was given to me when by appointment I lunched with Joe the next day. It was, on the whole, the most explanatory explanation that I ever listened to.

To begin with, I was about three minutes late getting to the restaurant where we had arranged to meet, and Joe called my attention to the fact not very politely. Then the place was pretty well crowded and the delay irked my friend extremely. He did some of his table rapping and called for a little service in a tone of voice that was certainly sufficiently loud and peremptory to get either service or a chuck-out. As it happened, it brought a waiter on the jump, and Joe, somewhat appeased, gave a large and substantial order.

"And see that that steak is cooked the way I tell you or it goes back kiting and you miss out on your tip," he included, with a glare at the man.

Now I'm as big as Joe and I think I could look as fierce as he did, yet I know I couldn't have got that sort of thing across. But the waiter only said meekly that he would see to it; and what is more, he did see to it.

"I get hungry at this time of day," Joe said, attacking the bread tray when the waiter had gone. "I make lunch my principal meal."

"Not like home cooking though," I insinuated.

"No, not like home cooking," he replied firmly. "I tell you, Jemmy is some little cook. Still, I hate to see her scorching her face and blistering her poor fingers the way she does just for chow. She will do it though. Well, it won't be long before we'll have a good cook hired to attend to that department. I wanted to get one when we got that money from Uncle Joseph's estate, but Jemmy wouldn't listen to it. 'The time's coming when you'll need a little capital to start a business,' she told me. Made me salt it down. I wanted to blow her to two or three little dewdads that I thought she wanted; but no! I couldn't spend a cent on her. She said she'd wait for all that. Well, in a way maybe she was right. Anyway, I've got a chance now to get a block of stock in our concern that will give me a place on the directorate, besides being a gilt-edge investment. If my name isn't on the office stationery before another year I miss my guess. Here's the steak."

He ate like a wolf, and between bites talked about the stock investment and bragged of Jemima's foresight, her careful economy—which, however, he deprecated—her artistic knack evidenced in those wonderful lampshades and things, and her angelic temper.

I interrupted him here. "Huh?"

"Whadya mean 'Huh'?" he demanded belligerently. "You heard what I said."

"How about your temper, I mean?"

"Oh!" He chuckled. "Listen, Bill. I know I've got a rotten disposition, but listen. What kind of a plain, unvarnished fool would I be to let it out when I'm with her? I ask you. Here I am, a big roughneck with no particular brains or education or money—nothing that most women like, and yet I get a girl like my wife, and she—she kind of thinks I'm all right, at that. I'd have lots of sense to show my appreciation by acting ugly to her and making her think I was all wrong—what? It wouldn't be hard. She's got plenty of spirit—heaps of it—and all I'd have to do would be to start something and she'd be in at the finish all right, all right. I know that. Well, I tell you there's nothing doing in that line. When I get ice cream I don't empty the pepper shaker on it—get me? I'm mighty fond of ice cream the way it is and I'll save the pepper for something that I think it will improve. You can't improve on Jemima."

"Then the gloss hasn't rubbed off yet?" I said.

He grinned and laid down his knife and fork for a minute.

"I'm foolish about it, I suppose," he said, "but I guess you are too. Nothing like it, Bill, is there? Every night when I come home I look at the little house, kidding myself I've never seen it before. 'Darned nice little house!' says I to myself. 'Those window boxes with the geraniums look mighty pretty, and I'll say there's real class to that lawn, even if it isn't a big one. Wonder what lucky guy lives there! Guess I'll make some excuse to knock at the door.'

"Well, I don't have to, because the door opens before I get anywhere near it, and I find out from the lady that Mr. Joseph Bingham lives there and that she's Mrs. Joseph Bingham. Then I realize that this

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guy, Joseph Bingham, is me. Me, Joe! Gosh!"

He finished the last of his steak and looked around for the waiter.

"Of course that makes me want to scrap with her," he observed in a moment or two, and then waited until the waiter cleared the table and brought him an enormous slab of mince pie.

"And then to go upstairs," he resumed. "To open a closet door and see her dresses hanging there, silky and cobwebby stuff in most all the colors of the rainbow, and lacy, frilly things; and her little shoes all in a row! And to think that you don't have to excuse yourself and back off and shut the door, because all these are what belong to your own wife! Your own wife! You can stretch out your hand and touch 'em if you like—just to make sure they're real and that the whole thing's real. Oh, I know when I'm well off."

"But you don't confide in Jemima," I suggested. "You have secrets from her."

He stared at me for half a second in that mad-bull way of his, and then his face cleared and he laughed.

"Yes, that's right," he admitted. "I called Adeline up this morning and made her swear by all that was holy that she wouldn't breathe a word to Jemmy now or hereafter. And I know you won't. Why, it was like this: You know we had to go to town to that affair at the Walmeslys'. We told you about it. Well, Jemmy was ready, all but changing her dress, before I got home last night, but I had to bathe, shave and change from the skin out, so as soon as we had got through dinner I skipped upstairs to begin the struggle. Everything was ready; studs in my shirt, collar and tie all laid out, coat all brushed and on the back of a chair, and pants —— Say, what do you know! That girl had gone to work that afternoon and pressed 'em. She hollered upstairs that she had. There's where I've always drawn the line. But here, just to save fifty cents or maybe because she's always trying to do something for me, bless her dear little heart, she'd stood up a day like it was yesterday, pushing a hot iron that weighed about a ton, back and forth over a steamy cloth!

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His face beamed with pride.

"Then what ——" I began.

"The only trouble was she had pressed them the wrong way—got the creases at the sides—see? How would the poor girl know? Well, it was up to me to do something sudden, and just then I thought of you, and ran downstairs and told her that I was going to step over to the corner drug store for a stick of shaving soap. Then I beat it over to your place. I guess I did that ten blocks in about one thirty, flat. Nearly a mile, isn't it?"

Even then it took me a moment to grasp it all. "You mean that you didn't tell Jemima where you were really going, and what for?"

"After she had gone to all that trouble for me?" He snorted with contempt. "Well, I wouldn't have told her for a million dollars. No, I sneaked your pants upstairs and put 'em on, and she never knew the difference. She was as pleased and proud of herself! But I made her promise not to do it again. I'll swap back with you tonight, Bill."

That settled it! For me, a top dressing of ashes and sackcloth underwear. Wanted, a vigorous and speedy man, good punter on football team preferred, to kick unresisting person around block.

Joe, misjudged and calumniated by thy boyhood friend! Jemima, pattern and example to all loving young wives! Forgive us pinheaded pessimists and doubters of Deepdene, and let us learn from you both that in married life the fear of fussing is the beginning of wisdom!

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(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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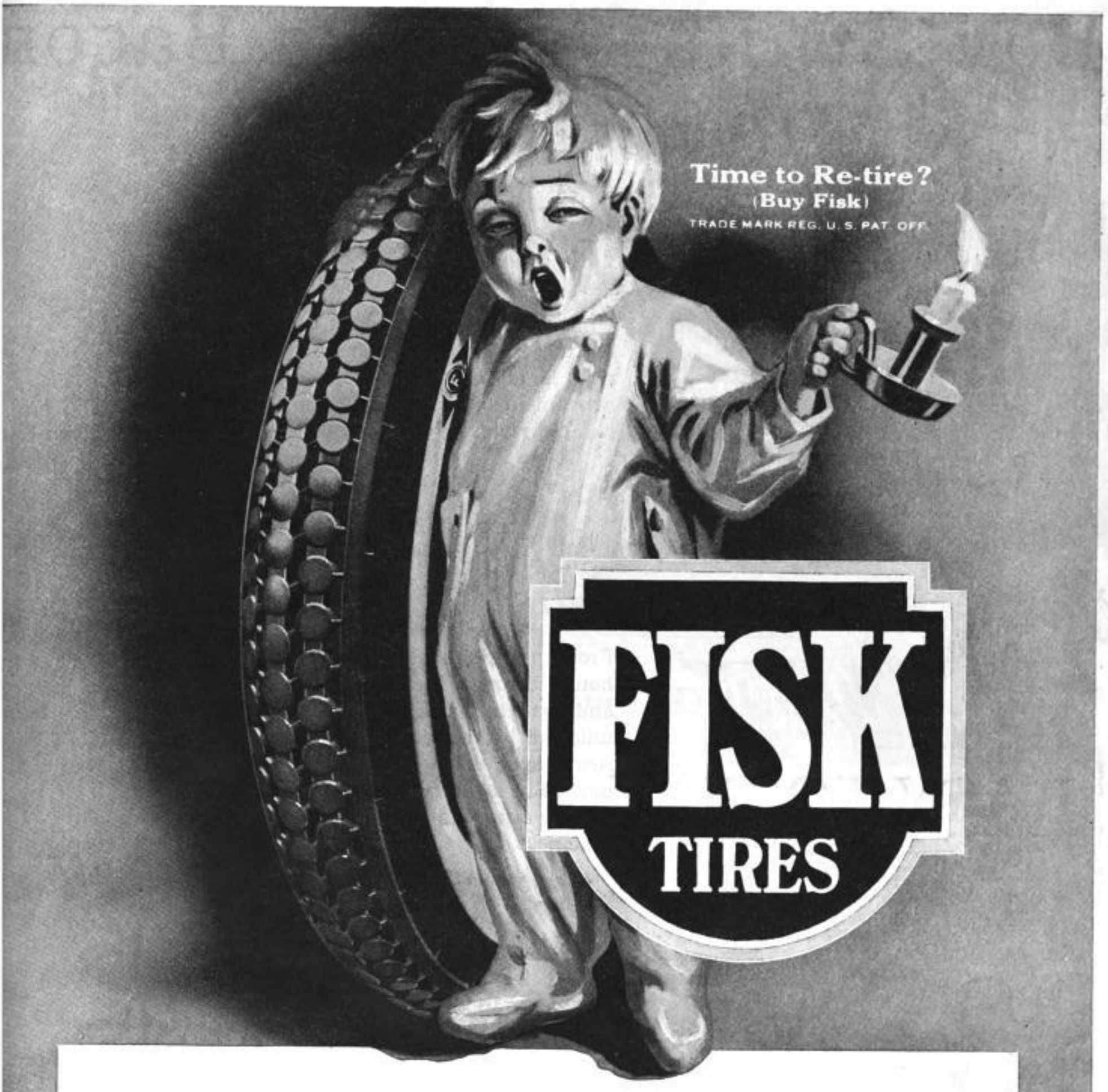
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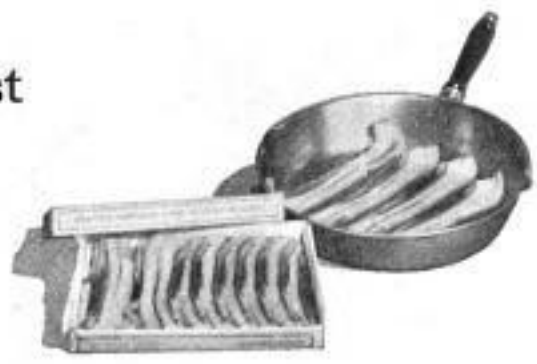
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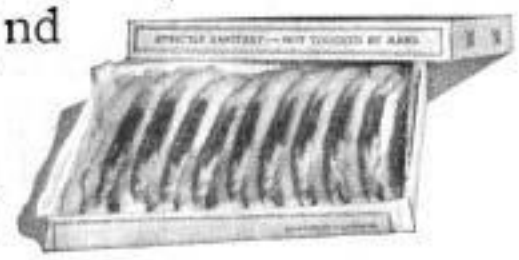
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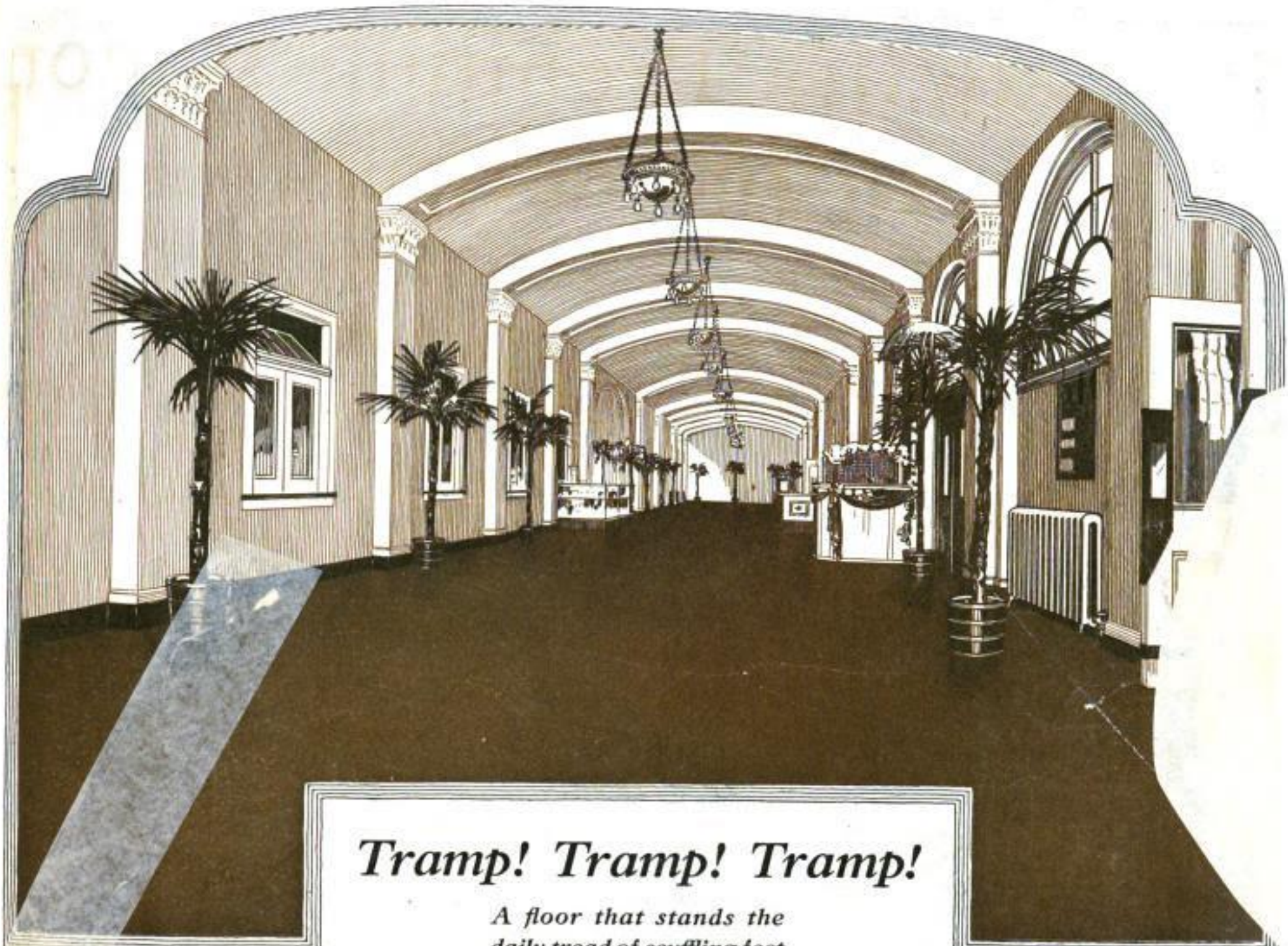
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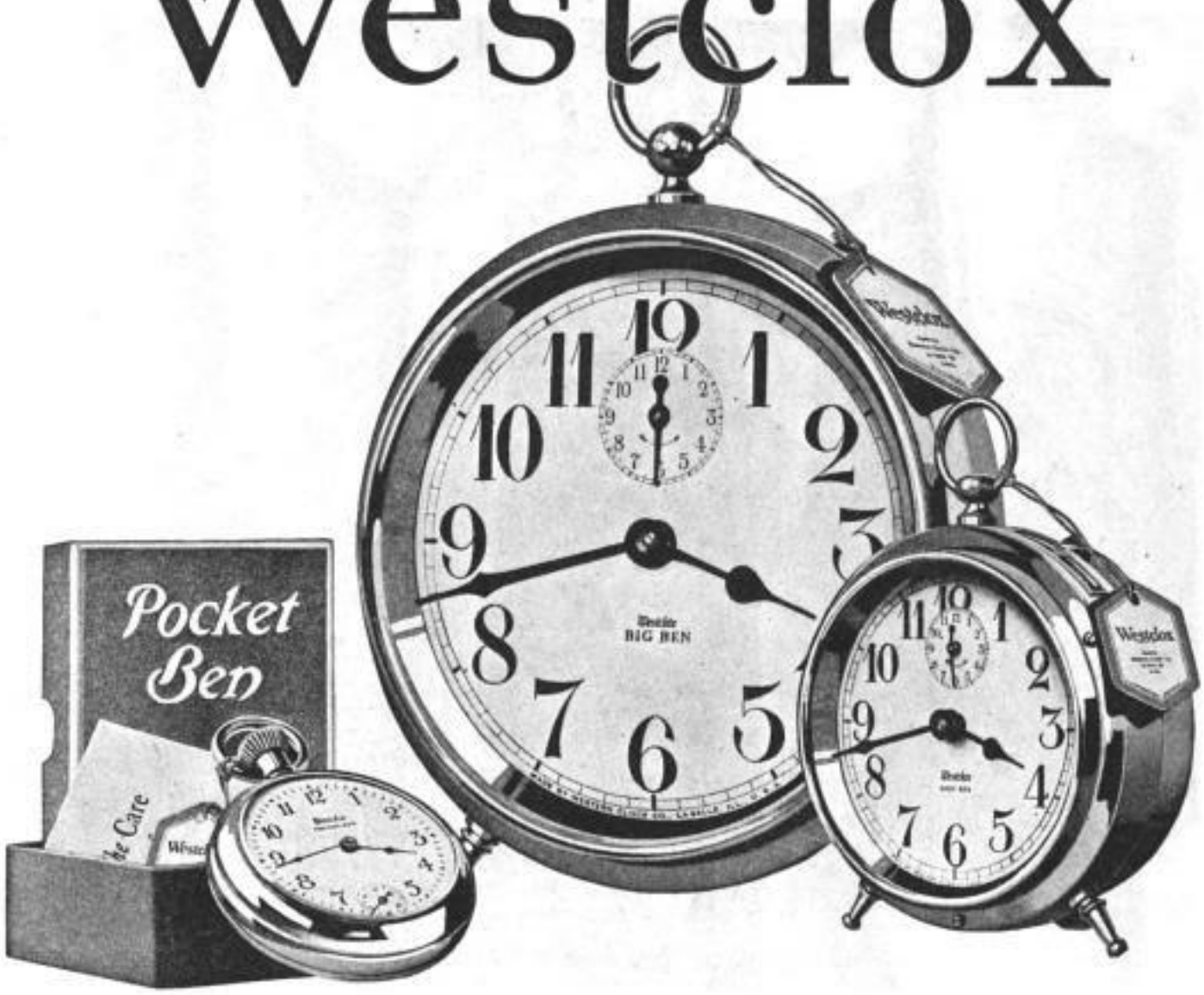
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6¼ inches tall. 4-inch dial. Nickel case. Runs 32 hours. Top bell alarm, $1.50. In Canada, $2.00.

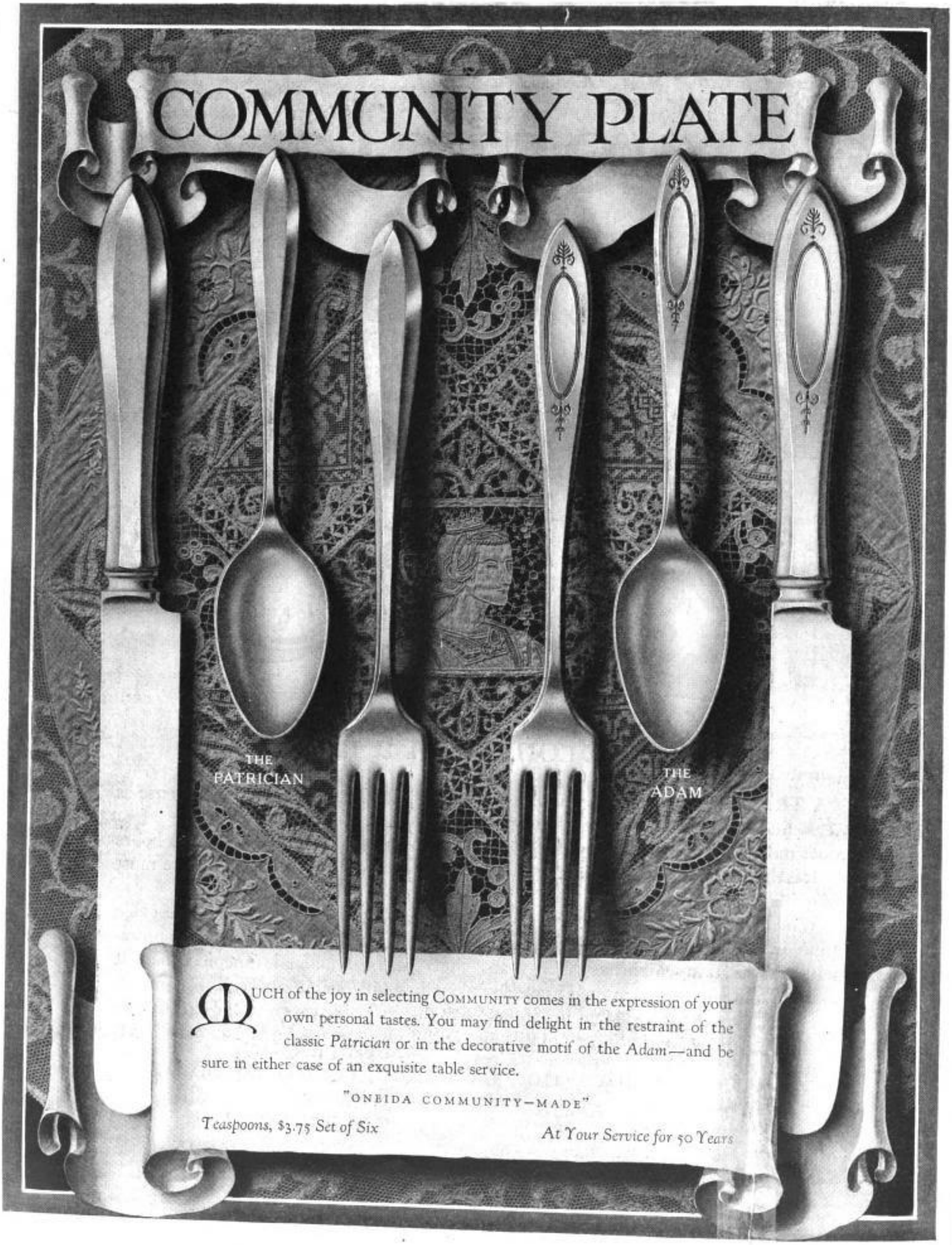
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LAUGHTER, LTD.



"Am I Really Like Trixie Trueman?" I Says. "I Don't Care So Much for Some of the Others. I Go to Pictures a Lot, and I'm Awfully Critical"

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

Introduction

WHEN some people write the story of their life it is a sign that they are dead. Take Johnson, the one that Boswell wrote the scenario for. And look how Shakspere wrote about Caesar after somebody had handed him a haymaker. And so forth.

There are in the motion-picture world also a class of dead ones who allow somebody else to write their biography. Dead from the neck up, anyways. They may be alive as stars all right, but they couldn't write a continuity for the story of a custard pie. So when one of the trade or fan papers decide to shove a piece of their private history before the public for consideration of one dollar in hand paid and other good and valuable consideration, why all the star generally does is sign the piece and phone down to the publicity department for some new stills.

As a result there is a lot of misunderstanding in the public mind about what goes on in pictures. I mean about the real inside dope. Some have the idea that we are a bunch of sky chasers who never hit anything lower than the roof of the Singer Building, and are morally as bad if not worse than what they think rich society people are. But these of course are not the sappy fans who believe what they read in the picture magazines. These latter go around with the cuckoo illusion that a motion-picture star's private life is all front lawn, white flannel clothes, dainty children and sweet mothers, the whole served with vanilla sauce, and tinctured with extract of noble sentiment. While as a plain matter of fact neither type of fan is correct.

Realizing it to be high time somebody who knew told the truth about pictures and ture people was what decided me on writing my own story instead of making my mark just over The End on the stuff Benny had sent up to me from our lot.

"Miss Delane," says young Mr. Rolf, our publicity head, flapping a fat typewritten manuscript at me. "The Big Egg has O.K'd this script for Closeups. It's your autobiography and it ought to go over big. Kate Kinner wrote it—the girl who did your How-I-Brush-My-Teeth story, and that thing of yours about The Way to Hold Men, for the same magazine."

"Give me it," I says, reaching for the dope sheet; and he did, and this is what I saw:

MY PAST AND MY PEOPLE

Bonnie Delane, Famous Silvercrown Star, tells her own story exclusively for Closeups Magazine. The inner life of America's best-known picture actress revealed for the first time for Closeups readers.

"Oh, is that a fact?" I says, very much interested. "This is a revelation not only to the public but to me. How does your department get that way, anyhow?"

"Oh, it's a good story," says Slim Rolf hastily. "You'll like it. We start you out the daughter of a Spanish countess and describe your father, the general, and how you went to the most exclusive schools and convents until the big smash came, and ——"

"Hold!" I says. "Big smash is well said! And as for old General Debility—say, Slim, how far do you think you can go, anyways? With your imagination you ought to be in the scenario department."

"Well, far be it from me to tell the truth on you, honey," says Rolf with a grin.

"That's a nasty crack from a broken little mug like you!" I says. "What's the matter with introducing a little truth into pictures for a novelty?"

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"What do you want to do—wreck the industry?" says he.

"Say, listen!" I says. "Pictures are too strong ever to be wrecked by anything unless it's this false front the ones that is in it keeps up all the time."

"Whatter you mean, false front?" says Rolf.

"I mean in the private lives of actors and etcetera. If the picture people really lived the lives the picture magazines attribute to them they would all be dead of anæmia long ago!"

"Ennui!" says Slim.

"Well, something weakening!" I conceded. "And say, honey," I went on, "you don't for one minute think the public believes that guff, do you?"

"They buy it," he pointed out. "You see, Bonnie, they don't want to know the truth!"

"Don't they, though!" I exclaimed. "Say, listen! There's nothing in the world they would rather know. Pictures are the biggest, most important art in the world today and have got the biggest future of any, and the public knows it. Also the public hears a lot of dope about wild times, big money, crooked contracts, and something-for-nothing generally; and as it is their admission money which is being spent that way, they are interested. Also because of the glamour of it, Slim, but most of all because pictures have come to stay—people believe in them, and with cause. They are the greatest ——"

"Whoa!" says Rolfie. "Any time you get fired come over to the hot-air department and see me."

"But I mean it!" I says earnestly. "This is the greatest art-industry in the world, and truth would never hurt it; truth, you know, kid, never injured any innocent party yet!"

"Have a heart!" says Slim. "When did pictures get so pure?"

"Oh, I know there is plenty of crooks out of jail," I says impatiently, "but they are not all in the picture business. There are also plenty of angels out of heaven, and they are not all registered exclusively with us, either. And my publishing twelve installments of fumigated biography isn't going to fool anybody. Why, nobody could be as pure or as swell as this stuff makes me out, and live! I refuse to let it be printed."

"Well, the magazine has contracted for your life story, and we got to deliver. Besides, think of the publicity!" remarked Slim.

"All right!" I says, inspired. "I got nothing to do for the next week; I'll write it myself!"

Rolf looked at me as if he'd overdrawn at the bank.

"Well, go easy, now!" he says uncomfortably. "Of course you are your own boss and can do as you like, but just kindly remember you are under no real necessity to tell on the family."

"I'll tell nothing uncalled for," I says. "Although, of course, no matter what I write somebody will be sure to kick about it."

"And you'll publish what you write?" says Slim, wrinkling up his nose in a troubled way he has.

"I will," I says, firm as an old maid at the altar.

"Well, I wisht you'd leave me see it before it goes out," says Rolf.

"Nix!" I replied.

"But there's likely to be mistakes in grammar and everything!" Rolfie objected frankly.

"There will be, in the grammar," I said. "But no editing from you, much obliged just the same!"

"Well, don't put any salt on the tail of any boomerang, that's all, Bonnie," says Slim, gloomily picking up his kelly and the rejected script, "or you might catch it in the neck yourself!"

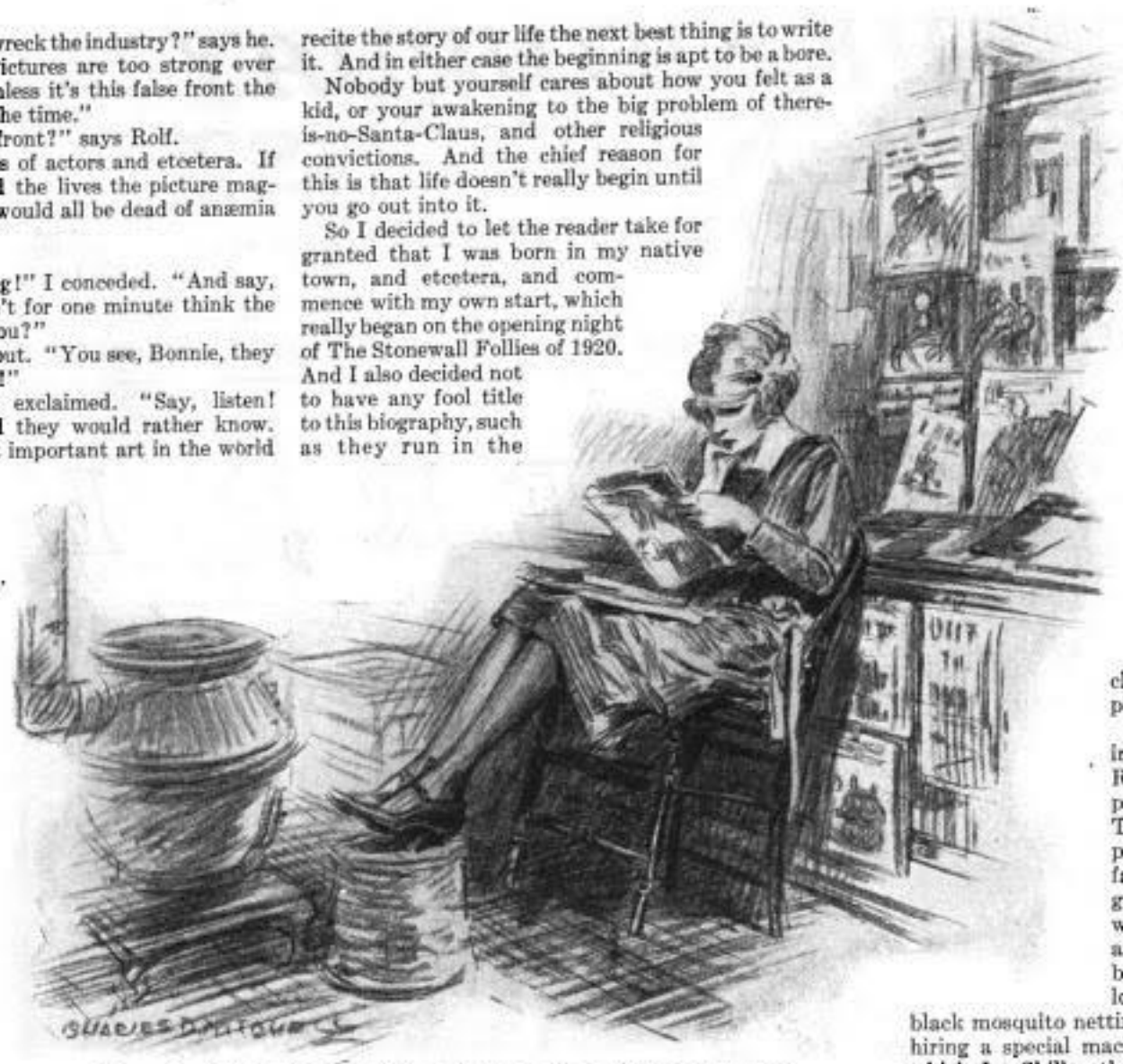
Flashing which melancholy subtitle he departed, and left me stacked up against the big proposition which I had undertaken.

Well, after Slim had gone I got to thinking the matter over, and the more I thought the greater amount of enjoyment I got out of it.

To begin with, everybody will realize how much pleasure it is for any woman to talk about herself. And further, the merest dumb-bell will realize what a kick is to be got out of telling the story of one's life. Anybody will do it—just give 'em the chance, that's all! Of course the habit is mostly confined to drunks, but pretty nearly anyone will come across after a little urging, and some, on the contrary, you can't stop from doing it. And lacking the chance to recite the story of our life the next best thing is to write it. And in either case the beginning is apt to be a bore.

Nobody but yourself cares about how you felt as a kid, or your awakening to the big problem of there-is-no-Santa-Claus, and other religious convictions. And the chief reason for this is that life doesn't really begin until you go out into it.

So I decided to let the reader take for granted that I was born in my native town, and etcetera, and commence with my own start, which really began on the opening night of The Stonewall Follies of 1920. And I also decided not to have any fool title to this biography, such as they run in the ordinary picture magazine, but to call it by the simple plain name of



I Never Looked at the Cheap Fiction Stuff, Hardly. I Deliberately Let it Lie While I Pried Off a Lot of Culture

THE REAL STORY OF BONNIE DELANE'S STARTLING CAREER
BY HERSELF

I

I NEVER could of done it if I had known Stricky was in the audience. You know how it is, perhaps. You can make a swell snappy speech at the stag dinner, but only stutter if friend wife is amongst those present. Or if your sweetie is down front, the valedictory which sounded so well in front of your bedroom mirror comes out like the contents of a nonrefillable bottle, in little spouts and dashes.

So it's a good thing I didn't know Strick was there until afterward, although why I didn't see him when I looked out at the audience from behind the curtains of the high-school-auditorium stage is a wonder to me, because to begin with he was a complete stranger to our town and was sitting all the time with Bert Green, our leading and only photographer, and I was kind of looking for old Bert, he being a particular friend of mine and had taken a lot of photos of me free, on account of my map going so well in his showcase.

But some way or another I missed seeing either of those boys. You know the way a big hall seating nearly three hundred people and all lit up with a dozen or more electric lights looks from the stage—sort of blurry and confusing. I could hardly tell one from another, except, of course, pop, but then I had bought his seat myself and I could plainly see him occupying it and a little bit of the seats on either hand, as well.

Then I was terribly excited too. Ridiculous, of course, because here I had been acting in every show the Stonewall Dramatic Club had given for the past three winters, or since I was just barely fifteen, and had ought to of become accustomed to the big audiences that always turned out on these occasions. But although I played the leading woman's part the year we gave The Mikado and had led the Floradora Sextet in the performance we gave for the benefit of the new church organ, and other parts besides, not to mention receiving the Mrs. Carrie Benton Prize for elocution in grammar school, I had never got over being nervous before a performance, and going all hot and cold and my throat pulsing and other bona fide symptoms of the genuine artistic temperament. And this night of the Stonewall Follies of 1920, which was a sort of super amateur vaudeville, I was about to do a daring novelty specialty which my chum Ella Benton and Mr. Schoonmacker, our choirmaster, and I had gotten up ourselves, so I felt more temperamental than usual.

It was really a wonderful program we had, taking off all the follies of the town of Stonewall, you see. There was a opening violin solo by little Annie Benton, Ella's younger sister, and the committee had put that on the program first because of being afraid the folks wouldn't wait for it otherwise as Annie was only eleven and her mother had kindly but firmly volunteered Annie's services.

Then after Annie had played Moonlight on the Sonata, by Beethoven, there was a scream of a skit on our Ladies' Literary Club meeting, with fat old Mr. Edwards, the bicycle-repair-shop man, as Mrs. Edwards, his own wife, leading the meeting. Then after that a couple of the boys sang a song that had a line on pretty nearly everybody in the hall in it, to the tune of You'd be Surprised, and Mr. Schoonmacker, in evening clothes, played A Medley Jazz on the piano, and then came our act.

It was a parody on Trixie Trueman in her great special film production Rich Men's Daughters, and I took the part of Trixie. It was the scene where Trixie is rocking the cradle with her poor little unwanted baby in it, and her father—that was Mr. Schoonmacker—goes off to work, and the heavy—that was Ella, in boy's clothes, mustache and all—comes in and tries to kill them both. If I do say it we had gone to a lot of trouble with the set, having hung black mosquito netting between us and the audience, and hiring a special machine all the way from New Haven, which Joe Shilke, the colored janitor of the school, operated for us from the balcony and which threw a flickery light on us while we acted, giving just exactly the effect of a moving picture—almost.

Well, I went through my part without accident, and Mr. Schoonmacker was fine, and if Ella hadn't lost her mustache in the excitement towards the end, the act would of gone off perfectly. By good luck the folks thought she lost it on purpose, and anyways the act went over big, so that when I left the stage my cheeks felt like they was burning up, and I hardly knew I was walking as I come around through the wings where the blackboards and desks and things which usually occupied the stage had been stored for the evening, meaning to go down front in my costume and make-up and see the rest of the show myself; also to give the audience another chance to look at me the way I was. It's awful hard to lay off acting, once you got a costume on.

Well, as I come down the steps from the stage door that opened out into the hall, naturally one or two grabbed me and told me how good I was, and first among them of course was Bert.

"Bonnie, you were immense!" he says in a loud whisper, his glasses falling off his long nose the way they always did every few minutes when he got excited, but always fortunately being caught by the black string he had them on. "Immense—simply great! We all thought you were wonderful!"

"Did you, honest, Bert?" I whispered back. And then I noticed Bert was not alone. Behind him in the dimness was another man—some boy, I could lamp that, even in the dark!. And then in another second Bert was making us acquainted.

"Meet Miss Bonnie McFadden, Mr. Greg Strickland," Bert whispered. "Stricky thought your acting was immense," he added in a whisper as the elegant Mr. Strickland and I shook.

"Delighted!" he murmured. "Aren't you coming to sit with us?"

I could only nod dumbly, because the curtain was getting ready to struggle up again by now, and we had to hustle into our seats. But all through the next number, which was a kind of Americanized Greek dance, rendered by Miss Lassell, the Delsarte teacher, I could hardly look at the stage for looking at Mr. Strickland, and yet trying not to let him know it.

This bird was far different from any which had as yet flown into our town; I got that right away. And I was in a position to know, because of meeting probably more visiting men than any other girl. You see I did practically all the buying for pop's store and saw every traveling man that come through. But none of these were the least bit like Mr. Strickland.

I kept sizing him up out of the corner of my eye, and he certainly had class. Washed? Within a inch of his life!

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He was the most thoroughly washed-looking person I had ever set eyes on. He even smelled faintly of some clean scent that wasn't soap and certainly wasn't cologne. The handkerchief peeping out of his breast pocket was pure linen with a hand-embroidered cut-work monogram, and everything else about him was to match. I don't mean in the sense of socks and tie and colored border. Far from it. I mean he had class, snap, and an awful lot of knowledge showed in every line. He sure give me a thrill, and made me wild with excitement about who and what he was and where he come from. And when in the middle of Miss Lassell's Greek dance he leaned across me and whispered to Bert, I nearly passed out on the minute, for here is what he said.

"I say, Bert!" he whispered, not loud, but only so's the people in our immediate vicinity could hear him—"I say, Bert, the last time I had dinner with Doug and Mary, Charlie did a parody of a dance like that, and by Jove, it was almost as funny as this is!"

"Is that so?" says Bert. "It must of been immense! Mr. Strickland is in the pictures," he added to me.

Well, he didn't need to. I had got it the first time. My heart give a jump so big it's a wonder I didn't lose it. So that was the answer, was it? I might of known! Perhaps he was even a well-known lead? I took a good look at his handsome profile, and decided not. If he had been anybody's juvenile I would of known it, for very few had got by me, even then, and I don't know how our local picture theater would of met expenses only for Ella and me.

"So you are in the pictures, Mr. Strickland?" I whispered at him.

"Ah—yes!" he whispered back. "Casting director with Silvercrown."

That was pretty nearly too much for me. If he had of said he was the President it wouldn't of been half the jolt. Mr. and Mrs. Cummings, in front, heard, and turned to look. Also everybody else in hearing distance, one at a time, the way they do when they overhear things. Then Miss Lassell's act was over to polite clapping and the lights come on. Right away Mr. Strickland turned toward me, leaning on the back of his chair, his big brown eyes sort of eating me up.

"I say, Bertie, old boy," said he, still looking at me, however, "can't we cut out of this and go somewhere? I'm sure Miss McFadden has seen this amateur stuff often enough already, and I'm dying to talk to the only real actress in the show!"

Imagine!

"Why, I guess we could go over to the ice-cream parlor," says Bert.

"How about it?" says Strickland quickly to me, already reaching for his hat. "Let's go!"

"All right!" I says. "But my make-up ——"

"Oh, never mind it," says Strickland. "It is charmingly becoming."

And then somehow we were up and leaving the hall. A thing which simply wasn't done at a Stonewall Dramatic Club's annual performance. People turned and stared. But all of a sudden I felt miles above them; I belonged to the professional world. I was a talented young actress using her privilege of behaving different from the common herd and just naturally beating it off in company with a casting director and a art photographer. We should worry about a bunch of hicks gathered to watch a bum amateur show, or what they thought of us!

In fact the only thing worried me was that pop might spot us and wish himself on the party. But luckily he didn't, and I got my coat out of the lobby as quick as I could, and then the three of us set off along the wet, wintry street in the dark, with the damp leaves sticking to the tar pavements and to our shoes, down towards Joe's place, where the red-and-white electric ice-cream sign made a bright spot in the silent center of town.

"Are you staying here long?" I asked as soon as I got courage enough to control my throat.

"Just for tonight," said he. "I have my reservations West for tomorrow. I've wired the Coast to expect me by Monday at the latest."

"California?" says I.

"Yes," says Mr. Strickland, swishing at the dead leaves. "Hollywood. You'd better come along," he added, laughing.

"Sure thing!" I says. "Will you get me a job?"

"I'd like the chance, no kidding," says he. "You have a face that would screen wonderfully, Miss McFadden."

"That's what I always tell her!" says old Bert eagerly. "I'd just like to show you the last set of cabinet photos I've made of her."

"I'd like to see them," says Strickland. "Of course you know you are exactly Trixie Trueman's type," he went on. "Only of course she is dark. By the way, I see in the papers that she hasn't yet signed her new contract with Silvercrown, just as I advised her. He only offered her twenty-five hundred a week, which is of course absurd for a girl in her position.

"I told her she'd be a fool to take it unless he gave her a piece of the picture as well."

"Of course!" I says, trying to appear as casual as he. "How ridiculous!"

"Why, I think it's immense!" put in Bert, his eyeglasses falling off. "Simply immense! What they tell about the big money in pictures is really so, then? I always thought it was just for advertising!"

"Of course it's true," says the visitor. "Fairbanks makes at least a million a year, and heaven only knows what the producers rake in! Of course a little chap like myself isn't worth much—I only draw down five hundred a week, but then, what do you expect for doing all the real work?"

He seemed to think so little of the money that I didn't dare pass any remark about that. But an idea was already simmering in my brain.

"Bert," I says, "if Mr. Strickland would really like to see how I photograph couldn't you show him some pictures?"

"Why not run up to the studio instead of the ice-cream place?" said Mr. Strickland. "We can smoke up there."

"Well, if Bonnie says so," says Bert doubtfully. "We are right at it now."

"Of course, why not?" I says, trying to be naturally Bohemian, but my heart pounding. To begin with, it was the first time anybody in Stonewall had called Bert's shop a studio. Secondly, it was also the first time I had ever gone to a studio at night. But I did it. That evening I was crazy, and happy. All made up like an actress, in a studio, with two professional men; with cigarettes, even! When we were inside, and Bert was getting out my pictures, I even took a cigarette myself, from Mr. Strickland's gold-filled case.

"You know you really ought to go in the pictures, Miss McFadden!" he says, lighting it for me. "No kidding; you are wasting your time in this dead little burg."

"Am I really like Trixie Trueman?" I says. "She's my favorite. I don't care so much for some of the others. I go to pictures a lot, and I'm awfully critical."

"No wonder!" says he. "Considering what a lot most actors get away with! But you'd be a hit, I know! I'll say you are the best-looking girl I've seen in years. You won't mind me saying that?"

"And you think I'd screen?" says I.

"My dear girl, it's my business to know!" he comes back at me. "What do you think a casting director is?"

Well, up to then I hadn't been exactly sure, but now I realized that my hunch had been right. He was the bird that picked the chickens for parts! I wasn't any more excited than if I had found a diamond necklace. But I didn't show it—much.

"You know you really are a most unusual type," he went on. "Quite ideal, in fact. Those yellow curls, now—I'll bet they are your own!"

"Of course!" I says.

"Trixie's aren't," said he.

"What?" says I.

"Great heavens, I've seen her pin them on!" he laughed.

I just absolutely couldn't speak for a moment. They paid her twenty-five hundred a week and her hair was false, and mine was real! Why, if that was so my hair ought to be worth heavens knew what!

"Look at these!" says Bert proudly, bringing out my pictures, every one of them mounted on his special embossed extra-strong folders, sepia finished.

There I was at two years, at six, at ten. Then in my graduation dress. And these I sort of hated Mr. Strickland to see, but Bert loved them all. The one with the gauze around my bare shoulders and the rose behind my ear had more class, and my heart thumped hard when Mr. Strickland held it up to the arch light.

"Wonderful future!" he murmured. "All you've got to do is to try! You ought to come out to the Coast. It's the only sensible thing to do."

"Of course if I were to come out to Los Angeles," I says languidly, "it would have to be worth while. I can't really afford experiments."

"Hollywood is where you'd go," says he. "That's the real picture center. And of course you couldn't expect to make a million right off the post. A bit would be as much as you'd be likely to pry off for a while, but even seventy-five or a hundred a week is enough to exist on until you got on your feet. As I was saying to Bill Hart the other night over at his place, 'Bill,' I said, 'the trouble with pictures is that there are not enough people in them willing to start at the bottom; they all want to jump in at the top.'"

"I'd start at the beginning," I said breathlessly, "and I'd manage on seventy-five a week! Why, Mr. Strickland, I never received seventy-five dollars all at once in my life! Do you think I could make that much?"

He laughed in that easy, refined way of his, showing his white teeth, awfully sharp under the neat little dark mustache.

"Say, listen, Bonnie," he says. "You'd knock 'em cold out there. Why, you'd draw a job at that price twenty-four hours after you landed."

"Your words are like music, Stricky," I says right back at him, first name and all, just to show I was no amateur. "But I don't see how I could get away."

"Say, listen!" he said. "Why not come out? Think of Hollywood as compared to this dump! No cold, no rain to speak of—lots of sunshine and flowers all the year. And the beaches—wait until you see the beaches! You couldn't give me the East! Not after living ten years on the Coast! Why, there's nothing to it!"

He meant no argument against it. I give a sigh and stared about at Bert's handsome, real varnished, all-solid-white-pine studio with the framed group of the Sunshine Society Convention on the south wall. Gee, but it seemed unreal to me at that moment! The only reality was the picture of California that Stricky had just parked in my mind. It was as delicious as perfume. But I didn't lose my head. I'd met too many traveling men single-handed, for that.

"California would be nice," I says, "if you are sure I could get a job there."

"Why, there's nothing to it!" he says again. "With your face, your hair, your figure, and your height —— About four feet eight, aren't you?"

(Continued on Page 40)



As I Come Down the Steps From the Stage Door, Naturally One or Two Grabbed Me and Te'd Me How Good I Was, and First Among Them of Course Was Bert

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THE CHANGING EAST

JAPAN IN TRANSITION

By Isaac F. Marcosson



General Yamanashi



Baroness Ichimoto, Japan's Woman Liberal



Yusuke Tsurumi

ONE day last February a vast crowd gathered in the vicinity of the Imperial Diet Building in Tokio. The space immediately in front of the low rambling structure had been roped off, but every adjacent street was packed with a slow-moving mass of people.

An almost uncanny hush pervaded this assemblage. Save for the eternal clop-clop of wooden shoes, the incessant rattle of police sabers, and the jingle of spurs on the mounted gendarmes, there was no noise. As I viewed this spectacle I wondered how seventy-five thousand men—and this is a conservative estimate—could be so well behaved. Even for Japan, where repression of feeling is a fine art, it was remarkable.

But that was only one detail of an astonishing demonstration. Another was embodied in the elaborate precautions taken by the authorities to preserve order. There were at least eight thousand uniformed officials of one kind or another, ranging from ordinary Tokio police to smartly clad cavalrymen. Every one of them looked for trouble, yet was unable to find it. Strict orders had been given to keep the host on the move, and the moment a man stopped he was hustled on. The only deviation from the endless chain of humanity was when a little kimonoed figure left the line and handed a petition, often signed in blood, to a Diet functionary who stood surrounded by soldiers.

Although not a jeer escaped from this crowd, nevertheless it seemed to release a dull murmur like the far-away beat of the sea. The demonstration that I have described—the government declared that it was a staged spectacle and without significance—was organized to influence the Diet in favor of the universal manhood suffrage bill then before that body. It was a forlorn hope, because four days later the measure was killed according to the program framed by the powers that be. Hence that orderly crowd might have let off a little steam for all the good that their restraint had done them.

The Worm Begins to Turn

I PRESENT this slice of Tokio life for several reasons. The first is to show that even in Japan the worm, otherwise the public, has begun to turn. After decades of blind acquiescence to the bureaucratic will the instinct for something like political and social independence is asserting itself. Other Diets will continue to squelch universal-suffrage bills, but each year it will become increasingly difficult. This is evident from the fact that the protest of last year was slight compared with the show I witnessed.

The day will doubtless come when the demand of the people will be heeded, but it may be remote. Nothing moves swiftly in the Orient. Time is the cheapest of all commodities. Where a Western nation, under similar provocation, would take the bit into its teeth and ride to freedom through a shambles, the Japanese will calmly say to himself: "There is plenty of time. We will try the peaceful process again." Meanwhile a vague liberalism is seething in its own way and you need not wander far in the Island Empire to find that democracy has become more than a phrase. For the moment it is a new toy and the Japanese are a little shy of what seems to many to be a dangerous plaything. But no one can doubt that it has arrived.

So much for one side of the picture. The other, as also revealed by the memorable scene before the Diet Building, shows that in the Japan of today, as in the Russia of yesterday, officialdom is determined to defend its prerogatives to the last ditch. All the forces of reaction are still mobilized to defeat the popular will. What happened on the streets in February was duplicated in the legislative halls. A bureaucracy that is nothing more or less than an Oriental Tammany Hall decreed that the suffrage bill be defeated, and it was.

Here in a nutshell you have the line-up in what will probably be the last of the struggles for popular government. Japan is in transition, and on the outcome will depend not only the political destiny of an unusual people but something of the fate of the entire Orient as well. Even if China achieves the miracle of a stable and unified government, Japan will continue as the unofficial steward of Asia.

No phase of the changing East therefore is more vital—certainly none is more picturesque—than this drama of new thought and action which has begun to unfold amid an austere imperial setting. The extraordinary feature is that regardless of what lengths Japanese liberalism may go—and its hand was strengthened by the Washington conference—the emperor business is likely to continue. In Japan as in no other country the sovereign is the traditional Son of Heaven, a deity who ranks first in the loyalty of his people. Even if Japan went Bolshevik, which is highly improbable, the mob that might burn down a bank or loot the home of a profiteer would assemble half an hour later before the Imperial Palace and yell "*Banzai!*" for the Mikado. Because of such kinks as this the process of evolution is invested with peculiar interest and may be delayed.

Do not delude yourself with the idea, however, that the East is dead slow. Certain changes are coming so swift and fast, especially in Japan, that the populace cannot realize them. The movement for universal suffrage, for example, has developed to an extent that surprises the instigators. In the Foreign Office, that traditional and hidebound agency for enforcing the bureaucratic idea, the junior secretaries are in revolt against the procedure that prescribes long years of drastic routine before an opportunity is given for the display of individual talent. The leader is the young Marquis Komura, Councillor of the Foreign Office and heir of the great statesman who headed the Japanese delegation at the Portsmouth conference. The latter would turn over in his grave if he knew the radical tendencies of his son. In the government itself the established order of one week is in the scrap heap the next. When I was in Japan in March, Viscount Takahashi was apparently intrenched as Premier. When I returned in June his ministry had not only fallen but a dent had been made in the system that ordained cabinets.

Prophecy a Hazardous Business

IN CHINA it is even more difficult to keep abreast of the march of events, and it is infinitely harder to try to chronicle them. During the last week of March I visited Marshal Chang Tso-lin at Mukden. At that time he was not only viceroy of Manchuria but dictator of the Peking Government as well. War lord of the North, enormously rich, and with a huge army at his back, his position seemed impregnable. Before the article I wrote about him reached America he had been defeated by General Wu Pei-fu, and the Chinese situation was reversed. Instead of being China's strong man, as he was unanimously hailed when I talked with him, he was merely a discredited soldier trying to reorganize his shattered forces.

Hence prophecy, always a dangerous proposition no matter where projected, becomes a much more uncertain venture when you deal with the Orient, particularly in these shifting times. I can only point out what I have actually seen and heard, and let it go at that. So far as Japan is affected, even the most casual visitor must agree with Lafcadio Hearn that the longer you remain in the country the less you know about what is really going on in the people's minds.

To find out just what is going on in Japan requires a preliminary survey. To begin with, there is nothing actually new in the fact that the empire is in transition. She has been in a state of evolution ever since Commodore Perry dropped anchor in the harbor of Yeddo in 1853. From that moment feudalism began to take on the veneer of

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modernism. What most people do not realize about Japan is that despite all the assimilation of so-called Western civilization the feudal idea persists amid foreign clothes, aëroplanes and telephones. Wherever you turn you see some evidence of the weird contrasts that prevail. The tracks of the best railway express service in the Orient, for example, parallel the worst excuse for public highways in the world. As a matter of fact Japan, with all her progress, has no good roads.



Yukio Ozaki, Japan's Foremost Liberal

Deep down within most Japanese—and this includes the enlightened and traveled ones—there is an eternal conflict between the feudal conception as symbolized in the ancient ideals of art, religion, literature and government, and modern thought. Whether to tradition or ancestors, loyalty is a fetish with the Nipponese. In the face of this dilemma the much-advertised expansion of Japan in industry and otherwise is all the more remarkable because it is an external transformation. You can never tell what a Japanese is thinking about by what he does. An Osaka magnate may build a chain of factories equipped with every modern time and labor saving device. He may speak excellent English, wear a morning coat in his office, and eat foreign food at his up-to-date club at lunch time. The Westerner who does business with him will say, "What a completely westernized Japanese he is!" Yet the moment this hypothetical little brown brother gets home in the evening he may strip off his morning coat, give his neck immunity from the ordeal of a stiff starched collar, put on a flowing kimono and eat his evening repast seated on the floor and with the aid of chopsticks. Moreover, if he wants diversion he is likely to call in a geisha to amuse him with song and dance. In other words, as soon as he leaves the glare of the outside world he becomes the unreconstructed Japanese in life and habit.

Occidental Veneer

I ONCE asked a highly intelligent Japanese who wore foreign clothes every day and with whom I came in frequent contact how he felt when he put on his kimono. His immediate reply was, "I feel as if I were really living again, for I detest Western clothes."

In Tokio a well-informed American told me a story which shows how unerringly the "advanced" Japanese run true to form and tradition the moment they get back to their home land. Here it is in substance: The son of a rich and famous old family met the daughter of an equally illustrious Japanese line in New York. They were both wearing foreign clothes and dwelt for the moment in an alien land. The young man broke all the traditions of his country by falling in love with the girl and marrying her. As most people know, practically all marriages in Japan are arranged. Sentiment seldom enters into the proceedings, and there is never a display of affection as we know it. Kissing among grown-ups is an almost unheard-of sacrilege. All kissing scenes are cut out of foreign motion pictures shown in Japan.

So long as these young people lived in America the husband was a devoted lover. Six months after the wedding the couple returned to Japan. Instantly the husband's attitude changed. He assumed the conventional mastery of his household and his wife became the equally conventional lay figure on whom not a single evidence of affection was lavished. To the friend who asked her why she was depressed her answer was, "My husband has not kissed me once since we set foot in Japan. In America he treated me as an equal. Here I am merely a Japanese wife."

Despite her far-flung commerce, her ready adaptability to the last word in science and invention and her rise to be a world power, the Japanese consciousness—that is, her real mental attitude—remained practically unchanged throughout the whole evolution. Take the public schools: The course of study prescribes English, German, geography and mathematics, but the larger doctrine that is impressed day after day is the gospel of a higher patriotism—a blind allegiance to Emperor and country—that transcends all other subjects. When little Hashimuro Togo grows up it naturally follows that this ideal of the old fealty is dominant in him.

Now you can perhaps understand what was meant when I said that the marvel of Japanese acquisition of things Western was almost entirely on the surface. It was a clever disguise that in many instances masked a directly opposite state of mind. It is only within the last few years that the real change began. The demand for universal suffrage is one of its many manifestations. For generations the Japanese have been a disciplined people who accepted the decrees of authority without a murmur. The Emperor, as I have intimated, was a godhead who could do no wrong. Every imperial rescript was hailed as the emanation from an inspired fountainhead of wisdom. The idea of popular privilege has lately broken in on that one-time serenity, and the result was the impressive demonstration before the Diet Building last February.

For years Japanese submission to an ironclad system of police rule and espionage was perfect. Yet in 1919, and later in 1920, when the price of rice soared to an almost impossible figure, the riots at Osaka and Kobe indicated that underneath the repression lurked the mob spirit.

So, too, with labor. Before the Great War, wages and the standard of living were lower in Japan than in almost any other civilized country. The workers in both field and factory were as acquiescent to their employers as to the government and police. Save for local guilds they were disorganized. Today labor is not only becoming coördinated but is articulate. Moreover it has developed an ugly temper. Coincident with the first faint gropings after socialism has come an understanding of what sabotage means. Labor now refuses to accept dismissal without bonus, and it has actually put fear into the hearts of capitalism; this, too, in the face of the fact that there is not a single labor union, as we know the type, in Japan.



Bunji Suzuki, Japan's Labor Leader



A Street Demonstration for Universal Male Suffrage in Japan

The Trend Toward Liberalism

SUCH radical ideas as birth control, disarmament, drastic reduction of the army and real party government are additional evidences that at last the Japanese mind is working in the direction of a bloodless revolution that is bound to be one of the most interesting processes of the next ten years. Advanced liberals are contending that too much patriotism and too little practicality are taught in the public schools, and that more efficiency and less traditional chivalry will lift the country out of its present economic slump. Women are committing what was formerly considered the unpardonable sin of attending political meetings, and—wonder of wonders!—policewomen patrol the streets of Tokio. So it goes.

With this preamble we can now examine the concrete activities that are changing the social, economic and political structure of Japan.

First and foremost is the break-up of the autocracy that has really ruled Japan since the Restoration of 1868, when the Emperor Meiji mounted the throne. This autocracy was embodied in the Elder Statesmen, otherwise the Genro. Chief among them was Prince Yamagata.

In a previous article describing my audience with the Prince Regent I explained in detail the system by which the Genro, answerable only to the Emperor himself, constituted themselves the masters of the empire. Since the passing of this picturesque group enters vitally into the picture of changing Japan, it is necessary to rehearse briefly the part they played in the creation of the strangest political trust known to history.

The Japanese constitution, framed by Prince Ito, the Bismarck of Japan and second only to Yamagata in the councils of the Genro, theoretically provided for the establishment of a constitutional monarchy, but it did not achieve the equivalent of parliamentary government under a limited monarch such as obtains in Europe.

(Continued on Page 75)

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THE DEADFALL

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

DEFEAT and drink had loosened Ross Breen's tongue. Normally he wrapped himself in a sullen silence which was near to dignity; but now as he saw Sheriff Dan Mackenzie on the courthouse steps he hailed him noisily, in a harsh, peremptory key that interrupted the talk among the groups of men who lounged along the pipe rails; a shout that gave Ross Breen, for the moment, a monopoly of their grave, deliberate attention. The sense of an interested audience seemed to encourage Breen. Before he had reached the foot of the steps he began to talk at the top of a shrill, angry voice, his fat face redder than ever, a thick bunch of dirty bills waved in his lifted hand.

"Right yere's your blood money, Mackenzie—take an' count it! Want everybody sh'd see me pay it!"

The lean gray sheriff did not move. He let Breen bring the money to him halfway up the stairs, and the look of his placid, gentle old face did not change. Breen thrust the bills at him with a motion that was like a blow.

"Reckon you won't levy on my place like you been claimin' you would. They's four thousand there, Mackenzie; every cent you an' Rufe McLean been blackmailin' out'n me with your fixed jury an' your crooked courts! Figured you'd sell me out at auction, did you? Well, you won't git no chance!"

The sheriff took the money without haste.

"The winner gits his bite mostly, Ross. Reckon the loser'd ought to be allowed his bark. Come inside an' I'll fix up a receipt for this. Wait"—he lifted his hand gently as Breen's mouth opened for another shout—"the judge is up yonder by that there window, and he don't like to hear folks call him crooked."

Breen held his breath with a visible effort and submitted to the mild suggestion of the sheriff's hand on his elbow. They went in together and the talk began again at the railing. There was some sympathy for Breen, in spite of his unpopularity. The county had not yet accepted the new state law which holds a man responsible for damage done by brush fires improperly managed on his own lands. Not so many years before the woods were deliberately fired every winter, so that the tender new shoots of the indestructible bunch grass might provide a brief pasturage for grazing stock. To forbid a landowner to burn over his ground as seemed good to him smacked a little of the kind of oppression which these back-country farmers would never learn to tolerate. But Breen's offense had been flagrant enough to lose him the verdict in three successive trials of Rufus McLean's suit; he had fired the grass on a wide front, with a whistling wind to drive it straight at McLean's clearing. He had not given McLean the notice required by both written and unwritten law. He had made no effort to limit or control the fire, which roared through the scrub, leaped McLean's firebreaks and swept his land bare of house and sheds and curing barns before he could begin to fight it.

Under the old law McLean would have borne the loss. The new statute gave him a claim so incontestable that even the reluctant jury granted it, and the higher courts, to which the frothing Breen appealed, successively sustained the verdict.

There was a stubborn remnant of theoretical disagreement with the award among the groups along the railing; but when Breen reappeared, still vocal, no one accepted the unusual proffer of his flask, and he rehearsed his complaint to auditors who nodded and spat in silence. Presently he seemed to detect the significance of that silence, and his accustomed taciturnity came back upon him. He drew away, slouching against the rail, his red jowls scored with a deep crease about his set, retruded chin, his little, deep-set eyes fixed sullenly on the road.

He did not answer Steve Duncan's cheerful word as he drove by in the light high-wheeled wagon he used for his daily trips to Dundee when the fords were too deep for the battered car in which, at low water, he carried the mails. Steve Duncan would have accepted a chance at that flask, but Ross Breen's moment of generosity had passed. The carrier grinned at the rebuff and drove on. At the courthouse gate Sim Cole, Mackenzie's deputy, stopped him.

"Sheriff wants you should come in a minute, Steve." Cole spoke importantly, his voice lifted for the benefit of the men at the railing. Steve grinned again.



Mackenzie Looked Up From the Big Table at Which He Performed His Detested Clerical Duties

"Done found me out, has he, Sim? You reckon they're fixin' to hang me?"

He twisted the reins about the socketed whip and vaulted the wheel. He annoyed Cole by stopping to shake hands with two or three of the bystanders on their way into the courthouse.

Mackenzie looked up from the big bare table at which he performed his detested clerical duties. His sober look relaxed a little as Steve shook hands.

"Obliged to you for comin' up, Steve. I'd 've come out to the road, only ——"

He stopped and regarded Cole thoughtfully. "Sim, hate to fret you with runnin' errands, but I want to know if Ab Flint's around town. Suppose you go over to the hotel and find out."

Cole looked rebellion for a moment, but the placid old eyes moved him reluctantly through the door. Mackenzie closed it deliberately, tugged at the table drawer and produced the bills Breen had left with him. Duncan's eyes went wide.

"Been robbin' a bank, sheriff?"

Mackenzie frowned.

"Steve, I'd kind of like to git this money down to Rufe McLean's soon's I can, and it's court day, so's I can't ride over myself. Rufe's been waitin' a right good while for it."

Duncan nodded.

"Figured Ross Breen'd pay it sometime. Claimed he wouldn't. How much is they in that pile, sheriff?"

He whistled reverently when Mackenzie told him.

"Four thousand! Never figured I'd see that much, all in one lump, thataway. How much does it heft?"

He lifted the heap and weighed it respectfully. Mackenzie interrupted the experiment.

"Reckon you can carry it down yonder to Rufe's, Steve? Hate to bother you, but you're bound to go past his place anyhow."

Duncan looked up slantingly, his eyes seeming to dance.

"You aim to trust me with all that money?"

"Figured on it some." Mackenzie grinned this time. "Reckon you're as safe as I'd be, Steve."

"Darned if I know how safe I am, sheriff. That's sure one power of money to go totin' around—and yonder's the hills. 'F I got it in my head to skip, you an' Sim'd have a nice day's work trailin' me back yonder. Find a needle in a haystack quicker'n a man in them hills—a man that knowed 'em like I do."

"Don't reckon Sim and me'll have to hunt, Steve." Mackenzie's voice evened. "You better git started."

"Hope nobody finds out I'm carryin' it." Duncan drew a mock-sober face. "Git held up, like as not, if folks knowed I had a gold mine on me. Wish't I'd fetched Lin's old gun this trip."

"Won't need it, Steve. Nobody knows. That's why I sent Sim Cole out'n the office."

"Jest you an' me, eh?" Duncan looked thoughtful. "Looks like it'd ought to be all right, sure enough." He gathered the bills together.

"Better leave me wrop 'em for you." Mackenzie fumbled in the drawer and brought out a sheet of brown paper and a stick of sealing wax. "Most gen'ly seal up money, Steve."

"Wait—I got a notion, sheriff." Duncan checked him with a gesture. "You take an' wrop me up a dummy instead; just trash—newspapers an' such—an' seal it an' mark it. I'll carry the money in my pockets till I git out'n the town, an' then I'll hide it in the cushion. Got a hole in there a-purpose. Most always carries the registered sack there. See?"

The sheriff grinned gently at his eagerness.

"You been readin' some dime novel, I reckon."

"That's how I got the notion," said Duncan, unabashed. "Read how this messenger that was lookin' to git held up fooled the robbers. Hid the real stuff in his shoe an' fixed up a dummy package! Smart, wasn't it? He knowed 't if they didn't find nothin' they'd hunt till they did, so he let 'em find the dummy. Figured that'd keep 'em happy till they got a good ways off."

"Gittin' me scared, Steve, the way you talk." Mackenzie grinned again. "Reckon we better play safe, like you say."

He found old newspapers and clipped them to the size of the bills, made a convincing packet with the brown wrapper, tied it with heavy cord and splashed the red wax on the knots. At Duncan's suggestion he added the rubber-stamped imprint of his office. The carrier crowded the bills into his pockets, his fingers a little uncertain with excitement.

"Give you a receipt, sheriff ——"

"Oh, that's all right, Steve. No need to do that."

"No, bound to do it. Same as I sign the book at the post office. Suppose I take an' skip with this money. Where'd you be? Who'd know I ever got it?"

Mackenzie yielded once more. He dropped the receipt into the drawer and went to the window. Steve Duncan carried the impressive package in plain sight as he walked out to his wagon. Mackenzie's glance moved along the railing. He frowned a little, and then as he turned away his face resumed its tranquil benignity. He was quite sure that Ross Breen no longer leaned against the rail with the rest.

II

SIM COLE was enjoying himself. The task of guiding the little tin car along the deep ruts in the sand did not in the least hamper his tongue, and the topic was inexhaustible and pleasing.

"It's a pity you didn't ask me before you took an' run a risk like that, sheriff. I never had no confidence in that Steve Duncan; nor any other hillbilly neither. Can't trust them hill folks with real money. I don't see how you ever come to ——"

"Better watch where you're drivin', Sim." Mackenzie spoke gently as the front wheels climbed out of the ruts and jerked the car to the inkberry thicket that crowded in on the narrow track. "Seems like you done told me about this two-three times before now. Looks like I made a mistake, sure enough."

"Mistake!" Cole laughed. "Why, sheriff, don't you see where you're goin' to be at if we don't take and ketch Steve 'fore he gets shet of that money? You're liable, person'ly, for every cent you give him! Rufe McLean's bound to come down on you for that four thousand. Ross Breen's got your receipt and Rufe's gen'ral release.

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He's clear. You're responsible to Rufe. It's your lookout if you take an' trust a hill thief to carry the money for you."

"When we get out to Lin Duncan's I reckon I wouldn't go talkin' very much about hill folks bein' thieves, Sim. Lin ain't apt to take it kindly."

"He better git used to it right soon," said Cole. "If he stays around here he's liable to hear meaner chat than anythin' I been sayin'. Most likely him an' Steve was in this together, when you git right down to it. Wouldn't surprise me if Lin was back yonder in the hills by now, he'pin Steve spend that four thousand."

Mackenzie waved his hand as the car emerged on the tiny clearing in the scrub. Lin Duncan was at work with his ax at the farther edge where a stand of young pines had reconquered the wreckage of the original forest.

He turned and glanced at the approaching car and then resumed his work; as Cole stopped the engine the young, straight tree came down like a flail. Duncan turned slowly, his hand on the ax helve, his thin face expressionless as a bird's, with something, too, of a birdlike quality in the bright straight eye, the high cheek bones, the thin hooked nose.

"Evenin'," he said, after an uneasy pause, as if even the word cost him an effort. His voice was thin, but there was an odd resonance in it. "Reckon you-all come out about Steve."

"You bet we did!" Sim Cole slid over the side of the car and walked toward him, aggressive, belligerent. "We want to know ——"

Duncan turned his back and swung up the ax. He handled it with that uncanny skill of his race—the men who can find shelter and warmth and food in the harsh, niggard hills with only ax and gun for tools. The blade sheared the branches, one at each stroke, as clean and close to the trunk as if they had been cut by a careful saw. Mackenzie walked around in front of him.

"Sort of wanted some chat with you, Lin." Duncan straightened abruptly. Mackenzie went on without haste. "I'm right worried about Steve, Lin."

Duncan's eye flicked toward Cole. Mackenzie saw it.

"You know my deputy, don't you—Sim Cole? Sim an' me aimed to look into this thing some."

"Look, then." Duncan lifted his ax again. "It's your job. I ain't sheriff, an' if I was it wouldn't make no difference. Steve an' me was —— Steve's all the brother I got. I ain't goin' to lift a finger to put him in no jail."

"I knowed it!" Sim Cole snapped his fingers. "I knowed Steve got away with that money, all the time. I said so right off!" He wheeled toward Mackenzie. "You got to admit I was right, sheriff, an' you was wrong when you said Steve didn't——"

Mackenzie's eyes did not waver from Lin Duncan's face. The ax paused in the air. Duncan straightened slowly.

"You claim it wasn't Steve 't took that there money?"

Mackenzie did not answer at once. He seemed embarrassed. Sim Cole saw it and ventured a triumphant chuckle.



"Reckon You-All Come Out About Steve"

The sheriff rubbed his chin with the back of his hand. "Always liked Steve, Lin. Reckon I don't have to prove that—wouldn't 've asked him to carry that money over to Rufe if I hadn't figured he was a right trusty boy. Kind of hate to own up I was wrong, mebbe." He wagged his head slowly. "They ain't no proof 't Steve took it."

Again Sim Cole risked a chuckle. His old hope of contesting the next nomination for sheriff had revived since the disappearance of Steve Duncan with Rufe McLean's four thousand dollars. Hewitt County, behind the times as it was, could hardly help realizing now that Dan Mackenzie wasn't fit for his job any more. And Mackenzie's obstinate refusal to take Steve Duncan's guilt for granted had played straight into the deputy's hand. Folks would have been mainly sorry for the old man if he'd admitted his blunder instead of trying to deny it in the face of the plain facts. Usually Sim saved his disrespectful comments for occasions when the sheriff wasn't present, but since yesterday he had ventured to state them to Mackenzie's face.

"No proof! Why, don't his own brother admit he done it? Didn't he jest say ——"

"You don't figure Steve done it, do you, Lin?" Mackenzie spoke in the same gentle key as before, his voice almost plaintive. "Steve didn't have a gun; he might've got held up."

Lin Duncan's lips drew away from his teeth. His eyes flickered again in Cole's direction.

Mackenzie, watching him close, saw something like fear in them.

"He didn't git held up, Mackenzie. It was Steve 't got the money, sure enough. Reckon you jest hate to admit you was a fool to trust him like you said."

"Mebbe." Mackenzie nodded, and if he heard Cole's laugh he gave no sign of it. "Reckon you wouldn't own up, neither, without you was pretty sure, Lin. What makes you sure it was Steve?"

Lin Duncan leaned on the heel of his helve.

"I'll tell you, Mackenzie. It was thisaway: When the team come back yest'd'y without Steve I knowed somethin' was wrong. The mail sacks was gone, an' I knowed Steve couldn't 've been to Dundee an' delivered 'em, that time o' day. So I took an' back-tracked the team—they's aplenty soft spots in the road where the track shows—an' I found where Steve went into town first, an' then where he come back past the fork, an' kep' on down toward Dundee, like he always done. I could track the team easy enough down by the big swamp. The tracks run right into the ford and come right back again. That was the team comin' home by itself—that last track. I figured Steve must've turned somewheres on the far side, so I waded across—mighty nigh had to swim in the deep spot—and the track never come out. Then I knowed Steve'd turned the team in the ford and left 'em come home alone. Reckon he figured on mixin' up the trail thataway. Ain't no team 't could turn in the ford by itself—bound to upset the wagon without a good driver handled 'em."

Mackenzie thought for a moment.

"That's all so, Lin; but it don't prove 't Steve—he might've got held up on the near side of the branch. It might've been the man 't held him up 't drove in there like you say."

Again Duncan's eyes twitted toward Cole, and his lips flattened over his teeth.

"You're bound I sh'd prove he done it, ain't you? Ain't willin' to see the hole in the grindstone without somebody shoves your head into it. I'll tell you how I knowed it was Steve's doin', sheriff. When the team come home the first thing I done was to turn over the cushion in the seat. He had a hole on the under side, and he'd carry the registered mail in there. So's if anybody ever took an' tried to rob him they wouldn't be so apt to find it. Nobody else knowed that trick. When I looked in there the hole was empty. That give me the notion first. I didn't know then 't Steve had all that money. So I drove in town to find out. You was in court, Mackenzie, or I'd 've told you first off. I went to the post office an' told 'em there. And two-three people told me Steve was carryin' a heap of money down to Rufe McLean. Then I knowed all I needed an' I come back. If Steve'd got held up that money'd 've been under the seat, or the seat would've showed 't somebody'd been at it. Steve he had that hole hid right pretty. Nobody else could've shet it up again like I found it—only Steve." He nodded at Sim Cole.

"You figured it out right—Mackenzie's wrong. He don't want to look foolish, that's all they is to that."

"Looks that-away," conceded the sheriff mildly. "Like to take a look at that cushion though, Lin."

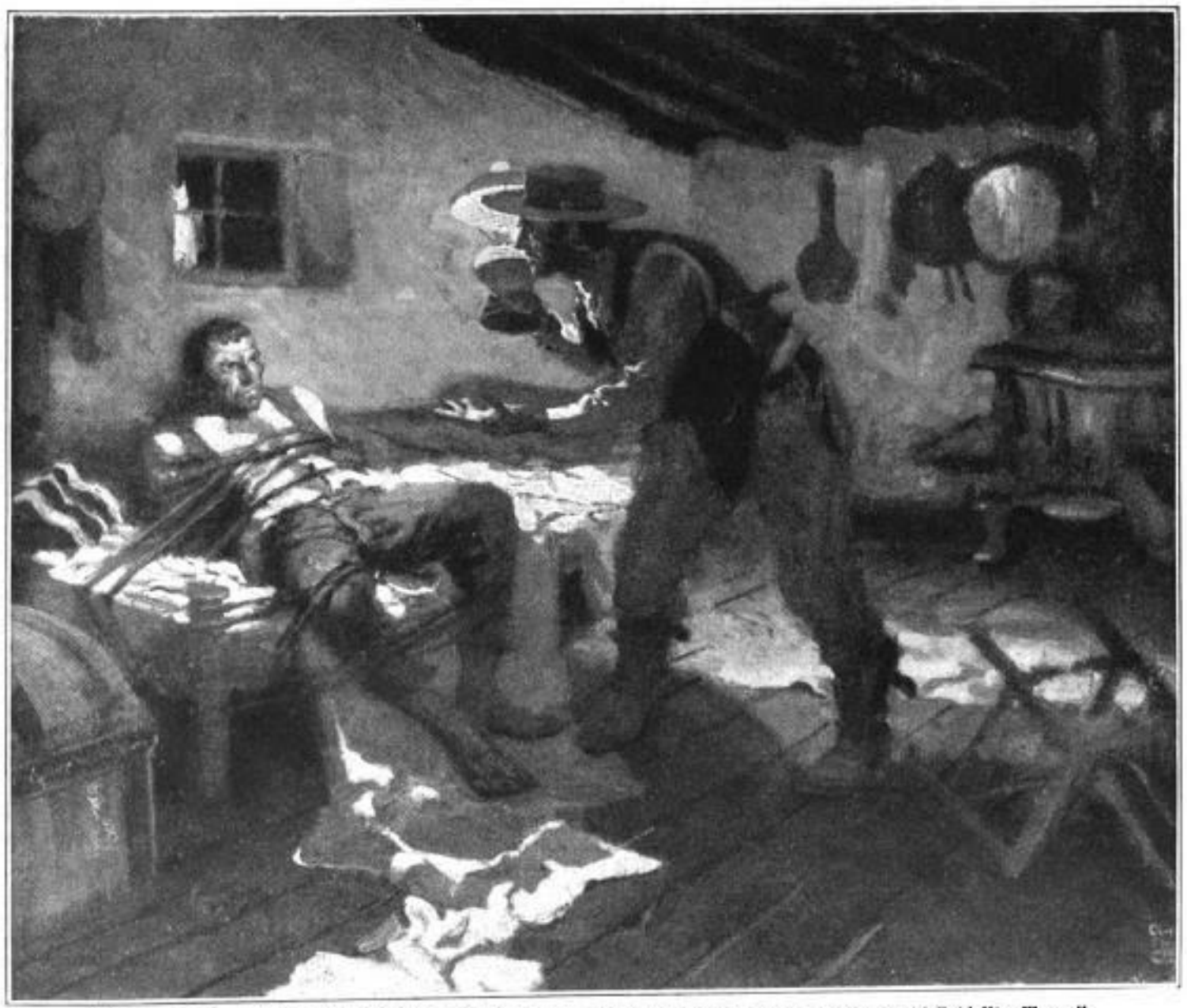
Duncan turned without answering and marched toward the shed where Steve's old flivver stood beside the wagon. He jerked the cushion from the seat—a worn and lumpy thing borrowed from the car. Cole and Mackenzie leaned over it as he laid it before them upside down, revealing a sheet of tarpaulin clumsily stitched to the frame so that it concealed the springs.

"Got a good eye if you can find the hole," said Duncan. "I shet it up like I found it—like Steve always left it."

Cole squatted and went over the stitching carefully. There was no break in the cloth and the stout thread was intact.

"Show us," he said. "There's no hole here."

(Continued on Page 72)



"I Give In When He Went to Hold the Lamp Under 'em. He Let On He'd Burn 'em Clean Off if I Told Him Wrong"

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CANADA BARS THE GATES

By Kenneth L. Roberts

DECORATIONS BY HERBERT PULLINGER

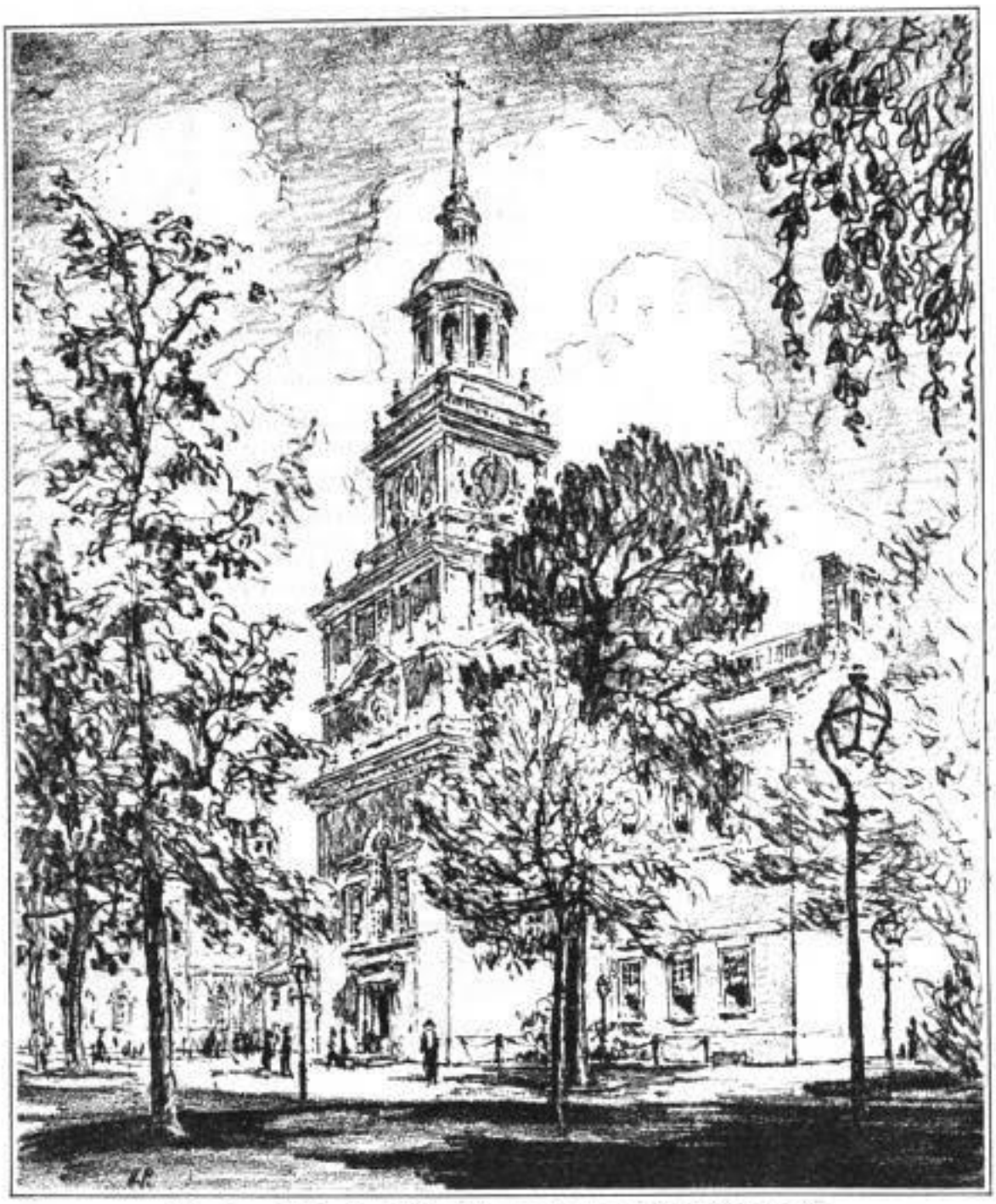
THERE are two general methods of meeting an emergency. One is the right method and the other is the wrong method. This fact is apparent to any grown person whose mental age is over eleven years, and who therefore does not fall under the head of a moron or of a high-grade imbecile. The moron, being cursed with emotional instability and a low intellectual level, gratifies his own desires without regard for right or wrong. He recks not of the morrow, so long as he is pleased by what he does today. Consequently one needn't expect him to grasp the fact that the best general method of meeting an emergency is the right method. If he likes the wrong method it becomes the right method for him. That is what makes him a moron.

Some time ago the United States, which for years had been inundated with millions of low-grade immigrants from Central and Southeastern Europe, woke from a sleep which made that of Rip Van Winkle look like a cat nap, and realized that quick action was needed in order to prevent the transfer to America of all of Europe's slum dwellers, human parasites, incompetents, paupers and what is sometimes known as the submerged tenth. The awakening should have come at least forty years earlier; but the fact that it came at all is cause for a certain amount of rejoicing.

Testimony was presented before the House Immigration Committee and the Senate Immigration Committee which showed conclusively that the bulk of European immigration that had poured into America of late years was of a low grade. This testimony came from American consuls, diplomatic representatives and trained observers in every part of Europe. It has been corroborated in every detail by the army mental tests, carried out on 1,700,000 officers and men during the war. These mental tests proved scientifically that the average mentality of the new immigration from Central and Southeastern Europe—of practically all our recent immigration, that is to say—has been very low.

The result of the overwhelming mass of testimony that was poured out before the House and the Senate Immigration Committees was the Three Per Cent Immigration Law.

The Three Per Cent Immigration Law was supposed to remain in force for one year, during which time the House and Senate Immigration Committees were to frame a scientific and permanent immigration law which would give America the immigrants that she needed for her well-being, and keep out further floods of the undesirable aliens who have already made so many sections of this country into a mixture in which are blended the worst of America and the worst of Europe, and who have confronted America with a perpetual emergency ever since 1880.



The Home of American Citizenship—Independence Hall, Philadelphia

The Canadian Selective System

THE Three Per Cent Law, however, solved no emergency. Instead of permitting 1,000,000 or 1,500,000 immigrants to enter the country in one year's time, as the old law would have done, it cut the yearly immigration quota to approximately 350,000. The fact that this law permits a smaller amount of bad stock to enter the country than was permitted to enter before it went into effect is its one good feature. It admits thousands upon thousands of people that America doesn't want and doesn't need and cannot use, and it admits thousands whose feeble brains will forever be incapable of grasping the general principles of our form of government. Not only have the House and the Senate failed to substitute a sound and permanent immigration law for the Three Per Cent Law, but they have reënacted it for another two years—until June 30, 1924. And in addition to this the immigration leaders in the House are planning to base a permanent law on the percentage plan, which is not and can never be a method by which America can get the sort of immigrants that she wants.

Let us now turn slightly to the north and spend a few pleasant moments in contemplating our next-door neighbor, Canada.

Canada needs immigrants and needs them badly. The country is large and sparsely peopled—an empire in extent and resources, but a province in population. Canada's population at the present time is, in round numbers, only about 8,500,000; and throughout Canada there is a demand that these figures be doubled. "Immigration," says the Montreal Gazette, "is deemed the sovereign remedy for the national ills of Canada. Double the population and you halve the debt; double population and therefrom will issue reduced taxation, enlarged trade and a traffic capable of sustaining even the overbuilt railway system." Canada needs immigrants, and the United States doesn't need them and doesn't want them; yet Canada, needing them as she does, absolutely refuses to admit Europeans of the sort that constitute the bulk of United States immigration under the Three Per Cent Law. The United States, wanting no immigrants, takes the poorest in the world; Canada, wanting all the immigrants she can get, will take only those people who will be good citizens of Canada, and of value in the building up of the country. Canada, confronted by the same emergency that has confronted the United States in the matter of immigration since 1880, rigorously excludes the slum dweller, the parasite, the incompetent and the pauper. She bars the mentally warped, the physically deficient and the economically undesirable. No immigrant enters Canada unless he is an immigrant that Canada needs. And that is the right method.

The Canadian immigration laws are worthy of being explained in some detail. Not only do they provide an excellent example of a simple and honest method of handling immigration properly, but they are—or ought to be—something of a jolt to many distinguished American legislators who are fond of remarking carelessly that the Canadian immigration laws are almost exactly the same as the United States immigration laws. The Canadian laws are like ours in the same way that a race horse is like a rocking-horse. The general contour is very similar, but there is a marked difference in speed.

The Joker

THE Canadian Parliament passed an immigration law which specified the classes of persons who couldn't be admitted—persons who are diseased or who may become public charges, and so on—and took up such matters as the protection of immigrants and their deportation and the fining of steamship companies. And then right into the middle of it Parliament slipped the little joker which makes the Canadian law into a regular law, and which puts it as far ahead of the American law as the finest fruits of the Chautauqua platform are ahead of the monkey.

This comprehensive and gratifying example of good judgment and common sense, familiarly known as Section 38 of the Immigrant Act, reads:

> The Governor in Council may, by proclamation or order whenever he deems it necessary or expedient,
>
> *(a)* prohibit the landing in Canada or at any specified port of entry in Canada of any immigrant who has come to Canada otherwise than by continuous journey from the country of which he is a native or naturalized citizen, and upon a through ticket purchased in that country, or prepaid in Canada;
>
> *(b)* prohibit the landing in Canada of passengers brought to Canada by any transportation company which refuses or neglects to comply with the provisions of this Act;
>
> *(c)* prohibit or limit in number for a stated period or permanently the landing in Canada, or the landing at any specified port or ports of entry in Canada, of immigrants belonging to any nationality or race or of immigrants of any specified class or occupation, by reason of any economic, industrial or other condition temporarily existing in Canada or because such immigrants are deemed unsuitable having regard to the climatic, industrial, social, educational, labour or other conditions or requirements of Canada or because such immigrants are deemed undesirable owing to their peculiar customs, habits, modes of life and methods of holding property, and because of their probable inability to become readily assimilated or to assume the duties and responsibilities of Canadian citizenship within a reasonable time after their entry.

Section C of the foregoing excerpt from the Canadian laws should be of particular interest to our legislators. Ever since 1880 the United States has been deluged with millions of immigrants who have been emphatically and distinctly unsuitable with regard to industrial, social, labor and other conditions and requirements of the United States, who have been notoriously undesirable because of their peculiar customs, habits and modes of life, and who have been definitely proved unassimilable and incapable of assuming the duties and responsibilities of American citizenship within a reasonable time after their entry.

Our legislators apparently do not know how—or are unwilling—to separate the bad immigrant from the good immigrant, and to prohibit or limit in number the bad immigrants because they are bad. Therefore it seems obvious that if the United States is ever to have an

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immigration law which will protect the country and the people of the country from an influx of undesirables such as has been going on for the past forty years and such as is going on at the present moment, Congress will have to delegate to a board or commission the authority to regulate the flow of immigration in the same way that the Canadian Parliament has delegated that authority to the Governor-General in Council.

Congress, however, is determined not to delegate any such authority to any sort of board or commission. It doesn't like to delegate authority to anyone. The usual remark concerning an immigration commission which is tossed off is that there are too many commissions and that most of them are no good. That is true. There are too many commissions. Most of them provide soft jobs for politicians. Most of them would be more useful to the country if they were abolished.

But the intelligent man who finds himself handicapped by violent pains in the side usually knows enough to put himself in the hands of the most expert surgeon obtainable. If he puts himself in the hands of an amateur plumber he seldom has an opportunity to admire the beautiful flowers which are sent to the house by sorrowing friends.

When Congress objects to commissions it is justified. But when it leaps to the conclusion that because the country has been cursed with too many useless commissions in the past all commissions must necessarily be useless, it is proceeding on the assumption that immigration is not an extremely important matter to America. America is sick from trying to digest indigestible immigration, and she needs expert medical advice. Furthermore, she needs it in a hurry. If Congress and the President of the United States realize the importance of a sound immigration policy to the future of the United States and of the American people, they can between them name an immigration commission whose judgment will be as sound and as unassailable and as free from prejudice and partisanship and politics as is the Supreme Court.

Protective Orders in Council

THE Canadians, in their stand on immigration, have proceeded on the idea that nothing whatever is more important to any nation than the people whom it permits to become a part of its national life. Each immigrant is a spring in the unit; and each immigrant couple means thousands of ultimate descendants.

One of Nature's great mysteries is the unwillingness or the inability of well-intentioned but soft-hearted people to understand the inevitable result of bad stock on future generations.

The Canadian immigration authorities are thoroughly awake to the incontrovertible facts of immigration—such facts as the ultimate result of bad stock on the future of the race, and the inevitable tendency of the best stock to die out while the worst stock is energetically reproducing itself. They are familiar with the findings of such biologists as Edwin Grant Conklin and Charles Benedict Davenport. They have drawn careful conclusions from the fact that although the slave trade brought not more than 400,000 negroes to the United States, there are now more than 10,000,000 negroes and mulattoes in the country. These facts cannot be dodged. Rules of biology that were true 1000 years ago are true today and will be true forever. The result of filling the United States with millions of the worst stock in Europe will be a very terrible thing in another 200 years. No other reason should be necessary in order to cause any nation to shut out bad immigrants and admit only good immigrants; and no other reason should be necessary in order to make every legislator admit instantly and wholeheartedly that the keeping out of bad immigrants is a matter of the utmost importance to the nation.

There are a great many people who argue that this country's immigration problem is so acute that all immigration, bad and good alike, should be excluded for five years or for ten years. If such an extreme exclusion law could ever be forced through the Senate—and there is a slim chance that it could be done—tremendous pressure would instantly be brought to bear by the newest and most undesirable elements of our population to secure the admission of certain friends and relatives. This pressure is brought to bear even under the Three Per Cent Law and has proved almost impossible to resist. If, under a total exclusion law, exception were made in a few cases, as they certainly would be, they would be made in a few more and a few more and a few more—and the ultimate result would be a fair-sized immigration of the most undesirable European elements and the total exclusion of all the good elements.

Canada has realized to the full the importance and the danger of bad immigration; and it was this realization which caused the Canadian Parliament to delegate to the Governor-General in Council the power to protect the country against changing immigration conditions. Bad immigration is too important a matter to continue unchecked for a year or two years or three years, while a bewildered legislative body tries to make up its mind what to do. Emergencies must be met as they arise—met firmly, courageously and immediately. Consequently the Governor-General in Council makes regulations as the necessity arises; and these regulations have all the force and effect of law.

More than one United States immigration commissioner has viewed the Canadian system with awe and delight, and mourned bitterly because he hadn't the same power to protect America.

Canada's protection against undesirables lies in two Orders in Council. The first one, which is comparatively harmless, reads:

> The Governor-General in Council . . . is pleased to order as follows: From and after the date hereof the landing in Canada shall be and the same is hereby prohibited of any immigrant who has come to Canada otherwise than by continuous journey from the country of which he is a native or naturalized citizen and upon a through ticket purchased in that country or prepaid in Canada.

Note the beautiful simplicity of this order. Yet it disposes of the highly undesirable classes who travel on passports of countries other than their own, and of those who take up a temporary residence in an adjacent country with the idea of crossing the border at a later date.

The second Order in Council, which closes a big door in the face of all Canadian immigration and then opens a small door to the immigrants that Canada needs, is the most drastic immigration regulation that Canada has ever put into effect; and it was directly brought about by the nature of the slum-dwelling immigrants who have been pouring out of Europe in recent years.

The United States has been getting enormous quantities of this sort of immigration ever since 1880. Canada has been getting it for only a fraction of that time, and in much smaller quantities. But so far as Canada is concerned, a little is too much.

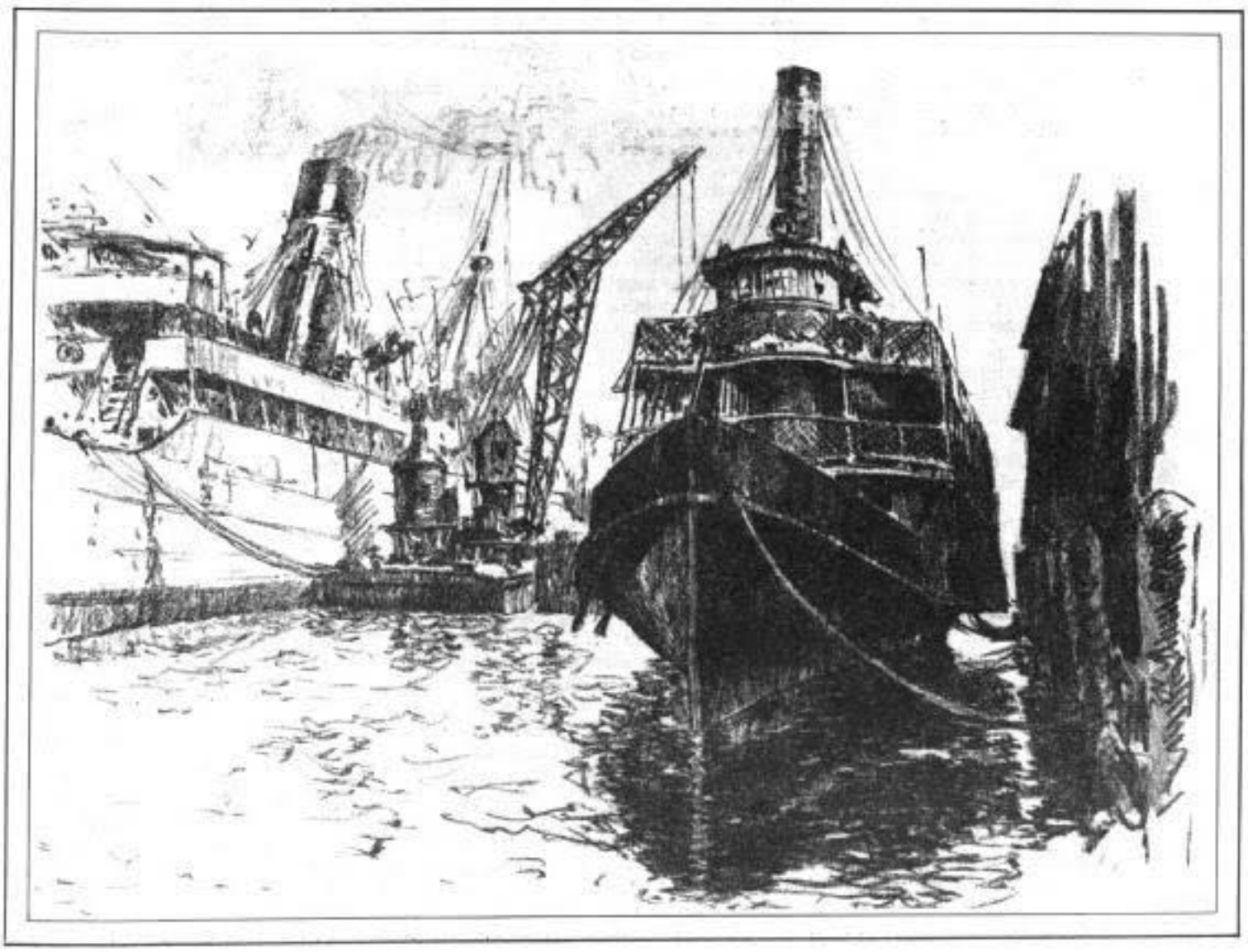
How Undesirables are Excluded

THIS second order, numbered 717 and dated May 9, 1922, states that "His Excellency the Governor-General in Council, on the recommendation of the Acting Minister of Immigration and Colonization . . . is pleased to make the following regulation and the same is hereby made and established accordingly:

> From and after the date hereof and until otherwise ordered, the landing in Canada of any immigrant is hereby prohibited, except as hereinafter provided:
>
> The Immigration Officer in Charge may admit any immigrant who otherwise complies with the provisions of the Immigration Act, if it is shown to his satisfaction that such immigrant is,
>
> 1. A bona fide agriculturist entering Canada to farm and has sufficient means to begin farming in Canada.
>
> 2. A bona fide farm labourer entering Canada to follow that occupation and has reasonable assurance of employment.
>
> 3. A female domestic servant entering Canada to follow that occupation and has reasonable assurance of employment.
>
> AND PROVIDED further that the Immigration Officer in Charge may admit:
>
> *(a)* The wife and family [family in this case meaning children] of any person legally admitted to and resident in Canada who is in a position to receive and care for his dependents.
>
> *(b)* The national of any country in regard to which there is in operation a special treaty or agreement or convention regulating immigration.
>
> *(c)* Any British subject entering Canada directly or indirectly from Great Britain or Ireland, the United States of America or any self-governing British Dominion or Newfoundland, who shall satisfy the Immigration Officer in Charge at the port of entry that he has sufficient means to maintain himself until employment is secured.
>
> *(d)* Any American citizen entering Canada from the United States, provided it is shown to the satisfaction of the Minister of Immigration and Colonization that his labour or service is required in Canada.

Nothing could be simpler and easier to put into effect than this order. It admits nobody that Canada doesn't want. It is supplemented by a third Order in Council reading thus:

> The landing in Canada is hereby prohibited of any immigrant who is not in possession of a valid passport issued in and by the Government of the Country of which such person is a subject or citizen, viséd as follows:
>
> 1. The passport of any alien immigrant landing in Canada from the Continent of Europe, whether directly or indirectly via Great Britain or Ireland, shall carry the visé of a Canadian Immigration Officer stationed on the Continent of Europe.
>
> 2. The passport of any immigrant not included in the last preceding paragraph shall carry the visé of a British diplomatic or consular officer. For the purpose of this regulation, a passport to be valid must be presented within one year of the date of its issue. PROVIDED that this regulation shall not apply to British subjects landing in Canada directly or indirectly from Great Britain or Ireland, the United States of America or any self-governing British dominion, or Newfoundland, nor shall it apply to American citizens nor to immigrants landing in Canada from the United States who have been resident in the United States for at least one year immediately prior to their landing in Canada.



In this way Canada does her

(Continued on Page 100)

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A NOSE FOR NEWS

By Richard Connell

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL FOSTER

THIS is a newspaper story the hero of which is not a cub reporter who stumbles on a big piece of news, makes a note on his cuff, and beats the town. Properly speaking the chief figure is not a person at all, but a nose. And such a nose! It was attached to Marcus Quigley, managing editor of The Morning Voice. Or, properly speaking again, Marcus Quigley was attached to it. For to all beholders the fact was instantly and entirely clear that the nose was not made for the man, but that the man was made for the nose. The insignificant spider-like body of Mr. Quigley was obviously an after-thought, made of what bits of material were left over after the masterpiece of a nose was finished. In the city room of The Morning Voice, one corner of which was quite filled by the nose, it was commonly said that there were five wonders of the western world—the Grand Cañon, Niagara Falls, the Mississippi, the lower Manhattan sky line and Marcus Quigley's nose.

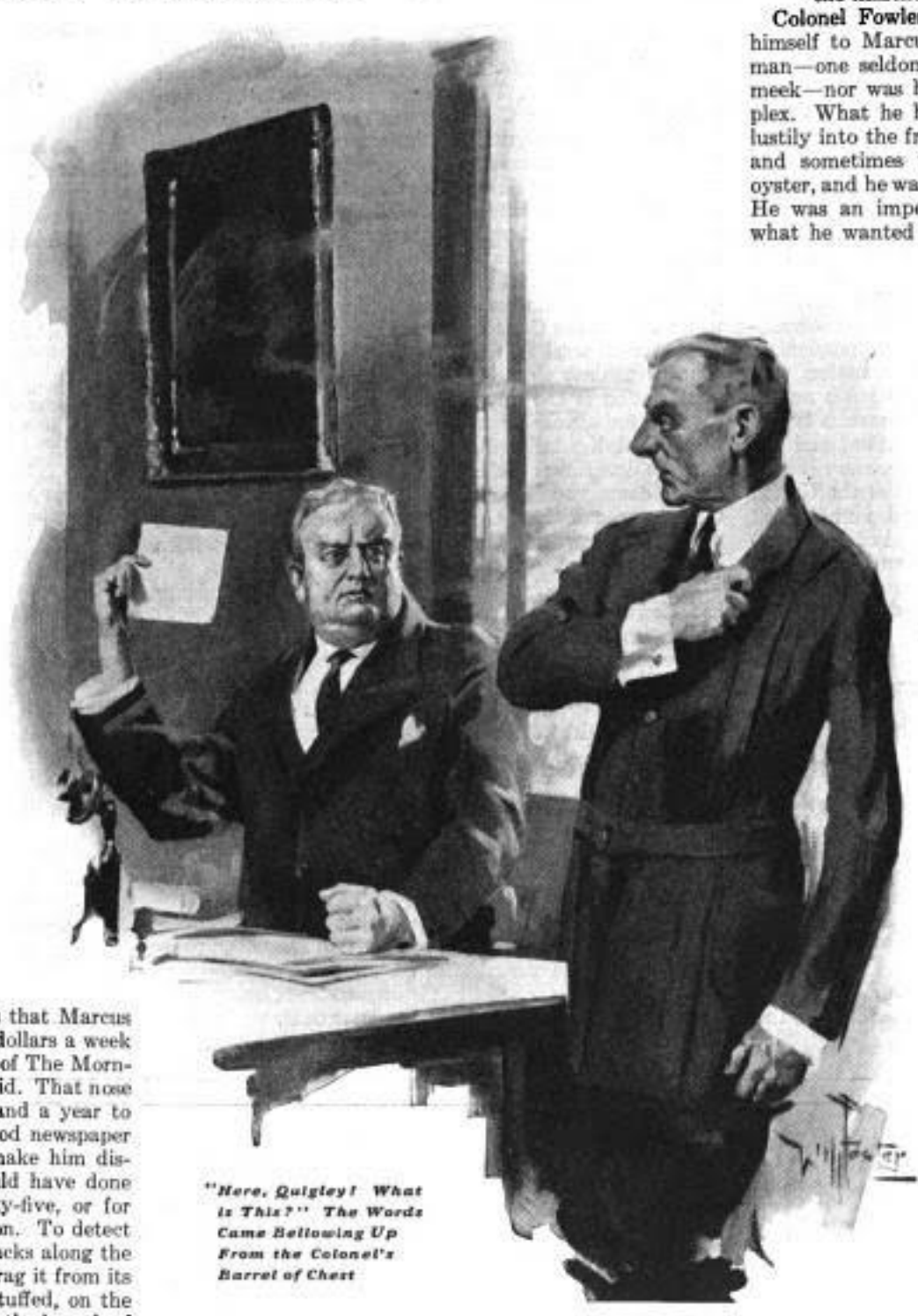
Architecturally it was impressive, a regular cathedral of a nose, of the modern school in its size and simplicity of outline, and with Gothic touches about the nave and transept. Its bridge was a stupendous feat of nasal engineering. Geographically it was a promontory, if not actually a peninsula. It was not long or hooked or fat—but a nose of straight, incisive, vigorous lines; it suggested the first few rough strokes of a master sculptor's chisel, working in granite. And yet, for all its massiveness and apparent immobility, it was oddly sensitive. When Marcus Quigley scented a story, and grew excited therefore, the tip of his nose quivered perceptibly.

Taken merely as an ornament, this nose was remarkable enough. But it was no mere ornament, no mere device for smelling and breathing; it was that rare and uncanny phenomenon—a nose for news.

It was because of his nose and its genius that Marcus Quigley received a salary of three hundred dollars a week from Col. Daniel Peyton Fowler, the owner of The Morning Voice. And Mr. Quigley was not overpaid. That nose made him worth many times fifteen thousand a year to his paper. He knew this of course, for a good newspaper editor knows everything; but it did not make him discontented. For he also knew that he would have done the work for a hundred a week, or twenty-five, or for nothing at all. News getting was his passion. To detect the scent of a good news story, to see its tracks along the trail of daily events, to run it to earth, to drag it from its lair, to nail its skin, properly tanned and stuffed, on the front page of The Morning Voice—that was the breath of life to Marcus Quigley; he knew no other, nor wanted to. It was in his blood; in short, he was a born newspaper man. That disease is incurable.

He could have had a plate-glass private office with a mahogany desk as big as a billiard table, but he preferred to be as close to the firing line as he could get. So he inhabited an ancient roll-top desk in a corner of the city room, and he wouldn't have traded that desk, battered though it was, charred by cigars, chipped by editorial shears, ever littered with paper and pencil stubs, for any desk in the land. It was the desk he had first had when he rose from a district reporter to managing editor; so it must have been at least twenty-five years old, for he had been at the news helm of the paper a quarter of a century. His eyebrows had become the color of cobwebs in the service of The Morning Voice; lately he had taken to wearing elastic-sided shoes; but his nose for news was as strong and as sharp as ever.

His eyes were lit by an unappeasable curiosity; they were constantly peering and flitting; he could read a column at a glance and pluck from it the salient facts. For a managing editor he was unusually mild; he was not a desk banger; he was no fire-breathing czar of the city room; he said little, and that in a low voice. Reporters liked him because he stood behind them when they were right, and did not heckle them unduly when they were wrong. From his manner one would have judged him to be a rather gentle soul, of no special endowment as to spine. And he did tolerate many things; he did not quarrel with the editorial policy of the paper, he did not row with the advertising manager or the foreman of the composing room, although to do these things is deemed a constitutional right by managing editors. On one point, however, he was as adamant, as unshakable as the Rocky Mountains: if a story was news he'd run it. That was his creed.



"Here, Quigley! What is This?" The Words Came Bellowing Up From the Colonel's Barrel of Chest

He did not argue, he did not grow heated; he simply sighted his small bright eyes along his nose, looked fixedly at one and said quietly, "It's news. This is a newspaper. That story goes in."

One knew from the way he said it that the only way to prevent the story from appearing in the paper was to murder Marcus Quigley, or fire him.

Col. Daniel Peyton Fowler had often been tempted to do both. But a man does not make seven million dollars, as Colonel Fowler had, by yielding to every passing fit of passion. He had only recently bought The Morning Voice, but he knew its history; he could remember the anæmic state of its circulation and the paucity of its advertising in the distant days before Marcus Quigley became its guiding spirit. That nose of Mr. Quigley's had breathed life into The Morning Voice and made it the necessary breakfast companion of a quarter of a million people. The colonel was too shrewd a newspaper man himself not to see the asset he had in that nose. Years before, back in the little country town of his birth, Colonel Fowler had been a newspaper man himself. He was the son of a small-town editor, born, as he sometimes put it, under a printing press; but when he found that his father's estate, after forty years of toil, consisted of two fishing rods and an old panama hat, the astute colonel concluded that the position in life he craved could better be obtained in the world of finance. When he became rich, as in due course he did, he bought The Morning Voice, partly as a pet and partly because he liked to see "Col. Daniel Peyton Fowler, Editor and Publisher," on the masthead of a big city newspaper.

Colonel Fowler had not, however, entirely reconciled himself to Marcus Quigley's nose. He was not a meek man—one seldom makes seven million dollars by being meek—nor was he weighed down by an inferiority complex. What he had he had gained by thrusting himself lustily into the fray and taking what he desired by direct and sometimes violent methods. The world was his oyster, and he was fond of oysters. Also he loved combat. He was an imperious person, the colonel, who wanted what he wanted when he wanted it—and got it. Some people said he was too impulsive, but they also admitted that his impulses were generally good.

Colonel Fowler was one of those men who do not enjoy sitting any place but at the head of the table, because it seems to them that that is where they belong. So he was chairman of the board of directors of the traction company, and of two banks, commodore of his yacht club, and head of the vestry of his church. In all his activities and interests—and they were many—he was king: a benevolent autocrat who brooked no brother near his throne; in all his fields of endeavor he was boss; in all, that is, except one—his newspaper. And this state of affairs he did not greatly like.

It was true that in most departments of The Morning Voice no one dared say him nay. He might fire advertising managers by the score—and did; he might on the editorial page flay whomsoever he pleased—and did; he might, if the fancy struck him, print the sheet on green paper with crimson ink; but when it came to a question of news he ran up against the nose of Marcus Quigley.

Not that he deferred to it—for the colonel was no deferrer; indeed he fought it, almost daily, in a never-ending series of pitched battles. Oftimes he stormed in a burly voice that made the typewriters in the city room quiver in every key, and even caused the linotype machines downstairs to drop a letter.

But all he ever got out of Marcus Quigley in reply was, "It's news, colonel. News is news. The story must go in."

Colonel Fowler knew that the story would have to go in or Marcus Quigley would go out. He was not sure that he could afford to have that happen, yet.

The truth was that Colonel Fowler was a little jealous down within him of that nose of Marcus Quigley's. He knew its record, but he was not entirely convinced that even that nose was any better than his own. He had an idea that it might be right ninety-nine times, but that on the hundredth it would go wrong, and he had a more or less fixed intention of being on the spot when the nose came to grief.

Perhaps Earl Geppert had something to do with the fact that Colonel Fowler could never make up his mind that he had better accept the verdicts of Marcus Quigley's nose. Perhaps Earl Geppert had something to do with the sowing of tiny seeds of disgruntlement that of late had been rankling a little in the colonel's broad bosom. Earl Geppert was a clever young man, and an ambitious one; his eyes were clever, his conversation clever, his clothes clever; he exhaled an aroma of cleverness as the lemon verbena exhales perfume. The cleverest thing he had done to date was to marry the favorite niece of Col. Daniel Peyton Fowler and attach himself to the pay roll of The Morning Voice.

Just what his position was was an office mystery; he gave the impression of being engaged in important secret work of some kind, the results of which were never apparent. It was rumored that he was learning the business and that he was in line for a big job. It was further rumored that Marcus Quigley's verdict on Geppert, given to the colonel himself, was: "Geppert? Smart, yes. Smooth, yes. Clever, yes. Nose for news, no."

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On saying this, so the rumor ran, Marcus Quigley had pointed his own nose at the colonel for emphasis. Whatever Geppert's plans, capabilities, ambitions were, he was in and about The Morning Voice office. Also, as he was a relative, he visited the home of Colonel Fowler as frequently as possible; and also, he brought with him a budget of office gossip, and a judicious modicum of flattery—and the colonel was much too human not to enjoy both.

It is not unlikely that on these visits to the owner of The Morning Voice Geppert talked of Marcus Quigley. It is unlikely that so adroit a young man as he unquestionably was, ever said anything directly against the managing editor, but it is likely that he did mention the benefit a newspaper derives from the injection of new blood; that he did linger over the phrase "old fogies in editorial chairs"; and that he did narrate, ever so mildly and respectfully, how he had heard a reporter say that the only man who had the colonel buffaloed was a certain editor with a prominent beak.

The colonel laughed at this anecdote, but his laughter did not have a wholly merry ring. He had a feeling that he, Colonel Fowler, was not the man it was safe for anybody to buffalo.

Marcus Quigley, on the other hand, did not visit the home of his employer, nor, so far as anyone knew, any home but his own. That he had a home was for years merely a surmise. All that was certain was that when he finished his twelve-hour workday, which he did each morning at two, he tucked a fresh copy of his paper under his arm and disappeared, presumably into the suburbs, to reappear at two in the afternoon with a clean collar and with his nose for news evidently refreshed by slumber.

Eventually it was learned that he had not only a home but a family. Heber discovered this. Heber, who was one of the younger reporters, was on the late watch one night and the city room's rush had died down a bit. Marcus Quigley called Heber to his desk.

"College man, aren't you, Heber?"

"Yes, sir."

"What college?"

Heber told him.

"Is it a good place, Heber?"

"I think so."

"What does it cost?"

"It cost me about a thousand a year."

The managing editor wrote that down in his big careful hand. "Much gambling there?"

"Very little."

"Many fast fellows?"

"A few, of course. On the whole a decent crowd."

"Good place to send a boy, you think?"

"Yes—of course, though it depends on the type of boy."

"The boy I have in mind," said the managing editor, "is an only son; perhaps he's been a little spoiled. He's fairly bright but not very strong."

"My college would be a good place for him, I think," said Heber. Then, his reporter's curiosity getting the better of him: "Whose boy is he?"

"Mine," said Marcus Quigley.

"Yours?" exclaimed Heber. "Why, I didn't know you had one."

"I have," said Marcus Quigley, and to his usually straight and serious lips came a smile. "One."

"I hope he likes college," said Heber.

"Thank you, Heber." Marcus Quigley's manner had grown almost shy. "I hope so too."

Marcus Quigley did not mention his son again. It must have been two years later when it occurred to Heber to inquire about him. The managing editor was usually too busy to talk of personal affairs, even if he was inclined to be communicative, which he habitually was not.

Heber caught him during one of his rare moments of inactivity, and asked, "How is that boy of yours getting on?"

The look of concentration changed to a beam of pride. "Very well, thanks. Very well. He's a good boy."

Heber in narrating the incident later said, "I never thought the old fellow could look so utterly human. Why, his face was actually tender!"

Later, when the war was on, the reporters noticed that one corner of Marcus Quigley's desk, usually buried beneath an avalanche of paper, was kept carefully clean, so that the editor might see a small photograph he had pasted there. It was the photograph of a young man in the uniform of an ensign in the United States Navy, and though his nose was by no means so prodigious as Mr. Quigley's, one could detect a certain family resemblance. The reporters noticed also that Marcus Quigley always sent for the latest war news, particularly the casualty lists, the instant he got to the office, and scanned them with swift nervous eyes.

But he did not talk about his son. They decided that it was diffidence that kept him from doing so; so the family life of Marcus Quigley remained more or less wrapped in mystery.

There was no mystery, however, about the staff's estimate of his editorial ability. One and all they agreed—to use Heber's words—that "the old boy is a whale of a good newspaper man, who can see a yarn a mile off, knows how to get it and how to play it when he gets it." But even the staff did not understand how utterly the getting and printing of news absorbed the small man with the huge nose. To him it was a fetish—and more: it was his religion.

Once in a great while he gave voice to what was always in his mind, and preached his gospel to a group of reporters.

"A newspaper lives to give news. If it does not give the news—all the news—fully, clearly, fairly, it is no newspaper, but a dead rag. A newspaper is really a public institution, with a sacred duty to all the people.

"News is alive. It breathes. It has personality. It's interesting. The best news is about people, living people. What makes a good news story? Here are four important elements:

"Blood, action, women, big names. Get those four things in a story and any man or woman will read it.

"Develop your nose for news. Look for the story in everything. See people as characters in a drama. Is their drama a thriller? Does it grip your brain? Does it force you to watch it? If it does it's a real story.

"When an editor strikes a story like that he's got to print it, despite hell and high water. He owes that to his paper and to the people. An editor who doesn't print news when he knows it is news is the most contemptible creature in God's green world."

He did not preach often; he was too busy. But those who heard him never forgot his words. Certainly Earl Geppert did not forget them, for he heard the managing editor's little sermon, and that evening in Colonel Fowler's library smilingly gave a more or less accurate version of it for the benefit of the colonel.

"Odd fish, old Quigley," remarked Geppert.

"A stubborn fish," said the colonel; he was in a not very amiable mood.

"I wonder," mused Geppert, "if he means all that."

"Means all what?"

"About printing a story, come what may."

"Maybe," grunted the colonel. "Maybe not." The owner of The Morning Voice dropped cigar ashes on his dinner coat, swore, then said, "I've never made up my mind, Geppert, whether it is a case of high principles or just plain ornery mulishness."

"Neither have I," said Geppert quickly. "But some day we may find out."

The "we" had been carefully calculated.

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing—as yet," said the clever young man. "I was just thinking about the old fable, that's all."

"What fable?"

"'It depends on whose ox is gored,'" quoted Geppert; his smile was meaningful.

"Old Mark Quigley has gored a few of my oxen," grumbled the colonel.

"Ever gore any of his own?" queried Geppert; his smile was insinuating.

"Hasn't any to gore," grunted the colonel. He glowered at the red tip of his cigar; a fresh sense of injury seemed to be awakened in him by Geppert's words. "Only last week," complained the colonel, "he insisted on printing that story about the elevator falling in the Ludwig-Pratt department store, and now old man Ludwig swears he'll never run another line of advertising in The Morning Voice."

Mr. Geppert made clucking sounds, indicative of horror at Marcus Quigley and condolence for Colonel Fowler.

When the clever young man rose to go he extended his hand to the colonel. "I hope you get a lot of trout on your trip to Maine," he said.

"Thanks," said the colonel.

"Gone long, sir?"

"No; about a week. Can't keep away from the local political situation too long these days."

Mr. Geppert smiled.

"I understand we'll soon be calling you senator."

Colonel Fowler laughed.

"You keep your ear close to the ground, don't you, Geppert?"

"Oh, one hears talk."

"What have you heard?" The colonel's tone mirrored his interest.

"Well," said Geppert, "I have heard that Big Ed Sheehan will hold a quiet meeting of the state committee next week and—well—the rumor says he favors you."

"Oh, does he?" The colonel was elaborately casual. "Interesting if true. Well, good night, Geppert."

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"I Wonder," Mused Geppert, "if He Means All That, About Printing a Story, Come What May"

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CALLED TO THE COLOR

By Eleanor Franklin Egan



Brought in Off the Streets. A Priemnik in Petrograd

SINCE I came out of Russia I have quite frequently set myself to the fortunately impossible task of imagining a triumph of Bolshevism in the United States, and whenever I do I visualize a marching column of American boys in Trotzky helmets. There could not possibly be anything more unbecoming to the American type of young manhood.

There are boys in the United States who would wear the Trotzky helmet, but they are not Americans. There are boys in the United States who would march under the Red flag if the police would permit them to do so, but they are not Americans. And that is what I am thinking of when I say it is fortunately impossible to imagine a triumph of Bolshevism in the United States. To a large extent and in a very definite sense the American boy is the United States. Bolshevism, otherwise communism, otherwise internationalism, is primarily militaristic. It can support itself in no way except through the imposition of a military tyranny.

The Russians have need to console themselves in any way they can, and large numbers of them derive a certain amount of consolation from the fact that their country has provided the rest of the world with a perfect example of what not to do. They argue that an epoch-making experiment in socialism somewhere was inevitable sooner or later, and say that as long as they had to be the victims, all well and good, but that other peoples should regard them with friendly sympathy and should feel toward them a sense of gratitude rather than resentment. There is an element of rueful humor in this argument and our non-communistic Russian friends laugh when they present it, but at the same time they are quite sincere about it and say that, with the Russian example in plain view, any country that tolerates Bolshevism in any of its forms or phases will deserve whatever consequences may ensue.

Up to the present Trotzky's army continues to be the only going concern in Russia, but in contemplating the possibility that at this juncture he may attempt to use it within Russia further to consolidate militant communism and his own power I am reminded that it is a Red Army really in nothing but name; and in a small minority of its rank and file, of course. But its ranks are filled with the best as well as the worst youth of Russia, and its majority sentiment, if it were permitted to express sentiment, would probably be diametrically opposed to the principles it is organized to uphold.

In a former article I said that the ranks of the Red Army are filled because the Red Army is fed, but in making this statement I had in mind a thought that it would be difficult to hold together, even under compulsion, such a vast military establishment if the conditions of service were not made attractive in comparison with conditions existing in other walks of life. You must picture to yourself the fact that in Russia the Red Army is ever present and inescapable. It is hardly possible to go into the streets of any city without encountering marching columns of troops. It is as though the country were mobilized for a great war.

Government Regulation of Everything

IN RUSSIA everything is compulsory, including labor, military service and observance of fixed regulations governing practically every act of every citizen's everyday life. The only real volunteers in the country are the volunteer dictators. There is a Communist Party, to be sure, but it represents only about 2½ per cent of the population, and I cannot believe that there are many really intelligent men in this party who have not within the past year or so considerably modified their communistic views. It is in the Communist Party in Russia, where communism has had its great opportunity, that communism is fading away.

The Russian labor unions, which should be strong bodies safeguarding the rights of labor and upholding a stable government, have to all intents and purposes ceased to exist. Labor has enslaved itself in the system of soviets. The soviets are merely nuclei of labor organization and are themselves subject to a dictatorship that is anything but proletarian, while the great body of labor is reduced to worse than serfdom; it is reduced to the irreducible condition of nothing to do. I wonder why the great heralds of the millennium are unable to look facts in the face.

My heart goes out to the youth of Russia. Young Russia is being very badly brought up. The educational program of the soviet government is quite Utopian as to theory, but like everything else Utopian, it is practically nonexistent in actual fact. Young Russia is growing up in complete ignorance of nearly everything except a howling and hairy idea that there is no God and that everything modern civilization has achieved can be summed up in a single phrase—"the enslavement of the workers." It is all very sad; it is also unimaginable in this day and generation; yet it is true.

However, I began to write with a vision in my mind of a marching column of Red soldiers and I wish to say that, despite the Trotzky helmet, the Red Army, taken all in all, is one of the finest-looking bodies of men I have ever seen. The Russian race is physically magnificent; this we all know. A Russian army could be nothing but splendid as to its mere physical proportions, but a majority of the boys in the Red Army are splendid also in their bearing; they hold their heads high and have a certain surprising pride in themselves. I have stood and watched them by the hour, trying to make them out. It may be that their pride is only the pride of youth, and again it may be, on the part of many, a kind of unconscious defiance in answer to the question that is forever in the eyes of the people who watch them and who listen to the stirring strains of the four-four-measure songs they sing. These songs are not Russian; they are not as The Marseillaise or The Star-Spangled Banner; they are somber songs of militant fanaticism; they are hymns of hate.

The question in the eyes of the onlooking people is: "Whither goest thou, and for what purpose?"

The Trotzky helmet I have described, but perhaps I may be permitted to quote myself, or to say again that it is an atrocity in the form of headgear that was perpetrated by Trotzky and that, being a combination of helmet and cap, it has both a visor and a peak and serves to make its wearer look both flat-headed and low-browed. On the flat spot just above the visor there is either a red star or a crossed hammer and sickle done in red.

For the most part the young men of Russia—and particularly the young men of the higher grades of society—were as reluctant to join the Red Army as a majority of American soldiers would be to join a similar establishment designed to overthrow recognized authority in their own country. These young Russians saw their world going down before their eyes into irredeemable chaos, and to many of them the thought of becoming identified with Bolshevism was intolerable. I have in mind an intimate instance.

Bullet or Red Star?

A FRIEND of mine in a certain Russian city had an only son. My friend is a professional man of very high character, who would command respect in any community. His tragedy unfolded itself in the early days of the Red régime. His modest but charming country estate had been confiscated and was at the time in the hands of a quarreling and unruly mob of the very peasants he had spent his life in endeavoring to uplift and enlighten. With his wife and daughter and this only son he had been turned out of his not at all extravagant but somewhat handsome and interestingly historic home in the city, and was living in a couple of mean rooms in a kind of tenement which had been assigned to him by the commissariat on housing arrangements. The boy was spending his time prowling round the streets, mixing with the crowds and watching the development of events. He was eighteen years old and his class had been called up for service in the Red Army.

One day he went to his father and said, "Father, I have made up my mind. I'd rather have a bullet in my head than wear a red star on it. What shall I do?"

When my friend told me this he put his head down upon his folded arms on the desk in front of him and his broad shoulders were shaken by terrible sobs.

He controlled himself presently, however, and looking up with a kind of twisted apologetic smile he said, "It was a good deal of a problem to put up to me, was it not?" Like so many of his class in Russia he speaks perfect English. He looked deeply thoughtful for a moment, then: "There was comparative safety for the boy in the Red Army," he continued. "It would have been so easy for him to fall in with the necessities of the time and go through with it, as so many thousands have done and are doing. But to suggest such a thing to him would have been equivalent to advising him to forget every principle he had been taught to respect. I couldn't do that. Neither could I help him to get away, because that would have been to endanger my own life—as I learned by experience—and leave his mother and sister without protection. What I did do was to give him a few family jewels and all the money I could get together and tell him to go his own way and do the best he could for himself. He had been thinking of a plan to escape from the country and I thought he might succeed. He knew that if he failed he would get the bullet in his head right enough, but he was willing to take that risk. He kissed us all good-by and walked out into the night, and that was the last we ever heard of him."

The rest of this story is almost unbelievable, but it is true, nevertheless. And there is nothing unusual about

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DOING THE "DARBY"

By L. B. Yates



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The Start and—at the Right—the Finish



NOBODY can write a really comprehensive story of the English Derby unless he goes back two or three days before the race is really run, and if you will allow me that privilege I will come out boldly and say that on the evening of the Monday previous to the running of this historic event the British Empire from Calcutta to Kamloops was jarred from her moorings, not to say moved several inches due south.

Now at the particular time of which I write things were happening and occurring in and about the activities of said empire. For instance, there were the proceedings over at Genoa, and the American financiers had just arrived with a boatload of adding machines and several bottles of red ink to fill in the off side of the ledger. Mr. Collins and Mr. Griffith were closeted with Mr. Churchill, thrashing out the Irish situation. Over at the American Club, in Piccadilly, eight patriotic sons of Sam were maintaining the prestige of the indoor national sport, and if I am not mistaken there was as much as eight pounds, seventeen shillings and sixpence in the pot, and the opener had bet one quid as a starter.

Tense moments, but that was not nearly the worst of it, because all at once a diminutive page boy, white to the very gills, bust right in upon the proceedings and—zowie! bamm! the awful thing had happened! The cargo fell overboard because it was reported on the very best authority that Pondoland, favorite for the Derby, had been seen out at exercise that very morning with a bandage on his left hind leg. The bookmakers had boosted his price two points in the betting and everything was on the toboggan.

The Focus of All British Eyes

NOW I ask you one and all if that was not enough to wreck the constitution and personality of any English-speaking nation? Well, no matter what you think, I will tell you here and now it did that very thing. Long before the chickens left the roost next morning England and her tributaries were running round in circles and throwing dust in the air; and let me impress upon you that it takes something more than the usual in earthquakes or tornadoes to make the inhabitants of the so-called merrie kingdom sit up and take what you might call real notice.

Let us, for instance, consider the good old editor of the London Sunday Times; and, by the way, said representative voice of a serious-minded people has just celebrated its hundredth birthday. Well, sir, that erudite journalist with fine patriotic frenzy took his trusty pen in one hand and an equally reliable pad of paper in the other, and unburdened his conscience in the following editorial, which was duly double leaded and printed in circus type, where all who ran might read, or who read might run, just as it suited them. But if you think his sentiments were not stamped by the seal of British approval you lose another bet; moreover, if what follows is not a full and complete confession of faith and an undeniable declaration of independence you can go to the doorkeeper and get your money back.

Here is what the editor had to say:

THE DAY

Derby Day in the national calendar is *the* day. No one can quite know England who has not seen the race and caught its atmosphere. We are a nation of horse lovers and of gamblers, and the Derby fuses both passions into something near a frenzy. Go about in the huge world that lives outside the columns of the daily newspapers and you will not find people worrying about German reparations or Mr. Winston Churchill. They are doing something much pleasanter and more sensible. They are thinking, talking and day-dreaming of Epsom and Pondoland, and their chances in the sweepstake and the luck of the draw and the impossibility of the horse they fancy being beaten.

Our people thrill to the Derby as to no other event in the sporting year. The great ones of the land are overshadowed by it into a just insignificance. A cabinet minister with double pneumonia would arouse far less concern than a Derby favourite with a cough. We are all apt in our own little worlds to think ourselves people of consequence. And so we may be. But we get our importance into better perspective when something happens that is really national—not the affair of any class or clique, but the feverish interest of everybody. Then we shrink to quite a wholesome size, and only become inflated again as Derby Day recedes. Next Wednesday, let us hope, will be a day of good sport. In any case, it will be a day when the noblest of animals will teach his masters their proper place.

Favorites

NOW with all these influences at work on a Christian gentleman who finds three thousand miles of salt water between himself and the Maryland Jockey Club back home, is it any wonder that he fell from grace and started out to try to pick the winner himself?

Of course the moment the story of Pondoland's mishap was made public he went back in the betting, St. Louis being immediately installed favorite in his place; and in this connection an English friend invited me to witness some school

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Donoghue on Captain Cuttle Returning to the Unsaddling Inclosure After the Great Race

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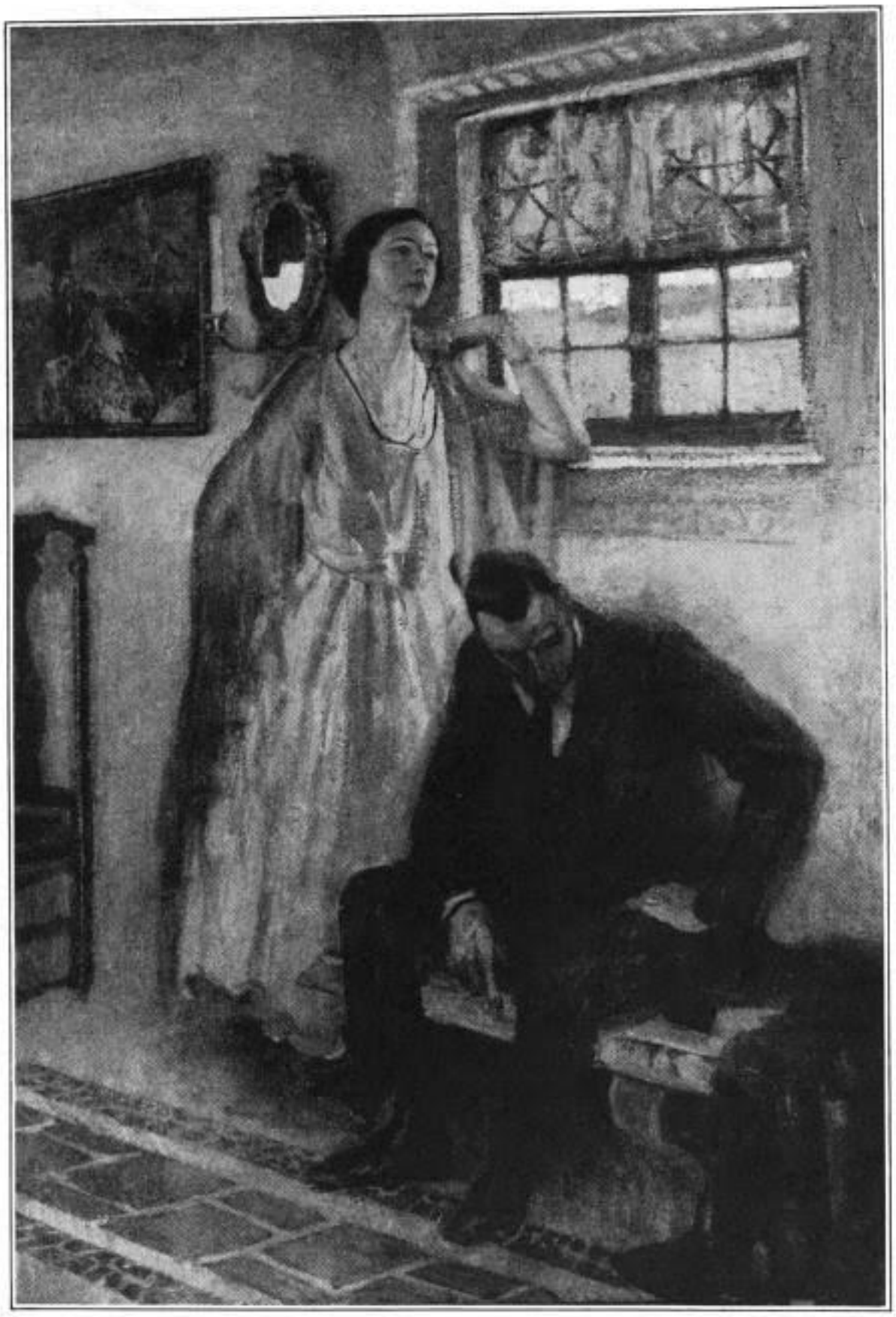
SHIRT SLEEVES

By WILBUR HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

What do you think Hercules would have been if there had not been such a lion, and hydra, and stag, and boar, and certain unjust and bestial men whom Hercules used to drive away and clear out? . . . Why, then, he would not have been Hercules!

—EPICTETUS.



"I Have Peculiar Notions About a Husband. He'll Never Come for Me From Out of Our Own Bunch"

JUDGE Galt, the oldest and closest friend his father had had, came home with Grant after the funeral. Neighbor women—kindly souls who wanted to put their arms around the young man's bowed shoulders and comfort him—had aired and swept and cleaned the house and prepared enough food for a dozen men, and had gone away protestingly, at his request. The big old house, in which he had been born, but to which in the past six years he had come only for his vacations, creaked as though under heavy footsteps, and from distant parts of it came sounds that were like groans. But these noises did not disturb the young man. It seemed to him that he could hear nothing quite so plainly as the blows of the axes, the whine of long saws and the frequent crescendo sweep and crash of the great trees in the timber piece above the house. The last assets of the Buckley place were going—gone!

Judge Galt put his hat, overcoat and muffler on a table and sat down in the big chair by the fire.

"Pull up, son," he said gently. "Let's have a little talk."

Grant Buckley obeyed wearily. He did not want to talk; he wanted to be left alone. He was intensely sorry for himself; and although his father's sudden death had shocked and saddened him, he could not repress a feeling of anger because of what that death had unexpectedly revealed to him. To all intents and purposes, he told himself, he was a pauper.

"You haven't had much time to look things over, Grant," the old lawyer said, slowly filling a pipe with fingers that shook from age. "But you know the main facts about the place. What do you figure you are going to do about it?"

"What can I do except give up and get out?" Grant asked, shrugging.

"Well, now I don't know about that." The old man lighted his pipe and puffed serenely for a moment. "I suppose you are thinking about going back to the city."

"Yes. There's no place else."

"Going to find a job there?"

"I'd have to, of course."

"Thought about what you could get?"

"A place at the bottom somewhere, of course. I have no profession—not even a trade." He laughed shortly. "I was brought up to suppose that I was a rich man's son."

"Don't be unjust about that, Grant," the judge said, looking up sharply. "Your father didn't know himself how bad things were. He was always hoping for the best, you know."

"He might have told me what he did know—about the mortgages and the shameful price he got for the timber. Wait! There goes another pine. Two or three hundred dollars' worth of lumber in it—and Maxwell & Roth are taking it away for about thirty cents!"

"It seems hard, son," the old man agreed. "The timber sale was probably a mistake. But your father was trying to keep up appearances. And you know why?"

"We'd always been thought the wealthiest family in the valley. I suppose most people still think we are—perhaps everyone but old Hatton."

"Your father didn't care anything about what the valley folks thought, Grant. He only cared what your city and college friends thought about you."

"It was mistaken kindness; you'll admit that, judge."

"Maybe so, son; maybe so. But your father loved you; looks to me like there's no getting very far beyond that."

The young man's throat closed.

"I know he did, judge. I don't mean to be hard. Well, the upshot of it all is that I must think about earning a living."

"That's true." Judge Galt smiled. "Most of us get to that point sooner or later. Why don't you stay here to do it, Grant?"

"You mean in the valley?"

"I mean on the place."

"You must be joking! Father had forty years' experience here and sunk a fortune. What I have left is twelve hundred acres of poor land, the pasturage leased and the money spent, and the timber going down while we sit here—sold for a song. What would you give for the Buckley ranch yourself, judge?"

"If I had money," the old lawyer said slowly, "I wouldn't invest it in the ranch; I'd invest it in you."

Grant laughed.

"I wouldn't pay one per cent on a thousand dollars!"

"That would depend, Grant." The old man leaned back, crossed his legs, tamped down his pipe, puffed steadily again. "Son, the young American with his coat off and his shirt sleeves rolled up is the best investment on earth to-day."

"That's fine patriotic theory, judge."

"It's more than that. You know Lars Johansen, don't you—over beyond Clyde?"

"I used to, and I have heard about his success."

"Lars came here to the valley twenty, twenty-five years ago with a pack on his back. He took a bad piece of ground, to begin with. He married a sickly wife. He had his dairy herd wiped out twice, once by drought and once by disease. I can't put a name to everything that's hit Lars. Today he stands pretty close to the top of the list of well-to-do men in the South River district. He could sell out for a couple of hundred thousand and still have some odds and ends of stock and land and things left over. Pretty good citizen, too, Lars is. They had him in the legislature, and he can be congressman from this district a year from now if he wants to be. I don't know a man in these parts who is better thought of."

"He was a born farmer, and he's been lucky."

"He wasn't a born farmer or a farmer at all, son. He was a deep-sea sailor. And as for luck—well, pretty near all of Lars' drawings from the grab bag of fortune have been blanks. He has been the unluckiest man I ever knew. But he was a worker—and he still is. Grant, my boy, the young man who is willing to work starts right there with a hundred-thousand-dollar plant—a going concern, ready for business!"

"Why shouldn't I go to the city, then, judge?"

The young man colored slightly.

"The friends I've made, and the social connections ——"

"Let's begin with that," the judge interrupted, knocking his pipe on the andiron. "The social connections you've made. Men and girls probably, eh?"

"Yes, a few."

"Your ears are pink, Grant. Come right out and call it a girl. How's that? All right? In those social connections you are speaking of, do you know anybody who works with his coat off?"

"That's only a way of expressing an idea, judge. You mean ——"

"Put it that way. Has your university training been the sort that would make you peel your coat off when you started on a stiff job? I don't say there aren't men in the city who work tooth and nail and eyelashes; but are they your college friends? Social connections mean white-collar jobs, as the bohunks say. They mean pink teas and tennis parties and dances and putting a ten-thousand-a-year front on a twelve-hundred-dollar clerk. Be honest now, don't they?"

Buckley flushed.

"Do you think I'm lazy, judge—a lounge lizard?"

"I do not, Grant. I think that your social connections—your college friends—and the idea you've had and they've had that you were a rich rancher's son would force you to live up to a certain standard. And if that standard would include taking off your coat and rolling up your sleeves, then I'll quit talking. I think the place for a land-poor rancher's son and heir is on that land rather than in the city, son."

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"I see what you mean, judge. But it looks so hopeless."

"Let it rest right there for now. Think it over. And I wish you'd come down to the house with me for a few nights. Mrs. Galt'd be pleased to have you."

"Not tonight, judge. Thanks a lot. I'm all right—and I want to get used to it."

"That's the spirit, son! Drop in any time. Anything we can do, you know ——"

The judge drove off presently in his ancient surrey, drawn by the old black mare that had been in the Galt family for twenty years. Grant Buckley went back into the house to face his problem.

All the time the judge had been talking his mind had been going back to his last call on Harriet Ashe. He had gone to her with the telegram announcing his father's fatal illness; supposing himself to be heir to a considerable fortune he had asked her bluntly to marry him.

"I already have a chance to buy into Ralston & Wade," he had said. "I don't know the stock-and-bond business, but I think I can learn. We shouldn't be rich, dear, but we'd have enough."

Harriet had looked at him out of those keen gray eyes of hers and a little frown had come to her face.

"I'm sorry, Ulys," she had said, "but it's absolutely no. I like you just as I do the rest of the boys in the crowd; you've been nice to me and we've had some good times together. But I have peculiar notions about a husband. He'll never come for me from out of our own bunch."

There had been other things said, but her speech had remained. He had felt the discovery of his own poverty-stricken estate the more keenly because of what he had said, rather boastfully, to Harriet Ashe. Vague ideas of going back and working up to where he could stand out from the crowd had filled his mind. But he saw now that both Harriet and the judge had expressed the same thought, though in different terms. He was a very ordinary and inconspicuous member of the social set, and now would find himself in jeopardy of losing that place, inferior as it was.

Two days later he called on Judge Galt in the dingy little office in Riverbank.

"I'm going to take my coat off and stay, judge," he said soberly.

Roger Brown, his roommate during three years of his university career, scarcely knew Grant when he came up for a week in the fall.

"You look like a horse, Ulys! Come on down with me and I'll talk the dad into giving you a job as foreman of a gang of stevedores."

"No, thanks, Brownie. I'm going to stick it out here."

"You're a queer cuss. You don't like the country ——"

"Yes, I do. I am liking it better all the time. A fellow can work with his coat off here."

"No doubt of that, I'd say. But how about the old gang—don't you miss us? And Harriet?"



"I Will Take Care of Your Notes for a Time and Give You One More Chance"

"Oh, I miss a lot of things. But I can have them again some day."

"You'll get to be such a rube you can't put studs in a dress shirt."

"I might live through even that."

"Come across now, my son. Tell your Uncle Hank the truth. Don't you want to come back? I can get you in at Ford & Jessup's, and you can hire someone to run this blooming plantation of yours."

"Not the way I run it, Roger. No, I'm going to make it go here. Tell me some news, now, and hang up your siren harp."

Two weeks after Brown's departure Grant had a letter that he saw with a thrill—and a sharp pang. Harriet Ashe wrote:

> Brownie tells me that you are big as a tackle and as hard as nails. He says you work from sunrise to dark, and then finish up after supper. I knew you could, Grant, but I didn't suppose you ever would.
>
> Even that, though, doesn't explain why you never write to your old friends. We talk about you, and for some unknown reason everyone asks me for news. I have to tell them *Quien sabe*. Is that a proper way to treat a lady?

He tried to write fully, but tore the letter up. None of the details of his long days, his struggles, his hopes and disappointments, his fighting and his defeats, had any color in them. Even his few victories seemed tame, and all of them had to be qualified by so many complex conditional factors. So he wrote briefly, trying to be light and humorous—his old self. Harriet Ashe, with all she had and stood for, was one of the things he had had to put out of his life when he took his coat off.

Meantime he had gained a pretty accurate knowledge of where his affairs stood. The bottom lands—less than two hundred acres—would be ready in the spring for barley and alfalfa; in time they would carry hogs and a dairy string and might provide income enough to pay expenses. The hill land had raised him a small hay crop and would probably do better another year. He could not bear to go near the timber—eight hundred acres of it stretching up from the valley on both sides of the cañon and on for two miles and more in the narrow draw above Lower Hellgate. Maxwell & Roth, the outfit that had bought the trees, were driving their big gangs hard to get out of the upper woods before snow fell, and they were leaving everything except the very best timber. It was something to know that in five years the second growth and the old trees that were being passed by the lumbermen would form a protective covering for the watershed. But hour after hour the big logs shot down the temporary flume to the road on the east line of the ranch, and every stick of it seemed to Grant Buckley like stolen goods.

On the other side of the ledger were accumulated small debts of something over three thousand dollars, and a perfect crazy quilt of mortgages covering the entire property. The total ran to eighty thousand dollars, and under the auctioneer's hammer the ranch would not bring ninety at the best. Samuel Hatton, president and practically owner of the Riverbank State Bank, held all these mortgages. He made no pretense of altruism in connection with the loans they represented.

"I let your father have all I thought the ranch would be good for, Mr. Buckley," the old man said. He was quiet voiced, impersonal, exact. "I would like to see you clear the place, and I will do anything I can to help you except loan you more money or extend your present notes. It is the bank's money, not mine."

"I haven't come to ask for favors, Mr. Hatton," Grant said. "But as a business proposition I think I will have to have an extension on the note that comes due next spring."

"Don't count on it, my young friend. It's better for you to face the facts."

"Thanks," Grant said. "You are right about that last, at any rate."

There was, he saw, no possible chance to pay that five thousand dollars and the interest in April if he was to go on with his contemplated improvements. He made a hasty trip to the city, but realized that he could look for no financial assistance there. He even consulted Judge Galt and the Noonans about selling a part of the place, but they discouraged him. The market for farm lands was never more slack.

Grant dismissed three of the four men he had kept all during the fall and put eleven hundred dollars of his scanty reserve into a herd of half-starved steers from Montana, where drought and early snows had been disastrous. Old-timers in the valley gaped at this news; but they had to admit that young Buckley was a hustler.

He cared for those steers as though they had been spring lambs. He and his star-faced black horse never

(Continued on Page 96)



All Through January They Moved Up and Down the Cañon With the Herd, Finding Half a Day's Grazing at a Time and Then Shifting On

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The Reminiscences of a Stock Operator

By Edwin Lefèvre

DECORATIONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

IT WAS more than mere curiosity that made me seek Lawrence Livingston. I wished to know how he had made his first million, not because it made a rich man of him but because it definitely established him as a brilliant trader. That he had at last hit upon a successful method of operating in stocks was the all-important thing. How had he hit upon it?

When I saw him I asked him point-blank, "What change did you make in your methods of trading after the Union Pacific incident in Saratoga in the summer of 1906?"

"Perhaps I gave you a wrong impression of what the incident did to me," he said deprecatingly. "It merely made me more independent than ever of tips and talk—that is, of the opinions and surmises and suspicions of other people, however friendly or however able they might be personally. Events, not vanity, proved for me that I could read the tape more accurately than most of the people about me. I also was better equipped than the average customer of Harding Brothers in that I was utterly free from speculative prejudices. The bear side doesn't appeal to me any more than the bull side, or vice versa. My one steadfast prejudice is against being wrong.



"Even as a lad I always got my own meanings out of such facts as I observed. It is the only way in which the meaning reaches me. I cannot get out of facts what somebody tells me to get. They are my facts, don't you see? If I believe something you can be sure it is because I simply must. When I am long of stocks it is because my reading of conditions has made me bullish. But you find many people, reputed to be intelligent, who are bullish because they have stocks. I do not allow my possessions—or my prepossessions either—to do any thinking for me. That is why I told you that I never argue with the tape. To be angry at the market because it unexpectedly or even illogically goes against you is like getting mad at your lungs because you have pneumonia.

"I had been gradually approaching the full realization of how much more than tape reading there was to stock speculation. Old man Partridge's insistence on the vital importance of being continuously bullish in a bull market doubtless made my mind dwell on the need above all other things of determining the kind of market a man is trading in. I began to see more definitely how the big money must necessarily be in the big swing. Whatever might seem to give a big swing its initial impulse, the fact is that its continuance is not the result of manipulation by pools or artifice by financiers, but depends upon basic conditions. And no matter who opposes it, the swing must run as far and as fast and as long as the impelling forces determine."

Preparation for Big Operations

"AFTER Saratoga I began to see more clearly—perhaps I should say more maturely—that since the entire list moves in accordance with the main current there was not so much need as I had imagined to study individual plays or the behavior of this or the other stock. Also, by thinking of the swing one was not limited in his trading. He could buy or sell the entire list. In certain stocks a short line is dangerous after a man sells more than a certain percentage of the capital stock, the amount depending upon how, where and by whom the stock is held. But he could sell a million shares of the general list—if he had the price—without the danger of being squeezed. A great deal of money used to be made periodically by insiders in the old days out of the shorts and their carefully fostered fears of corners and squeezes.

"Obviously the thing to do was to be bullish in a bull market and bearish in a bear market. Sounds silly, doesn't it? But I had to grasp that general principle firmly before I saw that to put it into practice really meant to anticipate probabilities. It took me a long time to learn to trade on those lines. But in justice to myself I must remind you that up to then I had never had a big enough stake to speculate that way. A big swing will mean big money if your line is big, and to be able to swing a big line you need a big balance at your broker's.

"I always had—or felt that I had—to make my daily bread out of the stock market. It interfered with my efforts to increase the stake available for the more profitable but slower and therefore more immediately expensive method of trading on swings.

"After Saratoga not only did my confidence in myself grow stronger but my brokers ceased to think of me as a sporadically lucky Kid Plunger. They had made a great deal out of me in commissions, but now I was in a fair way to become their star customer and as such to have a value beyond the actual volume of my trading. A customer who makes money is an asset to any commission house.

"The moment I ceased to be satisfied with merely reading the tape I ceased to concern myself exclusively with the fluctuations in specific stocks, and when that happened I simply had to study the game from a different angle. I worked back from the quotation to first principles; from price fluctuations to basic conditions.

"Of course I had been reading the daily dope for years. All traders do. But much of it was gossip, some of it deliberately false, and the rest merely the personal opinion of the writers. The reputable weekly reviews when they touched upon underlying conditions were not entirely satisfactory to me. The point of view of the financial editors was not mine as a rule. It was not a vital matter for them to marshal their facts and draw their conclusions from them, but it was for me. Also there was a vast difference in our appraisal of the element of time. The analysis of the week that had passed was less important than the forecast of the weeks that were to come.

"For years I had been the victim of an unfortunate combination of inexperience, youth and insufficient capital. But now I felt the elation of a discoverer. My new attitude toward the game explained my repeated failures to make big money in New York. But now with adequate resources, experience and confidence, I was in such a hurry to try the new key that I did not notice that there was another lock on the door—a time lock! It was a perfectly natural oversight. I had to pay the usual tuition—a good whack per step.

"I studied the situation in 1906 and I thought that the money outlook was particularly serious. Much actual wealth the world over had been destroyed. Everybody must sooner or later feel the pinch, and therefore nobody would be in position to help anybody. It would not be the kind of hard times that come from the swapping of a house worth ten thousand dollars for a carload of race horses worth eight thousand dollars. It was the complete destruction of the house by fire and of most of the horses by a railroad wreck. It was good hard cash that went up in cannon smoke in the Boer War, and the millions spent for feeding nonproducing soldiers in South Africa meant no help from British investors as in the past. Also, the earthquake and the fire in San Francisco and other disasters touched manufacturers, farmers, merchants, laborers and millionaires. The railroads must suffer greatly. I figured that nothing could stave off one peach of a smash. Such being the case there was but one thing to do—sell stocks!

"I told you I had already observed that my initial transaction, after I made up my mind which way I was going to trade, was apt to show me a profit. And now when I decided to sell I plunged. Since we undoubtedly were entering upon a genuine bear market I was sure I should make the biggest killing of my career.

"The market went off. Then it came back. It shaded off again and then it began to advance steadily. My paper profits vanished and my paper losses grew. One day it looked as if not a bear would be left to tell the tale of the strictly genuine bear market. I couldn't stand the gaff. I covered. If I hadn't I shouldn't have had enough left to buy a postal card. I lost most of my fur, but it was better to live to fight another day."

Correct in Theory, Wrong in Practice

"I HAD made a mistake. But where? I was bearish in a bear market. That was wise. I had sold stocks short too soon. That was proper, but also costly. My position was right, but my play was wrong. However, every day brought the market nearer to the inevitable smash. So I waited, and when the rally began to falter and pause I let them have as much stock as my sadly diminished margin permitted. I was right this time—for one whole day, for on the next there was another rally. Another big bite out of yours truly! So I read the tape and covered and waited. In due course I sold again—and again they went down promisingly and then they rudely rallied.

"It looked as if the market were doing its best to make me go back to my old and simple ways of bucket-shop trading. It was the first time I had worked with a definite forward-looking plan embracing the entire market instead of one or two stocks. I figured that I must win if I held out. Of course at that time I had not developed my system of placing my bets or I would have put out my short line on a declining market, as I explained to you the last time. I should not then have lost so much of my margin.



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I should have been wrong, but not hurt. You see, I had observed certain facts, but had not learned to coördinate them. My incomplete observation not only did not help but actually hindered.

"I have always found it profitable to study my mistakes. Thus I eventually discovered that it was all very well not to lose your bear position in a bear market, but that at all times the tape should be read to determine the propitiousness of the time for operating. If you begin right you will not see your profitable position seriously menaced; and then you will find no trouble in sitting tight.

"Of course today I have greater confidence in the accuracy of my observations—in which neither hopes nor hobbies play any part—and also I have greater facilities for verifying my facts as well as for variously testing the correctness of my views. But in 1906 the succession of rallies dangerously impaired my margins.

"I was nearly twenty-seven years old. I had been at the game twelve years. But the first time I traded because of a crisis that was still to come I found that I had been using a telescope. Between my first glimpse of the storm cloud and the time for cashing in on the big break the stretch was evidently so much greater than I had thought that I began to wonder whether I really saw what I thought I saw so clearly. We had had many warnings and sensational ascensions in call-money rates. Still some of the great financiers talked hopefully—at least to newspaper reporters—and the ensuing rallies in the stock market gave the lie to the calamity howlers. Was I fundamentally wrong in being bearish or merely temporarily wrong in having begun to sell short too soon?"

Right, but Busted

"I DECIDED that I began too soon, but that I really couldn't help it. Then the market began to sell off. That was my opportunity. I sold all I could, and then stocks rallied again, to quite a high level.

"It cleaned me out. There I was—right and busted!

"I tell you it was remarkable. What happened was this: I looked ahead and saw a big pile of dollars. Out of it stuck a sign. It had 'Help yourself' on it, in huge letters. Beside it stood a cart with 'Lawrence Livingston Trucking Corporation' painted on its side. I had a brand-new shovel in my hand. There was not another soul in sight, so I had no competition in the gold-shoveling, which is one beauty of seeing the dollar heap ahead of others. The people who might have seen it if they had stopped to look were just then looking at baseball games instead, or motoring, or buying houses to be paid for with the very dollars that I saw. That was the first time that I had seen big money ahead, and I naturally started toward it on the run. Before I could reach the dollar pile my wind went back on me and I fell to the ground. The pile of dollars was still there, but I had lost the shovel, and the wagon was gone. So much for sprinting too soon! I was too eager to prove to myself that I had seen real dollars and not a mirage. I saw, and knew that I saw. Thinking about the reward for my excellent sight kept me from considering the distance to the dollar heap. I should have walked and not sprinted.

"That is what happened. I didn't wait to determine whether or not the time was right for plunging on the bear side. On the one occasion when I should have invoked the aid of my tape reading I didn't do it. That is how I came to learn that even when one is properly bearish at the very beginning of a bear market it is well not to begin selling until there is no danger of the engine backfiring.

"I had traded in a good many thousands of shares at Harding's office in all those years, and, moreover, the firm had confidence in me and our relations were of the pleasantest. I think they felt that I was bound to be right again very shortly and they knew that with my habit of pushing my luck all I needed was a start and I'd more than recover what I had lost. They had made a great deal of money out of my trading and they would make more. So there was no trouble about my being able to trade there again as long as my credit stood high.

"The succession of spankings I had received made me less aggressively cocksure; perhaps I should say less careless, for of course I knew I was just so much nearer to the smash. All I could do was wait watchfully, as I should have done before plunging. It wasn't a case of locking the stable after the horse was stolen. I simply had to be sure, the next time I tried. If a man didn't make mistakes he'd own the world in a month. But if he didn't profit by his mistakes he wouldn't own a blessed thing.

"Well, sir, one fine morning I came downtown feeling cocksure once more. There wasn't any doubt this time. I had read an advertisement in the financial pages of all the newspapers that was the high sign I hadn't the sense to wait for before plunging. It was the announcement of a new issue of stock by the Northern Pacific and Great Northern roads. The payments were to be made on the installment plan for the convenience of the stockholders. This consideration was something new in Wall Street. It struck me as more than ominous.

"For years the unfailing bull item on Great Northern preferred had been the announcement that another melon was to be cut, said melon consisting of the right of the lucky stockholders to subscribe at par to a new issue of Great Northern stock. These rights were valuable, since the market price was always way above par. But now the money market was such that the most powerful banking houses in the country were none too sure the stockholders would be able to pay cash for the bargain. And Great Northern preferred was selling at about 330!

"As soon as I got to the office I told Ed Harding, 'The time to sell is right now. This is when I should have begun. Just look at that ad, will you?'

"He had seen it. I pointed out what the bankers' confession amounted to in my opinion, but he couldn't quite see the big break right on top of us. He thought it better to wait before putting out a very big short line by reason of the market's habit of having big rallies. If I waited prices might be lower, but the operation would be safer.

"'Ed,' I said to him, 'the longer the delay in starting the sharper the break will be when it does start. That ad is a signed confession on the part of the bankers. What they fear is what I hope. This is a sign for us to get aboard the bear wagon. It is all we needed. If I had ten million dollars I'd stake every cent of it this minute.'

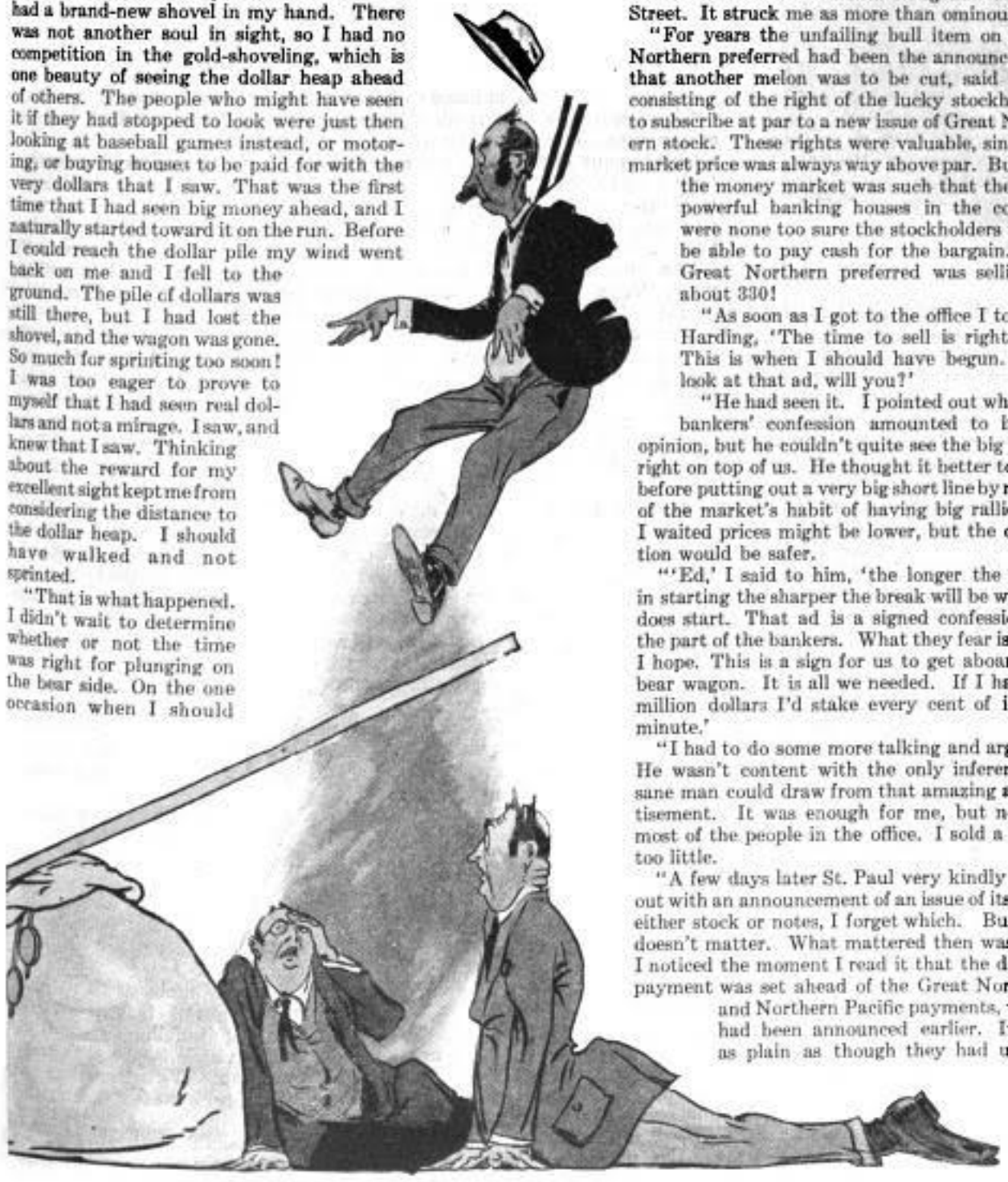
"I had to do some more talking and arguing. He wasn't content with the only inferences a sane man could draw from that amazing advertisement. It was enough for me, but not for most of the people in the office. I sold a little; too little.

"A few days later St. Paul very kindly came out with an announcement of an issue of its own; either stock or notes, I forget which. But that doesn't matter. What mattered then was that I noticed the moment I read it that the date of payment was set ahead of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific payments, which had been announced earlier. It was as plain as though they had used a megaphone that grand old St. Paul was trying to beat the two other railroads to what little money there was floating around in Wall Street. The St. Paul's bankers quite obviously feared that there wasn't enough for all three and they were not saying 'After you, my dear Alphonse!' If money already was that scarce—and you bet the bankers knew—what would it be later? The railroads needed it desperately. It wasn't there. What was the answer?

"Sell 'em! Of course! The suckers, with their eyes fixed on the stock market, saw little—that week. The wise stock operators saw much—that year. That was the difference.

"For me, that was the end of doubt and hesitation. I made up my mind for keeps then and there. That same morning I began what really was my first campaign along the lines that I have since followed. I told Harding what I thought and how I stood, and he made no objections to my selling Great Northern preferred at around 330, and other stocks at high prices. I profited by my mistakes and sold more intelligently.

"My reputation and my credit were reëstablished in a jiffy. That is the beauty of being right in a broker's office, whether by accident or not. But this time I was cold-bloodedly right, not because of a hunch or from skillful reading of the tape, but as the result of my analysis of conditions affecting the stock market in general. I wasn't guessing. I was anticipating the inevitable. It did not call for any courage to sell stocks. I simply could not see anything but lower prices, and I had to act on it, didn't I? What else could I do?"



Critical Days

"THE whole list was soft as mush. Presently there came a rally and people came to me to warn me that the end of the decline had been reached. The big interests, knowing the short interest to be enormous, had decided to squeeze the stuffing out of the bears, and so forth. It would set us pessimists back a few millions. It was a cinch that the big fellows would have no mercy. I used to thank these kindly counselors. I wouldn't even argue, because then they would have thought that I wasn't grateful for the warnings.

"The friend who had been in Atlantic City with me was in agony. He could understand the hunch that was followed by the earthquake. He couldn't disbelieve in such agencies, since I had made a quarter of a million by intelligently obeying my blind impulse to sell Union Pacific. He even said it was Providence working in its mysterious way to make me sell stocks when he himself was bullish. And he could understand my second U. P. trade in Saratoga because he could understand any deal that involved one stock on which the tip definitely fixed the movement in advance, either up or down. But this thing of predicting that all stocks were bound to go down used to exasperate him.

"What good did that kind of dope do anybody? How in blazes could a gentleman tell what to do?

"I recalled old Partridge's favorite remark, 'Well, this is a bull market, you know,' as though that were tip enough for anybody who was wise enough; as in truth it was. It was very curious how, after suffering tremendous losses from a break of fifteen or twenty points, people who were still hanging on welcomed a three-point rally and were certain the bottom had been reached and complete recovery begun.

"One day my friend came to me and asked me, 'Have you covered?'

"'Why should I?' I said.

"'For the best reason in the world.'

"'What reason is that?'

"'To make money. They've touched bottom and what goes down must come up. Isn't that so?'

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THE VAN ROON

By J. C. SNAITH

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS



With a Scared Look He Moved to the Door and Slipped a Bolt Across. He Said Sullenly: "Not Goin' to be Mixed Up Wiv It—Not Me"

XXXVIII

MR. KELLER cleared a space near the fire and elaborately arranged a second screen, which June noticed was decorated with nude figures.

"There you are," he said. "That'll keep you snug. And if you sit on a stool by the fire with a rug over your knees you'll be as warm as a kitten."

June paled, but she did not speak.

"Begin as soon as you like; the sooner the better. Are you quite sure you won't have just a spot?" Again he pointed to the bottle on the table. "You look as if you want a drop of something."

Once more June declined the offer in a voice which in her own ear seemed absurdly small and faint.

"Pity," said Mr. Keller cheerfully as he looked at her. "It'd put some life in you." And then, as she was still inert, he went on in a tone which pleasantly mingled gentlemanliness and business, "I always pay a sovereign an hour, you know—for the altogether."

A light of fear came into June's large eyes. "Does it mean," she asked shyly and awkwardly as she looked away from him, "that I shall have to take off my clothes?"

"Why, of course," he said matter-of-factly.

Her obvious embarrassment was not lost upon him, but the knowledge did not appear in his manner.

June shivered slightly. In that shiver a deep instinct spoke for her. "I couldn't do that," she said.

As she spoke she had to fight a powerful desire to burst into tears. But her latent fear of this man had suddenly grown. Overdriven as she was, however, she was yet conscious of a stern need to keep a hold upon herself. She knew nothing, less than nothing, of her host beyond the fact that he was smooth of speech. On the surface he was a gentleman, but as he stood looking down at her now she glimpsed in his dark eyes that which seemed to countervail everything.

Again she shivered. The sense of helplessness was paralyzing. It was as if a chasm had abruptly opened right under her feet. She was at his mercy. But she must not give one thought, so long as a spark of will remained with her, to the possibility of throwing herself upon it.

He continued to stand looking at her while she fought against a welling weakness that must have been only too patent. Then, as if a little puzzled by her, he went and fetched a glass from another part of the studio. He poured out a small quantity of spirit and offered it neat.

"Drink this. It'll do you good."

His voice for the first time had the grip of authority. He held the glass to her lips, but as if containing deadly fumes they shrank from contact with it.

"Don't be a little fool!" The sharp tone was like the touch of a whip. "Why don't you do as you are told?"

She had not the strength to resent the command, even if she was able to muster the power to resist it.

"Look here," he said, confronted by a limit to patience. "Why have you come here? What's the matter with you? Tell me."

She remained mute. There was nothing she could tell. A lodging for the night, food, advice, protection were what she sought. Dominated completely as she was by their paramount need, she yet did not dare to confide in Keller. The subtle change that had come upon him since he had fixed up the screen and poured out the whisky filled her with an intense longing to get away. In spite of a growing weakness, which now threatened dire collapse, the subtle feelers of her mind were on the track of danger.

With a slow gathering of will that was a form of agony she sought to collect the force to rise from the perilous comfort of the low wicker chair. But she was not able to rouse herself to action before the effort had been nipped by his next remark.

"If you've no intention of sitting to me you'd better say in two words why you've come here."

The voice was no longer smooth; there was a cutting edge to it, lacerating to June's ear.

"I wanted you to lend me a sovereign."

It was the literal truth, but the unguarded words slipped from her before she could shape or control them. Almost before they were uttered she realized their bitter unwisdom.

"You can have a sovereign—if that's all you want." His tone grew light again. "But it's only fair and reasonable that you should earn it first."

Strive as she would she was not able to keep a faint dew of tears from filming her eyes.

"No need to take off more than your bodice, if that's what's troubling you."

With her shoulders on fire she could not take off her bodice, even had she wished to do so.

She sat inert while he continued to stand before her. The thread of will she still had, fully concentrated though it was on getting away from him, was now unequal to the ugly challenge of his voice and eyes.

"Let me go," she half whimpered.

Suddenly, in her own despite, her defenses had begun palpably to fail. The blunder was fatal—if the cry of Nature overdriven can be called a blunder. His eyes pinned hers. Trembling under the spell of their hard cunning she began to perceive that it was now a case of the serpent and the bird.

A frown darkened his face as he cast back to the first meeting with this girl. He tried to recall their conversation in the tea shop three days ago. At the time it had interested him considerably, but he had laughed over it since and decided to dismiss it from his mind. She had told him a cock-and-bull story about a picture. He could not recall the details of an absurd yarn that had not seemed worth his while to remember.

At the best it was a bald and unconvincing narrative. But it concerned a Rembrandt. No, not a Rembrandt. A Van Roon!

With a heightening of curiosity Adolph Keller gazed at the hunted creature now shrinking from his eyes. By Jove, she looked as if she had been through it! Something pretty bad must have happened to her quite recently. But why had she come to him?

Thoughts of the picture set his active mind to work. She had come to him because she was in want of money. So much, at least, was clear. To judge by the look of her she had probably, at a moment's notice, been turned out of house and home. A domestic servant, no doubt, and no better than she should be, although a certain taste about her much-rumpled clothes and an attempt at refinement of manner suggested the wish to rise above her class.

In the midst of this quick mind process Adolph Keller saw the brown-paper parcel. It was in the place where his visitor had laid it when she had first sat down. He noticed that she had cunningly reared it by the farther side of her chair, so that it might be beyond the immediate range of his eye.

Keller's pulse quickened, yet he allowed no hint of his intriguing discovery to show in his manner. Once again it changed towards his guest. The tone of sharp authority vanished.

Twisting a dark mustache round strong yet delicate fingers, his air of extreme gentlemanliness verged upon the sugary as he said, "I don't like to see you like this. I don't really."

The tone's unexpectedness, perhaps even more than its kindness, moved June to further tears.

"You had better tell me, hadn't you, just what's upset you?"

She shook miserably. And then, thrown off her guard by this new note of concern, she found the courage to venture again: "Please lend me a sovereign and let me go. I promise solemnly to pay it back."

He smiled in a way obviously designed to reassure. "What's your hurry, my dear girl?" Soft as were the words, they yet caused the design to fail.

Their noneffect was clearly visible in the girl's tragic eyes. She was caught in a trap; all his trimmings and posturings seemed only to emphasize the fact that she had no means of getting out.

Like a powerful drug the brutal truth attacked her brain. It was as if its higher nerve centers could no longer

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act. She was completely in the power of this man. And only too well did she know that he knew it.

Inevitably as fate those slim fingers dipped towards the side of her chair. "What have we here?" The inflection was lightly playful, yet it drove all the blood from her heart. "May I look?"

His hand closed on the parcel before she could muster one futile finger to stay it.

Galvanized as if by electricity, she sprang up from her chair without knowing what she did. "Please—it's mine!"

Without conscious volition she tried weakly to defend her property. He put her off with the cheery playfulness of a teasing brother.

"Just one little peep," he said.

The treasure was yielding its wrappings already to those deft fingers. Smiling all the time, he treated the thing as a mere joke. And he was able to give the joke full effect, because not for an instant did he expect it to turn out anything else.

XXXIX

ADOLPH KELLER gave a low whistle. He took in his breath quickly. The treasure, in its rare incredible beauty, had declared itself to his eyes. And to the eyes of an artist, wholly unready for the revelation, it came in a single devastating flash.

Aglow with excitement he removed the shade from the electric lamp. Holding the picture beneath the light, an arm's length away from his eyes, he turned it over several times in that fashion of the expert which June had now learned to dread. And then humming softly and with his fingers still inclosing it, he passed beyond the screen to a table on which lay a microscope.

With a feeling of nausea June watched everything he did. Only too well she knew that the microscope would simply feed his excitement. In a fresh spasm of weakness she reeled against the chimneypiece. She had now the sensation of having fallen over a precipice into a bottomless pit. Already she was sinking down, down, down into night and damnation.

Keller soon returned, microscope in hand; and while he plied it under the lamp she dared not glance at his face. Passively she waited for his next words. The power of action had left her.

When at last he did speak his voice was calmer and gentler than she looked for. "Tell me," he said, "how did you come by this rather jolly old thing?"

The tone of playfulness was almost silly. But she was not deceived, for striking through it was the oiliness of Uncle Si. And she knew that she had only to glance at that face shining pale under the lamp, which was a thing she dared not do, to carry the resemblance farther.

"Tell me," he repeated softly.

A sense of destiny seemed to weigh her down.

"It has been given to me." Her voice was hardly audible.

"Given to you." He smiled a little as his mind went off in search of the half-forgotten fragments of their talk three days ago. "Let me see—your best boy, wasn't it, who made you a present of a picture, by a well known R. A.?"

June did not know how to answer, yet she was able to realize that an answer of some kind was imperative.

"That's it," she said. There was nothing else she could say.

"I rather like this thing, do you know." His voice was acquiring a sort of growing brightness which seemed quite to admit her to his confidence. "It might almost have been painted by the snuffy old Scotsman—one MacFarlane by name—who first showed me how to draw. It's just in his manner. By Jove!"—the voice of Adolph Keller seemed to glow with humor—"I can almost see that cantankerous whiskyfied old fool daubing that water and those trees. But in his day not a bad painter, you know; not a bad painter." And the voice of the pupil tailed off in a note of reluctant affection of which he seemed half ashamed. It was June's turn to say something, but her frozen lips could not utter.

Keller, holding the picture in both hands, gave her a side look, which he tried as far as he could to conceal. In the midst of this scrutiny he said, "To you, I expect, one picture is very much the same as another?"

"I know what I like." June was able to answer, perhaps for no better reason than that by now she understood only too well that it hardly mattered what she answered.

"Well, anyhow, that's something," said Keller with a forced laugh. "Great thing to know your own mind in these little matters. Nice of your best boy—was your best boy, wasn't it?—to give you this. Not that it's worth much to the ordinary buyer. Pictures are like lovers, you know. Their beauty, sometimes, is in the eye of the beholder."

It sickened her to hear him lie in this way. The deadly sensation of falling, falling, falling came over her again. But she let him run on. For one thing she lacked the power to check him; and even had the power been hers it would have been worse than futile to make an attempt to do so.

XL

"LOOK here," said Adolph Keller, in the midst of his prattle. "I've taken rather a fancy to this bit of a thing. Suppose you let me have it. I'll give you a landscape in exchange; I've one or two that are not so bad, and you shall have your pick. Moreover"—and he fixed June with a steady eye—"you shall have your sovereign as well."

She shook her head tensely. Inclination now wished to tell him the fabulous worth of the picture; but prudence said no. The calculated way in which he had lied was proof enough that he knew its value already. She held out her hand. In a voice dry and choking she said, "Please give it me. I ought to be going."

He gazed at her with the eye of a condor. "Much better take what you can get for it, hadn't you? It'll be a difficult thing to sell, you know. This is quite a fair offer."

"Give it me, please," June gasped miserably.

"Don't be a little fool!"

The tone was like the closing of a door. She knew at once that he had not the remotest intention of giving it back to her. And what followed immediately upon the words made the fact only too clear. He laid the picture on a table some little distance away, and his next act was to produce a case, from which he took forth a pound note.

"Here you are," he said roughly. "Take this and be jolly thankful. And then make yourself scarce as soon as you like."

It was a plain intimation that there was going to be no more pretense. The tone was that of a cynical bully who judged it to be best for both parties that the owner of the Van Roon should now be given an unmistakable perception of reality.

Overdriven as June was, the knowledge that at the very last she was to be robbed of the fruits of her hard-won victory was more than she could bear. Faced by this man's cool insolence and mean cunning, she was swept by a tide of rage. He knew that she could have no proof of ownership, and he was going to reap a full advantage from the fact. At that moment of an unendurable bitterness she was spurred and lashed by the same devil which two hours ago had driven Uncle Si to frenzy.

"The picture's mine!" she cried hoarsely. And then, advancing towards the table, "Give it me, you thief!"

At the ugly word he recoiled a step, but the next instant he grabbed her by the wrists. In the struggle to get free she felt his evil breath upon her face. Many a dram must have gone to so much foulness, and as his powerful grip slowly fastened upon her there came swift knowledge of a new and more urgent peril.

She was alone with this man in his own flat. Utterly without a means of defense as she was, she had been mad enough to offer him a physical challenge. In a few seconds she would be at his mercy.

Before she was fully alive to what was taking place she found herself forced slowly backwards to the wall.

"I'll teach you to come here, you ——"

She gave a shriek of terror and lashed out wildly at his shins. Fighting like a tigress, at first she kept him at bay. The power of his hands was terrific, but she did not scruple to use the weapons Nature had given her. After a long and horrible minute of claws, teeth and feet in the course of which she bit him savagely it grew reasonably clear to Adolph Keller that if only she cares to use it the female of the species does not lack a means of defense.

"You beauty!" he gasped as he struggled to shift his grip upon her.



As if She Had Been a Noisome Reptile Which His Flesh Abhorred, He Dragged Her Out of the Room

Goaded by the furies, he found his way at last to her throat. And then she felt that he was going to kill her. Moreover, as his madman's grip began slowly to distill her life through its fingers he perceived how simple a matter it was going to be.

XLI

KELLER'S own defenses were almost down, but just in the nick of time was he able to realize this fact. And man of calculation that he was, even in this moment of madness, when each devil in his soul conspired for his final overthrow, he was able by dint of an underlying coolness

(Continued on Page 28)

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 12, 1922

The Golden Rule in Business

EVERY now and then the reading public is regaled with vivid accounts of how a particular business concern has adopted the square deal, the golden rule or some other highly ethical and idealistic standard for the conduct of its affairs. Perhaps there is a shred of journalistic exaggeration in these reports or a faint trace of clever advertising. More probably, however, the managers really have discovered one of the many and complex elements that go to make up progressive, enlightened, improved and effective administration, elements that possibly unknown to them have been recognized and employed for a long time by other executives.

But in any case these periodical announcements that henceforth the golden rule will govern the plant of A or B or C imply, if they do not actually state in so many words, the discovery or at least the avowal of a new order or system of industry. There is the corresponding implication that others should do likewise and that the old system is outworn and unjust. If such be the inference, such the conclusion, the fact is one of momentous importance, of joyful significance and due cause for celebration.

The world should at once have every specification and all the working rules. The discovery should be explained in the fewest and simplest possible terms; it should be made as plain as a demonstration in geometry or a chemical formula. The world has struggled too long against the devil of selfishness; it cannot afford to miss the earliest possible discovery of how to banish that ancient and deep-seated evil.

How, for example, does the golden rule apply to a typical industry—let us say, to a large telephone company? To whom first shall the golden rule be applied—to the customers? Why not, for there are many of them, millions upon millions, and not a few are laboring people on small wages, to whom a couple of dollars a month is a large sum. Suppose in the spirit of unselfishness the rate for home service were cut to fifty, even to twenty-five or ten cents a month. For a few months, for perhaps a year or two, the company's large undivided profits and surplus might stand the strain. Then its capital would have to be eaten into, and finally before long there would be nothing left but a corporate wreck.

But before the business disintegrates suppose that economies are effected by reducing wages. Service might be given at twenty-five or ten cents a month and wages of operators reduced to two or three dollars a week. Who then is enjoying the golden rule?

Or shall the rule be applied exclusively to employes, to working, to laboring people? There are circles where two hundred dollars a week is nothing but a meager, impecunious wage. Do not telephone girls deserve as much unselfishness as anyone else? Yes, indeed; so they shall have a minimum wage of two hundred per. For a few months the company's undivided profits and surplus stand the strain. But soon its capital becomes impaired, and to prevent the dissolution of the business and the cessation of telephone service it becomes necessary to raise rates to perhaps fifty or a hundred or two hundred dollars a month. There is no alternative, except government subsidy or ownership, and at the same scale of wages that would mean an enormous amount of increased taxation.

The same reasoning might be applied in other directions. Suppose the golden rule were put into effect as regards shareholders—there are a hundred thousand of them in this particular instance—and the dividends increased to their hearts' desire. That would not do. Nor would it be wise to pay the concerns that supply raw materials all they might want. Or the officers.

It is a nice question this—of who is to get the benefit of total unselfishness in industry. Expressed in another way, the idea of complete economic liberty is impossible. If the producer is wholly free, if he gets everything, then he becomes a slave to himself as consumer. He will wait in line in the market place to be rationed. If he takes all as a producer, as a laborer, then he meets his own and other men's product at prohibitive prices when he comes to buy. It is a fine question to decide, whether the telephone operator or subscriber is to get it all. Which is to be the recipient of an unalloyed unselfishness?

Nor is this the whole of the delicate adjustments which business enterprises must make. If workers and consumers between them were to get the total product there is nothing for obsolescence and the growth of the business. There must be profits to extend the plant, to attract capital. Indeed there must be profits to support government, for that is where taxes come from. The managers in their consideration of the golden rule must keep in mind the revenue collector and the future needs of business as well as the consumers and workers.

Then there is the question of competition. If wages and other items of expense are too high competitors with less altruistic motives may take the business away and leave nothing for the workers at all. On the other hand if wages are too low production will be poor and the results unsatisfactory. Wages, hours and working conditions should be as favorable as practicable, not only as a matter of common decency and humanity but because in this way the business is often most effectively conducted for all parties at interest, consumers and managers as well as wage earners.

Unfortunately the pursuit of profits under our competitive system leads too often to a misdirection of production. It may on occasion pay exceedingly well to produce a poor quality of goods and underpay workers or employ them under evil conditions. The pursuit of profits may lead to the mere multiplication of lines of business, of which there are already enough, instead of the creation of new wealth in useful forms. Many men prosper by conducting businesses that are useful and serviceable, and many others prosper in enterprises that are anything but helpful to society at large.

The natural reply to this set of facts is often to question a system that does not work invariably toward beneficent ends. But what we call our social or industrial system is not a system any more than a man of seventy is a system. They are, alike, products. To talk of making another system is like talking of making a man of seventy into something else than his life has made him. The industrial system has changed often and is always changing. Indeed does anyone doubt that one of its most important changes is the constant growth of a realization among business men that profits are justly and fairly won only as the result of service rendered?

The business man who conforms most closely to the golden rule is not one who welcomes some idle, impractical, unworkable notion of abolishing profits. He is the one whose industrial religion is based on the principle that service alone justifies profits. Here and there an isolated small manufacturer may reach an agreement with a handful of employes that utter unselfishness will be shown toward one another. But such agreements can have no great value, for the simple reason that they have no wide or general application.

The victory against selfishness in industry, as in life itself, cannot be won on a single front. Plant managers and workers are not the whole picture. There are farmers, merchants, salesmen, professional workers of a thousand varieties, and the great body of consumers. What avails it for a factory here and there to promulgate impossible professions of idealism if purchasers continue to buy in the cheapest market regardless of the conditions under which goods are made?

The ideal business, the one that conforms most closely to the golden rule, is that which produces or sells a good quality of merchandise, made under the best conditions practicable, to consumers who need and want such goods, at the lowest prices practicable. To multiply this type of business enterprise requires, it is true, a sense of responsibility to the community, as well as a good heart and the courage and vision to put upon the word "practicable" a broad, sound interpretation. But these are not enough, and certainly the mere intention to be unselfish is not enough. To balance the factors and to make the delicate and absolutely necessary adjustments demand a large measure of experience, the sense of practicality, training, skill, ability, intelligence, knowledge and wisdom.

The Siren Voice

NOWADAYS the siren voice is that of the city luring the young away not only from the farm but from the smaller towns and villages and even county seats. Perhaps there is only futility in urging youth to stay on the farm and remain with the old folks in the homestead on the village green. They seek the broader horizons of city life, the more varied friendships, the supposedly greater sympathy and opportunity as well as more frequent pleasures. The village seems to be a narrowing, cramping place, with no understanding of aspirations and ambition. It is full of old ladies with whom rest and caution are more important than seeing the world or a life of action. Young folk feel shut in, they are conscious of a tied-down sensation. The wide world beckons.

But, alas, the impulse of youth to fly cityward is followed too often by disillusionment. Most of those who follow the bright lights will lead only mediocre lives, no happier nor more successful than in the country. Poorly paid clerical positions await them. The lights are only a mirage. A few will reach the top and win the prizes that dazzle the rest. But ability and initiative have their reward in small places more often and more fully, if not to the same spectacular extent. In practically every one of thousands of small towns are men whose careers are active, busy, successful and well paid. Their names may never appear in success articles in the Sunday papers, but they are useful members of their communities, hard working, but amply rewarded for their efforts.

No unusual talent is required to succeed in a variety of business enterprises in the small community. Industry, a certain amount of resource, readiness, handiness—these are the qualities of the small-town man of affairs. The automobile has greatly increased business possibilities in rural districts. More people come and go; thus there are more to be catered to. Garages are wanted everywhere. Hotels multiply. To be one's own boss is no great stunt.

There is a current from as well as to the city, that of the middle aged who have tired of its noise and hardness, who want quiet and solid comfort. Perhaps it is better to try the city's charms, even to discard them later, than remain discontented in country places. But young men are often advised to plan their lives, and deliberately seek a goal. As a cold business proposition the small-town goal is more likely to be reached than the dazzling city heights. There will be more actual, pecuniary prosperity, more comfort, more success. If the young man must have his fling he will take it. But if he really wants success let him weigh carefully where it is most likely to be found.

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DEATH AND TAXES

By Will Payne

AT THE age of eight or nine I was taken on a voyage up the Mississippi River to St. Paul. By that time the imposing river craft which Mark Twain celebrated had mostly disappeared. Our boat was a modest affair, but all the more fascinating to me on that account because I could explore it more satisfactorily. I was always slipping downstairs to see how the strange contrivance was operated, especially at the crucial periods of making a landing and casting off. So one of my outstanding impressions from the voyage was that the technical language of navigation consists mainly of profanity.

Later on our village bank in Nebraska accommodated its patrons by paying their taxes; and I discovered that taxes were usually discussed with the same vocabulary as navigation. I recall a fiery-bearded farmer in tattered garments to whom I had just handed a strip of printed paper. He held it in one calloused hand, which trembled with emotion. The other calloused hand clutched a tangle of red beard. Evidently the man was surcharged with feeling. After a wordless moment he attempted to express the feeling by exclaiming plaintively "That's simply hellish."

The printed strip of paper was his tax bill. His taxes were more than they had been the year before. Usually taxes were more than they had been the year before, which three taxpayers out of five regarded as a wanton outrage. Since then I have heard much discussion of taxes. The red-bearded farmer's comment pretty well expresses the general attitude toward them.

Always, everywhere taxes are an affliction. That is the basic fact about them. Governments have been levying taxes in one form or another, I suppose, for ten thousand years; but in that length of time man hasn't really got used to it. The world over he still regards taxes, in the main, as a sort of robbery to which he must submit. Now taxes are our most immediate, obvious and familiar contribution to the common weal. They are what we chip in to the general pot for the purpose of carrying on the necessary collective enterprise of government. Hence they illustrate, better and more conclusively than anything else, our natural, ingrained attitude toward collectivism. An old saying couples death and taxes as the two things from which there is no escape. Death has been called our debt to Nature. Taxes are our most immediate and familiar debt to the commonweal. We pay the one debt just about as cheerfully as the other.

I am somewhat vague on the dates, but I think it was while I was still handing out tax receipts that I read a book called Looking Backward, which made a great stir in its day. It described the experiences and impressions of a young gentleman who lost consciousness and woke up a few centuries later in a much pleasanter society than he had known when the brick hit him on the head in A. D. 1888, or whenever it was. I haven't seen the book since, so my recollection of it is probably not accurate in details and I may have it more or less mixed up with Mr. Howells' Traveler From Altruria and some others of the same sort.

The Happy Life

BUT I am clear on the main point that in this pleasanter society everybody joyously thought and toiled solely for the common good. Nobody worked for wages, or for profit, or for his own good, but only for the good of all. Every family had a pretty little colonial cottage with chaste syringa at the front door and a straight gravel path, bordered with seashells, across the neat lawn. No family wanted more than that. The more advanced and sensitive families were shamefaced about monopolizing even a cottage when so many poor, dear little chipmunks had no place to sleep except out-of-doors. If anyone committed a rude or selfish act—such as cracking the treasurer of the Y. M. C. A. over the head and taking the contribution box away from him, or setting fire to his pretty colonial cottage in order to collect the insurance—no brutal police hopped on him and dragged him off to a horrible prison; but the community looked at him sadly; not in anger, but in meek-eyed reproach. Then he felt as you do when, dining at the bank president's for the first time, you spill the gravy over the lady at your left. After forty-eight hours of silent, meek-eyed reproach, most malefactors would commit suicide, only somebody always kept watch in order to intervene at the last moment and lead them back to a virtuous life. If fifty-six hours of meek reproof didn't fetch a selfish man into the seashell-bordered path they knew there was something the matter with his brain, and performed a surgical operation to cure it.

In that pleasant society selfishness was looked upon as we look upon indulgence in cocaine or homicide—as a painful aberration. And working for the commonweal was joyous aside from any moral consideration, because the work was of a light agreeable character, the heavy disagreeable work being performed by automatic machines. Even the cooking was done out of the house. At six o'clock the housewife, attired in a pretty muslin dress, tripped in from the veranda of her pretty colonial cottage and called up the community kitchen to say what she wanted for dinner. She then returned to the veranda and resumed

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LITTLE BROTHER

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

From the Salome Sun

ONE of our subscribers died last week and another moved away. If the other one don't pay up his subscription before long we will either have to suspend publication or go to work.

* * * *

BE A BOOSTER—like a rooster—always crowing loud and long; keep a yelling what you're selling—put some Pepper in your song. If you're tired go get fired—hunt a job you think will suit you. BE A GETTER—times are better for the man that packs a smile; take your licking or quit kicking—dig right in and make your pile. THE WAR IS OVER and there's clover in the pastures all around; it's not waiting or debating but making hay out of the ground. Watch it growing—always showing lots of blossoms—it's ALIVE. If you're a dead one go use a lead gun—drones ain't wanted in this hive. BE A DOING—quit your stewing—get a move on, grab some kale: don't let your head get feeling dead yet—SWEAT AND SMILE AND YOU CAN'T FAIL.

* * * *

Molasses may be all right on hot cakes—but a gold fish can't swim in it.

* * * *

We understand a lot of people are waiting for the paved road to be built into Yuma—so they can get out.

* * * *

A lot of these Easterners and big-town folks stop at Salome—not because they're crazy over the town—but they have to have gas—for their machines—and after giving the town the once over—it don't take 2 looks to see it all—some of them remark, "Lord, what a place to live!" I often wonder what they mean. While they are doing this some old-timer whose entire wardrobe never did consist of more than a three-piece suit—pants, shoes and shirt—will stick his head up over the greasewood and sagebrush and, after taking a quick squint—even one makes him blush—at the latest ladies' styles, exclaim with horror, "My God, did you see that?"

* * * *

Put the frog out, Bill. I think it's going to rain.

—Dick Wick Hall,
Editor and Garage Owner.



The Secluded Spot You Came Miles to Reach

Over the Teacups

"DON'T look now, but that woman over there in the gray georgette with the burnt ostrich on her hat—well, my dear, she used to have the apartment across the court from us, and I want to tell you ——"

"—— just no white bread and no sweets and no pork, and rubbed alcohol under her chin every night, and in four weeks she took off ——"

"—— looked everywhere, but I couldn't find a thing under twenty-eight hundred a year for eight rooms. So I just said to Harry, 'Harry,' I said, 'let's stay right where we are. We'll never find another place with such a nice closet in the bedroom, and if you'll just talk to them and make them do over that place in the bathroom ceiling, why ——'"

"—— don't turn around now, but there's that Mrs. Nealy over there. Now I know for a fact that her husband doesn't make half what George does, and yet she has that pearl tassel and a new sable scarf and ——"

"—— simply don't know what to do with Junior. He's just getting to the age where he asks questions all the time, and I really don't know what ——"

"—— so glad you like it, but you know, it really didn't cost me anything at all. It was that old blue crêpe I had last summer, and I just bought about fifteen yards of bead edging, and some satin for an underslip, and a new lace vest, and a yard or so of brocade for the sash, and a little fur for around the neck, and everybody tells me how ——"

"—— don't let her see you looking, but that's that Mrs. Downey talking to the woman with the imitation-jade bracelets. They say that she hadn't hardly had her final decree two days before she ——"

"—— can't do anything with them they're so independent. Delia simply will not put on those nice new caps I bought her, and Nora insists on wearing silk stockings and is talking about having her hair bobbed. I just said to Arthur last night, 'Really, if it wasn't for the children I'd tell them to pack right up and ——'"

"—— don't look for a minute, but that Mrs. Cousins just came in. The Gleasons sublet their apartment to her for three months last winter, and Amy Gleason told me that you simply wouldn't believe what a state she left things ——"

—Dorothy Parker.

How the Bull Moose Came to Life

A Rimed Editorial

THIS is the tale that they tell in Pennsylvania—the tale of the Great Beasts' War;
Which I wonder if they'll mention at the National Convention for 1924.

* * * * * *

Way back in nineteen twelve, it was, as I remember now,
That in the Grand Old Party's ranks arose an awful row;
The Elephant was feeling bad—he didn't know just why,
But some there were who said it was from eating too much Pie,
And some there were who figured that he hadn't had enough—
However, his interior began to cut up rough.
It rumbled and it grumbled and his anguish grew and grew;
Words can't describe the Awful Pains that that poor beast went through.
They coddled him—they doctored him, but 'twasn't any use
Until one day that Elephant gave birth to—yep!—a Moose!
A roaring, tearing young Bull Moose with big front teeth and specs.
Then how the fur began to fly in gobs and quarts and pecks!
That young Bull Moose got on his feet and gave a Bull Moose bawl
And started in rampaging round in that convention hall;
He glared upon the Elephant and went at him dead-set,
And then commenced a fight that folks have not forgotten yet.
They butted and they snorted and they elbowed and they scrouged,
They kicked and wheezed and struggled and they biffed and banged and gouged,
And when they'd fought each other till they simply couldn't stand
The Democratic Donkey was the ruler in the land.

* * * * * *

The tumult and the shouting, as they call it, died at length
While the Elephant spent eight long years recuperating strength,
And, waiting till the time was ripe beyond the smallest doubt,
He gathered his resources and he chased the Donkey out.
And when the Democrats came to they murmured in a daze,
"We feel as if we'd been exposed to ultra-violent rays!"
And then that Elephant became all swollen up with pride
And started eating Pie again until he almost died;
The more he got, the more it seemed he could accumulate,
And more particularly, deep dish Pennsylvania State.
How he would roll his tongue around his dripping lower lip
When dreaming of the filling that they call the Governorship!
Well, he thought that he would like some—it was just the other day—
So he sort of took a little stroll down Pennsylvania way,
But you might have knocked him over with a dab of charlotte russe
When he saw already browsing there a husky young Bull Moose!
"Great Scott!" he breathed amazedly. "How on earth did you get here?
I thought that you'd been petered out for lo! this many a year!"
"Not so, not so!" replied the Moose. "Progressives aren't so slow.
Although some folks believed me dead I've just been lying low.
You aren't the only one who has been getting back his pep,
And now you'll please get out of here. Oh, river! Watch the step!"
The Elephant at first was stunned, but then he just grew wild
At this renewed impertinence of his obstreperous child.
"Har-roomph!" again he trumpeted his clarion battle cry,
And "Warf!" the Bull Moose answered, and let in his clutch on high.
They butted and they snorted and they elbowed and they scrouged,
They kicked and wheezed and struggled and they biffed and banged and gouged.
But when the fight was finished and all trampled was the grass
The Moose had run the Elephant completely out of gas!
And though he told the editors, "It hurts me more to trim
My pachydermatous papa than it is hurting him,
And though perhaps papa does things which I admit it's true
I do not like Republican Administrations to.
To open up the ancient breach please do not think I'd try."
The editors all turned away and winked the other eye,
For editors are innocent and trustful, guileless men,
But when a joke like that is pulled—that's something else again!

* * * * * *

That is the tale that they tell in Pennsylvania—the tale of the Great Beasts' War;
And I wonder whom they'll mention at the National Convention for 1924.

—Baron Ireland.

That Sun Parlor

MR. AND MRS. DOVECOTE have a beautiful country home. It has sixteen bathrooms, and everything else in ratio and proportion.

But as yet it has no sun parlor.

Why?

Here's why:

Every time they talk it over, you see, he wants:
A big dark rug.
A lot of good, strong mission furniture.
Some sporting prints.
A gun rack.
A place for fishing tackle.
A cellaret.
An ice box.
An umbrella rack.
And, maybe, a newspaper holder.

And, you see, she wants:
A set of blue-and-white wicker furniture.
A tea wagon.
A few light rugs.
Two artistic bird cages.
Three flower stands.
A swing with cretonne pillows.
A sewing basket.
Some Chinese lanterns.

So, as yet, there is no sun parlor.

—Carolyn Wells.

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THE GOLDEN RULE OF HEALTH—EAT SOUP DAILY



Delicious filling soups for midsummer luncheons

Three different blends of hearty vegetables and invigorating beef, each one a meal in itself, already cooked for your table. Especially welcome at this time of year when everybody wants to keep out of the hot kitchen—and yet have an attractive table.

These three nourishing and tempting soups prove how carefully we blend Campbell's Soups to please every possible taste. All three are made with the choicest vegetables, selected beef and strength-giving cereals, yet the proportions are so skillfully varied in the famous Campbell's kitchens as to yield three distinct kinds of soup—each one having its own delightful appeal. Order from your grocer today.



With this big spoon I'll show you soon
The way to satisfaction
For every dip and every sip
Brings Campbell's into action!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

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STANDING THE GAFF

By J. R. Sprague

A GOOD many years ago in my town there was a business man whom I will call Mr. Petcher. His business, as announced by the sign painted on the show window, was that of leading watchmaker and jeweler. This preëminence in his chosen line was not to be questioned, as Mr. Petcher was the only regular watchmaker and jeweler in town, his sole competitor being a greasy individual on the side street whose main occupation was cobbling shoes, but who occasionally fixed clocks.

Mr. Petcher, therefore, had a practical monopoly of the watchmaker-and-jeweler business of the town. His establishment occupied one side of the drug store, his two show cases well stocked with large hunting-case watches, rings and gold-filled breastpins. He was something of a plunger, too, as evidenced by the fact that he first introduced cut glass into our community. The whole town was startled when Mr. Petcher, entirely without warning, displayed one day in his show window two fancy bowls with the written announcement "Genuine Cut Glass. Your Choice, $10." This was in the days when only the sophisticated few had any idea what cut glass really was, or that an eight-inch bowl could possibly be worth more than seventy-five cents.

From this it will be seen that Mr. Petcher, whatever his later actions may have shown, was at one time a resourceful and enterprising business man. To me, as I passed his place each day on my way to school, he seemed the embodiment of efficiency as he sat at his workbench with his black magnifying glass stuck in his eye, adjusting the delicate wheels and pinions of some customer's watch, or standing behind his counter to make the sale of some mysteriously beautiful breastpin or shiny gold-filled chain. I thought him incredibly old. There were wrinkles about his eyes brought on by many years of using the black eyeglass, and he wore chin whiskers which were turning gray. I suppose he was about fifty-five.

But evil days finally came upon Mr. Petcher. Another watchmaker and jeweler opened an establishment in our midst, renting a place right next to the post office. This rival scorned the small-town idea of occupying only part of a store, as Mr. Petcher did. He had show cases on both sides of his place, and two display windows. It was currently reported that he paid forty dollars a month rent, although the landlord would never corroborate the rumor, probably being afraid that he would be accused of profiteering, though that precise word had not yet been invented.

This rival of Mr. Petcher's did not stop at paying high rent. Where Mr. Petcher displayed two cut-glass bowls in his show window, the newcomer showed at least half a dozen; and instead of marking them in comfortable round figures like $10 he labeled them "Special, $9.89." He even went so far as to exhibit cut-glass vases and water sets, hitherto unheard-of luxuries in our community.

The Plight of Mr. Petcher

BUT it was on the mechanical side of the business that the new man hurt Mr. Petcher most. He put an advertisement in the paper stating that he had a diploma from a high-class watchmakers' college and knew the business from a scientific standpoint. He warned the public against trusting their fine timepieces to anyone but an expert. The advertisement also contained a picture of an immaculate watchmaker sitting at his desk, smilingly fixing a watch with the aid of all sorts of scientific instruments; while just below this picture was another which showed a slovenly individual at a rough worktable who was operating on a delicate timepiece with a monkey wrench. No names were mentioned, but the public was left to assume that Mr. Petcher was the monkey-wrench workman.

Mr. Petcher's nerves broke under the strain. He should have known that any new enterprise will attract customers at first, but that eventually things will right themselves. He had been fixing people's watches and selling jewelry for years, with entire satisfaction all around; but it seemed to him that every old customer who went into the new man's establishment must be lost to him forever. It was an entertainment for the younger social set in those days to watch Mr. Petcher's actions. Twice a day regularly, after the trains had arrived from the city, he went to the post office for his mail. We would see him walk in, unlock his box and pull from it the assortment of letters, catalogues and advertisements. He would shuffle these over with a great show of interest, meanwhile walking to the front door of the post office. Just outside, where he could see through the windows of his rival's establishment, he would stop and begin to read some of his mail—that is, he would pretend to read; but his eyes would be over the top of the page and searching into the tormenting place. Standing thus for a few minutes, he would sigh audibly; and then, rolling his mail tightly in his two hands, he would walk slowly back to his own shop.

It began to be noticed, too, that Mr. Petcher became somewhat slack in his business methods. Where formerly he had changed his window display every week or so, he got into the habit of letting the same display stand for weeks at a time, the cut-glass bowls and the gold-filled brooches covered with undisturbed dust and the purple crêpe-paper background faded and discolored at the edges. There were hours throughout the day when Mr. Petcher would forget all about his repair work and sit silent at his bench, his whiskered chin resting on his folded hands, while he stared straight out the window through his black magnifying glass. He was a bachelor, and slept in a room back of the druggist's prescription counter. The druggist complained in those days that Mr. Petcher was so careless in his personal habits that he did not make up his bed, but left it tousled and untidy day after day.

A Shattered Morale

HE BEGAN to get into trouble with his customers too. Spending so much of his time worrying over the new competitor, Mr. Petcher became absent-minded and forgetful, very grievous faults for a leading watchmaker and jeweler to have. Frequently he would be unable to find customers' watches when they called for them and be obliged to make one excuse after another to keep them satisfied.

There was one particularly painful incident of this kind. An ancient maiden lady of the town one day left her breastpin with Mr. Petcher to be repaired at the agreed price of twenty-five cents, the work to be finished the following Saturday. She explained at length that it was a breastpin which she had inherited from her grandmother on her father's side, and it was believed in the family that the breastpin had originally been purchased in New York City, which, of course, made it the more desirable. Mr. Petcher was used to hearing the history of family jewels, and so did not pay particular attention; he merely listened politely and at the end promised that the work should be finished at the appointed time.

But on Saturday, when the maiden lady called for her family jewel, Mr. Petcher could not locate it. He thought he could remember having fixed it; but after a long search through the mass of repair jobs about his repair bench he had to confess that he had mislaid it somehow, and if the lady would come again Monday he would surely have it for her. The maiden lady was not very well satisfied with this explanation, but after some impatient remarks agreed to wait. But when she returned on Monday the breastpin was just as thoroughly lost as it had been before. This time she was less agreeable, making a series of cutting remarks, while Mr. Petcher, red-faced and flustered, again looked all over the place for the missing jewel. When she finally left it was with the ultimatum that she would give Mr. Petcher exactly twenty-four hours more to produce her property; if he did not, she knew what she intended to do.

For the next week Mr. Petcher had the unhappiest time of his life. Each day the maiden lady came in with increasingly violent threats. On Wednesday she was merely going to sue him for the value of her property; by the following Monday she had come to the conclusion that Mr. Petcher had deliberately planned to defraud her of the breastpin and she intended to have him arrested.

Mr. Petcher tried to get out of the dilemma by offering to give the maiden lady the best solid-gold breastpin in his stock in exchange for the lost heirloom; but after looking over his assortment she stated that such a settlement would not be satisfactory. Then he tried to make a cash settlement, but with no success. His idea was that the breastpin, being only gold-plated to start with, and more than fifty years old besides, could not be worth very much in actual cash. The maiden lady took violent exception to this view. She admitted that the breastpin may have been only gold-plated, but stoutly affirmed that it was much better than most solid-gold ones. As for the argument that it was of little value because of its age, she stated heatedly that it was worth much more on that account; that a breastpin fifty years old is an heirloom and therefore almost priceless.

Eventually Mr. Petcher found the breastpin in the pocket of his other coat, which had been hanging in the back room of the store all the time, and so escaped prosecution. But by this time his morale was thoroughly shattered. His business, which had formerly been a pleasure, was now a hateful thing, fruitful only of troubles. He spent much of his time at the post-office door, peering wretchedly into his rival's establishment or walking up and down the opposite side of Main Street, where he could torture himself at the sight of customers going in and out of the hated place. Meanwhile his own store became increasingly shabby and less profitable. He could not pay his bills, which he owed the few wholesale houses he dealt with, and they wrote him sharp letters. He even got behind in the rent for his part of the drug store.

His whole thought came to center on the idea of getting away from his troubles and hiding in some place where he would be protected from the tormenting incidents of business life. He conceived the idea that an old-soldiers' home would afford such a refuge; he had been in the Civil War and was entitled to the hospitality of the Government. He had a nephew who was a business man in a neighboring town, and the good-natured druggist took it upon himself to write to this relative, explaining the situation. The nephew came and took things in charge. There was, the druggist said, a painful scene at that time. The nephew, a broad-shouldered, competent-appearing young man, started to straighten out the remnants of stock preparatory to closing up the business when a customer came in to make complaint about something which had gone wrong. Mr. Petcher, sitting at his littered workbench, nervously started up to wait on him, when the nephew interposed.

"My uncle isn't very well today," he said. "Whatever your complaint is, I shall be glad to adjust it. I am here, in fact, to wind up the business to the satisfaction of everyone."

The complaining customer went out satisfied. Mr. Petcher watched him until he had got well out the door. Then, with an awful sounding cry that had in it something of relief and something of utter giving up, he dropped his face forward on his littered workbench, where his chin whiskers tangled up with his watchmaker's tweezers, screw drivers and scattered parts of watches.

And so Mr. Petcher found a safe place for himself in the old-soldiers' home, where he died fifteen years later. Competition had proved too much for him. He could not stand the gaff.

There are always Mr. Petchers in the business world; men who show up well when everything is going smoothly, but who crumple under difficulties. The events of the past couple of years have brought a good many of them to the surface.

Recently I had a talk with a big man who is at the head of a wholesale concern in a Middle Western city. I say he is a big man, because he seems to know that business success consists of more than simple buying and selling; that it is largely a matter of men's ability to keep their poise under difficulties.

Hard-Times Collection Letters

"IN TIMES of business depression," he said, "the wholesalers of the country have a responsibility put on them greater than the mere selling of goods and collecting the money. In many cases it is up to them to bolster up the morale of their customers; to prevent the small man from becoming discouraged and throwing up his hands in defeat.

"Frequently it happens that a man who has hitherto been successful will get into a tight fix. He may be perfectly solvent, but things go against him; perhaps there is a crop failure in his section; the banks may not be in position to extend him his usual line of credit; he may be in a line which is classed as a luxury and his regular trade is not in position to buy luxuries. Anyhow, he is not doing a normal amount of business and he gets scared. He cannot pay his bills with his usual promptness, and two or three of his creditors write him sharp letters, which get him more scared. After a while this feeling develops into sort of a panic, and he is ready to do almost anything that will get him out from under his troubles."

The wholesaler opened a drawer in his desk and pulled out some papers which he spread before me. They were some copies of what he calls his hard-times collection letters.

"In bad times," he explained, "I make extra efforts to keep in close touch with my customers; I try also to make each communication carry a friendly atmosphere. Of course, I want my money as much as anyone else; but I am careful not to write anything which may upset a customer. I figure that he needs all his poise in such times."

I glanced over one of the letters. It contained the figures showing just what the customer owed and the amount which was then due. There was a paragraph stating that the wholesaler realized business was quiet, and if the customer was not in position to pay quite the full amount a part of it would be acceptable. The letter ended with this statement:

"As you know, it has been our habit to make draft each month for all amounts due. We shall not do this under the

(Continued on Page 47)

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Standard of the World

Craftsmanship a Creed, and Accuracy a Law

To the craftsmen building it, the Cadillac car is no less a work of care and zeal and devotion than his masterpiece is to any artist.

A peculiar quality of this one organization is that its efforts are characterized throughout by love as well as labor, ardor as well as ability, pride as well as progressiveness.

Every Cadillac artisan is convinced that he is working upon the finest piece of automotive mechanism that present engineering has produced.

He realizes that building the Cadillac not only affords every individual the opportunity to exercise his skill to the uttermost, *but that it demands exactly that.*

He is proud to be a Cadillac craftsman. He is proud of the Cadillac organization, the Cadillac car, and Cadillac leadership.

He is determined to help protect and perpetuate that leadership by bending every ounce of skill and effort to his particular task.

He looks around him and sees Cadillac craftsmen who have dedicated head and heart and hand to Cadillac manufacture for twenty years.

He knows that thousands of skilled artisans have been associated constantly with Cadillac over a long period of time.

Inspired by the same traditions, bound together by the same ideals, and instinct with the same purpose, these veteran Cadillac craftsmen build the Cadillac car each day with the same scrupulous and painstaking care.

The standards of the Cadillac are fixed clearly and definitely in their minds. These standards are at once splendid inspiration and inexorable law.

To depart from them ever so little, save in the way of eagerly-sought improvement, were impossible and indeed unthinkable.

Every Cadillac operation is held to the last scrupulous fraction of accuracy—that every Cadillac car may serve as a Cadillac should to the last possible day of its life.

Every Cadillac part and process must be maintained at the supreme standard. Because the Cadillac car itself must be maintained the Standard of the World.

And every Cadillac craftsman pledges himself to that high endeavor, dedicates himself anew to the ideal and the spirit of the Cadillac plant: "Craftsmanship a Creed, and Accuracy a Law."

C A D I L L A C

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.
Division of General Motors Corporation

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THE VAN ROON

(Continued from Page 21)

of blood to make a powerful effort to save himself.

He longed to kill this wretched girl, but as he pressed his fingers into the soft and delicate throat he was stayed by thoughts of the price that would have to be paid for wreaking an insane passion upon her.

For a wild instant he feared that the premonition had come too late. The primordial beast in his heart had slipped its chain. Already it had tasted blood. In this frenzy of revolt the fetters imposed by centuries of civil life were hardly likely to be submitted to again.

Gasping and helpless June felt that she was dying. The clutch upon her was that of the garrote. Her eyes began to darken. Clawing the air for the breath she could not draw, the end that seemed inevitable now was yet far off.

At last, as if responding to her prayer, a kind of stupor came upon her. But how tardily! Brain, heart, soul, body contended no more against a power beyond their own; at last her slow life was ebbing. The end of torment indescribable would be akin to joy.

Æons seemed to pass. A flicker of summer lightning, ages off, came and was not. So faint it was and so far that it could only be reckoned in terms of eternity. More light flickered, which of a sudden grew miraculously near. The vivid sense of pain returned; she grew alive to the fact that the harsh glare of the electric bulb, which was still unshaded, was beating down upon her eyes.

Powerful arms were about her; she was being supported. The fumes of raw spirit were in her nostrils, a glass was pressed against her lips. She fought again to get free, only feebly now, for this was but a last reaction of a dying will. Yet the final word of all was Nature's. When mind itself had ceased to count, the life force grasped wildly at the proffered means of life.

"I felt sure you were a goner," she heard a thick voice mutter.

A livid face, whose eyes seemed to blind her own, materialized suddenly before her. "Drink it up!" said the voice hoarsely. "And then get out—you ——"

It was insult for the sake of insult, and therefore the full measure of her victory. But it meant less than nothing to June now. She scarcely heard, or hearing did not comprehend. Beyond pain and suffering, beyond good and evil, her torn spirit only craved release.

As soon as the fire in the glass had kindled her veins this desire was met, less, however, by the operation of her own will than by the will of Keller. As if she had been a noisome reptile which his flesh abhorred and yet had a superstitious fear of killing, he dragged her out of the room along the short passage as far as the door of the flat. Slipping back the catch he flung her out on to the landing.

As she fetched up against the iron railing opposite the door which guarded the well of the staircase she heard a low hiss: "Take yourself off as soon as you like, you —— or you'll find the police on your track."

XLII

JUNE had no idea of the time that she lay in a huddle against the railing. But it may not have been so long in fact as it was in experience. Shattered she might be, yet unknown to herself there was still a reserve of fighting power to draw upon.

Cold iron, moreover, and raw air had a magic effect of their own. Clear of that mephitic room and the foul presence of Keller, a fine human machine began slowly to renew itself. Except for a faint gleam from the room out of which she had just come, stealing through the fanlight of the door out of which she had been flung, there was not a sign of light upon the staircase. The entire building appeared to be deserted. Its stone-flagged steps were full of echoes as soon as she ventured to move upon them; and when clinging to the railing for support she had painfully descended two she entered a region of total darkness. It was like going down into a pit. Could she have only been sure that death awaited her below she might have been tempted to fling herself into it headlong. But she knew that the ground floor was not far off.

Three or four steps more brought her to the vestibule. At the end of it was a door, open to the street. Outside this door shone a faint lamp, round which weird shadows circled in a ghostly witch dance. The night beyond was a wall of horrors which she had lost the will to face.

Met by this pitiless alternative she recoiled against the wall of the vestibule, huddling in its darkest corner behind the stairs. Crouching here like a hunted thing at bay, she fought for the courage to go out and face her destiny.

She fought in vain. Half collapsed as she now was, a spur was needed to drive her into the grim wilderness of the open street. One glance at the crypt outside sufficed to tell her that with no point to make for it would be best to stay where she was and hope soon to die.

Why had she not had the sense to throw herself down the stairs and kill herself? A means would have to be found before the night was out. She could bear no more. A terrible reaction was upon her. It was as if a private door in her mind had suddenly given way and a school of awful phantoms had rushed in and flooded it.

She was living in a nightmare that was too bad to be true. But it was true, and there lay its terror. Adrift in the dark cañons of that vast city, penniless and alone, with the marks of thieves and murderers upon her bruised body, and her treasure stolen, there was only one thing to look for now.

Death, however, would not be easy to come by. As she huddled in cold darkness in the recess behind the stairs she felt that her will was going. To enter the night and make an end would need courage; but a miserable clapping together of the jaws was sign enough that the last hope of all was slipping away from her.

XLIII

COWERING in body and spirit in that dark corner, time, for June, became of no account. Perhaps after all she might be allowed to die where she was. As a kind of inertia crept upon her she was able to draw something of comfort from the thought. It would be better than the river or being run over in the street.

She grew very cold; yet a lowering of the body's temperature induced a heightened consciousness.

Aches and pains sprang into life; the forces of her mind began to reassert themselves; the phantoms about her took on new powers of menace. Gradually it became clear to June, under the goad of this new and sharper phase of suffering, that mere passivity could not induce the death she longed for.

No, it was not in that way the end would come. She would have to go into the shadow land beyond the lamp and seek some positive means of destroying herself. For that reason she must hold on to the fragment of will that now remained to her. It alone could release her from the awful pit in which she was now engulfed.

She gathered herself for an effort to move towards the fog-encircled light at the entrance to the street. But the effort, when made, amounted to nothing. Her limbs were paper; all power of volition was gone.

The October raw struck to her blood. She began to whimper miserably. To pain of mind was added pain of body, but the delicate apparatus from whose harmony sprang the fuse of action was out of gear. Something must be done; yet no matter how definite the task, any form of doing was beyond her now.

At this dire moment, however, help came. It came, moreover, in an unlooked-for way. She heard a door slam overhead. There was the sound of a match being struck, and then came a gingerly shuffle of feet on the stone stairs.

Someone was coming down. June cowered still lower into the dark recess at the back of the stairway. A man was approaching. And by the flicker of the match which he threw away as he reached the floor of the vestibule she saw that the man was Keller.

Faint and but momentary as was the glimpse afforded, June, with every sense strung again to the point of intensity, saw that under Keller's arm was a brown-paper parcel. The sight of it was like a charm. Some fabulous jinni might have lurked in that neat package who commanded a miraculous power of reaction upon the human will.

Keller struck a second match and peered into the shadows. June knew that he was looking to see if she had lingered there, but the light could not pierce to the corner in which she crouched; and it burned itself out, leaving him none the wiser. Without striking another match Keller moved away from her towards the doorway; and as he did so June felt a swift release of heart and brain. A thrill of new energy ran through her. No sooner had Keller passed out of the vestibule, beyond the lamp into the fog, than without conscious impulse or design she began to follow him.

It may have been the reasoned act of a lucid being, but at first it did not appear to be so. Once, however, her limbs were moving, all her faculties, now intensely awake, seemed as if by magic to bear them company. As soon as she reached the open street, with Keller a clear ten yards ahead, the keen air on her face had an effect of strong wine. Her nerves felt again the sense of motion; the impulse of the natural fighter unfurled strong pinions within her. All the virile sense and the indomitable will of a sound inheritance rallied to her need.

Growing sensibly stronger at every yard, she followed Keller round the corner into Manning Square. The mist was thick, the lamps poor and few, but as well as she could she kept on his track. Lurking pantherlike in the deep shadows of the house walls, she had approached within five yards of him by the time he had turned the corner into a by-street. He went a few yards along this, and then zigzagged into a squalid ill-smelling thoroughfare whose dismal length seemed unending.

June had no difficulty in keeping up with these twists and winds, for Keller, impeded by the fog, moved slowly. For her, however, the fog had its own special problem, since there was a danger of losing him if he was allowed to get too far ahead; and yet if his steps were dogged too closely there was always the fear that he might turn round suddenly and see her.

At last the interminable street seemed to be nearing its end, for June, whose every faculty was now strung to an unnatural acuteness, saw but a short distance in front the brightly lit awning of the Underground looming through the fog.

In a flash she realized the nature of the peril. Only too surely was this the bourn for which Keller was making. Once within its precincts and her last and only hope would be gone.

It must be now or never. The spur of occasion drove deep in her heart. She knew but too well that the hope was tragically small, but wholly desperate as she was, with the penalty of failure simply not to be met, she would put all to the touch.

Closer and closer she crept up behind the quarry. But the entrance to the Tube loomed now so near that it began to seem certain that she must lose him before she could attempt what she had to do. Abruptly, however, within ten yards or so of his goal, Keller stopped. He began to search the pockets of his overcoat for a box of matches to relight his pipe, which had gone out. While so doing and in the preoccupation of the moment he took the parcel from under his right arm and set it rather carelessly beneath his left.

Providence had given June her chance. Like a falcon she swooped forward. Aim and timing incredibly true, at the instant Keller struck a match and bent over his pipe her fingers closed on the Van Roon and whisked it out of his unguarded grasp.

XLIV

AS SHE turned and ran she heard his wild and startled oath. Before her was the fog-laden darkness of the narrow street. But now it struck her with a thrill of pure terror that the mist was not thick enough to conceal her flight. The swift surprise of the onset had gained for her a start of a few yards, but instantly she knew that it would not suffice.

She ran, all the same, as if her heart would burst. But her legs seemed to wear the shackles that afflict one in a dream. Her most frantic efforts did not urge them on, and yet, in spite of that, they bore her better than she knew. Not a soul was in sight. She could hear Keller's boots echo on the damp pavement as they pounded behind her. It could be a matter of only seconds before his fingers were again on her throat. But this time, before robbing her of the Van Roon and getting clear, he would have to kill her.

The vow had hardly been made when at the other side of the narrow street she saw a thread of light. It came from a house whose door was open. Instinctively she turned and made one final dash for it. This was the last wild hope there was.

A man, it seemed, was in the act of leaving the house. Wearing overcoat and hat he stood just within the doorway peering into the murk before venturing out. June flung herself literally upon him.

"Save me! Save me!" she was able to gasp. "A man! A man is after me!"

The house was of the poverty-stricken kind whose living room opens on to the street. June had a confused vision of a glowing lamp, a bright fire, a dingy tablecloth and several people seated round it. Her wild impact upon the man who was about to put off from its threshold drove him backwards several paces into the room. At the same instant a female voice, loud and imperious, rose from the table:

"Shut the door, Elbert, can't yer? The fog's comin' in that thick it'll put out the perishin' fire."

The bewildered Elbert, raked fore and aft by fierce women, automatically obeyed the truculent voice at his back, even while he gave ground in a collision which seemed to rob him of any wit that he might possess. With a deft turn of the heel he dealt the door a kick that effectually closed it in the murderous face of the halting and hesitating Keller.

June, shuddering in every vein, clung to her protector.

"Lord love us all!" Cries and commotion arose from the table, yet almost at once the imperious voice soared above the din: "Set her down, can't yer, Elbert? Didn't yer see that bloke?"

"Ah—I did," said Elbert, stolidly pressing his queer armful into a chair near the fire.

"Better git after him lively," said the voice at the table. "He's the one as did in Kitty Lewis last week."

Elbert, a young man six feet tall and proportionately broad of shoulder, was not, however, a squire of dames. With a scared look on a face that even in circumstances entirely favorable could hardly rank as a thing of beauty, he moved to the door and slipped a bolt across. "Not goin' near the ——" he said sullenly. "Not goin' to be mixed up wiv it—not me."

The voice at the table, whose owner was addressed as maw, proceeded to tell off Elbert. He was a skunk, he was no man, he was a mean swine. In the sight of maw, who ran to words as well as flesh, Elbert was all this and more. She rose majestically, threatening to dot him if he didn't 'op it; and she came to June with an enormous bosom striving to burst from its anchorage, an apron that had once been white, and with her entire person exuding an odor peculiar to those of her sex who drink gin out of a teacup.

Three other people were at the table, and they were engaged upon a meal of toasted cheese, raw onions and beer. Of these, two were girls about sixteen, scared, slatternly and anæmic; the third was a toothless hag who looked ninety; and as the whole family, headed by maw, suddenly crowded round June, the terrified fugitive, shuddering in the chair by the fire, hardly knew which of her deliverers was the most repulsive.

June fought with every bit of her strength against the threat of total collapse that assailed her now. In the desperate hope of warding off disaster she gathered the last bruised fragment of will. But Nature had been driven too hard. For the second time within the space of one terrible hour she lost the sense of where she was.

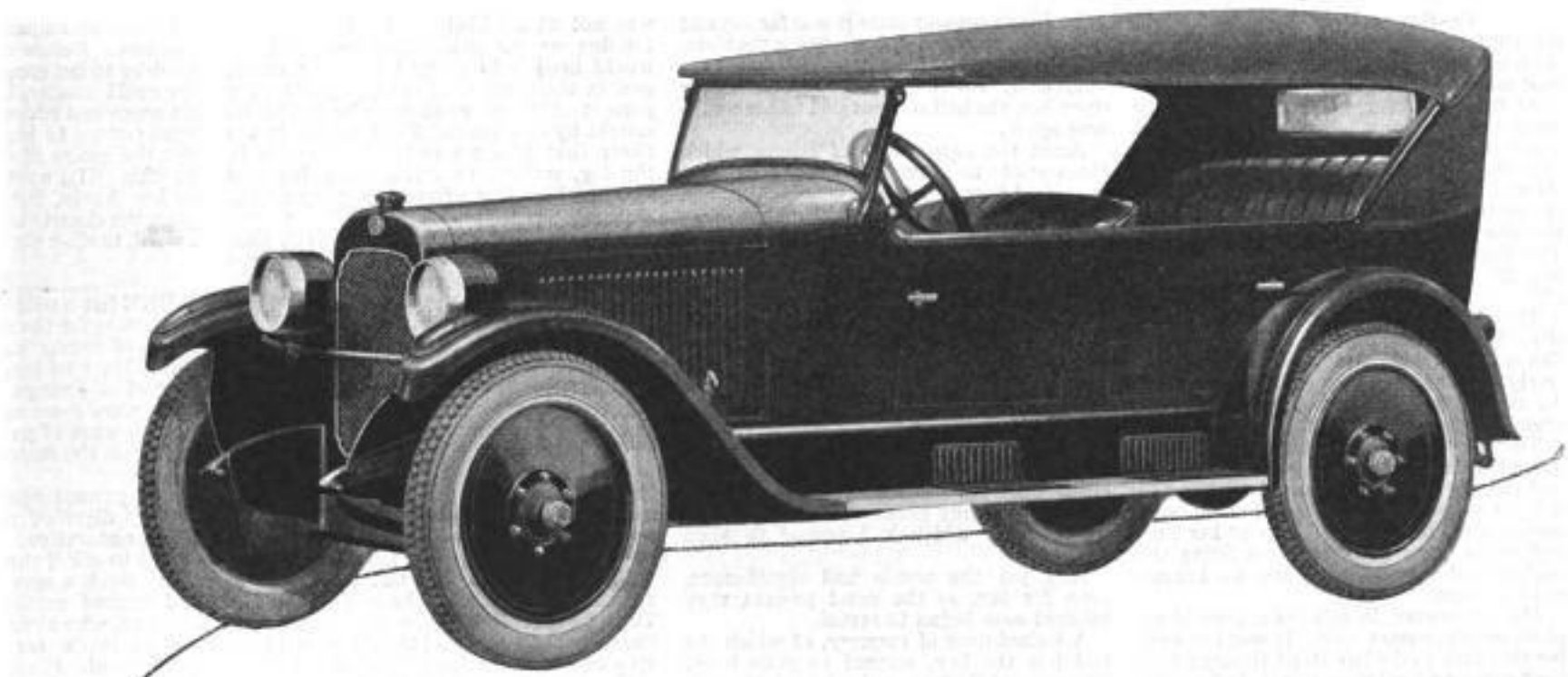
XLV

THE faces, with one exception, had receded into the background when June returned slowly and painfully to a knowledge of what was happening. Maw was bending over her and holding a cracked cup to her lips, and also telling off the others with a force and a scope of language that added not a little to June's fear.

Perhaps the smell of its contents had quite as much effect upon the sufferer as the cup's restorative powers. It was so

(Continued on Page 30)

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It is a bold statement to make, but it is *true*, that of serious competition the Chalmers Six meets little or none.

Such doubt as may exist at the outset begins to waver the moment the rare beauty of the Chalmers is fully grasped.

It has *nothing* of comparison to fear on that score; and in *action* its superiority is every bit as outstanding.

Its quick smoothness and ease, its boat-like quality of riding, come almost as a revelation. What Chalmers engineers have done, literally, was to create a new and finer kind of six-cylinder performance.

They have accomplished more toward bringing out all the wonderful possibilities of the six, we believe, than is apparent in any other six, save those far above the Chalmers in price.

It is worth an hour of any man's time to satisfy himself that the Chalmers Six *is* a distinctly superior car.

All Models Equipped with Disc Steel Wheels and Cord Tires

Chalmers Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan

Chalmers Motor Company of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ontario

The CHALMERS SIX

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(Continued from Page 28)

distasteful to one who had been taught to shun all forms of alcohol that a sheer disgust helped to bring her round.

At first, however, her mind was hardly more than a blank. But when at last a few links of recognition floated up into it out of the immediate past and hitched themselves to this strange present a shock of new terror nearly overwhelmed her again. Recollection was like a sudden knife stab. The Van Roon! The Van Roon! Where was it? What if she had not got it after all!

The thought was pain, pure and exquisite. But the case did not really call for it. She was clutching the Van Roon convulsively to her breast as a child holds a doll. As she wakened slowly to this fact her brain wonderfully cleared.

The mind must be kept alive, if only to defend this treasure for whose sake she had already suffered so outrageously. She did not know where she was, and the evil presence holding the foul cup to her lips, and those other evil presences filling the background beyond, gave her an intense apprehension.

Maw, however, in spite of a general air of obscenity, meant well. It was not easy for this fact to declare itself through that loud voice and ruthless mien; but gradually it began to percolate to June's violated nerves and so gave her a fleck of courage to hold on to that sense of identity which still threatened at the first moment again to desert her.

"Where was you goin', dearie?"

Rude the tone, but when June's ear had disentangled the words she was able to appreciate that they were spoken in the way of kindness. But if the knowledge brought a spark of comfort it was quickly doused. Where was she going? To that grim question there was no possible answer.

"Scared out of her life, poor soul!" said maw. With furtive truculence she announced the fact to the rather awed spectators, who gathered once more about the sufferer.

"Where you come from?"

June's only answer was a shiver. The frozen silence was so full of the uncanny that maw shook her own head dismally and tapped it with a grimy finger.

In the view of maw, for such a calamity there was only one remedy. Once more the cup was pressed to June's lips; once more it was resisted, this time with a hint of fierceness reassuring to the onlookers, inasmuch as it implied a return of life.

"Looks respectable," said the cracked voice of the crone, who was now at maw's elbow.

"Where was you goin'?" demanded maw again.

June was beyond tears or she would have shed them. Now that the facts of the situation in all their hopelessness were streaming back to her a feeling of sheer impotence kept her dumb.

"Off her rocker," said Elbert gloomily.

XLVI

AMID the silence which followed Elbert's remark June fought hard to cast her weakness off. She wanted no longer to die. The recovery of the treasure inhibited, at least for the time being, that desire. Acutely aware that the Van Roon was still miraculously hers she felt that come what might she must go on.

But her position was hopeless indeed. She dared not venture out of doors, with a murderous thief waiting to spring upon her. And if venture she did there was nowhere she could go. Besides, had there been any place of refuge for such a weary bundle of frightened misery, with only a penny in her pocket and a sorry ignorance of the fog-bound maze of bricks and mortar in which she was now lost, there would have been no means of getting to her destination.

At the same time she had no wish to stay with these uncouth, ill-looking, evil-smelling people one moment longer than was necessary. In a curiously intimate way she was reminded of that grim story Oliver Twist, which had so powerfully haunted her youth. To her distorted mind this squalid interior was a veritable thieves' kitchen, the crone a female Fagin, the angel of the cup a counterpart of Bill Sikes, and the gloomy beetle-browed Elbert a kind of Artful Dodger grown up. She and her treasure could never be safe in such a place, yet at the other side of the door nameless horrors awaited her.

In June's present state it was far beyond her power to cope with so dire a problem. Keeping a stony silence as those faces, devoured by curiosity, pressed ever closer upon her, she half surrendered to her weakness again.

Amid the new waves of misery which threatened to submerge her, she was wrenched fiercely back to sensibility. The Van Roon was torn by a strong hand from her grasp. As if a spring had been pressed in her heart she rose with a little cry. Maw was in the act of handing the picture to Elbert. "There's a label on it, ain't there?" she said.

Still half stupefied, June clung to the table for support, while Elbert, who was evidently the family scholar, read out slowly the name and address that was written upon the parcel: "Miss Babraham, 39b, Park Lane, W."

June was hardly in a state just then to grasp the significance of the words. Her mind was wholly given up to concern for the treasure which had passed to alien hands.

And yet the words had significance, even for her, as the mind process they induced soon began to reveal.

A locked door of memory, of which she had lost the key, seemed to glide back. Thoughts of William, of his friend, the tall, beautiful and distinguished wearer of the blue crêpe de chine, and of Sir Arthur, her father, came crowding into her brain. And with them came a perceptible easing of spirit, as if they had been sped by the kindly hand of that Providence of whom she had never been so much in need.

The recognition of this acted upon her like a charm. Girt by the knowledge that she was not alone in the world after all and that friends might be at hand if only she could reach out to them, her mind began once more to function.

Even while maw and Elbert were occupying themselves with the parcel's address and its specific importance June was fain to inquire of herself how such magic words came to be there at such a moment. Casting back to recent events, over which oblivion had swept, she was able to recall certain strands in the subtle woof of fate. Days ago—years they seemed now—Miss Babraham had sent to William a picture frame to be restored. The stout brown paper in which it had been wrapped appealed to June's thrifty soul, and she had stowed it away in her box for use on a future occasion. Her mind's new, almost dangerous clarity enabled her to remember that upon the paper's inner side was an old label which bore the name and address of Miss Babraham.

The piecing together of this slender chain gave June the thing she needed most. At this signal manifestation of what Providence could do hope revived in her. If only she could get to Park Lane—wherever Park Lane might be—to Miss Babraham!

As if in answer to the half-formed wish maw's dominant voice took up the parable: "Elbert, you'd better see this lidy as fur as Park Lane."

XLVII

ELBERT did not welcome the prospect with open arms. Nature had not designed him for such a task. All the same, maw was imaged clearly in his mind as one whose word was law.

At the best of times Elbert's obedience to that word was apt to be grudging. And tonight, with danger lurking outside in the darkness, he was full of a disgusted reluctance at having to face such a prospect.

Even in circumstances wholly favorable to it the countenance of Elbert was not attractive; to June at this moment it was very much the reverse. She felt that its owner was not to be trusted an inch.

Meanwhile her mind was growing very active. Miss Babraham's name, that magic omen, was like elixir; it quickened the blood, it strengthened the soul. If only she could bear her treasure to Park Lane all might yet be well.

Urged by this spur, native wit sprang to her aid. The first thing to be done was to get clear of present company. She was haunted still by the likeness to Fagin's kitchen; but there was a recollection of the fact that a Tube station was only a few yards along the street. That was the haven wherein salvation lay.

Pressing hard upon the hope, however, was the dismal knowledge that only one penny remained in her pocket. This sum could not take her to Park Lane unless that elysium was close at hand. Alas, it was not at all likely. Her ignorance of London was so great, moreover, that she would need help to find her way there; and in the process of obtaining it in her present state of weakness she might be caught by new perils. For it was only too likely that Keller was lurking outside in the fog, waiting to spring upon her and tear the Van Roon from her grasp at the first chance that arose.

Beset by such problems, June felt that she was between the devil and the deep sea. Perhaps the best thing she could do was to dash along the street to the Tube and then put herself in the hands of the nearest policeman. But even to attempt such a feat was to run a grave risk.

Elbert, in the meantime, scowling and disgruntled, was bracing himself under further pressure from maw to brave the perils of the night. June felt, however, that it would be wise not to saddle herself with this reluctant champion if it could be avoided. To this end she was now able to pluck up spirit to ask what was the best means of getting to Park Lane.

Maw did not know, but Elbert when appealed to said that she could take the Tube to Marble Arch, or she might turn the corner at the end of the street and pick up a bus in Tottenham Court Road.

How much was the fare? Twopence, Elbert thought. Alas, June had only a penny. She was painfully shy about confessing this difficulty, but there was no help for it.

"Don't you worry, miss. Elbert is goin' to see you all the way." And maw fixed a savage eye upon her son.

Much as June would have preferred to forgo the services of this paladin, maw's ferocious glance settled the matter finally.

"And you'll carry the pawcel for the lidy," said maw, as Elbert, scowling more darkly than ever, turned up the collar of his overcoat.

XLVIII

THE Van Roon at that moment was in the hand of maw. And although June was on fire to get it back, her natural faculties were sufficiently awake to tell her that undue eagerness would be most unwise. She must be content to await her chance, yet there was no saying when that chance would come; for maw was careful to hand personally the parcel to Elbert.

Before June set out on her journey one of the girls pressed a cup of tea from the family brew upon her. It was lukewarm and thrice stewed, but June was able to drink a little and to feel the better for it. She was in a high state of tension, all the same, when Elbert opened the street door, her treasure under his arm, and she followed close behind him into the darkness.

Surely Keller must be out there in the fog, waiting to attack them. Her heart beat wildly as she marched side by side with Elbert along the street towards the Tube. Distrust of her cavalier was great. Should he guess the value of the thing he bore, as likely as not he would play her a trick. But for the moment, at any rate, this fear was merged in the sharper one of what was concealed by the fantastic shadow shapes of that dark thoroughfare. Less than a hundred yards away, however, was the Tube station; and to June's unspeakable relief they gained its light and publicity without misadventure. Here, moreover, was her chance. While Elbert searched his pockets for fourpence to purchase two tickets for Marble Arch she insisted on relieving him of the parcel. Once restored to her care she clung to it so tenaciously that the puzzled Elbert had reluctantly to give up the hope of getting it back again.

Going down in the lift to the trains, with the surge of fellow passengers guaranteeing a measure of safety, June allowed herself to conclude that Elbert, after all, might be less of a ruffian than he looked. If he had no graces of mind or mansion he was yet not without a sort of rude care for her welfare. By no wish of his own was he seeing a distressed damsel to her destination, yet the process of doing so, once he grew involved in it, seemed to minister in some degree to a latent sense of chivalry. At all events he had a scowl for anyone whose elbows came too near his charge.

Arriving at Marble Arch in due course, the heroic Elbert piloted the fugitive out of the station across the road into Park Lane. Here, under a street lamp, they paused a moment to examine the label on the parcel for the number of the house they sought; 39b was the number, and it proved to be not the least imposing home in that plutocratic thoroughfare.

Elbert accompanied June as far as its doorstep. Before ringing the bell she said good-by to her escort with all the gratitude she could muster, begging him to give her his name and address so that she might at least restore to him the price of her fare. Yet the squire of dames saw no necessity for this. His scowl was softened a little by her thanks, but his only answer was to press the electric button and then, without a word, to slink abruptly away into the fog.

XLIX

JUNE felt a wild excitement as she stood waiting for the answer to her ring. The stress of events had buoyed her up, but with Elbert no longer at her side and the door of a strange house confronting her trolls were loose once more in her brain. A fresh wave of panic surged through her, and again she feared that she was going to faint.

The prompt opening of the door by a gravely dignified manservant acted as a strong restorative. June mustered the force of will to ask if she could see Miss Babraham. Such a request, made in a nervous and excited manner, gave pause to the footman, who at first could not bring himself to invite her into the large, dimly lighted hall. Finally he did so, closed the door against the fog, and then asked her name with an air of profound disapproval which at any other time must have proved highly embarrassing.

"I'm Miss Gedge," said June. "From the secondhand shop in New Cross Street. Miss Babraham'll remember me."

The servant slowly repeated the fragmentary words in a low voice of cutting emphasis. "I'm afraid," he said, while his eye descended to June's shoes and up again, "Miss Babraham will not be able to see you tonight. However, I'll inquire."

Superciliously the footman crossed the hall to discuss the matter with an unseen presence in its farthest shadows. The conference was brief but unsatisfactory, for a moment later the unseen presence slowly materialized into the august shape of a butler, who seemed at once to diminish the footman into a relative nothingness.

"Perhaps you'll let me know your business," said the butler in a tone which implied that she could have no business at any rate with Miss Babraham at such an hour.

June, alas, could not explain the nature of her errand. These two men were so imposing, so unsympathetic, so harsh, so frightening that had life itself depended upon her answers—and in quite a special degree she now felt that it did—she was yet unequal to the task of making them effective.

"Miss Babraham cannot see you now," said the slow-voiced butler with an air of terrible finality.

"But I must see her! I simply must!" wildly persisted June.

"It's impossible to see her now," said the butler.

The words caused June to stagger back against the wall. In answer to her tragic eyes the butler said reluctantly, "You had better call again some time tomorrow, and I'll send in your name."

"I—I must see her now!" June gasped wildly.

The butler was adamant. "You can't possibly see her tonight."

"Why can't I?" said June desperately.

"She is going to a ball."

The words were like a blow. A vista of the fog outside and of herself wandering with her precious burden all night long in it, homeless, penniless, desolate, came upon her with unnerving force.

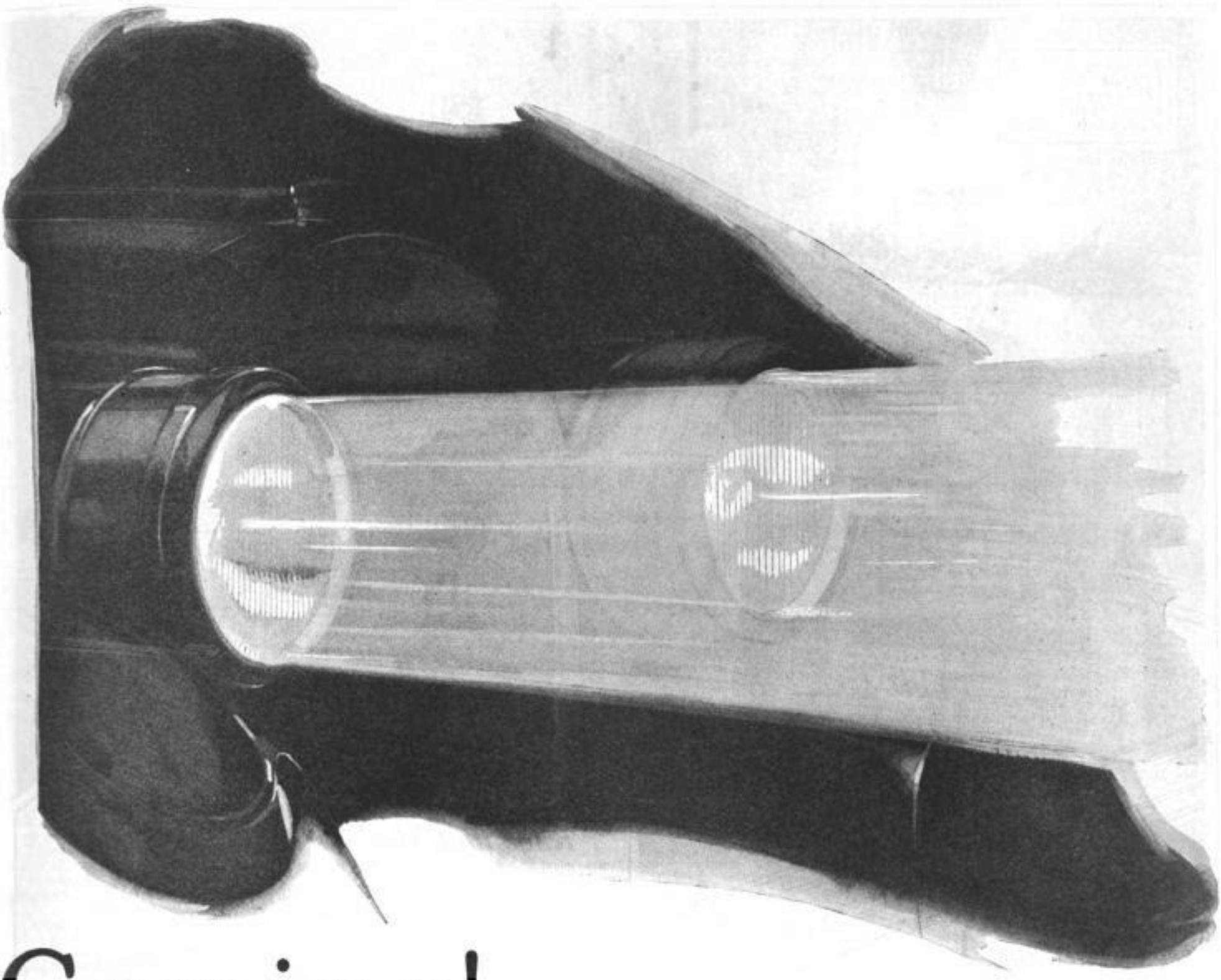
"But—please! I must see her tonight," she said with a shudder of misery.

Faced by the butler's pitiless air June felt her slender hope to be ebbing away. She would be turned adrift in the night. And what would happen to her then? She could not walk the streets till daybreak with the Van Roon under her arm. Already she had reached the limit of endurance. The dark haze before her eyes bore witness to the fact that her strength was almost gone. No matter what the attitude of the butler towards her, she must not think of quitting this place of refuge unless she was flung out bodily, for her trials here were naught by comparison with those awaiting her outside.

June's defiance was very puzzling to the stern functionary, who quite plainly was at a loss how to deal with it. But in the midst of these uncertainties the problem

(Continued on Page 33)

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9	x 9	feet 12.15		3	x 4½	feet 1.50
9	x 10½	feet 14.15		3	x 6	feet 2.00
9	x 12	feet 16.20				

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South, west of the Mississippi and in Canada are higher than those quoted.

Gold Seal CONGOLEUM *Art-Rugs*

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(Continued from Page 30)

was unexpectedly solved for him. A glamour of white satin, jewels and fur appeared on the broad staircase. Miss Babraham descended slowly.

Once more was June upheld by a sense of Providence. Hope flickered again, a painful fluctuating gleam.

She sprang forward to intercept this vision of pure beauty, wildly calling the name "Miss Babraham! Miss Babraham! Miss Babraham!"

The dazzling creature was startled out of her glowing self-possession. "Why, who are you?" she cried.

In a gush of strange words June strove to make clear that she was the girl from the antique shop in New Cross Street, and that her uncle, its proprietor, was a very wicked old man who was trying to steal a valuable picture that had been given to her. She pressed the Van Roon upon the astonished Miss Babraham and besought her to take care of it.

After that June had only a very dim idea of what happened. She found herself in a sort of anteroom without knowing how she got there, with faces of a surprised curiosity around her. Foremost of these was the lovely Miss Babraham, a thing of sheer beauty in her ball dress, who asked questions to which June could give only confused replies, and issued orders that she was not able to follow.

Everything began to grow more and more like a wild and terrible dream. Other people appeared on the scene, among whom June was just able to recognize the tall form of Sir Arthur Babraham. By then, however, she no longer knew what she was doing or saying, for deep blanks were invading her consciousness; even the treasure in which her very soul was merged had somehow slipped from her mental grasp and like everything else had ceased to have significance.

L

AT ELEVEN o'clock the next morning Sir Arthur Babraham, looking worried and distrait, was pretending to read The Times. If ever a man could be said to have been born with a silver spoon in his mouth it was this soft-voiced, easy-mannered, kindly gentleman. The rubs of a hard world had hardly touched his unflawed surfaces.

He sat on committees, it was true, and played Providence at third or fourth hand to bodies of less happily situated mortals, yet scarcely, if at all, had he been brought face to face with the stark realities of life.

It is never too late, however, for some new thing to occur. The previous evening an experience had happened to this worthy man; and he could not rid his mind of the fact that it was disconcerting. On a table at his elbow was a picture without a frame, and more than once his eyes strayed from the newspaper to this object, which at first glance was so insignificant, and yet, as if cursed with an obi, it had the power to perplex him whenever he looked at it.

In the midst of this preoccupation Laura Babraham entered the room. She had returned late from the dance, and this was her first appearance that morning. Hardly had she saluted her father when her eye also fell on the picture, and a look of deep anxiety came into her eyes.

"Have you heard anything from the hospital?" she asked eagerly.

"I rang them up half an hour ago," said Sir Arthur. "The girl is very ill indeed. I gathered from the tone of the person with whom I talked that the case is pretty serious."

"Yes," said Laura Babraham in a low voice. "One felt sure of that. Never again do I want to see a human creature in the state that poor thing was in last night. I've been haunted by her ever since."

"Pretty bad, I must say." Sir Arthur plucked sharply at his mustache. "According to the hospital, she's been knocked about and generally ill-used. There are marks on her throat, and they want my opinion as to whether they should communicate with the police."

"What do you advise, papa?" said Laura with a growing concern.

"One doesn't know what to advise." Sir Arthur's mustache continued to receive harsh treatment.

"We are faced with rather a problem, it seems to me."

"You mean that it will be a matter for the police if she doesn't get better?"

"Yes, certainly that. And it may be a matter for the police if she does get better."

Laura Babraham agreed; yet even then she did not see the problem in its full complexity. Sir Arthur, taking the first step towards her enlightenment, pointed to the Van Roon. "My dear, beyond any doubt that is a most precious thing. And, ignoring for the moment the state in which this young woman turned up last night, the question we have to ask ourselves is: What is she doing with it at all? And why was she ranging the streets alone, in the fog, at that hour?"

"From what one gathered," said Laura, "the picture is hers, and her uncle, the o curio man in New Cross Street, with who she lives, is determined to get it aw from her."

"Quite so. That's her story, as far one can get at it. But I put it to you, is it far more likely—prima facie, at a rate—that the girl is trying to steal it fr the old dealer?"

"I believe the poor thing is speaking t truth," said Woman in the person of M Laura Babraham.

"You mean, my dear," said her logi parent, with a sad little smile, "that y hope she is speaking the truth. With my heart I hope so, too, even if it pro this old man—Gedge, you say his na is?—to be a terrible scoundrel. One them certainly is not playing straight; prima facie, as I say, if we call in the pol it is almost certain that it is this wretc girl who will find herself in prison."

"There one can't agree, papa," Woman staunchly. "The poor thing s that William, the assistant, gave her picture; and in all the dealings I have with William in the course of the past he has been honesty itself."

Her father shook his head gently. "All very well, but Master William is the part of the story I like least. Is it probable, in the first place, that a young man who almost certainly has no money of his own, would be able to get possession of such a thing; and, again, assuming him to be clever enough to do so, is he going to be such a fool as to give it away to this girl? Let us look all the facts in the face. To my mind, the more one thinks of it the more inevitable the plain solution is."

"I'm absolutely convinced that William, at any rate, is honest."

Sir Arthur frowned and opened his cigar case. "And I for my part am convinced," he said with a sigh as he cut off the end of a cigar, "that our friend William is a cunning scoundrel, who has been deep enough to get this young woman to do the dirty work and run all the risks, because he must know as well as anybody that a great deal of money is at stake."

Laura Babraham had a considerable respect for her father's judgment, yet she knew the value of her own. She did not think it was possible to be so deceived; her dealings with William had left her with the highest regard for his straightforwardness; if he proved to be the despicable creature Sir Arthur's fancy painted him never again would she be able to hold an opinion about anyone. Yet her father's analysis of the case, as it presented itself to her clear mind, left her on the horns of a dilemma. Either this young man was a fool or he was a rogue. Faced by these evils, she chose without hesitation that which to the feminine mind appeared the less.

"He's always struck one as rather simple in some ways and too much under the thumb of the old dealer; yet he's really very clever."

Sir Arthur drew mental energy from his cigar. "Not clever enough to keep honest, my dear."

"Please don't prejudge him. That wicked old man is at the back of all."

"Well, that is just what we have now to find out."

Laura assented; yet then arose the question at once as to the means by which the truth could be won. It was likely to resolve itself into an affair of William's word against the word of his master. Whoever could tell the more plausible tale would be believed; and William's friend saw from the outset that circumstance had already weighted the scales heavily against him. On the face of it the story as disclosed by the poor girl who was now in the hospital was frankly incredible.

Recollection of the pitiful scene of the previous night brought to Laura Babraham's mind her own urgent duty in the matter. The girl had begged her not on any account to give up the picture; so long as sense and coherence remained to her the unlucky creature had declared it to be her own lawful property. Laura had solemnly promised to see justice done, and it behooved her now to be as good as her word.

"I suppose, papa, you have telephoned already to Mr. Gedge?"

"The hospital has, I believe," said Sir Arthur. "I particularly asked them to do so. The old fellow must be very anxious about the girl, and perhaps even more anxious about his Van Roon."

"Please don't say 'his Van Roon' before ...oved the ownership."

...t won't be difficult, I fear."

...must make it as difficult for him as ..." said the tenacious Laura.

...rthur shook his head. As a man of ...rld he had but scant hope that the ...y would be cleared up in the way ...desired.

LI

...O. — New Cross Street the bottom ...emed to have fallen out of the world. ...flight with the picture, as soon as it ...e known to William, caused him not ...ntense pain but also deep concern. ...ews was a tragic shock for which he ...ite unprepared; and the behavior of ...ster seemed, if possible, to make it

...old man was distraught. Now that ...no longer necessary to mask his in... ...ns prudence slipped from him like a ...On his return, baffled and furious, ...Victoria he at once accused William of ...in the plot against him.

...liam, hurt and astonished, was at a ...He did not know all that had hap...; he had only the broad facts to go u...n that June had run off with the picture at an instant's notice, without a word as to her plans, and leaving no address; and the bitter reproaches of his master appeared to him the outpourings of a mind not quite sane.

Such indeed they were. The truth was that upon one subject S. Gedge, Antiques, was a little unhinged. The love of money, an infirmity which had crept upon him year by year, had begun to affect reason itself; and now that, as it seemed, he had thrown away by his own carelessness the one really big prize of his career, this dark fact came out.

William, who found it very difficult indeed to think ill of anyone, could only accept the broad fact that the picture had meant even more to the old man than he had supposed; therefore this good fellow was inclined to pity his master. It was not for a mind such as his, which took things on trust, to fill in the details of a tragic episode.

He did not look for the wherefore and the why, yet he was very deeply grieved by what had occurred.

The old man could not rid his brain of the illusion that William had connived with June. Under the lash of an unreasoning rage he did not pause to consider the improbability of this, nor did he try to attain a broad view of the whole matter; it was almost as if his resentment, craving an outlet, must wreak itself upon the thing near at hand. Yet in the course of a few hours this dangerous obsession was to bring its own Nemesis.

About twelve o'clock the next day M. Duponnet came to fetch the picture. It had been arranged that Mr. Gedge should present the check at the bank in the meantime, and if duly approved, as there was every reason to expect that it would be, the Van Roon would be handed over at once.

To the Frenchman's surprise he was now greeted by his own check, backed by a livid countenance of tragic exasperation. The treasure had been stolen.

"Stolen!"

The face of S. Gedge, Antiques, forbade all skepticism.

"When? By whom?"

Mussewer Duponny might well ask by whom! It had been stolen by the girl who did the housework—the old man could not bring himself, in such circumstances, to speak of her as his niece—and he had not the least doubt in his own mind that the youth who helped him in the business, who at that moment was in the next room polishing chairs, had put her wise in the matter and was standing in with her.

S. Gedge, Antiques, still in a frenzy of frustration, was hardly able to realize the gravity of this charge. Had he been in full command of himself he must have weighed such a statement very carefully indeed before it was made. But remorselessly driven by his greed he threw discretion to the wind.

The disgruntled purchaser was quick to seize upon the accusation. To his mind, at least, its import was clear. Even if the seller did not perceive its full implication the buyer of the Van Roon had no difficulty in doing so.

"We must call in ze police, *hein?*"

The words brought the old man up short. He proceeded to take his bearings; to find out, as well as his rage would let him, just where he stood in the matter. Certainly the police did not appeal to him at all.

It was not a case for publicity, because the picture was not his—that was to say, having now reached a point where the law of *meum* and *tuum* had become curiously involved, it might prove exceedingly difficult and even more inconvenient to establish a title to the Van Roon. No, he preferred to do without the police.

M. Duponnet, however, unfettered by a sense of restraint, argued volubly that the police be called in. The assistant was guilty or he was not guilty; and in any event it would surely be wise to enlist the help of those who knew best how to deal with thieves.

Nothing could have exceeded the buyer's conviction that this should be done, yet to his chagrin he quite failed to communicate it to S. Gedge, Antiques.

From that moment a suspicion began to grow up in the Frenchman's mind that the seller was not laying all his cards on the table. Could it be that he was telling a cock-and-bull story? According to Mr. Thornton, who had acted as a go-between, this old man had long had the name of a shifty customer. Undoubtedly he looked one this morning. Jules Duponnet had seldom seen a frontispiece he liked less; and the theory now gained a footing in his mind that the old fox simply wanted to go back on his bargain.

There were two drawbacks, all the same, to M. Duponnet's theory: In the first place, as no money had yet changed hands it would be quite easy for S. Gedge, Antiques, to undo the bargain by straightforward means; and further, beyond any shadow of doubt, the old man was horribly upset by his loss.

"Better let us go to ze bureau, Meester Gedge," he said as conviction renewed itself in the light of these facts.

"No, no, no!" snarled the old man, whose brain, capable at times of a surprising vigor, was now furiously at work.

"But why not?"

S. Gedge, Antiques, did not reply immediately, but at last a dark light broke over the vulpine face. "Why not, Mussewer Duponny? I'll tell you. Because I think there may be a better way of dealing with that young scoundrel yonder." William's master pointed towards the inner room. "Happen the police'll want all sorts of information we don't want to give them; and my experience is, mussewer, their methods are slow and clumsy, and out of date. They may take weeks over this job, and long before they are through with it the picture will be in America."

"You may be right, Meester Gedge. But where's the 'arm in seeing what they can do?"

With the air of one whose faculties have been braced by a mental tonic the old man shook his head decisively.

"Mussewer Duponny," he said in a slow voice which gave weight and value to each word, "I'm thinking with a little help from yourself and Mr. Thornton I can deal with this—this scoundrel much better than the police."

"At your service, Meester Gedge," said Jules Duponnet with a dry smile. He could not have been the man he was had he remained insensitive to the depth of cunning which now transfigured the face of the old dealer. "But for Meester Thornton, of course, I cannot spick."

"You can't, of course," said the old fox briskly. "But we'll go right now and have a word with Mr. Thornton on the subject."

Like one in whom a change sudden and mysterious has been wrought, S. Gedge, Antiques, stepped through the house door into the passage, took his hat and coat from the peg, and his heavy, knotted walking stick out of the rickety umbrella stand, put his head into the room next door and said in a harsh tone to the polisher of chairs, "Boy, I'm going along as far as Mr. Thornton's, so you'd better keep an eye on the shop."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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Jim Henry's Column

What is Kora-Konia?

Kora-Konia is already a big success. It is firmly established in many thousands of our best homes. Golf players have learned that it reduces scores by reducing irritation. One-piece bathers know what it does to sunburn. Nurses accept it as a blessing for bedridden patients. Legions of happy babies attest its efficiency for prickly heat and all skin rashes and chafings.

Yet no one seems to know what Kora-Konia is.

First of all, it positively is not a talcum. It is what we call a medicinal powder. That is to say, it heals, or, as doctors say, it possesses therapeutic or remedial value. If the skin has been rubbed raw by oversize muscles which collide where collision is most distressing, Kora-Konia dries up the raw spots, eases the pain by excluding air and brings about an almost miraculous return to normal conditions.

A poor little baby that is all red and blotchy from prickly heat or diaper rash and obviously suffering torments will become perfectly calm and happy in an unbelievably short time after a Kora-Konia application.

But, aside from its remarkable curative virtue, Kora-Konia is a skin protector. It sticks. Perspiration doesn't wash it away. Rubbing doesn't remove it. It forms a velvety film which clings to the skin for hours, protecting, excluding air and doing away with friction.

Now, all of this is subject to proof. One application convinces. I doubt if any skin sufferer ever received our 10 cent sample without installing a full sized 35-cent tin as a permanent item of his or her medicine closet. It's the sort of thing you can't get along without, once you know what it means in comfort.

So send 10 cents for a sample and I will send in addition my demonstrator tube of justly famous Mennen Shaving Cream.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.



DEATH AND TAXES

(Continued from Page 23)

making doilies for the common good. At seven o'clock the dinner was shot over in pneumatic tubes. After it was eaten the housewife put the dishes back in the tubes to be washed in the community kitchen. This ideal state made a strong appeal to housewives.

It made a strong appeal to me. There was a picture of society in which everybody was happy and kind and just and unselfish because everybody was working for the commonweal. And because everybody was working for the common good, drainage ditches were dug by automatic machines, garbage disposed of itself, and what food you wanted popped out of pneumatic tubes when you pressed the button. Certainly it was an alluring picture.

On the other hand, I had an actual picture of a farmer getting red in the face because he was required to contribute an actual $36.48 to the commonweal in the form of taxes. But at that time it didn't occur to me to check up my ideal picture by my actual picture; nor to inquire just why working for wages and profit prevents us from having automatic machines to do all the heavy, disagreeable work.

Radical theory is based first or last on the proposition that men will cheerfully put in their time working for the common good if only they have the chance. A not unfair answer is that men already have, at least once a year, an opportunity to exhibit that loyal and cheerful attitude toward the commonweal when they pay their taxes for the support of the common necessary government. In sober fact, by and large, they are cheerfully and loyally anxious to have somebody else pay the taxes. For a long while taxes have been a staple subject of political argument, and the chorus of the argument is "Let George do it." McKinley's celebrated plea for a protective tariff was that thereby we make the foreigner pay the tax. Latterly a large school of statesmanship has flourished on the proposition of making the rich pay the taxes.

If you want to start a row anywhere in the United States—and probably anywhere in the world—just suggest to Smith that his quarter section is taxed higher than Jones' although Jones has two more rooms in his house, a larger barn and more wire fence. Men are not so jealous about any other payments they make as they are about their tax payments for the commonweal. Shifting the burden, or trying to, has been a popular game time out of mind.

Fertile Fields for Quackery

Doctor Trotter and other psychologists say that away back, before we got in the way of walking on two legs, we—or our ancestors—gathered more or less in herds, forming bands for defense against common foes and for other mutual benefits, so that the instinct to gather in herds and act herdwise is almost a basic human trait. Of course war or any other common danger or calamity brings out that trait. Just the same, nearly all of us like being individuals much better than we like being members of a herd. The herd bond galls except in a time of great common danger. Grumbling against the government, no matter what the government is or does, has been a staple subject of human conversation, like the weather, ever since there were governments. Men live in herds and act herdwise, but except in times of great common danger it irks and frets them. They strive to shift the burden to other shoulders and find fault with the common bond even when it touches them rather lightly.

A thoroughgoing socialist state, with government's hand in everything from breakfast to bedtime, would be a beautiful spectacle for those who enjoy Donnybrook Fairs. The only thoroughgoing socialist state we have ever had—in Russia—induces people to labor for the commonweal by sticking bayonets in them; but as there are not enough bayonets to go around, the state has been obliged to let the peasants, forming four-fifths of the population, act as individualists.

Because taxes are naturally an affliction, because of the general jealousy respecting them and a common earnest desire to shift the burden, taxes offer one of our most fertile fields for quackery and buncombe. After an era of railroad-bossed politics beyond the Missouri, farmers arose and took charge of politics themselves. About the only permanent result of that uprising was to increase railroad taxes. Around that time railroad taxes were raised nearly everywhere. It was a popular movement, just as any movement to make somebody else pay the taxes is pretty sure to be popular, in spite of the cold, indubitable fact that as a general proposition nobody else ever does pay the taxes or ever will.

At the time I speak of there was no government regulation of railroad rates. Whatever taxes the roads paid went into their cost of operation, like the pay roll and the coal bill. Naturally they fixed rates high enough to include all costs of operation, including taxes, and leave a profit. If they had been taxed uniformly, one state with another, so that no road had an advantage over its competitors in that regard, all taxes, whether high or low, would obviously have fallen upon the general consuming public in the form of freight rates; and in taxing railroads the public would simply have been taxing itself.

How Taxes are Passed On

Everybody who studies the subject knows that taxes always tend to fall upon the general consuming public. In connection with the Soldiers' Bonus Bill there was a bitter debate as to whether there should be a sales tax on manufactured goods or a tax on the corporations that manufactured the goods. A manufacturing concern charges up taxes as a part of the cost of operation and fixes a price to cover all costs. As a broad proposition it makes no difference whether a tax is levied directly on the corporations that make the goods or on the goods after they have left the makers' hands. In either case the tax is absorbed in the price of the goods, and the consumer pays it.

Railroad corporations sell transportation to the public at a price that is now fixed by the Government. In ordering a general reduction of wartime freight rates the other day the Interstate Commerce Commission took 5¾ per cent on the investment as a fair net profit to the roads, and figured out a level of freight rates which, in its opinion, would leave that much net profit—after the payment of all taxes. If taxes had been lower freight rates would be lower. In short, the tax falls on the consuming public.

I mentioned an enthusiastic movement in many states to raise railroad taxes. It succeeded so well that in some states—probably in most states—railroad property is taxed decidedly higher than property of any other sort. An investigation in Wisconsin showed that taxes on railroad property amounted to 30 per cent of net earnings, against 6 per cent on manufacturing corporations. A New York report puts taxes on public utilities, including railroads, at 20 per cent of net earnings, against 3 per cent for manufacturing concerns. This was while manufacturing concerns, on the whole, were quite robust and railroads were in an enfeebled and anæmic condition which harmfully affected industry in general. A tax of 3 per cent on railroads and 20 per cent on manufacturing concerns would have been better public policy. Now, however, the Interstate Commerce Commission in fixing freight rates simply hands the whole tax burden back to the general public. So the great popular agitation to raise railroad taxes made some bogus political reputations, weakened our most important industry for a while, and finally ends in smoke.

For the year 1917, when our war taxes became effective, the corporations of the United States paid $2,142,000,000 in Federal taxes, against only $171,000,000 the year before. But in spite of this increase of almost $2,000,000,000 in Federal taxes, their net income, after paying taxes, was almost exactly the same as the year before. The corporations collected that $2,000,000,000 of additional taxes from the public and handed it over to the Government without suffering any diminution of their own net incomes.

It may be argued that if the heavy war taxes had not been imposed upon the corporations their net income in 1917 would have been that much greater. What might have happened in so exceptional a year as 1917 is hard to say; but all business concerns as a matter of course charge up taxes as one of the costs of operation, like rent, labor and raw materials, with a constant tendency to include the tax in the price of the goods and hand it on to the public. An eminent authority has said that it is probably impossible to devise any extensive scheme of taxation the bulk of which does not finally fall upon the consuming public.

That authority, however, had studied taxation scientifically; and almost nobody who has a hand in the levying of taxes does study or discuss it scientifically. The subject is too infused with prejudices and emotions for that. You might almost as well expect Mister Newlywed to sit down and discuss his bride with you scientifically. To a deplorably large extent taxes are levied emotionally, and revenue laws are composed, like the epics of Homer, out of the stuff of traditions, myths, taboos—a long tribal heritage to which tribal feelings automatically respond.

My own first direct contact with taxation is probably rather typical. I had moved into a small two-story frame house in a suburb of Chicago. There one day a fleshy gentleman, who had evidently eaten eggs for breakfast in the recent past, introduced himself as a representative of the assessor's office.

Walking into the house with official assurance he looked around.

Ah! I had a piano; therefore I must pay a personal-property tax. There was no escape from it, he explained very good-naturedly; if a man had a piano he must be assessed. The visitor took a look in the dining room, produced a long formidable blank and a fountain pen and seated himself judiciously. The piano must go down in the blank, but a piano could not stand in solitary grandeur; a man who had a piano must have something else to go with it. Therefore he put down the rugs and the sideboard in the dining room. Having a piano let me in for an elaborate inquisition, as all the spaces in the blank must be filled; so he gravely questioned me as to my possessions in the way of horses, oxen, milch cows, sheep, goats.

First Lessons in Tax Dodging

Finally he came to a space over which he hesitated, for in spite of his calling he was a kindly man, able to apprehend and sympathize with my situation. After a moment's hesitation over that particular blank he enlightened me, not as an assessor, but as a man and brother:

"There's a question here about moneys in bank. If you say you've got money in the savings bank they'll soak you pretty hard. The tax will come to about as much as a year's interest."

He then resumed his official rôle and read the question: "Moneys in bank?"

I put my conscience in one scale and my enlightened self-interest in the other, and after an abstruse feat in mental arithmetic named a sum which he gravely entered in the blank. So my first tax return was actually false and my first assessor benignantly introduced me to the gentle art of tax dodging. Illinois revenue laws compelled tax dodging as much as though an injunction to that effect had been printed in red ink at the top of the statute. The tax on personal property in the form of a savings bank balance, a bond, a note of hand or a mortgage ate up from half to two-thirds of the return upon the investment. Broadly speaking, nobody would pay such a monstrous rate; and nobody, in practical fact was expected to.

Humane assessors, calling at small two-story frame houses which contained no other evidence of plutocratic state than a piano, warned the inexperienced of the pitfall—albeit standing firm on the cardinal point of assessing the piano. Of course experienced citizens who had a great deal of money in the bank and in bonds and mortgages needed no friendly warning but manfully took care of themselves.

Now and then somebody in the state legislature arose to remark, with an appearance of great indignation, that Chicago banks, as shown by their published reports, held hundreds of millions of deposits, yet almost no money in bank was ever reported to the assessor; nor were bonds and mortgages reported. When the orator finished his outburst against tax dodgers other members, who had yawned over the claptrap, promptly forgot it.

(Continued on Page 36)

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(Continued from Page 34)

The revenue laws of the state were framed on traditions, myths, taboos, emotions, with no more scientific thought than goes into the warbling of a bird. Farmers must be placated, so tangible property in land and livestock was assessed at one-third its value—on the mysterious assumption that it is somehow kinder to tax a man 3 per cent on a valuation of $100 than to tax him 1 per cent on a valuation of $300. Then taxes must be levied on the rich, and the possessions of the rich consist largely of money in bank, bonds, mortgages, notes and stocks. So the law required wealth in those forms—excepting the stock of Illinois corporations—to be taxed at rates which, as to bonds, notes and mortgages, at least, would absorb half or more of the income. The natural result was that wealth in those forms practically was not taxed. Everybody knew it. For years public attention was called to it. Yet the myths and taboos and emotional complexes, partly embodied in the state constitution, stood in the way of intelligent revenue legislation.

In fact the law required all property to be taxed—a washerwoman's tub and stove as much as a millionairess' pearls. That was humanly, or humanely, impossible. So assessors largely made up their own laws as they went along in a sort of rough-and-ready, hit-or-miss extra-legal compromise. I mention Illinois particularly because I used to live there and it furnishes a flagrant example. But the emotional appeal of taxing the rich, without any scientific regard to whether or not the rich are actually going to pay the tax, is what German musicians call a leitmotif in revenue legislation. It is popular because it pretends to shift the tax burden to a small part of the population and because of its emotional appeal to vague aspirations for social justice.

A rough-and-ready notion of how it works may be had by turning to the reports which all corporations in the country are required to make to the Internal Revenue Bureau. As I mentioned, Federal taxes on corporations were $2,000,000,000 greater in 1917 than in 1916, but the net income of corporations, after taxes, was almost exactly the same, so they were as rich as they had been before. The net income, after all charges, of practically all corporations is divided into two funds: The first fund goes to pay dividends to stockholders; the second fund is retained as surplus and reinvested in new buildings, machinery, stocks of materials, and so forth. In short, it is added to the productive plant of the country.

Encroachments on Surplus

In 1916 American business was hugely stimulated by European war demands. Net income of corporations, after paying taxes, was $4,800,000,000 greater than in the lean year 1914. But only $1,300,000,000 of this was paid out in increased dividends, while $3,500,000,000 was turned over to surplus and reinvested in plant, additional stocks of materials, and so forth. By 1919 much higher wages and increased taxes cut down corporation net very decidedly; but the amount paid out in dividends was about the same as in 1916, while the reinvested surplus was smaller by $2,000,000,000.

As a rough-and-ready generalization, then, taxes are either added to the price of the goods and so handed on to the consuming public, or they come out of surplus, diminishing by that much the growth of the country's industrial plant.

That rough-and-ready generalization is true even of personal-income tax. A favorite argument for a very high tax on large incomes was that it would discourage extravagant living. But it has no such effect in any important degree. The boom years after the war in which taxes were highest were exactly the years of most extravagant living. A family that has been used to living on a certain scale will not drop down to a materially lower one except after a desperate struggle. In this country the very rich are, as a rule, the most economical livers in the sense that they spend the smallest proportion of their incomes on living. The remainder they usually invest in the country's industrial plant.

The personal-income tax comes much more out of surplus than it does out of living expenses. By and large, the tax, of whatever sort, falls on general consumption or it comes out of surplus—and the rich go on living and spending about as they did before.

In the boom year 1919, in spite of high taxes, the rich were enjoying all the little creature comforts to which they had been accustomed. What crumpled them up was not the taxes, but the ensuing slump in general business which crumpled everybody else up. Rich and poor expand and contract together.

Unavoidable Injustice

As to levying taxes in accordance with aspirations for social justice, it may be noted that no tax was ever socially just, according to our ideas of justice, or ever can be. The simple old tax on real estate, which is still the foundation of local revenue systems, works with much inequality. The sole possession of a widow with six children is the house in which she lives, valued at $3000.

In nearly all states that house pays exactly the same tax as the vacant tract next door, worth $3000, which the bank president is holding for a rise—that is, in hopes that the growth of the community will bring him a profit with no effort on his part. Every township assessor's book contains instances of that kind.

X is a country doctor, working late and early, giving value received in services for every dollar of his income. He earns $10,000 a year, out of which he must not only support his family but lay by something for the rainy day and pay the premiums on his life insurance which will protect his family from want if he should die. Z inherited a corner lot on Main Street from which he derives an income of $10,000 a year without lifting his finger. He need not lay by anything for a rainy day or pay life-insurance premiums, for the corner lot will support his family whether he lives or not. He pays the same income tax as X. Ninety income-tax returns out of every hundred contain some element of inequality and injustice. All that any tax can do is to set up an arbitrary rule of thumb which in actual working gives only the roughest approximation to justice.

The first rule of thumb of war revenue legislation was to tax the rich, on the principle that if a man has a lot of money it makes no difference how much of it the government takes. Anybody who even cursorily followed the debates in that connection could hardly have failed to catch the picture of a rich man which some of the leading legislators had in mind, and for whom they were zealously gunning. This rich man rose late, attended by a retinue of servants, and put in the day mostly squandering money. Probably that used to be the popular picture of a rich man. Until within the last decade how much income there was in the United States, who got it and what they did with it, were subjects for guess and fancy. But in the last decade income-tax returns, corporation returns, excess-profit-tax returns and other sources have furnished a mass of evidence which expert economists have been sifting and collating, so that today anybody who cares more for facts than for fancies can find out pretty easily and accurately how much income there is and who gets it—especially since the National Bureau of Economic Research published its report on income in the United States last winter. And from equally good authority one can get a dependable line on what the rich do with their income.

The World War, as everybody knows, brought a huge increase in American business profits. In 1917, net income of all corporations, before taxes, was double what it had been in 1915. Net profits, before taxes, remained big during the postwar boom. It is from these corporations that the rich mainly derive their income. Dr. David Friday, after reviewing all the evidence, concludes that probably not more than a fifth of corporation profits in this period was spent by the stockholders who own the corporations. The remainder went for taxes and for surplus—that is, for the expansion of the country's plant. One-fifth of corporate profits in 1919 amounted to 2½ per cent of the total net national income.

Nobody knows how many stockholders in American corporations spent this 2½ per cent of the national income, nor what various forms the spending took. A considerable part of the support of churches, for example, came out of it. Many large corporations publish the number of holders of their stock. By adding these reports together you get a total running into seven figures. But it is impossible to say how many duplications there are—one man holding stock in two or more corporations. However, we are talking now of all corporations, the country-town pickle factory as much as the Steel Corporation, and a very great part of the business of the country is done by corporations. So these corporation dividends are distributed among and spent by—or saved by—many hundred thousand people. The spending, or squandering, of the really rich is a very small item in national economics. Incidentally they squander quite a bit of money on colleges, hospitals and art galleries which are supposed to benefit the public. What they blow in on themselves and their families makes only a dot compared with total national income.

Payers of Surtaxes

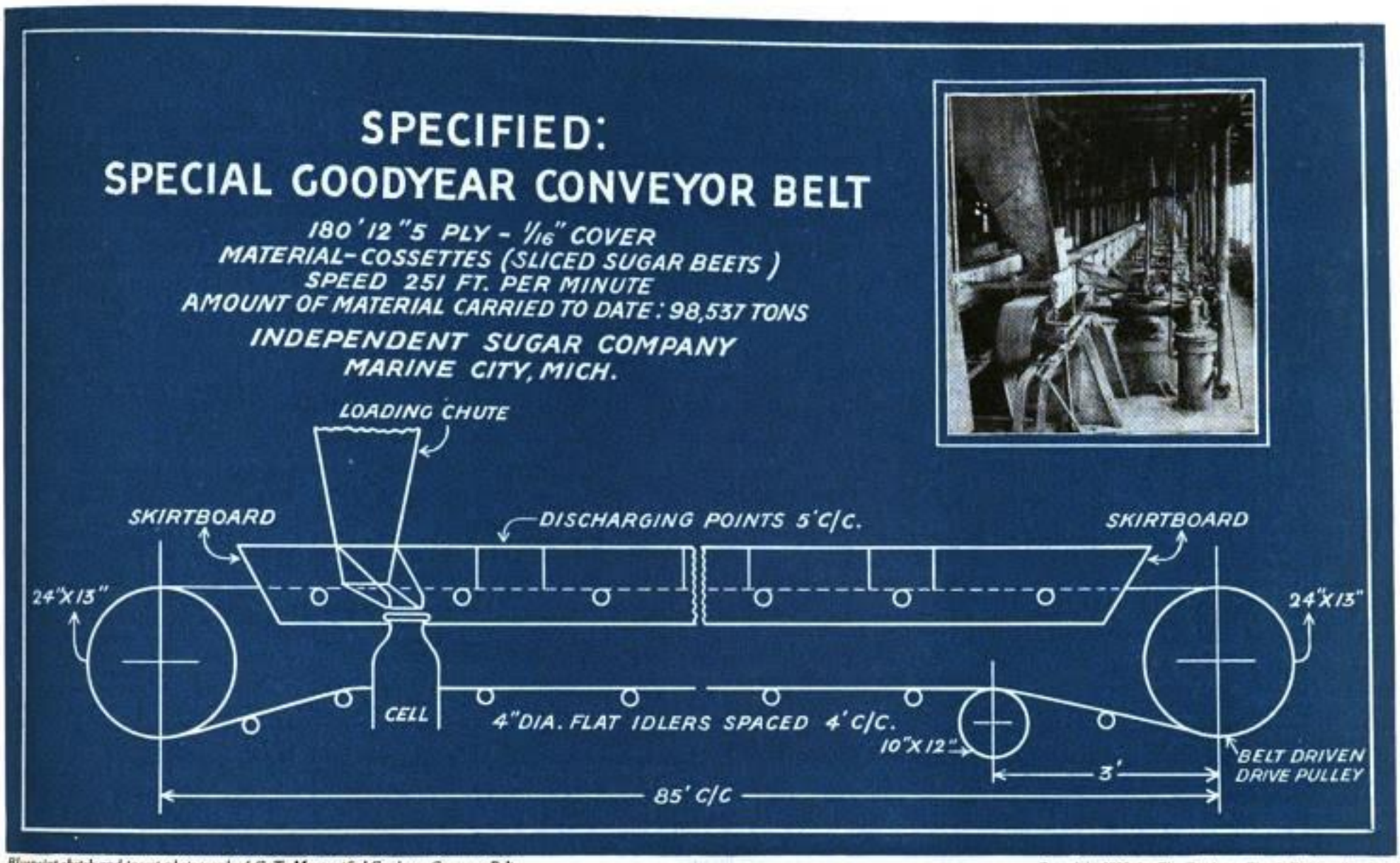
What they put into surplus first and last is a far more important item in national economy. In the period of big profits from 1916 to 1919 all corporations taken together paid the Federal Government some $7,000,000,000 in taxes. In the single year 1917, for which fuller reports are available, these same corporations paid over $900,000,000 in state and local taxes. In succeeding years they doubtless paid more, as the trend of taxes was upward. For four boom years the total tax bill was surely over $11,000,000,000, although war taxes were not in effect the first year. Of the net profits remaining after payment of taxes, about 55 per cent was distributed in dividends to stockholders, while 45 per cent was put into surplus.

So nearly half the profits which accrued to the owners of the corporations, after corporate taxes were paid, did not reach the hands of the owners at all, but were invested in plant by the corporations. It is calculated that 60 per cent of corporation dividends go to persons having incomes of $20,000 a year or upward. Such incomes not only pay nearly all the surtaxes on personal income but they furnish the bulk of the funds for investment in stocks, bonds and mortgages. In the United States, from the point of view of national economics, the rich are far more important in their rôle of

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Blueprint sketch and insert photograph of G. T. M. specified Goodyear Conveyor Belt in service in the plant of The Independent Sugar Company, Marine City, Michigan

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The Sugar-Beet Acids—and the G. T. M.

"This is the belt we were looking for from the day we opened the plant," said the Superintendent of The Independent Sugar Company, Marine City, Michigan. He was referring to the Goodyear Conveyor Belt specified by the G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man—after an expert analysis of the Company's service requirements.

"It satisfies us thoroughly," is the final verdict. "It has served through two successful campaigns since October, 1920, is in splendid condition today, and, judging from its appearance, should last five more campaigns. It has withstood the destructive action of beet juices, has been easy to keep clean, and shows little sign of wear. We wish that every sugar man could know how our belt troubles have been so completely solved."

The acids in beet juices make short work of ordinary conveyor belts. The Independent Sugar Company spared no money trying to find belting that would resist these acids and withstand the heavy edge wear developed in this type of conveying. The belting problem was costing them time and money, not only in frequent replacements, but also in frequent interruptions in the work of the entire plant.

When the G. T. M. stepped into the office of the Company, late in the summer of 1920, he found a chair and a welcome waiting for him. They had heard of the G. T. M. The G. T. M.'s business was to hear about belt troubles.

Together, they went over every point in the problem. They fitted together the practical knowledge of the Company's officials with their own conditions of service, and the G. T. M.'s expert knowledge of belting. The result was the G. T. M.'s recommendation of a special Goodyear Conveyor Belt, 180 feet long, 12 inches wide, 5-ply in thickness, with 1/16 inch cover.

How it has served efficiently and economically has been told in the plant superintendent's own words. In its first 100-day campaign, it carried 50,647 tons of sliced beets; in the second, 47,890 tons. It is exposed to year-'round weather conditions in a variable climate, and in winter carries tons of frozen beets. It has resisted edge wear.

This is the way the G. T. M. functions, and the way Goodyear Belts, scientifically specified to their work, serve the conveyor and transmission needs of industry. You may have a problem, either of conveying or transmission, which the G. T. M. can study with similar saving and profit to you. You can rely on his analysis and his recommendation of powerful, trouble-free and long-wearing Goodyear Belts. To get in touch with the G. T. M., or for further information about Goodyear Belts, Hose, Packing, and other mechanical goods, write to Goodyear, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.

GOODYEAR

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How the little folks love the fairy-like brilliance of the COLEMAN QUICK-LITE Lamp! The pure-white 300 candle-power radiance of this famous light seems to transform the entire room into a hallowed place, remembered in after years because of Mother and the longed-for story hour.

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Use it tonight and *every* night. More than 30,000 merchants sell Quick-Lites. Your nearest dealer surely has them. If not, write to us, Department P-47.

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Coleman Quick-Lite

"The Sunshine of the Night"

(Continued from Page 36)

savers and investors than they are in their rôle of spenders.

The surplus—the amount saved and reinvested year by year—is tremendously important; and it would be exactly as important if we had a socialist or Bolshevist government as it is under capitalism. Without it you cannot move a step. We live by consumption, but we move on solely by surplus. No matter whether you are a Steel Corporation or a farmer you cannot move without surplus—which means simply a saved-up excess of production over consumption. The farm yields a living for the family, and the family consumes it; there is no surplus. By some improvement—tiling a low spot, using a tractor, building a chicken house—the farm may be made to yield more. But unless you have saved up a surplus to make that improvement with, you must borrow somebody else's surplus; the surplus must be available somewhere before the improvement can be made. The farm or pickle factory or railroad or nation that consumes all it produces year by year is stuck. It cannot build a fence or a terminal or a highway except by borrowing a surplus from outside.

You have read many times that Russia is as rich in natural resources as the United States, and it has a greater population. The natural resources and population of Eastern Europe, including the territory formerly embraced in the Russian and Austro-Hungarian empires, are pretty much what they were before the war. But a great part of that region, holding over half the inhabitants of Europe, is stuck in the mud and unable to turn a wheel because the surplus is gone. Russia insists that she can do nothing without a loan—that is, without bringing in a surplus from the outside to start up industry. Directly after the war Germany was in much the same state; but with better credit the Germans were able to borrow here and there, and so start afresh.

It is surprising how much surplus a country like the United States requires in the present state of industrial evolution; and the evolution of industry is all in the direction of requiring more and more. Many of our grandfathers could recall a time when shoes, for example, were made by a cobbler whose plant consisted of a bench and a few tools. He bought a couple of pieces of leather that he could carry in his hand, made a pair of shoes and sold them—the whole transaction, from the purchase of the raw material to payment for the finished article by the ultimate consumer, occupying only a week.

Surplus Indispensable

Nowadays whoever wants to make a pair of shoes must invest several hundred thousand dollars in building and machinery and lay in a great stock of raw materials. From the purchase of the raw material until the finished article is paid for by the ultimate consumer several months will elapse, during which the shoemaker must be paying out money for wages, coal, and so forth. He must have accumulated a great surplus, or borrowed it from others who had accumulated it, before starting operations. So with nearly everything we buy. Modern factory production finally turns out the article at a lower cost, but it requires more and more capital all the while and a bigger surplus to start operations.

And if we stop anywhere along the line we get run over. For example, ordinary building operations dropped much below normal as a result of the war. This condition lasted only three years; but by that time the whole country was clamoring over an acute shortage of buildings. There were not enough dwellings or offices or garages or anything else in the building line; it was a national crisis of a small sort. Without a surplus we couldn't have started building again. Somebody had to advance money, which was a saved-up excess of production over consumption, to pay for brick, lumber, carpenters, plumbers. The Middle West just now is interested in a Great Lakes-St. Lawrence ship canal. It cannot possibly be built unless a surplus has been saved up somewhere. You can hardly think of a public or private enterprise of a physical nature that doesn't require a surplus to start it off.

And we're always thinking of new enterprises. We think out a self-propelling vehicle and name it an automobile. Somebody must have a surplus, if only of $1000, before the vehicle can be built. The automobile makes us think of better roads, so we invest hundreds of millions of surplus in macadam and concrete highways. That makes us think up a machine to lay concrete highway. We then need a surplus to build a factory to make road-laying machines in. If we consumed all we produced year by year we could have no canals and concrete highways, because those things consume at a lively rate during the process of construction while they are producing nothing whatever. Even after they are finished they produce each year but a small fraction of what they consumed in construction. It takes them many years to pay for themselves. Meanwhile they subsist on surplus.

The bigger the taxes the smaller the surplus. So with almost negligible exceptions taxes are a charge and burden on the nation's industry, in whatever form they are levied. They fall on the consuming public or they come out of the surplus by which alone industry expands. Eloquent politicians have favored the notion that taxing the rich was the same thing as picking money off bushes or taking it out of the air; in short, from the point of view of the great bulk of the population, it amounted to getting something for nothing.

Of course if that were true it would make little difference how much money governments squandered so long as they took it from the rich. There may be no logical connection of cause and effect, but it is a historical fact that the Congresses which were most zealous in taxing the rich were the greatest squanderers of public money.

Rule-of-Thumb Taxation

Taxes ought to be levied with intelligent regard to a citizen's ability to support the government. That is a sound principle. But still more they ought to be levied with regard to the even sounder principle that almost every dollar the tax collector takes comes out of industry and is, directly or indirectly, a burden on the general public. For the public there is no something for nothing in taxation.

We have been told that taxes ought to be direct rather than indirect, and that a tax on consumption is abominable because it falls on the poor. So, for example, we have a direct tax on railroads which the poor man pays in freight rates every time he buys a pair of shoes or a pound of nails; or we have a direct tax on the income of the corporation that makes the shoes and the nails, which tax is included in the price of the goods. In fine, we have much pious buncombe. Theoretically a graduated tax on consumption would be ideal, for then a man would be taxed on what he spent, but not on what he saved.

Profits were taxed on a rule-of-thumb theory of normal and abnormal profits, the former being regarded as innocent and the latter as wicked. But recent investigation, with much more abundant data to work upon than ever before, has shown that the old theory of normal profit is pure myth, at least in such a dynamic country as the United States. The old theory supposed that if any line of business showed profits decidedly above the average, capital would flow into that line and so bring profits down to the average—profits in business thus constantly returning to a normal level, just as water seeks a level.

That was an excellent theorist's theory, for capital does act much like water, flowing by a force of natural gravitation. But the theorists and the revenue legislators overlooked the cardinal fact that capital is only a medium, like water. You can swim in water if you know how, or you can drown. Not a great while ago a mere high-school girl humiliated me by swimming circles around me. I had as much water as she, but I didn't know how to use it so well. For business success or profits, ability is so much more important than capital that capital hardly counts. Anywhere in the United States, under normal conditions, a man who really knows how to use it can get capital. But capital cannot always find the man who knows how to use it by a long shot, as a melancholy list of losses and failures testifies. Capital is only the medium by which ability acts, and profits vary according to ability, not according to capital.

Corporation reports and excess-profits-tax returns have shown conclusively that in a live country like the United States there is no such thing as a normal or average rate of profit. In every line of business profits show the widest variation, for they depend not on capital but on ability. You can get a normal or average rate on capital—namely, the average interest rate. But you cannot get a normal or average rate on ability.

Perhaps I should here note an exception to the rule that profits vary according to ability throughout the business field. In railroading, government has fixed a deadline profit of 5¾ per cent, which means that ability has been ruled out of that portion of the field.

But throughout the free business field profits show the widest variation. Moreover, there is no doubt whatever that a concern making a high rate of profit may be much more useful to the public than one making a low profit in the same line of industry. Unless the high profit is due to fraud it must be due to ability, which means that the concern is introducing new ideas, new processes, new methods that finally enrich the nation's industrial technic. Such a high-profit concern ought to be rewarded by a remission of taxes, instead of being penalized. The low-profit concern is very likely wasting capital, labor and materials, and ought to be fined instead of being held up as a model.

Everybody is sore about taxes—on the two or three days in a year when he is paying taxes. The rest of the time he forgets them. Experienced legislators know that—and act upon it. It has long been an axiom with them that after a brief spasm the public will patiently swallow any dose in the way of fiscal legislation, if it is sugar-coated with some buncombe. The beloved tariff is one illustration. Ten years ago, when revolt against the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Act split the Republican Party, cheerful lay observers said, "Well, at any rate, they'll never try that again." But your experienced legislator merely smiled; and now, having stirred a little more kerosene and axle grease into the compound, he is calmly administering it again. Our old but lusty friend the Rivers and Harbors Bill is another illustration.

More Emotion Than Arithmetic

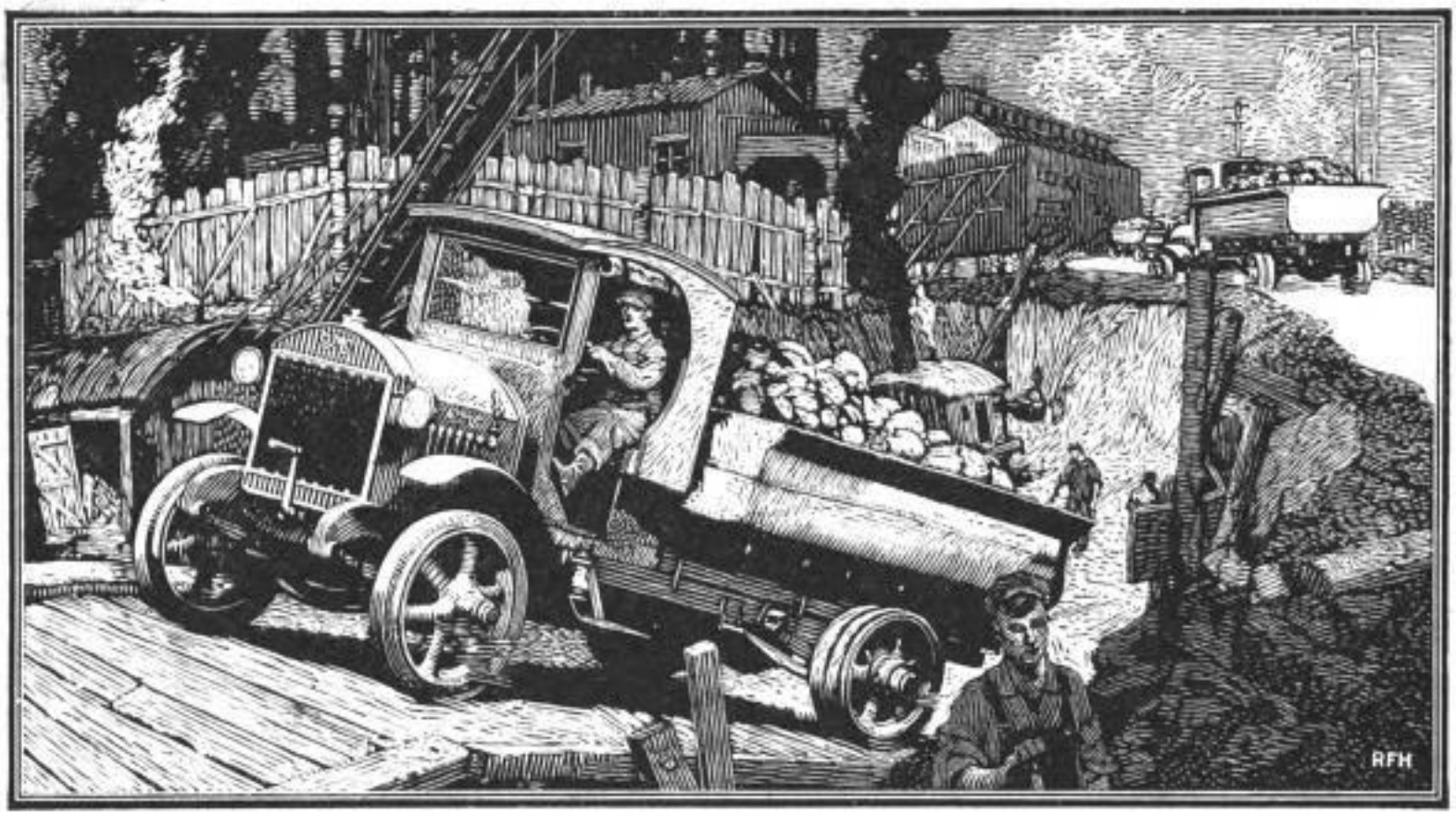
In the recent painful period of deflation public opinion really compelled some governmental deflation, and Congress actually ordered a material reduction in taxation—which goes against the natural congressional grain just as paying taxes goes against the natural individual grain. And having responded to public indignation by reducing government expenditures a billion or so, your experienced legislator shows his opinion of the public's fiscal intelligence by proposing—fairly in the same breath—to issue four or five billion dollars of government I O U's in order to pay soldiers' bonuses, without making any provision whatever for the redemption of the paper when it falls due. When it does fall due the public must pay it of course. Meanwhile, in a cheerful faith that the public can't think that far ahead, the legislator points one hand with pride to his reduction of government expenditures, and the other hand, with equal pride, to his soldiers' bonus. When the paper falls due and the public has to pay he will be pointing both hands with pride at something else.

But experienced legislators could not pull off stunts of that kind except that in the matter of fiscal legislation the public has been brought up on buncombe. If we charted our course more by arithmetic and less by emotions we should navigate better.

The first thing to do about taxes is to reduce them. The public must be fearfully short-minded if it soon forgets the recent demonstration that government, when pressed by public opinion, can lop a billion or so from appropriations and still be exactly as useful as it was before. No small part of the general irritation against taxes rises automatically from the general conviction that governments squander money.

After all reductions, plenty of taxes will remain. As to them I should like to start a movement toward that alluring collectivist society in which everybody is happy, unselfish and just, and the hay is harvested automatically and dinner practically cooks itself. I would start modestly with taxes. Let's accept them as our contribution to the necessary common enterprise of government, stop desperate attempts to shift them on somebody else, throw out the quacks who appeal only to our emotions and prejudices—and call in some disinterested experts to deal with the subject scientifically.

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LAUGHTER, LTD.

(Continued from Page 5)

I nodded. "I thought so!" he exclaimed. "The ideal Hollywood height! Play opposite any man in the pictures without dwarfing him. That's important. I was talking to Charlie Chaplin not long ago about that very thing. So many queens are too tall to play across from him, you see!"

Well, I wasn't blind of course. But my height was a talent of mine I hadn't considered before. However, I begun to get an idea that maybe I was really as good as I had all along been hoping I was. I decided to present this bird's own check and see would he honor it; and so in a voice I could hardly control I put it up to Stricky—put it up straight.

"Will you give me a job, Stricky?" I says.

"Sure I will—any time you come out," he says promptly. Too promptly. Then he pulls out a card from a leather case with gold corners to it. "You can always reach me there," says he.

I took it and read it before tucking it away in the pocket of my seal-plush coat: "G. Robert Strickland, Silvercrown Productions, Hollywood."

There was a little silence for a moment while I did this. And I stretched it out on purpose, because of revolving something further over in my mind. I ached to say it, but hardly dared. Suppose I pulled my daring demand and then found that I had also pulled a boner? Suppose my lack of complete trust in him got him off me for life, just as we was getting real friendly? If I lost my chance by being too business-like I might never get another like it again. Then, on the other hand, I'd been running things in pop's store too long not to of learned that business is business and friendship ought always to be the one side of it. I remembered this, and also that when I ordered a bill of goods for the store I never hesitated to sign my name to the order, and so why should Mr. G. Robert Strickland?

Of course there was no comparison between ordering me and ordering a dozen cases of lemon soda. But the principle was the same in both instances. Realizing this great truth, that clean-cut business affairs makes friendships and never broke one yet, I decided to take a chance. Looking at him with my own peculiar trusting, baby stare I shot.

"And will you give me a contract, Stricky?"

"Why—er—well, of course!" says he, more surprised than I liked.

"Now?" I says.

He laughed his gay laugh at that.

"Listen to the kid!" he cried. "Say, do you think I go around evenings with the legal department in my vest pocket?"

"But you do make contracts of course?" Bert put in over the top of his glasses.

"Why—er—certainly we do!" says Strick. "But our legal department has to draw them up. I haven't a form with me, worse luck, or we might get it done right here in town."

"Then will you mail me one as soon as you get to the Coast?" I kept on at him. "I'd like to have something definite before I start West."

"All right, I'll do that little thing!" says Strick lightly. "You said it! And I'll get you the best money a beginner ever had, Bonnie, my dear!"

How easy it was to get into the pictures. What a snap! Just like I had read about a hundred times. All a person needed was a good screen face and half a chance. And I had both. All of a sudden I felt it was time to go home, to beat it while I had things where I wanted them. And outside of that, the strain had been something fierce for a few moments. Right now I wanted the air, I wanted to be alone so's to be able to pinch myself and be sure I was awake, and give myself a good look in the mirror. Stonewall, Connecticut, wasn't real any more. Only Bonnie McFadden was real. A hundred dollars a week! Bonnie McFadden's salary! A thousand a week before long. And some day I would be turning down twenty-five hundred per unless they slipped me a quarter interest in the picture as well. And all for dressing beautifully and walking around in front of a camera for a few minutes a day—on days when I felt willing to. I picked up my horrid old seal-plush coat and flung it on me with an ermine gesture, and made my voice as bally English as Stricky's had been before he got to talking naturally.

"It's so awfully late for Stonewall," I says, "that I'd really better slip along home!"

"All right!" says Stricky, jumping up and grabbing his lid. "I'll see Bonnie home, Bert, while you lock up. I'll be right back."

"I like your crust!" says Bert. "But I can take a hint when it's registered with an ax."

"Good night, Bert!" I says over my shoulder as I tucked my arm into Stricky's. "Remember you're a friend of mine!"

And then the two of us slipped out into the cold, wet street that didn't seem a bit either cold or nasty any more, but like the road to heaven or something. And as we walked along Stricky pulled a line of kidding that would of done any girl's heart good if only they had been able to listen undividedly. But I couldn't, because of thinking what would I do when Stricky saw where I lived? What would I say? How would I get away with it? I was worried clean through.

"Say, listen, suppose I hadn't run up here to stay overnight with Bert!" Stricky was saying. "Just by accident, as one might say. And say, listen, do you know he had to drag me to that show by main force? What an escape, eh, baby? Say, I wouldn't have missed you for a million! And to think I imagined tonight was going to be punishment! You won't mind my speaking of it, Bonnie, but it's not only your looks, it's your class, that's got to me. Nothing small time about you! If there is one thing makes me glad, it's class, and you sure have got it!"

Well, I didn't feel any more like cheering when he says that than before. Because we had reached my home, and he would have to know the awful truth. The house was looming up before us now, right in the center of town, enormous and sort of spooky and vague. The closed shutters, especially the high-up ones in the mansard roof, give it a forbidding appearance, even at night, and the pair of iron stags on the wide lawn seemed sort of to move in the swaying light of the street lamp. The front was all dark of course, but down in the basement side entrance pop had left a lamp burning for me.

"Well, this is as far as I go!" I says, laughing nervously.

"What!" exclaimed Stricky. "Is this where you live? The biggest place in town, isn't it?"

"I guess so," I replied.

He didn't say anything at once, but somehow his manner changed. I could feel it even in the dark as he took my elbow politely and started piloting me up the tar path toward the front door.

"I'm really awfully glad to have met you, Miss Bonnie," he says, more in the manner he had used back in the hall. "I hope you won't think I've had an awful crust, the way I've talked. I had no idea—well—you are not going to forget me?"

"It's the other door—where the light is," I says. "And how can I forget you when I'm going to get a contract from you?"

"Of course!" says he. Then he took off his hat, very respectful and charming. "Good night," he says. "It's been delightful. You will hear from me soon."

"Good night, don't forget!" I says, and went in, closing the basement door behind me. I stood there against the wall a minute, listening to the sound of his footsteps going away down the quiet street and wondering what it was had changed him in those last few moments. Why the sudden respect? It wasn't cold feet, that was a cinch. It was awe. He was impressed. Good land! Impressed with the house! That was it. The enormous old show place of Stonewall Center. I leaned back against the wall and laughed into my handkerchief so's pop wouldn't hear me. Way down the street somebody—Stricky, most like—had begun to whistle, You'd be Surprised.

"I'll say he would," I whispered, "if he knew pop and me was the caretakers here!"

II

AIN'T it funny how a person you have known all your life can tell you a thing again and again and you don't believe them, and then all of a sudden some perfect stranger blows in and pulls the same line and you take their word for it without even swallowing twice?

That's the way I was with Bert and Stricky. Dear old Bert! He was kind of lonesome in our town, I guess, on account of having too much artistic temperament to get along with the other inhabitants, yet not enough to get out and show them. So he picked on me as a method of self-expression, and had me all dated to do the things he'd always wanted to. I liked his believing in me. He was the only one in town that did, but I didn't believe he knew. And now the very snappiest, worldiest man that had ever shown around our parts came along and backed him up!

Well, when Stricky's fashionably shod footsteps had died away I took the lamp and started for my room, walking easy so's not to wake up pop. Of course we had just the basement of the house, but those four rooms was the only home I could remember, pop having got the job of looking after the place when mom died. And a lucky thing for us that Milton Sherrill decided to keep the house from sentiment, even though the family was all dead but him, and he lived out in California himself, only coming East once in a great while.

Pop had accepted this caretaking job because it was easier than earning rent money. Mr. Sherrill didn't pay pop for looking after things, but rent free is rent free, and pop, I suppose, did the work until I was big enough to, though I can hardly remember such a time. I couldn't have been more than seven years old the first day I cleaned the brass on the front door of my own accord, inspired by Milton Sherrill's photograph, which I had swiped out of the parlor upstairs and put on my bureau. The owner had an awful nice face, and had been about twenty years old when Bert made this cabinet photo of him.

I used to think Milton smiled appreciatively whenever I took especial care of his dead mother's things. Anyways I kidded myself along that way, making a regular hero out of him and doing more than I really needed to.

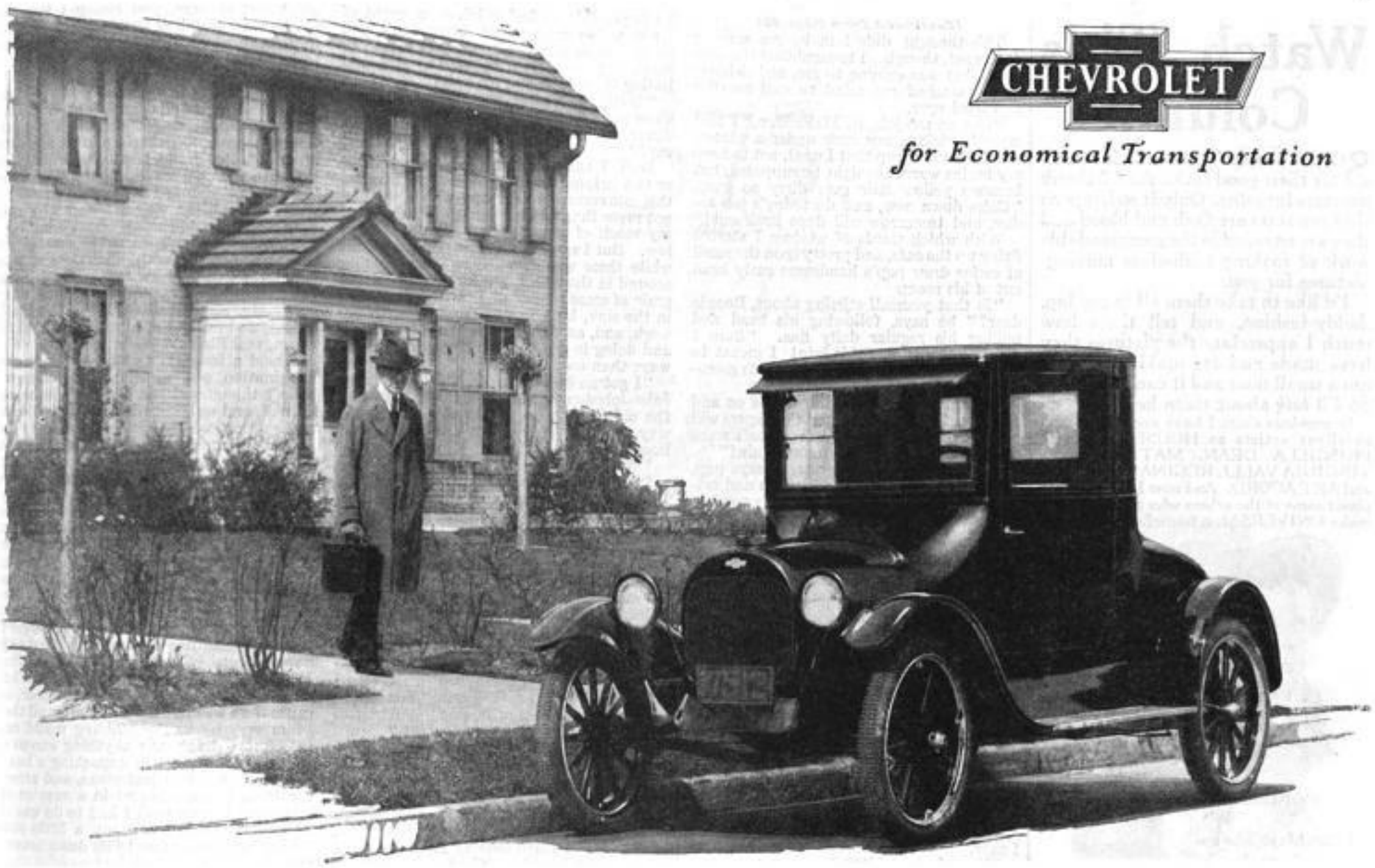
Well, my bedroom was what had been the servants' dining room in the old days, and this night I crept across the kitchen to it without disturbing anybody but a few mice in the wall, and set the lamp down on the dresser in front of Milton Sherrill's faded old photo, which I still kept there. But I hardly noticed it. All it meant to me just then was that it stood guard to my amateur but absolutely secret safe-deposit vault. Late as it was I wanted to reassure myself with a flash at what I had parked away in the little drawer against which Milton was leaning so smilingly. So I flecked him aside and, digging under my pair of white gloves and my two veils, my sample of French perfume and my real lace handkerchief, took out my savings-bank book, opened it, made sure the last total really said four hundred berries, give the blessed numerals a hearty good-night kiss, and stuck the stuff all back where it belonged.

I didn't pull off a great deal of sleep, however, but lay a long time staring at the bars of light the street lamp threw on the ceiling, acting out all kinds of scenes in my mind, where I turned down leading producers, refused to marry millionaires, and had my maid cleaning my jewels, and so forth. Incidentally, I sure hated myself for having saved every cent that had come my way for the last four years! Because, as far as I had heard, they weren't giving away tickets to Los Angeles that season. Sweet daddy, some dreams, I had! And then the first thing I knew, I was sitting up in bed, realizing that the bell I heard was not the Prince of Wales calling on the telephone, but the alarm clock remarking that the kitchen stove went out if neglected after six o'clock.

I took the hint, still in the magic haze which had sprung up around me last night. And as I dressed I looked out of the barred window at the dead grass and old leaves that pop had for two months now been considering raking up. I shivered as I looked. The basement window brought the lawn about level with my nose and I could smell its damp odor even through the glass. Down at the depotthe 6:05 was whistling. Stricky would be going out on that. He'd have to, if he was leaving first thing, like he'd said, for we had only one morning train out that time of year. Stricky on his way to California—where they had sun and flowers and—oh, gee—everything!

(Continued on Page 42)

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It sets a new standard of convenient, reliable, economical personal transportation and has been designed especially for—

Business men—It is easy to handle even in congested traffic—easy to park in the smallest of spaces—light weight—speedy—quick in the get-away—very comfortable and always dependable.

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Watch This Column

SOME people "thank their stars" for their good luck. And *I* thank *my* stars for *mine*. Only it so happens that my stars are flesh and blood and they are engaged in the commendable work of making high-class moving-pictures for *you*.

I'd like to take them all in my lap, daddy-fashion, and tell them how much I appreciate the pictures they have made and are making. But I am a small man and it can't be done. So I'll *talk* about them here.

In previous chats I have mentioned such excellent artists as HOUSE PETERS, PRISCILLA DEAN, MATT MOORE, VIRGINIA VALLI, REGINALD DENNY and ART ACORD. And now I want to talk about some of the others who are helping to make UNIVERSAL a household word.



HOOT GIBSON

Hoot Gibson, for example, a fine young chap who wears spurs and chaps, rides hard, fights furiously and smiles through it all. I like the type of clean, young manhood he represents.



FRANK MAYO

Frank Mayo, who appears in rugged, outdoor pictures—the actor who has made such a hit in "Afraid to Fight" and whose work in pictures soon to be released will make you like him as well as I do.



GLADYS WALTON

Gladys Walton, who plays the smart little flapper type so prevalent today and who attracted a lot of favorable notice in plays like "Second-hand Rose," "All Dolled Up," "The Wise Kid," etc. She's pretty as a peach and you can't help liking her.



HERBERT RAWLINSON

Herbert Rawlinson, a handsome, dashing chap who is working on George Bronson Howard's great melodrama, "Don't Shoot." Rawlinson needs mighty little introduction. He has been an American favorite for some years.

Great plays, great actors and actresses, wonderful directing—these are making UNIVERSAL pictures sought after, and you will never see all that is best in pictures until you see them. Ask your Manager to keep an eye on UNIVERSAL PICTURES and forthcoming releases. CARL LAEMMLE, *President*.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

1600 Broadway, New York City

(Continued from Page 40)

The thought didn't make me sore or depressed, though. I remembered the contract that was coming to me, and deliberately switched my mind to coal scuttles and fried eggs.

"Get on the job, B. McFadden," I told myself, sticking my curls under a winter-weight boudoir cap that I used, not to keep my brains warm as might be supposed, but because yellow hair gets dirty so easy. "Calm down now, and do today's job today, and tomorrow will dope itself out!"

With which words of wisdom I started fixing up the eats, and pretty soon the smell of coffee drew pop's handsome curly head out of his room.

"Is that yourself stirring about, Bonnie dear?" he says, following his head and pulling his regular daily line. "Sure I didn't know it was this late! I meant to have a scuttle of coal up for you this morning!"

"Thanks, pop," I said. "Come on and eat now. The train is in and the papers will be over to the store soon. We don't want them to be late getting around again!"

"Sure and I'm on me way!" says pop, languidly dropping into his place and settling down for a comfortable chatty meal, in that exasperating style of his. "Give us some coffee, my pretty! That's the girl! Well, Bonnie, what on earth did you want to go and make a show out of yourself for like that, last night?"

"Whatter you mean, pop?" I says. "I got a right to go out with Bert and his friend if I want!"

"Sure that part was all right," he agreed, swooping down on a third egg. "Girls should have the boys runnin' after them. It's only nature! I mean all that tearin' around on the stage, like you done!"

"That was supposed to be a movie, pop!" I says. "I thought it was pretty good, myself, and so did some other parties!"

"Stuff and nonsense!" says pop. "Keep your mind on your cooking and it'll fetch you a better husband!"

"So you don't think I got any talent?" I says.

"No talent at all!" he says cheerfully. "And why would you? Not but that you're a good girl and a fine daughter to me, Bonnie!"

"I'll say I am!" I remarked with spirit. "And as for acting, I guess I got as good grounds for acting as Pickford or anybody. I've got the wish to."

"There now, don't get excited!" says pop, reproving me with his teaspoon. "Take your mind off such nonsense when there is serious matters to discuss."

"What now?" I asked, real sharp. "Have you been playing pool again? How much?"

"No, daughter dear!" says pop, flashing that winning smile of his at me. Pop sure was a beauty, what with his six feet of height, and if a trifle too heavy now, his blond curly head and his smile, the both of which I have inherited from him, could melt the heart of a stone, or of a woman who considered he abused her. Which is even more.

"It's not pool, Bonnie dear," he says. "It's the mortgage on the shop itself I'm thinking of. It'll be due in another two weeks and it's time to consider the matter of where will we get the money. Have you thought?"

"I've thought of this, pop," I says—"and not for the first time, either—that if you was to do a little work we wouldn't be broke all the time!"

Pop's face fell. He pursed his lips and shook his head sadly.

"I know it, Bonnie, I know it!" he said. "God love ye, I'd like to make a lot of money and leave you live like a lady. But where can I get the chance in this forsaken town? And business all over the country is terrible—it's fierce! Why, only the other day I was reading a piece ——"

"And only the other year you were telling me you couldn't get work on account of the war!" I says. "And next year it'll be impossible to find a job on account of business being so good! Why don't you show a little ambition? Do you expect to catch a fortune just by sitting still and letting it mistake you for bait?"

"Well, and what would you suggest, since you're so smart, eh?" says pop, undisturbed. "Sure, I'll act on anything you say!"

Well, I had to think hard for a minute or two before I could answer that, because this conversation was one which we had not more than twice a month, regular, and my stock of suggestions had run kind of low. But I wouldn't let him stump me, not while there was some more ideas floating around in the world free for anyone with a grain of sense to catch. I rattled the dishes in the sink, hurrying to catch up with my work, and, as usual, doing the job on hand and doing it good brought results in more ways than one.

"I got an idea!" I says. "Do you know Jake Johnson, that Swede that's taken up the old Benson farm, had to send all the way to New Haven for the tractor he bought?"

"Well, what of that?" says pop.

"There isn't an agent in this territory," I says. "And there's a chance to sell tractors here. Why don't you jump in and get the agency before the boys at the garage think of it?"

"That's a smart idea!" says pop brightly. "And the work will just suit me. I know as much about mechanics as the next feller, and I'm a fair salesman, at that! All I'd have to do is to talk 'em into buying, and pocket the commission!"

"That's it!" I says, with the faint hope that always would spring up in me every time we had a conference. "You could make a big success of it, pop. We'll write to the New Haven agency tonight."

"We will that!" says pop. "And I ought easy to sell one or two before old Bushwell comes down on us for his money!"

Then he shuffled off across the street to where Pike's boy with his bicycle was already waiting for the Clarions, and for a while I stood there looking after pop, half mad and half tender. The handsome, lazy hulk! I'd drive him to work yet!

He went into the ramshackle little old shed of a store, Pike's boy following him, and I took off my cap and wrapper, slipped into my one-piece model of black serge with the tassels that I had copied out of one of the fashion magazines we carried on our news stand, and then I done pop's round of the house upstairs, which I made every night and morning just to be sure everything was O.K.

If I do say so, that house was kept in A1 condition. Everything had been left just like it was when old Mrs. Sherrill died, and it was furnished complete. Out of the ark, I guess, for the stuff was not real old antiques, which I like pretty well, especially the clean new ones that they make nowadays. The Sherrill furniture was mostly of a sort of Mumps design, the plush being puffed way out in the wrong place like a swelling, but intending to be like that; and the wood was mostly black walnut carved with a crochet needle, by the looks of it. Flowered carpets with flowers bigger even than a Californian could claim for his native state was on the floor, and the one bathroom was done in Early Tintype.

Just the same, the enormous rooms, with the heavy window curtains, the thick carpets and the homely, expensive furniture always give me a sort of thrill when I walked through. When I was a kid I used to think these was the most beautiful rooms in the world, but that was before pop added Country Houses to the magazines on our stand. And even yet I had a sort of pleasure in them because they always seemed like they was haunted by Milton. I figured he must be a pretty nice sort of bird to keep his mother's house that way, and you could kind of feel that he thought about the place often. I remembered the last time he was home, a grave, quiet sort of man, you couldn't tell how old he was, standing there and telling pop how much he liked the way the place was looked after, and pop swelling out his shirt and accepting all the praise.

I, a kid of less than twelve years old, but the real author of all this cleanness, had hid behind the door, peeking at them and getting no more credit than a picture actor out of work! But I was trembling while I listened to the owner talking in a deep voice like the lowest-toned bell in our chimes. I worshiped Milton Sherrill, and why not? I didn't know one thing about him.

This day, though, as I straightened out the candlesticks with the glass dingle-dangles on the parlor mantel and pulled the hand-painted window shades down even, Mr. Sherrill seemed only a ghostly dream, and instead of him I thought of the warm, real Stricky.

I held a long talk with Stricky, in my imagination, pulling all the clever gags I hadn't thought of last night while he was around, and walking with my refined débutante droop, which I had forgotten to use. And then I heard pop yell from across the street to come and say how many coupons went with three packages of Extra Cut Tobacco for Mr. Schoonmacker. So I says "Pardon me, Stricky, old thing—don't forget the contract—ta ta!" and slammed out of the house and over to the store before pop could ruin the first sale of the morning.

There isn't a child living but what has helped to raise their parents; that's a fact. But probably few have had more difficult ones than pop. Hardly had I got over to the store than pop discovered he had to go down street. Well, he had to, I knew that. He was obliged to go and hold up the left-hand side of the post-office front door, because if he was to miss a day after all these years very likely the building would cave in. But I didn't say anything except all right, and set to work unpacking a box of lollypops that had just come, and arranging them like a bouquet in a vase on the counter. And then all I had to do was the accounts, the cleaning up, a little stock taking, and I was free to sit down between the air-tight stove and the magazine stand, where I could toast my toes on the one and reach the other easily, with all the time in the world to read, and no interruptions except now and then a customer.

When one came I would struggle to my feet and make a big sale like a bag of tobacco or three one-cent stamps. Usually we done at least a dollar's worth of business before noon, but not always. And so I would sit and reach for the magazines, one after another, until what I didn't know about the real world, the world that sets the standards, wasn't worth bothering over.

Ain't it remarkable the educational influences we got put up in magazine form? I never looked at the cheap fiction stuff, hardly. I deliberately let it lie while I pried off a lot of culture. I knew exactly what was to be wore as quick as any New York City girl did, and how the Vanderbilts looked on the Avenue, what breed of dog was all the rage. I was familiar with the appearances of the special Booster Body Colby-Droit that had been built for the governor of Howcome, China, and What the Well Dressed Man is to Avoid. I knew about paneled drawing-rooms, could recognize a Chinese rug on sight and was familiar with the names of leading gift shops, tea rooms and real-estate dealers all over the country; and if that isn't the highest degree of modern American culture I don't know what is it.

This day, however, it was the moving-picture papers that got to me. I read them in a new light, and figured how would I look among them myself. I got to dreaming over them so deep that I was almost scared to death when pop come in, banging the door and wanting to know where was dinner.

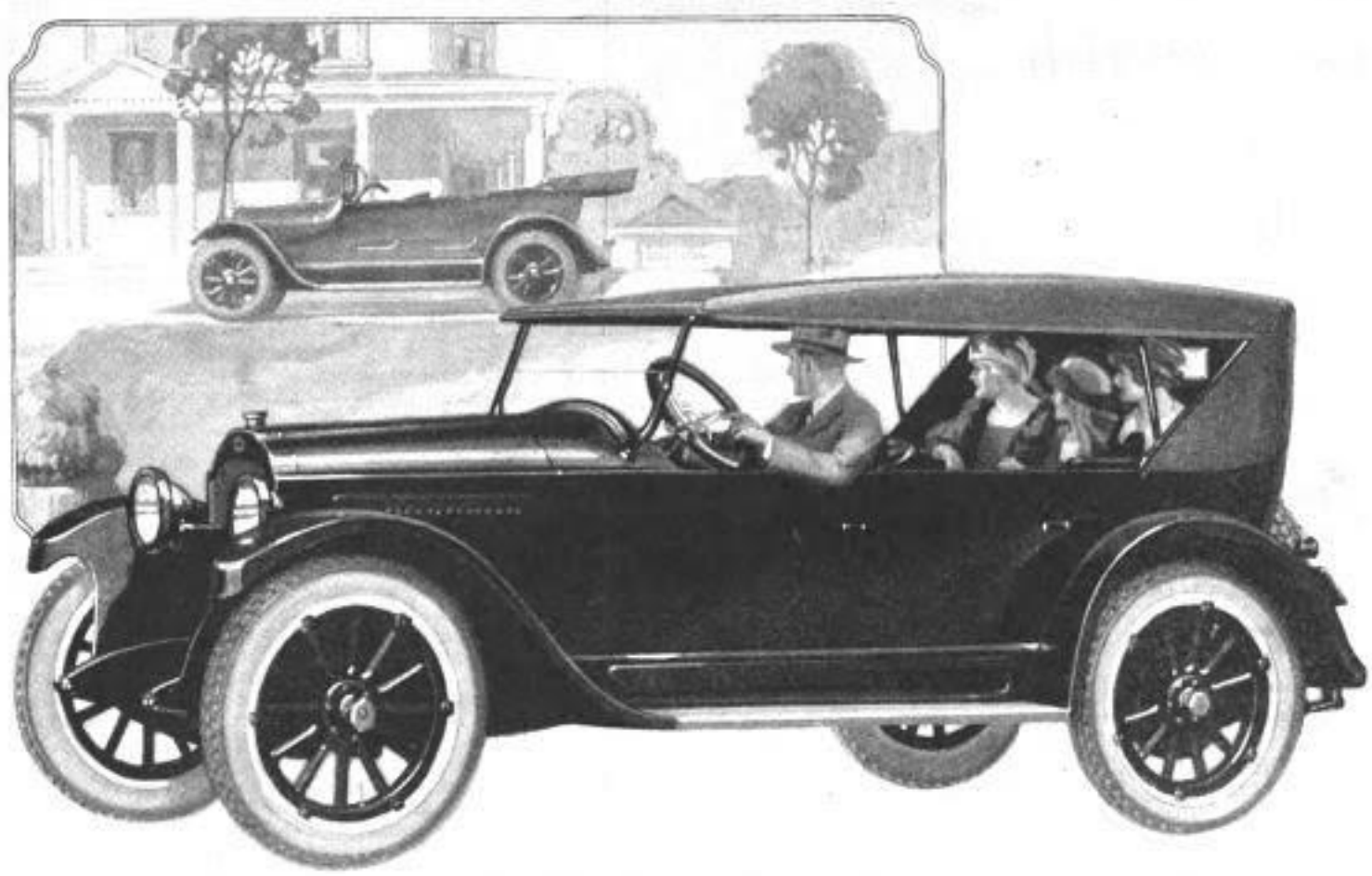
That brought me down to earth all right. I flew back to the house, and over the stove

(Continued on Page 44)



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$1375
F.O.B. Toledo



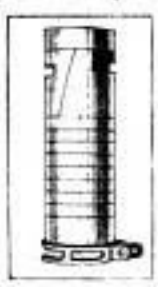
In the background of the picture is the Willys-Knight, owned by Mrs. Vinta M. Paul of Hickory, Pa., which has been practically untouched by a wrench for six years—Mrs. Paul says "Today it runs more quietly than most new machines that come into this section."

Six Years Without Overhauling

The Story of a Remarkable Motor That Improves on Carbon



This is a poppet valve. The ordinary motor loses power when carbon forms.



This is the Willys-Knight sleeve-valve that makes use of carbon. The motor actually improves with use.

DOWN in the beautiful Pennsylvania hills is a motor car that has to its credit a record of performance almost unbelievable.

The car is a Willys-Knight purchased six years ago by Mrs. Vinta M. Paul of Hickory, Pa., and since that time driven between thirty and forty thousand miles. In all this time the car has never been overhauled, nor has a wrench been used on it for any purpose other than change of spark plugs.

Willys-Knight owners will not be greatly surprised at this record, for daily experience with this car proves its extraordinary simplicity and freedom from trouble.

The unusual design and construction of the Willys-Knight motor is one of the big reasons for the car's trouble-free performance. The silent sleeve-valve motor actually makes use of the carbon that works havoc in the usual type of motor.

The chassis and body, too, have been admirably designed to match the perfection of the motor.

The new multiple-disc clutch, insuring positive, smooth action, the silent, flexible cushion drive, and the ease with which the car steers make it the ideal car for women drivers. The long, low, graceful lines of the body, too, combine with its more mechanical advantages to make the Willys-Knight unusual value at its new low price, $1375.

One ride in this car will number you among the thousands of new friends responsible for the greatest increase in sales that Willys-Knight dealers have ever known.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, O. · *Canadian Factory: Willys-Overland, Ltd., Toronto*

The Willys-Knight Motor Improves With Use

ROADSTER $1350 : TOURING $1375 : COUPE $1875 : SEDAN $2095 : *f. o. b. Toledo*

WILLYS-KNIGHT

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People shouldn't read this

advertisement who are content with ordinary heating methods—to whom the dirt, uncertainty, inconvenience and expense of keeping comfortable with coal is not an affliction—

who are *very* rich



But there are a good many others—who dread the approach of winter. To them, say we—burn *gas*. Get your fuel through a pipe, save storage space, use it only when and where you really *need* it, and pay for it as you use it.

enjoy 5 A·M·in winter



With the Clow Gasteam Heating System—burning gas and generating *steam* heat—each radiator is a heating plant in itself, individually controlled. They can be turned on or off instantly and left in exposed positions, unlighted, without danger from freezing.

and *like* broom-work

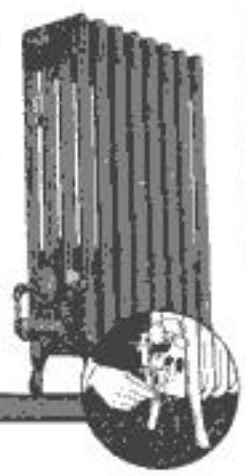


Gasteam heat is healthful—just properly humidified—and as clean as electric light. The housewife does not have soiled curtains and a sooty cellar—the storekeeper reduces his loss from dirt-spoiled stock.

Investigate

Gasteam heating can be used anywhere—residences, shops, schools, churches, theatres, etc. The Clow representative in your town will explain the system and give you exact figures as to cost.

In the meantime the Gasteam Book will give you heating facts worth knowing. Send for it today.



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CLOW

Sales Offices Everywhere

(Continued from Page 42)

and the boiled dinner which I had simmering on the back of it my stock took a awful slump. This was brought about by pop. He was just as cheerful and charming as ever, but his first words, as I helped him to cabbage, kind of took all the pep out of me.

"I been thinking over that tractor idea, Bonnie darling," he says, "and I'm afraid no good, after all. Schoonmacker says he thinks I could get the agency all right, but how about demonstrating the blame thing? I'd have to be off in the backwoods working one for the benefit of some farmer, and strainin' me back or something, and then in the end perhaps make no sale after all!"

"Well, you'd have to work for a sale of course!" I says. "What do you expect?"

"Besides, I couldn't leave the store very well," pop went on. "And it would tie me up badly, in case something big turned up."

"I see!" I says, short. Not that I had honestly thought pop would go through with the plan. "I see," says I. "But how about the mortgage that's coming due on the store?"

"Oh, that!" says pop airily, relieved at having made another successful escape. "I made a mistake about that!"

"How?" says I breathlessly.

"It's due next week, not two weeks from now," says pop. "I had the date wrong."

I laid down my knife at that. Believe me, I couldn't eat another mouthful.

"Pop!" I says. "What on earth'll you do?"

"Oh, old Bushwell will let it ride again for a while, I dare say!" says pop cheerfully. "He's a decent old feller!"

"No, he won't, pop!" I cried, real excited now. "You know he said he'd foreclose, and I don't blame him! He's had patience enough! You got an idea that by laying down on folks you can just naturally make them carry you! But you'll do it once too often, lemme tell you!"

"Sush, Bonnie dear, don't raise yer voice," says pop, with all the gentleness and patience in the world. "Haven't I often told ye a loud voice wasn't ladylike?"

"I don't care!" I shouted angrily. "I'm no lady! I'm a slave, that's what I am, and I'm fed up with it! If you won't help me by going to work I won't help you by working for you—so there!"

"Sure, darling, and you know I'd work for you if I could find anything to do," pop declared smoothly. "Any one would think I had no affection for you at all! And you the smart young girl that ye are! Why, who but a clever girl would of saved the money ye have, Bonnie? Eh?"

There was a little silence then.

"What money?" I says sullenly.

"Well, I know they paid ye twenty-five dollars for the photo ye posed for Sweetbreath Tooth Paste," says pop, counting on his fingers. "And then there's the subscriptions you've been taking in for Tropics; the commissions must be amounting to seventy-five dollars by now. That's a hundred, and ——"

"Hold on, pop!" I says fiercely, getting to my feet and shoving back from the table while I glared at him across that hateful soppy food. "Hold on—that's my money—my very own. Don't you dast to think you can touch it!"

"But, good heaven, child dear," says pop. "You haven't spent it?"

"I have not, and I'm not going to!" I says. "I give you my work in the store and run the house and never get a cent for it, and if I do extra work outside, that money is mine!"

"Come here, darling!" says pop. "Sure; of course it's your own money! Who would deny it? But ye wouldn't let the little shop go? Where would we get any living at all without it?"

I'll say pop had honey in his voice. Some said it was the blarney stone, but here was one time when it listened more like crushed gravel to me. Ordinarily he could of wheedled me. He'd been all I had until last night, and a woman has got to have some man to make a fool of herself over, even if he is only a kind of half-baked father. This was plainly my cue to save the old home shop, rescue my dependent parent, and play a heavy lead in my own home town. But somehow the first move was never made. The director had yelled "Lights! Camera! Shoot!" but the star didn't come on.

Instead I just stood there quiet, pop with his arm around my waist, smiling at me in that sure way of his, and little knowing what was fermenting in my bean. And as I looked at him it come over me absolutely clearly for the first time that pop was full of health. He wasn't a day over forty-three, and not a thing ailed him but the habit of refusing to do anything for himself as long as there was anybody to double for him.

And as I kept on staring I also all of a sudden saw the reflection of a young woman—a grown woman—in his eyes. It was myself of course. Something wild and hot flamed up in me then, and no mother animal ever defended her young like I did my savings. I actually felt like I was hugging them to me and growling. If I give them up I was lost. Pop was cooing at me again.

"Well, now—when will ye pay it off?" he was saying.

I give him a straight look then, and came back at him like a shot.

"Never!" I says.

Pop give a laugh and got to his feet.

"Yes, you will, Bonnie dearie," he says. "Why, you wouldn't let us be ruined when you have the money in hand!"

"Us!" I says. But he didn't seem to hear.

"Well, I've got to be going now," says he. "If you need me for anything at the store I'll be down to the poolroom until the 5:11 goes out, and I'll be at the depot for that."

"All right, pop," I says listlessly, never moving until he was gone. Then, disregarding the store entirely, I sat down on the nearest place—the edge of the table it was—and thought hard.

Funny how money affects life, ain't it? Busts up any kind of relationship that abuses it in any way. Look at me and pop! Or any friend you have loaned it to! The demand that I give pop my kale was what finally opened my eyes to him. And one of the first things I realized was that I had been kidding myself about being good to him. I hadn't really been good to pop. In making things easy for him I'd pretty near made it impossible for him to help himself. If I was to go away and leave him flat he'd have to work or starve, and I knew how well he liked to eat—none better! I was all that stood between him and work, and I was about to move. Where he'd land I didn't know. I didn't honestly care just then, either.

When a person who isn't accustomed to handling big decisions actually does make one it is a good idea to act prompt, before something influences you against your true instinctive judgment. I was going to Los Angeles. That much had been decided before Stricky saw me home last night. I was under age, and if pop really wanted to he could take my money away from me. The answer was to go at once. Of course on the other hand I had not wanted to start until I had my contract in hand. But what difference did that really make? Stricky had said, in front of Bert, that he would give me one, and what did I care if he sent it back home to me or if I signed in his office out West? Either way would be just as good.

But if the truth is to be known, it wasn't any noble motives about saving pop from himself or making a fortune to restore our family to a position we never had that decided me to do like I did. It was sheer terror that pop would get around me if he knew in advance. I made up my mind he shouldn't know until the last minute, when it would be too late.

My heart beat so hard it nearly smothered me, but I slid off the table and stood firmly on my feet. I would go today! On the 5:11. Instinctively I started gathering up the dirty dishes, and then I put 'em back—cold, greasy food and all.

"Let him wash 'em!" I says aloud. "He's eaten off them and gone free often enough!" Then I looked at the clock and commenced some rapid planning.

It was after one already, but the bank would be open until three. I grabbed up my coat, flopped poor Milt over on his face, dug out my bank book like a terrier looking for bones, and half an hour later I was back with my money.

Alone in my disordered room I fussed about where to hide it, trying each compartment of my purse, but there was too much. Then I remembered something I had read some place, and stuck the main roll into my stocking. You see I was starting out right. Then I commenced packing less important things, beginning with the cabinet photo of Milton Sherrill and ending with a handful of samples of toilet soap, cold cream and tooth paste which had luckily come in the day before. I didn't go near the store all afternoon, but I heard the bell over there jangle a couple of times as disgusted customers went away, and once I peeked through the front window and seen Bert Green coming out of there in a wild sort of manner, dropping the glasses off his nose as he run down the steps.

The sight of him reminded me that I wished I'd of had time to get a set of pictures of myself from him to take along as samples in case I needed them. But it was too late to bother now. I decided, while cramming my old spring suit into my second bag, that as soon as I was in a position to I would show my appreciation for all he had done in introducing me to Strick and so forth, by sending on for Bert to come out and be my camera man. Just now I couldn't even stop to say good-by. It was almost dusk when I struggled out into the street carrying my two heavy bags.

Night comes down awful early in Stonewall after November sets in, and a few lights was already lit in the houses here and there, although it wasn't but five minutes to five. The street was pretty well deserted, too, for the loafers was already gone down to see the express come in, and pop was evidently an early arrival, or so I could safely guess from the fact that there was nobody up in Bill Kelly's pool palace over the drug store, although the lights were lit there.

I was glad to have the street to myself because I wasn't looking for any delay just then. And here is where I missed my cue the second time in one day, for instead of the tears running down my cheeks at saying farewell to my home town, my heart aching at the thought of leaving, and etcetera, my mind was chiefly on would I make the train and was my nose powdered right?

There was quite a crowd at the depot that night, and I could see pop looming up big among them out on the front platform as I came in the back way and bought me a ticket as far as New York, knowing that to try for one the whole way to Los Angeles would only cause delay, and the time was short.

I had exactly three minutes to wait after I stuck the ticket into my purse and picked my bags up again. Then I caught sight of Bert. He was fortunately busy over at the express-office window, but he smiled and nodded as he called out to me.

"Say, Bonnie, you look immense!" he says. "I'll be with you in a minute!"

The train was roaring in by now, the sound of it smothering everything else. I waited as long as I dared to, and then, with just barely time to board it, I hustled out on the platform, across the first line of tracks, and threw my bags up on the platform of the nearest car. A brakeman lifted me up after them, and jumped on the steps himself, swinging his lantern and calling 'Board!' in a loud voice. I looked back over his shoulder, and it was then that pop caught sight of me.

"Hey, Bonnie! What are you up to?" he shouted, detaching himself from the group of bums against the station wall and lumbering down the platform towards me.

"Come out of that!" he yelled. "Where and the devil do you think you are going?"

The train was moving by now. Oh, so awful slowly!

"I'm going away!" I says, sharp and clear. "I'm fed up, and I'm going for good! You'll never see me again!"

"Stop that train!" pop shouted wrathfully. "Stop it and come out of that, you young hussy, or I'll beat the life out of you!"

Bert had heard the row by this time, and he, too, started for the train. It was moving faster every second, and he, pushing pop aside, had to run pantingly alongside of it in order to speak to me.

"Bonnie!" he cried. "I tried three times this afternoon to see you! Where are you going, Bonnie?"

Then his glasses fell off and his long hair blew back and he sure did look funny and undignified.

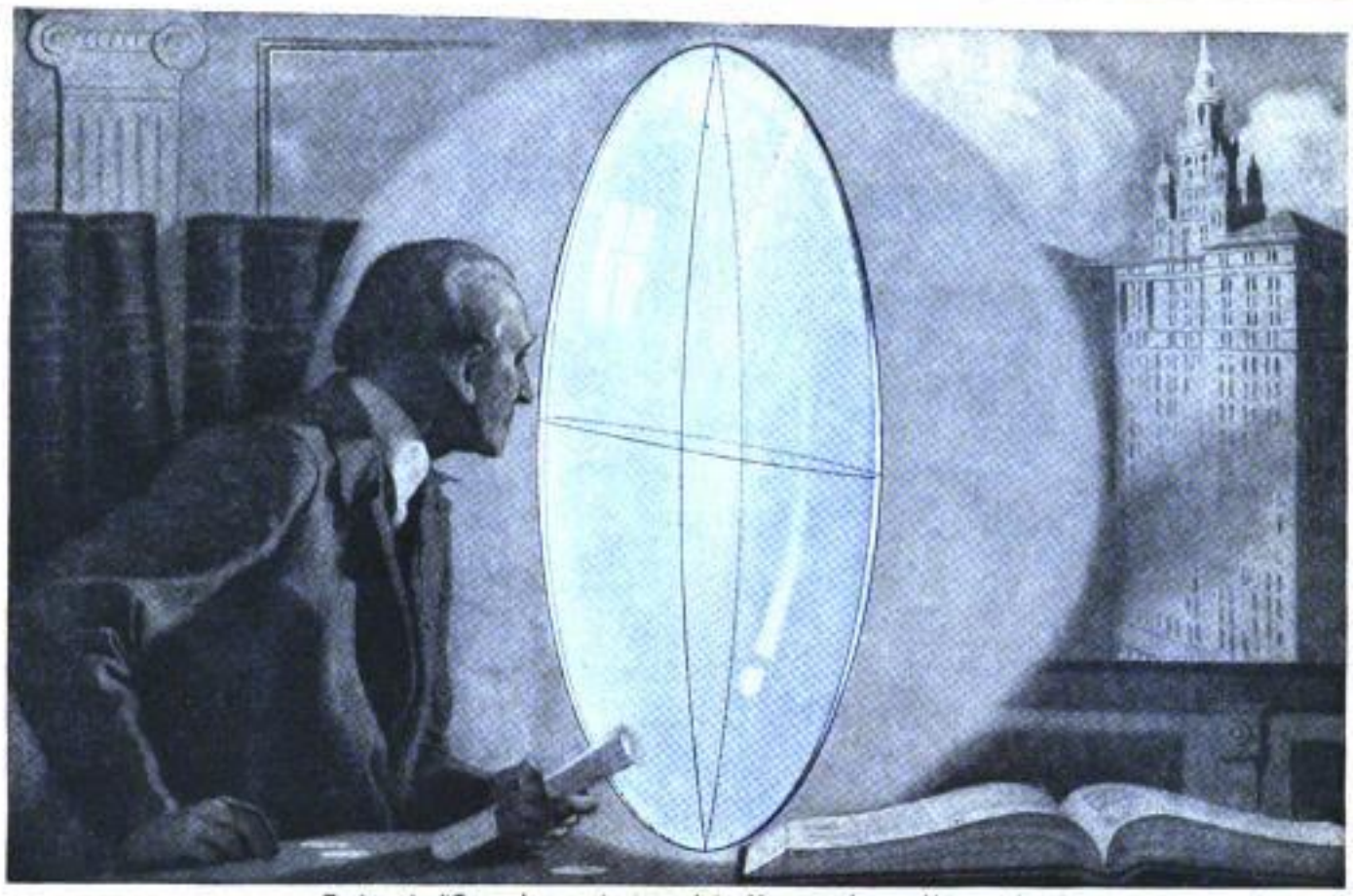
"I'm going to Hollywood!" I shouted. "Look out, Bert, you'll get hurt!"

"Hollywood!" he called, suddenly looking scared to death almost. "Bonnie—you must not go! What I wanted to tell you was something about Greg Strickland!"

Then he collided with my father, who come running up, and the last I saw of them they was both hurled back upon the station platform as the train carried me off into the night.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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To show the difference between the new and the old curves a lens would have to be enlarged 500 times, as shown above

How a great invention got its start

IT was Christmas Eve, 1912. They were trimming the children's tree, when down through the festoons of tinsel a silvery glass ornament slid to the floor with a pop like the bursting of an incandescent bulb.

Fascinated by the reflections within this broken shell of glass, Edgar Tillyer, the scientist, reached for a fragment to study it more closely. Then was born the idea that led to a greater development in the manufacture of eyeglass lenses than any preceding it.

Up to that time eyeglass lenses seldom gave the perfect vision which the eyesight specialist wanted for his patient. No one had computed the curves on grinding tools so that the finished lenses would agree precisely with the prescription.

It was apparent that these computations, if they could be made, would greatly assist eyesight specialists in providing lenses which complied with the exact requirements of the eyes. With faith in his idea Tillyer toiled until eleven huge volumes were filled with equations and mysterious charts. These calculations took three years to work out. They proved scientifically correct, and ever since then Wellsworth Lenses of this new type* have been made by the millions.

Twenty years before this George W. Wells had reached the decision that his Company would spare no expense to advance the Science of Optics. He always insisted that the system of curves for grinding lenses was wrong. "But, mark my word," he said, "it will take a mathematician of the highest order, with a practical knowledge of lens grinding, to correct it."

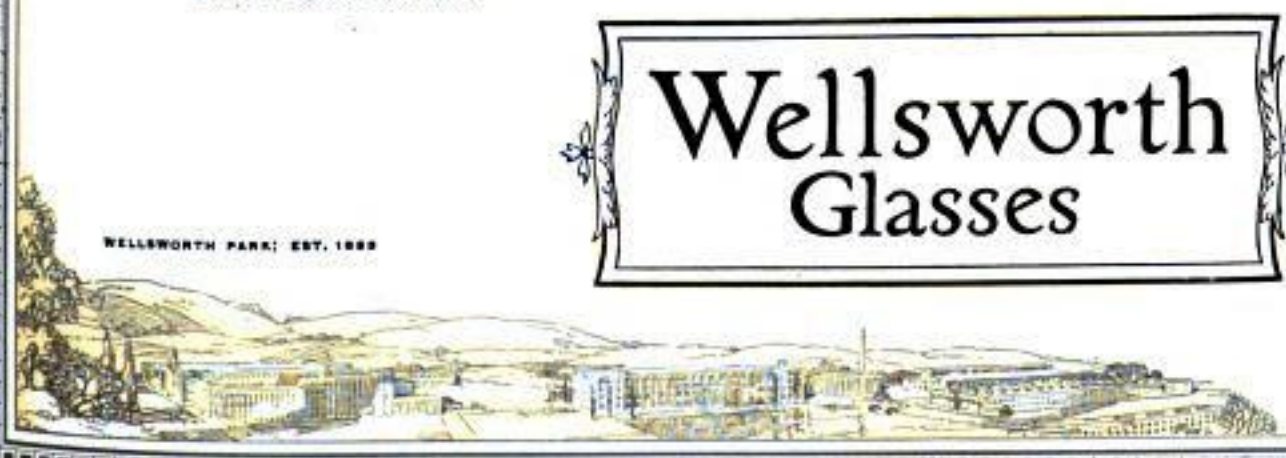
Wells was right. Back of the broken glass bauble were years of preparation. Before going to the great Wellsworth plant in the hills of Southern Massachusetts Tillyer had computed the curves for telescope lenses. At the United States Naval Observatory one lens alone required 600 days to reduce to a formula. At the Government Bureau of Standards he designed periscopes and gun sights and worked out many difficult problems of refraction and reflection of light.

That, in brief, is how eyeglass lenses of the new type were made possible.

Your optical specialist knows what it means to have had this knowledge for more than seven years whereby he could provide you with lenses measured in Effective Power. He knows how much the delicate organ of sight has need for this and every other aid that scientific workers bring forth. He understands how great is the strain caused by imperfect vision and old style lenses. It is never "too early" to consult him.

American Optical Company Southbridge Mass U S A

*Known as "Effective Power Lenses"



Wellsworth Glasses

All that Science can give: all that Artistry can add

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The social side of summer sports

When society deserts the drawing room for the seaside, the mountains and summer sports, good candy is just as much its "partner" as ever. Whitman's, of course. And you'll be surprised to find how readily you can obtain Whitman's, even in the most unexpected places.

A box of Whitman's is a most agreeable fellow-passenger on your motor trip—land or water. On the club house veranda or in the "gallery" it is a sure attraction. And when you go week-ending don't forget Whitman's for the hostess.

A few suggestions:

The Sampler. A quaint box of chocolates and confections selected from ten leading Whitman's packages.

Salmagundi. Whitman's famous chocolates in exquisite metal box, desirable for travelling.

Pleasure Island. Pirate's chest of chocolates in money bags and "pieces of eight."

Fussy Chocolates for fastidious folks. New assortment. Nut centres and nut combinations.

Super Extra. The package known to buyers of good candy since 1842.

Whitman's are sold nearly everywhere in stores specially selected as our agents and indicated by the sign

Whitman's Chocolates

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.
Also makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate, Cocoa and Marshmallow Whip

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STANDING THE GAFF

(Continued from Page 26)

present circumstance, but instead will ask you to mail us a check."

I asked the wholesaler why he put in that clause. It seemed to me, I said, that if a man owed money it would be fair enough to draw on him. Anyhow, there was no law to compel him to pay the draft; if he didn't have the money all he had to do was to say so and the draft would be sent back.

"I don't send out drafts in bad times," the wholesaler answered, "for the reasons I have just been explaining. I don't want to do anything to worry a customer who is perhaps worried enough already. Ninety-nine men out of a hundred are honest and will pay just as soon as they can. I know from experience how embarrassing it is to turn down a draft when one hasn't got the money, and so I ask the customer to send a check instead. I get my money just as quick and it takes a little worry off the customer's mind."

The wholesaler reflected a few moments.

"I guess I can explain my idea," he said, "by telling of a case that came up during the past month. We have a customer who has been in business in a town a couple of hundred miles from here, and who, up to about a year ago, got along very nicely. Then the decline in the prices of his merchandise hit him pretty hard, and on top of that there was a bad crop shortage in his section.

"He was owing us some money; but knowing what the conditions were, I let him soldier along, writing him a letter about once a month and getting checks from him occasionally. We sold him goods right along, but were careful to see that his indebtedness did not increase any. His payments just about kept pace with his purchases. I was not worried over his account, because I believed he was doing the best he could.

"A month ago, however, I received a letter from a banker in his town stating that the merchant wanted to throw up the sponge. He wanted to turn his business over to his creditors and let them try to get their money out of it. He did not expect anything for himself; his main idea was to get away from his harassing troubles. Our account was large enough to go to some trouble over it, and accordingly I got on the train and went to the town.

"When I got there I found the merchant's place of business open, but the merchant himself was not there. One of the clerks said he had not been around for several days, but thought I might get in touch with him through the bank. This was not very reassuring information, but I went down to the bank with my inquiry. The cashier seemed to have inside knowledge of the facts.

"'Perhaps I can manage an interview for you,' he said. 'The merchant says he is sick and staying at home on that account. But I have an idea he is merely staying away from his troubles.'"

A Discouraged Debtor

"That afternoon we managed to get him down to the bank. I had met him a number of times before in his prosperous days, but he was a different person now. Formerly he had been alert and optimistic. Now he had a stolid air, broken occasionally by nervous starts. There was, also, I thought, a faint trace of defiance in his manner. He was, I should say, about thirty-five.

"The banker had a paper showing the merchant's financial status, and I examined it carefully. It was rather a better statement than I had expected, showing that his stock and accounts receivable amounted to nearly twice the total of his debts.

"'You aren't broke at all,' I told the merchant. 'You are temporarily in a tight fix merely. If you just go to work and hit the ball for a few months until things pick up you'll come out all right.'

"I started to point out the various items on the typewritten sheet which proved my statement, but he backed away from the paper as though he was afraid to touch it. The defiant attitude I had sensed showed in his voice.

"'I don't want a thing to do with it,' he said. 'I've given five years of my life to the business, and now I'm through. I'm not going to be nagged and worried about it any more.'

"He was in no mood to be reasoned with, but I thought I would try. I told him that I realized he had been up against it for several months and owed money which he could not pay right then; but, I added, very few business men, even the most successful, have had unbroken prosperity. I said his creditors were partners with him in a sense, and would be glad to help him along. This last statement set him going.

"'I guess you don't know what you're talking about,' he said excitedly, 'if you think my creditors have shown any disposition to help me along. They're trying to down me—that's what they're doing.'

"He went into a bitter recital of his troubles. When his business first began to slack up, it seems, he had written the people to whom he owed money and asked for a little extra time on his bills, promising to make payments in small amounts as fast as possible. Practically all of his creditors had replied stating that such a course would be satisfactory.

"'But those letters didn't mean a thing,' the merchant shrilled. 'The firm which wrote me the most cordial letter drew on me through the bank a week later for the amount of their account. I had to let the draft go back because I didn't have the money, and then their credit department wrote me a letter that made me feel like a pickpocket. I didn't answer that at all, and then they drew on me again. I can't stand being nagged like that. I'd rather have a job working by the day!'"

Degrees of Honesty

"From the merchant's standpoint it did seem hard, but I knew just what had happened. The house to which he alluded is a very liberal one, and willing to go far with any well-meaning customer. The official who had received his first letter and dictated the amiable reply neglected to pass the correspondence on to the credit department. That department has a regular routine which it uses in collecting overdue accounts, and set it in motion. It was a particularly unfortunate slip, because it confirmed the merchant's suspicion that the people to whom he owed money were against him.

"'I explained this the best I could, but without making much impression on the merchant. He could not see his creditors in anything but the light of enemies.

"'I'm doing my full duty,' he kept repeating, 'in turning my business over to my creditors to let them get their money out of it. Whatever happens, no one can say I'm not an honest man!'

"I picked him up on that last statement. It was, I felt, my one chance to get him out of his unfortunate frame of mind.

"'Yes,' I said slowly, 'it is honest of you to turn your business over to your creditors. But it isn't honest enough!'

"He stiffened up at this, but I did not give him time to break in on my argument.

"'Not honest enough,' I repeated. 'Suppose you go to a bank and borrow money with which to buy a farm or a flock of sheep or an automobile. You promise the bank that you will pay back the loan in money. It is not enough, if things go against you, to go back to the bank and say you guess you will turn in the farm or the sheep or the car in settlement of your loan. As a very last resort that might do; but not until you had scratched the dust and made every possible effort that is in you to pay the loan in money as you promised.

"'It is exactly the same way with your business. You bought merchandise from the wholesale houses and promised to pay for it with real money. I admit you have had troubles. But until all your creditors tell you that they would rather have the business than the money you owe them, you have no right to lie down on the job.

"'They won't want to take over the business, and I'll tell you why. In a going business, merchandise, if bought right, is worth a hundred cents on the dollar. If the business happens to be stopped for any reason, the merchandise at once becomes a job lot and will bring fifty cents on the dollar, or less. In your case, even though the assets are now considerably more than the debts, it will not pay out even. Your creditors will lose.

"'So don't get the idea that people are trying to down you because you owe them money. They want to see you do well, even if only for selfish reasons. The best



DODGE BROTHERS
COUPE

You will realize, the moment you see this coupé, how perfectly it fulfills a very real need.

It was designed and built by Dodge Brothers in response to that need—long-standing and often-expressed by people in all parts of the world.

With Dodge Brothers chassis as a starting point, it only remained to create a coupé body which would unite the usual coupé refinements with greater lightness, hardihood and economy.

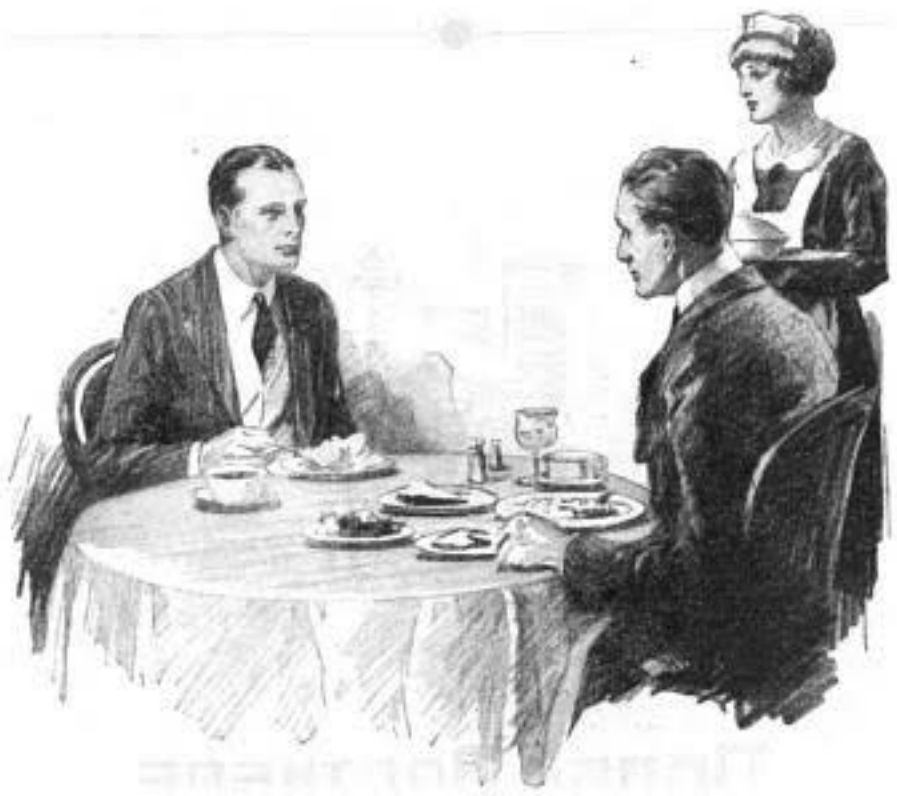
The world now knows how this was accomplished. An entirely new precedent in closed-car construction was established. The body is built of steel.

Moreover, the deep, comfortable seat is upholstered in genuine leather. The doors are exceptionally wide. The rear compartment will hold a small steamer trunk and other luggage. The enamel, baked on the steel at high temperature, is readily restored, after hard usage, to its original lustre.

In every detail the car reflects the purpose of the builders—to make it a practical car of universal appeal.

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT

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Your thrice daily choice—

Breakfast — luncheon — dinner: will they build energy and vigor or will they undermine your health?

THREE times every day you are confronted with this decision: Shall I make this meal the kind that will protect my health, increase my vigor and keep my body clean of poisons, or shall I choose foods simply because they are convenient and pleasing to my taste?

We now know we do not dare depend upon our taste for a guide. Our appetites are tricky and often what tastes good to us is not good for us. Only certain food factors found in fresh food can improve and strengthen the entire digestive process, build up the body tissues, and keep the body clean of poisonous waste matter. Yet many American meals lack these necessary elements.

Today men and women are getting from Fleischmann's Yeast exactly these essential food factors. For yeast is the richest known source of the necessary water-soluble vitamin.

How men and women are improving their health

Fleischmann's Yeast contains elements which build up the body tissues, keep the body more resistant to disease. Also, because of its freshness, it helps the intestines in eliminating poisonous waste matter.

By its nature as a food, Fleischmann's Yeast is just the corrective you need. Fresh yeast, says a noted doctor, should be much more frequently given in intestinal disturbance especially if there is constant need for laxatives.

More and more science is coming to look on digestive disturbance not as a separate ailment for which one takes a drug but as a danger signal that something is fundamentally wrong with the habits of eating. The food factors which Fleischmann's Yeast contains in fresh form improve the appetite, stimulate the digestion, and strengthen the entire digestive process.

How shall I eat it?

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast spread on crackers or bread, or nibble it plain from the cake. Try it in water, fruit juices or milk. As milk contains the fat-soluble vitamin, Fleischmann's Yeast with milk makes a particularly nutritious drink. Fleischmann's Yeast combines well with almost any familiar dish on your table. Remember that you get it only in the well-known tin-foil package.

Eat 2 or 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day regularly. Place a standing order with your grocer and get it fresh daily. If you prefer get 6 cakes at a time. They will keep fresh for two or three days if kept in a cool, dry place.

Send for free booklet, "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet." Use coupon, addressing THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. 616, 701 Washington Street, New York, N. Y.

Fleischmann's Yeast helps correct your faulty food habits

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY,
Dept. 616, 701 Washington St.,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet." (Please write plainly.)

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____



thing for you to do is to go back to your business and work a little harder than ever. If you have to go down, go down fighting.'"

The wholesaler stopped talking and leaned back in his chair with a self-satisfied smile. He pulled a letter out of his pocket and spread it on his desk. It was from the merchant he had been telling about, and folded in the letter was a check for fifty dollars.

"It isn't much of a payment on our account," he said easily; "he still owes us eight hundred. But it shows he is scratching up the dust. He'll come out all right."

Perhaps no class of men has been hit harder by the events of the past couple of years than the cattlemen of the great Southwest; and in my talks with bankers, lawyers and business men generally throughout that section I am convinced that the cattleman is standing the gaff about as well as anyone.

Under normal conditions the Texas cattleman is inclined to be a sport. Each year the chambers of commerce of half a dozen cities compete for the honor of entertaining the cattle-raisers' convention, and are willing to put up good money to get it. Two years ago it was my fortune to spend a day at the headquarters hotel in the big Texas city where the convention was being held. Business sessions were going on, but there was overflow enough to let a stranger know there was a bunch of live ones in town. Up and down the business streets merchants had crowded their show windows with their most expensive goods, the displays invariably backed up by cordially worded signs inviting visiting cattlemen and their ladies to come in and make themselves at home. There was no use trying to hire an automobile, because every service car in town was chartered at rates beyond the pocketbook of an ordinary citizen. In the lobby of the headquarters hotel a twenty-piece orchestra played inspiring dance music, the entire lobby being given over to the dancers all day long and into the night. The mezzanine floor was ablaze with the displays of jewelers from distant cities, come to tempt the wives and daughters of the cattlemen with ten-carat diamond rings, pearl necklaces and platinum wrist watches. There were rumors of big games going on behind closed doors on the upper floors where hundred-dollar bills changed hands on the result of a throw of the bones, and the poker games knew no limits. A pleasant time was being had by all.

This year the convention was different. A prominent delegate who is in position to know told me that there was not a pair of dice shaken during the whole time, and the only poker game he ran across had a fifty-cent limit. Practically all the buying done by the ladies in attendance was in the nature of real necessities. It was a gathering of earnest, hard-working men, come together to discuss business matters. Some of them had borrowed money to come to the convention.

Cattle as Collateral

And indeed, the affairs of the Southwestern cattlemen have required earnest discussion—and still do. A steer which was worth a hundred dollars a year and a half ago is now worth fifty dollars. There have been periods when he was not worth anything, because there were no buyers.

For three generations the cattle business of the Southwest has been bound up with the banking business. Cattle have been considered the best collateral in the world. Financiers would loan up to ninety dollars on a steer whose market value was a hundred dollars; sometimes more than that. It has frequently happened that a banker would loan the entire amount necessary to finance the purchase of a thousand or more head of cattle if the cattleman could show where he had paid the rent of suitable pasture for six months in advance.

Under such circumstances it is no wonder that the Texas cattleman has been inclined to plunge. And now he is up against the proposition of paying his debts with his property worth half what it was when he bought it.

A few days ago I sat in the private office of an official of a big banking institution in Texas. It would have been an impressive institution anywhere, occupying as it does the entire ground floor of an eighteen-story building, its fittings of massive mahogany, marble and brass, and a small army of employes to attend the business of its thousands of clients. Knowing that the institution is largely connected with the cattle industry, I ventured to ask my friend, the official, what kind of shape his cattleman customers were in.

"If you want to know the exact truth," the official replied, "they're in a devil of a shape. Three quarters of them are busted right now."

A statement like this, coming from a banker, sounded pretty bad. But he did not appear to be especially worried.

"We've got probably two hundred cattlemen on our books," he went on, "and if we tried to insist that they pay their notes now we wouldn't get much."

He went on to tell me that most of the loans had been made when steers were at top prices. The collateral had shrunk to half its original value; and besides that, West Texas had had no rain for months. In some cases pasture land was so dry that it had been necessary to ship whole herds to Oklahoma or Kansas, an expensive process calling for a cash expenditure of twelve or fifteen dollars a head.

"But I want to say this," the bank official commented: "Out of the two hundred cattlemen who owe us money, just one showed signs of wanting to lay down on the job. He said we could take his steers and get the money out of them ourselves; he was going to quit the business. But this individual wasn't a regular cattleman, anyhow. He was a newcomer who had been playing with the business only a few years.

"Are we going to lose money on our cattle loans? Maybe so, but not much. The old-timers are sticking to their jobs like leeches. Many of them know they're broke. They have no hopes that they can realize enough to have anything left after they have paid their bank loans, but so long as the bank wants them to stay with the stock they are willing to stay and to work for nothing."

An Easy Winner

As the bank official spoke I had noticed a dust-covered little car drive up to the curb on the side street, and stop. In it were a man, a woman and a very pretty girl. The man cut off the engine, got out of the car and came around to the front entrance of the bank. He paused a moment inside the door, evidently looking for some familiar face. When he spied the official with whom I was talking he came on briskly and the two shook hands heartily, calling each other by their first names. The stranger, it seems, went by the name of Sam among his intimates.

He was a man of perhaps sixty, pretty nearly bald, with a rather humorous splash of gray beard confined strictly to the front of his chin. His short legs bowed outward, as legs will after a good many years of riding horseback.

He was one of the bank's cattleman customers, just arrived with his wife and daughter from his ranch eighty miles to the westward. But he was a humorist, even though his five thousand head of steers were mortgaged to the bank for more than they were worth and his pasture was dusty from an eight months' drought. He pulled an imaginary pair of dice from his pocket, blew in his hand for luck and cast the invisible bones on the flat top of the bank official's desk with a flourish.

"Shot a seven the first time," he said cheerfully, looking where the dice would have been had they been real. "I win off you."

"What is it you win?" asked the banker good-humoredly.

"I win a loan of five hundred dollars to buy some cake with," the cattleman answered more soberly. "I've got to begin feeding the stock. The place is mighty dry."

The cake to which he alluded is cotton seed ground up after the oil has been squeezed out. Cattlemen feed this to their stock when the animals cannot find enough to keep alive in the regular way.

"Cake is mighty high," he continued—"around fifty dollars a ton. But I've just got to have it."

"That's all right, Sam," the banker responded. "We've got to stick together in hard times. I'll telephone the mill to ship ten tons of cake out to your place this evening. The bank will pay the bill."

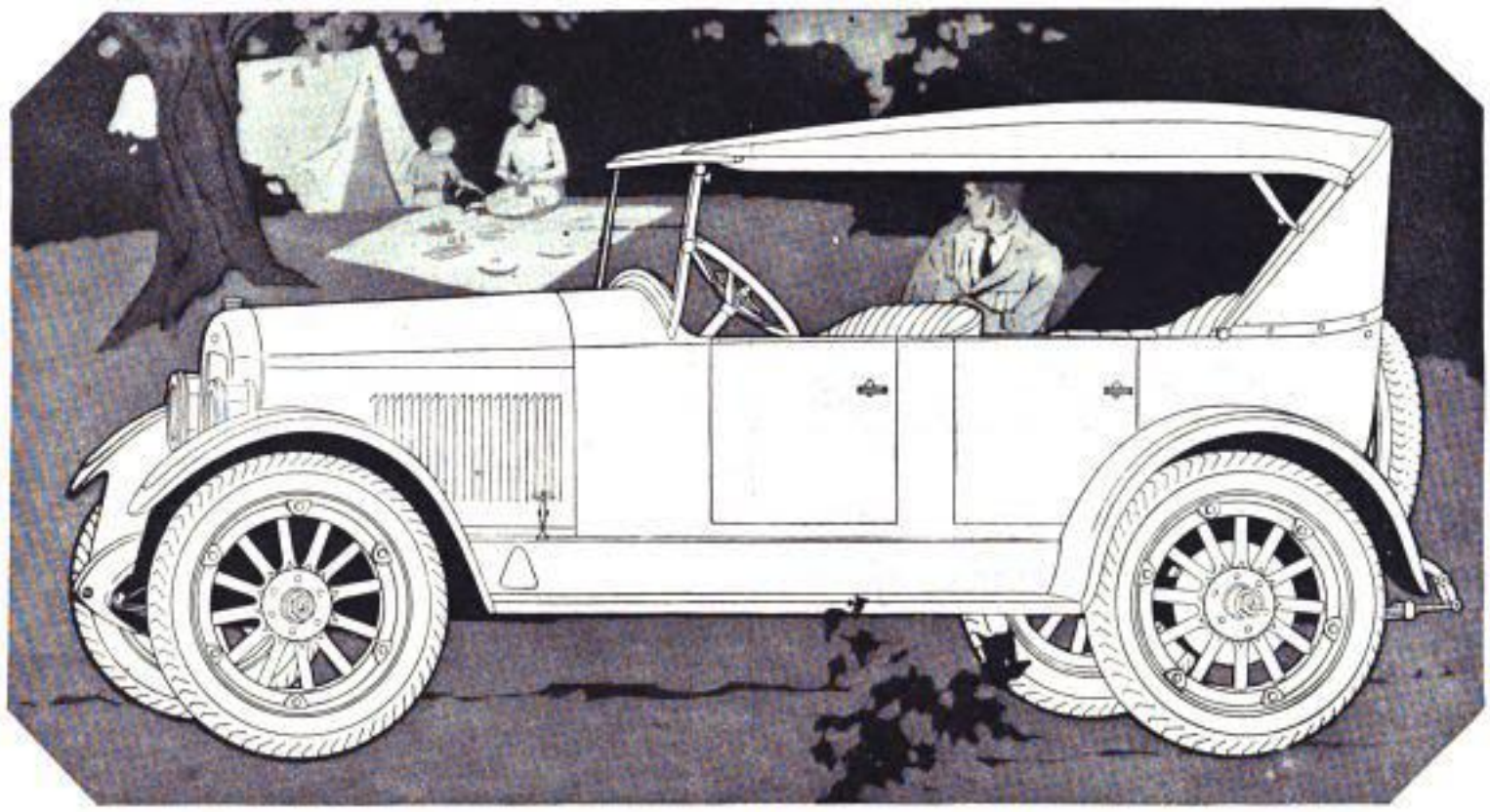
"There'll be the freight charges too," the cattleman began dubiously.

"Oh, of course we'll prepay the freight," the banker said hurriedly to dispose of an embarrassing moment.

(Continued on Page 50)

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The Motor from a $1795 Car



Six Cylinder—50 Horsepower—$1065

The six-cylinder motor of the Jewett is a development from the Paige 6-44 motor that proved its worth in thousands of Paige cars everywhere.

Last year you paid $1795 for a five-passenger touring car powered with this 6-44 motor—and it was then an outstanding value in the competitive field.

Now, with many refinements and the addition of force feed oiling, this superb power plant is the heart of the Jewett at $1065, f. o. b. Detroit.

With these facts before you, you can plainly understand why this car has broken every Paige sales record and established itself as a leader in the five-passenger field.

It is sold and serviced by Paige Dealers everywhere

JEWETT

A Thrifty Six Built by Paige

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"Oil Hog" no more

What a surprised Ford owner in Delmont, Pa., learned about the economy of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"

EVERY other day this young man drove up to his dealer for either a pint or a quart of cheap oil. Over and over he listened to the dealer's recommendations of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E."

One day the dealer good-naturedly referred to the car as an "Oil Hog." The young man agreed to give Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" a trial.

Several days passed. The young man came in. "Say," he said excitedly, "what's wrong with that Mobiloil? Doesn't it ever use up?"

He had discovered what Ford owners in every State are learning—that Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is nearly always far cheaper by the mile than oils which cost less.

The low consumption of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is one of the strongest proofs of its lubricating efficiency.

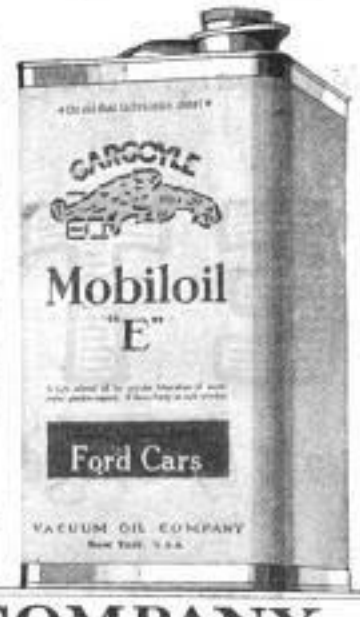
For this reason:

On high gear the Ford crank-shaft makes 2440 revolutions every mile. This rapid circulation, splashing and feeding of oil, together with engine heat, quickly uses up oil of lower quality than Gargoyle Mobiloil "E."

Ask your dealer for a 5-gallon can of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E." Its economy may be as novel to you as it was to the man in Delmont.

Send today to our nearest branch—or ask your dealer—for the booklet "Your Ford—Four Economies in its Operation."

For the differential of Ford cars use Gargoyle Mobiloil "CC" or Mobilubricant as specified by the Chart of Recommendations.



IN BUYING *Gargoyle Mobiloil from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container.*

The Vacuum Oil Company's Chart specifies the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for every make and model of car. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is the correct grade for Fords. If you drive another make of car, send for our booklet, "Correct Lubrication."

DOMESTIC BRANCHES:

New York (Main Office)	Boston	Chicago
Philadelphia	Detroit	Pittsburgh
Indianapolis	Minneapolis	Kansas City, Kan.
Buffalo	Des Moines	Dallas

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

(Continued from Page 48)

The cattleman called Sam stood for a moment, evidently wanting to say something else which came hard. Finally he came out with it.

"I need about fifty dollars more for gasoline," he said. Then, still more slowly, "And another fifty for groceries. I don't see how we can do with less."

Without a word the banker took him back to one of the paying windows, where I saw the cattleman sign a paper and receive some currency in return. As the two passed me on the way to the front door I heard the banker ask his visitor if he would not bring his family around to the hotel for lunch with him.

"I reckon not this time," the cattleman responded quickly. "We aren't fixed up quite good enough to eat at hotels today. We'll get a bite somewhere while we are doing our trading and then hit it back to the sticks while it is still daylight."

I saw him get into the little car and drive off with his wife and pretty daughter, the little car sputtering and kicking up the dust as it got into motion. When the banker returned I commented on the fifty-dollar purchase of gasoline which the cattleman wanted to make. For a man who was trying to economize, I said, it looked like a whole lot. I suggested that it would be cheaper to buy a new car if the little flivver ate up gas at that rate. The banker laughed.

"Old Sam isn't buying gasoline for his flivver," he said. "He is buying it to burn prickly pear with."

Prickly pear is the Texans' intimate name for cactus; and, as everyone knows, cactus grows where nothing else will. There is a certain amount of nourishment in it, and cattle can exist on it when long drought has left nothing else to eat. But unfortunately the cactus leaves are covered with sharp stickers much in the nature of a porcupine. A steer driven by hunger to tackle cactus in its natural state lacerates his mouth in deplorable fashion, and will die if he tries it for any length of time. But the resourceful cattleman gets around this by the use of gasoline torches, burning off the stickers so his animals may eat the leaves without injury. It was for this purpose, and not joy-riding, that old Sam wanted fifty dollars of the bank's money.

Sam's Uphill Fight

Old Sam certainly was down to bed rock. He had been in the cattle business for forty years, starting as a cow-puncher at monthly wages and gradually acquiring a few head of his own. There had been periods of disaster mixed with prosperity, but in the main he had made progress; and a couple of years ago he could fairly count himself to be worth above two hundred thousand dollars. At the annual conventions he was known as one of the real live ones. If anyone felt sporty enough to lay a hundred-dollar bill on the table and announce that he was willing to risk it on a single shake of the bones he could be sure of Sam's instant coöperation. Sam's credit, too, was so good as almost to be embarrassing at times. There was no ladies' ready-to-wear store, department store or jewelry store in the whole state of Texas where his wife or daughter might not select merchandise and have it shipped home without question as to ultimate payment.

A few years ago, when the pretty daughter was getting to be a young lady, they built a nice two-story house on the ranch and moved into it from the old adobe one which had served the family from the beginning, and each year the daughter brought friends from her Eastern finishing school to spend their vacations. After her graduation they got into the habit of spending most of their winters in the city, living at the big fashionable hotel—the same one to which the bank official had asked Sam to lunch, and where he had declined to go because the folks were not fixed up quite good enough. During their city life Sam himself spent most of his time around the cattleman's exchange, and could only occasionally be coaxed into a dress suit; but his wife and daughter were welcome factors in all social activities of the community. Their clothes took a back seat to no one, and their big six-cylinder car was the last word in luxury. Apparently there was no need to worry over the future. Sam was worth more than two hundred thousand dollars above his debts, and the increase in his herd alone amounted to twenty-five thousand dollars a year.

All this the banker told me after Sam and his family had driven off in their dusty little flivver to do their trading and get a good start back to the sticks while it was still daylight. At present they are worth about fifty thousand dollars less than nothing; the bank has a mortgage on everything. But in spite of that the banker was optimistic.

"Old Sam is going to pay out," he remarked confidently.

I said I hoped he would, but it seemed a pretty hard case. People who have had a taste of luxury don't ordinarily like to buckle down and do the hard things of life, I reminded him.

No Money, But Plenty of Credit

"That's just where you're fooled," the banker interrupted. "If you want to know how real folks can get down to bed rock I'll tell you:

"Sam's folks could still go into any store here in the city and buy anything they want on credit, merely from their past reputation. But I personally know they haven't bought a thing during the last year except bare necessities, and they have scraped up the cash for that. They have rented the second floor of their ranch house to some people from the East who are staying there on account of the man's health. Sam's daughter is doing the cooking for both families. Her mother drives seven miles every day to a Swede settlement where she gives music lessons. Tomorrow morning at four o'clock if you were out on the ranch you could see old Sam himself routing out his little bunch of Mexicans and going out in the brush to burn prickly pear with the gasoline torches. If he can keep the stock going until we have some good rains it will save the almost prohibitive expense of shipping them to pastures in Oklahoma or Kansas.

"Sam and his folks are doing these things without an idea in the world that they will have a cent for themselves after the debts are cleaned up. It is simply that the bank loaned them money and they are staying on the job to try to pay it back."

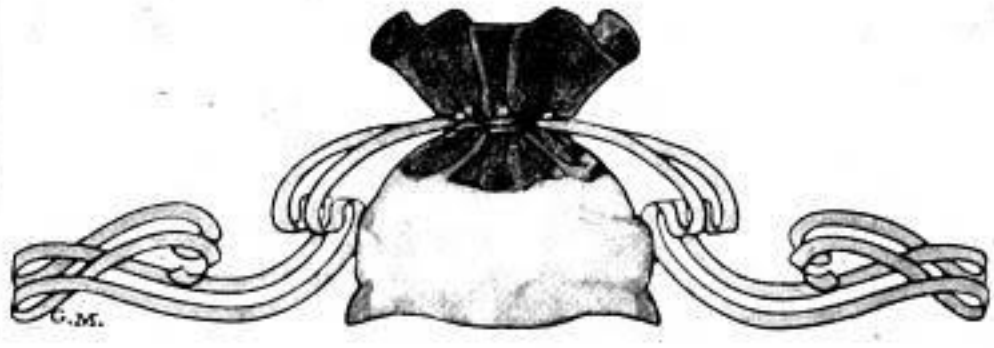
It seemed a gloomy outlook for Sam and his folks. I asked the banker what they could do when their present job was over. Perhaps, I suggested, the wife and daughter could get positions in town as teachers. But with his lack of city training, about the best Sam himself could expect would be a job as watchman somewhere.

The banker regarded me gravely.

"Yes, I believe Sam would make a good watchman," he said reflectively. "Anyhow, it's a cinch he would do his best. But Sam isn't going to be a watchman. He's going to be a cattleman."

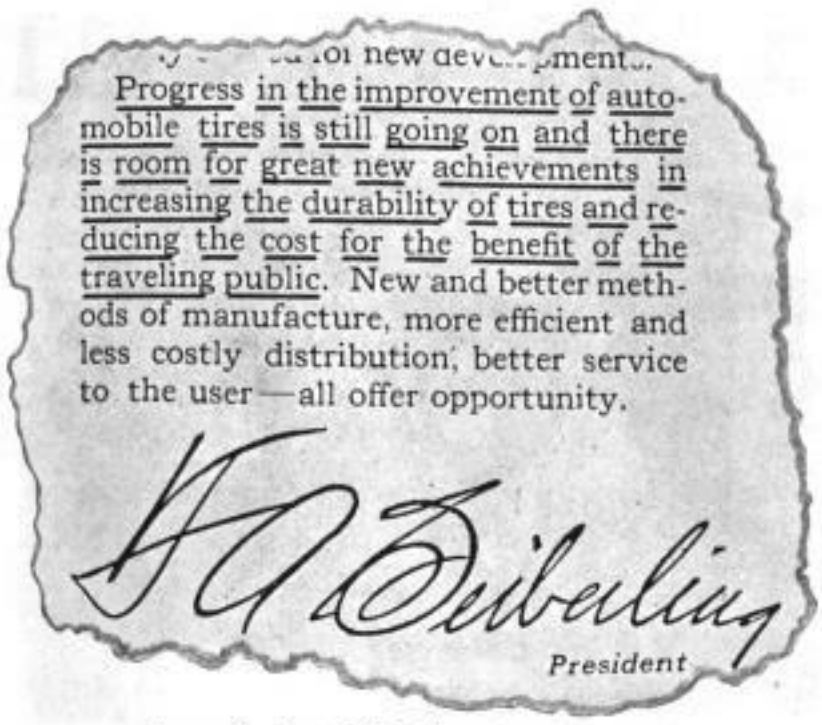
I said that would doubtless suit Sam better; but stated also that it takes money to be a cattleman, and Sam wouldn't have any money after he had cleaned up the bank's loan.

"Money!" snorted the banker. "Of course he won't have any money! But this bank will, and when that time comes his credit will be ace high. Maybe he doesn't know it, but out there in the sticks burning prickly pear old Sam is building up a reputation."



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Answering the Question—



From the first Seiberling advertisement in The Saturday Evening Post, January 7, 1922.

"Can It Be Done?"

When the statement of Mr. F. A. Seiberling reproduced here was made public last January, there were many no doubt who asked this question:

"Can it be done—can cord-tire quality, already highly developed, be still further improved and at the same time prices to the car owner reduced?"

The Seiberling organization, however, already knew from many years of cord-tire building not only that it could be done, but also how they would do it.

The Seiberling Cord, embodying in one tire the features which in the history of an industry had proven their worth, and adding to them new points of durability, was already being built.

A complete factory unit was being organized for production of clincher cords on a wholly new basis of economy in methods which made possible the April announcement of a *high-grade* cord for small cars at a price of $12.50.

Similar improvements in organization, methods and equipment in another Seiberling factory resulted in a sweeping reduction of prices in June on all *Seiberling Straight Side Cords* for larger cars.

Thus in six months the promise of better cords at lower cost was redeemed.

Only a new organization with old experience could have done this. Unhampered by obsolete methods and equipment, with extremely low plant investment in proportion to output, and with a wealth of inventive ability and practical tire experience, the Seiberling organization was able to give the motoring public an improved cord tire at prices that were without precedent.

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One Quality Only
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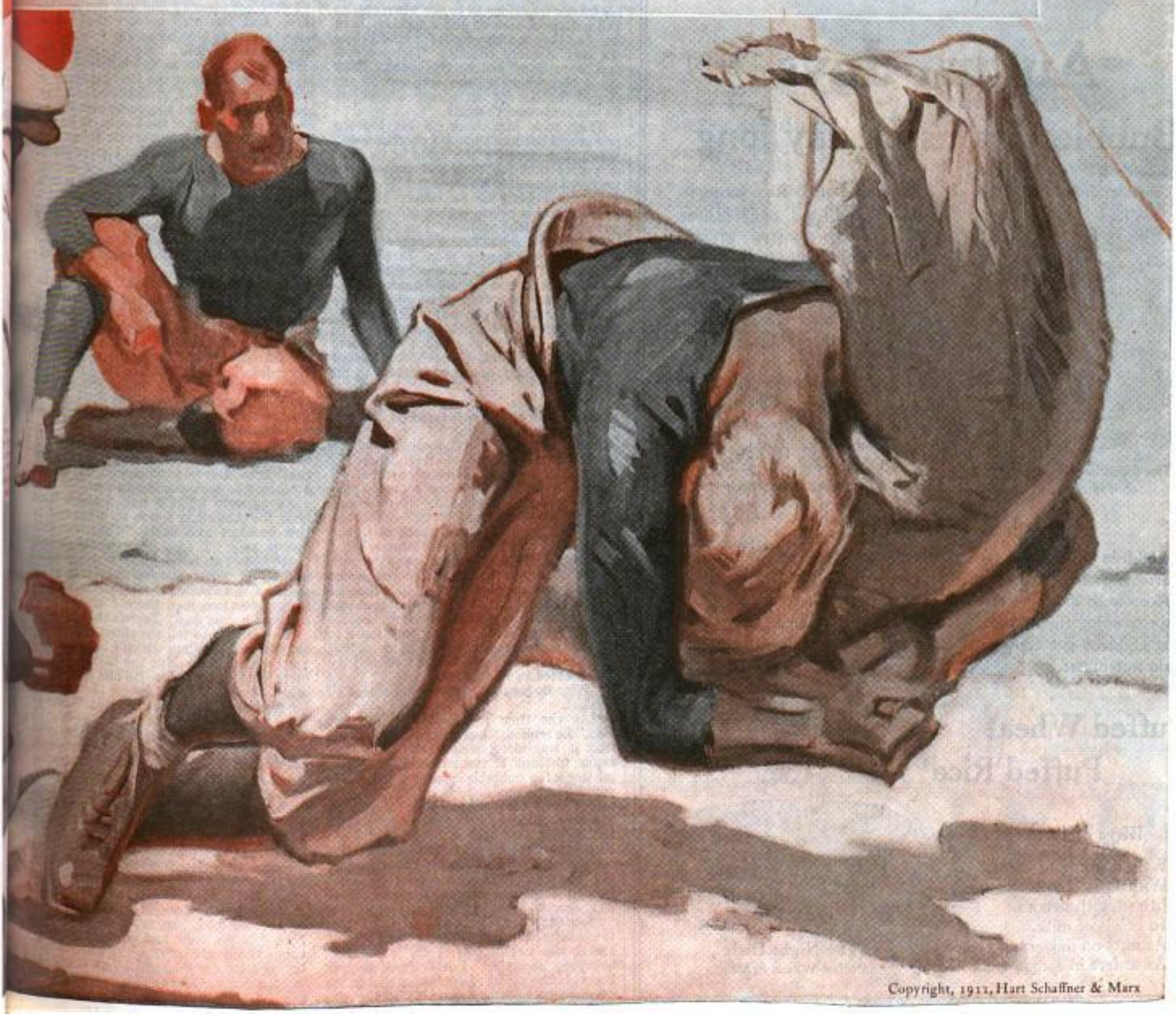
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The finest breakfast dainty children ever get

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Yet they are the greatest whole-grain foods that science has perfected. They are Prof. Anderson's inventions. Over 125 million steam explosions are caused in every kernel. Thus every food cell is blasted. Digestion is made easy and complete. All the grain elements feed.

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Puffed Wheat
Puffed Rice

Ways of serving

With cream and sugar.
With melted butter.
Mixed with berries.
In bowls of milk.
As nuts on desserts.
As wafers in soups.



The Night Dish
Puffed Wheat in Milk

CALLED TO THE COLOR

(Continued from Page 14)

it either. There are very few of the higher classes in Russia who have not spent some part of the past five years in prison or who have not been subjected throughout the entire period to vicious persecution.

The following day a detachment of Red soldiers came to get the boy, who was by that time delinquent in responding to the summons for military service, and finding him gone they first put the father through a severe grilling, then they took him along with them and threw him into prison. He was not put in a cell, but was thrust into a big room which he shared with a number of other men of all grades of society. Save for its unfortunate occupants this room was absolutely empty. It had in it neither beds nor bedding; there were no toilet arrangements of any kind, and not even water to drink. Twice each day the guards passed in a samovar with some tea and a ration of black bread; nothing else. There being no exit for anyone for any purpose at any time it is not too difficult to imagine the condition of the awful place. My friend told me that the atmosphere was literally asphyxiating and that he spent days on end standing with his face against the bars of a window through the casings of which he imagined a little fresh air might be seeping. He would stand up until he fell exhausted upon the filthy stone floor, and there, with his too numerous equally wretched companions, he would sleep.

They kept him in this place three weeks, not being humane enough even to answer his frantic questions as to the whereabouts and welfare of his wife and daughter; then one day they led him forth for trial before the revolutionary tribunal. The proceedings were short and to the point. They asked him where his son was and he answered that he did not know; whereupon he was sentenced to death.

They took him back to his hideous prison and left him there for another week. When they came for him again he thought of course that his time had arrived and prepared himself in his mind to face a firing squad as bravely as he could. He said good-by to his prison mates and marched out with the Red soldiers. But instead of being called upon to face a firing squad he was called upon once more to face the tribunal. This time he was bullied and browbeaten at considerable length, but he was too far gone from starvation, nerve strain, foul air, fatigue and utter hopelessness to have much fight left in him. In telling me about it he recalled the feeling of apathy by which he was overwhelmed and his curiously detached interest in his own fate.

Work for the Professional Men

Then he said, "They finally asked me whether or not I would tell them where my boy was if I knew. I answered that. I told them it was an unfair question and if they were trying to justify their decision to shoot me they would get no help of that kind from me. It was as much as to say that I wouldn't tell them, of course, but I didn't care. Then they questioned me with regard to my attitude toward the soviet government and asked me if I would be willing to serve it. My answer to that was that I would be glad to serve my people in any way I could. They sent me into another room, and at the end of about half an hour an officer came in and told me they had decided to release me."

"Why do you suppose they did that?" I asked.

"At the time I hadn't the remotest idea," he replied, "but I have since learned that it was along about then that they began to think of the advisability of permitting a few valuable citizens to live." He paused for a moment, then, laughing, he said, "I suppose you know that I am a very valuable citizen?" I nodded a cheerful acknowledgment and he went on: "When they sent me here to take charge of this institution I had no choice but to accept the position. But I was glad to do it because I wanted to get to work. There was almost nothing being done in any profession; everything was going to ruin; the confusion was perfectly bewildering and I was nearly out of my mind from worrying about it. I had lived, as you know, in the midst of courtesies and in the atmosphere of courts, and the thing was stupefying to me and to thousands of men like me. But I hoped for something that might come out of it. I wanted to serve and I assure you I have served in this place as devotedly and conscientiously as I could possibly do under any circumstances. As a matter of fact I am more conscientious than I would be if I were working merely for money and professional success. I am not serving the soviet government; I am serving my people. That is what I keep telling myself all the time. Professional honesty has become my religion. It is the religion I constantly preach to my colleagues and to men of other professions. Unless men of our class stand up and do everything in our power to hold things together there can be no hope for Russia!"

"Oh," I thought to myself, "what a strain! How have they ever lived through it?"

He was gaunt and gray. His beard hung in straggling wisps hiding a collarless throat. He wore an old blue serge suit that looked as though it might have been turned out by a first-class tailor some five or six years ago. His body had shrunk within it and he had the coat of it belted round him, Russian fashion, while his trousers were tucked into *valenkis*, the high felt boots peculiar to the winter costume of the Russian peasantry. But his hands, the delicate hands of a certain kind of scientist, were delicately kept.

A Chance the Doctor Missed

I dare not identify him any further than this. And you may be sure that I have been careful to hide him away in his story, which is not so difficult since he is only one among many, even as the father of a boy who refused to wear the Red helmet.

And speaking of professional services, has it ever occurred to you to wonder how an ordinary citizen of the Bolshevik Republic gets done the innumerable things that no man can do for himself? I am reminded immediately of a doctor I met one evening who proved to be a very interesting person. We were a small party sitting round a samovar having tea and discussing things in general when, as a kind of by-the-way, he told us about having been called that day to attend a certain celebrated commissar.

There was a little titled lady sitting on the floor feeding bits of wood into a feeble flame that was flickering on the hearth and she looked up to exclaim: "Good heavens, do you mean to tell me you had such an opportunity as that and didn't poison him! Why didn't you poison him?"

Everybody laughed while she sort of caved in comically over her little pile of splinters and murmured to herself: "What we lack is initiative!"

The doctor's answer was that he would not mind in the least helping to hang the gentleman after he got him well, but that as a patient he had nothing to fear.

As we were walking back home a little later the American I was with referred to this incident and said: "That was dangerous talk. I wish they wouldn't talk that way. You never know whom you are talking to. Anybody you meet may be an agent of the *checka* for all you know. And there were two men there I always have doubted a good deal. There's that ——"

He went on to tell me about a dark and sinister-looking chap whom I had not liked very well myself. But the lad was not to be taken too seriously. He had been in the midst of the situation longer than is good for the nerves. He had the Red Terror on his mind and seemed to think that even he was only just managing to keep a lap or so ahead of it. As regarded the Bolshevik secret service he permitted his imagination to get the better of his sense of proportion, as nearly anybody is likely to do under such circumstances. He said he thought he would have to stop associating with the countess because she was always saying something reckless and would be getting herself into serious trouble if she was not more careful. Not that he blamed her, he said. Nobody in Russia had better cause than she to be resentful and rebellious.

I agreed with him as to that; she had been through it all, and she told us herself about the latest outrage she had suffered, saying that she thought it was just about one too many. Only a short time before this she had been spending an evening with an

(Continued on Page 56)

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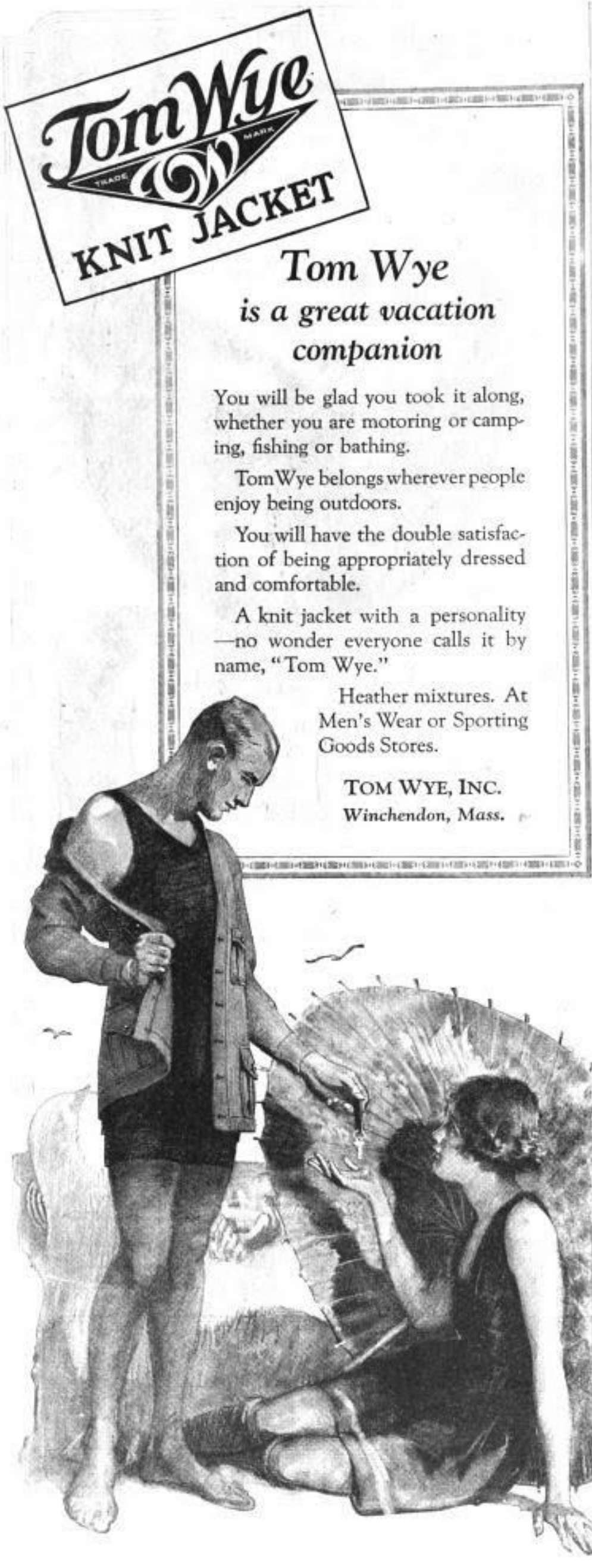
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(Continued from Page 54)

old lady friend a few blocks away from the house in which she lived and along about ten o'clock she started to walk home. She said she was horribly afraid, but since there was nobody to go with her she had to go alone. She was wearing what she described as the only thing of any value she had left in the world—a handsome fur coat.

She had gone about two blocks when a man came hurrying up behind her, slowed down and followed her for a short distance, then stepped up beside her and said: "I beg your pardon, madame; do not be afraid of me. You are going in my direction, and it is very unsafe for a lady to be alone on the street as late as this. Will you not permit me to walk with you?"

"What could I do?" she exclaimed in telling us about it. "I could only thank him and tell him I was nearly home. There didn't seem to be any reason for being rude to him. And besides, I was afraid to be rude."

When they reached her house she thanked him for his courtesy and turned to open her door, when he said, "Aren't you going to invite me in?" That frightened her, but she maintained her polite attitude and assured him that she would be glad to do so if it were not so late.

"My only reason for asking," he replied, "is that I dislike very much to have you take your coat off out here in the cold. But I'm afraid I shall have to ask you to let me have it. I'm not a Bolshevik; I'm a gentleman; or, rather, I was; everything I ever had has been taken away from me, and one must live. I only wished to see you safely home before asking you for your coat because it is very cold and you needed it. I hope you will not make it necessary for me to lay hands upon you."

"I slipped out of it and handed it to him," said the countess. "And you should have seen him when he bowed to me and walked away! He was the most extraordinary creature! But," she added ruefully, "I have nothing now but a sweater and an old raincoat."

This is a digression from my point of wondering how people get done the things they cannot do for themselves, due to my having thought first, as one naturally would, about doctors. There are certain loose thinkers of the communistic persuasion who contend that there is nothing in the nature of personal service that anyone should require of another. But what does such a person do about sending for a doctor when he is ill? What does he do when his teeth need attention? How does he manage when he begins to need the services of an oculist? Who mends his shoes? How does he get his hair cut? How does he get his meals cooked—if any? How does he get his washing done?

Rules Without Rulers

There is not a good communist in the world who will not treat me to a smile of patient tolerance in answer to these questions and say that of course all such things are fully covered in communist rules and regulations, and I would say that I am quite aware of this, but am nevertheless interested in the methods employed to enforce these rules and regulations. Such enforcement can be accomplished by means of Red tyranny and terrorism, to be sure, but Red tyranny and terrorism have their limits, as has been demonstrated many times, whereas I believe it cannot be demonstrated that a horse having been led to water can be made to drink. You can lay any man's work out for him, but who is to guarantee that he will do it to the best of his ability? Why should not the ruined and unremunerated doctor have poisoned the communist dictator?

I am not now going into detail with regard to such organization of professions as I was permitted to observe. As a matter of fact my mind is very weary with thinking of the tremendous complications that go to make up the delightful simplicities of life in the one and only communist state, and I want merely to browse along for an interval, remembering only incidents [and people. Before I went to Russia a good many practical questions occurred to me and, not wishing to have to encounter any of them on my own account, I took such of them as might happen to concern me into due consideration in making my preparations for the trip. Among other things I arranged for an extra session with my dentist. I thought of this as being nothing more than a wise precaution because I was reasonably sure that my teeth were in proper condition. But I thought it might be just as well to have them jabbed at a little and thoroughly examined. And he found it! My toothbrush and everything hot, cold or sweet had been finding it for quite a while, but I had been persuading myself to believe that it was nothing but a sensitive surface. It was a tiny spot in an eyetooth right up at the point where the nerve connects with the top of my head.

"Here-re-re!" I said, sliding away down out of reach of the little steel toothpick. My dentist is one of these laughing dentists and he leaned up against his instrument cabinet and laughed.

"That's a nasty one," he said, "but we've got to get after it." Who is there who has never heard a dentist say that?

"What is it?" I asked, coming slowly up off the small of my back.

"It's what is known in technical terminology as a cav.ty," he replied.

"But it's right up next to the nerve," I tearfully expostulated.

"Yes," said he; "most cavities are."

He thought it was funny. We fought over it. He set the buzzer going and pointed it at me, and the sight of a buzzer makes all my teeth ache whether there is anything the matter with them or not.

Then he began to talk about my complexes and about how he always had admired my fortitude and—"Yah-h-h!"

The American Dentists

"But you know," he said, "you simply must let me get a deep-enough excavation to hold the filling. Otherwise it won't stay in, and suppose it should come out over there in Russia; what would you do?"

I wondered; but at the same time I cajoled him into doing just a little less buzzing than he ought to have done, and, sure enough, the day before I reached Moscow I brushed the filling out. After which it was much worse than it was before he discovered it. He had ground in pretty deep, you see, and as a consequence I had occasion frequently to believe that that particular tooth was trying to get into communication with Mars.

All of which unimportant detail is for the purpose of emphasizing the seriousness of my predicament. Merely to say that I had a misfortune with a tooth might be sufficient, but it would convey nothing of the trouble and pain and worry the misfortune cost me. It was bitter cold weather; I was just starting on a long trip to the Volga Valley and into Eastern Russia, and every time I opened my mouth outdoors I had to muffle it with something to keep the air from striking that torturing spot. I had to find a dentist.

I went to the medical director of the American Relief Administration and asked if he knew of one I could go to in Moscow, and he laughed and said, "Why, sure! There's one of the best American dentists in Europe right round the corner!"

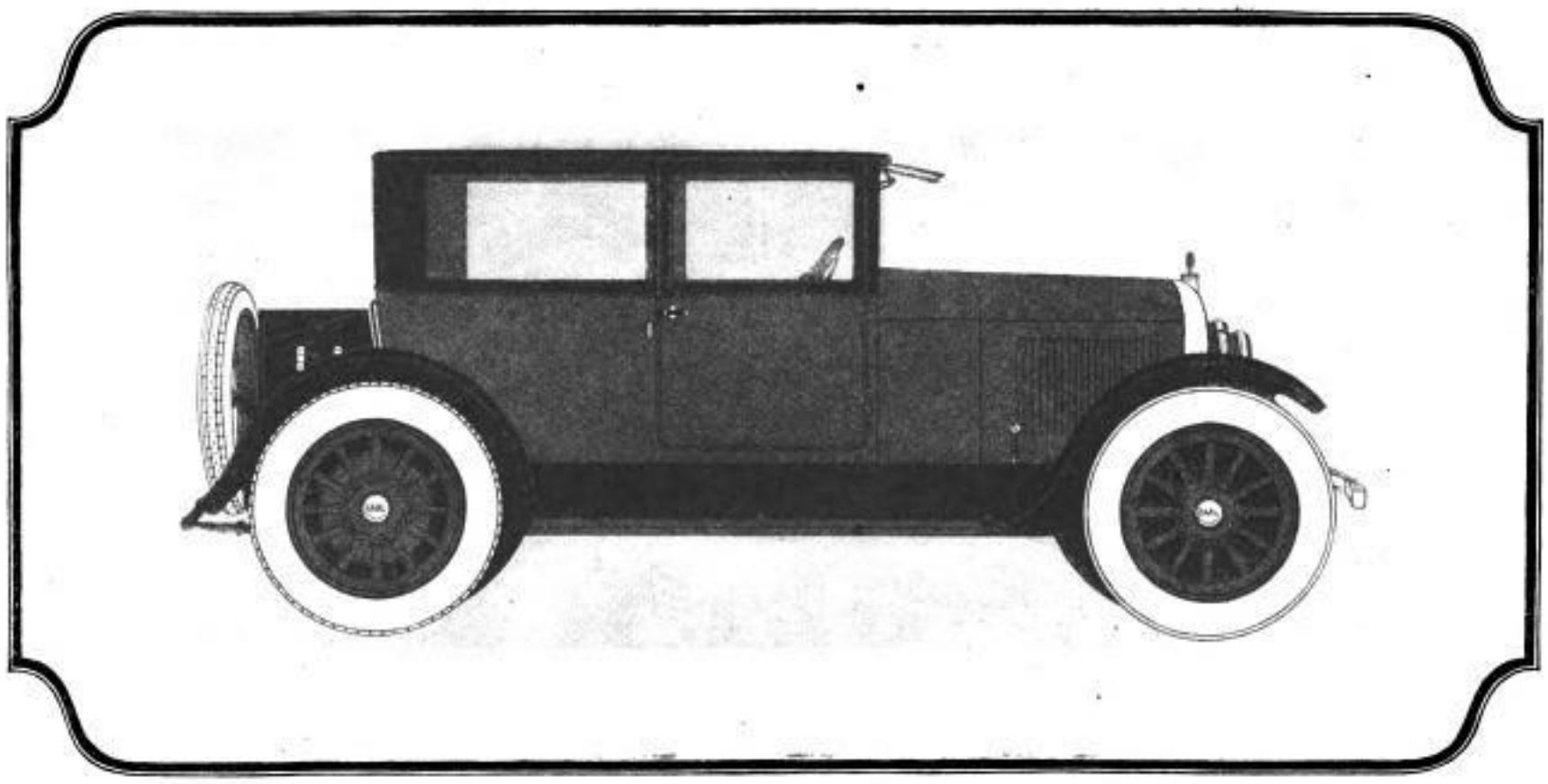
Now wasn't that wonderful! The doctor and I had an engagement to make a tour together round about town inspecting American feeding stations, hospitals, refugee camps, food and medical warehouses and all that sort of thing, and he said that on the way out we would stop and make an appointment for me with the dentist. We went round the corner, down the street a little way and then drove into a wide court that was surrounded on three sides by an apartment building which reminded me in a pinched and narrowed kind of way of the Palace of Versailles. There were numerous entrances with numbers over the doors. We found our number and entered a dingy hallway that looked as though it had not been cleaned for years. It probably had not. Indeed, it looked a good deal like a hallway in an empty building out of which a lot of very untidy people had just been moving. That is what all Russia reminds one of.

An excellent comparison! I only just thought of it. It describes Russia better than anything that has ever occurred to me before. Russia is like a partly emptied country out of which a great many untidy people have recently moved, leaving their litter behind them. Everything in Soviet Russia is dirty. This is a thing always to be remembered in any attempt that anyone may make to visualize the Russian situation.

We climbed three flights of dirty stairs and found the name plate of the American dentist on a door opening on the fourth

(Continued on Page 59)

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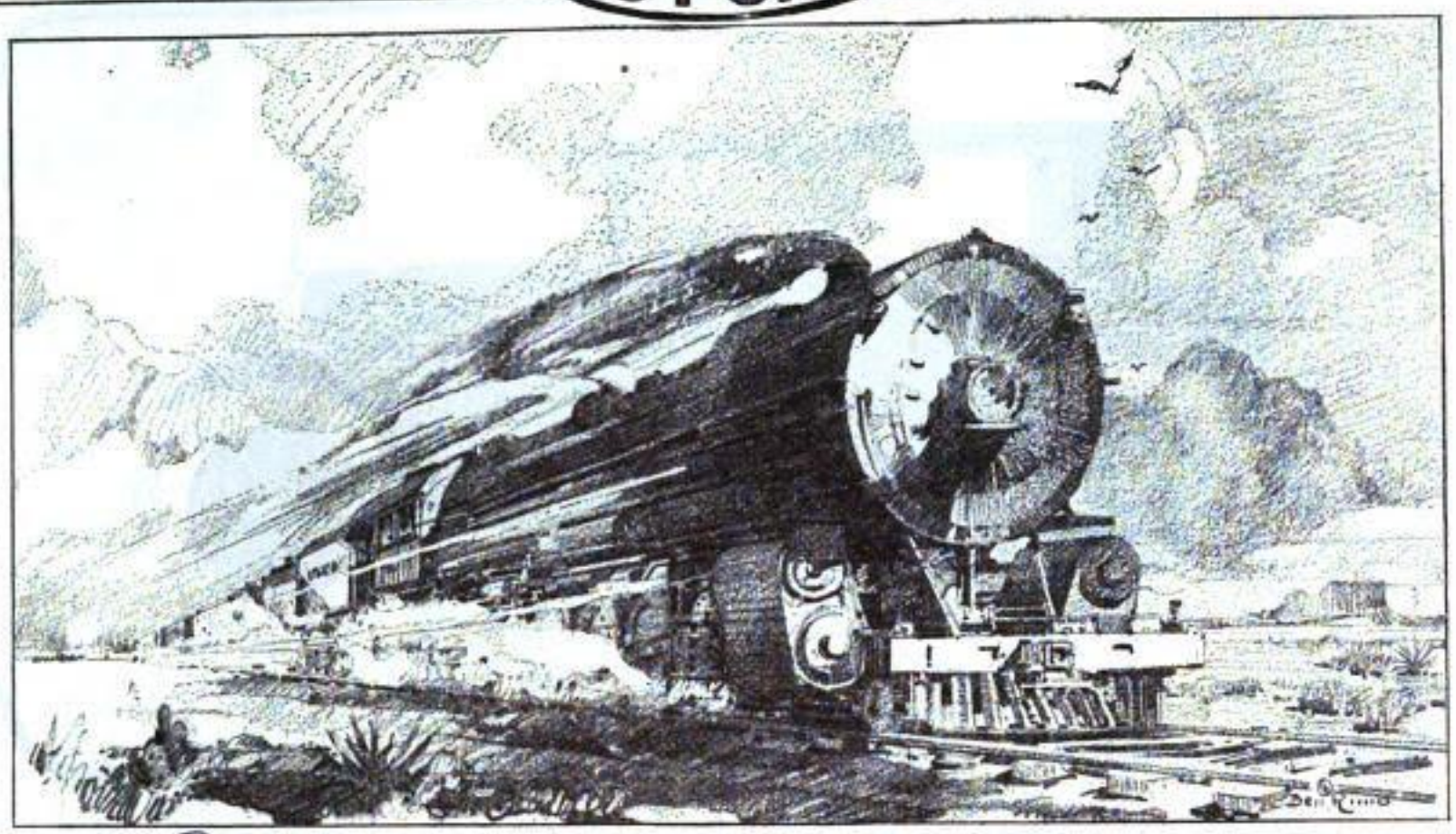
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TRADE DU PONT MARK

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(Continued from Page 56)

landing. We rang the bell. Did a neat little dentist's nurse appear; or a boy in buttons; or even a frowzy proletarian maid? Not at all. The dentist himself appeared and sidled out onto the landing as much as to say that that was the only reception room he had and would we please excuse him. He had a patient in the chair and some other engagements and would see me at five o'clock.

Ordinarily five o'clock would be pretty late for an appointment with the dentist, but in Soviet Russia they are not content with just one hour of daylight saving. They make it three hours, so that five o'clock time is really only two o'clock sun time.

Moreover, they keep daylight saving going the year round, so that even in wintertime it doesn't begin to get dark until very late and if you are in the habit of going to bed at a reasonable hour you are likely to get an impression that Russian daylight is almost perpetual.

Again the dentist answered his doorbell, and I was ushered into the queerest den that any man of his profession ever lived and worked in. In a corner facing a window there was a battered old dental chair with the paint knocked off it and bits of stuffing sticking out through holes in its upholstery. Alongside of it was an equally banged-up cabinet filled with rusty instruments, while on the other side was a small table on which there was a bourgeoica and a pan of boiling water containing instruments that were not rusty.

The Scene-Shifting Dentist

A bourgeoica is a small sheet-iron stove. Or it may be only a five-gallon gasoline can with a little door at one end and a hole in the top to let out the smoke. It is an institution in Soviet Russia and is an invention of the kind of which necessity is the mother. In the communistic habitations of the ruined and homeless bourgeoisie it takes the place of both heating arrangements and the kitchen range. Nearly everybody makes his own bourgeoica out of whatever materials he may be able to come by, and in social circles it provides a topic of conversation of never-ending interest. Their habits and the various methods employed to regulate them are matters of primary importance. Its name, bestowed upon it in ironical derision, denotes its relationship to the general scheme of things. It burns nothing but tiny bits of wood and is therefore very economical, but when it is first set going it smokes considerably, with the result that practically every bourgeois home in Russia—such as it is—smells as though its flues were badly out of order. It is capable of bringing the average winter temperature in a fair-sized room up to zero, or maybe to ten degrees above, and this is as much comfort as the bourgeoisie are expected to require. This sounds like an exaggeration, but it is not. It would be impossible to exaggerate any phase of the tragedy that has befallen Russia.

I could see my breath in the dentist's operating room. It was also his living room and dining room and bedroom and kitchen and pantry, to say nothing of its being his clothes closet and storeroom. Everything was piled helter-skelter: books and pictures, odds and ends of furniture, clothes and bedding, cooking utensils; it was an awful mess. The space in the immediate vicinity of the dental chair looked as though it had been cleared for an emergency. And so it had. I sat myself down very gingerly. The only thing that gave me any confidence at all was the vessel of boiling water with the instruments in it. I knew I could get no infection from instruments so treated.

He picked one of them out with a pair of tweezers and while he held it up to cool he said, "You mustn't mind the confusion I seem to be living in. I'm not quite settled down yet. I've been in jail for two years and only just got out a short time ago."

I was too stunned for an instant to rise to the occasion.

I merely smiled and said, "Is that so? What were you in jail for?"

"I don't know," he answered. "They never took the trouble to tell me."

He was attacking the little cavity with a buzzer that he worked with his foot. Incidentally, I think that kind of buzzer is to be preferred to the electrical variety. It takes the mind of the operator off his job just a bit and it doesn't make the needle go round quite so fast. I explained that the cavity didn't amount to much and suggested that he leave it alone and just chuck a little cement into it.

"You are evidently able to get away with that sort of thing with your own dentist," he said, "but you can't do it with me. Either I'll fill it right or I'll not fill it at all."

I appreciated his professional high-mindedness, but —— Anyhow, there was the trip out to the Volga; there was the bitter cold weather; there were the frequent signals to Mars; I had no choice. He finally got what he called a decent hold. It was awful, and all the time he was mumbling along saying things that sounded irrational. He spoke as unconcernedly about terrific experiences as though such experiences were commonplaces to be expected in the life of any man. He talked about the fearful conditions existing in Bolshevik prisons as though he were apologizing for them and promising that they would be improved. He had a good deal to say about a dental organization of some kind and this led him on to a consideration of the almost insuperable obstacles that lay between every man's job and his necessary food supply. He was analytical in a language that was new to me. He was like something in a strange topsy-turvy dream.

He was leaning against the wall mixing some enamel on a little glass block when he said, "At that, I guess I can shift scenery better than I can fill teeth."

"What do you mean, shift scenery?"

"Oh, I'm a boss scene shifter. That was my job all the time I was in jail. These bolos are bears for art, you know, and they've kept the ballet and the theaters going right along. At first they got the population pretty well scrambled, but it is beginning to straighten itself out now. Nearly everybody I know is getting back to where he belongs. I don't know why they put me in a scene-shifting gang, but I'm glad they did. I liked it. I learned a lot of things I never knew before. The only thing that really worried me was ruining my hands. They were always dirty and rough, and I'm only beginning now to get them back where they are clean enough for this kind of work."

Irrelevantly I asked him, "Did they take all your property away from you?"

"Oh, yes," he replied with the utmost nonchalance; as much as to say: "What's a little property between friends?"

He had to hurry with the enamel before it began to harden, so he had me down with my mouth full of gauze and was gently pressing the cold foreign substance in against the sensitive nerve when he said, "But never mind; it has been a great experience; expensive and sometimes pretty awful, but nearly always entertaining. Everybody asks me why I don't go back to the United States. But why should I? I've been practicing dentistry here for nearly thirty years; I love Russia and the Russians almost as much as if I were a Russian myself. I have witnessed one of the greatest dramas in the history of the world. I've been a part of it. It isn't nearly finished yet, and I want to stay and see it through."

The filling he put in is still there.

Women Street Cleaners

The code of communistic law under which the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic functions declares that all citizens shall be subject to compulsory labor. This sounds considerably like a tyranny imposed principally upon the proletariat that is supposed to have become itself the exclusive lawmaking section of the social organization, but one is compelled to believe that a good many of the Bolshevik laws were promulgated without reference to the proletariat in any way and for the purpose solely of providing an instrument with which to wreak a spiteful vengeance upon all persons who could not or would not qualify as proletarians under the definition adopted. Because of the almost complete cessation of industry of all kinds—I have in mind great industrial sections of cities with never a wisp of smoke rising from any smokestack—the compulsory-labor law is nowadays a good deal of a dead letter, not to say a mockery. But during the first years of the Bolshevist régime it operated with considerable regularity, and especially against the classes of people who had never done anything in the way of manual labor, who had no vocations, who belonged to no unions and were therefore without soviet representation. Among such people may be counted the members of the nobility and aristocracy, former business men of all kinds, with their wives and daughters, and the few merely idle rich.

All these were at the complete mercy of the People's Commissariat of Labor, and it is an actual fact that for such work as cleaning streets or shoveling snow the first choice fell upon the women of these grades of society, whose weak backs and delicate hands were a favorite subject of ridicule in Bolshevik circles. And it is a good deal of a commentary on the character of the soviet government that to this day one sees a good many more women than men engaged in hard labor. Indeed, it seemed to me that the women were doing most of the work. Wherever there was work of any kind being done I observed that women were employed, while a very common spectacle was a street thronged with idle men in which gangs of women were engaged in shoveling snow and cleaning the ice out of the street-car tracks.

A great many men of the classes upon which the wrath of the Bolsheviki fell most heavily escaped by the simple expedient of shedding their own identity and making a sudden plunge into the social maelstrom. There is plenty of hiding room in a population of more than one hundred and fifty millions. One such man in a certain place—a boy, really, about twenty-two years of age—maneuvered through the personnel of the American Relief Administration for an introduction to me. He wanted nothing but that I should do for him something that he could not possibly do for himself and that nobody could do who lives in Russia. He wanted me to buy an American food package and have it delivered to a girl friend of his.

Prince and Pauper

You see, the regulations of the A. R. A. forbid the direct sale of food packages, as well as the sale of food to or through any member of the American personnel. It is a food-remittance business and purchases must be made by persons on the outside for the benefit of somebody on the inside specifically designated. Otherwise the operation would resolve itself into a wholesale-grocery business, minus the philanthropic features that serve to maintain it as a tremendous agency for the relief of actual distress.

I sent word to the young man that I would see him. He sent back an apologetic message to the effect that he would have to come to me more or less as a thief in the night and asked if I would be willing to receive him that evening at ten o'clock. I returned a verbal answer through his messenger that I would, and at ten o'clock he arrived. He was a prince of the former realm of Russia. I knew this. There are a good many persons in Russia today who are posing as something they never were in endeavors to curry favor with noncommunistic foreigners who may happen to be passing in and out; but there was no doubt about this lad, even though at the moment he was nothing but a common laborer in a shop. The name he had chosen to assume meant nothing at all.

He called on me in his workman's greasy blouse and with his trousers tucked into the tops of more than ordinarily disreputable-looking boots. He was a fine upstanding specimen of young manhood nevertheless, and with the manners, naturally, of a gentleman. Such manners would not necessarily betray a man in Russia. They are not uncommon even in the lowest ranks of society.

He kissed my hand ceremoniously, then spreading his own hand out and looking at it he laughed and said: "Madame, I should apologize; not for my clothes, because I have no others, but for my hands. I really did try to make them clean to come to see you, but you can't wash off the Bolshevik make-up. It has to wear off. You might say I am hiding behind my own finger nails. As long as one is sufficiently dirty in Soviet Russia one is comparatively safe. I suppose you know that."

We sat down at a small table where I had been writing, and he proceeded to tell me his story. It was tragic enough, but he was so young and so evidently able to take care of himself that I wasted no sympathy on him on his own account. I had already been told that he was the son of a certain nobleman who was executed in the early days and that he was the rightful owner of large estates that had been expropriated. He was a healthy-minded youth, however, and did not seem to feel at all sorry for himself. In fact, he laughed a good deal at his own experience and became very serious only when I asked him how he had escaped service in the Red Army.

"I didn't escape," he said. "I served two years, but I was in a technical corps and didn't do much harm."

He was plainly embarrassed. I was sorry afterward that I did not go on and get that part of his story in some detail, but with the tragedy of his father in my mind I felt some embarrassment about it myself, so I merely smiled and asked him what it was he wanted me to do for him.

"Oh, if you only would!" he exclaimed. "I have a girl friend. She is about two years younger than I. The estate of her family adjoined my father's estate"—he named the location—"and we grew up together. I was an only child, but there were four of them, so I went to school in their schoolroom. I spent more time with her than with anyone. I had an English governess who made me speak English as far back as I can remember and who taught English to the others. I speak good English? Yes? I speak it better than I speak Russian really. I like it better. My governess used to take us for picnics in the woods in summertime and she was a great sport in winter when there was tobogganing and skating and that sort of thing.

"When the war began, everything was changed, of course, and it seems to me that everything has been changing ever since. I was not quite sixteen, and Sonia was about fourteen. Her elder brothers had been sent away to the university already, and were old enough to join up. I don't know what became of them; killed very likely. In 1916 my mother died and I was sent to an officers' school to begin my training for the army. That was where I was when the revolution came. You will remember that after that everything went along more or less as usual for about six months, then came the Bolshevik *coup d'état* and the beginning of the present situation. My regiment—it was the regiment I belonged to by hereditary right—went to pieces at the front. Most of its officers belonged to the nobility and they either escaped or were shot. A few of them accepted service in the Red Army in order to save themselves, but not many. I kept in touch all the time with a friend of my father and it was he who advised me after my father was shot to lose myself and become a proletarian. It was not difficult. The confusion was so great that it was as though the whole country had gone stark raving crazy and one could do almost anything. All I did was to wander round for a while, then apply for registration in a soviet and claim that I had lost my identification papers. It was very risky, but nothing happened to me except that I was soon drafted into the Red Army."

In a Theatrical Soviet

I could not quote him at such length except for the fact that I sat there and wrote down nearly everything he said. By doing this I rather cramped his style of narrative, but it was an interesting story, no matter how he told it. I had to promise him that I would guard my notes very carefully and that I would not mention any names. He went on to say that he managed every once in a while to see his father's friend and that through him he got news from his home.

"Our neighbor's estate, as well as our own, was confiscated of course, and Sonia came finally to the city and went into a theater. She is a very pretty girl and has a good deal of talent. We used to have private theatricals a lot when we were children and she always said she was going to be an actress. But this is not the way for her to be an actress. She's a member of a theatrical soviet and she gets a salary of three million rubles a month. She got a fairly good *paiok* for a while, but the government, as you know, has almost stopped supplying food rations and she is—well, she must either starve or do what so many girls are doing. Enough bread for a single meal costs a hundred thousand rubles; a pair of the cheapest kind of shoes cost five million rubles. What does a salary of three million rubles a month amount to! She is living in one terrible little room, doing everything for herself—her own washing, cooking, cleaning, everything—rehearsing long hours every day and playing every

(Continued on Page 62)

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(Continued from Page 59)

night, and she is always hungry. Since I have been working I have been giving her part of my *paiok*, but it isn't much, and what I want you to do is to send her an American food package. I must even ask you to pay for it, because I haven't any money at all. My wages amount to two million rubles a month. For two million rubles I can now get just one American dollar, and it takes ten American dollars to buy a food package. What can I do? I must beg! When I heard about you and that you would soon be going out to Riga I made up my mind that I must see you and ask you to do this. I ——"

"That's all right," I said. "I'll see that she gets food if you will give me her name and address, but how about the other girls in the theaters? Aren't they all very much in the same predicament?"

"Yes, practically all of them," he answered. "They just don't get enough to eat!"

I remembered the story I had just heard about Chaliapin, to which I have already referred. He had returned to Russia only a few days before and everybody was greatly excited over the prospect of an opera season with him as the chief attraction. On the way in from the outside world he had bought, or had had somebody buy for him, a number of food packages and a package for each member of his family, and when it came to making his contract with the soviet government he agreed to sing only on condition that he be paid in food. Everybody I knew was laughing about this at the time and accusing Chaliapin of being somewhat excessively famine-shy. He is the idol of the people and it is not likely that he would ever be permitted to want for anything. It is said that he is one of very few persons who are permitted to live in real luxury. He has a splendid home in Petrograd and another in Moscow, and neither of them has ever been touched.

After my encounter with the interesting young scion of a once noble house I made an inquiry about the conditions under which the girls and women in the theaters were living, and learned that in a great many instances they were worse than his mild suggestions would lead one to suspect. Through the efforts of the A. R. A. and other organizations a good deal of relief is reaching them now, but as long as economic chaos continues in Russia and general conditions, as a consequence, go on being what they are, all such people will be in dire need of any assistance they may be able to get.

How to Forward Food

Since I came out of Russia I have been appealed to many times for advice by both friends and strangers who have wanted to contribute to Russian relief, but who had not known just how to go about it. The needs of the great mass of the actually starving or utterly destitute are being met by the American Relief Administration and affiliated organizations in as complete measure as is physically possible in view of the limitations of transportation facilities, but provision has been made for the continued operation of the food-remittance division of the A. R. A., and my advice to everybody is to contribute through any completely identified and demonstrably dependable organization that is working for the betterment of conditions under which the professional classes in Russia are living, or to send whatever they may be able to give to the American Relief Administration, 42 Broadway, New York, earmarked for the Emergency Food Remittance Fund. Through this agency you can buy five or ten dollars' worth of food and say that you want it delivered to a doctor or a lawyer, an actor or an actress, an engineer, a dentist, a biologist, an ornithologist, a teacher of Greek, an architect or artist; any kind of person you may happen to have a special interest in. The organization in Russia will reach out and find your beneficiary for you, and you may be sure that the person selected will need your assistance with a very great need. He will be bewildered by your interest in him, but he will be grateful and you will get an acknowledgment from him as well as from the Relief Administration. You will know that your five or ten dollars' worth of food has reached the right spot. The system works like a time clock in an office building. You punch it and it registers just what you expected it to.

I had not been in Moscow twenty-four hours when I was invited to go to the ballet. It is an actual fact that when two gentlemen of the A. R. A. called on me I was attacking the interstices of a very dirty pink sateen mattress with the poison gas provided for that purpose. In London I had decided against carrying with me a folding cot although I was told that I might regret it. But why should I? Russia was a civilized country, was it not? These were the questions I asked. Only twice in my life had I carried with me a folding cot; once in China on a long trip into somewhat remote regions, and once in the wilds of Northern Luzon. On neither occasion did I have half the reason so to burden myself that I encountered in Russia. One of the A. R. A. gentlemen sat on the lukewarm radiator and the other one stood up. Neither of them would have dreamed of sitting on the bed. One gets to be curiously cautious in Russia. I occupied the only chair and was glad to see them, even in such unconventional surroundings.

Said one of them, "We came along to bid you welcome to this delectable land and to ask if you wouldn't like to go to the ballet with us tonight."

"The what!" says I.

"The ballet," says he.

Mind you, I had been in Moscow only a few hours then, so to me nearly everything was more or less of a surprise.

"Do you mean to tell me," I exclaimed, "that in the midst of all this the Moscow Ballet continues to function?"

"Well, rather!" he replied.

"Is it any good?"

"Simply superb!"

The Imperial Theater

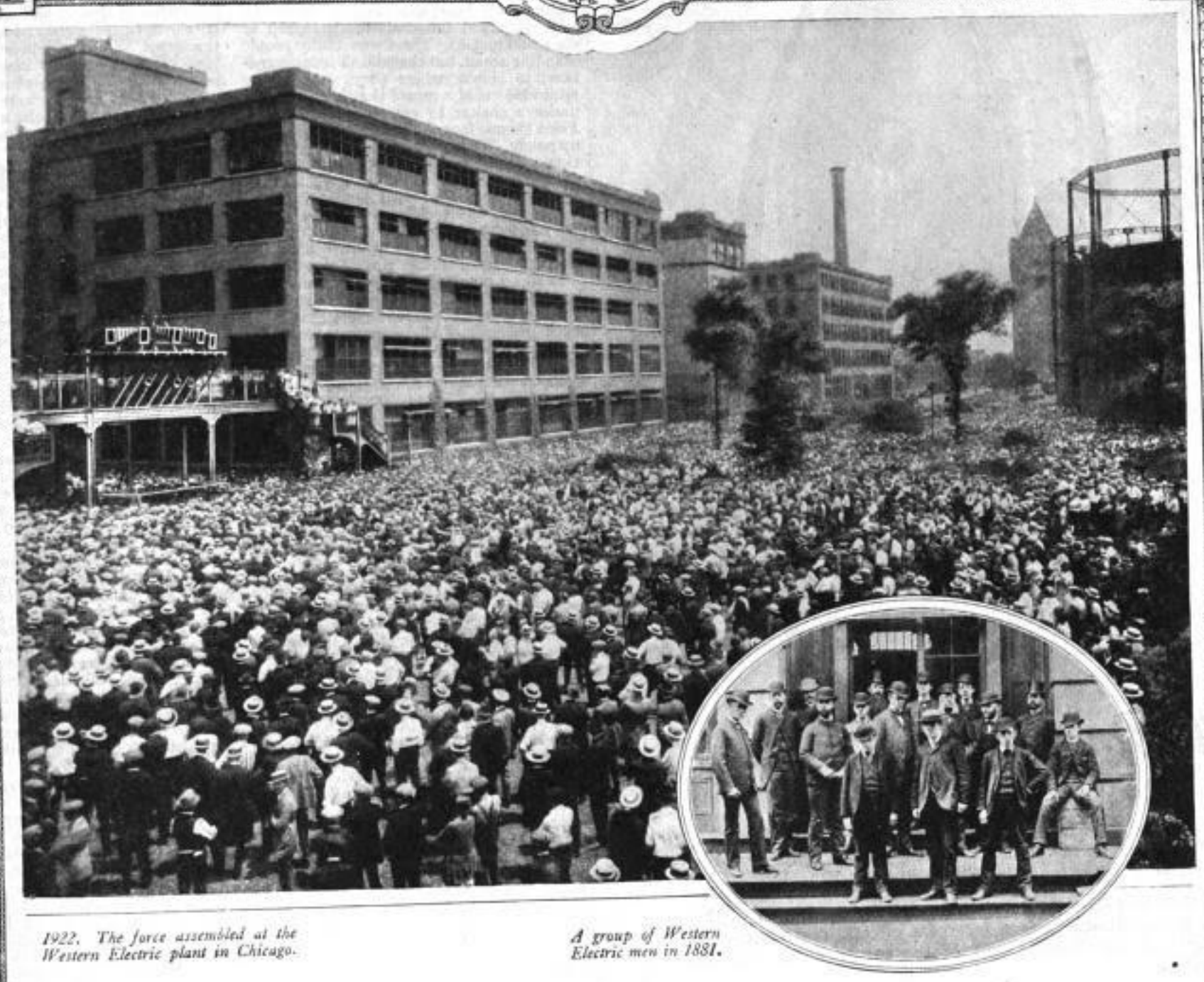
Whereupon the two of them began to discuss the bill for the evening, its artistic merits and the merits of the artists who were to present it. They spoke of Madame So-and-So and agreed that her dancing was incomparable, but that in pantomimic ability she was pretty weak in comparison with certain other stars. They were talking ragtime so far as I was concerned and I sat listening to them, wide-eyed with astonishment. I looked out of my grimy window upon an amazing scene. There were some women down in the street hitched with ropes to small sleds loaded with firewood. It was the heart of the city, but there was no other traffic in sight. I listened to the vast silence that had succeeded the city's roar. I lifted my eyes to the snow-blanketed roofs and looked here and there, searching the space within my range of vision for points remembered. The narrow street led out into the spacious theater square, at one end of which stands the stately Imperial Theater with its splendid portico and its pediment crowned by a colossal group representing Phœbus in the Chariot of the Sun.

I recalled one wonderful evening I had spent in that theater witnessing a special and gala performance of Russian ballet that was attended by Moscow's most brilliant social throng. The theater seats four thousand people. It has five balconies in the form of a great horseshoe and is decorated in red and gold with innumerable lights reflected in a myriad crystal tasselings and pendants. There is an imperial box surmounted by the crown and double eagle of the Romanoffs in the middle of the horseshoe, while two tiers of crimson-draped and handsomely gilded boxes flank the stage. These also were used in the old days by the imperial family. The late Czar never liked to sit in the box in the middle of the horseshoe in any theater.

The performance was to begin at half past seven, so they called for me betimes in a big American car that belonged to the transportation service of the Relief Administration. This interested me. Indeed, being privileged to ride around in a big American automobile that was clean and well-kept never ceased to interest me because it afforded me advantages of observation that I might not otherwise have enjoyed. It enabled me to make illuminating comparisons. There used to be as many handsome cars per population in Moscow as in any other city, to say nothing of innumerable taxicabs; but I am writing about the first quarter of this year, 1922, and by that time they had all gone the way of nearly everything else of practical value, and only a sufficient number were in evidence to serve the needs of the soviet officials. These—all looking a good deal the worse for wear—together with a few Red Army lorries, were the only motor vehicles to be seen.

(Continued on Page 64)

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BUDD Michelin STEEL WHEELS

(Continued from Page 62)

There were numerous carts and droshkies, little one-horse sleighs and lumbering wagons, but practically everything in use for traffic purposes was in a state of extraordinary dilapidation.

We drove up under the beautiful Ionic portico. My heart was fairly in my mouth with palpitant interest. It all looked so dark and unused. There were many people standing about, but they didn't seem, somehow, to belong where they were. They reminded me of a crowd that had gathered under a shelter to escape from a storm. Faint gleams from little side lights lit them up palely. We had to push our way through closed doors, with shoving people coming and going. The dim-lit foyer was thronged. We went up a bare stone stairway to the second tier, on which our box was located. We hurried to our places in order that we might be in time for me to have a look at the audience before the curtain went up.

It was a boastfully proletarian audience for the most part, but in spots it displayed a budding ambition to be bourgeois. A great majority of the men were in workmen's blouses and wore shaggy sheepskin caps, but there were plenty of ordinary business suits and a few dinner jackets. I counted five and I suppose there must have been a good many more. They were very conspicuous. The women were more interesting. One saw everything from bobbed hair and smocked frocks or frankly peasant costumes up to bare shoulders rising out of odds and ends of colorful finery.

I asked a great many eager questions. I wanted to know who was occupying the imperial boxes and was told that they were given each night to a different soviet to be disposed of among the workers. They were packed with people, none of whom seemed to share anybody's ambition to be bourgeois. Indeed they looked to me like people who were made up to represent the downtrodden element. A number of them were leaning on the box rails reading newspapers and I learned afterward that to read a newspaper in a public place was a swagger thing to do. It was supposed to mark a man as being specially intelligent, or as a party man interested in soviet governmental procedures. There are no newspapers in Russia except those that are either issued or controlled by the soviet government.

Nearly everybody kept his cap on throughout the evening, and the atmosphere, though clammy cold, was redolent of the great unwashed. I was face to face with the dictatorship of the proletariat. It was fascinating, but in thinking of what it was costing the big majority of the Russian people I found it rather fearful.

A Magnificent Ballet

The curtain went up and I could not restrain an exclamation of astonishment and delight. The curtain went up on a stage setting as magnificent as any the Metropolitan Opera House in New York ever exhibited. I need not say that the art of the dancers was the art that the rest of the world has been endeavoring for a good many years to imitate. It was the utmost, and represented whole lives of labor on the part of the artists and such training as is known to no other company of people on earth. In witnessing Russian ballet on its native heath one knows that the girl with the gauze wings in the fifth row back can probably dance almost as well as Pavlova, lacking only Pavlova's interpretative intelligence, her creative genius. You get no jar upon your artistic sensibilities when it is Russian ballet at its utmost. It is a poem rightly swung in faultless rhythm and properly punctuated. The orchestra was about one hundred strong and played divine music divinely with its overcoats on.

I was told that a number of the grown-up dancers were receiving assistance through the Emergency Food Remittance Fund of the A. R. A. and that all the children were being fed regularly at an American feeding station. It was all so hard to realize.

The piece was a folk tale and had in it princes and princesses bejeweled and gorgeous, gnomes and wicked genii and a lot of exquisite little fairies dancing in and out of scenes in fairyland. The people loved the princes and princesses and hated the gnomes and wicked genii. They applauded wildly, rose in their places and shouted "Bravo!" when some dancer did something especially wonderful, as some dancer very frequently did. My attention was divided between the audience and the stage. I knew that the art I was looking upon was art for art's sake if ever there was such a thing, but I knew also, having been told, that the artists gloried in the praise of the populace and were making finer efforts than they ever had made before. It was somewhat confusing and self-contradictory all the way through. I looked out across the great dim-lit auditorium and knew that in the old days nine-tenths of the people in it had been shut out from any such privilege as they were then enjoying. The ballet was now theirs and they adored it! They no longer had to think of it as something splendid that was designed solely for the entertainment of the rich. It was theirs! In the old days they could see it, but they had to see it from away off in the dim distances of the upper balconies. Now the bourjooies could jolly well occupy those seats; the best in the house was no longer any too good for them!

In thinking these thoughts and singing hallelujah in my soul over the pleasure of the pleased and tremendously appreciative crowd I was rapidly becoming a Bolshevik myself, but then I remembered that in the general scheme of things bread is more important than ballet, and I fell into deep cogitation over the unequalizable inequalities and the unsolvable problems.

Between the acts we went out and mixed with the throng in the great salon where once upon a time the fashionable people gathered to look one another over critically and to exchange fashionable politenesses. Small tables had been placed here and there against the walls and there was a refreshment booth with huge steaming samovars on its counter where one could get tea or soda water and some curious little bright-colored cakes and candies. There was a loud buzz of intense conversation. The people paraded up and down, couples together arm in arm, and everybody was smoking, especially the women. Most of them were smoking something that does not belong to the vegetable family, in which tobacco is included. The atmosphere was almost too thick to be breathed.

A Modern Robespierre

There were a great many Red soldiers and pretty girls. I do think that there are more pretty girls in Russia than in any other country on earth, not excepting my own. I saw none on that occasion who looked well groomed, but I saw several who were fairly startling in their sheer beauty. I exclaimed about them to my American men friends, but from the response I got I gathered that I was not calling their attention to something they had not been able to observe for themselves.

There was no laughter; no lightness; the air of chronic depression that one never escapes in Russia was as heavy in such a place as anywhere; the thrill of a beautiful spectacle on a stage might serve to lift for a brief period many hearts, but the depression would settle back upon them. The light of a country must be in the daily lives of its people, and in struggling to reach a new kind of light Darkest Russia has succeeded only in sinking deeper into Stygian depths.

A number of acquaintances of my American companions came up to speak to us and were introduced to me. One of them had already been described to me in whispered confidence as a kind of modern Robespierre. He was one of the most notorious of the chiefs of the *checka* and was said to have done a good deal of killing on his own account and to have signed more death warrants than any other man in Russia. He held out his pen hand and I had to give him mine.

He was a charming person. I came to know him quite well later on, and liked him very much. He was as mild and gentle as the maiden aunt of a minister. I understood that he was keeping close tabs on everything I did and it was rather fun to tell him what I thought about Bolshevism and the soviet system as though I knew nothing at all about him and naturally expected him to agree with me.

At the moment, however, he only smiled and asked the conventional question: "How are you enjoying your visit to Moscow?"

"Well, to tell you the truth I haven't been here long enough to know," I replied. "I have only just arrived."

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of articles by Mrs. Egan. The next will appear in an early issue.

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Don't confuse ScotTissue Towels with harsh, non-absorbent paper towels. Look for the name on every towel.

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Try the New Handy 10c pack of 25 towels—for home, office, touring, camping, picnicking, etc.

ScotTissue Towels

for "Clean Hands in Business"—

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DOING THE "DARBY"

(Continued from Page 15)

exercises at which Lord Queenborough was expected to be present and address the pupils and teachers.

"Lord Queenborough, I might mention, owns St. Louis," added my friend.

"But," I objected, "why should we go to school exercises to see the owner of the horse? That will not have any bearing on the race, will it?"

"Oh," replied my friend in pained tones, "he is bound to say something. Come along, old top."

So we went, and after some perfunctory remarks delivered in rather jocular conversational way his lordship became austere and, clearing his throat, unbosomed himself.

"I would like to give you all a straight tip on the Derby," he commenced gravely. "Indeed, I can assure you I sincerely wish I was able to say to you here and now to back my horse. So far as I know St. Louis is perfectly well and I see no reason why he should not repeat his two-thousand-guinea form, but ——"

Every eye was glued upon his lordship. Teachers, pupils and spectators leaned forward in breathless expectancy. The atmosphere was heavily laden with apprehension and surmise. The dropping of a pin would have sounded like a battleship going into action. The titled gentleman paused, drew forth a snowy handkerchief and carefully flicked an imaginary speck of dust from an admirably tailored coat. It was a historic moment.

"—— but," he concluded, "it is nearly two weeks since we have had a rain. The course is not exactly to my horse's liking; neither are the latest weather reports. It might be well to pray for a downpour."

An American of the Singing-kid type would have probably said under the circumstances, "This goat I got can't beat a fat man on the track like it is today, but he's a bear in the mud, an' if it rains tonight go soak the family plate an' bet on him."

To the pilgrim from the Stars and Stripes it was all so like, also so different.

Now do not for a moment think that all this is spoken of lightly or with the voice of comedy. Racing is the most serious business, or sport, or occupation, or pastime, or—I came very near saying religion—comprising an integral part of British viewpoint and sentiment. Everybody from the countess to the coster has a bet on the big race. The editor of the Times said it all and then some. He spoke with the voice of authority—a voice that would come as a stunning revelation to opponents of the turf on our side of the water.

The race itself is run on the historic Epsom Downs, about fourteen miles by rail or highway from London, and as befits what is regarded as a national holiday weeks are spent in preparation for the big event. For several days previous, the highways and byways leading from all parts of England to the Downs are blocked with traffic. In Britain, you know, the commissary is always two jumps ahead of the flag. Heavily laden lorries with big lumpy trailers behind are sending skyward the dust of the hard road. For a starter I was informed that a hundred tons of beer led the vanguard, covering the advance of ninety-six thousand bottles of the same beverage; and in order that these latter should not be lonesome a hundred thousand bottles of mineral water were detailed to keep them company.

In the cool vaults beneath the grand stand Mr. Stringer, the Harry Stevens of England, told me that he expected to provide sixty-five thousand special luncheons for 1922. He based his estimate on the fact that in the year 1920 he had catered to fifty-five thousand patrons.

Of course the number mentioned represents only a very small portion of the general attendance at the Derby, because it must be remembered that the Downs in area cover several miles of territory, most of which can be occupied by the general public free of charge. The saying that it is a place of magnificent distances can be more than aptly applied here. Moreover, it is the most inconvenient and impossible race track ever invented for patrons of the sport of kings or commoners.

The price of admission to the grand stand is about five dollars and a half in our



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Prominent Figures at the Opening of the Epsom Meeting—Lord Lonsdale Receiving the King on His Arrival at Epsom

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money. From the grand stand to the saddling paddock is something like a quarter of a mile. If one wants to view the candidates at close range he can do so by paying five dollars and a half more. If he wishes to get a comfortable seat in the grand stand he can accomplish that feat also by paying extra for the privilege, but if the visitor arrives at the conclusion that he has paid enough—why, he can climb several flights of stairs to the roof, which is open to the weather and does not afford protection from either sun or storm.

To an American this strikes one a good deal like pushing the mourners off the sidewalk, but the English mind works differently. It is pointed out to you that the Downs afford plenty of room for everybody, and that they are free to all comers, so why worry? The general entrance gate is situated more than half a mile from the grand stand. After leaving the train, which has its terminus back of the famous Tattenham Corner, or what we would call the head of the home stretch, one must either hire a conveyance or foot it the rest of the distance. Once inside the grand stand the visitor is confronted with an army of bookmakers standing in solid phalanx on the dry slippery grass of the lawn. I should say there would be between two hundred and fifty and three hundred of them.

A Bad Day for Welshers

They have no boxes such as we had in the old days, but simply stand on the ground with a clerk beside them, whose business it is to record the bets. His employer's coat is usually decorated by a large brass badge inscribed with his name and home address. When you bet he simply hands you a numbered card and the clerk notes the amount and the odds laid. I might add that the lawn space is extremely limited. On big days the spectators are packed in. I noticed one bookmaker with his name spelt out in diamond letters about two inches long and pinned to the lapel of his coat. Others wore party-colored hats in order to be easily located by their customers.

It was as though bedlam broke loose. Everybody was shouting the odds at the top of his voice. The English bookmaker is by no means an example of the reticent self-contained Englishman we read so much about in the polite literature of our beloved country. It strikes one as being more like a grand congress of the world's prize ballyhoo men and side-show barkers, keyed up to concert pitch and supplemented by a flock of foghorns.

These bookies are known as Tattersalls Ring, but on every coign of vantage out in what we would call the center field and across the track facing the grand stand, men are perched, each wildly gesticulating. Other men equally strenuously employed are on the lawn. These are called the "Tick Tack Men," and in this sign language they convey to each other the odds on the various horses as they fluctuate up or down. These in turn advise the bookmakers, who are located out in the free field.

It would be hard to estimate how many bookmakers were doing business as free lances on Derby Day. Whole acres of territory were covered with their booths, which were flimsy wooden affairs, covered for the most part with gaudy bunting and carrying the owner's name, emblazoned in letters which could be read half a mile away.

They come from all over England and some are perfectly reliable, having an old-established clientele; but for the stranger the safest way is not to bet with such gentry.

Long before the Derby started and after the second race of the day had been run, we passed the wreckage of several of these flimsy institutions. The wrong horse had won and the bookmaker had not stood upon the order of his going, but had left that place. There was nothing for his erstwhile clients to do but to wreck the works.

At one point I noticed an excited crowd surrounding a little man with a cockney accent that one could cut with a knife. They were winners on the second race, who wanted their money.

"I'll settle awfter the Darby," he pleaded. "Give me a chawnce, cawn't you?"

But his creditors were obdurate; so a policeman was called and the case stated in forcibly punctuated sentences.

"Ah, quite so," agreed the guardian of the peace. "'E's a welsher, of course, but I cawn't do anything, y'know. The Jockey Club don't recognize betting."

"And you won't get our money for us?"

The bobby shook his head with finality. "Sorry. Cawn't do a thing, y'know. We don't recognize betting."

While you could clap your hands the recalcitrant bookmaker was carried off his feet and disappeared in the midst of a seething, struggling mob. It was like a lone rat being thrown into a pit with fifteen terriers. Later he emerged from the mêlée minus most of his clothing, bedraggled and buffeted from head to foot. The policeman viewed the proceedings with a certain judicial tolerance, but made no effort to arrest any of the participants.

As before stated, the race for the Derby is a national institution; moreover, a universal holiday. No stranger can view it without being made thoroughly cognizant of that fact. The Englishman goes about his preparations for the due celebration of this day with a certain method, which distinguishes him in most of his activities, sporting or otherwise. As a rule he makes up a party. I was fortunate enough to be included in that of Captain Barry, a London producer and agent for our own George C. Tyler. As early as eight o'clock in the morning we motored down from London through the pleasant Surrey roads, forming part of the endless chain of conveyances which stretched all the way from the Downs clean back to the heart of the big city.

Every conceivable method of transportation was represented, from the high-powered touring car to the coster with his cart, more often than not loaded to the guards with rosy-faced youngsters, and his pony's trappings embellished with gaudy-colored ribbons.

It was fortunate that we made such an early start, because two hours later in the day the road became well-nigh impassable, and the vehicles crawled along it at a snail's pace. So great was the throng that this was continued until the races of the day were nearly over.

This may seem peculiar from the American standpoint, but not from that of our British cousin. The day is sacred to him, and whether he sees a race or not he is going to observe the occasion *in propria persona* by visiting the Downs, even if he has nothing but his journey for his pains.

When our party arrived at the course we found that a marquee had been set up and a private inclosure fenced in. Our location was just a few yards from the famous Tattenham Corner. A very efficient policeman showed us where our motor was to be parked, and strange as it may seem with such a tremendous throng there was an almost unbelievable order.

Up Hill and Down Dale

Of course there was a luncheon—not a basket affair by any means, but a regular honest-to-goodness function of six courses with champagne. The service was most excellent, but before that a few of us crossed over to the track proper and viewed at close range the historic Tattenham Corner.

Now I want to say that as far as this famous and sacred pathway is concerned it does not conform in a single respect to what anyone would consider the requirements of American racing. From the top of the high ground on what we would call the back stretch and rounding the turn there must be a drop of two and a half or three feet. Since the course was first used there is no indication that those in control ever made the slightest attempt to level it. The turf evidently is in its original condition, possibly has been rolled after bad weather—but leveled? Never. Just hills and hollows, as no doubt it was in its virgin state. Even the top rail is not laid evenly. In places it had the general aspect of an old-time fence, jutting out in some places and receding in others. No attempt has been made to throw up or bank the corners; in spots the track slopes away from the inner rail at the most perilous angle, particularly when the grass is dry and slippery. Twenty yards away it may slope from the outside in. No course ever invented was more liable to throw a galloper off his stride. Personally I would hate to take the chance of running a first-class horse over it, and I can quite imagine the force of the argument when we are frequently told by experts that the best horse is often beaten in the big stake at Epsom.

(Continued on Page 70)

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The MAGNAVOX Radio

AFTER once using a Magnavox Radio you would no more go back to the telephone head-set than you would exchange your electric light for a feeble tallow candle.

With the Magnavox Radio you hear every wireless program at its best—your receiving set only *brings* the message while Magnavox *tells* it clearly and in volume ample for dances, parties and other entertainment. The hookup is simple—no extras or adjustments are required.

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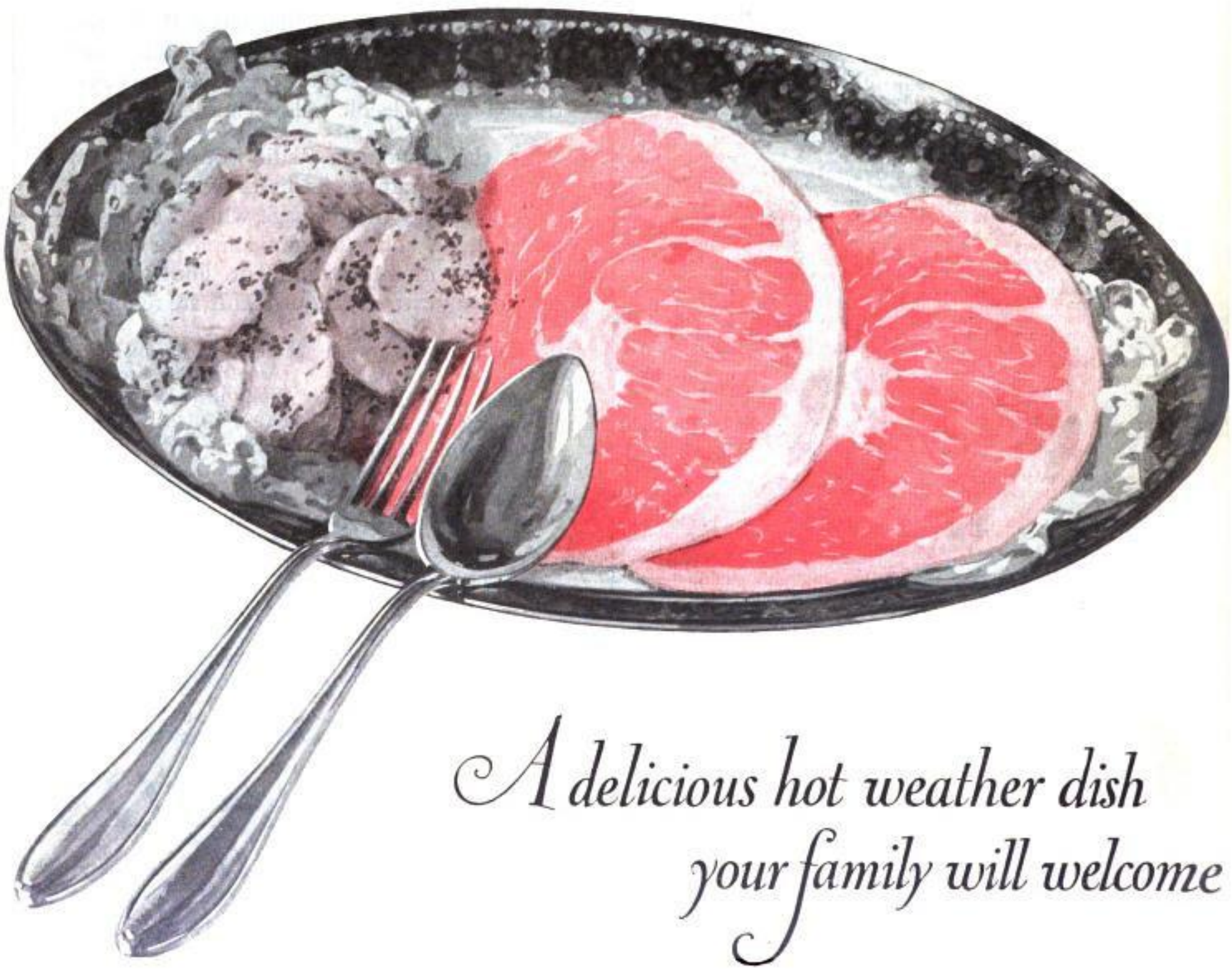
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Summer meals are often a problem. Morris Supreme Boiled Ham will help you solve it. There are many ways to serve this delicious mild-flavored ham—to make easy, economical meals.

Remember the famous yellow and black label when buying boiled ham. All Morris Supreme foods bear it; and they're all delicious.

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FYRAC
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One INCH *firing surface is* PATENTED



Take this PLUG *in your hand*

—it is not an ordinary plug
—it is FYRAC
—see what one INCH firing surface is—and does

YOU know what an ordinary spark plug looks like—with its single sparking point. Now take FYRAC in your hand. Look at Fyrac's INCH of firing surface. Then realize what it means.

Touch the button of the demonstrator on your dealer's counter. It flashes FYRAC into life. See how FYRAC sparks at 7 to 10 places simultaneously along its stout firing wires.

Then picture those hissing, crackling sparks in your motor, igniting all the gasoline vapor—giving new life to your motor, reducing gasoline-formed carbon, eliminating much of your spark plug cleaning, and lasting months after points of ordinary spark plugs would be shriveled beyond use.

Then realize why FYRAC in every cylinder of your motor will mean more power, higher mileage, better performance.

$1
In Canada $1.25

Ask your dealer to demonstrate one INCH firing surface.

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We have arranged with Fyrac dealers to present you with a certificate *worth $1* to apply on purchase price of a set of Fyrac plugs for your car. If your dealer cannot fill your order, write us—we will see that you are supplied on this basis.

To get best results from any motor we have always recommended the use of a set of Fyrac plugs and make this offer to get you started.

(Continued from Page 67)

We were considering this aspect of English racing, perhaps from the too practical standpoint, and were accompanied by an American gentleman who has been prominent in the building of railroads and other national activities.

"Well," said he at length, "why don't they go to work and fix it? What is the use of having it this way? With a gang of men I could straighten out that fence in half a day, and it would not take very long to plow the course up all around the turn, level it, and bank it up to the outside, so that all the trouble would be eliminated and every horse and rider would have an equal chance."

In the very innocence of his heart that bird did not know he was treading on the very ragged edges of perdition. Captain Barry lifted one hand in mild protestation. His companions regarded the speaker with the indulgent air of a child who has babbled unknowingly; but in a case of this kind the Britisher is always more than polite.

"It could not be done," answered the gallant captain firmly as soon as he had found his voice. "Why, my dear sir, what would the Derby be without Tattenham Corner? It's the tradition; it's been here for a hundred and thirty-nine years; nobody would even dream of suggesting that we should change it!"

So there you have got to the cube root of it now. Tradition is keeping Tattenham Corner on the map.

The day was baking hot, not a breath of air was stirring, and the sun was registering one hundred and five in the open. It might be added that none of our party took the slightest interest in the races which preceded the main event. All around us on every side and as far as one could see, the Downs were one black mass of humanity. Gypsies with their wagons were assembled by the thousand. Stout Englishwomen were staggering up the rickety steps of the ramshackle wagons to drink deep at the fountain of Egyptian lore. Other swarthy-faced women with babies in their arms were mingling with the crowd, begging. "Give the baby a shilling and you'll have luck, sir." They were gathering in a harvest too. The Britisher has his superstitions.

His Majesty Puts One Over

Down at the paddock the cream of London society, top-hatted, frock-coated, be-spatted, be-caned and in many instances be-monocled, accompanied by equally aristocratic women, were strolling about and examining the candidates critically. King George himself appeared in a gray top hat with coat and trousers to match. In this case he put one over on the Johnnies, 90 per cent of whom were attired in the conventional black morning coat and the usual appurtenances belonging thereto. Perhaps there is a grim vein of humor lurking in his royal highness' personality. Who can tell? Let us give him the best of the going.

Thirty horses were carded to start. It was a tremendous field from our point of view, and when one comes to consider that with half a dozen horses taken out there was little left worthy to be labeled as class it was a wonderful manifestation of gameness on the part of their respective owners. The saddling of a Derby candidate partakes of all the attributes of a sacred rite. There is none of that airy persiflage or badinage we not infrequently see at home between rival owners and trainers on such occasions. Everything is conducted with a gravity past understanding.

From the betting ring one can hear the dull roar of the bookmakers. Somehow or another it appears incongruous and out of place amidst such surroundings. Then at last all is ready and they file slowly out. All but Donoghue, England's crack jockey, who was carded to ride Captain Cuttle. He mounted his horse, rode him a few paces, then dismounted again, taking the racer into a corner and giving him a brief examination; the horse limped a little as he went forward. There was a consultation between the jockey, the owner and the trainer, after which he remounted and galloped straight to the starting post, taking no part in the regular parade.

At the post there was a long delay; the field was a top-heavy one and some of the three-year-olds were acting badly. There was plenty of time to reach the drag on which we had journeyed out on Tattenham Corner. For nearly half an hour the immense throng stood silently under a sun which was almost depressing. Nobody voiced a protest. It was all part of the game. Then at last came the hoarse cry "They're off!" Again we waited for action, but we did not get a glimpse of the runners until they gained the top of the ridge, previous to making the first turn for the Corner; and in this respect I do not suppose anybody ever saw the full running of the Derby, from post to finish, unless he rode the last horse in the race.

As the racers came down the hill they were strung out. Probably a hundred and fifty yards separated the leader and the last horse. Rounding the turn at Tattenham Corner, Jacquot was in front by about a length, Captain Cuttle, Tamar and St. Louis being in close attendance. Once straight the veriest tyro could see that the race was over, because Donoghue went to the front with Captain Cuttle as though the rest of them were tied to a post. St. Louis, the favorite, dropped back to fourth place, and Pondoland, who had given the empire such a jolting sensation, was never heard of. A remarkable incident of this race lay in the fact that for four years, namely, 1918, 1919, 1921 and 1922, Lord Astor's entry finished second in England's biggest event.

Miss Gwendoline's Half-Holiday

There was none of that wild applause that greets the winner at home. The good old rebel yell from the South was missing. There were no voices lifted in supplication. To the pilgrim the acclaim was more in the nature of a polite appreciation. Stilled was the roar from stentorian throats beseeching some jockey to sit down and ride, no wild shouting from the inner field.

It is true, of course, that we were permitted to get only the briefest glimpse of the race. But then, wherefore all this talk? We saw as much of it as anybody else did, and that's some comfort. Nevertheless, and towering above all these things, we rest in the happy thought that we have helped our British brother to celebrate his Day of Days. And when you come to think of it, and when they have all sung their closing hymns, you have got to hand these islanders some of the lights and flowers. You cannot help giving him credit for having the strength of his convictions and sticking to his ideals until the last dog is shot. For a hundred and thirty-nine summers and winters he and his father and his great-great-grandfather before him have had only one red-letter day in their calendar, and he does not mind whether the sun shines or the rain descends in torrents, because for another hundred and thirty-nine years he will still be making his annual pilgrimage to this sacred shrine of sport.

And do not forget that through it all, and whether his tracks are good, bad or indifferent, he has laid the foundation for the superlative in speed, and with years of careful and intelligent breeding has developed the thoroughbred horse to his present state of excellence. So when you rise in your place and try to tell him how he ought to train his horses and prescribe for him some nostrum which is guaranteed to be a cure-all he calmly refers you to his record of achievement and lets it go at that.

Not the least important phases of the race for the Derby are the various sweepstakes or lotteries, which are conducted in all portions of the empire for months previous to the running of the race. Of these the famous Calcutta Sweep, as it is called, is the most important, and this year the amount of money involved was two hundred and ninety-one thousand pounds. The holder of the ticket on Captain Cuttle was a Miss Gwendoline Thomas, who was employed in the secretary's department of the Royal Insurance Company's office in Liverpool. To her, of course, went the first prize, of one hundred and sixteen thousand pounds. The holder of the ticket on the second horse received fifty-eight thousand pounds, and of the third something over twenty-nine thousand pounds. We are gravely informed by "our own correspondent" that as soon as Miss Thomas heard the result of the race she put on her hat and knocked off work for the day.

So that's the story of the Derby, as I saw it. I cannot describe to you anything about the gowns affected by the ladies or whether Queen Mary wore her gloves turned down at the wrists or pulled clean up to the elbows, but I think I am correct in stating that skirts were worn longer, but not quite ankle length. There are some things a man is bound to take notice of.

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A tip to Mr. Kelly, country merchant

—on how he can secure more farm trade

C. E. KELLY, merchant in Caledonia, Marion County, Ohio, whose trade with farm folks comprises 75 per cent of his total, complains that "the manufacturers are not backing us up with advertising like they do the city stores."

"I carry the well-known products," he says, "but I think the national advertisers ought to help me more through the use of farm papers."

We would call Mr. Kelly's attention to the advertising pages of Farm & Fireside, a copy of which we are sending him.

And to the list, below, of the lines of merchandise advertised regularly in this great national farm publication.

In this book, at least, manufacturers of nationally known goods are backing Mr. Kelly up and creating for him, in his own county, a very special sales opportunity.

It will pay Mr. Kelly to take hold of it. Other country merchants are making Farm & Fireside advertising work for them with great success, and he, too, can use it to secure more farm trade.

Suggestions for Mr. Kelly

Two things are necessary to enable you to get the most sales value out of Farm & Fireside advertising:

First, give preference to the lines of merchandise advertised in Farm & Fireside; and, second, let the farm families in Marion County know that you have them.

The resources you have at your command are your counter and shelf space; your windows; your newspapers and other forms of local advertising media. In your store and in your windows make frequent displays of the products, and put with them a sign reading, "As advertised in Farm & Fireside." In your local newspapers feature the same articles and use the same slogan, "As advertised in Farm & Fireside."

Clip from current issues of Farm & Fireside the advertisements of articles which you carry and which you think will appeal to your trade, and paste these advertisements on the glass in your window. Another good idea is that of placing these clippings alongside of the articles, as they are displayed on your counters and in your glass cases.

But, most important of all, write to the manufacturers of these goods. Tell them you want to get all the value you can out of the money they are spending to help you by advertising in Farm & Fireside. Ask them for suggestions. You will be surprised at the many good ideas they can pass on to you from the experience of other merchants in your particular line, and at the helpful material they can furnish you to carry out your plans.

Special offer

Probably you have some good ideas of your own. If so, send them along. For any idea, plan, or scheme that we can use, showing how retail merchants in any line can get more sales from Farm & Fireside advertising, we will pay $25. See list of products below.

Many merchants like to keep in touch with Farm & Fireside themselves, and watch its advertising pages as the great market place of the best merchandise. To enable you to do this, we make a special offer. Pin a dollar bill to your letterhead and simply say, "Send me Farm & Fireside for three years," and we will do it.

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Use Dyanshine Economically!



DON'T be wasteful. Use Dyanshine sparingly. Press the dauber against the neck of the bottle until nearly dry. It will contain ample polish for two shoes.

Just apply Dyanshine occasionally. When a shine becomes dull it usually needs brushing instead of more polish.

Rightly used, Dyanshine is unusually economical. It is unequalled for children's shoes.

Insist on Barton's—the original combination color restorer and shoe polish. Fifty shines for fifty cents.

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BARTON'S DYANSHINE
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
DOUBLE SERVICE SHOE POLISH

THE DEADFALL

(Continued from Page 9)

Duncan stooped and pulled at a bent wire that projected slightly from the front edge of the cushion. It drew all the way out; he lifted the end of the tarp, showing the loops of waxed thread through which the wire had passed. There was plenty of room between the cloth and the springs.

"Satisfied, sheriff?"

Mackenzie rubbed his chin.

"Looks like it was Steve, sure enough. Obliged to you for settin' me right, Lin."

Duncan jerked a hand at Cole.

"He had the right notion, first off, Mackenzie."

The sheriff nodded. His glance moved back to the young pines, where Duncan had already cut and trimmed perhaps twenty slender logs and stacked them in a long, slanting pile, one end on the earth, the other supported by a cross piece between two standing trees.

"Cuttin' a sight o' poles, Lin. Aim to build you a curin' barn?"

Duncan's eyes barely met his.

"Figured I better, Mackenzie. Got to make some tobacco, come spring, or go hungry, now Steve's—now Steve's run out on me. Mail money used to pay f'r the groc'ries."

Mackenzie nodded for answer and moved away. Sim Cole swaggered after him. The car scrambled over the loose sand, turned and jolted gingerly out of the clearing. At the fork Mackenzie broke the silence:

"Drive down to the ford, Sim."

Cole threw out the clutch and argued the point:

"Pretty soft down thataway, sheriff. Might easy get mired."

"Reckon we better risk it, Sim."

The deputy hesitated as if on the edge of a definite rebellion. Mackenzie's authority had worn thin in the last twenty-four hours. But he turned the car toward the swamp without speaking. The road dipped down in a series of gentle loops, each with a mudhole at its foot. Presently, as they came out on the last dry crest, they could see the yellow-gray flood water of the branch, swollen out of its low-banked channel and all but covering the thick tangle of shrub and creeper, so that only the bare tree trunks lifted above it. Cole stopped the car, and the sheriff got out and walked to the edge of the water. He stood there for what seemed to Cole a very long and futile time.

Even in midsummer drought the swamp measured a good four miles along the branch, with a width of two or three hundred yards on either side where the footing was dangerously soft and the moccasins were plentiful. Now it was almost a lake, its width doubled, passable only here and at the wooden bridge four miles below. The water must be four feet deep at the channel. No car could possibly get through. Mackenzie's delay on the bank annoyed Sim Cole, eager to tell his new story to receptive ears back in Tyre. He called out sharply:

"Need a boat to get through, Sheriff—let's go back."

Mackenzie came slowly to the car and climbed in.

"A raft might do, I reckon," he said as Cole backed and filled to turn in the narrow space. He moved his head in an oblique nod. "All right, Sim. Wouldn't wonder if you did a mite of talkin' back in town. Looks like you got a right to crow over the old man this time, sure enough."

Cole did not answer, but Mackenzie could see his ear move back as if to give him room for that wide, flat, triumphant grin.

III

RUFE McLEAN was waiting at the office—a tall, stooped fellow with puzzled, beaten eyes. He fumbled awkwardly with his rusty hat, as if it were Mackenzie and not he who had the grievance.

"Reckoned I'd stop in, sheriff. Done heard somethin' ——"

"Saved me the ride over to your place, Rufe."

Mackenzie shook hands. "Looks like I played the fool with your money."

McLean shook his head.

"I ain't blamin' you none, sheriff. I'd 've trusted Steve with it jest like you done. You—you figure they's any chance to git him?"

Sim Cole broke in eagerly:

"Sure is, Rufe—if we git up a posse an' go up after him. He ain't got but a day's start on us, an' he's on foot. We'd ought ——"

"Sim, he's a great hand for a posse, Rufe." Mackenzie answered the silent question in McLean's glance. "He ain't lived in the hills like I have. Reckon we'd waste a sight of horse meat goin' up yonder after a hill boy 't knows the country like Sim an' me know the jail."

Cole laughed harshly.

"You're the sheriff. If it was me I'd be up yonder by now. But mebbe you'd ruther pay Rufe his four thousand out'n your own pocket than go ridin' after Steve Duncan." He cocked his hat and swung out of the room.

The sheriff's glance followed him mildly. He turned to McLean.

"Rufe, I owe you that money, like Sim says. I ain't got that much, but I'm fixin' to git it for you if you c'n wait a mite longer."

McLean twisted his hat.

"Sheriff, I hate to leave you do it. Don't seem right 't you sh'd pay ——"

"Reckon it's fair enough 't a man sh'd pay for his own mistakes, Rufe. I lost the money for you an' I'm bound to make it good."

"But"—McLean hesitated, avoided Mackenzie's glance—"but c'n you do it, sheriff? You ain't got that much, have you?"

"Aim to git it, like I said." Mackenzie smiled gently. "Reckon I know where I can git it right now, Rufe." He drew out an old wallet. "If fifty'd be any use I c'n spare it well's not."

McLean took the bills reluctantly.

"I sure hate to do it, only I been waitin' so long for Ross to settle ——"

Mackenzie watched him from the window. He did not stop at the group on the jail steps, where the sheriff could see Sim Cole's restless hands illustrating the story he was telling to attentive listeners. Mackenzie saw them turn and stare as McLean drove past. He went out, his brows wrinkled, his hands crossed behind him. The talk died down as he approached the jail. He nodded his greetings. There was an uncomfortable silence until a harsh laugh jarred through it. Mackenzie turned at the sound and surveyed Ross Breen deliberately, his cheeks puckered about the outer corners of his eyes. Breen had consoled himself with a refilled flask; wanting the stimulus of blockade liquor, he would have avoided company like this—grudged even the sparing talk such contacts demanded.

"Evenin', Ross. Reckon Sim's done told you ——"

"Sure did, sheriff!" Breen laughed again. "Next time you an' Rufe McLean fix to skin me reckon you'll know better'n to trust a hillbilly with the profits! Steve Duncan must be laughin' fit to die, with that four thousand ——"

Mackenzie eyed him steadily:

"Reckon Steve's laughin', Ross?"

Breen shrugged.

"Why wouldn't he? Anybody'd laugh 't had got all that easy money."

The sheriff shook his head gently.

"A mean boy might, Ross. An' Steve Duncan wasn't mean 't I ever noticed."

There was a matter of assent from the others. Steve had been popular. Sim Cole was quick to take issue with the general opinion:

"He was mean enough to steal, anyhow."

Mackenzie glanced at him.

"That's right, Sim. Takes a mean man, mostly, to make a thief, sure enough. Looks like Steve had us fooled all the while he lived here, don't it?"

"Never had me fooled," declared Cole. "Ketch me trustin' a hillbilly!"

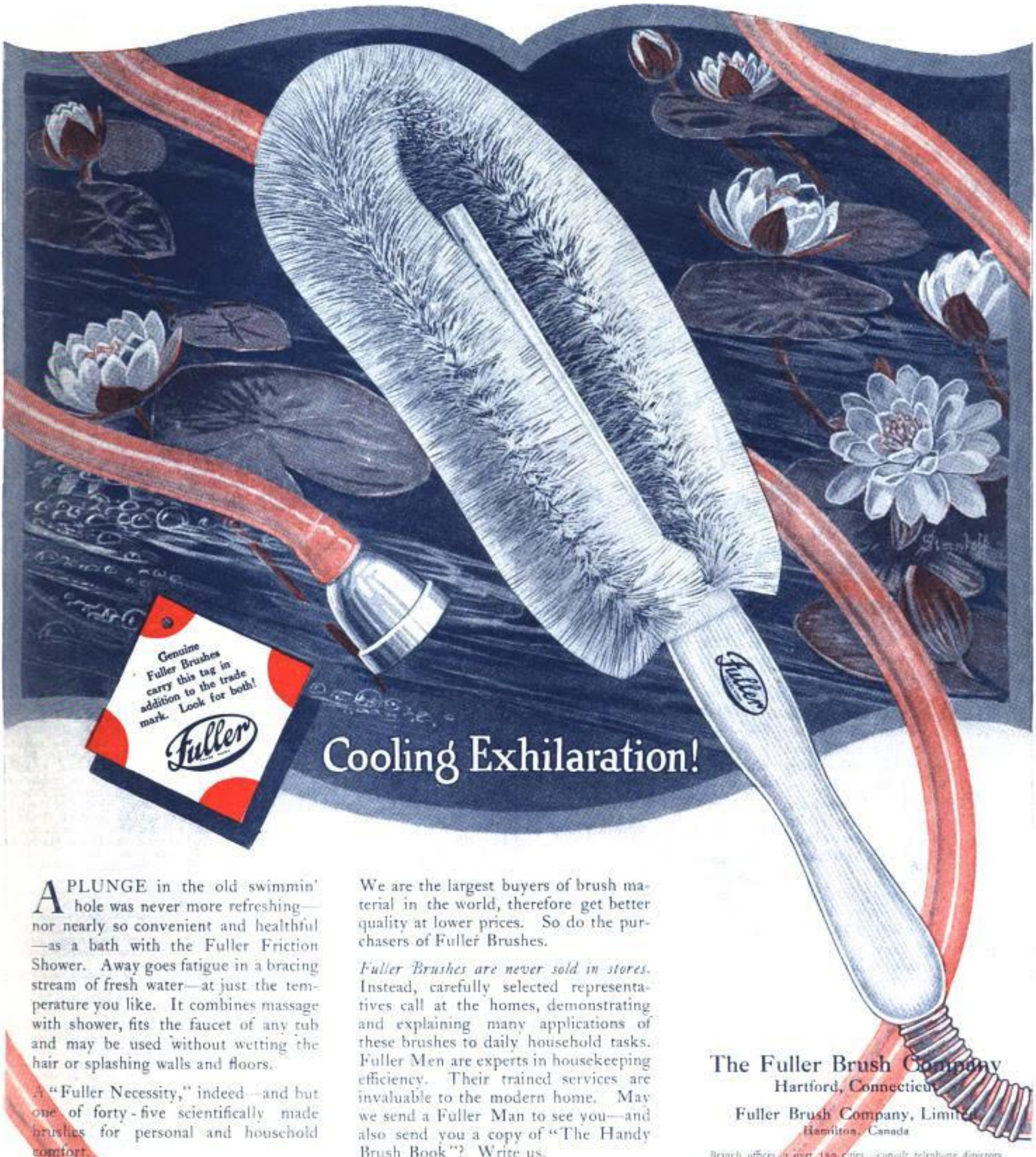
"Mighty hard to fool you, Sim."

Mackenzie paid the tribute almost humbly. He went into the jail, where he and Cole slept. Behind him the talk began again—in cautious tones now. He stood just inside the door, listening. Sim Cole was giving them details. Mackenzie turned away. His brows were smooth again and there was even a thin smile at the corners of his mouth. You could count on Sim Cole to talk, anyhow.

Mackenzie stretched himself on his bed and folded his hands under his neck. He shut his eyes and lay still, while the murmur of voices drifted in to him. It was drawing toward dusk when he came out again, but the deputy and Breen were still

(Continued on Page 74)

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69 USES—HEAD TO FOOT—CELLAR TO ATTIC

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Hoyt Hardlead Products for Buildings

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on the steps, and Mackenzie heard Cole say impatiently:

"I done told you it was hid under the seat, Ross. Lin Duncan he took an' showed us how Steve worked it. That's how I knowed Steve must've got away with it. Nobody else knowed about that there hole, Lin says."

There was a pause. Then Breen spoke slowly.

"Reckon that settles it, like you say, Sim." He turned quickly at the sound of Mackenzie's step and hoisted his awkward bulk erect. "Got to git started back—done wasted a day talkin'."

Mackenzie shook his head. "Ain't wastin' time to talk to Sim, Ross. Reckon if I'd listened to him I wouldn't be in this jam, right now." He dropped one hand to Cole's shoulder. "You ain't been wastin' your time, Ross."

Breen glowered at the innocent old face; Cole twisted to shoot an oblique, suspicious look up at the sheriff. But there was no hint of irony in Mackenzie's smile.

"Don't know how I'd do this sheriffin' job without Sim," he pursued benignantly. "Look at how he figured out this business when I couldn't make head nor tail to it." He slapped Cole's shoulder lightly. "Why, Ross, it wouldn't surprise me a mite if Sim got me back that there money. No, sir!" He chuckled. "If it's anywhere's in reach a man as smart as Sim's plumb bound to figure out where it's hid. Jest give him time an' he'll put his finger on it, Ross."

Breen shrugged.

"Good luck for you if he does, Mackenzie."

He walked away. The two on the steps watched him untie his horse and climb awkwardly to the seat of the buckboard. Cole turned to the sheriff.

"Why'd you go sayin' all that to Ross? You ain't got no use for me ——"

"Plumb wrong about that, Sim. Got a heap of use for you—a heap, sure enough. I'm bettin' on you to git that money back for me before mornin', Sim. Le's go git supper, first off."

The deputy studied him narrowly as they walked toward the hotel.

"I know you're funnin' when you talk thataway."

Mackenzie shook his head.

"Not me, Sim. Reckon you'll make a right pretty sheriff when you git your turn. Ain't much I c'n teach you. Only one thing, mebbe."

"What?" Cole's brows arched.

"Son, you ain't learned 't when you got to find out who done a mean trick the first thing is to go look for a mean man." He waited a moment. "Takes a right mean man to do a killin' for money, Sim—about the meanest kind they is."

"Killin'?" Cole stared. "They's nobody killed in this here business."

"Did I say killin'?" Mackenzie wagged his head. "Reckon I'm gettin' old, Sim."

They went in to supper, but Sim Cole was unwontedly silent at the table. He ate mechanically, his eyes on the old man opposite him.

Mackenzie chatted cheerfully with the others, generous in his praise of Cole's shrewdness.

"Sim, he figured right off 't Steve done it." He chuckled ruefully. "Made me look plumb foolish. I even had a notion 't somebody might've killed Steve and throwed him in the branch. Looks like I was gettin' too old for this sheriffin' job, gentlemen. Reckon it's about time Sim got a chance at it."

When they were back at the jail Cole broke out bluntly:

"What you gettin' at, sheriff? You figure somebody killed Steve, sure enough?"

"Got me kind of scared to figure, Sim. Ain't no reason to suppose it was thataway. Only when we was out to Lin Duncan's they was two-three things 't started me thinkin'. Kind of funny, Lin's cuttin' them poles ——"

"Said he aimed to build him a curin' barn."

"I know. Only Lin never made no tobacco, an' it ain't too easy, Sim. An' I kind of thought he acted funny when he was tellin' us. Him an' Steve was right thick, an' Lin he talked like he was glad Steve done it."

Cole slapped his leg.

"Gorry, sheriff! Lin done it hisself! He knowed that hole was under the seat! I thought he acted funny, too, all the while he was showin' us ——"

Mackenzie nodded slowly.

"Didn't I tell you an' Ross you'd git to the bottom of it, Sim? Reckon you an' me might ride out by Lin's when it's right dark—kind of funny about them poles. Lin he ain't no call to build a curin' barn. They ain't no good tobacco land on his place."

Cole scowled.

"Mebbe he's aimin' to fix up a raft like you said." He straightened. "That's it! He aims to drift down the branch before the water drops an' hide Steve's body so's it won't git found."

Again Mackenzie seemed to agree.

"I always counted on you, Sim. Shouldn't wonder if we got that there money by mornin'. Might's well git started, I reckon. Pretty nigh dark now."

By the time they reached the fork where the lane branched off to the Duncan clearing Cole had persuaded himself that his new theory was air-tight. He had begun to brag again, even to condescend tolerantly to Mackenzie.

"That was dead right, sheriff, what you said about lookin' for a mean man. I aim to remember that. Jest like you said—Steve Duncan wasn't mean. I'd ought to 've figured on that."

"Ain't many folks around here 't's mean enough to do a thing like this, Sim." Mackenzie touched his arm. "Better turn off the road right here. Walk the rest of the way."

Cole nodded and turned the car deftly aside where an overgrown timber track had left a gap. It was thickly dark, now that the headlights were out; they stumbled in the rutted lane. As they neared the clearing Mackenzie held back, choosing his path carefully, and Cole followed his example.

"What you aimin' to do, sheriff? Sneak up on him?"

"Figured we'd wait a spell, mebbe. Want to see ——"

He stopped at the edge of the clearing. There was dull light in the shanty window.

"Reckon we'll wait here, Sim."

He groped his way to a seat on a fallen tree. Cole squatted beside him. The deputy was excited, eager.

"You figure he aims to git away tonight, sheriff?"

"Mebbe. Watch a while, anyhow. An' I reckon we better not talk, Sim." He chuckled softly. "Reckon you c'n stand it, keepin' your mouth shet, Sim?"

Cole grunted sulkily but said nothing. The two men waited while the minutes dragged. The night grew audible by degrees, faint, far-away noises creeping stealthily nearer, seemingly, the low, furtive calls of night birds, the creak of swaying trees and the hushed whisper of the pine needles. Cole held his tongue stubbornly. The mild rebuke, after so much compliment, had bitten deep. It was Mackenzie who broke the silence at last.

"Funny—figured we'd see somethin' before this." He stood up slowly. "Walk careful, Sim. I aim to take a look through the window."

Cole did not answer. They approached the yellow oblong cautiously. Together they looked in at the single room. At first it seemed empty. Then Cole stiffened and whispered:

"Dead, by gorry! See—on the bunk, yonder!"

The sheriff sprang for the door, Cole at his heels. It was unfastened and they burst in together. The distorted huddle on the bunk heaved and twisted. Cole stopped short, but Mackenzie plunged forward. The lamplight distorted the face that looked up from the tumbled blankets, but Cole knew it for Lin Duncan. And he saw, now, that the hillman's hands were bound behind him and his knees and ankles fastened to the frame of the bunk. Mackenzie's big jackknife flashed and the twisted figure relaxed.

"Got here too late, after all, Lin! I'm right sorry—you hurt, anywheres?"

Duncan laughed, a thin, high sound, almost joyous.

"Only where them ropes cut, Mackenzie. Kind of figured you'd be along before I died o' thirst, 'r I wouldn't 've dared to leave him tie me up thataway."

Cole stared blankly from one to the other, his jaw sagging. Duncan sat up unsteadily, and Cole saw that his feet were bare.

"Fixin' to make you tell him, was he?" Mackenzie frowned. "Did he ——"

Again the man on the bunk laughed in the shrill, thin tone that set Sim Cole's teeth on edge.

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"No, sheriff. I give in when he went to hold the lamp under 'em." He laughed once more. "He let on he'd burn 'em clean off if I told him wrong."

Cole's curiosity found words at last:

"You let him git it? Who ——"

Duncan turned to survey him with a long, even stare.

"Obliged to you. Reckon it was you 't told him I got that there money. Figured you'd talk, same as you done this mornin'."

He showed his teeth.

"Never held with free talkers much, but you come in handy sure enough, young feller."

"I'd ought to've started sooner, Lin. I figured he'd wait till dark afore he come."

"Who?" Cole exploded again. "Who you talkin' about?"

Mackenzie turned to him.

"Sim, one o' these days you're liable to be sheriff. You'd ought to take an' figure this thing out by yourself. Practice, kind of, for you. Who d'you think?"

Cole shook his head helplessly.

"Not Steve?"

"Try again, son. Steve wasn't mean, like you said. And Steve's dead, anyhow, ain't he, Lin?"

Duncan jerked his head in assent. Cole saw the mouth flatten over the teeth.

"I don't see ——"

Mackenzie spoke patiently:

"Here's how it looks to me, Sim: Might be wrong, but Lin c'n tell you if I am. They was a-plenty seen Ross Breen pay me that money; they all seen you go out and fetch Steve in; they seen him come out with that there fake package. Reckon most of 'em knowed what I wanted Steve for."

"But I don't see ——"

"I looked out the window when Steve drove off," said Mackenzie. "They was one man 't was there when he come in 't was gone when he come out. A mean man, Sim."

"But who?"

"I want you should git the practice, Sim. See can you figure it out without I tell you. I was kind of glad that man was gone before Steve come out. Didn't give him credit for thinkin' so quick as he done. But when I heard 't Steve's team had come home without him I remembered, and sort of wondered. Kind of thought that money'd be under the seat when we come out here this mornin', Sim. When Lin showed us how Steve worked that trick I knowed who had the money. It had to be Steve, like you thought, or else Lin. An' I knowed it wasn't Steve."

"How?" Cole's wits were at work at last. "I don't ——"

"I done told you three-four times. Steve Duncan wasn't mean, Sim. If Steve took it he had to be a right low-down kind of thief. I knowed he wasn't. So Lin had it. An' when I watched him tellin' you it must be Steve I kind of guessed what he was up to."

"How?" repeated Cole.

"I knowed what I'd do if it was me, an' I knowed Lin an' me looked at things the same way, mostly. Lin he'd figure 't somebody'd killed Steve to git the money he found under the seat; he'd know the feller didn't git the money, and he'd know 't if Steve was alive he'd 've come home with his team. He'd figure 't if he give the money back to me the feller 't killed Steve wouldn't make another try to git it. That the way it was, Lin?"

Duncan nodded.

"Knowed he'd figure I got it soon as the story got around about that seat. Aimed to handle it my way, Mackenzie, or I'd 've told you first off."

"Didn't need to tell me, Lin. I knowed." Mackenzie's tone changed. "You find Steve yet, Lin?"

"Come sunup this mornin'. Fixed me a raft and went down the branch. Shot behind the ear—close up. Reckon he give Breen a lift ——"

"Breen!" Cole gasped as the truth came clear. "An' I been talkin' to him all evenin'—tellin' him jest what he aimed to find out!"

"Talkin' comes in handy sometimes, Sim." Mackenzie spoke gravely. "I handled this thing all wrong—you done jest what Lin an' me both wanted. But I give Ross Breen a chance to git here ahead of me, an' Lin give him a chance to git the drop ——"

"We'll git him, though!" Cole straightened. "He dassent go back in the hills, an' if he don't ——"

"I'm right sorry, Lin. I aimed to ketch him right here—don't blame you a mite for tellin' him where at you had the money hid."

Duncan reached under the bunk and pulled out the sheaf of bills.

"Reckon it's all there, sheriff. Ain't counted it, but ——"

"But—but"—Mackenzie showed his first sign of bewilderment—"why didn't he come back when he didn't find it where you said?"

Duncan's face tightened with a queer, jerking grimace.

"Reckon we better go look," he said slowly. "I told him I buried it under that stack o' poles I been cuttin' out all day." He pulled on his boots and took up the lamp. The three men crossed the clearing to where something lay very still under a crushing weight of slender logs. Duncan stood, shielding the lamp from a feeble stir of wind.

"Changed my mind about buildin' me a curin' barn, sheriff. Took a notion to use them poles for a deadfall, like we used to make for b'ar back in the hills. Looks like I ain't forgot how, don't it?"

THE CHANGING EAST

(Continued from Page 7)

It frustrated the power of public opinion in determining the policy of the state; it converted the Diet into a mere debating society whose principal function is to make noise; it nullified the authority of the cabinet, and it made party alignment a joke.

The status of the two leading parties—the Seiyu-kai and the Kensei-kai—will illustrate what has been going on in Japan for years. Although the former, headed by Viscount Takahashi, is ostensibly the party of the agrarians, and the latter is the alleged constitutional group with Viscount Kato, father of the Twenty-one Demands, as chieftain, there is really very little difference between them.

Their attitude on the question of universal manhood suffrage is typical. Both parties really favor unrestricted male suffrage, but neither one wants the other to get credit for its passage. Baron Goto, mayor of Tokio and one of the shrewdest politicians in Japan, summed them up when he said to me: "Both the leading parties sing the same tune. The only difference is in the meter."

The one party in Japan with a punch and a purpose is the Kokumin-to, which is composed of the Nationalists. It would be called the Liberal or Labor Party in any other country. Its two leading figures are Yukio Ozaki, Japan's foremost liberal leader, about whom you will hear more later on in this article, and K. Inukai.

The Kokumin-to Party introduced the army-limitation program into the Diet and has advocated the shortening of compulsory military service. Largely through the instrumentality of Ozaki this group made the first appeal for disarmament and it has been the consistent foe of militarism. If Japan is to emerge finally from the thrall of reaction the Kokumin-to Party must get the major credit for it.

One of the principal obstacles to real parliamentary government in Japan—and it bears directly upon the present evolution—is the provision of a certain ordinance that the Ministers of War and Navy must be active or retired officers of the army and navy. These two ministers have always been named by the Genro, and no cabinet member from Premier down could take his seat without first expressing accord with the policy of these two all-important colleagues. If the Minister of War or Navy resigned the whole Cabinet had to go. This grew out of the well-known fact that the War Office and not the Foreign Office dictated Japanese foreign policy. Moreover, the Genro named every Premier. This performance differs from the usual European procedure, where a retiring Premier, upon the fall of the government, automatically indicates his successor. Thus the Genro became the supreme arbiters of government. The Emperor approved of their every ruling and was in consequence little more than a figurehead.

The interesting feature of the Genro business was that technically it did not

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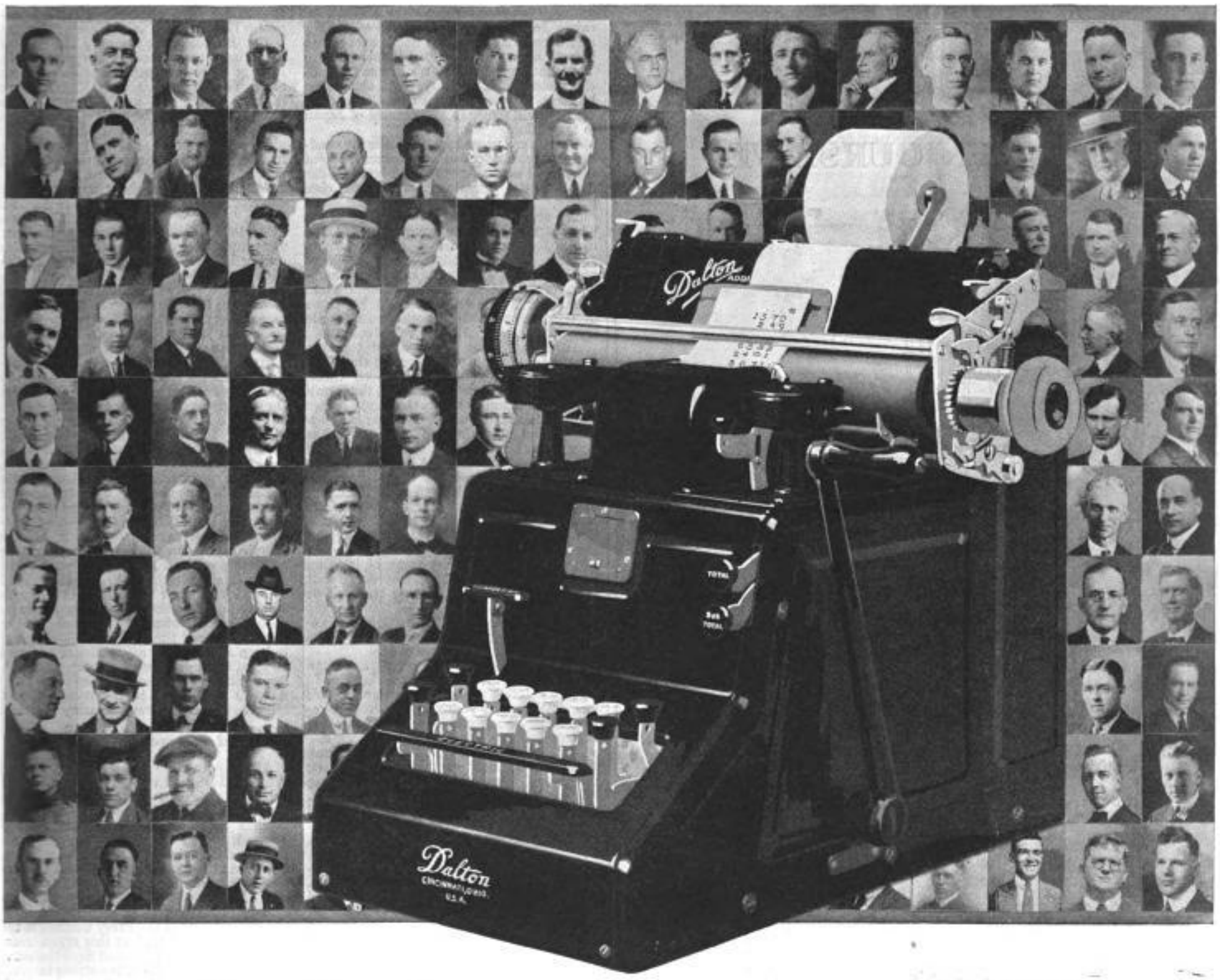
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JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

BY Natalie Norris



MEN are queer creatures. They would have us impeccably clad as a Poiret mannequin and still they will rail and fume if we keep them waiting a mere half hour while we put the finishing touches to our toilette.

It is a wise girl, however, who turns a deaf ear to such masculine upbraidings and who, just for good measure, spends an extra ten minutes or so before her mirror to be on the safe side.

For, no matter what we may hear to the contrary, men are extremely critical of milady's dress. A skirt that reveals just a wee patch of petticoat, a hat that's just a trifle askew, or, heaven help us! a stocking with a crooked seam up the back will be spotted instanter by the first man we meet.

And that takes me right back to my old contention that there is no excuse for a crooked stocking seam, simply because there is no longer any need for seams at all.

A seam, you know, was first put in the stocking to make it fit a little better. In exchange for one fault, however, it brought another. The seam refused to stay in a prim straight line, but ran every which-way in crooked disorder.

The many "so-called" seamless stockings at that time were shapeless pipes of knitted goods with just as many needles to the ankle as they had to the leg. After the first laundering they lost all semblance of their pressed-in shape and were hopeless objects for any woman with the least bit of pride in her dress.

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(Continued from Page 75)

exist. In order to give it a legal excuse for existence the Privy Council came into being, and during his lifetime Prince Yamagata was president. It was the official phonograph that expressed the Genro bidding. I refer to the Privy Council because it will figure in the process of Japan in transition.

The Genro procedure, it is almost needless to say, was one of various survivals of the feudal idea. Another and less familiar detail is the persistence of the old clan power. The two leading Japanese clans today are the Choshu and the Satsuma. They are the direct descendants of the daimio, or war lords, of centuries ago. Japan's greatest modern soldiers, sailors and statesmen have in the main been members of the Choshu or Satsuma clan. Yamagata, Inouye and Ito—the big three in the Genro—were Choshu men, while Oyama and Matsukata were Satsuma.

Although these clans worked together for the upbuilding of the empire there has always been keen rivalry between them. The Choshus have dominated the army while the Satsumas led in the navy. Since Yamagata was of the Choshu you can now understand why the Japanese Army has always had the pull, so to speak, in national affairs. Until the crisis of last June, which I shall shortly describe, it continued to have the inside track even after the death of Yamagata, in February. Despite the naval exploits in the war with Russia, Genro influence has invariably favored the army. The fact that army reduction has not followed in the wake of big-ship limitation is just one further evidence that the army still has the inside track. The army, or rather the War Office, remains the stronghold of reaction in Japan and is determined to oppose any curtailment of its prerogatives as long as possible.

An almost amusing revelation of clan rivalry, not without significance, developed shortly before Yamagata's death early this year. When the young Prince Regent returned from his trip to Europe his betrothal to the Princess Nagako was widely discussed. She is the daughter of Prince Kuni, a member of the Satsuma clan. Almost the last act of Yamagata's long and stirring life was to protest against this marriage, because he insisted the heir should wed a Choshu lady. He even threatened to resign as president of the Privy Council. I refer to this episode because when I got back to Japan in June formal announcement of the royal engagement was made. It merely shows that the Choshu influence is waning.

Baron Kato, the New Premier

With Yamagata's death a new epoch in Japan opened. Although there are still two surviving Genro—Marquis Matsukata and Prince Saionji—the old political trust may be said to have ended. Matsukata and Saionji are very old men. The latter was failing rapidly when I left Japan. Except for merely perfunctory conferences they do not appear actively in the councils of the nation.

The most convincing evidence that the Genro rule has ceased to be absolute came early in June, when the Takahashi Government collapsed. I happened to be in Japan at the time, and caught the spirit that animated what may be called the new order at first hand.

In the day of Genro dictation a new Premier would have been named almost immediately by the Elder Statesmen without outside consultation. In this case there was considerable delay. In the first place the formality of consulting the Marquis Matsukata had to be gone through with, but it is interesting to note that it was regarded as a formality. Prince Saionji had just suffered a collapse and was inaccessible. The real responsibility for the negotiations rested with Viscount Kiyoura, who succeeded Yamagata as president of the Privy Council. The fact to be remembered is that he discussed the choice with many persons before submitting a name to the Prince Regent. This in itself showed that the old formula was crumbling.

The Japanese reactionaries expected that Kiyoura would be the next Premier and his name was prominently mentioned in connection with the post. It was the first change in government since the Washington conference and although Japan, so far as the navy is concerned, acquiesced to limitation, the army crowd, as I have intimated, still held out for its old strength. It was a golden opportunity for a standpatter like Kiyoura to get into the saddle.

But Kiyoura was the only out-and-out reactionary mentioned for the premiership. Among those gossiped about were Baron Saito, Governor-General of Korea, whose liberal attitude has begun to neutralize the bitter hostility of the natives, and Baron Den, Governor-General of Formosa, who also is not without advanced ideas. That men of this stamp should be mentioned alone showed the new tendency.

Much more astonishing was the actual choice of Premier in the person of Admiral Baron T. Kato, who was chief Japanese delegate to the Washington conference, and who made such a favorable impression during his stay in America. Lean, lithe, with a long sharp face, this veteran of the sea, for he was Admiral Togo's chief of staff at the historic battle of Tsushima, now faces an extraordinary opportunity for the use of his high talents, both as executive and diplomat. He is not a member of any party and can therefore bring about coalition. Since his return from Washington he has expressed such strong concurrence in the principles that animated the conference as to leave no doubt as to his future attitude. In fact Admiral Kato so aroused the antagonism of some reactionaries in Japan that when he returned in March elaborate precautions were taken by the police at Yokohama and Tokio to protect him. The authorities had learned their lesson when Prince Tokugawa, another delegate, came back a month previous. He was the victim of a hostile demonstration. The grievance against Kato was that he had surrendered too much at Washington. I tell this story to show the caliber of the man who is now at the head of the Japanese cabinet. From what I have heard him say I am convinced that he will do his utmost to keep Japan to her new policy of peaceful and not forceful penetration abroad, and a larger liberalism at home. Like most navy men he is opposed to the occupation of Siberia, which is purely an army venture.

A Commercial Genro

All this leads to the important query: What will succeed the Genro as the power behind the throne? In the answer lies the key to the future of Japan.

That the Genro, as an institution, is doomed, there is no doubt. Not only does the physical passing of the old war horses proclaim the end of the régime but popular feeling is beginning to align itself against a renewal of the system which has so persistently defeated the popular will.

For the moment the Privy Council is the accredited successor, but this organ must eventually become more and more the servant of the people. There is a strong impression among clear-thinking Japanese of all political faiths that the new authority will be embodied in what for the want of something better will be called a commercial genro. Its main function will be to establish a close but constructive alliance between the government and big business. In short, it will do for commercial and financial development what the Elder Statesmen did for politics and imperialism.

The link between big business and the government is no new feature in Japan; in fact many cabinets have been privately labeled with the name of one of the many large families. Most of the dominant industries in Nippon are controlled by families. It has often been said that it is impossible to know where the government begins and where these family connections end or vice versa. But this kind of liaison has been for private gain. The commercial genro will aim for a larger national benefit.

In the preceding article of this series I made a passing reference to the commercial-genro idea as it fitted into the larger drama of the changing East. A more detailed explanation is in order here, because it is an essential phase of Japan in transition.

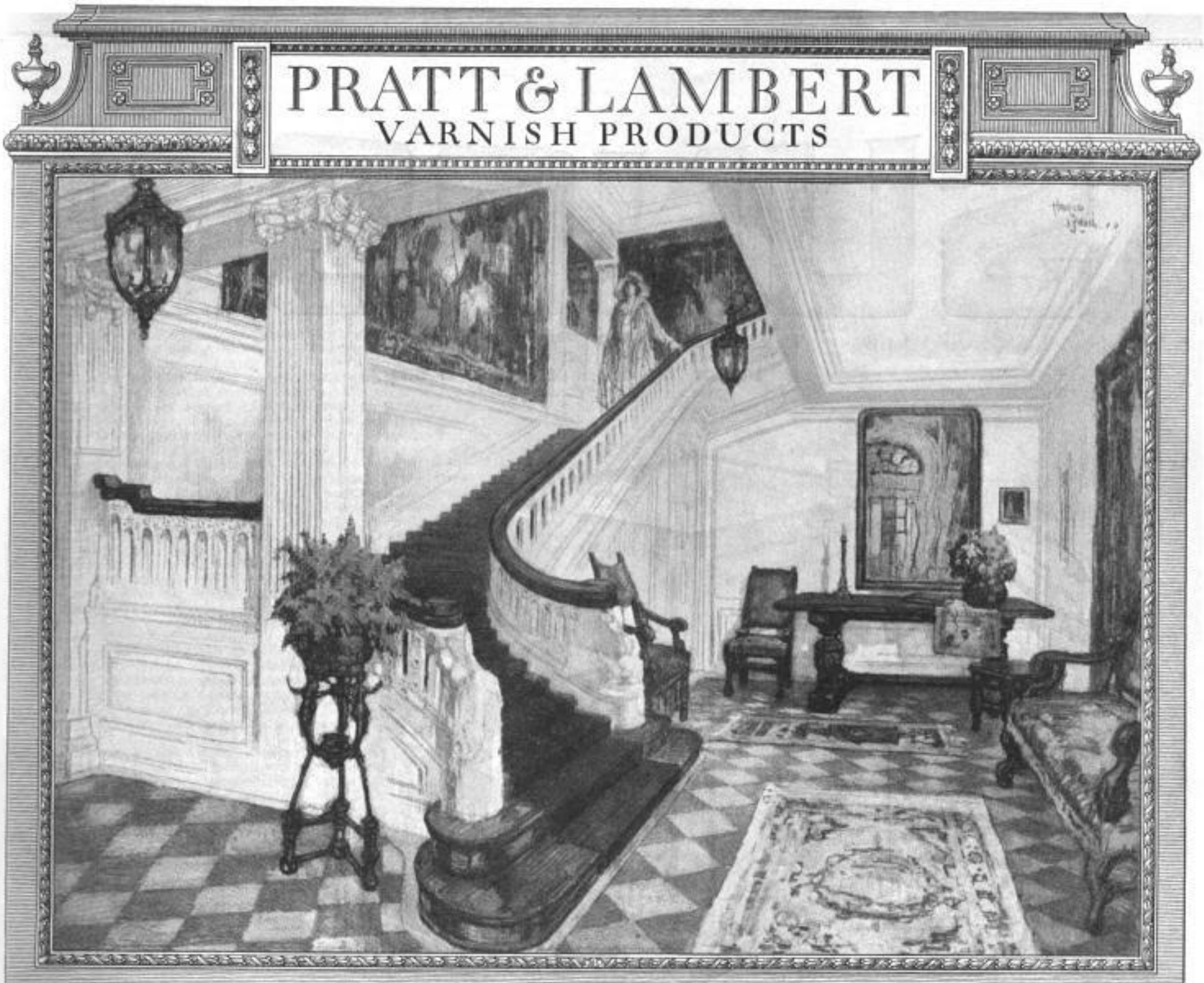
The need of a commercial hierarchy that will be a balance wheel is obvious. If you know the economic situation in Japan you know that depression hangs like a pall over the country. Only a drastic readjustment can save the nation from panic, and there seems little inclination to retrench. The reasons for this condition are: Inflation, an adverse trade balance, failure to write off losses due to the world business collapse, the high cost of production, speculation and extravagance.

There is a deeper reason than those I have just given. It lies in the burden of

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(Continued from Page 78)

excessive taxation for armaments. Long before the Washington conference assembled a few farsighted business men believed that there must be a change in the national attitude of aggression. Just as Herr Ballin and his colleagues warned William Hohenzollern that a European war would put the German Empire in eclipse, so did these enlightened Japanese business men protest to the General Staff that even preparations for war according to the program framed by the staff would be disastrous even before a shot was fired. But the militarists persisted because the Genro, largely Yamagata, held out the lure of a hypothetical enemy, and on this selling point got a yearly increase in the budget for army and navy. The Washington conference ended that menace and really saved Japan from national bankruptcy.

Now we get to the crux of the business. Japan in transition not only means political evolution but economic reversal as well. The country realizes that it must change from an agricultural nation into an industrial one; that industry, to be salvaged, must be intensified; and that, furthermore, those industries which depend upon raw materials like cotton and wool must be set up if possible in adjacent countries. It is dawning on Japan that in raw materials she is poverty-stricken. This is why she can never successfully wage or even initiate a war against the United States. It would be commercial suicide in the first place, for we are her best customers; and besides, she is without the natural resources, principally iron and steel, with which to conduct a conflict on the scale on which war is waged today.

This reference to war brings us to another absorbing Japanese problem, which is summed up in the question: Is militarism on the wane?

You would naturally think that naval limitation would have been followed almost immediately by a kindred cut in land forces. Such has not been the case, despite the fight made for it. The army, as I have already pointed out, has resisted reduction with every resource at its command.

The reason is that the War Office is reaction's last ditch. It was the Genro's favorite vehicle and it dominated every ministry. No matter what withdrawals of troops might have been promised by delegates in conference assembled, their action could easily be frustrated by the Minister of War, answerable not to his Premier but to the small group of statesmen, who in turn were responsible only to the Emperor himself.

A Move for Army Reduction

Such was the state of affairs at the adjournment of the Washington conference. With the assembling of the Diet this year the first real attack on the army's stronghold began. It was led by the Kokumin-to, whose spokesman was the intrepid Ozaki.

The strength of the Japanese Army on January first was roughly three hundred thousand men; or rather, this is the figure officially given out. There has always been so much mystery about Japanese naval and military data that every statement made about them must be taken with reservation. With the exception of the French Army and that motley mob of armed bandits that masquerades as the Chinese Armies, it is probably the largest armed force in the world at the moment.

No sooner was the Diet under way than the Kokumin-to Party introduced a bill to cut the army in half. To the War Office this was little short of sacrilege, and a grim struggle began. Both the Seiyu-kai and the Kensei-kai practically remained neutral. Thus the Kokumin-to had practically to go it alone. But for the Washington conference and the general impetus given by it to disarmament, the bill would have died almost before it was born, for such has been the fate of all previous attempts to curtail the army power.

It is eloquent of the growth of liberalism in Japan that in the closing hours of the Diet a compromise was effected by which the army is to be reduced by approximately fifty thousand men, the conscription term to be cut from two years to eighteen months, and thirty-three million yen to be pinched out of the new army budget. Although this deal was made, the War Office was still powerful enough to postpone definite action, so that at the moment I write this article, which is the middle of June, somewhere on the Pacific, the army integrity still remains unimpaired. It is, however, likely that the army-reduction bill, together with the new and reduced naval and military budgets, will be passed at a special session of the Diet to be held in the early autumn.

Nothing in Japan astonished me more than the widespread antagonism to militarism. Linked with the desire for army reduction is the determination to abrogate the precedent that the Ministers of War and Navy must be officers. Liberalism realizes that until a civilian can fill this post the army will still have a tremendous pull and be in a position to shape policies, especially foreign ones. The only civilian who ever held one of these posts was the late Premier Hara, who became Minister of the Navy when Admiral Baron Kato went to the Washington conference. Although this was a purely temporary measure, it was an advance.

The widespread objection to militarism—and here you have another evidence of the awakening Japanese consciousness—is based on the natural desire to avoid a compulsory service that in many instances deprives a family of its bread winner; on the burden of taxation necessary to maintain a top-heavy military establishment; and on the general feeling that militarism, as such, is out of fashion and uneconomic.

I can give you no more compact idea of the inequality of the Japanese Army in relation to the nation's resources than to say that although the wealth of the empire is only one-twelfth of the United States her army is nearly 200 per cent larger than ours. On the 5-5-3 basis as agreed on at Washington, Japan's navy is 60 per cent of that of the United States. Thus both branches of the service are entirely out of proportion with the overhead that the country can stand.

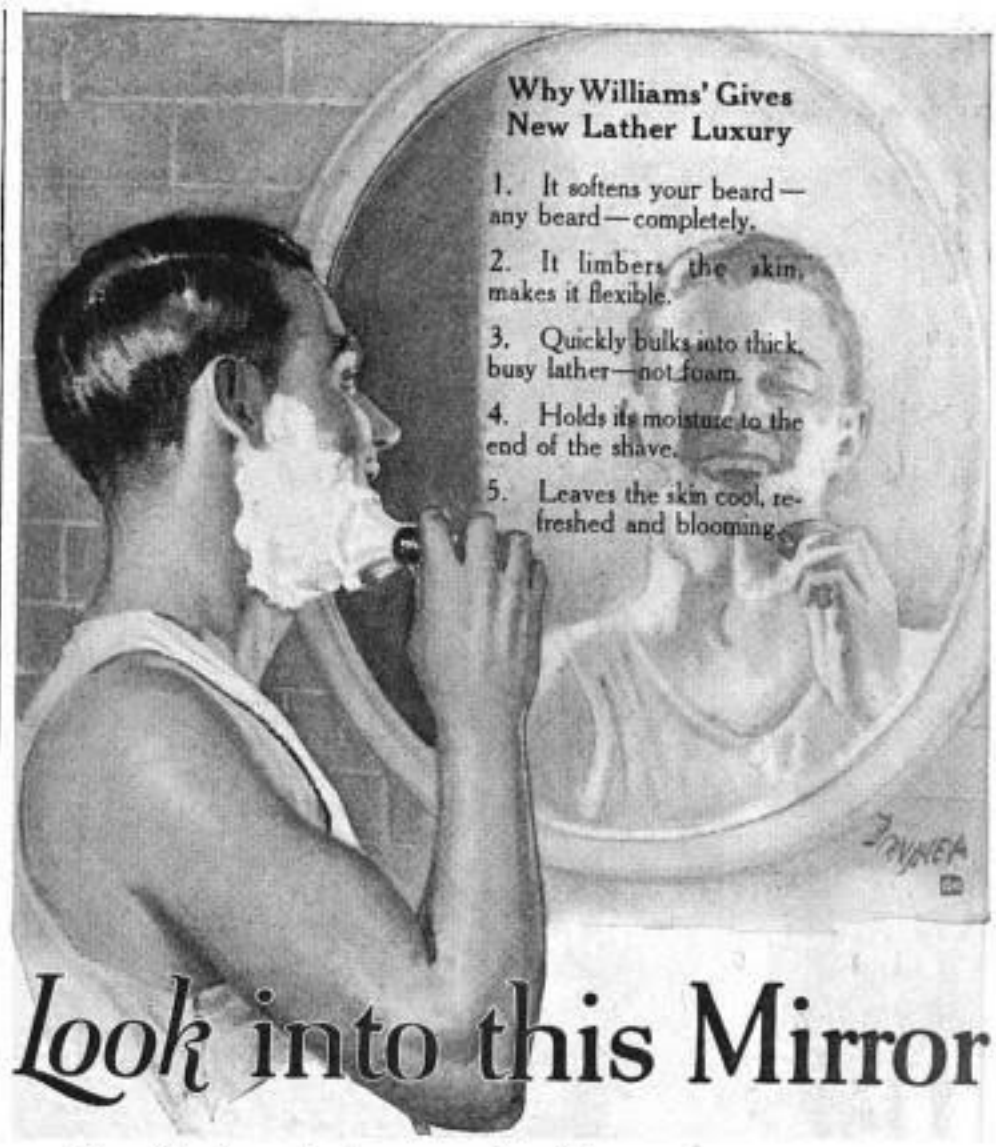
The Matrimonial Boycott

That militarism has reached its peak and has started on the toboggan is indicated by many incidents. Not long ago Gen. Seigo Iguchi, who distinguished himself in the Sino-Japanese and Russo-Japanese wars, announced his intention to retire from the military service and spend the rest of his life cultivating flowers. The reason that he gave for his resignation was that the proposed reduction in the army and the declining tendency of militarism were incompatible with the honor of a Japanese soldier.

Of keener human interest is the fact that there is practically a matrimonial boycott against soldiers and sailors in Japan. Until this year, as was the case in Germany before the World War, brass buttons held out a peculiar lure to the female. She would suffer economic hardship in exchange for the dazzle of a uniform. Now that the business of war is losing its glory and army compensation trails far behind the cost of living the army or navy officer is really becoming a drug on the market. It is interesting to remark in passing that not one of the daughters of Admiral Togo or General Kuroki is married to a soldier. During my stay in Japan the wife of Captain Sugi, a leading member of the Society of Army and Navy Officers' Wives, declared in a public address that she would never allow her daughter to marry a professional fighting man.

What has the Japanese Army to say for itself? To get this point of view I went to see Lieut. Gen. Hanzo Yamanashi, then Minister of War. I talked with him at his official residence, which is a big, gloomy foreign building with every conceivable object of Western so-called art cluttering up a near-Oriental setting. It is the usual result of the effort to westernize a house in Japan.

I had met him several evenings before at a Washington's Birthday dinner at the residence of Colonel Burnett, the American military attaché at Tokio. He was then in evening clothes, and was a stiff and formal figure. In uniform and amid his own environment, as it were, he was an entirely different human being, for he indulges in that rarest of Japanese dissipations, a hearty laugh. It is typical of the influence that shaped the Japanese Army that the only language in which I could converse with him was German. I found this to be the case with most of the high-placed Japanese military men with whom I came in contact. The German Army was the model for the Japanese, in the same way that the Teutonic constitution was the key to the Ito constitutional document which was supposed to give Japan life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.



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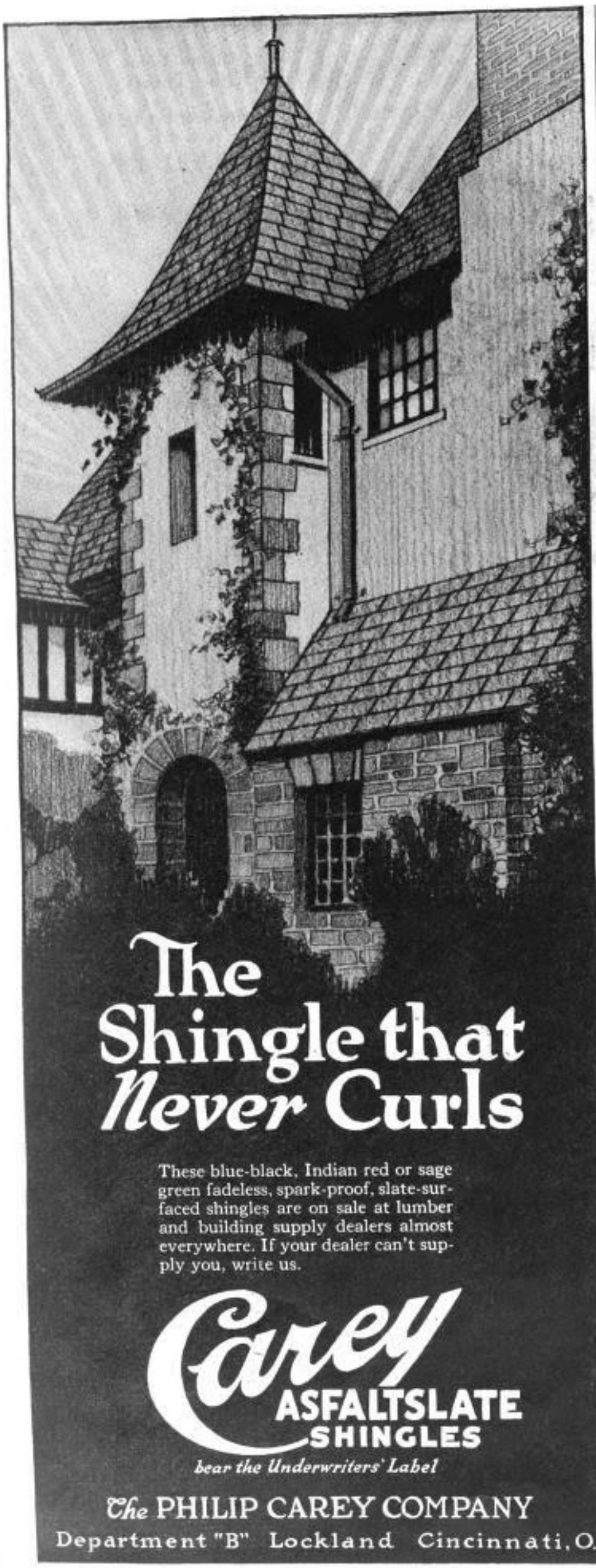
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I asked General Yamanashi to explain Japan's militaristic attitude.

His reply was: "Nothing is more remote from the truth than militarism in Japan. Our whole military preparedness is for defense only. It is done to achieve national security. Equally absurd is the widely circulated report that Japan wanted to attack the United States with troops. In the first place, the idea is preposterous; and in the second place, our army is not up to date. We are lacking in machine guns, for one thing. Again I say that our whole military preparation is for defense.

"The World War proved that war today is merely a struggle toward economic exhaustion. If we went to war with China, for example, we should go bankrupt. This economic exhaustion is a terrible price to pay for any gain that may accrue from war."

When I asked the general to express his views on army reduction he answered in this wise: "Ever since we joined the League of Nations I have had reduction in mind. The proposed initial reduction of fifty thousand men will be followed by a second cut as soon as world peace is absolutely assured. But Japan must feel certain that there is universal accord before she can cut down her army to the point where it would be crippled and therefore useless."

The real revelation of changing Japan is in the growth of liberalism. Emancipation of thought as the Japanese sees it, however, is different from the Western brand. Until lately it has been an abstract unrest, an inarticulate protest that has largely expressed itself in license to abuse the men higher up. For the moment the new liberal class is intoxicated with democracy, and some have repented with the inevitable headache of the morning after. A few years ago the reactionaries looked upon liberalism in the same way they regarded a new style in hats or collars, a fad that would soon pass. Now they realize it has come to stay.

The Washington conference gave liberalism an impetus, and even stimulated a near-radicalism. Socialism is making headway and occasionally, as during the last May Day demonstration, which was put down by the police with an iron hand, you see the red flag and hear a mild Song of the Revolution. These radicals are mainly university students and labor agitators.

Japanese Clannishness

Japanese liberals resent being called socialists because this name was given to the group of anarchists headed by Nishikoto, who plotted to murder the Emperor some years ago. They prefer to be designated as *shingin*, which means "new men."

Despite the efforts made to suppress it there have been sporadic outbreaks of Bolshevism. Not so very long ago one of the Yasudas, whose wealth was estimated at approximately two billion yen—which is about one billion dollars in American money—was stabbed to death at his country home by an assassin. From letters found on his person it developed that this assassin was one of a group of desperate men each of whom had plotted to kill one of the Genro or a capitalist. The assassin committed suicide after killing his man, and his friends gave him a magnificent funeral. People wrote letters to the newspapers commending the deed. This, however, was largely due to the fact that Yasuda was probably the most bitterly detested person in Japan, because of the methods he employed in acquiring his huge fortune.

Intense resentment is felt everywhere toward the *narikin*, which is the Japanese word for "profiteer." Japan has one of the largest crops of swollen fortunes in the world, and like their fellows elsewhere the possessors of this wealth flaunt it in the face of the populace. It is just one more incentive to radicalism.

Yet no one expects a revolution by force in Japan. I asked one of the leading liberals to tell me what course the upheaval would take and he replied: "Revolution in Japan is inevitable, but it will be peaceful. This will result from the family system which regards the Emperor as the father of the nation. Besides, the imperial attitude has always been sympathetic with the poor."

This Japanese family system, which will figure conspicuously in a subsequent article, is one of the most picturesque things in Japanese life. After loyalty to the Emperor, family kinship is the outstanding trait. This is one reason why you never see a beggar on the streets in Japan. A family would lose face if one of its members was seen soliciting alms.

Just as you can tell a man's character by the few favorite books he carries about with him, so can you appraise the national mental process by the literature the people absorb. I can give you no more illuminating index to the transition of Japan than to tell you what books are popular. I must preface it by saying that nowhere in the world is there a greater hunger for information. Only the avidity for knowledge in the Ghetto is comparable to it. Literacy in Japan is almost 100 per cent, which is almost the exact reverse in China. Many nights I have walked down the Ginza, the principal street of Tokio, to watch the bookstalls that are to be found in almost endless succession. At each one I found three or four young men emulating the example of Charles Lamb, who always declared that he got his reading free of charge because he took it in the bookshops. Nearly every Japanese office boy carries a book in the sleeve of his kimono and he reads it as he eats and during every leisure moment. Even the humblest citizen reads a newspaper every day. This mental activity, backed by the desire to learn, is one reason why liberalism, once it really gets started, will advance rapidly.

The Vogue for Radical Literature

Before the Great War Japan read Whitman, Longfellow, Poe, Emerson, Mark Twain, and later, O. Henry. With the outbreak of the European conflict a change developed in the public taste that suited the mood of the times. From Nietzsche, Tolstoy and Treitschke there was a shift to Karl Marx, Woodrow Wilson, George Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Jack London and the later Russian realists. Curiously enough since the Washington conference, Norman Angell and the pacifists have come into vogue. On many bookstands I have noticed such strange contrasts as Factory Management, How to Write Letters and Business Efficiency lying alongside the works of Turgenieff and Dostoyevsky. There is nothing lacking in the infinite variety of Japanese reading taste.

All this reading of radical literature has led to what the police naïvely call an epidemic of dangerous thoughts. Any idea that departs at all from the straight and narrow path of conventional thinking is immediately dubbed incendiary. So widespread has become this desire for advanced literature that in the last session of the Diet a radical activities control bill was introduced to suppress free thinking. Like most repression it is defeating its own purpose. Since the introduction of the bill there has been an increasing demand for books filled with dangerous thoughts. A professor in the Tokio Imperial University translated a volume by Prince Kropotkin, and was given a prison sentence for his temerity. With his incarceration hundreds of people flocked to the libraries asking, "Who is Prince Kropotkin?" Many thought at first that he was the General Kuropatkin defeated by the Japanese at Mukden in the war with Russia. The old prince became a hero.

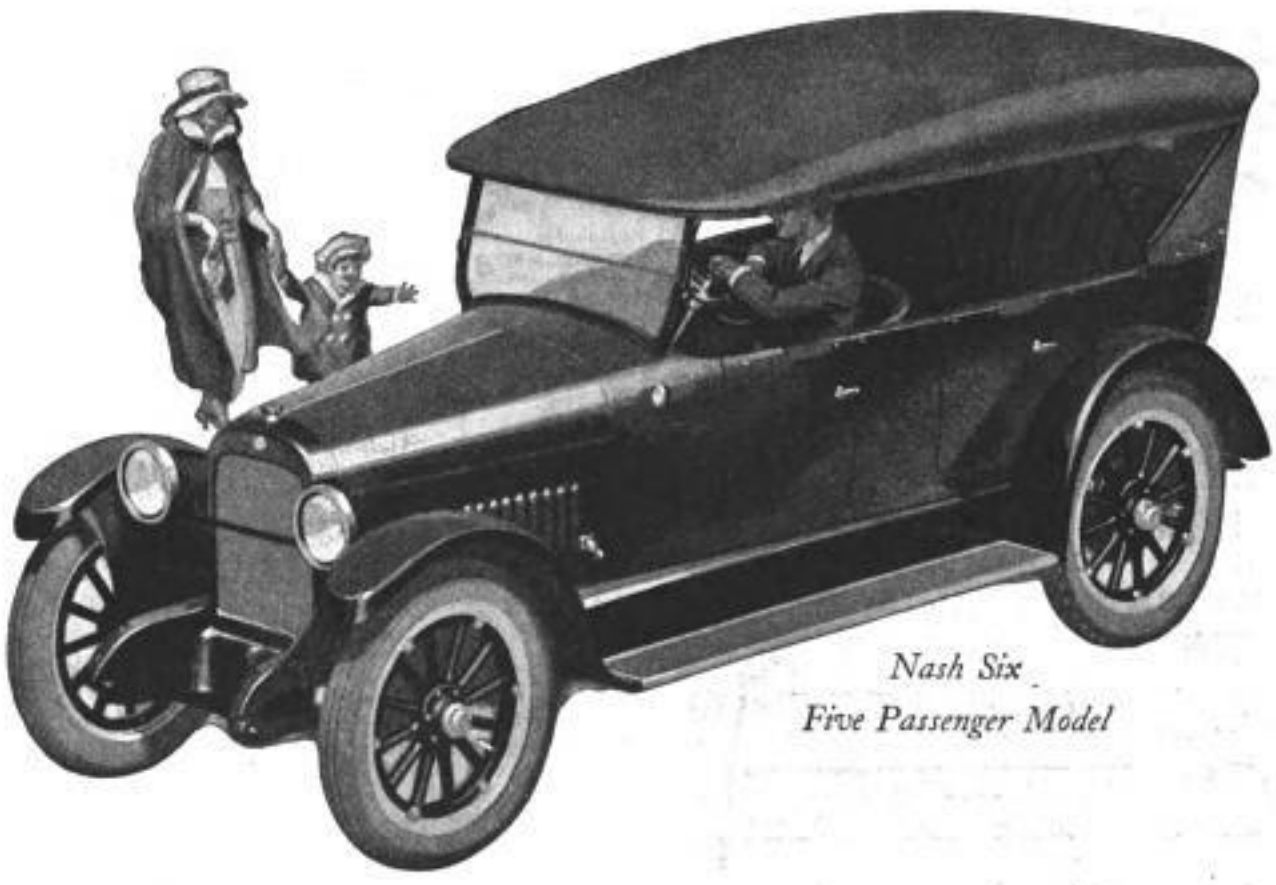
This same attitude was displayed by the authorities in connection with the visit of Mrs. Margaret Sanger. Scarcely a thousand people in Japan had heard of birth control until the newspapers announced under flaring headlines that the Japanese consul general at San Francisco had refused its champion a visa to Japan. After much discussion in the Foreign Office, all of which appeared in the press, Mrs. Sanger was permitted to land in Yokohama after she gave a solemn pledge that she would make no speeches about her favorite subject. The result was that about a hundred reporters and every available camera man besieged her on her arrival, and they stuck to her. She and her cause reveled in publicity. Hundreds of thousands of persons were made familiar with birth control because everybody was discussing it. She made herself better known through the efforts to suppress her than if she had been given a free hand.

Japan is still strong on suppression. The laws on regulating the press are almost as drastic as they were in Russia before the first revolution. Nearly every Japanese newspaper has on its staff an unfortunate individual known as the prison editor. His name appears at the head of the editorial

(Continued on Page 84)

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(Continued from Page 82)

column and whenever the journal commits an indiscretion against the law he is haled into court and becomes the goat. Many have served prison sentences. Usually he is a person of office-boy caliber.

This repression also applies to the newspapers printed in English. In its account of the last May Day demonstration The Japan Advertiser, of Tokio, which is owned by B. W. Fleisher, one of the best-known and most progressive publishers in the Orient, printed ten lines of the Song of the Revolution, sung by the marchers in a parade. It was immediately suppressed. The joke about this proceeding was that the authorities did not discover the heinous offense until after practically every copy had been circulated in the metropolitan district. They telegraphed to the police at Kobe, Osaka and elsewhere to seize the mail editions. The story of the suppression was given wide publicity and the Japanese began to offer premiums for the tabooed issue.

A unique indication of Japanese liberalism is expressed in the new attitude towards Germany. Before the World War Germany the Empire was the model of the reactionaries. Today Germany the Republic is an object of interest and study for the advanced group, who see in it a new and significant experiment in democracy. Possibly the Teutonic collapse has had something to do with Japan's change of heart, notably in the direction of aggressive imperialism and forceful penetration. Be that as it may, Germany is still a subject that never fails to command attention among the Nipponese.

During my first stay in Tokio a well-known lecturer asked a group of young men that he addressed to indicate what country they preferred to visit on their first trip from home. Exactly 75 per cent expressed their desire to go to Germany. When asked the reason for their choice the unanimous reply was: "It is an interesting study in practical socialism."

Japanese democracy is not without effective spokesmen. First among them is Yukio Ozaki, leader of the Kokumin-to Party, and the most eloquent speaker and debater in the empire. I have already referred to him as the implacable foe of militarism. His name and achievement were familiar to me long before I reached Japan and I was curious to see what kind of person he was.

An Effectual Straw Vote

On a rainy afternoon in February, when all Tokio dripped and the countless dwarf pines shivered in the chill blasts, I visited him in his tiny house set in the midst of a gem of a garden whose natural beauty was undimmed by the gloomy atmosphere. Although he has had numerous opportunities to become rich, Ozaki is a poor man and lives on a modest scale. It is a tribute to his high integrity.

He received me in a room that charmingly combined East and West. The most grateful Western feature, however, was an American stove, which was a concession to Madame Ozaki, who is the daughter of a Japanese father and an English mother. I thanked heaven for this dispensation, because Japanese houses, even in the dead of winter, are not heated except with charcoal braziers. Since the walls of most of the native structures are made of paper you wonder how these people survive the bitter cold; yet somehow they do.

Clad in dark kimono Ozaki was an impressive figure. Even before he utters a word you know that here is a leader of the zealot type. His eyes are frank and fearless and there is a noble carriage to his fine head. He suggests strength, courage, calmness. Needless to add, he speaks admirable English.

At sixty-three Ozaki seems to be in the fullness of his powers after a life more American than Japanese in variety and strenuosity of public post. At eighteen he was editor of a country newspaper. Before he passed thirty he was a member of the first Parliament, and he has sat in every Diet session ever since. He has been successively Minister of Education, mayor of Tokio and Minister of Justice. In the last-mentioned capacity he served under the doughty Count Okuma. But Okuma's liberalism was too half-baked for Ozaki. He wanted the real thing at a time when Japan looked upon democracy as a capital crime. So he went on his own and blazed the way for real constitutional government.

Thus it came about that Ozaki became the first of the Japanese liberals, and for a time he was like a man without a country. When he began to advocate limitation of armament—he was the pioneer in Japan—he was regarded as an anarchist. Having failed to convert the government he turned to the people. Long before the Washington conference he conducted one of the most original and picturesque campaigns yet waged for an idea. He held a series of disarmament meetings throughout the country. At each one he delivered an address in which he labeled armament as a crime and a curse. So intense became the interest in them that even Japanese women tried to attend. This was a hitherto unknown event, because at that time females were not permitted to go to political gatherings, and it is only lately that the ban has been lifted. The government became alarmed and tried again and again to prevent Ozaki from speaking. He remained within the law and could not be shut up. Hooligans were hired to attack him and his life was threatened a score of times.

At every meeting Ozaki distributed thousands of postal cards addressed to himself. On these cards he asked his auditors to express themselves on disarmament. Exactly 92 per cent of his hearers favored limitation. There is not the slightest doubt that this almost unanimous response had much to do in shaping the attitude of the Japanese delegates to the Washington conference. It was a notable victory of popular opinion over bureaucracy.

Ozaki on Arms Limitations

I asked Ozaki to analyze the results of the Washington conference and he replied: "The Washington conference was a big step in the cause that I have advocated for years, but it was only a beginning, certainly so far as Japan is concerned. The Japanese are still too self-assertive. We had easy victories over China and Russia, and the plain truth is that our people became intoxicated by praise. The inevitable result was a militarism that only increased the cockiness. This militarism has been too great a burden and we must rid ourselves of it or we are lost.

"What Japan needs more than anything else is what you Americans call a jolt. I think she will have it soon in the shape of a drastic economic crisis. It will prove once and for all the folly of our forceful expansion. If Japan had engaged in peaceful penetration she would not have incurred so much ill will and distrust. Until she began to show a change of heart at the Washington conference she was headed for absolute isolation.

"I have a vision of greater limitation of armament than was dreamed about at Washington. The whole world must get away from the idea of war and preparation for war. Japan's future does not depend upon force but upon an intensive economic development from within. With this development will come a slow but certain growth of democracy."

Ozaki then made a statement that sheds some light on the Japanese emigration problem in California and elsewhere. He said: "Unless I entirely misunderstand the Japanese character my people have no real desire for personal, and by this I mean racial penetration. The Japanese, like the French, do not like to leave their home land. But life here in Japan is so congested that they must seek two fields. The Japanese abhor extremes of climate. It follows that when they emigrate they pick out a pleasant environment. In my opinion this is one reason why so many have gone to California."

I cannot leave Ozaki without a word about his wife, who presents that rarest of Japanese spectacles, a helpmate who shares the public utterances and responsibilities of her husband. Madame Ozaki's life has almost been as full as her husband's, for she has been teacher, lecturer, social secretary, and was at one time amanuensis to F. Marion Crawford, the novelist. She is best known to English readers as the author of books about the fairy lore and warrior legends of old Japan.

Ozaki himself, I might add, despite his tumultuous political career, has found time to write half a dozen books, which range from a Japanese translation of a Life of Lord Beaconsfield to an elaborated statement of his creed entitled The Voice of Japanese Democracy. In the latter is the renewed evidence that no matter how radical a Japanese may be, his loyalty to the

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Emperor never wavers. Every chapter is ended with a stanza of verse by the late Emperor Meiji. This Mikado was one of the world's most persistent poets. It is estimated that he was the author of more than forty thousand poems. He was the one poet, however, who never worried about the publication of his output. It was rejection-proof!

Ozaki represents what may already be called the old guard of Japanese liberalism. There are other and younger men equipped to carry on this battle. None holds out a larger promise of performance than Yusuke Tsurumi. I met him many times and in varying circumstances. Barely thirty-five, he is accepted as having one of the best-balanced minds in Japan and represents a real hope of democracy.

Tsurumi's liberalism is all the more remarkable when you consider his almost reactionary environment. He has been a civil servant ever since his graduation from the Imperial University of Tokio and at the moment is one of the principal secretaries of the Imperial Japanese Railways. A further reactionary connection that would have sterilized a more courageous will is the fact that his father-in-law is Baron Goto, one of the richest and most powerful of the old-line politicians, who has been much mentioned for Premier during the last few years. Tsurumi has traveled extensively throughout the world and accompanied Dr. I. Nitobe when he went to America for the first exchange professorship.

Yusuke Tsurumi's Views

I asked Tsurumi to prepare a statement for me on the Japanese situation, and this is what he wrote:

Japan stands at present at the parting of the ways. It is not the crossway where two ways part, but the parting where many roads shoot off in different directions. Counsels differ as to the choice of the road. Voices are heard in confusion and people do not know which prophet to follow. Japan is in need of a real leadership, a leadership with vision and courage.

It is not a new experience with us. We were once confronted with the same crisis some three-quarters of a century ago. The leadership of Japan in those days decided for the opening of the country to foreign intercourse.

The World War, that shook the foundations of many countries, affected Japan in an unexpected way. The Paris conference, the League of Nations and the Washington conference followed each other so swiftly that the Japanese nation was not prepared to deal with them. In the wake of the Great War followed the drastic industrial changes. Then came the staggering high cost of living. The good old days in Japan are gone forever and people have to make desperate fights to make both ends meet. This mental and physical change is crying out for adjustment.

What are, then, the needs of the new Japan? The high cost of living calls for a new and clean-cut relationship between producers and consumers, because in no other countries are there so many costly and nonessential factors existing between these two branches of economic life. The relationship between labor and capital must be brought to a different basis. The question of market for our products must also be solved, and especially our free access to raw materials must be secured. The population question is in need of a courageous and unsentimental treatment. It means birth control.

However, after all is said, there is still more for which Japan is in need of orientation. On our mental side we are in need of change. We must have sound and constructive liberalism both for our internal and external policies. The past half century of our government was dictated by sheer need of national security and existence. It was carried to an extreme and every phase of our national life was permeated with the spirit of "security of the Japanese nation." In industry, in politics, in education and national defense, we see the mark of the age very distinctly.

We have begun to think seriously about changing our policy, both domestic and foreign. How are we going to change our system of government, education and diplomacy? This is the question in the minds of all thinking Japanese. There can be no reconstruction in Japan without an intelligent and independent public opinion. No drastic change could overtake us until the public is prepared for it. The task of liberalism therefore is just now popular education. The Japanese people are emerging from a narrow nationalism and developing an international mind. It is one of the most hopeful signs of progress in the new Japan.

Through Tsurumi I had one of the most interesting and enlightening experiences of a trip packed with adventure. One day he asked me if I would like to spend an evening with a group of real liberals. I lost no time in accepting the invitation. I thought it would be a small gathering, but after the dinner which preceded it at Tsurumi's house I was astonished to find, when I went up into the large living room, that more than seventy-five people had assembled.

If beforehand I had felt any skepticism about the type of mind recruited for emancipated thought in Japan this occasion thoroughly dispelled it. It was a night of surprises. The crowd was a revelation. It included half a dozen young secretaries from the Foreign Office, including the ringleaders in the revolt against the bureaucratic system so long in vogue there. They alone made the occasion almost sensational. Then there were two fairly high officials in the Bank of Japan, three well-known Tokio editors, a dozen young business men, various journalists, several score of university students and last, and most picturesque of all, Takero Arishima, Japan's most popular novelist and the translator of Whitman.

The crowning feature, however, in more ways than one, was the presence of half a dozen women. Conspicuous among them was the young and lovely Baroness Ishimoto. She and her husband will have a little section all to themselves later on; so I merely refer to them now to include them in the picture of this demonstration of Japanese liberalism.

There was still another detail that made it stand out. Practically every gathering in Japan arranged for a foreigner is staged. It follows that when eminent financiers and others are entertained they do not always see or hear the real thing. The people are on dress parade, as it were. Visitors are apt to commit themselves ecstatically in speech and print and then sometimes repent when they get home.

That show at Tsurumi's was anything but staged, as I soon found out. I was asked to make a speech and when I got through I was heckled so hotly that it could have been only the real thing. In the course of my remarks I indulged in some criticism of Woodrow Wilson's policy of self-determination as exemplified by the nationalistic chaos and antagonisms of Central and Northern Europe. To my surprise I not only found many valiant defenders of the former American President but discovered that the group itself was known as the Woodrow Wilson Club.

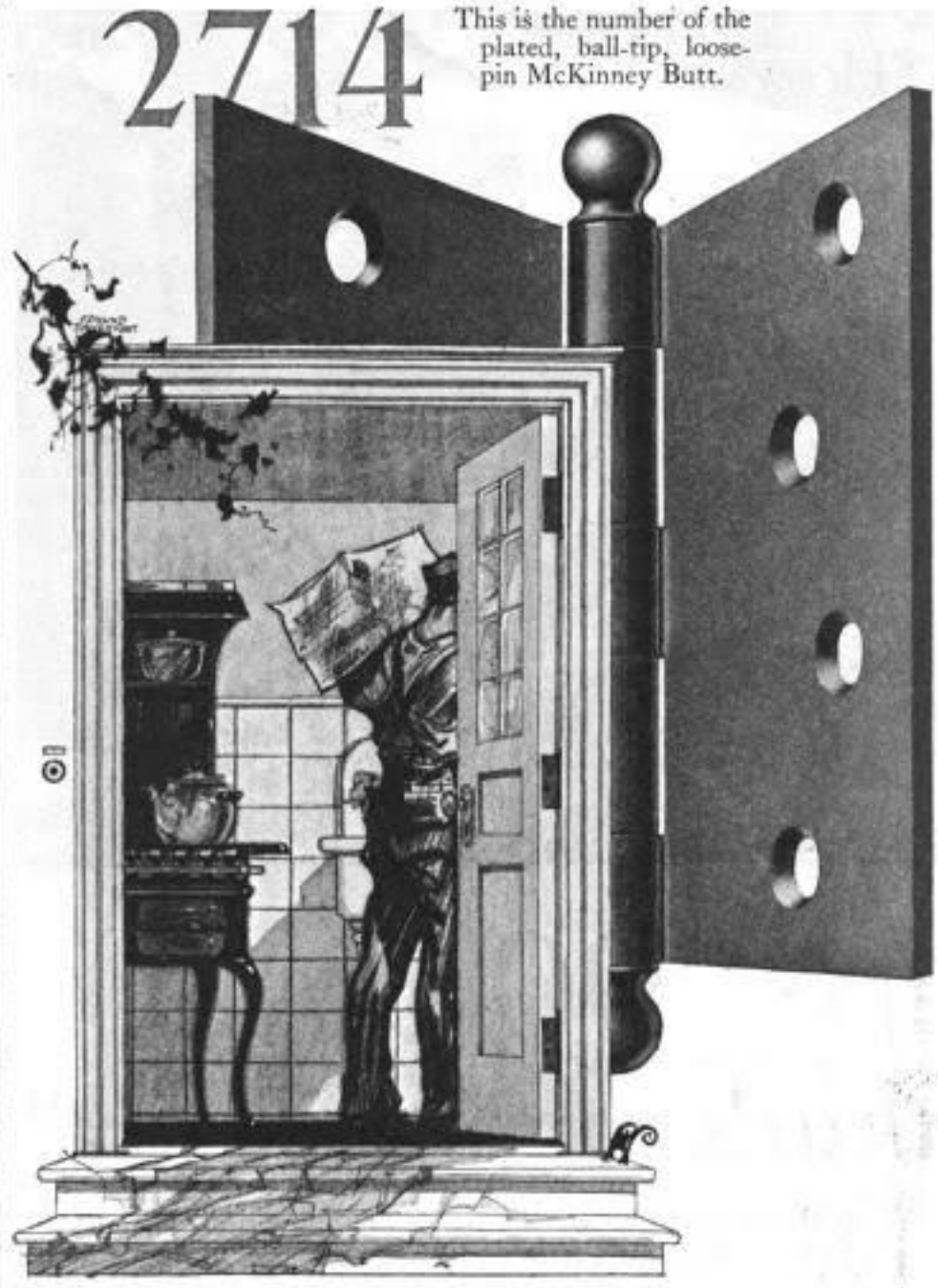
A Lively Meeting

Among the questions hurled at me was, "Why did America oppose the Anglo-Japanese Alliance when she stands for the Monroe Doctrine?" Another was, "Why do you massacre negroes in Chicago and discriminate against Japanese?"

I was asked to take the chair and I did so on the condition that I could put any question I liked. I then asked six people in succession to tell me what they would do if they could change the present Japanese policy. The invariable reply included elimination of militarism by the reduction of the army to one-fourth, withdrawal of Japanese troops from China and Siberia, the end of conscription, abrogation of the rule that the Ministers of Army and Navy must be officers, and the abolition of all restriction of freedom of speech in press and public. One young man suggested the imposition of a heavy tax on unearned income, especially inherited property. This shows a significant tendency in Japan. Practically everybody present favored legislation that would include an eight-hour day, social insurance, and the prohibition of child labor and night work. Others wanted socialization of public-utility enterprises. Here you have an epitome of what liberal Japan wants.

The most notable utterance of the evening was by Arishima the novelist, who made what for a Japanese was an impassioned denunciation of the whole capitalistic system. One week later Arishima startled all Japan by giving away his estate, valued at half a million yen, in order, as he expressed it, to become a member of the proletariat. His property, which consists mainly of agricultural lands in Hokkaido, in the north of Japan, will be divided into small lots and will be given with clear titles, free of charge, to the tenant farmers. In taking this step Arishima, who became a convert to socialism ten years ago, is doing in real life what the hero of Tolstoy's famous novel Resurrection did in the book.

To return to the Tsurumi meeting, one final detail will show its revolutionary quality. I asked the Baroness Ishimoto to make a few remarks, which she did with grace and intelligence. What surprised me was the attention which she received from



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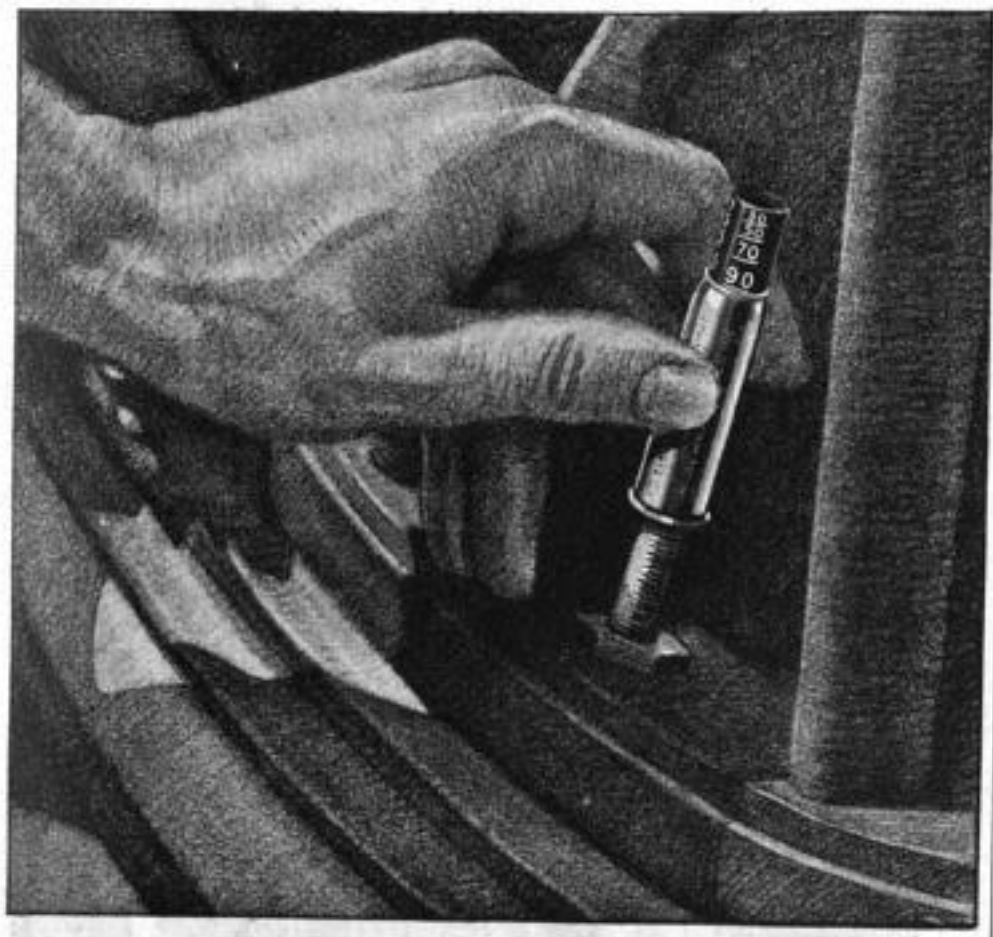
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the Japanese men. Nor was this due to her personal attractions. As most people know, the Japanese woman is probably the most repressed in the world, and she is never allowed to express herself in a mixed meeting. Japanese liberalism is coeducational.

The Ishimotos are a remarkable pair. Each has a distinct individuality and their combined experience contributes a significant chapter to contemporary Japanese life. The baron, who is still in his thirties, is the son of General Baron Shinroku Ishimoto, who died as Minister of War ten years ago. The family belongs to the samurai class and everybody expected the heir to follow the soldierly traditions of his line. Access to the Bible, however, changed the young man's point of view and he determined to do what he could for humanity. He cast about for the lowliest human lot in Japan, and decided that it was that of the coal miner. He took a course in mining engineering and then worked as a miner in the Kiusiu District. Before going he married the lady who is the present baroness and who is a member of a distinguished family. It was a real romance. Together they shared the hardships of the coal fields for three years, after which they made a trip around the world. Knowing this you are not surprised to know that they are among the most liberal of the Japanese liberals.

Japan's Labor Problems

It would take a book to deal adequately with every phase of Japan in transition, so deeply has change entered into the structure of the nation. The limitations of space prohibit much more than a brief analysis of one movement that cannot be overlooked. I mean the labor tendency.

Until the Great War the big and little employer in Japan exercised a paternalism that was a survival of the feudal day and is a part of the family system. Strikes were infrequent, and then only by individuals. Wages and working conditions were outrageously bad, but tradition decreed that the boss could do no wrong, and first obligation was to him.

With the outbreak of the war and the beginning of an unprecedented industrial boom in Japan came the inevitable competition for skilled labor. The Japanese worker suddenly discovered that he was an important person. He got wage increases without the asking, and everything was lovely. When the boom flattened out and dismissal or reduction in pay became the order of the day he rebelled. The sympathetic strike developed, and the old paternalism went to pot. Amiable acquiescence gave way to an ugly mood.

Suddenly sabotage became a part of the Japanese labor vocabulary. Being prize imitators, the Nipponese annexed the word but not the real meaning. When a Japanese worker wants to commit sabotage he does not break up machinery or burn down a factory. He simply goes slow, as they say. He cuts down in the quantity and quality of his work.

At present there are no labor unions in Japan as we know them. The local guild—and each craft has one—is the substitute. Floating labor is usually controlled by a sort of *padrone* who guarantees the men their living expenses when they are idle and who takes a goodly share of their wages when they work.

The nearest approach to a labor union today is the Yuai-kai, which means Laborers' Friendly Association, and which now has a membership of fifty thousand. It was founded by Bunji Suzuki, who has been called the Gompers of Japan, but he has no such intellectual acuteness or diplomatic adroitness as the head of the American Federation of Labor. The Yuai-kai has agitated the movement for factory welfare and, largely through the instrumentality of Suzuki, has established free night technical schools in which the ethics of trade unionism are taught.

Suzuki is a rotund, amiable little man—an unusual physical type for Japan—who has read just enough of socialism and Bolshevism to enable him to talk glibly about them.

When I requested him to sum up the labor present and future in Japan he replied: "Japanese labor, like everything else in the country, is in process of change, and the movement is toward close organization. Labor is just beginning to find itself. It was not until the war that it realized how underpaid and overworked it was. It must 'organize, and this is why I started the Yuai-kai, which is merely a beginning.

"Sooner or later Japan must undergo an industrial revolution. It is the only agency that can clear up the situation. Wages are still too low and most of the profits now go to the rich families, who pay a trifling income tax. The worker does not get his just share and he proposes to get it. The Japanese worker has been a long-suffering individual and has never asserted his rights, but now he is beginning to put fear into the heart of the employer."

"Will Japanese labor ever go Bolshevik?" I asked.

The Last Frontier of Absolutism

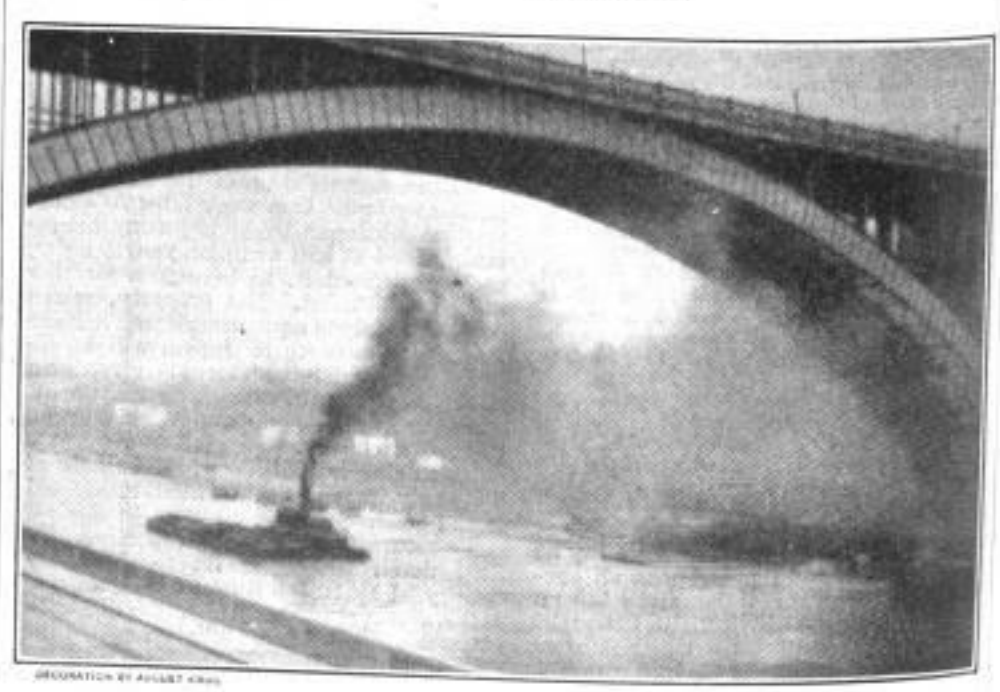
"It is not impossible," he answered; "but we Japanese would never go to an extreme that would menace the security of our Emperor. His place must always be secure. I believe in the doctrines of Karl Marx, and many of my colleagues think the same way.

"When I say that Japan needs an industrial revolution I mean more specifically a general strike that will tie up the country. That would be about as far as Japanese labor would go. Such an event, even without violence, would make the employer realize that henceforth labor is not a dumb brute to be driven at will."

It is doubtful if Japanese labor, regardless of provocation, would ever go to such extremes as obtained in some of our strikes. One reason is that the Japanese lack the stamina for this kind of adventure. Despite everything that has been written about their marvelous physical endurance they really have no punch when it comes to sustained physical effort. One thing is certain: Labor is in revolt and the industrial situation is likely to be much worse before it is better.

Such is the picture of changing Japan, where the last frontier of absolutism is being passed.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with the economic and political situation in the Far East. The next will be devoted to the Chinese civil war and its consequences.



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A NOSE FOR NEWS

(Continued from Page 13)

As the clever young man went down the steps of the big house his smile was replaced by a look strongly suggesting irritation.

"He must think I'm thick," he said under his breath. "As if every wise one in town didn't know he'd spend his shirt to be senator, and has been moving heaven and earth to get Big Ed Sheehan to indorse him."

Then Mr. Geppert's clever countenance brightened.

"It will be a fine thing for me," he remarked to himself, "if the colonel has to go to Washington. It will keep him busy down there—and meantime I'll be busy here."

Three nights later Earl Geppert came into the city room of The Morning Voice and meandered, apparently aimlessly, past the desk of Marcus Quigley. The managing editor had gone to the ice-water cooler, his only exercise, and the nimble eye of the clever young man roved rapidly over the editorial desk. The eye was stopped abruptly by a headline written in the big careful hand of the managing editor; Marcus Quigley often wrote headlines for the more important stories; indeed, he did everything he could, and he would have set the type by hand had the necessity arisen. The headline read:

BIG ED SHEEHAN NAMED
IN BRIBERY CASE

POLITICAL BOSS INDICTED BY GRAND JURY

Geppert read no farther; he wheeled away from the desk like a circling sea gull and did not return until Marcus Quigley had resumed his seat. Then he approached the owner of the celebrated nose.

"Good evening."

"Good evening, Geppert."

"Heard from the colonel?"

"No. Why should I?"

"Oh, I thought he might have wired about that Sheehan story."

"He hasn't."

"What is there in that story, Quigley? One of those wild political things, isn't it?"

Marcus Quigley looked at the clever young man quizzically.

"No, it is not wild," he said slowly. "We have the facts. Big Ed has been caught with the goods at last. I had the hunch and Millett dug up the details."

"You're not going to run it, of course," remarked Geppert.

The editor peered along his nose at the young man.

"Of course I am," he said.

"It may be libel," warned Geppert.

"The truth is not libel," said Marcus Quigley.

"But, see here, you can't run that story."

"I'm going to."

"You know what it means?"

"It means that a crooked boss has been caught doing a crooked thing."

"Oh, I'm not thinking about Big Ed. I'm thinking about the colonel."

"What about the colonel?"

"Now, Quigley, you know the situation as well as I do. If The Morning Voice runs that story Big Ed Sheehan will knife the colonel politically."

Marcus Quigley looked grave.

"But it's news, Geppert," he said.

"Not another paper in town will touch it."

"It's news, nevertheless," the editor repeated doggedly.

"But the colonel wants to be senator."

"It's news," repeated Marcus Quigley.

The younger man's temper began to escape from his control.

"News!" he exclaimed. "News! Man alive, don't you ever think of anything but news?"

To the thin lips in the shadow of the great nose came a smile.

"I don't believe I do, Geppert. That's why I'm here."

Geppert was thinking of what it would mean to him to have the colonel busy in Washington; his clever face was contorted as he snapped, "Yes; you're here—now. But where will you be when the colonel sees that story in his paper?"

"That has nothing to do with the news value of the story, Geppert."

The calmness of the editor appeared to infuriate the man who faced him.

"Let me tell you something, Quigley. You may not know it. You think because you've been here so long you own this sheet. You think the colonel considers you indispensable. Well, you're dead wrong. I happen to know that he's stood about as much from you as he's going to. He'll be glad of this chance to get rid of you."

Marcus Quigley studied the words he had written; he shrugged his slight bent shoulders; then he looked up at Geppert and said, "I've fought for twenty-five years to make this a real newspaper that gives real news. If Colonel Fowler wants to make a rag of it I suppose that's up to him."

"Then you're going to run that story?"

"It's news."

Geppert's anger came boiling to the surface again.

"You and your infernal yapping about news!" he cried. "It's easy for you to sit and get off that stuff when you know the news is going to hurt someone else, not you. I suppose you've got coin tucked away, in case you lose your job. You've nothing at stake. You know you'll never break into the news with an ugly story yourself. Yes, it's easy to see another man's ox gored."

Marcus Quigley turned from the angry man and bent over a bunch of copy that had just come from the copy desk.

"I haven't time to discuss that with you now, Geppert," he said evenly. "The Sheehan story is news. It goes in. Good night."

For a second one might have thought from his face that the clever young man was going to assault the owner of the nose. Then suddenly a smile came to Geppert's face, such a smile as heralds impending triumph, a satisfied smile. He went out of the office, but he did not go home. He waited at the Press Club until after two, then stole back to the press room of The Morning Voice, secured a first edition of the paper, and mailed it, special delivery, to Col. Daniel Peyton Fowler, at his fishing camp in Maine. With the soft black pencil dear to reporters he wrote across the top of the first page:

Dear Colonel: Another ox gored. I warned him not to do it too. GEPPERT.

Then, still smiling a satisfied smile, the clever young man went home to bed.

When Colonel Fowler read the Sheehan story, and the penciled note, his face became the color of a Venetian sunset; it was still that color when he reached The Morning Voice office some hours later. He demanded loudly to see the managing editor. But a most unusual thing had happened that day. Although it was well past two Marcus Quigley was not at his desk. The colonel was forced to nurse his wrath in his own private office, and to him presently came Earl Geppert, who verbally expressed surprise at finding him there, but whose face showed no surprise whatsoever.

"Just when the trout were beginning to strike too," growled the colonel. "Where's Quigley."

"Isn't he in?" Again Geppert's tongue expressed surprise.

"No." The colonel was fuming. "No. I wish he was ——"

"Perhaps," suggested Geppert, "perhaps he thought it wiser not to be."

"Humph!" exploded the owner of the paper. "It's just as well for him. He'll gore no more of my oxen."

"I was afraid you'd be angry," said Geppert sweetly. "I told him so. But he just droned 'It's news.'"

"I'll have a piece of news for him that will make his nose tremble," muttered the colonel. He consulted his watch. "Humph! After five. I can't wait. Got a vestry meeting. But I'll attend to Mr. Quigley tomorrow."

Geppert accompanied him to the elevator, talking softly into the colonel's gnarled ear.

"Humph!" remarked the colonel as he strode along. "You're right, Geppert. Quigley's a fraud. Funny I didn't see it that way before. Of course he can afford to sit here and gore other men's oxen. And I'd been thinking it was pluck! Bah! And I thought it was a case of a man having the courage of his convictions. Bah! Tomorrow ——"

The descending elevator took the rest of the colonel's sentence with it. Geppert whistled a pleased waltz as he went back

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to his office. An hour later, when he went out to dinner, Geppert noted that Marcus Quigley had come in; and he also noted that the managing editor was not busily poring over the assignment schedule, as was his wont, but was sitting, oblivious of the din of the city room, staring out of the window at the blank brick wall of the building opposite.

Geppert did not return to the office that night. He wanted to be rested, for it seemed to him the clever thing to do to be on hand, fresh and smiling, next day when the colonel named a new managing editor.

It was an even more feverish night than usual in the city room. But toward midnight it quieted down. The reporters of the late watch talked together in a corner. Their voices buzzed like bluebottle flies.

"The old nose is drooping tonight," remarked one.

"Never saw him look so all in before," said a second.

"He was white and trembling when I reported to him," a third said. "Drink?"

"No; he doesn't touch it. Nerves, probably. No wonder, the pace he travels. He must be sixty, too. Fine old war horse."

"Why, look. There's Steve Farrell. Wonder what brings him into the shop this late."

They saw the solemn dumpy figure of Farrell, the veteran police-headquarters reporter, approach the managing editor's desk. Farrell was the dean of the staff, the only one who called the editor Mark, and on more than one occasion, they knew, the managing editor had saved Farrell's job for him. Ordinarily Farrell telephoned his stories in to a rewrite man. They saw Farrell bend over Marcus Quigley's desk.

They could not hear him when he whispered huskily, "Mark, old man, it's tough, damn tough ——"

"Yes, Steve."

"I'm sorry."

"Thanks, Steve."

The editor kept his eyes fastened on the papers on his desk, but they were not focused on anything in particular.

"It hit me pretty hard, Steve." The editor's face was set. "The boy was all I had in the world, you know. I'd planned big things for him, Steve."

"Yes—I know. It's tough, Mark; tough on you."

The police-headquarters man glanced about; he whispered in an even lower voice than before, "I've got it fixed."

"Fixed?"

"Yes—look—here's the bulletin. The chief inspector gave it to me after I'd pleaded with him an hour. No one else has seen it. Not a word need ever get into print. Your son's case is closed, Mark."

"Old man"—the editor's voice broke—"you're a real friend. Let's see the bulletin."

Farrell laid on the desk a sheet of paper—the bulletin that is posted in police headquarters to inform reporters of the latest police news. Marcus Quigley bent over it. It read:

Detectives Malone and Stack report that the mystery of the theft of $49,000 in bonds from the City Trust Company has been solved. The theft was traced to Marcus Quigley, Jr., aged 25, of 1770 Linwood Avenue, Vernontown, an employe of the bank. When they went to arrest him at his father's house today he admitted the theft. He asked to be allowed to shave before he was taken to jail, and went into the bathroom, where he cut his throat. Despite the efforts of the detectives, and his father, who is Marcus Quigley, managing editor of The Morning Voice, to save him, the wound was fatal. The detectives say that young Quigley stole the money to give it to Mrs. Estelle Callaway, of 111 Park Avenue, widow of J. Sears Callaway, and well known in society. The detectives say that she lost heavily gambling for high stakes, and that she infatuated Quigley, who stole to help her recoup her losses. A number of men and women prominent in a certain high social set are named by the detectives as having taken part in the gambling. She lost the money Quigley gave her and refused to see him again. It is announced by the bank that Quigley's father has made good the stolen money.

The editor's ashen lips formed each word slowly, painfully, as if he were just learning to read.

"Yes," he said, nodding. "The facts are straight. But I do think it would be fair to mention in the story that the boy had a clean record, that he'd always been a good boy."

"Story?"

"It is a good story, Steve."

"Great heavens, Mark; you don't mean you're going to run it!"

The editor looked up from the bulletin; his face was the color of the copy paper.

"It's news, Steve," he said.

"But you could kill it."

"Kill news, Steve?"

"Come, buck up, Mark! You don't know what you're doing. This story is about your boy, about you, understand? It's fixed, I tell you. You can kill it. No one but you and I and the cops know."

The fingers of Marcus Quigley were bloodless as he gripped his thick paper pencil.

"Yes, Steve—I know. But it is news."

Farrell laid his hand on the editor's antennalike arm.

"Don't be a fool!" he whispered hoarsely. "To print it will cost you your job, sure. You know how the colonel feels about scandal; he fired Britt after that divorce mix-up; you know that. And you know how that rat Geppert will make use of this. Can't you hear him slipping it to the colonel 'Your managing editor had a thief for a son'? You're in bad, right now, about that Sheehan story, I'll bet all I ever saw, aren't you?"

"I don't know, Steve. Probably."

"Got any coin?"

"No; every cent I owned went to the bank today."

"Well, think it over. You know what it is to be sixty, broke and jobless."

"Yes, I know."

"You're the one this story will hurt."

"Yes, I know. The boy is beyond hurting now."

"You'll kill the story then?"

"Don't crowd me, Steve. My head aches. Give me a minute or two. I've got to think this thing out. You'd better go home. Good night, old man; I'm never going to forget what you did for me."

"Good night, Mark."

When he had gone the managing editor sat rigid in his chair, staring out through the almost deserted city room, the room where he had passed the best years of his life. He saw the rows of typewriters and thought of the countless stories that had been pounded out on their lopsided keys; he thought of the stories that would be written on them. He saw the copy desk, with the slot in the center, and the copy readers, industrious as ants, their eyeshades pulled down over their eyes, their fountain pens in action. He heard their shouts of "Boy! Oh, boy!" Upstairs he could hear, ever so faintly, the click and tick and whir of the linotype machines, turning copy into leaden words to be spread on newsprint for men to read.

Soon, he reflected, he would hear the thunderous chorus of the great presses as they printed the thousands of fresh copies of The Morning Voice, his newspaper, the paper he made with his hands, his brain, his heart. His whole life was bound up in that scene. The smell of the city room was in his nostrils, that pungent blend of ink, fresh paper, tobacco smoke. He loved it all.

His long fingers closed on the police bulletin and tightened on the sheet of paper that meant to him disgrace, and the loss of everything he valued. He had felt that he could weather the Sheehan storm, but this scandal, coming on top of it, would mean his banishment; he knew that. The cords on his knuckle stood out as he gripped the crumpled paper.

"Sixty, broke and jobless," he muttered. "And alone!" He pressed his temples with his fingers. And then: "But this is news."

His bent shoulders straightened and squared; he stood up.

"Creelman," he shouted, "please come here."

A rewrite man hurried from his typewriter.

"Creelman," he said in his usual voice, "here's a good story. Go the limit. Front-page stuff. Don't ask any questions. You've just time to make the first edition."

A second later he shouted, "Boy! Here, quick! Jump up to the composing room and tell them to put the shipwreck story inside and save a column on the front page for the—for the Quigley story. Hurry!"

He drew toward him a clean sheet of copy paper, and in his big careful hand wrote:

EDITOR'S SON KILLS SELF
TO ESCAPE ARREST

Marcus Quigley Jr. Stole $49,000 to Aid Woman and Ended Life When Cornered

Then he slumped over on his desk and buried his face in his folded arms.

Royal Easy Davenports

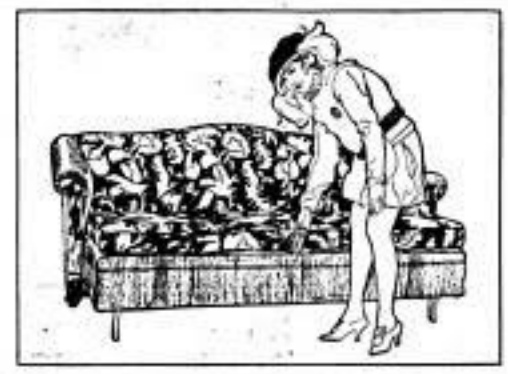
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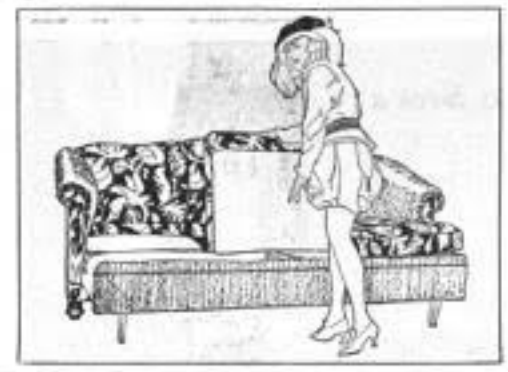
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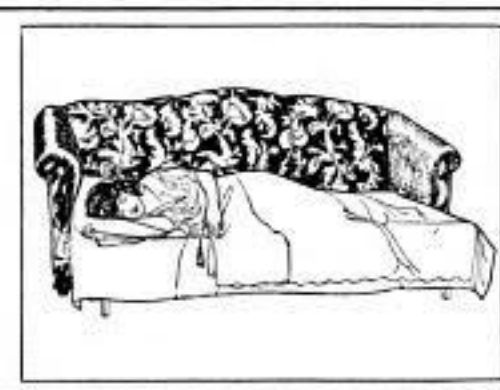
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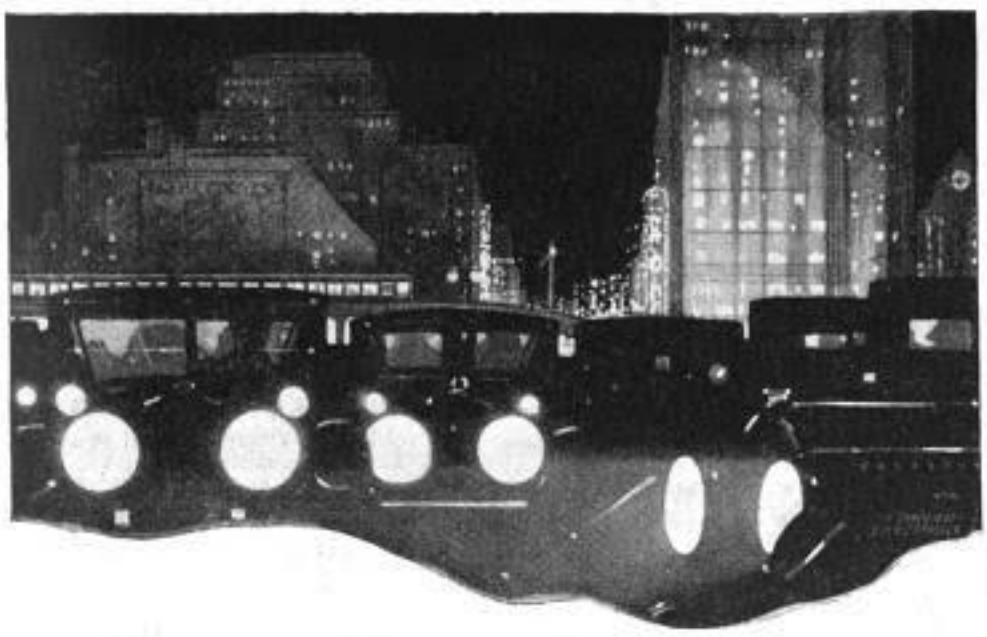
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WESTINGHOUSE BATTERIES

The next afternoon Marcus Quigley went to the office of The Morning Voice, as he had gone six afternoons a week for twenty-five years; he went almost automatically, hardly knowing what he was doing. He had barely seated himself at his venerable desk when an office boy told him that Colonel Fowler had left word for him to report to the colonel the instant he came in. He went slowly, walking as if his legs were weak from a long illness; he did not look up at the colonel, whose bulk overflowed a swivel chair behind a broad flat desk; he shuffled up to the desk and laid on it a sheet of copy paper on which he had written in his big hand: "Please accept my resignation, to take effect today. MARCUS QUIGLEY."

He knew that he would not be able to say the words, so he had written them. Before the owner of The Morning Voice could speak Marcus Quigley pushed the piece of paper toward him with his long fingers; then he turned and started to shuffle from the room.

A roar such as an angered lion emits stopped him in his tracks.

"Here, Quigley! What the devil is this?" The words came bellowing up from the colonel's barrel of chest.

"My—resignation," said Marcus Quigley.

He saw the burly pink fingers of the colonel close on the sheet of paper, saw them tear it twice across with swift fingers, saw him make a ball of the pieces and hurl the ball indignantly into a wastebasket.

"Bah!" said the colonel very loudly. "Bah! Do you think I don't read my own paper? Do you think my newspaper blood has turned to toilet water? Do you think I don't know a man with guts when I see one? Bah, Mark Quigley! You take that nose of yours back to the place in the city room where it belongs."

The colonel coughed.

"And, oh," he added, "one other thing. I'm taking Geppert away from The Morning Voice. He doesn't seem to have a nose for news."

THE REMINISCENCES OF A STOCK OPERATOR

(Continued from Page 19)

"'Yes,' I answered. 'First they sink to the bottom. Then they come up; but not right away. They've got to be good and dead a couple of days. It isn't time for these corpses to rise to the surface. They are not quite dead yet."

"An old-timer heard me. He was one of those chaps that are always reminded of something. He said that William R. Travers, who was bearish, once met a friend who was bullish. They exchanged market views and the friend said, 'Mr. Travers, how can you be bearish with the market so stiff?' and Travers retorted, 'Yes! Th-the s-s-stiffness of d-death!' It was Travers who went to the office of a company and asked to be allowed to see the books. The clerk asked him, 'Have you an interest in this company?' and Travers answered, 'I sh-should s-say I had! I'm sh-short t-t-twenty thousand sh-shares of the stock!'

"Well, the rallies grew feebler and feebler. I was pushing my luck for all I was worth. Every time I sold a few thousand shares of Great Northern preferred the price broke several points. I felt out weak spots elsewhere and let 'em have a few. All yielded, with one impressive exception; and that was Reading.

"When everything else hit the toboggan slide Reading stood like the Rock of Gibraltar. Everybody said the stock was cornered. It certainly acted like it. They used to tell me it was plain suicide to sell Reading short. There were people in the office who were now as bearish on everything as I was. But when anybody hinted at selling Reading they shrieked for help. I myself had sold some short and was standing pat on it. At the same time I naturally preferred to seek and hit the soft spots instead of attacking the strongly protected specialties. My tape reading found easier money in other stocks."

Planning an Assault on Reading

"I heard a great deal about the Reading bull pool. It was a mighty strong pool. To begin with they had a lot of low-priced stock, so that their average was actually below the prevailing level, according to friends who told me. Moreover, the principal members of the pool had close connections of the friendliest character with the banks whose money they were using to carry their huge holdings of Reading. As long as the price stayed up the bankers' friendship was staunch and steadfast. One pool member's paper profit was upward of three millions. That allowed for some decline without causing fatalities. No wonder the stock stood up and defied the bears. Every now and then the room traders looked at the price, smacked their lips and proceeded to test it with a thousand or two. They could not dislodge a share, so they covered and went looking elsewhere for easier money. Whenever I looked at it I also sold a little more—just enough to convince myself that I was true to my new trading principles and wasn't playing favorites.

"In the old days the strength of Reading might have fooled me. The tape kept on saying, 'Leave it alone!' But my reason told me differently. I was anticipating a general break, and there were not going to be any exceptions, pool or no pool.

"I have always played a lone hand. I began that way in the bucket shops and have kept it up. It is the way my mind works. I have to do my own seeing and my own thinking. But I can tell you after the market began to go my way I felt for the first time in my life that I had allies—the strongest and truest in the world: underlying conditions. They were helping me with all their might. Perhaps they were a trifle slow at times in bringing up the reserves, but they were dependable, provided I did not get too impatient. I was not pitting my tape-reading knack or my hunches against chance. I was following facts. The inexorable logic of events was making money for me."

Trusty Allies at Work

"The thing was to be right; to know it and to act accordingly. General conditions, my true allies, said 'Down!' And Reading disregarded the command. It was an insult to us. It began to annoy me to see Reading holding firmly, as though everything were serene. It ought to be the best short sale in the entire list because it had not gone down and the pool was carrying a lot of stock that it would not be able to carry when the money stringency grew more pronounced. Some day the bankers' friends would fare no better than the friendless suckers. The stock must go with the others. If Reading didn't decline, then my theory was wrong; I was wrong; facts were wrong; logic was wrong.

"I figured that the price held because the Street was afraid to sell it. So one day I gave to two brokers each an order to sell four thousand shares, at the same time.

"You ought to have seen that cornered stock, that it was sure suicide to go short of, take a headlong dive when those competitive orders struck it. I let 'em have a few thousand more. The price was 111 when I started selling it. Within a few minutes I took in my entire short line at 92.

"I had a wonderful time after that, and in February of 1907 I cleaned up. Great Northern preferred had gone down sixty or seventy points, and other stocks in proportion. I had made a good bit, but the reason I cleaned up was that I figured that the decline had discounted the immediate future. I looked for a fair recovery, but I wasn't bullish enough to play for a turn. I wasn't going to lose my position entirely. The market would not be right for me to trade in for a while. The first ten thousand dollars I made in the bucket shops I lost because I traded in and out of season, every day, whether or not conditions were right. I wasn't making that mistake twice. Also, don't forget that I had gone broke a little while before because I had seen this break too soon and started selling before it was time. Now when I had a big profit I wanted to cash in so that I could feel I had been right. The rallies had broken me before. I wasn't going to let

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the next rally wipe me out. Instead of sitting tight I went to Florida. I love fishing and I needed a rest. I could get both down there. And besides, there are direct wires between Wall Street and Palm Beach.

"I cruised off the coast of Florida. The fishing was good. I was out of stocks. My mind was easy. I was having a fine time. One day off Palm Beach some friends came alongside in a motor boat. One of them brought a newspaper with him. I hadn't looked at one in some days and had not felt any desire to see one. I was not interested in any news it might print. But I glanced over the one my friend brought to the yacht, and I saw that the market had had a big rally: ten points and more.

"I told my friends that I would go ashore with them. Moderate rallies from time to time were reasonable. But the bear market was not over; and here was Wall Street or the fool public or desperate bull interests disregarding monetary conditions and marking up prices beyond reason or letting somebody else do it. It was too much for me. I simply had to take a look at the market. I didn't know what I might or might not do. But I knew that my pressing need was the sight of the quotation board.

"My brokers, Harding Brothers, had a branch office in Palm Beach. When I walked in I found there a lot of chaps I knew. Most of them were talking bullish. They were of the type that trade on the tape and want quick action. Such traders don't care to look ahead very far because they don't need to with their style of play. I told you how I'd got to be known in the New York office as the Kid Plunger. Of course people always magnify a fellow's winnings and the size of the line he swings. The fellows in the office had heard that I had made a killing in New York on the bear side and they expected that I would plunge on the short side. They themselves thought the rally would go a good deal further, but they sort of considered it my duty to fight it.

"I had come down to Florida on a fishing trip. I had been under a pretty severe strain and I needed my holiday. But the moment I saw how far the recovery in prices had gone I no longer felt the need of a vacation. I had not thought of just what I was going to do when I came ashore. But now I knew I must sell stocks. I was right, and I must prove it in my old and only way—by saying it with money. To sell the general list would be a proper, prudent, profitable and even patriotic action."

A Hunch on Anaconda

"The first thing I saw on the quotation board was that Anaconda was on the point of crossing 300. It had been going up by leaps and bounds and there was apparently an aggressive bull party in it. It was an old trading theory of mine that when a stock crosses 100 or 200 or 300 for the first time the price does not stop there but goes a good deal higher, so that if you buy it as soon as it crosses the line it is almost certain to show you a profit. Timid people don't like to buy a stock at a new high record. But I had the history of such movements to guide me.

"Anaconda was only quarter stock—that is, the par of the shares was only twenty-five dollars. It took four hundred shares of it to equal the usual one hundred shares of other stocks, the par value of which was one hundred dollars. I figured that when it crossed 300 it ought to keep on going and probably touch 340 in a jiffy.

"I was bearish, remember, but I was also a tape-reading trader. I knew Anaconda, if it went the way I figured, would move very quickly. Whatever moves fast always appeals to me. I have learned patience and how to sit tight, but my personal liking is for fleet movements, and Anaconda certainly was no sluggard. My buying it because it crossed 300 was prompted by the desire, always strong in me, of confirming my observations.

"Just then the tape was telling me that the buying was stronger than the selling, and therefore the general rally might easily go a bit further. It would be prudent to wait before going short. Still I might as well pay myself wages for waiting. This would be accomplished by taking a quick thirty points out of Anaconda. Bearish on the entire market and bullish on that one stock! So I bought thirty-two thousand shares of Anaconda—that is, eight thousand full shares. It was a nice little flyer but I was sure of my premises and I figured that the profit would help to swell the margin available for bear operations later on.

"On the next day the telegraph wires were down on account of a storm up North or something of the sort. I was in Harding's office waiting for news. The crowd was chewing the rag and wondering all sorts of things, as stock traders will when they can't trade. Then we got a quotation—the only one that day: Anaconda, 292.

"There was a chap with me, a broker I had met in New York. He knew I was long eight thousand full shares and I suspect that he had some of his own, for when we got that one quotation he certainly had a fit. He couldn't tell whether the stock at that very moment had gone off another ten points or not. The way Anaconda had gone up it wouldn't have been anything unusual for it to break twenty points. But I said to him, 'Don't you worry, John. It will be all right tomorrow.' That was really the way I felt. But he looked at me and shook his head. He knew better. He was that kind. So I laughed, and I waited in the office in case some quotation trickled through. But no, sir. That one was all we got: Anaconda, 292. It meant a paper loss to me of nearly one hundred thousand dollars. I had wanted quick action. Well, I was getting it.

"The next day the wires were working and we got the quotations as usual. Anaconda opened at 298 and went up to 302¾, but pretty soon it began to fade away. Also, the rest of the market was not acting just right for a further rally. I made up my mind that if Anaconda went back to 301 it was a fake movement. On a legitimate advance the price should have gone to 310 without stopping. If instead it reacted it meant that precedents had failed me and I was wrong; and the only thing to do when a man is wrong is to be right by ceasing to be wrong. I had bought eight thousand full shares in expectation of a thirty or forty point rise. It would not be my first mistake; nor my last."

Job's Comforters

"Sure enough, Anaconda fell back to 301. The moment it touched that figure I sneaked over to the telegraph operator—they had a direct wire to the New York office—and I said to him, 'Sell all my Anaconda, thirty-two thousand shares.' I said it in a low voice. I didn't want anybody else to know what I was doing.

"He looked up at me almost in horror. But I nodded and said, 'All I've got!'

"'Surely, Mr. Livingston, you don't mean at the market?' and he looked as if he was going to lose a couple of millions of his own through bum execution by a careless broker. But I just told him, 'Sell it! Don't argue about it!'

"The two Black boys, Jim and Ollie, were in the office, out of hearing of the operator and myself. They were big traders who had come originally from Chicago, where they had been famous plungers in wheat, and were now heavy traders on the New York Stock Exchange. They were very wealthy and were high rollers for fair.

"As I left the telegraph operator to go back to my seat in front of the quotation board Oliver Black nodded to me and smiled.

"'You'll be sorry, Larry,' he said.

"I stopped and asked him, 'What do you mean?'

"'Tomorrow you'll be buying it back.'

"'Buying what back?' I said. I hadn't told a soul except the telegraph operator.

"'Anaconda,' he said. 'You'll be paying 320 for it. That wasn't a good move of yours, Larry.' And he smiled again.

"'What wasn't?' And I looked innocent.

"'Selling your eight thousand Anaconda at the market; in fact, insisting on it,' said Ollie Black.

"I knew that he was supposed to be very clever and always traded on inside news. But how he knew my business so accurately was beyond me. I was sure the office hadn't given me away.

"'Ollie, how did you know that?' I asked him.

"He laughed and told me: 'I got it from Charlie.' That was the telegraph operator.

"'But he never budged from his place,' I said.

"'I couldn't hear you and him whispering,' he chuckled. 'But I heard every word of the message he sent to the New York

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office for you. I learned telegraphy years ago after I had a big row over a mistake in a message. Since then when I do what you did just now—give an order by word of mouth to an operator—I want to be sure the operator sends the message as I give it to him. I know what he sends in my name. But you will be sorry you sold that Anaconda. It's going to 500.'

"'Not this trip, Ollie,' I said.

"He stared at me and said, 'You're pretty cocky about it.'

"'Not I; the tape,' I said.

"'I've heard of those birds,' he said, 'who look at the tape and instead of seeing prices they see a railroad time-table of the arrival and departure of stocks. But they were in padded cells where they couldn't hurt themselves.'

"I didn't answer him anything because about that time the boy brought me a memorandum. They had sold five thousand shares at 299¾. I knew our quotations were a little behind the market. The price on the board at Palm Beach when I gave the operator the order to sell was 301. I felt so certain that at that very moment the price at which the stock was actually selling on the Stock Exchange in New York was less, that if anybody had offered to take the stock off my hands at 296 I'd have been tickled to death to accept. What happened shows you that I am right in never trading at limits. Suppose I had limited my selling price to 300? I'd never have got it off. No, sir! When you want to get out, get out."

Getting Ready for the Storm

"Now, my stock cost me about 300. They got off five hundred shares—full shares, of course—at 299¾. The next thousand they sold at 299⅝. Then a hundred at ½; two hundred at ⅜ and two hundred at ¼. The last of my stock went at 298¾. It took Harding's cleverest floor man fifteen minutes to get rid of that last one hundred shares. They didn't want to crack it wide open.

"The moment I got the report of the sale of the last of my long stock I started to do what I had really come ashore to do—that is, to sell stocks. I simply had to. There was the market after its outrageous rally, begging to be sold. Why, people were beginning to talk bullish again. The tape, however, was saying that the rally had run its course. It was safe to sell them. It did not require reflection.

"The next day Anaconda opened below 296. Oliver Black, who was waiting for a further rally, had come down early to be Johnny-on-the-Spot when the stock crossed 320. I don't know how much of it he was long of or whether he was long of it at all. But he didn't laugh when he saw the opening prices, nor later in the day when the stock broke still more and the report came back to us in Palm Beach that there was no market for it at all.

"Of course that was all the confirmation any man needed. My growing paper profit kept reminding me that I was right, hour by hour. Naturally I sold some more stocks. Everything! It was a bear market. They were all going down. The next day was Friday, Washington's Birthday. I couldn't stay in Florida and fish because I had put out a very fair short line, for me. I was needed in New York. Who needed me? I did! Palm Beach was too far, too remote. Too much valuable time was lost telegraphing back and forth.

"I left Palm Beach for New York. On Monday I had to lie in St. Augustine three hours, waiting for a train. There was a broker's office there, and naturally I had to see how the market was acting while I was waiting. Anaconda had broken several points since the last trading day. As a matter of fact, it didn't stop going down until the big break that fall.

"I got to New York and traded on the bear side for about four months. The market had frequent rallies as before, and I kept covering and putting them out again. I didn't, strictly speaking, sit tight. Remember, I had lost every cent of the three hundred thousand dollars I made out of the San Francisco earthquake break. I had been right, and nevertheless had gone broke. I was now playing safe—because after being down a man enjoys being up, even if he doesn't quite make the top. The way to make money is to make it. The way to make big money is to be right at exactly the right time. In this business a man has to think of both theory and practice. A speculator must not be merely a student, he must be both a student and a speculator.

"I did pretty well, even if I can now see where my campaign was tactically inadequate. When summer came the market got dull. It was a cinch that there would be nothing doing in a big way until well along in the fall. Everybody I knew had gone or was going to Europe. I thought that would be a good move for me. So I cleaned up. When I sailed for Europe I was a trifle more than three-quarters of a million to the good. To me that looked like some balance.

"I was in Aix-les-Bains enjoying myself. I had earned my vacation. It was good to be in a place like that with plenty of money and friends and acquaintances and everybody intent upon having a good time. Not much trouble about having that, in Aix. Wall Street was so far away that I never thought about it, and that is more than you can say of any resort in the United States. I didn't have to listen to talk about the stock market. I didn't need to trade. I had enough to last me quite a long time, and besides, when I got back I knew what to do to make up much more than I could spend in Europe that summer.

"One day I saw in the Paris Herald a dispatch from New York that Smelters had declared an extra dividend. They had run up the price of the stock and the entire market had come back quite strong. Of course that changed everything for me in Aix. The news simply meant that the bull cliques were still fighting desperately against conditions—against common sense and against common honesty, for they knew what was coming and were resorting to such schemes to put up the market in order to unload stocks before the storm struck them. It is possible they really did not believe the danger was as serious or as close at hand as I thought. The big men of the Street are as prone to be wishful thinkers as the politicians or the plain suckers. I myself can't work that way. In a speculator such an attitude is fatal. Perhaps a manufacturer of securities or a promoter of new enterprises can afford to indulge in hope jags.

"At all events, I knew that all bull manipulation was foredoomed to failure in that bear market. The instant I read the dispatch I knew there was only one thing to do to be comfortable, and that was to sell Smelters short. Why, the insiders as much as begged me on their knees to do it, when they increased the dividend rate on the verge of a money panic. It was as infuriating as the old dares of your boyhood. They dared me to sell that particular stock short."

On the Right Track

"I cabled some selling orders in Smelters and advised the bunch in New York to go short of it. When I got my report from the brokers I saw the price they got was six points below the quotations I had seen in the Paris Herald. It shows you what the situation was.

"My plans had been to return to Paris at the end of the month and about three weeks later sail for New York, but as soon as I received the cabled reports from my brokers I went back to Paris. The same day I arrived I called at the steamship offices and found there was a fast boat leaving for New York the next day. I took it.

"There I was, back in New York, almost a month ahead of my original plans, because it was the most comfortable place to be short of the market in. I had over half a million in cash available for margins. My return was due not to my being bearish but to my being logical.

"I sold more stocks. As money got tighter call-money rates went higher and prices of stocks lower. I had foreseen it. At first my foresight broke me. But now I was right and prospering. But the real joy was in the consciousness that as a trader I was at last on the right track. I still had much to learn but I knew what to do. No more floundering, no more half-right methods. Tape reading was an important part of the game; so was beginning at the right time; so was sticking to your position. But my greatest discovery was that a man must study general conditions, to size them so as to be able to anticipate probabilities. In short, I had learned that I had to work for my money. I was no longer betting blindly or concerned with mastering the technic of the game, but

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with earning my successes by hard study and clear thinking. I also had found out that nobody was immune from the danger of making sucker plays. And for a sucker play a man gets sucker pay; for the paymaster is on the job and never loses the pay envelope that is coming to you.

"Our office made a great deal of money. My own operations were so successful that they began to be talked about and, of course, were greatly exaggerated. I was credited with starting the breaks in various stocks. People I didn't know by name used to come and congratulate me. They all thought the most wonderful thing was the money I had made. They did not say a word about the time when I first talked bearish to them and they thought I was a crazy bear with a vindictive grouch. That I had foreseen the money troubles was nothing. That my brokers' bookkeeper had used a third of a drop of ink on the credit side of the ledger under my name was a marvelous achievement to them.

"Friends used to tell me that in various offices the Kid Plunger in Harding Brothers' office was quoted as making all sorts of d. f. threats against the bull cliques that had tried to mark up prices of various stocks long after it was plain that the market was bound to seek a much lower level. To this day they talk of my raids.

"From the latter part of September on the money market was megaphoning warnings to the entire world. But a belief in miracles kept people from selling what remained of their speculative holdings. Why, a broker told me a story the first week of October that made me feel almost ashamed of my moderation."

Round the Money Post

"You remember money loans used to be made on the floor of the Exchange around the Money Post. Those brokers who had received notice from their banks to pay call loans knew in a general way how much money they would have to borrow afresh. And of course the banks knew their position so far as loanable funds were concerned, and those which had money to loan would send it to the Exchange. This bank money was handled by a few brokers whose principal business was time loans. At about noon the renewal rate for the day was posted. Usually this represented a fair average of the loans made up to that time. Business was as a rule transacted openly by bids and offers, so that everyone knew what was going on. Between noon and about two o'clock there was ordinarily not much business done in money, but after delivery time—namely, 2:15 P.M.—brokers would know exactly what their cash position for the day would be, and they were either able to go to the Money Post and lend the balances that they had over or borrow what they required. This business also was done openly.

"Well, sometime early in October the broker I was telling you about came to me and told me that brokers were getting so they didn't go to the Money Post when they had money to loan. The reason was that members of a couple of well-known commission firms were on watch there, ready to snap up any offerings of money. Of course no lender who offered money publicly could refuse to lend to these firms. They were solvent and the collateral was good enough. But the trouble was that once these firms borrowed money on call there was no prospect of the lender getting that money back. They simply said they couldn't pay it back and the lender would willy-nilly have to renew the loan. So any Stock Exchange house that had money to loan to its fellows used to send its men about the floor instead of to the Post, and they would whisper to good friends 'Want a hundred?' meaning 'Do you want to borrow a hundred thousand dollars?' The money brokers who acted for the banks presently adopted the same plan, and it was a dismal sight to watch the Money Post. Think of it!

"Why, he also told me that it was a matter of Stock Exchange etiquette in those October days for the borrower to make his own rate of interest. You see, it fluctuated between 100 and 150 per cent per annum. I suppose by letting the borrower fix the rate the lender in some strange way didn't feel so much like a usurer. But you bet he got as much as the rest. The borrower naturally did not dream of not paying a high rate. He played fair and paid whatever the others did. What he needed was the money and was glad to get it.

"Things got worse and worse. Finally there came the awful day of reckoning for the bulls and the optimists and the wishful thinkers and those vast hordes that, dreading the pain of a small loss at the beginning, were now about to suffer total amputation—without anæsthetics. A day I shall never forget, October 24, 1907.

"Reports from the money crowd early indicated that borrowers would have to pay whatever the lenders saw fit to ask. There wouldn't be enough to go around. That day the money crowd was much larger than usual. When delivery time came that afternoon there must have been a hundred brokers around the Money Post, each hoping to borrow the money that his firm urgently needed. Without money they must sell what stocks they were carrying on margin—sell at any price they could get in a market where buyers were as scarce as money—and just then there was not a dollar in sight.

"My friend's partner was as bearish as I was. The firm therefore did not have to borrow, but my friend, the broker I told you about, fresh from seeing the haggard faces around the Money Post, came to me. He knew I was heavily short of the entire market.

"He said, 'My God, Larry! I don't know what's going to happen. I never saw anything like it. It can't go on. Something has got to give. It looks to me as if everybody is busted right now. You can't sell stocks, and there is absolutely no money in there.'

"'How do you mean?' I asked.

"But what he answered was, 'Did you ever hear of the classroom experiment of the mouse in a glass bell when they begin to pump the air out of the bell? You can see the poor mouse breathe faster and faster, its sides heaving like overworked bellows, trying to get enough oxygen out of the decreasing supply in the bell? You watch it suffocate till its eyes almost pop out of their sockets, gasping, dying? Well, that is what I think of when I see the crowd at the Money Post! No money anywhere, and you can't liquidate stocks because there is nobody to buy them. The whole Street is busted at this very moment, if you ask me!'

"It made me think. I had seen a smash coming, but not, I admit, the worst panic in our history. It might not be profitable to anybody—if it went much further.

"Finally it became plain that there was no use in waiting at the Post for money. There wasn't going to be any. Then hell broke loose.

"The president of the Stock Exchange, Mr. R. H. Thomas, so I heard later in the day, knowing that every house in the Street was headed for disaster, went out in search of succor. He called on the late James Stillman, president of the National City Bank, the richest bank in the United States. Its boast was that it never loaned money at a higher rate than 6 per cent."

King for a Day!

"Stillman heard what the president of the New York Stock Exchange had to say. Then he said, 'Mr. Thomas, we'll have to go and see Mr. Morgan about this.'

"The two men, hoping to stave off the most disastrous panic in our financial history, went together to the office of J. P. Morgan & Co. and saw Mr. Morgan. Mr. Thomas laid the case before him. The moment he got through speaking Mr. Morgan said, 'Go back to the Exchange and tell them that there will be money for them.'

"'Where?'

"'At the banks!'

"So strong was the faith of all men in Mr. Morgan in those critical times that Thomas didn't wait for further details but rushed back to the floor of the Exchange to announce the reprieve to his death-sentenced fellow members.

"Then, before half past two in the afternoon, J. P. Morgan sent John T. Atterbury, of Van Enburgh & Atterbury, who was known to have close relations with J. P. Morgan & Co., into the money crowd. My friend said that the old broker walked quickly to the Money Post. He raised his hand like an exhorter at a revival meeting. The crowd, that at first had been calmed down somewhat by President Thomas' announcement, was beginning to fear that the relief plans had miscarried and the worst was still to come. But when they looked at Mr. Atterbury's face and saw him raise his hand they promptly petrified themselves.



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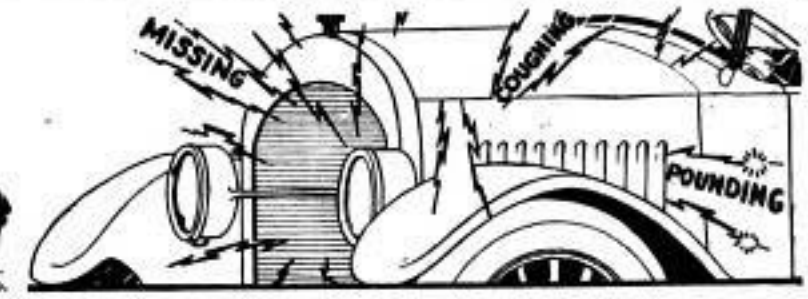
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"In the dead silence that followed, Mr. Atterbury said, 'I am authorized to lend ten million dollars. Take it easy! There will be enough for everybody!'

"Then he began. Instead of giving to each borrower the name of the lender he simply jotted down the name of the borrower and the amount of the loan and told the borrower, 'You will be told where your money is.' He meant the name of the bank from which the borrower would get the money later.

"I heard a day or two later that Mr. Morgan simply sent word to the frightened bankers of New York that they must provide the money the Stock Exchange needed.

"'But we haven't got any. We're loaned up to the hilt,' the banks protested.

"'You've got your reserves,' snapped J. P.

"'But we're already below the legal limit,' they howled.

"'Use them! That's what reserves are for!' And the banks obeyed and invaded the reserves to the extent of about twenty million dollars. It saved the stock market. The bank panic didn't come until the following week. He was a man, J. P. Morgan was. They don't come much bigger.

"That was the day I remember most vividly of all the days of my life as a stock operator. It was the day when my winnings exceeded one million dollars. It marked the successful ending of my first deliberately planned trading campaign. What I had foreseen had come to pass. But more than all these things was this: A wild dream of mine had been realized. I had been king for a day!"

The Market Topples

"I'll explain. Of course! After I had been in New York a couple of years I used to cudgel my brains trying to determine the exact reason why I couldn't beat in a Stock Exchange house in New York the game that I had beaten as a kid of fifteen in a bucket shop in Boston. I knew that some day I would find out what was wrong and I would stop being wrong. I would then have not alone the will to be right but the knowledge to insure my being right. And that would mean power.

"Please do not misunderstand me. It was not a deliberate dream of grandeur or a futile desire born of overweening vanity. It was rather a sort of feeling that the same old stock market that so baffled me in Fullerton's office and in Harding's would one day eat out of my hand. I just felt that such a day would come. And it did—October 24, 1907.

"I'll tell you what makes me say it: That morning a broker who had done a lot of business for my brokers and knew that I had been plunging on the bear side rode down in the company of one of the partners of the foremost banking house in the Street. My friend told the banker how heavily I had been trading, for I certainly pushed my luck to the limit. What is the use of being right unless you get all the good possible out of it?

"Perhaps the broker exaggerated to make his story sound important. Perhaps I had more of a following than I knew. Perhaps the banker knew far better than I how critical the situation was. At all events, my friend said to me: 'He listened with great interest to what I told him you said the market was going to do when the real selling began, after another push or two. When I got through he said he might have something for me to do later in the day.'"

A Sudden Switch

"When the commission houses found out there was not a cent to be had at any price I knew the time had come. I sent brokers into the various crowds. Why, at one time there wasn't a single bid for Union Pacific. Not at any price! Think of it! And in other stocks the same thing. No money to hold stocks and nobody to buy them.

"I had enormous paper profits and the certainty that all that I had to do to smash prices still more was to send in orders to sell ten thousand shares each of Union Pacific and of a half dozen other good dividend-paying stocks and what would follow would be simply hell. It seemed to me that the panic that would be precipitated would be of such an intensity and character that the board of governors would deem it advisable to close the Exchange, as was done in August, 1914, when the World War broke out.

"It would mean greatly increased profits on paper. It might also mean an inability to convert those profits into actual cash. But there were other things to consider, and one was that a further break would retard the recovery that I was beginning to figure on, the compensating improvement after all that bloodletting. Such a panic would do much harm to the country generally.

"I made up my mind that since it was unwise and unpleasant to continue actively bearish it was illogical for me to stay short. So I turned and began to buy.

"It wasn't long after my brokers began to buy in for me—and, by the way, I got bottom prices—that the banker sent for my friend."

The Street Begs for Mercy

"'I have sent for you,' he said, 'because I want you to go instantly to your friend Livingston and say to him that we hope he will not sell any more stocks today. The market can't stand much more pressure. As it is, it will be an immensely difficult task to avert a devastating panic. Appeal to your friend's patriotism. This is a case where a man has to work for the benefit of all. Let me know at once what he says.'

"My friend came right over and told me. He was very tactful. I suppose he thought that having planned to smash the market I would consider his request as equivalent to throwing away the chance to make about ten million dollars. He knew I was sore on some of the big guns for the way they had acted trying to land the public with a lot of stock when they knew as well as I did what was coming.

"As a matter of fact, the big men were big sufferers and lots of the stocks I bought at the very bottom were in famous financial names. I didn't know it at the time, but it did not matter. I had practically covered all my shorts and it seemed to me there was a chance to buy stocks cheap and help the needed recovery in prices at the same time—if nobody hammered the market.

"So I told my friend, 'Go back and tell Mr. Blank that I agree with him and that I fully realized the gravity of the situation, even before he sent for you. I not only will not sell any more stocks today but I am going in and buy as much as I can carry.' And I kept my word. I bought one hundred thousand shares that day, for the long account. I did not sell another stock short for nine months."

A Million to Lose

"That is why I said to you that my dream had come true and that I had been king for a moment. The stock market at one time that day certainly was at the mercy of anybody who wanted to hammer it. I do not suffer from delusions of grandeur; in fact you know how I feel about being accused of raiding the market and about the way my operations are often exaggerated by the gossip of the Street.

"I came out of it in fine shape. The newspapers said that Larry Livingston, the Kid Plunger, had made several millions. But I was worth over one million after the close of business that day. But my biggest winnings were not in dollars but in the intangibles: I had been right, I had looked ahead and followed a clear-cut plan. I had learned what a man must do in order to make big money, I was permanently out of the gambler class, I had at last learned to trade intelligently in a big way. It was a day of days for me."

Livingston ceased to speak and took a long pull at his cigar. He exhaled the smoke slowly, his eyes fixed on a spot near the ceiling.

"So that is how you learned to play the game of stock speculation as it should be played?" I said.

"Yes," answered Livingston simply.

"Having told me how you made your first million," I said, "I should now like to hear how you lost it."

"Some other time!" and Livingston rose. He walked to the window and stared out a long time.

"I'll wait until tomorrow," I told him in a kindly voice.

"Huh? Sure, I lost it! And I'd lose it again if I did what I did that time. It's an expensive luxury—for a man to make an ass of himself!"

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Lefèvre. The next will appear in an early issue.

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SHIRT SLEEVES

(Continued from Page 17)

rested. All through January they moved up and down the cañon with the herd, finding half a day's grazing at a time and then shifting on. In February Grant began feeding hay, although everyone figured that twenty-dollar hay was better burned than fed into four-cent beef. Grant himself had many doubts. But spring brought a turn in the Chicago market, and beef went up two and finally three cents. His herd was sleek, strong and shining, and he put forty-eight hundred dollars into the State Bank two weeks before that five-thousand-dollar mortgage was due. Old Sam Hatton sent for him.

"Our loan committee has been talking over that extension you asked for, Buckley," he said. "They have decided to give you another six months if you want it."

Grant hesitated just a moment. He feared Samuel Hatton bearing gifts. But his plans were broadening.

"Thanks, Mr. Hatton," he said. "It will accommodate me a good deal."

Judge Galt shook his head at the news. "The old wolf would like to have you hog-tied and helpless, Grant," he said. "Keep an eye out for tricks!"

But Grant thought he could make it. He began to seed the hill slopes at once, late as it was. The bottom lands were all in barley and alfalfa mixed, so that the grain would furnish cover for the tender clover, and it was beginning to come up evenly and thick. He had a new plan—to raise a small dam in Lower Hellgate, which stood above a high step in the cañon, and store enough water there from Limekiln Creek to carry his alfalfa through the heat of August and September, after his grain was cut. This program would gain him a full year's growth of the forage. So he put a contractor on the job and in the middle of May the dam was up and a sheet of clear water covered thirty acres behind it.

On the twenty-fourth of May a sudden storm blew in from the southeast over the lake country, and about dark the rain began.

In eighteen hours four inches fell. Some time in the night, with a roar that was heard in Greenbrae, the dam in Lower Hellgate was swept away. Next morning Grant looked from the windows of the old house and saw the flood, which had covered the alfalfa in the bottom land under a heavy film of muck and débris, bring his barn down and carry it, a tangle of siding, studs, sills, joists and pieces of roof, and a thousand dollars' worth of hay, grain and implements, towards South Fork.

There was no time to mope. He threw off his coat, called to his man, and they hitched the mules and drove down to see what could be salvaged. They worked until it was too dark to see; went at it again the next morning, and by afternoon had most of the implements and some of the barn timbers dragged to safety. For the first time Grant could catch breath. He saddled his horse and rode up the cañon to view the damage there.

A gaping hole had been torn in the center of the dam, and the pent-up stream had cut a course to the lip of the high ledge below the two towering rocks called Lower Hellgate. This ledge was a hundred feet above the cañon bed, and probably three hundred above the floor of the valley itself. Now through the eroded gully up there the storm waters were rushing in a muddy waterfall. Two or three of the contractor's dump wagons had been on the dam and had gone over with the first flood. One of them lay on its side at the foot of the falls and its upturned wheel was spinning dizzily under the impact of the water. Grant put his horse to the steep road up to the level of Hellgate and surveyed the scene above. The dam, he saw, was practically gone. He looked on up the cañon. Upper Hellgate, a rock formation similar to the one where he had built his dam, was spilling its run-off and Limekiln Creek was touching high-water mark and probably would be for days. Still farther up, where the cañon began to rise precipitately towards the high Sierras and the abandoned Glory View Mine, he could see more water coming. His ranch lay at the foot of a flight of four steep stairs in the narrow cañon, and now he realized how foolhardy he had been to erect a dam of earthwork near the bottom of such a water trap.

If he had the money of course he could build small permanent dams on the edges of each of these cañon steps and so impound water enough not only for his own bottom lands but for those of his neighbors. But that would mean, at the very beginning, the purchase of Hank Norton's homestead of three hundred acres, adjoining his south line at Upper Hellgate and running south, and the old Glory View property next Norton's and covering the upper reaches of the cañon. After that, money to build dams, gates, flumes, spillways——

He laughed shortly.

"A wonderful scheme—if I had the million dollars!" he exclaimed. "And if I had the million I wouldn't need the scheme."

In spite of its impracticability he could not put the plan out of his head, however, and toying with it kept him, he realized, from facing the immediate future and its cataclysmic financial disasters. Perhaps he could finance his irrigation enterprise among the ranchers of the valley. Other Western settlements had lifted themselves by their own boot straps in the same way. He ran over the list of men likely to be broad gauge enough to see the possibilities—and came to a sudden stop. Samuel Hatton! Of course! And in twenty minutes it would be Hatton's scheme and Grant Buckley would be on the outside looking in.

He rode slowly down the trail towards home. A small, perfect rainbow caught his eyes. The tardy sun was piercing the fine spray thrown off by that spinning dump-cart wheel in the bottom of the cañon under the disastrous waterfall of Lower Hellgate. Grant pulled his horse up short. For a moment he held his breath. An idea so simple and yet so dazzling that it shook him had flashed into his head.

"Water power!" he whispered to himself.

Water power! The whole Limekiln Creek watershed harnessed to a plant that would not only make power for the entire valley, with some to spare, but that would make extensive irrigation a possibility, and an easy and cheap one! Of course! Why not!

When he rode into the home place he was waving his hat and emitting barbaric sounds that made his slow-witted farm hand think immediately of insanity in a dangerous form.

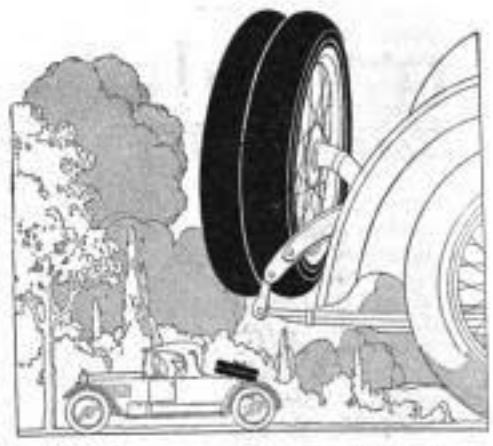
But when Grant asked for a second helping of beans at their bachelor supper and opined thoughtfully that it looked as though the storm was over, old Tom Petrie decided that the crisis was past.

Judge Galt was skeptical at first when the great scheme was broached to him, but his enthusiasm waxed. He undertook to investigate titles and make cautious inquiries, and Grant went into executive session with himself to study the question of ways and means. He had about five thousand dollars; but that, he realized, would not go far, and more than that amount would be needed in a few months to meet the extended bank note. With some difficulty he pocketed his pride, telling himself that he was putting a cold-blooded business proposition up to friends of whom he would not ask a penny for his own needs. He wrote several letters, but most of them brought back excuses. Billy Edmonton, a university friend, sent a thousand dollars in June, with the dry comment that he had kissed it good-by before it had left his hands.

The search for the present owners of the long-abandoned Glory View mining property was difficult and trying. When it ended and Judge Galt opened negotiations through a friend in San Francisco the owners immediately suspected that someone had opened up a hidden vein of the old rich ore, and they hurried experts up to look the ground over. Nothing came of this but delay and a sharp advance on the price quoted.

Grant and the judge promptly dropped the matter there, hoping that this would bring a change of attitude. Later it did, and more reasonable terms and figures were quoted. But no option would be given at a price Grant could afford; temporarily the deal hung fire.

Henry Norton, who owned the homestead between the Buckley line and the mining property, was willing to sell at a moderate price, but balked at giving an option. Grant persuaded him to consider such a transaction and left him. Straightway, although it was long before Grant



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knew it, the old homesteader went to Samuel Hatton to ask advice. Hatton told him to hold off a while—and promptly went on a still-hunt himself to determine what Grant Buckley was up to.

Meantime Grant had no intention of letting his ranch lie idle while he chased the elusive bubble of his scheme. He was a man overnight—filled out, strong, capable and growing in experience—and he increased his efforts instead of slacking off. He found the mud covering his bottom lands less deep than he had thought, and he began first to investigate the possibility of saving some of the alfalfa. The hot weather that followed the cloud-burst baked the surface of the mud film until it scaled and cracked. He realized at once that the surface must be kept moist and soft if any of the crop was to get through. So he began cultivating assiduously. The neighbors thought him crazy, but some of the wiser of them soon saw his plan and approved it openly. As a matter of fact, by July the alfalfa was beginning to come through, although the barley was almost entirely killed. There were dubious days in August, when the alfalfa was too high to permit of ordinary cultivation and yet not high enough to shade the ground. Grant studied this problem with anxiety; then went to an old blacksmith in Riverbank and had him build a long, heavy wooden cylinder through which nails were driven to protrude on the outside. When the clumsy device was completed it looked like an old-fashioned music-box roller, but when it was drawn over the ground it pricked and scarified the surface without tearing up the tender plants, and by September the bottom lands were green with alfalfa six inches high, and thick and sturdy.

The hay crop on the hillside had been badly beaten down by the May rainstorm; but heat and wind dried it, and it began to straighten up and grow lush and strong. The additional moisture had helped it. Grant soon decided that he could afford to thresh the crop for grain instead of cutting for hay, and he made his plans accordingly. Grain was up, hay was down. In the middle of summer he had recouped some of his losses from the May disaster and seemed on his way to make the ranch pay expenses.

But all this meant unceasing work—planning, contriving and physical labor of the hardest sort. The multitude of difficulties, delays, impeding details that only a rancher knows pressed on him from every side, but he kept going and his back stiffened under the load. There was little variety in his life, but he was looking forward a long way. He ached for the old human companionship of his college days; particularly he thought of Harriet Ashe and what she might have been now if he could have measured up to her standards. She, at least, was definitely put behind him. If he succeeded with his ranch and his power project he might be able to go looking for the old friendships with others again, however.

He had lost the luxury of self-pity long before. He was in a fight now, and there would be no disgrace in defeat. So he wasted no time in melancholy. As soon as he could leave the ranch to Tom Petrie he flew at the halting power scheme. His greatest need was capital to tighten his hold on the enterprise. Judge Galt finally suggested that he go to Lars Johansen.

"Lars is as honest as he is homely, Grant," the old lawyer said. "But until you have things tied up it will be just as well not to go into details, I think."

"I can't tell him that I'm cleaned out and have five thousand dollars and interest to pay in October, can I?"

"Yes, I think you can."

"And ask him to lend me money on that?"

"No, son. Ask him to loan money on yourself."

"I can see him laughing."

The old judge smiled.

"I don't figure it that way," he said. "And Lars won't either if you go to him with your coat off."

Grant stared, then laughed.

"I'll try it, judge," he said.

Johansen let Grant do the talking. But he studied the young man closely. After ten minutes he said:

"I been keeping my eye on you, Maister Buckley, since your father died. You been working hard, and that been pretty good sign on a young feller. You got some scheme up your sleeve, maybe?"

Impulsively Grant drew out pencil and paper and sketched the whole plan. When he had finished Johansen loaned him five thousand dollars.

"I like to help a lame dog yump over a gate, Maister Buckley," he said quaintly; "but he's got to walk home for himself. Maybe you see how I mean, eh?"

"I do," Grant said. "I will not be back for more, Mr. Johansen."

He had nearly nine thousand dollars now, but he had only a little more than a month in which to bring the power project to the place where he could realize something on it. His note was due in October, another one early in December. He had to play fast and play heavily if he was to win. He went to Henry Norton himself and asked flatly for the rock-bottom figure on the homestead.

"You seem to be in a turrible rush, Buckley," the old man said shrewdly. "I dunno whether you cal'late to find oil on my lands, or di'monds; but you cert'nly act like it was something. I'll take twelve thousand—and not a penny less."

"How much cash down?"

"Oh, say half."

"I'll tell you what I can do, Mr. Norton: I will pay you five thousand dollars now, cash, and give you a mortgage for five thousand more, to be paid in one, two and three years."

"Ten thousand in all. Um-m-m! 'Tain't much money, Buckley."

"A month ago you would have taken half as much and been satisfied. And if I don't buy you'll be lucky to sell—ever."

"That's so, mebbe," the old man admitted, chuckling. "Well, son, I guess we'll deal."

Grant's hand shook as he wrote that five-thousand-dollar check. He was in for it now—in to his ears. It was sink or swim, and not a life preserver on the boat! But he kept his chin up and his shoulders back. He was a grown man, and no mistake!

The grain crop yielded well, but the cost of harvesting and threshing ran considerably over what Grant had figured, and the net result was a disappointment. In the middle of September unseasonable hot weather set in and dried up his alfalfa land badly, so that the plan for buying a few hogs to run on it had to be abandoned. The new negotiations with the Glory View mining people dragged. The owners could not get over the impression that something had been found in the mine itself, and every time they made a proposition that seemed within reach and Grant moved to take it they would become panicky and withdraw it. Within ninety days the young rancher had to pay on notes secured by his ranch a total, he found, of approximately twenty-two thousand dollars. The only way he could avoid throwing up his hands and abandoning everything was by putting all this out of his head and eternally driving himself.

He had a letter from Harriet Ashe late in September that read:

> Roger Brown brings me the only news I get of you, Grant. I don't suppose that hard work ever really kills people, but if it does you seem to be making a very fair target of yourself.
>
> I have heard several times lately that I am engaged to Fred Ainsworth. He's a nice boy, I think you'll agree. The news seems to me important—if true!
>
> George Forcyth, my lawyer uncle—you met him at the house once; he's an old Psi U, remember—is motoring up somewhere into your country early next month. I can go if I want to. He's looking into a land deal for some clients and it would be a flying trip. Would you recommend it?

He wrote hastily, urging her to come. Then he tore up that letter and wrote noncommittally.

"What's the use of stirring all that up?" he asked himself sharply. "A girl like Harriet—who never saw a man in overalls and with his finger nails broken in her life, and who would probably be ill if she saw me with a two days' growth of beard on my face! No, we'll play a tight hand, old boy!"

The keystone to the arch of his power plan was the possession of the Glory View property. Grant finally decided to put everything else aside and go after that. A hurried trip to the coast developed the new fact that the owner was an old woman living three hundred miles north. He wired Judge Galt and caught a night train to visit her. She had left the day before for San Francisco. Grant retraced his steps—finally found her. When he had succeeded in talking her into signing a four months' option on the land, and had paid her twenty-five hundred dollars, he was so nearly a nervous wreck that he went to



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bed on the train for the valley again and had to be awakened three times the next morning before he could stumble out.

In Riverbank again he went to Judge Galt.

"The foundation is down now, judge," he said; "but whether I can build on it or not is a question. In about fifteen days I will need almost six thousand dollars for Hatton. I can't raise it in that time. Can I market my power project?"

"I don't know, son. Let's lay out the program."

When they had done this, going over the ground step by step to be sure that nothing was overlooked to protect them as promoters of the enterprise, Grant breathed a long sigh.

"That's all right," he said. "I wish I could set my mind at rest about the notes at the bank."

"Of course you can let Hatton foreclose," the judge said. "The law allows you a year in which to redeem your property."

"But in the meantime it would be a cloud on my title. Could I talk to capitalists or bankers under those conditions?"

"Yes. It isn't the happiest arrangement, but it may be the only one."

"I'm going to the Western Power and Light Company first."

"Pretty small bite for them, isn't it, Grant?"

"I can try. See here, judge, I'm wondering why I couldn't go directly to Hatton and tell him what I have in mind. I don't see how he could block me, and if I had to let him in for a share it would be better than trying to fight his money and influence with my shoe string."

"I'm afraid of the old man," the judge said. "He's deep and he's shrewd and, as you say, he's powerful."

"Powerful enough to make it pretty clear sailing if he were interested and in with us."

"That's true. Go ahead, Grant. It's your hand—you'll have to play it as the cards look to you."

Grant hesitated. He shared the judge's fear of the banker, and he knew that there were many devious ways familiar to Hatton by which the devil might be whipped around a stump. Little as he liked it, he decided that the sword of those mortgages would have to hang above him for a while. He went to the city. After much difficulty he gained the outer office of a subordinate official of the Western Power and Light Company and introduced himself and his project.

Three days were taken up, mostly with long and trying waits to meet brief and unsatisfactory appointments with this man. In the interims he thought a hundred times of telephoning to Harriet Ashe. But he refrained. He told himself she was probably busy, but the truth was that he dreaded adding to his immediate load the discovery that she had left him behind—forgotten him—or would think his pitiful efforts funny.

On the third afternoon the power company official said:

"I think I have the whole proposition clearly, Buckley. The only thing I can do is to make a report on it. But I don't encourage you to hope for much."

"You understand that I have to have quick action, Mr. Leeds."

"That's one of the reasons why I don't promise you very much success," Leeds said grimly.

"You're afraid of a gold brick?"

"Not at all. We have methods for avoiding the purchase of gold bricks, my young friend. But apparently you are trying to find a catspaw for your own chestnuts. We are not philanthropists here."

"If you'll give me an engineer I'm so sure of the plan that I would be glad to pay all his expenses for a trip up to the valley."

"It isn't a question of expense for a reconnaissance, Buckley. Leave the matter with me—I will see what the vice presidents think."

Evidently they didn't think very favorably, if at all, for the days dragged, once Grant was at home again, and the day for payment of his loan came nearer, and nothing happened. On the first he went to old Samuel Hatton.

"Yes," the banker said precisely, when Grant had roughly outlined his plan, "I happen to know all about it, Buckley. You should have come to me earlier. I would have saved you the waste of all this time and money."

"I don't understand what you mean."

"That's one of your troubles, Buckley—you don't understand a lot of things. The banking business, for example. This institution has almost eighty thousand dollars tied up in your ranch. As the personal representative of the stockholders it is my duty to protect our money. We do not want your property—we want our loans repaid, in full, with interest. Therefore I have found it necessary to take certain steps."

"What steps?"

Grant tried to appear cool and unconcerned, but his heart was in his throat.

"In following up this lunatic venture of yours I discovered that you had approached the owners of the Glory View ground. You have an option on that property, I believe?"

"Yes, I have. And it is a good, tight, secure option."

"No doubt of that at all. But you had to be taught to keep to your own line and inside your limitations, my son. Get back to the ranch and see what you can do to save the pieces. Turn this project of yours over to me and I will try to get you out without too heavy a loss. In the meantime, if you do what I say and let me handle your affairs, I will take care of your notes for a time and give you one more chance. Refuse and I will close in and smash you—flat."

The old man did not raise his voice or accent a word of his ultimatum. The cold, measured tone was like a death sentence. Grant swallowed hard.

"Suppose I tell you to go to blazes, Mr. Hatton?" he asked.

"You won't—unless you are more of a fool than I take you to be. Because, my boy, that Glory View ground patent isn't worth the paper it is written on, and I have already had the attorneys for the bank file a contest on it. Inside of six months I will own that property, and where will your option be then?"

Grant rose. He did not think Hatton was bluffing, but he did think that his facts were awry. In any event he was not to be blackmailed or coerced.

"Mr. Hatton," he said slowly, "I came here to offer you a share in this project because I need help. But I don't need it badly enough to take it from a man of your caliber, even if you offered it. You have started a fight—and you're going to get a good one. I don't expect quarter from you, and you can stake your last red cent that I won't give any to you from now on. Go as far as you like—but watch your step!"

He realized as he went down the street towards Judge Galt's office that his last speech had been melodramatic and young, but he was frightened and he was mad, and he hadn't taken time to care what he said. However, as far as he could, he would make good on his threats.

He told Judge Galt what Hatton had said about the Glory View ground, made him out a check for a hundred dollars and asked him to take the next train for the San Francisco Federal Land Office and start an investigation.

If more money was needed he would raise it somehow. Judge Galt was to coöperate with the attorney for the old lady who owned the mining ground—he was to go the whole way.

The storm clouds hung low and the sun went out for Grant when he was at home again that afternoon, however. At the moment he would have sold himself and his entire ranch and his rainbow project dirt cheap, and to the first bidder. There was no news from the Western Power and Light Company until Wednesday, when Leeds' secretary wired that for the present the company would not take up the Limekiln Creek project. In the afternoon mail came a letter from Maxwell & Roth offering seven thousand dollars in cash for the timber rights on the Henry Norton land.

Grant's heart leaped. This money would temporarily save the day. But he must protect his watershed, if the power proposition was to be put through. He wired the lumber concern that he would accept if they would leave enough trees to cover the hills. Their answer was laconic:

Offer covers all standing timber.
WALTER ROTH.

Grant had a hard night. It was the power scheme against temporary relief. That was what the situation boiled itself down to, and there was no dodging the issue. In the morning he dressed for the

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city, rode down to Riverbank, stabled the black and sent this wire:

Thanks. Norton ground not on the market on your terms. GRANT BUCKLEY.

Then he took the stage for the railroad and that night was in San Francisco. He found Judge Galt. The old lawyer was still in the preliminary stages of his investigation of the Glory View company title and had no news.

"What did you come down for, Grant?" the judge asked.

"I'm going to find someone who has the inside track to the higher-ups of the Western Power and Light outfit. It's now or never—I have a week and no more."

"More power to you!" Judge Galt said.

The strain of Grant's scheme was beginning to tell on the old man, and he was looking fagged and worried. Grant's heart smote him, but it was only for a few days more; then everything would be over one way or the other.

His search was fruitless. Several people he knew had devious roads of approach to suggest, but no one could promise him a personal introduction or suggest an open sesame. On the third day Grant accepted a lunch engagement with Roger Brown under protest. Good old loyal plodding Roger was the last man who could help him, but had insisted on the appointment and Grant was going through with it. They talked about casual topics.

"You're looking seedier than you were, Ulys," Brown said presently.

"Worrying," Grant confessed.

"But I thought since the deluge that you had put the ranch on its hind legs again."

"I have. It's something bigger than the ranch." And he outlined it rather wearily. "If I could get to the head of Western Power and Light ——"

"Well, you know how to do that, don't you?" inquired this amazing stock-and-bond-house clerk.

"I'd give one hundred dollars of my last hundred and six to find out!"

"I don't want your small change, Ulys. All you have to do is to see Harriet Ashe."

"Quit your kidding!"

"I'm not kidding, you poor dumb-bell! Don't you know that Harriet's uncle, George Forcyth, is the whole works in Western?"

"Come out of it, Brownie! Forcyth is a lawyer."

"Correct! He is A. T. Bright's lawyer, and Bright doesn't turn over in bed without asking Forcyth's advice."

"You mean the president of Western Power and Light?"

"I mean President A. T. Bright, of Western ——"

"Excuse me a minute!" Grant cried, and made a plunge for a telephone booth.

The office of George K. Forcyth was noncommittal. Who was this, please? Buckley? Did he have an appointment with Mr. Forcyth? No? Well, Mr. Forcyth was out of town. . . . Couldn't say. Didn't know. . . . Couldn't answer that either. . . . Don't mention it.

Grant called Harriet Ashe's home. Miss Ashe was out of the city. She had gone on a motor trip with her uncle. . . . Well, that was a question. . . . Probably not for several days. . . . Yes, she was somewhere in the Sierra Nevada country above Colfax. . . . Certainly not—quite welcome, I'm sure.

Grant hung up the telephone and looked at his watch. If he were lucky—and fast—he could make the 1:10 Overland. He forgot Roger Brown, lunch, afternoon engagements—everything. He made a running broad jump into a taxicab and connected with the ferry for the Overland by seconds. At midnight he was in Sorrel, which was the point of entry for the valley, forty miles away, and trying to engage a machine that would take him there before morning. There was none to be had. Roger combed the town, and at three o'clock awakened a surly liveryman and hired a saddle horse. He was in Riverbank at a little past eight.

"City people looking for you yesterday, Buckley," Moss Garrett, the liveryman said, when he went for his horse.

Grant felt chills race up and down his back.

"Are they gone now?" he asked.

"Dunno. I told 'em you wouldn't be back from the city for a day or so. Must have changed your plans, didn't you?"

"A little. Did they go up to the ranch, do you know?"

"Don't think so. Thought they'd find you in San Francisco."

"Good night!"

Grant felt let down—tricked by an unusually malicious fate. The only thing he could do was to telegraph to Forcyth's office and to Harriet—and wait. But he had so little time to wait—three days at most.

He rode homeward weary, depressed, almost despondent. It was beginning to be cold already, and the leaves were all gone and the fields bare. His alfalfa was about the only green on the south side, and it was seared in spots. His spirits touched bottom. Within a week he would be out looking for a job, with everything gone and his debts to Billy Edmonton and Lars Johansen his burden. He had come to love the ranch and his great scheme—he felt that he deserved to win something out of the wreckage. But even now he did not feel sorry for himself. He was determined to start over as soon as he could; obstacles could be overcome if one had the grit, and they could be avoided if one had the experience.

He was beginning to acquire both. Some day ——

As he turned from the coulee road into the home lane someone called. He looked up—blinked.

Harriet Ashe was standing in the old Buckley gate, framed in Virginia creeper, on which there still hung some flaming autumn leaves.

"Oh, there you are!" she cried. "I was afraid we'd missed you altogether."

Grant's hands shook as he pulled up the pony and slid to the ground.

"I thought you had gone back to the city," he said stupidly.

"Going this afternoon. Grant, how you've changed! How well you're looking—and grown up! And what a big ranch! And your great scheme—well, I am just beginning to believe it was all you!"

"My scheme? How did you hear ——"

"Laws, honey, we know all about you! Uncle George is up above somewhere now with two engineers, looking at your what-do-you-call-it—dam gate or hell site or some awful thing!"

"The dam site in Lower Hellgate, maybe!" Grant laughed. "But how you heard about it—how your uncle knew ——"

"Boy, I'm so tired of hearing about you that I never want your name mentioned in my presence again! We spent last night with Uncle George's Swedish superman, Lars Johansen. They talked of nothing but you all night. Johansen claims to have discovered you, or something. He had Uncle George down at Riverbank sending twenty-thousand-word night letters about some government land case that your local magnate, Mr. Patton, is making trouble over ——"

"Hatton?"

"That's the name, I guess. Uncle George says that is all buncombe! And I suppose you got the telephone message about some timber on one of your ranches. No? Well, there's one there in your metropolis—and I guess that's all. Are you glad to see me, Grant?"

He turned away for a moment, because he thought his eyes were going to fill. They didn't, but it was a close shave.

"Harriet, give me a second to catch my breath!" he cried. "It's going to take me the rest of the day to tell you how glad I am, but right now the right words won't come. Take a good look at me and guess, for now, will you?"



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CANADA BARS THE GATES

(Continued from Page 11)

selecting of immigrants on the other side. Canada, like every other country in the world, has the right to say who shall and who shall not become permanent residents in her midst. If there should be countries in Europe who took the attitude that Canada had no right to station immigration officers within their boundaries to pass on emigrants Canada would probably feel great regret. She would also be forced to refuse admission to all immigrants from those countries, owing to the fact that their passports would lack the visé of a Canadian immigration officer. Nothing, it would seem, could be fairer than that.

The Canadian law, of course, causes many hardships to people already in Canada who wish to bring relatives into the country, as well as to many would-be immigrants who find that they cannot be admitted. The Canadian immigration authorities cheerfully admit that this is so. They also say that no country can impose any restrictive regulations of any sort on immigration without causing many hardships to many people; and they take the reasonable attitude that immigration is such a serious matter that its regulation must be pressed to a point which necessitates severe hardships.

The Canadians face their immigration problem much more honestly and courageously than does the United States. The United States knows that people from certain sections of Europe make poor citizens and are bad for the country; but this fact is seldom faced frankly, and no steps are taken to bar these people. Canada, knowing the same thing, admits it frankly. The Canadian immigration people will freely tell anyone who is interested in knowing, that Canada wants only certain classes of people from certain countries.

The Weakness of Percentage Laws

Canada has three brief reasons why a percentage law is worthless to meet their immigration requirements, and those reasons are sufficient to show why the United States should abandon any percentage scheme in writing a permanent restrictive law. The reasons are these:

A percentage law recognizes that drastic steps must be taken to curtail immigration because of its offensive nature; yet in order to offend nobody it lets in the bad and the good alike on a percentage basis; therefore it is a false and unsound remedy;

A percentage law is based on the nationality of the immigrant instead of on the race, whereas the immigrant's undesirability depends more largely on his race than on his nationality; therefore percentage law is unfair;

By letting in the bad with the good, and by shutting out the good ones that ought to be taken in order to shut out a percentage of the bad, a percentage law constantly increases a country's immigration problems; therefore a percentage law solves no problem.

There are a great many more excellent reasons why a percentage law doesn't restrict immigration as it should be restricted, but those three are sufficient for Canada.

Canada's refusal to consider a percentage law has resulted in the Canadian border being the only American frontier on which the United States is protected from undesirables. They are being smuggled across the Mexican border every day; they are boot-legged across from Cuba in increasing numbers; they come through Ellis Island by the thousand as a result of the Three Per Cent Law; but Canada gives us protection on the north.

Good as are the Canadian laws by comparison with the American laws, both countries are lamentably weak in their medical examination of immigrants. The Canadian immigration people moan pitifully that their doctors cannot properly examine incoming immigrants unless they can talk to the immigrants in their own language. The answer, say the Canadians, is to utilize doctors who can examine immigrants in their own language. That, however, isn't the answer.

The medical inspection of incoming immigrants is about as bad in the United States. The United States law expressly prohibits the entrance of aliens who are mentally defective. Yet, even under the Three Per Cent Law, many immigrants who are idiots, feeble-minded and morons—the latter class being, it should be remembered, persons whose mental age will never be greater than eleven years, even though they live to be older than Methuselah—are admitted to this country and allowed to run loose in it, free to beget descendants. The whole medical inspection of immigrants stands urgently in need of reorganization and standardization. Even the laws that have been passed are of little use unless the immigration problem is regarded as sufficiently serious to require businesslike methods.

The task of determining the mental fitness of immigrants goes back to the army mental tests which were carried out on 1,700,000 officers and men of the United States Army. These army tests, which were carried on for the purpose of segregating the mentally incompetent, classifying men according to their mental capacity and selecting competent men for responsible positions, rated men according to their mental age and divided them into groups. At the top of the list was the A group—men whose mental age was eighteen years or over. At the bottom were the D and the D-minus groups. Those in the D group had a mental age of nine to eleven years and were rated "inferior"; while those in the D-minus group had a mental age of seven to nine years and were rated "very inferior." The D and D-minus men were of such low intelligence that they rated lower than the common laborer. Their work needed constant supervision. The army regarded them as poor soldier material, and put them into labor battalions. In these tests 360,000 men of foreign birth were examined.

These men of foreign birth in the United States Army, being young and physically fit, were better than the great body of immigrants from their respective countries. But taking them as average representatives, these army tests show scientifically and conclusively that the bulk of the immigrants to the United States since 1880 has been in the D or D-minus class—mentally deficient and wholly unfit to exercise their judgment in voting, and thoroughly undesirable as a part of our population or as the progenitors of future citizens of the United States. There is no escape from these conclusions. They are based on exact information; and statements to the contrary are based on sentimentality or worse. The figures of these army tests are open to all, and may be found in any large public library or purchased in any book store under the title Army Mental Tests, by Yoakum and Yerkes.

The Facts Misrepresented

The claim is frequently made that attempts to stop any further entry into this country of the poor immigration which has obtained in recent years are unjustified attempts to stir up racial antagonisms. They are nothing of the sort. They are attempts to prevent this country from being utterly overwhelmed and wrecked by a concentration in it of the dregs of Europe; and the only way to prevent such a thing is to state the facts. Many men of standing in the community continue to fight the facts, which this country is slow to believe because of the false and mawkish doctrines which sloppy sentimentalists have spooned out to the people in the past. A minister declared recently in an address that "this country does not belong to the people of America, but to the people of all the world." Why should this be so, unless it is also true that the piece of land which a farmer wrenches from the wilderness belongs to any tramp who may happen upon it, and unless it is true that a man's wife is also the wife of every man in town? A large manufacturer declared in a recent address that "we are not getting the riffraff of Europe by immigration. The weak stay at home and only the lion-hearted come to our shores." As a matter of fact, every American consul in Europe, before whom every European immigrant must pass, states specifically and unequivocally that we are getting the riffraff, the incompetent and the parasites of Europe by immigration. Their testimony to that effect may be found in the printed hearings of the Senate Immigration Committee for 1921, Part I, page 10 and following. This testimony was secured from the State Department by the Hon. Albert Johnson, of Washington,

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chairman of the House Immigration Committee, and presented by him before the Senate Committee. Mr. Louis Marshall, a distinguished New York lawyer, appeared before the Senate Immigration Committee on January 4, 1921, and made an impassioned plea for unrestricted immigration. He spoke with extreme fervor of the fact that most of the American people were descended from immigrants. He was interrupted in the following way:

SENATOR STERLING: Mr. Marshall, you recognize the difference, do you not, between that earlier immigration of which you spoke a while ago and the later immigration, and the difference in the countries from which that immigration comes?

MR. MARSHALL: I do not. I do not, sir. The same things that are said about this immigration, this later immigration, were said about that earlier immigration.

SENATOR STERLING: Do you think those of the later immigration are as readily assimilable as those of the earlier immigration coming from Northern Europe, the Scandinavian countries, Germany and Great Britain?

MR. MARSHALL: I do. I think the only reason why they have not assimilated more readily has been the fact that our country has never performed its duty toward the immigrant. . . .

This is the place to refer back to the army mental tests. And again it must be stated that these findings are not based on prejudice, guesswork or sentimentality, but on scientific facts.

If Mr. Marshall and those who think with him cannot recognize the difference between the old and the new immigration, science can.

The proper method of determining an immigrant's mental fitness is by having the same mental tests applied to the immigrant that were applied in the army mental tests. "Great will be our good fortune," declared Majors Yoakum and Yerkes in the introduction to their account of the army mental tests, "if the lesson in human engineering which the war has taught is carried over directly and effectively into our civil institutions and activities." And great will be this country's and Canada's misfortune if they do not substitute human engineering for guesswork in saving their people from deterioration.

Doctor Sweeney's Findings

The manner of applying the army tests to immigrants has been investigated and ably explained by Dr. Arthur Sweeney, of St. Paul, in a pamphlet entitled Mental Tests for Immigrants, reprinted from the May, 1922, issue of the North American Review. Says Doctor Sweeney:

The psychological tests, which in the army developed heterogeneous millions of men of all grades of intelligence, education and social qualities into the greatest fighting machine the world has ever seen, have furnished us with the necessary yardstick to measure the desirability of the immigrant. The same tests will reveal to us, with relative precision, those hidden qualities which will demonstrate the fitness of the intending immigrant for citizenship in this country, and will exclude those who are unfit. The army tests rated men according to their mental age, and classified them into groups. The educational and industrial capacity of these groups was determined, and they were assigned to positions according to their ability. The performance of these men during their months of service in their various duties corresponded very nearly to their psychological ratings, and confirmed the accuracy and value of the tests. The tests revealed the intellectual endowment of the men, and also, to a large degree, determined the other qualities of a soldier, such as initiative, reliability, adaptability and obedience.

The tests are equally applicable to immigrants. It is feasible to determine the value of the immigrant by his intelligence, for all other faculties and qualities hinge upon this. If he does not possess a certain minimum of mentality, it is safe to predict that he will not be adaptable to the conditions of his new environment, and will not possess those qualities which are essential to good citizenship. If he cannot comprehend, by reason of his mental limitations, the obligations and duties which citizenship imposes, he cannot be other than a burden upon society. Fitness for citizenship is determined best by ability to comprehend its meaning, as well as the advantages that come from it. The examination of immigrants at the port of embarkation is feasible, inexpensive and simple, and will give results much more accurate than any other method. It is practical to examine groups of two or three hundred at one sitting, in less than one hour. All that is required is a staff of two or three trained psychologists at each port at which large numbers embark. The fact that the immigrants are illiterate or unable to understand the English language is not an obstacle, as the form of test known as "Beta" is designed to meet such conditions, and requires neither education nor knowledge of language for its comprehension. It is entirely objective. In this test the immigrant is asked to supply the missing parts of pictures, to trace his way through mazes, to count cubes variously arranged, and other simple tests that do not require verbal directions, but call only for observation. This is not easier than the "Alpha" test for those who can read and write, and gives results of equal value.

Judge Box Frees His Mind

The House seems willing to adopt any restrictive law that is framed by the House Immigration Committee. The House Immigration Committee numbers among its members able men, who have heard and digested tons of testimony concerning the evils of immigration, and whose defeat would be a feather in the caps of those who hope to see the immigration bars let down—men like Albert Johnson, Republican, of Washington, chairman of the committee; John C. Kleczka, Republican, of Wisconsin; William N. Vaile, Republican, of Colorado; John L. Cable, Republican, of Ohio; Judge John E. Raker, Democrat, of California; Judge Riley J. Wilson, Democrat, of Louisiana; Judge John C. Box, Democrat, of Texas. The House Immigration Committee works very hard. It holds frequent hearings and it frames restrictive bill after restrictive bill. It is thoroughly convinced that America is getting a bad lot of immigrants and that something drastic ought to be done about it. Party lines are almost abolished in the committee, and practically all the Democrats and the Republicans think alike on immigration. Yet the committee gets nowhere with a permanent law based on the needs of the country. At the end of months it throws up its hands and goes back to the old Three Per Cent Law.

Not only does it go back to the old percentage law but it fails to improve the old law by a few simple amendments which the Commissioner General of Immigration urges upon it as being absolutely necessary.

Judge John C. Box, of Texas, early in 1922, cried an ear-piercing cry against the futile wiffle-waffling of his own committee. "After another year of failure to prepare a satisfactory law, or one which they are willing to have enforced uniformly," declared Judge Box with justified petulance, "this committee"—the Immigration Committee—"and this Congress are unable to even amend the act"—the Three Per Cent Act—"which the Congress has itself denounced and refused to have regularly enforced. We propose to continue for another twelve months the law which the majority have denounced as such a bungle that it should not, or cannot, be regularly enforced.

"Why this distressing legislative inefficiency?" continues the judge pointedly. "It is not because the friends of restrictive legislation do not control the committee or Congress. . . . In restrictive legislation they have the uniform support of an overwhelming majority of the minority party. They can shape and pass legislation according to their will. Are they without ability to know what they want to do?"

Senator Harrison's Good Work

Judge Box, from the viewpoint of most onlookers, has hit the nail on the head. The House Immigration Committee has worked hard at digging out information and has enough of it to know what it ought to do; but for some reason it doesn't seem to know what it wants to do.

It knows that it ought to pass a law that will admit to America only the immigrants that America needs. It is willing to restrict immigration, but it wants to do its restricting on a basis that won't hurt anyone's feelings, which is an impossibility as well as a false basis on which to proceed. The thing to worry about is not the feelings of several alien groups, but the future of the American people.

The only really useful activity of a well-informed committee comes when the committee sits down and does its own thinking. There would be some highly valuable action on the part of the House Immigration Committee if it were to appoint a small subcommittee, give the subcommittee $5000 for clerical hire, hand it all the data in its possession, and say trustingly: "Here's all the evidence and a year's experience. Now go to it and give us a



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The reason is a perfectly natural one. Halitosis (or unpleasant breath, as the scientific term has it) is an insidious thing you may be troubled with and still be entirely ignorant of.

Your mirror can't tell you. Usually you can't tell it yourself. And the subject is too delicate for your friends—maybe even your wife or husband—to care to mention to you. So you may unconsciously offend your friends and those you come in intimate contact with day by day.

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is usually temporary, due to some local condition. Smoking often causes it, the finest cigar becoming the offender even hours after it has brought the smoker pleasure. Again, halitosis may be chronic, due to some organic disorder which a doctor or dentist should diagnose and correct.

Most forms of halitosis, however, may easily be overcome by the regular use of Listerine, the well-known liquid antiseptic, as a gargle and mouth-wash.

Listerine possesses unusually effective properties as an antiseptic. It quickly halts food fermentation in the mouth and dispels the unpleasant halitosis incident to such a condition.

Provide yourself with a bottle today, and relieve yourself of that uncomfortable uncertainty as to whether your breath is sweet, fresh and clean.
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decent law." The House Immigration Committee complains that there are so many angles to the situation that it is almost impossible to work out a satisfactory law in a short time. But Canada did it in a very short time. And the committee knows, and everyone else knows, that if all the immigration data in the committee's possession were turned over to energetic, common-sense, businesslike executives like Gen. Charles G. Dawes or Herbert Hoover, either of those men could turn out an air-tight, copper-riveted, A1, ring-tailed-snorting immigration law in two weeks' time; and it would be a law that would work with complete satisfaction, so far as this country is concerned, until Mars collides with the earth and pushes Boston Harbor into the middle of the Sahara Desert.

The chairman of the Senate Committee, Senator LeBaron B. Colt, of Rhode Island, is not, to put it mildly, an ardent restrictionist; and under his guiding hand the Senate Immigration Committee does nothing whatever toward getting a permanent immigration law. As Senator Harrison, a Democratic member of the committee, complained on the floor of the Senate on April 15, 1922, it had met only once in months and months.

On April 15, 1922, Senator Colt reported to the Senate a joint resolution extending the Three Per Cent Act for two years. "This extension . . . for two years," said Senator Colt, "it is believed, will give time to frame a bill covering constructive legislation along two lines—along the line of selection at the source, and along the line of distribution upon arrival in this country."

That was what the Senate Committee thought in 1921. A year, it thought, would be enough time in which to frame a permanent law. Unfortunately, it held no meetings during the year; and as is well known, a committee can't frame a permanent law without getting together and framing a permanent law.

Proceeding on the same system, the Senate Committee will get just as far in the next two years as it got in the past year; and that is nowhere. There can be only one ultimate result of such senatorial stalling and inaction: The Three Per Cent Law is fundamentally unsound and unscientific; and if it is kept in operation for a sufficient length of time, constantly weakened by exceptions based on personal appeals, it will lapse and the country will have no restrictive law at all.

Mr. W. W. Husband, the Commissioner General of Immigration, had asked for several amendments to the Three Per Cent Law in order to make it a more workable law. Senator Pat Harrison, of Mississippi, aided by Senator Lodge, and Senator Swanson, of Virginia, fought for and got the two amendments—one fining steamship companies for bringing in more aliens than the law allows, and one requiring aliens to reside continuously in adjoining countries for at least five years before they can cross the border and walk into the United States without restrictions.

It was Harrison who fought the percentage down from five per cent to three per cent when the percentage law was being considered on the floor of the Senate in 1921. If it hadn't been for Harrison this country would now probably be operating on a five per cent law, which would be nearly twice as bad as a three per cent law—and the Three Per Cent Law is bad enough by comparison with what it ought to be.

Senator Colt, in reporting the joint resolution to the Senate, observed portentously: "I might say with regard to immigration that the facts are so complex that it is very difficult to frame even a reasonably perfect immigration law."

Senator Harrison replied: "Mister President, there is nothing complex about this proposition . . . we must have courage in dealing with these questions. This is the fifteenth day of April. The present law does not expire until the thirtieth day of June, so you have a long time to legislate if you will get busy."

There is one other little thing that the Senate Immigration Committee needs in addition to courage and getting busy, and that is the same understanding of the results of bad immigration that has led Canada to bar her gates as a protection to her people.

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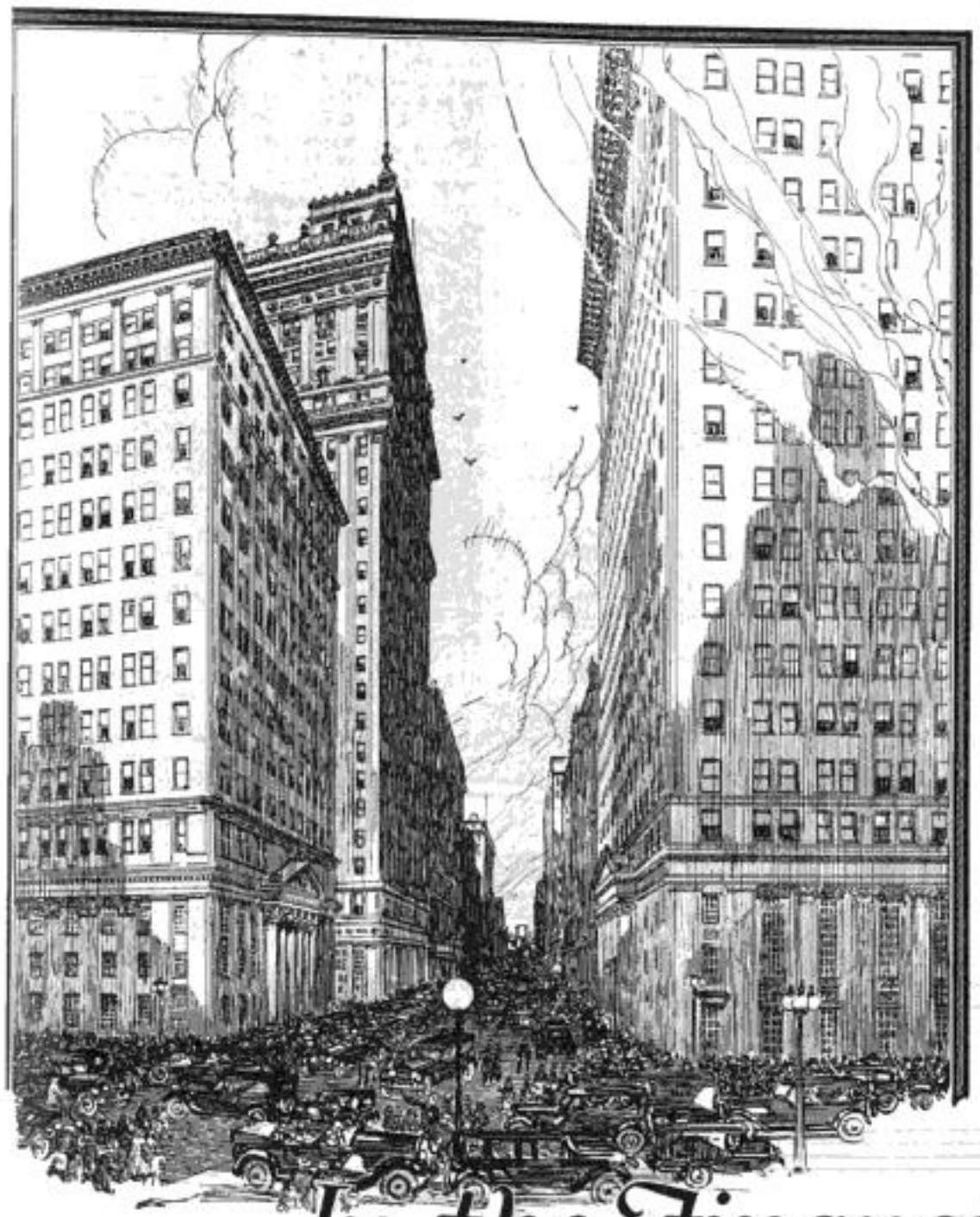
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Continental & Commercial National Bank
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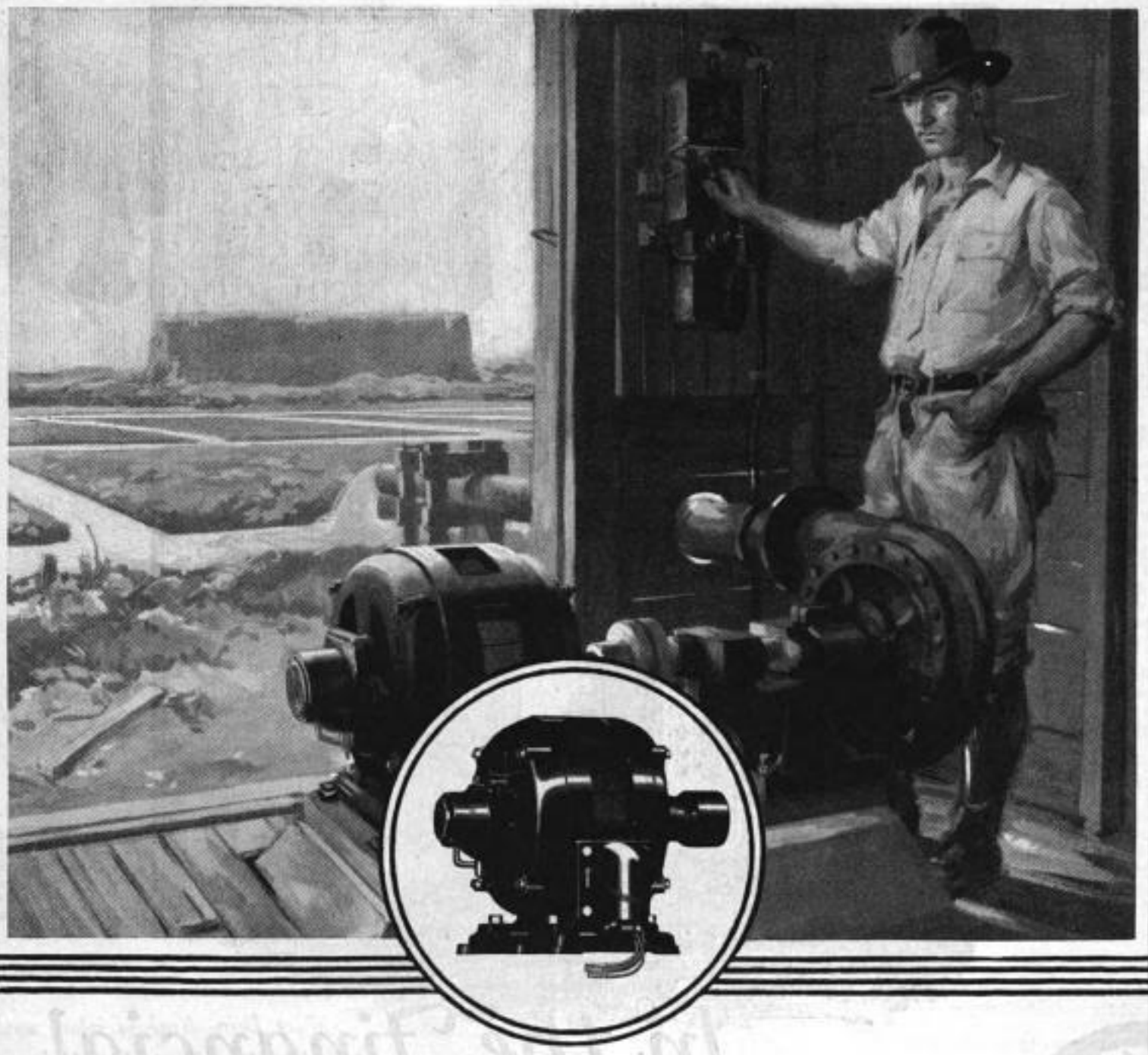
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Whether you use the cake or powder form of Bon Ami is largely a matter of taste—one is just as good as the other. For some things housewives prefer the cake—for others the soft powder in its handy sifter top can.

In either form Bon Ami is far better than the old-fashioned gritty cleaners that *scratch* off the dirt. Bon Ami *absorbs* dirt—it doesn't grind it away—and so it's safe to use on any surface.

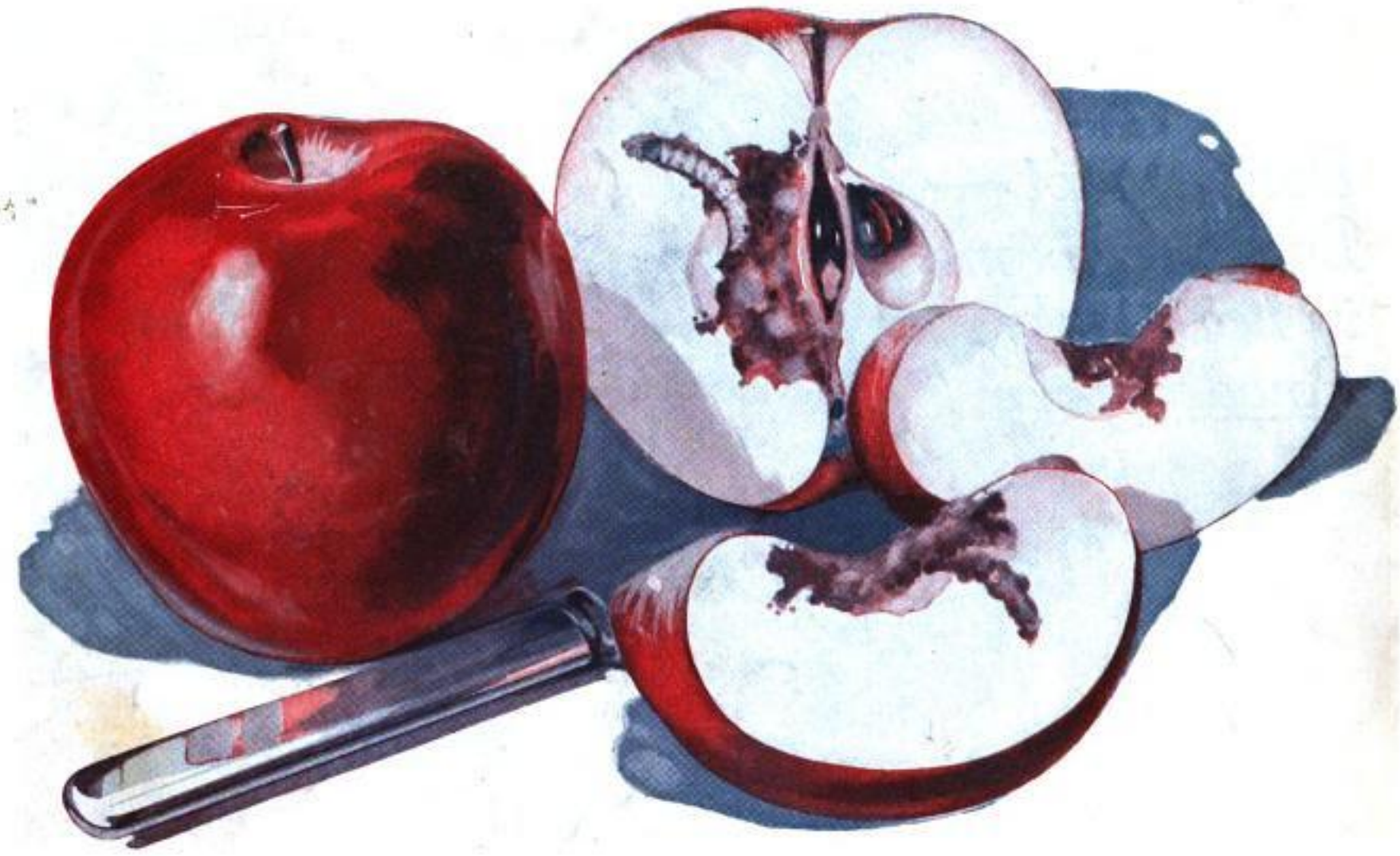
One should really keep both a can and a cake of Bon Ami always on hand—there are so many uses for these popular partners in cleanliness.

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Barrett Specification 20-Year Bonded Roof on Hillside Home, Scranton, Pa. Arch.: Edward Langley, Scranton, Pa. Gen'l Cont.: Breig Brothers, Scranton, Pa. Rfr.: Globe Slag Rfg. Co., Scranton, Pa.



Barrett Specification 20-Year Bonded Roof on Factory of Michael Bosak, Scranton, Pa. Arch.: Davis & Lewis, Scranton, Pa. Gen'l Cont.: H. Beilman & Son, Scranton, Pa. Rfr.: Globe Slag Rfg. Co., Scranton, Pa.



Barrett Specification 20-Year Bonded Roof on Scranton Lace Curtain Co., Scranton, Pa. Gen'l Cont.: S. Sykes & Sons, Scranton, Pa. Rfr.: Globe Slag Rfg. Co., Scranton, Pa.

Barrett Specification 20-Year Bonded Roof in Foreground—Scranton Button Co., Scranton, Pa. Background—Lackawanna Mills, Scranton, Pa. Engr. & Contr.: Westinghouse, Church, Kerr Co., New York City. Rfr.: Globe Slag Roofing Co., Scranton, Pa.

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for Speed *and* Safety

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FLUX — By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

POLITICALLY the United States is no longer a country of organized operative parties. Politically the United States is a mob. In its present situation this country has neither political stability, political convictions nor political policies. Politics in this country is now guerrilla warfare. It is not even that. It may best be compared to operations by bodies of indignant and disgusted citizens, in various parts of the country, without communication or ordered plan, getting together from sense of protest and going out and shooting in the dark, hoping they may hit something; but shooting, anyhow. There is nothing coherent about our politics. There is nothing much articulate about it in its present state. The prime motive in all our demonstrations is protest. The actuating spirit is change. Everybody wants something different. Nobody knows what he wants. So the thing shifts, and changes, and writhes and wriggles, and hits a blow here and another blow there, on the broad general theory that whatever is in is wrong and with the faint hope that whatever is out may be better if it is put in.

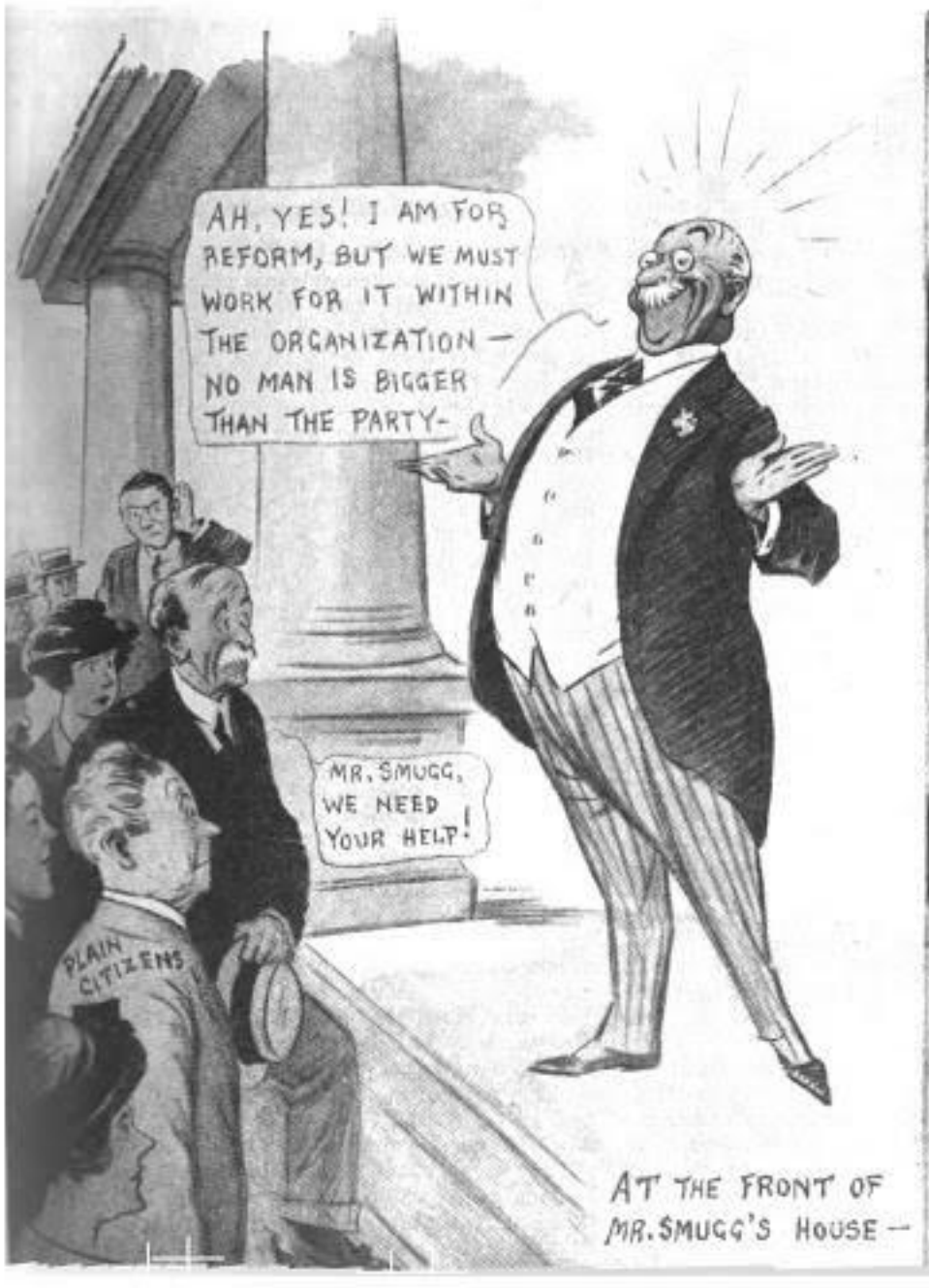
Easily impressed political prophets say that a political revolution is impending. Scared partisans say that it is merely restiveness and will compose itself into regularity at election time.

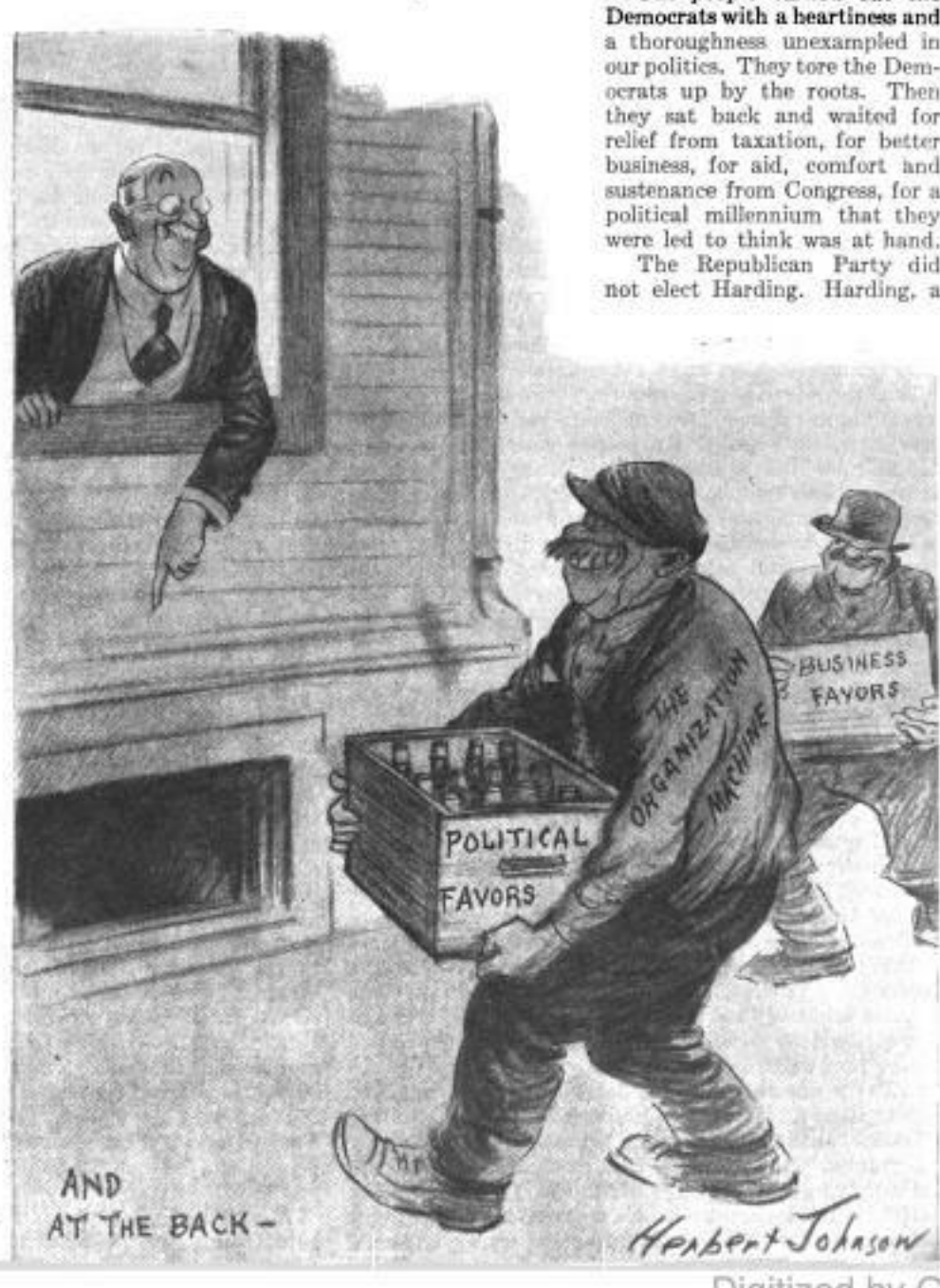
Neither is right. A mob of itself isn't revolutionary. It is merely a mob until leaders take it in hand. No leaders are in sight. And regularity doesn't mean anything to the bulk of the nominal Republicans and nominal Democrats in this country. Those days are over. A large proportion of the Republicans of the country continue, nominally, as Republicans, because there is nothing else for them to be; and it is the same with a large proportion of nominal Democrats. There is nowhere for them to go. What is happening now seems to be a swing-back from the conservative pell-mell of 1920, when Harding got his seven million plurality with a rallying cry of "Back to normalcy," which most of his supporters spelled as "Let's have a change" without any definite ideas as to whether normalcy meant good old golden days or good new golden days; but with an ardent desire to make the experiment and see what would happen. Nothing in particular has happened—that is, nothing has happened that the average voter interprets as of any especial benefit to himself.

We had the Democrats in control for eight years. They failed to satisfy. We put the Republicans in, on their promise that they would undo the disappointing works of the Democrats, and undo them under the guise of conservatism, which, it was pointed out, was the antithesis of the Wilsonian idea of things. Whether it was the Wilsonian idea of things or not, the Republicans pleaded for a return to conservatism, thus making the issue against the Democrats as radicals. The Republicans posed as conservatives. They were not very definite about it, nor did they set down the details of the sort of conservatism they would practice. Their conservatism was indefinite and all embracing. It was a combination of all the discontents, the failures, the fears and the burdens of the war and the two years after it, which were Democratic because the Democrats were in power, into an assertion that these were the results of radicalism; and a capitalization of them in a political way by the insistent claim that the Republicans, as a great conservative force of the country, would lead the people back to the old and comfortable paths of peace and prosperity through the medium of their conservatism.

The people turned out the Democrats with a heartiness and a thoroughness unexampled in our politics. They tore the Democrats up by the roots. Then they sat back and waited for relief from taxation, for better business, for aid, comfort and sustenance from Congress, for a political millennium that they were led to think was at hand.

The Republican Party did not elect Harding. Harding, a





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Republican, was elected, and with him many others who also were Republicans, but who were mainly considered as instruments for making effective the protest of the people against existing conditions rather than in a partisan sense. There never was an election in this country less partisan than the election of 1920. That was a popular affair, a movement among the people, the use of the only medium of protest that was at hand. And the motive of it was not the past record of the Republican Party, the identity of the candidate or the belief in Republican policies and principles. The motive of it was this: The inference of radicalism lay against the Democrats. The professional politicians saw to it that this inference was strengthened in every possible way. Wherefore, as radicalism had brought about such discontents and dissatisfactions as existed and as, under radicalism, meant oppressive taxes, foreign entanglements and various other conditions that hit the average American voter right in his political midriff, the remedy was this conservatism the Republicans preached and promised. It wasn't the Republican Party, voting at the polls, that put the exponents of it in power, but the American people, not voting as partisans, but voting as seekers for the change implied and the benefits thereof.

It is one thing to win an election by virtue of certain promises, and quite another to run a government in accordance with those promises. Often election promises and platform pledges are forgotten by the people after the campaign is over, but not in these days; and for this reason: The insistent, personal, oppressive reason for a change in the Government in the minds of the great bulk of those who voted for Harding was the highly individual reason of taxes. Platform pledges and campaign promises are largely academic in their relations to the everyday lives of the citizens. However, taxes are as personal as poison oak, and as harassing; and though the populace might forget that ever since the days of Frémont the Republican Party has stood for this and that and intends to maintain its broad and patriotic attitude towards all these great issues of government, the populace will not and does not forget that said party put forth the statement that if its representatives were elected taxes would be reduced. The populace remembers that every tax day and every day between the tax days.

Party Coherence Shot to Pieces

THE Republicans did not see that far ahead. They wanted to win, and they did win, and they gayly took over the Government at noon on March 4, 1921, and at about four o'clock in the afternoon of the same day discovered they had inherited an impossible economic situation; and those with vision among them realized that the crape was already on the door. They had the power they sought, but it was a snare and a delusion. It was no good. It couldn't be utilized; first, because the economic situation was impossible, and, second, because what had come into power wasn't a party at all, as an organized and going and effective political unit, but a lot of groups of men, the majority of whom wore the label of Republicanism, and none of whom interpreted that label to mean anything but what he, individually, wanted it to mean.

Thus the advertised benefits that were to accrue to the people did not accrue. Among those various groups that were swept into power by people voting for so-called Republicans—not voting as, but voting for—were extremer radicals than had been ousted. Also, among them were extremer conservatives than had been contemplated by the few who contemplated anything further than relief from taxation and acted on any desire other than the desire for a change. There were conservatives in that Government, mossbacked and barnacled. The people discovered that Republicanism meant a hodgepodge of things, and that if by any extreme leniency of definition it did mean conservatism, that conservatism brought nothing to their lives so far as relief from their burdens was concerned.

Wherefore, the people stepped out in Indiana, in Pennsylvania and in Iowa, as they are likely to step out in other primaries that come after this is written, and went as far as they could with the materials at hand. A generation ago the Republican organizations in Indiana, in Pennsylvania and in Iowa would have had the power and the prestige and the discipline to prevent any such demonstrations. A generation ago New, the friend and candidate of the party President in power, would have beaten Beveridge; a generation ago Pinchot would not have come within a hundred thousand votes of primary selection in Pennsylvania; a generation ago Brookhart would have been snowed under in Iowa. A generation ago the Republican Party was an organized, disciplined, cohesive affair, with an idea, an intelligence and an incentive.

Today it has no outstanding principles. It is entirely opportunist. It is merely a title emblematical of a past and supplying a party designation to groups, blocs, cabals and lone bandits who must have a designation in order to get their names on the ballots. The people operating under its designation in governmental capacities operate sectionally, provincially, individually, to win whatever election is forthcoming. There is nothing national about the Republican Party except its political history; and the Democratic Party is in similar case. Neither has any present-day virility, present-day usefulness, save as mediums for job getters to get jobs.

As examples of the political situation the people find themselves in because of this decay and decease, of the economic consequences that entail, and as typical and outstanding reasons for the political No Man's Land this country has become, with its voters rushing in panic back and forth between tumble-down headquarters on one side that formerly housed efficient and useful organizations, and down-tumbled headquarters on the other side where equally efficient organizations were once installed, two important subjects of congressional actions may be cited: The tariff and the soldiers' bonus.

They are making a new tariff in Washington, not because it would have been impossible to amend the present tariff wherever amendments were required, but simply because the election of 1920 swept into power a collection of high protectionists who have not advanced in their ideas since 1896.

Tariff Jockeyings

FORDNEY, head of the Ways and Means Committee in the House of Representatives, where tariff and all other revenue legislation must originate under the Constitution, saw embalmed in the political history of the country the names of Mills, Wilson, McKinley, Dingley, Payne, Underwood as tariff makers. What, ho! There must be a Fordney tariff. What, ho! again. The policy of high protection must be reaffirmed. Now the truth of it is this: There are in the House of Representatives and in the Senate, and of the majority, a certain number of men who by their situations are able to make this tariff, and they make their tariff mainly as a political measure, and incidentally as an economic measure. Their own political necessities, their individual, sectional, parochial political requirements, and those of the group of which they are members—not of the party as a whole—or the country—come first; their knowledge that under our fiscal scheme we must get a certain portion of our revenues from customs duties comes second; but the effect that such a tariff will have on the cost of living of the American citizen is a remote and casual third.

It has taken the American citizen a long time to get this truth into his system. Now, the signs are, he is fed up with the stock stuff about the tariff and the present tariff foray at Washington, and the sectional and parochial and political phases of it; and he has been fed up with it for a few years past. He has slowly but thoroughly assimilated the idea that if a tariff is necessary that necessary tariff should be an economic tariff and not a political tariff; and he is disgusted with the whole business, and registers that disgust in the only way he can register it, which is by voting against the party in power, regardless of whether he formerly belonged or now nominally belongs to that party or not.

His living costs did not decrease whether the tariff was made by Underwood and Simmons or by Payne and Aldrich. He has no hopes about any tariff Fordney will make. He feels that he will get the worst of it no matter who does the tariff tinkering, and puts a tariff plague on both the ramshackle political houses, Democratic and Republican. The whole tariff business leaves him cold as an incentive to continue his political support of the party that has its label on the current schedules, but warms him up considerably when he reflects that they are handing it to him in lieu of some other things that they told him would be placed before him on a silver platter soon after March 4, 1921.

It is not my contention that the tariff, of itself, has much to do with the state of political flux that exists in this country. As a partisan excitant the tariff has lost its potency. In 1888, in 1892 and in 1896 you could get into a fist fight over the tariff while arguing the merits and demerits of protection and tariff for revenue, and not half try. Now it is looked on as something that is required to raise a certain amount of money towards governmental expenses. The irritant is not the matter of the tariff, but the method of it, the petty politics of it, the lobbying that attends it. It works out this way: The jockeyings and fiddlings and interminable discussions on it call the attention of the people to the Congress that is making it, and to the party the politicians who are most intimately concerned in the work claim to represent. This, in turn, excites the people anew against that party, and the reprisal is at the polls. It isn't likely nowadays that the schedules of a tariff would change one vote in a hundred, of themselves, but the way those schedules are made have changed and will change many votes in a hundred. The people are tired of the sort of politics those methods predicate.

The public feeling about the bonus also illustrates this point, and is typical. Now the bonus plan either is a right and just plan or it is a wrong plan. It isn't half right and half wrong. It is either all right or all wrong. But—and this is the nubbin of it—if it is a right plan it is a right national plan, and if it is a wrong plan it is a wrong national plan—national. In any event, it is not and should not be a political expedient. It should be considered nationally, with the view to doing exactly what the people who must pay the bonus consider the fair and equitable thing to do, with every circumstance taken into consideration. It should be considered patriotically, economically, sympathetically.

Has it been so considered? It has not. The only basis of consideration the bonus has had in the Sixty-Seventh Congress, or ever will have, is the basis of personal, political, partisan consideration. There has been much talk, and much protestation, and much brave-boying, and all that; but right down at the rock-bottom of the business has been this debate: What will be the political effect of it? Will it bring us more votes than it will cost us to pass it or will it bring us more votes than it will cost us to defeat it? That's all there is to the bonus in a congressional sense, and that is all there ever will be. Few have asked, and few will ask: Will it be better for the nation, for the people, for the soldiers themselves, to pass it or will it be better for them not to pass it?

The statesmen who have to do with providing this bonus or with refusing to provide it have made a miserable, shystering, political expedient of it, and few of them have looked an inch beyond their own districts in considering it.

These soldiers were national soldiers—they represented America, not districts in America. Great pains were taken in brigading them to establish and maintain the national idea and concept. So far as that goes, the organization of the soldiers that is advocating the bonus is an American organization, inclusive of all the states. And the question is a nationally patriotic one and a nationally economic one, and not political at all. Yet it has had none but political consideration. Next to prohibition, there has been more political hypocrisy on this bonus than on any questions of congressional policy for many years.

These are current issues and current causes for the political unrest in this country at present. Other and similar causes made for the unrest that has been noticeable for some years, and no doubt there will be new instances of the futility of our politicians to keep that unrest alive until it can find a medium for concrete expression. One of these days a new party is coming in this country, a new party that will give an outlet for the conviction of the tens and hundreds of thousands of voters in this country who have discarded both Republicanism and Democracy, because Republicanism and Democracy no longer mean anything, save historically. However, that new party will not be a resurrection of the late Progressives, nor will it be an augmentation of any of the parties with socialistic or communistic theories.

Indiana's Example Typical

ACRES of explanations have been spread for the Indiana primaries, the Pennsylvania primaries and the Iowa primaries; reasons have been elaborated and causes analyzed, but the real cause, identical in each instance, is as simple as these explanations and speculations are involved. Take Indiana, for example: The exemplification there was perfect. The two candidates for the Republican nomination for senator were Albert J. Beveridge and Harry S. New, both of long political experience in the state, and both known to all the people. Mr. Beveridge has been a senator, and Mr. New is now a senator and asked for renomination. In politics, though both were Republican, the records of the two men were entirely dissimilar. Beveridge was a Progressive. He joined with Roosevelt in 1912 and was a great force in the movement. New is and always has been a regular organization Republican.

New typed, absolutely, what the people voted into power in 1920. He represented in the minds of the people what they received for their votes in the presidential election. He is the friend and intimate of the President, his spokesman on occasion, and stands for all that the Old Guard of the Republicans stand for, both at Washington and in Indiana. If the voters of Indiana had remained in the political frame of mind they were in in 1920 New would have been renominated by a large vote; but the voters of Indiana did not remain in that frame of mind. They came out of it about a year after President Harding's inauguration. They had formulated their own definition of normalcy and knew what they expected normalcy to mean. They discovered that their idea of normalcy and the demonstration of it by the Administration and the Congress at Washington did not jibe. And, like the voters in all other parts of the Union, they were not closely enough tied, either by party discipline or by party loyalty or by any other party considerations, to support New.

They were in just as much fluxion in highly political Indiana as elsewhere. They turned to Beveridge, who, for his part, remained steadfastly Republican, because in Beveridge they not only had material at hand for a most

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The Maggot of Misty Mountain

By GEORGE WESTON

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE L. BENJON



Jed Was on His Best Behavior, His Manner Being That Which is Generally Associated With the Enterprise of Charming the Birds Off the Trees

YOU mustn't think, from what you are about to hear, that Mrs. Jedson Mitchell was a paragon, a superwoman, one of those strange beings of whom you often read but seldom see. She wasn't.

She hated to get up in the morning, for instance, and she didn't like to go to bed at night. When she went to a show or a circus she waited till she was just about ready to retire for the night, and then she gave imitations of the various performers—Egyptian dancers, vamps, ingénues, tight-rope walkers—imitations that were often more racy than otherwise and caused Jed to sit up with a pillow behind him and wonder, with a wealth of love and admiration, how the dickens she got that way.

Once Mrs. Mitchell was laid up for a week with a lame ankle. The neighbors vaguely understood that she had twisted it on the stairs; but she knew, and Jed knew, that she had tried to stand on her head on the foot of the bed and had landed down by the side of the chiffonier in a distinctly impromptu imitation of Cheequi, the world-famed female contortionist.

And that wasn't all. She sometimes swore at the telephone, which was, of course, profanity; and without thinking she sometimes put a little nutmeg in the apple pie and then made believe it wasn't there, because Jed had always labored under the delusion that nutmeg would some day be the death of him and that the least little speck would lay him up for a week; which was, of course, deception. And she sometimes picked up choice little bits out of the frying pan and blew them and ate them from between her thumb and finger, which was, of course, atrocious. And once up town in an April shower—well, after all, that's rather private, but all the same it was a terrible thing to do.

She was thin, quick, full of pep, wore her nose turned up, and more than anything else in the world she feared that she and Jed might some day grow into one of those sad, unsmiling couples who sigh their way through a world of woe and look as though they'd been poisoned.

Perhaps by now the pendulum has swung the other way and you are beginning to think that Jed Mitchell's wife was kind of a bad egg. But she wasn't. She kept her house as neat as a pin, did most of the wash herself, papered a room now and then if the landlord wouldn't, and when she was dressed for the afternoon or the evening—now this is important—she didn't smell of perfumes and talcs enough to knock you over. She just smelled—well, say, like anemones in a teacup, or a breeze in a buttercupped meadow, or a combful of honey made in apple-blossom time, which is probably one of the sweetest scents of all.

So much for general outlines; and now, getting nearer to the moment when our story begins, Mrs. Mitchell was one of those not uncommon and yet remarkable women who somehow manage to keep in correspondence with practically all their relatives—and certainly with all who had sent her a wedding present. Jed often joshed her about this, and yet on the quiet it tickled him to hear about these funny relatives of Midge's—which was the name he called his wife—most of whom he had never seen.

There was Aunt Emma, for instance, who had had trouble with her first, and had buried her second and third. Jed called her the Iron Woman, and sometimes made Midge mad for a minute by saying that she took after her Aunt Emma. And there was Cousin Edith, who had buck teeth so badly that she lithped, and you had to look out when she was talking to you; and yet she had married a man with seventy-five thousand dollars, and he thought the sun never set upon her. And there was Uncle Benny, an old prospector, who generally had his mail go to various addresses in Nevada, and wrote to Midge ambitiously on post cards, starting with such big round letters that before he had written six words the card was half full, and then tapering down with such alarming speed that you could very well spend a pleasant evening wondering whether his last three words were "Your loving uncle," "A bad carbuncle" or "I have a bundle." There were other celebrities of course, all interesting in their way; but these three were the stars, and out of the three Midge possibly thought a little bit more of her Uncle Benny than of either of the others.

Once when she had her picture taken she sent him one; and he retaliated with a disreputable-looking snapshot showing an ancient man with overalls stuffed in his boots, and such a growth of whiskers that his head looked like a pair of wise old birds sitting on their nest. This duality of features was due to the fact that Uncle Ben had shaken his head at the crucial moment, a motion which had given him four ears, four eyes, two noses and a mouth that stretched from ear to yonder. On the back of the picture were the following sprawling words, starting with half-inch letters and then rapidly reducing: "Fly on my noze."

"Say, what's all this?" demanded Jed when Midge proudly showed him the picture. "Have you got this poor old bird picked out for your Number Two?"

She didn't answer in words, but she gave him that look which husbands know so well; that look which says, "You leave it to me; I know what I'm doing."

Every wise little woman has a hen sitting somewhere, unsuspected by the general public.

So much for Midge's relatives; and now, alas, for a confession that may lead you to take no further interest in them—a rather disgusting thing to tell about. Midge and Jed weren't like you. They didn't live in a big house with nearly as many baths as rooms; they didn't have servants to wait on them; didn't go to Florida in the winter; didn't even have a butler—imagine having no butler! To come right plump out with it, they lived in New York, on Amsterdam Avenue, in a block that wasn't as good as some; they seldom had their rent ready until the week before the first; and sometimes it was the week after; and when Jed needed a new suit or Midge a new coat they had to start about three months ahead and begin stuffing a few dollars every week into a china kangaroo which stood on the dresser in their bedroom. There was a slot in the back of the kangaroo's neck, hidden under a bow of scarlet ribbon, and when they figured that they had fed him about enough they turned him upside down and uncorked him and robbed him, and Midge would say, "It's no disgrace to be poor; it's just a little inconvenient at times"; or "We'll look back and laugh at this when we have all the money we want."

But lately the years had come and the years had gone, and every Christmas had found them a little deeper in the hole than they had been the year before. Midge had charge of the bills. She knew.

"No use worrying Jed, though, talking about it," she thoughtfully told herself in one of her rare moods of abstraction. "He's been looking bothered enough lately, without me making it worse for him." As a matter of fact, Jed had come to that time which comes in nearly every man's life, sooner or later, when he begins to compare the dreams of the past with the facts of the present, and to wonder whether hope was a bluffer, and ambition the dream of a fool.

"All the fellows at school had some sort of a sneaking idea that they were going to be Morgans or Edisons or Napoleons or something like that," he thought on his way home one night. "And what are they doing now? Plugging along like a lot of mules, with just about as much chance of getting on. Me, I'm getting sick of it—sick of grinding away, day after day, year after year, in that damned office and just as apt to get the bounce tomorrow as I was the first week I went there. If it wasn't for Midge ——"

He went in then with a cunningly cheerful "Oo-oo!" as he hung up his hat, thinking that he was fooling that bright little wife of his, and getting away with it not at all. After dinner she started him talking about the office; and although he thought he was wrapping it up in persiflage, it didn't take her long to see that old Theodore Palmer, Jed's boss, was grouchier than ever; and that Cowface Bellows, the office manager, was still up to his tricks in making nasty cracks at Jed under the incorrect impression that it was Jed who had coined the name of Cowface and had applied it where it would do the most good.

"Just because his people have a little money, he thinks he can do as he pleases," said Jed.

"I know," said Midge. "You mustn't mind it, though. Listen, honey. Let's go to a show tonight. They've got a dandy bill at the Granada, and last week I saved fifty cents out of the housekeeping money. So if you can scare up fifty cents for yourself ——"

Although they lived on one of the poorest blocks of Amsterdam—these two young keepers of the kangaroo—when they emerged from the subway at Forty-second Street and gracefully sauntered along with the theater crowd you might have thought that they had just come from Delmonico's or the Ritz.

Midge was wearing her blue silk with the fringe, and Jed's Tuxedo fitted him as well as it did the week before he was married, which was longer ago than he would have cared to tell you.

"Some fine day we'll always come in a taxi, too," said Midge, watching the apparently endless stream of cars.

"Yeh," said Jed, hunching his shoulders a little.

"Or in our own limousine—I don't care which."

"I b'lieve you," said Jed, though he more sighed than said it.

They had to stop a moment to let a gay crowd cross the sidewalk from a custom-made car that stood at the curb like a yacht at its pier. There were four in the party—a young couple and an older one; and what with their airs of unconscious superiority and the women's costumes and the manner in which one of the men looked at his watch and drawled something about "hawf awfter eight," for the

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first time in her life Midge felt in her heart that she could positively hate people for being rich.

"Maybe because I'm beginning to feel that we'll never be rich ourselves," she thought, "and that's a rotten way to feel. No, sir! I'm not going to give in yet; and I'm not going to let Jed give in, either!"

She leaned on his arm, then, and hummed a few bars of Paloma, his favorite tune, and having thus performed her prelude she whispered, "Jed, I've been looking them over ever since we left home, and I haven't seen one yet that can begin to touch you for looks or smartness or anything else. Look at that man getting out of the limousine now—the one with the blond girl. He looks a little bit like you—just the least little bit—but he hasn't got half as much sense as you have, or he wouldn't be wasting his time with a blonde. Oh-ho! Did you see the look she gave you? Jedson Mitchell, I believe you know that girl! I believe that's the reason you wanted to come downtown tonight!"

Whereupon, as any student of mankind will know, Jed threw out his chest, and before he knew it he was joking Midge about a handsome old boy with a white imperial and gray spats who was strolling just ahead of them, and Midge deliberately trod on the old boy's heel, and he turned around, and she begged his pardon, and he raised his hat, and they both smiled, and you ought to have seen the way Midge looked at Jed then—a look that said, "You see? My fatal gift of beauty!" And Jed pretended to gnash his teeth and draw an imaginary sword, and by the time they entered the Granada he was feeling as he used to feel when his Tuxedo was still in the cloth, and they weren't going to move to Riverside Drive until their income was fifty thousand dollars a year, and Midge had all the diamonds she wanted, so she could spring them on the neighbors right away.

Fool's dreams, yes, but pleasant dreams for all that, as long as they had lasted. Lately, however, Jed had forgotten them, and although he caught a few slight glimpses of them again at the Granada that evening, once when he went in and once when a tenor sang "Lay My Head Beneath a Rose," and once at a stage setting of peach trees in blossom against a deep-blue sky, it took him all his time to try to keep it from Midge how dispirited he felt, how lacking of wind his sails were, how empty his boilers of steam. He didn't keep much from Midge, though.

"He'll soon be one of those sad old men if I don't look out," she told herself as she lay awake that night.

As though to confirm her judgment, Jed drew a deep sigh in his sleep.

"Sleep, honey?" she murmured.

Evidently he was, and moving with caution she turned on the light at the head of the bed and had a good look at the man who had promised to endow her with all his worldly goods; had a good look at him just as he was without any mask on. . . . No; it didn't need much of a gift of prophecy to tell the way Jed was headed.

"Things at the office must be worse than I think they are," she told herself, "and he's afraid to say anything for fear they might tell him that they don't want him any more."

She thought it over for a few minutes and then she uttered a great truth.

"Men don't have such an easy time of it as most women think they do," she told herself.

Her nose began to smart then and she knew that she had looked long enough. Whereupon she did a very old-fashioned thing. She slid out of bed and slipped down on her knees; and then she prayed—prayed with pep, as she did most everything else—and when she arose and popped back into bed again it wasn't with a look of resignation. There was more determination than submission around her saucy little nose—the look of those who say, "If now the Lord is on my side, who then shall be against me?"

II

IT WAS a week later to a day when Midge received the post card from Uncle Benny telling her that he was sick. "Been pretty sick. Am yet," read the postal. "Thanks for pappers. Better nor medsen. Good-by, if the last ——"

The last few words were microscopic, and there was a postscript that needed a lot of figuring out too. Midge deciphered it at last, though, and when she was sure that she had made no mistake she hid the card and for the rest of the day she was so thoughtful as she went around at her work that if you had been there you would soon have guessed that something was in the wind. Once she went to her bureau and took out Uncle Benny's picture, and after gazing for a long time at his duplicate features she propped it against her pincushion and said, "Thank you, Uncle Benny; you're a good old chuck," and lightly touching her finger to her lip she dabbed it just underneath Uncle Benny's noses, and cleared away an end of the dressing table and started a good long letter.

That night she said to Jed, "Uncle Benny's sick."

You could see at once that Jed considered that he was receiving important news.

"Is he?" he asked. "Very sick?"

"Pretty sick, I guess."

"Say, wouldn't it be funny if the old boy really did leave you something? We've joked about it often enough, but of course you never can tell."

"I wouldn't be surprised if he leaves us something," said Midge, looking very virtuous.

"I wouldn't either." To which he added with one of those pious airs, "Of course I hope he'll live for a good many years yet, but all the same ——"

She let it sink in for a while, and then she said, "Jed ——"

"Yes, honey?"

"Really and truly now, and all joking on one side, what do you think your chances are of getting on at the office?"

"Pretty slim, honey—pretty slim for anybody, unless he has a barrelful of money," said Jed, and such a far-away look came into his eyes that Midge knew right away that his thoughts were in Nevada. "Export business is bad," he continued, "and the banks aren't keen on lending money on foreign shipments. So, with one thing and another, the only way you could begin to get into the firm just now is to buy your way in. That's how Myers got in—and Hill—and Troutman. Unger was the clever boy, though. He didn't give them any money—just put up his note for fifty thousand, indorsed by his mother. Of course the old lady's worth a million, and her note's as good as gold; but that's the way he got in. Bellows only put up ten thousand—all he had, I guess—so they made him office manager, and he has to sit out with the rest of us little fish in the main office, thinking up mean cracks to make about yours truly."



"A Real English Butler, Jed, With Whiskers in Front of His Ears, Who'd Call Me 'Madam' and Make a Mistake Every Once in a While and Say 'Me Lord' to You"

"And you think they need more money now?"

"Need it? They're crazy for it! Why, if anybody with money went to see Mr. Palmer about buying into the company the only way you could keep the old man from getting the cash would be to chloroform him and hit him on the head with a sledge hammer—and even then I guess it would be safer to tie his hands," he added with thoughtful admiration.

It was Jed's lodge night, and after he had gone out Midge returned to that good long letter which she had already started to Uncle Ben. It took a lot of writing. Some parts had to be rewritten two or three times; some went quickly; some allegretto; some crescendo; and once or twice her pen wasn't far from describing a tremolo effect.

"There!" she said at last when the final page was finished. "Now I guess I'd better send this registered, and then I'll know he gets it."

Whereupon she picked up the kangaroo from her dresser and thoughtfully pulled the cork.

"Oh, shut up!" she said when the cork popped, and smartly slapping it where it ought to be slapped, she added, more in her old-time manner, "What do you think you are—a bottle of wine?"

III

IT WAS lucky for Jed the following month that he had a cheerful wife. Every day, every week, business fell off more and more. If a nation had money England and Germany were fighting like cat and dog for its export business; and as for that large section of the earth which was broke, it could only press its nose against the outside of Uncle Sam's show window and let its mouth water at the good things to be seen inside.

Yes, my friend, I know it's nice;
But tell me, have you got the price?

"It was a crime to take the money this week," said Jed one Saturday afternoon when he handed over his roll to Midge.

"No, sir!" said Midge promptly. "It's never a crime to take money that you've earned."

"But we've hardly had a thing to do all week."

"That's all right. It makes out for those other weeks when you've had too much to do. Your feelings are too darned delicate at times, Jed Mitchell. That's the reason that they impose upon you so down at the office."

"Do you think that people do impose upon me, Midge?"

"Of course they do. At least I know that I do."

She tickled him then till he could hold his breath no longer, and played other little tricks upon him which every brisk young wife understands. By that time Jed had forgotten to look mournful, but the next week he came home with a longer face than before.

"Lost your wife, friend?" asked Midge as soon as she saw him.

"No," said Jed, "but I wouldn't be surprised if I soon lost my job."

"Isn't that a blessing!" cried Midge. "Do you know, I haven't thought much of your job for a long time. Too much worry; not enough cash. This isn't Riverside Drive that we're living on here. These aren't diamond rings I'm wearing."

"That's all right. I'll bet there's fifty thousand clerks out of work in New York right at this minute, and when you're laid off you stay off; there aren't any other jobs waiting for you. Old Palmer's got the wrong idea of export business, anyhow."

"You mean he ought to pay his clerks more?"

"No; I mean he sticks too much to machinery and manufactured lines—things that foreign nations can buy cheaper nearly anywhere than they can buy them here. What he ought to do is to make a specialty of things that simply have to be bought in America. Then he would have a business that nobody could take away from him, and one that would stand by him in bad times almost as well as in good."

"But are there things that can't be bought anywhere but here?"

"Sure there are! I made a list last winter as long as your arm, but what good did it do? I couldn't get into the inside office with it, and when I showed it to Bellows he made that crack about the shine on my trousers. I was wearing my old serge, and he said if we could only export that shine it would practically double our foreign shipments and everybody in the country would be prosperous. You know he always thought that I was the one who started calling him Cowface."

"Did he keep the list?"

"No! Hardly looked at it!"

"Are they all that way—bosses, I mean?"

"They are not! Some bosses are just as human as you and me. Old Deke Hauptman is; and that's one reason why Hauptman & Co. is getting to be just about the biggest exporting house that there is in the United States today."

The next day Midge asked a rather peculiar question:

"How do you spell Hauptman, Jed?"

Wonderingly he told her.

"Why?" he asked.

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"Oh, nothing," said Midge. "I was just wondering if he liked raisins."

There had been times in their courtship when she had taken delight in making Jed open his mouth in pure astonishment—he having a slight weakness in that direction—and it secretly pleased her to see that his trap wasn't far from opening then.

"Likes raisins?" he asked.

"Yes; in his rice pudding. But never mind, Jed. I don't suppose it makes much difference either way."

As you have already possibly told yourself, you can't do much with a wife like that, especially when she's young.

The next evening when Jed came home he was so depressed at first that he didn't notice that Midge was wearing the blue silk with the fringe, and that the dinner table was laid out as though for company, with the china that Aunt Emma had given them and the art-craft vase with a full-blown rose in it.

"Gee, Bellows was rotten today!" said Jed.

"Some day," said Midge, "I want you to blow him for me."

"Blow him?"

"Yes; they blow bellows, don't they?" asked Midge with her innocent look.

"That's all right," said Jed. "You can joke about it."

"Thank you, Jed," she said with a deep sigh of gratitude. "You're so good to me."

He caught the sniff of the meat then.

"Ah-ha!" said he. "Lamb chops!"

"No, no, my dear Watson. Kangaroo steak."

"Say, you're full of prunes tonight," said he. "Ah-ha! Best dress on too."

Midge turned to an invisible audience.

"He's so observing," said she.

"What's going on?" he asked. "Going to bone the kangaroo for the price of a show?"

"Not tonight," she said, and she shook her head rather sadly.

"Say, what's the matter, anyhow?" he suddenly asked. "You'll have me feeling groggy in a minute."

"Jed," she said, "I don't know whether to look sad about it or just feel tickled to death."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"That's it," said she, watching him closely, although she seemed to be doing it carelessly, too, to see if his mouth would open. "Listen, Jed! How would you like to have lamb chops for your dinner every night when you wanted them, or go up to the Claremont and have breast of chicken and green peas and asparagus tips—or humming birds' tongues—or corned beef and cabbage—or something really wonderful like that?"

"Say, what's the matter with you tonight, anyhow?"

"Or how would you like to have a car with windows all around it?" she asked, leaning on the table, her eyes shining, but keeping a close watch, just the same, to see if there were any signs that his mouth was going to open—"with your monogram on the door—J. G. M.—and a cute little wife to come down to the office and get you every night—dark maroon—that rich shade—with a horn like a tugboat on a foggy night—and all the traffic cops saluting as we went up and down the Avenue together!"

Jed nearly opened then.

"And how would you like to have the whole top floor of an apartment house on Riverside Drive, with a flower garden on the roof, and a butler in a dress suit to answer the bell and tell everybody you were out when you were in?—a real English butler, Jed, with whiskers in front of his ears, who'd call me 'Madam' and make a mistake every once in a while and say 'Me lord' to you."

It was only by the greatest effort then that Jed made it stay shut; and he kept his eyes glued on Midge so hard that he knew they would begin to run at any moment.

"And how would you like to stay home on Saturdays," she continued, glorying in it, "and get in that wonderful car that I've been telling you about, and take your cute little madam to play golf, with a cunning little pair of short trousers—you, I mean—and pretty little tassels hanging down from your knees, and madam wearing one of those sporty scarlet silk sweaters under a gray tweed coat, and fixing her legs like crossbones, and having her picture taken for the Sunday papers—Sock-eye-etty at Piping Rock—sitting between Mrs. Bryce and Mrs. Astor, and reading from left to right?"

Jed's mouth opened then—opened wide; but warned by the look of triumph on Midge's face he sternly shut it, and as sternly asked, "Say, now, for heaven's sake, what's this all about, anyhow?"

Midge drew a long breath that wasn't far from a sigh.

"Jed," she said, "I don't know whether to feel sorry about it, or glad; but poor old Uncle Benny's dead—and he's left us nearly all his money!"

IV

IT WAS strictly legal. There was no doubt about that. At first, when Midge went off to get the documents, Jed more than half expected her to come back with one of those sprawling post cards. Instead she brought a letter from a firm of Nevada lawyers, inclosing a certified copy of Uncle Ben's will, the latter copy bearing the signature of the clerk of the probate court, and attested by a big red seal impressed with the coat of arms of the sovereign state of Nevada—a railroad train on a Roman viaduct and a blast going off in the distance.

I, Benjamin J. Brown, of Misty Mountain, Nevada, being of sound mind and memory, do hereby give, devise and bequeath the following items to Margaret B. Mitchell, of New York:

First, the sum of five hundred thousand dollars ($500,000) cash.

Second, my gold mines situated at Misty Mountain, as follows: King Emur, Nip and Tuck, Bar and Bullion, Woman, Beautiful Woman, and El Dorado.

Third, my porphyry copper mines situated at the same place, as follows: Ace in the Hole, Grand Consolidated and Prospero.

The above bequests, comprising the greater part of my estate, are made as a last grateful remembrance to one who was never too busy to write to a lonely old man.

Jed read it three times, and after he had read it the last time he and Midge arose together, and, as the novelists say, "they fell into each other's arms."

"Jed," she said, grunting just the least little bit, "Jed, you're a magnate!"

"No; you're the magnet—magnate," he said. "It's you that he's left it to. Not that I care a hang," he hastily assured her, "as long as it's in the family."

"Well," she said, "maybe I'll take the money, but it's you who'll have to look after the mines."

"Oh, I'll look after the mines all right if you want me to."

"Of course I want you to. And that's what I meant when I said you were a magnate. Let's have a good look at you now."

Truth to tell, he looked slightly feverish—respiration and pulse both probably high. "A maggot—a real live maggot!" she crowed. "The maggot of Misty Mountain!"

They made much of this. Poor things, they were both young and hadn't yet learned to take life with the proper degree of sorrow. While they were clearing off the dinner things she pounced out at him from behind the swinging door that led to the kitchen.

"Stranger, who are you?" she demanded.

"Me?" said Jed, trying to look noble. "I'm the maggot of Misty Mountain!"

"And who am I?"

"You're my little cockalorum who was never too busy to write to a lonely old man."

At that they fell into each other's arms again—an inverted V—and there was a double "Mgh!"—one in treble and one in bass. And then the doorbell rang.

"I wonder who that can be," said Jed. "You don't think it's a telegram or anything, do you?"

Midge straightened her hair and gave Jed's tie a pat.

"No," she whispered; "I think it's the reporters."

"The reporters?" gasped Jed, opening his mouth then in right good earnest.

"Yes," she nodded. "I felt so good when I read the letter that I telephoned some of the papers, and I said they could call any time after seven. I said we'd both be in then."

Again the bell rang—"R-r-r-r! R-r-r-r! R-r-r-r!"

"Shall I let 'em in?" asked Jed.

"Sure!" said Midge in slight surprise. "That's what I phoned 'em for."

"But—will you do most of the talking, Midge? I don't know what to say."

Superfluous Question Number 12,345. Every man who has married a Midge will know who did most of the talking!

V

THE next morning Jed saw something which no one ever sees more than once in his life, and that is sometimes once too often—that is to say, he saw his picture in the paper for the first time.

(Continued on Page 78)

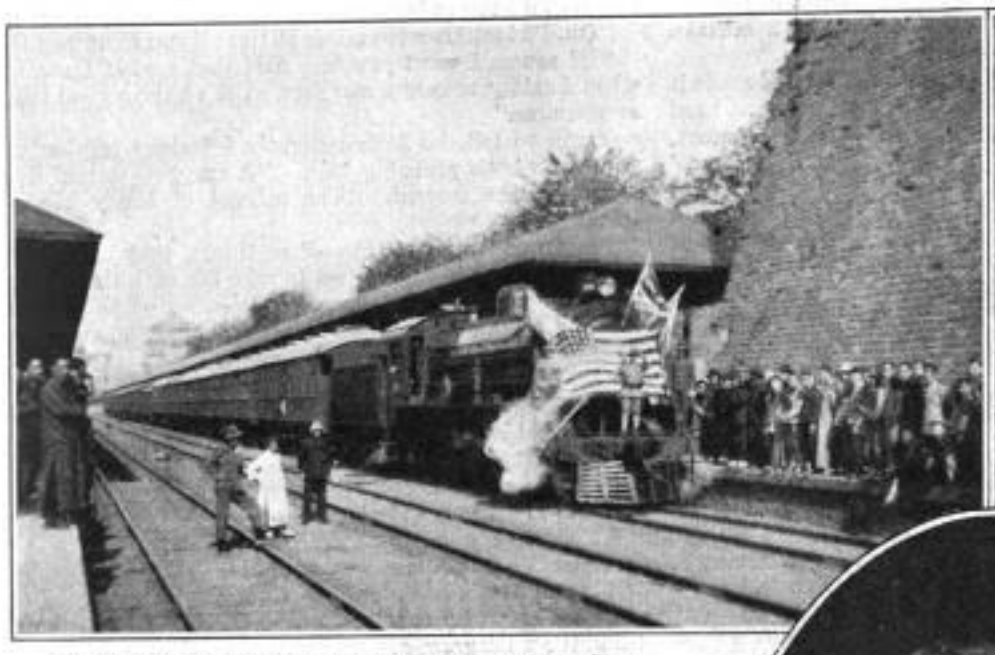


Midge Would Say, "It's No Disgrace to be Poor; it's Just a Little Inconvenient at Times"

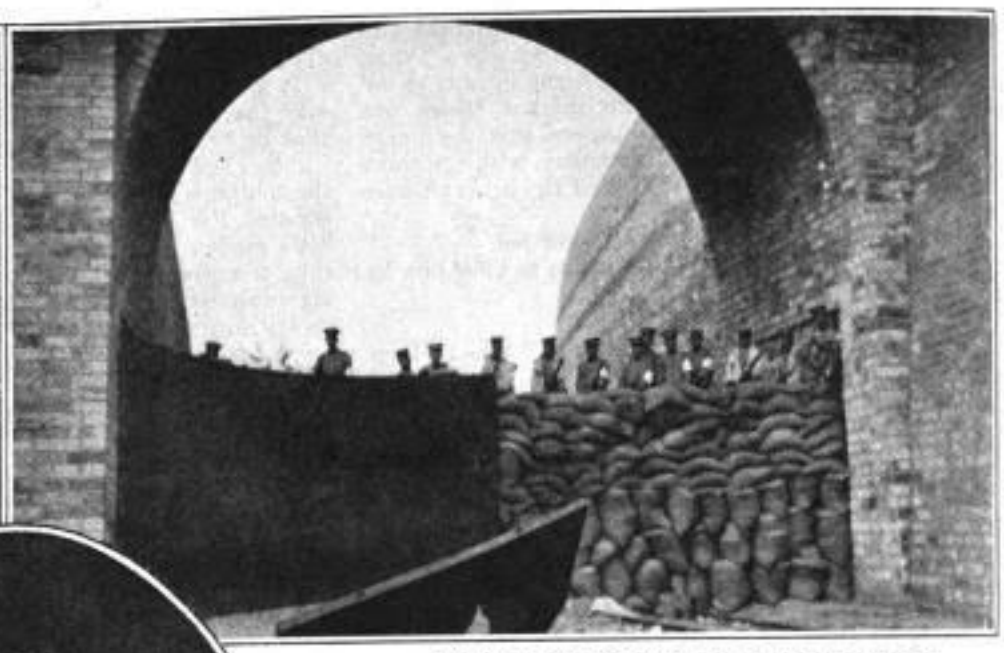
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THE CHANGING EAST

The Chinese Civil War—and After



An Allied Military Train That Went Through the Lines



A Peking Gate Bulwarked to Keep Out Looters



Li Yuan-hung, the New President of China

By Isaac F. Marcosson

AFTER nearly ten years of plot and counterplot, enlivened by almost incessant civil war, and with banditry as the eternal side issue, China at last seems to have reached the stage where something like stabilization and even unification is possible. One reason is that out of an armed conflict which attracted the attention of the whole world a man has emerged as the dominating figure. He represents that almost unprecedented Chinese phenomenon—a victorious leader who has not converted triumph into personal and pecuniary advancement. That man is General Wu Pei-fu, conqueror of Marshal Chang Tso-lin in the latest upheaval.

Since 1911 China has been a succession of crises. No other country in the world could have stood up under the disorder and disintegration that have marked public life almost from the hour that the republic was declared. The plain truth is that the Chinese have got along with practically no government at all. With twenty-two vast provinces, each one an empire in itself and some with populations as great as that of the whole United States less than half a century ago, this utter independence of centralized authority is easily explained. The country is so immense and the lines of communication so primitive that literally one half never knows what the other half is doing, and what is more, does not care.

Moreover, public office is generally regarded as a private graft and the traditional honesty of the Chinese apparently gets stage fright the moment it touches officialdom. The whole idea of government since the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty has been built on the personal equation. The Chinese place self before country. This is the exact opposite of the Japanese, who put emperor and empire before everything else.

Real Chinese nationalism today exists principally in Chinese hearts abroad, in very much the same way as the fires of faith in the ultimate deliverance of Poland and Bohemia were kept alive for years in exiles overseas. The best evidence of this is the fact that Dr. Sun Yat-sen's Southern Government has been almost entirely supported by contributions from the Cantonese in America and Canada.

When I was in China the minister of finance was under indictment for embezzlement and no one had been found to take his place—that is, his late public post. During the past five years there have been more than twenty holders of the financial portfolio. Like the man who once facetiously asked the much-married Nat Goodwin, "Who is the current wife?" one could well inquire in Peking, "Who is the momentary minister of finance?"

The Fifty Million Dollar Folly

THERE is nothing new in this debauching of public office. In the imperial days the central government at Peking was merely a giant hopper into which an endless tribute in rice, bullion and silk poured. The chief chamberlain, who was always the head eunuch, handled the loot, and was almost invariably one of the richest men in the empire. The principal chamberlain of that extraordinary woman, the Dowager Empress Tzu Hsi—Old Buddha, as they called her—owned fifty-seven pawnshops in Peking alone, and was worth ten million dollars. The pawnshop in China, I might add, is a national institution, utilized by the best families.

One of the prize examples of Chinese corruption was the misappropriation of fifty million dollars by Old Buddha for the construction of the famous Summer Palace just outside of Peking. This is called The Fifty Million Dollar Folly, because the money employed in its construction had been originally set aside for the building up of a Chinese navy. When the war with Japan broke out in 1894 China had no fleet and crumpled up almost at once. Chinese historians hold the Dowager Empress responsible for this humiliation.

Just as graft is the favorite indoor recreation, so is civil war the popular outdoor occupation. There has not been a time during the past ten years when you could not locate civil strife somewhere in China. It has vied with squeeze—the Chinese term for graft—as a hardy perennial. Ordinarily a Chinese civil war attracts little attention either at home or abroad, because it has been such a persistent feature of the national life. The last, however—that is, the most recent up to the time I write this article, and the one I shall try to chronicle—was the most significant of all the internecine struggles since the downfall of the empire, because it did four constructive things: One was the overthrow of President Hsu Shih-chang, whose administration was a farce; the second was the temporary elimination at least of Chang Tso-lin, the Manchurian war lord, as dictator of the Peking Government; third was the advent of Wu Pei-fu as unofficial steward of the nation; and fourth the collapse of the Southern Government at Canton, which may open the way for unification.

Incidentally it again put China on the front pages of the newspapers. War is such a common occurrence out there and Chinese names so difficult to learn that the average person in America and elsewhere is still asking, "What was it all about?" Having been through the mess and met most of the principal figures, I will endeavor to throw some light on the situation. I say "endeavor" advisedly, for politics in China is about as stable as quicksilver.

To get the full significance of the latest civil war we must go back for a moment to the Great War, for all troubles these days seem to have started there. Incidentally this retrospect will serve to introduce the two principal antagonists, Wu Pei-fu and Chang Tso-lin, and explain the beginning of the feud between them.

Too Much Helpfulness

CHINA'S part in the world conflict, both prior to her entry and later on, cost her dearly. The Twenty-one Demands were followed by a carnival of Japanese "helpfulness." It preyed on Chinese helplessness and exacted invaluable concessions for a so-called war aid that only tightened the Nipponese economic grip on the country.

President Hsu Shih-chang was elected in 1918 by a parliament—in China the chief executive is named by the National Assembly—created by northern militarists who had deposed Li Yuan-hung, who, as vice president, had succeeded the masterful and imperialistic Yuan Shi-kai. The latter died in office. Then, as now, the militarists held the balance of power. In the two words "corruption" and "militarism" you have the keys to China's long failure to pull herself together.

From the moment he assumed authority President Hsu laid himself open to every conceivable form of influence. Not being particularly strong or resourceful, he bent to the prevailing wind, and incidentally alienated every faction. His indecision made possible the Anfu Conspiracy of 1920, when Marshal Tuan Chi-jui, aided by a General Hsu—he is not related to the former president—fostered the Japanese intrigue for economic and political control. It was a conspiracy that represented a coalition of Chinese militarism and Japanese influence. This undertaking, with various other contributory causes, led Sun Yat-sen to set up the Southern Government at Canton not long afterward. Since 1921 China has had two separate and distinct governments, one in the north and the other in the south. Sun Yat-sen has always maintained that Hsu was a bogus president, and that he himself was the constitutional chief executive, because a rump parliament that bolted to Canton from Peking with the advent of the militarists elected him. That wing of the parliament was sitting in Canton when I visited Sun Yat-sen at the end of May.

The Anfu Conspiracy, bold and brazen as it was, was its own undoing. Not only was public opinion strongly arrayed against it—despite all the plundering in public office there is a deep-seated moral conviction in China that extends even to the coolie—but certain powerful military governors known as *tuchuns*, who had personal and other

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u crowd, mixed in the scrap,

may be well to explain the ot only has large bearing upon iny of China as well. A *tuchun* f a province. Frequently he ril governor as well. As the king became more and more and conspiracy these *tuchuns* ı. They are really replicas of ope. They levy taxes at will, y, and each has an army rang--five to seventy-five thousand n of the revenues of each prov- upkeep. This diversion, how- ecause most of the money is few men higher up.

on why China has nearly a why treasuries are almost in- of the soldiers receive no pay ing the day and at nightfall nd ravage the countryside as n take the trouble to change upon war as license to loot in at the *tuchuns* have made the ventures for personal prestige esult is, that travel in many nuous terror for the natives. up trains but subject their redible tortures.

ading Tuchuns

ow the meaning of the word in I asked one of Chang Tso- rely a coolie in uniform—why eply was, "I don't know, but some looting at the finish." h newspaper at Tientsin was ıting, "Now is the time to cendiarism."

hangs on to a portion of his of uniformed retainers. Every road is surrounded by a body- tilt on his automobile to ac- Vu Pei-fu's first reforms was these flying wedges be pro- ed that in Peking and else- ding out their favorite ladies

oint out that so long as the e is little hope that China can ge of bankruptcy, banditry

nd enough, but an elaborate worse. When a *tuchun* got province he became a super f this year there were three er and prestige was Chang



General Wu Pei-fu

the Russians, Chang once more took to the open road. The government sent one of its so-called expeditions against him. After a comic-opera exchange of shots a truce was signed, and Chang Tso-lin was taken to the bosom of the Chinese Army as a general. I might add that this has been the usual procedure for the suppression of bandit chiefs. Hence many Chinese generals today are merely reformed bandits, but like the spots on the leopard, their real characters remain unchanged.

One of the shining exceptions to this almost universal Chinese rule is General Wu Pei-fu, who ranked second among the super *tuchuns*, for he dominated the provinces of Hu-peh, Hu-nan and Shen-si. He will also be dealt with more intimately at a later time. He is the exact opposite of Chang Tso-lin, for he is not only a splendid soldier, having graduated from a military academy, but is something of a scholar as well. In addition to these qualities, which put him in a class by himself, he has the extraordinary record of having paid his soldiers. The only troops in China with any idea of loyalty to a commander and with some degree of training are his. Wu Pei-fu is the one real strategist in the topheavy congress of Chinese generals.



Marshal Chang Tso-lin

The third super *tuchun* is General Tsao Kun, who is boss of Chi-li—the metropolitan province in which Peking and Tientsin are located—and also Shan-tung and Ho-nan. The only other conspicuous figure in the civil war was Feng Yu-hsiang, the so-called Christian general, who was Wu Pei-fu's right-hand man and administered the final wallop to Chang Tso-lin.

You observe that President Hsu is missing from this list of effective personages. He was never more than a figure-head, and because of the power wielded by the super *tuchuns*, his authority did not extend beyond the Tartar Wall that surrounds Peking.

To get at the root of the feud between Wu Pei-fu and Chang Tso-lin we must once more revert to the Anfu Conspiracy. Both of these war lords realized that it was menacing the political and economic integrity of the country. Wu Pei-fu looked upon it with patriotic eyes, but Chang, despite his reputed leaning for the Japanese, saw in it the opportunity for personal advancement. When President Hsu failed to heed their warning that he must get rid of Marshal Tuan and his pro-Japanese cohorts they started actual warfare against the Anfus, who crumpled up; and their leaders became outcasts with prices on their heads.

In this war Wu Pei-fu did all the fighting, but Chang Tso-lin got his troops in control of Peking and was master of the situation in the capital when the time for spoils and jubilation came. Naturally this was annoying to Wu Pei-fu, and there began the open rupture between these two strong men that brought on the latest civil war.

Intrenched behind immense wealth, with an army of nearly two hundred thousand men and with President Hsu under his thumb, Chang Tso-lin inaugurated the series of blunders that led to his undoing. Late last year he traveled down to Tientsin in state, peremptorily summoned the Peking Government to him and named Liang Shih-yi, an able and adventurous financier, known in China as the god of wealth, as premier. Wu Pei-fu construed this as a personal affront because he disliked Liang Shih-yi cordially, especially since the new premier immediately began to curtail his revenues for troops. Wu Pei-fu thereupon began to bombard President Hsu with telegrams demanding the removal of the new premier. The vacillating president did not want to offend Chang Tso-lin by removing Liang Shih-yi, and at the same time was afraid to turn down Wu Pei-fu. In this performance you get the full measure of the nice old gentleman who went through the motions of being president of North China for four years. To harmonize the situation Liang Shih-yi went to Tientsin on sick leave—an almost immemorial Chinese method of evading responsibility—and remained there until the downfall of Chang Tso-lin in May caused him to flee to Japan.

The issue now became sharply defined between Wu Pei-fu and Chang Tso-lin. Right here you get the reason for the civil war which has brought China to the threshold of unification. It was nothing more nor less than the personal differences between the two war lords, born of the arrogance and itch for power in Chang Tso-lin. The general impression in China all along has been that Chang Tso-lin's persistent usurpations of authority were due to his ambition to put a Manchu back on the throne at Peking—there is still a boy emperor living in the Imperial City as guest of the republic—and to declare the independence of Manchuria with the aid and consent of Japan. On the other hand, Chang Tso-lin told me at Mukden that his sole desire in opposing Wu Pei-fu was to unify China. He regarded Wu Pei-fu as an obstacle to union. Be that as it may, Chang Tso-lin was only piling up trouble for himself when he ran afoul of Wu Pei-fu, whose inflexible honesty made him a real thorn in the side of most of those who masqueraded as patriots and unifiers. Without exception they played up to Chang Tso-lin because they thought he was invincible.

Chinese Political Maneuvering

WHEN I reached Peking early in April the tension had begun. Chang Tso-lin had already flung twenty thousand troops into Chi-li, and some of them were policing the streets of the capital. Wu Pei-fu was at Low-yang, where his army headquarters were located. Everybody realized that a showdown was necessary to clear up a situation that had demoralized the central government and had begun to paralyze railway traffic through the movement of troop trains.

This reference to interference in traffic will serve to show how these Chinese super *tuchuns* put their personal ambition above all else. The Peking-Mukden Railway has been under the command of Chang Tso-lin for years. When he started his operations against Wu Pei-fu he commandeered three-quarters of the railway equipment and put such a dent in Manchurian traffic as to set commerce back fully a year. At the time I write, which is late in June, shippers have petitioned the legations at Peking to use their influence to have Chang Tso-lin return the rolling stock that he seized. Such incidents as these show why China's return to normalcy has been so long deferred.

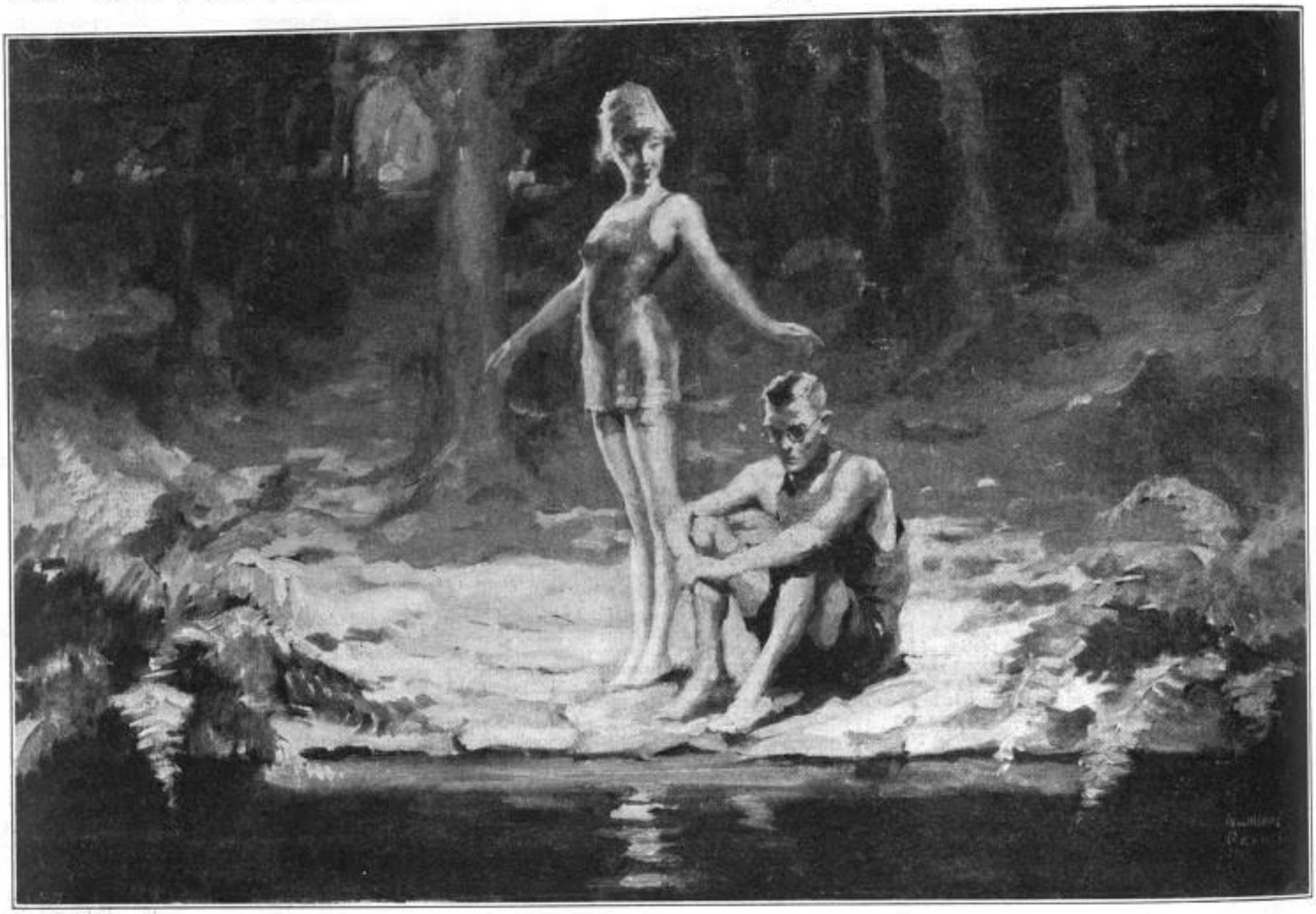
On April tenth came a characteristic piece of Chinese political maneuvering. At the behest of Chang Tso-lin, President Hsu appointed Chow Tze-chi acting premier. At the same time, however, Liang Shih-yi continued to be what was naïvely termed nominal premier. Chow Tze-chi was known to be a trusted lieutenant of Liang Shih-yi, and the whole gesture meant that Chang Tso-lin's influence was still strong. This only widened the breach between Wu Pei-fu and Chang Tso-lin.

Now began the usual prelude to civil war in China. It consisted of an offensive in what is known as the circular telegram. Before the Chinese go to war with each other they tell the world all about it. They do it through these circular telegrams, in which they state their case and

(Continued on Page 97)

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COME BACK, YOUTH



She Sprang Up. "Let's See Who Can Do That Dead Man's Float Across the Pool This Morning!"

By V. H. Cornell

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

IT WAS some little time after noon, as much as one or one-thirty perhaps, for looking up through the branches of the dozen different kinds of trees that clustered about her sunken swimming pool the woman down there could see that the sun was something past its zenith, though it was easy to fancy how it was beating down up yonder in the open, on top of the little bluff or ledge of rock from the foot of which the ground sloped rather sharply to the edge of the pool.

It was not fully a pool; rather a pool in the making; indeed a less rich imagination than that possessed by its builder would doubtless not have given it that name at all. Nevertheless, it had trickling through it the first requisite of a pool, water; and the second, a depression or excavation.

In shape it was an almost perfect oval; its sides or steep banks at the upper end, where the little stream flowed into it from underground, were as much as eight feet in height, and they were at least three or four at the opposite point, where it flowed out.

She figured that by damming the narrow outlet the banks would run full in a few hours. The stream although small was living water; the weather was the dry hot kind of July and August, yet it came purling strongly out of the earth at the bottom of the high upper bank, clear and just sufficiently cold.

The excavation itself had been made in the course of years by heavy rainfalls coupled with geographical situation. It was just at the head of a ravine, with the ground falling to it on three sides and making it a perfect natural reservoir. The hidden stream had undermined and softened the earth so that the surface floods which ran down into it had washed it out into the state of inviting possibilities in which the present enthusiast had discovered it.

Just at the moment she was busily engaged in setting wild ferns all around it under its slightly concave banks, above what would be the water line. She was building a shelf or rim of rocks, filling in back of them with wet sand scooped from the bottom of the excavation and transplanting the wild ferns, which grew all about the place, to it. She had not progressed far and it was rather an undertaking, for the pool when finished would have dimensions of probably thirty feet in length by fifteen or eighteen at its greatest width.

She was a woman at whose age it would have been rather hard to guess accurately. She was bareheaded and her hair was what struck the eye first. It was of that rare, almost pure bronze color hardly so frequent as once to every man—that is, comparatively few men have known and loved a bronze-haired woman. This was thick and electric, individual shining threads curling up from it. A little sprinkling of these, however, showed not bronzed but whitened.

Her eyes were so richly and deeply blue that they and the hair shot instantly at the beholder that same sense of colors seen sometimes in a painting. A quality of youth and aliveness in them, of sparkle and warm laughter, was the next vividly caught impression. It was only afterward that one saw faint lines radiating from them at the outside corners. Afterward, also, and a little wonderingly, one became aware of certain contours of face not quite youthful.

But these the mouth wholly contradicted. It was firm, full and alluring, and it was just now even ridiculously young and gay. Her arms were bare and were rounded like a girl's, the skin covering them of a dazzling blue-whiteness, faintly tinged, as were her cheeks, with the flush of exercise. Her feet also were bare, and she had made little attractive footprints all around in the sand with them. As she was quite alone in the ravine and no one, she had every reason to suppose, within dangerous distance, and as the walls of the pool and the thick green verdure at their rim protected her from any prying eyes unless the prying one actually broke through to the edge and looked over, this subject of bareness may possibly be pursued a trifle further.

To be quite simple and natural about it, most of her clothes were hanging on the limb of a little tree that the water had not succeeded in washing out of the middle of the excavation.

The piece or two that she still wore did not impede her freedom of movement or disguise the fact that her body had a slender and very remarkable grace. Frankly, as she went about her business of carrying rocks and transplanting ferns she looked more like the advertisements of beautiful lingerie seen in ladies' magazines than anything I can think of just at present; except that she had been careless and had got a splash or two of wet sand on them.

In some subtle way as she worked or stood up to regard her work, brushing the loose sand from her palms, she gave not so much an impression of young vigor as of the same carried extraordinarily past its ordinary point of cessation. Or else of a renaissance—a revival. Also, and in the same way, she gave forth a certain atmosphere as if she might be—yet only half consciously—masquerading.

Once she paused in the making of her fernery to regard the small tree on which her clothes hung, with a speculative glance.

"You've got to come out of there," she remarked, addressing it. And then, speaking whimsically, musically, with a certain joyous ebullience of tone: "I know it's going to take some digging! I'll bet your roots go clear down to Jericho!"

She did not work long after that. She began to make some rather obvious preparations—like taking down her clothes—and perhaps the discreet reader had best turn his eyes in another direction for a few minutes. She brought a smooth flat stone, which she had evidently laid aside for this very purpose when building her fernery, and placed it beside a little natural bathing place which the streamlet had hollowed out for itself just where it emerged from

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sat down on the smooth
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d a gay and reckless little
and joyously took a bath
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rtled glance fled with as
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and, as well as one could
spectacles. But in the
hy trusting smile "I hope

"Yes, I can do almost anything in the water," he replied with modesty. Then, taking a plunge, so to speak: "Where is the swimming pool? I didn't think there was water enough around here to wash your face in, even, to say nothing of swimming!"

"Come and I'll show you!" She turned to lead the way back to the spot she had just left. "It isn't—yet," she said laughingly over her shoulder, "but it's going to be!"

"I—I ought to introduce myself," he began, hurrying along to keep up with her and trying politely to clear her path of some of the retarding hazel bushes through which they were pushing their way. "My mother"—he hesitated just perceptibly—"is Mrs. Swan, a mile or so from here. I'm Peter Swan. I always spend my vacations with her. I already know who you are. At least I suppose I do. My mother told me about your having bought this place. A stranger, and particularly—well, anyone different, you know—always attracts a lot of attention." Then, after a moment: "I thought, somehow, you'd be—older."

She nodded. "I am," she admitted confidentially, "but I try not to show it. I'm glad your name's Peter. Peter Swan is almost like Peter Pan, isn't it?"

"There's an awful lot of difference in the two Peters though." His shy smile was rather wistful, even rather pathetic.

"I don't know," she said, seeming to study him. "You're not so very—grown up—are you? Anyhow, I choose to call you Peter Pan. Then I can think you're just a little boy and can play with you all I want to!"

"I'm sure—I'd—like that," said Peter, in his hesitating way.

He didn't quite know what to make of a woman like this, a woman who by her own confession had at least one married daughter, yet had a spirit so gay and so—unconventional. He had never before in actual experience had a woman—even an older woman—invite him offhand, the first time she ever saw him, to help her make a swimming pool or to teach her to do the dead man's float!

Nor did he quite know how to take his own reception of her. From his rearing perhaps, and from his natural shyness, there was something a little bit prudish about Peter; this she had blown away with an airy breath, but he was still conscious of surprise at finding it gone. Also, he still had a sense of disquietude caused by that instant's dazzling vision at the edge of the pool. Walking along with her through the hazel bushes and holding them aside where he could, he wanted to feel just the same as though it had been his mother or someone like her—and he felt oddly and deliciously different.

He kept being more and more aware of difference, and of something puzzling. She walked at his side or a little ahead of or behind him as the path might determine, with the free motion and the laughing look of a girl—yet he could plainly see that she wasn't, even aside from the fact of the daughter. The few white threads glistening in the head of wonderful bronze hair from which he could hardly keep his eyes, might have been accident of course. But those faint little lines were not; they meant one thing—years. Yet all the time it was as if her spirit said, "Pouf, what do they matter?"

When they came to the edge of the prospective pool and looked down he said at once: "You'd have to cement it. You couldn't just dig it out and dam it up, you know; your water'd always be dirty. And you couldn't hold it anyhow. It would soon make a new channel for itself."

He jumped down into the big hole, his actions and his voice becoming colored with some of her own enthusiasm. "It's really about deep enough except right here at the lower end! It wouldn't be much of a trick to finish making the excavation. But it wouldn't be any satisfaction unless it was cemented and the surface water turned out of it. It would just be a muddy torrent when it rained and not much of anything when it didn't—that underground stream would find its way out somewhere. We'd have to put a little blasting powder under this tree," he added, indicating the one on which her clothes had been hanging not long before.

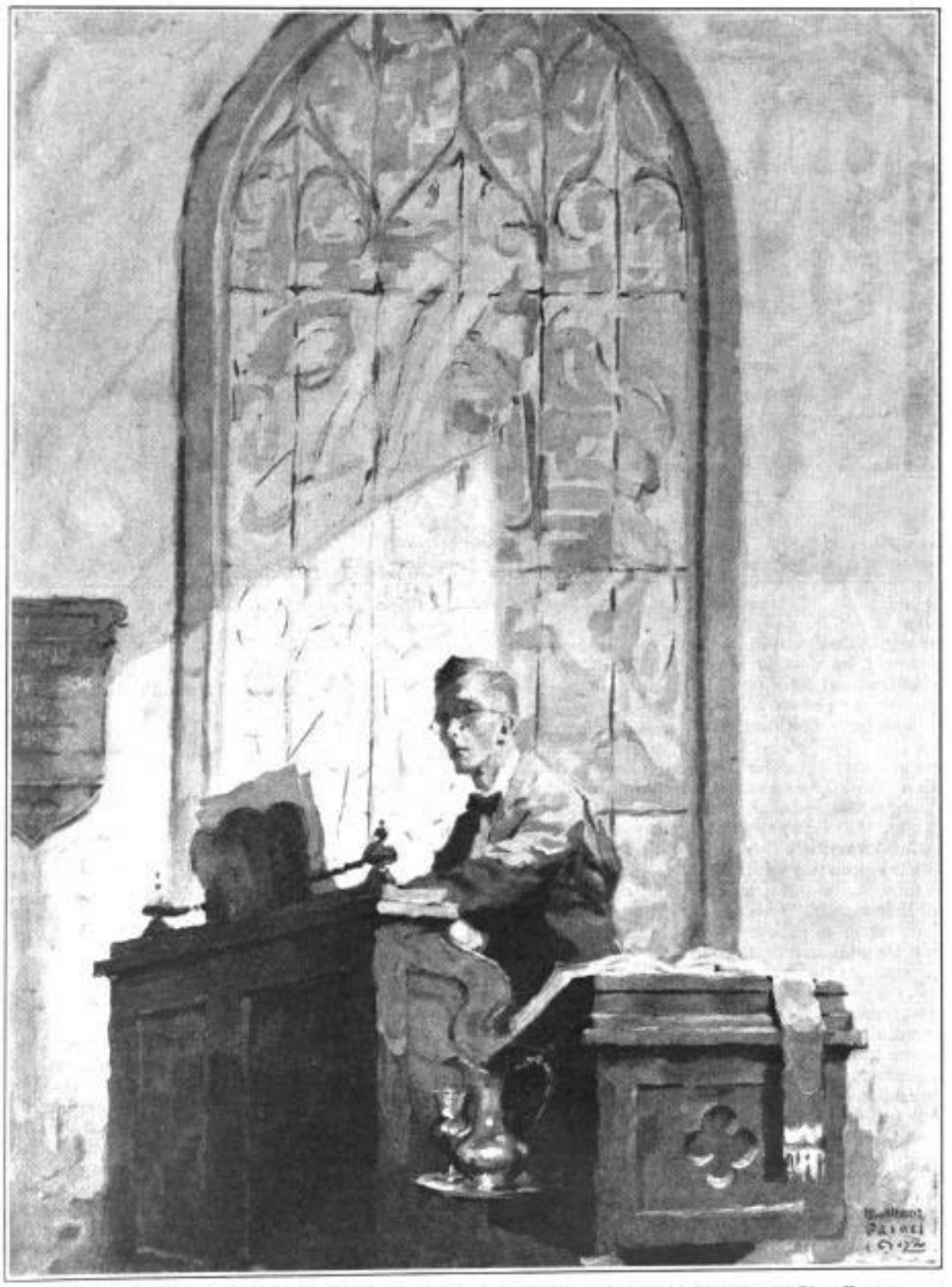
"I was going to dig it out," she said.

He looked at her through the shell-rimmed glasses with the age-old look of the male on his female and smiled a smile of indulgence—almost it was of fond indulgence.

"You couldn't possibly dig it out," he told her with that hint of superiority; "those roots go clear down to China!"

As they parted, after he had taken her up the little rocky goat trail to the top of the bluff, where the sun was still shining brightly on the small, newly painted bungalow which stood there almost lost among the big trees growing all around it, she

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The Face of the Woman in the Pool Came Before Him Vividly While He Was Playing the First Hymn. Then the Kiss Itself Came Back to Him

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THE SURVIVAL OF SIN

A small stone can break a large jug;
A grain of sand can hide a mountain. —Old Jim Sin



"You No Eat Much. You Rich Man—Eat All Same Lily Bit Like You Poor"

By Hugh Wiley

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. SOULEN

ONE good way to get a Chinese cook in San Francisco is to bail him out of jail after the last firecracker has popped its farewell to the final scene of the New Year Festival on Grant Avenue.

Jim Sin had been salvaged in this manner. At the hour of his salvation old Sin was half as old as an elephant and twice as wise in the wisdom of the East. When Doctor Holland bailed him out and haled him forthwith to the cook's room off the kitchen in his Green Street residence old Sin realized that life was about as unstable as an armful of poached eggs. On the morning of his rescue he limbered up his throat with a forty-cent bottle of vanilla extract and cackled an appropriate quotation from the Four Books, dabbling meanwhile at the whirling vortex of a pint of yellow batter that spun in a yellow bowl. "Heaven rewards the resourceful man," he reflected, "and the green mantle of tranquillity is held fast by the buttons of poverty."

Mrs. Holland's maid, doubling between buffet and boudoir, appeared with an edict covering breakfast. "Orange jooce an' tosht. An' make th' coffee wid whishkers f'r th' doctor. Th' missus be havin' a breakfasht tray."

"No likee hot cake?"

"Ditch them cakes. Yez feeds no athaletes here."

Sin grunted. "A blind cat starves—an ape may sit on a throne. A deaf man can hear a whisper from the gods. I make music for a fish." He turned to the maid. "I fixum. Orange coffee toast. Hai!"

The breakfast detail, thus established, persisted through long years and endured superior to every assault essayed by whims of the mistress of the household, by changing dynasties of maids and by all the multicolored lures of patent breakfast foods. "A woman's ideas change even as the reflection of a rock in a wind-swept lake, but a wise man is as steady as the rock itself."

Each year, with the first soft days of June, in Doctor Holland's house was fought the Battle of Figs. There was something about ripe figs, cold and purple, splashed with cream and frosted with powdered sugar, that lured the doctor's mind away from the unprofessional reaction which he experienced as a result of his intimate association with the ills that flesh is heir to.

"Orange coffee toast. Why you all time say fig?" Old Sin, older now, craved to know what demon of variety prompted the doctor's desertion from the standard and ordained breakfast.

"Hell!"

The doctor ate his breakfast without further comment, but on his way to the operating rooms of the several hospitals where suffering human mechanism awaited his expert hands he detoured, during June mornings, long enough to bootleg a double order of figs, free and away from the tyrant of his breakfast table.

"Why you ketchum new house? All time change. No good!"

In spite of old Sin's protests, and on the strength of two pounds of tax-free securities, a one-eighth interest in nine oil wells and a limousine practice, the doctor moved from the Green Street house to an elaborate residence crowning a rise on Jackson Street.

"You better get yourself a Number Two boy," he suggested to Sin. "Seven more rooms—too much work."

"No ketchum. One house, one man. All right."

Sin weighed all of ninety pounds, running as high as ninety-four on the last few nights of the Chinese New Year, and it wasn't all right. Doctor Holland told him so. "I tell you to get a boy to sweep and clean up. What if you bust yourself with sweeping seven more rooms? You no cook, I no eat."

"You no eat much. You rich man—eat all same lily bit like you poor." Old Sin, busy with the pine-nut ration for an ancient parrot in its cage in the sun porch of the new house, blinked his eyes obstinately at his master's suggestion that now was the time for a good young man to come to the aid of the old party.

The doctor thereupon delivered himself of one of his cast-iron orders. He looked direct at the old Chinaman and with a voice whose velvet barely covered the steel of his will he told Sin who was who. "Before night comes you get a boy to help you."

Sin surrendered. "How much I tell him you pay?"

"Sixty dollars."

"Too much. Spoil 'um. Plenty boy, fo'lly dollar, number-one good."

"Get him. Give him forty cents if you crave to. Get a boy by tonight. We're going down to the Pebble Beach house for a week and I want somebody here so we don't have to send the parrot to a boarding house while ——"

"What fo' you talk plenty too much? I ketchum boy. You say—you tell me ——"

The doctor cut the connection by ducking through the door and slamming it on Sin's indictment. He had listened to a summary of his personal failings too often for the subsequent sermon to have retained its original elements of interest.

When the doctor had gone Sin talked into space until he came to a good stopping place. Then he shuffled along on a direct course to his room, where, from beneath the bed, he hauled a sandalwood chest, covered with vermilion painted pigskin. He fumbled for a moment with the pendent brass lock, mastering it presently with a bent hairpin which he had used as a key for a period of eight years, and then from the depths of the chest he lifted a pair of fat and prosperous-looking jugs whose bulging brown sides were relieved by twin rectangles of crimson paper labels on which were inscribed, in Cantonese, testimonials from the loving friends of the contained liquids. On the cork of one jug, in black ink, was painted the ideograph meaning, as nearly as it can be expressed in English, "Phœnix Blood, the Soul Buoying Liquor of Spiritual Delight."

On the other cork the character had eleven strokes, beside a three-part radical, and its translation can be more exact, being almost literally "Good for what ails you. Good for man or beast, curing fits, aches and pains, stomach trouble, dizziness and that tired feeling. The gods' greatest gift to man."

Twin jugs—one filled nearly to the neck with a cure for the ills of the flesh; and another, nearly empty, whose contents were balm to the spirit.

Sin faced both jugs and surrendered to meditation, torn between the prospective physical wear and tear involved in the two-mile walk to the Grant Avenue hunting grounds, where the new boy might be recruited, and the stress of his troubled soul, whose tranquillity was threatened by this inescapable but undesired assistant.

Soul or body? That was the question.

He removed the corks from both jugs and into the air of the room there floated a smell not so much like turpentine that had gone wrong in its youth as it was like an unsuccessful experiment in a chemical laboratory.

The odors drifting from the jugs were alike. The liquors in the jugs were the same. Business is business and labels are cheap.

"Well," Sin began, mumbling steadily, "heaven is away in the sky, but here below is Phœnix Blood. Scholars are the nation's treasure—so here is a libation for the scholar's soul."

He poured two ounces from the first jug and drank it off, open-eyed, gazing steadily the while at an acrobatic ant that was hauling a defeated fly across the window sill.

He put the cork back into the neck of the first jug. "And now, facing three divisions of the road of conduct, I shall take the middle course—neither avoiding this other strengthening liquor nor drinking all I have of it. Let fairness guide my hand—and as much of this as of the other. Whuf!"

By the time the ant had hauled the downcast fly across the window sill, working under the interested scrutiny of old Sin, the twin liquors had commenced to react. With firmer hands this time he treated both jugs with fairness, feeling, before they were stored again in the depths of the pigskin chest, the return of the fire of youth, where in his narrow veins had flowed the ice of age.

While the kick of the inspiring fluids yet filled him he prepared lunch for the doctor's wife and three guests who had assembled to bid her farewell. The lunch, besides being food acceptable to the gods, was ordered and

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line of art whose niceties were mani-
ken cells of grapefruit that floated in
:o the amber-scented alcohol in the
presented with the cigarettes.
with the business of lunch numbered
of the past, Sin adorned himself for
ɔny of his people. His white coat, stiff
nged for a disreputable golf coat that
ce about the doctor's shoulders. The
e traded for a pair of number twelve
hose wide spaces old Sin's seven-sized

A detail in the passing business of
roubled Sin was the wastefulness of
charged no more for twelves than for
ɔthed for the street, shod with all the
ı the matter of money's worth, and
wned by a black felt hat whose curves
service had suffered no change since
ted it from its box, Sin voyaged down
ill at a three-mile pace, which lasted
ɔefore the blank door of a house on

door was covered with a protecting
fastened in two places on each of
ɔith heavy hooks whose crusted sur-
and pitted with the fog-born salt of
lisuse. Beside the door, and of equal
bove a diving flight of broken stone
ɔn trapdoors sagged even under the
s a window, and this window was
with dirty gray paint and patterns
ɔider webs. These patterns of neglect
twin characters whose vermilion was
ɔtiment, no matter how dark had
hue of time, combined with sulphur

the window, translated, informed the
s the Cavern of Wisdom and Delight.
mildly, for each vermilion character
the radical of superlative degree, so
he advertisement actually announced
ɔy was a section of the most exquisite
select few whose worldly wealth was
ir wisdom.

corner of heaven was furnished with
en teakwood stools, a rusty iron sink,
idors, and a ponderous gas meter, chemist well along the road to suicide. Of the ten teakwood stools six were occupied by fellow emigrants from Canton, and one by a ponderous and indolent gray tomcat named Hoy Quah, whose bulging fat sides spread the full ten inches of the stool's least dimension.

A cackle in greeting came from old Sin's lips, and his salutation was answered with a round volley of grunts from his fellow occupants of the cavern. He shuffled his number-twelve-shod way over to the sink in the corner and from the narrow drain board he lifted a heavy porcelain teapot, clothed in a thick little felt overcoat for insulation against a room temperature almost as high as that of the contained liquid.

"A little tea bush shades the soul," he announced, after the fourth cupful had splashed down his throat. "It shades the soul of the traveler even as a branching willow shades his tired body." He walked over to the stool occupied by Hoy Quah and without seeming to notice the languid and insolent animal sat down as quickly as his old joints permitted.

The cat, injured only in his pride, leaped quickly to the floor, whence, looking up at old Sin, he sneered as elaborately as his equipment of long whiskers would allow.

"Hai!" Sin laughed. "Some day, Hoy Quah, some agile one of us will land on you, and shortly thereafter you will be served up with hot fat from a pig, and mushrooms. And then your quickness and your strength will belong to those who eat you!"

Hoy Quah tried to purr, but his evil nature got the best of him and a snarl was all that answered old Sin.

"I need your strength," the old man continued, more to the company than to the cat. "I need your agility to leap from the path of the arrows of trouble that have been loosed from the screaming bowstrings of evil circumstance."

The monologue of misery, punctuated only by the soft clicking of the bone-faced bamboo dominoes upon the black top of the table, continued until one of the players, drawing a double six, quitted his place with a grunt of disgust at his luck and dived into a curtained door that opened near the sink into the somber obscurity of a little back room. He returned in a moment, carrying a squat brown jug that might have been a twin to either of the two brother jugs that old Sin guarded in his pigskin chest under his bed.

"Hola!" the jug carrier cried, and his invitation was directed toward Sin alone. "A corkscrew will not pull a man out of trouble, it is true, but the Ark of Happiness, stranded on the mud flats of Life, can be floated with the Wine of Forgetfulness."

"The weight of your tongue would crush the reluctance of a million teetotalers. Ai! The horseman never gets sore feet. Pour, brother, and may the bee of emptiness never sting your jug."

With the pouring accomplished, and with the brief rites attending four hearty libations disposed of, Sin's mind returned to his burden of trouble and he was not long in accepting his jug-tipping companion's offer of sympathetic ears.

"Through the long years since the doctor began to carve suffering humanity free from its ills—or now and then from life when his knife slipped—I have served in his house. Now that I am old he wishes to replace me with some younger man, and he has ordered that I obtain one. Nominally this young man will be my assistant; in reality he will become the substance of power, while I fade into the shadow."

"Bamboo bends before a gale, and straightens when the stress is gone."

"It is hollow as the heart of a politician."

"But rooted with integrity and intimate with the honesty of earth."

"Enough. What is your plan?" In his surrender to his friend's wisdom Sin leaned heavily upon the business of passing the buck. "Ideas are the fathers of action and it is nearly four o'clock."

"At the Life Belt Mission, over here by the Young China Club, salvation is free, such as it is, including one bowl of soup and a bed. The young Chinese addicts to salvation wear pinch-back coats and brass collar buttons and walk openly with flapping girls who dance the trot of the fox. The deodorized fox, I grant you, but a broad-minded summary of the virtues and accomplishments of these young men is two tens removed from twenty—equal to, let us say, a blind man's need of a mirror. Into the doctor's house introduce one of these gilded young men from the Life Belt Mission and the rest will be according to the programs established by the gods. False coins are never worn out with use. Enough. A clever man understands a nod."

On the instant of its expression Sin voiced his approval of the plan and forthwith his counselor and friend, sensing the possibility of a cash commission from the young victim of the scheme, departed toward the Young China Club, to return five minutes later from the Life Belt reservoir of hope and virtue, towing beside him a youth whose round face, wreathed in smiles, matched in form and color the tilted straw hat that surmounted it.

"Here is the candidate," Sin's friend announced. "Wing Fat, the best Number Two boy that ever paid tribute to the wet-head joss."

Sin looked at Wing Fat and a quick approximation of the latter served to tell the old man that young Wing would last, as a job holder in the doctor's house, about as long as a snow man in the Desert of Sahara.

"Follow me," Sin ordered, "and remember that the foundation of great wealth is wisdom, but that a wick is no substitute for a walking stick."

Halfway of the distance to the doctor's house old Sin again broke the silence that had settled down upon him

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A Day or Two Later He Retrieved a Poor Brute Who Needed Oats to Beat the Band

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FELLOW SINNERS

By Albert Payson Terhune

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

FOR the five years that Champion Lochinvar Bobby and Jamie Mackellar had been chums there had been one month every autumn when the two turned their backs on civilization and on duty and hiked forth into the wilderness together.

Even in the old days when he was an underpaid truckman, long before he became kennel manager for the august Rufus G. Belden, Jamie had allowed himself this annual month of hunting and fishing and forest life. Pack on shoulder and weighted down with gun and rod case and other paraphernalia, he had boarded a northbound spur-line train at Midwestburg and had fared fifty miles into the wilderness. Thence a half day's tramping brought him to the tiny lakeside hut he had built.

For four untroubledly blissful weeks thereafter he would hunt the November forests and troll over the little lake's icy surface in search of food and of surcease from mundane worries. At the end of the month he would reappear at Midwestburg, brown and hard and eager for work. When he went to Beldencroft as kennel manager it was with the understanding that this November holiday should still be his.

It was the time when he could most easily be spared from his job at the kennels. Dog shows are few in November. The collies have weathered the coat-destroying and eczematous summer and are getting into final bloom for the winter shows. If ever the manager of a big collie kennel can spare a month from his work, November is that month.

Jamie's glorious dark-brown collie, Lochinvar Bobby, went on these jaunts with his master purely as a chum. A collie's utilitarian value on a hunting-and-fishing trip is several degrees less than nothing. But at the drowsy end of a long day's shooting or trolling it was pleasant for Jamie to have the big dog loaf beside him at the camp fire and sleep at his feet on the bough-and-blanket bed. The man and the dog were inseparable comrades.

This month in the wilds meant as much to Bobby as to his master. For nearly a year, in puppyhood, Bobby had lived in the forest as best he might; growing up like any young wolf and subsisting off the country. These recurrences to his early life were a joy to him.

One late winter day, in Midwestburg, Jamie Mackellar had fallen and broken his leg. He had been carried to a hospital. Bobby, missing his master and having no interest in any other human, had reverted to the wild, taking along with him a collie mate. But Jamie, recovering, had found the dog; and Bobby had returned right blithely to house life.

That same year, as November drew close, Mackellar began to utilize his spare moments in refurbishing fish tackle and in cleaning his shotgun and loading 12-gauge shells. Bobby observed the signs of preparation, and he rejoiced loudly and friskingly at prospect of the month of wilderness life with his deity. Rufus G. Belden watched these same signs with far less approval.

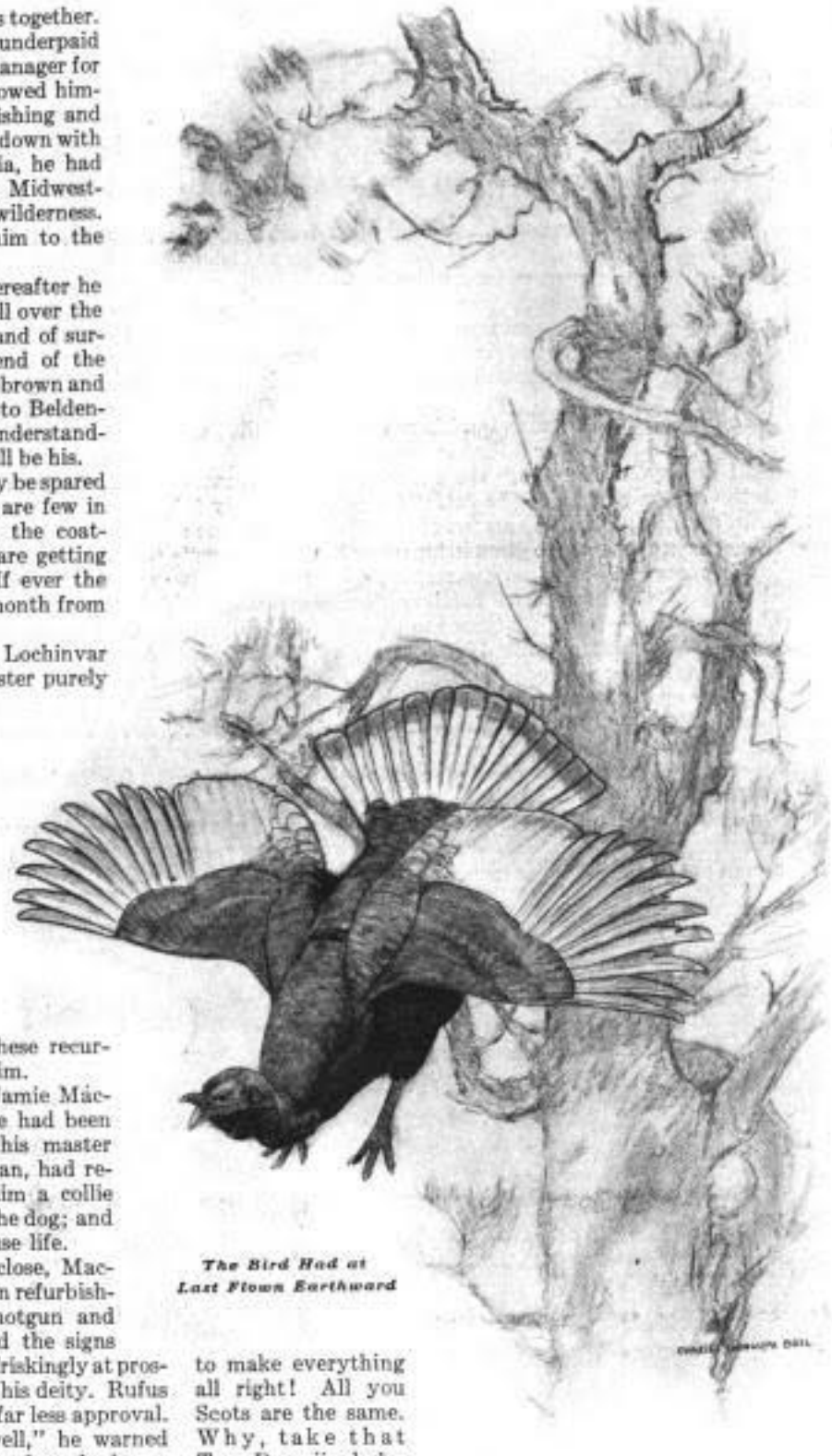
"That bum leg of yours is barely well," he warned Jamie, scowling down on the little man and at the heaps of camping paraphernalia strewn around the kennel manager's veranda. "It isn't more than a month or two since you stopped favoring it every time you walked a mile. A compound fracture like that is a nasty thing to trifle with. Suppose the leg goes back on you while you're all alone off there in that God-forsaken neck of the woods, with nobody near. How do you suppose you're going to ——"

"The leg's not going back on me, sir," expostulated Jamie. "I've been walking on it for some thirty-odd years and it never failed me but the once, and that was by reason of a truck skidding over on me and knocking me down. You can't blame the good old leg for that. It's well again now. Besides, I'm not going to be all alone. I'll have Bobby along."

"Quite so!" assented Rufus G. with the elephantine sarcasm that Jamie loathed. "I'd forgotten that. To be sure, you'll have Bobby. If the leg goes back on you he can set it and save you a surgeon's fee, or he can pick you up in his teeth and trot back home with you, a matter of sixty-four miles. So you'll be perfectly safe."

"Yes, sir," said Jamie, trying to speak calmly. "Perfectly safe. Though I take it kind that you should fash yourself over my welfare. We'll be back, Bobby and I, by the first of December at latest."

"A Scot for obstinacy!" grumbled Rufus G. "And a Scot for pinning faith on a helter-skelter collie's ability to make everything all right! All you Scots are the same. Why, take that Twa Dogs jingle by your whisky-swigging poet chap, Willie Burns, and ——"



The Bird Had at Last Flown Earthward

"Willie Burns!" snapped Jamie, wonted respect failing him for the moment under this dire sacrilege to the poet who was his hero. "*Willie* Burns! Losh! Syne ye'll be havering of Isidor Shakspere or Charley the Baptist! And as for Bobby Burns being a whisky-swigger, let me tell you ——"

"All right! Oh, all right!" laughed Belden, enraptured that his trick had got a rise out of the punctilious little manager. "I take it back. And now that I've jarred you out of your smugness, will you or won't you be sensible about risking accident away off there with your new-mended leg?"

"I will, sir," answered Jamie, his respectful self once more.

"And you'll give up the fool trip for this year?" Belden pressed his advantage.

"No, sir," meekly replied Jamie; "I'll not. With all deference, sir. 'Twould disappoint Bobby, too, if we didn't go, after I'd promised him. So by your leave we'll start Monday, like we laid out to, sir. Thanking you."

The single-track railroad ended at a decrepit forest station. Debarking, and with his heavy luggage swung deftly over his back, Jamie Mackellar struck out through the trail path for the half-day-distant lake and the hut. At his side and in front and in wide circles about the man ranged Bobby, puppyishly happy in his new freedom.

Jamie did not halt until the long uphill hike ended in a view of his hut. Apart from elation at reaching the scene of his holiday, Mackellar was jubilant that his leg had given him no trouble at all during the long tramp. He had not misjudged the completeness of his cure. He was fit for all-day walking or for crag climbing. He was as good as new, and he smiled in tolerant derision at memory of Belden's warning.

Dusk was settling in. From the north crept down the early November twilight and with it the bracing chill of a November night. Jamie slung his luggage into a corner of the hut, to be put in order later on. Then he busied himself with lighting the fire and starting supper and making ready his bunk.

With a nod of self-gratulation, he noted the towering pile of firewood he had whiled away three hard-raining days in cutting and stacking at the end of his last year's sojourn. He peered inquiringly into the tiny sunk-bucket spring at the threshold of the hut and found it was as limpid and as full as of old. All was as he had left it. Except for a possible stray hunter, nobody had gone past the desolate spot for a full year.

While the kettle was boiling, Mackellar went out and cut balsam tips for his bed. Then as darkness came he lighted the one lamp in the cupboard and unpacked and arranged his luggage with the care of a true camper.

"There now, Bobby lad!" he exclaimed as he viewed his completed work. "The shack is shipshape and grand. It may not be 'as dainty as a maiden's boodore,' like the song says, but it's clean and it's ready for use. And the few maidens' boodores I ever chanced to see was more like grab bags, the way everything was higgledy-piggledied in the dresser drawers and on the floor and the tables and shelves and what not. Maybe the song chap took his daughter's word for how her room looked, Bobby. He ——"

Jamie, as he talked, had mounted a tottery three-legged stool to stow away the empty duffel bag on a top shelf. The stool succumbed to the weather and the wormholes of many seasons. It collapsed under Jamie's meager weight. To the floor crashed the man, his recently healed leg doubling under him.

Bobby had been paying only scant heed to Mackellar's disconnected talk, being actively interested only when his own name was spoken. But the tumble, the splintering of rotten wood and then the queer little sinister sound as of the muffled cracking of a twig—these brought him over to the fallen Jamie in a single bound.

Mackellar was lying very still indeed, with the rebroken leg bent under his limp body. For a minute he lay so, while the worried collie whimpered and sniffed at him and patted the moveless heap tentatively with one white paw. Then Mackellar shook from head to foot with unbearable anguish and gagged to keep himself from screaming aloud.

Bobby's worry changed to acute grief. Frantically he circled the writhing little man, whining and sobbing in an excited undertone and trying to lick the distorted white face.

Now one of the reasons why Jamie Mackellar possessed the boundless respect of his dog was because the man merited that respect. He had a cool head and a quick brain and a perfect nerve. These came to his aid, after those first few moments of impotent agony. Crippled as he was, both mind and body went into action.

At once he realized what had befallen him, as well as the more hazardous aspects of his plight. He had broken his leg again; he was many miles from aid; he had no one to rely on except himself. The desperation of his condition cleared the pain mists from his wits.

"Here, Bobby lad!" he panted, reaching up and burying his fingers in the collie's ruff. "Get me to the door, Bobby. To the door!" he repeated.

Bobby understood. Always Jamie had talked to him as to another human, and few were the simple words of everyday use whose general meaning Bobby did not know. He knew he had been bidden to go to the door, and, head down, he made for the threshold. Half relying on his hold upon the ruff, half helping himself along on the floor by means of his free hand, with every inch of the journey an unspeakable torture, Jamie reached the doorway. Gritting his teeth, he thrust an arm out to the adjacent hillock of firewood and selected two long flat slabs of hemlock, flotsam from a disused sawmill on the far side of the lake. With these and his sheath knife and strips from a spare blanket, he proceeded to set his leg.

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It was a hideous task. Twice he allowed himself the luxury of interrupting it by fainting. But, recovering, he kept stubbornly on. Thrice he had set the broken legs of dogs, and once the leg of a calf, after seeing a veterinary perform a like feat. And he had seen a surgeon set the smashed knee of a fellow passenger in a railroad wreck. Thus he had a more than rudimentary idea of the process. But never had he dreamed that it or anything else could hurt so.

With splints and blanket bandage he wrought. Lochinvar Bobby, close beside him, looked on, his deep-set dark eyes abrim with misery and with futile yearning to comfort his tortured master.

After a century of locked-teeth grim effort the job was done, and for a third time Jamie swooned. He came to himself to find Bobby standing in the doorway in front of him, classic muzzle to the sky, waking the forest silences with a salvo of thunderous barks. Plainly the dog realized the situation was beyond his own poor powers, and he was seeking to summon aid.

"A—a good idea, Bobby lad!" panted Jamie. "But—but I've a better. Here!"

As Bobby turned Jamie pointed across to the gun case. "Fetch it!" he commanded.

Bobby, in obedience, picked up the heavy canvas case and carried it to his master.

"Now—now, yon bag," gasped Jamie, pointing again. "No, no! Not that! The other one."

From the low shelf Bobby dragged the valise which held Mackellar's cartridges. As it swung off the shelf its weight tore it free from the dog's unprepared grip, loosening one of Bobby's curved eyeteeth in the wrench. Heedless of the sharp hurt, the collie picked up the fallen satchel and dragged it along the floor to the twistingly waiting Jamie. Gravely he watched the man put together the gun and slip two shells into the breech.

Pointing the weapon out through the doorway with difficulty, Jamie fired twice into the darkness. The recoil was anguish to him. Then, nimbly reloading, he fired twice more; and so on until a dozen shells had been emptied in fast succession.

"There, Bobby!" he groaned, laying down the hot gun and sinking back to the floor. "If there's a soul within two miles they'll—they'll know a man don't blaze away twelve times in the pitch dark just for the fun of it. I'll get as—as good results that way, Bobby, as if I fired every shell in the bag."

But when the waiting minutes had stretched to an hour, and when he had twice repeated his fusillade, Jamie Mackellar became sickly aware that his signal was not to meet with any response. Back a few miles to westward were five or six scattered wilderness farms. These were the only habitations, except the more-distant railroad settlement, within a radius of nearly twenty miles, and Jamie knew it. With a sigh that tried not to be a groan, he made ready to spend the night in what comfort he could.

Luckily the one-room hut was a bare ten feet in any direction. Also, the hearth and the pallet of boughs and blankets were within short rolling distance from the door. Thus by agonizing shifts of position, varied by the use of Bobby as errand boy, the stricken Jamie made shift to prepare coffee and some sort of a meal—a meal which tasted like ashes in his dry mouth—and to settle down for the sleepless night of torment.

When at last the lamp was out the man and the collie lay side by side in the smoldering fire's glow, and Bobby promptly fell asleep. More than once he woke anxiously at sound of an unchokable groan or a shudder of pain from his master. But always a reassuring word from Jamie sent him back to uneasy slumber again. Bobby was utterly unhappy. He did not know just what had befallen his god. But he knew Jamie was sore hurt and that Bobby himself could do nothing to help him. Wherefore the dog's great heart was sick with grief.

Late, very late, as Bobby was roused for perhaps the tenth time by a stifled groan from Jamie, the man patted whimsically the head pressed so solicitously against his arm and said:

"Bobby lad, the arctic nights are only six months long. Happy arcticers, Bobby! This measly night has lasted six lifetimes already, and it isn't half ended yet. Bobby, John Knox and Calvin and the rest of them missed a grand chance to save souls when they painted hell as just a trifling lake of brimstone, Bobby. If they'd said it was an all-night-long with a bust leg, Bobby, they'd have had the whole world converted before the next Sabbath Day, Bobby, just out of sheer fright. D'ye mind how pawkily I answered the boss when he told me not to risk this, Bobby boy? Oh, go to sleep again, Bobby! Ye mean well. Ye mean grand. Well I ken that. But when you try to get sympatheticlike you bunt me with that honest old head of yours and it jars me all over, mostly in the leg, Bobby. Go to sleep. I'm here, awake, if anything happens. One waker is enough."

By morning fever had set up its habitation in the broken leg. But by morning Jamie had collected enough self-control to bear it, and he greeted the dawn with another twelve-cartridge volley. Then he sought to boil water for coffee. Here he met his first seemingly insuperable difficulty.

The spring was close to the door, but it was out of reach of Jamie's arm, and he could not hoist himself over the ten-inch doorsill and around the corner of the lintel to roll to it. At best he could navigate only on the level, and then not without hanging to Bobby and worming along on his stomach, every inch a torture. As to reaching the five-foot-distant spring over the ten-inch barrier, it was impossible.

Yet he must have water, not only to bathe his fire-hot leg and to make coffee but also to assuage his intolerable fever thirst. Long he lay and planned. Then he reached for the smaller of the two pails and placed its handle between Bobby's jaws. He pointed to the spring. Instantly Bobby trotted over to the water and stood above it, the pail dangling between his teeth.

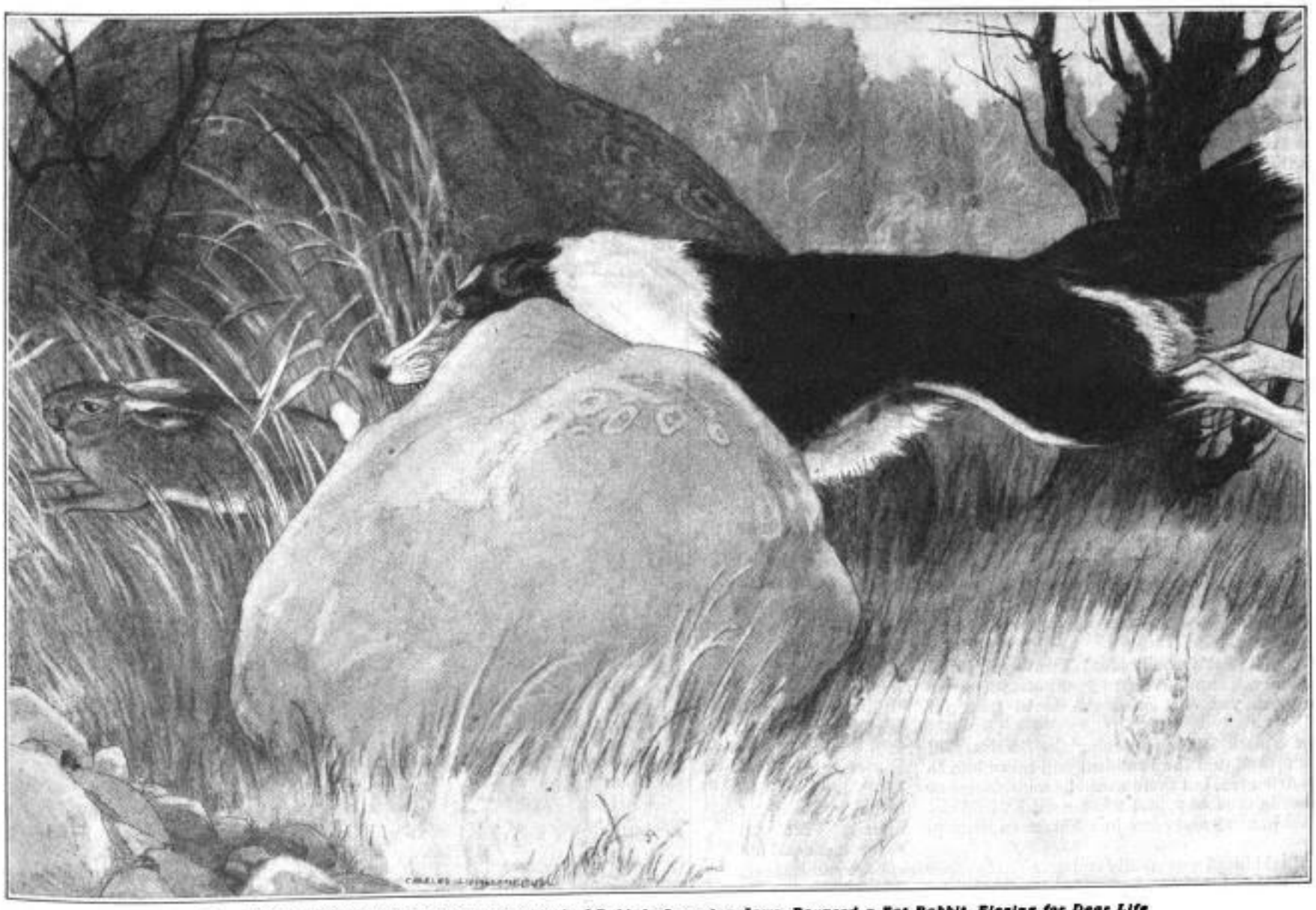
"Dip it in, Bobby!" commanded Mackellar, pantomiming the action as well as he could.

Bobby looked down at the spring, then back to his master. But a score of repetitions could not make him grasp the idea. He had no way of knowing that the dipping of a pail into a spring is one means of transporting water. His dark eyes were pathetically wistful as he sought vainly to grasp his master's meaning. He made several experimental moves in reply to Jamie's gestures. But none of them carried out Mackellar's wish. At last, with a resigned sigh, Jamie called the dog back to him.

"It's no use, Bobby lad," said he, patting his disconsolate chum. "No use, Bobby boy. I'd 'a' swore there wasn't a thing you hadn't the sense to do. But—well, the good Lord made you a dog, after all, not a human. That's why you're such good comp'ny. Wait quiet till I think of something better."

He lay still, the pain corrugations in his bald forehead reënforced by thought wrinkles. Then, chirping to Bobby, he pointed out an extra blanket rolled in a far corner. The collie brought it across to him, glad that at last there was some order he could comprehend. Jamie fished a length of stout cord from his pocket. Painfully he tied the blanket into a thick square. To one corner of this he tied what was left of the cord, knotting the cord's other end around his own wrist.

(Continued on Page 109)



Out From Between the Rocks, a Bare Inch Ahead of Bobby's Snapping Jaws, Bounced a Fat Rabbit, Fleeing for Dear Life

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From McKinley to Harding

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF OUR PRESIDENTS—By H. H. KOHLSAAT



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Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Senior, as She Appeared When Styles Differed From Those of the Present

XXIII

IN THE early summer of 1902 the papers announced that President Roosevelt was going to remove Gen. Nelson A. Miles as Lieutenant General Commander of the Army. I wrote him if the report was true he would make a great mistake—that General Miles, a volunteer himself, was the idol of the volunteer soldier of the Civil War; the veterans believed he was the victim of a clique.

Two days later I received a telegram asking me to come to Washington to talk over the Miles matter.

On my arrival at the White House, President Roosevelt was starting out for a horseback ride. He at once plunged into the subject, but I told him to take his ride and I would see him later.

He invited me to dine with the family.

After dinner we went into the old cabinet room. I again warned him he would make a mistake; that I knew General Miles' irritating qualities, as both Cleveland and McKinley had told me of them, but his record as a soldier and Indian fighter was greatly in his favor. I repeated the G. A. R. veterans' admiration for the general.

Finally I suggested, as the general had about a year to serve before his age limit expired, that he be sent around the world on an inspection tour of the world's armies, and when he returned it would take him some weeks to write his report; then his time would be up and he would drop out automatically.

Roosevelt said, "That's a bully idea! I want you to tell it to Root. I will ask him to come to your hotel tomorrow morning early, so you can catch the 10:50 train for Chicago."

About nine o'clock Sunday morning the Secretary of War rang me up and said the President had asked him to see me at the Arlington, but there would be some danger of newspaper men in the lobby, and asked me if I would not put my satchel in a cab and come to his home en route to the depot.

I did so and told him I was greatly embarrassed to make suggestions to him and asked if the President had told him of our talk the night before. He said, "Yes; in his careful, quiet way he told me the whole thing over the telephone. Although I do not feel as strongly as the President does over Miles, I think your suggestion a wise one."

Some days later the press announced General Miles was sailing from San Francisco to inspect the armies of the world and make a report to the Government on his return. On his arrival in the United States, February 1, 1903, he wrote his report and retired by age limit August 8, 1903. The general probably knows now for the first time how it happened that he went around the world.

April 14, 1902

WHITE HOUSE,
WASHINGTON

Dear Mr Kohlsaat.

I should just love if Mr Carson would give me one of the little puppies I would prefer a male Will you tell Mr Carson that the 15th will suit us splendidly.

I think the last authmatic example is the wonderful.

How are your daughter's dogs.

We all look forward Evening Boxie
Yours sincerely
Kermit Roosevelt

XXIV

ON MY return from a luncheon with the President at Oyster Bay on August 7, 1902, I received a telegram from Mr. James Stillman, president of the National City Bank, New York, asking me to dine with him that evening. I broke an engagement and telephoned acceptance. Mr. Stillman lived in East Seventy-second Street.

Mr. Stillman, his son, James A., and myself were the only people at the table. The house was in summer garb, the furniture covered with linen. The menu card was placed at Mr. Stillman's plate, and after each course he made a notation "Good," "Indifferent" or "Bad," which he told the butler to hand to the chef. The procedure amused me, as I thought it was all "Good."

After dinner Mr. Stillman took me into another room and said, "I suppose you are wondering why I invited you here to dinner on a hot August night?"

I said, "Yes, I have been puzzled ever since I came into the house."

"Well, I am going to be very frank with you. Frank Vanderlip says that you are very close to President Roosevelt; that you visited him today at Oyster Bay.

"The truth is that the country is in a very bad financial condition. There are several banks in New York City on the verge of failure. They are full of what J. P. Morgan calls undigested securities. We have had several meetings of financial men to discuss the situation. We cabled Mr. Morgan to come home from Europe. It was finally decided that if President Roosevelt would ask Secretary of the Treasury Shaw to put out twenty or twenty-five million dollars of government deposits based on New England savings banks securities, instead of government bonds, and place the money in the banks of the West, Northwest and Southwest to move the crops, and let New York stew in its own juice, we can pull through. If the President will do this and keep the country banks from drawing on New York banks for accommodations it will relieve the situation greatly. We in turn will pull the stops from under stocks and put them all on a 5 per cent basis.

"When the latter proposition was discussed Mr. Morgan roared like a bull, because it would hit his pet baby, United States Steel common, which pays no dividend, but is selling around 40. The stock will probably drop to 8 or 10. But Mr. Morgan took a sensible view of it and agreed to the plan."

I said, "Well, what has this got to do with me? Why do not you or some of the other big Wall Street men go to Oyster Bay and lay the matter before Roosevelt?"

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PHOTO, BY SAMUEL HEFFE, NEW YORK CITY

General Nelson A. Miles—From an Old Photograph

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LAUGHTER, LTD.

III

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

I HAVE always claimed that nobody can get something for nothing in this world, but a railroad's receiving money for the upper berth in a sleeping car comes pretty close to that. Like a lot of folks who have never traveled much I thought taking one would be a economy. And maybe I did save, for I don't really know how much should a person count as overhead, meaning ruining my only good hat against the ceiling through climbing up there with it on the first night out of New York, and the engine being seized with a convulsive fit of coughing immediately after. Or how great an amount travelers are accustomed to charging off to general wear and tear. And by wear I mean acquiring a Jacob's ladder in my best silk stockings climbing down the Pullman ladder, and tear being occasioned when I saved myself from being flung bodily into the Grand Cañon of the Colored Porter by grabbing at a real filet-lace blouse which had got hung on the hook by the filet part. Well anyways, when I come to figure it up, by saving twelve dollars on the berth I was out about twenty-five in other matters.



Hastily I Looked Away and Wrote "One Boiled Egg, Glass of Milk" Like I Was Sending a Desperate Telegram

And it sure was necessary for me to go easy with my cash, for when I had bought my ticket to Los Angeles and telegraphed Stricky not to send my contract East because I was on my way, my roll looked like it had been dieting. But I forgot all that when I walked down the platform at the Grand Central Station the day after leaving Stonewall and saw the Wolverine actually waiting for me—for me! Sweet daddy, that was some sensation!

I was the first one in the car, but pretty soon people commenced arriving, and I don't suppose there is anything more interesting, hardly, than sizing up the ones you are going to take a long train trip with, and dreading which is going to share your section. I was all keyed up for the worst, but hoping that if no one showed for the lower, why maybe I could slip the porter four bits and use it myself. Every time a woman with a baby and six bags or so come in I would have a nervous chill, because although fond of children I felt I would be less so on a sleeper. But nobody came anywheres near me, although many passed by with looks which caused me to clutch at my bags politely. The car grew hot and commenced to smell of damp coats and raw apples. And then at the very last moment two really snappy people come in, a man and a girl.

The man, who was tall and good-looking and about thirty-five in a fur-lined overcoat, took three real genuine leather bags with him into the drawing-room. Something about him caught my eye and held the same. I felt I had seen him before, but I couldn't place where. He had class, all right. Big time. A millionaire, that's the way I had him figured, when he shut his drawing-room door, and I realized that the girl, who I had at first thought she was with him, was with me, instead.

She had stopped at my section, which was at once plainly more hers than mine, and stood there giving my bags and me a rancid look the way a person does when they breeze in and find that somebody else has actually dared to buy the other ticket.

This girl was also a blonde—a whiter one than me, with bobbed hair, curled with an iron, light blue eyes with beads on the white lashes, a black crêpe dress sloshing with steel beads, and a pair of stockings built on the chicken principle. I mean chicken soup. You know the kind where they pass a chicken through the kitchen to flavor it? Well, a silkworm had give one glance at her legs. Lord knows what she wore in summer!

"Boy!" says she to the porter. "Put my things here. I have the lower!" And she gave him a dollar. A bean—one entire rug—for staggering in with a ten-inch black leather dressing case, a box of candy and seven magazines!

Well, that made me feel about like a secondhand stamp, and we didn't talk for a while after she had sat down all over her seat, and the train at last begun to move. You know the way it is. A person starts on a long train journey with all the exclusiveness in the world, and about the second day out they have all the exclusiveness of the average sardine. But anyways, she and I looked quite a while before we spoke.

"Going far?" she says at last, smothering a yawn with a copy of Closeups she had with her. I put my own copy down, glad to be friendly, even if I could feel her putting price tags on every stitch I wore while she talked.

"To California!" I says impressively. But I missed fire.

"So am I," she says composedly. "Hollywood!"

I sat up in my backwards seat like a shot.

"So am I!" I echoed. "Are you in pictures?"

"Yes," says she. Then after a little pause, "In a way," she added, looking me through and through, kind of hard and cold. "What are you going out there for?"

"I am going for the pictures too," I says. "I got a contract with Silvercrown."

All at once little Crystal Icicle's manner changed. She smiled at me in the sweetest way, and even before I could qualify my remark, which I hadn't really meant it to be a lie, but it had just sprung spontaneously to my lips the way those things will with strangers, she leaned forward and put one hand on my knee.

"No!" she says. "Ain't that interesting! I wonder if you could help me to get in, dear?"

Whatter you know! I was knocked so cold that I just sat like a regular dumb-bell and let her gurgle on.

"You see, I'm not exactly in the pictures yet," she explained. "But I've got no end of talent. Everybody in our town thinks I have. So I decided to go out to Los and take a chance. There's big money in pictures."

"Yes, so I've heard!" I managed to get out, seeing at the same time that the hat was probably homemade after all.

"But I don't know a soul there," she went on. "I'm going on a gamble, but I'm going to play for big things. If a girl has got lots of jazz to her, and expensive clothes, and spends freely, she ought to get by, don't you think?"

"I can't think so quick as that!" I says.

"Well," says she, "I had over three hundred dollars saved, so I spent sixty on this dress, bought my ticket, and here I am!"

She laughed a little, nervously, crossed those gossamer legs of hers, and leaned back in her seat looking like a million dollars, but actually less well off than myself.

"So if you know anybody with influence, honey," she says, "I'd love an introduction."

Well, I suppose here is where I should of confessed just exactly how things was. But I didn't. To begin with, as I have since learned, there is something about pictures which causes pretty nearly everybody who touches them to exaggerate. I suppose because picture figures and facts are so big in reality that a person gets subconsciously to feeling why not make 'em even better? So I let sleeping dogs dream on.

"Well," I says casually, "I could introduce you to the casting director at Silvercrown."

"Say, you're a peach if you will!" says the girl. "My name is Gertie Gross. Professional name, Anita Lauber."

"I am Bonnie McFadden," I says. "Professional name unknown!"

"Oh, no! Don't say that, Miss McFadden!" says Anita so earnestly that honest, I just hated to disillusion her.

"But it is unknown," I insisted. "I'm only beginning. To tell the whole truth this is my first contract."

I could see my stock fall a little then, but I knew a casting director, and that was enough.

"Well, you're certainly in luck to be going out that way on contract!" says Miss Lauber. "Whereabouts do you come from, dear?"

I told her. Well, I made it sound just a little better than it was, perhaps. But any home seems that way, once you are far enough off from it.

"That's funny!" says she. "We seem to be starting out pretty near even. Both blondes and I'll say about the same age, although I'm a little bit younger, maybe. Both from small towns. My home is in Southington, New Jersey. Mommer owns the bakery."

"What do you think is the best way to get by in pictures?" I says.

"Pep!" she says promptly. "Pep, at any cost. And get a few men to boost you. You know how it is with a girl on her own. She's generally out of luck, don't you think?"

"Not if she can deliver the goods," I says. "Any more than a boy on his own."

"Well, here's hoping!" Miss Lauber says with a laugh. "I intend to have a big time anyways!"

I didn't say nothing against that because what was the use starting an argument with four days in the same section still ahead of us? I might have the upper berth, but I had also intuition and tact, so I switched the talk to exchanging opinions on well-known stars and what was wrong with their work, and it's a pity they couldn't of been there so's to benefit by what we said, for we was frank and merciless. Then we ate together and after that we come back to our car, which had become a swaying forest of green curtains. All this time I hadn't even got one more look at the big egg in the drawing-room but only a waiter coming out of it with a pretty well wrecked tray.

"Did you notice him?" says Anita, for by now we were of course on first-name terms. "The john in the private room?"

"I'll say I did!" I says. "Pretty soft, traveling like that!"

"We ought to make him," says Anita, "sometime tomorrow!"

Well, I didn't reply to that, either, except to say "Good night" which she could take anyways she wanted. I had even then discovered that a good way to keep friends is to pass by a number of their remarks. I just climbed the stepladder, did a Houdini out of my clothes, and lay down in a sudden awful lonesomeness. I wanted pop and Ella

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and Bert and everybody. I wondered if I wasn't maybe the biggest darn fool that had ever run away from home. It seemed to me that if I couldn't see the home folks that minute I should die. And then all of a sudden I remembered that I had one of them right with me, and struggling up I reached for my bag at the foot of the berth, drew out Milton Sherrill's photo, and crawled back under the covers with it, holding it close to me and feeling comforted right away.

I don't know if you know how it is, but every girl has a dream-ideal lover, and Milt was mine. He was as real to me as anything. I had him a courteous gallant gentleman, full of high ideals, chivalry, money and love. To my mind he had everything but wings, and as the matter was entirely in my own hands I had give him golf clubs instead, because of preferring that sort of man. This image which I had made of him was what had kept me off the boys around Stonewall. They all seemed such clowns alongside of him that I could not feel real interested in any of them. So you can imagine that as soon as I had hold of Milt's picture my heart eased up considerably. I even went so far as to feel that he would O.K. my running away from Stonewall to become somebody big in the world, for he had done it himself and would understand. And thinking this I somehow went to sleep. When I woke up early next morning I did so from having made up my mind in advance that I would. You see it come to me that it might be a good idea to get ahead of the crowd and make a dash for the washroom before anybody else got started. And I'll say it turned out to be a good idea, too, because there was only seven women there ahead of me.

When I was neat but not laundered, the way a person traveling has to be, I was so hungry I just naturally couldn't wait for Anita. Her curtains was still closed, and so I beat it back to the diner alone, and the captain led me to the only empty place in the car—a seat at a table where a man was already absorbing cereal.

The waiter drew out the empty chair, shoved me into it quick, and give me a menu and pad like he was handing out examination papers. I looked at the menu first, and then I naturally looked up to see what the man opposite me was eating, and then I got a shock, because he was the one from the drawing-room in our car, and soon as I saw him face to face I knew him. It was Milton Sherrill.

Well, I suppose it's my cue to say at first I couldn't believe it, but here's where I miss again. I believed my eyes, and my memory, as well, right off the reel. His face was too familiar for there to be the slightest chance of a mistake.

Hadn't I been talking to him about all kinds of intimate things for years? Didn't he know every secret I had, and every ambition? Hadn't I been watching after his mother's things for him and asking him every so often how he'd like it done? I'll say I had! Why, I even realized that deep down in me I had known him last night when he stood in his drawing-room door, tipping the porter. And there he was, after me knowing him so well for such a long time, sitting opposite to me, a perfect stranger!

I could tell from the way he looked up at me over his oatmeal that he didn't have any idea who I was. Of course that was natural, as he had never seen me except when I was a little bit of a kid. But his eyes was friendly. As a matter of fact I guess he seemed stranger to me than I to him. Sweet daddy, it was some shock! If a person has been dreaming of floating on clouds and wakes up to a hair mattress, however good, there is a big difference. He was Milton Sherrill, all right, but more as God had made him than as I had.

Well, while I sat there like a dumb-bell Milt's expression registered "Nice-looking girl but I don't know the child," and went back to the oats, because he was no chicken hunter, anybody could see that; and no fresh drummer, either, but a high-class wealthy citizen, very dignified in made-to-order clothes. Hastily I looked away and wrote "One boiled egg, glass of milk" like I was sending a desperate telegram, and the waiter snatched it and read it out in a loud voice that mortified me, especially when he shouted "Ain't you gwine ter have no bread?" and went away while I wondered nervously what would I do.

Of course my dream had suffered, but still and all I didn't want to lose Milt, or rather Mr. Sherrill, as his actual presence instantly made him seem. If I didn't speak soon my opening would maybe be gone. So I decided to take a chance, and said "Ahem." But Mr. Sherrill only turned his newspaper and coaxed another spoonful behind it. I was desperate.

"Pardon me," I says at last, "are you Mr. Milton Sherrill?" Of all the boob questions!

"What the —— I beg your pardon. Yes, I am!" he answered, putting the paper down so prompt I could tell he had been taking more notice of me than I had thought.

"I am Bonnie McFadden, Mr. Sherrill," I says, and waited. He didn't get it.



She Stood There Giving Me a Rancid Look the Way a Person Does When They Breeze In and Find That Somebody Else Has Actually Dared to Buy the Other Ticket

"McFadden?" he says, polite and smiling, but puzzled.

"Stonewall," I says.

"Stonewall?" he repeated, a light breaking. "Why, there's an old chap on my place, but ——"

"Yeh, I know!" I said. "That's pop. I'm the kid."

"How amazing!" he says. "And how delightful!"

Well, his smile sure was pleasant! And as I looked at it I begun to feel like a quitter. For who would take care of his mother's house, now that I was gone? Gee, I hoped he'd fire pop if pop didn't brace up and do the right thing.

"I know every inch of your home, you see!" I told him. "I've dusted it often enough to, anyways!"

"You don't look it a particle!" he blurted out. "I say, that wasn't an awfully tactful remark, was it? But you've rather taken me off my feet!"

"How about me?" I says. "I'm a little jolted by this meeting myself!"

"Where are you going?" was his next question.

I told him Los Angeles, and he frowned, looking older.

"Are you a motion-picture actress?" he asked.

"Not yet," I said. "But I will be as soon as I get there."

"Well, I suppose it is natural that you should want to do it," he said. "But it seems a pity, somehow."

"My stars, why?" I asked, my eyes popping open. It would be awful if Mr. M. Sherrill turned out to be a crab!

"Oh, the life, and what not!" he says. "So artificial. You are obliged to do something for a living, though, I suppose?"

"Of course I am!" I says. "And I would anyhow!"

Well, he approved of that, for he smiled again and shot a keen, friendly look at me from under his heavy brows.

"One does, these days!" he says. "I say, if you have finished, shall we go back into the observation car? I want to hear all about Stonewall. I was disappointed at not getting a chance to run out there this trip. How did you leave your father?"

"Rather hastily," I says, getting up and following him out.

And after we had bounced down a corridor or two we came into the observation car, which was almost empty, and took seats beside each other.

"Now tell me!" says Milton.

I took my mind off my disappointment in him for having dared to grow so much older, and told him everything, from how I had repainted the iron stags last year, to how I loved the portrait of his mother over the parlor mantel. I guess I must of spoke real enthusiastic and earnest, and he got it. His face grew younger and softer as he listened to me, putting in a question now and then, and first thing you knew he was all sort of warmed up. I commenced to think he was pretty nice, though not the romantic style, of course, like Stricky.

About an hour later Anita come tripping into the observation car, looking for me or anybody. When she saw Mr. Sherrill and I she give all the signs of having found what she was after, and only very reluctantly backed off on my signal, which I had to repeat several times. But finally she did go, making a face which said "Stingy" as plain as if she had shouted it.

As for Mr. Sherrill, it just seemed as if he couldn't get enough of my description and news and so forth. But after a while he pulled out a thin gold watch and got to his feet.

"My dear child, do you know that we shall be in Chicago in twenty minutes?" says he. "What line do you go out on—the Union? That's my way too. But we don't leave until eight this evening. Will you let me take you to lunch somewhere?"

Would I? Sweet daddy! Would I like to walk around with a million dollars!

"Why, yes, thanks," I says with one and one-half ounces of hesitation.

Then I walked on air back to my section, where Anita was putting the finishing touch to her lips, through her veil.

"Well!" she says. "So you flagged him first, eh?"

"He's an old friend of pop's!" I snapped back indignantly.

"That one came out of the ark," remarked Anita. "Hustle now, dear; we are nearly in. You can tell me all about it at lunch."

"No, I can't," I says. "I'm—well, I'm lunching with him, and he really is what I say." And then the porter came looking for our tips and bags and things.

I had dinner with him, too, that night on the train, but I ducked breakfast next morning because I was ashamed of his paying all those checks. However, he come and found me at lunch time and asked Anita as well, and we ate it flying across the prairie, and after that I give up all resistance and let him feed me. My whole idea of America come to be Milton Sherrill cornfields and corn flakes through Illinois; Milton Sherrill roast lamb and roast beef through the sheep and cattle country. And in between mealtimes, Milton Sherrill and talk about everything under the sun pretty nearly. Isn't it a fact a train can make you acquainted quicker than almost any other place except maybe jail?

On the second day out I again felt I had known him as he was, all my life. Things were either right or wrong with Mr. Sherrill, and that was all there was to it. About the pictures, especially. He didn't like anything about the pictures, and he didn't care for me going into them either.

"Look here, Miss McFadden!" he says over one of our small coffees the third night out. "Look here, Miss McFadden, I've only known you for a few days, but I really am a friend, and I'm going to speak accordingly. Why do you go into the moving-picture game?"

"Why not?" I says. "It's my ambition."

"Well, but look here!" he says. "Have you any idea of the sort of thing you are going to run up against?"

"I've got an idea I can act, and that I can sell that talent for a fair price," I says. "Outside of which I guess I can take care of myself. Why do you pick on the pictures so?"

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"Personally, I wouldn't touch them with a ten-foot pole," says he. "I mean for myself, and I hope none of my interests will ever become involved in the motion-picture industry!"

"But," I says, "if I get a good contract?"

"I don't know," said he, "except that the contract may not be good. Look here, now! Why not forget pictures and come to San Francisco instead, and work for me?"

"Why, Mr. Sherrill!" I says, and I'll say I really was as surprised as I looked. "Why, Mr. Sherrill, how do you know I would be any good?"

"Because it is my business to know people," he says with a confident little smile, much as Stricky had recommended his own judgment. "The head of a great banking concern has to be a judge of human nature, among other things, and I have seen enough of you to know that you have exceptional ability. You would need training, of course, but we can give you that, and the chance to go as far as you prove able."

We sat quiet for a moment before I spoke.

"Oh, I couldn't!" I said then. "A bank! No, I'd feel shut in—smothered, somehow. Thanks just the same, but I'll take my chance in the pictures."

"Well, I'm sorry!" says he. "But remember, my offer of a place in the bank stands if you should ever change your mind. You have my address and you can come to—us, at any time."

The train slowed up at some tiny station high in the Sierra Mountains, and we went and got our coats and took a demi-tasse of a walk out in the clean sweet air under a cold moon, briskly up and down for ten minutes. Arm in arm we tramped, swinging along together, our feet beating out a sort of marching tune as we went. We had done this at pretty near every station where the train had stopped, the whole ways across.

As you may of noticed, we was still on last names. Of course I was hep to the fact he must like me pretty well or he wouldn't of fed me so much. But he had never stirred a finger or an eyelash that wasn't perfectly elegantly respectful. A new experience for me, that was, because usually I have to christen them with an ax about the third visit. So I was all the more surprised when what happened, did.

We were walking, as I said, up and down the cinders by the train, along with a few scattered other passengers who had actually stayed up after nine o'clock, and Milt hadn't said a word. The whole entire U. S. A. seemed to be spread out under the moon for us, the view was that big and grand, and conversation doesn't flourish so well at such a time and place.

Up at the darkest end of the train, which happened to be right at our own car lobby, he stopped us.

"This is the last time I shall see you," he says. "I am getting off at Truckee on business. I got the wire at dinner time."

"Oh!" I says sharply. "I will miss you!"

And then all of a sudden he kissed me; actually took me fiercely in his arms and give me a long kiss on the mouth.

"You are the sweetest thing I have ever met!" he said. "And some day I am going to tell you more about it!"

I was absolutely surprised. Honest! I know that there is an idea about girls that they can always tell when a thing like that is coming, but that's only the rule and this was the exception.

I felt like the King of England or the President or somebody equally unlikely had kissed me.

Well, to save the situation, and before I could think of any remark, for nothing came instinctive, the brakeman yelled his warning, Mr. Sherrill swung me aboard the train with a strong sweep of his arm, and we were in the lobby.

That was no good, for Anita was there with a young fellow she had made that day. And so Mr. Sherrill and I said nothing excepting only a whispered "Good-by" among the evergreen curtains, and he went off to his luxurious bed while I climbed aloft and tried to sleep.

I was so excited and upset for a long while I couldn't. But when I did drop off at last it was Greg Strickland that I dreamed of. Ain't women the pink limit, though?

And it was not until next morning when we was rushing down through the colorful riot of California, with its wonderful orchards, the scattered gold of its poppies, and the flame of its scarlet geranium hedges, all of which Anita and me was taking in with our tongues hanging out, that I realized I hadn't given Milton Sherrill any address.

"What do you worry for?" she says. "Wire him one."

"But I don't know where to say," I protested.

"Give him the Laurelton Hotel," says Anita.

"A hotel like that," I says, "sounds away out of my class."

"Don't be a dumb-bell!" says Anita. "Start out big, and they will think more of you, honey! Take a suite. Put on a lot of dog, and the difference will show in the contract they give you. What do you think actorines wear big diamonds for, anyways?"

"For pleasure," says I meekly.

"For business!" says Anita firmly.

And somehow Anita's judgment won out. After all, my contract would call for not less than seventy-five a week! And so next morning at the Los Angeles depot, when the boy took my bags and says "Where to?" I says "The Laurelton Hotel," and stepped gayly into his taxicab.

IV

IF SAINT PÊTER was to start a thoroughly modern real-estate development in heaven it would look like Southern California.

Anyways, that's how Los Angeles seemed to me as I drove through it after vainly searching around the depot for Anita, and she not showing up. So I had to go without her, and pretty soon I forgot her altogether. There was a new world opening up right before my very eyes, and I was so afraid of missing a trick that my head turned around like a put-and-take top.

Doubtless with all the blue laws going into effect the way they are, the housing conditions in heaven will need to be hastily increased, so maybe they wouldn't stop Saint Peter on such a job as I have described. But Los Angeles had evidently been stopped in places, for there was great gaps of empty lots scattered all through every district. But it seems nothing stops that town for very long, and it just naturally burst out again a few blocks farther on.

There was no end to the place, apparently, and we rolled on and on over eleven miles of boulevard, the driver steering with the little finger of his left hand, his foot all the ways down on the gas, and every other car on the road doing the same, but nobody hitting each other very often. I could see at once why they made the streets so wide. It was on account of the reckless drivers, and the size of the machines. For it's a fact that practically all cars in Southern California are out-sized just like the fruit and flowers.

Well, after madly dashing past thousands of Italian villas, Greek bungalows and apartment houses disguised as colonial mansions or mission-style cottages grouped around courtyards literally overflowing with flowers and labeled El This or Del That—some Spanish stuff, I guess it was—the driver turned around and yelled along the wind, "This is Hollywood we are coming into now!"

I was glad he mentioned it because otherwise I couldn't of told where Los Angeles ended and the great movie center begun. There was the same gay big-windowed shops, with apartments over them and flower boxes blooming everywheres under bright awnings; the same rows of palmetto trees, the same phonograph shops, mad gardens of petunias, fuchsia, roses, bougainvillea, and every flower in the world, I guess; the same extra-special brand of sunshine, and the same general ice-cream strawberry-and-vanilla-mixed effect. But not the same people.

(Continued on Page 89)



I Went Down Feeling Like the Queen of Sheba With a Mortgage on the World

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 19, 1922

No Substitute

WITH the amazing material development of this country since the Civil War, and more especially perhaps in the last generation, has come a marked increase in the importance of those professions which are in a sense the adjuncts of industry and commerce. Such are the chemists, engineers of many varieties, accountants, statisticians, advertising and publicity men, lawyers, economists, and in a sense banking itself. Each group has grown in numbers and in professional standing.

At a recent convention of one of these groups a member who had become wearied of listening to speeches which made it appear as if this particular profession covered the entire business map went to the secretary at the close of the session and said, "At the next convention I suggest that you have a paper on our profession as a substitute for management."

Sad to relate, the secretary took the suggestion seriously. But there is no substitute for management or for the business man. The manager, the chief executive, the business enterpriser has many faults. Too often he acts upon flimsy and insufficient knowledge. He is poorly trained and his ideals are often deplorable. Instead of being guided by well-defined, scientific and long-headed policies he frequently acts upon impulses, and looks for his profits in the bargains of the moment instead of well-considered services to the community.

But it is difficult to see how any of the professional groups and cults or all of them could take his place. A short time ago a man in his ripe forties, who had been trained as a lawyer, was made the chief executive of a corporation which is among the four or five largest and most important in the world. The day after his promotion he told one of his assistants to make no appointments for him for some weeks to come which would in any way interfere with the work which he proposed to devote himself to—namely, the taking up of problems of internal organization. Who doubts that his ability to solve those questions, rather than any knowledge of law, will spell success for him?

It was once said that an education has no value except as it affords ability to know a good man when one sees one. But such ability is essentially an individual matter and largely independent of education, occupation and profession. In a business of any size the head of the concern must be engaged mostly with personal problems, relieving men of responsibilities, giving it to others, shifting men around, finding new ones, getting rid of a number, and still retaining the spirit of coöperation and good will. Those who know the most about it say what common observation indicates: that this is a problem the chief executive must face alone.

Now if a chemist, a cost accountant, a lawyer or any other professional man has this gift of organization and the initiative to do things with an organization when he has once got it, he will soon become a substitute for management in the sense that he will become the management. Until then he will continue to work for a business man. Even the greatest bankers and the money kings in the nation's financial center must depend upon finding executives of great outstanding ability. Vast wealth or financial preëminence bows before builders, organizers, developers, men like Hill and Harriman.

An experienced vice president of a considerable enterprise in one city was called to another city to head an even larger company in the same line, but one in dire straits. A farewell dinner was given him by more than a hundred young men from all parts of the country who called themselves his boys, because they had worked for him at various times. In his speech he said he was confident of making a success of any business, provided he could draw enough of these young men into his organization. Within a year after taking his new position he had thrown the red ink out of the window. This simply means he had the gift of organization, of getting teamwork.

Experience does not show that business enterprises can be successfully conducted without reposing final responsibilities upon one man or at most a very few men. These responsibilities in the last analysis have to do with human and personal problems, the ability to handle which some men are born with and others are not, irrespective of subsequent training and occupation. Improvements in technical and professional training will always prove valuable aids to business, but that is a far cry from being a substitute for the sheer ability which is the vital essence, the indefinable spark of business success and progress.

Changing Human Nature

ONE of the wisest and most respected of our public men, in addressing not long ago a meeting at the seventy-fifth anniversary of an organization of which he is president, raised the question of whether the highly accelerated speed of life in these later days has not affected character. In forceful, picturesque language he told how three-quarters of a century ago life was lived longhand, with time for reflection and mature judgment, due to the physical obstacles to speed of action. Poverty favored simplicity, and the spectacular and sensational could not take deep hold when news moved tardily.

But only a few weeks after the delivery of this speech a distinguished professor of medieval history was delighting his class of very up-to-date college boys with a description of the peril, some thousand years ago or thereabouts, from what corresponded to the modern flapper. Indeed it would be a dull historical scholar who could not produce instances from any period of history to parallel almost every modern problem.

The profiteers of today had their counterpart in the contractors of the Civil War period. Seventy-five years ago there were no automobile parties endangering the countryside with their bonfires and spoiling the scenery with their picnic rubbish, but there were other kinds of thoughtless, selfish, ill-bred people. Perhaps the supposedly decent women of those days did not make up in public dining rooms, but the fashion illustrations of the time show that feminine vanity and silliness manifested themselves in other ways. Crime waves were known perhaps by other names, but the cities swarmed with roving bands of hoodlums, gangsters and hooligans.

Unpleasant human traits may have stuck out less boldly in a far smaller and more homogeneous population, but an impartial historical survey does not reveal any greater unselfishness or a finer spirit of toleration in the earlier days of the republic. Strikes and other bitter manifestations of industrial conflict were less common, but political warfare was infinitely more bitter. Personal quarrels and duels were frequent, journalism was conducted on a plane of base indignity, and local and sectional prejudices were more provocative of ill feeling. If human nature has changed it has been not wholly for the worse.

The Flight of the Mark

GERMAN newspapers agree with correspondents of the foreign press and travelers that the Germans are spending paper money like water. Some Germans want to spend the income of today because the mark may be worth less tomorrow and prices rise almost daily. Other Germans have to spend all they earn to keep body and soul together, and that mostly body. Still other Germans spend all they make to keep the French from getting reparation. The real savings of Germans are being accumulated by the Teutonic plutocrats outside of the country—the flight of the mark.

In France it has finally become clear that outside of payments in kind no reparation is to be expected from the present Germany. Since the conference in Genoa this has been made generally understood in France. The new French budget contains an item for nearly four billion francs' deficit that is to be covered by a new internal loan. This is the interest on the sums that France has expended on German account for restoration of devastation in Northern France. Up to the present this has been set against amounts due from Germany. Now it is set against the French public.

In Germany a compulsory loan of thirty billion paper marks, really a capital tax, is being forced through the Reichstag under pressure of the Reparations Commission. This is five per cent of the adjudged paper-mark value of taxable German national wealth. Let us assume this is raised.

If the Germans were to cease the orgy of spending and save thirty billion paper marks and add this to the same sum to be raised by the forced loan, this would equal sixty billion paper marks, or about two hundred million dollars gold. If this could be converted into gold, how far would it go in reparation? And if the sixty billion paper marks were to be handed to the Reparations Commission, what would, what could be done with it?

British Coal Business

WHEN the coal strike in Great Britain was settled last year the basis of settlement was a sliding scale of returns to workers and operators. Workers were to receive a minimum wage; owners a minimum rate of profit. Beyond this the earnings of the mines were to be divided, 83 per cent to the workers, 17 per cent to the mine owners. At the bottom of the agreement was the idea that conditions in the industry would soon return to prewar conditions.

These expectations have not been fulfilled. The mine workers have recovered their efficiency, and the output per man per day is nearly back to the level of 1913. Prices at home have fallen because of the slump in industry. In order to recover the coal trade in foreign fields price cutting was necessary. Transport from mine to boat has cost more than before the war. The volume of export has now risen to nearly 80 per cent of the prewar level. This is probably as high as it can go until the industries of the world are more actively at work. With the low state of shipping bunker demand is low. At the current prices and volume, coal mining is not profitable. The result is that miners are receiving only the minimal wage and mine owners as a whole are not receiving the fixed rate of profit.

The exports of British coal to Germany are rising and promise soon to equal the prewar volume of some eight million tons a year. This is merely a return to normal conditions. The Germans point to this import of coal as the result of the deliveries of coal to France under the terms of reparation. This is not the truth; it is merely the return of British coal to the prewar position of competitive advantage. It does Germany good, but brings in little profit to the producers. In one way or another coal seems disorganized nearly everywhere.

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Europe's Hard-Work Way Back to Solvency—By Robert Crozier Long

EUROPE will have to try hard work as a cure for her debts and her poverty, and to forswear her faith in the sweeter cures of international-conference resolutions and borrowed American cash. Marks at 500 to the dollar is an unpromising starting point for restoration; but all Europe has inexhaustible time currency, and it is a duty to turn this time currency into fructifying work. The conviction that work, not pious resolutions and easy borrowings, is the right, the only and the inevitable remedy has long been spreading; and it has taken concrete shape in criticism of, partly in open revolt against, the eight-hour day, as an expedient enabling time currency to be hoarded unproductively in the stocking of idleness, while the family larder stares ever more emptily. David Lloyd George called the eight-hour day the prize of victory, and as incentive to faithful soldiering it had its value. But in a platform of reconstruction easy work has no right to be a plank. The Versailles Treaty, which ignored a great many plain truths in politics, national psychology and political economy, ignored one unchallengeable truth when it proclaimed for the eight-hours limitation. As a rule, Europeans hold that the framers of the Versailles Treaty were dreadfully and even diabolically clever; but few Europeans have comprehended the framers' reasoning that five years of no work and of destruction of work would be best made good in an indefinite future of reduced work; and there are cynical economists to whom the reasoning seems proof that the World War, though extinguishing 6,000,000 useful existences, managed to leave some airy optimists alive.

The principle of easy work, proclaimed by Article 427 of the Versailles Peace Treaty, and sanctioned by the Washington conference of November, 1919, is on its trial. Its chance of acquittal, which means its chance of perpetuation, is small. Countries that adopted it are getting rid of it piecemeal, and countries that shrank from adopting it continue to shrink. The eight-hour day is not assailed because of its proved impracticability. No one can assert that a successfully working eight—or indeed six—hour day will never be attained. It is assailed on the ground that Europe, as a reckless spendthrift of work in the past eight years, cannot afford the supreme luxury of ease in the next ten. Only through the fruits of productive labor, hoarded with sleepless thrift, does the individual citizen win ease; and when Europe's bellicose Adams and Eves ate in 1914–18 the forbidden fruit of destruction, their fate was not to be rewarded with pensioned idleness but with punishment and regeneration by extra hard work, done in the sweat of the brow.

Individual Europeans realize this. Merely because the cost of living and the tax burden are twice as high as in 1913, they know that they must earn more; and they feel compelled to work more. They act accordingly. When France's demobilized soldiers returned to their shell-torn countryside they came to a common agreement to ignore the eight-hour law, put through in their supposed interest by the French Government in the spring of 1919. In the conviction that more roads could be relaid and more houses rebuilt in ten hours than in eight, they resolved to break the law. They left to unsophisticated statesmen, timid parties and factious labor organizations the argument that as prosperous prewar Europe could not afford the luxury of a mere eight hours' work, the same luxury was within reach of the postwar Europe of devastation, impoverishment and debt.

Were the eight-hour day as Europe knows it literally on its trial an unfriendly lawyer would submit some hard arguments for its condemnation. He would plead:

Europe cannot afford to work less than before the war until it has at least replaced the products of work destroyed by the war;

The economical and social benefits expected from the eight-hour day have not been realized;

Production—in other words, the creation of wealth—which is the only remedy for war impoverishment, has declined under the eight-hour system;

Labor has not been satisfied; the capital-labor opposition is as strong as ever; some workmen clamor for a still shorter day, and some demand back the old freedom to work as long as they like;

The eight-hour day is rejected by leaders of European economic thought, and among them most of all by certain exceptional labor and socialist leaders;

The eight-hour system is breaking down by itself, if

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IMPORTED FASHIONS OR AMERICAN?

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES



"Here I am Full of Ice Cream and the Steam's Turned Off"

From The Salome Sun

SIXTY years ago the Indians chased an old prospector from the Colorado River to where Phœnix now is. He hit some of the high places and dodged around through the brush something like a spring chicken after a grasshopper, like a cricket on a hot stove, or the lady on the back seat. This old prospector made the trail you are now hitting—the natural and shortest route to the coast—the scenic highway—scenery high and in the way. He knew the Indians were following him but he never expected you to—and he didn't know the Yuma County Democratic Board of Supervisors were going to relocate his trail and call it a county road—a Yuma County Arizona road—just because they are Democrats and this isn't a road. They come up here every two years full of Democratic promises, after our votes; and every year, after our taxes to help build roads through the sand down around Yuma—our county seat, which is so far from here it costs $17 to send a postal card to find out who is sheriff again this year. They are so busy saving the rest of the world and trying to make it safer for Democrats that they forget all about us up here on the old Indian trail, as 137,556 tourists can go and swear to and swear at and then swear some. Go to it—keep right on swearing and maybe some day Henry Ford himself will come bump chuckin' along this way and shake a few $$$$$$$ out of his system and help remove some of the scenery and cuss words and corkscrews out of the old Indian trail so that Lizzie can go 100 yards without getting curvature of the spine shimmying through the cactus and jumping greasewood like a jack rabbit—trying to find the tracks the old prospector left here sixty-odd years ago. Never mind, Henry, you can dodge the bumps like they dodged the Indians and have a hell of a time—he did—and maybe if you hurry you can beat his record from the Colorado River to Phœnix—no one has yet—but with a Republican Administration everything is going to move faster now. Step on her, Bill. Let's go!

—Dick Wick Hall, Editor and Garage Owner.

Grandfather Said It

WHEN I was but a little thing of two, or maybe three,
My granddad—on my mother's side—would lift me on his knee;
He'd take my thumb from out my mouth and say to me: "My dear,
Remember what I tell you when you're choosing a career:

"Take in laundry work; cart off dust;
Drive a moving van if you must;
Shovel off the pavement when the snow lies white;
But think of your family, and please don't write."

When I was two I cannot say his counsel knocked me cold.
But now it all returns—for, darling, I am growing old,
And when I read the writings of the authors of today
I echo all those golden words that grandpa used to say:

"Clean out ferryboats; peddle fish;
Go be chorus men if you wish;
Rob your neighbors' houses in the dark midnight;
But think of your families, and please don't write."

—Dorothy Parker.

Our Idols

ONE develops a great pity for the poor national idols. As soon as some unfortunate devil does something conspicuous enough—and it needn't be so darned conspicuous either—to let himself in for a little popular worship, then you button your last year's blue serge coat tightly around your great childlike heart and begin to place bets on the whereabouts of his next abode. You can usually pick up quite a little ready money by betting three to one on Potter's Field.

The career of Woodrow Wilson is too well known to need citation. So let's get into more mundane paths. When Dempsey challenged Willard 85 per cent of the population of God's country seemed to feel that if the champion won the Government would collapse. He didn't, and so we still have the same old Government to kick about. Then as soon as Dempsey became champion everybody began to pray for rain, so there'd be plenty of mud to throw at him. And the same 85 per cent of God's citizens that had acclaimed him before all burned incense at the feet of Carpentier when the well-known July second hove in sight. Oh, well, it is better to be incensed against than incensing. Anyhow Jack is still champ, and vaudeville is still seventy-five cents or some such nominal amount.

At the present moment take Babe Ruth. Last year they gave him a silver crown. This year he can't even seem to rate a silver star on his deportment card. And all the local vultures are imploring heaven to send them someone who will make Ruth's record look so flat that you could play it on your phonograph.

The worst of it is that the poor downtrodden champs have no redress. If they retire at the height of their glory they are called quitters—and in no ladylike terms either. They are doomed from the start. As soon as they've established themselves they know that they are in for a tidal wave of hate, and finally for a welcome defeat. It seems to be true in every line of idoldom. You'd think they'd realize it and go in for something safe, like missionary work in Central Africa.

It all proves us to be a pitiless people. We quickly find that our idols have clay feet. And then, confound it, we haven't even the decency to offer them corn plasters.

—James Dyrenforth.

"I've a Friend in the Business"

"LISTEN!" said Blumenfeld. "Don't be a sucker! What's the use of your going and spending a lot of money for furniture when I can get it for you wholesale for practically nothing? What's life for if we can't do something for our friends once in a while? Why should you go and pay big prices for furniture ——"

"But you see I just want a couple of beds ——"

"Fine! We deal with the best furniture houses in the country. No trouble—our salesman goes around to all the places every day. And you'll save thirty-three and a third per cent."

Somehow it's always thirty-three and a third per cent that people save. I never could understand how they figure it out so fine.

"Now I'll tell you what you do," he went on. "I'll tell Prentiss you're coming. Now you be at the office at a quarter to nine—those places open up around nine o'clock. All you do is to let him introduce you ——"

I fell. What could I do in the face of such friendship? I got there at a quarter to nine promptly, and Prentiss came in promptly at 9:12. After about ten minutes, during which he failed to notice me, I decided to introduce myself.

"Ah—Kaufman?" I muttered.

"Huh?"

"Mr. Blumenfeld said ——"

"Oh, yes!" We shook hands enthusiastically. "Now, let's see—you wanted to buy some furniture, didn't you?"

"Well, yes. Mr. Blumenfeld said ——"

"Sure—that's fine! Ah—porch swing, wasn't it?"

"Beds."

"Oh, really?" It seemed to put him out a good deal. "You can't use nothing in the way of porch furniture, eh?"

I explained that we were moving into an apartment the following month, and that we had decided that beds would be just the thing for the bedroom. More homelike, I said.

"Yes—yes, I see your point. That's too bad. As a matter of fact I was just going around to some wicker-furniture places today. I don't suppose you could come tomorrow? No? Well, I'll tell you what I'll do—as a special favor I'll go around to some other places first."

"I don't want to put you out if ——"

"Oh, that's all right. Only I'm sorta sorry you came today ——"

We found the first place on the eleventh floor of a loft building, just seventeen short blocks from the office.

"They don't make no finer bedroom stuff than these people," said Prentiss during the week that it took to go up in the elevator. "Of course they ain't supposed to sell retail, but you can pretend to be a buyer. And let me do the talking."

"Mr. Schwartz in?" he inquired as the door was opened for us. "Oh, hello, Schwartz! How's the boy? What

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Doctor—"Remember, Mrs. Peet, You Must Not Let Anything Worry Your Husband."
"Would It be All Right, Docther, to Axt Him fer a Dollar Direckly Afther He Has His Tonic?"

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GREAT FOR BREAKFAST—INVIGORATING SOUP

"Some appetite" is surely right!
Here's Campbell's Soup to greet it.
And with this spoon we'll show you soon
The proper way to eat it!





Some appetite!

You'll know you have it when a fragrant, tempting plate of Campbell's Tomato Soup is placed before you! Your appetite may have been indifferent before, but it will sparkle at the very sight and the taste of this delicious blend of all that is tonic and tasty in luscious Jersey tomatoes.

Campbell's Tomato Soup

is made from the finest fruit that grows—sun-ripened aristocrats of the vines, laden with juiciness. We use only the pure tomato juices and the fruity parts strained to a rich, smooth puree, made richer still by butter such as you serve on your own table. A soup so appetizing and refreshing that you never tire of it!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Wonderful tomato sauce—all ready to serve!

Campbell's Tomato Soup is used by thousands of dainty housewives as an appetizing and delightful sauce for meats, fish and salads and to give extra tastiness to spaghetti, rice, eggs or vegetables.

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

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THE VAN ROON

By J. C. Snaith

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS



"The Picture is Not Mine," She Sobbed. "It Doesn't Belong to Me"

LII

THE old man, contrary to his practice, was a little late for the midday meal, and he had a poor appetite for it. As he tried to eat the cold mutton and the potato William had baked for him his thoughts seemed a long way from his plate. William himself, who was too full of trouble to give much attention to food, now saw that the old man's earlier ferocity, which had hurt him even more than it had puzzled him, had yielded to a depth of melancholy that was hardly less disturbing. But the master's manner on his return from the visit to Mr. Thornton was far more in accordance with his nature, at least as William understood that nature; indeed his voice had recaptured the note of pathos which seemed natural to it whenever the Van Roon was mentioned.

"I ought to tell you, boy," he said in a husky tone towards the end of the meal, "that it looks as if there'll be the dickens to pay over this job. A French detective from Paris has been here, and he's coming again this afternoon to have a word with you."

"With me, sir?"

The old man, whose eyes were furtively devouring the face of William, was quick to observe its startled look.

"Yes, boy, you're the one he wants to see. The Loov authorities have managed to get wind of this Van Roon of ours, and they say it's the feller they've been looking for since 1898."

Easy to gull, William in some respects was; yet he could not help thinking that the French Government took a little too much for granted. "I think so too; but there it is," said the old man. "They have to prove the Van Roon is theirs, and that won't be easy, as I told the detective this morning. But I understand that the question of identity turns upon certain marks, as well as upon similarity of subject."

William allowed that the subject had an undoubted similarity to that of the picture stolen from the Louvre; but then, as he explained, every known Van Roon had a strong family likeness. In size they varied little, and they always depicted trees, water, clouds, and in some cases a windmill.

"Ours, I believe, had no windmill."

"No, sir; only water and trees, and a wonderful bit of cloud."

"I understand," said the old man mournfully, "that the one that was stolen from the Loov had no windmill."

"The other one in the Louvre has no windmill; there are two at Amsterdam that have no windmill; and there's one at The Hague, I believe, that hasn't a windmill."

"Maybe. These are all points in our favor. But, as I say, the whole question will turn upon certain identification marks, and this French detective is coming here this afternoon to examine it. So it seems to me the best thing you can do is to go off at once and get it back from that hussy; because you can take it from me, boy, that we are going to be held responsible for the picture's safety by the French police; and if when the detective calls again all we have to say is that it has vanished like magic, and we are unable to produce it, we may easily find ourselves in the lockup."

This speech, worded with care and uttered with weight, had the effect of increasing William's distress.

"If only I knew where Miss June was, sir," he said miserably.

The old man, with the fragment of caution still left to him, was able to refrain from giving William the lie. Effort was needed to forbear, since he was quite unable to accept the open and palpable fact that his assistant was in complete ignorance of June's whereabouts.

S. Gedge, Antiques, was in the toils of a powerful and dangerous obsession. He was sure that William was lying. Just as in the first instance the young man had given the picture to the hussy, he was now in collusion with her in an audacious attempt to dispose of it. S. Gedge, Antiques, was not in a frame of mind to sift, to analyze, to ask questions; it seemed natural and convenient to embrace such a theory and, urged by the demon within, he was now building blindly upon it.

About three o'clock William was engaged in the lumber room putting derelict pieces of furniture to rights, when his master came with a long and serious face and said that the French detective wanted to see him. William put on his coat and followed the old man into the shop, where he found two persons awaiting him. With only one of these was William acquainted. Mr. Thornton was well known to him by sight, but he had not seen before the French dealer, M. Duponnet.

With a nice sense of drama on the part of S. Gedge, Antiques, the Frenchman was now made known to William as M. Duplay, of the Paris police.

Midway between a snuffle and a groan the old man, raising his eyes in the direction of heaven, besought his assistant to tell mussewer all that he knew as to the picture's whereabouts.

William, alas, knew no more than his master, and he found no difficulty in saying so. He was not believed, since the old man had had no scruples in the blackening of his character, and the Frenchman, with a skillful assumption of the manner of an official, which the others solemnly played up to, proceeded to threaten the assistant with the terrors of the law.

The French Government was convinced, from the description which had been given of the Van Roon by those who had seen it, that there could be little doubt it was their long-missing property. Such being the case, the police were willing to allow the young man only another twenty-four hours in which to produce it for examination. If he failed to do that within the time specified a warrant would be applied for, and he might find himself in prison.

In the face of this intimidation William stuck to his story. He knew no more than the dead where the picture was; Miss June, to whom it had been given, had suddenly disappeared with it the previous night.

"Who is Mees June?" said the Frenchman sharply.

Miss June was the niece of Mr. Gedge.

"And he gave the picture to her?"

The disappointed buyer, who felt that his suspicions in the matter were being confirmed, looked keenly from the young man to the old.

"No, sir," said William with the utmost simplicity; "I gave it to her myself."

There was a pause, in which astonishment played its part, and then Mr. Thornton gravely interposed:

"How do you mean, you gave her the picture? It isn't yours to give. It is the property of your master."

"You are forgetting, boy," said the old man in a voice in which oil and vinegar were wonderfully mingled, "that I would not allow my niece to have such a valuable thing, and that you then made it over to me to dispose of to the best advantage."

"I gave it to Miss June," persisted the young man simply, "but I told her that, as you had set your heart upon it, I hoped very much she would be willing to let you have it."

While this odd conversation went on the two dealers exchanged glances. Both were greatly puzzled. They were at one in being a little suspicious of the absolute bona fides of S. Gedge, Antiques. Either this was a very clumsy method of establishing them or there was more behind the picture's disappearance than met the eye.

S. Gedge, Antiques, whose brain was working at high pressure, was not slow to read their minds. He closed the discussion with a brevity that yet was not lacking altogether in persuasion. "There's no time, boy, to go into all that," he said. "The girl's gone off with the picture, and wherever she's to be found you must go right away and get it back from her, and bring it here to me, or we may both find ourselves in the lockup. That is so, Mussewer Duplay—what?" And with a lively gesture the old fox turned to the Frenchman.

Puzzled that gentleman certainly was, yet he heartily agreed. If the Van Roon was not produced within the next four and twenty hours a warrant would be issued. Impatience was just beginning to show itself in the bearing of Messrs. Duponnet and Thornton when the affair took a new and remarkable turn.

LIII

A TALL man, quietly dressed, wearing a silk hat and an eyeglass, with a pleasant air of authority, came into the shop.

For a moment he stood by the door, a rather cool gaze fixed upon the group of four; and then, an odd mingling of alertness and caution in his manner, he advanced to the proprietor.

"May I have a word with you?" said the visitor with an air of apology for the benefit of the others, whom he included in a smile that expressed little.

"Certainly you may, Sir Arthur," said S. Gedge, Antiques, an odd change coming into his tone.

Taken by surprise the old man had been slow to reckon up the situation; he was not able to detach himself from the group and lead the rather unwelcome visitor out of earshot before that gentleman had divulged the business that had brought him there.

"You must be anxious about your niece, Mr. Gedge," said Sir Arthur, who saw no need for secrecy.

The old man was very anxious indeed.

"You've heard from the hospital, of course?"

It seemed that the old man had heard nothing; and Sir Arthur was proceeding to deplore this oversight when William, whose ear had caught the sinister word "hospital," came forward.

"Oh, sir, what has happened to Miss June?" he cried. "Tell me—please!"

Sir Arthur, his mission concrete in his mind, brought a cool eye to bear upon the young man before he slowly replied, "She has had a mental breakdown, and we were able to arrange for her to be taken late last night to St. Jude's Hospital." He then turned to the old man, who had either grasped the news more slowly or was less affected by it, and said: "It's a case for careful treatment, in the opinion of the doctor who saw her soon after she arrived at my house, and upon his advice she was sent to the hospital. I am very sorry now that I did not communicate with you myself!"

It was the young man, however, as Sir Arthur did not fail to notice, who seemed really to be troubled as to what

(Continued on Page 26)

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Holland Matches America's High Regard for the Hupmobile

HOLLAND and America are as far apart as the poles in temperament and general attitude of mind.

Yet they are as one where the Hupmobile is concerned.

Conservative, cautious—Holland has learned to have the same appreciation and regard for the Hupmobile that America has.

Sometimes we are inclined to believe that our characteristic American impulsiveness tends to color and heighten our enthusiasms.

But our mail from Holland reveals a Hupmobile enthusiasm as deep and fervent as you will find anywhere in America.

There is in Holland the same companionship of Hupmobile ownership that you encounter in Texas or Nebraska, Maine or Minnesota.

Our domestic mail is continually bringing us evidence of owner-satisfaction, and the same story keeps coming in from Holland.

These Dutch owners are not favored as we are. They must leave their own country for extended touring.

They drive in France and Italy. They cross the high passes of the Alps.

Thus they put the Hupmobile to all the tests of endurance and reliability and sheer power that it meets here at home. And their verdict is the same.

The Hupmobile is a splendid climber. It rarely gives trouble. Long trips are made with the speed and regularity of railroad travel. It seldom needs more than ordinary care. Its costs are low. And it gives satisfaction.

So we learn anew, by way of Holland, the things we are familiar with through our own experiences.

It should be a matter of pride and a cause for satisfaction to Hupmobile owners in America to know that Hupmobile owners across the ocean think of their car in the same terms of admiration and regard that they do.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation, Detroit, Michigan

The Hupmobile Serves in Holland as Efficiently as in America

I have now driven my Hupmobile exactly 20,625 miles, without ever having had any trouble on the road. My chauffeur told me when I asked him about it, "The Hupmobile is a car which I would strongly recommend to families who do not have a chauffeur, as it is absolutely dependable. It has proved to be a good mountain climber. Changing of gears is very seldom necessary. The running expenses are very low."

Baron Tafts van Amerongen van Woudenberg, Villa Landeck.

During the year and a half I have had my Hupmobile, it has never refused service and I have had absolutely no repair costs. Dr. A. Both, Amsterdam.

There may be more expensive cars than the Hupmobile, but it would be hard to find a more dependable and handier car. The car is always satisfied with a little gas, oil and water. In 6,875 miles, my repair costs, including tires, are not worth mentioning.

H. A. G. Bensman, Hilversum.

Though I am not familiar with the construction and treatment of motors, I have driven my Hupmobile almost 6,250 miles; also over heavy mountain roads (Ardennes); have never had the slightest trouble, and never needed repairs.

H. P. van Heukelon, Amsterdam.

A long time ago I told you the admiration I had for the Hupmobile in comparison with other makes I have driven. Now that many more kilometers have been driven, I can tell you that my enthusiasm for the car is greater yet. I hope to keep my car many years longer under the motto: "Point a better one out to me."

F. Prins, Hilversum.

For six years I have daily used the Hupmobile, as country physician, and the car is as good as in the beginning. I have driven her more than 31,250 miles over the worst roads in Brabant, roads which are absolutely impossible in winter for many other cars. But my car goes over the worst roads in the worst weather.

Dr. J. L. Lobach, Udenhout.

The Hupmobile has been run now twenty-one months and 14,291 miles. The tire mileage is very high. She still takes every hill in this neighborhood on high. The motor is absolutely dependable.

J. Frower, Oorsprong-Oosterbeek.

I am absolutely content with the Hupmobile. The capacities are exceptional, and in the two years that I have had this automobile, I have never been stuck on the road. The car runs smoothly and the wear is minimum.

J. De Wit, Utrecht.

Hupmobile

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(Continued from Page 24)

had befallen this unfortunate girl. S. Gedge, Antiques, for his part, soon showed that his inmost thoughts were centered upon something else.

"Can you tell me, sir," he said with an excitement he made no effort to conceal, "whether the picture she took away with her is quite safe?"

Sir Arthur looked hard at the old man before he answered, "Quite, Mr. Gedge. The picture is perfectly safe."

"Thank God!" The exclamation of S. Gedge, Antiques, was not the less heartfelt for being involuntary.

"And Miss June?" interposed William huskily. "Is she—is she ——" He was too upset to frame his question.

"She is very ill indeed, I'm afraid," said Sir Arthur in a kind tone, "but she is in the best possible hands. Anything that can be done for her will be done—I am sure you can count upon that."

"Is she going to die?"

Sir Arthur shook his head. "When I last rang up the hospital I asked that question, but they will not give an opinion. They prefer not to commit themselves."

Tears gathered slowly in William's eyes. Conscience was pricking him sharply. Had he not brought this unlucky picture into the house, such a terrible thing would not have occurred.

William's brief talk with the visitor, whose unheralded appearance upon the scene was by no means welcome to S. Gedge, Antiques, gave his master a much-needed opportunity to decide upon the course of action. The two dealers knew now that the Van Roon was safe, but as far as William and Sir Arthur were concerned the situation was full of complexity. Much cunning would be needed to smooth out the tangle; and to this end, as the old man promptly realized, the first thing to be done was to induce the Frenchman and his agent to quit the shop.

"You hear, mussewer, that the picture is safe," he said to the buyer soapily. "I will go at once and get it from this gentleman. If you will come in again tomorrow morning it shall be ready for you."

M. Duponnet seemed inclined to await further developments, but S. Gedge, Antiques, had no scruples about giving his fellow conspirators their congé. Without more ado he ushered both dealers gently but firmly to the door. This new turn in the game had made them keenly curious to learn more of the affair, yet they realized that they were on thin ice themselves, and the peremptory manner of S. Gedge, Antiques, enforced that view.

"Tomorrow morning, gentlemen—come and see me then!" he said, opening the shop door determinedly and waiting for these inconvenient visitors to pass out.

This task accomplished, the old man had to deal with one more delicate: the removal from the minds of William and Sir Arthur Babraham of all suspicion in regard to himself. He came to them with his most sanctimonious air.

"I can't tell you, sir," he assured Sir Arthur, "what a relief it is to know that my niece is in good hands. But I am afraid she is a very wicked girl."

Then he turned abruptly to William and said in a low tone that he wished to have a private conversation with Sir Arthur.

For once, however, the young man showed less than his usual docility. He was most eager to learn all that had happened to June, and to gain a clew, if possible, to her strange conduct; besides, the painful change in his master now filled him with distrust.

Sir Arthur was quick to note the reluctance of the younger man; and even if the nature of the case would compel him in the end to take the word of the proprietor against that of the servant, he was influenced already, in spite of himself, by that open simplicity of manner which had had such an effect upon his daughter.

"Is there anything, Mr. Gedge, we have to say to one another which this young man may not hear?" he said quietly; and then, as the old dealer did not immediately reply, he added coolly, "I think not." Turning to William he said, "Please stay with us. There are one or two questions I have to put which I hope you will be good enough to answer."

This did not suit the book of S. Gedge, Antiques, but he decided to play a bold game.

"I'm very much obliged to you for your kindness in taking care of the picture," he said with a smirk to his visitor. "As you know, it is a thing of great value. Had anything happened to it the loss would have been terrible. Perhaps you will allow me to go at once and fetch it, for I don't mind telling you, sir, that until I get it back again my mind will not be easy."

Sir Arthur looked narrowly at the face of unpleasant cunning before him, and then he said very quietly, "I am sorry to have to tell you, Mr. Gedge, that your niece claims the picture as her property."

The old man was prepared for a development which he had been able to foresee.

"I am afraid she is a very wicked girl," he said in the tone of a known good man whose feelings are deeply wounded. "I ask you, sir, is it likely that a thing of such immense value would belong to her?"

Sir Arthur had to agree that it was not, yet remembering his daughter's deep conviction on the subject he was careful to assert June's claim.

"Moonshine, I assure you, sir."

Sir Arthur, however, did not regard this as conclusive. In the light of what had happened he felt it to be his duty to seek a clear proof of the picture's ownership; therefore he now turned to William and told him that the girl in the hospital declared that he had given her the Van Roon. A plain statement of fact was demanded, and in the face of so direct an appeal the young man did not hesitate to give one. Originally the picture was his property, but a week ago he had given it to his master's niece.

"What have you to say to that, Mr. Gedge?" asked Sir Arthur.

The heart of William seemed to miss a beat while he waited painfully for the answer to this question. To one of his primitive nature his whole life seemed to turn upon the old man's next words; and a kind of slow agony overcame him as he realized what these words were in all their cynical wickedness.

"The Van Roon is mine, sir," said S. Gedge, Antiques, in a calm voice. "It was bought with my money."

Sir Arthur fixed upon the stupefied William an interrogating eye. In his own mind he felt sure that this must be the fact of the matter, yet it was hard to believe that a young man who seemed to be openness itself was deliberately lying. "What do you say?" he asked.

William was too shocked to say anything. His master took a full advantage of the pause that followed.

"Come, boy," he said in a tone of kindly expostulation, "you know as well as I do that you were given the money to buy a few things down in Suffolk in the ordinary way of business on your week's holiday, and that this little thing was one of your purchases."

Sadly the young man shook his head. The cold falsehood was heavier upon him than a blow from the old man's fist would have been; yet it roused him to the point of blunt denial. Quite simply he set forth the true facts:

"The master gave me twenty pounds to attend a sale by auction at Loseby Grange, Saxmundham, and I bought things to the value of twenty pounds one and ninepence."

In a voice which was a nice mingling of humor and pathos the old man interposed: "This picture, which I admit was bought for a song, as the saying is, was among them."

"No, sir," said William. "I bought this picture with my own money from an old woman in a shop at Crowdham Market."

So much for the issue, which now was quite clearly defined. Sir Arthur, however, could only regret that the supremely difficult task of keeping the scales of justice true had devolved upon him.

"What did you pay for the picture, may I ask?"

"Five shillings," said William unhesitatingly.

"Five shillings?"

"It was as black as night when I bought it, sir, with a still life, which must have been at least two hundred years old, daubed over it."

"Black enough, I allow," said the old man, "but it can't alter the fact that the picture's mine."

"Let me be quite clear on one point," said Sir Arthur. "You maintain, Mr. Gedge, that the picture was bought at a sale with your money, and this young man declares it was bought at a shop with his."

"That is so," said the old man.

"Do you happen to have kept a list of the things that were bought at the sale?"

"No, sir; I'm afraid I haven't one."

Here, however, the old man's memory was at fault, and this material fact William went on to prove. Under the counter was a file containing a mass of receipted bills, and from among these the young man was able to produce a document which told heavily in his favor. It was a list of his purchases at Loseby Grange, carefully written out, with the sum paid opposite each item, and at the foot of it, immediately beneath the figures "£20.1.9," was written in a rather shaky but businesslike hand, "Audited and found correct. S. Gedge."

This lucky discovery went some way towards establishing William's case. The paper contained no mention of a picture, other than a print after Bartolozzi, which William took at once from the shop window. Finished dissembler as he was, the old man could not conceal the fact that he was shaken, but like a gambler with a fortune at stake he hastily changed his tactics. He began now to pooh-pooh the receipt and declared that even if his unfortunate memory had played him a trick as to where the picture had been actually bought it did not affect the contention that it had been purchased with his money.

Sir Arthur Babraham in his search for the truth could not help contrasting the bearing of the claimants. Avarice was engraved deeply upon the yellow-parchment countenance of S. Gedge, Antiques, whereas so open was the face

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She Found All Too Soon, However, That It Was Vain to Argue With Him. What He Had Given, He Had Given. As Far as He Was Concerned That Was the End of the Whole Matter

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WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT BUICK WILL BUILD THEM



The Standard of Comparison

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The new Buick is the finest car that has ever borne this famous name. The new six-cylinder five-passenger touring car, like its predecessors, brings new features of superiority consistent with Buick progress.

First glance reveals its new beauty—the low graceful lines of body and top, the heavy one-piece crowned fenders, the drum headlamps and parking lamps, the nickeled beading where cowl meets hood.

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The 1923 six-cylinder five-passenger Buick has all the traditional Buick merit with the added excellencies of another year's progress. It is a greater model of a famous car.

Other items of equipment are the transmission lock, cowl ventilator, windshield wiper, nickeled scuff plates on running boards, curtain compartment in back of rear seat, nickeled footrest brackets, beveled plate glass in rear curtain, new type side curtains with signal pocket, leather-covered robe rail with nickeled brackets, etc.

Fourteen models, both Fours and Sixes, comprise the new Buick line for 1923.

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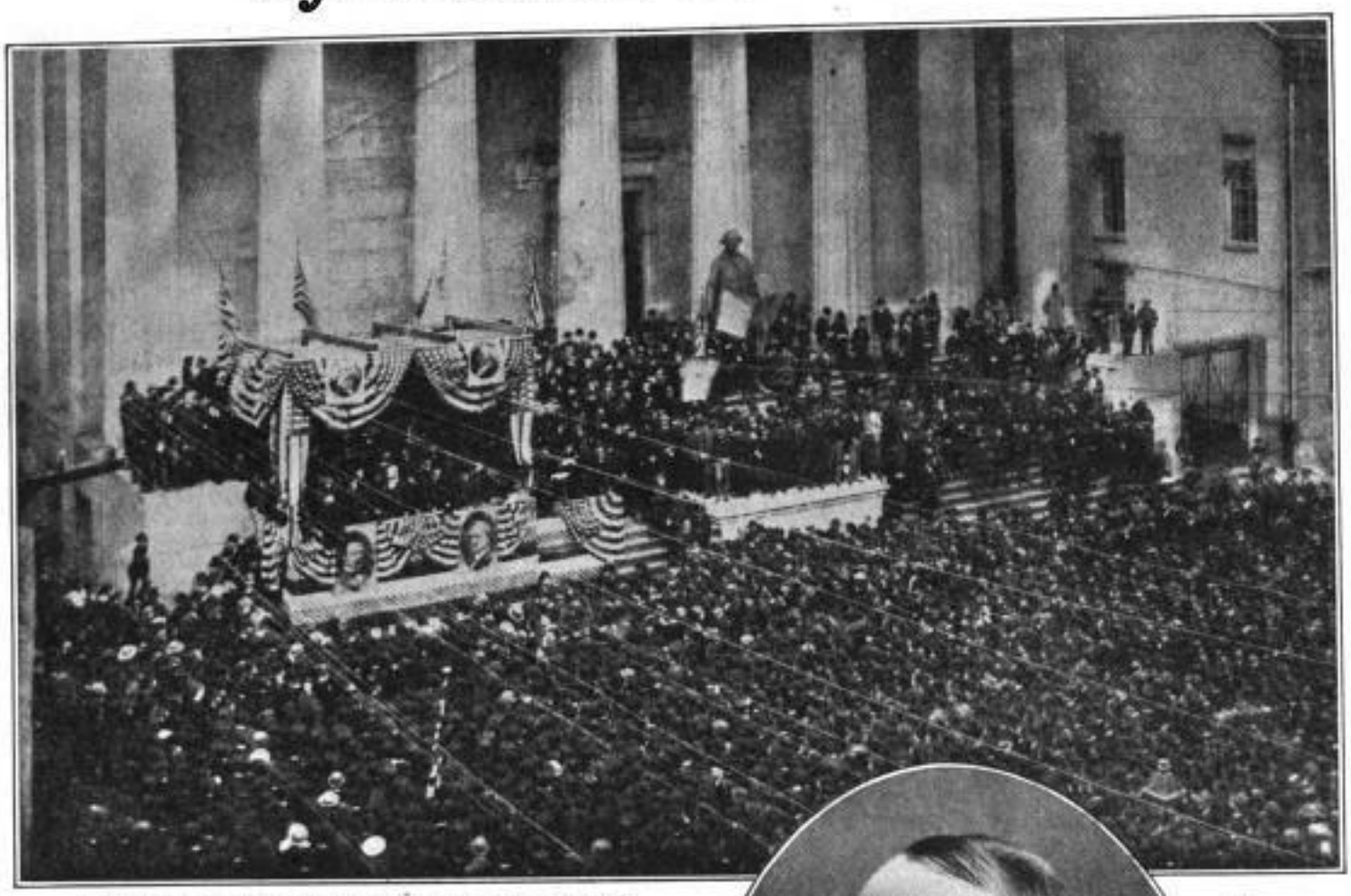
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The Cleveland Nomination and Election Campaign of 1884

By GEORGE F. PARKER

IT WOULD have seemed logical so to combine the governorship and the next step in Cleveland's career—the nomination and election for President in 1884—as to make one story in two parts. But when tried this was found impossible, because they did not really fit together. The one was a great executive place in which he found himself without design on his part or serious thought of his future. He thus persisted in his work as governor, as he did in everything else, with only a remote thought about what he was to do afterwards. It is true that if he had not made his way into the one place his friends could not have hopefully entered upon the contest for the other, which in point of time was to run parallel with part of it; but that the governorship was closely related to the presidency did not trouble him.



A Meeting of Business Men in Wall Street for Cleveland and Hendricks, October 9, 1884

Thus when his friends undertook to urge his claims upon his party by putting him before the country it was not an easy task. Here was a man who neither could nor would, in the accepted way, do anything for himself—that is, by giving in here or there, by courting or favoring some man, interest or class; by avowing new purposes; by vaunting his own claims himself or permitting others to do so; or by promising to do or even to consider anything outside the line of duty. In these matters he was wholly incorrigible. He was even more. He was all the time doing things which under ordinary considerations would react against himself and the claims of his friends. If he was desired to pay special attention to this or that man purely for political reasons, to promote his own ambitions or those of his friends, he was absolutely sure, often in positive terms, to decline to deal with it. He would not meet this or that man, editors or others, unless he had business with them.

Magnificent, But Not Politics

HE WENT out of his way, with apparent deliberation, to make an enemy of one great editor by refusing to nominate a suggested worthy man to a purely honorary place in the militia, and aroused in another editor a suspicion which hardened into jealousy by declining to pay him certain social courtesies. He gave no reason except that back of the familiar quatrain about Doctor Fell. This was magnificent and evinced great independence but, looked at in the ordinary way, it was not politics. His friends and supporters, however, were forced to take him at his own measurement; but that it made their work hard was something he never thought of, because he could not be induced to interest himself in what they wanted him to do.

As an example of how little he would do to help, Mr. Peter B. Olney, then district attorney of New York County, tells how one day in May, 1884, when in Albany on official business, he called at the executive office to pay his respects to the governor, to whom he said, "It looks to me very much as if it was going to be almost impossible for you to escape the nomination for the presidency."

The governor's reply was:

"I do not see that there is any likelihood of this. In the first place, I have here my work, which I like. You and my friends know how I am absorbed in it. I have not the least power for helping myself in politics and, I am thankful to say, almost less than no gift. Besides, I do not agree with either you or them, as I do not think I am prepared for the presidency. A great many questions are to be considered there to which I have given almost no study, in which I have had no experience and thus no opportunity to acquire real knowledge. Now, for instance, there is the tariff question, about which I know next to nothing. Though I have kept myself in touch in a general way with the principles and policies of my party, I do not feel that I should be asked to deal with such a great and complicated problem, especially as it is likely to be the most vital that will come up for consideration.



Daniel Magone

"No, I do not think lightning will strike me. From what I can see and know, I still believe, and that very strongly, as I have for a long time, that Thomas F. Bayard of Delaware is the ideal candidate both for the party and the country. Having this feeling, and being deeply impressed with its correctness, I shall make no effort whatever, so far as I am personally concerned, to become a candidate before the coming convention to be held in Chicago."

As late as June twenty-eighth the governor wrote to a friend in the South:

"I feel that I now occupy in my own state a position high enough for all my ambitions, and one in which I have hoped that I could do some good for the people and to my own party. I am seeking no other office and think that above all things the people should have their way in this matter."

This declaration was made only ten days before the meeting of the nominating convention.

This was the position that he uniformly assumed. No man, however close to him, could make him think that he was a candidate for President, while all the party forces in the country would have found themselves powerless to arouse him from this political lethargy. He was simply built that way, and his friends had to adjust themselves to conditions as they found them. Not only did Mr. Cleveland assume this attitude at the time, but during the remainder of his life he emphasized his feelings about it in many conversations.

Modesty

"I WAS absolutely and wholly indifferent in the matter of the nomination for the presidency. There was no affectation on my part in the position that I took, as I did not feel that I had the training and experience to fit me for this great task. My knowledge of the men in my own party, even in the state, to say nothing of the country, was meager, and, though I regretted the fact, I never pretended to anything else. It seemed to me nearly inexcusable that I should aspire to such a place. The presence in my party of men like Bayard, Thurman, Hendricks, Randall, Carlisle, Hoadley and other well-trained and experienced statesmen seemed to me assurance against my being seriously considered as a candidate.

"Though I did not look upon myself as ignorant of conditions, because I had kept in as close touch as a private individual could with such things, still I did not assume that I knew leading men and the details of national questions of such vital importance. I had never been accustomed to take on any responsibilities for which I did not feel myself fairly competent, and so far as the presidency was concerned I had no such feeling because I never thought of it. Coming up quickly, as I had, out of the ordinary work and duties of citizenship, it seemed to me little less than presumptuous that, after I had been only a year or two in public life, I should be thought of for such a lofty place.

"I may, however, say that the loftiness of the place did not stagger me so much as the enormous responsibilities that went with it. Even in later years, after I have passed through four years of these duties, I have the same feeling. I wondered, and I still wonder, how I could have been induced, even with the pressure that was brought to bear, to assume them. I never looked upon myself as fated to such a place. That is an idea which never appealed to me. Though I am a Presbyterian and am thus pretty well grounded in my Calvinism, I certainly do not believe that men are predestined to be Presidents or governors or the holders of other important places in which the interests of many human beings must be considered."

(Continued on Page 31)

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4 or 5 tart apples
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1 egg
1/3 cup Pet Milk diluted with 2/3 cup water
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4 teaspoons baking powder

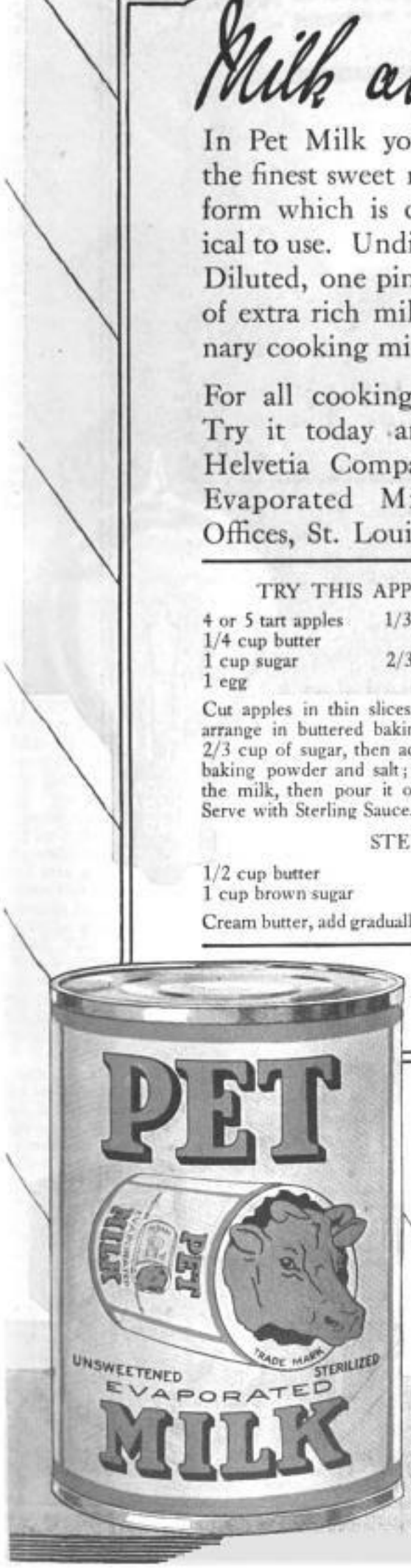
Cut apples in thin slices, sprinkle with 1/3 cup of sugar and arrange in buttered baking dish. Cream butter, add gradually 2/3 cup of sugar, then add egg well beaten; mix and sift flour, baking powder and salt; add to first mixture, alternating with the milk, then pour it over the apples and bake 35 minutes. Serve with Sterling Sauce.

STERLING SAUCE

1/2 cup butter
1 cup brown sugar
4 tablespoons Pet Milk
1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream butter, add gradually sugar, milk; then vanilla drop by drop.

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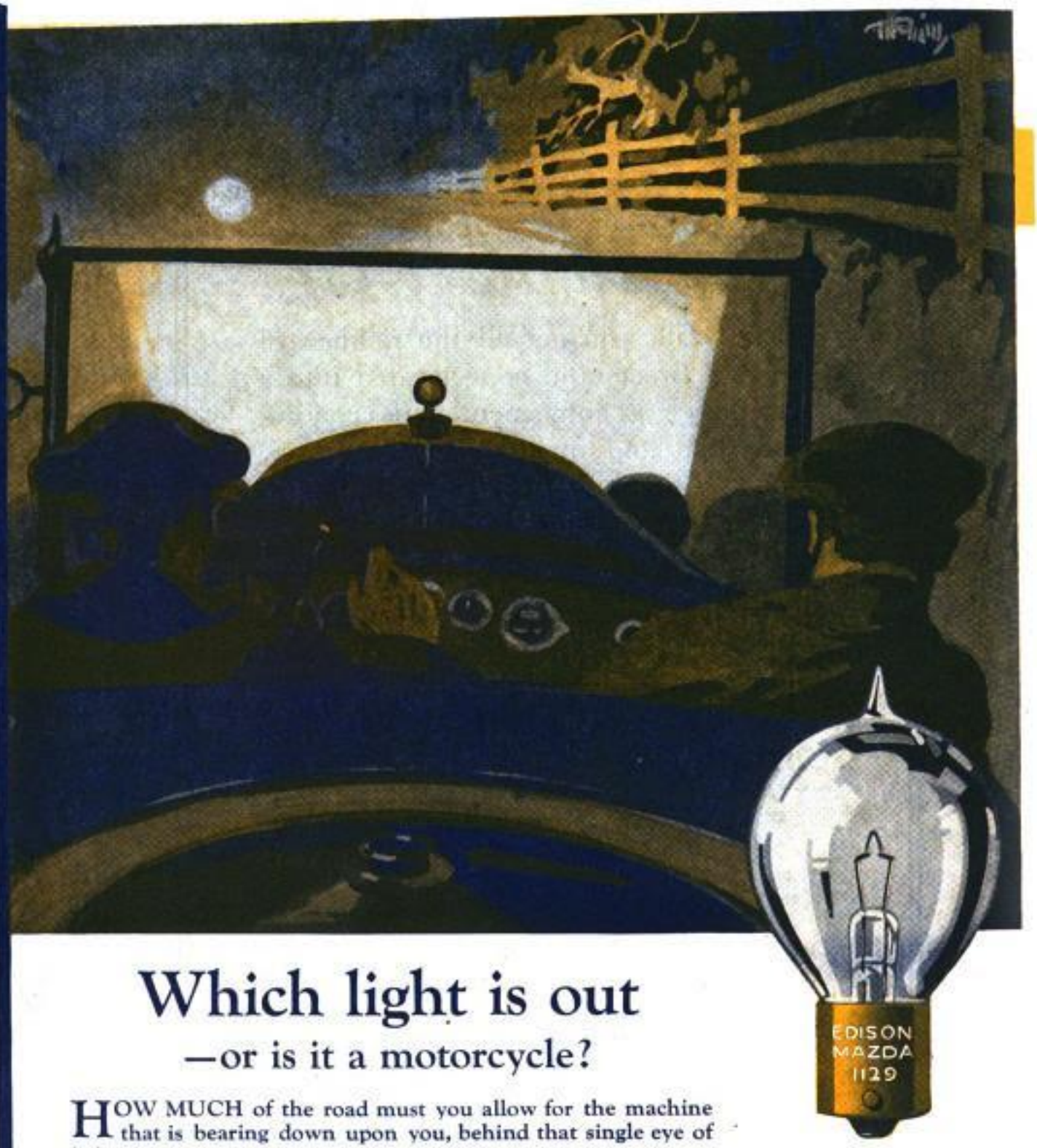
The Proper Edison MAZDA Lamps *for your car*

Ask for them by name and MAZDA Lamp number: look on the base to make sure that you have been given a genuine Edison MAZDA Lamp, and the number you asked for.

EDISON MAZDA LAMP NUMBERS

Car	Year Model	Head Light	Aux. Head	Side	Tail	Dash
Apperson	all	1129	63	63	63	63
Auburn	'18, '19	1129	..	63	63	63
Auburn	'20	1129	65	..	63	63
Auburn	'21, '22	1129	65	..	63	64
Bear Datrie	all	1129	63	..	63	63
Buick	all	1129	63	63	63	63
Cadillac	all	1129	..	63	61	61
Chalmers	all	1129	65	..	63	63
Chandler	all	1129	63	63	63	63
Chevrolet	'18 (FA & FB) '19, '20	1129	..	63	63	64
Chevrolet	all other '18 models	1130	..	63	63	64
Chevrolet	'21, '22	1129	..	..	63	63
Cleveland	all	1129	..	63	63	63
Cole	'19	1129	..	63	61	62
Cole	'19, '22	1129	63	..	63	64
Cole	'20	1129	63	..	61	..
Cole	'21	1129	65	..	63	64
Cunningham	'18, '19, '20, '21	1129	..	63	63	64
Cunningham	'22	1129	..	64	64	63
Dodge	all	1141	..	..	67	67
Dort	'18, '19, '20	1129	..	63	63	64
Dort	'21, '22	1129	..	63	63	63
Elgin	all	1129	63	63	63	63
Essex	'19, '20	1129	63	63	61	61
Essex	'21, '22	1129	..	63	63	63
Ford	'18, '19	1130	..	..	..	..
Ford	'20	1129	63	..	63	..
Ford	'21 models with coil for dimming	1129	..	..	63	..
Ford	'21 models without coil for dimming	1158	..	..	63	..
Ford	'22 models equipped with starter	1158	..	..	63	..
Ford	'22 models not equipped with starter	1126	..	..	..	..
Franklin	all	1142	63	..	64	64
Gardner	all	1129	..	..	63	63
Grant	all	1129	63	63	63	63
Haynes	'18, '19, '20, '21 (except 47 and 48) '21 (47 and 48) '22	1130	64	64	64	64
Haynes	'19	1129	65	63	63	63
Holmes	'20, '21	1142	64	..	64	64
Holmes	'22	1142	68	..	68	68
Hudson	'18, '19, '20	1141	67	..	67	67
Hudson	'21, '22	1129	..	63	61	61
Hupmobile	all	1129	..	63	63	63
Jordan	all	1129	63	63	63	63
King	all	1129	63	63	63	63
Kissel	'18, '19, '20	1130	..	..	64	64
Kissel	'21	1129	63	..	63	64
Kline Kar	'18, '20, '21	1129	..	63	63	63
Kline Kar	'19, '22	1129	..	..	63	64
Lexington	all	1129	63	..	63	64
Liberty	all	1129	63	..	63	63
Locomobile	'18, '19	1130	..	64	64	64
Locomobile	'20, '21	1129	63	..	63	63
Locomobile	'22	1129	65	..	65	65
McFarlan Six	'18, '19, '20, '22	1129	63	63	63	64
McFarlan Six	'21	1129	63	64	63	64
Marmon	'18, '19, '20	1129	63	,	63	63
Marmon	'21, '22	1129	63	,	63	63
Maxwell	'18, '19, '20 (127)	1141	67	..	67	67
Maxwell	'20, '21 (6 Volt)	1129	63	..	63	63
Mercer	'18	1141	..	67	67	67
Mercer	'19, '20, '21, '22	1129	63	63	63	63
Mitchell	'18 (E 400) '19	1130	.	..	63	64
Mitchell	other '18 models '20	1130	..	..	64	64
Mitchell	'21, '22	1129	..	..	63	63
Moon	'18, '19, '20, '21	1129	..	64	63	64
Moon	'22	1129	63	..	63	64
Nash	all	1129	63	63	63	64
National	'19	1129	63	..	63	63
National	'18, '20	1129	63	..	63	64
National	'21, '22	1129	65	..	63	64
Nonpareil	'21, '22	1129	..	63	63	64
Oakland	all	1129	63	..	63	63
Oldsmobile	'18, '19, '20, '21	1129	63	..	63	63
Oldsmobile	'22	1129	63	..	63	64
Overland	'18 touring cars	1129	..	63	61	61
Overland	'18 other models '19 (89)	1130	..	64	61	61
Overland	'19 (90-T) '21, '22	1130	..	..	61	61
Overland	'20 (4)	1129	..	..	61	61
Packard	'18, '19, '20 '21, '22 (116)	1129	63	63	64	64
Packard	'21 (333)	1129	63	63	63	63
Packard	'22 (Twin Six)	1129	65	63	63	63
Paige	all	1129	63	63	63	63
Peerless	all	1129	63	..	63	63
Pierce-Arrow	all	1129	63	63	63	63
Premier	'18, '19, '20	1129	..	63	63	64
Premier	'21	1129	65	64	63	64
Premier	'22	1129	65	.	63	63
Reo	'18, '19	1130	.	.	62	62
Reo	'20, '21, '22	1129	.	..	63	63
Roamer	'18	1129	..	63	63	63
Roamer	'19, '20, '21, '22	1129	..	63	63	64
Saxon	all	1129	63	63	63	63
Scripps Booth	'18, '19, '20	1129	.	63	63	63
Scripps Booth	'21	1129	.	.	63	64
Standard	'18, '19	1130	64	64	64	64
Standard	'20	1129	63	63	63	63
Standard	'21	1129	65	.	63	63
Stearns-Knight	'18, '19, '20	1141	.	67	67	67
Stearns-Knight	'21	1141	67	..	67	68
Stearns-Knight	'22	1141	67	..	67	67
Stephens	'18, '19, '20, '21	1129	63	63	63	63
Stephens	'22	1129	64	63	63	63
Studebaker	all	1129	63	63	63	63
Stutz	'18, '19, '20	1130	64	64	64	64
Stutz	'21, '22	1129	63	.	63	63
Templar	'18, '19, '20	1129	63	.	63	63
Templar	'21, '22	1129	63	.	63	64
Velie	'18, '19	1129	63	63	61	62
Velie	'20	1129	63	.	63	63
Velie	'21, '22	1129	65	..	63	63
Westcott	'18, '19, '20, '21 Sedan	1129	62	.	61	62
Westcott	'21, '22	1129	65	.	63	64
Willys-Knight	'18, '19, '20	Same as Overland				
Willys-Knight	'21, '22	1129	63	.	61	63
Winton	'18, '19, '20	1129	63	.	63	63
Winton	'21, '22	1129	65	.	63	63

YOUR DEALER or garage man has a book which specifies the proper Edison MAZDA Lamps for other cars in addition to those listed above.



Which light is out —or is it a motorcycle?

HOW MUCH of the road must you allow for the machine that is bearing down upon you, behind that single eye of light?

It is a difficult moment for you; and it might easily be critical if one of your lights were also out.

The roads will be far safer at night when *every* motorist carries in the pocket of his car a kit of Edison MAZDA Automobile Lamps—a spare lamp for every socket of his particular make and model of car.

The lamps are carefully tested, securely packed, always *dependable*. They are of the same quality as the lamps which have made your home brighter and more comfortable. And applied to your car they mean a brighter pathway, less drain on your battery, and so greater safety and economy.

Ask your garage, accessory dealer or electrical dealer for Edison MAZDA Automobile Lamps, *specifying the MAZDA Lamp number, as shown on the chart at the left.*

These prices are "over the counter" prices and do not include installation service.

MAZDA Lamp Numbers 1129, 1130	40 cents each
MAZDA Lamp Numbers 61, 62, 63, 64	25 cents each
MAZDA Lamp Numbers 1141, 1142	45 cents each
MAZDA Lamp Numbers 67, 68	25 cents each
MAZDA Lamp Number 1126	40 cents each
MAZDA Lamp Number 1158	45 cents each



EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

EDISON LAMP WORKS OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

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(Continued from Page 28)

This declaration, in line with everything he said or did before the nomination, accounts for the constant repetition by him between terms when friends would say to him: "Oh, you must be our candidate again. We must have you back in Washington." He was accustomed then to draw himself up to his full height and to answer with the question: "Do you realize, sir, that it is a solemn thing to be President of the United States?"

However, the fact that here was an available candidate who showed no interest in himself was not permitted to interfere with what—considering the task ahead of it—was perhaps the most efficient work ever done prior to the meeting of a national convention held for putting into the field a candidate for President. Everything hinged upon the result in New York. Whatever any other state might do or think of doing, whatever its people or its partisans might have a mind to do, there was not much opportunity for progress until the attitude of the great state of New York, with its seventy-two delegates, was known. The matter of first importance, then, concerned the traditional policy under which New York was treated as a state and not as a mere congeries of congressional districts. Upon this depended the renewed efficacy of the unit rule, which had always governed and fixed the influence that the Empire State was to exercise in other states.

In order to maintain this policy the state convention, held at Saratoga on the eighteenth of June in that year, was so chosen as to minimize the opposition and to reduce it to practical impotence. There was a good deal of this opposition—it was even greater than in the Tilden days—especially in New York and Kings County, now included with other areas in Greater New York. In the city the Democratic Party was divided into two clashing elements, one being Tammany, which had always posed as the only regular party organization entitled to control the delegates from every city district at both state and national conventions, and then there was the County Democracy, with which were allied various other independent bodies. The first named had weakened itself by suspected treachery in the presidential elections of 1876 and 1880, but most by its defeat of the regular Democratic candidate for governor in 1879.

By humiliating itself it had gradually worked back so that it was accorded a certain representation in the state convention, but practically all the various forces and elements in both state and nation still looked at it askance.

Out for Victory

WHEN 1884 came along division continued. Practically every friendly county and district upstate had been solidified in favor of the nomination of Cleveland, not as a balance of power, but as controlling an absolute majority of the districts and binding every delegate from the whole state. Nor was it wholly a matter of delegates either to the state convention or the national convention which hung upon the result. The state organization had been as completely mobilized as if it had been an army just ordered into action. It not only controlled nearly every upstate county, and that, too, in spite of some curious diversions in favor of Roswell P. Flower, but it brought into action every potent element and force that could be utilized. Each man had his place in the scheme.

It is true that prudence was consulted at every turn. Care was taken that opposition should be left fairly free; that no man or organization should suffer more humiliation than what was the incident of assured and overwhelming defeat. Nothing else was considered except honest victory. Anything that threatened to interfere with this was kept in the background. No extravagant claims of strength or power were made even for the smallest areas, but still these were as fully assured as numbers, organization and unyielding force could make them.

In this way, under such conditions, a united force like that of an army confident of victory was at hand when the convention met. No delegates or friends flocked in to tell the governor about this, that or any other condition in a given district or county. He was not managing his own campaign. In fact so far as he was concerned there was no campaign, no announced candidacy. It was not only politic, but it was his firm determination to keep in the background. All this, however, was taken care of in the most effective manner.

necessary to raise any large amount of money, so rich men did not count for more than anybody else. All paid their own expenses and in addition the necessary cost wherever a contest ensued in a county or in an assembly or congressional district. When such men were behind it the outlay for headquarters, badges, printing, the paid secretarial and clerical work that was necessary, was taken care of automatically. The weight of the pressure behind the sentiment upstate was so heavy as practically to crush opposition, and yet there was freedom of hearing and of speech. No points were lost, and though sentiment was permitted to have its proper place, it did not count for much where it conflicted with the determined force and power behind it.

When the choice of delegates to the national convention was announced some curious features appeared in it. Down in the city of New York Abram S. Hewitt, for Cleveland, was balanced in one district against August Belmont, whose position was either unknown or unfavorable; Thomas F. Grady, whom we have met before and shall meet again, went from another district, set over against a firm Cleveland supporter as a foil; Hubert O. Thompson, the leader of the County Democracy, not only a personal friend but perhaps the most enthusiastic city supporter of Cleveland, was coupled with William R. Travers; John Kelly, leader of Tammany, had as his colleague Col. John R. Fellows, who was to show himself in many ways the most important floor leader at the national convention; while William C. Whitney, whose position and power everybody knew, was bracketed with Bourke Cockran, who as alternate took the place of a delegate unfriendly or indifferent to the Cleveland interests.

Such incongruous elements could not be mixed in the upstate districts. There, when the Cleveland men had the power, like Sarah Battle at whist, they played "the rigor of the game," and when they lost a district they won through the working of the unit rule. In these counties a few Flower delegates were allowed to slip through, but it was by grace and not by power. This was for the reason that the sentiment in the upper part of the state, and that in the city itself, was so strong that a few men of that kind holding places in the delegation to Chicago could be easily controlled, and it was thus good policy to permit them to go.

The final choice of the seventy-two delegates, instructed to vote as a unit on all questions that might arise, though not for any designated candidate or on any specific issue, was estimated at the end of the convention as being about forty-four for Cleveland. The average actual number, when the voting was under way in Chicago, was more than fifty. All this showed a perfection of management, an attention to detail, and yet a still larger attention to the great issues involved than has perhaps been seen in almost any state convention held since the selection of these bodies was thrown into the hopper of the popular vote.

In like manner the same care was shown in the selection of a new state committee, which, though less vital, was still an important feature. It would not serve to have an unfriendly result in any part of the proceedings—the key which was to open so many doors at the next step within the immediate future. In like manner contentious questions were eliminated from the platform upon the theory that it was the function of a national convention rather than that of the state to declare the principles upon which a party should go to the whole country.

The nominations for electors were in many cases thrown as a sop to men known to be opposed to the action to which the convention had committed itself. These, however, under modern conditions of politics, were wholly impotent, because such men, if elected, could not betray the party that had chosen them.

As the net result of this Saratoga convention the delegation went to Chicago not only rigidly bound as a unit but so chosen as to make it a solid mass and so controlled that nothing less than a miracle could have broken their power. They thus presented themselves before their fellow Democrats from other states as representing a force which the convention could not in any way disturb.

In the old Tilden days every man who wanted to be a delegate either to the state or the national convention was thoroughly amenable to direction by the candidate himself. When he was governor he left an open door. No chances were taken. This was not from a lack of confidence in his supporters, but for the reason that he had long been in politics; had been known to the forces of his party in the country at large, so that he had more enemies and more bitter ones to deal with. In Mr. Cleveland's case he had had only a year or so to make enemies, but his friends had established such control over party action in the state that this personal supervision had become unnecessary; but even if it had been thought either proper or necessary Mr. Cleveland could not have done it; so his friends carried out for him the policy which I have described.

The Big Four in Control

IT HAS thus been seen how this was done in 1884. In outward form it was mild compared with the resolution on the unit rule passed by the state convention held at Utica on June 24, 1876, when Mr. Tilden was a candidate and in personal command:

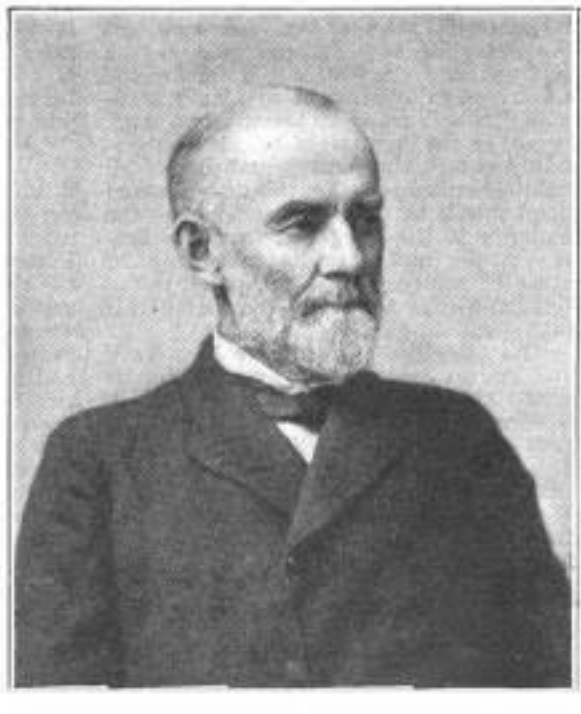
RESOLVED: That the delegates to the Democratic National Convention to be appointed are hereby instructed to enter that Convention as a unit; and act and vote as a unit, in accordance with the will of the majority of the members thereon; and in case any of its members shall be appointed a delegate thereof by another organization, and should not forthwith in writing decline such appointment, his seat shall be regarded as vacant, and the delegates shall proceed to fill the same; and it is hereby also empowered to supply all vacancies by death, absence, resignation, or otherwise.

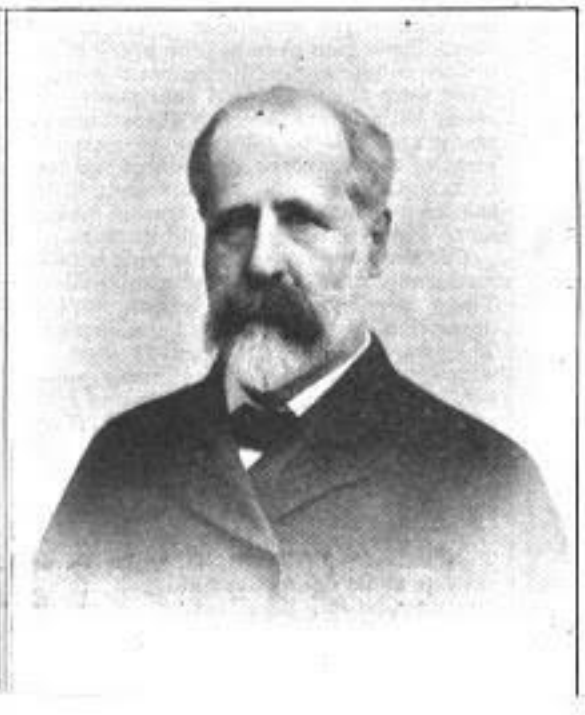
Never in our history here before or since has a political contest been waged so distinctly upon the issues and the men or rather the man of a state as that carried on by the Democrats of New York in 1884. No sooner was the battle over at home than it was transferred almost bodily, along with the men to personify it, to the nation. In one month it was raging on the Hudson, absorbing the attention of the whole country in the result of what under ordinary circumstances would have been looked upon as a local political skirmish. Within the next three weeks, the vital, important issues being the same, and the men behind them the same, the contest for what was really the control of a nation was raging on the banks of Lake Michigan. So when the New York delegation of seventy-two moved on to Chicago it carried with it the hopes of a party representing power and success at home, and, as it was to turn out, the possibilities of national activity or movement both for the party and the country during the succeeding four years.

The one problem then was for these seventy-two men to overcome internal opposition and inertia and so to impress themselves by argument, position and actual force upon the other seven hundred and forty-eight members of their party and of the people of the United States that they could dominate the larger body and maintain public sentiment at a high pitch. The nominal representative of New York could neither go upon the scene himself nor manage his campaign in the background. Thus personal leadership was impossible. It was therefore only by the use of one of those abstract things, an imponderable in the shape of an idea, so influential throughout history, that the hope of success could be predicated.

When this delegation moved it carried with it two sets of opposing leaders, one representing the majority, numbering around fifty on most questions, and the other only about twenty. The first group was marshaled under four leaders, who in this day would probably be given what has become a sort of common name—the Big Four.

Some attention has already been given to Daniel Manning, the natural and chosen chairman. He not only held this





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Jim Henry's Column

My Friends

Here's a story they tell about Charles Lamb. At a social function a friend said to him:

"Come over here and meet Mr. A—."

Lamb answered, "No—I don't like him."

"Why," exclaimed his friend, "you don't know him!"

"That's why I don't like him!" said Lamb.

I imagine a lot of my friends were like that once. But now that they know Mennen's I honestly doubt whether anything could shake their conviction that it is the greatest shaving preparation ever invented.

Now, what I am driving at is this:

You read my stuff right along in a disinterested sort of way. You've probably had all the dope on Mennen's for months. Yet you don't know it. You're not a friend. You haven't met it face to face, as it were.

You haven't seen a tiny squeeze of cream flower into a young snow drift of lather. You haven't learned what a difference it makes to use three times the usual amount of water—cold if you like it. You haven't enjoyed that moment when your razor sings due south and finds the expectant sting and pull conspicuous by their absence. You haven't felt that bland, soothing after-glow on your skin. In other words you don't know the Mennen Shave!

Why not get acquainted?

Let me send you my big demonstrator tube with enough Mennen shaves to take the wrinkles out of your soul and make it radiate with a new joy of living.

For good measure I'll throw in a sample of Mennen Talcum for Men—a real "He" powder for after shaving or bathing. Fine for your skin—body or face. It doesn't show!

Both for ten cents.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.



Democratic state organization. He was a man peculiarly fitted for this particular work. He was still relatively young; a man who never made speeches and always kept his word; maintained the most exacting discipline, but knew the weak points of his own following as well as of his opponents; and was clear-headed, direct and wholly intelligent in whatever work he undertook to do. Comparatively late in life he was to become a real leader, and to the end he never lost either his head, his influence or his position. It was inevitable that this man, who had directed the choice of the delegation in the state convention, had played off one element against another where this was necessary, used his power mildly when he could and ruthlessly when he must, whose whole purpose was to make a body that would be absolutely faithful and impregnable, should now become its recognized leader.

Associated with him, perhaps next in rank, was Daniel Magone of St. Lawrence County, the most impregnable Republican community in the state. He was a lawyer of high standing who had taken an interest in politics for many years, having been the chairman of his delegation at St. Louis in 1876 when Mr. Tilden was nominated. By reason of these connections, as well as by his own inclination and character, he naturally attached himself to Mr. Cleveland. In fact he was one of his trusted advisers from the day that he went to Albany. Clear, cool-headed, nothing could confuse or rattle him.

He was both an adviser and a supporter, the right hand of the chairman.

The third trusted manager was Smith M. Weed of Plattsburg, thus a near neighbor of his associate, Magone. He was the oldest member of the Big Four. He, too, had been a trusted manager in St. Louis in 1876. Even long before this he had been recognized as one of the strong men in his party. He in like manner had attached himself to Mr. Cleveland the moment he came to live in Albany as governor. He was, perhaps, in many respects the most experienced man in the delegation. He had been a candidate for senator and other offices at various times when there was no possibility of election, but the thought of office was about the last thing in his mind. He was a successful, outstanding lawyer, perhaps among the ablest in his section of the state.

The fourth member of the Big Four was William C. Whitney, the youngest of the men to whom was intrusted this great work. He had come less into contact with Mr. Cleveland than any of these responsible associates, but during many years of trial and difficulty, of division and contest, he had made himself one of the real managers of his party in New York. This was practically his first important venture in state politics, although he had at one time been nominal chairman of the resolutions committee.

Thorough Organization

These men were the leaders, but they were only the leaders of leaders. Perhaps one-half of the majority on the delegation was made up of men any one of whom could have taken the leadership and have commanded the confidence of his associates. These men were not the heads of an indiscriminate mob of unorganized people. They were the designated commanders in chief, with others beneath them equally ready and able to take up the management of armies, corps, divisions, brigades, battalions, regiments or companies. With this kind of material the delegation moved on to Chicago, ready to begin its work.

But the same delegation carried with it an entirely different kind of combination. These were the chosen leaders of the opposition to the Cleveland nomination. They were three in number, at the head of which was John Kelly, for many years previously the head of Tammany Hall and the man who only five years before had made himself a candidate for governor in order to defeat the regular nominee. Kelly, sprung from humble surroundings, had so grown up in the environment of New York politics that he had inherited Tammany from Tweed. In spite of fair abilities and a full measure of loyalty to his followers, he had made rather a poor fist of it.

Pugnacious by nature, rather inclined to be heavy mentally, without ability as an orator, yet an effective speaker along narrow lines, he could command the support of those who found it to their interest to follow him. It was inevitable that he could not understand his neighbors. He did not speak the same language as they, but he could and would and did fight to the very end. He never hit below the belt, but knew the rules of the game and conformed to them in his own way.

With his short figure, his square jaw, his bulldog face, his ability to take as well as to give blows, his appearance always suggested the boxer and the incipient prize fighter. His mettle had been tried in Cincinnati four years before when he occupied the same general position that he was to assume at Chicago. Especially well fitted for his difficult task, he was entitled to the respect of those opposed to him, and he had it.

The second man of the trio was Thomas F. Grady, of whom we have heard before in his contest with the governor of New York, who had taken such drastic methods to force him out of public life. This was done not by act, not by a refusal to associate with him, but by a half dozen words. By the grace of his enemies he was permitted to go to the national convention as a delegate, but he entered upon his task not only humiliated but ruined. He knew, and his friends knew, that he was crushed. He had not been hit, as is sometimes the case, in the ordinary course of politics by a sledge hammer, but a pile driver had come down upon his head and practically nothing was left of him but his tongue.

Reckless in himself and in his associations, he could not forget or forgive the blow of the year before or look forward with anything resembling charity upon the years of exclusion from public life that lay ahead of him. He was glib and ready of speech, with fair abilities, and also had a gift for fighting that was almost equal to that of his leader, but entirely different from it. As it was his business to hit where he could, without much regard to rules, methods or anything else, he was almost impossible of restraint.

An Exciting Contest

The trio was completed by the inclusion of William Bourke Cockran, then young, this marking his entrance into the national field. His silvery voice was heard by state delegations, in the three debates on the unit rule, in reply to the Cleveland nominating speeches, always with the same attractive, eloquent utterance, never virulent, never ill-tempered, always welcomed by opponents as well as by friends. Both then and later he was perhaps the most interesting oratorical figure ever seen in an unending series of national conventions, without making at any time even the smallest headway so far as influencing a result was concerned.

These men could have no help from their own state. The few scattering sympathizers came from large upstate cities—the remnants of old-time discredited canal and other rings, few in number, meager in ability and not overgifted with courage. It was curious to see how, when either one or all of them indulged in the national convention in some impassioned protest on any given suggestion, it was followed by a ballot of the delegation, which, however it might result, whether their followers cast ten votes or twenty-three, was always followed in a convention roll call by the calm, cool announcement by Daniel Manning, "New York votes seventy-two aye," or no, as the case might be. It was certainly one of the most tantalizing of all political experiences that this little devoted band should be tied hand and foot to the majority in the delegation from the Empire State, and that its members had accepted a place on the delegation in the full knowledge that this was to be their fate.

This transfer to Chicago of New York and its ideas, interests and men both narrowed and broadened the contest, which became from that time forward, next to the convention held at Charleston in 1860, the most grim, concentrated and exciting known to our politics, even more intense in feeling than its predecessor, the Grant, or so-called third-term convention held in the same city four years earlier.

As a result it was not limited in its interest to the formal meeting of the body itself. Nearly a week before the eighth of July, the day fixed for its assembling, the contest was carried by the New Yorkers into each state headquarters as the separate delegations arrived. With the exception of Daniel Magone—and he only to delegations—the Big Four made no speeches. Their business was to direct, not to talk; but they had assistance in plenty from their own followers, and as things warmed up drew from other states.

David B. Hill was active everywhere, as were his colleagues, E. K. Apgar, besides Alton B. Parker, John Lansing, Augustus Van Wyck and others with the gift of speech; but the one effective man, always ready, never at a loss for an answer, nearly omnipresent, was Col. John R. Fellows. Having served in the Confederate Army, the heartiness of his welcome from the Southern delegates was only exceeded by that from the Northern states. If he discovered that the regular Cleveland opponents were likely to appear before any delegation he would manage in some way to meet them, answer on the spot all charges, meet any issue that might arise and add the solid arguments that might be needed in support of Cleveland. His attractive personality in dealing with delegates as individuals was also a powerful aid to his cause. He had a graciousness seldom equaled, a good humor that nothing could ruffle, a wit never at a loss, united with a readiness in attack that made him an opponent dangerous and tantalizing to meet on the varied scenes to which he adapted himself so perfectly. He was a very Rupert in debate, whether on these preparatory forums or in the convention itself.

All these men were reënforced by members of the delegations from New York, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Illinois, Connecticut, Pennsylvania and many from the South. While these outer or public methods were in use, others still more effective in their appeal to outside sentiment were also in use. From perhaps twenty-five state delegations the young men in the party, silent and determined, were flocking into all state headquarters enforcing their demand for Cleveland's nomination. Whencesoever drawn, they were in constant communication with the commanders of their forces, meeting perhaps with protest from the older and more timid men in their own delegations, but firm, resolute, insistent that they were at last entitled to have their own way. They were reënforced with like men, the quiet, steady workers from every county in New York and by many others equally earnest from other states.

Many of this class were entirely new to national politics, the solid, substantial citizens, firmly rooted in their party attachments, working not because they had been mobilized for the purpose but for the better reason that they could not resist the call to what they deemed a duty.

Mr. Lincoln's Bible Story

Nor was this peripatetic canvassing limited to the Cleveland side. The opposition also made its rounds of the delegations, the New York trio, Messrs. Kelly, Grady and Cockran, being especially active by returning again and again to the charge. If any of the men from the outside states had thought of it they might have repeated the Lincoln story, so dear to Dr. Andrew D. White, in which the President, explaining how he was run down by one contingent after another, each insisting upon some line of action on the slavery problem, finally turned on one of them and asked, "Did you ever go to a prairie school?"

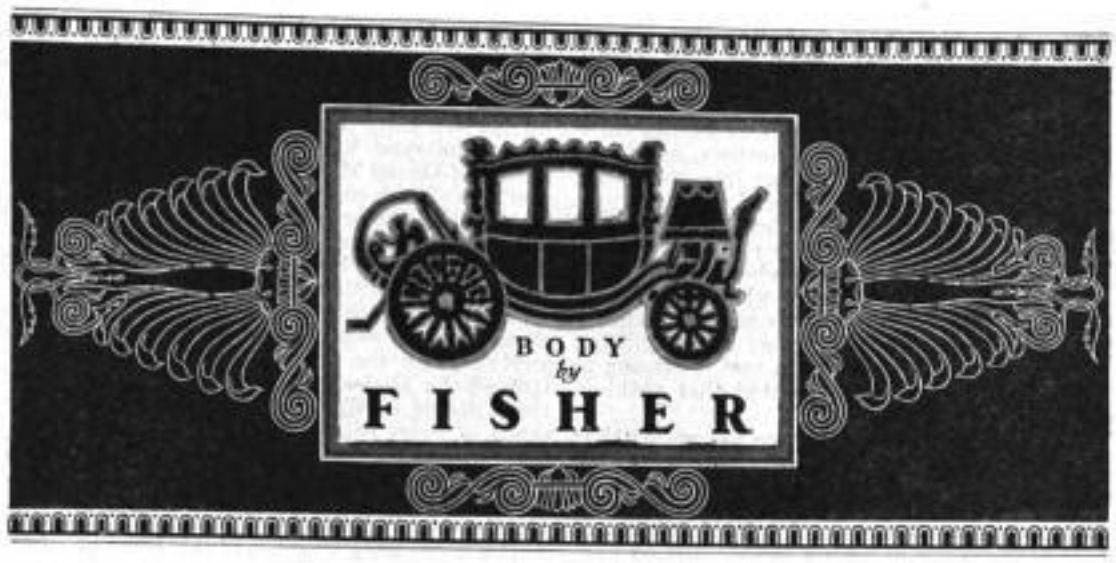
"No," said the visitor, "I never did."

"Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "I did, and it was a very poor school, and we were very poor folks—too poor to have regular reading books, and so we brought our Bibles and read from them. One morning the chapter was from the Book of Daniel, and a little boy who sat next me went all wrong in pronouncing the names of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego. The teacher had great difficulty in setting him right, and before he succeeded was obliged to scold the boy and cuff him for his stupidity. The next verse came to me, and so the chapter went down the class. Presently it started on its way back, and soon after I noticed that the little fellow began crying. On this I asked him 'What's the matter with you?' and he answered, 'Don't you see them three miserable cusses are coming back to me again?'"

Perhaps no element was more influential in this preliminary canvass than the younger of the representative Independent Republicans, who had already taken up arms

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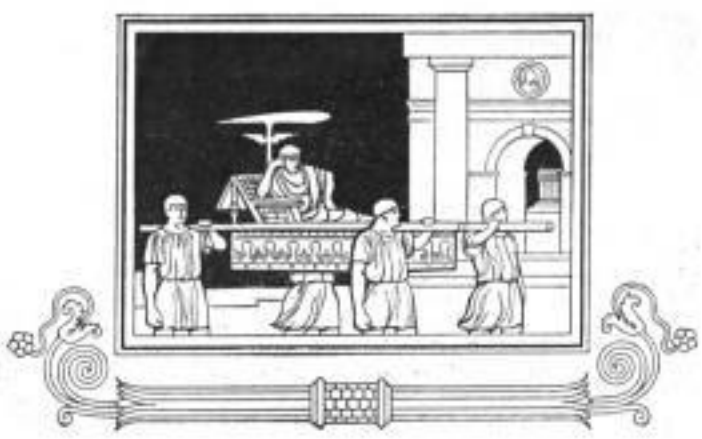
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Watch This Column

"The Storm" is Coming!

NO, money isn't everything. It won't buy a good disposition nor make a "silk purse out of a sow's ear." But it certainly is a soothing thing to have around when you *want* something.



We wanted something and wanted it bad. It was the moving-picture rights to "THE STORM," Langdon McCormick's great stage success which had such a big run in New York and furnished family argument for a year or more.

When the rights passed into our hands and the price into the pockets of Messrs. Broadhurst and McCormick, it looked as if a Kansas cyclone had mowed a path through our money-box. *But we had one of the greatest plays we ever bought.*

Langdon McCormick didn't write this story to fit a star. He wrote it to give the public a thrill. And the millions who saw it on the stage, *thrilled*. As soon as we had it, we looked for stars to fit the story. *And found them.*

House Peters was one—Matt Moore another—Virginia Valli a third, and Josef Swickard, Frank Lanning and Gordon McGee and others of like talent. And the marvelous work they have done in the moving picture play under the direction of Reginald Barker gives each a warmer place than ever in my heart.



Picture the plot: A brave, honest woodsman, afraid of women, and a blasé city rounder, tired of them, are forced by circumstance to spend four weary winter months in the same cabin with a young and beautiful Canadian girl. The action is in the North.

And Nature, in her angriest outbursts of fire and snow, constantly perils their lives, locks them in and gives the girl a problem to solve which wrenches her soul to the limit.

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CARL LAEMMLE, *President*

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

1600 Broadway, New York City

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against the Blaine nomination. They were of the same general type as their new associates, the young and vigorous Democrats already described. Their leaders, like Curtis, Schurz, Codman and others, could not of course thus early come into the open, but they were hardly less active at home; so letters to be read to delegates and statements and interviews for publication were ready always and everywhere. The effect of these efforts, added to what the regulars were doing, was perhaps never surpassed at any national gathering; as a result by the time the convention met, so strong a sentiment had been created that nothing could resist it.

The national committee recognized this in its choice of temporary officers; so on the first day, after the usual speeches had been made and the committees named, the convention plunged into the discussion of the unit rule. Some encouragement had been aroused, because even with the united support of the valiant three hundred and six, under the masterly lead of Roscoe Conkling, the Republicans had broken this policy in 1880. Here, as before, nobody cared anything about the unit rule except as it applied to New York, still not only the key to the situation but the whole situation in and of itself.

Unit Rule Attacked

The organization of the Chicago convention was soon perfected. No effort had been made to suppress sentiment supporting any candidate. No favoritism was indulged, no jealousies were fed, no ground was afforded for suspicion. It became a straightforward, businesslike body, but it was undeniably Cleveland throughout. As the proceedings went on both the temporary and permanent presiding officers showed themselves fair, made no effort at suppression, and almost none was demanded from the floor even by the most earnest Cleveland advocates. As a result there was no ground for complaint, and even far less than usual was it indulged in.

The question of the unit rule was precipitated on the first day by a resolution submitted by Thomas F. Grady, fully debated by him with the aid of John Kelly, Bourke Cockran and a few friendly scouts recruited from other states, and answered by Colonel Fellows, who always spoke from his chair, and Gen. Edward S. Bragg, of Wisconsin, of whom, in reviewing the events of that time, a few words may be necessary. He had left his native New York when very young, and, though never forgetting his early surroundings, had thoroughly adjusted himself in sympathy, traits and character to the life of Wisconsin while it was still a pioneer community. He had entered the Union Army as a captain, come out of it as a brigadier general, commanding the Iron Brigade of his adopted state, only to go into the legislature and then into Congress from a district hostile to him politically. Here he was active, always ready for a fight on any great question, and had thus made himself into a most uncomfortable thorn in the side of his opponents.

A small, intense, wiry man, about five feet five in height, weighing in the neighborhood of one hundred and twenty pounds, then just past fifty-seven, grizzled beyond his years, he was in the prime of life as he was also in the very pink of condition. Not afraid of anything, almost audacious, his heart was thrown into the Cleveland cause, and that for a man he had never seen or heard from directly or indirectly. From this very first day he clashed with Tammany, and especially with Grady, as he had done before the separate delegations. He seemed to care nothing for Kelly or Cockran or their fugitive outside supporters, reserving from the first moment his bitterness and energy for the man whom his leader had met and vanquished in his own state with so much ferocity. During the whole of the proceedings he was always ready as he was always welcomed by the convention, which soon came to look upon him as the natural protagonist of his cause.

The motion to destroy the unit rule was voted down on the first, the second and the third day by always growing majorities, as were all the various devices for delay, and yet the convention went on its way transacting its regular business, choosing its permanent officials, considering and adopting its platform, but always giving the opposition even more rope than it wanted. No gag rules were adopted or applied, but whenever any question came up for vote the New York delegation was polled, the teller for the majority being Alton B. Parker, then just entering national politics for the first time, and whatever the result, it was followed by the awful, relentless answer of Daniel Manning casting seventy-two votes as his majority directed. Other states, like Ohio or Illinois, also instructed to vote as a unit, might divide along lines of preference, but New York was so bound by its orders, which were carried out so relentlessly, and by its unswerving traditions, that the result resembled more than anything else the petrified, unchangeable laws of the Medes and Persians, fixed by these people in Western Asia some thousands of years before. The state convention had tied the hands of its minority, and the national convention gradually and surely so tightened the knots that resistance was worse than hopeless.

The nominating speeches of this convention had been on the whole a little more distinguished than usual as to names. Three men who had seen recognized service in the Senate took an active part. Thomas A. Hendricks, smothering his own ambitions, consented to put McDonald in nomination; but while it was done with the expected grace as well as with reasonable acceptance to the convention, it was apparent all the time that, like Garfield in the Republican convention of 1880, he had raised his own lightning rod. It was also clear that the Cleveland element saw this, because they themselves were extremely friendly to McDonald.

William A. Wallace, after half a generation of jealousy and feud with Samuel J. Randall, consented to present the latter's name to the convention. The same lack of sincerity and attachment was apparent in this case as in the other, so that neither of these oratorical flights made strong appeal to the imagination of either the convention or the country. James R. Doolittle, formerly a senator from Wisconsin, one of the seven Republicans who had saved Andrew Johnson from impeachment, came forward with a seconding speech for Cleveland, but he had passed the meridian of his influence and did not move the convention.

In the midst of this routine, dull and commonplace in itself as well as in description, these nominating speeches went on and on. One veteran after another was formally presented and seconded until the names of Bayard, Thurman, Randall, Carlisle, Hoadley and McDonald had been placed before the convention, with those of Tilden and Hendricks in the background—one of the speeches, as noted, being made by the latter.

General Bragg's Famous Speech

In the meantime, as the roll of states was called, all this display of oratory, which could neither be heard nor enjoyed, was varied with still other efforts to push the name of Cleveland until three men of character and repute had spoken. Then in a lull a delegate from Wisconsin, whose leader, Col. William F. Vilas, was imprisoned in the chair, announced that its choice would be presented by Gen. Edward S. Bragg. In that surcharged air no further introduction was needed to arouse interest. Every person, whether delegate or visitor, felt and knew that the time for the historic fifth act was at hand. Facing not only his own fate but what he believed to be that of both his party and his country, he went to the platform and plunged at once into his theme. There was none of the usual half-deceptive concealment of a name until, reaching a place for a climax, he should finish all his rounded sentences. He said:

> Gentlemen of the convention, it is with feelings of no ordinary pride that I fill the post that has been assigned to me. Grim and gray personally, fighting the battles of the Democratic Party, I stand today to voice the sentiment of the young men of my state when I speak for Governor Cleveland. His name is upon their lips; his name is in their hearts; and he is the choice not only of that band of young men but he is the choice of all those who desire for the first time as young men to cast their votes in November for the candidate nominated by this convention. They love him, gentlemen, and they respect him not only for himself, for his character, for his integrity and judgment and iron will, but they love him most for the enemies that he has made.

Proceeding in these few tense minutes with only the greatest difficulty, the utterance of these last words was the signal for pandemonium. It was no longer confined to the galleries or to thousands of standing visitors in every part of the Wigwam. Of the eight hundred and twenty delegates nearly fifty had been, were or were to become governors, United States senators or judges of the highest courts of their states, while from their respective armies were drawn nearly a hundred who only a few years before had either supported or faced each other in battle after having risen to the rank of colonel or higher. Perhaps four hundred more of the younger men—quite one-half the membership—were fated, within the succeeding twenty years, to obey the call to high service in their states or in the Federal Government, while practically all had been chosen because they were the best and most promising among the citizens of their faith. But in this hurly-burly all dignity was lost.

As this little orator faced his crowd with these terrible words all restraint was lost or dismissed. Ordinary enthusiasm, in the form of applause, no longer counted; within a minute every friendly man was standing on his chair yelling like a madman, casting his hat in the air and indulging in antics that would have appalled a set of schoolboys at a great game, while the beaten were sulking in their chairs. All semblance of control was lost for many minutes.

When something like order had been restored Thomas F. Grady was seen slipping round below the platform and in front of the speaker, at whom, before he could be called to order, he hurled this defiance:

"Mr. Chairman, on behalf of his enemies I reciprocate that sentiment, and we are proud of the compliment."

This interjected sentence was met by the chairman with the instant decision—"The gentleman is entirely out of order, and he will take his seat."

Grady's Defiance Answered

The small grim orator, standing statue-like during all this disturbance, had been oblivious to the noise and hubbub, calmly awaiting his chance to go on. The thread of his speech had been broken, less by the interruptions of the crowd than by these few unexpected words from his opponent. He had gathered his wits and beginning over, almost like a flash, but with a new text and inspiration, he dropped his prepared address and went on:

> I thank the emissary, who represents a respectable name, at least, for calling himself again to my attention. This broad nation witnessed the disgraceful spectacle of a senator of the United States trading his proud position for gain. Mahone and Riddleberger would scarcely be allowed to stand upon this platform to teach you, gentlemen, democracy and whom you should nominate. Go to the senate of the State of New York since Governor Cleveland has been governor, and there you will find two worthy confreres playing in a small theater—Mahone and Riddleberger over again. And why? Because the governor of the State of New York had more nerve than the machine. They may speak of him—aye, the vilest of the species may defile a splendid statue—but they only disgrace themselves. Wherever the thin disguise can be reached you will find it covering nothing but personal grievances, disappointed ambition or the cutting off of access to the fleshpots of those who desired to fatten upon them.

This very readiness to meet a charge was the signal for another outbreak, so that his anticipated ten minutes had run well beyond a half hour. When he had finished, though other orators remained to be heard, the opportunity for effective speaking had passed and the time for real voting had come. When the next day it was finally over, with all its changes and with the usual delays in such bodies, Grover Cleveland had been nominated with six hundred and eighty-three votes, a hundred and thirty-seven more than the two-thirds necessary. Then upon the motion of a Hendricks delegate from Indiana the nomination was made unanimous and the great contest entered upon its concluding phase.

During the sessions of the convention and before, while the opposing elements watched each other very closely, they could not forget their indebtedness to good nature and the amenities. Rather restricted invitations had been issued by the Chicago Club to various delegates and visitors from New York. One morning when two Cleveland supporters, at breakfast in one corner of the club, looked across the room they saw the elder August Belmont and William R. Travers, the well-known wit, similarly engaged. The fame of Belmont, who had

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Glancing Back to the Days of "My Merry Oldsmobile"

A Story of the Building and Development of the First Commercially Successful Automotive Vehicle Written upon Oldsmobile's Twenty-Fifth Birthday


1897

BACK in the summer of 1897, two Lansing boys, each destined for a permanent niche in industrial history, slipped secretly into a workshop in the rear of a local factory.

In the corner of this shop, and almost finished, stood the creation that had been their constant dream—a carriage propelled by a gasoline engine.

Sensitive to the laughter and skepticism that had greeted their project, and mindful of parental objections that had forbidden to them the use of the workshop, these boys, Ransom E. Olds and Frank Clark, worked at odd times and in secret to achieve the goal of their ambition.


1901

Theirs was a propitious partnership, however. Olds' father manufactured stationary gasoline engines; Clark's father operated a small carriage works. Though necessary to employ them clandestinely, the facilities for their work were available, and, despite the obstacles imposed, they at last attained their objective. In 1897 they produced the first Oldsmobile—now permanently housed in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

Run, this first Oldsmobile would—but without sufficient continuity to warrant any glowing expectations as to the future of gas driven vehicles. Olds' enthusiasm, however, remained undimmed. Purchasing Clark's interests in the venture, he went to Detroit in search of capital, and succeeded in interesting a Michigan copper king and his two sons.


1904

These men had imagination, daring and faith. They plunged at once into an extensive production and sales program, and in 1900, almost the first year of their manufacturing existence, produced 1400 cars. Even in these early days the Olds Motor Works blazed the trail, sending its cars to the four corners of the globe, where they were eagerly sought by kings, princes and merchants.

This commercial success of Oldsmobile had a marked influence on the growth of the industry. It indicated, for one thing, the market possibilities offered by the automobile. In the Olds plant, too, were being inaugurated methods of production so sound that they are in vogue today throughout the automotive industry.


1906

Due to a fire in the Detroit plant in 1902, a second factory was built at Lansing, which ultimately became Oldsmobile's permanent home.

In 1905 Oldsmobile changed its curved dash model to a runabout with straight dash, and inaugurated the two-cylinder automobile. In 1906 it exhibited the first medium priced four-cylinder car at the New York Auto Show. Oldsmobile had now become a household word, commemorated in song and painting. The song "My Merry Oldsmobile," composed by Gus Edwards, is still sung today.

At this time experiments were begun on the six-cylinder automobile, which was brought out in 1908.


1908

The next year this company sold more six-cylinder cars than any other concern, clearly establishing itself as leader in the quality field of fours and sixes.

During these years Oldsmobile not only furnished inspiration to the whole automobile industry but leaders as well. No fewer than a dozen of the most flourishing automobile companies of today were founded by men trained in the Oldsmobile plants. Surely, no company more worthily deserves the title of "father of the automobile industry."

Up to 1913 the Olds Motor Works had been devoted exclusively to the manufacture of expensive quality cars designed for the rich.


1914

Then it was that a plan was inaugurated to produce a light weight car—its quality to continue at the same high standard which made the name Oldsmobile a synonym for automobile value and perfection. Size and weight only were to be sacrificed.

This policy, adhered to since, has resulted in production that has practically doubled each year, until in normal times 50,000 of these cars are needed annually to fill Oldsmobile demand.

Today, in its class, Oldsmobile is still blazing the way—just as Oldsmobile in 1897 and those early years blazed the trail for an industry in its infancy.


1922

OLDS MOTOR WORKS, LANSING, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

Oldsmobile

A special "Silver Jubilee" edition of Gus Edwards' famous song, "My Merry Oldsmobile," is now off the press. A copy will be sent you free upon request to the Olds Motor Works.

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(Continued from Page 34)

been chairman of the national committee from 1860 to 1872, was scarcely greater than that of Travers, who was not only known as a persistent and incurable stutterer, but as a wit who combined the two gifts in a degree that made him one of the characters of New York. It was he who, when reproached for stuttering worse in New York than in Philadelphia or Baltimore, explained by saying, "W-w-w-well, t-t-t-that is easy t-t-to und-d-d-derstand. It is b-b-be-cause it is a b-b-b-bigger t-t-t-town."

When the four gentlemen mentioned met in the hall, in spite of their differing attachments, they assumed a friendly attitude. When they fell into conversation it became Travers' turn to comment upon conditions, and this is what he tried to say: "W-w-w-what a g-g-g-great b-b-b-blessing it w-w-w-would b-b-b-be to all of us if w-w-w-when w-w-w-we c-c-c-come to these c-c-c-conventions B-B-B-Bourke Cockran c-c-c-could only h-h-h-have my impediment."

In spite of the contests, verbal and other, which had divided the convention during its four days, its adjournment left no jealousies and rancors among the rival candidates or their followers. The nomination had been made openly and aboveboard under the working of traditions long established and of rules which had never been open to serious question. Both candidates and followers were ready to go into the resulting campaign as speakers or workers—a rule which applied from the highest to the lowest. There was naturally disappointment on the part of many, but there were no wrangles, no quarrels, nothing that really interfered with constant activity or with party harmony. It was thus possible to begin at once the work in a practical way in every state. The enthusiasm among the rank and file was satisfactory, and did not wane, while the independent elements attracted to the ticket were quite as well satisfied and even more active than as if they had been regular partisans.

College Political Clubs

The resulting campaign, so far as management was concerned, was different from any predecessor. There was comparatively little that a national committee could do. The brunt of the nomination campaign had fallen upon New York; so did that for the election. Here there was an effective committee, a body which took in every part of the state with equal fervor and interest. Nothing was neglected. New methods of interesting the people of the city were devised. The upstate machine was strengthened rather than weakened. The farmers of the state were looked after in a way that was perhaps never surpassed in the older Tilden days. The laboring elements did not have to be appeased, but organization was necessary. The divisions in the Republican Party, which had assured Cleveland's election two years before, were used to greater advantage than before. The independents were solidified in a new way, doing their work, raising their funds, contributing their votes openly in support of the regular Democratic ticket.

Attention was concentrated upon the recognized doubtful states. New Jersey, Connecticut and Indiana were still the vital elements in Democratic success. In none of them was any point overlooked or forgotten. When the election was over it was easy to see that some outlying states had been somewhat neglected. For instance, in Michigan, where Garfield had had a plurality of nearly fifty-four thousand, Blaine had received only 3308 votes more than his opponent, making it clear that with a pushing campaign its electoral vote might have been carried.

In Massachusetts the Garfield plurality of more than fifty-three thousand fell to less than twenty-five thousand for Blaine; but the very recognition of these things, after the fact, only showed how unnecessary or futile the national committee had been.

The great organization that had nominated Cleveland started out with a determined purpose to carry the vital states. It was perhaps shortsighted that it did not look a little further, but its aim was victory and it would not risk the dissipation of this force and influence lest it might put them in peril.

From the time of the Civil War the Democrats in New York, as everywhere else, had found it hard to reach young men. The first sign of success came in the Greeley campaign of 1872, but here so many other conditions intervened that the difficulty was exaggerated rather than eased. Further progress was made during the Tilden activities in New York in 1874 and in the country in 1876. In 1880 perhaps some of this small progress made had been lost, but by 1884 the movement had attained such importance that progress was more regular, and during this year a systematic effort was made to reach students in colleges and universities.

So far as I can learn, this formal movement began in Princeton. At that time an able and positive young man, Joseph D. Baucus, son of a former state senator in New York, still a minor, was a student there. He concluded that, though he was only a junior, he would get together the students of that university who had inherited Democracy in order to add them to the Republican converts to Cleveland. So he and his friends organized what was known as the Cleveland-Hendricks Campaign Club, of which he took the presidency himself. This action was rather widely spread in the newspapers, and the example was followed by like clubs in other colleges and universities, especially in the East.

This is claimed to have been the first organized campaign ever made by the college men of the country in behalf of a Democratic candidate. The club was active, made personal canvasses in Princeton and in the homes of the members, and held a meeting at which Daniel Dougherty was the chief speaker and in which Baucus and other students also came to the front as what by this time had come to be known in the West as spellbinders.

In addition to this enlistment of educated young men, another new element was created by the participation of business men in favor of Democratic candidates. This, too, had not been seen within recent years, no little effort having been made to command this formal support. The tariff question had been kept to the front so sedulously that it was next to impossible to enlist the open support of such men in the Democratic interest. But the campaigns of 1876 and 1880 had tended to break this one-party solidarity, especially among the younger men who had succeeded in business. There was a feature of this, the city parade, that had never been effectively used in the East. In Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and all the states where politics became more or less of a business every four years, this sort of competition between parties had become a matter to be taken into account in every county. There the rival parades, gathering from every rural township and from town and village into the county seat, would go, and each party vied with the other.

The Business Men's Parade

These methods have become important features in our later days, but they were too theatrical and perhaps a bit too new or raw for adoption in the older sections of the country. Towards the close of the campaign of 1884 the Republicans had organized a great business parade with the usual exciting show. It was arranged by the local committee, mainly under the inspiration of William C. Whitney, who was just then beginning to develop his larger gifts for organization, that the Democrats should also demonstrate to the eye what they could do. The ordinary marching organizations which had been current everywhere from 1860 were to be excluded. None was to take part in it except those who were actually engaged in business or those in their employ in responsible capacities. It was thus planned that it should be something entirely new.

It was fixed for October ninth, when its constituent bodies assembled early, concentrating themselves on Fifth Avenue and Broadway. It really was a large affair, and being unexpected from that source, it appealed to the popular imagination as perhaps no other such display had done in New York. This was due less to the number taking part than to their character and to the fact that the Democrats could carry out such a plan.

They were assisted at every point by the independent element, then known as Mugwumps. If an analysis could have been made of the vast numbers that streamed down to the lower part of the city it would probably have been discovered that a large proportion, perhaps amounting to a quarter or a third, were made up of these recalcitrant and Independent Republicans, all combining to make it a conspicuous success. Mr. Cleveland himself made a short speech of perhaps not more than two or three minutes in front of the Subtreasury, standing within a few feet of the Washington statue.

This business men's parade was effective in New York City, but still more so in the state at large, where, as well as beyond the limits of the state, it struck the public imagination as something entirely novel in the politics of the time. Its success showed that the conditions which had surrounded the Civil War period were finally over. It not only marked the unity of interest among great classes of people, but it indicated that whatever the result of the election might be, the era of the bloody shirt was over; whatever was to happen, this was to be a country without the old-time artificial distinction between North and South; to be a citizen of either was to be part and parcel of the whole.

The Great Cartoonists

This campaign also developed to a degree hitherto unknown the art of the cartoonist, to which both the character and appearance of the candidate lent themselves. Joseph Keppler of Puck, then almost the earliest of the successful reproducers of colored pictures, was perhaps both the most savage and the most effective of these artists, and perhaps did more than any other to fix the character of the pictorial representations. His cartoon of the Tattooed Man has never been equaled in ferocity and, in a large measure, in coarseness. Thomas Nast, in Harper's Weekly, coming down from his earlier successes in driving Tweed into exile, arrest, prison and on to death, was enlisted just at a time when his imagination, his artistic excellence and his zeal were at the highest. The excitement as well as the influence incident to a new issue of both these weekly papers has perhaps never been excelled by any like publication and was not successfully offset by a new rival, Judge. The daily newspapers, after the failure a few years earlier of a purely picture daily paper, had gradually adjusted themselves to the demand, which was perhaps met most effectually by McDougall, a cartoonist for the World, then only recently taken over by Joseph Pulitzer. Though now forgotten, he was perhaps the leader of this new press tendency.

It was not until 1884, after the collapse of the Know-Nothing movement, that appeal was made to a particular section or class of foreign-born voters. For a long time the Germans had been supposed to be almost distinctively Republican in most parts of the country, and it was assumed that the Irish were even more positively Democratic. There had been a trend in the cities and in state politics for a good many years towards a division of this particular vote and all others of racial origin. No candidate had made such a direct appeal until it was done by Mr. Blaine without any action by his party. If there was solidity in any foreign element it ought to have been broken up naturally long before, such solidity being a reproach to both parties and an injury to the nationality involved.

Mr. Blaine had been rather seeking a share of this vote by personal appeals to it. He and some of his new friends concluded to go further and challenge its division on religious lines. This method of inviting and thus dealing with it was at once characterized as un-American and eminently unfair. That a candidate should put himself into the attitude of asking support because of the religion of his mother was deemed improper and imprudent, especially as it was supposed to involve appeals to certain elements of the laity. When exposed there was nothing for it to do but to collapse so far as the favorable effects expected were concerned. That it resulted in the transfer to Blaine, as the result of these tactics, of some fair share of the vote that was at once Catholic in religion and Irish in racial origin is no doubt true, but the charge that this portion was largely Fenian or reactionary was freely made, and thus produced an outside reaction among certain steady Republican forces like the Scotch-Irish, the Presbyterians and Congregationalists, the Methodists and the Episcopalians as individuals, though no appeal was made to them as organized bodies.

(Continued on Page 38)

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The
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RUNABOUT

PACKARD

There is a deeper significance in the success of the Packard Single-Six than appears upon the surface.

Packard is, and always has been, the world's proving-ground for the most advanced and therefore the costliest phases of automotive progress.

In metallurgy, enginery, standards of selection and rejection, accuracy, and all that makes for exclusive and peculiar excellence—the very name of Packard is synonymous the world over with unstinted expenditure in research and experiment.

These same exclusive and costly processes, now, for the first time, spread over a much greater volume, have produced in the Single-Six a car for which there is no parallel in previous history.

Packard has budgeted and conquered costs as they have never been budgeted and conquered before in fine-car manufacture.

This, therefore, is the real significance of the success of the Single-Six—that exclusive excellence has found an outlet which has banished burdensome overhead, and created an entirely new criterion of fine-car value.

Five-Passenger Touring, $2485; Seven-Passenger Touring, $2685; Runabout, $2485; Sport Model, $2650; Coupé, $3175; Five-Passenger Sedan, $3275; Seven-Passenger Sedan, $3525; Seven-Passenger Sedan Limousine, $3575; at Detroit

The Packard Twin-Six provides a quality of motoring beyond which it is not possible to go. Truck users know there is profit in hauling with Packard Trucks. All Packard upkeep is made still more economical by Packard standardized service

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

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FOR motor trips, camping parties, picnics of every kind. Nothing "*catches on*" as quickly as the Underwood Deviled Ham Sandwiches in the luncheon kit.

Popular at lunch time. Popular too with the hostess who prepares them. For all you have to do is open a can of Underwood's Deviled Ham and spread it like butter on thin crustless slices of fresh white bread. Then you *have "the greatest sandwich in the world."*

Made from salted, sugared, hickory-smoked hams, boiled en casserole, then chopped fine and mixed with the famous Underwood Deviled Dressing.

Keep one or two cans in the pantry ready for that party you plan on the spur of the moment. Get them from your grocer today. Or send 25c in stamps for trial can — enough to make a dozen sandwiches. Free Recipe Booklet on Request.

WM. UNDERWOOD COMPANY
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Look for this seal of quality on Underwood's Sardines in Oil, Tomato Sauce, and Mustard Dressing; on Underwood's Clam Chowder, Clam Bouillon, and Clams in Bouillon.

"In business over 100 years."

Underwood
Deviled HAM

(Continued from Page 36)

It had also the further effect of increasing the attachment and the zeal of a great many of the Irish and Catholics who had been drawn to the Democratic support. It brought to the front, in the most emphatic and favorable way, men like Patrick A. Collins of Massachusetts, Daniel Magone of New York, Daniel Dougherty of Pennsylvania, and others of like standing, and gave added recognition to them and their fellows. So though Cleveland no doubt lost many votes in the downtown districts of New York City, and among a like order of voters in Albany, Syracuse, Buffalo and Elmira, he so gained in strictly Republican districts as fairly to offset all losses from those sources. In like manner the open raising of the religious question reacted in Cleveland's favor in the western part of New York, where there had always been a strong and rather fanatical ultra-Protestant and Know-Nothing element. So though the hapless Burchard incident was intended to operate in one direction, it really became a boomerang.

Campaign Methods

It is unnecessary at this late date to discuss the many theories put forward by disappointed partisans then or by the gleaning researchers of this time. The truth is that the failure to accept the warnings given to Blaine and his partisans in 1876 was fatal when his candidacy was subjected to the test of a vote. The public memory may be woefully short in some cases, but like the mind of the individual it is little given to forgetfulness when distrust or hatred has once taken lodgment in it.

Blaine did not have anything like all the faults attributed to him during the bitterness of the campaign, but the public so thought and history still inclines so to view them. Ordinary human failings may be overlooked in an election, but any suspicion of double-dealing or dishonesty is not likely to be overlooked. In like manner an appeal to religious prejudice is always certain to react if the time for reaction is very short. Doctor Burchard did, of course, make a very awkward defense of his candidate when he referred to the opposition as being the party of Rum, Romanism and Rebellion. But the result was to show within a few days that the Catholic Church as a church, its clergy as a clergy and its laity as a laity had never been moved favorably to Blaine or influenced against Cleveland. The result of the appeal that had been made was that the whole incident takes its place among those foolish movements in politics which have always reacted when they have been attempted in presidential or other important elections.

In due course Mr. Cleveland went to the north woods on his vacation, and while there he prepared his letter of acceptance. He consulted nobody, did not submit a line of it to any member of the national or state committees or show it to anyone other than his secretary, Colonel Lamont, to whom, when it was finished, he gave a copy and asked him to take it to New York and show it to Mr. Tilden, but with the injunction that after he had read it to him there was not to be made in it the change of a single word without the candidate's consent. The letter was read to Mr. Tilden with this understanding. One of Mr. Tilden's old friends, the late Andrew H. Green, of New York, a bitter enemy of Mr. Cleveland, was at this conference and heard the reading by the secretary. As it went forward he continually ejaculated, "Huh! Huh! Huh!" This was repeated several times, when Mr. Tilden turned to him and said, "Oh, shut up!" This ended the criticism, and the letter was given to the country as it was written, without interference or the change of a word.

For almost the first time rival personal scandals were started against the candidates—matters which in neither case had any pertinence to the election or any business to be considered or raised. That each reacted was no doubt true, but the treatment by each of the candidates of the scandals against his opponent was characteristic. When notice was sent to Mr. Blaine about certain charges against his opponent he announced that he had forwarded them to his national committee for such action as it might choose to take, whereupon that body took up the matter, pushed it to the greatest extreme until it disgusted practically all the people of the country.

Similar charges were made against Mr. Blaine's character, introducing questions relating to his family. One day the chairman of the National Democratic Executive Committee, Senator Gorman of Maryland, went to see Mr. Cleveland with certain articles dealing with this question. In later years Mr. Cleveland used to tell me how he had dealt with them. He said: "I looked over the sheets carefully and then turned to Senator Gorman and asked: 'Why are you showing me these?' 'Well,' he replied, 'as it is the purpose of the national committee to use them, I thought you ought to be fully informed.' 'What!' I replied. 'You propose to use such matter as that? Well, just let me say to you that upon the day that it is put forth under the ægis and with the authority of the national committee, that day I shall resign from the ticket and give my reasons therefor. I need scarcely say to you that if I have to do this there will be no recourse—it will be final.'"

When the campaign began there was a recurrence of the attempt to interject the issues of the Civil War. It was a boast, heard everywhere: "Oh, yes, there is still one more President in the bloody shirt." This was a most unfortunate appeal, just when a large proportion perhaps amounting to a fifth or a quarter of the Republicans in the vital states of the country had become thoroughly disgusted with this policy and when a larger proportion had protested against its continuance.

A Close Election

Mr. Blaine made a far-flung canvass, delivering speeches all over the North, and there have been few more attractive speakers before party gatherings. Mr. Cleveland made a short speech of a few hundred words at Newark, New Jersey, near his birthplace, and a still shorter one a few days later at Bridgeport, Connecticut. He came to New York to see two great demonstrations, and at each he made a short speech—neither more than two or three minutes in length. Beyond this he did not indulge himself in oratory.

In fact as a candidate he never intermitted his work. One of his secretaries, Col. William Gorham Rice, has written about the disposition of his time during this exciting period:

> Neither his nomination for the presidency in 1884 nor the canvass affected Governor Cleveland. It was in fact a source of continued surprise to us in the executive chamber to see how during the summer and autumn he fulfilled with his usual care and patience his daily duties at Albany. He determined pardon applications; he investigated public-health complaints; he considered personally the many prosaic matters that make up the routine work of a governor.

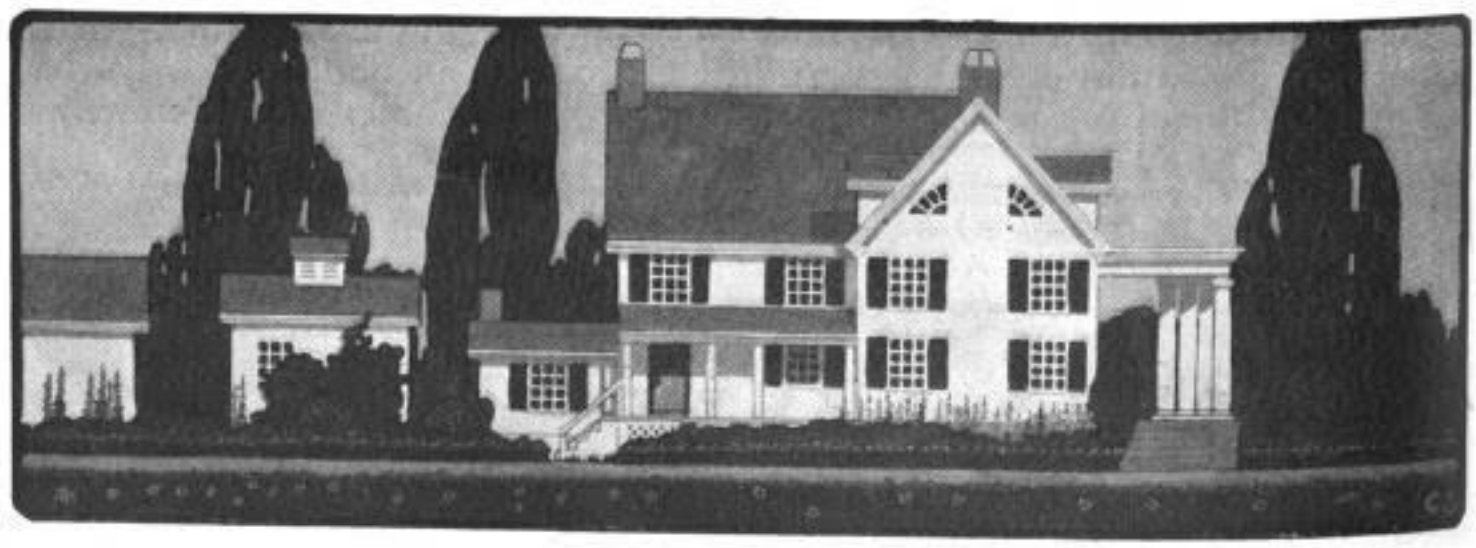
When the election in New York was over and the result declared, the reason for the Cleveland victory was apparent and recognized. It is true that the majority was small, but it was decisive and effective, and showed the strength of both the man and his cause. The vote was not quite a full one; but it was well distributed, the counting carefully watched, so there was no excuse to question the result. The reason for the Cleveland victory and the Blaine defeat was, as the saying goes, as plain as a pikestaff. The former was due to inherent strength shown at the right time and in the right place, while the latter was wholly and irretrievably the victim of the weakness that had caused losses everywhere.

Mr. Cleveland's Victory

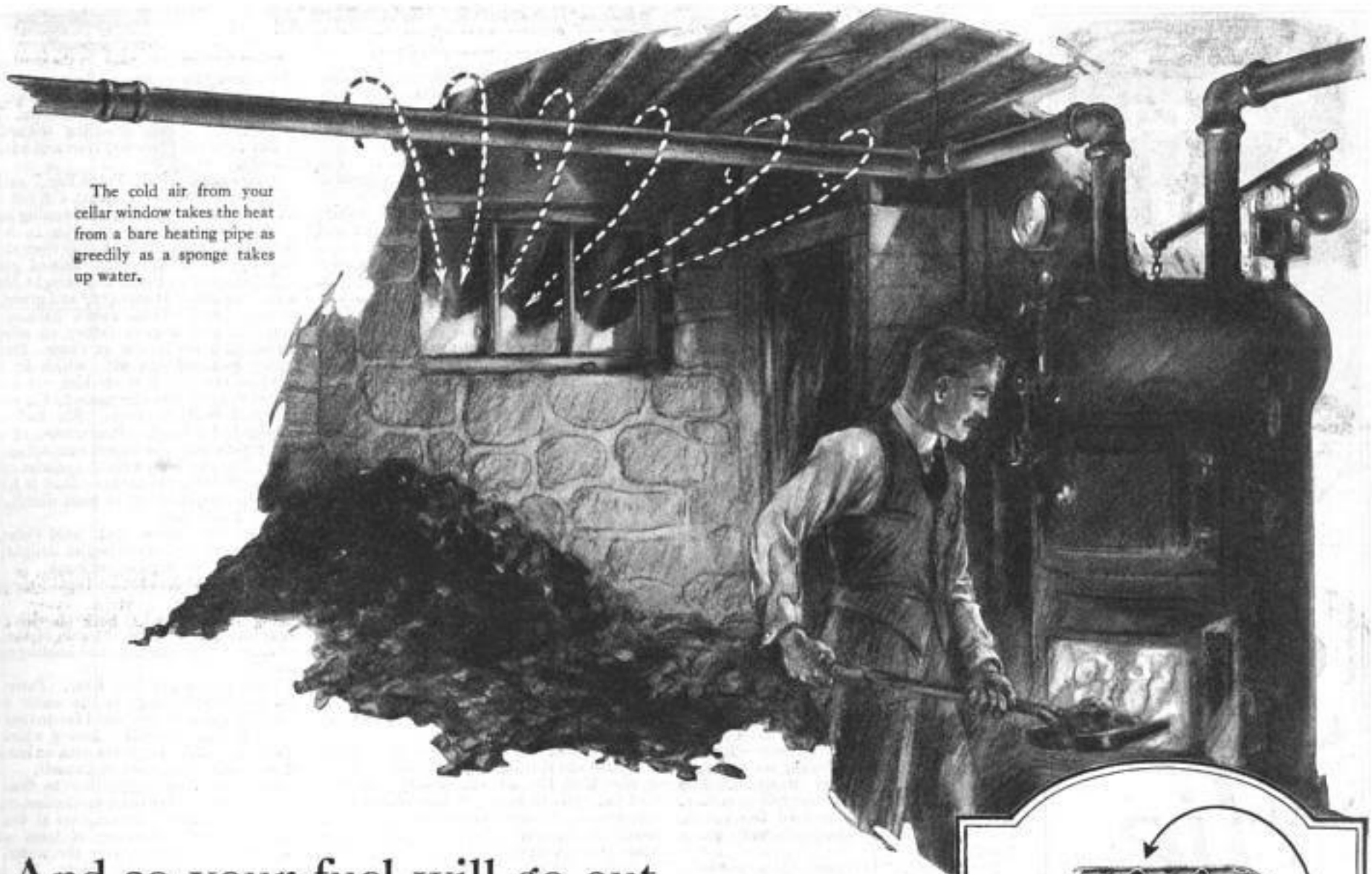
The entire vote in New York had grown only by 66,707 between 1880 and 1884. Of this increase the gain by the scattering candidates was 31,713; by the Republican candidate, 6457; and by the Democratic candidate 28,537. Thus the 21,033 Garfield plurality in 1880 had simply slipped away and been turned into a Democratic plurality of 1047. Analyzed by some outlying districts, the Republican majorities in the Eighth Judicial District, every county being Republican in both elections, had been reduced by 4508. This was where Mr. Cleveland was best known and was mainly the effect of his personal influence. In seven contiguous counties, including Oneida, the Conkling influences had reduced the Republican plurality by 5151; in the five counties east of the lower Hudson the reduction was 3232; in the five rock-ribbed Republican counties of the northeast the loss was 1713; and so the tale went on in almost every upstate county, the loss being steady and so large that it could not be made up from the Irish and other recruits in every large city, Buffalo excepted, or by the small Democratic losses in all those counties where a Democratic boss was potent. The appeal to the independents and the farmers had been effective.

The result being so close, two or three days were required to announce it positively. It was not until the Friday after the election that the exact vote was known, and it is among the humors of the situation that the first writing done by the governor after his election had been conceded was something entirely outside the thought of ordinary politics. When the question was finally settled the governor turned to his secretary and said "Well, Rice, I guess it is time to write our Thanksgiving Day proclamation. Where is your little book?" the book being one of synonyms which the governor had discovered sometime before upon his secretary's desk. Thus out of the excitement of a presidential election, carrying with it such momentous personal and political effects, came, as the first utterance from the pen of the successful man, the following paragraph:

> The people of the state of New York should permit neither their ordinary occupations and cares, nor any unusual cause of excitement, to divert their minds from a sober and humble acknowledgment of their dependence upon Almighty God for all that contributes to their happiness and contentment, and for all that secures greatness and prosperity to our proud commonwealth.



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The cold air from your cellar window takes the heat from a bare heating pipe as greedily as a sponge takes up water.

And so your fuel will go out the same window it came in

UNLESS your furnace and pipes are properly covered you have been wasting a lot of coal. Right now is the time to consider this loss and the remedy.

Bare pipes, furnaces, and all heated surfaces give off heat. But most bare pipes are in the cellar which should be cool, or between the walls where most of their heat is wasted.

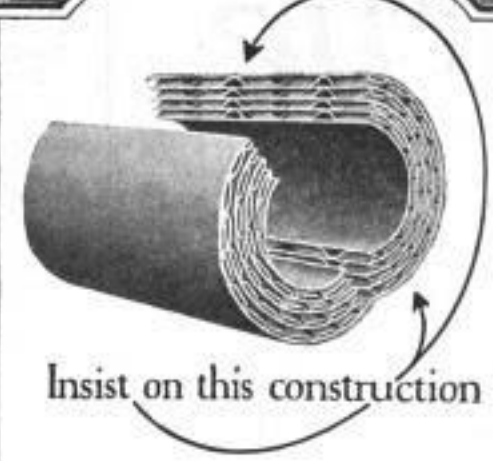
And this is what the loss amounts to. On the average, a bare three-inch steam pipe fifty feet long radiates in one season the heat which four tons of coal produce. And the losses with hot water or hot air systems are also very serious.

You can prevent much of this loss by covering your heater and the cellar pipes with Johns-Manville Improved Asbestocel. And, if you are building, cover the pipes which run through your walls.

We tell you to use Improved Asbestocel because it is the most efficient household insulation on the market. (See panel at right.) Yet it costs about the same as coverings which save far less fuel.

Improved Asbestocel can be applied to steam, hot water or hot air heating systems.

Ask your heating man to estimate on your job. His figure will be reasonable. And remember this: you will pay for Improved Asbestocel whether you buy it or not; if you buy it you will pay for it only once; if you neglect to get it you will pay for it over and over again in wasted fuel.



Insist on this construction

Note that the corrugations run both lengthwise and crosswise—instead of lengthwise alone, as in other coverings. Insist on closed cell construction as your insurance for maximum heat saving. Ask for

Johns-Manville Improved Asbestocel

To the Trade: Johns-Manville has just issued a booklet which tells how to sell and apply heat insulation. Send for a copy and get ready for inquiries.

JOHNS-MANVILLE Inc.
Madison Avenue at 41st Street, New York City
Branches in 57 Large Cities
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Through Asbestos — sold in direct products — INSULATION — BRAKE LININGS

PIPE COVERINGS



Send for this book. It will help you get more out of your coal-bin, whether or not you're ready for Johns-Man-

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SEASONABLE! No flapping, in-the-way four-in-hand to bother you. Ideal for summer sports wear.

SENSIBLE! All tied up for you—slips on in a jiffy. Saves your time and disposition.

STYLISH! Neat—but not too neat. Has a careless jaunty style, made possible by an exclusive **patented** shape-holding feature.

Your dealer will show you the Spur Tie in two attractive sizes, large and small—two styles—elastic neckband or slip-on-grip; guaranteed not to rust or soil the collar. Numerous patterns;—black, polka, fancy and many others. Get your Spur Tie today.

If your dealer won't supply you, send $1.00 for two, 50c for one, specifying size, color preference and whether elastic band or slip-on-grip.

LOOK FOR THE NAME
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Makers of
BULL DOG SUSPENDERS (double wear), BELTS, GARTERS (wide and narrow web), and VESTOFF SUSPENDERS (worn out of sight, under the shirt), 75c.

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MR. DEALER: Write for 3 dozen Sample Assortment of Spur Ties on approval.

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75c BULL-DOG 75c
SUSPENDERS

MORE AND BETTER RUBBER—LONGER WEAR



GREATER COMFORT—GUARANTEED TO WEAR 365 DAYS

COME BACK, YOUTH

(Continued from Page 11)

said briskly, "I'll order the cement and—what did you call it?—blasting powder right away. We ought to be able to get it done in a week or so, don't you think?" Then with an anxious afterthought: "Do you know how it's done? Are you a—a cementer?"

"I imagine it would come under the general name of plasterer," he answered. "I think I could do it; I made my mother a cistern one summer." Then he grew all at once distrait, ill-at-ease. "I—I don't know whether I could—could arrange to help you, really. I'm afraid I've been—been ——"

"You mean I've been?" Her eyes of that painter's blue twinkled and glinted at him under the glint of the bronze hair. Her gay mouth twitched with a smile that was, he saw, a bit rueful.

"Oh, no—no!" he cried. "Not that at all! Don't think it!" His look was utterly appealing. "It is only that I'd—have to trust you to understand something."

She laughed an instant, bubbling relief. "If that's all! You don't know it yet, but I'm the understandingest person in the world! Come up on the porch and tell me about it." When they were up there: "That's why I picked on you! I did, you know." Her vivid colorful face projected itself upon his eyes and mind rather bewilderingly. "All you did was to be—well, led away by me!"

He acknowledged his pleasure at being thus led with his shy smile. "It's—it's my mother, you see," he said. "She isn't"—flushing—"just like people you've probably known. She's—very strict, I mean. She thinks that mere pleasure—for instance, what it would be for me to make your swimming pool—is—is sinful. She belongs to a rather peculiar religious sect, you know—a good many of the people around here do—maybe you already know that?"

She nodded. "I'd heard. A little settlement of them, isn't there? But you're not, are you? If you only come here for your vacations? Where do you stay the rest of the time?"

She put the questions with the eager impetuosity of a curious child, and he smiled happily at them as he answered.

"In New York. I work in an indexing house there—a publishing house, you know. We index the contents of all the leading periodicals for the convenience of libraries and do all kinds of bibliographical work. It's rather interesting—to me, at least."

"I know it must be," she commented admiringly, "because you don't have a bit of trouble saying it. You must know almost everything. I don't wonder you could make a swimming pool!"

"You're laughing at me, of course," he said, but not as though he particularly minded. "Anyhow, my mother—she's always getting me prayed for. I'm her only son, you see. She looks forward all the year to my vacation time, and then she's unhappy and I'm unhappy all the while it lasts because I won't—can't—come into the fold, you know. And if she thought I was spending my time making your swimming pool just for the fun of it she'd feel that it—you—were a lure of the evil one." He looked at her, gently apologetic. "But if I were getting pay for it"—he colored furiously—"I mean if that could be generally understood; everybody keeps tab on everything, you see—why, I could just give her my supposed wages. I almost always work for the farmers around; there's no other way to pass the time." He stopped, looking at her imploringly.

"How much ought they to be?" she asked in a purely businesslike tone, although her eyes and the corners of her alluringly curved lips were those of a fellow conspirator. "Would a—a plasterer break me?"

"He'd try not to," he promised gravely, something suddenly shining in the pale gray eyes behind the spectacles. "Of course he wouldn't be a very high-priced plasterer, not belonging to a union or anything. About three dollars a day, I should think."

"That would be quite satisfactory," she said after a moment of apparently careful consideration. "However, since it wouldn't be skilled labor if it didn't cost any more than that I'd have to be the boss, I think, and you'd have to make it just like I say."

"I don't think so," he immediately contradicted. "You see"—politely but quite firmly—"you don't know anything at all about making a swimming pool. But I'll need a helper. A plasterer always has a helper, I believe, like a plumber. The helper has to do just what the plasterer tells him to."

To his surprise she conceded gayly, "Well, then, you can be the plasterer and I'll be the helper."

The unexpected docility puffed him up a little. He had never before tried the masterful manner with a woman, and it was rather intoxicating to have gotten away with it so easily.

In her cap and brand-new overalls and with rubber gloves on her hands—for she hadn't liked the feel of the cement—the plasterer's helper worked faithfully and even feverishly at her allotted tasks, her only fault being that she was inclined to forget their relations.

"Isn't it nice you never grew up, Peter Pan? We can play together so beautifully!"

"What it's really like is a man and a boy," Peter said, stopping his work to stand looking down at her fixedly—"if your hair wouldn't keep coming out from under your cap like that."

For a moment she seemed to color faintly with a consciousness of the look, then she stuck out the end of her tongue at him saucily. It was as healthily pink as her eyes were deeply blue and the hair was purely bronze.

"You mustn't do that!" he said quite sternly. "A good plasterer never lets the helper get fresh, you know."

She became instantly respectful. "Well, then, I'll put it this way," she said: "Isn't it nice that I'm an—an elderly person—and that you're not? It has to be either one way or the other, Peter. Otherwise it would be simply a scandal—down here away from everybody else and both in our overalls—don't you know it would, Peter?"

"I should think," said Peter gravely, "that it would be more of a scandal if only one wore overalls."

Her eyes began to twinkle. "Why, of course! And doesn't that make it delightful, Peter? I can feel as young as I like and—you can feel as old as you like!"

"I think you're wasting too much time," said the plasterer gruffly. "I never saw a helper who could waste so much time!"

Away down there in the green heart of the ravine they had only an occasional curious spectator; even the muffled detonation when they evicted the tree roots from the center of the pool did not attract much attention. When now and then a figure indigenous to the countryside did stroll carelessly into view the helper immediately slipped out of her usual rôle into that of an exceedingly exacting and faultfinding employer, and this she carried off convincingly in spite of her rather jaunty appearance in her boys' clothes, tyrannizing over and humiliating the poor plasterer, who was forced in his turn to assume an air of meekness and servility. But he took it out on her after they were gone.

He made her tear up all the ferns she had so laboriously planted and carry the rocks away by herself while he cemented. She ought to have known, he told her, that her idea in the beginning, before he enlightened her, had been perfectly ridiculous. Nobody in the world could make a swimming pool in such a slap-dash, haphazard fashion as she had gone at it! All of which she accepted with a downward slant of the eyes and an upward quirk of the lips, that remarkable study in color tones as usual assailing him, until sometimes he wanted to take her in his arms and kiss her, overalls and all.

After the first few days they decided that more hands would make lighter work and greater speed, so they called in some of the neighboring farmers temporarily resting from their crops. The wages of these were not merely supposititious, and possibly for that reason they accomplished more than the real plasterer; three or four days of thus augmented labor sufficed to complete the cementing and to dam the outlet.

It took about twenty-four hours for the little underground stream to fill the pool with clear water. Peter had made a certain concession as to the ferns; he had even helped rather grudgingly about them, and they were now growing all around the rim of the pool almost as fresh and green as if they had first had their being there. Their light green fronds drooping toward the water gave the place a sylvan and witching beauty.

"You must admit, Peter Pan," said the originator of the idea, "that I'm not quite a fathead about making a swimming pool!"

"Of course you can't swim in ferns," remarked Peter, his light gray eyes shining happily behind the shell-rimmed glasses.

Peter went to town, and bought himself a bathing suit. It was gray and green, just as any conventional men's bathing suit may be, and it gave rather an effect of sameness when it was on Peter. But the lately acquired ego with which he managed to pervade it made him cut quite a figure the first time he came to the edge of the pool ready to go in. She had fished hers out of a trunk. It consisted of black silk tights with the barest camouflage of a skirt, and she wore with it a scarlet rubber cap bordered with bronze—that is to say, her hair wouldn't, or at least didn't, stay under that either.

"One, two, three—go!" said Peter, his tones edged with sheer boyish delight, and dived from the high upper bank.

"Oh, I wish I could do that!" she cried enviously.

"You can when I'm through with you," he said, coming up at the side of the pool where she was standing, and holding up his arms for her.

They had a gay half hour. Peter Pan did wonderful things in the water which she stared at with the round fascinated eyes of an entranced child. Seeing which, he performed still other feats with an absolute shamelessness of pride in himself.

Afterwards he taught her to float—at least she lay on her back motionless on the bosom of the pool, looking up at the sky through the intertwining of trees whose branches almost met over the water, her body very stiff and straight, his hand lightly beneath it. He took it away and she still floated there in her slim black tights and her scarlet cap, moving her hands gently beneath the water just as he directed. Then she turned over, also at his direction, and began taking strokes.

"Did I really do that?" she cried unbelievingly. "All by myself?"

"You really did," he assured her, his nearsighted eyes without their glasses shining down upon her commendingly.

"Wasn't it fun?" she said when they were walking up the little goat trail in their wet bathing suits. "Aren't you glad we did it?"

Peter said he was. His face said it plainer than his words did. It was really more fun than Peter had ever had in his life before. He had always felt, though, that a woman—just the right kind of woman—could make everything very different. This only let him be sure of it.

After they had dressed, he in the bathroom she had had added to the bungalow and she in the kitchen with the assistance of a broad-hipped study in ebony who was the other part of her household, they sat on the porch, and the study in ebony, whose name was Rose, brought them cakes and glasses of milk.

The originator of the whole idea sighed happily.

"Isn't it funny—things you've always known were so—to find that they really are?"

Peter gulped a swallow of milk quickly—that was so entirely what he had just been thinking!

"I'd always heard," she continued, "that it made you hungry to swim—and it does, doesn't it, Peter?"

Peter said that it did, and munched cakes almost ravenously for a moment.

"The next question is," she remarked after a little, "how are we going to contrive to keep this guilty secret, now that the pool is all finished? You couldn't just come over every day and swim, because that would still be—what did you call it—a lure?"

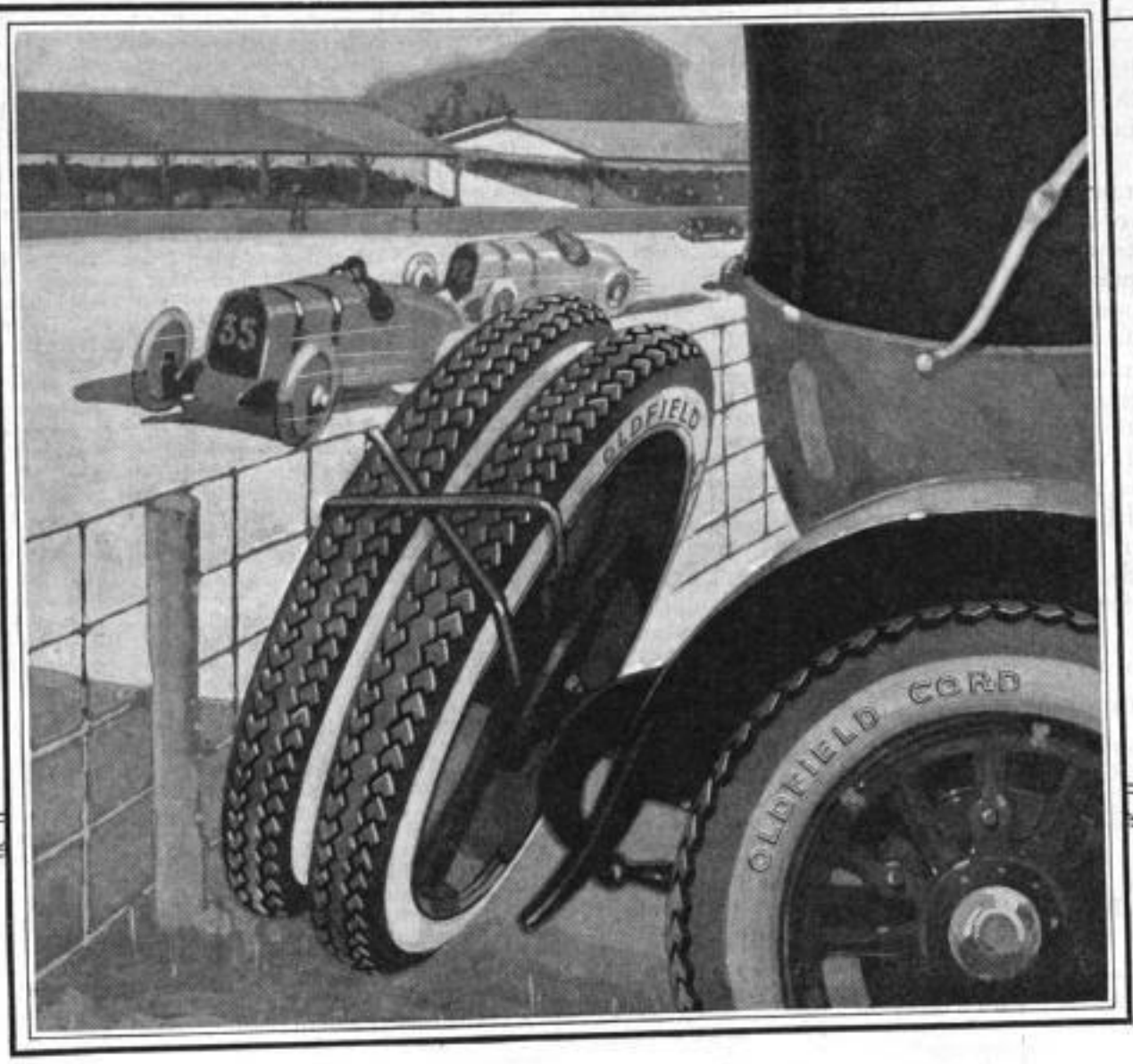
"Undoubtedly it would," said Peter. They smiled gayly and understandingly at each other and he drank another glass of milk thoughtfully. "It all depends upon how well off you are," he said, "what you can afford. There are lots of things to do about a place like this—we ought to have

(Continued on Page 42)

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(Continued from Page 40)

a better path down into the ravine, for one. You really need a hired man, I think."

Her face lighted responsively. "Does a hired man cost any more than a plasterer?"

"No; he wouldn't cost as much. He ought to be satisfied with about half as much wages as a plasterer, I should think."

"Oh, well, then"—with evident relief. But in the next moment she asked rather pathetically: "What could I be? A hired man isn't supposed to have a helper, is he?"

Peter gave her a reassuring smile. Then he said gravely: "No, but he has to have an overseer. He wouldn't be a bit of good without. You don't know a hired man evidently—you've got to be on the job every minute watching him. He's stupid, you know, and loafs."

"I don't think he's stupid!" she said kindly. She looked at him with her crinkling smile and that ever-arresting projection of color tones striking his consciousness. "But I'll be the overseer. I'll be anything you say."

"I wish you could!" he said suddenly. "I wish you could be just everything you are to me—wonderful—a revelation—and be—and not be ——" he floundered hopelessly.

"And not be—old? Was that what you meant to say, Peter?" The new overseer's voice was still understandingly kind and her lips smiling. Then her face changed all in a moment; sheerest tragedy came into it. Her eyes looked beyond him and down toward the ravine; they seemed vainly calling to it for something it could not give—calling something back which could not come back. Never in all his life had he felt himself in the presence of such passionate and futile longing. "I wish it, too, Peter Pan," she said in a voice so poignantly wistful that his heart contracted, "more than you can dream."

He made a swift little gesture of self-reproach. "I told you a hired man was stupid—a fool," he cried in acutest compunction, "but you wouldn't believe me. And now see what he's done—now you won't have him at all, and serve him right! Of course," he added in his own character, "you know what I was trying blunderingly to express—that I've never seen anyone else in the least like you—anyone who could touch you in any way, your charm, your whole wonderful personality! And it's that marvelous thing in you that is so different—that makes me forget ——"

But here the overseer interrupted him, all her eager, gay self again. "Oh, Peter Pan," she cried, "that was the dearest thing to say! I think a hired man will be delightful—better than a plasterer even! If I'd only known they felt that way about their overseers I'd have had one a long time ago!"

There is this about a hired man, he gets to be a familiar figure around the place. Peter Swan was no exception to the general rule. And another thing—being always there underfoot, as it were, the overseer gets to know a good deal about him. Peter's overseer did. Two in particular: The first that he had never been in love, and the other that he played the piano uncommonly well.

In fact the work outside suffered a good deal while Peter played the piano inside. The day's program was apt to be something like this: Peter would come in the morning all dressed up in the working clothes his duties demanded. Perhaps he'd walk gravely to the woodpile and split some kindling, which everybody knows is the first duty of a hired man. And more than likely the overseer would come out to watch him and encourage him with that timeworn formula "Go to it, Peter; that's the way I got my start!" Then they would carry the kindling in to Rose, and the hired man would probably wash his hands and stray toward the piano.

As he played he usually forgot the overseer for a time. Peter did that when he played—forgot everything else. But along about nine or ten o'clock, and always between pieces—never in the middle of one—she would come and stand at the end of the piano.

"Is it long enough after breakfast to swim, Peter?"

And Peter the hired man became Peter the merman till lunch time. The overseer became a mermaid. Down there in the pool in that leafy glen with the sun dappling down greenly upon it through the overhanging foliage, the illusion wasn't difficult. And she soon came to have all the ease and grace of a mermaid in the water. She never rested until she could do everything Peter could do in it. Her slim boyish figure in the black tights could cut it cleaner than his could, even, when they dived, and slip along under it farther.

In those hours at the pool, youth wasn't hard to recapture. "A mermaid isn't supposed to grow up either, is she, Peter Pan?"

"The only mermaid I am acquainted with isn't," responded Peter lightheartedly.

Some mornings they worked on the path. They were making stone steps down the steepest part of the descent to the ravine, and perhaps they would build one step very industriously. Then they would sit down on it and talk.

Peter talked more than he ever had in his life before; more than he had expected ever to talk, up to its closing hour. The overseer had a way of bringing out things about a hired man, things he'd kept strictly locked up until then.

It might begin with a mere matter-of-fact question: "How does it happen you are a musician, Peter? A real musician, I mean? You are, you know."

"It was my father." Thus Peter. "He made me begin taking lessons when I was very young; he thought I had—that I was ——"

"A prodigy or something?" Searching blue eyes full of an intense interest.

"I suppose that was it. I could play Bach and Chopin when I was nine. Of course that was—unusual. But he died. I never went much farther after that. My mother—life seemed to shut up somehow. I had expected to—to be a pianist. You know—one of the"—he brought the word out with difficulty—"greatest. But my mother had an actual horror of—of that life for me. She thinks the world—cities, and all that—is a fearful place, seething with iniquity and waiting for the vials of wrath to be poured out—it's all in the prophecies, you know—the books of Daniel and the Revelation. And of course you can see how she'd hate to have me go out into a place like that."

"But you went out into it?"

"Yes—in one way. I went where it is"—smiling a shy and whimsical smile—"but it comforts my mother to think that I am not an actual part of it, all that wickedness and ——"

"Iniquity," she quickly prompted. "Aren't you iniquitous at all, Peter?"

"Giddiness is what I was going to say," he went on gravely. "Giddiness is just as bad as iniquity. Like making swimming pools just for the fun of swimming in them. That is what she thinks the world is full of, and it is, of course. Only I never happened to find any of it until now." Behind his glasses was a little gleam of something that wasn't quite gravity.

"But just your music itself—did she think that was giddiness? Doesn't she like to have you play at all? Aren't there heavenly choruses or something?"

"She likes to have me play hymns," said Peter simply. "We have a little wheezy organ; I always play on it for her. My Soul, be on Thy Guard, and others. That's one of her favorites."

"You've always been that, too, haven't you, Peter?" Her face was suddenly full of teasing laughter. "All the while you've been out there in the world and never found any of it!"

He looked at her, puzzled.

"Always been what?"

"My soul, be on thy guard—haven't you, Peter?"

"I don't know—possibly. It's been more my—my shyness—I think, or ——"

"Or choosiness, Peter?"

His flush admitted it. "I never found anything I—I really liked. When I first went to New York—Greenwich Village, and places like that—I tried to play around in them a little. My—music, you know—I could sort of make a pretense—but I never even had an affair! It seemed—all I found, I mean—cheap."

She nodded understandingly. And after a moment she asked in a detached, impersonal way, "Do you like singing, Peter Pan? Concert singing—operas?"

They had come out of the pool to warm, and she was sitting upon a rock, with a rather expensive-looking robe of scarlet wool thrown over her shoulders. It trailed behind her on the ground and fell open in front where her bare arms clasped a knee that was purest alabaster against the black swimming suit just reaching it. The pose and the color effect made Peter answer her question by saying:

"You look like some splendidly barbaric operatic figure yourself." And then for a moment it actually seemed to him to be some such figure sitting there; he half expected to hear some strange, passionate song, throbbing with love and death, pouring from her lips.

"What operatic figures have you seen, Peter?" she asked.

"Hardly any. I heard Irma Glace sing Lucia di Lammermoor when I was twelve—before my father died, you know." He looked at the overseer and for an instant seemed to be searching his memory for something. "That was barbaric too," he said. "I remember how it vaguely frightened me. I was too young to understand, you see."

"And you haven't heard any others? Since you went back to New York?"

"I can't stand them," he said simply—"things like that, that appeal to—to the emotions, you know. They—they start things. Not just the longing to play myself—that died in me, I think, with my father's death—but other things, like the longing for beauty and"—his voice lowered and he said the last word with difficulty—"love. You see I've always been so ugly and—and stupid—that I've never expected—hoped ——"

"But now you're not! Isn't that nice, Peter?" She sprang up and flung the scarlet robe from her shoulders. "Let's see who can do that dead man's float across the pool this morning!"

After a number of trials Peter climbed out on the bank and sat watching the overseer, who was more persevering. At last where the pool narrowed she came entirely across to him, floating face down in the water, only the back of her scarlet cap visible above the surface. So rigid was the slim black figure underneath that he had a moment's sharp thought of reality—of dead hands before a submerged face, of dead feet trailing whitely. But the next moment he sprang to his feet with a laughing shout:

"Oh, you cheated! Of course you could do it—I saw you kick!" He dived, came up beside her, turned her dripping face upward, then bent to it swiftly. Her eyes sprang open.

"What—are you doing to me, Peter?" she said rather breathlessly, although by now it was all over.

"I'm kissing you!" he said sternly, also although it was all over. "Just to teach you that you can't cheat and get away with it!"

"I'm sorry," she murmured penitently. For an instant her face swam there, sparkling, insouciant, her crinkling eyes mocking him. "But it was such a temptation!"

He tried to glare at her but the glare was more terrified than terrifying, which may very reasonably be the case when the hired man has just kissed the overseer. And when they were out on the bank she said without a glimmer:

"You've behaved very badly, Peter. Ask my pardon."

It was easy to put Peter in his place—almost too easy. There was too much sincerity in his "I'm sorry." He walked up the goat trail behind her silently.

The next day was Saturday. The hired man didn't work on Saturdays, for the peculiar religious sect to which his mother belonged observed it as a day of rest; they had a little chapel, perhaps a mile distant from the bungalow at the edge of the ravine, and Peter worshiped there with the others every Saturday morning. At least he wended his filial way there whenever he was home for his vacations. But on this Saturday morning his thoughts were unquiet, undutiful, rebellious. Peter had kissed a woman's lips. And with the kiss something had happened to him.

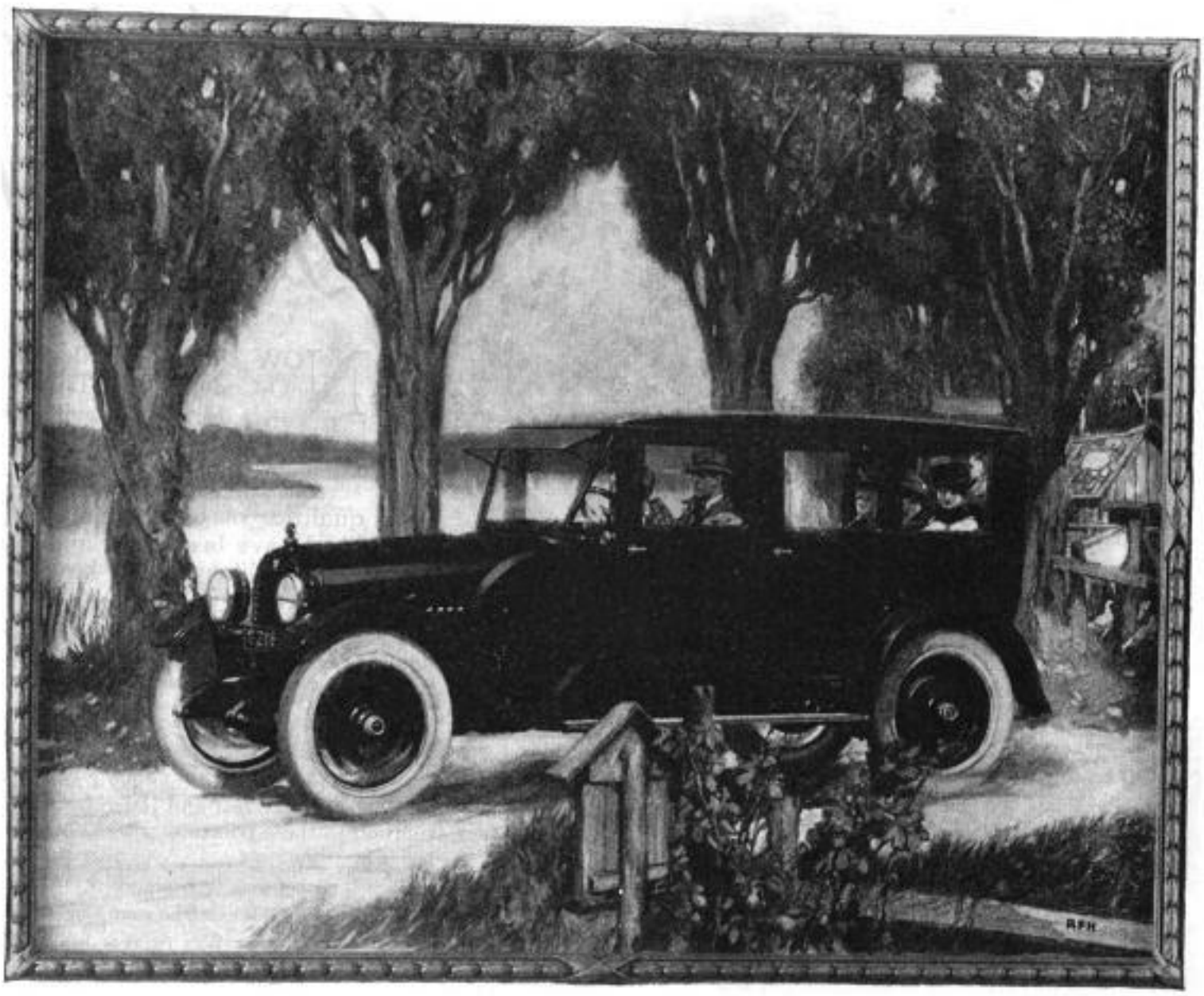
The face of the woman in the pool came before him vividly while he was playing the first hymn. When he was there he always played, the usual organist resigning her place to him—forcibly if he demurred in his shy, retiring fashion. The organist was young but she was not—youth! Youth was something the woman in the pool had—something that was inner, that glanced and sparkled and charmed—and that could ignore externals. Then the kiss itself came back to him—that momentary contact of lips with lips. Not young perhaps, yet certainly not—old!

After the prayer, during the playing of the second hymn, she walked into the little chapel in person. Peter with his lifelong habit of thought had an instant's scared

(Continued on Page 45)

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(Continued from Page 42)

sense of her as the scarlet woman rearing a temple to Baal in the midst of the holy places, and other profane things. He knew that would be his mother's sense of her because she was of the world; that world which lightheartedly made swimming pools and swam in them—even kissed in them sometimes—and of which he, Peter, had guiltily become a little part.

But there was nothing very scarlet or in the least profane about her appearance—unless—thought Peter with a catch of the breath—beauty could be that! He had never seen her as she was today; there was something about her that was—that was like a vision! Later in the services—and he may have been dreaming a little—across the width of the church an overwhelming sense of her presence there swept in. It was not strictly a personal sense, but rather as though into that drab place something dazzling, transcendent had entered; it suffused him with strong emotion, gave him a feeling of rapture, of tears. He wanted to cry out to the entire congregation, and even to the inanimate things, to see, to mark well and remember, for what was now in that dull midst would never in the course of all their lives shine there again.

He did not know how long this strange mental rhapsody lasted; he came to himself with his mother prodding him gently and whispering "Go up and play the closing hymn, Peter," and stumbled up from his seat and went forward to the organ, where he played Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand with such abandon that the poor little instrument almost broke its weak little heart trying to furnish power for it.

He had to speak to her afterward and introduce her to his mother and some of the others. Then her gentleness and humility toward them all touched him to the heart.

His mother filled her hands with papers and tracts; a faint suggestion of her son's responsiveness to charm showed in her manner toward the stranger.

Peter flushed to hear her say, "You, my dear, with all your beauty and privileges, you could do a great work in the world if only you would let the Lord use you."

Peter looked a little like his mother; perhaps that made the response more gracious: "I wish I might—truly, Mrs. Swan."

In his gentle, filial way, after mother and son had had their Sabbath-day dinner together, Peter said, "I think I'll take a little walk, mother, if you don't mind." She looked up from the denominational paper over which she had been dozing.

"Remember—'not speaking our own words nor thinking our own thoughts,'" she told him, the words like a many-times-repeated telling of beads.

Yet Peter really wasn't, in a sense, thinking his own thoughts. He was merely thinking—or feeling—things that came to him unbidden—remembering that swift unpremeditated kiss; recalling that strange sense of something remarkable, something worlds apart from its ordinary atmosphere which had seemed a few hours ago to come into the little chapel and immortalize it. And mingling with this there was still another sense, that of there being some key to the phenomenon, a key with which he ought to have been familiar.

This kept teasing his mind all the way to the bungalow.

She said gayly, "How do you do, Peter Pan?" when he came up the steps and crossed to where she was sitting on the porch—precisely as if she had been waiting for him. He hung his best panama hat on a chair back and stood looking down upon her through his glasses.

"Peter Pan has grown up," he replied. And after a moment, hesitatingly: "I—I think he's in love."

She looked quickly up at him and said in a funny, dismayed fashion, "Oh—Peter!"

"I'm almost sure of it," he insisted gloomily. "He's—very miserable."

"Oh, Peter—what a way of telling!" She laughed her rich little laugh, and he smiled indulgently at it. Standing as he was and looking down at her, he could see the silver threads among the bronze very plainly. But he wouldn't draw back.

"Peter," she said suddenly, irrelevantly, "did it ever occur to you that in all our talks—your talks, rather—there hasn't been a word about me—that it's been all about you?"

"There are no words needed about you," he said. His face had all at once a curious, almost grim little look. "I—I love you." He said it hardly bending down to her and not touching her at all, and not so much happily as determinedly. "I want to marry you if you are free and"—a shy, rather pitiful and rather gallant little smile struggled into view on his face—"if you will consider such a worm as I!"

She sprang up, her eyes all compunction, a little choke in her voice.

"Oh, Peter—you're not that—you're a darling!" She laid her hand lightly, even tenderly, on his arm. He held it there with one of his.

"Are you free? And could you be so—so marvelously good?"

Yet, when a sudden flooding tide of emotion swept over him it stopped short of letting him want to crush her in his arms, to hold her tightly against his breast. Suddenly he knew that if she had been a girl this is what he would have done.

"Peter," she said softly, just as if conscious of his most inner sense, "do you know how many years there are between us?"

"I don't care!" There was a hint of bravado in his flinging out of the words. "I only care that you are—you! You've given me—I couldn't possibly tell you—I've had the most wonderful glimpses of—of life—through you. And—I want you!" But still he didn't take.

And in the pause that followed she said, almost in the gay little tone with which he had grown so affectionately familiar, her eyes crinkling into what was almost laughter, "You've never asked me how many children I have, Peter."

"I don't care how many ——" began Peter doggedly, and knew in his heart that he did care, that he couldn't bear the thought of life having had her, of her having known all its travail; he had an instant's vision which he couldn't possibly make seem real, of her bending over cots, feeding babies something out of a spoon, of her having been ever different than she was now.

"Let's go down and sit on our nice new steps, Peter, that we made ourselves, and talk it over," she said suddenly. And then with a faint glint of amusement: "That wouldn't be wicked to do today, would it?"

They stopped at a point halfway down, where a twilight green all at once took the place of the too bright sunlight, and where they could just see the shimmer of crystal water in the pool.

Peter asked frigidly but very politely, "How many children have you?"

She lifted one hand. He hadn't noticed her wearing rings before, but her fingers were sparkling with them. She held it out with all four separated. Then she lifted the other in the same way.

"That many—including thumbs!" Peter couldn't even gasp. "In every corner of the globe. Oh, Peter, the letters I have to write! What do you think I'll do when they all have grandchildren and I'm their great-grandmother and have to answer all their letters?" But she laughed merrily at his too expressive face in the next moment. "None of them would be real—encumbrances—except my one little daughter."

"Then I am to understand," he said rather stiffly, "that you are merely—romancing? I am not to believe what you've just told me?"

She looked at him a little bit as the plasterer's helper had done down in the glen.

"You are not to believe anything I tell you, Peter—not one single thing! Except"—her gay eyes misted for a moment—"except that you're a dear—and I love you!"

"Then keep me!" he cried swiftly, in a rush of inexpressible feeling toward her, a feeling that made him want to kneel at her feet, to press his lips to the hem of her dress or the tips of her white shoes. "Let me be something to you—in any way you wish, only let me be—something."

She smiled with unmistakable fondness at him. "I don't see," she said kindly, "why you shouldn't be at least that much. In fact I will admit that the thought of—cementing—our relations in some way"—her eyes twinkled at him and he was forced to return the look with a little grin of his own—"has occurred to me. But we mustn't do anything rash, not at our—I mean at my—age; we must take time to consider. Will you"—whimsically—"give me a little time to consider, Peter Pan?"

His eyes shone happily into hers. "All the time you wish!" he said. He felt strangely moved and wonderfully lighthearted. Yet all the while he vaguely realized that this happiness was compounded with some not quite to be explained mixture of relief.

After he had gone—and long enough to be well out of hearing—she sat down at the piano. Peter had never seen her do that, and it might have surprised him. Also, there was a subtle change in her—like the substitution of another personality—something of the same shining transformation he had caught in the little chapel.

She struck the keys with an almost contemptuous familiarity and played the first bars of a song accompaniment, and there was, if it may be expressed like that, something unconsciously artificial in her way of doing it—as if in her second sense there was an audience out in front.

The song broke upon the silence of the empty room just as times without number those rich coloratura notes, exquisite, unthinkably sweet, had broken upon the ears of waiting thousands. Ah, Peter, if she had told you this would you have thought her—romancing? If she had told you that in all your joyous playing together she had kept something back—something amazing—incredulous? Footlights, sparkle of gems, seas of upturned faces—your other self must have gone to sleep, Peter, or you could but have known!

But the song itself might not have surprised him. And the surpassing tones bore a passion that seemed real—a passion of futile longing. She sang this:

Wake me not, for I am dreaming now,
And dreams the heart beguile.
They are the blossoms on my wintry bough—
Let them be sweet to me this little while.
Oh, let me dream the year has not turned cold—
Oh, let me dream that I have not grown old!

Wake me not! So small a thing I crave—
Oh, not so much as joy!
Only that life would give but as it gave.
Oh, not so much as love—all the alloy,
The loss—if I may only once more come
Back from this shore where all desire sits dumb!

When the hired man came to work Monday morning he found the bungalow full—it seemed to him at first—of strange people; strange young women! He had walked right upon the little group clustered in the living room before realizing it was there, and he had almost the scared, panicky feeling that had caused him to run as for his life when weeks before he had had that first startled glimpse of the woman in the pool. He stood transfixed in his clean faded overalls, which had a neat patch on one knee, tall and fair and flushing through his thin skin, his old panama hat crushed in his hands, and peering not quite believingly through his shell-rimmed spectacles, his morning smile of greeting to his overseer frozen on his lips.

"This one is Arliss, Peter," she said, indicating a slow-moving, placid-eyed girl as fair as himself and much fatter, "and this one is Annette." Annette, who was tall and willowy, with brown hair, inclined toward him with a suggestion of bending to a very faint breeze. "And this little black one we call Jac for short. Her name is Jacqueline."

Peter, who had executed a confused bow in the direction of the two others, did the same toward Jacqueline, his hat still held stiffly in front of him.

"Hang it on the usual nail, Peter," suggested the overseer, her intensely blue eyes crinkling with laughter. He turned upon her a miserably scared and reproachful look. "Yes, isn't it tragic?" she answered, her own lightly mocking him. "Only think of it—when I got up this morning, here were all these three mendicants sitting on my doorstep begging to be taught to swim! Shall we just take 'em down there and drown 'em, Peter Pan? I will if you will."

"I don't suppose that would be any good," he said, his desperate shyness giving him courage, though he didn't dare look at the intruders as he said it; "their bodies would be discovered of course."

"Isn't he cold-blooded?" murmured Annette, pretending to shiver.

"Monster!" remarked the fat Arliss placidly.

Peter scarcely heard either of them, for he had a sudden sharp impression of big dark eyes in a little olive-skinned oval face, and the most appealing look he thought he had ever seen, coming straight



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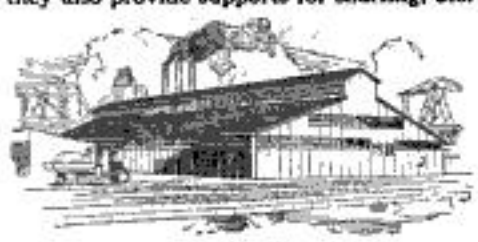
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to him. This was Jacqueline, the one designated by the overseer as the little black one.

She said in a small childish voice with a purely selfish and personal concern, "Please don't drown me, Peter!"

In spite of a stern effort to keep in character he felt his lips betraying him, and without quite realizing it he almost beamed upon her through his spectacles. "Well, not you perhaps," he conceded. "But"—with a gruffness which he hoped would conceal his fright—"certainly both of the others!"

"Isn't he a dear?" observed Annette pleasantly.

She might just as well not have spoken, for Peter had ears only for the little Jacqueline, who was begging earnestly, "Let's go do it then, if you're going to. You know—drown 'em!"

Later in an agony of shyness he got into his bathing suit and herded them all down to the pool. The overseer had not changed, and came only in the rôle of chaperon. "Even a drowning should be conducted with propriety," she told Peter severely. Going through the thicket of hazel bushes near the brink of the pool he was suddenly conscious of a little figure beside him and of a feminine garment with dragging pink tassels flung deftly across his arm.

"You carry it, Peter," Jacqueline said coaxingly.

He looked down at her for a second, grimly inquiring, got a glimpse of her dusky upturned oval face agleam with audacity, and marched on solemnly, the tasseled ends dragging. That day before yesterday when he had kissed the hem of the overseer's dress—or wanted to—seemed like a dream to him, a dream to which something had happened, which had been somehow spirited away from him. But the tantalizing uplifted face of the girl Jacqueline seemed real.

He spent a very unhappy half hour, holding up the large and passive Arliss, who almost floated by her own displacement, coaxing the timid Annette to venture and trying to prevent the little black one from committing suicide by drowning when for a moment or two he wasn't looking.

"You just do this, and this, and you don't sink!" she kept protesting, and could not be made to understand that you first had to learn to do it.

He got them all out of the pool to warm up at last, and swam back to where the overseer was sitting on the opposite bank. Then under the amused quizzical glance she gave him he felt suddenly boyish and ashamed before her; he had a crippling sort of feeling that she didn't even remember that only two days ago he had asked her to marry him and she had at least promised to consider! It made it all seem absurd, even to him.

Instead of anything he had meant to say he grumbled, nodding toward the other side of the pool, "Look at 'em over there—more legs than a centipede! And in the water they're worse!"

"Poor Peter Pan!" she said. Her rich voice was a little sad, a little regretful. He bent over her eagerly, but she made a smiling, fastidious gesture. "You're so very—wet—aren't you, Peter?"

He stood well away from her at once, the water dripping from his gray-and-green bathing suit, a lock of well-washed light hair straggling down the middle of his forehead and a trickle from it dripping from the end of his nose. He had a look of boyish surprise and hurt.

"I beg your pardon!" he said stiffly.

He walked to the edge of the pool and dived. Coming up with his eyes full of water his nearsighted vision played him a low trick; the figure of the overseer appeared changed, distorted to something aged—unbeautiful. The wicked illusion vanished, but it left its scar.

"Oh, Peter!" the cry assailed his senses suddenly. "Let me dive down there to you! Will you get me?" It was the little Jacqueline, standing poised on the high upper bank of the pool. He made a gesture motioning her back.

"No—wait! You'll strike flat!" he shouted, but before the words were fairly out of his mouth came the splashing impact of her body on the water and she sank like a stone.

He brought her up from the bottom, limply unconscious, and swam quickly to the bank. Laying her out upon it, the white stillness of her face gave him the terrible thought that she was dead, but as he bent above her she all at once opened her great dark eyes, looking at him with what seemed a pleasant wonder.

"Where am I?" she asked interestedly; then in the next instant, with piteous reproach: "You didn't get me! Oh, Peter—you almost let me drown!"

Nothing had ever smitten him so, stabbed him with so sharp a pang! "I'm sorry!" he breathed, and put his wet face down close to hers, longing wildly to cradle her in his arms, to drive away the hurt of that piteous surprised cry—"Oh, Peter, you almost let me drown!" Then the slight girlish figure lying there relaxed in the wet bathing suit made him say in his heart with a sudden passionate reverence, "You beautiful young thing!" It was a feeling which seemed to come from the very depths of his being and which startled him with its strength and left him shaken.

"I—think she'll be all right now," he said to the overseer and the two other young ladies, who came hurrying to offer first aid. "Somebody put something around her; I'd better carry her up to the house."

It was later in the day that he came upon the overseer standing alone and, he thought, rather pensive. Peter was pensive himself.

"I wish to give notice," he said with dignity. He stood at quite a little distance, as if fearing another rebuff. "I think my services as a hired man will be no longer required."

She looked at him quizzically. "But that's not the way to give notice!" she said, smiling. "That is what I am supposed to say if the hired man doesn't give satisfaction." Then she took a step or two toward him and laid her hands with an exquisite tenderness on his shoulders. "Oh, dear Peter Pan," she said in a voice between a laugh and a sob, "I think it is going to be my services that will be no longer required!"

Jacqueline was languid the day after the accident; Annette remarked in private to Arliss, "I don't know whether it's after effect or for effect—do you?"

"No—you can't tell, with Jac," replied Arliss placidly, "she's so temperamental. You heard her with her violin last night—she played to me as if she had been hit rather hard."

"Does Jac know he doesn't know?" inquired Annette after an interval, renewing the subject.

"No, I don't think so." Somewhat cryptically Arliss added: "I don't think she intended to have her know. I think she means for her just to let it out accidentally."

Annette spoke with a trace, possibly, of natural envy: "He seems to have fallen for her equally hard."

"Yes, I think that's what she intended really." Arliss spoke with, apparently, an entire absence of anything.

The overseer meanwhile was taking her afternoon nap; for some odd reason it did not occur to Peter that it had not been her habit to take an afternoon nap. "Play me to sleep," she had said lightly as she disappeared. "Have Jac get her violin."

Peter's throat contracted at the picture the girl made, standing with her little dark head thrown back, and small oval face rapt, while with one slim lifted arm she drew the bow across the strings. They played some of Beethoven's sonatas and some other things, and in them told each other all about the yearning incompleteness and passionate longings of their respective souls. Peter quite forgot that he had recently tried to express his to the overseer.

In one of the intermissions Jacqueline said, sighing, "I don't know—whether I really want to be a great violinist or not. That is what I'm supposed to be, you know. But you have to give your life to it so if you are. Sometimes I think ——" Then she interrupted herself to say, "We do play pretty well together, don't we?"

"Wonderfully!" responded Peter, the eyes behind the spectacles all alight and glowing. It was just at this fairly perfect moment that the mine under his feet exploded.

Very casually, as she tucked her violin under her little pointed chin for the beginning of another number the girl Jacqueline remarked, "That's why Miss Glace got interested in you, isn't it—because you were musical?"

Peter was smoothing a page of music to make it lie flat; he did not immediately discontinue this occupation.

"Why did you say that?" he asked, with only a natural curiosity in his tone.

"She is, isn't she?" Jacqueline now had an ear bent to the G string, which she was twanging for a false note. Peter, on the piano bench, was still groping mildly, still merely at sea.

"I thought you said," he repeated, "that Miss Glace got interested in me."

"I did!" she replied a little sharply, still twanging. "What would you say if you didn't say 'interested'?"

Peter asked a direct question: "Do you mean Irma Glace, the singer?"

"Of course!" She glanced up at him with a certain puzzled wonder.

"Irma Glace never heard of me!" he said.

The girl dragged her ear away from the G string and stared at him. Her large dark eyes got larger and larger; her little oval face began to be the repository of the strangest look he had ever seen. "Why—Peter!" she said. And in amazement: "Didn't you know?"

There was a tightness of throat muscles, a sudden sharp stringency in his next question. "Didn't know what?" He had a look of holding his breath until it was answered.

"Why, that you've been playing around with her all summer!" she said swiftly.

Somewhere in the back of Peter's brain certain cells were functioning rapidly; cells which held his childish memory of Irma Glace when that singer's star had been at its highest. These began to coördinate with his bits of later knowledge; of the great personal charm, the warm magnetic quality attributed to her which hardly less than her voice had made her her public's idol. And all at once his heart began to beat suffocatingly and the blood to hammer at his temples with a kind of throbbing exaltation—this was the Irma Glace with whom he, Peter Swan, had walked familiarly; whose lips he, Peter Swan, had kissed! All that rich glowing wonder of her which had charmed its thousands behind the footlights had been bestowed freely and happily upon him—Peter Swan! No wonder that at times he had been thrilled to rapture—that his heart had melted and been as water in her presence and at the thought of her!

Then a dampening hand went across this ecstasy. His brain cooled. Clearly, remorselessly, another recollection set itself beside these. It was the memory of that night when from those same lips the death song of the crazed Lucia di Lammermoor had risen and risen till it seemed it would pierce the roof of the Metropolitan Opera House and ascend in its wild terrible beauty to the stars, and when he, Peter Swan, an atom in the vast crowd of enthralled listeners, had known only a child's bewilderment and wonder!

On that night, at the height of her career, the singer must have been years older than he, Peter Swan, was today! The shock of this, for the time being, was scarcely less than anguish; it deadened all his faculties, rendered him speechless and made him hardly conscious of time, place or—until she spoke—the girl at his side.

"I thought you knew," she said a little timidly. "I knew people generally didn't, but I thought she would have told you. She's retiring, you know; she isn't making any more contracts. Think of it, she has made her last appearance in grand opera! She knows she couldn't hope to last much longer—she's old, you see; past fifty. And she wants to quit while her public can still remember her as she was. I think it's the saddest thing." She added this with the unfelt casual sadness of youth.

Peter still did not speak. He had gone, not to the depths of the singer's tragedy, but a good deal deeper than Jacqueline had.

That day when she had sat and looked down into the ravine with that terribly calling, yearning look on her face—"Come back, oh, come back!" He could understand it better now.

"Aren't you going to pay me a bit of mind, Peter?" Jacqueline laid her hand on his arm, speaking in those coaxing, appealing accents that had conquered him the morning before when she had said, "Please don't drown me, Peter!"

Their sound and her touch thrilled him.

He was still sitting on the piano bench when the overseer came out of her bedroom. Jacqueline, with one of those intuitions which sometimes come to one person who is rather deeply concerned with the happiness of another person, had gone away a few minutes before, leaving him

(Continued on Page 48)

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THE PULSE OF LIFE

"WHAT do the people think? How do the people feel?" This is the cry of those who sit in the high places. This is the anxious query of the statesman before he frames his policy. Immersed in affairs of state, aloof from the life in the street, viewing humanity from a platform—sometimes he loses touch with the thought and feeling of the average man.

In business, as in government, those who would serve the people must think and feel with the people. The arteries of understanding are as vital to the life of trade as the arteries of transportation. The ambitious manufacturer who understands his product, but does not understand his market, reaps a failure—and wonders why. The established leader who clings to the methods with which he made his first success, who forgets that the pulse of life beats with the changing times, awakes to find that the world is different—and he is out of touch.

Advertising fifty years ago served industry simply by placing the wares of industry in the public eye. Advertising today has a deeper function and a larger duty. The advertising organization which is worthy of the name studies the mind, the heart, the habits of the people—and the direction of the times. It serves business in answering the questions, "What do the people think? How do the people feel?" It keeps the finger of industry on the pulse of life.

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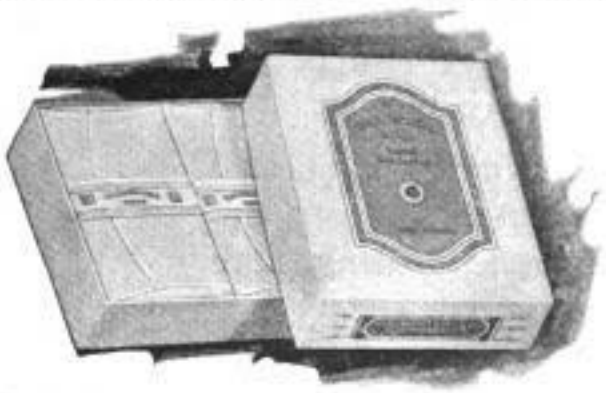
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Master Makers of Distinctive Social Stationery Holyoke, Massachusetts





(Continued from Page 46)

alone with his thoughts—though why Jacqueline should have had such an intuition with reference to Peter may be only surmised.

He was not exactly thinking, however; he was not, consciously, even feeling when the singer came and stood at one end of the piano. At first he could not look at her for dread of those white threads which he knew were sprinkled through that crowning bronze glory which she wore so splendidly, for fear of those tiny lines radiating from the corners of her gay eyes, of finding the eyes themselves dulled—faded.

But she said "Look at me, Peter!" and he had to. Surprisingly, all the vivid impressionist's coloring which had at the first struck so sharply upon his senses was yet there. All that wonderful charm which had enthralled him and held him in thrall—it was still there. It had, after all, not gone! He could have sobbed his relief and gladness.

He moved to one end of the piano bench, making a shy, inviting motion toward the other, and she came and sat down beside him.

"Of course you know," he said, and had to make a strong effort to speak at all, "that I am—overwhelmed—that I cannot lift my eyes to you—that I am ——"

"Do you feel like 'such a worm as I,' Peter?" The question had a little ripple of laughter in it; the tones were very warm and kind.

He nodded. "If I were not the blind, stupid, blundering fool that I warned you a hired man would be"—the instant twinkling response he saw in her face helped him a little—"I'd have recognized you of course. Even if I hadn't, being, as I have told you, grossly ignorant of everything I ought to know, I'd have realized at once that no one—no one whose life would ever ordinarily have touched mine—could have ——"

"Got away with it? Is that what you're trying to say, Peter?"

He reached out to the keyboard, ran a scale rapidly and with precision with his long white fingers. "Not altogether that. I ought to have felt—been conscious ——" Then he remembered that he had been, and cried out softly, throbbingly, "I was conscious of it! Over and over it came to me—that there was something ——"

She seemed not to have been listening. "I found I couldn't get away with it either, Peter Pan." There was a queer sadness, a queer note of acceptance in her tone. "I wanted to. And for a time I did almost have myself believing"—she smiled her sudden whimsical smile at him—"that I was one of the immortals!"

"Oh, you are!" he cried. "You will be!" But in the next instant: "I know that isn't what you mean! I know it's something quite different. And I can't tell you how I wish ——"

"That is why I love you so, Peter," she interrupted in a gay, tender little tone—"because you do know."

He choked. "Nothing will ever be to me again like those wonderful weeks," he said; and then repeated as if something within himself had all at once seemed to challenge that statement: "Nothing!"

"Nor for me, Peter," she said very softly. "But for me it was trying to cheat an immutable law of life—that we are young and then we are old—that was made for me, too, Peter."

He could not bear it. "You are not!" he cried hotly. "You could never, never be!"

Her eyes were moist, shining. "Thank you, Peter Pan. May you never be, either! But just the same I tried to cheat—and you can't. You remember you told me I couldn't"—her eyes crinkled at him in the teasing old way—"that day you kissed me in the pool."

The hot color rushed to his face. "If you were not as far above me as the stars are the things they shine on ——"

But she motioned this away with a little careless wave of her hand. "I'm not, Peter. I've only"—ruefully—"been shining so much longer! And better than anyone else, I know that the light is dimmed." Then out of a little silence she said reminiscently, "When I first started to make the pool—before you appeared on the scene at all—I was so joyously excited, and so happy to think I could be like that—buoyant, eager"—the thrill of it was in her look, in the cadences of her voice—"as if life were beginning all over!" Then came one indescribably mournful "But it wouldn't stay real, Peter."

"I think I drove it away," he said unhappily.

She laid her hand lightly, with a beautifully intimate yet beautifully remote touch, upon his. "Oh, Peter, dear! You made it stay longer. And made it so much better. Only think what hours we had together!"

"Then you drove it away!" He turned on her almost fiercely. It was the last struggle of something that had never quite been really to be. He spoke swiftly, accusingly. "You know what you did—and you know why! You brought all those—girls—down here to—to wean me! I'm stupid and blind and a dolt—but I can at least see that!"

She smiled her little adorable smile at him—that smile that had charmed its thousands.

"Well—are you weaned, Peter?"

"I—don't know!" he stammered. Then he had a swift vision of a girl in a wet bathing suit—a little oval-faced, olive-skinned girl all untouched by life—and knew that he did know.

Down in the green heart of the ravine, just dappled by the flecks of sunlight that sifted upon it through the leaves, the pool rippled and invited. On its bosom, looking up at the visible bits of blue sky, floated a figure in black tights and scarlet cap—as motionless and still, both figure and scene, as if it were a painted pool in a painted glen, with the floating form inanimate there on its surface.

Except that from the lips of this figure proceeded all at once—a little sadly, a little humorously—a reflective voice: "I might have kept you, at least for a time, Peter Pan." And, a little later: "If only I could have wanted to!" Another silence somewhat longer while the lone figure floated there. And then the singer quoted slowly, with unwilling acquiescence, the last words of the verses she had sung up there in the bungalow the day that Peter Swan had offered her his youth—"Where all desire sits dumb!"

After this reflective interval the former overseer, like one in her natural element, turned on her side and swam a few long graceful strokes, her white arms flashing in and out of the water, her eyes joyous, her gay and whimsical lips giving the lie to bitterness and to age. But nearing the bank the swimmer turned once more and floated in to the edge of the pool in the dead man's float, her hands before her submerged face, her feet like dead feet, trailing whitely.



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EUROPE'S HARD-WORK WAY BACK TO SOLVENCY

(Continued from Page 21)

slowly; though it is in practice in all European industrial countries, and is compulsory in two great industrial countries, and in most minor states, nearly all countries have refused to bind themselves by ratifying the Washington convention;

On grounds of international competition, the eight-hour system must be formally abandoned by all industrial countries as soon as it is formally abandoned by one.

Europe's leading statesmen have not put forward these arguments. During the war democratic statesmen, just as irresponsibly as the autocratic, promised universal and easy happiness if only victory were gained. Article 427 of the Versailles Treaty was an insincere attempt to redeem the promise. No leading statesman has yet had the nerve to tell Europe's democracies that salvation does not lie in academic conference resolutions, borrowed American dollars and happy idleness, but in unremitting hard work. The only effective agitation has come from a few heretic socialists, who, because as socialists they claimed class solidarity with labor, imagined that they could put to labor unpleasant truth from which statesmen and politicians shrank. This socialist confidence went a bit too far. For denouncing the eight-hour day as being in present conditions an unrealizable dream, the ablest and boldest of all Germany's socialists, Max Schippel, has been ostracized by his party, and even threatened with the loss of his present means of livelihood. Today the mass of socialists with all the party organizations behind them are at war with Schippel and a dozen other incautious proclaimers of truth; and since August Bebel twenty-five years ago broke with Eduard Bernstein over the merits and demerits of the socialist program of Erfurt, German socialism has seen no conflict so acute.

Heretics of Socialism

The chief heretics are Schippel, Richard Calwer, Kaliski, Keil, Max Cohen and Professor Hugo Lindemann. Schippel's reputation stands highest. He beat official socialism in all earlier feuds. With Bernstein he was one of the first revisionists who denounced the Erfurt program of 1891 as unscientific in theory and impracticable in politics; and after a thirty years' struggle he last year had the triumph of seeing the program revised. He is an orator, an author, a statistician, and an organizer of talent; and he was a leader in Reichstag politics at a time when the eight-hour day seemed a remote, unrealizable vision. Calwer, long-time editor of the journal *Die Konjunktur*, has a European reputation in social affairs. He declares that owing to its bad effect upon production the eight-hour day cannot be maintained. Kaliski's suggestion is suspension for five years. Keil is Minister of Labor in Würtemberg state. If Germany, he says, is to recover from her war losses, pay her reparations debt and free her territory, she must work two or three hours longer than now. Ten years of hard work with prewar intensity is indispensable, according to Cohen. Lindemann is a professor at Cologne University. He says that Europe must choose between two courses:

Either she must lengthen her hours of labor to prewar length and so increase her present diminished production; or she must adapt her standard of living to the diminished production. Which means that "she must live in chronic hunger, and suffer a rapid deterioration in national welfare and health."

All these socialists are in trouble with their party. Schippel's offenses are held to be worst. The dogma of all three German socialist factions is that if only capital is taxed out of existence, reparations can be paid and the interest on the home war debt covered without heavy new taxation of the consumer. Schippel denies this. Armed with batteries of statistics he has brought the reparations and home-debt burdens into direct connection with the eight-hour day. If all industrial employes would work an additional two hours daily, Germany, he shows, could create sufficient wealth to free herself speedily from her foreign war liabilities. Of the prewar doctrine that happy and contented workmen would do as much work in an eight-hour day as unhappy and discontented workmen did in ten, he says "monstrous self-deceit" and "senile and ultranative delusion."

If longer working hours really mean correspondingly greater production, Schippel's figures are convincing. Counting only the industrial workmen, who number 9,000,000, the daily loss through shortening the customary prewar ten hours to eight is 18,000,000 hours. The annual loss is about 5,400,000,000 hours. As the value of an average industrial employe's work is put at at least one gold mark per hour, the result of the lengthened working day would be an annual addition to the national wealth of 5,400,000,000 gold marks, or about $1,350,000,000. The whole reparations burden imposed by the London ultimatum of May, 1921, is 2,000,000,000 gold marks, plus 26 per cent of the value of exports—estimated at 1,300,000,000 marks—or a total of 3,300,000,000 marks, or $825,000,000. By merely returning to the prewar average working day, Germany could cover the reparations liability and have half a billion dollars free for restoration and development at home.

Competent European authorities challenge Schippel's figures, but admit that in principle he is right. German socialists in mass, convinced that capital might be expropriated and the deficit in the yield, if any, made good by kindly American lenders, will not admit the principle. They denounce Schippel as a pervert to capitalism, a weak friend of the greedy Allies, an enemy of the workingman. Schippel's retort is, "Longer hours are in the interest of the workingman himself."

This outspokenness went too far; and official socialism, which is even less tolerant than party socialism, decided to silence the heretic. Saxony, where Schippel resides, has a socialist cabinet; and Schippel holds office under it as chief of the Dresden Gemeinwirtschaft, the particular department through which Saxony has for three years in vain tried to achieve a modest amount of applied socialism. Minister of Industry Felisch, who is himself a socialist, threatened to dismiss Schippel unless he ate his words. Schippel refused. He began a vigorous newspaper agitation for a ten-hour working day. Of all countries, he persists, Germany most needs a decade or a generation of unremitting work; but as the rest of Europe is either little better off or still worse off than Germany the only cure for Europe as a whole is a universal ten-hour day.

The Tyranny of Short Hours

The hard-work-decade movement has made some progress among the intellectuals of labor. The issue with these intellectuals is: Shall Europe help itself or shall it carry on with petty loans or mere prospects of loans from America or prosperous neutrals, and so get deeper into the debt mire? When Pierpont Morgan first came to Paris to discuss with leading bankers the possibility of a reparations loan, Saxon socialists published a pamphlet summarizing the reforms which a really serious Europe would promise to a possible American lender. A hard-work decade was the main reform. A hard-work decade does not mean compulsion on any country, corporation or individual to establish or to submit to a compulsory working day of any particular length; it means merely that for the next ten years all laws forbidding industrial work for longer than eight hours would be suspended.

Compulsion to work would not be necessary if compulsion not to work were removed. A hundred and fifty years ago the great economist Adam Smith declared that if workmen were given work for only four days a week they would not idle on the other days—they would work for themselves. Applied to today this means that Europe's war impoverishment, expressed in high prices and very high taxes, would impose automatically on workmen all the compulsion that is needed. A great increase in production would be the result. Taken by the states in taxes, this additional production would suffice for interest on and amortization of the war debts. State finances would therewith return to order; the piling up of floating debts and the printing of paper money would cease; the indebted countries, freed from further inflation, would again have currencies of stable buying power; and a practical stabilization of the exchanges would become a fact.

That is the Saxon program. It is backed by figures which are roughly right, but not absolutely unchallengeable, because it cannot be proved that none of the increased production would be absorbed by an increase in consumption. Europe's war-making great powers, Russian and the Austrian succession states included, have a total war debt of $140,000,000,000. This debt has been considerably watered down by the depreciation in the gold value of currencies; and only Germany's reparations debt of 132,000,000,000 marks and Europe's borrowings of $10,141,268,000 from the United States are effective gold debts. Assuming, as is certain in the case of Germany, Austria and some other states, that the currencies will ultimately be scaled down, more than half of the states' total debts will be obliterated. But by this the loss will merely have been transferred to bondholders and holders of currency; and though ceasing to be a state loss it will remain a national loss, and will have to be made good if prewar prosperity is to be restored. Restoration can only take the form of labor. For home debts labor must be presented to the governments in form of taxes; and foreign debts can be paid off only by exporting labor in shape of goods. The problem is: How much extra work must Europe do? Put otherwise, the problem is: How much extra time must Europe devote to work?

Europe's Time Currency

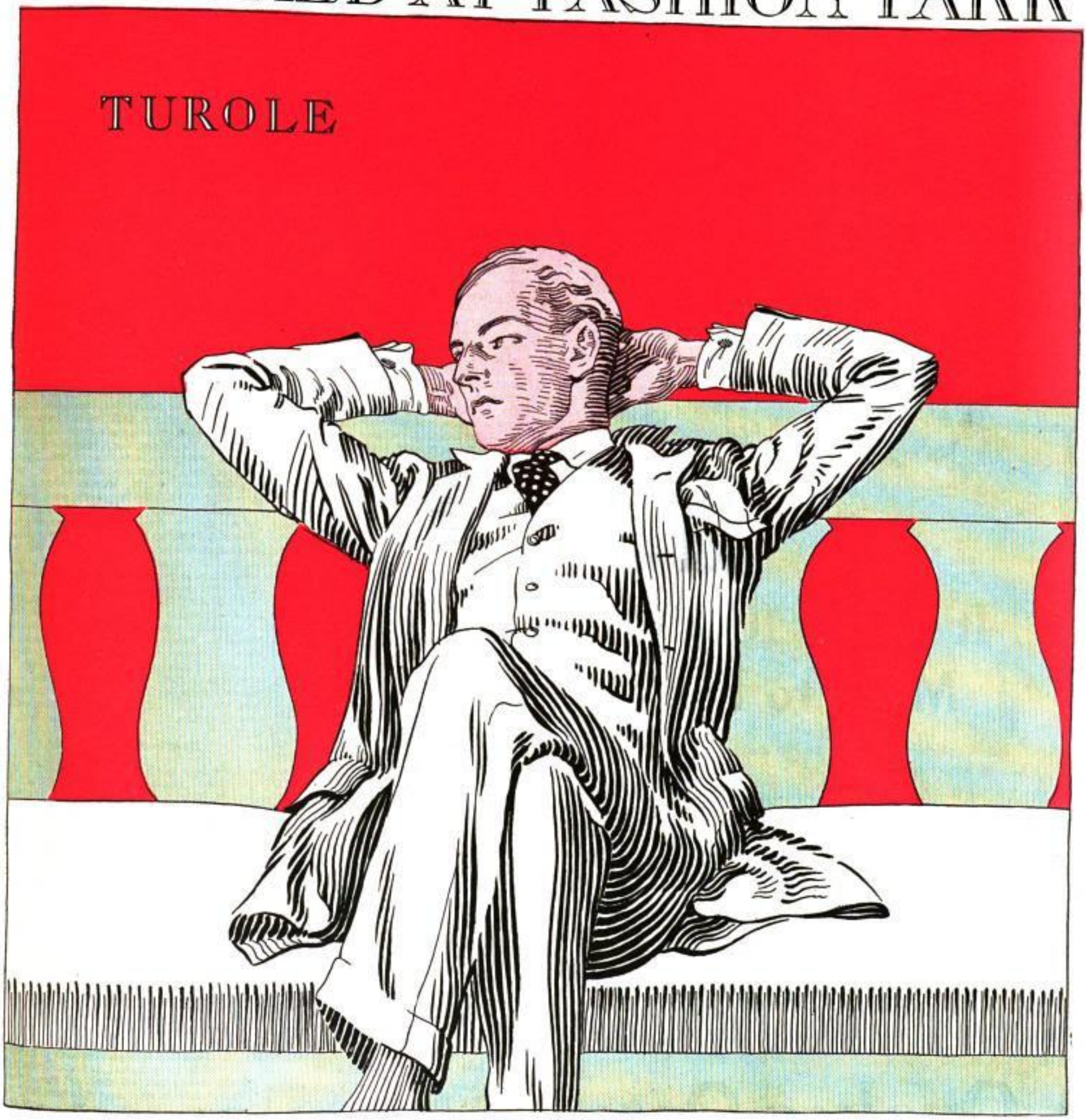
Time currency is today about the only stable currency that Europe possesses. The exchange in time currency of Europe's war debt of $140,000,000,000 is about 560,000,000,000 hours. This assumes that every per capita working hour in European industry is worth a quarter of a dollar. If the agricultural population is left out of account as mostly having no definite working hours, 35,000,000 persons engaged in industry and trade are potential possessors of time currency. The amount of their war debt per capita is 16,000 hours, to pay off which they must daily work two hours extra for the next twenty-seven years. But this ignores interest; and war debts can be paid off only by means of a sinking fund based upon both capital and interest. The successful operation of a sinking fund—no sinking fund so far has ever been successful—depends upon freedom from further wars, revolutions and other wasteful catastrophes until the calculated date of full liberation from debt. With this condition, and with a faithfully observed sinking-fund system, any debt bearing interest at 4 per cent, with an annual addition to the fund of 1 per cent on the original amount of the debt, would be fully paid off within forty-two years. Annual interest on the present debt would demand $5,600,000,000 in money, or 22,400,000,000 hours in time currency. One per cent on the original debt for the sinking fund would demand annually $1,400,000,000 in money, or 5,600,000,000 hours in time currency. The whole annual liability in time currency is 28,000,000,000 hours. This would require an extra two hours' work daily from 47,000,000 workmen, or one-third more than are available. But, in fact, the liability would be less. In the first years, until currencies were stabilized at prewar gold values, no country would pay interest on its home debt in the gold in which the above labor hours are valued; and several of the most heavily indebted countries, which as soon as their budgets were in order would stabilize their currencies at a scaled-down gold value, will never have to pay the full gold interest. And indeed there is no moral obligation on them to do so, as a great part of their debts were incurred in more or less depreciated paper. On the assumption that England, France and Belgium return to gold payment at prewar exchange not sooner than ten years, and that Germany and the Austrian states after twenty years begin to pay interest in marks and crowns of one-quarter of prewar gold value, the whole present war debt could be amortized in about thirty-two years.

This estimate sounds optimistic. But John Stuart Mill declared that there never was a war debt that could not have been paid off in a generation if only sound finance had been practiced and new wars avoided.

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The only doubt is whether an extension of the working day would really produce a proportionate increase in the production of wealth. Here the best evidence is the agreement of authorities and statisticians that the reduction of the average working day from ten to eight hours has directly caused a more or less proportionate decrease in production, which could be made up for if hours were again lengthened. The direct provable loss in Germany is 3,500,000,000 gold marks a year. This loss is proved with convincing statistics by the German Association for Social Justice, a society of entirely progressive character, without any antilabor bias. The editor of its report, Doctor Hoffmann, says that the undoubted but unprovable loss is very much greater. The Saxon hard-work-decade enthusiasts put the whole loss at 7,000,000,000 marks.

Indirect causes of loss are numerous. One lies in the diversion of industrial workmen into other services, where they produce nothing, but perform duties which under the prewar ten-hour system were done by a smaller staff. The eight-hour system prevails on all German railroads. In 1914 the railroads were served by 740,505 persons; today they require 1,044,379. The yearly value of the extra 300,000 men is 900,000,000 hours, or $225,000,000. Agriculture, report the Prussian Inspectors of Industry, suffers because, owing to the inability of local workshops to repair and equip, machinery and wind and water power cannot be fully used. The result is a waste of man power. The city of Cologne has to spend 4,500,000,000 marks on a new river harbor merely because the present short working hours prevent an economical use of the existing facilities. All this is expressed in a rise in the cost of production, which so far has not hampered Germany as an international competitor, merely because the falling mark exchange has kept German gold wages abnormally low.

Reduced Efficiency

Germany's experience is the experience of Europe generally. Allowing for the influence of other unfavorable postwar factors, production in France has been reduced about 30 per cent through the shortening of working hours. Two French inquirers, André François-Poncet and Emile Mireaux, estimate the total wage paid to employes affected by the eight-hour law at 25,000,000,000 francs, or about $5,000,000,000. Of this sum an estimated 8,000,000,000 is loss. The French Association of Metallurgical Industries reports that in some branches the number of employes had to be increased by 45 per cent; the railroad construction shops report a decline of 25–30 per cent in production; and railroad station staffs had to be raised 25–32 per cent. The Dutch Employers' Association reported a production decline of up to 45 per cent. The fact that in some countries production has fallen much more than working hours have been shortened is ascribed to disorganization indirectly caused by the sudden change. In Sweden, where the eight-hour day became law for some industries on January 1, 1920, and for the remainder on July 1, the decline in production is put at 17 per cent. In July, 1921, the Finnish Ministry of the Interior published reports showing a decline of 30 per cent. Austria's loss, according to the Iron Trades Association, is 650,000,000 gold crowns. If official and other authoritative estimates are right, six European countries lost a total of $3,500,000,000 a year:

France, 8,000,000,000 francs	$1,600,000,000
Germany, 7,000,000,000 marks	1,750,000,000
Sweden, 150,000,000 crowns	37,500,000
Austria, 650,000,000 A. crowns	130,000,000
Denmark, 40,000,000 crowns	10,000,000
Finland, 50,000,000 F. marks	10,000,000
	$3,537,500,000

Three years of production with prewar working time in these six countries would pay off the whole debt to the United States. If England, which has a *de facto* but not legal eight-hour day, Spain and the dozen others of Europe's states are counted, the bill of losses would easily reach $6,000,000,000. Did Europe only start to produce this extra $6,000,000,000 and hand over the yield to its governments, war debts would be extinguished without causing any sense of financial pressure or bringing any further decline in the standard of comfort. Europe would simply be in the position of an individual citizen who after spending $5000 a year, of which $1000 went as interest on a debt of $20,000, suddenly resolved to work somewhat harder in order to earn an additional $1000. Such a citizen might complain of being overworked, but he could not complain that his debt burdened him financially. Europe would not suffer from overwork. The age of the ten-hour working day was an age of progress in health, education and social fitness.

Were Europe's politicians as reasonable as Europe's private individuals, the hard-work decade would speedily become a fact. But the politicians who promised universal felicity during the war feel discomfited sufficiently by the discovery that universal ruin is not far off; and it is too much to expect them to pass immediately to the next ugly step, and to prescribe unpleasant cures. The labor organizations are as obdurate as the politicians, and for the same reason; they—at least in Germany and Austria—promised universal felicity from revolution; and, being obliged to admit that socialism, the main boon, is impracticable, they cling desperately to easy work, to the eight-hour day, as "the chief gain from the revolution." "*Die Haupterrungschaft der Resolution*" must not be surrendered.

With two exceptions only, all direct assaults on "the chief gain" have failed. Soviet Russia and the Polish Republic have both abandoned the eight-hour day. Soviet Russia soon got rid unceremoniously of all gains from the revolution, real and imaginary. In February, 1920, within two weeks of the issue of Lenine's counter-revolutionary pamphlet declaring for compulsory work, expert workshop autocracy, the Taylor system, and other atrocities of the non-revolutionary world, Russia returned to ten-hour work. Today work on Russia's railroads proceeds for twelve hours; and a mere decree from the ultraproletarian Trotzky prolongs the hours of labor to fourteen "whenever vital interests of defense or production are involved." Poland voluntarily and in real democratic spirit decided for hard work. In a budget deficit of 133,000,000,000, a note issue of 260,000,000,000, and a currency sunken to .001 of its nominal value, she found unanswerable reasons. Proclaiming late last year through her Finance Minister Michalski that abundant production is the only path to restoration, she has passed a bill, with labor's representatives assenting, prolonging the maximum working day from eight hours to ten.

Holland's Labor Law

The rest of Europe tinkers with the problem. But even Germany has had to tinker. The German eight-hour day was established by revolutionary decree of November, 1918. A definitive eight-hour law now being handled by the Reichstag provides for a fifty-six-hour week in certain circumstances, and exempts liberally in cases of emergency, seasonal work, weather, and so on. Eight hours on the railroads is being killed by another bill, which declares that time on duty during which no work or only light occasional work is done does not count as full time.

Holland qualified her eight-hour law by providing for its suspension whenever foreign competition threatens; and her Diet has accepted a government proposal that the legal maximum—2500 hours a year—may be so distributed that sixty-two hours are worked in certain weeks. Belgium gets round the law by provision for seasonal industries; eight or ten industries claimed to be seasonal, and the Council of Industries admitted most of the claims. In Sweden in the first fourteen months 3000 exemptions were granted. Norway's law is to be amended in direction of greater elasticity. Social Minister Oftedal told the Storthing in May this year that when a Christiania employer, supported by all his workmen, desired for urgent reasons to prolong work by ten minutes on certain days, the authorities had to answer that they had no power to grant permission. Finland's law has been radically amended; exempted entirely are transport, posts, forestry, building and fishing. These limitations and exemptions have shorn the eight-hour day of its categorical, sacramental character, and killed its potency as a labor battle cry. But only when driven by immediate necessity have statesmen shown themselves ready to tinker. A leading statesman, still in office, with the courage to proclaim that hard work, no

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American dollars or convivial seaside conferences, is the cure for Europe's war sickness, has yet to appear.

Probably he will never appear. The leadership will be taken by labor itself when the mass of manual workers, crushed by high prices and unbearable taxation, feel more strongly than now the impulse to increase their individual earnings. Up till now Europe's workmen, mainly through the magic of currency debasement, which has expropriated the bondholding classes in favor of the producers, employing and employed, have managed to raise their wages in full proportion to the increased cost of living. But when honest state finance puts an end to this magic the alternatives, harder work or lower living, will present themselves. Adam Smith's declaration that were workmen given work for only four days a week they would work for themselves on the two others will then be put to a test.

Organized labor denies that this declaration is true; but individual workmen and groups of workmen admit its truth by striving for longer hours. Germans here lead. Their motive is purely materialistic. The typical German feels no moral impulse to pay reparations, and has no academic scruples as to the irregularity of ill-balanced budgets and unbacked Reichsbank bills. But as a man of healthy appetite and head of a family he begins to feel the pinch when income tax is imposed on incomes as low as sixty dollars a year, when there is a 5000 per cent gold supplement on coffee duty, and a sales tax on every article dealt with in trade. As soon as the family budget proves unbalanceable with the yield of eight hours' work the legal prohibition against longer hours appears to be a direct interference with liberty and a command to go hungry; and the question rises, Why should hard-up manual workers be forbidden to do what no one dreams of forbidding a hard-up merchant, farmer or professor to do? The result is an active and rapidly spreading guerrilla war, opposed feebly by the state as lawlessness and by the labor unions as class treason against the eight-hour limitation. Individual workmen openly defy the law. By refusing to give evidence, by setting traps for the factory inspectors, and even by falsifying time and wage records, they make it increasingly difficult to obtain conviction of employers who run their shops longer than the legal hours. "They boast"—in the words of a report from the industrial inspectors of Würtemberg—"that they will not let any authority dictate how long they shall work."

The Eight-Hour Law Evaded

All eight-hour-day countries, except England and Denmark, where the eight-hour system has been established by agreement, have similar experiences. In Austria the eight-hour system is observed only so far as workmen want to observe it; and attempts to enforce it by penalties have failed so hopelessly that attempts are now hardly ever made. Only five concerns out of thirty-six in one important industrial district even pretend to obey the law. This statement appears in the official factory-inspection report for 1921. The bulk of workmen insist on sixty-six hours weekly, for which they obtain a 50 per cent increased wage. If employers refuse, the men, having done their eight hours in their main employment, proceed to other concerns or work in petty undertakings of their own. In Scandinavia and Finland this method of evasion is general. Workmen from engineering shops spend their evenings in repair and construction shops of their own. Instead of working for ten hours as before the war, they work twelve or fourteen hours, turn up exhausted at their chief work next morning and so reverse the social aim of the law, the doctrine that from the viewpoint of family life, health and recreation eight hours is a natural maximum. The new German eight-hour bill reduces this argument to an absurdity. Whereas the original revolutionary decree merely forbade employers to retain their men for longer than eight hours, the new bill flatly forbids employes to engage in extra work for a second employer after the full legal hours' work has been done for the first.

Through this development the eight-hour system has been thrown again into the melting pot. As it is impossible to punish workmen for voluntarily exceeding eight hours, it is also impossible to prevent them. The eight-hour law assumes that only the workmen need protection; and that every violation of the law presupposes pressure or compulsion from the employers' side. This supposition is a fiction. Since 1919 every German workshop employing more than twenty-five men has had the institution of shop committee, through which employes take a big share in the management. The legal eight hours can therefore never be exceeded without the consent of the employes' representatives. Explaining why its new bill, like the original decree, provides penalties only for the employer, the government states that it is impossible in practice to fine or imprison hundreds of workmen.

But thereby the whole system is threatened. The courts of late have refused to fine employers who admittedly worked their men more than eight hours when the men, as must always be the case, consented. The aim of the law, say the courts, is exclusively to protect workmen against unfair exploitation; and it would be absurd to protect employes against their own wills. The courts have further ruled that it is an essential principle of penal law that all persons assisting in breaches of a legal prohibition are accomplices who must be punished; and that as in practice the employes cannot be punished the employer must be acquitted. These decisions have brought a crisis in the application of the eight-hour system. They mean that if workmen, individually or in a body, desire to work for ten hours or more, no authority can prevent them; they mean therefore that whenever economic pressure forces a large proportion of any country's workmen to feel such a desire, the eight-hour system must come to an end. When the present happy system of relieving low production with fake fiduciary currency loses its magic Europe may therefore look forward to a return to hard work.

An Unqualified Blessing

That is the case with Europe. Europe's experience has no lesson one way or the other for the United States, or for such other countries as have more or less escaped the war wreck. These countries may or may not afford the eight-hour day. They cannot afford to see Europe affording it. To United States business, hard work in Europe means certain real advantages, and no, or entirely illusory, disadvantages. As long as industrial wages in Germany, Austria and other low-exchange countries are about five cents an hour—at the exchange rates and wages of last November actually three cents an hour—American business will be so severely threatened by cheap competition that two hours' extra production in Europe could make no difference worth mentioning. The competition threat would cease as soon as Europe raised her battered exchanges; and there is no way of raising the exchanges except by means of hard work. America would further gain from the revival in Europe's buying power, from the increased export of her own cotton, copper, oil and other raw materials; and finally from the better prospect of recovering her European loans. The amateur doctrine, eternally condemned by economists, that any one nation can profit from the bad or scanty work of another, would once more be disproved.

For Europe, taken alone, a hard-work decade would be a blessing. Firstly, it would restore self-respect. Of all Europe's numerous psychical ailments, the rich-transatlantic-uncle sentiment paralyzes most. Politicians implore America to attend their conferences; financiers beg for American loans; manufacturers want American raw-material credits—all for the same reason which might impel an individual European spendthrift and idler to appeal to his rich transatlantic uncle. Secondly, hard work would solve the vexed questions which foiled Genoa and preceding conferences, all of which are fundamentally questions of work. Europe's exchanges are depressed only because of chronically passive payment balances, which are a mere expression of the fact that production is too low to pay for consumption. Hard work is the only means of production known. Were a trained American economist made dictator of Europe his first dictated solution would almost certainly be hard work. Of that there is no prospect; and there is about as little prospect of Europe's politicians effectively taking the lead. But there are signs that the impoverished populations will do the dictating themselves.

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By E. M. STATLER

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"Your job is one of meeting, handling *and pleasing* people—not simply of living up to your book of rules and doing errands. The spirit in which you serve a guest is, nearly always, more important than what you actually do for him.

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"It must be *courteous;* and *willing;* and *helpful.*

"You can carry a guest's things for him, and show him to his room or to a taxi, in a way that makes him feel that he is well-served, and that he is in a Statler hotel where people are anxious to make him comfortable and contented—

"Or you can go through with exactly the same physical service in a way that makes him feel that he is in a strange hotel where he doesn't amount to much, and that nobody cares.

"If that latter method is your way of work, you don't belong in a Statler-operated hotel.

"We appreciate the patronage of our guests—the preference they show when they come to us instead of going elsewhere. You have a better chance to show this appreciation than do most of the other people in the hotel. The only right way to show it is by a courteous, willing and interested service—the kind of service that is always *helpful*—and is also *always profitable to us and to you.*

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"Don't think in terms of the tips you get. I have never yet—NEVER YET—seen a tip-seeker who made as much money as the fellow who does his best for everybody, whether he thinks they will tip much or little. And anybody, in these hotels, who gets a tip and doesn't thank the giver—whatever the size of the tip—is marked, in my eyes, for a job some place else.

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THE SURVIVAL OF SIN

(Continued from Page 13)

with his departure from the Cavern of Wisdom. "You talkee Canton?"

"No. I speak English."

"Where you come?"

"San Francisco; all time."

"What you go to school—ketchum mebbe good job government—mebbe custom house pareece force."

"No. Live good time at school. Eat free."

"What you head learn all time—learn stomach get fat?"

"Ariffmetic, radio teregraff, love the neighbors an' be kind to poor dam brutes."

"How you call dam brutes?"

Young Wing Fat, in spite of his veneer of Western learning, caught himself slipping rapidly into the convenient pidgin of Grant Avenue. "Mebbe one piece horse, all time old, mebbe no-home dog, mebbe rabbit he likee eat, mebbe cat. Feed all piece dam brute, all time catchee home on high."

By the time old Sin had ushered his protégé into the back door of his new domicile the first faint rays of a scheme for eliminating the invader had begun to lighten the east horizon of his despair. "I ketchee supper now. You stay outside kitchen. Better you feed talk-Polly on sun porch. Then you look-see Jackson Street mebbe you find poor dam brute. You ketchum, all time makee home poor dam brute down cellar, mebbe baff room, you pitty soon have got one piece home on high longside wet-head joss. Can do?"

"Can do. What you feed talk-Polly?"

"Coffee, bread, pine nut, melon seed—mebbe candy. All time likee."

Away went Wing Fat on his errand of mercy, leaving old Sin to the business of preparing dinner. For an hour the boy wandered around through the big house and then, encountering Doctor Holland, the contract of employment was accomplished, verbally, in three minutes.

"We are going to Pebble Beach for a week," the doctor said. "We leave tomorrow morning. While we are away I want you to take good care of everything and don't let the watchman come in when he rings the bell. He comes every evening at nine, and he is usually thirsty. You understand. I trust you. Stay here and don't run down to Grant Avenue every day, and you'll have a job as long as you want it."

"Doctor, yes sir!" Something in Doctor Holland's words gave young Wing Fat a feeling that he would be on the job a long time after old Sin had been shipped, cased and clad for his last journey, to the home of his fathers. "I will take care of the house, doctor. And I will take good care of the talk-Polly and all other poor dam brutes and love the neighbors and ——"

Doctor Holland's exit and his dive into the library cut short the oath of service.

Wing, bursting with a sudden loyalty, trotted upstairs to the sun porch and dealt out another excess ration of pine nuts to the gurgling parrot. This done, he stood for a long time looking out across the shadowed waters of the bay to the rounded hills beyond.

"I will be good boy," he resolved again, "good to every poor dam brute I encounter and helpful to old Sin and to the noble gentleman who is the head of this house."

Opportunity for being helpful to the doctor was curtailed at ten o'clock the next morning by the doctor's departure, in his car, headed for his bungalow at Pebble Beach. Seated beside the doctor was Mrs. Holland, while in the rear seat, upholstered with the gear without which never a house party in the country can be successful, sat old Sin and the maid.

"Be kind to poor dam brutes," old Sin advised Wing Fat in parting. "Be kind till it hurts."

II

ALL by himself in the morning young Wing swept the floors and polished the woodwork and dusted the furniture until it came time, according to his stomach, to eat. In the kitchen he prepared for himself an enormous meal, consisting largely of meat, and used two hours of useless time in gorging himself while the gorging was good. He was roused from a state of somnolence by an expressman who sought to deliver to the master of the house a quartet of Belgian hares, alive and mumbling over their cabbage leaves in their slatted crate, even as the grateful ex-patient who sent the gift was alive and anxious to voice his appreciation to the man who had cured him.

"Well," thought Wing, "here are some poor dam brutes, sent by the Christian joss to enable me to practice the virtue of being kind to the helpless."

He carried the crate of mumblers to the sun porch, where for a time he admired them in captivity, and then, sensing the unrest back of the perpetual series of hops in which the animals indulged, he released them unto the freedom of the room and was gratified to see a panic-stricken Marathon staged before his eyes. Now the brown one gained, losing in weight the while what it made up in speed, and now it was a Plymouth Rock, or perhaps a Clydesdale or a Borzoi that surged madly forward under the raucous orders of the excited parrot, whose twisting neck bade fair to choke its enthusiastic owner to death in its vain attempt to see all four performers at once.

Wing left the show long enough to get some onion tops and some hamburger steak for the racing crew. When he returned the race had seemingly been run, but at the moment of his entry it was renewed with a fury that stressed the talk-Polly's thorax only slightly less than it did its cheerleading vocabulary.

The guardian tried for a while to capture the participants in the whirling mêlée but decided after ten minutes of unusual exertion that the best course would be to let the galloping animals become accustomed to their enlarged radius and then, after they were tame enough to approach, to catch them asleep, or to lure the poor dam brutes within grabbing range by means of select phrases culled from the gaudy cards presented each Sunday morning to customers of the higher learning at the Life Belt Mission.

A sturdy member of the panic-stricken quartet, diving under a low rung on a rattan chair, tipped the chair to a point where gravity did the rest. The heavy back rod, sweeping through an arc which ended on the instep of Wing Fat's foot, inspired an added thought. Perhaps, when all else failed, the Belgian hares could be killed with kindness.

At three o'clock Wing left the house and marched rapidly toward the low country from which, into the bay, extends Fisherman's Wharf. At the Dominick Emporium he purchased, at Grant Avenue rates, three large and finny discards of the catch—carp whose heavy breathing in the bright sunlight that flooded the planks upon which they lay proclaimed the brevity of the tenure of their bondage.

Into a five-gallon oil tin, half filled with water, he plunged the panting carp, head foremost, and with this burden he made his way back to his domicile, the carps' tails waving meanwhile to the awkward cadence of his freighted march.

Arrived at the house he discovered that the butcher's boy had left the daily ration of freshly killed red beef for old Sin, and so, for as long as the gods of plenty might continue the beef deal, he stored the carp against the day of famine, alive and swimming heartily in the porcelain bathtub adjoining the guest room on the second floor of the house.

A day or two later, on a more extended ramble into the Presidio, he retrieved a poor brute who needed oats to beat the band.

On the day on which the doctor was scheduled to return, prowling back from a foraging trip into Chinatown, burdened with a gunny sack in which were half a dozen submissive but luscious turtles, young Wing Fat dragged behind him at the ends of two stout strings a pair of stubborn beasts that had to work hard to obtain any sympathy whatever from the lover of poor dam brutes.

With the fatigue of his moral obligations and his professional duties heavy upon him he sought at the feet of science to find that tranquillity for which his soul hungered, and so at six o'clock, upon the fog-bearing breezes that swept inland from the Pacific, he loosed a box kite at the end of a thin filament of copper that reeled from a spool clamped to the window sill of the east end of the long sun porch, in which still gamboled the jolly Belgian gallopers.

While the kite was tugging its prisoner's message into the hands of the young scientist, whose mushroom love for radio had grown until now it ran a close second to his yearning for the good, the true, the beautiful, including deep affection for all the derelict poor dam beasts upon this sorry earth, the air above and the waters beneath, he scurried to his room and returned with a crystal detector set that he grounded to a gas jet with soft number twenty copper.

To the kite string aërial, tugging from its reel on the window sill, he connected a wire that dangled from the box of mystery. Over his ears he clamped the receivers and, tuning in, he heard the final sentences of a market report broadcast by a stuttering youth whose utterances would have driven a short market operator to madness. There followed a series of phonograph records in which the scratches made upon them by gold-plated cuff links could be detected as clearly as the clicking of a pair of dice that were being urged to victory on the floor of the broadcasting station.

At seven o'clock the audible entertainment ended and with the failing wind Wing reeled in three hundred feet of his copper kite string, leaving a short two hundred feet still functioning. Thereafter for a while he devoted himself to the single pleasurable game of flying his kite.

At seven o'clock, San Francisco bound, Doctor Holland drove through Palo Alto at a thirty-five-mile rate. Mrs. Holland was beside him, and in the back seat of the car with the maid, holding on tight and muttering a few fragments from the Four Books, was old Sin. His quotations from the classics were interrupted now and then by periods of deep thought concerning young Wing Fat—periods of wondering to what degree the guardian of the doctor's home had been kind to poor dam brutes. The truth, could he have known it, might have exceeded his most extravagant hopes.

Along around half past seven the monotony of kite flying crept into the consciousness of the young scientist on the sun porch of the doctor's house, and seeking momentary diversion until aëronautics might regain its normal charm Wing Fat turned to the talk-Polly behind him and made generous promises concerning an extra ration of pine nuts. He fixed the string of the kite in a notch on the flange of the winding reel and left off his science for the moment so that he might fulfill his pine-nut obligations to the garrulous bird.

When Polly was once more chuckling and gurgling a few select phrases of gratitude Wing Fat was thrilled with the sense of having done a kindly act for this poor dam brute, and to prolong this comfortable feeling of virtue he resolved to change the water on the carp in the bathtub below.

He flapped down the stairway to the second floor and with a few kindly words to another large and salvaged inmate of the bathroom, he turned on the cold-water tap in the bathtub, neglecting, however, by reason of a sudden riot which sounded from the floor above, to open the drainage valve. Three steps at a time he bounded back to the sun porch, entering that glass inclosure in time to witness the last stages of an indigestive fluttering convulsion induced in the talk-Polly by too much high living.

Huddled in the corner, near the wireless set, seeking the nerve tonic of close companionship, were the four frightened Belgian hares.

Two minutes of excited talk and frantic petting failed to bring to the parrot's eyes aught but a stupid glare, and Wing gave over his attempts at fixing Polly upright on his perch, as natural as life, and turned to the open window from which led the copper tether of the night-roaming box kite.

The kite had not roamed as much as it had subsided, on the failing winds, to a position forty feet above the earth, where, from the upper one of three sagging wires, it hung entangled a long ways from home.

Wing sought to retrieve it, first by prayer and then by action. One quick pull, he figured, might lift its planes above the barrier that had captured it. In the twilight shadows that now bulked black around the glare of the street lamps the tethered kite swung like a giant sleeping bat.

One quick pull! Wing reached for the thin copper wire that led to the kite and grasped it.

The kite, like a sleeping bat, swung for a home run from a five-hundred-volt power line. There is nothing civilized, nothing tame or considerate about five hundred volts when they are one and all raring to go.

Wing, the scientist, ever kind to poor dam brutes, grasped the wire, and as he did so something kicked him in the stomach, to an accompaniment of thunder, and knocked him for a row of kilowatts extending from the sun porch to dreamland. The convulsive straightening of his legs backed him straight into the cage of the talk-Polly at the moment that the bird had begun to repent the evils that follow upon unwise indulgence in pine nuts.

The complex projectile, humanity, feathers and furniture, winged its flight until it reached the corner where huddled the four noncombatant hares—and presently over the writhing and half conscious form of the young scientist, who craved to be kind to the humble creatures of earth, raged a one-way race of wild animals. Now one and then another fell exhausted, only to have its squawking, feathered rider transfer to a new and panic-stricken mount.

Wing, becoming faintly conscious of the confusion about him, heard the plaintive braying of a mule below, and the soft splash of a cascade of water slushing down the front stairway.

Then came the slamming of the heavy front door of the house, a woman's voice rising in a series of suppressed squeals, and the lighter profanity of old Sin, punctuating irrelevant passages from the Four Books with the cackled Billingsgate of Grant Avenue.

The crash of Doctor Holland's fall, with and by a stand of potted plants! The turtle upon which the doctor had stepped was a nonskid turtle, but at the moment he was not working at it by reason of half an inch of water that had flooded the lower hall.

III

IN THE seclusion of the sun porch, surrounded by the wreckage of the evening's events, young Wing Fat attempted to lay it all on the loosened kite string that now trailed across three neighboring back yards, free of its venomous alliance with the high-tension line.

"I was investigating radio teregraff, doctor, and ——"

"What about that mule in the bathroom and the blasted prowling turtles and those carp in the tub—and it flooding over! And the cellar full of dogs! And this room a hell of rabbits and Chinese idiots! Get out of here! Get out of this house before I ——" The doctor fumbled for a promise appropriate to the moment.

Into the interruption interposed by the inadequacy of words young Wing Fat, cut off from the only exit by the doctor's waving arms, sought to temporize until the first fury of the storm should have passed.

"My teacher at Life Belt Mission tell me be kind to poor dam brutes and ——"

Enough! Urged by a large and active pair of hands, and by the threatening promise of an eager foot, young Wing Fat covered the distance to the head of the stairs in three jumps. A clatter on the stairway, at which, from where he was calmly mopping up the traces of the cascade that had flowed from the carp-infested bathtub, old Sin looked up in mild surprise at the assisted flight of the animal-loving young scientist.

The doctor, still escorting Wing Fat, called to old Sin, "Open the door!"

The old Chinaman, master of the moment, countered with a suggestion: "You be kind to poor dam brute so long I ketchum suitcase."

The doctor restrained himself until the property of the young Chinaman had been retrieved from his room, and then bodily, bag and baggage, Wing Fat was ushered to the portals of the house and launched into whatever might await him at the hands of a cruel world.

At the final moment of the eliminating process old Sin repeated his word of counsel to his master: "You no kill him; be too greasy all time on front step. You be kind to poor dam brute."

At midnight, to complete the technic of saving face, the old Chinaman asked the doctor a final question: "You likee me ketchum Numbah Two boy like you tellum last week?"

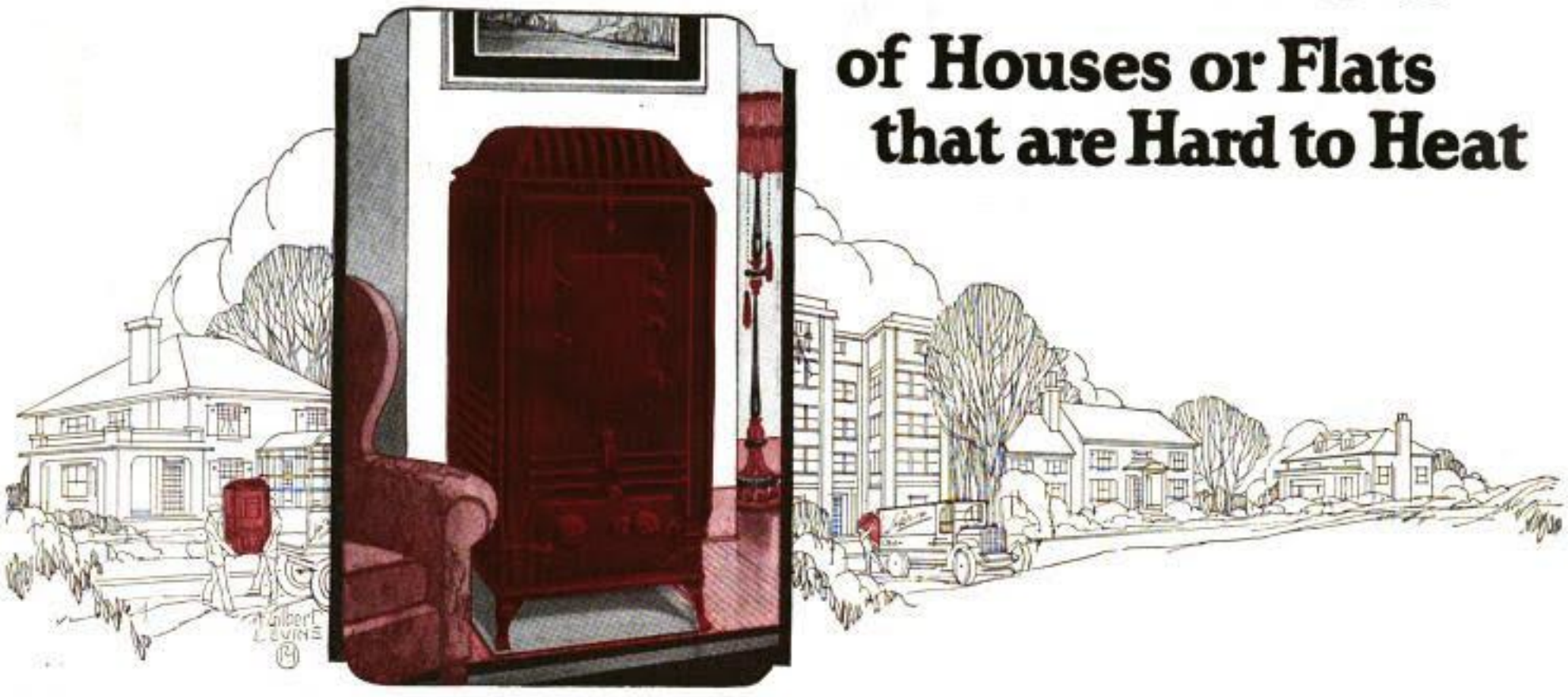
Doctor Holland smiled slowly—a smile of understanding. "You ketch any more boys I kill you."

"Wisdom is the flower of experience," Sin reflected; and then, answering the doctor's smile, "You no kill me," he said. "Better you be kind to all poor dam brute—like ol' Sin."

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THE VAN ROON

(Continued from Page 26)

of William that it went against the grain to accuse its owner of baseness. In spite of this, however, Sir Arthur could not help asking himself how it had come about that a young man so poor, who was yet clever enough to pick up such a treasure for a few shillings, had parted with it so lightly. Upon the answer to that question he felt that much would depend.

"I suppose when you gave this picture away you did not realize its great value?"

"As a matter of fact, sir, I hardly thought about it at all in that way. I only saw that it was a very lovely thing, and Miss June saw that it was a very lovely thing. She admired it so much that she begged me to let her buy it."

"Did you take her money?"

"No, sir. She accepted it as a gift. I asked her not to let us think of it as money."

"Could you afford to do that?" Involuntarily the questioner looked at the young man's threadbare coat and shabby trousers and at once decided that he, of all people, certainly could not.

William's answer gave pause to the man of the world. "I hope, sir, I shall always afford the luxury of not setting a price on beauty."

"But surely you would not give away a Van Roon to the first person who asks for it!"

"Why not, sir—if you happen to—to ——"

"If you happen to what?"

"To like the person."

Although the young man blushed when he made this confession, such ingenuousness did his cause no harm. Sir Arthur Babraham, all the same, was puzzled more than a little by such an attitude of mind. The story as told by this young man verged upon the incredible, and yet he felt sure it was true. He knew better, however, than to take a hasty decision upon what, after all, might prove to be wrong premises. It was his clear duty to see justice done in a strange matter, but he would leave to others the task of enforcing it. Thus when the old man renewed his demand to be allowed to go at once to Park Lane and get the picture he was met by a refusal which if very polite was also final.

"Mr. Gedge, my daughter holds this picture in trust for your niece, who, I am informed by the hospital, has been most cruelly used by somebody. She accepts—we both accept—the story told by your niece as to how in the first instance she came to possess this most valuable thing, which, by the way, this young man has been able to confirm. If you persist in trying to establish your claim I am afraid you must apply to the law."

This speech, delivered with judicial weight, was a bombshell. The old man realized that the game was up; yet as soon as the first shock had passed he could hardly mask his fury. By his own folly the chance of a lifetime had been thrown away.

As he was now to find, he was bereft of more than the Van Roon. He had lost the trust and affection of William. In the first agony of defeat S. Gedge, Antiques, was far from realizing what the fact would mean, but it was brought home to him poignantly two days later.

William's first act when Sir Arthur had left the shop was to go to the hospital. Here he was received by a member of its staff who told him that the patient was too ill to see anyone, and that even if she recovered, her mind might be permanently affected. The doctor who discussed the case with the young man allowed himself this frankness, because he was very anxious for light to be thrown on it. The girl had been cruelly knocked about, there were heavy bruises on her body and marks on her throat that suggested that she had had to fight for her life; and this was borne out by the delirium through which she was passing. In the main it seemed to be inspired by terror of a man of whom she spoke continually as Uncle Si.

The visitor was questioned closely as to the identity of the mysterious Uncle Si. He was pressed to say all that he knew about him, for the hospital had to consider whether this was not a matter for the police.

William was shocked and rather terrified by the turn things had taken. The scales had been torn from his eyes with a force that left him bewildered. He had trusted his master in the way he trusted all the world, and now disillusion had come in a series of flashes which left him half blind. He felt life could never be the same.

Two days after the terrible discovery which had changed his attitude to life he told his master that he was going to leave him. It was a heavy blow. Not for a moment had such a thing entered the old man's calculations. He had got into the habit of regarding this good simple fellow as having so little mind of his own that for all practical purposes he was now a part of himself.

So inconceivable was it to S. Gedge, Antiques, that one wedded to him by years of faithful service could take such a step that it was hard to believe the young man meant what he said.

"Boy, don't talk foolishly," he cried. "I'll raise your wages five shillings a week from the first of the New Year."

The old man could not see the look of slow horror that crept into the eyes of William; yet he did not fail to catch the note of grim pain in the stifled "I'll have to leave you, sir. I can't stay here."

Obtuse the old man was, yet he now perceived the finality of these words. As he realized all they meant to him the pain was like the stab of a knife. William was not merely indispensable. His master loved him. And he had killed the thing he loved.

"I can't let you go." Human weakness fell upon the old man like a shadow; this second blow was even more terrible than the loss of the Van Roon, which was still a nightmare in his thoughts. "I'm old. I'm getting deaf and my eyes are going." He who had had no spark of pity for others did not scruple to ask it for himself.

William was a rock. Now that he could respect his master no more he must cease to serve him.

One hope remained to S. Gedge, Antiques, even when he knew at last that his assistant was through with him. In times so difficult the young man might not be able to get another job; yet he had only to mention it to discover it was not a staff on which he would be able to lean.

William, it seemed, had got another job already.

"At how much a week?" Habit was so strong there was no concealing the sneer in the tone of surprised inquiry.

Three pounds a week was to be William's salary. This information brought home to the old man as perhaps nothing else could have done the real worth of the treasure he was about to lose. It was four times the rate at which he had thought well to reward these priceless services.

"Who is being fool enough to give you that money?" he sneered.

"Mr. Hutton, sir, at the top of the street," was the answer.

S. Gedge, Antiques, dug a savage tooth into his lower lip. Joseph Hutton was a young and pushing rival whom on instinct he hated. "Fellow's a fool to go spoiling the market," he snarled.

Alas, the old man knew but too well that, as far as William was concerned, it was not at all a question of spoiling the market. That aspect of the matter would never arise in his mind.

LIV

EVERY day for a fortnight William went to the hospital, only to be denied a sight of the patient. June was fighting for life. And even when the crisis was passed and it began to appear that the fight would be successful, she had to face an issue just as critical and yet more terrible, for the fear remained that she would lose her reason.

For William events moved quickly. He said good-by to his master, removed his belongings from Number —, New Cross Street, and entered the employ of a neighboring dealer, a man of far more liberal mind than S. Gedge, Antiques; one who, moreover, well understood the value of such a servant.

It was a terrible wrench for the young man. With the ardor of a simple character he had loved his master, trusting and believing in him to an extent possible only to those endowed with rare felicity of nature. In spite of himself he was now forced to accept the hard and bitter truth that the old man upon whom he had lavished affection was not only a miser but something worse. When the passion which ruled his life was fully roused he was tempted to anything.

While in the lower depths and beginning to despair of seeing June again, William called as usual at the hospital one afternoon, to be greeted by the long-hoped-for news that the patient had taken a turn for the better. Moreover, she had begged to be allowed to see him; and this permission was now given.

Carrying the daily bunch of flowers, by means of which June had already recognized his care for her, he was led along the ward to the bed in which she lay. The change in her appearance startled him. Little remained of the whimsical, high-hearted and practical girl who had mocked his inefficiency in regard to the world and its ways. To see those great eyes with the horror still in them, and that white face, was to feel a tragic tightening of the heart.

Tears ran down June's cheeks at the sight of the flowers. "I don't deserve your goodness," she said. "You can't guess how wicked I am."

As she extended to him her thin arms he found it hard to rein back his own tears. What suffering he had unwittingly brought upon this poor thing! But it was impossible to keep track of her mind, which even now was in the thrall of an awful nightmare. She shuddered convulsively at the memories his voice and his presence brought to her, and the words that came to her lips tore his heart:

"Am I struck? Am I like the hoodoo? Am I like Uncle Si?"

To him, just then, this wildness was hardly more than a symptom of a mind deranged. His great distress did not allow him to pursue its implication, nor could he understand the nadir of the soul from which it sprang. Yet many times in the days to follow he was haunted by those words. They came to him in his waking hours and often in lieu of sleep at night.

Returning from this short and unhappy interview to his new home he found a surprise in store. A visitor had called to see him, and at the moment of his arrival was on the point of going away.

His late master, looking very gray and frail, had come to beg him to return. He declared that he was now too old to carry on alone, sight and hearing were growing worse, he had had another quarrel with the char and had been obliged to send her permanently away.

S. Gedge, Antiques, was now a figure for pity. The truth was, this childless and friendless old man who in the grip of the passion that had eaten away his life had never been able to spare a thought for his kind simply could not do without the one human being he had learned to love.

As he stood in the shop of a rival dealer the slow tears ran down his thin cheeks. But William, with the shadow of that other figure upon him, had no pity to give.

The wreck of youth, of reason itself, seemed infinitely more tragic than the falling of the temple upon the priest of Baal whose wickedness had brought the thing to pass.

"I'll pay you twice what you are getting now if you'll return to me," urged the old man. "I can't go on alone." He peered into that face of ever-deepening distress. "What do you say, boy?" He took the hand of the young man in his own, as a father might take that of a beloved son. "I'll give you anything—if you'll come back. I haven't long to live. Return tonight and I'll leave you the business. Only speak the word and you shall inherit every stick and stone I possess."

It was a moment to rend the hearts of both, but the word was not spoken. For the second time that afternoon William was hard set to rein back his tears; but he had not the power to yield to this appeal.

Overborne by the knowledge that the hand of fate was upon him, S. Gedge, Antiques, leaning heavily on his knotted stick, moved feebly towards the dark street.

LV

ONE morning about a week after William had rejected his master's last appeal an inspector of police called attention to the fact that the shop had remained closed for several days, and as it was known that the old man had lately been living alone the circumstance had given rise to a certain amount of suspicion. William's name had been mentioned as lately in his employ and he was now asked to throw what light he could on the mystery.

"The neighbors think we ought to enter the shop and see if anything has happened," said the police inspector.

(Continued on Page 63)

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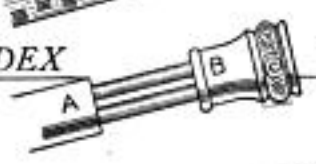
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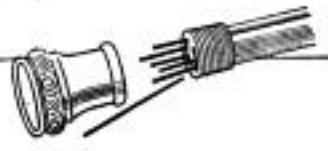
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PHOENIX
HOSIERY

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(Continued from Page 60)

William thought so too. Remembering the last meeting with his master, which had left a scar he would carry to the grave, a kind of prophetic foreknowledge came to him now of a new development to this tragedy.

It was not convenient just then to leave the shop, as he happened to be in sole charge of it; therefore he was unable to accompany the inspector down the street. But half an hour later, on the return of his new employer, curiosity forced him to put on his hat and go forth to see if the thing he feared had come to pass.

The police already had made an entry of Number —. Moreover, a knot of people was assembled about the familiar door, which was half open. Its shutters were still up, but two constables were guarding the precincts. William caught the words "murder," "suicide," "robbery" as he came up with the throng. In a state of painful excitement he made his way to the door.

S. Gedge, Antiques, it seemed, had been found lying dead on the shop floor. The young man wished to pass in, but the police had instructions to allow no one to enter. A doctor, summoned by telephone, had not yet come.

William was still discussing the matter when the inspector, whose acquaintance he had made already, hearing voices at the door, came from the shop interior to see if it was the doctor who had at last arrived. He recognized William at once and invited him in.

Outside was a murky November day, but with the windows still shuttered it was necessary for three rather ineffectual gas jets to be lit in the shop. The light they gave was weird and fitful, but it sufficed to enable the young man to see what had occurred.

As yet the body had not been touched. In accordance with custom in such cases, it had to lie just as it was until viewed by a doctor, for if moved by unskillful hands some possible clew as to the cause of death might be obliterated.

The old man was lying supine before the hoodoo. One glance at that face, so drawn, so thwarted, and yet so pitiful in its ghastliness, was enough to convince William that death had come directly from the hand of God. With a shiver he recalled the words of a strange and terrible clairvoyance of late so often in his ears: "Am I struck? Am I like the hoodoo? Am I like Uncle Si?"

As the old man lay now, in all the starkness of his soul, with only the essence showing in that tragic face, William was overcome by his likeness to the image. It was as if, at the last, his very nature had gone out to some false god who had perverted him.

Consumed by pity, William turned away from a sight he was no longer able to bear.

LVI

SPRING came, and June, who had had to fight for life and then for reason, won slowly to a final sense of victory. This came to her on a delicious April day, when the earth, waking from its long sleep, was renewed with the joy of procreation. Her own nature, which had passed through so many months of darkness, was quickened to response in this magic hour.

The force of the emotion owed much, no doubt, to the spirit of environment. Life had begun again for June under conditions different from any she had known. Friends had been gained for her by a singularly romantic story. Of certain things that had happened she could not bring herself to tell; but when as much of the truth came out as could be derived from facts precariously pieced together, she became a real heroine in the sight of Sir Arthur Babraham and his daughter.

But for her courage and keen wit a great work of art might have passed out of the country without anyone being the wiser. These staunch friends were determined that justice should be done in the matter and, kindly folk that they were, did not spare themselves in the long and difficult task of restoring her to health.

The middle of April saw her installed in the gardener's cottage at Homefield in the care of Mrs. Chrystal, a motherly and genial housewife. Here she almost dared to be happy. The phantoms of the long night were being dispersed at last in an atmosphere of sunny and cordial well-being.

Miss Babraham, who walked across the park from the main house every morning to visit her, had become a sort of fairy godmother whose mission was to see that she did not worry about anything. She must give her days and nights to the duty of getting well. And she was going to be rich.

Riches, alas, for June, had her friends but known, were the fly in the ointment. They could arise from only one source, and around it must always hover the black storm clouds. She had no real right to the money that was coming to her, and although she had no means apart from it, she felt that she must never accept a single penny. It was morbidly unpractical perhaps, but there the feeling was.

When June had been at Homefield about a week Miss Babraham found her one morning in the sunny embrasure of the pleasant little sitting room, reading.

After a stay of a full hour, during which the two women had talked on many intimate topics, Miss Babraham rose to go. "If tomorrow morning is as fine as this morning," she asked, "do you think you could come over to us? You know the way. It's an easy walk of less than half a mile."

June was sure she could.

"Please do, if you won't find it trying. Come about eleven. And I hope," she added as she was about to pass out of the sitting-room door, "there may be a pleasant little surprise for you."

June wondered what this could be. During the last few weeks she had known in abundance the agreeably unexpected, and at intervals during the rest of the good spring day she recurred to this new surprise with happy thrills of hope.

LVII

ELEVEN o'clock the next morning saw June, dressed with the extreme of care, before the portals of the main house. She had come well. Excitement had made her feel quite strong again; moreover, she had been promised a reward for the effort she was making.

The servant who answered her ring showed by his air of prompt courtesy that her coming was anticipated. She was led across a hall, all black oak, family portraits, heads of deer and suits of armor, with an open gallery running round the top; up a wide staircase, laid with a carpet thick and subtle to the tread; along a corridor into a room of great length whose glass roof gave a wonderful light. Many pictures hung upon its walls. June was thrilled at the moment she found herself in it, for this, she felt sure, was the famous Long Gallery.

The thrill was not confined, however, to the room. At the moment she entered June thought it was empty, but a look round disclosed at the far end a tall young man in a familiar attitude of rapt absorption. Only one person since the world began could have been so lost to the present in sheer force of contemplating a mere relic of the past.

It was a rare bit of stage management, all the same, on the part of Miss Babraham. Here before her stood William in the flesh.

He was too far from the door and too rapt in adoration of the masterpiece at which he was gazing to have heard June come in. And so, before he saw her, she had time to grow nervous and self-conscious.

A good deal of water had flowed under the bridge since he had left her uncle's house. William, it seemed to her, had grown up and she had grown down. So far away was the time of their equality, if such a time had ever really been, that she was just a shade in awe of him now.

Many hours had he spent by her bed. It was perhaps due to him that she had emerged at last from the chasm which so long and so grimly threatened to engulf her. His gentle nature had a true power of healing. Beyond anyone she had ever known he had a perception of those large and deep things of sky and earth which alone, as it seemed to her now, made life worth while. He was the prophet of the beautiful in deed as in word, and amid the soul-tearing storm through which she had passed the sense of her inferiority had been not the least of her sorrows.

That sense returned upon her now as she stood by the door through which she had come.

At last he turned and saw her.

"You!" He sprang towards her with an eager cry.

Yes, brilliant stage management. But by fate's perversity the players somehow were not quite equal to their parts. June's shy timidity communicated itself at once to William. There was no reason why he should not have taken her in his arms, for he had come to love her tenderly. But June's odd confusion summoned in him a mistaken chivalry. Broken in spirit, poor soul, by what she had been through, she could no longer defend herself; he must be, therefore, very gentle. It would have been easier to tackle the Miss June of New Cross Street, the rather imperious and sharp-tongued niece of his late employer.

"How are you getting on, Miss June?" he said lamely. "You look very thin, but you've got quite a color."

Something of the gawklike New Cross Street manner, which compared ill with Miss Babraham's tact and finesse, was in this greeting.

June's cheeks grew flame color. An idiot less divine would have given her a kiss and have had done with it, but in some ways William was a shocking dunce.

"I expect you are surprised to see me here, aren't you?"

She could but stammer that she was very much surprised.

"Sir Arthur has asked me to re-hang some of these." A rather proud wave of the hand towards the walls of the gallery showed that he was human. "And he has commissioned me to go over this Pieter de Hooch most carefully with warm water and cotton wool."

LVIII

TOGETHER they went round the Long Gallery, gazing at the treasure hanging there, which to him meant so much, to her so little. She tried to see it with his eyes; or if this could not be, at least get some clew to the quality which made quite ordinary-looking objects the things they were.

Who could have believed that an old and dirty thing which she had heard even Uncle Si describe as a daub would turn out to be a fortune? Other fortunes were here to gaze upon, but why they were so precious would always be for June a mystery of mysteries. Even with William's help it was a subject on which she could never be really wise.

Perhaps it was the presence of William which had induced in her a mood of great complexity. Old unhappy things were flooding back. And as they walked slowly round the gallery an object at its extreme end suddenly sprang into view, and brought her up with an icy gasp. The hoodoo was grinning at her.

In its new setting the monster was merely grotesque. Retrieved from the morose interior of Number —, New Cross Street, which it had darkened so long with its malice, it was no longer an active embodiment of evil. The force of its ugliness was less, yet for June, in a subtle way, the implication of its presence was more.

It was as if the fates were saying to her, "We are watching you, my girl. This young man, whom now you dare to love—have you not tricked him out of his patrimony by your pretended worship of beauty?"

William, seeing that she was nervous and upset, led her to a chair, heedless of the fact that she was almost cheek by jowl with the hoodoo.

"Mustn't tire yourself," he said. "I'm afraid you've walked a bit too far."

June shivered. The old unhappy things were threatening once more to submerge her.

"I should not have come here," she said dismally. Then pointing to the image, she exclaimed, "How I wish it was somewhere else!"

William caught the look of horror in her eyes, and in the next instant he saw again the old man lying dead at the foot of the hoodoo.

It was like the passing of a cloud across the sun. Life for him, also, had found another notation in these terrible months. He had been through a hard school. Certain lines in his face were deeper and there were hollows under his eyes. Never again must he allow the ideal to run so far ahead of the real.

Yet in this harsh moment the power of his nature kept him up.

He was able to pierce to the true reason for June's deadly pallor. It was not wholly due to the fact that she was still weak or that she had walked too far. Trolls even now were in her brain. With his instinct for healing he must do his utmost to cast them out.

"We'll try to persuade Miss Babraham to have him put in the garden."

Scarcely had he spoken the words when that lady, accompanied by Sir Arthur Babraham, entered the Long Gallery.

LIX

"SO HERE you are!"

But the light note of Miss Babraham's greeting changed to a quick concern as she saw at a glance that June was looking ill.

"Now don't get up, please. I am going to be quite angry with myself if your walk has made you overtired."

June, a new shyness upon her, which the presence of Sir Arthur made much worse, found it very difficult to speak.

"I hope you are cultivating a taste for chicken and new-laid eggs," said the kindly gentleman. "And for a glass of wine to your meals—which I always say is what has made Old England the country she is." Finding his jolly laugh was less effective than usual he pointed to the hoodoo in the tactful hope of putting an embarrassed girl at her ease. "There's an old friend I'm sure you recognize." June's distress, however, grew rapidly worse and Sir Arthur made a fresh cast. "I'm not sure, all the same," he said to William in a laughing aside, "that the old fellow can be allowed to stay here. Tell me, what is your candid opinion?"

"We've been wondering, sir, if he wouldn't look better in the garden."

Miss Babraham caught gayly at the suggestion. "The very place for the jar of Cnossus! And perhaps Miss June and Mr. William will plant a myrtle in it."

"A myrtle?" said Sir Arthur. "In that chap—a myrtle?" He plucked at his mustache and looked at the laughing Laura. "Why—pray—a myrtle?"

"Papa, how dense you are!"

A hit, clean and fair, which after a very little thought Sir Arthur was man enough to own. His one excuse, and a poor one, was that in certain things the sex to which he had the misfortune to belong was notoriously slow in the uptake.

It was now William's turn to acclaim the idea. "Yes, Miss Babraham, with your permission we will plant a myrtle in the jar of Cnossus," he answered, blushing.

In the laugh which followed June did not share; just now her feeling was that she would never be able to laugh again.

Sir Arthur now conceived it to be his duty to try once more to cheer the poor girl up.

"By the way," he said, "has my daughter told you what we propose to do with your Van Roon? We have formed a sort of committee to deal with the picture. It has given rise, don't you know, to a rather curious position. We think—three or four of us—that it ought to be acquired for the nation; but of course there's the question of price. If the work is put up to auction it may fetch more than we should feel justified in paying. On the other hand, having regard to the obscurity of its origin, it might be knocked down for considerably less than it is intrinsically worth. All the same, we are quite convinced that it is a very choice example of a great master, and that the place for it is the National Gallery, where another Van Roon is badly needed. Now I hope you see the dilemma. If the nation enters the market a definite buyer the thing may soar to a preposterous sum. At the same time, we don't want the nation to acquire it for less than its real value. So the question in a nutshell is, Will you accept a private arbitration, or do you prefer to run the risk of getting comparatively little in the hope of obtaining an extra ten thousand pounds or so?"

June followed the argument as closely as she could, and at the end of it burst into wild tears.

"The picture is not mine," she sobbed. "It doesn't belong to me."

It was a moment of keen embarrassment. Sir Arthur, who had doubted from the first, was hardly to be blamed for beginning to doubt again. Such an outburst was the oddest confirmation of his first suspicion, which conspiring circumstance had enabled him perhaps too easily to forget. But Laura's faith was quite unshaken. For her the question of ownership had been settled once and for all. The poor girl was overwrought, overdriven; it was so like this tactless father of hers to worry the girl with all kinds of tiresome details when he should have known that she was not strong enough to grapple with them.

"Come, papa," said Laura Babraham, with reproof in a clear gray eye, "if we

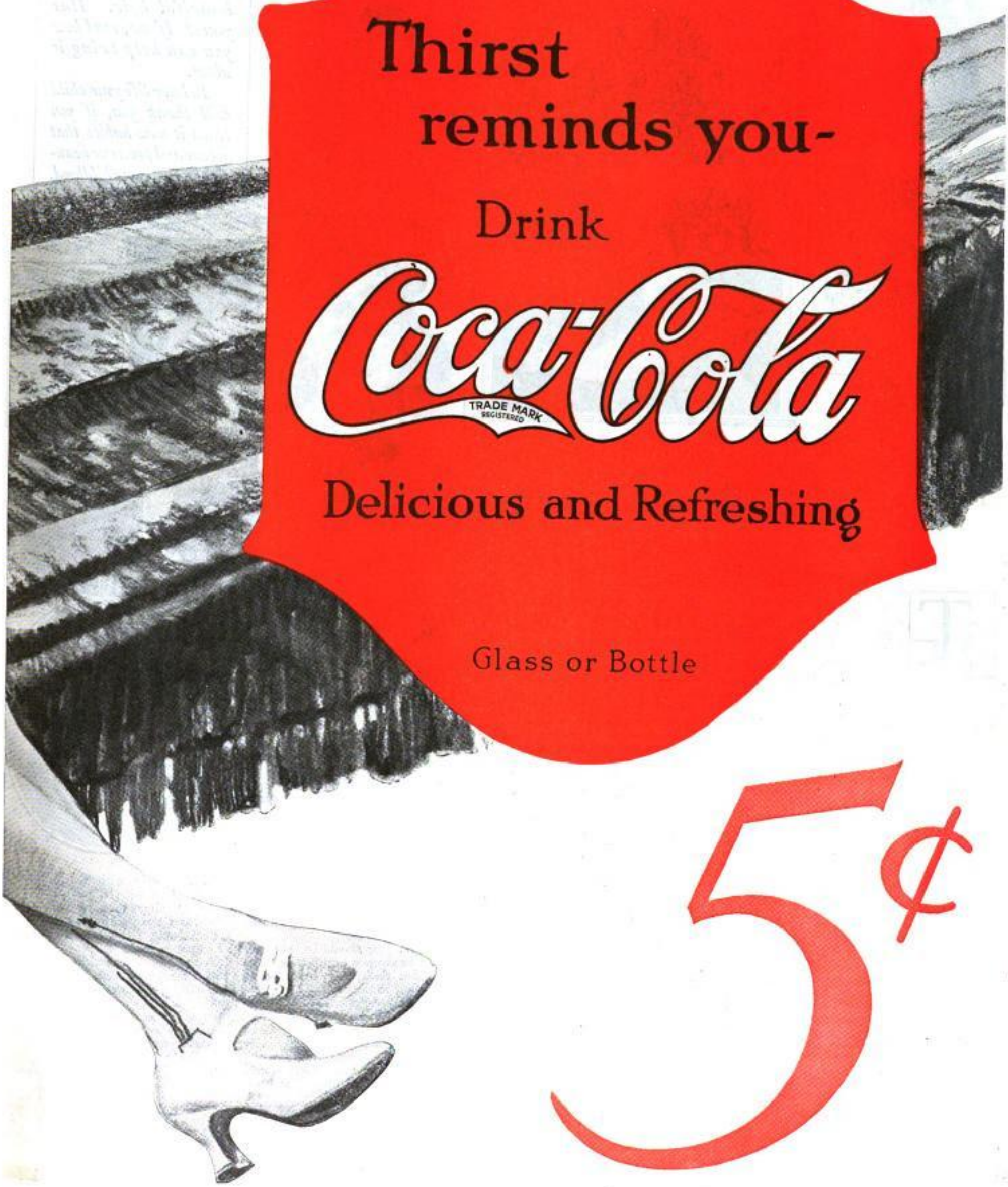
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What a Child's Hair Needs

Every child should have beautiful hair. Has yours? If not, read how you can help bring it about.

In later life your child will thank you, if you teach it now habits that secure and preserve beautiful hair from childhood.



How a Mother Can Keep Her Child's Hair Beautiful, Healthy and Luxuriant

THE beauty of your child's hair depends upon the care you give it.

Shampooing it properly is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes the hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your child's hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because the hair has not been shampooed properly.

When the hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While children's hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating mothers, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your child's hair look, just follow this simple method:

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water.

Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair, but sometimes the third is necessary.

You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want your child to always be remembered for its beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Teach Your Boy to Shampoo His Hair Regularly

IT may be hard to get a boy to shampoo his hair regularly, but it's mighty important that he does so.

His hair and scalp should be kept perfectly clean to insure a healthy, vigorous scalp and a fine, thick, heavy head of hair.

Get your boy in the habit of shampooing his hair regularly once each week. A boy's hair being short, it will only take a few minutes' time. Put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified over the hair and rub it in vigorously with the tips of the fingers. This will stimulate the scalp, make an abundance of rich, creamy lather and cleanse the hair thoroughly. It takes only a few seconds to rinse it all out when through.

You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of his hair, and you will be teaching your boy a habit he will appreciate in after-life, for a luxuriant head of hair is something every man feels mighty proud of.



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COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

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(Continued from Page 63)

don't go at once and look at that herbaceous border we shall certainly be late for luncheon."

LX

WHEN they were left to themselves once more it became William's task to offer balm to June's distress. Instead of discussing the question of the Van Roon's ownership or the unlucky presence of the hoodoo, he began gently to discourse of Matthew Maris.

As far as June was concerned he might have discoursed of the moon. In the first place she had never heard of Matthew Maris; and in the second she was consumed by a desire to settle forever the question of the Van Roon, which was now tormenting her like a fire. This was a dynamic moment, when great decisions are reached with startling abruptness and half a lifetime may be lived in half a minute.

Of a sudden she broke out again in wild sobs.

"I cheated you. I tricked you over that picture."

William tried to change the current of her mind, but it was not to be.

"You gave it me, didn't you, because I made you think I had fallen in love with it? But I hadn't. It meant nothing to me—not in that way."

He stood, an image of dismay, but he had to listen.

"Why do you suppose I did that? I'll tell you: I overheard Uncle Si talking to a dealer. You remember, don't you, the funny crooked little man in the knitted comforter and the brown billycock whom I used to call Foxy Face? One morning when you were out he offered Uncle Si five pounds for it, and Uncle Si said it might be worth a good deal more. That's why I decided to get hold of it if I could, before Uncle Si got it from you. And that's why I cracked it up and made you think I could see all sorts of wonders in it, when all the time I saw no more beauty in it than there is in that." And she pointed to the hoodoo.

William gave a little gasp. June heard him, but in mad unhappiness of that moment she determined to spare herself nothing.

"Beauty means no more to me than it does to that thing there. All your talk about Hobbemas and Marises and De Hooches and Cromes is to me just sloppy. They bore me stiff every time. I hate the sight of all these things." The wave of a wildly tragic hand included all the masterpieces in the Long Gallery. "I hate them! I hate them! So now you know the mean and dirty liar that I am."

No longer able to bear the sound of her strange and terrible words he turned sickly away. He remembered again the cry that had haunted him after his seeing her first at the hospital: "Am I struck? Am I like the hoodoo? Am I like Uncle Si?"

Poor soul! It was not for him to judge her. He could only think of her sufferings. And it was cruel indeed to realize what they must be now.

"That's why I don't want the money. And that's why I don't mean to have it. I burn when I think of it. Now you know how low-down I am. I hope you like the way I've cheated you."

He sought to take her hand, but she withdrew it fiercely. His very goodness almost made her hate him.

LXI

BY THE advice of Miss Babraham they planted a myrtle in the jar of Cnossus. Some days after the scene in the Long Gallery the hoodoo was haled into a convenient corner of the Italian garden, where by the marge of a tiny rock-strewn lake the momentous rite was performed with a high solemnity.

After the ceremony June and William retired to the fragrant shade of a budding lime, feeling rather hot, yet not dissatisfied with their labors. It was a perfect morning. Larks were hovering in the bright air. Blackbirds and thrushes were trying out their grace notes, and once June thought she heard a nightingale.

For a little they reclined in poetic comfort in two wicker chairs. Fauns in marble, and Cupid, complete with bow and arrows, lurked hard by. At last June broke a delicious silence.

"You must put your coat on," she said suddenly.

"But ——" said William, who really had delved and shoveled to some purpose.

June was not to be butted—not this golden day.

"If you don't you might get a bad chill," she said severely.

William rose and did her bidding. And in the midst of that simple act a certain piece of confidential information, which Sir Arthur and Miss Laura had been kind enough to supply at frequent intervals during the last few days, recurred forcibly to his mind. It was to the effect that Miss Gedge was so practical she would make an ideal wife for an artist.

As far as the major premise was concerned it was less irrelevant than at first it might seem, for William had recently decided that an artist was what he was going to be.

June it was who broke the silence after some little while.

"It was Miss Babraham's idea, wasn't it, to stick the myrtle in that jar? What did she say it was an emblem of?"

"Of marriage," answered William.

"Then she ought to have planted it herself—if she is going to be married."

"On the first of July. They've fixed the day."

"Oh! Have you seen her young man?"

"He came to lunch yesterday."

"Who is he?"

"The Honorable Barrington, a gentleman in the Blues."

June frowned portentously. "I hope he'll be good enough for her." But she didn't sound very hopeful.

"He's a very nice gentleman."

"Ought to be if he's going to marry her. But what I should like to know is, Why was she so set on you and me planting that myrtle when she ought to have planted it herself?"

"Don't know, I'm sure, Miss June," said William innocently.

LXII

SINCE June's nerve storm in the Long Gallery a week had passed. She was feeling much better now. Day by day she was growing stronger; nevertheless she was troubled about many things.

Foremost of these was the question, so vital to a practical mind, of ways and means. They both had to live. And if William had really made up his mind to be an artist he would need money, and plenty of it, for leisure and study and foreign travel. She was rather glad, if only for this reason, that he had been able to take such a bold decision. He would be the more likely to accept that which really belonged to him—the price of the Van Roon.

Sir Arthur had now informed her that the sum the committee proposed to offer for the Van Roon could be invested to produce a thousand a year free of tax, and he strongly urged its acceptance, as she would be relieved of all money difficulties for the rest of her life. To June it sounded fabulous. She knew in her heart, besides, that she would never be able to take this income for her own use. Every penny was William's, and the task now before her was to bring home to him this fact.

It did not take long to prove to her this morning that she was attempting the impossible. The thousand a year he declared was hers, and nothing would induce him to touch a penny. Yielding in some ways, in others, as she had discovered already, for all his gentleness he was a rock.

Desperation now drove June to confess that she had never intended to touch the money. Even at the moment she had filched the Van Roon from him with her wicked pretenses, at the back of her mind had been the wish to save him from himself. Always she had regarded herself as the Van Roon's trustee, so that he should not be victimized by the cunning of Uncle Si, just as Sir Arthur was its trustee now, so that neither of them should be robbed by the cunning of the world.

She found all too soon, however, that it was vain to argue with him. What he had given, he had given. As far as he was concerned that was the end of the whole matter.

"Very well then," said June vexedly, "if you won't you won't. And I shall present that picture to the nation in your name, and then you won't have a penny to live on and you'll have to go on working in a shop all your life for a small wage to make other people rich, instead of being able to study and travel and make yourself a great artist."

She felt sure the half nelson was on him now. Even he, dreamer that he was, must surely bend to the force of pure reasoning. Beyond a doubt she had got him. But he was not playing quite fair, it seemed. He was forced to own finally that he had not put all his cards on the table.

To June's sheer amazement he was keeping a little matter of twelve hundred a year or so up his sleeve.

"Didn't know you had a rich aunt," said June amazedly.

"Not my rich aunt; your rich uncle."

"Do you mean to say," June figured slowly out, "that Uncle Si has left you all his property?"

"His lawyers say so." The voice of William had a slight tremor.

"If his lawyers say so it is so," said June with imperious finality.

A pause of which a thrush, a blackbird and an entire orchestra of skylarks took great advantage, came upon these inheritors in spite of themselves; and then June remarked: "He must have bought some property very lucky."

Quite simply William stated that such was the fact. "The lawyers say that in 1895 he bought what they call a block in New Cross Street, including Number — and that it's been going up and up ever since, so that now it's worth about eight times what he gave for it."

In sheer incredulity June stared at him. She must be living in fairyland. And then the sun flamed out from the merest apology for a cloud which was all the April sky could boast at that moment, and there came an answering gleam from the burnished image before her eyes in which they had lately planted a myrtle.

"Much good it did him," she said.

William had never told June the story of the old man lying dead before the hoodoo, nor had he disclosed his own indirect share in that tragic end. He did not do so now, for this was not the time to enter into such an unhappy matter. Yet without coming to details, June seemed with that power of clairvoyance she had lately acquired to divine some of the pitiful business. "He was a miserable old miser," she said in a voice the birds could not hear. Then she noticed its tragedy in William's eyes and added, "I believe you were the only living thing he ever cared for."

June glanced at the new wrist watch, whose acceptance William had craved two days before she left the hospital. Nearly one o'clock already, and it would never do to show disrespect to Mrs. Chrystal's famous chicken broth.

They got up together, yet as they did so they felt that the best of the spring day was fled. Now that the sun had gone in, the hoodoo yonder was monarch once more of all he looked upon.

What a thing life was! Yet by now both were wise enough not to think too much about it. God knew it could be ugly, but dwelling upon its complexities only made them seem worse.

Besides, there was no time for deep thoughts. It was six minutes to one. Luncheon at the house, where William was guest, was sharp at the hour. Meals to the tick was Sir Arthur's foible, and William would only just have time to wash his hands and brush his hair. And so he was not able to accompany June along the rectangular path which led from the main avenue direct to Mrs. Chrystal's.

Moreover, she didn't want him to. She understood his hurry. Also he understood hers. Besides, each craved a moment, after all, to consider life and just where they stood in it.

"I have to rest this afternoon," said June. "And I suppose you have to get on with the cleaning of the Matthew thingummy. But if it's as fine tomorrow morning as it has been today let us meet under this tree about eleven."

Whereupon June took the bypath abruptly, and William, his six minutes reduced to four, stepped out towards the house. Life and its complexities did not get, therefore, much of a show at the moment, yet both of them must have been giving these high matters some little thought, for as June reached the eucalyptus tree she halted and half turned and looked back just for one instant. And she found that William, now on a level with the second Cupid on the main gravel, and his four minutes reduced to three and a quarter, had also halted, and half turned to follow her example.

LXIII

JUNE always maintained that the idea was William's. He, on the other hand, always maintained that the idea was hers.

(Continued on Page 69)



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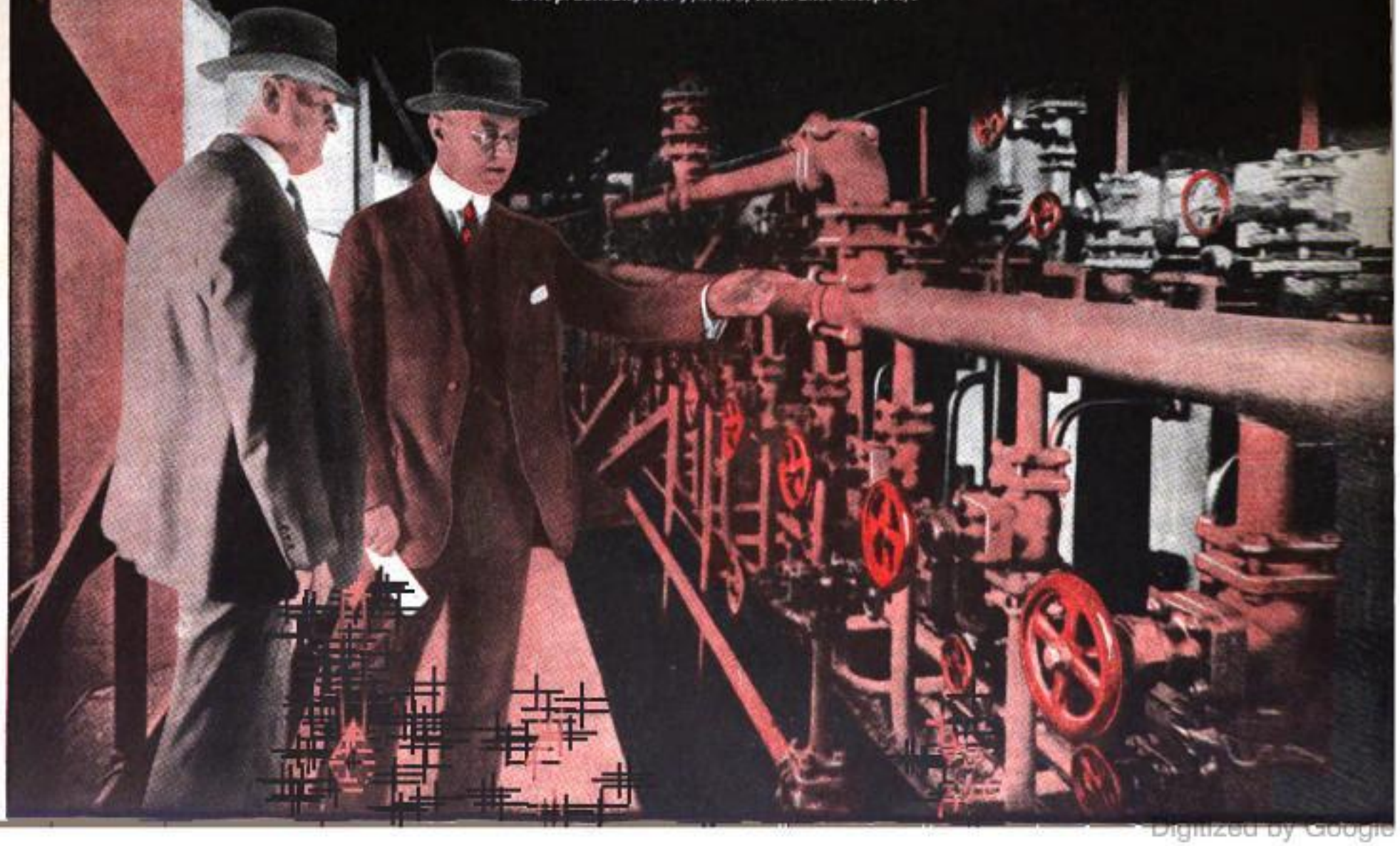
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(Continued from Page 67)

But whatever the truth of the matter in its centrality, there was really no doubt that it was Miss Babraham who thought of the car. To her alone belonged that minor glory. As for the luncheon basket, although that honor was claimed for her as well, it may have owed something to Sir Arthur, for June and William were agreed that the weighty and practical genius of that man of the world was visible in this important detail.

It was just after nine on as promising a morning of early May as the much derided climate of Britain was able to produce for a signal occasion, when Mr. Mitchell the chauffeur, in his livery of Robin Hood green, with buff collar and cuffs, arrived at Mrs. Chrystal's door with Sir Arthur's touring car. Inside sat William in a fleecy gray ulster which June had no idea he possessed—and for that matter it was Sir Arthur who possessed it—and almost the last word in hats, which if you happened to catch its wearer in profile, as June chanced to do at the moment the car drew up, made him look uncommonly distinguished.

"What time do you expect to be back, Mr. Mitchell?" asked Mrs. Chrystal from her doorstep, as that hero, a veteran of the Great War, which had ended before William began—that is to say, Class 1920 was never called up—helped June into the car.

"Back, did you say, ma'am?" said Mr. Mitchell, closing the door softly upon William and June. "There you have me. We've to go as fur as the heart o' Suffolk and back again."

Mrs. Chrystal knew that; hence the question.

"Accordin' to this map"—Mr. Mitchell pointed to the canvas back of the road guide which was on the vacant seat beside his own—"Crowdham Market may take a bit o' findin'. Still, if the roads are all right I dessay we'll be home by the risin' o' the moon."

"My reason for asking is that I'm wondering about the young lady's supper. However, I'll expect you when I see you, because, as you say, Crowdham Market may be a funny place to get at."

In the opinion of June, who heard this conversation, Mrs. Chrystal was fully justified in thinking so. They were about to start on a journey to Cloud Cuckoo Land.

A very romantic journey it was. Up hill and down dale they went, by devious lanes and unsuspected ways across a noble sweep of country. Zephyrs played gently upon their faces; the sun shone, the birds sang; the smooth-gliding car made little dust and less noise; they sat side by side; it was a royal progress.

The idea itself was William's, June always maintained, that they should go to Crowdham Market and find the poor old woman who kept the tumbledown shop, where, perhaps as much out of pity as anything, he had given five shillings for the Van Roon. They could well afford to make her comfortable for life with an annuity, the precise amount of which Sir Arthur might be asked to fix if they could not themselves agree upon it.

Indeed the whole question of the Van Roon's fabulous proceeds was still vexed. Neither would move an inch. June still vowed she would not touch the money. William vowed that he would not touch it either, but he had gone so far as to suggest that he should buy the thing back from her with a part of the property her uncle had left him. To this property he somehow felt he had no lawful claim; yet by means of it he would be able to add, free, gratis and for nothing, one masterpiece the more to his treasure house in Trafalgar Square.

June, with the frankness for which she was famous, did not hesitate to denounce the scheme as crazy. Even the Sir Arthur Babrahams of the world, who were simply rolling in money, thought twice about giving fortunes away. What did he suppose was going to become of his career as an artist if he stripped himself of the means of pursuing it?

That, of course, was where she had him. And as they sat side by side on this golden journey to East Anglia they divided the forenoon between admiring the scenery and discussing the problem in all its aspects.

"You talk of France and Spain and Italy!" The note of scorn was mellowed considerably by the romance of the occasion. "You talk of studying the pictures in the Louvre and the Prado and the Uffizi Gallery!" She had really got to grips with art now. With an indomitable will, an inflexible ambition and a brand-new course of memory training to help her, she was not only learning to remember outlandish words but how and when and in what order to use them. "You talk of Rembrandt and Titian and Velasquez, but I'm thinking those foreign landladies'll get your size before you can say 'Knife.' My opinion is you'll need somebody to look after you when you go abroad—somebody who understands the value of money."



The Middle of April Saw Her Installed in the Gardener's Cottage at Homefield. Here She Almost Dared to be Happy

"The less value money has for an artist the better," said William the sententious.

What William really meant to say was that the less an artist thought about money the better for his art, that an artist painted better for love than for money, that the great masters were born poor as a rule and often died poor, and that nothing was so likely as money to distract the mind from the quest of beauty.

These, to be sure, were not his exact words. His thoughts were clothed more neatly in the William way. But such was the sum and substance of what they came down to, and June was so pained by his line of argument that the contents of the luncheon basket on the opposite seat were needed to sustain her.

After patiently reasoning with such wrong-headedness she looked [illegible] and found that [illegible] there—

the gods had provided. Egg and tomato sandwiches were at the top of the basket, with a layer of ham underneath, and below that a most authentic cake with almonds in it; all of which were delicious.

The meal, if anything, was even better than the conversation, though that also was on an extremely high level. They were very honorable in their dealings with the luncheon basket. Share and share alike was the order of the day, with a third share of everything religiously laid by for Mr. Mitchell whenever he might feel justified in slowing up to eat it. Even a full third of the basket's crowning glory was laid by for Mr. Mitchell—to wit, a large vacuum flask of coffee, piping hot.

It was a few minutes after two when they reached Crowdham Market and drew up at the Unicorn Inn. Here, eight months ago, William had discussed the great drought with Miss Ferris, the landlady's daughter, one of those high-colored girls who June could see at a glance was a minx.

Promising to be back in an hour, which was all that Mr. Mitchell could allow if they were to be home before the rising of the moon, June and William, feeling more romantic than ever before in their lives, set out on a pilgrimage up the High Street. It was the only street in the town which aspired to a sense of importance; the point, in fact, towards which all meaner streets converged. One of these it was they had now to find.

Alas, from the outset there was a grave doubt in the mind of William in the matter of his bearings. To the best of his recollection the old woman's shop was either the second or third turning up, then to the left, then across, and then to the left again into an obscure alley of which he had forgotten the name. That was like him. In June's private opinion it was also like him—although lese majesty, of course, to let him know it—to take her to look for a serendipity shop in a bottle of hay.

William knew neither the name of the old woman nor the byway that had contained her, and in the course of half an hour's meandering it grew clear to the practical mind of June that the old woman was in serious danger of having to go without her annuity.

Mr. Mitchell's hour was all but sped when William stopped abruptly. He had hit the trail. At the corner of the lane into which for the third time they had penetrated was an enticing little shop called Middleton's Dairy. The sight of it brought back to William's mind a recollection. Immediately the picture had been acquired he went into that shop to get a bun and a glass of milk. Pausing a moment to wrestle with his sense of locality he gazed down the street. The old woman's store would be just opposite.

But a glance was needed to show that the old woman's shop was not just opposite. The housebreakers had been recently at work and the decrepit block of which her premises formed a part was razed to the ground.

Faced by the problem of what had happened to the old woman the only thing now was to enter Middleton's Dairy and inquire. They were cordially received by a girl who in June's opinion showed too many teeth when she smiled to be really good looking; who also, in June's opinion, wore corsets that didn't suit her figure, and whose hair would have looked better had it been bobbed.

Like Miss Ferris, the landlady's daughter, this girl seemed to remember William quite well, which was rather odd, June felt, since he had been only once in the town previously, and then for but a few hours. The inference to be drawn from the fact was that William was William, and that in an outlandish one-horse place like Crowdham Market young [illegible]



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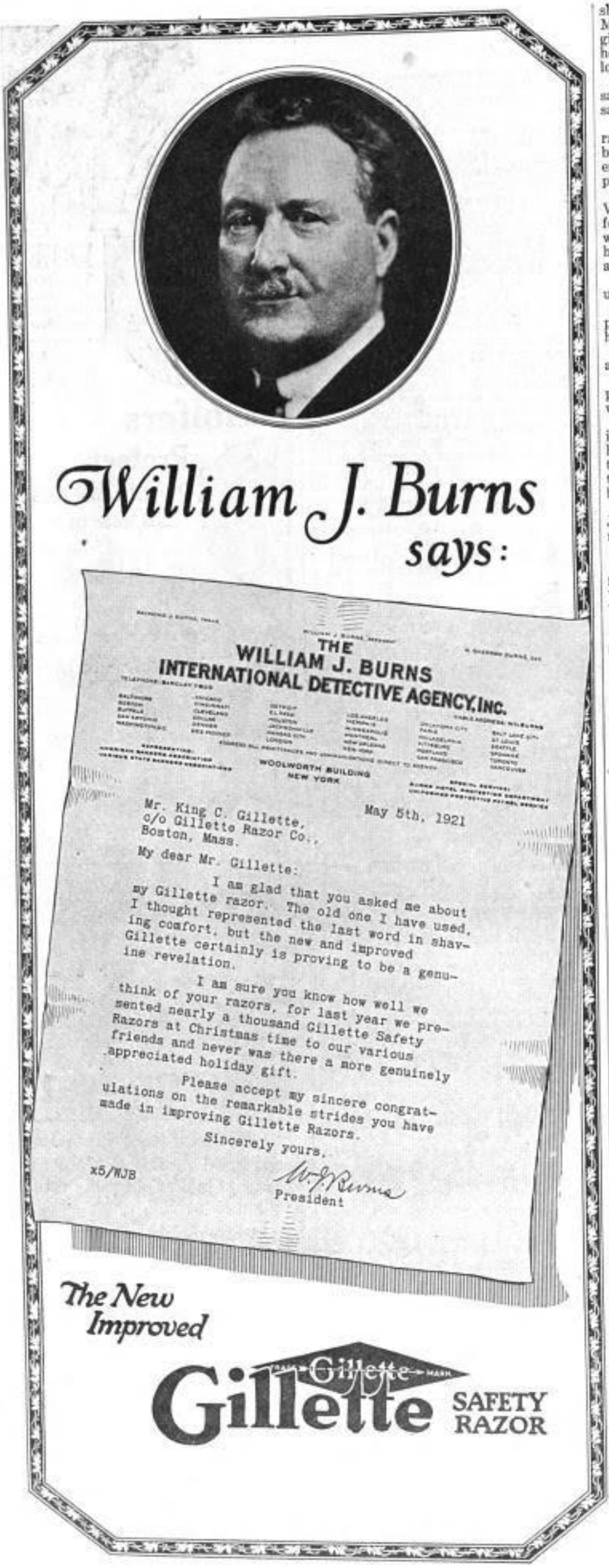
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she was known among the neighbors as Mother Stark. And the poor old thing, the girl understood, had been turned out of house and home because she could no longer pay her rates and taxes.

"Half her side of the lane's pulled down," said June, who now came into the conversation on a note of slight asperity.

"Oh, yes," said Miss Smiler to William rather than to June; "the site has been bought by a company." She went on to explain that they were going to build a picture house there.

A picture house on the spot where a Van Roon had lain hidden and unknown for who knew how many years! What a world it was! Could Mother Stark but have guessed, she would not have needed a company to take over her premises.

"What's become of her? Can you tell us?" said June.

"Had to go to the workhouse, I believe, poor soul," said the girl, who had a good heart.

June looked at William. William looked at June.

"Is the workhouse far from here—please, can you tell us?" It was William who asked the question.

The workhouse, it seemed, was not far; in fact it was quite near. To get there you had only to go to the end of the lane, turn to the left, cross the recreation ground and the footbridge over the canal, and keep on bearing to the left and you couldn't miss it.

"Will it take long?" The question was June's. And a glance at her wrist accompanied it.

"Not more than five minutes."

"Thank you very much indeed. We are greatly obliged to you." William it was who brought the conversation to a climax with a lift of the hat.

LXIV

THERE was only one thing to be done now. Mr. Mitchell's hour was up, but there was no help for it. The workhouse, as the girl had said, was not more than five minutes away if you followed her instructions.

As June had had the matter in hand the instructions were followed to the letter, and they arrived at the workhouse without delay. But as the pile, dark and grim, came into view at the far side of the canal, an odd emotion at work in William as well as in June seemed to bring them up with a round turn.

A long moment they gazed at the bleak and frowning thing before their eyes. And then said June with a laugh: "I'm thinking that's where you'll be one day if you don't find someone who isn't a genius to look after you."

The words came from the heart, yet William did not appear to hear them. "Reminds one," he murmured half to himself, "of that little thing of Duclaux's called The Poor House. There's an exhibition of his pictures just now at the Bond Street Gallery. Wonderful line. A great sense of mass effect."

"You can't tell me," said June, "there's beauty in a thing like that—in that old workhouse?"

"Duclaux would say so, with that dark cloud cutting across the gable. And that bend of the canal in the foreground is not without value."

June now glanced at her wrist watch and then rang the bell of the gloomy and forbidding door. The summons was heeded, tardily and with reluctance, by a surly janitor.

"Can we see Mrs. Stark?" asked June.

"Eh?" said the janitor.

He must have been deaf indeed not to have heard the question in its cool clarity. June repeated it; whereon the keeper of the door looked her slowly up and down, turning over the name in his mind as he did so.

"Mother Stark, she was called," said June for his further enlightenment. "She sold all kinds of old rubbish at a shop that used to be opposite Middleton's Dairy at the top of Love Lane."

"Mother Stark, you say!" Light was coming to the janitor. "No, you can't see her."

"Why not? The matter's important."

"She's been in her grave this two month—that's why not," said the janitor.

"Oh," said June.

And then after brief commerce with the eye of William, she added: "Has she any relations or friends?"

The answer was no; Mother Stark had had a parish burial.

William thanked Diogenes; and then after one more swift glance at each other, he and June turned away, feeling somehow a little overcome, yet girt by a sense that they were through at last with the matter of Mother Stark's annuity.

Returning in their tracks across the canal footbridge, across the recreation ground, up the lane, past the site of the new picture house, past Middleton's Dairy, they entered the High Street without haste, in spite of Mr. Mitchell, and with a gravity new and strange, as if they both felt now the hand of destiny upon them.

Heedless of all the Mr. Mitchells in the universe, they walked very slowly to draw out the last exquisite drop of a moment of bliss that, no matter what life had in store, they could never forget. And then for some mystic reason June's brain grew incandescent. It became a thing of dew and fire. Ideas formed within it, broke from it, took shape in the ambient air. She might have been treading the upper spaces of Elysium, except that no girl's feet were ever planted more firmly or more shrewdly upon the pavement of the High Street, Crowdham Market.

Four doors from the Unicorn Inn was the most fashionable jeweler's shop in the town, perhaps for the reason that there was no other; and as they came level with the window a spark flashed from its depths and met an instant answer in the eyes of June. Nearly an hour behind the schedule they were now, yet they lingered one instant more, while June drew William's attention to a coincidence. The vital spark, it seemed, owed its being to a gem set in a ring which was almost a replica of the one worn by Miss Babraham.

"It's as like Miss Babraham's engagement ring as one pea is like another pea," said June in a soft voice.

In the course of their friendship William had been guilty of many silences of a disgraceful impersonality; and he was now guilty of one more. He glanced at the ring with a wistful eye, sighed a little, and then with slow reluctance moved on. June accompanied him to the threshold of the Unicorn Inn. And upon its doorstep, within hearing of the office, wherein lurked Miss Ferris, the landlady's daughter, he faced about, and then by way of an afterthought, his head apparently still full of Duclaux, began to stammer:

"Miss June, if I go back and get that ring will you—will you promise—to—to ——"

Miss Ferris was in the office; the top of her coiffure was to be seen above the frosted glass. And the office door was wide open; June therefore gave her answer in a very low and gentle voice.

For all that, it did not lack pith. "If only you'll cut out the Miss I'll wear it like Miss Babraham—on my heart finger."

LXV

BACK they went to the jeweler's, four doors up. To the expert eye of William the ring, on inspection, was so little like Miss Babraham's that he seemed to have a qualm about buying it. He had a fancy for moonstones and diamonds, but Crowdham Market's only jeweler did not run to these. June was firm, besides, that the ring in her hand was cheap at nine guineas, and as no one could call it vulgar it was quite enough.

William was sure it was nothing like good enough. "But when we get to London you shall have moonstones and diamonds."

"That'll be lovely," said June; and a deep thrill ran in her heart as she realized that her dreams were coming true.

William took a wad of Bradbury's from his breast pocket. He was now a man of property, with a rent roll of twelve hundred a year, but even a most careful counting would not let them muster more than seven. June, however, as became the lawful owner of an Old Master, which to acquire for the nation a committee had been lately formed, was equal to the occasion, for she promptly took a wad from the vanity bag which now graced her travels instead of her mother's old purse, and made up the sum.

In the meantime the jeweler, a man of ripe experience, had put two and two together.

"Will you wear it, madam, or will you have it packed in the box?"

An unconventional question, no doubt, but places like Crowdham Market are close to Nature and get down to bedrock by short cuts.

(Continued on Page 72)

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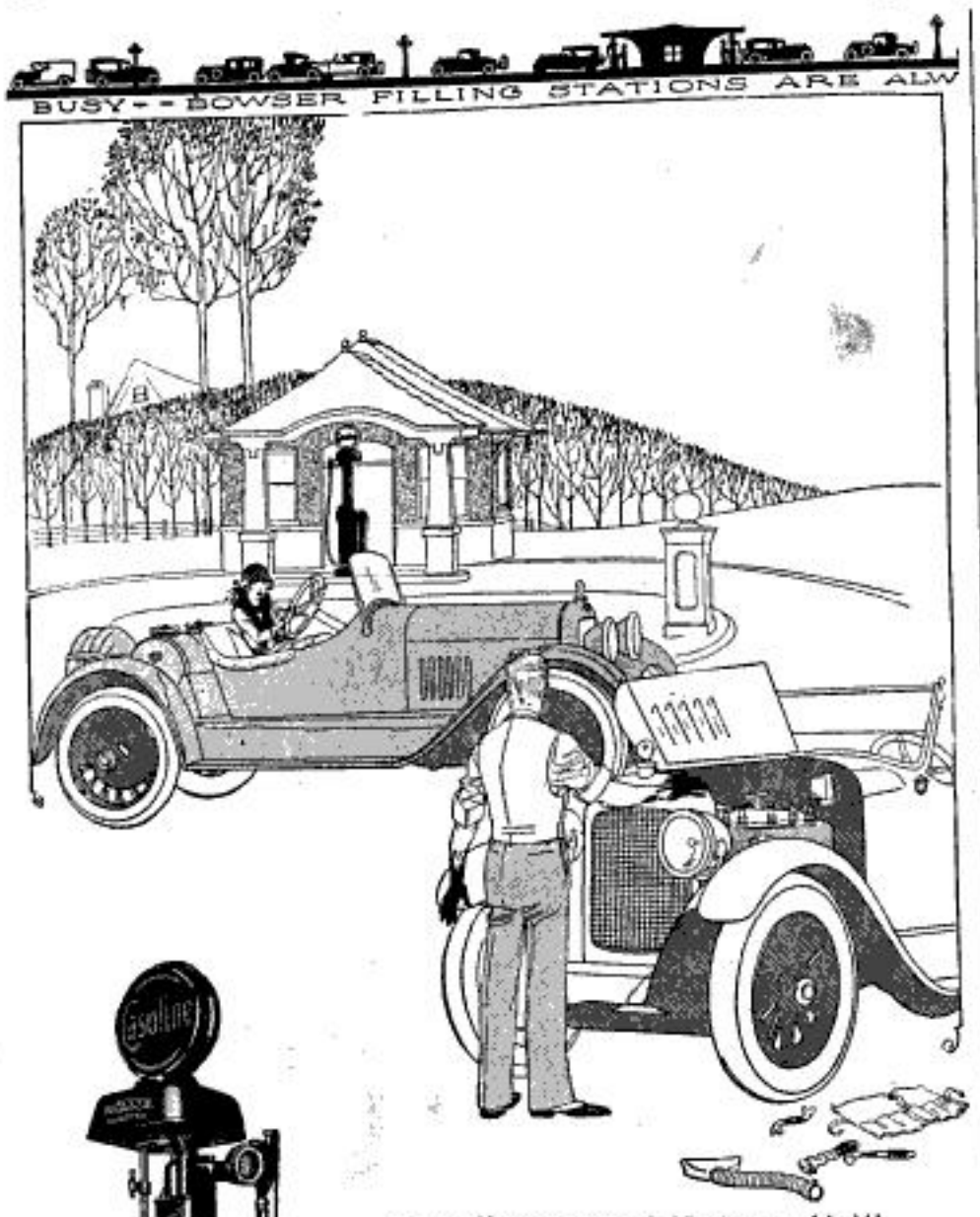


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SHE: "Hello, Tom! Having trouble?"

HE: "I'll say I am. My carburetor's full of water."

SHE: "How funny! I've never had water in *my* carburetor, but then I always get gasoline from Bowser pumps."



WATER accumulates in every gasoline storage tank; moisture condenses from the air drawn into the tank as gasoline is drawn out. If this water is not extracted while the gasoline is served to the car, it causes carburetor trouble.

The centrifugal action in the water separator, through which all Bowser filling station pumps discharge gasoline, extracts the water. The gasoline is then delivered clean, dry and power-full. Look for a Bowser and avoid water and dirt, chief enemies of carburetors.

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- Richardson-Phenix Oil Circulating and Filtering Systems and Force Feed Lubricators.

Write for Booklet

BOWSER ESTABLISHED 1885

ACCURATE MEASURING PUMPS

(Continued from Page 70)

"I'll wear it," June answered. "And I'll have the box as well. It'll do for my dressing table to keep pins in."

The jeweler, one of the old school, bowed to June as he handed her the box and also the change. And then, a jeweler with a fine technic, he smiled at William in a Masonic manner and handed him the ring.

June, as cool as if she was on parade, removed a white kid glove from her left hand. "That's the heart finger," she said.

If she blushed a little the jeweler was too busy at the other end of the shop writing out the receipt to be aware of the fact.

LXVI

THEY decided to ask Miss Ferris, the landlady's daughter, for a cup of tea before they set out on the journey home. June felt she could afford to take the risk, since by now the situation was well in hand. Mr. Mitchell raised no objection. Himself an ampler man for a noble lunch, he had been recounting tales of Araby and lands of fair renown in the privacy of the office. His suit of Robin Hood green and a certain gallantry of bearing had made considerable impact in an amazing short time, not upon Miss Ferris merely but upon her widowed mother, the sole proprietress of the Unicorn Inn, who in the words of the local manager of the East Anglia and Overtons Bank was the warmest woman in Crowdham Market.

While Mr. Mitchell and the widow were in the garden admiring the early pansies, June and William sat down to tea in the coffee room.

Even there the contiguity of Miss Ferris had rather a tendency to cramp June's style. High-colored, she was a little inclined to take liberties as she passed around the table. And when June in her sweetest and best manner asked if they might have some crab-apple jam she caught the glint of the ring on June's heart finger in a way so direct that she murmured something about having to look out for her eyesight—or words equally ill-bred—and nearly dropped the teapot.

By the time they got under way and the nose of the car was set for the pleasant land of Surrey a doubt infected the mind of Mr. Mitchell as to whether they would make Homefield before midnight. Neither June nor William seemed to care very much whether they did or whether they didn't. The car was most comfortable, the sense of romance hot upon them still. Mile passed upon mile. The endless spool of road continued to unwind itself, a little wind breathed gentle nothings, Mr. Mitchell sat four-square in front, the birds still sang, but the sun was going down.

Saying very little they lived never-to-be-forgotten hours. Now and again William pointed to a bird or a tree, the fold of a hill, the form of a cloud, the gleam of a distant water. Yet for the most part the nearness of each other was all sufficing. June began to nestle closer; the chill of night came on. Saying less than ever now, moonstones and diamonds stole upon her thoughts. She was haunted by a lovely fear that she could not live up to them. And then softly and more soft she began to breathe with a rhythmical rise and fall, slowly deepening to a faint crescendo that blended with the motions of the car.

East by west of nowhere came the high moment when the sun was not and the moon not yet. Somewhere over Surrey a star was dancing.

Very shyly and gently William ventured to give her a kiss. She stirred ever so little. A bird spoke from a brake, a note clear and wonderful, yet the month was young for the nightingale. But this was Cloud Cuckoo Land, a divine country in which the nightingale may be heard at odd seasons.

Psyche stirred again. With a reverence chaste and simple he gave her a second kiss, deep and slow. The solemn sacrament was fire to the soul of an artist. And then he gave a little gasp. The high gods in his brain whispered that the moon was coming.

The moon was coming.

Yes, there she was, the sovereign lady! He sat very still, praying, praying that he might surprise some holy secret, hidden even from Duclaux. She was very wonderful tonight. Her loveliness was more than he could bear. There was a touch of intimacy in her magic; the country over which she shone was elfland. He seemed to hear a faint familiar sound of horns. Or it might have been the swift gliding of the car.

In the quietness of the spirit's ecstasy he could have wept.

Might it be given to Duclaux to see her, lovely lady, just as he could see her now!

But he mustn't dare to breathe or the vision would be forever lost.

(THE END)

FROM McKINLEY TO HARDING

(Continued from Page 16)

He said, "If Mr. Morgan or I went to Roosevelt it would bring on a panic because the country would know that nothing short of a serious situation would prompt us to do such a thing. Can you imagine how Theodore Roosevelt would crack his teeth with joy to have us call on him for help?"

I told him I was going to Boston to see my father-in-law, E. Nelson Blake, but would write Roosevelt that night and tell him of the interview; if he wanted to see me to wire me at Boston and I would return to New York. Sunday I received a telegram from the President asking me to return to Oyster Bay on Monday.

When I told Roosevelt of my interview with Stillman his face was a study. He did not attempt to conceal his dislike for the big men in Wall Street. But he said he would telegraph Secretary Shaw to come to Oyster Bay at once.

A few days later, after seeing the President, the secretary issued a statement that he would put out twenty to twenty-five million dollars of government deposits based on New England savings banks securities, and if that was not enough to move the crops he would put out twenty-five million dollars more.

When Secretary Shaw's statement was published the president of one of the big Chicago banks said it was like the breaking of a boil!

The national-banking law made government bonds the only basis for government deposits. President Roosevelt and Secretary Shaw showed great courage in acting to prevent a panic. There was no risk involved in the transaction, as the New England savings banks laws give close scrutiny to the bonds and stocks the New England banks are allowed to purchase or loan on.

Secretary Shaw's action led to the passage of the Vreeland-Aldrich Bill.

Mr. Stillman was right about the effect of pulling the stops from under United States Steel common. It went to 8 within a few months.

XXV

IT MAY interest Governor Leslie M. Shaw, of Iowa, to learn how he came to be appointed Secretary of the Treasury in Roosevelt's cabinet. Here's the story:

Secretary Lyman J. Gage promised President Roosevelt on the arrival of the train bearing President McKinley's body to Washington that he would stay a few months, until his successor was chosen.

In December, 1901, I discussed 1904 nominations with Roosevelt. At that time the only opposition in sight was Governor Shaw, of Iowa, whose staunch advocacy of the gold standard at St. Louis in 1896 made him a conspicuous figure. He stood almost alone against bimetallism; the balance of the Iowa delegation were very wabbly.

There was considerable sentiment for him for President in 1904, in Iowa, the two Dakotas and Nebraska.

I suggested to the President he offer the Treasury portfolio to Governor Shaw. The idea sank in.

About a week later I received a telegram from Governor Shaw from Des Moines asking if I would be in Chicago the next day. He wanted to see me. When he came he showed me President Roosevelt's telegram offering him the Secretaryship of the Treasury. Of course I was very much surprised, but strongly advised him to accept. He went to Dubuque, consulted Senator Allison, wired his acceptance and was appointed January 6, 1902.

XXVI

DURING the winter of 1902 and 1903 President Roosevelt negotiated the Reciprocity Treaty with Cuba. The Louisiana sugar interests fought the treaty, as

(Continued on Page 75)

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What will you do with the thousand pounds of air in your home next winter?

THOUSAND pounds of air? Yes, if your home is average size it contains from a thousand to fifteen hundred pounds of air by actual weight. Air is not the light, thin substance we usually think it is. Machines weighing tons are able to fly through this gas that surrounds our earth.

What will you do with the air in your home—**your** thousand pounds of air—this coming winter? Your health and comfort depend upon the condition of the air in your home, just as the health and comfort of a gold-fish depend on the water in its bowl. If you will pardon the comparison, we live in and breathe the "pools of air" in our homes much as fish live in pools of water.

Most people take poor care of air in their winter homes. It is difficult to care for air properly. It should be warmed evenly, moistened correctly, kept clean, kept moving, and it should be completely changed all over the house several times a day. Otherwise we are very apt to suffer ill health.

How would you like to have a heating system that will care for the air in your home—do it correctly every hour of the day and night—all winter long? There is such a system, and it is one of the simplest, most easily installed and cared for systems in the world. It goes into the basement—every part of it—yet it moves, warms, moistens, and changes every ounce of air in every room in your house. It keeps air wonderfully clean. And best of all, it uses less fuel than any other efficient method of home heating ever discovered, as thousands of home owners who use it will testify.

This System is the Mueller Convector

The Convector warms all the air in your home through one neat, inconspicuous register on the first floor. Instead of using complicated systems of pipes and radiators, registers and valves to deliver the heat from the fire to your rooms—the Convector **lets the air come down and get the heat.**

What can be simpler, more certain, more economical? The minute you start a fire in the Convector, the air in your rooms begins to circulate. Every ounce of it finds its way to the heating surface of the Convector, where it is properly warmed and moistened. It then returns to your rooms, slowly and evenly.

Warming the air in your home by this method is just as simple as warming water in a great kettle, except that it takes far less fuel. The air is all warmed in the same way, by exactly the same principle.

This method is called Convection Heating. Every expert heating engineer will tell you that Convection Heating is the most efficient, healthful, and economical method known. And the Convector is the simplest application of this method ever made.

How You Benefit From Convector Heating

First of all, the slow, steady circulation of all the air in your home places ventilation absolutely under your control. You can have all the fresh air you need without cold drafts.

All the air in your house is yours to breathe. You do not lock yourself up in a stuffy bedroom with fifty pounds of air. No matter where fresh air enters, it will find its way to your sleeping quarters, warmed and moistened for your better health.

This is true of all rooms. Wherever you are, Convector circulation steadily brings you all the air in the house. Why live in the scant, still supply of air in one room? You heat the air in your home—**why not use all of it?** Why stay for hours in a stagnant pool of fifty pounds of air, when you have a "sparkling lake" of a thousand pounds of fresh, warm air in your home?

The Convector keeps all the air in your home clean. No fuel dust, gas or smoke can touch it.

It keeps all wasteful, spotty, **radiant** heat out of your living rooms—no hot, heating apparatus scattered over the house—nothing but clean, warmed, healthfully moistened air.

Convector Heating keeps the temperature of your rooms remarkably even, for Convection is simply Nature's own means of establishing even temperature.

The Convector is more quickly and easily regulated to temperature change than any other type of heating system. It can make you quickly comfortable at any time, Fall, Winter or Spring, without trouble, **without fuel waste.** Its direct fuel burning regulation makes it the economical, universal system from Alaska to Mexico.

And How Easily You Can Own This Better System

It can be installed in your home in less than one day's time, without trouble or inconvenience. It is positively guaranteed to heat all your home comfortably—every room, upstairs and down. You can secure the proper size for your home from a dealer near you—ON EASY TERMS IF YOU DESIRE—even though its cost is remarkably low.

Let us send you complete information about an installation for your home. Let us tell you just what the Convector will do for you, your family, and your property. Tear out the request form below, and mail it today.

Send for Free Book "Your Thousand Pounds of Air"

This book will tell you many interesting things about the air in your home. It will prove that Convector Heating does take best care of the air for your better health and comfort, in such easy, simple, perfect fashion that every home should have this better heating system. You will also enjoy "Heat, What It Is and How To Use It." Check the squares and get these valuable books.

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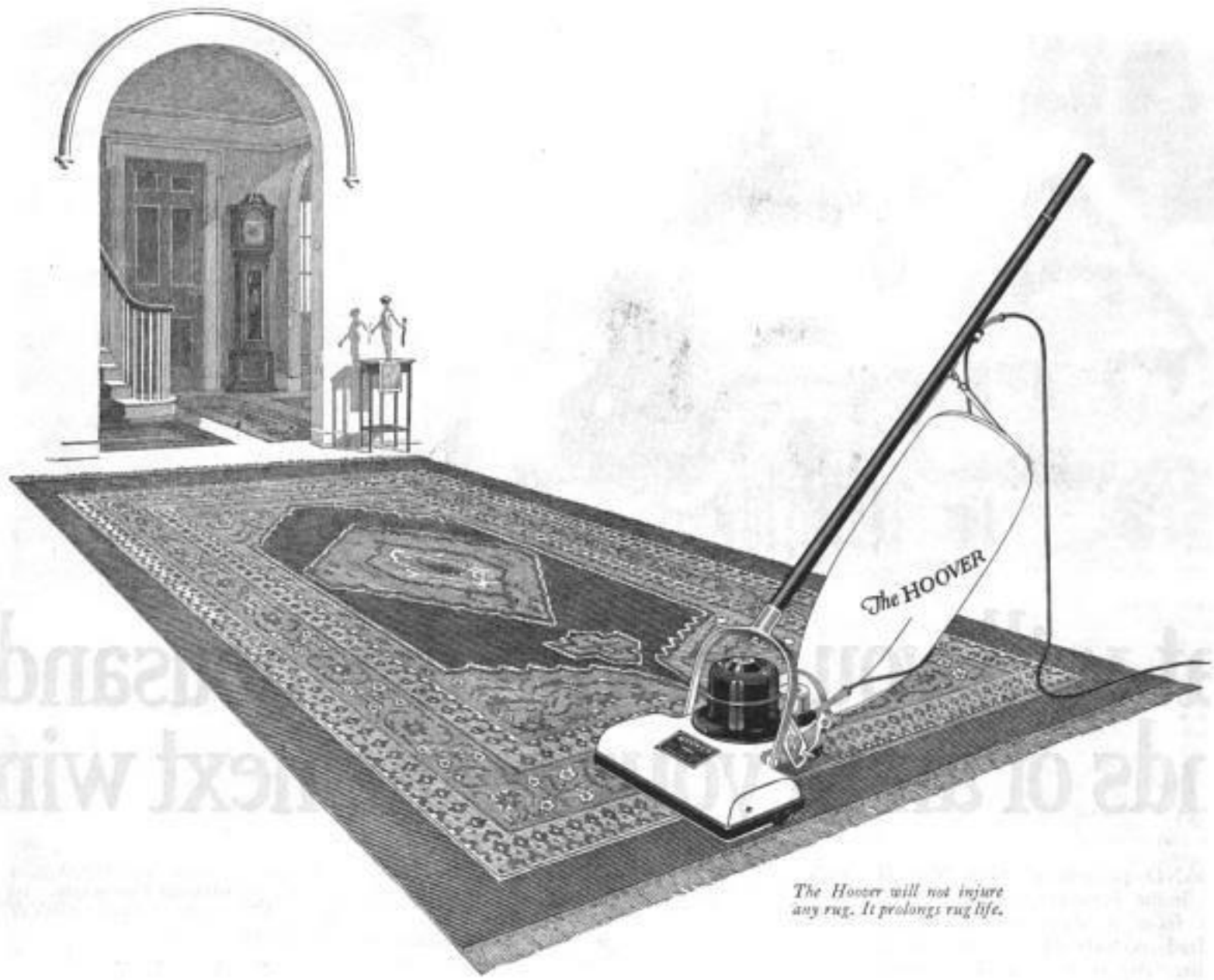
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The Hoover will not injure any rug. It prolongs rug life.

Do You Give *Your* Rugs Proper Care?

Naturally you want your lovely rugs and carpetings properly cared for, that they may stay beautiful and wear for many years.

Naturally, too, you want to know how to give them such care at the minimum expense of time and labor on your part.

This is not at all difficult.

Simply let an Authorized Hoover Dealer demonstrate The Hoover in your home; without obligation, of course.

He will show you the three essential factors of thorough cleaning, and thorough cleaning is the greatest part of proper rug care.

He will show you how The Hoover performs these three essential factors—beating, sweeping, suction—in one rapid, easy, dustless operation.

He will show you how this one operation beats out all germ-laden, nap-wearing grit from rug depths, sweeps up stubborn litter, erects crushed nap, brightens colors, and prolongs rug life.

He will show you how your dusting, too, can be swiftly and dustlessly done by The Hoover's newly designed, easily connected and high-powered attachments.

It will be worth much to you, in labor, time and money saved, to have the Hoover Dealer show you these things.

Phone any Tel-U-Where Information Bureau, any Hoover Branch Office, or write us for the names of Authorized Dealers.

On our divided payment plan, 23c a day soon pays for a Hoover. There are three improved new models—a size for every purse.

THE HOOVER SUCTION SWEEPER COMPANY
The oldest and largest makers of electric cleaners
Factories at North Canton, Ohio, and Hamilton, Canada

The HOOVER

It BEATS—as it Sweeps—as it Cleans

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(Continued from Page 72)

they believed it menaced the sugar growers of the South. After much discussion the treaty passed March 9, 1903.

In February, 1903, I spent an evening in the White House. Mrs. Roosevelt and the children were at the supper table. The only outside guests were Nicholas Murray Butler and myself. The children carried on an animated conversation among themselves. Roosevelt, Doctor Butler and I were deeply engrossed at the other end of the table discussing the Cuban treaty, when Archie broke in with "Father—father—father!" louder each time.

"What is it, Archie?" exclaimed the President.

"Father, doesn't the monkey cage at the zoo smell terrible?"

"My recollection is that it does, Archie!"

Before going in to supper I asked the President how he was getting along. He said, "With the Cuban Reciprocity Treaty on my hands and being father of Alice Roosevelt at the same time, I am doing pretty well!"



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Elihu Root, Former Secretary of State Under Roosevelt

Roosevelt was very anxious for the nomination for President in 1904. His three and a half years serving out McKinley's term had given him a taste of being Chief Executive. He had carried out McKinley's policies, and naturally wanted an opportunity to try some of his own. There was little opposition to him. Mark Hanna was the only name mentioned. Some anti-Roosevelt people tried to get Hanna to become a candidate.

He gave them no encouragement, first, because he was in poor health; and second, he believed Roosevelt was entitled to what was practically a second term.

Roosevelt in his great desire to be nominated sent for politicians who he thought had influence in their respective states, in several cases ignoring the senators and representatives. His fear was unwarranted, for when the national committee met in Washington, December 11, 1903, to choose the convention city and set the date, they were practically unanimous for Roosevelt, as Mark Hanna had declined to be considered a candidate and strongly advised the nomination of Roosevelt.

A few days after the national committee was in session I arrived in Washington. The first man I met in the Arlington Hotel lobby was Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island. He said, "I wish you could persuade your friend in the White House to quit his hunt for delegates; he is making a damned fool of himself." Two well-known correspondents made similar remarks.

I went to the White House about five o'clock. The President was out riding. I saw Secretary Loeb and told him what the three men had said to me. He said, "I have talked with him, but it is no use. I cannot do anything with him. Wish you would talk to him." Mr. Loeb said he would try to arrange for an interview on the President's return from a cabinet dinner. Later I received a note asking me to come to the White House at 10:30 that night.

The President came in with a rush, saw Mrs. Roosevelt to the elevator and joined me. We went up the marble-and-iron stairway opposite the Blue Room.

As we went up the stairs Roosevelt said, "I have been in hell for the last three or four weeks!"

I replied, "Yes, and you have acted like it!"

He said, "What do you mean?"

"Wait until we get on the landing. You might throw me over the banisters!"

After looking over papers on his desk he said, "What did you mean by that remark?"

I replied: "The first man I met in the hotel on my arrival said you were making a damned fool of yourself in your quest for delegates. The second one said you were acting like a jackass. The third said you were crazy. And from what I learn all three were right. You are sending for men to come to Washington, and inviting them to lunch or dinner—men unworthy to sit at the White House table. I met one from the South this afternoon in Loeb's office. He is a scalawag. I know him. He told me he lunched with you today. These men give out interviews to their home papers before coming to Washington, boasting of your invitation. They give statements to the Washington correspondents telling of dining with you. Then you talk to them and ask for their support. After leaving you they walk straight across Lafayette Square and tell Mark Hanna everything you said. You say Hanna is scrootching a little. He is not. Mr. Hanna is a very sick man. I doubt very much whether he will be alive in June, when the convention meets, but if you keep this thing up you will disgust everybody and lose the nomination."

The President jumped to his feet. I got up also.

He said, "Sit down, sit down! I don't like to have my feelings hurt any more than anybody else, but it takes the brutal frankness of a friend to crystallize a resolution. I will refuse to discuss delegates with anyone and will begin on a delegation waiting downstairs right now! In the morning I will give a statement to the press to that effect."

Next morning before leaving for Chicago I went to the White House and asked Major Loeffler, the veteran who guards the President's door, to ask the President if I could see him a moment. Roosevelt met me halfway across the room.

I said, "Last night after I went to bed it came over me that I had talked very harsh, not only to a dear friend but to the President of the United States, and I want to apologize."

Roosevelt pointed to Secretary Root, who was sitting on a sofa going over some papers with Secretary Loeb, and said, "Do you see that man over there? He and you are the two most brutal friends I have, and the two I pay the most attention to. The first thing I did this morning was to hand a statement to the press."

Mark Hanna failed rapidly. I saw him a few days before he died, February 15, 1904. He told me the President came to see him and brought flowers from the White House. With his eyes filled with tears he said, "He sits by the bed and holds my hand just as if I was a girl. I hear from him every day."

And Mark Hanna had a little hand, just like a woman's.

XXVII

IN MARCH, 1902, I took supper in the White House with the President, Mrs. Roosevelt, and their three little boys, Kermit, Archie and Quentin. I think little Ethel was at school. I told them of a collie dog named Bozzie, owned by a Mr. Clason,

(Continued on Page 77)



NOTASEME HOSIERY

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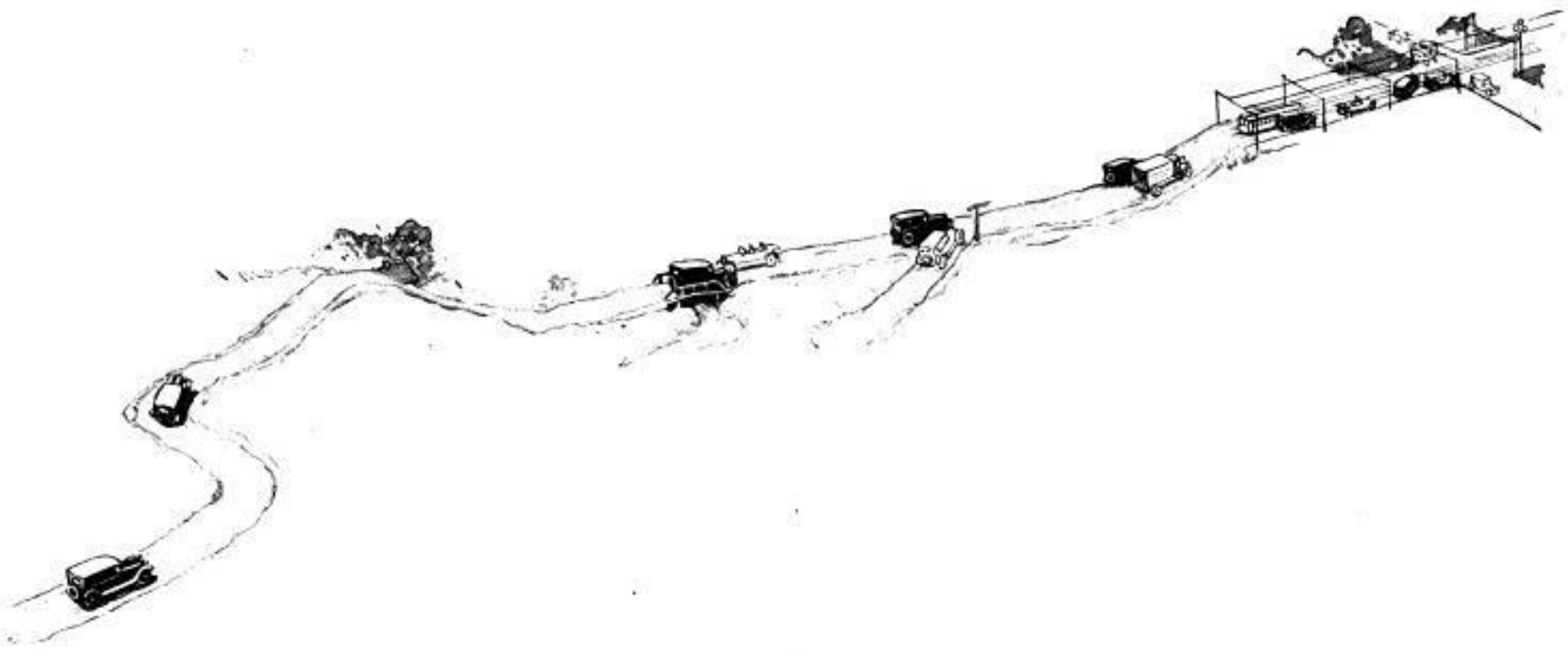
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Are You a "Nice-Steerer"?

Can you park your car—quickly and comfortably?

Can you safely judge steering distances by inches?

Can you avoid small holes and bumps without wearing yourself out?

Can you "ride the crests" of rutted country roads?

Can you drive in and out of traffic lanes, past street cars, around trucks, through "jams" with ease and safety?

Are you a "nice-steerer"?

Does a "twist of the wrist" suffice to put your wheels "hard over"—or must you tug and yank?

"Nice-steering" means putting your car where it should be with the least time and effort wasted.

"Nice-steering" means (1) properly inflated tires (2) properly lubricated and properly adjusted steering gear and (3) Timken Tapered Roller Bearings in the steering pivots.

Hard steering is dangerous. Foresight in the purchase of a new car will eliminate it.

Trucks, which must steer easily and accurately, have been equipped with Timkens in the steering pivots for years.

The taxicabs of the Yellow Cab Company of Chicago, whose drivers are known everywhere for their driving skill, their "nice-steering", also have Timkens in the steering pivots.

Every driver, man or woman, can be a "nice-steerer".

Timkens in the steering pivots provide that ease of handling that makes parking easy, keeps you out of small ruts, "on the crests", in your place in traffic—with effortless comfort.



Hold the steering wheel this way, says "Cannon Ball" Baker, famous transcontinental driver, and your control will be absolute, yet comfortable. Spark, throttle, gear lever, horn, lights, and emergency brake are most convenient.

Whatever your position at the wheel, Timken Tapered Roller Bearings in the Steering Pivots make steering easier and safer.

SEND FOR THE BOOKLET "NICE STEERING"



"Ask him to explain it"

The Timken Roller Bearing Co
CANTON, OHIO

TIMKEN
Tapered
ROLLER BEARINGS

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(Continued from Page 75)

an ex-conductor on the Chicago and North Western Railway.

Bozzie was a mind reader. That statement may be questioned by people not familiar with this wonderful dog, but no other explanation accounts for the marvelous acts she performed. The children were interested but incredulous.

Finally Quentin said, "Father, did you ever hear of a dog that could do such things?"

Roosevelt said, "No, Quentin, I never did, but you must remember Mr. Kohlsaat is a newspaper man!"

I replied, "In other words, I am a fibber! I will send Mr. Clason and Bozzie down here and let you judge for yourself."

Some weeks later Mr. Clason agreed to go to Washington and take Bozzie if I would pay his expenses. I agreed, and it cost me over three hundred dollars to make good!

On May 9, 1902, Mrs. Roosevelt wrote me the following letter:

The children are looking forward to the visit of the wonderful "Bozzie" and I write to ask if it can be made on Friday, the 16th. My little Ethel goes to school at Woodley and only comes home on Friday and spends Sunday with me. Of course I can make a special arrangement for her to be here on Thursday, but if it is not absolutely necessary, I do not like to ask them to put aside the rules for her. I was so glad to see your daughter with Mrs. Noyes yesterday. Please be sure not to change "Bozzie's" date, if it is at all inconvenient.

Sincerely yours,
EDITH K. ROOSEVELT.

When Mr. Clason returned to Chicago he said the President was deeply interested in Bozzie's performance. After watching her for some time he got down on the floor and took her in his arms and hugged her, as he would a child. He ordered the secret service to detail a man to watch and follow Bozzie while she was in Washington.

I received the following letter from Roosevelt:

WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

May 24, 1902.

My dear Mr. Kohlsaat: That dog is far more wonderful than any animal I have ever seen (Senator Hanna is listening and wishes me to add that she knows more than you do, which remark I refuse to indorse). I am really awfully obliged to you for having given us a chance to see the remarkable performance. Good luck to you.

Faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

P. S. Senator Hanna is now leaning out of the window looking at the dog going through her performance on the portico at the rear of the White House. It is positively uncanny!

Bozzie was about to become a mother when I told the children of her wonders in March. I asked the boys if they would like one of her puppies, if Mr. Clason would give me one, and received the following letter from Kermit:

WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

April 14, 1902.

Dear Mr. Kohlsaat: I should just love if Mr. Clason would give me one of the little puppies. I would prefer a male. Will you tell Mr. Clason that the 15th will suit us splendidly. I think the last authunatic example is the wonderful.

How are your daughters' dogs? We all look forward to seeing "Bozzie" awfully.

Yours sincerely,
KERMIT ROOSEVELT.

Mr. Clason sent one to Kermit at Oyster Bay in the early summer. They called him Bozzie after his wonderful mother.

One afternoon when the children were at school President Roosevelt said, "Come into the nursery. I want to show you some of the children's pets."

We went across the hall from the old cabinet room into the nursery, where there were two or three little beds. Roosevelt went into a corner and brought out a big piebald rat, with a tail some six or eight inches long. He put the animal on his shoulder. It walked around his collar, its rough, filelike tail scraping his neck. I can feel the chill to this day it sent down my backbone. He offered to let me hold Jonathan, but I declined! He replaced the rat in the box and took a macaw off his perch and held him on his finger. Eli had a beak that would bite through a piece of steel. Roosevelt said, "Archie lets Eli stand on his shoulder and he reaches down and nips off the buttons of his coat as if they were a piece of cheese, and wants to have him sit on my shoulders, but I am afraid he would bite off an ear with as much ease. Archie calls me a coward. Says, 'You call yourself the hero of San Juan Hill, and yet you are afraid of a bird! You're a coward!'"

One day while in the Blue Room I heard a clatter of hoofs on the floor of the entrance to the White House. I left the room in time to see Archie and Chief Usher Hoover trying to persuade a small pony to get into the elevator and go up to the nursery. After considerable hauling and pushing they succeeded.

Mr. Hoover was appointed by President Harrison in 1891, and is still on duty, efficient and courteous as ever.

One night the President and I were in the library. Archie came into the room on a pair of very high stilts. He stalked around on the slippery rugs, with the usual result. As he fell one of the stilts smashed a large lampshade on the library table. The boy hurt himself and whimpered, but pluckily restrained from crying.

I was curious to see what punishment was coming.

Screwing up his mouth Roosevelt said, "Archie, I think you had better confine your peregrinations to the hall," and resumed conversation as though nothing had happened.

The life of the Roosevelt family in the White House was beautiful. I believe there has never been so many children romping through its halls since it was built. The President and his children were pals.

There may be gentler, sweeter mothers in the world than Mrs. Roosevelt, but I never knew one.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Mr. Kohlsaat. The next will appear in an early issue.



Moonlight Through the Coco Palms at Waikiki Beach, Honolulu, Hawaii



What is it?

A complete machine for handling names—the card index *that addresses itself.* Prints exact typewriter style—*thru ribbon*—on all business forms, speedily, automatically, accurately. Handy card index for record-keeping.

What does it do?

Increases sales and cuts office costs. Fills in sales letters, addresses circulars, heads and dates statements, lists employees in columns on pay sheets—all name-writing on all forms, without error or omission, 15 times faster than pen or typewriter.

Who uses it?

Nearly every big business, and thousands of smaller retailers, manufacturers, wholesalers, banks, churches, publishers, lodges, etc.—everywhere few or many names are written more than once.

With what results?

"Increased our sales 63% in hard times." "Saves 259 clerks." "Helps sell over $500,000 in 5,000 town." "Increased deposits 30%." "Cut payroll expense in half." "Paid for itself in two months." "Statements out sooner with one clerk than formerly with three." *(Actual testimonial letters on request.)*

What does it cost?

Nothing!—because it saves its cost soon after adopted and makes continued savings so long as used. Hand, Foot or Motor Machines from $37.50 to $5,000, F. O. B. Chicago.

How can I profit?

By signing and mailing the coupon *now*—and having the Addressograph Man demonstrate in your office the Hand Machine he carries with him. Use it ten days on *Free Trial.* If you want it, it's yours for $15 and easy payments. But—the *coupon comes first.* *MAIL IT TODAY!*

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☐ Send on approval Hand Operated Ribbon Print Addressograph for 10 days' free trial. If we don't buy, we will return it at your expense.
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(6-22-1922)

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"At 45 miles an hour—

head on into a 100-year-old elm tree. And I drove the car home unharmed!"

"I didn't have a scratch. The Weed Spring-Bar Bumper, that saved the lives of two of us and the car, was not so lucky. The heat generated by the terrific impact burned off the nickel plating. That was the only mark on the bumper. Not even the attachments were broken or forced out of place. It seems like a miracle to me.

"The collision took place on April 15 at Newburgh, N. Y. I was hurrying home with some Easter lilies for my wife, and my big Paige 6-66 Daytona can hurry.

"A car shot out of a private roadway screened with shrubbery. I had to go around it or go through it. I swerved and slammed into the great elm tree—I thought I would wear those lilies.

"The Weed Bumper absorbed the tremendous impact. I never even lost my grip on the wheel. We recoiled, bounded to one side, and went on.

"Some of my friends who saw the collision have joined me in spreading the wonders of the Weed Bumper, and you'll find them on a whale of a lot of cars around here."

The writer of the above says he will be glad to give his name and address to anyone who may desire it

His experience proved again that there is no bumper that equals the Weed Spring-Bar Bumper design and construction. The parallel bars give an exceptionally wide buffing area. The "deep chest" enables the Weed Bumper to absorb tremendous shocks without injury to itself, the car or the occupants.

See your car dealer, accessory dealer, or garage man today

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ACCO

WEED SPRING-BAR BUMPER

THE MAGGOT OF MISTY MOUNTAIN

(Continued from Page 7)

It was a flashlight in which he was standing by Midge's side. Midge was seated, he had his hand upon her shoulder, and truth to tell he was looking slightly stewed. But Midge wasn't looking stewed, either slightly or otherwise. No button ever shone more brightly than she as she gazed contentedly back at the public, surrounded by pure reading matter, a divorce on her right, a murder on her left, and the story of Uncle Benny's legacy, with a double-column heading, just below.

"Export Clerk Receives $5,000,000 Legacy!"

That was the heading—a clarion call, a crier's bell, bidding other poor devils of clerks to read and hope and their wives to sit and dream.

"Will He Accept It?" continued the heading. "His Wife Says 'Yes! You Bet He Will!'"

Jed didn't like that much, but he certainly had no idea of contesting the truth of the statement.

"'Other people,'" began the story, "'can do as they wish,' said Mrs. Jedson G. Mitchell when interviewed at her home on Amsterdam Avenue last night; 'but so far as I am concerned, I believe in accepting legacies and putting them to the best possible use.'

"'What do you mean by the best possible use?' she was asked.

"'I mean that I would use it for my husband and myself,' she smilingly replied. 'What better use can any woman imagine?'"

That of course was only the start. Uncle Benny figured largely in the story, his faith in the West, his years of toil, and finally the great rewards which had come to him in the shape of some of the richest gold and copper mines in Nevada.

"Mr. Mitchell," concluded the article, "holds a responsible position with the Palmer-Myers Export Company, of 200 Liberty Street, and expects to make the export of American products his life work."

Jed blushed a little at that, and on his way down to the office in the Elevated he looked shyly around, sure that people would recognize him from the picture and whisper to each other, "There he is! That's him!" But they didn't. Those who looked at him at all looked at him with indifference and coldly turned their eyes to something else.

"A lot of them have been reading the same paper too," he told himself with a touch of indignation. "They're holding it right now in their hands."

After a minute or two of this he turned to the man who was standing next to him.

"Did you see this in the paper," he asked, "about the man who had five million dollars left to him?"

"Ye-eh," said the stranger. "Beats all, don't it? Fools for luck."

It had been in Jed's mind to say "That's me," but he changed his mind.

"Of course, for one thing, it's a bum picture," he thought; "but you'd think that somebody would tumble to who it was."

If they didn't make any fuss about him on the Elevated, they more than made up for it when he got to the office. Everyone there had read the story and seen the picture, and they congratulated Jed according to their natures—some with sincerity, some with false smiles, some with studied nonchalance, some with humor; but in nearly all of them, if you had been there, you might have caught just the least tinge of envy—envy and something else, perhaps, as though they were musing, "To think that a thing like this should happen to a flat-footed guy like him, and not to a natural-born prince like me!"

Mr. Palmer and Mr. Myers had evidently seen it too. They had a consultation in Mr. Palmer's office and then they called for Jed.

"This is true, Mitchell?" said Mr. Palmer, pointing to the open newspaper.

"Yes, sir," said Jed.

They both shook hands with him. Mr. Palmer was bald, with a strongly marked face and a hooked nose, so that from the collar up he had something of the eagle about him. Mr. Myers was short and pudgy, and used l'Amour des Fleurs upon his handkerchief.

"I see that you intend to continue in the export business," said Mr. Palmer.

"Yes, sir," said Jed.

Mr. Palmer looked at Mr. Myers, and Mr. Myers looked at Mr. Palmer.

"Myers," said Mr. Palmer, his head on one side and looking more than ever like the eagle, "I guess we'll have to shake hands with this young man again—as a partner in our business—that is, if we can come to terms; and I don't think we shall quarrel much about the terms."

It was really Midge who framed the terms, which was only fair, of course, seeing that she was the one to whom the money had been left. It was finally agreed that upon receipt of Uncle Benny's legacy Jed should buy a tenth interest in the Palmer-Myers Company for one hundred thousand dollars, and meanwhile he was to have charge of a new department to be known as the new-business department—a position which carried with it a desk in the inside office and a drawing account of five hundred dollars a month.

It would have done you good if you could have seen Jed while this was going on. Every hour he seemed to grow younger, to regain his old snap and pepper. Gone was that sad look which had tried to hook itself upon the corners of his mouth; gone were his half-unconscious sighs and the barely perceptible stoop of his shoulders. One by one all the far-famed joys of life were perching on his banner again, like gayly colored birds, till finally only one was missing.

Among the Palmer-Myers office force there was one who had remained recalcitrant, and that was Bellows. Cowface sulked, frowningly and openly, called Jed Coal Oil Johnny behind his back, and grunted to himself whenever Jed made one of his cheerful remarks to the others. Jed waited until the partnership terms had been arranged, and then he let Bellows have it.

"Well, Mr. Bellows," he said in his new-found manner, all the others in the office pricking up their ears to listen, "I have followed your advice about that shine which used to adorn the seat of my trousers. And now if you can only help me to get rid of another shine that still exists in the office here I'm sure it will be of the greatest benefit to everyone concerned."

It was, as you will see, one of those cryptic sayings which are dear to the heart of the clerical worker—a clever, subtle way of calling Cowface a shine right to his face, appreciated by everyone from Mr. Johnson, the head bookkeeper, to Joe, the office boy.

And as a general laugh went around the room and Jed flipped the swinging door and vanished in the inside office there was an invisible flutter of wings above his head, and all the joys of life were perched on his banner again.

VI

WHEN Jed got home with his first five hundred he found that Midge had prepared a jamboree—flowers on the table, best dress, new silk stockings, fried chicken, silk underneath, gravy on the mashed potatoes and a quart of strawberries married to a quart of ice cream, with a plate of lady fingers for bridesmaids and a coconut layer cake for best man.

"The butler's off tonight, sor," she said, bobbing up and down with a quick little curtsy, "so if your lordship doesn't mind I'll wait on the table meself."

"Sure, sure!" said Jed. "That's all right!"

Which wasn't very good for a lord.

Midge more than made up for him, though. She trotted out for the chicken, and when she brought it in on the platter she had draped a lace handkerchief over her head and in some mysterious manner she had pinned up her dress behind, so that it was two or three inches shorter than the front—perhaps four or five—the net result being indescribably soubretty and chic. And, of course, she bobbed up and down with another little curtsy when she showed the chicken to Lord Jedson, and tittered with becoming respect when Jed caught his second wind and adjusted an imaginary monocle and said "Aw-w-w! Which is

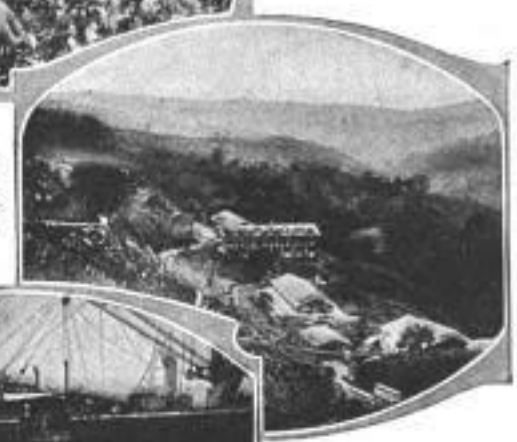
(Continued on Page 81)

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A Million Dollars for a Cup of Tea



Nimble fingers of women pluck the tender, young leaves of the tea.



The vast Lipton tea gardens are high up on the slopes of the hills of sunny Ceylon.



Barges loading Lipton's Tea aboard ship. The tea is enclosed in large lead-lined chests to preserve its freshness and flavor on the 8,000 mile sea voyage to America.





Aëroplane view of the great plant in Hoboken where Lipton's Tea is blended and sealed in flavor-retaining packages. It is then despatched to the big cities where Lipton distributing depots are located and from which your grocer obtains his stock.

The story of a great planter's determination to give the world a perfect product.

WHEN Sir Thomas J. Lipton entered the business of growing his own tea he gave one order to his employees:

> "I want the best tea that can be produced. It's your work to produce that kind. If you have to spend a million dollars to get it, do so. Remember, the best tea and nothing short of that! Nothing else counts."

Money was freely spent to get definite quality results before the first tea was marketed. Standards of growing, picking, curing, shipping and packing were established so that uniformity would be certain, and those standards were highly expensive; but they have been justified because more Lipton's Tea is consumed today than any other brand.

Sealed in the well-known flavor-retaining package, Lipton's Tea reaches your table generally within ten weeks from the time it was picked in Ceylon, 8,000 miles away. The perfection you enjoy in your cup is no mere accident; no occasional experience, but the result of long, intelligent planning, and the expenditure of a vast sum of money—money spent to carry out the orders of the great tea merchant who said:

"The best tea. Nothing else counts!"

The pride of the maker finds no higher expression than his name on the package. Look for the signature of Sir Thomas J. Lipton on every package of tea you buy thus:

Thomas Lipton
TEA COFFEE AND COCOA PLANTER. CEYLON

It is Sir Thomas J. Lipton's guarantee that you have the utmost in tea quality and that you will enjoy tea drinking at its best.

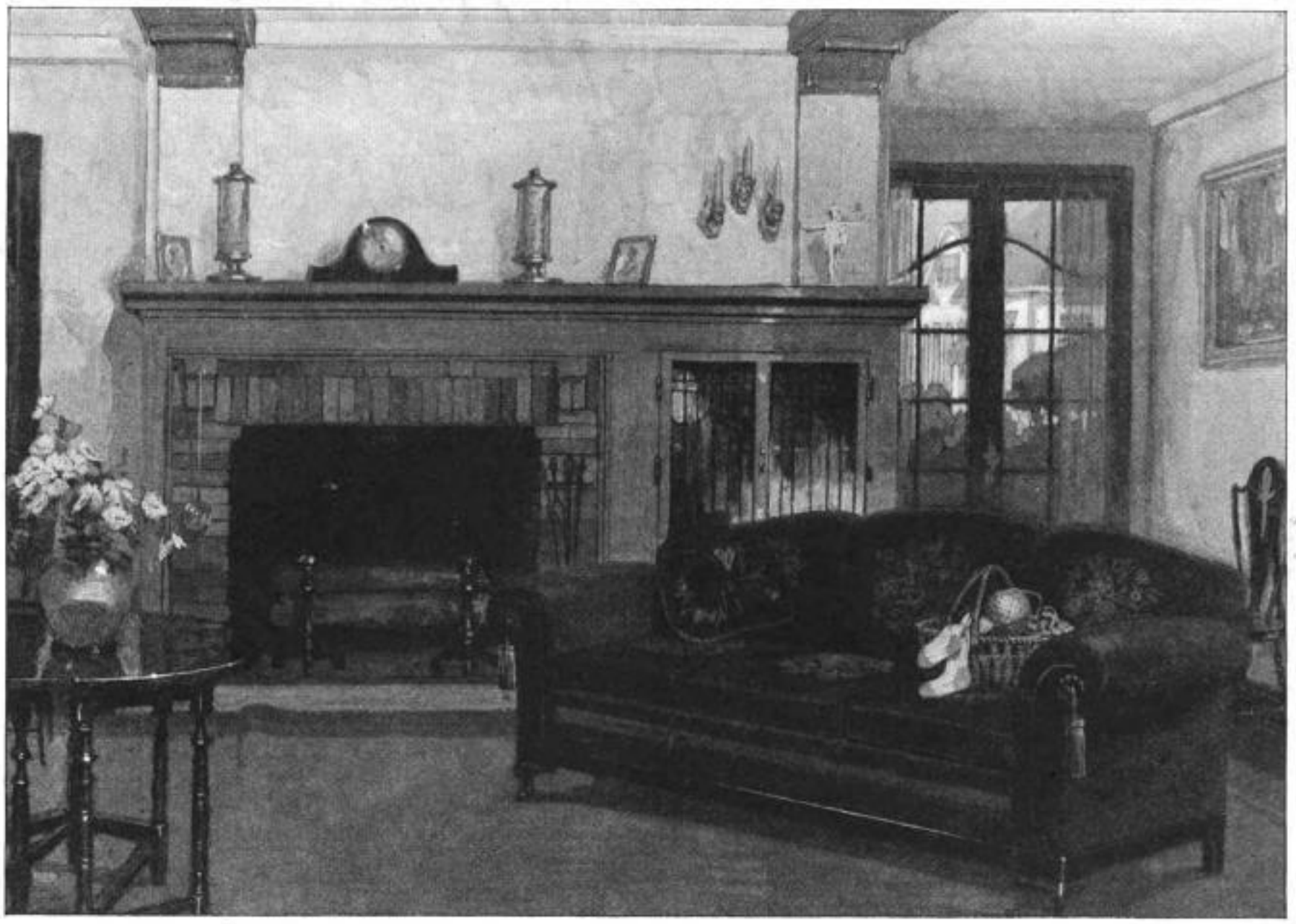
Ask your grocer for Lipton's Yellow Label Tea, Sir Thomas J. Lipton's finest tea; therefore the finest tea the world produces.

In every cup of Lipton's you get "A million dollar flavor" and Lipton's now costs you no more than any other good tea.

THOMAS J. LIPTON, Inc., Terminal Building, Hoboken, N. J.

San Francisco Chicago New Orleans

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One Cannot Help Admiring It

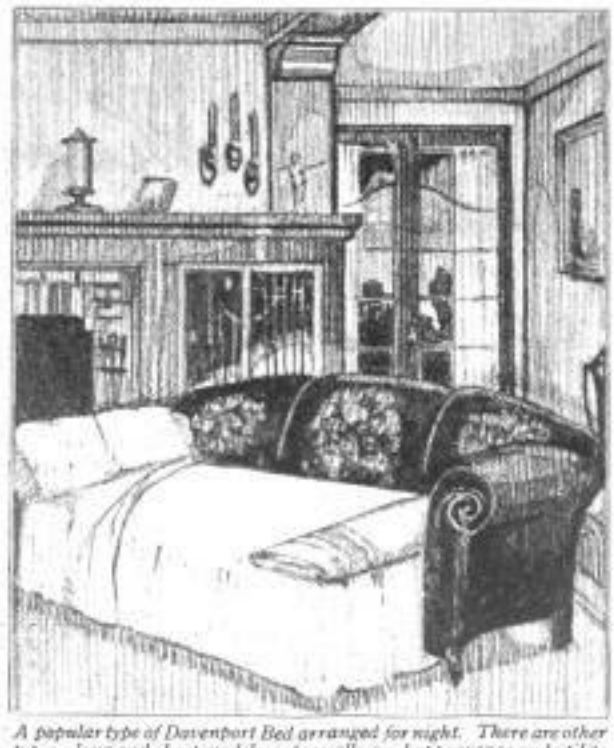
The Modern Davenport Bed Combines All Desirable Qualities of Fine Furniture and Adds Double Utility

Serves By Day and By Night

THE perfected Davenport Bed may be had in any authentic design, of a size and of materials that you prefer. Eighty-three manufacturers, sharing the progress that has been accomplished during recent years, now offer modern Davenport Beds through dealers everywhere.

By day, the Davenport Bed is a comfortable, well-made davenport of conventional appearance. Even a critical inspection will not reveal its dual purpose, yet a single, easy motion converts it into a real bed with mattress and springs of regulation type and size. Mattress and bedding are concealed from sight by day.

If you have failed to observe the recent designs in Davenport Beds you may think of the earlier models in which both appearance and comfort were compromised. But the Davenport Bed of today resembles its forerunners only in name.



A popular type of Davenport Bed arranged for night. There are other types—long and short models—of equally good appearance and utility

From the many styles of Davenport Beds now available to you at any good dealer's, you can select one for your living room to harmonize with your other furnishings; it may be had with chair and rocker to match. There are Davenport Beds for sun rooms, libraries, summer homes—a type and price to meet every family's requirements.

Think how a new, attractive Davenport Bed would increase the appearance and comfort of your surroundings! Take a few minutes to visit any good furniture dealer's and ask to see a variety of beautiful and luxurious Davenport Beds.

Send for our handsome brochure showing a great variety of Davenport Beds in a wide choice of styles, woods and covering materials.

DAVENPORT BED MAKERS OF AMERICA
900 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago

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(Continued from Page 78)

the chicken, I wonder, and which is the waitress? What?"

And so they started their dinner with dignity and side, but by the time the last of the wedding procession had gone down Tunnel Hill, Midge was on Jed's lap and Jed was giving thanks that although his wife was probably growing a bit saucier every year—if that indeed were possible—at least she wasn't getting fat.

"We're going out tonight," she informed him, "as soon as our dinners have gone down."

"Show?" he asked

"Show? No!" said she. "Anybody can go to a show. This is better than a show where we're going."

She was still on his lap, and while she held on to his shoulder with her right hand her left hand was doubled up into a fist, and with it she was planting uppercuts against the point of his jaw, doing this with a great show of strength and ferocity, and eagerly asking him from time to time, "Did that one hurt?"

"Where are we going?" he asked.

"Out," she told him, and gave him another young haymaker on the jaw. Of course, then he tried to hold her wrists; and, of course, then they nearly had the cloth off the table, poor things, both being young, as you have heard before, and not yet having joined the sad people.

"We're going over to Riverside Drive," she finally told him, "to look at an apartment that I saw today."

She made him put on his Tuxedo, and she dusted off the bamboo cane with which he had courted her, and she put on her Spanish cape, but left her hat off, pushing a maroon-colored velvet poppy into her hair instead. It was one of those romantic capes which hint at stilettos, elopements and Bedouin love songs, and Jed kissed her twice going down the stairs—she looked so good to him.

"You're a terrible man!" she murmured with satisfaction, and you ought to have seen the way Jed flipped his cane around when they reached the sidewalk—he, the terrible man.

It was a wonderful apartment house on Riverside Drive to which she guided him, with an entrance like something from Buckingham Palace; and if you can imagine darky senators in admirals' uniforms you can get some slight idea of the dignity of the hall boys in the Sulgrave Arms. Midge seemed to know one of them.

"Good evening, Edwin," she said. "Mr. Mitchell and I will look at the apartment that I saw this ahfternoon."

"Yes'm," said Edwin. "Ah'll take you raht up."

In the elevator Midge said to Jed, "Of course it's a ridiculous little place, but I think it will do while the Park Avenue apartment is being renovated, and as far as I could see lahst Chuesday, when I came to town, it will be months and months before the place is really fit to live in—months and months, my deah!"

Jed, getting his characters mixed, nearly said "Do tell!" but caught himself in time to say "Oh, really!"

"Of course, in a way, it's our fault," said Midge. "We shouldn't have imported so much of the material."

"Still," said Jed with a helpless motion, "what could we do?"

The elevator stopped, and when Edwin stepped back to let them off first he gave them the bow that only bent his admiral's uniform in the presence of quality folks. Midge hummed to herself in her cape as she led the way down the hall. Oh, anybody could see at a glance that Midge was quality folks!

"This is it," she said. "Number Fifty-one. And, Jedson, please don't lahff!"

It was a well-nigh air-tight little compartment that Jed inspected—three rooms and bath, with a fine view of a brick wall just four feet away from their windows.

"I shall miss my piano, of course," said Midge; "but there simply isn't room for it. This horrible wall, of course, you will never see when the curtains are up."

Jed didn't think much of it. When he had first heard that they were going to look at an apartment on the Drive he had pictured a far-flung view of the river and a suite of ten or a dozen rooms—a proper place, in short, to entertain your friends and let them see how fine it was to have an Uncle Benny and be rich.

"That's all right," said Midge after they had left the Sulgrave Arms. "We're not millionaires—yet. It takes at least a year to settle those large estates, and meanwhile we've got to do as well as we can on five hundred dollars a month."

"Perhaps if we went farther uptown we could get a better place ——"

"No, sir; that's not it," said Midge with unexpected earnestness. "You've no idea how lucky I was to find that empty apartment that we've just been looking at, and I wouldn't move anywhere else for all the world."

"For heaven's sake, why not?"

"That's all right," she said mysteriously, tapping the back of his head with her fingers as she sometimes did when she wished to intimate that hollow objects gave forth hollow sounds. "You leave it to little Midge. Little Midge knows what she's doing."

Even then Jed thought it was an accident when he first saw his next-door neighbor at the Sulgrave Arms. They had been living there a week and had just about got settled when, one evening as they let themselves out of their apartment for a stroll along the river, they saw a lion-headed old boy with a gray mane letting himself out of Number Fifty-two. They were so close together that you could have roped them all with the same lasso. Old Leo took a good look at Midge, gave Jed a careless glance and stumped over to the elevator shaft.

"That's old Deke Hauptman, of Hauptman & Co.," whispered Jed to Midge, staring goggle-eyed. "Say, wouldn't it be funny if he lived next door to us?"

"Wouldn't it?" breathed Midge.

They all went down in the elevator together. At first nobody spoke, the two men staring down their noses like mesmerized rabbits, while Midge was bringing silent treatment to bear upon her husband.

"Speak!" she was thinking to him. "What are you standing there looking goggle-eyed at the floor for? Speak to him; he won't bite you! What do you suppose I've got my cape on tonight for? Why do you suppose I waited until I heard him unlocking his door before I opened ours? Speak to him, you tongue-tied maggot! You're as big a man as he is now—perhaps bigger—and I want you to speak to him. Speak to him. Speak to him!"

"Pleasant evening, Mr. Hauptman," said Jed, suddenly looking up from the floor after swallowing hard.

"Yes, yes," said the old boy. Again he glanced at Jed and again he gave a good look at Midge. "You—er—know my name, but ——"

"Mine's Mitchell. I'm with the Palmer-Myers people—one of the firm just lately—and of course everybody in the export business knows you, Mr. Hauptman." Turning to Midge, he added, "Mr. Hauptman sells goods to practically every country in the world—has his own railways in some of them, and his own ships on three oceans."

"Why, Jed, you're actually clever!" said Midge's eyes as she beamed at him.

Jed did a bold thing then.

"My wife—Mrs. Mitchell—Mr. Hauptman."

"Very pleased to meet such a charming lady. With the Palmer-Myers people, you say?"

"Yes, sir; just taken into the firm last month."

They parted at the door. Mr. Hauptman seemed willing to walk along toward Seventy-second Street with them, but Midge turned Jed the other way.

"Mustn't overdo it the first time," she thought, and for the next few blocks she listened to Jed singing the praises of old Deke Hauptman and the business he had built up from a shoe string.

"Don't you think he looks awfully worried?" asked Midge.

"They're all looking worried," said Jed. "Exports are shriveling every day, and it looks as though it might be a darned sight worse before it's any better. That hundred thousand dollars of mine is going to be a godsend down at the office. If I had stood out for it I'll bet I could have got a bigger interest than a tenth."

Midge grunted a little.

"If you can find me a nice piece of stick," she said, "I'll scratch your back." And again, "Mgh! Mgh!"

"That's all right," said Jed. "I'll bet I could."

"I'll bet you could too," she told him. "But now listen to momma. When a business is hard up, what does it need more than anything else in the world?"

"Money," said Jed promptly. "M-o-n-e-y!"

Marion

The NEW Iron

with "the handle that fits the hand"

Here, at last, is complete ironing comfort. The perfect iron, equipped with the perfect handle.

This new model of the Marion Iron is beautiful in appearance, mechanically and electrically perfect.

What do you suppose is the first thing that almost every woman says when she slips her hand into this new Marion handle ——

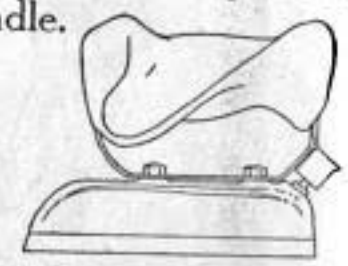
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Instead of gripping your fingers tightly around a small handle, the hand rests naturally in this handle, supported at every point.

Such a combination of efficiency and comfort has never before been offered and we feel sure of your instant agreement as soon as you examine this iron and let your hand slip into this "handle that fits the hand."

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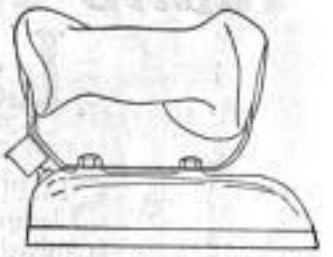
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This "handle that fits the hand" is now standard equipment on the Marion Iron exclusively.

One wonders why such a natural convenience was not provided years ago. Just go to your dealer and try it.



"The handle that fits the hand" will give you complete comfort because—

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In most cities one or more stores will be glad to show you the new Marion Iron. If more convenient we will ship direct. Use the Coupon.

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Dealers—Order a sample at special price subject to return for credit in 10 days.

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Any device that attempts to equal the Ducon must fail if it is not thus able to hold back the lighting current and protect the set.

Look for the Red Spot

The Dubilier Ducon has a little red spot on one side. This little red spot and the name Dubilier Ducon are your assurance that the device asked for is safe and that it will enable you to hear the broadcasting station with the electric light wire.

If the Dubilier Ducon proves unsatisfactory after five days' trial, the dealer will refund the purchase-price.

Price $1.50



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The Dubilier Condenser and Radio Corporation makes the *mica* transmitting and receiving condensers adopted by the government and by the principal manufacturers of radio apparatus. Dubilier receiving condensers are sold under the name *Micadons* at prices that range from 35 cents each to $1.00 each, depending on capacity. They improve broadcasting reception wonderfully because they are permanent in capacity.

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"And when a man's worried, what does he need more than anything else on earth?"

"Something—to cheer him up?" hesitated Jed.

"Yes! So every time you see Mr. Hauptman in the elevator or in the hall or anywhere else, you just see if you can't give him something to smile at—the way you used to get me smiling before you became the dignified old maggot of Misty Mountain and were taken into the firm."

Jed laughed at that—it didn't take much to make him laugh those days—and when he met Mr. Hauptman in the hall a few mornings later he gave him a smile that caught the old lion right where he lived. They went downtown together, and anyone with half an eye could see that they were going to be friends.

Meanwhile Midge wasn't losing any time back at the Sulgrave Arms; and one evening when Jed got home he found his little cockalorum in a mood so proud that she seemed to think that her nose was some sort of an astronomical instrument which was only used to take a sight at the heavens.

"Come out of it! Come out of it, do you hear me?" said Jed at last. "Come across clean to your husband and tell him the latest!" To which he eagerly added, "Have they sent the first payment on account? Is that it?" And he looked around the room as though half expecting to see a chest heaped full of guineas and ducatoons.

"Nope," said Midge. "It's something better than that. We're going to take our first real step in Sock-eye-etty—we're going to call on the Hauptmans after dinner."

"Do they know it yet?" asked Jed. "Or have you only just thought of it?"

It seems that Mrs. Hauptman had invited them that afternoon.

"She's the loveliest old lady," said Midge; "silver hair and pink cheeks and blue eyes—just like mom—and last week I took in some parcels for her when she was out, and this morning I changed some corsets for her that she didn't have the nerve to change herself, because she had changed them twice already.

"And Mr. Hauptman," continued Midge—"Mr. Hauptman is a great old cribbage player; and you aren't as awful as you think you are, Jed, if you wouldn't keep forgetting his nobs. And while you men are playing crib I'm going to show Mrs. Hauptman how to make hatpins out of sealing wax. And whatever you do, Jed," she earnestly concluded, her arms suddenly going around his neck, her mouth to his ear, "I want you to be nice to old Mr. Hauptman—just as nice as you can be—and you can be awfully nice when you want to be, Jed; take it from one who knows."

Praise from Sir Hubert Stanley. . . . There is a quotation which is sometimes used in a case like this.

VII

WHETHER or not it was because of the instructions he had received, Jed was on his best behavior all the evening, his manner being that which is generally associated with the enterprise of charming the birds off the trees; and before he left he had old Deke in a mellow mood that was sister to contentment and mother of joy; and the Mitchells had hardly got back into Number Fifty-one when Mrs. Hauptman said to her husband, "Do you know, I think that's just about the nicest young couple I ever met."

The result was inevitable. The next week the Hauptmans dropped in to see the Mitchells, and on the following Sunday, if you had been sitting on one of the stone walls that line the Albany Post Road you might have seen a lordly sedan come swinging into sight, magnificent in color and line, but more magnificent yet in the expression of Jed's face as he sat in the front seat with Mr. Hauptman, and in the contentment of Midge's smile as she chatted away with the lovely old lady who looked just like mom.

That ride was the first of many.

Instead of lunching at restaurants and hotels, waiting half an hour in a funereal room for something that wasn't worth waiting for when it came, Midge started making picnic meals, and nobody knows what fun that is until one has tried it. In short, it wasn't long before the Mitchells and the Hauptmans were as thick as thieves; and although Jed and old Deke often had a few words about business, if you had been there you would probably soon have seen that it was the young people's cheerfulness that the older couple liked more than anything else—their joy of living—their differentiation from the sad people who mournfully moved around them on every hand.

"Do you know what the old boy asked me tonight?" Jed asked Midge one evening after they had returned from a ride to Coney.

"No," said Midge with a look that had suddenly become attentive. "What did he ask you, Jed?"

"He asked me if I was tied up tight with Palmer & Myers—said he'd been thinking lately of getting some young blood in his own company. I've got him thinking the same as I do about the best lines to handle, but I'll be darned if I can get either Palmer or Myers to see it."

"And what did you tell Mr. Hauptman, Jed," Midge breathlessly asked, "when he asked you if you were tied up tight?"

"Oh, I told him there was nothing signed up yet, but there might be any day. I told him that we were only waiting for Uncle Ben's legacy, and that the check might come by almost any mail."

"Some little business man, aren't you!" she gravely teased him.

"Look who's trained me!"

She threw him a dreamy-eyed kiss, her thoughts obviously elsewhere, and then she called on all the music in her voice and pitched it low, and turned to her husband and said, "Jed ——"

"Huh?"

"Listen! Today's Monday. Don't say anything more to Mr. Hauptman about business until Thursday; and if he starts talking about it himself you dodge the subject and begin to talk about something else—till Thursday."

"Why? What's the idea?"

"You leave it to me. Besides, Thursday's my lucky day."

"I thought it was Tuesday."

"No; it's Thursday now. I always get a bargain when I go shopping on Thursday. And you'd rather be with Mr. Hauptman than with Palmer & Myers, wouldn't you?"

"Sure! Anybody would! Old Deke's a real man, and he's got a real business. But Palmer & Myers haven't. They didn't even make office rent last month; and so far as I am concerned, they are only waiting to get my money. Anybody can see that."

"All right," said Midge, "you wait till Thursday."

She was quiet then—unusually quiet for her—and once, if it had been anyone else who was sitting there by his side, Jed would have suspected her of a sigh.

"Jed," she said at last.

"Huh?"

"You—you won't be awfully mad at me, will you, if you happen to find out something dreadful about me some day?"

Every husband knows the feeling that suddenly came to Jed's heart.

"I—I've been so anxious for you to get along," she continued, "especially with Mr. Hauptman, after all you had told me about him ——"

"Say, now, you look here!" said Jed, all the fooling gone out of him as though by the sweep of an evil fairy's wand. "If that old son of a gun ——"

"Sh!" said Midge, putting her hand over his mouth. "It isn't him who's been bad. It's me!"

"Bad? What do you mean—bad?"

She didn't answer him, but kept her face against his shoulder.

"Let's have a look at you, young lady!"

She lifted her face and they looked in each other's eyes.

"Bad! You bad!" he scoffed at last. "Any time that you turn bad there's nothing good left in the world, and we might as well all go to hell together." They kissed.

"What were you trying to do—get me on a string?" asked Jed.

"Well, maybe," said she.

That night, waking as though by appointment, she propped herself on her elbow and presently heard him sighing in his sleep.

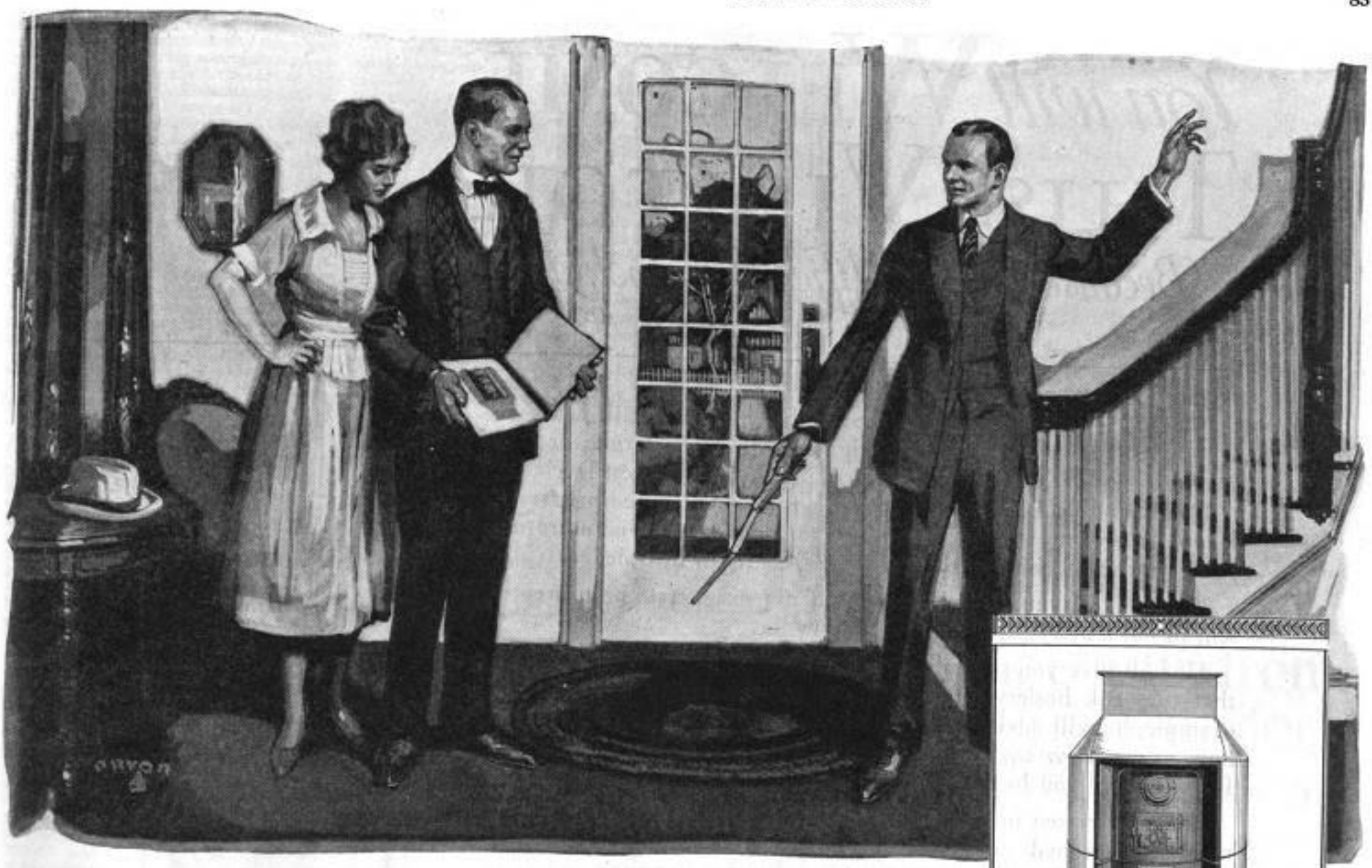
"Poor Jed!" she thought and, her mind going out to those dreary-looking, unsmiling ones who fill the trolleys and the limousines, the shirt sleeves and the furs, she found herself thinking, "I wonder if that's one reason why some of them look so sad. Poor things! Poor things!"

VIII

ON FRIDAY afternoon Jed went home like a high-explosive shell, five feet ten inches long, and he burst into Apartment Fifty-one of the Sulgrave Arms with such a

(Continued on Page 85)

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(Continued from Page 82)

bang that Midge came out of the kitchen on the run, and didn't look any the worse because she was wearing a bungalow apron and had a dab of flour on the side of her chin. "Well," said Jed, slamming his hat down on the table, "I've got it!"

Midge didn't say anything—there are times when speech is foolish—but you ought to have seen the questions in her eyes!

"A job with Deke Hauptman—twelve thousand a year, and 5 per cent of the net profits on all the new accounts that I can get started! And I haven't got to buy in, or anything—I haven't got to put up a cent—Deke made that just as clear as he could. But say, Midge, when Uncle Benny's legacy does come in ——"

"But it won't," said Midge in a small voice.

"Won't what?" asked Jed, thrown out of his stride.

"Won't come in."

"What won't come in?"

"Uncle Benny's legacy won't come in."

"What do you mean—it won't come in?"

So she told him then: how one day after he had been singing the praises of old Deke Hauptman she had gone to the drug store to use the phone, and the phone was busy, and to pass the time without buying anything she had turned to the city directory, and it was open at the H's, and she looked up the Hauptmans' address; and the next afternoon she happened to take a walk on Riverside Drive, and she came to the house where the Hauptmans lived, and there was a sign "Apartment to Let"; and just out of curiosity she went and looked at it, and thought to herself, "If we could only afford to live there, perhaps we could make friends with the Hauptmans; and then—and then ——"

"And the very next day," she continued, "I had a letter from Uncle Benny, and he was sick and broke and said he couldn't live much longer. So then I had a wonderful idea, one of those wonderful ideas that make you tremble a little. Do you ever have ideas like that, Jed?"

"Yes," said Jed, breathlessly nodding. "I had one just before I asked you to marry me."

"Aren't they wonderful, though? So I wrote Uncle Benny a long letter, telling him exactly what I wished he would do; and I took the cork out of the kangaroo and sent him my spring-suit money, so he'd have something to pay the doctor and something to pay the lawyer. And sure enough, the old duck did it—the darling old duck, I shall love him as long as I live; and when we die, Jed, we must look him up and start loving him all over again; and—and—well, that's how it happened; and, oh, I feel so happy—if—if only they don't—snf!—arrest me for something—snf, snf!"

He took her to him then, bungalow apron, dab of flour and all, and after a while she felt better, her eyes as bright as two bachelor's-buttons just after a summer shower.

"I don't know what Deke's going to think—when the legacy doesn't turn up," said Jed at last, with the air of a man who is making his last objection.

"He won't say anything," said Midge in a faint voice. "I—I told him yesterday."

"You told him yesterday?"

"Yes; so there wouldn't be any deception about it. They're real people, Jed, both of them," she sighed; "and when it came right down to business—well, I wouldn't have belonged to real people myself if I had tried to fool them."

"What did he say?"

"You won't be mad?"

"N-no."

"Well, he—he said I was a wonderful woman."

"Where's my sword?" cried Jed, looking around; but underneath his foolery there was a note of concern, almost of fear, that wasn't far from bringing the tears again to Midge's eyes.

"No, honey," she whispered; "you know as well as I do that anything like that would have spoiled it all, and we'd have gone back to Amsterdam with the old flag flying."

"You bet we would!"

"Ngh! So I'm going to tell you exactly what he said—exactly!"

"Yes?"

"Yes. First he said I was a wonderful woman, and he liked me for that."

"Y-e-s?"

"And then he said I was square, and he liked me still better for that."

"Ye-e-es?"

"And then he said that you—that you and I—that, now, we ought to have some wonderful, wonderful children ——"

She hunched her shoulders after the manner of Signor Dempsi, and feinting with her right she caught him shrewdly on the side of the jaw.

"Hey!" said he, and took hold of her quickly before she could land a second blow. She pushed away from him as far as she could and pretended not to recognize him.

"Stranger, who are you?" she asked.

"Me?" said Jed. "I'm the maggot of Misty Mountain."

"And who am I?"

"You're my little cockalorum who was never too busy to write to a lonely old man."

At that they laughed together, and then they crowed together, and then they both went dreamy-eyed for a minute or two, thinking of what the future had in store for them. Midge was the first to recover herself.

"Jed," she said, "listen! Even when we get rich, and have children, and everything, we're never going to be one of those sad couples, are we?"

"Us?" said Jed from the bottom of his heart. "Not as long as you're alive, we're not!"

FLUX

(Continued from Page 4)

superior senator, but also, through Beveridge, could register their protest against the remnants of the organization, the last sad remains of the G. O. P. as typified by New. With the great and merited personal triumph for Beveridge was coupled a most emphatic declaration to the Washington outfit that it has not found favor with the people who made it, and equally emphatic notice that old organization obligations are out of date, and that the voters who formerly and habitually—almost religiously—made the cross under the organization column now put their crosses wherever their fancy dictates or their protests demand.

Practically the same thing happened in Pennsylvania, which is a state that has been bossed for many years, and apparently has been glad of it. The Cameron machine, the Quay machine and the Penrose machine continued a successive Republican organization control over the politics and government of Pennsylvania because the Democrats were either largely in the minority or adjuncts to the machine in considerable numbers. The organization control was occasionally weakened in spots, but, all in all, it persisted and performed with great skill and success.

Penrose died last winter, and left behind him a lot of lieutenants. None of these had following enough or personal strength enough to take the captain's place. All of them, however, were of the old organization type, and knew the processes even if they did not have the technic. They nominated a thorough organization man for governor, and Gifford Pinchot ran against him as an antiorganization candidate. Pinchot has a record of liberalism, a record of political Progressivism, and was the political antithesis of the organization candidate. Pinchot won.

Probably Pinchot would have won if Penrose had been alive, because the political conditions in Pennsylvania are the same as elsewhere and because the nominal Republicans had even a more direct opportunity for protest than they had in Indiana, inasmuch as the Pennsylvania organization was oligarchal—or was—while in Indiana it was somewhat paternal.

It is likely that Penrose would have sensed what was coming sooner than his committee of successors did, but whether he would have been able to hold off the result is another matter.

In any event the voters of Pennsylvania, who gave Harding an enormous plurality in 1920, walked up to the primary polls in the spring of 1922 and nominated Pinchot over the organization candidate for governor. They cut loose from the organization, voted their defiance and disgust and



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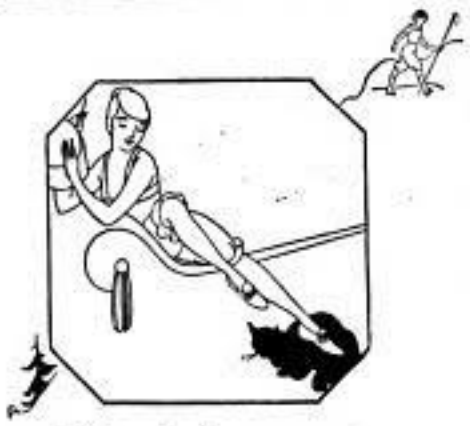
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served notice on the Pennsylvania organization that the old days are gone, the old methods do not hold, the old ties do not bind. Their medium was exceptional. No voter in Pennsylvania who voted for Pinchot could in any way identify him with the organization, either national or state, with the promises of 1920, or in any way alibi that Pinchot vote. It was a vote in direct protest, notwithstanding all claims that Pinchot made his campaign on state issues, and other cuttlefishing by the defeated organization men, and even the statement by Pinchot himself that he is a supporter of President Harding.

The voters of Pennsylvania did not vote for Pinchot as a supporter of President Harding, nor on state issues except incidentally. If the nomination of Pinchot had been the only similar one in the country there might have been some validity to this claim. But the Republicans in Indiana selected Beveridge, and Brookhart won in Iowa.

Both of these men are Progressives. The result in Pennsylvania was not a local demonstration. It was part of a national demonstration. It signifies exactly what the Beveridge nomination signifies, and the Brookhart nomination, and many other political happenings that have already been noted and will be noted between this time and election day in November, and especially what will happen on that election day, which is that as an organized, cohesive, effective political organization, disciplined and directed, the Republican Party has passed over to join its predecessors in the obituary columns of the political almanacs and the historical records of the past.

Brookhart's Platform

Smith Brookhart was one of several candidates for the senatorial nomination in Iowa. Under the Iowa law it is necessary for a successful candidate in such a contest to attain at least 35 per cent of the vote. Brookhart is no conservative. His platform was radical enough to keep any conservative awake at nights. He stood for the repeal of the transportation law, the pumping of seven billions of dollars in water out of railroad securities, the stopping of capitalization of unearned increment by railroads and some other teasers for the railroad interests, which lean somewhat towards conservatism in their political affiliations; and for a 45 per cent farmer representation and a 25 per cent labor representation on the Federal Reserve Board, which cannot be construed as conservatism, either.

He supported the soldiers' bonus, opposed the sales tax and the ship subsidy, demanded the reopening of the Senator Newberry case, announced support of the agricultural bloc, the labor bloc, the mothers' bloc and the business blocs that, he said, "coöperate with them," and advocated various other policies that distinctly do not come within the pale of the Administration program.

The frightened Old Guard leaders multiplied candidates on Brookhart, with the idea of making it more difficult for him to get his 35 per cent of the vote, but Brookhart won, and the reason he won is because he very skillfully capitalized the discontent and the spirit of revolt that exist among the nominal Republicans, and offered a program that was in direct opposition to the program these nominal Republicans voted for in 1920, thinking it would relieve them of their burdens.

Smith Brookhart knew what was in the political minds and hearts of the nominal Republicans in Iowa, and he used his knowledge effectively. And furthermore, Brookhart, running in any one of several other states, in any one of a considerable number of states, formerly Republican, would have won just the same on the same sort of platform.

The conditions that brought about the nominations of Beveridge and Pinchot and Brookhart are not local to Indiana, Pennsylvania and Iowa. They are national. Although the demonstrations may not be so marked elsewhere as in these states, there will be primary demonstrations in other states—witness the defeat of the Old Guard Porter J. McCumber for United States senator in the North Dakota primary by former Governor Frazier, the radical, who was recalled by the fluxional North Dakota voters only last fall; and there will be a grand general demonstration next November. There are some faithful mourners at the bier of Republicanism who will stand loyal to the memories of the past, and some sad-eyed Jeffersonians who will remain true to the derelict and disrupted Democracy, but between these there is a vast body of those who were once Republicans and those who were once Democrats who are now free lances, and these will take apart that Sixty-Seventh Congress, made enormously Republican by their votes in 1920—take it apart at the November elections to see what makes it tick.

This nation-wide condition of political flux, this demonstration of ties that do not bind at all, this free-lancing disposition and determination, have brought out a welter of explanations, analyses, speculations, surmises and predictions, ranging from the throaty assertions of the overcome organization men that it is all a flurry and that the hearts of that great loyal congregation of Nature's noblemen and ladies who ought to remain true to the memory of the G. O. P. will so remain after they are reasoned with, to the wild claims of the visionaries that all this portends a political revolution and that the voters already are behind the barricades.

No other person can be so frightened as a frightened practical politician, and no other person so visionary as a theoretical politician. The facts of this situation are that in the sense of belonging to the Republican Party for good or ill, directed by its organization, amenable to its discipline, and accepting all it does and voting always for its candidates, there are a very large number of once Republicans, former Republicans according to these specifications to a greater or less degree, who are now Republicans only by name and who retain the party designation because there is no other name for them to adopt.

These voters are out in an indeterminate No Man's Land. They don't want to go back, and there is no place to advance to. Hence they are operating politically off their own and waiting for somebody to appear to lead them to a place of refuge and of strength.

The only choice they have now is to go to the Democrats, and that is no choice at all, because there isn't the shred of an issue between the remnants of these two ghosts of parties. There isn't an outstanding difference of policy. There is nothing, save the desire of the Old Republican Guard to stay in power, and the desire of the Old Democratic Guard to get back to power. All the voter can do is to stay out in the political Tom Tiddler's ground.

These middle placers have no definite idea of what they want, where they are going or what they will do when they get somewhere. There is nothing actuating them but protest. They voted for Harding because they thought they would get something they didn't get from Wilson. Harding can't deliver. Hence they are now voting against those they think represent Harding politically. They were assured that the trumpeted return to normalcy of the 1920 campaign, the sane and solid conservatism of the platform and pledges, would mean much to them. They have meant nothing.

Without Leaders or Issues

If their candidates are elected and fail to get results for them—as they probably will—they will turn on those unfortunates as fiercely as they turned on the Harding and organization candidates. Or they will vote in candidates that may be set forth under the label of what was once Democracy. They are milling around between the mausoleum that contains the remains of Republicanism and the tomb that holds the corpse of Democracy.

They have no actuating impulse except discontent. They have no leaders of any consequence. They have no issues, policies, conclusions or convictions except that they want something they haven't received and what that something is is vague in their minds. They are in a state of political flux. What they need is a leader. There never was a better opportunity in this country for a man with an idea, a personality, and a rational appeal to lift himself to power and place than this leaderless but highly susceptible-to-leadership body of voters offers; nor, on the disconcerting other hand, was there ever such an opportunity for a man with an idea, a personality, and an irrational appeal, to do the same thing.

Notwithstanding this apparent incoherence of action, these attempted shiftings from extreme to extreme and these irresolute pausings between, this lack of national objective, and this indefinite and almost inarticulate spirit of remonstrance against present conditions, there is in the back of the aggregate political mind of America the seed of a conviction that one of these days will germinate into an effective growth of protest.

That conviction is that what the people of this country deserve, need and must have from their governmental administrators is less governing, honester governing and simpler governing, and the people are doing what they can do—which, as it stands, isn't much—to bring that home to the politicians.

They have watched for more than twenty years the increasing interference of government in private affairs; the growth of a paternalism that is as obnoxious as it is expensive; the centralization of government to the destruction of state and popular individualism; the foisting of fool theories of uplift by law and by regulation on a people who have won to the front of the world by lifting themselves instead of being lifted by statute; the spread of a smear of messy socialism under the guise of common-good flubdub; the ceaseless forays against business—the agency that chiefly has developed this country to its present supremacy—that seek to restrict and hamper and direct and confuse business, not for sound economic reasons but for unsound political reasons, and do almost confiscate it by taxes; the capitalization of Congress by any special interest that comes with a threat of political reprisal unless its special demands are heeded; the spying, censoring, uplifting, reforming, regulating and restricting of liberties of both speech and action; the expansion of the class idea in legislative methods and influences; and with it all the vast complexities and the devastating expense of this sort of government that proceeds on the assumption that the United States is a corrective institution, with the people inmates, instead of a coöperative establishment with the people partners.

The Growth of Bureaucracy

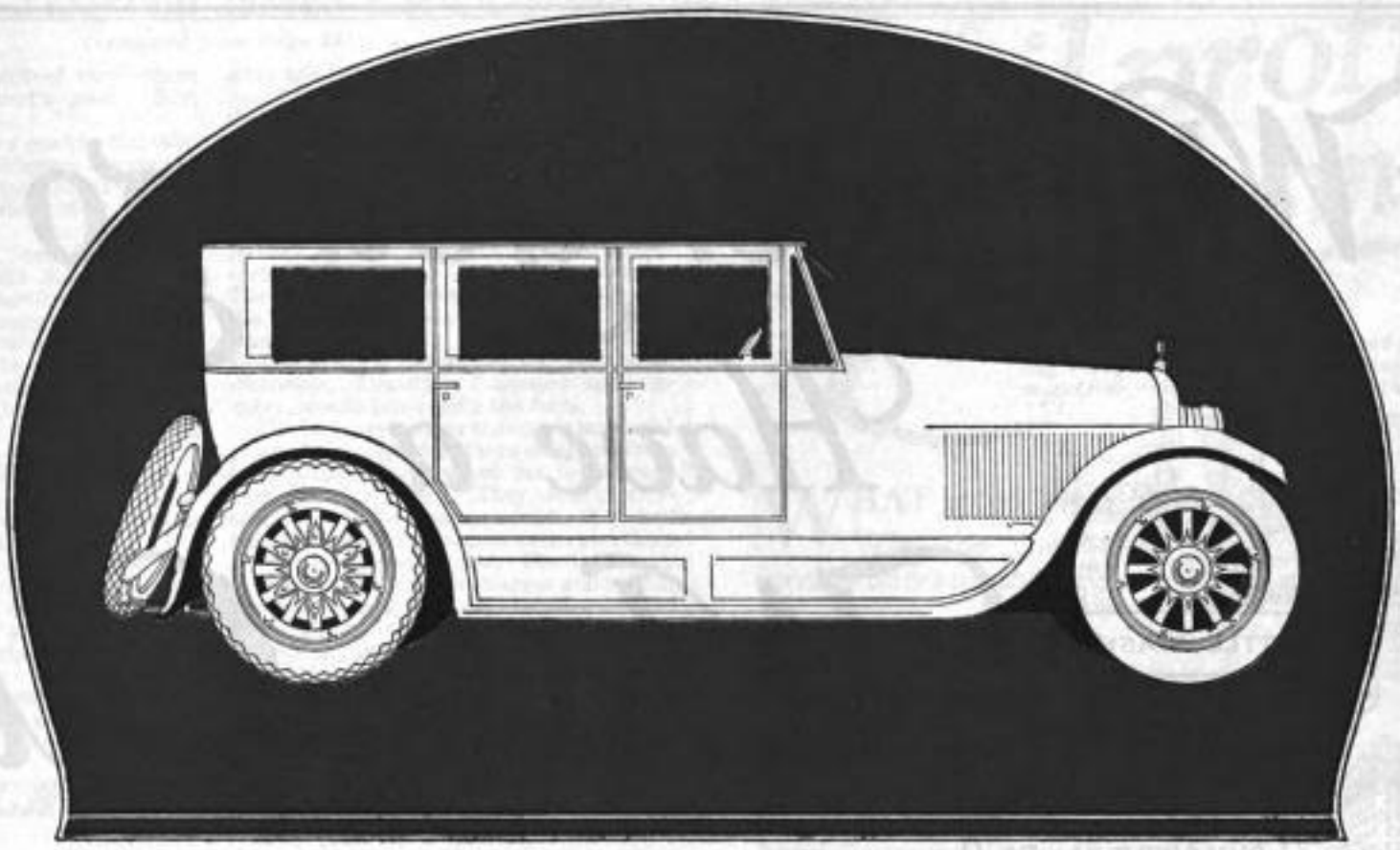
They have watched for more than twenty years the decay, so far as government is concerned, of the old, vigorous and successful American policy and creed of individualism and self-help, and have been messed and mussed about; taxed to the point where thrift and effort are penalized; regulated, restricted, uplifted, reformed and directed in their ways and walks by a crowd of political shysters whose only motive is self-interest; overwhelmed by an avalanche of useless and expensive laws and exploited by class legislation that had its selfish warrant in the desires of the class legislated for, regardless of the people, and the political necessities of the legislators who framed it. The people have seen the growth of a bureaucracy that has increased tenfold since the beginning of this century, and the expansion of the commission idea until commissions harnacle the ship of state in such numbers that little of the original hull can be seen, each commission providing salary and sustenance to politicians at the expense of the people, and not one in ten of them worth 5 per cent of what it costs.

The people are coming, in a way, to realize that what they think is their democracy is in reality a political autocracy, and that all this benevolent and pious paternalism is, in fact, but the centralization of the power and authority of that autocracy, which extends not only to the regulation of their affairs, morals, enterprises, efforts, and the heavy and increasing demands on their capital and incomes, but seeks to dominate their opinion and to direct them all, like sheep, along stipulated lines that are agreeable and useful to those in power.

Further, they have found that the change of party in government does not change the character of the government in these respects, but merely changes the personnel of it.

Hence we find this state of political flux. The people are shifting, changing, trying this and trying that, doing what they can in a situation where there is no concrete instrument at hand or any explicit place to go. In Pennsylvania, fed up with the organization, they went outside of it. Presently a place to go may be apparent that will give them a political haven and offer a political remedy, and they will flock thereto with enthusiasm, unanimity and determination.

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The New Jordan Touring Sedan

The day of the big, bulky enclosed motor car has gone.

The hour of the light weight, economical, fine quality enclosed car is here.

While some may satisfy themselves with enclosed cars of cheaper quality, those admirable people who can never be satisfied with the commonplace will prefer the Jordan.

Jordan quality is superior to that of many cars selling for $1000 more. The price is made because the world is turning to the enclosed car as a necessity.

The open car is now almost a luxury because it serves satisfactorily for only three months out of the year.

Compare the new Jordan Touring Sedan with the most expensive enclosed cars made.

All bodies are aluminum. More room in the tonneau. Roof with the new English custom car contour—lower than before. Front and rear seats twenty inches in depth, with lounging ease, close to the floor.

Wider seats. Longer windows with broad vision. New worm drive window regulator. Ventilator in cowl.

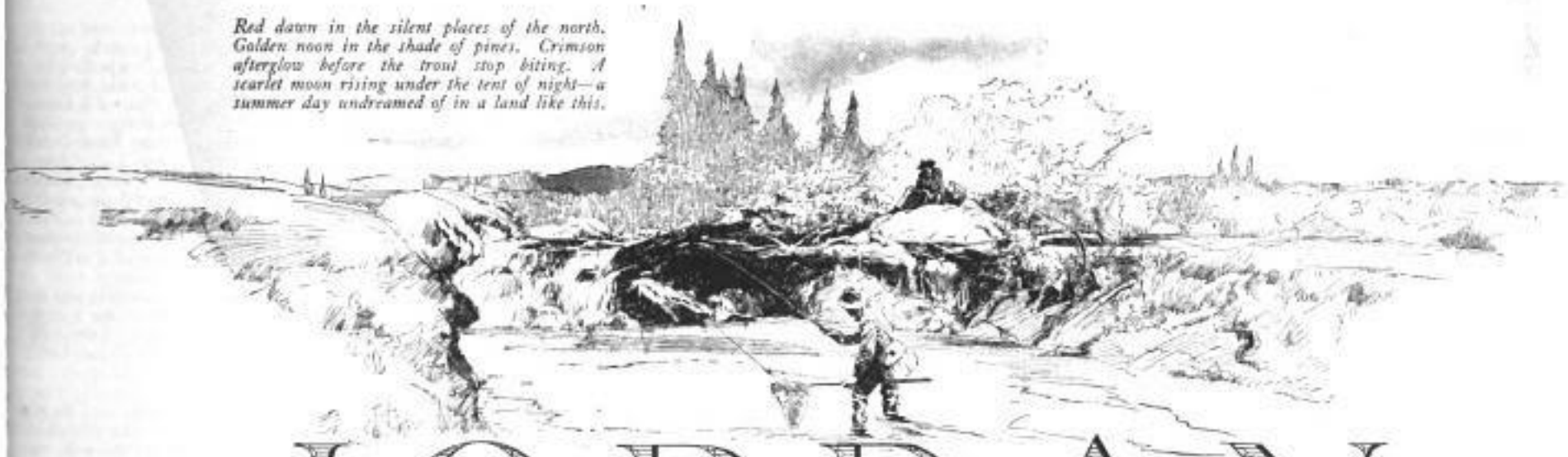
The latest and most expensive pure worsted Windsor cloth upholstery. Marshall Cushion Springs, of course.

Hardware of the latest Versailles platinum finish. Waltham clock. Finest glazing quality plate glass. Vanity cases. Rear vision mirror. Custom sun shade. Windshield cleaner.

Every detail the highest quality.

Colors in new fashionable shades of blue and green, with the Crane Simplex two-tone gray predominant in response to public demand.

Red dawn in the silent places of the north. Golden noon in the shade of pines. Crimson afterglow before the trout stop biting. A scarlet moon rising under the tent of night—a summer day undreamed of in a land like this.



JORDAN

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Inc., Cleveland, Ohio

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Wherever you go Have a White Owl











WHEREVER you are, wherever you go, you'll find the same strong preference for White Owl. It's a national smoke—just as popular on Broad Street, Philadelphia, as on the banks of the Mississippi in New Orleans, or on Second Avenue, Seattle.

And there's just one reason for it—VALUE! Production in quantities—vast quantities—has made it possible to put unprecedented quality into the cigar and yet keep the price down to a figure that makes a strong appeal to the cigar smokers of the country.

General Cigar Co., INC.
NATIONAL BRANDS
NEW YORK CITY



2 for 15¢

8c for one

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 22)

about that last shipment of ours—them 2160's? Huh? Oh, that's good! Say, Schwartz!"

He drew him aside for a confidential talk, conducted mostly in whispers. Occasionally they looked over at me. Once I thought they laughed. After about five minutes they came back.

"Meet Mr. Coghlan," said Prentiss.

"How are you?" said Schwartz. He dropped his voice mysteriously. "Now—ah—you know we ain't supposed to do this. But I think we got just what you want."

He introduced me to two bird's-eye-maple atrocities, of about the class of '06. I explained diffidently that I wanted something rather simple and plain—gray with a dark stripe preferably—to match a chiffonier. He said "Oh" and showed me something in Circassian walnut. That was all he had, he said, and he was doing it just as a favor to Mr. Prentiss.

So we tried another one—a little place right beside the East River. We took a taxi. Here we were offered something splendid in the way of a folding bed—designed to fit right into the wall, if you had that kind of wall.

We tried four more, with taxis between. Mr. Prentiss began to get a little annoyed, although he was too much of a gentleman to say anything. In the last place, though, they had just about what I wanted—they were blue instead of gray, but I said they would do. Would they have them sent up to the house next week?

Oh, no. They couldn't sell those, but they would have a pair made up at the factory in South Bend, and I would almost certainly get them within four months. The price, as a special favor to Mr. Prentiss, would be $244, including freight charges. And they knew a place in the Bronx where I could get the mattresses wholesale. The slats, I learned upon inquiry, would come with the beds.

The beds arrived six months later, and I hired a wagon and had them carted up from the station. They turned out to be green with a yellow stripe. They didn't correspond with the measurements that had been given me for the mattresses, and there were two casters too few. The total cost, including taxis, freight charges and rebuilt mattresses, was $367.40. But I got them wholesale.

And oh, yes! On the strength of the favor Mr. Prentiss came around last week and borrowed ten dollars.

George S. Kaufman.

LAUGHTER, LTD.

(Continued from Page 19)

All at once the streets held a higher per cent of well-dressed folks. White flannels burst into view in great numbers. Four times I thought I saw Wallace Reid standing on a corner, and six times a head of blond curls turned around and it wasn't Mary Pickford. But I got considerable kick out of the thought that it might of been either or both, or would be, next time. And then before I had time to run into Charlie Chaplin or Tom Mix we drew up in front of the hotel.

A dozen pair of white flannels crossed themselves the other way as I crossed the veranda headed for the hotel entrance, and as many rocking-chairs come to salute while assorted ladies gave me the double O. All at once I felt with a uncomfortable sharpness that while a self-made girl was all right, self-made clothes are not so good. However, remembering that my face, hair and ambition was the real thing, anyways, I took courage to march into the office and inquire about board. A cheery, not to say sportsmanlike bird behind the desk allowed me to finish my sentence before he sprung the bad news.

"Forty-five to eighty-five dollars a week," he says, his head on one side, his manner all sympathy like a doctor that knew you couldn't last long. "American plan only. That's all your meals, room and bath."

"I'll take the cheapest edition for the present," I says, and he beckoned for a Jap boy which I had thought at first was a Japanese soldier and was sort of afraid of him, but not enough afraid as it turned out, because he was what was worse, a bellhop.

"In the pictures?" says the clerk. "Just sign here, please!" And he slipped me a pen, all politely dipped, and the register. I took it, and then I had to hesitate because I realized I hadn't taken time coming out to think up a good picture name. And now my mind went perfectly blank on the subject and all I could think of was Alla Nazimova, but I couldn't very well put that down, so I had in desperation to write my own. But I put New York after it, instead of Stonewall. That seemed safe, as New York is big enough so that nobody from there would be likely to tell on me. I give the clerical cutie back his pen and threw in a smile for luck.

"Pictures?" I says. "Why, yes."

"That so?" he remarked with professional interest. "Boy! Show Miss McFadden up!"

His air had shown me up already, but I could hardly expect him to fall dead at the honor of entertaining an almost-actress. So with my feelings perfectly healthy and intact, I followed the Jap private up two flights of stairs, along a light corridor to a door which he opened and let me into a big airy room with a little balcony outside, and a palmetto tree so close I could actually touch it! And this balcony was my private one, and even more exciting to me than my first private bath.

Well, I gave Japan two bits, and seeing my case was hopeless he let me go at that, and when he had, I shut the door after him, took off my hat and stepped out into the sunshine on my little porch and let it beat on my bare head—the sun I mean—and stood with my elbows on the railing, looking down at the friendly, smiling city.

What a place! Everybody so snappy-looking. Far more so on an average than New York, for a fact. And everybody gay and in no hurry, yet just hurry enough to seem pleasantly occupied. Jazz? The very air had jazz in it! Even the trolley-car drivers jazzed their gongs, and the autos honked to syncopation. Three phonographs was pouring the same jazz number out upon the blue air, from different rooms near by, but each with a different start, and the one nearest to me was half a chorus ahead of the other two. I may remark in passing that from that day to this I don't believe I have been out of earshot of some new record at any hour of the day or night, and I have never seen the coat of arms of the city of Hollywood, but I am willing to bet it has got a phonograph rampant upon it.

Well, anyways, I stood there like a jazbo Juliet upon my sleeping porch, enchanted by everything I saw and heard, and wondering could it actually be me, and quite seeing now what Stricky had meant when he says there is no argument about which shall it be—California or Connecticut? A person couldn't help but make good out here. Why, just to be in such a place was inspiring. I felt like I belonged, all right! As if I had been waiting to get out here ever since I had been born, and didn't know it until now. I felt full of pep and like tearing things wide open generally. Sweet daddy! Some fairyland!

The first number on the program was of course to get action from Stricky. So after I had tore myself away from the balcony and put on a new layer of make-up with extra-heavy beading on my eyes, and using liquid face powder so as to look as professional as possible and not to be taken for an amateur any more than was absolutely necessary, I had still to make up my mind regarding the best, most casual, yet most interesting way of letting Stricky know I was here, and where.

At first I thought I would telephone him and kid him along by making him guess who it was, but then decided that would be old stuff, and besides, sort of small-town, and I dreaded to be recognized for what I was. Then I thought I would drop into his office and get some action direct, but dismissed the idea almost at once because it seemed too anxious. So in the end I wrote a formal little note and said "Dear Strick, well I am here at last and will drop into your office sometime tomorrow morning between ten and ten-thirty."

Retail profits are too small!

Any merchant who is interested in making his profits grow, will spend three minutes reading this advertisement

WHAT is the matter with retail business?

Why the disheartening difference between the gross profits and the net?

Ask your Silent Partner, "Overhead"—the partner who puts so little into the business and takes out so much. Ask him what he is doing with your money.

Ask him about his crony, "Business Leaks," the cleverest crook in Christendom, who works not with a burglar's jimmy but by the aid of unnecessarily large "stock on hand," unsaleable goods, careless and inefficient clerks—the hundred and one evils arising from unscientific business management.

The manufacturer's price and the price you can charge are more or less fixed. Your net profits can be increased only by shutting down on your wasteful Silent Partner—by collaring the Clever Crook. These two gentlemen work on your blind side. Once your eyes are open to their little game *you* will get the profits they are now taking from you.

Set the Wales Cashier, the new combination cash register and adding machine, to watch them. It will show them up.

WHEN a clerk makes a sale the Wales Cashier sees that you get a record of the sale and your customer a detailed receipt.

The Wales Cashier records every transaction in detail whether cash, charge or refund—a real protection for you.

At the end of the day, it automatically gives you the grand total of the day's business—an entirely new Wales feature.

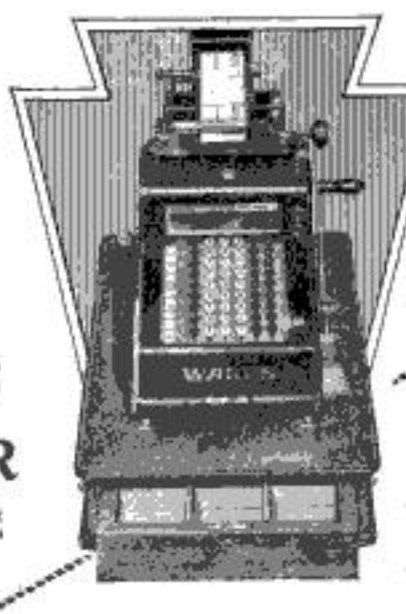
It shows which clerk is on the job, which goods sell and which do not.

AS AN adding machine, the Wales Cashier will save you time and money. It will furnish you with the kind of information by which America's most successful retailers are cutting down overhead and increasing profits.

Yet it costs but $300—less than the price of a straight cash register giving anything like the service.

We are offering the Wales Cashier on demonstration at our risk. If you think that your profits should be greater send us this coupon today.

WALES ADDING MACHINE COMPANY, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Branches in All Principal Cities



WALES DUPLEX CASHIER

Issues individual receipt and carries continuous grand total

Send me your Wales Cashier Proposition, and show me how the Wales Cashier can increase my net profits.

Name_____

Address_____

Line of Business_____

WALES VISIBLE

ADDING-LISTING-BOOKKEEPING-CALCULATING MACHINES

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The Imps are mobilizing!



YOU rest in false security. This very minute the Bad Heating Imps are mobilizing. Preparing to attack your comfort, at the first sign of cold weather.

There's your old enemy, the Imp who spoils your winter morning snooze by banging in the steam pipes. And the Imp who keeps the radiators filled with ice-cold air while the fire in the boiler roars in vain and piles up coal-bills. And the Imps who make the radiator air valves drip water and hiss steam till your ears ring.

But there's one fellow the Imps mortally fear—the Watchman of the Coal Pile, the No. 1 Hoffman Valve. Put No. 1 Valves on all your radiators and you'll never be bothered by the Imps again. You'll have steam radiators that are 100% hot, silent, and efficient—radiators that boost the temperature and lower the coal bills.

Better see your Heating Contractor *now!* If you wait till cold weather you'll find him swamped with orders for No. 1 Valves. Do it now!

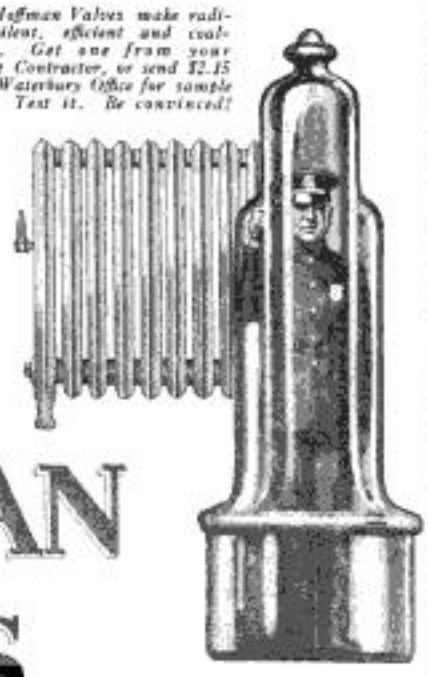
You take no chances in having your entire heating system Hoffman Equipped; satisfactory service for five full years is guaranteed you in writing.

"MORE HEAT FROM LESS COAL" *is a booklet that tells about Hoffman Valves and how they increase your comfort and lower your coal bills. Write for it today.*

HOFFMAN SPECIALTY CO., INC.

Main Office and Factory, Waterbury, Conn.
Boston New York Chicago Los Angeles

No. 1 Hoffman Valves make radiators silent, efficient and coal-saving. Get one from your Heating Contractor, or send $2.15 to our Waterbury Office for sample valve. Test it. Be convinced!



HOFFMAN VALVES

more heat from less coal

I decided to just send it along and went downstairs to do so by messenger. At the desk I asked for Anita, but she wasn't there. Hadn't shown up at all. Well, I thought that was funny, but after all none of my affair unless she chose. So I just says "Oh, indeed?" and after seeing my letter off, went out and parked myself on the front porch, assuring myself that I had as good a right to as any there, but not really believing it. And hardly had I sat before I saw Adele.

No one who has ever seen mommer will be likely to forget her, and if only she wouldn't mug so she could of played mother parts to perfection, and only think of the salaries they command now that mothers have come into fashion on the silversheet! But Adele mugged. She even did it when not in front of the camera; at least always when she imagined somebody was looking at her and saying what a sweet, motherly older woman that is over there—so aristocratic. Which they frequently did.

The very minute I set eyes upon her I thought the same. Her gray hair was dressed just beautiful—smart, but not girlish, you know. She had a proud way with her head, too, and simply sweet black clothes. Not dowdy, but typical of a refined, well-brought-up mother's things, plus the inexpensive jewels suitable for an oldish lady. She give me a little smile, or so I imagined, but I sat off by myself instead of following it up, because I thought maybe she is Madame Estancia the famous author of Still Weaker, who I see in the papers was out there making her own pictures, and I was afraid she would think me fresh.

Well, you know how lonesome a gay place can be to one which isn't acquainted there, and all around me the folks was rubbing it in. Big cars would fly up to the door and dolls with basket lunches would dash out of the hotel and into the cars and yell "Are you going to the beach?" but not to me. And handsome actors with patent-leather hair and sports clothes de luxe would bring their tennis rackets out and get some healthy exercise nursing them in a big piazza chair, and rock and talk for a while and look at me hard and go away. And still I sat like a lost sheep, beginning to feel I had been there about twenty years.

Another favorite form of outdoor sports seemed to be getting weighed on the outdoor scales which was parked on one end of the veranda, but this was a form of solitaire, for they would sneak up one at a time, slip a nickel or a penny, for both seemed to work equally good, into the slot, and step on and step off quick, as if they didn't like to be noticed. One boy even put a button in. A thin, mother-of-pearl button of a gent's underwear type, and I guess he hoped I didn't see it, but wasn't sure. He looked so worried over it that I got up and went indoors, desperately hoping that the dining room would by now be open; and mercifully it was. And even more mercifully, I got put at the same table with Adele.

Well, from the beginning of our talk, over the American plan, I could never of dreamed how important our knowing each other was to be. Which is generally the way big things start.

"In the pictures?" says Adele after asking me for butter as an opening.

"I hope to be," says I.

"And what was the name, dear?" says she. I told her, and Adele threw her rings into the air.

"My dear!" she says, horrified. "McFadden will never do! You will have to think up something much better. Not that I blame you, because God does not give everybody a stage name at birth. My own is Delane. Mrs. Adele Delane; and it's genuine."

I says how nice, and so forth, and then Adele fired another shot.

"Did you bring your mother with you, dear?" she says.

"No," I says; "I have no mother."

"I'm so sorry, honey," says she, real gently. "A girl's best friend is her mother, especially in pictures, as I used often to say to dear Ruby Rohmer, when I was her mother."

"But aren't you that any more?" I says. "Did she die?"

"No; Ruby married a millionaire and retired," says Adele complacently. "It was largely due to me, too. That shows the value of a mother! And she naturally didn't need me any longer. A mother may be useful, dear, but what is thought of mothers-in-law is well known."

"Oh!" says I, not yet getting it.

"Yes, indeed!" says Adele. "I know when to stop. But a girl does need looking after. When I was Helen Murrell's mother she always used to say that she never would of succeeded like she did only for me."

"The great Helen Murrell!" I gasped. "She your daughter, too?"

"Yes indeed, until she married that banker from Pittsburgh," says Adele, plucking at her salad with all due modest pride. "I was Helen's mother; and before that I was Lila Lavelle's."

Dumb-bell that I was, I just begun to get it then.

"Oh!" says I. "You mean you only pretended to be their mother?"

"Well, a girl in this business really has to have one, you see," says she. "And I certainly have done as well by all six of mine as if they had been my own. Lila married pretty good, too. Only she fell in love, and while he's a handsome actor, he's a bad one. He give her several expensive rings, but she'd never of got that plain gold one only for him being mortally afraid of me."

"But now," I says, "who is your daughter at present?"

"Oh, I'm on a vacation," says Adele. "I just naturally got to have a rest from domesticity oncet in a while, and I still got some money left from Ruby's wedding present."

"Are you a widow?" I went on, for the old lady begun to interest me deeply, and evidently personal questions was in order.

"A widow!" exclaimed Adele. "Why, bless your heart, honey, I've never been married! Mrs. is only my professional name, as you might say!"

"Well, it's a funny business!" I says, real interested.

"An important one!" says she quickly. "When a star gets to a certain prominence she needs a background, and a lot of personal sentimental publicity can be got out of home-and-mother stuff—you know that! Why, even the male beauties ain't above it when the publicity department runs a little short. But I never was one that contented myself with being a mere figurehead. I always looked after contracts and gave advice, and the advice of one who's been in the theatrical world all their life is neither to be pitied or scorned."

Well, I could believe that, and I had a feeling right off the bat that she was the real thing, even if she did have the most completely cuckoo way of earning a living I had ever heard of. There was something about Adele made you believe that her mothering was done partially for the sheer love of it. As though she was kind of trying to make up to herself for having been cheated out of kids of her own by cruel fate or something, and that she was really proud of those six girls, and fond of them too. Later on she showed me their pictures on her dresser, all with "To darling mommer" written over their own signatures, and she was as wistful about them as any genuine one could of been.

But in the meanwhile we got real friendly and confidential over our choice-of, and she told me who was who in the American-plan, beginning with the beautiful Madame Estancia in a far corner surrounded by young admiring men, and ending with some of the old standbys of the place, but never mentioning who was the very classiest-looking male in the dining room, which was the young man who had paid for his weight with the button, but who sat there eating in such handsome clothes, face, hair and general manner that you would not of believed it possible, and left one only to the well-known conclusion of how stingy the rich and famous can be! He certainly was handsome, and formal, and looking over to our table a great deal.

"See that little couple over by the window?" says Adele chattily. "Them are the Gosmers—Lulu and Paul—that make the serials, you know. They live here in the hotel. Sweet girl, and has a great future! Next to them is that man draws the animated cartoons—I can't think of his name. And beyond him the man with the monocle? That's Lord Rexford, the famous English writer. Yeh—he's out here with Silvercrown. Writing continuity, I think."

Well, of course Lord Rexford was a world-famous novelist, so at first I thought Adele must be kidding. But not at all, it really was him. I had yet to learn that celebrities in Hollywood is as common as flies in August, and if a native was to meet

(Continued on Page 92)

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He was careful about Oil and Batteries. He always carried a Spare Tire and a Pump

But He Was Unprepared

To Stop Water Leaks



You may be in his place tomorrow

You pay *when* you get oil and gasoline. You will pay *after* you get water, if you are not prepared to instantly stop leaks.

Until now, thousands of car owners who have suffered this needless expense *thought* the trouble was caused by lack of oil or something else. But the loss of water through leaks caused it. And today, everywhere, owners are driving cars that are being overheated and ruinously damaged from the same cause. Are you one of them?

It happens every day— are you prepared?

On a nation-wide survey of repair shops we found cars of all makes and sizes laid up for repairs that could easily have been avoided had the owners appreciated the importance of water.

We found many cases where neglected water leaks made it necessary for car owners to go to the expense of buying new radiators—the result of owners' unpreparedness to stop leaks in the water system. (There are eight or more places besides the radiator where leaks develop.)

The owners are chafing under the loss of the use of their cars and the big repair and parts bills. All of this damage could have been avoided had Warner Liquid Solder been used to stop the water leaks, either by putting it into the radiator to prevent leaks developing, or by using it to instantly stop them the minute they began.

Are you one of the unprepared owners? If so, get a can of Warner Liquid Solder at once. The positively safe and sure way to avoid trouble and expense others suffer daily.

Water is not only indispensable in order that your car may run efficiently, but that the engine will not *destroy itself*.

Any car, any minute, may spring a leak. Do not wait until you are hopelessly stranded or until your car is laid up in the repair shop. It is better to buy a can of Warner Liquid Solder today than to wish for it then.

Warner Liquid Solder is guaranteed not to retard the flow of water or injure metal or rubber. On the contrary, it aids circulation as it prevents scale and rust that clog the system, thus causing leaks. It is not affected by heat or cold. It is time-tested and endorsed by engineers and car owners. There are positively no *sediments* or *solids* to cause trouble. It is sold on a money-back basis. If your dealer cannot supply you, use coupon.

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE. INSIST UPON GETTING WARNER LIQUID SOLDER. IT IS GUARANTEED BY A. P. WARNER, THE INVENTOR OF THE WARNER SPEEDOMETER.

He could have: Saved the Radiator; Saved Damaging the Engine; Saved $300 Repair Expenses; Saved Loss of Time and Trouble; Saved Loss of Use of Car—with a Dollar Can of Warner Liquid Solder.



This shows an automobile radiator with *many* times more leaks in it than would ordinarily happen.



The *same* radiator after Warner Liquid Solder has been added. *All the leaks* have been stopped almost instantly.

Dealer contracts now being closed. Write for our proposition



16-oz. Can, $1.00
Ford Size, .75
Prepaid Anywhere

WARNER LIQUID SOLDER

Finds Leaks and Stops Them

In Radiators, Hose and Pump Connections, Gaskets, Etc.

WARNER-PATTERSON CO. 914 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

WARNER-PATTERSON CO.

Makers of Famous Patterson Lens, Legal Everywhere

914 South Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed please find (_____) for a can of Warner Liquid Solder

Name _____

Town _____ *State* _____

Street _____

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Booth's True Blue Chocolates: One of our many favorites — 20 oz. for $2.00 at your dealer's or sent postpaid upon receipt of price.

For years people have been telling us that Booth's Chocolates are the best they have ever eaten.

Ask your dealer for Booth's Chocolates. Once you try them, the more you want of them. The prices are right and the packages beautiful.

Made For Candy Lovers

Dealers interested in obtaining agency for these chocolates please write for prices, samples and information.

BOOTH'S CHOCOLATES
ELMIRA, NEW YORK

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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You need no experience—just a spare hour now and then and the desire to make some easy extra money. If you want to know more about your opportunity, not only with *The Post* but also *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*, just mail this notice (you will incur no obligation) to

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EXCELSO SPECIALTY WORKS
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EXCELSO WATER HEATERS
Sold by All Plumbers and Steamfitters

(Continued from Page 90)

the Prince of Wales on the street they would merely say "Hello, how's tricks, Walesy? Working in the pictures?" and then before he could answer they would go on to tell him about the big offer they had just got from Jago, but for only fifteen hundred a week, so they couldn't afford to take it.

Well, anyways, I swallowed Lord Rexford after the second gulp, and then had another flock of the famous called to my attention.

"See that tall man going out the doorway?" says Adele. "That's John Austin Nickolls, the great director."

"Not the one who directs Trixie Trueman!" I says.

"Yes, dear, that's him," says Adele. "He has a great future. He's with Silvercrown and maybe you will meet him. Trixie is married to Taylor Trueman, you know. He's a wonderful actor, but they say he's a hop fiend. But I say one never knows, for you can hear anything in Hollywood. You should of seen Taylor playing the traps in the orchestra out to the Inn last night. You must go there next Wednesday. Wednesday is movie night there. And you must come to the dance here tonight. Put on a pretty dress, dear, and I will introduce you to a lot of prominent people. No, no pie, thanks! I lost two pounds last week, thank goodness! Did you lose any, dear?"

"I don't know!" I says, sort of breathless.

"What!" shrieked Adele. "Don't you diet? Well, you must, dear! Watch your weight every moment, and don't put on a ounce if you can help. When I was Lila's mother I always used to tell her, 'Now, Lila, just remember that slimness is the first requirement for blue-sash parts.'"

"But I don't need to lose!" I says.

"Well, you ought to diet just the same, to make sure!" says Adele. "There goes Trixie Trueman now. She's looking for Nickolls, I guess. She runs after him like water off a duck's back. They say she's mad about him, but I say there's more evil to them that thinks it!"

Well, I hardly heard the last of what Adele said because of staring at Trixie Trueman, who was outside at the desk talking to the clerk. For of all the hard-to-realize people, she was the hardest. To begin with she didn't have on a scrap of make-up—not a dash of it even! Her clothes might of belonged to any schoolgirl; good, but in no ways loud or even very snappy. Why, if I had seen her on the street I would not only of not recognized her but would have actually taken her for a lady! Quiet, refined, inconspicuous. That was her all over! And a English accent I could get even from where I was!

"She don't look a bit professional," I says.

"No, but she has class, and they have just built a handsome home out in Beverly Hills," says Adele. "She's a wild woman, though. At least they say so. But I always say 'The less said, the less you have to take back.'"

We got up from the table after that and went out into the lobby, where the after-luncheon crowd was hanging around. Miss Trueman had already gone away, much to my disappointment, and so had her director. But my aristocratic button man was still hanging around, and I was just about to ask Adele who was that undoubtedly great actor, when another boy who had been staring at me for the last half hour came up to us with a great air of welcome.

"How are you, Mrs. Delane!" he says. "How's tricks?"

"Oh, Mr. Rolf!" says Adele. "They are just fine, thanks. Meet Miss McFadden, Slim. Mr. Rolf is publicity director with Jago," she added for my benefit as I murmured the conventional "pleased-tomeetcher."

"Doing anything this afternoon?" Mr. Rolf inquired. "Won't you both come for a little ride? I got the old boat outside."

"Miss McFadden is just arrived out here, and she'd love to go, I'm sure!" replied Adele for me, her mother mind working automatically. "I believe I'll just go up to my room and have a quiet afternoon with my newspaper. I'm real interested in this Beverly murder, aren't you? And there's a lovely new case of a girl being missing, and that big hold-up on the Valley Road where three was killed. So I think I'll just spend a restful hour reading. But you go along with Slim, Bonnie dear! He lives right here in the house and he's a real nice boy!"

Well, not being accustomed to mothers and their methods, I was more or less knocked cold by this, but submitted to be led away by Mr. Rolf to where his old boat—a miserable Colby-Droit of that year's vintage, with only a hundred and forty-two inch wheelbase and solid nickel disk wheels on it—was moored to the front porch. Sweet daddy! The world was certainly opening up for me!

"Adele certainly is a great reader!" says Mr. Rolf as he helped me into the front seat.

He took the wheel and in this chariot of fire we slid smoothly out into the Boulevard. "A very cultured woman."

"Yes," says I, too dumb with all that was happening to me to have any snappy small-talk. Staying in the same hotel as English titles, great directors, in the middle of a country like a stage set, and being at once invited out by a publicity man in his own super six was pretty nearly more than I could endure with grace.

"She's an old peach too!" Rolf went on. "The salt of the earth, for all her affectations. Everybody who knows Adele loves her."

"I think she is wonderful!" I says. "And so is this heavenly town, and everybody is so kind to me. I feel as if I'd just been elected."

"I hope it keeps that way for you, girlie!" says Rolf. "How did you happen to come out?"

I told him then, as we slid along past beautiful houses, with the dream hills looming behind them, and the sky as crystal blue and cloudless as a great bubble above all. I told him about Stricky and the contract. Only I didn't say I had not actually got the papers yet.

"I know Stricky," he says when I was through. "Although I haven't seen him for some time—that's where Wallace Reid lives, over there—and I am glad you have come out with a contract. Work is hard to get right now. Things are pretty slow, or I wouldn't be having an afternoon off. And so many girls land in this burg with only a few dollars and not a friend in the world. It's pathetic to see them storming the offices. God knows how they exist. It fairly makes me sick sometimes. That's Bill Hart's house up on that hill."

Well, I thought it sure was lucky about Stricky, and then forgot it, because we were traveling through such a strange and lovely open country by now, with straight, endless avenues of tall eucalyptus trees marking off a broad valley like a chessboard, with oil wells for chessmen springing up all over, the whole framed in by great, rolling, treeless mountains. It seemed so funny to see the oil wells right in between the best residence districts.

"That's nothing out here!" says Mr. Mr. Rolf when I remarked it. "People have often grown to be millionaires right out of their back yard. Just pull up a couple of orange trees, and zowie! No more work for father. And the devil of it is, you can't tell where they will find it next. See that place with the tan-bark ring? That's where Will Rogers lives."

We were in Beverly Hills now, a suburb of Los Angeles, and dashing along toward the Pacific. I felt actually bewildered, but happy the way a person is in a dream. The air blowing in my face was sweet and dry and clear, but with strong, pungent scents in it of crude oil and burning eucalyptus leaves, and cedar-wood fires. That country smells like no other place on earth, I guess. And then the Pacific come into view over the cliff edge at a perfect little toy city—Santa Monica. I saw that ocean first over the top of a flaming hedge of red geraniums four feet tall; jade green the water was, honest, with bursts of foam flaring on the tops of the waves like vast ruffles of white lace. The picture post cards, even the colored ones, can't give you any idea of it.

Well, you can imagine I didn't care any more for this trip than I did for my right arm! To begin with, the gayest motor ride I had ever had before was once when Bert Green took me up to Cedar Lodge back of Stonewall, in his flivver. And here a snappy if rather fat young man was whirling me around through paradise in a nickel-plate gunboat the size of a whale.

Pretty soon my escort parked his boat on a sidehill among about five or six hundred other cars, and we got out and walked down to the beach, which was so cluttered up with enormous gayly striped canvas umbrellas that at first I couldn't really see the contents of said beach.

Of course I am used to it now, but at first I was actually ashamed to look, because them bathing girls which you see in the movies is conservative beside the ones you actually see at a California beach. And not at the time having any theories about art in the abstraction, or the classic beauty of the human form, but only a strong New England prejudice in favor of giving the garment industry fair play, the first sight of the Santa Monica beach in full undress parade was pretty near a haymaker to me.

Apparently the fact of people going in swimming so very much in public in a personal sense meant nothing in Mr. Rolf's life, however, and his calm indifference, which was shown by the way he give a "Hello, Al," or "How's tricks, Nellie?" here and there to the bathers, proved to me that this wasn't one of them sights of Paris like I had at first supposed, but just the usual thing. So I passed no remarks about it, and indeed I would of been embarrassed to in any case, but just stood beside him with burning cheeks and little dreaming how matter-of-course all this would seem some day when I had learned to swim and let swim.

Across the sands a short, powerful-looking middle-aged man in a striped suit caught sight of us and come over to where we stood on the edge of the walk.

"Howdy, Slim!" says this bird, looking at me with considerable interest.

He had an awful hard face and a blond beard, and somehow made me at once think of one of those ancient satyrs. But he was friends with Slim Rolf, that was plain, when we was introduced.

"This is Jack Blum, the great playwright, Miss McFadden," says Rolf.

"I'd like to write one for you, dearie!" says Mr. Blum. "I'll give you a part just before dinner tonight anyhow, if you'll make this low-life bring you around to my bungalow. I got a case of the real stuff this morning, and I'll cast you two to try it. How about it, Slim? Drop around around six?"

"You said it!" exclaimed Mr. Rolf. "We'll be with you!"

Well, Mr. Blum had two chickens with him. A thin Leghorn of a blonde, and a cute little Barred Rock. At least she was dark, and what little bathing suit she had was barred. And if ever I saw girls cuckoo over a man they were it over that man. And he the homeliest ever, with his square shoulders and great trailing blond beard!

"Jackie shakes a wicked drink!" says the Leghorn. "And we'll need it after our swim. See you later, dear!"

And then the three of them dashed off for the water, and Mr. Slim Rolf and me went over to a booth, and he bought us a couple of hamburger specials, all pickles and tomatoes and hot hamburger, and we ate them right there along with a big bunch which was doing the same, and I commenced to feel chatty and at ease, it was all so grand and intimate and informal and easy to break into. My heart was fairly bursting with gratitude to Stricky for getting me out there after all my wasted years at home. I was afraid I would just about fall upon his neck in his office tomorrow morning, and the thought of that contract I would be signing at not less than seventy-five a week or probably a hundred, or even very likely a hundred and fifty, didn't dampen my spirits any either.

Then first thing I knew Mr. Blum and his poultry was dressed beyond words and jumping into a huge yellow car that was parked a little way from ours, yelling for us to come ahead. So we did, I at the crest of the wave, so to speak, and with my only regret the fact that I had caught sight of my distinguished button actor on the beach. "But what of it?" I thought. "I will undoubtedly meet him when I get into the most exclusive circles."

Then Mr. Blum dashed off ahead, and we followed, the strangely scented wind pressing upon my face once more.

"Does everybody come down there to bathe?" I asked Mr. Rolf.

"Sure—all but the very big eggs," he says. "A lot of them have their own swimming pools at their homes, and stick around there and invite their friends."

"Oh!" says I, a little disappointed to think I would not be likely to see them on the beach, but thinking well, some day I might be at such a home, who knows?

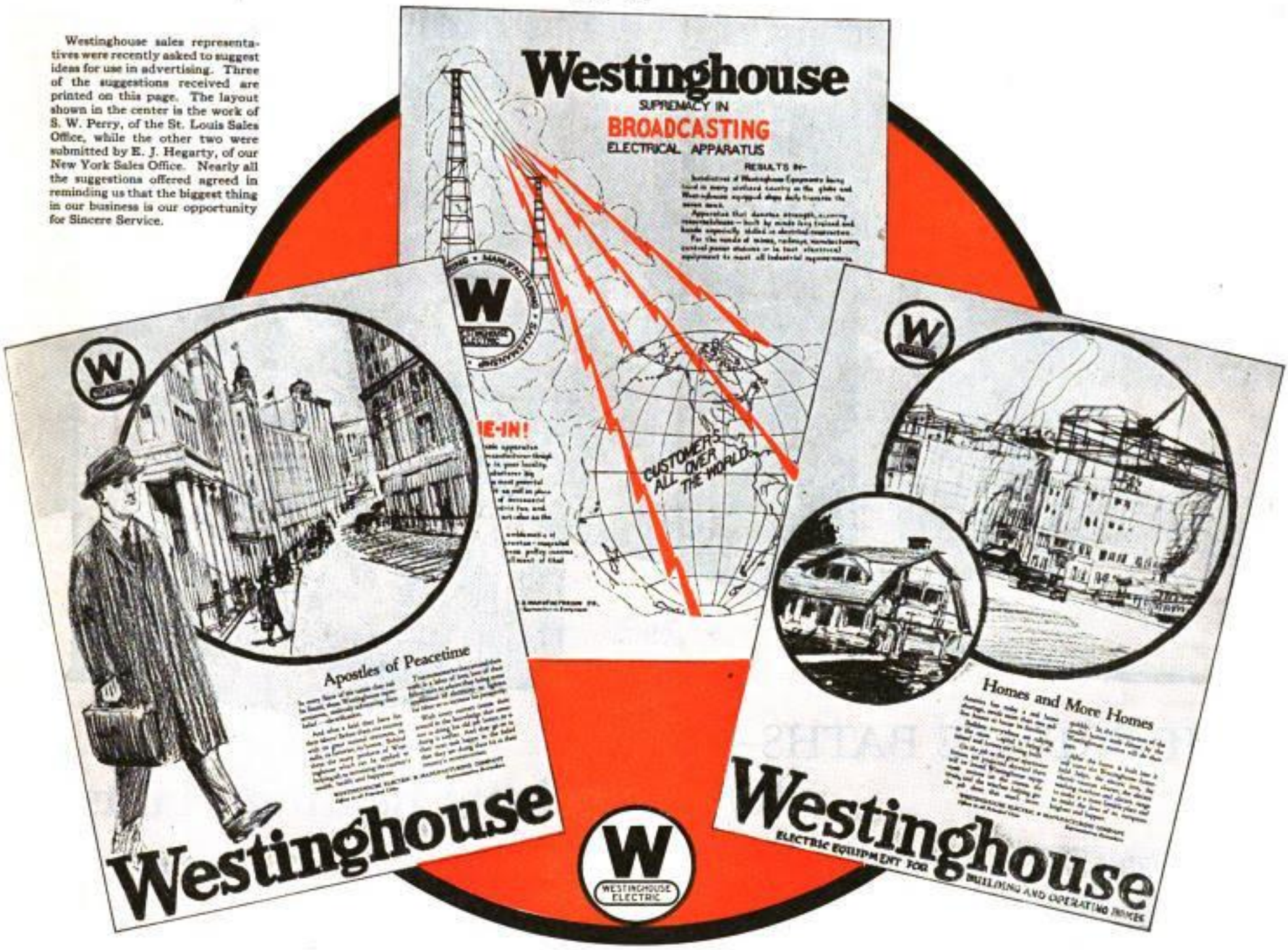
Mr. Blum had one of the bungalows I had admired, on a street near the hotel. A street fairly smothered in pepper trees, which trees look like they are made out of light-green feathers and coral beads.

(Continued on Page 95)

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Our Salesmen Remind Us of Our Opportunities

Westinghouse sales representatives were recently asked to suggest ideas for use in advertising. Three of the suggestions received are printed on this page. The layout shown in the center is the work of S. W. Perry, of the St. Louis Sales Office, while the other two were submitted by E. J. Hegarty, of our New York Sales Office. Nearly all the suggestions offered agreed in reminding us that the biggest thing in our business is our opportunity for Sincere Service.



These advertisements were suggested by men who go out every day to sell Westinghouse products, who work and struggle daily with the details of prices and specifications and deliveries; whose whole time is spent in selling a selected few of the thousands of Westinghouse products. These men say, in effect, "Tell people about our part in the building and electrification of homes, in the electrification of industry, and in the broadcast Service that makes electrical apparatus of integrity and quality available to people all over the world!"

They would have us speak of the economies and the production increases that electrification has brought to manufacturing; of increased safety for workers; of improved transportation on land and sea; of simplified and extended communication; of better and healthier and happier living; and of the sincerity and earnestness with which Westinghouse views its great opportunities in the field of electrical Service, whether expressed through the medium of great turbines and generators or through a small device that heats a little water in a tumbler.

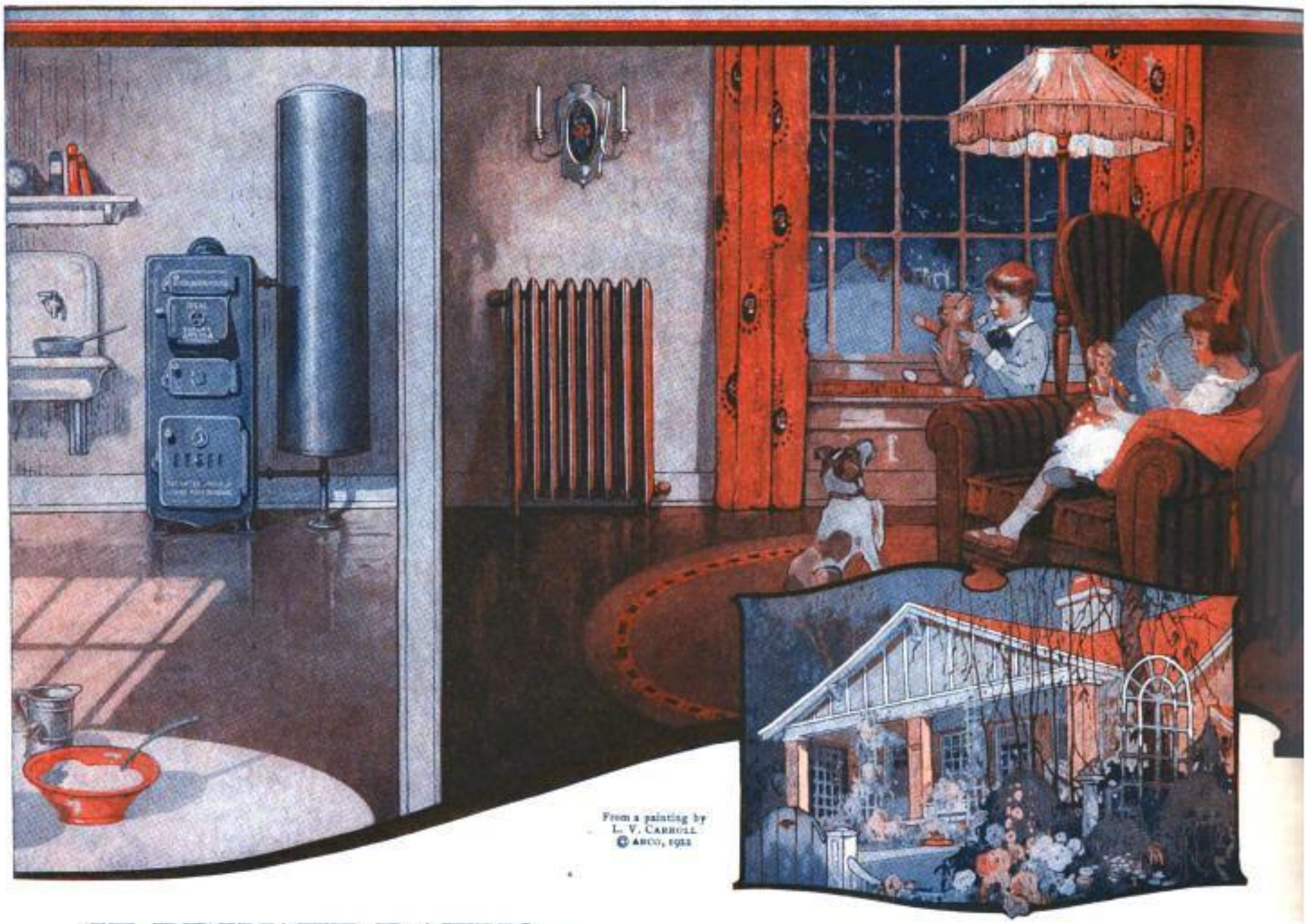
Never, we believe, has Westinghouse failed to be conscious of its obligation to design and to build long and useful electrical Service into its every product. Nor can it be anything less than an inspiration to have our salesmen remind us that this is our first and greatest responsibility.

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Westinghouse

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From a painting by L. V. Carroll
© Arco, 1922

IF PRIVATE BATHS—
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EVERY FAMILY has as much right to its own heating plant as it has to a private bath. Many good neighbors have fallen out because an old-fashioned heating plant favored one side of the house, or gave most of its warmth to one flat.

W. T. FITZPATRICK of Nashville, Tenn., and many other builders of flats and duplex houses, have solved the problem. They put an ARCOLA in every kitchen, connected with an American Radiator in each room. So each family pays only for its own coal and regulates the warmth to suit itself.

MR. FITZPATRICK WRITES: *"I find that two or three scuttles of coal will keep the rooms over seventy in the coldest weather. This heating system has resulted in greater efficiency and economy than any other heating system I have ever used."*

For the small building, whether it be a house, a flat, a shop, or an office, no other system equals ARCOLA with American Radiators. It fills every room with healthful radiator warmth and pays for itself in the fuel it saves.

Send to either address below for an ARCOLA book with pictures in full color, and get an estimate on ARCOLA for your home from your Heating Contractor today.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators for every heating need

AMERICAN IDEAL RADIATORS BOILERS

104 West 42nd Street, New York Dept. 57 816 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago

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(Continued from Page 92)

Inside the cottage were Indian rugs and baskets, big broad sofas, a phonograph going full blast, a huge open fireplace full of eucalyptus leaves, and a big center table full of liquor, glasses, ice and siphons. All around it were people, gorgeous people. I wouldn't of believed there was so many pretty girls in the world as they was in that one room, and none of them famous either. The men was wonderful-looking too. It was Stricky repeated twenty times. And above all was the fierce blond viking ruling the roost, with his feet planted far apart like two solid columns, mixing endless drinks and roaring jokes at the mob.

Somebody handed me a glass, a frosted glass like a chalice on a long stem, and filled with something pink and frothy, with a sprig of mint on the top of it. A more innocent-looking portion of liquid I never set eyes on, but when I drank it down it made me blink, and only then I realized that I had taken a cocktail; because of course the only cocktails I had ever seen before was in coffee cups. I got chummy and talkative right away and even called the Leghorn dear. Then the Jap servant brought another load of these around, and I would of taken an encore only Mr. Rolf grabbed me by the arm.

"Do you know those are absinth?" he says. "Come on, we'd better be going."

Well, that second drink was certainly, as he said, absent as far as I was concerned, for I didn't get it. But it was late by then and I was willing to go back to the hotel, especially as it seemed the whole crowd was coming there for dinner and the dance. So we slipped out, Slim and I did—because we was by then Slim and Bonnie to each other—and I fairly danced up the stairs to my room and put in a careful hour's work framing myself in a black satin evening gown which I had copied off of that French fellow, Callot Sœurs, who has so many extreme models in the fashion papers. I did up my yellow curls like Pickford's, beaded my eyes real black, and went down feeling like the Queen of Sheba with a mortgage on the world.

Adele was already at our table when I come in, and she was dressed in a simple little effect of gray satin and actually a cameo brooch and a taffeta bag full of a sweater she was knitting. Not that I ever from that day to this seen her knit so much as one single stitch, because it was really only a prop, but a mighty effective one.

"Did you have a nice time, honey?" says Adele as I took my place. "My, but you look wonderful! Did you make that dress yourself? Never! I don't believe it! Well, it looks like there will be a big attendance here tonight!"

And she said it! The big room, bobbing with gay baskets of flowers on every table, was crowded to the limit. Some of the tables had been set together, and big parties was gathered around them, many in evening clothes. The equal of that crowd for looks most certainly don't exist any other place in the world. I fell in love with at least six hams that evening. One right after another, including my distinguished-looking foreigner, who I finally met, and whose name turned out to be Axel Something, I couldn't say what, but who danced in English even if he couldn't talk much in it.

The lobby had been cleared and a jazz orchestra was telling the world from one corner of it. And when Adele mothered me out of the dining room I come like a brave soldier, all prepared for the worst, meaning that I would not know how to dance modern enough for this crowd. But my fears was in vain, because when Adele had caught me a partner and introduced me by saying, "Oh, you must know my daughter—that is, Miss McFadden, Ed, dear!" and I and Ed had started dancing, I discovered that camel-walking was forbidden, and so was cheek-to-cheek stuff, and that the dance was due to stop at 11:30 prompt! Say, if they ever tried to pull that stuff at any dance back home in Stonewall, there would of been a riot! But the wild movie crowd never murmured, and I naturally got an impression of great purity from all this.

Well, anyways, it was a pretty good night at that, with the crowd shifting from hour to hour, and nearly everybody that was ever on the screen showing for a little while and going on to some other place. After 11:30 it seemed perfectly natural to me to be sitting in the room of some perfect stranger, with a big crowd having drinks, and putting on a new number and dancing until nearly two o'clock, and then six of us going for a hot egg sandwich at a place called Billy's. And after that I crawled up to my room too excited to know I was tired, and feeling I was on the big time for fair!

But I wasn't to sleep, not yet. The walls of the hotel let in all kinds of mysterious sounds. It seemed as if the place never would grow real quiet. And then, when I was just drowsing off amidst a wild, half-pleasant, half-terrifying whirl of thought in which Jack Blum and the Leghorn, Slim Rolf and striped umbrellas, big automobiles, rushing trains and crashing jade-green breakers was all mixed up, I heard someone tapping softly at my door.

Sweet daddy, how my heart beat! I was wide awake in a second, sitting up in bed and listening with every nerve. The tap come again, and I managed to choke out a hoarse whisper.

"Who's there?" I says.

"It's me!" says a female voice. "I just wanted to be sure you was all right, dear!"

It was Adele. I hopped out of bed and opened the door for her, and she stepped softly inside, all kid curlers and flannel wrapper.

"Of course I ain't your mother, honey," she says in a whisper, "but I am interested just the same. I wanted to know you had come in."

"Say, you are a darling to!" I says, very touched and comforted.

"Well, good night then!" says Adele. "And if you don't mind me speaking of it, don't take a drink, honey. Lay off that stuff, beginning right now. Don't touch it! This is a mighty rough town, dear, or so they say."

"I give my word of honor!" I says earnestly. "You are dead right!"

"And if you ever need me, just come right to me, dear," says Adele. "I may be a mother by profession, but I like my work. It won't cost you anything and I have taken a fancy to you, honey!"

Well, we kissed on that, and I went back to bed with the one thing I needed—a warm, secure feeling that I had a friend behind me—and slept like a log.

Next morning I was up long before I needed to be, and spent a long while getting dressed. Going to the Silvercrown concern to sign a contract was no light matter. Also I had a double reason for wanting to look good—business, and Stricky, for I will say I was pretty well stuck on him, and I was anxious he should find me as good-looking as he remembered me, if not better. I changed my mind about what hat would I wear three times, and come back to the mirror three times for a last dash of powder. But finally I was all set and on my way.

The sun was shining again, in that bright, permanent fashion it has out there, and I felt full of it as I stepped into the boulevard, all pepped and prettied up.

While I walked down towards the Silvercrown lot I begun turning over in my mind whether or not I ought to sign up for as little as a hundred. You see that had been Stricky's own figure and it hadn't occurred to me back East that I had maybe ought to ask for more. But since arriving in Hollywood I had already heard so much about big salaries that I begun to wonder would the Silvercrown people think less of me if I didn't show that I knew what salaries run to? Why, even the Leghorn was drawing down two hundred and fifty per, on her own confession! I decided, however, that in the end it would be better to start modest and kind of feel things out a little before asking too big a price.



PHOTO, FROM WILLIS O. MCPHERSON

Sunset Over the Sierras, Mono Lake, Cal.

And by this time I was at the palatial front of the Silvercrown Studios, which was built in reproduction of our New England Early Cow-barn architecture.

Parked in front of the studio under the spreading palmetto trees was hundreds of cars, and standing around in front of these was about a hundred snappily dressed people, all with make-up on. A couple of camera men climbed into a big bus and drove off amid shoutings and cameras just as I come up, and then a man in riding breeches and a flannel shirt and no tie, but a wrist watch, came dashing out of a little side door and everybody made way for him, and then I saw Axel the Magnificent, my button hero and distinguished partner of the night before.

Well, he had on a high silk hat, and a flower in his buttonhole, and believe me, he might of been John Drew's younger brother, he was so full of dog! I naturally thought, well, I was always sure he was a big man and I suppose this is his own company and it's a shame to keep him standing around waiting that way, when all at once the rough-looking bird in the corduroy breeches and old flannel shirt, which I now, to my amazement, recognized through his day's growth of beard to be Nickolls, stood up on the seat of a car and called out in a big voice.

"Hey! Atmosphere for location on the Nickolls picture! Hey, you folks—hustle now! Shove 'em into the cars down there, Billy! Hurry now! What the hell's the matter, you big Swede! Tell that Swede to come along if he's going!"

And by the Swede he meant Axel the Magnificent! I nearly died. Axel saw me, and had stopped to bow, and this was what got him his bawling out. The poor kid blushed a deep red as he was hustled off like so much cattle, but I guess he didn't dare protest. An extra! Axel was an extra!

With a very thank-heaven-I-am-not-as-they feeling, I walked on to the main office, ashamed for Axel's mortification, and also not a little ashamed for Silvercrown's biggest director. As I mounted the steps I decided I would speak to Stricky about what I had seen. I felt he really ought to know.

Inside the luxurious reception room was a couple of mourners' benches, at present unoccupied, and in one wall a window like a box office, with bars in it besides, to keep the wild hams out, and also a door leading into the Great Beyond, which had a sign, Keep Out—This Means You, in the middle. Behind the cage sat a harassed-looking young lady playing a little jazz on a typewriter to pass the time away. I pulled out a card and shoved it through.

"For who?" she says, picking it up with one hand, but continuing to jazz with the other.

"I want to see the casting director, Mr. Gregory Strickland, please!" I says.

"Huh! Lemme see—I don't think he is here any more," says she.

"But he must be. He's expecting me!" I cried.

"Well, I don't think he's here any more!" she persisted. Then she give a yell at some person that I couldn't see. "Say, Mabel!" she says. "Strickland ain't here any more, is he?"

"Naw!" said Mabel's voice. "He ain't been here for the last six months."

"Know where he's workin'?" says the first young lady, still to her friend.

"I don't think he is working!" says Mabel. "He got fired from here and I think he went to New York."

"He's gone to New York," the girl in the window explained to me as though I had been deaf. "He used to be Mr. Nickolls' assistant, but he's not here now."

"But are you sure you got the right man?" I gasped. "I mean Mr. Strickland, the casting director!"

"Mr. Johnston," says the girl, giving my ignorance a rancid look, "has been our casting director for the last five years."

"Thank you!" I says, sort of weak and faint. Just then Mabel's voice broke in again.

"I think Mr. Strickland is in town," she volunteered. "I think I heard someone say they seen him, but I don't know where."

"Thanks a lot," I says again, weaker and weaker. And then, hardly knowing where I was going or why, I turned and walked back out into the street.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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SIX

THE CHANGING EAST

(Continued from Page 9)

incidentally abuse each other unmercifully. The messages are usually sent to the president, all cabinet ministers, *tuchuns*, civil governors, and in fact to almost any other official equipped with the facilities and the mental capacity to receive them. Just as the movement of troops blocks up traffic, so do these unending serials impair telegraphic communication.

I started out to keep a collection of these circular telegrams. Before two weeks had passed I had filled two large envelopes, and quit. Chang Tso-lin accused Wu Pei-fu of being an obstacle to unification, while Wu Pei-fu in turn hurled back anathemas at Chang Tso-lin, calling him a bandit, usurper and general national menace. Between them even the large possibilities of the Chinese language for invective were nearly exhausted.

While the war of words raged both chieftains were getting ready for action. Chang Tso-lin's troops poured into Chi-li by the thousands, and traffic was further demoralized. The protocol between China and the allies, signed after the Boxer uprising, provides that the Chinese must keep the road from Peking to the sea open. This means that the railway from the northern capital to Tientsin must be kept free at all hazards. The incessant movement of Chang Tso-lin's troops blocked this route and the Peking Government was unable to exert its authority. A little thing like public convenience is never permitted to interfere with Chinese civil war.

Rumors of Fighting

Life in Peking, which in many respects is the most fascinating capital in the world, is always diverting. You have the color and glamour of storied centuries and with them a picturesqueness of street life that is not duplicated in Cairo, Calcutta or Constantinople. The uncertainty and tension of impending civil war added to the interest. The place sizzled with rumors. It was worse than Wall Street in a bull market. Everybody not only had a pet *tuchun* but a theory as to when and how the war would end. As usual, most of it was misinformation. Meanwhile the legation guards were increased and prudent people began to lay in stores of food.

During most of the civil wars in the past four years Peking was more or less isolated. This was largely due to the precautions taken to keep out straggling looters. A part of Peking is surrounded by the famous Tartar Wall, and once the gates are closed the city is fairly safe from native intruders.

Then came rumors of fighting to the west of Tientsin and the cutting of the railway from Tientsin to Hankow. People now realized that the compromise which usually comes just before Chinese hostilities seem at hand would go by the board. President Hsu bestirred himself and sent a frantic appeal to Wu Pei-fu and Chang Tso-lin to get together and avert a civil war, but no attention was paid to him. Each day the rumors flew thicker and the tension became more acute.

It was on one of the final days before the actual outbreak of war that I had an audience with President Hsu. I must confess that my curiosity to see him was keen. It was not based on his achievements, for they are negligible, but I was anxious to get a first-hand impression of the person who at that moment occupied a position unique in the history of rulers. Napoleon forsaken on the rocks of St. Helena was not a lonelier figure than this chief executive of four hundred million people, installed in the former setting of the emperors. Discredited and distrusted, he was a spectacle to arouse pity.

It was just as if President Harding sat in the White House without a human being whom he could call friend. To add to this isolation, imagine him absolutely ignored by Congress and cabinet. Picture further the New England and the Middle Atlantic States on the verge of going to war with the Middle West. You can cap the parallel with a vision of the New York Central and Pennsylvania railroads practically commandeered by the opposing factions and the public left to make its way and do business as best it can.

Such was the situation when, accompanied by one of the undersecretaries of the Foreign Office, I proceeded to the Prince Regent's Palace in the Imperial City early on a blazing afternoon. Presidential etiquette dictated that I wear a morning coat and silk hat. I faced the same dilemma that confronted me in Tokio just before the audience with the Japanese Prince Regent, for I had no silk hat. Once more I had to borrow a tile, this time from Ray Atherton, first secretary of the American Legation. Where Ambassador Warren's headpiece had been too small, this one was too big. This, however, was purely incidental, for I did not have to talk through the hat.

The Prince Regent's Palace is a low building roofed with the familiar imperial yellow tile, with long, cool, shaded corridors and innumerable courtyards, where fountains play. Its peace and seclusion were in sharp contrast with the tension outside. Save for the soldiers that guarded every doorway there was no sign that the inmate of this palace faced the crisis of his career, and that China herself was on the verge of a bitter struggle. Only that morning the president had gone to pray at the Sea Palace, a favorite shrine of the emperors, and to ask whatever gods rule the destiny of China to avert what he regarded as a public calamity.

I arrived at the palace at five minutes before three o'clock, and was received by the chief chamberlain, who wore a conventional frock coat. He spoke excellent English and told me among other things that although the President was giving no audiences, in view of the acute situation, he was very glad to receive a representative of so great and influential a publication as THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Promptly at three o'clock he rose and asked me to follow him down a long corridor. On every side were soldiers literally armed to the teeth, for the fear of assassination is in the heart of every Chinese official, high and low. At the end of this corridor was a magnificent pair of lacquered doors. As we approached they were opened by frock-coated officials who seemed to have come from nowhere.

I crossed the threshold and found myself in a really striking salon. The walls were covered with heavy yellow brocades and from the carved ceiling hung jade lanterns with trailing red tassels. On all sides were blackwood cabinets filled with exquisite porcelains. Through the windows I could see one of the gardens in the full glory of spring blossoms. There was an atmosphere of simple dignity that extended to the benevolent-looking old gentleman who stood, clad in Chinese costume, in the center of the room. I was face to face with President Hsu of China.

Received in State

I had seen innumerable pictures of Hsu, but they were all taken either in uniform or in a frock coat. In them he looked rather commonplace, as do most Orientals when they are out of their native garb. This day he wore a long dark blue robe and over it was a beautifully embroidered black coat. His shoes were of black satin with felt soles. With his broad forehead, seamed face and drooping white mustache, he looked the scholar that he is, for he is one of the greatest living authorities on Confucius.

I expected to find him sad and depressed, for there were rumors that he would flee from the city at any moment. Instead a smile wreathed his countenance, he seemed in good spirits, and he was most gracious. This, however, was a characteristic Chinese performance. The Celestial always masks anxiety with cheerfulness. The worse the tangle the more amiable he becomes.

After I had made the three preliminary bows which are customary on such occasions, the president, through an interpreter—for he speaks no English—asked me to sit down at his right. He then took a seat near by. He said he was glad to welcome me to China and apologized for the critical state of affairs. I told him it was a great privilege to meet him. At that juncture servants brought in the inevitable tea, which is a part of every Chinese meeting, whether it be in home, shop or palace.

With an American President an interviewer would go straight to the heart of his subject at once, but in China nothing is ever hurried. Even in ordinary conversations various conventional questions about family and health must be asked. As in



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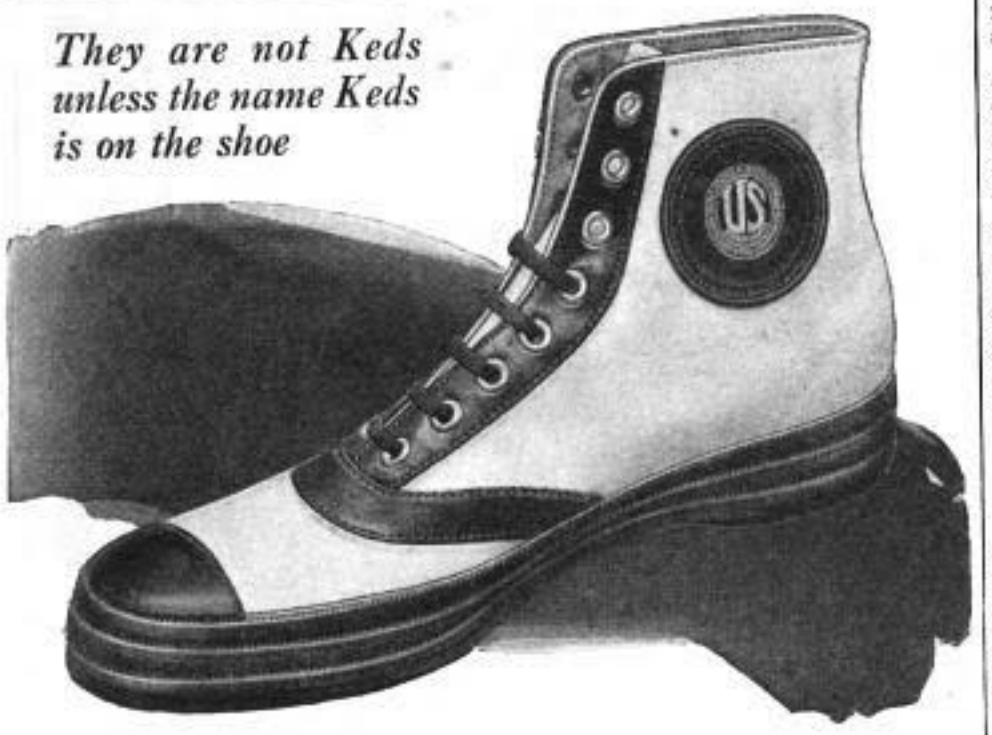
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Japan, I was looked upon as something of a heretic because, being unmarried, I could not exchange enthusiasms and confidences about wife and children.

After all the preliminaries of polite inquiry had been disposed of we finally got down to brass tacks. I told his excellency of the talk I had with President Harding before I left America and of his keen interest in China, whereupon he said:

"The President of the United States did a great service for the world in general and for China in particular when he called the Washington conference. It was an event in history. I kept myself informed of its progress day by day and I was especially pleased to know of the moral support that the American people gave to China, particularly in the Shan-tung matter."

China Democratic

"What will be the conference results in China?" I asked.

"They can only stimulate the Chinese consciousness to renewed efforts for law and order," was the reply. "China has every natural resource and her people are thrifty. As a result of the Washington conference we shall take a definite step forward and become a great power among the nations of the world."

"Is China fundamentally democratic?" I next asked.

"Absolutely so," came from the president. "The Chinese are as democratic as any other republican nation anywhere. But China at the moment is in transition. The old order has been uprooted and the country has been a prey to many anxieties and jealousies. But the Chinese are fundamentally sound. I am Chinese and I know my people. For years I have studied our philosophy. We Chinese know ourselves better than any other people know us, even our critics.

"Up to the present time we have been a democracy in form. You cannot uproot the traditions of thousands of years. First the form had to come and now will come the spirit."

"Will the present crisis mean a united China?" was my final query.

The president pondered a moment and then said, "All this present trouble can only mean that out of the turmoil will come a united and federated nation which will be the work of a moral and democratic people. Every true Chinese feels that we owe such an outcome to America, whose disinterested friendship has meant so much to us in the past and will continue to mean as much in the future."

With these words the president rose. It was the signal that the audience was over. He extended his hand for a final shake and with it he told me that he hoped I would return to China and find her peaceful and prosperous. He made one of those courtly bows which only the high-placed Chinese can make, and I in turn bowed myself out of the room. Once more I passed down the long corridor, through the lane of armed guards and out into the brilliant sunshine. I believe that this interview was the last one that he gave for publication prior to his retirement. Less than a month later he was an exile.

Whatever blunders Hsu Shih-chang may have perpetrated, one thing is certain—he does not lack the charm and courtesy of a gentleman. Even the crudest and the craftiest Chinese have a sense of good manners that can shame many Westerners.

The interview with the president was an interlude. The larger drama was not only shaping but marching inexorably to its climax.

It was on a Tuesday, as I recall it, that I went to the palace. The next morning every rumor monger in Peking was put out of commission, for actual fighting began near Machang, which is beyond Tientsin. At once everybody in the capital realized that there was trouble ahead. The first brush meant that the real battle would be not far away, and battle in China means looting.

The legations put such pressure on the municipal authorities that they braced up to drastic action. The police and gendarmerie were reënforced with troops until there were nearly twenty thousand men available for the protection of the city. By Friday morning Peking looked like an armed camp, for every gate was guarded. Meanwhile some of Chang Tso-lin's troops had come in—in his mind's eye the Master of Manchuria had already won the war—and they were added to the police force.

These troops were not so much interested in guard duty as in boosting their own personal game. They began to commandeer food and vehicles. Now began a picturesque process of protection. Almost overnight Peking burst forth like a rainbow. From hundreds of buildings, motor cars, rickshas and even handcarts fluttered national flags. These flags meant "Hands off" to the gentry who were taking advantage of the situation to dramatize that well-known axiom, "All's fair in love and war."

It was no uncommon sight to see the head cook of some foreigner riding down one of the thoroughfares with his groceries and fresh meats wrapped in an American or a British flag. I was making a round of the gates in a motor car when I saw what seemed an endless procession of empty carts, each flying a tiny American flag. At the head rode an American, whose ricksha flaunted the Stars and Stripes.

When he came nearer I discovered that it was the chief purchasing agent of the Rockefeller Institute, and he gave me the following reason for his turnout: "We are out of coal over at the institute and must have some immediately. The coal merchants are afraid to send in the fuel from the suburbs for fear of having it commandeered, so I must go out and get it under the protection of the American flag."

On Saturday morning, April twenty-ninth, I was awakened by a familiar sound. For a moment I thought I was back in France, for through the clear air there came the unmistakable boom of artillery and the sharp rattle of machine guns. The hotel where I lived was in the heart of Peking, with the Imperial City on one side and the famous Legation Quarter just across the road. I rushed to the window and saw the first crowd of refugees flocking in. There were men, women and children, carrying or hauling their household goods. It was precisely like some of the scenes I had witnessed in Northern France during those unforgettable days when the victorious German armies were swooping down. All the while the sound of gunfire was becoming more distinct.

When the boy—and all male servants in China are boys, whether ten years old or sixty—came in with my breakfast he was much excited. From him I learned that fighting had begun near the race course, which is only about fifteen miles from Peking, and that all foreigners who lived in the vicinity had been warned to come within the city walls at once.

Ready for Trouble

When I went out I found the city profoundly stirred. The rich Chinese were flocking to the two big hotels with their valuables or sending them under guard to the foreign banks in the Legation Quarter. Every street patrol had been doubled, there were more allied flags than before, and even the Chinese-owned automobiles were being camouflaged under British, Belgian and American emblems. The stream of refugees increased with every hour. Most of them came from the country immediately around the capital, while hundreds who owned shops or lived in the native city were seeking the sanctuary to be found within the Tartar Wall.

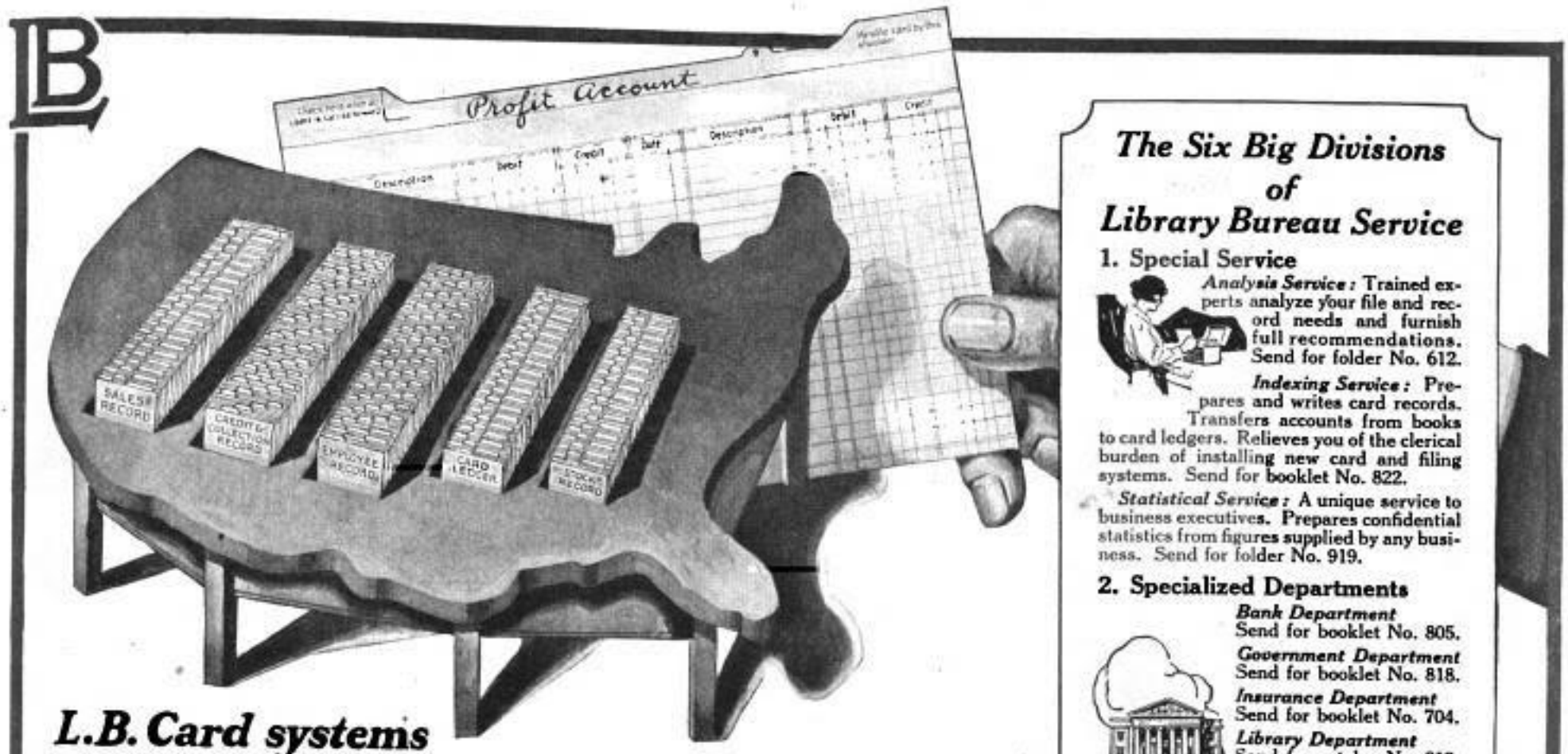
Late in the afternoon I walked through the famous Ch'ien Men Gate to the street of the same name, which extends for miles beyond the wall. It is one of the great highways of Peking, with important cross streets intersecting, and on it are located many of the most important Chinese restaurants and shops.

Two days before, it had hummed with business. Now nearly every shop was shuttered, and instead of trafficking people I saw only a vast crowd of curious people lining the sidewalks, watching the marching patrols. Every merchant who could move his goods inside the wall had done so or was doing so.

Martial law was declared and every precaution was taken to prevent looting. Strict orders were issued to the guards to shoot at sight any man caught stealing. Although I left Peking before the war ended, it must be said to the credit of the city authorities that both life and property were fairly well safeguarded throughout the six days of fighting which took place around the capital. As an extra measure the city gates were fortified with sandbags, and when two thousand of Chang Tso-lin's deserters got within rifle range of these gates

(Continued on Page 101)

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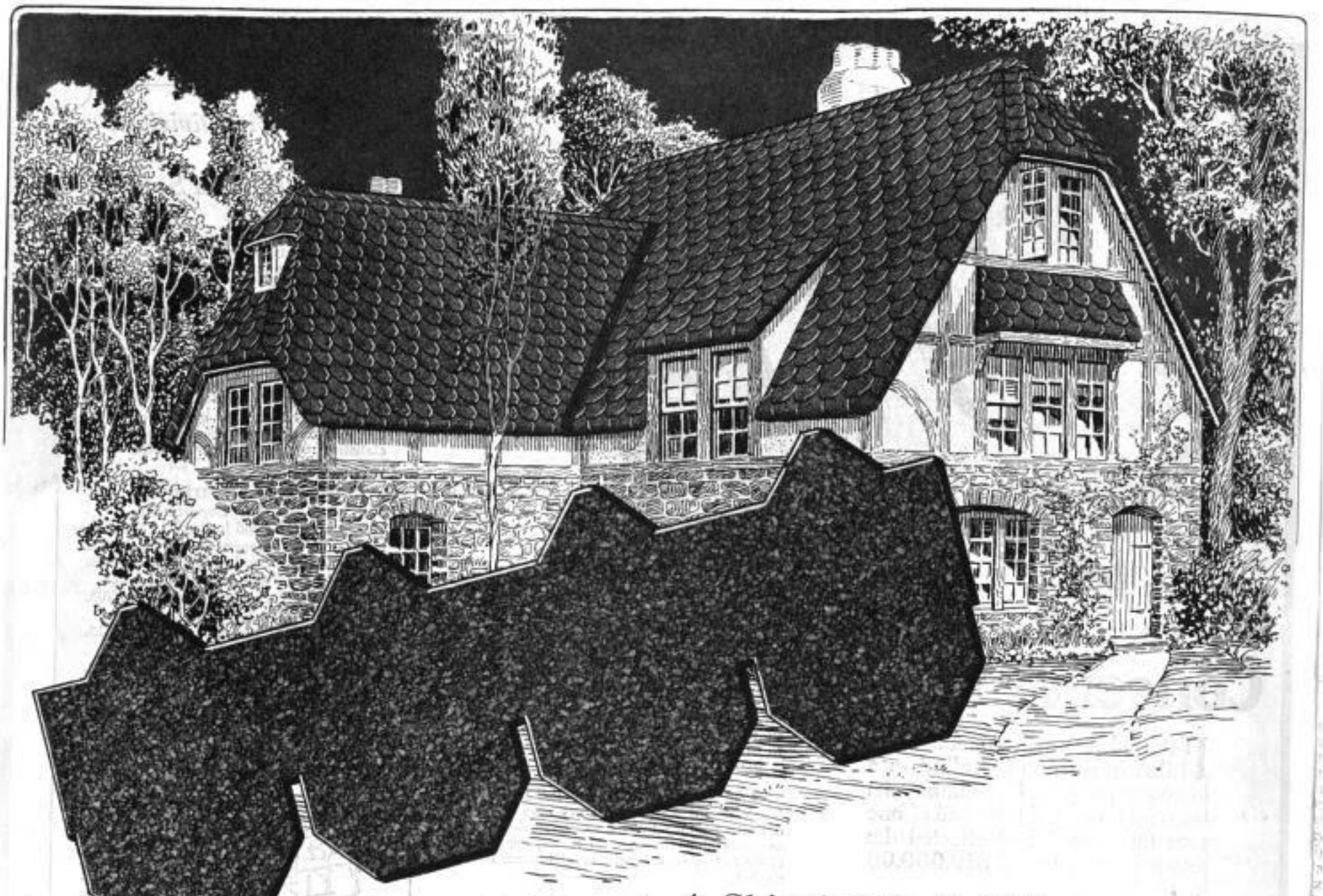
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(Continued from Page 98)

and saw how they were defended they turned and fled.

I have run a little ahead of my story, however. I had no particular emotions about the war as such, and my main desire as the fighting progressed was to continue my journey. I still had to go to Tientsin, Shanghai, Hong-Kong and Canton, where I had an appointment with Sun Yat-sen. I had seen the beginning of the show and it looked as if it would duplicate most other Chinese civil wars—that is, expend itself solely in the waste of ammunition. In other words, noise is the principal feature. The problem was to get out of Peking. Once at Tientsin I could easily go on to Shanghai by sea.

Despite all the protests of the legations the railway between Peking and Tientsin was interrupted, and, now that the war was on, Chang Tso-lin's troops had full possession of it. His generals had a nice little habit of parking their special trains on the main tracks and living there. It was impossible to go north from Tientsin or south from Peking.

There had been no train for some days and I wanted to get out on a Sunday when, it had been announced, the first train would run. I found that Ray Atherton, the same good angel who had loaned me the silk hat, was trying to leave on the same day; so we mobilized whatever connections we had with the government, and decided to take a chance. He got the Foreign Office on the job, and I secured the aid of the minister of communication, C. S. Liu.

Leathernecks on Guard

Thanks to Atherton the government made the strongest possible representation to the railway people to get our train through, but we took no chances. We tied American flags to every piece of luggage we had, and as a final piece of insurance the American Legation sent four big buck American marines to guard our trunks in the baggage car. I should like to have seen the physiognomy of a Chinese bandit who tried to molest one of our trunks. Those marines were spoiling for a scrap.

When I reached the station I found, to my great joy, that Mr. Liu had decided to chaperon us down to Tientsin. The train was packed to the roof because hundreds of Chinese were trying to get out of the zone of trouble. The journey was through the zones of the fighting armies. Just out of Peking we struck the first of the wounded and from that time until we reached Tientsin we were in the thick of the contending forces. Every now and then one of Chang Tso-lin's contingents would stop the train and the officer in charge would give us the once-over and then let us go on. It all seemed very tame, however, after the European War. The Chinese soldiers themselves appeared listless and their whole attitude confirmed the statement that I made previously in this article, that their hearts were not in what they were doing.

Tientsin was keyed up to greater pitch than Peking, for Chang Tso-lin with the bulk of his army was only fifteen miles away and his wild Manchurians had boasted that they would loot the city, in spite of the fact that there are more than five thousand foreign troops there. As a consequence of this threat a volunteer force of Europeans was organized, which patrolled the streets day and night in company with the regular troops. British gunboats had been rushed up from the Taku bar and were anchored off Tientsin, cleared for action. Like Peking, Tientsin escaped serious trouble; in both instances this immunity was due to the really strong measures taken by the authorities.

During the four days that I was at sea between Tientsin and Shanghai the war was fought and won. It is not necessary to go deeply into any of the details. What concerns us are the results, which at the moment seem so pregnant with possibilities for the future of China.

The beginning of the fighting that I saw at Peking developed, to the surprise of everybody, into some semblance of a real engagement. Chang Tso-lin's forces outnumbered Wu Pei-fu's troops two to one, and they were better equipped. In the preliminary skirmishes Wu Pei-fu's troops were driven back. Chang Tso-lin's generals immediately believed that they had an easy victory. They advanced recklessly, and the inevitable happened: Wu Pei-fu sent in his veterans of the Anfu War and they literally drove everything before them. Chang Tso-lin's army was routed and more than twenty thousand surrendered. The remainder did not even take time to loot, but beat it back beyond the Great Wall as fast as they could seize rolling stock. This performance tied up the Peking-Tientsin line a second time. The Mukden war lord himself narrowly escaped capture as he was trying to rally his shattered forces. Just beyond the Great Wall he halted, dug some trenches, and announced that he would make a stand here. Chineselike he was merely trying to save his face, as the phrase goes.

No sooner was he back at Mukden than he announced the independence of Manchuria and declared himself out of the pale of Peking authority. Just how far he can go with this no one knows. The big fact is that so far as interfering with the central government is concerned, he is temporarily eliminated as a factor, although he will probably remain overlord of Manchuria and sooner or later begin his intriguing all over again. Thus in defeat he is still strong.

Far more important than any speculation over Chang Tso-lin's future is the succession of events, dominated by Wu Pei-fu, that followed the close of the war. Figuratively the whole of Northern China lay at his feet, a vast and plastic mass, waiting to be molded afresh. According to every Chinese tradition Wu Pei-fu should have marched into Peking at the head of his triumphant army and begun to boss the president and the cabinet. Everyone expected him personally to capitalize the fruits of victory. Being Wu Pei-fu, he did nothing of the sort. He went back to his base at Paitong-fu, reorganized his armies and left the job of statesmanship to statesmen. He frankly said, "I am a soldier and not a politician. My work is to prepare the way for the people to get what they want."

It was the general expectation that he would order Hsu Shih-chang to vacate the presidency, and end the farce of government at Peking. With characteristic sense he waited until scores of officials and public bodies had written or telegraphed Hsu that his position was untenable. Then and then only did he intimate to the old man in the Prince Regent's Palace that he ought to step out.

Looking for a President

It was then that Hsu formally resigned, owing to age and illness, as his valedictory read. Like Chang Tso-lin's camouflaged stand outside the Great Wall, the retiring president was saving his face. It is an interesting fact that a Chinese, whether in public or private life, will often go to any extreme of prevarication to explain the reason for an obvious failure. As a national trait this face business ranks with squeeze.

The first problem was to get a president. There was no wild chorus of candidates, for at best it is a ticklish job at Peking. Ordinarily a Chinese vice president succeeds his chief when the office is vacated, but China has had no vice president since 1918, when the northern militarists threw out Li Yuan-hung, the president, and installed our old friend Hsu Shih-chang as president. There being no vice president, it was up to parliament, or the disorganized and widely scattered group labeled a parliament, to turn the trick. It would take a supergenius really to analyze and explain this Chinese National Assembly, for it has had as many lives as the proverbial cat.

In any event apparently enough members were convened to elect Li Yuan-hung president. After some days of deliberation he accepted, came up from Tientsin, where he had lived since his retirement, and assumed office. This was about the middle of June. With his advent into power the new deal in China may be said to have really begun, for Li Yuan-hung is a strong and commanding figure, and, what is more important, he has Wu Pei-fu squarely behind him.

In the formation of the new cabinet, which was approved by Wu Pei-fu, another advance was made. The new premier is General Wang Shih-Chen, who was minister of war under Yuan Shih-kai, and who more recently has been a super *tuchun*—that is, inspector general of the provinces of Kiang-su, Anhwei and Kiang-si. Dr. W. W. Yen, the one capable and outstanding character in Hsu's cabinet, was retained as minister of foreign affairs, and Chow Tze-chi was put in as minister of commerce. Chow Tze-chi has not only had long experience in the consular service but

Business—the Mechanism

The processes of business are so delicately balanced that derangement even of a relatively unimportant part of the mechanism causes disturbance.

Reforms in business must of necessity be directed by those who understand business as a whole.

There is much in business that is obsolete, much that is haphazard, much that is wrong. The opportunity for improvement is great and recurs at intervals with the advance of business enterprise.

But replacement and realignment of parts must be gradual and be accomplished in a way and at a time which will not affect the integrity of the whole.

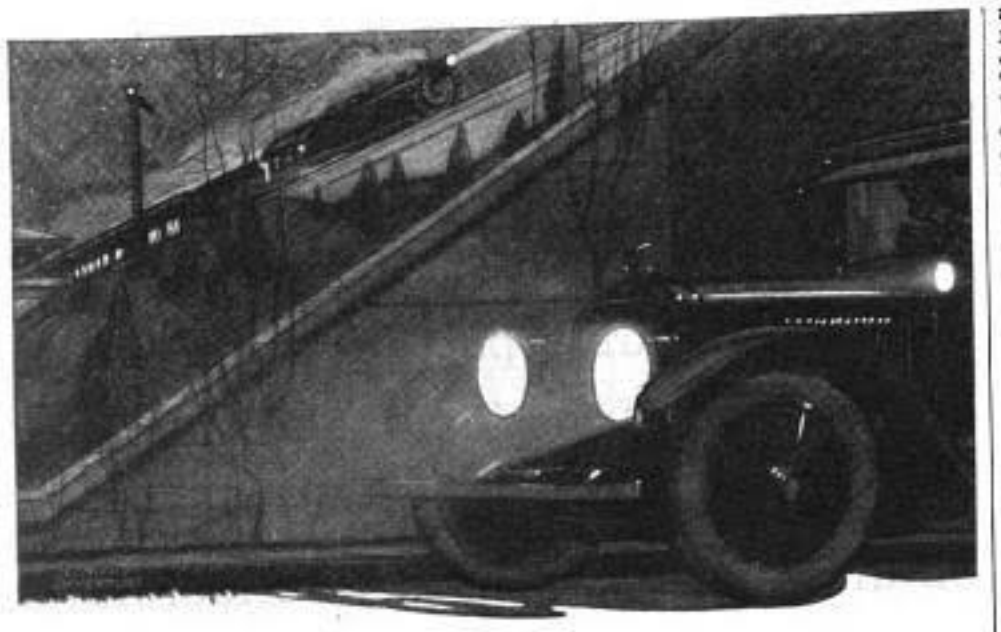
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also practical business contact. After much persuasion Wu Pei-fu himself took over the portfolio of minister of war. This is the most cheering phase of the whole business, because it means that if the present order continues militarism in China as exemplified in the huge armies of uniformed ruffians is at an end.

Putting Chang Tso-lin back in his place was only one rock out of the way of unification. There still remained the obstacle embodied in Sun Yat-sen and his Southern Government. Happily for Wu Pei-fu, the time was ripe to strike a blow at it.

Sun Yat-sen and his cause, together with the whole Canton enterprise, will be dealt with in detail in a subsequent article. Since Wu Pei-fu precipitated the crisis in his affairs there must be a reference to him here. Sun Yat-sen owed his inauguration as president a year ago last May solely and entirely to General Chen Chiung-ming, who is in many respects the ablest civil administrator in China. It was General Chen Chiung-ming who drove out the Kwangsi usurpers who had seized the Kwangtung Province, in which Canton is located, and enabled Sun Yat-sen to set up what he considered to be the only constitutional government. For his services he was made civil governor of Kwangtung, where he has instituted many notable reforms, including the wiping out of gambling.

Just before I reached Canton in May Sun Yat-sen, in a fit of temperament—being a visionary he is a highly temperamental person—summarily dismissed General Chen Chiung-ming as governor of Kwangtung. The governor was not alone the only real soldier in the southern outfit but was immensely popular with the Cantonese. Sun Yat-sen now put in Wu Ting-fang as civil governor and launched an expedition against the north, having previously made an alliance with Chang Tso-lin. Despite Chang Tso-lin's defeat he persisted in this enterprise and was engaged on it when I saw him at his headquarters near the Kiang-si border.

Wu Pei-fu now saw his chance to eliminate the Southern Government. He enlisted the aid of Chen Chiung-ming, who, seeing that the hour for unification had come, seized Canton. Meanwhile Wu Pei-fu sent an army down to attack Sun Yat-sen's forces in the field. Sun Yat-sen was routed and became a fugitive on one of the gunboats that remained loyal to him. This is the situation at the time I write this article, which is at the end of June.

Although it is impossible to forecast what Sun Yat-sen will do—he persists in maintaining that he is the only legal president—there is a growing impression that he is being gradually eliminated from the situation, and with Chen Chiung-ming in control in Kwangtung this immense and prosperous province, which was the center of the whole southern movement, will probably join with the north.

The Question of Unity

The big Chinese question is, Can the republic be unified? In the opinion of Wu Pei-fu and Chen Chiung-ming—and henceforth they must be considered as the two outstanding personalities in China—the hope of the country lies in a system of federated states modeled after our own country and which will be called the United States of China. The reason for this plan is obvious. Each province in China is so big that it must have an almost absolute autonomous government. Unofficially this autonomy has been going on for a great many years, even under the empire, because, as I have already intimated, Peking, the imperial center, was merely the receptacle for tribute. This autonomy also explains how and why China has got along all these years with practically no central government at all. The Chinese are a communal people and the center of life is usually in the village.

General Chen's creed, which has been indorsed by Wu Pei-fu and which is likely to become the established order, calls for the wiping out of the pernicious *tuchun* system; making civil governors responsible to the central government and not to the military authorities; the recall of the old parliament and the completion of the provisional constitution, which, by the way, has never been rounded out; the preservation of law and order by the police and provincial gendarmes and not by the army; the collection of taxes by the central government; the building of roads; the encouragement of forestry; and the development of agriculture. A final recommendation of immense import to China is that district magistrates must be elected by the people. After the *tuchun*, the magistrate in China is the all-important functionary. He almost wields the power of life and death, and up to the present time was usually named from Peking. This meant that the wirepulling and corrupt politician got the job.

Here you have a constructive program which can start China on the road to solvency and stabilization. If Wu Pei-fu and Chen Chiung-ming can hold their own it seems reasonably certain that it will be carried out. In China, however, no man knows what the morrow will bring forth. Just as soon as a strong man raises his head above the muck and mire of the endless bicker and jealousy he becomes the target of a new coalition, and Wu Pei-fu may suffer this fate. Meanwhile, all real friends of China wish him luck.

Three Outstanding Figures

It remains only to present close-ups of the three leading actors in the spectacle of changing China. Taking them in the order of their rank, we must consider the new president first.

In meeting Li Yuan-hung I played in great luck. When I arrived in Tientsin after that not unexciting dash from Peking, I exhausted all the war thrills and other diversions of the city in a single day. I still had three days before my steamer left for Shanghai. In the course of a conversation with H. G. W. Woodhead, editor of the Peking and Tientsin Times, and one of the ablest journalists in the Far East, he remarked, "The only living ex-president of China lives here in Tientsin, and I think you ought to see him. I can make the appointment for you."

Of course I had heard of Li Yuan-hung and was familiar with his story. After a long experience as soldier he had served as vice president under Yuan Shih-kai, but that imperialistic person had practically kept him a prisoner for two years in one of the island palaces within the Forbidden City at Peking. He escaped only when Yuan died and he succeeded as president.

Woodhead made the appointment that night, and the following morning at ten o'clock I took a ricksha and rode over to see the man whom the circumstances of civil war returned to a high post at Peking. At that time no one dreamed that this would transpire. When you know China, however, you soon discover that anything can happen at any time.

Li Yuan-hung lived in a magnificent foreign establishment on Parkes Road in the British concession. Tientsin, as most people know, contains many foreign areas. Most of the rich Chinese prefer to live in these quarters because in times of civil strife they are immune from attack. Li Yuan-hung retired from office with an immense fortune and lives in princely fashion. Among other things his house includes a private theater which can seat five hundred persons. He also has a gold service with enough pieces to serve a dinner for one hundred guests. Thus the presidency in China is not without its compensations.

I have already remarked on the grace and courtesy of the Chinese gentleman, and Li Yuan-hung is no exception. He is a powerful, almost thickset individual with strong face, fierce mustache, but kindly eyes. He wore a foreign gray business suit and looked more like a prosperous banker than an ex, and about-to-be, president. He understands English but hesitates to speak it, so our conversation, which lasted several hours, was carried on through an interpreter. He received me in a stately room almost literally packed with magnificent specimens of jade and porcelain. On one silk-covered wall hung an etching of a Corot landscape. It seemed strangely out of place there.

When I asked Li Yuan-hung to express himself on the situation he minced no words in stating his views. He said:

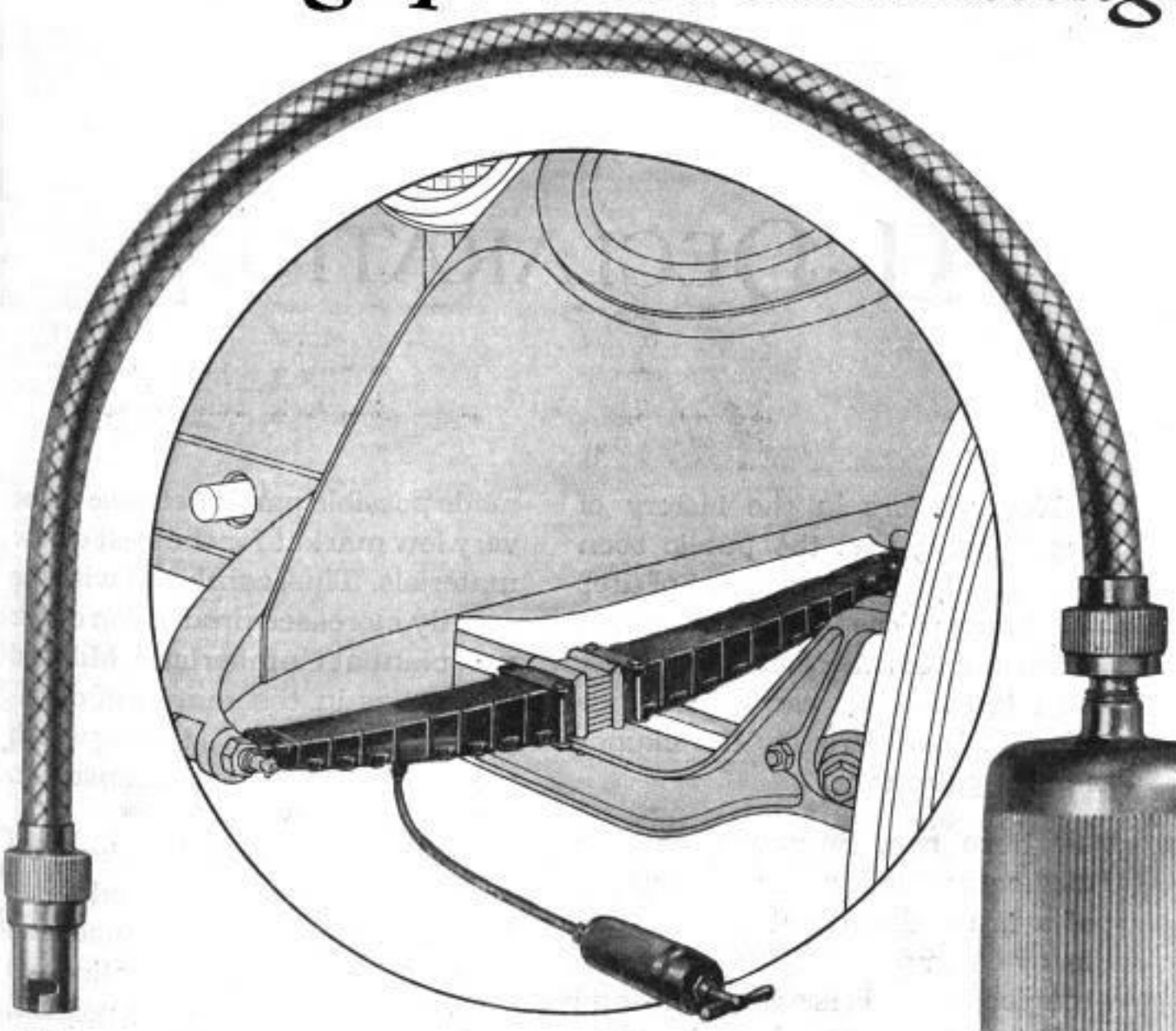
"I am out of politics, and in this present civil war I am absolutely neutral. The curse of China is the *tuchun* system, which only enables selfish and sometimes unscrupulous men to play with the country. If China is to be salvaged the army must be reduced to not more than two hundred and fifty thousand men and these must be employed for the public protection exclusively.

(Continued on Page 105)

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Today we are building the finest cord and fabric tires and inner tubes that we have ever made and it is our intention to continue to improve them whenever possible and to sell them always at only a reasonable profit.

One thing we shall never do, and that is, reduce the quality to meet competition. We shall always strive to build the best tires and tubes at the lowest possible price but no matter at what price we may sell them, the consumer may rest assured that we have put into Kellys everything that is embodied in the word "Quality," and that we stand squarely behind them with that most valuable of our assets —our reputation.

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GENERAL SALES DEPARTMENT: 250 WEST 57th STREET, NEW YORK

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(Continued from Page 102)

"The great trouble with the Chinese army heretofore has been that most of the officers are absolutely ignorant. Every ranking officer in the army should be educated at some academy. Unification in China depends upon whether the victor in the present war is the right type of man."

Happily for Li Yuan-hung, he is.

In response to my query as to the effect of the Washington conference on China he responded in this wise:

"The Washington conference should have been a great inspiration for China, but at the moment when she should be redeeming Shan-tung and capitalizing the other benefits she is engaged in a civil war. We Chinese are great believers in parables and the best way that I can express the aid that America rendered to China at Washington is to say that hers was the hand that removed the Japanese grip from our throats."

A Message to America

"Japan can easily afford to have a professed change of heart about China, first because of her economic penetration in so many of our rich areas, and second because of our immense financial debt to her. There was never anything altruistic about Japanese aid to China. We had to spend half of the loans we got from her in buying military equipment, and the other half was filched by my dishonest countrymen who figured somewhere in the loans. Japanese help is always selfish and destructive.

"I shall be glad if you will tell the people of the United States how grateful China is, not only for the help she rendered us through the Washington conference but through her aid in our last famine. Whatever may happen in China she will never forget the debt she owes to your people."

The best side light that I can give on the character of the new president of China is to say that among the foreign residents of Tientsin he was the most popular Chinese. Nor was this due to the frequency and magnificence of his entertainments. He entered thoroughly into the spirit of the foreign life, learned how to skate, and even took a chance at the fox trot. Thus, there is at least a human being on the job at Peking.

The rise of Wu Pei-fu illustrates that China, in addition to other things, is also a land of opportunity. Four years ago he was practically an obscure general in charge of a division, which he made the most efficient in the country. Today he is the man of the hour. He is almost undersized for a Chinese, with a sharp gaunt face, scant hair, and an energetic, almost nervous manner. He believes in a simple, almost Spartan life, and it is to his everlasting credit that, unlike the other *tuchun* gentry, he has remained a poor man, comparatively speaking. His integrity of purpose has almost made him a marked man. Unlike Chang Tso-lin, he is aloof and not given to elaborate pronunciamientos. He entered into the battle of circular telegrams only in self-defense.

Measured by every standard of the Chinese general, he stands in a class by himself. In the first place, he is honest. Secondly, he has violated all traditions by turning over to his troops all the government revenues that came to him for this purpose.

Usually the commander and his favorites get the bulk of these moneys. By disregarding the rules of the game he incurred the hostility of practically all the other military chieftains. In every financial dealing he has displayed the same moral purpose. One curse of doing business in China is that it is almost impossible to collect bills. When Wu Pei-fu buys oil, for example, he pays in advance.

In still another detail he is conspicuous, for he has an iron courage and exposes himself with his men. In the late war he was reported killed, and no one was surprised. The usual procedure in China is for the general to dig himself into the safest possible place behind the lines.

That Wu Pei-fu is not without shrewd resource is revealed by this incident: In one of the many civil wars in which he has engaged the front trenches of the opposing forces were only about six hundred yards from his own. One night he said to his chief of staff, "Send a trusted man over into the opposite trenches and find out how long it has been since the men received their pay." The adjutant returned with the news that the men were five months in arrears. This is small for China.

"All right," said Wu Pei-fu; "offer them enough money to cover their back pay and see if they won't come over to our side."

The proposal was enthusiastically received, and on the following night the specie was sent over in bags, whereupon the enemy trooped over en masse and became loyal adherents of Wu Pei-fu's cause. Such is soldiering in China.

Wu Pei-fu not only acts swiftly but metes out justice with an unrelenting hand. Last year the principal civil official at Wuchang turned his troops loose and looted the town. Wu Pei-fu personally came down with a division and not only executed the chief grafter but shot a thousand of his adherents. There are no halfway measures with him.

When the central government at Peking refused to allot him funds for his soldiers he seized the revenues of the Peking-Hankow Railway. Ordinarily in such a circumstance there would have been a grand carnival of spoliation. Wu Pei-fu, however, kept the accounts carefully audited and devoted the proceeds to legitimate purposes. On more than one occasion he has urged the minister of justice at Peking to make embezzlement a capital offense.

Like every man of parts, Wu Pei-fu has a sense of humor. Just about the time that Chang Tso-lin's troops were on the run and surrendering by the thousand somebody asked him if he did not favor army reduction, whereupon he replied, "I think that Chang Tso-lin's army has saved us the trouble and expense."

Wu Pei-fu's enemies have invariably said that he would be good only until he got into power. This, however, has not proved true, for his attitude since the triumph over Chang Tso-lin has indicated a complete lack of desire for personal preferment. He has steadily refused to meddle in civil affairs save for the national good. Taking him all in all, he stands revealed as the hope of the nation.

The exact opposite of Wu Pei-fu in every way is Chang Tso-lin. In him you have the Oriental Machiavelli, incarnating every element that makes for subtlety and intrigue. I have seen this remarkable man in various circumstances and must confess that for romance and picturesqueness he is a fascinating study. So far as human, and I might add unhuman interest is concerned, he is a much richer subject than his conqueror.

An Invitation From Chang Tso-lin

When I met him at Mukden in March he was generally acclaimed as China's strong man, with a hold on the Peking Government that seemed impregnable. Already he had begun to fling his troops into Chi-li, with the idea of putting Wu Pei-fu permanently out of business. I had heard much of him during my stay in Japan and was naturally eager to meet him. From Tokio I wired to his principal foreign adviser, E. Carleton Baker, asking him to make an appointment, and when I reached Seul I found a telegram from him saying that the viceroy was to give me a dinner the night after my arrival.

In arranging this dinner—and I speak of it only because it had some historic significance—Chang Tso-lin did a characteristic thing. He wanted an opportunity to acquaint the leading foreigners in Mukden with his plans to eliminate Wu Pei-fu, and he used me as the peg upon which to hang it. He invited all the foreign consuls except the Japanese, and also the leading foreign business men.

The dinner was set for half past seven and I went with Baker. Chang-Tso-lin lives in a rambling group of buildings known as a yamen, in the heart of the Chinese quarter. The moment I entered the district I began to see his soldiers, who, armed with rifles and wearing a uniform that reminded me of the German field gray, patrolled the streets. Every Chinese house of any consequence is surrounded by a wall, and the entrance is usually through an ornate gate. The portal of Chang Tso-lin's establishment was flanked with troops, and the big courtyard was alive with them. Everybody who enters this domain is under suspicion until he can prove himself eligible for entry. The reason is that Chang Tso-lin lives in fear of assassination. Every morsel of food that he eats is first tasted by a trusted servant, and he goes about in an armored car.

Although I was accompanied by one of the marshal's advisers and was dressed for dinner, I had to give my card to a major in uniform, who passed it in to a colonel for scrutiny. After a wait of a few moments the minister of foreign affairs for Manchuria came out and escorted us in. We were the last guests, so we found everybody assembled.

I entered a large room in which Chinese and European furniture clashed. There was a buzz of talk and I could see about forty Europeans and Americans grouped about an almost slight figure clad in a blue brocaded robe, who sat on a sofa in the center of the chamber. His head, surmounted by a black silk cap adorned with a single pearl, was closely cropped; he wore a straggly mustache, and he talked in a low voice. He seemed almost an insignificant figure. Yet this was the feared and famous Chang Tso-lin.

He rose and I was introduced to him. He speaks no English, and I told him through an interpreter—a young Chinese student, by the way, who graduated from Columbia University—how glad I was to meet him.

He replied that he was always glad to see Americans, and that he had a great interest in my country.

Chang Tso-lin speaks almost in a whisper. His eyes are dreamy and he has a curious habit of folding and unfolding his long slender hands while he talks. He looks more like a scholar than a warrior. As I watched and listened to him it seemed almost impossible that this seemingly placid and almost ascetic person, who spoke so softly, could be the same Chang Tso-lin whose name twenty years ago was synonymous with banditry, whose depredations had struck terror to a vast region, and who at that moment was the real dictator of the Peking Government.

Dining in State

After a brief interval he led the way to the dining room. The guests sat at three round tables. Chang Tso-lin presided at one, his eldest son, General Chang Hsiao Liang—the Young General, as they call him in Mukden—did the honors at the second, while the minister of foreign affairs was host at the third. I sat at the marshal's table, directly opposite him. In China, as in Japan, this is the place for the guest of honor.

On this eventful evening I obtained not only my first glimpse of Chang Tso-lin but my initial taste of Chinese food and hospitality. For years I had heard about birds'-nest soup and shark fins, to say nothing of hundred-year-old eggs. I got them all in a heap. The menu—it was the usual thing—was about a foot long, divided up into innumerable courses. Happily for digestion and waistline, you eat only a mouthful of each course.

I had another interesting experience. At Chinese dinners the food is placed in the center of the table and everybody helps himself. When the first course arrived Chang Tso-lin rose and beckoned me to rise and hand out my plate, whereupon he served me himself. I then discovered that this was real Chinese hospitality, because the host invariably serves the guest of honor. This applied to every course.

The real sensation was sprung after dinner when we assembled in the drawing-room. Chang Tso-lin made a speech in which he declared that Wu Pei-fu was the stumbling block to unification and that if Wu Pei-fu did not eliminate himself, he, Chang, would do it. He also said that he had no personal ambition to be president or vice president of China.

Continuing, he declared: "Everywhere you hear it stated that China is poverty-stricken. Nothing could be more ridiculous, for China is one of the undeveloped treasure houses of the world. Her revenues are ample. The trouble has been that they are misadministered. I myself could take over the ministry of finance and run it so as to give the republic a good surplus. Manchuria alone is vastly rich, and it is my great aim in life, after the unification of China, to exploit her resources. I want to make Harbin another Shanghai. I am not only most amiably disposed towards all foreigners but I shall do my utmost to maintain the open door in Manchuria. I want to coöperate with foreigners in every possible way, and I hope they will appreciate the difficulties with which I have to contend.

"I must say that Japanese aggression in Manchuria is not quite so active as it was before the Washington conference, but it is needless to say to you, who are familiar



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If you have trouble in getting your set, send 50 cents and we will mail you a set postpaid together with booklet of 30 problems.

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"X" RADIATOR LIQUID *Price $1.50—Ford Size, 75c* At Service Stations, Garages, Repair Shops and Hardware Stores
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PATENTS. WRITE for free illustrated guide book and "RECORD OF INVENTION BLANK." Send model or sketch and description of invention for our free opinion of its patentable nature.
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"Pacemaker $40." WARDROBE TRUNKS

In every respect—except the price—it is identical with trunks selling for $75.
See it—or write us for catalog and the name of your nearest dealer.

Hat Boxes for Men and Women

Bulge-top

12 Hangers 4 different styles

Finished in two shades of Berkshire Brown

5-ply box

Open top—plush lined

Strong Locks

Locking Device that really locks

All drawers of wood and lined with Cretonne throughout



Built like a $75 Trunk—but it costs only $40

[$45 West of the Mississippi]

ROGERS TRUNK CORPORATION
Factory and Offices, Petersburg, Virginia



3¼-oz. jars
½-lb. tins

Always Fresh

That's why your Grocer recommends them

When you ask your grocer for Funsten's Pecans, he knows that you will be fully satisfied. He knows that they have all their natural sweetness and flavor and that they are just as fresh as the day they were shelled and sealed under Funsten's vacuum process. Only select halves are used. Fine for dainty desserts, salads, sandwiches, cakes and ice cream. *Ask your grocer for Funsten's Vacuum-Packed Pecans—guaranteed fresh.*

R. E. FUNSTEN COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.
Established 1897

Funsten's PECANS

If your grocer hasn't Funsten's Pecans, use this coupon

R. E. Funsten Company, 1503 Morgan St., St. Louis, Mo.

I enclose { 35c for full-size jar / 65c for ½-lb. tin } Funsten's Pecans (5c extra west of Rockies).

My Name _____

Address _____

Grocer _____ Address _____

Free recipe book with every package

with conditions in Manchuria, that the presence of the Japanese here in such strength and numbers only increases the difficulties under which I labor in developing the three provinces under my control."

The following afternoon I spent two hours with the viceroy. He repeated much that he had said the previous evening, but his statements about Japan were startling in view of the fact that the Japanese have invariably claimed him as friend and brother.

Among other things he said: "The Washington conference was a warning to Japan. You will recall that I stated last night that her aggression has not been so active during these past few months. Japan now wants China's friendship, but it is too late. Japan sought to despoil us when we were helpless and when our friends among the great powers were fighting for their lives."

The marshal then turned to one of his favorite subjects, which is the development of Manchuria. "I hope that American capital will come into Manchuria," he said. "One reason why I am anxious to have Americans in my provinces is that it will be an antidote for Japanese aggression. But aside from this, Manchuria offers exceptional opportunities to America. The United States needs both a naval and a commercial base in these parts, and the port of Hulutao, located on the Gulf of Liao-tung in the province of Mukden, is ideally adapted for this purpose. It has many advantages over New-chwang, which was formerly the principal port of this whole region, for it is practically ice-free throughout the whole year. In fact it is the most satisfactory place in the whole of North China for a deep-sea port. American financiers have been interested in its development at various times, but Japanese opposition has usually interfered. The hinterland which Hulutao would serve is unusually fertile and rich, and contains vast possibilities for agriculture, mining, stock raising, manufacturing and commerce. The possibilities for the soya-bean industry alone are almost unlimited."

Chang Tso-lin's effort in the long talk was to convince me that he was not allied with the Japanese. The truth of the matter is that he is neither a pro nor an anti Japanese; he is plain pro Chang Tso-lin. He has used the Japanese when they have been useful to him, and the Japanese have reciprocated.

I could devote a whole article to a succession of stories about Chang Tso-lin. He is not only intensely human but has a keen sense of humor. Like most high-placed Chinese, he has many wives and there are times when his domestic ménage is not altogether serene. He exacts strict discipline from all his domestic retainers and to keep them in order maintains what he calls a family jail, which is located within the precincts of the Mukden yamen. When wives or children become fractious they are immured in this jail for a brief space, and they usually come out better behaved.

Apropos of this syndicated domesticity is a story that shows the resourcefulness of the war lord of Manchuria. One of his friends came to him with the complaint that he had what is known in China as a positive wife; in short, she was a nagger, and among other things refused to let him have a concubine.

Chang Tso-lin listened to the story and then said, "Go home and forget all about it. I will see that the situation is changed."

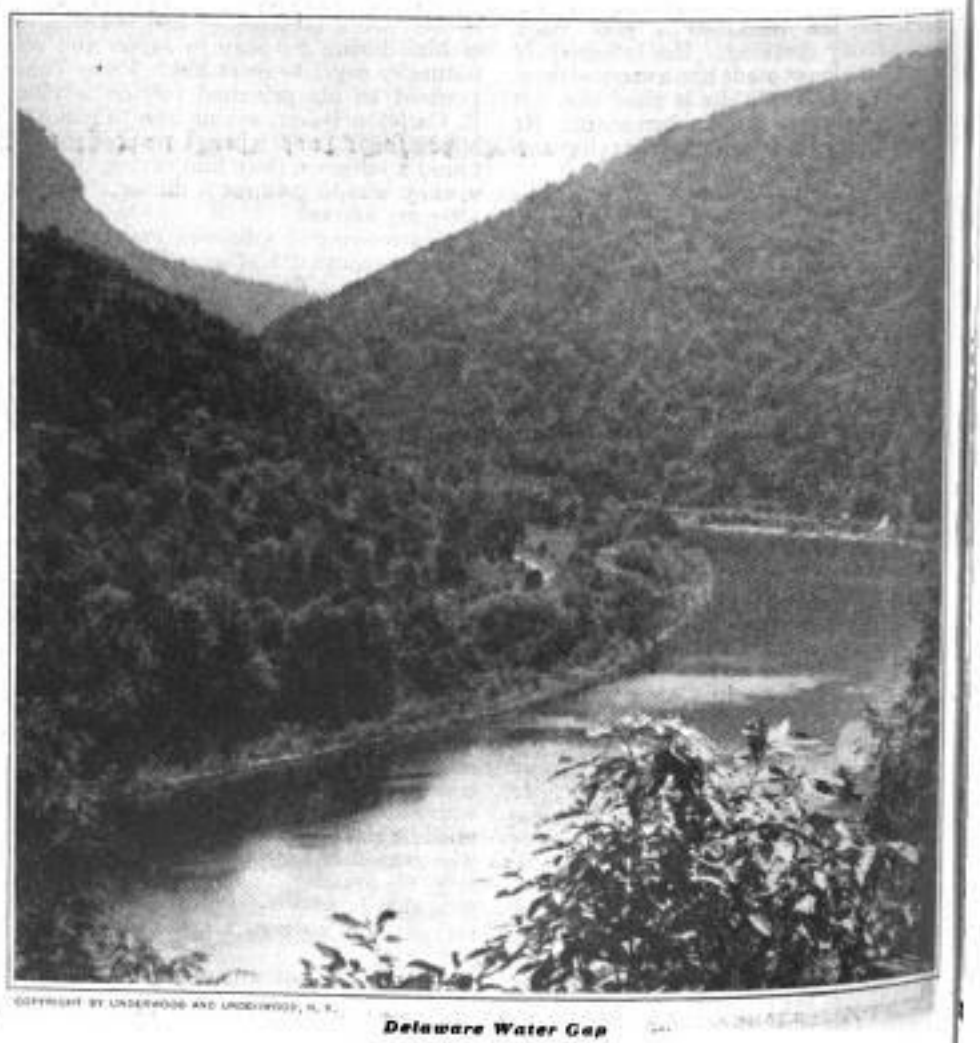
A few days later a beautiful concubine turned up at the man's house, with the compliments of Chang Tso-lin. Since she was the gift of the viceroy, not only was the man obliged to accept her but his wife was forced to acquiesce. No man in Manchuria can turn down a gift of its uncrowned king.

After two attempts to assassinate him with bombs Chang Tso-lin had an armored car built in America at a cost of thirty-five thousand dollars. His negotiations for the car with the American motor-car agent who lives at Peking were typical. He declared that he wanted the most powerful automobile that could be built, whereupon he was told he could not go beyond a twelve-cylinder car. At this Chang Tso-lin remarked: "If it is not possible to get a car with more than twelve cylinders I suppose I shall have to be satisfied, but I don't want anybody else in China to have a car with more cylinders than mine."

No one who visits Manchuria can believe that Chang Tso-lin is permanently eliminated as a factor in Chinese affairs. He has the three eastern provinces solidly behind him and will probably continue as their ruler as long as he lives. Already Wu Pei-fu has signed a truce with him, which means that he will most likely be left undisturbed in his own particular domain, for he is a dangerous animal to arouse. He is worth fifty million dollars and can easily build up another army, for the Japanese are only too willing to aid and abet him. Whether he will take another crack at his enemies beyond the Great Wall remains to be seen. Whatever happens, he remains a diverting and intriguing personality.

It is China's good fortune that Wu Pei-fu and not Chang Tso-lin is master in her hour of real transition.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with the economic and political situation in the Far East. The next will be devoted to Japan and big business.



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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

The Saturday Evening Post *The Ladies' Home Journal* *The Country Gentleman*

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"IT comes closest to the dream I had when I first caught the vision of radio's vast possibilities. It brings the world of music, news and education into the home, fresh from the human voice. It solves the problem of loneliness and isolation.

The Aeriola Grand is at present the supreme achievement in designing and constructing receiving sets for the home—a product of the research systematically conducted by scientists in the laboratories that constitute part of the R C A organization."

G Marconi

In tone quality, in simplicity of manipulation the Aeriola Grand is unrivalled. A child can snap the switch and move the single lever that tunes the Aeriola Grand and floods a room with song and speech from the broadcasting station.

The Importance of the Symbol R C A

RADIO has taken such hold of the public that it quite naturally has attracted the attention of a host of inventors and manufacturers.

Crude radio apparatus of a kind can be made even by embryonic organizations. But the vitally important inventions that have made radio the possession of every man, woman and child are those protected by patents owned by the Radio Corporation of America and developed as the result of costly research conducted in the engineering laboratories of the Radio Corporation of America.

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Any R C A dealer will be pleased to show you the Aeriola Grand and to let you judge its wonderful tone quality for yourself.

There is an R C A set for every purse—Prices range from $18 to $350.



Aeriola Grand with stand $350

Radio Corporation of America

WORLD WIDE WIRELESS

Sales Department
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New York City

District Office
10 South La Salle St.
Chicago, Ill.

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FELLOW SINNERS

(Continued from Page 15)

With an effort that set his leg into a flaming torment, Mackellar tossed the wad of blanket at the spring. The first cast was a miss, and several minutes passed before thirst goaded Jamie to the torment of a second throw. This time he was luckier or else more careful, for the blanket plopped down into the spring.

Jamie let it lie there for some little time, absorbing water, before he drew it back. Then holding it above the pail, he wrung out the chilly contents into the receptacle. The throw had netted him something more than three quarts of water. True, it was somewhat grimy of hue and was plentifully intermixed with fuzzy hairs. But it was water, and it was cold.

"Bobby lad," he commented, "this is the kind of water we call a dog a beast for drinking."

The man thrust his hot face into the pail and drank noisily. When he raised his head from the long draught there was scarce enough water left in the bottom of the pail to make the strong black coffee his weakened system craved.

The drinking problem was solved. The cooking problem was easier. The woodpile was just beyond Jamie's reach—all except a few armfuls of split boards and fagots. But by pointing to the heap and giving the needful orders he was able to make Bobby drag to him one big stick after another to keep the hearth fire going. The dog entered eagerly into this new game. When a stick was too large for him to carry he would take it by one end and haul it along. Yet as soon as Jamie ceased to point and to command, Bobby ceased his wood carrying. Evidently he had no idea at all that he was expected to continue or that his was the duty to supply firewood for the camp.

A little after sunrise Jamie fished a pencil and an envelope back out of his pocket. Lying on his stomach and using the uneven floor as a desk, he scrawled a few words, stating what had befallen him and where he was. This note he showed to Bobby. Then he tied it to the ring of the dog's collar.

"Go!" he ordered. "Find someone!"

Bobby understood this command beyond question. Often he had been sent to Belden or to one of the kennel men with a note tied to his collar and had brought back the reply. It was one of Bobby's many accomplishments.

Off he galloped. But at the end of the first hundred yards he came to a halt and stared back inquiringly, his head on one side. Apparently it had just occurred to him that this was a section of the world where none of the people familiar to him were likely to be found. He was in much doubt as to the person to whom this note was to be delivered.

"Over yon!" called Jamie, waving a feeble hand in the direction of the distant farms. "Give it to someone! Go!"

Off went Bobby, no longer hesitant. He was to travel in a certain direction and deliver the note to some human—presumably to any human he might find. Thus, twice had he been sent to a store in the suburbs of Midwestburg and had delivered a note to the clerks there. He had known what and where the store was. But the clerks had been strangers. So now he was going in the direction indicated by Jamie and to give a message to someone he should find there.

For the best part of three miles galloped Lochinvar Bobby before he met a human. Then by scent and sound and soon by sight he found a farm hand. The man was loafing along a rutted road, driving to pasture six gaunt cows. Up to him frisked Bobby. The man looked wonderingly and somewhat in fear at the huge dog advancing so swiftly toward him. The note was invisible, the collar's ring having as usual slipped down under Bobby's throat, where it was hidden from sight by a mass of ruff.

At the dog's galloping approach the cows scattered and fled in every direction, some of them making threat gestures with their horned heads as they cantered clumsily away. Bobby paid no heed to them. His business was with the man. In his memory still lurked the stark anguish and need in Jamie's voice and gesture. His master was in frightful trouble, and presumably this fellow human could be of use in some way. Up to the gaping farm hand bounded Lochinvar Bobby.

But the flight of the cows and the dog's undeviating rush had stirred the rustic into apprehensive wrath. Whirling his stick on high he brought it down with full force at the approaching collie's skull. Bobby's skull was not there when the blow fell. Ever distrustful of strangers since his early avoidance of them when he was living in the wild, Bobby had noted the glint in the man's eye and the tensing of his muscles. As the club whizzed downward the dog dodged to one side with the lithe speed of a timber wolf. The stick smote the rutted road so hard as to break in three.

Disarmed, the man made a frantic kick at the collie. Again Bobby dodged, this time showing a menace glimpse of white teeth. Ordinarily a blow and a kick would have been punished by him with instant ferocity. But he well knew he was on a terribly urgent errand and that he had no right to gratify personal grudges. Accordingly he contented himself with avoiding the kick and with a fiercely warning growl.

The man waited for no more. With a scrambling upward jump he caught the low-hanging branches of a scrub oak that grew at the roadside and he wiggled his way to the safety of the higher boughs. There he crouched, huddled in a heap, like a sick raccoon, while the puzzled dog stood in the road beneath and looked up at him.

The man's yells soared to high heaven, and in another few minutes Bobby caught the sound and scent of a newcomer. A second man was rounding the bend of the road, a man who ran with a rheumatic gait and who bellowed questions of the treed rustic.

Up to this oncoming human trotted Lochinvar Bobby, still hoping that someone would detach the note from his collar. But at a squalled sentence from the first man this second arrival caught up two heavy stones and hurled them viciously at the dog. Bobby dodged the first stone. The second grazed his side, bruising and angering him.

It was very evident these humans were in no mood to find and read notes and then to praise the messenger. The man had stopped and was hunting for another stone to hurl. Bobby, as a last resort, ran up to him and caught his coat hem in appeal. The man kicked frenziedly at the dog, and then, his nerve deserting him, broke for the thorny shelter of a locust copse.

Bobby blinked from one to the other of the gesticulating and panic-smitten men. Something, somehow, had gone wrong. He could not deliver his message. He could not lure these men along with him to Jamie's rescue. There was nothing to do but to go back to camp. There was no sense in continuing to approach people who first assailed him and then ran away. Moreover, his loyal heart ached at the absence from his suffering master. Back galloped Bobby to the lakeside hut.

Jamie, lying in a stupor of fever and pain, was roused from a topsy-turvy dream of leading his throbbing leg around the ring at a dog show. He was roused by the softly cold touch of Bobby's nose on his hot cheek. Mackellar's first gesture was toward the dog's collar. The note still dangled from the ring. Pointing authoritatively toward the far-off railroad settlement, Jamie said "Go!"

And, unrebuffed by his former ill luck, Bobby went.

Half an hour later, among the few loafers and roustabouts at the railroad's station shack, sprang up a screech of "Mad dog!" This because a huge and excited collie had rushed into the center of the group of idlers on the platform and had seized the station agent by a corner of his jumper and striven to draw him along by main force. The agent shed his jumper and ran backward out of reach. Whereat the dog, barking in frantic appeal, trotted a few steps toward the trail and then, coming back, sought to pull along a second member of the group, this time by the trousers leg.

In another quarter minute everyone in the settlement was bawling "Mad dog!" and bombarding the unhappy Bobby with any available missile. One or two more resourceful folk ran indoors for firearms. But before they could bring these into action Bobby had seen the futility of his efforts and had fled into the woods beyond range.

The avengers followed him—or sought to—for some distance. Still at intervals

Dependable
Champions
For Every Engine Everywhere



Aid
Quick
Starting

Type for Ford
Champion X . . . now 60c
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The firing points of Champion Plugs are special nickel alloy, do not corrode, oxidize, or burn readily, and give an instant spark at each turn of the motor.

Ask your dealer to sell you a full set.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG CO. - TOLEDO, OHIO
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MONARCH COFFEE
NONE BETTER
OBTAINABLE AT ANY PRICE

SWEET PICKLES
SALAD DRESSING
CATSUP *and other*
FOOD PRODUCTS

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You add something definite to the net value of your estate every time you purchase MONARCH COFFEE because THERE IS NONE BETTER OBTAINABLE AT ANY PRICE and *it costs you less.* A trial on your table will bring you positive proof. Particular care is given to mail orders from retail merchants not called upon by our salesmen. Our Monarch Coffee is never sold in bulk. In territory West of Pittsburgh, address Reid, Murdoch & Co., Clark St. Bridge, Chicago, Illinois; in territory East of Pittsburgh, address as below.

Salesmen Wanted

RETAIL GROCERS buy Monarch Coffee in 1000-lb. lots more often than any other brand. They would not do this if they could get a better coffee.

Monarch Coffee gives complete satisfaction to the consumer and reorders follow just as naturally as water runs down hill.

The 1- and 3-lb. containers are air-tight and sanitary, yet save money for the consumer when compared with other styles of packing. (Either whole bean or steel cut.)

We are placing additional salesmen in New England and Atlantic Coast States. Men under 35 preferred. We consider only applications made in person by men with retail grocery training.

REID, MURDOCH & CO.
882 Third Ave. (Bush Terminal)
Brooklyn, N. Y.

ESTABLISHED 1853

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A New and Better Garter

We did a good turn for the men when we designed our new Padless Garter. Here is a garter that holds up hose and keeps them up, yet never reminds the wearer of its presence. Made without a pad it is light, cool and efficient; just the garter you've been waiting for. Wide or narrow bands, just as you prefer. 50c and 75c

Wilson Bro's

The signature, Wilson Bro's, is not only a guaranty of quality but it is also an unfailing index of fashion and correct dress. The higher type of store the country over can supply you with these Wilson Bro's garments: shirts, hose, nightshirts, pajamas, underwear, belts, cravats, mufflers, handkerchiefs, knit gloves, garters, suspenders

WILSON BRO'S, CHICAGO



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Eight years ago Mr. Harry E. Hutchinson, of New Jersey, said to us: "Though employed both by a bank and a water company I go at my subscription work wholeheartedly and unreservedly, always trying to see in every person a prospect for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* or *The Country Gentleman*."

Since that time he has placed those publications in many a local home, and has many times earned, in the spare time spent in doing it, over $100.00 in a single month. He finds his work easy, pleasant, of value to his community—*and profitable.*

Do You Too Want More Money?

There are doubtless good uses to which you could put an extra fifty, seventy-five or a hundred dollars every month. And if you have even a few spare hours each week, you may easily earn the extra money as our subscription representative. A little spare time is one necessary qualification; the desire to make money is *the only other*. If you have both, clip and send us, today, the coupon below.

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hooting their slogan of "Mad dog!" they gave noisy chase.

Ever at the back of the human throat and in the illogical fear swamps at the bottom of the human brain lurks this insensate cry of "Mad dog!" At sight of any sick or lost or frightened cur the cry is ready to burst forth and a crowd flocks gleefully to the slaughter. Though there is perhaps not one genuine case of rabies a year in any city or village, yet thousands of harmless and friendly dogs are slain each season on the altar of this asinine fetish.

But Bobby was not of the number. He had no notion of letting these rackety humans catch him. Thanks to his early wood lore, he melted into the undergrowth and was lost to sight before he had traveled a hundred feet. Back to Jamie he sped, sick with fear for his master and with the hopelessness of bringing him aid.

Mackellar was no longer drowsing feverishly when Bobby at last came in sight of the hut. The dog paused in amaze at the change in his master. Being only a collie, the various phenomena of pain and fever were strange to him. At first glance it appeared that the man had ceased to suffer and was hilarious.

No longer was Jamie's face a greenish white. It was deeply flushed. His eyes were shining. His set leg propped in front of him, he was sitting bolt upright in the doorway. As Bobby drew near Mackellar burst gleefully into song, interspersed with fragments of high-pitched speech:

"Now's the day, an' now's the hour:
See the front o' battle lour:
See advance proud Edward's power—
Chains an' slas——

"Hey, Bobby lad!" he broke off. "Whaur ye been the while? I've missed ye, sair.

"The tither was a plowman's collie . . .
He was a gash an' faithful tike
As ever lap a sheugh or dike.
His honest, sonsy, bawsn't face
Aye gat him friends in ilka place.
His ——

"That's you, Bobby boy, if ever was! And to think of him maundering of *Willie* Burns—the blasphemer!"

His voice trailed drunkenly away. Bobby had stood in growing consternation at sight and sound of this human who had his loved master's aspect and voice, and yet who by some horrible change was not his master but some stranger. The collie shivered all over and came creeping up to Jamie, crawling close to the ground, his dark eyes clouded with perplexity.

Sighing, the great dog laid his head on Mackellar's foot. The contact started Jamie from his brief hiatus. Squinting dazedly down at Bobby, he laid his hand on the collie's head and stared owlishly at some invisible person behind him.

"What's your dog's number?" he rasped. Then rebukingly: "Can't you teach him better ring manners than to lie down whilst he's being judged? Walk your dogs, please! That's enough! Bring yours forward alongside this one, on the block. So! I ——"

He broke off again in his muttered ramblings. Through the delirium haze came to him a whirring sound that struck him as irresistibly funny. He glanced upward. Over the lake, and flying low, an aëroplane was approaching. At sight of it Bobby sprang to his feet, barking in a deafening ecstasy of appeal. Jamie laughed aloud and waved a blanket strip in greeting. To him the advent of this plane was one of the most mirth-evoking things in his career.

Howard Tapley, government forest ranger for that district, had received a telegram the night before from the all-powerful Rufus G. Belden, asking him to drop in on Jamie during one of his patrol trips and to see that the little man was all right. Wherefore, at the outset of his day's patrol, Tapley had made a detour to include the lake and the hut.

Looking downward now as he passed, he saw a big dog barking up at him, and then he saw and recognized Jamie, lounging lazily in the cabin doorway. Mackellar was laughing and was waving to him in gay greeting. Assuredly the man was not only all right but in a mood of friendly merriment.

Tapley returned the wave and flew on. That night he telegraphed Belden that the kennel manager was in fine health and spirits. In this season of forest fires there was no time for the ranger to make unnecessary visits, and the hut lay some miles off his regular beat.

The next morning Jamie Mackellar awoke pitiably weak and sick, but clear of head and with no faintest memory of anything that had occurred during his delirium. He woke to find Lochinvar Bobby standing over him like a mahogany-and-snow statue. Sleeplessly the collie had stood guard thus for more than twenty hours. Now, at sight of his sane master, he went into wild rejoicings. He danced about the supine Jamie, licking his face, yelping, patting at him with flying white paws. In his relief at his master's return to the body that had held that singing and mumbling stranger the stately dog reverted to puppyhood in the madness of his joy.

Jamie put up a trembling hand to Bobby's collar. The note was still there. On Bobby's flank was the graze of a rock. One of his white forelegs was cut by a broken bottle hurled at him by one of the station crowd. Jamie knew Bobby, and he knew the ways of the average dogless human with a strange dog, and he guessed what had happened. Tearing up the note he patted Bobby remorsefully; then he began to take account of stock.

Being an old camper, it was Jamie's custom to travel light. He had brought to the hut only enough pork and coffee and flour to last him for two or three days. He had planned to tramp to the station store when he should not be weighted down with his duffel bag and other camping outfit and pack to the hut the food needful to last out the remainder of his vacation. This he had done in other years. It saved the almost impossible carrying of double weight on a single trip. But now that plan threatened to result in starvation for him.

"We're up against it, Bobby lad," mused Jamie as he went over for the second time the pittance of provisions in the hut. "Not that I'm honing for food. But I've got to eat it, unless I want them to find my bones at a time when the soul of me is playing sweetly in Glory on an instrument of ten strings. By all chance, not a soul will look in on us for another four weeks. I can't walk a step. Forby I can't so much as creep without its half murdering me, Bobby. There's a wee peckle of flour here, and maybe a pound or so of pork, and a hantle of coffee and a few beans and crackers and a can of condensed milk. And there's pepper and salt and sugar and the like; none of them sustaining. They won't last me four weeks, Bobby. They'll not last me a half week, to say nothing of yourself. How about it, Bobby lad? What's the answer to that? D'ye ken? Ye do not. No more do I. There's water aplenty, thanks to the spring and to my sweet gift at blanket-casting, and there's firewood and shelter. But that's all. How do we solve the eating riddle?"

Bobby listened with grave interest if with scant understanding. The sight and scent of food reminded him he was ravenous. But when he saw Jamie put back into a bag all the provisions except the coffee and one pilot biscuit his spirits fell.

"I'm eating this biscuit myself, Bobby," expounded Jamie. "Not that I'm hoggish, but you can live off the country and I can't. You've done it before, Bobby, and you can do it again. Moreover, you've got to. Breakfast, Bobby! Go catch it! Breakfast! Go!"

Now, here were words whose meaning was wholly familiar to Bobby, and the underlying earnestness in his master's tone set him athrill. Wheeling, he ran down the slope and into the forest. Jamie noted the dog no longer galloped like a collie, but had assumed the slinking sidewise run of a wolf. He had been ordered to go and get a breakfast, and in getting it he must revert to the wild.

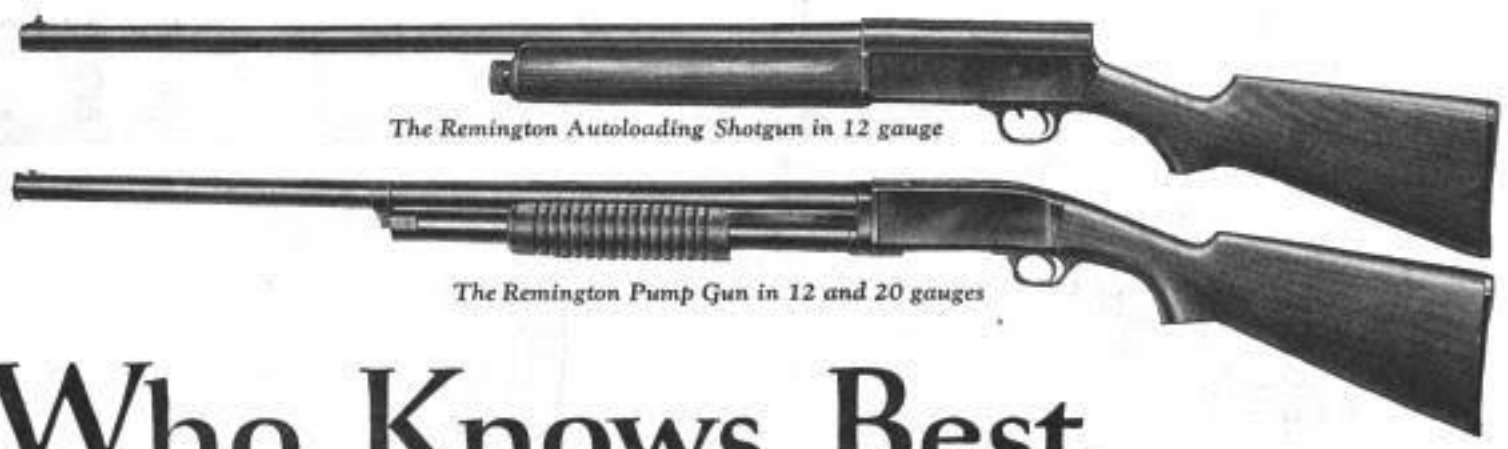
Jamie sank back on his blankets, nibbling the hard biscuit and sipping at his triply strong mug of black coffee. Starvation awaited him—he knew that. He could see not one chance in a thousand of its prevention. Here he must stay, tied by the leg, until all the carefully hoarded food should be gone. Then ——

At any rate, there was water, and he had brought his own full supply of coffee, remembering how poor was the stuff sold under that name at the station store. Also his leg was a little less intolerably agonizing than it had been. He strove gallantly to push from his thoughts the almost inevitable hour when the wilderness and Mother Nature should cease to be his playmates and turn upon him.

Through the tangled second growth, silent as a ghost, slipped Lochinvar Bobby

(Continued on Page 113)

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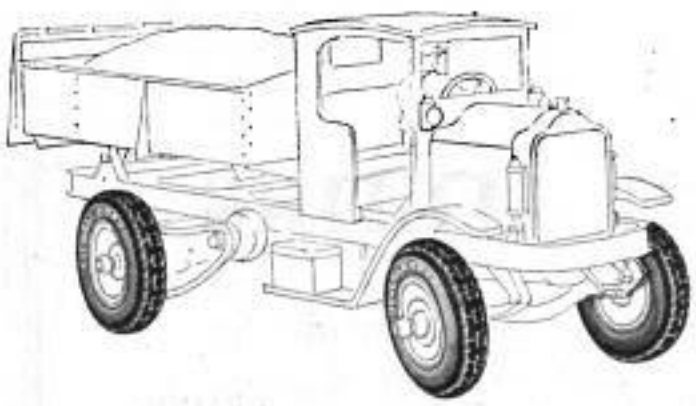
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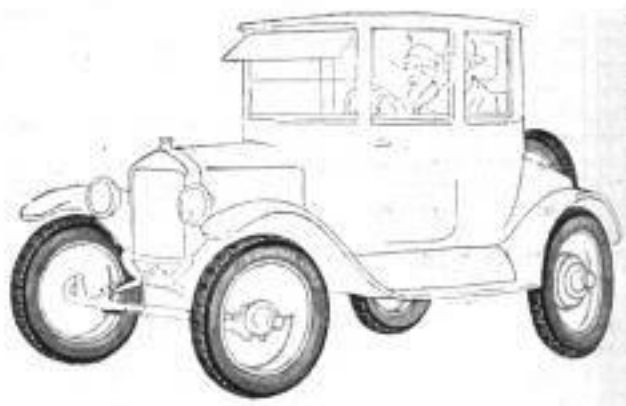
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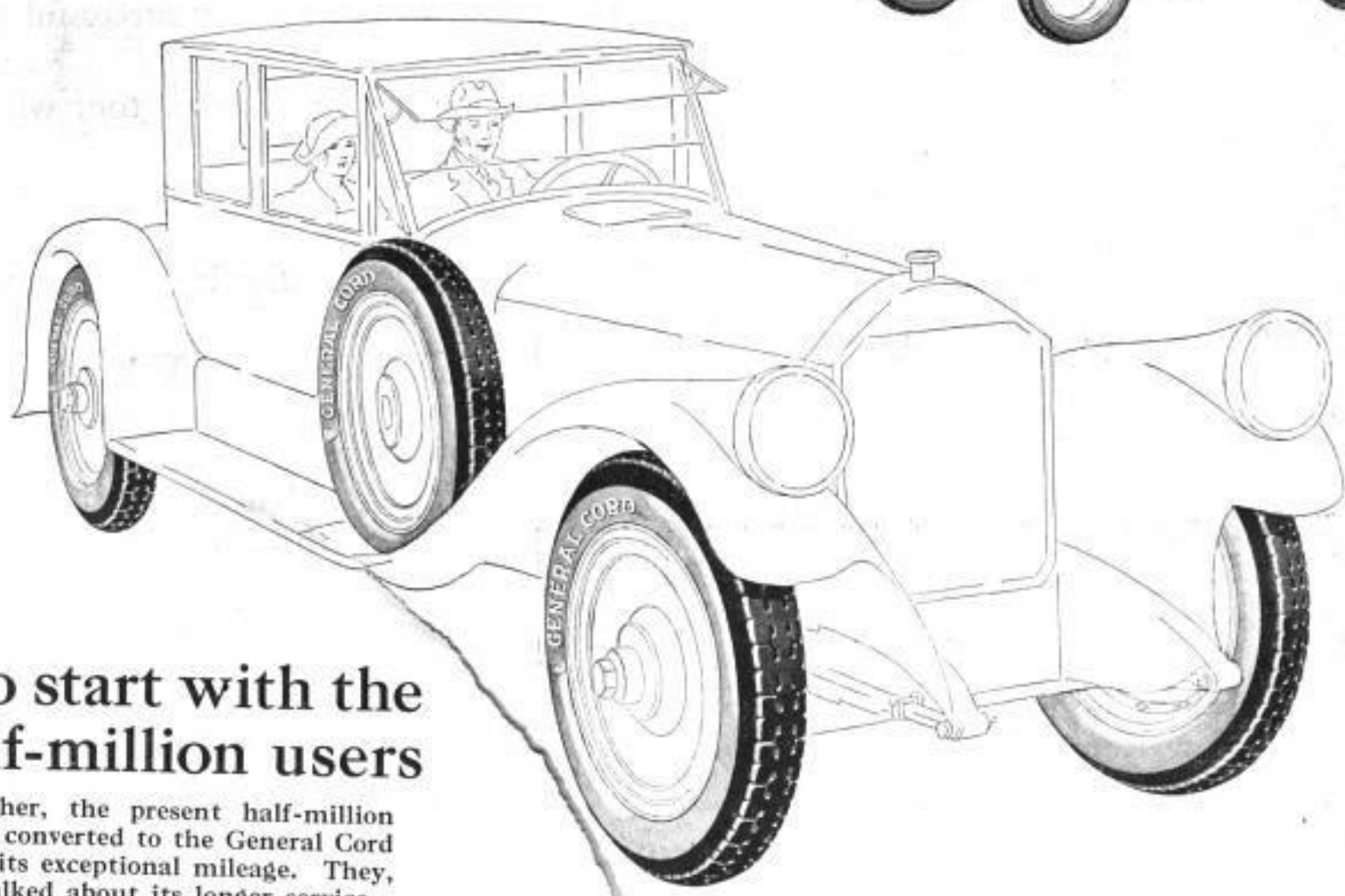
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(Continued from Page 110)

His nostrils were working every instant, sending their expert messages to the skilled brain. Through the forest, in every direction, ran the tracks of foxes, and that, he knew, was why the scent of rabbits was absent. For when a colony of foxes choose to haunt some particular district of the woodland such rabbits as do not fall quick prey to them desert the neighborhood.

For two hours Bobby ranged, covering many miles of hill and wooded valley, of gorge and ridge and slope. And at last, nine miles from the hut, he caught the scent he sought.

Out from between the rocks, a bare inch ahead of Bobby's snapping jaws, bounced a fat rabbit, fleeing for dear life. Like a thunderbolt Bobby was after it, and in less than twenty paces he had run down the confused and awkwardly dodging cottontail.

His foot on his prey, he bent over to enjoy his repast. He was cravingly hungry, for he had not eaten in more than twenty-four hours. But with his jaws still parted for the first mouthful he paused. Of old he had foraged for his mate and for her helpless brood, and perhaps such memory brought back to him a vision of the stricken Jamie at the far-distant lakeside hut. Or possibly he obeyed only the impulse which bids dogs bring to their masters the spoils of the chase. In any event his crunching teeth did not close rendingly upon the slain rabbit. Instead he picked it up with the fastidious daintiness of a collie and set forth through the woods with his burden.

Less than an hour later Bobby trotted out into the clearing and dropped at Jamie's feet a plump rabbit. Then he stood back with wagging tail and eyes alight with fun to watch Mackellar's reception of the gift.

Jamie praised his dog loudly and long. Jamie's effusiveness had a much more cogent purpose than mere gratitude. He knew dogs as it is given to few humans to know them. He knew that this extravagant meed of praise would incite the adoring Bobby to earn further laudations by repeating the same exploit.

Jamie made shift to skin and dress and broil the rabbit. Then he and Bobby sat down to a veritable feast. Every mouthful strengthened and heartened the invalid. By reason of his spare body's iron health the fever had departed to a great extent and his system was rallying from the shock. True, many weeks must pass before he could hope to stand on his broken leg, even with the aid of a crutch. But if the firewood should hold out and if Bobby could forage successfully for him he might keep alive until his wife or Belden, alarmed at his prolonged absence, should send out a search party; and Mackellar ate with something approaching relish.

The meal over, man and dog snoozed in the warm Indian-summer sunshine. The afternoon was half spent when they awoke. Then, his nerves twitching a little at the bare chance of failure, Jamie said loudly, "Breakfast, Bobby! Go!"

At once he was ashamed of himself for having doubted his chum's brain power. For, like a shot, Lochinvar Bobby was off amid the undergrowth, running wolflike through the still forest.

He had ranged for barely a mile when a scent assailed his nostrils. A dog's sense of smell is miraculous. But no miracle was needed to catch this scent. A human, with chronic catarrh, could not have missed it. Twice as a forest-ranging puppy and once when he and his collie mate had lived in the wild, Bobby had encountered the same unforgettable scent and had traced it to its source.

Swiftly, craftily, Bobby darted in pursuit of the odor's source. In a bare two minutes he came to a tiny glade. In the center of this, and crossing it in leisurely fashion, was a furry animal about the size of a small cat. It had a long and bushy tail.

Across the glade thundered Bobby. The skunk halted, faced about and set its four feet firmly. Heavenward whisked its bushy tail. Ten feet away from his victim Bobby made a lightning-quick detour and a lunge. The sudden detour saved him from the fate in store for most dogs that attack a skunk. The lunge brought him head on to the skunk before the latter could turn or could brace itself a second time. A single snap of the mighty jaws ended the brief duel.

Dusk was falling when Bobby, for the second time that day, trotted into camp and deposited a gift of food at the feet of his master. Before the killed beast touched ground Jamie knew well what manner of supper Bobby had brought him. This, although his eyes chanced to be closed at the time. For a moment he was minded to throw the unsavory morsel as far from him as his strength would allow. Then he paused.

Such sign of repulsion might well make Bobby think his forest offerings were no longer desirable and might cause him to cease hunting. Besides, there was a bare chance that the day might come when even this unsavory beast would stand between the man and famine. So, awkwardly, disgustedly, he tied the skunk's hind leg to a string and hung it on the outer wall as far up as he could reach.

In the days that followed Bobby did not happen upon another skunk. Once, it is true, he found a bit of choice carrion in the shape of the vertebræ of a very dead deer. This he lugged with much difficulty to camp, and was grieved at Jamie's failure to eat it. But for the most part he stuck to rabbit hunting.

Then, as when he and his mate had hunted game, there came a day when no rabbit could be scented in a twenty-mile radius of the lake. By this time the collie had grown to understand that Jamie depended on him for food as much as had the helpless puppies of long ago, and he hated to return to camp empty-mouthed. It was then that Bobby broke the law.

From the first Jamie had taught him that it is mortal sin for a dog to steal chickens. To save himself from starving Bobby would not have broken a law taught him by Mackellar. But back in camp was the master who relied solely on his collie for daily food. So the law went by the board.

Leaving the forest, Bobby crept, noiseless and unseen, to the nearest of the several scattered farms. Leaping the five-foot chicken-yard fence, he wriggled through the narrow opening of the coop and emerged a second later with a six-pound hen in his jaws. He had reverted to the fox method of catching and killing a sleeping hen without arousing the coop's other inmates.

It was a dejected and cringing Lochinvar Bobby who padded meekly into camp that night and laid his trophy down before Jamie. As a rule the dog capered gayly about Mackellar when he brought food to him. But now he stood with head and brush adroop. He had broken the law. For all he knew, death might be his portion. But he had done it for Jamie's dear sake and not for his own. So he waited unflinchingly to learn what penalty was to be his.

Mackellar, sick to death of eternal rabbit diet, welcomed the advent of the tender hen with a whoop of joy, and he praised Bobby even more than usual. This he did, realizing that it was better to keep alive than to enforce the law; and resolving to send cash payment later for all murdered fowls. It would be time enough when he and Bobby should return to civilization—if ever they should return to it—to teach anew the law that chickens are not to be molested.

"We're fellow sinners, you and I, Bobby lad," he said ruefully at last. "Fellow sinners and sharers in guilt. But it's a hantle better than to be fellow starvers. The ravens, in Holy Writ, fed Elijah, and I doubt me did he ask if they stole the food or bought it over the counter. Am I better than Elijah? I am not. Fall to, Bobby!"

Then began a season of well-being to the convalescent. Fowls were ridiculously easy to catch. Often as many as three a night came to Jamie's larder. Never a day passed without the capture of at least one of them. But, wise in the ways of trapping, Bobby now made most of his excursions after dark or in gray dawn, and never visited the same farm twice in succession. His was the craft of the wolf plus the trained mind of the collie. Once in a while the chicken diet was varied by a young turkey, a duck or even a goose. Bobby was ranging wide and hunting brilliantly.

The winter cold was beginning to seep into the unusually late fall. A few snow flurries varied the November rains. The woods took on a new silence and bareness, but the hut's firewood and fare were holding out and the set leg was knitting steadily.

Then of a morning, after a light fall of snow, Bobby was returning to camp at daybreak with an enormous turkey gobbler tossed over his shoulder. He had waited patiently for an hour beneath the barnyard



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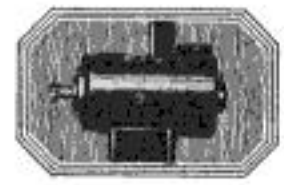
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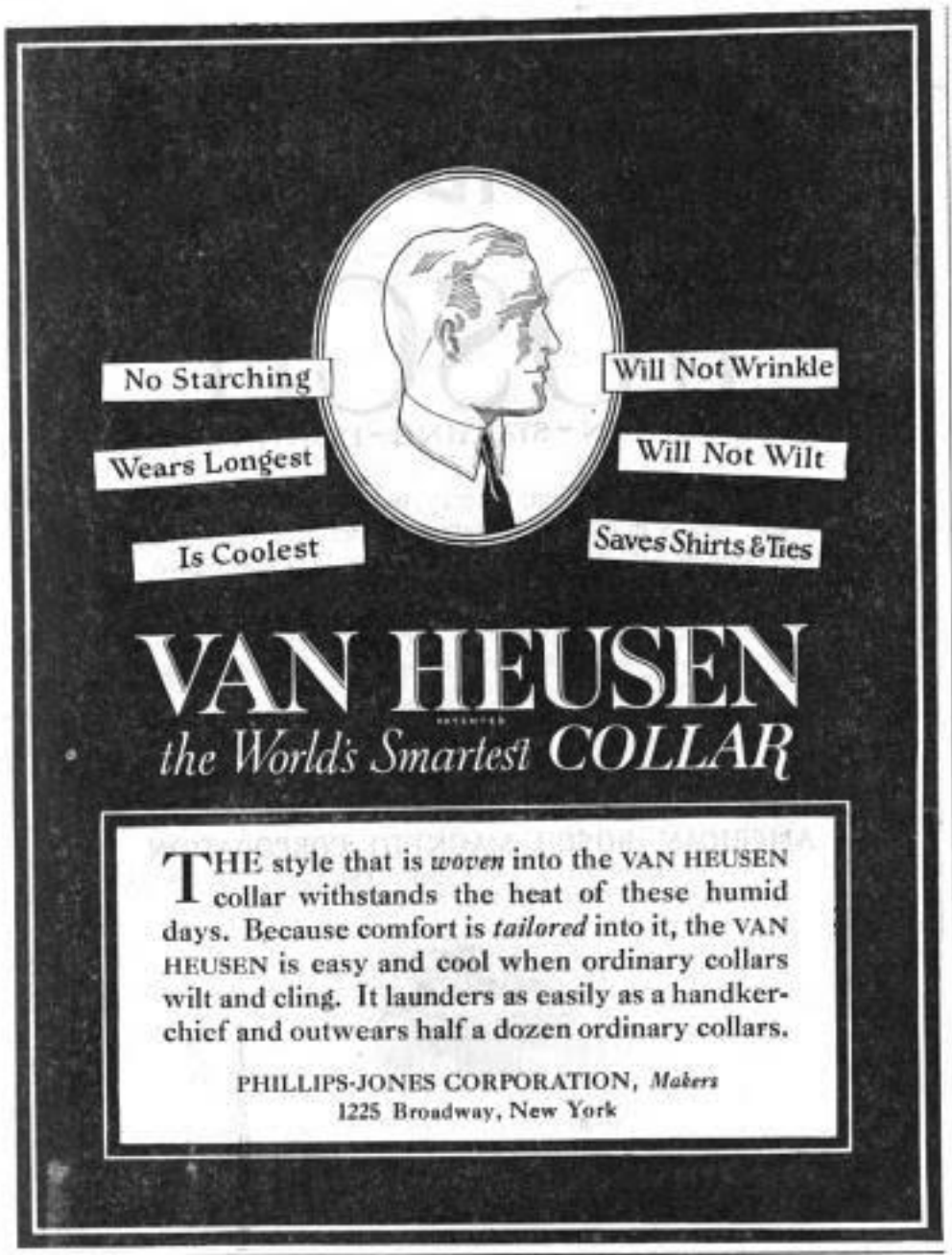
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tree in whose top branches the gobbler roosted. The bird had at last flown earthward and the dog had sprung before it could launch itself into the air again.

Halfway to camp, Bobby paused. Far behind him he could hear the confused gabble of human voices, and instinctively he knew what the noise implied. He had heard it more than once in his own old days of lawless forest living. The hue and cry was after him.

For weeks the farm neighborhood had been agog over the depredations to henroost and coop. Men had sat up at night, guns in hand. Spring traps had been set. From youthful experience and from his uncanny hunting instinct Bobby had avoided these pitfalls with ridiculous ease. But now, on the first morning of a tracking snow, the hunt was up in good earnest. The slaying of the turkey had been seen by one of the hunters as he set off to join the rest. Bobby had been forced to move slowly because of the heavy weight he carried. His tracks in the snow were plainly visible. Six men were following fast.

Now it would have been absurdly simple for the dog to have slunk off into the undergrowth, wolflike, confusing the trail and reaching the camp by a roundabout route. But the weeks of wilderness life with Jamie had sharpened his civilization-dulled wits. He knew Mackellar had sought vainly to get in touch with the outer world. He knew that Jamie not less than three times had tied notes to his collar and sent him forth to deliver them. Evidently Jamie wanted the presence of humans. Evidently, too, in his helpless condition he was in sore need of such human presence. Bobby's course of action was taken, as usual, without a moment's hesitancy.

The six men rounded a curve in the trail and saw, not a furlong ahead of them, a big brown collie trotting unconcernedly along, bearing the stolen gobbler. They broke into a run. Bobby did not hasten his leisurely gait. They gained on him. One of the men halted and fired. A few spent buckshot spattered around Bobby. He ran a little faster, but not much; and he stuck to the trail, ignoring the shelter of the bushes on either side.

The men redoubled their speed, panting and puffing and swearing. Once in a while one of them would stop and take wabbly aim and fire. But the distance was long and the dog was not easy to hit there in the elusive daybreak shadows. One pellet raked his ribs, but it was spent and did no more than raise a welt.

When the pursuers were forced to travel more slowly for a few rods by reason of impediments in the trail, Bobby accommodatingly slackened his pace to fit theirs. Marveling but raging they kept on.

Out of the forest into the lakeside clearing they pounded their way after the elusive despoiler of their henroosts. Bobby modestly dived into a copse before they could fire again.

But directly in front of them sat a man in the doorway of the hut; a man with a bandaged leg and a gaunt face; a man who hailed them rapturously.

It was mid-January before Jamie Mackellar was able to take his first unaided walk around the Beldencroft grounds. Beside him frisked Lochinvar Bobby, vastly elated that he and his god could once more take up their happy strolls together.

Passing around the kennels, they came by accident upon a new chicken yard that had been built since Jamie last had wandered through the grounds. In the yard, basking in a patch of winter sunshine, were a flock of pedigreed Penciled Hamburg fowls.

Bobby came to an involuntary pause, ears cocked, eyes questing. He stared yearningly at the fowls, then mischievously over his shoulder at Jamie Mackellar. Then, with ears flattened back against his skull, he went mincingly past the yard, every line of his magnificent form the embodiment of conscious virtue. Jamie scowled after him, unable to forget that fleetingly roguish glance over the shoulder.

"Yes, you self-righteous tike!" he grumbled. "You're all-fired virtuous now, aren't you? But it was a mean, insulting look you gave me! The look one might give a chap who shares a monstrous guilty secret with him. I'll never get back all your respect, I s'pose, now that you know my inner man spent three weeks receiving your stolen goods. But there's no need of your rubbing it in like that, Bobby lad. Take shame to your glorious worthless self!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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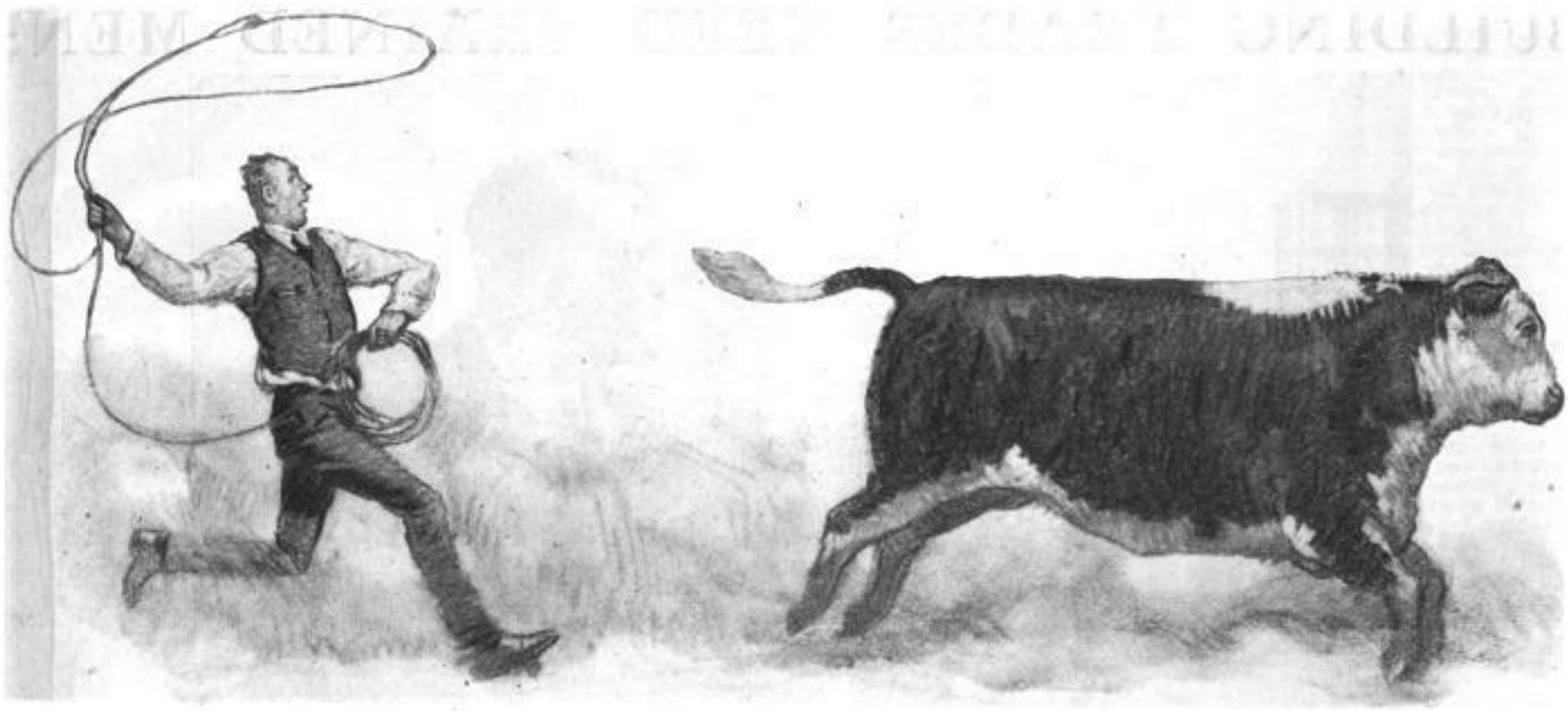
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When you sit down to your steak at luncheon or dinner, divert yourself a moment to think of the men needed to get that steak to you; their skill, industry, and good faith in raising the cattle, taking care of them, and preparing them for market. Think of the far-off farms and fields where thousands of cattle, specially raised, are maturing, and of the hundreds of freight cars, carrying them to market every day.

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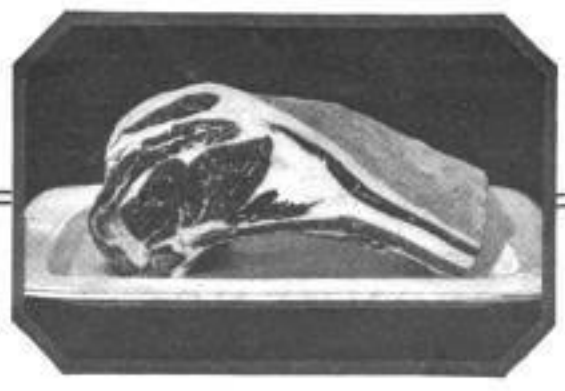
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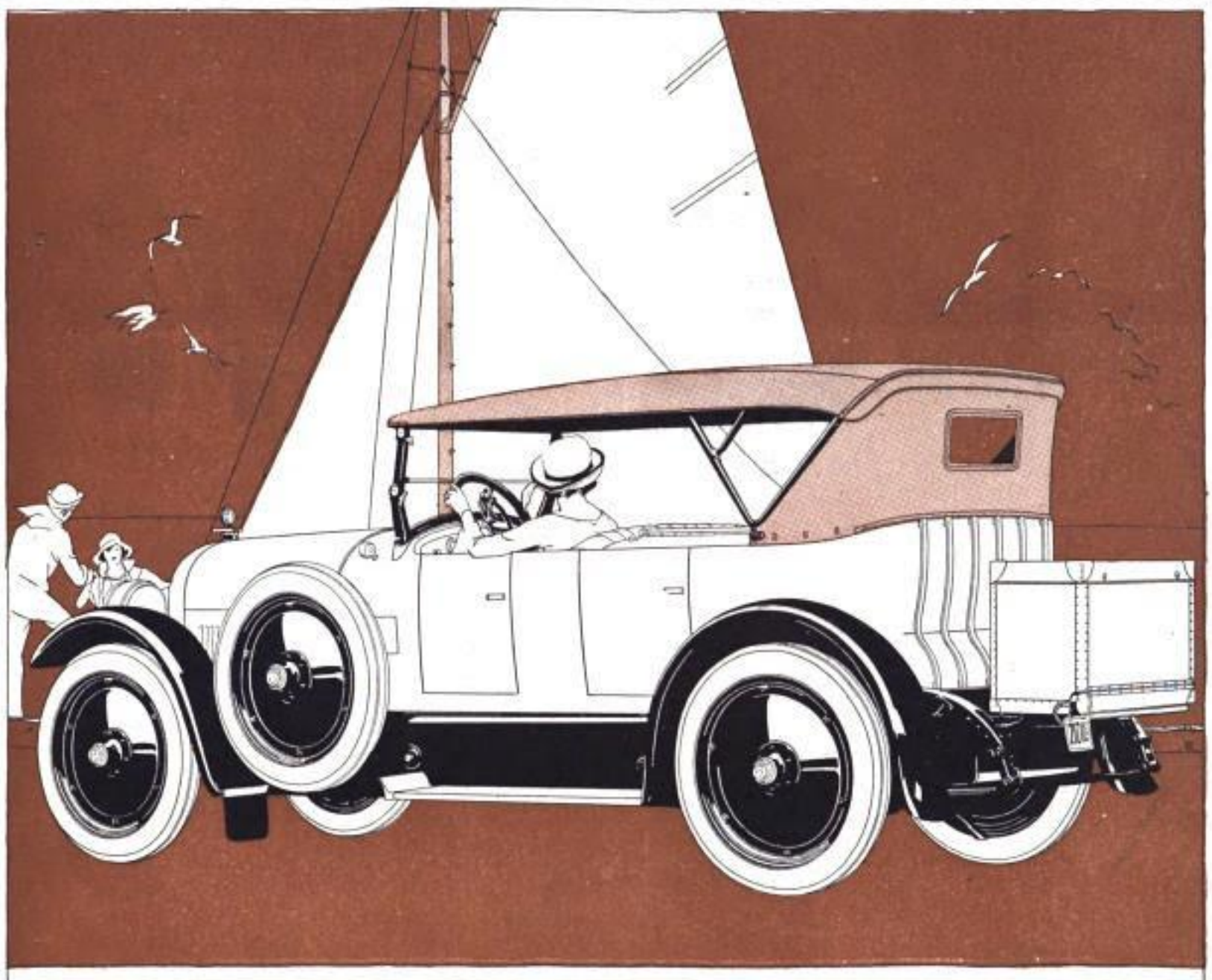
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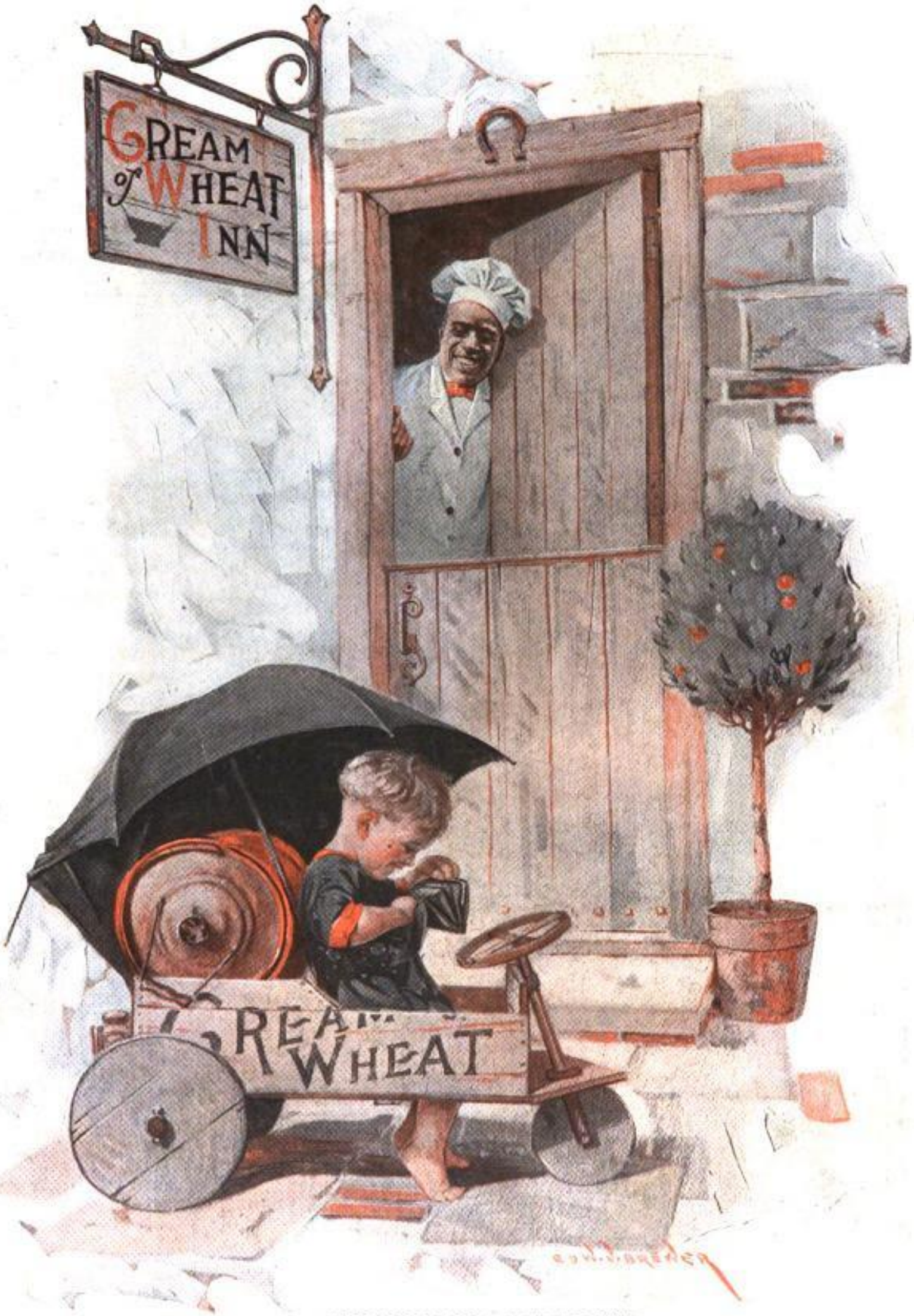
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AUGUST 26, 1922



Beginning **TUMBLEWEEDS—By Hal G. Evarts**

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"THE FILLING STATION"

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TUMBLEWEEDS



Carver Rode a Few Miles North to the Crest of a High Ridge, From Which Point of Vantage He Could Sweep a Considerable Area

By Hal G. Evarts

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

In all that vast expanse of country west of Fort Riley clear to the Sierras of California there are not over four hundred thousand acres of arable land.

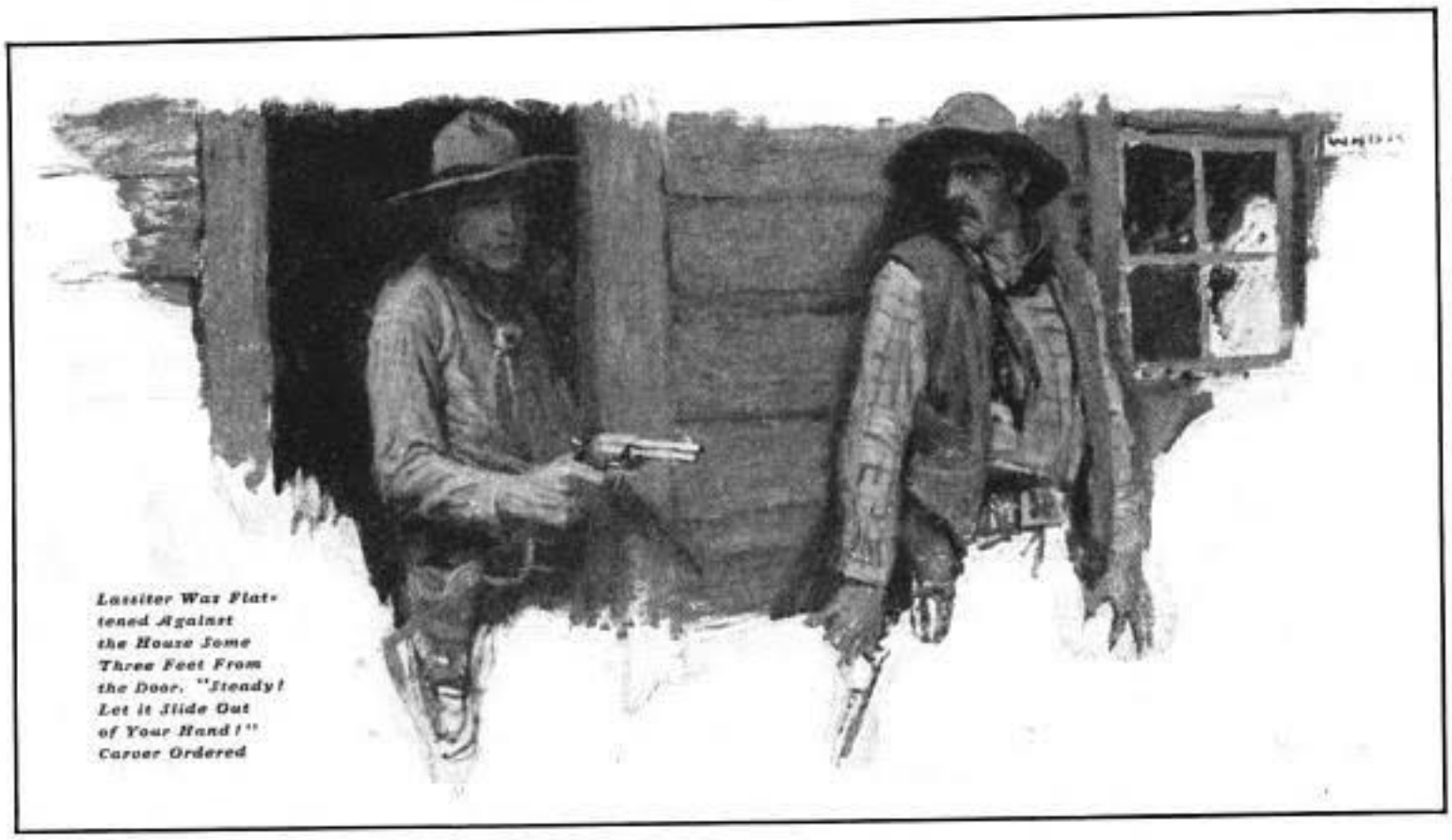
THIS extract from McClellan's report, later appearing as preface to some fourteen volumes of Pacific Railroad explorations, evidently acted as a direct challenge to the pioneering spirit of a country that was young. Following immediately upon its publication, as if in a concerted effort of refutation, the great westward trek across a continent set in, the determined advance of a land-hungry horde intent upon seeking out and settling that four hundred thousand acres of arable land; and in the brief space of thirty years there were thirty million acres under fence, while the swarming multitude of hopeful settlers continued to surge westward across the face of the earth.

Thus do even wise men frequently fail to vision the immensity of the future which stretches forth ahead within the puny span of their own remaining years.

Another few decades and old Joe Hinman, himself accounted a wise man among his fellows, sat his horse on a little rise of ground and lamented his own lack of foresight. Donald Carver, his younger companion, gazed off across the flat where several riders held some two thousand head of steers. Hinman had come with the vanguard of the invaders and had watched succeeding waves of home seekers swarm past on all the ancient trails, the bull trains stretching almost without a break from the Missouri to the Colorado hills, when Cheyenne, Kiowa and Comanche contested the advance at every crossing of the Republican and the Smoky Hill, at the Great Bend of the Arkansas, and historic Pawnee Rock; had watched the bull teams and the prairie schooners giving way to freight cars that rattled past on steel rails which spanned a continent. He had seen Kansas, once constituting the first reaches of the Great American Desert, lifted bodily into statehood and wondrous fertility so long since that younger men had almost forgotten their native state had ever been other than a prosperous agricultural community. While the main tides of settlement had swept on to the west and north, Hinman had turned aside and traveled south on the Chisholm Trail till he reached a point where the floods of home seekers were halted by some invisible barrier. There he had settled and prospered; but even now, thirty years after driving his first claim stakes through the prairie sod, that same barrier resisted all advance. Just outside his dooryard a vast tract, sixty miles by two hundred in extent, remained undeveloped and untouched. The land was rich and beckoned temptingly to those who sought a scrap of ground which might constitute a home; yet beyond Hinman's holdings the virgin sod extended to the far horizon with never a ribbon of smoke by day or a twinkling window by night to indicate the friendly presence of a settler's cabin—the Cherokee Strip, upon which the white man was forbidden to settle by the terms of an ancient treaty. This great tract had been set aside to serve as insulation between warring whites and reds, its status still the same, even though the necessity for such insulation had been long since removed—an empire lying dormant and awaiting only the magic word which should strike off the shackles and permit its broad miles to blossom into productiveness.

"There she lays, son," Hinman said, waving an arm in a comprehensive sweep toward the unowned lands. "Some day right soon they'll open her. Every land-hungry party in four states has his eye on the last frontier, and whenever she's throwed open to settlement you'll see one hair-raising, mad stampede. So if you're going off somewheres, like I heard it rumored, why, I'd cancel the arrangements and sit tight."

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Lassiter Was Flattened Against the House Some Three Feet From the Door. "Steady! Let it Slide Out of Your Hand!" Carver Ordered

The younger man nodded without comment.

"Fortune always beckons from some place a long ways remote," Hinman rambled on, "when likely she's roosting right at home, if only we'd have a look. Now I quit Ohio as a youngster because there wasn't any land left open but hardwood swamp lands, which could be had for about a dollar an acre; but I couldn't see its value at a dollar a mile. Today that Ohio swamp land is selling round two hundred an acre, while what ground I've got under crop out here would average right at thirty, and raw grassland not over three or four."

"But owning the most part of two counties," Carver commented, "you can maybe worry along."

"Likely," Hinman confessed. "But that's not the point. I could have stayed right at home with those swamp lands, and without ever exerting myself, except maybe to keep entertained with a brace of coon hounds, I could have growed into more wealth by considerable than what I've accumulated out here by steady work. That's the real point; so it appears that my leaving there was sheer lack of foresight. So it's likely that your best chance to get ahead and lay up an honest dollar is by staying right here instead of stampeding off somewheres. That's the real reason I sent for you."

"Since I've never even considered leaving, and you well aware of it," said Carver, grinning, "then the real reason you sent for me was to engage me to perform something you didn't want to do yourself—which in turn is related to the possibility of my accumulating an honest dollar. We've rambled all the way from timbered swamp land on down to the surrounding short grass. What sort of country lays beyond? My curiosity is fairly foaming over."

Hinman regarded him quizzically, and Carver bore the scrutiny undisturbed. The older man knew that Carver was dependable; that once committed he would follow any mission to its termination and defend the financial interests of his employer with every resource at his command. It was only in his own affairs that he evidenced supreme carelessness. Older men forgave his irresponsibility in that quarter and accorded him a certain measure of respect for the reason that even in the midst of some bit of recklessness he retained an underlying sense of balance and proportion; and he had worked intermittently for old Joe Hinman for the past twelve years.

"It's not that I don't want to do it myself," Hinman denied, reverting to Carver's mild accusation. "It's only that it wouldn't look right on the surface. Now whatever property is down in the Strip is legally nonexistent, you might say, and consequently untaxable," thereby disproving his oft-lamented lack of foresight. "And it's drawing right close to the first of March."

"So you want me to move a thousand head of steers across the line and hold 'em till after you've been assessed."

"Two thousand, son," Hinman corrected. "Two thousand head. You couldn't hold 'em in the quarantine belt for long without getting jumped, but you know the boss of every outfit off to the south and you could maybe trade deals with one of them. You'll know how. It'll save me taxes on two thousand head and give me a few weeks' free grass. That much for me and a thousand nice dollars for you if you put it across."

"An hour after dark I'll be shoving those cows across the line," Carver promised. "Meantime you might advance a hundred. Unfortunately I'm just out of funds."

"Unfortunately," said Hinman, "you're just always out." He counted off the money. "You've worked for me on and off ever since you was big enough to claw your way up onto a horse, and on some occasions you've exercised such fair average judgment in looking after my affairs that I've wondered why on all occasions you was such a poor hand to look after your own."

"I've been so taken up with your business that I've sort of let my own interests drift along," Carver explained.

"You're right handy at doing things for me," Hinman resumed. "But when it comes to doing anything for yourself you're somewhat the most tinkering, trifling specimen I've come acrost. You really ought to settle on some one job and stick at it."

"That's my one favorite motto," Carver confessed. "'Stick to your bush—and be exhibited among the vegetables.'"

He turned his eye upon a tumbleweed that raced madly past before the wind. The dried skeleton was of the general size and shape of a pumpkin. Two more of these discontented wraiths of the prairies hurtled past.

"Now there goes a vegetable with ambitions," said Carver. "Every winter the tumbleweed tribe stages a protest against being mere plants rooted forever to one spot." He chanted a few of the numberless verses of a prairie song:

"Our size and shape is similar,"
Said the tumbleweed to the pumpkin.
"I'll run you a race from here to here
And all the way back again.

"I'm a wild free blade of the open,
The spirit of all unrest.
I may end up in some worse place,
But I'm going to make the test."

"And I'm the soul of solid content,"
Said the pumpkin to the weed.
"Rather than take any chance at all,
I'll stay here and go to seed."

"But I'd rather be a traveling weed
Than a stationary squash ——"

"I know," Hinman said. "You're a pure-bred tumbleweed and no mistake. But most folks follow one business and let the rest alone."

"And it's my observation that most folks are dissatisfied with what they're working at, but keep on doing it the rest of their natural lives just to try and vindicate their judgment," Carver said. "Now if I don't settle on one pursuit there'll never be any reason for me to be discontented with my choice."

The old man considered this bit of philosophy.

"If you ever decide to risk a mistake I'll maybe help you out to a mild extent," he said, "provided you come through with this present little errand I'm sending you on."

Carver thanked him, pocketed the bills which constituted the advance upon his venture and headed his horse off to the east. As he rode he reviewed all possible motives underlying Hinman's proposal. Tax dodging on a smaller scale was no unusual thing along the line, but he was morally certain that this motive, though the purported object of the trip, was entirely secondary in Hinman's considerations.

"The taxes won't amount to half the expenses of the trip," Carver reflected. "Now just what is he aiming at?"

He had reached no satisfactory solution when, an hour later, the squat buildings of Caldwell loomed before him. He dismissed the problem temporarily. As he rode down the wide main thoroughfare it seemed that the hand of Time had been turned back two decades to the days of Abilene, Hays and Dodge, when each of those spots in turn had come into its brief day of glory as the railroad's end and the enviable reputation of being the toughest camp on earth. In their day all those towns had eclipsed the wildest heights of wickedness attained by mushroom mining camps of lurid fame, then had passed on into the quiet routine of permanent respectability as the trading centers of prosperous agricultural communities. But little Caldwell stood unique, as if she were a throwback to an earlier day, nestling in the edge of a state where prohibition and antigambling regulations had long prevailed; yet her saloons stood invitingly open by day and night, and the clatter of chips and the smooth purr of the ivory ball were never silent in the halls of chance; for just beyond lay No Man's Land, the stamping ground of all those restless spirits who chafed against restrictive laws that were not of their own making, and wide-open Caldwell reaped the harvest of their free-flung dollars.

Groups of tall-hatted, chap-clad men hailed Carver from the sidewalk as he rode down the wide main street. Scores of saddled horses drowsed at the hitch rails, and ranchers' families rattled past in buckboards drawn by half-wild ponies. The street was thronged with blanketed Indians, for the government-beef issue was parceled out semimonthly on the little hill south of Caldwell, and every two weeks the whole Cherokee nation made the pilgrimage to receive the largess of the Great White Father. As if to complete the illusion that he had been transported back to the days of Dodge and Abilene, Carver could make out the low-hanging pall of dust which marked the slow progress of a trail herd moving up from the south along the old Chisholm Trail, a thoroughfare now paralleled by the railroad that pierced the Cherokee Strip, but which was still available to those who would save freight charges and elected instead to follow the old-time method of pastoral transportation in marketing their droves.

Carver left his horse in a lean-to shed in rear of a two-room frame house in the outskirts of town. The plot of ground on which it stood, consisting of three corner lots, had come into his possession the preceding winter through the medium of a poker hand. Instead of disposing of the tract for ten dollars—the amount of chips which he had risked against it—it had pleased him to retain it and construct thereon the little board house, performing the work himself during leisure hours.

He headed for the swinging doors of the Silver Dollar, hopeful of finding congenial companionship, even though this was the wrong time of day for any considerable activity within doors. A group of men sat along the rear wall and conversed in listless tones. Here were those upon whom fortune had failed to smile the preceding night, waiting for some kindred spirit who, more favored than themselves, might express a willingness to relieve their temporary distress.

"It's high noon and I'll wager not a man present has even had his breakfast," Carver greeted. "But the rescue squad is here to provide nourishment for the losers."

He tendered a crisp bill to Alf Wellman.

"Fill the boys with food," he invited. "And in the meantime, while they're deciding what to order ——" And he motioned toward the polished bar.

Wellman jerked a casual thumb in the direction of the three men in the group who were unknown to Carver.

"These are the Lassiter boys," he announced by way of introduction. "Not a bad sort after you get to knowing 'em."

The three Lassiters were an oddly assorted crew: Milt, the eldest, a gaunt, dark man who spoke but seldom; Noll, a sandy self-assertive and unprepossessing individual; while Bart, by several years their junior, was a big blond youngster whose genial grin cemented Carver's instant friendship.

Noll Lassiter hitched from his chair, his eyes resting on the bank note in Wellman's hand, and as he attained his feet a slight lurch testified to the fact that even if he had not found food during the morning hours, he had at least

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found drink. Being thus fortified, his desire for food was now uppermost.

"Let's eat," he said.

"Restrain yourself," the younger brother admonished. "The gentleman's giving a party. Besides, it's downright harmful to eat breakfast on an empty stomach, and mine is absolutely vacant."

"Worst thing you could do," Wellman seconded. "It will show up on a man if he keeps at it."

"I expect there have been folks tried it and went right on living till they got kicked by a horse or died some other sort of a natural death," said Carver. "But what's the use of taking chances?"

Noll restrained his urge for food while the host paid for two rounds, then reverted to his original contention.

"And now," said he, "let's eat."

"Not until I've purchased a return round for our old friend Carver," Bart dissented.

"How're you going to manage it without a dime in your pockets?" Noll demanded.

"You ought to be familiar with the state of my pockets," the blond youth returned, "having conducted a thorough search of them and purloined therefrom my last ten spot before I was awake. Why didn't you reserve two bits for breakfast before you tossed it off on the wheel if you're so near starved?"

He remained with Carver, while the others followed Wellman through the swinging side door that led into the adjoining restaurant.

"And now, since Pete here," said Bart, indicating the barkeep, "steadfastly refuses to open a charge account, I'll have to do some financing. Lend me a couple of quarts of your very worst," he wheedled. "Not charge, you understand, but just lend 'em to me for a period of three minutes. Something round a dollar a quart."

The bartender selected a brace of black bottles and shoved them across to Lassiter, who moved with them to a rear door that opened on an alley. Several blanketed figures prowled this rear thoroughfare, and the copper-hued wards of the Government converged upon the man in the doorway. He exchanged the two quarts for two five-dollar bills, thereby becoming eligible for a protracted stay within the walls of the penitentiary.

"Now we can start even," he announced, paying Pete for the initial stock and retaining the surplus. "Quick turns and small profits is my rule of life."

"One day you'll acquire a new rule—long years and no profits," predicted the white-aproned philosopher behind the bar, "unless you learn to transact that sort of business by the dark of the moon."

"Necessity," Lassiter advanced in extenuation of his lack of caution. "Suppose you set us out a sample of something a few shades more palatable than what we just peddled to the old chief."

The two pooled their resources and pursued their casual care-free way, all sense of responsibility discarded for the moment, as one might shed an uncomfortable garment with the idea of donning it again at some future time. The youthful Lassiter, who deplored all things serious while at play, found in Carver a delightful companion who seemed sufficiently light-minded and irresponsible to satisfy the most exacting. The wheel in the Silver Dollar, the faro bank in the Senate and the crap layout in the Gilded Eagle each contributed modestly to their swelling bank roll in response to a few casual bets. As they left this last-named resort Bart halted suddenly. Carver glanced up to determine the cause of this abrupt halt. Freel, a deputy United States marshal, had just passed; and Carver, recalling the incident of the two black bottles, concluded that Lassiter had decided against meeting the Federal officer at just that moment lest the news of the transaction had reached him. Freel walked with a girl, his hand clasping her arm familiarly as he piloted her through the crowd. Bart frowned after the couple.

"I wouldn't let the valiant marshal fret you," Carver counseled. "I don't know much about him, except that he strikes a flat note in me; but I suspect he's a pussyfooter and real harmless. I've heard things about Freel."

"That's what I know," said Lassiter. "So've I; and it's the things I've heard which keeps him on my mind. One day I'll have to slip my twine on him and canter off across a few thousand acres of country with him dangling along behind."

"Tell me when," said Carver. "I'll dab my nose on his off leg and bounce my horse off the opposite direction like we was contending for the biggest piece of a turkey's wishbone. If half I hear is true he's got it coming and folks will hail us as public benefactors."

Twice within the next hour Carver noticed Noll Lassiter conversing with Freel. It was evident that, whatever Bart's grievance against the marshal, the feeling was not shared by the elder brother. The midafternoon crowd had gathered in the Silver Dollar by the time Carver returned to the starting place. Men banked deep round the roulette layout as it was whispered about that Carver and Bart Lassiter were winning heavily from the bank. The professional chant of lookout and croupier rose above the hum of conversation as the ivory ball purred smoothly round the wheel of chance. Noll Lassiter shouldered his way to a position between the two favorites of fortune.

"Luck's with us," he genially proclaimed, thereby identifying himself with the winnings. "We'll break this wheel between the three of us. She's running our way strong."

Carver suddenly realized that the pair had become a trio as Noll supplied himself with chips from the accumulation before the two others. When these had joined their fellows in the check rack he appropriated a fresh supply. Carver was conscious of a growing dislike for this uninvited partner. He tapped Noll's hand with a forefinger as the man reached for a third stack of chips.

"Try keeping it in your pocket," he mildly advised. "It's as active after chips as a sand rat after a beetle, and it makes me restless."

"Half of these chips belong to Bart," Noll insisted.

But this sudden assumption of the close-knit bond of brotherhood failed to rouse any corresponding enthusiasm in the younger Lassiter.

"You're blasting our luck," he asserted, "not to say annoying us. Take yourself off somewheres."

Noll, however, declined to heed this bit of counsel. Bart and Carver pushed their chips across the board and cashed in.

"Cheerful companion, Noll is, when he's packing a skinful," Bart commented as the doors of the Silver Dollar closed behind them. "And he's equally genial when he's sober."

"Offhand, I'd pass unfavorable judgment on your relative," Carver confessed. "I don't see much family resemblance. How come you're brothers?"

"Half brothers," Bart amended. "We had the same father. I came along a dozen years late. Spoiled younger son, you know. Leastways I was always spoiled in spots where Noll had been working on me. When I turned sixteen I set out to spoil Noll. Since his convalescence he's had a notion I might declare another open season on the dove of peace, so we get along nowadays in regular family style. Say, now, since we're rolling in wealth, you wouldn't mind if I held out twenty in case fortune failed us? It's not quite the thing to do, but ——"

"Bury it," Carver agreed, waving his hesitancy aside. "Tuck it away somewhere." He knew his man and was certain that the twenty was destined to fill some urgent necessity. "We'll never even miss that little piece."

Lassiter led the way to a rooming house above a store and turned into a dimly lighted room on one side of the narrow hall. Articles of men's attire lay scattered about the place.

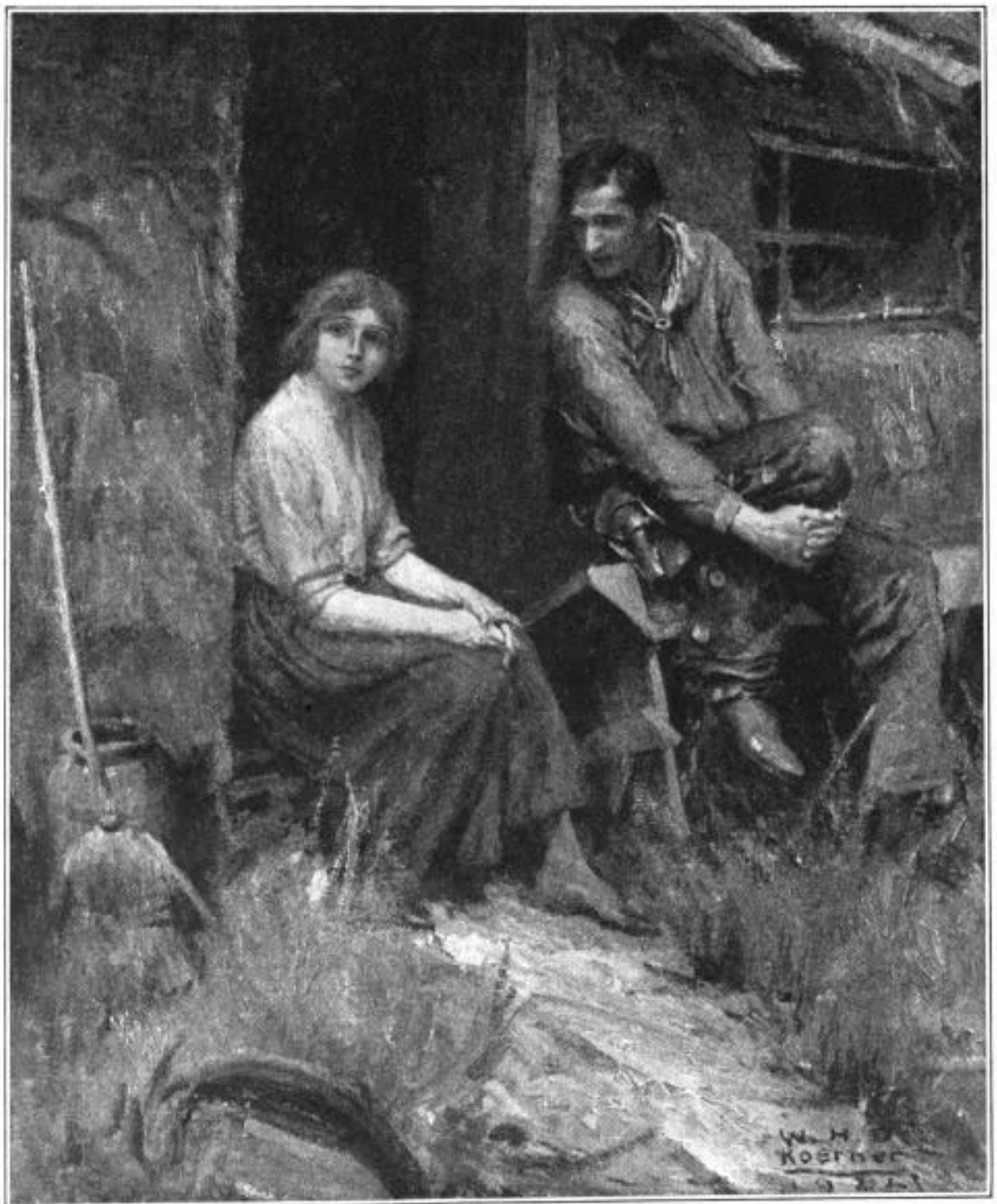
"The three of us headquarter here when we're in town," Bart explained. "I'll plant these two tens in a dresser drawer."

He opened the drawer in question, and Carver, standing just to his right, found himself gazing down upon a scrap of black cloth from which two eyeholes stared blankly back at him. Lassiter placed the two gold pieces beneath the old newspaper with which the drawer was carpeted, closing it without comment, and they returned to the street and sought the wheel in the Gilded Eagle. For a time fortune smiled on them. Then a reverse tide set in. At the end of an hour each one shoved a stiff bet upon the board. There was the usual brief hush as the ball was ending its spin.

"The even loses to the odd and the red defeats the black," the croupier chanted. "The middle column pays the gambler and the others pay the house. Place your bets for another turn." He twisted the wheel and snapped the ivory marble in the reverse direction. "The little ivory ball—she spins! The flitting pill of fortune! Off again on the giddy whirl!"

He glanced expectantly at the two chief players, but they had explored their pockets and failed to invoice sufficient resources with which to purchase a white chip between the two of them.

(Continued on Page 39)



As They Talked It Was Quite Evident That All Her Thoughts Centered Round the Younger Brother

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A Twosome at Tuara

By SAM HELLMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG



NO, I AIN'T never played no golf; but that's not saying that I don't know as much about it as the guy that wrote the book and the cuss words. Even the worst dumb David would be wised up after having niblicks for breakfast, mashies for lunch and iron shots for supper for six months hand running, not to mention messes of bunkers and stymie stews between meals, and that's just what I drew down at Tuara. When Hargis wasn't saying his little piece old Willieboy was, and it took a battleship, a wallop on the jaw and a tornado to shut 'em up.



He Would Stand Up on the Raft and Exercise His Sticks

Yeh, I'll tell you all about it if you fellers promise never to peep to me about cow-pasture pool again.

I first run into this baby Hargis three days out of Frisco. I'm taking Kid Ahearn down to Australia for a whirl at Snowy Baker's ham-and-eggers, and we was halfway to Honolulu before I learn how to stick on deck without draping myself around the rail. I was an easy putout on that double play—waiter, to me, to fish. Well, I was wabbling around when I pipes this bird, all dressed up in knickers and everything, fooling around with one of them trick golf machines.

"Who's the squirrel?" I asks a lad standing by. He was an Englishman, so I had to finish up by pointing.

"My word!" says he. "You cawn't be serious! That's Hargis—the great Jem Hargis." I wasn't feeling good enough for no kidding that day, so I exposes my ignorance right off.



She's Cuckoo About Him

"Winner of the English open, you know," the lad explains.

"Open what?"

He looks kinda tired.

"Golf championship. You surely read of him in your newspapers in the States."

Another guy butts in.

"He sank a fifty-foot putt at Sandwich," he spills in a scared whisper.

Not being ready just yet to hear any talk of food, I breezes toward the rail to be all set for emergencies. I was all right, though. I had got my control back, and by lunch time I was willing to give my stomach a return match. Hargis is at my table. He turns out to be a sociable, friendly sort of boy, a regular Englishman, loose and tall and with the regulation sandy lip piece. But he was sure one bug on golf. He talks about his clubs like a woman does about her first kid. He drags out some of his sticks in the smoking room and tells us about the things they done for him, not bragging, you know, but mostly in answer to questions. He was the star boarder on the Sumara, there's no two ways about that. I tried to make a place in the talk for the Kid, but I couldn't stir up any more interest in him than I could in fried tripe the first day out.

"With this mashie," Hargis would say—I didn't know a mashie from a masher then; but I learned; oh, boy, I learned!—"I managed to pull out of the rough on the fifth at Carlisle and onto the green for a birdie three in the match with Hunter."

He would pat the club and kinda croon at it. I expected him to kiss it any minute.

Most of his talk didn't mean nothing to me, but I did find out that Hargis was on his way to Sydney to take a crack at the all-British open. He had knocked 'em all cuckoo in Europe and America and was going to show the Kangaroos what's what.



I Rubs My Stomach and Make Signs to Willieboy

The weather is good and everything is lovely for a while. The Kid is still under cover, but I'm feeling kind of chipper and making up for lost time on the eats. There being nothing to do, I waste an hour or so a day with the rest of the popeyes watching Hargis fool with the golf machine. There's a string on the ball tied to a dofunny at the other end. He takes a wallop at the pill and there's a meter that tells him how far he would have gone if the cord hadn't been there. To me it's the bunk, but this exercise stuff is the big show with the rest of the crowd.

The night after we left Suva I get into a card game—one of them kind where you play three or four hands fast and then spend five or six hours trying to get even—and I didn't hit the hay until about three G.M. I couldn' 'a' been asleep more than half an hour when there's a hell of a noise and I flops on the floor. I hit my head a nasty crack, and when I comes to and begin figuring what's what there's smoke coming into the room and a lot of wild men yelling fire. I grab on some clothes and bust out. The Kid's door is open, but he ain't there. The smoke's getting thicker all the time, and when I piles on deck I can't see a foot in front of me. There's lots of screaming and yelling. Everybody's gone batty. Me too. I get to the rail someway—I'd had a lot of practice reaching for it—and jumps.

The water was cold as blazes, and there was smoke all around; but pretty soon I swims away from it. I turns around to take a look at the ship, but she's going ahead hell-bent. I make out something floating on the water and start for it. Just when I'm about all in someone grabs me by the back of the neck and pulls me on one of them life rafts. It's Hargis. He's all dressed up and just as calm as if he is out canoeing with his best girl. We don't say nothing, but just look at the Sumara. She's moving along—away from us. No, she didn't sink. Half a dozen people was killed, but they managed to fix things up and save the rest. It was a extra boiler that blew. We'd been boobs to jump. The explosion tore the raft off the deck and Hargis almost fell on it when he dropped into the ocean.

Well, here we were in the middle of the Pacific, a strong wind pushing us south. In no time at all the Sumara is out of sight.

I fell for Hargis right there. That baby had all the nerve in the world and no nerves a-tall.

"Well, old chap," says he, "we're rather in a mess. What?"

My throat was still burning from the smoke and I don't feel much like talking.

"I rather fear," goes on Jem, "that I shall miss the eliminations."

I'm looking popeyed at what Hargis is sitting on.

"For Pete's sake," I croak, "couldn't you think of something else to take along but golf sticks?"

"What else?" he asks.

"You might have grabbed some water or some grub. We might be out here for a month."

"Hardly," says he. "We must be on the steamer lanes and we'll be picked up soon. I trust, however, that our rescuer will not be a slow boat. The qualifying rounds are on the eighteenth, you know."

I didn't know and I didn't give a cuss. I didn't care who picked me up. An Erie Canal boat woulda suited me as well as the Mauretania. My throat feels as if it's full of sand. There's a small cask tied to one end of the raft. I make a dive for it.

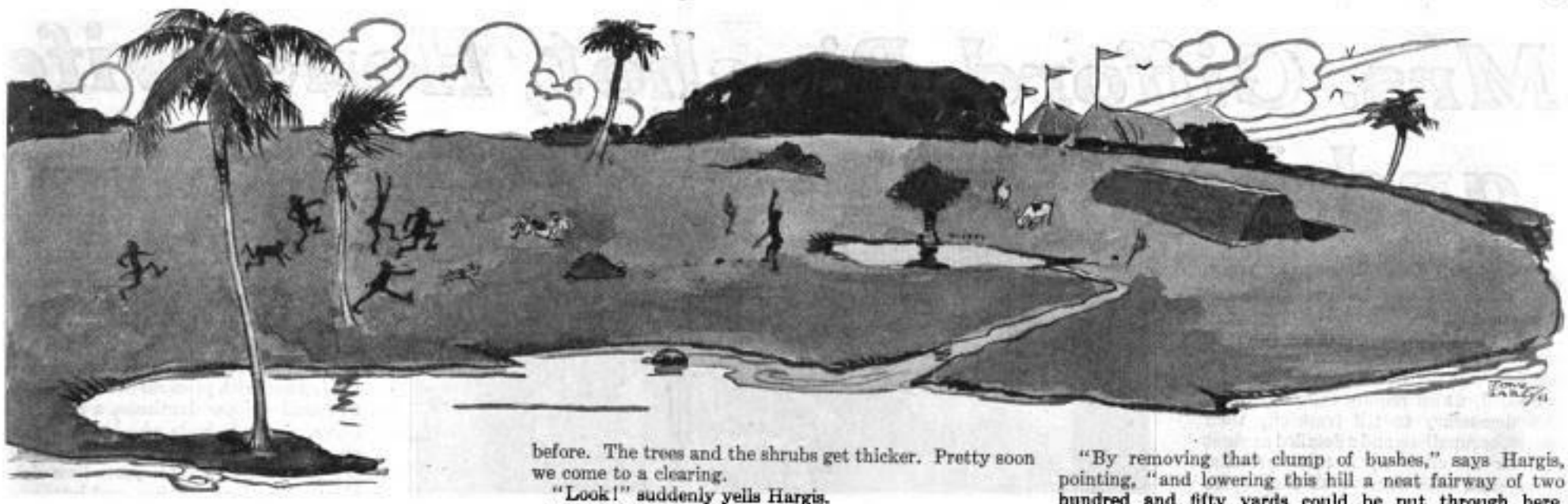


Lotto is Getting Ready to Heave the Balls in the Ocean

Hargis shakes his head. "Sorry, old man, but there's no water. Explosion tore a hole in it. However, the emergency tin of biscuit is uninjured."

"Yes," I says sarcastic, "and your golf sticks are in good shape, ain't they?"

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"The head of this niblick"—he picks it out of the bag—"has been dented a trifle, but the rest of the clubs appear to be undamaged. What, may I ask, did you bring along?"

"Nothing," I groans, "but my roll and my sparkler."

"Just about equal"—Hargis grins—"to my golf balls in nutriment value."

We keep going south all the time. The wind holds up. Pretty soon it's daylight, but there ain't nothing in sight. Hargis keeps just as cool as if he was on the golf links and five ahead at the turn. I'm almost crazy for water and I guess I didn't put up such a strong front. All that day we floats along.

That night when I'm almost nuts and ready to jump into the ocean it starts raining. I ain't got nothing to catch it in but my mouth, so I lay back and let it rain in. We ain't even got hats, and the biscuit tin is full of holes. Hargis saves the day. He dumps out his golf sticks and lets the water fall into the bag. It is made of leather and heavy canvas, and works fine. After it rains like the devil a couple of hours we got it nearly full.

"Rather fortunate," said Hargis, "that I brought this along."

"Yeh, you knew it would be needed to catch rain."

We was on the raft three days. Most of the biscuits had been spoiled by the salt water going through the holes in the can, but we saved a lot. The ocean got calm enough and we got a little sleep. The guy that was awake had the job of holding the golf bag up and the dry biscuits on his knees. I talked most of the time about food and the chances of being picked up, but Hargis didn't worry about no trifles like that. What worried him was that he wouldn't get to Australia in time for the eliminations. Every now and then he would stand up on the raft and exercise his sticks.

"Just to keep from getting stiff," says this baby. "One mustn't allow even a situation such as this to cramp his style, you know."

Can you imagine this bird swinging his driver out there in the Pacific a million miles from nowhere in particular?



A Big Red Bird Grabs the Ball in Its Beak

On the morning of the fourth day we pipes land. It was so low you could hardly see it, but in an hour we're sitting pretty on a sandy beach. There ain't nothing but some coconut trees about a hundred yards away.

We starts walking, first pulling the raft up on the land. Hargis carries the golf sticks and me the bag. It's still got a little water in it. We had run out of biscuits the night before. The trees and the shrubs get thicker. Pretty soon we come to a clearing.

"Look!" suddenly yells Hargis.

I jump a foot and spill the water.

"What is it?"

"Over there!" says Jem, pointing.

I don't see nothing but a narrow space between the trees that ends against a kinda flattened hill.

"Wouldn't that make a marvelous pitch shot from here," says Hargis, "with the green on top of that mound?"

"Huh!" says I.

Hargis grabs a stick, tees up a ball and sends it sailing over the hill.

"A bit overdriven, what?"

I start to make some kind of a mean crack, when there is a lot of yelling and about fifteen smokes climb on top of the hill from the other side, waving clubs and spears and hollering murder.

"My error," says Hargis. "I should have shouted fore."

"Four, hell!" I yelps. "There's nearer twenty of them babies."

II

THE bunch stands still for a while, giving us the north and south, then they start on a run toward us. I grab Hargis by the arm.

"Let's beat it!"

Outside of there being no place to run to except the ocean, Jem ain't figuring on a hot-foot. He takes his driver, sticks the head of it against his shoulder and aims it



"You Marry She, Yes?"

like a rifle. The chocolate drops stop in their tracks. For a minute, maybe, we just look at each other. Then one of the lads who acts like the boss of the section lets his pig sticker fall to the ground and comes toward us. The bird can speak English.

"Me talk white-trader talk," says he. "No hurt," and he shoves out his mitts palms up to prove it.

Well, by the time he gets done with his palavering we finds out that he figured we were guys from another island that he was having a ruckus with, otherwise he wouldn't have scared us to death. It seems like there used to be a trading post on Tuara—that's the name of the dump. A copra company had a station there—copra sounding like a snake, but being nothing but busted up coconuts—but they give it up a year ago. Stuck around just long enough to teach Wullamboo English. That was the bird's name, but we called him Willieboy, except when Hargis put on his tea-time manners and hands him your majesty.

"Ship come soon?" I asks.

"Maybe never," says Willieboy. "White man go, no come no more."

"That's tough," I tells Hargis. "That kinda lets you out of them eliminations."

But he ain't paying no attention to me. He's just looking around sorta absent-minded.

"What are you looking for?" I asks. "The new hotel?"

"By removing that clump of bushes," says Hargis, pointing, "and lowering this hill a neat fairway of two hundred and fifty yards could be put through here. There's just enough rough on the sides to make it interesting. A sand trap could be —— I must teach you to play golf." He turns to me. "Fortunately I have clubs enough and about a dozen balls."

"Yes, you will!" I says. "Let's get some chow."

I rubs my stomach and make signs to Willieboy. He's wise. He makes a motion and the gang and us follow him maybe a mile, where there's a bunch of grass shacks. Off on a side is a wooden house which was where the trader



Helluwa Flies Into a Rage and Screams and Spits

used to hang out. There must have been at least three hundred natives standing around, including women and children. I ain't lost my eye and I pipes some flappers that are knock-outs. Brown, but pretty. They ain't smokes, but kinda coffee colored, and built straight up and down, all except Willieboy, and he looks like he's carrying a watermelon across his middle. The whole crowd don't wear enough clothes to fit out a Broadway chorus; just a rag around the waist.

Well, they give us a mess of goat meat and some fish and fruit. Then we goes to flop in the trader's house and snores around the clock. I did anyhow. The next morning when I get up Hargis is out in front practicing driving. About a dozen kids are chasing the balls and old Willieboy is looking on. For a week or so we lay around. They ain't nothing to do but eat and sleep. When you got hungry about all you'd have to do was to shake a tree. There were all kinds of fish, and a flock of goats on the island. It was one soft spot.

I was in right enough, but Hargis is the queen of the May. The gang follows him all around the island, watching him take a swipe at the golf balls. Even Willieboy begins to get interested in the nut game, but Jem makes his biggest hit with Willieboy's daughter, a snappy kid called Helluwa.

Bleach that baby and Ziegfeld would swim the ocean to get her. Some figure! She falls hard for Hargis, bringing him stuff to eat and snuggling up to him every time she gets a chance. He don't pay no attention to her. He's just plain cuckoo on one thing.

"I got it all laid out," he says to me one night.

"Scheme for a get-away?"

(Continued on Page 78)



I Aim One at His Jaw

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Mrs. Gifford Pinchot, Housewife and Politician—By Elizabeth Frazer

CORNELIA BRYCE PINCHOT, Housewife and Politician. So she signed herself in one of those tiresome, complicated, official—and officious—Federal-income documents with which nowadays, at set periods, the land is flooded, which require the citizenry of this democracy to tell truthfully their names, occupations and a detailed account of their activities upon this terrestrial globe—and then remove all their spare cash. Housewife and politician—these are Mrs. Gifford Pinchot's official occupations. And it was to get her reactions along those two lines—to discover, for example, if they were parallel and never met, or if they diverged at abrupt right angles from each other, or lay at opposite ends of the same line like the north and south poles and were not even in shouting distance of each other, or whether they met, identified and fused—that was my mission; in short, to locate her on the political map, to take her latitude and longitude, so to speak, both as a housewife—using that word in its broadest sense—and as a politician. It is what Henry James would call a partial portrait, a sketch from two angles of vision alone.

When I ran down to their home in the wooded hills of Pennsylvania I found the big, cool, pleasant house—a stone farmhouse, originally the property of a Pennsylvania Dutch farmer, but revised and edited and brought up-to-date by Mrs. Pinchot—given over to a kind of happy, free for all, imperturbable hospitality, with fresh guests arriving every hour, or ringing up to say they were on the way or were dropping in for luncheon or dinner or breakfast; and Mr. Pinchot would stroll back from the telephone, and Mrs. Pinchot would look up from her knitting and query, "Did you say four more were coming to dinner?" And Mr. Pinchot would laugh.

"I said four then, but now they've swelled to eight."

It was a sort of political boarding house.

In addition, the place was alive with children—though I learned later that the Pinchots have only one son, a husky young battler of six—and dogs and politicians and senators and newspaper men and well-wishers and conferences and telephone calls and little boys yelling for the regular Saturday afternoon movies, held down in the big hall, and more and more friends dropping in. And yet, despite this stir and life, the house did not boil and rage with activity. It probably will later on in the season when the fall campaigning begins. Just now it gently simmers, like a pot of soup containing plenty of meat and stock, set for the moment on the back of the range. At present Mrs. Pinchot's husband, Gifford Pinchot, forestry and conservation man, is enjoying a lull between two battles—the one just over at the primaries, the other still to come at the polls.



PHOTO. BY NATIONAL PHOTO COMPANY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mrs. Pinchot and Her Son With One of His Pets

The Overthrow of the Machine

HE IS the candidate of the Republican Party for governor of Pennsylvania, a state which has long enjoyed the unenviable reputation of being the native lair of one of the most powerful machines in the entire Union. It is a Republican machine, and its bosses have done a good job on it so far as keeping its parts well greased and oiled, its bosses and friends well rewarded, its enemies punished. It was in fact a machine with teeth to it, a complete set; and its appetite was such that the expenses of the state went up and up, and the fighting morale of the voters went down and down.

This was the proposition Mr. Pinchot went up against, Mrs. Pinchot, the women and the better class of citizens banding themselves together to defeat the machine. And after one of the hottest primary fights ever known in the history of the state the clean-politics forces won out. And as Pennsylvania is a dyed-in-the-wool Republican state, the probabilities are that Pinchot will be the next governor.

In the thick of this mêlée was Mrs. Pinchot, housewife and likewise politician, with her knitting in her hands—always with her knitting. She therefore knows something about politics; politics as it is actually waged out in the arena where all kinds of crude, raw, roughneck, double-crossing deals take place; politics which verifies up to the hilt the lines of him who said: "I see two natures struggling within me—one base, one blindly striving toward the light." She is not, thus, a parlor or closet politician, with a lot of *ex-cathedra*, fine-spun theories which she evolves sitting in lofty solitude in her sanctum, one lily white hand to her brow, while she dictates to her stenographer earnest, hot-air, platitudinous bromides about woman's holy obligations to her fellow man. Nothing like that. There is in fact nothing formal, remote or even remotely stained glass or cathedral about her, unless it be the gorgeous cathedral glory of her red hair. For she is a redhead. The kind of superb, abundant, no-doubt-about-it, eyebrows-and-all redhead which they say was possessed by that famous trouble maker in history, Helen, whose beauty was alleged to have wrecked a thousand ships—which was going it strong for those times—and to have started that little disturbance known as the Trojan War.

I mention this red hair, not incidentally, *en passant*, or to put a splotch of vivid color in my portrait, but of set purpose, because it is pertinent to this political sketch. It belongs. It explains. It makes the politician part a good, live, betting proposition, for it means that she will fight; and there's no use being in politics if you won't. It means also vitality, temperament—possibly temper. At any rate, I was distinctly glad when I heard that my political heroine had red hair.

In addition to her fighting flame-bright locks and her position in the family firm as Gifford Pinchot's wife, Cornelia Bryce Pinchot has a distinct political background of her own. In the first place, her great-grandfather was Peter Cooper, one of the sturdiest, four-square, public-minded founders of old New York, who, painfully educating himself, earning the money to do so, took the time off while he was still a poor obscure young man fighting his way up to the top and with precious little spare cash, to found Cooper Institute, a school for eager, needy students who are minded to climb. I wonder if he, too, had red hair. Her father was Lloyd Bryce, editor of the North American Review, and later minister to the Netherlands. She was the friend of President Roosevelt, who was wont to invite her into his library after dinner to participate in the political discussions of his colleagues; for she had, even then, so that shrewd judge of political talent declared, one of the keenest political minds that he had ever known. Thus, by heritage, birth, marriage, inclination and free choice, Cornelia Bryce Pinchot is a politician—using that word in its dictionary sense of a person devoted to politics, which is the conduct of government.

Always on the Go

SHE lives, moves and has her being in the political atmosphere; it is the breath of her nostrils. She spends her apparently inexhaustible vitality in a continuous effort to tie up politics more closely to life; to make the two come together, meet, touch, fuse, get fresh points of contact, and so to release big, revitalizing forces in both. I think she thinks constantly about this aspect of politics. By that I do not mean merely that she thinks she thinks, or that her mind is one of those charming, purely feminine, tendrilly affairs which clings tight to the sturdy masculine oak—and, incidentally, often stifles the life of the same. She actually does think, and indulges in that comparatively rare sport of working things out mentally and arriving at an independent conclusion. She possesses a little original think tank all her own, which she uses freely, continuously and even lavishly—and hang the expense.

So much by way of foreword; or rather, since this is a partial portrait, so much by way of tracing in the background of heredity and environment against which the main figure is to stand. But I should not like you to think of her as standing still, not even for a moment, not even to have her portrait sketched. For she is essentially a creature of movement, of continuous activity of mind and body, tremendously vital, dynamic, always on the go, always alert, strenuous, alive. During the few daylight hours that I was there, if she was not talking or walking or telephoning or tennising or horseback riding or making plans, she was knitting or romping with Giff II, or pulling up weeds between the flags or playing with the dogs. And all the time it was not mere spontaneous good health or abundant physical vitality; somewhere inside of her cool, sane, practical head she was thinking, thinking, thinking—as her alert come-backs proved. A brilliant, arresting personality, with a vitality as superb and effortless as that of a panther that can keep on the bound all day. At first I thought that might be the keynote of her nature. Later I decided that was a superficial guess, too easy, too obvious to be true. Sheer unaided physical vitality doesn't get a person anywhere; it may even destroy.

And now—meet Mrs. Pinchot, housewife and politician, herself. Conceive for yourself a lithe, flexible, blue-eyed, red—oh, very, very red—haired woman of around forty—she tells her age—wearing a bronzy gown exactly matching her hair, which she made herself one afternoon on a wager with a friend who bet she couldn't sew. She is seated on a sofa by the tea table, in a large, fine, trophy-hung library, in the midst of a violent thunderstorm; in the midst also of a mess of political friends and strictly nonpolitical children and dogs. There were so many children and they kept butting into the picture so often that I somehow got the firm impression that Mrs. Pinchot was the mother of them all instead of only one. That impression I still retain.

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She gave me a single swift look as she took my hand, as if to say, "Who and what are you?" I returned the look with compound interest. I suppose it was her hair. It seemed to absorb all the color in the room and be a part of the radiant electrical disturbance outside.

I sat. A big police dog came up and snuggled its cold muzzle into my hand.

Mrs. Pinchot remarked, "Maybe you don't like dogs. Punch, get out." And to me, "Do you take cream or lemon with your tea?"

The children, finding I was not exciting, withdrew. The dog wandered off. The guests obligingly decamped. Mrs. Pinchot began:

"You know, I only got your questions a few hours ago, and I've scarcely had a moment to myself since then."

"It doesn't matter," I said. "Those questions were only springboards."

"Shall we adjourn to my room?" she suggested. "We'll be quieter there." And so we shoved off.

It is not to be supposed that what follows on politics was a smooth, continuous discourse which fell from the lips of Mrs. Pinchot in a steady, mellifluous flow. Such was by no means the case. That first session, as a matter of strict fact, was a fizzle. We had no more than got settled down on the sofa and Mrs. Pinchot reached out for needle and thread—for she had decided that her self-made gown needed drawing in on the shoulders a bit—than her small son came thundering at the door with "Mother! Mother! Movies! We want you to read out loud the captions!" And he burst like a catapult into the room.

"All right, Giffie. I'm busy just now. You get everything ready and then I'll come down."

"It's all ready right now. The screen is up and the kids are there. We're just waiting for you. Come on!"

"I don't like to disappoint them," she murmured to me as we descended the stairs to the movie-darkened hall below.

That was all right and I was glad to mark that Giff II was the apple of his mother's eye; but it looked to me as if the portrait was going to be confined to just one angle after all. Housewife was well in the lead; politician was not even visible on the field. Followed two reels of educational movies, Mrs. Pinchot, with her son in her lap, reading aloud in a firm contralto voice the captions and Giff interjecting "What was that, mother?" or "What were they doing there, mother?" or "Mother, what makes you hang onto my shirt that way? Say, mother, what makes you hang onto my shirt?" while down on the floor the rest of them tumbled around over each other and gamboled like puppies. At the close of the movies arrived more guests, and a group back from fishing—Mr. Pinchot among them. Introductions. Mrs. Pinchot had to speak to her husband. Dinner became imminent.

Faith in Democracy

"WE'LL have more time after dinner," she whispered consolingly to me.

I doubted it. I went up to my tower room back of the nursery to dress. Housewife was still far in the lead; politician nowhere in sight.

"This is awful!" I said to myself. "There's no political article in this. This thing, as I see it, is nothing in the world but the common, or garden, variety of happy home life of an average American family, with a picturesque, dynamic personality and an open-air stage setting, and a few dogs and thunderstorms thrown in. All very nice, but ——"

After dinner, however, politician really took the field and began to draw rapidly to the fore. We had a long talk, satisfactory to all concerned. But right in the midst of that again housewife showed a sudden burst of speed and took the field away. We were deep in the question of party organizations; Mrs. Pinchot was knitting and talking—and talking very well; the guests were in the other room; the children abed hours ago; I had heard no slightest sound from upstairs. But suddenly Mrs. Pinchot sat up straight, dropped her knitting, gazed stairwards and called clearly: "Giffie! Giffie! Mother's right here!"

And before I knew what it was all about she had retrieved her slippers and dashed up the stairs, calling out reassuring words. In another moment she was back.

"It wasn't Gifford after all," she explained. "I thought I heard him cry out. I can't bear to have him frightened in the dark."

She sank back, resumed her knitting; politician again forged ahead. She plunged into the subject, clear-headed, absolutely realistic, unsentimental, realizing conditions, chock-full of personal experiences, buttressing her general statements with a wealth of shrewd illustration and practical detail. We opened with a discussion of politics and women in general.

"I am not," she began, "one of those melancholy pessimists who complain that democracy is a failure. I don't even admit that it is in any danger of failing; but, on the other hand, no honest man or woman who faces facts with an open mind can say that it has lived up fully to our expectations. Everywhere we see thoughtful people who are beginning to question our form of government; to ask what is the fault, where the trouble lies, and above all to search out what can be done to make it better. Now I believe that one of the main causes of this partial failure is largely our own failure—the failure of the common, everyday, individual citizen to carry his share of the burden of democracy."

Lost Contacts

"AS CIVILIZATION develops and our lives become more complex we lose our contact with society as a whole. We become more and more absorbed in our own little cross section of life; we grasp only a corner of the pattern and fail to see it as a whole. We send our representatives to the state capital and to Washington, and then forget all about them until election day comes around again or until the papers happen to pick up some isolated action on their part which does not agree with our own notions, when we all join in abusing them for their stupidity or indifference; but what we never do is to try to understand their problems; to see what they are up against and what forces push them this way and that. We don't stand by them when they are doing right. We are too busy and indifferent to hold up their hands when they are going up against temptation. We are cynical, many of us, when they do fail. And we return bad servants over and over again, largely

(Continued on Page 85)



PHOTO. BY NATIONAL PHOTO. COMPANY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mrs. Pinchot Has Two Failings—Children and the Out-of-Doors



At the Right—Mr. and Mrs. Gifford Pinchot at the Time of Their Wedding in 1916

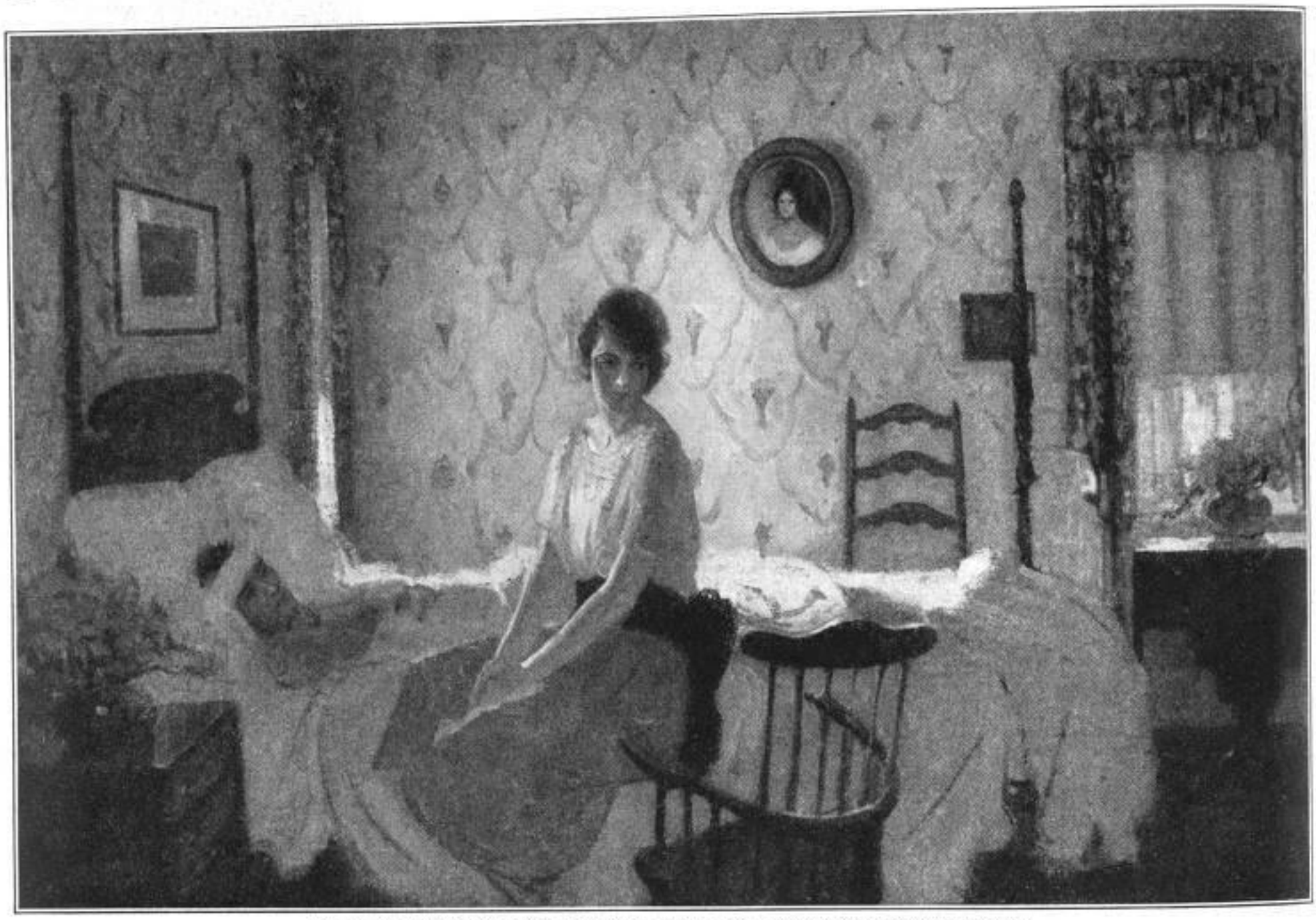
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Gifford Pinchot—at an Important Moment

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A GIRL WITH MONEY



"Do You Really Think It Would be a Nightmare—Ha, Ha, Ha!—for Anybody to Try to Kiss Me?"

By George Weston

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

IT WAS Hutchins, the butler, who opened the ball. In his spare moments Hutchins was writing a book, Confessions of a Butler Who Has Served in Many of the Best Families Both Here and Abroad, and he had been rather late that morning, trying to get the ink off his fingers. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said to Dell, somewhat out of puff, "but the postman has a registered letter. Shall I sign the receipt in your behalf, sir? Or would you rather do it yourself?"

Although a shadow passed over his face Dell went on with his breakfast and said that Hutchins could sign it.

"Thank you, sir," said the butler, as one who has just received a boon. He bowed himself out, and even at that distance he could smell another chapter of his book coming. "Probably from the bank about the mortgage," he thought. "He needs something a bit stiff to wake him up and start him doing what his father told him."

Hutchins' guess about the letter was a good one, and a minute later Dell was reading the following communication—reading it carefully, slowly, so that you wouldn't have been greatly surprised if he had put his tongue out of the corner of his mouth and had followed each word with his finger:

Dear Mr. Parsons: I regret to advise you that we do not feel justified in renewing your note which matures on the 15th prox., and unless this note is paid and steps taken to reduce the amount of the mortgage, the bank will feel itself obligated to take due measures for the protection of its depositors and stockholders.

Respectfully, AMZI R. ALLEN, V. P.

"'Respectfully'—yes. I know how darned respectful you feel about it!" thought Dell, his appetite for breakfast temporarily deserting him. To which he presently added with a touch of irritation, "There are no two ways about it any longer. Father was right."

At that he arose—young, tall, and with a profile such as you sometimes see upon old Roman coins—and walking down upon the beach, the better to consider a matter which was obviously destined to affect his whole life, Dell looked back at the house—that house which had really caused him all his troubles.

The place had been built by Dell's father; and if you had ever known the father of Dell Parsons you would have said at once that the house was just like him—that is to say, it was picturesque, attractive, impractical, and just about as full of romance as an egg is of meat.

"It's about all I'm leaving you, Dell," his father had once told him, "and whatever you do, hang on to it. It's the last piece of good beach within striking distance of New York, and when the railway comes through you can name your own price for the property—a thousand dollars an acre, maybe two."

"Yes, sir," said Dell politely, and looking out of the window he had added, "the sea bass are biting awfully well down among the rocks. Tomorrow, or next day perhaps, if you're feeling better ——"

"Don't fool yourself, son," his father had said, trying to smile among the pillows. "I've come to the place where we all arrive, sooner or later. Let's see now. Oh, yes. I knew there was something else. You'll have to marry soon. And you'll have to marry money, or the first thing you know you'll be in debt and lose everything. And—oh, yes—here's this—I meant to have told you before. Whatever you do, stay away from all the girls except the one girl that you expect to marry. You'll either do that or you'll do the other thing. I have done the other thing, and I think you know what it's done to me."

He was silent for a few minutes, as though looking back through his memory, and although he tried to smile there was more chagrin than mirth in it—the smile of a man who has bought a diamond from a stranger and is now having it valued by one who knows its worth.

"There's a thought in Emerson that sums up the whole game," he finally continued. "The world's a store, and you can have anything that you can reach on the shelves. But there isn't a thing in the shop that hasn't got a price set on it; and whatever you take you've got to pay the price. So be careful, Dell; be careful what you choose."

At that, for the first time in a long while, he really achieved one of his old smiles, though it was soon tinged with wistfulness. "Myself," said he, "I've been a bum chooser. But that's no reason why you should be."

It was advice that had made a lasting impression on Dell, especially that part which said "Stay away from all the girls except the one girl that you expect to marry. . . . I have done the other thing, and I think you know what it's done to me."

Yes, Dell did know—or at least he knew enough. And Hutchins knew. And so did nearly everyone else at Rocky Beach. In a way it was rather overpowering knowledge, and it not only formed the basis for more than one chapter in Hutchins' book but it had caused Dell to keep away from the girls entirely—that is to say, as far as he could—somewhat on the same principle that once moved the Rhenish sailors to keep away from the Lorelei, and which inspired Ulysses to have himself lashed to the mast when his boat passed the Sirens' islands.

"I don't think much of this business of marrying into money, either," he had told himself more than once. "There must be some way that I can get along without doing that."

So he had tried it, although he had neither trade nor profession, thanks partly to that impractical father of his, and partly to Mars, who had taken four years out of his life just at the time when he ought to have been learning something useful.

First of course came the inevitable try at bond selling; and then a friend of his father's put him in the New York office of a bridge company, where he had felt about as much at home as a flying fish in a company of trained seals.

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After six months of this he went back to Rocky Beach, where old Hutchins, who had been acting as caretaker and writing the opening chapters of his confessions, gave him a welcome that warmed his heart; and Mary Ellen, who had tamed old Hutch long ago by the simple trick of marrying him, put her arms around Dell's neck and nearly squeezed the life out of him, and went back to the kitchen wiping her eyes on her apron and saying "Ah, now! The b'y's back again! Ah, now!" and shook the stove so hard that the grates fell out, and what with one thing and another there was the devil and all to pay at Rocky Beach that fine June morning, and no hot pennies on hand to meet the bill.

"Perhaps the railway will come before the bank kicks up," Dell had told himself. "Let's hope so, anyhow." But nothing like that happened. Trust the fates when they have their own ideas in mind! Instead, the bank's letter had burst upon the scene—as banks' letters have a way of doing—and Dell had gone outside for a walk to think it over.

"Father was right," he told himself. "It's a rotten way to put it, but I've got to marry money—and that's all there is about it."

He threw a pebble into the ocean then.

"It's a good thing I know Julie," he continued more thoughtfully. "And yet, somehow, it hardly seems fair to Julie either. I wonder if I—I wonder if I ought to let her know—somehow—that at least partly it's because of her money."

Even while he was phrasing the thought he knew he couldn't do it.

"Sounds rotten, I know," he told himself, "to think of telling her anything like that. And yet somehow it sounds just as rotten to try to fool her and make believe that the money doesn't count at all."

Slowly then he returned to the house, and perching himself upon the piazza railing he frowned out over the sea and began to consider this question of marrying money a little more deeply than he had ever done before.

"I suppose she'd be the boss, all right; but would she rub it in too much?" he uneasily asked himself. "And suppose I married her, and even then she let the place be sold? Would there have to be an agreement about it? Or would I simply ask her for the money when the time came? Or when should I do it? And how?"

At that he couldn't help smiling, even in his trouble, and seeing the butler fussing around in the next room he called out, "Oh, Hutch!"

"Yes, sir?" said Hutchins, who had just been reading the letter from the bank.

"Did you ever know anyone who married a girl for her money?"

"Yes, sir," said the butler after a moment's reflection. "I have known several gentlemen to do it—and very fine gentlemen, too, I assure you."

"How did things turn out?"

"Not very well, sir." And then he added in tones of rich significance: "Except in those few cases where the gentlemen took a very firm hand from the start, sir."

"And those that didn't take a firm hand—what happened to them?"

"Well, sir, in one case that I remember the lady used to laugh at her 'usband in front of the servants, and give a sort of a flip to her bustle as she passed him by, sir. That would be before your time, of course, when the ladies wore bustles; and the grander the lady the bigger the bustle."

Dell looked thoughtful at that.

"I might get a bustle flipper too," he told himself. "Still—I don't think she'd flip it twice," he grimly added; "nor laugh at me more than once in front of the servants."

With a sudden gesture of impatience he returned to the table and looked at the other letters which had come in the morning's mail. There was the usual lot—a small bill, a receipt for another small bill, an appeal for funds, a book advertisement, a stockbroker's weekly letter; but at the bottom of the pile he came to a new one, a large square envelope, postmarked "South Marleigh, Conn." and addressed in a masculine hand.

Dear Sir: On Thursday evening of this week, at about 7:40 P.M., your car, No. 26,663, did considerable damage to my property here at No. 10 Putnam Avenue, knocking down the fence, breaking a cast-iron fountain and damaging the porch, but what is worse than that—a cowardly trick to do—you backed out and tried to get away without being identified. Your prompt attention to this matter may save you from very serious legal and criminal proceedings, to say nothing of losing your license, etc., etc.

Yours, S. WARNER.

It wasn't often that Dell flared up, but that letter was like a match to a handful of gunpowder. He was having trouble enough without letting a thing like that be shoved on him too. The man must be crazy—crazy as a loon. Dell had never been in South Marleigh in his life—had never even heard of the place before. "A cowardly thing to do," "to say nothing of losing your license"—the phrases flipped him like the end of a whip; and striding into the library he sat down at the desk and wrote the following bristling answer:

Dear Sir: Your impertinent yet pathetic letter received. I can only suppose that you mistook the number. Neither my car nor myself has ever been in South Marleigh.

To charge anyone with a cowardly action is a safe thing to do from a distance. If it were necessary to have a license in order to write letters I would make an application at once that yours should be taken away from you.

Respectfully ——

Dell felt better then, not knowing what a challenge he had just indited to the fates.

"Might as well get this other thing over too," he frowned, looking at the letter from the bank; and raising his voice he called out, "Oh, Hutchins!"

"Yes, sir?"

"I wish you'd pack my bag." And in answer to the other's look of hopeful inquiry he continued, "I'm going to New York, and it may be two or three weeks before I'm back."

"Aha!" thought Hutchins. "It's come at last. Better looking than your father ever knew how to be—but greener than the grass." And almost smacking his lips he added, "My word, my word, but won't this make a chapter for the book."



"This One Isn't Going to Get Away, Sibyl!" She Seemed to be Shouting Through a Roar of Sound



"You Leave it to Me, Susan. Non Compos Mentis is No Defense in a Case Like This"

II

HUTCH wanted to go with him. "What for?" asked Dell.

"Well, sir," said Hutchins, not wishing to let on that he knew too much, "there are little tricks—where I might be useful to you, sir."

"What do you mean—little tricks?"

"It's hard to tell exactly, sir—but if your father was here he'd know what I mean. Getting your clothes exactly right for the evening, and the proper studs to wear, answering the phone when you were out—'This is Mr. Parsons' valet'—it never 'urts a gentleman, sir, to have it known that he keeps a valet; taking messages for you and knocking up a chat with the servants at any young lady's house where I might go with a letter. Trust the servants to know all there is to be known about a young lady, sir, especially if she keeps a maid."

Dell shut him up then, and sent him down to the kitchen with a flea in his ear.

"He's going away all by himself to try to find a girl with money, and he's got to get her before the fifteenth of next month," Hutchins complained to Mary Ellen; "and never had a girl before in his life, as far as I can make out—and hardly knows a soul in all New York! A fat chance! With nobody there to look after him he's just as apt to walk up and down Park Avenue and come back home with a lady's maid that's looped him in; or he might even pick up some little flapper or other that's sitting around the hotel lobby pretending she has a date with some rich millionaire who never turns up!"

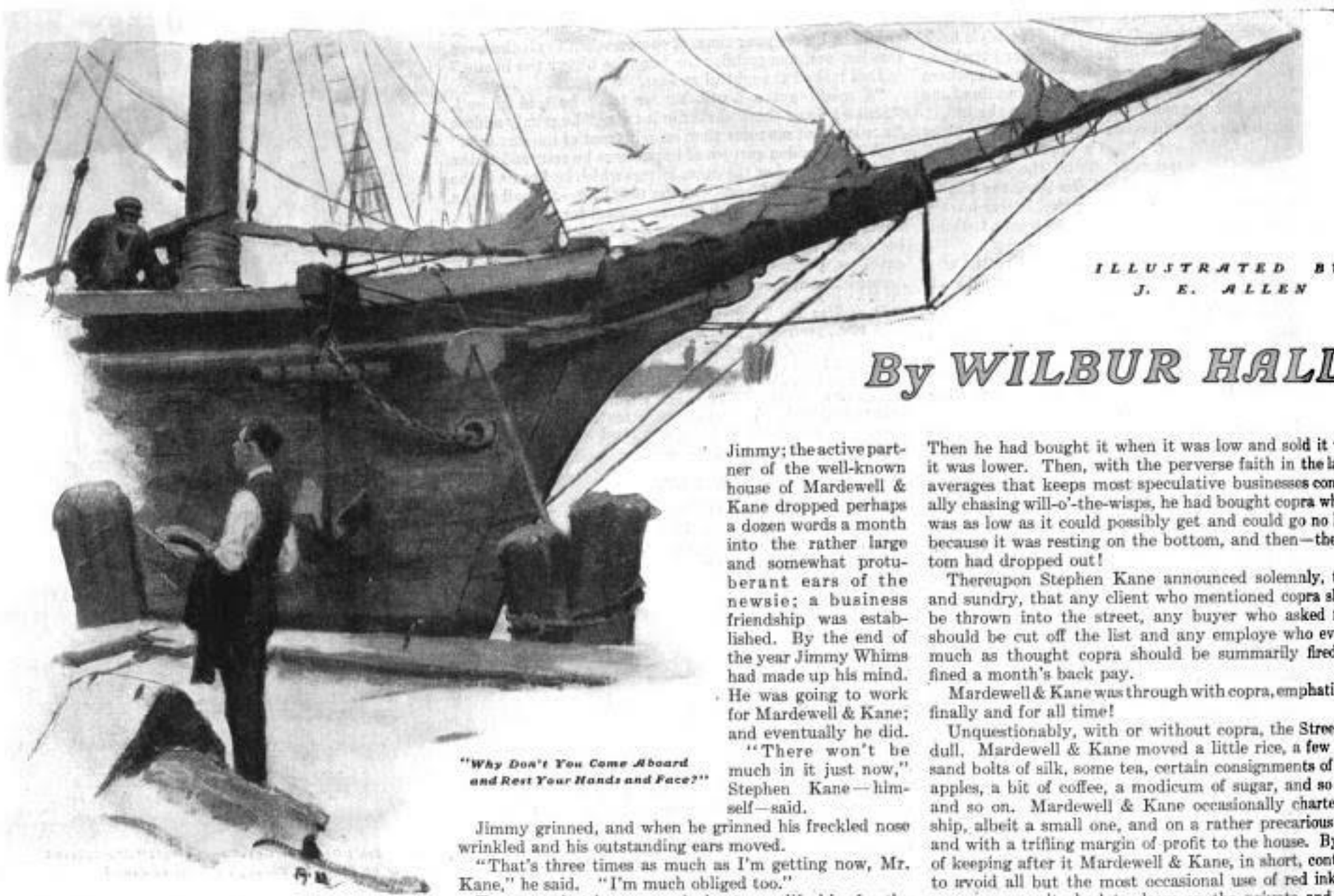
In this, however, Hutchins was wrong. When Dell left for New York that noon he knew that he was going to see Julie Schumann, whom he had met the winter before when he was working for the bridge company. Old Rudolph Schumann was the president of the company, and acting under Julie's orders he had often invited Dell to his mansion on Riverside Drive. There once at a dance she had taken him into a quiet room and cried on his shoulder because nobody loved her, one of the most distressing five minutes in his life; and the next day she had written to him—and the next day she had written to him again, special delivery, asking him to burn her first letter, but please not to think unkindly of her on account of anything she had written, because it was in her heart and she felt he ought to know it whether he wanted to or not.

After that for a while when they chanced to meet they were both somewhat embarrassed, but they soon got over it. Yet Dell could tell by those signs which a man seldom mistakes that it would need only a very little to start Julie crying on his shoulder again, or sending him special-delivery letters containing sixteen closely written pages on scented vellum bond.

(Continued on Page 90)

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WANTED IMMEDIATELY



ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. ALLEN

By WILBUR HALL

"Why Don't You Come Aboard and Rest Your Hands and Face?"

STEPHEN KANE was born with a silver spoon in his mouth; Jimmy Whims, ten years later, with a stubby thumb. Stephen Kane was reared in the somewhat heady atmosphere of Jackson, Franklin and Washington Streets, west of Divisadero, in San Francisco; Jimmy Whims in the same city but south of the slot, where a bruised pair of knuckles and a black eye were badges of distinction, and patched pants no disgrace. It may be added in this connection that Jimmy was an exception to the proverbial rule, for he was certainly not without honor in his own neighborhood, on either count!

Stephen Kane had gone to Stanford and Yale, but he had refused to go to Europe. Answering the urge that was in him, and despite the fact that he need never have turned over a hand, he came home and plunged into business, by his own efforts trading his silver spoon for a gold one. Then an uncle became deceased at the end of eighty industrious years, and his will substituted for Steve's gold spoon a very gaudy affair set in diamonds, rubies, pearls and very negotiable bonds, and stocks paying 8 per cent in season and out; but Stephen upset all calculations by putting his heritage away in a safe place and becoming junior partner of the importing and exporting house of Mardewell & Co., where he had theretofore been employed. Presently old Mark Mardewell became a mere figurehead in the business, the firm name was changed to Mardewell & Kane, and Stephen began to demonstrate to California Street that being wealthy in his own right did not interfere with his working ten or twelve hours a day, and that if they desired to compete with him on anything like even terms they had to get up early in the morning.

It was at about this time that Jimmy Whims also lost an uncle, who left Jimmy and his widowed mother the choice between scraping up money for his funeral or having him buried—with all of Howard Street looking on—by the county. Jimmy took on an errand-boy job in addition to his newsboy's corner at Sansome and California, and eventually paid for a creditable ceremony of interment. The funeral set him back seriously, but it did not at all alter his determination to get on in the world. Instead, he worked the harder. He was going to be somebody on the Street! For choice, somebody like young Mr. Kane.

They became acquainted through Stephen Kane's buying his evening paper—usually on a dead run—from Jimmy; the active partner of the well-known house of Mardewell & Kane dropped perhaps a dozen words a month into the rather large and somewhat protuberant ears of the newsie; a business friendship was established. By the end of the year Jimmy Whims had made up his mind. He was going to work for Mardewell & Kane; and eventually he did.

"There won't be much in it just now," Stephen Kane—himself—said.

Jimmy grinned, and when he grinned his freckled nose wrinkled and his outstanding ears moved.

"That's three times as much as I'm getting now, Mr. Kane," he said. "I'm much obliged too."

To prove that he was, and also to qualify him for the climb that rose ahead, Jimmy flew at his new job eagerly. Unfortunately, as he viewed it, there was too little to do. For a time he felt slighted; then he perceived that the whole staff was in the same boat—and the whole Street. There wasn't much to do but hope, in the importing and exporting business. The college professors and the book writers, it seemed, blamed conditions on balances of trade, inflated currencies, economic maladjustments, the treaty, Russia, the price of the German mark and sun spots. The Street, grumbling and sore, opined that it was because of those asses, the politicians; also of the war, of the peace, of abnormalcy and of the lack of an American merchant marine.

But Jimmy got what he considered cogent reasoning from old Cap'n "Bluenose" Sparks, head of the shipping department of Mardewell & Kane. The other authorities, Cap'n Sparks averred, were talking through their several hats.

"When I was in the Lindy Lane," the old man would growl, puffing at his short-stemmed pipe like a steam tug firing up to leave her dock, "we didn't have fancy names for plain bread-and-butter business. You got a charter or you didn't get one; you had a cargo or you ran in ballast; you manned your ship with slab-sided squareheads and took 'em to sea and taught 'em their manners without asking to see their union cards; and if you was lucky you came in scuppers-to and discharged and put a little away in the bank. But if you had head winds and no charters and lost a new stick in a typhoon you didn't go to Congress about it! There's too many laws and too much talk and not enough guts in the shipping business today, and the rest of it is all moonshine! Take copra, now ——"

But Jimmy had already learned enough to refuse to take copra. And there was this very good reason:

Copra, Jimmy had discovered, was an exceedingly greasy and smelly commodity brought in from lands beyond the sea and used for making soap, explosives, fertilizer and the stuff you fry doughnuts in. Mardewell & Kane had had all they wanted of copra within a few weeks of the time Jimmy went on the pay roll. Stephen Kane, like several better men and a perfect school of worse ones, had been betrayed by copra. Small fortunes had been made in it during the war; afterward Stephen had bought it when it was high and sold it when it dropped. Then he had bought it when it was low and sold it when it was lower. Then, with the perverse faith in the law of averages that keeps most speculative businesses continually chasing will-o'-the-wisps, he had bought copra when it was as low as it could possibly get and could go no lower because it was resting on the bottom, and then—the bottom had dropped out!

Thereupon Stephen Kane announced solemnly, to all and sundry, that any client who mentioned copra should be thrown into the street, any buyer who asked for it should be cut off the list and any employe who even so much as thought copra should be summarily fired and fined a month's back pay.

Mardewell & Kane was through with copra, emphatically, finally and for all time!

Unquestionably, with or without copra, the Street was dull. Mardewell & Kane moved a little rice, a few thousand bolts of silk, some tea, certain consignments of pineapples, a bit of coffee, a modicum of sugar, and so forth and so on. Mardewell & Kane occasionally chartered a ship, albeit a small one, and on a rather precarious basis and with a trifling margin of profit to the house. By dint of keeping after it Mardewell & Kane, in short, contrived to avoid all but the most occasional use of red ink, and never once quite had to draw on the private and independent fortune of Stephen Kane. The latter did not have to work, but it may be taken from us that no one would have guessed that from his actions.

For example, there was that matter of the English house of Lewisohn & Johns.

"Pete," Stephen Kane said one windy April morning to the general manager of the house, "Luke Scaiff and Brown-Morris seem to have tied up Lewisohn & Johns tighter than Houdini in a wardrobe trunk, since the war, and I'm getting peevish about it."

General Manager Mortenson objected to being called Pete; he did not approve of flippant phrases in business conference and any implication of criticism always touched him on the raw. He was a sour and pessimistic man, suffering from indigestion and the dictation of a strong-minded wife; but he did know his business. Now he sniffed.

"Their account now wouldn't be worth much, Mr. Kane. They aren't buying any more than ——"

"In these days when the wind isn't tempered even to a movie actor in a lamb's-wool coat, a Lewisohn & Johns order for a sack of rice or a bolt of silk would show up on our books like a beacon on a stern and rock-bound coast. Let's have some constructive ideas."

"Scaiff and Luther Morris are both unscrupulous in their methods, and very undignified. Their houses can do things we would not stoop to in order to get business."

"Rats!" Stephen said instantly. "This house could stoop to putting arsenic in a man's tea if it could get a commission out of the estate! Dignity is all right when you can get more charters than there are bottoms, but right at present dignity is being offered at thirty-two in the open market, and no takers. I don't care a hang about dignity; what I want is some of the business of Lewisohn & Johns, of London, England, Great Britain. See?"

"We have written them several times."

"We have! My last letter to them would melt the time lock off a vault or coax jewels out of Buckingham Palace. And all I have had to date is a typically English letter of thanks, written in longhand and reading like a paragraph out of Thackeray. Go on; let's have some more ideas."

"Their principal purchases from us before the war," Mortenson mused thoughtfully, "were in copra for ——"

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Stephen Kane clutched his hair wildly, leaped from his chair four feet into the air and came down with one foot in a mahogany waste-paper basket, shrieking like a maniac.

"If you utter that word again," he screamed, "I'll stab you with an invoice spindle and sell your body to a medical college! 'Copra' is a word I never allow to pass my lips."

Jimmy Whims appeared in the door.

"Did you call, Mr. Kane?" he asked, with his pleasant grin.

Stephen whirled on him.

"I did," he said. "I want you to go out and dig up an order from Lewisohn & Johns, the London exporters and importers."

"Yes, sir," Jimmy said a little doubtfully. "Any particular kind of an order?"

"Any kind of an order there is but copra."

Jimmy backed away.

"That boy has no sense of humor, Mr. Kane," Peter Mortenson observed. "He will probably take you seriously."

"It will be the first time anyone has done so in some months then," Kane retorted. "In the meantime, what about that Warburton pineapple business?"

As a matter of fact Jimmy Whims had a keener sense of humor than Peter Mortenson gave him credit for. He knew that Stephen Kane, whom he idolized and imitated and hoped to grow up like, did not expect him to go out on the Street and, grabbing passers-by by the lapels, demand of them business from the English house of Lewisohn & Johns. He detected the bantering note in his employer's speech, but he also detected in it an undercurrent of seriousness. The name that had passed sank into Jimmy's mind. He made up that tough and inelastic and stubborn intellectual organ—if such it be—that he would deliver on the order if it were humanly possible, because he had determined long before that he was going to do Stephen Kane good and incidentally do himself good and get on in the world until, perhaps, he could be something like that man he admired; not envied, note; admired and respected for admirable and respectable characteristics.

In brief, Jimmy was ambitious to be someone in the world, and without going to Y. M. C. A. lectures or reading success books, he knew how he was going to succeed, if at all. He knew that that end and aim, if accomplished, would be accomplished by digging into his work with his eyes and ears open, his head down and his toes gripping, and with no thought of the clock in the office that struck ship's bells and was invariably accurate as to time—even to the time of five o'clock in the afternoon.

Scoff, gentlemen of our higher literary criticism! Sneer and jeer, learned publicists and regenerationists! Gibe and rend, malcontents and theorists! The happy ending may, as you assert, be a myth and a delusion. This may not be a land of equality of birth, or even of opportunity.

But let us bet with you to the extent of our resources and at your own odds that there is no youth truly American who does not seek the happy ending for himself; and that, whatever the ratio of equality, no one ever yet reached a goal without first setting it and thereafter going for it hard; and that, finally, it is not invariably true that, to get up and on, one must needs kick the man below or pull down the man above!

Jimmy Whims worked hard, hoping thereby to rise high.

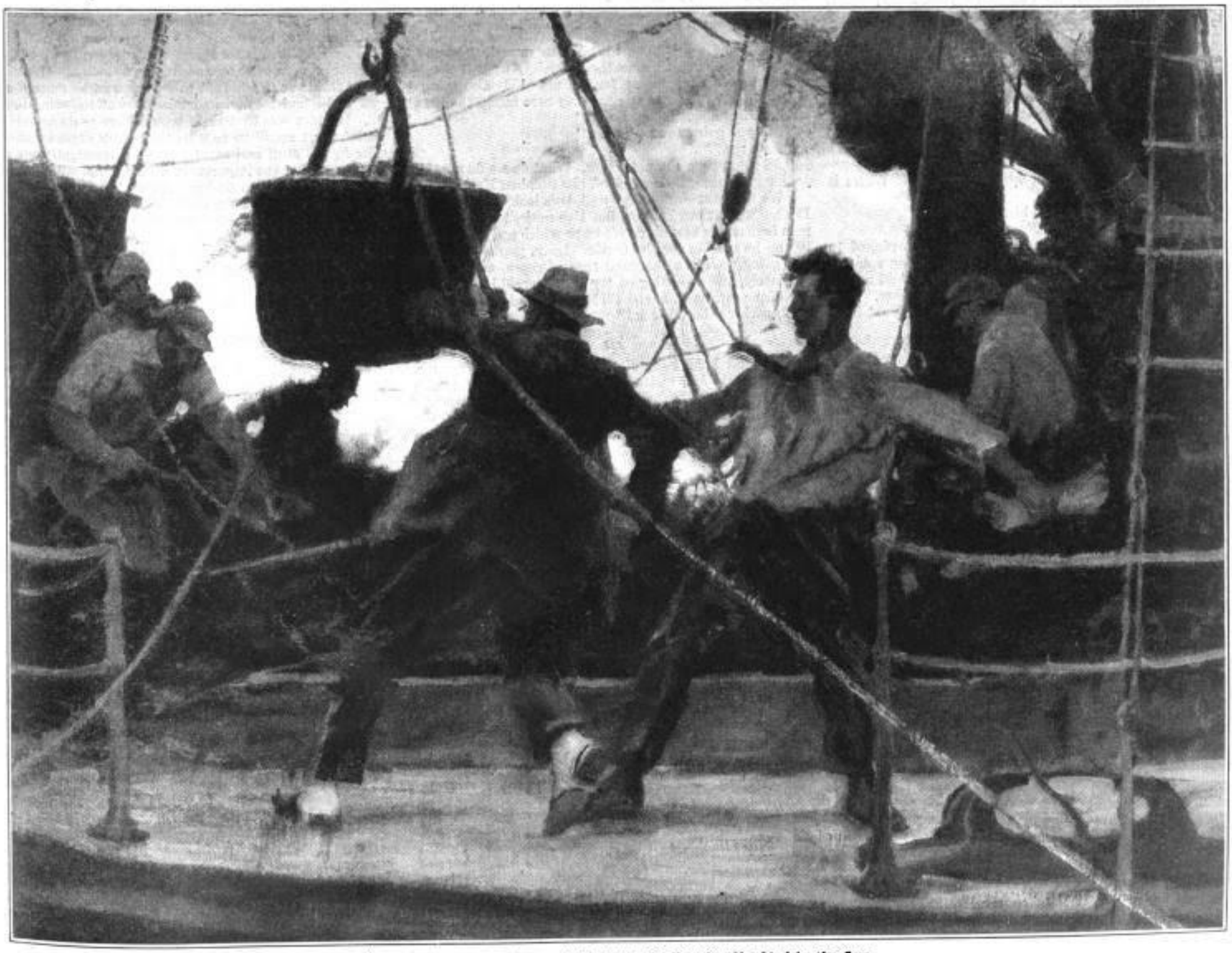
How silly!

II

SOME months passed; the importing and exporting business remained at low ebb; shipping and commerce on the Western coast of America hobbled along towards normalcy at about the rate of a cripple with a broken crutch crossing a cobblestone street; and under such conditions Jimmy Whims learned the rudiments of the game and showed marked improvement in his dress, address, manners, methods and value to the house. His admiration of Stephen Kane and his ambition to be like him had their inevitable result: He imitated his idol and patterned after him, so that, although they patronized different haberdashers and paid different prices for similar garments, Jimmy began to look more like a junior clerk and less like a south-of-Market-Street product daily.

From Kane down, the firm soon found that Jimmy could be trusted and that he got what he went for, if it was to be pried loose, so that in time he became a person of some importance when there was money to be banked, orders delivered or small commissions filled. He was also a trustworthy collector of the numerous small accounts that develop in the business, and when fly-by-night brokers or jobbers owed Mardewell & Kane money and Jimmy was sent to gather it from them, they either paid it or went out of business, because Jimmy would establish camp on the front steps and stay there till he was satisfied. Peter Mortenson said the boy would never set the Bay on fire, but grudgingly gave him credit for perseverance and industry. Stephen Kane thought of him occasionally, and always with an abstracted feeling that in time Jimmy might prove of value. But there was slim chance for anyone to distinguish himself in the importing and exporting business with conditions as they were then on California Street. At times even dogged Jimmy wondered if he was ever going to get anywhere.

May came, and with it a state holiday on a certain Monday. There was a golf tournament at Monterey which Stephen Kane assured himself he could win if he went there and found a good caddy; Peter Mortenson had a widowed mother living in Stockton who was getting old and feeble and who wanted to see her boy—snickers of glee from the office force at thought of old Peter as anybody's boy—and Richardson Dodds, chief clerk, desired to go to Los Angeles to see a maiden lady who showed symptoms of a willingness to change the name of Matthews for the name of Dodds, if properly urged. Nothing could happen in a business in which nothing whatever had happened for many moons; the result was that, on the Friday night



"Look Out!" Jimmy Screamed, Grabbing the Haughty Mr. Lind by the Arm

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before that extra-day holiday, most of the establishment of Mardewell & Kane packed its several bags and valises and boarded out-of-town trains to be gone until Tuesday morning.

Jimmy Whims packed no bag and took no train. He was up early Saturday with his loins girded against J. B. Josser, of the Holland Importing Company. It was noon when he came into the office, whistling merrily, as is the right of one who has achieved the improbable, and found Mary Winslow, stenographer, information girl and person of much responsibility, hatted, furred, gloved and impatient to leave.

"Mr. Lind went home sick this morning, Jimmy," she said hastily. "I gotta date at the hairdresser's. You lock up when Miss Nagle's through, will ya? G'by!"

Jimmy nodded and went to his desk. He made out his report in the matter of the account of the Holland Company, pinned to it the check of J. B. Josser for $5234.72, dropped the papers into his desk, locked the drawer and strolled in to greet Lucy Nagle.

Lucy was a rather plain, very neat, quite precise, entirely mouselike young person who had an uncanny ability at making an adding machine talk two languages, and who looked on a pleasant world through large, innocent gray eyes; but who said as little as was possible, at once through shyness and through a becoming modesty.

"Well, Miss Lucy," Jimmy said, "you and I seem to be Mardewell & Kane today."

Lucy smiled.

"I guess Mr. Kane would be safe in trusting us, the way business has been lately. And Monday is a holiday, too, you know."

"Sure! But anything might happen between now and one o'clock. For instance ——"

A blue-uniformed messenger boy strolled in through the front door, abstractedly wiped his nose on his sleeve, drew a cablegram from his pocket, presented his book to be signed and strolled out. Cablegrams were old stuff to him.

But not to Jimmy Whims; nor to Lucy Nagle.

Jimmy tried to carry it off with an air, and Lucy giggled.

They stared at the message together:

Mardek, Sanfrancisco:
Coimbrao icyagumizb obgezuznov efykoovkug ogvuxugnut efykoujsip ——

Jimmy looked up with a puzzled frown.

"The dickens it is!" he exclaimed. "If I had known that ——"

"It's code, of course," Lucy observed. "But I don't know anything about codes. Do you?"

"Oh, sure!" Jimmy said, which was a lie. "Where is the code book?"

"Mr. Lind keeps them in his desk."

"We'll call him up, then."

Together they found his number on a slip pinned to Miss Winslow's switchboard. But the answering voice on the telephone informed Jimmy that Mr. Lind had moved a month or so before and had left no new number.

"That's nice," Jimmy said, hanging up. "What hairdresser does Miss Winslow go to?"

"I don't know."

"I'll call them all, then."

There was a staggering list in the classified section of the directory, but on the eighteenth venture—and it required some time—he was told that Miss Winslow had been in to have her hair done, only, and that she had left five minutes ago. He called her home. No answer. Jimmy looked at Lucy Nagle.

"Do you know where there is a screwdriver?"

"There's one with the tools in the packing room. But why?"

"I'm going to burglarize Mr. Lind's desk," Jimmy said.

The code book was in the back of the last drawer they searched, of course, but when they opened it Jimmy found his justification on a typewritten sheet pasted on the inside cover.

"Isn't that cablegram signed Lewjon, Miss Lucy?"

"Yes. I don't remember any such firm on our books."

"No? Well, it's a firm that is going to be on our books soon, you can bank on that. Look here!"

She read the key line on which his finger rested.

"Oh, Lewisohn & Johns. London."

"Exactly! And it wasn't six months ago that Mr. Kane was saying that he wanted business from them and wanted it badly. Let's see that message. 'Mardek'—that's us. 'Coimbrao'—um-m-m ——"

Together they thumbed the heavy volume, now picking up the trail easily, now floundering hopelessly in the maze of synthetic jargon.

"I don't think you know any more about codes than I do," Lucy Nagle surmised shrewdly.

"I don't," Jimmy confessed. "But I'm learning fast. 'Coimbrao' is 'Buy for our account.' 'Icyagumizb'—'ship per steamer'—'obgezuznov'—'earliest possible'—'date,' I suppose—'Copenhagen, or if you cannot secure—'Copenhagen space—'uhhehemjuc'—sounds like Icelandic—'U, u-a, u-b, ucosa'—here it is: 'Uhhehemjuc'—'ship to London direct'—'urgpocopra'—good night! One thousand tons copra!"

Their faces fell.

"Yes, it makes sense," Lucy said. "But copra! You know what Mr. Kane says about copra!"

"I do. But Mr. Kane is playing golf and the rest of the house is hiding out on us, and if Lewisohn & Johns ordered the island of Yap I'd get them a price and ship it. I'm going to fill this commission."

"You're going to fill it?"

"I am! I don't know how or where, but I know why! Let's get on. 'Loudful'—um-m-m—'Loudful' is 'wanted immediately.' And I'll say it is! What's the rest of the riddle?"

It was after two o'clock when they had the message complete. It read:

Mardewell and Kane,
San Francisco.

Buy for our account and ship per steamer earliest possible to Copenhagen, or if you cannot secure Copenhagen space ship direct to London one thousand tons copra, wanted immediately. Your commission 7½ per cent, providing guarantee delivery will be made here July fifteenth.

Lewisohn & Johns,
London.

"Seven and a half per cent," Jimmy mused. "I know enough to know that means they certainly want it 'loudful' and are willing to pay for the noise! It also means that ubbergubber copra has to leave here inside the next week. How about lunch, Lucy?"

"Are you going to stop for it?"

"I am not!"

"All right, then I'm not either. What do we do next?"

Jimmy paused, trying to look like Stephen Kane.

"We will next—er—next—well, let's look in the Guide. I'm not sure it can help us, but I've noticed that when a man here on the Street doesn't know which end he's standing on he reaches for the Guide. Lucy, you're a peach! I'm going to ship a thousand tons of copra, wanted immediately, and be sitting on top of the world by the time Mr. Kane gets back, or else I'll be out Tuesday looking for a job with my bare hands!"

III

HALF an hour later Jimmy Whims jumped from a street car and trotted across the water front to the shed of Pier 25. Alongside, peering over the twelve-foot fence like some sharp-nosed giant, was the bow of the Williamson line steamer Algonquin. From her hidden decks beyond the fence rose the clatter of winches and the shrill whistles of hatch tenders as a gang of stevedores whirled cargo into her cavernous hold. The Algonquin, according to the Guide, was to sail Tuesday night for Havre and Liverpool. Jimmy, unable to reach her agent either at his office or at his Alameda home, had come down to interview her master, hoping against hope that she would have room for his copra, supposing he had any copra for which room would be needed.

He was delayed at the door of the pier shed by a surly watchman. Once past this Cerberus and alongside the Algonquin, he found no one but a shipping clerk for Marshall Gray & Co., her agents. This youth was taciturn.

"She sails for Havre Tuesday night—that's all I know."

"Full cargo?"

"Nope. But anybody'd have to move awful fast to find her more now. What you got?"

"Nothing definite," Jimmy said guardedly. "Is her captain aboard?"

"What good's he going to do you? But he ain't."

"Isn't there anybody else I can talk to?"

"Sure! You can talk to me, or that stevedore foreman, or the cook. Who do you expect to talk to this time Saturday afternoon? D'you think this is a all-day-and-night bank?"

"No. But I want to talk to someone who can take on a thousand tons of freight at a good rate and a bonus!" Jimmy snapped in exasperation. "And you can earn ten dollars by steering me to the right man."

"Maybe you could find Mr. Gray, Monday."

"Or the first of next year!"

"Well, that's all I can tell you."

"Thanks! It isn't ten dollars' worth!"

In a water-front soft-drink parlor that had once been something else, and now smelled strongly as though it still were, Jimmy found a telephone. He got the home of Marshall Gray in Alameda again. This time a servant answered stupidly that Mr. Gray was playing golf somewhere. He didn't know whether the master would be in for dinner or not. Jimmy called the office, and Lucy, remaining behind on duty, undertook to find the shipping agent if he could be found.

Jimmy caught another street car, running south along the Embarcadero, with two addresses to look up. He had learned from the Guide that there was a small amount of copra to be had locally, and now he was following that trail. His idea was that all he would have to do as to the coconut meat would be to walk up to any importer of or dealer in the stuff and say "Sell me a thousand tons of copra," and that the importer or dealer would straightway fall on his neck, blessing him and urging him to take a shipload. But alas for human hopes!

"Copra? Sure! I've got two hundred twenty tons of the stinking stuff warehoused," one Joel Gorham replied when Jimmy located and questioned him. "You're with Mardewell & Kane, eh? Sharp lad, that Steve Kane is. Leave it to him to hear the news first. When'd he get it?"

"What news?" Jimmy required.

"Get out with you, son! You can't pull my leg!"

"Is something happening in copra? Mr. Kane didn't tell me if there was."

"No, I suppose not. Well, everybody'll know it by Tuesday, so I might as well tip you. There's a big strike on in Australia. The lumpers in Sydney—that's the stevedores—have struck and England won't get any copra from there for a blue moon. So the European market will come here."

"But I didn't know there were any coconuts in Australia."

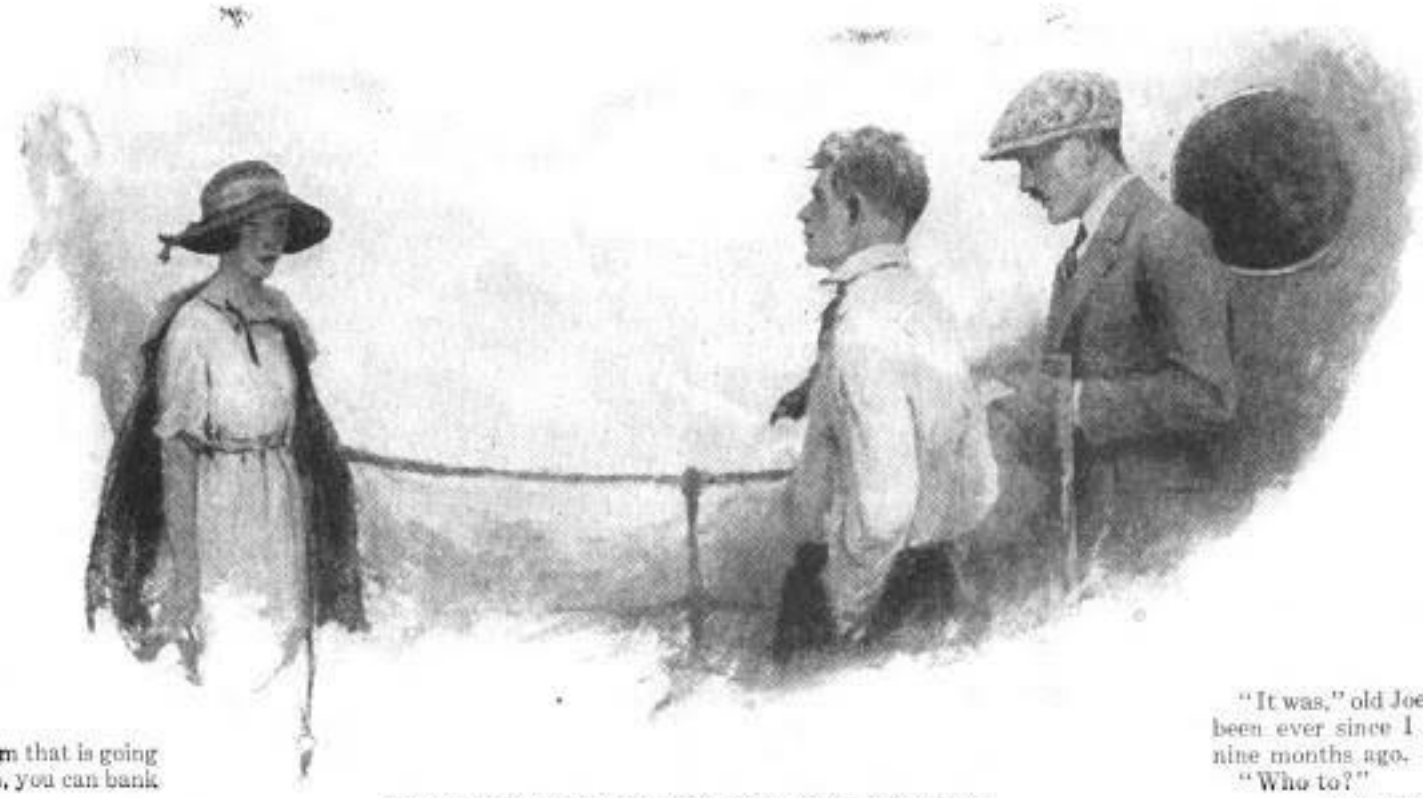
"Nobody else did either. But most of the world's supply goes through Australia from the South Sea ports. What comes over here from Manila is consigned direct to consumers in this country. And so when English houses begin cabling San Francisco to pick up any that's here ——"

"Oh, I see. Well, my orders are to buy copra. Is yours for sale?"

"It was," old Joel Gorham grinned. "It has been ever since I got burned with the stuff nine months ago. But I sold it at noon."

"Who to?"

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Lucy, Coloring and Confused, Stepped Forward a Little

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SIDELIGHTS ON J. P. MORGAN

The Greatest of American Collectors



By George S. Hellman

DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE

TO NEWSPAPER readers of today the name J. Pierpont Morgan connotes the very able banker who is at present negotiating affairs of international importance in connection with the financial reconstruction of Europe; but to the world of art it still stands for, and will ever continue to stand for, the elder Morgan, the greatest collector of his time as well as the most forceful figure in the business annals of America. The late J. Pierpont Morgan appealed in so many ways to the imagination of people throughout the world that the interest in his life has continued unabated, and he is still thought of as in many aspects the American Lorenzo the Magnificent, the great Medici of modern times.

Though many articles have been written on Mr. Morgan they have been largely formally biographical and statistical, concerning his achievements as a banker and his acquisitions as a collector. But those glimpses which reveal the more intimate human qualities have been rather lacking. It may be that to some slight extent the present article will supply this deficiency, and so serve in throwing more light on one of our great citizens. This task has not been quickly assumed, for shortly after Mr. Morgan's death I was asked by the editor of a widely read magazine to write a paper of this nature. The request was refused because I was then in the rare book business, and it seemed of dubious taste to utilize my experiences with a collector whose library I had aided in forming, in what might be regarded as an essay in business exploitation. Now that many years have gone by since my retirement from the art and book business, and especially because various persons have urged me to record recollections that in their opinion should not be lost to bibliography, the pen is taken up.

The Wakeman Treasures

IN GATHERING together the literary treasures that enrich the beautiful library in Thirty-sixth Street, between Park and Madison Avenues, in New York, Mr. Morgan paid special attention to, and was perhaps most deeply interested in, the original manuscripts of great authors. Whether the Morgan library or the Huntington library is the foremost private collection of books in the world is a moot question; but concerning original manuscripts there can be no dispute. The Morgan manuscripts are, and will inevitably continue to be, if they remain undispersed, the finest assemblage of their nature in private hands. The original manuscripts of Paradise Lost, of Pope's Essay on Man, of Thackeray's Virginians, of Dickens' Christmas Carol, of Ivanhoe, Guy Mannering and many others of the Waverley series; of many stories by Bret Harte and countless poems and letters of Burns and Byron; of Keats' Endymion; of the most famous works of Wilkie Collins and Bulwer Lytton—The Moonstone and The Last Days of Pompeii—are some indications of how English literature is there represented. Famous French writings are included in great number, such as Dumas' Three Musketeers, Voltaire's Pucelle d'Orléans, and the Chansons of Béranger, with novels by De Staël, Zola and many others. And when we come to the Americans we find very nearly all that is extant of Nathaniel Hawthorne and Henry D. Thoreau; while Poe, Whittier, Emerson, Lowell, Longfellow and Holmes are represented to an extent that never again can be approached by any other collector.

The addition to the Morgan library of the preponderant portion of the American manuscripts was negotiated under circumstances that bear recounting. Mr. S. H. Wakeman, a cultured and wealthy New Yorker, had for many years been quietly collecting manuscripts and association books of the great American authors, and his acquisitions were rumored to be superlative in the field of literary Americana. One evening on walking up Fifth Avenue with Mr. Wakeman, after leaving the auction sale of the library of a Mr. Chamberlain, a collector who had recently died, I said to Mr. Wakeman, "It may be rather a tactless question, but what is going to happen to your collection after your death?"

"I've often thought of that," he answered.

"Why not let me place it now in the Morgan library, where it will presumably be intact forever?"

But Mr. Wakeman could not so quickly come to the decision to part with his treasures, and I left him with the suggestion that he should think the matter over. When next we met, some weeks later, the subject was again broached, and this time Mr. Wakeman said that though he would not commit himself, and would in any case wish to keep his first editions and association books, I might make a study of his manuscripts and suggest what price Mr. Morgan would, in my opinion, be willing to pay for them. So the next day I went carefully over two or three hundred manuscripts, including such star pieces as Hawthorne's Blithedale Romance, Poe's Tamerlane, and various of the great essays of Emerson. At the conclusion of the analysis I named a sum in the six figures as my estimate of the value of the collection.

"If you can get that," said Mr. Wakeman, "all right. But remember that the collection is to be offered to no one but Mr. Morgan, as his is the only library into which I should be willing to have my things go. I wouldn't accept fifty thousand dollars more for them from anyone else."

This last remark was made because I had suggested that another collector, Mr. W. K. Bixby, of St. Louis, might be willing to pay more than the sum I had suggested in connection with Mr. Morgan.

The manuscripts were accordingly sent to my office, there to be carefully catalogued. With these descriptions in detail, and with many of the more important items forwarded to his library, Mr. Morgan was able quickly to size up the remarkable character of the manuscripts offered. His interest was immediate, but though he did not question the price asked, it represented a sum larger than he had ever expended on a single purchase of manuscripts and he asked me to return a few days later for his decision. At the second meeting Mr. Morgan was still undecided, and said that I should come back the next day. This was sometime in the month of May. On arriving at the library for the third time, I was aware of a rather unwonted atmosphere of activity. Several gentlemen, presumably business associates of Mr. Morgan, were in conference with him.

The Collection Withdrawn

AFTER a little while Mr. Morgan came, with his energetic stride, into the librarian's room where I was waiting, and said: "I cannot give you an answer today. I'm leaving for Europe tomorrow. I'll be back in July. Keep the collection for me, and I'll decide then."

"Very well," I answered, and returned to my office.

A day or two later Mr. Wakeman dropped in to inquire concerning the progress of the transaction. When I informed him of its status he said, "I am sure you have done your best, but please send the manuscripts back to my house. The collection is withdrawn."

"But I have promised to reserve the manuscripts for Mr. Morgan until his return in July," I replied.

"I am sorry," answered Mr. Wakeman. "Mr. Morgan has had his chance. The collection is withdrawn."

The situation thus became rather a difficult one. The owner of the manuscripts was a reserved and wealthy gentleman who at my solicitation had made the concession of offering America's greatest collector the opportunity of acquiring his cherished treasures. His request for their return could, of course, not be disregarded; but on sending them back I took the liberty of retaining just one manuscript, a poem by Longfellow. This I placed in a large envelope, writing on the outside "Property of S. H. Wakeman"; and about the same time I informed Mr. Wakeman that I intended to resume the transaction with Mr. Morgan in July.

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BY PARABLES

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN



I Was Getting Nasty About the Point When Egbert Howland Came to My Aid

MY UNCLE, Ralph Henry, captain of cavalry, arrived in Zerbetta on the morning of my fourteenth birthday. He had never been there before. I drove our respectable horse, Ahab, down Clark Street to the station a full hour ahead of time, to get all the importance out of the situation while I waited. This was a Saturday and many of my set were foot-loose about town. My intimate, Ethan Ross, came to sit in the buggy with me. Several friends less dear clustered on the station hitching rail in the April drizzle. They heard my version of Uncle Ralph's exploit in the ride to relieve Custer, and much else as to his merits. I promised that he would be on view at my birthday party that afternoon. I couldn't promise that he would wear his uniform, but my friends were much impressed. Most of our fathers had fought in the Civil War. No other boy in town possessed an active Indian fighter. My vanity swelled. Ethan Ross tried to repress it by suggesting that Indians weren't much after all.

I was getting nasty about the point when Egbert Howland came to my aid. He was sitting shyly at one side of the lined cluster on the hitching rail and I hadn't noticed him until he spoke.

"Dad says the Indians have a natural talent for fighting," he said in his crackling slow voice.

"What's he know about it?" Ethan grunted.

"He fought 'em when he was a boy," Egbert stammered.

"Whereabouts, Eggs?" Ethan asked, more civilly.

"Out in Kansas," said Egbert, and flushed, with all these stares concentrated on him.

We were briefly silent. I tried to imagine John Howland fighting anything. Egbert wriggled. He was the single member of my audience who wore rubbers. Also he was involved to the chin in an ulster. I looked about for an escort—Mrs. Howland never sent the sole son to town alone—and saw his tall mother sitting in the station waiting room with two of his sisters.

"Grace and Sue are going up to Toledo to see my aunt," he explained, "and mamma let me drive in."

As if she heard him, Mrs. Howland glanced up from her magazine and soon strolled to the waiting-room door. She gave me her amiable nod, smiled at Ethan Ross, that idol of mothers, then beckoned Egbert.

"Come inside, son," she said tenderly; "I don't want you catching cold when Joe's having a party this afternoon."

Egbert trotted off and his mother patted him in passing. I saw him settle in a lump of ulster beside his sisters on the varnished bench.

Ethan giggled as the door shut and asserted: "I wouldn't be Eggs Howland for nothin' on earth, not if you gave me a million dollars. She treats him like he was five years old—and a girl. I wouldn't let any dog-gone woman order me round like that, not if you ——"

Mr. Howland, whistling gently, rounded an end of the yellow station. Ethan shut his mouth suddenly. The slender, slouching man passed us without a look and entered the waiting room.

"I bet he heard you," I said, to tease Ethan. "He'll tell your folks and you'll get what ——"

"He won't tell on you, Eth," Pete Vanois interrupted. "You needn't be scairt."

"How d'you know?" I demanded, not rudely. Pete's father was the town baker. I took no chance of cutting myself off from a supply of stale éclairs.

Pete shrugged and told his tale. "He was in the store other day lookin' kind of—you know—awful sad, and *maman* was talkin' to papa while she was puttin' his stuff in a bag. She says to papa, '*V'ld un* ——'"

"Don't start talkin' that gabble," I ordered.

Pete wrinkled his nose, shrugged and translated: "She says, 'There's a feller that ought to take a stick to his wife.' And Mr. Howland says, 'My wife has many virtues,' and kind of laughed. *Maman* didn't know he could talk French, see? So you could of knocked her over with a feather. But he didn't say nothin' to Mrs. Howland, 'cause she's been in the store two three times and she's as sweet as candy."

"He can talk French?" said Ethan. "Get out! He wasn't nothin' but a hired man when she married him. I heard papa say so."

"You mean to say my mother's a liar?" Pete barked.

The fire bell sounded while Ethan was devising an argument. I was suddenly deserted by my friends. Ahab wouldn't stand alone, though otherwise he was an exemplary horse for an Ohio minister. Now the fire bell roused him to a mild inefficient caper or two. I reined him in and the up train rolled by the platform. Deprived of attendance on the fire, I watched the handsome Howland girls kiss their mother and father, bend condescending faces to Egbert and climb the steps of the coach. I could never distinguish these girls. They were all older than the shy, coddled son of the house. There were four of them, and in 1885 they must have ranged between eighteen years and fourteen.

The unhappy Egbert was twelve. He stood languidly waving good-by as the train jerked away and I observed his gloved hands with the purest pity. I liked him for the excellent reason that he seemed to admire me. I really quivered with male indignation when his mother stooped and tucked his collar higher so that it hid his curly dark hair entirely up to the edge of his cap. Then the south-bound express came rumbling down and I forgot the Howlands in the rapture of seeing my burly uncle descend on Zerbetta.

Uncle Ralph got his valise into the buggy, slapped me on the back, looked inscrutably at Ahab and bade me drive home. Ahab swung his pensive head back and considered the cavalryman coldly, then walked away up Clark Street.

"Did this fiery steed ever trot in his life?" my uncle inquired.

"Don't you make fun of Ahab," I laughed; "he can do tricks. He used to be in a circus."

"He's damned well reformed," said my uncle, then coughed. "You didn't hear me say 'damned,' Joe, did you?"

"No, I didn't," I agreed. "I said 'damn' the other day and papa made me learn three chapters of Lamentations. I ——"

"Who's that woman in the surrey?" he broke in.

"Mrs. Howland," I told him. "She comes to our church."

"I'm glad to hear it," said Uncle Ralph, and peered after the Howland carriage. Its fine horses pulled it swiftly from view up the red brick channel of Clark Street. It had vanished when we entered the square. My uncle smoothed his cavalry mustaches and gazed about the oblong of trees just getting pallid green leaf and the pools of the tawny pavement. He muttered "My Lord, what a hole!" then said cheerfully: "Well, youngster, this is your birthday, isn't it? Wait till you see what I've got for you."

He had for me a box of Boston chocolates, an empty revolver and a ten-dollar gold piece. These treasures so distracted me that I sat wordless through luncheon and woke from my blissful stupor only when Uncle Ralph mentioned Mrs. Howland.

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"Yes," said my mother in her brisk New England voice; "she's wonderfully handsome, isn't she? And she gets all her clothes from New York. But Joe doesn't approve of her."

"I think she's awful," I declared. "She don't let Eggs do nothin'. She always sends a hired man to fetch him home from school in a buggy and she ——" Here I remembered Ethan's story and turned on my father. "Say, is it true Mr. Howland was a hired man, papa?"

"I think so," he said, and invited my uncle to have some more chicken. But this did not check my curiosity.

"Pete Vanois says he can talk French. How's a hired man get so he can talk French? And Eggs says Mr. Howland fought Indians in Kansas when he was a boy. What was he doin' in Kansas?"

"Good heavens," said my father, "you're full of questions, aren't you? I didn't know Howland could speak French. I've heard he lived farther west. You'd better ask Eggs. Have some more chicken, Ralph?"

The house attached to the Presbyterian church wasn't big enough for my fourteenth-birthday party. By half past four the parlor and library were jammed. Children came trooping from the town or were driven up Poplar Street in carriages and wagons from the countryside. My pretty, dark mother stifled the small female quarrels that rose always over Ethan Ross, who was much hunted by the girls. He rather liked exciting them to battle for his favor. He had just got Lorena Broome and Kitty Roper to the point of blows when Egbert Howland tugged at my elbow and offered me a parcel wrapped in tissue paper, mumbling about happy returns. I was weary of presents. I nodded to my admirer, tore the paper carelessly and gulped. Egbert had brought me a silver-mounted dog collar, which was startling enough, but to it hung a leash of braided soft hide interwoven with strands of bright wampum, red and green—a thing to gladden the heart of fourteen.

"Hello," said Uncle Ralph, "that's Cheyenne beadwork. Let's see. Where did you buy that, sonny?"

"Dad gave it to me," Egbert murmured, awed by the big officer.

I wanted to try the collar on my fox terrier, Frisky, locked in the carriage house for the sake of peace. I snatched back Egbert's gift from my uncle, dragged the giver along and set off for the little barn at once. Egbert trotted beside me, his black velvet jacket flapping, and helped me change Frisky's collar in the corner of the carriage house, where Ahab looked down over the edge of his stall at the vanity of mankind. Ethan Ross saw us leave and at once abandoned the girls. He arrived at top speed in the barn and upset Egbert in his rush.

"Look where you're goin'!" I said.

Ethan had six younger brothers, was always kind to them, and picked Egbert up from the oat-strewn planks, slapped some of the dust from his senseless jacket and patted his shoulder. The shy child stood blushing and mute under these attentions. He seldom talked. The color slid quaintly up his square flat face. He beamed at Ethan, then gave his grave stare to Frisky, who seemed pleased with his new ornaments and balanced on his hind legs. I bethought myself of Uncle Ralph, who hadn't seen my dog perform. Frisky was a much safer exhibit than Ahab.

"You go fetch Uncle Ralph, Eth, and we'll have a circus," I stated, unwilling to reënter the bitter boredom of my party; and Ethan ran off loyally without argument. Egbert looked after this lordly, lithe hero and gave out an odd sound, like a swallowed sob.

"Eth's nice, isn't he?" he said in his prim whisper.

"Course," I assented, and commanded Frisky to catch an imaginary mouse, which he did superbly with horrible barkings. Then I made him jump and catch the clothesline stretched obliquely from corner to corner of the dim room. My guest was enchanted, though Frisky was slashing the beaded leash to ribbons as he curvetted about.

"I expect you and Eth and the rest of 'em play circus a lot," he sighed, looking up at the rope.

"Of course," I said, and boasted: "I can walk the rope as good as Eth any old day. Eth ain't awful good. That's how he sprained his ankle last month."

"I can walk it a little," Egbert said timidly, still looking at the clothesline. It drooped, slack, six feet from the planks. He was still staring with his wide hazel eyes when Ethan caromed back with my uncle in tow. The officer was glad to escape, I think. He lit a cigar and began to teach Frisky to stand on his head. We knelt by Ahab's stall and the terrier made some progress. He was resting after a tumble when my uncle got up to ease his legs and gave a sudden gasp.

"Look out, son," he cried, "or you'll break your neck!"

Egbert was standing on the slack clothesline, his empty hands stretched out on either side to balance his vibrating slim body. The rope was motionless under him. He had shed his shoes and socks. His white feet held my eyes for a minute. He was never allowed to go barefoot in summer. His feet were short and solid, with thick insteps. He moved them carefully and came swaying toward us, up the rope.

"Good Lord," said my uncle, "he ought to be in a circus, Joe!"

Ethan and I were dumb and alarmed. Here was a prodigy. We could both manage a few steps on the clothesline, duly tightened, with a rake handle for balance. Here was a twelve-year-old who strolled along the line when it sagged, empty-handed. Egbert walked over our craning heads to the wall. Uncle Ralph reached up and helped him down to the floor.

"Caesar's ghost," he said, "the child's made out of wire! Who taught you to do that, sonny?"

"Dad," Egbert faltered, then turned and ran off to put on his shoes.

My mother came to tell us that ice cream and cake were waiting, smiled at Egbert and led Ethan and my uncle away. I waited for the prodigy to lace his polished shoes and stood over him zealously. He tagged after me about the school yard. I had always patronized him. He was rather a joke in boydom, a being confined to the great farm east of town, forbidden to swim publicly and attired in marvels of Eastern device. My vague liking for the creature redoubled.

"How'd your father know how to do that? Why, I never saw that in a circus, Eggs."

The artist glanced up, red again, and opened his solemn mouth. "Dad used to be in a circus," he whispered. "Only, don't tell anybody, please, Joe. He told me not to."

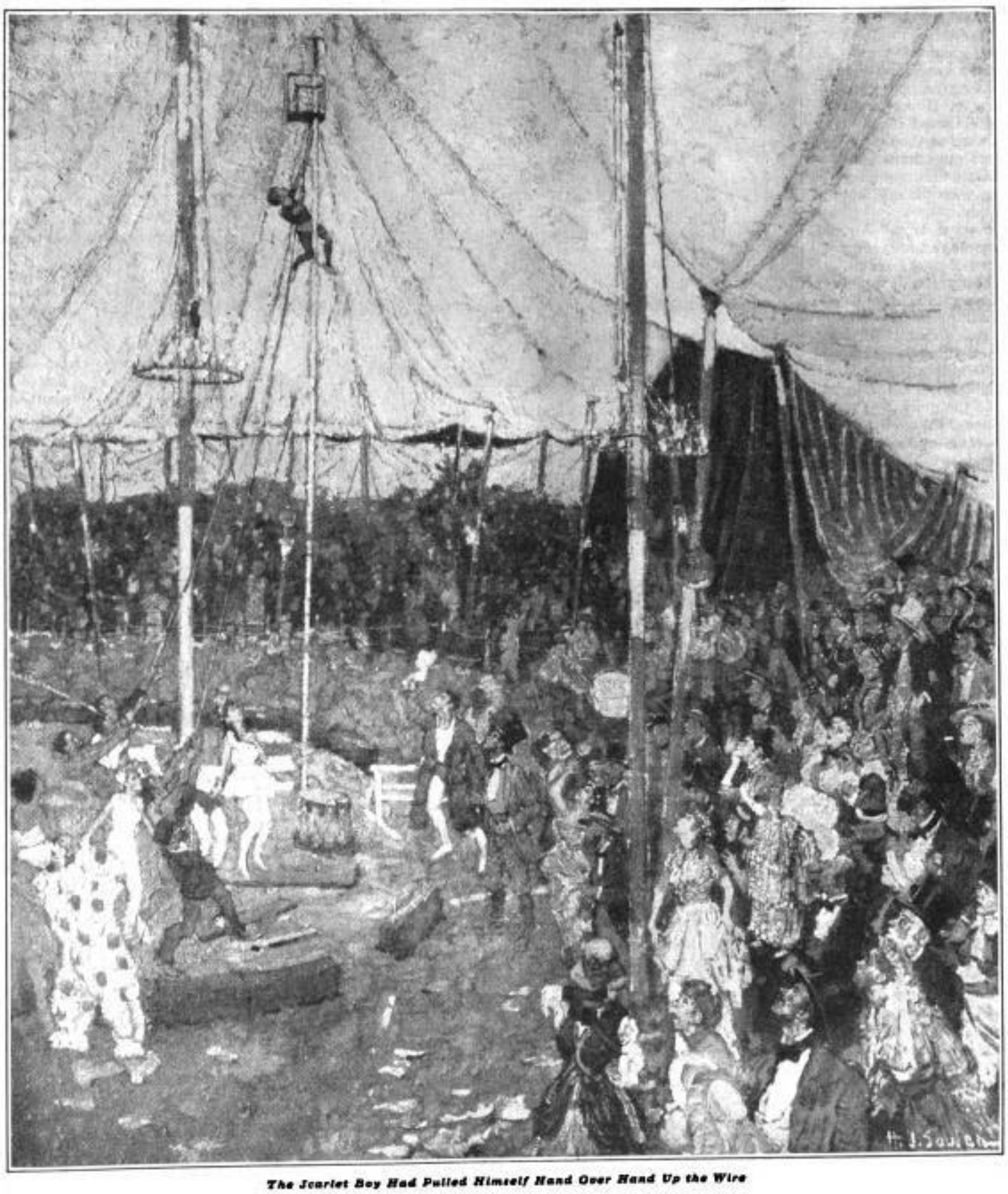
I said "Golly Jerusalem!" and sat down on the floor. "Where's he teach you?" I asked when my breath came back.

"In the woods, out home. But you won't tell? Mamma'd be mad at him if ——"

"I won't tell," I promised. "Where was he in a circus?"

"All over," he said. "Europe once, and out West, everywhere. Once he was in a circus in Kansas and the Indians got after 'em while they

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The Scarlet Boy Had Pulled Himself Hand Over Hand Up the Wire

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MY LIFE

By EMMA CALVE

TRANSLATED BY ROSAMOND GILDER

XIII

THE company of the Metropolitan Opera House, under Maurice Grau's management, used to go all the way to California every year. We traveled in a private train, on the outside of which was written in letters a yard high, "THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE OF NEW YORK." We were a traveling circus! Some of us objected to this blatant labeling of our cars, but Mr. Grau was adamant.

"It's an excellent advertisement," was his answer to our mild protests. There was nothing for us to do but to accept the situation as gracefully as possible.

We were a source of infinite amusement and entertainment to the inhabitants of the regions through which we passed. The people of the little villages on our route would wait at the stations for hours, just to see our train go by. They would crowd around the cars when the train stopped, and gape at us through the windows as though we were a collection of strange animals.

"There's Melba!" someone would shout.

"Look at De Reszke!"

"That tall one is Plançon!"

"Come here, quick!" someone else would call. "It's Calvé at this end!"

It was a ludicrous performance!

One day when we were crossing Texas we stopped at a small town, since grown into the important city of Houston. A crowd of cowboys had collected from all parts of the state, and were at the station when we arrived. There must have been over three hundred of them, fine, strapping fellows, who greeted us with whoops and cries, in true Western style.

"You must sing for these boys," Mr. Grau said to us. "Many of them are young Englishmen, younger sons of good families, who have not been home for years. It would give them so much pleasure to hear you."

We went out on the back platform of the train, and Melba sang Home, Sweet Home for them. Her lovely nightingale tones, clear and exquisite in the still air, reached every heart. The roughest among them was softened, touched to the quick by the tender, sentimental strains of the old ballad. Before it was over many were in tears, crying like children, with their heads on each other's shoulders. We were all greatly moved.

"Now, Calvé," Mr. Grau said, turning to me, "it's your turn. You must make them laugh!"

So I sang a dashing Spanish air, with its dance gestures and gay grimaces. They were a responsive audience. The train pulled out of the station through a shouting, yelling mob, hats in air, whips cracking, a tornado of sound and movement. Some of those on the outskirts of the crowd leaped on their horses and raced along beside the train as fast as their poor beasts could go. The last we saw of them was a thick cloud of dust beside the railroad track in our wake.

We went through Utah, the country of the Mormons. On the outlying farms and in the lonely regions there were still families which followed the teachings of Brigham Young and practiced plural marriages. I visited a home where there were three wives and many children. Two of the wives received us, surrounded by five or six lovely babies. I picked up the prettiest of them and turned to the younger of the two women.

"What a beautiful baby!" I exclaimed. "Is it your child?"

She answered me with the quiet dignity of a woman of the Old Testament.

"We are the mothers," she said, including her companion with a noble gesture.

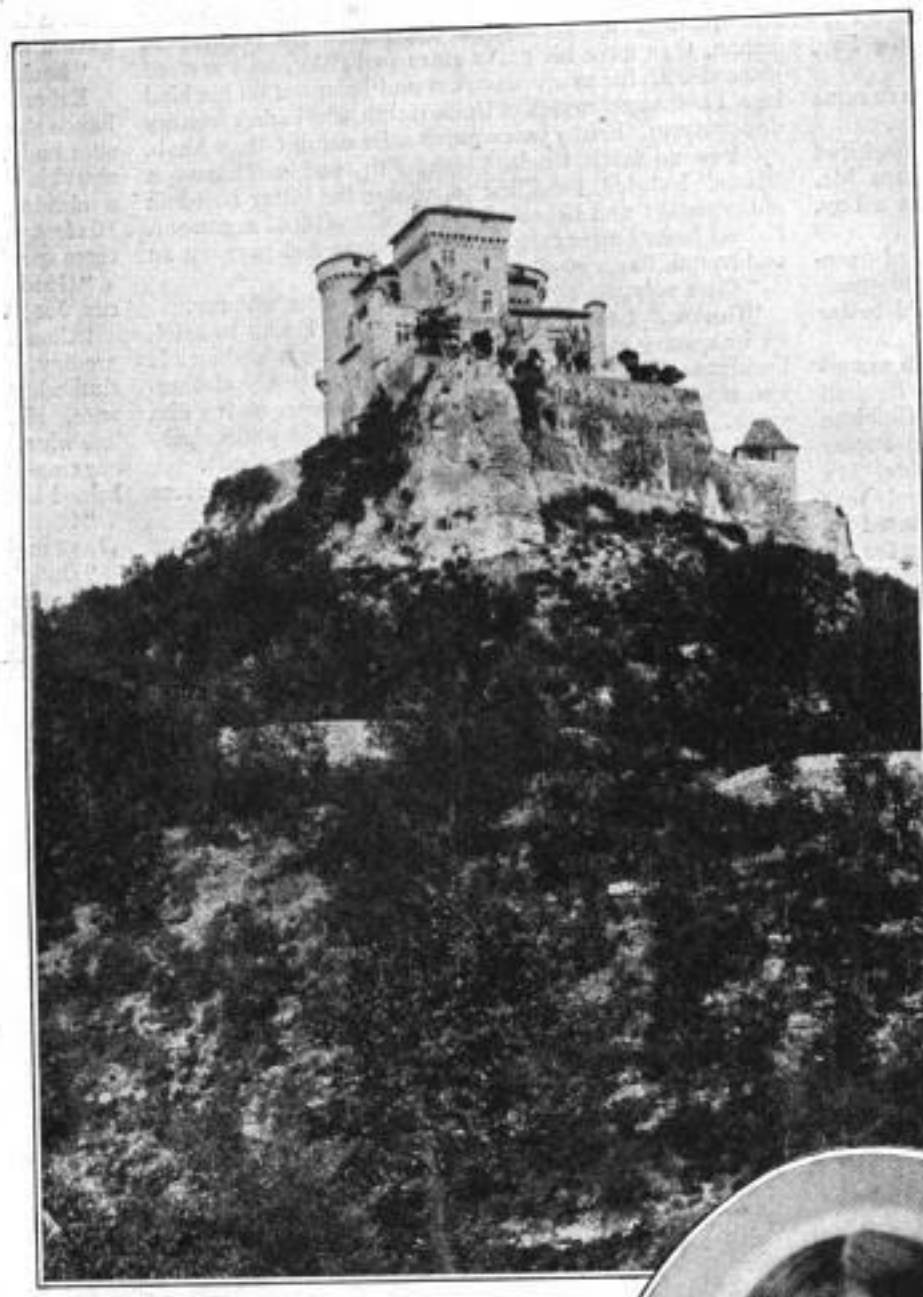
We gave opera in several cities in California. I remember in one of the smaller towns I had an amusing experience. I was expecting a letter by registered mail, and called at the post office to find out if it had arrived.

"Yes," the clerk answered, "there is a letter for Mademoiselle Calvé, but I cannot give it to you unless you have some papers to identify you."

"Oh, please!" I begged in the best English I could muster. "Don't make me come back again! It's my letter, I assure you. I am Calvé."

"You Calvé!" he exclaimed incredulously. "Come off! I heard her three days ago in Carmen. You don't look the least bit like her!"

He turned away, adding in an undertone to the man beside him, "Calvé's much prettier than this one!"





Cabriere, Madame Calvé's Home, Towers Impressively Against the Skyline—At the Right, Calvé as "Santuzza" in Cavalleria Rusticana

"I am delighted that I appear to be more beautiful than I am," I answered, having overheard the whispered remark. "I will sing Habanera for you, and I hope my voice at least will seem as good near by as it does at a distance."

Whereupon I threw back my head and launched into "*L'amour est enfant de Bohême*," to the astonishment of the whole post office. My friend the clerk was speechless. He pushed the letter toward me without another word. Evidently my identity was established.

We came back from the coast by way of St. Louis, Chicago and Pittsburgh, singing, acting, traveling by day and night—busy and exhausting trips. By the time we approached the Atlantic Coast again we were thoroughly tired out. I remember one night in Pittsburgh we were all feeling particularly weary. Salignac, with whom I was to sing that night, came to me before the performance.

"I hope, Calvé," he said, "that we can take things a little easy tonight. I am at the end of my rope, and you, too, are tired out. You know what it's like, once we get on the stage. Our devilish temperaments get away with us, and we throw ourselves into our parts as though our lives depended on it. I warn you, now, that for this one evening it will be a different story."

I agreed with him and promised to hold myself in as much as possible. There was a double bill for that evening: Sembrich in two acts of Barber of Seville, followed by Cavalleria Rusticana, with myself and Salignac. While the Barber was in progress I stood in the wings, watching the audience. I wanted to know what kind of people we should find in this town, with which I was then not very familiar. Raising my eyes to the balcony, I saw in the last seats, right up under the roof, rows and rows of men in overalls and rough clothes, their faces black with soot, their eyes shining in the dark. They were the coal miners, of course.

"Poor devils!" I thought as I watched them. "They have saved their pennies to pay for their seats up there. They have hurried here from their work just as they were. It's probably the first time they have ever heard grand opera."

I called Salignac and pointed them out to him.

"Do you think it would be fair to sing half-heartedly for those poor fellows?" I asked. "I admit that I cannot do it. It's true I am very tired, but I'll rest tomorrow. Who knows? They may even be men from my own country! They say that there are many miners from Déscazville here in America."

Salignac, always warm-hearted and generous, felt exactly as I did. We sang that night with all our strength, our nerves, our temperament, and we were fully rewarded for our efforts by the bombardment of applause from the upper galleries. After the performance I received a magnificent bouquet, to which was attached a document bearing over a hundred signatures:

"To our famous compatriot, Emma Calvé, from her countrymen of Aveyron, who are happy to have been able to applaud her at last, and pray to be allowed to present their respects."

They came, every one of them, and we embraced in true Latin style, a kiss on either cheek. When it was over my face was as black as theirs. I looked like a chimney sweep.

I have made many tours in America alone, as well as in the Metropolitan company. Truly I know that great country well, and have seen it grow and flourish astoundingly. I have traversed it from ocean to ocean, from border to border, in every season and under all sorts of conditions.

During my concert tours of 1906 and 1908 one of the dreams of my childhood was realized. I had always longed to live in a Gypsy van, to be able to come and go at will, like a true Bohemian, with my house on my back. I had this experience in a glorified degree when I traveled in a private car all over the United States. My pleasure was somewhat marred by the fact that I had to keep my engagements in various cities and towns at a fixed day and hour; but otherwise my luxurious home was a source of unending delight. What fun it was to come back after an evening performance to this little house on wheels, with its comfortable bedrooms, its kitchen, dining room and bath! Everything that heart could desire, even to the amusing and capable services of three negroes supplied by the Pullman Company!

Sometimes in crowded or dirty cities we would arrange to have our car left on a siding in the suburbs. When we were ready to move on to the next destination we would be picked up by the regular train and attached to the end of a long line of cars. There was a charming balcony full of flowers at the back of my little house, where I could sit all day in the fresh air, watching the changing panorama that flowed past me through the peaceful hours.

Often I would return to my car late in the evening, after my concerts. As I prepared for the night the train would begin to move, and I would drop off to sleep, rocked by its gentle motion, carried in the dark toward new scenes and unexplored horizons.

Once when I was in Canada I was caught in a blizzard. It snowed all night, and when I woke in the morning I found it was impossible to leave the car. The snow was in

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hurled across the theater from one balcony to the other, a bedlam of noise. I was wearing a blond wig, and this for some reason focused their attention.

"She is red-headed!" one would call. "No, she isn't! She is a brunette!" answered another. "I've seen her close by! She is a blonde!" "How beautiful!" "Not at all! She's ugly!" "Is she a Spaniard?" "No! French!" "Hi!" "Yah!"

I never heard such a clamor! It was impossible to begin. I was stunned, and believed it was a cabal, until my partner whispered reassuringly:

"It's always like this when an artist makes her début. They'll stop after a while."

But I could not stand there stupidly doing nothing. I am impatient by nature, and I was not going to wait tamely on their good pleasure. I stepped bravely to the front of the stage.

"My friends," I said in Spanish, and with the most charming smile I could muster, "do you wish me to begin, or do you wish me to go away? If I am to begin, be quiet! If you continue I shall make you my deepest curtsy and leave!"

It had the desired effect, and silence descended on the auditorium. We were able to begin our duo, and the evening ended in a whirlwind of enthusiasm and approval. I had a great success, and all went well until the bill was changed.

My second début was in Cavalleria Rusticana. The same storm of cries and interrogations greeted me as on the first night. Evidently there was a cabal—by whom organized or for what purpose I have never wished to know. I was very much discouraged. I went the next day to see the Duc de T., to whom I had a letter of introduction, and I asked him whether I should attempt to sing Carmen for such an extraordinary public.



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Emma Calvé, Photographed in New York, 1894

"I would not advise you to do so," he answered me frankly. "We do not like that opera in Spain, although we fully appreciate Bizet's genius. I have seen you in the rôle at the Opéra Comique in Paris. You are marvelous in it, and I have too much admiration for your talent, and respect for you, to wish to see you in an uncomfortable situation."

"But my contract stipulates that I shall sing Carmen here," I said. "If I do not do so I shall call down the wrath of the managers on my unfortunate head. I shall have to pay a large indemnity for my breach of contract."

"Nevertheless, I advise you to go," he said with some insistence. "No one will follow you into France."

Acting on his advice, I decided to leave. When I told one of my comrades my plan he listened skeptically.

"My dear Calvé," he said, "don't you know that the tenor Marconi was shut up in his room under guard for two weeks, simply because he refused to sing a certain rôle? The laws in this country are strict. The theaters are subsidized by the government, and they make you obey orders as though you were in the army."

I could not help bursting into laughter at the idea of Carmen being arrested in real earnest, though the situation was becoming rather trying. I packed my trunks, in spite of my friend's gloomy prognostications, and made ready to leave the hotel. Suddenly the proprietor appeared at my door.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "you cannot leave the building. If you attempt to do so your trunks will be seized. I am telling you for your own good, to save you annoyance. There are two policemen at the door to prevent your escape."

Imagine my fury and alarm! I went back to my room and wrote a hasty note to the Marquis de R., who was then the French Minister, and at whose house I had sung a few days before. I told him my predicament and begged him to advise me what to do. In a very short time one of the attachés of the embassy arrived.

"Madame," he said in his most courtly manner, "take my arm, I beg you. I will escort you to the station. Fear nothing. You are under the protection of France. Leave your maid to take care of your luggage," he added with a smile. "They certainly cannot force her to sing Carmen. She can join you later."

Thus did I leave Spain! It is the only country, by the way, where the great Patti was hooted. All this happened some thirty years ago. I believe that today the public is less ardent.

I went back to Paris after my Spanish adventure. There I renewed my engagement at the Opéra Comique, but it was not for long. Mr. Grau cabled for me to return to America immediately. The Carmen who had replaced me in New York did not prove the success that had been expected. He paid my forfeit at the Opéra Comique, and my entry at the Metropolitan was triumphant.

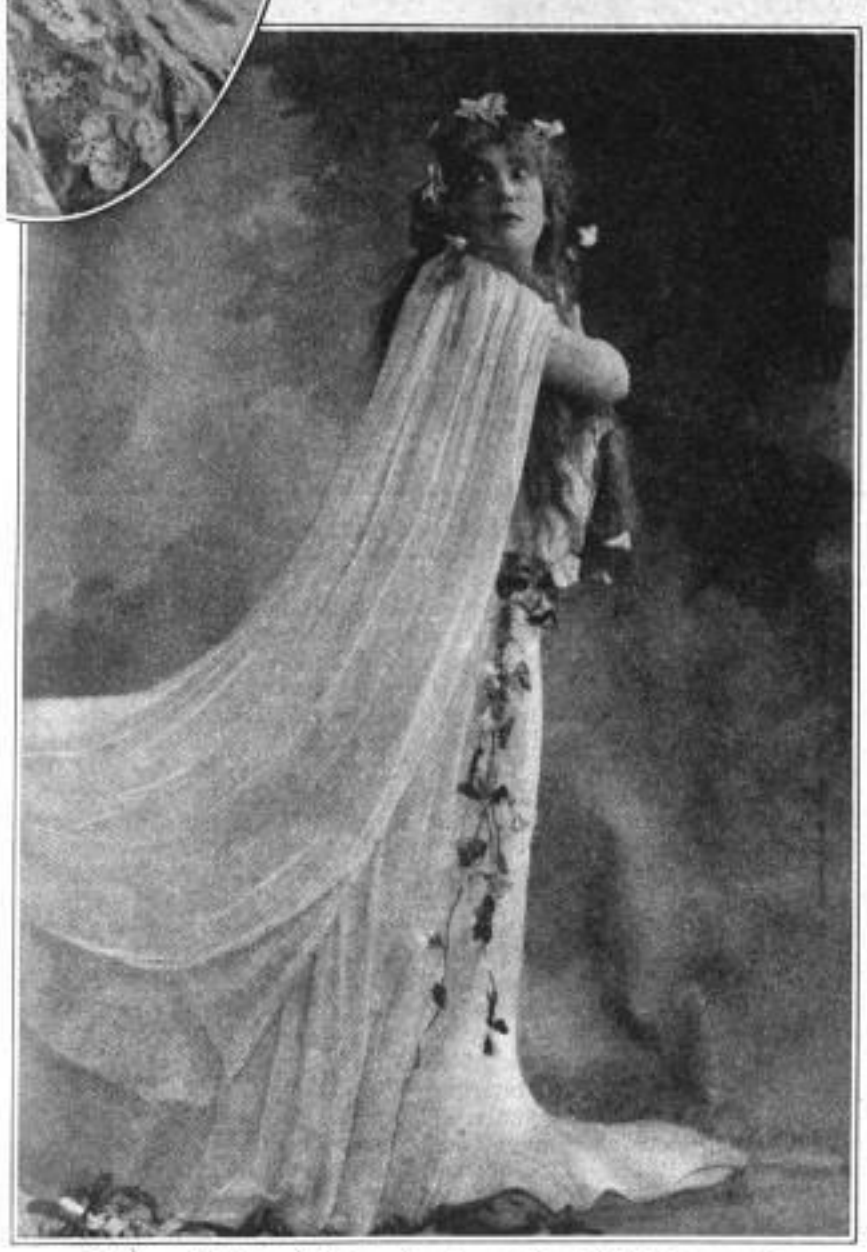
XV

ON ONE of my innumerable concert tours in America I went to Mexico. It was so long ago that I have almost forgotten the year. At that time Mexico remained in about the same stage of civilization as Spain had been in two centuries before. When I visited the haciendas near Vera Cruz or on the outskirts of the City of Mexico it seemed to me that I had stepped backward through the ages to a place and time where the old patriarchal customs were in use; a land which still held the flavor of the Middle Ages.

One day I was taking a walk on the outskirts of a small town not far from the capital. I had

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Calvé as Ophelia and (Above) as Carmen in a Paris Appearance

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LAUGHTER, LTD.

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

V

THE last thing anybody likes to admit is that they are broke. And so when after my big disappointment about my imaginary Silvercrown contract and Greg Strickland's equally imaginary casting-directorship I trickled back to the hotel and told Adele, I made no mention of how little money I had left.

"Well, it's a bad run of luck, Bonnie dear!" says Adele when I had spilled my sorrows. "But cheer up, you may fall into something better. That's the beauty of pictures; you never can tell but that you will land something really big next minute. Take my advice, honey, and don't accept anything too small unless you go broke. A bit is all right, but once an extra always an extra, with very rare exceptions."

"A bit?" I says.

"Even a small bit," Adele explained. "A part where you are a maid and hand a coat, or even are a dinner guest at a table of twelve, say. That gives the producer a chance to get a good look at you."

"I see!" says I. "But what's so wrong with playing atmosphere?"

"I don't know why," says Adele, "but everything is wrong with it. Socially and every other way. A big lot of clowns gets stuck there, for one thing."

Well, I could see her point and acted accordingly. With the result that when I paid my bill at the end of a week, during which I had got acquainted with the outside office of every casting director in the county, and had written my signature in the books of every agency, I had the price of about ten days' board left and no further. Beyond was an aching void, as one might say. And yet it was awful hard for me to realize poverty was actually so close. There was something about living in that atmosphere of hothouse success which sapped a person's good sense away. Everybody I met talked so big that honest, I felt, for no genuine reason on earth, that if I took a big attitude and demanded topside things, why, I would succeed in wringing them out of life.

Also the fact of there always being something doing evenings kept up the illusion of success; immediate, past or imminent. I was generally going to the Green Mill or the Cinderella with Slim. And even sitting around somebody's suite at the hotel, putting number after number on the phonograph, or taking turns singing Absent to a mechanical piano with expression, would wipe out the memory of plodding from studio to studio all through the day.

Well, this Saturday afternoon that I am telling about, I come in at the especially low hour of five o'clock, the hour which the cocktail has made famous, but which I refused to recognize in that connection no matter how dog-tired I was. And as I sat on the edge of my bed and counted my kale I come sharp up against the fact that said bed would soon be taken from under me if I didn't horn in on a job before next pay day.

"Look here, B. McFadden, you poor dumb-bell," I says to myself, "this can't go on. You better move some place cheaper before the management offers to assist you in the matter. You can still get your mail here, so no address value will be lost anyways. And even forty-five bucks will go four times further where things is a quarter as dear!"

Well, I said this, but I'll admit that for once I didn't like to hear myself talk.

However, it was the truth that things in pictures was awful slow just then, and actually thousands of just as pretty, far more experienced girls than me was out of work at that very minute.



My Head Was Down and at First He Started to Pass By. Then He Slowed Up and Come Back

Having at last come to my senses I also came to my feet, meaning to go languidly down and drawl out to the old sport at the desk that I was tired of hotel life and had decided to find a cozy little place of my own. But before I had got any further than my feet there come a knock on my door, and who of all people would it be but Anita Lauber!

I hadn't seen her since we arrived in Los Angeles, nor heard a word from her. But from the looks of her she hadn't suffered much in the meantime. She was dolled to the limit in new clothes, very snappy, even though her wrap was a flivver, and she was close to smothered not alone with talcum powder but excitement as well.

"Say, Bonnie!" she says, rushing right into the middle of her news without even saying how are you or well, here I am, or etc. "Say, Bonnie, don't tell me you got a dinner date for tonight!"

"I wish I had!" I says. "Does that remark of yours indicate that we are probably going to eat?"

"Thank goodness you ain't dated," says Anita, "because I wouldn't have you miss this chance!"

"Here!" I says. "Come in and use up a chair. Where have you been, and what chance is this that you are boiling over?"

"You are not working, are you?" says Anita, throwing herself into the overstuffed and taking out a little silver case. "No? I thought not, dear! You see I heard about your friend Strickland being out of Silvercrown, and I knew the chances was that you hadn't found anything yet."

"Who told you all this?" I asked her.

"My friend, Tom Wells," says she. "The boy I met on the train—remember?"

"Yeh!" I says. "Anita, why didn't you come here to the hotel like you said you were going to?"

"I did intend to," she says, "but he asked me to lunch. He's a continuity writer, a free lance for Jago. And the minute he told me that, I didn't hesitate to grab the chance of knowing him better. Then afterwards he says why don't I go to his mother's to board? So I'm there. I've been meaning to get over to see you before this, honest I have. Then today the big chance come up and I thought I'd let you in on it."

"Well—shoot it," I says, "before you have me a nervous wreck."

"Tom knows practically everybody in pictures," says Anita enthusiastically. "And he's been promising all along that he would get me in. Well, he was at Tom Jago's office this morning about a script, and Jago says he's giving a party at his house out at the beach tonight, and why not come to dinner and bring a couple of girls? And I like you, dearie, so I thought of you first off."

Well, that was quite some slice of news.

"Say, listen!" I says. "Do you mean to tell me that the great T. H. Jago himself is asking two wrens he has never seen out to his house to dinner?"

"Why, they often do!" says Anita. "That's the way they get hold of a lot of new faces, and many a fat contract has come out of no more than that."

"But say, listen, Anita," I says. "Jago is a big man, and neither I nor you are fools. When a man of his class gives a party where he invites unknown chickens, either he seriously does it to look 'em over, which he could do better in his office, or else it is going to be a stormy evening at the beach tonight, in which case I believe I will stay as much at home as a person can in a hotel."

"Well, Bonnie McFadden, of course if you want to insinuate that I would go on any rough party I can't help your evil mind," says Anita, getting to her feet. "You don't understand how things are done in pictures. And if you are going to throw down the chance of actually meeting Tom Jago in his own house, all I can say about it is that you got a perfect right to be a poor but honest fool! So long!"

"Here, hold on, Anita!" I says. "Don't go so fast. Of course it would be wonderful to meet Jago, and it's the chance of a lifetime, for don't I know how hard it is to get a bowing acquaintance with even his office boy! And maybe I do him an injustice. After all, he is a topside person, and very likely a good one."

"Now you're using sense!" says Anita, still fingering her little silver box nervously. "Put on your snappiest evening dress and be all set by seven. Tommy and me will drop around for you. So long, and here's hoping we both get a job out of it!"

"Sweet daddy, wouldn't that be luck!" I says, kissing her good-by.

"Thank you, Anita, dear!"

When Anita was gone I thought well, what a mean crack it is to believe the worst of a person just because they are a powerful producer and you happen to be a good-looking girl. To which I also added the fact that if anyone back home had said to me a good friend of mine over to West Haven is giving a bust and I can bring anybody

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I want to, why I would not of thought it strange or even hesitated for one minute. Besides all of which I had just forty-five dollars cash money and absolutely no prospects, and why be so unjust to Mr. Jago when I didn't even know him yet? And a lot more self-kidding like that for half an hour or more, until I had actually got myself to a point where I pretty nearly believed T. H. Jago was a kind, fatherly old boy who asked poor friendless young motion-picture aspirints out to the house so he and his wife could pick out the ones which looked like they had the most talent.

I say I almost had myself bluffed to that point of view, but not quite. Deep down in an unquenchable corner of my heart a persistent voice kept telling me that I was taking a chance and that I knew it. But I kept that voice within bounds by arguing that this was a modern day and age and nobody could afford to be too big a prune. But I didn't go down and tell Adele about my invitation as I ordinarily would of, and dressed alone.

By the time I was dolled, my excitement and enthusiasm had grown up to a pretty high pitch. And when Anita and her friend was announced, and I come down through the lobby to meet them, I wanted to shout that I was dining at the great Mr. Jago's and wondered if maybe the fact didn't just naturally show on me, anyways. I would not of been the least surprised to see somebody point at me and say in a loud whisper, "There goes one of Tom Jago's next stars; she's dining with him tonight. She has a big future, that girl has!"

Well, Anita's sweetie had a red tie to match his hair, and also several drinks before meeting us. Going out in his car—which they all seemed to have one even if it was only a B. C. model of some sort—well, anyways, going out he told us all about what was wrong with pictures and what vices who had, and the real inside facts about the crooked way this person got their contract, and anything else you choose. Believe me, that boy could peddle the why!

But I was hardly listening to him, because it always made me kind of dreamy driving out to the beach at nightfall with the lights in the houses climbing the hills like lost fireflies, and that eternal perfume of oil and burning cedar sort of intoxicating me. And if it hadn't been for Stricky going back on me the way he done, I would of been quite happy.

It's a funny thing, but whenever I was out with two sweeties, such as Tommy and Anita, I always got to dreaming of how I loved Stricky and encouraging a lot of lonesomeness in myself the way the third party is apt to in such a case. Sweet daddy! It is no easy thing for a girl to sit in the tonneau of a big bus all alone on a moonlight night and watch the silhouettes of two good friends of either sex on the front seat, even if one of them is driving. Only a person of great strength of character like myself can resist taking on something temporary when they are constantly exposed to that sort of stuff.

Well, anyways Anita and this goof were particularly bad specimens and my only comfort lay in the thought that well anyways my hair would not be all mussed up when we got to the party.

It was kind of a shock to me, though, when we stopped in front of a place that would not of been really conspicuous back home at Stonewall Beach. At first I thought there must be some mistake and that we had not got there yet.

"Is this Jago's house?" I says, trying not to be too disappointed, because I had naturally expected it to be a palace.

"Sure it's his house!" says Tommy, helping me out. "But not the one he lives in. He just has this one for bathing and other parties."

Well, Jago's stock went up with me again, because it was a big house to keep just as an extra, so to speak, and once inside I got even more impressed. There was two Jap butlers in sort of bumblebee costumes in the lower hallway, and a blast from errant saxophones was shaking it up in the big shadowy room beyond. Not to mention the elegant big bedroom upstairs into which Anita and I was shown, there to lay our humble wraps down among a flock of evening capes which looked like a bargain sale at a brocade factory.

"Some bungalow!" Anita whispered to me. "Kid, this is class; we are in on the real thing!"

"I'll say we are!" I says, taking in the furniture, thick carpets and crowding females around the long dressing mirrors. "I guess we must of been mistaken about being asked to dinner. Where on earth could they feed this crowd unless at a buffet?"

"Oh, it's dinner, all right!" says Anita, finding parking space for a little more rouge on her lips. "Nothing small-time about Mr. Jago."

"You said it!" says one of the girls at the mirror, in a silver-spangled dress which commenced way below the chin and forgot to go on below the knees. "You said it! Tom certainly can peddle a party!"

Over to one side was a couple of girls which I recognized them as Kit Knute Divers, Betty Anders and another whose name I didn't know, but I had often seen both of them in comedies and bathing suits, and now easily recognized them because of their being practically dressed the same tonight. Also they was talking together and this is what they says.

"Are you taking up golf, too, deah?" says Betty, and the other come back with "Oh, my deah, I've been at it for an age!" Then Betty says, "I do hope you won't think it odd, my coming here tonight with Harry. His wife is ill, poor deah, and he simply insisted! I'm uneasy about our being seen together, though. You know how fearfully easily people talk!"

Well, I guess that super-Boston accent, coming from the well-known divers, was even more of a jolt than the inside of Jago's house had been. Then Anita was all set and we drifted along downstairs.

During that first half hour of the evening I was impressed by the air of refinement and the English pronunciation on every hand. I felt like a mut, and common as dirt. There was forty people at the party, and nobody introduced anybody around. I didn't even know which was Mr. Jago. Almost all of the girls was in evening dress but none of the men, but yet it was a brilliant scene, and everybody spoke whether they knew each other or not.

After the bumblebee Jap butlers had buzzed around with a flock of cocktails, but buzzed around me in vain, somebody threw open a double door like in a drama, and there was a huge round table, and if you have never seen a table set for forty people you can guess my sensations, otherwise not. Especially when I add that not alone was this table glistening with glass and silver and the center of it heaped with scarlet eucalyptus blossoms and white oleanders, but at each and every place set a whole quart of champagne. I felt an awful funny mixture of thrill, scare and pleasure as a little short fellow which had been telling me how good he was seized me by the arm and we went in to that dining room, as part of a long procession which was dancing to their meal, the jazz band leading the way.

And that band never stopped the whole time we ate, because in Hollywood it is a fixed

(Continued on Page 30)



"Come Here, Little Girl," He Says. "You With the Blond Curls! I Want to Speak to You!"

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 26, 1922

Fair Wages

NO INDOOR sport has grown faster in popularity in the last few years than that of theorizing over wages. Much has been said of living wages, of saving wages, of fair, fit, decent, just wages. These in turn have been constructed upon the basis of supposed standards of living, of family schedules and budgets. These in their turn have been built up upon index numbers, so called, and other estimates of the cost of living.

Wage disputes without number and strikes of far-reaching importance have hinged to a large degree upon the interpretation of these items. Economists for the labor unions and those for the employers have fought one another bitterly through hundreds of volumes of testimony. Perhaps it is better for experts to engage in deadly mental combat concerning the theories of statistical weighting and the number of socks a workman should wear, before a bored and weary government commission, than for two millions of railroad workers to go on strike. In time, perhaps, new principles of wage adjustment may emerge from the long warfare of figures, but no juggling with budgets and schedules and no amount of talk concerning ideal wages can obscure the essential facts.

What governs the payment of wages has been discussed to the last degree of technicality for hundreds of years by nearly all writers on serious subjects. Each economist has a theory more or less his own. The close-fisted employer, the ardent unionite and the out-and-out socialist—their ideas differ, of course, but that is only the beginning of the divergence. One principle, however, which does not govern wages is the moral desert of the recipient. People are not paid according to the beauty of their character or because they work hard. They are not paid with the idea of pensioning them off or making them comfortable and happy.

It is said with great emphasis that though wages at present are based largely on the law of supply and demand the workers as a class will never be satisfied with any method of determining their compensation which fails to regard their services as something more than a commodity. But whatever names or phrases be attached to the process of paying wages, the wages themselves depend fundamentally upon production, and what the workers as a whole receive in the way of wages is a measure of their share of the total production.

A machinist in an automobile factory in Detroit receives more than a coolie in China. But then, the production of this country exceeds that of China. Socialists have a theory that workers should get the entire production. They have a vague idea that there is a great reservoir of profits, dividends and swollen fortunes out of which wages might be enormously increased.

But this easy and pleasant solution, so commonly held by others than socialists, is not borne out by the facts. The most exhaustive, nonpartisan and unimpeachable statistical inquiry shows that labor already gets close to three-quarters of the total income. Even this result is figured only on the basis of going concerns and does not include those which fail, leaving nothing for capital or property. Besides, of capital's share a considerable part goes to people who are not only far from rich but in many cases are laborers themselves. Much of the remainder is used to improve and enlarge the industrial plant, and of course every such improvement and enlargement by increasing the industrial output increases the income of labor by nearly three-quarters of the amount.

Obviously labor can make no large or permanent gain by quarreling over the comparatively small share which goes to management and capital. It has the physical power to take, say, nine-tenths instead of seven-tenths, but if Russia is any example this would so reduce the total production that labor would suffer a net loss instead of making any gain. Wise indeed is the observation that labor is better off with a moderately large share of a large and growing income than it is with a very large share of a small and decreasing one.

Roughly speaking, wages depend on the value of the services to those who receive them. An employer of a great movie star can make more out of Charlie Chaplin than he can from a hod carrier. No one has any other broad, general principle to suggest that appears at all workable. But this principle is far from perfect. The discrepancy in pay between movie star and hod carrier may be unendurable. Many hod carriers may join together to force a higher wage.

Just how far the individual or group should go in fighting for his or their own share no one can say. That is an unsolved problem, a mystery. But it is very easy to go beyond the point where the national income suffers and is reduced by misguided struggles for the largest piece of pie. It is said that wages of English workers have risen more or less steadily for seven hundred and fifty years, "and that the rise of man is the rise of the worker." This has been due in part to the efforts of unions, to the declining belief in and practice of slavery, to more humanitarian ideals, and the like.

But those who concentrate their view on these elements of progress alone make a curious and fatal mistake. The chief gain has been caused by improvements in industry and method, by inventions, by the discovery of new forces and resources; in other words, by the increase in production, in output, in income.

Increased wages, salaries and profits, as well as the extraordinary spread in the general distribution of comforts and a higher standard of living among western peoples, it must be repeated, are in a broad sense the result of the progress of industry. How the masses can gain in the future except in the same way no one has ever been able to explain. A general all-around jacking up of wages will not do the trick, because that merely shoves up the cost of living to the very persons who receive the wages. Any general increase in wages except as it goes along with improved industry must, from the very nature of the case, defeat itself.

The problem is not solved by saying that the worker is entitled to a living wage and one out of which he can make provision for the future. The question is one of practicality, of ways and means. Nor does it help much to guess at or estimate the living or saving wage. Such figures are almost always unreal and artificial. The costs of food, clothes, rent and fuel vary to a marked degree in different parts of the country. There is no such thing as a universal standard of living or a budget that can be commonly accepted. There are too many modifying circumstances of age, sex, race, nationality, habits, climate and locality.

It is commonly assumed in wage disputes that the workman supports a family of five, with three children under fourteen. But, of course, in actual life there is no standard workman's family in size, in number of income contributing members, in number of dependents, their ages, health, mode of living, requirements for clothing, recreation, and the like. Individuals and families are actual, not average. So-called economists or experts in Washington or New York decide from the reading of many books that wages of, let us say, railroad brakemen should be a certain amount, irrespective of whether they are married or single, young or old, alert or slow, intelligent or stupid, and without taking cognizance of the character of the wife and children, if any, whether they are thrifty or extravagant, helpful or a drag.

The workman may have only himself to support; he may have a wife, or one child, or many. Or one or more of the children may be of an age where they contribute to the family support. Or conditions may be such that the wife also works. There are families in which every member is an earner; there are others in which the father must support six or seven young children.

There are millions of standards of living. There are millions of different wage levels where people either do or do not live well. It is a personal affair with each individual. Learned professors may decide upon a certain figure as a proper wage, but the workman may deliberately choose to support only himself through life, or he may choose to support a dozen people. In reality each worker chooses his own standard.

To a considerable extent wages are smaller than they would be except for the industrial incapacity of the individual. He or she is poorly trained and is rarely guided toward the most suitable vocation. There is a world of ignorance and unfitness. Immigration creates a low-lying, helpless group easy to exploit. The lure of the city draws in hordes of people out of their natural and suitable habitat. Wages depend upon education, training, health, skill of management—upon a score of conditions which must be improved and are being improved.

But they depend even more upon the progress of the arts, invention, science, industrial methods. In the future the wages now being paid may seem pitifully small. Certainly the workman should get his full share of the benefits to come. But he cannot improve his position unless the industrial order itself, of which he is a part, is encouraged to become more effective and fruitful.

Politics by Assassination

THE murder of Walter Rathenau was not an isolated episode in the political life of Germany. It was a step in a program. The masses in Germany are democratic, though unskilled in political procedures. The landed gentry is monarchistic. The titled families are monarchistic. In Germany is a mass of men who were officers in the Imperial Army; possibly a hundred thousand. These officers were trained for warfare. Many of them have no other talents or experiences. They have little means of support; the democratic state of society offers them no hope for a future in their chosen profession. Their frame of mind is often one of desperation. Morally many of them are little above the professional soldiers of the Central American countries. The experiences of the war have dulled their sensibilities.

A murder of a political opponent is like an act of guerrilla warfare, and for them the war is still on. Eisner, Erzberger and Rathenau were killed in succession, for the same reason. These men, in official positions, tried to approach in an objective manner the subject of Germany's guilt in the war. They endeavored to find a meeting ground with the Allies for the adjudication of disputes and settlement of reparations. They tried to make the program of peace workable. They attempted to aid in the political conciliation and economic restoration of Europe. They were the opposite of the die-hard Junkers. Germans of the future rather than Germans of the past. They had courage, ideals and intelligence. Their assassination is a sad sign, and it does not encourage forward-looking men in Germany to take up the cause of liberalism.

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Meaning of Decline in European Food Production

By ALFRED P. DENNIS

Special European Representative of the United States Department of Commerce



The French Peasant Woman Has Always Mothered the Fields

THE prosperity of Europe is bound up with agriculture. Discussion of Europe's economic recovery constantly revolves about such problems as national debts, depreciated currencies, unbalanced budgets, German reparations. In a way this is a case of putting the cart before the horse. It would be better to begin from the ground up and inquire why the soil of Europe no longer produces its old-time wealth. The clew to European prosperity is to be found in primary rather than in secondary production.

Sir John Sinclair is said to have danced one evening in a broadcloth suit which the day before had been growing as wool on the back of a sheep. Opinions may differ as to the primary producer in this case, the energetic Sir John, who engineered the enterprise, the tailor, the weaver, the spinner, the herdsman or, finally, the sheep. But one thing is certain—Europe must increase the amount of raw stuffs or primary material wrung from the soil before secondary producers such as weavers and tailors renew their prosperity.

If it is asked when Europe will definitely turn the corner and enter upon an era of renewed prosperity the answer concerns the problem of primary production. So long as Europe can keep out of another general war the index of economic improvement will be found in agriculture. The production of European foodstuffs shows a remarkable decline. The average for the past three seasons is less than the average for the years Europe was actually at war, and as compared with the prewar period is pitifully less. Russia before the war exported annually about 156,000,000 bushels of wheat. That vast country is now on an importing basis, and wheat raised on Kansas farms is being distributed through organized charity to starving families in what should be the best wheat-growing areas in Eastern Russia. The great Russian sugar-beet industry is in ruins.

But the situation is bad enough with Russia left entirely out of the account. Taking the average of the five years 1909–13 as a prewar statistical base and the average of the five years 1914–18 as a war base, the average annual outturn for the three postwar years 1919–21 shows an appreciable loss in all cereals as compared with the war period, and a very striking decline as compared with the prewar or normal production. The drop in cereal production as from prewar amounts in wheat to 270,430,000 bushels, in rye to 242,910,000 bushels, in barley to 112,070,000 bushels, in oats to 425,462,000 bushels, in corn to 110,230,000 bushels. These severe declines correspond roughly to reduced acreages in the case of such countries as Belgium, Bulgaria, Denmark, France and the Netherlands, and to diminished yields per acre in Central and Eastern Europe, due to shortages in fertilizer, agricultural implements and animal power. As a consequence, annual cereal imports in the postwar period have averaged some 7,000,000 metric tons more than in the prewar era. This means concretely that more than a thousand big shiploads of grain must now yearly be brought to Europe from overseas in addition to the heavy annual importations before the war.

Livestock Dwindling

IT SHOULD be noted in passing that this constitutes a severe drain upon the war-depleted finances of the European countries. The raw cotton and copper which the Europeans import from us are wrought upon by men's hands and are reëxported to various parts of the world as a form of labor. The pool of national wealth may be thus swollen rather than drained by the import of raw or semifinished material. When our raw cotton, for instance, is converted into fine counts by the cheap labor and cheap hydroelectric power in spinning mills in Northern Italy and these cotton yarns are sold in South America or the Balkan States, the transaction really represents an export of the thing of which Italy has the greatest surplus, namely, human labor. The importation of food is a very different matter economically for Continental Europe. The value of foodstuff exhausts itself in consumption and does not add to the pool of national wealth except as it enables more people to subsist. But what Europe needs is not more people but more wealth.



An Elderly French Farmer With a Yankee Seeder

What has been said about the great falling off in European cereal production applies correspondingly to meats, sugar and potatoes. Except for goats, which are valued more for their by-products—milk and hides—than for their flesh, there has been a falling off in all domestic animals. The livestock figures of 1921—excluding Russia, of which little is known—show the following declines as compared with 1911: Horses from 44,000,000 to 38,000,000 head; cattle from 127,500,000 to 122,000,000; sheep from 167,000,000 to 153,000,000; hogs from 74,000,000 to 63,000,000. The human population, however, in the same decade, despite heavy war losses, has decreased only ½ per cent.

The European area, excluding Russia, devoted to beet cultivation has decreased from 3,410,000 acres to 2,718,000 acres as over the prewar average, accompanied at the same time by marked decline in per acre yields, the outturn of sugar having fallen from 5,630,000 to 3,310,000 long tons. In brief, the European beet crop in the postwar period is only about 60 per cent of the prewar average. The decline would be even more striking if the breakdown of the Russian sugar industry were figured into the equation.

The greater part of the potato crop of the world is grown in Europe. Though the acreage is only slightly less than the prewar area the decline in yield an acre is quite marked, dropping from 175 bushels an acre in the five-year average 1909–13 to 134 bushels in the average of the three years 1919–21.

Why is all this? There are practically as many workers in Europe as there were ten years ago. The soil is just about the same. Four years of warfare has hardly made a flicker of difference in the soil or climate of Europe. Some of the best farmland of Europe—such as the Rhine Valley and the basin of the Po—has been fought over scores

(Continued on Page 26)



Postwar Harvesting in France Was Much More Interesting to This British Tommy Than "Parade"

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

From The Salome Sun

TRAVELERS who run out of water when crossing the desert often sustain life by drinking a liquid obtained from the bisnaga cactus; but a bush which was once found all around here, now extinct, furnished a drink that made the cactus juice taste like Missouri River water. It was called the Anheuser Bush and was destroyed by the Volstead Bug. A new species known as the Home Brew is now quite generally cultivated, but as it grows only in dark and secluded places like Wenden and Phœnix and never reaches any great age, we have been unable to secure a sample for our collection, excepting a few dead ones. The Volstead Bug is also responsible for the disappearance or extinction of a wonderful bird which once lived around here—the Old Crow—which could make a noise like a parrot or canary. Even a little Old Crow could make a lot of noise. A new animal, the White Mule, has made his appearance up around Wenden lately and is said to have a voice something like the Old Crow—but not so old—but Some Singer, they say, up around Wenden.

Put a little more cactus in the radiator, Bill, and let's go.

If they would take the bray and some of the buck out of the White Mule and leave a little of the kick in, it might be all right.

We often wonder why they send men to Africa and other foreign countries looking for rare animals for circuses and the museums. It must be because the trains go through some of the little suburbs around Salome at night. Hurry up with that hair tonic, Bill, before I get bald out for that one.

The Salome Station says: "Drive right up in your old tin lizzie—lift up the seat and we'll get busy; our Laughing Gas is sure some fuel—it smiles at miles and kicks like a Mule. Your tank's half full—what will it be? Shall we fill her up or only a three? How about water and a little oil? Better take some, see the engine boil. What about springs, don't you need a tire? Farther on ahead they'll charge you higher. If there's anything else you need today, buy it now before you drive away; if you don't want to buy just say Hello and give us a smile before you go. We are always glad to see you here and give you a laugh for a souvenir."

—Dick Wick Hall, Editor and Garage Owner.



His Wife—"Abner, I Need Some Money to Buy Clothes With." Justice of the Peace—"All Right, Euphemia. I Was Goin' to Give That Speeder Ten Days, But I'll Fine Him Instead"

The Justly Proud Mothers

"DO WISH you could see him in his bath. It's too cunning to see him try to get the soap out of his mouth. I tell you—just drop in any morning about twenty minutes to eight, and then you can see ——"

"—— not like other children. Even when she was in her carriage there was always something different about her. Everybody notices it. Why, only the other day her teacher said to me, 'Mrs. Gerridge, Florence isn't like other children. It isn't only that she's brighter, or that she gets her lessons quicker than they do, or that she's better behaved, or better looking, but there's something different about——'"

"—— don't know where he gets it, I'm sure I don't. All my people were always fond of spinach, and John's family are great spinach eaters. But Junior won't so much as touch ——"

"—— so sensitive, sister is. The least thing will make her burst right out crying. Not many people understand a nature like hers. I know how it is, because I have always been highly strung, ever since I was a child. Why, I can remember just as well ——"

"—— 'Mother, dear,' he said—funny, he's always called me 'Mother, dear,' and no one ever taught him to say it either—'Mother, dear, does God ride a kiddie-car?' Well, Henry and I tried our best to keep our faces straight, but ——"

"—— we'd much rather have her that way. Of course most of the children in her class are four or five years younger than she is, but both Wesley and I have always said we'd rather have her strong and healthy, and not try to make her strain her mind ——"

"—— so I just made him sit down quietly beside me, and I said, 'Brother, don't you know how the little bees carry the pollen from flower to flower? Well ——'"

"—— walked and talked before she was ten months old. I don't suppose it's that she's any brighter than other children—things just seem to come easier to her, that's all. She gets it right from my people. My mother often used to say that when I was a year old I used to ——"

"—— even now he notices every steam engine, and cries when he can't have it. You know, my elder brother studied engineering before he went into the insurance business, and I shouldn't be a bit surprised if some day ——"

"—— strangest thing how that little one can imitate people. I don't say it just because Marjorie's my child—everyone says it. You ought to see her take off her Aunt Ida's cook; it's just killing. Of course none of my folks have ever been on the stage, and Harry's haven't either, but I can't help thinking that when she grows up ——"

—Dorothy Parker.

Genealogical

I WALKED upon the ocean shore, and came upon a jellyfish—
A freshly landed, sadly stranded, iridescent, smelly fish.
I paused to contemplate; I sought
To view with philosophic thought
This pink, amorphous fragment that was once a living creature.
The modern evolutionary scientists, I said, agree
That to a certain point we twain possess the selfsame pedigree;
A common ancestor of mine
And yours once floated in the brine—
'Tis strange we cousins are so far apart in form and feature!

You have no outer carapace, you have no inner skeleton,
Nor heart nor lung nor teeth nor tongue, nor anything but gelatin;
You cannot eat, you cannot drink,
You cannot even sit and think;
And nothing ever makes you laugh, and nothing ever grieves you.
I'm glad the founder of my own division of the family
Was not content to be so dull, or to exist so clammily;
I'm happy that he would not live
So thorough a conservative
As to expire on any beach where any ebb tide leaves you!

My grandsire—your granduncle—was a born experimentalist;
Your grandsire—my granduncle—was a lazy transcendentalist.
The first preserved his status quo,
The other's motto was "Let's go!"
He grew a sort of feet, and left before the others missed him.
And just because he wouldn't stand for permanent paralysis,
We have today the Volstead Act, and Fords, and psychanalysis;
And while I live—for it is true
I'll soon be just as dead as you—
The doctors make a living from my high-class nervous system.

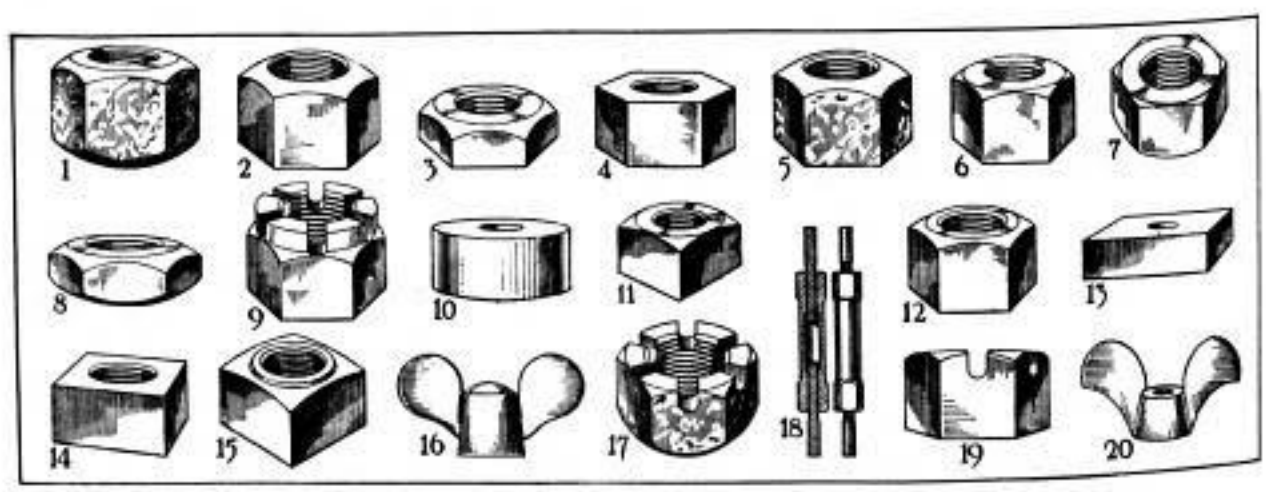
—Ted Robinson.

Her Wonder

THERE are questions that have puzzled the thinking world for ages—
Who was the man in the iron mask?
Who struck Billy Patterson?
Who wrote Shakspere's plays?
Who killed Cock Robin? And, of all things, Who dragged whom how many times around the walls of what?

But the answers to all these she would willingly forgo could she know who was the man who telephoned last night and didn't leave his name!

Editor's Note—Contributions to this department should be sent to the Editor, Short Turns and Encores.



PORTRAIT GROUP OF WELL-KNOWN CELEBRITIES

1. The scientist who believes in spooks. 2. The knight who believes in little girls' fairies. 3. The woman who believes the statements in seed catalogues. 4. The tenor hero of a musical comedy. 5. The woman who lives on counted calories. 6. The minor detective in the mystery story. 7. The matron on the summer hotel veranda. 8. A free-verse writer. 9. The woman who bids one at bridge, without tops. 10. A bridegroom. 11. The woman who says plaintively, "I don't know why I am telling you all this!" 12. The chronic week-ender. 13. Any man under thirty. 14. Any woman over thirty. 15. A human piano player. 16. A guest-room decorator. 17. A woman tourist who kisses her finger tips when she speaks of Paris. 18. A young married couple with their first baby. 19. The baby. 20. The man who invented soft drinks.

—Carolyn Wells.

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C-ampbell's E-very D-ay!
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has all the goodness from the most luscious, tempting tomatoes—just the pure tonic juices and fruity parts strained to a rich, smooth puree, blended with golden table butter and delicately spiced. Have Campbell's Tomato Soup for luncheon or dinner today and see what a real joy it is to your appetite!

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Consommé	Tomato-Okra
Julienne	Vegetable
Mock Turtle	Vegetable-Beef

Vermicelli-Tomato

Your grocer can supply any of these soups

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

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MEANING OF DECLINE IN EUROPEAN FOOD PRODUCTION

(Continued from Page 23)

of times and is as fertile today as at any time in human history. Even the so-called red zone in Northeastern France, where the battle line swung to and fro for four years, has already been restored to almost its former agricultural capacity. Orders for binder twine in the French devastated regions for this summer's harvest actually exceed the prewar demand. The soil has something of the elemental changeless character of the sea. The great war did no more than mar the surface of a minute fraction of the fruitful land of Europe. It did not alter the location of a single mineral deposit or permanently sterilize any considerable grain-producing area in the entire continent. The soil is intact, prices of farm products are higher than before the war, man power has not greatly diminished. Where then is the rub? The burdens imposed upon European agriculture are not so much of Nature's order as of man's contriving. Of the many man-contrived causes the principal ones may be grouped under two heads, namely, changes in European land tenure and changes in the psychology of the European farmer.

Some historian writing with better perspective—say, a hundred years from now—in estimating the results of the Great War will be able to appraise at their proper value the profound changes in European landholding that have taken place almost unobserved under the eyes of the present generation. The neutral countries—Spain, Holland, Sweden, Denmark and Switzerland—were but little affected by the explosive forces that have broken up great landed estates in the warring countries. Every general European war has been followed by new stirrings in men's minds, by new questionings of the rightness or justice of the old order. Out of great wars has come the breaking down of privilege in one form or another, whether social, political or economic. The rending forces of the last great war were like dynamite itself, wreaking their greatest destruction upon that which seemed most stable—that is, the position of the great hereditary landholder.

The thing had been accomplished in France generations ago, when the medieval village society was dissolved under the influence of revolutionary ideas, as contrasted with England, where the old common land was distributed under the influence of aristocratic ideas. The Prussian peasant occupied an intermediate position; he long ago came into ownership of the land but upon terms which were harsh and onerous. In Eastern Europe—Russia particularly—the distribution of the soil was arranged in harmony with the program of an all-powerful landlord class. As a consequence the peasant became a mere wage earner rather than a landowner.

Great Estates Broken Up

The postwar break-up of great landed estates has been effected in different ways in different countries. Taxation has been the agency in England. An income tax which took six shillings to the pound—or almost a third of the landlord's returns—with tithes and local rates thrown in, proved too much for many a British landlord, who was glad to dispose of the land to the men who for generations had worked it. At the flood of the communistic movement in Italy the peasants went out and seized great tracts of land, which the old owners later on, making a virtue of necessity, sold to them at bargain prices. In Czecho-Slovakia the big German estates were broken up, largely, it is said, because they were German. In Poland the great estates were distributed to the peasants under color of a law enacted in 1919. In Rumania a law for the parcellation of big estates was enacted soon after the armistice, and the process has been carried out relentlessly. In Bulgaria and Hungary the process of land redistribution has gone on apace. The end of big land holdings in Russia came with the triumph of the revolution. The peasants simply seized the big estates and parceled them out among themselves. Though the break-up has never been formally regularized by law no one supposes for a moment that these great landed properties will ever return to their former owners. Though the tendency in European land-holding has thus set strongly toward disintegration the net result has been diminished agricultural production. The war doomed the big estate. From the standpoint of abstract justice and sentiment, a good thing, no doubt, but, practically, smaller land holdings mean smaller returns from the soil.

Cheap money also accelerated changes in land tenure. Currency debasement helped the debtor who had engaged to purchase, and hurt the big landowner who had agreed to sell it. Many an Austrian farmer, head over heels in debt, who for years had done no better than meet the interest on his debts, sold a cow or a few sheep at the height of the war boom and with the proceeds paid off in cheap money his farm mortgage. It is worth noting further that the greatest changes in land tenure have occurred in Eastern Europe, or precisely in the countries most dependent upon agriculture for their prosperity.

Whereas the Eastern Europeans have all their eggs in one basket the Western European countries, with the exception of Spain, are either highly industrialized, as in the case of Germany and Belgium; or semi-amphibious, as in the case of Sweden and Holland; or both, as in the case of Great Britain.

Another thing—agriculture in Western Europe is highly organized, and because intensive is to a great extent uniform. Acreage and yields in such countries as England, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Belgium and France are pretty much the same year after year. The contrast with Eastern Europe is the difference between what the mathematicians call a constant and a variable. Last year Europe suffered from the severest drought in a hundred years, but the wheat yields in Western Europe were above the average, while in vast eastern grain areas, such as Bessarabia and the Volga basin, the wheat was not worth harvesting.

Comparative Yields Per Acre

Another circumstance worth noting concerns yields per acre, which in Western Europe, with the exception of Spain, are fully 100 per cent above the average yields in Eastern Europe. The Danish farmer thinks nothing of getting a yield of sixty bushels of wheat to the acre, the average for the entire country being something like forty-eight bushels, or more than three times the per acre yields in the United States. Taking the five-year prewar average for Denmark, Belgium, Holland, the United Kingdom, Sweden, Germany, Switzerland and France, the per acre wheat average is above thirty-two bushels, while the average in the same period for the great Eastern European wheat-producing countries—Rumania, Bulgaria, Hungary and European Russia—was just about one-half as much, or sixteen bushels to the acre.

But these eastern countries are precisely the ones that have heretofore been depended upon for exportable grain surpluses. Wheat raising in Western Europe is a matter of intension, while in the wide spaces of Eastern Europe it is a matter of extension. Where land is abundant and the population sparse, as in North Dakota, Argentina or Russia, wheat cultivation is based on the maximum yield per man, while in Western Europe, where land is high priced and the population redundant, yields are based on the maximum per acre. The average population per square mile of the six leading agricultural countries of Western Europe is fully ten times as high as the population per square mile in the United States, and is more than double that of the six principal agricultural countries of Eastern Europe.

What conclusions can be drawn from the foregoing? In the first place, Western Europe has already attained through a highly organized, intensive cultivation something like peak production in agriculture. Hopes of great expansion in food yields must necessarily be centered in Eastern Europe, where the population is still relatively sparse and agriculture less highly developed. But these eastern farm regions are precisely the localities that have suffered most from the parcellation of land. In Eastern Europe small-sized holdings and agricultural inefficiency go hand in hand. Though many of the landowners of the old régime were typical absentee landlords, wholly indifferent to the development of soil resources, a great many were men of energy and intelligence, who had capital to invest in modern machinery, fertilizers and drainage. There is no question but that the large landholders of Europe cultivated the soil better than the new peasant owners. These peasants are hidebound in habit, wedded to primitive methods, and are content to live from hand to mouth, impervious to new ideas. They are indifferent for the most part to the importance of deep plowing, and, even if they were not, lack the animal power to accomplish it.

Furthermore, Eastern Europe is so poorly industrialized that an overwhelming proportion of the population must work upon the soil in order to feed itself. Whereas in England and Belgium the importation of cheap foreign grain afforded new possibilities for the expansion of industrialism along with the increase in population, the situation is exactly reversed in Eastern Europe. If foreign money is to be brought into the country it must be through exporting farm rather than factory products. The primary problem is not one of supplying cheap food to toilers in the great industrial centers, but rather of furnishing subsistence to the rural population itself. In England what the urban population demands is cheap food and plenty of it. It does not concern itself with the problems of food production. In Eastern Europe the population, being overwhelmingly rural, does not concern itself with urban needs or the export trade. Whereas the population of England and Wales today is approximately 20 per cent agricultural and 80 per cent urban, that of European Russia before the war was 86 per cent rural. The first business of the great rural population of Eastern Europe is to feed itself. To produce a surplus amount of food for someone else is not to the farmer's interest unless he is assured of an adequate return. Unfortunately the Eastern European peasant has had no security that he would be properly paid for any surplus that he had to sell. Consequently he has not set about to produce it.

The war has had a disastrous effect upon the psychology of the European farmer. He had to live through all the chaos and insecurity of actual military operations; then ensued currency debasement, the end of which is not yet. The farmer exchanged his bushels of wheat, which had a definite intrinsic value, for printed pieces of paper, which had a fictitious and declining value. Furthermore, with war came the era of government requisitioning, communizing experiments, and the erection of artificial barriers to the free exchange of farm commodities. The war created state interferences, race hatreds, international spite fences, tariff barriers, currency depreciation to such a degree that these recent years for the European farmer have been what Carlyle would describe as a "tortuous ungodly jangle."

Dislocated Markets

To illustrate the point: There was a period in 1919 when Italy was buying wheat for $2.50 a bushel in the Chicago market against the most adverse exchange in the world and freighting it 5000 miles, when 200,000 tons of grain were awaiting export in the neighboring country of Jugoslavia. The dispute over Fiume barred at the time commercial intercourse between the two countries. Again, the natural market for the semitropical citrous fruits of Southern Italy is in Germany. This trade channel, as a result of the war, has been artificially choked by exchange and tariff obstacles. Further, Italy imported quantities of American cotton oil, which was used not only for blending with native olive oil and later reëxported, but was liberally consumed by the Italian working classes as a substitute for olive oil. The importation of one gallon of American cotton oil thus permitted the exportation of a corresponding gallon of Italian olive oil, which sold for about double the price. The Italian import duty on American cotton oil was raised in July, 1921, to a figure just about high enough to kill the trade.

Austria lies in the center of Europe, wanting today about everything one can mention in the way of foodstuffs. Before the war Austria was fairly self-sufficing in food resources. Now the grain raised on the great Hungarian plain goes to other markets, and the Budapest government has laid an embargo on the export of animal products. Accordingly Austria is making a shift to buy grain, lard and bacon in the Chicago market, some 5000 miles away.

Germany before the war was the heaviest Old World producer of beet sugar. Of her great surplus she exported not less than 1,000,000 tons annually to England. Germany since the war has found difficulty in supplying her own minimum needs. Her exporting capacity has been reduced to a shadow. The cultivation of the sugar beet calls for a great expenditure of hand labor. German rural labor has been enticed from the farms to the factories by the postwar industrial boom. In prewar times, however, Germany brought in some 500,000 or more men and women to get in her seasonal crops. Most of these hands were employed in the sugar districts and came principally from Poland. Poland being now a foreign country, this labor is no longer available, and Germany finds herself faced with a material obstacle to any great and sudden increase in her sugar production.

Small Crops the Rule

Rumania has more than doubled its potential farm resources, but grain exports in the three postwar years were pitiful as compared with the exportable capacity of the country before the war, exports of wheat being only about one-fiftieth of what they averaged in the prewar period 1909–13, while exports of rye and corn were but little better than one-third as much. Rumania, which exported an average of 49,000,000 bushels of wheat annually before the war, was unable during the past year with double the farm area to furnish the few thousand tons of wheat contracted for by the French and Swiss Governments. The backset is due in great measure to readjustments in land tenure, the childlike inability of the Rumanian peasant to shift and plan for himself, and the breakdown of transportation.

As to Russia, amid all the obscurity one fact stands out clearly—that grain requisitioning by the soviet government in its effect upon the psychology of the Russian peasant inflicted a terrible blow upon agriculture. All the Russian small farmer now asks is to be let alone as a self-contained economic unit content if he can raise enough food for his own family, quite indifferent to if not oblivious of the needs of far-away urban populations in his own country or abroad.

Though it is the business of the investigator to record rather than to predict, one may venture modest forecasts as to the future agricultural development of Europe. Predictions may have to do with either the proximate or the remote future. No quick turn for the better may be expected. For the long pull, prospects are more encouraging. In the case of the coming harvest, European wheat yields are bound to be less than they were last season. Neither in acreage nor in condition does wheat promise so well in France, Germany, Italy, Bulgaria, Rumania, Czecho-Slovakia and Greece as last season. The general grain average, however, may be brought up to about last year's outturn through the better prospects for spring-sown cereals. There will undoubtedly be more potatoes raised in Europe this year than last. The prevailing high prices in Northern Europe have led to increased plantings at the expense of other crops. Certainly hay and other forage crops will be better than they were last season.

Earlier expectations of a great augmentation in the yields of sugar will not be realized. All European countries, with the exception of Norway, Greece and Turkey, produce some sugar. Even Switzerland under very adverse conditions turns out about 10,000 tons annually, and England, the world's greatest sugar consumer next to the United States, is attempting to produce sugar under a form of government subsidy.

Eight thousand acres have been planted to sugar beet in England this spring, but even if England should attain to a yield of 15,000 tons of sugar, what does this amount to in a country that consumes 1,750,000 tons of sugar annually?

Germany, the heaviest European producer of beet sugar, is not likely to do much better than last year, chiefly on account of labor shortage. As a consequence the 1,000,000 tons of sugar normally supplied to the United Kingdom by Germany will have to be obtained elsewhere.

(Continued on Page 28)

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The owner of a Cadillac is impressed almost immediately by its day-by-day dependability.

But what cements and seals his allegiance to the Cadillac is the continuity of this fine performance over a period of years.

He gradually realizes that this dependability which he prizes is not a mere passing quality to be enjoyed while the car is new, but that it is to endure in all its fullness throughout his entire term of ownership.

From the time of that realization forward, and the realization comes certainly and clearly to every owner of a Cadillac, his whole conception of motoring possibilities changes and becomes infinitely broader and finer.

Every far-off state and city of fancy becomes instantly a place to be visited, and easily and safely visited, in his Cadillac.

Every trip, whether of one mile or one thousand, he undertakes with the serene surety that not only will he travel in complete comfort, but that arrival and departure at a particular time in his Cadillac is almost exclusively a matter of his own decision.

This is what the veteran owner of a Cadillac has in mind when he becomes almost extravagantly enthusiastic over his car's indomitable dependability.

It is a dependability that the Cadillac owner sincerely believes is unequaled; that he knows will endure not simply for a month or a year but throughout the entire term of service; not merely for one thousand but for many thousands of miles; and that is the deep, determining reason for his preference for the Cadillac.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

C A D I L L A C

Standard of the World

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Jim Henry's Column

My Dry Shower Idea

I can't prove that I am the originator of the idea, but ever since I found out for myself the amazing virtues of a Mennen Borated Talcum over-all shower, I've certainly done more talking about it than any man living.

To tell the truth, these hot days I don't seem to talk anything else. Can't keep my mind on selling Mennen Shaving Cream at all.

The funny part of it is that until last year I had always associated Mennen Borated with infants and the so-called weaker sex. When millions of women have never used anything else, you're likely to form such an opinion.

But I got to thinking about it one morning when my sixth sense promised a record climb in the mercury.

"Why not for men?" I asked myself. "I wonder what would happen if I should douse it all over?"

So I tried it. And honestly, it was great!

Here's the system:

After your bath, shower it all over—back, front, neck, arms, legs—everywhere. Rub it around lightly until you get an almost imperceptible film. Takes only a minute.

Then slip into your clothes. You'll notice the difference right away. Arms and legs will slide without restraint. You feel *free* and unhampered and you'll stay like that away into the middle of the day.

One thing more: Don't be afraid that you'll smell suspicious. For if Mennen Borated has any odor it is that of indescribable cleanliness—light—delicate—almost beyond detection.

If there isn't a can in the family medicine chest right now, you can get one at your druggist's for 25 cents.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.



(Continued from Page 26)

In the case of France, nearly all the native sugar mills were situated in the war zone; 125 out of the 206 sugar factories were destroyed. As a consequence France has been a heavy importer of sugar. A return to the old conditions when the country was self-sufficing is a matter of evolution. It is possible that France may increase her output of sugar 20 per cent this season over last, but must continue to import heavily for some years to come.

The area planted to beet in Italy this spring is largely in excess of last season and approximately up to prewar average, when the country was self-supporting. Under favorable conditions Italy, which had to import 90,000 tons of sugar last year, should be self-supporting with the next harvest, but prospects for the country becoming an exporter on an important scale are remote on account of the rapid increase in sugar consumption.

Belgium, Holland and Denmark are not increasing their beet cultivation this season, as there is more money in other crops. Czecho-Slovakia is the greatest European sugar-producing country after Germany, but the areas devoted to beet are showing no marked expansion, while native consumption is visibly increasing. Russia, which before the war supplied about one-quarter of all the sugar produced in Europe, has no longer any sugar industry to speak of. Taken as a whole, next season's European sugar crop will hardly surpass 65 per cent of the prewar output.

Possibilities of Eastern Europe

For the long pull, the complete reconstruction of European agriculture is bound to be realized, but it will be a slow process—the work of decades or perhaps generations. There is something in the combined forces of the old order—the thing we call the past—which always tends to wring back violent gains and violent losses and restore the old balance. As racial hatreds soften and artificial barriers are leveled and as the peasant gets his bearings under the new conditions that surround him, the general level of food production will surely rise. Any great expansion must be looked for, of course, in Eastern rather than in Western Europe. Agriculture has already been carried to such a high point intensively in Western Europe that any great increase in cereal production cannot be anticipated. Nitti, one of the foremost of Italian economists and Prime Minister of the kingdom during the chaotic period succeeding the armistice, remarked to the writer the other day that the agricultural area of Italy was so limited compared with the huge population of the kingdom, that any further marked expansion in cereal production could not be anticipated in the future. He remarked that the soil could be used to better advantage in market gardening and more intensive agriculture than is possible under the limits of grain husbandry, and that sound economic policy was on the side of raising olive oil, fruits and wines for export, and using the money so obtained to purchase durum wheat in the Chicago market.

What is true of Italy is true in more or less degree of the densely populated and highly organized agricultural countries of Western Europe. The riddle of the future lies with the poorly organized and relatively sparse agricultural populations of the great plains of Eastern Europe. Bessarabia, now a part of Rumania, is potentially one of the finest grain-growing countries in the world. Before the war this Russian province exported about 30 per cent of its cereal production. In some parts of Bessarabia today great sections of the population stand in absolute need of bread. Certainly the decline in its grain production has entirely canceled its former 30 per cent grain-exporting capacity. How long will it take Bessarabia and old Rumania to get back to their former exporting capacity? It is hard to see how Russia can possibly get on a grain-exporting basis for at least seven years to come. In the five-year prewar period 1909–13 Russia grew about one-quarter of the world's total of oats and barley, more than one-sixth of the world's wheat, and at least one-half of the world's rye, but the exports of wheat and rye taken together seldom exceeded 10 per cent of their total yields. In order to get back to this 10 per cent surplus for export Russia will require at least three bumper crops in succession. Under present chaotic conditions such a thing is nowhere in sight. It would not be surprising if a full generation is required to see Russia back to her old position as a food exporter.

In respect to agriculture certain European countries, such as England, have passed through their prime, while others, such as Spain, have still a great race to run. British grain production attained its climax some seventy years ago, and the land is now reverting from tillage to pasture. Taking 100 acres as a unit, 68 acres in Germany are under tillage—with 46 acres devoted to cereals, 10½ to potatoes, 9 to roots and legumes, 2½ to garden fruit—leaving 32 acres lying in grass. In Great Britain only 30 out of a 100-acre farm unit are under tillage. Of these 20 are devoted to cereals, 8 to roots and legumes, 1½ to potatoes, ½ to garden fruit; leaving 70 acres lying in grass.

One is astonished to find in the densely populated England of today, even within a few miles of London, wide stretches of heath or common land, which cannot be fenced and devoted to private cultivation without a special act of Parliament. The great Derby horse race is run every year on Epsom Downs, where over 500,000 people congregate on the heath or common land to view the race without the inconvenience of paying an admission fee. During the war British farming was practically organized on the basis of military discipline, and 2,000,000 tons of cereals were added to the native food supply. The increased cereal production was justified by military necessity and not by economic returns. It was a simple case of sacrificing economy to speed, just as under the spur of necessity a heavy freight train may be steamed up to fifty miles an hour when the economic speed is about one-third this rate. With British agriculture standing on its own legs and judged on a purely economic basis one may anticipate in future a curtailment rather than an expansion of British grain production.

Spain's Outlook Bright

The agricultural outlook for Spain is particularly promising for the future because of the condition of the country in the past. The war served to jolt the Spanish farmer out of his antiquated methods and age-long indifference to the methods of modern scientific agriculture. What may be called the renaissance of Spanish agriculture derived its impulse from the favored position enjoyed by Spain as a neutral. War prices taught the Spanish farmer that there was money to be made out of the soil in addition to a bare animal subsistence. Spain, from being the most backward of European farming countries, is now making relatively more progress than any other country in Western Europe. In 1900 Spain had practically no farming machinery; now thousands of American plows, cultivators, reapers and binders are employed in the country. What is known as the combined reaper and thresher—that wonderful machine that cuts, binds, threshes and sacks a field of grain in one operation—is seldom seen except on the great grain-growing plains of the United States. It is reported that more than 250 American combined harvesters have been sold in Spain since the war, whereas only two have been sold in Italy, an agricultural country with almost double the population of Spain. The redundant population of Italy tends to cancel the use of labor-saving machinery. Indeed, in certain regions the agricultural labor unions will not permit the use of such a labor-saving machine as a self-binder, which in one day would displace the labor of forty men employing the primitive hand sickle. Take it all in all, Spain is one of the few European countries that are showing a positive increase in agricultural yields as compared with the prewar period.

Bulgaria is making a brave showing considering the fact that the country backed, as it were, the wrong horse in the war. Despite the loss of territory, Bulgaria raised sevenfold as much tobacco last year as in the prewar year 1913.

Czecho-Slovakia, both actually and potentially, is one of the richest countries in Europe in its soil resources, and is rapidly forging ahead in both cereal and sugar yields. The country agriculturally, of course, represents the cream of the former Austro-Hungarian Empire.

The Inevitable Reaction

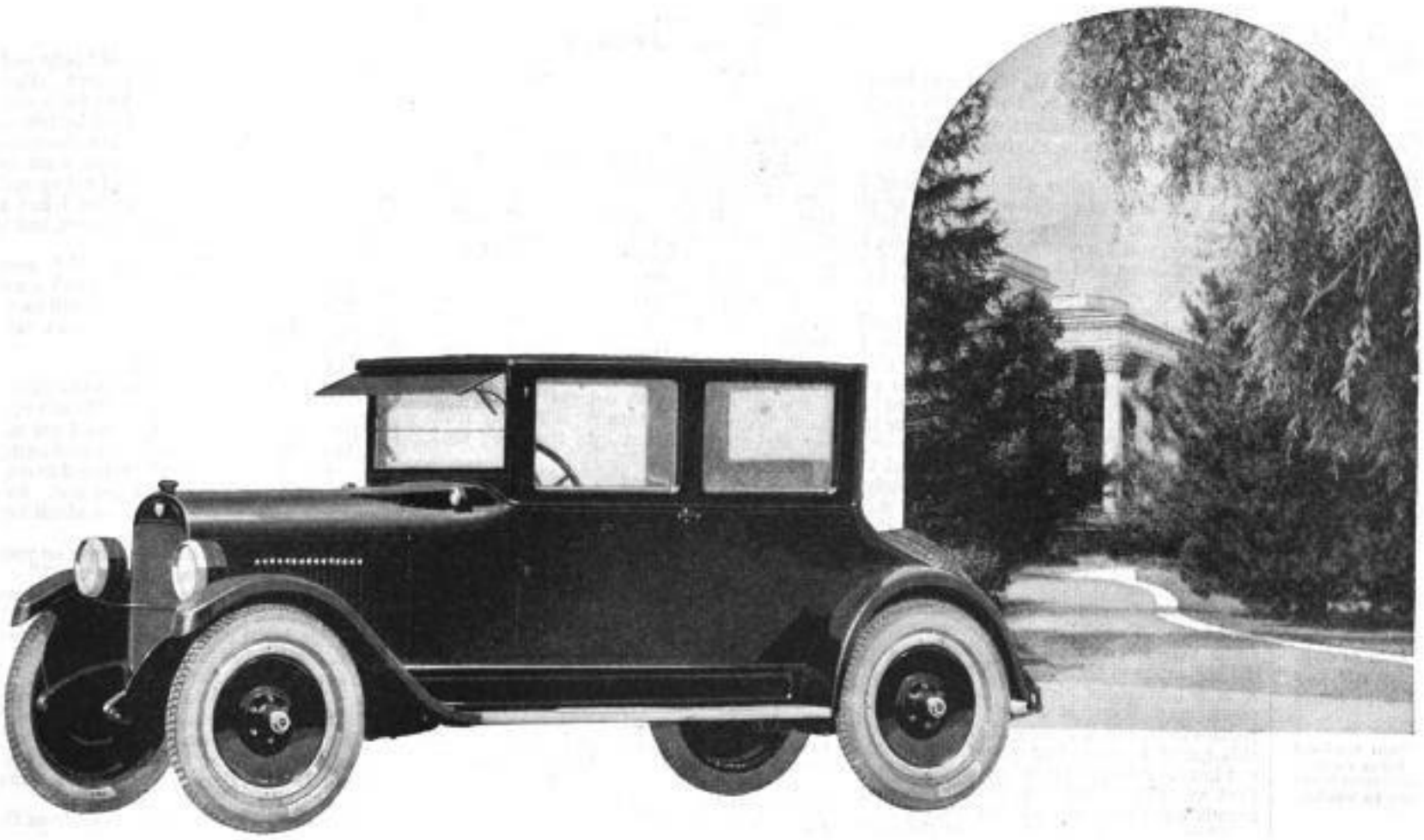
Many well-informed people look upon Poland as the coming agricultural country of Europe. Certainly it is a country of cheap labor in which agriculture receives the support of farsighted and intelligent government coöperation. Considering the fact that the country is but newly constituted and has but recently emerged from the shadow of military conflicts, the augmented outturns of cereals, sugar and potatoes are surprisingly good. The staple cereal in Poland, as in Germany and Russia, is rye, a grain that can be grown on poorer land and at less expense than wheat, and which answers just as well to the food necessities of a people habituated through generations to the use of rye rather than wheat bread.

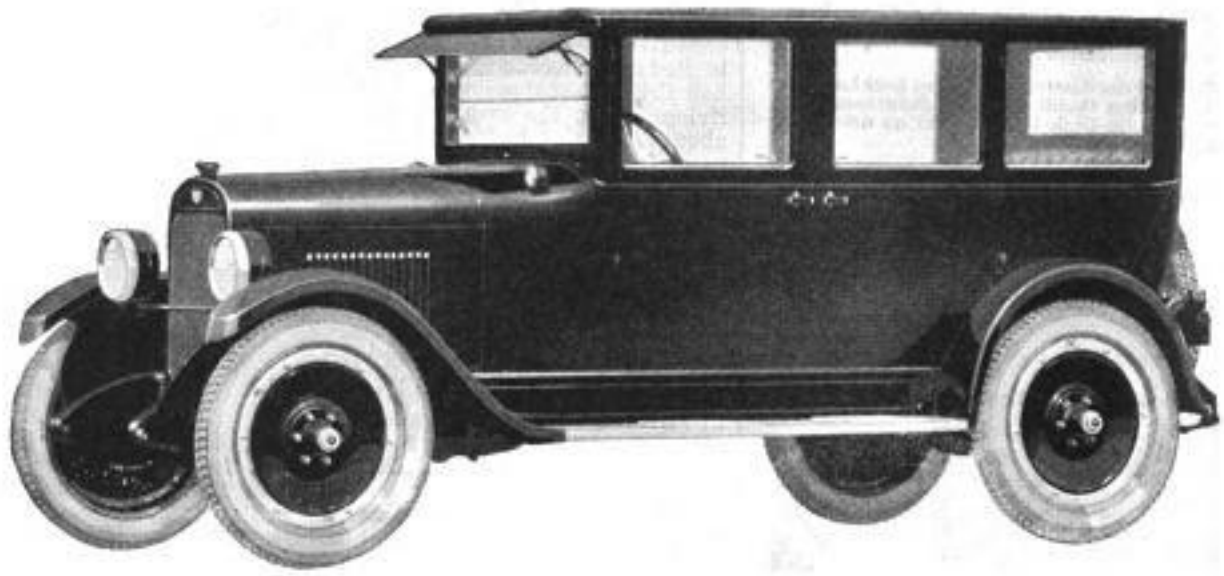
With the inevitable reaction that will come in the industrial boom, German genius and industry will concentrate as never before upon the extraction of wealth from the soil. Given the land, labor, fertilizer and the will to produce, the resources of the German soil are going to be worked to the limit. Synthetic nitrogen fertilizers are already being produced on a broad commercial basis, the present capacity of a single company, the Anilin Badische Gesellschaft, being over 300,000 tons of ammonia per annum. The output of ammonium sulphate has diminished, owing to the loss of coking coal in the Saar Valley and Upper Silesia. Germany is still far and away the most richly endowed in that most precious element in soil fertility—potash. A single German potash mine near Halle contains sufficient potash deposits to supply all the needs of Germany for at least 1000 years to come.

Europe's agricultural plight is a matter of practical business import for both the American farmer and manufacturer. If a normal European grain crop could be anticipated this coming harvest the price of wheat in the Chicago market would probably fall below ninety cents per bushel. On the other hand Europe's ability to purchase our manufactured goods depends upon the return of general prosperity, which in turn waits upon the restoration of agriculture. American business has a direct interest in what the European peasant is doing. The thinking American farmer is getting a broader conception of the international character of his business.



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There is no mistaking the almost universal attitude toward the good Maxwell. The admiration aroused by its beauty has merged into a much deeper regard. Everyone who has had any contact with the car at all, realizes, that its superiorities are just as marked in performance as in appearance—that it is just as unusual in reliability and value, as it is in grace and charm.

Cord tires, non-skid front and rear; disc steel wheels, demountable at rim and at hub; drum type lamps; Alemite lubrication; motor-driven electric horn; unusually long springs; deep, wide, roomy seats; real leather upholstery in open cars, broadcloth in closed cars; open car side-curtains open with doors; clutch and brake action, steering and gear shifting, remarkably easy; new type water-tight windshield.

MAXWELL MOTOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
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The Good

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"*They* 'Won't leak because they're sealed with oil.'"

A specially cut groove—the "oil-SEALing" groove—found only in No-Leak-O Piston Rings—packs an oil film in between your piston and cylinder walls like "packing" in a pump. This oil "packing" seals in *all* the expanding gas. Every drop *must* work.

The same "film" prevents oil from working up into your cylinder heads to form carbon and keeps "unburnt" gas and kerosene from seeping *down* into the crank case to weaken lubrication.

The result is no more carbon troubles and quick relief from high gas, oil and repair bills.

Insist on the genuine No-Leak-O Piston Rings. They give *perfect oil control and compression in each individual ring.*

Write for interesting illustrated booklet, "The Piston Ring Problem and Its Solutions," telling why No-Leak-O does what *no other ring* can do.

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One price during eight years of continued success

One design—for all cars—50c and up



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Remember it—Look for it. It marks a Garage or Supply Store that is "live" and dependable. Even if your Garage Man doesn't display it, tell him you must have No-Leak-O Piston Rings for your next overhauling. Beware of imitations.



50¢ and up

NO-LEAK-O PISTON RINGS

LAUGHTER, LTD.

(Continued from Page 21)

custom that you get either incessant phonograph or incessant jazz band with every social gathering, and a mighty lucky thing, too, because otherwise the folks might have to talk.

Well, the little feller which had brought me in had kind of run short on how good he was, and so commenced to vary the talk with how good I was. According to him I was some wren and too good to work for my living. Also I soon found out his politics. He was a Shin-Finder.

Well, of course, I wasn't going to stand for any rough stuff like that and so I crossed mine the other way on the far side of my chair and talked to the partner on the other hand of me, who happened to be Anita's Tommy, and would you believe it, he started a hot line at once, and there was Anita only three places away! I tried to stall him off by asking who was everybody.

Well, I don't like to say much about any party to which I have been a invited guest, but there are occasions when this doesn't go, and Mr. Jago's party was one of them.

Did you ever see an Early Roman fillum called Quo Vadis? I don't mean one of these new importations; I mean a very old one made in Italy about 30 A.D.? Well, it is a marvelous picture, for a costume piece, and there is some pretty rough parties in it, but it got by the censors, and this party I am telling you about would not have. And yet there was some footage that evening at Jago's which to this day stands out in my mind like stills.

When dinner was half over, of the most beautiful food I had ever seen in my life, the front door burst open and in come Atlas Smith. And he was followed by a stormy crowd of friends which had all of them invited theirselves to this party of ours, and had already got thoroughly wet before arriving. Well, the first still I am telling about is of Atlas, he having broken up the party from the table and by then nobody cared if they ate any more or not. Well, Atlas, he started teasing Anita, and she pretended she didn't care for it and lay down on the floor and commenced to holler. So this big giant lifted her up on the palms of his hands and bumped her against the ceiling until she yelled uncle. He did it with no more effort than if she had been a paper doll, although he was drunk, with no collar on, and the muscles in his neck never even strained. That is one of the stills I will never forget.

Another is of Betty, the girl which had been so refined upstairs, her pretty accent all wilted, her face misty with drink, and talking natural while holding out her overflowing wineglass to me and bawling me out because I was sober.

"Drink wish me, dearie," she yelled. "Shay—you're too refined for thish party!" Which was checked off to humor by the rest of the crowd.

Well, when we left the table I was in a sort of daze, not knowing quite what to do. My brain actually couldn't take it all in. It was like a mask had fallen off everybody there, leaving something fluid exposed. I'm not trying to be funny by meaning the liquor. I mean that when these folks forgot their false fronts, which it's the truth we all present one to the world, there didn't seem to be nothing left to them but mush. They pawed anybody near. The room swam in a blue haze of cigarette smoke and sound waves from the saxophones, and for a moment it seemed to me that the men and women's faces floated in that curious sea, half detached from their bodies like the bloated faces of drowned people. It was a nasty thought, but honest, that is the way it looked. I felt sick, and crawled off behind a thick curtain in a bay window, but even that curtain seemed heavy with strong perfume and tobacco smoke, and the damask felt slimy under my hand as I clung to it, trying to think. And then a pale face like a moon come around the corner after me. It was the little man which had danced me in to dinner, and his face was pasty white.

"I like you!" he says in a thick voice. "How would you like to go to work tomorrow? I will sign a contract."

Then his wet paw reached out and lit on my shoulder.

That was enough. Ordinarily I am no athlete, but when a thing has got to be done, it can. I give that clown one shove which sent him unexpectedly half across the window into a big chair, where he sat stupidly staring like a big Japanese doll which I had thrown there. He didn't seem real. But I cut out, for all of that. Somehow I stumbled and fought my way across the floor, which was now crowded with dancers, and up the dim stairway, disturbing a couple who were mushing it up. Frantically I dug my coat out of the pile and then down the stairs again, the laughter and jazz beating in my face like a evil wind. At the front door a woman caught me and called something aloud. It was Anita.

"You little fool!" she screamed angrily. "That was Tommy Jago himself!"

"Well, I don't give a hang!" I shouted back. And then I tore myself away from her and slammed out into the cool, dark street.

How long I ran and ran I hardly know. I wasn't wearing any speedometer, so I can't be sure, but I'll say it seemed like a hundred miles. The part of the beach that I was at is all built up into narrow streets, mere alleys, a lot of them, and at night they are dark like the Middle Ages. They twist and turn a lot too. I would dart up one of them as far as it ran straight, and then along the next one, and the next. Dim lights twinkled here and there, and a strong salt wind brought in the roar of the Pacific. Pretty soon the narrow, stifling houses was behind me, and the big, clean stretch of ocean was there on my left, under a white moon. Ahead the lights of Venice, which is the Coney Island of the Coast, winked and twinkled.

I was running along an immense boardwalk by then, my high heels catching in the cracks, but not enough to stop me. Where I was going I didn't know, except that it was away. And then all of a sudden I couldn't run any farther. I was dog-tired, and seeing a bench under a electric lamp I flopped on it and buried my face in my hands and cried.

"That can't be the way you got to do it, Bonnie!" I says. "Don't tell me different. I know in my heart. If a person has the goods to deliver, someone will buy them at a fair price, surely! I don't believe things like that has to be done! I won't believe it. I'll get in the pictures yet, and get in straight, so help me!"

Well, when I had said all that to myself I quit crying and felt better, and commenced to wonder how was I to get home, for the thought just come to me that I didn't have a nickel with me even if the cars was still running, nor have any idea how or where was a taxi stand or a telephone. It was a distinctly poor situation all the ways around and I felt pretty weak and miserable and helpless. Not even a cop was anywheres in sight, and the only thing that moved was a passing auto with a mushing couple in it.

Then along the boardwalk come a solitary figure—a young man walking briskly, whistling and swinging a cane. I kind of shrank up close against the lamp by instinct, hoping he wouldn't take any notice of me. My head was down and at first he started to pass by. Then he slowed up and come back, kneeling with one knee on the other end of the bench and giving me a light poke with his cane.

"Good evening, kid!" he says, and I looked up.

It was Stricky!

For a moment he stared at me without actually knowing it was I, the way a person does who is far from expecting to see you. Then it begun to dawn on him and he took off his hat.

"For the love of Mike!" he says. "Why, it's Bonnie!"

"Yes!" I says, getting to my feet and commencing to shake all over like the last straw or something. "Yes, it's me. And what are you going to do about it?"

"Why—whatever you like!" says he. "When did you get here and why didn't you let me know you were coming? And of all things why are you sitting alone out here in those clothes at this hour?"

"I did let you know!" I says. "To Silvercrown offices! And as for being here, I have just run away from a party I didn't like!"

And then trembling got the better of me and like a darn fool I sunk down on the bench and begun to cry for all I was worth.

In an instant Stricky was beside me, putting a arm around me and pulling me to him with a lot of there-now-old-lady and get-hold-of-yourself-little-girl and other such comforting remarks. And for a moment just any old friendly shoulder felt so good to cry on that I didn't have the courage to move away from it, nor want to either. After a minute or two I sat up and dried my eyes and was thankful I had a compact powder in my coat pocket, and a little self-control back again.

"Here now! That's better!" says Stricky. "Say, listen! You haven't a car anywheres around? Well, we'll walk up to Sunset and get one. And we can talk things over."

I nodded, and we started off.

"Well, I suppose you wrote to the Silvercrown offices?" says Stricky. "That's why I didn't get the letter. You see I got out a little while ago. We couldn't agree on my new contract, and I simply refused to stay along on the old basis, so I got out. And they have been beastly careless about forwarding my mail."

"Oh!" I says. "I came out here on your word, you see! Where are you now?"

"Well, nowhere," says he. "But I have a big offer that I'm considering. I haven't signed yet, but I expect that I will in a day or two. Now tell me about yourself!"

"There isn't anything interesting," I says. "I'm not working yet. But there is nothing original about that in this town."

"Gee, that's a shame!" says Stricky with vigorous annoyance. "When I sign up with Jago perhaps I can do something for you."

"Jago!" I says, drawing away from the arm he had through mine. "Jago! Oh! Not there!"

"Say, listen! They are fine people!" says Stricky. "Tom's a great little feller. I'll introduce you to Tom, and if you make a hit you can get anything you want on the lot."

To me all this was like a sudden iceberg after a friendly stove if you can see what I mean. I wanted so to think I had been wrong about Stricky and it seemed like he wouldn't let me.

I says no again, getting more faint and remote by the minute, and by this time we had come to the Inn.

"Care to go in for a while?" says Stricky, jerking his head towards the door. But I shook mine.

"I'd rather go home, please," I says.

Stricky called a taxi, and under the strong light I seen that he was just as swank as ever. Even the way he stood had snap, and I couldn't help but feel a kind of softness towards him, for it's the truth that it takes an awful lot of proving to make any woman believe a man with smooth hair and a perfect tie is really a villain, especially when he is trying hard to flag her.

When he helped me into the darkness of the taxi and got in beside me, settling down for the long drive home, I softened even more, and little by little he got out of me something of what had happened that evening, only of course I mentioned no names. A well-known producer was all I says. And while I told him, the light charm of this bird was actually so strong that he had me forgetting how he had lied to me! Then he started talking.

"Say, listen!" he says, coolly lighting a cigarette as if I had merely described Merry Christmas or something. "A contract is a rare animal around here this season—I'll say it is!"

"Stricky!" I says. "No! Not that from you!"

"But why not?" he persisted. "You want to be a great actress. Well then, you got to live, to get all kinds of experiences. Take things as they come, and don't get in love or marry. That's my motto!"

Now I got a sort of a hangover, I guess, from the older generation. I couldn't see how a person would be able to talk like that and actually mean it. There was a horrible casualness about the tone in which he spoke. If Stricky had been frankly vicious I wouldn't of minded half so much, because active viciousness is a definite thing that a person can fight. It was his taking the supreme important thing in life—love—in the same tone as breakfast food made me feel so bad. And it was the third time in one night I had heard that attitude expressed. Could it really be true that I was the only one who thought decency worth having? The idea come pretty

(Continued on Page 33)

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GOODYEAR

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(Continued from Page 30)

near being intolerable. And when Stricky, after saying what he had, went further and apparently considered it would be a matter of course to kiss me good night, I couldn't even speak to him in protest. All I could do was shove him away and stumble blindly into the hotel.

If I had been one of these trained carrier pigeons and Adele's room the dovecot, or whatever they call it, I couldn't of gone there any straighter or swifter than I did.

Adele was in bed of course and also in full night armor from chin strap to corn plasters, and to some she might of looked funny, but to me she was beautiful, for her arms went straight out to me and her eyes shone with kindness from the middle of the cold cream and everything the instant she caught sight of my face.

"Oh, Adele—you tell me it don't need to be true!" I wailed, throwing myself at her with more force than compunction. "Say I don't need to stand for it. Say I can make good by making good!"

"Honey!" she cried, folding her blessed arms around me and understanding everything in a flash. "Of course you can! There, there! Cry all you want, dear. I understand, and I'd like to beat up the bunch of crooks that you been out with, whoever they are!"

"Oh, Adele, Adele!" was all I could say.

"There now, I guess I'm wise!" says she. "I suppose you are dead broke, dear, and that you went on a job party in despair and then found you was too decent to go through with it? I thought so. Well, it won't lose you anything in the end, honey. Character is as much value to an actress as to anybody."

"But what'll I do?" I says, partially recovering. "I'm stony. I can't get a opening. It seems like it's absolutely hopeless."

"Well, tell me one thing, dear," says Adele. "Are you absolutely convinced you can act? Or do you just want a lot of easy money?"

"Everybody on earth wants a lot of easy money," I says, "but only a fool expects to get it. No, Adele, I want to act; I want to make good!"

"And what makes you think you can?" she says, but very kindly.

"What makes a person believe religion?" I asked her back. "You just know it's true that there is a God and nothing can shake you. That's how I feel about being able to act and to make good. It's the same as my religion."

To my surprise Adele reached over and kissed me.

"There!" she says. "I knew it! Some say the broad and easy path is the one to travel, but I always say there's too much traffic on it. Better take the narrow one, dear, and I'll go with you."

"How?" says I, vaguely pleased, but not understanding.

"I'll tell you something," says she. "When I first saw you I hoped you was a prospect. And I needed one badly, for, honey, I'm about broke too!"

"You mean you thought I might hire you for my mother?" I gasped.

"Just that!" says Adele. "And when I found out you was green and had no money, why I naturally put the idea out of my head. But meanwhile I've got to be real fond of you, and I'm going to help you all I can! And the first thing we are going to do is move out of this hotel into cheap but decent rooms with privilege to use the kitchen range and washtubs."

"I'm for it!" says I.

"And you will take any extra stuff you can get," she says.

"Fine!" says I.

"Furthermore, you need to change your last name," says she. "And you can just simply take on mine. Bonnie Delane. How does it listen?"

"It listens well," says I. "But not half as good as living together with you does. I need you bad, Adele."

"Well, my first official act will be to send you straight off to bed," says she. "And by the way, dear, you better cut the Adele from now on. Call me mommer!"

"Oh, mommer, you just bet I will, Adele!" says I.

VI

IN THE house on Vine Street to where mommer and I moved, there was beds that flew up into the wall if you didn't hold 'em down to the floor by force. Also we had an elegant bright green ingrowing rug on our sitting-room floor, woodwork with a mahogany-almost finish on it, and a landlady that trusted us like we was burglars.

That was partly my fault, because when we first looked at the place I should of let mommer do all the talking, instead of which I went and butted in. For when we had seen that the rooms was as right as we could expect for the money, Mrs. Snifter, the landlady of the flat, come around to references with all the delicacy of a pickax.

"Are you in pictures or are you working?" she says suspiciously.

"In pictures," I says with great pride, thinking that would settle everything. And it did, pretty nearly, only not the way I had intended. For I seen at once by Mrs. Snifter's face that it had not been a reference but a confession.

"Well, I don't know about letting these rooms go," she says. "I had about promised them to a young man who has a job with a business house."

"We will pay the usual two weeks in advance if you wish," says mommer, giving that woman the scornful eyebrow in a manner I certainly did admire. The landlady right away softened up a little and remarked well, she'd really rather have a couple of nice ladies and we could stay if we liked, so mommer wrote out a check for the advance, Mrs. Snifter took it and reluctantly left us alone in our new quarters, and then mommer turned on me.

"Don't you know any better than to admit you are in pictures to a native landlady?" she demanded. "My heavens, I thought we was going to lose the place! Always leave them think at first that you are a Eastern tourist or a Iowa farmer's family looking for a permanent home, and you'll get treated right. There! Don't take off your hat, child. I want you to take this cash and run down to the bank with it before she puts that check through."

"But for the love of Pete!" I says. "If you had the cash with you why didn't you give it to her?"

"I like to keep my bank balance up as high as possible," says mommer seriously. "And I only had the cash in case she refused to take the check."

Well, I went down to the bank like she asked, putting in my half of the expense, too, and feeling more hopeful of the future than I had at any time since I arrived in the West. That I was actually more nearly broke than ever before in my life did not seem to matter at all, and that I was furthermore about to demean myself by looking for atmosphere work now appeared to me in the light of the right thing to do. I wouldn't let it queer me. I'd be so darn good that it would be impossible to overlook me, and some day the director would beckon and say "Come here, little girl, you with the blond curls I want to speak to you," and that would be the beginning of my triumph.

Thinking daydreams like that, Hollywood again become a city of enchantment, and it's a true fact that on one day in Hollywood you say of it, "I must get out of this infernal place before it swamps all my better instincts," and then the next day something nice happens to you and you say "Dear, gay Hollywood, how pretty, what fun we get here, I am going to make a million dollars and never move away!"

This being one of the hurrah days, I was ready to fall on the neck of the first person I met and would of, only it happened to be Axel, and he was too tall for it. But I was real cordial.

"Hello!" says he. "Ay see by tha doorbell you bane living also in da same house!"

"Is that so?" says I. "How did you get by the Delane?"

"Ay youst talk with your mother," he says solemnly. And you certainly got to hand it to these foreigners for having good manners. Think of the kidding I would of got from any American on a thing like that! But from Axel's line you would of thought she had been my mother the whole time.

"Say, Axel," I says, calling him that way partially because instantaneous first names is a custom of the country and partially because I couldn't pronounce his last one—"say, Axel," I says, "you've been working for Silvercrown, haven't you?"

He nodded, a slight blush showing that he appreciated my tact in not saying "doing atmosphere," the same as I had appreciated his delicacy about mommer.

"Yes," he says. "Ay must get some experience."

"I wonder would you help me get in there?" I went on with my best smile—the one which has since brought me in something over two million dollars. It worked, even then.

"Ay be glad to try," he says.

And that was a lot for anybody to promise, because everyone for themself and never bring along a friend that may take attention off you, is the motto of the first-line trenches in the picture war.

"You see I feel like you do," says I; "that the experience will be valuable. Know the business from the bottom up. That's my theory."

After which I explained laughingly that mommer and I had got simply bored to death with hotel life. We just positively could not even endure to enter a restaurant any more, and that as a matter of fact we were going to have a little snack at home this very evening, and would love to have him join us.

Axel agreed that there was nothing like a little place of your own. As for home cooking, he adored it and would be tickled to eat with us. So he went along with me to the delicatessen stall at the nearest market, while I bought some cold ham and crackers and a dish of crabflake salad with Pons Asinorum in green peppers on the top of it, and a bottle of milk and some fresh figs. And then we went back to the flat, there to enjoy a typical Southern California home supper, in a very friendly, chatty way. And as mommer said when Axel went off to his own room after helping with the dishes, it certainly is a pleasure to meet somebody who talks your own language even if they can't do it in English.

The very next day Axel piloted me to the Silvercrown. Not to the exclusive—and exclusive is right—front door, up to which I had pranced so confidently before, but to the side entrance, where I had seen him coming out with the crowd for the Nickolls' location. Axel went to a window halfways down a sort of tunnel which led out onto the big lot itself, and spoke to a harassed-looking man inside.

"Not today, not today!" says the man impatiently. "Nothing doing! Hold on, though. Renway is going to do a big afternoon-reception sequence over on Stage Four tomorrow morning. He is calling for a snappy crowd. Bring her around for that if you like, and remember—on the set, made up and ready at nine sharp!"

My heart was jazzing while I listened.

"There!" beamed Axel, coming back to me in triumph. "Ain't we got fun? Youst svell afternoon clothes and ay make up your face for you!"

Sweet daddy! What a pipe it seemed. Ten dollars a day for nothing! How it did pay to make friends. I had got Axel a meal, which he had plainly needed, and there he had at once gone and got me a job! I could of hugged the great good-looking boob, and together we just regularly danced home to tell the news to mommer.

It was she made me up next morning, and not Axel, after all. When she had me finished, all the way from grease to yellow powder, and shown me how to soak my powder puff with cold cream and saturate the powder onto that, I felt real professional. I hadn't given away that up to that very minute I supposed stage make-up and screen make-up was the same, and would never have dreamed of putting red inside my nostrils unless she had told me to. Well, when she had done this she turned me around in my embroidered suit and my small hat, a sort of worried pucker gathering between her eyes.

"I hope it will get by," she says. "There, honey, your face is O. K. anyways!"

And then she sent off Axel and me and started washing up the dishes before we was fairly out of the place like the genuinest mother that ever was. Half an hour later I was back, alone, and crying on her shoulder.

"Oh, honey!" says Adele, "was it your clothes? I was afraid so! I hate to tell you, honey, but I wouldn't be your mommer if I didn't. Your street clothes is something fierce! I thought it was a mob, but if I had known it was a drawing-room I wouldn't of even let you try. Now your black evening dress is fine! A evening reception would of been O.K. or a ballroom."

"He's a beast, that director!" I gasped. "No manners! Why, we was all set. He had called for lights, even, when he saw me and says to his assistant—not even to me direct, mommer—he says to his assistant to take that little hick out of the set and send her home—this was a swell affair and what did they mean by letting in people who didn't have a proper wardrobe?"

"I know, honey!" says she. "But don't you fuss any more. It can't be helped, although it's a disappointment. In the old days they used to furnish a wardrobe, but



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now they don't for anything except costume pieces."

"But I have no money to get a new suit or hat!" I says. "My black evening dress will be a big help if nobody gives a ball for the next couple of weeks!"

And sweet daddy, didn't I say a mouthful in that remark, though! Not only did nobody put on a ballroom within my hearing, but not even a good big street crowd that couldn't apparently be picked up free right downtown in Los Angeles somewheres.

And then one solid month later Axel burst in with the glorious news that the Newrich studio was going to do a giant costume production with mob scenes in it. He had been notified to come to work.

"And this time I ban going ta get you by, betchew may life!" he says.

The next morning we was outside of the Newrich gates early. But prompt as we was, three or four had beaten us to it. As is the regular way with a mob scene, the assistant directors had notified their preferences, and put an ad in the papers as well. And when an ad for extras appears in a Los Angeles newspaper the result is much the same as if they was to advertise free beer.

Owing to Axel's advance information, however, this howling mob accumulated behind instead of ahead of us, and when at last the door opened, and we begun to pour in past the assistant casting director, why Axel simply says as we come abreast of this bird "Hello, Bill, Ay brought may lady friend," and Bill give one swift but sure look at me and hands me a slip for my name and says the women's wardrobe is upstairs to the right, and then he added the sweetest words tongue or pen can say.

"You are hired," he says.

And like the lady who was sure of her husband's love, I knew it before he spoke, but oh, sweet daddy, how I did like to hear him say the words!

Well the costume that they gave me made me look fully two hundred years older. What I mean to say is that it was with a hoop skirt and so forth and a quilted petticoat and it was the first time in my life I ever wore one. Also a little hat about as big as a restaurant pancake, of straw and ribbons and flowers, and it tied with long streamers under the back of my curls. It seems I was a French Revolutionist or something and the script was a melo called The Queen's Necklace, by Alexander du Mas Pear. Well, I blessed this Pear, whoever he was, for writing a scenario that required crowds, especially when the girl who dressed next to me at the long locker table says that the dope was we would probably work for a week.

"Well, I only hope the company will last, that's all," says this jane who told me. "I hear Benny Silvercrown is on the rocks."

"What's that to us over here at Newrich?" says I, patting on cream.

"Silvercrown owns us," says she. "Every producing company out here owns the next one."

"It would be fierce to get in wrong then," says I.

"You said it!" she replied. "There goes the bell—come along. We should worry, if we get our checks! For my part, it won't hurt my feelings any if they work us overtime!"

Well, this set we went on was a beauty. As far as I could make out it was the Front of Paris in 1770 or thereabouts and it certainly looked exactly like it. At least I couldn't of told it from the real thing. Altogether the set covered four acres, and was composed of streets and alleys and squares, bridges, churches and a guillotine which I at first thought was a sort of cross bar for taking exercise on until they told me that the only thing supposed to get any exercise on it was a person's neck.

Of course only the tenderloin side of the buildings was built, and you know how they are without my describing them; nothing more back of them than most oil stock. But what showed to the naked eye of the camera was actually built, not just painted, and there was real cobblestones on the streets with stage grass growing between because it photographed better. And the part I was cast for was to loaf around these streets with a couple of other girls, trying to vamp a bunch of soldiers, among which was Axel. I suppose this was in order to make it seem like a natural street scene.

Well, really it was a beautiful sight with several hundred costumed extras floating around and even before Major McGee, who was directing Taylor Trueman, Trixie's husband, in the piece, come out and called things to order, the set give a fine illusion of reality. Not even Axel showing a girl dressed like a antique newsboy how to dance the camelwalk could destroy it. And that first day of my work for the pictures was one of the most beautiful and happy of my life.

At five o'clock one of the assistant directors yelled the welcome "Everybody now on this set come back at nine o'clock tomorrow! Nine o'clock tomorrow. Please have your make-up on; everybody now on this set." And so forth several times over to be sure everybody had heard it, but be need not of worried, for they all heard the first time.

When I was dressed in my right mind again Axel was waiting for me at the foot of the stairs leading down from the big barn of a women's dressing room.

"Come on, let's cash in," he says. "Ay want ay should buy you a dinner tonight at Frank's or some place."

"Oh, fine!" says I. "Gee, but I am sick of eating at home!"

Well, we laughed at that, but pretty soon it was wiped from our faces by bucking a little group of angry hams that had been on the set with us, but which was now standing around muttering to each other.

"What's tha matter?" Axel says as we come up.

"Matter!" says one. "They aren't giving any checks tonight. Bill says they will work us until Saturday night and pay off then. But will they?"

"I've a good mind not to pay any attention to the call for tomorrow," says another. And then I butted in.

"Why surely they wouldn't spend half a million dollars on a set like that and then not pay us!" I says.

"Huh! Couldn't they, just!" says the girl I have mentioned before.

"How do they think we live in Los Angeles?" says another. "On credit? Huh!"

"Well, never mind, it means a week's work," says I.

"Oh, I don't mean they won't pay," says my dressing partner, "but they may hold us up. If they are short of cash they will take it out of our hides. They know we don't dare to holler. There are too many more looking for our place."

"You been doing this long?" I says.

"Ten years!" she says bitterly, and walked away.

"Come along home," says Axel in a low voice. "Ay don't like that woman. Did you see how she kept tryin' to squeeze may out of the camera all afternoon? Every time we come in front of tha camera in tha marching scene, she managed to turn her head, so that Aye betchew may life, may face is entirely hidden by her hat and she gets a full close-up flash!"

"Oh, no, Axel!" I says. "How mean!"

"Youst vait until you see da picture," says Axel gloomily. "And dan you see!"

The next two days were still like heaven to me, even though Major McGee commenced to work us nights as well, and we would not get off the lot until midnight or later. The major was one of these temperamental directors that work by fits and starts, and everybody including himself, I guess, had to suffer for it. Besides which he was under the extra difficulty of his star being wet almost always.

Well, anyways, hanging around on a set or a location by the hour was no hardship to many of us, provided we eventually got paid for it. But I was intent on drawing down a little something besides pay if that was going to be possible. I wanted to act, and acted as hard as ever I could while the acting was going, hoping all the time the major would take notice of me. I never took my eyes off him when he was around, trying to sort of hypnotize him into paying me some especial attention, but it was all no good until the day I run into Anita Lauber on my way to work.

It happened for some reason that Axel wasn't with me, and I was walking along the boulevard alone when I heard Anita's voice calling. I turned around in my tracks, and there slowing up at the curb was a baby-blue automobile as big as a bungalow with solid nickel wheels, a colored chauffeur, and Anita seated alone in the tonneau.

"Hello, Bonnie!" she says. "Hop in the boat, honey, and let me drop you where you are going. Hurry, dear, I got a call for nine o'clock."

"So have I," I says a little coldly, but getting in with her just the same. "At Newrich!"

"Stop at the Newrich studios, James," says Anita to the driver. Then she turned to me. "So glad you are working, dear," she says. "I was afraid after that night out at the beach you would be in thoroughly wrong!"

"Oh, no!" says I. "It didn't hurt me any, I guess! Where is your call, Anita?"

"Why, I'm with Jago!" says Anita, opening her pale eyes very wide. "Didn't you know?"

"Not me," says I. "Whose boat is this?"

"It's mine," she says. "Pretty poor, eh? I'm getting three hundred a week and I expect to get seven when this contract runs out."

"Good Lord!" was the best I could think of to say.

Suddenly Anita dropped the little silver box she was carrying—the same one she had unconsciously taken out of her purse before on the day of that party, when she talked to me about going. Well, she dropped it anyways and seized hold of my hands instead.

"Don't be sore at me, Bonnie," she says. "I like you better than any girl I know. I'm having a—a wonderful time and—and we each got to live our life. But please be friends with me! I want you to be friends."

"Oh, Anita!" I says. "Don't say it in a tone like that. It ain't fair. Somehow you make me feel so sorry for you! But asking me to be won't let you out of your responsibility to yourself. I'll be friends of course."

"This car," she says eagerly, as if justifying herself for something I had not accused her of—"I have bought it on time. I will pay for it out of my salary on installments."

"Oh, Anita!" I says, which may look like a limited expression but don't necessarily sound flat when you come to say it. And then we was at my studio.

"Where are you living?" she says. "I want to come and see you if you don't mind."

I told her the address, and said yes, do come, because that seemed the only thing I could do. And then I stood and watched the beautiful big blue car drive away, and laughed at myself to think I had anything to offer to its near-owner! I felt sick and puzzled and worried again, the way a person always does when they run smack up against that sort of thing. But I didn't look after Anita long. Pretty soon I give myself a good shake and says "Here, B. McFadden, you poor dumb-bell, you are in the pictures yourself, and ten a day is sixty a week and overtime every night is one hundred and twenty iron men. What are you kicking about?" And then after that I come down to earth and the long crowded dressing room, hurried on my make-up and costume and went out on the set.

But meeting Anita that way give me a depression that kept hanging over me. I got so absorbed in the lowdown I hardly knew what I was doing on the lot that morning, and when after lunch we was held up while a party of visitors went over the set I at first paid no attention to them.

I ordinarily would of done so, however, because visitors on a set where someone is working is absolutely against the laws of any self-respecting studio and never allowed unless they are the Elks or new capital or something. I was leaning against a café which is antique French for saloon, because this picture was written before prohibition, and listening in a dumb sort of way to Axel. I was more absorbed in saying to myself I hate the pictures. How can I get out of them and why did I ever get myself into such a hole, anyways? than in listening to him. Anybody who is in pictures does the same at least once a week.

Well, I was standing that way, when all of a sudden I got a jolt by Axel saying "Look! That ban Benny Silvercrown himself with tha party!"

I took a look then, all right, but it was not Big Benny who caught and held my attention, but Milton Sherrill. Until I saw him I didn't know any man could make my heart leap so, especially with his back turned toward me. But I knew him at once by those square shoulders, the way he stood, and the turn of his head.

Well, it hardly occurred to me to wonder what was he doing there on our lot, he who had the lowdown on pictures to such a strong degree. With him was Trixie Trueman, and her husband, who was in costume and also in liquor as per usual, the studio manager, Mr. Blunt, and a fine-looking youngish man, who was of course Mr. Silvercrown, and they was all chinning and kidding along together without more than

(Continued on Page 36)

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DATED - *to reach you fresh* from the factory-

It takes time—and lots of it—to cure smoking tobacco properly.

Nothing can hurry it—but once it is aged, blended, and packed, the sooner you smoke it, the better it is.

Now, by our exclusive "dated-delivery" system, which takes advantage of every practical means for speed, we guarantee Tuxedo is fresh when it reaches you.

Today Tuxedo is sold to every dealer in cartons of one dozen tins.

Ask any dealer to show you the dated Tuxedo carton.

Buy a tin—try one pipeful—and prove it is Fresh from the Factory.

Now 15¢

fresh when you get it-



When packed—each carton is dated here

Guaranteed by
© The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED

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CHLOR-E-DIXO

The Tooth Paste for an Acid Mouth

Will not harden in the tube

Prevents Film on the teeth



PEARL WHITE, the world-famous screen star, writes: CHLOR-E-DIXO is my choice, because I know it is the tooth paste for an acid mouth that never hardens in the tube."

Pearl White

Direct Evidence

LETTER after letter from satisfied users, many of them stars of the stage and screen who must be experts in preserving their health and personal appearance, prove that CHLOR-E-DIXO is the tooth paste for an acid mouth that will not harden in the tube—

CHLOR-E-DIXO prevents the accumulation of film and tartar on the teeth—

CHLOR-E-DIXO keeps the gums hard and firm—

CHLOR-E-DIXO whitens teeth like peroxide—

CHLOR-E-DIXO sweetens the breath.

Let your own teeth testify to your regard for your personal appearance. Give them the aid of CHLOR-E-DIXO, and note the result.

American Druggists Syndicate

Laboratories, New York City



Sold Only at stores showing A.D.S. products

(Continued from Page 34)

the merest casual glance at us poor atmosphere animals.

It was pretty plain to see that Big Benny and the Truemans thought Milton a big egg, all right. A queer little stab went through me as I saw Trixie sort of pawing him over with her eyes. He looked like a regular angel out of heaven to me, and while it's the truth I would never in a thousand years have written to him and asked for the job he had offered me on the train, seeing him made things entirely different. He was my reserve. I might get out of this nasty mess of a world I was in, and go to real regular work that would pay me a real salary, even if that work would never make me rich or famous.

But I stood there hesitating while time flew. The visitors was getting ready to move along and the major and his assistants was getting ready to shoot. Then I decided. I would go. I would catch Milton and ask him. The visitors all started for the exit, he never seeing me, and with a big resolve strong in my heart I broke away from Axel and the pictures forever and started after him. Then all at once the voice of the director, of Major McGee himself, broke upon my ears with the very words of which I had dreamed so long.

"Come here, little girl," he says. "You with the blond curls! I want to speak to you!"

I stopped dead in my tracks. Yes, it was really me he wanted. I watched Milt and the others pass on off the set through a big arched portal thing that was the gate to the City of Paris, and I didn't mind seeing him go. I forgot every single bad thing I had just been thinking about the pictures. It was my chance! The major had noticed me. I would get a bit, perhaps even a small part. What a poor weak fish I had been to doubt myself even for a moment!

Smiling I walked up to the major and he took hold of my chin and wiggled it while he shook a finger at me.

"See here, young woman!" he says. "You have on a rotten make-up. The mascara from your eyes has run down all over your cheeks. Don't let me catch you on my set like that again. Jasper!" he added to one of the assistants who come by at that moment. "Why can't you see that this mob is made up decently?"

And that was all. Unlike some people in pictures, I realize that my public has got imagination, and am willing to leave it to them how I felt as I walked away. All through that afternoon the feeling stayed right by me, and all through the first part of the night, too, when we worked on a fire set with the vivid artificial lights making a cold, silent furnace in the very middle of sleeping Hollywood.

Ordinarily this working at night under the fierce glares, while the town gradually fell silent and the studio seemed like it was the only place in the world that was awake, struck my dramatic sense and excited me. But tonight nothing could of excited me. You probably know how it feels to make a fool of yourself, and I had done it twice in unusually quick succession. And then at a little before midnight one of them wild rumors that circulates so swift and easy among a crowd of extras come alarmingly to my ears and was presently confirmed by Axel.

"Ay youst hear we bane going ta be paid off," he says. "McGee bane through. They have cut out some sequences from tha picture, and it makes them finished with us tonight!"

"But I thought he said we would work next week!" I objected, bewildered.

"What they care for that?" he growled. "They youst change they minds, that's all!"

Well, that was bad enough. We had all hoped for another week. But things got even worse when up bounded the woman who dressed next to me.

"The dogs!" she says in that angry half whisper which gets to be a sort of natural voice with atmosphere people. "The dogs! They are only paying check and a half instead of double check! The stingy brutes!"

"What does she mean, Axel?" I says anxiously. "Is it that we only get time and a half for all this overtime? Why, I thought of course it would be double! Everyone said so, even mommer!"

"Vell, get out your contract and show it and make a fuss!" says Axel with a sickly grin.

And of course that was a joke, because extras can't any more get contracts than they can get credit from the grocer. Well, I'll say I needed that thirty which I now wasn't going to get, but I tried to smile.

"That's it!" says Axel. "Yoump along into your street things and we go by Yohn's for a sandwich and tha help of a good strong coffee!"

Well, we cashed in our check and a half, and went along on our way, leaving a seething, angry crowd behind us. We was both pretty thoughtful, and why not, with the prospect of walking the weary next day because it was by this time well into Sunday morning?

In John's place was the usual crew, some of which were awful noisy and yelling for raw-beef sandwiches, and others, like ourselves, eating a little something hot after a hard night's work. The low-ceilinged room swam in smoke, both of broiling meat, fried-egg sandwiches and cigarettes. Everybody come there some time or another, and it was to Hollywood a sort of super-dog-wagon. I don't know could heaven of looked any better to me late at night than John's used to, and I lapped up the food which Axel was so proud to buy me with all the eagerness of one who knows only too well that they will need all of their strength and must preserve it.

And then, when we finished, we stepped out again into the starlit, perfect California night and commenced to walk slowly homewards, stopping only to buy a couple of Sunday morning papers from a early news bird, and talking moodily but less so on account of the hot food.

When we come to our more or less own front door Axel stopped short and give me a look of horror, his hand as if paralyzed in his pocket.

"May Lord, Ay forgot may key!" he says. "Have you got your key, Bonnie?"

I give a hasty look in my bag, pawing through handkerchief, lipstick and etc. to no avail.

"Of course I haven't got it!" I says at last. "Naturally not, seeing how bad we need it!"

Then the two of us gave an instinctive look together up towards the landlady's bedroom windows. Mommer slept at the back, worse luck.

"Bonnie, how much back rent you owe her?" says Axel miserably.

"Four weeks," I says without having to stop and think.

"Ay owe her six," says he. "You better wake her up!"

And so it was me. But two weeks or four was all the same to Mrs. Snifter once she was waked from her natural just sleep! She told the world as she let us in.

"Nice time of the morning to come in, I must say!" she announced like we was a side show or something. "Disreputable, good-for-nothing picture people up drinking and dancing all night and then expecting decent working folks to get up out of their sleep and wait on them."

"Oh, hush, Mrs. Snifter, please!" I says. "You'll wake mommer!"

"And what if I do?" she shouted. "What do I care if she sleeps on a bed that ain't been paid for in four weeks or lies awake on it? It ain't only that you ain't paid your debts, Miss Bonnie Delane, but you have been out all night every night this week. Yes, I know—working! I'll thank you to either pay up or get out not later than tomorrow!"

With which hot one she banged into her own room, leaving me and Axel unable to say one single word on account of not being in any position to.

When I got into my own room and turned on the light and pulled out the bed and sat on the edge of it, to sort of train it that way, because I never could learn to trust it, well, I sat there a few minutes having a hard think.

Just exactly what was I going to do? Nobody had ever been able before this to say I owed them money, and now it was true. If I gave Snifter my whole pay check it would just about square us with her, but we would not be able to eat. And there was no prospects in sight. Adele was broke, I knew. I couldn't fail her, not after all she had done for me. But we must have money quick. It was all bunk, the way we kidded ourselves and got what credit we could on mere hopes and dreams and elaborate bluffs. Oh, I needed advice and I needed it at once.

When I thought of this I thought somehow of Milton Sherrill, and getting up I dug his photo out of the bureau draw where it had been ever since I left the hotel. I had sort of forgotten Milt until that afternoon. But now I set him up in his place again and talked to that picture of him just like I used to do back home, and as usual he give me good advice. And, believe me, that's all getting good advice ever is—realizing something, and facing it honest as you can.

"Milt," I says, "what would you say I'd better do? Go to work at something? I thought so! What, then? Anything honest to tide over this crisis? All right, then! But clerking, which is the only thing I know, won't keep both me and mommer. I won't write to you, because that would mean giving up pictures, and I won't give them up; but we have got to eat. What then?"

Well, I swear it seemed as if the eyes of that photograph turned. You know the way eyes in a real good photograph sometimes seem to? I followed where I thought they was looking and saw the morning papers. The Help Wanted column, of course! Right away I picked it up and started to read.

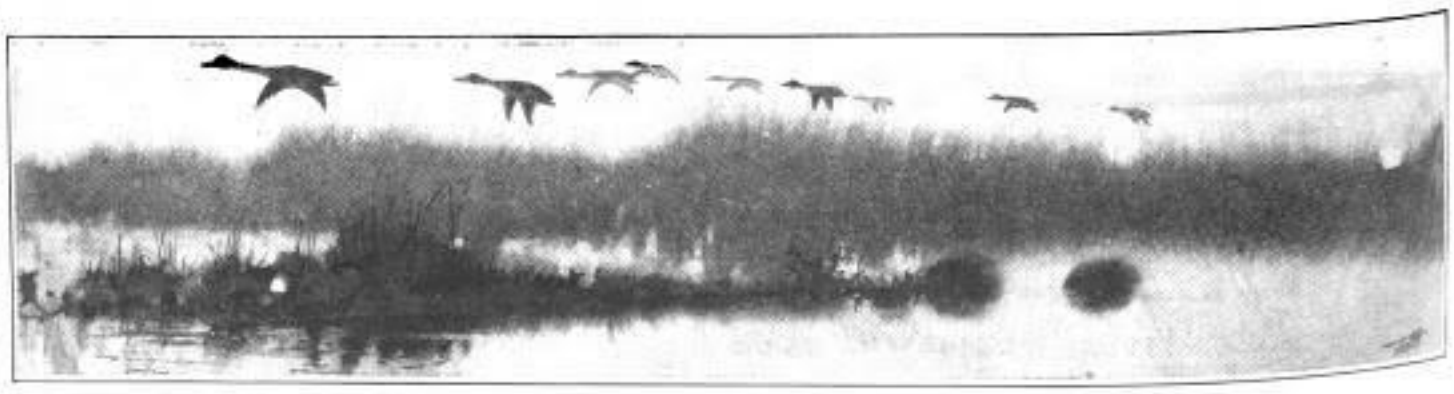
Now when I come to this part of my story I was going to put in what scenario writers call a sequence, which is a section of the continuity from which a movie is actually shot. And this sequence was going to show a full close-up of me reading the fatal ad and registering decision. Then a subtitle reading "Next Day," and after that I was going to iris-in to a long-shot of me going to answer the ad, dressed in my very plainest clothes and no make-up. Then a medium close-up of me ringing the doorbell of a big house and registering a combination of timidity and despairing sacrifice.

The next shot would be a medium shot of a interior—the drawing-room of a home, with a lady hearing a knock. Maid enters. Lady registers "Admit her." Then a medium close-up of me entering. Then a nine-foot shot of me and the lady meeting, the lady seating herself while I remain standing. And so forth.

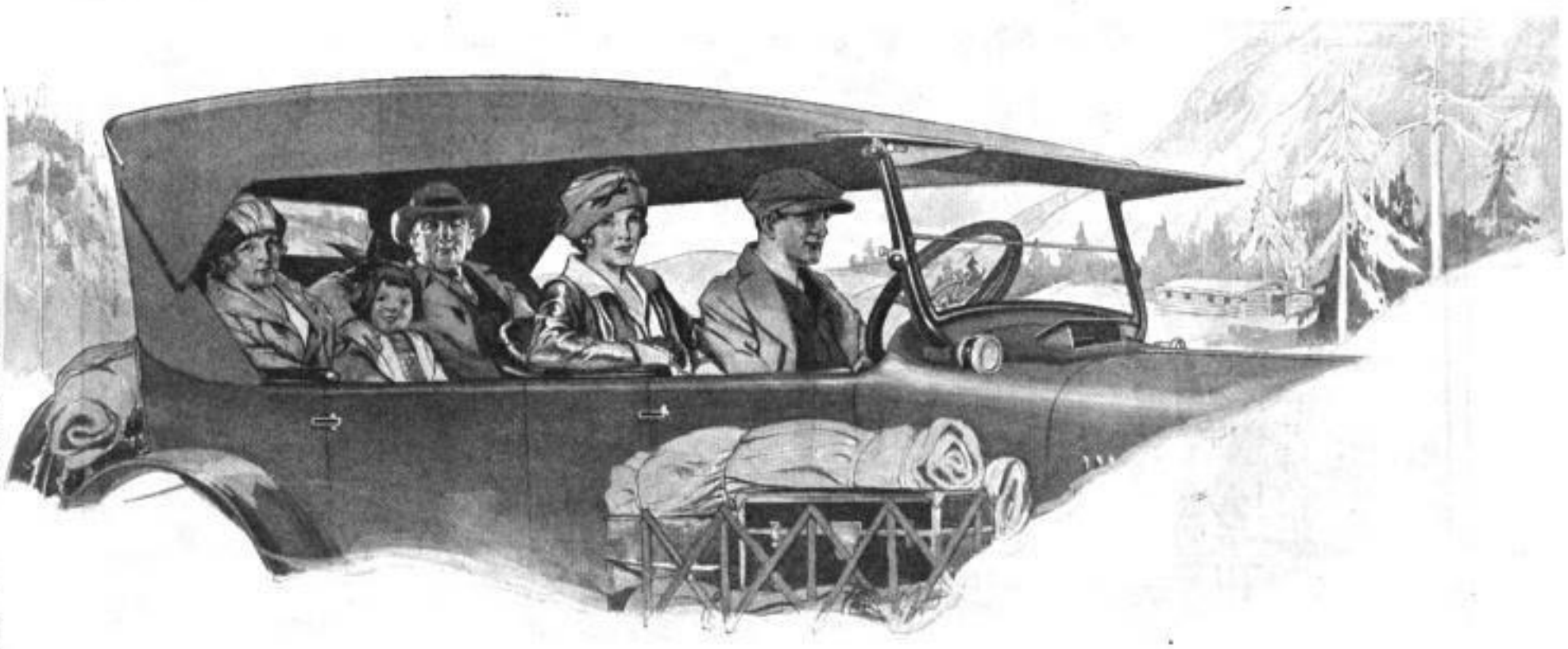
But come to think it over, I decided this was the kind of a sequence which ought always to be cut out in the first rushes, and discarded, and that its place could be very well taken by a subtitle which would clearly cover a time lapse and tell what happened to me after my reading that ad in the Sunday paper. And if so, the subtitle would read something like this:

A week later found Bonnie Delane firmly established as a domestic servant in the home of Trixie Trueman, the well-known motion-picture star.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



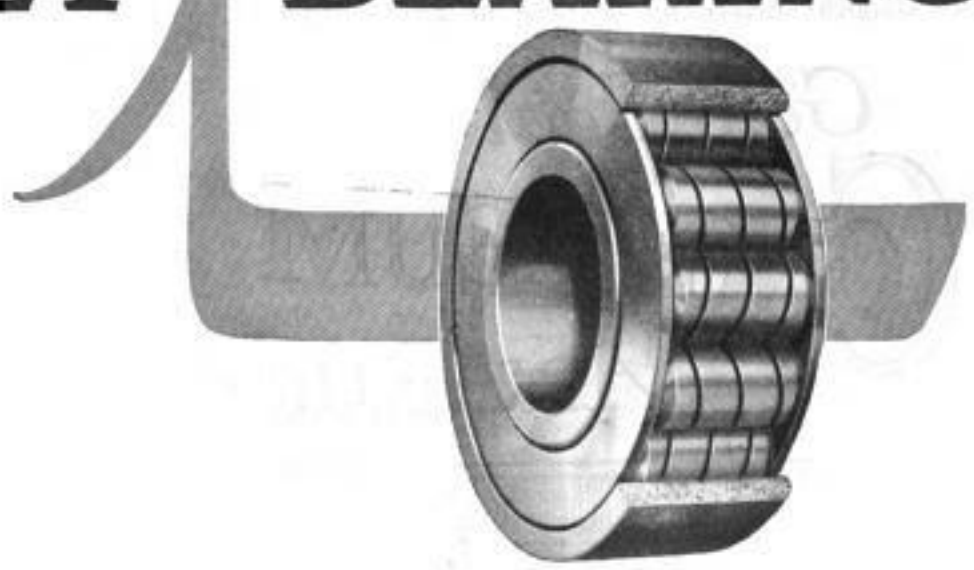
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A sturdy car! That's what everybody wants. A car that will travel through mud, sand and ruts—up hill and down—winter and summer, without the slightest hint of trouble. For such performance a car needs the most rugged, dependable bearings—Hyatt Roller Bearings.

Rugged

HYATT QUIET BEARINGS



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"It's so pretty I can hardly believe it cost so little!"

The rug on the floor is Gold-Seal Art-Rug No. 321—a very popular tan design. The 9 x 12 foot size costs only $16.20.

Money Savers—Time Savers—Home Beautifiers

A wide variety of artistic, rich colored patterns—an easy-to-clean surface that dust and dirt can't penetrate—and all at prices amazingly low—small wonder *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rugs are the most popular floor-covering in America.

These practical rugs free women from the unpleasant sweeping and dusty beating that woven rugs require—a quick going over with a damp mop cleans the smooth surface in no time at all.

Gold-Seal Art-Rugs lie flat and smooth without fastenings of any kind—they literally "hug" the floor with never a rifted edge or turned up corner.

You're certain to be delighted with the wonderful variety of patterns—elaborate Oriental and Chinese designs for living and dining rooms—bright, dainty ones for the bedrooms—trim conventional patterns for kitchen and bathroom—and all at prices you will be glad to pay.

Look for this Gold Seal

There is only one Congoleum and that is *Gold-Seal* Congoleum identified by the Gold Seal shown above. This Gold Seal protects you against imitation floor-coverings, and gives you the protection of our money-back guarantee. It is pasted on the face of every *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rug and on every two yards of *Gold-Seal* Congoleum By-the-Yard.

Stores which sell *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rugs usually display a big brother to this Gold Seal in their windows and in their floor-covering departments.

Note the Low Prices

6	x 9	feet	$ 8.10	1½	x 3	feet	$ .50
7½	x 9	feet	10.10	3	x 3	feet	1.00
9	x 9	feet	12.15	3	x 4½	feet	1.50
9	x 10½	feet	14.15	3	x 6	feet	2.00
9	x 12	feet	16.20				

The rug illustrated is made only in the five large sizes. The small rugs are made in patterns to harmonize with it.

Owing to freight rates prices in the South, west of the Mississippi and in Canada are higher than those quoted.

Gold Seal CONGOLEUM *Art-Rugs*

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
INCORPORATED

Philadelphia New York Chicago Boston San Francisco Dallas
Minneapolis Atlanta Kansas City Pittsburgh Montreal

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TUMBLEWEEDS

(Continued from Page 5)

"Odd how rapid a man can shed it if he sets out to exert himself," Carver commented.

Lassiter grinned and turned suddenly toward the door. It occurred to Carver that the youth was starting forth to retrieve that twenty-dollar reserve which was cached in the dresser drawer.

"Don't you!" he admonished; but Lassiter had passed out the door.

Carver made a move to follow, but met Carl Mattison, town marshal, coming in.

"You recollect that extra saddle?" Carver greeted without parley. "The one you was admiring, with all those silver trappings? If you still admire it fifty dollars' worth ——"

"Sold!" said the marshal, and counted out the money. "Send it round to my room above the Boston Store."

"I would," said Carver, "only my delivery boy, the shiftless little wart, is out somewhere spinning his top. Here's the key to my shack. You saunter past and collect it."

Carver headed for Lassiter's room. The door stood ajar, and as he entered he observed a stooping figure whose hand was busily exploring the drawer of the dresser.

"We won't need that twenty," Carver said. "Let her ride where she is."

The figure straightened and whirled to face him in the dim light. It was Noll Lassiter, not Bart.

"Where's Bart?" Carver asked.

"Haven't seen him," Noll returned.

"Then where's Bart's twenty dollars?" Carver inquired. "I mistrust that you've got it—and I want it. S'pose you hand it over."

"Make it out of here!" Noll ordered. "This is my room and I don't want you in it."

"Someway you haven't inspired me with any ardent fancy," Carver stated. "Right at present the feeling is mild, but it will grow acute if you keep exploring in that drawer for Bart's last twenty."

Lassiter made a swift move behind him, but his arms fell back at his sides as Carver's gun was jammed suddenly against his floating ribs.

"Tut, tut!" Carver admonished. "You're way too awkward for that sort of thing. Sometime you'll do that and some excitable soul will shoot you three or four times while you're starting your wind-up."

He removed Noll's weapon and tossed it and his own upon the bed.

"Now we can converse at our ease until Bart comes," he said.

But Lassiter, angered beyond precaution, jumped for him the instant he relinquished the weapons, and being heavier than Carver he sought to bear him down by sheer weight. Carver rocked his head with two solid smashes, but Noll sought only to come to grips where he could exert his strength, clutching at his opponent instead of returning his blows. They fought in cramped quarters, and Carver could not step to either side lest he should give Lassiter access to the two guns reposing on the bed. The huge paws clamped on his shoulders and Lassiter crushed him back against the dresser. Carver elevated one knee between them, planted his boot against the other's paunch and propelled him violently doorward. With a single step he retrieved his gun with intent to discourage Lassiter's return, but he had no need of it. The big man's head collided forcibly with the door jamb and he sprawled in a limp heap just outside in the narrow corridor.

Bart Lassiter, just mounting the stairway, witnessed this strange exit of his relative. He peered inside and discovered Carver, so he entered and seated himself on the edge of the bed, twisting a cigarette while he sought to reconcile the evidence before his eyes with the mental picture of the empty room as he had left it not five minutes past.

"Incidentally, there seems to be a corpse on the threshold," he presently observed. "What did it die of?"

"General malignancy that set in right after birth and just now came to a head," Carver diagnosed. "He was prospecting for your cache when I arrived."

"He's already located it," Bart stated. "It was gone when I came up. Likely he came back to hunt for more as I went down, and your trails converged, sort of. Wellman said you'd just turned up the stairs, so I came on back."

He crossed over to inspect the sprawled figure in the hallway.

"I'd say he was totally defunct," he reported; but as if to refute this assertion Noll stirred an arm and grunted. "Unfortunately resuscitation is already setting in," Bart revised his statement. "Let's be off before he opens one eye and tries to borrow ten."

An hour later the proceeds derived from the sale of the saddle had faded in the face of the bank's per cent and their finances were totally exhausted except for a few small coins in Carver's pocket. Lassiter leaned rather heavily against the bar in the Silver Dollar and straightened himself with an effort.

"It's time for me to dangle," he announced. "Hate to break up the party and all that sort of thing, but I'm overdue right now. Meet you here in an hour."

He proceeded toward the door which opened into the adjoining restaurant, but Carver overhauled him while he was yet some ten feet from his goal.

"Now don't you go trickling out on me," he reproved. "I'll be gone in an hour—riding off for three weeks. Stay with me till then and we'll both move out together."

Lassiter turned uncertainly, and Carver, looking past him, discovered that the swinging door into the restaurant stood half open. The young girl framed in the doorway was gazing straight into his eyes. Oddly enough, his first thought took the form of an intense desire to expend large sums of money in buying things for her, this impulse coupled with a swift regret that such amounts as he wished to squander were not for the moment available. The eyes that looked back into his were gray eyes, bordering on blue; and he gathered that they regarded him with a mixture of doubt and pity. He straightened resentfully, never having been doubted and refusing to be pitied, flooded with a sense of having been detected in some bit of wickedness.

For the first time in his life his own eyes dropped before the direct gaze of another's; yet in his whole past career there was not one deed for which he felt any particular regret or shame. He lifted his eyes again with a hint of defiance, but found himself staring at the blank swinging door; in that split second of averted glance the vision had disappeared, leaving him with a vague impression of its unreality—and with a pronounced disinclination for continuing the party. Lassiter had not seen, and Carver dispelled the blond youth's hesitation.

"Maybe we'd better call it a day," he said. "See you when I get back from the Strip."

Carver was conscious of a distaste for his surroundings, once the door had closed behind his companion. These carousals in town always palled on him in the end, giving way to the urge to straddle a horse and be off through the clean outdoors while the wind fanned the fumes from his head; but heretofore this state of mind had come about through gradual transition instead of descending upon him in a single second as had been the case today.

He gravitated to the roulette wheel through force of habit and risked his handful of small coins, playing absently and placing his bets without care or consideration. Now just why, he wondered, had he been struck with a wild wish to buy things for a girl he had never glimpsed before in his life? He was not conscious that she had been shabbily clothed, for to save his immortal soul he could not have testified to the color, texture or state of preservation of one single item of her attire; but someway he felt that she was needing things and he wanted to see that these things were provided. He cashed in his few remaining chips and the banker handed him a single silver dollar in return.

II

CARVER repaired to the shack to retrieve his horse, and as he rode back through town he observed a group round the town well in the center of the wide main street. Mattison had laid aside his personal pursuits and had donned his official rôle of town marshal, in which capacity he was instructing Bart Lassiter in no uncertain terms as to the impropriety of watering his horse from the oaken bucket attached to the well rope.

"Water him from the trough," he ordered.

"After all those Cherokee ponies has been dipping their noses in it?" Bart demanded. "Not this horse!"

"That bucket is for folks," the marshal patiently explained.

"An' this horse is folks," Lassiter insisted.

He continued to extend the brimming bucket horseward with his left hand. The spectators shifted, recalling that Mattison's predecessor had fallen in a street fight near this same well. There was no ill feeling between the two men, but neither of them would back down publicly under pressure. Carver glanced aside as a voice called Bart's name. The girl of the Silver Dollar was peering from a window above a store, her gaze riveted on the group at the well.

"Here's two of my friends working up a grievance over well water," Carver said, dropping from his horse. "Wherever did the pair of you acquire this sudden interest in it? I'm surprised at you."

"If this party's a friend of yours, why, you take him," said Mattison. "He won't mind me. Let him water his horse till the well goes dry."

"No such thing," Lassiter gracefully declined. "I wouldn't think of letting the critter slosh his muzzle in the town bucket."

The marshal moved off and Carver reflected that the girl's sudden appearance in the doorway of the Silver Dollar had been occasioned by Bart Lassiter's failure to fulfill his appointment. It also accounted for Bart's hesitation as they had stepped out of the Golden Eagle earlier in the day. He had halted to avoid meeting the girl, not to avoid Freel, as Carver had previously supposed; and Bart's grievance against Freel rose from this same source, for undoubtedly the girl who was being piloted down the street by the marshal at the moment of their exit was the same who had later stirred Carver so strangely by her unexpected appearance in the doorway.

"A lady was calling your name from a window a minute back," he said.

"Likely it was Molly," Bart returned. "That's who that ten spot was destined for—the one Noll lifted first. That twenty I planted later would also have found its way to her except for Noll. She's a sweet kid, Molly, but she's worried sick every minute I'm out of sight."

Carver was conscious of a sense of irritation toward his friend, a vague resentment at this implied familiarity between the boy and the lady of the doorway.

"Then I wouldn't be letting her wait around," he reproved. "Damned if I would!"

"But a man can't tag his sister every living second," Bart expostulated. "I ask you now!"

"No," said Carver. "Maybe not." His irritation had evaporated. "But if she was my sister I'd put in considerable time with her."

The brother grinned unrepentantly.

"All right; you do that," he urged. "Maybe she'll take to worrying about you instead of losing sleep over me. Appears to me like a nice arrangement for all hands concerned."

The girl appeared suddenly beside Lassiter and rested a hand on his arm.

"Put up your horse and stay here with me," she urged.

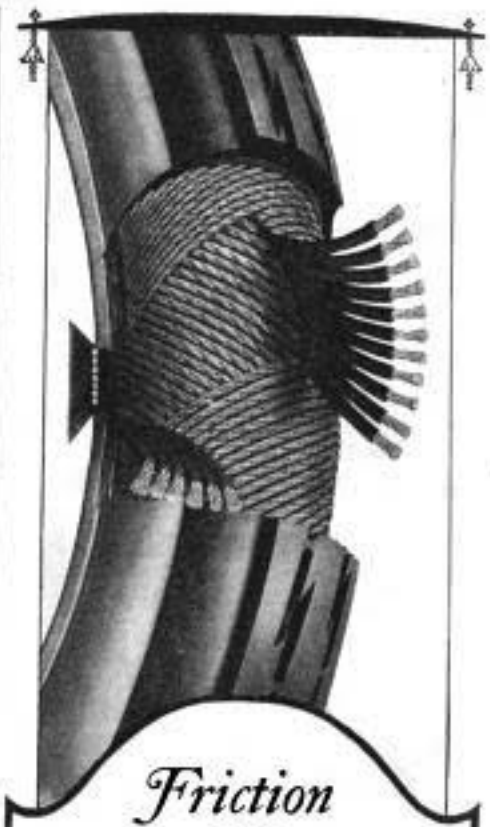
"Can't, Molly," Bart declined. "I promised the boys I'd go, and they're waiting now. We're due to help Crowfoot gather a little bunch of beef stuff tomorrow and we'll have to ride all night if we make Turkey Creek by morning."

The girl turned to Carver.

"Thanks for interceding with your friend the marshal," she said. "But please go now. You've had Bart to yourself all day."

Carver nodded assent, mounted and rode off down the street. As he passed the Silver Dollar he felt the single coin in his pocket.

"That's what I'm capitalized at," he said. "Just one little measly silver dollar. That's my invoice. This morning I could have added a horse, a house and an extra saddle to the statement. Now I'm out the saddle and owe Hinman a sum sufficient to offset the value of both horse and house. I'd sell under the hammer for a single dollar bill. The lady read my face value at a glance and dismissed me offhand without another look."



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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
HATS FOR YOUNG MEN

He saw the two elder Lassiter brothers riding south at the next street intersection. It was quite dark when he cleared the town, and as he rode on through the night he was conscious of a mild dissatisfaction. He drew forth his last coin and addressed it.

"I've rode into town with a many a dollar on me," he said. "But this is about the first time I ever rode out and packed one away with me. That shows I'm growing more conservative right along. You must be a lucky little devil or else you wouldn't have stayed with me till I got out of town." He slipped the coin back into his pocket. "Little lonely dollar, you must mount up to a million."

He heard the low rumble of animal voices and knew that Hinman's cows were being held on the bed ground somewhere just ahead. The old man greeted him as he rode up.

"I'm sending Bradshaw and four others with you," he announced. "One of the boys is holding the pack outfit back behind. He'll follow. I'll help you get 'em on their feet and moving."

The men spread out at intervals to the north of the herd, riding along its edge and crowding the cows on the near fringe to their feet. They worked cautiously, for any slight commotion of an unusual nature, the weird flap of a garment or any cry too startling, might serve to throw a few cows into a panic which would be swiftly communicated to the rest and put the whole herd off the bed ground in a mad stampede. Their chief concern was to prevent a disastrous night run. The affair was skillfully handled, and the near fringe of cows rose reluctantly, crowded back through the ranks of their reclining fellows and raising them in turn till eventually the whole herd was up and drifting south.

The moon rose sharp and clear as they crossed into the Strip, and for hours they forged slowly ahead, their course a trifle south of west. When they had covered ten miles the forward drift of the herd was arrested, and the tired cows bedded down at once.

"From now on they're on your hands, son," Hinman said to Carver. "I'll back any deal you make with the outfits off to the south, so play her the best you know."

He turned his horse back toward the state line and left Carver to solve the problem as best he might. Their present stand was in the quarantine belt, a strip some miles wide which paralleled the state line; this to protect the stock of the Kansas cowmen from Texas fever and other contagious afflictions so prevalent among the trail herds brought up from the south. All southern cattle must be held in this quarantine area until declared free of all disease before proceeding on their northward course to market. This was the off season for the pastoral transporting of trail herds from the Texas cow country, and the only official intervention against which Carver must guard was the possible appearance of one of the infrequent cavalry patrols sent out from old Fort Darlington on the southern extremity of the Strip.

The unowned lands were tenanted only by a few big cow outfits whose owners had made satisfactory arrangements with the Cherokees, paying their tribute in the shape of grazing fees, a custom so long established that it was recognized by Federal authorities, and government agents now collected the money and passed it on to the territory tribes.

Carver stood his turn on first guard, and as he rode round the herd he pondered the problem in hand and sought for a solution which would give him an insight into Hinman's purpose. It was not so much from the authorities but from the cowmen themselves that he might expect prompt interference. Those who leased range in the Strip did not often wait upon the slow process of official intervention when outside brands encroached upon their interests, but took the law into their own hands at once. Hinman was well aware of that condition, Carver reflected. He circled the herd and sang to soothe his charges on the bed ground. Off across he could hear the voice of another night guard raised in song.

He produced his one last coin and studied it in the moonlight.

"Little lonely dollar, you must mount up to a million," he chanted. "And we'll mount the first step upward if only I can fathom what Hinman expects of me. He don't care a dime about saving taxes on this bunch, and he knows that I can see the costs will outweigh the profits two to one, even if everything goes through without a quiver. He and Nate Younger, while they get along personal, have been whetting their tomahawks for each other as far back as I can remember. Now he leads us down here due north of the center of old Nate's leases and stresses the point that I can maybe trade deals with any outfit off to the south—and Nate the only possible one I could deal with from this point. What time I haven't worked for Hinman I've been working for Nate, and old Joe knows that Nate's the best friend I've got outside himself. Now what's he aiming at?"

His shift on guard duty was half over before he found the slightest ray of light on the problem.

"Joe must know that Nate will pounce down on us right off," he mused. "If they open the Strip for settlement, like Joe predicts, then Younger will be forced out of the game. Now just why does Hinman provide him with this opportunity for a big final disturbance, with all the odds on Nate's side? He couldn't have done it accidental, and it appears more and more like he's deliberately throwing himself wide open."

His mind traveled back over the events of the day and settled upon the scene which had transpired near the town well just prior to his departure.

"There now!" he suddenly remarked. "That's sure enough the answer. Bart and Mattison didn't want to carry that altercation to a finish, but neither one would back down with folks looking on. These two stubborn old pirates are likely in a similar frame of mind. It's always seemed to me, someway, that they didn't either one feel half so hostile toward the other as they made it appear. Joe's giving Nate one final chance to show his hand—to take a whack at him or quit, hoping to cancel this old feud before Nate's crowded out. He didn't send me down here to keep out of trouble, but shoved me right into it, knowing I'd do my best to make it as light as possible when it came. That's all the idea I've got to work on."

The men breakfasted in the first light of day, and the cows were allowed to scatter through the breaks on the far side of the creek.

"You boys hold 'em within fair limits," Carver instructed Bradshaw. "I'll join you up here this evening. If a patrol should jump you by any off chance, you just explain that you're driving them down to the Half Diamond H and laid over here a day to rest them."

"They'd be sure to believe us," Bradshaw commented skeptically. "Old Nate Younger wouldn't let a Kansas cow graze on the Half Diamond H for the price of it. Leastways not one of Hinman's."

"He's maybe changed his mind," said Carver. "I'll ride down and see."

He headed for the home ranch of the Half Diamond H, located on a branch of Cabin Creek some miles above that stream's confluence with the Salt Fork of the Arkansas. Younger met him halfway, a rider having already reported the presence of the herd.

"Now just what are you doing with a bunch of Joe Hinman's cows in the quarantine strip and messing along the edge of my range?" he demanded. "You've rode for me on enough different occasions to know better than that."

"They just came fogging down here of their own accord," Carver testified, "and I came after them."

"I'll see that you get plenty of help when it comes to running them back," Younger offered. He waved an arm toward a group of approaching riders. "Here come my boys now. I'll throw 'em in behind those cows and jam them back across the line and scatter 'em over the whole west half of Kansas; or else take charge and hold 'em till I can get a detachment sent up from Fort Darlington to keep the whole mangy layout in quarantine till they're fined more'n their market price. I'll ——"

"I wouldn't adopt either one of those courses you just mentioned, Nate," Carver counseled. "If a patrol jumped us I was going to proclaim that Joe was short of range and that you, being an old friend of his, had volunteered to run this bunch on your leases till the grass greened up next month. That was my idea."

"I've got another idea that beats yours all to hell," Younger retorted. "About fifteen years back a bunch of my stuff drifted off in a storm and fed out a few sections of Joe Hinman's land that had blowed clear of snow. He thought I'd shoved 'em on there to eat him out. This is the first real good chance I've had to play even for what shape he left those cows of mine in after hazing 'em at a run through a foot of snow. What I'll do to this bunch of Box T steers will be sufficient."

He motioned his grinning riders to fall in behind as he headed up-country with Carver.

"Then it does look as if I'd soon be out of a job," Carver said, "if you go and mess up my detail. Maybe you'd take me on for the summer."

"You was top hand for me once," Younger returned, "and you could be again if you'd only stay at it. Anyway, I'll put you on for the summer."

"This season will likely see the last big round-up of all history," Carver predicted, "and I want to be part of it. I'd sort of planned to go in with your wagon. I guess this is the last. The order is out to comb every hoof from the unowned lands."

The old man's face clouded. Two years before all cowmen had been ordered to clear their stock from the Cherokee Strip. They had grimly refused, and now the order had been issued again.

"They mean business this time," Carver predicted. "There'll be cavalry patrols riding to keep an eye on the round-up, likely, and make sure that everything's gathered and shoved outside. There'll be upwards of two hundred thousand cows collected and marketed this summer in order to clear the Strip."

"Maybe you're right, son," Younger said. "It's beginning to look that way. You don't want to miss the round-up. The likes of it will never be seen again on this old footstool. All wiped out in a single season! It ain't right. It just can't be right."

The old man's thoughts strayed from the immediate matter in hand, that of evening the old score with Hinman, and he nodded abstractedly to the comments of his younger companion. He was possessed of cows in plenty, and if forced to market them he could cash in for a fortune; but this game was his life. Take away his cows, and money would mean little.

"I was just thinking, Nate," Carver said, "it'll take a long time to settle all this country up after you folks are ordered out with your stock, and there'll be worlds of good range going to waste with nothing to eat it off. A man could hold a dodge bunch down here on good feed and keep 'em moving from point to point. If we were questioned we could explain that we were trail-herding 'em through when they up and made a night run off to one side; that we are just gathering 'em up again to move them on up to the Box T range."

"Box T!" Younger scoffed. "Joe Hinman, that wrinkled old pirate, wouldn't let a second elapse before he'd be spreading the news that I had a bunch down here. He'd never let a Half Diamond H cow set foot on his range and ever get off with its hide on."

"But if you'd help him out now, like I said a while back, he'd be bound to return it out of sheer human decency," Carver pointed out. "I could hold a bunch down here easy. If you help Joe out now he can't go back on you then."

"Can't be?" Nate inquired. "I don't know." The blank wall of a cowless future loomed just ahead. In a few more months his old brand would be but a tradition. The only alternative would be to buy out some other brand in some distant part where open range was still available. But this was his chosen territory and a move did not appeal. "One time and another, I've dealt him a slew of trouble."

"He's put in fifteen years handing it back to you," Carver said. "That's part of the game, the way the pair of you has played it. Joe's not the man to stick at trifles like that."

Younger shook his head.

"Then maybe he was mistaken about how you felt," said Carver. "He gave me my instructions straight enough. 'If you strike trouble down there just go right to the Half Diamond H and get in touch with Nate Younger,' he says. 'He'll put you straight, and if he can't fix you up then there's no way out.' That's the last word he told me."

"He didn't," Nate returned doubtfully. "You got mixed in the names. He didn't ever instruct you to look to me for anything but trouble."

"Those were my orders," Carver affirmed. "Word for word, as near as I can recall, just as I recited them to you. That's

(Continued on Page 42)

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what he says, looking right at me, just what I told you he did."

"I don't know what he's driving at," Younger stated. "But I'll certainly hand him a surprise. I'll take him up—which'll be exactly the last thing he'd counted on."

He tugged his hat over his eyes and turned to the nearest of the riders who trailed behind him.

"You boys dangle along back and take down the north fence for a few hundred yards west of the creek," he instructed. "Pull the staples and lay the wire flat on the ground so Carver can cross in with his bunch any time."

The men gazed in blank astonishment at thus being deprived of their contemplated sport, but they turned back without comment.

"That Carver, now," one youth remarked. "He's the silver-tongued little fixer. He's somehow managed to reverse old Nate in mid-air. Once in Caldwell he talked me out of my last dollar. He did, honest."

"But he spent it on you later," another testified. "That's him. But now he's gone and ruined my whole day. I'd prefer to be jamming them cows north at a run to coaxing staples out of fence posts."

Some days thereafter Freel rode northward through the leases of the Half Diamond H, crossed the Salt Fork and stayed overnight at the home ranch of that brand. For several days the marshal had been visiting the widely scattered outfits operating in that portion of the Strip and making inquiries as to the whereabouts of certain men on a day of the preceding week. Freel knew the customs of the men with whom he had to deal, being familiar with the evasiveness which was a country-wide characteristic whenever one citizen was questioned concerning the possible operations of another. The marshal's queries were therefore more or less desultory and wholly unproductive.

On the date in question four masked horsemen had surrounded a box car recently planted beside the railroad track in the Cherokee Strip. This car had served as a station, and the word "Casa" had been painted in white letters upon either end. The stockmen had stubbornly resisted all attempts to establish stations in the unowned lands, foreseeing in such moves another possible link toward the dreaded settling of the Strip. These wild riders had evicted the two men stationed there and applied the torch to the box car which seemed to presage a future settlement at that point. The embryo city of Casa was no more. Freel was conscious of no particular regret over the fate of this defunct metropolis, but in view of the fact that only Federal officers were vested with authority in the Cherokee lands he felt it expedient to make a few perfunctory inquiries.

When he rode away from the Half Diamond H he elected to wend his way up Cabin Creek, and so chanced across two thousand head of Joe Hinman's cows grazing in the quarantine strip. Freel sought out Carver and acquainted him with the details of the Casa raid.

"The Lassiters rode out of Caldwell Tuesday night, you recollect," he said. "They're a shifty bunch of boys, the Lassiters. But Crowfoot assures me that they turned up at his place on Turkey Creek early Wednesday morning and this Casa raid was Wednesday night. Crowfoot says they've been there straight through. That lets the Lassiters out."

Carver recalled the black scrap of cloth he had seen in the dresser drawer in the Lassiters' room, its eyeholes staring up at him. Crowfoot's testimony to the marshal did not cause Carver to revise his former estimate of the cowman; rather it served to strengthen his previous opinion as to Crowfoot's character.

"Yes," he said. "Yes, that lets the Lassiters out."

"But it don't have any particular bearing on the fact that Hinman's cows are grazing in the quarantine strip," the marshal commented.

"Joe's short of range," Carver returned. This was according to formula. "We're resting 'em over here for a day before taking 'em on down to the Half Diamond H."

"That's nice," said Freel. "But of course it's my duty as an officer to report their presence to the Federal authorities. Then they can use their own judgment as to quarantine proceedings, and maybe even a trespass suit. Tax-dodging, is he?"

"I'll bet fifty even that you go and do that very thing," Carver stated.

"How do you know?" the marshal retorted. "I'll bet you a hundred I don't."

"A hundred is way beyond my depth," said Carver. "Even fifty would strain me most to pieces, but I could manage to pay it the next day I land in Caldwell if I lost."

"Fifty's a bet," the marshal accepted. "I'll take you on, and don't forget to have the money in your clothes next time you show up in Caldwell."

Carver gazed after Freel's retreating back as the worthy marshal rode northward toward the line.

"There goes a part of my profits," he observed. "This petty-larceny milking process enlightens me as to why I never could warm up to Freel. I'd rather he'd held me up, but the man that'll do one won't do the other—not ever. It all comes of my being too honest. If I'd neglected to make that losing bet he'd have made a report that might have caused old Joe some grief. My conscience has let me down for fifty. Honesty is maybe the best policy for the long pull, but it's ruinous in short spurts."

Someway he regretted the loss of that fifty dollars, a sentiment hitherto unknown to him, for he had never valued dollars except as a means to an end, and the end was in each case the same—the swift squandering of the means. But of late, while riding his lonely way in charge of Hinman's cows, he had pondered the possibilities of various projects in which he might engage, the accumulation of dollars, not their spending, constituting the ultimate objective in each case.

When the marshal had disappeared Carver rode a few miles north to the crest of a high ridge, from which point of vantage he could sweep a considerable area. Off across the state line he could make out white points of light at intervals of a mile or more, and he knew them for the covered wagons of squatters who were camped just outside the Strip. He knew, too, that as one neared Caldwell he would find the intervals between these camps considerably decreased, and he made a tentative estimate that there were fifty such outfits camped along the line in the twenty miles between himself and Caldwell. For three months these homeless ones had been rolling up to the edge of the unowned lands and making camp. These were but the vanguard, the first to respond to the persistent rumor recently set afloat to the effect that the Strip would soon be thrown open for entry and free homes be made available for all.

Carver allowed his mental vision to travel far beyond the horizon which cut off his physical view, and he saw other wagons coming. He pictured them scattered along the roads of Kansas, Nebraska and Missouri, of Illinois and Iowa. From far and near the landless of a vast country were converging upon this last corner left unsettled, their worldly effects crowded into the bulging beds of old-time prairie schooners, their livestock trailing behind and the tousled heads of their youngsters peering curiously from the wagons as they rolled through country strange to them. Their pace was slow and plodding, but intensely purposeful, a miniature reproduction of that general movement which had resulted in reclaiming the Great West from savagery a few decades before, a movement which Carver felt could not long be forestalled. He addressed his luck piece in prophetic vein:

"It's coming and we can't head it off. In ten years there'll be a squatter on every second section and the old free range cut up with fence. Little lonely dollar, what will you and me be doing then? That's the prospect that's looming just ahead of us."

In fact, this prospect seemed nearer still when he crossed back with Hinman's cows some weeks thereafter. With the first warm days of approaching spring the slow stream of incoming squatters had increased and there were more outfits camped along the line. Carver rode up to the ranch house in the gray light of dawn to report that the herd was back on Hinman's own range once more. He found old Joe at breakfast.

"Draw up your stool and toss a feed in you," the old man greeted. "Tell me how everything came to pass."

"It was a right uneventful trip," Carver reported. "There was only one patrol came messing through, and we shifted the bunch down onto the Half Diamond H for a week or more."

"The Half Diamond H!" Hinman exclaimed. "Then Nate Younger must have died without me getting word of it. I'll send over some flowers right away. It's a moral certainty that roan-whiskered old lizard wouldn't let one of my cows have a spoonful of grass if he was alive and kicking."

"On the contrary," said Carver, "he put himself out to invite us down in case we thought best to pull off the quarantine belt. He ordered his north fence laid flat as soon as he gets word we're in the country with your cows, and announced that he'd be palsied and paralyzed and even worse than that before he'd be found lacking in hospitality toward a friend in need."

"Yes," said Hinman. "Go right on. What else did he say?"

"Nothing to speak of," Carver said. "He did sort of mention that you was welcome to throw as much stuff as you liked on the Half Diamond H as long as he was running it. So you might say the trip was more or less of a holiday."

Hinman allowed his gaze to rove through the window and settle upon a covered wagon crawling slowly southward.

"He'll be crowded clear off the map inside another year," Hinman said. "I don't suppose you told him about how glad I'd be to have him swarm over here on my grass with all his cows whenever he's finally ordered out down there; now did you?"

"I did sort of intimate that your range would always be wide open," Carver stated. "I was straining every little point to save the taxes on that bunch of cows. I'll bet it would have totaled up to anyhow six hundred dollars, those taxes would."

"Well, that's all you agreed to do," said Hinman. "And I guess I'd better pay you off and have it over with, even if you did get me into considerable of a snarl. Only one thing I can do now, since you made all those arrangements, and that's to back up anything you told Nate. I never figured you'd let me in for anything like this."

"I'd prefer to take my pay in some other form than cash," Carver announced as Hinman produced his check book. "Suppose you give me a bill of sale for a hundred head of coming yearlings instead of nine hundred cash and let 'em range with your stuff up on the west place till November."

"You can't spend calves," said Hinman.

"I could borrow against them if I was needing money," Carver explained.

"But coming yearlings are worth twelve dollars a head," Hinman objected.

"I'll owe you the rest," Carver offered.

"And when I deliver in November they'll be worth more'n that. They'll bring round sixteen dollars a head by then."

"That's what I was counting on," said Carver. "I like to feel every morning that I'm worth just a little more than I was the night before."

Hinman laid down the check book and regarded him.

"Now it's always struck me that you put yourself out to be worth just a mite less each morning than you was the night before," he stated. "Surely you haven't gone and deserted the ranks of the tumbleweeds in favor of the pumpkins! I never knew you to set a value on a dollar."

"That's because I never chanced across just the right sort of dollar," Carver explained. "Now this is different." He produced his lucky coin and handed it over for inspection. "I'm aiming to accumulate a number of others just like this to keep it company."

Hinman inspected the silver dollar.

"Yes," he said. "This is a right unusual-appearing sort of coin. Don't know as I ever see one just like it. Now if you really think there's a chance for you to collect some more like this, and take an interest in holding onto them, why, we might make a deal. You've just effected quite a saving on my taxes, so I can maybe stretch a point. But if I don't deliver till November, and run 'em meantime on my grass, those critters will cost you fourteen apiece. You'll be owing me five hundred in place of three."

"I don't mind owing you," said Carver. "We'll close the deal."

As he rode away from the Box T he sang:

"Oh, I've risked many dollars
On the rambling tumbleweed,
And only one on pumpkins,
But that one went to seed."

III

THE crest of the watershed separating the flow between the Salt Fork and the Cimarron was also the dividing line between Crowfoot's range and the leases of

(Continued on Page 44)

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the Half Diamond H. Carver crossed over this low divide and angled toward Turkey Creek to intersect its course at a point near Crowfoot's place. Here the majority of the range stock wore the straggling brand intended to represent a bird's claw, the badge of Crowfoot's ownership.

Carver viewed the ranch buildings from the shoulder of a hill, noting particularly the corral which was fashioned as a solid stockade some ten feet high. Crowfoot had entered into a beef contract with the railroad, and his slaughtering was conducted within this small inclosure. Carver entertained positive convictions as to the purpose of this arrangement, but in common with others of his kind he made a religion of remaining strictly incurious regarding the calling or customs of acquaintances except so far as they might affect his own immediate affairs.

He turned his horse up the Turkey Creek bottoms and followed that stream for a dozen miles, then angled away to the right toward the Half Diamond H range. When well up the gentle slope he rode out onto the rim of a pocket. The scattering trees in the bottoms indicated the presence of water. A spring branch probably headed in the pocket and drained back toward Turkey Creek, he reflected. He pulled up his horse as a woman's voice floated up to him.

Somewhere down below him a girl was singing, and Carver headed his horse down the slope toward the sound.

A sod house nestled under the hill beside the trickling spring creek. The singing ceased abruptly and a girl appeared in the door of the sod house at the sound of his horse's hoofs in the yard.

For the second time Carver saw her framed in a doorway, and he was conscious of a sudden pleased conviction that she should always choose a similar setting. The drab surroundings served only as a background to hold her vivid youth and charm in more startling relief. Carver recollected that he had mauled one brother in no gentle fashion and was held accountable for another's day of transgressions; in consequence he feared a cool reception from the sister. Instead her face lighted with sudden recognition.

"Oh, it's you!" she greeted. "Bart will be coming home any time now, and he'd be so sorry if he missed you. Won't you step down off your horse and wait?"

She sat on the doorsill and motioned Carver to a seat on a bench against the cabin. He removed his hat and tilted back against the sod wall as she explained that Bart was even now overdue. As they talked it was quite evident that all her thoughts centered round the younger brother.

Carver found the tones of her voice as pleasant to his ear as the sight of her was pleasing to his eyes, and he was content to listen, hoping meanwhile that Bart would never come.

He knew this for a Crowfoot line camp, recently installed, which accounted for the fact that he had not chanced across it the year before. The Lassiters, therefore, must ride for Crowfoot, he decided.

"Bart and I only came down last week," she said. "We've been living in your little house in Caldwell. Did you know?"

"I gave him the key and told him the place was his," Carver said. "But I'd have straightened it up a bit if I'd known he was going to install you there."

"It was supremely tidy," she complimented, "which was a distinct surprise. Most men's housekeeping is rather the reverse."

Her gaze kept wandering off down the bottoms for some sign of Bart's return.

"I do hope he comes," she said.

"I'm real anxious to see Bart," he confessed. "I certainly hope he turns up sometime inside of the next three or four hours, for this is my busy day and I couldn't conscientiously wait on him longer than that."

His tones expressed only a mild anxiety over the possible nonarrival of his friend.

"Do please stay the very limit at least," she urged, and laughed up at him. "You know, you're like Bart in a great many ways." Carver someway felt that he knew her better after that laugh. "Don't you think you two are somewhat alike?"

He had divined the close bond between this girl and her brother, and now made swift use of the knowledge.

"Bart and I are so similar that we might easy be mistaken for twins," he admitted. "You might say we're almost identical."

"He means a lot to me, Bart does," she said. "In most ways he's a lovable youngster, but ——"

Carver leaned back with an audible sigh.

"Tell me all about Bart," he urged.

"I will," she agreed. "In most ways he's likable, but he's as wild as a hawk. He is absolutely irresponsible, and will commit any reckless folly on a second's notice, without a thought of future consequences. The future means not one thing to him. He's sublimely confident that every new day stands by itself, entirely unrelated to either yesterday or tomorrow. And he's too easily led. Now don't you think you two are considerably alike?"

Carver considered this at some length.

"There's some few particulars wherein our make-ups branch 'way out apart," he testified. "On those points we're altogether dissimilar. Now me, I just can't be led. I'm sometimes misled, maybe, but never plain led. And so far as the relation of one day to another"—he produced a silver dollar and regarded it—"why, nothing could possibly convince me that five weeks ago last Tuesday wasn't close kin to today." The girl's mind flashed back to that first meeting as he smiled across at her and continued: "And I'm hoping that there'll be other days in the future that'll belong to the same family group. You'd be downright surprised to know how far my mind wanders into the future—and you accusing me of not looking ahead."

"He's told me a lot about you," she said. "You're the supreme chief of the tumbleweeds, from what I gather; openly irresponsible."

"On the contrary, I'm apt to take my responsibilities too much to heart if I don't watch myself," he defended. "Do you consider a state of responsibility one to strive for?" Then, as she nodded, "Hereafter I'll track down responsibilities like a duck collects June bugs, and assume one after the next."

"I've raised Bart from a baby," she said, "and I don't want to see him go over to the wild bunch. He likes you a lot. Use that influence to steady him, won't you, instead of the other way?"

"Just what is the main thing you want Bart to stay clear of?" he asked.

"I want him to run straight," she said.

Carver rose to take his leave, his departure hastened by the sight of a horseman through the trees far down the bottoms—and the rider was not Bart. He had no desire to meet Noll Lassiter during his first real visit with the girl, and he somehow knew the identity of the man who approached.

"Maybe I can do Bart a trifle of good in spots," he said as he stood before her, "and I'll guarantee not to do him any great amount of harm."

"Thanks," she said, rising and extending her hand. "I knew you'd do it."

Carver retained the hand and leaned to kiss her as she stood looking up at him. The girl stepped back and studied him, evidencing no annoyance, but seeming rather to try to determine the thought which had occasioned the act and searching for a possible trace of disrespect. Carver met her eyes fairly.

"You oughtn't to have smiled just at that particular moment," he said.

"You see, you are irresponsible," she pointed out. "That's exactly what Bart would have done. You yield to any passing whim."

"That wasn't any passing whim," he corrected; "it was one powerful impulse; and it's permanent—not passing. It's related to today and to five weeks ago Tuesday, and I'm hoping it's related to tomorrow."

She disregarded this, except for an almost imperceptible shake of her head.

"But you will remember about Bart," she urged.

"I'll try to collect all Bart's loose ends and shape him up into one solid pattern of propriety," he promised. "You won't hardly know him for the same party after I've worked him over." He swung to the saddle. "But I'll have to put in considerable time over here conferring with you if we're going to make a success out of Bart."

He turned his horse to leave, but the approaching rider had hastened through the last belt of trees, and he now held up a hand and signaled Carver to wait. Lassiter pulled up his horse abruptly as he discovered Carver's identity.

"I thought it was Wellman," he stated surlily. "Who asked you here? This is a little off your range."

"I travel on a roving permit," Carver said. He explored his pockets as if seeking the document and an expression of mock concern overspread his face. "I declare, I must have mislaid it somehow. But I believe I showed it to you once before; and, anyway, I'm going now."

He nodded a casual good-by to the girl, turned his back on Lassiter and departed. As he mounted the cow trail leading out of the head of the pocket he met Bart Lassiter coming down.

"I've just been over to your house visiting round with Miss Molly," Carver greeted. "Noll came riding up and I someway gathered the impression that he wasn't glad to see me."

The two lolled sidewise in their saddles. Bart looked down the bottoms toward the sod house.

"I'd keep an eye peeled for Noll," he advised. "He's out for you if he sees the right chance. If you don't watch sharp your horse will come dangling in some day without a rider."

"Sho!" Carver deprecated. "It's been against the law to kill folks for a long time now."

"I know," said Bart. "But the mere fact that we've got a law like that proves that maybe someone did get killed once, and there's a chance it might happen again."

"He's been telling you things," Carver guessed. "Likely he was just easing his mind."

"Noll didn't tell me a word," Bart denied. "He don't need to. I know him. He rode herd on me with a club up until I outgrew him, and I can read what's going on in his mind. I put in all my early years dodging, until one day he cuffed Molly; then I forgot my timidity and pulled down his meat house. It was weeks before he was up and around. He'll bear watching. I don't mean to infer that Noll's all charged with valor, which he's not; but he's certainly loaded to the ears with meanness, and he'll take a chance if the odds are all his way and no one looking on."

"Then I'll take to surveying my back track," Carver promised. "Because if we meet it will likely be from the rear."

"That's where," Bart agreed.

"What's to hinder my taking you on as a bodyguard, sort of?" Carver suggested. "I'm going in with the Half Diamond H wagon. Old Nate would put you on."

"The three of us are leaving for the X I L in a day or two," said Bart. "Otherwise I'd go you. Milt has been trail boss for the X I L for the last four summers, and brought their trail herds through. Always before we've gone on back and wintered there, but this season we laid over to help Crowfoot."

Carver turned this arrangement over in his mind. The X I L was a Texas brand running south of the Washita country.

"I'll have a little deal on this fall after round-up," he said. "And I'd like to have you cut in with me, provided you don't hang out at Crowfoot's. I'm not oversqueamish, and there's one time and another when I've rode for outfits whose methods was open to question. Most riders have. But folks are coming to frown on irregularities, and it's time a man reads his signs right and quits before it's just too late."

"Oh, absolutely!" Bart agreed easily. "I can see that plain."

"It's my surmise that there's a right small percentage of the meat that goes to fill Crowfoot's contracts with the railroad that is dressed out of steers wearing his own brand," Carver said. "Of course, he's too smart to cut in on his neighbors, and they don't bother to get curious as long as they know their own strays are safe on his range. But it's my guess that if a steer from some foreign outfit turns up on the Turkey Creek range he'll get converted into beef overnight."

Lassiter grinned and wagged a negative head.

"Now you wouldn't go and suspect Crowfoot of filling his beef contracts at other folks' expense," he reproved. "Besides, how could he when it's the law that whenever a cow critter is butchered its hide must be hung on the fence till it's been inspected and passed?"

"And our present hide inspector would ride miles out of his way rather than meet a fresh hide face to face," Carver testified. "I expect maybe Crowfoot kills out a batch of his own steers about every third slaughtering. That way there'd always be enough

(Continued on Page 47)

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Interwoven

Toe and Heel

Socks

A LONG WAY TO THE FIRST HOLE

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(Continued from Page 44)

fresh hides of his own brand hanging round the place to make it look right. But he wouldn't dress out any more of his own till after one batch of pelts was too dried-out to answer. He's not that improvident."

"Well, maybe not," Bart said. "I couldn't say for sure. What has Crowfoot done to you to start you commenting on his habits?"

"Not anything," Carver confessed. "I don't even lose sleep over what he's doing to other folks. I'm generalizing, kind of. Things are changing rapid and a man had better let his glance rove a few years ahead."

"Hadn't he, though?" Bart concurred. He didn't inquire as to the nature of Carver's proposition, for it mattered not at all. "We'll put on our telescopes and spy out a soft berth for the future. That's us! You can count me in till the hair slips."

With this casual promise they separated. Carver reviewed his recent utterances with some doubt as he rode across the divide.

"That's the first time I ever aspired to turn evangelist," he said, "and I'm awkward at it. The rôle don't become me any to speak of, but I've committed myself to take Bart in hand."

Three days later he rode again to the little sod house on the spring creek. He came upon it from behind, his horse's hoofs making but slight sound on the springy turf. Not until he had dismounted and rounded the corner on foot did he discover that a saddled horse stood on the far side of the house. He stopped short, wondering which of the three brothers might be at home. While he hesitated a man's voice sounded from within, and it was not that of any one of the Lassiters. He took another step toward the door, but halted again as he detected a threat in the tones of the man inside.

"You listen to reason or I'll have Bart locked up for the rest of his natural life," the voice proclaimed; "and that within the next two days. I know his whereabouts on a certain night two years ago, when a saloon in Taosin was ransacked."

"You've told me all that," said the girl. "But even if you could prove it—why, Bart was only seventeen then!"

"There's places where they keep such naughty children," the man pointed out. "Then he was into that Casa affair, when the station was burned."

This statement enabled Carver to identify the man whose voice had seemed vaguely familiar. It could be no other than Freel.

"I've got a line on the whole past of the Lassiters," Freel resumed, "clear back prior to when the old man was alive. He'd be wanted, too, on a dozen counts if he was still above ground. You know what it is to have the law always barking at your door. If you take up with me folks would respect you. But anyone in this whole country will tell you that Freel is a bad man to have on the other side. You don't want me lined up against the Lassiters, girl."

Carver stepped to the door. Freel's back was toward him, but he could see the girl's face. There was no trace of apprehension there, only distaste for the man before her. Her eyes widened with surprise as they met Carver's, and as she divined his purpose she made a move to station herself between the two men, but Carver held up a hand to halt her. Freel had whirled to face the door when the girl's face betrayed the presence of a third party. He recovered his self-confidence, shaken for the moment, with the discovery of the intruder's identity.

"Morning," he greeted casually. "Any more wagers on your mind today?"

"Yes," said Carver. "Step outside. I'm going to make you another little bet."

He stepped aside as the marshal passed through the door, then followed and closed it behind him.

"This wager's not going to be in money," Carver said. "If I lose I'll look you up and explain to you what the stakes are. I'm betting that you don't ever pass out any remarks about Bart Lassiter or his sister. The bridle's off as far as the other two boys are concerned. You can go as far as you like with them."

Freel sized him up, sensing a new quality in the man before him, a certain tenseness which Carver concealed beneath the cloak of casual speech.

"You drop out of this," he advised. "I was offering to marry Miss Lassiter when you romped in."

"Offering to," said Carver. "I thought maybe you was threatening to."

"Any girl of the Lassiter tribe ought to be glad of an opportunity to marry and live respectable," Freel stated, and was instantly aware that he had made a grave mistake, for that quality which he had sensed in Carver was now quite openly apparent in his eyes.

"So you're going to make her respectable," Carver said. "That's real generous of you, I'd say. It's rumored around that you set up to be a bad one. I just heard you confess it. Let's see how wicked you can be when your badness all boils over."

He took a step toward Freel and the marshal backed away, reading Carver's purpose in his eyes.

"It's never my policy to start a quarrel without good reason," he announced.

"I'm laying myself out to supply the reason," Carver said. "I always did want to see a regular desperado working at his trade." He removed his hat with his left hand and brought it with a back-handed slash across the marshal's face. "You're wicked clear through!" he said. "You're just as bad as you can be!"

He swung the hat twice again, but Freel turned and walked toward his horse.

"You're not bad; you're just tainted," Carver stated. "I always felt that about you, and now I know for sure."

The marshal mounted and turned upon Carver a face set in lines of stern disapproval.

"I refuse to force an issue except in the regular routine of duty," he proclaimed. "This is not a matter of official business. Otherwise ——"

He intended that the unfinished statement should carry an impressive implication of power held in reserve which he controlled only with the greatest difficulty. He turned his horse and rode off down the bottoms.

"I feel like I'd just come in off a spree," Carver told himself. "It shakes a man up something fearful to let his temper go running wild all over the lot. I oughtn't to have lost hold of myself."

He regarded the closed door. A sharp rap sounded from the inside of it and Carver smiled as he speculated as to how many people of his acquaintance would have respected his unspoken wish that the door remain closed. The rap sounded again.

"Come in!" he called.

She opened the door and answered his smile, her eyes following the marshal as he disappeared in the scattering blackjacks of the bottoms.

"Thank you," she said. "I'm glad you came just when you did. But I'm sorry if you made an enemy of him. I really don't mind him—much."

"He's right harmless," said Carver, "but apt to be annoying. I don't surmise he'll be turning up here again."

He knew that the marshal operated only on safe ground. Freel had known that both elder brothers would be entirely indifferent to any course he might adopt toward Molly Lassiter if only it afforded a measure of protection for themselves, and she would not mention any such occurrence to Bart lest it precipitate trouble between himself and Freel.

The girl motioned him to a seat on the bench.

"You did remember your promise of the other day," she commended. "About Bart, I mean. He said you'd pointed out the narrow pathway and invited him to join forces."

"I never did set up as a reformer," Carver admitted, "and it likely sounded a mite unnatural coming from me."

"Bart was a little vague about the plans," she said. "Do you mind telling me what the proposition was?"

"I couldn't say offhand," he confessed. "You see, I just put it up to him and was intending to work out the details later on. There now!" he complained as she laughed at this lack of definiteness. "You're doubting my stability again. There's numerous ways open for me to follow." He checked them off on his fingers. "I might get appointed marshal in Freel's place, and there's any number of folks would contribute to my success. I could assist Crowfoot to fill his beef contracts, or I could get the job of hide inspector, and Crowfoot would then assist me."

Beneath this facetious recitation of possibilities she read in his reference to Crowfoot a deliberate intention to apprise her of the fact that the man's methods were open to question, leaving her to devise her own means of utilizing the knowledge so far as



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The good-night dish

it related to Bart's employment by Crowfoot.

"The boys are all leaving for the X I L in a few days now," she returned.

"This man Bronson that owns the X I L—he's someway related to Crowfoot," said Carver. "Seems like I've heard he was. Anyway, there's some connection. I spoke for a job for Bart with the Half Diamond H wagon and was hoping he'd take it on."

When Carver rose to leave he rested his hands on her shoulders as she stood facing him.

"The round-up will cut into our conferences, but I'm looking forward to resuming them after it's over."

She stepped back and shook her head as he leaned toward her.

"Don't forget how much I'm like Bart," he urged, "and you know you'd do that much for him. You might try it on me once just for similarity's sake."

The girl faced him gravely.

"I'm going to absolve you from that promise," she said. "Try to forget all about the Lassiters. We bring bad luck."

"It's too late to start forgetting; and, besides, I cut my first baby teeth on a horseshoe," he returned; "and from that day on down to date I've been the greatest sort of a hand to counteract bad luck. It positively refuses to settle in my neighborhood. I'll tell you all about it, honey, as soon as the round-up's over."

She stood and watched him ride off up the country, returning his salutation when he turned in his saddle and waved to her as he reached the rim of the pocket.

He spent the night at a line camp and the next day made a long ride into Caldwell, dismounting before his little cabin in the early evening. A blanketed figure prowled uneasily at the far side of the street as Carver unsaddled, then crossed over and padded silently along the path that led to the house.

"Me like whisky," the Indian stated.

"Yes," said Carver. "So do I. But they do say it's a sinful appetite."

The red man pondered this.

"Me buy whisky," he amended, exhibiting a gold piece.

"I'm just out," said Carver. "Try next door."

The Indian departed, only to be replaced some few minutes later by a second applicant. Carver recalled the incident of the two black bottles on that other day when he had first met Bart Lassiter in the Silver Dollar.

"Bart has been up to some more financing," he reflected. "While Molly was downtown somewhere he was busy irrigating the Cherokee nation at a profit. I've heard somewheres that if you do any one thing better than your neighbors the world will beat a pathway to your door—and this path looks well worn and much traveled. I'll have to speak to Bart about this."

He retired for the night after a third thirsty soul had made the pilgrimage down the pathway to the door.

"Before I can straighten out Molly's affairs," he said, "it does look as if I'd have to discharge a marshal, reform one brother and practice homicide on another."

With this disquieting reflection he dropped instantly asleep. An hour later his awakening was equally abrupt. It is given only to those who live much in the open to wake suddenly from profound slumber with every faculty alert. When Carver opened his eyes he was conscious that something was amiss. He continued his regular deep breathing as if still wrapped in sleep.

His horse was fidgeting nervously in the lean-to shed behind; but he knew that this sound, being one to which he was accustomed, would not have roused him. The spring lock on the door had clicked slightly as if under the manipulation of a stealthy hand and the sound had penetrated his consciousness even while he slept. Probably another parched but hopeful Cherokee, he reflected; but he rose noiselessly and stepped to the window.

"I didn't start discharging and homiciding soon enough," he told himself.

Freel and Noll Lassiter stood outside in the bright moonlight, the latter having just stepped back within Carver's range of vision after testing the spring lock on the door. Carver turned swiftly and donned shirt and trousers. The latch clicked again as he pulled on his chaps; then came a sharp knock at the door. Carver did not answer, but finished buckling his belt and drew on one boot. The rap was repeated.

"Ho!" Carver called loudly, as if suddenly roused from heavy sleep. "What's going on?"

"It's Freel."

"Oh," said Carver. "Come on in. I'm in bed."

"Door's locked," Freel returned.

"Must have blown shut," Carver stated. "There's a spring lock on it. Wait a minute and I'll pile into some clothes and let you in. What do you want, anyway, at this time of night?"

"There's been complaints lodged against you for selling whisky to the Cherokees," Freel explained apologetically. "I don't suppose there's anything to it, but I was ordered to make the arrest. You can clear yourself, likely."

Carver laughed easily.

"Why, man! This is the first time I've been here in two months," he scoffed. "They won't keep me overnight."

"I hope not," said Freel. "It's the pen if they cinch you—Federal law, you know. I didn't like the idea of coming after you, but I was ordered to do it."

"I'll be with you in a minute," Carver answered cheerfully. "I can explain it easy enough."

He thumped the bed with the edge of his hand in imitation of a bare foot descending upon the floor.

"Killed while resisting arrest," he said to himself, his mind working swiftly. "This is just a plain old-fashioned killing. Freel knows I wouldn't be so simple as to start shooting over being picked up on a fool charge like this. I'd take it more as a joke. He'll step in to talk it over while Noll pots me from outside. Neighbors hear shots—a regular battle in progress—and later, at the inquest, it transpires that my gun's been shot empty. They can prove that Cherokees have been buying bottles here, whether I did it or not; and Freel, having heard about it, had come out to investigate. I put up a desperate fight, but went down in the smoke—died hard, as it were, but real dead. But they wouldn't do it before I was dressed. That might appear like they'd slaughtered me in my sleep."

Meanwhile he commented in disjointed fragments to Freel.

"I'll go on down with you and explain it. It's a right foolish charge." He was now fully dressed. "They'll let me out by tomorrow, so it don't matter any." And to himself: "After Noll's first shot there's two from inside. Neighbors look out into the moonlight. Freel has ducked back outside and they see him prone on the ground shooting into the house. He rushes the open door, calling out to me to surrender in the name of the law, and the neighbors all hear him. There's sounds of a struggle inside; chairs overturned, and there's shooting. A regular hell-roaring combat—and me dead on the floor all the time."

He moved to the window. Lassiter was nowhere in sight.

"Flat against the house between the window and the door," he decided; then aloud to Freel, "Anyone with you?"

"Not a soul," Freel lied.

"Better so. Maybe we can figure out some little bet whereby it would be to your advantage to help me come clear of this charge." He was now fully clothed, and he crossed to the door without permitting his boot heels to touch the floor. "Can't find a match," he complained, fumbling at the

(Continued on Page 50)



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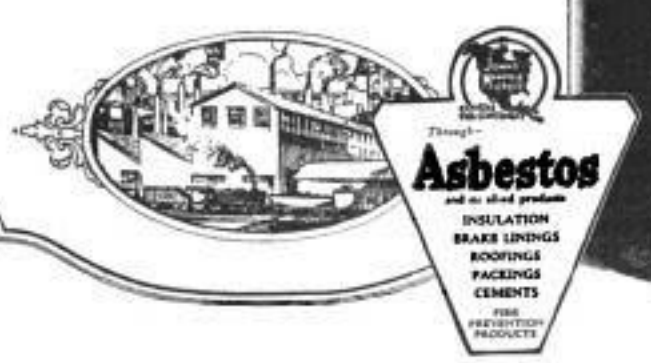
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Factories, shops and mills—Monitor and Sawtooth roofs*	3 or 4 ply ready roofing	Johns-Manville Asbestos Ready Roofing or Built-up Roofing
Flat roofs—all buildings*	Built-up roofing	Johns-Manville Built-up Roofing
Skeleton frame buildings—standard conditions*	Corrugated asbestos roofing with steel reinforcement	Johns-Manville Corrugated Asbestos Roofing
Skeleton frame buildings—excessive temperature or condensation conditions*	Corrugated asbestos roofing without steel reinforcement	Johns-Manville Transite Corrugated Asbestos Roofing and Siding

*Note—Industrial buildings call for expert advice. A roofing expert is available at all Johns-Manville Branches.



JOHNS-MANVILLE
Asbestos Shingles



This is a photograph of the famous Johns-Manville blow-torch test. Flexstone Asbestos Shingles withstand a heat that would reduce the average composition shingle to a cinder.

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(Continued from Page 48)

catch. "Come in and strike a light while I hop into my clothes. I'm in my nightie." He opened the door, standing back from the streak of moonlight which streamed through. Freel would shoot if he saw that Carver was already dressed.

"I'll just wait here," Freel said.

"And pot me as I step out," Carver mentally completed.

"You'll be out on bond in an hour," Freel resumed. His head was within a foot of the door as he attempted to peer inside.

Carver swung his gun with deadly precision and Freel collapsed without a word as the heavy weapon descended solidly upon his skull.

Before the deputy had fairly struck the ground Carver was peering round the door jamb with the gun leveled on Lassiter, who was flattened against the house some three feet from the door.

"Steady! Let it slide out of your hand!" Carver ordered.

Lassiter's slow brain had scarcely grasped the fact that his plans had gone amiss, and even as the hand which held his gun relaxed in response to the order Carver took one swift half step round the door and swung his own weapon again.

Ten minutes later he had saddled and was riding out of town. As he cleared it he chanted a verse wherein the tumbleweed rebuked the sluggish pumpkin for sticking to its garden patch as Thanksgiving Day approached:

"You can lay right there and wait
To be turned into pies and tarts;
But me, I'll jump the fence right now
And head for other parts."

"Freel's bringing me in feet first, like he'd planned, could be easy explained," Carver reflected. "But a live, active prisoner is different. The last thing in this world he'd want is to book me for trial. I couldn't force myself on him as a captive. Next time I meet Freel out in company I'll surrender and insist that he put me under arrest."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

MY LIFE

(Continued from Page 19)

stopped for a moment to rest by the wayside, in the shadow of a grove of banana palms, when I saw coming toward me along the dusty road a procession which seemed to have walked straight out of the past.

At the head of the cavalcade rode two mounted alguazils, looking more like heralds of old in their gorgeous trappings than modern guardians of law and order. They were followed by a troop of men in black—servants, retainers, petty clerks and dependents, all the types of followers that swelled the *cortège* of a great seignior of the old days. The mules on which these men rode were gayly caparisoned, carrying, every one of them, a cascade of jingling bells.

In the center of the group rode a beautiful woman holding a baby in her arms, both of them clothed in sweeping silken garments covered with jewels. The focus of attention, however, was the proud master and father. He rode a white charger, and his costume was in every detail what might have been worn by his far-off ancestor in seventeenth-century Spain. Only his hat was different, for he wore the peaked sombrero of Mexico, covered with a red scarf and ornamented all around its border with balls of gold.

Haughty and aloof, he passed the place where my maid and I were standing. He did not deign even to glance our way, but with a lordly gesture he threw us silver coins from the heavy bag that hung on his saddle bow. Amused and fascinated, we followed the procession into the village, and learned that our noble cavalier was a rich distiller, taking his son and heir to church to be baptized. We watched him as he dismounted with his *cortège* in the square in front of the cathedral. We saw him toss a fortune to the gaping crowd, then turn and walk into the church, leaving the mob outside to fight and squabble for his kingly bounty.

Mexico City is situated at a very great altitude. I knew this before I went, but I never for a moment thought that it would affect my voice. The first days that I was there I did not feel very well, but I thought nothing of it.

My impresario came to me several times before my first concert, inquiring anxiously after my health and asking whether I thought that I was in good voice. I assured him that all was well, but the night of my concert I felt extremely uncomfortable. My breath was poor, and I was very much dissatisfied with my performance. After the concert I was talking with the French Minister.

"It is most extraordinary," he said, "that you were able to sing so soon after your arrival. Do you know," he added with a smile, "the race horses that are imported to this part of the country have to be kept here two or three months in order to become acclimated? It is out of the question to race them during that period. I was astonished that you were able to get through your long program so soon after your arrival."

XVI

I MADE my first trip to Cuba not long after my tour in Mexico. The island then was not as it is now. Since the United States took charge of it everything has been made clean, comfortable and civilized, so that the little cities of Cuba can now rival their American sisters in orderliness and luxury.

I had gone to Florida one year for a few weeks' rest and in the hope of curing a rather persistent cold. After we had been there for some time my traveling companion suggested that we should go across to Cuba and visit that romantic island. I was delighted with the idea and we started immediately.

Havana was our first stopping place. I can remember its odor to this day—a mixture of pepper, tobacco, burnt sugar and squalor. Our efforts to find a hotel where we could bear to spend the night were long and painful. We would go to a hostelry, make our inquiries, ask to see the rooms. One glance at the beds we were supposed to occupy would be sufficient to send us flying.

Finally we managed to find a passable lodging, where, after we had directed the necessary cleaning up, we were able to spend the night. The next morning our quarters were invaded by a swarm of shawl merchants whose packs were filled with the most gorgeous Spanish shawls. The papers had proclaimed the presence of Carmen in Havana, and I was expected to buy the whole supply. The shawls were so beautiful that I would have been glad to do so. But I should have had to sing Carmen for a thousand years in order to use them all.

We traveled about a good deal in spite of our difficulty in finding places to sleep. I remember that at Santiago we lay on wire springs, without mattress or pad of any kind. The food was indescribable. We ate nothing but fruit and guava jelly. Nevertheless, we enjoyed ourselves thoroughly. We traveled, sang and laughed, and learned the *danza*, the dance which later developed into the tango.

Finally we started homeward. Arriving at Havana, we lingered on a few days, having finally found a comfortable hotel where we were well served and pleasantly entertained. One day I received a cablegram from my manager in New York, asking me to return at once, as I was urgently needed.

We rushed to our rooms and were soon packed and ready to sail. The little chambermaid, Paca, who had done so much to make us comfortable, was helping me to strap up my last bag.

"Madame is quite right to leave," she remarked in Spanish. "She has been sleeping in the same bed in which the poor little ballet dancer from the opera died only a week or so ago. She died of yellow fever! The town is full of it!"

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed. "You miserable child! Why didn't you tell me at once? I'll catch it as sure as fate! How could you do such a terrible thing?"

"Madame was so kind," the girl answered in tears. "I didn't want madame to go away! Besides," she added fatalistically, "madame knows the proverb, '*Nadie se muera hasta que Dios le quire.*'" (No one dies before God wills.)

Cold comfort for me! But there was no use wasting words. The fat was already in the fire. I had done everything I should not have done under the circumstances—eaten raw fruit and oysters, walked in the midday sun, rowed on the mosquito-infested inlets! I left Havana and returned to my work, never giving another thought to the matter.

"*Nadie se muera hasta que Dios le quire.*"

XVII

MY FIRST encounter with a Russian audience was truly in keeping with the traditions of that emotional and impulsive people. The day before my début in St. Petersburg my impresario arrived at the hotel early in the morning, to inform me that a rehearsal of Hamlet, with the Italian tenor Battistini, was scheduled for the afternoon.

"Be prepared!" he admonished me. "Make yourself beautiful! The rehearsals are often attended by the ladies of the court, the grand dukes and duchesses. In fact it is impossible to tell who will be there, for the members of the royal household are very fond of music and like to hear the artists who come here for the first time, before they make their regular appearance."

When I arrived at the theater I found a basket of water lilies in my dressing room, with a note from the Grand Duchess Vladimir, saying that they were for Ophelia's mad scene. The moment I walked on the stage I saw that my manager had spoken truly. The theater was crowded! All the cadets from the naval training school were there, as well as many officers and ladies of distinction. I was glad that I had followed my manager's hint and put on a becoming dress.

In the mad scene I wore the lilies the Duchess had sent me twined in my long black hair, very beautiful and luxuriant in those days, which I allowed to fall over my shoulders for the last act.

The effect was apparently excellent, for I was recalled twenty times after the curtain went down. The Russian public is very artistic, very sensitive and, above all, very enthusiastic. The last time I came out I found the cadets climbing up on to the stage. They had chased the musicians from their places, swarmed into the orchestra pit and were clambering over the footlights to get at me. The first thing I knew I was surrounded by the young madcaps, who kissed my hands, my scarf, the sleeves of my dress, overwhelming me with compliments and exclamations of delight. I could not get away from them. Finally, in an excess of enthusiasm, one of them bit my arm!

"Fiends! Savages!" I cried. "Are you going to devour me? Let me pass!" And with a heroic effort I succeeded in reaching my dressing room and shutting myself in behind locks and bars.

The next week, when I was to sing Carmen, I told the director that it was absolutely necessary for me to be left in peace after the performance, and that therefore I would not take any curtain calls. I was determined not to risk another such ovation.

"Good Lord! That will never do!" he exclaimed in despair. "You must make your bow as usual. It's just their little way. You mustn't mind them. Everyone would think you were putting on airs if you did not accept the homage of the public."

Thus adjured, I consented. And, indeed, no one did climb up on the stage when I took my call. The public was wildly enthusiastic, but stayed on its own side of the footlights. When I left the theater, however, I found a mob of young officers and cadets waiting at the stage door. Before I could say a word they lifted me up in their arms and carried me across the snow to my waiting troika!

While I was singing in St. Petersburg an impressive memorial service took place at the Basilica of St. Paul, in honor of the former czar. The French ambassador had given me a ticket which permitted me to witness the ceremonies from the seats reserved for the diplomatic corps.

Dressed in my best, I arrived, as is my wont, promptly on the hour named. I was received by the master of ceremonies, who asked me something in Russian. I knew only two words of that formidable language: "da" and "niet." (Yes and no.) Boldly I made use of half my vocabulary and answered "Da!" to his question. Whereupon he conducted me with much ceremony to an excellent seat in the highest place of the reserved inclosure. The crowd outside the grating stared at me curiously. I supposed they envied my excellent position, and I sat there quite calmly until I heard the organ burst into the strains of the national anthem. Turning, I beheld the czar and the czarina, with all the lords and ladies of their suite, approaching me in a solemn procession. Fortunately for me, the Duchess Vladimir was among them. She detached herself from the group and hurried to my side.

"Madame Calvé," she whispered in an agitated undertone, "get up quickly! You are sitting in the seat of the Empress Mother!"

I could have sunk through the floor. Covered with confusion, I rose hastily from my seat and made my way out of the inclosure. I had to pass in front of the whole court before I could reach the modest place that had been reserved for me at the lower end of the church.

The next day I went to the duchess to make my apologies and to explain what had happened. She was very much amused.

"Ah, my friend," she said, "one can go far in this country with a little word like that!"

My unintentional blunder in the cathedral was apparently not held against me, for not long afterward I was engaged to sing in the home of a lady of the highest standing in court circles. A violinist of international reputation was to play at the same time. The night of the performance a superb troika laden with gorgeous fur robes came for me and carried me to the house where I was to sing. My comrade had already arrived when I made my appearance. We were received by a most charming and gracious lady who was apparently entirely alone. She begged us to begin at once.

"My guests are there," she said, indicating a high screen that separated the long salon into two parts, "but they wish to remain incognito. Will you be so kind as to permit them to listen to you from the other side of the screen?"

I was so astonished at the request that I was on the point of raising some objection; but, observing that my colleague appeared to take the situation philosophically, I followed his lead. As we walked toward the piano he turned to me.

"Do not be alarmed," he said. "I have had a similar experience once or twice before in this country. It seems to be merely one of their strange customs."

Bravely I took my place before that silken barrier, and sang as best I could to its unresponsive expanse. Our hostess applauded discreetly, and I heard, from time to time, murmurs of pleasure and approbation from our invisible audience.

A week or so later I was summoned to the Imperial Palace to give a concert there. The procedure was almost identical with that of the enigmatic evening. Were the same personages present? Was it the same mysterious audience? I have never known.

In Russia, as in all the countries that I have visited, I knew many different types of people. It is one of the privileges of an artistic life that in our profession we can consort with high and low alike, with kings and peasants, artists and socialists, governors and rebels. One of my acquaintances in St. Petersburg was an ardent young revolutionist, a nihilist, fiery and determined. She told me her hopes, her dreams. She described the sufferings of the people, and explained to me the ideals of their champions.

"You need not look at me with that expression of astonishment," she said to me one day after a particularly passionate harangue. "You, with your artist's soul, would feel as I do if you lived here long!"

Poor little thing! Six months later she wrote to me from Siberia.

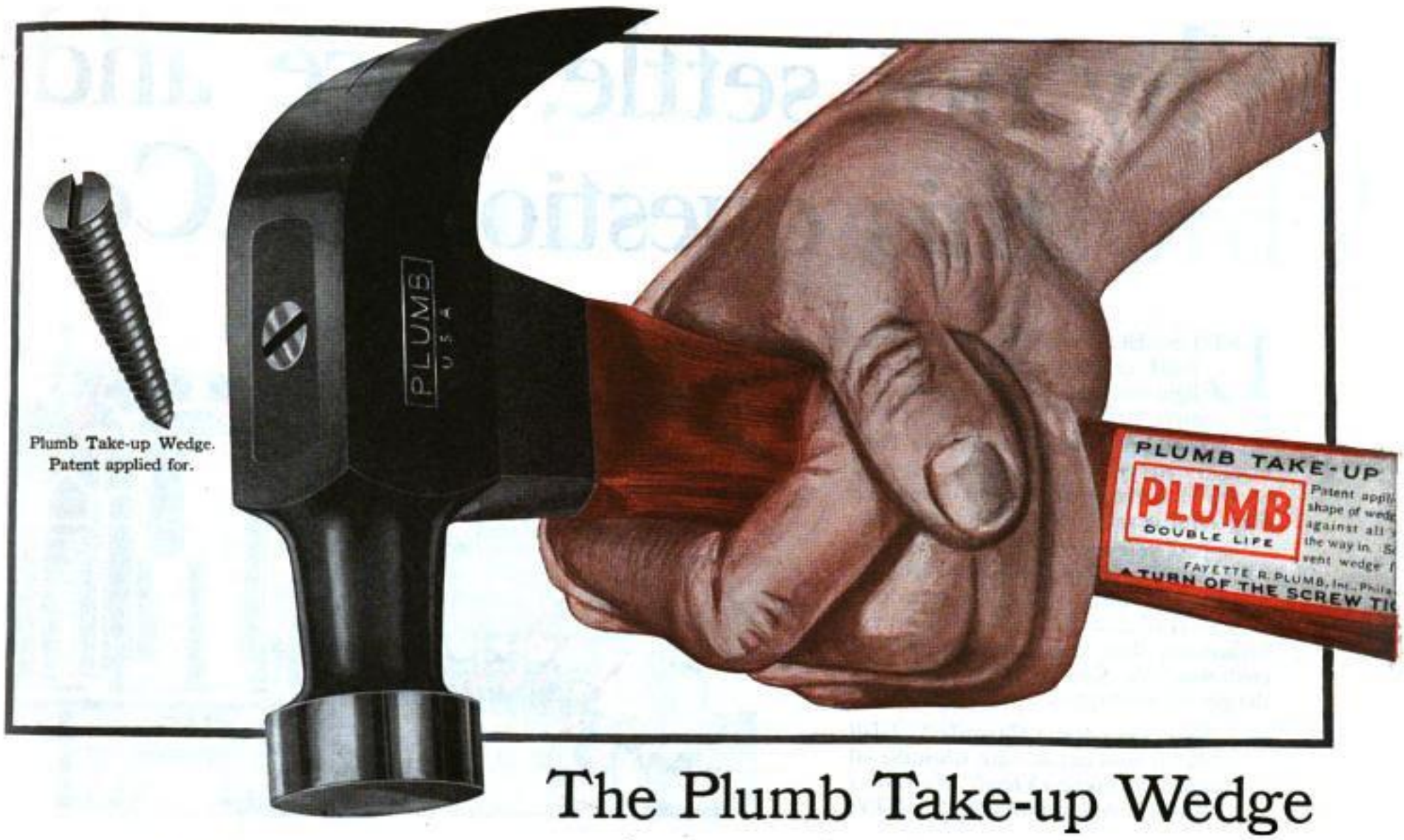
"See how far my convictions have led me," she said in her letter. "I am at the far end of Europe, dying of cold and hunger. How often do I think with longing of those unforgetable hours when I heard you sing Ophelia and Carmen!"

XVIII

ONE year, on my return from Russia, I visited Turkey. While I was in Constantinople I sang at the home of the

(Continued on Page 54)

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Plumb Take-up Wedge. Patent applied for.

The Plumb Take-up Wedge keeps the handle tight!

A revolutionary invention that forever overcomes the shrinkage of the wood

YOU need never cut and drive a new wedge to re-tighten a hammer handle—if your hammer is a Plumb. With a turn of the screw, the Plumb Take-up Wedge keeps the handle always tight.

The Plumb wedging principle is entirely new—patent pending. Other wedges provide no ready means of re-tightening the handle when it shrinks and works loose. The Plumb Take-up Wedge takes up the slack: the cone shape expands the handle tightly against all sides of the eye, all the way in. The screw threads prevent the wedge from flying out.

No nail hammer now is complete without this Take-up Wedge, and none except a Plumb can have it. Simple, safe and sure, it saves the time and temper of every hammer user.

Mechanics always have said, "They're worth more." When they buy Plumb Hammers with the Plumb Take-up Wedge they will say, "They're worth double!" The Plumb Hammer has a better balance; a broader striking face; and shorter-split, greater-leverage claws.

Let your hardware dealer show you the Plumb Hammer with its distinctive black head and red handle. You'll like its weight, heft, swing and feel—its easy-working qualities. Use it, and you'll appreciate its Double Life—due to Plumb special analysis steel, toughened to outlast many ordinary hammers.



Cross section of hammer showing how the Plumb Take-up Wedge expands wood against eye all the way in.

Hammer, $1.50 (except in Far West and in Canada).

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35¢ for file and sheath at hardware dealers'

(Except in Far West and in Canada)

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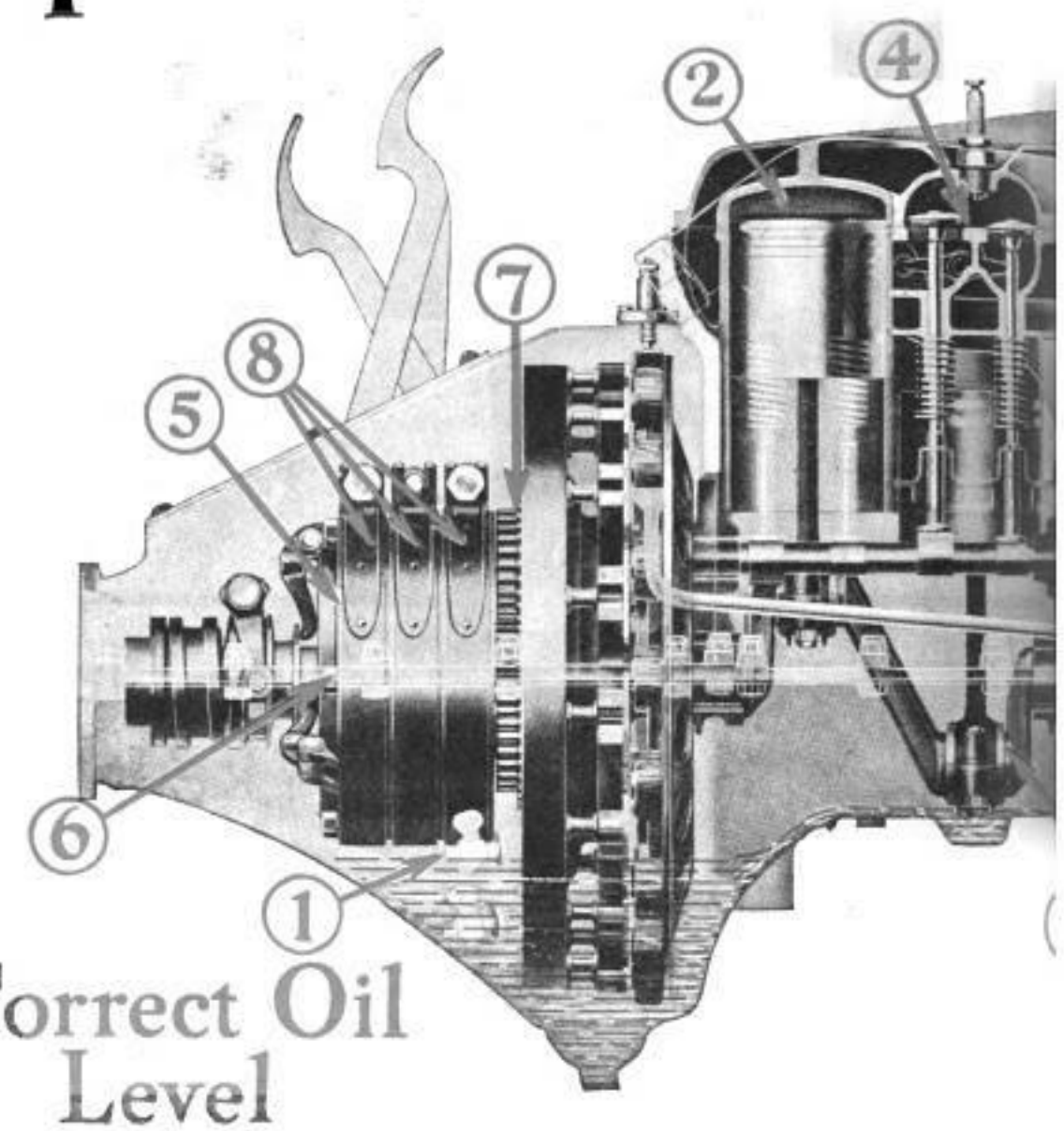
Why not settle, once and this question of Corr

LET US SHOW you exactly why your Ford engine operates best on a light-bodied, clean-burning oil, such as Gargoyle Mobiloil "E."

First, you pour in the oil. Your Ford manual tells you to open the pet-cock on the oil reservoir, and to pour oil into the filler until it runs from this top pet-cock.

Suppose you pour in an oil *heavier* than "E." It is easy to supply too much, unless the oil flows out freely when the upper pet-cock level is reached. Medium or heavy-bodied oils flow sluggishly, especially in cold weather. Consequently there is a danger of over-supply.

When you pour in Gargoyle Mobiloil "E," it runs out at once when the oil is up to the pet-cock level. The correct oil level is obtained with CERTAINTY.
(POINT 1)



Correct Oil Level

But possibly you do not think that this over-supply of oil makes any difference. Well, let us see what happens.

You notice that there is no splash trough for the rear cylinder. It is lubricated by the fly-wheel splash. (The third cylinder also receives some of this splash.) The more oil there is in the reservoir, the more will be splashed to the third and fourth cylinders. So the fly-wheel splashes too much oil to these cylinders.

If a heavier oil is used, don't be surprised to find extra-heavy carbon deposits in these rear cylinders.

The exceptionally clean-burning character of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" minimizes the tendency toward carbon formation in the combustion chambers.
(POINT 2)

Next let us look at the connecting rods and splash troughs. Cylinders 1, 2 and 3 are lubricated by the dipping of the four connecting rods into these troughs. Remember that the four connecting rods have neither oil holes, oil grooves nor dippers. To lubricate the friction surfaces the oil must work its way through the close clearances between the ends of the bearings and the crank cheeks, and then distribute itself over the bearing surfaces.

Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is sufficiently fluid to reach and lubricate these surfaces with ease. An incorrect or heavier oil very often does not. **(POINT 3)**

Next, let us consider the pistons. The Ford pistons over-run the top of the cylinder bore. Consequently, any oil carried up by the piston rings is forced into the valve chambers. A heavy oil does not burn up readily, but remains to gum the valves.

Gargoyle Mobiloil "E," being a light-bodied, clean-burning oil, is readily consumed and expelled. It do main to foul the valves, seats a
(PO

As to the clutch: The Ford has a disc clutch running "wet." This continually in a spray of engine manufacturers of this type of cl ommend a light oil which will giv quick engagement with no slippin instantaneous release.

Heavier oils used in Ford engi a drag between the clutch pla causes "creeping." The car sta when the engine starts, although

Gargoyle Mob

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all, Lubrication for your Ford ?



Your Ford instruction book (Answer No. 100) says:—

"We recommend only light high-grade gas engine oil. . . . Heavy and inferior oils have a tendency to carbonize quickly; also 'gum up' the piston rings, valve stems and bearings."

eased.

Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" gives positive and immediate clutch engagement and disengagement. There is no "creeping." **(POINT 5)**

a word about the transmission. In the you have a Planetary transmission loying three *close-fitting* sleeves, ited on an extension of the crank-shaft. avy-bodied oil is not well adapted to into and thoroughly lubricate the s and bearings.

The body and character of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" enable it to distribute thoroughly and meet this lubrication need perfectly. **(POINT 6)**

As to the transmission gears: There are three sets of triple gears mounted on close-fitting pivots. These gears are bronze bushed. The bearings fit tightly—in fact, so tightly that oil heavier than "E" is handicapped in working into and correctly lubricating the bushings and pins.

Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is of such body that it freely creeps in between the close-fitting parts and thoroughly lubricates the gears and bearings. **(POINT 7)**

Chattering! Chattering of Ford transmission bands is caused by incorrect adjustment or wear, also by diluted or thinned-out oil, which cannot properly lubricate the gripping surfaces.

The remedy is obvious: (1) Have the bands correctly adjusted, or (2) if worn, replace with new bands, (3) drain off the old crank-case oil at regular intervals.

The superior quality of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" gives the greatest freedom from chattering. **(POINT 8)**

This concludes our trip through the Ford lubrication system.

* * * *

BY a careful consideration of the above factors the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Engineers determined the need for an oil of high quality, light body, free-flowing characteristics, and with minimum carbonizing tendencies for the correct lubrication of the Ford engine, clutch and transmission.

To meet these exacting needs, Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is manufactured.

The results secured by Ford owners through the use of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" are ample proof of the high quality of this oil and the correctness of this recommendation.

Put Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" in your Ford today.

Warning:

Don't be misled by some similar sounding name. Look on the container for the correct name Mobiloil (not Mobile) and for the red Gargoyle.

Don't believe false statements that some other oil is identical with Gargoyle Mobiloil. Gargoyle Mobiloil is made only by the Vacuum Oil Company, in its own refineries, and is never sold under any other name.

"E" for Fords

COMPANY Chicago Buffalo Philadelphia Des Moines Detroit Dallas Pittsburgh Kansas City, Kan.

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The rounded edges of this pencil make it *"Pleasing to the fingers."*



A Message To Parents and Teachers

THIS year, make it a point to know the kind of pencils the children are using. The right pencils will help their handwriting—they will lessen eye-strain—they will ease and speed the daily formative tasks in the school room and in the home.

Somewhere in the Dixon line there is a pencil for every age and every grade—for the little fellow just starting out to school—for his older brother or sister in the grammar school—for later years in high school and in business.

Not very far from wherever you are there is a dependable dealer who sells Dixon pencils. Make it a point to consult with him. He will be glad to help you select the right pencils for your children—the right size, the right weight for chubby little hands—the right lead for eyes that must not be strained.

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(Continued from Page 50)

French ambassador. There I met Nazim Pasha, one of the leading figures of the day and a familiar at the court of Abdul-Hamid. He asked me whether it would interest me to sing for the sultan. Needless to say, I assured him that it would.

A week later, a *chaouch* of the palace, one of those magnificent mounted servants whom I had occasionally seen in the streets, brought me word that his majesty the sultan summoned me to the palace and gave me permission to sing in the harem. A little note, unsigned but written in a feminine hand, begged me to bring the music of Carmen, the comb, fan, mantilla and, most particularly, the castanets for the dance.

I felt an undeniable thrill of terror at the idea of coming into contact with the Red Sultan, whose word made Islam tremble, and whose evil reputation had spread to every corner of the globe. The moment I crossed the threshold of the gorgeous Palace of Yildiz it seemed to me that the sun was swallowed up; that all the radiance and glory that flooded the Bosporus had disappeared.

I was conducted into a great hall hung with marvelous tapestries, where slave girls, in garments of many-colored silk, stood straight and motionless against the walls. A few moments after my arrival the sultanas entered. Clothed in all the splendor of their native costume, lovely and welcoming, they clustered about me. One of them, who spoke French very well, begged me to sing the Song of the Birds, the Mysoli, which I had sung at the embassy and of which they had heard so much.

I had hardly begun to sing when I became aware of a strange sensation of anxiety, a sort of terror surging up within me. I turned and saw a man standing at a little distance from me. Ugly, lean, sinister, his eagle's gaze fastened upon me, he dominated the room. Everyone bowed before him, the slaves prostrate on the floor, the sultanas bent low. I realized that it was he! My voice caught in my throat and my poor little accompanist stopped short, trembling with fear. He seated himself, without speaking a word, and signed to us to continue.

I finished my song and sang many more. Finally I dared to look at my terrifying listener. He seemed abstracted, distant, indifferent to my singing, unconscious even of my presence, as though lost in painful meditation.

The little sultana who had spoken to me before urged me to commence Carmen at once. The sultan roused himself when I began, and seemed to take some little pleasure in my dancing. Suddenly his eyes gleamed strangely as he watched me.

"Good heavens!" I thought. "If I should have the bad luck to please him!"

I instantly pictured myself shut up in the harem and my alarmed imagination evoked a lurid drama!

Meanwhile the rhythm of my dance was bringing me nearer and nearer the sultan. All at once an expression of terror crossed his face. He rose from his chair precipitously and disappeared. I never saw him again.

The ladies of the seraglio surrounded me with compliments and attentions. Coffee was served in delicate cups mounted on feet of gold and set with precious stones. Curious sweets on golden platters were presented by the slaves, who, according to the etiquette of the palace, wore draperies of crimson velvet embroidered in gold thrown over their shoulders. At a given signal one of the slaves began the Oriental Dance of the Scarf. She was extraordinarily graceful, swirling and weaving the flashing silken veil about her with languid, rhythmic movements. Finally one of the sultanas approached me and ceremoniously presented a golden chalice of exquisite workmanship.

"From his majesty the sultan," she explained, "who thanks you and begs you to pardon him for not being able to present this cup himself. His majesty is indisposed," she added, "and has therefore asked me to express to you all his admiration for your beautiful dance."

I left the palace as though returning from a distant and incredible voyage. I felt that I had been bewitched, carried away to another world. A few days later I told my adventures to one of my friends attached to the embassy.

"It is the first time," I concluded, laughing, "that my Carmen dance has ever made anyone run away."

"You probably approached too near the sultan," my friend answered, "and it alarmed him. He is consumed with suspicion, haunted by the fear of murder."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed. "Afraid of my castanets, my fan?"

"Ah!" retorted the Frenchman. "Could you not have had Carmen's dagger in your garter?"

XIX

IT WAS after my first engagement in America that I was able to fulfill the dream of which I have already spoken. I went back to Aveyron that year after my fatiguing winter's work with the idea in my mind of buying a farm for my father, where he could settle down and spend the rest of his life.

I asked the notary in our village whether there was any land for sale in the neighborhood.

"Yes," he answered. "There is the farm of Cabrières, but I am afraid the castle goes with it. You would not want that, I am sure!"

The name brought to my mind the long-forgotten picture of that sunny road and my impossible vision. I asked to be shown the castle, and we went there with my father.

While we were looking it over he remonstrated with me long and patiently.

"My child," he said, "it is sheer folly. It is much too great an undertaking for you. The whole place needs repairs. Give up this wild idea. You really don't need a castle. Be a good girl, and forget your dream!"

But I am hard to move, once my mind has been set upon an idea. I have always done, within the limits of possibility, what I have wanted to do. I went ahead without consulting my father and made the necessary arrangements. The following Sunday I told him that we were invited to dinner with the farmers of Cabrières. I put the great key of the postern gate at my father's place, and when he picked up his napkin it rolled out at his feet. He was overcome with surprise and ready to cry with joy. It was one of the happiest hours of my life.

My father lived there long and happily, and there I have built my home, a resting place and a refuge, a nest to return to after my distant flights. I have brought back to it the riches of experience and memory, the treasures of a long and fortunate career. Some of them are tangible—furniture, pictures, books, mementos of all kinds. Others are invisible, yet even more real—the unforgotten presences of the past. Cabrières is a necessary part of my life. I truly believe that the extraordinary preservation of my voice is largely due to the long months I spend in that quiet spot, far from worldly gayeties and distractions. If I stay away too long I become ill, like a plant deprived of water. My lungs crave the dry, bracing air of the mountain plains. I need my country, my home!

There are no trees in our part of the world. The clouds, the rocks, the vast stretches of upland covered with heather, box or scrub pine—this is all that can be seen.

It is not the type of country to please those who like pretty places. It is melancholy, my poor Aveyron. Perhaps I love it for that very reason.

The spirit of the past which permeates it makes me calm, contemplative. Even conversation seems out of place there. How restful it is, how reposeful, after the turmoil and constant agitation of America!

The little castle of Cabrières dates from 1050. I have looked up its history and followed its fortunes down the ages. An Englishman was killed under its walls. It saw the horrors of the religious wars and was the refuge of a certain group of Knights Templar.

The old man from whom I bought it rendered me, quite unconsciously, an invaluable service. He was fond of trees, and planted a grove near the château. I bless him from my heart every day that I sit under their welcome shade! They are the only trees to be found for many miles around.

Like every castle with a shade of self-respect, Cabrières has its ghost. One of the rooms is called the Chamber of the Phantom, though I shall have to admit that I myself have never seen its spectral inhabitant. The villagers, however, are quite convinced of its presence.

Many years ago, the story runs, an arrogant knight, one of my predecessors in the castle, determined to build a bridge which should stretch from one hill to the other. Every day he built a little. Every night a wicked demon destroyed his work. The bridge was never finished, but the unfortunate knight, as a punishment for his pride, was condemned to return year after year to the scene of his failure. The peasants still see him in his huge hat and long cloak, stalking beneath the walls of Cabrières.

My real guests are rather more to my taste than this poor, futile specter of the bridge. I have had many delightful visitors at Cabrières, and the presence of my friends has added greatly to my love for the place.

One year—it was the summer of 1894—the Cadets de Gascogne, that interesting society of artists, actors and writers, honored me with a visit in the course of its journey through France. The party included Monsieur Leygues, Minister of Fine Arts, Benjamin Constant, the distinguished artist, Mounet Sully, of the Comédie Française, Gailhard, director of the Opéra, and M. and Mme. Adolphe Brisson.

I can still see Mounet Sully declaiming the stanzas of the Furies of Orestes from the height of the rocky platform that juts out in front of the château like the prow of a ship. It is there, on this same platform, that I have stood many times, answering the songs of the shepherds who on the distant uplands watch their sheep.

I wish that I could hand on to the children of today my own passionate love for these old folk songs of France. They are the expression of the soul of the nation, tuneful, lovely, filled with the poetry and the lore of the past. How much more beautiful they are than the inept refrains of the music-hall tunes of today!

Not far from Cabrières, on the other side of the mountain, are the famous Gorges of the Tarn. One of the sights of this region is the grotto of Dargilan, a huge labyrinthine cave filled with stalactites and stalagmites.

One day I visited the grotto with some friends. We were conducted through its wonders by a young shepherd, who explained it all to us in the inimitable patois of his country. He was only sixteen, but already full of wisdom.

"Do you like being a shepherd?" we asked him as we walked along. "Wouldn't you prefer to be a mechanic and travel over the world, seeing new sights and countries? Don't you find it rather stupid, at your age, to stay in one place all the time?"

"No, madame," he answered with complete conviction. "I want to be a shepherd all my life. I am happy to be out there in the pastures, watching the sheep. I think of the *bon Dieu*, and at night the stars are so beautiful!"

We came finally to a tremendous cave. Its vast, mysterious depths fascinated me. I began to sing. The boy started and turned toward me.

"Oh!" he exclaimed. "How lovely! If the mistress could only hear you she would give you a job! You could come every day and sing for the tourists. I am sure she would pay you a lot of money for it."

I was duly impressed.

"How much do you think she would pay me?" I asked.

"Well, now," he said judiciously, screwing up his brow and scratching his head, "it's hard to say. I think she might go as high as five francs a day. It would be good business."

"I'll think it over," I answered. "It is very kind of you to give me the tip. But don't you know," I added, "I live over the way, at Cabrières?"

"No, no, madame," the boy answered. "I have never been as far as that. Our church is up there on the plateau, and that is as far as I have traveled."

A year later I was again visiting the grotto. The boy was still there. He recognized me at once and came toward me, twisting his cap in his hands, apparently much embarrassed.

"Good morning, madame," he mumbled. "I guess you had a good laugh at me last year."

"What do you mean?" I asked. "Why should I laugh at you?"

"I was told afterward who you were," he answered. "A nice kind of a fool you must have thought me, with my five francs a day! They tell me that in the Americas you don't have to do more than yawn to earn eight pairs of oxen!"

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Madame Calvé. The next will appear in an early issue.

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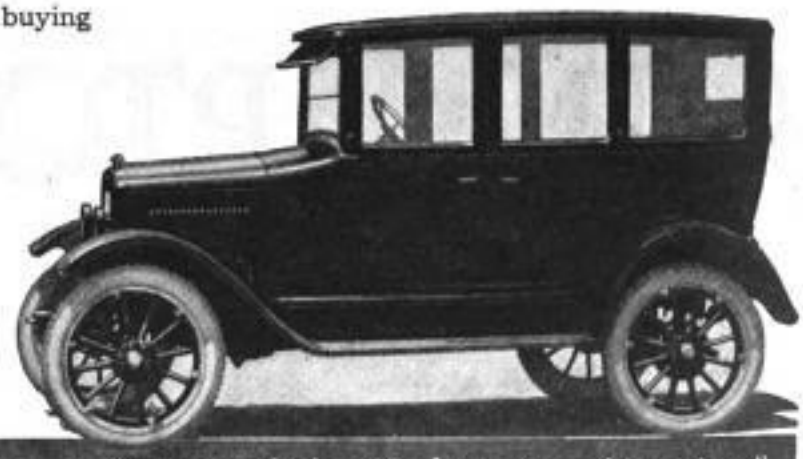
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SIDELIGHTS ON J. P. MORGAN

(Continued from Page 15)

"You've heard what I said," he answered.

"You've heard what I said," I replied with a smile.

July came and the newspapers had recorded Mr. Morgan's return. Shortly thereafter I went to his library. He was alone in his room at the western end of the building, a room which opened into a fireproof chamber that contained his manuscript treasures. He was seated before a table on which he had been playing solitaire, a recreation that one could not help recalling had been a favorite pastime of Napoleon. In my earlier discussions I had laid stress on various points which made the Wakeman collection the greatest in existence of its kind—finest in the world as regards Hawthorne, Thoreau, Poe and Whittier, and exceedingly important as to the other authors. The obvious arguments had been used without convincing success, and on this occasion I had determined to try another approach; and if that failed I did not intend to bother further. It was with this in mind that I had retained the one manuscript alluded to above.

In reply to my inquiry as to how he had decided Mr. Morgan said, "I'll go over the catalogue once more; come in again tomorrow and I'll decide one way or the other."

"No, Mr. Morgan. I'm afraid it's no use my coming again. As a matter of fact I do not know whether today's visit is of any use." And I then told him that Mr. Wakeman had withdrawn the collection, but that I still thought that if he, Mr. Morgan, would come to an immediate decision I could see to it that the manuscripts would become part of his library.

Mr. Morgan, of course, knew of Mr. Wakeman as an ardent collector to whom the money value in the transaction we were discussing was of minor consideration. As a man devoted to his own treasures, Mr. Morgan could readily understand the sentiments that had prompted Mr. Wakeman first to offer and then to withdraw the offer of his collection. Mr. Morgan sat there for a moment, obviously considering the entire situation. It was then that I took up the one manuscript that I had kept.

The Children's Hour

"Here's one of the poems in the collection," I said; "and, if you will excuse me for being personal, whenever I read it I think of you and your grandchildren."

"What's that?" said Mr. Morgan in his quick, incisive way. I fancy that he was not used to having his private sentiments brought into a business discussion.

"It's Longfellow's poem concerning his grandchildren, and it reminds me of you and yours."

"Let me see it," he said.

Mr. Morgan put on his spectacles and read that lovely lyric of grand-paternal affection whose opening verses are so familiar:

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour.

When Mr. Morgan finished reading the poem he hit the table with his fist.

"I'll take the collection," he said.

What rare items, worth thousands upon thousands of dollars, had not been able to consummate had now been effected by a short manuscript of comparatively insignificant monetary value.

The Children's Hour had made this enormous appeal to Mr. Morgan because he was himself a lover of children; and in that stately library to which influential and distinguished leaders in all fields came, somewhat as courtiers came, of old, to a powerful prince, Mr. Morgan's grandchildren romped around with that freedom made possible by their grandfather's affection for them. They were among the comparatively few people who held in no awe whatsoever the masterful man who delighted to play with them.

Though deep sentiments of family affection were thus, like his strong loyalty in friendship, potent factors in Mr. Morgan's actions and reactions, his outstanding characteristic was his dominating will. He was temperamentally the aristocrat and the autocrat, and as such he appealed to the popular imagination rather than to the popular sympathies. With all his patriotic belief in American institutions, and despite the largess of his public benefactions, he was undemocratic, and there is thus the interest of paradox in the fact that the American he seemed most to admire, and certainly whose manuscripts he was most ardent in collecting, was Abraham Lincoln. One of his comparatively few disappointments as a collector was his inability to acquire the original manuscript of the Gettysburg Address, which Lincoln gave to John Hay. For this brief paper, written, so the story goes, while the train was carrying Lincoln to the resting place of the Civil War soldiers, Mr. Morgan is said to have offered fifty thousand dollars, a sum which, had Mrs. Hay accepted it, would have established probably for all times the highest price paid for an American manuscript.

Mr. Lincoln's Bear Hunt

But though Lincoln's masterpiece did not become a part of the Morgan collection many other important items figure there, some of them acquired in ways which illustrate Mr. Morgan's character. There is, for instance, The Bear Hunt. This long poem of over twenty stanzas—one of the only two pieces of verse extant or perhaps ever written by Lincoln—recounts an adventure in Kentucky, when Lincoln, a young backwoodsman about twenty-one years of age, took part in the chase of a bear. When the animal was finally brought down, and the hunting dogs, some of them torn and bleeding, were panting around their prey, a little cur that had hitherto kept well in the background took, as it were, the center of the stage and yelped proudly, as if the victory were due to him. The wit wherewith Lincoln comments on this episode and suggests its parallel in the world of human action is worthy of the genius of Alexander Pope, an author whose writings Lincoln so greatly enjoyed. Though of course Lincoln's poem is not fine verse, its swing and its humor would justify its publication, quite apart from its autobiographical interest.

The manuscript was offered to Mr. Morgan at two prices; the acceptance of the first price would have placed him in possession of the manuscript itself, with the rights of publication reserved; the second and higher price left the manuscript entirely at Mr. Morgan's disposal. He was willing to pay considerably more to have it on the latter terms, and though numerous efforts were later made to have Mr. Morgan permit the magazine publication of Lincoln's poem, or to have him print it for private distribution and for possible presentation to public libraries, the poem still remains practically unknown save to those few friends to whom the Morgan family have shown it.

This point of privacy in possession is stressed because it was so characteristic, and it was, it might seem, the one regrettable element in Mr. Morgan's nature as a collector. The tendency of other famous American collectors of manuscripts has been otherwise. Unpublished material of Thoreau, Stevenson, Eugene Field, Charles Lamb, Dickens and many other writers acquired by Mr. W. K. Bixby has long ago been placed in the hands of editors and has become part of the literary wealth of the world. Catalogues have included hitherto unknown material of Stevenson and others, collected by the Wideners; a vast amount of unpublished writings of Washington Irving has issued from the collection formed by the late Isaac N. Seligman; while the great Huntington collection, now housed in California, will be available for students and scholars from all parts of the world. But research in the Morgan library has been limited to comparatively few, and its unpublished manuscripts of Thoreau and Whittier and Lincoln and many others, including material for a history of the Indians, preserved by Thoreau in eleven manuscript volumes, still remain unedited. It is only fair to Mr. Morgan to add that towards the very end of his life he entered into discussions concerning the publication of some of these, and it is not unlikely that if he had lived a little longer he might have sufficiently overcome his desire to share alone with his friends the enjoyment of his unpublished manuscripts, to issue a series of publications.

(Continued on Page 58)

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(Continued from Page 56)

Concerning Lincoln again, there comes to mind the episode of Mr. Morgan's acquisition of a little group of remarkable letters written by Mr. Lincoln to Andrew Johnson and Ulysses S. Grant, the two men who were to succeed him in the presidential chair. These letters, five in all, entirely in Lincoln's autograph and some of them taking up four quarto pages—were purchased on one of the darkest days during the panic of 1907, and immediately after their purchase I walked over with them to the Morgan library. Miss Greene, Mr. Morgan's very able librarian, informed me that in view of the financial distress of the country in general Mr. Morgan was in no mood to indulge in the luxury of collecting and had indeed just made up his mind to make no purchase for a year from date. In spite of this discouraging news I asked to see Mr. Morgan, and a few moments later had entered his large room, where I found him alone.

I had hardly crossed the threshold when, on seeing me, he said, "I'm not buying anything at all now."

"I'm not trying to sell anything," I replied. "I'm giving something away."

"What do you mean?"

"I think, Mr. Morgan, that after you have looked at these Lincoln letters, and heard the price, you will agree with me that they are a gift."

The letters were indeed superb. Lincoln's recommendations and instructions to Johnson and Grant had to do with some of the most significant events, both military and executive, of the Civil War period, and Mr. Morgan after looking over their contents was quick to realize their importance and their rarity.

When he heard the price—less than four figures for the entire collection—he said, "Yes, that's very reasonable."

Then there was a moment of silence, for between him and his acquisition of the manuscripts remained his unwillingness to purchase new treasures at this time of public stress. Finally he cut the Gordian knot:

"I'll take them; but I won't pay for them for a year."

Mr. Morgan's Shrewdness

Now it was Mr. Morgan's custom to settle for what he considered minor purchases—items that amounted to less than ten thousand dollars—as soon as the bill was presented. His large purchases were, I believe, paid for semiannually. I experienced a sensation of humor in reflecting that Mr. Morgan would be in my debt an entire year, for a sum involving only a few hundreds of dollars, and I agreed to the transaction mainly for the satisfaction of making a sale under circumstances which seemed to prohibit one. When the year was up and prosperity had returned I asked Mr. Morgan whether he would accept two thousand dollars to call the transaction off. He refused; and when after his death these Lincoln letters were expertized for the purposes of valuing the Morgan estate, the sum of five thousand dollars was set against them.

This is only one of many instances of Mr. Morgan's acumen as a collector. He was eager to buy beautiful or rare things; his fields of collecting were more numerous than those of any of his contemporaries; he bought on a large scale. But it is a great mistake to think that he was a man of whom dealers could easily take advantage. On the contrary, he had that forward-looking imagination which enabled him to visualize the collector's sphere far in advance, so that those items acquired by him—whether paintings by the great masters, marvelous Chinese porcelains or manuscripts of Keats or of Burns—that might seem to have been purchased at prices high at the time, proved to be bargains long before Mr. Morgan's years were ended. It was the same kind of imagination which, functioning in the world of business, qualified him to understand the potentialities of an industry while it was still in its infancy. He had, moreover, an innate sense for beauty, and he had confidence in his own judgment.

Perhaps the most interesting episode wherein these various qualities came into unusual play was that of his purchase of the exquisite painting of Vermeer which so many thousands of persons admired when, during the Hudson-Fulton Centennial, it hung on the walls of the Metropolitan Museum. A noted art dealer of New York and Paris had driven down from his art galleries with the picture under his arm. He showed the little painting to Mr. Morgan, saying that it was one of the finest examples of Vermeer.

"Who is Vermeer?" asked Mr. Morgan.

This question would seem astounding if it were made today; but it was made many years ago, where there were probably not four paintings by this artist in all America, and his name was practically unknown in the circles of American art collectors. Henry G. Marquand, of New York, and Collis P. Huntington, the great California magnate, had Vermeers; and John G. Johnson, the distinguished Philadelphia lawyer, may have had his example. But that was all, and Mr. Morgan's question was one that might have been asked by many lovers of paintings, unless they were students of Dutch art.

The dealer briefly told Mr. Morgan a few facts concerning the Dutch painter, who, coming after Rembrandt, had achieved such perfection in the use of his brush that he still remains the last word from the point of view of finished detailed beauty. He added the, commercially speaking, important information that Vermeers were almost unobtainable by private collectors, only some twenty-eight examples of his art being recorded in the private and public collections of Europe.

A Quick Decision

Whereupon Mr. Morgan again looked at the picture carefully, and asked the price. The price was a hundred thousand dollars.

"I'll take it," said Mr. Morgan.

The whole affair took only a few moments, and here was a collector who was willing to pay this large sum for a picture by an artist of whose existence he had not been aware a quarter of an hour earlier. No one but Mr. Morgan could have done this. He did it because his eye told him that he was in the presence of a consummate work of art, and his quickly working mind recognized that, as there were extant so few paintings by this master, the price was moderate.

Within a few years Mr. Morgan could, had he so desired, have sold his Vermeer at a very large advance to Mr. P. A. B. Widener, and that at least a quarter of a million dollars could be obtained for it today there is no doubt.

Wealthy collectors have, of course, their idiosyncrasies, and among them seems to be a willingness to pay almost any price when buying from one another, or in competing with one another at auction, coupled with an unwillingness knowingly to allow a dealer a very large profit. Mr. Morgan, though by and large a generous buyer, often followed the custom of offering a moderate percentage advance—say 10 or 20 per cent—when he knew the cost to the dealer of the item in question; he had, moreover, not always, but at times, the somewhat disconcerting habit of asking what that cost was.

On one occasion I brought to Mr. Morgan's attention a collection of some thirty or forty letters of George Washington, addressed to Gen. George Clinton, later governor of New York State, and to his brother, Gen. James Clinton. These letters, many of them unpublished, were concerned with some of the most momentous events of the American Revolution, and included Washington's Farewell Address to the American Army. Various of the manuscripts, signed by Washington, were dictated by him to his aide-de-camp, Alexander Hamilton. Altogether the most remarkable series of Washington letters that had turned up in many years; and the price, ten thousand, that I asked Mr. Morgan for them, seemed to me moderate. On naming the price I added that I thought the collection was worth considerably more. Mr. Morgan was seated at his desk in his office in his banking house. He was smoking one of those long, black, heavy cigars of his that had the appearance and odor of affluence. He was looking not at me, but straight ahead, no doubt pondering the points that had been brought forward about the importance and the rarity of the manuscripts.

Then suddenly he turned around in his chair, and fastening upon me his penetrating gaze, asked, "What did they cost?"

What may be the business ethics concerning one's right to evade or prevaricate in replying to a question of this kind, may be interesting as a theme for academic discussion, but apart from the fact that the cost could in some measure have been ascertained by reference to catalogues of auctions where some of these manuscripts had been obtained, the abruptness of Mr. Morgan's query and the piercing quality of his dark eyes did not tempt one to circumvention.

"They cost," I answered, "about four thousand dollars; and that is the reason why I am willing to sell them for ten."

Mr. Morgan was silent for half a minute or so, and then he said, "I'll give you eight thousand."

I do not recall that my firm—I was then in partnership with Mr. Arthur H. Harlow—had ever allowed more than 10 per cent discount from any price, and that only in circumstances of important sales. I felt convinced that Mr. Morgan, in offering twice the cost, had gone so far beyond his usual procedure in such cases that a refusal on my part would probably terminate our business relations. So the offer was accepted, and Mr. Morgan had again shown his judgment in acquiring a collection far below its value.

The sentiment that actuated much that Mr. Morgan did has been referred to in this article as one of his qualities not generally known to the public. Another was his sense of humor. He was so busy a man—the most potent of private citizens in the affairs of his church, as well as in finance and art circles, with one person after another waiting to see him—that he lost little time in the lighter and more casual ways of conversation. But he certainly had both receptivity for humor and wit of his own. One recalls how he came striding, with that quick powerful walk of his, into the librarian's room, the day of the wedding of Gladys Vanderbilt to the Count Szechenyi. Mr. Morgan obviously had no minutes to spare in order to get to the ceremony.

"I have no time to buy anything, even if you were to offer me the original of the Ten Commandments." Then turning to the attractive young woman standing next to him he added: "I wouldn't even buy you today!"

"You haven't got money enough, Mr. Morgan," the young woman rejoined; and he laughed appreciatively at her retort.

A Municipal Blunder

The part played by the present writer towards the formation of the Morgan collection was indeed a very minor one, inasmuch as it related almost solely to manuscripts and association books—volumes that were annotated or had presentation inscriptions by their authors. Other dealers all over the world were active in many specialized directions; some of them focusing their attention on ancient art, on medieval art, on miniatures, on watches, on snuff boxes; others on paintings of the various schools, drawings of old masters, tapestries, furniture, and so on down through the long list of Mr. Morgan's interests as a collector. Excavators were at work for him, scholars were deciphering his Coptic writings, buyers were ransacking China for superb porcelains, his interest in Bibles led to intense research; and the treasures of all countries, the priceless possessions of many princes of the past, came thus to find their resting place in the London and New York homes of Mr. Morgan.

But one did not have the museum feeling in viewing Mr. Morgan's treasures. His houses were homes enriched by beautiful things; they were not buildings erected for their display, as in the case, let us say, of the Frick mansion. Henry C. Frick quite obviously planned his residence as a permanent art memorial, and as such it will, on Mrs. Frick's death, pass into the possession of New York City. Mr. Morgan, one feels certain, planned otherwise. He gathered together rare and beautiful objects on such a scale that towards the end of his life he was the owner of the most marvelous private collection of modern times. He was also, and had been for many years, the enthusiastic president of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Within the last ten years of his life he had brought over many of his art treasures from Europe, and some of them were displayed at the museum as loans, while others were stored in cases in its cellars.

Then came, I think, through lack of understanding of the sensitiveness and sentiment that were a part of Mr. Morgan's nature, a serious error of omission by the authorities of the city government, and perhaps an error by the trustees of the Metropolitan Museum. Had the city then provided funds for the immediate erection of a wing to the museum, to house much of the Morgan collection, there would seem to be little doubt that Mr. Morgan would either have presented many of his treasures or had provided definitely in his will for their inheritance by the city of New York. But though he appeared ready to donate or bequeath treasures worth millions, as a matter of pride—and Mr. Morgan was a man of intense personal dignity—he was not willing to provide the comparatively small sum to erect the needed wing to house them. The dilatoriness of the city in this respect indicated to him, I think, lack of appreciation, and was in any case a psychological blunder. Whether the trustees themselves offered to contribute the sum, or whether Mr. Morgan would have assented to the offer in view of the fact that the money should have been forthcoming from the municipality, one cannot say. A moment of such unparalleled importance to the municipality passed by without action; and when Mr. Morgan's will was read his collections were left to his son, the present J. P. Morgan.

Two Marble Palaces

The heir made some very rich gifts to the museum, and placed on loan many other important collections, but retained the preponderant portion of his father's treasures. Later, some items—the paintings by Fragonard, and various Chinese porcelains—were purchased by Mr. Frick. There can be no criticism of the younger Morgan; the entire blame rests, it would seem, on the shortsightedness of the authorities. Theirs was an error that they have fortunately not duplicated in the instance of the Altman bequest; and only a few months ago the city administration voted the requisite money for the erection of the gallery to contain the art objects inherited by the people of the city of New York from Benjamin Altman.

The names of Mr. Morgan and Mr. Altman bring up interesting thoughts. They were the two New Yorkers who had, for many decades, headed the group of great American collectors. The one, born to wealth and great social position, developed his firm until it had become the greatest banking house on the western continent. Working his own way up the ladder of success, the other was, long before his death, the head of a great department store. Mr. Altman's mercantile marble palace was only a block away from Mr. Morgan's marble library. They were different in many ways; but they were alike in their reserve, their greatness as constructive business men, their indifference to public acclaim, their intensity as collectors, and their lack of ostentation. Mr. Altman, like Mr. Morgan, went around New York in a coupé, drawn by a single horse. They were alike also, fortunately for our city, in the fineness of their appreciation of what the museum of a great city can do towards the education and the enjoyment of the public.

But after all it was not his love for beautiful things, but his driving will that made Pierpont Morgan a great man. With the exception of Theodore Roosevelt, he was the most dynamic American of his times. Roosevelt was a good mixer, and Mr. Morgan was not; Mr. Morgan did not care for publicity, whether as to his private affairs or his public benefactions, while Roosevelt basked genially in the limelight; Roosevelt had charm and magnetism in handling the reins that led men along the paths over which he wished to see them travel, while Mr. Morgan, when occasion demanded—as in times of financial crises—made no bones about snapping the whip. But in the vitality of their leadership, in their great power of domination—which is a good power when, as in both their cases, it has regard for the public benefit—these two men had in their day no rivals.



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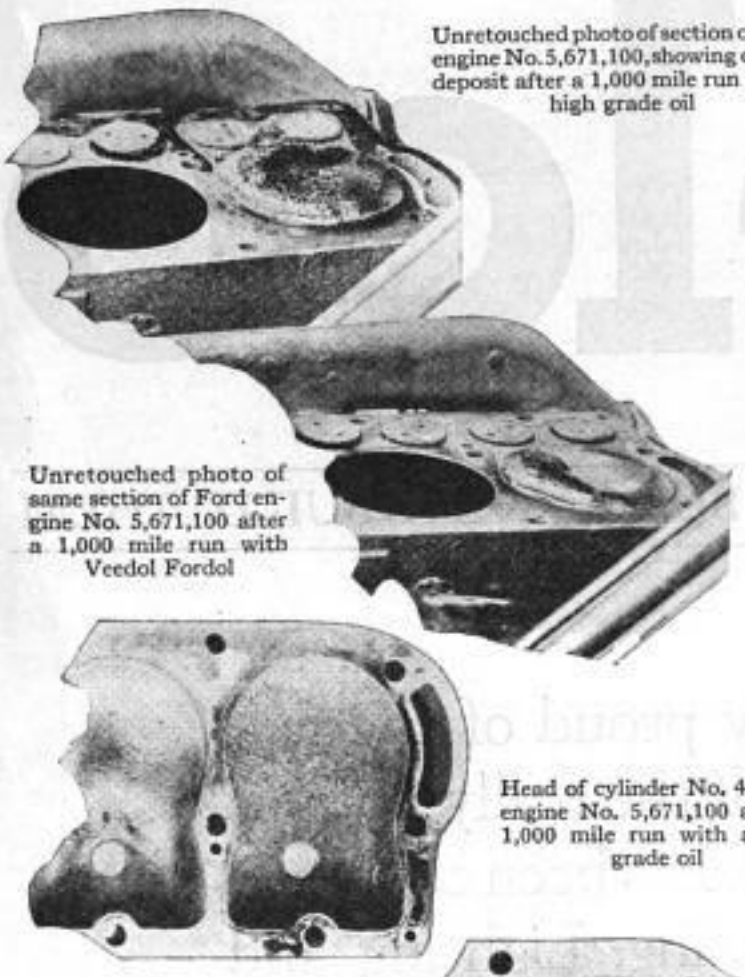
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Less carbon means more power with fewer repairs

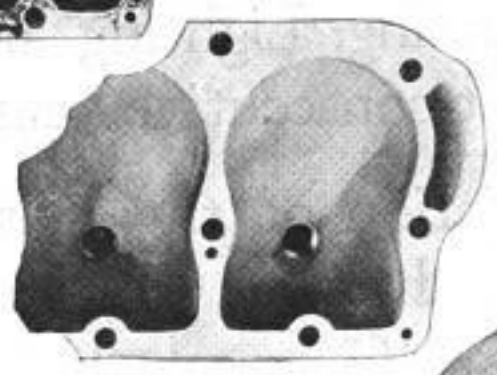


Unretouched photo of section of Ford engine No. 5,671,100, showing carbon deposit after a 1,000 mile run with a high grade oil

Unretouched photo of same section of Ford engine No. 5,671,100 after a 1,000 mile run with Veedol Fordol



Head of cylinder No. 4, Ford engine No. 5,671,100 after a 1,000 mile run with a high grade oil



Head of cylinder No. 4, Ford engine No. 5,671,100 after a 1,000 mile run with Veedol Fordol

Four years ago Tide Water engineers began exhaustive experiments to produce a lubricating oil exclusively for Ford automobiles. This undertaking was based on a single fact definitely established by them through long practical experience.

The fact—the Ford motor presented unique and complex problems of lubrication, never fully mastered by any oil.

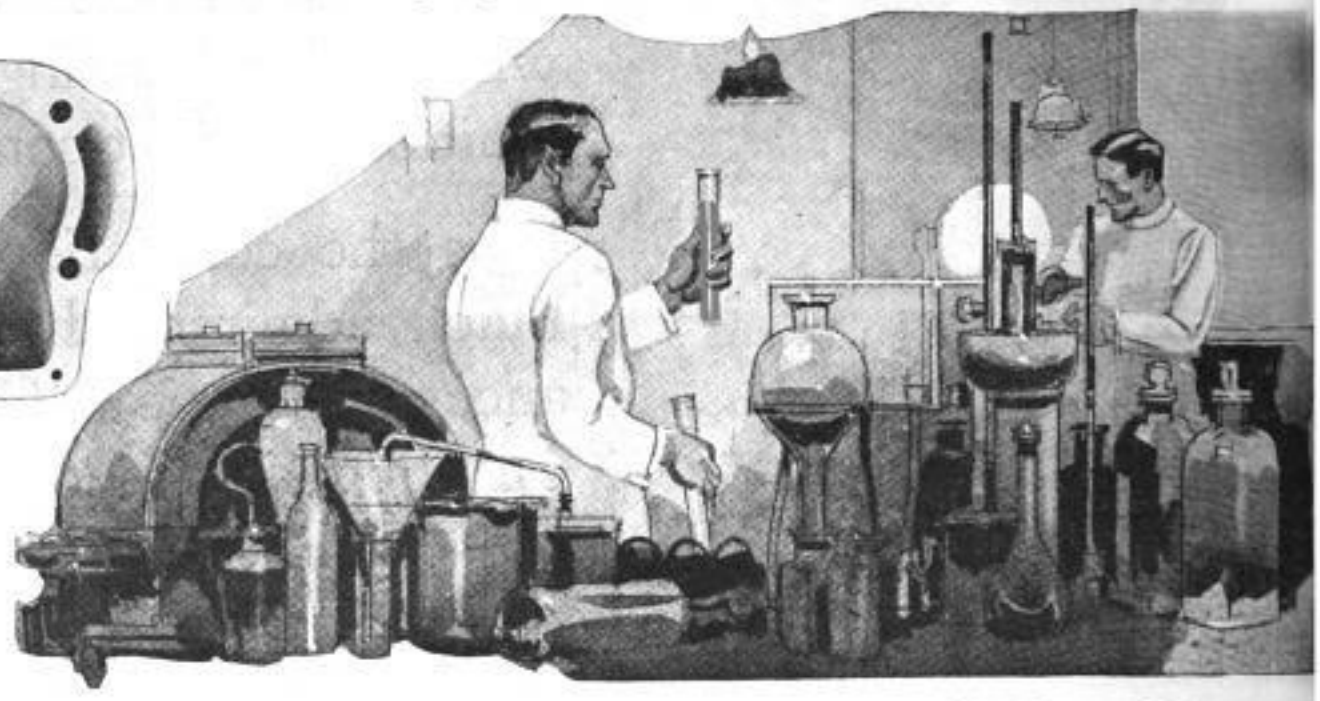
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In November, 1921, Tide Water engineers announced that laboratory and refinery experiments were over. Veedol Fordol was ready for the test of the road.

Thousands of miles were covered in tests carefully checked by Tide Water engineers in country lanes and New York streets. A large corporation put Fordol to test in its fleet of 750 Ford cars of all types. A nationally known taxi company using Ford chassis, with special bodies, gave Fordol gruelling traffic tests.

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new economies you experience. You will realize quickly what a factor Fordol is in your motoring satisfaction.

The 8 economies of Fordol

1—10 to 25% saving in gasoline—Hundreds of tests have repeatedly demonstrated that Fordol conservatively saves 10% on the gasoline consumption of a Ford car. Savings of from 25% to 33⅓% have been developed in a number of tests.

2—Eliminates costly "chatter"—Fordol lengthens the life of Ford brake and transmission bands by properly lubricating them. So-called "chatter", a result of faulty lubricants, is *entirely eliminated* with Fordol.

3—10 to 25% saving in oil—Tide Water engineers have definitely established savings in oil consumption of from 10% to 25%. The exact savings depend upon the mechanical condition of the engine and the lubricant formerly used.

4—10 to 25% less carbon—Fordol forms on an average from 10% to 25% less carbon in the Ford engine cylinders. The exact savings depend on the mechanical condition of the engine and the lubricant formerly used. Less carbon means more power with fewer repairs.

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7—Resists fuel dilution—Even with poor fuel, Tide Water engineers have proven that Fordol maintains its power seal and lubricating value longer than other oils. This means better combustion, more miles per gallon of gas and per quart of Fordol.

8—Fewer repairs—Because Fordol completely masters the lubricating problems of the Ford power plant, it reduces to a minimum the wear and tear on the motor and transmission. The result is a hitherto unknown freedom from engine vibration and repair bills in the operation of this popular car.

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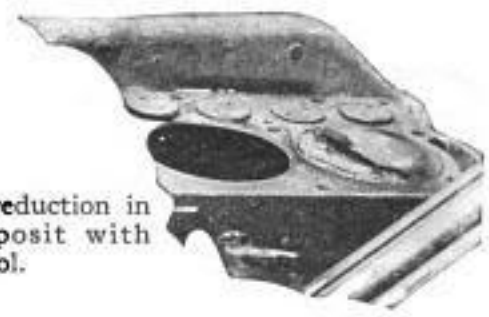
4 of the 8 Economies of Veedol Fordol



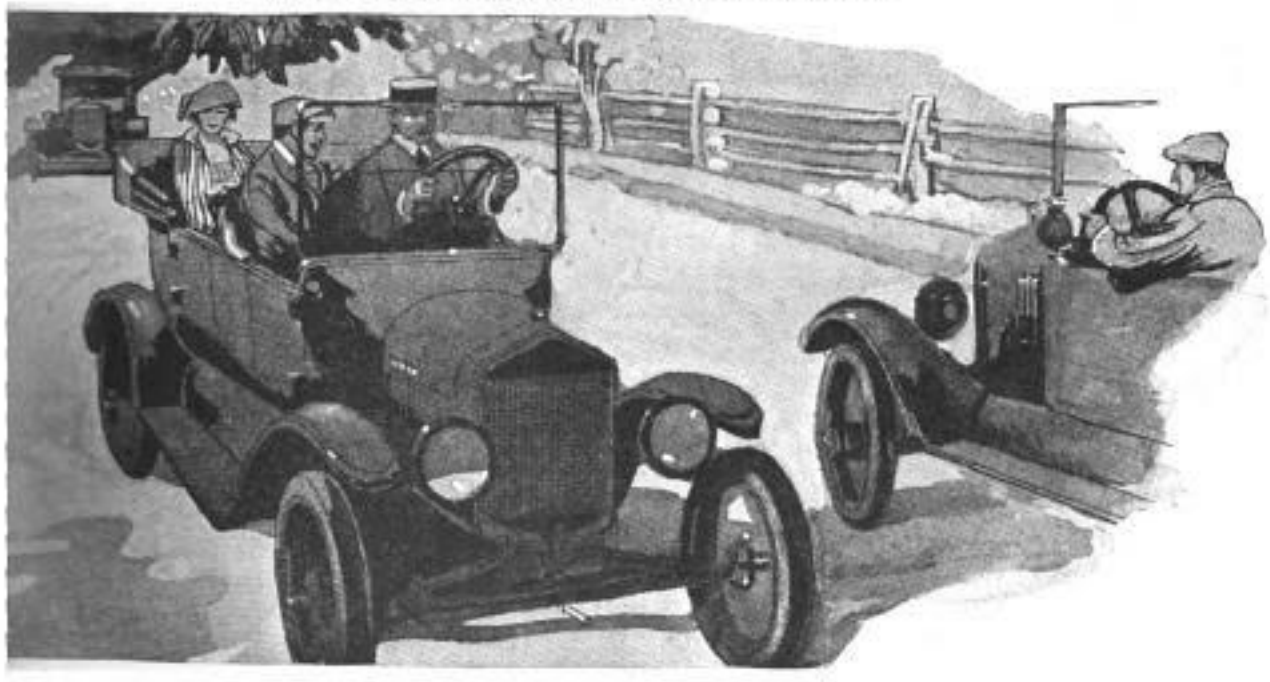
10 to 25% saving in gasoline consumption with Veedol Fordol.

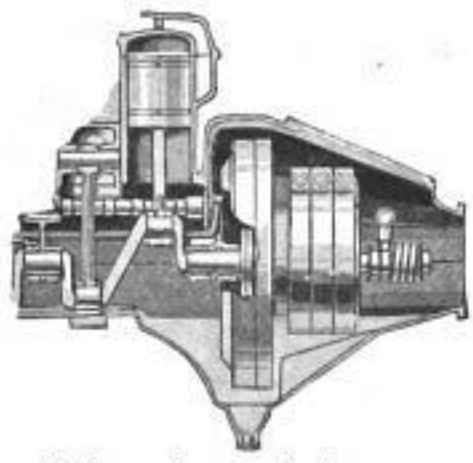


10 to 25% saving in oil consumption with Veedol Fordol.



10 to 25% reduction in carbon deposit with Veedol Fordol.





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WANTED IMMEDIATELY

(Continued from Page 14)

"An agent for a German outfit. You can't have it, son, so don't let your mouth water. It's as good as shipped now."

"Do you know where I could go to look for more?"

The old man eyed him humorously.

"Have you got anything of a nose, my boy?"

"I can smell copra."

"All right, smell for it! Take a walk the length of the water front. I don't know that there's any here, but if there is that's the way you'll find it. And good luck to you!"

It seemed a ridiculous suggestion, but Jimmy, walking away, could think of none better. It was getting on towards five o'clock, this was Saturday, copra bade fair to experience a rising market promptly, and his one thousand tons, supposing he could find it, must be moving in stevedores' tubs by Sunday noon if it was to be shipped in time. Someone had told him once that there were six senses, including common sense, and that more men became great through using them than became famous through developing high-powered brains. Well, common sense told him to follow the old warehouseman's advice, and his sense of smell might do the rest. He followed, sniffing.

Along the water front there was nothing. He turned in towards China Basin—a district of grimy factories, run-down shops, rotting wharves and ignoble cousins of the dignified maritime trades. Ahead were the wharves where hay came down in towering mountains on flatboats from the rivers; around him were sand and gravel barges; in view the reeking dumps where a great city's reeking garbage was transferred, reeking, to reeking scows. There odors aplenty! But Jimmy had smelled copra in other surroundings, and his mission was a deadly serious one; he smelled it now.

His head went up like a hunting dog's, and his muscles tensed as he came to a standstill. Three old hulks lay alongside an ancient wharf. The first one he passed; at the second he hesitated; towards the third one he turned confidently. Its bow bore the faded name William P. Sterritt.

"Hello, aboard!" he shouted.

A tousled red head came up over the side.

"Phwat the devil? Hello yourself!"

"Is this the Billings Company copra you've got aboard?"

"It is not! Why?"

"Then it's the Asia Corporation's?"

"Is it? Why don't you come aboard and rest your hands and face?"

"Haven't time now. Who owns your copra?"

"Are you the census taker, maybe?"

"No. I'm with Mardewell & Kane. I'm looking around."

"The hell you are! Well, if you can't be sociable, go and have words with Mr. Scaiff, if you happen to know who he is."

"Luke Scaiff Company? Yes, I know. How much have you?"

"Twelve hundred tons, I think it is."

"All right! Thanks! So long!"

"You're a suddent young feller, then! So long to yourself, and the next time you come to talk to a gentleman bring a cigar in your breeches pocket!"

Jimmy promised cheerfully, but he went away with his heart sinking. Luke Scaiff! That would be the head of the firm that was Stephen Kane's most deadly rival. Jimmy was not unaware of the fact that Scaiff had been one of the local men intrusted, in recent times, with commissions from Lewisohn & Johns, of London. He was perfectly familiar with Mr. Scaiff's reputation as a shrewd broker, an expert on the state of the market, a close bargainer and a difficult man to catch napping.

Here was certainly a place where there were going to be a thousand-odd ways to spill the beans—or, to be exact, the copra—and only three or four, perhaps, to save them. Well, he might be a fool, but he was certainly going to rush in irrespective of what angels, being doubtless wiser, would have done in like circumstances.

Lucy Nagle jumped up, her face woebegone, as he reëntered the office half an hour later.

"I caught Mr. Gray, the shipping agent, at the Olympic Club," she said. "But he wouldn't listen to me. He said you could reach him Monday night at his home, and not before."

"Would he tell you where he was going to be in the meantime?"

Lucy's eyes filled with tears of humiliation and chagrin.

"No. Honestly, I tried, Jimmy. But he was in a hurry—said his party was waiting for him in a car. He hung up on me."

"Drat him!" said Jimmy. "But don't you care, Lucy. You did all you could, so you might as well call it a day."

"Did you have any luck?"

"I've found the copra. But I don't know whether it was a lucky find or not. That's what I've still got to determine. I'll tell you Monday morning."

"There's nothing more I can do?"

"Not a thing! You've certainly been a peach!"

He hustled her away; he simply couldn't stand the strain of appearing carefree and cheerful before her any longer. When she was gone he turned with fingers that trembled to the market pages of the daily paper he rescued from a waste-paper basket. Copra was quoted at three and a quarter, and no takers. Just about the bottom, in short, and the market as dead as a herring! Could he hope that it would remain in that condition until he had garnered his thousand tons?

With a voice that shook in spite of himself he called the residence of Mr. Luke Scaiff. A servant answered. Mr. Scaiff was going out—probably had already gone. He would see. Who was calling? Very good, Mr. Gimp!

A considerable delay. Jimmy found himself shaking like a leaf. If he had had to speak at that moment he would have cried. With a violent rush of anger at himself he steadied down. This was an excellent time to grow up. It was his chance to show that he was worthy to be a junior clerk for Stephen Kane.

He took several deep breaths, throwing back his shoulders. Then he heard a voice he had heard before. When he replied he spoke like a captain of finance.

"This is Mr. Whims, Mr. Scaiff. Junior in Mardewell & Kane's office."

"All right, my boy. My theater party is waiting for me. What is it?"

"Mr. Scaiff, you have twelve hundred tons of copra in Channel Street, on the William P. Sterritt."

"How the deuce did Steve Kane know I had? Well, what about it?"

Jimmy said to himself, "Steady in the line there!" and into the telephone, "My firm has a commission to buy a small amount of copra."

"How small an amount? Do you think you're ordering spool thread at the Emporium?"

"No, Mr. Scaiff. We will take one thousand tons or your whole lot."

"You will, eh? Who are you buying for?"

"I can't say, Mr. Scaiff."

"Won't, you mean! You have been well taught by old Pete Mortenson. Well, what next?"

It was plain that he was going to give Jimmy no help. But it also seemed plain that he hadn't heard the news of the Australian strike yet. Jimmy decided on a bold offensive.

"I'll tell you what next, Mr. Scaiff. We will take your copra just as it lies, at four cents."

"Oh, you will?" Scaiff appeared to be considering. "I'll think it over. You look me up Monday."

"I'm buying tonight, Mr. Scaiff."

"Tonight? Not from me, then."

"All right, sir. Sorry. Good-by!"

For just a breath Jimmy's heart stood still—stock-still. Would Scaiff hang up and hurry away? Would he call the bluff? If he did ——

"Wait a minute, there, young Lochinvar! Can you be at the theater lobby when I get there? Columbia—say 8:15?"

"I can if necessary."

"Well, you can just tell Pete Mortenson that it's necessary all right! Your name is Scrims?"

"Whims."

"Where's Mortenson? Or the boss? Or Lind?"

"They're—around. They left this little commission for me to attend to."

"Oh, they did! Um-m-m! How careless of them! All right. Columbia lobby at 8:15."

"I'll be there."

Jimmy hung up—and sat down. There was perspiration on his forehead and his hands felt cold; but so far at least he had won.

Presently he surveyed himself—looked at the ship's clock on the wall. He had three-quarters of an hour, and he looked like a deck hand, for the dust of the water front and the grime of Channel Street were upon him. He took the cablegram from Lewisohn & Johns, and the decoded message, put them in his pocket and walked out, locking the big doors carefully. A Greek on Kearney Street made him shining and spotless—and left him eight dollars and seventy cents with which to buy some eighty thousand dollars' worth of the meat of the coconut. A second Greek on Ellis Street heartened him with food and handed him back sufficient small change to make his total seven dollars and ninety cents. Five minutes later he was in the lobby of the Columbia Theater. He caught a glimpse of the face of Luke Scaiff in a limousine that was waiting its turn in a long line to drop its passengers. And just inside the lobby door, as though waiting for someone and being full of news, was E. H. Morris, of the Brown-Morris Company, and a close friend of Luke Scaiff's.

Jimmy thought fast—moved faster.

If Mr. Morris had heard the Australian news he would as certainly tell Luke Scaiff as Luke Scaiff would then and thereupon break off all negotiations for copra. He jumped for a telephone in an idle box office—obtained permission to use it. He called Lucy Nagle's number as soon as he could find it; was lucky in getting an immediate connection.

"Lucy," he said distinctly—desperately, "don't ask questions. I'm going to call Mr. Morris, the importer, here. Talk to him about copra. Keep him talking. Tell him Mr. Kane told you to. No, I can't give you any more now. Hold the phone!"

With his cap stuffed into a pocket Jimmy stepped into the lobby.

"Aren't you Mr. Morris, of the Brown-Morris Company?" he inquired of that gentleman.

"Yes."

"Someone wants to talk to you on our telephone, here in the office. This way, please!"

Outside, with the tail of his eye, Jimmy saw Luke Scaiff handing two ladies from the limousine. Morris hesitated.

"Are you sure it's for me?"

"Yes, sir. Right this way."

Grumbling and puzzled, Morris followed. He took up the telephone receiver—and Jimmy slammed the door on him.

"I'm Mr. Whims, Mr. Scaiff," he said, turning then to face the broker in the lobby. "I've come on that copra commission."

Scaiff stopped at the door, handing two of his tickets to his wife. The ladies passed on.

"Oh, you're Whims? Yes, I remember seeing you on the Street. Well, now, Whims, this is going to take us about thirty seconds, and no more. What's the tearing rush for copra?"

"I don't know anything about a tearing rush," Jimmy said with a grin. "The office can make money by shipping before the middle of next week and wants to start loading tomorrow."

"Loading what?"

"Copra."

"Don't be smart, son! What are you going to load into?"

"A vessel."

Scaiff frowned, then laughed.

"Pete Mortenson could make a sphinx out of Tennyson's babbling brook," he said. "Well, now, I don't like to be hurried. Monday morning ——"

"Nothing doing!" Jimmy took him up with a rush. "It's tonight or we'll wait till we can pick up what we want cheap."

"Cheap is good. You'll wait for some time for copra to go lower than it is now."

"Exactly! That's why I'm authorized to offer you four cents, Mr. Scaiff—three-quarters above market."

"I'm afraid old Pete Mortenson has a colored person concealed somewhere in the kindling. If I knew what it was all about ——"

Jimmy played his next card carelessly.

"Why, I'll tell you the truth, Mr. Scaiff," he said. "Mr. Kane is playing in a golf match, and Mr. Mortenson and Mr. Dodds are out of town somewhere. You can figure

Watch This Column

Look Out for "The Storm"



I SHIVERED with the hero and the heroine when they struggled through the blizzard in "The Storm," and involuntarily I dodged when the avalanche swept down the mountainside and abruptly blocked their further progress.

I held my breath when they were racing through the forest fire and groaned at each burst of flame, at each crackling branch that whirled through the tempest of fire and threatened them both with death.

That great picture is a tumult of the elements and an uproar of human emotions. All through it I was gripping the arms of my chair and breathing like a porpoise. When Nature quieted down and my emotions subsided, I felt as if I myself had passed through those thrilling experiences.

Langdon McCormick, who wrote "The Storm," said to me that the Universal picture realizes all the possibilities of his play and he sincerely congratulates every one associated with its production.

Tell the manager of your favorite theatre what you have read about it. Tell him you *must* see it. And don't forget, that you will never see the best there is in moving-pictures until you see the UNIVERSALS scheduled for future release.

CARL LAEMMLE, *President*

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How Pretty Teeth

affect the smile—teeth freed from film

See what one week will do

The open smile comes naturally when there are pretty teeth to show. But dingy teeth are kept concealed.

The difference lies in film. That is what stains and discolors. That is what hides the tooth luster. Let us show you, by a ten-day test, how millions now fight that film.

Why teeth are dim

Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. You can feel it now. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays.

That film is what discolors, not the teeth. It often forms the basis of a dingy coat. Millions of teeth are clouded in that way.

The tooth attacks

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs constantly breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of many troubles, local and internal. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film, and very few people escape them.

Must be combated

Dental science has long been seeking a daily film combatant. In late years two effective methods have been found. Authorities have proved them by many careful tests. Now leading dentists nearly all the world over are urging their daily use.

A new-day tooth paste has been perfected, made to comply with modern requirements. The name is Pepsodent. These two great film combatants are embodied in it.

It goes further

Other effects are now considered essential. Pepsodent is made to bring them all.

It multiplies the salivary flow. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits on teeth, so they will not remain and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for acids which cause decay.

Thus every application gives these tooth-protecting forces multiplied effect.

These things mean whiter, cleaner, safer teeth. They mean natural mouth conditions, better tooth protection. This ten-day test will convince you by what you see and feel. Make it for your own sake, then decide what is best.

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Only one tube to a family.

What you will see

Send this coupon for the 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears. Then read the scientific reasons for the other good effects. It will mean a new era in teeth cleaning.

for yourself that they wouldn't leave an order to a junior clerk if they thought anything of it, can't you?"

That, as a matter of fact, was one of the things in Scaiff's mind. The other was that he had bought this twelve hundred tons of copra, lying there for months in the Sterritt eating up money and paying no interest, on order from the London house of Lewisohn & Johns. He had tried a little game on them in the matter of price, thinking them well able to stand it, and they had immediately become unreasonable and had dropped him as their San Francisco correspondent. The whole deal had hurt; now he was inclined to get it off his chest—and perhaps his conscience—by wiping the incident out at one stroke.

"You want a thousand tons, you say?" he asked Jimmy.

"Yes."

"Taking it as it lies—aboard the Sterritt?"

"Sure! All you will have to do is notify your watchman to release it to me so I can tow out into the stream to discharge."

"I'll deal if you will take the whole cargo."

Jimmy gave an excellent imitation of a thoughtful agent.

"It's more than we want, but—well, yes."

"At four and a quarter cents."

"Sold!" Jimmy cried, so loudly that several in the crowded lobby turned to look. And E. H. Morris, standing in the box-office door, was one of them. He started towards the pair.

Scaiff, meantime, had caught his breath. He had expected haggling and a lowered price. But his recovery was rapid.

"I don't know you, Whims," he said, "and this whole transaction is a little irregular. You can have the copra on those terms and at that price, but you'll have to give me an advance of five thousand before I release the stuff to you."

"That's satisfactory to me," Jimmy said carelessly. "I'll have a check at your house before noon tomorrow."

E. H. Morris stood at Scaiff's shoulder.

"Hello, Luke," he said. "When did you get back?"

"Hello, Eddie. This afternoon late."

"Haven't been at the office then, or on the Street?"

"No. What's up?"

"Only just enough to hand you a pleasant evening. There's a strike on the Sydney water front and no copra to move to European ports. Somebody from Mardewell & Kane was just calling me here to see if I had any. It's going to be worth lacs of rupees —— What's the matter, Luke?"

Scaiff was turning slowly towards the spot where Jimmy had stood. But Jimmy was at that moment half a block away, leaning weakly against a building.

"Five thousand smacks!" he was saying aloud. "Well, it looks as though there'd be a bank robbery in San Francisco yet tonight. I wonder where a fellow goes to buy nitroglycerin!"

IV

TWELVE hundred tons of copra bought one second ahead of a skyrocketing market may have been a fair afternoon's work for one amateur operator, but Jimmy wasn't through yet. Alternating between the exaltation of high hopes and the despair of black misgivings, he boarded a ferry car and went again to Pier 25. The pier shed was closed, the vessel lying dark and still. Jimmy thumped lustily on the big sheet-iron doors, and a sleepy voice within demanded profanely to know where the fire was.

"Message for Captain Lasker!" Jimmy shouted.

"Who from?"

"The King of Sweden!" Jimmy cried in exasperation.

The door from the watchman's stall between the big ports was opened a crack, and Jimmy had his toe in it before the surly guardian could speak.

"Who d'you say wants the captain?"

"An export house with cargo enough to fill his ship! If you keep me here arguing for another two seconds, my friend, you'll be looking for a job too. That's better! Now, go to bed again. I'll stir them up aboard."

He did not wait for more of the man's grumbling catechism, but ran through the echoing shed and out on the pier. A gangplank ran to the rail; a man stood at its ship end.

"What's all the row about?" he asked gruffly.

"I have to see Captain Lasker."

"Well, come aboard and use your eyes."

"Are you the captain?"

"I am."

"Mardewell & Kane Company wants to ship a thousand tons of copra with you this trip to Copenhagen, captain, and I can't find your agent in the city."

"Well, you needn't bother to, either, lad. We sail Tuesday night for Havre, and I wouldn't stow a thousand tons of grease atop my hold load for the old Harry himself."

"Will you tell me whether you have room for a thousand tons?"

"A thousand tons of Babbitt metal lying in cases there on the pier by seven tomorrow morning—yes. But not for copra that takes as much room as a balloon would and that smells clean through to the twentieth chapter of Proverbs in the ship's Bible! Besides, the stuff isn't here."

"But if your agents were interested in the proposition ——"

"I'd make it interesting for anybody that offered to interest them in copra!"

"I'm afraid I'm going to be your victim, then, captain," Jimmy said, grinning. "If they'll listen to a gilt-edged offer ——"

"What the devil are you running loose at nine o'clock Saturday night trying to ruin an old man's voyage for him for, you young scamp? And who is wanting copra out of San Francisco for Copenhagen when he can get it given to him direct from Sydney?"

Jimmy stepped close to the captain and looked him in the eye.

"Captain," he said, "you're the sort of man who would give a young fellow a chance, I'll bet. I've got my chance, and you can help me. Will you let me take two minutes to tell the story?"

"Come up to the cabin," Captain Lasker grunted, and led the way.

When Jimmy Whims left the Algonquin an hour later he was warmed internally with a nip of Scotch and such a smoked-herring-and-toasted-cheese sandwich as he had never dreamed of, and warmed as to his spirits by assurances of the friendship of Captain Lasker.

"Lads with backbone enough to tackle a stiff proposition and carry it through are as scarce as good navigators nowadays, son," he had said. "You get your bill of lading from Gray & Co., and I'll load your damned copra if I have to carry part of it in my own cabin. What's more, I think I've got dirty tarpaulins enough to protect my deep cargo, and that will save you something."

"I'll make you glad some day you did this, captain," Jimmy said earnestly. "I know you think I can't get my copra here and discharged in time ——"

"If you hustle, you may. But you've got to find Marshall Gray, and that looks like a man's-size job, my young friend. Also I'm sailing Tuesday night if I have to do it with your old tub lashed alongside. So keep that in your eye!"

Jimmy's mother was sitting up for him at home.

"There's a young lady from the office been calling you all evening, Jimmy," she said. "Miss Nagle, is it? Her number's on the shelf."

"I couldn't go to sleep till I heard the news," the girl said when he reached her. "What's happened?"

"Well, we've found the copra and the ship to carry it. All we have to do now is to raise five thousand dollars by noon tomorrow, locate Marshall Gray and book the cargo, tow the William P. Sterritt up from Channel Street, find stevedores and gear to discharge and get the whole thing finished and the copra loaded by Tuesday night. Aside from that you might say the money is in the bank to the credit of Mardewell & Kane."

"Listen, Jimmy!"

"I'll listen to you every time you say it that way."

"Let me help tomorrow. Couldn't I stay at the office and do telephoning and ——"

"Could you?" Jimmy cried. "But it's too much to ask of you!"

"All settled then. What time in the morning?"

"I'm starting early. You can be there any time ——"

"I'll be there at eight. Good night."

Jimmy went to bed with a feeling that it wouldn't be a bad old world if he could

(Continued on Page 66)

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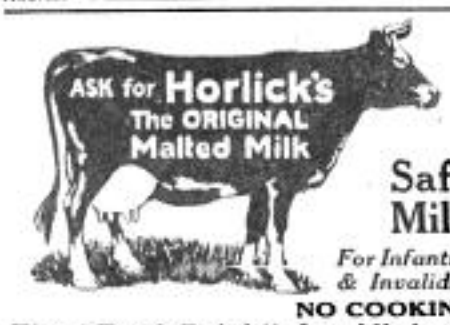
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(Continued from Page 64)

only get the sea chest off his frame. Scaiff's five thousand was a real nightmare, and it was not helped by the fact that there was still the shipping agent for the Algonquin to be located. Rounding up two gangs of stevedores with their foremen and their gear, and transshipping the copra, and hiring a tug to tow her out to Pier 25, and getting the thousand tons checked out of the Sterritt —— Jimmy wished that Stephen Kane were nearer, or that old Peter Mortenson would suddenly appear. But the job was his; the work was cut out for him, and he was going through with it!

He was at the offices before eight, full of breakfast and putting up a confident front. It was barely possible that he could locate one of the bankers with whom Mardewell & Kane did a not insignificant business, and from them get a check or a guaranty for Scaiff, or even ——

Then Jimmy let loose a loud and pealing whoop of joy. He went spinning about the empty offices like a wild Indian, dancing a *cachucha* of his own devising.

"Heaven helps the working classes!" he cried. "J. B. Josser may have a crooked face and the soul of a burglar, but he is a sweet and smiling saint!" He picked up from his desk the check he had collected the day before and flourished it. "Five thousand, two hundred, thirty-four, seventy-two!" he chortled. "And more good to me than a million!" He sat down, contemplating the bit of paper. "Now, Mardewell & Kane," he said thoughtfully, "just which one of the penitentiary offenses do we commit to use this young fortune?"

Then Lucy Nagle walked in. Jimmy's impulse was to leap up and kiss her, but he shook hands quite formally instead.

"Did you ever do any forging in your time, Lucy?" he demanded point-blank.

The girl stared at him.

"Me?"

"Well, you couldn't possibly learn any younger. Listen to the plot."

"But only Mr. Kane and Mr. Mortenson are authorized to sign firm checks," she protested when he was through.

"All right," Jimmy retorted, unabashed, "I guess we can write better than Mr. Mortenson can. He makes signs like hen tracks!"

Lucy had scruples, but Jimmy overbore them. On a typewriter, operated by Jimmy Whims with one finger and considerable lost motion, the name of Luke Scaiff and the amount of the check were made out on a blank found in the storeroom. Lucy did the actual forging. The name of the firm was stamped in place over her signature with a stamp used for marking incoming mail, and some fine work was required to protect the check from being legended with the statement that it had been "Received and Opened May 27 by ——" But they contrived the iniquitous performance and turned out a job that any handwriting expert in the land would have spotted as a forgery at twenty paces! This, however, Jimmy assured the girl, would come later.

"You'll get ten years as the innocent tool, and I'll get twenty for putting you up to it," he declared, chuckling. "But never mind—they feed prisoners well in California. Now would you mind taking this out to Mr. Scaiff's house? I'm afraid he'd back out of the deal if I went."

"I'd just as soon be hung for a sheep as a forger," Lucy misquoted gamely. "What do I tell Mr. Scaiff?"

"Tell him that we want a note from him releasing the William P. Sterritt to us for three days. And take it to the Channel Street wharf. I'll be there when you come."

"He won't try to wriggle out, will he?"

During the commission of their common crime of forgery Jimmy had told her the tale of the Columbia Theater lobby and E. H. Morris.

"No. He may be smooth, but he's on the Street, and he won't go back on his word. I'm not worried about that."

"And you are going to try to locate Mr. Gray? But even if you do, can you find anyone to start loading copra on Sunday?"

"If I don't I'll steal a shovel and borrow an ash can and carry it aboard the Algonquin myself, by hand. It's too late to quit now."

Lucy left him.

"I hope I'm not a liar as well as a check kiter," Jimmy mused. "Gray is playing golf, Kane is playing golf—the Scotchman who invented the game certainly wasn't an importing and exporting broker or he would have had a heart! Piedmont, six, two hundred. Yes'm. . . . Thanks!"

With some difficulty Jimmy persuaded the servant at the Gray residence to call her mistress to the telephone. But Mrs. Gray was a poor Samaritan.

"Mr. Gray is taking a holiday," she said with some asperity, "and I shan't help you spoil it for him. He is out of town and won't be back until Monday."

"But this is an emergency, Mrs. Gray. I won't spoil his holiday ——"

"I guess you can wait until tomorrow," she said, and rang off.

Jimmy said a word and sat back, thinking. Perhaps, seeing that Captain Lasker was disposed to be friendly and helpful, his hand might be forced a little. If the William P. Sterritt lay alongside the Algonquin, and stevedores were there ready to begin loading, the old man would not refuse the cargo, leaving the formality of the actual signing of the bill of lading until the morrow. Jimmy hated to take this advantage, if advantage it was, but he was growing desperate. A little shamefacedly he went to the waterfront once more, seeking his acquaintance, Matt Gobey, an official of the new stevedores' organization known along the front as the Blue Book Association. Gobey was lounging in the stevedores' hall, reading the Sunday papers and smoking a reposeful pipe. Jimmy explained what he required. Gobey took out his pipe and spit.

"Mike Lacey is down at Pier 15 right now, wrangling with Bull Carroll about some lighterage job," Gobey said. "Mike's meaner than a mate, but he's a good stevedore foreman, and I think ten dollars might soften his heart. And maybe you'll be wanting Carroll himself to tow your old tub down from Channel Street."

"I hadn't thought of him," Jimmy said. "And I haven't much cash on me."

"What the this and that kind of a firm have you got that gives you an overtime job to get done and doesn't slip you a little talking money?" Gobey growled. "How much do you need?"

"I don't know how much I'll need, but I know how much I have—a little over seven dollars."

"Ain't you the babe in the woods, though? Here, here's two tens. Give 'em to me next week. Oh, take your thanks to Pier 15! You'll need 'em there."

Jimmy ran. He found Mike Lacey and Bull Carroll, the tugboat captain, in a fever of rage at one another, and when he briskly presented himself and his requests they turned on him and in chorus promised him many rich and rare treats, including a ducking in the gray waters of the Bay. But presently the stevedore foreman remembered that he hated Carroll's internal organisms, which he himself thereupon declared, and he flew to Jimmy's defense.

"Put your tongue in your cheek, you slab-sided old ferry deck hand, you!" he snarled at Carroll. "The kid wants a job done and I'm going to do it. What's more, if you say two more words to him or one more to me I'll knock your ugly head over between your shoulders and get a Rowley tug for him myself. D'you want his towage or don't you?—and make it short and sweet!"

"I was going to do the job for him all the time, you shark fisherman, you!" Carroll rejoined angrily. "And if there's anybody gets his misshapen face punched it'll be a graduated muck shoveler! Get on off the dock and get yourself some stevedores, will you? I'll have this hulk alongside the Williamson freighter before you've got the sleep out of your pig eyes, you see if I don't!"

Discreetly Jimmy pulled out one of Gobey's ten-dollar bills. Guilelessly he inquired which one of the blustering twain could change it. Innocently, when Carroll accommodated him, he passed a five to each.

"Have you gear for discharging the copra, Mr. Lacey?" he inquired.

"I have not! What do you think I am? But I'll get it for you. There's more than that coming to me from the Pacific Stevedore and Ballast Company, so let your mind be easy. Just keep this tugboat hand moving and we'll start loading into your offshore bottom for you by one o'clock with two gangs. That for you, Mister Swab Carroll!" And he strode away.

"The old jellyfish!" Captain Carroll chuckled, watching him off the pier. "I knew how to handle him, me boy. If it hadn't been for me treating him rough he'd been arguin' here till the moon changed. Now, where's your owner's order for moving the copra hulk?"

"I'll have it aboard her when you get there," Jimmy replied. "My—er—assistant is at Mr. Scaiff's home now."

It would be after twelve before the William P. Sterritt would be fast alongside the haughty Algonquin, ready to pour her noisome cargo into the larger vessel's hold, and Jimmy hurried down to have speech with Captain Lasker and prepare him for the worst. But the captain was ashore and would not return until noon. So back to the office went Jimmy, bent on a desperate effort to locate Gray, the Algonquin's agent.

Lucy came in and found him at it. He had called every golf and country club within a radius of thirty miles of the city, with no results save negative ones. Now he was trying to stir up someone who would know where Mr. Gray's subordinates were. He learned the names of two; but there, again, he stalled. They could not be located.

"Nobody needs to pass a Sunday closing law in this town!" he grunted disgustedly.

Lucy laughed at his joke and sobered at sight of his face.

"I couldn't answer any question Mr. Scaiff asked me about the copra deal, Jimmy," she said, "so he gave me the order for his watchman without an argument. But I think he was sorry I showed up with the check."

"Did you take it aboard the William P. Sterritt?"

"Yes. The watchman wanted to get lunch for me and keep me there. He's a lonesome soul."

"Which reminds me that I owe him a cigar," Jimmy said.

The big ship's clock struck eight bells. Twelve o'clock!

"If I wired Mr. Kane now it wouldn't do me much good," Jimmy said thoughtfully. "I couldn't get a reply probably before this evening. Do you happen to belong to any of the Monterey clubs where he would be playing this golf tournament of his, Lucy?"

"It might be in the Sunday papers," she suggested.

Jimmy jumped halfway to the front door, giving the girl's shoulder a grateful squeeze as he passed. He was back in a moment with an armful of Sunday supplement. They waded into the mass—came up, gasping and spluttering presently with the sports sheets.

"Del Monte Hotel would reach him," Jimmy decided, after a hasty survey, and he put in a long-distance call.

Lucy Nagle turned idly to the shipping news—ran down the columns. The telephone bell jangled and Monterey came on the wire to say that Mr. Kane was a guest there but had gone out with friends to lunch. Was there any message?

"Do you know where he can be reached by telephone?"

"No. But he will be back from the afternoon play about six o'clock, probably."

"It might as well be week after next," Jimmy answered. "Thank you. I'll call this evening if I still need him."

He replaced the telephone receiver and sat back dejectedly. No shipping agent, no ship! No ship, no copra deal! No copra deal ——

Lucy Nagle emitted a gasp.

"Jimmy!" she cried. "Do you suppose this would help any? I mean, if Mr. Gray is really out of the city and we can't reach him. Isn't that the same as though—well, here is what I mean." She straightened the paper out and read:

"Owing to the absence from the city of H. B. Smithson, agent for the Red Belt Cargo Line, who is in Washington in connection with the Shipping Board's hearings on sailors' wages, Capt. Asa Wetherell, of the Red Belt freighter Macedonian, is acting as agent for his own vessel, and yesterday accepted from the Hawaiian Fruit Company two thousand cases of ——"

Jimmy frowned.

"Will you read that last part again? Does it say ——"

Lucy read.

Jimmy Whims came suddenly from his chair with such a bound that it went over backwards, and he leaped across to where prim mouselike little Lucy Nagle sat. Without warning and without consideration, aiming point-blank, Jimmy shot at her a resounding kiss. His trajectory was poor, or his range faulty or something, and it was not much of a kiss, but it sufficed.

(Continued on Page 69)

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This box contains:

Milk Chocolate and Nougat
Chocolate Creme de Menthe
Chipped Molasses and Chocolate
Supreme Jordan Almonds
Glace Honey Nougat
Milk Chocolate Maple Cream Walnut
Chocolate Maple Nougat
Peppermint Stick Bitter Sweet
Clustered Filberts in Milk Chocolate
Chocolate Cream Milk Chocolate
Chocolate and Nut Flake
Filbert and Cream Milk Chocolate
Chocolate Peppermint Pattie
French Caramel
Strawberries in Cream, Chocolate Dipped
Treasure Milk Chocolate
Chocolate Cocoanut in Molasses
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THE Johnston Choice Box offers her a delicate and flattering attention, as well as an assortment of supreme confections.

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Give her the Johnston Choice Box. Let her select with you her favorite kinds. It is the extra effort to please that she appreciates. The little touch that gives you distinction in her eyes, and enhances your reputation for knowing what is just right in such matters.

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There is as much difference in candy as in anything else you buy. For example, as chocolate coating costs more than centers, makers are often tempted to thin it. A Johnston chocolate is known the world over by its extra *thick*, rich coating.

Again, we make our own syrups and cream fondants. We use only the highest grades of pure Cuban cane sugar—even finer than ordinary sugar—and accept only whole nuts and fruits for our centers.

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The Choice Box contains 22 of the finest chocolates and confections we have learned to make in 74 years of fine candy making. It also has a little booklet—the Johnston Choice Book—in colors, showing how these 22 varieties are combined in six other popular Johnston boxes. Each piece of candy in the Choice Box is plainly identified by name. Under each piece you will find its name and from the Choice Book you may select the package containing that and other pieces you like best. The booklet shows you how to get the kinds you actually want, instead of whatever may be handed to you.

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If any dealer cannot supply the Choice Box, use the coupon. Fill in the dealer's name, but send no money.

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Please send me a one-pound Johnston Choice Box. I enclose no money but agree to pay the postman $1.25 when he calls.

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MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO from the time the seed is planted until smoked in the pipe, tell why *aged-in-the-wood tobacco* is better—



"There's nothing better in the world for pipe-smoking than Velvet's Burley leaf grown in Kentucky's limestone soil."
Planter

"In buying tobacco for Velvet, we pass up all but Class A Burley heart-leaf. It pays to get the right start."
Leaf Buyer

"The smartest chemist can't improve on nature. It takes two years' ageing in wooden hogsheads to make tobacco mild and mellow."
Chemist

"I'd just as soon eat a green apple as to smoke tobacco that hadn't been aged in the wood."
Warehouseman

"All I know is that ageing in the wood makes Velvet the fastest growing brand."
Tobacco Dealer

"We're mighty careful in making Velvet—but we can't pour in mildness and mellowness. Nature has got to put 'em there."
Factory Manager

"When I talk to a smoker, I explain Velvet's two years' ageing in the wood. Then his good old pipe does the rest."
Tobacco Salesman

"I've smoked 'em all, and believe me, aged-in-the-wood Velvet is mildest and mellowest."
A Smoker of Velvet Tobacco

Velvet

the aged in the wood smoking tobacco.

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Now you just let me take over this enterprise for you and I'll straighten out ——"

"Yesterday and the day before, Mr. Lind," Jimmy said, with one eye on the cometing copra tubs above him, "you could have straightened out more things than there are items in the customs house lists. Today you are as useful to me as a state senator!

"The kindest thing you can do is to go away from here and stay gone. The Algonquin sails tomorrow afternoon, and if I keep on the job she'll carry our copra with her to Copenhagen. Good-by—and mind your step on that gangplank!"

Boris Lind went thence haughtily. Jimmy continued to check copra tubs. At a few minutes before twelve came another telephone call.

"Tell 'em to go to Tophet!" Jimmy cried.

Hang an office, anyway! Didn't an office have any imagination?

He checked interminable tubs with fingers that shook. He forgot Mardewell & Kane.

But twenty minutes later he remembered it again. A familiar voice sounded behind him:

"Well, Whims, they tell me that you've gone into business for yourself. Congratulations!"

He spun about—faced Stephen Kane. Beyond his employer was a stout gentleman in golf trousers, waving his arms in emphasis of a speech he was delivering into the burning ears of Captain Lasker. Beyond them again—timid, worried, but throwing a smile of encouragement to Jimmy as he looked her way—was Lucy Nagle.

The stout man in the knickerbockers was shrill and very indignant.

"But I tell you, you chuckle-headed schooner master, that I'm agent for the Williamson line, not you! Where in tarnation did you get the idea that because I happened to have my back turned for twenty minutes ——"

"Oh, wait a shake, Gray!" Stephen Kane interrupted with a wry smile. "Let me get my end of this straight first." He turned to Jimmy Whims again. "Now, young man, maybe you'll take time enough from your important duties to explain a little. This morning my friend Gray here, who was playing golf with me, happened to remember that someone from Mardewell & Kane was trying to get him to receive a cargo booking for the Algonquin. Then the papers came down and I read that I was shipping copra to Copenhagen. Copra! Mardewell & Kane! What about that?"

Jimmy, automatically checking as he spoke, replied with a somewhat unsteady voice:

"It's correct, Mr. Kane."

"But you must be out of your mind! What gave you the idea?"

"A cablegram that came in Saturday noon."

"Cablegram? Lind didn't tell me that."

"Mr. Lind didn't know about it."

"Then who decoded it?"

"Miss Nagle and I did."

Stephen Kane wiped his forehead and then laughed.

"I'll wake up presently and find I've gone to sleep on the fourteenth fairway, under those cypresses, I suppose. If you are sober will you please tell me who sent the cablegram?"

Jimmy crossed to his coat that hung in the lee of a lifeboat and silently handed the message and the decoded translation to his employer. Marshall Gray came up, spluttering.

"This isn't taking care of me any!" he cried in exasperation. "Captain Lasker tells me that he moved on the representation of this young snipe that Mardewell & Kane ——"

Steve Kane looked up from the cablegram, smiling.

"Gray," he said, "when you and I go off playing golf tournaments and the house catches fire we don't expect our people to wire us for authority before they call the fire department, do we? I should say not!"

He glanced at the cablegram again and suddenly released a great laugh.

"Gentlemen," he continued, "Mr. James Whims is the accredited representative of Mardewell & Kane. Anything he says now, or has said, any promises or guaranties he has made, any contracts he has signed or moneys he has undertaken to pay—in short, any business he has transacted or orders he has given of any kind, nature, sort or description, Mardewell & Kane stand behind to the last word! Now, Gray, go cool your head with a wet towel—and next time stay home and attend to business."

He turned to Jimmy.

"I thought you were a junior clerk in our house, Jimmy," he said, "but I find you've been the whole firm. Will you tell me one thing? With the market suddenly going skyward, what did you pay for your copra?"

"Four and a quarter."

"Great suffering snakes! Who gave it away at that price now?"

"Mr. Scaiff."

"Scaiff? Not Luke —— Good Lord! Marshall, do you hear that? Oh, my sainted aunt! Jimmy, you're promoted! Your salary went up last Saturday, without any of us knowing it. You can have a year's leave of absence and a trip to Europe! Copra from Luke Scaiff to fill a Lewisohn & Johns order! Jimmy, name your own reward!"

Jimmy colored.

"I'd like to get off pretty soon to go to lunch, Mr. Kane," he said. "And—if Miss Nagle would go ——"

"Oh, I'd forgotten Miss Nagle. Come here, Lucy. Are you in this plot too?"

Lucy, coloring and confused, stepped forward a little. She would have answered, but Jimmy forestalled her.

"I couldn't have done it at all if it hadn't been for her," he declared emphatically. "She furnished the brains and I only did the leg work."

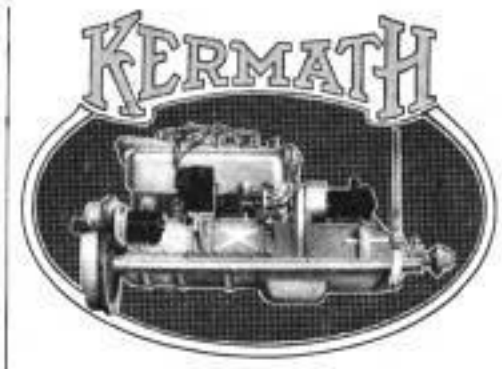
"Jimmy Whims!" Lucy cried reprovingly.

Stephen Kane was taking off his coat. He seized Jimmy's checking sheets and pencil. He gave Jimmy a gentle shove.

"Clear off the deck and argue about it somewhere else. I guess I haven't forgotten how to check copra tubs. Take these two child prodigies up town in your car, Gray—I'm going to be busy this afternoon. I've played long enough. Oh, get out, you fourteen-handicap duffer, you! Fore, there—and tomorrow I'm going to have you with me when I give Luke Scaiff the grand razoo! Shoo, now!"



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The New Peerless

The creation of this new Peerless eight-cylinder car had its source many months ago in a clear-cut, definite and positive conviction.

That conviction was that there were inherent in the eight-cylinder principle, depths of reliability which had not been sounded — and heights of performance as yet unattained.

Pioneers first, in that principle, and recognized authorities for years afterward, the new Peerless administration was convinced that eight-cylinders had never yet yielded up their fullest capacity for prodigal power, sustained speed, and undeviating ductility.

Out of these convictions has come what we believe to be the most powerful, the fastest, and the most flexible stock car America has ever produced.

No experienced motorist can inspect the bare chassis of this splendid car without encountering as many occasions for enthusiasm as the more casual observer will find in its exquisite exterior.

The chassis itself is a thing of beauty to the man who can appreciate a transcendent nicety of balance, proportion and continuity.

It is a clean, simple, staunch and rugged chassis, which will tell its story of prodigious power, speed, and steadiness to the connoisseur of fine construction, even before he has proven these qualities at the steering wheel.

This beauty, and balance, and proportion, beginning at the ground, builds itself up into the chassis, and through the chassis, into and throughout the splendid superstructure of the Peerless.

Just as there is not one iota of waste weight or lost momentum in any single detail of the chassis design — so there is neither line, shade nor contour, in radiator, fenders, hood or body, which does not contribute to an harmonious ensemble.

This new Peerless is the product of a long and intimate acquaintance with the motoring preferences and prejudices of the American people.

It recognizes, as a Peerless announcement said many months ago, that a really fine motor car attracts an eager and an appreciative market in America as surely as a magnet attracts steel.

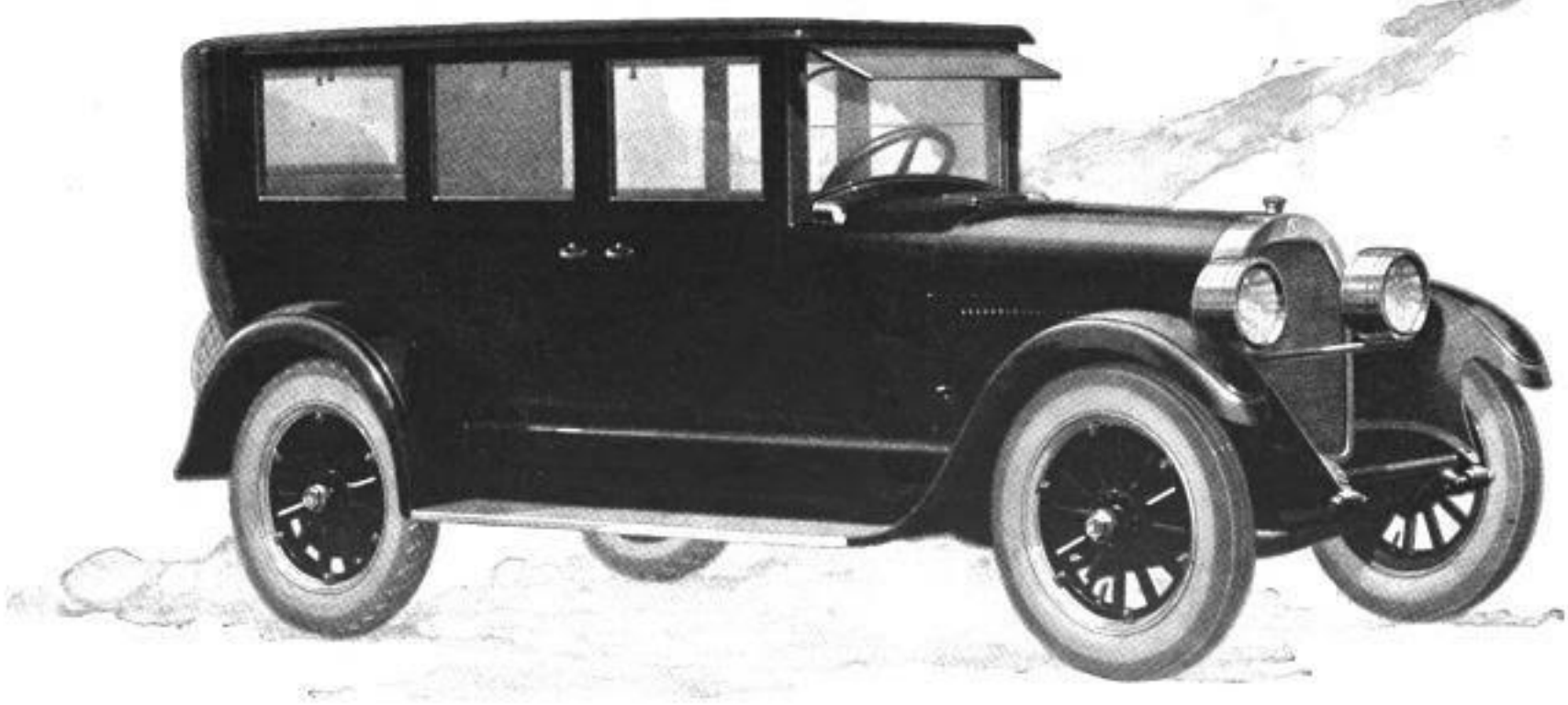
It responds to the native passion for manufactured merchandise which is sound and substantial, and defers to the American abhorrence for transportation which is slow or sluggish.

Its prodigality of power, and arrow-like swiftness of action, should render the new Peerless supreme in every condition in which a motor car can find itself.

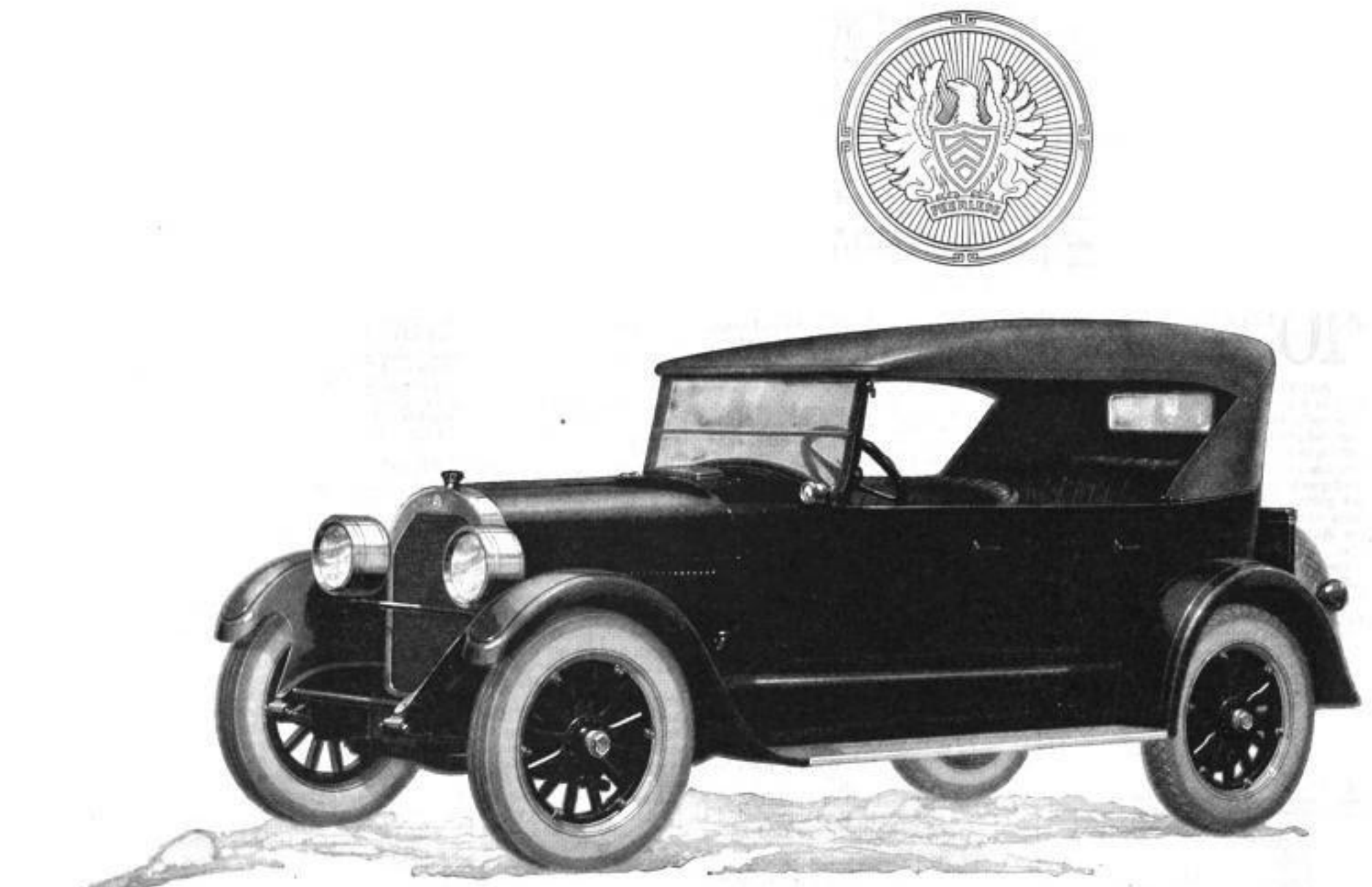
At any rate it is our earnest and honest conception of what we believe the American people have long desired.

THE PEERLESS MOTOR CAR COMPANY, CLEVELAND

P E E R



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L E S S

It is our sincere belief that nothing short of the most costly custom-built creations can compare with the beauty of the new Peerless eight-cylinder motor car.

The body design itself is one of unusual grace and exceptionally fine proportions. The car is longer and lower. The wheels are smaller, the tires larger. The fenders are exceedingly attractive. The radiator and hood present an extremely pleasing aspect.

The degree of riding smoothness is so pronounced, by reason of the longer wheelbase—now 128 inches—and the new equipment with extra-long semi-elliptic springs, that it will induce you, we believe, to say this is the most comfortable car you have ever ridden in.

The driver finds himself in a position of greatest ease, whence he steers, shifts gears, starts and stops with the very minimum of exertion.

Perhaps the most notable feature of the new Peerless road-behavior is its smoothness—a lack of chattering and bumping and sideway bound to delight the motorist who has always sought such comfort and always fallen short of finding it.

This new Peerless goes even farther, if that is possible, in those splendid qualities of reliability which enable a car always to respond promptly and efficiently, no matter what it is called upon to do.

The power, the speed, the ductility for which the Peerless eight-cylinder engine has long been famous, are enhanced by carefully worked out engineering improvements. Engine design is cleaner. All parts are easy to get at.

Delco starting, lighting and ignition contribute to the all-around dependability of the car. The storage battery is Exide.

Both axles are Timken, the front with roller-bearings not only on the wheel spindles, but in the steering pivots as well, to increase steering-ease still further; and the rear of the semi-floating type, with 15½ x 2½ inch brakes—a size scientifically proportioned to the weight and power of the car.

It is easy to appreciate all we say of riding comfort when it is known that the front springs are 41 inches long and the rear springs 60 inches long. The shackle bolts have the unusually large diameter of ⅞ inch, which means almost no wear at a point ordinarily slighted in engineering.

Open cars carry the Peerless permanent top, equipped with dome light. The side-curtains fit so snugly that they give the practical advantages of a closed car.

In the closed car types, the doors and windows are unusually wide, the hardware reminds you of fine jeweler's plate, and every accessory of comfort is provided.

Maximum strength in the chassis frame is assured by side bars measuring 7½ inches at their greatest depth. Rigid cross-members, and stout tubular cross-members at both ends, obviate the weaving that inevitably results in body squeaks and rattles.

In addition to a complete equipment of tools, the new Peerless is provided with rear-view mirror, windshield cleaner, combination speedometer and clock, a handy lamp of the reel type, and a special Peerless tail lamp which incorporates an automatic electric rear signal.

The New Peerless is Built in the Following Types:

4-Pass. *Touring Phaeton*	4-Pass. *Suburban Coupé*
7-Pass. *Touring Phaeton*	5-Pass. *Town Sedan*
2-Pass. *Roadster Coupé*	7-Pass. *Suburban Sedan*
4-Pass. *Town Coupé*	5-Pass. *Berline Limousine*

4-Pass. *Opera Brougham*

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Corns?



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BY PARABLES

(Continued from Page 17)

were moving from some town to another place and they had a fight. And then he was in the Army and got his foot shot and married mamma"—Egbert mentioned the two events in the same tone of woe—"but he can still do lots of things. He can bend right over backward and put his head between his knees. Only, you won't tell? Not even Eth Ross?"

I repeated my oath and Egbert demonstrated his skill by walking on his hands across the floor. He seemed really made of some other stuff than mere flesh. His arm, when I took it to lead him back to the house, was hard as wood under the velvet sleeve. His mother never gave birthday parties for him and I had to ask when he would be thirteen.

"June," said Egbert wearily. "Don't it take an awful time to grow up though, Joe?"

I fed him on the landing of the stairs in a fine privacy. Parents were wandering in to reclaim their offspring and soon came Mr. Ross, a jolly, long, black-haired man, from whom Ethan got his remarkable face. He stood by the front door talking horses with my uncle, and Egbert studied him closely for a little.

"Mamma says Eth'll never be as good-looking as his father was," he said, then gave his odd gasp as his mother and father appeared in the vestibule.

Mrs. Howland's coming did something to speed my guests. The little girls eyed her black silk robes and the mantle of fringed cloth that covered her shoulders. She scattered awe. There was no reason for this, as she smiled about genially in the parlor, asked various children how their families did and rested graciously by the fireplace discussing the weather with my uncle. The crowd thinned. Mr. Ross accepted a cigar and lounged in a chair with Ethan on its arm. I went to talk to them after a vain effort to get Egbert chatting again. His lovely mother's approach had frozen him. He stood in the bow window, silent, beside his silent father. Mr. Ross pulled my ear and began to tease me about my violin lessons.

"I hear all the dogs leave home when you start practicin', bud."

"It's awful," said Ethan cordially.

"Play a piece," Mr. Ross suggested. "I ain't heard any fiddlin' since God knows when."

My merciful mother saved me. "I don't think that would make anyone happier," she said, and smiled at Mr. Howland. "Don't you play?"

"Don't he play?" Ross laughed. "My—my saints, you ought to hear him! Go on and play some, Johnny. I ain't heard you since—why, since the war!"

I stared. I had never heard, until today, that John Howland did anything save manage his wife's farm. Mrs. Howland straightened the jet-strewn bonnet on her fair hair and lifted her chin a trifle.

"John hardly ever plays, Ned," she told Ross, but her husband crossed the room slowly to the piano, where my violin lay cased.

"I'll see what I can do," he said, and it struck me that I had never heard him speak before in the ten years I'd lived in Ohio.

He opened the case and looked at the violin, a good instrument, the gift of a wealthy aunt in Boston. I wished, instead of committing idle music, he'd double backward and put his gray head between his lean legs. My uncle wandered off and picked Egbert up.

"You've a talented family," he told Mrs. Howland. "Who taught this chap to walk a slack rope without a pole?"

Mr. Howland glanced at Egbert and then at his wife. He swung the bow over the strings suddenly and began to play. His wife drew herself up, smiling quietly, and listened to Money Musk, jauntily rendered, so that I wanted to whistle, and Mr. Ross, farmer fashion, patted the rug with a boot. My uncle twisted his mustaches. My father, by the piano, stared at Mrs. Howland so queerly that he kept my gaze until the gay air stopped.

"Why, you're as good as ever you was!" Mr. Ross cried. "My, Emmie, d'you mind him playin' that when the men had a dance after Gettysburg and I couldn't do nothin' but set round account of my leg bein' wounded up?" Mrs. Howland nodded gravely, playing with her glazed gloves. The great farmer went on: "What was it you played at my weddin', Johnny"—he laughed, stroking Ethan's head on his shoulder—"and made all the wimmenfolks cry?"

Howland put the bow on the strings. My modern sons shudder when I put the plate on the phonograph. Howland began Mignon's song. I had heard my mother hum it. She brightened and flushed, just as when the church choir happened to get through an anthem correctly. Mr. Ross nodded and stroked Ethan's head again.

"That's it," he said when the slow air ceased. "And my, how the wimmen bawled! Let's see, Emmie, you married Johnny right a week after that, didn't you?"

"August 10, 1863," Howland stated. He closed the violin in its case and went back to the window curtains. Then he seemed to examine Ethan and said gently, in his level hushed voice: "That boy favors you, Ned."

Mrs. Howland spoke with amiable deliberation: "You shouldn't flatter Ned. Ethan's much nicer looking than Ned ever was. And we must start home. Thank Mrs. Henry, Egbert, and go get your coat."

I watched this family get into the polished surrey and yelled good-by to Egbert. He sat beside the driver. Beside his wife in the rear seat Howland looked frail and shabby.

"My Lord," said Mr. Ross, "Emmie's a caution! You wouldn't think she ever run barefoot and climbed a tree."

"She's really very wealthy," my mother informed my uncle. "It's the biggest farm in the county except Mr. Ross' place. And she's most genteel."

"So are icebergs," said my uncle, shivering. "I've caught cold."

"I think she's a holy terror," I observed. "She don't let Eggs come to town but to school, and he ain't let do nothin'. Can't go barefoot summers, or swim, or ——"

"She's very charitable," said my father precisely.

Mr. Ross laughed. "Don't that begin at home? It ain't any way to raise a boy like she does Eggs. And namin' a boy Egbert is courtin' hell-fire. Come on home, Eth, you crawlin' serpent."

He gathered in four others of his sons from the front steps, where they were playing jackstones, and drove his wagon into the dusk of Poplar Street.

"Humph," said my uncle, "there's an old affair."

"Ross was a great beau in his day, they tell me," my mother smiled. "All the little girls fight over Ethan now. I suppose it was an affair."

"What's an affair?" I asked, and was ordered to go wash my hands for supper.

In bed I made great plans. We must certainly have a circus, preferably in the meadow behind the Ross orchard. People would admire Egbert in red tights manufactured from winter underclothes—red flannel was still deemed a specific against rheumatism—and I could balance on the horse, Ahab, who in good-natured hours would pretend to be dead. This vision mingled with my dreams. I was teaching Frisky to walk the slack rope when something hit me in the stomach sharply and brought me wide awake. My stomach distinctly hurt and, as I rubbed it, externally; but there was nothing in my room, filled with moonshine. There was no noise except my curtains flapping lazily. I wondered and slept again. My mother shook me to life when the April sun was well up.

"There's no bread in the house, Joe. Do get dressed and run over to the bakery and get a loaf, dear."

I moaned and began to dress when she had left me. But I stopped. On the pit of my stomach there was, painful and plain, a really notable bruise. I pondered this miracle all the way to the Vanois bakery on the square. There was no excuse for that bruise in Nature. I hadn't been in a fight for weeks and I could remember no chance knock the day before.

Certainly something had hit me while I lay defenseless and snoring.

Mrs. Vanois was just coming in from service at the chapel and greeted me gallantly in her easy, ornamental English. Though he had lived thirty years in Zerbetta, her stupid Gascon husband still limped in speech. The ironic trim woman did all the business of the shop. Its Sunday trade was a convenience and a scandal to Sabbatarian Zerbetta. Mrs. Vanois was the local news carrier. People somewhat feared her tongue. She gave me a hot sugared roll and smiled.

"Pierre had all night a stomach ache and could not go to church, so I make sure that you had a nice party, Joseph. And I hear that John Howland played the violin and how his wife scolded him all the way home, then!"

"Who told you?" I grinned.

"Sheehan, the new boy that drove them home. I saw him but right now. Sarnijeu," said Mrs. Vanois, "a woman that! One would wonder that she can go driving, like the Empress Eugénie, to make her call on Mrs. Ross. And Mrs. Ross must laugh to remember how that one ran after Ross when he came home from Gettysburg—so handsome in his blue clothes."

"Oh," I said, chewing my roll, "was Mrs. Howland in love with Mr. Ross?"

"Ha! And why do you think she married a hired man the week after Ross married his wife but that she wanted not to have herself laughed at?" I had no thoughts on the point. Mrs. Vanois made a bow in the pink string of my wrapped loaf and nodded. "Certainly. A hired man who had not been three weeks on her father's lands and still lame from the war. Well, she was proud, and that is the way things go when a girl is proud; and I am sorry for her husband. *Mais*," she said, "*c'est un Tzipane, ce pauvre* ——"

"Huh?"

"I have sometimes thought Howland was a—a Gypsy—as you say."

"But he comes to our church," I objected.

"Why not? Gypsies are Christians like all the world. And there is your bread, then."

I found my tall father striding up and down the porch for air and singing Marching Through Georgia off key.

"Rubbish!" he said. "Mrs. Vanois lets her imagination run off with her. He's no Gypsy. Mr. Howland's from New Hampshire. He told me so once." He sat down on the steps and took me on his lap. I dreaded an explosion of ethics, but he patted me and asked: "Do you think that Egbert—Eggs—is—well—very happy at home?"

"Dunno how he would be, papa. He ain't let do nothin'. And his sisters are just as bossy as his mother is. They look just like Mrs. Howland," I assured him, "an' act just like she does—sniffy. And I don't know what for. They ain't any richer'n the Rosses."

"Ah," he said, frowning, "it isn't that—altogether. Well, run and get your hair brushed, son."

I was perfecting my hair with a damp comb and stepping about to admire my freckled image in the glass when I trod on something and twisted my ankle viciously. It was a bit of loose brick. It had a string tied to its angles, and my breath sank as I read the message scribbled on the bit of yellow paper attached:

"Dear Jo, I have run off. Good-by."

It wasn't Ethan Ross' hand or any script that I knew. I hid the thing among my collars and went down to breakfast. Zerbetta was mainly Presbyterian. Pete Vanois was my only particular friend outside the fold. I looked about the cream-painted pews for some missing face. All the Rosses and Lowes were in order. Columbus Sims was quite as usual. Everyone I liked was there, and his mother had accounted for Pete Vanois. Then my uncle whispered, asking me where Mrs. Howland sat, and I saw the Howland pew empty. A large question entered my brain, and got its answer in the late afternoon when my mother came to find me in the carriage house with her face oddly flushed. Father was striding about the library when I stumbled in, but Mrs. Howland sat stiffly smiling in a deep chair, a veil pulled down over her eyes.

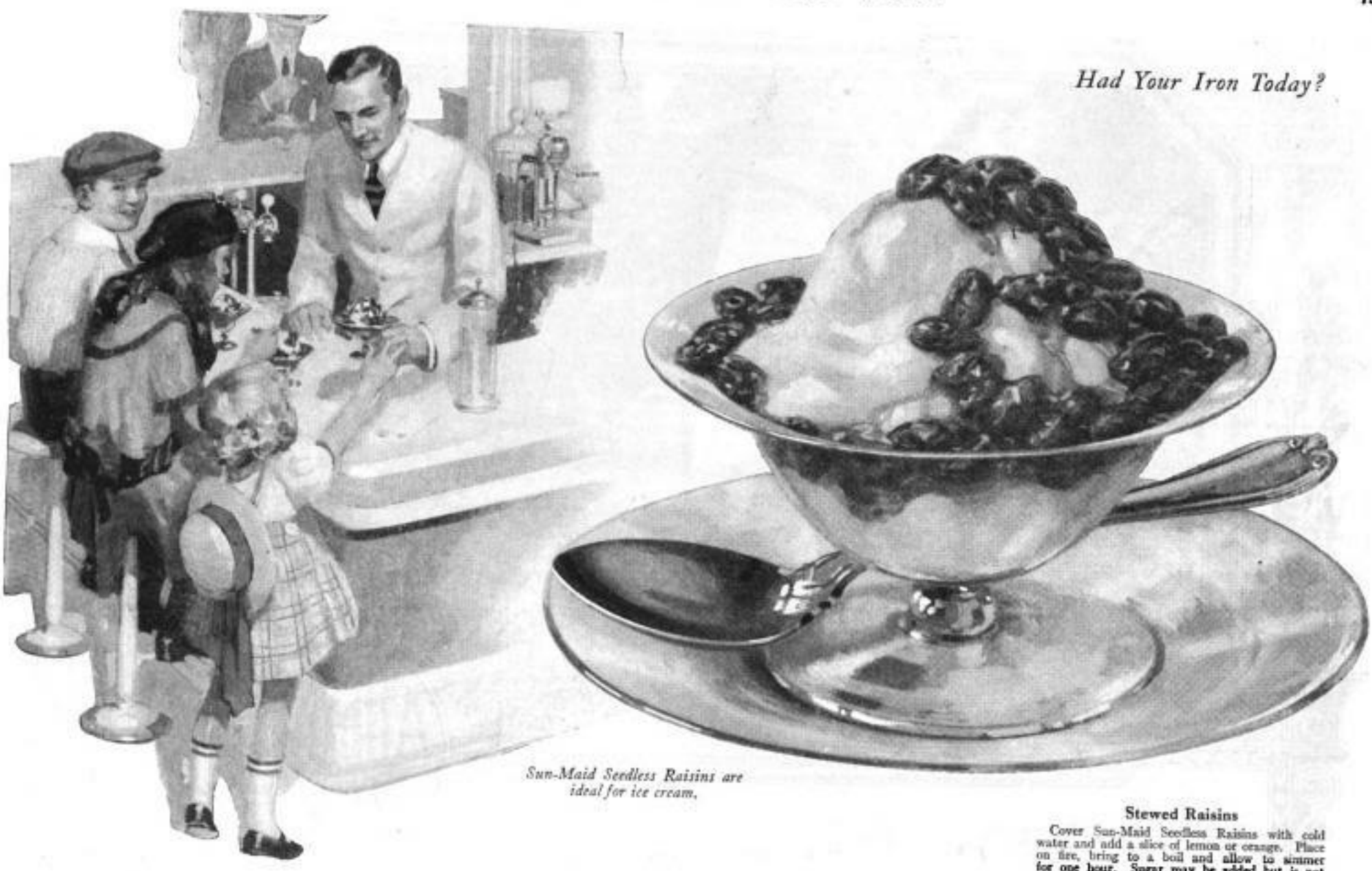
"Joe," said my father, "when did you see Eggs last?"

"Yesterday afternoon," I gabbled.

"You see?" he said to the still woman. "And really, Mrs. Howland, I don't see why you should think that Joe ——"

"Egbert used to talk about him," she retorted. "That was all. I suppose," she went on, "that I'll have to tell the police now. You'd better go tell Judge Lowe, John." (Continued on Page 75)

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Had Your Iron Today?

Sun-Maid Seedless Raisins are ideal for ice cream.

Stewed Raisins

Cover Sun-Maid Seedless Raisins with cold water and add a slice of lemon or orange. Place on fire, bring to a boil and allow to simmer for one hour. Sugar may be added but is not necessary, as Sun-Maid Seedless Raisins contain 75 per cent natural fruit sugar.

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Allen A

Special for School Days
A word about Allen A Black Cat Hosiery

Many a mother feels a little bit of her own girlhood return as she buys Allen A Black Cat Hosiery for the children these days.

For these are the same sturdy, long wearing stockings that her own mother bought for her.

Twenty years ago this Hosiery first answered the question "What stockings *can* I buy the children that will stay out of the darning basket?"

It's the same good brand to-day. And to it has been added the *Master Brand Allen A*—as a further assurance of value.

The maker's mark of *personal responsibility* for fit and comfort. For wearing service and *money's worth*.

Every pair of Allen A Black Cat Hosiery carries it—hosiery for the children and for *all the family* as well.

In Silk, Lisle, Wool and Cotton.

THE ALLEN A COMPANY—KENOSHA, WIS.



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(Continued from Page 72)

I spun about. Howland was standing by my father's desk, in a shadow. He did not move at once, and my father spoke:

"I think you're making a mistake, Mrs. Howland. The child wouldn't run away without taking some clothes. You say he took some rolls from the kitchen? It's a fine day. He may have simply run off for a day in the woods. I think you're ——"

"He's gone," said Howland thickly, and stepped forward. "I knew he would. I told you he would." He panted, then laughed aloud. "I told you so!"

"Joe," my father commanded, "run along and shut the door."

The news shot along the county. The town frothed with it. I hugged my small secret until a month had passed, and then Ethan Ross, my confessor, shrewdly advised me to keep my mouth shut.

"You don't know nothin' more than anyone else to start off with, and your father's likely to wallop you for not tellin' him."

"He never wallops me, and you know it!"

"Well, he'd give you the Book o' Lamentations to learn, an' that's hellisher," said Ethan, and reverted to our belief. "I bet Eggs is in a circus, havin' a high old time, huh? But, say, ain't it funny how all the women keep sayin' he ought to be caught and fetched home?"

Mrs. Vanois was the only woman defender of Egbert Howland's flight. "You treat a boy like a doll and let him do nothing like a boy—and then!"

My mother never talked of the matter to me. But the women of Zerbetta sighed, generally. Mrs. Howland was wronged; she was a mother; she had lavished raiment and care on the runaway; she was a lady; she offended no female standard; she visited the sick and afflicted. So Egbert was a bad boy.

As it leaked into common knowledge that she thought Howland a silent accessory it was remembered that he had been her father's farm hand, that he had played the violin for hire at dances and weddings in 1863. He had always been disregarded. He became an offense to the matrons of Poplar Street and West Avenue. Men took sides with Egbert and drawled, when the subject came up, that Mrs. Howland was to blame for "raisin' the boy thataway." Mrs. Howland was proud; pride had taken a fall. They laughed a little. Egbert would come home when he got tired tramping. And, they said, Mrs. Howland wasn't losing any sleep. Indeed she seemed quite unchanged. She gave her usual tea parties at the big house east of town. She allowed the more prosperous youths to come calling on the pretty, prim daughters, and the oldest was married in the autumn to a young lawyer in Toledo. My father officiated, of course, and came home in the nervous state that passed for bad temper with him.

"I don't think your father quite likes the way Mrs. Howland treats her husband," my mother told me privately, "and I never have. Oh, we stopped at the post office. There's a letter for you from Ralph."

I was in a hurry for dinner and slipped my uncle's note into my pocket, forgot it and read it only when I pulled it out next day with my pocketknife.

"FORT MYER, September 20, 1885.

"*Dear Joe:* I ought to write this to your dad instead of you. But the Howland boy was a friend of yours and your dad writes me that the kid was not as happy at home as he might be. So here goes. There was a circus in Washington all last week, Corliss Bros. I did not happen to go until Saturday night and it was pretty poor. But along toward the end the ringmaster announced that someone would walk the slack rope without a pole and a little fellow came out. He did it mighty well and everyone was worried because he was so young and they did not have a net up to catch him in case he fell. I was sitting way back from the ring and I could not see his face, but he looked a good deal like your friend except that he had yellow hair. The ringmaster called him some Italian name, of course, but it might be the Howland kid for all that. I would not send any boy back to Zerbetta for love or money, but a circus is a pretty rough life. You had better take a good think before you do anything. Your dear dad is a preacher and he would have to tell the Howlands if I wrote him. So I leave it to you."

I spent an afternoon of random brooding, guilty and sentimental by turns. I had no sense of escape when I left Zerbetta for holidays in the East, and I came back joyfully. The tranquil county seemed, to me, a paradise of trees and fields with the little river straying from pool to pool for summer swims. I wondered why my mother went away smiling on swift flights to her Boston kin and why my father never grumbled at journeys to conferences or Grand Army meetings. But I could see the torture of Egbert Howland's life, muffled in silly decorum at the big farm outside town. And now he lived in the torrid glitter of a traveling circus, surrounded by bands and trick horses, the associate of clowns, the peer of elephants. I loitered in the square, considering, until chilly twilight, afraid to go home with this mystery clouding my brow. My mother was less guileless than my father. I sat on the post-office steps. There had been frost lately and boys had shoved together piled leaf for fires that made the dusk romantic with roaming smoke and sparks that dashed up to die among the maple boughs. Lads whistled in the shadow and sometimes there blew a sound of blended laughter on the free cold air.

Then John Howland came riding to the steps on a dark mare and nodded to me as he walked past into the post office. I took my breath once, got up and followed him when he came out again. The silent man turned, a foot in the stirrup, and looked at me.

"S'posin'," I mumbled, "I—I got to know where Eggs is?"

"Sonny likes you," said Howland. "If you tell on him, Joe Henry, I'll break every bone in you. You hear?"

He spoke without raising his husky, dull voice, but he took his foot from the stirrup. His spur clicked on the curb and he put his hands on my wrists. As we stood his palms seemed to heat like rock made painful with summer sun.

"I wasn't goin' to tell anyone," I gasped. "I ain't ever told anyone you were in a circus—nothin'. I shan't tell."

"You're a good boy," he said. "I'm much obliged."

After that he gave me a curious special nod when we happened to meet. Because I knew that he'd wandered, perhaps, I thought him strange, riding his wife's fine horses and shyly nodding his curly gray head to the loud-voiced, burly men about the square. Once that winter he played the violin at Judge Lowe's after a dinner party. My father asked him to play and sent for my instrument.

"Really," said my mother, coming home thrilled, "he ought to be in concerts. And what do you suppose he was doing in France, Bob?"

"Did he say he'd been in France?" I inquired.

"Yes. Judge Lowe asked him where he learned to play. Bob," mother alleged, "she's dreadful to him. Why, tonight she really looked at him as though she'd like to murder him while he was playing. And how rude she was to Mrs. Ross! I think she really must have been in love with Mr. Ross when she was a girl. She ——"

Here my mother considered my extensive ears and altered the subject.

Once, in midwinter, Ethan Ross encountered Howland in the feed store, and the bullied man asked the handsome boy how his father was. "All right," said Ethan. And Howland answered: "He's a lucky fellow. You tell him I said so." This was spoken in public, and the news of it got swiftly back to Mrs. Howland.

"Ha!" said Mrs. Vanois, at the bakery. "These good ladies! Therèse Connelly tells me that there was a scene to be heard in the kitchen and down to the barns! And at last this poor man tells her he is sick of it and she can go to hell. Then the girls cry and this fine lady must say she is sorry and Howland goes off to the barn and practices the violin. And Ross, he is a lucky one to have not married her. That poor Howland!"

His hired men reported that Howland spent more and more time playing the violin in the barn as spring came on. He played one evening at the Grand Army rooms on the square. The old songs of the war welled out from the open windows. I sat on a hydrant and listened amazedly. I spoke to him next day in church, but Howland had been lectured overnight, I think. He hardly nodded.

He never addressed me until we met at the post office one July afternoon. The place was empty. I was fitting the key into

(Continued on Page 77)



Hotel Sherman, Chicago, home of the College Inn, a restaurant famous the world over for its excellent cuisine

From a World-Famed Restaurant

THE College Inn of the Hotel Sherman is internationally famous for its cuisine. For many years it has been the Chicago rendezvous of those who know and appreciate fine cooking.

College Inn chefs, masters of culinary art, make College Inn dishes *creations par excellence*. And now these unrivalled specialties are available for use in every home. Even though you live a thousand miles from Chicago, you may now serve on your table the same delicious dishes that have made the College Inn world-famous.

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TO SERVE IN THE HOME

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Send for Trial Assortment

Within a few months we expect to have College Inn Cooked Food on sale in leading groceries and food specialty shops throughout the United States. Until then we are prepared to supply lovers of good cooking direct. We do not ask you to send money in advance. Simply indicate on the coupon the number of dishes desired, and pay the postman for them when they arrive, plus the small parcel post charge. Your money will be promptly refunded if you aren't entirely pleased.

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The Hotel Sherman invites correspondence from retailers of the better class. We intend that College Inn Cooked Food shall eventually be sold only by retail stores. If you wish to be the first to sell these specialties in your locality, do not delay. Write us today for complete information regarding College Inn Cooked Food. Bear in mind that it is practically without competition.

Hotel Sherman Company

Dept. A, Chicago, Ill.

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___ Chicken à la Creole	.60	___ Pea Soup St. Germain	.20
___ Paprika Chicken	.70	___ Purée Mongol Pea Soup	.20
___ Chicken Salad	.75	___ Cream of Tomato Soup	.20
___ Sliced Beef à la Deutsch	.50	___ Chicken Noodle Soup	.20
___ Paprika Veal Stew	.45	___ Chicken Cream Soup	.20
___ Welsh Rarebit	.40	___ Spaghetti Italienne	.20
___ Sauce Creole	.30	___ Candied Sweet Potatoes	.20
___ Cream of Asparagus Soup	.20	___ Carrots Creole	.25

(No. 1 cans, containing two generous portions)

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❖ ❖ ❖

Please stop a moment and *realize* that a *Kahn Suit* is studied *individually* as a distinct *artistic unit*—that it is exclusive and *individual*, from cutter to presser, made solely and absolutely for *just one man* and minutely fashioned to *just one measurement*. Real art can never be standardized.

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MADE TO MEASURE CLOTHES © 192

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(Continued from Page 75)

our mail box when the man stopped behind me and said: "The circus'll be in Cypress next Saturday, Joe. It isn't coming here. Got money for a ticket?"

"Yes, sir. But I thought Eggs was with somethin' called Corliss ——"

"He's changed. This one's better. Don't say a word."

The posters announcing Salvani's Monster Circus were splashed on fences all over the town. Ethan Ross couldn't go Saturday afternoon. At five in the evening I harnessed Ahab to the buggy and set off with Ethan. Cypress was an even ten miles south of Zerbetta. Ethan and I cocked our bare feet on the dashboard and let the horse stroll in dignified leisure. Faster buggies rattled by us and sunset was purple when Howland rode up on his sweating mare. He pulled her alongside the buggy, nodded, and kept pace.

"Evening show's not till eight," he said. "I'll give you boys supper at the hotel." Then he didn't speak again until the spread of tents lay lavender above the petty town of Cypress. "Your dad come over, Eth?"

"No, sir."

"He's a lucky fellow. Don't either of you ever be a hired man for a lady. It wears you down." Our embarrassment did not disturb him. He looked back toward Zerbetta, hidden in a hot and colored haze. He smiled fleetly. "Lived here twenty-three years. A long time. When I was in France in '54 I met a man hadn't been outside of a town called Sens since they chopped off King Louis' head. Not since he was four."

"What was you doin' in France?" Ethan asked.

"Goin' places and seein' things, son."

He bought us dinner in the little hotel of Cypress and drank beer with his meal. We left his mare with Ahab in the shed behind the inn and walked to the gaudy circus ground in a host of Zerbettans. In the medley of chattering people among the lighted booths and side shows we lost Howland. He slipped away. I supposed him hunting Egbert and fancied that meeting. The air was choking with dust and pennyroyal. Inside the main tent we climbed high to the last tier of seats against the canvas and sat watching the green rows fill under the pulsing flares of gasoline lamps high under the roof. There was only one ring and when the procession passed round only two elephants appeared. "But," Ethan said, "there's not much to elephants. What you lookin' at, Joe?"

I was watching Howland seat himself close to the roped track. He wore a loose gray suit and he showed plainly, slouching as he smoked a cigar. His head turned as the performance began. I fancied him expertly judging the bareback riders, the bawling clowns, the men and women who slung their tinted tights from trapeze to trapeze, the Japanese tumblers and the glass swallower. Once, when a tumbler made a clumsy fall, I saw him shrug like Mrs. Vanois, and he applauded a green contortionist violently.

"Fine," said Ethan, "but I'd hate to make a livin' gettin' my belly dislocated. What they doin' now?"

The circus servants were yelling crossly as they raised two stanchions on either side of the ring. The booted ringmaster wiped his face and shouted his announcement in the long whine of weariness: "Signor Ambrosino, the boy wonder of two continents — speshul engagement — appeared before the Czar of Rooshia, King'v Italy, Queen Victoria—walks slack rope barehanded. Ladies'n gentlemen, take notice that no net's used in this ex'bition."

"It ain't so awful hard to do," someone drawled near us.

I grunted with excitement. The jointed poles were steadied and the supporting ropes pegged down. A clown cavorted on the tanbark, gesturing up at the loose wire thirty feet above his spinning white and red. The band began some ancient overture full of brazen clashes. Very suddenly, arrived from nowhere, a slim boy was climbing the ladder to the nearest end of the wire.

"Just a kid, ain't he?" Ethan murmured. He wore scarlet fleshings and a gold girdle. His curly hair was yellow and glittered under the flares as he stood poised on the peak, ready to march on the wire.

"My," said a woman, "he ain't big at all. They'd ought to have a net too."

This was the last act of the bill. People were rising and stretching. The band stopped its tumult and commenced a thunder of drums. The boy spread his scarlet arms and walked onto the wire, which steadied under his weight.

"Eggs Howland did just like that," said Ethan; "and just as good too."

But he stared with me, and applause broke out. A man got up just before us and hid the whole scene for a second. I was ready to bark my annoyance at him, drew breath for a "Say," when the crowd gave out a sound, a long hiss like surge sliding up sand, and a woman screamed. Against her scream John Howland shouted "Sonny! Sonny! The pole!" And his voice preceded all the other cries.

The nearest pole was bending in toward the ring. I think Howland leaped the track and got to the ropes before the rest. The scarlet boy stumbled and caught the sagging wire. My view was lost in the rise of uncounted bodies. I hammered someone's back. The tent became a heart of agony. Then the band brayed into Home, Sweet Home and I could see Egbert climb on the farther pole's top. He had pulled himself hand over hand up the wire. He stood, dominant and bowing. The ring and the fallen pole were hidden by people; half-naked performers waved towels to the boy, struggling out of their entrance; the ringmaster was shaking hands with Howland. I forget by what anguish Ethan and I made our way into the dressing tent at last, but I know that in the jam I heard people saying that this was the runaway Howland boy from Zerbetta.

He sat on a tin-plated trunk and the circus doctor was bandaging his ripped palms. The men and some women of his new monstrous world hung over him, swearing and sweating. His bleached hair was still dark at the roots. He stammered and grinned and rested his head on Howland's shoulder, but he saved Ethan and me from expulsion. When his friends drifted off at last he sighed: "Won't mamma find out?"

"Don't you mind, sonny," said Howland. "I'll look after that." He kissed the boy's ear, then sat looking at the ground awhile. When he lifted his face he spoke to me: "Your dad's a good preacher, Joe. My wife thinks mighty well of him. I see he isn't so sure she's a gold-plated Christian. You take my horse home and tell your dad if my wife says anything she'd better go read Saint Matthew. It's Chapter Twenty-five, I think. And you boys better start home."

The mare snuffled, annoyed by the dust behind the buggy as I drove Ahab through the moonlight. Ethan finally mounted her, and it was he who left her at the Howland barn, rousing no one. I raced upstairs and woke father. He listened quietly until I came to Howland's direction about Saint Matthew's Gospel; then he smiled.

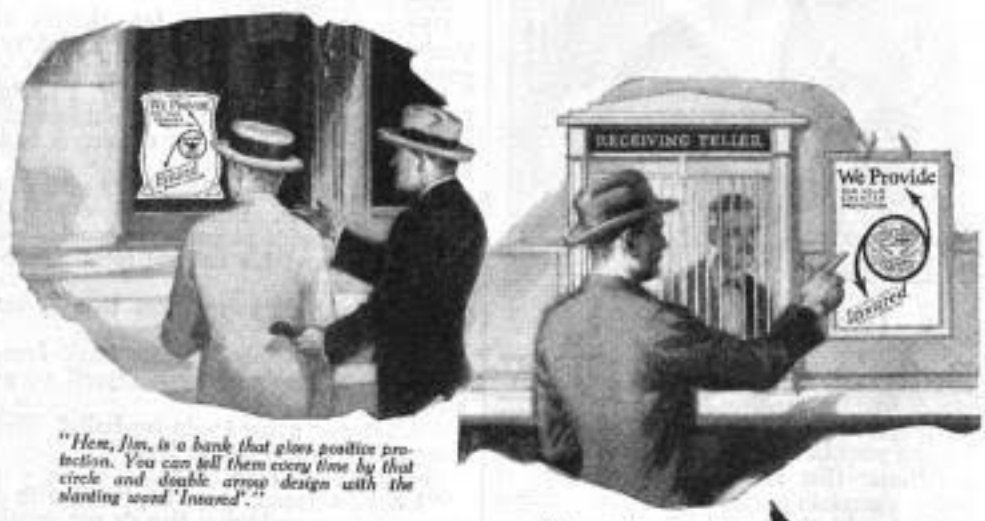
"'Thou wicked and slothful servant,'" he quoted. "But I'm glad—even if it's cruel to—to Mrs. Howland—that he's gone with the boy. Go to bed, Joe."

By church time it was known all down Poplar Street that Howland had telegraphed his wife to send his violin to an address in Chicago.

I think I saw the Truants once again in Koster and Bial's music hall when I was an undergraduate. There was an act called The Gypsy Gymnasts, in which a slim young fellow walked the slack rope while a man played airy music on the violin. Mrs. Howland divorced him for desertion in a year or two, and the ladies of Zerbetta pitied her, of course. But I seldom saw her, for she left my father's church when he preached a sermon on a text from Matthew, Chapter Twenty-five: "And I was afraid, and went and hid thy talent in the earth." I remember his voice repeating the words. I listened to the sermon for a time, thinking about the Howlands happily astray somewhere. My mother rustled nervously at last as he said, "Sometimes our pride misuses the talent left in our care. We hide it in the earth, not to keep it safe but because we are afraid it may outshine ourselves. And then we are unprofitable servants, truly, fit to be cast into outer darkness."

I think it was a little after that second when Mrs. Howland walked down the aisle. But my recollections may be wrong. It is hard to retrace steps through the gay brushwood of that adolescent forest. Sometimes I saw the roots of the lurid flowers that blossomed shockingly in open hate and woe. Mostly I remember the strong wings that burst from the tangled thickets and shot away toward an unhampered sky.

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a bank that gives
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A TWOSOME AT TUARA

(Continued from Page 7)

"Quite the contrary. A nine-hole course that will be about as sporty as one could wish. Three water hazards, jungle traps, natural bunkers—everything that is required."

"What do you want?" I says. "My application for the Tuara Country Club?"

Jem ain't listening.

"From Number Four tee there's a straight drive of three hundred and fifty yards, and ——"

"Well, you'll play by yourself," I butts in. "I may be down, but I ain't out enough to run around in this heat chasing a fool ball through the jungles."

"His majesty," says Hargis, "begins his lessons tomorrow. In a short time he will be a very passable player. He took a few shots today and his natural form is surprisingly good."

"How long do you expect to stay on this dump?"

"Forever, possibly," comes back Jem, "and I might as well keep myself occupied."

"What you going to do for balls? The few you got won't last so long."

But you can't crab his act.

"I have a dozen," says he, "and with a score of boys caddying there's not much chance of losing any of them."

The next morning Hargis gives Willieboy his first lesson out in front of our shack. Considering the weight this baby's carrying, he's not so slow. The whole tribe is out to see him wallop the pill. I had to laugh. They all looked so serious. In about an hour Willieboy is driving the ball straight as a string for a couple of hundred yards. He's a husky bird outside of his fat. His shoulders are about twice as wide as mine, and his arms are so long he can scratch his ankles without bending his knees. He ain't such a dumb head either. Hargis tips him a coupla times how to hold the clubs, to keep his feet still and his eyes on the ball, and in no time at all Willieboy is working like a clock.

"Excellent raw material," Hargis tells me. "I venture to say that in a few months he'll be playing par golf. He's a natural driver."

"A natural nut, you mean," says I. "You can take him back to England with you. He'll look great in knickers, having tea on the cricket grounds. What?"

"He could be made quite presentable." Jem don't see no jokes when he's talking golf or when he ain't.

A few days later I get up and take a walk through the village. There ain't no one in sight. Hargis ain't nowhere either. I get a little worried and start beating the island. In a little while I runs into the whole bunch about a mile away. All of 'em, men, women and children, are tearing down trees, pulling shrubbery and generally messing things up. Hargis is bossing the job.

"What's the big idea?" I says.

"Laying out the course," he explains. "In a few weeks we'll have it done. By next spring the greens ought to be in excellent shape."

"What do you mean, next spring?" I busts out. "I ain't going to hang around this dump that long, I'll tell the world."

"How, when and where are you going?" says Jem.

"I don't know," I tells him; "but if I can't think of anything else I'll rig up a sail and take a chance with the raft."

"Very interesting," said Hargis; "but his majesty tells me that the only land within a hundred miles of here is inhabited by cannibals who are particularly fond of white meat, Yankee style." Then he changes the subject. "See that clump of trees yonder?" I take a look.

"Number Six green is going to be just behind it and it will require an adroit mashie shot to get on it from here."

"Wouldn't it be hell," I sneers, "if a ship should heave in sight just when you get the course finished?"

"It would be annoying," he admits, "and I should hesitate about departing before playing over it. No, I should refuse to leave until ——"

"Squirrel food, right!" I says, and goes down to the beach to look for ships.

III

WELL, with all the natives hustling on the job, Hargis gets ahead fast with wrecking the island. The whole dump is filled with smoke from the trees they're burning down. Everybody's doing something but me, and Hargis is so dog tired when he gets in at night that we ain't got many words. He's got nothing on his mind but that golf pasture of his, and I ain't got nothing but the notion of getting off the island pronto. I'm so fed up on coconuts and goat's meat that I'm about ready to take a chance on the cannibals.

"The trouble with you," says Hargis, "is lack of interest. Why don't you take a fancy for something?"

I just grumble. Jem is all full of ideas.

"You're a prize-fight manager. Why don't you develop some of these boys?"

"Not me!" says I. "I ain't swapping wallops for fun. Besides, I'm too busy looking out for ships. How's Willieboy getting along?"

Hargis and the chief have been working out every morning.

"Wonderful!" says Jem. "Beautiful form! In a few months he'll be a Class-A player. Just has a natural instinct for the game. His drives are tremendous. A bit weak in his putting, but improving steadily. You know, we're to have our opening in the morning."

I have to hand it to him when I takes a look at the course next day. The take-offs had been made of pounded rock or coral or something, and was nice and smooth and flat. There was nine of 'em, and at the side of each was two grass baskets, one filled with water and the other with sand for the tees. There were some stumps and some low places on the fairways, but outside of that they were K. O. For flags they had red bird wings on the ends of poles. Hargis tells me that Willieboy had some loose heads around his shack that he had collected from some other tribe that he wanted to stick on the end of pikes and use for markers, but he was talked out of it.

"How do you like it?" asks Hargis.

"S.B.," says I. "Sisn't bad."

Everybody, including the goats, was there on get-away day. Willieboy shoots first and hands the pill some wallop. It looks to me like that he hit the pin.

"Excellent!" says Hargis. "I believe your majesty is on the green in one."

Then Jem takes a swipe at the ball and slices it into one of the jungles at the side of the fairway. About thirty-five kids starts hunting for it, but they don't have no luck. In about half an hour they're ready to give up. Willieboy walks into the gang and rattles off something. The kids look scared, and bore into the brush with their hands and feet and teeth and everything.

"What you tell 'em?" I asks.

"Ball no come," says he, "head she go." He makes a swipe across his throat. "Plenty boy, not so plenty ball."

He wasn't bluffing either. I could see that. Finally this gal Helluwa picks up the ball under a big leaf and hands it to Hargis. You can see the way she looks at him that she's cuckoo about him. Then I sees something that ain't so good for Hargis. One of the young fellows—Lotto, we called him; his name sounded something like that wild game—gives Jem a dirty look and I see the baby's fingers tighten around his club. I make the play right off. This lad's nuts about Helluwa and for a dime he'd bounce a bat off Hargis' dome. The first chance I get I tips him.

"Lay off the brown flapper," says I. "She's got a steady."

Jem don't make me.

I tell him what I see.

"Ridiculous!" says he. "I've hardly noticed her."

"Maybe you ain't, but she's picked you for her beau. She follows you around with them lamps of hers, and the first thing you know your head will be nailed over Lotto's door."

Hargis refuses to get het up. He and Willieboy play around the course twice. Hargis wins with an eighty-three, but the chief comes in strong with an eighty-seven.

"Excellent, your majesty!" says Jem. "I'm sure you'll turn in an eighty next time."

Willieboy is pleased to death. That night there is a grand banquet at the village. You'd 'a' thought they'd won a war or something like that the way the stuff was put on. About the end of the blow-out I see this bird Lotto sneak out of the place. I didn't think much of it at first, but later on I kinda get worried and ease my way out of the crowd. I get to our shack just in time to see Lotto run out. He's got one of them wicker baskets in his hand and is beating it hot-foot toward the jungle. I go into the house, but I don't see nothing wrong at first. The golf layout is over in the corner as usual. Just as I gets ready to beat it back I notice that the flap of the ball pocket is open. I take one look and laugh.

Lotto has swiped all the golf balls!

IV

"WELL," says I when Hargis comes in a few minutes later, "the golf season's over."

He just gives me the eyebrow lift.

"Unless," I tells him, "you know some way to make golf balls out of coconuts or fish eggs."

"What do you mean?" he says, and turns pale.

"Lotto just drifts in," I inform him casual, "and drifts out again with your whole supply in a basket."

He rushes toward the bag and I never sees an Englishman so flabbergasted.

"By this time," I says, "he's dumped 'em all in the ocean."

"We must pursue!" shouts Hargis, and runs out of the place like a wild man. I follows him.

Jem wakes up the chief and slips him the bad news. If someone had started a massacre on the island there couldn't 'a' been as much excitement. In about five minutes the whole village is shouting and yelling and beating tom-toms and thrashing the island for Lotto. I figures there'll be something doing if they catch the bird, so I trails along with the posse.

In a couple of hours it's daylight, but not a sign of the kid. It's my idea that the baby has grabbed a canoe, dumped the loot into the ocean and hit out for some other island. We're just about ready to call it a day and go back to the village when we pipes Lotto around a bend standing knee high in the water. He's still carrying the wicker basket, and Willieboy and Hargis lead a grand rush toward him. Just as we get to the beach Lotto makes a motion like he's going to dump the balls and yells something. The chief and the rest of the gang comes to a full stop. The lad in the water and Willieboy do a lot of palavering and I make it that Lotto is getting ready to heave the balls in the ocean unless the boss comes clean on something.

Willieboy is willing enough, but this Lotto is a suspicious lad. He ain't satisfied until the chief gets down on his knees, crosses his hands and looks like he's praying. Swearing to tell the truth, the whole truth and so on, I figure. After he gets up Lotto comes ashore and hands the basket of balls to Hargis. Jem takes a quick count. They're all there.

Then we finds out what all the palavering was about. Lotto wanted the chief to keep Hargis away from his skirt and to teach him golf. He gets it into his head that Helluwa will fall for him hard if he can make a mean drive or sink a thirty-foot putt.

The next morning Hargis takes the young fellow on as per promise. There is only sticks enough for two, and Willieboy, after grouching around for a few minutes, beats it. Lotto's pretty rotten, slicing and topping everything he hit, and he didn't hit so many.

In the afternoon Jem plays with Willieboy. His majesty still has his morning grouch on. He digs into the bag for a ball and picks one out with nearly the whole top torn off. He gets into a rage.

"Who do?" he asked.

"Lotto topped one," Hargis tells him.

Willieboy didn't say anything—then. They kept playing. The chief was way off form. He topped one himself and dug a hole in the ball. He and Jem nearly bawled, but the worst was yet to come. On the fourth hole Willieboy sliced one into a tree and it stuck in the branches. About six kids started climbing up after it and one of them is about to get it when one of them big red birds swoops down, grabs the ball in its beak and beats it. I guess he figures it's a hard-boiled egg. I just sat down and laughed, but Hargis is real serious.

"That only leaves ten balls," he says, "and two of the others are pretty well worn. We must conserve them."

(Continued on Page 81)

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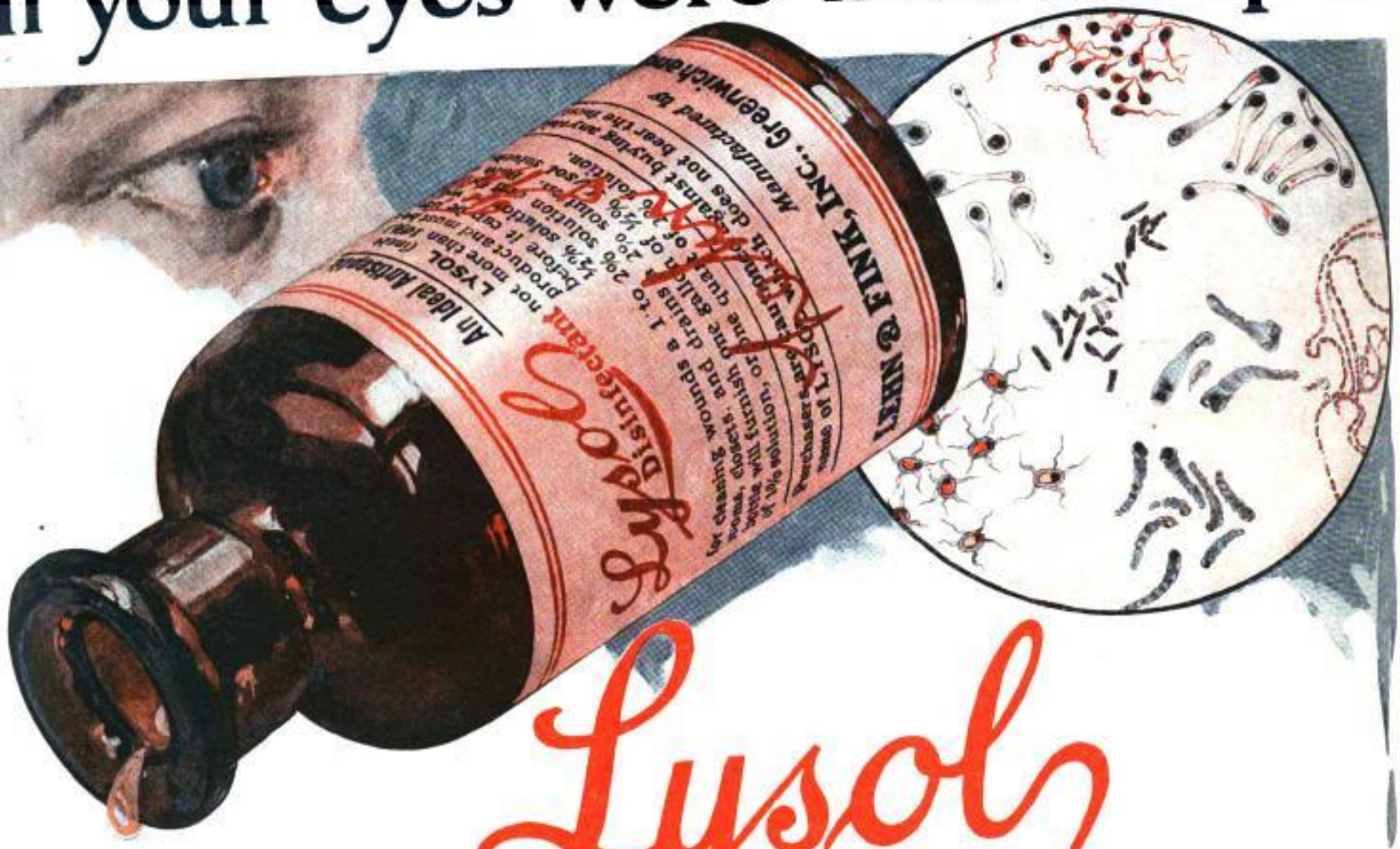
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(Continued from Page 78)

"Too many play," cuts in Willieboy.

Then he mumbles something that I don't get. It must 'a' been good, though. This gal Helluwa, who's sticking around—she never misses no games—jumps around and claps her hands.

"Too many play," says the chief again.

That don't mean nothing to me right then, but that evening I don't see Lotto about the village. I asked Willieboy.

"Him go," he says.

"Where?" I asks.

He just shrugs his shoulders. I got a suspicion.

"Did he take his head with him?"

"No use head where him go," says Willieboy.

I was kinda worried and tells Hargis about it.

"This bird don't think no more of cutting off a guy's top piece than you do of taking a bath. We'd better beat it while we're still in one chunk."

"I don't think he'll bother us," says Jem.

"You don't, eh?" I come back. "I'm not so sure. He's a nut about golf—worse than you are. He bumped off Lotto because the balls was getting scarce. What do you think he'll do when they is only a couple left? Split 'em with you?"

Hargis looks like he's thinking.

"Is the raft still down there?" he asks.

"Yeh," I says, "and it's about time to make a get-away."

Then I tells him an idea I got about rigging up a sail, but he ain't ready to beat it yet.

"I think you're unduly alarmed," he says. "Anyhow, this is the monsoon season and we haven't a chance of making land."

Well, another month goes by. Willieboy and Hargis play nearly every day, and once in a while I watch 'em. The chief's a real bearcat.

"Today he's just as good as I am," says Jem. "His drives will average fifty yards better than mine, and on the greens he's positively uncanny."

I ask him how the balls are holding out and he shakes his head.

"Not so good," says he. "We've got seven left, but only four of them are really in good shape. However, with care they ought to last for a long time yet. I've been experimenting with coconut milk."

"Making balls?"

"No, repairing them. If you let them lay in the milk for a couple of days and then take them out and harden them in the sun the cracks are tightened up a goodish bit."

For the next three or four weeks it rains off and on and they ain't much playing, but Willieboy puts the gang to work adding nine more holes to the course. By the time he gets done with the job the whole island is pretty nearly golf links. As soon as the weather settles down they begin playing every morning and afternoon to make up for lost games. In the evenings the chief drifts over to our shack to talk golf, and between him and Jem they nearly drive me nuts.

"You no play?" Willieboy says to me one night.

"Nix," I says. "I'm afraid it would go to my head."

"Maybe so," the chief comes back calm.

I don't know whether he made me or not, but I know what I'm talking about all right. They was eleven heads over Willieboy's door right after we landed, and they was twelve now. I didn't get very close to 'em, but if one of them wasn't Lotto's I'll eat a thousand coconuts right now. Slice my ball and I'll slice you was the slogan around Tuara.

At that it was funny listening to some of Willieboy's chatter. He had learned copra English from the traders. Hargis had taught him to spill golf English, including all the regulation cuss words.

"Well, chief," I would say, "how did you do today?"

"I make little birdies on Three hole. Miss easy putt on Five hole, damn! Stymie get me Seventeen, damn, hell!"

V

WE'RE on the island about six months when Willieboy shows up one night with Helluwa. She's all dolled up with a new waistband and with a red flower in her hair. She looks right neat. The chief puts his hand on Hargis' shoulder.

"You marry she, yes?"

Jem don't act surprised. He shakes his head, "No."

"No like?" asks Willieboy.

"Oh, yes," says Hargis. "I like her very much. Pretty girl, but I don't wish to be married."

That don't mean nothing to his majesty.

"I wish; she wish; you marry," and he beats it out.

I didn't like the looks in Willieboy's eyes. I could see that Hargis didn't either.

"That's what you get for teaching that cuckoo golf," says I. "What are you going to do about it?"

"I don't know," he comes back sober like; "but I'm not going to marry the lady."

"She's batty about you," I says. "You should 'a' seen that kid laugh and clap her hands when Willieboy tipped her that he was going to knock Lotto's block off. I think that gal figures you asked the chief to do it."

Then I spills something about the raft. Hargis looks real serious.

"I forgot to tell you," says he, "that I went down this morning to take a look at it. It wasn't there. It's been pulled up to the village, in back of his majesty's house. The canoes have been taken away too."

That sure got a rise outa me.

"And that isn't the worst," Jem tells me. "There's only two balls left. Willieboy suggested this afternoon that it would be a good idea to let him play by himself for a while."

"We're in a jam right," says I. "Well, there's only one thing to do: Marry the chocolate chicken or he'll bump us off for them two golf balls."

"Marry her yourself," comes back Jem real snappy.

"She's got rotten taste and wants you. She's nuts about golf champs. You'll have to do it."

"It's out of the question," says Hargis. I'm beginning to get peevish.

"You can go through the motions, can't you? You don't have to live with her."

"I have my honor," says Jem, "and I intend to preserve it."

"I got my head," I shoots back, "and I intend to keep it. I don't want it preserved. The whole mess is your fault."

He ain't got no comeback to that.

"If you hadn't made that bird crazy about golf everything would be all right," I says. "Helluwa wouldn't have fallen for you and we wouldn't be in danger of losing our conks over two secondhand golf balls. It's up to you to square things."

"Yes," admits Hargis, "I suppose it is. I'll see what is to be done."

He beats it out of the shack. Believe me, I do some worrying while Jem is away, and it don't help none when I see that the two golf balls that is left is not in the bag no more.

We ain't got any kind of a weapon, and the raft and the canoes being cached our only chance is to swim for it unless Hargis is willing to marry Helluwa, and I'm betting he isn't. In about an hour Jem comes back. They ain't no sign of encouragement in his face.

"Well," I blurts out, "do we keep our heads?"

"Perhaps," says he.

"Meaning what?" I asks.

"Meaning," he comes back, "we have a chance of our lives if I have any luck tomorrow on the links."

I don't make him.

"His majesty and I," explains Jem, "are to play eighteen holes of golf tomorrow. If I win we have the choice of taking raft or canoe, fixing up some sails and departing. If I lose I stay and marry Helluwa. You can do what you want. I suppose you'll leave."

I give him a disgusted look.

"You're a rotten supposer," says I. "I'm a sticker, kid. If we go we go together. If you have to stay here count me in. I'll pick me up a brown baby, move out in the second ward and settle down with the goats and the coconuts."

Hargis sticks out his hand.

"I rather thought you would say that."

I ain't got the clear of it all yet and asks for details.

"It's simple," says Hargis. "I appealed to his majesty's sportsmanship. He thinks he can beat me, and perhaps he can. He plays golf every bit as well as I do. I never saw anyone pick up the game so fast. If he wins he gets the balls and clubs and I get the girl. I'm convinced he would have killed me except for his daughter."

"And me too," I tells Hargis. It's a cinch Willieboy isn't going to leave any witnesses around in case a ship drops in.

"Think his promise is worth a damn?" I asks Jem.

He shrugs his shoulders.

"I do," he says, "because I have to. Our only chance of getting away is to give him the benefit of the doubt."

There's something else worrying me—Helluwa. Will she stand for Hargis beating it if he wins?

"She doesn't know anything about the bet," says he, "and I think the king's too much afraid of her to tell her."

Well, they ain't no use wondering, so we hit the hay. In the morning Hargis asks me if I'll go around the course with him.

"Sure as shooting!" I says. "I ain't going to take no chance of that gang pulling any dirty work on you. Give him the beating of his life," and I slaps him on the shoulder.

"I hope to," says Jem; "but don't forget that just now he's the champion of the South Seas. He has made the course in seventy-four, while the best I've done is seventy-six. As far as that goes, he's the champion of the world. I was before he defeated me. I must wrest the title from him."

"For Pete's sake," I yell, disgusted, "are you playing for a get-away or a medal score and a tin cup?"

"Both," says he. "I'm as much interested in regaining the championship as in escaping."

"She ain't such a bad looker," I flings at him.

He don't get it for a while.

"You're insulting," he says, and I lets it go at that.

VI

THE whole island turns out to see the championship of the world played at Tuara. Willieboy is dressed up in a new breech clout with his body all greased. Me and Helluwa are the score keepers. She carries a basket of pebbles and I got a coupla half coconut shells. We keep score by dropping a pebble in the shells for each stroke.

Willieboy starts out with a drive that goes down the tree alley straight as a string and lands right on the green. Helluwa knows what's going on right enough. She claps her hands and gives Hargis a look as if to say, "I got you, kid! Wedding bells tonight!" Jem's pretty good himself. He's serious, and you can see he's playing for blood. He makes a grand drive, too, but it don't go so far as the chief's. Well, to make a long hole short, Willieboy goes out in three. It takes Hargis four. He misses a dinky putt.

"Steady, old boy!" says I.

Helluwa is smiling all over. She figures she's as good as married already. When Willieboy grabs off the second hole she jumps and claps her hands.

Me, I start looking over the supply of chicken. I pipe one that ain't so bad and give her the eye. If I'm going tie up with one of these babies I figures I might as well get going early.

The game mosies on without a change. At the ninth hole Willieboy is still two to the good and going so great there don't seem to be no chance of catching him. Hargis don't say nothing, but goes about his business. Helluwa keeps shouting and yelling. On the tenth hole, a short pitch shot, the chief overdrives the pin. Hargis makes a two and Willieboy is only one up on him. That's all until the seventeenth, when Jem evens everything up by making a par-four hole in two.

Helluwa flies into a rage and screams and spits at Hargis. She acts so crazy that the rest of the gang begin yelling too. This kinda bothers Jem and he appeals to the chief.

"The noise disturbs me," he says. "Will you have it stopped?"

Willieboy is a good sport. He raises his mitt, spills a few words and you can hear the waves a mile away. They halve the eighteenth hole and begin all over again. On the twenty-second hole they're still even. Helluwa accidentally spills the pebbles and the game stops while I go down the beach for another supply, a coupla hundred yards away.

I climb through some bushes and what I see then knocks me cuckoo. Out in the cove is a ship at anchor. I let loose a yell and start hot-footing back to grab Hargis when I look down on the beach and see a boatful of sailors. They're American gobs. They is an officer in charge and I run down to him.

"Who are you?" he asks.

I tell him, but he don't get excited.



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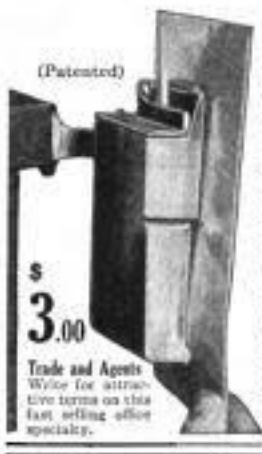
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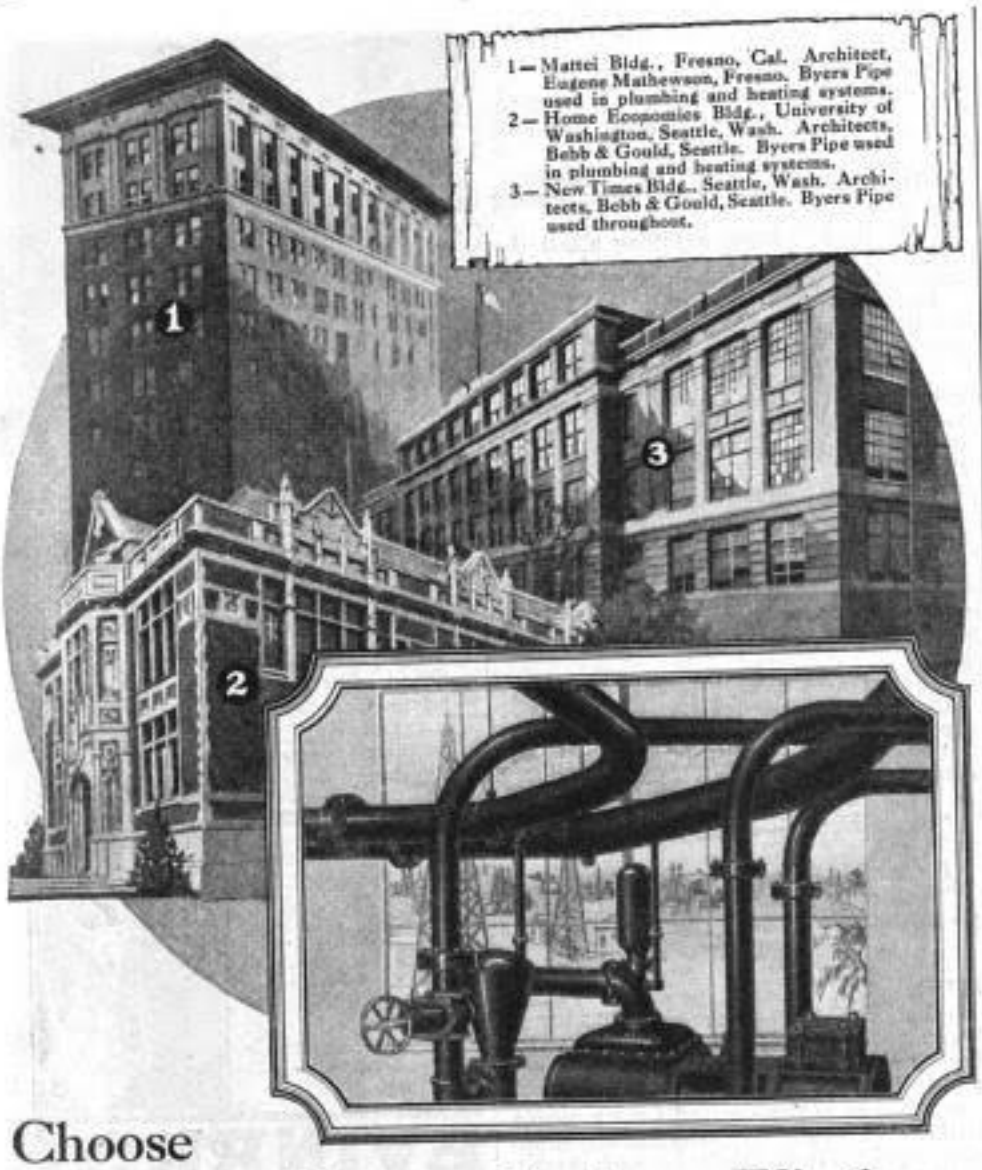
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"Is Jem Hargis on the island?" says he.

"Yeh," I tell him; "but he's busy playing golf."

The officer looks at me funny. He thinks I'm dippy.

"We've been looking for him for months at the request of the British Admirals," says he.

"Ain't nobody asked about me?" I want to know.

"I believe," he comes back, "something was said of another passenger. Are you sure Mr. Hargis is here?"

I motion and he and the lads follows. He can't make out whether I'm all nutty or just halfway.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" says he when he comes in sight of Jem and Willieboy leaning on their clubs. "What place is this, anyhow?"

"Tuara," I tells him. "This is the Tuara Country Club. Hargis laid out the course himself."

The officer walks up to Jem.

"I've been searching through these islands for you for weeks," says he.

Hargis doesn't bat an eye.

"Glad to meet you, commander," he said at last.

"Come on!" I butts in. "Let's go! What are we waiting for?"

"We must leave immediately," says this bird Holmes. "There is a storm coming and I must get out of the cove at once. Is there anything you wish to take with you?"

Willieboy, Helluwa and the rest are looking on pop-eyed all the time, but keeping their faces shut. Even the gal ain't got no words.

"I'm afraid I shall have to ask you to wait a few minutes," says Hargis. "We're even up on the twenty-second hole."

Holmes is kinda miffed. He looks up at the sky that is full of clouds and motions Jem to come on.

"A matter of honor is involved," says Hargis, "and I must ask you to wait."

The officer gets real angry.

"This is ridiculous!" he blurts out. "I can't endanger the ship for such utter nonsense."

"As you wish," says Jem. "You are not compelled to wait. Honor demands that I complete the game."

Holmes splutters.

"But you've got to come with me!" he yells.

Hargis gives him the eyebrow.

"Got to?" he says coldlike. "Am I under arrest?"

"No," mumbles the officer, "but ——"

"I'm at liberty to remain then if I wish," cuts in Jem.

"What the hell?" I hollers.

Hargis pays no attention to me. He turns to Willieboy.

"Drive, your majesty," says he.

Holmes is jumping around like a madman. It's beginning to get windy.

"I'll leave you," he yelps. "Of all the loonies in the world!" He starts away with his men.

"Just a minute!" says I.

"Come on!" I hisses in Hargis' ear.

"When I'm through!" he shoots back.

"You're through now," I says.

I pull back my arm and aim one at his jaw. It catches him at the point and he flops to the ground.

"All right, lads!" I yell to the sailors. "Grab hold!"

I give Holmes the wink and he grins. The lads pick up Hargis. He's out, cold.

Willieboy and the gang don't know what to make of the proceedings. Helluwa is the first to catch her breath and she begins yelling murder. She starts running toward us and some of the natives follow her, but only for a minute. A couple of the sailors raise their guns and they comes to a dead stop. Just as we get to the ship the monsoon busts loose. We have a devil of a time getting out of the cove, but we do.

I don't see Hargis again till an hour or so later.

"Where are my sticks?" he asks me.

Willieboy's got 'em, I tell him.

"Well," says Jem quietlike, "I suppose as champion of the world he's entitled to them, but I certainly should like to have ——"

"Helluwa," I grins.

"—— my mashie niblick," he finishes.

Sense and Nonsense

Timely Aid

AN OLD colored woman came into a Hollywood real-estate office the other day and was recognized as the tenant of a small house the value of which had become much enhanced by reason of a new studio building in that neighborhood.

"Look here, auntie, we are going to raise your rent this month," the agent remarked briskly.

"'Deed, an' Ahse glad to hear dat, sah," the old woman replied, ducking her head politely. "Mighty glad, fo' sho, case Ah des come in hyah terday ter tell yo' all dat Ah couldn't raise hit dis month."

The Captain's Title

WHEN the Prince of Wales reached Manila on his trip around the world Gen. Leonard Wood, Governor-General of the Philippines, gave a party for the prince and his company at Malacan Palace, which is the American social headquarters.

Captain the Hon. Dudley North, who was equerry in waiting to the prince, was at the party, together with the rest of the imposing staff that accompanied the imperial boy on the trip. As the dance progressed an American colonel whose duty it was to provide partners for the English, make presentations, and so on, asked North what his official connection with the party was. He was informed.

Presently this colonel brought up a most beauteous American lady and introduced her, rolling off North's title sonorously: "Captain the Honorable Dudley North, equerry in waiting to his royal highness, the Prince of Wales."

They danced, and the lady made conversation. "And how long have you been in Manila?" she asked North.

"About thirteen hours," North told her.

The lady looked at him skeptically. "Why," she said, "I thought from what the colonel who introduced me said, you must have been here a very long time."

"Why?" asked North.

"Well," said the lady, "he told me you were the keeper of the aquarium, didn't he?"

A Job for a Still Hunter

AFTER Colonel Roosevelt was shot by the fanatic at Milwaukee in the 1912 campaign the managers of Woodrow Wilson, who was making speeches about the country also, became alarmed and sent to Texas for Bill McDonald, a famous ranger, to act as bodyguard for their candidate.

Bill came and during the remainder of the campaign toted two big guns right abaft Mr. Wilson every time he made a public appearance.

Bill liked the job, and remained in touch with the men who engaged him after Mr. Wilson was elected. The Mexican situation was most difficult in the early days of the Wilson Administration, and Huerta, then President of Mexico, was the source of most of the irritation.

One day Bill and Colonel House were talking about this phase of the Mexican situation and Bill said, "Do you want that feller Huerta?"

"Why, Bill?" asked Colonel House.

"Oh, if you want him I'll go and get him for you."

"Do you mean you would go down into Mexico and get him?"

"Sure."

"Go alone?"

"Oh, no; I'd take some of the boys with me; ten or fifteen, perhaps, and we'd get him."

"Wouldn't you want any soldiers—some of the Army?"

"Not on your life!" said Bill. "I wouldn't go on no such trip as that with guys that blow a horn before they commence shootin'."

Subtle Revenge

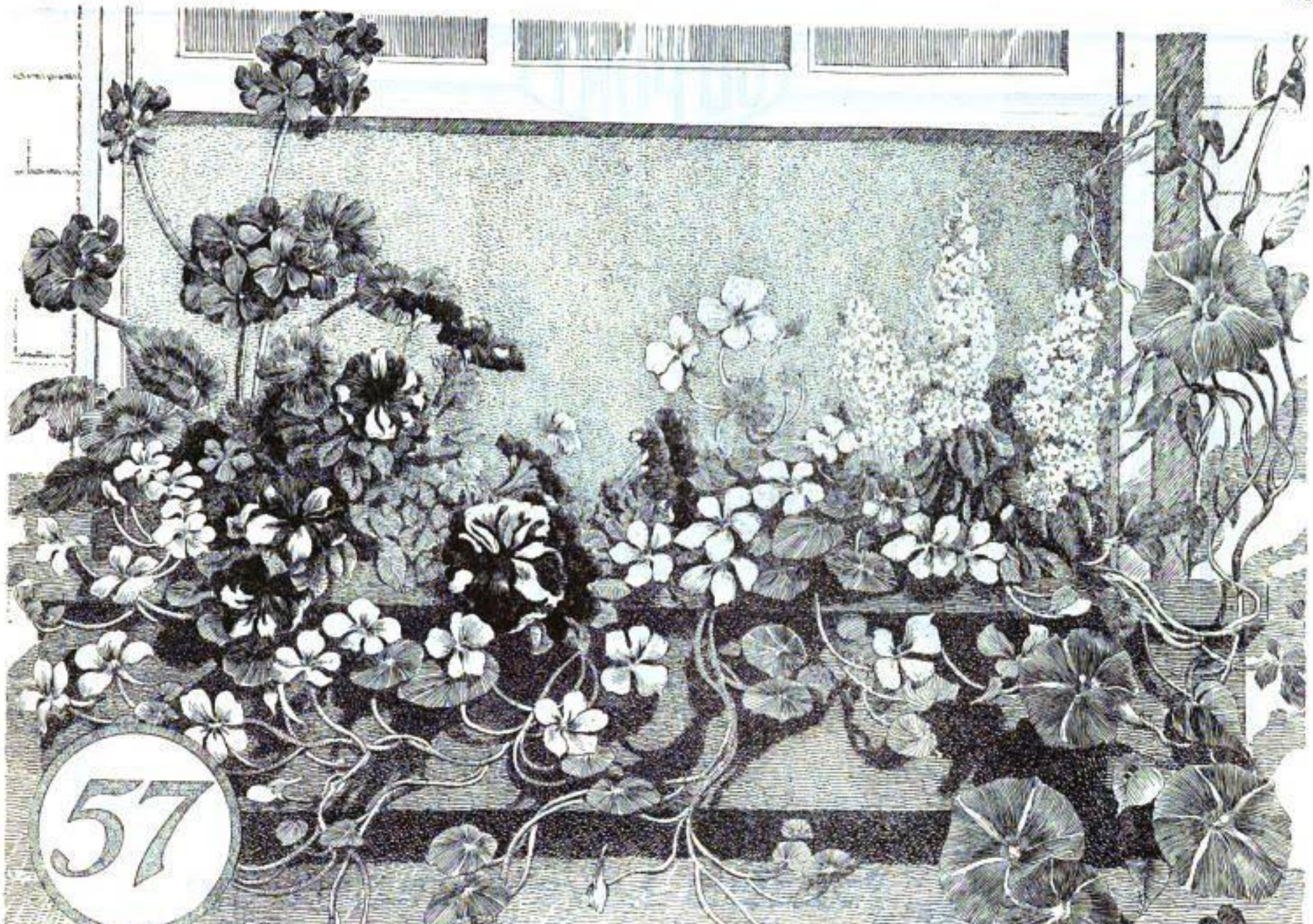
TWO colored bootblacks who have stands side by side on Hill Street in Los Angeles quarreled the other day.

"Ah'll get even wid dat guy yet," vowed the smaller of the two.

"Going to fight him, Sam?" he was asked.

"Naw! When he gets throo polishin' de nex' gent's shoes Ahse goin' ter say ter dat gent jus' as soon's he steps off de chair, 'Shine, sah, shine?'"

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A HEINZ KITCHEN IS A PLEASANT PLACE

IT IS NOT ALONE the beautiful modern buildings with their flowering window-boxes, roof gardens and sunny, spotless kitchens that have made the "Home of the 57" a pleasant place. These are merely the material aspects of an institution that stands for service, good will, good living and pleasant working conditions.

Food products reflect in one way or another the atmosphere of the place where they are made.

The hundreds of bright, happy "Heinz girls" like the atmosphere of the Heinz kitchens.

So do the men.

This means more pride and care in workmanship and closer adherence to the ideals of the Company.

This spirit that pervades the Heinz establishment comes to you in the purity, quality and good taste of Heinz 57 Varieties.

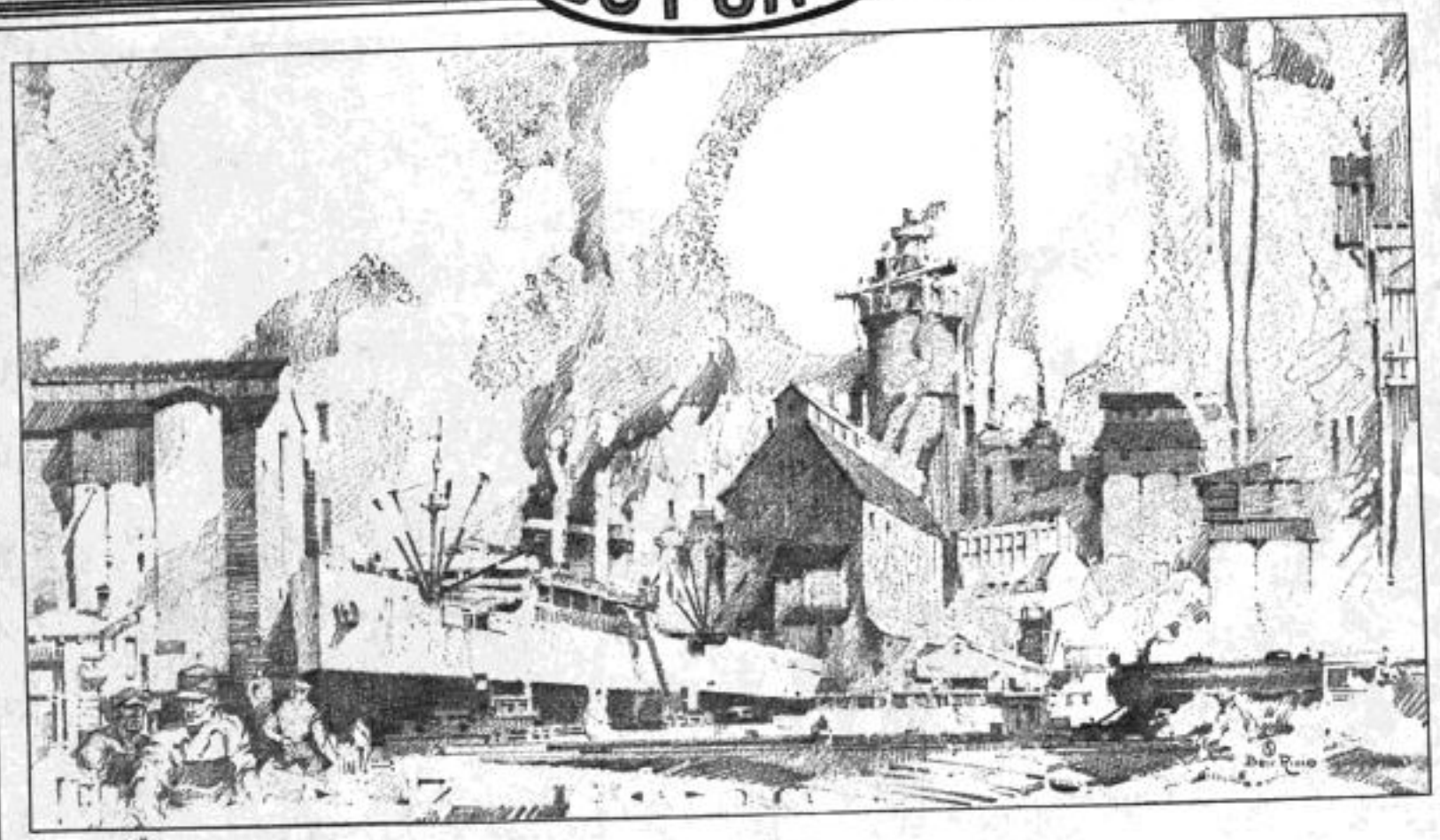
©1922 H. J. H. Co

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

57 *Varieties*

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DU PONT



His visions have crowded the highways of commerce!



A NEW figure has come into the world's commerce . . . a new personality that year by year looms larger in importance as his helping hands reach deeper into the world's essential industries. He is the Chemical Engineer . . . and truly he is a strange min- gling of abilities . . . . a coupling of the man of science with the manufac turing expert . . . a chemist who has forsaken his test tubes for the lathes and vats of the world's indus trial plants.

This is the man who, more than any other, has crowded the highways of commerce, and in the past generation made the Zulu and the Eskimo brothers in the world's market-places. For it is he who has brought to the manufacturer's assistance, in a *practical* way, the chemist's slowly-won mastery over Nature's elemental substances.

It is he who, applying chemistry's discoveries, has made available new substances, new uses for long-used substances and uses for products that once were waste, and has invented processes less costly and less wasteful . . . . It is he who has intensified the world's production, lowered costs and driven the carriers of commerce to the far corners of the earth seeking the raw materials industry needs, or carrying to market its finished goods.

* * *

HOW the Chemical Engineer has quickened the pulse of commerce is well illustrated by the history of the du Pont Company. For a century after its founding in 1802, the du Pont Company was a manufacturer of explosives . . . . nothing else.

But its founder, Eleuthère Irénée du Pont de Nemours, was himself a chemist, and the making of explosives, even in his day, called for the services of the chemist. As dynamite was invented and other high explosives came into use, increasingly higher types of chemical knowledge were needed. So it was only natural that in the early years of this century the du Pont Company came to have a very extensive chemical staff.

It was a staff of Chemical Engineers, men who knew manufacturing as well as chemistry, and so in the course of research looking to the improvement of du Pont explosives, they came upon other products alike in their chemical structure, that might be manufactured from the same or similar basic materials or by machinery and processes with which the du Pont Company was familiar.

And the results are sometimes surprising to those who look only at the products, which seem so unrelated, and do not consider the origin of these products. "For," says one, "what have dyes to do with explosives?" What indeed, except that the raw materials from which explosives are made are the same that are needed for making dyes!

So, too, for the same reason, the du Pont Company came to make Pyralin for toilet articles and numerous other things; and Fabrikoid for upholstery, luggage, book bindings and half a hundred other uses—for these products contain many of the same raw materials.

Paints and Varnishes now carry the du Pont Oval, because this field of effort is also one in which the knowledge of the Chemical Engineer can be effectively applied.

The du Pont Oval also guarantees the purity and excellence of many chemicals, some of vital importance to industry, others invaluable in modern surgery and medicine.

This is one of a series of advertisements published that the public may have a clearer understanding of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. and its products.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & COMPANY, Inc. *Wilmington, Del*

TRADE DU PONT MARK

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MRS. GIFFORD PINCHOT, HOUSEWIFE AND POLITICIAN

(Continued from Page 9)

because we are too lazy to take the time to see that good men are given the backing they need to win.

"Politics has been too largely divorced from life. The contact between the professional politician and the average citizen has become too mechanical, too much a matter of routine, and leaders have grown too widely separated from the people from whom they receive their mandates. They have lost that sense of contact and interdependence with the people upon which the vitality of democratic government must rest, and have consequently become more and more thrown upon the mercy of various groups organized for the sole purpose of obtaining certain definite advantages for themselves and ready to use their concentrated political strength to reward or punish legislators as they accede or oppose these demands.

"I believe that one of the great contributions which women can and will make to our political life is to help restore these necessary contacts between the politicians and the citizens. Already there are thousands of women organized into groups whose main purpose is to inform themselves upon political conditions; to study legislative problems as they arise; to watch their representatives and executives and see that they actually do the job for which they have been elected; to back them up when they do right; and to see to it, when they do wrong, that this fact is brought before the voters when election day comes round again and is not obscured under a mass of stereotyped platitudes about the glorious achievements of the parties of Lincoln and Jefferson.

"Women are going to be on the job politically; they are going to function continuously, not only for a few weeks before election but day in and day out, year after year, in good times and in bad. And this is a new thing in politics. I remember the astonishment in Philadelphia at the state committee headquarters when we said we wanted money to carry on the work of the committee between elections. The old type of politicians could not understand it; they genuinely could not imagine what was to be done between elections nor see why headquarters should not be closed in the interregnum as it had always been.

"During the campaign before the primaries a woman said to me, 'I'm going to vote for your husband if I vote at all—but do you really think I ought to vote?'

"I thought she must be joking, but it turned out she was in earnest.

"In justification she said a thing which seemed to me very feeble—'What can one poor little vote do?'

"I had not believed that there were still people like that in the world—who wanted the right, but were too weak and spineless to see that it can be brought about only by the concerted action of thousands of individuals, and it is not only the right but the moral duty of every voter to exercise this power of choice."

Women in Politics

She had a few words to say on women in politics.

"Women," she said, "have been told for so long that they are the sentimental sex that some of the unthinking ones have almost come to believe it. But it is not true. Women are realists. They ask only one thing of a candidate: What he has to offer, and whether he has the ability and character to deliver the goods. And one great difference between men and women in politics is, as I said before, that after a candidate has been duly elected the women keep on wanting to know if he is delivering the goods. Hitherto voters have been content to be intensively organized for a few weeks during a campaign. They have worked in spurts, and after election day was over they have been satisfied to shut up headquarters, go home and think no more of politics until the next election day. Any business enterprise run on such a basis would not last a month.

"I am not one of those who believe that women have any better contribution to make politically than have the men; it is not a question of better or worse, but of all together lending a hand. And I believe that this combination of housewife and politician will render a real service to the state. Our great problem, I repeat, is to restore vitality to the individual vote; to regain for each one of us that direct, ardent interest in government that can come to us only when we realize that government affects us intimately and deeply, and that we, in turn, can affect it. The bosses are not so much to blame as we ourselves. It is our indifference which gives them their power. Our job is to see how we are governed, to make our representative form of institutions a genuinely democratic and vital thing by using to the full every bit of power which the direct primary accords to the individual voters. What our political life really needs is religion. That is simply another way of describing the profound belief in the possibility of democracy, upon which the whole theory of our representative government rests."

This, of course, brought us directly to the question of the direct primary and its power if properly used. And here again she spoke from her own personal experience.

"Pennsylvania," she said, "has so long been accustomed to have its primaries manipulated that many of the voters have come to believe that it is a mere form—which is, of course, exactly what the bosses are trying to make of it. During the campaign I found people everywhere who hardly realized that the primary is the legal method by which the voter is given the right to choose what man or men shall be leaders of the party and carry the standard for the party in the November elections. It cannot be insisted upon too often—leaders of the party are elected in the primaries. What the primary is for is to give the individual voter the chance to decide what man shall be the candidate of his party."

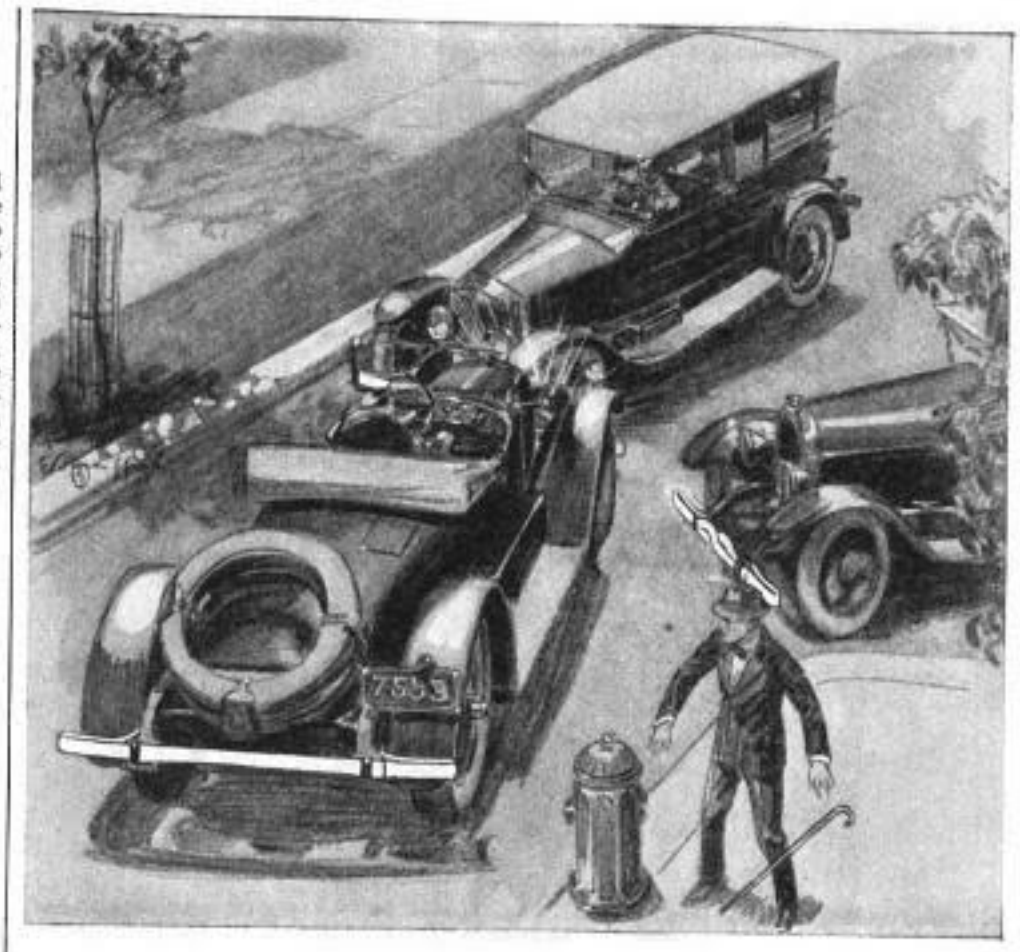
Indifference of Voters

"Agitation for the direct primary was due to the obvious fact that in a big country like ours representative government was becoming too mechanical. Representatives were getting too far away from the people they were supposed to represent, and the rank-and-file voter was in actual practice getting little more by his vote than the chance to play an automatic rôle. Too often he found himself with only the alternative of choosing between two men of straw in neither of whom he was interested; and about all he could do was dutifully to cast his vote for his party's candidate. To remedy this defect and to give the individual voter the opportunity to exercise free choice in the selection of a candidate the direct-primary laws were passed.

"Of course no political machinery is perfect or foolproof, and a direct primary cannot in itself solve all our troubles. People have to be intelligent about it, and go out and fight for what they want, and vote. There is always a certain percentage of votes which the machine can deliver for one reason or another; some are controlled by legitimate reasons, some the reverse. But one thing is certain: The percentage of votes which the bosses do control is actually very small, and what gives them their power is the indifference of the people who in thousands of cases care so little about how they are governed that they do not even take the trouble to go out and cast their votes. Take the case of the primary campaign in Pennsylvania for instance. There are three million two hundred thousand voters in the state. Of these, possibly one million, in round figures, are Democrats; the rest, two million two hundred thousand are Republicans. And yet out of those two million two hundred thousand Republicans only just over one million voted in the primary! And that in the hottest fight that the state has seen for years.

"More than half the Republicans didn't care enough to cast a vote either way. Is it any wonder that certain ideals of government for which our country was founded are endangered when faced by a negligence like that?"

It was inevitable, of course, that a sane, well-ordered, reasoning mind of this caliber should believe in organization and party



Careless Driver Cuts Corner - CRASH!

Car shoots out of side street! Driver on highway is too late to stop! A quick turn to the left—then, *crash* into the car coming in the opposite direction. But neither car is damaged. Both were Lyon-protected.

Lyon Spring Bumpers yield to every blow, like a spring. When struck, the Lyon-patented two-piece overlapping front bar and the open "looped-ends" absorb the shock completely instead of passing it on to the frame.

Lyon Spring Bumpers are guaranteed to take the full force of any blow at the rate of 15 miles an hour without injury to the car. Then, too, insurance companies grant reduced rates on Lyon-protected cars. This saving will often more than pay the cost of bumpers for *your* car.

Lyon Spring Bumpers are beautifully finished, remarkably strong and perfectly balanced. They can be quickly attached without drilling or altering the frame by the use of the Lyon-patented hook-bolt.

The Lyon trade-mark is on every genuine Lyon Spring Bumper. Accept no substitute.

Over a million in use. $10 to $25.

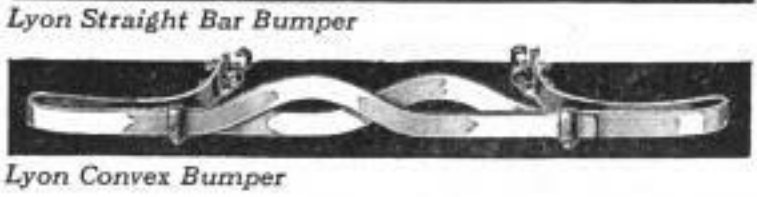
METAL STAMPING COMPANY

Long Island City New York

Canadian Licensee, B. J. Coghlin Co., Ltd., Montreal, Canada



Lyon Straight Bar Bumper



Lyon Convex Bumper

LYON RESILIENT BUMPERS

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BUDD
Michelin
STEEL WHEELS



Strength

People used to pay no particular attention to the wheels when buying a motor car. Wheels were simply—wheels. They were taken for granted.

Today it is recognized that this part of a motor car deserves more careful consideration.

Experience—often very bitter experience, too—has emphasized the folly of supporting a powerful and costly mechanism on an inferior foundation

Wheels stand between the motor car and the road. Often between the passengers and disaster. They, alone, bear the terrific shock and strain of side-swaying, whirling around corners and skidding into curbs.

Michelin Steel Wheels combine exceptional lightness, resilience and beauty with very unusual *strength*. They bring to motoring a pleasant new sense of confidence and security.

Dodge Brothers, Studebaker, Willys-Knight, Chalmers, Winton, Nash, Cleveland and Birmingham (Canada) are among those who have adopted Michelin Steel Wheels as standard or optional equipment.

BUDD WHEEL COMPANY
Philadelphia

machinery. Upon this phase of the subject she had this to say:

"I believe in the party system, and consequently in the political organization necessary to carry out the work of the party. If the World War taught us women one thing more than another it is that without organization no concerted action is possible. The conservation of food, the care of the wounded, the selling of Liberty Bonds, the marshaling of the vast industrial and civilian forces of the country behind the army and navy—all these were questions of organization. We women know perfectly well—if we give ourselves time to think—that no great political party can function without adequate machinery behind it. The organization itself is properly nothing more or less than the instrument by means of which the will of the people is brought into action and therefore it is essential, if women are to exert their full measure of influence, that they get down into the actual machinery of the party, that they become part of it. They must function from the inside if they are to have a chance to create it in their own image and according to their own ideals, and unless they do this they have no real right to criticize or object to what is being done. The so-called bad bosses who have brought discredit upon the name of politicians have done so by getting the necessary machinery of organization into their own hands, and have prostituted it to suit themselves; but in the last analysis the fault was not so much theirs as that of the voters who permitted them to do so."

Mrs. Pinchot has a saving sense of humor which helps her over the bad moments of her housewifely political career, and she displayed much wit in dealing with a certain gentleman of the machine camp, whose name shall not be mentioned here. This personage—let us disguise him by calling him Mr. Z—the bosses had honored by naming as their candidate in an effort to stem the strong tide setting toward Pinchot. Their selection of this gentleman was brusque. But they are a brusque lot, and that is putting it daintily. There had been internal points of dissension between the various machine chiefs; but they composed their private griefs and united upon a man who they were confident would not be too unpalatable to the public taste. And in the remaining hours of the last day, after they had settled upon Mr. Z, the other candidates were quietly withdrawn from the race—so quietly in fact that the candidates themselves did not know it, and one of them, at least, learned the news of his voluntary withdrawal quite accidentally from a newspaper man. There is something quite complete about that single small episode. It speaks volumes.

T. R.'s Tribute to Mr. Pinchot

After the chiefs had determined upon Mr. Z they flooded the voters with campaign literature dilating upon the virtues of their man, and they seemed to find a really enormous and mystical significance in the fact that he was good-natured and six feet four.

Upon this fact Mrs. Pinchot very justly exercised her keen woman's wit. She said in one of her speeches:

"They, the bosses, return again and again to the fact that Mr. Z is six feet four and good-natured. But I am entirely ready to believe that Mr. Z is good-natured, kind to the children, handy about the house and seventy-six inches high. Personally I might like a candidate to be less good-natured and more self-assertive, even if in so doing a few inches have to be sacrificed. Voters are told that Mr. Z is dry—as dry as the Desert of Sahara; that he has always been dry and always will remain dry; and yet we know how, in spite of his convictions, he very good-naturedly sponsored the Woner Bill, which licensed the saloons of the state.

"Mr. Z believes in women's political influence—now—and will back them up in every way; and yet he good-naturedly and with the utmost geniality blocked the bill that gave them the right to vote in 1916. One has the feeling that determination and backbone might be valuable assets in a governor. Good-natured Mr. Z might be genial and charming. Those are strictly domestic qualities and do not necessarily fit a man for public life."

All this is a very pretty wit, and it is not surprising that during the campaign in the primaries Mrs. Pinchot won golden opinions everywhere she went.

That night, at dinner, I sat beside Mr. Pinchot and we discussed Mark Twain and his vivid pictures of Nevada in the old mining days, the famous desperado, Slade, whom Twain described, the wild West and the tame West—in short, everything but politics. This is the portrait of Mrs. Pinchot, a sort of housewifely political profile, and it might seem as if her husband did not come into my picture; but he does; he does because he comes so strongly into Mrs. Pinchot's own landscape. By which I do not mean, and do not for a moment believe, that her political convictions are determined by or patterned upon those of her husband; her feeling goes deeper than that; but the two are in harmony. Mr. Pinchot hates governmental waste. He is a conservation man. Of his qualities Roosevelt wrote:

> He was counselor and assistant on most of the work connected with the internal affairs of the country. Taking into account the varied nature of the work he did, its vital importance to the nation and the fact that as regards much of it he was practically breaking new ground, and taking into account also his tireless energy and activity, his fearlessness, his complete disinterestedness, his single-minded devotion to the interests of the plain people, and his extraordinary efficiency, I believe it is but just to say that among the many, many public officials who under my Administration rendered literally invaluable service to the people of the United States, he, on the whole, stood first.

Nothing can be added to such a tribute.

I admired the noble proportions of the room in which we were dining, a fine spacious apartment paneled with huge old Dutch pictures, chiefly marines yellowed with age, the walls further embellished by various stuffed finny denizens of the deep very cunningly mounted on plaques painted to represent translucent sea waves, so that the fish, though dead as Pharaoh, seemed still alive and floating in their own native element in a kind of dreamy immortality.

Personal Impressions

"It was all her idea," said Mr. Pinchot, nodding down at his wife. "Originally this house was composed of many little cramped rooms, and the first thing my wife did was to break down the partition walls and let in light and air. In this particular room—originally two—the architects said she couldn't do it, for it involved removing partitions, beams and a central fireplace. But she did. And, of course, it's a vast improvement. She's revised and edited and altered this house practically beyond recognition."

"She didn't touch the big outer stone walls?" I queried, wondering if he saw the political symbolism in this small domestic episode.

"No," he shook his head humorously, "she has permitted them to stand. But she will never have done. As soon as one thing is finished, and I think we'll have peace, she breaks out in a fresh spot, and the hammering and revising begin anew."

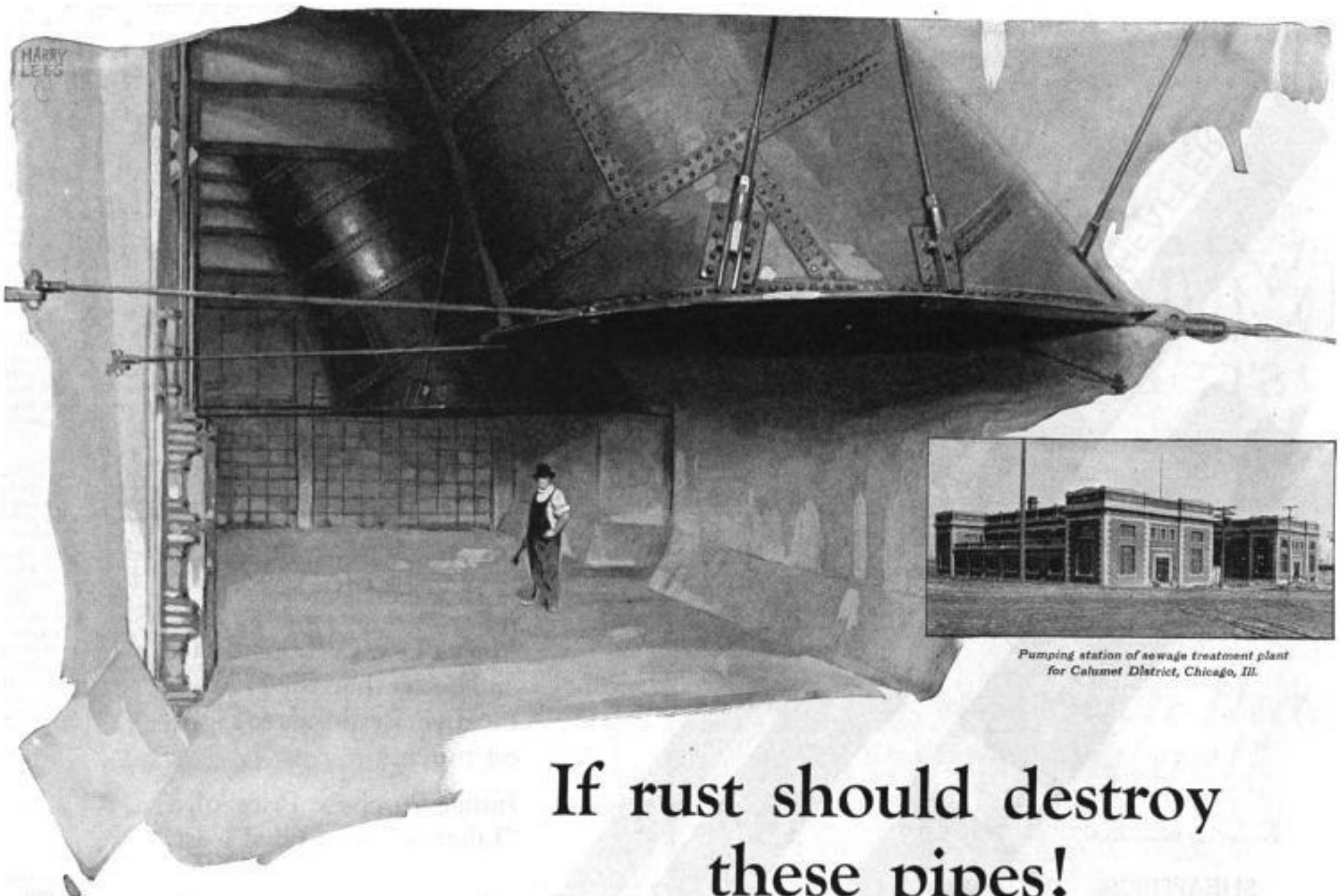
It was during dinner that I decided definitely on the title of this sketch, and on the particular placement of the two words "housewife" and "politician." I was not, you see, altogether certain before I saw the subject of this sketch that "politician" would not stand first and "housewife" come trailing behind. It does sometimes happen that way, even in the best families, I am told. But it was borne in upon me that this was not true of Cornelia Bryce Pinchot; that she did not belong to that feverish, restless, ever-questing little group of so-called advanced thinkers, whose lives when soberly scrutinized and seen near to appear as sterile and arid wastes, peopled by certain stalking phantoms of self-conceit and exaggerated egotism. It is most evident that she is not at odds with her materials in this brief interlude we call life; that she has found such stuff as dreams are made of, and found it in husband, child, home, and in tying up those simple vital relationships to that other relationship which concerns itself with the government and destinies of all the rest of us who are not her family—a relationship commonly known as politics.

That night, in the third-story nursery, overflowing with broken-down hobby-horses and worn-out toys, I jotted down a few impressions of the previous hours. I transcribe them as they stand in their first rough draft:

"This Mrs. Gifford Pinchot is a red-headed woman in the prime of her vigor and energies, and with a perfectly astonishing vitality and magnetism. A charmer.

(Continued on Page 89)

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Pumping station of sewage treatment plant for Calumet District, Chicago, Ill.

If rust should destroy these pipes!

CORROSION of these pipes would seriously interrupt their service to a great city. Therefore, they are made of "Armco" Ingot Iron. These monster discharge pipes are part of the recently completed Calumet sewage treatment plant of Chicago.

Sewage, in a large city, must be disposed of at all costs. Hence, the Calumet plant was planned large enough to provide for the city's growth until 1960. The plant cannot afford to shut down for replacements or repairs.

Therefore it was essential that only the best of materials be used in its construction—especially in the discharge pipes. For these pipes had to have a long life. They had to meet the attacks of all sorts of strong corrosives. They had to withstand the severest exposure to which a metal could be put.

Because these pipes would be tested so severely, "Armco" Ingot Iron was used in their construction.

"Armco" Ingot Iron is as pure an iron as can be made in commercial quantities. The rust-promoting impurities have been removed. This purity gives the iron a dense, uniform texture that resists rust.

For this reason "Armco" Ingot Iron is especially suitable for use in pipes, culverts, flumes, tanks, water-towers and other installations requiring a metal that will last. For additional information write to—

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL COMPANY
Middletown, Ohio

"Armco" Ingot Iron
RESISTS RUST

The trade-mark "Armco" carries the assurance that products bearing that mark are manufactured by the American Rolling Mill Company with the skill, intelligence, and fidelity associated with its products, and hence can be depended upon to possess in the highest degree the merit claimed for them. The trade-mark "Armco" is registered in the U. S. Patent Office.

ARMCO INGOT IRON
TRADE MARK
Resists Rust

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SHEAFFER'S "Lifetime"

(TRADE MARK)



Facts

Our Special Iridium Tipped Pen Point Unconditionally Guaranteed Forever.

Makes Five Carbons Easier and Better than the Hardest Lead, yet Responds to Lightest touch.

Initial Purchase Price of a "Lifetime" is its Final Cost.

Creators and Manufacturers
OF
SHEAFFER'S
"Propel—Repel—Expel"
Pencil

Model No. 8
"LIFETIME"
$8.75

Dispense with continuous buying and always have the best.

Ladies Model T-85
"LIFETIME"
$10.00

All the qualities of the larger model with the addition of the 14k Solid Gold Band. Distinctively suited for the writing requirements of the business and social woman.

Acknowledged Perfection for both Teacher and Scholar

SHEAFFER'S
PENS—PENCILS
AT THE BETTER DEALERS EVERYWHERE

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN CO.
FORT MADISON, IOWA

SERVICE STATIONS—NEW YORK—CHICAGO—SAN FRANCISCO—KANSAS CITY—DENVER

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(Continued from Page 86)

A realist. No sentimental, effusive gusher. She thinks. Probably has a number of ideas on a number of subjects which she's not disclosing to me; window shades down on that side of the house. Knows politics and women and men, and believes that all three must be brought together in order to function harmoniously. Has a strong moral bent and is keen on seeing to it that democracy is made safe for the world. Realizes that women can't turn the trick alone any more than can men. The keynote of her nature can be summed up in one word—integrity. Natural as rain. No poser. Just loves to function and to keep as many windows open to life as she possibly can. Is that her superb vitality? Hard to say; give it up."

I was about asleep by this time, it being around three A.M. and my own superb vitality needing a rest. I fell asleep wondering what the Indians would have called her if, instead of being Peter Cooper's great-granddaughter, destiny had placed her, with those coppery tresses and that bright, tireless vitality, as some chieftain's daughter in a wigwam. And when I wakened in the morning the Indian name for her was sitting up waiting for me in the foreground of my brain. I spoke it out loud—"Running Fire." That was her Indian name. That's what the big old beaked chiefs and the fat old wrinkled squaws and the stalwart young bucks and the slim Indian boys and girls would have called her had she been born an Indian maid—Running Fire.

The next morning, after a Gargantuan breakfast out on a dew-spangled lawn, with the sky made up like a coquette with white powder-puff clouds and trying archly to pretend that it had never rained buckets and pitchforks in the course of its entire career—under such benign influences we got down to the real beating heart of this whole problem of government: business costs, the thing that makes all the internal works go round. And here Mr. Pinchot managed to pry himself loose from a conference and sat in on the three-cornered discussion. But whether he spoke or she spoke or they both spoke in unison, as sometimes happened, my notes do not always reveal.

"One important thing for women to learn is that clean politics means a certain definite expenditure. It costs money to get a message over to the voters, to awaken their interest, to get them behind a program of good government, especially if the 'machine,' so called, is against it. Publicity is comparatively expensive—and publicity is the very essence of democracy. In Pennsylvania, for instance, one postal card alone to every voter in the state costs approximately eighty thousand dollars."

Campaign Contributions

"Women must learn to contribute, no matter how small the sum, for campaign funds as well as regular organization expenses, but after they have contributed there is no more important and valuable thing they can do for good government in America than to stand by and see that this money is economically and legitimately expended. There are legitimate campaign expenses and illegitimate campaign expenses, and women know as well as men that there are sinister influences often at work behind the huge campaign funds that are always unnecessary even when they are not actually evil.

"I believe in getting contributions, as far as possible, not from a small group, but from the rank and file of the voters, which will be another method of developing their interest in and sense of responsibility for the party; and above all, I believe in the fullest and most ruthless publicity—enforced by law on every smallest detail of campaign receipts and expenditures. Huge campaign expenses, raised as they have been in the past by a few big men inside the party, inevitably tend to give these donors undue influence in the party councils. Besides this there are all sorts of stereotyped campaign expenditures which have come, through long custom, to be regarded as necessary, but which I am convinced have no part in influencing the minds of the voters. For instance, in our own campaign we were told that it was absolutely necessary to have Pinchot buttons. Over and over again letters and telegrams kept coming in to the office clamoring for and demanding buttons; no campaign had apparently ever been waged without them. It was unheard of to try to do so. Now, to cover the state with Pinchot buttons alone would have meant an expenditure of ten thousand dollars. We steadily refused to do this and no one can ever make me believe that any votes were lost because of our attitude.

"Women have always been used to running their organizations on a very modest budget, and I believe their influence is going to make for a greater economy in campaign expenditures. I heard Mrs. Medill McCormick say in a speech once: 'Gentlemen, we women have a contribution to make to political life; we can organize a state campaign for what it costs you to run a municipal election, and a national campaign for less than it would cost you to organize a single state.'"

"The entire question of illegitimate expenditure," continued Mr. Pinchot, "when reduced to its final analysis, shows three main sources of leakage. First, the voters pay to have government work done—and it isn't done. Second, the voters pay to have government work done; it's necessary, important work; and it is so inefficiently done by lazy, negligent employes or those unfitted for the task that it has to be done all over again, and so the voters pay twice. Third, the voters pay when a man is appointed to a job which is a sinecure—where there's no real work to be done, but a place is made for a friend. The net result to the taxpayer of these three sources of leakage is of course an increase in the cost of government. Let's take some illustrations: An inspector put in where there is no job to inspect; tax collectors—they're a big source of improper expense, for they are paid a commission on the amount of taxes turned in, and very often their entire job may consist in reporting on a few large checks, the work of several hours, for which, being paid by a commission on the whole amount, they may often receive thousands of dollars.

"Take, for example, a manufacturing town where one man owns practically the whole place; he sends in his taxes by a single check. The tax collector in such a district has a fat job."

Avoidable Waste

"Another instance of waste: Various departments buying the same materials, variation in price up to 300 per cent, some departments paying three times as much as others; or hiring a clerk for a committee. The committee may actually need a clerk; very good—he is hired; but he is lazy, a friend of the administration; he doesn't show up, and so another has to be hired and the public pays for its service twice. Still another instance: In some states in which corrupt machines are in power the employes of certain departments, just before the elections, are told to go home and do campaigning, get votes—and their salaries go on just the same. This practice, in certain departments of machine-ridden states, has become almost an institution."

"And that," interjected Mrs. Pinchot, "is where the women will come out strong. For women are realists; they want efficiency and economy; the budget system has no terrors for them; they've spent their lives for centuries dealing with problems of expenditure and striving to make two and two stretch to five. They like to know what funds are spent for."

At this juncture the automobile arrived. The man who had been ordered to warn us exactly when the car must positively start broke in and mentioned firmly the time.

"Gracious!" cried Mrs. Pinchot. "You'll never make it! Don't stop to speak to the others. Jackson, speed! She's got to make that train!" They cried good-bys from the door.

It is reported that a hard-boiled machine boss of the opposite camp, after a chance encounter with the housewife-politician of this sketch, was so impressed by her sane clear-headedness, her most uncommon gift of common sense, and also, I doubt not, by her Running Fire charm, that he later declared: "If that Mrs. Pinchot were running for governor herself I'd vote for her all right, all right!" And friends who know both the candidate and his wife aver that the direct influence of Cornelia Bryce Pinchot upon the commonwealth of Pennsylvania will be no less than that of her husband; that the honors are easy, fifty-fifty on either side.

Well, isn't that about what we want—fifty-fifty all the way through?



"Hurry up with that coconut fudge!"

Real home-made candy with all its buttery richness is made more tempting by using Baker's fresh, ripe coconut. The coconut adds its own delicate flavor—a flavor that everybody knows and likes.

Baker's Coconut in cans is the only ready-to-use coconut in which the natural moisture is retained. All the wholesome goodness which nature stores in the coconut—the goodness of the luxuriant, tropic sunshine—comes to you in the Baker can.

THE FRANKLIN BAKER COMPANY, *Philadelphia*

A New Recipe for Coconut Fudge

3 cups sugar (preferably 1½ cups each light brown and white), 1¾ cups milk, 2 squares grated chocolate, pinch of soda. Boil (stirring constantly) until small quantity dropped in cold water forms a firm mass. Set aside until bottom of pan is cold to the touch, then add teaspoon vanilla and butter size of walnut. Beat until creamy, adding one can Baker's Coconut. Continue beating until thick, turn into a buttered pan and cut into squares before it hardens.

(If Baker's Coconut in the blue can is used, thoroughly press out the milk and add to it enough sweet milk to make 1¾ cups.)



Three Kinds

In Baker's blue can—the pure, fresh, white meat of selected coconuts grated and sealed up in the wholesome, natural coconut milk.

In Baker's yellow can—the pure, fresh, white meat of selected coconuts shredded and sweetened; sealed up while still moist with its own wholesome, natural juices.

In Baker's blue cardboard container—the dry shredded meat of selected coconuts, carefully prepared for those who still prefer the old-fashioned, sugar-cured kind.

BAKER'S COCONUT

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ALEMITE
lubricant
PURE SOLIDIFIED OIL



To load with Alemite Lubricant just place the top of the Alemite Compressor over the opening in the patented container and press down. No waste, no soiling of hands.

You May Risk $25 to Save 25c

There is no economy in using or allowing others to use "bargain-counter" lubricant on your car. Cheap "grease" often contains grit, soap and acids which destroy bearings and are almost as bad as no lubricant at all. We recommend and absolutely guarantee Alemite Lubricant. It is pure solidified oil with enough body to stay with the bearing and it is absolutely free from deleterious substances of any kind. Alemite Lubricant is packed in auto-loading containers for your convenience in filling the Alemite Compressor. Use this lubricant with the Alemite System if you lubricate your own car. Insist that the garage man use it, if he does the work for you. Sold in half-pound and five-pound containers by Alemite dealers everywhere. Also available in barrels, half-barrels and 100-lb. containers.

A Product of
THE BASSICK MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Chicago, Illinois

Alemite Products Company of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario

A GIRL WITH MONEY

(Continued from Page 11)

So now perhaps you can guess what was in Dell's mind when he went to New York, determined to get the thing over and out of the way. First he went to the bank, but found that old Amzi Allen was attending a convention of bankers in Chicago and wouldn't be back until the following week.

"I guess it's meant to be," thought Dell, a feeling of fatality taking possession of him.

He dined with himself in solitude, eating his food as though he were chewing the straw of his prison cell, and then, looking more mournful than many a condemned man, he bought a box of chocolates and rolled along Riverside Drive in a taxi until he came to a brownstone house with a griffin on each side of the steps.

Here Dell stopped the cab, and after a good long look at the moon and the stars and the other heavenly jewels of freedom he thoughtfully made his way up the steps and as thoughtfully rang the bell.

III

WITH the air of a man doing a clever bit of conjuring, the footman turned on a switch inside the entrance of a front room, and immediately a thousand lights seemed to be reflected in a thousand mirrors, each shedding its glow upon a family of furniture which looked as though it had made its money in the war and wanted everyone to know how rich it was. Dell picked out one of the most modest chairs—one with gold legs, and a coat of arms worked upon its tapestry—and had just seated himself when a step was heard in the hall, and a moment later in came Julie with the look that is generally reserved for Santa Claus.

"Why, Dell!" she said.

At her approach he had arisen, and she took both his hands and lifted her face with that impulsive gesture which says "You may kiss me if you like."

Dell shyly gave her the candy instead, but for all his shyness a rather strange reflection came to him. "Father would probably have kissed her," he thought.

Julie took her candy to one of the more important members of the royal furniture family—a sofa that slightly resembled a kneeling elephant with a howdah of gold and silk—and there she seated herself and patted the upholstery by her side.

"Come over here," she said, "and let's be comfortable. And tell me what you've been doing since I saw you last."

"Big ankles," Dell was thinking as he went over to the sofa. She was wearing a pair of shoes that were fastened across the insteps by a number of straps, and he noticed that her feet seemed to swell out in a series of puffy little bumps between these straps, as though the latter were too tight. "Well, that's all right," he tried to tell himself. "She could probably notice plenty of things about me too—puffy little bumps included—if she only half tried. And anyhow, it's a mean trick to call on a girl who's glad to see you and then begin criticizing her to yourself. I'll bet father never did that!"

"Dell, you look worried," she said.

He felt worried, too, but he didn't tell her so.

"Are you in town for long?" she asked.

"No-o-o. Not—not long."

"That's too bad. But I can hardly blame you for wanting to get back to that beautiful place of yours."

Drawing a full breath Dell took his first step into the water.

"I'm afraid that beautiful place of mine won't be mine much longer," he said.

"What do you mean?"

They looked at each other more closely then. She had grown stouter since Dell had seen her last—stouter and somehow more competent. Around the corners of her mouth was a hint of authority, and her eyes had a suspicion of something hard in their depths—the eyes of a girl who has seen too much, and heard too much, and has had her own way too long.

"I mean it was pretty badly balled up in my father's estate—and I'm afraid it will have to be sold before long."

"Oh, Dell!" said Julie in a lower voice. "I wouldn't let them sell it if I were you." She gave him a long glance, somewhat troubled, and then it might be said that she, too, took her first step into the water. "Listen," she said. "Can't I help you in some way? You know—I have heaps of money that mother left me, and I could easily lend you some. No one would ever know."

She looked at him shrewdly—or at least he imagined that she looked at him so. His glance strayed from her eyes to her hair, and although it was waved with well-nigh mechanical regularity he thought it looked damp and sticky and as though it wouldn't be pleasant to touch. On her forehead a little red spot had been covered with a dab of powder.

"Well," she asked somewhat breathlessly, "what do you say?"

"I think you're awfully kind about it, Julie—an awfully good sport. I don't know. I'll let you know within the next few days though."

"Do you know what you ought to do, Dell?" she continued, bending back and looking at him coquettishly with her head on one side, her hand on the cushion between them.

"No; tell me."

Her hand moved nearer to him, as though unconsciously following the pattern on the cushion. "You ought to marry and settle down," she said. "Really, you know, it's ridiculous for a bachelor to go on living in a place like that all by himself. Really it is, Dell."

Her voice had grown low, almost tender; and Dell seemed to feel himself slipping as though in a warm and druggy sea—a sea of damp little waves arranged with well-nigh mechanical regularity, scented with orange blossoms. "I wonder what father would do," he thought. In fact there's no telling what might have happened next if the graceful footman hadn't suddenly entered the room.

"Someone on the telephone—for Miss Schumann," he announced.

Dell didn't miss the look that Julie gave him.

"Tell them I'm not at home," she said.

"But—I beg your pardon, Miss Schumann ——"

"You've told them I'm in?"

"Yes, miss. I'm—I'm sorry."

She didn't speak aloud, but if ever a look said "Oh, you nit-wit!" it was Julie's look; and if ever an attitude expressed disdain for a great big fool of a man it was Julie's attitude when, excusing herself to Dell, she marched past the crestfallen footman, who after a moment's hesitation slowly turned and left the room with far less grace than he had entered it.

"She's boss, all right," thought Dell, and temporarily at least he made his way back to the shore and thanked his stars for being able to feel the good firm earth beneath his feet again. "Yes, I could imagine her laughing at anybody in front of the servants—and flipping her bustle, too, as she walked past them."

Other words of his father returned to him.

"'There isn't a thing in the shop that hasn't got a price on it; and whatever you take you've got to pay the price.' Perhaps that's what I'd have to pay for Julie," he thought—"play second fiddle as long as I lived. I wonder if I could—if I had to."

At least it was a question that gave him something to think about.

"I'll wait till Mr. Allen gets back from Chicago," he finally decided. "Perhaps I can persuade him to let things run on as they are for a while longer. And if he won't, well, there's always Julie—and a few days, one way or the other, isn't going to make any particular difference that I can see."

When Julie returned Dell was back on his single chair again. She gave him a look which seemed to say "I'll bet you won't stay there long," and going to one of the nobility she lifted an unexpected cover and started a phonograph.

"Fox trot," she said. "Let's go."

"But I don't know the fox trot ——"

"Isn't that nice?" she beamed. "I'll teach you."

It was thus perhaps that Cleopatra beamed on Cæsar. 'Twas thus perhaps Saint Anthony was tempted long ago.

IV

IT WAS on a Wednesday that Dell had reached New York, and Amzi Allen wasn't expected back from Chicago until the early part of the following week. And it was on Friday that Dell received the

(Continued on Page 93)

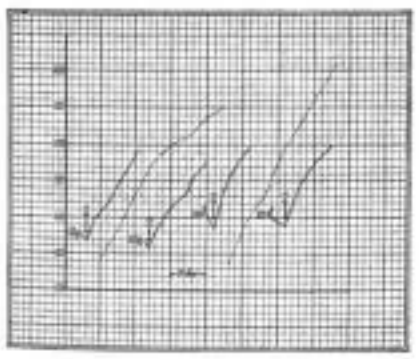
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FOUR TIMES MORE EFFECTIVE than any other food

The familiar little yeast cake now known to contain in abundance the vital element needed to release the nourishment from other foods

New experiments demonstrate the purity and strength of Fleischmann's Yeast



Remarkable feeding experiments were recently carried on under strict scientific regulations. Ninety-nine experimental white rats were fed good meals but lacking the water-soluble vitamin B. At once they began to lose weight and strength. Then Fleischmann's Yeast was added to their diet. They all ate the yeast greedily and soon reached normal weight. They maintained ideal growth and health as long as they ate Fleischmann's Yeast. You can see this on the scientist's chart. The dotted lines represent ideal growth and health—the plain heavy lines represent the growth and health of the rats when fed Fleischmann's Yeast.

No more striking testimony could be given of the wonderful qualities of Fleischmann's Yeast—a fresh food, always pure, always potent.

THE natural food that is four times more effective than any other in improving appetite and digestion! Just the familiar little yeast cake!

This is the food science has found acts like a spark plug—it makes the other foods work—sets free their energy and nourishment so that you get full benefit from what you eat.

Many actual feeding experiments with Fleischmann's Yeast have shown its value as a corrective food for both animals and man. As a result doctors and hospitals are recommending fresh yeast as an aid to all the processes of digestion—stomach and intestinal. They are prescribing it as a food which keeps the intestines active and normal.

Digestion kept strong and healthy

Thousands today are realizing that faulty eating is the cause of their digestive troubles. These people are now eating Fleischmann's Yeast daily and finding increased appetite, improved digestion, and a return of vigor.

Fleischmann's Yeast supplies abundantly the elements which increase the flow of the digestive juices and promote normal action of the liver.

Laxatives made unnecessary by this natural food

Countless numbers are now learning that laxatives are unnecessary. Of course we know they never remove the cause of the trouble, but often make it worse. They weaken the intestinal muscles. One physician says that the indiscriminate use of cathartics is probably one of the chief *causes* of sluggish intestines.

But now the problem is being solved. Fleischmann's Yeast, a natural corrective, increases the action of the intestines, keeps them healthy and regular.

There is no need for you to be a slave to laxatives. Just add this fresh food to your daily diet, and you will find that the need for laxatives gradually disappears. Be sure you get the little tin-foil package. This is the only form in which Fleischmann's Yeast for Health is sold.



Various ways of eating it

Eat 2 to 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day. You will grow fond of the distinctive taste. Nibble it plain from the cake, take it in water, milk, fruit-juices, or any liquid you like. Try it as a sandwich spread. It combines well with soups, sauces, and many familiar home dishes. You may get 6 cakes at a time if you prefer. They will keep fresh for two or three days if kept in a cool, dry place.



Send for free booklet telling you what Fleischmann's Yeast has done for others and can do for you. Use coupon, addressing THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. 617, 701 Washington Street, New York, N. Y.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY,
Dept. 617, 701 Washington Street,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me free booklet "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet."

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

is a natural corrective food

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GUARANTEED *Silk Hosiery*

GUARANTEE

OUR ABSOLUTE GUARANTEE

THE REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS GUARANTEE EVERY PAIR OF HOSIERY TO GIVE YOU ABSOLUTE SATISFACTION.

IF IN YOUR OPINION ANY PAIR OF REAL SILK FASHIONED HOSIERY DOES NOT GIVE PERFECT SATISFACTION IN EVERY WAY, OR DOES NOT GIVE YOU THE SERVICE YOU EXPECT, WE HEREBY AGREE TO REPLACE SAME ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE, PROVIDING INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE CARE OF SILK HOSIERY ARE FOLLOWED.

WE FURTHER GUARANTEE THAT EVERY PAIR OF THIS HOSIERY IS MADE OF 12-THREAD, GENUINE JAPANESE SILK WORM SILK.

THIS GUARANTEE WILL BE FOUND IN EVERY BOX OF GENUINE REAL SILK FASHIONED HOSIERY

Real Silk Hosiery Mills, Inc.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

GUARANTEE

(Actual photographic reproduction of Guarantee in every box of Real Silk Fashioned Hosiery)

A GUARANTEE of quality is the real proof of the service you are going to get.

Have you ever before bought silk hosiery *knowing in advance* that you are going to be absolutely satisfied?

Such a guarantee on *silk hosiery* will astound you; but the unusual and unvarying quality of Real Silk Fashioned Hosiery makes this guarantee possible.

Millions of satisfied customers have created so great a demand for our product that we have been forced to increase our capacity to 60,000 pairs daily

—our mills are running day and night.



Open the door to the Real Silk Representative

REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS INDIANAPOLIS REAL SILK FROM MILL TO MILLIONS TRADE MARK

For your protection every authorized Real Silk Representative wears this button on his lapel. This seal signifies silk stocking service.

REAL SILK

FASHIONED HOSIERY

NEVER SOLD IN RETAIL STORES



REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS, *Indianapolis, Indiana*

Branches in all principal cities

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Watch for our important announcement in next week's Saturday Evening Post.

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(Continued from Page 90)

fateful night telegram from South Marleigh—a wire that had been sent to Rocky Beach and forwarded by Hutchins under a special-delivery stamp. The telegram read:

Your attempted excuses useless, though expected. Any man who would run away from an accident would try to prevaricate out of it. Unless you personally appear here this week, apologize and settle, vigorous proceedings will be instituted against you, both civil and criminal. This warning is final. S. WARNER,
10 Putnam Avenue.

"Absolutely crazy," thought Dell, frowning. "Does he think that those who shout the loudest mean the most?"

At first he decided to ignore it, but there was an exasperating prickling in the Warner telegram that finally got under his skin. He went to the telegraph desk at his hotel and composed a number of answers, his irritability rising at each attempt, but the one he liked the best was this:

I have nothing to add to my letter. If you start any sort of proceedings against me I shall start lunacy proceedings against you.
D. A. PARSONS.

He read it over and was wondering whether it was worth the trouble to send it when the operator chanced to look up and hold out her hand for the message.

"Send this—collect, please," said Dell.

That trick of sending it collect pleased him. Once when he woke in the night he thought about it and beamed to himself quite contentedly before he turned over in the darkness and went to sleep again.

The next day, Saturday, was one of those days on which poets write their masterpieces, and while Dell was having his breakfast he decided to get his car out of the garage and go for a ride.

"There's a good drive up the Albany Post Road," he thought, "then across the Hudson at Newburgh and back to the city by way of Tuxedo. And there's a nice run along the north shore of Long Island. Or—yes! Wait a minute! I wonder where South Marleigh is. I'd like to see that town, and especially the house where Mr. Warner lives! What an awfully good story it would make if Number Ten should turn out to be a sanitarium—and Mr. Warner happens to be a nut!"

At first he thought he would take Julie with him.

"Time enough for that, though," he told himself with just the least suspicion of a frown. Later he was glad he hadn't taken her, for at Litchfield, bouncing into an unseen water hole, he broke one of his rear springs. It was six o'clock before the nearest garage had made the repair and Dell was ready to continue his journey.

"I wonder if I'd better start back," he thought. "It's going to be dark before long. Same time, I'm so near to the place now that it seems a shame to go back without seeing it."

It was the next signboard that decided him. Among the other towns painted upon it was South Marleigh, and Dell hailed the name as though he had just met a friend in a far country.

"Sure, I'll go and have a look at it," he cheerfully told himself. "Number Ten, Putnam Avenue. When they see my car go past they'll little dream that I'm the boy who sent the telegram—collect."

At that he laughed aloud—the idea tickled him so—and five minutes later when he drove past a sign "You are now in the borough of South Marleigh. Drive Slow and See Our Town. Drive Fast and See Our Jail," Dell felt a warm, winy feeling running through him, and hadn't enjoyed himself so much for many a day.

It was a picturesque village, perched on the side of Mount Kahdena, its principal street bordered with a double line of elms and flanked with houses of the old colonial style, some of which had the square chimneys of a hundred years ago. And yet, by those signs which are clearer perhaps to the stranger than to the native, Dell caught a general sense of genteel poverty—a poverty reflected by many of the houses being in need of paint, the sidewalks unflagged, the church with some of the shingles missing from its steeple.

"Pretty, just the same," he thought, and catching a view between two of the houses he stopped his car and sat there longer than he knew, drinking in the panorama that lay below him. "Darned pretty," he sighed to himself at last.

A boy on a bicycle drew near, riding on the sidewalk and evidently trying to see how slowly he could do it. Dell asked him where Putnam Avenue was, and found that he had simply to turn down the next street and would find his destination at the bottom of the hill.

"Soon be there then," he thought as he made the indicated turn. "Let's see. This must be Putnam Avenue at the bottom of the hill, and I must keep my eye open for Number Ten. Confound it now, I wonder which way I ought to turn!"

To understand his problem you have only to picture to yourself the figure of an inverted T. Dell was riding down the stem of the T, and the crosspiece was Putnam Avenue. If Number Ten was to the right of the corner he wanted to turn that way; otherwise, to the left. At the bottom of the hill there were three houses in sight on Putnam Avenue, and Dell was straining his eyes on these to such an extent, trying to see the numbers on the doors, that he didn't notice that the hill down which he was riding suddenly took a much steeper dip and that his car was rolling down the incline faster and faster every moment. If there had been room enough he might have stopped it, but you must remember that he was near the bottom of the hill, and that he had to make a sharp right-angle turn with his car going nearly forty miles an hour and the curve banked on the wrong side of the road.

"Good night!" he suddenly gasped to himself when he saw that he couldn't swing in time. "I've got to take the fence!"

Fortunately it was a wooden fence, and the moment that Dell perceived that part of it had been newly repaired and painted a great light burst upon him.

"Yes!" he thought, pulling on the emergency brake with all his might. "And there's the fountain—with the girl's arm broken off! And there's the porch that hasn't been mended yet! It's Number Ten—it's there on the door—and here I go!"

There was a tearing splintering crash as the car went through the fence—a list to starboard that just managed to graze the statue and knock it off its perch—and then, like a battleship ramming its enemy, the car crashed into the veranda and sent its rotten wood flying in all directions as though a charge of dynamite had been let loose beneath it. One of the posts, smartly cracking forward, came down through the windshield, and though Dell tried to dodge it, it caught him over the head as neatly as though it were a blackjack in the hands of a highwayman.

"Hello!" thought Dell thickly, trying to throw off the confusion of impressions that had suddenly fallen upon him. "Is this—is this going to knock me out?"

Staring ahead of him, his hands clutched around the wheel, his teeth biting his tongue, he became conscious of the grim-faced woman who appeared in the doorway.

"This one isn't going to get away, Sibyl!" she seemed to be shouting through a roar of sound. "Bring me the big scissors, quick, so I can let the air out of his tires; and then run and get Mr. Manion just as fast as you can run!"

Dell tried to speak, but found he was making no sound. One last thought kept him straight for a few moments longer.

"Wait till she sees my number. Good night, baby! Going to the war."

At that he slowly slumped, his hands and his thoughts together slipping off the steering wheel, his spark plugs skipping, the lights growing dim, his motor all but stopping in the dark.

v

WHEN Dell began to notice things again he found that he was in a bedroom—a pleasant old-fashioned room with yellow wall paper and old mahogany furniture, and a little woven rug in front of each chair, and a larger one in front of the dresser, and a larger one still by the side of the bed. On the walls were a number of small pictures, some of them daguerreotypes, one showing a little girl wearing pleated pantalets, and another a dignified young gentleman who had more whiskers than most old men can grow nowadays, and who held in his hand a silk hat that was almost as long as a modern length of stovepipe. Which shows again how we have deteriorated of late years.

At the windows of this room were chintz curtains framing the same delectable view that Dell had seen from the street above, just before he had started down to visit Putnam Avenue. The bed on which he was lying had four fluted posts with puritanical



Let Winter Come!

Announcing the Big Step Forward in Heating

THE most startling invention in home heating ever placed before the American people is announced herewith. For small or moderate sized houses, especially those without cellars, whether new or old, for bungalows, farm houses, stores, garages, etc., the 'RadiO' Hot Water Radiator is:—

1. **The most economical in fuel consumption. (Smoke and gases are drawn into the fire and consumed.)**
2. **The most effective generator and distributor of uniform heat. (Supplies all the rooms with steady, healthful, hot-water heat.)**
3. **The simplest to operate and attend to. (Automatic fuel-feed relieves housewife of necessity of frequent firing. Burns hard coal, soft coal, coke—even wood.)**
4. **The most attractive and the most adaptable to the furnishing scheme of the modern home. (The open grate gives to the modest home the luxurious appearance of an open fireplace.)**

This Marvelous Heater

a. Gives to *every room* in the house its full share of hot-water heat—*at less cost than heating one room with a stove.*

b. Is a hot-water radiator, and open fire combined, easily installed (in any room having a chimney), and connected by small piping to ordinary hot-water radiators in adjoining rooms.

c. Has a fuel reservoir which holds the fuel for long periods, burns hard or soft coal, coke or wood, and feeds the fuel downward automatically into the fire, insuring a steady temperature of 70 degrees in all the rooms and relieving the housewife from the drudgery of frequent firing.

d. Is constructed on the downward draft principle of combustion, which means that all the smoke and the gases from the combustion chamber are consumed, thus assuring the greatest possible fuel-economy and absorption of heat units as well as the elimination of all smoke and coal gas nuisance.

e. Has an open hearth effect—a feature possessed by no other heater of its kind. Installed between bookcases or in an open fireplace, the 'RadiO' is as ornamental as it is practical.

f. Is priced within the means of all.

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A 'RadiO' Booklet Free

An illustrated booklet telling important facts about 'RadiO' Radiators, and the five sizes in which they come, will be sent you free of charge upon receipt of the attached coupon. Ask us any questions you wish about the necessary installation for your house, and send in the coupon at once! It is important!

To purchase a heater now without knowing the 'RadiO' would be to ignore the newest, most practical and most improved heater for the bungalow, farm or cottage home.



Fuel feeds automatically into the fire. "Downdraft" prevents escape of heat units in smoke and gases.

S. E. P.

MAIL THIS COUPON

CENTRAL RADIATOR COMPANY,
41 East 42nd Street, New York City

Please send me a free copy of your 'RadiO' booklet.

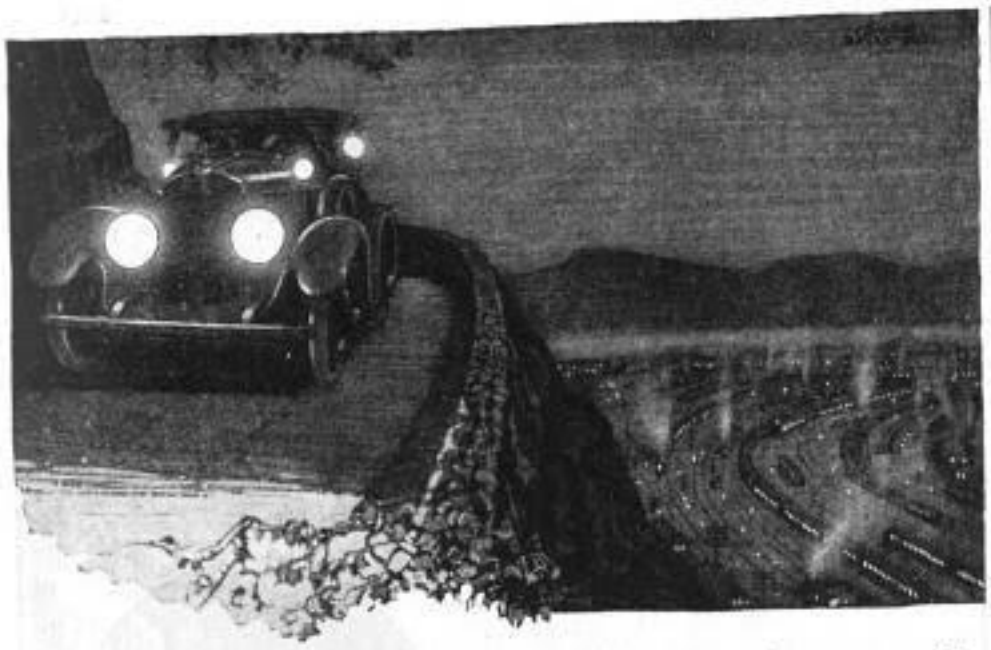
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Westinghouse Batteries must make good!

The organization which has given the world the air brake and automatic railway signals cannot afford to disappoint you with a mediocre product, a half-way service or an ambiguous guarantee. Two battery designs—one quality:

WESTINGHOUSE STANDARD—The best battery Westinghouse can build! A type and size for every car. Oversize design. Quality constructed. Guaranteed—not only as to minimum months of service, but in terms of absolute satisfaction.

WESTINGHOUSE "WUBCO" SPECIAL—For the lighter weight cars. Same quality as Westinghouse Standard, but designed to sell at a lower price. Rubber case. The best battery you can buy for the money!

WESTINGHOUSE UNION BATTERY CO., Swissvale, Pa.

WESTINGHOUSE
BATTERIES



pineapples on the tops of the posts to take the place of the four apostles; and by the side of this bed, looking thoughtfully out of the window at the moment when Dell opened his eyes, was a girl in a blue-check gingham. Her eyes were blue, too—which may or may not have been artful of her—and her cheeks had something in them that reminded Dell of two slices of the first strawberry shortcake of the season. There was nothing confectionery about her eyes, though. They were deep, almost brooding, and when Dell first saw her she was looking through the window as though she were seeing visions, and was more disturbed than pleased with what she saw. Dell closed his eyes again and began to study this thing out.

"How is he now, Sibyl?" sounded a grim voice from downstairs.

Dimly then the whole thing began to come back to Dell—the car crashing through the fence, the toppling monument, the veranda pillar that snapped off short and caught him on the head.

"He's about the same, aunty," said the girl in the blue gingham.

"Hasn't come to yet?"

There was a moment's silence and something—something that would need a Conan Doyle to explain it properly—told Dell that Sibyl was looking at him, and wasn't looking in any hostile manner either.

"No; not yet," she said.

"Well, straighten up his room as quickly as you can, and come down here," said the grim voice from below. "I'm expecting Mr. Manion, and I want to get this parlor dusted before he comes."

He heard her moving around the room, humming to herself in the distance; and then she evidently drew nearer, for her humming sounded very near at hand. He was about to open one eye—just the merest fraction of an inch in order to see what she was doing—when he suddenly felt the cool friction of a damp towel upon his face.

"Momma must get her baby ready for company," she murmured to herself. "He's a very bad baby, but he's a pretty baby, and when Mr. Manion comes upstairs to see him, momma wants him to look nice."

"Great Scott! She's playing doll with me," thought Dell, keeping his eyes closed only with the greatest difficulty. "I wonder how long I've been here!"

"He's a funny little baby, but he's toot," murmured Sibyl. "He's got a funny little beard on his funny little chin, but he's just too tunning! Bzz-zzz-zzz!" Lightly, ever so lightly, he felt her finger tips running over his chin. "There. Now good-by, baby. Momma has to run away; she has her work to do."

The moment he heard her going down the stairs Dell's hand was on his chin. Yes, there could be no doubt about it; there was a fine young stubble there.

"Why, I must have been here for days!" he exclaimed to himself. When he tried to turn over he found that his ribs were bandaged, and when he touched the adhesive around his forehead he fairly winced with the pain. "I must have pulled my head back when I saw that post coming, and caught it on the forehead instead," he thought. "But talk about returning good for evil—the way they have taken me in here and looked after me, when I had nearly knocked their house down!"

At that his conscience began to stir at the telegram which he had sent collect from New York, and then his scalp began to tingle when he thought of how they must have stared at each other when they saw the number of his car.

"Of course they'll swear now that I was the one who did it before," he uneasily told himself, "and I'll never be able to convince them that I didn't, but —— Hello, that's the doorbell. Probably Mr. Manion coming to see the baby."

His head had begun to throb, and he closed his eyes to try to shut out some of the sparks that were floating in front of them. And so he lay when two pairs of footsteps climbed the stairs, one heavy and the other light, but the latter no less determined than the heavy pair. Tandem fashion, the heavy ones in the lead, these footsteps entered Dell's room and advanced to the side of the bed.

"Not a very engaging-looking character," said a man's voice. It was one of those voices which are sometimes known as fruity—a throaty, public voice, well-oiled and in good working order.

"Must be Mr. Manion," thought Dell, and was about to open his eyes when the fruity voice spoke again.

"A bad-shaped mouth," it continued. "A criminal's chin if ever there was one in this world—ah!"

It may have been the surprise of the terminal "ah!" which first caused Dell to forget to open his eyes. "Might as well hear it all," he thought then, and went on playing 'possum. This was, of course, a dangerous thing to do; we all know that listeners never hear any good of themselves.

"In fact," continued Mr. Manion, "I wouldn't be surprised if there was a reward out for him. Safe-cracking. Burglary. Something of that kind. As soon as he begins to get his strength back he must certainly be moved from here."

Dell was pleased then that he had kept his eyes shut.

"Oh, I don't know, Robert," said a woman's voice doubtfully—the grim voice which Dell had heard from downstairs a few minutes before. "Do you know, I've been wondering lately if he's quite right in his mind—coming and doing the same thing twice?" Her tone took on a worried quaver. "Now suppose at that trial he should plead insanity, would I get anything then for the damage he has caused me?"

"You certainly would," said Mr. Manion promptly. "You leave it to me, Susan. *Non compos mentis* is no defense in a case like this—ah! Never has been. Never will be. He was all right when he caused the damage—that's our contention—that's the only point that concerns us. At the very moment, mind you—*posterior hoc*, or *in extremis*, as the case may be. And with the attachments which I have already levied upon his automobile, together with the accessories thereto, you need have no fear whatever but that I shall make him pay—and pay right square up to the handle—for all the damage he has caused you!"

"Both times?"

"Both times. Beyond a doubt—or at least beyond a reasonable, a legal doubt. I have already prepared a separate summons for each occasion. And why two summonses, you may ask? Ha! In order to double the costs! You leave it to me, Susan. In consideration of his second offense I shall ask five thousand dollars' bail on the criminal charge. Perhaps ten. Then there's the letter he sent you. If I can trap him into swearing to the truth of that letter I'll have him up for perjury. As quick as that!" Snap! "And the telegram. Practically accusing you of insanity. Those are the things that weigh with the judge and the jury. You leave it to me, Susan. You leave it to me, and I'll teach this—I'll teach this insolent young puppy whether he can come into our peaceful village whenever the spirit urges him, and destroy our property and insult our womenkind with impunity—ah!"

"And his board here? You'll not forget that?"

There was a slight pause and then Aunt Susan added, "You know, Robert, every penny counts with me now—since—since I've been left alone."

"You leave it to me, Susan. You leave it all to me."

"I always have," said Aunt Susan in a gentler voice. "You know that, Robert."

"Well—you haven't been sorry for it, have you?"

There was a moment's silence, and then they moved away. Carefully opening his eyes Dell caught sight of them over the foot of the bed. He could see only their heads and shoulders, but he could see enough. Aunt Susan, at least for the moment, wasn't so old as Dell had thought she was. Mr. Manion was tall and thin—one of those sourish smilers whose age is hard to guess—thin-nosed, thin-lipped, and with something of the rooster in him, his bangs brushed up over his forehead like a comb, the same quick way of turning his head, the same quick glance of the eye. But what interested Dell more than anything else was the fact that Mr. Manion had his arms around Aunt Susan, and that Aunt Susan's head was resting on his shoulder.

"Do you know, Robert," Aunt Susan was half saying, half sighing, "we've had to wait so long—that at times I'm almost doubtful—whether we'll ever get married in this world—or have to wait till the next?"

"No, no," said Mr. Manion, hurriedly patting her shoulder. "It's all right, Susan. You leave it all to me."

(Continued on Page 97)

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$2000. IN PRIZES

for a name to replace "Silvore"



196 Prizes Offered—First Prize, Value, $300

One hundred and ninety-six prizes are offered for a new name to replace "Silvore." In value, $2,000. The first prize is valued at $300.00, the second $200.00 and the third $100.00. $1,500.00 in prizes will be divided among the next 193 winners.

You can probably win one of these prizes. We want everybody to try—that is why we have offered such valuable prizes. You may make your own selection.

The following will tell you the reason why "Silvore" was originally chosen and the reason for making the change. The conditions are simple and easy; read this announcement through and our reasons why "Silvore" was chosen, what "Silvore" is, and then write us a letter telling us your choice of the new name. Do this now, before you forget.



Why "Silvore" Was Chosen

THE Seymour Manufacturing Company, for over 44 years producers of German Silver (called during the war Liberty Silver and now Nickel Silver), believed that the public neither understood the composition of this metal nor its various qualities and, therefore, by reason of its lack of knowledge, was susceptible to imposition.

It was further believed that by the adoption of a name descriptive of its properties and by the standardization of the quality of the metal marketed under that name, the public would be given proper protection.

The name selected (Silvore) was thereupon nationally advertised by the Seymour Manufacturing Company for several months, when its attention was directed by representatives of the industries most interested, (namely) jewelry and silverware, to the fact that this word was so similar phonetically to that of a precious metal as to make its use a danger rather than a safeguard to the public.

The Seymour Manufacturing Company now invites the public to suggest a suitable name—one that will protect public, dealer and manufacturer.

The Metal

Nickel Silver is an alloy of Nickel, Copper and Zinc (Spelter), the color and wearing qualities being dependent upon the percentage of Nickel therein and on the purity of the basic metals.

If cheaply compounded, deficient in Nickel and carelessly produced, it is but a few degrees removed from ordinary brass.

When containing not less than 10% of Nickel and compounded of the finest quality of Copper and Zinc (Spelter) it becomes a most dependable base for silver plated ware, being similar to the precious metal Silver in weight, texture and appearance. The metal Silver is largely used for plating on this base.

The metal marketed under the name which is finally accepted, will be guaranteed to *contain not less than 10%* of pure Nickel and to be painstakingly produced from the purest brands of Lake Copper and refined Zinc (Spelter).

The Prize Offer

The prizes for the contest will be 196 in number. In merchandise value they will aggregate $2,000. All the valuable ones will be silver plated articles, on a nickel silver base, made by our foremost American manufacturers of silver plated ware, and the first 6 prizes, ranging in value from $100 to $300, will be beautiful sets of flat or hollow-ware.

Successful contestants may make their own selections of this ware, as it is not our intention to specify brands. The following list of manufacturers whose products are eligible for selection is offered for consideration:

Gorham Manufacturing Company
Oneida Community, Ltd.
S. L. & G. H. Rogers Company
Ontario Silver Company
McGlashan-Clarke Company, Ltd.
Franklin Silver Plate Co.
International Silver Company
R. Wallace & Sons Mfg. Company
Canadian Wm. A. Rogers, Ltd.
Alvin Silver Co.
Williams Bros. Mfg. Company
Albert Pick & Company
Van Bergh Silver Plate Company
Fairpoint Corporation
Benedict Manufacturing Company
Mulholland Bros., Inc.
Knickerbocker Silver Company
Jennings Silver Company
Middletown Silver Company
Homan Manufacturing Company
Colonial Silver Company
The Waldlich Bros. Mfg. Company
Wm. A. Rogers, Ltd.

List of Prizes

No.		*Value*	*Total Value*
1	1st	$300.	$300.
2	2nd	200.	400.
3	3rd	100.	300.
5	4th	50.	250.
5	5th	30.	150.
10	6th	20.	200.
20	7th	10.	200.
20	8th	5.	100.
40	9th	2.50	100.
100	10th	1.	100.

Conditions

The conditions imposed upon contestants are simple. They involve merely the choice of a suitable name and the writing of a short letter, not exceeding 100 words in length, explaining the reasons for the choice.

The name chosen—

1. Should not be descriptive of, nor synonymous with, nor a colorable imitation of, the name of any precious metal.
2. Should begin with the letter "S."
3. Should be short and euphoneous, such as "Steronic."

Special Note:

While the winning of a prize depends not only upon the value of the name suggested but, to an equal degree, upon the letter accompanying the suggestion, it shall be within the powers of the judges to select any name they may deem entitled to an award, irrespective of the accompanying letter. They shall likewise be empowered to award a prize for any letter irrespective of the name submitted. Any letter thus chosen shall entitle its author to an extra prize, amounting in value to $10.00.

In the event of a tie for any prize offered, the full value of the prize tied for will be awarded each tying contestant; but a tie shall not exist if more than one person submits the name adjudged best unless the accompanying letters be adjudged of equal excellence.

Executives of the Seymour Manufacturing Company or Evans & Barnhill, Inc., shall not be eligible to a prize.

The Judges

As judges for the contest, the following gentlemen, outstanding in their respective realms of business, have courteously consented to serve:

G. H. Wilcox, President of the International Silver Company.
L. Wayland Smith, Treas. Oneida Community, Ltd.
E. H. Hufnagel, President of the American National Retail Jewelers' Association.
G. H. Niemeyer, President of the National Jewelers Board of Trade.
A. W. Erickson, President of the American Association of Advertising Agencies.

Note these Directions

You are limited to one suggestion, which should be printed plainly upon the coupon, along with your name and address, although the use of the coupon for the purpose is not obligatory. The letter explaining your reasons for selecting this name should be legibly written on one side of a sheet of paper and must not exceed 100 words in length. For information slips, giving details as to the metal, etc., apply to your jeweler. Replies must be received by the Seymour Manufacturing Company on or before September 15th, 1922.

Mail This Coupon

SEYMOUR MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
Seymour, Conn. Lock Box No. 451.

I suggest the following name for your metal which was formerly called "Silvore."

S_____

Name _____

Street & No. _____

City or Town _____

State _____

WHAT THE JEWELERS' ASSOCIATION SAYS:

The Seymour Manufacturing Company,
Seymour, Connecticut.
Gentlemen:

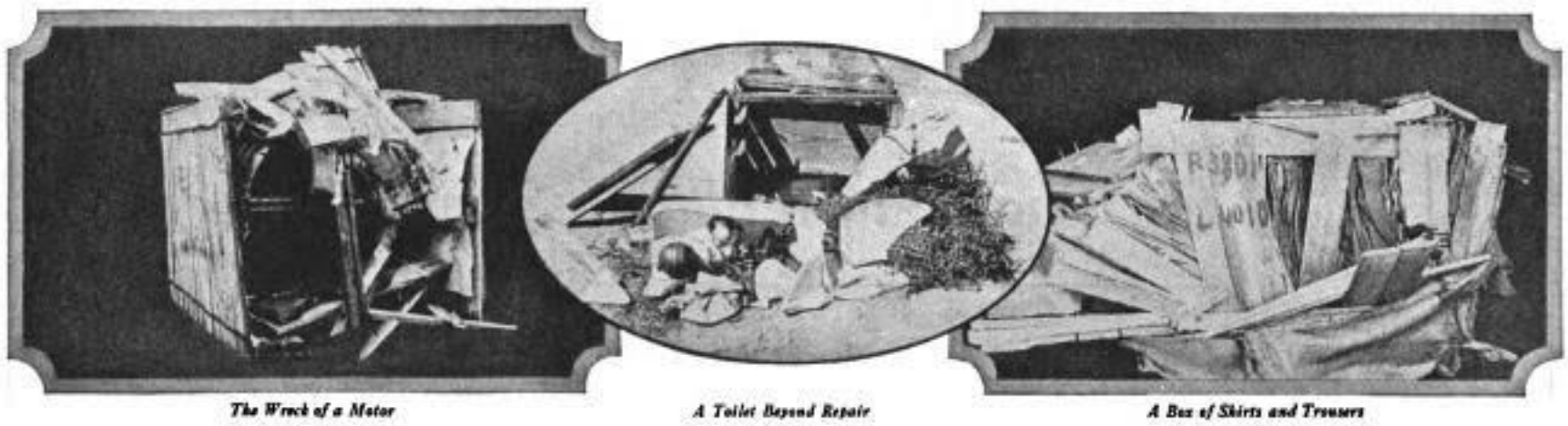
As representatives of a number of jewelry trade organizations actively working in the interest of the good of our industry, we desire to express our sincere appreciation of your voluntary decision to discontinue the use of the name "Silvore" which you had adopted for a certain metal that you produce. You advise us that after careful investigation, you are convinced the majority of the sentiments of the jewelry and silverware trades were apprehensive that this term "Silvore" might be used by unscrupulous dealers for misleading purposes, and this action on your part to change such a name helps to establish a precedent which should be of great assistance to us in our desire to protect the public against possible deception in the sale of jewelry and silver plated ware.

Therefore, it is the earnest desire of the undersigned and the associations which they represent, that the motives and spirit which prompted so fine an action by your company be thoroughly known and appreciated by the trade as a whole and by the public it serves.

Yours very truly,
JEWELERS' VIGILANCE COMMITTEE, Inc.
(Signed) Harry C. Larter, Chairman
GOOD & WELFARE COMMITTEE, NATIONAL JEWELERS BOARD OF TRADE
(Signed) P. J. Coffey, Chairman
STERLING SILVERWARE MANUFACTURERS' ASS'N
(Signed) Charles W. Harman, President

SEYMOUR MANUFACTURING CO., Seymour, Conn.

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The Wreck of a Motor *A Toilet Beyond Repair* *A Box of Shirts and Trousers*

MUTE TESTIMONY ON THE NEED OF BETTER PACKING

The pictures above are three of a number of pictures sent to us by a superintendent of construction in Chile. In his letter he says:

"I read your advertisement on good packing in the May 6th issue of the Saturday Evening Post and I am taking the liberty of writing you to say that if the American shipper could take one look inside of a South American import customs house your business would equal the operations of the fabled Paul Bunyon of logging camp fame.

"To substantiate your statement concerning 'good packing, bad packing, and then American packing,' I am enclosing a number of pictures of packing of the third category which I hope will be of use to you.

"These pictures are of American goods that were received by the ——— Co. of ———, Chile, during their construction program."

"Accounts Unpaid—Waiting Adjustment"

SOMEWHERE a hundred or a thousand miles away a customer gets a shipment damaged in transit. He writes to you.

You blame the railroad. The railroads blame your packing. Your salesman gets into the argument. The credit and collection man winds up with a file of correspondence.

This all costs a lot of money—and good-will.

Nobody can afford it.

The railroads pay out a hundred million dollars a year shipment-damages.

What must the total cost be to American business as a whole?

ENGINEERING science has come to the rescue. Applied to practical crate construction—the results of the research, discoveries, experiments, conducted over a period of years by the U.S. Forest Products Laboratories, the Weyerhaeuser organization, the railroads, and many big shippers.

Proper crate construction does not so much depend upon the amount of lumber used as the way in which the crate is built.

One manufacturer saves 350,000 feet of lumber in a single year. Another reduces shipping weight 30 pounds per machine. Another 28%, 30% and 50% in lumber on three different types of crate. Already the redesigning of crates is saving thousands of dollars every month.

Such manufacturers are finding, too, that the elimination of damage claims and the delivery of goods in uniformly better condition, speeds up collections and increases sales.



THE illustration opposite shows a Style 4 box with several features of bad construction. Note how the cleats, F and G, extend above and below the top and bottom surfaces. You can see how easily they can be torn off in handling and by the shifting of freight in transit. The illustration also shows poor nailing of cleats and side boards. Too few nails have been used, they are all on a line, and the nails on the side boards are driven into the *end* grain of the lumber. Such faults are by no means uncommon.

THE illustration below shows a Style 4 box properly made. The cleats are protected by being cut so they do not reach the top and bottom surfaces, and are properly nailed. The side boards, C, D and E, lap the cleats and so permit nailing into the *edge* grain of the lumber. The end of the box is made of only two boards, enabling breaking of joints between boards on end and side. Scientific construction, plus a few nails, makes this box vastly stronger than the one above.



Make Every Month Perfect Package Month

WE are now offering to industrial users of crating lumber the services of a practical crating engineer.

Without cost to you, we will send this man to your plant, to check up your crates, and with the co-operation of your shipping department to redesign your shipping containers to fit in each case the products to be packed.

Lumber is the standard material for shipping containers. For this purpose, this organization offers to factory and industrial buyers, from its fifteen distributing points, ten different kinds of lumber of uniform quality and in quantities adequate to any shipper's needs.

A BOOKLET, "Better Crating," which outlines the principles of crate construction and explains the personal service of Weyerhaeuser engineers, will be sent on request to any manufacturer who uses crating lumber.

Weyerhaeuser Forest Products are distributed through the established trade channels by the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company, Spokane, Washington, with branch offices at 208 So. La Salle Street, Chicago; 1015 Lexington Bldg., Baltimore; and 4th and Robert Sts., St. Paul; and with representatives throughout the country.

WEYERHAEUSER FOREST PRODUCTS

SAINT PAUL • MINNESOTA

Producers of Douglas Fir, Pacific Coast Hemlock, Washington Red Cedar and Cedar Shingles on the Pacific Coast; Idaho White Pine, Western Soft Pine, Red Fir and Larch in the Inland Empire; Northern White Pine and Norway Pine in the Lake States

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(Continued from Page 94)

Dell couldn't help noticing that he held her rather loosely, though; and that he looked more tired than pleased at having his fiancée's head upon his shoulder.

"You'll stay to dinner?" she asked.

"Well, yes-s-s," he said, as though considering. "I think I can."

"I'll hurry down, then, and make you a raisin pie." At that she kissed him. Robert received it on the cheek as though it weren't much in the way of entertainment, and when she started for the door he didn't follow her.

"Aren't you coming?" she asked.

"No-o," he said. "I think I'll stay a while and watch this customer here and—er—you might send Sibyl up with a pitcher of fresh water, if it wouldn't be too much trouble."

Aunt Susan went, and Dell noticed that Mr. Manion stood staring at the door with a frown as long as her footsteps were heard on the stairs. But then with a brisk manner he turned to the dresser, and after rearranging his tie he picked up a comb and began putting a very fine feather in his bangs. Dell didn't quite understand this at first, but all at once he saw the point.

"The double-dealing old flirt!" he thought. "He's primping up for Sibyl! The wicked old rascal! If he shouldn't be kicked for this!"

Sibyl, you may remember, had called Dell her baby; and there are very few men who are as jealous of their mothers as a very young son can be.

VI

A LIGHTER step now sounded on the stairs and a moment later Sibyl appeared with the pitcher of water.

"Well, well, well!" said Mr. Manion. "And how's my little lamb today?"

"All right," said the little lamb, coldly enough.

"If you're only feeling half as good as you look ——"

"Look out," said Sibyl, "you'll make me spill the water."

"Give me the pitcher then. I'll put it down."

He put it on the dresser with one hand, but with the other he held tight to his little lamb.

"You let me go!" said Sibyl, pulling away.

"No, no. I've only just got you. Why should I let you go so soon?"

"I'll call for aunty."

"It wouldn't pay you, my dear. She'd never forgive you—for stealing my affections, you know."

"I haven't stolen your old affections!" said Sibyl, still struggling to free her hand.

"Oh, yes, you have. And I'm going to prove it to you."

"How can you prove what isn't true?"

"I'll show you."

"No, you won't!"

"Yes, I will!"

It was at this point that Dell suddenly shouted—a cross between a scream, a groan and a roar of displeasure—a noble sound that brought the two in the room up standing. But it wasn't for them that Dell was shouting. His eyes now tightly closed, he sounded his note of alarm again and again, and was presently rewarded by hearing Aunt Susan come running into the room.

"For mercy's sake, what's the matter?" she cried.

"Oh, oh!" groaned Dell, opening his eyes at last and looking at Aunt Susan. "I've just had a nightmare—a dreadful nightmare!" He half arose and pointed a sepulchral finger. "I—I dreamed that he was trying to kiss her!"

The throw was too unexpected for Mr. Manion to duck it.

Aunt Susan looked at him, saw the dark and confession of his guilt, and stalked to the door.

"Robert!" she said.

Mr. Manion paused for a moment in indecision, but finally he did what man has done since time immemorial. He searched his mind for a little soft soap, and then he went to try to smooth over the lady.

VII

IN SPITE of the bandages around his forehead and ribs Dell lived a golden week for the next seven days; and as you have probably guessed, the alchemist who performed this miracle talked neither in sour nor bass. Indeed she didn't even [illegible] taking

"Listen," she whispered once that afternoon. "Did you—did you really dream it—or did you see him?"

"Well, let's say that I dreamed it," said Dell, smiling.

"I wonder!"

"You wonder? Why should you doubt it?"

"I don't know," said Sibyl at last with a helpless little gesture. "I suppose that's the worst of telling stories. When you once begin it nobody knows whether to believe you or not."

"Do you want me to tell you the truth?" asked Dell.

"Yes!"

"Always?"

"Ye-e-s."

"All right then. I saw him. And a few minutes before that I saw him kissing—someone else."

"He's engaged to aunty," said Sibyl.

"So I gathered," said Dell dryly.

"They've been engaged for a long time."

"Then why doesn't he marry her and let you alone? Your aunt's willing, isn't she?"

"Yes, aunty's willing, but—oh, well, maybe I'll tell you—sometime."

There was something in this provisional promise of the future that pleased Dell, though it would have been hard to tell you why, and if the bandages around his ribs had served the same purpose as the sheepskin over the shell of a drum Sibyl would have heard a gently crescending "Boom—boom—boom!"

"And now you've promised always to tell me the truth," she continued, "why did you send that awful letter and telegram to aunty?"

"I thought S. Warner was a man," Dell quickly interrupted. "It never occurred to me for a moment that it was a woman!"

"No matter who it was, why did you write like that after you had knocked our fence over and broken the porch the first time?"

"But I didn't do it the first time."

She gave him a hurt little look, and if her nose had been loose it would have tossed in the air, turned a somersault and have returned to its original place in her features, much as a somersaulting buckwheat cake returns to its place in the pan.

"It isn't a bit of use," she finally told him. "Three different people saw the number on your car, and one of them was Mrs. Salisbury herself."

"Mrs. Salisbury herself? Who's she?"

"She's the judge's wife."

"The judge's wife? You mean the judge who's going to try me?"

"Yes."

Dell whistled, and then moved by the earnestness of the two blue eyes that were on him he briefly told Sibyl just how it happened that he did it the second time, but not the first.

"It sounds true," she thoughtfully acknowledged, "the way you tell it. But I'm sure that nobody else will believe you—especially Mr. Manion and Aunt Susan. You see—Aunt Susan—well, she's awfully poor. We all are, here. She does dressmaking, and things like that, and she had to go into debt nearly a hundred dollars to repair the damage which you—which you or somebody else," she hastily amended—"did the first time."

She wasn't in the room much longer, but as long as she was there Dell's eyes never left her once.

"She believes me," he thought. "I'm sure she does. Yes, and she's prettier than I thought she was—graceful—sweet—like a bud of something—either an apple blossom or a rose. And she doesn't look wise—that's the best of it—she doesn't look as though she's heard all the old army jokes, the way most girls look nowadays. Yes, sir, she's a perfect innocent little beauty, and I'm going to tell her so, too, before I'm many days older."

A somewhat disturbing doubt arose to bother him.

"I wonder if this is a bit of father working in me," he asked himself.

He thought it over for a minute or two, but at last he shook his head.

"No," he reflected. "I—I hardly think so. He told me to let them all alone except one—and for all I know, this may be the one."

As for Julie, the idea of marrying Julie had temporarily grown remote. There was time enough to think of that.

The next day Dell and Sibyl had another go at the question of damages.

"Look here," he said. "I've been think- [illegible] will tell me from the

In Tampa, Fla.—Cuesta Rey & Co. Havana Cigars, have used Baker-Vawter office systems and equipment since 1902.



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We serve and sell direct Our own offices in 52 cities
In Canada—Copeland Chatterson Ltd. Brampton, Ontario

Originators and Manufacturers Loose Leaf and Filing Equipment

"The Tie of a Thousand Knots"

BERKLEY KNIT

The Berkley Label identifies the genuine Berkley Knits



Berkley Knits Are All The Go!

BERKLEY Knits are the aristocrats of neckwear! They are masterpieces of weaving, the perfection of patterning and the last word in snappy colorings. Each effect is a glad treat to the eye. The wonderful durability and shape-holding virtues of Berkley Knits make them the most economical scarfs you can buy.

The new designs are beautiful and exclusive. Merchants who carry Berkley Knits can be depended upon for the quality of their merchandise and the integrity of their values.

Berkley Knitting Company
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Cleveland

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bottom of your heart that you know I didn't do it I'll pay for the damage that was done the first time, and never mind who did it."

"But you'll have to tell aunty you did it."

"Why? As long as she gets the money what difference does it make who did it?"

"Oh, but it makes a difference to Aunt Susan! You've no idea how proud she is. You think she'd take anything as a sort of charity like that? I—guess—not!"

Dell didn't think much of it.

"And besides, you've got to apologize yet for that letter and telegram—especially the telegram. It came on the phone to the people next door, and they've got a party wire, and Aunt Susan doesn't like them, and everybody was laughing about it before night. It—it's pretty serious now, I can tell you."

Indeed she looked so sorry for him that the drum started up again, and Dell watched her in silence for a time as she worked around the room. "A bit of father again, maybe," he uneasily told himself. Her hair, he thought, seemed to have flecks of gold in it here and there; and her eyebrows, sloping down slightly toward the top of her nose, made Dell think how wonderful she would look in a Japanese costume, posed as Pitti-Sing and standing pensively against a cherry tree in full bloom.

"And she could easily get both her feet in one of my shoes," he told himself, "and I'll bet there isn't a nicer, neater pair of ankles anywhere on earth." To which he added a rather strange and slowly phrased reflection: "No, sir; you'd never catch her laughing at anybody in front of the servants; or flipping her little bustle as she walked past either!"

A few mornings later, his bedroom door open, he heard Aunt Susan scolding Sibyl downstairs. At least it began with a scolding, but Sibyl's aunt was one of those women who set themselves on fire with their own eloquence, and her remarks soon took the form of a dressing down that would have shaved the knots off a telephone pole.

"Be quiet!" Dell muttered once, and a few minutes later, more indignantly, he raised his voice and exclaimed, "You let that girl alone!" Even then he knew very well that he wouldn't be heard downstairs, but he was getting his steam up, and almost anything might have happened if Aunt Susan hadn't suddenly banged herself out of the back door while Sibyl came upstairs to straighten Dell's room.

"My, but she's a Tartar when she's started!" said Dell.

"Poor Aunt Sue!" said Sibyl softly.

Dell had expected to see her looking mutinous, possibly sulky, and certainly somewhat flustered. But she didn't. Her face was rather grave, it is true, and perhaps there was a little more cream on the strawberry shortcake than usual; but so far as expression was concerned her eyes reflected pity rather than wrath, and the corners of her mouth denoted gentle resignation more than red flags and revolutions.

"Poor Aunt Sue?" repeated Dell. "Why? What's the matter with her?"

Sibyl first gave him that glance which says, "I'm going to tell you something," and then she looked cautiously out of the window into the garden below. Evidently reassured she came closer to Dell and seated herself on the foot of the bed.

"It's Mr. Manion," she began. "She—she worries about him so."

"He's a nice one for anybody to worry about!" said Dell.

"Yes, I know. But you see—well—aunty's getting on, and I'm afraid that Mr. Manion is her very last chance."

"They're engaged, though; aren't they?"

"Yes," scoffed Sibyl. "Been engaged for nearly twenty years! Isn't that awful? But aunty was keeping house for grandfather and didn't like to leave him, and everybody thought that grandfather was rich, and Mr. Manion—well, Mr. Manion has the name of being fond of money. And when grandfather died two years ago and everybody found out that through unlucky investments he had lost everything he had ——"

"Then Mr. Manion began to get cold feet. Is that it?"

"Yes," nodded Sibyl, pensively looking out of the window. "I'm 'fraid that's it."

Dell looked at her for a while, afraid to speak again for fear of disturbing the picture. The pure profile of her face was silhouetted against the mahogany of the highboy and reminded him of one of Raphael's Madonnas, her eyes deep and brooding as he had first seen them, her lips slightly parted, one of her hands curled—an unconscious object of beauty—in her lap. Quietly then she turned to Dell.

"I'd hate a man, myself, who only married for money, wouldn't you?" she asked.

Dell looked into her eyes. "He wouldn't be much of a man," said he.

"He wouldn't!" said Sibyl, tossing her head.

"Imagine a man going to his wife whenever he needed a little money!"

"No real man would do it," she warmly told him.

"Of course he wouldn't. Imagine how a man would feel when everybody gets to know that it's his wife who signs the checks and pays the bills."

"I should think he'd feel cheap."

"Cheap's the right word for it. Or what would you think of a man who was in a hole financially, and just married a girl with money in order to tide himself over?"

"I'd hate to tell you what I'd think of him!" she cried, more warmly than before.

"So would I. A poor man who marries a rich woman is going to get all that's coming to him."

"And deserves it too."

"You bet he does. I know, myself, I'm poor enough for anybody ——"

"So am I!"

"And I wouldn't marry a girl with money; no—not if she got down on her knees and begged!"

As you can see, Dell was strangely excited, but Sibyl didn't seem to notice it. Having exhausted the rich-wife question they talked of other things—what Dell's house looked like, what Sibyl liked for breakfast, whether the world was nicest at sunrise or sunset, what Sibyl would say if she ever caught Aunt Susan smoking a cigarette, what Aunt Sue would say if she ever caught Sibyl!

"A regular little chum," thought Dell. "A regular little queen. Now if Julie was only like that!" But Julie was as Julie was. Curiously enough, just as Dell was thinking this, Sibyl began to laugh. Dell thought her laughter was the sweetest music he had ever heard. "She's got me going, I guess," he thought with a rising sense of excitement. "Everything she does seems wonderful. I never felt this way about a girl before." And then came Banquo to his feast. "I wonder if that's how father used to be." He shook that off, however, and aloud he asked, "What are you laughing at, Sibyl?"

"I often laugh about it," she said, her eyes dancing. "You remember the first time you spoke in this room—how you told Aunt Sue you had a nightmare—that you dreamed you saw Mr. Manion—trying to kiss me?"

"Yes, I remember."

"Well, this is the thing that makes me laugh." At that her eyes didn't dance quite so quickly, and seating herself again she thoughtfully began smoothing the counterpane where it fell over the edge of the bed. "Ha, ha!" she suddenly laughed, as though to give herself courage. "Ha, ha, ha!" And then she hurriedly added, "Do you really think it would be a nightmare—ha, ha, ha!—for anybody to try to kiss me?"

How it happened Dell couldn't have told you. Perhaps their hands just chanced to find each other.

"A nightmare?" he asked. "No; I think it would be heaven."

"Don't!" she whispered, trying to draw her hand away.

"Please!" he murmured.

"No; you mustn't."

"Yes, I shall!"

But still she held away from him, though she was smiling, and from under her lashes she was giving him that look which every young man will some day see if he loves a good girl—that look which says "I like you. You know I like you. Perhaps later I might even love you. But there's a time for everything, you know; and I hardly think the time has come for this yet, do you?"

"Sibyl!" he said, and wondered if she heard it, so loudly beat the drum. But trust any girl for missing a syllable of anything said at a time like that!

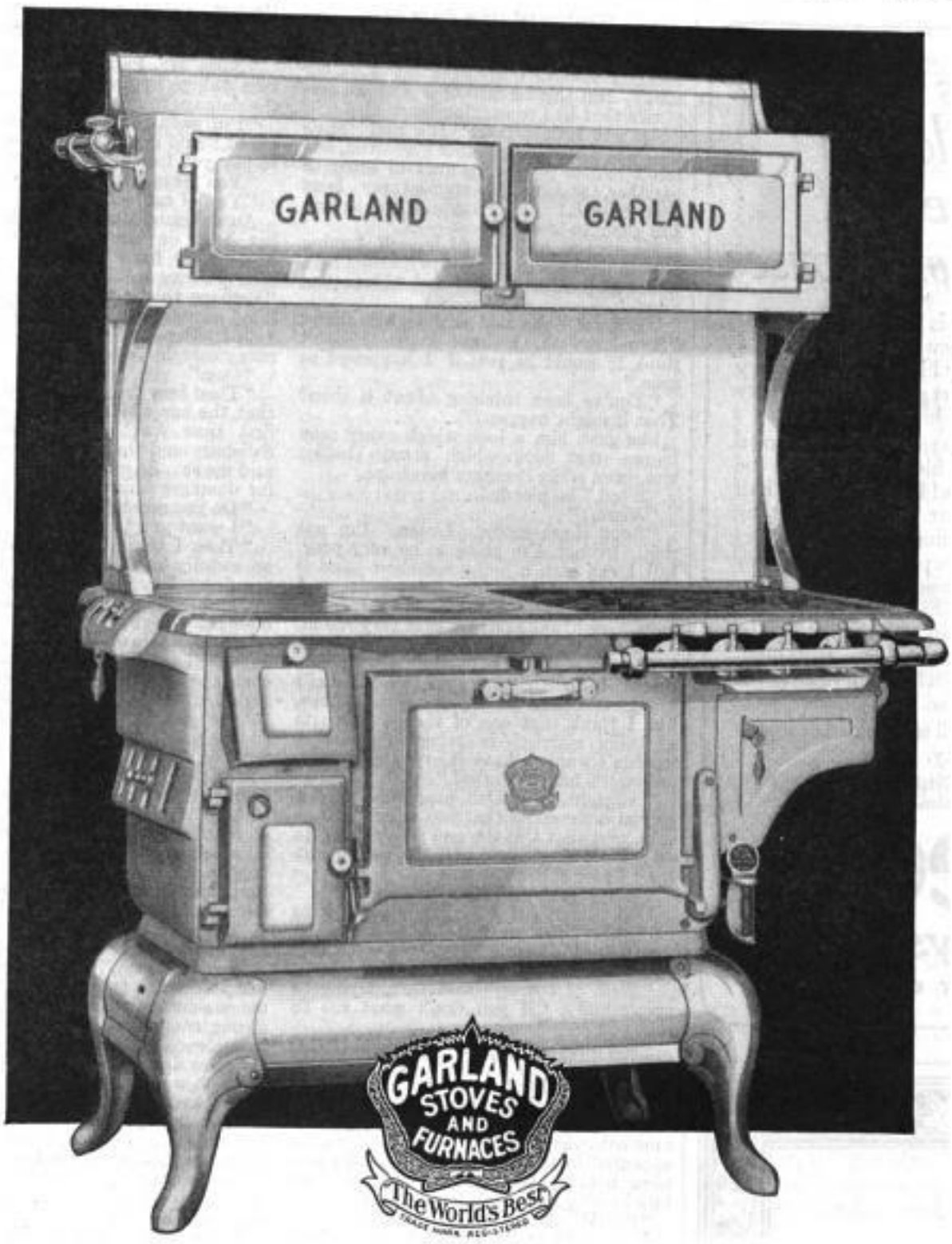
"Mmm?" she asked.

"Bend down. I want to tell you something."

A terrible temptation for any young mademoiselle, it finally proved too much for this one.

(Continued on Page 100)

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THE CINCINNATI COFFIN COMPANY

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(Continued from Page 98)

"I love you," whispered Dell, and even while he said it the thought arose to plague him, "I wonder if that's a bit of father too!" But this he answered with an emphasis that had something tense about it. "No! It isn't father! It's me! She's the most wonderful girl that ever lived, and fate's had to work like mad to bring us together, and nearly cracked my head open doing it! And if anybody thinks that I'm going to lose her now ——"

Whereupon he checked himself, having something more important to do than hold soliloquies, and aloud he added, "I love you, Sibyl."

"Not yet," she said as though in alarm. "Somehow—oh, I don't know—I don't think it would be real if it happened so soon."

"You've been thinking about it then? That it might happen?"

She gave him a look which every man knows—that look which always baffles him, even while it makes him hope.

"Sibyl," he pleaded.

"Mmm?"

"Bend down again. Listen. I'm not rich. In fact, I'm going to be very poor. But I can earn a living somehow—and if you'll promise to marry me as soon as I get on my feet ——"

"Oh, no!" she said, her eyes very round.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean—not yet," she hastily corrected herself. "I mean—oh, I don't know—it's hard to explain some things, but I think that one of the nicest parts of being married—is being won—and I wouldn't want to have it over right away, before it's hardly started."

"All right," said Dell, beaming, "as long as you understand that you're going to be won, and that I'm the one who's going to do the winning! And now, if you'll please bend down once more ——"

"Why?" she asked.

Dell turned red but manfully stuck to his guns. "I'm going to kiss you."

"Oh, no!" she said, her eyes now rounder than ever, her cheeks as red as his.

"Well, of course," said Dell, trying to speak huffy, "if you don't want me to love you ——"

"Oh, but I ——" She almost said "Oh, but I do!" but caught herself in time. And just as her head was bending a little lower—and a little lower—her hand in Dell's again—just as the grand dramatic moment was drawing near, Aunt Susan appeared in the doorway, her head trembling a little, her arms akimbo, and her face looking as though it were cast of iron.

"Sibyl!" she exclaimed.

You ought to have seen the two others then—how quickly they fell apart.

"You go downstairs at once!" continued Aunt Susan.

"Just a moment, please ——" began Dell.

"You be quiet, sir. I'll attend to you!" cried Aunt Susan. "Sibyl! I want you to go down in the garden at once and get some beans for dinner!"

Aunt Susan's niece walked quietly, almost timidly, to the door; and a few moments later Dell heard her footsteps on the stairs.

"And now, young man," said Aunt Susan, turning to Dell as the tiger is said to turn upon its prey, "I want to have a few words with you, and don't you dare to speak to me until I've had my say!"

VIII

BEFORE Aunt Susan started speaking she roamed around the room, straightening the brush and comb on the dresser, stalking to the wardrobe and looking on the shelf for something that wasn't there. In her walk, Dell noticed, there was something stiff-kneed and yet slightly uncertain, the gait of one who isn't far from lurching a little; and in her eyes was a distinctly glassy stare.

"She's been drinking," thought Dell. "Perhaps she has some homemade wine, and whenever she feels particularly blue she takes a drop to brace her up. They say it gets as strong as brandy if you keep it long enough."

And truly, he thought, she almost had enough to make her seek forgetfulness—her father's death, his insolvent estate, years of drudgery instead of the independence she had expected, her fiance's cold feet, the damage to her property by the two cars. "And now perhaps she thinks that Sibyl and I—oh, well, I'll soon set her right on that!" he hurriedly added. He was interrupted by the voice of Aunt Susan, who had suddenly swung herself into speech.

"Now, Mr. Parsons," she began, "let's take things in their order. What about the damage to my property?"

"I'm awfully sorry the accidents happened," said Dell, "and of course I'm going to pay you for the damage they did."

"You mean both accidents?"

"Yes, of course."

Aunt Susan looked at him so fixedly with her head on one side that Dell's eyes weren't far from watering. "I've never seen a woman squiffy before," he thought. "Perhaps this is one of the reasons why Sibyl sometimes looks so sad."

"Mr. Parsons," said Aunt Susan, "how many cars do you own?"

"One."

"Then how do you account for the fact that the car which ran into my yard the first time was a red runabout? Mrs. Salisbury and the other witnesses have all told me so. So why should you try to pay for damages which you didn't do?"

"Do you mind if I tell you?" asked Dell.

"I want you to tell me."

"Then I think it's because you're such an awfully good sport—just about one of the finest I ever knew—keeping your end up, and looking after Sibyl, and asking no odds from anybody."

Aunt Susan's eyes softened. Indeed, she gave Dell a glance which alarmed him more than the stonier look with which she had regarded him up to that moment.

"Do you believe in Providence?" she suddenly asked him.

"Yes, indeed," said Dell.

"And so do I—and more so now than ever. When my father died," she continued, "everyone thought he was rich, but all that he left was some perfectly worthless oil stocks. His will and other papers were kept in a box at the savings bank in Danbury, and perhaps you can imagine how we felt when the box was opened."

"I know something about the way you felt," said Dell, half to himself.

"Mr. Parsons," Aunt Susan went on, her voice now trembling a little, "Providence sent the red runabout, but it wasn't strong enough to do the work—and then Providence sent you!"

"How do you mean?" asked Dell.

"You wait. I'll show you."

She went downstairs and when she returned she was carrying a tin box with a broken lock. It was a fine old box, dusty, dirty, its label discolored with age, and it was easy to see that Aunt Susan was proud of it from the manner in which she set it down on the bed.

Again Aunt Susan interrupted his thoughts.

"Last week," she said, "when you ran into the porch you tore up the floor near one of the cellar windows; and this morning when I went out to get some kindling for the kitchen fire I found this box underneath the wreckage."

Slowly, solemnly then, she opened it. There was a letter in it, and four packages—each package containing a block of tightly tied bonds. The letter was from a firm of brokers addressed to Benjamin Warner, of South Marleigh, stating that $100,000 of Northern Pacific and $100,000 of American Telephone & Telegraph bonds were being forwarded to him that day by registered mail.

"Poor dad," sighed Aunt Susan. "When he got these it was probably too late to carry them to the bank, so he put them in this box and took them down cellar, and opened that old window under the porch, and pushed the box out sideways as far as he could reach against the wall. If he had only told somebody! But no; he probably thought it would be safer if nobody knew but himself; had probably used the same hiding place before and didn't want anybody to know it. And that night—well, he always had a weak heart, but none of us ever thought it would take him as suddenly as it did."

"These are really valuable, too, aren't they?" asked Dell, examining one of the packages.

"Yes; I've just been out to telephone to the bank in Danbury, and they said that altogether, with back coupons and everything, they are worth nearly three hundred thousand dollars. Under father's will, half of that will come to me and half to Sibyl. And just to think! If it hadn't been for you we would never have found them! And the things I have thought about you, and the things I have said about

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you, and all the time you were an agent of Providence—almost like an angel—right here in this house!"

Tears of gratitude were in her eyes, and now Dell knew why she had looked as she did when first she came in.

"Lit up? Yes!" he thought. "Who wouldn't be lit up to find a thing like that in an old black box?"

"If you only know how thankful I feel," continued Aunt Susan, "that you came down the hill and broke my porch again that day!"

"Oh, that's all right," said Dell, beginning to feel warm from so much praise. "You'd have found it some day, anyhow."

"No," she said, "we had already rented the house and were moving out next month. But you bet I'm not going to move out now," she cried with a touch of her old-time grimness, "and I'd like to see anybody try to get me out, lease or no lease, law or no law!"

"That's the way to talk!" said Dell. "I know if I lived here I wouldn't want to move."

His eyes roamed out to the delectable view and then he thought of Sibyl picking beans in the garden. Yes, there she was, in a nice little arbor of vines, shielded alike from the street and from the windows of the house downstairs, while by her side was Mr. Robert Manion, again trying to prove to her that she had stolen his heart away.

"Do you own everything in this garden, Miss Warner?" he asked, still looking out.

"Yes, of course," she said. "Why?"

"Everything," he repeated in a significant voice, "including this strange black object among the beans?"

"What do you mean?" she asked, and went to the window to see.

A few moments later she was going down the stairs with fire in her eye and wings on her ankles; and watching through the window Dell presently saw her pounce out upon Mr. Manion and tell him exactly what she thought about him—toward the end of which Mr. Manion shuddered and departed, looking like a dog with a can tied to his tail—a can which he was trying to draw as cautiously as possible so that it wouldn't rattle and jangle over the stones.

"Wait till he finds that he's just lost a one-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar beauty!" gloated Dell.

But slowly another thought arose to plague him and strangle all his glee. Sibyl, too, had suddenly become rich. Sibyl, too, was an heiress.

"And I'm the boy," he told himself with a rising groan—"I'm the boy who told her that I would never marry a girl with money—not even if she got down on her knees and begged!"

IX

FOR the first time, then, Dell noticed a strange thing. In his excitement he had risen and walked to the window, and not a pain around his ribs said "Careful!" Not a twinge around his head said "Whoa!"

"I'm just about better, or at least I soon will be," he told himself, cautiously extending his arms and taking a full breath. "Of course I'll have to go slow for a while, but it seems to me if I took my time I could dress myself instead of staying in bed all day."

The dressing proceeded more easily than he had expected. Once when he forgot himself and gave his shoulders a twist to get his waistcoat on a flame seemed to shoot up and down his side, but it was soon extinguished and didn't come back. For one thing, his movements were more or less in tune with his thoughts—somber, slow and keeping time with the Dead March in Saul—and thoughts like that don't lead to snappy juggling with shepherd's plaid, and piqué collar and polka-dotted tie.

"No, sir," he finally said to himself, "even if I hadn't told Sibyl that I would never marry a girl with money, it wouldn't make any difference. I wouldn't do it anyhow. It would be bad enough with a girl like Julie, who could take care of herself—but to have to go to a kid like Sibyl every time a bill had to be paid—why, it would be worse than taking candy from a baby. It would be worse than stealing pennies from a child!"

In his bitterness he imagined snatches of conversation between himself and a wife who held the purse strings.

"Good morning, dear. H'm! The car needs a new tire. Will you please let me have $32.84? And oh, by the way, I shall need a new suit before long. Would you mind if I went to the tailor's this morning and had it charged to you?

"I'd shoot myself first!" thought Dell passionately. "One thing sure, I've got to get away from here as quickly as I can. It's going to be bad for Sibyl and bad for me if I don't. Perhaps I'd better wire Hutch to come and get me. I think I could make the journey all right then."

He quietly let himself out at the front without being heard by those at the back of the house, and half an hour later he had not only been shaved—which made him feel ten years younger and twenty years brighter—but he had also wired to Hutchins, and had discovered his car in the local garage, where it had been taken the morning after the accident.

It was badly battered around the edges, but its vital organs were intact. Its bumper was ripped from one of the springs, a fender was crumpled into a futuristic frenzy of Love's First Kiss, the top was dented, the windshield broken, a running board splintered; but when Dell turned the switch the engine began purring as sweetly as ever; and when he carefully took his place at the wheel and started the car around the block neither transmission nor differential shrieked a protest, and all four wheels ran true.

"Straighten her out as well as you can," he said to the garageman. "I shall be taking her away in the morning."

On his way back to Aunt Susan's he almost ran into Sibyl at the corner of Washington Street and Putnam Avenue. Sibyl was out of breath, and from the expression of relief which swept over her Dell knew that she had been looking for her baby.

"Oh!" she crowed. "How different you look! I hardly knew you!"

"Do you like it?" he asked, which wasn't what he meant to say at all.

"Handsome!" she said, and almost skipped along by his side in mingled pride and admiration. "You gave us an awful scare though," she told him. "Aunt Susan went down the street and I came this way. Say! Do you know Aunt Susan thinks the sun never sets on you now? I'm getting quite jealous of her. You don't mind me feeling jealous, do you? Wasn't it wonderful about that tin box? And to think if it hadn't been for you we wouldn't have known a thing about it! I feel so happy! Don't you? You can't tell me, after this, that praying doesn't count. That's Mrs. Salisbury across the street. Isn't she a sweet old lady? That's the sort of an old lady that I want to be when my hair turns white; and then it won't make so much difference if you grow up to be a grumpy old man—ha, ha, ha!"

In short, the crickets had nothing on Mademoiselle Sibyl that morning as she chirped away by the side of Dell, as lively as a bluebird in an oxheart cherry tree, as happy as a kitten in the spring.

"All the same," she said, "you gave us an awful scare. Don't you know the doctor said you'd have to stay in bed for another week yet?"

"I can't," he said, staring ahead of him.

Wondering at his tone, she tried her best to make him look at her, but he wouldn't—staring straight ahead of him with that look which every girl learns to loathe





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sooner or later—and then one by one, the kitten stopped playing, the bluebird flew away and the crickets ceased their chirping as she walked along by Dell.

"Why can't you?" she asked.

"Because I'm going home tomorrow."

They walked in silence for a time—one of those miserable silences which every girl will some day learn to fear.

"What are you going home so soon for?" she asked at last.

"You remember what I said the other day about marrying a girl with money?"

"Oh, that! Anyhow, I haven't got it yet. And besides, it was you who found it. You can't blame it on me."

"I'm not blaming anything on you," he said in that dull flat voice which every girl will some day learn to hate, "but I'm going home tomorrow. I—I think it's best for both of us."

"Of course I can't coax you," she said.

Whereupon her little nose went up in the air in the manner already described, and so they walked along until they reached the next corner.

"I'll have to leave you here," she said. "Aunt Susan wants some things at the store."

He raised his hat and bowed; she inclined her head; he went one way, she the other. In the old days Tragedy let her hair down and made the welkin ring. Nowadays she is more refined.

x

"NEARLY home now, sir," said Hutchins the next afternoon. For the last fifty miles they had hardly spoken, Dell feeling too heavy-hearted to do anything but draw deep sighs from time to time. He had planned that his parting with Sibyl should be a casual affair, but Nature has a clever way of queering human plans, and at the last moment they had found their arms around each other, tragic lips pressed close together, tears in both their eyes.

"As soon as I can get things straightened out," he told her, "I'm coming back."

"I shall be waiting," she had whispered.

At first the memory of her promise had warmed Dell's heart, but as they drew nearer to Rocky Beach it had depressed him more and more.

"When things get straightened out!" he had thought. "A fat chance! Next Monday's the fifteenth, and on the fifteenth the bank simply sells me up. And then? Easy! I'm all in, down and out. It's digging ditches for me, I guess, in the next few months—or trying to get a job washing automobiles."

That was when Hutchins had spoken.

"Nearly home now, sir," said he.

"Yes," said Dell.

"I'm afraid Mary Ellen will be slightly disappointed, sir. I don't know whatever put it into 'er 'ead, but she seemed to think that when you came back there'd be somebody with you."

Dell said nothing to that, but, oh, how he winced inside!

"There's the house, sir."

They could see it in the distance, the house that Dell's father had planned—designed in the form of an Italian villa, with a built-in veranda around all four sides of it, and droll little windows in unexpected places like a clown's eyebrows.

"A shame to see it go, sir."

Dell didn't even hear him. His eyes, roving over the fields, had caught sight of two young gentlemen with putties and pipes, one of them holding an adjustable bull's-eye, and the other one squinting at it through a portable telescope and making shoo-fly motions with his hands.

Before Hutchins knew what it was all about Dell had stopped the car and was hurrying toward the surveyors.

He was soon back again, and the moment he got into the car he started to turn it around.

"Railroad's coming," he briefly announced.

"Thank God the place isn't sold yet!" said Hutchins fervently.

"No; but it will be on Monday—unless I get darned busy!"

"We're going back to South Marleigh, sir?" asked the butler hopefully.

"I am; yes," said Dell. "Not you. I shan't want you this time, Hutch. You'd only be in the way." And as Hutchins stepped out reluctantly, regretfully, with the air of a *litterateur* who feels that he is about to miss a lot of first-rate writing material, Dell added, "When you get to the house you can tell Mary Ellen she's right. When I come back home again I shan't be alone. I'm going to have somebody with me."

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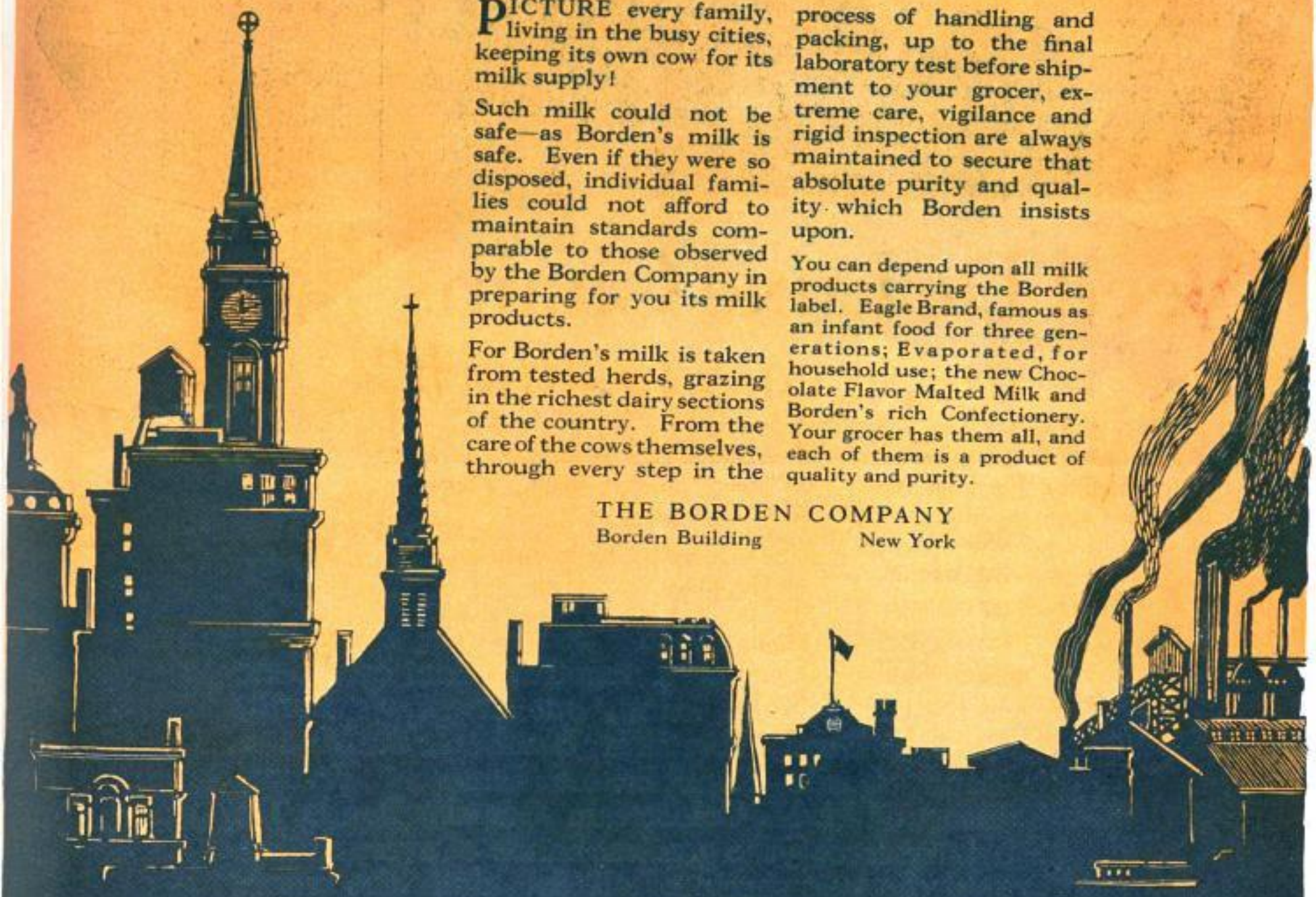
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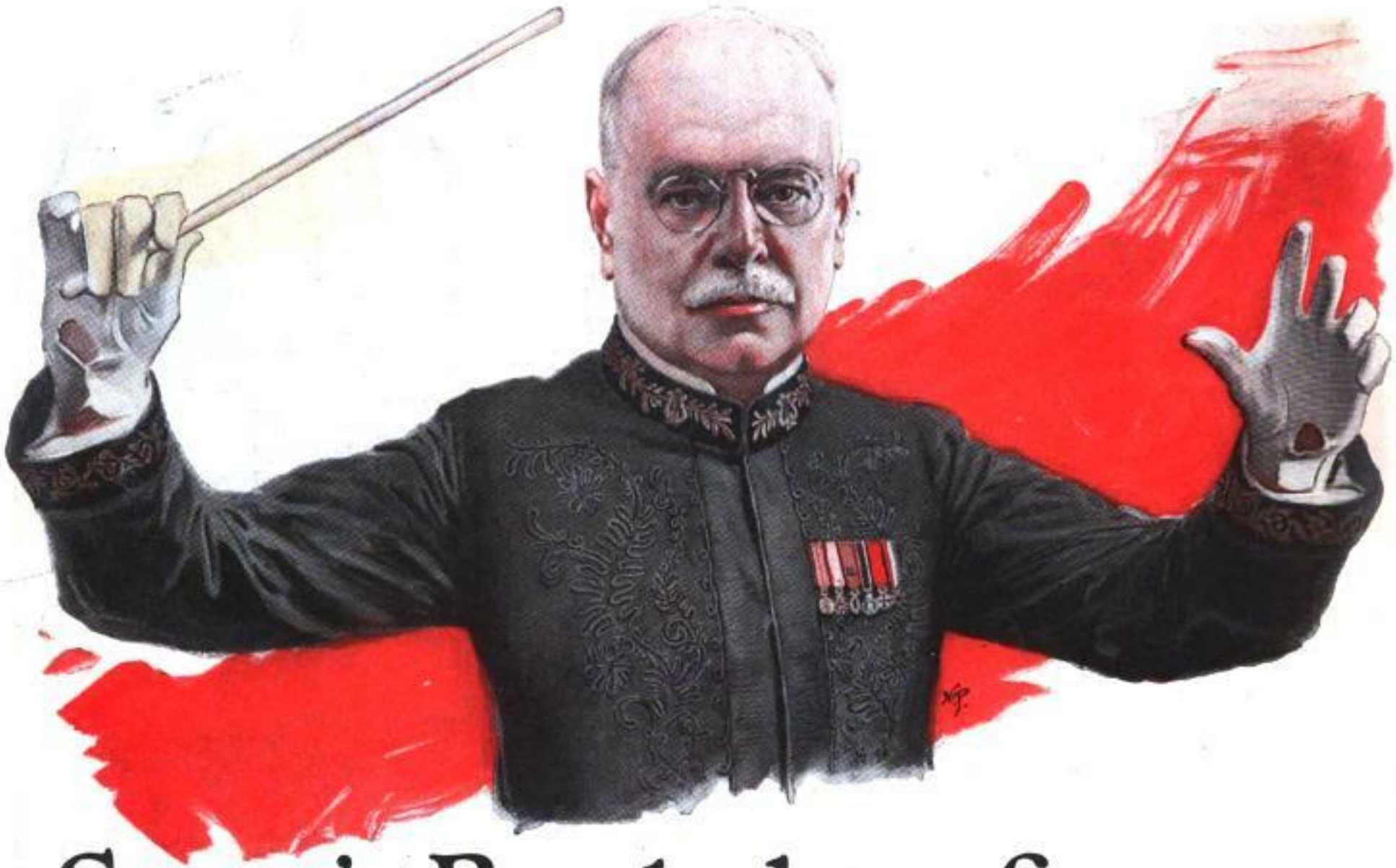
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Beginning

THE MAGNETIC WEST—By Joseph Hergesheimer

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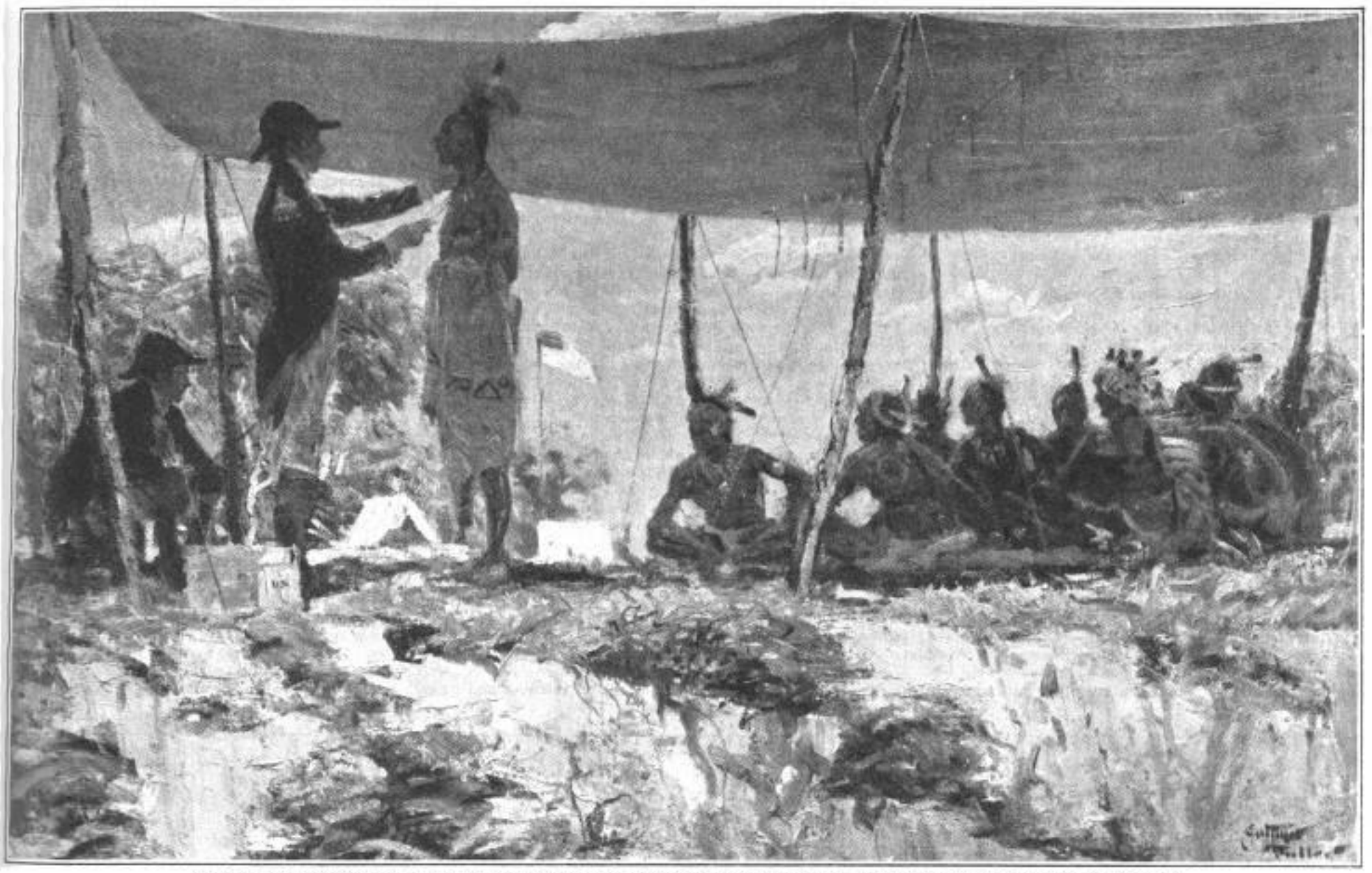
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THE MAGNETIC WEST



At Council Bluffs They First Met the Indians, Under an Awning Formed by the Mainsail. The Ricara Indians Refused Gifts of Whisky

The Shining Mountains

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

THE return through Kansas from all the amazing West fell, happily, in the afternoon, the late afternoon and dusk, before night hid the wide spring fields. Nothing, than those expanses, could have been more tenderly green, more tranquil and pastoral. The towns, with their broad central streets, dusty so soon, set with low buildings, wooden façades, occasional faces of brick, swept back into their quietude. Their outskirts held simple scattered dwellings, informal fences and small sheds; and immediately beyond them on every side the open farms spread one from the other to the horizon.

At once bright and tender under a sun slipping into a veil of impalpable blue mist, it seemed to be a land rich beyond exhaustion. The cattle grazing in the deep grass by the clear streams were ponderous and silken; pennants of smoke unfolded from the chimneys of the farmhouses; the evening filled the walled barnyards with its stir of events. Earlier I had seen the closing of a schoolhouse for the day; it was by a road where there was a trace of water and old willow trees. For a second it was before me, complete and vivid and memorable. The teacher, a virginal figure in a brown skirt, locked the door and turned to the road, followed by a group of children with a contented black dog. A girl had on a red hood, there were pinafores, lunch boxes, a skipping rope.

For a moment they were visible, under the willows by a grassy bank, going home to the simplicity of their countryside; and then they, too, together with so much else, were lost.

The remarkable, yes, the stirring thing there was the completeness of its survival into a period when practically all that was natural had vanished. It was enveloped in a glow like a magic that had preserved it from the destructive spite of time, of progress. Merely to see it filled the heart with peace and regret. But it was more than that—it was a picture of the whole Middle West, which had an air of suspension. Spread in the valley of the Mississippi, between the East and the West, all that immense region seemed to be invested with a pause, to be waiting, rich with evening and verdure, for the loud and inescapable summons of change.

Kansas hadn't, of course, always been peaceful; not long ago, hardly more than yesterday, it had been the darkest and bloodiest of grounds; and I recalled how Stephen Douglas, in his bitter sectional animosity, had spilled its blood along Pottawatomie Creek. Not Douglas himself, but in his Kansas-Nebraska Bill. That had repealed the act of the Missouri Compromise, setting a western line between the North and the South, the free-soil and the slaveholding lands, and gave the inhabitants of Kansas Territory the right of vote upon that issue. This privilege had resulted in war, with the Southern faction led by Senator Atchison, of Missouri, and the Northern, supported by the New England Emigrant Aid Company, with Eli Thayer at its head.

Two opposing legislatures were formed; the free-state men of Lawrence, repudiating Governor Reeder and President Pierce, held a convention at Topeka under Doctor Robinson, and framed a free constitution for Kansas. Reeder, soon giving place to

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Governor Shannon, illegally established election precincts in unseceded Indian lands; and in 1855, with three thousand qualified voters in Kansas, six thousand ballots were cast. Bands of men had ridden over from Missouri to carry the election. The Wakarusa War followed, and a sheriff of Douglas County, in an attempted arrest, met the Sharpe rifles of New England. A Missouri rabble sacked and burned in Lawrence; a free-state mob attacked Lecompton; five slavers were shot in their settlement on the Creek. And then, at Wyandotte, the fourth constitution drafted carried Kansas into the Union.

All this, far from belonging to the remote past, happened within memory. Kansas became a state in 1861. And yet, recent in time, it was a part of the earliest American tradition. A few years before, Kansas was beyond the frontier, unthought of as a territory of the United States; but in less than a decade the vitality, the spirit of the men who settled there wrought it forever into their land and ultimate conception of justice. That, the spirit, was the important phase; never the politics.

And watching the quiet flat towns, the meadows bound with narrow water, fading into evening, I wondered what had become of the restless strength which had made possible their serenity.

The bitterness of factional warfare had sunk to a silence broken only by a distant lowing of cattle; the lurid volumes of incendiary smoke had thinned to those plumes from domestic chimneys; John Brown would never march again. The plowing of soil had replaced the plowing under of bodies. It was, certainly, greatly improved, tranquilized; everywhere grazing took the place of the wilderness; orderly towns stood where frontier settlements had rudely faced so many possibilities of death. Yet a question, almost a doubt, came to a troubled birth: Was it better to live in a state from which slavery had been banished, to live in harmony; or to have fought for that consummation? Did the spirit that made freedom possible survive the security which was the reward of its valor?

A Great Man's Empire

THE hinted reply of the luxurious train hurrying into the East was not reassuring. The faces bending over the complicated silver and linen in the dining car were not those to which I should turn for any free-soil crusade; the men around me—and none more than I—would have been useless to Kearny or Zebulon Pike or Frémont in Antelope Park; that Alonzo de Pineda, who found the Mississippi River, calling it the Rio del Espiritu Santo, would have soon flung us into the fever brakes of its marshes; we could not have held a place in the canoe Manuel Lisa forced through the snow water of high rivers. No, that bravery was finished; by it the plains and mountains and rivers had been conquered, made safe and easy of traverse. The Santa Fé Trail that I knew, over which I was then smoothly passing, was no longer scarred by the empty bones of the fallen, but by steel rails; and I couldn't tell whether I was the loser by this or whether I had gained.

It was impossible to say, on that plane, whether the country was better or worse. If it had been deprived of its spirit, the rest, the mechanical substitutes, were less than nothing. Either that had occurred and, scarcely begun, we were already reaching the end; or what I thought of as spirit was changed with the changing years. Outside, Kansas, dark but no longer bloody, disappeared in a hush filled with the pause both of day and of fate.

The truth was that the whole magnificent panorama of the West, which I had just seen, had impressed me as the gorgeous setting for a drama, both romantic and fine, that was very nearly over. The scenes were infinitely too spacious for the people now occupying them; it was exactly as though a setting of incomparable beauty, emptied of its appropriate actors, were being examined by mobs no more than curious. The throngs, clamorous and blinded by their own dust, were literally overrunning every heroic or merely picturesque foot of land. Chicago, that had been a fort by the portage to westering waters, had become a stupendous obliterating pile of steel and concrete; and I went up from there to St. Paul with a swiftness that marked, forgot, a whole history. St. Paul, inseparable from the memory, the empire of James Hill—the grinding of flour mills substituted for its slain forests—was repressed, blanketed in respectability and snow. It was unemotional, indifferent to Minneapolis, an indifference which Minneapolis met with displayed tables of facts.

Back I swung to St. Louis, as placid, except for the mills east of the river, as Philadelphia; a city which, inconsiderable in size, had held the heart of the frontier. It was large now, reaching from the Mississippi through the gates of places and shaded streets to its university and golf clubs. Its leafy ways and hospitality were charming; but the vivid days of the Planters Hotel were gone. The Missouri of the Compromise presented untroubled its fields with the stacked hay from which cattle fed; and the energy, the generated power of Kansas City, was audible like the speed of dynamos. Kansas City was vital, but it was the vitality of machinery, of banking, of steam, and of the wholesale combinations of men and slaughtered animals and wheat.

Oklahoma, the bare land given the Osage nation in return for its home on the Missouri, revealing itself with a supreme irony of circumstance, fabulously rich with oil, had shifted from rodeos to the stark rigs of wells, a country of pipe lines and monopolistic control. And in Denver, the Rocky Mountains, the Shining Mountains, seen for the first time, retreated into a rosy haze like the solitude of memory.

They, too, no longer the legendary Shining Mountains, the supreme reward of a toiling courage, had lost their significance with men. Crowned with the silver of their snows they no more dominated the dreams of the prosaic East. Once a promise, a symbol, they had become a mere fact. Lying beyond Denver, the rose fading to a cold shimmer under the advancing blue tide of night, they had a look of vanishing utterly. Yet at Salt Lake City they pressed forward again, a barrier holding within the great paved squares the grimness of a secret.

The temple of Mormon was grim, but the surface barrenness of Butte was incredible, as though the copper in its mountains had killed the soil of all other fertility. That bareness, however, I lost at once in what had been the Oregon; it was now Washington, a state; Oregon lay southwest; and Spokane was no more than an incident in the flight of Douglas fir, rocky peaks and cascades and walled valleys. Spokane was followed by Seattle, built above the thrusts of the sea, its many harbors burnished by the late sun. The ruggedness founded on the great trunks of trees had given place to the smooth dimensions of fashioned boards.

Portland was still more repressed, filled mainly, while I was there, with the strains of opera, the muted violins of old attenuated tragedies. On top of the building of the Portland Oregonian I listened to Edith Mason singing into the radio, so that people need no longer make even the effort to be present. Portland I left, and, borne swiftly south through desolate rock to the Sacramento Valley, I reached a San Francisco risen from fire. If incidentally it had been purified it was not within the scope of my knowledge; but certainly the brutality of its catastrophe had taken away its first rude vigorous tang. The clipped turf of the golf clubs absorbed its energy; in the restaurants by the sea the stamped boots of masculine reels had given way to measures, dances, like a perverse whispering in the secrecy of palms.

An Era of Change

THE passage along the coast, the Camino Real of Jean de Anza, that later sounded to the lonely hoof beats of the mules of prospectors, was laid in paved ways and gardens; streams of automobiles wound over the hills and above the sea; the Yosemite was preparing its camps for the dancing of its myriad summer visitors; and Los Angeles was clearly the climatic paradise for the Mississippi Valley. There, as well, the viscid rigs of oil wells clustered on the hills; orange groves alternated with the black pools of petroleum. The fixed and conscious perfection of faces cast on the moving-picture screens of the world went by in elaborate and special motors.

That, too, I deserted for the appalling downward space of the Grand Cañon and the high keen mesas of New Mexico. At Albuquerque, Indians, obscenely fat, were selling toy bows and arrows at the station; and an architecture which had once been characteristic of a great race was nothing more than the property, the mark, of a railroad. From there I went to all that was left of the adobe, the traditions of Santa Fé. The other end of that trail I had touched at Kansas City; once reaching from a city now electric with energy to one somnolent about its plaza, all that was left was its trace mapped on a stone.

So much, then, I had seen, experienced; and with all its variety it assumed a concrete, almost a single appearance—the stage for that American spirit, that special individual heroism, which seemed to me to be so rapidly dwindling. It was going because the conditions which gave it birth, nourished and rewarded it were no more. It had made a nation, and, that accomplished, a different, a more cautious genius was necessary. That might or might not be in the process of formation; which, it was difficult to determine. What tragically, perhaps unavoidably, was occurring was a general forgetfulness that the other had so magnificently taken place. This, if it were entirely to happen, would in itself be fatal to all the rest, to the future. But against that were the mountains which were monuments, the valleys where America had camped, they could be preserved in the affections, in memory and



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in fact. The conquest of insuperable difficulties had bred ease; and ease, unalloyed, was destructive; but, fortunately, the ease was only relative, confined; and here was a region which merely to see was a refreshment and a stay.

What more than any other quality distinguished America both in its discovery and founding was an indomitable spendthrift and adventurous courage. The United States, through all the period of its birth, was not an asylum, in the sense of an easy escape from oppression, but a challenge. Again and again I recalled how America was regarded as a Promised Land, a place of perfection without effort; it was still thought of as the Golden Chersonese, the Cipango, of the ancients—a country of precious metals and peacock feathers and emeralds. In addition to this there were many who felt that it owed its being to a principle of religious toleration, forgetting that the Puritans were in search of a spiritual monopoly of their own rather than a freedom for others.

Far back of the Pilgrims great Portuguese and Spanish traditions had carried navigators in Toledo steel to the middle and southern coast of the Americas, sailors who were soldiers always, splendid in their reckless strength. Like the French, when settlement became a fact, when there was a need for organization, they vanished. The age was through with them; their ships, lonely in pairs, the Seville Fleet sailing by the Canary Islands, the single pirates that were their last trace, gave way to the beginnings of a different but not new civilization; yet the heritage of their courage, their sheer accomplishment in the flesh, was upheld and continued.

Early Voyagers

FERNAM TELLEZ had already been granted what islands he might find save in the sea of Guinea when the son of an Italian wool weaver, saturated with the General History and Geography of Æneas Sylvius and the Imago Mundi, was annotating Marco Polo and voyaging in heroic dreams. Whatever lay in the minds of their patrons, nothing ulterior contaminated the fortitude of Gaspar Cortereal, reaching, in his beautiful phrase, a land that was very cool and with great woods; of Magellan on that far search for the Spice Islands, with his crew of Basques and Flemings, Neapolitans and Corfiotes and Malays; Ayllón dead of fever; Pánfilo de Narvaez lost off Matagorda Island in the shell of a boat; and De Soto, wasted with privation, left to the Mississippi. With nothing but imaginary maps, like those of Fra Mauro and Graciosus Benincasa, they found what they thought was Antilia and its seven fabulous cities. Cabeza de Vaca penetrated through Texas, along the Rio Grande, to the Pacific; De Soto had seen Georgia and, following the Savannah River to the Blue Mountains, Arkansas beyond; Friar Marcos, with a negro, gained the adobe villages of New Mexico; Coronado passed into the pueblos of Arizona, over the Colorado; and Pedro de Tovar led that march into Tusayan when De Cárdenas discovered the Grand Cañon. Here, irrespective of Spain or Portugal or France, was the nativity of America; this was America. It was made out of the elements of measureless courage and appalling hardship, of bitter individual perseverance. The conditions of its conquest demanded so much; and with that necessity gone the virtues it bred showed signs, as well, of having departed. Certainly they were not evident in the ease of the California Limited train, obliterating the distance between Lamy and Chicago.



A Border Hunter From the Newer Missouri

The Spaniards gave way to the French, the subtropics were lost sight of for the fur traders of the Tadousac. Chauvin and Pierre de Guast sent out Champlain; and Biencourt, with that special French affinity, became no more than an Indian. D'Aulany, Saint-Castin and Marpain left the court for the canoe; and La Salle, at last murdered and stripped on the great river that had taken De Soto, paddled to Louisiana. Men of supreme endurance! Those, again, were not European, they were American; the magic of the forests and rivers, of the land, which, little by little, they knew, called them to it forever. Jean Nicolet went into Wisconsin; Pierre Charles Le Sueur raked the Mississippi for copper and lead; La Harpe traded in the Red and Arkansas rivers; Laurain was familiar with the Osages of Missouri; the Mallets reached Santa Fé and Chaussegros de Lery surveyed the Ohio.

With them, it was true, the church went step for step, the gray habit of the Recollects and the black robes of the Jesuits. But it was a new priesthood that Father Marquette owned, going, by St. Lusson on the Great Lakes, on to the Mississippi. Steadily the French advanced; over Lake Erie west to Presq'isle and the Allegheny; through Lake Michigan by Green Bay and the Fox River, crossing the portage at Wisconsin bog to the water beyond; Verendrye, dreaming of the western sea, strung his posts from Rainy Lake to the upper Saskatchewan, bringing about the discovery of the Big Horn Range from the fort at La Reine.

They reached from New Mexico to the English Carolina, along the Mississippi and Missouri, the Ohio and the Wabash; from the sea to the Illinois they voyaged and explored and traded in peltries; they became absorbed in the Indians, in the Hurons and the Abnaki, married them and painted their bodies, counted as notable their strings of scalps; and then, instinctively recognizing the menace of the civilization that was to supplant them, they warred with the English farming interest. Already the greatest fur-bearing animals were retreating north and west to the interior; already Nicholas Denys had begun lumbering; the French vanished as though, man by man, they were failing to return from the wilderness, the forests, it was their passion to cherish.

That spirit had no hope of survival before the pressure of colonization; it was in its essence incapable of colonies; its part and accomplishment were over. The French in America had caught up the earlier splendor and handed its bravery to those who followed. They in turn, consolidating, growing, held a trust which in its development brought them the shape of freedom. Yet so vigorous was their independence that in a decade they were moving west, away from the land they had won.

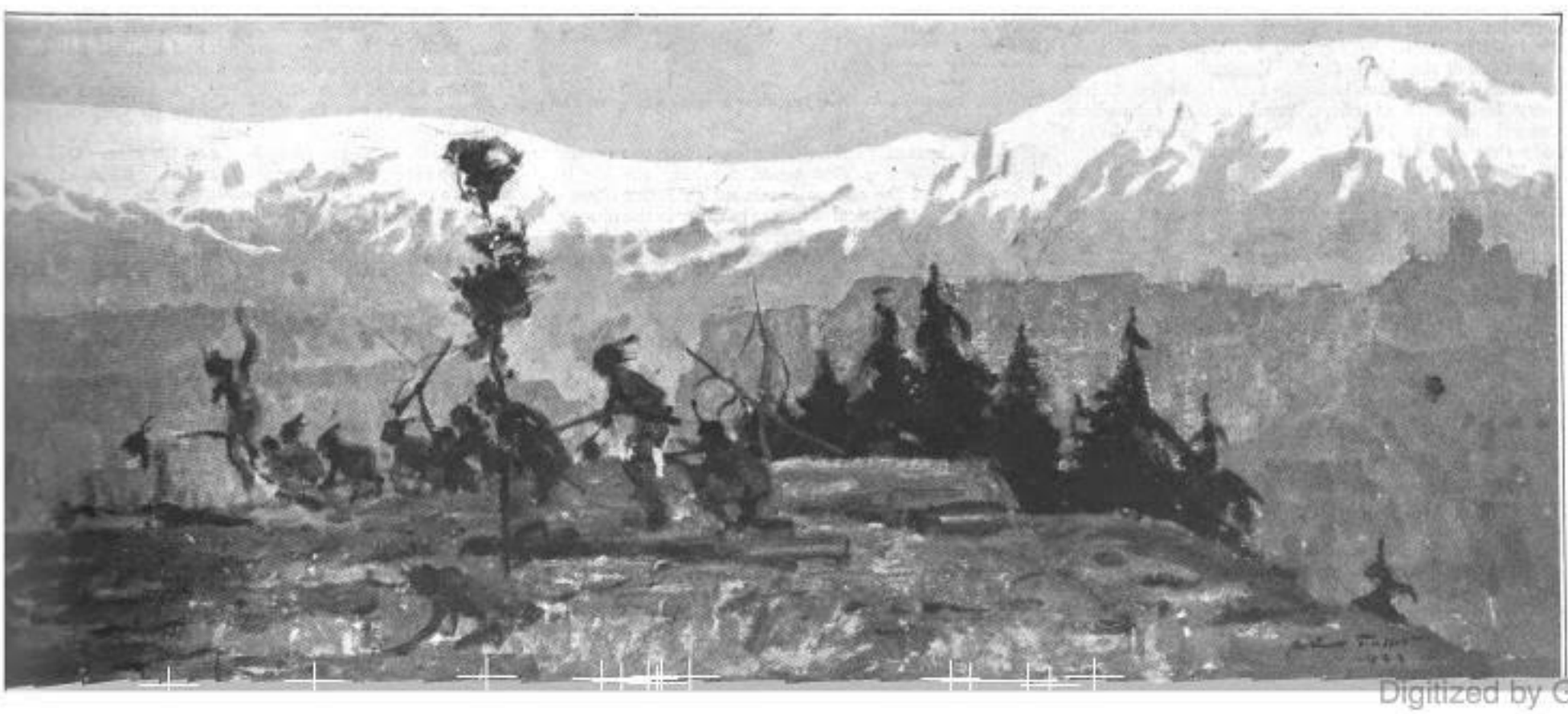
Three Dominant Personalities

THEY moved westward at the constant promise of a new and more adventurous—but never easier—country, toward the Shining Mountains; they fell away from cities, from hardening forms of life and habit and government. With scarcely a thought they broke the ties of safety and association; and in company or alone, with horses and oxen or only a dragged hand-cart, they went forward over trails which they left behind rather than found. It was the West, and not Eastern traditions, that wrought the fiber of the American nation.

In the time immediately following, such accomplishment was American not only intrinsically but in fact; and three men became forces in the Government, who represented, more than the established order, the fluid but strong settlements on the border: Jefferson, Andrew Jackson and Henry Clay. Jackson riding eight hundred miles to the Congress in Philadelphia, took the floor with his hair hanging about his cheeks and tied at the back with an eelskin. But first it was Thomas Jefferson who embodied the republican spirit. The exploration of Lewis and Clark, so remarkably coinciding with the acquisition of the Louisiana Purchase, he projected and put into being. In its details it was, inescapably, political, and the characteristic defiance of law and justice was amazing in the magnitude of a sheer attending luck.

There was even, on Jefferson's part, no intention of assuming so much; only the question of the navigation of the lower Mississippi was initially involved; but his agents in France, confronted by the necessity of an immediate decision, undertook the greater responsibility. The United States bought from Napoleon, who was without the right to sell, a great region, the boundaries of which were unfixed. It included eight hundred and eighty-three thousand and seventy-two square miles, from which were made Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Nebraska, the Dakotas and Indian Territory, together with most of Louisiana, Oklahoma, Kansas, Wyoming, Montana, Minnesota and Colorado.

(Continued on Page 94)



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SKULL CRACKER

By R. G. KIRK

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL FOSTER

AL HOLLY got fired. They tried to can him; you know—like they do to a mutt; but it didn't work. There's a world of difference. When you get canned they tie it to you and give you the boot; so that when you land on your ear in the middle of the road the racket in back of you keeps you stepping. You never stop to argue about it when you get properly canned. If you only get fired, however, that's soft. Most times when they let you out that way you do the thing that the hunkies epitomize so perfectly out of their twenty-nine-word vocabulary. You "go up traak, talk you'self." You shuffle resentfully on your way, and with frequent pauses and frequent ominous mutterings down into your pay envelope, you vow a revenge of some sort.

If you're one of the Chinese help you'll start trouble, tell your buddies all about it over the bar that night, get 'em with you, cause a strike. If you're a gang boss you'll get a job over the way on the strength of the promise that you can bring thirty good pick swingers out with you in the morning, and then you'll steal your guineas off them and leave them flat. If you're a young technical man, a recent senior at Valley Tech, but now a verdant freshman just finishing up your first year in the University of Hard Knox, you'll show 'em. You'll land some kind of job at Ironville, down in Pennsylvania, and, in the capacity of general super there, show up this Lakeside crowd on costs and tonnage in about five years in a way to make them sicken at the mere thought of you.

So you'll talk to yourself, going up the track—provided you only get fired. But if you get properly canned—oh, boy!

Old S. B. Carnahan, Satan for short, general superintendent at Lakeside Steel, stood back for no man when it came to the gentle diversion of canning. When he put the boots to you you didn't slouch up the track talking to yourself. You went away from there speedo and pronto; and you kept right on going till the rope frayed through. And that's the kind of job that he planned to put over on Al. Only Al was a pup that had had the can tied to him before. First thing Al did after he gathered himself together in the middle of the road was to turn around and gnaw through the cord. Then he shook off the dust, while a light came into his eyes—something of the disconcerting fire that a man might see flaming in gentle brown eyes who made the error of picking out for his can-tying proclivities the low-set-on tail of a full-blooded English bulldog.

Old Satan didn't get away with his canning so well with Al Holly. But the fact remains that Al wasn't asked to resign. He wasn't even respectably fired. They tried to can him, you know—like they do to a mutt.

You won't believe it of course; not after being knocked stiff with the line that the big fellows shoot in the helpful magazines, telling how the earnest young man forges to the front in steel. No sir, you won't believe it, being stuffed full of that kind of guff. Especially when you are told that Al Holly gave Lakeside every last thing he had; every last ounce of effort, pep, loyalty, enthusiasm, strength, brains and fight. And Al didn't have the kind of body that comes from snipping ribbons for a living, or the kind of head from which you cut sauerkraut, or the kind of soul that misses the greatest of all life's raptures, a stand-up-and-knock-down fight. Just the same, old Satan tried to give him the can; gave Al's case his individual attention, serving personally as the firing squad, sent word to Al's house and rooted Al out of bed to report at the conference room at eleven.

The usual conference gang was on hand when Al showed up. McIntosh, from the open hearth, chewing his everlasting cigar butt; Henry, of the transportation department, the grandest bluff slinger of history, holding down by mere bravado the toughest job in a steel plant, which means the toughest job in the world; Odel, from the blast furnaces, a cloud of stogy smoke hovering above him like the ore-dust cloud from the kick of one of his big stacks; little Degrasse, hawk-nosed and strident-voiced, most unprepossessing of men, yet with the electrical department under him running as smooth as an oil-bathed bearing; big Chancery, from the roll shop, the champion goat-getter of North America, hiding a keen sense of fun so deep beneath a surly exterior that only a few men ever discovered it chuckling there—all the heavyweights were present when Al Holly ascended the guillotine steps. Old Satan was going to see that when Al sneezed into the sack it would put the fear of God into the hearts of the lot of them.

Al stopped just inside the door of the conference room and waited. The weekly palaver concerning the state of health of the innards of Lakeside Steel came to an ominous hush. Al stood quiet a while, awaiting the big boss' pleasure; but the silence continued as Satan allowed a little space of theatrical suspense to usher in the obsequies. In the pause Al tried to relieve the general discomfort by nodding cheerfully to one or two of those present with whom he was most closely associated out on the plant. And then suddenly, in the strained acknowledgments that answered his greetings, he saw it all clearly: the end of this grueling first year of work in the world; the end of twelve months of loyal and steady trying. With strange doubts in his heart as to whether he would ever be able to give another firm a year as leal as the one just about to end so bitterly, but with no doubt at all as to his ability to laugh at the coming bump when he got it, his embarrassment left him, and his usual coolness under fire manifested itself.



As Nick Yaneff's Groping Fingers Came in Contact With the Little Black Handle a Hideous Cry Went Screaming Out of Him

He bowed to Satan.

"*Morituri salutamus*, or words to that effect," said Al, "and I'll bet you've had Wightman lined up for my job for a month." And Al skated a chair over to the head of the table beside the chief, and very deliberately sat down.

"Stand up!" barked S. B., who got like that sometimes. "Who invited you to sit in on this conference? Climb out of that chair!"

"Ha, ha!" said Al to himself; and then suddenly realized how easy it is to make a man stand up. All you've got to do is to make a pass at him. After that, if he's any kind of man, the job cut out for you is to make him sit down again. Besides, Al decided, he'd rather take it standing. So he got up.

"Is there anything else I can do for you, Mr. Carnahan?" he inquired considerately.

"You can tell us," snarled S. B., glowering wrath, "just how much you cost the company last week."

"Let's see," mused Al, calculating. "July first to seventh, inclusive, counting the Fourth, which I worked, and one Sunday double; eight days, ninety-six hours, count 'em. Eight thirty-firsts of a hundred and fifty; forty dollars, roughly, and cheap at half the price. And please don't glare at me like that, Mr. Carnahan. I was raised a pet."

"Forty dollars, eh?" sneered Mr. Carnahan. "Forty hundred dollars would come a lot closer; and at four thousand a week we'd find you an expensive luxury, Mr. Holly, even at half the price. Seven pots skulled solid and the wind off of two blast furnaces for almost an hour. Last Sunday night, after the Bessemer started up you ordered seven ladles of blast-furnace iron in on the mixer spur, didn't you?"

"I did that thing," stated Al, "and I still think I made a pretty good play. The mixer was full and I knew that the pots would skull up a bit before we could pour them, but I went down to see Jumbo Dan first and found that he had his ladles in pretty fair shape, and as B Furnace was making some fine low-phosphorous pig I grabbed an extra armful before the open-hearth crowd got their talons onto it. I figured that Lakeside Steel would make more than enough extra profit blowing that low-phos pig to pay for breaking a few light lip skulls out of those ladles."

"Very laudable," admitted S. B. with a curl of his lip. "Very commendable.

"I've been thinking of offering a 10 per cent raise to any man in the organization who manages to put anything over on the open hearth to his own advantage—with a 10 per cent reduction for every time such a try turns out wrong."

All eyes turned for a minute toward the chair on which sat, in innocent relaxation, gazing vacantly out of a window, old foxy open-hearth grandpa, pulling reflectively on a cigar stump so short that it strengthened belief in the legend that Tom McIntosh, out of a long experience with refractories, had developed an asbestos mustache.

"And I'll start right in now," roared the chief inquisitor, bringing all attention back to the culprit at the bar, "by reducing your wages ten times 10 per cent. Do you know that those seven pots stood out in the mixer spur until ten, Monday morning, and skulled solid clear to the middle before they were discovered?"

"Sure I heard about it," said Al, "and what I'm trying to dope out is why the devil I'm up on the carpet for that. I'm on night turn this week."

Ha! Here was the place to tie on the can. Old Satan filled up his lungs in preparation, and as he held his breath so as to reach an exploding pressure before he let loose he shook a short forefinger, in lieu of a pitchfork, under Al Holly's nose.

"In this little steel works, Holly—and all the rest of you here sit up and take notice—we've got no room for the buck passer. I've heard that song and dance about the other turn for forty years now, and it doesn't go down with Carnahan no more. Three goats there are in every steel plant—the drafting room, the transportation department and the other turn—but when you fall down in Lakeside Steel don't dust off your clothes and blame your tumble on one of these three. I know all them worn-out gags. God knows the drafting room and the railroad have sins enough to answer for in this dump"—and S. B. shot a wicked slant at the chief engineer and the superintendent of transportation—"but when they deserve to get hell I'll work the bellows. That's the only fun I get out of my job, and I'll have no one butting in on it. But don't any of you Johnnies try to dump the load of your shortcomings off onto other shoulders or you'll find me riding the back that you've just unloaded. Holly," he bellowed, turning upon the young fellow who stood quietly, smiling a frank disdain for all this oratory, "what's your understanding in regards to hours on that job of yours?"

"Hours?" answered Holly. "Huh!" And his shoulders jerked forward as he expelled a grunt of amusement.

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"I'm not working at the state capitol. I've got a job on a steel plant, and believe me, I know it. I stay on as long as I'm needed."

"Well then," Satan leaped to his point, "what do you paddle off of the job for at five in the morning? When you're on night turn you labor foremen at the Bessemer are supposed to look after the blast-furnace metal, aren't you? And you're supposed to stay on until you can make a report to Baker when he comes out in the morning, aren't you? And you beat it early last Monday, didn't you? And never made a report, did you? And seven ladles freeze up out on the mixer spur, don't they? And we shut the wind off of two blast furnaces for the best part of an hour, don't we; because, by all that's disgraceful, we're short of hot pots to tap into! And we become the laughing stock of the steel world because of that miserable fall down, ain't that a fact? And all because one of our men either has to toddle home early because he can't stand the gaff of a twenty-four-hour turn or else thinks that something else in a steel man's life is more important than steel!

"Get this, all of you here: Any time you feel that you can't do a thirty-six-hour trick or a forty-eight-hour trick if the company needs it, or that there are other things in your life more important than steel, you'd better be getting in your application for a rocking-chair in some old ladies' home, and writing out your resignation papers at the same time!"

S. B. threw a running hitch into the cord that had the can fast to the other end. He turned his lord-high-executioner glare upon Holly, and appropriately asked, "Have you got anything to say for yourself?"

Holly's face was crimson, not with shame at insinuations against his capacity to absorb steelworks punishment, but with effort to restrain an anger that almost forced him to try just one healthy swing on the old boy as he sat there enjoying his windy tirade. Holly's fists were so tight that the knuckles were bloodless.

But all that he said was "Where's Baker?" In the moment of silence that followed his question he repeated "Where's Baker? Where's the chief metallurgist? He always comes to this conference, doesn't he? How does it come he's not here this morning?"

"What has that got to do with the price of ducks?" snapped Satan impatiently.

Holly whirled on him.

"You know damn well what that's got to do with the price of ducks!" he spat out. "Hundred-to-one shot you ordered Baker to stay away this morning. You know that with Baker not here to defend himself the conference gang would think me a short skate to ask why he didn't have guts enough to look over his job first thing when he came out in the morning and didn't find me there to report. He knows me well enough by this time to know that only some most unusual thing would take me away before he came out; something even more important than steel; friendship, for instance; whether your opinion as to that is only high-sounding bluff or whether you're actually idiot enough to be sincere in it. But poor sport or not, I'm telling you now that any man who glues the seat of his pants to his desk chair for the first two hours of his day without taking a look at his job, when his night man fails to make him a report, and then stays away from this particular conference, whether under orders or not, is a short skate.

"I'm on my way, Mr. Carnahan; but not with any can tied to me. I'm telling every man here as I go to look for Wightman on my job tonight; and I'm telling them, too, to look out for Wightman's smoke. I figure that someone has got to appease the gods for this hot-pot mess, and that Baker has got a bit deeper draft than I have; and as it's about time for Wightman to stop spying around and get to work on his climb up the ladder, out goes Al Holly; but not with a can tied to him; not by a long sight!"

Al swept his eyes round the table. Satan took a swift angry breath; but Al beat him to it.

"When you folks see Wightman steaming up the track with Upson the general manager shoving behind, you'd better get in to clear on a siding or you'll get run over. And that applies to you, Mr. Carnahan. Just feel at your head right now and see if it doesn't wabble a little bit on your neck. Menfolks, good day!"

And before the canner could reknot the rope that Al had chewed through, the cannee had quietly closed the door on himself and headed toward the cashier's office.

So you see Al Holly, at the end of a year of giving his honest best, got fired; pretty nearly got canned—like a mutt.

Steel men know that it's a grim world in which they are competing for bread and cakes, and that steel is a congruous part of that world; a world which is a queer combination of squareness and sliminess, fairness and muck; a world that is, after all, taken fore and aft, a good place to put up a fight in. But they would like to see the facts in print; just once. They would like the outside to know that steel will squeeze you dry as a dog biscuit in quicker time than any other business will do it; that steel has a habit of sucking the last drop of juice out of you and leaving you shriveled up like a dried apple skin at the end of the best ten years of your life; after which the garbage wagon will overtake you and gather you in.

Who ever heard of old-age pensions in steel? They don't last that long in steel. Also it is worthy of note that in a direct line of descent from Cain the ruthless there came, in a few generations, out of the loins of Lamech the killer, Tubal-Cain, first worker in iron.

It's a merciless game, this steel, as even the writer of Genesis knew, and in many plants no holds are barred; but if work is the earnest young man's dish let him earnestly hop right to it.

The surge of stupendous forces: mechanical forces, chemical forces, physical, mental, even spiritual forces, the latter the greatest force of them all, although now in only its very first growth; the fearful chaos and man-breaking labors when these stupendous forces get out of hand; the glorious symphony of unbelievable power for the advancement of man that roars its terrific music when they blend into harmony; this is the romance of steel. And the opportunity of steel is the chance to become a part of this gigantic thing; to plunge into its soot and grease and fire and dirt and filth and endless toil and merciless drive, and take your chances at fairness or injustice, recognition or disregard, advancement or canning, the same as you would in any other business; but with this difference—that in steel you are mixed up in the biggest, two-fistedest fight that man has yet put on since Cain and Abel staged the first bout in the pitiless, age-old free-for-all for the survival of the fittest.

Jumbo Dan ran the hot-pot house; and the hot-pot house was no place for Prince Charming. Jumbo Dan was a bohunk: a thick-necked, thick-headed, broad-faced, broad-shouldered bohunk; nothing more to most folks. But to those who came in contact with him in his daily whirl with the hot pots of Lakeside Steel, Jumbo Dan was a man and then some. Jumbo Dan had a wild mustache that sprang off, not from his lips, but that traveled clean across his face and went out from the sides of his cheeks in a bristling brush, unpointed, that reached halfway to his mighty deltoids. Dan wore, day and night, week in and week out, through winter and summer, a yellow sou'wester; a headpiece for the most part affected only by sailors and shaft men, gentlemen of crafts that have never attracted the world's gentle Annies. And yet it can be truly said that no follower of the waters over the earth or seeker for treasures under it ever presented beneath a sou'wester's brim a mug more suited to this particular he style of headgear than that of Jumbo Dan's. Dan's face was pitted and fierce, pockscarred with the heritage of a land so little advanced from the Middle Ages that his countrymen consider an epidemic the just scourge of an angry God and practice no sanitation to stop it. Dan's face was savage and wild, but that brigand mustache of his hid as kindly a mouth as a woman would want to touch with her own, and as fine a smile as ever belied the ferocity of a Turk hater's features. Great shaggy brows, beetling out over his pale gray mountaineer eyes, succeeded in concealing from all but his friends the softness that stole into them so easily and so often, back there under the shield of their frowning and villainous penthouse.

Al Holly was one of the friends to whom Dan's whimsical smile and kind eyes were no hidden things; for between Al and Dan there had sprung up a comradeship based on the peculiar brotherhood that exists between big men. Passing each other for the first time one day, each had sized up the breadth and heft and thickness of the other in that appraisal of strength between wide-backed men which knows no limitations of country or breed. Their eyes met at last as men's eyes do at the close of a mutual scrutiny as to physical worth, and Dan's whole left side shrugged up, his arm stiffly lifted with it, and his yellow sou'wester tilted out over the hunched shoulder in a characteristic Slav gesture of greeting.

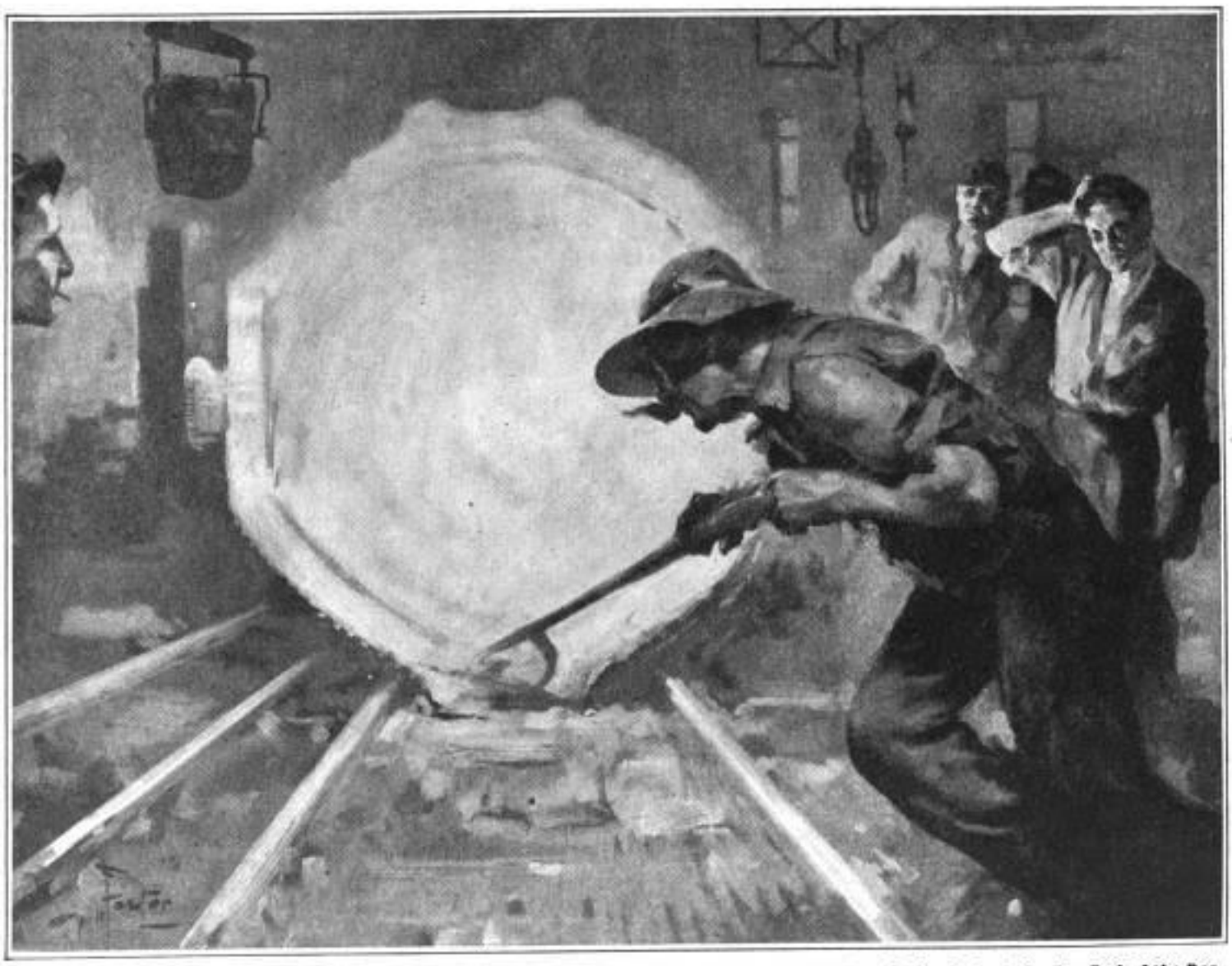
"Allo, John," said Dan. "You new man Lakeside, no? I no see before. Which place *dela?*"

"Allo, Jumbo," Al returned, and stepped over a couple switches and frogs toward the comradely big man. "I work for Bessemer. Last week start. Me greener." And Al caught the immediate gleam of humor that played beneath the lowering brows at his application of the term of a newly landed bohunk to himself.

"You old man, Lakeside, Jumbo, huh?" Al inquired.

Dan nodded his head.

"Five year dis place *dela*," he stated, and then introduced himself. "No got nem Jumbo," he explained. "Got nem Dan."



He Jammed the Pinch End of it Between the Scrap Lip and the Ladle Lining, and Flung His Huge Body Against the Far End of the Bar

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"No got name John," returned Al, grinning at this primitive method of exchanging cards. "My name Al," and he pumped at a giant arm. "Me, Al. You, Jumbo Dan."

Dan's eyes showed puzzlement at the persistence of this man in assuming to know his family name.

"Tancovic Dan," he corrected.

Whereupon Holly dug in his pocket and fetched up the ever-present piece of soapstone which together with any convenient wall or steel plate makes up the demonstrating outfit for half the problems that arise in a steel plant, and with it he sketched against a handy gondola side a passable likeness of the tusker that Dan's huge bulk had conjured in his imagination.

Dan Tancovic stood back with head to a side and surveyed the work of art, and a smile of comprehension and pride lifted the ends of his far-flung mustache.

"Ha!" Dan exploded appreciatively. "Me, I plenty versteh dot fellow. You say Jumbo dot fellow, English? 'Aht's aw-right. Me, I like nem Jumbo Dan!"

So at that instant the name attached itself to Mr. Tancovic, much to that gentleman's evident satisfaction; and Jumbo Dan he was from that day forth forever. Also at that same instant there sprang into life another attachment, another one of those grapplings with hoops of steel which have made the world and its steel plants and throne pavilions beautiful since that far day when a warrior prince, watching a scene in the field headquarters of his victorious father, felt his soul knitting fast with the soul of a herdsman, an unarmored slinger, who stood there, thick-chested and bloody and straight before Saul, a hawk-nosed Philistine head still dragging adrip in his battle-clenched fist.

The hot-pot house, where Dan Tancovic held forth, is no summer resort, as we may have hinted before. It begins at one end with the pigger; and, as if that isn't bad enough, it stops with the skull cracker at the other. And if the beginning and the end are bad the in-between is a dog-gone sight worse.

In the old days, before they started to lug big ladles of molten iron all over the plant like so many growlers of beer, there was no use for the pig machine. In the old days all blast-furnace metal was cast in sand, run direct from the tap hole to long troughs, off of which long troughs were little connecting depressions, each of these just of a size to make a chunk of iron as big as a man could conveniently handle—say, a hundred pounds or so. The molten iron ran down the big sand gutters and off on each side into the close-huddled rows of the small molds; hence, in the delicate fancy of the blast-furnace men, the long pieces of iron resulting were sows, and the little, clinging, hundred-pound pieces were pigs; whence pig iron came by its name.

But the day of handling hot metal in ladles arrived, and with it the old casting floor with its thousands of little pigs all nosed up tight in gleaming row after gleaming row against the steaming sows passed on, along with the picturesque wooden-soled, muscle-bound breed of giants in Celtic and African skins that used to break up the pig beds and load the scarcely cooled iron by hand. In place of the pig bed and the big-hearted, big-fisted, hard-drinking, hard-fighting, wage-squandering burlies that served it, there now lives the pigger, a device by which the pigs are formed in an endless procession of little boiler-plate molds that crawl along under the narrow spout of a pouring runner.

An iron ladle, mechanically tipped, drops its sparkling contents into the wide receiving end of the runner, and each mold as it creeps along on its many-wheeled endless chain is exactly filled. Screeching and squealing as though it were dragging sure-enough pigs from the butcher's knife to the scalding tank, the mighty double-tracked chain lugs the molds along on a horizontal stretch of track until the iron has taken a surface freeze. Then it tilts down, and with violent bubbling and hissing and the rise of great clouds of steam it descends into a long trough of water, from which the pigs emerge after a while, solid and comparatively cold, for a climb uphill to the height of a gondola car. At the top of the rise the chain turns under its track, the molds turn upside down, the pigs drop into the car, and the little boiler-plate troughs go wailing on water-washed bearings downhill again, dive under the bottom of the long cooling tank, to bob up presently back at the iron runner, which fills 'em up again. Simple as that.

And yet all is not sweetness and rest for the blast-furnace boss, for every so often a link lets go under the terrific strain of hauling that long train of iron and molds, and before the proper switch can be thrown some giant motor keeps right on a-winding up chain until links and wheels and molds and shafts and bearings and tracks have heaved themselves up and wound themselves about and tangled themselves into such an inextricable mess around framework and tank and columns and freight car and driving gear as would make a coast-resort sea serpent hang his head for pure shame.

So starts the hot-pot house with this devil's contraption at one end.

At the other end stands the skull cracker. High up in a little cage that hangs like a kite's nest against a movable bridge that spans the skull-cracker crane runway, sits Mr. Nick Yaneff, a nimble-handed young man of ancient Tartar-Slav lineage, and plies his numerous levers. A reach of his arm and certain mighty fingers, clothed in gloves of invisibility, take hold of a seven-ton ball of steel. A flip of Nick's hand and a magnet the size of a washtub ascends, and a minute later that terrible drop ball hangs high up between the crane girders, directly over some big slab of scrap that is to be cracked up into usable size. And then Nick pulls out a little black-handled switch.

Until you have seen those invisible fingers let go you can never sense the peculiar deliberation with which that seven-ton drop ball rushes to earth. With seeming reluctance it parts with the magnet above it. Then, when at last it is free, it slowly floats earthward; sinks down through the air like a marble finding its way to the bottom of a jar of molasses. Someone may try to tell you that this great ball, like all other falling bodies, obeys certain immutable laws: $v = gt$ and $s = \frac{1}{2}gt^2$, and all that sort of rot. But according to such fool hieroglyphics that seven-ton ball would be hitting about forty an hour when it got to the ground, and that's nonsense, as anyone watching it float lazily down can see. And yet, if you get near enough to it to feel the quake that comes when that rushing mass of solid steel is brought to an instantaneous halt, doubt enters your mind regarding your estimate as to speed; and there also enters your mind the diverting conjecture as to what might become of your skull should it ever be used to bring that cracker ball to a stop.

But the kind of skulls that the drop ball lands on are ladle skulls; so named from their rough resemblance, in shape and congenital hollowness, to the human article. All liquids freeze, including iron, so by reason of various delays in pouring, much metal solidifies against the comparatively cold sides of the container. In time this must be removed; hence the hot-pot house, where Jumbo Dan and his huskies dig and pry, hammer and slug, scorch and sweat in effort to keep the pots trim and clean for the furnaces. In no activity of man does the vicious circle work more heinously than in the matter of hot pots. For any reason let pots get scarce for a time—a wreck, for instance, that puts a train of them all in the shop at once—and a mighty roar for ladles ascends that subjects the remaining ones to constant and increasing abuse. Then Jumbo Dan and his worthies scarcely get started to work on a draft of badly skulled pots when along comes the blast-furnace shifter, hooks on, and snatches them off just in time to save shutting the blast off of one of the stacks and to prevent spontaneous combustion on the part of the blast-furnace superintendent. Next time, these pots come back to Dan in still worse shape, until finally sheer necessity will hold one or two more of them in the hot-pot house; which means that the balance of them are given still rougher treatment; and so on, approaching pure feeble-mindedness as a limit.

Meantime Jumbo Dan stays with 'em; and setting his wearying, burned-out men a splendid example with that pachyderm carcass of his, he pries and cuts and bars and hammers and tugs and hauls, with the ladles turned down horizontal and their red insides pouring heat out over a man in a way to scorch the heart out of him in an hour. Twelve hours every day, seven days every week, no rest day, Sunday the worst, double turn every fortnight, Jumbo Dan stayed with 'em. His men, played out, took a day off once in a while; but Dan was the foreman, and every day Dan was on hand, fighting the fight that made him no flat-faced bohunk to those who knew his job, but a man.

On the rare occasions when things were running smoothly at the Bessemer, Al Holly would slip away to the hot-pot house on one of the visits that make life in a steel plant worth while, and which, instead of being a waste of time, are perhaps of more value to the organization than any other hours in a steel man's day.

"Say, Dan," said Al, as the two of them took a seat for a blow and a chat on a tool box one night, "you never tell me which place you momma stop starry country." Which, being translated, is "Where does your mother live in the old country?" or "What is your native land?"

"Me Slavishman," Dan explained.

"Sure, I know you're a Slavishman," said Holly, and made a suggestive sweep with the flat of his hand across his own face from cheek bone to cheek bone, keenly expressive of the high flat contour of features so typical of Jumbo Dan's breed, "but which kind Slavishman, Dan? Maybe Czech?" asked Al, sensing the steady light that smolders in the eyes of such races of men as have fought a long and relentless fight with liberty the goal.

A new look came into the eyes of big Dan Tancovic, a look in which there mingled several things. Appreciation of this friend was there, this American who looked on him not just as a hunyak, but as a man with a distinct race individuality and pride, the son of some country that had perhaps as proud a history as any land in the world. There blazed out, too, from under those shaggy brows a fire that lights up the eyes of those who have not only fought a good fight but who in a thousand years of fighting have never been overcome.

"My country," said Tancovic Danilo, and rose, and took off his yellow sou'wester. "Crnagora!"

Al frowned with mental effort. "Tsernagora," he repeated, searching his brain for a clew to the translation of this unknown native name. Gora—that might help. He knew gora, all right.

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"You Get Out of That Door, You Big, Slab-Footed, Flat-Headed, Pock-Faced Bohunk," Yelled Satan

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Through the Looking-Glass

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT



We Ladies are Really Awfully Clever About Putting it Over. Our Front Can be Put Up for a Long, Long Time Before Anybody Gets Wise

THERE comes a time in every woman's life when she has to decide the vital question, Will I touch it up or shall I let it get gray?

No member of the female sex escapes making this decision. No, not even those ladies whose hair is exactly the same, my dear, as it was when I was a girl. The only difference between these and the women who admit, preferably in public for the comfort and reassurance which they derive from so doing, that the gray streak here over my left eye is inherited from mother; she grew gray very, very young; and yes, it's a family trait—the only difference, I say, between these two classes of girls is that one of them uses what the advertisements so tactfully refer to as restorer, while the other group of us frankly contemplate dyeing it, either in the privacy of the home or in one of those well-named scalp parlors where scalp treatment can be obtained at regular scalper rates.

The necessity for this momentous decision of course arises when it first dawns upon a female's consciousness that she will not be forever young. She has been told so for years, but she has not believed it. Indeed her own folks very likely began telling it to her way back before she was married when, as is customary in most sound American homes, mother called attention to the fact in connection with the desirability of "asking that nice Jones boy over to Sunday supper, he's home from college, and I hear the old man is feeble and pretty well fixed, and of course your father and I think the world of you, dearie, and wouldn't want to lose you except for your own good," and so forth.

You know the line. If you are a woman and ever had a mother you do. One of those why-and-the-deuce-aren't-you-married-yet-I-was-at-your-age remarks, which in any other words are just as sweet.

Well, anyway, as we were saying, the dear girl has always known, theoretically, that some day she would cease to be a broiler, and graduate into the class where they have to be thoroughly stewed in order to get by. No, I don't mean what you do. I mean a fricassee, like, with lots of tasty dressing. But in spite of all this no woman ever really believes that she will become old, or even middle-aged. And it is watching the struggle most ladies make against this inevitable happening which has brought me to the study of an undeveloped phase of human education—to wit: how to prepare for middle age, and why.

Symptoms of Middle Age

FIRST of all, exactly what is middle age? Roughly speaking, it is fifteen years older than whatever age you happen to be when you think of it. Middle age then being as one might call it a movable feast, how is one to recognize the symptoms when they first appear, in order that the condition may be tackled in time and handled to the best advantage? For the convenience of those who are in sympathy with the study of this pretty general—one might almost call it epidemic—condition of the human race, I will list a few of the salient characteristics of the first stage.

In a man the earliest danger signal will probably be the fact that his wife tells him he is getting a bald spot and his barber simultaneously assures him that he is not, and he finds himself unable to decide which to believe. Another definite symptom is when he accidentally discovers in the privacy of the bathroom mirror that a pod, somewhat resembling a badly inflated football, is beginning to develop in the region slightly north of the pelvic structure and due south of the chest. Another alarming indication is that he instinctively drops the term "Well, old man," and begins to use "Hello, boy," instead. He catches himself unconsciously whistling Daisy Bell over his work, when of course the tune ought to be Say it With Peanuts or some other modern jazz number. He begins to crack chestnuts about not being as young as he was, but does it in a tone which dares you to agree with him at peril of your life. He takes less notice of the handsome young married ladies in his set, including his wife, and begins to develop a kindly interest in the tender green sprouts around sixteen with skinny legs and long hair flying around their faces, and when you accuse him of it he laughs uneasily and says "Good Lord, no, I am not as old as that, yet!"

The above are all obvious and infallible symptoms which must not be ignored. Other and more subtle indications of the condition, such as a revival of college colors in neckties and a gradually increasing disinclination to go out nights, should be taken cognizance of and treated instantly upon first appearance.

In professedly lovely woman the signs are, as I have hinted, harder to detect, owing largely to the fact that an enormous per cent of our national industries exist solely in order that she may be effectively camouflaged.

Counting all the way from wigmaker to shoemaker, from textile manufacturer to milliner, including members of the steel industry which so largely concerns itself with her corsets, and the rice growers and copra jobbers who exist mainly in order that her face may be coated and quoted, fully one half of the adult male population of our country is engaged in making disguises for her, and the other half is busy making the money with which to pay for said disguises, the while they wonder how old she really is.

And we ladies are really awfully clever about putting it over. Our front can be put up for a long, long time before anybody gets wise. But there is an end even to the efficacy of make-up, and alas! we are as a rule the last to realize that the bluff is no longer going over as well as it used to and never did.

Nevertheless we manage to keep the public at least puzzled about our age for quite a while, and it is not so much for the enlightenment of the men as to warn my sisters that I follow these few remarks by a brief catalogue of the unconscious betrayals by which the approach of middle age may be detected in women.

First of all, there is that tendency to speak critically of débutantes. Secondly, but not less significantly, there is the effort to imitate débutantes, which effort occurs almost simultaneously with the criticism. Thirdly, a tendency to reject even quite expensive hats if they are too mature-looking. Women approaching what we will now tactfully refer to as maturity generally develop a mania for attempting to drag their husbands, if they have one, out evenings on the grounds that we never go anywhere any more, George, and I'm too young to stay in night after night like this! If they haven't changed their shoes before throwing this line they are not sincere in saying it. They don't really want to go out, but merely feel it a matter of duty to themselves to protest. And if they don't really mean it they are getting well along toward the danger zone.

Checking Up

ANOTHER way to tell a woman's approximate age is to check her up on the shows she remembers, and about stuff like the World's Fair. This requires finesse, but it can be done. In both sexes the ability to see changes in one's contemporaries, while refusing to admit them in oneself, is a prëeminent indication of approaching middle age.

But no matter how young a woman succeeds in looking, and how careful she is with her memory, believe me, she is having a constant, unceasing, embittering fight to maintain her bluff, and I as a woman claim that the greatest of women's rights, the one which will make her most truly free, is the right to be the age she is.

It is the duty of everyone to dress as young as they decently can. I said decently. Heaven forbid that I advocate the well-known middle-age slump for either sex. Far from it. Nor do I exaggerate the advantages of leaving youth behind. But I am not blind to the fact that we are afraid of being middle-aged more because we fear being classed as back numbers or considered ridiculous by our juniors than because we dread the actual accumulation of years. The constantly uprising new generation is amazingly cruel in their blind ridicule of the middle-aged, and their elders are even more astonishingly sensitive to it. For the work of the world is practically all done by the middle-aged, even though the world's impetus is supplied by youth. And we who are on the far outskirts of youth have first of all to learn that we are to be compensated by an increasing sense of power for our decrease of mere physical vitality.

Now it seems to me that the whole painful unconscious educational process which infancy suffers through, and the more lucid and hardly less thorough conscious education which is handed out to the w. k. school child, are merely preparation for life up to, say, the age of thirty. Anybody would think that life ended at thirty, or thirty-five at latest, we are so obviously trained only for the first flush of manhood and womanhood. We are taught, whether we realize it at the time or not, the rudiments of such knowledge as will enable us to buy and sell, to get a first job, to speak in the language of our particular social circle, so that we may get through with the routine business of life by the

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THE WHISPERING GALLERY

By Frederick Irving Anderson

ILLUSTRATED BY J. C. SHEPHERD

IT MUST be something," said the Dresden shepherdess, "that all men would covet."

Old Telfen, bending over the table of rosewood at which she sat, had been drinking in her features with the exquisite appreciation of one who has studied line and color at the lapidary's bench. This was old Ludwig himself—Ludwig the First, and Ludwig the Last too; the king of lapidaries. He was now an old, old man, who loved beauty to distraction. He had just placed an unset diamond before her on a tiny black velvet pillow, to test her. Her flutelike cry and the rose flush that flowed through her cheeks repaid him. But it was the contour of her downcast face as she played with the fire of the gem that most pleased him; no plastic medium could match the texture or tint, no sculptor flow such a line—not even the old Greeks.

"Something," she said, sounding the note again, "one could never forget. I wonder is there such a thing!" She raised her hazel eyes to his.

"Grief," sighed old Telfen. "That is unforgetable, madame."

"Ah! And beautiful! And precious too! One covets the privilege of it. But not the thing itself. Ah, no!"

Her eyes fell; and she touched the glowing gem with her finger tips again. Old Telfen suddenly realized that a glistening tear, revealed beneath the lashes that swept her cheek, would finish the picture. She wore a barely visible stripe of purple through all her things; she had been recently bereft, he thought. Yet she sought for a gem, or what not, that must inspire envy, cupidity in all beholders.

"Did you ever sit for your head, madame? Pardon an old man."

"Yes. Van der Heusen."

"In Antwerp! Ah! He could——"

"But he did not." She shook her head with a wistful smile. "He smashed it! My Chinese boy called him Ten Thousand. We adopted it for short. And his little boy—One Thousand."

This pleased the old man.

"Do I know you, madame?"

"No," she said.

"Your husband——"

"Please!" she said, and made a little imploring gesture that went straight to the heart of the old gentleman.

There was a moment of constraint, which he sought to bridge by bringing her back to the gem on the soft pillow.

"This pleases you, madame?"

"Oh, yes!"

"And this?"

With a curious sleight-of-hand movement he produced a second stone and laid it gently by the first. She was about to pick it up, but checked herself and looked questioningly at him.

"Ah, you cunning frauds! You counterfeit everything—except life, don't you?"

"It deceives many," he said. "It even deceives the fingers. Touch it, madame."

"Oh, no!" she said with a quick movement of withdrawal.

Either, thought old Telfen, she was a clever actress or else a creature after his own heart, of whom this earth does not hold a baker's dozen; one with an instinct for gems, to whom artifice is loathsome. This was paste, miraculously fabricated, true, possessing everything except, as she said, life.

"Something"—she came back to her motif with insistent charm—"that has a universal appeal. To a Hottentot. A stevedore. A child playing in the sand. A *grande dame*. A shop girl. A savant. A witless fool. Surely we have not come so far from the beginning of things that there does not still exist the universal lure. Simple, eternal. Think! I wish to possess it! It must thrill one with joy and terror!"

"Eve found it," said the old man, studying her closely from under his brows.



He Touched a Pearl Button, and the Floor in Front of Them Fell Away

"And destroyed it—for all time," she retorted shortly.

The old lapidary's scrutiny abruptly ended.

"Come," he said.

He turned and unlocked a bronze gate, admitting her to a prison pen, in the middle of which sat like a sepulcher his famous strong box, a mechanism of fabled ingenuity. As the lock clicked behind her she started nervously. He touched a pearl button, and the floor in front of them fell away, while the jaws of the strong box opened with ominous stealth.

"Kismet!" Telfen always enjoyed this business. "Enter. My house is yours. Perhaps what you seek is here."

But it was not so easily found. His things thrilled her, but they did not strike terror to her heart. He roped a string of pearls about her neck and stood off, pointing to a mirror. Against the ivory of her skin and the black of her furs the opalescence seemed to wax and wane like an emotion. They were fit for the seduction of an empress. Yet the woman regarded her bedecked image moodily.

"They don't like me. They never did," she said.

"Let them get acquainted," he said soothingly. "They say Lady Astor wears hers night and day.

"This," said the old man as he placed a box in her gloved hand, "is without price. It is my pocket piece! It is my one vice! Sometimes at midnight I come here to gloat over it. It lives, madame! Look! Look!"

This last command he uttered with some acerbity, for she held the unopened case in her hand, intent on him instead of the treasure.

"Look your fill, and depart famished!" he cried.

She lifted the lid with a coral finger nail.

"Ah!" she breathed.

She turned pale. Snapping the case shut she held it away from her. It was a diamond. But such a diamond!

"Is that what you seek?" cried the old man, the veil lifted on the passion of his soul. "Because, if it is—you may not have it! It belongs to me—to me! Tell me, do you envy me its possession—the joy, and the terror, that come from one look?"

"No! No!" she said, forcing it back upon him. "It is too dominating, too hypnotic. It demeans one!" she cried. "It could will me to do." She shuddered as she buried her face in her hands. Then, calm again, she said: "What I seek must not strike me down. It must lift me up! It may humble me, yes, as love humbles, but it must not rob me of my pride. This is—it is atrocious! Lock it up, sir, I beg!"

The two adepts—for old Telfen indulged his sense of the mystic shamelessly with this pocket piece of his—understood each other perfectly. Leering, the old man put the horrid thing out of sight. There were other things to show, merely for the pride of brotherhood. He knew he had nothing for her, and his heart bled for her.

When they were seated once more at the table outside she said again, "Think! Think! I have come from Paris to see you. I might have seen Hausman. But Hausman is not Telfen. At least so they tell me in Lahore."

"No; Hausman is not Telfen. Yet he is Hausman!"

"And this is your whispering gallery," she said, looking up at the domed ceiling. He looked sharply at her. "Ah, do not deny it," she said. "Salikanundra Das, Bombay," she added—"Sali told me. This is the table. That"—pointing to the arch above her head—"is your parabola. There"—and she indicated an ornamental filigree of bronze decorating a mezzanine floor in the opposite corner—"sits a stenographer making pothooks of my every syllable. Is it not so, master?" She touched his hand lightly. "My every whisper is distinctly audible over there. Yes!"

Her darker mood was gone. She looked at him, amused. She said in a low, melodious voice, "Bind your hair and look out of the window, child. Let me see your pretty face." She looked up at the grille on the hanging mezzanine.

"You play like a man," said old Telfen admiringly. He raised his voice: "Do as she bids you, child." A laughing head appeared and nodded at them from above, and was instantly withdrawn.

"I go even further," said old Telfen, wholly won by the entrancing creature now. "Do you see that glowing crystal in the wall behind you? There—to the right." He pointed with the famous finger that could appraise a precious stone in the dark. She turned and looked, plainly puzzled.

"I see it; but it is not a crystal."

"Jena glass," laughed the old man.

Her pretty lips fell apart. "A hidden camera?"

He nodded.

"You have stolen my picture, then?"

"Everyone privileged to sit at this table sits for his picture," he explained. "Oh, I take no chances on credentials. Credentials are frauds. Did Sali tell you that? No? You may tell him."

She ran her fingers through her hair. "I hope it is good," said the eternal feminine. "May I see it?"

"When you come again, yes."

"This day week?"

"Yes. Then I should have a thrill for you. I have word of a big stone coming out of Brazil."

"Probably another Black Prince," she said rather grudgingly.

"It may be. We shall see. You have struck fire in my imagination. You may have to travel."

"I will go to the ends of the earth for what I want."

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"Ah! What a woman! We chart the face of the earth for precious things, you and I, like mariners chart the sea for sunken reefs and blessed isles. Tell me, are there a dozen beautiful things on earth?"

"Nine," she said, and named them, the old man, completely enthralled, supplying the legends of each; and the girl in the gallery, putting down in pothooks these rhapsodies, found them as remote as if sounded in a pagan tongue.

The woman arose.

"You don't know me, master," she said. "If you find for me what I seek, then you may. Not until then. For credentials I will leave these."

Her bag fell open on a spring, and she took out a freshly cut and stacked bundle of bank notes of opulent mien. Ludwig Telfen pushed them back, shaking his head. She was standing by a pedestal, whose capital supported a block of gleaming marble, in which floated, half submerged, a woman's head, so buoyant that it seemed fairly to stir among the ripples of the stone. It was Van der Heusen's piece, La Noyée—The Drowned One. The woman traced the lovely face with those long gloved fingers.

"He used my eyes for that," she said dreamily; she threw back her head and closed her eyes. The image was perfect. "The nose belongs to a *cocotte*. The mouth and chin are from the Palais Royal—a little seamstress. One doesn't find all the Beatitudes in one prayer, master."

"If you are a friend of Ten Thousand—he-he—you may come to me nameless," said Telfen happily. "You know him well then, madame?"

She brushed a tear from her eye, and Telfen divined a tale untold.

She was stuffing the rejected credentials back into her hand bag.

"A haul for some lucky pickpocket," said old Telfen.

"Tut! Who would suspect such a dingy bag? It is safer than a bank!"

"You should have been a man!" reiterated Telfen. "You are a clever woman, as well as a rich one, which is rare. You are right. Who would suspect such a bag? I send a dingy girl to the bank for my pay roll. She fetches it through the streets in a paper bag. Who would suspect a two-pound sack?"

His eye caressed La Noyée of Van der Heusen. The old man told himself he would never sell it, now that it had come to life in this extraordinary manner. Together they walked across the marble hall. She passed her carriage check to the starter, but Ludwig Telfen interposed. She must not leave in a public taxi. He would send her to her hotel in his own car. Telfen himself handed her in; he checked himself in the act of wondering if the heavens would fall should he salute that hand in the Continental fashion.

He watched her roll away; but even in this ecstatic moment he patted himself on the back that he had not forgotten eternal vigilance; sending her to her hotel in his own car was a clever move—his man would return with a complete report of the lady. He rubbed his hands briskly and chuckled as he crossed back to his desk. The stenographer in the whispering gallery and the gold-buttoned cadet who ran errands exchanged sophisticated winks. They had never before seen the old gentleman in so mellow a mood.

II

OLD TELFEN had been robbed once before. That robbery had passed into history as the night of a thousand thieves, because the thief, in order to get a look into Ludwig Telfen's big safe, had tripped a thousand burglar alarms by cutting the main cable; and while the police were running in circles in response to the clamor the ingenious rogue, with ample time, took his pick from the master lapidary.

Later Telfen moved uptown and established this show window on Fifth Avenue. The ivory-faced old jeweler was shrewd enough to drink all the free advertising he could swallow out of the move, and newspapers described ad lib. the impregnable fortress he established as the repository of gems and jewelry. Nothing was known of the whispering gallery. The peculiar acoustics of the room were accidental; even the architect who traced the blue prints with his French curves and protractors was never to suspect that he had by chance contrived a perfect parabola. It was Telfen himself who discovered the trick reflector, and, having grown overzealous since that famous night of a thousand thieves, determined to make use of it. He had a concealed stenographer in the tiny mezzanine to eavesdrop on every important transaction whereof a verbatim record would be valuable. The camera hidden in the wall had been installed after a regrettable occasion when a wayward son, having bought baubles on his family's credit, had later repudiated the affair. The irate Telfen swore that thereafter every customer of parts would be confronted by his own snapshot should a similar question arise. The prison pen, the disappearing floor and the ponderous jaws of the vault, with other details of this establishment, made one almost wish that, now Telfen was impregnable, some cunning knight of the road might come along and suavely pierce his armor.

Parr himself, hardened by a thousand thrills in his distinguished rôle as special deputy in charge of the Detective Bureau, could not withhold a dry smile as he mounted the steps and tapped on the revolving doors for entry. A uniformed man inside made haste to admit him. The glories of this realm had all been transferred to their pillows in their strong box for the night. The furniture in the hall was draped in dust covers, and in the half light suggested a mortuary chamber.

Parr's man indicated a shadowy figure at the table—the same table. It was Ludwig Telfen, a thousand years older, heaping ashes of contrition on his spare locks.

"Oh, I can't believe it! It is not true! Stetson! Stetson, I say! Search once more. I am too old!" the great lapidary was murmuring brokenly.

Stetson, a fashionable mourner, standing behind in the dusk, conveyed the completeness of the catastrophe to Parr with a shrug. Parr was wholly in the dark; he had come in from New England at eight, to meet the information that Ludwig Telfen had been robbed under his very nose—Telfen's nose, a long, acquisitive beak. Without asking details Parr had hurried here, knowing well that the roof must have been blown off. Seeing the old man himself beyond logic, Parr buttonholed the fashionable Stetson, chief of staff in this establishment.

"The lady walked off with his pearls," said Stetson with sepulchral brevity.

"Lady?"

"Undoubtedly." Stetson's whisper was decisive as to the quality of the person. He knew.

"Walked off. How?"

"Around her neck. Under her furs."

"But didn't he have wit enough to see her put them there?"

"See her? He put them there himself!" Stetson's forefinger was indelicate enough to point. "The old fool! She told him they were sick—didn't like her. Never did! He said 'Wear them a while; let them get acquainted.' Well, she did. They talked half an hour. Then he put her into his own car, sent her to her hotel in charge of his own man. He never thought about the pearls until the car came back, and the man said it was empty when he got to the hotel."

Parr grunted. He struck a light on his thumbnail and touched off a dead cigar.

"How much?"

"One of them was the Dolgoda," said the fashionable Stetson with fearful emphasis.

"That means nothing to me. Give me the total."

"Say two hundred thousand, duty paid."

"Nice little lump to get acquainted with," mused Parr. Then he turned to Telfen; he roused the old man with an assuring grip on the gaunt shoulder as he said, "We've been together in this sort of thing before, Telfen. This looks simple enough. But we've got to move fast. Describe her. Maybe she is a friend of mine."

"La Noyée—La Noyée," mumbled the old man. "It is a mistake! There should never have been an alarm. The pearls will turn up. They have been mislaid. I would die of shame to face her then. A marvelous woman! She gave me youth again. I can't describe it to you. Spare me the ignominy—her the shame. Oh, why did I call in the police? What is the money to me?" Confidentially: "She probably stepped out at a street corner in a traffic jam—told the chauffeur—he's a little deaf, you know. When she finds the pearls she will come in laughing. See that Van der Heusen on the pedestal." His wavering hand indicated the masterpiece of The Drowned One floating in the marble flood. "Those are her eyes! It is priceless. Money couldn't buy it."

All this came out in surges, incoherent at times, but towards the end the old man got himself in hand. Parr got up to look at the Van der Heusen, but to him, especially in the dusk, it was too real to be remarkable.

Stetson here interposed to hand to Parr a proof of the snapshot taken of the Dresden shepherdess while she sat there with old Telfen asking him to find her something all men would covet. Parr took one look and started as if shot.

"Where did you get this?" he demanded savagely.

"We took it," explained Stetson.

"Took it? What do you mean—took it? Took it from where?"

"We snapped it—while she sat here—this afternoon." Stetson whispered cautiously in Parr's ear: "It's one of his eccentricities—to snapshot every customer he brings to this table. The camera is there," he explained, pointing. "There—you can see the lens." And he indicated the bulging eye, set in a decoration.

"She sat at this table—this afternoon?" The deputy handled his words as if they were breakable.

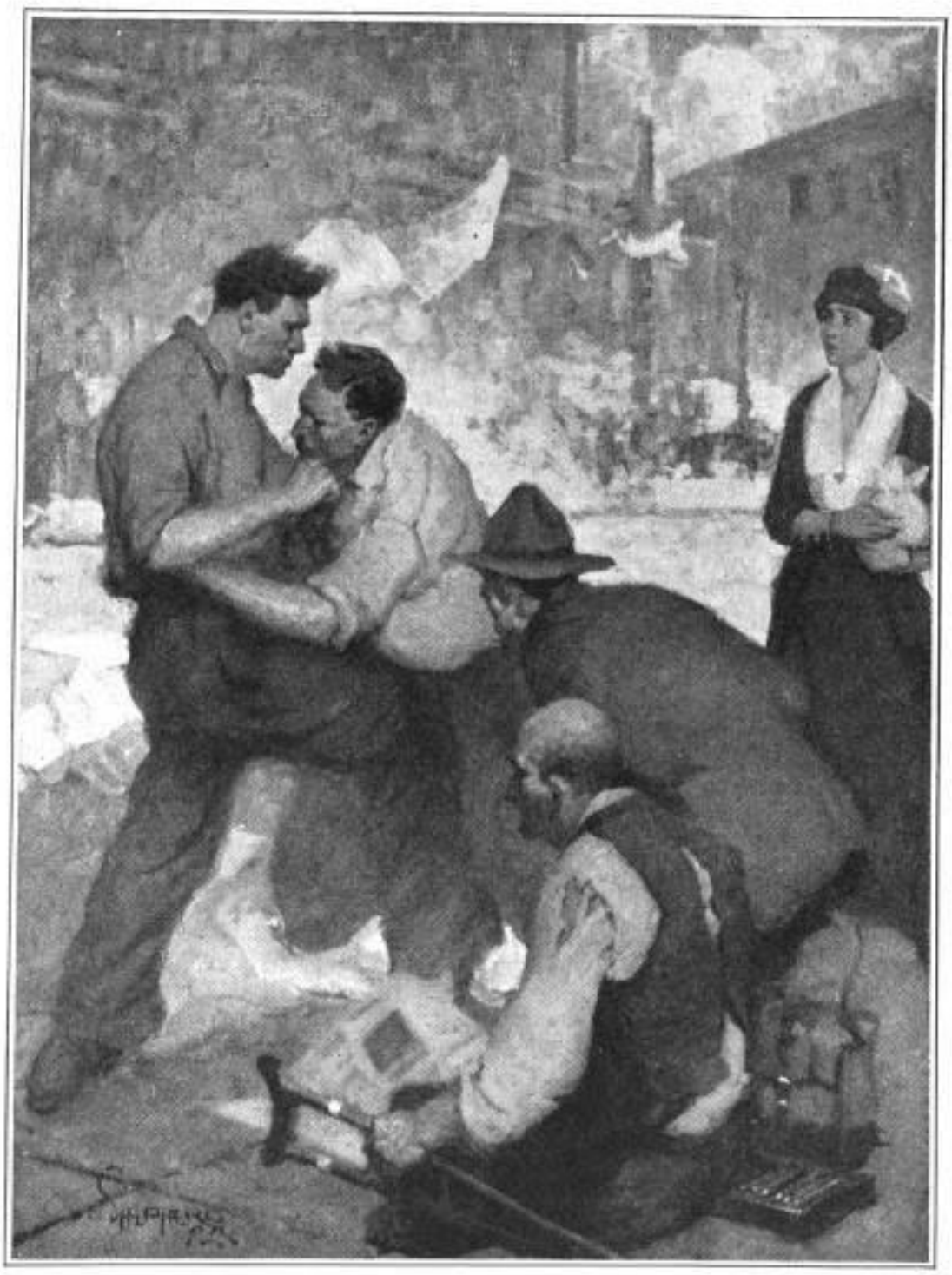
"Certainly."

"Is this the woman that got acquainted with the Dolgoda pearl?" The deputy let his voice sink to a terrific whisper.

"Yes. I've been telling you ——"

"You've told me nothing! You can tell me nothing! Carson!" he cried sharply to the man on the door. "Go to my office—get Sweeney to give you the Huntington envelope."

(Continued on Page 118)



Two Young Men—Evidently Moving-Van Helpers—Suddenly Sprang at Each Other's Throats With Hoarse Oaths

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THE GOOD EGG

By Holworthy Hall

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK SPRADLING

AT THE freshman reception there were four hundred men packed into a space that wouldn't have been too generous for forty; and yet over in one corner there was a big rangy boy who was quite as lonely as though he stood lost in the middle of the Sahara. Literally and figuratively his back was against the wall.

He was hemmed in by classmates whose faces, whose manners, whose very tricks of speaking English were unfamiliar to him; and for an hour not one of them had even acknowledged his presence, except to rake him with a glance, and sometimes smile involuntarily, and struggle past.

And so in his bitter disillusionment he was merely waiting for a chance to escape, when of a sudden he perceived that an undersized youth with pale blue eyes and a very small chin was sardined beside him, and squinting up at the cardboard tag of identification that was in Gordon's buttonhole.

"Hello, you Lee Gordon," said the undersized youth flippantly. "If you feel half as low as you look, and I look half as low as I feel, it's fifty-fifty. What?"

Gordon reached down his ample brown hand. "Mister Man," he said, "you have lost your ticket, so I can't call you by name, but I am certainly glad to meet you."

"My name's Baker. Whitney Baker."

"Where were you raised?"

"Why—near New York."

"That hasn't hurt you any," said Gordon. "You may be a No'thern man, but you've sure got a few Southern principles. Let's go tackle this ice cream, Baker. You hang onto my coat tails; I'll tromple a way for us."

"Gordon," said the undersized youth, "you're a darned good egg. Let's go get some food."



She Turned Suddenly and Gave a Little Gasp

He had come up from the South as an utter stranger, but in spite of the freshman reception he refused to stay strange for even a fortnight. He stood six feet two and weighed a hundred and eighty pounds without a pinch of fat on him; he walked lazily and talked lazily, and wasted not a single gram of energy until he chose to explode his muscles and become cyclonic; and then if you happened to be wearing a blue jersey you were distinctly out of luck.

Furthermore, his personality was a magnet that made a great many people feel like soft iron. He had a perpetual smile that was as warm and soothing as his voice and a laugh that acted on his listeners like yeast. He was poor and he was partly working his way, but as far as the clock and his pocketbook permitted he was a born prodigal. He never made the slightest effort to be popular; he simply smiled and took the world as it came to him, and it came in bunches—not only undergraduates and débutantes, but also their mothers and fathers, who couldn't seem to get enough of him.



"But You'll be There, Lee"

Consequently it was a source of some bewilderment to the college that even as late as sophomore year he devoted so much of his time to a peculiarly weak and unattractive character called Whitney Baker. At first, of course, this was set down merely as an instance of Gordon's great-heartedness; but when it appeared that he was actually trying to make Baker the tail of the comet, even to the extent of getting him into Gordon's own club, it was decided that he would have to be interviewed and enlightened.

Long since, however, people had learned that for all his geniality he didn't like to have certain of his motives invaded; and consequently out of the entire class there was only one man who was willing to talk to him without varnish, and this was a fiery red-haired youngster named McKee, who played quarterback.

Gordon heard him attentively. "Billy, after what you tell me I shall let the club matter drop—not that I am afraid of queering myself, as you call it, but because I see it would be useless. I wish, though, you-all saw Whit like I do. Folks don't cotton to him because he's so different from what they are, so they ignore him—and that makes him all the differenter. But to make a man out of him, we got to treat him like a man. And a club would have meant more to Whit than to all the rest of us put together. Well, we'll let it drop. Only I won't ever drop Whit—not as long as there's a chance to kind of bolster him up—so don't you-all expect it."

In junior year they made Gordon class president; whereupon he refused at least a score of men who asked him to room with them and went instead to live with Whitney Baker.

"I don't pretend," he said half apologetically to McKee, "that it wouldn't be a heap more entertaining to camp out with most anybody else, but nobody else needs me like Whit does. If I shook him now, Billy, he'd go to pieces like a seed dandelion in a breeze of wind. I'd just feel better about it if I lived where I could kind of keep an eye on him."

Now Billy McKee's elder brother, who had once been a first-string substitute, did business in Wall Street under the name and style of McKee & Co, Investment Bankers, and when in due season he met Gordon he promptly added another brick to his pedestal.

"And that bird," said Jim McKee forcibly, "has got it in him to be the best bond salesman the Street ever saw. But who's his running mate, Billy? What's the idea of his playing the double zero?"

Billy shrugged his shoulders. "That's Lee all over."

His brother frowned a little. "But you know perfectly well, Bill, all of us in the office stick together more or less; we're all the same sort. Now this Gordon chap looks awfully good to me and I'd like to sew him up—but has he got too many friends like the Baker person? Because if he has—maybe we couldn't afford him. You know."

Billy was very positive. "Absolutely not! Lee's a good egg—one of the best eggs I ever knew. Of course, Jim, it's sort of magnificent, in a way—and it's sort of pathetic, too, because sooner or later Baker's going to turn around and bite him. That's his speed. But if that's all you're worrying about, forget it. What do you want me to do—a little missionary work?"

His brother nodded, and Billy became a missionary.

"That's sure is a sporting proposition, Billy," said Gordon at length. "And I'm much obliged for everything you wish you could do for me. I'd rather work for McKee & Co. than anybody else I know. But how much are you-all offering Whit?"

McKee stiffened. "Why, I don't believe they want Baker—exactly; in fact I'm pretty sure they don't. To tell the truth, I know they don't."

Gordon looked at him steadily. "Billy," he said, "when I first came up here the acquainting was not any too easy, and up to the day I put my football pants on there was only one man so much as passed the time of day with me. After that I got along fine, but before that there was only one man offered me his paw. I admit, Billy, he wasn't sitting so very near the front steps when they gave out the brains, but it isn't all Whit's fault. His dad's a minister of the gospel, and he's seventy-two years of age, and he thinks Whit's only one degree lower than the angels; and as a matter of fact, Whit ought to have been raised with more hickory than hominy. And everybody's been mighty nice to me up here, but it was Whitney Baker came up to me first, when Whit didn't know, and I didn't know, and nobody knew I was goin' to be what you might call kind of a local success. So I'd be obliged if you'd give him what you might call a Chinaman's chance."

"I'll tell you how it is," said McKee presently. "All we're going to need is salesmen; salesmen that can talk up to people with money. Well, honestly, Lee ——"

"I know, but I have got to look after him."

"I'll tell you, Lee. We've got a pretty good drag with the Gibraltar Trust Company. They'd probably take Baker in as a clerk or something if we recommended him. That's right in our own building and you could nurse him as much as you want to. Only—you'd pretty nearly have to guarantee him, Lee, because if he didn't behave it would come back on us. You see that, don't you?"

"I see it," said Gordon, "and I would say it's a sporting proposition, Billy, and I will guarantee him."

And so, when he graduated, Gordon went straight to the office of McKee & Co., where he struggled for two days to understand the meaning of amortization. At the end of that period a small issue of equipment bonds came through, and Gordon went to Billy McKee with a question.

"Billy," he said, "I admit there are a few kinks about this business I can't learn in forty-eight hours, but if you want me to sell off some of these here bonds for you—why, I know some folks wouldn't draw a gun on me if I told 'em I was taking orders."

"Go to it," said Billy. "Just don't steal anybody else's customers, that's all. Check 'em up in the card file, and then go to it."

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Three hours later Gordon came back. "Well, suh," he said, "I have telephoned to some of my friends, and I have sold off your bonds."

"You're off in a cloud of dust," said Billy. "How much?"

"One hundred and sixty thousand dollars' worth."

McKee stood up without delay. "Why, Lee! Why, you can't get a confirmation on half of it! Why, our whole participation was only three hundred thousand! Of course everybody's been terribly busy, with all the new stuff coming out, but didn't anybody tell you?"

Gordon was looking bewildered. "Tell me what?"

They explained to him, then, what he had done.

"You see, old man, when a concern wants to borrow money it gets one of the big houses or a syndicate to underwrite a bond issue; and then the big house or the syndicate lets the rest of us in for different amounts. That's our participation. That's all we've got to sell. And of course it was a smashing start for you, but you ought to have got every one of those sales confirmed, and then you wouldn't have oversold us by about ninety thousand dollars. Now we've got to advise all those people that we can't deliver. Don't you see?"

"I can make the matter right with my friends," said Gordon, downcast, "because they will understand it was plain ignorance on my part. But if they break their legs to buy the bonds I offer them, like they did this evening, I would suggest we arrange for larger—participations."

The head of the firm put his hand on Gordon's shoulder. "Lee, my hat's off to you. But that's just where the smaller houses, like ours, are up against it. We have to take what we can get. But you've made a fat young commission today, anyhow, and we've got to celebrate." He turned to his younger brother. "Billy, did Jean get home this afternoon, do you know? Well, that simplifies it. We'll drop Lee at his room, and give him time to dress, and send the car back for him at quarter past seven. Get your hat, Lee; we'll meet you at the elevator."

As soon as Gordon was out of earshot the head of the firm said weakly, "Holy cat!"

Billy McKee was on a broad grin. "I tell you, these old bucks with white whiskers and a million a minute'll roll over, and lie down, and play dead, and jump through a hoop, any time he lifts up his little finger."

The elder brother was rubbing his chin meditatively. "Jean ought to like him, don't you think?"

"Well, if she doesn't," said Billy McKee, "there's a mighty queer streak in the family somewhere."

She came in almost breathlessly, and laughing. Gordon, who had been standing by the fireplace, turned, and caught his breath, and fell in love with her. It was as though all his ideals had suddenly been warmed into life.

She was as tall as Gordon's shoulder, and she had the same buoyant swing and freedom as her two brothers. It was easy for Gordon to imagine her on a hunter or to picture her in tweeds with the autumn forest lying at her feet in flecks of crimson and brown and gold, a shotgun crooked in her elbow, and a quivering setter creeping ahead. Her eyes were as brown as an October leaf in the sunshine; her complexion had the lightest tint of olive in it, with warm, sure color underneath. Her hair was chestnut brown, and amazingly thick and wavy; it turned almost to copper when the light struck across it. She was wearing a frock all of soft woodland browns, with golden touches in the way of embroidered threads, to remind him to look once more at her hair.

"I'm so glad to meet you, finally, Mr. Gordon—and tonight especially. I need protection. And please look at your watch—quickly!"

Gordon stared at her. In the doorway Billy McKee was wagging his head in stern judgment. "The official time is 7:19." He winked across at Gordon. "Jean was never on time in her life, except for a reception, once; and that was because she got her dates mixed, and went the day beforehand. So I bet her ten dollars she couldn't get down on the dot tonight, and then I used low cunning. I told her the great Gordon was coming, so she went and got all dolled up like a plush horse; and I'm in ten beans."

"Billy! That's fraud, and it isn't fair, and it isn't true, anyway—and it isn't quarter past seven yet!"



"Jean! Maybe This is Good-by. Maybe I Can't Come"

Gordon cleared his throat. "There's a sayin' down home, Miss McKee, that among polite folks the correct hour is the hour on the guest's watch. I make it 7:14."

"Touchdown!" said Billy McKee disgustedly. "Rule 1, page 1: Don't ever let that guy get a clear field."

Miss McKee was smiling up at Gordon, and Gordon's heart was fluttering. "I was sure you'd protect me. Please keep right on. These two men have been picking on me ever since they came home this afternoon."

"It's born in 'em, Lee," said Billy's older brother indulgently. "All you've got to do is to furnish a woman with a good alibi, right off the bat, and you'll have her eating out of your hand."

"I certainly do hope," said Gordon, "you don't imply I would be too stingy to buy a fork. And how are they picking on you, Miss McKee? Is there any way I could exert my moral influence?"

"It wouldn't do you any good if you did," said Billy, "because Jim and I are exerting our resistless wills to the utmost. Why, Jean's babbling about going abroad for a couple of years alone; and Jim and I aren't going to let her."

"Going—abroad?" said Gordon.

She nodded. "If you really want to hear about it I'll tell you at dinner. Only you've got to promise to be on my side."

"That places me in a very difficult position," said Gordon, "because, from the facts, I can't be on the same side of the Atlantic with you."

(Continued on Page 75)



He Might Have Been Forgiven if He Had Avoided Society, But as a Matter of Fact it Simply Never Occurred to Him to Play the Martyr

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The Reminiscences of a Stock Operator

By Edwin Lefèvre

DECORATIONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

THE stock market was so dull and spiritless that it reminded you of a tired old man nodding in his armchair. Stocks barely moved. The tape recorded fractional gasps rather than fluctuations. It was difficult to believe that this same lethargic creature had ever displayed demoniac activity—a positive genius for doing what was expensive to the optimists. But now whenever one stock moved up an eighth there was a pause until another stock languidly sank an eighth. Then it deprecatingly slid another eighth; but as though that were too decided a tendency to be discreet it recovered the lost quarter and resolutely rested for the day.

It was the kind of market that drives nervous customers of commission houses to the verge of madness by its indecision. No gentleman can tell what to do; and to sit in front of a quotation board and not know what to do is one of the hells of a speculator. It doesn't pay to buy or to sell or to hold on or to stay short. Anything might happen; and when that is true, nothing happens. And when nothing happens broker and customer for once meet on the plane of a common misfortune: No business, and expenses going on for the one; and no hope of something-for-nothing for the other. Dead loss all round.

That was the one day when I did not hesitate to call on Lawrence Livingston during business hours. I never asked him questions about his market plans or intentions or even opinions, for all that our relations had become so friendly. I was not particularly interested in his calculations about the future; but I was keen to hear the story of his growth as an operator. That is why I sought him.

He was studying the quotation board as intently as though the market were active and going his way. It seemed to me that he was watching the effect of some test that he had applied to the market, on the lookout for some symptomatic reaction that would convey to him the exact degree of ripeness—or unripeness—of the moment.

Learning by Mistakes

I WATCHED him watching the stock market's puny spasms. Even in its dullness his eyes saw—their expression proved it—something that I for one certainly did not. Possibly I did not look far enough ahead. Perhaps I did not keep before me the recollections of similar periods of dullness that developed into bull or bear markets. For you will find differences in the quality of the dullness if you take the trouble to look for them.

As usual, the moment the tape stopped trickling into the basket Livingston's interest in the market ceased. I was eager to hear the next chapter of the reminiscences.

I began it by asking him, "Speaking about mistakes in the stock market, is it your experience that a man can learn only by his own, or can he profit by the mistakes of others?" I was thinking of the readers of these articles.

"I suppose that differs with the individual," answered Livingston. "The recognition of our mistakes should not help us a bit more than the study of our successes. But there is a natural tendency in all men to avoid punishment. When you associate certain mistakes with a licking, you do not hanker for a second dose, and, of course, all stock-market mistakes wound you in two tender spots—your pocketbook and your vanity. But I will tell you something curious: A stock speculator sometimes makes mistakes and knows that he is making them. And after he makes them he will ask himself why he made them; and after thinking over it cold-bloodedly a long time after the pain of punishment is over he may learn how he came to make them, and when, and at what particular point of his trade; but not why. And then he simply calls himself names and lets it go at that."

"You mean that you have made mistakes for no particular reason, with your eyes wide open?"

"Precisely," said Livingston. "A man, if he is both wise and lucky, will not make the same mistake twice. But he will make any one of the ten thousand brothers or cousins of the original mistake. The family is so large that there is always one of them around when you want to see what you can do in the fool-play line."

"And what about the first of these cost you a million?" I asked him.

"You mean what cost me a million dollars," he corrected gravely. "Do you know, it seems to me that the mistakes that you are rather keen about my mistakes?"

"We learn chiefly by our own mistakes," I said, "but when we do not make them we must fall back for our education on the mistakes of others."

"And you never make mistakes?" asked Livingston.

"Livingston," I said, and I am sure my voice rang with sincerity, "I give you my word that I never made a million-dollar mistake in my life. But you told me you had."

"Yes," he admitted, "and as I look back ——"

"Hold on," I interrupted. "Start where you left off right after the big break of October, 1907. You had just made your first million. How did it feel to be a millionaire?"

"As far as trading went, having a million merely meant more reserves. Money does not give a trader more comfort, because, rich or poor, he can make mistakes and it is never comfortable to be wrong. And when a millionaire is right his money is merely one of his several servants. Losing money is the least of my troubles. A loss never bothers me after I take it. I forget it overnight. But being wrong—not taking the loss—that is what does the damage to the pocketbook and to the soul. You remember Dickson G. Watts' story about the man who was so nervous that a friend asked him what was the matter.

"'I can't sleep,' answered the nervous one.

"'Why not?' asked the friend.

"'I am carrying so much cotton that I can't sleep thinking about it. It is wearing me out. What can I do?'

"'Sell down to the sleeping point,' answered the friend."

"When I asked how it felt to be a millionaire I did not mean as a speculator but as a human being," I explained to Livingston.

Trading in Commodities

HE NODDED and said: "A man as a rule adapts himself to conditions so quickly that he loses the perspective. He does not feel the difference much—that is, he does not vividly remember how it felt not to be a millionaire. He only remembers that there were things he could not do that he can do now. It does not take a reasonably young and normal man very long to lose the habit of being poor. It requires a little longer to forget that he used to be rich. I suppose that is because money creates needs or encourages their multiplication. I mean that after a man makes money in the stock market he very quickly loses the habit of not spending. But after he loses his money it takes him a long time to lose the habit of spending.

"After I took in my shorts and went long in October, 1907, I decided to take it easy for a while. I bought a yacht and planned to go off on a cruise in Southern waters. I am crazy about fishing and I was due to have the time of my life. I looked forward to it and expected to go any day. But I did not. The market wouldn't let me."

"But I thought you bought stocks at the low prices of the year. They couldn't have shown you a loss," I said.

"No, they didn't. But my corn did," explained Livingston.

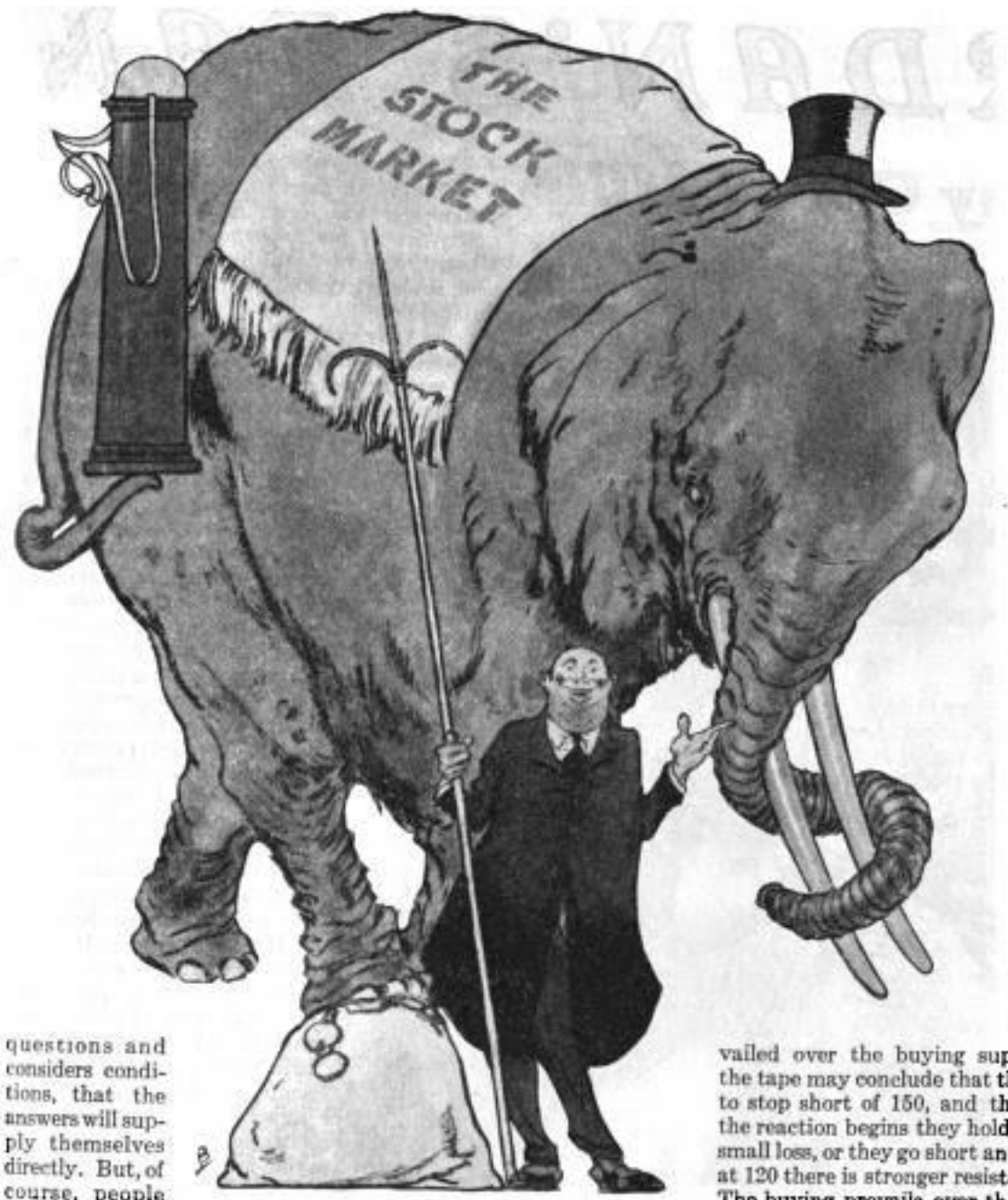
"I didn't know you ever traded in grain," I said.

"Oh, yes. I always traded in commodities as well as in stocks. I began as a youngster in the bucket shops. I studied those markets for years, though perhaps not so assiduously as the stock market. As a matter of fact, I would rather play commodities than stocks. There is no question about their greater legitimacy, as it were. It partakes more of the nature of a commercial venture than trading in stocks does. A man can approach it as he might any mercantile problem. It may be possible to use fictitious arguments for or against a certain trend in a commodity market; but success will be only temporary, for in the end the facts are bound to prevail, so that a trader gets dividends on study and observation, as he does in a regular business. He can watch and weigh conditions and he knows as much about it as anyone else. He need not guard against inside cliques. Dividends are not unexpectedly passed or increased overnight in the cotton market or in wheat or corn. In the long run commodity prices are governed by but one law—the economic law of demand and supply. The business of the trader in commodities is simply to get facts about the demand and the supply, present and prospective. He does not indulge in guesses about a dozen things as he does in stocks. It always appealed to me—trading in commodities."

"What essential differences are there in the tape reading?" I asked.

"Do you mean between cotton or grain, and stocks? None. The same things happen in all speculative markets. The message of the tape is the same. That will be perfectly plain to anyone who will take the trouble to think. He will find if he asks himself

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questions and considers conditions, that the answers will supply themselves directly. But, of course, people never take the trouble to ask questions, leave alone seeking answers. The average American is from Missouri everywhere and at all times except when he goes to the brokers' offices and looks at the tape, whether it is stocks or commodities. The one game of all games that really requires study before making a play is the one he goes into without his usual highly intelligent preliminary and precautionary doubts. He will risk half his fortune in the stock market with less reflection than he devotes to the selection of a medium-priced automobile.

"This matter of tape reading is not so complicated as it appears. Of course you need experience. But it is even more important to keep certain fundamentals in mind. To read the tape is not to have your fortune told. The tape does not tell you how much you will surely be worth next Thursday at 1:35 P.M. The object of reading the tape is to ascertain, first, how and, next, when to trade—that is, whether it is wiser to buy than to sell. It works exactly the same for stocks as for cotton or wheat or corn or oats."

The Line of Least Resistance

"YOU watch the market—that is, the course of prices as recorded by the tape—with one object: To determine the direction—that is, the price tendency. Prices, we know, will move either up or down according to the resistance they encounter. For purposes of easy explanation we will say that prices, like everything else, move along the line of least resistance. They will do whatever comes easiest, therefore they will go up if there is less resistance to an advance than to a decline; and vice versa.

"Nobody should be puzzled as to whether a market is a bull or a bear market after it fairly starts. The trend is evident to a man who has an open mind and reasonably clear sight, for it is never wise for a speculator to fit his facts to his theories. Such a man will, or ought to, know whether it is a bull or a bear market, and if he knows that, he knows whether to buy or to sell. It is therefore at the very inception of the movement that a man needs to know whether to buy or to sell.

"Let us say, for example, that the market, as it usually does in those between-swings times, fluctuates within a range of ten points; up to 130 and down to 120. It may look very weak at the bottom; or, on the way up, after a rise of eight or ten points, it may look as strong as anything. A man ought not to be led into trading by tokens. He should wait until the tape tells him that the time is ripe. As a matter of fact, millions upon millions of dollars have been lost by men who bought stocks because they looked cheap or sold them because they looked dear. The speculator is not an investor. His object is not to secure a steady return on his money at a good rate of interest, but to profit by either a rise or a fall in the price of whatever he may be speculating in. Therefore the thing to determine is the speculative line of least resistance at the moment of trading; and what he should wait for is the moment when that line defines itself, because that is his signal to get busy.

"Reading the tape merely enables him to see that at 130 the selling had been stronger than the buying and a reaction in the price logically followed. Up to the point where the selling prevailed over the buying superficial students of the tape may conclude that the price is not going to stop short of 150, and they buy. But after the reaction begins they hold on, or sell out at a small loss, or they go short and talk bearish. But at 120 there is stronger resistance to the decline. The buying prevails over the selling, there is a rally and the shorts cover. The public is so often whipsawed that one marvels at their persistence in not learning their lesson.

"Eventually something happens that increases the power of either the upward or the downward force and the point of greatest resistance moves up or down—that is, the buying at 130 will for the first time be stronger than the selling, or the selling at 120 be stronger than the buying. The price will break through the old barrier or movement limit and go on. As a rule, there is always a crowd of traders who are short at 120 because it looked so weak, or long at 130 because it looked so strong, and when the market goes against them they are forced, after a while, either to change their minds and turn or to close out. In either event they help to define even more clearly the price line of least resistance. Thus the intelligent trader who has patiently waited to determine this line will enlist the aid of fundamental trade conditions and also of the force of the trading of that part of the community that happened to guess wrong and must now rectify mistakes. Such corrections tend to push prices along the line of least resistance.

"And right here I will say that, though I do not give it as a mathematical certainty or as an axiom of speculation, my experience has been that accidents—that is, the unexpected or unforeseen—have always helped me in my market position whenever the latter has been based upon my determination of the line of least resistance. Do you remember that Union Pacific episode at Saratoga that I told you about? Well, I was long because I found out that the line of least resistance was upward. I should have stayed long instead of letting my broker tell me that insiders were selling stocks. It didn't make any difference what was going on in the directors' minds. That was something I couldn't possibly know. But I could and did know that the tape said 'Going up!' And then came the unexpected raising of the dividend rate and the thirty-point rise in the stock. At 164 prices looked mighty high, but as I told you before, stocks are never too high to buy or too low to sell. The price, *per se*, has nothing to do with establishing my line of least resistance.

"You will find in actual practice that if you trade as I have indicated, any important piece of news given out between the closing of one market and the opening of another is usually in harmony with the line of least resistance. The trend has been established before the news is published, and in bull markets bear items are ignored and bull news exaggerated, and vice versa. Before the war broke out the market was in a very weak condition. There came the proclamation of Germany's submarine policy. I was short one hundred and fifty thousand shares of stock, not because I knew the news was coming, but because I was going along the line of least resistance. What happened came out of a clear sky, as far as my play was concerned. Of course I took advantage of the situation and I covered my shorts that day."

Giving the Market a Push

"IT SOUNDS very easy to say that all you have to do is to watch the tape, establish your resistance points and be ready to trade along the line of least resistance as soon as you have determined it. But in actual practice a man has to guard against many things, and most of all against himself—that is, against human nature. That is the reason why I say that the man who is right always has two forces working in his favor—basic conditions and the men who are wrong. In a bull market bear factors are ignored. That is human nature, and yet human beings profess astonishment at it. People will tell you that the wheat crop has gone to pot because there has been bad weather in one or two sections and some farmers have been ruined. When the entire crop is gathered and all the farmers in all the wheat-growing sections begin to take their wheat to the elevators the bulls are surprised at the smallness of the damage. They discover that they merely have helped the bears.

"When a man makes his play in a commodity market he must not permit himself set opinions. He must have an open mind and flexibility. It is not wise to disregard the message of the tape, no matter what your opinion of crop conditions or of the probable demand may be. I recall how I missed a big play just by trying to anticipate the starting signal. I felt so sure of conditions that I thought it was not necessary to wait for the line of least resistance to define itself. I even thought I might help it arrive, because it looked as if it merely needed a little assistance.

"I was very bullish on cotton. It was hanging around twelve cents, running up and down within a moderate range. It was in one of those in-between places and I could see it. I knew I really ought to wait. But I got to thinking that if I gave it a little push it would go beyond the upper resistance point.

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JOHN JORDAN'S FAN

By Dorothy Culver Mills

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

YOU yourself may have been standing before that portrait of J. J. at Fifty in the Academy one Sunday afternoon a year ago when the anonymous young lady was voicing her exasperation. "To think of a man like that being perpetuated in paint!" she complained. "Your heavy, shrewd business man; without a grain of spirituality or sensitiveness or imagination to mark him from every other pillar of the Republican Party and the Chamber of Commerce. There he sits, as trite as a ham-and-egg breakfast and as typically American, God help us!"

"That's John Jordan," ventured her companion mildly. "He's got quite a reputation as a corporation lawyer, I believe."

"What did I tell you!" she answered as they passed on.

You must have agreed with the substance of the young lady's speech, however severely you repudiated the spirit. John Jordan has never been beautiful; fifty found him baldish and heavy; and his keen, not quite humorless gray eyes have always been just too small to dominate a face that has now grown fattish and all but pendulous around the forceful jaw. Men like him can be seen in the window of every city club, in the office of every reputable stock broker, in the grill of every first-class hotel, and marking a cross at the top of every Republican ticket in the Middle Atlantic States, and in all other areas kindred in spirit, no matter how diverse their geography. They are, as the young lady so well said, as trite and as typically American as a ham-and-egg breakfast. So be it.

But there are two circumstances surrounding the painting of that portrait that neither you nor the young lady can know.

First, he fought bitterly against being painted; but he lost, as he usually lost when he opposed his firm and buoyant daughter Gretta, Mrs. Corlies; nor did she win in fair fight, but undermined him with flattery and bribery. He must have himself painted for his grandson, John Jordan Corlies, then aged six months; and he was allowed to hold the baby whenever he so desired for the entire period of the sittings, regardless of its interference with discipline.

Second, if he had to be painted he wanted to include in the picture Bobbie Burns, his more or less Scotch terrier, incredibly old and rheumy, incredibly bizarre in form and color, and incredibly dear to his master.

"You're crazy, dad," Gretta had pronounced in her clear, clipped accents. "Do you think we want that old mutt to go down to posterity? Besides, he's bound to die any one of these days between sittings, and that would make complications." So Bobbie Burns stayed out—and he did die before the portrait was finished, as if to prove to Gretta that she had been right then, as always.

These incidents are by the way, perhaps. The young lady would doubtless insist they are merely trite examples of the typical woman-ridden American, with his muddle-headed sentimentality and his naïve grandson worship that being interpreted means self-glorification; and that they only serve to point her comparison with the ham-and-egg breakfast.

But what would she say about the fan, at that moment lying in blue tissue paper in an obscure compartment of his office safe, marked Personal? That fan whose fateful part in his life only he knew, and he but dimly understood? That fan whose part was not yet played out, though for these half dozen years past he had not touched it as it lay there under old papers rarely disturbed? That fan whose unsuspected gracious climax of interference lay a year beyond?

If the young lady were a little wiser and a little more fair and generous, if she were not quite so clever and were a shade more thoughtful; in other words, if she were like yourself, she might—it is barely possible that she might—murmur: "He was vouchsafed even the veriest fleet glimpse of beauty, and he was loyal to it; he stole for it; he lied for it; and at the last it rewarded him. That, too, as a ham-and-egg breakfast, thank God!"



"It's Awfully Cute!" Said Margie Almost Too Heartily. "And Very—Very Parisian, Isn't It?"

II

IN AN early twilight of June, 1895, a twilight that was fragrant with the scent of roses blooming in Holliston front yards, John Jordan approached the home of Margie Wallace, carrying in his pocket a small fan in a box, and two tickets for the dance to be held that night in Masonic Hall. Both natives of Holliston, he and Margie had gone together, as the phrase has it, ever since they were children; they were not engaged, but they both tacitly expected to be as soon as he had moved a step higher in the law firm of Meisson & Whitby, in Philadelphia. The fan was the gift he had brought her from Paris, where he had just spent a month.

He had been sent there, in this his first year out of the law school, as a sort of exalted errand boy to the legal office of one elderly Philippe Bannister, who, half American and half French, was almost wholly of France and married to a French wife.

His first trip abroad, little to do, and Paris in May with Eugénie Bannister! Madame Bannister was forty, half-way between the fifty-five of her husband, Philippe, and the twenty-five of John Jordan; she was little, she was blond, she was gay, she was poet and mother and inconsequential child.

"Ah, the yong American!" she had cried, pronouncing "the" as if it were spelled t-h-e-e. "Djohnn, you call it." And the "it" was pronounced "eet." "Djohnn Djorrdann. Such name! Such resemblance with the youth himself! So uncompromising, so blunt, so blind—with no i's, eh? No eyes! An American pun, Philippe! I have made an American pun! And so—so stiff! You have intelligence, one can see, or at littlest a clear mind for your law; and you have fun in you, doubtless," she averred with her finger tips resting on his arm, and her sparkling eyes, at once merry and earnest, smiling up at him in puzzled protest, "but it is not *la joie de vivre!* It is not the so quick light response to the sunlight, the flowers and the birds, to the beauty—to the smiles and the tears and the laughter that is in the music and the painting and the Nature!"

Here she had turned to Monsieur Bannister and spoken rapidly in French. He nodded assent after the fashion of good American husbands. Then she triumphantly announced in her emphatic English, "It is all right! I am not otherwise engaged these weeks. While you are here I—what is the slang?—I take you on! I teach you! I promise you you will nevaire be—how is it in American?—you will nevaire be just the same again!"

On this night in June, the first of his return, and dedicated to a hasty greeting of Margie and his parents before he reported the next morning in Philadelphia, he was in the early confusion of one who awakes to the familiar after a vivid dream. But which was which? For the streets of Holliston were as strange and as real as a dream; while Paris in May under the tutelage of Madame Bannister was as insistently and as obtrusively with him as the ticking of his alarm clock at his bedside in the morning. Of one thing only was he very sure, and that was his impatience to reach Margie. For in Paris, in May, and with Madame Bannister—and Paris in May meant for him not only the boulevards and the cafés and the Louvre and the Luxembourg, but the Bois and Versailles and Meudon and St. Cloud in all the witchery of spring—even so uncompromising, so blunt, so blind, so stiff a young American that fits the name John Jordan learns to pipe infinite variations on the simple theme of being in love.

Much of this was in reality directed toward Eugénie Bannister; but though she knew it he did not, for was not Madame Bannister forty and married to old Philippe? It was Margie Wallace who was his girl. And it was she who profited by his lessons, for his dreams proceeded to confuse the two in a masterly tangle, vaguely attributing to Margie all the additional charms he was learning a woman can possess, as well as the substantial and comforting and familiar virtues he had always found in her.

As the Wallace front gate clicked behind him tonight he wondered if he was going to kiss her when he saw her. He had not kissed her since he was twenty, for Margie's immediate circle in Holliston took kisses seriously as they grew to marriageable age. A kiss now would mean engagement. Well, why not?

When the moment came, however, it passed without the kiss, rather to his surprise and—though he did not see this—distinctly to hers. Simply it did not happen. Instead they gripped each other by both hands, exclaiming, laughing, and then held each other off for a mutual survey.

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He saw a prettily rounded brunette with an animated face beneath brown hair, parted and frizzed and piled high in the current fashion. She was clad in a white China silk dress, whose long full skirt trailed at her heels and whose gigantic puffed sleeves drooped from her shoulders and were held up by bows of pink velvet ribbon. Suspended from her wrist by a similar ribbon swung a massive fan whose white sticks, about twenty-four inches long, were spread slightly by the heavy pink satin that covered them; a giant of a fan.

She saw —— "Well, thank goodness you haven't changed a bit! You're the same old Jack!" she told him in clear, clipped accents. "I'm dying to hear all about it!"

"Of course I am!" He agreed with her sincerely. "I brought you something," he added, "but I see you have one."

Then while he stood looking over her white shoulder she opened and spread his gift. There it was, the fan Madame Bannister had helped him choose, the fan for which he had paid just four times as much as he could afford, the fan that even at this moment he was seeing through Eugénie Bannister's eyes. There was the shortest of short pauses before Margie spoke, but in that pause John lived again that hour in the shop, and heard every syllable spoken in Eugénie Bannister's flexible, rich voice that was not unlike a smooth and swiftly flowing river sparkling in the sunshine.

With a shiver she had thrust aside the great, heavy things like the one still swinging from Margie's wrist, and uttered the single word "Ogg-ly!" She declared that a fan should not be a mere puppet of fashion; Djohnn Djorrdann must have something of permanent beauty to take to his sweetheart. Did not the shop carry something of grace, of charm, of delicate message? It need not be this year's fan since this year's fans were, *mon Dieu*, so grotesque, so Gargantuan! Something old? The young gentleman could not afford, perhaps, an antique such as collectors buy; but in the dust of a forgotten corner was there not something suitable? Some happy accident of a fan?

And at the last, with himself and Madame Bannister and the entire shop on the edge of despair, she had cried "Ah-h-h. Here is your fan, Djohnn! It is the lo-ove—and the springtime—and the beauty—and the grace and the music—and the laughter that holds a tear for its very sweetness! See, Djohnn! The pretty shepherd boy with his lute, his gaze of adoration at the maiden. And the slender little Lo-ove with gossamer wings pleading for him to the pretty maiden, reaching his arms so prettily. And she so—so what you call?—bashful and yet so eager, so modest and yet so—so soaftly inviting, Djohnn! And the gay troupes of cherubs fetching garlands of roses. And the tiny lo-ove birds watching from the bough. And the little lamb, Djohnn, the so absurd little lambkin with its wondering eyes! . . . And see, it is in excellent condition, moreover!"

While she had battled with the shopman in voluble French, John held the fan and saw it all. It was a little thing not so large as his two spread hands, of paper lithographed and hand-colored, whose sticks were of mother-of-pearl inlaid with gold. A central medallion held the picture, a happy inspiration that harmonized the simple pastoral with the glad graces of Watteau. The rest of the face of the fan and its back were lightly covered by a conventionalized pattern gayly blended of winged cherubs and birds and garlands and wreaths and urns.

Finally Madame Bannister had turned to him with a sigh of triumph. "The robber he has confessed; and also—what you call?—come down. It is a not-old-enough imitation of a quite-old, and by a process and of a date that make it of no value to the collector. It can be had for three hundred francs. It is yours, Djohnn! And I am so glad. It will be a message to your sweetheart that will nevaire lose its beauty, its smiling tender beauty. It is the eternal lo-ove letter that you, my Djohnn, are not poet enough to write. But you will see; she will onderstand!"

These words were singing in his memory when Margie began to speak.

"It's awfully cute!" said Margie almost too heartily. "And very—very Parisian, isn't it?"

Only then as, startled, he looked at it spread in Margie's fingers there in the Wallace front parlor—a proper plush front parlor, whose walls were decorated by a male ancestor in a stock collar, two large landscapes painted by a relative and surrounded by heavy gilt, an elaborate hair wreath cased in glass, a photograph of Margie in a sea-shell frame, and a color print of Washington Crossing the Delaware—only then, and there, did he note for the first time that the shepherd's shirt was far open at the bosom, that the maiden's gown seemed to be falling in front and was quite fallen in back, and that young Love was a stark-naked half-grown boy, while the cherubs were a multitude of shamelessly naked little ones.

"You were a perfect darling to bring it to me!" Margie was continuing with a rippling enthusiasm intended to reassure. "I'll take it tonight instead of the other, and I'll be the only girl there in the latest Paris fashion. Everybody back here is carrying these great big ones; I got this for my birthday, lilies of the valley hand-painted on pink satin. But this little one is so much more—what's that French word?—sheek, you pronounce it? And its sticks are so much handsomer than my big ones. Doesn't it seem funny to put such expensive sticks on just a paper fan? But I suppose that's Parisian. They're topsy-turvy over there, aren't they?"

Something was happening within him; John did not know what. In his bewilderment he seized on the one tangible fact, her misapprehension. In blundering honesty he set her right; it was not a new fan representing the latest Paris fashion. Nor was it exactly of antique value either. Madame Bannister had helped him pick it out.

"Madame Bannister!" Margie exclaimed. "She's the middle-aged woman who showed you through the art galleries, isn't she? You must have been thankful she wasn't young. Art's awfully embarrassing, isn't it? I mean the foreign kind, when it isn't Madonnas. Or if it isn't it, it ought to be, goodness knows!"

She dismissed the subject with a cheery, tolerant laugh and then abruptly announced that they'd better hurry; he would have to see the family another time, for they had all gone to prayer meeting.

And still this duality within him persisted vividly, confoundingly. He was standing in the Wallace parlor holding a bright blue broadcloth cape for Margie, his girl, whom he had always loved and whom he intended to marry; Margie, honest, vigorous, sweet tempered, healthy and attractive, whose loyalty and unvarying interest in himself and his disappointments and his triumphs and his ambitions had been woven into the very fabric of his reverie. And at the same moment he was standing with Eugénie Bannister in the first moments of his first visit with her to the Louvre galleries, before a painting whose subject, she had explained to him, was Time Rescuing Truth From the Attacks of Envy and Discord. And she was speaking softly: "Oh, Djohnn, Djohnn Djorrdann, blush not before the beauty of naked Truth. Think ju-ust one leetle moment, young Djohnn Djorrdann from Hoalliston in America—make of it a clear think all your own and disabused of what r-rubbish that causes the heart and the spirit and the mind to stumble and to falter—and evaire after, Djohnn Djorrdann, evaire after you will blush, not for the naked beauty of Truth, but for that blush. Indeed and you will find it so!"

"Don't you notice anything special around here?" Margie asked him as they emerged into the darkening evening and paused at the gate.

John looked around him. "I think I hear—I mean I see the roses." He stumbled shyly over the statement. Not so long ago at this very hour he was standing in a French garden with Eugénie Bannister: "A red rose glowing in the dusk, Djohnn! After the little birds are still and before the bright stars play their most sweet harmony in the far heaven! It is then the flowers sing their most sweet songs. Are you not hearing them, Djohnn; hearing them there in your heart under that so irreproachable overcoat?"

"Of course you see the roses, goose!" Margie replied with merry impatience. "But that bush has been there for years. You're blind as a bat; it's the front porch; we've had it painted white this time instead of that old yellow papa's always used before. Isn't it lots prettier? . . . And now tell me everything," she commanded cozily without waiting for him to agree with her. "All about your trip and how the business errand went and what kind of weather and people there were coming back and all about it. I'm dying to hear everything! Do they give you good food on the boats?"

Obediently he began to assemble facts for her, but he found himself giving only passing mention of Madame Bannister. Margie did not know that she was listening to a performance of Hamlet with

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"While You are Here I—What is the Jiang?—I Take You On! I Teach You!"

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THE CHANGING EAST

Japan and Big Business—By Isaac F. Marcosson

THOUGH the rest of the commercial world has paid the penalty attached to what might be called boom and bust, Japan is still riding the stormy seas. To put it more concretely, where America instituted something like a drastic financial house cleaning and took her medicine even to the extent of the bread line, Nippon has tried to delude herself into the belief that she can escape costly readjustment. The attitude of capital toward serious dislocation is almost precisely like the feeling of reaction about liberalism. Each sees the handwriting on the wall but refuses to believe its eyes.

Such is the status of big business in the nation that was expected to be the fiscal stabilizer of the changing East. It means that the one-time so-called political yellow peril is on the verge of becoming an economic menace that may delay permanent capitalization of the benefits of the Washington conference.

If ever a nation needed disarmament—and it applied to the mental as well as the physical state—that nation was Japan. Her desire to keep up with the mad race for prestige in sheer weight of fighting metal was not only a political irritant abroad but an excessive overhead material burden at home. Yet the moment this burden is about to be lifted—or as soon as the highway to relief is opened up—the country finds itself in a depression that is affecting the Orient in one of its most crucial and plastic hours.



The Bank of Japan at Tokio



At the Left—J. Inouye, Governor of the Bank of Japan



At the Right—Dr. Takuma Dan, Japan's Foremost Business Man

The Japanese slump has peculiar interest for the whole world because the international depression that flattened out so many pocketbooks really began with the puncturing of the silk boom in Japan in 1920. Things move slowly in the East, and this means that both prosperity and the reverse are felt there long after the West has had its dose. Thus it came about that the economic reaction in Japan developed when we had started to see daylight. The Japanese piled up so much money during the war and immediately after, that they have been able to live on their fat ever since. But lately the ribs have begun to show. Hence the story now to be unfolded.



K. Matsukata, Japan's Leading Shipbuilder

Before we strike the stride of the narrative it may be well to get the background, since it may help you to comprehend the Japanese state of mind. No nation has been so persistently press-agented as Japan, and as a consequence what must be bluntly designated as the myth of her greatness grew up. Her successes in the Chinese and Russian wars speeded up a growing reputation, but when you dispassionately probe past performances you find that Japan has never had a real war test. No one knew how weak China was until Japan humbled her. The world did not realize the depths of Russian military and political corruption until it contributed to the Slav downfall in 1904 and 1905. When Roosevelt ended the Russo-Japanese War the victors were in practically the same boat as the vanquished.

Business Under the Feudal System

SO WITH trade. Save for special hand crafts and a long and not particularly creditable contribution to the make-it-cheap campaign, which was originally aided and abetted by the Germans, Japan is not able to hold her own in fierce international competition, now that the world is showing a faint semblance of normalization. It grows partly out of the fact that the Japanese is inferior to the white man in efficiency. With the passing of the era of special privileges born of forceful penetration she will fare even worse.

Save among the professional Japanese baiters in America there has been a hesitancy to tear aside the veil that has hidden inherent Japanese tendencies in trade. In Europe, especially in England during the life of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, one always heard "Be careful what you say about the Japanese. They are a proud and sensitive people." As a result they have received more special treatment than almost any other nation.

The plain truth is that no man can study the Japanese, particularly their industrial life, without realizing that in many respects they are an overestimated race. The question naturally arises, "How did they get away with it?"

For one thing, we Americans are largely responsible. After the war with Russia we told the Japanese that they were the wonders of the world and, like the German Kaiser in the famous Roosevelt story, they believed it. Moreover, they got the greater part of mankind to accept the same opinion because their propaganda, aided by a personal unobtrusiveness which was mostly professional, worked all the time.

As I pointed out in an earlier article, Western civilization in Japan is a veneer that masks a persistent feudal idea. The whole conduct of business is along feudal lines because most financial and industrial control is vested in a few interlocking families, who make the old American money trust look amateurish. Their impress is everywhere. A further evidence is in the intimate relationship of the government to big business, which is so close that it is almost impossible to tell where one begins and the other ends. When a foreigner—be he British cotton spinner, Chinese silk producer or American machinery manufacturer—competes with a Japanese firm, he is really in competition with the government itself.

The Japanese Foreign Office, which is the steward and sentinel of overseas trade, has not viewed the development of the American merchant marine with emotions of pleasure. I traveled from Hong-Kong to Seattle on the Pine Tree State, now known as the President Grant. To the surprise of everyone aboard we stopped at Kelung, the principal port of Formosa—to get four hundred tons of tea. Although the arrangement was known for weeks ahead not a hand was lifted to get the lighters out to our anchorage until long after our arrival, and then



Baron Yamamoto, Minister of Agriculture and Commerce

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A Simple Way of Spinning Silk Thread



On the Way to Market With Her Basket of Cocoons



Stripping Mulberry Leaves to Feed Silkworms

the wrong tea was sent. There was also a shortage of coolies. Ordinarily this tea is shipped on Japanese and British boats. The lighterage and coolie service are controlled by the British and Japanese.

Wherever you turn in Japan you see some evidence of an almost medieval survival. Japan has become a great world power and no international conference is complete without her, yet her public highways are a disgrace and her methods of labor are in the main as primitive as they were four hundred years ago. The fetish of loyalty to ancestors and country has covered a multitude of performances that in other countries would be regarded as little short of barbarous. Tokio is a world capital, but with the exception of a short stretch of the Ginza, the main thoroughfare, it has neither paved streets nor sidewalks. Main Street anywhere can make a better showing. When it rains or snows the chief city of the Japanese empire is one of the sloppiest places on the face of the globe. The much-vaunted lure of the cherry blossoms cannot atone for the physical discomfort. It all gets back to the fundamental proposition that despite her marvelous achievement Japan lacks elasticity and adaptability.

Less Food for More Mouths

PERHAPS the best summing up of the real Japan, stripped of hot air and glamour, was made by Pierre Loti, who knew the Orient well. When a friend remarked to him that Japan was a triumph of assimilation of modern ideas the author of Madame Chrysanthemum replied: "A translation, but badly made."

Look at what might be called the other side of the picture and you get the provocation for much of the pernicious economic and political penetration of the Japanese. No other important productive people is so up against it in the matter of food and raw materials. The scarcity of these two essentials and a rapidly increasing population comprise the vital problems that become more baffling all the time.

What are the facts? Japan's population is roughly 60,000,000, and it is confined to an area little larger than that of California. It is expanding at the rate of about 700,000 a year. The Japanese propagate so fast that it is almost impossible to keep pace with the increase. It has been well said that the "Standing Room Only" sign hangs out in little Nippon.

To add to this congestion the Japanese are not a migratory people. It is surprising to find that with China so near at hand there are only 32,000 Japanese in China proper. I give the figures of the Japan Year Book. These do not include the [illegible]

number there is insignificant now that troop withdrawal is well under way. In Manchuria, where Japan has a special grip, there are only 181,206 Japanese. So it goes. The reason is that the Japanese, like the Frenchman, loves his homeland, and when he does go away he wants to settle in a pleasant country. This is why California has attracted so many of them.

In Japan the production of foodstuff does not keep pace with the rapidly growing population, and here you reach the crux of the whole business. What may be designated as the plight of the rice eaters constitutes one of the outstanding problems of the Orient. It is summed up in a single sentence: The poorest people in the world eat what is for them the most expensive food in the world.

Westerners who keep in touch with Western events have believed that the prize problem growing out of the pressure of increasing population upon a diminishing food supply existed in Central Europe in the tragic aftermath of the Great War. But it is not a patch on the teeming tangle of the Far East, especially in Japan.

Rice is the principal food, and the Japanese prefer to eat the native product. They will go to any extreme to escape consumption of the foreign article. Since the native supply is inadequate there must be resort to the imported cereal from Siam, French Indo-China and, more recently, from California. The imported rice is not only more expensive but since the armistice there has been almost incessant juggling with the price. When the rice crop is short the price, even in normal circumstances, is subject to violent fluctuations because of the prejudice against the foreign grain. In times of prosperity much is wasted.

Rice Prices Fixed by Government

BESIDES, a goodly amount is employed in the manufacture of sake, the national drink. You get some idea of the shift in the price of rice when I say that in 1915 the price of rice fell to thirteen yen a koku, while in 1920, during the rice corner, it rose to sixty yen a koku. It now ranges from twenty-five to thirty yen a koku.

The inflated price of rice, due to manipulation, caused a series of riots in 1918 and again in 1920. So serious was the situation that the Diet passed a cereal law, which established a government bureau of foodstuffs. The government bought a large quantity of rice and stored it as an insurance against profiteering. This rice is sold to the lower classes at a fixed price, never exceeding twenty-five yen a koku.

Complicating the price dilemma is the physical limitation on rice production. Every available square foot of tillable land in Japan is under cultivation. Even the hillsides are terraced and planted. These paddy rice fields that gleam like emeralds in the sun are picturesque but uneconomic. The average farm in Japan is less than three acres in area and the methods of tillage are so primitive that they require constant and infinite toil.

The bigger fact behind the rice problem is that, where there is no visible limit to the potential supply of wheat, the margin of production in rice has been reached. Thirty-seven countries produce rice, and only eleven have a surplus in normal years. Three—namely, Siam, Indo-China and Burma—export it in quantity. This surplus really stands between nearly a billion people and starvation.

With no ban on swelling population on the one hand and an increasing price of rice on the other, you can now understand why there is so much social and economic unrest in Japan. This unrest, in turn, bears heavily on the commercial situation. It is one reason why big business today sees through a glass darkly.

On the industrial side Japan faces the same com[illegible]



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TUMBLEWEEDS



The Riders Combed the Scrub-Oak Side Hills and the Gulches, Shoving All Stock Before Them to the Bottoms and Heading Them Upstream

IV

By Hal G. Evarts

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

THE cook wagon lumbered down Cabin Creek toward the Salt Fork of the Arkansas. A dozen hands, riding in couplets, straggled irregularly behind. The bed wagon followed and the horse wrangler brought up the rear with the *remuda*, which numbered some two hundred head of horses, including the string of extra mounts for each round-up hand who rode with the Half Diamond H wagon.

A rider waited on the far bank of the Salt Fork with his string of extra horses, and the men speculated idly as to whether he represented Crowfoot or the Coldstream Pool, it being the custom to exchange reps to ride with neighboring wagons. The horseman proved to be Bart Lassiter, repping for Crowfoot. Carver's intimation as to Crowfoot's methods and their possible connection with the X I L trail herd, dropped on the occasion of his last visit with Molly Lassiter, had borne fruit. The Half Diamond H crew had been full-handed, but the girl had induced Bart to ride with their wagon as Crowfoot's rep instead of accompanying his half brothers to the X I L.

Lassiter threw his extra mounts in with the *remuda* and joined Carver, who opened up on him without parley.

"I tendered you the key to my little house so that you could use it for living purposes," he said, "but without any notion that you'd start up in business. From all that I can gather you set out to abate the thirst of the whole Cherokee nation."

"Well, the poor devils are fixed up every other way," Bart explained. "They draw beef rations, flour rations, blanket issues, and so on; but nobody's ever been thoughtful enough to provide them with licker rations; so they're forced to live a one-sided, unbalanced kind of existence, and I was striving to supply the lack and sort of round out their lives."

"An' you came near to finishing mine," Carver stated.

"It was only that once," Bart defended. "I did dispose of several cases at a right handsome profit, and you've no notion how much they enjoyed theirselves the next night. It would have done your heart good to have heard it. All Caldwell turned out to listen to the expansive sounds emanating from the Cherokee camp south of town."

Carver had placed that first illusive impression that Molly Lassiter was in grave need of something without which her life was not quite complete. It was no material requirement, but a need that was deeper than that. She despised the ways of the two older half brothers, who had been practically strangers to her during her own early life, showing up at her father's home but infrequently. Later, after her own mother's death, they had returned and made it their home. There had never been any bond between them and herself, and she had feared the effect their ways might exercise upon Bart. Freel had spoken the truth when he asserted that she knew what it was to have the law always barking at her door. Carver knew now that what she most needed was peace—assurance that the same old conditions would not pertain to her life and Bart's.

"Why do you put Molly up against that sort of thing?" he demanded.

"She didn't know," Bart returned.

"But she'd know if they happened to clamp down on you for it," Carver insisted, "and that's what she's guarding against. She's always had that sort of thing to fight off."

"She has for a fact," Bart admitted. "The old man was a hard citizen himself, way back in his youth. He'd quieted down for a good many years, but after the two boys came back he sort of leaned their way again. There's been times when Molly and me was kids, and left all alone in the house or wherever we happened to be at the time, that folks would come round inquiring about his whereabouts, and the old man hiding out in the hills about then. She thought a lot of him, Molly did, and hated Milt and Noll for leading him off."

"Then why don't you shake them?" Carver demanded. "There's no common bond between you and them, and Molly would be way better off."

"I've made the break now and again," Bart explained. "But they always turn up. Our family line-up is fashioned after that fabled joint snake. You can disrupt the critter, but the pieces crawl back together again and all unite."

"If there's any more midnight visits made at my cabin," said Carver, "there'll be one middle joint absent from the next family reunion."

"I take it you're referring to Noll," said Bart. "If you'll only accept my earnest advice you'll decoy Noll off to some quiet spot and snap a cap at him. I promise it won't upset me a bit."

On the third day out from the ranch Carver rode with Nate Younger along a low ridge studded with a straggling stand of blackjack timber. The old man's face was stern and set as he viewed the procession filing for two miles along the open bottoms below them. A dozen round-up crews made up the picture, for this was a coöperative move by all the outfits ranging in the Strip, the great final combing of stock from the unowned lands.

Far up the valley, a mere speck in the distance, the Half Diamond H wagon led the way while the others trailed at intervals. Two hundred riders, the personnel probably including the most efficient body of cow hands in the world, straggled up the bottoms in irregular formation. The extra horses, if combined into one *caravado*, would number over two thousand head. A group of riders hovered near the last wagon, it having encountered difficulties in making the crossing of the Cimarron, resuming their way as the quicksands relinquished their sucking hold upon the wheels and the floundering horses snaked the lumbering vehicle out upon the solid shore. A band of twenty Cherokees flanked the cavalcade and dashed from one outfit to the next, begging food from each wagon boss in turn. Midway of the procession a detachment of cavalry rode in double file, while the officer in command conferred with the man in charge of that particular wagon. As Carver watched they dropped back abreast of the next in line and he knew the message delivered to each one in turn by the soldiery—the instructions to make a thorough sweep and clear every head of stock from the Cherokee Strip.

The Indians, having gathered contributions sufficient for the moment, including a steer which was pointed out to them by the owner of the brand worn by the animal, hazed this movable meat supply to the crest of an adjacent knoll and there dropped it with an accompaniment of rifle shots. Younger waved a hand toward the scene spread out before him.

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The Cook Wagon Lumbered Down Cabin Creek Toward the Salt Fork of the Arkansas

"That's the way I saw the old West first," he said. "The picture is mighty near identical; the wagons rolling along just like that, only drawn up in more tight formation; the *caballado* trailing under guard, holding all the extra horses of the settlers; maybe a band of marauding reds clustered off to one side like them that are hacking up that steer; sometimes a little escort of troopers helping us at bad crossings where the Kiowas and Comanches was most liable to jump us while a part of the train was bogged down in the sand. The wagons was more likely dragged by bulls than horses then, and buffalo was scattered round the landscape in place of range cows; but on the whole the picture tallies close enough." The old man turned his gaze away. "That's the way we was first ushered into the old West, son. Maybe it's fitting that we're being similarly ushered out of the last bit that's left for us."

They rode on in silence and regained the head of the line. The various wagons made camp at intervals sufficient to permit the *remudas* of different outfits to be held on good grass at widely separate points to prevent the possibility of their mixing. On this occasion the men rode from one night camp to the next to renew old friendships, fraternizing with the hands who rode for rival brands. Another crew of similar magnitude had assembled at another point in the Strip, and during this same hour these men, too, were mingling from one outfit to the next. Perhaps among the entire three hundred-odd gathered at these two points, there was not one man who fully realized that this meeting was to be the last of its sort; not one who could even partly vision the circumstances of the next.

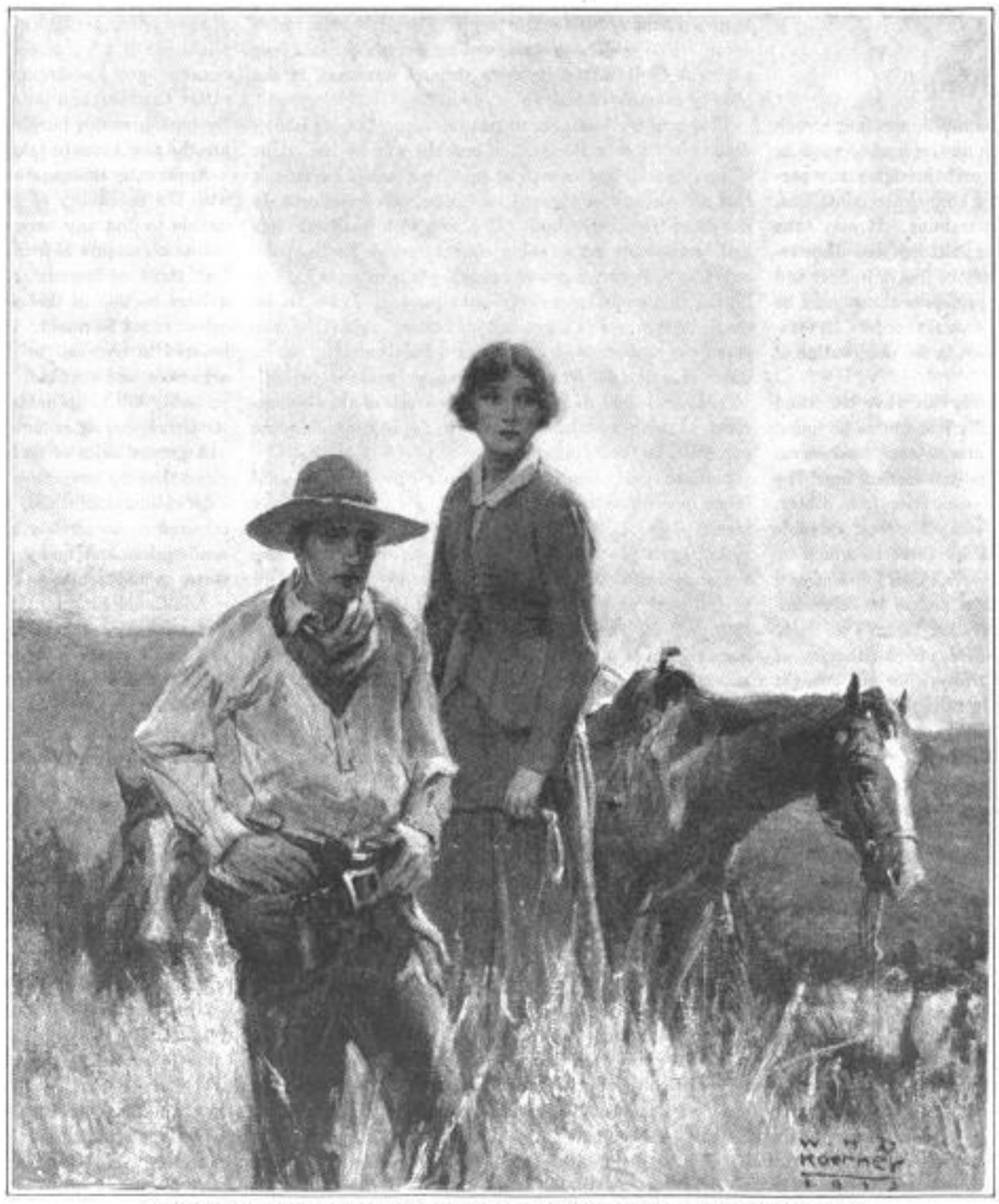
Never again in history were these men to gather as a whole on the open range. This night was the last. Many would meet in the future; others would never meet again. Some would be neighbors for a lifetime and it was slated that the trails of others should cross in far places. Perhaps it is well that it is not given to man to look far into the future. This last occasion was not marred by any thought that the summons for the next gathering would not go forth for more than a quarter of a century. There were many present who would heed that plea which would one day be issued for all the old-time peelers and bronc fighters of the Cherokee lands to assemble for a final rally. They would not then travel across the open range with chuck wagon and saddle horse. Some would be carried in luxuriously appointed coaches that roared along steel rails; others in glittering vehicles that purred swiftly along fenced and well-kept highways; some would arrive in strange craft that swept across the skies above thriving Western cities situated on spots now widely known as ideal cow-camp sites. A few, indeed, but very few, would come in buckboards or ride in on horses, their ropes coiled on ancient saddles; and it would be these latter ones who would then appear strange and out of place.

But no such glimpse of future actualities troubled the men as they sought friends who worked with other wagons. There was a general disposition to scoff at the notion that there would be no more cows ranged on the Strip. Even if it were opened for entry, it would be long before there were sufficient settlers to take up any great percentage of the range. The settlement of any country was a slow and tedious process. In any event there were long years of life in the open—the only sort of existence which they could endure with satisfaction—stretching forth ahead of them; so why concern themselves over vague possibilities of the future? That was the general attitude of them all, excepting old Nate and his contemporaries; men who, like himself, were being ushered out of their domain as they had been ushered in a generation past. Their day was passing and they knew it.

Throughout the following day various wagons turned aside to the right or left, branching away toward some far spot allotted to them, there to begin the first actual work. In the late afternoon the Half Diamond H wagon made its stand on a creek that flowed to the Cimarron from the low watershed between that stream and the North Fork of the Canadian. The cook's summons brought the men tumbling from their bed rolls an hour before dawn. The nighthawk hazed the *remuda* into a corral fashioned by a single rope stretched between stakes sledged solidly into the sod, and after breakfasting the men entered in pairs, each to rope a circle horse of his own particular string. In the first light of day Younger led off up a ridge to the main divide flanking the creek to the left and turned upstream along it. Other reps had joined the wagon, and there were now nearly twenty riders following where he led. At the head of each draw he detailed one or two men to work it. When half the crew had been assigned to cover certain stretches Younger dropped again to the bottoms, mounted to the opposite divide and moved downstream in a similar fashion until even with the wagon, working the last draw himself.

The riders combed the scrub-oak side hills and the gulches, shoving all stock before them to the bottoms and heading them upstream. The first riders to finish their details were stationed across the valley to halt the cows brought in by others. The chuck wagon had lumbered on up the creek to the point from which the next circle would be thrown. The nighthawk had gone off duty with sunrise, but the wrangler held the *remuda* in a rope corral. While a part of the men held the herd the others repaired to this inclosure and caught fresh horses, those who were to engage in the next gathering swing putting their ropes on circle mounts, while those detailed to bring up the day

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Both Watchers Felt a Sudden Tightening of the Throat as They Gazed Upon the Scene

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 2, 1922

The Fairy Wand

MOST young men of ambition are in constant search of those who will help them on the road to success. Such aid is found in many ways and through many persons. It may come through friends, chance acquaintances, books and formal education and training. It may take the form of wise advice, searching criticism and disinterested appraisal of character. It may be free or bought and paid for. It may be amateur or professional. It may be found in the lives of great men, in casual anecdote, in textbook theory, in everyday experience, in the observation of one's associates.

But no outsider, no outside force, can wave the wand that brings success. Fundamentally it is not to be found in other persons, in books or lectures or even in observation. Deeds and not words are what put men on top. The successful man may gain help and inspiration from others, but he always blazes a path of his own. The most valuable advice and analysis he ever gets are those to which he subjects himself. He always makes his own job analysis.

The ambitious salesman takes a course in salesmanship. It will help him, possibly. But there is no fairy wand, and though a belief in fairies adds to the joy of childhood it only carries adults away from the straight and forward path. The course in salesmanship may do more harm than good if it is conceived of as anything more than an aid to growth. All outside aids are in a sense artificial. Expert advice, education, books, articles in newspapers and magazines, training courses—the trouble with all that are honestly conceived and offered is that so many people take them as something that can be put on as a top story to their personal structure. No search is so frequent yet so useless and pitiful as that for a substitute to take the place of the slow and painful process of inner growth.

The Other Horn of the Dilemma

SINCE the armistice Germany has persistently encouraged the sale of the paper mark in foreign countries. Austria and Poland have Austrian crowns and Polish marks. France, Italy and Belgium have not driven their paper money out on the markets of the world. There has been speculation in German marks. German economists and bankers defended their position.

"We shall print German marks as long as anyone will buy them," a prominent German financier once declared.

Imports of the value of possibly half a billion dollars were paid for with foreign exchange secured through the sale of German marks in foreign lands. How many billion German paper marks are held abroad no one knows; possibly forty billion would not be too high a figure. When the Germans sold for two cents paper marks that are now worth a fifth of a cent, that was, indeed, a profitable transaction—for the moment.

But only for the moment. The paper marks outside of Germany stand like vultures at the border. Until recently they faced outward. Now they seem to be facing inward. On the slightest provocation these marks are likely to be thrown on the market. Once the foreign mark holder loses faith, he becomes a bear on the exchange market. There is evidence that the recent declines in the mark have been accelerated, if not provoked, by the selling of disgruntled foreign holders. Observing the flight of capital from Germany now going on, despite the Reparations Commission and the German Government, the foreign holder of the mark is gradually coming to the realization that he is holding the bag. Once this conviction is general, then the débâcle of the mark.

Beating the Devil Around the Stump

NO THEORY is more readily conceded in debate or more grudgingly followed in practice than that government expenses should be met chiefly through the medium of taxes. There are two other available methods—the issue of bonds, and paper money—but both lead straight to ruin if persisted in for any length of time. Russia, which according to creditable statement meets only three or four per cent of its state expenses through taxation, is the ghastly example of how not to do it.

This country was able to put out some twenty billion dollars in Liberty Bonds, and end the war by the might of its financial and industrial resources, solely because it had not already mortgaged its future. Governments do not differ from individuals. The man with small earnings and large debts outstanding cannot borrow further; he who has large earnings and small debts is in a position to borrow almost as extensively as he pleases. There are no magic boot straps or short cuts in finance; and those who think the Government can perform fiscal miracles which differ in principle from the operations possible to individuals are either dazzled by the mere size of the Government or are congenitally unable to apply common-sense principles to their thinking.

Nations that depend upon paper currencies or bond issues to carry on are precisely like men who keep going by means of drugs. A pint and a half of strong coffee, a glass of whisky, a powerful drug—may be necessary when men are washed ashore, half naked, from a winter shipwreck, or to tide over an actual physical illness, but like crutches they prove detrimental under normal conditions of life and health. This country was justified in putting out twenty billion dollars in bonds to make the supreme effort in 1918. If there had been no market for bonds it would probably have been justified in issuing an equal amount of paper currency. But supreme efforts cannot be made every day without wrecking the system.

There are many splendid uses, no doubt, to which two or three or five or ten billion dollars could be put by our Government. The methods by which the money is raised may be decked out with fancy names. Men eminent in various lines, like Edison or Ford, may be brought upon the stage to surround the process of finding new varieties of money with an air of wonder. But the statement is irrefutable that heavy extra expenses by the Government at this time, unless the funds are provided for by extra taxation, will have the same effect upon the body politic that giving drugs to the patient after he has got over the crisis with their help always has upon the human body.

Clever patent-medicine manufacturers, the ingredients of whose concoctions consisted of alcohol or opium, long ago learned to disguise the dose. They were not foolish enough to call it alcohol or opium. Certainly any citizen who reasons straight, whatever he may think of specific measures before Congress, cannot fail to applaud the underlying soundness of these words of Senator Borah in one of his recent speeches:

> The time may come when the United States will have to stand, as it were, at the Marne on this question of preserving financial civilization. The time may come when our reserve, economic and financial, will have to be called upon as our reserve of man power was called upon in 1917; and it behooves the American people and the American Congress to prepare for that, as we prepared for the great conflict which confronted us in 1917.
>
> The nation which will lead in the future, which will control and dominate, will not be the nation of armies, not the nation of navies, but the nation of economic power, of prosperity at home, of financial reserve, of means to take care of those things; and it behooves us, therefore, not only by reason of the call which will be made upon us here in this country but by reason of conditions which surround us throughout the world, to conserve and reserve all the financial and economic power that we have in order to meet that exigency when it comes.
>
> If you care to search the files of the Congress or survey the activities of the state legislatures you will have no difficulty in discovering at once the peril which confronts us as a people. If all the measures which propose appropriations were passed, or if all the measures which would incur indebtedness were passed, it would place a mortgage upon the brain and energy of this people which a thousand years could not lift.
>
> Even in our own country, now comparatively new, we have already reached the era of subsidies and embargoes and bonuses and gratuities, and that other peculiar and sinister invention of American politics, fifty-fifty: that is to say, the state will exploit the people for fifty per cent, the National Government for fifty per cent, thus dividing responsibility and aggravating extravagance, unmindful of the fact that, while the taxing powers are two, the taxpayer is one and the same.

The taxpayer, being one and the same person, whether levied upon by the state or Federal jurisdiction, has his limits of endurance. He lays golden eggs, but it does not pay to kill him in an effort to get them all at once. Provided taxation can meet the strain, that is the way to raise revenue, rather than through the vicious opiates of paper money or the back-breaking burden of bond issues. But what forms are the new taxes to take?

Apparently this question has staggered Congress. Faced with the possibility of great new expenditures, it seems unable to find any answer but a tariff on imports. And yet as a measure of taxation it cannot be gainsaid that a high tariff on imports arouses the bitterest opposition of a large section of the people. Certainly the income-tax rates cannot be raised. Indeed they have been somewhat lowered in response to overwhelming and unanswerable argument and demand. To boost them up again would probably kill in its infancy any revival of business with its accompanying reduction in unemployment.

A general sales or turnover tax has been widely advocated, but no one knows whether it could be prevented from raising appreciably the cost of living. The estate or inheritance tax already has reached the point of practical confiscation, and many families pay this tax in several states in addition to an inordinate Federal levy.

Additional consumption taxes might be placed by the Federal Government on automobiles and many other articles. But these are exceedingly unpopular, many of them are difficult to collect, and if imposed on a scale large enough to raise several billions of revenue might produce a frame of mind similar to that of the citizens of France when windowpanes and the salt on the poor man's table were among the chief objects of taxation.

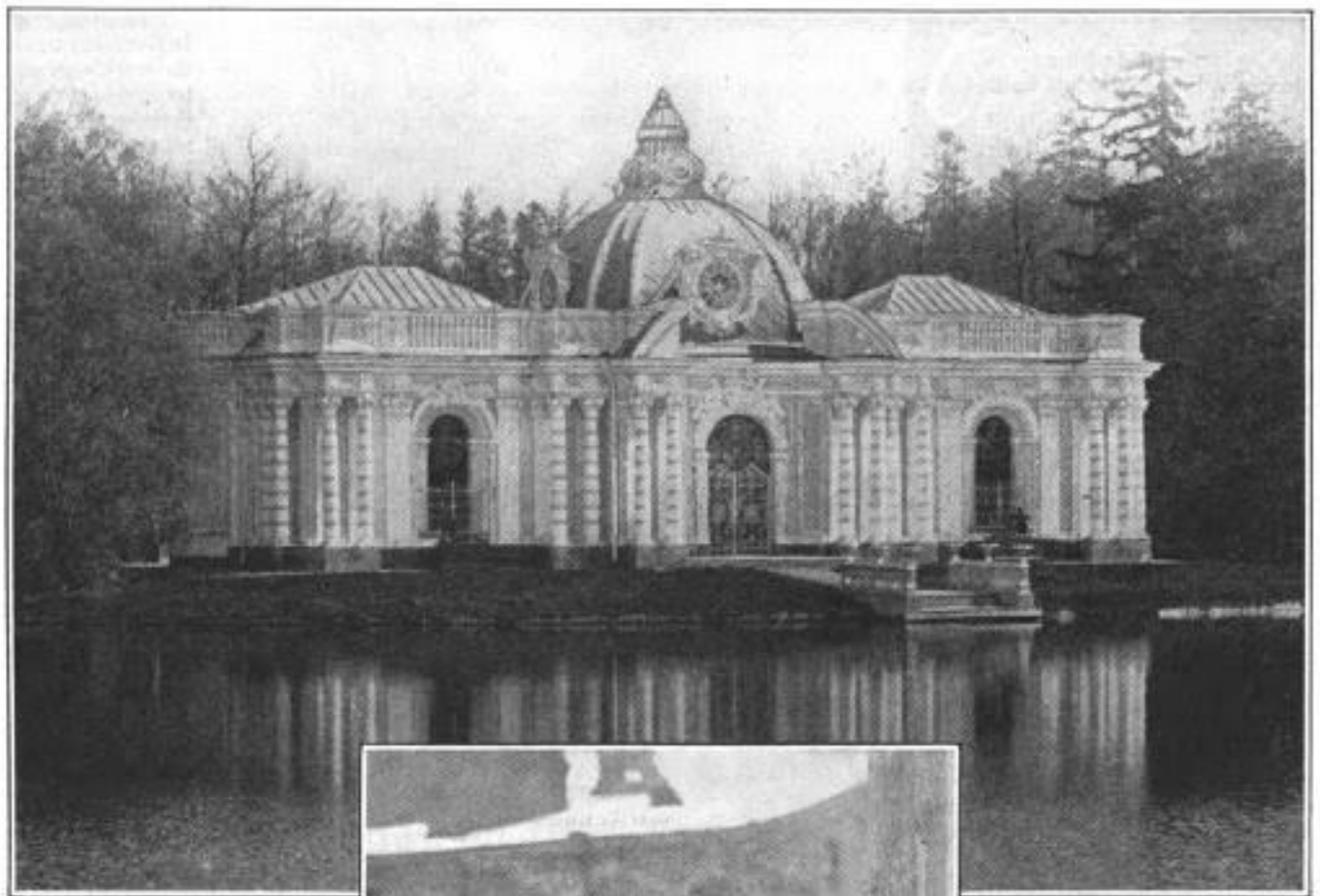
Senator Borah has been quoted as saying that if all the proposed Federal and state expenditures go through, a mortgage will be placed "upon the brain and energy of this people which a thousand years could not lift." But he adds the far more serious statement, which no student of history can deny, "that a nation whose citizenship has been drugged and debauched by bonuses, gratuities and subsidies has entered upon a road over which no nation yet has ever beaten a successful retreat." Fortunately our people have reached no such point as that, but if the present tendency continues the senator's striking words may become a reality and not merely the expression of a by no means groundless fear.

Why not try plain living at the public table and going without those things that government cannot afford for a change; retrenchment all along the line—national, state and city?

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MATYUSHKA MOSKVA

By Eleanor Franklin Egan



The Pavilion on the Lake at Tsarskoe-Selo, or the Czar's Village, as it Was Known in the Days of the Romanoffs



Now the Children's Village, Dedicated by the Bolsheviki to the Principle of "Utopian Upbringing of Utopian Children"

Two Pictures That Make a Study in Contrast — Russian Refugees Waiting for Distribution of American Corn

IN THE magnificent old city that is known to its people and to all Russians, wherever they are, as Matyushka Moskva—Little Mother Moscow—life under the domination of the Bolsheviki is filled with a number of things besides gloom. It is filled with a strange unbelievable confusion, to begin with, but whatever else may be said of it, it is not dull.

From the outset one feels that the colossal experiment in communism is a colossal fraud and that cynicism rather than idealism is the insistent note that sounds throughout the whole vast symphony of desolation—in which form the picture of it all sometimes presents itself to my mind.

Great artists who have passed into the life beyond have recently been crowding back across the one-way-only bridge that spans the space between the here and the hereafter in order further to express themselves to us, and they seem almost invariably to select as mediums for their expression persons who know nothing at all about the arts in which they themselves were mundanely preëminent. Very well; I know nothing at all about musical composition, so, in view of all the interesting revelations, why should I not wish that Franz Liszt would come over and use my hands to express in symphonic measures that which he must be able to observe from his vantage point in the great grand stand as the real truth about Russia?

The Laughter of the Gods

WITH the ears of my imagination I can hear even now the splendid measures of some such symphony as he might write, but with my hands I cannot play them. I cannot express them in words except to say that through the flashes and the flames, the rumblings and roars of them runs a melodious motif of pure diabolical mirth. In Moscow I thought to myself quite frequently that it was difficult to keep from turning pagan and beginning to believe in the laughter of the gods.

A strange unbelievable confusion! I was living in Brown House. I have already written about how the residences of the American personnel of the Relief Administration were designated in simple terms of color in order that everybody might know where he lived without having to learn his address in Russian, so I need only say that in its relationship to Pink House and Blue House, which were the two other important personnel residences, Brown House was a rather remote and somewhat unpopular annex. It was originally selected and set aside as the official boarding house of the usually reverend representatives of such organizations as were affiliated in relief work with the A. R. A., these being the Y. M. C. A., the Southern Baptist Convention, the American Friends' Society, the American Mennonite Society, the National Catholic Welfare Council, the National Lutheran Council, the Jewish Joint Distribution Committee and the Y. W. C. A. Incidentally it provided temporary shelter for the numerous new relief workers arriving in Moscow almost daily on their various ways to distant areas of distress.

All of which still continues to be true, of course, but since I am now viewing everything in perspective I must write in the past tense. I do not believe that within the few weeks that have gone by since I left anything can have changed very much. Except it may be that the weather has changed considerably and that the element of cold in the mélange of misery is temporarily eliminated. But it will not be for long. Summer does very little lingering in Russia.

Although it was spring in other lands it was still very cold in Moscow, and everybody was worrying because the planting season was at hand and the winter had only just begun to exhibit its first signs of breaking. There were daily thaws that turned the streets into rivers of mud, but each night the temperature fell and early morning found the city incased in ice, while heavy flurries of fresh snow added nearly every day to the time-blackened and unsightly snow heaps with which the streets were lined. I liked these snowfalls; the flakes came down big and heavy and clung to everything in our immediate little world, making it at least beautiful to look upon.

Brown House

BROWN HOUSE was a handsome residence and I always wished I could know something about the people to whom it belonged before it was confiscated by the Bolsheviki. Like every other house in Moscow that I ever entered, it had been thoroughly looted, and though the Bolsheviki were supposed to provide comfortable living quarters for American relief workers they seemed not to be able somehow to find among their nationalized assets very much in the way of ordinary household furniture. Which reminds me that if they ever decide to restore to its former owners all the property they have seized they are going to have a deuce of a time locating a lot of carpets and curtains, chairs, tables, beds and bric-a-brac. One supposes that in each soviet there is a stolen-property custodian. There must be! And one gets an amusing picture of what is going to happen to him when the principle of private ownership comes back into its own. He is going to lose his mind trying to answer questions that begin with "Where's my ——" and "What did you do with ——"; questions about everything, from salt cellars to chandeliers, inclusive.

I never saw a good-looking piece of furniture, a handsome carpet, a valuable rug or anything of that kind without wondering who owned it and what had become of him. It seemed to me that nearly everything had a story to tell. For instance, they sent into Brown House a beautiful French carpet. Originally it could have been intended for nothing but a sumptuous boudoir or a Louis Quinze drawing-room. It was about twelve feet square, and light blue with a wreath of pink rosebuds round a grayish medallion in the center. I don't like that kind of carpet myself, but of its variety it was a noble specimen. It didn't fit anywhere in Brown House and I wondered where it did fit and what kind of woman had owned it and had been compelled to give it up when the Bolsheviki came along. It was the only carpet that was sent into Brown House while I was there, and since there was practically nothing else in the way of furniture the place was not exactly what you might call cozy.

The big drawing-rooms were turned into a kind of dormitory for the American men coming through on their way to other relief stations, and had absolutely nothing in them

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

From The Salome Sun

SALOME is a little picture with a big frame around it—lots of frame—and she dances—I'll say she does!

* * * *

We walked all over Los Angeles last week looking for a quiet street where everyone in Los Angeles wouldn't walk all over us.

* * * *

The engine standing on the sidetrack blowing off steam and making a lot of noise isn't the one that is doing the most work—and a lot of people we know are just like some engines—always standing on the sidetrack and making a lot of noise while the main-line engines pulling the big loads keep going right on by. Get off the sidetrack, boys, and let's GET ON THE MAIN LINE and do something besides blowing off steam and standing still. BOOST THE COUNTRY FOR A CHANGE.

* * * *

I was out prospecting with Larry the other day—in the mountains, you know—and said, "See that little butte over there." Larry is in the hospital now. He was in such a hurry to turn around that he sprained both ankles.

* * * *

Stop when you get to Salome—where she danced—and fill your tires with that soft Salome air—it rides easier and is used to dodging bumps—use our laughing gas—a free smile with every quart—we laugh becuz we like to live here—we have to and you don't—you just keep on riding by and buy, asking which road and dodging bumps and chucks coming and going—we wonder where—and why, becuz we've been here a long time—a L-O-N-G TIME, trying to save something for a rainy day—Rockefeller and Henery Ford used to get all the money before we started, but we havnt saved anything—and it hasnt rained—there's frogs here seven years old that havnt learned to swim yet—so why should we worry about rainy days?—We thank you—and if you have to come this way again why—stop and say Hello. Maybe Salome will dance again or the frog might learn to swim by that time. Adios.

—*Dick Wick Hall, Editor and Garage Owner.*



DRAWN BY G. E. IRWOOD

The Farmer—"Gosh! Them Summer Boarders Sure Does Keep My Bees Amused"

Speaking of Husbands

"SO HARD to do anything with a man like John. It's like pulling teeth to make him go to a party. I've often said to him, 'John, dear,' I've said, 'you're your own worst enemy, really you are. If you would only make up your mind that you were going to have a good time and think of it that way, why then everything would be ——'"

"—— not that I mind, because I know that it's just Ed's way. But what I say to him is, other people don't understand, and if they see him putting his arm around all the other women they'll think that ——"

"—— takes these awful dislikes to people, and for no reason! Now there's this Mr. and Mrs. Nevins that just moved in across the hall. You couldn't find a more congenial little couple. I know that she does talk a lot, and she's terribly interested in people's affairs, and she will bid without the tops, and of course he was mixed up in that bucket-shop thing somehow, and he can't ever seem to remember his gambling debts. But as I told Raymond, 'After all, we're none of us perfect, and we should all try to ——'"

"—— every other Sunday, rain or shine, we've traipsed up to his mother's for dinner. But if I so much as suggest spending a couple of weeks with Aunt Bessie up at the farm he flies off the ——"

"—— asked him so often, 'Don't you realize how hard it is for me when you don't dance?' But all you can get out of him is that he never did care anything about dancing, and ——"

"—— no desserts, and won't look at a piece of lamb—nothing but steak, steak, steak. I declare, sometimes it's all I can do to keep from ——"

—*Dorothy Parker.*

Ship News

NEW YORK, Sept. ——. Among the passengers arriving yesterday on the Styptic was Mr. John B. Calhoun, president of the First National Bank of Fishtrap, Ky., who has been visiting Europe under the auspices of the Frankly-Thirsty Tours. When asked for his views on the economic situation of Europe, Mr. Calhoun replied:

"Never in the past has the future of Europe been what it is today. Every factory chimney in Germany is smoking. The German workman has gone back to his trade with a determination and energy which bid fair to put the rest of the world on its mettle. I have seen German barkeepers standing at their posts from nine in the morning until midnight. Foreigners were collapsing all about them, but they stood doggedly to their tasks.

"Europe as a whole must get down to business. There is no economic panacea; the salvation of Europe lies in work—work—work! That is my advice to Europe. I stated it a number of times to the Europeans I met in the casino at Ostend and at Monte Carlo, but those Europeans, clustering about the gaming tables, refused to heed the advice of a plain American."

Mr. Leominster Upjohn, president of the Codfish Trust Co., Boston, returned on the same vessel after a summer touring the Norwegian fiords in a canoe. He said:

"The economic plight of Europe is appalling. In Germany not a factory chimney is smoking; the workmen, animated by a spirit of discontent, refuse to work unless they are paid by their employers. The problem of unemployment has become so grave that the great Wurst family, makers of the Wurst Wienerwurst, have discharged all the children in their factories under eleven years of age.

"One of the highest officials of the Norwegian Government—he is in sole charge of a lighthouse—told me that there is much disquiet in every chancellery in Europe. If things go on as they are at present, no one knows what will happen in ten, or even fifteen years. However, one thing is perfectly evident to the careful observer: There is no economic panacea."

Miss Clothilde Riley returned from Paris after completing a two months' course of study in violin, sculpture and art embroidery. She stated that the economic situation of France was all right; the people of France are not much interested in the question of German reparations. When asked if the chimneys were smoking she said they were, badly. She does not think there is an economic panacea.

—*Morris Bishop.*



"I Wish That Old Cat Would Come Home. This Bunch of Roughnecks is Wearing Me Out"

Elmer and Myrtle

(At the Movies)

IT WAS the hour when flies the bat
And softly coos the nesting turtle,
When Elmer donned his Sunday hat
And movieward escorted Myrtle.

They found their seats and waited there
Observing other people's actions,
And read the phrases rich and rare
That told the coming week's attractions,

While Myrtle briskly talked and fanned,
And Elmer patted Myrtle's hand.

A comic flashed before their eyes:
The scapegrace dodged through tricky doorways;
He felled his foes with custard pies
And fostered mirth in many more ways.

When, strangely blind to what must come,
A vengeful orchestra attacked him,
He jumped right through the big bass drum
And grabbed the leader's staff and thwacked him!

Laughed Myrtle, "Don't he beat the band!"
And Elmer patted Myrtle's hand.

Next came a reel of Western scenes,
Of desert, orchard, coast and prairie,
Of leagues of stately evergreens,
Of snow-capped mountains cool and airy.

Of glaciers big and bleak enough
To give an August noon the shivers,
Of sculptured cañons deep and rough
With plunging falls and roaring rivers.

And Myrtle rightly said, "My land!"
And Elmer patted Myrtle's hand.

The final film was all about
A cowboy flamingly heroic;
He put uncounted foes to rout;
His marksmanship would thrill a stoic.

And when, by lawful homicide,
The villains perished, unregretted,
And when the victor clasped his bride
Against the skyline silhouetted,

Sweet Myrtle sighed, "Oh, ain't he grand!"
And Elmer patted Myrtle's hand.

Then home they walked, as fine a man
As ever gave his youth to farming;
And Myrtle—since the race began
Was ever maiden half so charming?

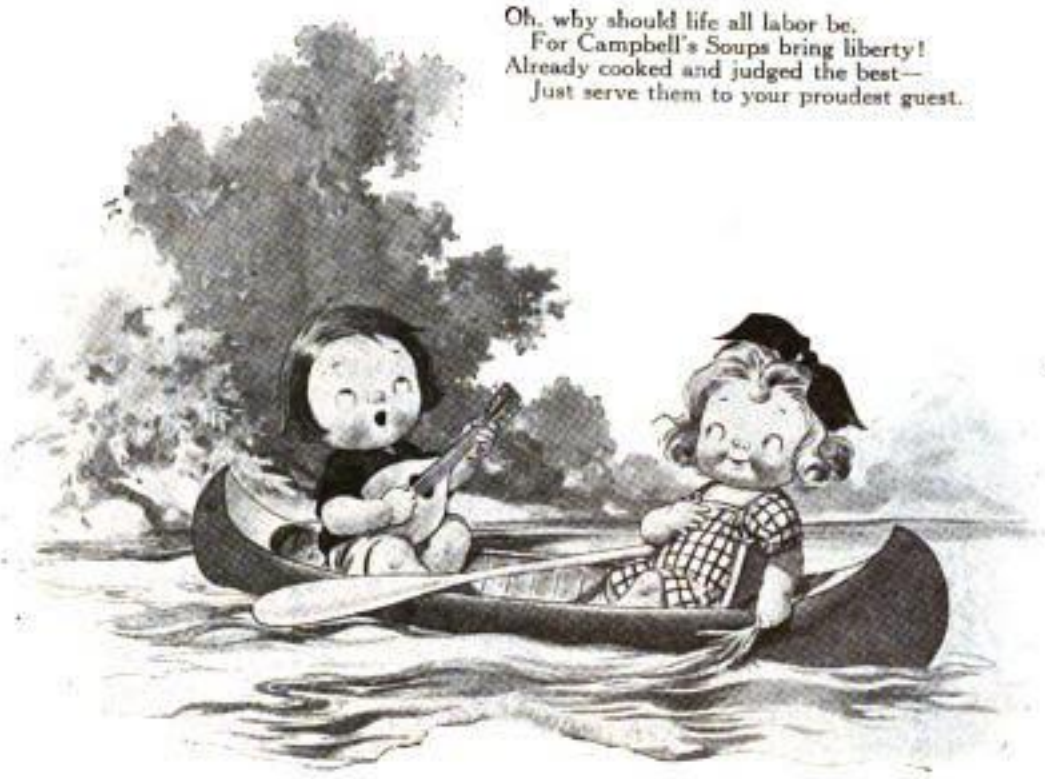
And when they paused beneath the lime
Where Myrtle's gate their ramble ended,
She said, "I've had a lovely time,
And everything was simply splendid!"

And Elmer—well, I understand
That Elmer patted Myrtle's hand.

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

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GREAT FOR BREAKFAST—INVIGORATING SOUP





"Oh, why should life all labor be?"

In three minutes Campbell's Soup, fragrant and delicious, is ready to place upon your table! So millions of housewives now serve soup every day—Campbell's Soup. They realize that their families must eat soup regularly to have the best health—and Campbell's is so nourishing and so convenient.

Campbell's Tomato Soup

is a rich smooth puree of the tomato juices and the tender fruity parts strained and blended after our own exclusive recipe. Golden butter of choice quality gives added richness and the spicing and seasoning are done with the delicate touch of the famous Campbell's chefs. A soup enjoyed by everybody—and good for everybody. That means the children, too!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Tasty tomato sauce ready for your table

Housewives use Campbell's Tomato Soup for a great variety of their dishes to give extra zest and flavor. Just try it for your meats and salads, spaghetti, rice, eggs and vegetables. Of course it makes the most delicious Cream of Tomato.

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

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LAUGHTER, LTD.

VII

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

THE best way to find out why is it people have so much trouble keeping a servant is to be a servant for a while your own self, and after I got my job at Trixie and Taylor Trueman's home I soon decided that the hardest thing to bear was no regular hours. Whoever made up that old quotation about a person cannot burn the candle at both ends had the wrong dope, because the Truemans burned not a mere candle but a whole electric dynamo at both ends, and in the middle. Entertain? Sweet daddy! Them Truemans entertained everybody but their servants.

I was maid to Trixie as well as my other duties of waitress and nurse to the kid, a little girl of three. And when Trixie had a call at the studio for nine in the morning it was me had to force her awake, get her up, pump her full of coffee and produce her tooth paint for her to paint her stained teeth with, get on her make-up, find her pair of smoked glasses to save her eyes from the lights, etc., so's she could get to the lot in time and also in fair condition. What she got from me for seventy a month was enough, I'll say! And just think how I used to keep her on a pedestal back home in Stonewall! I sometimes couldn't realize it for a fact.

The Truemans' house was a new one, built in the conventional wedding-cake architecture which is so popular in Southern California. There was sleeping porches stuck all over the house, French windows opening into the Spanish patio, and an Irish swimming pool. Well, anyways, the pool was lined with green tiles. And since it was out of doors the blue sky reflecting into it made a wonderful effect, and turned the water the color of a aquamarine. This swimming pool was the nicest thing out there, and didn't I crave to get into it, though! However, you know what most employers' attitude towards servants and bathtubs is, and this also of course applied to swimming pools. I used to go down to mommer's on my afternoons off, for mine.

It took considerable courage, too, because as soon as Adele had me safe in the tub she would remove my clothes to where I couldn't reach them very easy, and give me my semiweekly bawling out for being a servant girl. But at the end of each explosion she would generally weaken and forgive me for supporting her and myself by this disgraceful means, give me my clothes back, and leave me return to my life of sin, saying Heaven would reward me. And I would say yes, I was sure of that, only I hoped I wouldn't have to go home to heaven and collect.

Adele absolutely refused to give up mommering me and look for a better paying job.

"Nonsense!" she says when I suggested her doing so. "Bosh! Things will soon get better, honey! They say every cloud has a silver lining, but I always say the silver lining is probably what makes the clouds wear so good!"

And then I would go back to Truemans', cleaner in more ways than one, all refreshed and ready to earn my salary and tips. And I may say that the tips was no light matter, especially if it was a wet night in our dining room, for the girls would then be awful generous about retrieving wraps, and sometimes run as high as fivespots. A person would actually be ashamed to take it, only for realizing that if you didn't get it somebody no more worthy would.

Such nights come along pretty often at our house, Trixie preferring to entertain in her own home more than outside; and Taylor liked it, also. A lucky thing, because it sure was less trouble to carry him merely upstairs as soon as he got thoroughly wet than to haul him all the ways back from some outside place or other.

"I don't know how I stand this life, Bonnie!" Trixie says to me one late afternoon when I was up in her bedroom, brushing her lovely brown curls in preparation for a big night. Trixie had the handsomest brown curls I ever seen in my life—twenty of them, full-length, natural curl, and all I had to do when dressing her hair was brush them around my finger a coupla times and hand them to her.



Then He Kissed My Hands and Dropped Them. And Get This—There Was No Camera on Us, Either!

"I'm wore out, Bonnie!" she says to me, blinking hard not to cry and start the mascara running off her eyelashes. "I don't know can I stand it much longer. No more snow parties for mine!"

"Why do you go on them ever, dear?" I says, because naturally after a month in the same house we talked pretty intimate, and in fact she was real hungry for a friend of the female sex that she was not obliged to keep up any front before. "Why don't you cut out the happy dust? Think of your kid, honey! Here—that's the curl that goes on the top."

"I got to keep going!" she says, taking it sadly. "And I don't dare think about Jennie. I got to support her, haven't I?"

"What about friend husband doing a little of that?" I says. "And whatter you mean, support, anyways? You two must be drawing down enough kale to plant a farm!"

"Forty-two hundred a week," she says mournfully. "I don't know where it goes. We are broke all the time, and the bills we owe! It's a crime!"

"That's no excuse for the dust, hon," I says, bringing her a blue spangled evening dress that made her look like a sparkling infant fairy. "Why not cut it out?"

"I can't!" she says, getting up and clenching her little hands. "You don't know, Bonnie, what it means to work in comedy! They never let you off of playing it, day or night. If only I could quit being my gay screen self when I leave the lot, but I can't. Why, what would happen if I didn't stay in character? They'd say I was going stale, that's what, and the rumor would spread and spread until it ruined me! I'm a madcap on the screen, so I got to be one off it too."

"Refuse to be," I says briefly.

"Oh, that's a cinch to say!" says she. "But you know it can't be done. There is always a reporter around, or a producer on the party, or a director that's set your character for you, and you got to have a lot of pep! At first it was fun and I didn't mind. It come easy and natural to be gay all the time. But now I been a wild woman for six years steady, except when I was sleeping—sleeping under a bromide! And a person's own pep soon wears off. I have to take something to jazz me up, Bonnie; I have to, dear!"

"Mister ought to do something about it," I says. "Oh, Trixie, you got a right to your husband's care."

"Huh!" says she, buffing her nails like she wished they was his face. "Huh! Fat chance! He and Tommy has just taken a bungalow up in the Cañon. You know what that means. They think I don't know it, but a wife has always got a friend to come and spill that sort of dirt to her! And as for money, do you know how much he give that bootlegger yesterday? Fifteen hundred, cash! And me obliged to hock my diamonds to meet the installment on our new car! Happy dust? Liquor? Why not, Bonnie, why not?"

"Oh, hon, every reason why not!" I says, and then Trixie heard her husband yelling in the hall for her to hurry.

So she took a shot out of the lovely silver flask on her dresser, and beat it down to her gay dinner party.

I went on up to my own room, feeling kind of groggy in the other sense, the way I always did after a talk like that, which we were having them more and more frequent. The funny part was, I couldn't get sore at Trixie. She was a kid at heart, and so refined-looking, but without any real brains or training, and she was caught in a kind of trap. That is what success had meant to her—a trap.

Well, I'll say I was learning something about the moving-picture business every day, even if I wasn't at a studio! And one of the lines I decided on was that I would never, no, never, lose my bean like the Truemans had, and throw my money away. Which it was of course easy to say while I was not even in the pictures as yet, and I was as safe making that resolve as a millionaire socialist in declaring for a soviet in America.

Keeping open house the way they did the Truemans naturally kept it in the open part, meaning in the patio. And for the benefit of those that don't understand Spanish, let me explain. A patio is to a house what the hole is to a doughnut. In other words, the house is built around it, with the patio left open. The swimming pool was right square in the middle of it, and the dining room, parlor and den all opened out on it direct. There was a palmetto growing in one corner of it, and a orange tree in the other, while green Spanish tiles grew all around the edge. Sitting in the nursery window of a Sunday afternoon Jennie and

(Continued on Page 28)

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THE Hupmobile is peculiarly fortunate in the respect it inspires in every branch of the automobile industry.

A striking instance of this is the frankly admiring attitude of thousands of garage and repair men.

It is very impressive, the way these experienced men—who intimately know *all* makes of motor cars—single out the Hupmobile, in confidential conversation, as the one car they unqualifiedly approve.

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(Continued from Page 26)

me could see all of it pretty plain, and read our book of fairy stories which I had bought her on account of her never having, until I come into the house, heard of Goldilocks or Little Red Riding Hood, and I think it is wrong not to teach a kid those great truths.

Also, sitting there I could recall how when I first come West I had thought that maybe some day I would be at the swimming-pool parties of some big egg, and then I would think, well, here I am! Well, anyways, we could sit there and see the party, and I could also see the bell rung for me, if anyone rang it. Every Sunday things would go pretty nearly the same.

About 11:30 Tom, who was Taylor Trueman's dresser, would bring out a big table and set it with half a dozen bottles of Scotch and rye and bowls of ice and a dozen or so glasses and siphons, cigarettes and a percolator of coffee, and then everything would be ready for Sunday dinner. Everything but the host and hostess, anyways.

The guests would commence to float in early. Regulars mostly, some already in bathing suits under a wrap, and some at once walking into the bathhouse and borrowing the first suit they seen there. They would stroll around the place, swimming a few strokes, sunning theirself afterward, highball and cigarette in hand, and then after a while Trixie would appear in her one-piece, and after a little more of a while Taylor would show, and they would all play like kids, talking, splashing, smoking, drinking, and so forth and so on, and on, and on, a new record on the phonograph for every new drink. Then by sunset they would just merely move into the house itself and continue. Some Sunday dinner!

Well, anyways, one particular Sunday that I am telling you about, I got to watching the crowd circulate, and I didn't notice how little Jennie had got away from me until I seen her dancing across the patio below, chasing Fluff, the small white dog belonging to my boss. At the same moment almost, who should come in the door but Anita Lauber, and with her that chunky blond play writer and director, Jack Blum, with whom she was chatting like they was intimate friends.

The sight of Anita in that house give me a jolt, I'll tell the world! It didn't seem fair, somehow, that she should be there as a guest when everybody knew about her, and here was I, a mere servant! Something in me got up and yelled in silent protest; yelled it hard. And any girl which was raised in New England will understand. Did everything get by? Would nobody snub you or shake a cold shoulder, no matter what a girl did?

Anita was dressed beautiful, in blue satin sports clothes. She had snap to every inch of her. I looked down at my black dress and white apron, and Lord, how I hated my job at that minute!

No use in telling myself what I knew to be the fact—that those people down there in the patio was not the real topside picture people; not in the class with Mary and Doug and Charlie and their set, or in the class with the great writers like Mr. and Mrs. Greyton, or so forth, and that therefore I was every bit as good as them and etc. I felt menial and ashamed of it, yet could only set there wrapping my hands in my apron and hoping to heaven Anita and Blum would go away soon, although that was hoping against too much.

"Sweet daddy," I thought, "I suppose the ocean is now too vulgar for Anita to wash in it, that she has got to come here!"

Trixie had never spoke of Anita, but they kissed when they met, so they must of met oncet or twice before. Funny, but Milton Sherrill was the only one I had thought of, and dreaded meeting in the Truemans' house, and Trixie had told me she had never seen him before or since that day on the DuMas Pear set. I had never even dreamed of seeing Anita there.

Well, anyways, just as Anita had got hold of a highball and I had got hold of myself a little better, that beast of a small white dog of ours had to go and jump into the pool with all its fur on, so of course Jennie had to jump in after it with all her clothes on.

Right away there was a lot of grief from below and my bell started ringing like mad. Seeing the kid in the water, I jumped up and ran downstairs. I had to. And at that very instant the front door opened and in come Bob Strickland.

While I stood there paralyzed, from the other way come Anita, waving her highball at me frantically, and down the center charged Trixie Trueman, holding out a wet and screaming child to me, the child holding out a wet and barking pup.

One of the strangest things in the world is the way we keep thinking our friends is less decent than we are; less kind or generous, and always having that first blind instinct of mistrust.

The very moment I had clasped that wet dog and child to my bosom, and stood hugging them and trying to comfort the two of them, while Trixie disgustedly wiped a few drops of water off the front of her bathing suit with a lace handkerchief—well, at that very minute I realized I had done Anita a injustice. I had expected she would pretend not to recognize me, and here she was as glad to see me as could be.

"Bonnie darling!" she cried, running up and giving me a kiss across my wet armful. "So this is where you been hiding! Look at the cap and apron! My heaven, have you gone cuckoo, or what?"

"Good Lord, Bonnie!" says Stricky, turning first red and then white. "Say, listen! You have stuck it out in your own way, haven't you?"

I couldn't stand any more, but turned and run upstairs with the dog and the baby. Somehow the minute I seen Stricky, all his charm swept back over me. He upset me from the roots, so to speak, and it was a kind of attraction that give me more worry than pleasure. I hated him, I disapproved of him, I had good cause to mistrust him, and yet when I come face to face with him, all I could think was how handsome he was. So I ran. In a minute Trixie was after me, helping with the kid for once in her life, but talking like a whirlwind as she done so.

"Whatter you want to let them hand me a haymaker like that for, Bonnie?" she says. "Why, Anita Lauber says you are a wonderful actress, a regular knockout, and that you got a big future. Why didn't you tell me, dear?"

"I'm not!" I says. "I only want to be! And I'd been out of a job so long ——"

And then we done considerable kissing and crying, as might of been expected of women, and when the kid was dry and the dog ditto, nothing would satisfy Trixie but that I should come down to the patio and have a celebration held over me.

"Ain't we got fun?" Trixie shouted to the crowd as she dragged me down without even letting me take off my apron. "Here I been employing a angel unawares, so to speak!"

(Continued on Page 62)



"I'm Were Out, Bonnie!" She Says to Me, Blinking Hard Not to Cry. "I Don't Know Can I Stand it Much Longer"

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The Standard of Comparison

The Six-Cylinder Touring Sedan

Built primarily for de luxe touring this newest of Buick models, the six-cylinder, five-passenger Touring Sedan, offers a degree of comfort unsurpassed by the highest priced cars.

Its rugged, metal-covered body, custom-made by Fisher, and the well-knit chassis with its distinctive new cantilever springs absorb and soften the jars and jolts of cross-country travel.

Five passengers may ride in the Touring Sedan in utmost comfort, yet in conversation range. The individual front seats and the broad rear seat are deeply upholstered in plush. A single wide door on either side affords easy entrance and permits the use of two large plate glass windows, thus offering the passenger a wider range of vision.

The Touring Sedan is provided with a smart trunk carried upon a sturdy rack in the rear, with nickeled guard rails to protect the body.

Among other items of equipment are the transmission lock, cowl ventilator, drum type headlamps and parking lamps, windshield wiper, nickeled scuff plates on running boards, covered metal sunshade, rear vision mirror, heater, nickeled steering wheel spider, silk window shades, gasoline gauge and combination clock and speedometer on instrument board, roof covering of latest design and material, extra gasoline capacity for touring

To drive the Touring Sedan is a relaxation. The refined Valve-in-Head motor performs with a new smoothness and flexibility, the steering position is ideal, the long control lever is within easy reach, the handsome instrument board is replete with every device for convenience.

Conspicuous even among the fourteen fine cars bearing the Buick nameplate for 1923, the five passenger, six-cylinder Touring Sedan provides traditional Buick excellence in a cross-country car of great distinction.

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation

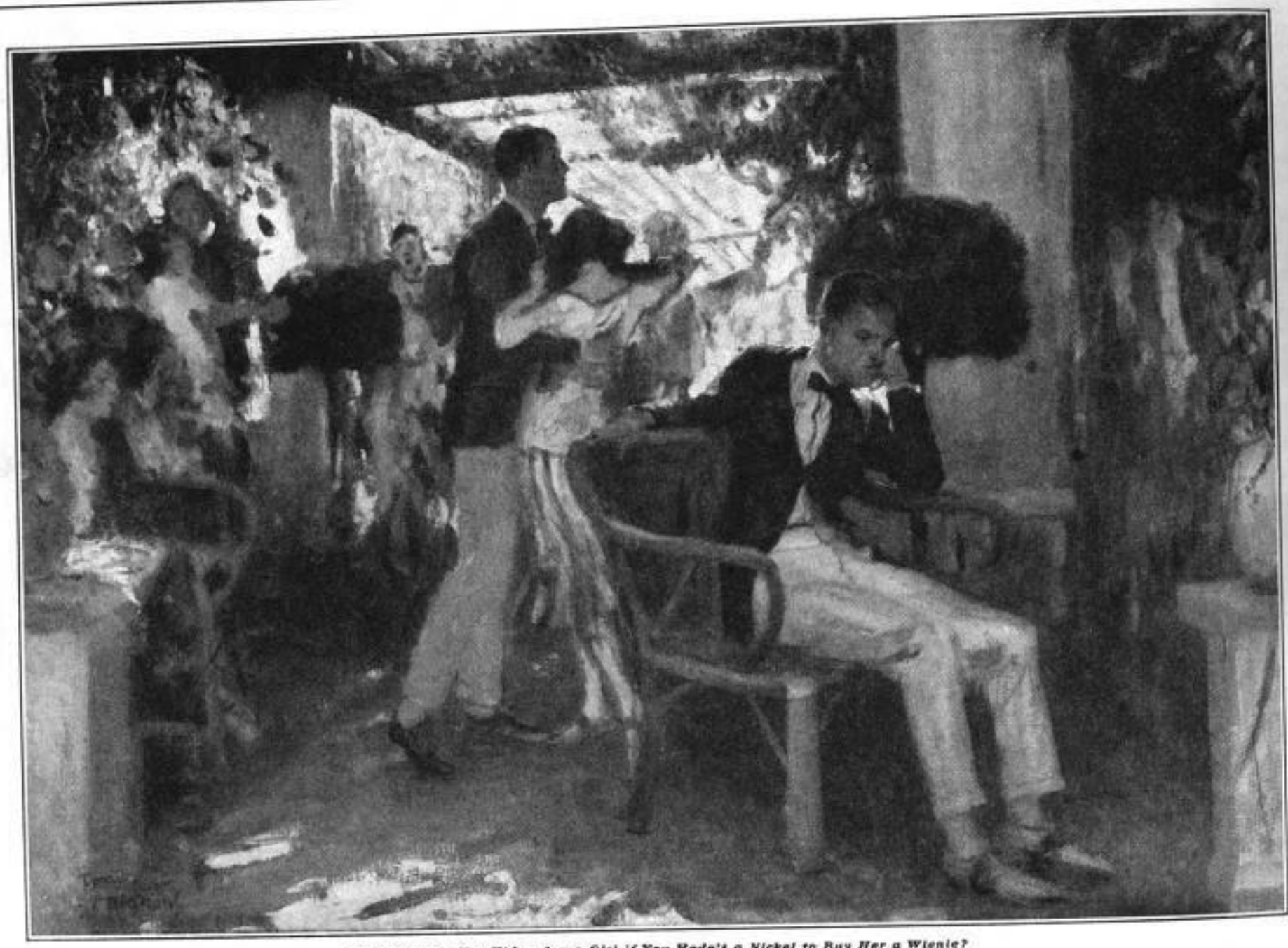
Pioneer Builders of Valve-in-Head Motor Cars — Branches in All Principal Cities—Dealers Everywhere

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THE CAKIE

By HELEN TOPPING MILLER

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK SPRADLING



What Was the Use Kidnaping a Girl if You Hadn't a Nickel to Buy Her a Wienie?

G. CALDER WILLIAMS III, garbed as sketchily as the young man in the underwear advertisements who never dreamed that so much clothes comfort could be bought for a dollar, flung down the upstairs hall. Around his straight white legs he held a dampish pink-bordered bath towel. On his face rode a frown of infinite martyrdom. He shoved a shoulder inside a door and carefully intensified this expression of patient injury.

"Where's my shirt?"

Mrs. George Calder Williams II looked up from the floor where she had spread a paper pattern on a length of gingham and anchored it in spots with books and cold-cream jars and pincushions.

"Gracious, Georgie, don't be running up and down the hall like that! The girls are always coming upstairs."

G. Calder etched his beautiful eyebrows into peeved arches. "I'm not running up and down the hall. I'm asking you where my shirt is. And for heaven's sake, don't call me Georgie."

"Well—it's your name." Psychologically and physiologically G. Calder's mother was a slave to habit. Georgie, her son had been born. Georgie was etched on his silver cup and inscribed on the family record. So far as she was concerned Georgie he would live and Georgie perish—and Georgie would be engraved on his share of the family monument. "As for your shirt—I suppose you mean the silk one. It isn't washed. I can't send it to the laundry, and Hattie and I have been cleaning. Neither of us has had time to wash it."

If G. Calder had been arrayed in a purple mantle he would have pulled it around him with a sublime air of accusing scorn.

"It seems to me"—profound pity was in his voice—pity for a weak and inefficient race of femininity, pity for the males who must depend upon such failing vessels in the matter of shirts—"it seems to me that a house ought to be run on some sort of system."

He stalked away. In his room he jerked out of a bureau a despised and plebeian garment of plain madras. From the neckband he wrenched the futile little black collar button which laundries buy by the shipload, and this he flung across the room.

"If men ran their businesses the way a woman runs a house this would be a devil of a world to live in!"

All this, understand, from hearsay only. Personally G. Calder's knowledge of business depended upon certain prolific magazine writers and a breed of artists who do iron-gray gentlemen sitting at desks better than anything else. Actually he was as thoroughly unaware of the workings, escapements, horse power or foot-pound capacity of any form of business as his sister Susan, who thought that a microphone was an inquisitorial instrument for taking Bertillon measurements. In G. Calder's mind business occupied a vague sphere infested with sour-souled fathers who always needed the car, sad eggs, dumb-bells, stenographers with darns on their silk calves, brokers, klucks in shell-rimmed glasses who ate at automats and liked work, and other incredible human mysteries who adored getting up early.

Some day, of course, when he had time, and his father, George C. Williams II, waxed feeble and tractable, G. Calder intended to take over the cutlery factory which his father and grandfather had fooled with for years, and make of it a truly tremendous thing.

But in the meantime the matter of the neglected shirt was consistent with a concerted policy of injustice which he had been called upon to endure for months, and which had reached the peak of patience within the last forty-eight hours.

Various paternal indignities made G. Calder's brow pucker and his blood fume, as he maneuvered an intolerable collar upon the unspeakable shirt.

When for the second time he thrust open the door of his mother's room his countenance had hardened into a mask of youthful desperation and his voice held the soft steely undertone of a man who has heretofore exhibited tolerance but who warns the world that there are limits, the sort of voice that sounds as a dill pickle tastes.

"Look here, mother, I've got to have some money."

His mother was drawing a sort of map of operations on the field of gingham. Her mouth was full of pins.

"I tell you I haven't got any, Georgie. I loaned you ten dollars of my house money and how I'm going to piece out till Saturday I don't even know. We'll have to eat pea soup. What on earth do you do with so much money? You never buy anything."

"Mother, a man can't skin nickels the way women do. If I've got to be a strangler and an egg ——"

"Well, if you saved a little of what your father gives you ——" There was an accent on the "gives" which offended G. Calder.

"Please don't argue. Can you let me have five or not?"

"I told you once, Georgie—I haven't got it. I've got a dollar for the yard man when he comes in the morning, and maybe forty cents over, and that's all."

"Can't you stand the fellow off? He's been grafting a good living off of this family for four or five years. He ought to be willing to wait a day or two for a measly dollar."

"Why—Georgie, I can't do that. They're poor—they need every cent. You'll have to get along. Did you ask your father for some money?"

"Thank you, I don't care to be insulted again. So—you won't do anything for me?"

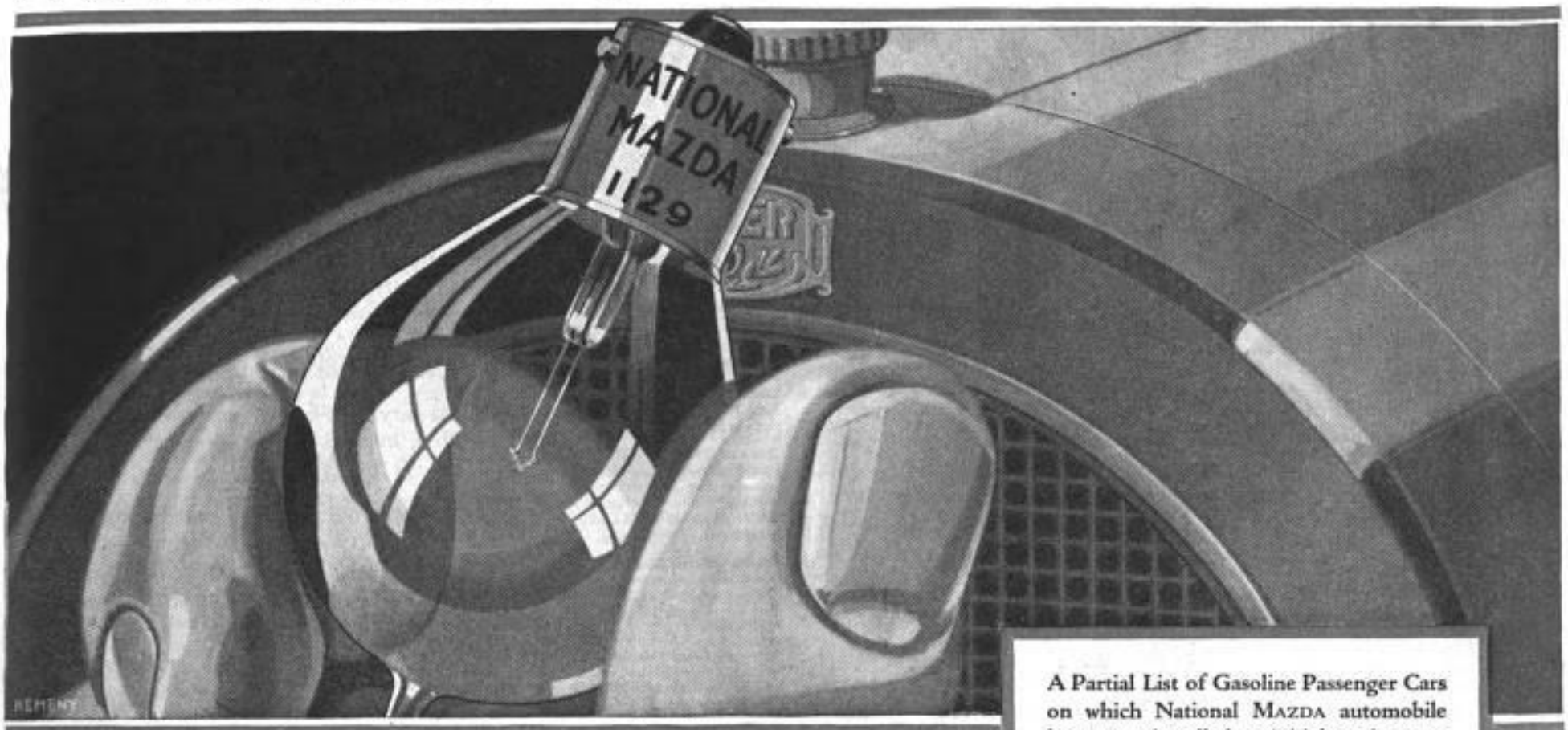
"I tell you I can't, Georgie. Don't step on that pattern. Set the door on the latch when you go out. Hattie is off this afternoon."

G. Calder moved away haughtily. He loved his family, but there was no denying that they were a self-centered lot, callously indifferent to their good fortune in owning a son who at twenty was already a leader in his social world.

(Continued on Page 33)

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NATIONAL MAZDA



Why the Name on National MAZDA *Lamps?*

The words "National MAZDA" on the base of the lamp are put there for your protection just as the name of the car is put on the radiator or hub-cap.

They promise you protection against dimness, unduly short lamp life, and all the hazards that come when a car is driven at night by the light of dim or uncertain lamps.

They are our promise that you will be guarded against needless *expense* for light. For electric current in your car costs several times as much as current in your home, and the waste caused by poorly made lamps may run into many dollars in the course of a year.

Furthermore, the words "National MAZDA" give you assurance of uniformity—for accuracy in every detail is a fixed National Lamp policy.

When next you enter a store to buy an automobile lamp, insist on the same protection as the builders of the cars listed at the right provide for themselves. See to it that the lamps you buy have on the base the words "National MAZDA", with the correct MAZDA Lamp Number for your car, as given in the National MAZDA lamp guide which the dealer keeps handy. National Lamp Works of General Electric Company, 305 Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

Each of these labels represents a Sales Division equipped to give a complete lighting service.

A Partial List of Gasoline Passenger Cars on which National MAZDA automobile lamps are installed as initial equipment:

Allen
American
Anderson
Apperson

Beggs
Bowman
Buick
Bush

Cadillac
Case
Chalmers
Champion
Chandler
Cleveland
Climber
Cole
Columbia
Comet
Crawford

Daniels
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(Continued from Page 30)

His father was the worst, of course. Sordidly immersed in commercialism, George C. Williams II called all young women flappers, and all young men cheap dudes. Their principal interest in life, so he argued, consisted of burning up gasoline and keeping cars out all day so that overworked fathers were cheated out of their golf. As for money, G. Calder had suffered most of his life from his father's archaic views on the subject of allowances. There was one crude tale of George Williams' youth concerning one sawbuck and thirteen cords of green hickory wood which made G. Calder wince in every sensitive fiber whenever he heard it. It was useless to try to persuade a soured old cutlery maker that young chaps did not sell papers on the streets in this day, or sweep out stores or mow lawns. G. Calder was a trifle sorry for his father. It was tragic, he felt, to grow old and see the world move on and leave you. Not that George C. Williams realized that he was being abandoned by a swift-moving universe—he was too busy being disgusted with the recklessness with which the world moved.

As for his grandfather, old George Williams I, G. Calder had no words for such an absolutely unspeakable person. Grandfather Williams was past seventy, and because he had once founded a cutlery plant, grinding shears on a little stone wheel and welding them in a hand forge in a little upstairs room, he was obsessed by the delusion that that cutlery concern could not, by any manner of means, exist for one hour except under his personal and particular supervision. He insisted on puttering around the plant, wearing loathsome overalls, his old knotty hands smeared with polishing grease; insisted on getting up about five and consorting with horrible people who made G. Calder absolutely ill—Slavs and Czechs and strange races who possessed incalculable interest in the old man's senile mind simply because they knew, through long apprenticeship and incredible labor, how to put edges on blades. Old George Williams apparently despised his grandson cordially and, when he spoke to him at all, confined his remarks to querulous shrillings of scorn for a worthless and idle generation, and G. Calder called him "Sir!" very coldly, and kept as far away from the dreadful old man as possible.

Susan, his sister, offended in a different way. Far from being archaic, Susan, who was vulgarly called Scoot, kept about three syllables ahead of the last word when it came to speed. When a new slang phrase became prevalent Susan had already discarded it as passé. She was the first girl in town to bob her hair, the first to paint butterflies on her ankles under her thin rolled socks, the first to learn every new dance step. When there was no new dance step to learn Susan invented one. But G. Calder had to admit that Susan was crude. There are shades and tenses in the mere matter of living, and he felt that the tone of his sister's career was a shade less delicate than his own.

He owned, a bit reluctantly, that she managed very well for a girl who hadn't a car of her own and was restricted to the point of tyranny in the matter of cigarettes and clothes. It was rather pitiable to see Scoot scrubbing her teeth with peroxide and eating peppermints whenever she came into the paternal presence.

Susan was discovered on the library floor, her head on the rug, her feet on a chair, a bridge lamp contorted to an absurd angle so that it appeared to be about to turn a handspring so that its light might fall upon the book she held very close to her nose. Susan devoured Waldo Frank, Elinor Glyn and brittle magazines with slinky women on the covers. She condescended to notice her brother's entrance by pulling her feet down to the level of her body and glancing off the page for an instant.

"I suppose you want money," she remarked acidly. "Mush on, friend; I'm impoverished myself."

"What about this morning?" demanded G. Calder. "I heard you, this morning, distinctly ——"

"Certainly—this morning. But this is afternoon, and I've been playing bridge with Emily. Less said about Emily's methods the better. One understands a lot of things."

"Shut up about Emily. D'you mean to say you've spent every cent he gave you—every cent?"

"Gave me? Gave me? Gave is glorious. You mean every cent I chipped off sliver by sliver, the way they carve out monuments! Yes, it's gone. If it wasn't I need it myself. Where are you going—to the Brannons' dance?"

"Never mind where I'm going. If you've got two bits, slip me quick. Can't you comprehend, woman, that I'm clean? Going to a dance with a girl, and clean?"

"Well, she has a car. If you have a blowout she'll lend you car fare. Pop says you ought to go to work."

"Oh, pop! I've heard it. That's a dignified attitude you're sprawled in. Mother's making you a Mother Hubbard or something. Why don't you go up and help her?"

Susan, called Scoot, disdained to reply. She reached under the rug, dug out a half-burned cigarette, lighted it and blew the smoke into the fireplace. G. Calder marched out, furious. He could have written a trenchant book at that moment on the utter impossibility of families.

Miss Emily Jones was nineteen, freckled, piquant and frankly redheaded. Of late, while she was waiting for her hair to grow out, she was a trifle inclined to irritability, especially when the wind blew or she meditated on the contemptible irresponsibility of hair nets. She was more than a trifle inclined to irritability now as she waited, under the porte-cochère of her residence, her elbow on the wheel of the little town car which really belonged to her mother, though that patient lady's proprietorship consisted chiefly of paying the garage bill and soothing bilious motorcycle policemen when they told her tersely what they were going to do to Emily.

"Is it still Anno Domino or is it B. C. or something?" she inquired very sweetly when G. Calder arrived, red-faced and warm. "I feel as though I'd been waiting through one of Mr. Wells' books where every chapter covers fifty million years. Did you lose your collar button or did the car jump off the track?"

G. Calder winced visibly at the mention of street cars. He expected Emily to be whiffy, but she needn't rub it in that the automobile was hers. He got into the little car in haughty silence. Emily always drove. She liked to see young men sit twitching and exercising a frantic self-control while she did inexcusable things to a good twin-six engine. Only one man had ever had the courage to take the wheel away from her, and this was an unspeakable sharpshooter named Butler, who was catalogued in G. Calder's bad book with sixteen big black crosses after his name.

They drove toward the club where the Brannons were having their dance. G. Calder maintained his lofty silence. Emily was his girl, but there were times when she knew it too dog-gone well. This was one of the times. He proceeded stoically to put her in her place, with an enigmatic aloofness, a withdrawn and mysterious silence that worked usually, even with Scoot. Into his eyes came that injured and accusing look that always made girls restless, made them wonder just what it was he knew about them. Generally Emily was squelched by it, by the superior condoning which G. Calder had acquired so expertly, but today she had torn up two hair nets in vain. A wiry strand of bricky red perked out over her ear defiantly. It made her furious.

"If you've been drinking glue let's go back," she suggested icily. "Usually you're so eager to make your vocabulary rally round that you have great big thousand-legged words flapping round your ears like bats. Or have you decided that it was an error of your youth to have learned English?"

"If you wanted mere words why didn't you invite a parrot?" asked G. Calder stiffly.

Emily was characteristically unperturbed. "I considered it. Then, knowing you, I gave it up."

G. Calder looked bored. Fighting with Emily had lost its edge. There was always a deadline from which one must draw back, lest she go home enraged and leave him marooned somewhere without any car fare. Considering this intolerable possibility he found himself meditating patricide in various interesting and horrible forms. The family car was an absurd old raft, of course, but it would run, and if one left the top down it sometimes passed for a later model. Emily must be soothed. He summoned a sweet phrase out of the Rollo Books, only to discover that they had arrived, so he altered it to "Well, here we are!"

Emily jeered. "Yes—here we are!" And a Greek chorus from the veranda echoed heartily, "Hello—here you are!"

Dominant in this Greek chorus was the bucolic note of the odious dumb-bell, Butler. Butler was waiting on the veranda, and patently he was waiting for Emily. Instantly G. Calder knew that the Brannons' dance was ruined beyond repair. Why, oh, why had they invited an impossible person with a brown neck who frankly made money raising pigs?

Whenever G. Calder met this fellow Butler, he always inquired solicitously concerning the health of the pigs. But the deuce of it was that Butler appeared callously indifferent to such delicate irony. Butler was not loath to describe in detail the well-being of all his pigs—the pigs being obviously profitable. Butler owned the best roadster parked at the club. His clothes were perfect and his soft white silk shirt made G. Calder ill under his abominable madras. But G. Calder stiffened his neck.

"Why, hello, Butler," he patronized, "how did you happen to get off? Isn't wheat ripe yet?"

"Cut mine already," returned Butler blandly. "It'll run twenty-eight to the acre. My dance, Emily."

"Beg your pardon, Butler—I'm with Miss Jones."

G. Calder's tone subtly indicated distinctions between himself and one, however prosperous, who in emergencies worked, unashamed, with his hands.

Emily shrugged. "Don't be tiresome, Georgie. I promised this dance to Tom three days ago."

G. Calder drifted sulkily into the crowd about the punchbowl. Daytime dances were abominations anyway. Chaps dancing in golf shoes with sunburn behind their ears, girls limp and warm and careless, wearing sweaters or knit skirts; no illusion, no glamour, no shadows, no dark corners where a man could slip off his collar. The Brannons always gave afternoon dances because old Mr. Brannon, who insisted on tagging along and bouncing jerkily around the floor with a few martyred girls who could not escape, did not like to go out at night. G. Calder was sorry he had come. But of course a man owed certain duties to society. Mrs. Brannon would expect him to dance with each of her impossible daughters—Pauline, who wore corsets, and Estra, who wouldn't wear them and used smelly stuff on her varnished hair. Might as well get it over with.

He went into the crowded ballroom and discovered that Pauline and Estra had acquired victims. The room was hot, so he sat down near the door. There were girls standing about in groups, but he didn't want to dance with them. He didn't want to dance with anybody—not even with Emily, who was languidly fox-trotting with the masterful brown-necked Butler. What he really ached to do was to snatch up Emily—turned-up nose, delicious freckles, gypsy lock of bronze, and all—steal Tom Butler's expensive car, and beat it down the road in a cloud of contemptuous dust. But this desire went down for a choking third-time finish before a wave of ice-cold practicality. What was the use kidnaping a girl if you hadn't a nickel to buy her a wienie? He decided that he would have a straight-from-the-shoulder, man-to-man conversation with George C. Williams II when he got home.

"But he'll do all the talking. He'll wipe the embalming fluid off the pallid brow of that old sawbuck story. He'll tell about that Bohemian kluck who invented the brass shear bolt and draws a royalty check every pay day. He'll get red in the neck, and then mother and Scoot will be sore at me for a week for making him mad. Probably grandfather will read me a lesson from the moldering page of the past—that one about grandmother selling her glass lamp to buy a belt for the buffing wheel, likely. It's no use."

But money he must have. Money was imperative. It had ceased to be a matter of mere convenience. It was a necessity for self-respect. Witness—himself, son of the biggest manufacturer in town, letting a red-handed pig herder in a million dollars' worth of clothes walk off with his girl. Even a dollar gave a man tremendous self-esteem. If he could get even a dollar ——

He strolled back to the porch, and with a pained air joined a group of youths who admitted him after an inclusive meaning glance had passed from eye to to eye.

"Listen, G. C.—we're ducking this wrestle. We're getting up a little game down in the locker room."

Once or twice G. Calder had found these little games in the locker room to be profitable—once or twice when he had been able to bully money out of his mother. If only he had a dollar ——

"Wait a minute," he said to the shifting group.

"Better come on down," they advised him.

G. Calder drifted casually through the rooms till he came upon Emily sitting on the arm of a chair occupied by the unstayed and enameled Estra.

"Did you forget something, Georgie?" chirped Emily with warning sweetness. "You brought me to this party, you know."

G. Calder managed a look of tolerant indulgence. Fatherly stuff went farther than any other attitude with Emily.

"I'm looking for Butler. Going to slay him and sprinkle this fiesta with gobs of gore," he said. "Anybody seen him?"

"Tom? He's dancing with Pauline," stated Estra Brannon coolly.

G. Calder wormed his way around the ballroom and waited in a spot near Mrs. Brannon, where he knew Butler would inevitably park the stolid Pauline. He guessed right. Butler appeared within three minutes, his brown face frozen into that look of polite misery which went with the Brannons. G. Calder edged him out of the crowd.

"Lend me a dollar, Butler," he suggested nonchalantly.

Butler instantly produced a folded roll that made G. Calder's throat contract.

"This makes eleven, doesn't it?" asked G. Calder blandly, pocketing the bill.

"Twelve," corrected Butler. "No hurry about it."

"Thanks, old man." G. Calder turned away.

"Look here, Williams," Butler recalled him. "If you need money how about a job? I'm short-handed on the place, almost impossible to get away. Have to get up at daylight and ride the reaper myself. Know anything about alfalfa—or hogs?"

"Not a thing. Thanks, Butler—I'm no farmer. Pay you back tomorrow."

His face flamed as he jerked away. Insufferable bounder! Pigs and alfalfa! A man who got up at daylight and worked in a sweaty field—and yet people invited him to dances. G. Calder skidded down the stairs to the locker room, desperately bent on cleaning enough out of the little game to pay up Butler and have a stake left.

When he came up out of the locker room he was amazed to discover that it was pitch dark. At the desk old Mr. Brannon was arguing with the steward and figuring with

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a pencil. Mrs. Brannon sat just inside the ballroom door, her fat feet stuck straight out in front of her. Manifestly the party was over.

"Emily Jones?" she repeated. "Why, I believe she's gone, Georgie. Nearly everyone has gone. Hasn't Emily gone, Essie?"

Estra Brannon, who was always under the maternal wing because no other wing was ever offered, looked G. Calder over scornfully. "She went on to the Nicholses—with Tom Butler. She drove her own car."

"I thought I saw them leaving," Mrs. Brannon arched her babyish brows. "But, Georgie—Essie can go with you! Don't you want to go, Essie?"

"Sorry." G. Calder backed off abruptly. "I'm not driving tonight."

He slid swiftly out, but not swiftly enough to escape the shrill voice of Miss Estra Brannon—she of the pasted hair and caved-in figure: "Mother! Did you think I would go with Georgie Williams? That cakie? Why—he never has any money! He borrows car fare from girls!"

G. Calder dissolved into the shadows. He ducked down the drive, keeping to the dark spots. In black places he ran, hardly knowing where he went. A hot and furious hate for Estra Brannon made his feet curiously light. Cakie! A Brannon—Estra Brannon, that cold meat ball, that gold digger—called him a cakie! Estra, whose mother had to fish men for her! Plunging along through the warm dusk, hatless, dust drifting into his shoes, G. Calder suffered from the rankling of the drop of truth in this humiliation. He had borrowed car fare from Pauline Brannon once. That was his father's fault again.

The club was six miles out, but G. Calder kept doggedly to the road, nursing his wretchedness in proud fury. When cars approached he drew back into the bushes. He did not want a lift. The weight of any obligation seemed suddenly unendurable. The twelve dollars he owed to Butler pressed him like an accusing hand.

"I'll pay that bounder back tomorrow," he declared to himself, "if I have to beg the money on my knees—from grandfather." Likely Butler called him a cakie too—Butler who worked in the wheatfield like a hunkie! Something fundamentally proud in G. Calder, something which went back perhaps to that old grandfather who had taken steel in his bare hands and battled it with crude tools and beaten the beginning of a fortune out of it, something fiercely independent, resented that debt to Butler. Somehow he would pay back that twelve dollars; and after that, things were going to be different. He wouldn't stand this sort of thing any more.

"I'll leave!" he thought hotly. "I won't tolerate such treatment any longer."

Dusty and sore-footed he stumbled through a back street, very late, and up the alley to the house. There was a dim light in the kitchen, a pale glimmer in the hall, but all the rest of the house was dark. G. Calder knew with relief that all the family were out but grandfather. He could slip in, forage in the ice box, have a hot bath, and be in bed before they came in. Scoot would have heard already that Emily had left him stranded at the club. Emily would see to that. But Scoot should never learn the ignominy of that walk home—nor anyone else. He would draw the barb of Emily's malice by calmly ignoring the incident. But in the meantime he was hungry as the deuce. He lifted a screen and crawled in at the pantry window.

Instantly there sounded a shuffle of feet from the kitchen, and a slow voice drawled, "What you sneakin' in that way for? The door ain't locked."

G. Calder's heart plunged down. Grandfather! What was he doing up at this hour of the night—grandfather, who always went to bed with the sparrows?

"Sir?" he returned coldly, coming into the light.

Grandfather looked up from the kitchen table, where he had spread out a curious assortment of food.

"Want some pie?" he inquired cheerfully. "Don't get pie around here. I bought this one. Made some coffee too. Set down and eat you a bite."

G. Calder attempted a lofty and insolent refusal. But the smell of grandfather's coffee stuck in his nostrils. It was good coffee. The pie looked good, too—berry pie, cool and crumbly.

"Git a fork," advised grandfather with amazing friendliness. "I et mine with my fingers, but you might spoil them white breeches."

G. Calder obeyed. It meant a tiresome lecture, inevitably; but he had had no food since lunch, and the walk had made him ravenous. Grandfather moved over and pushed the fragments of a cold roast near.

"Whack you off a chunk of that and slap it between some bread. Hattie'll jaw us in the morning, likely, but there ain't no heman can work on sandwiches and the sody-water stuff she sets out for supper. I had to stay late down to the shop to see that edging machine set up. Ain't none of them ginnies know how to put a steel grinder together. Got her all geared in reverse—puttin' concave edges on every blade she touched. Looks like you can't learn young fellers nothin'."

Grandfather's scorn was mild. G. Calder found himself warming toward the old chap. The coffee was great. He whacked off another slab of beef and rummaged some mustard out of the cupboard.

"You been dancin'?" inquired old George Williams. "Must have been a barn dance by the looks of your shoes and breeches."

"I walked home," stated G. Calder deliberately; "I walked home from the club because I hadn't any car fare."

"Shuh! How much is the fare?"

"Seven cents."

"Shuh! Ain't your pa give you any money lately?"

"He gave me some; ten dollars."

"Today?"

"No—Tuesday." G. Calder cannily refrained from mentioning the ten he had had from his mother the day before.

"All gone, hey?"

"That's not the worst." He plunged blindly, grateful for a listener as unbiased as grandfather appeared, miraculously, to be. "I owe a man twelve dollars. I've got to pay him tomorrow."

"H'm." Grandfather ate the sugar out of his coffee cup ruminatively. "And got nothin' in sight?"

"Not a cent."

The old man hitched his chair forward. G. Calder noticed then how piercing his eyes were under his bent, bristling brows. He had never looked at grandfather if he could help it, and he was discovering several things. The mouth, for instance—which curiously was not stern but whimsy and quirked up at the corners.

"Look here," said grandfather. "I can put you onto a way to make some money, if you can stand to get your hands a little dirty. But you'll have to keep quiet about it here at home."

"I've got to have money; I suppose I could stand a little dirt."

"You can't let your ma find it out—or sis. They'd raise hob with us."

"What sort of a job is it?"

"I want you to come down to the shop with me tomorrow and help me test that edger. I know machines—and they ain't nobody goin' to test a nine-thousand-dollar trick in that plant but me—but my hand shakes sometimes and my eyes ain't so steady as they was. I want you to run that edger—and not tell nobody—and I'll boss it. You can put on some of my old breeches and a dirty shirt—won't none of the help know you. And you can tell your folks some yarn or other."

G. Calder looked suspicious. This had the look of a ruse to lure him into the shop—the hated shop where his father so often oratorically insisted that he ought to begin at the bottom, wiping shears! But old George Williams' attitude was clearly guileless and friendly. Besides, grandfather would be in bad himself—if G. Calder's father and the two other stockholders found out that he wasn't sure of his eyesight or his hands around the machines. G. Calder knew that for ten years old George Williams had fought to stay in the shop, defeated every effort to retire him into peaceful senile obscurity. He expanded a bit. There was a hint of conspiracy in the proposition which was adventuresome. Probably grandfather was beginning to realize that his grandson had not been treated with proper respect. He took another bite of pie.

"I did promise Derry Gilmer to set up a motorboat for him," he demurred.

"Is he figuring on paying you for that job?"

"Well, no—he couldn't. He hasn't paid for the boat yet."

"Well, I'll give you day wages—that's five dollars. Reckon you can stand two or three days of it?"

G. Calder's head went up. "Oh, I'm hard, you know. Track team last year, golf—everything."

"Yeah. Good thing, I guess. Well, you better get to bed. I'll call you at 5:30. You can go down on the street car with me and telephone your ma anything you please. Want any more pie?"

By ten o'clock the next morning G. Calder had discovered that he had six or seven hundred separate muscles, and that each one possessed an individual and poignant ache. The new steel edger, housed in a little cell of brick, equipped with its own proud motor, shone like platinum, moved with the insolent efficiency of lightning, and demanded from whosoever served it an untiring devotion which was hard on the arches and the back of the neck.

To old George Williams I, this service was pure joy. He gloated over every sleek gliding of the polished arms, rejoiced in the shrilling of the grinding surfaces, in the steel dust which flew like silver mist, in the noiseless leap of the pulleys, in the quick bite of the brake when the power slackened. He fairly danced before the machine like a dervish before an idol. For an hour G. Calder faintly shared his enthusiasm. It was all new—this muscular gloat of throwing a lever and making a vicious little tool eat steel. It was primitive and he liked it. But the glory died as the ache in his ankles and his shoulders increased. The ragged old shirt he had donned as a disguise was damp and clung to his sides. The smell of oil made him sick. A lot of wops in greasy caps with blackened nails and brownish teeth looked at him sidewise and grinned. They did not know that he was the son of the boss. G. Calder smiled ironically, thinking how swiftly their attitude would have changed had they known that.

The work was not hard. Grandfather applied the power, stood near and tested the blades with experimental thumb, tightened bolts, shrilled directions, his voice rising to a yell when the motor suddenly ceased to purr. G. Calder regarded the old man with dull wonder. All his life grandfather had been doing this, dancing homage to some whirring bit of steel, and now, though he was past seventy, he was eagerly clinging to the task, jealously resenting any suggestion that he was old. Nor was he interested in money. G. Calder knew that he drew about a dollar a day out of the business and put all the rest back.

By noon G. Calder found his interest in faulty blades and crackling steel that broke like glass, waning.

"Why not try it with some decent stuff?" he demanded. "You can't test a machine with rotten stuff like this. Can't we edge good blades?"

Grandfather gave him a quick look. "Sure we can. Reckon you can handle good steel?"

"I can try it. We won't get anywhere grinding these seconds and worthless stuff."

They ate lunch together in the shop cafeteria, and through the window G. Calder saw Scoot waiting outside in the old car for his father. She had on a fresh little green dress and her hair was blowing. She looked alluringly cool and clean, and he knew they were going home to chops and salad and one of Hattie's puddings. And on his right a Polish welder ate a roll smeared with catchup with gory smackings.

The afternoon dragged. G. Calder felt a revolting hate for the shop, for its smells and roarings and moving of shadowy belts. He lost all feeling in his forearms, and black oily sweat ran down into his eyes. By dusk grandfather himself had wearied of the monotonous perfection of the machine.

"Any ginny can run this now," he declared. "What say we see about ordering a couple more? I got some blue prints in my office."

Grandfather's office was a family joke. It was a little cuddy behind the shipping room, where since the factory had been built he had kept his personal papers in a cigar box along with samples of bolts, razor steel, washers and knife handles. There were two chairs with soiled calico cushions, and into one of these G. Calder sank gratefully. A pain in his heels had taught him something. "Concrete floors are bad," he grumbled, "when a man has to stand with his forearms raised and his weight shifted backward."

"Hey? You write that down, Georgie. I been tellin' them that for years, but some efficiency expert always gets up in the meetings and talks me down. Look here, what do you think of this model? Your pa ain't crazy about it—but I look at the economy. Two on one motor with shift pulleys and no vibration ——"

At dinner that night G. Calder, bathe and restored, was silent and strangel dignified. He was concerned in keepir his stained hands from the family notic and he felt a strange satisfaction in th knowledge that he had earned five dolla with his own blood and muscle. But the was a thrill which went deeper—th tremor of achievement which had warme him when steel dust flew over his forearn and grandfather, testing with relentle thumb, had found no fault with the blad he had ground. It would never do to l the family know, of course. They wou assume instantly that his introduction in the plant was permanent, and G. Cald was doggedly certain that it should distinctly transitory. But anyway, he h put edges on three boxes.

Scoot regarded him keenly. "Wh about Derry's boat?" she demanded. " it any good?"

"Just fair," evaded G. Calder.

"Why can't we have a boat, pop' teased Scoot. "Emily's going to get one

"A lot she knows about engines jeered G. Calder.

"Oh, Tom Butler's going to teach h He learned, running tractors!"

The second day at the shop dragge There was an awkward moment, very ear when Scoot appeared, just as grandfath and G. Calder were sliding out the do with her hat on and the keys in her har

"I'm going to drive you out to Derr boat house, Georgie," she declared. want to see that raft. If it's any good nag pop till he gets one."

"I'm not going out now," hedged Calder in a panic. "I've got to get so things—some paint and stuff—downtown

"Well, the stores won't be open eight. What on earth are you going early for?"

"I've got things to do—things—got see Derry—can't wait—g'-by!"

It was a narrow escape. Even th G. Calder had an uneasy conviction th Scoot was trailing them suspiciously. was almost certain of it at lunch time wh she appeared at the plant, and instead waiting outside in the car, as she usua did, came prowling through the facto spoiling his hard-earned lunch. He avoid her by ducking into a nickeling room, b the smell of the plating acids ruined appetite for roast-beef sandwiches a mince pie.

"Why don't father keep that young c out of the place?" he growled to grar father. "A factory's no place for girls

"Yeah," dreamed grandfather. "Wat this trick eat these all-steel bows, will yo Not a dozen of 'em water ground eith Water grindin' is a waste of time a money—I been tellin' them that a lo time, but shuh! They won't listen to r What say we finish this lot up, Georg and slide 'em through the assembly speci and then show 'em to your pa and th efficiency fellers? They think I'm an nuisance full of notions—but you co tell 'em."

"Me? I don't know anything abo blades!"

"Huh? Guess not. I seen that. Reck you can hold out one more day?"

"I've got to hold out. I've got to p Butler."

"Got another one of these machi down on the loading dock. Expect y wouldn't want to help me git it set would you?"

"If you're going to gear it on that sh with the light in a man's eye and no ro for your elbow you can count me out."

"Well, I've told 'em about that sha It'll cost money to install another moto

"How many blades will a man was though, because he can't see properly?"

"Yeah—that's it. You have seen one two things round this place, ain't yo Pretty fair place, too—if it had some id stuck into it. Young fellers—that's wh it needs. Young fellers that can think a ain't afraid of grease under their nails

"That's all right," hedged G. Calde "but you remember that I'm not senten for life to this blame shop. Nothing doin

"Well, if you could stand that feller with ten dollars you could quit today that is, if you don't want to help me set that edger."

"Oh, I'll help you."

That night Susan Williams, called Sco fairly vibrated with excitement. She sk ded into the dining room, flashed a lo of triumphant malice at G. Calder a bounced into a chair.

(Continued on Page 93)

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FISHER BODIES

Body by Fisher—this little symbol is concentrating the attention of tens of thousands of people upon this product. The eagerness of the motor car manufacturer to encourage this scrutiny bespeaks his satisfaction more eloquently than any words of ours.

FISHER BODY CORPORATION
DETROIT CLEVELAND ST. LOUIS
WALKERVILLE, ONT.



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THE RED TAPE CUTTER

By Hugh Wiley

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

IN MEMPHIS, on the hot afternoon of March thirteenth, the Wildcat fanned himself with his hat until fanning became work. Thereafter for a little while until he was again summoned to the treadmill into which Ol' Man Trouble had cast him he indulged his complainer and aimed his moan at Demmy.

"Neveh seed so much work. Cap'n Jack got me draggin' f'm sunup till de curse-you bell rings. On top all dat, heah's dis work f'm de cap'n's wife—'nuff extry work to bear me down lower dan a snake's stummick."

"I knows. Ise been some busy myself—paintin' dat fence an' weedin' de grass dandruff f'm dat lawn an' white-washin' de pullet coop. Jus' like a coal mine, only you is ek-sposed mo' to de burnin' sun."

"'Sposed to everythin' mo'. Like a coal mine, 'ceptin' dey is only jus' so much coal in de worl', but dis work mine las' foeveh. Neveh do seem to run out of work roun' dis place. Come Sat'day night Ise sho glad."

"No gladder dan whut I is. Neveh seed such a slow-draggin' Sat'day. Seems like dey los' count. Whut day dis?"

"Day Wens'day. Reckon us kin las' till Sat'day, but how come I don't jus' see. Not at de present minnit."

"Wildcat!"

The clarion call to duty.

"Yass'm. Ise comin'."

The back garden needed about nine hundred dollars' worth of spading up.

"Whuf! Kain't see whut fo' de white folks keeps dis ol' garden patch goin'. S'pose dey does git some onions. S'pose dat ol' spar'grass do sprout up. Cost fo' dollahs a sprout an' strawbabies fo' bits apiece by de time us reaps 'em. Save 'nuff money buyin' f'm de ol' wagon man to keep de house in garden truck for ten yeahs. Ain't no sense in dis pussonal gardenin'. Ain't no good fo' nuthin' 'ceptin' to break my spine wid stoopin' oveh dis long-handle dull banjo."

The complaint department worked overtime and added its abnormal burden to the ordinary load of accumulated woes that the Wildcat carried, but the miracle of time finally came to pass, and Saturday, March the sixteenth, dawned hot.

All day long, whenever casual movements of common routes of industry brought them within hailing distance of each other, the Wildcat and Demmy indulged in the elaboration of their plans for crowding enough diversion into Saturday night to compensate them for the frazzling effect that work and weather imposed upon body and soul.

"Fust off, Demmy, us 'sorbs enough of dat Sunrise gin to melt dis hard luck us 'fested wid. Den us nutrifies wid sardine fishes an' some cheese."

"Sho craves cheese, Wildcat; an' sourdeens."

"Den a r'ar wid de clickers in de back room of Willie Webster's barber shop an' mebbe us goes to de Festive Hall whah de whisp'rin' music itches inside yo' feet."

"Craves to heah me dat Honeymoonlight Blues."

"You an' me, Demmy. Craves to weave me dat Crow Flap thing."

"Den some mo' gin."

"An' back to Willie's place fo' one mo' livin' triumph oveh dem dead sevens."

At evening, with a satisfying supper laid away, the Wildcat approached Captain Jack on the subject of drawing down enough of his retained earnings to afford the pleasure lover a night's entertainment.

"Craves me ten dollars. Cap'n, suh, kin you spare it?"

Captain Jack could spare it. "But don't you get mixed up any place. Stay clear of those joints that are so popular with the police."

"Yas, suh. Sho will. An', cap'n, suh, kin Demmy git ten dollahs fo' his pussonal evenin'?"

Demmy could get ten dollars. Demmy had been a good boy.

"But if either one of you niggers gets jailed you can trust me to pardon you free with a shotgun after you get loose."

"Yas, suh, cap'n, us depends on you heavy—case us 'cumulates any trouble wid de po-lice. Sho do!"

"Get t'hell downtown. Monday you better paint that summer kitchen."

"Cap'n, yas, suh! Sho will."



Fishy Was Politely Surprised at the Wildcat's Mention of France. "Spik You de Franch Lingwitch?"

Trailed by Demmy the Wildcat retreated to his own corner of Captain Jack's woodshed, where he adorned himself with an accumulation of raiment appropriate to the impending festivities, while from his own supply of clothes Demmy did the best he could to reflect the splendors of a hand-painted explosion in a paint shop.

A final twisting of necktie knots, one last swipe at glistening shoes with an old strip of velvet, two hearty splashes of musk, and the cares of yesterday were buried deep under an avalanche of anticipation.

"Hold de deal a minnit, Demmy, till I git dat mascot goat penned up safe."

The Wildcat walked out of the woodshed and prowled over to a corner of Captain Jack's back yard, where Lily was grazing herself fat at the expense of a few square feet of thick green grass.

"Come 'long heah, goat! Me an' Demmy's gwine on a rampage, an' whilst us is ram'lin' you stay put. Us pens you in de woodshed."

"Blaa-a!" Lily's protest at being torn away from her banquet fell sharply on the Wildcat's ears.

"Come 'long widout no blattin' befo' I knocks you six blocks f'm breakfus'." He looked down at Lily, and on the mascot's moist lower jaw, adhering in a fringe of tender blades of grass, he saw a four-leaf clover.

The Wildcat's eyes widened when he saw this emblem, and into them came a look of apprehension which deepened with crowding memories of what bad luck had followed upon the appearance of a similar talisman.

"Lawd, Lady Luck! How come dat fo'-leaf debbil on my trail!"

He swept the mascot's jaw clear of its nutrifying sediment of verdure with one panicky swing of his hand, and all the way to the woodshed, dragging the reluctant goat, his mind created new calamities that could develop from Old Man Trouble's stacked deck.

Demmy, noting his associate's changed mood, was quick to inquire its cause. "How come you so wild-lookin'? See somethin' flyin' low?"

"Seed somethin', Demmy, dat I did. Warn't flyin'. Stickin' to Lily's jaw. Ol' Man Trouble is on my trail w'd some mo' fo'-leaf-cloveh grief. De las' time de cloveh misery got me it druv me cleah to France into dat wah ruckus wid dem German boys. 'Speck us betteh stay close to de house 'stid of goin' downtown. Mebbe I betteh stick wid ol' Cap'n Jack 'stid of ek-sposin' myself to de po-lice. Dat cloveh whut dis hell-raisin' Lily 'cumulates sho is a bad sign."

Demmy scoffed at the omen. "Don't mean nothin'. You needs gin. Tie dat goat in de corneh away f'm dese clothes so she kain't eat us nekked whilst us is away, an' come 'long. You is feeble in de skull."

"Mebbe I is, but signs is signs, an' de wust whut I eveh sees is dis fo'-leaf promise f'm Ol' Man Trouble."

The believer tied Lily to the leg of a discarded sewing machine, and with Demmy a pace or two in advance he ventured forth into the mystery of the threatening night which veiled the land.

Shadows along the alley back of Captain Jack's place were suddenly eloquent and moving pledges of misery ahead in the Wildcat's trail. Until he reached the glare of the arc lights on the main street he stuck close beside his diminutive partner. "Trouble is trouble, an' Ol' Man Trouble has all kinds. Don't crave me none a-tall."

In spite of what he craved, his woe-bearing Nemesis was abroad, circling around until the Wildcat's trail might be discovered.

II

ABOUT the time that the Wildcat and Demmy started out on their Saturday-night prowl Captain Jack's senatorial father-in-law finished a brief conference in Washington wherein a compact and exclusive group of hard-boiled old-timers drew cards in the big-league game of saving the nation. The detail of the moment was a budget-busting contest involving, among other things, what might be called a national overseas rummage sale.

Over the long distance, before midnight, to Captain Jack's ears came the rumble of the senator's voice:

"The Rochambeau sails Wednesday at noon for Bordeaux. Ketch her. You got to go to France and sell that million-dollar layout of warehouses you built at Charcel, up there near Paris. You know the goods better than anybody else. They say the French won't buy 'em. I say they will. You go over there for the department and sell 'em; make sort of a test case out of those warehouses. I'll meet you on board with passports and the rest of —— Hello! Hello, Jack! Git off the line, Central ——"

Connections were presently reëstablished, and in spite of Captain Jack's exhibition of reluctance the senator finally convinced him that the greatest good to the greatest member of the family would derive from a strict and enthusiastic effort along the lines dictated by the senator. "It's sort of a test case. Sell those warehouses to the French and you prove that it can be done. Helps me out with the campaign and likewise starts some European money coming this way. Do you get both ideas?"

Captain Jack got the main idea. For half an hour after the long-distance conversation ended he indulged himself in an eloquent flow of A. E. F. profanity directed at conditions in general, his political-minded father-in-law, ocean travel, steamer trunks and, last of all, the Wildcat.

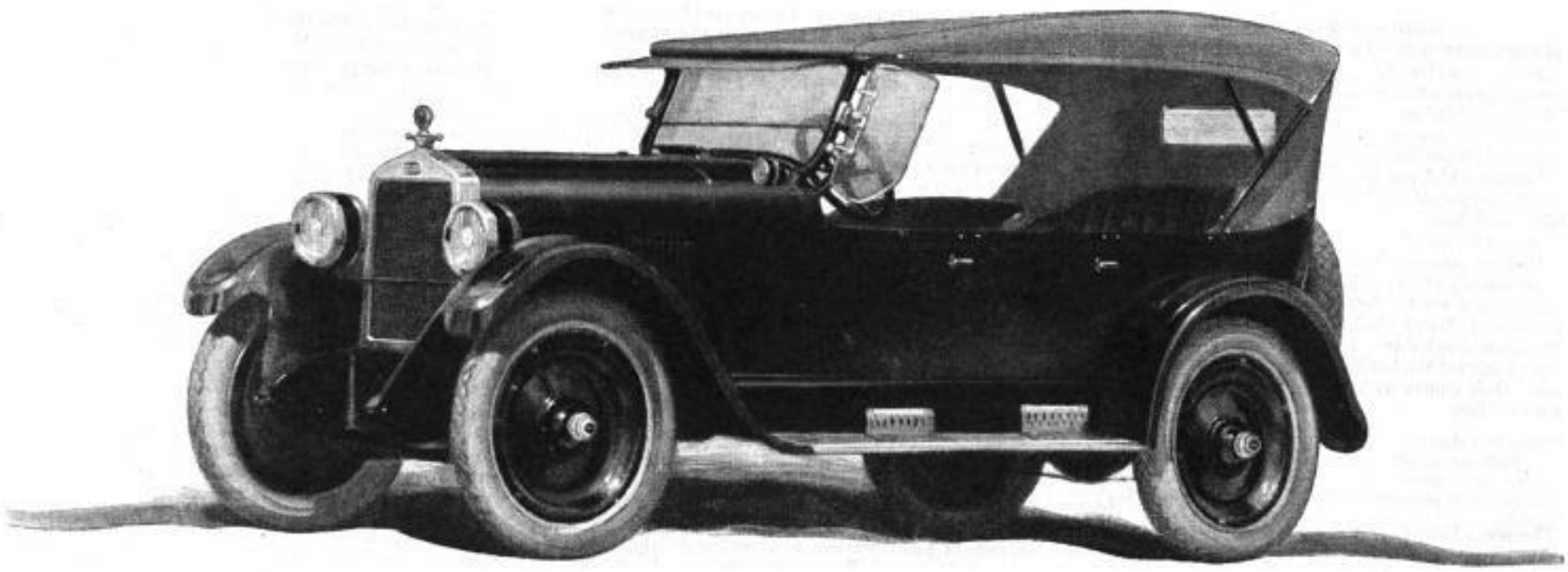
At the moment when Captain Jack needed him most the Wildcat, prowling downtown with Demmy, was A.W. O.L., just as he usually was when there were any rush jobs of work to be done.

III

ACCORDING to schedule the Wildcat and his companion indulged their momentary craving for sardines and cheese after absorbing three hearty slugs of Sunrise gin, and immediately thereafter they set out for the

(Continued on Page 38)

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The New 1923 Sport Car

$1165

Your first impression of this Sport Car is its amazing value. At $1165, it combines not only all of its earlier features, but a wealth of refinement and new equipment that establish its unquestioned dominance among sport cars.

The 1923 Sport body is low and racy. It is painted light maroon and upholstered in brown Spanish leather. The khaki top is leather bound, with gypsy curtains, bevel plate glass window and visor.

A new Carburetor with heat control working automatically with the gas throttle insures a uniform mixture the year round, regardless of temperature. Gas, spark, and electric light controls, mounted on the steering wheel, are readily operated without removing hand from the wheel.

Standard equipment includes such distinctively sport features as heavily nickeled radiator with special radiator cross bar cap and motometer; drum type lamps of sport design, with cowl and tail lamps to match; full crown fenders; plate glass wind deflectors; running board with skirt shields and rubber mats; walnut instrument board with glass covered, silver faced instruments; rear view mirror; windshield cleaner; nickeled back panel bars; disc steel wheels with demountable rims; non-skid cord tires all around—spare tire extra.

All prices f. o. b. at factory

Roadster	$975	*Two-Passenger Coupé*	$1185
Touring Car	995	*Four-Passenger Coupé*	1445
Sport Car	1165	*Sedan*	1545

"To Build the Finest Light-Six in the World"

The New Oakland Six-44 for 1923 is the notable result of Oakland's purpose to build the finest light-six in the world. Into its construction has gone all of Oakland's eight years of experience in manufacturing light-sixes exclusively, as well as the technical genius and engineering skill of the General Motors Laboratories. It is a dependable car. It is a car of proven performance. It is powerful. It is beautiful. It is genuinely economical. It is the only car that carries a special, written, 15,000 mile performance guarantee. And yet withal, it is one of the lowest-priced sixes on the market. Truly, this is the car you can buy with supreme confidence; one you will drive with genuine pride.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

The New

Oakland

Six

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(Continued from Page 36)

Webster barber shop, behind which was a room consecrated to games of no chance.

On the green pastures, when the Wildcat arrived at the Webster establishment, roamed a brace of active cubes, herded at the moment by a shepherd who seemed to be persecuted by snake eyes and dirty dozens.

"Loses nuthin' but yo' money." The Wildcat horned in with his sympathy. "Otheh folks has been seen by de snake. Roll 'em."

"Shoots fo' bits."

"Roll 'em, sez me. You is faded."

The snake's victim rolled 'em and the spotted lambs drug home a six to their hot-handed shepherd. "'At's six—six me! Bam! An' dey reads—hell!"

"Gimme dem babies. Shoots a dollar an' rags it." The Wildcat curried the lambs between his anxious palms and guided their course with an impromptu rendering of the Finance Blues:

"Shoots a dollah;
Fade me quick;
Look for a seven
When the gallopers click.

"Wham! I see
De specks whut pay!
Fo' an' three ——
I lets it lay."

The seven herder, singing low to his baby lambs, wove a rhythm into the fabric of chance as he addressed the lambs' ex-proprietor:

"Shower down,
Fade de two.
Pussonal bet
Twixt me an' you."

The two was faded and the Wildcat released an agile pair of gamboleers, after an admonition governing their immediate future:

"Bones, git right!
On yo' way.
Reads 'leven—
Lets it lay.

"Bam! I sees
Two an' two.
Jo twins, see whut
You kin do.

"Shoots de fo'
Bet yo' money.
Bumblin' Bones,
Drip yo' honey.

"Meet me, Jo,
Face to face.
Whuf! I sees
Three an' ace."

On the floor, built up from a four-bit fading of the opponent's hard luck, was eight dollars. The Wildcat let it lay, leaning heavy on his run of luck, and the opposition was syndicated among four of the faithful who believed that every run has two ends.

This one had, and a delayed seven that stepped into the place prepared for Eighter of Decatur swept sixteen dollars into the pockets of the believers and out of the Wildcat's control.

With the sixteen-dollar wound the Wildcat lost his weapons and in a little while thereafter, fading the other man's game, his stake had dwindled to the vanishing point. He requisitioned Demmy's cash, and at the moment when he felt the first faint pangs of a new luck hunch he saw Demmy's last dollar trampled under the galloping feet of a home-coming Nona from Boston. "Damn dat Lady Luck! Whah at dat woman gone? Ain't yo' got no mo' cash, Demmy?"

Demmy hadn't as much cash as there are raincoats in Yuma.

The Wildcat made four unsuccessful attempts at borrowing a stake from as many old and oft-tried friends. In the matter of cash loans there was nothing doing. The hunch-bearing supplicant turned and summoned his sawed-off companion:

"Come 'long heah, Demmy; us goes to see de man!"

"Whut man?"

Demmy followed along, but he craved to know the objective of the march. On the sidewalk in front of the Webster joint the Wildcat uncovered:

"Dat Levi Slaughter man, whut I knowed way back."

"Yo' frien'?"

"Some. Ain't jus' only my frien'; de boy runs a pawn place whah at you gits cash loans on things. I aims to lend me some money on dis fo'ty-dollah watch us got las' week, an' den us goes back an' jines dat game befo' I loses dis luck hunch."

The Levi Slaughter shop had a two-story front, false as the string of gold watches that hung above a collection of other unredeemed pledges consisting principally of banjos, guitars and finger rings carrying lumps of red glass rubies running from ten karats up.

The false front was a dirty gray, but the two windows were framed in a bright fresh green that indicated a recent flurry of painting. The arc light in the middle of the street shot a fan of yellow light downward upon the front door of the place. Over the front door hung the three-ball emblem of identification, and resting in the branching stems of the three balls was a two-gallon paint bucket.

Into this door, followed by Demmy, prowled the Wildcat. He faced the proprietor of the place and hauled from his pocket the ponderous fo'ty-dollah watch.

"How much kin us git on dis gol' watch?"

Levi Slaughter inspected the timepiece and slid it back across the rough pine counter.

"Fo' bits."

"Whut you mean, fo' bits? Dat's de bes' fo'ty-dollah watch in Memphis."

"Ain't such. Said fo' bits."

A tone of finality marked the loan shark's words. The Wildcat felt a sudden sinking of the luck hunch that had lifted within him, and with a grunt of disgust he turned to his diminutive companion.

"C'mon, Demmy, us leaves befo' dis boy steals de watch an' charges us fo' handin' it back."

The pair turned from the bar of injustice and walked toward the door. The Wildcat, a little bit frazzled by the treatment Lady Luck had accorded him, looked upward at the sputtering arc light as he walked through the front door of the Levi Slaughter place.

Outlined against the night sky, sinister in their promise, hung the three brass balls, and with them, stored until the painting job should be resumed on the morrow, rested the two-gallon paint bucket. The ensemble, dripping with splattered green paint and supported by a curving stem, reminded the Wildcat of another talisman that had ushered in a period of misfortune. He turned quickly to Demmy and pointed up at the three balls and the round bottom of the paint bucket.

"Demmy, look dah! Dat's why us is so low. Dat fo'-leaf cloveh is on my trail, along wid Ol' Man Trouble. Us gits home to whut at Cap'n Jack is befo' dem luck debbils ketches us."

Demmy looked up. "She do look like a fo'-leaf cloveh—an' big, at dat."

Something in the Wildcat's earnestness reacted on the pair and they increased their pace to a double-time march until they had reached the zone of Captain Jack's protective influence.

They entered the woodshed where Lily was tethered, and when the Wildcat saw the mascot goat he unloosed a shower of malediction upon Lily's unoffending head:

"Goat, you bring dis woe wid yo' fo'-leaf grazin'! Nex' time when you eats grass, lay off dem fo'-leaf things, else I knock you f'm heah to the m'ddle of Bo'deaux."

"Blaa-a!" Lily pleaded not guilty.

So ended March sixteenth.

IV

IN THE early morning, half an hour after a drizzle of rain had ushered in the new day, the Wildcat was routed out of his troubled slumbers by the harsh voice of Captain Jack's cook.

"Git yo' shoes on an' tromple 'em to de grocery. Needs eatin' aigs an' sweet butteh. Git comin' befo' yo haid dents mah skillet. Git dat snorin' Demmy roused up. Us needs stovewood fo' buildin' up dem beat biskits fo' Cap'n Jack."

Grumbling and averaging his activity between duty and desire the Wildcat parked his dozen sized feet into a discarded pair of Captain Jack's number-eight shoes and reached for his cap.

"Seems like dat cook stays up all night to call me befo' de sun gits up. Dog-gone dis beat-biskit business. How come dat woman kain't tell de grocery man whut she craves de minnit befo' it comes time to set de table?".

He looked over to the opposite corner of the woodshed at the sleeping Demmy. "Demmy—git yo'se'f movin'!"

Demmy groaned himself awake. "Whut yo' crave?"

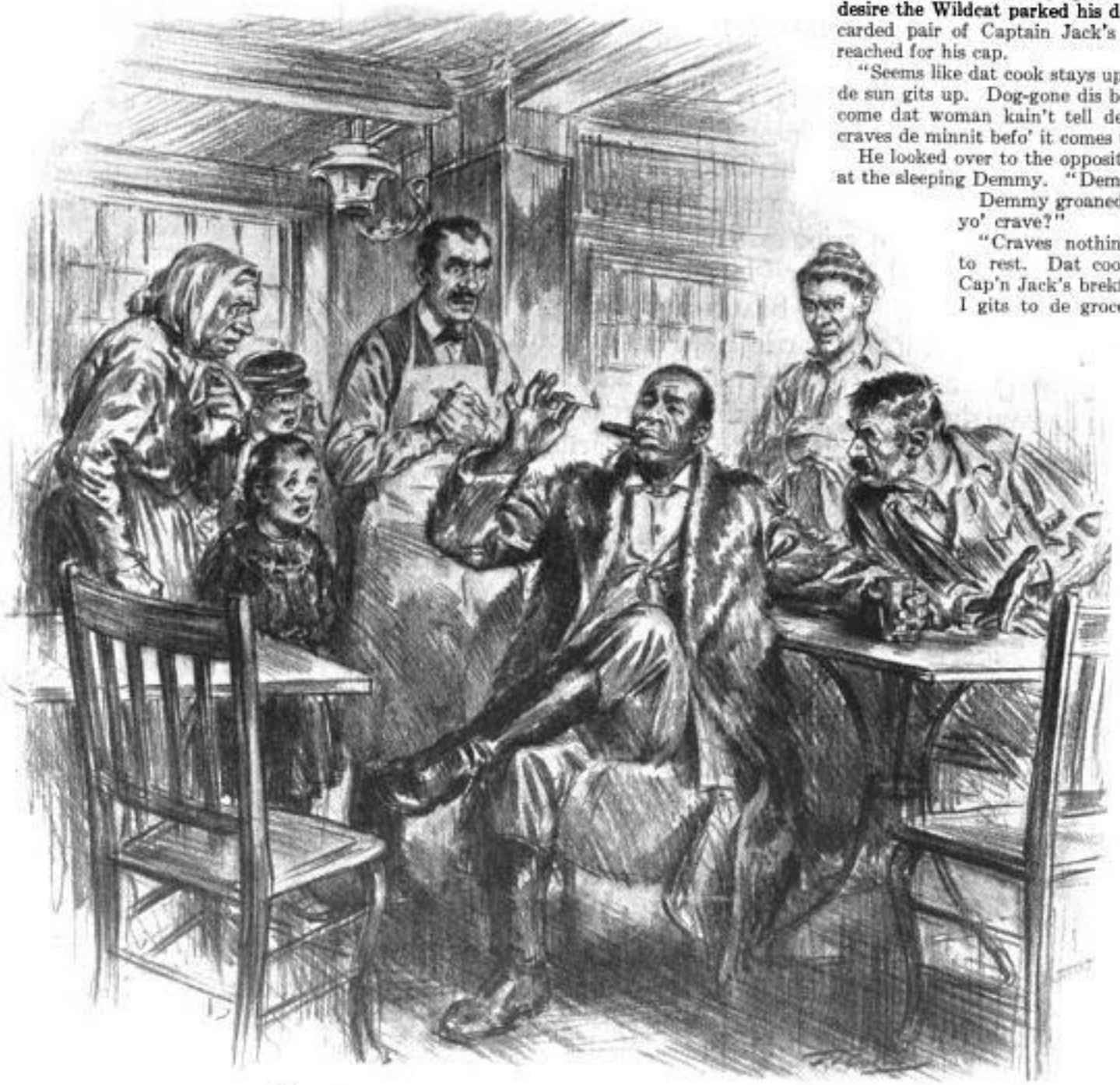
"Craves nothin' pussonal 'ceptin' time to rest. Dat cook craves stovewood fo' Cap'n Jack's brekfus'. Git ramblin' whilst I gits to de grocery sto'."

"I is. 'Pears like ol' cap'n gwine eat his brekfus' mighty early. Ain't six o'clock."

"Neveh kin tell 'bout cap'n. Mebbe gwine huntin'—dis Sunday, an' he backslid back to whah he hunts dem golfs without feelin' de debbil's claws. Ise gone."

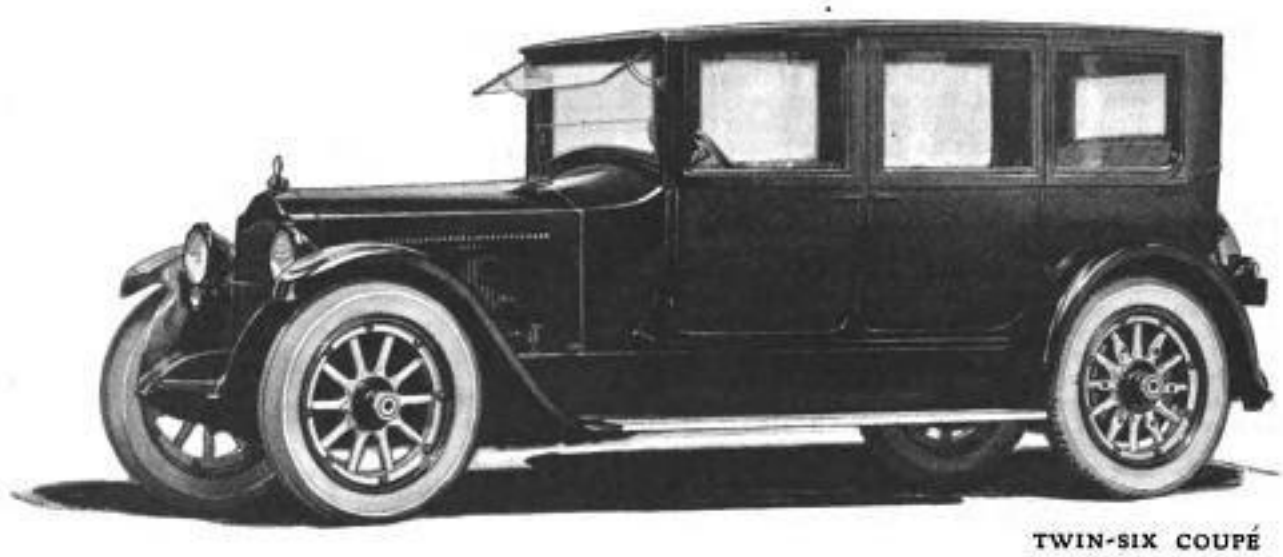
The Wildcat was on his way to the grocery store six blocks over on the avenue. Demmy loaded up the yawning woodbox behind the stove and returned to the sanctuary of the woodshed. Into the woodshed five minutes later came the Wildcat, and his languid mope that had lasted through the years for errand-running purposes had given place to a trot inspired by some new emotion that seemed to have reacted with the suddenness of an earthquake.

(Continued on Page 40)



"Sell the Warehouses of the Armee Américaine! Impossible!"

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TWIN-SIX COUPÉ

Twin-Six owners are quietly and serenely content.

Every phase of their investment satisfies them.

They know that the mere passage of a year, or two or three years, will witness no diminution in the depth of that satisfaction.

In the fabrication of the Packard Twin-Six only one law obtains—that the Twin-Six *must* provide a quality of motoring beyond which it is not possible to go.

The price of the Twin-Six touring is $3850 at Detroit
The price of the new Single-Six five-passenger touring is $2485 at Detroit

The new Single-Six conveys an immediate conviction of very great value, and very unusual. Packard Trucks are known for their durability and low ton-mile cost

PACKARD TWIN-SIX

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

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(Continued from Page 38)

"Lawd, Demmy, dem fo'-leaf debbils is still prowlin' on my trail!"

"How come, fo'-leaf prowlers?"

"Seed a p'rade on the avenue—white-folks picnic jinin' up to march wid de band an' ev'y las' man was wearin' dem fo'-leaf things whut always brings de misery."

"Take out afteh yo'?"

"Not yit, but I knows dey is gwine to. Ol' Man Trouble is trailin' me! Fus' time dey sot on me heavy dem fo'-leaf debbils run me clean to dat A. E. F. wah in France. Now dis Lily goat drug one in las' evenin'; us seen de nex' at dat Levi Slaughter's loan place, whah a fo'ty-dollah watch gits yo' only fo' bits; now de white folks whut all weahs dese clovehs is 'cumulatin', an' befo' long I gits knocked loose f'm ——"

"Wildcat! Come here!"

Something in Captain Jack's call, roaring from the house, had in it the iron finality that always got action.

"Cap'n, suh, us is comin'!" The Wildcat yelled his reply and followed it on two galloping feet until he faced his master. "Cap'n, suh, whut was it?"

"Get up to my room and get that new trunk packed with those clothes I put out. Get it packed in a hurry. We leave here in an hour."

"Cap'n, yas suh! Yo' means dat book-openin' one whut you calls yo' war-load trunk?"

"That's it. Get started!"

Packing the war-load trunk meant but one thing in the Wildcat's life, and that was a long trip on which Lady Luck would probably be left far behind. The captain had said "we," and when he appeared on the scene after his breakfast the Wildcat made haste to satisfy his curiosity concerning the "we" business.

"Who yo' mean, 'we,' cap'n, suh, when yo' said it, an' when does us come back?"

"Put that bull-fiddle suit in; and two or three white vests. I mean me, myself, and one fumblin' Wildcat nigger. I'm taking you back to France where the jail men want you."

"Cap'n, yas suh!"

The Wildcat made his leaving arrangement in three minutes. "Demmy, watch dat goat keerful. Ol' cap'n an' me is gwine back to France to end de wah. Us began it away back. Now us ends dat ruckus an' sells de remains. Knowed dat fo'-leaf bizness would ketch me—all dem white folks p'radin' wid 'em on. Goat, you be decent till us gits back. If you ain't I sells you to dem French folks when I comes home. Dey eats goat!"

"Blaa-a!" Lily spoke her farewell in a mixed tone of relief and regret, not yet realizing that her master was really parting from her.

Thus began the seventeenth of March.

V

CAPTAIN JACK'S stateroom on board the Rochambeau contained, temporarily, a United States senator fully equipped with passports, letter of authority creating a fiscal agent of the United States out of a tired young man, letters to friends, letters to consuls, and letters to the various and several Toms, Dicks and Harrys who might aid and expedite the agent of the United States in the senator's pet project.

The stateroom also contained the Wildcat, grunting under a collection of baggage large enough for a one-man trip from Hoboken to China six times repeated. "Whuf! Sho glad us is heah. Seems mo' like a house dan a steamboat. Las' time us rid to France us rid in de boat's basement. Dis time looks like us has de parlor."

For half an hour before sailing time the senator elaborated his instructions to his son-in-law. "The main object of the attack is to sell those Charcel warehouses as a test case, and sell 'em quick. And get the money! That's all. Go to it. Ride 'em at the cable office every day and see old Henry as soon as you land. He'll take you to banquets enough to let you meet all the prospective customers in France. So long—good trip."

The senator went ashore.

VI

FOR the first day, prowling around Captain Jack's stateroom and trying to keep his pussonal stummick where it wouldn't act so acrobatic, the Wildcat had enough business to keep him out of additional trouble.

On the second day, widening his circle of exploration, he met up with a few new friends who didn't seem to hold his color against him. "Dat bristle-faced boy wid de boots an' de fur coat sho treats me noble," he reflected. "Acts like he had mo' money dan sense, runnin' wid a nigger an' buyin' all dem fancy drinks fo' a gin-drinkin' boy whut likes his mules all white."

The bristle-faced individual in the fur coat was, at the time, about three jumps ahead of two operatives from the State Department who had watched him ever since his arrival from Russia six months before. The fur-bearing Bolshevik was more interested in the disposal of the residue of United States war property in France than Captain Jack was. Under the new agreements that developed before the Genoa conference made them public, Russia and Germany had begun to trade together and now the soviet government was trying for a commercial foothold in France through negotiations with the United States for some of that nation's abandoned war property which remained on French soil.

Into the meshes of this commercial net, swinging his arms against the sea of casual troubles into which Captain Jack had driven him, swam the Wildcat. He leaned against the rail, absorbing sunlight during the time Captain Jack was indulging himself in some high-grade poker, recounting meanwhile his errors of commission and omission:

"No sinner, here below,
Quit winner when his time come to go."

He groaned along on his Nobody Moan in cadence with the slow roll of the ship:

"No man—care whut his name—
Eveh beat de graveyard game.

"No boy kin tell a lie,
An' look Saint Peter in de eye."

On the deck behind the Wildcat, while the Nobody Moan was being addressed to a school of diving porpoises, walked the fur-bearing Bolshevik.

"Nobody gits free,
When Satan tells 'em 'Foller me.'"

Then as an encore to the moan there came to the Wildcat's ears an invitation to participate in another gaudy-colored drink.

"Sho will!" Acceptance without any great respect for the individual who had offered him the drink sounded in the Wildcat's voice. He asked his new acquaintance, "Whut does de white folks call you?"

"My name?" The Bolshevik agent pronounced a string of sputtering fireworks ending in "vitchski."

With his seventh drink of tame alcohol the Wildcat began to fall into the pit that had been dug for him. "Fishy, dey ain't no use talkin'—dat likker sho is de bes' Ise drunk since I lef' de A. E. F."

Fishy was politely surprised at the Wildcat's mention of France. "Spik you de Franch lingwitch?"

"Kain't speak it none. Neveh did know whut dem boom-loom words wuz whut dem French folks talk."

Further questioning developed the fact that the President and other members of the United States Government had managed to persuade the Wildcat to undertake the trip for them, back to France, to dispose of many million dollars' worth of United States property.

Fishy's eyes gleamed with a sudden new fire. "Yourself drink it more wodka."

"Sho will! Yas suh, Fishy, fust thing I does when us lands at France is sell all dem Charcel warehouses us boys built befo' de killin' begun. Den us goes on to de next place."

"How much the price is for the warehouses?"

"You means money? Lemme see—goin' on two hund'ed buildin's, at, say, a thousan' francs—mebbe a million francs fo' de lot. Sho sounds big, but dey ain't no betteh warehouses in de worl' dan dem whut Cap'n Simmons an' Lootenant Hudson an' all dem gin'rals built. Speck did de good Lawd crave Him a good lot of angel barns ——"

"A million francs; a check for it will I gif you to sign a ——"

Now the Wildcat interrupted his associate: "Fishy—you means you buy dem shacks?"

"The warehouses I buy."

The Wildcat closed the deal with a conditional clause: "Fishy, throw in dat fur coat an' dem boots, an' us calls it a trade. Yas suh!"

Fishy held out his hand, smiling at the American's quaint idiosyncrasy.

"It is what you call a bargain."

"Sho is; cheap at half dat," the Wildcat agreed. "Whah dat bottle wid de gin? Craves me dat pale mule. Fishy, heah's mah bes' ree-gards."

When the Rochambeau landed, the Wildcat, sober again and free from the memory-killing vapors that had drifted up from the tame alcohol provided by the fur-bearing Fishy, escorted Captain Jack's baggage ashore to where an official-looking automobile was waiting. Gone from the Wildcat's brain was all memory of Fishy, faded the fact that Fishy had handed him a narrow blue slip of paper in return for making his mark at the bottom of a long document.

The Wildcat was once more naught but Captain Jack's humble servant.

Captain Jack, noting the fur coat and the high boots which adorned his Wildcat, indulged himself in a question concerning their source.

"Cap'n suh, I don't jus' remember whah us ketched dis raiment. Seems like some boy name Fishy done boon me wid 'em. Don't jus' re-call de boy; us was ailin' an' feeble so much 'count of de boat rockin' roun' so much, mebbe."

"Shut up!" Captain Jack, busy with his plans and greater affairs, had no desire to listen to a rambling foolish tale. "Sounds fishy enough. Get in the car with those bags. This gentleman and I will be along in a few minutes."

The captain and his reception committee lingered on board the Rochambeau long enough to have six drinks and then, with the Wildcat riding proudly in the front seat of the long car, gloating at the sensation his heavy fur coat was creating, and perspiring freely, the party drove to the Hotel Placide, where the Alfonso suite was in readiness for Captain Jack and Captain Jack's servant.

In the watch pocket of the Wildcat's pants was the moist and crumpled slip of blue paper which Fishy had given him.

Voilà!

Fishy, leaving the Rochambeau, went direct to the office of Posts and Telegraph on the Rue de Palais and filed two code messages—one to an accomplice in Genoa saying "Have bought warehouses at Charcel from American agent," and another to a treasury agent of the soviet of Russia: "Try to cover check for one million francs on Lloyd's."

VII

CAPTAIN JACK left the Wildcat established in the official apartments at the little hotel in Charcel, twenty miles out of Paris. "You stay here until I get back. I'm going to Paris for three days. The hotel man will give you free meals and five francs a day to spend. All you have to do is eat your head off and keep out of jail."

"Cap'n, yas suh! How come you makes dis Paris trip widout me?"

Captain Jack's conscience was beginning to ask him how come he had fallen for the Paris trip at all, and his reply was tempered by false explanations and evasion. "I can't be bothered with you. Unless I get these Charcel warehouses sold I'll never get to go home. You'd get in jail in Paris, and then I'd have to kill you for delaying the trip to Memphis."

VIII

BETWEEN bright lights, red wine and red tape Captain Jack's Paris trip dragged out until it seemed to the Charcel-trapped Wildcat that he might never again see his erratic master, and so, to cut down the delay imposed by the main object of the trip, he resolved to help dispose of the trifling details.

Early one morning, strengthened by the thin package of five-franc notes that had accumulated with the dragging days, the lonely Wildcat walked to the waterfront and crossed the stone bridge that spans the river lying between Charcel and the district over which had swarmed the soldiers of the A. E. F.

The sight of the long rows of empty barracks recalled to his mind the period when life's main struggle had been the accumulation of enough rations to last through the day, and so at the little café on the road that paralleled the long area of clustering and empty warehouses the Wildcat stretched his legs under the rough table and ordered grandly of veal steak, red wine and fresh-egg omelet.

After an hour of it, and when the grub craver was bulging with food while his circle of admirers bulged with questions, the Wildcat addressed his audience, three or four members of which could understand enough A. E. F. English to interpret the orator's statements to the interested bystanders.

"Me an' ol' Cap'n Jack aims to sell all dese buildin's an' warehouses to you folks dis trip, an' ——"

"Sell the warehouses! The noble warehouses, majestic and vast, durable and of such scarce wood! Sell the warehouses of the Armeé Américaine! Impossible!" A panic of incredulous phrases poured from the hearers' lips.

"Sez me! Us sells dem warehouses heah an' now, does folks rally to buy 'em!"

Did the brunet Américain mean, really and of a truth, that the structures could be bought? Back of the question were long months of desire.

The Wildcat hesitated only a moment, and then, face to face with the old problem of having to fish or cut bait, he made his decision and acted upon it. "I sells 'em, an' I sells 'em now!"

A messenger to the mayor!

A tolling bell, booming its call to the stone houses scattered through the broad fields!

An assemblage, hanging breathless on the Wildcat's every word, swaying with every gesture of his eloquent hands. "An' so, folks, us sells dem buildin's now, beginnin' wid de fust an' endin' wid de las'. Thousan' francs fo' de long ones. Two thousan' fo' de short ones, 'count of bein' easier takin' 'em down. Step up an' name yo' choice."

When the Wildcat's words were translated to the mob of eager purchasers a surging wave of humanity engulfed the door of the little inn, and presently, signing his mark on formal deeds and receipts as fast as they could be made out and stamped by a force of the mayor's clerks, the Wildcat crumpled a steady flow of cash and checks in a deep pocket of his coat.

In an hour the sale ended. "Whuf! Dat's done. Now mebbe me an' ol' cap'n kin git back to Memphis."

Riding high, the Wildcat returned to Captain Jack's suite at the hotel, hoping meanwhile that Captain Jack would not be too long about his business with all the big folks in Paris.

Against the Wildcat's hopes were opposed the perils of a big city, and Captain Jack's three days lengthened into six and drifted into ten, and finally, two weeks after his departure, he returned to Charcel.

He went at once to his hotel.

No Wildcat!

The naygur, according to the distorted English spoken by the proprietor, had indulged himself in a mobile riot extending through seven cafés along the Rue de Sangre. Calmed by the police and released from custody, it appeared that the offender had staged a midnight folly beginning at the Café Gruber and ending in the Double Track Tunnel, during which hundreds were either killed in the crush or drowned in a flood of champagne. Mon Dieu! Of what majestic violence! Of nine defeated policemen, eight yet remained in the hospital.

Here, then, was an immediate problem, and Captain Jack set about its solution. First of all he explained matters to the mayor and the chief of police and a dozen clustering minor officials, and then, when all else failed, he fell back on an elaborate dinner at which half of the city officials were present.

At midnight, when the mayor, singing alone, broadcast the world that he and Captain Jack had been boys together in the old college days, the object of the mayor's affection played his last card.

"I wish you kings of Cognac would let me have my Wildcat nigger long enough for me to kill him so dead that ——"

"Of a truth!"

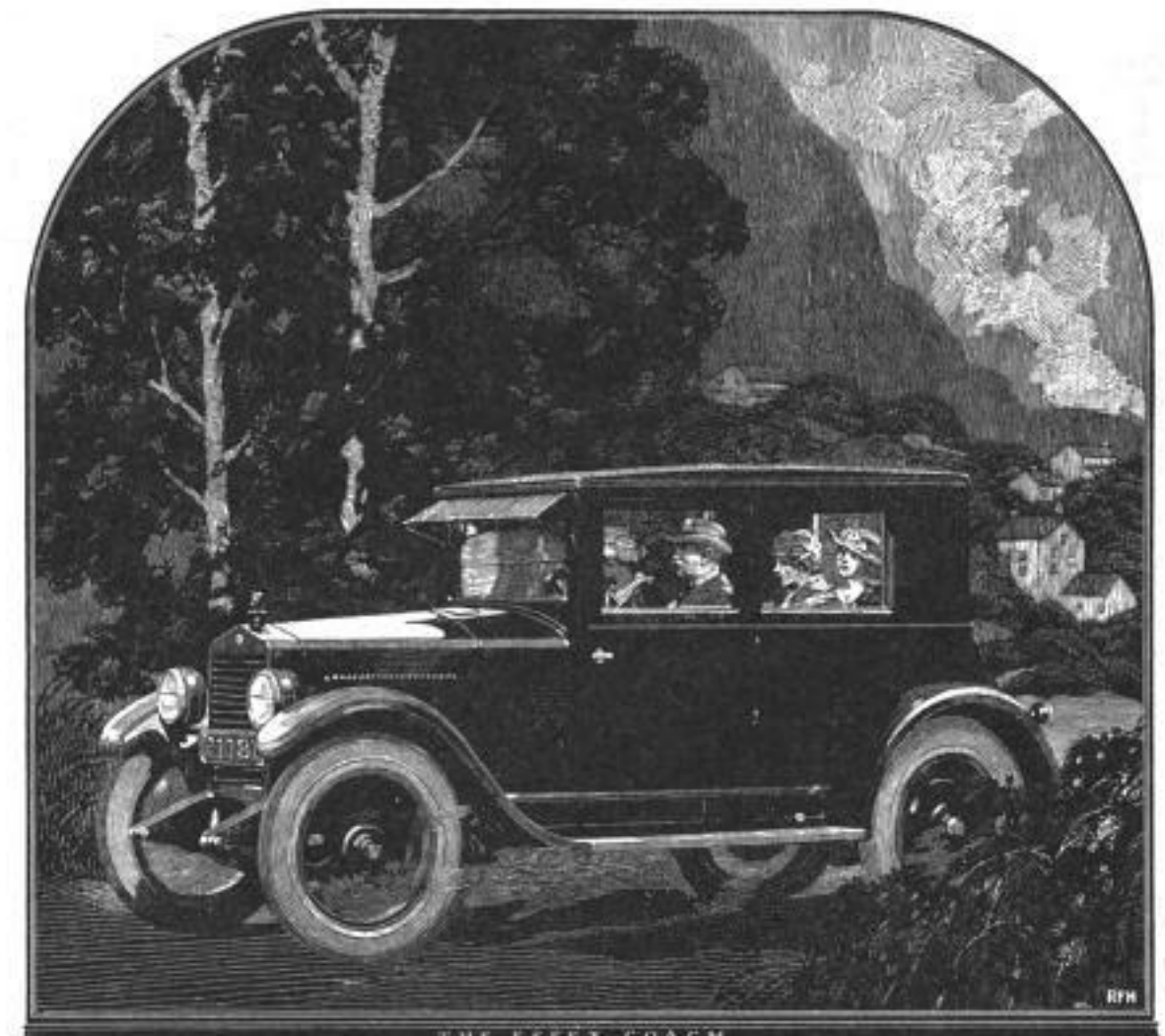
With triple facility a verbal order issued that opened the gates of freedom for the bewildered Wildcat, moping in his solitary cage in a damp and permanent-looking jail, and twenty minutes later Captain Jack and his truant were face to face in the official suite at Captain Jack's hotel.

With a verbal vitriol whose fire no printed page could endure, and with a vocabulary whose gentlest word was the stinger on a popping blacksnake whip, Captain Jack herded his victim into a corner of the big room. The Wildcat realized that now he

(Continued on Page 42)

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WHAT OWNERS SAY THE BEST PROOF



THE ESSEX COACH

A GREATER VALUE AT LOWER COST

THE Essex has always been an outstanding value by every standard of price and quality comparison.

Especially interesting now is a price to price measurement of the Essex against cars you have regarded as comparable to it in quality.

Will you find today any car that even approaches Essex in quality and ability, within hundreds of dollars of its cost?

And doesn't its low cost with such quality appeal to judicious buyers, whether they are considering a car slightly less in cost, or have been seeking Essex quality in some much costlier car?

Retail Prices in U. S.	
Touring	$1095
Cabriolet	1195
Coach	1295

Freight and Tax Extra

Retail Prices in Canada *(including duty, sales tax and excise tax)*	
Touring	$1710
Cabriolet	1870
Coach	2035

F. O. B. Windsor, Ont.

ESSEX

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(Continued from Page 40)

was bounded by boiling high water on one side and hell on the other.

Pausing for the reserves to be brought up Captain Jack swung at the Wildcat with a hundred-horse-power clause in which sudden death for delaying the return to Memphis was heavily featured. "Here I am, hated by one and all, and side-tracked in this qualified town, no chance of selling those warehouses now, and delayed a hundred years—all because my triple damned, carbonized son-of-a-baboon rampages himself into a private hell-bearing ruckus! When I get you to Memphis, so help me Grief, this time I'll kill you dead."

The Wildcat saw a good place for a few kind words while Captain Jack was getting his breath.

"Cap'n, yas suh! Sho is true—'ceptin' us done sold dem warehouse buildin's, like you said."

The Wildcat began to disgorge a thick package of cash and checks. "Police took dis money an' kep' it safe fo' me. All I spent was dat whut you lef' wid de hotel man dat ——"

"What's that? Where'd you get that money?"

The captain's clenched fist swung in a short gesture toward the pile of cash on the spindling gilt table before him.

"Sold dem warehouses. Dese French folks paid mo' dan you said—an' some otheh boy done give me dis blue check paper whut de bank man sez ain't no good."

Captain Jack looked at the soviet check put out by the absent Fishy, and then began auditing the pile of French securities before him. As he worked the hard lines about his mouth softened to where presently his smile was as broad as the Wildcat's imitation. He walked to the telephone against the wall near the standard gilt statue of Joan of Arc and called the clerk at the desk: "Get me a reservation on the next boat out to New York. Myself and my Wildcat nigger."

Captain Jack turned to his Wildcat: "I'm hurrying back to New York with you as soon as I can add my signature to those worthless deeds you signed." The smile on his face was suddenly erased by an expression of false ferocity. "I want to rush your killing, and I want all those Memphis niggers to see it. We start home tomorrow!"

"Cap'n, yas suh!" The Wildcat reflected that the killing date was indefinite but that the starting day for the homeward trip was something he could count on. "Yas suh!" And then to himself: "Neveh kin tell 'bout dese trips whut start out I'm dese fo'-leaf clovehs. Wish li'l' Demmy wuz heah; an' dat dog-gone mascot goat."

THE REMINISCENCES OF A STOCK OPERATOR

(Continued from Page 15)

"I bought fifty thousand bales. Sure enough, it moved up. And sure enough, as soon as I stopped buying it stopped going up. Then it began to settle back to where it was when I began buying it. I got out and it stopped going down. I thought I was now much nearer the starting signal, and presently I thought I'd start it myself again. I did. The same thing happened. I bid it up, only to see it go down when I stopped. I did this four or five times until I finally quit in disgust. It cost me about two hundred thousand dollars. It wasn't very long after that when it began to go up and never stopped till it got to a price that would have meant a killing for me—if I hadn't been in such a great hurry to start.

"This experience has been the experience of so many traders so many times that I can give this rule: In a narrow market, when prices are not getting anywhere to speak of, but move within a narrow range, there is no sense in trying to anticipate what the next big movement is going to be—up or down. The thing to do is to watch the market, read the tape to determine the limits of the get-nowhere prices, and make up your mind that you will not take an interest until the price breaks through the limit in either direction. A speculator must concern himself with making money out of the market and not with insisting that the tape must agree with him. Never argue with it or ask it for reasons or explanations. Stock-market post-mortems don't pay dividends.

"Not so long ago I was with a party of friends. They got to talking wheat. Some of them were bullish and others bearish. Finally they asked me what I thought. Well, I had been studying the market for some time. I knew they did not want any statistics or analyses of conditions. So I said: 'If you want to make some money out of wheat I can tell you how to do it.'

"They all said they did and I told them: 'If you are sure you wish to make money in wheat just you watch it. Wait. The moment it crosses $1.20 buy it and you will get a nice quick play in it!'"

An Illustrative Case

"'Why not buy it now, at $1.14?' one of the party asked.

"'Because I don't know yet that it is going up at all.'

"'Then why buy it at $1.20? It seems a mighty high price.'

"'Do you wish to gamble blindly in the hope of getting a great big profit or do you wish to speculate intelligently and get a smaller but much more probable profit?'

"They all said they wanted the smaller but surer profit, so I said, 'Then, do as I tell you. If it crosses $1.20 buy.'

"As I told you, I had watched it a long time. For months it sold between $1.10 and $1.20, getting nowhere in particular. Well, sir, one day it closed at above $1.19. I got ready for it. Sure enough the next day it opened at $1.20½, and I bought. It went to $1.21, to $1.22, to $1.23, to $1.25, and I went with it.

"Now I couldn't have told you at the time just what was going on. I didn't get any explanations about its behavior during the course of the limited fluctuations. I couldn't tell whether the breaking through the limit would be up through $1.20 or down through $1.10, though I suspected it would be up because there was not enough wheat in the world for a big break in prices.

"As a matter of fact, it seems Europe had been buying quietly and a lot of traders had gone short of it at around $1.19. Owing to the European purchases and other causes, a lot of wheat had been taken out of the market, so that finally the big movement got started. The price went beyond the $1.20 mark. That was all the point I had and it was all I needed. I knew that when it crossed $1.20 it would be because the upward movement at last had gathered force to push it over the limits and something had to happen. In other words, by crossing $1.20 the line of least resistance of wheat prices was established. It was a different story then.

"I remember that one day was a holiday with us and all our markets were closed. Well, in Winnipeg wheat opened up six cents a bushel. When our market opened on the following day, it also was up six cents a bushel. The price just went along the line of least resistance.

"What I have told you gives you the essence of my trading system as based on studying the tape. I merely learn the way prices are most probably going to move. I check up my own trading by additional tests, to determine the psychological moment. I do that by watching the way the price acts after I begin."

Feeling Out the Trend

"It is surprising how many experienced traders there are who look incredulous when I tell them that when I buy stocks for a rise I like to pay top prices and when I sell I must sell low or not at all. It would not be so difficult to make money if a trader always stuck to his speculative guns—that is, waited for the line of least resistance to define itself and began buying only when the tape said up or selling only when it said down. He should accumulate his line on the way up. Let him buy one-fifth of his full line. If that does not show him a profit he must not increase his holdings because he has obviously begun wrong; he is wrong temporarily and there is no profit in being wrong at any time. The same tape that said UP did not necessarily lie merely because it is now saying NOT YET.

"In cotton I was very successful in my trading for a long time. I had my theory about it and I absolutely lived up to it. Suppose I had decided that my line would be forty to fifty thousand bales. Well, I would study the tape as I told you, watching for an opportunity either to buy or to sell. Suppose the line of least resistance indicated a bull movement. Well, I would buy ten thousand bales. After I got through buying that, if the market went up ten points over my initial purchase price, I would take on another ten thousand bales. Same thing. Then, if I could get twenty points' profit, or one dollar a bale, I would buy twenty thousand more. That would give me my line—my basis for my trading. But if after buying the first ten or twenty thousand bales it showed me a loss, out I'd go. I was wrong. It might be I was only temporarily wrong. But as I said to you, it doesn't pay to start wrong in anything.

"What I accomplished by sticking to my system was that I always had a line of cotton in every real movement. In the course of accumulating my full line I might chip out fifty or sixty thousand dollars in these feeling-out plays of mine. This looks like a very expensive testing, but it wasn't. After the real movement started, how long would it take me to make up the fifty thousand dollars I had dropped in order to make sure that I began to load up at exactly the right time? No time at all! It always pays a man to be right at the right time.

"As I think I told you before, this describes what I may call my system for placing my bets. It is simple arithmetic to prove that it is a wise thing to have the big bet down only when you win, and when you lose to lose only a small exploratory bet, as it were. If a man trades in the way I have described, he will always be in the position of being able to cash in on the big bet.

"Professional traders have always had some system or other based upon their experience and governed either by their attitude toward speculation or by their desires. I remember I met an old gentleman in Palm Beach whose name I did not catch or did not at once identify. I knew he had been in the Street for years, way back in Civil War times, and somebody told me that he was a very wise old codger who had gone through so many booms and panics that he was always saying there was nothing new under the sun and least of all in the stock market.

"The old fellow asked me a lot of questions. When I got through telling him about my usual practice in trading he nodded and said, 'Yes! Yes! You're right. The way you're built, the way your mind runs, makes your system a good system for you. It comes easy for you to practice what you preach, because the money you bet is the least of your cares. I recollect Pat Hearne. Ever hear of him? Well, he was a very well-known sporting man and he had an account with us. Clever chap and nervy. He made money in stocks, and that made people ask him for advice. He would never give any. If they asked him point-blank for his opinion about the wisdom of their commitments he used a favorite race-track maxim of his: "You can't tell till you bet." He traded in our office. He would buy one hundred shares of some active stock and when, or if, it went up 1 per cent he would buy another hundred. On another point's advance, another hundred shares; and so on. He used to say he wasn't playing the game to make money for others and therefore he would put in a stop-loss order one point below the price of his last purchase. When the price kept going up he simply moved up his stop with it. On a 1 per cent reaction he was stopped out. He declared he did not see any sense in losing more than one point, whether it came out of his original margin or out of his paper profits.'"

Costly Carelessness

"'You know, a professional gambler is not looking for long shots, but for sure money. Of course long shots are fine when they come in. In the stock market Pat wasn't after tips or playing to catch twenty-points-a-week advances, but sure money in sufficient quantity to provide him with a good living. Of all the thousands of outsiders that I have run across in Wall Street, Pat Hearne was the only one who saw in stock speculation merely a game of chance like faro or roulette, but, nevertheless, had the sense to stick to a relatively sound betting method.

"'After Hearne's death one of our customers who had always traded with Pat and used his system made over one hundred thousand dollars in Lackawanna. Then he switched over to some other stock and because he had made a big stake he thought he need not stick to Pat's way. When a reaction came, instead of cutting short his losses he let them run—as though they were profits. Of course every cent went. When he finally quit he owed us several thousand dollars.

"'He hung around for two or three years. He kept the fever long after the cash had gone; but we did not object as long as he behaved himself. I remember that he used to admit freely that he had been ten thousand kinds of an ass not to stick to Pat Hearne's style of play. Well, one day he came to me greatly excited and asked me to let him sell some stock short in our office. He was a nice enough chap who had been a good customer in his day and I told him I personally would guarantee his account for one hundred shares.

"'He sold short one hundred shares of Lake Shore. That was the time Bill Travers hammered the market, in 1875. My friend, Roberts, put out that Lake Shore at exactly the right time and he kept selling it on the way down as he had been wont to do in the old successful days before he forsook Pat Hearne's system and instead listened to hope's whispers.

"'Well, sir, in four days of successful pyramiding, Roberts' account showed him a profit of fifteen thousand dollars. Observing that he had not put in a stop-loss order I spoke to him about it and he told me that the break hadn't fairly begun and he wasn't going to be shaken out by any one-point reaction. This was in August. Before the middle of September he borrowed ten dollars from me for a baby carriage—his fourth. He did not stick to his own proved system. That's the trouble with most of them,' and the old fellow shook his head at me.

"And he was right. I sometimes think that speculation must be an unnatural sort of business, because I find that the average speculator has arrayed against him his own nature. The weaknesses that all men are prone to are fatal to success in speculation—usually those very weaknesses that make him likable to his fellows or that he himself particularly guards against in those other ventures of his where they are not nearly so dangerous as when he is trading in stocks or commodities."

The Unbeatable Game

"The speculator's chief enemies are always boring from within. It is inseparable from human nature to hope and to fear. In speculation when the market goes against you you hope that every day will be the last day—and you lose more than you should had you not listened to hope—to the same ally that is so potent a success bringer to empire builders and pioneers, big and little. And when the market goes your way you become fearful that the next day will take away your profit, and you go out—too soon. Fear keeps you from making as much money as you ought to. The successful trader has to fight these two deep-seated instincts. He has to reverse what you might call his natural impulses. Instead of hoping he must fear; instead of fearing he must hope. He must fear that his loss may develop into a much bigger loss, and hope that his profit may become a big profit. It is absolutely wrong to gamble in stocks the way the average man does.

"I have been in the speculative game ever since I was fourteen. It is all I have ever done. I think I know what I am talking about. And the conclusion that I have reached after nearly thirty years of constant trading, both on a shoestring and with millions of dollars back of me, is this: A man may beat a stock or a group at a certain time, but no man living can beat the stock market! A man may make money out of individual deals in cotton or grain, but no man can beat the cotton market or the grain market."

Larry Livingston made an end of speaking and looked at me. It enabled me to say to him gratefully, "Livingston, I am very glad to hear you say so. It has long been a favorite pastime of mine to shout it at the top of my voice in the public places. Coming from the most successful stock operator of the day it ought to carry more weight.

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PEERLESS

Eight cylinders have never meant so much in the way of magnificent power as they are made to mean in the new Peerless Eight.

They have never meant so much in sustained speed; nor in all the finer shades of power-ductility.

Wherever experienced motorists have been privileged to drive it, the new Peerless Eight is rolling up a wave of eager enthusiasm and welcome, reminiscent of the motor car's earlier days.

The truth is that the new Peerless adds so much to the ease and enjoyment which are the outcome of good eight-cylinder construction, that it is almost revolutionary.

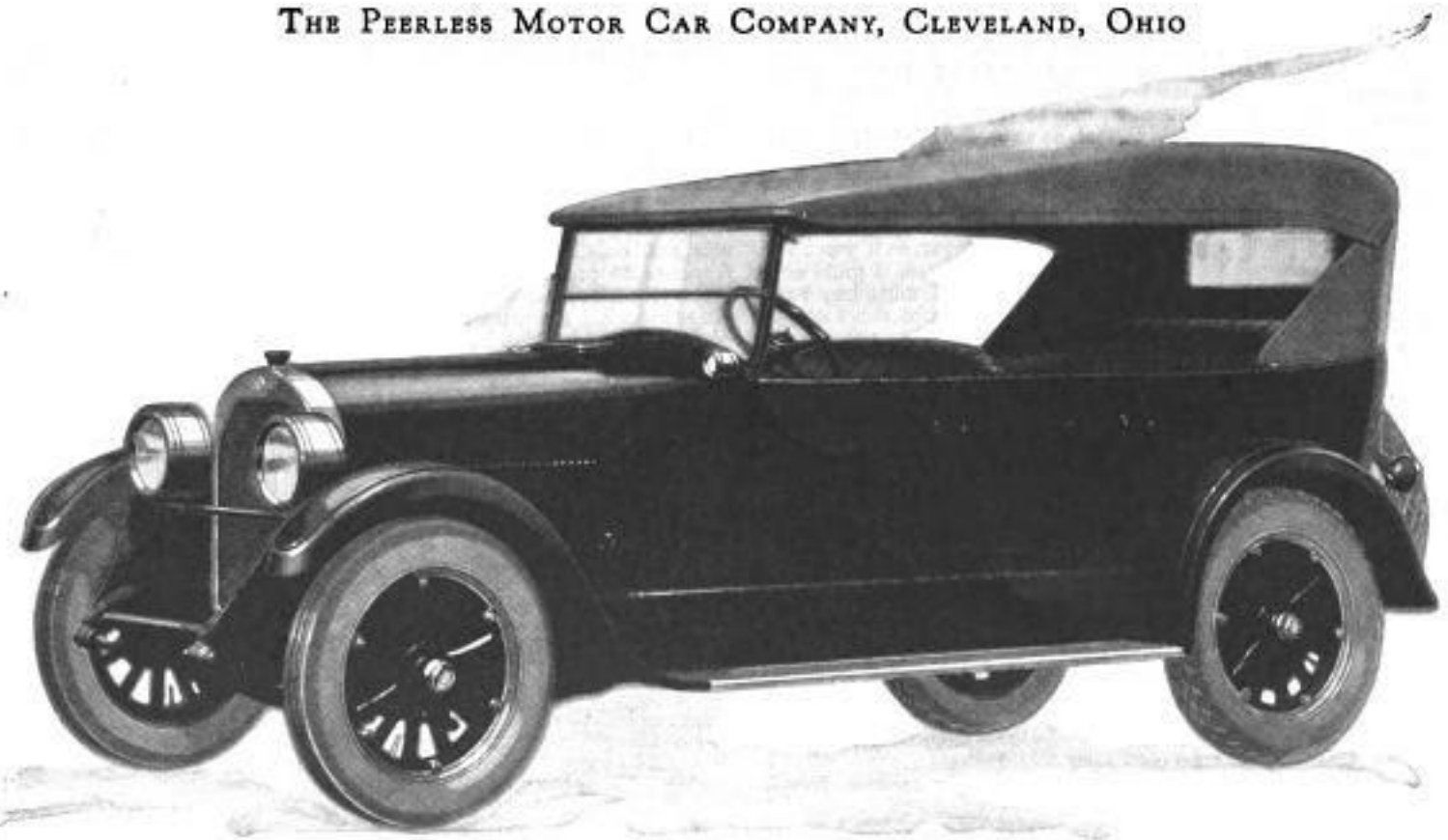
The steadiness with which it holds the higher speeds will delight you hardly more than the perfect softness and obedience of power that seems to have no limit.

To put it briefly, the new Peerless Eight gives us the right to say that nowhere in your eight-cylinder experience have you encountered its like.

THE NEW PEERLESS EIGHT IS BUILT IN THE FOLLOWING TYPES:

Four Passenger Touring Phaeton
Seven Passenger Touring Phaeton
Two Passenger Roadster Coupé
Four Passenger Town Coupé
Four Passenger Suburban Coupé
Five Passenger Town Sedan
Seven Passenger Suburban Sedan
Five Passenger Berline Limousine
Four Passenger Opera Brougham

THE PEERLESS MOTOR CAR COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO



Jim Henry's Column

Why?

I betray no confidence in saying that, to the best of my knowledge, Mennen's is the most widely, largely used shaving cream in the world.

Of course, the obvious deduction is that Mennen's must be the best, but I dislike comparative claims. All I have ever insisted upon is that it is unlike any other shaving cream.

If we only made a hundred tubes a day and you preferred it to other Creams, it would still be the best in the world—for you.

Just the same, our enormous volume must mean something.

It was only a few years ago that every shaver used hard soap. Hard soap had held its own since the dawn of civilization. Habits as deeply rooted as that are not easily changed.

Then I began to ask you to try Mennen's. There never has been the slightest attempt to sweep you off your feet with extravagant claims. If you have honored me by reading a few of my advertisements, you will recall that they have all been built around this idea of trying—learning for yourself—a fair test.

Now, there has never been a sensational response to my advertising. Every day, a few men would send their dimes for my demonstrator tube. Presently, druggists became interested for some reason and ordered.

That, literally, is all there has been to the theory of selling Mennen's.

Yet, today, millions use it. I doubt if you ever go into a drug store that doesn't sell it. Most of these druggists will tell you that they sell more of Mennen's than of any other cream.

Even during the recent hard times, our business gained tremendously.

I can explain this result only in one way. Those who have tried it prefer Mennen's to anything else.

And, to change the subject, when you learn what Kora-Konia does to chafed skin—you'll want that also. It is a medicinal powder of extraordinary healing virtue. It places on raw skin a velvety film which sticks for hours protecting while it heals.

I will mail a sample of Kora-Konia and my demonstrator tube of Mennen Shaving Cream for 10 cents

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.



(Continued from Page 42)

and I am very grateful to you for making it. And now would you mind telling me what you did after you found yourself a millionaire in October, 1907?"

Livingston nodded and effortlessly took up the narrative where he had left off.

"I bought a yacht and made all preparations to leave New York for a cruise in Southern waters. I am really daffy about fishing and this was the time when I was going to fish to my heart's content from my own yacht, going wherever I wished whenever I felt like it. Everything was ready. I had made a killing in stocks, but at the last moment corn held me back.

"I must explain that before the money panic that gave me my first million I had been trading in grain at Chicago. I was short ten million bushels of wheat and ten million bushels of corn. I had studied the grain markets for a long time and was as bearish on corn and wheat as I had been on stocks.

"Well, they both started down, but while wheat kept on declining the biggest of all the Chicago operators—I'll call him Stratton—took it into his head to run a corner in corn. After I cleaned up in stocks and was ready to go South on my yacht I found that wheat showed me a handsome profit, but in corn Stratton had run up the price and I had quite a loss.

"I knew there was much more corn in the country than the price indicated. The law of demand and supply worked as always. But the demand came chiefly from Stratton and the supply was not coming at all, because there was an acute congestion in the movement of corn. I remember that I used to pray for a cold spell that would freeze the impassable roads and enable the farmers to bring their corn into the market. But no such luck."

Saved by Strategy

"There I was, waiting to go on my joyously planned fishing trip and that loss in corn holding me back. I couldn't go away with the market as it was. Of course Stratton kept pretty close tabs on the short interest. He knew he had me, and I knew it quite as well as he did. But, as I said, I was hoping I might convince the weather that it ought to get busy and help me. Perceiving that neither the weather nor any other kindly wonder worker was paying any attention to my needs I studied how I might work out of my difficulty by my own efforts.

"I closed out my line of wheat at a good profit. But the problem in corn was infinitely more difficult. If I could have covered my ten million bushels at the prevailing prices I instantly and gladly would have done so, large though the loss would have been. But, of course, the moment I started to buy in my corn Stratton would be on the job as squeezer in chief, and I no more relished running up the price on myself by reason of my own purchases than cutting my own throat with my own knife.

"Strong though corn was, my desire to go fishing was even stronger, so it was up to me to find a way out at once. I must conduct a strategic retreat. I must buy back the ten million bushels I was short of and keep down my loss as much as possible.

"It so happened that Stratton at that time was also running a deal in oats and had the market pretty well sewed up. I had kept track of all the grain markets in the way of crop news and pit gossip, and I heard that the powerful Armour interests were not friendly, marketwise, to Stratton. Of course I knew that Stratton would not let me have the corn I needed except at his own price, but the moment I heard the rumors about Armour being against Stratton it occurred to me that I might look to the Chicago traders for aid. The only way in which they could possibly help me was for them to sell me the corn that Stratton wouldn't. The rest was easy.

"First, I put in orders to buy five hundred thousand bushels of corn every eighth of a cent down. After these orders were in I gave to each of four houses an order to sell simultaneously fifty thousand bushels of oats, at the market. That, I figured, ought to make a quick break in oats. Knowing how the traders' minds worked, it was a cinch that they would instantly think that Armour was gunning for Stratton. Seeing the attack opened in oats they would logically conclude that the next break would be in corn and they would start to sell it. If that corner in corn was busted, the pickings would be fabulous.

"My dope on the psychology of the Chicago traders was absolutely correct. When they saw oats breaking on the scattered selling they promptly jumped on corn and sold it with great enthusiasm. I was able to buy six million bushels of corn in the next ten minutes. The moment I found that their selling of corn ceased I turned and bought the other four million bushels at the market. Of course that made the price go up again, but the net result of my maneuver was that I covered the entire line of ten million bushels within one-half cent of the price prevailing at the time I started to cover on the traders' selling. The two hundred thousand bushels of oats that I sold short to start the traders' selling of corn I covered at a loss of only three thousand dollars. That was pretty cheap bear bait. The profits I had made in wheat offset so much of my deficit in corn that my total loss on all my grain trades that time was only twenty-five thousand dollars. Afterwards corn went up to twenty-five cents a bushel. Stratton undoubtedly had me at his mercy.

"If I had set about buying my ten million bushels of corn without bothering to think of the price there is no telling what I would have had to pay.

"A man can't spend years at one thing and not acquire a habitual attitude towards it quite unlike that of the average beginner. The difference distinguishes the professional from the amateur. It is the way a man looks at things that makes or loses money for him in the speculative markets. The public has the dilettante's point of view toward his own effort. The ego obtrudes itself unduly and the thinking therefore is not deep or exhaustive. The professional concerns himself with doing the right thing rather than with making money, knowing that the profit takes care of itself if the other things are attended to. A trader gets to play the game as the professional billiard player does—that is, he looks far ahead instead of considering the particular shot before him. It gets to be an instinct to play for position."

Inside Information

"I remember hearing a story about Addison Cammack that illustrates very nicely what I wish to point out. From all I have heard, I am inclined to think that Cammack was one of the ablest stock traders the Street ever saw. He was not a chronic bear as many believe, but he felt the greater appeal of trading on the bear side, of utilizing in his behalf the two great human factors of hope and fear. He is credited with coining the warning: 'Don't sell stocks when the sap is running up the trees!' and the old-timers tell me that his biggest winnings were made on the bull side so that it is plain he did not play prejudices but conditions. At all events, he was a consummate trader. It seems that once—this was way back at the tag end of a bull market—Cammack was bearish, and J. Arthur Joseph, the financial writer and raconteur, knew it. The market, however, was not only strong but still rising, in response to prodding by the bull leaders and optimistic reports by the newspapers. Knowing what use a trader like Cammack could make of bearish information, Joseph rushed to Cammack's office one day with glad tidings:

"'Mr. Cammack, I have a very good friend who is a transfer clerk in the St. Paul office and he has just told me something which I think you ought to know.'

"'What is it?' asked Cammack listlessly.

"'You've turned, haven't you? You are bearish now?' asked Joseph, to make sure. If Cammack wasn't interested he wasn't going to waste precious ammunition.

"'Yes. What's the wonderful information?'

"'I went around to the St. Paul office today, as I do in my news-gathering rounds two or three times a week, and my friend there said to me: "The Old Man is selling stock." He meant William Rockefeller. "Is he really, Jimmy?" I said to him, and he answered, "Yes; he is selling fifteen hundred shares every three-eighths of a point up. I've been transferring the stock for two or three days now." I didn't lose any time, but came right over to tell you.'

"Cammack was not easily excited, and, moreover, was so accustomed to having all manner of people rush madly into his office with all manner of news, gossip, rumors, tips and lies that he had grown distrustful of them all. He merely said now, 'Are you sure you heard right, Joseph?'

"'Am I sure? Certainly I am sure! Do you think I am deaf?' said Joseph.

"'Are you sure of your man?'

"'Absolutely!' declared Joseph. 'I've known him for years. He has never lied to me. He wouldn't! No object! I know he is absolutely reliable and I'd stake my life on what he tells me. I know him as well as I know anybody in this world—a great deal better than you seem to know me, after all these years.'

"'Sure of him, eh?' And Cammack again looked at Joseph. Then he said, 'Well, you ought to know.' He called his broker, W. B. Wheeler. Joseph expected to hear him give an order to sell at least fifty thousand shares of St. Paul. William Rockefeller was disposing of his holdings in St. Paul, taking advantage of the strength of the market. Whether it was investment stock or speculative holdings was irrelevant. The one important fact was that the best stock trader of the Standard Oil crowd was getting out of St. Paul. What would the average man have done if he had received the news from a trustworthy source? No need to ask.

"But Cammack, the ablest bear operator of his day, who was bearish on the market just then, said to his broker, 'Billy, go over to the board and buy fifteen hundred St. Paul every three-eighths up.' The stock was then in the nineties."

The Tactics of Genius

"'Don't you mean sell?' interjected Joseph hastily. He was no novice in Wall Street, but he was thinking of the market from the point of view of the newspaper man and, incidentally, of the general public. The price certainly ought to go down on the news of inside selling. And there was no better inside selling than Mr. William Rockefeller's. The Standard Oil getting out and Cammack buying! It couldn't be!

"'No,' said Cammack; 'I mean, buy!'

"'Don't you believe me?'

"'Yes!'

"'Don't you believe my information!'

"'Yes.'

"'Aren't you bearish?'

"'Yes.'

"'Well, then?'

"'That's why I'm buying. Listen to me now: You keep in touch with that reliable friend of yours and the moment the scaled selling stops, let me know. Instantly! Do you understand?'

"'Yes,' said Joseph, and went away, not quite sure he could fathom Cammack's motives in buying William Rockefeller's stock. It was the knowledge that Cammack was bearish on the entire market that made his maneuver so difficult to explain. However, Joseph saw his friend the transfer clerk and told him he wanted to be tipped off when the Old Man got through selling. Regularly twice a day Joseph called on his friend to inquire.

"One day the transfer clerk told him, 'There isn't any more stock coming from the Old Man.' Joseph thanked him and ran to Cammack with the information.

"Cammack listened attentively, turned to Wheeler and asked, 'Billy, how much St. Paul have we got in the office?' Wheeler looked it up and reported that they had accumulated about sixty thousand shares.

"Cammack, being bearish, had been putting out short lines in the other Grangers as well as in various other stocks, even before he began to buy St. Paul. He was now heavily short of the market. He promptly ordered Wheeler to sell the sixty thousand shares of St. Paul that they were long of, and more besides. He used his long holdings of St. Paul as a lever to depress the general list and greatly benefit his operations for a decline.

"St. Paul didn't stop on that move until it reached forty-four and Cammack made a killing in it. He played his cards with consummate skill and profited accordingly. The point I would make is his habitual attitude toward trading. He didn't have to reflect. He saw instantly what was far more important to him than his profit on that one stock. He saw that he had providentially been offered an opportunity to begin his big bear operations not only at the proper time but with a proper initial push. The St. Paul tip made him buy instead of sell because he saw at once that it gave him a vast supply of the best ammunition for his bear campaign.

(Continued on Page 46)

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Brush Your Upper Teeth Downward Your Lower Teeth Upward

(Continued from Page 44)

"To get back to myself. After I closed my trade in wheat and corn I went South in my yacht. I cruised about in Florida waters, having a grand old time. The fishing was great. Everything was lovely. I didn't have a care in the world and I wasn't looking for any.

"One day I went ashore at Palm Beach. I met a lot of Wall Street friends and others. They were all talking about the most picturesque cotton speculator of the day. A report from New York had it that Percy Thomas had lost every cent. It wasn't a commercial bankruptcy; merely the rumor of the world-famous operator's second Waterloo in the cotton market.

"You doubtless know him. Yes? Well, then you won't wonder that I think him the most brilliant and persuasive talker I ever met. I had always felt a great admiration for him. The first I ever heard of him was through the newspapers at the time of the failure of the Stock Exchange house of Sheldon & Thomas, when Thomas tried to corner cotton. Sheldon, who did not have the vision or the courage of his partner, got cold feet on the very verge of success. At least, so the Street said at the time. At all events, instead of making a killing they made one of the most sensational failures in years. I forget how many millions. The firm was wound up and Thomas went to work alone. He devoted himself exclusively to cotton and it was not long before he was on his feet again. He paid off his creditors in full with interest—debts he was not legally obliged to discharge—and withal had a million dollars left for himself. His comeback in the cotton market was in its way as remarkable as Deacon S. V. White's famous stock-market exploit of paying off one million dollars in one year. Thomas' pluck and brains made me admire him immensely."

A Deal in July Cotton

"Everybody in Palm Beach was talking about the collapse of Thomas' deal in March cotton. You know how the talk goes—and grows; the amount of misinformation and exaggeration and improvements that you hear. Why, I've seen a rumor about myself grow so that the fellow who started it did not recognize it when it came back to him in less than twenty-four hours, swollen with new and picturesque details.

"The news of Percy Thomas' latest misadventure turned my mind from the fishing to the cotton market. I got files of the trade papers and read them to get a line on conditions. When I got back to New York I gave myself up to studying the markets. Everybody was bearish and everybody was selling July cotton. You know how people are. I suppose it is the contagion of example that makes a man do something because everybody around him is doing the same thing. Perhaps it is some phase or variety of the herd instinct. In any case it was, in the opinion of hundreds of traders, the wise and proper thing to sell July cotton—and so safe too! You couldn't call that general selling reckless; the word is too conservative. The traders simply saw one side to the market and a great big profit. They certainly expected a collapse in prices.

"I saw all this, of course, and it struck me that the chaps who were short didn't have a terrible lot of time to cover in. The more I studied the situation the clearer I saw this, until I finally decided to buy July cotton. I went to work and quickly bought one hundred thousand bales. I experienced no trouble in getting it because it came from so many sellers. It seemed to me that I could have offered a reward of one million dollars for the capture, dead or alive, of a single trader who was not selling July cotton and nobody would have claimed it.

"I should say this was in the latter part of May. I kept buying more and they kept on selling it to me until I had picked up all the floating contracts and I had one hundred and twenty thousand bales. A couple of days after I had bought the last of it it began to go up. Once it started, the market was kind enough to keep on doing very well indeed—that is, it went up from forty to fifty points a day.

"One Saturday—this was about ten days after I began operations—the price began to creep up. I did not know whether there was any more July cotton for sale. It was up to me to find out, so I waited until the last ten minutes. At that time, I knew, it was usual for those fellows to be short and if the market closed up for the day they would be safely hooked. So I sent in four different orders to buy five thousand bales each, at the market, at the same time. That ran the price up thirty points and the shorts were doing their best to wriggle away. The market closed at the top. All I did, remember, was to buy that last twenty thousand bales.

"The next day was Sunday. But on Monday, Liverpool was due to open up twenty points to be on a parity with the advance in New York. Instead, it came fifty points higher. That meant that Liverpool had exceeded our advance by 100 per cent. I had nothing to do with the rise in that market. This showed me that my deductions had been sound and that I was trading along the line of least resistance. At the same time I was not losing sight of the fact that I had a whopping big line to dispose of. A market may advance sharply or rise gradually and yet not possess the power to absorb more than a certain amount of selling.

"Of course the Liverpool cables made our own market wild. But I noticed the higher it went the scarcer July cotton seemed to be. I wasn't letting go any of mine. Altogether that Monday was an exciting and not very cheerful day for the bears; but for all that, I could detect no signs of an impending bear panic; no beginnings of a blind stampede to cover. And I had one hundred and forty thousand bales for which I must find a market.

"On Tuesday morning as I was walking to my office I met a friend at the entrance of the building.

"'That was quite a story in the World this morning,' he said with a smile.

"'What story?' I said.

"'What? Do you mean to tell me you haven't seen it?'

"'I never see the World,' I said. 'What is the story?'

"'Why, it's all about you. It says you've got July cotton cornered.'

"'I haven't seen it,' I told him and left him. I don't know whether he believed me or not. He probably thought it was highly inconsiderate of me not to tell him whether it was true or not.

"When I got to the office I sent out for a copy of the paper. Sure enough, there it was, on the front page, in big headlines:

JULY COTTON CORNERED BY LARRY LIVINGSTON

"Of course I knew at once that the article would play the dickens with the market. If I had deliberately studied ways and means of disposing of my one hundred and forty thousand bales to the best advantage I couldn't have hit upon a better plan. It would not have been possible to find one. That article at that very moment was being read all over the country either in the World or in other papers quoting it. It had been cabled to Europe. That was plain from the Liverpool prices. That market was simply wild. No wonder, with such news."

Time for Quick Action

"Of course I knew what New York would do, and what I ought to do. The market here opened at ten o'clock. At ten minutes after ten I did not own any cotton. I let them have every one of my one hundred and forty thousand bales. For most of my line I received what proved to be the top prices of the day. The traders made the market for me. All I really did was to see a heaven-sent opportunity to get rid of my cotton. I grasped it because I couldn't help it. What else could I do?

"The problem that I knew would take a great deal of hard thinking to solve was thus solved for me by an accident. If the World had not published that article I never would have been able to dispose of my line without sacrificing the greater portion of my paper profits. Selling one hundred and forty thousand bales of July cotton without sending the price down was a trick beyond my powers. But the World story turned it for me very nicely.

"Why the World published it I cannot tell you. I never knew. I suppose the writer was tipped off by some friend in the cotton market and he thought he was printing a scoop. I didn't see him or anybody from the World. I didn't know it was printed that morning until after nine o'clock; and if it had not been for my friend calling my attention to it I would not have known it then.

"Without it I wouldn't have had a market big enough to unload in. That is one trouble about trading on a large scale. You cannot sneak out as you can when you pike along. You cannot always sell out when you wish or when you think it wise. You have to get out when you can; when you have a market that will absorb your entire line. Failure to grasp the opportunity to get out may cost you millions. You cannot hesitate. If you do you are lost. Neither can you try stunts like running up the price on the bears by means of competitive buying, for you may thereby reduce the absorbing capacity. And I want to tell you that perceiving your opportunity is not as easy as it sounds. One must be on the lookout so alertly that when his chance sticks in its head at the door he must grab it.

"Of course not everybody knew about my fortunate accident. In Wall Street, and, for that matter, everywhere else, any accident that makes big money for a man is regarded with suspicion. Always when the accident is unprofitable it is not considered an accident, but the logical outcome of hoggishness or of the swelled head. But when there is a profit they call it loot and talk about how well unscrupulousness fares, and how ill conservatism and decency."

A Case of Sheer Luck

"It was not only the evil-minded shorts smarting under punishment brought about by their own recklessness who accused me of having deliberately planned the coup. Other people thought the same thing.

"One of the biggest men in cotton in the entire world met me a day or two later and said, 'That was certainly the slickest deal you ever put over, Livingston. I was wondering how much you were going to lose when you came to market that line of yours. You knew this market was not big enough to take more than fifty or sixty thousand bales without selling off, and how you were going to work off the rest and not lose all your paper profits was beginning to interest me. I didn't think of your scheme. It certainly was slick.'

"'I had nothing to do with it,' I assured him as earnestly as I could.

"But all he did was to repeat: 'Mighty slick, my boy. Mighty slick! Don't be so modest!'

"It was after that deal that some of the papers referred to me as the cotton king. But, as I have told you, I really was not entitled to that crown. It is not necessary to tell you that there is not enough money in the United States to buy the columns of the New York World or enough personal pull to secure the publication of a story like that. It gave me an utterly unearned reputation that time.

"But I have not told you this story to moralize on the crowns that are sometimes pressed down upon the brows of undeserving traders or to emphasize the need of seizing the opportunity, no matter when or how it comes. My object merely was to account for the vast amount of newspaper notoriety that came to me as the result of my deal in July cotton. If it hadn't been for the newspapers I never would have met that remarkable man, Percy Thomas, and I am sure you will wish me to tell you how I met him and what came of that meeting."

Lawrence Livingston ceased talking and looked at me as though he would have me confirm his suspicions. But I said to him: "I am not interested so much in Percy Thomas as I am in Lawrence Livingston."

"But you said you wanted to hear how I lost my first million."

"So I did," I said.

"Well, that is what I am going to tell you about, but not today. We'll go for a sail now."

"Did you lose everything?" I asked hopefully.

"Not today. Come along!" And Lawrence Livingston put on his hat.

"But did you lose everything?"

"Everything, and over a million besides," answered Livingston.

"Fine!" I said. "I'll come!"

And I went cheerfully, for two reasons: First, any man will wait cheerfully for a good story; the story of how Livingston lost all his money and more, too, was bound to be interesting. Second, he had made up his loss and come back stronger than ever; that is to say, there would be still another good story.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Mr. Lefèvre. The next will appear in an early issue.

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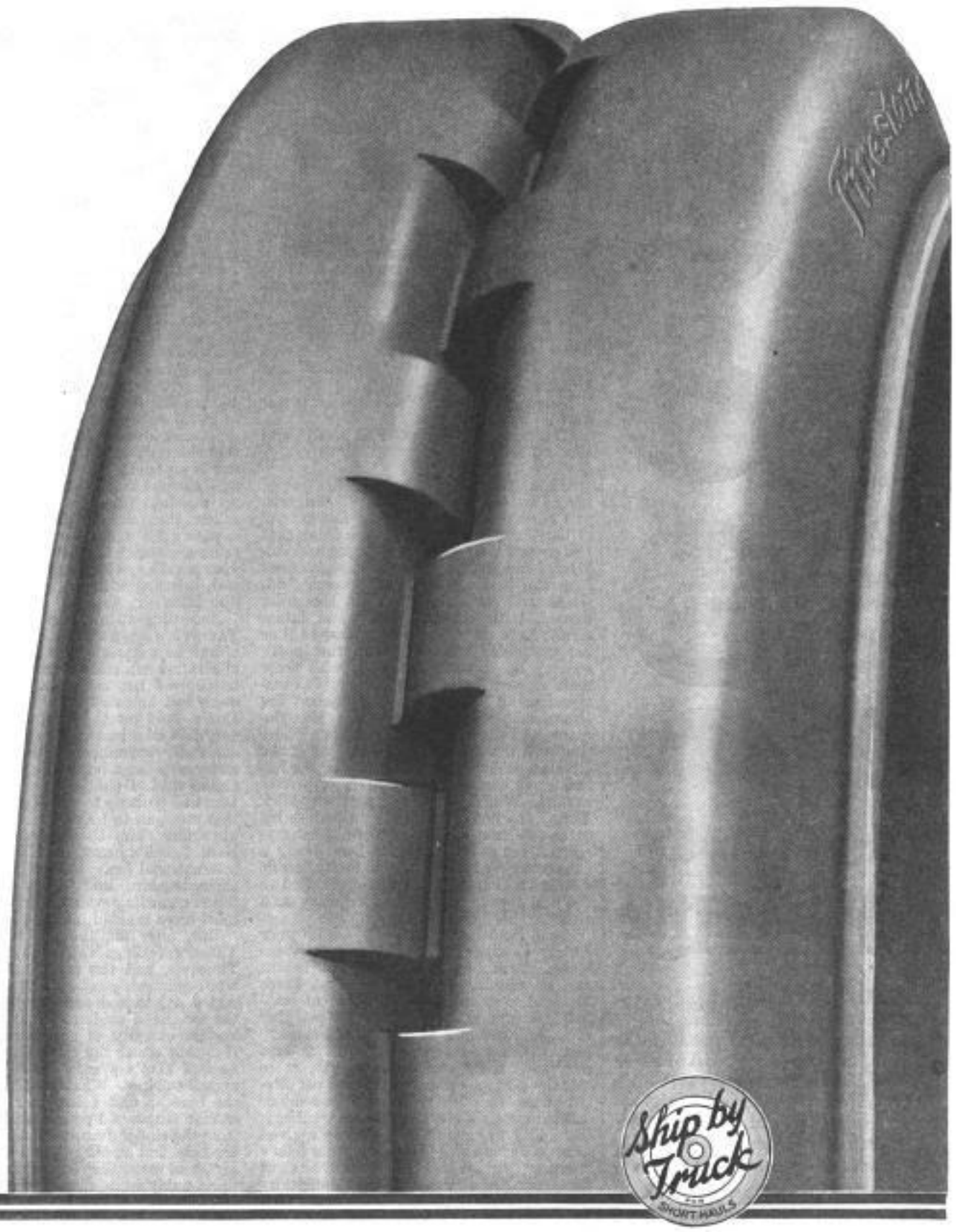
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TRADE FARBERWARE BROOKLYN MARK

SKULL CRACKER

(Continued from Page 8)

"Come on, boys, lift'm up—digni. Up high—digni gora!" He had given that gang order many a time. Gora—high. He did his best to hook up the other part of that name with what few Slavish words he knew. It was no use.

"No versteh Tsernagora, Dan," he said at last. "How you call this name English?"

Dan lifted a shoulder. "I dinno," said Dan.

"I versteh gora," Al told him. "But tserna, Dan? What you call tserna, English?"

Dan puckered his brow for an equivalent; almost had it; had it! "Sure!" he roared. "Sure I got 'm. Crna, bleck!"

"Black. High. Black high," puzzled Al. Then suddenly he jumped to his feet beside big Dan. "Black Heights!" he shouted. "Sir to you, Dan Tancovic! Black Mountain! Montenegro!"

A marvelous look came into the pale eyes of the Slav.

"Sure!" he cried. "Sure! Englishman say Montenegro, my country!"

Al Holly looked into the eyes of Tancovic Danilo, son of those Serbs whom even the shambles of Kosovo could not cow, and who in the barren rocks of their hard little land had grown for century upon century on that bleak soil their rich and only crop, men, against the periodic reapings of the Turk; but who in those centuries had held their tiny country inviolate against hideous odds, reaping in their turn tenfold against the Moslem in every battle.

Standing there watching the fire glow under those penthouse brows, Al asked again the name of the land that had kindled it.

"Crnagora!"—like the blare of a war horn.

"Tsernagora!" repeated Al softly, and took off his hat.

When you rise to toast the fine art of hating we give you the Bulgar. Bulgaria, you must remember, since the first arrival of her Tartar tribes among the Slavs that had preceded them into the slopes and valleys of old Father Balkan, has practiced long and assiduously in her chosen field. Greek and Serb and Turk, in the order named, both chronologically and intensively, have all received from time to time her undivided attention from the fourth century up to today, so that, with these main excursions in hatred, and with occasional small forays of rancor against the Rumanians, the Magyars, the Macedonians, and those terrible Circassians whom the Turk wished on them at the end of the Russian conquest of the Caucasus, she has had much time and opportunity to perfect her art. Which explains in part why Nick Yaneff yearned so earnestly to bounce his seven-ton drop ball on a certain canary-colored sou'wester. Jumbo Dan, being a Crnagoran—which means a Serb, double distilled and triple extracted and raised to the nth power—was as fit for hating as a Greek.

Aside from his aptitude for odium your Bulgar is distinguished by two or three traits. A stubborn and unbreakable health and an acquisitive endurance that keeps him out, scorching in the blaze of mid-July, clammily sopping in November rains, humped and benumbed in February blizzards, more hours per day, more days per week, more weeks per month, more months per year and more years per lifetime than any other member of the more or less human race, is one of them. Another is his ability to save more money in a given time on a given wage than any other fellow creature. And a third is a positive talent for incasing himself against the elements by carrying on his body twelve months a year an amount of clothes so prodigious as to seem impossible to any save the surgeon at a steel-plant emergency hospital, who is about the only man who ever gets through to a Bulgar's skin.

It is possible that a sort of professional jealousy as to one of these national attributes had something to do with Yaneff's excess animosity toward Jumbo Dan. Regarding the first two traits, Dan had no competition to offer, for as a hater Dan shone only in his feeling toward Turks, falling off pitifully in his hostility toward the balance of his fellow men. As a worker and a saver Dan was no slouch; and yet beside Nick Yaneff he was so far behind the band in this respect that it was only by a grievous ear strain that he could hear the bass drum. Regarding clothes, however, there was the matter of that sou'wester.

Twelve months a year Dan wore it. Three hundred and sixty-six days, leap year. Aside from the fact that it was absolutely ventilation proof, the lid was not an unwise choice, for Dan could reverse it, using its long watershed for eye shield and heat shield when he tackled the glowing pots. And when sparks were flying highest at the pigger the back brim rendered unnecessary the characteristic hunch of shoulders and back throw of head which all steel workers use to prevent sparkling drops of hot metal from hopping friskily down the back of their necks. Also, sparks which fasten to felt, making a graphite-sprinkled riddle of most pigger men's hats, bounced from the glazed surface of Dan's bonnet without leaving so much as a blister.

And the way the man could wear it! A sou'wester, properly set on, will make a dashing figure of a clothing dummy. And a Montenegrin is the most picturesque dresser in the world. And Jumbo Dan, for the grossly utilitarian job of cleaning hot pots, had laid aside the snowy white and scarlet and black and gold in which he was wont to engage in more artistic pursuits. And now, instead of getting all dressed up in his national costume in order to carve his initials on the back of the fleeing Turk with a viciously double-curved and razor-edged yataghan, he pulled on jeans and went out to fight hot pots, throwing all his artistic temperament regarding clothes into that sou'wester. What secret process of renovation he used no man knew, but every day Dan arrived on the job with that chapeau a-shine like the morning sun. No modiste in Paree ever got half the kick out of her most exclusive model that Dan got out of that skimmer. Put it on as he might, frontwards or backwards or sidewise, he managed always to pull down one side or cock up another, hike up the front or yank askew the back, framing the handsome savagery for which the men of his mountains are noted in such a way as to make your mind's eye see about his waist a gaudy sash bristling with pistol butts and khandjar hilts.

According to all laws of hygiene Dan Tancovic's scalp should have been as bare of hair as a squash, for the combined heat of summer sun and red-hot ladles and that bombproof hat would have roasted loose every last hair root in any man's head but Dan's. And yet Al Holly, who was one of a very few who had ever seen that covering come off, remembered a thatch coal black and coarse as a horse's tail, and as thick and as wild. Doubtless the reputation that Dan had built up to the effect that he wore that stewpan to bed may have helped stir up against him the hatred that lived in Nick Yaneff's heart, for Nick claimed the international heavyweight clothes-wearing championship; and to have his title disputed regarding even one article of apparel must have rankled him sorely.

But, after all, the one big reason for Yaneff's feelings toward Dan was Vara Tancovic, and the fact that this sturdy, white-skinned, good-looking wife of Dan's added a hundred and seventy pounds to the weight of evidence regarding the proverbial chastity of Montenegrin women. Not that either the chastity or the prettiness of Dan's woman made the supreme appeal to Nick. What took Nick's eye was the breadth and heft of her. Here was a woman who could paddle home barefooted from the cinder dump with a bag of coke on her head and an old railroad tie under each arm, and make the round trip two or three times a day while she was resting from the more arduous duties of a boarding boss' wife. For be it known that the life ambition of Nick Yaneff was to marry the strongest woman in the world and become a boarding boss. House rent fifteen dollars a month. Fifty beds; all full of hunky. Never empty. Day turn in them at night; night turn in them at day. Fifty cents a week. Fifty beds, fifty dollars, not counting boarding money; and a good strong woman to do the work and lug home the fuel while he kept his job at the skull-cracker crane. Nick watched the broad Vara rocking contentedly on her back porch, a baby's soft mouth pink against her snowy skin, crooning a minor Slav folk song, taking her ease, and hated Dan Tancovic with a perfect hatred. In the home of a man who knew the worth of a dollar th woman might easily be clearing the tab while she suckled her babe.

Nick tried his luck with Vara. Nick wa strapping fellow himself, and handso with a barbaric handsomeness; a fai trace of that ruthlessness in his face whi women find hard to resist in men, the ma set on his features by a race that had liv by conquest; remaining hint of Tart cruelty not yet wholly obliterated by t Slav ocean that had swallowed his conque ing ancestors whole, looks, manners a language.

Nick Yaneff had also three thousand do lars in crisp hundred-dollar bills in h money belt. Likewise Nick had some f teen years of youth to offer Vara Tancov that her husband could not match.

And Nick, when occasion offered, ke cautiously displaying all his wares to t broad lady of his desires, only to find h boarding-house plans blocked by a chi tity such as he had never dreamed of in h dreams of women, and by a patriotism su as even a Bulgar does not know.

"Listen," said Jumbo Dan to a starti Yaneff one day, speaking a Slavish dial that each could understand; "you are f teen years younger than I am, true; ye am able to take you apart with my t hands, Bulgar, and you know it; and does she. Also regarding the thirty cr kling bills in your money belt, I have t her that any time she says she wants th I will get them for her. Further, you Bu gars have no idea how to hate a Turk. Y are part Turk yourself, you Pomak, a this makes your case hopeless with a Cr goran woman. It is the wish of my wife bear me six sons who will some day ea kill ten Turks, following the example their father. Six Bulgar sons would lucky to account for six Moslems. A last, to explain to you a thing difficult fo Balkan to understand—namely, that Crnagoran should ever go unarmed—th hangs under my left arm, within easy rea of my right hand through an open sli a sheath, and in that a khandjar. It ca to me from some Circassian, by courte of a Turkish friend of his, who put through my shoulder just before I split hi open. The blade is thick and straight a heavy, and the hilt light, without a cr guard. In the Caucasus they use it as missile. The trick is easy. Depending up whether he was charging or retreating, have managed more than once to throw into the stomach or through the kidneys a Turk at thirty paces."

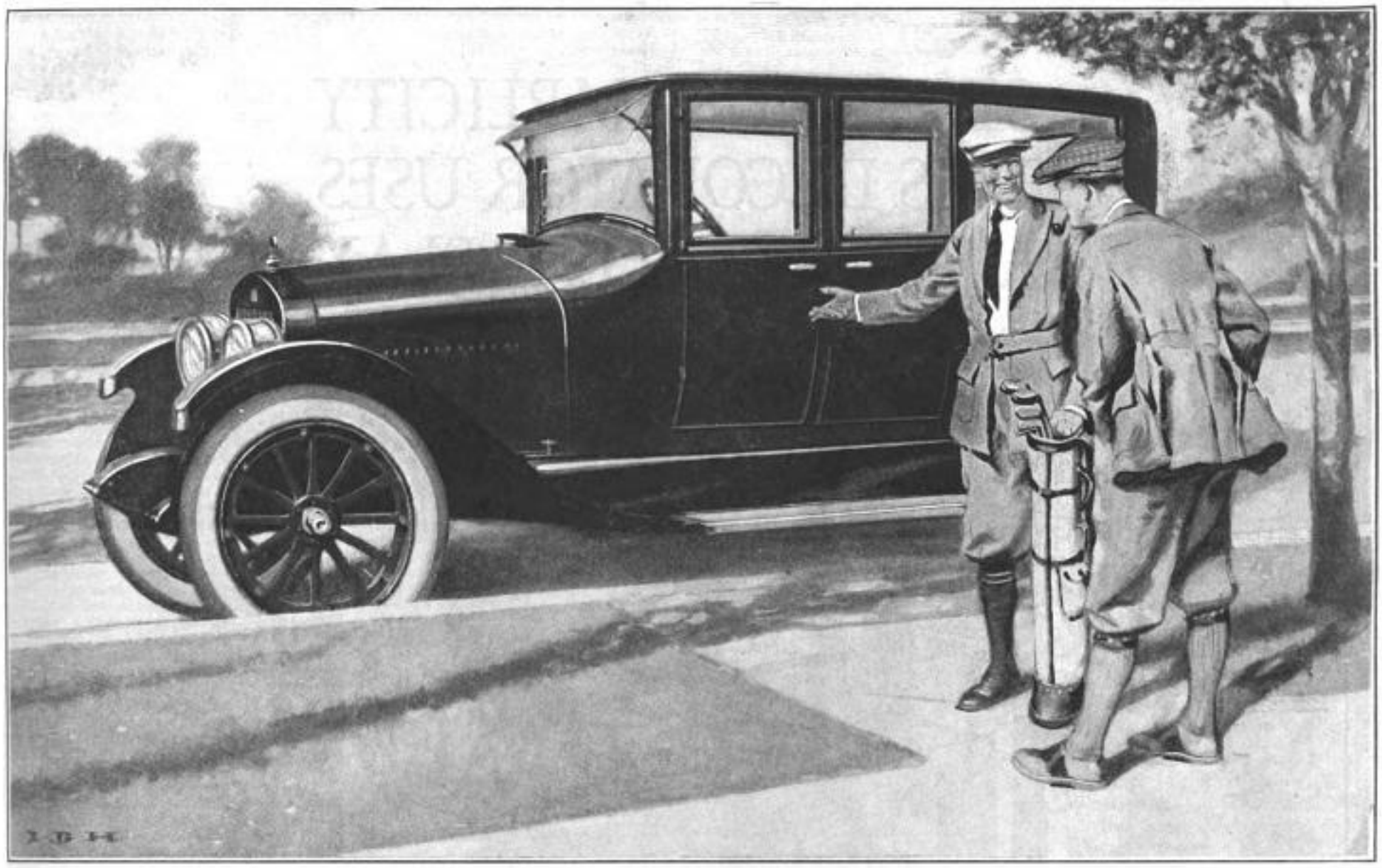
A lopsided smile lifted one end of Du twelve-inch mustache, and flashing a t angle of hungry teeth at Yaneff, the h man turned and walked away, swing out of sight around a corner of the pig

Nick Yaneff licked his lips. He kept woman, did that Tancovic, in idleness, absolute and shameful idleness, with no thing to do save tend her five little s while she leisurely put her house and h own broad tranquil self in order for t near arrival of the sixth. He had S blood, had that Tancovic, triple cr pounded within him. And he had cal Nick Yaneff, an elder in the Orthodox B garian Church, a Pomak—a Mohammed Bulgar—insult of insults! And worst all, thanks to a wooing marked by heedl ardor and hot-headed folly, and to t cursed virtue of its object, this Tanco was the only man on earth who knew ab those thirty bills that nestled crinkling the money belt deep under many layers clothes. Bulgar Nick licked his lips. Of it happened that this Tancovic had oc sion to walk beneath the bridge of the sk cracker crane.

Unless you have worked week about y can't appreciate it; but the fact rema that at about three o'clock, night tu you'd give the finest nine-dollar bill y ever owned to crawl in the straw and p away. If you work day turn you do know anything about it, no matter h much of a nighthawk you may be; and you work steady nights you get used t in the end; but when you change shi every week you never become proof agai the terrific desire, just before break of d at the blackest hour, at the time when h man vitality is lowest, to curl up on so blissfully soft steel floor plate, and with pile of cracked-up ferromanganese for

(Continued on Page 51)

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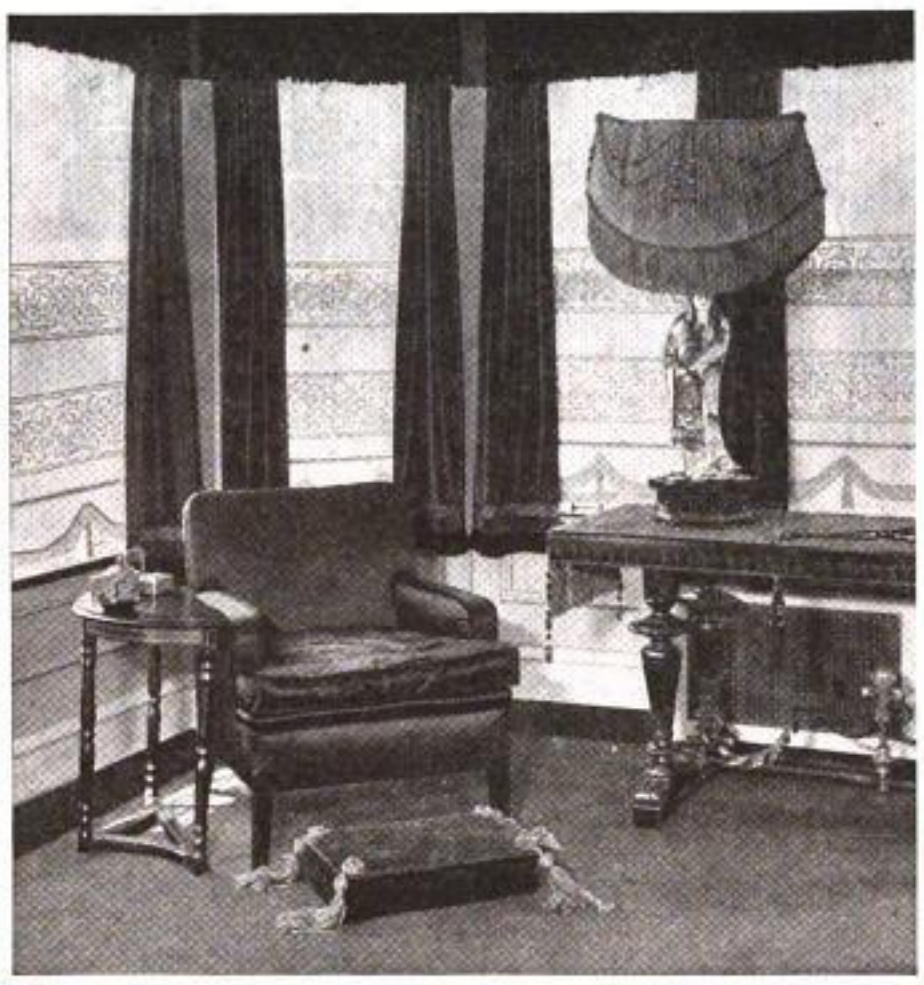
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LUNCEFORD, noted authority on interiors, has planned a living room which charmingly interprets what he calls the new motif of home decoration—simplicity.

A one-tone rug of Klearflax was chosen for this room because its rich solid colors, sturdy weave and rough homespun finish express the very spirit of simplicity.

The wide use of Klearflax as a beautiful floor covering, not only for any room in the house but in offices, hotels and clubs of finer character, is due to the fabric of which it is made—pure linen, with its beauty and durability.

In what other fabric do you find the color tones you see in linen frocks? In Klearflax you have these rich linen one-tone colors—sand, chestnut, green, blue, gray, mole, rose and taupe, and the new picwick color mixtures.

You know that "feel" of roughness and stiffness that all *new* linen has. And you know how soft and silky it becomes with use. You will notice, when you take hold of Klearflax, a quite pronounced roughness in texture. This is because into Klearflax are woven the coarse outer fibres of the linen plant as well as the silky inner ones. These stiff strands, however, soon soften with use and, like all linen, Klearflax becomes finer and more beautiful.

These same tough outer fibres give Klearflax a very thick, heavy body that lies flat on the floor and wears indefinitely. You can clean it so easily, for, being linen, it is mothproof and does not readily absorb dirt; you can redye it and rebind it and have a perennially new rug that daily grows more beautiful and seems never to wear out.

Klearflax is very moderately priced; a 9 x 12 rug is $45; other sizes priced accordingly—somewhat higher in the far west and Canada. The all-over carpeting is also very popular.

The Klearflax trade-mark or label on every rug is your guarantee of genuine Klearflax, pure linen, both warp and woof, and protects you against cheaper imitations. You will find Klearflax at one of the better stores near you. If you do not know which one, write us.

Send for booklet showing complete size and color range of Klearflax rugs and carpets and giving interesting information on home decoration. The Klearflax Linen Looms, Duluth, Minnesota; New York, Textile Bldg., 295 Fifth Ave.; Chicago, Lytton Bldg., 14 E. Jackson Blvd.; Boston, 1058 Little Bldg.

Klearflax

LINEN RUGS & CARPETING

from The Klearflax Linen Looms

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(Continued from Page 48)

pillow, drop into sleep ineffably sweet. A heaviness that is positively rapturous if indulged, and absolutely torturous if denied, lays heavy fingers on the eyes and body and soul of you, so that a pile of bricks looks like an Oriental couch, and a bag of fire clay the gossamered pillow of a houri's lap.

For a year of alternate weeks Al Holly had known this merciless urge to curl up in any place on any bed; to drop wherever he might be at three o'clock and yield to a temptation insidious and delicious past any describing. For twelve months he had fought it, finding in the process that no amount of daytime sleep will stave it off, and had won through each night, after a half hour of actual suffering, to the dawn without a moment to spare; but winning, for at the first pink of day the crying want for sleep passes like some nightmare, and is gone until three next morning.

But on Monday morning it is always worst, for Monday morning comes with the last hours of the double turn.

On a certain Monday morning, three A.M., Al Holly stood on the blower's platform, watching the silent mill spring swiftly into fiery life. Al's eyes were burdened with sleepiness; but beneath the dullness might have been seen a light that twenty hours' plugging could not altogether quench. The light was victory. By some miracle, for the first and only time in twelve months of grueling effort the mill was clean to start off the new week. When Jimmy Doan, Al's side kick, came out in the morning he would find the mill spick and span, the ground floor clean as a newly brushed billiard table, with empties, sweet empty cars, sitting on each spur awaiting his service; upon seeing which Jimmy would bat his eyes once or twice and then faint dead away.

Down on the speckless yard-level floor not a man was to be seen, not a single guinea plodding about with the end of the double turn weighting his feet and drooping his shoulders; for in celebration of the occasion Al had deliberately turned his back on his roustabout gang, and immediately every last man jack of them had scuttled for his favorite lair, and there holed up like so many woodchucks, and were now all curled away to sleep, hidden in such retreats as no man save their long-experienced foreman could have discovered.

The ghastly violet glow of newly blowing vessels added its lethargic weight to that which already rode Al's eyelids, and the deadening desire to join his men in their well-earned snooze laid draggy hands upon him, but, as usual, he fought it off.

"Bill," he said to Kerrwin, the mill-turn foreman, who, with eyes still stary and blinking from insufficient sleep, had lately arrived at the mill to start it off for the week, "I'm going to take a little stroll down to the pigger to see Jumbo Dan. B Furnace will tap in half an hour and she's making low-phos stuff. The mixer's filled up for you, and there's three ladles of hot stuff out on the spur, but provided Dan had a good Sunday at the pigger and I won't get in bad for holding up the pots for a little while, I want to grab that nice iron for you."

Bill nodded his assent. And so Al started off on the jaunt that would keep him awake until dawn.

Three of Jumbo's crew, with hatbrims down to shield their faces from the heat that was pouring out over them from the incandescent lining of a horizontal ladle, were grunting ineffectively against the handle of a huge pinch bar when Holly reached the hot-pot house. A recalcitrant lip of scrap frozen across the ladle's pouring snout yielded just enough to be exasperating, but stubbornly refused to let go; until at last the man nearest the ladle felt the scorch of it through his clothes and ran out of range of the blistering rays. Whereupon the two others surrendered, and the big bar clattered down.

"Hey, wassmatter, boys?" inquired Jumbo Dan, who had been standing near, directing the men. "No got steam? Wassmatter no eat little meat, pig, cow, horse—somet'ing? Dot dem garlick no mek steam for hot-pot job!"

He swung about the back brim of his yellow hat until it shielded his face, picked up the bar that two or three men ordinarily handled, jammed the pinch end of it between the scrap lip and the ladle lining, and with a Slav oath flung his huge body against the far end of the bar. The dull metal cracked, and parting like some tough molasses candy, broke loose, and with a shower of bright red brick dust the heavy crescent of frozen iron tumbled out of the ladle and thumped to the ground.

Dan heaved the big bar from him and whirled his back to the fiery pot as he retreated. Then he caught sight of Al, and his brows, close gathered against the heat, relaxed.

"Allo, Mr. Al," he bellowed cheerfully, and put out a hand.

"Allo, Dan," Al returned, and took a look about the hot-pot house. Ladles were standing on every available inch of space. Holly shook his head.

"Bad double turn, eh, Dan?"

"Bad like hell!" Dan answered, wagging the cannon-ball head that topped his shoulders. "Dot dem pigger, she's broke down two time. No can pour led'l. Every pot got skull. No good not'ing. You tak'n hot stoff Bessemer dis time?"

"Sure," stated Al. "We started up a couple hours ago. That old pig machine of yours can go to sleep till next Sunday. But what I wanted to see you about was this: If I take the next heat from B, and hold the pots up for a while, maybe I go for jail, huh?"

Dan cast a wise eye upon the conglomeration of ladles. They stood in all stages of repair, from the glowing wrecks that had just arrived, to those newly lined and now standing against the wall with oil flames squirting down into them, drying their brand-new linings. Out of this welter Dan made judgment.

"To'nother man I say, 'No can,' Mr. Al. For you I say, 'Sure, plenty can; mus'!' Go 'het. I fix'n pots for bles farnace. Somehow I fix'n."

So Al went into the tiny lean-to that answered Dan for an office and called up the furnaces and bought Bill Kerrwin the next heat out of B.

"Say, Mr. Al," inquired Jumbo after the two of them had established themselves comfortably on some bags of fire clay, "you no 'frait for go way Bessemer one hour?"

"Afraid?" Al creased his brow. "What for be afraid?"

"Dis Wightman," said Dan. "Every man say dis Wightman be spotter for veliki boss. You bleevit?"

"No, of course I don't believe it. Which big boss you mean, Dan—Satan?"

"No Satan. Satan, she's little bit big boss. I talk for dis too much big boss, what's nem? Upson!"

The look of certain incredulity left Holly's face. Of the bluff and pugnacious and often unreasonable Satan such a thing as sheltering an informer could not be conceived. But of Upson, the general manager, rumor had it ——

"You versteh Waller, Mr. Al, cup'la-stock-yard gank boss?"

"Sure," answered Al, "I know Waller. Got fired last week for selling jobs on his gang."

"No sell job not'ing, Al. Lest wik dis Waller got frau too moch seek. Waller all day watch frau. No slip not'ing. Come for work night turn. Fix job aw-right, he's gon for scale house ketch little slip. Dis Wightman he's go walk'n round, walk'n round, justasame pussy cat, ketch little bit look see for veliki boss Upson. See Waller slip'm scale house. Nex' day Waller go up traak, talk 'self. You watch little bit, Mr. Al. No slip not'ing night turn. No come see Dan too much. Dis Wightman fix Waller. Waller he's dem good man. You dem good man, Mr. Al. 'Ahts mek no diff'rence. Mebbe dis Wightman fix you justasame."

So lay the wind, eh? Steelworks gossip, which with the most uncanny accuracy gets the inside dope in spite of all the caution of star-chamber conferences, had spread the news that it would be well to look out for Wightman's smoke. But the possibility that he should lower himself to spying was a thing that roused an obstinate devil in Holly's heart. He wouldn't believe that rumor. But he would defy it, just the same. For a year he had fought the steelworks fight, and not the least victory he had won was the victory over sleep. And he had won it because of pure loyalty and pride in delivering 100 per cent goods, and with the thought of surveillance farthest from his mind.

As he sat leaning comfortably against the wall of the hot-pot house a cool wind stirred the humid air, and a glare of lightning out on the lake warned of a coming storm. He visioned the Bessemer mill, his mill, clean and neat and trim as a Hungarian woman's kitchen. For the first time in twelve months he had licked his job. The damp wind moved like a nurse's hand across a patient's brow, soothing, quieting. The drying flame of the oil jets in the hollow pots buzzed in his ears like the drone of bees under a shady tree. The fumes of Jumbo Dan's cob pipe weighted his lids. A sleepy resolution came upon him. He rose and stretched deliciously. He had earned this thing.

"Dan," he said with a yawn that was pure delight because he did not try to stifle it, "do you see that nice dry gondola standing out there under the drop crane—the one with the straw from a load of bricks piled over in one corner? Well, Dan, if Wightman comes spooking around here tonight tell him to hop up on the bumper of that car and look inside; and then tell him for me where to go!"

Just before dawn the storm came flashing into the steel plant, stretching out horizontal the streamers that floated from each tall flagstaff stack, drowning the clatter of the rail mill in its mighty uproar; and the rain pelting down like bullets soon drenched to the hide a figure huddled in glorious sleep in the corner of the long gondola car out beneath the skull-cracker crane. But that figure, having at last yielded to a year of that terrific three-o'clock temptation, slept on in peaceful rapture. Jumbo Dan climped up on the end of the car after a while and looked in, grinning appreciatively. Being an old campaigner in the black fastnesses of Montenegro the thought of shielding a full-grown man from a little sprinkle of rain never entered his head. But it so happened that the hoist buggy of the skull-cracker crane was straight above the end of the gondola, and that a heavy drip of water from it fell directly on the sleeper's cheek; so fearing that this might break that delicious nap Jumbo Dan broke a sacred precedent. He removed his canary sou'wester and placed it gently on the sopping head.

Nick Yaneff, dozing off the end of his third double turn that week, shifted restlessly. With the coming of summer the carpenter boss, against Nick Yaneff's vociferous protest, had removed the sides that closed in his crane cage and had stored them away until next October; and the rain, driving in, had disturbed the craneman's slumbers. Nick stretched his legs, and before composing himself to new repose in a dryer corner, looked down to see if by chance there was any immediate need for his services.

Nick Yaneff rubbed his eyes, incredulous. Then he looked down again. By all the saints in the Bulgarian calendar, this could not be! Such fortune did not come to men unsought. Then he remembered. Last winter it was he, Nick Yaneff, who had won for himself immortal fame among his brethren in their colony by plunging into the ice-filled lake at the start of the Christmas festivities and bringing out the wooden cross that the priest had flung far from shore to test the hardy courage of his flock. Such were the rewards of the faithful. Nick reached out an arm and touched the lever that racked out the hoist buggy.

And now Nick Yaneff could actually touch, could actually caress the wet and shining sides of the terrible ball that hung suspended close beside him, clutched fast in a mighty and invisibly gloved hand that had lifted it up between the crane girders. Genie fingers they were, complaisant as those of the monsters that answered the rubbing of Aladdin's lamp; for at the touch of Yaneff's finger on a little handle they would obediently open.

Yaneff leaned far out to watch. His one hand patted the seven-ton ball. He laughed softly. It would be comical to give that monstrous sphere a little push as it started down. Yaneff's other hand groped about for the little handle, his eyes being fastened on a spot of color that glistened brightly in the darkness fifty feet below him. So he stood, leaning outward, thirty crisp bills whispering evilly to each other as his money belt pressed against the railing of his cage. One hand caressing, one groping, visions of fifty beds, never empty day or night, filling his contented brain.

Dan Tancovic had the ears of a Montenegrin. Years of night raiding down off the slopes of his wild mountain home had made his hearing as keen as any fawn's. Tempest and torrent rains had ever been the best of cover under which to fall upon the unsuspecting Turk; and so from generation upon generation there had come down to him a sense of hearing that defied the roaring elements to hide lesser sounds under their fury. And so it happened that in the thick



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of the downpour that was washing to sparkling cleanness the yellow sou'wester out there in that empty gondola, Tancovic's sharp ears caught a low moaning that could be nothing else than the cautiously operated magnet hoist of the skull-cracker crane. Tancovic stood tense a moment, horror dawning on his countenance. Then leaping to mountaineer grace he laid a hand on a flat car that stood in his way, vaulted it in a single catamount bound, and alighted, moving swiftly forward, his right hand searching through his clothes to the flesh under his left arm as he went.

And just as Nick Yaneff's groping fingers came in contact with the little black handle, a look like that of an emissary fresh from hell left his face, and a look like that of some damned soul freshly thrust into the pit came into its place. A hideous cry went screaming out of him, for as though it were the brazen claw of the Fiend himself a red-hot hand had dipped suddenly into his vitals.

Old Doctor Black, who along with an enormous general practice found time to run a neat white-tiled workshop just inside the main gate at Lakeside Steel, was dreaming of a happy land where folks got sick and steel workers got hurt and babies got born in daytime only, when the telephone at his bedside started up a wretched jangling. Old Doctor Black put out a mechanical hand, unhooked 'er and started to protest to the transmitter while still half asleep.

"Say, Jeff," he mumbled, addressing his night interne at Lakeside's emergency hospital, "you patch 'em up somehow, to last till morning. Was up till two fixin' that gang of masons that got gassed when the bulkhead fell out of the gas line at the new dust catcher. Can't come down. Dead from the heels up. You fix'm up an' giv'm a shot a' dope, an' I'll see you in the morning. Goo' ni'."

And mechanically clapping back the receiver he was asleep. But the devilish bell persisted; and presently, wide awake, he was listening to a vaguely remembered voice which was not that of Jeff, the interne, at all, and which was talking to him earnestly.

"This is Holly. Al Holly from the Bessemer. You remember the lad that was over to see you last week with a sliver of steel in his eye. Listen, doctor. You know Jumbo Dan, don't you? The big bohunk over at the pigger?"

"Dan hurt?" snapped out the doctor. "Yes, yes. Never mind. Keep the explanation till I get there. Five minutes!"

Five minutes later the white-haired physician's car was held up by a gesticulating figure as the roadster swung up to the steelworks gate.

"Turn your car," ordered Holly. "Dan isn't hurt. Turn the car." The roadster backed. "Up Moon Street," said Al, climbing in. The roadster jumped forward. "Dan tells me," Al explained as they climbed the hill, "that his wife has been trying for the last two days to bring a sixth Turk killer into the world. Dan won't leave his blessed pots. Says a Montenegrin woman would be insulted and shamed for life if her man left work to bother about her at such a time. Dan, the big nail head, has got a couple old Serbian grannies making signs over her and mumbling Slavish powwow, and says that's all she'll need. Says in the old days when he was prowling about knocking fezzes for a goal she was always up next day doing the family wash. Says he's got to keep pots under the furnace runners. Refuses to worry. But two days in labor, doctor! And Dan put me so deep in his debt tonight that I'll never be able to pay him. Thought you'd go out to his house for me if I asked it."

An hour later old Doctor Black came blowing down into the kitchen of the little house where Al waited, keeping company with a couple of whiskered crones that sat rocking to and fro on rockerless chairs, muttering against their sudden expulsion from the room just above them. Doc's cuffs were turned halfway back to his shoulders. One end of his collar stuck out of a trousers pocket. His shirt had climbed up over his belt at the back, and his face ran sweat. A metallic clatter issued from his little black case as he adjusted its contents. Then he snapped it shut, and producing a battered stogy from somewhere he lit it, and the strain let go as he puffed out a smoky sigh of profound relief.

"Whew!" remarked Doctor Black.

The old Serb grannies ceased to rock and moan.

"By ——!" he added profanely, "I'm glad that job is done. Some woman, Holly! Didn't know there was such a thing as a hunky Valkyrie!"

He turned to the oldest of the silent grannies.

"All right, starry baba; go on up! Woman all right. Boy all right. Big boy. Veliki boy. Too much veliki. Kill plenty Toorkoman, by'm'by! Go on up, old woman, and rub him down with salt and goat grease and put a garlic poultice on his dome to keep away the werewolf or whatever the heathen things you do to a newborn bohunk. You can't hurt that kid with anything less than an ax. He's a bearcat. Listen to that war whoop of his, will you? Come on, Holly, we're done here. Glad you called me. Whatever debt Dan got you into tonight is partly paid anyhow. You saved his woman and kid for him. I'll tell him that. Let's go, Holly!"

So Al Holly, more or less upset by the night's program, let Doc Black drive him home, and, forgetting all about seven pots of hot stuff on the mixer spur, dropped across his bed, fully dressed, to try to get himself together by a minute or so of relaxing. There he fell asleep, what with weariness of the double turn and some other things; for which, as we've tried to tell, he got fired. They tried to can him, in fact; you know—like they do to a mutt.

But taken all together the day seems to have been an unpropitious one for canning, for scarcely had the conference-room door closed softly on Al when there came to the ears of the silent gentlemen ranged about the long table sounds of brisk activity in the hallway just outside; and suddenly the portal which had just let Al Holly out in more senses than one swung violently open again, and Sylvester, the high-yallah chauffeur of Lakeside's big utility car, and general factotum about the general superintendent's office, came into the room tucked snugly under the arm of a giant hunyak.

"What's this?" bellowed S. B., leaping up, his face bright red from this unwonted bearding right in his den.

"Dis Jumbo Dan," announced the visitor. "You no like?" And he unceremoniously dropped the saffron Sylvester thudding to the floor.

"Dis fellow stop'm for door. Tell'm no can come in," explained Dan, shoving the prostrate high-yallah with a huge foot. "I tell'm can. I com'n. I like talk for you, Mr. Satan. You no good, Mr. Satan! You dem stil vorks no good! You give it 'charge Al Holly, good man! Wassmatter you give it, huh?"

By this time speechless rage had given place to savage words.

"You get out of that door, you big, slab-footed, flat-headed, pock-faced bohunk," yelled Satan, pointing to the hall, "before I have you thrown out!"

The big Slav smiled. He swept the long table with a gesture of his arm.

"Maybe you gank like try," he suggested.

No one moved in Satan's gang.

"No 'frait for you." Dan turned again to Satan in the pause. "Wassmatter me be 'frait for you? My country Crnagora. You country Ireland. Crnagora never be 'frait for Ireland. Maybe you like try 'self for mak'n Jumbo go out dot door, huh?"

But Ireland, it appeared, was not in her usual combative mood that day.

"Sunday night, five 'clock morning, Mr. Al stop vork; go for doctor; bring'n my house. My woman maybe die. Ketch'm baby. Noomer six. Baby maybe die. Doctor fix'm up every—frau, baby—every man. Mr. Al like little bit slip. Go for house. Slip too moch. Dot Baker no look see for hot pots. Pots skull. Wassmatter Baker no look see? Maybe Baker like sit down too moch. Farnace stop wind. Maybe coompany lose t'ousand dollar. Me, I no sell dot baby hoonert t'ousand dollar. Baby sometime maybe kill'm ten, maybe fifteen Toork—I dinno. My frau I no sell for hoonert t'ousand dollar. He's good woman, my frau. Every man here, you woman got one baby. 'Frait for ketch'n 'nother. Me, I got good woman. Six boy got. Wassmatter you giv'n 'charge Mr. Al? You lose, Lakeside, t'ousand dollar. Mr. Al keep for me two hoonert t'ousand dollar. Wassmatter you no be good sport, huh? You no look see not'ing. Jus' fire good man. Every man Lakeside versteh everyt'ing dis bizness. Every man versteh Wightman ketch'n Mr. Al job. Every man Lakeside vork for six 'clock—vork for pay day. No vork for coompany. Me, I no like jus' vork for pay day. Like vork for good boss, good coompany."

Mr. Tancovic paused long enough to remove his yellow sou'wester; not as a sign of respect, however, it appeared. Reaching into a slit in the lining of it he pulled out a handful of bills of such denomination as to make the gentlemen of the conference gasp.

"Plenty got gelt," Dan told them. "No mus' vork for six 'clock vistle—pay day. No mus' vork for no good boss—no good coompany. Gimme time!"

Dan got his time. He folded up the slip of paper that Odel, of the blast furnaces, handed him, and went through the door, shutting it upon a silent tableful of men.

The cashier looked at the second brass check that the big hunyak he had just paid off laid on the barred sill before him.

"One forty-seven? Who's that?"

"Yaneff Nicola," answered the big hunyak. "She's my cozzin. She's gone for starra country hoory up. No can wait for pay day. I buy check. Pay feefty dollar. How much pay day got dis Yaneff?"

The cashier leafed over a book.

"You made a good buy," he said. "Some hog for punishment, your cousin. Six double turns since last pay day. Sixty-four dollars and fourteen cents. All right?"

"Sure aw-right," answered the big hunyak with a strange twinkle in his pale eyes.

This hunyak evidently had a sense of humor. For one thing he was laughing to himself at the ignorance of a man who had been reading lists of foreign names half of his life and still thought it likely that a man with a name ending in "ovic" would have a cousin whose name ended in "eff." Then, too, the big hunyak was much pleased with a play on words that he had just shot over the cashier's head; for he had pronounced the word "starra," "old," as it is universally pronounced in the steel-mill polyglot; and as he said it, "starry," he had cast his eyes toward the firmament, behind which is a heaven where all good Bulgars find their last abode.

Dan pocketed his silver and small bills. The twenties, however, he placed inside the lining of his canary-yellow hat, where they no doubt found congenial friends, prominent among whom were thirty crisp and crinkling hundred-dollar bills. Clapping the safe-deposit vault back on his head he proceeded to the street, singing to himself a strange, half-creepy hillman's air—a wild, impassioned little melody about the constant one who slept so sweetly in the hollow of his arm; a dainty musical wild flower of a thing that comes to a fitting climax when you find in the last line that it is a Montenegrin's love song to his rifle. None but the clearest of consciences could have given voice to such a happy lyric of affection. And none but the clearest of consciences could have been behind the wide clean smile with which the big hunyak was greeted as he came down the general-office steps.

The most of Lakeside Steel is built on marshy lake shore; and under every foundation of importance are many piles; strong timbers put down twenty feet, slipping the first five into muck by the mere weight of the hammer before a blow was struck, but from that on going down stubbornly the other fifteen feet to rock through a stiff clay, a scant three inches at a whack. At the far end of the drop-crane runway a corner of this marsh crops out, as yet not covered by the fill of furnace slag and plant débris that is rapidly spreading a dry and solid footing over the entire acreage of the works. Often, so it is said, when Jumbo Dan got hold of an especially tough piece of scrap, and found that a half dozen smacks from the drop ball did not faze it, he would sneak it down at night to the marshy corner of the runway, and with a couple bats of the big pill pound it out of sight, down into the ooze, and so be rid of it. How thoroughly any certain object might be buried which was laid under such a recalcitrant chunk of scrap—let us say an almost solid, low-phos ladle skull for instance—before Dan tucked it into the bog, does not come within the province of this story, it having none but clear consciences to deal with. And two less guilt-stricken gentlemen would be difficult to find than those two friends who, meeting each other at the foot of Lakeside's office steps, exchanged as innocent a pair of grins as any man might wish to see. Then, as is fitting with men, each from a land whose sons have fought magnificently against immeasurable odds for liberty and won, these two turned their broad backs upon the gates of Lakeside Steel and marched off, shoulder to shoulder, up the track, talking to themselves.

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It *Pays* to Keep Folks Well



41,000 Happy People—
1 the United States and Canada sat down last year to their Christmas inners who wouldn't have been there if the death rate for 1921 had een the same as it was in 1911.

What happened to make conditions so much better? There has been constantly growing organized effort to prolong human life.

nti-tuberculosis associations, welfare organizations, nursing orders id legislative bodies have all taken a hand. The results show that ves have been and *can* be lengthened by the wise use of money, and iat such an investment pays dividends in dollars.

When a breadwinner is taken away—
ie family is poorer. A community suffers a very definite economic ss when it loses a number of lives. It increases the cost of living) have workers die needlessly. It increases taxes—to say nothing the sorrow and unhappiness involved.

s soon as people realize—
iat the wealth of the nation depends upon the men and women who make up the nation, the tremendous financial importance of prolonging human life becomes clear to everybody.

The United States is said to be the richest country in the world. Take every man and woman away and what would it be worth? Not so much as it was when the red Indians owned it.

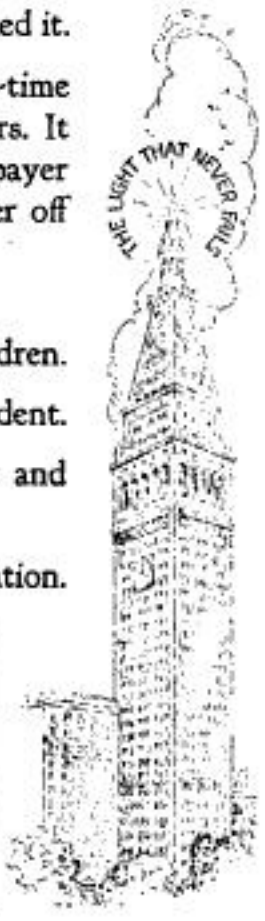
Even the unskilled laborer who works his full life-time makes the nation richer by several thousand dollars. It follows, therefore, that down to the smallest tax payer in the last small community, everybody is better off when lives are saved.

The work already done—
has saved the lives of fathers, mothers and children.

Saving fathers keeps families from becoming dependent.

Saving mothers helps to hold families together and keeps children out of public institutions.

Saving children adds to the future wealth of the nation.



Protected Health means fewer deaths. Fewer deaths mean fewer policies to pay.

Just among the Metropolitan's 14,000,000 policy holders who paid their premiums weekly, there were 55,000 fewer deaths in 1921 than there would have been under the death rate prevailing ten years before.

Take the figures home to yourself. Suppose you are a Metropolitan policy holder—one of these 55,000 saved from death—your family is richer by the money you earned in 1921 and has been saved expenses incident to illness and death.

Other Metropolitan policy holders have been benefited by the premiums you paid in 1921, just as *you* have benefited by other lives saved.

The nation is better off for your contribution to the Country's wealth in 1921.

And, best of all, your family and friends are richer and happier by the fact that you yourself are still alive.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will send its booklet, "How to Live Long," to anyone who asks for it.

HALEY FISKE, *President*

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TRUSCON STEEL CO.
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

Memo to write to Truscon Steel Co., Youngstown, Ohio, Dept. S11, telling them our building problems

TUMBLEWEEDS

(Continued from Page 21)

herd caught trained cow horses belonging to their individual strings.

In a breeding-ranch country the herd would have been worked on the spot, calves roped and ironed with the brand worn by their mothers, and only the beef steers cut into a day herd, the she stuff and all stock younger than two-year-olds being allowed to scatter once more on the range. But there were no calves to brand, no she stock on the range, for of late the cowmen of the Strip had come to follow one set rule in accord with the transition of the cow business, forming an intermediate link between the old-time cattle kings of the open range and the modern feeders of the Corn Belt. For beef raising, instead of a one-outfit business from start to finish, had come to be a business of progression induced by the necessities of later-day conditions. Big breeding ranches were now mainly confined to the vast wastes of Texas and the Southwest and to similar stretches in the ranges of the Northwest.

The breeding ranches of Texas and New Mexico now gathered their steers as two-year-olds and sold them to the intermediate beef brands operating in the Strip, the short-grass plains of Western Kansas and the sand-hill country of Nebraska. Here they were ranged on grass till they had turned four-year-olds, then resold to the feeders of Missouri, Iowa and Illinois, who corn-fed and fattened and finished them for market. Except for one breeding ranch confined to a great fenced-in pasture, there was only beef stuff in the whole expanse of the Strip, which rendered the round-up a comparatively simple affair. This last event in particular was simplified by the orders which had just gone forth from governmental sources, and every head of stock gathered in each circle was held in the day herd.

The rope corral was dismantled, ropes and stakes loaded on the bed wagon, which promptly headed upcountry, trailed by the wrangler with the *remuda*, and Carver led all the hands except those detailed with the day herd up the bottoms toward the new stand of the cook wagon. It was but ten o'clock when they dropped from their horses and fell ravenously upon a hot meal which the cook had already prepared; for while the cow hand's day begins an hour before dawn, his nooning comes at ten and his knock-off time is seldom later than five P.M.

The second circle of the day was completed in the late afternoon. The hands feasted to repletion and lolled about for an hour, buzzing angrily over a new rumor which had just reached camp. The men spread their bed rolls on the ground and retired with the setting sun.

Carver dropped instantly asleep, but contrary to his usual custom he waked within an hour and sleep would not come to him as he tossed restlessly in his blankets. The turmoil of the round-up, the hoarse bawls emanating from the throats of five hundred steers, the shrill yelps of riders, the stifling dust of daytime activities; all these had been superseded by the night sounds of a cow camp in the open. A cool breeze stole across the range, which now seemed mysteriously hushed. Occasionally some night horse on picket or tied to the stake rope shifted uneasily and stamped a restless foot. The nighthawk held the *caravado* on good grass somewhere down the bottoms, and his voice drifted faintly to Carver as he sang to while away the lonely hours.

The night guards on duty with the herd were likewise singing to soothe their charges on the bed ground a few hundred yards above the wagon, and fragmentary snatches of their melodies floated down to Carver's ears as he blinked sleeplessly up at the stars. He remained awake till the hour came to stand his turn on second guard, and he rolled out, mounted his night horse and rode with several others to relieve the weary riders who had stood the first shift of the night after a fourteen-hour day in the saddle.

As Carver circled the bed ground his thoughts were still concerned with the text of the rumor so recently set afloat. It was said that not only cows but men would be ordered from the unowned lands; that every foot of fence must be removed from the range and brand owners forced to abandon home ranches. Bart Lassiter joined him.

"Well, what do you think of our latest bit of news?" he asked. "Think they'll go through with it?"

"It don't seem reasonable that they'd put over any such drastic measure," Carver said. "They might. It will be hard on the old man if they do."

A figure rode toward him in the moonlight and the old man in question joined him as Lassiter departed. Nate, too, had been restless and had found himself unable to sleep. As Carver had reflected that such a move would inflict an undeserved hardship upon his employer, so Nate was wondering as to what effect it would have upon his hands, for in common with all cowmen of his type Younger was proud of the accomplishments of his riders.

Every brand owner would stand back of the men who rode for him; every rider evidenced a similar devotion to the owner's interests—a loyalty to the brand for which he worked. Perhaps in all history there has never been another calling which has inspired the same allegiance throughout its entire personnel. A man must be proficient in many lines to qualify as a cow hand. First of all, he must be a horseman capable of mastering any horse on the range and of training his mounts to perform the various and intricate duties required of them; a roper of parts, able to front-foot a calf or to rope and hog-tie a mighty range bull with equal facility; sufficiently skilled in blacksmithing to shoe his own horses; for these and many other acquirements, working at them sixteen hours a day, he was paid a lesser sum than any unskilled laborer received for ten hours of far less grueling work. It was the wild free life, not the pay, which held him to his chosen calling; the driving spring rains which soaked his bed roll as he slept on wet ground in the open; the shriveling heat of summer and the shrieking blasts of winter blizzards; the congenial companionship of round-up days and the long lonely vigils at isolated winter line camps; all these he chose in preference to the softer life and greater pay of other less strenuous pursuits.

"What will all the boys be doing in another season?" Younger asked. "Where'll they all go when there's no more range work for them to do?"

"Texas, maybe," Carver predicted, "or New Mexico."

"Both those countries are coming to be overrun with nesters," Nate returned. "The big brands are getting their range cut up right now. They've been forced to reduce the size of their outfits in proportion to the decrease in their range. There's more cow hands down there now than there are jobs to go around."

"Then maybe the Northwest range country," Carver suggested.

"The surplus bronc peelers of Texas and New Mexico has been drifting up there for the last ten years," Nate stated. "They're a drug on the market right now, cow hands are. An' they're irrigating that Northwest country rapid, and cutting up the range. Once they settle the Strip and all the boys will have to go into other lines. That's sure."

The herd was worked and reworked almost daily as cows wearing brands that ranged in different parts of the Strip were culled out and turned over to some wagon crew whose ultimate destination lay in that direction. All along a two-hundred-mile front more than a score of wagons were operating in unison. Owners ranging south of the Strip sent parties up to trail-herd back any of their stock that had wandered to these parts. These men brought with them little bunches of Half Diamond H cows and others that had drifted from the Strip to southern ranges. Some came from beyond the Canadian, and at least one little assortment had been combed from the distant Washita. Younger, in common with other large owners of his neighborhood, maintained drift fences and line camps to prevent the drifting of his stock from the home range. Even with these precautions there was a certain annual leakage; but the percentage of Half Diamond H cows gathered south of the Cimarron was small.

Day after day, as the round-up progressed, the men threshed out the fate of the unowned lands. It constituted the sole topic of discussion whenever two riders met on the circle or paused to converse as they stood their turn on night guard. It filled that brief period of general indolence in which they indulged each evening before taking to their beds with the setting sun. Carver, perhaps to a greater extent than any of them, had anticipated certain transitions. He had correctly interpreted the presence of those white-topped wagons camped along the line and knew what they portended; yet even now he found it impossible to give credence to such drastic changes as were predicted by old Nate and others of his kind. He sought for an analogous example and found it in the settling process which Kansas had been undergoing for a period of forty years; yet throughout the whole western half of that state ranches of five to fifty thousand acres were the rule. In view of this circumstance he could not quite conceive of the vast expanse of the unowned lands being cut up into quarter sections in the space of a few short years. It would all take time. He advanced this idea to Younger on a day some three weeks out from the ranch.

"All this talk about men being ordered out of the Strip," he said. "How are they going about that? I've seen the squatter outfits rolling up to the line and making camp. But we've had similar demonstrations before now—that year the boomers fired the grass for one—and nothing came of it. They were ordered out. Even if they let 'em in, it will take years to settle up the Strip."

Younger nodded abstractedly. Since that event had cost him a thousand head of cows, it was but natural that the incident should still be fresh in his mind. A few years past a swarm of squatters had invaded the unowned lands in the face of all regulations. When the cowmen had sought to expel them after they had refused to obey the Government's order to move out, the boomers had scattered and fired the parched fall grass, and stock had died by thousands throughout the burned areas. The negro cavalry had been sent in to enforce the regulations, and were thereafter stationed at Caldwell, patrolling the line and turning back all insistent settlers who would enter. Now the negro troopers had been withdrawn and a second invasion seemed imminent.

"I know, son; but this time things will be reversed," Nate prophesied. "Then they ruled the squatters out and stood by us. This time they've ruled us out instead."

"They'll open it for entry," Carver agreed. "It's come to that and it's likely we can't postpone it. But this notion that the whole of the Cherokee country will be settled up solid in a few years' time seems overdrawn."

"A few months' time, boy," the old man corrected. "More likely a few weeks will do the trick."

Carver's thoughts reverted to a similar prediction made by Hinman.

"It'll be one hair-raising, mad stampede," old Joe had said. But Carver still dissented.

"It'll take nearly fifty thousand families to file on every quarter section in the Strip," he said. "They'll come eventually—I know that. But where will that many come from in a few weeks' time?"

"Son, they'll come from every odd corner of the country," Younger stated. "They'll swarm in and settle down in clouds like blackbirds in a cane field. She'll be the damnedest, wildest scramble a man will ever live to witness. I'm telling you!"

▼

THE stockyards had been the scene of feverish activity for weeks. The loading pens were crowded to capacity, and throughout every hour of the day and night there sounded the bawls of thirsty cattle and the shrill yelps of cow hands as they urged unwilling steers through the loading chutes. Long trainloads of cows rolled out of Caldwell in swift succession, and loading was resumed as soon as empty cattle cars could be obtained. An antiquated switch engine wheezed noisily as it shunted cars along the switches and spotted them at the chutes. Day by day the congestion increased. The quarantine belt swarmed with stock, as some two hundred thousand head had been gathered from the Cherokee lands for shipment. In addition to these the regular run of summer business from the south continued as the trail herds

(Continued on Page 57)

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That ghost of the night trail — battery trouble



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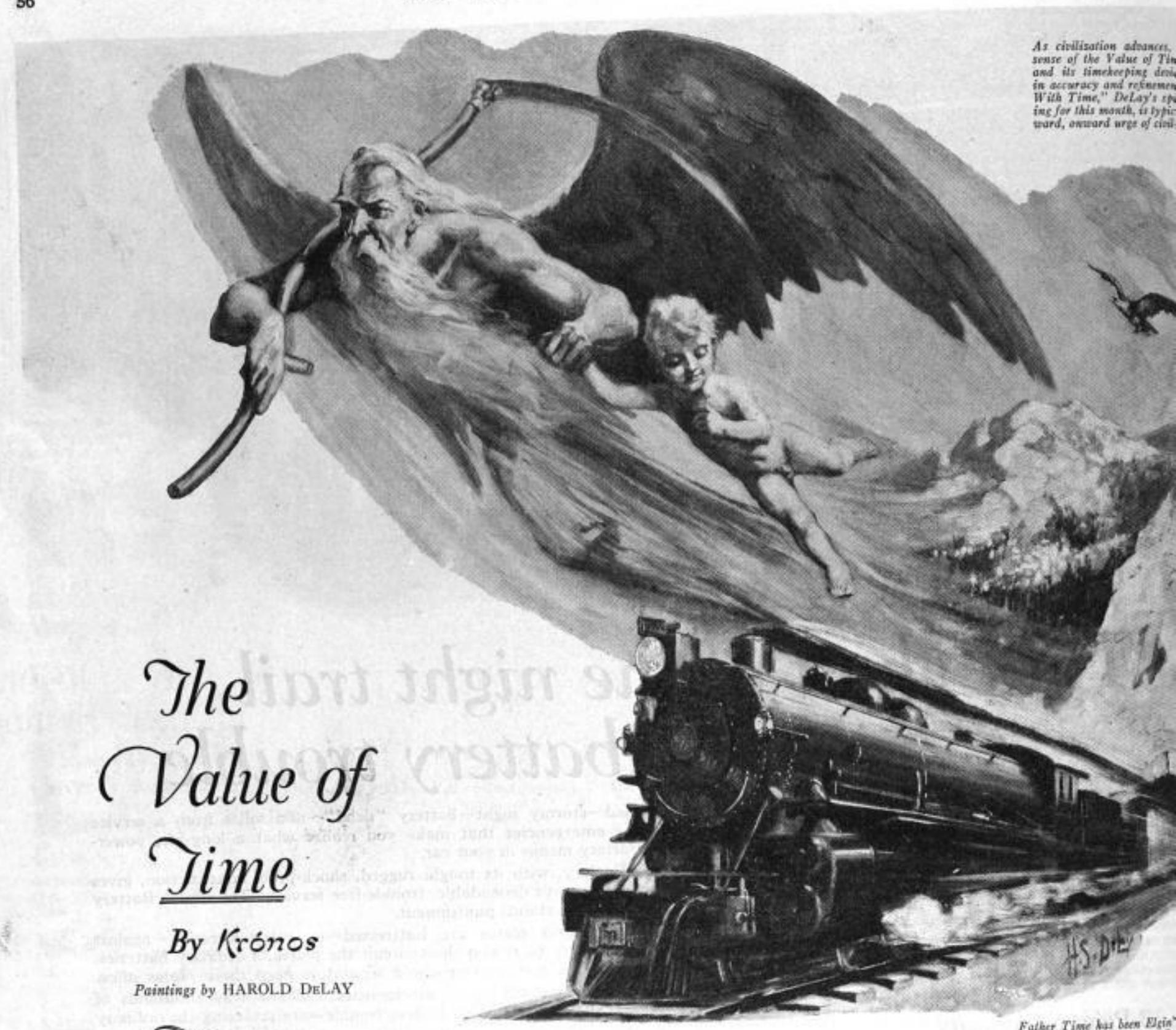
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The Value of Time

By Krónos

Paintings by HAROLD DELAY

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A race with Time! There you have the Railroad Man's summary of his very life. For Time is his one great objective. His shippers, his travelers place above almost every other consideration *the Value of Time*.

Speed and safety travel together only when Father Time himself leads the way. For Father Time, on America's railroads, stands for that amazing development of Time-Service and train dispatching which alone makes speed and safety possible.

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Father Time has been Elgin's ... mark for over fifty years. On... favorite railroad models bears... It is pictured below with the ... Indicator, a device of great va... Men. This is an almost abs... against "run-downs," a com... trous cause of trouble. A gla... cator shows the Railroad M... much power his Elgin has in ... owner of a modern Elgin, ... thing of the past.

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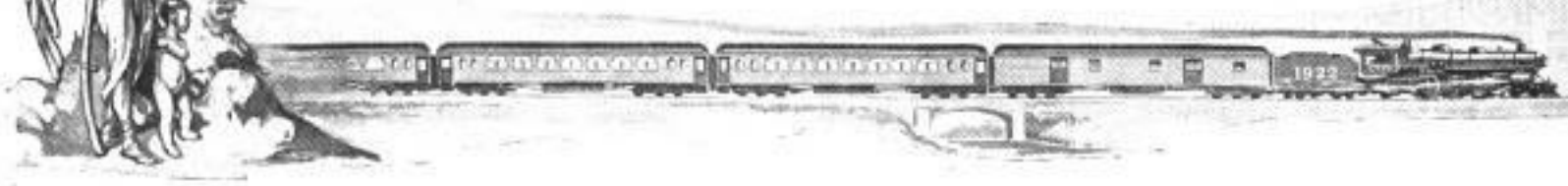




Elgin Watches

THE RAILROAD STANDARD FOR HALF A CENTURY

MADE IN ELGIN, U. S. A.



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(Continued from Page 54)

from Texas and New Mexico came plodding up to add to the congestion.

Money flowed back into Caldwell in steady streams as trainloads of cattle were converted into cash in the Kansas City and Chicago markets. Many owners, having been deprived of their range by the stringent orders, found themselves unable to reinvest in cows the funds received from recent shipments. In their restlessness many of these turned to the green tables for relaxation, and there were stud games where hundreds and often thousands were wagered on the turn of every card. All the cow hands of the Strip were banked up in the quarantine belt, holding the cows of their employers on grass until such time as they could be cleared and shipped. In their leisure hours they swarmed the streets of Caldwell. Added to these were the trail-herd crews from the whole Southwest, among them many Mexican peelers with their tremendous hats, silver-mounted saddles and three-inch silver rowels.

Four troops of cavalry were camped along the line and troopers mingled with the crowds. Caldwell, the last of the old-time cow towns, had now entered upon her last wild fling. It was now definitely known that in three months' time the Cherokee Strip would be thrown open for settlement, and the homeless from all corners of the country were already beginning to assemble. For weeks on end there was not a room available in town and men spread their camp beds in vacant lots. Eating places were crowded to capacity and new restaurants were being opened up in frame shacks, or even in tents wherever vacant sites were available. As always, where business is rushing and money freely flowing, there were symptoms of a boom. It was openly predicted that the settling of the country to the southward would throw Caldwell into the enviable position of the one logical metropolis of the whole Southwest.

Cowmen cursed the troopers, seeing in them the visible symbol of that authority which had excluded them from their rightful domain. The unowned lands were thoroughly patrolled and detachments of cavalry were camped at strategic points throughout the Strip. It was this latter circumstance which had upset Carver's calculations. He had planned with Bart Lassiter to hold a bunch of six hundred of Younger's three-year-old steers on the forbidden range for a period of one year, receiving a substantial proportion of the increased price which they would bring as four-year-olds. Both Carver and Nate Younger had seen the futility of the attempt. Others had entertained similar ideas, but had abandoned them as events moved swiftly past the farthest bounds of their previous comprehension and rendered their hopes untenable.

Carver, once assured that his plans for the immediate future must be relinquished, cast about for some substitute occupation which might prove equally remunerative. He rode away from Younger after their mutual decision, spinning his lone coin into the air and catching it as his horse jogged slowly across the range.

"It appears as if it's going to be real difficult to provide you with all the company I'd counted on," he said. "Time is skipping right along, and here you are, occupying my pocket all by yourself, without even one mate to jingle up against. Only last week I had it all mapped out to gather in several thousand of your sort to keep you company. But that plan's flown out the window, and here I am without one idea to work on."

He turned along the south line fence of the Half Diamond H leases.

"Little lonely dollar, you must mount up to a million," he asserted. "But we've got to insert our wedge somewheres right soon and start to mounting."

His eye traveled along the fence line to where it disappeared in the distance, and suddenly he turned and rode back to where the outfit was camped and sought out the boss.

"About those fences being ordered down," he said. "What arrangements have you made?"

"Not any," Nate admitted. "What with gathering eight thousand head of steers and shipping 'em, I haven't taken time off to worry over fences. We'll have the last steer headed north in a few days now. Then I'll see about scrapping fences—or let the squatters tear 'em down when they come in to roost."

"It won't leave you short-handed now if Bart Lassiter and I lay off," Carver suggested. "You lend me a team and wagon from the home place and we'll snatch out those fences for what material there is in them."

"The fence is yours," Younger agreed, "provided the other half owners of any stretches are agreeable. Go get it."

Lassiter assented instantly when Carver stated the proposition.

"I always did feel suffocated in a fence country," he announced. "I was always so much opposed to seeing every fence go up that I figure it will be a real entertaining pastime to help tear 'em down."

This spirit of optimism lasted during the two days required to hunt up other part owners of certain stretches and get their indorsement of the plan, his enthusiasm lasting through the first few days of actual work. They were out before sunrise and knocked off after dark, pulling posts, coiling wire and freighting the materials to the Half Diamond H home ranch. His interest lagged, but he did not openly rebel until after two-thirds of the fence had been salvaged.

Carver roused him one morning for breakfast, and Bart blinked sleepily at the smoky lantern that lighted the sod hut in which they had stayed overnight.

"We've got enough wire piled up to inclose the state of Texas," he stated. "There's thirty miles of three-wire fence we've collected if there's a foot. That's twenty-nine miles more than both of us will ever need. Let's leave the rest of her set."

"But we contracted to scrap the whole of it," Carver dissented. "Another week will see us through."

"A week!" Lassiter moaned. "I just can't face it, honest. I've reformed. I hope I hang if I ever extract another staple."

"A week's not such a long stretch," Carver urged.

"Donald, I'll break down and cry if you lead me up to just one other measly fence post," Lassiter announced. "You take my half and let me off. I've got to amble over to Crowfoot's and draw my spring wages. Then, too, I'd ought to collect Molly and get her settled somewhere in Caldwell. She's all alone over on Turkey Creek."

"I'll pay you thirty dollars for what time you've put in—sometime when I've got it—and take over your wire and finish the job myself," Carver at last conceded. "You can locate Molly in my little plant in Caldwell. Only mark me, now! There'll be no more balancing of Cherokee rations conducted on the premises. I'll remonstrate with you at some length if I catch you at it again."

Carver worked on alone, and at the end of another ten days he viewed with satisfaction the numerous coils of fence wire and the great stack of posts neatly corded behind the deserted buildings of the Half Diamond H.

"At present that assortment is only wood and iron," he said. "But it's a real imposing pile, nevertheless, and I can likely convert it into dollars when the squatters come romping in."

When he rode into Caldwell he was amazed at the swift transitions. The incoming transients had trebled the population in the last two months. Being unprepared for this sweeping change, he was all the more prepared to lend a willing ear to the prediction that Caldwell was to become the metropolis of the whole Southwest. There was a conversational boom in progress; and Carver, looking upon the crowded, teeming streets, the numerous tent houses everywhere in evidence and the new frame shacks in the process of construction through the town, divined the possibility of actual boom days just ahead. He rode out to his little frame cabin to visit with Molly Lassiter, whom he had seen but three times in as many months. He found neither Bart nor Molly at home, but the door was unlocked and he entered.

The two rooms of the bare little shack had been transformed. Two worn Navajo rugs were spread on the pine-board floor and soft curtain materials were draped across the windows.

"She's made it all homelike," Carver said, "just with a touch here and there. What couldn't she do with things to work with and a real house to operate on? We'll give her one some day if only she'll agree." He drew forth the lucky dollar and consulted it. "Let's you and me hatch out a new idea," he invited. "We can't be loafing on the job."

While the idea was hatching he sat peering abstractedly through the doorway, rousing from his reverie only when he found his gaze riveted on the girl as she turned into the pathway leading to the house. Molly halted suddenly when within a few feet of the door as she saw him sitting just inside it.

"I hadn't expected you this soon," she said. "Bart told me the fence job would keep you another month at least. Did you decide not to finish it?"

"It's salvaged to the last strand of wire," he returned. "I speeded up some so as to have it over with."

"I'm sorry Bart quit," she said. "You see, he won't stick at anything."

"Don't know as I blame him," said Carver. "The last few days I've developed a downright aversion to the sight of fence wire myself. Glad to see me?"

"Yes," she said. "I'll be out of here and established in a room of my own so that you can have your house by tomorrow, Don. I've been waiting for the present occupants to vacate."

"You stay right on here," he insisted. "I won't be needing it."

"Thanks, Don, but I can't do that," she said. "I have to stop floating and find some nook of my own. I can't follow Bart around any longer. For three years now we've drifted from one spot to the next; sometimes in line camps; more frequently in some rooming house in any town where we happened to be; always knowing that wherever it was it wouldn't be home for long. I didn't mind at first, for I was trying to keep Bart away from Milt and Noll; but they always turn up again and he follows them off. I'd love even a sod house, if only I could call it my own and know I wouldn't have to move out on an hour's notice. I'm sick of gypsying. I want to feel settled—feel that I'm attached."

He reached over and rested a hand on her shoulder.

"I know, honey," he said. "So do I. That's exactly my own frame of mind. The best way all round is for you and me to get attached and settle. Won't you?"

She felt that he had failed to grasp the fact of what a sense of permanency would mean to her after the nomadic existence she had followed for the past few years.

"Listen, Molly," he said, divining something of her thoughts. "It's not the way a man says a thing but the way he means it that really counts, and I was meaning that a lot."

"But you don't even know today what you're going to do tomorrow," she said. "It would be only exchanging one state of gypsying for another. Don't you see that?"

He did, at least, see that the moment was not right, and he settled back in his chair and twisted a cigarette.

"You always lean to the dark side of things," he accused. "Most complaints I've heard about family strife was occasioned because menfolks generally were so occupied with business that they didn't spend much time at home. Now, with me not having any special business, it would leave me free to put in most of my time around the house. There's that advantage."

"Yes," she laughed. "There's that. Sometimes, Don, I almost wish you really were a settled sort of a soul; but that time will never be."

Carver crooned softly:

"Oh, I'm a rolling rambler,"
Said the speeding tumbleweed.
"The prairies are my race track,
The wild wind is my steed.

"I never cease my roaming;
I'm always hard to catch;
But the pumpkin stays forever
In the same old garden patch."

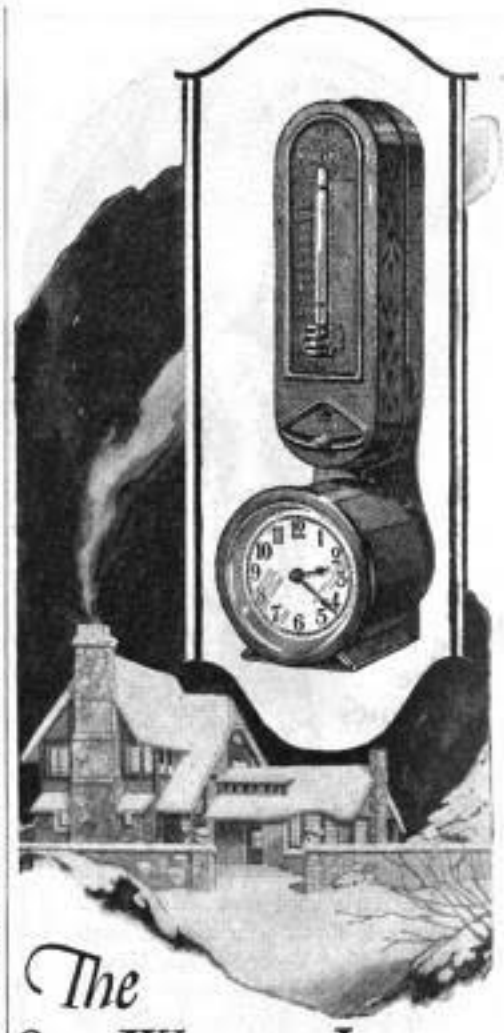
But I'd rather be a wild, wild weed
Than a sluggish yellow squash ——

"And I'd so much rather be a pumpkin than the wildest of all wild weeds," she said. "There's only that little difference between the two of us."

"Tell me," he urged. "What sort of a quiet home life do you pine for most? Does your preference run to a cottage in town or stray off toward a dwelling in the country?"

"The country," she returned; "somewhere on a farm where I could watch things grow."

"That's my choice too," he confessed. "Whatever business I settle on will have



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to be at the source of things. Like you said, I want to watch things grow—calves or crops, it don't much matter which. I'll start casting about for a farm right off."

After leaving her he mingled with the swarming crowds on the main street. The conversational boom was in full swing and he heard it discussed on all sides. There were but few who dissented from the general prediction that an era of great prosperity lay ahead for Caldwell. Carver put in three active hours, then sought out Nate Younger to draw his back wages for the spring work, a sum totaling a trifle less than two hundred dollars.

He found Younger in his room at the hotel in conference with Joe Hinman. The two old cowmen had pooled resources and formed the Plains Land and Cattle Company, Younger having purchased grass lands adjoining Hinman's holdings. They planned to make the new concern a beef ranch straight through instead of a breeding ranch as now operated by Hinman.

"We'll be the biggest outfit in this end of the state," Hinman was predicting as Carver thrust his head through the door. "Come in, son, and set on the bed. The Plains Land and Cattle Company is going to be the biggest of the lot."

"I'm counting some on organizing a similar concern myself," said Carver. "Maybe a trifle smaller than yours just at first; and in order to make the start I've got to borrow somewhat. I'm owning a nine-hundred-dollar equity in that bunch of calves we made the deal for last spring. How about your lending me eight hundred against it?"

"But that would leave you owing me thirteen hundred on the bunch," Hinman objected. "And right now those calves wouldn't fetch that price on the market."

"Set the date for maturity of the loan far enough ahead so they'll grow into it," Carver suggested. "Before it comes due they'll have advanced 'way beyond that figure. Then if I don't pay up you can close me out at a profit."

"Now ain't that a fact!" Hinman exclaimed admiringly. "There was a time, buddy, when I marveled at your ability to shed a season's wages overnight. It does look now as if you might also learn me a few tricks on the reverse side of things. You've got a business mind."

He produced a check book and a stub of pencil.

"How long do you want this loan to run?" Carver asked.

"According to your own figures, the longer it runs the more I stand to make," said Hinman. "So I don't know as it makes much difference. It does appear as if you'd let me in on a pretty good thing, so set the date yourself."

"One year from today," Carver decided.

"What do you aim to do with all this money?" Hinman inquired. "Setting out to break the bank in the Gilded Eagle?"

"I've purchased a building," Carver proclaimed.

"You've which?" said Hinman. "What building?"

"Pirie's place, down in the next block," Carver informed. "It's got a grocery business on the ground floor and the grocer's wife rents rooms upstairs."

He extended a contract and Hinman perused it, observing that Carver had agreed to purchase at three thousand dollars, paying six hundred down and a like amount each year.

"I'd rented my little shack," Carver explained, "only to find that there wasn't a room for rent in town—not one! It was a case of either buy a place of my own or set up."

"It'll save you considerable room rent," Hinman agreed, "you being in town easy three nights out of the year. But what's the final object?"

"Each season those calves will be worth more and I can borrow enough additional against them to meet the payments," Carver pointed out. "Meantime the grocer pays me thirty dollars rent money every month, which gives me a steady income to live off till such time as I can turn the building at a profit and buy a tract of land to run those calves on."

"I didn't know your ambitions run toward owning land," said Hinman.

"But now since I've come into so much surplus fence wire," Carver explained, "it looks like the only economical thing to do is to acquire a piece of land to set inside it."

"Son, you've mapped out a self-operating business," Nate Younger congratulated. "All you have to do now is to stand back and watch it ripen. Meantime, why don't you read up on Belgian hares?"

He handed over the sum due for back wages and Carver studied the two checks reflectively.

"This surplus now," he said, "I was figuring to put into horses. They'll almost give you horses nowadays just to come and drive them off. If you don't mind my throwing a few head up on your range I'll buy up a little bunch and pay you fifty cents a head for pasture fees, agreeing to get 'em off your grass November first."

"We'd better let him put 'em on, Joe," Nate agreed. "It's that much more security for that loan."

Even under favorable circumstances the horse market was poor; and now, with all those recently combed from the Strip as a surplus, horses could be purchased at one's own price. For a week Carver rode early and late. The average run of Indian ponies were selling for less than five dollars a head, but it was not this class of horseflesh which Carver sought. He selected young mares and geldings, ranging from eleven to twelve hundred pounds in weight, which would serve for light work stock, and eventually he drove fifty head well toward the northern extremity of Hinman's range. They had cost him an average of ten dollars apiece, and he had paid cash for half of them, issuing verbal promises-to-pay for the rest. He rode back into Caldwell with something over a hundred dollars in his pocket.

The equipment of all the deserted ranches in the unowned lands was banked up in Caldwell. From the Coldstream Pool Carver purchased ten sets of harness at fifteen dollars a set and three heavy wagons at forty dollars each, paying his last hundred down and his personal note for the balance. Hinman witnessed this last transaction.

"Considering the size of your original stake, you've stretched it to cover considerable territory in the last few months," he said.

"It's only my surplus I'm spreading out so thin," Carver explained. "My capital is still intact." He exhibited his silver dollar. "My one rule of life is never to impair my principal."

"Fine!" Hinman encouraged. "That's conservative business. I was satisfied you'd play it slow and safe."

"Now if you'll do me just one more little kindness I'll be grateful," Carver said. "You and Nate engage Freel in conversation up on the corner where he's standing, and inside of five minutes I'll saunter up and direct the course of the interview."

"I'd like to hear it," Hinman said. "We'll detain him."

Carver joined them before the appointed space of time had elapsed.

"Freel, I've been feeling real contrite about resisting arrest a few weeks back," Carver said. "I've decided to surrender and stand trial."

The deputy marshal glanced apprehensively at the two old cowmen.

"Oh—that!" he said. "Why, I've let that matter drop. That's all closed."

"And it was real accommodating of you to close it," Carver returned, "but I can't stand by and see you get in trouble on my account. Orders are orders, and you had yours. That's the reason I wrote this letter to Art Webb." He tendered an unsealed letter to the deputy. Webb was Freel's chief, the head United States marshal of the district. "Webb is a good friend of mine and I'm demanding that he inform me just why he sent an order down here to you to pick me up. That will put you in the clear for not rearresting me since that night I escaped."

Carver turned to his two friends.

"You've both known Webb for years," he said. "Did you write him like I asked you?"

"It clear slipped my mind," Hinman apologized. "I'll get it off this evening."

"Mine goes in the same mail," Nate concurred. "We'll sift this thing right to the bottom layer and clear Freel of any possible blame."

"Freel will be on my side himself if it comes to a show-down," Carver asserted. "He'll be the first to testify that I'd been away from home for a solid month prior to the time that charge was lodged. Someone's tried to deal me from the bottom, and between the four of us we'll discover who it is."

Freel laughed and slapped Carver on the shoulder.

"Matter of fact, that inquiry was for another party, wanting to know if he'd turned up in these parts," he said. "I went and got the names mixed. The joke's on me—likewise the drinks, and I'll buy right now."

He slowly tore up the letter to Webb.

"And here I've been worried almost sick," Carver said. "It's a big relief to have it all cleared up. I still owe you fifty on that little bet. Here's an agreement to pay in ninety days, just as an evidence of good faith."

He handed Freel a folded paper and the marshal frowned as he read it.

"You'll notice I stated why I owed it," Carver amplified. "You've always played square with the boys, and there's maybe a half dozen that's willing to step forth and declare how you've always met them halfway the same as you did with me."

During the next hour Carver accosted a dozen intimate acquaintances and told each in turn, quite confidentially, that there was a rumor afloat to the effect that Freel was about to resign as deputy marshal and that Mattison was making application for the post.

"By this time tomorrow every man in Caldwell will have commented on this matter to Mattison and Freel," Carver said to Hinman. "Not because they take any special interest in it, but just to make conversation. But the principals, being only human and therefore self-centered, will decide that the whole town is breathless over their affairs. Mattison will feel his ambition mounting and Freel will suspect that there's been a fire kindled under him. Now if only you and Nate will put in your pull with Webb to give Mattison the appointment it looks as if things would come out right."

He rented an extra saddle horse and invited Molly to join him in an afternoon ride. They jogged out past the stockyards, where cow hands prodded unwilling steers through the loading chutes, on beyond the sound of the wheezing switch engine and the rattle and smash of cars; then angled westward through the quarantine belt, where riders guarded thousands of head of cows. In the gathering dusk they rode out on the point of a lofty knoll which afforded a view throughout a great expanse of country.

"Have a last look at all this, Molly girl," Carver said, extending an arm to the south. "There's yesterday."

The green summer range stretched away to the far horizon with never a plow furrow to break it. Two trail herds had been bedded for the night at widely separate points. A third, whose trail boss had evidently made a hard day's drive to reach the quarantine belt in hope of an earlier clearance and shipping date than that accorded to his slower fellows, passed below the two on the knoll and plodded northward. Two men rode the points, the right and left forward extremities of the herd, guiding the foremost animals on the chosen course. One man skirted each flank and two others rode the drags in the rear of the herd to press forward any stragglers as the weary cattle drifted slowly toward the chuck wagon, which was stationed a mile or more ahead and where the rest of the trail-herd crew had already gathered.

"That's yesterday, girl," Carver repeated. "Remember all this as you see it now; the green range and the trail herds coming up from the south. Have a last look at it, for here comes tomorrow!" and he pointed off to the northward.

Miles away, across the quarantine belt, a slender ragged line extended each way beyond the range of their vision. A thousand ribbons of white smoke writhed aloft and glowed in pallid outline against the darkening sky. For two hundred miles along the line, wherever water was available, there was one continuous camp of squatters, and still the landseekers increased at the rate of two thousand families a week, all the landless of a mighty nation gathering here to participate in what would go down in history as the Cherokee run, the most frenzied stampede of the century.

Both watchers felt a sudden tightening of the throat as they gazed upon the scene, their feelings much the same, but occasioned by different viewpoints. Carver's sympathy was with the riders who handled the cows on the near side of that continuous camp, men who, like himself, had loved the old open range, the range that was passing for all time. The girl's heart

(Continued on Page 61)

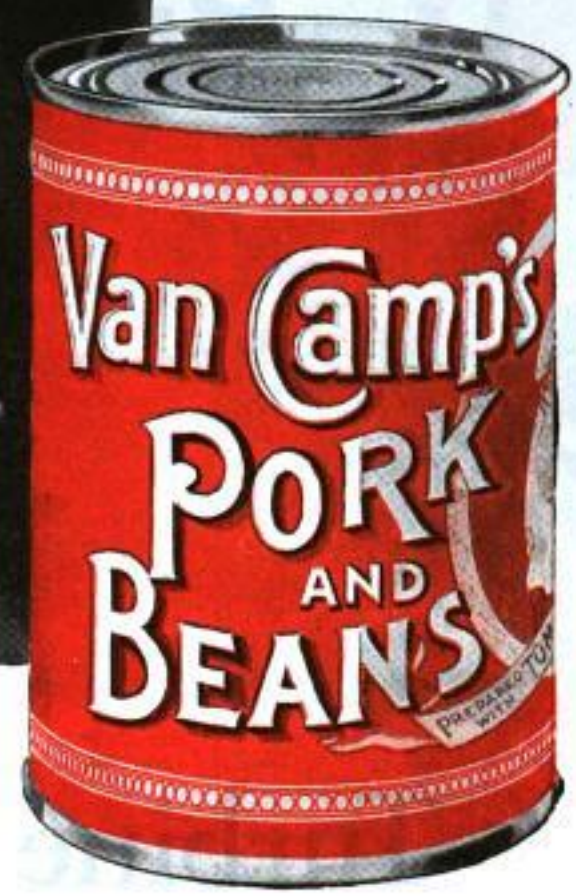
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We have famous chefs here. And we have culinary experts—cooks with college training.

They worked for years to perfect this dish, and mainly to please men.

They succeeded well. Thousands of restaurants where men eat lunch came to have their beans baked in this kitchen.

Men told their wives about them. And to millions of homes Van Camp's have brought a new conception of baked pork and beans.

To meet this demand we have built the finest kitchen in the world, at a cost of $1,700,000. There superlative cooks, with every modern facility, prepare this dish every day.

Your grocer supplies it. So you can serve, if you will, pork and beans at their best. And you will when you know Van Camp's.

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The delights of this dish are due to qualities which we have here developed.

The beans are nut-like, mealy, whole. None are crisped or broken. They are super-baked so every granule is fitted to digest.



The skins are tender, due to water that is mineral-free.

All flavor is intact—due to baking in sealed containers.

A matchless sauce gives them ideal tang and zest. And every atom shares it.

You will be surprised, when you try Van Camp's, to learn how beans can differ. Do this in fairness to yourself and us.

Why Van Camp's

Because the beans are grown on studied soils. Each lot is analyzed before we start to cook.

The water used is free from minerals, for minerals make skins tough.

The beans are baked in sealed containers so flavor can't escape.

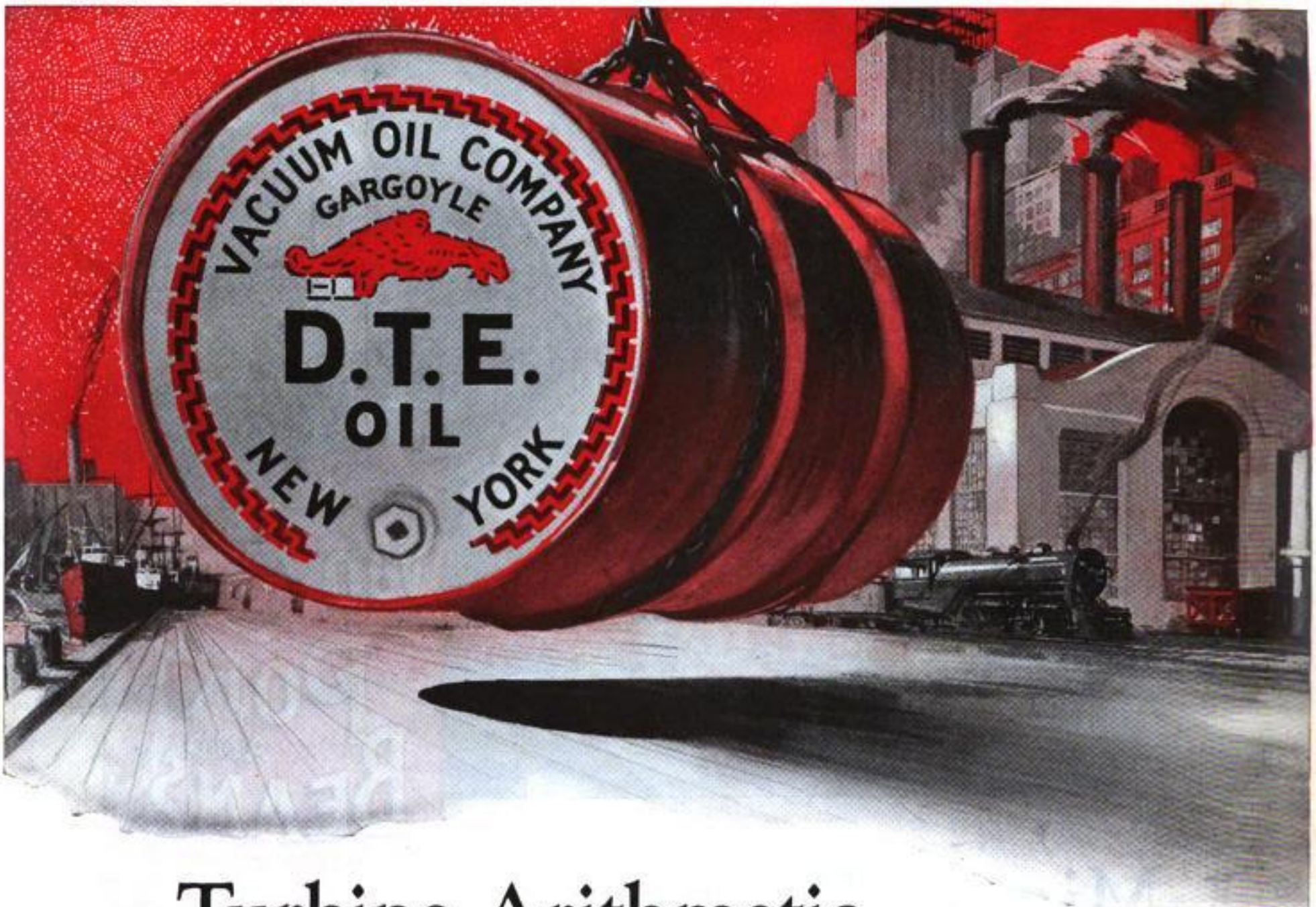
The baking is done in modern steam ovens. Thus hours of high heat are applied without crisping or bursting the beans. The beans are fitted to digest as home-baked beans are not.

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The beans, pork and sauce are all baked together, so the tang, the zest and flavor go all through.

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Turbine Arithmetic

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(Continued from Page 58)

went out to those homeless hosts outside the line, for she herself was homeless and could understand the longing which had brought them to this spot to join in a mad and desperate rush on the chance that they might be among the fortunate locaters who should be first to drive their stakes on any scrap of ground which would constitute a home. Perhaps they, too, were tired of gypsying, she reflected, and yearned for some one spot which they might call their own.

He pointed to the tiny scattered specks that were riders moving from point to point, then on beyond them to that stolid line.

"Yonder come the pumpkins to crowd out the tumbleweeds," he said.

The soft summer night shut down and transformed the pale smoke columns into a tortuous trail of twinkling fires which extended for two hundred miles along the line.

"We'd best be going now," the girl said at last. "There's a fifteen-mile ride ahead. I'm glad you brought me here to see all this. It means one thing to you, Don, and exactly the opposite to me. But it's something we won't forget."

"No," he said. "We'll not forget."

They rode on in silence, the girl occupied with her thoughts of the homeless legions who would soon have homes, Carver content with the mere fact of her nearness. When he decided that this thoughtfulness had claimed her for too long a time he recounted his transactions of the past few days.

"About those responsibilities I promised you I'd acquire," he said. "I'm taking them on rapid. In addition to both residence and business property here in town, I'm owning a considerable number of horses and a hundred head of calves, not to mention harness, wagons and a few score miles of good barbed wire. I'm accumulating responsibilities so fast that there's times I can't be real sure whether they're mine or someone else's."

VI

A STRAY steer moved out of a coulee and bawled lustily for company. The animal traveled at a fast walk, occasionally breaking into an awkward trot, but halting frequently to loose a plaintive bawl.

"He's lonesome, that old fellow," Carver surmised, "and hunting hard for company."

As he watched the animal he speculated idly as to the probable number of stray steers scattered throughout the Strip. Always there was a certain small percentage overlooked in the round-up, those feeding in choppy timbered breaks or bedded in scrub-oak tangles and missed by the circle riders who covered such stretches. These missing ones were caught in subsequent round-ups, so it mattered little. But on this occasion they could be charged off, Carver reflected, for there would be no future round-up.

The owners could not afford to outfit parties to cover such a great stretch of country for what few were left, yet Carver estimated that there would be well over two hundred steers still ranging the rougher parts of the twelve thousand square miles of the unowned lands. He pulled up his horse and looked back at the bawling steer, then drew forth his silver dollar and addressed it.

"An idea just hit me," he asserted. "You and I don't believe in taking chances. Conservative, slow and safe, like Hinman said; that's us every time. But we're going to make one more little investment in tumbleweeds before we settle down."

A few hours later he went into conference with Nate Younger.

"If you'll get most of the brand owners that operated in the western half of the Strip to sign an agreement whereby I get half the market price of any of their stray steers I bring into Caldwell I'll outfit a combing party and go in after them," Carver offered.

"They'd sign up quick enough," Younger stated. "Jump at the chance, in fact. But if the owners themselves figure they can't prorate the expense of a trip like that and come out ahead, how does it come you see a profit in footing all the expenses for only half the proceeds?"

"Just a whim of mine," Carver answered.

"Another point you're overlooking is the nature of a steer," Younger protested. "Once he gets lonesome he'll bawl and travel and attach himself to the first trail herd that drifts through. Did you ever consider that little kink in the make-up of a steer?"

"It was through studying over that very point that I acquired the notion," Carver said.

"Oh!" said Younger. "Yes, I see. All right, son, I'll sign them up."

"There's the trail bosses of forty different Texas brands in town," Carver continued. "And there's a dozen or so I'd like to sign up on the same basis. I'll go out and interview them while you fix up the others."

"But you won't find any Texas strays in this end of the Strip," Younger predicted. "A trail boss isn't so much averse to letting an off brand join his herd, but he's dead set against letting one of his own steers desert it."

Carver knew that this rule was true. Trail herds, traveling as they did through cattle-populated ranges, experienced a certain accretion of numbers through the joining of curious or lonesome cows, and it was no infrequent thing for a drove to reach the shipping point a number of head stronger than on the start. The foremen of trail crews were supposed to use every effort to avoid such accretions and to work their herds at intervals and throw out any off brands. Many, in order to save time and trouble, waited until reaching the quarantine belt before cutting their herds. The brand owners grazing in the unowned lands had formed the Cherokee Strip Cattlemen's Association, and this organization maintained brand inspectors at the Caldwell stockyards to guard against the possibility of any of its members' cows being inadvertently shipped with droves that had been trail-herded through their ranges.

"No, the trail herds don't usually drop many of their own steers en route," Carver agreed. "It's more apt to be reversed. But the rule holds good in Texas as well as in the Strip, so I'll go out and sign up a dozen or so of them, even if the paper proves to be only a futile sort of a document in the end."

Some three weeks thereafter Carver rode with Bart Lassiter up a scrub-oak side hill. A little camp nestled in the draw below them where two other men rode herd on a dozen head of steers.

"It appears to me like you'd staked a losing venture," Bart asserted, "with three riders and a cook on your pay roll and only a dozen steers in camp. We've covered this whole neighborhood thorough, and yet you stay around. Why don't we move to some more likely piece of country, say, toward the head of the Cimarron?"

"But it's so much simpler to let all those strays have time to come down here and join us than by our rushing things and trying to ride that whole big country in search of them ourselves," said Carver.

They topped the ridge and Carver pulled up his horse behind a scrub-oak thicket. A trail-herd streamed down the far slope of the valley and was halted in a meadow that opened out in the timbered bottoms of Turkey Creek two miles above Crowfoot's ranch, the one place in the Strip not yet deserted. Crowfoot, having beef contracts to fill, had been permitted to retain a number of steers on the Turkey Creek range with the understanding that the last of the animals was to be slaughtered and the place vacated thirty days prior to the date scheduled for the entry of the unowned lands.

"Just consider the amount of territory that herd has covered," Carver commented.

Bart recognized the herd as that of the X I L, with his two half brothers in charge; and, as Carver had remarked, the drive had covered considerable territory. It suddenly occurred to Bart that the trail bosses whose signatures Carver had obtained were those representing Texas brands ranging south of the Washita or between that stream and the Canadian, the country through which the herd had passed. After entering the Strip it was not Milt's custom to follow the regular trail-herd routes, but instead he drifted his charges slowly down the North Fork of the Canadian, then across to the Cimarron and down that stream.

"I expect strays have been joining them all along the line," Carver observed. "Now if they'd just happen to work the herd right here on Turkey Creek instead of waiting till they reach quarantine it would be right handy for us."

Bart turned and regarded him, the main purpose of Carver's venture now quite clear to him. Milt would cut his herd here on Turkey Creek, and Crowfoot, having still time for one last turn in inexpensive beef, would present him with ten dollars for every off brand thrown out of the herd. Bronson, the owner of the X I L, whose trail herd was the medium for this traffic, probably received a like sum from Crowfoot.

"It's been a nice safe occupation for a trail boss," Bart said. "He's privileged to work his herd at any point he elects. It's even considered the honorable thing to do, if he's willing to take the time. If by any chance some outside party gathers in the off brands he's throwed out of the herd it's no fault of his."

"That's why I'd decided to gather in those off brands myself," said Carver. "See how simple it is?"

"Oh, quite!" said Bart. "And also if I ride down with you on that errand it will create a rift in my family tree."

"You once remarked to me that your family relations had been strained before now, but that the breach had later healed," said Carver. "This will likely leave a permanent scar, but I'll pay you three dollars a head for all the off brands we collect down there."

"I value the esteem of Milt and Noll, but I'm needing the money bad," said Bart. "Let's you and me ride down."

"Not right this minute," Carver dissented. "Let them finish working the herd. Then all we'll have to do is to drive off our meat."

"Or it's just possible that we've mapped out quite a chore for ourselves," said Bart. "Milt is in charge down there. He's easy to get along with, mostly, but deadly as hell when he ain't. I'm wondering how he'll take it."

"Being a person of fair average brains, and not a haphazard homicide like Noll, he'll take it easy," Carver said. "I'm armed with a permit from the military authorities to conduct my work in any part of the unowned lands. I represent half the brands that ranged in the Strip and hold a like authority from the trail bosses of a dozen Texas outfits."

He pointed to the work in progress in the bottoms. Riders were stationed at intervals round the herd to hold it. Others entered and singled out off brands, and once a trained cow horse had spotted the animal wanted by his rider he followed doggedly, never losing his prey, and when near the edge of the herd he crowded it out with a sudden swift rush.

"They're throwing them off up the bottoms," Carver said. "In a few hours we'll get Bradshaw and saunter down. After chatting with them for a spell we'll mention that we've been sent in by the cattlemen's association. Their hands are tied."

This assumption proved correct, and Milt Lassiter, silent as always, failed even to comment upon the matter when, some hours later, the three men casually made known their errand and rode off up the bottoms in search of strays. Three days later Carver reached the stockyards with a hundred and twelve head of steers that wore brands of owners whom he represented. The majority of these bore the insignia of Texas outfits, but there were some forty steers wearing the mark of Strip owners, strays which had been run into the herd on its way down the Cimarron. He was cleared and given immediate shipping facilities, for the congestion of cows in the quarantine belt had passed, only to be replaced by an even greater congestion of packed humanity just outside.

Thirty thousand souls had come to swell the transient population of Caldwell. A like number were camped along the line, and Caldwell drew their trade. Day by day the jam increased. Incoming trains were packed and roads converging upon the town were filled with a solid procession of vehicles which bore families of hopeful home seekers toward the edge of the unowned lands. Caldwell, three months since a little cow town of but two thousand souls, was now doing business on the basis of a hundred thousand population. Property prices doubled overnight, and still the swarm increased at the rate of a thousand a day.

And beyond, across the dead line which held the mob back from its goal, the cause of all this rush and turmoil basked in peaceful serenity, twelve thousand square miles of it, untenanted by a single soul.

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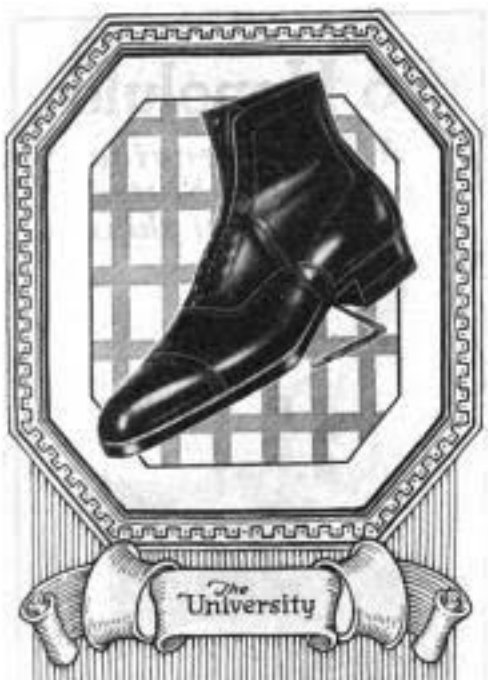
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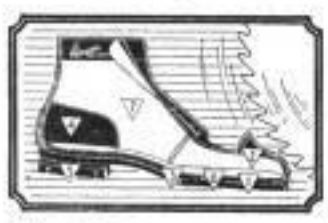
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The soldiers rode the line on all four sides of it to hold the overanxious back; on the west there were troopers stationed at intervals of a mile the length of the Cherokee-Texas border, and on the south along the Oklahoma line. To the east the Arkansas River, separating the Strip from old Indian Territory, was similarly patrolled; yet with all these precautions there were scores of sooners who had slipped through and secreted themselves inside. On the appointed day they would come forth from their retreats and drive their flag on some choice claim as the horde rushed in.

Late summer droughts had claimed the country, and the range was parched and brown. Registration booths were erected along the line in the glaring heat, and as the day of entry approached there were long strings of men, some extending for upwards of half a mile, lined up to await their turn for registration. They camped in the line, sleeping where they had been standing when night shut down and the registration booths were closed, some reposing on bare ground, others in camp beds which they rolled and utilized as seats throughout the day, dragging them along as the line progressed.

Wives and daughters carried meals to their menfolks, and venders plied the line to peddle food and drink.

Every conceivable variety of business had opened up in Caldwell to cater to the ever-increasing throngs. It was the wildest of all frontier booms. Carver's profit in stray steers had netted him something over eighteen hundred dollars. He disposed of his business building at a net profit of fifty-six hundred and sold out his three lots and little house on the outskirts of town for an even thousand. After clearing his indebtedness on calves, horses and equipment, he had something over sixty-three hundred left.

He then entered into consultation with Younger and Joe Hinman.

"How much would you figure the best of the bottom land in the Strip will bring when it's proved up?" he asked.

"Not much over eight or ten dollars at the first, maybe twelve an acre for the best of it," Hinman estimated.

"But if I live a long life I'll see every foot of it touch fifty," said Carver, "don't you think?"

"And if you live a while longer than that you'll see it top a hundred," Hinman stated. "It'll take some time, but it will get there. I've seen it repeated before now as a country settles up."

"I've made my last bet on tumbleweeds," said Carver, "and I'd as soon start my pumpkin patch down there as anywheres. It would be right nice to have something over a thousand acres of good land down on Cabin Creek, the old site of the Half Diamond H."

"It would," said Younger. "Only it can't be done. A man can only file on a quarter section, and he has to live there to prove up. Even if you could buy his relinquishment, you couldn't live on but one place at once."

"Last year when I went up to Kansas City in charge of a trainload of your steers a banker showed me a collection of scrip he'd made," said Carver. "It was Civil War scrip, issued to veterans in lieu of pensions, or maybe on top of pensions, I don't know which. Anyway, it entitles the holder to lay that paper on any tract of government land and get a patent to it without having to live there and prove up. A number used it on small plots left open round where they lived and sold off the fractions left over for whatever they could get. On and off in the last ten years this banker has accumulated such fractions to the amount of seventeen hundred acres. He intimated that he'd let them go for the price of the raw land. If he'll sell for three dollars an acre he's found a customer."

"But the Strip won't be opened for entry till a certain hour," Hinman objected. "And right then there'll be three men for every claim turned loose across the line."

"There's thousands making the run that don't consider proving up," said Carver. "They'll relinquish for whatever they can get. I can furnish them with scrip to get their patent and they can deed it back to me."

Carver returned a week later, owner of scrip to the extent of nearly two thousand acres. As he stepped from the train he noted Bart and Noll Lassiter conversing, Bart grinning as usual, while Noll's face expressed black wrath.

"Noll is a trifle upset over our turn in off-brand steers," Bart told Carver as he joined him. "He considers me a traitor and is deciding which of twenty different methods will be the most painful way to kill me. Says he's no brother of mine, which it's a relief for me to discover the fact, since I've always wished he wasn't. He seemed real irate."

They turned to view a murky haze off to the south, a haze that changed to dense billowing black smoke as a hungry blaze licked across the parched prairies. Some thought the soldiers had fired the grass to drive out the sooners that skulked in hiding in the Strip. Others averred that the cowmen, remembering that time when the boomers had fired the range, had waited till this time to retaliate, a few days before the settlers were to take over their old domain. Whatever its source, the fact remained that in the space of two days there were hundreds of square miles of the unowned lands transformed into a black and devastated waste.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

LAUGHTER, LTD.

(Continued from Page 28)

And greatly to my surprise, Stricky backed her up.

"You got it right, Trixie, old dear!" he says. "She's a little saint, as I know to my sorrow."

Well, if looks could of murdered, the one Trixie flashed him should of knocked him cold. She drew herself up with pride, and took hold of my hand.

"She's right," says Trixie hotly. "And I'm going to help Bonnie. Hey, take a good look at her, Stricky. Do you see what I see?"

Stricky stared at me hard for a moment, and then he give a long whistle.

"Ain't she just the type Nickolls is looking for?" Trixie demanded. "What we were talking about yesterday?"

"You said it!" says Stricky. "Of course she is!"

"What's this?" I says. "Am I a type or something?"

"You are," says Trixie. "And I'm going to lead you down to the studio in the morning and show you to Nicky. It's for the piece Strick is acting in with me. We just commenced making it, and we need a girl that won't cut in on me any, see? A utterly different type from me for contrast, and somebody who won't ask for their name on the bill, because I wouldn't stand for that, of course. Nicky's had a bunch of them up, because he always does his own casting. But naturally, when I am the star, I pass on the girls, and none of these have got by me. You'll do if Nicky O.K.'s you."

"Oh, Trixie—honest?" I gasped.

"You been awful good to me and Jennie, hon," says she. "And now I can repay it, that's all! You won't mind doing a slavey, while I wear the clothes, will you?"

"Why, say!" I says with my first real laugh in some time. "That'll only be casting us in character, won't it? Just let me at a chance to act, that's all!"

That night I couldn't go to sleep, even after the noise in the patio had died away. I just lay there on my narrow bed up under the roof, and drank in the wonder smells and sounds of the night; the odor of eucalyptus leaves burning or dried, the odor of oil and the thump of the oil pumps, the odor of cedar logs burning. The Coast! The Coast! Magic!

And tomorrow Nickolls, the stern, hard-lipped young director. Would I get by? To play in a picture with Trixie and with Strick! And so Strick was an actor now! He was playing the juvenile, opposite Trixie. I must have made a mistake about Strick. He was charming, he was kind. Anita had said I would have to pay to get into the pictures. Anita was mistaken. You could go straight. You could have kind women friends who would help you. How pleased mommer would be. So pleased, dear mommer! I would telephone her if I got by. No more needless disappointments for mommer. If I made good she would know. If I made a flop, why tell her? And Anita. How white she was, with her little silver box dangling from her wrist. I knew what was in it now. Happy dust. Poor Anita. And so forth.

I am supposed to be thinking all of the above, see? I'm laying there and dreaming, only awake, and those are the things which kept going through my head, in a kind of confused cloud.

The next morning, when it finally come, didn't seem a whole lot more real than these dreams I have been describing. I put on my synthetic tailor suit, which mommer had reconstructed for me, and Trixie took me along on her ten o'clock call.

Well, only a person which had gone through what I had at Silvercrown can imagine fully how I felt driving up to the main entrance of the lot with Trixie Trueman in her big yellow roadster and parking nose in, right between Nickoll's shabby old Colby-Droit that everybody knew but nobody laughed at, and Benny Silvercrown's bright new foreign car with its queer special body. Class? I'll say so! Scared as I was I could not help but get quite a kick out of even that simple thing, not to mention that when we went in the lobby the girl behind the little window smiled all over her map, touched a button in haste—and the door wearing the Keep-Out—This-Means-You sign, flew open to let I and Trixie through.

The Silvercrown lot now seemed like Paradise or something to me, with its well-kept patches of lawn and flowering trees and bushes between the enormous buildings. I gaped around at the stages, which many of them are three or even four hundred feet long, and at the massive technical department and laboratory, where they develop the fillums and etc., and cut out your best footage when you are not looking. And also at the wardrobe building and the high-class dressing-room house. And many other features and advantages, which I took in with awe, for all the architecture was pretty much on the same style as a lot of Greek temples turned into something useful, if you can imagine what I mean.

Trixie being used to them paid no attention to these wonders, but at once grabbed me by the arm and started dragging me off towards where a man was standing under a fig tree. His back was to us, and he was entirely absorbed in absorbing figs. He was dressed in corduroy riding breeches and soft shirt with the sleeves rolled up, and a wrist watch, the national costume of motion-picture directors since time immemorium. And he was some fig eater, for he would reach up, pick a fig off the topmost branch, split it open with one squeeze, bite its heart out and throw away the skin all in about one second.

And it wasn't until we was almost up to this savage that I realized he was the great John Austin Nickolls, and when I did realize, no kidding, I begun to worry for fear he might bite my head off, the same as a fig, for I remembered the first day I seen him, when he roared at poor Axel like a dog because Axel had stopped to speak to me.

But I need not of been so afraid, after all, for when he turned around and saw it was Trixie he give her the sweetest smile I ever seen, and shook his big mat of yellow curls like a friendly dog.

"Hello, hellcat," he says real pleasant. "How's tricks?"

"Pretty good, all but my head!" says she.

"Wish you had invited me!" he says with a grin. "Do I get introduced?" he went on, looking at me, interest springing up sudden in his deep blue eyes.

"My friend, Miss Delane," says Trixie. "I thought she might do for my foil in The Mischief Maker. What about it?"

"I'm glad to meet you, Miss Delane," says Nickolls in quite a new voice; a sincere, musical voice, with a high-class genuine English accent. "Indeed I believe I'm going to be exceptionally glad to meet you."

"Pleased!" I managed to gulp.

But I liked him right away. He looked to be real all the way through. Something in me recognized him. I don't know any other way to tell what I mean. I didn't fall in love, not then nor ever, with him. But I knew him right away.

"Isn't she the type?" says Trixie. "She's a friend of mine. I can work with her, I know." Then she whispered in his

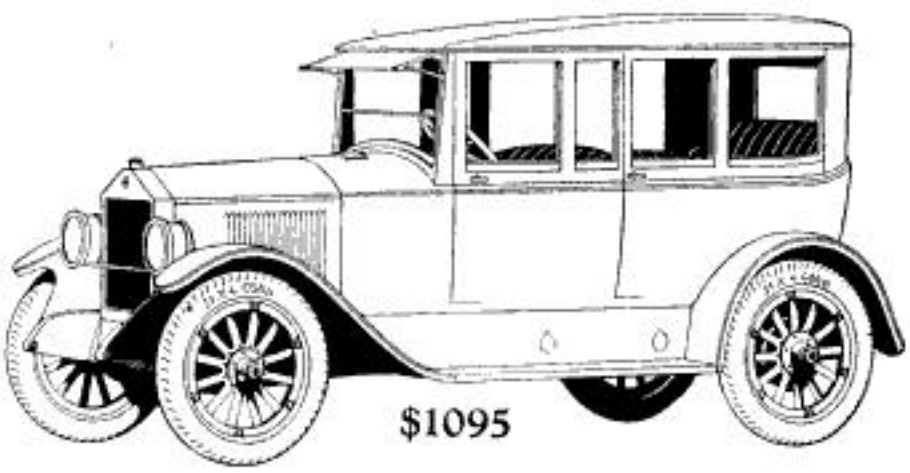
(Continued on Page 64)

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(Continued from Page 62)

ear, but I couldn't help but hear. "Cheap!" she says. "And you know how Benny is acting about salaries just now!"

He nodded and kept on looking at me thoughtfully. And of course that made me stand awkward and look awkward, not to mention feeling ditto. But there was nothing personal in the way he give me the up and down. Then he smiled again, that wonderful smile.

"Had any experience, Miss Delane?" he says so suddenly that I give a jump.

For a second I was going to shoot him the conventional "Oh, lots," when some instinct made me change my mind. In the face of a real man, why I just plain decided I would be real too. I'd take a chance.

"No," I blurted at him. "Practically none. Atmosphere and a few amateur theatricals."

"Well, I see you're not a liar, anyway," says he cheerfully, as though that was a sign of hope. "I wonder if you can act, and whether you screen? Ever had a test made that we could see?"

"No," says I.

He got silent again, looking at me and scratching his curls first on one side and then on the other.

"Well," he says at last, "she really is the type for that slavey. Pretty, but no doll If she can act a comedy part I —— Hey, Joe!"

A man was crossing the next path to us, but at this call he stopped and come back.

"Say, Joe," says Mr. Nickolls, "is there anybody working on Number Four? No? Fine! Say, just take a camera over there, will you! I want to make a test."

I don't really know how I got to Trixie's dressing room, but somehow I did, she laughing and pulling me by the arm. When I come to from the shock I was seated in front of her enormous lace-trimmed dressing table, putting on make-up. And in such a dressing room! Pink taffeta curtains and pink satin furniture and a gray velvet rug. A tiled bathroom beyond on one side, and on the other side, near the head of the stairs, a sitting room, belonging to Trixie, too, also in rose silk and gray velvet. Nickolls was walking up and down in there, throwing cigarette ashes on the floor and playing the elegant phonograph that was hidden in the base of a big gold lamp with a Jap silk shade. Nickolls was waiting for me!

I heard him yell down to somebody on the lot to run over on his set and tell them he would be a few minutes late. On my account! Sweet daddy! I could hardly manage to get ready, fumbling among Trixie's things, which included dead roses, two half-empty bottles of Scotch, and a spilled ounce of twenty-dollar perfume which hung heavy in the air. My head reeled with it and with excitement. Then at last I was all set.

"You'll do, dear!" says Trixie, and then we all went down the stairs and across to Number Four stage.

Next thing I knew Nickolls give me a few instructions and then his business voice was yelling.

"Lights!" he says. "Camera! Now come in, Miss Delane! Walk across! Open that door! Horror! More horror! That's right! Slam the door! That'll do! Now go back and come in again. Cross to the window and see something funny in the street below. Now somebody is coming upstairs, and you have no business in this room. They will catch you! Hide under the table. That's it! That's it! Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ho, ha —— Oh, that's great! That's great! You're a scream, kid, you're a scream! If that screens for a cent you're hired! You're hired! That's enough!"

The lights went off, and still Nickolls was wiping his eyes and laughing and wiping them again. Trixie, who had stuck by, turned to me, and her manner had something funny the matter with it.

"Don't overdo it, hon!" she says, kind of sharp. Then she turned on her director. "Well, Nicky!" she says. "I never got a laugh like that out of you! I hope you enjoyed yourself!"

"I'll say I did!" says he. "And I'm much obliged to you for bringing her. We will look at the test at the morning rushes. Now don't get sore, cutie; she will be a great little foil for your beautiful brown hair."

Trixie smiled at him, her peeve vanishing quick as it had come, as was her usual way. Then Nickolls stepped over and took both my hands in his.

"I hope you screen!" he says solemnly. "Because if you do we sure can work together. I can't ask you to see the test tomorrow, because that is against our rules here. We like to be absolutely free to comment, you know. But I'll telephone you the result. Good-by!"

I walked away on air, while Trixie of course went off to work. Back at her house I did my chores as usual, but they didn't seem real or anything like it.

The Truemans didn't come home to dinner that night, but blew in with a noisy crowd around two o'clock and, turning on the electric piano, danced until somewheres around four. Maybe that was what made Trixie so sore and short with me when I helped her to dress the next, or rather I should say the same morning. Not a word out of her about anything Nickolls might of said, or anything! So I let her alone, aside from dressing her, and when she had gone off to the studio I faced a morning of worry the equal of which I have never endured before or since.

You see I didn't even know what rushes was, or when they might happen. Of course I have since found out that rushes are the shots which have been made the day before, and which are developed and shown to the director and department heads and sometimes to the star, just as they come on the reel of fillum, not even cut into rough continuity. And the object of this first showing is merely to see is the photography any good. Then next day the takings of the previous day is by now in rough continuity, and is shown again, and so on, the improvements of one day being shown the next until it is complete, along with the daily new raw shootings which the directors bring in.

It is a sort of endless chain, a mill, through which a picture is ground to the accompaniment of scathing remarks, criticism and suggestions from the heads.

The cutter and a stenog sits there under a shaded lamp and takes it all down, and then they carry the fillum back to the laboratory and make the changes and improvements and etc. The usual fillum will be run at least twenty times by the heads before it is O.K.'d. And it is at these rushes, which are generally pulled off between twelve and one on most lots, that a test is generally shown.

And well, all I can say is that if I had that morning known as much about the rush hour as I do now I would not of lived to be writing this! Sweet daddy, I would of been too nervous! I would not even of had strength to stagger to the telephone when at last it rang at 1:15. I hardly made it, anyways.

I was so shot with excitement I could hardly pluck the blue silk doll off that phone to answer it. And then when I did, over the wire come Nickolls' voice.



"Test Was a Big Hit, Miss Delane," Says He. "Could You Run Right Down to My Office and Talk Over Terms?"

"Test was a big hit, Miss Delane," says he. "Could you run right down to my office and talk over terms?"

VIII

"NICKOLLS," says Greg Strickland, leaning against the steeple of the Metropolitan Tower—"Nickolls is in a class by himself."

"Yeh! He'd have to go a long ways back before he met anyone," I says, sitting down on a corner of Trinity Churchyard, which happened to be alongside of it. "And he sure does shake a wicked megaphone!"

We had been working three weeks on The Mischief Maker, I at one hundred berries a week, and I'll say earning it too. But for the moment I had put down the scrub brush and mop and pail of suds which was the principal ingredients of my costume, and Strick and I was parked on a jumbled-up discarded New York set, waiting for our call while Nicky struggled with our star. Trixie was playing a legitimate part for the first time, and he was sure handling her wonderful.

"Say listen, Bonnie, you are no slouch in this picture yourself!" Strick declared.

"Huh!" says I, because that was the most cutting remark I could think of.

"Really you are a wonderful actress," says Strick earnestly. "And you've got a big future!"

Well of course that is the best compliment one person in Hollywood can pay another, and so I weakened a little toward him.

"Why do you keep away from me all the time, Bonnie?" he says then. "Do you realize that this is actually the first time you have given me the chance to speak to you alone? What's wrong, eh?"

For a moment I was knocked so cold by that I couldn't answer. And then I found my voice and went right for him.

"After all the grief you made for me," I says, "you dare to pull a line like that! After the lies you told me to get me out here!"

"What lies?" says Stricky. "What are you getting at? I told you that you could get seventy-five a week in pictures, and you are getting a hundred!"

"That's so," I had to admit. "But it's not the point. You get me perfectly!"

"Bonnie," he says, lowering his voice, "I'm simply cuckoo about you!"

The follow-up I had all prepared died on my lips. Stricky was playing a sort of light-heavy part in this piece, and with his make-up of smart afternoon clothes, his hair like varnished leather, the powder on his face giving it the smooth beauty of a child's, he was enough to wreck anybody's peace.

"You are going to be a big hit, girlie," he went on. "And worth a lot of money. Everybody on this lot is strong for your work. You ought to of heard old Benny himself at the rushes yesterday. He stood up and hollered."

"Oh, Strick!" I says.

"I know I've been a sort of a rotter in some ways," Strick went on, "but after all, you would never have come out here except for me. And if I exaggerated about myself a little back in Stonewall, it was because I was wild over you, even then. You are going far, girlie, and I don't want you to leave me behind."

"I won't, Strick," I says, all milk and water inside myself. "You know I won't. And I will be friends from now on."

"I'll make you more than friends, sweetheart!" says Strick.

And then he kissed my hands and dropped them. And get this—there was no camera on us, either! It was romance with a capital Row, all right! Every bitter thought or feeling I had about him was wiped out, and the old attraction, which I had been fighting off all this time, come back with a rush. But we couldn't say anything more just then because Nickolls come roaring up, his curls shaking with excitement like a angry lion's mane.

"Why the Silvercrown doesn't go broke is more than I can tell!" he growled. "Here I ask for a camel for the Egyptian sequence for ten this morning sharp, and what happens? Is the camel here? No! He's out on a lecture tour with the Blue Law Boots, or something! Anyway nobody knows anything about him. The blessed saints preserve us! We are paying Trixie three hundred and fifty dollars a working day, and because some ass forgot to get the camel she can't work! Not to mention the rest of you. It makes me sick!"

"Thank heaven it's not my money!" says Strick.

"Bah!" says Nicky. "The same thing runs through the business. And then I catch hell from the office because it costs a hundred thousand dollars to make a fifty-thousand-dollar picture! Look at yesterday too! Two hundred atmosphere people at ten a day each, on that ballroom set from nine in the morning until 3:30 in the afternoon, and not a foot of film could be shot because the fuses went blooey, and the electricians were all somewhere else! Then when I actually got fuses in again, the crowd looked so dog-tired that I will probably have to make the scene over when I see the rushes!"

"Why don't you tell them at the office!" I says.

"Tell them!" says he. "What's the use? How long will it last? Heaven only knows. Art is a business, little Bonnie, and until the producers find that out they will have only this half-satisfactory hybrid, that is art by accident and business by luck!"

(Continued on Page 69)

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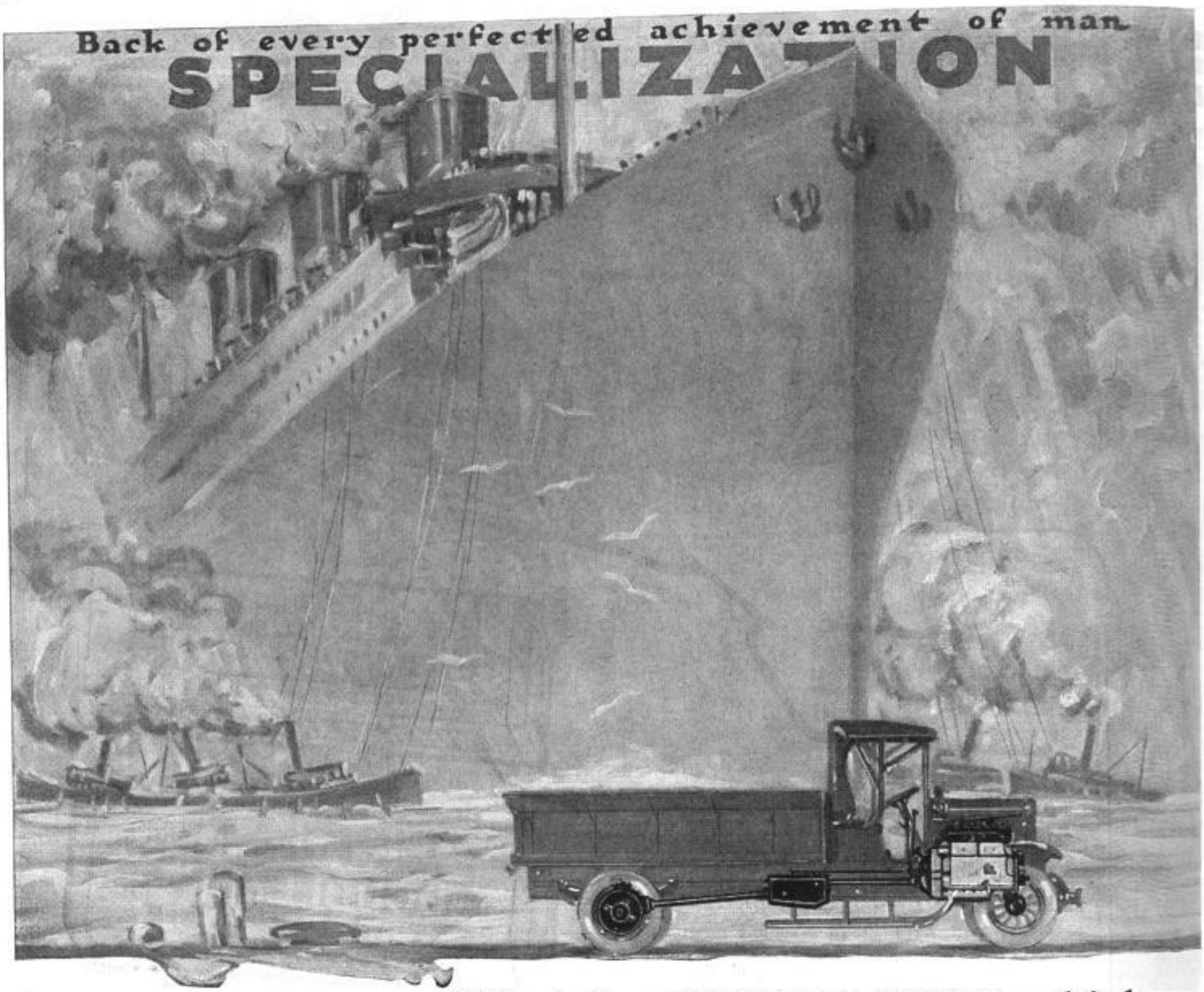
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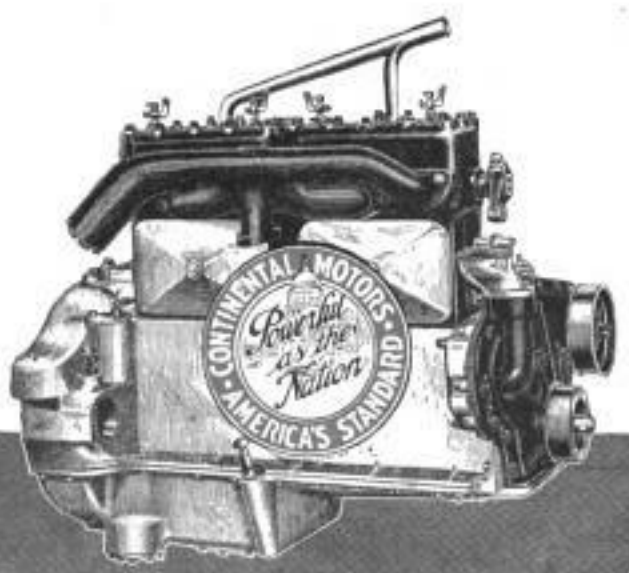
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(Continued from Page 64)

"But I thought art was all loose ends, Nicky," I says. "Meals any old time, getting up late, acting as you please, and being generally unreliable."

"Say, listen, child!" says he. "What have you been doing these last few weeks? Getting to bed early, coming on the lot, rested, at nine prompt. Sometimes at eight. Working like a slave all day and going home dead to the world. Right?"

I nodded.

"A chore!" says he. "That's what it's been! A tiresome grind. Playing the same scene over and over, waiting around with your nerves and your patience almost worn out. Yes? And if you haven't produced one of the finest bits of art I ever saw I'll eat the film. Art, little Bonnie, means working like hell."

"Well, thanks of course," I says. "But who is to blame in most pictures, Nicky?"

"Easy money is to blame," says he gloomily. "That is, if any one thing is to blame. Pictures are so big. It takes so many people to make a picture. The story-writer, the scenario editor, the continuity writer, director, architect, builders, electricians, the actors of course. The chap who writes the titles, the technical man who cuts the film. It is, in my opinion, absolutely impossible to state that any one of these people is most responsible for the merit of the finished product. The only person in the outfit whose relation to the picture is absolutely defined is the producer—the man in the office—the money man. And he is nothing in the world but a middleman. The rest of us are all merging, constantly. We are indispensable strands of the same web. It would fall apart without any one of us, you see. There! Let's go eat, and by the time we are through, that camel may have shown up!"

So I and Strick and the boss went and ate avocado salad and coffee in the big cafeteria across the way, because we was naturally all of us dieting, even myself, now that I was in the pictures, for although I had not put on any weight, mommer was already insisting on me not taking any chances.

Well, anyways, there we sat and dieted amidst all the other dieting hams and camera men and authors and atmosphere and so forth, both in costume and out, with the clatter of knives and plates and the usual blue haze of cigarette smoke; but my mind was not on what I was doing.

After lunch the camel had come, but it was so late that Nicky says, "Go on home, little Bonnie, you are not in the camel sequence and we will not get around to your bit today." Which is far more consideration than most directors show, and they will usually let you wait around just on general lack of principle.

Well, I went home, like he said, feeling very glad and happy, because now I had somebody to moon over, and every girl needs it, and Strick sure could vamp me when he tried.

Also I was glad to go home to mommer, even if we was still living in that horrible place on Vine Street with Mrs. Snifter. Mommer had insisted that we should stay on, because of it being so cheap.

"Until we buy you a decent wardrobe," says Adele, "this is where we stay, and the money goes on your back. They say clothes don't make the man, but I always say hats of a feather flock together."

And that ended any moving for the present. One luxury Adele did allow us, though, and that was a phonograph. To be sure, it was merely a fifty-dollar one, and the only period case it had was the Installment Period, but she got also some A1 jazz numbers for it, and I felt it kind of established us in a community where no phonograph was almost a bigger disgrace than no toothbrush.

Well, anyways, this day I am telling you about, I come home from the studio, and rushed up the stairs to the tune of Kick Me Around on the Hardwood, the sweet strains of which was eliminating from our flat and phonograph, and found that mommer had a surprise for me. Mommer always had a surprise for me, even if it was only a pleasesmit slip, but as a general rule it was a hot spice cake, a new veil or a jar of some sort of make-up specialty that she thought would improve me. And this time the surprise was my own name in print.

"Look, dear!" she says the very minute I got inside. "See what I cut out of Wid's and also from the Mirror this morning!"

And it was this way that I seen my first press notices. Some notices they was too! Sweet daddy! No others has ever looked so big to me. And this is what they says:

Among the cast supporting Trixie Trueman in The Mischief Maker, a comedy by Harold Greyton, which will be the charming little star's next release, are Helen Strowell, Robert Strickland, Ellen More, Tom Wells, Bonnie Delane, Hick Trowbridge and the famous Silvercrown collie dog, Snap. The picture is being directed by John A. (Nicky) Nickolls.

Quite a long notice, I'll say! And the fact that both notices was exactly alike and had therefore probably been sent out from the Silvercrown's own office hung no crape in my young life! I was in the paper, in the professional trade papers, and that was enough for me. And when on top of all this, mommer actually produced the same identical clipping from that very morning's Los Angeles Times' motion-picture column, I felt like a million dollars.

"Oh, mommer!" I says. "I'm really in! Now watch me soar!"

"I'd rather see you driving a tin lizzie along a safe road at fifteen an hour," says mommer, "than to see you go up in any aëroplane. You'd stay where you was going longer."

A day or two later Adele and Axel and me read another kind of notice yet, and it come out of a newspaper which a person couldn't see, nor put their hands on it, but which is a real news sheet just the same, and one is published on every lot, I'll say it is! And by this I mean that invisible daily, The Lowdown, which spreads news around in motion-picture circles probably more quickly than in any other branch of life. When anything big happens on a lot everybody knows it in advance as you might say. And it's a funny thing how often these lowdown rumors will turn out to be correct.

It was a press notice of this brand that Axel handed us at breakfast one morning when The Mischief Maker was all but finished. There was a couple of retakes to be made and then we would be through. I say "we" because Axel was by now working in the picture on account of my having introduced him to Nicky, and Nicky had of course hired him—for the atmosphere crowd. Nicky had merely talked to Axel for three minutes and then said, "Yes, I can use you in the ballroom scene," in a tone which left no hope.

Well, anyways, Axel was working for Silvercrown, and as usual mommer was giving both of us a 7:30 hot cup of coffee before going to work, just like in the old days, when Axel sprung his piece of information.

"Ay understand you ban Big Benny's best bet now, Bonnie," says Axel.

"That so?" says I. "Fat chance, Axel! Why, I'm just a feeder for Trixie. I've seen the rushes, and I dunno—they look rotten to me. I'm a fright in the make-up. Dirty servant girl."

"Ay heard the camera fellar, Joe, say you bane absolutely something new."

Mommer and I exchanged a significant female look at that, because being considered something new is going some in pictures. Axel went on.

"Ay heard you ban offered a six-picture contract," says he. "Ay hear every place you ban in strong. Nickolls wanted your name should be on the cast, but Trueman got sore. Ay tank you walk away with tha picture sure, Bonnie."

Again mommer and me exchanged a wireless. Of course we knew that I had made pretty good, and in the rushes I had seen that I had done about what they wanted of me. I had stumbled over pails of water, fallen off of stepladders, cooked a bowl of pet goldfish, and other humorous incidents until it was a wonder I had a bone left in my body, and me with no personal insurance either.

I had done all this without cracking a smile before the camera; and indeed why would I smile? But Nicky seemed to think it was wonderful that I didn't, because naturally every time I got hurt the rest of the people on our set, including Nicky himself, would set up a roar. Right up to the end of the picture I kept my face. Then when I heard the bad news at the end of the story, why, I smiled. The smile you all know so well.

Well, anyways, I had tried to do what they wanted, as I say. But up to now, with the job all but finished, nobody had even delicately hinted at a reëngagement. Not a soul had murmured that sweet word "contract" in my willing ear, and so far as I knew, by the end of the week I would again be admiring the boulevards from morning until night.

"That's a swell contract you tell about, Axel," says I. "But it's a stranger to me. Where do you get this dope, eh?"

"Pretty straight," he says. "A fellar told may that Joe told him, and Joe, he bane got it from Ed, tha operator of tha head's private projection room. Ed heard Big Benny told tha production manager to tall Nickolls to sign you up."

"Oh, dearie, I'll bet you it's true!" says mommer. "Why, that's first-hand, almost! Now if they send for you, send for me first! Be sure to, Bonnie. When I was Helena Holman's mother it was me got her twice the money they offered her at first. Always take your mother with you, hon, when you go about a contract, and look perfectly blank and round-eyed while I talk. There is something about a picture actress' mother makes producers fairly sick the very minute they see her coming, and they at once give better terms in despair."

"Sweet daddy, I only hope you have the chance to scare 'em!" says I. "But I don't know. I have already got the I'm-almost-out-again blues."

But Axel was pretty near right. For that very day things began to move for me, and move fast.

I was on the lot early, all made up, bucket of suds, mop, rumpled hair and all, for the retake of a long-shot. This was being left to a boy named Louie, one of Nicky's assistant directors. It was an unimportant shot which had merely had something wrong in the background, or Nicky would of done it himself, but this day he didn't appear to be at the studio. Well, we went out on the location, Louie and me, and he made the retake a couple of dozen times on account of being desperately afraid of not pleasing Nicky and consequently shooting about six hundred feet in order to get a sixty-foot scene.

And when we come in around noon I was only too glad to crawl up to my little cubby of a dressing room and change, my mind less on my art than on a glass of milk and a chicken sandwich.

I was just reveling in the thought of them the way a person will, when Eddie the call boy knocked on the door and says I am wanted on the phone and I went, thinking probably it was mommer to say "Don't forget to stop for the laundry on your way home," or some such excitement. But when I says "Yes, it is me speaking," this is what I heard.

"Miss Delane, this is Mr. Silvercrown," says the voice.

Well, naturally for a minute I was jolted, and then I come down to earth.

"Oh, sure it is!" I says, thinking of course it was Stricky or somebody trying to be funny. "Yes, Benny dear, I suppose you are offering me a contract or something! Well, I couldn't accept, thanks, unless it's very good. Jago and everyone is showering me with offers, kid!"

"I have no doubt of it," says the voice, kind of dry and shortlike. "But I guess you and me can arrange satisfactory terms, Miss Delane, if you drop around by my office about 2:30 this afternoon."

"My desh Mr. Silvercrown!" I says, very affected. "I rully don't know do I care to continue acting at all! Say, child, I'd rather you'd offer me a real lunch than a fake contract!"

"Say, Miss Delane, are you crazy, or what?" says the voice. "There is nothing fake about this contract and I got a luncheon engagement already."

A terrible cold sensation come over me at that. I don't believe I ever felt sicker; no, not even when I had the measles.

"Don't tell me you really are Mr. Silvercrown," I says weakly.

"Who else?" says the voice impatiently. "And you can come at 2:30 or not, just as you please."

Then the receiver was hung up with a snap, and I staggered back to my dressing room calling myself fool, idiot, nitwit and all the other uncomplimentary names I could think of, but getting mighty little comfort out of doing so. I had sassed the Big Egg himself, the one person on the lot which everybody was afraid of and treated with respect.

My heaven! I had called him Benny! I had called him kid!

What should I do? That was the point. If I went to the office at 2:30 very likely I would be politely kicked out. As a matter of plain fact the more I looked at the jam I was in, the clearer it seemed to me that I had wrecked my chance of ever working for Silvercrown again. There would be no good trying to explain; the conversation

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had been too kind of natural for that. If only it had been any person in the world except Big Benny, the sacred, the upstage iceberg of the picture world! Sweet daddy, some grief!

Slowly I got dressed, forgetting I had ever been hungry and put all my mind on getting home and telling mommer. Oh, boy, it would take courage, for what she would say to me would be enough! And then just as I was ready to leave, that fresh Eddie, the w.k. call boy, called again, and this time he had a package for me.

Well, naturally I thought "Here is that make-up I ordered," because it was that sort of a neat kind of bundle, and I come pretty near not opening it. But then I thought, "Well, I will get out that lipstick; I really need it," and untied the string; and there inside was not the make-up at all, but the cutiest doll I ever seen. It was dressed like a bride, mostly veil and smile, and for a second I pretty near forgot my troubles when I seen it. Then I opened the note which lay on top of it, and forgot my trouble entirely if temporarily. The present was from Stricky.

"Dear B.," he wrote on his card. "Just saw this and thought of you. Hope you will like it. Will you eat with me tonight at seven? Devotedly Stricky. P. S. I hear you are signing up to be featured by Silvercrown. Congratulations!"

My heart just pumped like an oil well, with richness and pleasure. Dear Stricky! How cute of him to think of me and send me such a beautiful present! I done the doll up again and tucking it under my arm started for home in a far better state of mind when who in the lower entrance hall would I bump into but Nickolls.

"Hello there, little Bonnie," says he. "Where are you going with that shining face?"

"Oh, my Lord, does it?" I says anxiously, feeling for my powder rag.

"No, no; your nose looks as if you had been smelling a flour barrel!" he says, laughing. "Come on, walk as far as the corner of the boulevard with me. I have an important conference luncheon over at Frank's or I'd run you home."

"That's all right," I says, trotting along beside him. "I'd rather walk. I'm reducing!"

"Good girl, keep full of health!" says he approvingly. "For you are going to need it. Tell me, little Bonnie, have you heard anything from Silvercrown today?"

"Yes!" I gasped. "He asked me to come to the office after lunch."

"Hum!" says Nicky, putting on his lion expression. "I thought likely. Made any agreement with him?"

"No," I says, so full of grief I couldn't even go into details.

"I am going to ask something of you, Bonnie," he says seriously, after a little wait, during which we reached the corner of Hollywood Boulevard. "I am going to suggest that no matter what kind of an offer Silvercrown makes you this afternoon, you won't close with him until after you have seen me. What time is your appointment?"

"Two-thirty," I says. "But I don't believe he will offer me anything except the air."

"Oh, he'll make a proposition of some kind," says Nicky, still like a lion. "But stall him off until tomorrow. Then when you leave his office, beat it right on up to my bungalow, will you? And bring your mother."

"Sure!" I says, bewildered.

"One more thing," says he. "Just don't mention me to Benny, please."

"All right, Nicky," I says. "So long."

And then he crossed over and joined a bunch of men in front of Frank's place, and I, hugging my doll, skipped on down to Vine Street to ask mommer what was what.

At 2:30 prompt that afternoon, I having received not alone my chicken sandwich and etc. but a good bawling out from Adele for being such a boob, we both turned up at Mr. Silvercrown's office. I was that paralyzed over what I had done I couldn't of possibly spoke, even to announce myself. But fortunately mommer was not the type that is easily let out, and so she says "Mr. Silvercrown, by appointment" to the girl in the outer office, with all the manner in the world. The girl got through typing what she was typing, wrote our name on a form, and says "Be seated," so we were, while she opened a big carved teakwood door into the temple, and by and by come out and says Mr. Silvercrown would see us in a few minutes.

Well, believe me, if them few minutes didn't seem as long as any spent in a dentist office! People came and went, carrying papers and hustling, very busy. Finally a tall thin man come out with a big cigar, biting on it. He went into the room opposite and slammed the door. Then the girl at the desk got up and opened the teakwood for us.

"All right!" she says, and I'll bet from her cheerfulness she used to work for a dentist, at that. "All right, Mr. Silvercrown will see you now."

In we went, mommer sailing right ahead like a full-blown ship. Mr. Silvercrown was sitting at the far end of a enormous plush office, behind a big shiny desk with everything on it but work, so I suppose he had it there as a kind of fortress. Anyway it was awful large and heavy, with a space under it where he could seek the protecting company of the wastebasket in extreme cases. When he caught sight of mommer I thought at first he was going down to see was the wastebasket really there, but changed his mind and wiggled his cigar at us fiercely, instead.

"Sit down, sit down," he says with his thumbs. "Have a chair, do!"

"Thank you," says I. "This is mommer, Mr. Silvercrown."

"So I guessed!" says he. "Pleased to meet you, Mrs. Delane. Well, I suppose it is you will do the talking, eh?"

"Not at all, dear Mr. Silvercrown," says mommer smoothly. "I guess we can leave that to you. I just come along to keep my little girl company. My daughter is so young, Mr. Silvercrown, only sixteen, and I never leave her go anywheres alone. And so talented, Mr. Silvercrown, too. Why, when she was a child, her professors used to say to me ——"

"That's all right, what they said, Mrs. Delane," says Big Benny, waving my past to one side like it had been cigar smoke—which was about what it was. "What they said don't interest me any," he says. "Beside which, she can say plenty for herself. You should of heard her on the phone this morning!"

Well, I turned black and white at that, I guess, but I needn't of, because all of a sudden Mr. Silvercrown slapped the desk and broke out laughing so hard he had to take the cigar out of his mouth.

"Mrs. Delane, your—shall I say—daughter sassed me something awful!" he says as soon as he could speak again. "It was the first time anyone outside of my wife has spoke to me nachural in years! I thought I would die laffing. Oy! Ain't we got fun!"

"Sweet daddy!" I says. "I didn't mean—honest, Mr. Silvercrown ——"

"Don't you worry!" he says. "I like a girl can stand on her own feet. Now listen. I got you here because I might consider making you an offer. Mind, I don't want you to get any nonsense in the head about you're a wonder, or anything. But I seen the work you done in The Mischief Maker, Miss Delane, and I think with time and hard work we can make an actress out of you!"

Believe me, I sat on the edge of my seat then, all ready to jump at anything he should say. But mommer held me back with a look.

"Now I am prepared to sign Bonnie up," Silvercrown went on, "for a five-year contract at the same salary she's been getting for this last picture. And what is more, I will feature her in a new line of comedies. She'll get paid only when working, of course. But I'll write into the agreement that she is to make not less than five pictures a year."

Well, even now I can hardly imagine my own feelings when I heard this. Five years! With the great Silvercrown. Featured! Why, it was too good to be true! Then I remembered my promise to Nicky, and nearly give a groan aloud. Suppose I held out and then for some reason Mr. Silvercrown changed his mind and I lost this wonderful chance? Mommer, however, never turned a eyelash, but rushed right at him.

"Oh, no, Mr. Silvercrown, that would never do!" she says very glib. "I'm afraid you don't appreciate my little girl's value. A clever comedienne is the rarest thing in fillums, and she is it. We don't need money, really, and can afford to wait until we get just the right opening."

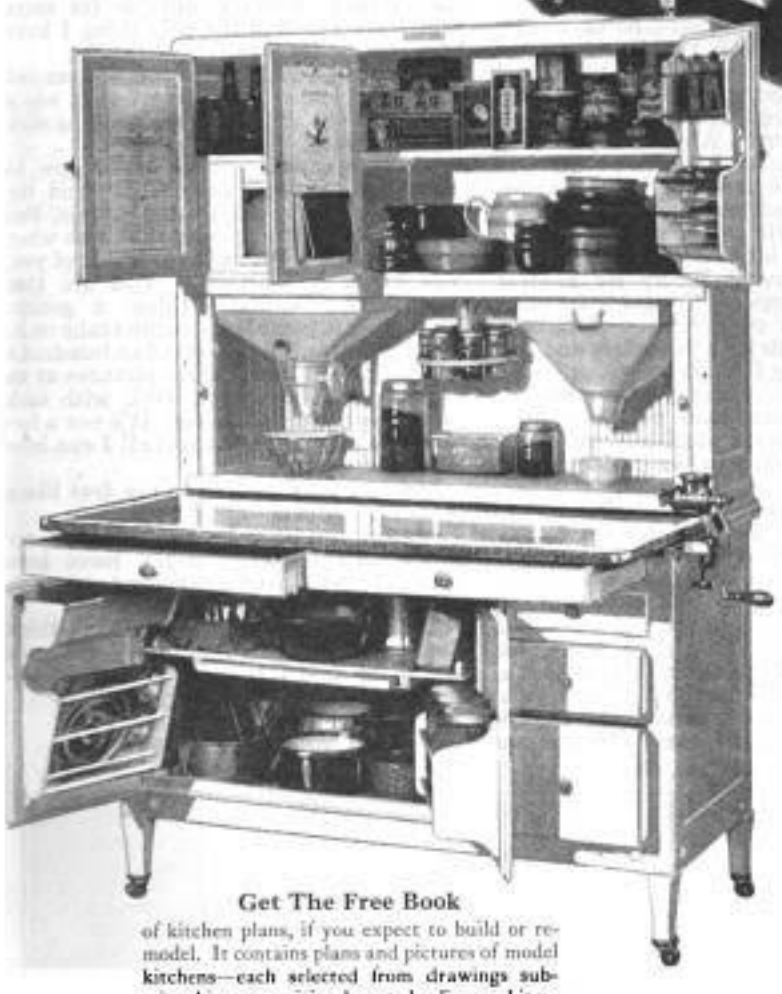
"Well, we'll say full salary fifty-two weeks a year, whether she is working or not," says Silver Benny, chewing the cigar again. "How's that?"

(Continued on Page 72)

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There is a HOOSIER to fit each kitchen and each purse. The one shown in the kitchen at the right is the HOOSIER BEAUTY, the most popular cabinet in existence. Below is the BIG HOOSIER, the most commodious cabinet in the HOOSIER line.



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LACLEDE FIRE BRICK

Highest Quality for 78 Years

(Continued from Page 70)

"Well," says mommer, "that's better. But all it really means, Mr. Silvercrown, is that if you are paying her you will see to it that she is working. How about one-twenty-five a week, full time?"

"No, Mrs. Delane," he says, "I reached my limit. It ain't like your daughter was a well-known star we are bidding for. We will make her, consider that!

"At the end of five years she will be some place, what with the training and experience she will get. I don't mind telling you, I think she has got a big future if she will work."

"I see you think she will be good for five years, anyways," says mommer dryly, getting up and holding out her hand. "Well, Mr. Silvercrown, I am going to ask for to-night to think this over. Will that be all right? I don't want to rush Bonnie into anything. I never did, even when she was a darling little baby!"

"Very well, I'll hear from you in the morning then," says Silvercrown, opening the door to let us out. "I think you had better say yes, Miss Bonnie. A girl don't get a chance like this every day."

I could only nod and smile like a dumbbell as we was shown out, but once on the street I found my voice and let Adele have it.

"What was you so upstage for?" I cried. "Suppose he changes his mind? What if he gets mad because we put him off? Oh, mommer, I am afraid—we—you—have made a awful mistake!"

"Shut up, dearie!" says Adele, walking briskly but patting my arm as she drew it through hers. "Just you shut up and leave me run this. It's my business and I know what I'm about. Why do you suppose he wants to tie you up on a five-year contract, unless he thinks you are one of the biggest discoveries in years? He knows well enough that in two years you are going to have Trixie Trueman wiped off the silver-sheet and will be worth ten times the contract he'd have you tied up on! Then his sending for you instead of waiting until you come around begging for work! It all points to the one thing, dearie. You are started for the big time, and you'll land there quick."

Of course I could see there was sense in what she said, and had to admit as much, but felt kind of shaky about it too.

"I wonder what this Nickolls has got up his sleeve," says mommer as we climbed the hilly street towards his bungalow. "Well, we will soon know."

Nicky's house stood on one of them little ridges of streets that cling like shelves to the Hollywood mountains, and end because they just naturally can't climb any higher, and from the brick terrace the view of the city was like fairyland. The tall pepper trees on the sidewalk of the street below brushed this terrace with their tops. It was like being in a bird's nest.

You could see for miles and miles, the pink and white and green of the big town, the black spikes of distant oil wells, the purple and blue mountains rolling along towards the sea.

The bungalow was Spanish. Very simple, of concrete, with a red tiled roof and long windows, and a minute after we rang, Nicky himself opened a door directly into the great enormous room that was practically the whole house—a room as big and simple and ruggedly beautiful as himself. There was a open fireplace at one end and a open grand piano at the other, and a big blue tapestry with a heathen god of some kind embroidered on it, hanging from the iron railing of the stairs which led right up out of this strange room.

"Hello, girls!" says Nicky. "Come right in. I have had my Jap make iced tea—much against his principles—and it's just ready! Sit down and be comfortable. Now tell me, what did the old boy say, anyhow?"

We told him. At least mommer did, and he listened in silence, nodding now and then, or shaking his head in that lion way of his. And he let her get absolutely all through before he spoke.

"Have some more tea?" he says then. "No? Then let us talk about me for a moment. You must have wondered why I wanted to see you up here. Well, it is because I am leaving Silvercrown!"

Some jolt, that! Why, Nicky leaving Silvercrown was hard to grasp He was part of them. He had been there for years. He was their best man and they told the world he was. He smiled a little when he saw our faces at his announcement.

"I'm not leaving Benny for another company," he says. "I'm going to make and produce my own pictures. I've been wanting to do this for a long time, and I've held out, waiting for just one thing. Now I have found it, and I am going ahead."

Nicky come over close and drew up a little leather-covered stool and sat on it, hitching himself over to us confidential and earnest.

"I want to explain the whole situation to you," he says, "but first I want to say something in Benny's favor. The Silvercrown are on the top of the wave, and if you sign with them you will be in with the big-time people, and in pretty fairly right. He is not offering you enough money for what he evidently considers you are worth, but if you sign with him you will get your money. At least it will be as certain as anything in pictures, and I want to be sure you understand what a good thing that is before I go any further. Do you?"

"Yes, Nicky!" I says breathlessly, because I could feel something big was coming. "Go on and talk, Nicky!"

"What I am going to do is this," says he. "I am going to see if it is not possible to make good pictures, and make 'em clean, with a thoroughly honest force. Joe, that splendid camera man, is coming with me, and so is Louie, and I know where I can get one or two others. I'll rent space in the Bunton Studios and work cheap. There will be no grafts and no favorites!"

"Good!" says mommer. "When will the funeral be, and do we omit flowers?"

Nicky laughed. "Why?" says he.

"I thought you was talking about going to heaven," says mommer.

"It's more likely to be hell," says Nicky with a snort. "But I'll get a clean organization if I have to raise just that to get it! I know my business, and I'm only going to hire people who know theirs."

He got up again and commenced pacing up and down the long room, clasping and unclasping his hands nervously.

"Now we come to the point," he says. "I own three scripts by Greyton, the chap who wrote The Mischief Maker. I bought them long ago, before the Silvercrown people could see him at all. They are all first-class comedy material suitable for extra superfeatures. And the only thing I have been waiting for is the right star."

He stopped in front of me and smiled that sweet smile of his that would win a heart of stone. But there was nothing slick in his eyes.

"I have capital enough right now to make one picture," says he. "And the promise of more. Say, little Bonnie, Ben told you one lie today, and that was when he said he'd make a real actress out of you. You are a real actress. You are that strange, unaccountable thing, a genius. I'm willing to gamble my entire stake on it. In other words, I'll give you five hundred a week, sign you for all three pictures at an increase of a hundred a week with each successive picture we make. It's not a fortune as pictures go; but it is all I can honestly offer you."

"Oh!" I says, getting to my feet like a person in a dream.

"Little Bonnie," he says, taking my hands, "those stories might have been written for you. And I'm going to star you in them if you'll stick by me!"

"Nicky, Nicky!" I says. "Don't think I'm kidding, but star or no star, you made me, Nicky, and I'd stick if it was the biggest gamble in the picture game!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

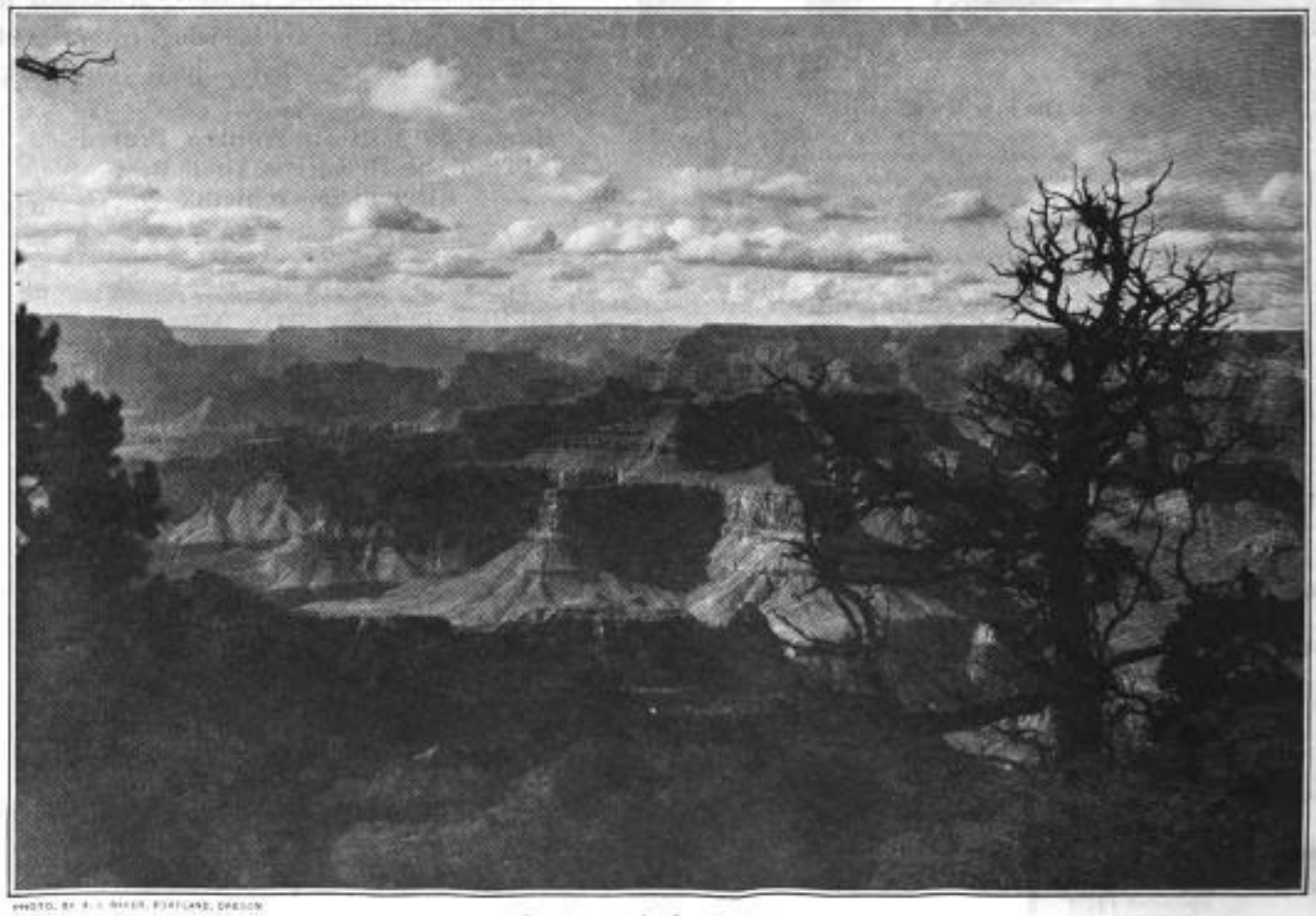


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Evening at the Grand Canyon

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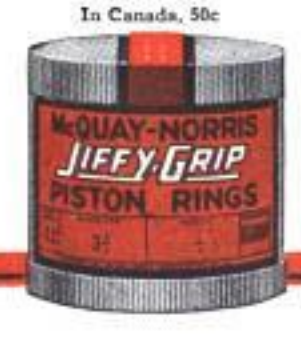
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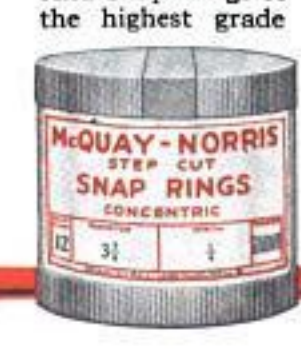
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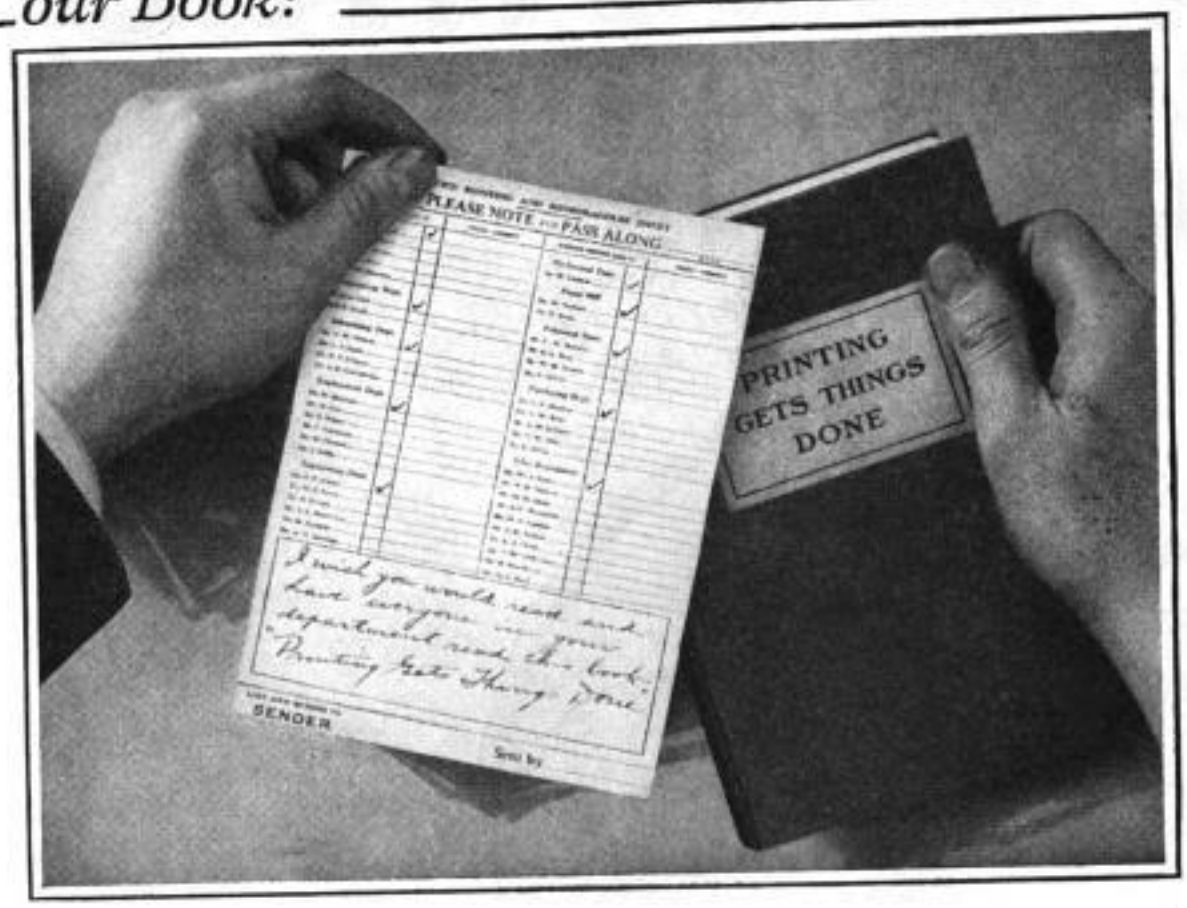
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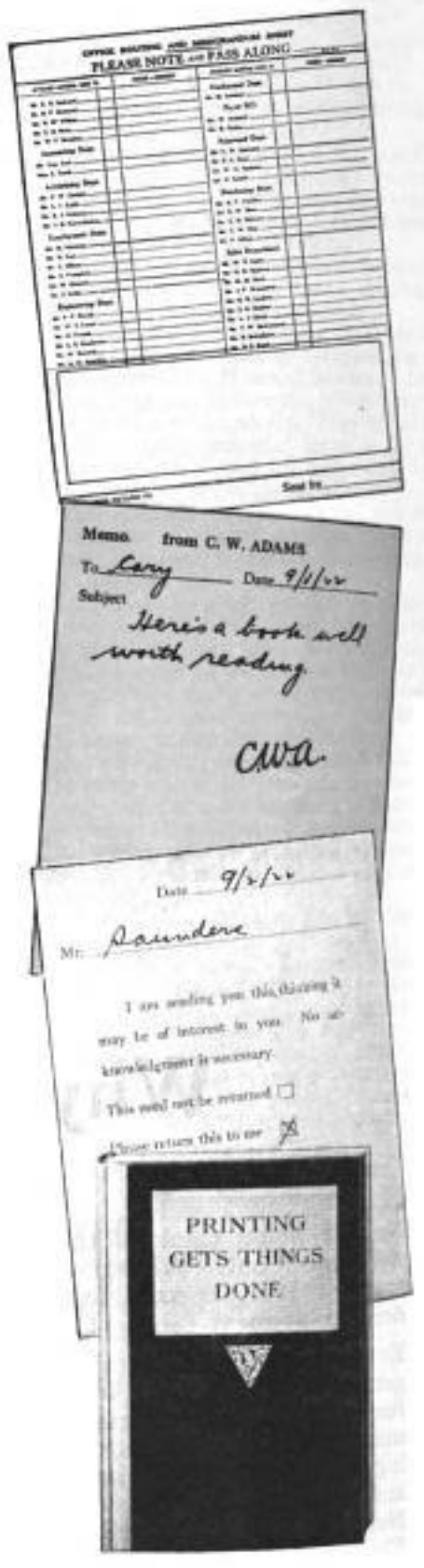
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THE GOOD EGG

(Continued from Page 13)

Billy McKee laughed unreservedly. "Jean, this is a fast worker. You'd better take hold of papa's hand."

"You'd better come along to dinner," she said severely, "provided that you and Jim can follow very respectfully while Mr. Gordon takes me in."

For the next two hours he saw life through a shimmering screen of unreality; but the mere circumstance of living had become to him a new and wonderful experience.

The car was brought around then, and the four of them ran down to a theater to see the last two acts of a popular play. Gordon had already seen it, but he never knew the difference, for he was sitting beside the only woman in the world and she was kind to him. And then there was supper and dancing.

At half past twelve he found himself alone at the table with her; and after five minutes of acute abstraction he came to himself with a start and tapped a cigarette against the table.

"So you're really going abroad," he said.

"I think so. And of course it isn't alone; it's with people I've known all my life."

"And you sail—when?"

"Three weeks."

"And be gone—how long?"

"Two years, anyway; perhaps longer."

Gordon drew a heavy breath and lighted his cigarette. "Of course it was my plain bad luck that you were never home when Billy had me up to the house before. But this is a very large bite out of the calendar, this trip. I'll be feeling mighty blue in about three weeks. Yes, suh."

She smiled, but not directly towards him. "I hope you'll let us see a lot more of you before I go."

"That rests entirely with yourself. For my part, I shall be thinking of nobody else."

She bent a little towards him. "You mustn't talk like that though. Really."

"And why not?"

Her voice was lower. "Do you think you know me quite well enough? And—some things that seem to please other girls don't always please me."

"That is one of the many reasons why I admire you," said Gordon. "You have restraint. That is the way I was raised also. That is the way I was taught to judge a lady. You know how to turn on the sparkle, and you treat your brothers' friends as if they were your friends, but you keep something back. It needed only tonight to convince me that I should have found the utmost pleasure in your society—if you had permitted it."

The dancers were idling back to the table. "Suppose you come up to tea on Sunday," she said slowly. "And—you've given me one of the nicest compliments I ever had."

He went up to tea on Sunday, and in returning home he walked ten blocks past his own street before he came out of his daze. In the following week he went up twice for dinner, and in the week after that he took her once to the opera and once to tea at the Chatham.

From the Chatham they were driving up Park Avenue in a taxicab when Gordon suddenly took her hand.

"Jean," he said, "I am a hound and I want you to know it."

There was a silence. "You haven't hurt my feelings—yet," she said.

"I have hurt mine. Because I should ask you, now, to marry me, and that is something I cannot do."

She was intent on her gloves. "At least, nobody ever said that to me before."

Gordon laughed mirthlessly. "My dear, up to a few days ago I was wishing you were as poor as I am. And then I woke up. Because if you had been born that way you would never have had the sweetnesses that come out of such a background as you've had. I can see you on a thoroughbred, but you would not be Jean McKee if you were mounted muleback. You would not be Jean McKee if you wore calico. And, Jean, I am a calico kind of man. Sometime I shall want to go back South and buy me a peach farm. That would not suit you. You love the outdoors, but you love it in a two-hundred-dollar sport suit, with a butleh to bring you tea after. And Billy has told me what you are worth."

"Billy told you—what?"

"Billy has told me you have most of the money in the family. He says you are worth upwards of two million. I could never ask such a woman to marry me!"

Presently she said, "You have a great deal of—pride—haven't you?"

"Pride was all the Yanks left us," said Gordon, and rode two blocks in silence. "Jean, folks tell me I am a good salesman; I will try to prove it. But I can never talk so to you again until I could support you. Never until my peach farm could be sort of silver-plated. I could never touch one cent of your money. I would sooner die. So—that's that."

At the door she said slowly, "Shall I see you again before I sail? There's only tomorrow—and then the pier on Thursday. You'll come to the pier—won't you?"

"And because I am not near as brave as I am big," said Gordon, "I will also come tomorrow."

But he didn't come, and it was six o'clock before he even telephoned.

"Do you realize," she demanded, "that I've waited here all the afternoon, Lee? When I had a thousand things to do—and dozens of people wanted to say good-by to me. I never thought you could be so rude—and thoughtless."

"It was not my fault," said Gordon. "I didn't mean to neglect you. They was somethin' came up very suddenly that was necessary for me to do."

"Couldn't you at least have sent me word?"

"No, Jean, I couldn't. It was impossible."

"Then you'll come up tonight?"

"I'm sorry—I can't."

"What is it, Lee—business?"

"No, not business."

"Well, what?"

"Why, it's a very confidential matter, Jean."

Her next remark was somewhat belated. "It must be—important."

"Yes, suh. It is."

"Is that all you're going to tell me?"

"It's all I can, right now. You see ——"

"Well, where are you now?"

"You see, I just want you to take it for granted I ——"

"Well, here's Billy. You can tell him, can't you?"

"Oh, no, I couldn't do that either. No, Jean."

She laughed a little. "After everything you said yesterday, don't you think you're just a little bit—reticent?"

"I'll tell you sometime, Jean, but ——"

"Then I dare say you're not coming to the pier tomorrow either?"

"Maybe I can't, Jean. Only if I don't, won't you please believe I ——"

"Why, if you don't get there, Lee, there's only one thing I can think. Isn't there?"

"Jean! Maybe this is good-by. Maybe I can't come. But you'll let me write to you, won't yo'?"

"Why," she said, "if you aren't even interested enough to come down to the pier I should say not. Most decidedly not. But you'll be there, Lee. I know you will."

Gordon hung up the receiver tardily and turned back to the desk sergeant. "Sheriff," he said with profound weariness, "isn't they some way this matter could be fixed up? Couldn't it be put over a day? Or couldn't it be set for a fixed time tomorrow evenin'?"

In his prime the sergeant had won a gross of medals for hurdling and shot-putting, and he knew an athlete when he saw one, and respected him.

"Nope," he said. "Maybe he'll catch the night court, and maybe it won't be till ten, eleven, twelve o'clock tomorrer. Depends on tonight's haul."

"But even if I do hang around, do you think the odds is that I can keep it out of the papers?"

The sergeant scratched his head. "Well," he said dubiously, "when a young feller gets pie-eyed, and takes a pocketful of eggs into a movie to sling at the actors—that ain't usual; that's news."

"But you see, sheriff, his dad's a minister. He doesn't know Whit ever took a dram in his life. It would mighty near kill him, suh. And it would lose Whit his job, and there are some very important people that would be hurt. People that have recommended him. They mustn't know either."

"Well, then," said the sergeant judicially, "he ought to of known better. But if you stick around, and see the boys, and maybe set 'em up to a little somethin', and then stick around tomorrow—oh, you got an outside chance. But you got to stick around."

It was half past three on the following afternoon and the Aquitania was miles past Sandy Hook when Gordon strolled into the office and, with an air of depression that was rather remarkable for one who had just accomplished a miracle, sat down at his desk. A few minutes later Billy McKee, rushing through the corridor, caught sight of him, halted, and finally came over.

"Say, Lee," he said in an undertone, "what happened? Why didn't you show up?"

"I had urgent personal affairs," said Gordon, and his mouth was nearly a straight line. "I am very sorry. But I told Jean last night I might not be able to get there."

"Oh, you did?"

"Yes, suh. I told her so."

McKee hesitated, and then passed on to his brother's private room.

"Well, Jim, Lee's out there with a grouch you could cut with a knife. Says he had some personal business to look after. That's all."

His brother made a grimace. "Sort of cooks any idea we had, doesn't it? And I thought they were getting along great."

"So did I. But if Lee'd let anything else interfere with coming down to the boat—why, I guess it didn't amount to much. It's too bad. Too infernally bad. But—all right. Forget it."

At the outset he sold merely his own personality; but in six months he was also selling bonds. New York had capitulated to him; he was beloved alike by dowagers and business men; he was adored by flappers, and he treated them with a kindly indulgence that broke half a dozen hearts before the winter was out. He went into the best of all young-men's clubs, and his week-end invitations came like snowflakes. Many of these invitations, however, he declined because he had previous appointments with a young man who was received nowhere.

"Whit," he once said, "I promised you I would see you through, and I am going to keep my promise, but you sure do threaten to spoil my disposition."

"Lee, I haven't had a drink in two weeks. These bootleggers are a gang of robbers—and the stuff isn't any good after you get it."

"It isn't just that, Whit. You soldier on your job. And then to go gambling in the market—with no more money than you've got—and your father needing all you can spare!"

"Well, it was inside dope, Lee. How did I know it was going to be a bloomer?"

"Never mind that, Whit. I'm goin' to loan you the three hundred this time, but please don't ask me ever again. It's high time you were standing on your own feet, and not mine."

"You're a darned good egg, Lee. When can I have it?"

As to Jean McKee, Gordon was pretending daily that he had forgotten her. In the first place she had shown too little faith in him; he felt that she should have trusted him blindly and implicitly. She should have sent him a message of some sort, even if she sent it through one of her brothers—a message to say that she was sorry for the way she had spoken to him—and his reply had long since been composed, mentally. But neither his sense of pride nor his sense of justice would ever have let him take the initiative.

To be sure, he did write her a letter—and a score of letters—but he posted them in the scrap basket. He began to make sly overtures to Jim and Billy, veiled hints that he would appreciate a little information; but the veiling was too thick. And so, as time went on, the more insistent he became in his guardianship of Baker—as though that guardianship, which already had cost him an immense sacrifice, was now to be regarded as a memorial.

"Just this once, Whit, and never again! I saved your reputation when the odds were a thousand to one, and I'm protecting my ante. But for heaven's sake, Whit, buck up!"

And then one brilliant May morning Billy McKee said to him, blithely enough: "Got some news for you, Lee. You remember my sister Jean, don't you? Well, she's engaged."

"Your sister is—engaged?"

"That's what she says. Letter this morning."

Gordon smiled. "Who to, Billy?"

"English chap. She's mentioned him a good deal lately."

"Yes, suh," said Gordon after a pause, "I remember your sister very well indeed. Yes, suh. And I suppose—she'll stay in England then?"

"No, she says she's going to sail for home the first of the month."

"The first of the month? Yes, suh. Nothin' like two years, but it seems like a long time since she went away. Well, I hope she got a good man, Billy. I got to go over to Broad Street. Anything I can do for you?"

He didn't come back until after lunch, and then he wandered into Billy's office and lounged in a leather chair.

"Billy, the spring weather's kind of got me."

"It's got everybody, Lee."

"It has got me rather hard, though. It does every spring, when the weather first fairs off. I wonder what you would say, Billy, if I told you I feel like we'd come to a four-cornehs in the road?"

Billy glanced up. "What is it in English?"

"Why, in plain English, Billy, it means that I am thinking of quitting my job."

Billy stared at him, slack-jawed.

"What's the matter, Lee? Has somebody been telling you we're too small a house for you? Have you got the bug that with somebody with bigger participations you could get rich quicker?"

"Now, look here to me, Billy," said Gordon with great mildness, "I don't allow anybody to talk that way to me and stay healthy. There's a funny story I read once about a man that was taken by his enemies and put in a dungeon, and he stayed there for twenty years, and then one day he got a bright thought. Yes, suh. He opened up the window and he got out. The only differences between me and him is just two: I was taken by my friends, and I got the same bright thought in much less time."

McKee had risen, to stand by the window. "Lee, in six months more you'd have been a partner."

"Billy, I've counted every brick in every building across the street; I have sat and counted 'em upwards, downwards, crossways and cater-cornered. I know if I raise up my head I'll see nine shelves full of transfer cases, and I know the dates and the letters on every case. I carry forty-six telephone numbers in my head, and I call them up one after another, just like I was a little blond cutie—and I can make upwards of twenty thousand dollars a year without getting off my chair. But I'm thinking of the country now, Billy—and a farm, and horses and dogs. I have sent a right smart piece of money to my folks, and I have lived pretty high, and I have saved eight thousand dollars in cash. I think I am going home."

McKee continued to stare at him. "Well—I wouldn't think you'd leave your friend Baker in the lurch, even if you would us."

A slash of red appeared on Gordon's cheeks, but he continued to smile faintly. "Billy, that's not a man's way of talkin'—you only said it because you didn't mean it. But I would have told you sooner if I had ever had reason to suppose you were interested. There's a woman out where he lives; she's considerable older than Whit; a big, strong woman that was a trained nurse. And she knows all about Whit, and she's going to marry him. And she'll take care of his health, and make him behave, and they're goin' to be married in a month." He laughed reminiscently. "I have just been financing their wedding trip. The lady had some wildcat mining stock she bought once, and she gave it to Whit to sell, and Whit gave it to me, and I paid him par for it—one thousand shares of the Golden Emperor Mining Company, one thousand dollars—and resold it on the Curb this morning for sixty-seven dollars and fifty cents. No, Whit doesn't need me any more."

(Continued on Page 78)

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VOLUME PRODUCTION REDUCES PRICES *On Quality Silk Hosiery*

From this Day on Your Genuine Silk Hosiery Should Cost You Less

FROM an *idea* to the biggest industry of its kind in the world in less than three years—that, in a word, is the story of the Real Silk Hosiery Mills of Indianapolis. The idea was: *To make the best possible genuine silk hosiery and to sell it at the lowest possible price—direct from the mill to the wearer.*



Open the door to the Real Silk Representative

Today, millions of the best people in America are *regular customers* of the Real Silk Hosiery Mills. Real Silk Fashioned Hosiery has become the *vogue* wherever quality and discriminating taste prevail.

The *demand* is literally phenomenal; the *national acceptance* of Real Silk Fashioned Hosiery—*absolute.*

This *demand* has forced us to a capacity of 60,000 *pairs a day.* It has forced us to a point where we are *now running day and night.* It has given us a *volume of production* which effects a *tremendous saving.* Therefore

—The Real Silk Hosiery Mills now voluntarily announce a drastic reduction in the price of Real Silk Fashioned Hosiery.

The chief benefit of volume production is, of course, *lowered manufacturing cost.* This benefit may either be kept by the manufacturer as profit, or passed on to the consumer in the form of *reduced prices.*

Consistent with the spirit of *service to the customer*, on which this business is founded, we have chosen to reduce the price.

The *new* price of Real Silk Fashioned Hosiery is—*box of FOUR pairs $5*, and the deposit made when you place your order has been *reduced to One Dollar.*

Made from genuine 12-thread Japanese silkworm silk, Real Silk Fashioned Hosiery measures up to the most exacting standards of quality.

SHOWING HOW INCREASED VOLUME HAS AFFECTED PRICES

1920



REAL SILK HOSIERY MILL IN 1920
CAPACITY 8,000 PAIRS A DAY
PRICE THEN—BOX OF 3 PAIRS $6

1921



REAL SILK HOSIERY MILL IN 1921
CAPACITY 25,000 PAIRS A DAY
PRICE THEN—BOX OF 3 PAIRS $5

1922



REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS IN 1922
CAPACITY 60,000 PAIRS A DAY
PRICE NOW—BOX OF 4 PAIRS $5

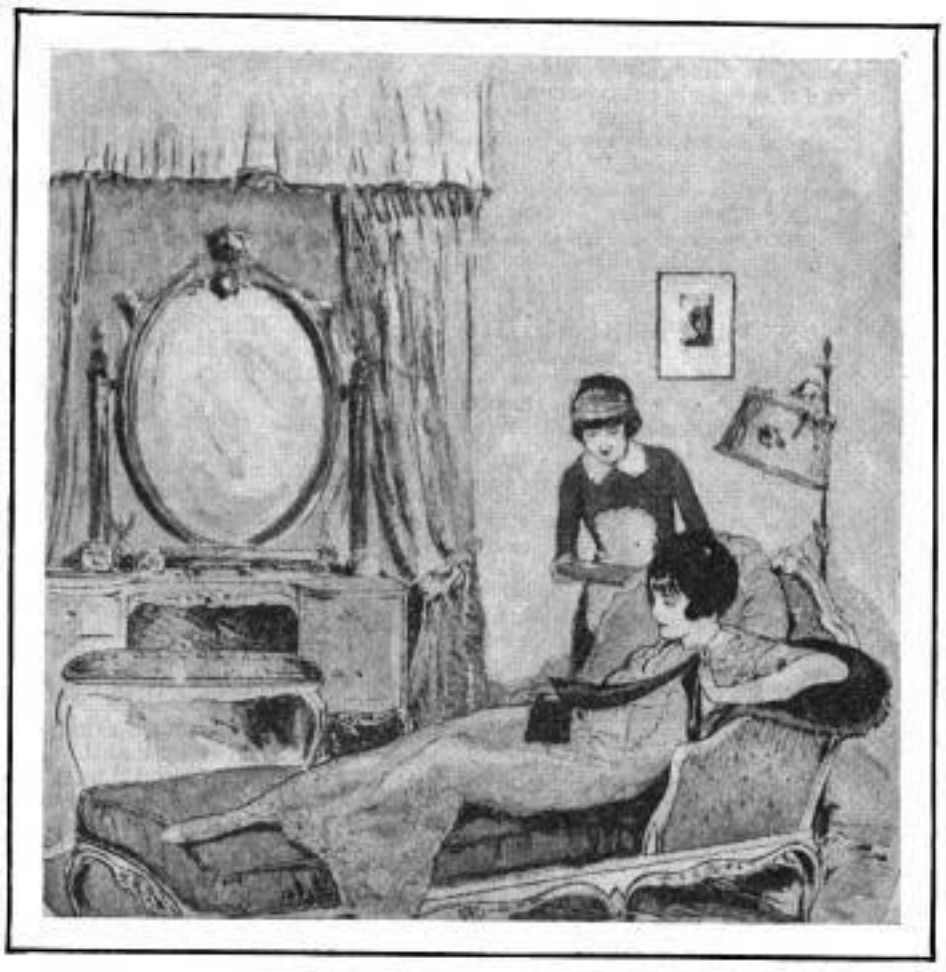
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Real Silk Fashioned Hosiery is *ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED* by a clearly worded certificate that goes into every box.

It is produced by most modern methods under the personal supervision of silk hosiery experts—men of mark in the industry, who, long before these mills were founded, had acquired national reputation as highly trained and efficient *specialists*.

We control our own source of supply in Japan, thus obtaining *always* the most lustrous silk of greatest tensile strength.

Within twenty-four hours after your order is received at our mills, your package goes from the Post Office branch in our plant direct to you. It is delivered promptly by your regular postman.



The *demand* for our product has prompted many irresponsible impostors to attempt to counterfeit the Genuine Real Silk Fashioned Hosiery with inferior imitations. The recommendations of thousands of our customers to neighbors and friends have caused many of these impostors to imitate our methods.

We originated this organized method of distribution and are the only *hosiery manufacturers* doing business this way. For your protection, every authorized Real Silk Representative wears the Real Silk Gold Button on his lapel.

And remember, the Real Silk price is now

—box of FOUR pairs $5—deposit $1—balance of $4 paid to the postman on delivery.

Any person who asks for more than $1 deposit and gives less than 4 pairs for $5 is not our representative.

Note:—The demand from our regular customers is such that the Real Silk Representative in your locality may be delayed in reaching you. Therefore, we suggest that you telephone our local office in your city (consult phone directory) and a special representative will be sent to see you.

REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS, *Indianapolis, Indiana*
Branches in all principal cities

Things to Remember



This Gold Button—to identify the Real Silk Representative.



This Guarantee—certificate in every box.

The Price—Box of four pairs $5. Colors and sizes assorted to the box as desired.

The Deposit—$1.

The Balance—$4 to the postman on delivery.

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FROM MILL TO MILLIONS—NEVER SOLD IN RETAIL STORES

REAL SILK

FASHIONED HOSIERY

NOW—BOX OF 4 PAIRS FOR $5

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APPRECIATION

The owners of the Wills Sainte Claire are those owner-drivers who appreciate the thrill of tremendous power and eager obedience to the lightest touch; who realize that in this car, and this car only, perfection of balance is combined with light weight, sturdiness, roadability, ease of riding and responsiveness that give them a new experience in safe yet thrilling travel.

The Motor — Eight-Cylinder, *actually twin fours; 60 horsepower; overhead camshafts and valves in cylinder head. This construction produces the enormous, flexible power; the smooth, noiseless operation; the unequaled simplicity and accessibility of all essential parts.*

C. H. Wills & Company
Marysville, Michigan

WILLS SAINTE CLAIRE
Motor Cars

(Continued from Page 75)

Billy walked over quickly and put his hand on Gordon's shoulder. "Lee, you run true to form every minute. Now don't say you're going to quit. Call it a vacation. Just take a good rest and come back when you're freshened up. Why, Jim and I need you even if Baker doesn't. Oh, I'm not talking about selling bonds—but—why, we've been a team. We've lived together. You take a vacation and then come back. You'll be a partner and you'll make a fortune."

"No, Billy. You'll never see me in Wall Street again—not until the cows come home. I shall miss you, but —— And besides, I have got all the money I want."

"Eight thousand dollars! What can you buy with that?"

"Just a little peach farm, Billy—a hundred acres—with a shack on it."

"Yes, and then suppose you wanted to be married yourself and have a family! Don't be an idiot!"

"There's not much possibility of my getting married, Billy. That's cold turkey."

"What? Why is it?" Gordon didn't mask his expression soon enough. McKee after an instant of utter consternation gripped his arm. "Lee," he said thickly—"why—has all this got anything to do with what I told you this morning?"

They gazed at each other.

"But, Lee! We—I thought you'd forgotten all about her. You never mentioned her; you never wrote to her—did you? You ——"

"She would not have wanted me to write, Billy."

"How do you know?"

"I was told so."

Billy wet his lips. "But when you didn't even come down to the boat to see her off, Lee? Why didn't you come down? Haven't you the sense you were born with?"

Gordon's laugh was brittle. "Just about, Billy. Just about. But there's no sense making it harder for each other—is there? It's cold turkey, now. I'm goin' home."

He was sitting alone in his room that night when Whitney Baker came bursting in, and Baker had completely lost control of himself. He had a folded newspaper in his hand, and as he raved he brandished it at Gordon as though it had been a mace. He was using nouns and adjectives which, if anyone else had spoken them, would have turned Gordon into a savage, but the Southerner shed them mechanically. It took him ten minutes to learn the trouble, and even then he couldn't learn it from Baker; he learned it from the printed page, where Baker's accusing finger pointed.

Overnight a faulted vein on the Golden Emperor property had been relocated; and between noon today and closing, the penny stock had suddenly rocketed to four dollars a share.

"I had not seen that," said Gordon gravely; "I was not in touch with things today, Whit. It is mighty tough luck for you. But after I gave you my check and took the certificate I resold it this morning."

"Yes, you did; and what did you get for it? You've got it yet or else you got three or four thousand for it. And they say it's going to twenty!"

"Why, Whit—look here, boy, just calm yourself. You talk as if you think I'd stolen your money."

"Well, it's so close to it you couldn't tell the difference!"

Gordon started up. "Whit, you go too far. I will tell you what I never would have told you if you hadn't said that. I sold your stock at half past ten this morning for a trifle over six cents a share. The balance of what I gave you was a present. I gave it that way because I thought that while you owe me three thousand dollars that you've borrowed off me from time to time, you might have the decency to be embarrassed if I gave you a large wedding gift. I ——"

"Oh, you did, did you? You paid me a thousand dollars for what you got sixty for, did you? Yes, that sounds like business! I'll tell you what you did: You thought a thousand would hush us up. You knew what was going to happen to it, Lee. You knew. If you didn't, then why did you buy it from me, yourself, personally? I've been the best friend you ever had, Lee Gordon, and—and Harriet thinks I've rooked her—and you did it—you—you—you!"

Gordon's face was granite. "She thinks—what?"

Baker was on the edge of hysteria. "Why—I took her the money—and she'd seen the papers!"

"Oh! She expected—more?"

"Well, why shouldn't she?"

"And she thinks you held out something on her?"

Both of Baker's hands gestured to himself. "Of course!"

"Do you see now, Whit, why I have been so anxious about your reputation?"

"Well, how about yours?"

Gordon's eyes grew larger. "It's too bad, Whit, but I sold your stock on the Curb this morning. I was happening on Broad Street, and so I went out into the market and offered it to the first man that looked like he had a few dollars in his pocket. I never saw him before, and I could not recognize him again. I cannot produce even a memorandum of sale, but I should have expected you to believe me—and I still believe that your lady will believe me when I go to her and tell her the truth."

"She won't believe you! And she says if I don't—confess—and come up with the difference by tomorrow morning—she'll tell my father and the bank! Tell them everything."

"She mustn't do that, Whit. Why, she couldn't! Your dad thinks you're a tin god on wheels! No, I'll fix it up for you, Whit. I'll tell her the truth and she'll believe it. It's too late to go out there now, but what's her telephone number?"

"Lee, you can't do that."

"Why can't I?"

"I—there's something else."

"Well?"

Baker was crying now. "Well—I hated to have her think I haven't got a nickel—I told her I got two hundred and fifty for the stock—and the rest was a present from me."

Gordon took two tremendous strides and reached him. "You told her that? You —— Look at me, Whit! Did you give her all the rest of my thousand? Did you?"

"All but—two fifty, Lee."

"What was that for?"

"I—don't know."

Gordon stepped away from him, and his voice now had a razor edge to it. "Whit, if she would marry you after that you're the luckiest man God ever made."

"Well, she says she'll forgive me—provided ——"

"Provided what? What is it you want me to do?"

"It was your fault anyway. Come up with what you got for it; or if you've got the stock yet, come up with the closing price. That's a fair—compromise."

There was a long silence. At last Gordon drew a deep breath.

"Whit, for five years I have tried to make a feeble imitation of a man out of you, because you're so much like a human polecat that nobody else would stay in the same county with you. I will tell you now I never liked you, I always despised you, but I was sorry for you. So damn sorry that I have made great sacrifices for you—sacrifices so big that money—simply money—is nothing by comparison. And you, Whit, repay me by being the only man on earth that ever doubted my word. If I threw you out of this room tonight, Whit, you would have no father tomorrow night. You would have no job, and you would not get another one in a hurry. You would not be married, and I believe that this woman would do what I have been unable to do, and keep you straight. And if she does not marry you, Whit, I would rather shoot you like a dog than have you go on living as a nuisance to everybody, including yourself. I am going to do one last thing for you, Whit. I am going to sit down and write a letter, saying that I have sold the stock and got four thousand dollars, today's closing price, and inclose my check for thirty-seven hundred and fifty dollars, making four altogether, with what was paid you on account—since you told her you sold it for two fifty. I will let my five hundred, which you gave her as your present, go as it lays. The two fifty you held out, you can do what you please with. And after that I am going to open the door, Whit, and if you ever speak to me again, Whit, I promise you I will make you sorry for it."

He rummaged on the table for a sheet of paper, a blank check, and took out his fountain pen.

"Lee."

"What do you want?"

"You know—maybe I didn't mean quite everything I ——"

"Shut up!"

He rose, sealed the envelope and tossed it towards Baker.

"That," he said, "is very large returns on your investment, Whit. The only investment in humanity I ever knew you to make.

"I was lonesome and homesick, and you spoke to me, friendly-like, and called me a good egg. And for that, altogether, I have paid you more than seven thousand dollars, counting what you owed me, and I have paid you in time and in happiness."

"Lee, I ——"

"Shut up! And the one thing for which I am obliged to you is the knowledge that in comparison with everything really important, money isn't worth a damn. Money! I am giving you most of all I have, Whit, and if it had been all of it it would have meant no more to me than it does now. The door is open; get out of here before I kill you."

Now under the circumstances he might perhaps have been forgiven if during the next two weeks he had avoided society, but as a matter of fact it simply never occurred to him to play the martyr, either for anybody else's benefit or for his own. He was bruised to the very bottom of his heart, but he saw no reason why, because Jean McKee was engaged and Whitney Baker was a reptile, he should take it out on the neighbors. And so he dined with his friends and danced with them; he went to his club and conducted himself very much as usual, and even after he had formally separated himself from McKee & Co., he went down to the office two or three times to make practical suggestions to Billy.

Billy said to him, "When are you going South, Lee?"

"Oh, right soon now," said Gordon evasively.

Billy repeated this to his brother. "Do you see what he's doing, Jim? He's just hanging around to see Jean."

His brother was very serious. "Darn it all—if we'd only known! But he never said anything, and Jean never said anything. Wouldn't that have been great, though, Bill?"

"Didn't I tell you? Didn't I tell you that Baker'd turn around and bite him sometime?"

"If Lee'd only gone down to the boat that day!"

"Well—look here, Jim. It's too late now, of course, but don't you think the best thing would be to take Lee with us when we meet her? I mean—maybe it would be easier for him to see her in a crowd, first, and then if there was any—possibility of a change ——"

"Oh, that's pretty far-fetched. But if you want to suggest it ——"

"Sure, I'll suggest it. Even if it's only one chance in a billion."

Gordon, however, said no; so that while Jean was being expedited through customs he tramped the floor of his own room, and he was still tramping the floor, with his hands behind him, when Billy McKee knocked loudly.

Billy came in and stood looking at him with an expression that was so curiously apprehensive and so marvelously fraternal that Gordon jumped.

"Listen, Lee. In a way I suppose this is none of my business, but I had to come to you."

"What's the matter?"

"It's about Jean. Almost the first thing she did was to ask about you. And when Jim and I spoke about her—engagement ——"

"Well?"

"She said it was broken—the day before she sailed from Southampton. I thought you might want to know. Of course it's none of my business, but—I made it my business, Lee."

There was a heavy silence. "I wonder when I could see her, Billy."

"Say—nine o'clock tonight?"

"That would not be reasonable. She's your sister. You haven't seen her yourself for a year."

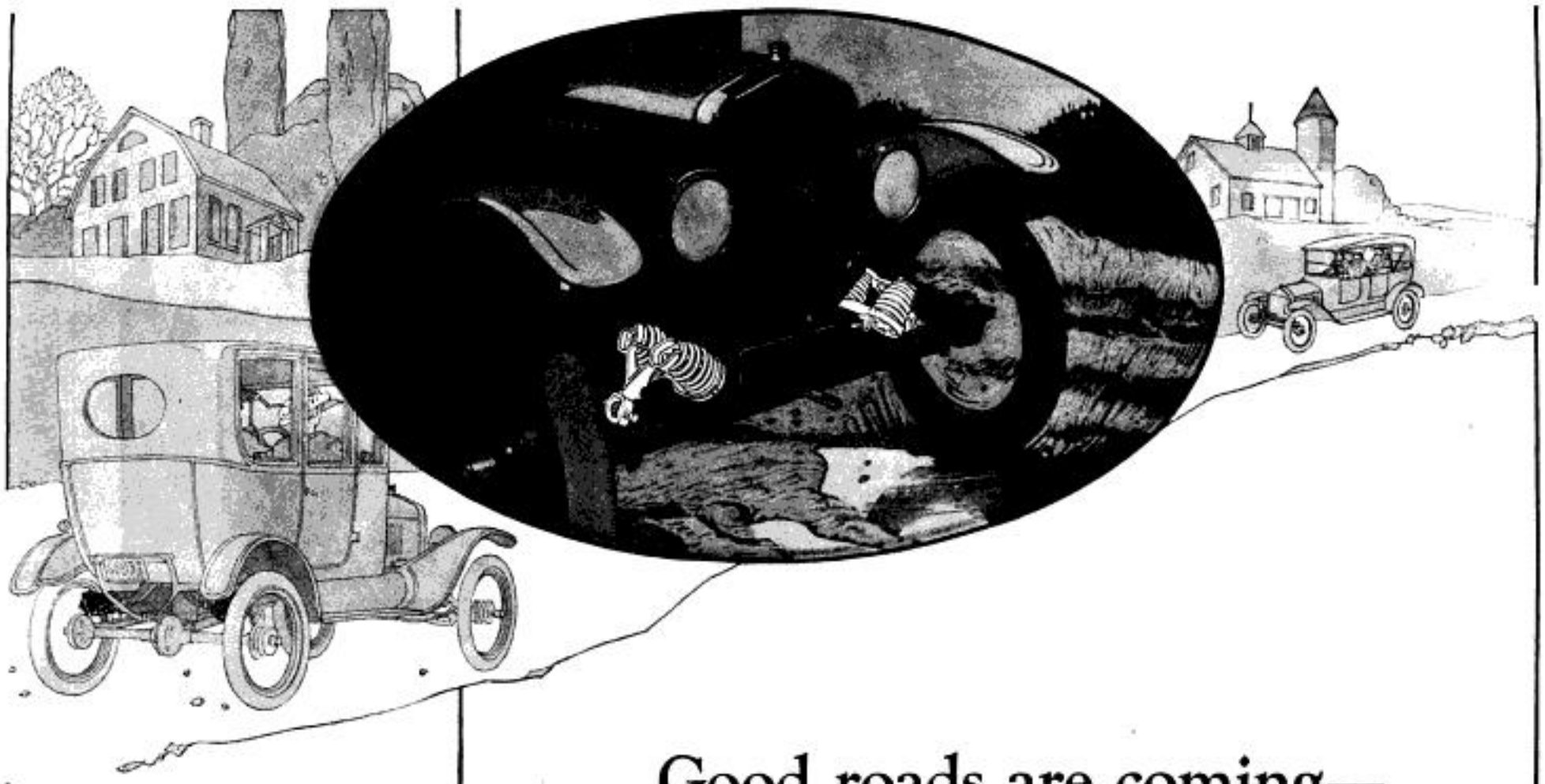
"Well, does it mean anything to you that if you want to come up Jim and I have a date—a vitally important business date—right after dinner?"

"I could never ask you to say a thing like that!"

"But I've already said it, Lee."

(Continued on Page 81)

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SOME day, the statesmen say, all our roads will be perfect! But why wait? You can have Hasslers *now* and escape most of the troubles bad roads cause.

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That Wayne pumps and tanks should be installed in the royal garage at Athens, is a singular tribute. Through the ages, men of Greece have always known how to combine utility with beauty. We feel that they may have had both in mind when they selected Wayne equipment.

Wayne pumps and storage systems are usually chosen when long and satisfactory service and not first cost is the buyer's chief consideration.

Years of pump and tank building on this principle have sent Wayne pumps all over the world and have likewise seen the Wayne Tank and Pump Company become the leader of its industry.

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(Borrowman Patents)

HONEST MEASURE PUMPS

S.H.C.

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(Continued from Page 78)

Gordon looked down. "Billy, there are times when there isn't any use in talking—but I am going to accept your offer. I shall call at your house at nine o'clock."

They shook hands, and McKee went out without another word.

She was standing by the window when Gordon came into the room; she turned suddenly and gave a little gasp. Gordon's eyes were dilated, and his features were set with a hardness that wasn't altogether becoming.

"The first time I ever saw you," said Gordon in a voice so low that it was barely audible, "was in this very room. Do you remember? And they were funning about you because they said you were always late. I have come up to tell you that I am a solid year late, Jean."

She came out towards him. "How do you mean, Lee?"

"If I had known then all that I know now," he said, "I would never have behaved to you as I did. I still might not have been able to come to say good-by to you on the dock, but I would have let you understand. I believe now that you would have understood. I would never have been so cussed stiff-necked. I wanted you to trust me too far—and it was my fault."

"I've always trusted you, Lee."

"Trusted me for what?"

"For everything that was big and manly and generous."

"Then why did you act like a little girl, Jean?"

She said the very last thing he expected. "Because I was jealous, Lee."

"Jealous!"

"Terribly."

"Why, I—I cannot grasp it."

She nodded. "I wanted you, and you wouldn't come. But why wouldn't you write to me?"

His eyes were incredulous. "How could I? You told me that unless I came to the dock I might not write to you. And I could not have written, anyhow, without explaining why I did not come. And that would have put me in the wrong. And I was wrong, Jean, only I was too inexperienced. You would have thought me either a hero or a fool—and I was too young to know that I was both, but mostly fool. And I hated to have you think me the one, and I was too full of false pride to want to have you think me the other."

The simplicity of the man dumfounded her; and when she realized the illimitable depths of his respect for her and his respect for himself she felt the tears starting. No other man she had ever known could have so defined himself in so short a paragraph.

"Do you know what I did, Lee? I was so hurt and so—childish—I tried to put excitement in the place of happiness. I even went so far as to—imagine I was engaged."

"So I heard."

"It wasn't real. Never. I think we both knew it. It only lasted a few weeks. You see, you never wrote to me, and"—she gestured aimlessly—"I didn't seem to care so very much what happened."

He looked down at her and his eyes softened. "Why did you break it off?"

"I told you. It wasn't real. I didn't want him. That's all."

Gordon moved nearer to her. "Jean—if I had known all I know now I should have asked you to marry me before you sailed. I have learned that of most everything in the whole world money counts the least. I believe, still, that a man who marries for money deserves nothing better; but if a man loves a woman, and she happens to be rich, he is a hypocrite to throw her down on that account. I loved you, but what I thought was pride was littleness. But as things are now ——" His voice wavered. "As long as I live I can make twenty to fifty thousand dollars a year in Wall Street. I can buy my peach farm, and have my horses and dogs, and spend three months there out of the twelve. I can support a wife. And even if you have more money than that it can't prevent you from being the sweetest thing I ever looked at. Would you consider it, Jean? And would you please forget what I said about you? And please believe that I would love you quite as well in calico? Money? That's nothing. I would still ask you if I hadn't a cent in the world—and I haven't—because I love you."

After a second or two she lifted her head. "Lee," she said with a funny little catch in her voice, "don't you know I've loved you—from the very first?"

He held out his arms.

It was half past eleven when James F. and William W. McKee, after much stamping on the stairs, ventured into the room where Gordon and their sister, deeply flushed, awaited them. They took one comprehensive glance and shouted in unison and hurled themselves forward.

When the brunt of it was over, Gordon caught Billy McKee's sleeve. "Billy, suppose I show up Monday."

Billy laughed uproariously. "I thought you said you wouldn't be back in Wall Street until the cows came home."

"I have heard them coming," said Gordon, "with bells on."

"You know what it means, don't you? You'll have to be a partner, and it's a twenty-year agreement."

"With three months off every year for the South, Billy? That is, unless we get bigger participations?"

"Sure! Honest, Lee, are you coming back?"

"Are you as glad as you sound, Billy?"

"Lee, we'll burn up the Street!"

"Wait till your horse's hoofs hit the sand, Billy. Or you flush a covey of birds under the blackjacks—you'd call 'em stunted oaks."

"Oh, Lee, you are a damned good egg!"

"I've been scrambled consid'able, Billy. Oh, Jean! Jean, dear! A point of order. If an egg is scrambled and turns out all right, isn't that a sign it was all right in the beginning?"



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A Silhouette of Pine Trees in the Adirondacks, New York



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THE mellow glow of lamp light, fragrance of good tobacco, the click of busy knitting needles, all these and more bring quiet contentment. And yet—a chill creeps in or, even worse, the room grows hot, uncomfortable. Gone are peace and comfort! Nothing can bring contentment in a room too hot—or cold.

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Suits at $25 frequently are sold on the argument that "they make you look successful and help you get on in business."

But $125 suits never are sold on that basis.

Because men who wear $125 suits don't buy them to impress their friends and business associates. They are men who just naturally *would* wear $125 suits—to please *themselves*.



Almost all fine things are preferred because they *are* fine, and for no other reason whatever.

That is the basis on which Old Hampshire Bond is bought and used.

Of course we don't know all the folks who buy Old Hampshire Bond. But we've met and talked with hundreds of them. Some of them are big business men; some are men in small businesses; others are doctors, lawyers, merchants, clerks. But every one we knew possesses that innate something we call good taste, that instinctive appreciation of fine things, so that



to write his letters on Old Hampshire Bond—the finest paper he can get—is as natural with him, and as devoid of the desire to "show off," as it is for him to rise when a lady enters the room.

And we would rather make a paper that is bought by people of this sort—because it *is* such fine paper—than to make ten times as much paper for people who use their stationery, their clothes, or their cars to knock other people's eyes out and "get the business."

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THE CHANGING EAST

(Continued from Page 19)

mills are about 4,000,000 spindles, but not a pound of the fleecy staple is grown in the empire. Her looms are capable of weaving 34,000,000 yards of woolen goods, for which no native wool is supplied. Steel is consumed to the extent of 1,500,000 tons, and the home production of iron ore aggregates only 130,000 tons.

In these facts you see what I meant when I said that Japan was up against it in the matter of raw materials. Due to the high cost of production that stands in a class by itself, to chronic failure to write off losses, and to persistent inflation and speculation, Japan has reached the point where her foreign trade is on the toboggan and her gold supply melting away. Unless drastic measures are taken to retrench she will meet with disaster.

Just as she stood at the crossroads of her political destiny after the signing of the Versailles Treaty in 1919, so has she arrived today at the crucial turn in the lane of her economic life. She must restrict her population or find some new outlet in Asia for her expanding millions. With the spotlight turned squarely upon her program she can no longer have recourse to the forceful methods that made her an international irritant. Besides, as I have pointed out, her people are not migratory. It gets down to a simple proposition. Japan must turn to intensive industrialization, like Belgium, and become, like England, one of the workshops of the world. It means the shift from a purely agricultural people—80 per cent of the population are now engaged upon the farms—to an industrial nation. The question is, "Can she do it?"

So much for the preliminary survey of the situation. To get at other and equally vital causes of the depression which has affected the economic status of the whole Orient, we must go back for a moment to the Great War, which set up the signboard for most contemporary social, political and industrial ills.

The End of the Boom

When Europe first saw red in 1914 Japan was a debtor nation. She had a big foreign debt and she had to rustle to raise the wind to meet the fixed charges. Her principal exports were raw and finished silk, copper, cotton fabrics and coal. Art novelties and braided work were incidental features. Her principal markets were the United States, China and Great Britain.

The wind that blew Europe ill was a godsend for Japan. Before the war had lengthened out to a year she was reveling in a prosperity that continued at full tilt for five years. It changed the whole social aspect of the nation, for it developed, as elsewhere, a new-rich whose swollen arrogance has been an incentive to socialism. But it did more than this. It bared a fundamental weakness in the Japanese productive structure. That war-born prosperity was a sort of boomerang, and Japan is now getting the full force of the back blow.

With the development of the submarine warfare Japan and the United States practically stood unchallenged in the larger market place of the world. They had the goods to sell and out-of-the-way places like Southern Asia, South America, India, the Straits Settlements and South Africa had to have these goods. The circumstance of war drew an invisible line across the globe. It extended from Port Said to New York and divided business into two zones. One was developed by the United States and the other by Japan.

Japan was thus able to get her hooks into areas where her merchandise had never gone before. Her salesmen swarmed to these new stamping grounds. Now began the carnival of cheap goods which has been the undoing of the empire. She got, for one thing, what in international commerce has long been known as the German trash trade. This was cheap stuff made for the Oriental market.

Japan was no stranger to mediocrity in merchandise. For fully ten years before the outbreak of the war the Germans and the British, but particularly the former, had exploited Japanese ability to turn out cheap products. The first advantage was cheap labor and the second lay in Japan's close proximity to the markets that the Europeans wanted to reach. These Japanese goods were often stamped with British or German labels in very much the same way that so much German merchandise was marked British and sold throughout Europe. Japan fell easily for this kind of output and when her great chance came she worked it to the limit.

During those inflated war days the Japanese product often did not live up to the sample. Some of her lead pencils, for example, had graphite only at the ends; many of her steel shovels doubled up with rough usage; some of her cotton output was as flimsy and unstable as paper. So long as merchandise was self-selling Japan could get away with this kind of thing. Between 1915 and 1920 her foreign trade grew by leaps and bounds. From a debtor nation she changed to a creditor people. Her exports for the first six months of 1920 were double those of the whole year of 1913. Putting it another way, the value of Japan's trade increased 320 per cent between 1913 and 1919. She was able to convert an adverse trade balance of 98,970,431 yen in 1913—and there had been adverse trade balances during the four preceding years—into large favorable trade balances for the four succeeding years. The high tide came in 1917, when her exports exceeded the imports by 567,193,941 yen. Her gold reserve piled up proportionately.

The turn came in 1919, when imports again took the lead. From an excess of 74,587,263 yen that year they went to 387,780,170 yen in 1920 and 361,317,117 yen last year. This year they will probably be larger. Likewise there is a shrinkage in the gold holdings. The peak was reached in 1920, when Japan had 2,178,625,959 yen in the yellow metal to her credit. By the first of this year it had gone down to 2,080,444,703 yen.

Peace, as you may imagine, was as great a shock to Japan as the outbreak of war was to Europe. It is an interesting commentary on the Japanese state of mind that the news of the armistice was purposely withheld by the authorities for fear of the panic that might ensue. No effort was officially made in Tokio or elsewhere by the Japanese to celebrate the conclusion of the most terrible war in history until the emperor himself commanded that it be done.

There was an hour of retribution for all the commercial methods indulged in during the red years. Just as soon as Germany, America, England and France were able to turn their munition factories back to normal output, the consumer got wise to what Japan had been doing. He turned down the Japanese product and began to buy the real article again. The inevitable result was that late in 1920 Japanese exports began to slump, and they have dwindled ever since. Japanese merchandise can no longer hold its own in competition: first, because much of it is still below par; and second, the excessive cost of production makes it impossible. China is now underselling Japan in Japan with Chinese goods that, plus the duty, are cheaper and more desirable.

That Japan is alive to this state of affairs is indicated by the following paragraph from the resolutions adopted by the Associated Japanese Chambers of Commerce at their convention held in Tokio:

> The principal reason why Japanese goods are being driven out of foreign markets is their bad quality. In order to remedy this evil it is first of all desirable that smaller workshops should combine so as to produce uniform goods. Further, it is necessary that official inspection places should be established for the rigorous examination of the principal exports, while in the case of other goods the guilds concerned should see that they are kept up to a proper standard of quality.

This lack of commercial honor in merchandise is matched by a corresponding departure from ethics in the whole large business structure. Practically no Japanese activity has been immune to such sore spots. Some have developed into international episodes. The notorious Navy Scandal of 1914 upset the Yamamoto government, caused two admirals to be dropped and gave heart disease to a score of other high-placed officials. It involved a well-known German electrical firm which sought a huge government contract.

No less sensational was the opium scandal in the leased territory in Shan-tung. This disclosed the amiable fact that Japanese customs officials were receiving large sums of money to permit opium to get through to the Chinese. In some instances the forbidden drug went through as military supplies.

During the past twelve months what might be called a new code of business morals has been developing in Nippon business. It has been discovered that honesty is not only the best but the most profitable policy, and it will henceforth apply to merchandising morals as well as to others.

Buying at the Top

Practically all transactions in Japan, even matrimony, are negotiated through an intermediary. Even so humble a commodity as a sack of charcoal passes through six or seven hands before it reaches the ultimate consumer. Every hand that touches it takes its toll of profit. While I was in Tokio there was a public bidding for the electrical supplies in a new office building. One of the men interested told me that the successful bidder had to calculate on a profit of 60 per cent. He, however, got only 7 per cent. The rest of the profit was swallowed up by the various middlemen who had to be fixed. Even China could scarcely beat this record.

In this connection it is interesting to add that one reason why the Japanese is unable to hold his own in so many big transactions is that he can see only the immediate profit. To obtain this he sacrifices really big returns. In other words, he lacks the long and patient vision of the German, who does not build for today but for tomorrow.

Another side light on Japanese commerce is through the revelation of what might be called Japanese business psychology. The Nipponese almost invariably buys when prices are high. He will not purchase in a low market because he thinks that the commodity will go still lower. Where the American cotton manufacturer, for instance, will keep on purchasing in a falling market, his Japanese confrere will sit tight. The boom in manufacturing came at a time when the price of machinery was abnormally high. Hundreds of Japanese plants were equipped at these inflated prices. The joke of the situation at the present time is that the great majority of inventories are written at these abnormal rates. The Japanese persistently refuse to write off their losses, and as a consequence many are dwelling today in a fool's paradise.

Diverting as is this narrative of the rise and fall of the war-born overseas trade, it pales alongside the story of the puncturing of the famous silk boom. Since silk is the principal export of Japan it is well worth pointing out, for many of the present-day commercial ills—indeed, the beginning of the whole depression—date from the collapse of the bubble in which nearly the whole nation participated. In this episode you get another angle on Nipponese big

(Continued on Page 85)



Water Falls, Glen Onoko, Pa.

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The Welcome Given to Seiberling Cords and Seiberling Policy

Eight months ago you had not seen a Seiberling Cord; for the first one of the many thousands that have left the factory had but started on its way to a Seiberling dealer.

Today the Seiberling Cord is under wheel in most of the cities and counties of the nation. From the first it met with immediate acceptance by car owners. In six months it had national distribution.

Today 2,550 tire retailers have aligned themselves with Seiberling—men like ourselves, old in the business—men who are quick to recognize unusual value in a tire.

Eight months ago the Seiberling Cord was awaited with interest, as the product of F. A. Seiberling and of an organization of long and highly successful experience in building high-grade cord tires—an organization that began a new business with the policy: "Cords only, of but one quality, the best we know how to build."

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Eveready Flashlight Batteries are universally used because they are better. They give a brighter light; last longer; and *fit and improve all makes of flashlights.* Insist upon Eveready.

For sale everywhere at hardware, electrical, sporting goods, drug, and auto accessory shops; garages; general stores.



EVEREADY
FLASHLIGHTS
& BATTERIES

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(Continued from Page 82)

business, for in it you see the government-subsidy machine working at full time.

Raw silk constitutes one-third of the Japanese exports, nearly 90 per cent of which goes to the United States. Silk has often been called the filament that binds Japan and America. As one of the leading silk producers said to me, "Cut this silken cord that ties us to the United States and Japan faces economic ruin."

In order to understand the orgy of speculation which brought Japan to her present unhappy state you must first know that silk is a medium for gambling there, precisely as cotton or wheat in America. There is a silk exchange in Yokohama which deals in futures. The standard quantity dealt in is the picul, or about 133 pounds. This picul, so far as trading is concerned, corresponds with our bale of cotton. Where we trade in bales the Japanese deal in piculs.

Silk culture is largely a peasant industry because many thousands of farmers raise the mulberry trees and the eggs. As with cotton and corn, weather enters largely into the matter, although demand and supply are, of course, the fundamental determining factors. This would make the industry stable but for the element of speculation which has entered so largely into it. Unlike cotton, raw silk is a perishable commodity and must not only be shipped on the fastest steamers but converted as soon as possible.

Prior to the panic of 1907 Italy produced more silk than Japan. She kept up the price and the Japanese capitalized the hour by reducing. In consequence, the American manufacturers flocked to the new field. Although there are many grades of silk in this discussion we will use what might be called the standard grade. Before the Great War the average price for this grade was 1000 yen a picul. Henceforth in this article the yen will be used to indicate a value of fifty cents, which is slightly above its parity.

The Great Silk Panic

With the outbreak of the war, depression seized the Japanese silk trade. It was assumed that silk would be regarded as a luxury, and that luxuries would come under the ban. The home banks clamped down the lid on the producers and there was despair everywhere. The price dropped to 700 yen a picul. It would have gone even lower if the government had not stepped in, formed the Imperial Silk Company, and begun its subsidizing. It bought 7000 bales at 700 yen a picul, which kept the price from going lower.

At this point it may be well to state that with silk, as with most of the other important industries, especially cotton and steel, the Japanese Government is the guardian angel. Whenever a big slump comes it goes into the market and buys immense quantities in the effort to bring about stabilization. Frequently this inflates the price to an artificial standard. One reason why Japanese prices are all out of gear today is that there has been too much government support of them. This constant subsidizing has had the tendency of giving the Japanese producer a dependence upon paternalism that frequently sterilizes his initiative and judgment.

Japanese pessimism about silk becoming a luxury and being banned was premature. With swollen wartime wages came the silk-shirt era. Munition workers everywhere began to revel in luxuries they had never known before, and silk shirts and silk frocks were among them. Instead of becoming depressed the Japanese silk market took on a new lease of life and between 1914 and 1918 the average price was 1600 yen a picul. With the signing of the armistice came a depression and the price dropped to 1300 yen a bale. Once more it was stabilized, at 1300 yen, this time by a gentlemen's agreement, for the Imperial Silk Company had ceased to function. It was a lull before the storm.

In April, 1919, began the boom which got all Japan on tiptoes and likewise plunged thousands into ruin. It was due to high wages and to an increase in the consumption of silk, brought about by the new styles, which favored wider lengths of the product. In addition, the world was still bitten with extravagance and had acquired the silk habit. An orgy of silk buying started and the market went up like a skyrocket. By January, 1920, the highest quality of silk had soared to 4800 yen a bale. Japan now went speculation-mad. Everybody with any money at all began to gamble in silk. Even the coolies got the itch. Ten men would get together and between them buy a single bale. A great deal of this buying was on margin because in their excitement the speculators believed that there was no limit to the price that would be reached.

The craze extended to all other lines. Literally thousands of new companies were organized on paper and their stocks sold on the Tokio Stock Exchange. No one took the time or trouble to investigate a new issue. They simply bought frantically right and left because everybody was doing it. The stock of the Tokio Exchange, which is dealt in as a security, rose from 50 to 549.

Needless to say, there was an end to the bubble. Curiously enough, the needle was first applied in America. By March, $250,000,000 worth of silk was held in New York. The Wall Street banks now refused to lend any more money on it and almost overnight the American manufacturers began to sell the raw article at the top price and to take their profits. The collapse followed, and before a week had passed the unloading was under way. By April the price had dropped to 3600 yen, in May it was 3000 yen, and by August it had dwindled to 1200 yen. Meanwhile banks were failing, the big plungers went into bankruptcy, and the thousands of pikers who risked their savings were wiped out. Ruin stalked about.

So wild was the excitement that the Yokohama Silk Exchange had to close. The silk industry faced absolute paralysis, and once more the government stepped in. It reorganized the Imperial Silk Company, which secured a loan of 65,000,000 yen from the government at a low rate of interest, with the understanding that it would immediately go into the market and buy 40,000 bales, so as to maintain a minimum level of 1500 yen a bale. These measures applied only to the foreign market. This subsidizing had the effect of once more stabilizing the situation. Early this year there was a slight boom, due to the resumption of the American looms after the long strike in the hosiery trade, and the price went up to 2261 yen a bale. At the time I write this article it hovers around 1700 yen.

Such, in brief, is the story of the Japanese silk boom, which not only ruined a host of people but gave the industry a black eye because of the unbridled speculation that was permitted. One result was a strong reaction against the Yokohama Exchange and the inauguration of a movement to establish an exchange at Kobe, which would be free of the gambling influences of Yokohama. Farseeing Japanese silk producers realize that unless steps are taken to prevent a repetition of the 1920 madness the business will have a checkered future. Moreover, every other important Japanese industry is now clamoring for the same government aid that was given to silk, and the government is at the moment unable to come through, because it has troubles of its own.

High Production Costs

The collapse of the silk boom was sufficient in itself to dislocate business, but, unhappily for Japan, it was only one of many causes contributory to the uncertainty that still darkens the business skies. A more permanent and irritating obstacle to the return of anything like normalcy is the high cost of production, which extends to practically every organized industry.

For many years Japan enjoyed low production costs, which applied to officers, clerical force and artisans. The extremely low standard of living made this possible. All this is now a thing of the past. In Tokio, for example, the cost of living is higher than in London, New York or Paris. Everybody is affected by the change because everybody eats rice, and I have already shown how its cost has soared. Living conditions in Japan are worse than they were three years ago, for there has been no deflation. The result is that wages have not only maintained their boom level but everything is correspondingly expensive. Here you have another reason why Japan's exports have dropped away and why British, German, American and Chinese commodities can be brought in, pay a duty of 30 or 40 per cent, and even then undersell the homemade product. For the first months of this year the balance of trade against Japan continued to average over 90,000,000 yen a month.

Now we come to an interesting psychological phase of Japan in transition. Practically every large Japanese employer is anxious either to shut down his factory or greatly to curtail his force, but he is afraid to do so for fear of riots and disastrous strikes. During the last few years Japanese labor has realized that it is an important factor. The one-time docile and almost doglike acquiescence to authority has been followed by revolt against restriction, and even destructive disorder. The guilds, which take the place of our labor unions, are well organized and are beginning to exert an influence that ten years ago would have been looked upon as sacrilegious.

Even when the Japanese employer wants to dismiss his employes he faces an overhead charge that is unique in industrial history. He cannot let his workers go, nor will they leave, until he pays them what is known as a retirement allowance. It is nothing more nor less than a bonus which, contrary to our idea of it, frequently puts a premium on inefficiency. This retirement allowance is one result of the family system. In Japan every family must take care of its own and this rule also applies to the employer. No matter whether a man works for one month or ten years, the moment he is dismissed he must get a cash present. It therefore becomes much cheaper in many instances to keep men at work at a loss than to fire them and pay the allowance.

Cost of the Bonus System

While I was in Japan one of the leading American manufacturers there told me that it had cost him 300,000 yen to get rid of five hundred employes. The irony of the situation was that the day after some of them received their bonuses they got jobs with a rival concern. When the Nippon Yusen Kaisha—more commonly known as the N.Y.K.—which is the leading Japanese steamship company, laid off six hundred employes last May it had to pay out 1,000,000 yen in retirement allowances. Some of the large Japanese concerns have a habit of taking on the graduates of the Higher Commercial School upon their graduation each spring. Business conditions this year were so unstable that they waived this privilege. The students, however, insisted upon receiving the retirement allowance, even before they were employed—and got it!

The same system applies to men higher up. Every important official in a Japanese company expects a bonus at the end of six months. It is no uncommon thing in flush times to pay out several million yen in this way semiannually. When periods of depression come these bonuses must be paid as usual, otherwise there is serious internal trouble. The result is that hundreds of concerns are in a bad way.

This bonus system provided an excellent loophole for escape from the payment of income taxes. Until this year income tax was paid only upon salaries. The managing director of a large factory would get a purely inconsequential salary of 4000 or 5000 yen a year, upon which he paid tax. His bonus of 200,000 or 300,000 yen would be immune.

Just as the Associated Japanese Chambers of Commerce officially called attention to the inferiority of Japanese goods, so did they also point out the danger of the present high production costs in this resolution:

> Prices should be made to decline by reforming the system of production and economizing the costs. While prices are going down all over the world there is in Japan a highly disproportionate difference in price between goods for export and goods for domestic consumption, and also between wholesale and retail prices. From a trade point of view, it is both useless and harmful to try to keep up prices by artificial makeshifts.

Less permanent but much more disturbing for the moment is the readjustment following the Limitation of Armament Conference at Washington. In the long run the historic meeting in the American capital will prove to be of immense benefit to Japan, for it in reality has saved her from national bankruptcy, though it is just now playing havoc with the established industrial order.

To a degree greater than obtained in England the disarmament program was a shock. The reason is obvious. Japan had embarked upon a naval program that taxed practically every important shipyard in the empire. The securities of these companies dropped thirty to fifty points the day the Four Power Pact was signed, and the yards found themselves with armies of employes facing canceled orders.

Just as soon as the shipbuilders, who include the government, began to talk of laying off employes, there was the usual uproar. At a meeting of employes of the government establishments at Asukayama the following question was telegraphed to the Minister of the Navy:

"Are any workmen in the government workshops to be dismissed in consequence of the Limitation of Armament Agreement, and if so can they expect two years' wages as their discharge allowance?"

This modest request was indorsed by the workers in the arsenals and navy yards at Kure, Kokura, Nagoya and Osaka. The question has not yet been answered, for the work in hand has not necessitated any curtailment of employes, but before this year is ended Japan must decide whether she will pay this enormous retirement allowance or face the alternative of serious uprising.

That Japan is booked for trouble is shown by the demonstration of arsenal workers at Tokio during my first visit, in February. One thousand of the men adopted a resolution calling upon the Minister of the Navy to guarantee discharge allowances to everybody affected by armament reduction. After the mass meeting a parade was formed and the workers marched to one of the leading temples, which is the usual objective after a Japanese procession. Eight thousand arsenal workers participated in a similar demonstration at Osaka.

Fortunately for the government, as well as for the private shipowners, the breakdown of the negotiations at Washington on the submarine question gives them complete freedom in the construction of cruisers, torpedo craft, submarines and supply vessels. Various new contracts have already been awarded for these auxiliary craft, which will tide the builders over the immediate crisis. The money that the Japanese taxpayers expected to save through the restriction of big-ship construction will go into the building of smaller vessels.

The Shipbuilding Industry

Progressive Japanese shipbuilders, however, are taking no chances. As in England, they are beginning to convert their establishments to other uses. The great Kawasaki Dockyards Company, at Kobe, is preparing to undertake the manufacture of electric locomotives in anticipation of the demand that will arise shortly, owing to the electrification of certain railway lines in the empire. The Mitsubishi and the Mitsui Bussan Kaisha are going into the manufacture of aircraft, especially seaplanes, while the Niigata Engineering Works and the Asano Shipbuilding Company are turning their attention to the production of Diesel engines. The Osaka Iron Works, which dealt heavily in armament, will henceforth turn out electrical equipment and cables.

Despite these preparations to meet contingencies, the outlook for Japanese shipbuilding—and it is one of the most important industries of the country—is not particularly cheerful. It is only fair to the Japanese to say that the commercial malpractice which has marked so much of their export merchandising is conspicuously absent in ship and big metal construction. Some of the ablest men in the country are engaged in it.

Chief among these shipping magnates is Kojiro Matsukata, the third and most commanding of the eight sons of Marquis Matsukata, the last of the Genro. As president of the Kawasaki Company, at Kobe, he is the foremost factor in ship construction in Japan. He represents a curious blend of education, for he studied at Harvard, took a course at Cambridge, and polished it all off in France. With the exception of Doctor Dan, the head of the Mitsui company, he is more like the all-round American business man than any one of the leaders I met in Japan.

When I asked him how the disarmament program would affect his business he said: "In ordinary times we employ 20,000 men. Now we have 14,000 at work and I think we can keep them going, certainly for some time. Instead of big ships we shall be able to construct smaller and auxiliary craft for the government, and in addition we expect to enlarge our field in the construction of

(Continued on Page 88)

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Jesse L. Lasky presents

Gloria Swanson in "Her Gilded Cage"



PHOTOGRAPH BY EDWIN BOWER HESSER

By Elmer Harris Based on the play by Anne Nichols Scenario by Percy Heath

A Sam Wood Production

A Paramount Picture

SEE glorious Gloria as the cabaret dancer Paris and New York go wild over!

Outwardly a typical wild flower of footlight fame, this beautiful girl is in reality the sole support and protector of a crippled sister whose only dim hope of expensive cure lies in Gloria's success.

The aim is infinitely noble—the path infinitely dangerous—the risking of one girl's love and honor for another's healing, a drama of great intensity!

Those who saw Sam Wood's "Beyond the Rocks," "The Great Moment" and "Her Husband's Trademark" have an inkling of the thrills afforded by his spectacular handling of *"Her Gilded Cage."*

The brilliant Paramount cast includes David Powell, Harrison Ford, Walter Hiers, Ann Cornwall and Charles Stevenson.

For authentic scenes of the back-stage life of a popular dancer this is the best picture ever made.





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Adolph Zukor presents a

WILLIAM de MILLE
Production

"Nice People"

with

Wallace Reid, Bebe Daniels,
Conrad Nagel & Julia Faye

From the play by Rachel Crothers — *Screen play by Clara Beranger*

A Paramount Picture



Released Paramount Week Sept. 3-9

First showing at more than 200 leading theatres.



SEE for yourself what the gilded rich of America's young people are up to today!

Is it merely high spirits, or are they running wild?

In *"Nice People,"* Wallace Reid, Bebe Daniels, Conrad Nagel, Julia Faye and a brilliant cast depict the life of the youthful pleasure hunters of today.

Face the truth, see for yourself all the ritual of the worship of the god of Pleasure, conducted in an atmosphere of flashing eyes, white shoulders, and a general disposition to find out just how rich a mixture the human body and soul can operate under!

William de Mille has produced the photoplay in a manner which demonstrates that a halt must be called.

"Nice People" has broken records on the stage.

See how powerful it is, come to life!—on the screen!

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(Continued from Page 85)

railway equipment, both steam and electric. The salvation in Japanese shipyards must lie in this kind of conversion."

When I saw Mr. Matsukata early in June he had just returned from a trip to Europe. In connection with Japan's new place in international trade he said: "If Japanese industry is to hold its own it must reduce the cost of production and at the same time Japanese workers must improve their physical and mental equipment. They must reach the same level of efficiency that the Western worker has attained."

All the Japanese shipbuilding companies made enormous profits during the war and immediately after, and they can easily withstand costly readjustment. The Kawasaki yards, for example, did such enormous business that only this year K. Matsukata was able to purchase a $5,000,000 collection of modern paintings as a gift to the Japanese nation. When I spoke to him about it he smiled and said, "That was merely part of the war profits."

Of far-reaching significance is the growing commercial kinship between Japan and Germany. It has reached the point where Japanese who indulge in the rare luxury of frankness will admit that Germany really represents one of the economic hopes of their country. A close and formal alliance is among the near possibilities. Here is a matter well worth dwelling upon.

This news should not startle anyone who is at all familiar with Japan. For many years Germany, in the eyes of the Japanese, could do no wrong. The Prussian army was the model of the Japanese and every year hundreds of Japanese students were sent to the German universities to become impregnated with culture. Germany's downfall was a terrific shock to Japan, but it did not reduce Teutonic stature in the admiring eyes of the little Nipponese. Germany in defeat was not only still great but, what was more practical, highly useful.

Leanings Toward Germany

So long as the postwar boom continued Japan made no particular economic overtures to Germany. She welcomed German business men and gave them every facility. The German electrical concerns which had been so strongly intrenched in prewar days renewed their hold, and Hugo Stinnes, wise and farseeing wizard of commerce that he is, at once established branch offices there.

Just as soon as depression fell upon the land the Japanese turned instinctively to the Germans for aid and counsel. They argued like this: The Germans were our friends and mentors before the war. They will now help us out of our troubles. Let us make a close economic alliance with them.

The best evidence that Germany reciprocated Japan's desire for economic relationship lies in the fact that she sent Dr. Wilhelm Solf as her first ambassador since the armistice. He was Minister of Foreign Affairs at the close of the war and carried on the historic negotiations with President Wilson that led to the signing of the armistice. Diplomatically speaking, Solf was one of Germany's best bets, and the cordial reception that he received indicated that Japan was flattered by his coming. In the first speech that he made, at the reception given at Tokio in his honor, he frankly said that Germany wanted intimate economic connections with Japan and that the two nations, one impoverished by war and the other reduced by a costly prosperity, could march hand in hand toward a common and productive future.

Japan has returned to her old custom of sending students to Germany—130 went this year—and she has even gone to the extent of subsidizing German scientific research. During my first stay in Japan, H. Hoshi, head of the largest pharmaceutical concern in the Orient, tendered the German government a present of 2,000,000 marks for chemical research work. These straws indicate which way the wind is blowing.

There is a strong conviction that Germany and Japan will try to divide up Siberian and Chinese trade. In the matter of Germany's essential needs, coal and raw materials, Japan can be of little help, but German science and efficiency and Japanese business convenience can combine into a powerful factor in the commerce of the Orient.

The arrangement recently made between Furukawa & Company, a huge Japanese industrial company, and the Siemens Schuckert Company, which is in the Stinnes electrical-manufacturing group, is typical of what will continue to develop between Japan and Germany. By this agreement Japan will supply materials, capital and labor, while Germany in turn will contribute factory equipment, experience and experts. Twenty German engineers have arrived in Japan to construct the factory at Tokio that will be used by this combination.

In commenting on this particular deal one of the leading Japanese newspapers summed up the Japanese viewpoint with regard to German coöperation when it said: "These arrangements are very appropriate to meet the present situation in both countries. Japan will be able to make good her commercial defects and shortcomings, and Germany will have a strong aid in her economic rehabilitation."

Meanwhile the Germans are not only doing business hand over fist in Japan but are underselling every foreign competitor. A German-made cylinder grinder was sold to the government arsenal at Kure for 7200 yen, while the best American quotation on a similar grinder was 12,000 yen. A German stone crusher was bought by the South Manchurian Railway for 2450 yen. In the same competition the lowest American bid listed a similar machine at 8600 yen. Whether Germany will be able to maintain these low prices in the future is problematical. In Japan, as elsewhere, the Germans are probably selling at a loss in order to get back their trade, but with the strong coöperation they are receiving from the Japanese they will probably be able to hold their own.

Of almost equal significance is the new Japanese attitude towards China. Although Japan has professed a change of heart with regard to her neighbor, the Chinese are still suspicious. Business, like necessity, knows no caste or hate, however, and the volume of trade between the two countries is constantly growing. The Chinese boycott against Japan, due to the Twenty-one Demands, has practically ceased to function. Although the Japanese made light of it there is no doubt that this measure worked a considerable hardship for a time. During the first four months of this year Japanese exports to China showed an increase of 2,500,000 yen over the same period last year, and the imports an increase of 5,600,000 yen.

After years of blundering, which almost completely alienated their second-best customer, Japan realizes today that China's good will is absolutely essential to her prosperity. Taking a larger view it can readily be seen that on close economic coöperation between China and Japan depends much of the commercial stability of the Orient. Japan is wise to this and is therefore moving heaven and earth to rectify the mistakes of her past.

Investors Dividend-Mad

Just as Japan has begun to exploit German efficiency, so is she also seeking to capitalize the low price of labor and raw materials in China. During the past twelve months six Japanese cotton mills have been constructed in the vicinity of Shanghai. Chinese labor is almost exclusively employed and Chinese cotton will be utilized in the mills. The Japanese manufacturers thus escape the almost prohibitive high cost of production at home and also gain the good will of working and living with the Chinese. In a subsequent article of this series, dealing with the Japanese penetration everywhere, you will see how adroitly Japan has fastened her hooks into many desirable quarters of China.

Japanese finance has fared little better than Japanese general business. It contributed to the orgy of quotation and speculation and is now reaping the whirlwind. Someone has said that this state of affairs is due to low thinking and high living. This is not altogether true so far as the Japanese bankers are concerned, because they include able and big-visioned men who have pleaded in vain with their countrymen to get the gambling virus out of their systems.

Every bank in Japan is literally cluttered up with loans. Moreover, they must keep on lending. They are like the traditional person hanging on to the tail of the bull, in that they are afraid to let go. If the Tokio, Yokohama and Osaka banks called half their loans tomorrow, Japan would be plunged into panic. During the flush days everybody could get credit and nearly everyone was organizing a company. You get some idea of the increase in company formations when I say that in 1914 new capital issues aggregated 250,000,000 yen. In 1920 the amount was 5,113,000,000 yen, and more than half this sum for 1920 pertains to the first three months of the year.

To understand frenzied finance in Japan you must know one astounding fact about Japanese business conduct. The Japanese stockholder is dividend-mad. Every intelligent security holder wants regular and adequate return on his money, but he does not want it at the expense of the company's integrity. This is the exact opposite of the Nipponese state of mind, which demands dividends, no matter what the company is doing.

The result is, incredible as it may seem, that many Japanese concerns pay dividends when caution and self-preservation would dictate retrenchment.

The amount of dividends paid by the average Japanese corporation during the past five years has not been duplicated in any other country. Dividends of 40, 50 and 60 per cent are quite common, while a few companies have paid as high as 75 and 100 per cent. An American stockholder in a well-known Japanese company told me at Yokohama that this particular concern had reduced its dividend from 60 to 15 per cent and that in order to pay it, several million yen had to be taken out of the reserve. All sorts of jugglery is resorted to to pay unearned dividends.

Loose Banking Laws

This is not altogether the fault of the company managers. It is a concession that must be made to the stockholders. The average Japanese investor has not been educated to the point attained by his Western brothers. He thinks that the moment he puts money into an enterprise he should get big returns. Many companies stand in fear of their stockholders, who do more than protest, for they often raise roughhouse at the annual meetings.

There is another and fundamental reason why Japanese finance is not particularly cheery. It lies in the laxity of the general banking laws. Most institutions, especially the private banks, are free from the limitations on loaning power such as obtain in the United States, where banks are subject to drastic state or national laws. In Japan money may be loaned at will, and bank inspection is lax.

There was a conspicuous example of private manipulation of Japanese banks when the silk bubble burst. The prize silk plunger of Japan was a young man who inherited many rich holdings from his father, and among them a directorship in one of the banks. This young man tried to get a corner on silk, with the usual result. He not only went broke but broke the bank. In discussing his affairs with me he naïvely said, "I was a director in the bank and the bank's funds became involved in my operations." The best comment on this brand of financing was made to me by a Japanese who had spent much time in America. In condemning the failure of this particular bank he said, "Some Japanese banks simply play craps with their deposits."

Although a period of retrenchment has set in, failures are numerous in Japan. During the month of May ninety-seven corporations went to the wall, and on the day I left Japan there were rumors concerning the stability of one of its large business houses. A year ago the name of this firm was rated very high.

Despite all this maelstrom of inflation, bankruptcy and general business confusion, the yen holds its own in foreign exchange. This is due, of course, to the fact that Japan built up such an immense gold reserve during those years of prosperity. At par the yen is worth 49.87 cents. In December, 1918, it went to 52.25, which means that at that time the American dollar was at a discount. Its only rival then was the Spanish peseta. Both Spain and Japan had done some prize war profiteering. The yen reached its lowest mark in May of this year, when it went to a trifle over 47 cents.

Although space is growing limited there must be a swift glance at the leading Japanese banks, especially the Bank of Japan, which does for the Island Empire what the Bank of England does for England. It is the balance wheel of the whole

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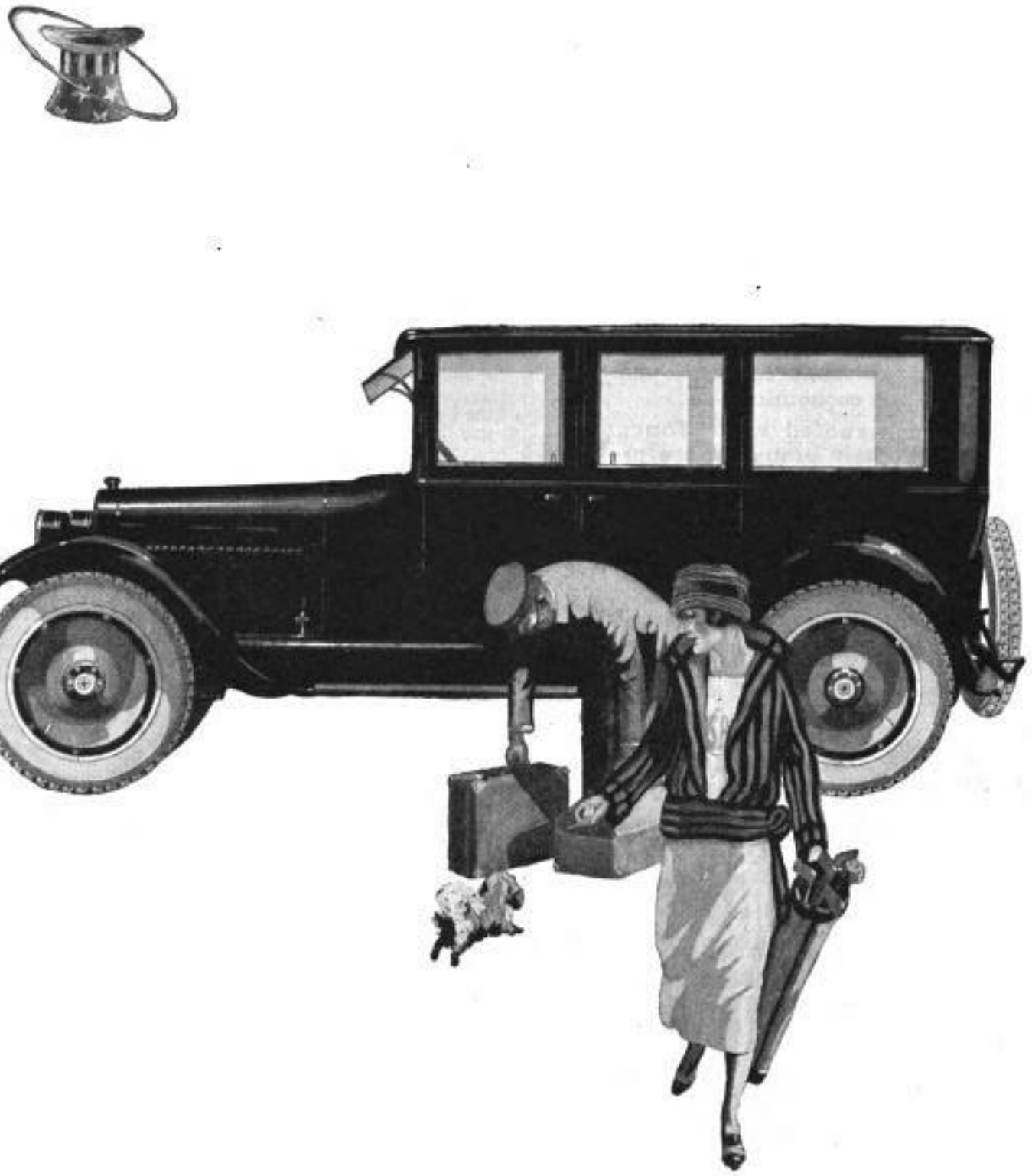
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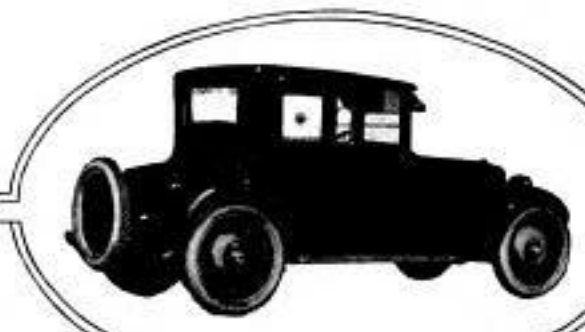
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High Electrical Conductivity
Electrical Wire and Rods

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In black, blue annealed and galvanized sheets



Toncan Culvert installed 1908

This 36-inch Toncan Metal Corrugated Culvert made by The Canton Culvert & Silo Co. has been in service fourteen years. In reference to it the Vice-President and General Manager of The Toledo and Indiana Railroad writes: "We find the culvert pipe which you shipped to Bryan, and which we installed under our track at Joe Run, is in perfect condition and doing the work correctly." Toncan Culverts endure because they are anti-corrosive.

* * *

Toncan Enameling Stock assures unblemished surfaces of lasting brilliancy when used as a base for porcelain enamel.

(Continued from Page 88)

Japanese financial machine and was designed by Marquis Matsukata when he was Minister of Finance. Then, as now, Matsukata incarnated the feudal idea and he developed the banking system along this line. I use the word "feudal" here because each one of the great more or less government promoted banks really represents an arm of the government. The Japanese say that they were organized as financial organs of trade. This is also true, for in the main they follow the German model. Each has its bit to do, and does it well. The Bank of Japan—its Japanese name is Nippon Ginko—issues notes, discounts or purchases government bills, buys and sells gold and silver bullion, and does a general banking business. Its work is more restricted than that of any other bank, for, as central institution of issue, it is forbidden to make loans on real estate or the shares of banks and corporations.

Analyze the work of every other big bank and you find that it is part of the government service. The Yokohama Specie Bank, for instance, which is the best known, having branches everywhere, is the bank for foreign trading, in the same way that the Bank of Japan is the bank for internal trade. The Industrial Bank is like the great Deutsche Bank in that it is the creator and partner of various industrial undertakings. It will finance only Japanese enterprises.

For each of its colonies Japan has a specially created bank. The Bank of Chosen—Chosen is the Japanese word for Korea—does the job for that colony; the Bank of Taiwan, for Formosa; and the Hokkaido Colonial Bank, for Hokkaido, which is in the north of Japan.

Mr. Inouye's Views

There is still another distinctive feature about Japanese finance. Nearly every one of the feudal families, whose story will be told in the next article, has a bank in connection with its far-flung commercial enterprises. They have thus brought about an interlocking financial and commercial arrangement by which one feeds the other. In some respects it resembles the liaison that existed before the war in Italy between the Banca Commerciale Italiana on the one hand and the Allgemeine Elektrische Gesellschaft—the famous A. E. G.—on the other. This Italian bank was practically controlled by the German electrical concern, and corporations intending to equip a plant were expected to expend the proceeds of loans with the A. E. G. The Japanese private banks owned by the ruling families do not go to this extreme, but they are out for all the industrial business they can control.

Japan's leading banker is Junnosuke Inouye, who as governor of the Bank of Japan exercises a wide influence. If his colleagues had heeded his persistent warnings to cut down the scale of living, reduce prices and inaugurate an era of retrenchment, Japan would not be in her present plight. It was Inouye who tried to divert the silk gamblers from their mad course in 1920. He represents the soundest financial judgment in the empire. Moreover, he expresses a rare Japanese type, in that he has not only lived in the West but has really assimilated Western ideas. For a considerable time he represented the Yokohama Specie Bank in New York, and speaks English fluently.

I asked Mr. Inouye to prepare a statement for me on the Japanese situation and the outlook. This is what he wrote:

Our business prosperity that had been witnessed during the war period was brought about and based upon a rare activity in our export trade, visible and invisible. With the termination of the war and export demand on the decline, the situation was bound to reverse itself and any protracted economic activity could hardly have been expected. But the process of readjustment has been too long delayed. Our people in general indulge in undesirable habits of extravagance and laxity, fostered by the easiness of securing large incomes and profits during the prosperous times. Consumption has thus been kept up.

Business men were reluctant to adjust their affairs to the changed conditions and often resorted to various means of sustaining prices. Hence, prices of commodities have not come down as much as expected, while wages have even become higher. The result was for our export trade further to dwindle and at the same time to encourage increased imports, thus accelerating the adverse tendency of our foreign trade. Industries at home naturally have been hard hit and are being threatened both from waning demand and increasing imports of foreign goods. The money market had begun to be seriously affected in providing funds for increasing imports, rates showing a tendency to stiffen. Our credit balances abroad, which had been built up in the past, have been fairly drawn to meet this need. On the other hand, the consuming power of the people has been gradually decreasing since the latter part of 1921, noticeably from October and November forward, and more particularly in rural districts. This is indicated by a steady decline in the amount of transactions in all lines of business. All these may be taken as evidences that we have now entered a period of general business depression.

As for the future, there will be some falling off in imports when the present seasonal importation of raw cotton shall cease. But this will not materially affect the adverse tendency of our foreign trade, which will most likely continue for some time hereafter, as we can hardly expect an increase in our exports in the near future, considering the high level of commodity prices at home and unfavorable conditions of the markets abroad. Financing of imports, therefore, will keep money strong for some time to come, and our credit balances abroad will necessarily continue to diminish. As the money market tightens, however, our importation becomes difficult. Besides, the consuming power of the public will be further reduced. The depression will be more keenly felt. Trade activities will slacken, prices fall, and business enterprises be discouraged. There being no new demand for money, easy monetary condition will follow.

A relatively long time will be required in passing through all these phases, but it is not until prices shall have sufficiently fallen and the money market shall have been stabilized and rates lowered that the situation will turn the corner. Then, and only then, may we look for an improvement in our business conditions. But I do not see any violent disturbance ahead unless something quite unexpected shall happen. Overexpanded businesses are being curtailed in some measure, prices have more or less fallen from the peak, and stocks of goods are not so large.

That our postwar business and financial situation should undergo such a change was not unforeseen. In fact, preparation was being made on the part of our government and the Bank of Japan with just such a recurrence of adverse foreign trade in view. It consisted in their taking over credit balances growing out of our excess of exports and holding or investing the same at New York and London, our people themselves having thus far been quite unaccustomed to foreign investment on any such large scale. While the ban on our gold exports still continues effective, sales of such credit balances abroad from time to time have served and will continue to serve the purpose of supplying, in a large measure, the necessary foreign exchanges to cover our adverse trade balances.

The general depression from which we are now suffering is a necessary stage in which readjustments, whether of overexpanded businesses, of expenses, or of prices, shall be carried through in order to lay the foundation upon which a period of real prosperity can be erected. Any attempt at this juncture to counteract the forces of the time by resorting to artificial measures is not only useless in itself but would hinder the progress of readjustment and so greatly retard the restoration of normal conditions.

The whole nation must awake to this fact and be prepared to put up with the difficulties of the moment. It must screw up its relaxed mind and get back to the good old habits of industry and thrift. Our own government, on their part, must lead the nation by introducing economies and cutting down their expenditures. During the past six or seven years government works and expenses have been enormously expanded, which are altogether out of keeping with the changed economic conditions. I believe that the government, by enforcing retrenchment and economy, will greatly help the business and financial readjustments and speed the return to normalcy.

The Rise of Doctor Dan

Of the same type of commercial integrity as Inouye is Dr. Takuma Dan, who is executive head of the vast Mitsui interests, and who is conceded to be Japan's foremost business man. With the possible exception of the veteran Viscount Shibusawa, he is better known to Americans than any of his contemporaries. His career illustrates the fact that Japan, in spite of the sway of the feudal family, is a land of opportunity.

Doctor Dan's father was a poor samurai and he was sent to study in America early in the Meiji era by the baron of the domain where he was born who happened to be a powerful nobleman named Fukoka. Such was the custom in those days. Young Dan made a brilliant record at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where he went in for mining engineering. Upon his return to Japan he taught English at the government school and later served in the imperial meteorological service. Subsequently he became an engineer in the Miike Coal Mines. When these properties were

(Continued on Page 93)

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Stormtight

FOR USE ON ANY ROOF IN ANY WEATHER

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No need to replace them at the present excessive labor and material costs. Coat them with Stormtight and make them as good as new. Never too late for Stormtight because old, leaky, disintegrated roofs of tin, composition, paper, canvas, etc., form a suitable base for Stormtight and become leakproof for many years.

Figure the saving over re-roofing. It runs into hundreds and thousands of dollars. We have many examples where $200 worth of Stormtight has saved the expense of $1000 for a new roof. Millions are being saved by Stormtight this year on factories, homes, barns, garages, outbuildings, etc., in the cities, towns and on the farms.

Buy of your dealer in gallon cans for repairs, or barrels for covering the whole roof.

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We had a roof over our store building that we had been unable to stop from leaking. We were up against it until the STORMTIGHT got in and since using on the roof we have ceased to worry.
—IVY WHITE ASH COAL CO., Inc., IVATON, W. VA.

STORMTIGHT has proven very satisfactory. Some of it was used on a felt roof preparation and some on tin.
—SUPT. PUBLIC SCHOOLS, URBANA, ILL.

Our Plant Engineer reports STORMTIGHT purchased in 1918 has been used with good success.
—THE HOLT MFG. COMPANY, STOCKTON, CAL.

We used STORMTIGHT in very difficult places to test its merits. Beyond question it is everything you claim, and we are pleased to recommend same.
—BLOOMER COLD STORAGE CO., COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.

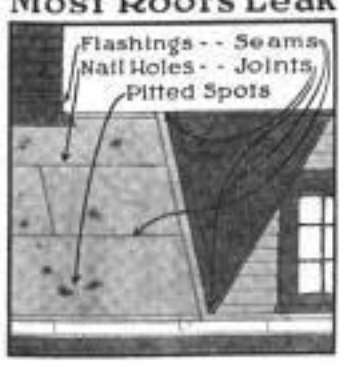
Your STORMTIGHT closes up every leaky place you put it on. I have a composition roof that has been leaking for years. STORMTIGHT has proven very effective.
—J. H. BOOTH, ALTON, ILL.

Big orders for STORMTIGHT have come in in the last few days, and our stock of the liquid is completely exhausted. We are enclosing an order.
—CEMENT PRODUCTS COMPANY, WILMINGTON, N. C.

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—COOK & MEYERS COMPANY, Inc., SYRACUSE, N. Y.

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The Points Where Most Roofs Leak



We Want Dealers Everywhere, to Supply the Growing Stormtight Demand

Some dealers are selling thousands of dollars' worth of Stormtight annually. The customer who buys Stormtight buys other articles because he is a home owner; thus dealers get *more* than the Stormtight profits.
Write today for our proposition and Dealer Book, explaining our Sales and Advertising coöperation. Special mechanical show window exhibit.

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Your Doors—open willingly and close securely—always—*with Good Hardware.*

Why is it that some doors render grudging service, while others oblige with cheerful alacrity?

In the majority of cases, it is a question of locks.

The locks that you put into your home should last as long as the building itself, and give the same efficient service to your children and grandchildren that they gave to you.

They will—if you put in Corbin locks. Corbin locks are Good Hardware. But don't stop with putting one on the front door. There are Corbin locks for your rear door—your garage door—vestibule door—fruit-closet door—and for all other doors in your house.

Corbin locks *work*. They have the spirit of co-operation. They meet you half way. Every Corbin key has a perfect understanding with its Corbin lock. Your Corbin Master Key is the master of any number of locks which you want it to open.

Corbin locks are made in a wide variety of enduring designs to harmonize with every architectural environment. They give utmost security. They add to the appearance and to the investment value of any building.

Do not overlook the importance of Good Hardware. To do so is short-sighted. Whether you are planning a seven-room cottage or a seventeen-story office building, you want Good Hardware. You can afford no other kind. Talk with the local Corbin dealer. Get the advice of your architect. They know, better than most people, that "good buildings deserve good hardware."

CORBIN



If you are planning to build or are in the midst of a building project, we have an attractive illustrated booklet we want you to read. You will find it informing and helpful. Write to nearest Corbin office or ask the local Corbin dealer for your copy of "Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware."

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(Continued from Page 90)

acquired by the Mitsui interests he went with them. From an obscure position he has risen to be the dominating official in the enterprise that does one-third of the import-and-export business of Japan.

When I saw Doctor Dan in Tokio in June he had just returned from America and England, where he went as dean of the Japanese Business Men's Mission. He told me what he had frankly told his countrymen—namely, that they must reform their business practices in the matter of export merchandise and must make their goods live up to the samples.

When I asked him about Japan's problem of raw materials, he replied: "It is, of course, our most serious industrial problem. One way out is to establish factories in the near-by countries, where raw materials as well as labor are cheaper. This means that we must extend our manufacturing interests in China."

It remains only to disclose Japan's official commercial spokesman, Baron Yamamoto, the Minister of Agriculture and Commerce. In him you have a man of practical business experience, who has kept his post through various administrations. I went to see him at his private house, which, like many other residences of high-placed Japanese officials, had an entire wing fitted in the European style. The visitor is thus spared the hardship of removing his shoes at the front door and sitting on the floor.

Baron Yamamoto, like Doctor Dan, has an engaging personality. Although he understands English he will not risk a conversation in it and my talk with him was through an interesting interpreter. He was J. E. de Becker, who occupies a unique position in Japan in that, like Lafcadio Hearn, he is an Occidental who has become a Japanese subject. He is one of the leading lawyers of the country.

In the course of our informal talk I propounded this leading question: "Why are people so distrustful of Japan, and especially of Japanese business?"

The Economic Situation

The minister's reply was, "For the same reason that we Japanese are distrustful of America. During our war with Russia you said to us, 'Go to it, little man; we are for you.' As soon as we had won that war you began to suspect us of every conceivable thing. Happily, the Washington conference was like a breath of clean air that has blown away the miasma of suspicion."

I asked the minister to outline the Japanese economic situation, whereupon he said that he preferred to write his views. He therefore set them forth as follows:

It is hardly necessary to dwell on the great contribution made by the Washington conference to the peace of the world. As regards its economic effects upon Japan, some industries—such as the iron, shipbuilding and allied industries—may be more or less affected; but this will be merely temporary phenomena of the period of transition. Sooner or later the economic situation will become settled and it is my belief that the conference will have beneficial effects upon economic activities in general, especially in view of the fact that national resources can henceforth be concentrated on peaceful enterprises.

At the Washington conference Japan adopted a conciliatory attitude towards China and made as many concessions as lay in her power, with the result that all the misunderstandings subsisting between the two nations have been cleared up and a basis has been prepared for an amicable and satisfactory settlement of the various questions pending between the two countries. Such being the circumstances, it is my hope and belief that the business relations between Japan and China will improve.

Even prior to the conference we had no designs of the nature of territorial aggression upon China, as suspected by certain persons abroad. All that we wanted was to establish more intimate economic relations between the two nations, since Japan and China are geographically so closely related to each other that the economic advance and development of China will naturally accrue to the advantage not only of the Chinese but also the Japanese people. Therefore the Chinese policy of Japan hereafter will, as in the past, consist in endeavoring to develop the natural resources and promote the economic advance of China.

Even up to the present, business relations between Japan and America have been very intimate, America being the most important customer of Japan. Apart from a few absurd demagogues and tub thumpers, of whom every country has her share, there have been no persons in this country so irrational as to regard America with hostile eyes. The Washington conference has put an end to the naval rivalry which was the only cause of misunderstanding between the two nations. This cannot but result in bettering the trade relations between the two countries as time goes on, even if its favorable effects are not apparent all at once.

The economic situation and conditions in Japan have made considerable progress of late years, but we are now passing through a period of reaction following in the wake of the restoration of peace. The hard times brought on by the panic of March, 1920, are not yet at an end, but unsound undertakings which were freely promoted during the war boom are being gradually swept away, things are returning to normal conditions, and those enterprises and concerns which are sound and reasonable bid fair to prosper and progress in this country. It would appear, therefore, that economic circles here have nearly passed the worst period of depression and confusion, and are emerging upon a new state of stability, so I hope that as the economic situation in the outer world recovers, we also shall gradually regain our business prosperity.

The real cause of the present depression is to be sought in the reaction from the business boom during the war. During the war various enterprises were started in order to meet the pressing demand for commodities resulting from shortage of goods experienced all over the world, and the majority of business men were influenced by the temporary and abnormal prosperity to such an extent that they lost self-control and indulged themselves in unsound dealings, until a great reaction was precipitated by the confusion into which the share market was thrown in March, 1920, since when business has been in a depressed state. Abroad the dawn of economic recovery is discernible in European countries, and the economic situation in America has not yet emerged from depression, while here in Japan the cost of production, which rapidly and largely increased during the boom period, is still unreduced. Under these circumstances it is inevitable that Japan's foreign trade should decline and that there be a reduction in production.

The speculative mania has considerably cooled off since the financial reaction that set in in March, 1920. In fact, things are almost back to normal conditions in this respect. It would appear, however, that the stories circulated of the successes of speculators—of whom there was a large crop during the disturbed war period—have aroused the speculative emotions of the general public—a fact which is deplored by thoughtful men, who are much exercised about the questions as to how to remedy the mischief which has been done.

Japanese economic conditions have shown considerable development of late and much progress has been made in primitive industries. In the case of manufacturing industries, however, we are still far behind the more progressive countries of Europe and America in respect of technical skill, management, methods employed in increasing efficiency, and so forth. But I believe that there is a bright economic future for Japan if improvement be diligently effected in these respects.

There is room for further development in our industries, and there is a natural tendency for the surplus population of this country to endeavor to find their living in industrial activities as our economic funds increase. Colonial expansion is also certainly desirable so far as it can be encompassed by peaceful means, but a fundamental solution of our population problem cannot be sought in that direction.

Not all Japanese business men share these views. For the final expression let me offer the opinion of the managing director of one of Japan's greatest institutions:

"If a Japanese is frank he is bound to say that only a drastic blow will bring the nation to its senses. We are not only vain and militaristic but there is no stable base for our business structure and no equity behind the wild fluctuations of stocks. The inevitable result will be a collapse.

"One glaring fault in our make-up is the family system, which permits the weak to cling to the strong. When a member of a family rises, all the failures in the clan cling to him. In this system you have one reason for the depression in Japan."

Sponsors of a New Order

Here, then, is the frank revelation of Japanese business as it is. If its fundamental weaknesses have been bared it is because they are a necessary part of the picture. Japan does not want for big-visioned men of high character and courage. They are leaders of the Inouye and Dan type, and they are making themselves sponsors of a new order which will revolutionize commercial morals and methods.

The lately installed Premier, Admiral Baron Kato, has begun to slash national expenditures and his performance is likely to become a constructive precedent for the rest of the nation. Economic recuperation lies through economy.

The Japanese have many things to learn before they can profitably and permanently compete with the older business civilizations under normal conditions. They must sacrifice quick and artificial profits to a more stable earning power; they must deflate and take the consequences, however costly; they must master the trick of quantity output because in mass production lies the hope of their overseas trade. It means intensive industrialization and a reversal of the existing system. Thus another episode of transition will be added to the drama of the changing East.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with the economic and political situation in the Far East. The next will be devoted to the Japanese feudal financial families.

THE CAKIE

(Continued from Page 34)

"I've been out riding in Derry Gilmer's boat!" she announced. "Wasn't it lucky that it came already set up? Emily went along. I steered."

G. Calder stared into his soup. He ached to grip his sister by the nape of her shaven neck and bury her prying nose in the scalding dish before her. But he said nothing. His mother looked up inquiringly.

"Why, Georgie, I thought you said it wasn't finished? I thought you said it would take another day. You told me you had to go back tomorrow."

G. Calder stiffened. Now he was in for it. This was one of the sickening consequences of owning a family. He flashed a fratricidal look at Susan and sprang out of his chair, but before he could speak grandfather took charge of the situation.

"Georgie ain't been foolin' away his time on any boat," he announced calmly. "He's been helping me down in the shop. Helping me set up steel edgers!"

G. Calder felt the cold nausea of the doomed. He lifted his chin and fixed his family with an aloof and anguished look. Let the flood descend. Let his father swell up and say, "Well, it's about time!" Let his mother look incredulous and cry, "Georgie, not in that dirty place?" Let Scoot shrill with vindictive glee. Suddenly he did not care. Suddenly hot triumph thrilled him. He had earned ten dollars. He had earned it with his own blood and muscle. He had fought steel and conquered it. Ground all-steel blades from the hardening bath—which was something no hunk or Slovak on the pay roll had ever done! Let 'em rave.

"You've been grinding shears?" his father demanded, puzzled.

His son set his neck muscles.

"Yes—I've been grinding shears. As well as a man can—standing on a concrete floor, with no room for his arms, and the light in his eyes!"

"Steel bankers," added grandfather. "Put an edge on 'em like a razor."

"Georgie!" This was his mother. "Look at your thumbs! And your nails! Your father would have given you a place in the office. What in the world ——"

"I don't want a place in the office! I don't want those Polacks looking after me and grinning. If I'm going to work in that shop I'm going to know their blame jobs better than they know 'em—like grandfather does."

"Oh, it's funny!" Scoot went into a hysteria of laughter. "Georgie—working! In overalls—greasy ones—I saw 'em. And eating hamburgers—Georgie Williams, the soft shoe dancer—the holiroly lad with the ennuied eye—the cake eater ——"

"Cake eater?" demanded grandfather. "I dunno about that. Now if you was to say pie eater ——"

It was then that Hattie's expressionless face appeared in the door.

"Tellyfoam," she announced. "They want Georgie."

"Don't call me Georgie!" thundered G. Calder Williams III.

The family heard him distinctly:

"Oh—Emily? Sorry. Can't make it tonight. Call Butler, why don't you? I'm not going out. Got some work I want to do tomorrow. Got to get up early. G'-by!"

Watch This Column

"The Storm" is Here



VIRGINIA VALLI

IT was a thrilling thing when the Smuggler and his daughter shot the rapids. And when, from high on the bluff that lined the stream, a bullet from the hard-riding Mounted Police cut short the smuggler's career, I was actually sorry, for he was a lovable character. *Yet that shot made "The Storm."*

Unhurt, the daughter (Virginia Valli) landed at the cabin of her father's friend (House Peters) who was host to a blasé city rounder (Matt Moore). Before the woodsman could guide the girl to civilization, the blizzard broke.

All Winter the three were housed in the same cabin. And the men fell in love with the girl. What a tangle! How vividly these artists tell the story and how wonderfully the elements are employed to appal and thrill, no tongue or pen can describe.

When the hero and the girl saw the love-light dancing in each other's eyes, and the villain melted into the mists across the lake, I awoke as if from a dream and was shocked to find that, instead of being locked in the frozen North, I was sitting in our own projection room gripping the arms of my chair.

It's a wonderful picture, "The Storm." If you don't see it you will miss an epic in moving pictures. Ask the manager of your favorite theatre to get it. He can, if he will.

CARL LAEMMLE, *President*

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

1600 Broadway, New York City

Is the SHERWIN-WILLIAMS *Mark on the can?*



That is all you need know about a Paint or a Varnish

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THE MAGNETIC WEST

(Continued from Page 5)

For all this about four cents an acre was paid, which the Federalists contended it was not worth. The Lewis and Clark exploration had been planned before the purchase, and therefore, lying through foreign territory, its extent and true purpose were masked. It had been in Jefferson's mind for a number of years, but he had written to George Rogers Clark his doubt whether the country had enough of that kind of spirit to raise the money. It went, however, forward from the Wood River at the mouth of the Missouri, in 1804; and its successful accomplishment gave to the country its peculiarly American greatness.

With it the true West was founded. All that followed—the fur trappers, the emigrations, missionaries to the north and trading ventures south, surveys and states—it alone made possible. In the ringing history of the Union it was supreme in boldness and endurance and importance. The Missouri was ascended in keel boats and pirogues; and as they passed La Charette, Daniel Boone, a very old man, stood watching their difficult progress. They saw parrakeets where Kansas City was to follow; and at Council Bluffs they first met the Indians, under an awning formed by the mainsail. The Ricara Indians, to their surprise, refused any gifts of whisky, an attitude in which the Mandan villages, where, in North Dakota, they spent the winter, took no part.

A fort was built there, buffalo and antelope killed for meat through months when the air was frozen with a crystallized cold; and in the early spring they went on in two pirogues and six canoes. The journey was a continuous triumph over the wild, sickness and utter physical exhaustion. Which waters to follow, what passes to climb, what unmarked ways to make—there was nothing to indicate. They cast out in sections and met and spread again; crossing the Continental Divide at the headwaters of the Missouri and Columbia rivers, they left the plenty of the plains, the pheasant and the deer and buffalo for the sterile high country; walking, dragging their canoes, or on starving horses, they rode into the fantastic eroded landscapes of sandstone; killing the horses, at last, for food. They cut their way through tangled forests, and trod, with their moccasins double soled, over wastes of prickly pear.

Early Settlers on the Move

They saw the Shoshones with their cheeks painted vermilion for the peace ceremonial, sacred quarries of pipestone and dark mountains of obsidian; they wandered through the rose colored flowers of the bitterroot, and poled a way—through that land bought for so few cents an acre—over the American, the El Dorado and French bars, where, in ignorance, their setting poles displaced nuggets of pure gold. They trailed by the Last Chance Gulch, from which more than forty million dollars was to be taken. Lewis discovered the great falls of the Missouri, and sat for a long while, solitary, in the iridescent spray of its cascade, with only a golden eagle where the city of Great Falls, smelters and steel bridges and artificial dam and cataract would stand.

In the October of 1805 the expedition took the water of the Columbia, and, swept past the basalt slabs of the Dalles, in November they heard the Pacific beating on the Western Coast.

Such accomplishment, such keen joy, was no longer possible; it could happen only once, and Meriwether Lewis, William Clark, knew it, as they should, for their own. They had in reality conquered a continent, brought it, almost, in their bare hands to their nation. The last survivor of their company, a sergeant, Patrick Gass, at ninety, was baptized into the Campbellite faith in the Ohio River; and that, it seemed to me, perfectly symbolized the tranquillity his part in a heroic enterprise helped to bring about: The broad smooth river of a Sunday in summer, the green bank filled with the people of Wellsburg, the concerted voices swinging out over the water in the strains of an evangelical hymn.

That peace, that safety to sing, Lewis and Clark—and, before them, Thomas Jefferson—secured; and again I envied them, the men and the time. It was a simpler period, and its simplicity, its rigor, bred obdurate men, a Spartan duty. They, in turn, those early national figures, brought forward, nourished that spirit which, it began to be clear, was above all others the genius of the West, of America. And in all the journey I made in circumstances of such safety and ease I searched everywhere for its survival into today. I searched—and found the mountains, the plains that had resisted planting, irrigation and the plow. The Gates of the Rocky Mountains had not shifted by a rock, the Lolo and Bitterroot passes still drove westward toward the sea; but, as I had already discovered, they all had the aspect of a monument to the men who had won them in extreme intimacy and unflagging effort; they had the effect of a magnificent gift to a supine generation.

It would be an error to regard the Lewis and Clark Expedition as expressing the entire activity of early inland exploration; it was important in national accomplishment; but it had no monopoly of daring vision and fortitude. Practically since the United States had been formed, its vigorous citizens turned westward; gaining a country, a constitution, they dropped both, in effect, impatiently behind them. This movement across the Alleghanies was totally from American sources; its body was men who, for long or short periods integral parts of the colonies and states, of their tradition and seasoned bloods, moved West still pursuing a completer freedom. The great European immigration began only after 1830, a different population and a different spirit from those of the early adventurers.

The Westward Push

The emigrants who first settled in Western New York were of New England; from Pennsylvania the pioneers shifted through the great valley of the Allegheny into Virginia and North Carolina; the Scotch-Irish of Carolina and Georgia, falling away from the large estates and land holdings, spread northwest—the southern trails were held by the Cherokees; while the Quakers and Baptists moved directly inland from an advancing slavery. At the middle of the eighteenth century a hundred thousand Scotch-Irishmen removed to the borders of the English states; and these, with the Protestant Germans, practically won all the lands beyond the mountains.

The realization of this gave me a keen pleasure; that was America, unformed and yet whole, intangible, yet solid, conquering. It had an air, so lacking now, of unity; a political unity followed, but through the meshes of its greatness incalculably valuable qualities had slipped away. I thought with envy of the Virginians who had settled at Draper's Meadow, by New River, the first upon westering water. What trout, what deer and pheasant were theirs! Compared with the present, what simplicity of peace! I recalled Colonel Cresap and Nemacolin cutting the trail over the watershed of the Laurel Hills to the Monongahela, which was to become so famous in Western emigration as Gist's Trace.

The camping places of that Trace were at Great and Little Meadows; scattered through the wilderness, lonely and far apart, were the fort on the Potomac; Fort Ligonier, on the Loyalhanna; Loudoun, on the Little Tennessee; and Byrd, in the Upper Holston. The junction of the Monongahela and the Allegheny was the famous Forks of the Ohio. Indiana became a state in 1816, Mississippi the next year, and Illinois in the year following. A beautiful, a magnificent time.

Suddenly it had all become actual, living to me; it was no longer merely history, records, books. Until that first amazing western journey my ignorance, my complacency had been illimitable; I had thought of Daniel Boone as a figure in a boy's book, of the Alamo as the motive of a sentimental song, and of the Northwest as a carnival in a palace of ice. Buried in the obscurity which it was the special feature of American education to maintain, I had considered the history of the United States accomplished in New England and Virginia. The symbol of the whole, I had been instructed, was the legend of Washington's cherry tree, the base the Pilgrims' Rock, and the sole inspired challenge to old injustice that cry of Patrick Henry's in a Richmond church.

(Continued on Page 97)

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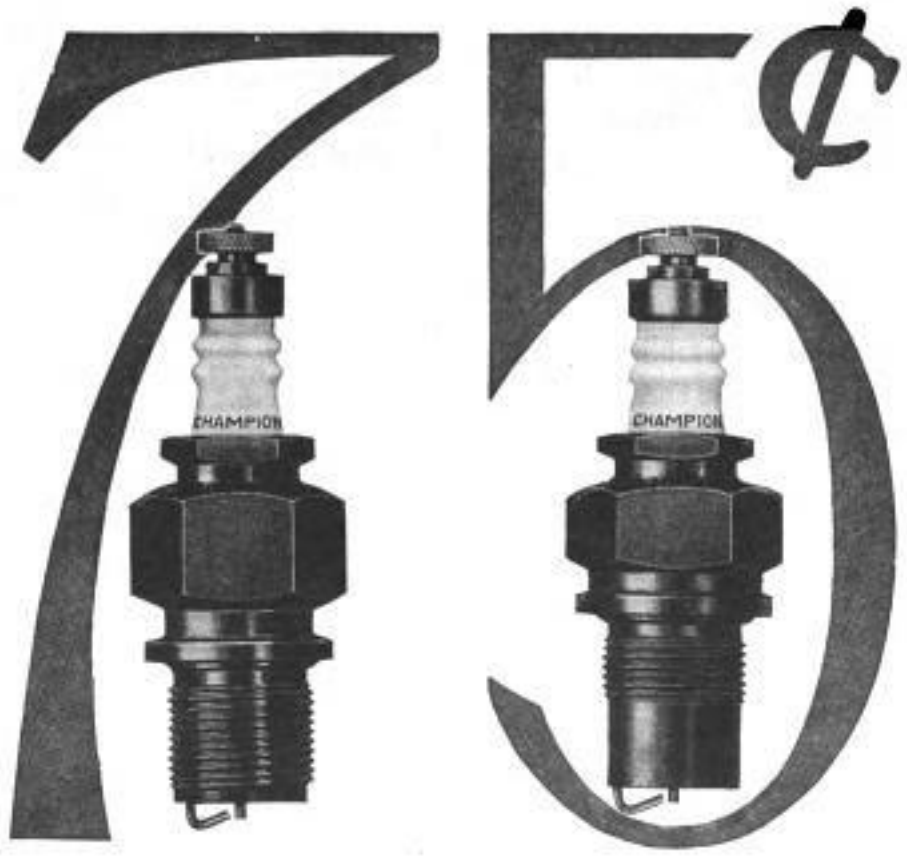
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(Continued from Page 94)

Tippecanoe I vaguely remembered as a party cry connected with the name of Tyler, but whether Tyler had been elected to the presidency or defeated I could never quite recall. But it was Harrison who had fought the Battle of Tippecanoe, defeating Tecumseh at the headwaters of the Wabash and opening another vast territory for settlement. Clearing by clearing that was moving forward—across Southern Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Kentucky, over the Mississippi and up the Missouri to the Great Bend. There the tide was halted, but it gathered in a dam of restless vigor that, when it broke, peopled all the far plains.

It was later that Francis Parkman went out over the Oregon Trail, out from the frontier town of St. Louis, and became a part of the primitive migrations of Indian villages. It was not primarily the Indians that interested me in his record, but the fur hunters, the implicit Americans. Some of the older French forest runners remained. Their names recurred like mementos of Richelieu's Company of a Hundred Associates; but the majority were the leather-clad traders of the Santa Fé and the border hunters from the newer Missouri. They had, appropriately, squaws for their wives; and they were of a fierce stock of Methodism, with brilliant red paste rubbed into their swinging hair.

The men who had left New England as Congregationalists became either Methodists or Baptists—evangelical, as their changed setting demanded. They flung away, by necessity and by passionate choice, the vices and virtues that had been theirs, and acquired others, worse and better. Education went; conventional morals were shattered; the Lewis and Clark Expedition found winter wives in the Mandan villages for a button from a coat or for nothing in the world but a smile; there were wicked knives and the closely wadded explosions of long, murdering rifles.

The streams of emigrants poured more and more solidly onto the border, over that right bank of the Ohio called the Indian shore. They came on the Mohawk Turnpike, the turnpike by the Catskills, the trail of the French and Indian Wars, along the National Road to Wheeling. They traveled on land in small wagons with tilts, and on water by arks and rafts of rude logs. They cut out circles in the forest, planted crops, and sold, moved away, moved West, before the corn was ripe.

As a race they were hardier, more reckless with vigor, than any it is now possible to know. Making the times, in return the times made them; each was fitted to the other, each interpreted the other. Returning to the Missouri from lonely winters in high headwaters, they changed their leather for, approximately, the manner of civilization; but the change was more apparent than real; their strong individuality remained.

The Oregon Trail

It remained, that was, for the span of their lives; hardly longer. Parkman, joining in the vindictive destruction of the buffalo, killing all the bulls ridden horses could reach, sparing here and there a cow, thought that they were inexhaustible; he regarded the herds in the attitude of that day, with the wantonness of hatred. But in fifty years, in less, the herds were gone, a romantic memory. Except for small numbers kept with a jealous pride in parks the buffalo vanished; the retreating roar of their hoof beats carried away the last echo of the Western frontier.

The consolidation which so rapidly followed—the changes of progress—was yet borne forward by the spirit that had given it life. The British, who had based their claim to the Oregon on Captain Cook's third voyage and the Hudson's Bay posts, had withdrawn north of the forty-ninth parallel; it was called then, generally, the Columbia River, and there was a persistent Eastern opposition to its inclusion in the United States. Benton, of Missouri, had already begun insisting upon the complete acceptance of even Western claim to a common nationality; an attitude bitterly combated since the formation of the original states. They had no right, Josiah Quincy, of Massachusetts, proclaimed, to throw the rights and properties of the people into hotchpot with the wild men of Missouri. And it had been the opinion of Gouverneur Morris that the wilderness was not the proper school for political talents. The Western people, he asserted, would ruin the Atlantic interest.

This, balanced against subsequent backwoods figures, was entertaining to remember; for even then the importance, the domination, of the East had waned. The multiplication of scientific and gold-seeking expeditions had brought forward the necessity of improved routes of communication; the use of the railway had put before the nation the possibility of transcontinental lines. After the rush to California new gold fields had been located; quills of gold were brought from Omaha, and the settlers in Cherry Creek founded Denver; the miners prospected over the Arkansas, Smoky Hill and the Republican. The Comstock lode of silver converted Nevada into a state; and the surveys for railways began.

Transcontinental Lines

Before that John Butterfield's mail service connected the Missouri and Sacramento. The stages left St. Louis and Memphis, and, joining at the western border of Arkansas, drove forward through Preston, El Paso and Fort Yuma. They covered two thousand seven hundred and ninety-five miles, and the passengers were often forced to ride on the overcrowded bags of mail. William Russell it was who conducted the pony express, limited to the carriage of urgent letters in light saddle bags; and its time was better than the stages by two weeks. Ben Holliday took it, in turn, and sold it later to Wells, Fargo & Co. The whole period of this rigorous accomplishment, killed by the overland telegraph, was hardly longer than four years.

An amendment to an army appropriation bill in 1853 carried a hundred and fifty thousand dollars for a survey of the best routes from the Mississippi to the Pacific, and five lines were followed: The most northern Isaac Stevens surveyed; the old South Pass was again brought forward; Frémont's line was considered, crossing the Divide at the head of the Rio Grande; and other routes led by Fort Yuma and the Mojave River. In the July of 1862 the Union Pacific Railway was incorporated.

To assist in its construction the United States lent bonds for sixteen thousand dollars a level mile, thirty-two thousand dollars a mile in the foothills, and forty-eight thousand for the mountains. In addition, the road was given a right of way four hundred feet across, it might have the building materials of the public domain, and a land grant of alternate sections in a ten-mile strip was increased from ten to twenty sections for each mile of track. When this principle of giving land to railroads was developed—there was an initial difficulty, soon lost sight of, solved by making the grants to the interested states—in one session of Congress seven states demanded fourteen million acres of land. After the Union Pacific came the Southern Pacific; the Texas Pacific was the last railroad laid, as it were, on land grants; and in 1890, but not before, a solid bond of states reached from ocean to ocean.

In 1890 the department of the census announced that the public lands were all exhausted; and not only the fact but its date startled me. In reality the historic American frontier had lasted slightly into my own life. I had known, at one time, a woman who had come to school in Pennsylvania by a packet boat over the canal. She had attempted to tell me something of her experience, but I had not listened, and now she was dead. It was no more than a few years until, on the Broadway Limited, I was going, for the first time, from Philadelphia to Chicago, nine hundred miles, in twenty hours. There was a bath on the train, a barber, maids and a valet, there was a stenographer and the elaborate dining cars. When the train ever so slightly rocked, passengers, complaining, asserted that in the future they would travel by an alternate smoother route.

Events had moved, had been made—was it fatally?—so easy, with that swiftness. In Chicago I began to develop an uneasiness in regard to my eastern security of satisfaction. The fact was borne upon me that as an American city Chicago was more native, and for that reason more enthralling, than New York. St. Louis—in it I was still ignorant of Manuel Lisa—stayed my damaged complacency; but Kansas City lowered it again; and Denver—Denver completed the ruin of most that I had been. From there I was delivered, bound in past stupidity, to the West. Captain Bonneville, Lewis and Clark, the Sublettes, Donner and Sam Houston became realities; places grew into my consciousness, made up my thought, that I had never touched in imagination. I found cattle men in Denver, copper miners at the Silver Bow Club of Butte, lumbermen in the Douglas fir of Washington, what was left of the heroic gay of San Francisco; I found them, and, from their reticence, their reluctance to touch upon what had been so largely themselves, I caught distant flashes, diminishing vistas, of the brilliantly colored life which had so notably faded.

If the frontier had gone, the frontier that was the parent of a democracy actual if short, if the action were over, the scenery, to such a great extent, empty of its bravest figures, there was still, there, a living touch of memory; lean faces darkened by the sun of alkaline plains, with eyes permanently narrowed against a too brilliant day, eyes narrowed and aged, but not dim; there were still voices touched with humor and with inflections like the whip of a braided hair rope; thin men in loose clothes regarding the present with tolerance but gazing back into the past with inextinguishable and affectionate regret. They were, I thought, better than financiers, than the present manipulators of public resources, better, unhappily, than their sons.

It was in those older men, who, when they had gone West, had left the United States, at once left and carried it with them, that I found a trace of what I began to think of as an American spirit. The land that I inhabited, deep green turf of colonial Pennsylvania, was, as much as anything, English in appearance; there were dipping country lanes with hedges of roses; orchards gray with years; the brooks, choked by water cress, crossed paddocks in high white fences; there were the pink of fox-hunters and sounded horns on the October hills. The farmers were slipping quietly away to the back roads, the farthest rim of the country; the country places of gentlemen, with houses English or French or Tuscan, were everywhere evident.

How the East Faces East

The life was suave, insulated, and curiously empty of any individual or national traits. Its views, its experiences and paths, were instructive—it knew Santa Margherita, in the Italian Riviera, but not Ohio; Ohio was more distant from its comprehension than Semiryetchensk; the boundaries of its thought were still those of the Province of William Penn; and as a political unit it was divided between a magnificent indifference and an organization that left nothing to chance. It was actually the exact place from which the early adventurous Scotch-Irish had turned to the great valley of the mountains; the sole change lay in the fact that there was no longer a path of escape.

The American tradition there, gathered into museums and societies and the remodeling of houses on old walls, was wholly colonial and sectional—that cherry tree of George Washington's and Patrick Henry's unequivocal demand. It was still Federalist; its history and its forms were of the utter past—across the Atlantic Ocean.

It was, today, a colony. That spirit, then, explaining, perhaps, the Revolution, went no further; it was without a unique, a national feature. But in the West the shape of a distinctive individuality appeared—that courage, at once practical and highly picturesque, romantic, which, in opposition to ease, had steadily adventured to the Shining Mountains.

This was the effect, the magic of America on Europe; this was America. It had grown customary to speak of politics as an institution only recently corrupted, investing the politicians of other days with cloaks of unassailable rectitude; but the truth was that politics in the United States had always suffered from the infirmities of its borrowed forms; except in rare individuals in great moments it had sold and betrayed and bartered and obstructed the country whose instrument it was supposed to be. The history of America was the history of individuals and small impassionate groups of men—the handful of settlers making the state of Kentucky from the last end of the Old Dominion, those raids into Texas when it was still Mexico, Lieutenant Mellan building his military road through the wild at Walla Walla; yes—La Salle dying under

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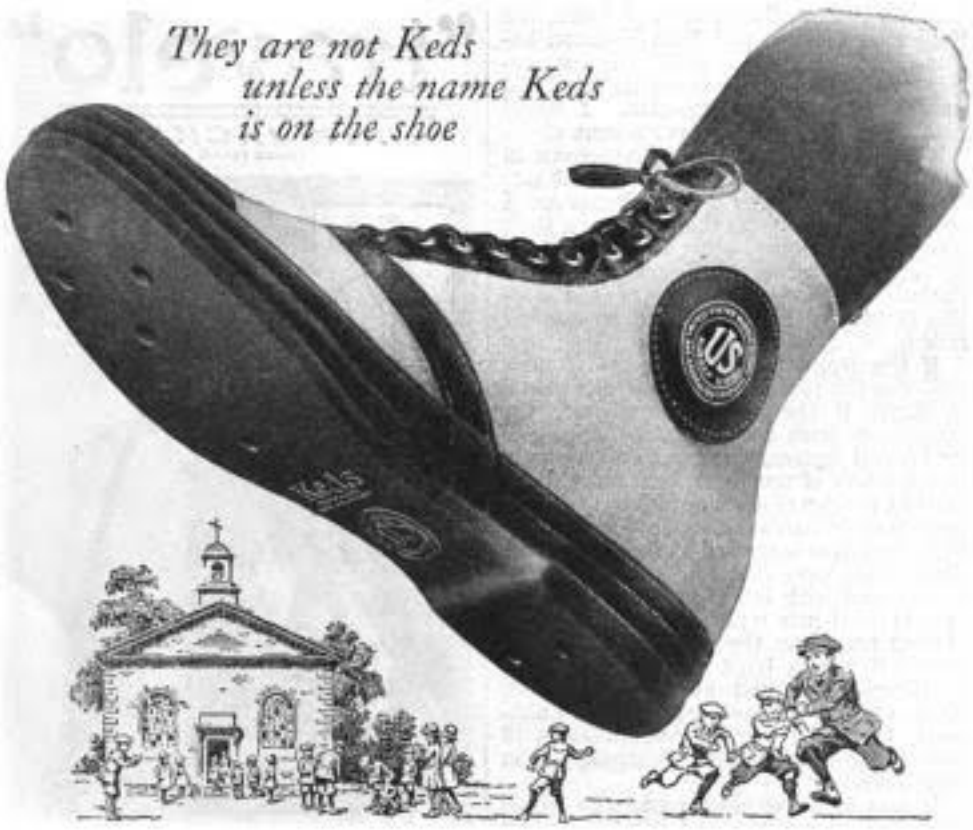
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the rifle of Duhaut, a disaffected politician in his small company.

In each case that reckless courage, touched with a native humor or savageness of conviction, was clear; everywhere it was a force acting in defiance to settled habits; they were men who held the country above itself. And acting alone, separated by barriers of rock and water and plains from both instruction and support, they still had a concrete vision of a land, a union. That it should be, in a strict sense, lawless was inevitable; but it was a lawlessness which, in simple places, soon turned to simple but rigid laws. And against such defect there were always the qualities of the heart.

The conditions of the West made independence—that term synonymous with the dream of America—the most vigorous of facts. For a space it existed, it was maintained at all costs; and the theorists, the comfortable jugglers with resounding or pacifying words, regarded it with a natural and profound distaste. It was, of course, incompatible with their conception of a state, perhaps with any state at all; it was an affair of individuals and not of organized, exploited society. A settler lonely in his cleared land, with his solitary crop growing under the dead trees he had girdled but had no time to remove, was more independent than another in a line of cabins, no matter how short, along a river bank; and he was free compared to the citizen of a small post town, however thinly it was ranged around its fort. They were all, in the early West, inhabitants of another sphere from that of Charleston and the ports of Massachusetts.

Old Developments and New

Yes, there, momentarily, the spirit of a nation was visible in a body different from other bodies, a country rose not like other countries; or at least different in that it was authentic, itself. There was a dignity in its apparent lack, higher, more aloof than that of any solemnity of social or political broadcloth. It didn't, however, lie in the mere simplicity of butternut or of soft tanned leather dress; the democracy of its circumstances was not the secret of its value. Strangely enough its equality was more aristocratic than plain, for it bred individuals careless of public opinion, above the pettiness of a pretended and commonplace gentility, traits never the property of a mob.

Signs of this, in the men who had been a part of it, on bronze tablets and shafts of stone, I found; the presence of the Rocky Mountains was a constant reminder; but there was little more left, little that was visible. Yet the visible, changing always, was unimportant compared to a survival of the spirit. I wanted, above everything, still to see individuals capable of decisions, endurance, and with that consciousness of a paternity, a land lifting them from a small commercialism of existence. St. Paul was to a certain degree different from Chicago; St. Louis from Kansas City; but the degree was not impressive. It lay principally in a commercial rivalry of different manufactured products and the promise of mercantile futures.

This, in the present, was natural, except for the exclusiveness of a commercial preoccupation; the social development, at least as charmingly open as ever, was for my special hope more discouraging. It was that because its aim and its notable accomplishment were to be wholly urban, cosmopolitan. The golf club was its main interest; and the golf clubs, alike in houses, in close greens, in the people around their porches, were everywhere absorbing, nullifying the cities they so signally decorated. The club at Portland might be lifted entirely and put down at St. Louis, the St. Louis course relaid at Denver, and the changes would not be perceptible; the clubs of the West might be moved East and the Eastern sent beyond the Mississippi—it would make no difference; the playing would continue, the rows of polished automobiles along the drives without the need of a shifted brake, the chatter would go on with no interruption. Sand traps across the fairways had taken the place of the bars in swift rivers, bunkers had been constructed to meet the loss of mountain trails.

I had no complaint against this; it was useless to rail at time, at, I suppose, infinite improvement; and I was not slow to avail myself of the opportunities of play. But under the Rockies, by the volume of the Columbia River, across the old sodded ruts of Western overland immigration, it seemed to be a trivial source of a nation's ultimate physical powers. The land had been consolidated, closed, bound city to city by steel; there was no longer a need for keen sight, quick hearing, deft and tireless muscles; the decision, once important, for the crossing of a continental divide was now directed to the choice of one paved street for another. Where men had made territories, states, they now conducted real-estate developments; where they had fought for an abstract principle of free soil they now intrigued with corporate interests. But what, far more than that, was largely lost was made clear by the fact that in coming together they had separated; in forming a nation the spirit of its birth had grown flickering and dim.

There was, practically everywhere, the talk and the actuality of patriotism, still vibrant from the late Great War; but it was a talk, a patriotism of the surface of the present. Men had fought, none more devotedly; but, the fighting over, there was a relapse, a disintegration into inert particles. That was among the people whose origins and race were rooted in the original soil. There was a tremendous activity among newer and more alien bodies; the alien bodies, the melancholy truth was, were now performing most of the hard work, the building of the nation. Those who in the broadest sense might be called the American people had grown perceptibly weary; they appeared, in their own phrase, to be out of sorts. The country, their country, had gone notably to the dogs: it had become an oligarchy or a monopoly crushing the native stock.

What had happened was that the native stock had already become weary of too much work; stupidity and weariness together had delivered him to a suspicious discontent. The first frugal Scotch-Irish had mysteriously vanished, except on picnics and holidays; the Maine woodsmen, the first of all lumbermen, had given way to fractious Finns. The railroads—in the service of which Captain Gunnison had died under the arrows of the Indians—had been delegated to labor contracted for by the herd in the boot of Italy.

A Study in Contrasts

The American, then, regarding with a shocked surprise the murders in his cities and the strangling in his politics, became, synonymously, loud and impotent. There was in him almost a total failure of identification with his land. Either he remained poor and disaffected or by uncommon energy and luck he grew richer; in that process—as he rose from workman to superintendent and from there to owner—remarkably losing his prejudice toward what formerly he had condemned as foreign labor.

It was, now, the Japanese who toiled in their market gardens, bent with their women through termless days in the mud, eating the frugal ends of nothing, while the prune growers of great acreages let their fruit rot through an unfavorable market. Yet what, exactly, a purely American blood had lost was not the habit of industry but the spirit of fortitude in which the body was only a means to a necessity of space, of self-expression. That of course had had the West to go to, space was possible, space and freedom; a condition the property, the benefice of the past. I did not lament that. I was only looking for the survival of its spark; the form was unimportant.

Before that I had been, living in Penn's Province on the Delaware, unaware even that such a flame had ever been bright. The West cleared my vision there; crossing, at last, the Mississippi I went into a country which I recognized as actual, as historic—historic, traditional, in a few years. It had a direct bearing on me. I was a part of its immensity. I met it with a gratitude which, suffering from my limitations, I was inclined to conceal. And I swept it, west of the great river and, by necessity, north of Texas, in search of further and further reassurance. There was in me, I discovered, a longing to belong to an authentic and heroic part of the earth, and not merely to live in a factory of the most modern and cunning machinery, in a greased clatter of steel and unintelligible tongues. And there the Shining Mountains were higher still than factory chimneys.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Hergesheimer. The next will appear in an early issue.

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You carry a Pocket Knife— *Who made it?*

IT would be interesting to stop the first ten men you meet and ask them who *made* their knives. Perhaps *one or two* could tell.

A knife is one of the most universal articles of human use.

Isn't it strange that more people don't know the *name* of a responsible, honest knife *manufacturer?*

* * *

Everybody knows how merchandise values have been standardized—and how the consumer benefits.

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But with the fine steel, sharp cutting edges—with science—above all, with human imagination and understanding.

* * *

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MATYUSHKA MOSKVA

(Continued from Page 23)

but a few American Red Cross cots furnished with American Red Cross sheets and blankets. The boys used the window sills for dressing tables and if anyone had failed to provide himself with the usual articles of common utility for toilet purposes he was out of luck. I also had a Red Cross cot and I, too, turned a window sill in my room into a wash-hand stand and dressing table, but I had two articles that filled everybody else with envy and that became, when I took my departure, bones of contention. These were a big library table and a reading lamp. By right they should have belonged to the man who eventually drew the library for living quarters, but when I moved in there was nobody there at all, so it was quite natural that I should adopt the communist principle of "to each according to his need" and help myself to whatever happened to be available.

In front of the house there was a garden surrounded by a high wall, and though it lay under three or four feet of accumulated and hard-packed snow one could see that it was a pretty garden. In the center of it there was a fountain indicated by a graceful faun figure on a low pedestal; its walls were banked with shrubbery and in one corner of it rose a single stately pine tree, which, being snow draped, was a lovely thing to see.

The garden in the rear was more spacious, but less formal. There was a frozen brook running down across it, which was spanned by a humpy little rustic bridge. Beyond the bridge on the gentle slope up to the high wall was a children's playground with a tiny rustic playhouse and a tattered swing hanging from a vigorous branch of an old locust tree. There had been children. I wondered what had become of them. Wondering, wondering all the time; that is how one's mind is occupied in Russia. My windows looked out on the rear garden, and in the midst of the tremendousness of all that was going on round about me it was restful sometimes just to stand and look into its wintry softness. There were some pet rabbits in a low hutch up under a clump of shrubbery, and they were always hopping about in the snow, playing tag with a flock of ravens. They may not always have been the same ravens, but I had an idea they were because they displayed a strange familiarity with the rabbits in disputing their right to the bits of food the old man scattered in the snow.

The Old Caretakers

The old man was the only person in evidence round the place when I moved in. He was the caretaker and had spent his life in the employ of the owners of the property. He was a sad old soul and didn't seem to know quite what to do with himself, but when the Americans began to come along in ever-increasing numbers he cheered up considerably and seemed to fall in with the idea that everything thenceforth was to be run in an orderly manner and that he had dignified responsibilities. He brought an ancient sweet little wife in from somewhere, and the two of them occupied a room down under the stairway in the broad front entrance. His duties were to keep the fires going and to watch the doors. She had no duties to begin with, but the commandant or other local soviet authorities decided it was her duty to keep the street clean out in front of the premises. In the middle of the street there were street-car tracks, while on the opposite side there were no buildings at all, only some vacant lots; so she had to clean the street all the way across, using a pick and a stiff twig broom to keep the tracks clear of ice. The old man didn't like to have her do this, so very frequently he did it for her while the wood remained unchopped, the fires died down and the house got bitter cold.

The commandant was our communist overseer. He was in the employ of the Soviet Government and so Red in all his characteristics that it hurt one's eyes to look at him. Every house in Russia that has been confiscated by the Bolsheviki is in charge of a commandant, and I offer this fact as proof in its way that in a communist state the political plum tree is fairly well laden. There are more people in the employ of the Soviet Government than any other government on earth ever employed. It is said that in the city of Moscow alone there are at least half a million attached in some way to the public pay roll. One half of Russia now knows how the other half lives. No wonder they need credits.

Our commandant did nothing but swagger around giving arbitrary orders, antagonizing everybody and making a general nuisance of himself. He insisted upon occupying the best room in the house, which had been assigned to the reverend representative of the American National Catholic Welfare Council, and appeal had finally to be taken against him all the way up to the top of the Moscow soviet, after which he subsided and began to show some appreciation of the privilege he enjoyed of loafing in the immediate vicinity of an American food supply. He never did any work. My observation was that the real object of the establishment of a dictatorship of the workers is to relieve the workers of the necessity for working.

Who Wouldn't be a Vegetarian?

We had two little maids. They were the regular maid variety of the wholly non-communistic and wholesome peasant type, and were brought in by our housekeeper, a high-class gentlewoman who had been rescued from destitution by our Y. W. C. A. girls, who themselves became the hostesses of Brown House and undertook the responsibility of seeing that it was run with considerable reference to the comfort of its curiously assorted family. The chief occupation of one of our maids seemed to be to be providing *kipitok* for everybody, *kipitok* being Russian for plain boiled water. She had been placed under a solemn obligation to see that no American ever drank water that had not been boiled and cooled under her personal supervision. There were dangers to be avoided of cholera and typhoid and other kinds of water-borne diseases, and the city water system was in a sad state of neglect and disrepair. She took this obligation very seriously, but she evidently thought it was merely by way of catering to an American custom that proved Americans in general to be rather queer. Every time anybody asked for *kipitok* she laughed.

Our cook was a rank failure. He was sent to us by the local commissariat of labor, and I think he must have belonged to the bricklayers' union or something of that kind. There was not much doing in the bricklaying line and the labor laws say that a man has a right to work. In Article Two of the Bolshevik Code of Labor Laws it says:

> The District Exchange Bureaus of the Department of Labor Distribution may, by agreement with the respective unions, assign individual wage earners or groups of them to work at other trades if there is no demand for labor at the vocations of the persons in question.

Yes, I think our cook must have been a bricklayer. Or maybe he was a steam riveter in a boiler factory. At any rate he was not a cook, though he did know how to make cabbage soup. What Russian does not? His pet performance was wrapping up strange messes of very sour curds mixed with chopped meat in leatherlike bits of pastry and sending this creation in as the *pièce de résistance* of the one meal in the day at which we permitted ourselves to have meat. In a town down in the Volga Valley the cook at the A. R. A. residence where I was a guest sent this kind of thing in for luncheon one day and I was placed in the position of having to declare that I was a vegetarian. In order to combat profiteering in cannibalism the local soviet authorities had just issued an order forbidding the sale of chopped meat in the markets, and the thought of it made me rather ill. Under such circumstances one really wants to be able to recognize one's meat.

In my recollections of Brown House there is a final picture. This may not be the place perhaps where it fits best in my narrative, but speaking of cooks I am reminded of myself coming downstairs dragging a heavy bed roll to be put in the baggage camion that was waiting to take my duffel to the station for the train out to Riga, and finding Luella Lamb sitting disconsolate in the hallway. She was there to apply for the job of cook and I should really like to know whether or not they decided to give her a trial. Her references as a cook were very poor.

Her name was not Luella Lamb, either, but the consonants in this name give it a caressing sound and I feel a warm desire verbally to caress the lady upon whom I have bestowed it. Being the dear that she is she might not mind in the least if I used her real name, but not having consulted her and being mindful of her dignity I think it is right that I should present her incognito, even though the incognito amounts to nothing more than the flimsiness of a made-up name. She was dressed in a kind of Red Cross outfit with a blue veil bound Madonna fashion round her shapely head and with a Red Cross pin attached to it right in the middle of her forehead.

"Why, Luella," I exclaimed, "I didn't know you were a representative of the Red Cross!"

"Well, no'm," said she, "I ain't, but I'm a membah. All good Ame'icans is membahs o' the Red Cross. I had this heah blue veil an' mah Red Cross pin, an' the unifohm suttinly does give a lady some p'tection!"

The first time I ever saw her was at the ballet. She was with a party in a box on the second tier just opposite from where I sat, and was pointed out to me as a local celebrity, her story being that she invaded Europe a good many years ago as a kind of black Patti, that she had enjoyed a special popularity in Russia and had more or less adopted the country as her own. You might think that under such circumstances she would have lost some of her Maryland characteristics, but she had not. Quite the contrary, she had developed into a stout matron of the self-assertive but waddling type with which we are all familiar, and had retained unimpaired a dialect as softly and beautifully rich as any I ever heard.

Married But Uncompromised

One day she blew into the American Relief Administration headquarters and announced to the boy on the outer door that she wanted to see the managah. Not knowing which of several managers she was referring to he asked her what she wanted to see him about; whereupon she literally walked over him and strode unannounced through the door upon which is printed in large letters "Administrative Offices." Nor did she pause within this door to make further inquiries. She cast her eyes over the great room filled with desks and typewriters until they found a door across on the opposite side in a glazed partition marked "Chief of the Administrative Division," and she made straight for that. Mr. John Mangan, who works under this title, looked up and met what he describes as a smile of mingled triumph and apology.

"Why, hello," said he, "how did you get in here?"

"I jus' come in," said she; and says Mr. Mangan in telling about it: "I knew something had blown my way that I was destined to enjoy." He had never seen her before and had no idea there was such a person in Moscow. He asked her who she was, and she told him; after which he invited her to sit down and tell him what he might have the pleasure of doing for her.

"Well," said she, "you-all are an Ame'ican outfit an' I'm an Ame'ican. I'm jus' about starvin' to death an' I thought maybe you-all 'd have sump'n foh me to do."

Mr. Mangan knew that being an American she would have to be taken care of in any case.

"What can you do?" he asked.

"We-ell," she laughed, "I'm a singah to begin with, but I don't suppose you-all's got any singin' you wants done. Otherwise I think I'd be adapted to sump'n of an administrative cha'ectah."

"Are you all alone over here?" he asked.

"No, suh; Ise got mah husban'."

"Oh, you're married?"

"Yas, suh; Ise ma'aid to a Pole. Mah real name's a Polish name, but it wouldn't mean nothin' to you."

"Then you are not an American. You are a Polish citizen."

"Now see heah, don't you-all make no mistake about that! Ise an Ame'ican cthitizen all right! Mah Ame'ican cthitizenship is one thing they cain't nobody evah take away from me! I ma'aid a Pole, but I wasn't fool enough to go through no compromisin' ctheremony!"

"What does your husband do?"

"He ain't doin' nothin' now. They ain't nothin' doin' in his line."

"In that case how do you get along?"

(Continued on Page 102)

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Nothing Else is Like it

(Continued from Page 100)

"We-ell, tha's jus' the trouble. We ain't gettin' along. We been gettin' along by sellin' ev'thing we had, one thing at a time, but they ain't nothin' left, an' I jus' gotta find wuk."

Mr. Mangan said he felt a deal of embarrassment in referring to her Polish relationship, because to her mind it evidently was so entirely regular, but she was an American and he suddenly found her on his hands. It has been part of the business of the Relief Administration in Russia to help Americans to get back to their own country in case they wished to do so. Said he, "If your American citizenship is still intact why don't you let us send you home?"

"Could I take mah husban' with me?" she asked. And that was that!

When her position was explained to her she said she was not going to take advantage of any privileges that her husband couldn't share; that he had been good to her when times were good and that it was her duty now to stay and help take care of him. If he had to starve she would starve with him. It was that spirit in Luella that won for her the respect of everybody. Mr. Mangan had a sudden inspiration. He and the director general with two or three other men messed together at headquarters and they had presiding over their kitchen a genius whose sole idea of the culinary art was to heat up American canned goods by the simple process of dropping the cans into hot water. They were all so fed up on the result that they were losing their appetites along with a good deal of the interest in life that was necessary to them in the work they were doing. Looking upon the golden-brown expansiveness of Luella, Mr. Mangan's mind was lit up all at once by a vision of a desirable change.

"Can you cook?" said he. She treated him to a dazzling smile.

"Kin I cook?" she replied. "Say, does I look to you like somebody what's done fo'got huh middle name?"

"Can you cook liver and bacon?"

"Does you-all mean reglah livah an' bacon?"

"Yes!"

"Ca-a-'ves' livah?"

"Yes, calf's liver."

"Say, come to, man, come to! You'se in a trance. You-all done fo'got where youah at! This is Russia! They ain't no such thing as ca-a-'ves' livah in Russia!"

He told her he believed there was, and that if she would take a couple of million rubles and go out into the markets she would be able to find it. He could supply the bacon; good American bacon, and —— He was gradually making himself so hungry that he just couldn't stand it any longer; so he engaged her on the spot, gave her the rubles and told her to hurry up and get liver and bacon for lunch—with fried potatoes and hot biscuits—and—oh, boy!

She Meant Well

He spread the news, with the result that everybody was promptly on time for luncheon. They sat down, smacked their lips and waited. Nothing happened. The usual process was for the tall lanky woman they had for a waitress to come in with a tureen of heated-up canned soup, but there seemed to be a hitch somewhere. At the end of about fifteen minutes, when everybody was beginning to get very impatient, there was a scrimmage of some kind out in the hallway that led to the kitchen, some high words in Russian, and Luella herself came bursting in with a huge platter piled high with very dark brown slices of something.

She planked it down on the table and said: "Theah! You-all wanted livah an' bacon foh yo' lunch, an' I let them Russkies out theah in the kitchen know that I was a-goin' to suv it to you! These heah pieces up heah at this end o' the plattah I can identify as real ca-a-'ves' livah. As fo' the rest, you-all will have to do yo' own guessin'!"

Whereupon she waddled out with her head in the air.

It was all a total loss. She had utterly ruined about two million rubles' worth of perfectly good food. She had made sole leather of it and it was not edible. They had to call in their Russian and ask him to heat up a can of corned-beef hash. That was what I was thinking of when I said Luella's references as a cook were very poor. After that they provided her with some emergency food rations and proceeded to dismiss her from their minds. I had not seen her for a long time when I encountered her in the hallway the evening I was leaving Brown House. I smiled in indulgent appreciation of the value she placed upon the Red Cross uniform and thought to myself, "Well, if it's never abused any worse than you'll abuse it its dignity is perfectly safe."

Then I said, "Where have you been all this long time, Luella?"

"Me?" she replied. "Ise ben in the hospital!" She was quite haughty about it.

"What do you mean, you've been in the hospital?"

"Yas, they done tuk me an' put me in the hospital."

"What was the trouble? Typhus?"

"No'm, I done had typhus las' yeah an' got over it. This time I had pneumonia. It's awful hard to keep f'm gettin' a cold when you ain't got no fiah an' not enough clothes to keep you wahm. I got a turrible misery in mah chest an' a ver' high temper'ture an' they done tuk me an' put me in the hospital." This was before an American woman's citizenship was secured to her as a man's is under any and all circumstances.

At the dinner table in Brown House I often called my mind to a pause and wondered if what I was listening to could be real. Wondering again? Yes, always wondering! It all seemed so much like a troubled dream. So far as we were concerned there was nothing in the world except a Russian horror of hunger and distress and an American effort to mitigate it in some degree. Our thoughts occupied themselves with practically nothing but the situation in which we were living, while our lives revolved round the single purpose of relief.

To Freeze or to Starve?

There were our Y. W. C. A. representatives working among the women and girls of the city and coming in contact every day with such things as would hardly bear talking about. The representative of the Catholic Welfare Council was specially interested in the famine refugees who had come into the city in hordes and were passing through all the time in great numbers, making their way toward the European border, where refugee camps had been set up. Suppose you were sitting at a dinner table talking with your right-hand neighbor about what to do for a high-class girl whose father had been shot, whose mother was in exile and who herself was an outcast sunk to the dregs of such a society as the Bolshevik system could be relied upon to create, and you should suddenly hear your left-hand neighbor casually remark, "Trouble with them is they haven't any clothes. There are forty men and they can only rig out a half dozen or so. They take turns about wearing the clothes and getting out to beg and rustle for food."

You probably would turn, as I did, and ask, "Who's that?"

"Oh," he replied, "another crowd of refugees from the Ufa district."

"What do you mean, they have no clothes?"

"Well, I'll tell you," said he. "Do you know it's the first time I've ever come across quite such a case. They've been more than a month making their way here from Ufa and all the time they've been trading the clothes off their backs for food. They're the most pitiful outfit I've ever encountered. They're just almost literally naked and a lot of them have already frozen to death."

"Forty men, you say?"

"Yes, and with their women and children a crowd of about two hundred—actually starving!"

"Where are they?"

"They're in a couple of box cars down on the railroad track."

"Can't we feed them?" This was a foolish question, because I knew perfectly well we could not. The supplies for adult relief provided for by the American congressional appropriation had not yet begun to come in. They were on the way; their arrival was anticipated, with what eagerness you can imagine, and arrangements had been completed for their immediate distribution in various localities; the refugees could have qualified as legitimate beneficiaries under the terms of the agreement with regard to this operation, but at the time the American organization had no means—neither funds nor food—with which to meet such an emergency as they presented. It was awful!

Everything in sight had been allocated to cover the program of child feeding. We

(Continued on Page 105)

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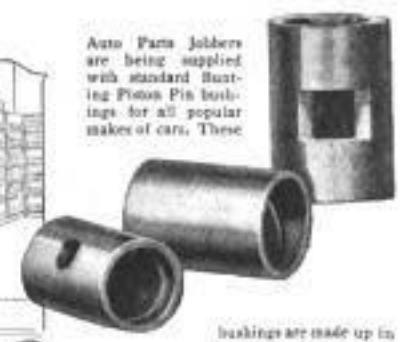
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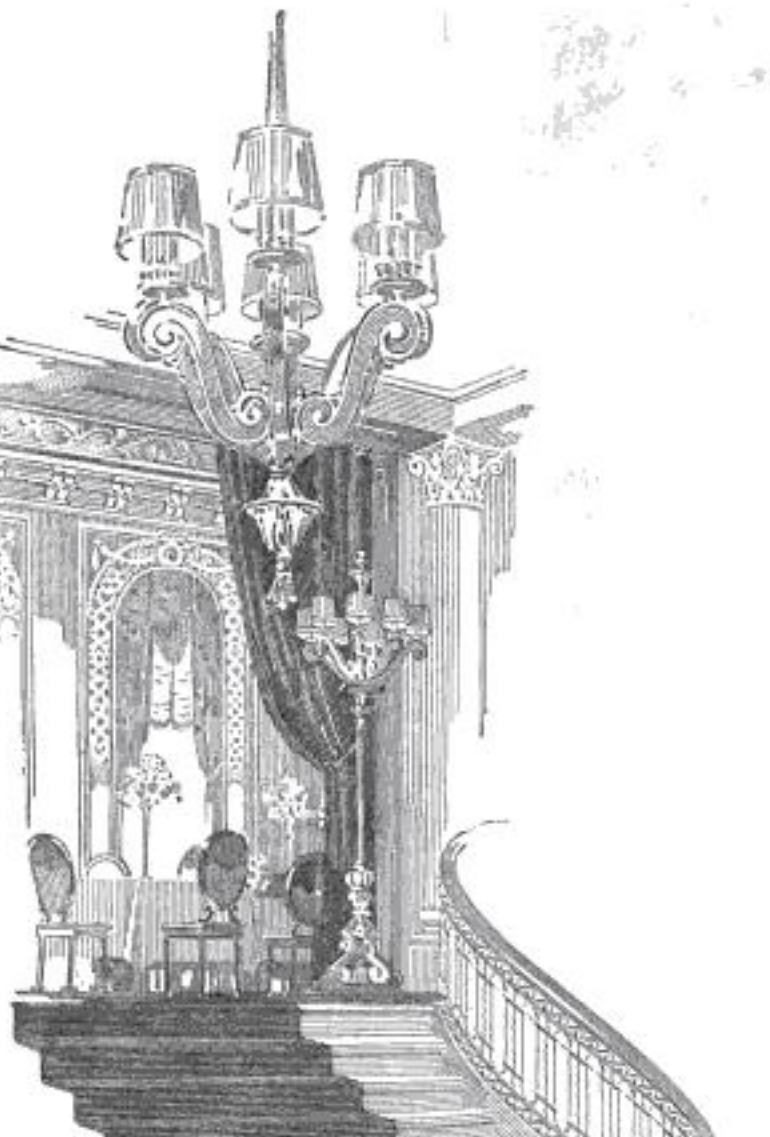


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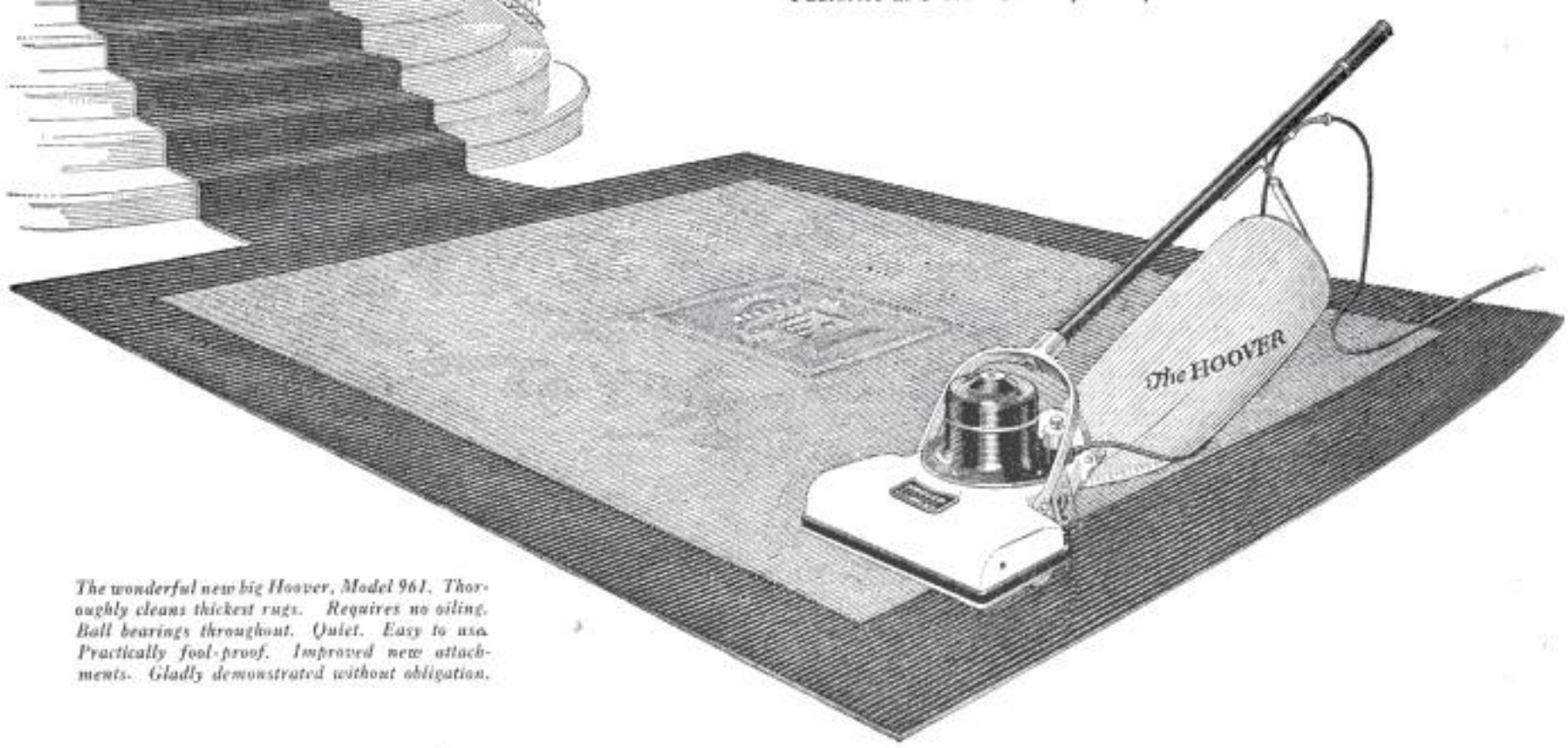
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(Continued from Page 102)

were feeding thirty-five thousand children in the Moscow district, as many more in Petrograd, and in the country as a whole approximately three million, but aside from extensive medical relief the child-feeding operation was the only thing that had been definitely provided for.

Our relief organization has arranged to stay in Russia until January, and though I do not question the judgment behind this decision it seems to me to be rather curious in a way, because we never would abandon that kind of enterprise in midwinter in such a country as Russia unless it became plainly evident that the necessity for going ahead with it no longer existed. And who can say now that on the first day of January, 1923, we shall be able to close our thousands of children's dining rooms in that unhappy land? Unless the Soviet Government is prepared to take over the program and carry on, what is to become of the millions of little people when they are turned out on the second day of January to get their food any way they can? And if we cannot be sure that we shall have performed our full duty by the first day of January, why should we not be prepared to go on? Why did not our representatives in Congress assembled realize in early September of last year the situation they rose so nobly to meet in December? If they only knew what a splendid thing they did when they finally did it! One has to admit they did it without any delay when they were asked to do it, but one hopes that they are now interested in the result and in the future possibilities. Whatever else the American Relief Administration is doing in Russia, it is helping to save the soul of a nation and is providing an example of brotherhood such as the Red International never dreamed of; and these facts alone make it very much worth our while to spend anything in its support that may happen to be necessary. I believe in preparedness. If there is any possibility at all that this great work will have to be continued after January generous provision should be made for it in ample time.

I cannot bear to think that any of the horrors of the past winter in Russia will be duplicated during the next. I don't believe I lived a day in Moscow without witnessing some fearful tragedy. Death from starvation! A man is walking slowly along the street in front of you; he staggers, then he stumbles and falls forward, struggling ever so little; he is still; the people pass him by. Death from starvation was such a common sight that one could look upon it almost unmoved; one could look upon it as being an inevitable incident among the day's events.

The Dreaded Chaika

I asked the American padre if we would be able to clothe the refugees in the box cars. He said, "We gave them some socks and shirts and a few blankets today, but we'll have to make some kind of special arrangement for clothing them. We'll see about it tomorrow."

"And won't they sell whatever we give them in order to get food?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," he replied; "I suppose they will. But we can't help that. Food, after all, is the first necessity."

All this was just customary dinner-table conversation, you understand, and detailed for the purpose of indicating the kind of atmosphere in which we were living. We discussed wholesale starvation and the general wretchedness of the Russian people as casually as though these things were familiar features of life, too commonplace to arouse in us any kind of emotion.

They aroused in me an almost overwhelming anger. I am not much of a theorist or idealist. I am just an average American citizen whose life has been considerably influenced by the Ten Commandments, the Parable of the Talents, the Sermon on the Mount, the Golden Rule, the Lord's Prayer and the Declaration of Independence, and my mental habits having been so formed, it could not be otherwise than that in connection with the Russian situation I should be moved chiefly by a vast indignation.

I could not induce myself to view this situation as anything but the imposition upon a very fine people of a monumental tyranny, a tyranny imposed by a strangely insane but magnificently maneuvered minority. The Bolshevik idea of government is a lot of Red talk coupled with a careful suppression of everything in the way of reasonable discussion or argument.

Leaving the Red Army out of consideration the only two departments of the Soviet Government that function as though they were under the direction of experts are the Department of Propaganda—the Communist International in other words—and the Chaika. This word is an abbreviation of the Russian word *Chrezsychaika*, which means "extraordinary commission," and though its name sounds innocent enough this institution is a fearsome thing. It really is a vast secret-service organization supporting a revolutionary tribunal, and its chief business is to catch you looking cross-eyed at the Bolshevik tyranny if you dare. Bang! And so much for you, Buckingham! I really must express it in just such verbal gestures because at the very mention of the Chaika one's instinct is merely to dodge.

It has been a tremendous success, since it has accomplished its purpose to bow the people down under a terrible fear. The manners of the whole class of bourgeoisie, and of the intelligentzia as well, have become deprecatory, not to say cringing. Their eyes are furtive; they are afraid to speak. One feels that they spend their lives listening to hear some dreaded sound, and one observes them casting glances round about constantly as though the one thing for them to remember is that they walk in dangerous ways.

Where Walls Have Ears

Nobody would ever discuss the situation with me freely and openly. The idea the Chaika had succeeded in burning into every mind was that you never can tell who is hearing what you say. And I suppose this came to be true after a while. It was very trying to my disposition. I am naturally trustful and outspoken and I really find it difficult ever to suspect anybody in my immediate vicinity of being anything but trustworthy. One of my favorite remarks was: "If such a vast majority of the Russian people hate this thing, as they seem to do, why on earth don't they rise up and throw it off?"

And invariably someone would say to me: "Sh-h! You never can tell who is hearing what you say!"

It might be your chauffeur listening from behind the wheel to what was being said in the car. It might be some guest in a small social circle. It might be someone with whom you were sympathizing after he had taken the pains to complain to you about the hardships he himself was having to endure. It might be the maid who dusted the plentiful lack of furniture in the room you occupied. It might be some listening stranger in a theater or a museum. It might be the porter in your railway carriage. It might be a trusted employe of the American Relief Administration. It might be anyone at all. In any case I was always being "shushed" and told that I must be more careful, and, as I say, nobody would discuss the situation with me except in the strictest confidence.

Both Russians and Americans seemed to enjoy telling me what was sepulchrally referred to as the truth, but only in hushed privacy and behind an admonition to me not to forget that in asking the kind of questions I constantly asked I was engaged in a dangerous occupation. I once asked if there was any chance of my getting a concession to establish a free-speech accident-insurance company, thinking that nearly everybody would like to be insured against the accident of being overheard and that I would do a big business. Not that my occupation was so dangerous for myself, you understand, but that it was very dangerous for those who gave me the information I sought.

While I was in Russia the Chaika was what was known as abolished. All kinds of new laws and regulations were promised and promulgated; it was said, for one thing, that the time was at an end when citizens could be arrested and kept in prison indefinitely without accusation and trial, but the effect of all this upon the populace did not convey to me an idea that it was regarded as being anything more than a pretense by which the authorities sought to quiet the storm of criticism that was rolling in upon them from abroad and from the very classes they were seeking to influence with their propaganda; and subsequent events have served to prove that those who did so regard it were not very far wrong. It might also have been a reassuring gesture for the benefit of the populace at a time when the populace was

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in sore need of something in the nature of reassurance, but no such institution as the Chrezvychaika has ever been abolished except through the process of being hoist by its own petard.

As regards the permanence of that which they have set up and called a government the Bolsheviki express a profound confidence, but to doubt that their intention is to continue to maintain it through the operation of some such agency as the Chaika is to doubt their intelligence. It could not possibly be done otherwise. Tyranny thrives upon nothing but the terror of the tyrannized.

The representative of the Y. M. C. A. occupied the head of the table at Brown House, and as time went on he began to entertain us daily with descriptions of life among the students in the schools and universities. He was just instituting a program of relief for students and was encountering some fine opportunities to compare the Bolshevik theories of education with Bolshevik practice and results achieved, the truth being that the soviets were conducting the educational department of their so-called government with just about the same degree of efficiency as was to be observed in their conduct of the railroads and industries of various kinds.

The schools, like everything else, are controlled by the henchmen of the boss Bolsheviki. These men are all Red and naturally under the influence of the Red obsession. I tried to talk with a number of them and found none who could refrain from turning away from my line of inquiry—which had to do solely with the educational details of the educational system established—and launching for my benefit into platitudinous polemics against capitalism and bourgeois governments; so I concluded that was about all the educational system amounted to. I was right.

In 1920 the British Foreign Office appointed a commission of various kinds of experts to investigate conditions in Russia, and in concluding the brief section of its report which deals with education this commission says: "We derive, from the evidence submitted to us with regard to education, the impression that there is no question as to the enthusiasm and sincerity shown by the Soviet Government in the cause of education, and that this enthusiasm and sincerity in combating ignorance is directed primarily not to assist the free expression of ideas and thus to promote intellectual progress, but to develop the human mind as a machine for the reception and exposition of the Soviet Government's conception of communism."

Difficulties of the Wonder Workers

As time went on it became more and more the purpose of the American Relief Administration to offer as much assistance as possible to the better elements in the population, the idea being that if Russian civilization was to be saved in any degree these elements would have to be depended upon to save it. The student bodies, for the most part, were enjoying intellectual contact with nothing but Bolshevik propaganda, and it interested us considerably to speculate upon how they were managing to square the facts of their actual existence with the communist theories upon which they were being fed, and what the effect upon them would be of a practical demonstration of the inability of their great communist state to apply the principle of each according to his need without foreign charitable aid; what their reaction would be to a realization of the fact that the communist wonder workers were swamped in an economic situation they were unable to handle. And I may say that if the boss Bolsheviki had known that the Americans in their midst were indulging in any such speculations the students probably would have been permitted to worry along without any extra food. What they dreaded above all things was counter propaganda, and there is no propaganda quite so effective as a practical demonstration. This is the full explanation of their reluctance to permit the American Relief Administration to operate in Russia, and their insistence upon the stipulation that no American relief worker would interest himself in Russian politics or send out of Russia any information of any kind except such as might be useful in stimulating benevolence in the United States. They were glad enough to accept American aid because they were plunged in difficulties they could not overcome, but to acknowledge their necessity as something for which they themselves were responsible was a thing they would not do. The effort they made to keep up in the world outside the fiction that famine conditions obtained only in the basin of the Volga River and were due entirely to natural causes was equaled only by the effort they made to minimize in the minds of the masses the credit due to American sources for the relief operations by which they were benefiting; and the methods they employed for the accomplishment of this served to indicate very clearly the position they were in and to reveal in a curious way the moral morass upon which the foundations of the soviet system are laid. I shall have more to say in this connection later on. Also I shall have more to say about the young generation of Russians and the kind of idea it is being taught to shoot.

My conclusions with regard to what Russia has to hope for from her future citizens were arrived at in Petrograd during weary hours spent in the splendid university that was founded by Peter the Great, and in prowling round Tsarskoe Selo, which, according to Bolshevik propaganda circulated in our midst, is supposed to have been dedicated to the Utopian upbringing of Utopian children, its name having been changed from Tsarskoe Selo, which means Czar's Village, to Dietskoi Selo, which means Children's Village. But one has to return from Petrograd to Moscow to get at the fountainhead of all learning.

The Education Department

The Bolsheviki chose to make Moscow their capital; this, one supposes, because Moscow is the Holy City of Russia, upon which the minds of all Russians dwell with reverence. They may have had other reasons, but one of them was not that Moscow is a particularly suitable city for such a purpose. It is to be remembered that the necessities of a government in the way of housing facilities have increased considerably since Peter the Great founded Petrograd, and that since those days very little has been done in Moscow to add to its adequacy as a modern capital. The Kremlin is a noble pile, but its nobility is expressed chiefly in walls, churches, palaces, monuments and museums, and not in buildings capable of accommodating even reasonable governmental departments, to say nothing of the kind of governmental makeweights with which the Bolsheviki contrive to hold themselves down.

The departments of this, that and the other took over all the big hotels with which the city—dear to the hearts of tourists—was dignified in the old days, along with apartment houses, private residences here and there, and any kind of private property that was sufficiently luxurious to satisfy the tastes of the proletarian dictators. I understand they are now thinking of moving back to Petrograd, but that is another story.

When I asked for an interview with Mr. Lunakharsky I supposed, of course, that I should find him somewhere within the walls of the Kremlin, holding down the stateliest edifice in the whole stately place. Mr. Lunakharsky is the People's Commissar for Education, and to educate the people was one of the main purposes for which the Bolsheviki created themselves. If there was one thing I expected to find in Russia it was a kind of educational exaltation. I found it right enough, but it was a good deal like the exaltation to be observed in an experience meetin' of religious fanatics who get up in great agony and tell the world how rotten they are and how good they intend to be one of these days, now that God has begun to take a special and personal interest in them.

Mr. Lunakharsky very graciously consented to receive me and I, as graciously as I knew how, returned my compliments along with assurances of my distinguished consideration and my complete willingness to call on him at any hour that might suit his convenience.

The hours of the boss Bolsheviki are almost as different from other people's as their principles. They may have formed their habits during that period of their lives when their activities were largely clandestine and when they lived for the most part on hot coffee and the spice of intrigue; but be that as it may, there are a number of the more important among them now who make all their business appointments for hours between two and six in the morning, and who wake their departments up and put them to work along about the time when everybody else is thinking of turning in for the night.

Mr. Lunakharsky is evidently not among those quite so curiously habituated, since he made an appointment to meet me at his office at three o'clock in the afternoon. Upon inquiring I learned that his office was not in the easily accessible Kremlin, as I had imagined it would be, but in some kind of former school building so far out toward the outskirts of town that an early start was necessitated. However, I was promptly on time, and with my interpreter made my way up two flights of stairs and into a reception room where a young woman with bobbed hair and a heavily made-up countenance, sitting behind a desk, informed us that the commissar had not yet arrived and invited us to sit down and wait.

There were a number of other persons present, talking together more or less animatedly or merely waiting, and the surroundings generally were quite sufficiently interesting to hold my attention for a while. For one thing there was a portrait which afforded me a good deal of my favorite entertainment of wondering. I first wondered whose it was, and when I was told I wondered how it could possibly be true. It was a portrait of the President of the Russian Socialist Federal Soviet Republic, Mr. M. I. Kalinin, all dressed up in a white shirt with a collar band and a collar button, but no collar. And no coat, of course. It seemed to me about as foolish a bit of proletarian pose as I had seen. Mr. Kalinin is a peasant who was for years one of the chief agents in the Russian Social Democratic Labor Party for spreading Bolshevik propaganda among people of his own class, and as president he takes a greater interest in the activities of the Department for Propaganda than in anything else, spending a large part of his time on speech-making tours throughout the country. It is said they made him president because they wanted nobody for president who had sufficient force and ability to influence the political situation. I imagined the shirt-sleeved portrait was for propagandist purposes among the peasants, but I thought it might just be that even Russian peasants would prefer a president who had enough respect for the dignity of his job to wear a collar. As for students and better-class Russians passing through the antechamber of a Department of Education, what do you suppose they would think?

The Man Who Spoke English

At the end of about half an hour a man came in who looked important enough to be Mr. Lunakharsky, but he turned out to be somebody else. He drew a chair up alongside the girl with the bobbed hair and entered with her into what seemed to be a very intimate and amusing conversation. Nobody paid the slightest attention to us—to my interpreter and me, that is. Then pretty soon another man sidled in and sat down on a bench just inside the door and about six feet from where we were sitting at a table in the middle of the room. He was a forlorn creature, who looked as though he might have come in to ask for a job as window cleaner or something of that sort. And goodness knows the windows needed cleaning! Also the floors everywhere; and the stairways needed sweeping, to say nothing of scrubbing, and there was a stench in the building that needed to be let out.

This man interested me. He was cadaverously thin. He fastened a pair of big melancholy brown eyes upon me and stared in a way that was wholly inoffensive but somewhat embarrassing. It was as though he were looking at me without seeing me.

When I had waited more than an hour I began to get rather impatient and asked my interpreter to speak to the man who was talking with the girl behind the desk and ask if he knew anything about the habits of Mr. Lunakharsky and whether or not he might be expected to keep his engagement. I phrased my request in terms that were a bit sarcastic and instantly observed a wave of amusement pass across the face of the man by the door. Thought I to myself: "That man understands English!"

When the other man learned who I was he came over and introduced himself and wanted to know if he might not be of some service while we waited for the commissar. He, too, spoke English. I told him I was interested in making a direct inquiry with regard to the communist educational plans.

(Continued on Page 109)

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(Continued from Page 106)

and that so far as I was concerned it was wholly immaterial from whom I received the desired information. Then I asked him what his position was in the Department of Education and he answered that he was the political adviser.

"That," said I, "is a curious title in such a connection. Just what does it mean?"

He was unable to tell me in so many words, but by degrees I gathered that his job was to outline the policy of political instruction in the schools and to keep it in line with the developments of the communist experiment. Such instruction would naturally have been altogether Red or of the extreme communist variety in the early days, but the gradual demonstration of the unworkable character of certain communistic theories would have necessitated a gradual modification of the processes employed to hold the popular mind. He was just another propagandist. Whatever else they may be, they are all that. He was a well-set-up and nice-mannered young man, who would have looked to be exactly in his element as a bond salesman in a broker's office.

My somewhat searching questions were not phrased with any idea of concealing the fact that I was not at all in sympathy with their views, and I had not asked many before I noticed that the man by the door had lost his far-away look and was paying the closest kind of attention to everything I said. It worried me just a little, because it really is dangerous in Russia to want to know certain things, and the old warning recurred to me: "You never can tell ——"

When I came to specific inquiries with regard to schools in operation, students enrolled, number and variety of subjects available, and all that sort of thing, I drew nothing but a series of blanks. There was a lot of talk about the splendid effort to educate the workers by setting up schools in all the centers of industrial employment and making it compulsory for every adult citizen to learn to read and write, but the established institutions of learning were naturally in a bad way on account of the economic situation! Yes, naturally!

I asked the gentleman what he thought of the American system of education.

"Well, of course," said he, "for the masses it is the best system that has ever been developed and we are using it as a model. But it has very great defects. These we shall correct. We shall improve upon it and extend it in such a way as to reach with compulsory education every individual in the state."

"In the meantime," I replied, "you are permitting a young generation to grow up in ignorance and you are discriminating in every way against the best class of youth you have to depend on—the sons and daughters of the not very numerous but very valuable bourgeoisie."

The Inspector of Schools

He laughed and said something about the necessary evils attending a revolution. The man by the door shifted his long, thin, crossed legs and coughed. After which we went into the financial requirements of such an educational plan as the communists had laid out—on paper—with the result that I exclaimed, "But it is impossible!"

"It is very ambitious," he conceded.

"Ambitious!" said I. "It is just so ambitious that my country, which is supposed to be so tremendously and iniquitously rich, would certainly go broke trying to put it into effect!"

He was loftily good-natured in his response to this, and just then a creature breezed in who will continue to abide in my memory as long as I live. He was eating something and the crumbs of whatever it was were hanging upon his wet and pendulous lower lip. His hair was bobbed at a length of about two inches above his shoulders and hung in straight lines down over his ears. He wore a stiff fez-shaped astrakhan cap—which he did not trouble to remove—and a peasant costume of belted blouse and trousers tucked into high boots that for greasiness and grime beat anything I had ever seen even in Russia. His face was dirty and his long-fingered hands were simply horrible. Like nearly everybody connected in any way with the Soviet Government, he carried a portfolio.

"O-ho!" said the political adviser. "Here is somebody you should meet! Mr. ——"

I have forgotten his name. As a matter of fact I don't think I caught it even for an instant; I was so fascinated. He slithered up close to me and offered me his hand. I took it. It was both clammy and crumby. He said something in Russian which my interpreter translated as a wish on his part to serve me in any way he could. I wanted to know what he had to do with the Department of Education and was told that he was inspector of schools. When he told us this he drew himself up proudly and wiped his lips with a swipe of his palm. He really was the most extraordinary human being I had ever encountered. I asked what his duties were, and after a somewhat lengthy powwow in Russian between him and my interpreter, with the political adviser breaking in here and there, I was told that his job was to travel round over the country locating districts in which schools should be established, reporting on the progress of those already established, and suspending the operations of any that happened not to be living up to established rules and regulations. I repeat the word "established" with definite intent.

On the way home in our A. R. A. automobile I was still gasping, so to speak, and said to my interpreter, "But is he himself an educated man?" The boy was almost weeping with chagrin and humiliation.

"Good Lord, no!" he exclaimed.

"But why ——"

"Oh, don't ask me. I don't know!"

It is such incidents as these that make it so utterly impossible for the foreign observer to understand the Russian situation or to contemplate with enthusiasm the splendid possibilities inherent in a proletarian dictatorship.

A Visit to the Kremlin

But I must not forget the man by the door, must I? Treading softly he followed us out across the high-domed hall and down the dirty stairways. Little shivers ran up through the roots of my hair, but I managed to maintain a calm and casual demeanor until we reached the lower floor and were just turning to go down the steps that led to the outer doors. Then he spoke.

"Please excuse me," he said, very gently and with a rather nice Russian accent.

I turned to him and answered "Yes?"

He was trembling. His thin hand gripped the banister and was very white at the knuckles. His thin lips twitched nervously and I saw at once that he was suffering. He ignored my Russian companion and addressed himself to me.

He repeated, "Please excuse me."

"Yes?"

"You are an American?"

"Yes."

"You belong to the American Relief?"

"No; I am only a visitor."

"You are not attached ——"

"Not officially."

"I could not help overhearing your conversation. You will please excuse me?"

"Yes?"

"I am a professor of physics in the University of —— We are doing nothing. The government *paiok*, the ration, you understand, is uncertain; and there is no longer the salary—even of two million rubles in a month—you understand? I have neither money nor food. Would it be possible perhaps for me to be employed by the American Relief? As an interpreter? I speak English, French and German. Or as an accountant? I know mathematics."

The A. R. A. was short of interpreters down in the Volga districts, where the big job was being put over, and I told him to go to such and such a person at headquarters and see what could be done. Just an ordinary high-class victim of the Bolsheviki, one among thousands, trying to accommodate himself to the system imposed upon him and finding the system itself giving way and swamping him in its wholesale debacle! And to think that I had been thinking of him all the time as possibly being something sinister in connection with the Chaika! It just goes to show that you never can tell who is hearing what you say in Russia.

And, oh, yes, I must remember to say that Mr. Lunakharsky never did turn up!

The following Sunday I went with a party to visit the Kremlin. It was quite a large party and included both Colonel Haskell, the director general of American Relief, and former Governor Goodrich, of Indiana, who was in Russia to inspect relief operations, with the idea in view of providing detailed data upon which to base further programs of relief. Colonel Haskell had been in Russia five months, with his headquarters in Moscow, but this was the first time he had ever been inside the walls of the Kremlin. In a way he was in Russia on a sight-seeing expedition, but the sights that had been occupying his attention are not featured in any of the guidebooks.

In the wicked old days of the autocratic oppression a large part of the Kremlin was wide open to the public, and visitors wishing to explore it could come and go without let or hindrance; but it is now the holy of holies of the Bolsheviki and cannot be entered without a permit. Nor is a permit easy to get either. It is necessary to exercise influence of some kind, after which it is necessary to accept the escort of a soviet official. Our soviet official was a glib sort of person who had acquired whatever he had to recommend him as an alien resident in the United States—whatever he had to recommend him as a guide, that is. He spoke East Side New Yorkese and was sufficiently proletarian in his make-up to satisfy Karl Marx himself—if that was what Karl Marx meant.

I was the only American member of the party who had ever been in the Kremlin before. In former days I had become fairly familiar with it and had entertained myself to a considerable extent with the fascinations of its colorful history; so I knew what the others did not know and that was that we were not being shown through. Our escort called it showing us through, but it amounted to nothing but a visit to the apartments of state and the ancient wing of the great palace in which the czars were crowned.

My chief interest was in the treasury, and I proceeded at once to embarrass our guide, first by asking if we might not see it and afterward by pursuing somewhat persistently a line of inquiry as to what had become of this, that and the other object of inestimable value. I remembered particularly the crown jewels and the coronation robes incrusted with precious stones. I remembered that among these stones were quantities of emeralds and rubies, some of which were larger and more perfect than any to be seen anywhere else on earth, while there was enough bead trimming made of diamonds and pearls to fill a bushel basket. Then there were the crowns and the bejeweled thrones of the czars and the grand princes all the way back to the twelfth century. There were horse trappings and weapons of all kinds, and all of them having great actual value without regard to their value as historic treasures. This was beyond computation.

Ancient Treasures

I wanted to see again the magnificent collection of old Russian silver and crystal and gold vessels; the fourteenth-century ivories; and especially the wonderful wardrobes of the empresses—of Catharine and Catharine the Great, of Anna Ivanovna and Elizabeth. I understand that some Americans have been permitted recently to have a look at these things and that their value as mere raw material, without consideration of their historic significance, is five hundred million dollars. They call this a rough estimate, and one is inclined to agree with them. The trouble with that sort of thing is that its value cannot be expressed in terms of a medium of exchange, though it might be accepted as security for a loan. One believes or at least hopes that it is indestructible, but where the Bolsheviki are concerned you never can tell, and unset jewels are both easily portable and easily salable.

When I asked if we might not visit the treasury our escort said it was closed for repairs. And that was that! When I asked what had become of all the treasures he exhibited a vast ignorance and accused me of knowing more about the Kremlin than he did. And that was that! I was inclined to believe that his ignorance was assumed, but I may have been wrong. His mental contacts had evidently been with interests not very closely related to those that influence me.

He took us in through the main vestibule of the Great Palace and up the magnificent granite stairway, than which there are few in the world more stately, and thence into the tremendous white-and-gold room of the Order of St. George. And I noticed that he was just as keen about the Order of St. George as any dyed-in-the-wool monarchist could possibly have been. That was national instinct expressing itself. The Order of St. George was the highest honor in the



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gift of the imperial government and was bestowed upon individuals and regiments for distinguished military service. On the marble pillars and panels of the room of St. George are inscribed in letters of gold the names of all regiments and all men who have received the decoration, together with the dates of the engagements in which they displayed unusual bravery. Our cicerone was very voluble about all this, as he was also about the exquisite quality of the gold brocade with which the chairs and benches round the walls were upholstered. He led us on through a series of splendid antechambers, I noticing meanwhile that the velvet-lined wall cabinets had all been emptied of their one-time contents. Their shelves were spotted with circles of dust and darker color to show where the treasures had stood.

"Where are all the vases and the *objets d'art?*" I asked.

"Oh, I dunno! Put away somewhere for safe-keeping, I suppose," he replied.

"But what better place could you have than this for safeguarding such things?" I exclaimed.

"I dunno!" said he.

We then came into the Throne Room. The last thrones that graced or ever will, one supposes, grace the dais at the end of the lordly hall were three rather tawdry chairs, gilded à la Tottenham Court Road and upholstered in rose-colored satin. They were made for the late Czar, the Czarina and the Imperial Mother. Very different from the throne of the first Romanoff, covered with plates of gold and studded with innumerable diamonds and pearls!

The Throne Room was being used by the Bolsheviki as an assembly hall. They had removed the uncomfortable chairs upon which the last of the Romanoffs sat, and had built in a platform backed by a curious kind of canopy. It looked a good deal like a very colorful tent of the Arab variety with the flaps thrown back, while down each side of it hung a broad banner of red velvet covered with gold lettering in English, setting forth the legend, "Workers of the World, Unite!"

The Woman Guide's Lecture

I was walking down the length of the room with Governor Goodrich when our guide pushed himself in between us and said, "Well, governor, I guess that's once you can read Russian, eh?" The governor smiled a wry kind of smile and answered, "I can read that, all right!"

Whereupon our little Bolshevik chuckled with great enjoyment and exclaimed, "Well, that's Russian!"

We knew what he meant. We knew that the Bolsheviki, in pursuing their great mission of making the world over on the present Russian model, were frankly directing their principal efforts against the English-speaking peoples. Or should one say, rather, that they had no wish to disguise the fact that they were working chiefly for the benefit of the United States and the British Empire? Considering the efforts they have made to enlighten us and the amount of money they have spent, together with the uncomfortable hole they are in, one would think that by this time they might be getting discouraged. But in that regard they are not. They know there are many citizens among us who have grasped the great principles and who are boring in on our institutions with admirable determination and continuity of purpose. "Workers of the World, Unite"—under the Red banner of unparalleled tyranny!

There was a company of young men, mostly Red soldiers in uniform, passing through the building, in charge of a woman of sorts, who acted as their guide and instructor. She was taking them from room to room and from one point of interest to another and halting them in a body every so often to introduce them to the thing they were looking at and to deliver to them what sounded considerably like a somewhat impassioned lecture. She was speaking Russian, of course, so I could catch only an occasional word, but I heard her say "boorjooie" several times, and was consumed with curiosity with regard to the line of talk she was handing out. The boys, for the most part, were just ordinary good-looking lads, but it seemed to me they had a kind of hand-in-hand air about them, like babes in the wood. I knew they were learning something.

There was another Russian in our party who was not a Bolshevik; so I drew him aside and induced him to stand with me for a little while in the immediate vicinity of the group and interpret for me what the woman was saying. He could hardly keep his face straight. She was telling the boys that though all the splendor round about them was the blood and bones of the people translated into marble magnificence it no longer belonged to the tyrants and oppressors, the murdering capitalists and the bourgeois brigands who had produced it, but to them and to them only; that it was theirs to cherish as a forever eloquent monument to the martyrdom of the masses! Upon hearing this I could no longer keep my face straight either. But I didn't want to laugh; I wanted to weep. It was all so false and so downward leveling in its inevitable effect on the minds of the youths.

We went on then and joined the others and I found our guide just making a final gesture and saying that that was all—that there was nothing more to see.

"But," said I, "may we not go into some of the churches?"

Vanished Treasures

I wanted specially to see again and to have my American companions see the Cathedral of the Assumption, in which the czars were crowned. This edifice, dating from the fifteenth century, has a wonderful history, and at the moment—when the Bolsheviki were just beginning frankly and openly to confiscate church treasure—it intrigued my interest because I remembered a particularly splendid *ikonostas*, or screen of icons, aglitter with precious stones, and some gold altar vessels of great weight and magnificence that were taken away from Moscow by Napoleon and recovered by the Cossacks, who replaced them in the cathedral and commemorated their exploit by hanging from the grand dome in votive offering a massive silver chandelier.

I asked if we might not see these things. But no! The Cathedral of the Assumption was not open.

Very well; then how about the church in which the czars and princes of the Rurik dynasty and the first of the Romanoffs were buried? In this church there are priceless medieval mural decorations and paintings, and rows upon rows of curiously plain but rich imperial sarcophagi containing the remains of nearly everybody who ever had anything to do with the making of the colorful history of Russia. Might we not go into that church? In particular I wanted to see again the sarcophagi of Ivan the Terrible and his sons. These men rest side by side in a dim little chapel behind the great *ikonostas*.

Well, yes, we might have a look at this church, but our guide assured us that it was not worth looking at. He failed curiously but absolutely to appreciate its historic interest. For myself I could not fail to realize that its present historic interest overshadows its past. I found it stripped of everything save the sarcophagi; I found it littered with refuse, hung with cobwebs, steeped in dust-laden gloom. On the sarcophagus of Ivan the Terrible, itself green and grimy from neglect, lay a dirty old rag and a cheap brass candlestick caked with verdigris and candle drippings. I laughed to myself and thought of the perhaps merely shriveled figure lying just beneath. I thought if that figure had not crumbled before it certainly now would begin to crumble.

On the way home from the church Governor Goodrich and I got into an argument. He is a patient and generous-minded man and believes in giving everybody a chance. Among other things he said, "Well, now you let these people alone. They are passing through a tremendous experience, and if they are not hampered and interfered with unfairly they are likely to do something for themselves."

My answer to that—I not being so patient and generous-minded—was, "It seems to me they already have!"

Editor's Note—This is the eighth of a series of articles by Mrs. Egan.

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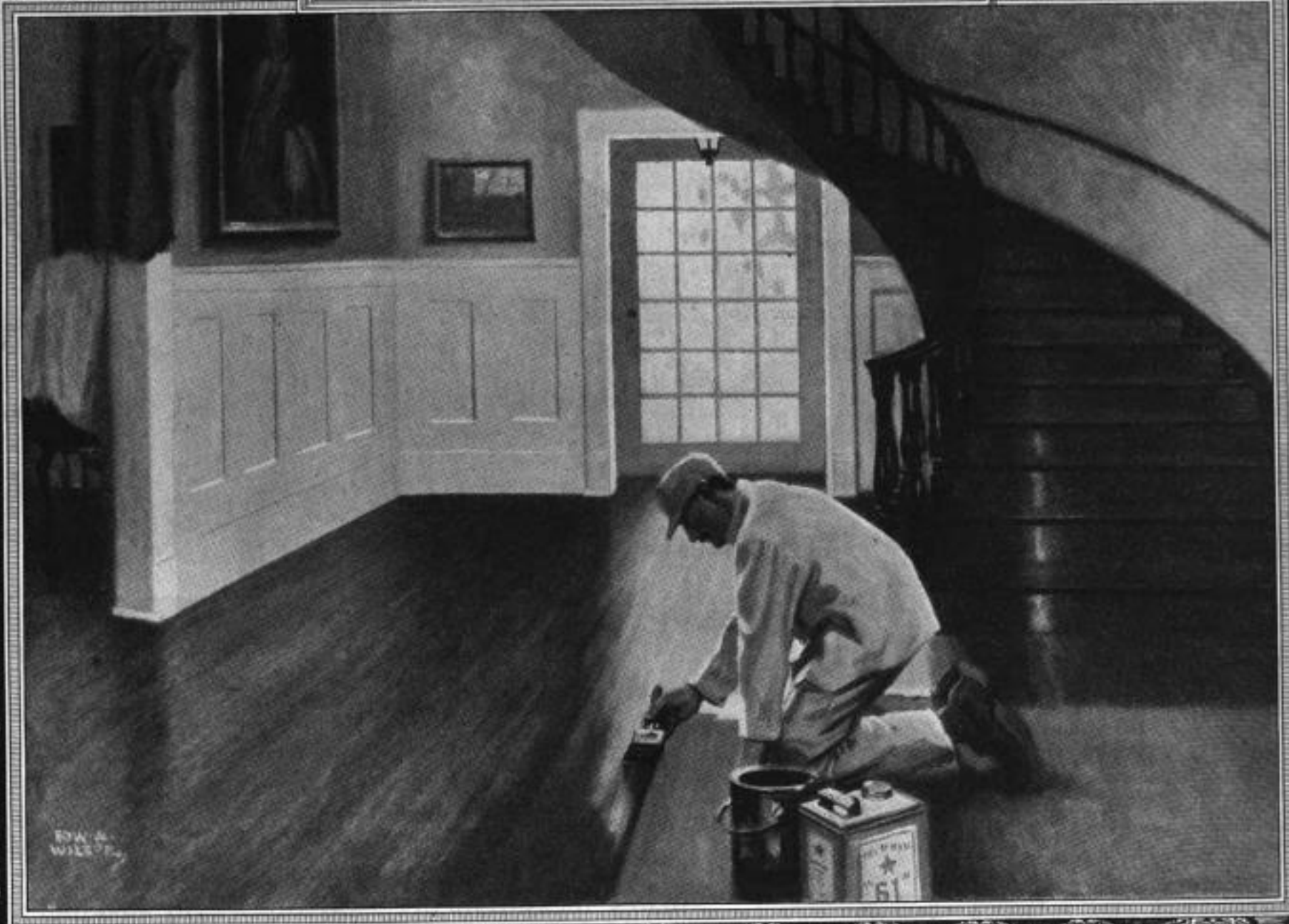
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THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS

(Continued from Page 9)

use of those customs which experience has proved the best machinery for the conducting of said business. By the time we have learned this much we are about eighteen years old, and beyond that we are supposed to stumble along and learn for ourselves. Well, I suppose that this theory is fair enough—we would be dumb-bells if we didn't learn. But that's just the point. We are dumb-bells. We accept the whole of life at the eighteen-to-thirty standard, and after thirty try to make these twelve years perennial, endeavoring to stretch them on and on, without change of face, figure, habit or interest, over the ensuing point between thirty and sixty. Of course we fail to do so, and as a rule live along deploring each inevitable change in ourselves as a sort of personal affront from high heaven, and acting generally as though it was a disgrace not to appear twenty at the age of forty.

It is always an apologetic laugh which accompanies the remark, "Well, Bill, I guess we are getting old, eh?" Why in the name of Ham should we apologize? And yet the man who says this does not mean old, either. Age, even in the mind of the most reluctant collector of birthdays, has a certain dignity. When the hair is actually white, or gone altogether, when the wrinkles have a touch of Rembrandt about them, age is recognized and accepted. When one says that to Bill one means not old, but middle-aged, and apparently most people feel that middle age has simply no standing in the community. It is a disgraceful condition, to be hidden as far as possible under the guise of youth.

The question before the house is, What to do about it? How shall we give middle age a place in the sun and rid it of its stigma? I have a little dope on the subject, and perhaps the best way to hand it out is to cite my own case.

The realization that I was getting on came to me the morning after a hard night. I believe that the discovery is often made at such a time, even when no actual accumulation of years is involved, but merely an alcoholic, lobster or old cheese complex. You will gather the idea. Well, at any rate, George—that's my husband—and I had been out late the previous evening, having gone over to our neighbors', the Goofnahs, and played pinochle until 11:30, after which we were foolish enough to stay on until nearly twelve, imbibing liberally of the Goofnahs' beastly homemade sarsaparilla punch with thin slices of deceased banana floating in it.

Minus Teeth, Plus Glasses

Consequently, next day I felt a wreck, and with the morning sun pouring in upon my dressing mirror I'll say I looked it too. My face had that horrible naked appearance which is intolerable to any modest woman—just plain face without a stitch of make-up on it! And my hair had that casual effect which comes of a restless night. The hair was what arrested me, although heaven knows I looked fit to be arrested on any count you want to name. What I mean to convey is that there was a fleck or two of gray in my hair. To be absolutely accurate, there was one miserable telltale little group of gray hairs right over my left eye. These caught my attention and held it. They do, don't they?

Well, that was only the beginning of a far from perfect day. By ten o'clock I had developed a raging toothache, and by twelve I was minus the first two teeth I had lost since the age of seven, at which age I had lost two by the far cheaper and less trying process of slamming a door. But this time my dentist had the teeth and ten of my dollars besides, which never seems fair somehow; and confound him, he was also full of advice.

"Do you know, I believe your eyes need attention," he said. "These headaches of which you speak are probably due to the fact that you need glasses."

Well, one ordinarily leaves a dentist's office in a bad enough frame of mind, but this particular leaving was the worst yet, for me. Still and all, there might be something in what he said. There was. I spent an hour and a quarter waiting in the office of a well-known oculist and fifteen minutes in a dark room with him and a nurse while he shot a pocket flashlight around, as he took, I think, a couple of banquet photos of me. Then he made me read the alphabet over and over, although I assured him that I already knew it by heart. He may have been a good oculist; I don't know, but I suppose he was. However, I'll bet anything he was once a good football captain, because all the while he was doing these perfectly foolish things to me he kept shouting out numbers.

"11—16—42—X—Y—Z—2," he would snap out, or remarks of a similar nature. "Diaphragm 2—1—8—4 P. D. Q."

Not being on the team, of course I didn't understand him, but apparently the nurse got all the signals, for she handed them to me on a prescription blank as I staggered from the office, informing me that it was for my reading glasses to be used for close work only. Well, it had been close work so far, all right!

"Oh, why did I ever allow myself to come to such a pass?" I wailed, as I flitted from oculist to optician. "Dumb-bell that I am, not to have kept myself in perfect physical condition!"

The optician was strangely impersonal in selecting my frame, as he suspiciously called it.

"What will you have?" said he. "Gold or bone?"

"Bone," said I, "to match my head!"

Dressing-Room Reflections

But the worst was yet to come. Once outside and on my more or less homeward way I turned instinctively to look at myself in the mirror which formed the background of a shop window. This was a mistake. It always is, even when you are looking your best and your nerves are in a condition to stand the severest shock. There is a certain something about such a mirror which will, under the best of circumstances, disorganize one's belief in one's personal charm, yet strong and few are those mortals who can resist looking into them no matter how often they have been disappointed. Pretending a vast interest in corsets, cameras or curios as the case may be, we surreptitiously straighten our tie or lip rouge before these mirrors, trembling with the sudden disillusionment incidental to discovering how we really look. We are pained, alarmed and half incredulous. Really, if one believed one looked the way a shop-window mirror says one does, the percentage of suicides among window shoppers would be enormous.

You will admit that the day on which all these symptoms of incipient decay were thrust upon me was a poor day in which to have taken such a risk as looking at myself in such a glass of fashion. The result of so doing was what might have been expected. With a muttered shriek I fled to my home and, locking myself in the dressing room, sat down before my personal mirror to consider the awful truth in private.

Now I am not going to admit that I am really getting old, but neither am I claiming to be any flapper. There is no use in trying, because the pridefulness of being in the Who's Who books is offset, as every professional woman knows, by the dates they tag on after your name, and the *b.* 1888 is there for all to see who have a magnifying glass.

Yet when I looked into the mirror at the end of this day of awakening it was not so much the face which I actually saw reflected in the glass which disturbed me, as it was what I saw immediately behind that face. What if I had lost some sleep, two teeth, and had nothing but a pair of reading glasses to show for it? What if I had a gray hair or two? So did our new automobile robe that was only two months old! I wasn't middle-aged, no sir! With the right make-up and the correct light I might still pass for twenty—well, twenty-five anyway, or certainly not more than twenty-eight or thirty. Nobody had as yet started telling me how young I looked, which in itself was evidence enough of youth. I was young yet—sure I was. But was I?

Suddenly in that mirror I could see a vision of women trying to stay young, and deceiving nobody by their pretensions; of women with heavy legs and girlish skirts, with dyed hair over faces artificially lifted; of women with painted faces on which they were vainly striving to hide the wrinkles under a treacherous dressing of powder. It was a hideous thought. But however little they fooled the public, these women were



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undoubtedly fooling themselves. Was I? They were not getting old any sooner than they had to. But why didn't they recognize the psychological moment when it arrived? That was what ate me. How could one tell just exactly when the moment had come to lay off the pretense which only exaggerates decay, and slip into the beauty and dignity of middle age? Was there any such thing as real charm for a frankly middle-aged person of either sex? Was I, too, fooling myself, or was I catching myself in time, before I made a fool of myself in the eyes of my friends?

It was one of those sharp moments in life when one faces a fundamental truth. I hoped I had caught myself up short on the brink of a big mistake—an error no less grave for being so common. I would not, could not, become one of those pitiful creatures who hang on to a mockery of the beauty they once possessed, instead of intelligently developing the beauty which was now rightfully theirs. Middle age was not yet upon me, but it was just ahead of me. What should I do? How should I prepare to meet it? The day had been as full of warnings as a rheumatic knee before a rainstorm. How should I prepare to make a, as you might call it, personal success of middle age?

I am talking about personal success in the personal sense, understand me, not in the business sense at all. Business success and middle age are almost synonymous and need no discussion here. And I, for one, mean to try to develop a personal success characteristic of the next period of my existence. Something new and fitting in dress, mode of life, and all the other elements which go toward making personal charm at any age. I don't intend to slump into dowdiness and call it dignity, for I believe that there must be a happy medium between dowdiness and painted-Jezebelness and I mean to educate myself to the finding of it. And by a happy medium I don't mean too medium to be happy, either.

To Dye or Not to Dye?

I shall not ignore the dye bottle. However, instead of completely falling for it I will compromise on a touch of mascara as needed, and pray to the eternal intelligence which rules mankind that I may realize the moment when it will be more charming to omit said mascara and allow the gray to show.

I know that there must be a compromise between the half-portion skirt of the flapper and the pseudo flapper, and the shuffling draperies of age. And in order to be thoroughly successful and attractive it must be a something which doesn't look like a compromise, either. It must have a character all its own, this type of clothing; some fashion which will peculiarly suit and enhance the maturing self which I see lurking in the depths of my mirror. Make no mistake, I am as aware as any woman that fashion changes, but good taste is eternal. It is the taste of change which I am seeking. Again I repeat, heaven grant me sufficient sensitiveness to hear the hour when it strikes, and so to mold myself gradually and gracefully with the scarcely perceptible shift of time.

When you are a kid you are a sort of island completely surrounded by teachers, who tell you what to think, what to learn, how to act. But always remember that from the age of graduation to the beginning of middle life everybody is obliged to be their own tutor. It's a bothersome job, and of course we all learn a good deal unconsciously in what the self-made autobiographists are so fond of calling the school of life. It seems at first glance that this subconscious absorption ought to be enough educational equipment for the facing of middle life. People rather take it for granted that they will just naturally wrap themselves around enough knowledge to carry them over to old age. Maybe so. But I have believed ever since the day of discovering the fact that I was not a perennial débutante that there are certain definite things which it behooves the child of thirty to learn with a view to using said education through the middle period, just as we used reading, writing and 'rithmetic in securing and holding our first job out of high school. And foremost in importance is an understanding of the value of health.

Hold on, don't leave! I am not going to pull any physical-culture lecture. I am merely about to point out a few simple fundamental truths which will flatter and corroborate your own good judgment. By the time a person has reached the early thirties they should have learned what they can eat in order to get the highest degree of efficiency out of themselves. For although it's not new it's just as true as it ever was that self-efficiency in its fullest sense is the only true happiness. After thirty there is no use kidding oneself about one's diet. The old tummy will not stand for being made into a gastronomic junk shop the way it used to in the days when a supper consisting of Welsh rarebit, popcorn and sarsaparilla made a perfect preamble to a sound night's sleep. You have got to make your diet reasonable if you want to avoid—well, the old-fashioned type of middle age which I am trying to get abolished, of which habitual indigestion, with its reflex action on family, friends and one's game of golf, was one of the leading characteristics.

You should by this time—meaning such time as your small inner voice which will not be denied says "Get ready!"—you should by this time know what your personal habits ought to be in order to give you the best results in living. Nobody, not even your friend the doctor, can tell you how much you ought to smoke, sleep, exercise, and so on, one half so accurately as you can tell yourself, if you are willing to tell the truth and listen to yourself. As for me, I am certainly going to start right in and take perfect care of my health as part of my education for middle age, in the sudden illumination of the fact that no robust person is ever old. I'm going to start at once—well, as soon as that gorgeous fruit cake Cousin Mary sent over is all gone, anyway!

Good Resolutions

Next on my dope sheet, as we students in the school for learning how to be grown-up say, is how to tell the culls from the sound fruits of pleasure. In our so-called society more people than ever show on the official casualty lists not only waste their time but actually torture themselves under the head of pleasure. In other words, thousands of them annually die of boredom at receptions, card parties and lesser social pitfalls, night after night, and then wonder why they are not refreshed by the synthetic entertainment which they have been enduring. As people grow older they simply cannot afford to indulge in forms of entertainment which do not entertain them. There is no social obligation on earth strong enough to justify the sacrifice involved in going over to those terrible Whoosis' to play euchre for no better reason than because George, dear, if we stay home they will think it funny, and we really ought to go.

I am now setting out to learn what really does amuse and entertain me, and to develop sufficient strength of mind to resist all else, so that for the next twenty years I will never accept an invitation unless I really wish to, and will be able to leave all parties at once where I am not having a good time. I have more than a suspicion that the net result will be many a restful evening at home, which method of spending an evening I insist upon considering indicative of intelligence rather than of approaching senility. And I further predict a genuine refreshment as the result of such amusements as I feel capable of giving or accepting with a whole heart. As for the obligatory stuff, nix! From now on, it's out!

By the time you are in your early thirties you will in all probability be sure of what your job in this world is, and be working hard at it. Previous to this time the average person is so preoccupied in finding a permanent job that the best way of doing the job itself is often a consideration still in futurity or entirely overlooked.

Again I can only generalize from my own experience, which was that simultaneously with my discovery of the uses and abuses of mascara and other feminine artifices I realized that while I had settled to the profession of writing, leaving all the other arts to their fate in the same spirit, perhaps in which Mr. Gilbert's—or was it Mr. Sullivan's?—hero "in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations remains an Englishman"—well, anyway, having discovered that writing was my meat, I got a painfully clear glimmer of the fact that my best writing years would normally lie through middle life, and that tempus was fugiting like a regular son-of-a-gun and that it was up to me to be prepared to make the utmost of the ripe period.

(Continued on Page 117)



Holding Down Truck Operating Costs

Where true truck economy has been finally determined, there are found the big buyers of Sewell Cushion Truck Wheels. Single industrial units have invested as much as $40,000, $50,000, $60,000 in Sewell economy for their fleets of motor trucks.

For the final verdict is that ultimate truck economy is dependent upon the degree of resiliency which protects truck and tires and load from road jars.

Sewell Cushion Truck Wheels—*with their rubber flange construction* literally doubling the resiliency of their rubber cushion—alone make possible the full requirement in resiliency, with *no* upkeep expense throughout their long life.

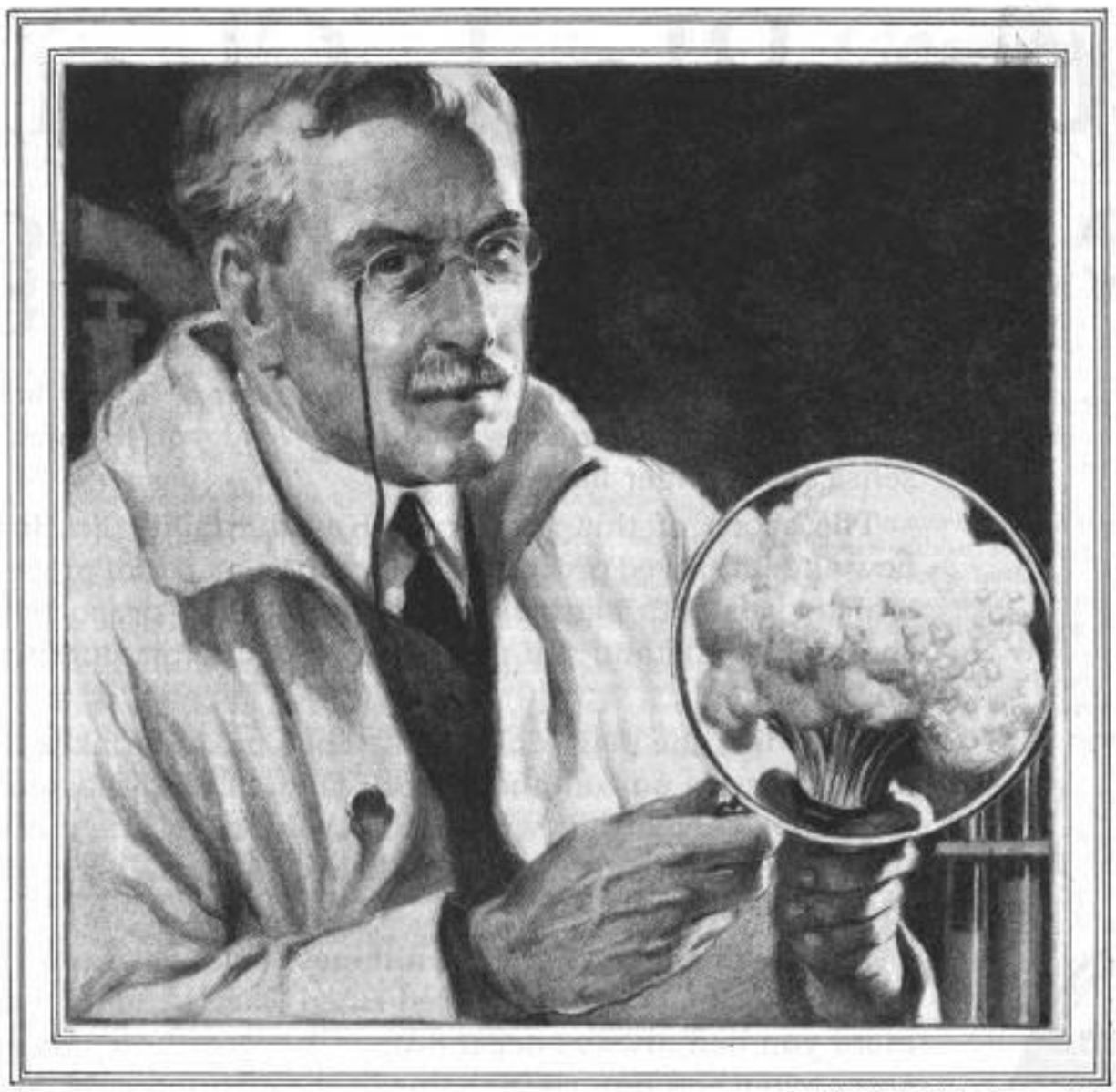
Such economy is important—as important for the owner of a single truck as for the big-fleet owner.

The Sewell Cushion Wheel Company is ready, with the evidence of fourteen years of successful demonstration, and the experience of users of 80,000 of its wheels.

The Sewell Cushion Wheel Company
Detroit, U. S. A.
This is the 14th Year of Sewell Wheels

Sewell Cushion Wheels
***The* Resiliency is Built in the Wheel.**

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Bubbles must support the hairs

That's the main purpose of lather. The stronger the bubbles the better the shave. They hold the hairs erect while the razor cuts them.

That's why ordinary soap does not serve for shaving. Or soap that dries on the face. Or soap with fragile bubbles. Too many hairs lie down and the razor skips them.

Ten shaves FREE see coupon

Did You Know This?

That fragile bubbles spoil a shaving cream?

HERE is the greatest mistake that chemists made in old-time shaving creams. They supposed that lather merely softened the beard. So they made no effort to have the lather substantial. But we found this: There are many ways to soften beards without the use of lather. But shaving is difficult. Too many hairs are missed. One must shave the same surface again and again.

We searched for the reason and found it. Bubbles are needed to hold the hairs erect. So they must be small, abundant, durable and tough.

That's the greatest advantage in Palmolive Shaving Cream. It forms rubber-like bubbles, small and substantial. It surrounds the hairs and holds them up.

129 formulas failed

We are soap experts. Behind us lie 60 years of soap-making experience. The leading toilet soap of the world is one of our creations.

But we made and discarded 129 formulas before we met your wishes and our ideals in a shaving cream.

You wanted abundant lather. We have made a soap which multiplies itself 250 times in lather.

You wanted quick action. We have made a soap which softens the beard in one minute. And without hot towels, without finger rubbing.

You wanted durable lather. Ours maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.

You wanted fine after-effects. We get them as we get them in our facial soap—by a palm and olive oil blend.

But the hardest problem of all was one you never thought of—to create tough bubbles which support the hair.

Test our perfections

We are good business men. We know we can't fool you. We must offer you conspicuous advantages, else you will not change.

But we have those supremacies—five of them. And we offer you ten free shaves to prove them. They are winning men by millions. They are bringing us thousands of enthusiastic letters.

When we have worked so hard to please you, won't you learn what we have done?

Where else it excels

It multiplies itself in lather 250 times. Thus the lather is abundant. A tiny bit—just one-half gram—suffices for a shave.

It acts quickly—within one minute the hair absorbs 15% of water. And that makes a tough beard waxlike.

It maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face. Thus it does not need replacing.

It is soothing. The palm and olive oil blend makes the soap a lotion. The skin is left soft and tender. Irritation is prevented.

Try it ***FREE***

Just Mail the Coupon



PALMOLIVE
SHAVING CREAM

10 Shaves *free*

Simply insert your name and address and mail to
THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Dept. B-370
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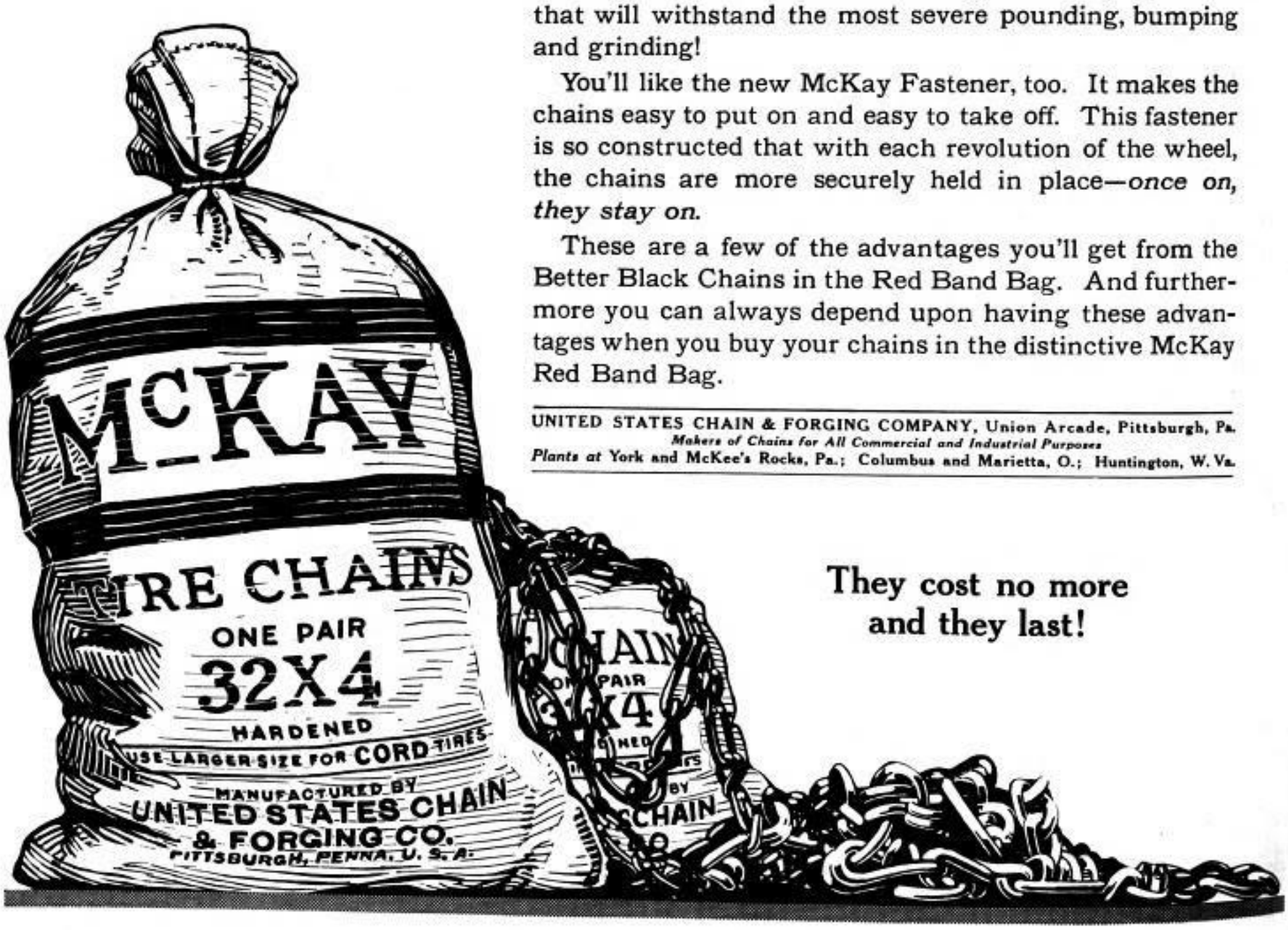
The Better Black Chains in the Red Band Bag

McKay Tire Chains! You'll like them. They last. You'll like them *because* they last! And you'll quickly sense their longer life.

The secret of this greater McKay durability lies in a new and improved process of hardening—a special process which gives both hardness and toughness in proportions that will withstand the most severe pounding, bumping and grinding!

You'll like the new McKay Fastener, too. It makes the chains easy to put on and easy to take off. This fastener is so constructed that with each revolution of the wheel, the chains are more securely held in place—*once on, they stay on.*

These are a few of the advantages you'll get from the Better Black Chains in the Red Band Bag. And furthermore you can always depend upon having these advantages when you buy your chains in the distinctive McKay Red Band Bag.



They cost no more and they last!

UNITED STATES CHAIN & FORGING COMPANY, Union Arcade, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Makers of Chains for All Commercial and Industrial Purposes
Plants at York and McKee's Rocks, Pa.; Columbus and Marietta, O.; Huntington, W. Va.

McKAY TIRE CHAINS

McK

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(Continued from Page 114)

The result is that I am looking about me with a view to reorganizing my business life on such a basis as will give me the uttermost opportunity for concentration and accomplishment during the next twenty years. It will mean a different type of office, a better technical system for filing records, duplicating, correspondence, and so on; in short, the acquirement of a highly efficient kit of tools. Last but very far from least, it must mean a more careful and intelligent handling of finances. In this latter connection the selfishness necessary to self-preservation will have to be not only considered but actually taken into partnership. To get the best results through the prime of life—you see I am already calling it the prime—bad sign, that!—well, anyway, for the conducting of one's business to the greatest advantage during what should normally be its most fruitful period, the sense of security induced by a steadily growing crop of safe investments will, it seems to me, be of vital importance.

Youth is the period of spending because tomorrow seems so far away. But when one comes to the outer edge of youth on the side approaching middle age, then is the time to start the nest egg, if one has not done so before, in order that one may, first of all, have the elasticity of financial freedom to do the work ahead without being too greatly worried by poverty. Furthermore, many an investment opportunity comes to a man or woman when they are at the dawning of their full power and strength, which must be regretfully let slip because of the lack of a little capital. That's old stuff, too, perhaps. But I just found it out and pass it along for luck. A little money ahead is much more important at thirty-five than at twenty-five. I have no particular sympathy for the untrained youth who wails because he has not the wherewithal to buy his way into some business or other. I have less sympathy for the man or woman of thirty or over who has not, with any decent opportunity, put away the few dollars which will help give them full swing for the highest accomplishment of which their maturity is capable.

Saving to Spend

Personally it is a line I am going to pull immediately. I'm going to get nasty and stingy about subscriptions to The New Home for Lost Dogs, unsalted butter for the dinner company, lending old Cousin Hank those perennial ten spots, and from now on try to cultivate a reputation as a tightwad. I have a hunch that if I do, in ten years, or maybe fifteen, I will, if my strength holds out, be in a position to give in terms which will mean something real to the community, and to do it without imperiling either the future of my family or myself. In other words, I believe that the best investment which the worker around thirty can make and the best charity to which he can give, is himself, his own tools and his own general equipment.

I plan learning to interpret my perfectly normal pleasure in spending, into terms of bonds rather than bonbons, of securities rather than jazz, of the deed to a small homestead rather than expensive, showy rentals; of efficient assistants for my work rather than in social entertaining. And believe me, this strip of self-education which I am tearing off is not without effort, because I will admit perfectly freely that a big time with many saxophones in it is to me what strong drink is to some men. Yes, sir, it knocks us cuckoo, but we come right back for more!

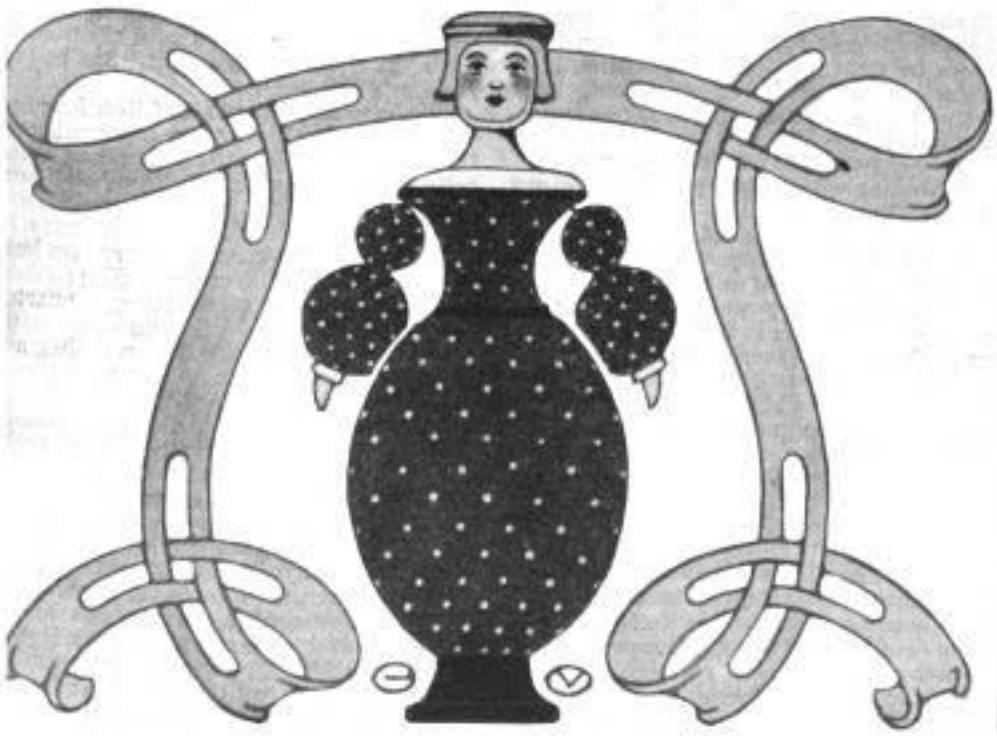
But I will learn my lesson or bust. And bust in the sense of broke will probably be right if I don't learn it. What is more, I strongly suspect that this dope goes for you, too, old thing—I mean, dear reader—unless you take a dose of the same. For it is my impression that what I have said about the writing business is probably equally true of the shoe, baking, wholesale-real-estate or small one-man railroad business, by no means overlooking clerical positions or any other steady job you want to name.

Religion in Middle Age

Now we come to the part of this oration which is pretty generally called my third and last by all public speakers unless, of course, they get stopped before they get that far. And in this case my thirdly is of a nature which I would hesitate to print were it not for the fact that I suspect other readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST besides myself are willing to admit the existence of religion and its legitimate place in the business world of today. I am going to be brutal on the subject, so get ready and skip if you want to. But I could not possibly conclude my conclusions about preparing for the real vital period of life without mention of religion.

To me it is obvious that a religion of some sort, clearly felt and understood, but by no means necessarily clearly defined or elucidated into words, is the primary essential in one's preparation for middle life. Youth has as a rule only an emotional conception of religion, or the patter of a religious code. Old age must frequently resort to a sentimentalization of religion for comfort, and as a substitution for the commoner emotions of life which have passed. But middle age is the age of intelligent religion actively applied to everyday life, or should be, and no one ever yet failed by mixing it into his work.

Understand me, I do not mean to advocate the dogma of any particular church, although I have every sympathy with and respect for any denomination which takes itself sincerely. I simply mean that by the time maturity looms ahead any real person should have unashamedly acknowledged the existence of a great single intelligence which governs the best impulses and the constructive actions of us all, and should have found a way of allowing this intelligence to flow through him in such a fashion that his whole life is clarified and benefited by it. No truly great enterprise is ever lastingly successful without a foundation of religion in its broadest sense. And the knack of falling back on its unfailing help is the most vital lesson the scholar of achievement must learn. The trickery of unscrupulousness may bring success, as well; but it is not a success which lasts, and it is far more bother to learn, than is finding the doorway to your own soul.



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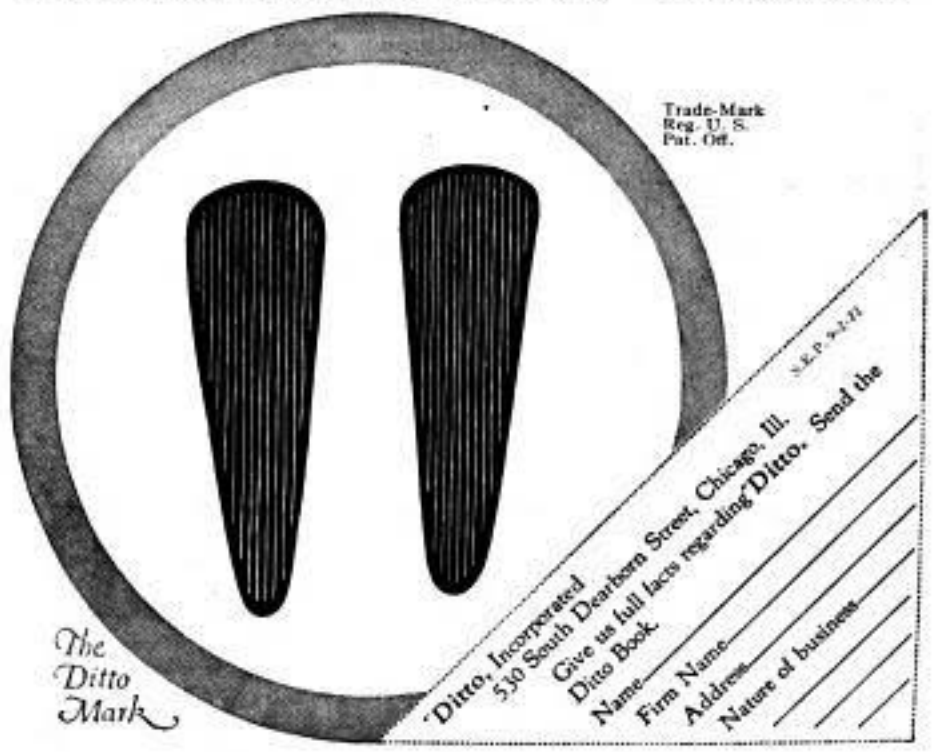
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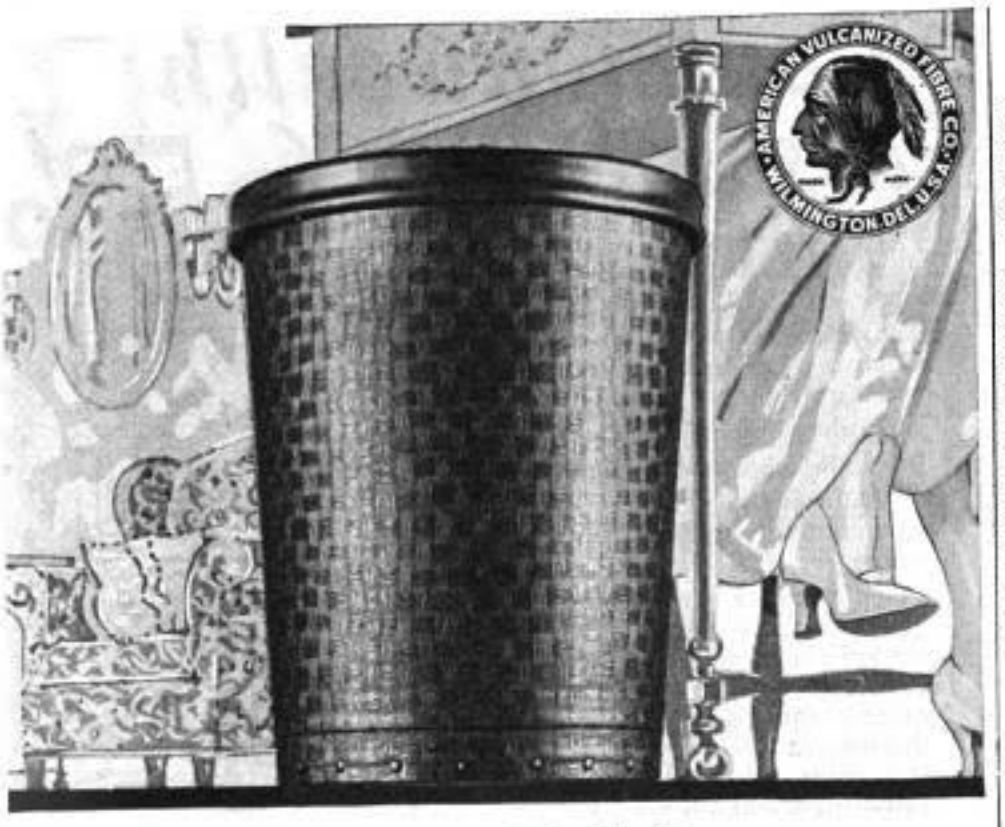
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For the Kitchen



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Steps, steps, steps—picking up and collecting trash carelessly dropped on floors or left on tables and chairs—what is there more trying and tiring?

For years, the Vul-Cot Basket has kept business offices free from trash. And now that an entirely new line of Vul-Cot Home Receptacles has been added, the Vul-Cot is doing the same in the home.

These new Vul-Cot Receptacles have been made appropriately beautiful for the home by stamping a very attractive basket-weave right into the fibre, in colors which will harmonize with any of your furniture—a deep brown and rich green for general use in living room, library and bedroom, and light shades appropriate with the white enamel of kitchen, bathroom and perhaps some bedrooms. The new sizes are also the most convenient: a smaller basket for the living rooms, a larger one for the kitchen, and a roomy clothes hamper.

Attached to every Vul-Cot is an absolute guarantee to replace any basket that fails in normal service within five years. Made of tough vulcanized fibre, they withstand the roughest possible usage; they can't dent or rust like a metal basket, they can't break like a wicker basket; they can't chip or crack like an enameled basket; nor can bits of paper and other trash sift through their solid sides and bottoms.

Your favorite department store, stationery store or house-furnishings store should now have Vul-Cots in stock. If for some reason you can't get Vul-Cots in your neighborhood, write us at once, giving us the name of your dealer, and we will see that you are supplied.

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RECEPTACLES
Guaranteed for 5 Years

THE WHISPERING GALLERY

(Continued from Page 11)

He turned to a second man. "Flaherty! Take my car. Bring me Oliver Armiston, here—with no lost motion." He turned on the petrified Telfen, the dumbstruck Stetson, stared them out of countenance, through an awful moment.

"Huh! So she gave you your youth again?" The deputy's snarl was tigerish. "Well, I don't doubt it! My flatties have been watching every ferry and railroad train for her for a week—and she walks in here and walks out again with your Dolgoda. Hi, there! You terriers!"—this latter to his men. "Lights! Get to work! Look sharp! Sophie Lang! Look for finger prints. Dollars to doughnuts you don't find them. She wore gloves and used a handkerchief, didn't she, eh? Certainly!" His words spat like pistol shots.

Lights sprang on. Passers-by in the night wondered at the brilliance of the great windows. Parr's men swarmed over the place.

"Anything else gone?" he blared. The old lapidary, who had crumpled, and the shocked Stetson, shook their heads in ineffectual negation.

"Well, look! Look again! Make sure while I am here."

The reckoning began all over again. Knobs were turned to cryptic numerals, ponderous gates creaked on elephantine hinges; steel boxes were stacked in rows on the long table of the prison pen. The time locks had not been set when the chauffeur returned, so the entire task was comparatively simple. The treasure was entire—except for those pearls. The great diamond lay open in its case. Parr studied it, blinking.

"What's it worth?" he demanded.

"It was sold once," responded the alert Stetson, "for a hundred thousand—by mistake."

"Mistake? A hundred thousand isn't much of a mistake, is it?"

"You don't understand—it belongs to the house—a lucky piece," explained Stetson, while Ludwig Telfen looked on with palsied face. "Mr. Telfen's son sold it, not knowing. But fortunately we were able to get it back. Mr. Telfen is—er—superstitious—about it."

"Is it real?" asked Parr unpoetically.

"Real! Good God!" moaned Telfen.

"Did she see it?"

"Yes."

"Did she touch it—have it in her hands?" demanded the dazzled Parr, twitching his fingers.

"Yes."

"Then it isn't real now. It's paste! Telfen, never pray to that thing again. It's bogus—if she touched it!"

The old man groaned, and stared nearsightedly at his precious gem, the majestic prism that he gloated over on a midnight.

"Tell me, Stetson," he wailed. "My eyes are dimmed."

Stetson caressed the stone, lapidary-fashion, with his fingers.

"It's quite all right, sir," he said soothingly. "A figure of speech, I judge. It is only the pearls that are gone." To Parr he said, aside: "I am afraid you have destroyed a very beautiful ideal for him. Master of his craft as he is, he will never believe in that stone again." In a hard voice he went on: "If that woman is so notorious a thief, commissioner, why weren't we protected against her—we particularly?"

Parr chewed this over without rancor.

"Nothing will protect you from a direct hit," he said. "Sophie is like lightning. I can't even protect myself against her," he added half humorously. "I've had one of my own men planted as her chauffeur for a month. She was posing as the insurance widow—Mrs. Amos P. Huntington. You've read about her, haven't you? Well, that's Sophie. Last week all was set, and I sprung the trap. My men locked her in her car at Forty-second Street. One of my finest on the box, mind you. Drove her down to Central Office to me. When we opened up the box, out stepped her French maid. No Sophie. There you are! You got off lucky!"

Oliver Armiston came at ten. His entry into Ludwig Telfen's treasure vault at this hour of night thrilled that extinct author of tall tales of crime. This once-famous writer of thrillers who perforce retired on his laurels when thieves and murderers began to dramatize his output, had been enlisted by Deputy Parr as an unofficial aide. His hectic imagination in several insoluble cases had met with startling success. Indeed, it had been Oliver, when Parr's police methods failed, who had flushed the redoubtable Sophie in the insurance-widow case; except for the bungling of Parr's men the Dresden shepherdess would now be behind bars.

"Ah! The legendary Sophie!" exclaimed Oliver with a long look at the snapshot Parr had thrust into his hands. He still held the picture as he regarded in rapture this vaunted vaulted treasure house—the uncrackable crib of myth and fact. "Why didn't she pick on something simple—like the Subtreasury or the Bank of England!"

"This was simple enough for Sophie," said Parr.

"But why pearls?"

"Oh, it was anything she could snitch," said Parr. "Besides, I suppose she wanted to look the place over. Telfen showed her his prize stock. So she can be more discriminating when she comes again."

"I'd like to take a turn around the place," remarked Oliver when he had the full story; and he began to prowl in this unbelievable Golconda.

Ten minutes later he paused abruptly, startled, in the filigree cage on the mezzanine. He examined the arched ceiling, ran imaginary lines across the clerestory. Parr and Stetson below were in close converse at the rosewood table.

Oliver, in a low voice, broke in suddenly: "Just repeat that last sentence again, will you, Parr? Don't raise your voice."

"Stetson was just remarking," said Parr in a muffled tone, "that I jest. I told him he would, too, if Sophie had made a monkey of him for the last ten years. She isn't real! I even doubt that picture."

Oliver quickly rejoined them.

"What have you got here—a trick echo? I never heard anything like it." He was at once puzzled and entranced by his discovery.

"It is one of the props of the place," explained Parr. "Every word spoken at this table is taken down verbatim up there. The stenographer is completely hidden. It has been one of the old man's whims. It may come in handy this time."

He laid the typewritten record before Oliver. It was the verbatim record of how the accomplished Sophie had lured the old man back to his youth, and made him forget the Dolgoda and its playfellows with which she was getting acquainted under her furs.

Oliver sat down to read. Almost before he had turned the first page he had caught the flavor of it. His eyes sparkled. Sophie breathed through every word. He visualized the scene at the table; he could hear the cadences of her voice, the half-broken sentences which supplied volumes to the duped Telfen.

"This money that she displayed, Parr!" said Oliver, finally looking up. "You said Sophie was up against it?"

"Queer. Counterfeit," sniffed Parr. "Some of Jorgensen's old plates. Jorgensen told me she took them away from him."

"Bosh!" broke in Armiston. "They wouldn't fool Telfen."

"She fooled the banks with them once. I tell you she is up against it. She had to jump and run last week."

The legendary Sophie, as Oliver loved to call her—for until her last incarnation as the insurance widow the police had never actually caught sight of her—had been, indeed, for once in her adventurous career, hard put to it. Posing as Mrs. Amos P. Huntington, with a perfect story of a husband blown up while compounding rubber, she was in the act of collecting a quarter million of insurance when an anonymous letter dropped on Parr's desk revealing her as the notorious Sophie Lang. It was Oliver's fine tampering with Sophie's logic which had caused her to flee precipitately with no more than the clothes on her back, leaving a confederate dead of white arsenic in her wake. That was a week gone by.

Every train, every ferry was under close scrutiny; every automobile that passed out by the surprisingly few gates of the city was watched. Parr felt it to be merely a matter of days when the infamous woman would be in his clutches. It was at this nadir of her fortunes that the versatile Sophie paid her call on Ludwig Telfen, of

(Continued on Page 121)

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"We have been getting out on the average of two circular letters per week, one of about thirty-five hundred copies and one from one thousand to fifteen hundred.

"We can say very definitely that the increased business we have been able to attribute directly to these letters has very much more than paid for the expense of the machine."

" * * also * through the courtesy and assistance of your representative we have been enabled to do a great share of our printing—and on one order which we are getting out we expect to save at least $150.00. Our Multigraph is doing this job for $188.50, while the best price we have been able to get from several printing concerns was $338.50."

And Groceries in Spirit Lake

Half-way across the continent is another business that has discovered the value of the Multigraph method. On the same day that Mr. White was writing us, a letter was also written us by Textor and Schlotterbeck, Spirit Lake, Iowa, from which we quote:

"We find that mailing a circular or card to our customers once a week will produce business.

"In the week of June 17th (1922), we mailed out 750 circulars to customers in this locality. One article, which had been a slow seller for us, went like wildfire. Our other specials as well sold beyond expectations. We are safe in saying that our sales for the above Saturday showed an increase of at least 20% over any other Saturday when we had not used the Multigraph.

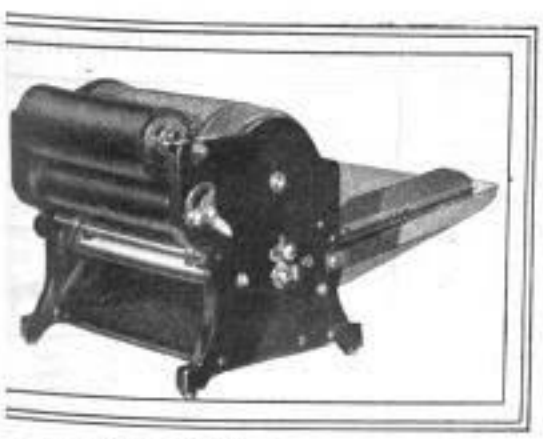
"The Multigraph saves us a nice sum of money on our printing bills, and sells where the newspaper will not, especially on specials for the week end."

* * *

When will men who must sell discover that it does not take complex, highly organized methods to get results, but that, rather, it is the simple, direct, quickly assimilated story of value that brings back orders at a profit?

The Multigraph method rests on this truth, and it proves itself daily in hundreds and hundreds of instances, for wholesalers and manufacturers as well as retailers.

As for the Multigraph itself, it is, as you probably know already, the great producer of typewritten letters in quantity, of forms and circulars and bulletins and all the other sales-helps that can be typewritten; to say nothing of most of those which can be printed. Every business can use it, needs it, and wants it as soon as its usefulness and the easy plan for owning it are explained. These are all good reasons why you should send in the coupon below.



The two-roll Printing Ink Attachment, easily and quickly attached to the New Multigraph, $35.00 additional.

r letters and bulletins and sales mate- of many sorts you need only the simple tigraph and the Multigraph Typesetter, both of which e, completely equipped and ready for use, at the price terms above stated. If you desire to do printing as —and it is easy and simple—then you need the Printing Attachment, also.

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Stationery
Folders
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Memo Pads
Dodgers
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1800 East 40th Street
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(Be sure you indicate your business.)

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City_____ State_____

Street_____ S. E. P. 9-2

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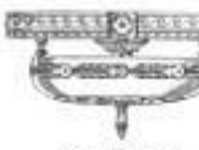
Farmers and Mechanics Bank and Office Building, Fort Worth.
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(Continued from Page 118)

all persons in the world, and exercised her long fingers.

"I'll have her in a week," said Parr confidently. "One must live."

"She's got the pearls," interposed Oliver.

Parr shook his head, grunting. There are precious few places where one could turn a pearl from that string into cash; and at each of them one of Parr's men stood waiting and watching. She had her counterfeit notes—useless at the banks now, clever as they were; and their denominations were too large for any mere tradesman to look at without fainting. No; the legendary Sophie had run into a cul-de-sac. Oliver resumed his reading of the record, fingering his single gray lock meditatively.

III

STUMPY CONROY, the beggar, opened his office at ten sharp, bankers' hours, as usual. It was a cement square in the sidewalk in Twenty-third Street opposite the side door of the Van Ruyden Trust Company. He displayed his empty trousers leg, his crutch, and his hat baited with a few coins; also, modestly in the background, his excuse for operating a beggar's ticket—chewing gum, shoe strings, pencils, safety pins, and such small fry as are supplied by the Bowery outfitters. Stumpy had been warming this same stone, holding up this same building, for twenty years, rain or shine, fair or foul weather. Business had been better in the days gone by, when the street was the élite shopping district. Then when he assumed his professional dying-calf look, extending his appealing hand, such of the women shoppers as resisted him carried about an accusing conscience for the rest of the day. Now dry goods and notions had departed, and the wholesale glass and china trade had come in; and just around the corner were the garment trades. Home is where the heart is, and Stumpy loved his corner, would fight for it, if needs must, with a vicious violence that few cared to face.

The morning was uneventful. When the big clock overlooking the square announced noon with a great deal of unnecessary detail, the garment workers burst from the buildings like pent-up floods suddenly released. For the most part they were little men with orthodox beards and they talked a great deal with their hands. For the most part, too, they carried two-pound paper sacks, out of which they took, as they talked, onions, unleavened bread, cheese, chocolate and other dainties. Consuming these, they frugally folded their little paper bags and replaced them; and, arm in arm like blood brothers, they would do a certain amount of walking with much the same earnestness as a first-class passenger aboard ship after meals. Others gathered in groups and excitedly discussed trivial trade and barter, hanging spellbound on a word, until Haggerty the cop scattered them like chickens; the city ordinance said they must move and keep in motion, even while carousing over their noonday meal.

Haggerty the cop, passing Stumpy the beggar—whom he pinched now and then just to keep his hand in—whispered out of the corner of his mouth, "There's the Big Fellah!" and moved on, in all innocence. Stumpy rolled his pathetic eyes about and finally located the Big Fellow—no less a person than the famous Deputy Parr himself—in a coupé just turning the corner. There was nothing particularly indicated about the vehicle, but Stumpy's sharp eyes made him out. Stumpy knew all the celebrities. Also he could spot a plain-clothes man on sight.

"There's a bull now!" said Stumpy. The object of this exclamation was a shabbily dressed man gnawing at a piece of cheese, which he frugally held over an open paper sack as he walked. "And there's another!" The second, whose disguise the astute Stumpy pierced without mental effort, affected the airs of wholesale glassware instead of the garment trades. "And there's another!" Stumpy whistled to himself. "Laws! The woods are full of guns! And the Big Fellah, too, ready to pass the office in person! Who says nothing happens on my beat?"

The beggar fixed his gaze with utmost eagerness on the portals of the bank opposite, momentarily expecting it to blow up.

A soldier with an empty sleeve, and one side of his face held together by neglected plaster, paused in front of Stumpy, and remarked in a very cracked voice to no one in particular: "Dog-bite-'em! Look at the nosebags! Count 'em and weep!"

Stumpy raised his sad eyes.

"Hello, buddy. Where'd you leave the good old soup bone, eh?"

The walking hospital-case, before replying, took another look at the assembled garment workers; then without a by-your-leave or wiping his feet on the door mat, he sat down in Stumpy's front office, arranging his empty sleeve to best effect, and stowing his kit bag—packed for a long hike—on one side. With one-armed dexterity he opened a two-pound paper sack of his own, and took therefrom a sandwich, which he balanced on one knee, while he dipped a second time for another, which he proffered to the beggar.

"Well, I'll say that's hospitality—to come visiting and fetch your own grub," commented Stumpy as he bit into the morsel. He eyed the soldier as he chewed. "Where's the other half of your face, buddy?"

"They're making it over—at the 'orspital: they's going to send it to me when it's done." The soldier's eyes sought the side door opposite.

He folded his paper bag about the remaining contents with the utmost care, and began to eat with some difficulty, on account of the plaster. His gaze never left the door opposite.

"All set," he remarked presently in a low tone.

"The Big Fellah must be contracting the job himself. I spotted him just now, rolling round the corner," responded the beggar. "The woods are full of dicks. Look at 'em, falling over each other." There was a sudden tensity in his voice as he whispered without seeming to move his lips, "Here comes your skirt now!"

Anyone watching the precious pair munching their bread in the noonday sun on the cold flags could have detected nothing out of the ordinary in their demeanor at this moment. But as the skirt Stumpy referred to emerged from the side door of the bank the pale gaze of the beggar and the one unobscured hazel eye of the soldier shifted in unison.

She was a shabby-looking young woman, carrying a paper bag under her arm. Hundreds, thousands in the street at this hour had paper bags. But while they ate from their bags this woman held hers firmly beneath her left elbow. Crossing the street she walked rapidly towards the Fifth Avenue corner. In another fifty feet she must pass Stumpy and the one-armed doughboy.

This was Ludwig Telfen's dingy envoy to the bank for his pay roll each week. Parr and Armiston, from the depths of their coupé—which happened to repass at this moment—watched the shabby girl through a porthole. The shabby garment worker, nibbling cheese, turned and approached the young woman abstractedly. The wholesale-glass functionary suddenly appeared from nowhere. Several other dicks converged towards the storm center. The girl herself was utterly ignorant of being the vortex of attraction. Stumpy and his guest continued to munch their bread with no display of interest, though the soldier shifted his kit bag slightly and drew his legs up under him.

As the hurrying little drab woman came abreast, two young men—evidently moving-van helpers, to judge from their linen blouses—suddenly sprang at each other's throats with hoarse oaths. They tackled low, with the ferocity of terriers; and before the one-legged beggar and the one-armed soldier could get out of their snarling path they had catapulted themselves blindly against the girl, upsetting her among Stumpy's stock in trade. As she fell sprawling over the two men her precious paper bag went flying, and grasping futilely to save it she emitted piercing screams.

It was the soldier who sprang to the rescue. With vicious dexterity he planted one foot—shod with the army last—in the face of the farther contestant; at almost the same instant his heavy kit bag described a half circle and took the fight out of the other one. With a quick movement he seized the screaming girl and lifted her to her feet; and before Haggerty the cop could get to the spot the doughboy was tucking a restored paper bag under the arm of the sobbing girl, and brushing her off and reassuring her. Haggerty fell heir to the rowdies. The little messenger hurried on. The soldier sat down and resumed his meal.

"That's the way we have in the Army," he remarked dryly to Stumpy.

The dicks in the audience had held off, waiting a signal from Parr. Now they took

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up the trail again. Parr and Armiston got down and walked.

"I thought for a second they were going to pull it right here," said Parr. "That would have been a bit raw, even for Sophie. I look for the stick-up when she turns into Thirty-second Street off Lexington." He paused in front of the soldier. "You're a good boy yet—even with only one wing," remarked Parr, pleased.

"It's a way we have in the Army," repeated the soldier in a husky voice. He grinned his thanks for the compliment out of one side of his face.

"He's a good scout," offered Stumpy.

For a long moment the soldier eyed the retreating back of Parr.

"Sure," he rasped. And dusting off his lap he got to his feet, shouldered his kit bag, stuffed his paper sack into a pocket. "Well, I'll be hiking—got a long way to go. S'long!"

He crossed the avenue and took a station in front of the park, watching the automobiles go by. Many an invitation was extended to him, for the sight of a wounded soldier still warms the heart of the average driver; but he shook his head, thanking them cheerily. Finally he saw what he sought, a car with a Massachusetts number; he boldly stepped out through the tide and halted it.

"How far you going?" asked the obliging driver when the soldier was seated.

"As far as you are."

"I'm for Boston."

"So'm I," agreed the soldier.

"Where you from? We don't see many wounded men on the streets now."

"Fox Hills," said the soldier lugubriously. "Got sick of the grub. Went over the fence last night. They still got half of my face."

They rolled on up the avenue. At One Hundred and Forty-fifth Street, as they were about to cross the bridge, a traffic policeman halted them, and compared the number of the driver's registry with the engine number, explaining they were checking up. It was one of Parr's men. For a week not a car had left the city without being stopped and inspected at one point or another.

At White Plains the carefree walking-case changed his mind about the riding qualities of the car he had picked out for his trip north. He said he would drift over to the Post Road after chow; they all stopped for him—he should worry. The obliging driver pressed a five-dollar bill on him for luck.

Ludwig Telfen's dingy little shopgirl, who carried his pay roll in a paper bag, trying to suppress her tears—for she had had an awful shock—if it hadn't been for that soldier!—cut across the park by the fountain, and went up Madison to Thirty-second Street, where she turned east. Her bodyguard sensibly drew their net tighter as they approached the Lexington Avenue block, which seemed to offer possibilities for marauders. Parr and Armiston hurried forward to be in sight. Oliver particularly wanted to see a stick-up—he had read so much about them. It was he who had found the line in the transcription from the whispering gallery in which the gullible old lapidary had confided to the hard-pressed Sophie that he had a dingy girl go to the bank for him and bring back his pay roll in a paper sack. If Sophie were as hard pressed as Parr thought, she would not overlook this opportunity.

Unconscious that she was surrounded by a dozen detectives waiting for the attack to be made on her, the girl pressed on, clutching her bag. Nothing happened. Parr saw her reach and enter the door of Ludwig Telfen's workshop, with something like disgust.

"She must have spotted my flatties," he muttered. "Well, Sophie," he apostrophized that beautiful creature, "you're a wonder! But if you get out of town with those pearls I'll wear a straw hat next Christmas. It can't be done, Oliver. I've got a system ——" And he was explaining his marvelous system of shutting up Manhattan Island when, as they passed the entrance to Telfen's workshop, they were galvanized by a blood-curdling scream.

They dashed in. They found the girl and the office force staring in terror at an open paper bag. Parr peeped in. It contained two ham sandwiches.

"The pay roll! Gone! They took it! It's gone! It's gone!" the girl kept repeating with hysterical insistence.

"Damn the pay roll! It isn't gone. Shut up! Somebody throttle that woman!" groaned Parr. He snatched up the telephone and got the bank. "What did you put in that bag?" he demanded.

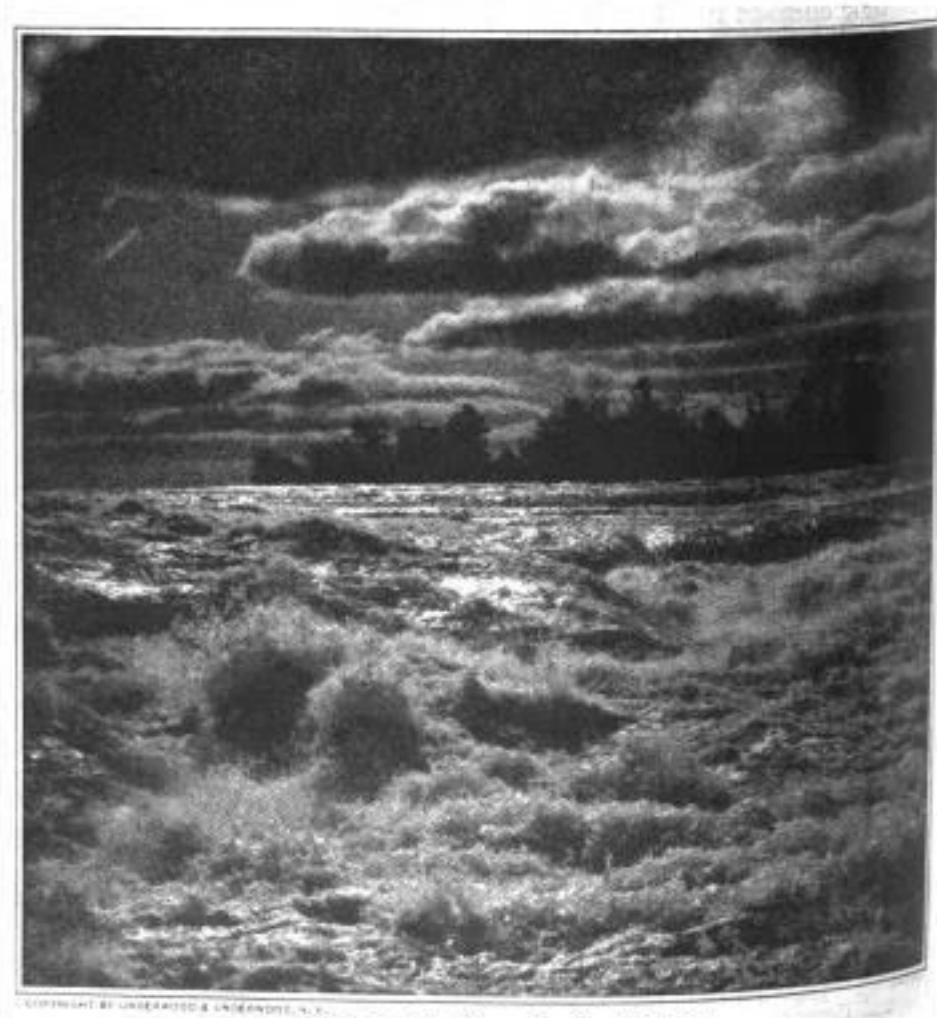
"What you told me to—a wad of newspapers," replied the cashier.

"Ham sandwiches!" muttered Parr, pushing the telephone away from him and staring at the open paper sack.

"The soldier! It was the soldier!" wailed the distraught girl behind him, still unconscious that she had been handed a dummy pay roll instead of the real one, at Parr's orders. "Oh, I know it was that soldier! He was eating out of a bag! I saw him!"

"The soldier!" muttered Parr hoarsely.

Workmen about the Kensico Reservoir reported finding that afternoon a discarded uniform marked "D. C."—Deserters' Clothes—and an awful roll of bandages and plaster. It was thought some desperate character had passed that way.



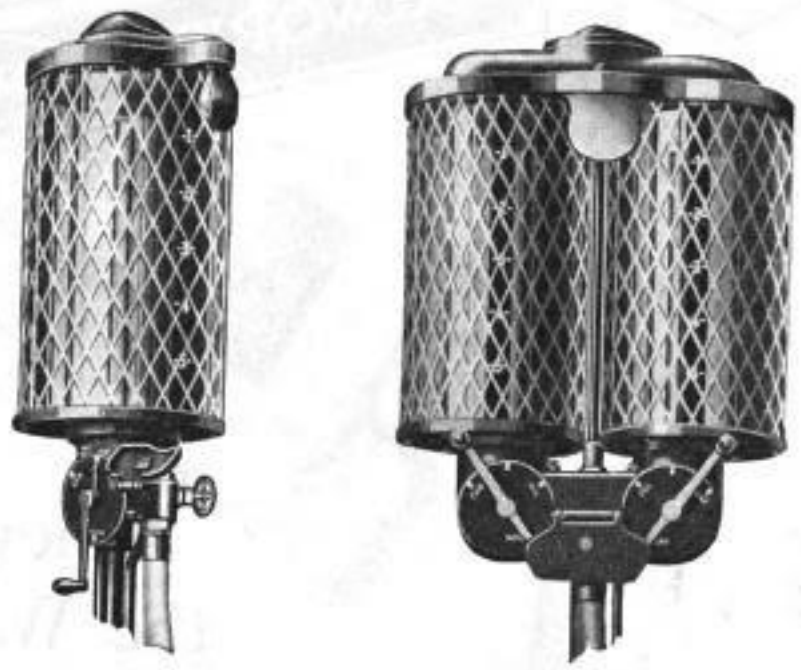
Niagara—American Rapids at Sunset

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[2] *For everything that runs*—from automobiles and tractors, to lawn-mowers and toy wagons. There are nuts, bolts, odd-shaped lugs and rods that the Stillson reaches and grips.

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JOHN JORDAN'S FAN

(Continued from Page 17)

Hamlet's part cut to ten lines, and felt no sense of omission. And indeed by the time he reached Masonic Hall with Margie warm and responsive at his side—a familiar walk this, to a dance at Masonic Hall with Margie in a party dress, eager and prettily possessive, tucked under his arm—Eugénie Bannister, unsung in the saga of his voyage, was already beginning to slip from him, as a poem, heard but once and unwritten and unrehearsed, will drift from memory.

In the dressing room amid a hilarity of welcome from old schoolmates and old neighbors who were his cronies of countless swims, ball games, picnics and parties, he wondered miserably if Margie could be right about the fan. For he thought he could see what her opinion was, beneath her anxiety not to hurt his feelings; and he admitted that he could not imagine any fellow there giving a fan like that to any of the girls chattering on the other side of the thin partition wall.

Upstairs in the ballroom as the hours wore on he was left in no possible doubt of the force of Margie's opinion of the fan, so different from every other fan in the room. He noted that all the rest were massive ponderous matches for the ballooning sleeves and the great flounced skirts of silk and lace; the most daring one was of black silk scrawled with scarlet poppies and worn against a pale blue dress. He did not see Margie display her gift to anyone.

In his presence she showed it only once, and then with ill-disguised reluctance, on request from the owner of the black, who looked at it quizzically and said, "It's awfully novel, isn't it? And quite Parisian! I didn't know they were carrying little ones again over there."

"I don't know that they are," replied Margie, uncomfortable and honest. "This is something rather special. Not—not exactly new. Something—something rare."

"Oh, I see! That's awfully nice!" replied the owner of the black brightly as she moved away.

Margie, rather red, turned to John. "Isn't she stupid? She can't appreciate it!"

But he knew that her blush was not for the stupidity of the owner of the black fan. For the first time a cynical wonder crept into his heart. Was it because she was embarrassed by the picture; or because it wasn't in style; or because, since it was of paper, she underestimated its cost? If he were able to assure her that every girl in Paris—every respectable girl—was carrying a fan like that, or if he should tell her that he had paid sixty dollars for it, how would she act? A short time before almost ready to accept her judgment on his choice, he was now filling with a warm resentment. But so far it was only the part of him that liked to see fair play coming forward to champion a loser that was not getting a square deal.

It remained for a later moment of incredible, unconsidered action to reveal his true allegiance.

There was a space in the second half when for quite six dances Margie was engaged with other partners. One of these dances he had not filled out on his own card, nor was he smoking; he was sitting alone on a high, broad window sill at one end of the hall, swinging his feet, resting his elbow against one of several sofa pillows placed there to relieve its barrenness. As the dance ended the couples sought the chairs along the wall and the great silken fans were lifted from the silken laps and politely wielded by strong arms in broadcloth sleeves. Diagonally opposite with her face turned away from him and toward her partner sat Margie—fanless. And as he looked his elbow slipped from the center of the pillow to its thinner edge and felt an unyielding, irregular hump beneath it. His hand reached under and found the fan hidden there.

With lips pressed close and anger in his eyes he transferred it to his pocket. And there his fingers clutched it, fondled it, stroked it, as if they would never let it go again.

When he hurriedly said good night to her two hours later under a point of dim blue gas light in the Wallace hall the fan had not been mentioned between them. A dozen times on the way home had his fingers gripped it in his pocket, but they did not lift it out and hand it over to her while he spoke the light words he had rehearsed: "Here's your fan, careless girl. You forgot it and I picked it up. You certainly need me to look after you." Instead, he closed the door behind him on an inconclusive, stilted farewell that he found infinitely painful because it seemed to threaten those dreams and plans that had been a very part of him for so long.

Five blocks away as he neared his own home his troubled steps halted abruptly. He had been mad, insane. He had given Margie a gift and then stolen it from her because he was offended when she didn't like it. He had stolen, and from Margie, his Margie. Was that the kind of man a month in Paris had made of him? The thing burned his pocket, his fingers drew back from it as if scorched by touching there an object he had stolen from the girl he loved; for that was what it was, wasn't it? No matter what else it might be, it was that. He could not keep the thing another moment; he could not sleep the rest of the night with it in his possession. No matter what lay behind this queer new difference between them that seemed so trivial and yet so obscurely important too, he could think that over later; he could try to understand that at leisure; but he must return the fan to her instantly, and she must never know what he had done.

He could ring the bell and make his planned speech to her and add that he had forgotten it when he left a few moments ago, and was taking too early a train in the morning to stop with it then. But—and this surprised him—he found he did not want to see her again just yet; not with this confusion upon him, this inexplicable theft not yet cold, as it were. His sole urgency was to return the fan, to get rid of it.

Then he remembered that the Wallace front door was practically never locked, even at night; Holliston was like that, and particularly Maple Avenue and James Wallace. He could simply push open the door stealthily and leave the fan on the hatrack shelf. Margie would find it in the morning and think he had left it there when they returned from the dance. She would infer that his silence was due to injured feelings. It made little difference what she thought, he told himself a little roughly, so long as she had the fan back, so long as he was rid of a stolen article.

He retraced his steps. On opening the door he saw the dim point of gas light still burning, heard a little gasping sob, and Margie was clinging to him and crying.

"You did come back! You did come back!" she whispered. "I waited. I didn't think you could really go back to the city and leave me like that."

His arms closed around her.

"I know you thought I didn't like the fan," she struggled on. "And I couldn't say anything at the end, because I lost it and I didn't want you to know. I hunted, and I told the caretaker, and I'm going back again in the morning and if it hasn't been turned in—I'm afraid it's been stolen—I'm going to offer a reward and ——"

"Never mind about the fan. It's all right. It doesn't matter if it's lost," he heard himself whisper back.

And though when he finally left he was engaged to her, and though he married her and lived with her faithfully and on the whole contentedly till she died twenty years later, that was the last mention between them of the fan Eugénie Bannister had helped him choose in Paris, that fan of which she had said, "It will be a message to your sweetheart that will nevaire lose its beauty, its smiling tender beauty. It is the eternal lo-ove letter that you, my Djohnn, are not poet enough to write. But you will see; she will onderstand!"

III

IN THE middle teens of the new century first his father, then his mother died, the old home was dismantled and sold, and there was shipped to his house on South Nineteenth Street an ancient locked writing case, once his grandfather's, in which he had kept his boyhood treasure. It had gathered dust and cobweb in the Holliston garret ever since it had been moved from the shelf of his bedroom closet after his marriage. On its arrival it lay boxed in his study for weeks till Margie, grown stout and very nearly handsome, made her twentieth expostulation with just the shade



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less of good nature and just the shade more of emphasis that he had learned to acknowledge.

"If you expect to burn up all the stuff in it and not want it any more for yourself, as you say you do," she told him severely, "and if it's possible to put it in good condition you know I want to have it done over for Gretta for Christmas. And here it's November now." Margie had learned to value antiques.

He opened it that night after guests had left and Margie was in bed. On top lay the fan. He had not seen it since the night he became engaged. He spread it open with fingers that suddenly trembled. Paris in May, with Eugénie Bannister!

For a half dozen years now he had not consciously recalled Madame Bannister and Paris in May. Less and less frequently after that June night in Holliston had a red rose in the twilight, an early star glowing in the pale evening sky, the strong sweet smell of the spring earth after rain, a bar of lilting melody from bird or instrument, a painted tree breathing the warm sunshine flung from a canvas square—less and less often had these reached through the so irreproachable overcoats of the absorbed young lawyer and well-cared-for young husband and obedient father, to the heart of Djohnn Djorrdann.

Finally he laid aside the fan to examine the rest of the treasure. He found it a potpourri of bizarre, boyish souvenirs that he could no longer associate with their events. These he discarded with the smiling and only faintly wistful dispatch of successful and healthy maturity. That accomplished, he picked up the fan again, this time not opening it but holding it tight shut in his palm as if he would never let it go. Paris in May, with Eugénie Bannister! Where should he keep it?

And only as he asked himself this question did his other final and painful association with it flood his memory. Good Lord, he had bought it for Margie! And given it to her. And all the rest.

The next morning he slipped it into his pocket, wrapped in the only piece of paper he seemed able to find unassisted, a mauled inadequate scrap of tissue that Margie had used to protect some white neckties he never wore. Arrived at the cluster of communicating rooms loosely called the office, he gave his usual oblivious nod of greeting to his secretary in the outer chamber and proceeded to his inner room, the largest and lightest of the suite occupied by the firm that had developed from Meisson & Whitby, and of which he was now the senior member.

Seated at his desk for action he gave his usual vigorous ring, and the slender woman whom he had just passed entered with his mail. When he had employed Kate Vance a few months before, he had noted with satisfaction that she was personable, quiet, alert and self-effacing; and already she was established in his routine as the ideal secretary, a sort of submerged *alter ego* quite as dependable as himself and of whose appearance and movements he was quite as unself-conscious. Had he really looked at her this morning he might have seen a slight sand-colored woman whose poised maturity protected a shy and unspent and imperishable youth; a woman becomingly dressed in brown, with a delicately modeled face extraordinarily sensitive and aware, and with bright dark eyes that rested on him with friendliness as he sat there frowning heavily at his blotter and drumming his fingers on his desk's edge.

"Can you find me a nice clean piece of tissue paper?" he demanded.

He waited restlessly while she brought him a piece of blue tissue paper, and as soon as he was alone he wrapped the fan with fingers that doggedly checked their impulse to open and spread it once more before they laid it away in that drawer in the safe marked Personal. Only after that was done he turned to his mail.

The weather that week they called Indian summer; the days were mellow and still and golden, and there was a round moon in the night sky. Margie complained that she did not know what had gotten into him and suggested that he consult the doctor, for she understood that irritability and absent-mindedness came from overwork or indigestion or something. But he got over it without medical aid. Fortunately the now famous damage suit of Eastern Steel versus Eastern Tube Wire came to trial shortly after, and he defended the latter exhaustively and minutely before a bored judge and jury for a succession of days whose climax was the victory he had scarcely dared hope for—namely, a defeat with a flaw that gave opening for appeal.

The next fall Margie died suddenly—needlessly, it seemed—without warning. He grieved sincerely and missed her sorely and adjusted himself with difficulty to a new régime ushered in by Gretta's more modern ways. Then Gretta married young Corlies and there was a new series of adjustments to make. Finally, when John Jordan Corlies moved in, requiring an additional suite of rooms for self and nurse, he turned over the entire Nineteenth Street house to the younger generations and transferred himself and Bobbie Burns to the club.

It was shortly after this that his portrait was painted, and by the time it was hanging in the Academy he was well started on the inevitable path; the path which had Margie lived he would have waited a decade or more to enter. He was beginning to eat lightly at noon and heavily at night—or the reverse; it matters little which—to take his grapefruit after his cereal instead of before, and to insist on bread two days old; to disregard the cigar ashes that dropped to his expanding vest; to order his new suit exactly like his old one; to open one window at night instead of two, and to hunt for a draft whenever he smelled fresh air in his office.

And yet, after he moved to the club, where his coming and going were of concern only to himself and where his hours of solitude were plentiful in spite of his increased absorption in his work and his readiness to enter a game of sniff or billiards in the evening, more and more often there slipped into his reverie a vision, a fragrance, a melody of Paris in May, under the tutelage of Madame Bannister. And more and more often there reached his heart through his still so irreproachable overcoat the whiff of arbutus on a street corner in the sunshine, and the young green of the trees budding in the square, and in the autumn their russet glory of transfiguration. They would enter it abruptly, without invitation, while his mind was framing whereases to smite the enemy; and at such times he almost but never quite heard a fugitive reproachful voice, a mere lilting echo of a voice, "Oh, time flies and you are missing me! Are you so blind? Are you so deaf?" Then it would be gone; he had never really heard it; and the devastating whereases would proceed.

It was nearly six o'clock on one of these October afternoons when Gretta called for him at the office to take him home to dinner with her.

She found him still absorbed at his desk, and he pledged her to a quarter hour of silent waiting while he finished the reading of an intricate report on United States versus Wheat Products. The moments passed, with only the muffled sound of typewriter keys still clicking in the outer office and the infrequent turning of the typed sheets in her father's hand. Gretta began an idle examination of the titles of the ponderous volumes on the shelves lining the wall; but they were an old and dull story to her, and she moved on to the safe, whose open door invited inspection. Like a pleased exploring child she seated herself on the floor before this new toy.

As her father finished the last page of the report and flipped the turned sheet back into place he heard an exclamation and swung in his chair. Gretta, a thoroughgoing girl, had come upon the fan. It was spread in her hands and its tissue wrapper lay on the floor.

"What on earth, dad!" she had cried pleasantly, heartily, yet with the faintest seasoning of amusement and disapproval.

Without warning his entire body flamed with the instinct of protection before a threatened danger. Nor was it self-protection, except indirectly so.

"That belonged to your mother!" he said with a snap that resembled a warning growl. "Wrap it up and put it back where you found it."

His long legal experience had stood him in good stead; a lie within the law came from him spontaneously and righteously.

"But ——" began Gretta, bewildered.

"Do as I say!"

"But you're crazy, dad," she insisted reasonably. "Why didn't mother ever show it to me, I wonder! And of all funny places to keep it! Can't I have it? She'd want me to have it, it's such a perfectly quaint duck—and valuable, too, isn't it? Besides—eventually, so why not now?"

(Continued on Page 129)

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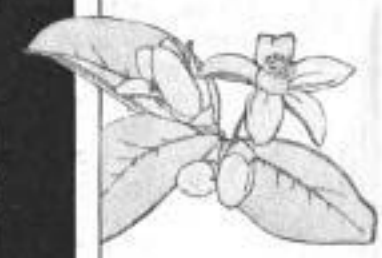


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(Continued from Page 126)

"You put it back," he repeated.

His tone was less firm; its doggedness betrayed, to himself at least, a fear of defeat. But his obvious wretchedness triumphed with her where his bullying had failed.

"All right, angel," she said soothingly with a sigh. "I suppose I was a beast. After all, it isn't any business of mine, is it? I mean your sentimental secrets with mother, and your keepsakes. I have some of my own I wouldn't want the baby to cut his teeth on—while I'm alive to know it anyway." And she wrapped the fan in its blue tissue paper and laid it back where she had found it. "Though I do repeat it's a crazy place to keep it," she added.

Arrived in the street he halted abruptly. "You go on, I'll catch up," he said. "Something I have to give Miss Vance before she leaves. Only take a minute."

Kate Vance had been his indispensable secretary now for eight years, and he had raised her salary every year till she was better paid today than any other woman in a similar position in the city. Yet he could still pass her on the street with only belated recognition. She as nearly as possible represented a disembodied abstraction of certain attributes of himself; she was his memory and his sense of order, and his tactful protection from annoyance. Moreover she was the firm's nervous system that perfectly articulated the diverse minutiæ of office routine from rent to postage stamps. Nor did he know that women like Kate Vance do not thus serve for money, though they themselves are often least aware what coin it is that makes them feel so richly paid for giving.

He returned to his inner room, opened the safe, took out the fan, emerged to the outer office and, without glancing at her, laid the parcel on her desk as he hurried past it to the door that led to the corridor. With his hand on the knob he halted and spoke without turning.

"That's something you can give away to some young person for Christmas," he told her gruffly. "Never mind about telling me what you've done with it. The incident's closed." On these words he shut the door behind him.

Before leaving Gretta's that night he gave her a present of a blank check for a new fur coat. When in return she kissed him tenderly and as she thought understandingly he squirmed. But he did not repent, then or thereafter. Refusing to inquire into his reasons, he knew that he could not have acted otherwise, that it was equally impossible for him to bring himself to destroy the fan with his own hands and to contemplate Gretta carelessly waving it in hers after his death.

For a few days he was disturbed, restless, moody. Then he was reabsorbed in the fascinating maze of United States versus Wheat Products.

IV

AT SIX o'clock on an evening in the following January—this January just past—John Jordan was still at work, and through the door came the muffled click of typewriter keys. He and Kate Vance were as usual the only ones left in the office at this hour.

Then the clicking stopped and a moment later his door opened. He looked up in time to see Miss Vance, in hat and coat, reach his table and lay on it, in the bright center of the small circle of light shed by his desk lamp—the only light burning in the room—a familiar slender shape wrapped in blue tissue paper.

Again at the sight of it his whole body flamed and tautened.

"What's that?" he demanded, staring at it.

"It's the fan you gave me to give away to some young person for Christmas," she answered in her voice of quiet harmony, for which he had always been unconsciously grateful.

"Well, why didn't you?" He was still frowning down at it and his tone was bullying.

There was a faint pause before she answered.

"I intended to. I had a young girl—a cousin—selected for it. But when the time came I couldn't."

"Why not?"

There was another faint pause before Kate Vance said:

"She's a very nice girl, but after all she wasn't—suitable."

With a start he shifted in his chair and turned to look at her as she stood with her eyes lowered to the fan. And after eight years he really saw her. He saw her small face lit with spirit as a lantern is lit by a candle from within. He saw framing it her hair, the color of pulled molasses taffy, rough and unruly without being curly, and engagingly spread under a turban edged with beaver fur. He saw her fine lips quiver once and grow still, while he stared at her as if at revelation. The disturbance within him was not settling, but its character was changing rapidly and, as yet, obscurely.

"That's a queer way to put it," he muttered.

Then he mercifully withdrew his gaze, and greatly to his own surprise he pushed the parcel toward her with the blunt command to open it.

She did so, with fingers that trembled, and the fan lay between them—young love and springtime eternal, little birds on the bough, absurd lambkin with wondering eyes, shameless cherubs, deathless garlands of roses.

It lay there in the small circle of light—vivid, potent, alive. It seemed the only reality in the room, while themselves staring at it spellbound from the shadow were but the dun fantasy of a middle age that could never come to pass.

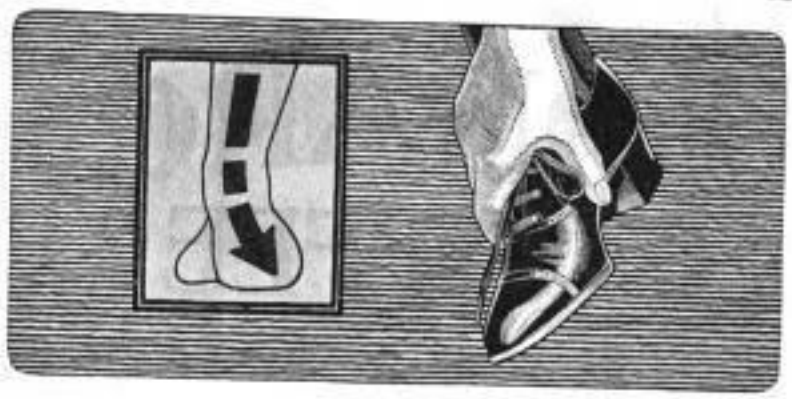
"Why didn't you keep it?" he demanded harshly at last. "I told you the incident was closed."

"I know you did," she answered dreamily. "And I wanted to keep it very much. It's so—so unutterably tender and gay, isn't it?"

"Then why didn't you?"



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"But you see, you gave it to me to give away to somebody young," she explained. "And—oh, it does belong to youth, doesn't it? So how could I keep it? For I'm not—I'm not suitable either!" She said this with a wistful little lilt as lovely as a blossom and as intricately grown; it had its roots in courage and in the charity of laughter and of tears. "Then, too ——" She halted.

"Then, too, what?"

He was not polite; he was still bullying her; for the disturbance within him was increasing. And it was beginning to take on astounding and recognizable shape.

"I could see that it meant a great deal to you," she told him gently. "It seemed to me you gave it away on an impulse that you might regret. I thought you might want it back. . . . I think you do want it back."

He did want it back. He could scarcely refrain from reaching out and grasping it and never letting it go again. Or was it the fan?

"Nonsense!" he retorted. "Sit down."

She sat down on the straight chair at the end of his desk, where she sat every day to take dictation, and waited while he fumbled with the typed sheets he had been reading when she entered. When he finally spoke he was busy arranging his pages, his eyes intent on their numerals.

"Will you dine with me to-night?" he inquired abruptly.

There was a moment's silence before she consulted him with a soft gasp of surprise.

"Oh, I don't see—I don't quite see how I can do that, do you?"

He looked up and for the first time since she came into the room their eyes met. It was a startled meeting, helplessly prolonged, followed by a shaken withdrawal.

After another moment he spoke uncertainly, humbly, while he again sorted the pages before him. "I just wanted to tell you about that fan. But I suppose—after all, there's no reason why I shouldn't tell you here—now."

She did not stir. And he did not look at her during the next ten minutes. It was a halting narration, and neither frank nor accurate, made unexpectedly difficult by his loyalty to Margie and to Margie's daughter, and by his honest confusion over the reasons for his own irregular conduct wherever the fan was concerned. Then, too, he had grown overpoweringly conscious of that slight listening figure, so strangely and doubly familiar from the blind intimacy of their long association and from the new intimacy that with each moment, with each revealing phrase given voice at last, seemed more and more a recognition and a rediscovery.

"So—so you see how it is," he concluded lamely. Then he summoned an awkward jauntiness to meet the occasion; it would not do to hurry matters. "Seems an idiotic business all around, doesn't it?" he went on. "Didn't think I was such a romantic young fool, did you? Old fool too. Here I'm fifty-two, and kept it up. Not that fifty-two's old. Sounds young enough when you say it. But I'm old—as I have been more or less all my life. Don't suppose it's necessary. I suppose—I suppose one can get over it, eh?"

When Kate Vance still said nothing he turned to her sharply. But he could see only her downcast lids and tremulous lips. She was not meeting jauntiness with jauntiness, and his own fled.

"You'll keep the fan now, won't you?" he asked her gruffly. "Needn't commit you to anything, you know."

Still she did not stir, but sat there motionless with bent head.

He rose and stood beside her, laid his hand on her shoulder. And at the touch he knew that, willy-nilly, matters were hurrying him.

"You—you will keep it, won't you?" he begged. "I want you to. I think—it was for you I bought it."

She nodded blindly.

"Stand up," he whispered.

She rose.

"Look at me."

Slowly she obeyed.

His arms closed around her with determination. She gasped, quivered, and was still.

"There's no time to waste—I'm fifty-two," he then stated defensively. "And there's no need for circumlocution. You've known me for the last eight years. And I've known you since I was twenty-five."



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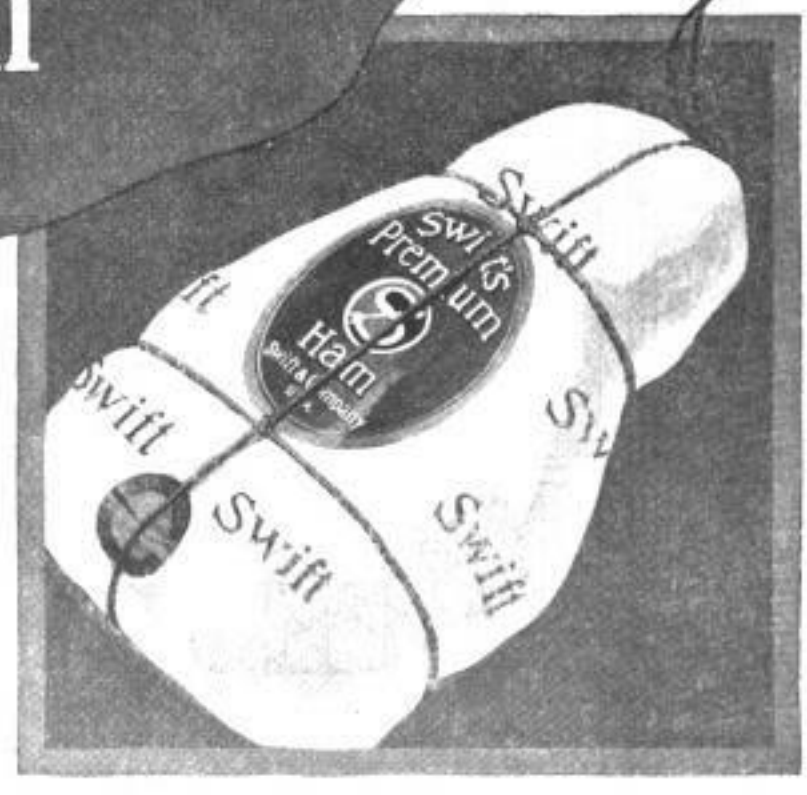
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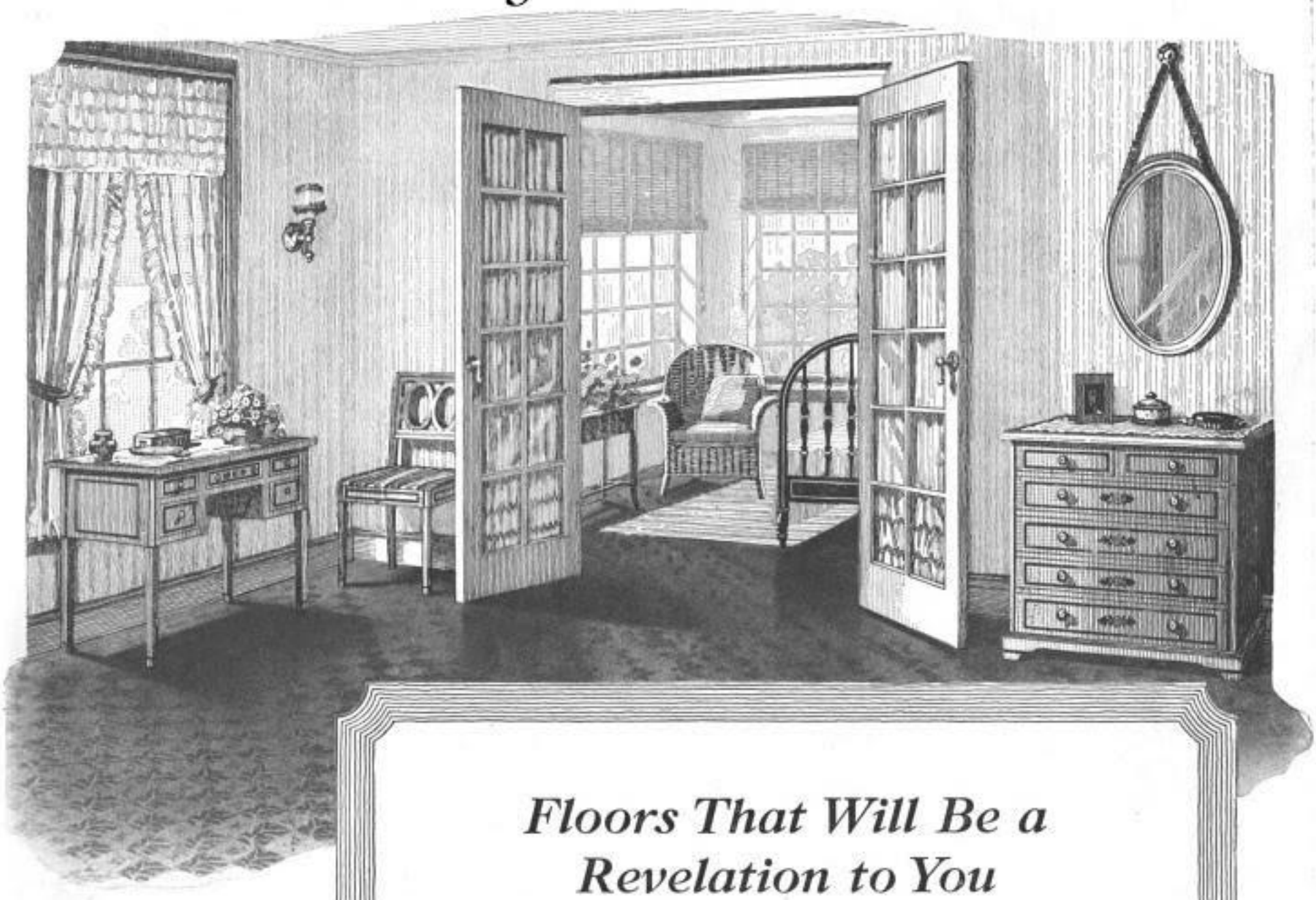
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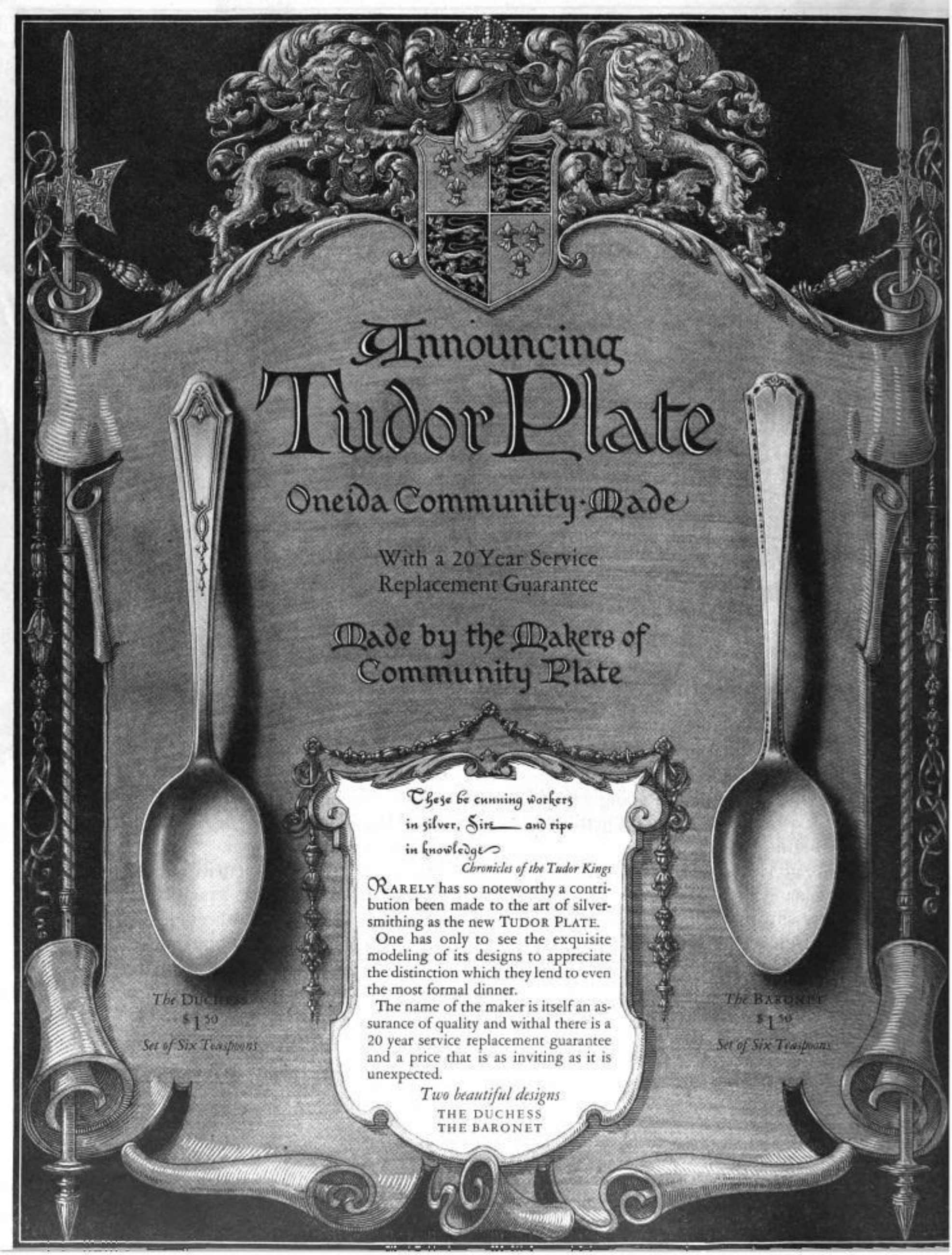
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THE BOOTLEGGE

By Samuel G. Blythe

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL FOSTER

MR. TOM DUNN, bootlegger, speaking: Sophie Caro and her husband and me and my missus was all set for a few days down to Atlantic City. Sophie was Mrs. Jack Welch in private life, but she was 98 per cent of the combination. Jack didn't go for much in the big game, and The Works only used him for small peddlin'—case stuff such as he could get rid of through hotel detectives and taxi drivers and waiters and similar grifters. Sophie was a peach of a operator, as well as looker, and got money in big chunks. I never could figger why she stuck to Jack the way she done, but she was crazy about him, and it didn't make no difference to her whether Jack worked or not. Sophie always saw to it that Jack had a roll, and things was pretty soft for him.

Well, as I was sayin', we was all set for the Boardwalk. I had ordered up the car—do you get that?—I had ordered up the car, and it wasn't no flivver, neither, but a big red baby with a wise boy I know doin' the shoffin', and we had a few bottles of real booze, not bootleg, hid in it. It always kind of makes me laugh when I send word around to the garage to have Billy bring up the car, for it ain't much more than two years since the Subway was the best I got, and I ain't over the feeling yet when I am ridin' in it that some bull is goin' to hold me up and ask me how do I get that way and say to come on down and tell it to the captain before I have a chancet to answer.

We had the scenery to go with it too; leather coats lined with fur, and all them things; and the missus and Sophie had some rags packed in the trunk on behind that would knock the eye out of them dames who doll up around the hotel lobbies. The car was shinin' like a Broadway electric sign, and it looked like we would put on quite a show.

Just as the missus was takin' the last reef in her veil the telephone rang. Sophie answered.

She listened a minute, and then she said, "It's The Works, Tom, and he's after you."

The missus let a squawk out of her that sounded like Jerry Farrar takin' high C, and hollers, "I knew it, I knew it, I knew it! Now we can't go. We never started anywhere yet that that guy didn't ditch us."

"Ditch nothin'," I says. "Put on the muffler till I see what he wants," and takin' up the phone I hollers, "Hello."

"That you, Tom?" I hears.

"Yes."

"This is Number One speakin'. Got your car handy?"

"Right out in front."

"Well, hop to it and beat it down here quick as the cops will let you."

"But," I says, tryin' to think of a stall that would hold him, "but ——"

"Did you get me?" he asks, breakin' in most savage.

"Yes."

"Well, then, can that stuff, and beat it like I tell you."

I hung up the phone. When The Works was talkin' like that they was only one of two things to do. One was to do like he said, and the other was to take the train for the Far West, for when a guy that was used to take orders from The Works got to a place where he wouldn't take his orders The Works generally saw to it that he was disqualified from takin' anybody's orders for quite a spell.

"It's off," I said. "At least, for a while."

"What did I tell you?" squawked the missus.

"Cut that out," I handed her. "It ain't my fault, is it? The Works is hollerin' for me to come down there, and I gotta go."



"Not Me," Says I. "I Ain't No Killer"

"Well," says The Works, "I had to take a chancet with so runnin' square for a long time, and all the others was tied up o I didn't get you down here to hold a caucus over what I done he done?"

"You can search me," I says to him. "I never heard of it till

Charley Semmler was a sort of a boob—smart enough in a sma a hick in the big stuff. He used to be one of them headquarte such jobs as petit-jury fixin', runnin' for bail bonders, collectin' cuttin' in on the police-court play, gettin' splits on small contra to him, and similar little griftin', and he was useful around election handle floaters and knew how to work repeaters and all this and th a hundred bill was as big as the Central Depot to him. He fixe contractor friend of The Works one time and The Works got t

"You sure have," sa

"They ain't no else, leather coat and shiftin' to a hat. "I'm going rig the elevator.

Billy had the bus out and the doorman lighter and other stuff that was flat. Then I told Billy to dast without gettin' pinch go down by the back stre a little speed if we got a

Well, we done pretty or so I was there. The in his inside room. Anyb would have said he was different. I seen that he a slant at him. His eyes the way the corners of hi

"Hello stirrin'?"

"Hello you seen

"Four before h Why?"

"He's turned hi

"How

"He w six o'clock dough. H he ain't s he has gone the Condo

"How him.

"Seven It don how used money—a terms with business— dollars is a I didn't t let Charley much, and kind of sh prised.

"Well," could read quicker'n gettin' fev shingles o unless ——

"Now, nix," I says, good an plain enough The Works was I don't know nothin' about Cha you've told me, and I didn't sen done that. Besides," I says, "f him it seems to me you took a l

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him on when he went to bootleggin'.

Charley always run square enough and got to be a fixer. Of course we didn't use him for none of the big-league stuff. He was a busher when it come to fixin'. He handled country stuff, mostly, such as sheriffs and constables, and police in the small cities on the booze routes, and garage men, and clerks and all them kind. I laid down the real money, bein' classier than Charley, if I do say it myself.

Now that was all right as long as Charley run straight and didn't know nothin' definite about the big plays. The Works was particular about them. He had a regular system and had staked out a bunch of topsiders that was willin' to be useful for a price, and the policy of keepin' them under cover went two ways: As long as these main guys didn't get tipped off they was willin' to coöperate, and as long as they wasn't known the competition wouldn't get to them.



I Drops Into a Cigar Store and Stalls Around Talkin' About Buying a Pipe

Competition was pretty fierce. The newspapers talked about the Bootleggin' King, and so on, but the hooch money was so easy that they was no chancet for any one mob to cop it all. The Works done a lot of it, but he wasn't no king, nor was any of the others. And after a while they got the game kind of split up accordin' to geography and market, and cut down the killin's and the stealin's considerable.

The Works said the way Charley come to have this bunch of money was this: We got a pretty good lot in and was on our way to landin' it in the city when one of our stools tips us that a gang of officers along the booze route in a certain place was sore because they said we gypped them, which we done, but it wasn't our fault. We give the fixin' money to our man for that route, but the trucks was delayed and when they did come along the men who was to collect wasn't expectin' them till later, and they got through without them collectin' their bit. It was all right anyhow, they figgered, because they knew this man who usually did the payin', and was sure he would come across, never havin' welshed yet. But he got into a crap game and lost most of the roll, and beat it back and said he had paid, which he got away with because the trucks got in all right.

So them officers was layin' for us, and we had a big shipment comin'. It was a cinch they would stop it unless we squared it by payin' three times as much as it was worth, and The Works figgered they would be more reasonable if we laid them off for a spell; so he routed it another way, and made a deal to sell it to a operator along the western line. Everybody else was busy when it come time to swing it, and The Works sent Charley. This was the first important money Charley ever handled, but he'd always run square, so The Works took the chancet. It was to be seventy-five thousand-dollar bills. We mostly used thousand-dollar bills in these good-sized deals. They're easier to handle. They is a few ten-thousand-dollar bills out, too, but they ain't safe. Darn near everybody knows the numbers on the ten-grand bills that is in circulation. But there is some around in the safe-deposit boxes cached by big operators here and there.

Bootleggin' is one game where nothin' goes but cash, except with amachures. They ain't no regular on either the buyin', the sellin' or the fixin' ends that will take a check, nor any regular that is big boob enough to try to shove one. Except for them ten-thousand-dollar bills I was speakin' about, cash money is deaf and dumb. I never seen such a business for suspicion. Of course a player like me knows enough not to trust nobody, but you'd think that after a gang has gone along regular, and always been on the square, some of them officers and other grifters would get to recognize its responsibility. Nothin' doin'. Every crook that takes a bribe wants it in cash, and every man who handles a bottle of hooch yells for ready money. So that's how Charley got the seventy-five. The operator that took the booze paid for it on delivery, and Charley had the right piece of paper.

Nothin' in writin', you know. They ain't nothin' at all set down in black and white in the bootleggin' business. In deals like this, this is the way it's put over: After the deal is made, say like this one was, between The Works and this operator down the line who wanted the stuff, The Works takes a sheet of blank paper and tears it rough and jagged from one corner to another into two pieces. Then he sends one piece to the operator who is to get the stuff, and keeps the other. Well, when it comes time for the man who is to make the delivery and the buyer to meet and finish the deal, they is both protected, see? The man from The Works has his piece, and if the other has his piece and they fit together, then the delivery man knows he is deliverin' to the right man, and the other knows he is gettin' the right stuff. They ain't no way of fakin' two pieces of paper like that. They is the only two pieces in the world that will come together right.

You'd be surprised to know how necessary some such idea as that is. They don't seem to be no honor in this business at all—not none. Every gang has got spies and stools in every other gang, and they tip off everythin'. You never can tell who you're dealin' with, nor where the money lays. Some of the pretty big ones fall for it too. Why, I've had bootleggers come to me and offer to cut me in big for information that would give them a chance to hijack our stuff, and so on. But none of them would lay the money down before I delivered, and money is the only talk I know. You can't double-cross a man who learned all kinds of crossin' when he was a boy. I knew that if I delivered before they paid they would never pay, not them crooks. And if they paid before I delivered I wouldn't deliver either. I'm too square a shooter to throw down my boss like that. They'd deserve to lose their money for tryin' to make a crook out of me, and they would lose it, too!

One thing you want to remember is that booze money and booze and such stuff that is not legal one place ain't legal nowhere. It ain't got no rights. And a lot of people in this game who wouldn't rob a bank or stick up a man, nor do nothin' like that, don't hesitate none when it comes to coppin' either booze money or booze, and don't think it's no crime, neither, because they figger it don't honestly belong to the party they grab it off, and he can't squeal to the police without gettin' pinched himself. It ain't his, in the eye of the law, and if it ain't his it ain't nobody's; so what don't belong to nobody belongs to anybody that can get it.

A good many men in this business figger that way, and it might be that Charley Semmler was one of them.

II

"IT'S like this," says The Works. "The trucks is back, and they wasn't no trouble to speak of on the road. They went through easy and smooth, except one garage guy where they hived up one day held them up for a few more cases than is regular, but Tony fixed that, and made his deliveries. Tony says Charley Semmler was on the job, and that he and the Pittsburgh guy checked off the stuff and saw it stored, and then went away together. Tony says he saw the money pass, and Charley give him a piece of it to get back with, sayin' he was comin' in on the rattler as soon as he could hop one down to the Pennsylvania Depot. So far it's all plain, but Charley didn't hop no rattler, or if he did he ain't showed here, and he's a long time overdue."

"Well," says I, "what's the dope?"

"They's only three angles to it," says The Works. "Either the Pittsburgh guy put Charley away and took back the money, or the Condorelli gang got to him and took it, or Charley has blowed with it for himself."

"Them first two don't look good to me," says I. "Charley ain't as slick as some, but he's slick enough to be watching for a play like bein' stuck up and frisked for that dough, and I'll bet he beat it at the first corner, framin' some excuse or other and not givin' the Pittsburgh guy's strong-arms a chancet to get him. As for the second, them Condorelli birds wouldn't go out there to pull nothin' like that, because they ain't fixed with the Pittsburgh outfit, and they would get it bad the minute they hit the place. Them babies do their work here, where they've got their stand-in. So it looks to me as if it's cut down to Charley goin' south with the roll."

"Me, too," says The Works.

"And in that case ——"

"In that case," busts in The Works, "we've got to get him."

"Correct," says I. "We can't stand for no such raw stuff as that."

"Tom," says The Works, lookin' at me very penetratin', "if it was you that pulled this trick, where would you go?"

"What's the idea?" I asks him.

"Nothin' but tryin' to get a line on what a bird would do. No offense."

"Well," I tells him, "they's a hull mess of trains comin' and goin' in Pittsburgh all the time, and if I was there with seventy-five grand in my kick that I figgered on stakin' myself to I'd beat it for Chi, because that's a big town and easy to hide out in, or I'd go on up to Canada, maybe, or out to Frisco."

"Yes, you would!" says The Works. "I can see you doin' it."

"Why not?" I asks him.

"Because you couldn't do no good for yourself out in Chi, nor any of them places. You don't know the gang, and you'd be tipped off the moment you showed. What you'd do would be to come back here and hide out until you got it fixed to get by. You know the game here, and your friends are here, and that's what you'd do, and I'll lay fifty to one that's what Charley Semmler done."

The Works was right, of course, and what I had been givin' him was a stall to see if he knowed anythin', which was what he was givin' me too.

"Then it ought to be easy to turn him up," I says.

"Whadja mean, easy?" he asks. "Where d'you get that stuff? They's nothin' easy about it. They's forty hide-outs in this burg that Semmler could stick himself into and we wouldn't find him in ten years. He's lived here all his life, and he's got friends same's we have. Also, he's got seventy-five grand, and that's the biggest friend of all."

"Maybe he is here."

"You said it. Sure he's here if he ain't croaked. So you go out and get him."

"Me?"

"Yes, you; and get him right."

"Send him over?"

"Sure, after you get the dough back."

"Not me," says I. "I ain't no killer."

"Forget it," he says. "I don't want you to do no killin'. The wreckin' crew will take care of that if they's any to be done. What I want you to do is to spot him, find him and report back to me and we'll let Nature take its course."

"But ——" I started.

"But nothin'," he hollers. "Step to it, an' make it snappy! I ain't goin' to be gypped outa seventy-five grand by no boob like Charley Semmler, and I ain't goin' to have him hangin' round knowin' as much as he does to tip off my game to Condorelli and them other birds. On your way!"

When The Works talks like that they's nothin' to do but get busy, and that's what I done. I goes down to the street and digs up Billy, who has the car parked around on a side street, and tells him to take me uptown. While I was ridin' along I gets to thinkin' about Charley Semmler, and The Works, and my cut in the game, and a lot of things like that, and I can't bring myself to blame Charley none. The Works was square enough, but he was a hog. He'd come across with what he said he would, but he never made no

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much harm done, although the stuff was doctored and doped and watered alcohol and not whisky, but they got greedy and put out a mess of wood alcohol one time, and a lot of people up in New England died from it, and the Government got busy, and that graft ended with the bird from Brooklyn beatin' it to Italy, and The Works gettin' by without being caught and findin' himself with a ton of money and knowin' the easiest and best graft that this world has ever saw.

He wasn't the only one. All sorts of folks was in it, from bankers to yeggs, and The Works was smart enough to see that pretty soon the buyers with money would stop fallin' for this phony stuff and moonshine, and so on, and that the guy who could get stuff that was somethin' approachin' real whisky would be the guy who could cop the coin. So he figgered around, and he found out two things. One was that some wise ones had exported a whale of a lot of red liquor to France, where they need red liquor about as much as we need haggis over here, and that exportin' could be done under the law. Also he gets hep to the possibilities of runnin' booze in from Canada, and from them English islands down south of us, and from Mexico, to say nothin' of gettin' it direct from Scotland, and pretty soon he was goin' good.

Nacherally, they was a lot of fixin' to be done. You can't get past with that kind of stuff unless you grease the ways, and there was where I come in. I never did have no education, havin' growed up in the streets over in the gas-house district and around the pool rooms and saloons and race tracks, but I got wise to a lot of things, and I was a natural-born politician. So it works out what with one thing and another that I gets along pretty fair, and learns how to handle money so's to leave no tracks, and finally I works up to where they got to usin' me with fellers like me who got into the legislature in Albany, and over to Trenton; and I had good luck, understandin' them birds because I come up through the same sort of politics they did, and bein' wise to all the strike stuff they tried to pull over, like bills fixed up to cost the railroads and the insurance companies and such a lot of money unless they come across and had them killed by the statesmen who framed them. They was a lot of this, of course, and I got the reputation for bein' able to do the fixin' cheaper than most, and I knew how to entertain them birds like they wanted to be, bein' one of them, and was a good judge of money, and how to spend it.

Among other things I handled some dough for one of the public-service corporations that The Works had been fixin' for, too, and we come together. So he picked me up, and it wasn't long until I was next to him in the game, and doin' pretty well myself, but not nothin' like he was. He got the big end of it, and, believe me, that was some end!

They was one thing about him that I didn't like, and that is that he was nacherally a good deal of a piker. He was a sure-thing player. I could see places where things could be done that would bring in ten times as much, but he was satisfied with the game he was playin'. He was gettin' more money than he ever thought was in the world, anyhow, and he didn't have no imagination or nerve for the great big stuff. He was as cold as a wedge, too, and without no mercy. He never batted an eye over any killin's that come off, and he had some of his own men put away when they tried to cross him. That is why I knew that Charley Semmler's number was up, if I ever found him, and I doped it out it would be even money that my number would be up if I didn't find him or tipped him off.

III

SO I GETS out at the flat when I come to it and goes up and tells the missus it's all off about Atlantic City for a spell, and where is Sophie Caro? It seems Sophie has gone back to her flat, and I follows to talk it over with her.

Sophie is one wise lady. Notwithstandin' she speaks our language when she is with us, she can talk like a book whenever she wants to, and she reads things that might just as well be printed in Chink for all I can get outen them. Her father was well-to-do, and she had good schoolin', but when she was twenty-one or so the old boy cashed in, and he didn't leave a bean. So Sophie had to go to work. She got a job workin' for a bird that runs a string of bucket shops, and shifted around through some promoters' games until she lands close up to the inside of a lad who was runnin' a few pools and corners and things in Wall Street, and wreckin' some railroads on the side. This lad had dealin's with all sorts of public officials and politicians, and Sophie was right there like a fox to all the plays. Unexpected, they got this lad into Sing Sing for a stretch, and Sophie was left to do the best she could. So she run a handbook on the races for some of her lady friends that had a hankerin' to play the ponies, and a very exclusive poker game in her flat for some society dames who wanted a outlet for their bettin' yens, and then she hooked up with The Works, and she done pretty good, at that. They wasn't many ways you could fool Sophie except that husband of hers done it. That was her soft spot. But I suppose all of us is short somewhere.

I spilled what The Works had told me, and asked Sophie what she thought.

"Why," she says, "you can write your own ticket and I'll take the long end of it that Charley Semmler ain't boob enough to be wanderin' around out in the sticks with all that cash on him. He's beat it back here and planted it somewhere and he'll stay under cover for a spell, and then come to life when it's blowed over."

"Where d'you suppose he is?"

Sophie gimme a foolish-question look, and began kiddin' me. "Where do I suppose he is? Why not ask me a easy one, like what will win the Suburban in 1954, instead of one like that? They's five million

(Continued on Page 133)



"He Won't Do Nothin' That We Can't Lay Off," Says Charley

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THE WHITE GROUSE

By John Taintor Foote

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

A LONELY cabin in the hills occupied by a he and a she suggests romance; but the interior of such a cabin—although so occupied—was altogether free from things romantic on a certain star-filled October night.

Gladstone's Nellie, undeniably feminine, was staring with dreamy indifference into the fire. John Jones, indubitably masculine, happened to be staring at Gladstone's Nellie. It is to be doubted whether in all the land there was a creature more worthy of inspection than Champion Gladstone's Nellie; yet John Jones saw her not at all. He had just harked back along a tunnel of dead years and come suddenly on a dun mare hitched to a yellow-wheeled buckboard, trotting briskly along a winding thicket-flanked road.

Startlingly clear, after the dimness of the tunnel, were the high-headed, ear-flicking mare and mud-splashed buckboard; startlingly clear was the man with the iron-gray mustache in the woods-smelling, sweat-stained, weather-beaten canvas shooting coat who was driving the mare; clear also was the gawky, tow-headed boy, perched beside the man, with a shiny, new, single-barreled, twenty-gauge shotgun clasped in his arms. But clearest of all was the black, white and ticked setter, shaking with suppressed desire as he crowded against the boy's knee and stretched his long deep muzzle above a clicking wheel to read the autumn air.

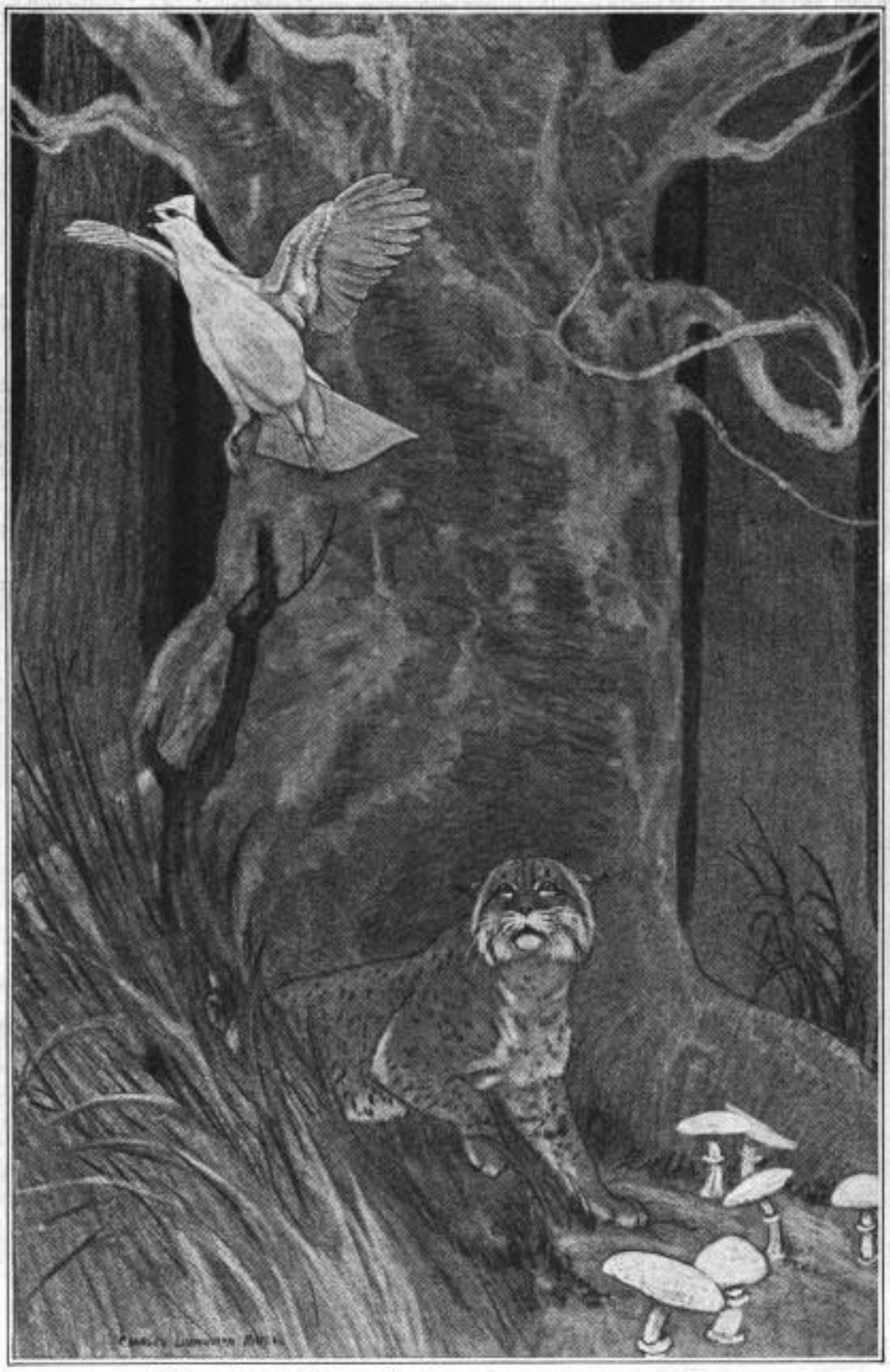
Yes, clearer than mare and buckboard, clearer than his father, clearer than himself, were the stretching neck and head of old Don. Thanks to the brain within that head and the miracle called a nose at its end, John Jones now exchanges the vision of mare and buckboard and winding road for another. He watches the tow-headed boy follow a creeping black, white and ticked shadow, through a thicket, down a gulch, along a watercourse, up a hillside, and so at last to a small jungle of blackberry vines. The shadow moves slower, slower; it has ceased to move.

"Are you ready?" asks a quiet voice.

The boy finds it impossible to speak. Even a whisper is beyond him. He nods faintly.

"All right, Don. Go on!"

A roar of wings beating up from the briers, a hurtling bombshell all black and bronze and gold, the boy swings his gun and pulls the trigger, not knowing he has done so. A puff of floating feathers in the air, empty of all else except blue sky and flaming branches; a heart-shaking thump and rustle in the dead leaves below. John Jones has killed his first ruffed grouse on the wing!



He Seemed to be Shot, as Though by a Released Spring, Into the Air

One night during the winter that followed, old Don came to the bedside of the father of John Jones and whined a yearning whine that the man could not understand. He laid a hand on the old dog's head and asked him what was the matter. Don whined again, stuck a cold nose against his master's cheek, and returned stiffly to the shooting coat in the corner on which he slept. In the morning the man heard no thump of a tail against the floor when he sat up in bed. A moment later he knew that the whines and that cold nose in the night had been a last farewell.

When the next shooting season arrived the father of John Jones began to take long drives through the country with John Jones' mother. When they passed a flaming thicket he would shift the reins to his right hand and put his arm about his wife. John Jones wondered why his father never hunted any more. One day his father explained.

"A man is entitled to one good woman and one good dog during a lifetime. He'll never be happy until he gets them. You're going to be a man and a grouse shot some day, you're going to know a lot of women and think a heap of some of them—until you find the good one. You're going to own a lot of dogs and think a heap of them too; but when you get the good one—you'll hunt him till he dies, and then—well, then you'll be glad you've got the woman."

"Yes, sir," said John Jones as though he quite understood.

Fifteen years had passed since then, passed like the landscape at the window of a train. In those fifteen years John Jones had learned to cut a grouse down with the precision of a machine. But that was all, and it was not enough. He must have the complement of perfect shooting—a perfect shooting dog. For ten of the fifteen years he had been looking for such a dog; for the one good dog to which he was entitled—a grouse dog like old Don.

As for the one good woman to which he was also entitled—there was a certain girl. Sitting on a ribbon of white beach which edged a purple ocean, he had told her many things that summer. He had explained the lack of ambition of which he was accused. Happiness, he had told her, was what the bewildered human race was stretching and yearning toward. He had found it in woods and thickets, on little lakes and streams. He had found abiding tranquillity so long as he remained in the environment from which it sprang. A few days in the city and it was gone. In its place would come a restlessness, mental at first, physical later, like a gnawing, deep-seated pain.

The girl had drawn in her breath sharply and touched his sleeve.

"I know," she had said; "I know."

John Jones went on to tell about his shooting. In doing so he had tried to describe the indescribable—a ruffed grouse roaring up in the brooding hush of a thicket.

"But it can't be told," said he at last; "you'll just have to see for yourself."

That fall he had contrived to have them both members of the same house party in the Connecticut hills. On the opening day of the grouse season they had set forth together. She had exclaimed rapturously at the sight of Gladstone's Nellie, moving like music through bowers of scarlet and gold.

But John Jones had recalled for her the black, white and ticked shadow of his boyhood, that could follow a grouse through any cover and point him out again and again, like the finger of fate. He was looking, always looking for another like him, he had told her. He admitted—cautiously, lest she think the matter trivial—that he could never be wholly contented until he found such a dog. Mildred—that was the girl's name—regarding him with cool gray eyes, had seemed to understand.

It had rained the night before. The woods, when they plunged into them, were filled with the patter of silver drops and smoking with mist. The leaves and branches on which they stole along were too sodden to protest at alien footsteps. It was a day on which a dog with any sort of nose could find birds. Gladstone's Nellie had done surprisingly well. As for John Jones—with those cool gray eyes upon him he had shot as if inspired. Grouse after grouse, glimpsed through steaming vistas, had crumpled up at the pull of his magic trigger and thumped down on the wet leaves.

John Jones had come to a halt at last and laid the dead birds in a row on a fallen log, smoothing the feathers of each as he did so. "Nine," he counted, and looked up at the girl in triumph. He found her regarding the dead grouse with a strange white look.

"You told me you gave the birds a chance," said she.

"Of course. They were killed on the wing. A lot got away."

"None that you shot at."

"But the dog flushed a dozen or more ahead of us; you heard them get up."

"Yes, I heard them." She looked again at the row of grouse on the log. "And that's why you want the kind of dog you told me about—so that none would get up ahead." She had spoken softly, half to herself. Now her lips contracted to a thin red line, her eyes became gray agates. "I hope," she cried, "you never, never find him!"

That was the beginning of the breach between them. John Jones might have explained that it had been an

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extraordinary day; that had the woods been dry nine out of ten birds would have flushed wild before the beauteous but uncertain Gladstone's Nellie.

But why explain? Why explain anything to a girl who thought her feeling for wild things was deeper than his own? A girl who had brought a little silly sentimentality into his beloved woods and been shocked by what he did therein. Give the birds a chance! She seemed to think one poked a gun at a grouse going like a flash of light through thick cover, and down he came.

So John Jones had not explained. The breach between them had widened that evening. The next day she was gone.

He would never try to close the breach, he now reflected. Never! He had found the one good woman apparently, only to have her think he lacked in sportsmanship. Well, the one good dog remained to be looked for. Some day he would find him; another like old Don.

What if he failed to do so? What if such a nose and such uncanny bird sense should never be combined again? John Jones stirred uneasily at the thought.

Gladstone's Nellie stirred also and lifted her head from her paws. John Jones snapped his fingers; she rose unhurriedly from before the fire and came to him with a slight wave of her tail. He put out his hand. Her muzzle sank into it. He covered her nose with his other hand and tightened his fingers until her nostrils were closed. For a moment breath was denied her. When he released her she sneezed. He smiled down into her amber eyes, into which came a gleam of amusement.

She adored him openly for a moment, not failing to come to a statuesque pose while so doing.

"You're a fraud," said John Jones. "Go and lie down!"

She obeyed the command with the carriage of a stag and the grace of a fawn. Yes, she was a fraud, he thought—self-conscious, vain, a born poser. A champion on the bench, she was only a fair bitch in the field and somewhat less than that when pitted against a wily old cock grouse. Her nose would do if the day was not too dry. She was quiet, steady, and obeyed his lightest word. But she lacked the quenchless passion of a great gun dog—old Don, for instance. He would go all day through briers or over stubble, gasping with the heat or shaking with the cold, lost in a frenzy of concentration on the finding and pointing of birds.

Gladstone's Nellie was not like that. Slush and mud distressed her. Burs she abhorred. Always a lady in fine raiment, she shirked too briery thickets, she skirted the edges of swamps. But, oh, the wonder of her poses! The sheer breath-taking beauty of everything she did! At the first scent of birds she became a duchess. On point she dimmed the glory of a queen.

Perhaps, being feminine, this satisfied her soul. Perhaps she simply lacked in nose. At any rate, in solid bird-finding qualities she did not improve. John Jones knew she would never make the grouse dog that some day must be his. It was too bad. Just to watch her gave a man a thrill, and, damn it all, she was a sweet old thing.

He watched her now as she sank down and resumed her contemplation of the birch logs pouring an inverted cascade of flame up the black mouth of the chimney. The chimney was a haphazard affair of stones and mortar. At one time the stones had been scattered on the surface of a timber-crested hill, rising like a threatening wave above the valley of the Neversink. The four-room shack which huddled against the chimney was borne up a hundred feet above the valley by the first swell of this wave. Across and farther down the valley was Slide Mountain, its rounded top the highest point in the Catskill Range. The shack belonged to a friend indeed, who was held in New York at present by the anxieties of a falling market.

John Jones had never hunted the Catskills before, but during the previous June he had spent a week with a fly rod anywhere from ankle to waist deep in the rushing Neversink. Above the noise of the stream there had come to him again and again the mysterious hollow drumming which a cock grouse achieves when he beats his love-racked body with ecstatic wings.

Finding the woods and thickets of the Connecticut hills curiously haunted by a pair of cool gray eyes, John Jones had recalled those feathered drums along the Neversink. Good! The grouse would be in the hills above the stream at this season. New country. Nothing to remind him of —— He plunged into his packing.

That was on Monday. It was now Tuesday. John Jones and Gladstone's Nellie had dropped out of the stage from Big Indian that afternoon to find themselves just beyond the five-mile shadow of Slide Mountain. John Jones had a bag full of hunting clothes and shells in one hand and a gun case in the other. In his pocket was a key to the shack—its roof a blank gray square among lemon-colored maple leaves well above the road.

Five hours had passed since then. A Flemish-oak clock gesticulated the fact from the mantel with thin brass hands. John Jones decided on a sniff of the night air, a look at the stars, and so to bed. Gladstone's Nellie accompanied him to the door and slipped out into the night when he opened it. At his whistle a moment later she seemed to float from the darkness into the light from the open door. She, too, stood and raised her eyes to the heavens. Her nostrils worked delicately as she sniffed the portent of a myriad blazing stars. Her tail moved in faint approval.

"Correct," said John Jones; "it's going to be a nice day. A little dry for you, Susan Jane."

He bent his knee against her silken side and gave her a push. Robbed of a marvelous pose she took her injured dignity with her and stalked into the shack.

"Good night," said John Jones when he was ready for bed.

She only stared into the dying fire.

He chuckled and blew out the light.

II

IT WAS clear and warm next morning; it became hot as the sun rose with enviable ease above the hills which John Jones was climbing doggedly, the sweat running into his eyes. The sun drained each fern and fallen leaf, the briers and the laurels of every trace of melted hoar frost. It began to crack and rustle and snap under foot.

Gladstone's Nellie roaded like a spring song past a thicket and paused vaguely, her head lifted. From the thicket came a sudden b-r-r-r-mph of strong wings beating among leaves and slender twigs, followed by th-r-r-r-rh to the left and below her, and then from somewhere ahead another th-r-r-r-rh.

"Three of 'em," counted John Jones, deep in a tangle of wild grapevines, with a spider web pasted over one eye. "She was right on top of them," he reflected. "Well, it's pretty dry."

He struggled on and came in sight of what had been a stone fence. Beyond this was a semiclearing of matted briers and wild grass. A dozen wizened apple trees clung to the hillside, despite the overpowering advance of an army of birch, already swarming among them.

Once more Gladstone's Nellie paused, exquisite but vague. She began to move in her most royal manner up the hill along the stone fence. John Jones crept behind her—ready. The bird rose on all but silent wing, as they sometimes do. It was an instinct only which turned John Jones' head to see a flash of brown directly behind him a hundred feet down the hill. He whirled to fire, but there was nothing to fire at by then.

"Susan Jane, Susan Jane!" he said reproachfully.

Gladstone's Nellie, somewhat abashed, leaped gracefully to the top of the stone fence. Realizing that she was silhouetted against the sky above the clearing, she poised

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He Beat His Breast and Waited, Listening, Until at Last She Came—Slowly, Timidly, With Shy Reluctance Dragging at Her Feet

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HARDENER'S HEAT



"Talk Sense. Where Did You Pick Up That Tough Monkey-Dub? All You Do is Hang Round Pool Rooms With a Bunch of Alley Cats. I Won't Have It"

By William J. Neidig

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

HOLCOMB once said of a man that he had a sulphate-of-calcium mind, but unless you knew one of the gypsum industries you might not have caught the idea. No, he did not mean that his brain had softened—nothing like that. Sulphate of calcium.

He said of another, a married man, that he first died when he learned his trade. He meant that the man had learned his trade completely and finally, reel one, reel seven, as a mere craft, instead of regarding it as a living, growing, changing thing, like a profession, that never can be wholly learned. No man can know everything and continue to learn. A man who can no longer learn is dead. Something like that. This dead man had begun to die during the second week of his apprenticeship. Before he was twenty he had died the rest of the way; but such is the force of human inertia, he had walked round unburied for forty-two years before a coffin was ordered, meanwhile drawing good wages.

This story is not about Holcomb, nor about that dead man, but about Pete Bedford, whom I met through a snub-nosed boy named Jimmy, and later came to know.

Pete Bedford as a child had been a little edition of his father—impulsive and generous, even if not studious and not in any large way ambitious. Like him he had run away from home to make his fortune. These facts are needed. They explain why Minna, his mouse of a wife, married him. They explain Jimmy, also. The man had begun life alive.

One incident of those days of life—it fell in his honeymoon—must stand for many. The young husband had brought home four hamburger sandwiches from a corner houseboat.

"Too hot for little girls to cook meals," he announced. "Let's make up a picnic supper and run out to the pier."

"I don't know what's in them," began Minna critically.

"That's right, too," grinned Bedford.

"Maybe you can tell us if you're so smart."

"Search me, lady," replied the same husband who later paraded his knowledge into every field.

"Onions," said Minna. "They contain onions. But it won't matter if we both eat them."

They had been very merry about it all. Since then Bedford had learned his trade and died. He had long ceased to bring home sandwiches or anything else that would save housework; and as for the onions, it no longer mattered whether both ate them or not.

Joe Sanderson, who began his trade in the same shop, still likes to tell stories of Bedford's early craftsmanship. Some of these tales are touched lightly with irony, not unlike human existence itself, in which ignorance is commonly able to take on the colors of wisdom, thereby forfeiting to the race much healthful chastisement.

One exceedingly hot morning in late June a long reamer Bedford was quenching emerged from the bath looking more like a scythe handle than a reamer. The fault was undoubtedly Bedford's. He should have plunged it, held vertically; instead in a moment of inattention his tongs had twisted, the red-hot tool had struck the water slightly sidewise, as a springboard diver sometimes will do when he miscalculates, one side of it had become chilled a fraction of a second sooner than the other, and in the readjustment of tension what should have remained straight became Diana's bow.

"I quenched it perfect," he told his foreman. "That elbow got put in upstairs. Some mutt up there's been hammering out his bends."

Steel intended for reamers is usually annealed before it is machined, to relieve internal strains. Sometimes the annealing leaves the stock slightly warped. Hardeners believe that inexperienced men on the lathe are always under the temptation to straighten warped stock with a hammer, instead of finishing out its faults with a cutting tool. Hammering adds other internal strains to steel. The result is a crooked or worse tool.

"The man's crazy," the workman upstairs replied when the charge was repeated to him. "He has a steel strain in his head."

"He didn't hammer anything," his neighbors testified.

Their foreman himself ran down with the tool. "I gave out the stock myself," he said. "It hadn't a bend in it to need straightening, no more than Halsted Street. What do you take us for, anyhow?"

"There she lies," said Bedford. "Something bent her crooked. I didn't. Me warp a reamer? I never warped a tool in my life."

"Bedford's a good man," said his own foreman.

"If he's so good maybe he can straighten it," snapped the upstairs man.

"Sure I can," was Bedford's answer to that.

"The grinding allowance is six thousandths," said the upstairs man.

"Always glad to save a botched job," was Bedford's parting shot as the visitor went out the door.

Sprung tools can sometimes be straightened between centers, through heat and controlled pressure, but a hardening room contains no lathes.

"Now you'll have to fix it," said his foreman.

"That mutt needs showing up," was Bedford's contemptuous reply.

The hardener seemed to have transferred his contempt for the upstairs man to the crooked reamer. He heated it carelessly to redness, leaned it casually against a firebrick and, holding it roughly with his tongs, pressed against its protruding center with a block of wood, about as a man might do in straightening a poker. Then without so much as testing the tool he reheated it and again quenched it, this time held vertically.

"There you are," he said, laying it before his foreman.

"What gets a man," observed Sanderson, "is how such things happen. That reamer proved up so true it might have been used without grinding. He couldn't have repeated in a million years. Just accident. But Bedford thought his skill had straightened it, and swaggered about like the goat that could eat cut glass. Some men sure get the breaks."

The breaks did not end there. Bedford's swaggerings became so objectionable that later on, during the absence of his foreman with appendicitis, the tool room had the inspiration to send down a spoiled aluminum casting, nicely machined, for hardening. This was before aluminum was as common as it is now. Bedford was in charge of the room.

"Full hard, and draw her back a little," said the upstairs man soberly. "But maybe you'd better wait until Henley gets back if you're not used to aluminum. We don't want to spoil it."

Bedford softened up like hot solder; or to use another figure, he took the bait—hook, line and sinker. "Sure I can harden aluminum," he said. "I can harden anything."

Upstairs they heard of the man's boastful ignorance with intense though silent joy.

"We've found a guy can harden aluminum," went the word.

"Bedford?"

"Sure. Who else?"

"Better not crow too soon," said someone then. "Even money, that guy knows aluminum as well as you do. You've played into his hands. Watch his come-back."

But Bedford did not know aluminum, unless in the sense that the cat knows apples. He knew it by sight. Aluminum did not fall within the trade he had learned. He did not suspect that the piece before him could not be hardened like steel. Reaching down a muffle he therefore proceeded to pack it for heating, using instead of charcoal a mixture of sand and salt that he sometimes used for tempering. By all the rules no folly could have been greater. When he had packed it he placed it in a furnace, brought it up slowly to a glow, and at the exact hardening

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temperature, as he believed, cherry red, quenched it, quite unaware how near he had come to melting it down into a button.

The result was all that he had expected. When he came to look at his aluminum he found that it had hardened. Aluminum cannot be hardened by heat; yet this aluminum, reacting under the heat with the sand, or with the salt and its impurities, or both, had undergone a surface induration until compared with pure aluminum it was as drill rod compared with Bessemer.

"Only skin deep," said Sanderson. "Bad for the aluminum, but fine for Bedford. He took the mongrel upstairs himself, puffed out like a pouter pigeon. Then when he heard himself called 'Mister' for a change, and saw the excitement, he swelled out still further into a silk blimp sausage."

None of which was fine for him, any more than it was for the aluminum, but bad, seeing that death also is a state of existence, and the flowers and fine speeches a mere expression of opinion about irrelevant matters.

All this occurred early, like his marriage, though not so early as the picnic luncheon upon sandwiches that had to be shared. At the time of this story Bedford was foreman hardener for the Ascott Company; but if anyone imagines that his candle of knowledge had grown dim during the years he will have missed deep meanings. He still knew his trade, still heated and quenched and tempered with never a slip. And because no man can stand round dead during the day and at night return to life, his home likewise suffered from his passing. I think it suffered more than his business. Death makes great changes in a home.



Bedford Was a Practical Man, a Steel Hardener Skilled in His Trade

II

THE head of the house, his broad face still flushed from the heat of the day, sat breasted against the table as if he were a pushcart or a box and it a loading platform. He was eating his supper and at the same time asking questions; now and then his fire-scarred hands paused in their homely duties while his nouns overtook his verbs.

He sat facing the kitchen door, as was his right. Across the table sat Minna, like the patient Griselda, less patient than she looked. Her dark hair, massed softly above her bright black eyes, would have framed her small face prettily had it not been for the wrinkles furrowing her forehead. At his left Jimmy's sun-colored countenance frowned down upon his clouded plate.

You would have said, seeing only Minna's patience, that she was a thousand years old. Jimmy, however, who had no patience on his thin features, but only freckles, showed his youth more plainly. Yet Jimmy was familiar with grief. He had come in late from a game of baseball in the park to the north, and now, to use an expression from the lots, his old man was riding him to a frazzle.

"Why don't you talk?" asked Bedford. "Has the cat got your tongue? Why don't you talk, if you know?" Why shouldn't Jimmy talk? Why shouldn't you talk, or I—anybody, if he knows? Or if he doesn't know, why shouldn't he? Why shouldn't a man eat, whether he is hungry or not hungry? Why shouldn't this, why shouldn't that? The answer is whatever it happens to be. Anybody can answer questions, says the proverb, with an eye on Socrates and his ironies, but only a wise man can ask them. Anybody, that is to say, except Jimmy, and any questions except those asked by his father.

"I dunno," muttered Jimmy.

"What were you doing that you don't know? Who do you think I am you can put off that way? Do you think I'm that foolish I can't guess?"

Bedford was not angry; he merely spoke in the form of sharp questions from habit. He was not seeking information. He knew he was not foolish. His questions would have taken their course regardless of replies. The boy understood this, resented it, shrank back into himself. He could not have felt other than injured and rebellious; if for no better reason, because the human soul is no bottle, to be opened with a corkscrew. He might have spoken freely of his movements, both now and at other times, had he been let alone; but after an accounting was demanded as a right, not torture could have forced him to give it.

"I dunno," he repeated, when the query crumpled into dust and became reincarnated in another.

Bedford asked him then if he could not answer a plain question, repeated the inquiry, and when Jimmy tried not to listen, repeated it again.

"You don't know! Maybe you don't know where you are now."

"Yes," was at last wrung from him when that question marched up the hill and then marched down again through its damnable variations.

"Then where?"

But Jimmy had reached his emotional limit. Either that, or an idea had occurred to him. Suddenly his brow cleared and he began speaking in a language he had acquired from a certain Spike Colbes.

"Dead house," he said. "De morgue, see?"

"Talk sense. Where did you pick up that tough monkey-dub? All you do is hang round pool rooms with a bunch of alley cats. I won't have it."

"Didn't pink an ivory all day," said Jimmy.

"I know where you were. You get so used to lying you couldn't tell the truth for money." He paused to recover his continuity. "Pool rooms all day, and then come home with your lies. I won't have it."

"Nix on de ivory stuff."

"Then where? Smoking cigarettes with the gang? How many cigarettes did you smoke today?"

"Me? Not one, see?"

"Nearer fifty. You lay off of cigarettes until you grow up. Cigarettes are bad, smoking them the way you do."

"Say, listen! How could a guy burn up de leaf like youse tell, wid no dough on his ribs? Youse owes me a quarter from t'ree weeks ago youse never paid me."

"What you want to spend it for? Pictures?"

"No, not pictures."

"Then it's cigarettes. First it's pool rooms, then it's pictures, then it's cigarettes. Anything to spend money. Why don't you save your money?"

But without waiting for the answer Bedford returned to his starting point and began all over again with his questions. What had Jimmy been doing? Where had he been? Where? Where? Query followed query, sometimes repeated in form, sometimes in substance, until Jimmy's mind, had it been blank, must have stood forth crosshatched with the lines of them like the shadow mind in a cartoon boy.

"I know what you were doing. You were cooking up some job with Senty Mahon. What was it you planned to do? Steal freight from the yards?"

"Nix on dat stuff!"

"What were you two doing you're ashamed to talk about? Tell me that!"

"Nuttin'. I dunno."

"Nothing you're ashamed of! Sure. Maybe not. You wouldn't be ashamed of breaking into houses. You wouldn't

(Continued on Page 111)



"How's That Coloring Job Coming On?" He Asked. "I Sent Back the Ticket for Instructions," Said Bedford. "That's an Oil-Process Job. You Need a Special Equipment for That Job"

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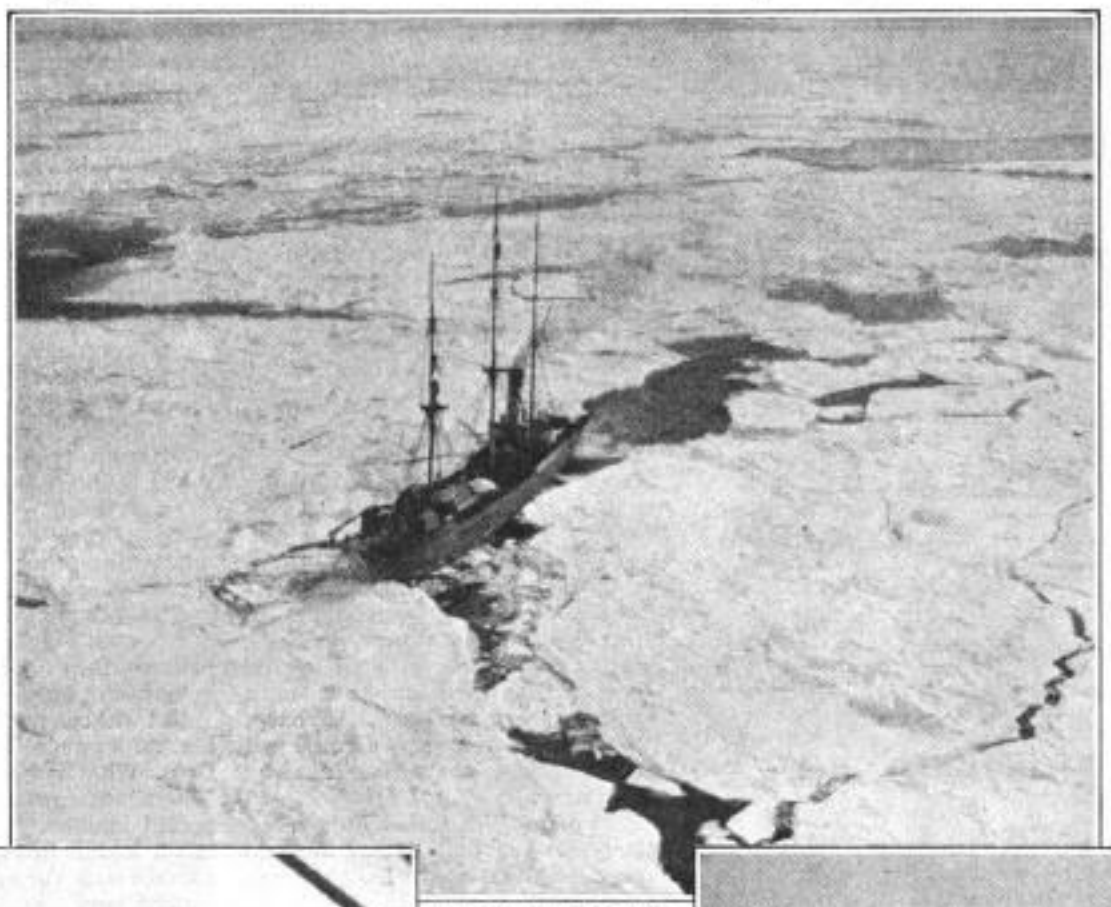
The Greatest Hunt in the World

By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

WHITECOATS!" yelled a hoarse voice down the cabin companionway. Instant confusion electrified everybody. Captain, boson, carpenter, master watches and all jumped up from the oilcloth-covered table where we had been having our lobscouse, potatoes and jam. Such a shouting, such a running, such a buckling on of sheath knives, grabbing of towlines and murderous-looking gaffs you never could imagine. Up tumbled all hands and out on the coal-blackened decks of the laboring old Terra Nova. One sealer nearly impaled me with his gaff point as I scrambled for binoculars and camera. Never mind! Whitecoats!

Feet thudded the decks. Forward, swarms of Newfoundlanders were pouring from the to'gal'n' house, the 'tween-decks, the dungeon. Grimed faces appeared at the engine-room scuttle, the galleys. Babel broke loose. Sealers lined the broad rails, gesticulating out toward the illimitable plain of arctic ice that blazed, dazzling white, under the March sun.

"Whitecoats! Hear 'em bawlin'?" Shouts, laughter, cheers.





"Overboard, My Sons!" Shouted Cap'n Abram Kean From the Bridge



For General All-Round Innocence, I Commend the Whitecoats to Your Attention

PHOTO, COPYRIGHT BY AERIAL SURVEY COMPANY, ST. JOHN'S

Away She Ground, Crushed, Shuddered Through the Floes. But a Different Spirit Was Hers. The First Honors of the Spring—as the Wireless Assured Us—Were the Terra Nova's

"Dere 'm de whitey jackets, b'ys!"

From a ship of anxious questing, she had become a ship of joyous finding. The thrill that comes but once a voyage was here. For now we were to have a rally at the whitecoats, a killing of young seals. The Terra Nova, first of all the St. John's fleet, had struck the fat.

"Overboard, my sons!" shouted Cap'n Abram Kean, admiral of the fleet, from the bridge he had already reached. "You'll see somethin' like seal runnin', now we've got down to the reg'lar sheet ice and no more slob! Get into 'em!"

Overboard and At 'Em

BUT the men needed no urging. They thirsted for the kill as harts for cooling streams. Even before the ship had bucked into the edge of a vast, groaning floe that broke crisply like gigantic candy, they had escaladed the rail, eager for a go at this whitecoat patch, the outscouts of the great Atlantic herd; they had slid down the ropes to the side sticks, or horizontal rope-hung timbers, and were ready to spring. For, in this desperate game of hide-and-seek with the herd, here at last was a chance to tag something. After all these days of crashing, grinding, wallowing through the white wilderness, here was gainful slaughter.

First of all actually to make the ice was Cyril, the cap'n's grandson, a mere boy. Sixteen, I think he was; but boys grow strongly daring in those hardy latitudes. He led the leaping, yelling crowd that jumped to the upheaved slither of loose-broken pans, scrambled with goatlike agility to solid ice, and in their heavily spiked Eskimo skinny-woppers, or skin boots, ran like madmen across its fantastic and tumbled-up confusions.

At the rail, meantime, I watched; I, who by the grace of the ship owners, Bowring Brothers, had been permitted to go to the ice. Watching, I heard the whitecoats bawl, saw their puffy, white-furred bodies wopsing about or lying prone on the floes that looked like frosting on some Brobdingnagian cake.

Speedy Cyril

THE old seals raised inquiring heads, began to swing round, to get under way with their peculiarly sinuous shimmy—it certainly would not be allowed in United States waters. The dogs, to their shame be it said, were first to make for rifts and bobbing holes. The females lingered, but not long. They had to go, one way or another—into the sea or under the sculping knife. With a very general farewell wave of scutters, or hind flippers, the fond parents vanished. But the young, the coveted whitecoats, still remained.



Cyril, the Cap'n's Grandson, a Mere Boy. Sixteen, I Think He Was

"Dere'm de fat, sir!" a grizzled old Bonavista Bay man exclaimed to me. "Only a little skein o' swiles, but dat 'm a beginnin'!"

It was a beginning, all right enough; a beginning of nearly six weeks of the toughest, roughest, most gorgeously colorful and comprehensively thrilling hunt that exists on this planet. Now, already the kill was under way. Swiftly the men ran, caught, struck with their heavy gaffs. Cyril's gaff got the first seal, for the boy could outrun the others. It was a fat dog. It faced him, raised its head, flashed sharp teeth—sometimes such teeth work havoc on incautious hunters—and flung a throaty "R-r-r-r-r-r-r-r!"

Whack! The seal's head dropped. The boy's flensing knife got busy on the instant. Speed and efficiency, plus! A very deep and primitive excitement grappled me. Color? Some! The ice glowed with it.

Now the others had gone into action. Everywhere the gaffs were rising, falling; towropes being cast from shoulders; men bending over the fat booty. Everywhere the seals were being rolled over on the ice, deftly sculped. The hunters were shucking the seals out of their pelts as deftly and almost as quickly as you'd shuck a peanut. Every pelt had one forward flipper cut out, one kept with the skin. Blobs and spots of red dotted the icescape. "Snick-snick-snick" sounded the whetting of the knives on the steels. All about, pelted carcasses sprawled.

Open came the loops of the lines, and swiftly the tows were laced up. The men began dragging their plunder back toward the ship. Through ice defiles and around

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pinnacles tenderly blue they toiled, each bending far forward with the weight of the load, each with gaff swaying over shoulder. Long, sinuous lines of crimson formed; they joined to broader roads, converging shipward. In came the sculps, fur side to the ice, flesh side quivering like currant jelly. Here, there, a round seal—which is to say one as yet unskinned—was trailing at the end of a gaff. Thus the first wealth of the season gathered at the ship side.

Along the rail, all who had borne no hand in the exploit were gathered, and babels arose. Men clung in rig and ratlines. Officers peered over the high bridge cloth. Shouts, gibes, cheers, laughter rang into the thin, shining air. Big red patches began to form on the ice. This, from the cap'n:

"Out with them straps now! Out with the whip line! Take 'em on the after winch! Don't put y'r gaff point down! Remember, every hole in a skin is ten cents out o' your pocket! Now then, aboard with 'em! Look yary!"

And inboard came the sculps, swiftly, while the winch roared and rattled, steam gushed, men shouted. The rails reddened; so, too, the black decks. Lusty hands dragged the round seals up with iron hooks and ropes. Aboard, they were pelted in a jiffy. A comfortable pile of fat already filled the scuppers, steaming.

"Come ashore, all hands!"

Up they swarmed, bizarrely crimsoned of hand and boot. Up the ropes they hauled themselves, over the rail. More babel. The decks smoked and guttered. The sweet, pure arctic air, tingling with ozone, grew heavy with a hot, sickish smell. My camera was working overtime.

"Full speed ahead!" shouted Cap'n Kean.

The bridgemaster jerked the engine-room telegraph. A bell clanged far below. The archaic engines began to thump and thud again, like a tired heart. Away drew the Terra Nova from that place where now, save for some startled survivors surging up and down in open bays, all seal life had vanished. Away she ground, crushed, shuddered through the floes, as for so many days now. But a different spirit was hers. Tuned up, electrified, nerve-tautened, her men were different men. For the first honors of the spring—as the wireless assured us—were the Terra Nova's. She was then, as till the end she remained, high liner of the fleet.

The first whitecoat cut, or kill, had been made.

Commercial Seal Products

WITH an eagerness not less acute than the men's I was all this time doing my own hunting, even though it's hard to operate camera and pencil with freezing fingers. But the task was worthwhile; for if life in the raw has power to stir the pulses, the seal hunt puts them high.

Before wading through any more slaughter, let's stop a minute to get some general idea about this hunt as a whole. The two commercially hunted Atlantic seals are the harps and the hoods, cousins to the Pacific fur seal, yet killed not for their fur but for their hides and fat. Atlantic-seal fur is not fast, save only that of the cat, or stillborn seal. The hides and fat, however, are immensely valuable. At St. John's the sculps are peeled, the skins salted and sent to England to be worked up into leather; the fat is ground, steam-cooked, refined, sunned in glass-roofed tanks till it's a pure white, tasteless and odorless oil. And that's a miracle, no less; for seal sculps and oil, originally, remind one of anything but the roses of Gulistan.

My Lady Dainty everywhere carries hand bags and fine leather articles made of such skins; yes, and often wears shoes made of them too. Her costliest perfumes and soaps often contain seal oil; and by chance her purest olive oil holds a good percentage that came from the frozen north. The finest of lubricating oil, too, is a seal product. Then there are other uses; but enough of this. One likes to salve one's conscience, re the killing of this extremely warm-blooded mammal, by reflecting how very necessary it is.

The hunt takes place every spring, in the tremendous ice field that drifts down from Greenland and the Labrador, finally to melt on the Banks. The vast herds summer far north. As autumn nips the seas to pack ice they migrate, some down Hudson Bay, others along the Labrador and Greenland coasts. Part of the herds pass through the Straits of Belle-Isle and down the Gulf of St. Lawrence; part keep to the open Atlantic. Why, no one knows; but the strings of hoods always swim to seaward of the harps, either in the gulf or at sea. These two species always migrate in company, but never mix.

They winter on the Banks—incidentally destroying millions of tons of food fishes—and toward late winter turn north again.

As they meet the ice they take to it; and there, about the last of February, they bear their young, called pups. In spite of the fact that each female has only one pup a year, and that these infants are the chief object of the hunt, the herds seem increasing rather than diminishing.



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George Allan England in Sealing Rig

Dauntless Ships and Shipmen

IN THE old sailing-vessel days, when many thousands of men were out, serious inroads were made; but now that only nine or ten steamers go to the ice, with perhaps fifteen hundred men, only one to two hundred thousand are taken, as against five to six hundred thousand in former times.



One "Watch" Going Away. Pikes, Flags, Belts, Knives and "Nonny-Bags" Give Them a Military Appearance. At the Left—Usually the Hoods Will Stand and Fight

This killing, however, remains the greatest hunt in the world, not only in number of mammals slaughtered but also in point of perils from ice, storm, fire, explosion, drowning—a whole catalogue of hardships that Newfoundlanders alone—and of these only men from the northern bays—can possibly endure.

It reads easy, in an armchair; but my Lord, if you could only put in six weeks of it as I did!

A few thousand seals are killed by adventurous men working offshore on the drift ice, but the vast bulk of the hunt is carried on by the regular St. John's fleet, owned by three firms. Old-time wooden ships they all are, using both sail and steam and carrying heavy crews of as many as a hundred and sixty men. Built of green heart oak, in bonny Dundee, massively timbered and with iron-sheathed bows, these dauntless ships, in charge of ice masters incredibly bold

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One by One the Gangs Shinned Over the Rail and Leaped to the Rolling, Grinding Pans



The Decks Filled With Black-Grimed Men. Flags Bristled. Torchlights Were Dealt Round

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LIPS

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART



The Lips Beneath the Mustache Said, "Cole. Grown Some Since . . ." "Yes, sir," Said Luther. "Yes, Gen'ral"

JUBILEE danced with all four hoofs so that yellow dust squirted up from the hot road and fell on Luther's breeches. Luther said, "Well, if you want to bust a leg runnin' downhill, boy, go an' do it!" and dropped a palm on the gray horse's neck. So Jubilee lunged forward, flattening his ears, and there was sudden wind that parted Luther's black hair. They came soaring down the curved lane of West Hill and a lad jumped a stone fence with two melons like eyes in his hooked arms on either side of a blue shirt. Scythes halted in a square of August wheat and men waved broad hats. "Go on," said Luther, "bust yourself! Make believe you're a steam engine!" and stooped his head against the flickering mane that lashed his face. The first houses of Buford hopped by, right and left, before Jubilee slowed. They entered Summer Street at a decent pace and Luther stiffened in his saddle; Jubilee stopped with a prance at the stables; no groom idled under the stone archway with its curving sign, "L. Cole & Brother, Livery," and Summer Street was naked, drained of people.

Luther scratched an ear and gaped. He stared at his house. The abandoned dolls of his four sisters lay in the splash of sun that made his steps glitter with the new white paint administered yesterday by Camellius George. A dog romped with its tail before the post office. A very young kitten came from the stables and puffed its fur, hissing at Jubilee. Then Luther saw a receding muddle of bodies below locust boughs at the street's end; people were jamming the station; a globe of black smoke rose above the low roof, loaded with boys. There was no train at this hour! "G'long, son," said Luther, and Jubilee paced down Summer Street with curious jerks of his skull. His snorts must echo in this emptiness.

Some of his carriages and several of his riding horses were caught in the pool of beings. Guests of the hotel at Buford Springs made part of the tide that engulfed the station's small bulk of amber brick and moved against the olive line of the motionless cars. Smells of leather and moist shirts, odd gusts of perfume and peppermint entered Luther's nose. He made Jubilee trot about an edge of the herd and rode on the tracks serenely. Jubilee tapped a rail with a hoof and walked pensively up the ties toward the brazen shimmer of the last car's platform.

These new metal balconies stuck to cars Luther thought of as the vainest pomp. Who cleaned the things? Men and boys flooded the tracks; warm hands were reached up to spot the brass. A little fellow climbed clear over the railing and then tumbled back.

The door opened. A plump woman in white came forth. A bearded man walked past her to the rail and stood, ducking his ruddy face to the prompt froth of waving handkerchiefs.

Luther's elbows smote his ribs in an obedient jerk. His spine straightened. It was Grant, and Luther squared himself in the saddle for the inspection of those immovable eyes. The President had spoken yesterday in Pittsburgh; this special train was taking him on to Washington. Four years had not changed the tawny beard, and a cigar smoked placidly in one gloved fist. The gloves of lavender seemed strange. The white lady must be Mrs. Grant, and General Badeau was talking across her shoulder, staring at the procession that heaved itself below the brass in a fluctuation of heads. Luther grinned. Grant was leaning down to shake hands briefly with the people. Who in this crowd had ever been told by him how to dress wet leather? Who had ever ridden twenty miles to get him a box of cigars? Jubilee edged forward. Luther checked him with a knee and looked with pride at the station, central in this stirring plain of faces. Then he winced; Camellius George Cole was hopping up and down on the shed, not ten feet above Grant's eyes, and his blue shirt had worked from his breeches. A girdle of pink skin showed horribly as the lean boy hopped, his white socks and copper heels bouncing on the slope of slate.

Luther stood in his stirrups and called, "Hey, Camellius George! You put your shirt tail into your pants or I'll give you a bust on the ear'll make you look like mashed up fence!" His brother stopped, but Mrs. Grant's circular fan stopped, too, and directly Luther saw the President's eyes take fire from the sun. The cigar rose to the beard and sank. Icy cannon balls bumped in Luther's stomach. In a moment the changeless voice would call, "Here, orderly!" and the left thumb would beckon. The left thumb beckoned. People spread off the tracks. Camellius George slid down and hung his socks from the shed. Jubilee walked forward and turned sideways. Coils of sweat ran on Luther's back. He would not understand one word. The lavender glove met his fingers. The lips beneath the mustache said, "Cole. Grown some since . . ."

"Yes, sir," said Luther. "Yes, gen'ral. I—I'm stone-deaf, now, sir."

The eyes stared with flecks tossed into them by the brazen rail. Then Jubilee pulled aside. Luther saw the fair top of a tall man's head. It was Martin Summer's head. Those were Martin Summer's pale whiskers, and his one hand rested easily on the dirty platform. Luther beamed. His brother-in-law should be in New York, stockbroking, but Martin was gloriously here, for his rescue, and talking quickly with clear flutters of words: "Scarlet fever, Mr. Presi . . . Yes, sir. He has a big livery. He'll be twenty-one in . . ." Martin raised an eyebrow at Luther. "Be twenty-one in October."

Grant scrubbed his beard about with a glove and turned to Mrs. Grant. He said, ". . . boys at Headquarters . . . more about horses than . . . ever saw, Julie." Jubilee's ears twitched. The platform seemed to shake. A green leather cigar case came suddenly from the coat. Luther snatched a cigar and the train slipped away.

Luther waved an arm, wishing for a hat to wave. Lads ran after the train up the tracks and Camellius George dropped from the shed. His shirt soared in the descent and Luther glanced about for the Widow Grosscup. He saw Sue Grosscup beside a lady in a white, fringed mantle, and to Sue he bawled, "Hey, Sue! You tell your mamma she's got to make Camellius George's shirts longer on him! A person'd take him for six, an' he's sixteen!"

His clerk retorted, ". . . wear suspenders like a Chris . . . wouldn't . . ." But her yellow hair was blowing in a bright muss over her mouth and her green eyes.

"You put your hair into a net so's I can see what you're saying," Luther complained. He turned to Martin Summer and said, "Hey, Marty! When you git here? Say, you saved my life for me! When y'git here?"

The ugly man laughed and answered, with kind slowness, "Just now. Here's Clara."

Luther dismounted and kissed his sister respectfully under her veil sewn with dots. She smiled. He could never see a word, but she patted his cheek and buttoned his shirt, as usual. Translation to New York and the further glories of a house with five servants had not altered her habit of arranging him to suit herself. She was twenty-five and her slaps had always been redoubtable. She had always been subtly minded, and now her gown showed, below the white mantle, strange patterns of green tracery that matched her eyes.

"Well, anyhow," Luther said, "y'ain't took to h'istin' your skirts up to your knees like them women at the Springs." Nor was she painted. He observed, "You look fine. Where's the babies?"

Her lips moved and Luther attended the movement with his eyebrows drawn together, but got no good of the effort. Martin Summer said, though, "Tarrytown—all right." So Luther knew that his nieces were bestowed in a house beside the Hudson River, rented for hot weather. He somewhat resented that unseen house. It was better for Martin to bring Clara down to Buford where they belonged and go fishing in the brooks above Skunk Falls. The great parade of 1865 had danced to pieces about Luther's feverish head and he had dropped from his horse before Willard's Hotel in Washington to wake and find the world silent. But Martin's words had been comprehensible from the first. The lean tall man spoke as plainly as did Sue Grosscup or Camellius George, who had scrambled on Jubilee and was meaning to ride him up Summer Street through the complex lingering crowd.

"Git down off'n that, you big fool," said Luther, gripping the boy's belt and bringing him to earth kindly. "Well, how's your business, Marty? I see in the Pittsburgh papers that this gold has got Wall Street all mussed up."

He strolled between his horse and the grandee. Camellius George hopped ahead with much dignity and scorned other boys. Luther's four small sisters appeared, wagging plaits of rusty hair, and proved by the stains on their pantalets that the station roof was painted red along the

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gutters. Mrs. Summer considered them with a smile that lasted a long moment. Luther stopped watching Martin Summer's comments on the gold market and watched his sister smile. It was odd; the stirring of her lips did not alter the pointed rosy face misted over by the veil; she smiled as if a statue smiled in its rigidity.

He asked, "What you laughin' at, Clara?"

Sue Grosscup interpreted, "She says . . . girls are too old for pant ——"

"Git out," said Luther. "Mamma always had 'em in pants!"

The four virgins whirled and glared at him. Luther scratched an ear. People were smiling all around. He must have shouted. Sue Grosscup often warned him of speaking loudly.

He said, "Well, you send 'em the right kind of duds down out'n New York, Clara, an' I'll see they wear 'em. Go home, girls, an' git washed for supper."

The girls made atrocious signs with their swift mouths. Their green eyes blinked, and Emma, who was thirteen, announced clearly that she would go to hell before getting washed at four when supper was at five. Luther cuffed her head resignedly and told Clara, "They hang round the stable too much. If I wasn't so stupid I'd git me a wife to mind 'em."

Sue Grosscup settled her paper sleeve protectors and gazed at an elm. Mrs. Summer laughed a little and mounted the high curb before the brown marble steps of the Summer mansion, which bulked for sixty feet along the sidewalk, its white columns and vinous brick now mottled by shadows that seemed stains. Luther admired her calm.

She was a person who read novels and could play the piano. She had married Martin Summer as tranquilly as though the grandee were a farmer.

He asked, "How long you stayin', Clara?"

Martin Summer answered for her, "Tomorrow night, brother."

"Aw, say," Luther mourned, "what kind of visit d'you call that? You ain't been here but them two days in April sinct las' year! I was goin' to let you ride Jub'lee. He's all broke now."

Clara's husband laughed and clapped the boy's shoulder. His lips mentioned, "Market's . . . bad . . . stay home and see they don't . . . all my money, Luther."

"Sure," said Luther, "them heathen in Wall Street'll take ev'rything you got. You was a fool to sell so much land here. You and Clara'll end up grindin' one them hand organs on the street, like ——" The broker touched his wrist. Luther ended the prophecy in a cough and a blush. Some women from the Springs had paused on the sidewalk to listen. He said, "Well, come up to the stable an' see the Empress Eugenie that Demarest sent me down from New York. It's got red wheels."

But Martin had business in the brownstone bank and strolled on. Luther mounted Jubilee and let the horse trot up the cobbles. Camellius George hopped in long strides to keep up with him and twisted his face, stating, "Clara looks . . . sick."

"Don't see so. Wish she'd stay long 'nough to comb the girls out some. They've took to swearin'," Luther reflected, "pretty bad. And I think Katie'd been chewin' some plug when she was sick yest'day. She'll be aimin' to copy that hussy up to the Springs and ride a horse on a man's saddle next. What's that fool's name?"

Camellius George pronounced it, but Luther could not understand until the boy squatted and wrote "Dallas" in the mud where water dripped from the trough at the stables. The black-haired lad continued, "Actress . . . dances . . . York."

"Git out," said Luther. "You think every woman that dresses fancy's a actress sinct I let you read Harry's High Times on Broadway." He dismounted and reproved Camellius George from experience. Luther had talked to an actress in Mill's Café at Washington on furlough after Cold Harbor. He explained, "You can tell this Dallas ain't a actress 'cause she rides out with that Mrs. Budd that's a jeweler's wife in New York. Actresses don't assoc'ate with women, because the women git jealous of the men gawpin' at the actresses. See?"

Camellius George pounded a heel on a cobble and said, "Well, but ——"

"Shut your mouth or the flies'll git in," Luther warned him affably. "You're a big fool, Camellius George. You can ride Jub'lee in."

The boy flushed and accurately swung himself up on Jubilee's saddle. He sat with his wide shoulders paraded and rode the gray into shadow, under the old archway, dismounting with the correct snap of his heels together. It was an excellent copy of Luther's manner. Luther grinned, sitting on the trough. Camellius was all right. If this fuss over the Alabama claims with England came to a war he would send Camellius George to General Grant with a letter and they would make a job for him in the new Headquarters Troop.

Sue Grosscup wandered from the flood of gowns still moving in gay puddles on the sidewalks and Luther assured her, "Camellius is gittin' good, Sue. He can land off'n a horse as well as anybody I ever seen."

His bookkeeper locked her thick arms behind her yellow head and cast her green eyes on Luther's sisters, who were pounding one another before his house across the street. Women from the Springs, airing their short skirts in Buford, gazed at this sight through round glasses on sticks of silver. Sue Grosscup blew some hair away and said, bending her lean waist about, "Them women . . . break their necks . . . heels."

Here was a hole for a compliment. Luther said, "They ain't none of 'em so good a figger as you got, Sue. And them bustles make 'em look like ——"

"Clara," the deeply red lips broke in, "ain't . . . well."

"Awful hot for end of August, Sue. I was sayin' about them bustles that ——"

Sue said, "Come in . . . sign the bills. Mustn't let none . . . folks . . . Springs git away without payin' . . . they did last year."

She had kept books for his dead father through the whole war although she was not yet twenty, and Luther had let her write letters this winter to some base folk who left the Springs without settling accounts. She wrote a majestic hand full of flourishes and his signature looked awkward at the foot of the bills as he signed them in his tiny office beside the archway. Sue said so. She observed, "You . . . like you was diggin' potatoes!" and curled her nose.

"It's a good thing a person so stupid as me has got a bookkeeper so good as ——"

The girl blotted his last signature neatly and stuffed the blotter into the end of the sentence. Luther took it from his mouth and grinned. This must be love. A sutler's daughter at the Alexandria remount had acted so. He rested his naked pink elbows on the desk and said, "You got eyes on you as green as Clara's."

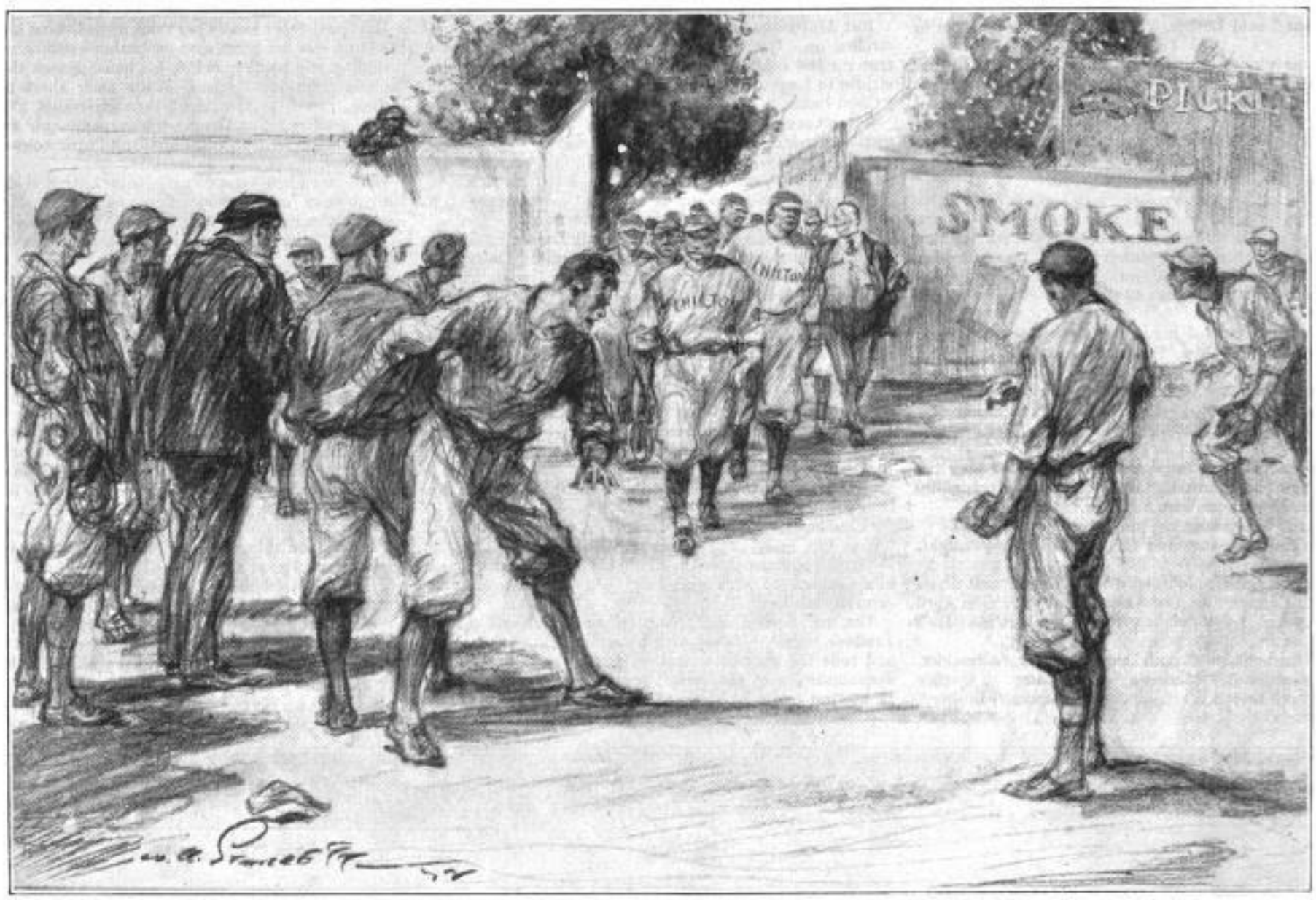
(Continued on Page 100)



He said, "Hey, But You're a Ugly Mass for a Actress! Give it Here!"

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TINY SKIMS THE CREAM



"Get Out!" Shrieked Red to the Chilton Players. "Let Someone Play That Can"

By Sam Hellman

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

STEVENS dropped with limp weariness into the other chair in Travers' office, pushed back the flaming thatch from his moist forehead and scowled at Tiny, who returned good for evil by smiling blandly.

"Tired, Red?"

"Tired?" rasped the other. "I'll tell Susie I am! Tired as hell trying to pry jack out of this burg. Been running my feet off all morning, and how much you think I got?"

"Five hundred?" ventured Travers.

"Five hundred turndowns. One hundred and a quarter, and most of that in promises. Believe me, Tiny, I'd be on a rattler hitting the rails for Frisco tonight if I hadn't said I'd see you through. It wasn't so bad last season, but they're so tight now you couldn't get a dime to stage the World Series here, with the Dempsey-Wills fight for a curtain raiser."

"Same story, I suppose?" yawned Tiny, shifting his two hundred and fifty pounds of jelled bulk to reach for cigars. "Have one?"

"Sure," said Red; "just for the pleasure of getting something without having to flop on my knees and wring my hands. Yeh, same old yarn. Bad business, mines shut down, slow collections. Besides, most of them can't see why we should have to spend more money for players than we did last year or the year before that."

"Did you explain?"

"Sure," was the disgusted response. "Told 'em about the important money Harkness was blowing for stars, but you might as well hiss a guy that's stone deaf. Just as soon give the game to Ajax by default."

"We can get some of the lads we had last year, can't we?"

"Nothing doing. I wrote to Grant and Donovan and Spriggs, and they've all been called on and raised. Harkness is paying the three of them more than we've got for a whole team. Saw old Froglegs Preston at the Commercial Club this morning, and what do you think the old egg wheezed at me?"

"What?" asked Tiny with interest.

"Said he regretted that Chilton had ever found it necessary to go out of town for players. Thought that with proper training the boys here could be whipped into a ball team that would, oh, yeh, reflect credit on our magnificent city. He knows as much about baseball as I do of bull fighting."

"Did you pull the civic-pride stuff on him?"

"Did I? Tiny, you'd 'a' got a lump in your throat if you'd heard my piece. Told him that the annual game between Chilton and Ajax was the only thing that let the post-office people know that mail was still being delivered here. Tried to stir him up by telling him that Harkness was sneering at us and calling us pikers. That got him a little and then he turned loose on you."

"What about, this time?"

"Said if you had spent the dough right last year we'd 'a' had a winning team. Kind of gave me the idea he thinks you're a joke manager. On the square, Tiny, I'd like to send a lot of school kids in there next month and let Ajax wipe up the earth with them. Serve these tight-fisted birds right."

Travers turned his heavy-lidded eyes on Stevens.

"How much money we got?"

"About $600 altogether to corral twelve or fifteen players with. Do you know what Harkness offered Grant for one day's work? Two hundred smackers and expenses. The old boy's sure made up his mind to give Chilton one grand beating this year. Feller told me he said he'd have all Arizona laughing at this burg and its fat-boy baseball boss."

"So Froglegs thinks I'm a rotten manager?"

"Yeh, and I guess he thinks that I'm just as rotten a scout and captain and collector and the other jobs I got. Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"We've got three weeks yet, haven't we?"

"Sure, we got three weeks, but what do you expect—some of them babies at the orphan asylum to grow into Cobbs by that time?"

"No, but we can do a lot of thinking in that time."

"Well," snapped Stevens, "see if you can think up about 1500 iron men. I'd like to be able to hire a pitcher with two arms, anyhow."

Tiny smoked silently.

"Get to see Jamerson yet?" he asked at length.

"No," said Red, reaching for his hat. "I'm going over there now. He'll probably give me ten dollars and three cheers. See you tonight."

Travers hunched his bulk lower into the chair and gazed at the wall. He was thinking of what Froglegs had said. Preston was president of the Commercial Club, head of the Chilton National, and the town's lord high executioner in general. It hurt Tiny to be regarded as a failure with the baseball team. True, he had been a failure at nearly everything else, but that was by the way. The game between Chilton and Ajax was the one big event of Valechula County, and the directorship of either team was the supreme in public distinction. Everybody was interested in the yearly contest, the sporty and younger element because of the playing itself, the women and the church folk because the gate receipts went for the benefit of the Valechula Orphan Asylum.

The year before, Ajax had won after an eleven-inning battle, and Chilton barely raised its civic voice above a whisper for a month after the game. Then it began talking about next year, but the copper mines shut down and enthusiasm did likewise. Ajax was better off industrially, and in the person of Jim Harkness it had a millionaire angel willing to go the limit to produce a winner.

There were no eligibility rules governing the game. Both towns frankly went after all the ball players in the vicinity who were worth hiring, professionals and semi-professionals being brought from Tucson, Phoenix, Bisbee and even farther points. On one occasion Harkness had imported a man from the California State League. As a

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general rule the teams had been fairly well balanced, but it had early become obvious that Ajax was determined to leave no doubt as to its superiority this year.

Tiny rose with a sigh and crossed the square to the Chilton National. Preston greeted him coldly.

"We need money," said Travers bluntly, "or Ajax will walk all over us."

Froglegs cleared his throat.

"You know how conditions are."

"Yes, of course. Would you," asked Tiny slowly, "make a good-sized donation if I should resign and another manager be appointed; your son, for example?" Young Preston had been a consistent seeker of the honor.

"What makes you think I might?" was the evasive reply.

"You believe I have failed with the team, don't you?"

"Well"—hesitating—"I wouldn't exactly say that, but I do believe you could have spent the money we subscribed—er—more judiciously, shall we say?"

"Maybe. We've got about $600 now. How far do you think that will go when Harkness is hiring the best ball players in the state? You want us to meet on even terms, don't you? The way it looks now, the score will be 543 to 1 when rain stops the game in the fifth inning. I've heard you yourself say that the team did more to advertise Chilton than ——"

"Yes, yes, I know, but ——"

"Conditions," persisted Tiny, "are not much better at Ajax. I understand Harkness himself has made a donation of $2500. Expects to get it back betting if anyone here is fool enough to take him on."

"You take a rather discouraging view of ——"

"Why shouldn't I?" cut in Travers with a touch of anger. "Stevens and I have combed the town for money. How much," he shot suddenly at Preston, "will you loan me on the Grayson tract?"

"To buy ball players with?" demanded the banker.

"What do you care?" retorted Tiny. "Will you let me have $5000 for ninety days?"

"Ordinarily I would, but the directors ——"

"The place is worth $25,000. Harkness offered me $15,000 three months ago."

"If you can get him to repeat that offer," said Froglegs, "I would advise you to accept."

"You won't make the loan?"

"I think not. Why don't you see Harkness? He's in town."

"He is?"

"He was in the bank an hour ago. I'm certain you'll find him at the hotel."

Sure enough, the Ajax magnate was in the lobby, smoking.

"Hello, Travers," he greeted. "You're just the man I'm looking for. Just thinking of dropping over to your office."

"What do you want? To buy some of my ball players?"

There was the suspicion of a sneer in Harkness' laugh.

"Hardly. From what I hear, you haven't one that's worth a counterfeit dime."

"Think so?"

"You can't bluff me," asserted the Ajax angel. "I wish you did have a few players. We want a little competition. Can't you dynamite some money out of these has-beens here? It's going to be a burlesque from what I can see. There's some talk at home of dropping Chilton and taking on Bowie for the October game."

"Don't worry," flared Tiny; "it won't be a burlesque unless you furnish the comedy. What did you want to see me about?"

"The Grayson tract. What do you ask for it now?"

"What I always wanted. Twenty-five thousand dollars."

"What do you say," said Harkness, "to twelve?"

The other laughed shortly.

"Some more burlesque?"

"Well," shrugged the man from Ajax, "try to get more from anyone else, now that the mines are shut down and business on the bum."

"I can wait till things get better."

"Can you?" asked Harkness. There was mockery in the tone.

Tiny's lips tightened and he was silent. It was true, he couldn't afford to wait. The Grayson tract at the edge of town represented the last of the estate left by the elder Travers.

"That's your best offer, is it?" said Tiny.

"Yes. Best and final."

"I've got some machinery on the place and ——"

"I've seen the layout," cut in Harkness. "I'll give you $14,000 for the whole smear."

Travers hesitated.

"You can use some of it," suggested the other, with a laugh, "to buy a ball player or two."

"Got your check book here?" demanded Tiny.



"Most of Them Can't See Why We Should Have to Spend More Money for Players Than We Did Last Year"

II

TRAVERS met Stevens later in the day. "Just as I thought," remarked Red; "Jamerson offered me ten dollars."

"And the three cheers?" grinned Tiny.

"No; business was too bad for them."

"Listen," said the manager. "We haven't hired anyone definitely yet, have we?"

"Not, but I think we can get Hazen from Bowie; and if we can't ——"

"Don't do it," ordered Tiny. "Don't make another move toward getting men."

"Going to quit?"

"Anything but. I'm going to get up a ball team that will knock Harkness off the Christmas tree. Here's what I want you to do: I'm leaving tonight on a trip and I may not return until just before the game. You go ahead and put together a team made up strictly of home talent. If anyone kicks tell them it's Froglegs' idea. You can say, though, that I have gone out to hunt up a couple of good pitchers. Get me?"

"Where are you going? I've combed the field and ——"

"I haven't worked out the trip yet," interrupted Travers. "In fact, the whole scheme is still so vague that I can't even tell you anything about it, but I'm quite sure of one thing—we'll give Ajax a trimming that it will remember for fifty years to come."

"How?"

"Leave it to me, Red. I'll show them what a failure I am as a manager. I'll show Harkness a real burlesque. You'll do as I say, won't you?"

"You know me, Tiny. When I ride with a guy I go all the way with him. There are no stop-over privileges on my ticket."

"Good boy." Tiny squeezed his assistant's hand.

"Sure you can get some real players?" queried Stevens.

"In my pocket," was the reply, "is the greatest hypnotist in the world. He can fetch anything."

"Jack?"

Travers nodded.

"Just sold the Grayson tract."

"Get your price?" asked Red.

"Just a part payment. Get the rest after the game."

"And you're going to use your own dough on the team."

"No one else," said Tiny, "will be allowed to give a nickel. This is my party. Not only are we going to give Ajax one grand trimming out we're going to put Chilton on the map in capital letters a toot high. You've got about $600, haven't you?"

"Four hundred in cash and the rest in promises."

"Borrow it and make a few bets. Look discouraged enough and you ought to get some pretty odds. I'll take care of paying off the players you get together here."

Red shook his head dubiously.



"Don't be a Fool," He Whispered. "Don't You Know How Money Runs Up When it's Doubled Like That?"

(Continued on Page 92)

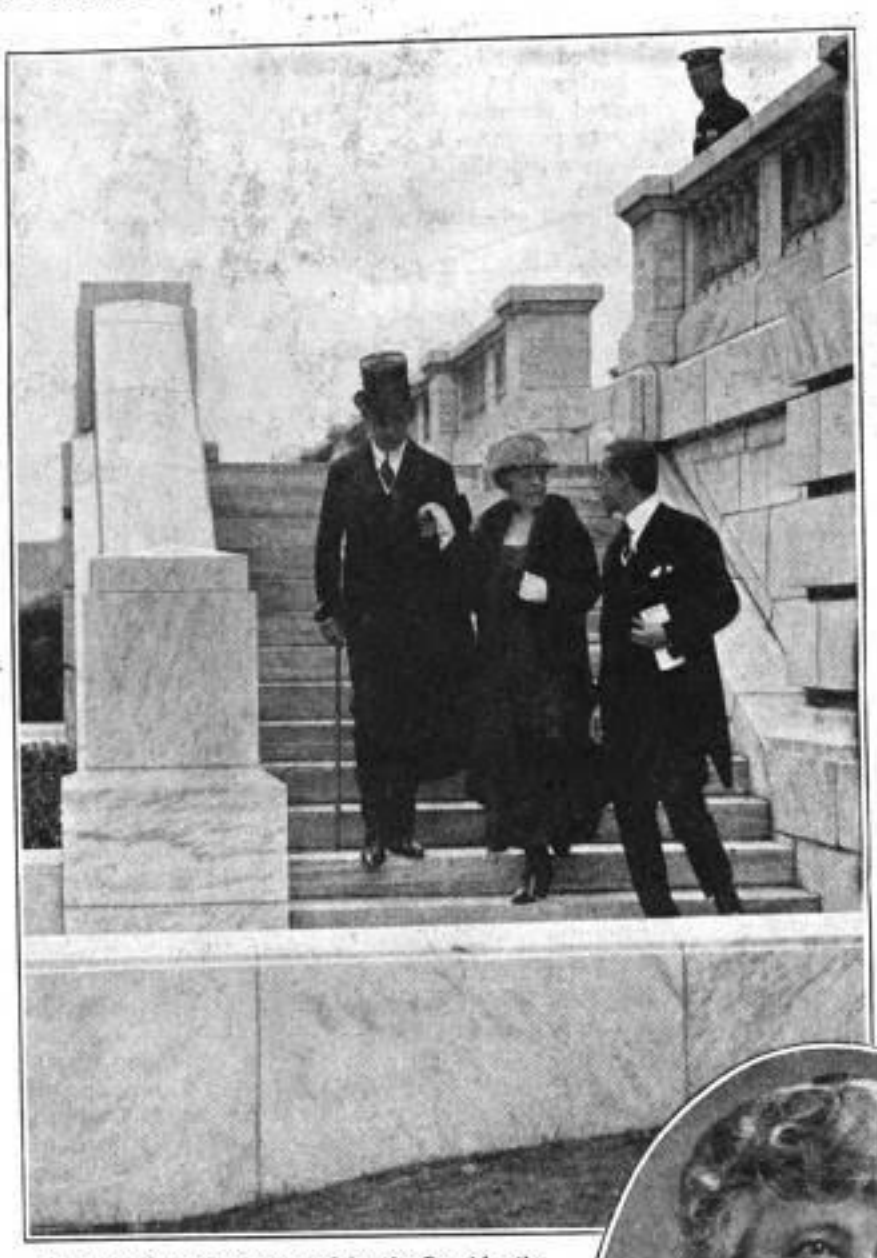
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Public Men in Dinner Coats

By Princess Cantacuzène, Countess Spéransky, née Grant

EARLY in the season the chiefs of foreign missions dined with the President of the United States. Besides the ambassadors and ministers with their wives there was one other foreign couple asked—my husband and I—and we felt greatly honored by this kindly invitation. The splendid old rooms looked their best, and as the guests were assembling everyone spoke of the noble proportions, beautiful decorations and the perfect floral arrangements with becoming light, which testified to Mrs. Harding's personal good taste. In the East Room, Secretary and Mrs. Hughes received the guests, with Colonel Sherrill and Miss Harlan, of the President's household, to aid in welcoming us and to put shy strangers at their ease.

Of course we were all very prompt, and all were dressed in their best. Even the men wore full uniform, either military or diplomatic, covered with gold lace, while ribbons of court or military decorations added their gay bits of color and showed what honors had been won on the field of battle or by long civilian service. Ambassadors of our Allies, chargés from the enemies' countries, friendly South American neighbors all smiled at one another as those who played host lined us up around the spacious room in a great crescent; the French Ambassador, doyen of the diplomatic corps, at the immediate right of the main doorway, whereas my husband and I were at the other end, the only guests who possessed no official rank at all. To be a White House baby or a Russian refugee gives one pleasant privileges although they have no rights. Before we had time to feel weary the double doors were thrown wide open and on the threshold stood the President and the first lady of the land—he, as always, imposing; she, charming, graceful, and with the smile which makes one feel at home. They went round the complete circle, he first, she following; and they greeted every guest with a warm handshake and a happy word or two. Always varying his phrase, the President was, as usual, vastly magnetic, and I think each of the foreigners there felt that his presence gave the chief of a great nation special pleasure. I have never seen anyone possessing the faculty of creating this impression in a handshake and a word to the same extent Mr. Harding does.



Mrs. Harding Accompanied by the President's Secretary, Mr. Christian

At Table

THE circle finished, the march out to the dining room began. We went by rank, Mr. Harding giving his arm to Madame Jusserand and leading the way to the state dining room, through the full length of the White House corridor. There the table made three sides of an open square and was very large. No one was crowded; there was plenty of space between the seats for the dishes to pass with ease, and the dinner was promptly and silently served. The table was quite lovely. Masses of pink blossoms had been arranged in low baskets by a seemingly careless hand, with here and there a high golden vase carrying the flowers up above our heads. The view was thus quite uninterrupted, and a very impressive one it was as I looked along the well-decked table, where glass and china were of admirable elegance and delicacy. From this handsome surface rose occasionally either candelabra or graceful fruit holders of the best classic Empire style, in ancient gilded bronze. I inquired the origin of these fine pieces, and learned they had been chosen and used by Dolly Madison, and had figured at state dinners ever since. All the serving was done by colored men, quietly dressed, and, as I told the one who smilingly pulled out my chair and gathered up my fan and gloves for me, I had never seen a more beautiful party in any European court. His smile broadened, and I'm sure he took a real pride in the feast at which he had served.



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Secretary of State Hughes

I hadn't been to a function of this kind since wartime, and its flavor of official ceremony was rather interesting. My neighbors were new to me, one being the elderly and handsome Minister from Bolivia, while the other was the very distinguished Minister from Sweden. They were about as different companions as could be found. First I heard something of South America; then my partner gave me the names of certain of the other men who were seated in our neighborhood. It seemed quaint to the Russian half of my mind to be told that a large blond across the table was the newly arrived Minister from Finland—that province of old Russia which had always given the imperial government so much trouble in old days. I was reminded by that of my own curious situation; and wondered again whether I was to the mind of this Finn a White House baby or a Russian refugee. I decided he probably wasn't thinking at all of the problem I was trying to solve; so I left the matter in doubt and turned to my right-hand neighbor, to talk of Russia and Germany and Bolshevism.

Sweden had been a neutral, a pro-German neutral, through the war; and since the Bolsheviki have preyed on Russia the Swedes have followed Germany's example and traded with them, not without having some disillusions on practical grounds, I fancy. But his excellency had many curiosities as to my attitude or things I might have heard from Russia, what our hopes were for the future there; and I guessed that though policy or fear of the Teuton kept the Scandinavians where they were, perhaps some anxiety as to the end of the road they followed might be lurking in the clearest Swedish brains. To have the Bolsheviki for neighbors means disorder; and Germany for a friend means domination or an attempt at it which one must resist. Besides, a Wallenberg with ancient name and thoroughbred traditions can't sympathize with the crimes of one gang which led the world into the war or with another which is trying to destroy civilization. We had an interesting talk that night.



PHOTO. BY THE NATIONAL PHOTO. CO., WASH., D. C.

Mrs. John W. Weeks, Wife of the Secretary of War

Political Chitchat

I FIND somehow I would rather discuss politics with men who hold views different from mine than with those who agree with me; provided they can keep their tempers of course. It is exciting to argue and try to convert whenever possible. I always like to know what is in the opposition's mind anyhow, if I must battle for my principles and for my cause; and one of the real pleasures of Washington is to me the meeting of such a variety of foreigners, on neutral ground, when I can dig up all sorts of problems of Europe's past and Europe's future and can venture opinions which bring out their theories. But at the White House the parties were rather too official for lengthy talks, and save in some corner where two people might stand for a few moments chatting, the company was a moving brilliant kaleidoscope of color and of sound. After dinner there was a program of admirable music, and at about eleven Mrs. Harding made a move which the President answered. They spoke to those nearest them a short farewell and bowed to those who were farther on. Then, her arm on his, they withdrew, and the great double doors were closed. It was the Secretary of State and the presidential household to whom we expressed our thanks and our good nights.

The large receptions—diplomatic, supreme court, army and navy and congressional—followed one another rapidly through the season, and were all very grand levees; especially those given for the diplomats and for the Army and Navy, which were more gorgeous because of all the uniforms. This Administration had started a new custom, which seemed a very sensible innovation to everyone. When the diplomatic reception occurred it was Secretary Hughes and his wife who received with the President and Mrs. Harding; for the Army and Navy reception it was Secretaries Weeks and Denby with Mrs. Weeks and Mrs. Denby. This was instead of having all the cabinet every time, in a long line. There was also a very good arrangement of using various entrances to the White House, thus dividing the crowd, and bringing in certain officials early, without any waiting for them by the long lines of the general public which formed in the corridors and moved slowly through the rooms. Diplomatic corps, the Supreme Court, heads of departments, the cabinet, with a few foreigners or visitors of distinction, came in and left thus through the south entrance, and a pleasant grouping of these guests with much gay conversation always occurred in the large round lower hall while we waited for our motor cars.

One evening we had an opportunity of meeting Laddie Boy down there. He was generally suppressed on party evenings, but that particular night he happened to be

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passing out to take an evening airing and doubtless was excited and pleased at finding himself among company. He dashed off from his attendant's side and fawned on a group of important ladies, who were seated together on a sofa. The ladies had not expected his attentions, and there was a wild scattering of fans, gloves and bags as they abandoned their seats and fled before the delighted Laddie Boy. He was soon captured by his guardian, and consented at once to dash out into the garden and leave his frightened victims. Most of us liked Laddie Boy though, and wished he would come back to make another friendly demonstration.

I watched with pleasure these crowds that the White House gathered. The important men and attractive women, the latter in their best jewels and gowns, made a fine picture; and I enjoyed the show of it all and listening to the music. There was an admirable band, generally the Marine Band, I think, stationed in the front hall, and besides their own bandmaster another person hovered about, giving them advice; quite evidently he imparted inspiration. He was a tall man, rather slim, pale of face, clean shaven and with longish slightly grizzled hair worn loosely, a strong nose and fine brow with keen eyes that almost disappeared sometimes in a humorous expression peculiarly his own. His mouth was very mobile and sensitive, his activities were almost unceasing. An interesting personality, with a dual genius for finance and for music, was this man. A friend of my father's, an inherited friend of mine, I always enjoyed him as a dinner partner, and I was always amused with his hot talk and gay sallies as much as I admired his patriotic work. Yet he can be a rough opponent, I imagine; and he has no fear of making enemies. I heard him attack several members of Congress at one dinner and tell them exactly what he thought of a bill that they were backing. Incidentally he expressed his opinion of Congress in general and their group in particular, and it was a good deal for them to stand. But in France he had served Pershing well; and then last winter, at the President's invitation, he did a splendid job, planning the reorganization of this Government's departments so that savings of millions could easily be made. To rest himself from his efforts in this line he composes music, directs an orchestra and plays on several instruments; and he does this as if his whole world were music. He was almost a member of the cabinet in power, yet with no cabinet rank. People call him General Dawes or Charley Dawes, according to their intimacy with him, and he is a very prominent guest whenever he chooses to appear socially, which is not often.



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Mrs. Harding Buying a Thrift Bond From Secretary of the Treasury Mellon



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Mrs. Charles Evans Hughes

Mr. Hoover

ANOTHER interesting, curious figure is that of the Secretary of Commerce. He is considered shy, yet I don't think his remarkable silences come from that, because whenever it occurs to him to say anything he does so without hesitation. He is brusque in his methods, and apparently he likes others to be direct and short with him. He has proved real genius for organization and for getting things done quickly, and in his own way. His amazing talent for publicity—the kind that makes people give money and leave the rest to him, asking no questions—is to me the largest part of his capacity. Evidently he has some of the attraction and attributes of the cave man, for he certainly dominated the women of the United States and through sheer autocracy made them save and starve, after which experience they proclaimed they liked to be beaten into obedience! As I have watched them shout for him in crowds, wherever they assembled to hear him speak, it seemed as if they liked his tyranny. Sometimes we Western women aren't so far from Orientals or primitives.

Hoover to many seems intimidating, but I did not find him so through the rather casual relations we have had for a year or more. He is only short. We have discussed in as few and as clear words as possible some of the relief problems which have come to me in my work among refugees; and we have talked of Bolshevism and of Russia. When we did not agree we took the subjects up again in time as circumstances changed, and generally finally agreed. When we agreed in the first place we stopped discussing whatever subject we had touched. I found him logical and effective, very determined in his expression of opinion, and about some of the Bolshevik activities rather hot in his indignation, especially lately. A year in the cabinet seems to have made considerable change in him, and his personality has not yet said its last word, I think; but what his future career will be it is hard to guess, with the many winds which blow in politics and the rather odd combination of traits offered by Mr. Hoover's character.

Secretary Hughes

EVERYONE in Washington seems to admire Mr. Weeks and Mr. Denby. They are such simple men, and are said to know their departments thoroughly and to manage them well. They are respected and liked by those who serve with or under them, trusted by the President, and they are agreeable companions. Yet neither is afraid to uphold a principle or a measure for the good of our service in the face of opposition. They are American patriots in the best sense of the word and apparently by general consent the right men in the right places.

The pleasant smile, the intelligent clear blue eyes, the strength and elegance of his personality made the Secretary of State a very marked personage through the winter in Washington society. He has always shown such balance in handling foreign affairs that praise for him is general. In the difficult moments of the conference his tact and patience were as great as was his knowledge of the problems he was facing, and since then he has avoided many a snare with a calm smile. Whether tempted by invitations to Genoa and The Hague or by noisy demands of some senator, Mr. Hughes has never been said to lose his temper, yet his answers to each question showed that he fully realized the traps which existed and faithfully performed his duty. Those who heard him make his great speech at Continental Hall on the opening day of our conference know what force lies back of his smooth cordial manner; and whenever I have talked with Mr. Hughes touching any one of the many questions of world interest which are in his hands I catch myself thinking of that wise phrase Owen Wister puts into his Virginian's mouth: "A man, to succeed in life, should have plenty of temper and never lose any of it!" I can't imagine the Secretary of State losing his temper; yet the foreign world will be made to realize through his acts that America is wise as well as generous.

At the head of the Department of Agriculture is a quiet pleasant man, generally liked by those who meet him, who seems to know and love his country and his work. Mr. Wallace goes out only a little, but whenever I've met him I've kept the pleasant impression that I should enjoy asking him questions on the many subjects purely American that touch his work, and I am sure his replies would be worth while.

There is another quiet man who attracts

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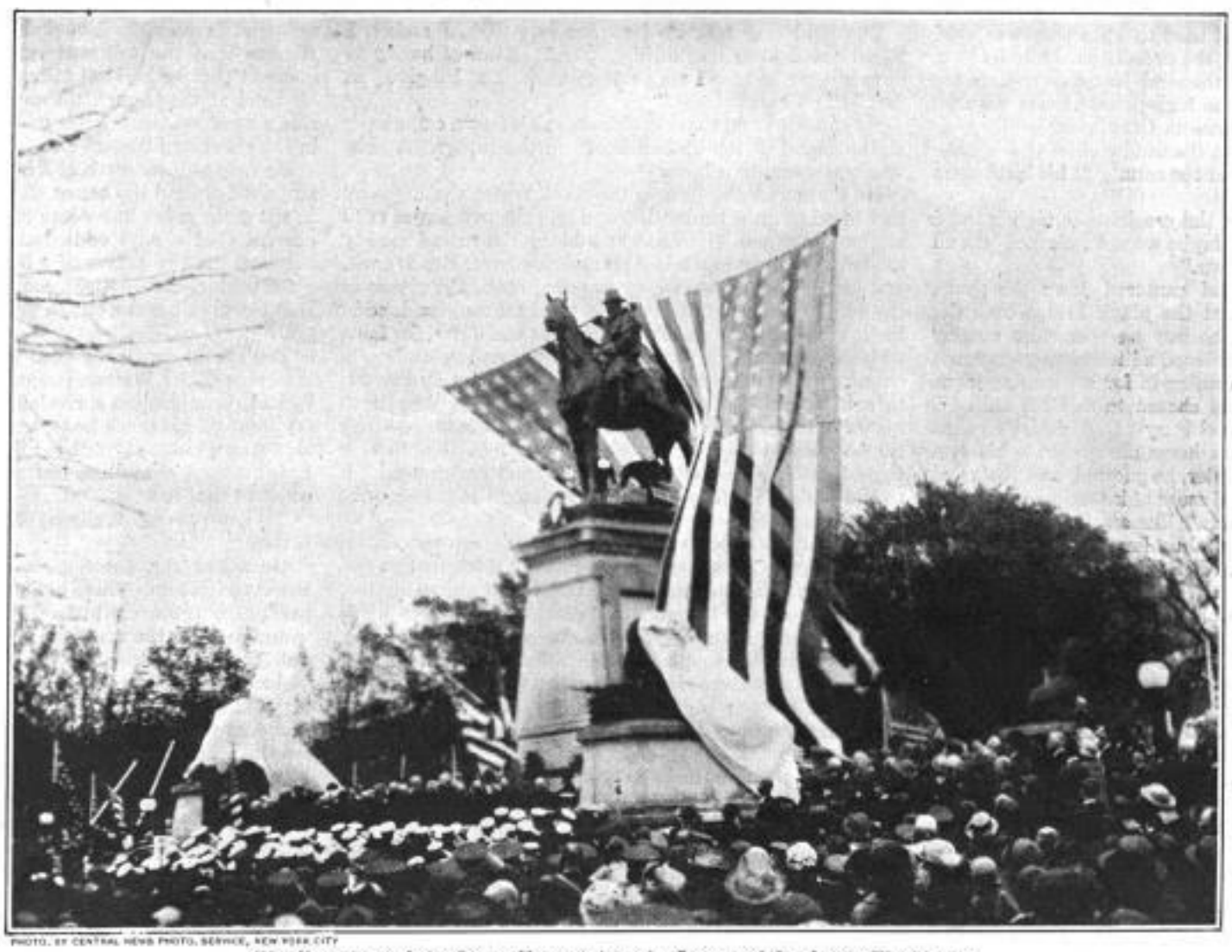


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The Unveiling of the Grant Memorial in the Botanical Garden in Washington

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THE TENTH LAW

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

THE yellow boy, Jake, shuffled into the blot of shadow before the jail, leading the sheriff's horse, and Dan Mackenzie glanced up from the chessboard on the scuffed landing.

"Reckon I got to give you this game, Sim. Time I started if I am to get back by sundown." The deputy's face twisted to a grin.

"Had you licked anyhow, sheriff. Look." He moved the pieces quickly. "See it? Minute you take that there pawn you're gone."

"Looks like it, Sim." The sheriff nodded. "Play a smart game. Reckon you could beat most anybody round here."

Cole grinned. "Anybody except Rufe Kinston, I could. He c'n gimme a queen and lick me. Slickest chess player ever I see, Rufe is."

"Smart, for a fact," conceded Mackenzie straightening his back, joint by joint. "All the Kinstons are smart."

He beckoned to the yellow boy and inspected girth and bit deliberately.

Cole, lighting one of the cigars which, with the pink sleeve garters, signalized his Sunday observance, stood watching him, a thin grin lifting the corners of his tight mouth.

"Whyn't you take the flivver, sheriff? She'd get you where you're going and back, time you get started on a horse."

"Would, sure enough," said the sheriff. "Sort of felt like riding, this trip. Reckon I'm too old to pick up new tricks, Sim. Got used to horses quite a ways back."

He spoke gently, but the speech seemed to irritate Cole. He scowled and made a jerking gesture with the cigar.

"That's what's wrong with this whole county, sheriff. Folks stick by what they got used to when they was kids, instead of keeping step with the procession. Only folks in Hewitt County that've got the sense to be up-to-date are the crooks. We got to chase high-powered cars with an old flivver and a horse! Down in Cray, now ——"

Mackenzie swung stiffly to the saddle. Sim Cole's comparisons between Hewitt and the county of his birth were apt to be protracted.

"Well, son, we can chase the crooks that ain't learned the new tricks, can't we? Maybe we ain't cleaned 'em all out yet. Be back by sundown."

He nudged the horse and cantered down the short, sleepy street. As he crossed the plank bridge over the branch, beyond the town, he saw another rider coming toward him, and his face hardened a little as he recognized the horse. Rufe Kinston, coming in for his Sunday game of chess with Sim Cole, had chosen to ride his old bay. Mackenzie could see his heel busy at the beast's gaunt flank. He frowned; a tired horse always drew his eye. Rufe's car must be out of order, he guessed, and Rufe was the sort to take out a general sense of irritation on a horse. His frown deepened; he didn't like any of the Kinstons very much, and Rufe pleased him less than the rest. He would have ridden on past with only a nod, but Kinston stopped him.

"Evening, sheriff. Sim Cole down to the jail?"

"Reckon so." Mackenzie met the insolent eyes gravely. He glanced at the horse. It was sweating and its head drooped dejectedly. He noticed that the hoofs were unshod and that they showed the effect of hard roads. Rufe must have ridden on the paved highway over in Cray, to batter them like that. "Your car busted down, Rufe?"

"No—just giving her a rest on Sunday." Kinston chuckled. "Time this old crowbait earned his keep anyhow." He surveyed the sheriff's colt with an appreciative eye. "How'll you swap, sheriff? Gimme a good boot?"

Mackenzie did not smile. "Never was much of a hand to trade horses on Sunday, Rufe. But if you aim to sell that horse I'd maybe buy him sometime. You ain't got much use for him, now you got that new car, I reckon."



"I'm Going Ahead, Sim. You an' Saul Stay Back—Gimme Ten-Fifteen Yards Lead"

The bold eyes met his impudently. "Oh, I reckon I might's well keep him awhile, sheriff. Kind of handy to have a horse, even if I ain't riding much. But I'll give you first call on him if I sell."

He chuckled and rode on. Mackenzie's frown came back at the sound of the broken hoofs on the bridge. A man who was mean to a horse ——

He paused at the fork in the road, where the highway turned off to cross the swamp and join the new paved road at the Cray line. He could look along the rutted muddy lane which ran on to the low plank bridge over Big Branch, and see, beyond that rickety unrailed span, the gleam of the white macadam. There was a pleasant coolness here in the low bottom, the smell of wet leaves and mold, the faint whispering sound of the branch, slipping almost silently over the sand. The horse, given a free head for a moment, turned toward the stream, and Mackenzie let him have his way. It was a thirsty day, and there would be no water till he reached the Brent place. He noticed the track of Rufe Kinston's unshod horse in the mud and followed it to the bridge. Rufe had ridden over into Cray, just as he had guessed.

He frowned at the cruelty of it, as the colt drank. If Rufe had gone over there he must have ridden four or five miles on that pavement; the nearest house was easily two or more from the bridge. No wonder the beast's hoofs were battered. Men like Kinston ought to drive their cars, and leave horses to people who were behind the times enough to treat them right. He pulled the colt back to the road and crossed the bridge, riding at a walk on the macadam, studying the strips of bare earth which flanked the pavement, and the thicket of holly and gall berry which shut them off from the swamp. Rufe hadn't turned off the road anywhere; he hadn't even had the decency to ride on the soft ground.

Mackenzie turned and went back, taking the other fork and drawing away from the long wide belt of swamp to the dry desolate upper slopes of the sandy hill, where, except for forlorn lonesome pines here and there, scrub oak and bunch grass had replaced the timber. He did not often take note of the depressing landscape; his eye was trained to it, so that it was sometimes almost beautiful, as when the young leaves began to hide the ugly warped branches of the oaks, and there were patches of color where the phlox bloomed, and the blue and yellow lupines. But today he seemed to see the barren slope with an alien vision, almost as Sim Cole saw it, he thought. It was a sorry country, when you came right down to it; not much like the fat farming lands over in Cray that Cole was always talking about.

He emerged, presently, on the shoulder of the ridge, where he could look across the Brent farm in the bottom to the gentle slope beyond. He drew rein and sat a moment to enjoy that contrast. The farther hill was like a high lake in a thirsty desert. Instead of the dry dead brown of the bunch grass and the twisted dwarfed oaks, here was a wide clean sweep of clear green, long ranks and files of fruit trees pruned to low even growth, already half concealing the bare sand in which they rooted. Mackenzie had seen them often before, but never quite as he saw them now, not even when their blossoms spread a lavender mist over the hillside in the early spring.

He rode down the slope to the weathered house below the sycamores, the grateful coolness of the bottom perceptible to his hands and cheeks with almost the effect of water.

He mopped his face, suddenly conscious of the heat now that he had left it behind him on the higher ground. He saw that the colt was sweating, and regretted for a moment that he had not taken the car instead. He shook his head at the thought; somehow it was more fitting to ride a horse on these visits to Wallace Brent than to come in the snorting little tin car.

He snapped the catch of a hitching chain into the bridle and went around the house. Brent rose from a splint chair in the gallery, his fine white hair stirring in the gentle air current that always eddied through these open passages between the two halves of a house.

"Evening, Dan. Right good of you to ride all this way. But I couldn't make out to get in town, and I had to see you."

The sheriff shook his head in deprecation and took the indicated chair. Wallace Brent was getting old, he thought; he had shrunken and shriveled, so that his sunburned skin lay tight on his cheek bones and jaws. But there was still that strange look of youth in his eyes, Mackenzie thought—Brent always made him feel older himself, and wiser, because of that look.

"What's wrong, Wallace? No trouble with the peaches, is they?"

He asked the question merely to make it easier for Brent to tell him. There had always been trouble with the peaches, ever since Wallace Brent got the notion that fruit would grow in the sandhill ridges. He had been, by sandhill standards, a rich man; the farmlands in the bottom yielded good tobacco and cotton crops; there was money in hand from the sale of outlying timber, and plenty of long-leaf pine still standing. It was all gone now, except for the home farm and the worthless ridges that closed it in, all thrown away on the crazy scheme of growing peaches on land that was barely good enough to support bunch grass and scrub. And Wallace Brent had spent himself, along with his money; he was an old man, older than Dan Mackenzie.

The sheriff remembered those earlier failures; the first orchards that the scale had ruined, before men learned the trick of fighting it with lime and sulphur. The state had

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made Brent grub those infected trees and burn them, in a vain effort to keep the pest from spreading. Then, successively, the failures because of borers and curculio, the mistake of planting in a cuppy hollow that caught and held the frosts, instead of an air-drained slope that let the cold flow down like water. And now, with the money scraped together from the last remnants of the timber, this final folly of setting out a hundred-acre orchard, because the experimental plantation on the ridge had borne sound fruit!

Wallace Brent was too old to come up smiling from another failure; this would be the last attempt. And there'd be little enough left for Sallie Brent and her two kids. Mackenzie frowned up at the green island in the brown waste.

"Trouble with the peaches?" Brent's seamed face brightened. "Couldn't you see 'em when you come over the ridge? They look like they was trouble, Dan?"

"Looked right pretty, Wallace, sure enough; but I didn't know but ——"

Brent leaned forward to lay a twisted hand on the sheriff's knee. His voice went low, confidential.

"Dan, every one of those four-year-old trees is going to bear better'n a crate, without something goes wrong the next two weeks. I'd ought to get a hundred and twenty-five crates to the acre anyways."

Mackenzie shook his head as if the figures impressed him. You couldn't argue with Wallace Brent about this notion of his; he was sane enough on other topics, but the word "peaches" seemed to go to his head like corn liquor. The sheriff had no faith in his idea; you could make bright tobacco in the lower stretches of this country, and maybe half a bale of cotton to the acre if you used enough guano, but the ridges couldn't even grow weeds.

"I've done it, like I always said I would, Dan! That orchard up yonder's better'n a gold mine! I won't get much good of it myself; I'm plumb wore out. But it'll take care of Sallie and her boys when I'm gone. Sallie she knows mighty nigh as much as I do about peaches."

Again Mackenzie shook his head as if admiring and envying Brent's accomplishment, but he thought of Sallie, grim-lipped and silent and brown, managing the house and her children, looking on without a protest while her father frittered away the last of the property that might have kept them all from the bleak poverty which was the rule in this barren country. Sallie ought to know a good deal about peaches by this time! She'd paid enough for the knowledge!

"But it ain't only my own kin I'm thinking about, Dan—it's the whole county—all the sandhills. If I can jest prove to 'em that these ridges 'll make peaches —— Dan, you know how sorry it is for plain farming here. Work like a nigra and jest about come square at the store; kids getting to school four-five months a year, and going barefoot, winters, too; greens and fat-back to eat, and not enough of that! Dan, think what it's going to mean to those folks if they can make peaches on the slopes—not jest money to spend on clothes and cars and fun, but money to raise up the kind of men and women they'd ought to be—kids that get fed right and kept warm winters and taught in decent schools—kids that can stay here when they're growed up, and not go traipsing off to the North, hunting a living! That's what I been after all this while—a way to make this country fit to live in. And I got it, Dan! They wouldn't listen to me when I talked, but they're bound to believe hard money. And"—he glanced over his shoulder, suddenly cautious—"don't go spreading it yet, Dan, but they's been four buyers in here dickering for my crop."

"I'm right glad, Wallace. Reckon you know that without me telling you." Mackenzie nodded. "Was that why you wanted to see me—to tell me it was looking good?"

Brent's face clouded.

"No. That was something that ain't so good, Dan." He lowered his voice again. "Dan, somebody's running a still around here somewheres. My nigras been getting corn liquor lately. And I catched one toting home a jug, Sat'd'y night. Claimed he found it, of course, but you know how nigras act."

Mackenzie didn't smile. Probably there wasn't another man in Hewitt County who would have thought this information worth giving to the sheriff. If Wallace Brent hadn't been deaf and blind to everything except his folly, even he would have learned to regard still running as a commonplace.

"Reckon you're right, Wallace. Me and Sim Cole'll hunt around some and see can we catch him. 'Bliged to you for tellin' me."

He rose wearily as Sallie appeared at the door of the kitchen wing. He had always liked Sallie, in spite of her unsmiling eyes and her tight lips. People who talked a great deal made him uneasily conscious of his own unlimber tongue.

"Evening, Sallie."

He saw that she did not share her father's high spirits, and a faint hope that perhaps old Wallace Brent might be right, after all, died away at the hint of trouble in her steady glance. She answered his courtesy questions in grave monosyllables; the boys were right well; she was in good health; it was hot, but that was good for the crop, and she was used to it anyway. He would have liked to get a word with her alone; she was wiser than old Wallace. But her father kept his chair and made most of the talk till Mackenzie rose to go.

"We'll do what we can about that liquor business, Wallace. But it's kind of hard to stop still running in country like this—you can see that."

"It's against the law," said Brent simply. "You got to stop it, Dan—that's why the county needs a sheriff, ain't it?"

"Reckon so."

Mackenzie nodded and turned away. At the front of the house the woman overtook him.

"Did he tell you, sheriff?"

"About the peaches, you mean? Or the liquor?"

She seemed to hesitate. "Sheriff, something's wrong. He won't tell me, but he's got money, somehow—enough to see us through this picking time. He must have borrowed it—they ain't no other way he could've got it."

The sheriff wagged his head. "Don't you go fretting about that, Sallie. Nobody'd lend him enough to hurt, the way things stands. What's he got to borrow on?"

Her face darkened. "You don't believe he's right about that orchard, then? You think it's jest another—joke, for folks to fun him about? Sheriff, he's done it this time! Reckon I ought to know!" She laughed harshly. "Ever since I c'n remember I been finding out about peaches—watching the money go into 'em. It's true, what he says, this time. We're going to get a crate to every tree, sure enough. And he's raised money on it."

Mackenzie thought this over deliberately. He knew that borrowing was regarded as a kind of disgrace, although these hill people lived on credit for most of every year. If somebody had advanced Wallace Brent money against his prospective crop it meant that he had convinced at least one person that he was right, after all. He tried to make Sallie Brent see this.

"It ain't that, sheriff—it's who he borrowed from. They ain't but one man 't could spare cash money, these times. And Saul Kinston's been up yonder on the ridge three times lately, lookin' at them trees. If it's him ——"

She moved her arms in a stiff despairing gesture that Dan Mackenzie understood better than the words she left unsaid. He knew Saul Kinston better than most men knew him.

"Seems like I jest couldn't make out to stand it if things went wrong now, sheriff. You know how daddy is with folks—he don't know they's a mean, sorry man alive—even a Yankee! And if he got that money off Saul ——"

"Don't you go frettin', Sallie. I'll tend to it."

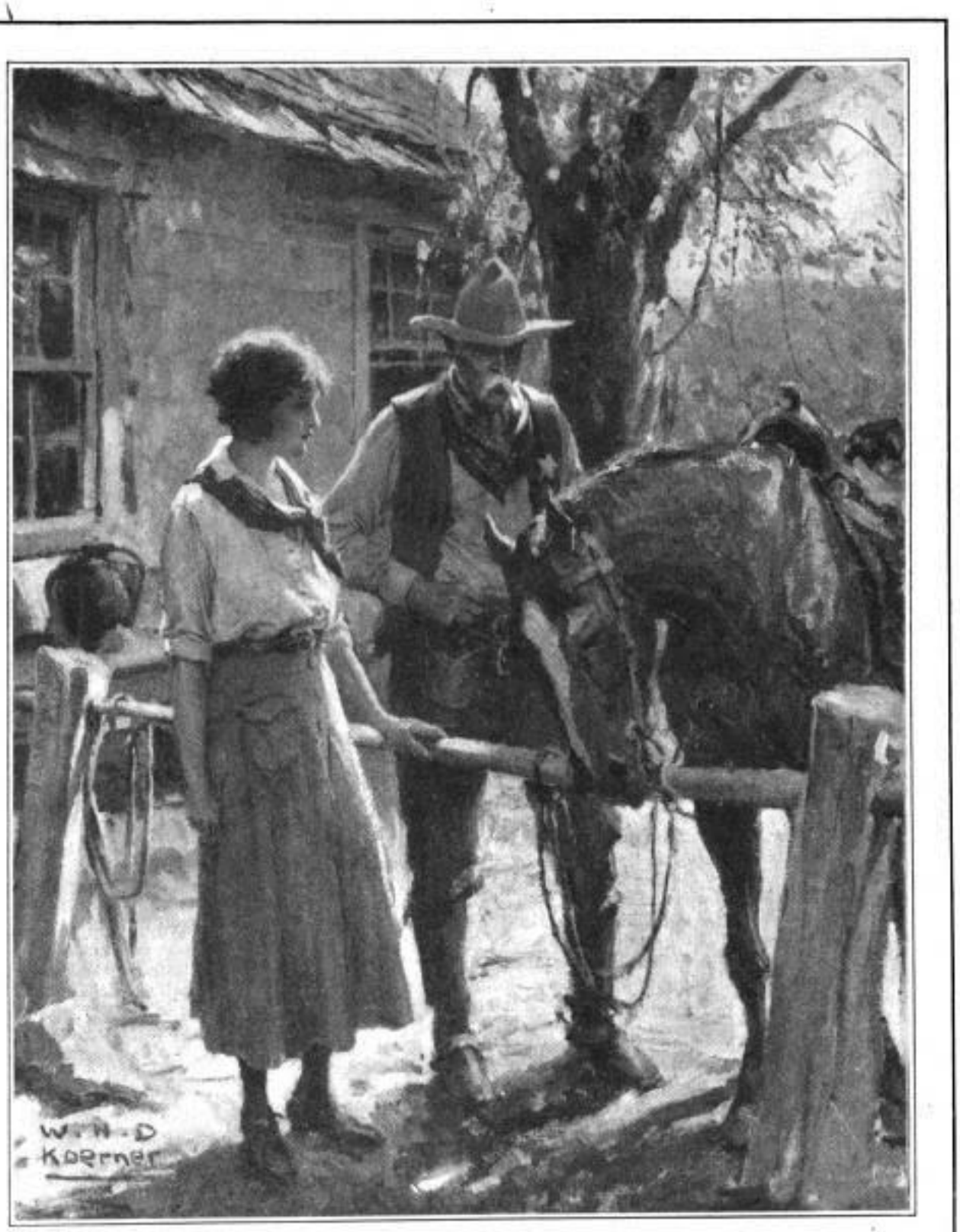
She seemed to take the phrase at face value. Some of the strained anxiety went out of her look.

"One thing—if we make the crop and get it picked an' shipped, we can pay, no matter how high interest Saul charged him. And it looks like we'd get the crop, sure enough. Only I can't help frettin' some, sheriff. The Kinstons ——"

Mackenzie nodded. He rode around over the far ridge on his way home, to inspect the young fruit ripening under the brilliant leaves. He knew little about such things, but even his unschooled eye could see the near promise of the yield old Wallace talked about. The trees were bearing close to the limit of their strength, he guessed; their thrifty branches bowed under the weight.

He frowned as he rode slowly back over the ridges in the kindlier slant of a dipping sun. If Saul Kinston had advanced the

(Continued on Page 54)



"Don't You Go Frettin', Sallie. I'll Tend to It"

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MY LIFE

By EMMA CALVÉ

TRANSLATED BY ROSAMOND GILDER



PHOTOGRAPHED IN PARIS
Calvé in Carmen

XX

THE first opera singer to cast her spell over my youthful heart was Adelina Patti. What a picture the name evokes! A beautiful, fascinating being, with a voice beyond compare, her charm and perfection seemed to me divine, almost miraculous. I was only sixteen when, with my mother, we used to stand in line for hours in order to procure a modest seat in the very topmost row of the gallery at the Théâtre des Italiens. What joy and admiration filled my heart as I listened to her! She was then at the height of her splendor, bewitching and lovely. As for her voice, there has never been anything like it. One might compare it to a string of luminous pearls, perfectly matched, every jewel flawless, identical in form and color.

She began her career when she was little more than a child. Her début took place in the United States, where she was touring with her father and mother. She was sixteen years old, but she had retained her childish tastes and habits. Her dolls, which she adored, had to be taken away from her in order to force her to pay attention to her lessons. When she had done her work well they would be returned to her and she would be perfectly happy, playing with them for the rest of the day. Her teacher and impresario, Maurice Strakosch, launched her in America and later managed her many opera and concert tours.

I was told by an old friend of hers, a conductor who had worked with her for many years, that she lived very much apart from her colleagues of the stage. Once she was asked her opinion of a new tenor with whom she had sung the night before.

"To tell the truth," she answered, "I have no idea what he is like. I never paid any attention to him. He must be good, for I did not notice that he was bad."

When she was asked with whom she would like to sing, "Engage anyone you like," she would answer. "As long as he hasn't a tremolo and he sings in tune, it makes no difference to me."

Patti never attended the rehearsals of the operas in which she appeared. She was thus saved the wear and tear of those fatiguing ordeals, and was able to preserve, as one of her friends expressed it, "the velvet of her voice."

Her husband, Monsieur Nicolini, told me, when I was visiting them in their castle of Craig-y-Nos, that she did not even read on the days she was to sing.

"The delicate nerves that control the muscles of the throat," he explained, "are stimulated into activity and cause an unconscious contraction at each word read by the eyes." I am afraid that I, myself, do most of my reading on the days I sing. It is in those hours of enforced repose that I am able to enjoy my books.

Patti sang all the rôles of the Italian repertoire exquisitely. Her vocalization was remarkable, particularly in The Barber of Seville. It is said that one day she sang the aria, "*Una voce poco fa*," for Rossini. The composer listened without comment.

"How do you like it?" Patti asked finally.

"It's very nice," answered the *maestro*. "But what is it?"

"Don't you recognize your own Barber?" Patti asked in astonishment.

"Your Barber, you mean!" he retorted. "It is not mine at all! It is easy to see that your master has Strakoschanized my poor opera."

One day in Naples a good many years ago a friend of mine came to the hotel where I was staying, with a very pleasant invitation.

"Do you want to hear a true Italian voice?" she said. "There is an excellent tenor singing at the Fondo Theater. Will you go with me? I think you will enjoy it."

I accepted with alacrity and a few hours later I was listening to this singer, whose name I had not even heard before. I was overcome with astonishment.

"What a marvelous—what an extraordinary voice!" I exclaimed. "I have rarely heard anything so beautiful. It is a miracle!"

"Ah!" my friend answered proudly. "In Naples beautiful voices are as common as pebbles on the beach!"

"This is no pebble!" I cried. "This is a diamond of the first water!"

At the end of the opera I turned to my friend.

"Tell me again," I asked, "the name of this remarkable artist!"

"Enrico Caruso," she replied.

Ah, that divine, that admirable, that unique voice! Force of Nature molded by an exquisite art! Profound, moving, joyous, a voice of sunlight, compound of all the prismatic colors! But what can I say that has not already been said of that great singer whose untimely death is mourned by the vast army of his friends and followers!

Caruso's heart was as great as his genius, as everyone knows who had the pleasure of associating with him. I remember very vividly an incident that illustrates his extraordinary kindness and the generosity with which he expended his talent. It was years after my first introduction to him in Naples. We were both in London at the time, and were engaged to sing at a concert given in the home of a lady who lived at Wimbledon, outside of London. As we journeyed out to Wimbledon together I noticed that Caruso looked worried and preoccupied.

"What is the matter?" I asked. "Why do you look so sad, so depressed?"

"Oh, Calvé," he exclaimed, "I am very unhappy! Your motto which proclaims that he who sings enchants his sorrow is entirely untrue. I sing all the time, but it does not drive away my trouble. On the contrary, it only makes it worse!"

"But you enchant the public, my poor friend," I answered, "and that should bring you some consolation."

When we reached our destination we found that we were a little early, and we had time to talk to our hostess and to make inquiries concerning the health of her son. We knew that this young man was an invalid, living in a secluded corner of the great park of the estate, where a pavilion had been built for his special use. Our hostess told us that he had sent his greetings and his regrets that he could not be present at the concert. She added that he had been particularly distressed at not being able to hear us sing, for he was passionately fond of music; and now, in his invalided condition, he was entirely deprived of one of the chief pleasures of his life.

Caruso looked at me and I read his thoughts.

"Yes, yes!" I exclaimed. "Let us go and sing for the poor boy before the guests arrive!" Our hostess was delighted, and led the way to the pavilion where her son lived. As we walked through the gardens Caruso turned to me:

"I know you are tired, and so am I—terribly tired; but it can't be helped. We will sing just a little for the poor fellow—a song or two apiece. It will not hurt us."



Swami Vivekananda

We were, indeed, both very weary. Caruso was in the midst of his Covent Garden season, singing as often as three or four times a week. He was tremendously popular and in constant demand. I myself had just finished a long concert tour and was fairly exhausted.

But for us, poor artists, there is no halting by the way. Are we not required, at a specified hour and moment, to give of ourselves, no matter what the cost? Well or ill, happy or in despair, we must be ready to distribute joy to others. Though our own hearts may be breaking, we must give happiness to those that hear us; we must cast the spell of lovely dreams over our listeners; we must give them the pleasure, the emotion, the exaltation that make them forget the sorrows and anxieties of mundane things and dwell for a little while in a happier world.

When we reached the pavilion and stood beside that bed of pain Caruso put aside his own preoccupations and fatigues as though they were a useless garment, and devoted himself to the task of bringing a little light into that worn, pathetic face. What a concert he gave the poor boy! Neapolitan songs, arias from his most popular operas, ballads, songs, everything that came into his head.

"Encore, encore!" begged the sick boy's ecstatic eyes.

I took up the task, singing my French and Spanish songs, all the gay and tender tunes I could remember.

"Encore, encore!" whispered that eager, broken voice.

I began my Carmen dance, and Caruso, appreciating how tired I was, came to my assistance. His golden voice took up the air of the dance. With snapping fingers and beating foot he imitated the sound of the castanets, he twanged an imaginary guitar. He was a host in himself, a whole orchestral accompaniment in one person!

The invalid was beside himself with joy. Forgetting his suffering and pain, he urged us on with exclamations of delight and appreciation. We continued our impromptu program until our hostess, who had returned to the house after escorting us to the pavilion, reappeared on the scene in much agitation.

"The guests have all arrived!" she exclaimed. "The drawing-room is crowded and everyone is wondering what has happened to you. They have been waiting more than an hour already and are becoming impatient."

"Bah!" exclaimed Caruso with a laugh. "It will not hurt them to wait a little. Look at your son's happy face! Isn't it more worth while to sing for him than for all the others put together?"

XXI

GENIUS might well be called the expression of a superhuman energy. This definition can be applied with peculiar appropriateness to the great Sarah Bernhardt, who has given, for so many years, an example of prodigious and unflagging activity.

Braving illness and age, overcoming physical handicaps and constant anxieties, she has continued year after year her tremendous world-wide tours, teaching the nations of the earth to admire and applaud the dramatic art of France. She might, indeed, with justice be called the high priestess of that art, for she has probably done more than any one person to carry its message to many lands and peoples. Her vital flame seems to be unquenchable. She is astonishingly resilient, ever ready for new undertakings and enterprises. No detail is too small for her attention, just as no effort is too great to obtain her ends.

Not long ago I had the pleasure of taking a group of young friends and pupils to see the great actress, who was at the moment playing at Montpellier, which is the largest city within motoring distance of Cabrières. I was anxious that they should see this remarkable exponent of the dramatic art, for they were all, in one way or another, aspirants to the lyric or the spoken drama. We sat spellbound through the performance, forgetting time and place, enthralled by her truly astounding powers of emotional expression.

When the play was over we, the audience, were actually exhausted by the intensity of feeling which the great artist had made us share with her. How much more wearied must she herself have been by the tremendous

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outpouring of vital energy that the rôle required! I was reluctant to disturb her, but my importunate young friends insisted that they must pay their homage to the incomparable actress.

"I will do my best," I answered, "but I fear she will be too tired."

I made my way behind the scenes and was received most cordially in the artist's dressing room. At the first glance I saw that she was, indeed, worn out by the exhausting performance she had just completed.

"I came to plead for some young friends of mine," I explained, after we had exchanged the usual greetings. "They long to see you and lay at your feet the tribute of their enthusiastic appreciation. But I fear that this is not an opportune moment."

"No, no, Calvé, I am too tired!" she answered. "Indeed I cannot make another effort—I cannot do anything more!"

She closed her eyes and her whole being drooped in a complete abandonment of fatigue. I rose to go immediately.

"They will be disappointed," I said. "But it does not matter. They will always remember the marvelous experience you have given them today, and I can at any rate thank you in their name."

As I turned toward the door that magic voice which has held so many thousands under its golden enchantment stopped me.

"Let them come!" Bernhardt exclaimed. "I will receive them! But not here. At the hotel where I am staying. I will go there immediately."

I returned with my good news to the band of expectant young people. We were soon in the foyer of the hotel, awaiting the promised arrival. The doors flew open, the place was suddenly filled with a vivid presence. Was this the worn, exhausted woman I had left a few minutes before in the dressing room of the theater? The transformation was complete. Charming, vivacious, scintillating, she swept up to us. She had a brilliant smile for each of my young friends, a laughing word; greetings and compliments were exchanged. Then she was gone again, leaving in those young hearts a vision of eternal youth, a fascinating and indelible impression of La Divine Sarah.

Among my many colleagues and fellow workers in the operatic world the memory of Elena Sanz remains particularly dear to me. She was a singer of rare talent, beautiful and lovable. She had an unusual voice, and we used often to sing Spanish duets together for the amusement of our friends.

One day it occurred to us to try our luck in true Bohemian fashion. We disguised ourselves as wandering ballad singers and went out into the streets of Paris to see whether we could not earn some pennies for the poor. We were both young and not ugly. Guitar in hand, scarf on head, off we went in search of adventure.

We started on the Champs-Elysées itself, and asked the first *concierge*, sitting like a guardian dragon in her lodge, for permission to sing in the court of her house. We were refused! Again we tried, with no better result. They turned us away at every door. Undaunted, we continued until we found a Cerberus more gentle than the others, who acceded to our entreaties. We were allowed to go into the court, and there we began our song. We threw ourselves into it with all our heart, our voice, our talent. It was a duet which our friends admired particularly and we sang it as well as we knew how. Suddenly a window on the ground floor was thrown open.

"How long is this howling going to continue?" a furious voice shouted from the depths of a darkened room. "Who are these witches, destroying my peace with their hideous voices and false notes? *Concierge!*" The man called at the top of his lungs. "*Concierge!* Turn these women out!"

We fled precipitously. Once in the street, we did not know whether to laugh or cry.

"Do you really think we sang out of tune?" Elena asked ruefully.

"I don't know," I answered, in equal dejection. "It's dreadful! I feel as though I had neither voice nor talent. Let's go home!"

We walked along silently for a few minutes.

"I know what we'll do!" exclaimed Elena suddenly. "We'll accept that invitation to the Spanish embassy which we had thought of refusing. Come! Hurry! We'll dress in our best and see whether they like us or not!"

Late that evening, surrounded by an enthusiastic group of friends and acquaintances, who were complimenting us on our performance, we had the courage to tell our sad tale.

"How extraordinary!" exclaimed one of the guests. "That is the very story Monsieur X was just telling me!"

She turned to the man who was standing beside her and added, "Now you see who it was you chased away!"

Everyone in the room burst into laughter except the poor man himself, who was overcome with confusion.

It does not always pay to be too realistic! I remember that I nearly killed a colleague of mine in an attempt to follow his directions literally. He was an artist of talent, a tenor name Devoyood. He interpreted the rôle of Valentine in Faust, when I was singing Marguerite. In the duel scene he was supposed to be killed by the sword of Mephistopheles. He asked me to come to him after he had fallen, and to pick up his head between my hands. I was then to let it fall to the ground to show that he was quite dead.



Madame Patti in Her Home, Craig-y-Nos

"It must go 'pouf!'" he added by way of emphasis.

"But it will hurt you!" I protested.

"No, no!" he answered. "Go to it! I want to get the effect!"

On the opening night I did as I was told, but I miscalculated the distance. His head fell to the floor with a dreadful thud!

"You have killed me!" roared the dead man in heart-breaking accents.

I was overcome with laughter, and was scarcely able to make my exit with proper dignity. The following day the newspapers commented most favorably on this scene. They thought the effect studied and we had to repeat it night after night. My first experience, however, taught me to calculate the distance with greater care.

My experiences have not always had as amusing a dénouement as this. One cannot spend a lifetime on the stage without occasionally encountering annoying individuals and distressing experiences. Like the rest of the world, there are all sorts of singers and actors, and once in a while a comrade will take pleasure in teasing or vexing his fellow artists right in the midst of a performance. Often this sort of fooling on the stage is merely the exuberance of high spirits. Sometimes, however, it is actuated by less admirable motives. On the whole, I have encountered few mean and malicious spirits among my theatrical friends. One incident stands out in my mind as an exception which proves this rule.

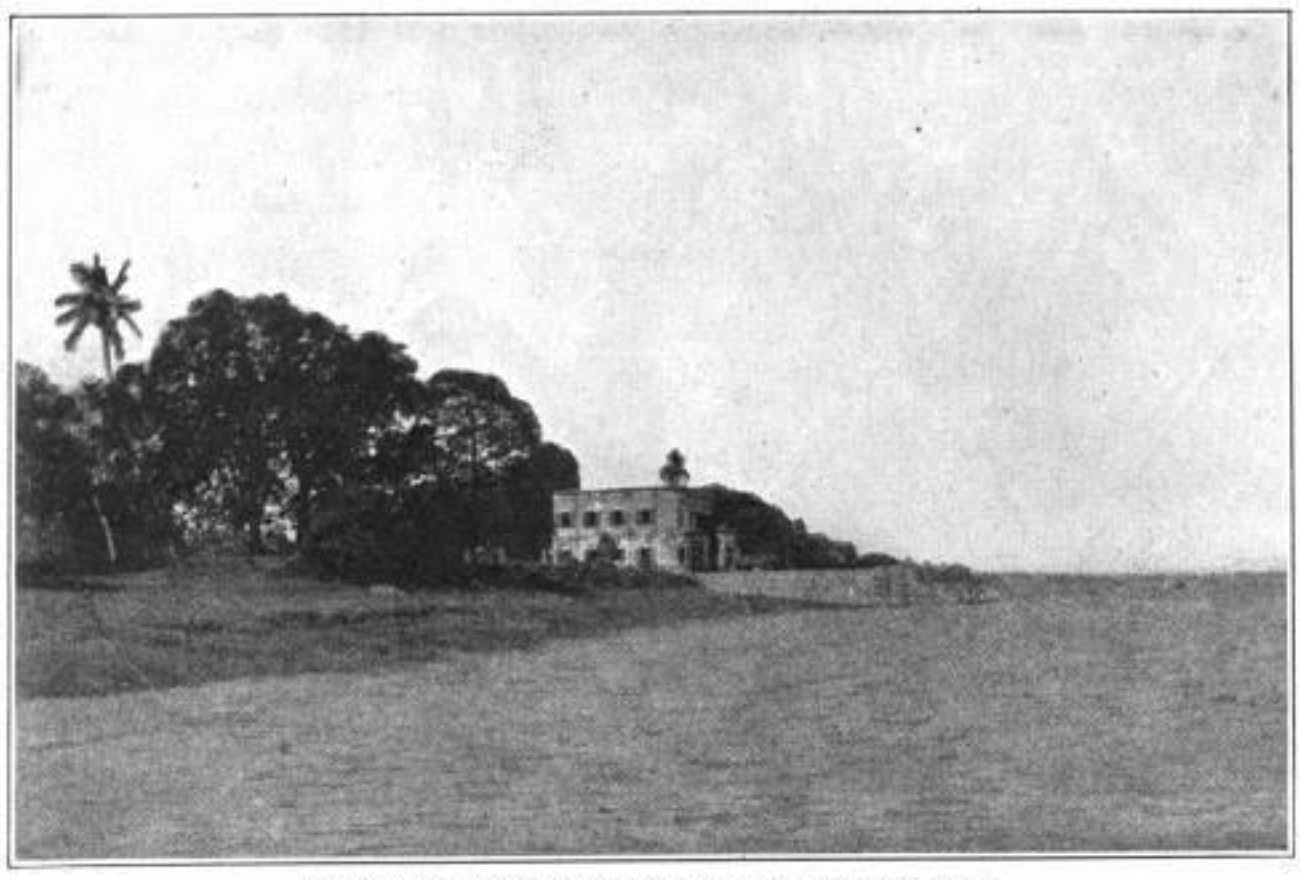
It was on the occasion of one of my tours outside of France. I was appearing in Carmen with a group of foreign singers whom I had never known before. As I was a visiting artist, engaged for one or two performances only, the company had rehearsed the opera before I came and was practically ready for the performance. When I arrived I went to one rehearsal only, the dress rehearsal on the day before the first night. We went through the entire opera in order to arrange the necessary stage business in relation to my part. In the last act we rehearsed the scene in which Carmen is killed, with particular care, and I explained to the tenor, who was singing the rôle of Don José for the first time, exactly how to carry out the action of this very dramatic and violent scene. All the details were clearly understood between us and agreed upon to what I thought was our mutual satisfaction.

On the night of the performance all went well and smoothly until the last act, though I will admit that I found the company, particularly Don José, rather wooden and unresponsive. The performance was being cordially received, however, and I suspected nothing until I found myself on the stage alone with the tenor in the last act. Just as the scene was rising to its climax and Don José is supposed to pursue Carmen across the square and kill her, my partner planted himself in the middle of the stage with his back to the audience.

"Now," he exclaimed between his teeth, "you can do what you please! I'm not going to run around the stage after you."

Imagine my stupefaction! The audience, of course, could not hear him or see his malevolent and jeering expression. On the other hand, my face was clearly visible and I had to control my features and carry on the part as though nothing had happened to break the thread of the action. What a dilemma! How was I to finish the scene if he did not do his part? Only a few bars of music remained before Don José must kill Carmen or the whole performance would be ruined. For an angry moment I was ready to drop the whole business and walk off the stage, but I realized almost simultaneously that this was exactly what my kind partner of the evening wished me to do. He hoped to create a scandal which would react disastrously on me. I was a stranger, an outsider, and could easily be made the scapegoat. It was cleverly planned, for no one was on the stage to hear his words or see what he was doing. Anything that happened would, of course, be considered my fault. All this flashed

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The Convent in Calcutta Where Swami Vivekananda Was Buried

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TUMBLEWEEDS

By Hal G. Evarts

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

VII

SOLDIERS sat their horses at half-mile intervals, awaiting the appointed hour to give the signal for the home seekers to cross the line. Molly Lassiter's eyes snapped excitedly as she viewed the scene, a spectacle which has never been duplicated in all history. More than a hundred and fifty thousand souls were banked up behind the Cherokee-Kansas line and a thinner wave had assembled on the Oklahoma side, where the barrier would be lowered at the same hour as that along the northern edge.

"And six months ago I was thinking it would take years to settle it," Carver said. "There's twelve thousand square miles in the unowned lands, and within four hours from the time the pistol cracks she'll be settled solid; every foot of ground staked and tenanted, right down to the last odd scrap."

Bart Lassiter joined them as they rode along behind the line. Every sort of conveyance the West had ever seen was represented. Hundreds of canvas-covered wagons were stationed along the front ranks of the mob, their owners having camped there for days, in frequent instances for months, to make certain of holding a place in the forefront of the run. Buckboards and lumbering farm wagons, top buggies and family carriages, shining runabouts, with here and there a racing cart, the slender, high-strung horse between the shafts fretting restlessly for the start; saddle horses of every conceivable size and color. Scores of Kentucky thoroughbreds had been shipped in to make the run, and even now, two hours before the start, their riders were maneuvering for favorable positions as formerly they had jockeyed at the wire.

Individuals reacted differently to the strain of waiting. Some genial souls called encouragement to others and optimistically predicted that there would be claims for all as they motioned some anxious newcomer in the rear to some gap nearer the front. Others glared suspiciously at all about them and resented every shift of their neighbors lest the movement provide space for another hopeful soul. Many men seemed anxious and careworn. Most of these had families and the next few hours would mean much to them, their every hope based upon staking out a claim. Some feverishly discussed their chances, while others were quite stolid; many boastful, announcing for the benefit of all within earshot that they knew exactly the best piece of ground in the Strip and would beat all others to the spot.



His Victim Turned to Cast an Apprehensive Glance Over His Shoulder

One woman called out hysterically as the three riders passed behind her, calling out to a friend who was some yards away.

"Have your man stake the claim next to ourn!" she screeched. "Then we can neighbor back and forth. Watch now and pull right in behind us," she urged, as if the start were but two seconds off instead of as many hours. "Don't let anyone wedge in between."

There were already half a dozen vehicles in between and their occupants fidgeted irritably under the constant scourge of her insistent screech.

One ample soul fanned her infant while answering the questions showered upon her by the rest of her brood, smiling meanwhile at all who caught her eye and occasionally dropping a word of good cheer to the tall lean man who occupied the seat beside her, his eyes roving moodily off across the burned and blackened area of the promised land. A meek little woman near by cried quietly, while her man awkwardly sought to dissuade her, speaking gruffly in his concern over this unforeseen situation.

"Close up, it sounds like a flock of chattering magpies," said Carver. "And from a distance it sounds like the everlasting blat of a band of sheep. Whatever do you suppose brought all this swarm together?"

"The need that every human feels," Molly answered. "The urge to have a home."

She had pulled up her horse, and Carver, following the direction of her gaze, saw an old couple on the seat of a wagon on the very front of the line. The man's beard was white and a ragged fringe of white hair showed beneath his battered hat; one of the pioneers who had helped hew out homes in the West for others, but who had neglected to retain one for himself. For a year old Judd Armstrong had been camped at various points along the line and Caldwell had come to know him. The little old lady beside him was hatless, her hair drawn tightly back from her brows and twisted in a scanty knot behind, the blistering sun falling full upon her wrinkled, weather-beaten face. She gazed serenely forth upon the restless horde of humanity around her, undisturbed by the nearness of the hour which would determine whether at last she should have a home after having been deprived of one for all these many years. Life had handed her many reverses, but she had faced them all with that same serenity, confident that old Judd would see her through.

"Is there any chance for them?" the girl anxiously inquired.



It Seemed That a Black Cyclone Belt a Hundred Yards in Width Had Sucked Up Thousands

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Carver shook his head doubtfully as he studied the two patient, bony horses that were destined to carry the ancient couple into the wild scramble of the most desperate stampede of the century.

"Not much, I'm fearing," he returned. "This will be one awful tangle, with every man for himself. Poor old souls, they oughtn't to go into it with that worn-out team."

He turned to Molly, and she was looking up at him, in her eyes that same expression which at that first meeting had impressed him with the thought that she was in grave need of something.

"Don't look at me like that, honey," he said. "Not with folks looking on. I might lose my head and forget there was anyone around. Maybe they'll find a scrap of ground that the rest have run over without noticing. We'll hope it transpires that way, won't we?"

She nodded without speaking and they rode on. A little knot of horsemen appeared some disance out across the blackened landscape, their progress marked by puffs of fine black ashes tossed aloft by their horses' hoofs.



As the Animal Stretched Into a Full Run Behind the Speeding Cyclist He Whirled His Loop Aloft

"Cavalry patrol bringing out some sooner they've picked up," Carver stated as he watched the group approach. "There's likely two hundred-odd hiding out down there to take their pick of the claims when the run sets in."

All through the preceding night there had been irregular spurts of rifle shots at various points along the line as troopers opened up on sooners that had watched their chance to slip through the cordon of guards and make a run for it.

"Did you hear the shooting last night?" she asked, and Carver nodded.

"Tumbleweeds drifting through," he said. "Most of them urged on just for the love of taking chances; others on the chance of making a few dollars by selling out."

"Are there many like that?" she asked. "I mean ones who are doing it for the sake of a few dollars instead of with the idea of living on their claims."

"Thousands," Carver testified. "Every puncher that ever rode in the Strip will stake a claim, and there's not one out of ten that would live on the place a week. Most of them are going in for the sport of making the run."

"And they'll stake the best tracts," she said.

"They will," Carver agreed. "They know the country and are equipped to get there first. But there's such a scattering few compared to the size of the country that their filings all combined won't make a pin prick on the map."

"And where will you file?" she inquired.

"The Half Diamond H," he said. "That's my destination. Every ranch down there stands just as she was left when the cowmen vacated the Strip. Owners are privileged to move their improvements off, but they're mostly sod buildings. The parties filing on them will be saved the trouble and expense of erecting new sod huts."

"But there's a frame house on the Half Diamond H," she said.

"Four rooms—the only one in this end of the Strip," he returned. "Old Nate said he couldn't move it off with any profit and that whoever staked it wouldn't likely offer any sum to speak of, so it was mine if only I'd stake the place myself."

"But won't all the boys that used to ride that country be heading for that same spot?" she asked.

"The old home-ranch sites will be the plums," he admitted. "They're located in good country and all the peelers will line out for them. If one of the boys beats me to it I'll give him a hundred to move on and stake the next. The Half Diamond H sets in twenty sections of rich bottom land in the Cabin Creek Valley. There'll likely be thirty or more old friends of mine head right into that bottom to file, and I can buy the big part of them out. They'll sell to the first man who appears and puts in a bid. That will be me."

"You've found one customer now," Bart announced. "You can buy me out cheap."

"Pick your places in the line and hold them," Molly urged. "You'll have a bad start otherwise."

"Plenty of time," Carver said. "We couldn't get into the front rank or anywhere near it, so I'd as soon start from behind. A fifty-yard handicap won't matter much in a long pull. Those thoroughbreds will stretch out in the lead for the first couple of miles and give their riders a chance to stake, but they wouldn't last on a long hard drag. One of them would run my horse off his feet in the first three miles and mine would kill him off in the next ten or twelve. You notice the boys aren't much concerned over places," and he motioned toward an irregular string of riders well back of the congested throng banked up along the Cherokee-Kansas line.

All the old-time cow hands of the Strip were prowling here and there, inspecting those who were so soon to swarm in and take over their old stamping ground.

The crowd tightened as the hour approached, squeezing a few feet toward the front as if every inch in the direction of their goal would count for much in the final frenzied spurt of the get-away. Carver looked at his watch and snapped it shut.

"Five minutes," he announced. "You follow along to the Half Diamond H if you lose us, Molly. I've got a food cache there."

They pulled up their horses, having returned to the point of their original stand. Judd Armstrong seemed never to have shifted in his seat, and the emaciated horses drooped contentedly, unmindful of the sudden tenseness that gripped all those around. The more high-strung horses sensed it and fidgeted nervously. The ample soul still mothered her infant and smiled, while her man sat as stolidly as before, gazing somberly out across the blackened waste that stretched out ahead. The troopers had ceased patrolling the line, and now sat their horses at half-mile intervals and faced the eager horde they had held in check for so long a time. The hysterical lady cut short a screech of advice to her neighbor four rigs away as the strains of a bugle sounded faintly from afar, penetrating the buzz of conversation and silencing it. A second note, far to the westward, joined the first, and in a space of two

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Strange Land Craft and Churned Them Across the Prairies Over an Endless Front

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The Trapping of Judge Pinkham

By HARRIS DICKSON

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

FOR he was Freedom's champion, one of those ——" The portly passenger from Ohio quoted Byron, intoning each syllable as if he beat on a drum instead of a sleeping-car window, while considering his duty to a client at West Gorham, and his far-wider responsibility to the cause of freedom at large.

A portentous inflation distended his globular rotundity; wrinkles tightened at the buttons, and patches of shirt extruded at every gap. The belt slipped from his Equator to the Tropic of Capricorn, and a white zone widened where vest and trousers parted. Thereupon Judge E. Sylvester Pinkham arose and pulled up his breeches, by the same token girding himself for the rescue of two colored citizens now held in peonage on the banks of Bayou Despair.

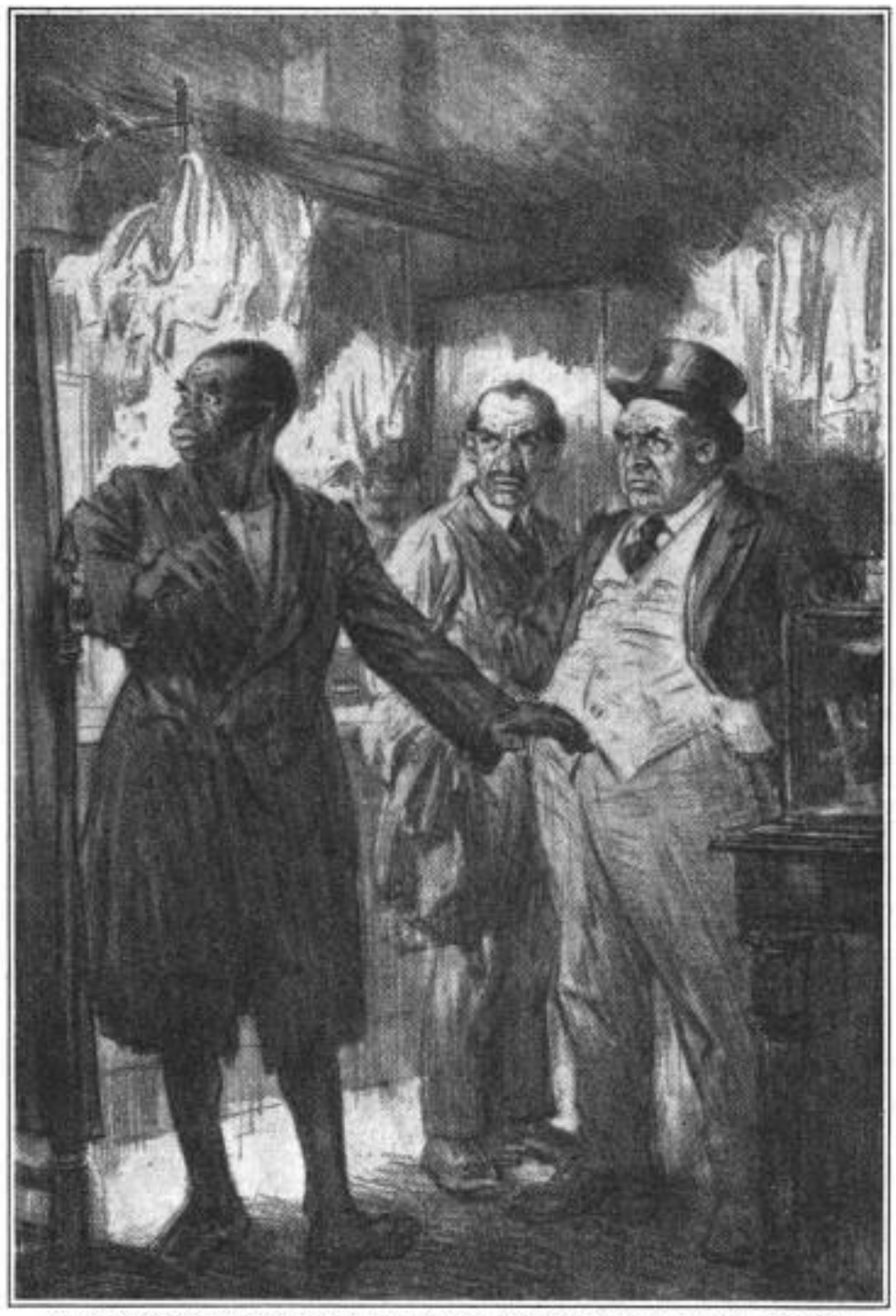
The mission thrilled him, not as a complete fulfillment but as a partial payment on his dreams. Horatius had two friends, while Pinkham would stand alone in a hostile country with every hand against him. So the judge hitched up his pants.

After a ten-minute stop at Vicksburg the westbound express rolled downhill and crossed on a transfer boat to Louisiana, where he scanned every telegraph post for such casual lynchings as might have occurred during the night; which occupied and disappointed him until the ivory-toothed porter announced, "Tallulah, suh! Bresh off, suh?"

On the seat lay his satchel, wherein a virgin revolver wasted all its glitters. To wear or not to wear? Not he. 'Twere nobler to march thrice armed in justice. He manned himself with dauntless air, gripsack and umbrella, and stepped off at Tallulah.

As the big lawyer of a little town Judge Pinkham dressed the part with such distinction that a blear-eyed porter of the Tallulah House promptly got his number. "Hotel, suh? From de Norf, ain't you, suh? Lemme tote yo' grip?"

The Northerner shook his head, for the name of E. Sylvester Pinkham on a register might be construed into an overt act. The porter's remark had made him feel uncomfortably aware that "Yankee" was billboarded across the swing of his long-tailed coat. Yet his foreign appearance provoked no hostilities. The populace seemed strangely placid until a burly native rushed towards him. His back against a truck he bore, and firmly placed one foot before; but nothing happened. The native rushed on to purchase a Vicksburg Herald as the tail end of the sleeper passed.



It Wasn't a Fit, But a Convulsion, That Gave Judge Pinkham His Crick in the Neck When He Glimpsed Crab Strutting Before the Mirror

The few bystanders had slouched away when Pinkham approached the baggage agent and inquired, "Friend, will you direct me to a livery stable?"

"Sure," the lad pointed. "Right around that second corner. Tom Spurgeon can fix you up."

Hoisting his pants and umbrella Pinkham trudged across to a block of squatty stores that fronted the railroad, turned the second corner without opposition, and deposited his satchel on the sidewalk. Two natives sat at Spurgeon's doorway; the bulky one sat reading, and the lanky one sat.

"Mr. Spurgeon, I believe?" Ohio opened negotiations incog. "Can you supply me with a rig and a reliable driver?"

"Reckin I'm the feller what kin," Long Tom drawled as he untangled himself from a chair—the stage article of native in standard make-up—and rose by sections like a fireman's ladder. "Whatcher want? Hoss an' buggy? Or autymobile?"

"Frankly, I do not know," the stranger confessed. "I desire to visit Mr. Buck Hazzard's plantation on Bayou Despair."

"Bayou Despair?" At this name of evil omen Spurgeon shook his head. "'Fraid I can't send you."

"But I assume all risk."

"'Tain't no risk; nothin' more'n the parish is fixin' a bridge an' you moughtn't git round it through the swamp. How 'bout that road, jedge?"

The second and shorter native, in the linen clothes, was apparently called "jedge," and exhibited a judicial protuberance as he delivered his opinion.

"No, sir. You probably could not reach Panther Brake in a car. I have just returned from Mr. Hazzard's by way of the bayou; the road is too badly torn up."

From a solitary and significant fact that jedge let drop the Ohio lawyer reasoned, "He's a friend of Hazzard's. The whites know that I am coming, and will use every trick to prevent me from seeing their peons."

"But I must go there at once"—he spoke aloud, and stoutly—"if I have to walk."

Apparently the natives saw that they had a determined man to deal with, and Pinkham detected Long Tom's glance at jedge, who insidiously proposed, "If you don't mind walking a mile or so perhaps I can send you, sir."

Confirmed suspicion percolated through the corporeal system of Ohio as the pair unfolded their scheme to sidetrack him at a hunter's camp, from which an accomplice, of whom they spoke as Clabe, might convey him to Hazzard's in a motor boat.

"Only way you kin git there, mister," Long Tom kept nodding and indorsing every statement of jedge, who seized the stranger's suitcase.

Manfully Pinkham defended his property, giving his trousers a stubborn hitch, the two bulky men rearing back on their hind legs like roosters tugging at a worm. Jedge seemed determined to possess the satchel, gave a stronger pull and did precisely as Pinkham had done, yanked up his sagging pants—an involuntary act and seemingly habitual. Pinkham couldn't help smiling, and jedge laughed outright as he contested for the satchel. A bond of union had been established between Ohio and Louisiana. Irrespective of geography or politics, their breeches slipped; they were brothers under the skin.

"Let me carry it," jedge insisted. "You are going home to dinner with me."

"Ah? Dinner? I see. Thank you." Ohio surrendered the gripsack and remarked, "I am Judge Pinkham."

"Fortner's my name." The Louisianian extended his hand.

"Also a judge?" queried Ohio.

"No, sir. Just the humble district attorney, and official goat of this parish."

"Ah! An officer of the law?"

"Sure is," Tom Spurgeon chuckled. "Jedge comes mighty nigh bein' the law around here."

A thimbleful of cocktail washes away more suspicion than a barrel of concentrated lye. Candied yams cast out bitter thoughts, and a quart of buttermilk leaves no room for rancor. The stranger's soul expanded until his buttons popped. Only the two of them had broken their bread and eaten salt together when Judge Pinkham was tendered the chair of digestion in Fortner's library, where his tongue wagged loose, then stopped with a guilty jerk. If this were a trap he'd stuck both feet in it by showing his documentary evidence—three letters from a colored citizen on Hazzard's plantation which revealed how he was chained by night in a stockade and whipped forth by day to toil for a brutal master.

"Well, sir," Ohio demanded, "what defense can a civilized community make to that indictment?"

The peace and dignity of Louisiana failed to share Ohio's agitation, but glanced up unruffled to inquire, "Judge, may I ask how you got these letters?"

"Certainly. Nothing to hide. They were mailed from this town to Mr. Rufus Stiggins, at West Gorham, Ohio."

"Who is Mr. Rufus Stiggins?"

"A very worthy man, cousin to these peons. A man of color. Through him my client became interested in securing their freedom."

Freedom! Glorious text! It suggested bunting and brass bands, and patriotic remarks which the Hon. E. Sylvester Pinkham was proceeding to deliver when Fortner interjected a question.

"Judge, did you send these people any money?"

"Money? Money? We are speaking, sir, of liberty."

"Yes, I know. But these letters also ask dear cousin for a little cash."

"Cash?" Pinkham felt that he'd soared to the clouds and dropped in daddy's 'tater patch. "No," he explained. "My client knew that money would never reach the prisoner. He sent me prepared to defray all expenses."

For a jolly-faced man the district attorney carried a most ambiguous countenance, which kept adverse counsel guessing as to whether he would confess judgment by default or would smile blandly across the table and set in his stack. So Pinkham experienced a second qualm of doubt when an automobile honked outside and Fortner rose, returning his documents.

"There's my car, judge," he said. "It's best that you should go and see for yourself. If Buck Hazzard is holding these negroes against their will I pledge myself to put every power of the law behind you."

Like fleas that have lain quiet for a siesta and then come back to itch again, the Ohio man's suspicions returned in double force while Fortner's young nephew hurried him westward in the car. His twinge of uncertainty upon leaving the district attorney had come back to fortify his original intuition at the livery stable, and clinched the fact that Syl Pinkham talked too much with his mouth.

That dinner did it. Full of pie and pure intentions he had betrayed himself, and a grimace crossed his face at recollection of the quotation which he never failed to use upon rising from a table: "Ah! 'Fate cannot harm me—I have dined to-day.'" The poet was a fool! After dinner,

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at's the vulnerable moment when Fate sneaks up behind
id plants her swiftest kick. Yes, he had dined and ignored
is client's solemn warning: "Don't make friends with
ose Southerners. If they can't get you one way they'll
et you another."

Now he could see that his host had been too friendly,
id there must be a trick in it.

From the porch of a roadside store Fortner's nephew
ecumulated a villainous-looking colored man named
osh, and several miles farther on halted his car at the
lge of a swamp.

"Well, judge," the boy remarked pleasantly, "I hope
ou don't mind walking?"

"Not a bit. Delighted to stretch my legs. Which road
o we take?"

"'Tain't nary road, suh."

Josh snickered as he picked up the tenderfoot's satchel
id crashed into the jungle. Pinkham didn't like the looks
Josh or of the jungle, where anything might happen,
id friends from home would never find his remains.

"Jes foller me, suh," the black fellow beckoned, and
inkham tore amongst the tangle, where briers snagged
is coat tails and grapevines knocked off his hat. On and
n and on the negro floundered, mashing down brush like
tractor—canebrakes, fallen logs, acres of swamp vine—
ntil he burst through a wall of greenery and deposited
ie satchel in a most unexpected boat.

"Bayou Despair, suh."

"Thought so!" wiping off the sweat and readjusting
is hat.

Miles of winding stagnant water, shrouded by impenetra-
le undergrowth. Miles of dipping oars, of mud turtles slid-
ig off their logs. Miles of garfish turning up their yellow
ellies, of poisonous moccasins and dead, gray moss. Where
as the black man taking him? The brawny negro sweated
silence. So did his distrustful passenger. More miles;
en Josh nodded backwards and said, "Yon's Uncle
immy."

Straight ahead was what appeared to be a stump with
bunch of gray moss near the top; and the prow of their
iff had burrowed into the mud beside it before Pinkham
ade sure that it was a bearded man. Stump or man, the
bject never moved.

Every detail of his debarkation had evidently been
rearranged. No word passed while Josh set the baggage
shore before delivering his message.

"Jedge Fortner say for Mr. Clabe to take dis gemman
own to Mr. Hazzard's, an' fetch him back tomorrer
ornin' 'bout ten o'clock. I'll come back for him wid de
iff."

Without squandering a syllable Josh pulled away, leaving the stranger to hitch up his own pants and state his own business to Uncle Jimmy.

"My name is Pinkham—Judge Pinkham—of Ohio."

"Howdy."

"Can you inform me where's the man—I believe he is called Clabe—with his motor boat?"

The trapper answered by a southward gesture.

"But I infer that you expect him here very soon?"

"Yep."

In those sepulchral solitudes Judge Pinkham yearned for the solace of a human voice. He parted his coat tails, sat down on the log beside Uncle Jimmy, and denounced the League of Nations. Uncle Jimmy heard what he said. What did Uncle Jimmy think of the bonus? Of prohibition? Of Irish freedom? Uncle Jimmy used his mouth for smoking. Then Pinkham suggested the need of rain.

"Yep." The trapper spat and grunted, "Too dry. Four million bullfrogs in this swamp ain't never learned how to swim."

Having overspoken himself Uncle Jimmy then gave his pipe a twitch towards the south, whence came the put-put-put of a gasoline boat, and added, "Clabe."

From the trapper's camp to Panther Brake the judge pursued his sentimental journey with a most congenial soul, John Claiborne, a young lawyer on vacation, who told such bully stories that the visiting attorney dissolved his client's injunction to make no friends. Clabe liked the judge. He soon discovered what West Gorham already knew, that Sylvester Pinkham was a singularly amiable and high-minded man. Of course he cherished some hazy notions of the South—just as Clabe, perhaps, labored under a few misapprehensions concerning esoteric Buddhism or the ecclesiastical canons of Zanzibar. But Pinkham was ravenous to hear, and Clabe kept him laughing for a dozen miles.

"Well, here we are, judge!" Young Claiborne held the boat at Hazzard's wharf and nodded for his guest to step ashore.

An abrupt tightening of the jaw shut off Pinkham's laugh at the yarn of Cooter's coon dog that Clabe had been telling, and Freedom's champion came back to his mission.

Here he was. Here he was, on the very ground where human creatures, guilty of no crime except their color, were chained and whipped and driven to their unrewarded labor. Now he'd see their ruthless guards, the bloodhounds, the slave gangs. Could such things be? He glanced upward, almost doubting that a just God sat unmindful in His heavens.

"Come along, judge," Clabe roused him. "We'll go and see Buck."

The Ohio lawyer held back, cautiously scrutinizing his companion before he ventured to ask, "Do you think it could possibly be arranged for me to speak with T. L. Stiggins?"

Instantly Pinkham regretted his unwise tongue, for the smile on Claiborne's face gave way to a furrowing of the brows and a hesitation as he repeated, "Stiggins? Stiggins? There's no such man on this property."

"He must be here," Pinkham insisted, reverting to his original belief that all the whites would stand together and hide their victim. "I have his autograph letters. From this plantation. A man of color."

"Oh!" Clabe chuckled. "You mean Crab Stiggins. Want him for a witness? Sure, you can't miss seeing Crab. We'll find him loafing around somewhere."

But they found nobody loafing through such ideal picking weather. Dozens of blacks, busier than switch engines, bustled about the gin, where wagons stood piled high with fluffy staple. Perched on top of the nearest load Judge Pinkham saw two babies, like tar drops on a drift of snow, their eyes glued to the fascinating stranger. Trace chains rattled and teamsters shouted to their mules as they drove in from white and level fields which spread before him as a chromo of life in Dixie—happy darkies, all that sort of bosh.

Yet a glaring deficiency in Panther Brake dissatisfied the judge. Something must have been removed from the landscape, and he missed it with the same sense of vacancy that he'd miss a new-pulled tooth. More than this, none of the colored people were manacled; no guards stood over them with shotguns; the apologetic curs seemed anything but formidable. Doubtless the whites had been tipped off and this scene was being staged for his benefit. A similar ruse had occurred at home during his term as state senator, when he had served on a committee to inspect the penitentiary, and found the prison conducted like a summer resort. But the same trick couldn't fool him twice. So Pinkham kept his eyes wide open and followed Clabe.

As they neared the gin shed a pair of spanking mules pranced through the gate. Skillfully their young driver whirled his team around the gin yard, like the grand entry into a circus ring, and then sat upon his wagon, singing, "Who's goin' to dee-liver po' me?"

Freedom's champion halted as he caught the pathetic significance of these words, a challenge aimed directly at himself, the age-old appeal of Africa enslaved. "Who's goin' to dee-liver po' me?" And the judge felt a surge of

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The Autocrat Expressed No Malice as He Forced Judge Pinkham Through the Mob, Flung Open a Door and Announced, "There They Are"

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 9, 1922

Interest in Work

STRIKES, radical labor movements and other supposed evidences of social unrest are often explained away by saying that they are the result of modern machine industry, which deprives the worker of all real interest in his task. But is it true that manual work has thus been robbed of zest and attraction? Nearly half the persons engaged in gainful occupation in this country are in agriculture, where the worker comes into exactly the same intimate contact with the job that he did a thousand years ago.

Even in manufacturing and mining, where the process of industrialization has gone farthest, only a moderate proportion of the workers are engaged in the very large establishments where specialization is carried to extremes. On every side are workmen pursuing occupations as essentially individual as regards the job as anyone could wish—carpenters, painters, plumbers, truck drivers and chauffeurs, mechanics in small garages, repairmen for telephone and electric power companies, municipal employes, motormen and conductors on trolley lines, postal employes, and the great army of railroad men. In some cases the employer may be a large corporation, but the work itself is an individual job in which any normal man must take just pride.

Listen in, unnoticed, on the conversation of manual workers of varying degrees of skill and importance—street cleaners, painters, track laborers, tinners—any group at all.

There may be some rough conversation at times, and there may be complaint against the boss. There is trivial joshing and hearty, noisy, not overrefined repartee that strong men of all classes always indulge in when engaged in hard outdoor work or sports. But probably the major part of the conversation will concern the work itself, serious and earnest talk, based on the knowledge that the work must not only be done to earn a living for the laborer himself but that it is of vital importance to the customer and to the community at large.

A few boys are irresponsible or unready to settle down. A few older men are naturally born lazy or trouble makers. But in the heart of each of the vast majority of manual workers in this country is the feeling that his particular job, whether it be the finest of precision work or the breaking of stones on the county road, is of enormous value to the community and that he and his kind are the only ones who really know how to do it.

Our ears are filled with the noise of too much talking about the labor problem. Labor in this or that instance may not be fairly treated or it may demand too much. It may be wisely or blindly and arrogantly led. But this much is certain: Those who try to persuade the workingman that modern industry has killed all the natural interest in work are engaged in false propaganda, running contrariwise to the fact.

The automobile is typical of modern machinery, and there may be dull monotonous work in portions of its manufacture, as in many other industries. But the automobile has brought with it a vast number of jobs in its repair and operation which appeal to and fascinate the natural mechanical instinct of youth. It is the same with every industry.

There is dull work, but each new invention, each new process and piece of machinery creates a multitude of things to be done that arouse the interest of thousands of young men and provide welcome occupation for them. Radio is one example.

Several of the most severe strikes in the country's history have been those of the railroad brotherhoods, the members of which are engaged in an occupation so interesting that it thrills every boy in the land. No, social unrest and industrial disturbance have followed other lines than that of interest in work or its lack. If it were true that work had become uninteresting, then it would be time to despair of the republic.

But though, alas, zest for labor does not in itself prevent many industrial ills and disturbances, the fact cannot be disputed that in the main men still find their daily labor of value to themselves and to the country, and well worth the doing. If it is true that the goal of socialism is the right to loaf, then it may be said that most of our people are too wise to seek any such aim.

Compulsory Tenantry in Russia

SOMETHING like a year ago it was announced that nationalization of the land had been suspended in Russia. It had finally been borne in on the soviet leaders that the peasants would not work land they did not own. Later, private ownership in the crop was recognized and private trade declared permissible, with certain restrictions. This was merely the belated recognition of the universality of illicit trade in foodstuffs. Then taxes were declared levied in kind. Finally household industry, long established, was again recognized.

These various concessions on the part of the soviet leaders had at no time the ring of sincerity, though they were elaborately argued out by Lenine. The definitive formulation of the new land policy was promised in the new civil code, of which the provisional draft has recently been issued.

It now seems that in theory nationalization of the land is not given up. Title remains in the state. The peasant is granted the right to occupy and work a piece of land. Improvements, implements and work animals he may possess. Once established on a piece of land, he acquires a prior right to remain there. This prior right the peasant, as a lessee with the right to sublet, may transfer—with improvements, implements and work animals—to another. The rent is to be paid in kind, at the option of the state. The crops and produce, outside of rent and taxes in kind, may be marketed at private sale. Coöperative buying and selling are permitted.

This means universal tenantry. The world over, tenantry that leads to land ownership is constructive. Tenantry that represents a migratory occupation is destructive. A renter conserves the land he hopes to buy. He exploits the soil if he is not planning for future ownership. A professional tenant either farms as he elects or must follow the system of the landlord. If the tenant is cropping the soil for the immediate return he exploits the land. If, as was once the case in the South, he farms according to the instruction of the landlord or factor, that means exploitation of the tenant by the owner. Constructive farming is observed only with private ownership of land. If world experience is to be believed, the restoration of agricultural productivity is not to be attained in Russia through such a system of tenantry.

The Lost Scapegoat

CORRESPONDENTS in various parts of the country tell us that the direct primary has been thoroughly tried out in their respective states and has been found wanting. They aver that candidates of low moral and business standing, men generally unfitted for public office, have been brought forward; and that in many cases those who have won nominations are much below the average moral and intellectual level of the candidates selected by boss-ridden conventions in previous years.

Pessimistic observers openly express the belief that if our democracy is not a total failure it is only because it is based upon a system of indirect rather than direct representation; and the real alarmists do not hesitate to assure us that the direct primary is a short cut to Bolshevism.

Among the chief mourners over the adoption of the direct-primary system are those voters and nonvoters who have passed the buck whenever it has thus been possible to dodge personal responsibility and who now have only themselves to blame when unsuitable candidates are selected, and wasteful, slipshod or grafting government ensues. Under the convention system they had a scapegoat, and often a whole herd of them. There was abundant opportunity for looking dignified and outraged, for soothing the conscience and saving the face; for when crooked or incompetent candidates were put up the reformers, the nonvoters and persons who take no interest in elections except on election day could and usually did lay all the blame on the broad shoulders of "the corrupt bosses." Under the direct-primary system every voter may be a boss in little. Every voter is offered a chance to help make the political bed upon which he must lie for the coming term. If that bed is hard, lumpy and ill made, so much the worse for him. He will get precious little sympathy from the bystanders. His failure to make the most of his opportunity does not in the least discredit the political machinery the law has put at his disposal.

The more disastrous the blunders made at the direct primary the louder and more general will become the demand for the exercise of sounder judgment and more discriminating selection in the future; and thus the weaknesses of the system should prove self-correcting. Even though the period of self-correction be long drawn out because for reasons of their own the masses really prefer shifty and incompetent candidates, they may just as well vote for undesirables of their own choosing as for another set, perhaps no better, imposed upon them by political gangsters.

This silly season interlude will make rough going for substantial and level-headed citizens who have a real stake in the community; but the imposition of hardship on intelligent minorities is an evil that is never entirely absent from systems of majority rule.

Any consideration of the democratic form of government must take into account the errors, blunders and ineptitudes that are almost certain to result when great power is put into the hands of mediocrity. And yet when we became a nation we preferred to brave the consequences of mistakes of our own making rather than to trust our fortune and our future to the autocratic control of some great and good American as king. This choice was made at a time when we were proportionately richer in statesmen of unusual administrative ability than at any later period; but we have never had serious reason to regret that we set up a republic rather than a monarchy.

Self-government is a living and a growing science and if it is to thrive mightily in the land and become more and more nearly perfect with each successive generation it must not be denied a chance to try its powers. There is no reason to suppose that the lass who was told to hang her clothes on a hickory limb and not go near the water ever became a strong swimmer as a result of obeying that historic command. By the same token popular government never learns to paddle its own canoe unless it is allowed to go out on the stream and take a chance of getting an occasional wetting.

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The Rewards of Journalism

They are Found in Newspaper Influence and in Congenial Employment

By Chester S. Lord

DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE

IN THE spring of 1889 it occurred to the managing editor of the Sun to start a movement for a world's fair in New York City in 1892, four hundred years after the discovery of America. Just then, William McMurtrie Speer, who had been the Sun's legislative correspondent in Albany, strolled in to say that the legislature had adjourned and to ask what he was to do next.

Speer was the man to push a boom for the fair. He had just attested his mettle by discovering a brash swindle in the construction of the new state capitol building. The ceiling of the big assembly chamber had been made of marble originally; but as it began to chip, the assemblymen feared it might fall on their precious heads. So they ordered it replaced with a ceiling of solid oak at a cost of two hundred thousand dollars. The new ceiling looked substantial and fine, but Speer and Don Seitz, of the New York World, who was then the Albany correspondent of the Brooklyn Eagle, thought they saw something peculiar about it. They got ladders and climbed, at considerable peril, to the space between the ceiling and the floor or roof above it and discovered that the entire ceiling, supposed to be solid oak, was simply papier-mâché, put there at a cost not exceeding twelve thousand dollars. They exposed the fraud in their newspapers and intimated that the two hundred thousand dollars went to politicians. A fine row followed. They were summoned for investigation. They attracted much attention as they established the truth of their accusations.

New York Sows, Chicago Reaps

SPEER started the World's Fair boom. For ten consecutive days he wrote an article urging the fair. No public interest developed. Conspicuous men interviewed agreed indifferently, but offered no suggestion. The other newspapers were silent.

"Get the mayor interested," urged the managing editor. "Persuade him that it will boom his administration and his party. Get him to call a public meeting. Have the names of a big committee all ready, have half a dozen well-known men speak—and then spring a set of resolutions. The other newspapers will have to take it up if the mayor does."

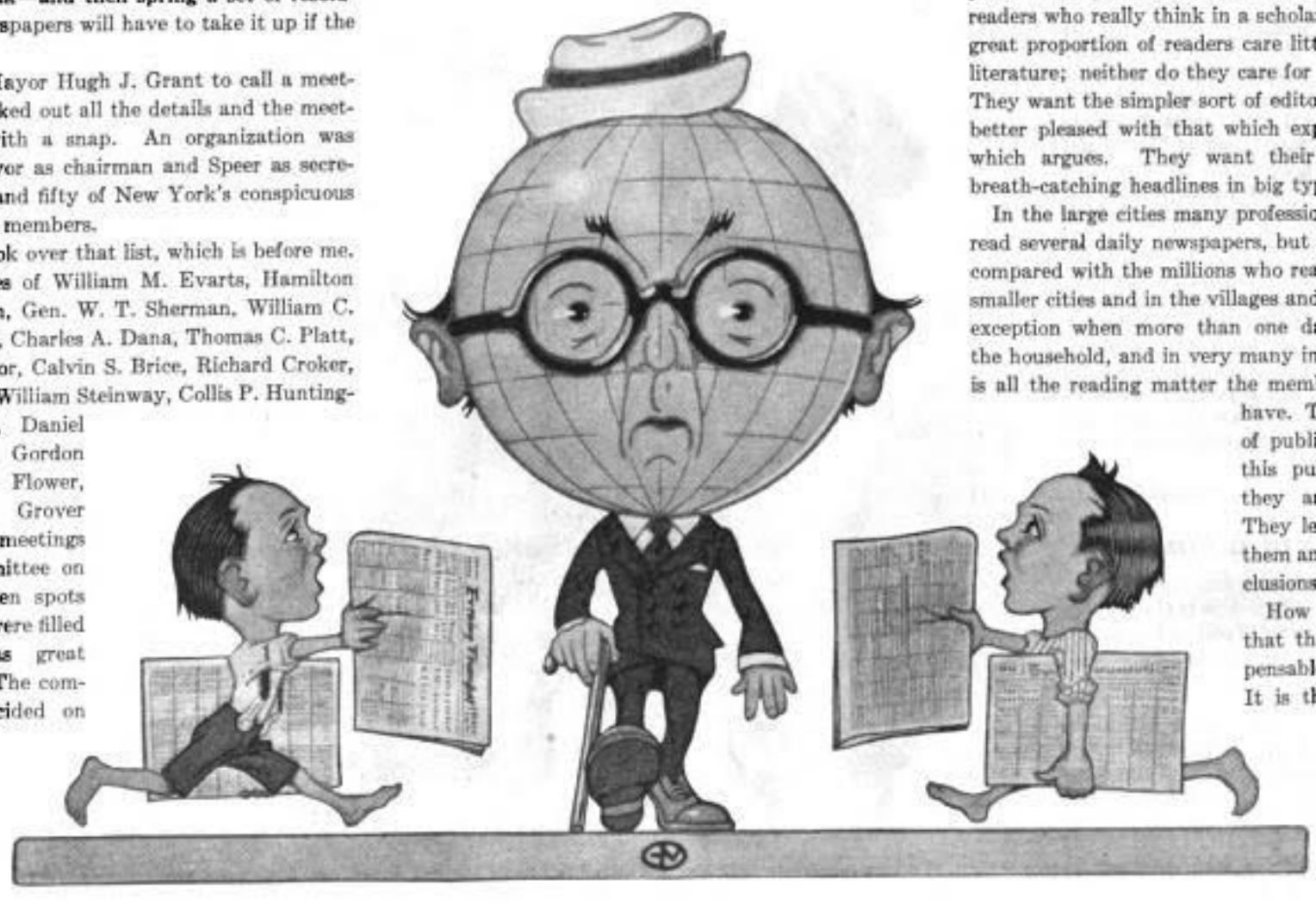
Speer persuaded Mayor Hugh J. Grant to call a meeting. Then Speer worked out all the details and the meeting went through with a snap. An organization was formed with the mayor as chairman and Speer as secretary and a hundred and fifty of New York's conspicuous citizens as committee members.

It is amusing to look over that list, which is before me. It includes the names of William M. Evarts, Hamilton Fish, Levi P. Morton, Gen. W. T. Sherman, William C. Whitney, Elihu Root, Charles A. Dana, Thomas C. Platt, William Waldorf Astor, Calvin S. Brice, Richard Croker, J. Pierpont Morgan, William Steinway, Collis P. Huntington, Warner Miller, Daniel F. Appleton, James Gordon Bennett, Roswell P. Flower, George Jones and Grover Cleveland. Other meetings followed. The committee on site examined a dozen spots and the newspapers were filled with suggestions as great rivalry developed. The committee virtually decided on Bloomingdale Heights with Morningside and Riverside parks adjoining. Architects drew plans for buildings. A financial committee raised a five-million-dollar guaranty fund.

But a great exposition of the progress of the entire world in the arts and in civilization since the fifteenth century must of necessity be an international event, and Congress alone had jurisdiction over international affairs. The exhibition could not be had without an invitation by Congress to the world to participate. Then the politicians got busy. It was discovered that 1892 was a presidential-election year; that presidential elections in those times had a way of being decided by the vote of New York State; that New York City was under Democratic government and control; and that the fair must of necessity insure large political patronage for the party in power. Some Republicans foresaw great advantage to the Democrats in the great popularity of the fair with its two hundred thousand visitors a day throughout a presidential campaign. The party panic grew until even some of the big committeemen became indifferent. After a warm contest Congress, in 1890, refused the fair to New York and gave it to Chicago. That city was unable to get ready for an exhibition in 1892 and it was held in 1893, thus avoiding influence in the election for President.

But the arousing of New York's interest, the city's great preparations and organization, the raising of five millions of dollars, the selection of the site, the drafting of the proposed buildings, the fully arranged preparations—constitute a remarkable example of newspaper influence. Chicago profited greatly by New York's complete preparations.

The editor of experience appreciates that in attempting to influence the public he is addressing many men of many minds. An argument intended to convince a scholar or a well-informed man would be lost on an ignorant man, while an appeal written down to the understanding of the ignorant must provoke mirth from the wise.



Nevertheless, all persons frequently are influenced by mere suggestion, especially when they have not studied the subject. Frequently they may reverse a judgment on a mere hint in a newspaper. Not all men have time in these busy days to think out the problems of the hour, have not the facilities at hand for research, haven't been taught to think. Intelligent thinking is a result of education—the education that teaches to think. Mental improvement is the result of thought. Progress comes from mental application. What we call experience often is the result of constant thought in one direction or toward a single purpose. Lincoln was fourfold the man in 1865 that he was in 1860. Any observer could see Woodrow Wilson leap forward in mental strength from the instant of his appearance in public life.

The editor literally thinks for his readers. He acquires a quality of thought not cultivated or sought or possessed by his readers. He is trained to a mental analysis of the causes of great events, to an expert understanding of their present importance, to insight into their future influence. If he has studied he knows the great influences that for centuries have governed human conduct.

The Editor's Influence

IN THE big cities the editor knows the quality of mind he is addressing better than does the writer in smaller communities. In New York, for instance, every sheet has a different clientele. Everybody knows which newspapers by reason of their scholarly editorial articles, criticisms, reviews and nonsensational news appeal to the highest intelligence. And everyone knows the ones that appeal to the nonthinking public. But in smaller towns the newspaper goes to the wise and the unwise alike. The task of pleasing everybody requires study, and here editorial writing becomes an art indeed. The scholar may sneer at the article that pleases the man of toil, and both may despise the suggestion that convinces the man of medium intelligence.

The editor of scholarly instincts naturally wants to please the highest intelligence among his readers, but the readers who really think in a scholarly way are few. The great proportion of readers care little for so-called polite literature; neither do they care for profound instruction. They want the simpler sort of editorial comment and are better pleased with that which explains than with that which argues. They want their news adorned with breath-catching headlines in big type.

In the large cities many professional and business men read several daily newspapers, but their number is small compared with the millions who read one paper only. In smaller cities and in the villages and on the farms it is the exception when more than one daily newspaper enters the household, and in very many instances this one sheet is all the reading matter the members of the household have. Their entire conception of public affairs is had from this publication. Of course they are influenced by it. They let the editor think for them and they accept his conclusions.

How little do we appreciate that the newspaper is indispensable to our Government! It is the mouthpiece of the Government, the means of communication between the Government and

(Continued on Page 140)

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Monody

SLOWLY the roses droop and die;
(Where is the love we knew of old?)
Slowly the sun-bright days go by.
(Little white love, so cold, so cold.)
Dark are the leaves on the weary ground,
Sad are the winds in the still, gray glen;
Slowly the year goes its listless round
Over again.

Somewhere the sunbeams dance and play;
(Where is the love that used to thrill?)
Somewhere the riotous roses sway.
(Little white love, so still, so still.)
Somewhere the skies of young April shine
Bright as the heavens we prayed to then . . .
Somewhere you're pulling the same old line
Over again. —*Helen Wells.*

From The Salome Sun

WHEN Salome gets the New Division Station we are going to imitate Los Angeles and annex some of the little water holes, whistling stations and mining camps like Mesquite Wells, Harrisburg, Harqua Hala, Vicksburg, Cullen's Wells and Wenden, and call ourselves a Metropolis. Bill says we cant print what some of the rest of them call us.

• • • •

The main difference between a Man and a Mule is mostly in front of the collar; a Man uses his head or is supposed to, and a Mule dont or cant. Some Mules only have two legs, but a real Man can easily be distinguished, because he has and uses a brain that enables him to do wonderful things—in comparison with other animals—in short, to BE SOMETHING MORE THAN A MULE.

• • • •

Our Frog says: "Arizona is dry—my tears are dusty when I cry; my chances here look pretty slim—7 years old and I cant swim. I'm a dry-land frog away from home—but watch me when I get to Salome."

• • • •

Some of the old-timers are still waiting still for someone else to do something else.

• • • •

Any two-legged animal that does not use his brain to advance and make of himself something more than a Mule, that is satisfied to be an animal and do mere animal work that requires only animal strength and no real brain work or skill—that kind of an animal IS NOT AS GOOD AS A GOOD MULE—because he is not as big or as strong or cannot do as much animal work as a good mule. All he ought to be entitled to is a halter and a stall and enough to eat. With our wonderful free educational systems today, the child of even the poorest and most ignorant parents has a chance to be more than a Mule—and most of them have a Spark of Something in the bump in front of their Collar that Leads them on to the Light that distinguishes a Man from a Mule.

• • • •

THE SALOME SERVICE STATION IS "ALWAYS AT YOUR SERVICE"—a place where tourists and others can always get SERVICE in capital letters at reasonable prices. STOP AND SEE US AS YOU PASS AND FILL YOUR TANK WITH LAUGHING GAS. Stop and say Hello anyway, even if you dont spend anything. If we cant get your money, we will be glad to get some of your conversation.

—*Dick Wick Hall, Editor and Garage Owner.*

The Passing of a Fine Art

A PHENOMENON which has received surprisingly little public notice is the passing of the fine old American art of political make-up. This art has played a great part in our national life, but of late years it has slipped into oblivion unsung and almost unobserved.

Andrew Jackson is usually credited with being the father of the idea. When he went to the White House he refused to wear socks because, he claimed, he never had and did not see why he should put on style simply because he happened to be President of the United States. It proved to be a great stroke. The people rapturously elected him for a second term.

Thereafter an attractive and original make-up came to be absolutely necessary for any man who aspired to hold public office. Even candidates for state legislatures adopted white ties or Prince Albert coats. Candidates for Congress had hats made from their own drawings.

When Bryan first ran for President the supreme importance of make-up was just beginning to be realized. If at that time he could have blossomed out the mature masterpiece he later became there would have been no doubt of his success. But before he succeeded in developing his make-up to its richest and fullest, the art itself had begun to lose popular favor. Bryan therefore is a transitional figure.

It is not recorded when he began to wear boiled shirts, but it was at a tender age. He did not originate the prone or broken-arch type of collar, but he adapted it to more splendid uses. The style of hair dressing, somewhat resembling the coiffure of a hen pheasant, was his own idea. These features, combined with those Nature had given him and set off with a black form-fitting, full-skirted coat, made him the almost perfect flower of the art. But he was too late. In 1916 he did not even run for President, but put up a man who had never even worn a black sombrero.

And this man, wearing a conventional lay-down collar and business suit, actually defeated Charles E. Hughes, who parted his beard down the middle and did not part his hair at all. That was the beginning of the end. In 1920 neither of the candidates had a make-up. Cox went into the fight wearing a bow tie and an iron derby; Harding had for years enjoyed the reputation of being one of the best dressed men in the Senate. Now the picturesque old art is done for. It is a profound change. There is a ward boss in New York City who wears a wrist watch. In a small manufacturing town in Iowa a man was recently elected mayor who wore low shoes and a coat with a belt in the back. —*Kenneth Andrews.*

Evangeline, 1937 Version

THIS is the Royal Gorge where flowed the great Colorado,
Filled with tomato cans and the pasteboard dishes from picnics;
Under the traveler's foot he hears the crunching of eggshells,
Mixed with the tearing swish of an ocean of paper napkins.

• • • • • • •

This is the tale of Joe and Evangeline, cross-country campers,
This is the tale of why folks call it the Grand Tincanyon.

I

Home from his grocery store came Joseph, the village grocer,
Strode he into the hall and called to his wife in the kitchen,
"Hey, there, Vangie! Come here! We're going to take a vacation,
I've had the flivver fixed up and bought us a camping outfit!"
Clashed the aluminum skillet as it dropped to the good wife's gas stove,
Cried she, jumping with joy, "Oh, Joe! that'll be just elegant!"
Piled they into the car, on top of the camping outfit,
Provender packed in cans, a tent and cooking utensils,
Seventeen hundred pounds of junk they heaped in the flivver,
Gave the starter a kick, and headed across the country.

II

Late on the twentieth day they stood at the rim of the Canyon,
Gazed in its blazing depths as they flamed in the hues of sunset,
Gazed at its wondrous valleys and its riven peaks in their grandeur,
And then Evangeline said to Joseph, "Don't it look pretty?"
Parked they the flivver then and camped for the night at the margin,
Broke they open the pack and took out cooking utensils,
Opened they sundry cans—canned beef, canned peas and tomatoes,
Took all the empty cans and threw them into the Canyon,
When they had finished their meal they heaped all the broken eggshells
Into a pasteboard dish and tossed them carelessly after.
Next day did they the same—that week and the week that followed,
Then they packed up their kit—the tent and the cooking utensils,
Gave the starter a kick and headed the flivver homeward.

III

That is the tale of Joe and Evangeline, cross-country campers,
They were the first to come, but now they swarm by the million,
And now that the cheap machines are become as the sands of the seashore
Filled is the Canyon full with the débris of touring vandals—
Filled to the brim with cans and the pasteboard dishes from picnics;
Filled, till the traveler walks from rim to rim on a carpet,
Laid on the tin-can floor, of eggshells and paper napkins.

• • • • • • •

That is why folks have changed its name to the Grand Tincanyon. —*Baron Ireland.*



"We're Pairfectly Safe Here, Wully, Sae Lang's the Big Brute Does'na Lie Doun"

See Any Hat Shop

"SWEET on you, madam. Look, Anna, isn't it sweet on madam? Sweet, I think, don't you, Anna? Oh madam, it's just sweet on ——"

"—— so queer that way, he never likes anything at all out of the ordinary. Now there was that hat I got her with the wreath of kumquats, and the sprays of pussy willow, and the border of gardenias. Every time I wore it when I went out with him he made the worst ——"

"—— won't make any mistake in deciding on that one, madam. I wore one just like it myself all last season, and all my friends remarked how becoming ——"

"—— just wish you could see the hats my sister-in-law's sister trims. I tell you, you don't see anything like them around the shops. If she ever wanted to go into business that girl could make a fortune. I often wish I was clever like that, but ——"

"—— don't see how I could possibly let you have it for any less, madam. The feather alone—just look at that feather, madam! When you have a feather like that you have something. And that silk is imported—you ——"

"—— no, just looking, thank you. I really don't need another hat, but I thought I might just find something that ——"

"—— one of the best models we've had this season. And another thing, madam, it isn't a hat that you are going to see on everybody else. I sold one like it only yesterday that Miss Nish wears in the first act of Choose You, Exit, and ——"

"—— can't seem to wear blue. I don't know why it is. People say to me, 'Why, May, with that hair and that coloring, you could wear anything.' Last night ——"

"—— not many could, madam, but it's lovely on you—so youthful too. Rose, just come here a minute. Doesn't madam look like a little girl in this one? That's what I think, too, just like a little ——" —*Dorothy Parker.*

Editor's Note—Contributions to this department should be sent to the Editor, Short Turns and Encores

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GREAT FOR BREAKFAST—INVIGORATING SOUP

Every time I try to spell
I hear the good old dinner-bell!
And then I just sit here and dream
Of Campbell's Soup and the rising steam!





Anticipation!

Just the thought of Campbell's Tomato Soup will wake a drowsy appetite! It is one of those delightful dishes that you find yourself remembering and looking forward to when your thoughts travel to an approaching meal. It has a rich, delicious flavor all its own which makes "tomato soup" mean Campbell's to you.

Campbell's Tomato Soup

has the spicy richness of full-ripe, flawless, ruddy tomatoes. Just the pure juices and the tempting fruity parts, strained to a fine puree, are used in Campbell's and butter worthy of your own table enriches the blend. Eat a delicious soup like this every day and see how your appetite and your digestion improve!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Of course you like rich Cream of Tomato!

Just make it with Campbell's if you want to taste it at its very perfection! Heat separately equal portions of Campbell's Tomato Soup and milk or cream. Be careful not to boil. Add pinch of baking soda to the hot soup and stir into the hot milk or cream. Serve immediately. Many prefer to use evaporated milk for an extra rich, thick Cream of Tomato.

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

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LAUGHTER, LTD.



No Regular Art Gallery Ever Gave Me the Kick That Open-Air Hollywood One Did

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

IX

A PERSON'S not knowing what experience lies just ahead of them is one of the greatest inconveniences of life. Take for a sample a boy I know of who got ruined by a saxophone. You see this boy, he was awful anxious to get into the pictures and had made friends with another boy named Eddie, who knew a producer real well. Eddie was going to introduce our hero to this producer sometime, but in the meanwhile our friend borrowed a saxophone from him. Well, this Eddie went away on a trip, and our hero thought, well, I believe I will high-finance a saxophone of my own. So he hocked Eddie's saxophone and with part of the money he paid the first installment on one of his own. He was just learning to play real good, because as he was not working he had plenty of time to practice, when he heard that Eddie had returned sooner than expected. Well, Eddie naturally wanted his saxophone back, so our hero, being broke, had to hock his installment saxophone in order to get his friend's out. Which he done.

The only trouble was that when the installment collector come around there wasn't any installment to pay him with, and when he says why then I will take the instrument, our hero had nothing only a pawn ticket, so the installment man had him put in the cooler. And this day that he went to the cooler happened to be the very day Eddie had it all fixed up for him to meet the producer. Well, he learned to play the saxophone, anyways.

Now when I signed up with Nicky to star at five hundred a week the world was my saxophone, and it looked like I was going to have lots of chance to learn to play it.

"This is like it!" says mommer. "What a good thing we didn't close with Silvercrown. They say a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, but I always say, not if you can kill the two birds with one stone!"

"Well now that we are rich," I says, "there is one thing I am going to holler about. No more Mrs. Snifter in our lifes, and, oh sweet daddy; won't I weep at parting from her, just!"

"It's a real cheap, comfortable little place," says mommer doubtfully. "And we could save against the rainy season."

"Say listen, mommer dear," I says. "This is only April, and what with my contract, the rainy season can't possibly start for five months. What is more, earning the big money which I now am, I feel entitled to get a little fun out of it. Of course I don't intend to lose my head, but I do think we ought to buy a house on time, and also a car on the installment plan. Nothing much, you know. Say an eighteen-room stucco home and a nice little roadster. I don't care for anything over twelve cylinders for a start."

"Why dearie!" says mommer. "After all you said about economy!"

"But mommer, after we start the next picture I will be getting even more!" I explained reasonably. "And when we come to renew the contract, why you know yourself, I will be able to ask for practically anything I want. Hitch your wagon to a star, I say."

"Well, you know that piece commencing 'Twinkle, twinkle little star, how I wonder what you are,'" says mommer. "When I was Laura's mother I always used to tell her you can afford to live simple if you got money in the savings bank."

"Did she act on it?" says I.

"Well, no," says Adele.

And after that nothing mommer said could stop me from getting us a few things. She just didn't seem to realize there would be plenty more where this week's pay came from, and so why not enjoy life while a person had it? Especially after all the grief we'd been through. And so I set out to grab off a few of this world's best, wondering a little if I would be able to convince the ones I was about to deal with that I was really a star. I even put my contract into my bag when I went looking for my house, thinking maybe it would be necessary to flash it. But Nicky's announcements had evidently forestalled any more personal ones of my own, and the very first real-estate office I went in, the man there knew more about me than I did.

"Sure, I know you, Miss Delane," says the bird. "I seen your picture in the paper this morning!"

Whatter you know! Of course I hated to hear this, and it offended my ears like sweet music or something! My map in the news sheets, and a recognizable picture, at that! Also the real-estate folks treated me with a respect which was all news to me. Up to then I had a idea that if a person was in the pictures every California native son or daughter, or even naturalized Iowaian, would consider the fact sufficient grounds for insulting and mistrusting me. However, it seems I had a crooked slant on that subject. Insults was for would-bes, extras and small fry generally. But once let a actress be a star, and sweet daddy, how the flowers did bloom! It was Miss Delane, allow me! Would this suit you, Miss Delane, or would you like something better made to order? Let me charge it, Miss Delane, let me send it, let me carry it, let me this, let me that, until I felt like a cross between the queen of Spain and the Statue of Liberty.

Every place I'd go it was the same. The clerk at the hotel was the only person I couldn't impress, and I guess he was calloused from rubbing up against celebrities for so long.

"Well, well, if it isn't Miss Delane!" says he lightly when I dropped by there to see did I have any mail. He had known me as McFadden of course, but nothing got by that bird. "Well, well! Working for the pictures, I see!"

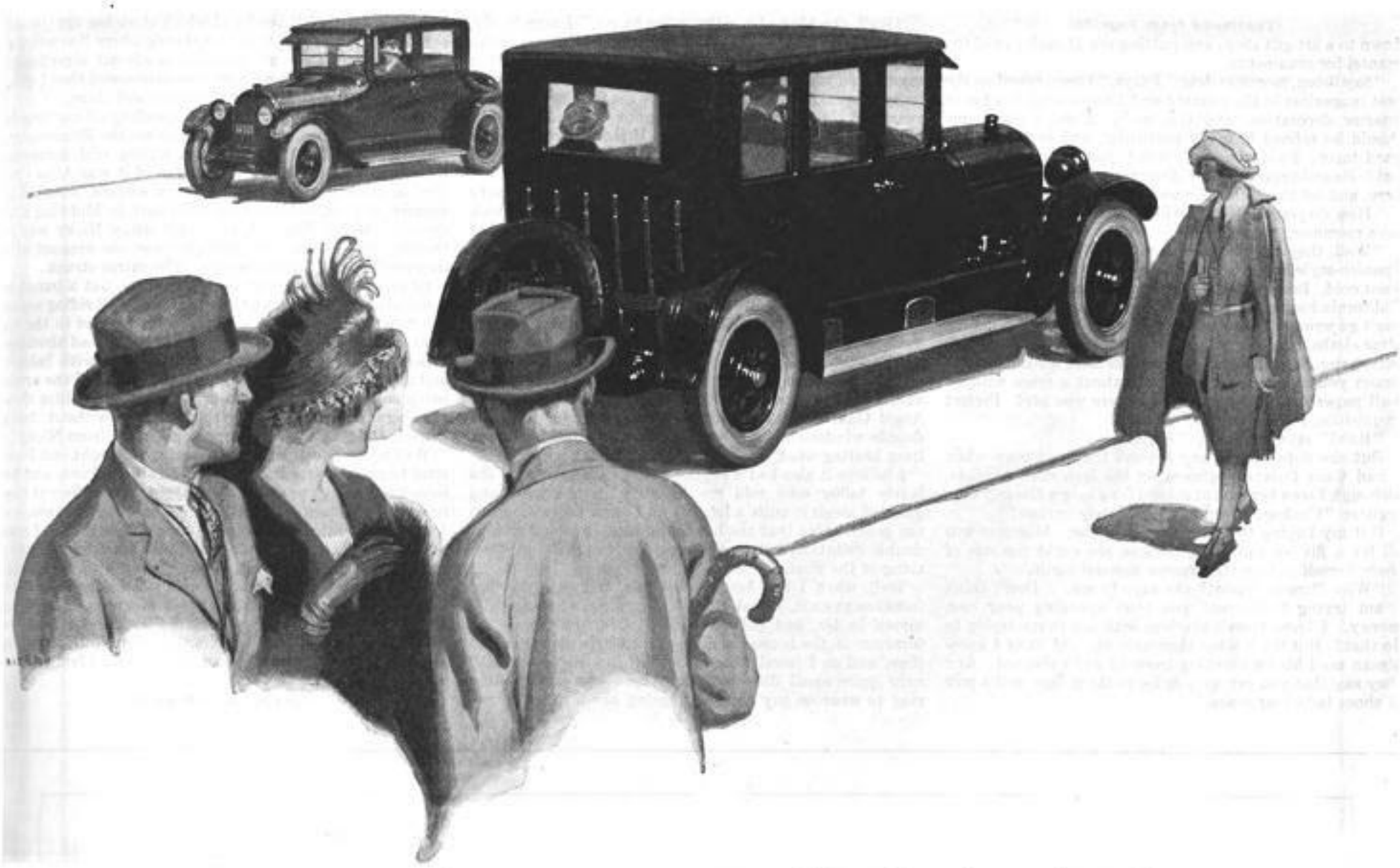
However, to get a rise out of a hotel clerk was really too much to expect, and the rest of the world made the loss up to me, I'll say it did! The home I finally decided on was not after all a mansion, but the cutest little bungalow imaginable, and I got it close both to Santa Monica Boulevard and the price I was prepared for. I had decided it must be thoroughly modern in every way, and so selected an old Spanish model from a street where a hundred new assorted homes was on the market all at once, most of them finished, or pretty nearly ready to move into, but in spite of that, quite a selection remaining as yet unsold.

I had a awful hard time making up my mind between a Italian villa with blue doors and windows and a red roof; a cute little Greek temple, all snow-white with bouquets of flowers done in colored tiles let into the plaster on the outside walls; a light green Early English cottage with black and white cross beams and a roof of some kind of patent shingles that, honest, looked pretty nearly like a thatch; and a warm rose-pink stucco Spanish one, with carved redwood window frames, tiled roof and a tiny patio and colonnade where the sweetest assortment of cactus was already set out, just like Ramona's house or something.

They was all on the same block and I finally fell for the Spanish, paid down a coupla dollars to bind the bargain and then mommer and me went to furnishing, and here is where I had trouble with mommer right away, because she had set ideas about gilded eucalyptus leaves in the fireplaces, kewpie dolls in the bookcases, and she would keep taking the colored plaster art book ends I had picked up

(Continued on Page 32)

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Every woman desires possessions which will receive the approval of her associates.

This is particularly true in the case of her motor car. Gratifying, therefore, is the enthusiastic sanction accorded by her friends to her Cadillac.

Everywhere she hears that whole-hearted and unreserved praise which voices the esteem with which Cadillac is so universally regarded.

Strange, indeed, would it be if the woman who owns a Cadillac did not derive more than passing pleasure from such sincere and outspoken approval.

But added to this tribute to her judgment is another significant factor.

Her own appreciation and her friends' appraisal of Cadillac character increase progressively with each successive day of acquaintanceship.

There is an ever-growing wonder at the ease of steering and the extraordinary simplicity of control.

Nor is lesser wonder excited by the car's marvelous dependability.

To-day's estimate of her Cadillac is constantly giving way to a more flattering estimate tomorrow—both in her own mind and in that of every other woman of her circle.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

C A D I L L A C

Standard of the World

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(Continued from Page 30)

own to a art-gift shop, and putting one at each end of the antel for ornaments.

"Say listen, mommer dear," I says, "I been raised on the st magazines in the country and I know what is what in terior decoration, and this isn't. I want our home ould be refined in every particular, and in thoroughly od taste. So if you don't mind, just lay off, will you, til Baumburger's Home Decoration Department gets re, and let them do their worst."

"How do you know they will make a artistic job of it?" ys mommer.

"Well, they ought to," I says. "They been furnishing anish-style houses complete ever since Mission furniture ent cold. Besides, there is a regular formula for Southern alifornia houses in good taste, and once you know it you n't go wrong. Take one refractory table, three shopworn tar cloths, one pair polly-chromo candlesticks, one black lvet rug, four of the most uncomfortable wooden carved airs you can find, spread thinly about a room with no all paper over the plaster, and there you are! Perfect quisition Period room!"

"Bah!" says mommer. "Piffle!"

But she didn't argue any beyond that, not even when had Casa Delane engraved on the iron door knocker, though I seen her look at it hard for a long while and then gister "Cuckoo! Perfectly, absolutely cuckoo!"

But my buying the car was even worse. Mommer was l for a flivver, not alone because she could run one of em herself but on the expense account again.

"Why Bonnie dearie!" she says to me. "Don't think am trying to prevent you from spending your own oney. I know there's precious little use in me trying to that! But think what them cars can do! Why I know man used his for climbing trees, or so he claimed. And ey say that you get sixty miles to the gallon, and a pair shoes lasts four years."

"Well, the kind of car I'm going to get," I says firmly, "would take a gallon sixty miles a minute if I was in the bootlegging business, and as for shoes, the only shoes that ever lasted me four years was a pair of pink knitted bedroom slippers my old chum Ella give me for Christmas one year, and the reason they wore so good is because I never put them on. No, mommer dear, if there is one thing a successful picture actress is known for it is her car. And the one I am going to have will be a humdinger!"

I had made up my mind that my car should be in every way distinguished and handsome, and believe me it took some shopping to find exactly what I wanted—a boat that was both refined and individual and still in good taste, yet unmistakably expensive. But at last I settled on a Alpine twin-six.

Well this car was sure some boat. It was painted snow-white with solid brass disk wheels and crimson genuine morocco leather upholstery, and it had the cutest, most complete equipment I ever seen, from a solid silver eight-day clock to ash trays, cigarette lighter, cigarette box, vanity case, a place to keep my veils, and a horn like the Angel Gabriel. It was real practical, too, for it had a double windshield to keep the persons in the back seat from hearing what the two on the front seat said.

I believe it also had a engine of some kind, because the lovely talker who sold me it lifted up the hood and gabbled about it quite a lot, but all I come away with was the general idea that the bus had a head-involved engine, double irritation, four speeds and one standstill, or something of the kind.

Well, when I had bought this bus, and paid the first installment on it, I kind of went easy about what else I let myself in for, and got very little more. Of course the furniture in the house, including an electric piano, was on time, and so I merely bought myself a wrist watch with only quite small diamonds in it, and one good-looking ring to wear on my contract-signing hand. You maybe have noticed that if the hand which stretches out the old self-filler to make its mark on the sign-here line wears a diamond, the papers are generally made out accordingly. Anyways, I got me these bare necessities, and then I quit, except for a few charge accounts here and there.

Meanwhile of course I was not spending all my time in the stores. Nicky had rented space on the Brunton lot, right near Pickford, and we was, during odd moments, making our first picture. The name of it was Alias Cinderella, who was me, and it was a scream, some of it modern and some of it taking place back in Middling Evil times in Merry England, and right away Nicky was in trouble, just like an old-time producer, on account of a unprecedented thing happening. The extras struck.

Of course they was not common extras, but a bunch of cow-punchers. In the pictures practically all riding scenes are done by punchers in various costumes, and in the big mob scene in Cinderella the punchers Nicky had hired was dressed up in winter-weight suits of armor, with helmets and all, and the trouble come out of the fact of the armor being so heavy that for the first time in their lifes these punchers couldn't get on their horses without being helped, and they took it as a personal insult from Nicky.

Well while Nicky was straightening this fight out I had time to get my dressing room at the studio fixed, and believe me, I had some shack. The system was different over here, and the stars each had a bungalow to theirselves, and I was no exception. A modest young couple could of gone housekeeping in mine real comfortable, for I had a sitting room with a fireplace in it, a rest room with a bed, a big dressing room and bath, and the cutest kitchenette ever, where mommer would fix up lunch every day for Nicky and her and me and usually Greg Strickland, and often as not one or two others, including Slim Rolf, who was now our publicity director, and my old friend from Stonewall, Bert Green.

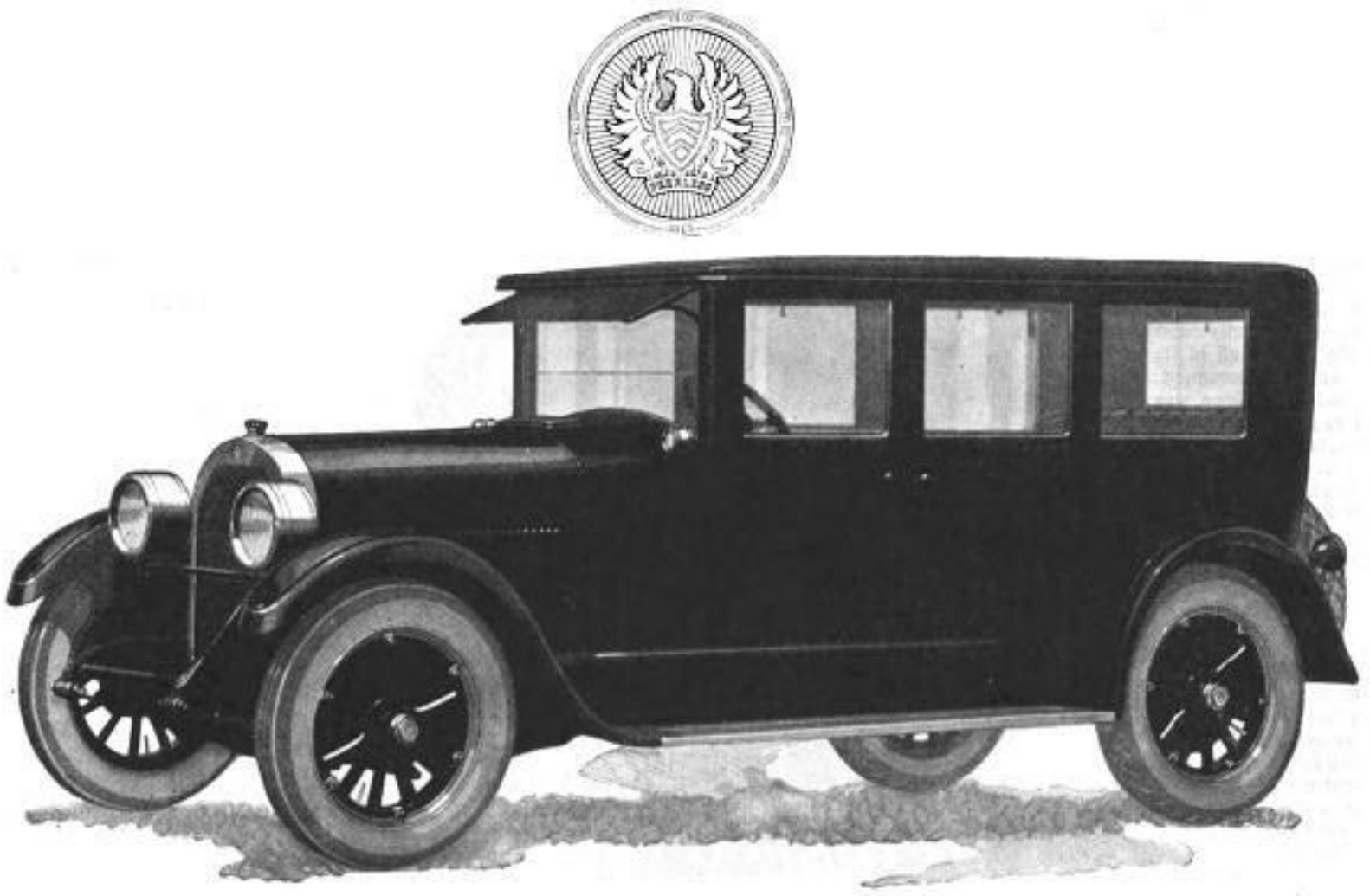
(Continued on Page 77)



"We Can't Fail!" I Says. "This Picture We are Making is a Great Picture. You Can't Stop it From Succeeding!"

Can't I Stop It, Though!" Says He, Still Furious. And With Them Words He Beat it Out

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Only one conclusion can be drawn from the warmth of the welcome given to the new Peerless Eight.

That conclusion is, that this latest eight-cylinder creation has exceeded all that was expected of it in the way of power and speed and ductility.

Peerless dealers report that the new Peerless is being seen and driven by experienced motorists everywhere.

And everywhere, the consensus is the same—the eight-cylinder Peerless has attained new heights of finished performance.

Power, and ease of power-control, probably never paralleled in a stock car; new and finer degrees of flexibility, and an unusual capacity for sustained speed—these are the distinguishing marks of the new Peerless Eight.

They even overshadow the attraction of its exquisite beauty and almost perfect comfort—for they are so new and rare among cars of the highest grade.

THE NEW PEERLESS EIGHT IS BUILT IN THE FOLLOWING TYPES:

Four Passenger Touring Phaeton
Seven Passenger Touring Phaeton
Two Passenger Roadster Coupé
Four Passenger Town Coupé
Four Passenger Suburban Coupé
Five Passenger Town Sedan
Seven Passenger Suburban Sedan
Five Passenger Berline Limousine
Four Passenger Opera Brougham

THE PEERLESS MOTOR CAR COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

PEERLESS

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THE SHINING COLUMN

By MARGUERITE CURTIS

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY



"Have You Been With the—Gentleman Who Sent His Servant With a Letter for You?"

EVERYONE always seemed to think it odd that I should have understood my sister Louise so well when she was twelve years older and I was only seven when she went away, but why should it be? Wasn't I there? Didn't I know exactly what had happened? Besides, she was my sister, and so beautiful; and if there is one thing a child loves more than anything else it is beauty. Gran never knew this. There were lots of things she didn't know, which caused the whole trouble.

Still, to be fair to Gran I really must admit that she didn't cause all of it; part was Louise and temperament. Gran never admitted that there was such a thing, but I've got it, so I know; and Gran had it, too, though she'd have died rather than acknowledge it; and of course Louise was a nuisance sometimes, with her high spirits and her airy way of taking everything for granted.

She came in one night from the village, riding her mare—at least, it was Jeremy's mare, but he always lent it to her and she called it hers—flying along, her hair loosened by the wind, her eyes like stars. She sat as easily on that horse as she sat in Gran's drawing-room; and before she reached the portico she called out to the groom, and he came running from the stables at the back of the house. I thought she looked like—like an equestrian statue, or one of those paintings you see in the galleries; and when you're little you don't know whose they are, or what they are called or anything; but later on you remember that you saw them when you were small, and the catalogue tells you that a master painted them.

I rushed into the hall after her, and she was calling out to Gran:

"Oh, Granny, I want this whole house changed into a fairy palace in fifteen minutes. Captain Leland is coming up for dinner. I've just been talking to him over the phone. He wrote and asked me to call him up. He's the darlingest thing; a perfect lamb in his uniform."

Gran came down the stairs. There was a chilly kind of atmosphere around her. She was a grandmother out of a book. I never saw anyone just like her. Her hair was dark and she wore curls, swept back over a comb and falling over her shoulders at the back, tied into little bunches over her ears. She always wore black, soft and rustling, and the finest lavender silk petticoats with ruffles on them. Her feet were very slender and small, but she was tall, or perhaps she just seemed tall to me because I was little.

"Let me understand this, Louise," she said severely, picking up her lorgnette and looking at my sister through it. "Do I understand that you invited this—this captain, whatever his name is ——"

"Leland!" Louise interrupted. I knew she was angry by the edge on her voice, a sort of sharpness where it had been liquid velvet; but Gran went on as if she had not heard —— "to dinner in my home without asking me?"

"It's my home, too, isn't it?"

"Certainly; but that is not answering my question, my dear."

Gran's voice was sarcastic; it made me shiver. I moved a bit closer to Louise, and she put out her hand absently and touched my shoulder. I could feel her trembling.

"Captain Leland is coming to dinner tonight," she said. "I asked him. I don't suppose you will refuse my guest."

I think something in Gran's face warned her of what was coming, because before she could answer that Louise burst out with this:

"As for making this house into a fairy palace, it never could be that. It's like a grave!"

She turned on her heel and marched away towards the staircase. Gran did not speak; she simply stood where she was, looking after Louise. I stayed staring at them both.

Louise rounded the first circle of the staircase, walking with that lovely, swinging sort of step that always made me think her as wonderful as a fairy princess, and not a sound came from anywhere. Outside everything was going on just as usual, I suppose, but I couldn't imagine it. The Sleeping Beauty must have felt that way when her godmother made everyone in the palace go to sleep. All we could hear were Louise's sharp little heels go click-click as they hit the parquet of the floor above, and sort of feel her brightness—smiling and hard; not a bit like the real Louise—come down to us where we stood.

Gran turned to me with a smiling sigh. She seemed to come to life all at once, to remember that she was a Farley, with all the Farley tradition behind her. How lovely it would be if we could have tradition in front of us! Of course I know that is absurd; but I mean, instead of the finest things being behind, as Gran's were, to put them in front and work towards them instead of staring back. Not that Gran ever stared—she was too well-bred—but she seemed to have her eyes on her father, who had been one of the governor-generals of Canada, and on Government House at Ottawa, and all the things of her girlhood and young womanhood, instead of on the life of Louise, just opening out before her.

"When I was a girl," Gran used to say, and something severe and sort of restricting followed.

"I don't believe she ever was a girl!" said Louise once.

So now Gran smiled and sighed all at once, very gracefully, and said in her quiet, aristocratic sort of voice, "Ring the bell, Jane, please."

She passed on into the drawing-room and I went after her. I knew something was going to happen, and I wanted to know, to tell Louise. Gran didn't know that Louise was miserable inside, but I did.

When Jevons came in answer to the bell Gran looked as placid as if nothing had ever happened to disturb her; but instead of knitting she sat with her hands in her lap; very white hands, very soft, with beautiful rings with old-fashioned settings.

"Jevons," she said in that distant way of hers with servants, "a Captain Leland is coming to dinner tonight. When he arrives present Mrs. Farley's compliments, and she is sorry, but the dinner is postponed."

"Yes, madam."

Jevons faded away, his eyes glazed like the eyes of a fish. I believe Gran hypnotized him sometimes, he was so dull. I left, too, congratulating myself that Gran had not noticed me.

"Jane?"

I went back to the drawing-room.

"My dear child, I should prefer that you did not tell Louise what I felt it necessary to do. In the first place ——"

But I could not stand it; I rushed out. If she said so, I would not go and tell Louise. But Gran could not expect me to be happy about it, and stop and listen like a lady to her old speeches. I knew Louise was difficult sometimes, but Gran was so strict and dull, was it any wonder?

I rushed across the terrace and down to Jeremy's cottage and threw myself on him as he stood picking branches of quince blossom.

"Jeremy!" I panted.

He had on his old hat, a Bangkok that he loves. He wore it in Peru when he was twenty; or maybe it was Alaska—I don't remember. It is soft and squashy and disreputable-looking and comfy, like Jeremy himself, and I knocked it off and shifted his glasses as I took the branches of blossom.

"Jeremy!"

"Just a minute, old girl, till I get this one."

He let his hat lie on the grass and shook his glasses back into position, reached up a long arm for the branch he wanted and bore it inside triumphantly. His cottage is jolly; all funny corners and windows, with big desks and chairs. Jeremy has to have a desk, because he writes stories. He put the quince blossom into a Nankeen jar and pushed it into the middle of the living-room table. Then he took me on his knee.

"Out with it, Jane!"

His eyes grew soft and kind when he got a good look at me; he knew something real had happened, not a pretense sadness.

"Louise?" he questioned.

"Oh, Jeremy, it is dreadful! You know Louise will never submit to a thing like that!"

"Like ——"

I told him about Gran, and he nodded, his face getting older and sort of set. Then he called to Ming To Ling, his servant, and they talked together in Chinese for a moment; it sounded awfully queer. Ming went out to the stable and Jeremy jumped up and nearly threw me down.

"Child, I am sorry," he said; "but Louise —— You know how it will be. I must get dressed. What time was Captain Leland coming?"

"Gran always dines at 7:30," I said; "you know that."

He nodded and tramped away to the bathroom.

"You hang out of the window, honey bird, and see if you can catch sight of him going up the drive. If you do, sing out. I want to head him off, you see. I can help Louise out, I think."

I clapped my hands, for I guessed his plan. Then I saw something that sent a chill down my spine. A man in uniform was galloping up the drive. I went and banged with my fists on Jeremy's door. I could hear him splashing water about in his bath, and he stopped and listened while I told him that the man had come.

"A soldier—in uniform," I said. "Louise said uniform."

"Run to the stable, honey, and tell Ming to work like lightning," he called out; and by the time Ming brought out the buggy Jeremy had run after me, dressed in his evening clothes, all fixed up as if he were the President.

Without a word more he took the reins from Ming, turned the buggy into the yard and out onto our drive, and

(Continued on Page 36)

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TUXEDO TOBACCO has always been noted for careful ageing and blending—now we have added—*something new*—the guarantee that it reaches you FRESH FROM THE FACTORY

fresh
when you get it

After tobacco has been aged, blended and packed the sooner you smoke it—the better it is.

So today each carton of TUXEDO before it leaves the factory, is dated with the last date on which it is to be sold.

Each package for your protection—is banded with the white "Fresh" band.

It is delivered to the dealer in small lots—even a carton of one dozen tins if necessary.

This insures that the dealer orders fresh TUXEDO frequently and continually, and further insures that the TUXEDO you smoke is fresh from the factory.

Ask your dealer to show you the dated carton. Notice the "Fresh" band. Buy a tin—try one pipeful and see how good fresh tobacco really is.

Now
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When packed—each carton is dated here

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(Continued from Page 34)

stood there waiting when the man in uniform came riding back down the drive.

"Captain Leland?" Jeremy said in that nice deep voice of his that has such a friendly sound, and the man stopped and saluted. Jeremy saw then that he was not an officer, and he waited.

"No, sir; Captain Leland met with an accident. He sent me with a message."

"Ah!" said Jeremy. "I am sorry; a message to say that the captain could not come to dinner, of course? He was expected."

"I think not, sir," said the orderly. "He wished me to deliver a letter to the young lady, Miss Farley, in person. I was not able to do so." A shade of perplexity crossed his face and he took the note from his pocket. "My orders were very strict, sir, not to give the letter into the hands of anyone else. But the old lady up there"—he nodded at the house—"positively would not permit the young lady to be called. I had to bring the note away."

Jeremy flicked the reins.

"That's too bad," he said cordially. "If you feel that I am to be trusted, I think I can promise you that Miss Farley will receive her letter—without any intervention. I know the family intimately."

Jeremy didn't know I was listening, of course; but I had run out after him and down behind the big tree. I saw that the man hesitated, not knowing quite what to do; and while he did so Louise, lovely as a moonbeam, came down the drive.

She wore her long gray evening cloak and her arms were bare. Her feet were in satin slippers and her dress was low and beautiful, showing her lovely white shoulders as her cloak slipped back when she held out her hand to the man.

"I understand you have a letter for me. Wait! There may be an answer."

She had not appeared to notice Jeremy, but while she read the note he watched her, and his face was anxious and sort of old. Louise lifted her eyes to his for an instant, crumpling the note between her fingers as she turned to the man.

"Tell your master," she said, "that I will come at once."

She talked to Jeremy.

"You'll drive me down, won't you?"

"Where?"

"To the Anthony Hotel, where Captain Leland is staying."

The man had ridden away; there was no one listening. Jeremy winced, looking at Louise in all her loveliness. She just stared at him anxiously. When he did not answer she thrust the letter at him impatiently.

"Here, read for yourself, Jeremy. Captain Leland is a gentleman, you know."

"Of course, Louise, since you count him a friend."

"He's more than a friend," said Louise in a low voice, and her eyes shone and her voice was beautiful. It made me want to cry.

Jeremy waved the letter away.

"I can't read your letters, child. I was thinking—perhaps, wouldn't you like it if I went down and saw him and—and explained? You see, your grandmother is old. She has such set ideas about things; she ——"

Louise looked at him, and although I could not see her face, I knew how she looked. Her eyes sort of set and all the softness gone—hard, if you can imagine it. Jeremy did not say another word; just held out his hand and helped her in. I nearly cried out, because the edge of her lovely dress scraped across the wheel and was smeared with dirt. I stared after them as they disappeared down the drive.

It seemed a long time until they came back. Nine o'clock—nearly ten, I think. I had not seen Gran close. I had my supper in the schoolroom with old Biddy as usual, and she talked about the wild ways of the young folks of today. I suppose she meant Louise; I did not care. I leaned out of the window and watched Gran walking up and down, up and down, on the terrace. Jevons stole in and said to Biddy that the mistress had not eaten a bite of dinner. I knew Gran was frightfully anxious, but I could not feel sorry. She had to have her own way. It wasn't modern, and she wouldn't even have a telephone in the house! It would have been lovely for Louise to be able to talk to her young friends over the telephone. I'd heard her, down at Jeremy's cottage, laughing and sparkling and so—so gay. I loved her to be gay.

Inside, my heart felt like lead, thinking it all out. I saw a light in Ming's kitchen, but the rest of Jeremy's house was dark. It looked desolate, because Jeremy always had the loveliest sort of soft lights shining out at you through the dark. I'd wake up sometimes, frightened from a dream—this was before Louise left school and came back home to us a real young lady—and slip out of bed and run to the window and look down at Jeremy's light. When I saw it I felt all right, but I never told him. It was lonely now not to see it.

I'd have liked to go out and down to Ming's kitchen, but I was afraid of missing Louise. Biddy had forgotten all about my bedtime, she was so excited; nothing ever happened at Gran's house.

At last I saw Louise coming up the drive. She was walking, and alone, floating along in that beautiful springy way, her head up, one hand holding together her gray cloak at the throat. Her eyes shone so I could see them as she lifted her head and looked at Gran, and I wondered where Jeremy was until I saw his light spring up in the cottage. From where she stood Gran could not see it.

"Well, Louise?"

I don't think Gran knew how that sentence sounded—as if she were the judge and Louise a criminal. But I saw my sister's head go up, and she looked back at Gran defiantly.

"Well, grandmother?"

I shivered, because they seemed to glare at each other terribly. Oh, why hadn't Jeremy brought her back to the house? I didn't know then that Louise had insisted that she must go and meet Gran alone.

"I should think you would have something more to say to me," said Gran then, and her voice was even sterner than before. "Where have you been, Louise? Have you been with ——"

Her voice sort of trailed off into nothing, as if she dreaded to ask the question. But the flashing anger in my sister's eyes helped her to catch hold of herself and go on, I suppose, for she rested one hand on the balustrade and looked down into Lulie's face, where she still stood a little below her on the first steps.

"Have you been with the—gentleman who sent his servant with a letter for you?"

"He is a gentleman, Gran, whatever you may imply," said Louise icily, "and I have been with him. He is sick and a stranger here. I went because he had an accident and they had carried him back to the hotel. Someone had to notify his colonel, and the officers of the new post to which he is going—I ——"

"And had that somebody to be you?"

I saw Louise begin to say something and then stop, biting her lips. And when she did not speak Gran did, putting into her words all the pent-up bitterness of the hours when she had waited for my sister; not knowing where she was; imagining, I suppose, all kinds of things that might have happened.

But, instead of listening, Louise mounted the steps very slowly, bowed her beautiful head as she passed Gran and walked on into the house. I heard her coming, coming up the stairs. She walked as if she were tired to death, and when I ran out and put my childish arms around her she sat down on the top step and gave a sort of low sob.

"Small sister, give me a big snifty hug!"

A snifty hug had been my own name for a breathless squeeze, when I was a baby. Louise had often laughed over it. Now she held me so close that it hurt.

"Lulie, why didn't you tell Gran that Jeremy went with you? She thinks everything he does is right."

Louise stiffened.

"Do you think I'll try to justify myself? I've done nothing wrong. Other girls can ask their friends to the home; why can't I? You know, baby, she would have refused to receive Captain Leland; I saw it in her eyes. Perhaps she did; perhaps she gave orders that way."

She questioned me, holding me off and looking to see if I knew; and then, with a hard little laugh, catching me to her again and kissing me.

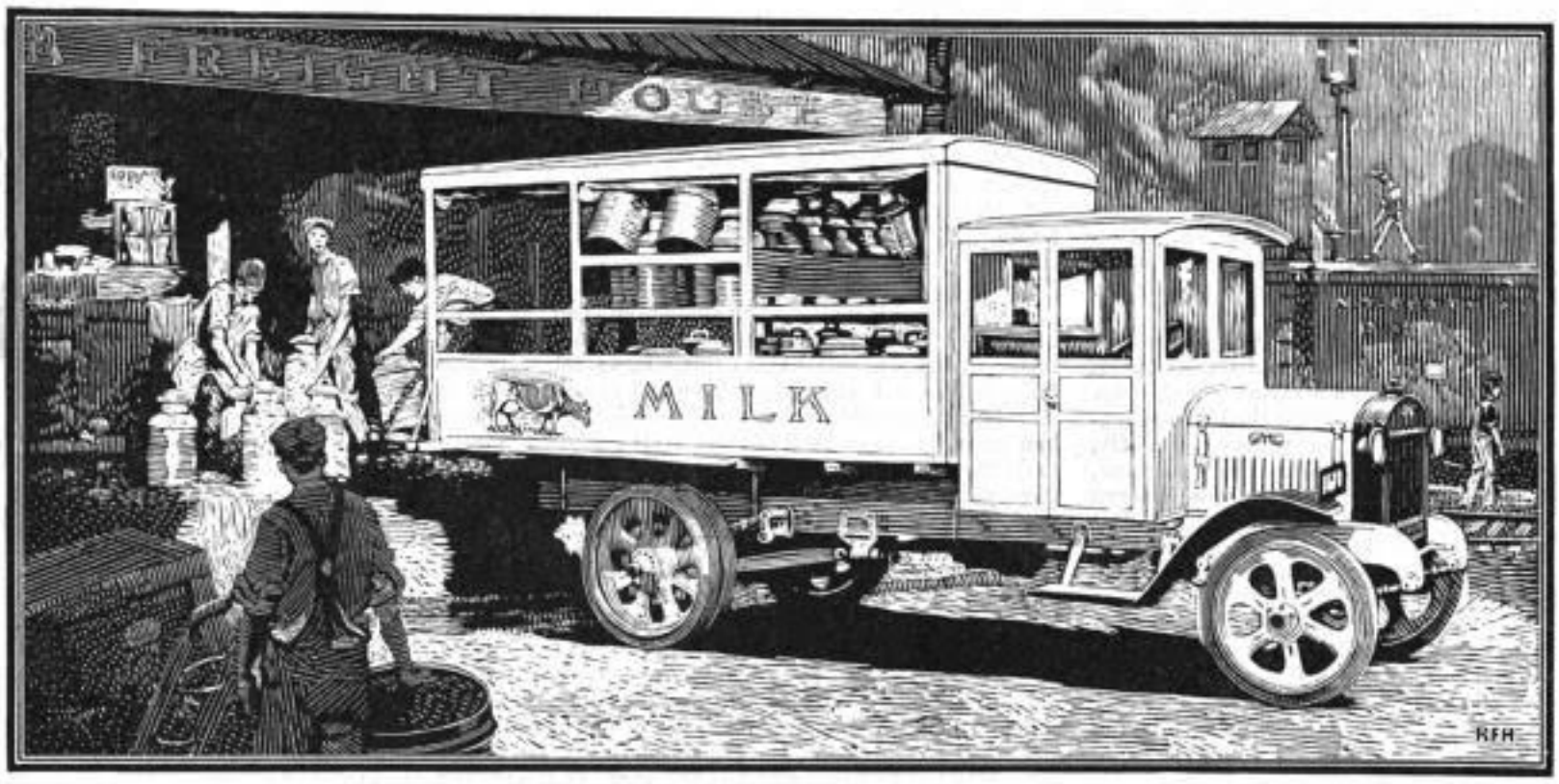
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"Here, Read for Yourself, Jeremy. Captain Leland is a Gentleman, You Know"

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"GMC TRUCKS ARE SEVEN STEPS AHEAD"



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General Motors Trucks

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(Continued from Page 36)

"It's all right, baby. Don't look so grieved, darling. How thankful I am that he couldn't come, though!" I heard her give a half sob over my head.

"I told Jeremy; he was going to fix it," I said.

"Bless you, and good old Jeremy too; he's always right there. Now, small sister, I must take you to bed. Want your Lulie tuck you up tight?"

How I loved her as she sat there in my bare old nursery and laughed and chatted while I took off my dress! As I went to hang it in the clothespress that had belonged to the governor-general she took it from me.

"Blue serge! Such a horrid dress for my small sister Janie. I wish I could take you with me and dress you like a fairy."

I had a breath-taking vision of myself in a white dress with a wand and a crown; then the other words came to my mind with the force almost of a blow.

"Take me with you? Louise ——"

Tears gushed from my eyes. Where was she going? What had happened? Why had the world turned upside down? For years Louise had been away at school, home only for short holidays; and now, since the stiff coming-out party Gran had given for her, she was at home. Oh, she couldn't go away, not again! I didn't say it, because, though one can think long thoughts when one is seven years old, it is not possible to put them into words. But if Louise went away there would be nothing beautiful to look forward to—except her return. And a wave of desolation swept over me, because I could sense no return.

"You blessed baby, if only I could!"

I had come over to her, clad only in my little petticoat and the black silk stockings of which I was so proud, and hung about her neck in a very storm of grief.

"Louise, there isn't anybody—I never have any fun when you aren't here. Take me with you—only don't go! Poor Gran."

For years after my sister had gone I would awaken in the night crying, wishing passionately that I had not added those last two words, "Poor Gran." It was true; but oh, if I had not said it!

"Poor Gran?"

The mockery in that voice, followed by the quick sigh. Then Louise's beautiful eyes were looking into mine. She had forgotten that I was only a child, I think, for she began to talk—talk with the fervor she might have used to a friend of her own age.

"What is there here for me, can you tell me that? No real fun, nothing spontaneous, nothing real, just being a lady! Grandmother does not know that ladies went out with bustles; and she wants me cut out after her pattern, and I'm myself—myself!" She clenched her little hands. "I won't be anyone else! I can't be the girl grandmother was! I—I've tried to do everything reasonable to please her. But I have to live; I am only nineteen. I feel ninety!"

That last sentence struck wild terror to my heart. I burst into sobs. Louise put me to bed, hung over me as if she had been my mother. I had a memory of her beautiful face wet with tears when I awoke, and a broken voice murmuring above my head. Ah, she had gone! I knew it! A tolling bell rang in my little heart!

No one paid much attention to me. Jeremy came and went all day, helping Gran. He told her he had found Captain Leland a nice, lovable sort of chap.

"A gentleman?" Gran's coldest, most collected tone.

"A man—that's better," said Jeremy vigorously. "Louise will be happy with him." He sighed, recalling himself to Gran's presence with an effort. "They were married early this morning, a few minutes after Louise reached him. They have been in love for some time, I understand. His family is good, but he hasn't any money except his pay. You know what an Army officer gets the first years of promotion. Mrs. Farley, you won't keep Louise's money from her? Of course she is not of age; she is not due to have it for two years legally; but ——"

"She can have my money, Jeremy," I cried out to them; "all mine."

I don't remember anything after that. I fainted, they told me, and day and night Gran fought for my life. When I got well I had left off being a baby. I did not feel like one any more, now that Louise was not there to pet me. The dull years slipped by. No one except Jeremy ever mentioned Louise until Gran died. Then he told me that they had not been able to find her when she was twenty-one; the money had been accumulating. Captain Leland, it seemed, had left the Army, gone to Singapore on some engineering work. Jeremy had searched everywhere, but they had not been able to find Louise. She had disappeared with her husband.

I haven't said very much about Jeremy, have I? He weaves in and out of this narrative as if he were one of the family, almost, and that was the way I thought of him. Jeremy was always there—the nicest, friendliest sort of big brother or young uncle. Gran had loved him almost as a son, and her affairs were in his hands. He sat in the library at Farley with me the day after the funeral and told me all about it. He'd often sat there in that big leather chair, but I had never noticed before how handsome he was. His face had been too familiar, like a picture you have known by heart for years. His face is thin and his hair is dark and very straight, almost like an Indian's, only he keeps it cut so short; and he has the kindest sort of eyes; eyes that see right through you without appearing to—blue, and very calm except when he laughs, and he laughs a lot.

He's just as comfortable to be with as an old shoe is to wear. And yet so distinguished-looking, too, with his good features and his easy, nice way of wearing his clothes. He is so tall that I like best to be with him when he is sitting down; it doesn't make me feel so small. But he has shoulders broad enough for—for all my troubles as well as his own, he said.

"I didn't know you ever had any troubles, Jeremy," I said, and hurried on trying to cover up my awkward speech.

Because, of course, old Biddy had told me that he had been in love with Louise, even though he is so old, and I could have kicked myself for saying such an unfortunate thing. All the while he was explaining investments and things like that I was turning over and over in my mind how I could possibly bring up the subject of Louise to him again, because the first thing in the world I wanted to do was to find my sister—my lovely, lovely Lulie. All these years I had never heard from her, and yet I knew she had remembered me; and I couldn't help a little catch coming into my voice when I spoke about it.

"It does seem, Jeremy, as if Louise would have written to me once for a real good-by."

A strange look crossed Jeremy's face—he stared at me. Then he got up and rummaged in Gran's desk. Presently he came back with a little white envelope. It made me flush to recognize Louise's writing; and Jeremy turned and walked to the big windows, looking out at the green and silver of the lawns, the pond that had been Gran's last interest. She had meant to have swans on it—the big black ones with red bills that they had at one of the Farley homes in her girlhood.

I could hardly open the letter, my hands trembled so with excitement. I read:

Dear, darling small sister: I am going to be very happy with Jack Leland, and he will be a big brother for you too. He loves you already. I did not want to leave you, but I shall ask for you to come and visit me, and I think grandmother will let you. She could not be so cruel—to separate us. I love you more than anyone in the world, next to Jack; and tell Jeremy that I love him, too, and thank him for what he did when he brought me here to the hotel.

Do not worry about me, ever. The only thing I cannot stand is being dull, Janie dear. I don't mind being poor, if I can be happy and amused. You'll always remember that I love you dearly—never forget that, honey bird.

Here is a great big snifty hug from YOUR LOUISE.

A silly dear letter, just as if Louise had been talking. I could almost hear her silver voice sparkling and flashing with warmth. My eyes were wet when I passed it to Jeremy. While he read it I went to the window, too, and looked out at the gardens. They were lovely, but how little they counted, without Louise. She'd love it all—the things Gran had done to make the place more like her old country home. It must have been a wonderful place, shadowy and mysterious and filled with glory. I put a hand on Jeremy's sleeve.

"Jeremy, I have to find her!"

"Sure!" said Jeremy cheerfully, nodding his head.

But I could see that he was just humoring me—he didn't really believe we ever could. Little lines had come back and were quite distinct now around his mouth. His eyes had a sort of tired look back of their kindliness.

"Sure!" he said again. "Where d'you want to start for?"

I shook my head; I didn't know. It seemed sort of hopeless; the world is very big, even America alone. I'd never been anywhere except Farley, and to Boston to school. Boston was quite big and sort of twisted up; but somehow Louise and Boston made me smile; it could be awfully quiet there. I thought a minute.

"Jeremy," I said, "where do you think is the—the jazziest place in the world?"

To anyone else it might have sounded silly. But Jeremy had been a traveler; he knows Broadway and Alaska and Hollywood and Berlin and Petrograd and London and Paris and mining camps and logging valleys—and the Orient. He doesn't often talk about it, but he just knows—you feel that. He understood what I meant.

"I guess I'd say—New York."

I'd thought it would be some place much farther off than that, and I said so, rather surprised. And I started right off to say we'd go there, when suddenly something made me think, and I stopped short.

"Jeremy, I—I'll tell you in the morning where we ought to go first."

He nodded his head and stood up to go, looking down at me with his kind smile. I wished he hadn't to go. After all I did miss Gran dreadfully, and I wouldn't let myself think of how cruel she had been to keep that letter from Louise. She didn't think—grown-ups hardly ever do—how much a child feels things. I think she imagined I'd forgotten my sister.

"You aren't going to cry all night, Janie?"

I smiled. "No, I am going to sleep, Jeremy; I am awfully tired. How did you know that Louise had written to me? Isn't it a lovely letter?"

"She sent me the letter, honey bird. We wrote for quite a bit. I used to send her money at first, as—as her man of business. I knew I could get it back when she was of age, you see"—he was apologetic about it, as if he had not done the kindest thing in the world—"and then your grandmother wrote, and Louise found out that it was not her money. You see, it was not necessary for Mrs. Farley to give Louise her share unless she wished; she has never had it, although she was of age so long ago. I tried to find her then, because I thought I could make Mrs. Farley do the just thing. I believe if I had succeeded that I could have too."

"Well, we are going to find her now," I said, smiling up at him, and he suddenly took my hand and gave it a big squeeze.

"You're a sportsman, Janie dear. I—I somehow believe we shall find her too. Well, you let me know where to start in the morning, because it really does not matter, since one place is as good as another. I have no clew."

No clew! I went upstairs to bed. Jevons turned out the lights, bolted the heavy doors. Everything was as dignified and quiet as it had been during Gran's lifetime. I stopped, half afraid she would hear me. It seemed exactly as if she were asleep there in that big bedroom that was so like the governor-general's.

Biddy slept in my dressing room. She was sitting in a chair, fast asleep. I went and woke her up, telling her to go to bed, I'd look after myself.

"But first," I said, "tell me what you do, Biddy, when you want to dream of someone? Do you turn around three times and ——"

"Turn sivin times, Miss Janie darlin'," said Biddy in her broadest Irish, "and thin take sivin steps backward and sivin steps forrard, and turn sivin times in bed. Be careful to put somethin' av the one you wants to dhream of gave ye undher your pillow, and may the saints give ye swate slape, me darlin'."

It seemed very intricate, and of course I am not superstitious; but I thought I would try it, anyhow; it couldn't do any harm and it might do good. Everything was easy, too, except turning seven times in bed; seven is an awful lot.

But when I had done it all somehow I was ashamed of being so silly. I sat up in bed, looking out through the windows at the lovely spring night. There was a light in Jeremy's windows, and I could just hear him laugh at what I had done, and I didn't need that thought to make me know how ridiculous I had been. I wasn't an ignorant old Irish woman—it was all right for Biddy.

So I got out of bed and stood at the mirror in the moonlight and braided my hair all over again. And I walked softly over to my bed and snuggled down under the covers, and went to sleep at last with my hand on Louise's sweet letter; and the odd thing is that I did dream of Louise.

It was a queer dream. She had changed, somehow, but I only felt that, for I could not see her face. That troubled me, and so did the work she was doing, something that made her stoop forward, low down, something that required effort.

A pang shot through me as I watched her. I made a tremendous effort and called her name:

"Louise! Louise!"

She heard me and looked round, pointing at something that was hidden from me. I strained forward and got a glimpse of water—a harbor, way out, with shining ships, seen from a window—beautiful, it was—and leading to it in some inexplicable way that I did not understand was a shining column, a sort of cylinder up which Louise vanished, smiling and radiant, just as she was saying something to me.

In my dream I understood her words; they told me where she was, how to find her. The words were linked inextricably with that view, I knew that; but in the morning—although I could still see her dear face and her lips moving—I could not remember what she had said.

I told Jeremy, thinking he would laugh. But he didn't. When I came to that part about the water he was very particular that I should tell him exactly what I had seen.

I could see that patch of water then nearly as well as I can see it now, but it was difficult to describe; and the shining column wasn't like anything I had ever seen; I could not explain it. I thought it was just one of those things you see upside down in dreams; that are always something else when you awaken. The thing that bothered me was having forgotten what she said; that seemed so terribly important; and I didn't like the work she was doing—I knew it was strange and disagreeable. But when I remembered the expression in her eyes when she moved upward through that shining column, and the reflection of what she had seen—that patch of water through a window—you see, I had come to know that I hadn't seen the water, exactly; I had seen what Louise was looking at in her mind—well, then, even the work did not seem to matter so much. But forgetting her words—that was serious.

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SIX ELDER STATESMEN

By Francis W. Hirst

FEW who have mingled in the politics of a modern democracy or have watched the workings of representative institutions from the study or the newspaper office will claim that mankind has achieved perfection in the art of self-government. Some part of the disappointment felt by those who have pinned their faith to democracy, expecting so much from mere extensions of the suffrage and the spread of education, is due to the innate apathy and political incompetence of the species. Men and women are social rather than political animals. We learn more from the taxgatherer than from the historian. The dull, stagnant, inert mass of electors is seldom informed by enlightened self-interest; if it reads the newspapers it reads them unintelligently; and so far it cannot be said that in the choice of their representatives the voters have fulfilled the hopes and expectations of Thomas Jefferson and Jeremy Bentham, or of Abraham Lincoln and John Bright.

These are grounds for disappointment rather than despair. After all, the reactionaries who would return to oligarchy or absolute government are few; and there is always hope for improvement in self-governing institutions.

It is not my purpose here to inquire whether proportional representation or any other legal device would improve popular bodies. I am going to suggest, however, that as time goes on democracies may gradually learn to value character more highly and look for guidance to the proved wisdom of the sages, whose "old experience" doth attain "to something like prophetic strain." The notion of assigning constitutional weight and influence to the elders is as old as Homer and as young as modern Japan. Such words as "alderman" and "senator" signify the survival of an idea that dates from patriarchal times. I am not for a moment suggesting that age is or should be a qualification in itself, but I am led by an intimate acquaintance with British politics, and by reflections on the recent history of democracies, to value the counsel of those who have retired from the active service of the state to enjoy well-earned leisure and the grateful recognition of their countrymen.

It is not every retired statesman who follows the course of events with eager interest and undiminished anxiety for the public good. A politician whose ambitions are purely selfish is not likely to be concerned much about the public weal, and if in retirement he did continue to interest himself in politics his philosophy would not be inspiring. But to veteran statesmen who have made a religion of politics, subordinating ambition and party loyalty to conscience and public spirit—to them younger publicists and politicians may well look for oracular aid and warnings in times of perplexity and crisis. Their influence is, I am sure, far greater than the average newspaper reader, who no longer sees their names in the headlines, ever suspects. When the life of Bryce, for example, comes to be written it will be found that he exercised by his conversations and correspondence in the last years of his life an influence on ministers and rulers at home and abroad similar in kind if not in degree to that which Jefferson exercised from Monticello over American policy after his retirement from the Presidency.

The veterans who form the subject of this sketch are happily, with one exception, still among us, and I will only say that no estimate of the currents and undercurrents in our public life would be complete which left them out of account. There is a well-authenticated saying of Mr. Lloyd George that he valued Lord Morley's approval above that of any person living; and he was happy in obtaining a public expression of it on behalf of his peace treaty with Ireland.

Lord Eversley's Long Career

THERE are ebbs and flows in public as in private ethics; nor can the regenerating power of high example be weighed and measured in the laboratories of political science. And when the standards of honor and consistency in public life have fallen, some survivor of a more heroic age may help us back to a finer sense of the dignity of public life and to that love of truth, that scrupulous respect for public money, and that refined simplicity which are too often wanting in their successors.

A personal knowledge of the six elder statesmen delineated in the following sketch may excuse me from the disagreeable task too often undertaken by political caricaturists of retailing ill-natured gossip.

The first in my group is Lord Eversley, known throughout his official life as Mr. George Shaw-Lefevre. Born in the year of the Reform Bill, he celebrated his ninetieth birthday in June. He remembers the repeal of the Corn Laws, was a page at the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, visited the Richmond slave market in 1853, and took photographs of the siege of Sebastopol a couple of years later. He served as Civil Lord of the Admiralty with the Duke of Somerset when that noble lord was First Lord in Palmerston's last administration; and in 1868 he had the honor of moving in the House of Commons the vote for referring the Alabama Claims to arbitration. All his life he has been a consistent Liberal of the Cobdenite or Gladstonian school, an advocate of peace, good will among nations, free trade, public economy and democratic reforms. He will always be remembered with gratitude by lovers of Nature and scenery as pioneer and leader of the movement for preserving our beautiful English commons from private and public spoliation.

A few weeks ago I spent a couple of days with him at his country house on the Itchen, one of Hampshire's most famous trout streams. His talk abounded in recollections of the past. He has known personally thirteen prime ministers, seventeen lord chancellors and seven archbishops of Canterbury! His father, Sir George Shaw-Lefevre, was clerk to Parliament, and so as a boy young Lefevre met many of the great, wise and eminent. On one occasion he had the honor of breakfasting with Macaulay at Holly Lodge, and the great historian discoursed on English prose style. One of his favorite authors was Fanny Burney, and by way of illustrating her power as a descriptive writer Macaulay took down a volume of her diary and read an account of an adventure which befell her when staying at a country house on the coast. Rambling along the shore she had been caught by the incoming tide and driven into a cove, whence she was rescued by a young man named Lefevre. "Are you the man?" asked Macaulay, suddenly turning to Sir George. Lord Eversley told me that his father was visibly embarrassed, but had to blush assent. The account, it seems, was highly colored, for the lady was not really in any danger at all.

Another story related to his first visit to America, in 1853, when he was introduced to the President. The room in which the President sat was very scantily furnished, the most important ornament being an immense spittoon which the President and his friends used in common.

During his last visit to the States, only a few years ago, Lord Eversley was struck by the growing similarity of manners, habits and dress on both sides of the Atlantic. He spoke to me with the utmost enthusiasm of Mr. Hughes' wonderful success in inducing the naval powers to limit their armaments. "Who could have believed," he cried, "that so many battleships could be scrapped by international agreement?"

Macaulay's Brilliant Nephew

SIR GEORGE TREVELYAN, Lord Bryce and Lord Morley, all born in 1838—"the men of 1838" include also Lecky—represent at its best and highest the fine English tradition which associates the practice of politics with scholarship and letters. Before the death of his uncle, Lord Macaulay, young Trevelyan at Harrow and Cambridge had already delighted that prodigious genius by the tasteful learning and sparkling wit which afterwards blossomed in The Ladies in Parliament, Horace at the University of Athens, The Competition Wallah, and Cawnpore. The smallest list of English biographies will include Trevelyan's The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay, and for sustained brilliance The Early History of Charles James Fox is almost unrivaled in our literature.

In the '60's and '70's no more ardent politician and few more popular speakers were to be found on the left wing of the Liberal Party than George Trevelyan. John Bright was then his hero. Gladstone advanced if anything too slowly towards a complete democracy, though, to be sure, in one of Trevelyan's most spirited poems we read how, in a moment of crisis,

Imperial Gladstone turned to bay upon our furthest left,
Where, shoulder tight to shoulder set, fought on with sullen pride
The veterans staunch who drink the streams of Tyne and Wear and Clyde.

But as with Macaulay, so with Trevelyan, the Muse of History called him at last from politics, and in 1897 the statesman retired to write the history of The American Revolution, a book which has done more perhaps than any other to remove the ancient grudge and promote an enduring friendship between the Old and the New Englanders.

I for one shall never forget my delightful visits to Wallington, his home in Northumberland. No one I have ever met possessed such a power of communicating enthusiasms to others or of painting so vividly the persons, the memories and the scenes that he loved: Macaulay, whose books and marginal notes are cherished in the Wallington Library; the old Whig society of his boyhood; county elections in the '60's or Cambridge University in the '50's. His conversation was always more rapid and impetuous than Morley's, but in both there resides the divine power that "scatters from her pictured urn thoughts that breathe and words that burn." His favorite books are still the great classics of Greek and Latin literature.

Without the fire and poetry of Trevelyan or the reflective imagination of Morley, Lord Bryce surpassed all his contemporaries, even Lord Acton, in comprehensive grasp of history, geography and politics. His first important book, The Holy Roman Empire, a prize essay composed at Oxford in 1862, placed him at once, as Freeman said, "on a level with men who have given their lives to historical study."

After the passage of nearly sixty years Mr. G. P. Gooch, Lord Acton's favorite disciple and now the most learned of our historians, declares that this essay—Bryce's first and only historical work—"has contributed more to the understanding of the Middle Ages than any other book in our language."

A Gladstonian rather than a Jeffersonian democrat, he was drawn into politics by Mr. Gladstone's campaign against the Oriental and pro-Turkish imperialism of Disraeli, and a few years later was converted with Gladstone to the cause of Irish Home Rule. His consistent antipathy to imperialism was proved again in the Boer War, when he ranged himself—cautiously, indeed, but firmly—in opposition to Mr. Chamberlain along with Campbell-Bannerman, Harcourt, Morley, Spencer, Lloyd George, and indeed all those Liberals who preferred the old traditions of Cobden, Bright and Gladstone to the new gospel of Lord Rosebery and his friends.

One day in the spring of 1921 I had a long talk with Lord Bryce, partly about the United States, which he knew I was about to visit, partly about his recently published volumes on Modern Democracies, which I had just reviewed.

Contacts With Lord Bryce

THIS led me to ask him whether public opinion was all-powerful in America, and how he would define it. He referred me to the six chapters in his big book on America, but added that the *locus classicus* for the intolerance of American democracy is in De Tocqueville. It is, however, in his view only intolerant at moments, in wartime or on other occasions when national sentiments and emotions are deeply stirred, and when also a good deal of it is manufactured by the press, "that chief danger of democracy."

"Are democracy and civilization now imperiled?" I asked.

"They always are in danger. There have been many crises; but civilization has survived, and progress has been resumed."

"I was thinking of the collapse of the Roman Empire."

"But that was very gradual. It went by bits, and in places, taking perhaps two hundred years. No; the one example of a sudden revolution was the Reformation. In thirty years great numbers of civilized Europeans completely changed their ideas."

"A peripeteia of opinion."

"Yes, that exactly expresses it. I know of no other such case."

He turned to my review of his book. "Yours is almost the only one that has not missed the point. I followed the Aristotelian method of observation, taking examples of democratic government and describing their features. That seems to me the only way of advance."

His idea was that there is no need to go on "floundering in theories," when you can proceed inductively from ascertained results.

"You are very kind to democracy's faults," I said.

"Yes. But it is much easier to see defects than virtues. Where there is doubt one should give democracy the benefit."

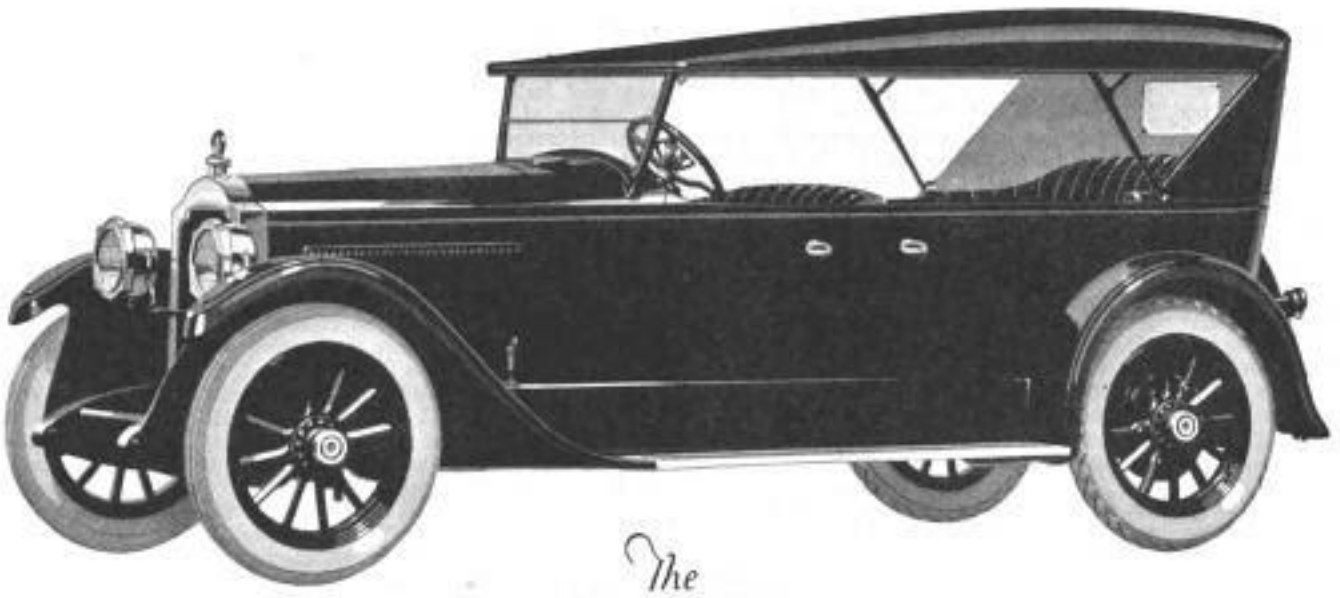
I crossed the Atlantic in July of last year on the same ship with Lord Bryce. He was in almost boyish spirits, enjoying the sense of travel and, above all, the prospects of beholding once more his beloved United States. At the captain's table were several Americans, including two New Englanders and a Georgian. They found it pretty hard to answer some of his questions. He was accumulating information all the time, and just before landing asked me to send him any new facts I might gather in California relating to recent political developments in that state, which he described to me as "perhaps the most beautiful and interesting in the Union."

Like John Bright he was an angler, and one evening I started fishing stories. After a particularly incredible one—about sharks—had been contributed by the captain

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(Continued from Page 40)

the rest of us were silenced, but Lord Bryce proceeded to give us the following tale:

An English sportsman visiting Yellowstone Park once sought out the American keeper, or water bailiff, and questioned him about the fishing. After hearing about the remarkable dimensions of the Yellowstone fish he asked what was the largest fish ever caught there. "I can't tell you the exact size and weight," was the reply, "but I can give you an idea. The lake at Yellowstone Park is forty miles round, and its average depth is forty feet. And, sir, when we took out that fish the lake sank three inches."

The captain of the Celtic admitted defeat.

Many incidents and stories which might serve to illustrate the characteristics of this great Scottish Ulsterman crowd on my mind. In July, 1914, so long as the issues of war and peace hung in the balance, he lifted up his voice for neutrality. But the German invasion of Belgium aroused all the fighting instincts of his race, and Germany's alliance with Turkey added fuel to the flame. He never lost his old anchorages, however. He joined in the protest raised by Independent Liberals against the Paris Resolutions with their open violation of free-trade principles, and he joined the two ex-chancellors, Halsbury and Loreburn, in a successful House-of-Lords protest against certain amendments—proposed by Lord Haldane and carried in the House of Commons—to the Defence of the Realm Act, which, had they become law, would practically have extinguished civil liberty and the freedom of a press already muzzled.

A year or two before the war I went down with Lord Bryce to unveil a tablet to Bagehot in the little town of Langport, where the author of Lombard Street was born and brought up to the business of a country banker. Towards evening in a country lane I came upon Lord and Lady Bryce botanizing. As we walked along he would from time to time dart off the road into a ditch to dig out some fern or plant, which he transferred to his bag. I think botany appealed to this modern Aristotle not only as a by-product of walking and mountaineering but also because it gave play to his wonderful powers of minute and accurate observation, which were only less remarkable than the prodigious strength of his memory to the very end of his life.

My associations with Lord Morley date from 1898, when he undertook the Life of Gladstone, the most Herculean of his labors. In the two following years I was employed many weeks at Hawarden Castle in clearing the ground. There were many thousands of letters and papers to examine and sift and arrange. But the best hours of the day were in the evening, when our work was over and my chief would converse of history and politics, of journalism and letters, of philosophy and religion, of things visible and invisible. Once or twice a friend shared my good fortune; but generally Mr. and Mrs. Morley, myself and a favorite fox terrier completed the company. During our stay in the Red House the Boer War came, and Morley led the minority's protest at a great meeting in Manchester. We were nearly stoned by the same mob which a few years later turned all its Jingo members out of their seats.

After the war Morley joined Campbell-Bannerman's administration, but though he was reconciled to the Liberal Imperialists he was never reconciled to their policies. His resignation on a fatal day in August, 1914, marked his definite condemnation of an ambiguous and unskillful diplomacy, which had entangled the British people in Armageddon.

There is something in the atmosphere of his books and conversation that seems to lift controversy "above the smoke and stir of this dim spot which men call earth," making us feel that politics is a religion, and public service the noblest of all duties, as public spirit is the cardinal virtue.

Morley's philosophy is in the direct line of descent from Bentham, through John Stuart Mill; and his political opinions may be traced partly to his friendships with Mill, John Bright, Joseph Chamberlain and Gladstone. He was one of the authors of the Radical Program, but always opposed socialism, although if he had to choose, as he once said, he would prefer it to militarism. From the time he took office in the cabinet in 1886 down to his retirement, Irish and Indian reforms absorbed most of his administrative energy. It is only a few months since he returned to the House of Lords in order to support the treaty of peace with Ireland.

The two last and youngest of the group are the Marquess of Lansdowne and Earl Loreburn. Their friendship dates from the days when they were undergraduates together at Balliol. Bob Reid, as Lord Loreburn was always called, was a famous cricketer and one of the best scholars of his day in Oxford. He can still read anything in Greek or Latin with feet on the fender. His favorite historians are Tacitus and Carlyle. Since his retirement from judicial work he has made many exquisite translations into English verse from favorite passages of Homer, Æschylus, Vergil, Horace, Dante and Victor Hugo. In politics he has always been a Radical of the Cobdenite school, never a mere party man. His friend and fellow Scot, Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, made him Lord Chancellor. He took the title of Loreburn from his county of Dumfries, and won the respect of all, even the most inveterate Tories, in the House of Lords. In the cabinets of "C.-B." and Asquith, Loreburn labored zealously for peace and good will among nations until ill health and overwork forced him to retire from office in 1912.

The tragedy of the war has saddened and depressed him, but without destroying his conviction that it was avoidable—a conviction which emerges in the pages of his book, How the War Came. While he was writing it I saw him constantly; and I doubt if a powerful mind, trained in the law and habituated to the impartial atmosphere of our Supreme Court, has ever devoted more time and thought to the unraveling of a problem so intricate as that of prewar diplomacy and to the meting out of responsibility for one of the greatest crimes in history.

From the time when the war broke out to the armistice Loreburn thought of little else than how it might be brought most speedily to an honorable conclusion. Nothing exasperated him more than ministerial speeches about war to the bitter end and the last man and the last farthing or the knock-out blow. A conversation with Colonel House or a speech of President Wilson would for a time relieve his gloom; and when the Marquess of Lansdowne's mind began to move in the same direction Loreburn gave his old friend unqualified support. I have already mentioned his timely and successful efforts early in the war on behalf of civil liberties, and for the protection of freedom of opinion and criticism. Some day perhaps I may find time to write more fully about this and about the Lansdowne movement.

To Lord Lansdowne's character and career I cannot pretend to do justice. He is perhaps the last of the Whigs, neither a reformer nor a reactionary; more conservative in the best sense than perhaps any modern Conservative statesman except the late Marquess of Salisbury. He was a member of Mr. Gladstone's first administration; but though his brother, Lord Fitzmaurice, accepted Home Rule in 1886 Lord Lansdowne remained a stubborn Unionist. The charge of being a peace-at-any-price man, leveled against him by the yellow press when his famous letter, refused by The Times, appeared in The Daily Telegraph—November, 1917—was of course absurdly false. His temperament is fiery and anything but pacific. I will engage that he would have been happier in the trenches than most of his newspaper critics. On his mother's side Lansdowne is descended from a French general, and I doubt if he ever opposed a war; though to his eternal credit be it said that as Foreign Secretary his diplomacy was directed to the removal of European enmities. Had he remained in office after 1905 there is good ground to believe that his entente with France would have been followed by an entente with Germany, and thus the way would have been smoothed for a general reduction of armaments at the Second Hague Conference.

Unlike his successor, Sir Edward Grey, and like his famous ancestor, Shelburne, the first marquess, Lord Lansdowne is a perfect French scholar. French is to him a second mother tongue. To knowledge of Europe he adds administrative experience of empire as Governor of Canada and Viceroy of India. A love of scholarship and letters, a correct taste in art, a love of Nature and outdoor sport, adorn and diversify a character of singular distinction. His strongest political opponents have never doubted the high sense of public duty that has marked every step of his public career.

Lord Lansdowne is the finest living representative of our aristocracy. He and Lord Eversley and Sir George Trevelyan are the surviving members of Mr. Gladstone's first administration, probably the best government this country has ever enjoyed.

THE TRAPPING OF JUDGE PINKHAM

(Continued from Page 25)

renewed power in every muscle while the shouting lad sang on:

"Oh, dey cast ole Dan'l in de lion's den,
All night long.
But Dan'l was tough as a tough ole hen,
All night long.
So dey sniffed an' dey sniffed an' dey turnt him out again,
All night long,
But who's goin' to dee-liver po' me?"

"Willy!" Clabe interrupted the musical blackbird. "Oh, Willy, have you seen Crab?"

"Shucks, Mr. Clabe," the boy grinned with teeth like a row of tombstones. "Crab ain't comin' nigh dis ginhouse. De boss mought set him to work."

"Ah!" Pinkham detected the slip. From the mouth of babes and sucklings! Little Willy had released the cat. There was a system of enforced labor. Colored citizens were compelled to work. The boss did coerce them. And there under the gin shed he now saw the man who must be responsible for this, the only white man in sight, weighing a bale of cotton and setting down figures in a book.

"Hello, Buck!" Clabe waved his hand, and Hazzard turned.

So that was the redoubtable Buck Hazzard, not over thirty-five, in a flannel shirt, and leggings that gave grace to his well-shaped limbs.

Hazzard stuffed the book into a hip pocket—ordinary receptacle for Colts and quarts—as he came to greet his guests. Somehow Pinkham had imagined a beetle-browed swaggering creature, and tried not to stare at the pleasant-faced youngster who grasped his hand.

"Glad to meet you, Judge Pinkham. Here, Kinky"—calling a boy—"run tell Miss Minnie to set a couple of extra places for supper. Put Judge Pinkham's suitcase in his room. Never been in Louisiana before, judge?"

Hazzard talked with such easy frankness that nobody would have suspected him of being a slave driver. Like several glib-tongued Southerners he used surprisingly good English; but unlike all the others, he seemed to be actually at work; so Claiborne suggested, "Buck, those negroes are waiting for you. I'll take charge of our friend until the gin shuts down. He came here from Cincinnati to see Crab."

"From Cincinnati? To see Crab? What for? Oh, I beg your pardon, judge." Then the planter turned and questioned a group of tenants. "Boys, do any of you know where Crab is?"

"Yas, suh, boss," a substantial-looking brown man spoke up; "I seed him 'bout a hour ago. An' you know Crab ain't moved in no hour."

"Thank you, Bowles. Bring him here at once. This gentleman wants to see him."

"Could I not go myself?" Pinkham grasped at a chance of meeting Stiggins apart from the autocrat. "My business is professional, and ——"

"No trouble to send for him, judge. But—certainly, if you prefer. Oh, Bowles, Bowles! Wait. Take your flivver and drive the judge to Crab's. But get him home in time for supper."

Through many conferences at West Gorham, Pinkham's committee had debated every method of reaching the peons, by legal proceedings, stratagem or warfare. Over and over they dissected the Stiggins letters and found no loophole visible from a distance. Then they left all details to the judge, and the elated Pinkham had made good. Within ten minutes after arrival he had divorced himself from contaminating white influences, to drive with a colored man and see the prisoner.

"Dat's my house, suh." Bowles stopped his car and nodded proudly at a four-room cabin with neat garage behind it. "Ain't dem nice pigs? Plenty meat for my family, 'sides all dem chickens. Dere's my crop 'cross de road. Dis year I'm tendin' forty acres for Mr. Hazzard, but nex' spring he'll help me buy some lan' for myself."

"And do I understand correctly that this is your own car?"

"Sholy, suh. Paid cash for it. Heap o' dese niggers bought 'stravigint autymobiles, but little tin lizzie suits me."

Lizzie stood purring as the judge gazed upon various gangs of pickers—men, women and children filling their sacks, while babies tumbled at the turnrows. Everybody seemed to be having a pretty good time, which jarred on the judge's preconceptions. He saw those things that he didn't expect, and expected those things that he didn't see.

So as lizzie started on again he inquired casually, "Bowles, where's your stockade?"

"Our stock pen, you mean, suh? For de mules?"

"No. The place where people are—where they sleep at night."

"Co'se, jedge, dey sleeps in deir houses. Lissen, suh. Hear dat music?" Again he slowed up for his guest to catch the jangle from a cabin near the road.

"Bowles, that cannot possibly be a piano? In there?"

"'Tain't nothin' else." The negro enjoyed his Northern guest's astonishment. "Ole man Tony bought two pianners."

"Two? For that little house?"

"It do make a kinder close fit, but Tony's got twin gals, an', say, he never had de heart to give one o' dem chillun a pianner, widout givin' t'other one a pianner."

Two pianos in a peon's cabin cluttered the judge's mind as the car rolled on, and presently Bowles indicated a desolate shack near the woods. There was no fence, and the surrounding land had grown up in cockleburs.

"Crab's," he nodded without comment.

"Where's his crop?" asked Judge Pinkham.

"Huh! Crab 'low he don't need to strain his back pickin' nobody's cotton. He got rich kinfolks up Norf. An', moreover, Crab brags dat de Unity States is fixin' to pay him a boney."

"That hovel is not fit for a dog to live in."

"Sho ain't. But Crab claims dat his luck overtook him dis year, and he is in thirty-nine barrels o' honey."

"Thirty-nine barrels?"

"Yas, suh. Crab say he los' more'n dat 'cause he never had no bees to gether it."

Some intangible something in the brewerman's tone—a veiled sarcasm, a covert sneer—drew upon him one of Pinkham's most searching glances, for he now suspected Bowles of being hostile, possibly a tool of the whites, to show him only what was nonincriminating. As a matter of fact he had seen nothing, not even a house, after passing Crab's. The plantation road grew fainter and fainter, until lizzie left it entirely to go bumping across the ridges of an abandoned field as if to dash headlong into a forest.

"Bowles, where are you taking me?" his passenger demanded.

"Right here, suh." Their little car stopped like a mustang reined upon its haunches; the brown man got out, held open his door, and pointed. "Yon's Crab."

At this spot Bayou Despair doubled back, and now surprised Judge Pinkham by appearing again at his feet. Through gaps in the brushwood he saw its sleeping banks and greenish water.

"Bowles," he said, "there's nobody here."

"Look under dat pecan tree. At dis end o' de fishin' pole."

The first sign of human presence that Pinkham observed was a cork rippling lazily on the water, with a line dangling above it. Following the line upward to the tip of a pole, his eye slanted down again

(Continued on Page 44)

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THE OLDFIELD TIRE CO. AKRON, OHIO

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Jim Henry's Column

Comfort Without a Blush

Considering that the masters of the tonsorial art have been dusting talcum on the façades of their customers for years as a culmination to the perfect shave, I'm not surprised at the number of men who have more or less seriously contracted the talcum habit themselves.

And after all, isn't it the logical thing to do? Doesn't talcum really complete the shave?

Take Mennen Talcum for Men. The first thing it does is to totally dry the skin. If there are any little scratches or cuts, it covers them and hastens their healing. It's antiseptic. But the big thing is its comfort—the silk-like film it leaves—the cool, soothing feel of it—and the protection it gives, particularly against a mean collar.

But, with ordinary talcum, I notice that most men rub it off right after putting it on. They seem ashamed of it—don't want to advertise their addiction to a comfortable habit. I imagine if you asked some of them if they used talcum, they'd blush as though you'd discovered some strange laxity in their morals.

The great advantage of Mennen Talcum for Men is that you can use it without a blush. It's neutral in tone. Lay it on pretty thick and just wipe off the excess. The remaining film is the color of your skin. *It doesn't show!* Then it's very mildly perfumed so that an inquiring public won't smell out your secret.

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Your druggist has Mennen Talcum for Men in the regular "He" can.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.



(Continued from Page 42)

tracing the pole and expecting to locate the fisherman. But the fisherman wasn't there. Nobody seemed to be there, nothing except a lonesome cane stuck firmly in the mud. Near its butt end, at the edge of the shadows, Pinkham now detected a very slight movement; it might have been the head of a mud turtle, perhaps of a snake. He peered closer. The gently stirring object was neither snake nor turtle, but a toe, a human big toe, upraised and wiggling as an admonition to mosquitoes. The toe's owner lay flat on his back, with mouth wide open and a face that did not lighten the darkness; and, except for the wiggly toe, quite dead.

"What's happened to him?" Pinkham asked Bowles at his elbow.

"Huh. Nothin' ails Crab. He's jes on-busy. Get up from dere, Crab." Bowles roused the sleeper with a stout brogan. "Here's a gemman 'zires to see you."

Half of Crab got up, the upper half, propped on his arms after the architecture of an easel.

He seemed dazed by the apparition of a shiny hat, and batted both eyes like a bullfrog blinking at a fire.

"Is your name T. L. Stiggins?" the shiny hat bent over and a stranger asked.

This scared Crab wide-awake, very wide; he scrambled to his feet and increased the margin of distance between them. No colored person with Crab's record could help feeling skittish when a legal-looking white man suddenly showed up on Bayou Despair and demanded his name.

"Cunnel"—before departure he risked one experimental query—"cunnel, what does you aim to do wid T. L. Stiggins?"

Skinny Crab in no coat at all eyed the portly Pinkham in his swing tail, while the lawyer made sure that Bowles had gone back to lizzie before he whispered, "Your cousin, Rufus Stiggins, of West Gorham, Ohio, showed me your letters."

"Cousin Rufe? In Ohio? Sholy, cunnel, sholy."

"Then you are the man I came down here to assist."

"Come to 'sist me? Yas, suh." Crab leaned forward, eager now to convince. "Dat's me, cunnel. I'm de very same T. L. Stiggins what writ my Cousin Rufe. Did you fetch de money?"

"Yes. I have brought ample funds."

"Den for Gawd's sake, cunnel, don't let nobody 'spicion you. Step dis way, please, suh." Crab led his assister to a log where Bowles couldn't see them. "Set down, suh. You fotch de money?"

"At the proper time," Pinkham said. "First I desire to clear up one point—why have you remained here when you seem free to go?"

"Lawd Gawd, cunnel!" The negro's eyes rolled behind him as if he dreaded that the gossiping leaves might overhear. "You ain't cotch on to dese folks. Dey watches me ev'y minit. I can't set foot in de big road widout somebody pokes a shotgun from behint de nighes' tree, an' de overseer say, 'Nigger, git back!' Co'se I ain't got no money to ride de railroad—an' dere's my sick wife." With a gesture of resignation Crab had stated the whole of his helpless case.

"But I supposed you to be locked up in the stockade?"

"Yas, suh." Crab batted both eyes mighty swift. "Dat part's all right. I was jes workin' roun' to tell you 'bout de stockade what I forementioned to Cousin Rufe. Sholy, suh, sholy. Gimme de money an' dat stockade won't never see me no mo'."

"Where is it located? I have observed no stockade."

"Nacherly, suh. White folks won't let you glimpse nothin' like dat; an' no nigger, wid sense, ain't goin' to tell. De stockade's over yonderway; on de nex' plantation. Dey fotch me here to git so as I could do some mo' work. Overseer nigh broke my back. I ain't cotch nary wink o' sleep in fo' nights. Dat's how come me dozed off."

Warily Crab felt his way along, a few words at a time, watching their effect until his assister pulled out a pocketbook so stuffed with fifty-dollar bills that Crab's teeth chattered and his big toe spaded up the mud, while the white man began to talk financial.

"What amount of money will you require?"

"Dunno, suh, egzackly. Two or three o' dem."

"Two or three? Say a hundred and fifty dollars? Let me see."

Judge Pinkham squinted both eyes to see real good, and Crab likewise saw—saw him fool away a lot of time by smoothing a fifty on his knee, when Crab didn't mind the wrinkles, not a bit.

"Let me see. Railroad fare, Tallulah to West Gorham, thirty-one dollars and eight cents."

"Yas, suh. Jes say thirty-one, suh," and Crab reached.

"Sleeper, about six; makes thirty-seven."

"Suttinly, suh. I kin git by wid thirty-seben."

"Food and incidentals?" Cold sweat trickled in a gully down Crab's back when a second fifty came out of the book, same as a cigarette paper. "Food and incidentals, say, five more, making forty-two. Eighty-five dollars should cover the transportation for yourself and wife."

"Jes what I said, suh. Jes what I said. Eighty-fi' dollars, wid some odd cents."

"Very good. You can pack your clothing, and ——"

"Don't have to pack nothin'. I ain't got nary rag 'cept dese. An' Tildy's plum naked."

"Ah. Then we must purchase an outfit. My client desires that you present a respectable appearance upon arrival at West Gorham, where he will provide work."

"Work? Yas, suh, suttinly. Dat's what I'm seekin' for, any kind o' work, jes so it's honest."

"We have a steady job for you, at the brickyard."

"Steady? Yas, suh. When does I git off?"

"Five o'clock."

"Suits me. Lemme have de money, quick. Lawd, Lawd, cunnel, ev'y time I studies 'bout dat brickyard I says to myself 'Come 'long, feet, le's go!'"

The pondering stranger still held a hand upon his knee, like a paper weight, and kept fumbling with the fifties while Crab shifted from one foot to the other and licked his dry lips. Excitement strangled him in the gullet. His tingling fingers extended fanwise like a scoop.

Then a whistle blew, and Bowles called out as he cranked his car, "Six o'clock, jedge. Boss say not to git you late for supper."

"All right," Pinkham answered; "I'm coming at once."

"For Gawd's sake, cunnel, don't pay 'tention to no sech nigger!" Crab squatted and begged as the judge got up. "Jes slip me dat little piece o' money, an' ——"

"No. I have considered this matter," Pinkham decided. "It is altogether safer that you travel with me."

"But, cunnel! Cunnel! Hol' on, boss! Jes a minit!"

"I can remain no longer. They will suspect something. Now listen, and remember every word: Tomorrow morning at eight o'clock I leave here in the motorboat with Mr. Claiborne. Wait for us at some convenient point along the bayou where we can pick up yourself and wife. At Tallulah I will buy your outfit, and provide money. No, do not follow me now. I tell you not to follow me!"

"But, boss! Cunnel!"

Crab staggered limp against a tree. His arms dropped. His mouth fell open. The line dangled from his fishing pole, and his float kept rippling lazily on the waters of Bayou Despair.

Tallulah has little to talk about, and talks much about that.

At four in the afternoon a bulging-eyed boy tumbled through the door of the Eating House and yelled, "Pappy! Oh, pappy! Crab's rich kinfolks done sont fer 'im!"

"No, dey ain't." His breathless mammy came waddling in behind. "Dat's de guvment lawyer what's payin' Crab de million dollars."

Rumors clashed upon rumors when negroes witnessed a swing-tailed stranger escorting Crab and Tildy from Judge Fortner's automobile into the Red Star Emporium. Whether from his rich cousin in Ohio or from his Uncle Sam in Washington, Crab was getting a barrel of money, and the black population swarmed to view the wonder.

At the Gents' Department of the Red Star, oily-haired Izzy Loeb displayed exclusive haberdashery for Crab's approval, while Leon Sokolosky at the opposite counter encouraged Tildy to choose her trousseau. Tildy didn't need encouragement; she needed things, and grabbed them as they came. The eyes of a hundred negroes at the door switched from right to left, and from left to right, following the stately step of Judge Sylvester Pinkham as his coat tails swung back and forth between his protégés. If Crab expressed a wish, 'I 'zires dese stripety shirts,' the white man straightway bought him six, then passed over to where Tildy had selected her slippers, of baby blue, with spidery heels.

"Do you regard these slippers as—as harmonious?" he ventured.

"I always is craved blue ones." Tildy stood pat, and got her satin footgear, the paymaster-general adding shoes of solid leather to wear on the train.

"Now"—Sokolosky rubbed his itching palms—"now I'll show the lady our line of New York underwear." At which her bachelor chaperon withdrew, and crossed back to Crab.

For several covetous minutes Crab had been eying the dummy that was arrayed in a diagonal Prince Albert. His black face grinned at the dough face, and dummy grinned back until Izzy stripped him to a wire skeleton and fitted the coat on Crab.

It wasn't a fit but a convulsion that gave Judge Pinkham his crick in the neck when he glimpsed Crab strutting before the mirror, and disdaining to glance downward at a pair of naked shanks.

"My! My!" the Ohio lawyer gasped and pulled up his trousers. "That coat does not appear quite right on you."

"Jes like yourn," Crab contended, then got kissed off to a gray sack suit and proclaimed, "I loves to ride de railroad in gray clo'es."

If Crab had pressed his first hunch he might have acquired the long coat, or whatever else he could snatch on a short order, for the judge was getting nervous. Pinkham had no means of knowing what length of time it would require for Buck Hazzard to reach Tallulah, where he'd rush at once upon discovering that his peons had been abducted. And what must happen when Hazzard roused a mob of whites against the blacks that now jammed Izzy's doorway? Other blacks formed behind, whispering together and nodding significantly.

Three white men pushed themselves within, reconnoitered Crab and Tildy, sized up the Northerner and departed. Possibly they were spies sent in by Hazzard, who meant to precipitate a race war before their 7:35 express could bear them safely out of Louisiana.

"Hurry! Hurry!" Pinkham spurred the willing merchants. "Give them what they need. Pack all extra clothing in suitcases. Here, Stiggins, take this ten dollars, and ten for your wife. That's to buy food."

"Thankee, suh. Sardines an' simon-fish sho will taste good."

"Change your clothes in the store. Be quick. And do not go out until I secure our railroad tickets."

"Sholy, suh. You aims for us to wait right here? Yas, suh."

Crab and Tildy nodded as they went to the dressing room with an armful of new raiment, while Pinkham girded his loins and advanced upon the mob.

For one tense moment he fronted the unyielding blacks, then their leader ordered, "Stan' back, niggers. Let de cunnel pass."

Pinkham's passage of the black sea was accomplished at precisely 5:58, railroad time. At 6:31 his flapping coat tails wafted him back again to the emporium, astonished and curious to know why the mob had dispersed.

Only a few stragglers now hung about the streets. Izzy Loeb leaned against one side of his doorway, and Leon Sokolosky against the other. Behind them the store stood empty, void of any human being.

"Where's that colored man and wife?" the judge inquired.

"They do not come back," Izzy answered with a shrug of ignorance.

"Not come back? I instructed them not to go."

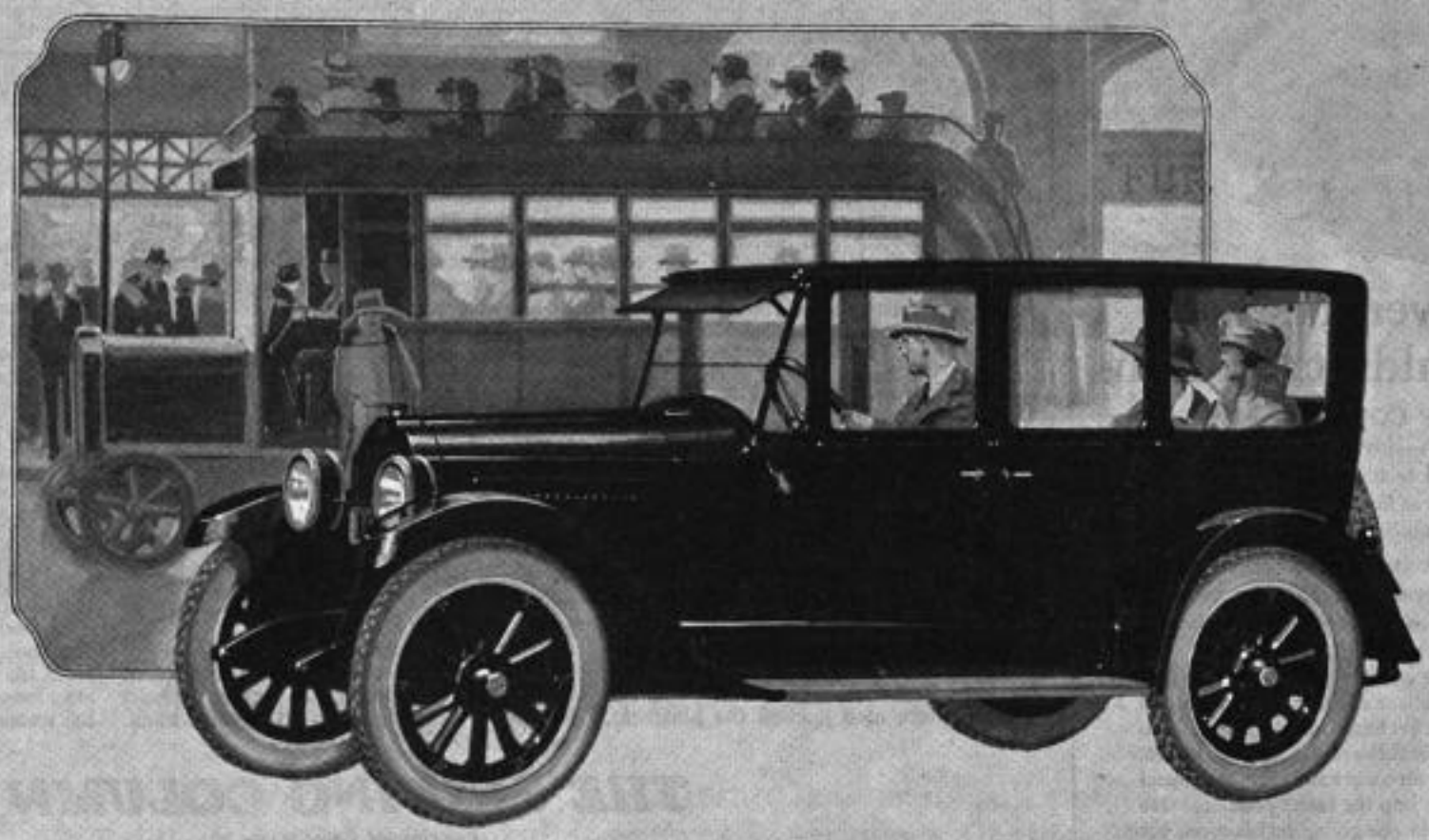
The Sokolosky shrug was a jowly-jawed duplicate of Loeb's. A passing negro shook his head at the stranger's question and mumbled, "Dunno, boss. I ain't seed Crab, neither Tildy."

"They couldn't possibly have gone far." Pinkham glanced in at the next door, and the next, and many others. They were not in the barber shop nor the Eating House; and nobody at the soda-water stand remembered having seen them. Most amazing! Neither whites nor blacks would give him information. Now he remembered

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The popularity of the Willys-Knight Sedan is a natural reflection of the enthusiasm which motor experts always express.

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Many new motors operate quietly, it is true, but the outstanding feature of the Willys-Knight Sleeve-Valve Motor is that this quietness improves with age—and the motor gains in power! It actually makes use of the carbon that works havoc in the usual type of motor.

The chassis and the luxurious Sedan body are built to match the motor's perfection.

The new multiple disc clutch, insuring positive smooth action, the silent flexible cushion drive and the ease with which the car steers make this Sedan the ideal closed car for the woman driver.

No detail has been slighted. It is richly upholstered in blue broadcloth, with headlining and heavy front and rear carpet to match. Blue silk shades shield the windows. There is an etched dome light.

There is a richness and dignity to the Willys-Knight Sedan that captivates you the moment you see it.

And you will find its growing popularity confirms your good judgment when you decide to order a Willys-Knight Sedan.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INCORPORATED, TOLEDO, OHIO

Canadian Factory: WILLYS-OVERLAND, LTD., TORONTO

The Willys-Knight Motor Improves With Use

ROADSTER $1350 TOURING $1375 COUPE $1875 SEDAN $2095 *f. o. b. Toledo*

WILLYS-KNIGHT

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Even his wife wouldn't tell him

OF COURSE, she loved him—loved him dearly and looked to his future just as ambitiously as he did. There was nothing she wouldn't have done for him.

But they were both sensitive young people and this subject seemed to be one she could not bring herself to discuss.

The position he held, with a firm of excellent standing, had promised much. Yet he did not seem to progress as he should have—as they had hoped. Other men constantly stepped ahead of him into the better positions. He seemed to be giving satisfaction, yet he was standing still.

The thing that held him back was in itself, perhaps, a little thing. But one of those little things that rest so heavily in the balance when personalities are being weighed and measured for the bigger responsibilities of business.

A big, little thing that even his wife never mustered courage enough to mention!

* * *

Halitosis (the medical term for unpleasant breath) never won a man promotion in the business world—and never will. Some men succeed in spite of it. But usually it holds them back. And the pathos of it is that the person suffering from halitosis is usually unaware of it himself. Even his closest friends don't want to mention it to him.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis arises from some deep-rooted organic disorder; then professional help is required. But usually—and fortunately—it will yield to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle.

Listerine, recognized for half a century as the safest antiseptic, possesses properties that quickly meet and defeat halitosis. It halts food fermentation in the mouth, and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean.

Its systematic use this way puts you on the safe and polite side. Then you need not be disturbed with the thought of whether or not your breath is just right. You *know* it is.

Your druggist will supply you. He sells lots of Listerine. It has dozens of different uses as an antiseptic. Note the booklet with each bottle.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.*



For HALITOSIS use LISTERINE

(Continued from Page 44)

again the admonition of his wise old client: "If they can't get you one way they'll get you another." They had got him, smothered him in a conspiracy of silence.

"Judge Fortner! Judge Fortner!" The agitated gentleman from Ohio clamored at Fortner's doorway, suspending his pants with one hand and gesticulating with the other. "Oh, judge! They've got my colored people. Kidnaped them."

"Kidnaped! Impossible!" Fortner reached for his hat. "You just caught a wet eel by the tail. We'll find them."

Hitching up their breeches simultaneously they combed the streets, but found no trace of Pinkham's missing wards. Fortner cross-examined every negro he met until the gun-shy blacks dodged him on sight. He organized a man hunt and sent his white friends whizzing about in their automobiles. They stirred Tallulah like scrambled eggs, stirred up everything except Crab or Tildy.

Seven-twenty-five. In ten minutes the eastbound would leave. What could he tell his client? That these Southerners had got him, and he didn't even know how?

"Look! Look." Pinkham suddenly clutched the district-attorney's arm and pointed. "What's that?"

Here came the mob—the real thing—several horsemen, and a rabble on foot, escorting a mud-spattered auto. From its rear seat Pinkham saw the threatening muzzle of a shotgun. Breathless he eyed the sinister little procession which trailed along in its dust cloud, then headed in towards a convenient telegraph post at the railway station. It sickened the Ohioan to consider what Louisiana poles were built for.

"Yon they go! Yon they go!" a boy's young voice shrilled out, and expectant Tallulah converged towards the post, everything that could run by foot or hoof or wheels.

The horrified Northerner would have hung back, but Fortner led him on to the railroad, where men packed the platform, shoving one another and peering in at the window. Among them Pinkham noticed Bowles, and wondered why the brown man should be laughing. Wedged in as he was on the ground below he could see only a jam of jostling legs, when an arm reached down from above, and Buck Hazzard raised him bodily to the platform, saying, "Here, judge! Lemme give you a lift."

The autocrat expressed no malice as he forced Judge Pinkham, like a snowplow, through the mob, flung open a door and announced, "There they are."

There they were—Crab in the new gray suit, his rolled-up breeches exposing a pair of naked feet; and barefoot Tildy wearing her silk dress, with the hearse-horse plumes bobbling from her hat. On the floor lay three dogs tied by ropes; and it seemed queer that Stiggins should be carrying the shotgun which Pinkham had previously observed, the only man who appeared to have come armed.

"Stiggins," the astounded lawyer gasped, "how did you get into all this trouble?"

"Dese shoes hurts," Crab grumbled; "us had to pull 'em off."

"Why did you leave that store?"

Instead of answering, Crab asked, "Cunnel, what you reckin dese white folks is fixin' to do to me?"

That's exactly what Pinkham dreaded, and he turned to Buck Hazzard, standing in the doorway, smiling at his mastery. Immediately behind the planter was Fortner's inscrutable face, a sworn officer of the law who showed no disposition to interfere. Somebody ought to speak up, and Pinkham opened hotly:

"Mr. Hazzard, I protest ——"

The Ohio lawyer flattered himself that he had come prepared on every point from habeas corpus to hanging; yet he went dumb when Buck Hazzard threw up both hands and burst out laughing.

"Stop, judge! Stop! Don't denounce me. I'm the fellow that saved your negroes."

"Saved my negroes?"

"Sure. I heard about this last night, and when Crab left home this morning without his dogs I knew he intended to come back. So Bowles and I picked him up on the road. Here's fifty dollars for their tickets—one way."

Freedom's champion stood agape when Hazzard thrust the money into his hand, and added, "These two negroes have deviled the soul out of me for years. They won't make a crop; Crab won't fire the gin or cut wood or drive a wagon. When I chase them off the place they sneak back. And Judge Fortner advises me that the Constitutional Convention has just passed some kind of a fool law against shooting niggers in cotton-picking time."

"But—but ——" Pinkham filed another protest. "This money? I have already purchased their tickets?"

"Invest it for them. Buy gingersnaps. And, listen, Crab; I've wired the police of every town not to let you off this train. Come along now."

At the whistle and roar of the approaching express a human tide of black and white and yellow surged towards it. Fortner caught Judge Pinkham by the arm, while Hazzard picked up Tildy's suitcase.

"Mr. Buck," she begged, "please, suh, lemme squeeze on dese shoes."

"Can't wait. You'll have plenty time between Tallulah and Cincinnati. Quick, Bowles; put Crab's dogs in the baggage car."

At the sleeping-car steps Fortner patted the departing stranger on his shoulder and reminded him, "Don't forget, judge, I have your solemn promise to come back and join our camp hunt on the fourteenth."

"Forget? Wouldn't miss it for a farm."

"But now"—Fortner's gray eyes twinkled as he whispered—"now I'm glad to see you get away until this public indignation blows over."

"Indignation?"

"Yes. There's been a lot of talk about your transporting colored citizens against their will. Some of our lawyers claim that it's peonage."

Nobody heard Pinkham's defense, for the mob was cheering Crab as he yelled from his window, "So long, niggers. Y'all stay here an' work, whilst we's drinkin' free ice water, an' ridin' de railroad up Nord."

THE SHINING COLUMN

(Continued from Page 38)

Presently Jeremy came over to me and smiled down the way you smile at a child, and the crinkly lines had all come back around his eyes.

"I think New York will be as good as any place to start, Janie dear. I don't recognize anything from your description, exactly; but there is just a chance ——"

We went away that very evening. Biddy came with me, and Jeremy arranged everything beautifully. I was quite excited, though when we were settled on the train. Jeremy insisted on explaining that we might have to search years for Louise, and we might never find her—I must make up my mind to that. If we did not strike her trail in New York we could go home to Farley and rest up and decide where it would be best to look next.

"No, Jeremy," I said firmly, "I have made up my mind that I am not going back to Farley until we—we have found Louise. Of course I don't mean that you must stay with me all the time. If you will explain things as we go along I am sure I can manage after this once. That is," I added hastily, "if we don't find Louise right off."

"Well, we shan't, Janie dear," said Jeremy very positively, and he walked off to smoke, his shoulders all hunched up.

I sat watching the country go by, thinking. Oh, if we didn't, how dreadful it would be! Of course we had to find Louise immediately, to give her more time to enjoy Farley and all her money. I thought about my dream, and somehow I knew we should. I looked up after a minute to find that Jeremy had come back and was sitting opposite me, looking determined and grim.

"Look here, Janie," he said, "what makes you so positive you are going to find Louise?"

"I don't know," I said. "I—I just am, that's all."

His eyes grew very gentle and sort of pitying.

"Look here," he said again, "you can't expect to succeed, honey bird, when we have been conducting a systematic search for the past eight years and had no luck. I'll confess I felt hopeful at first when you told me about your dream, because you—you seemed so sure, somehow. But I've been thinking it over. It isn't sensible, that's all. You just want it so much that you believe you will be successful right off. I don't know how Louise disappeared so completely, but people do, you know."

I knew exactly how he felt. He was trying to be judicial and sensible. But inside he believed with me that we were going to find Louise, and just because he knew that I knew he got up with an expression of disgust and went back to the smoker, and I did not see him until dinnertime.

Gran never would permit me to wear a veil. She said a veil was not the thing for a young girl, though lots of the girls at school wore them. And I'd always adored veils—you know, the way you do things you can't have—and so I'd brought one with me, and before we got off the train the next morning I fixed it over my hat close to my face, trig under my nose, lying flat against the little curls around my ears. And I put on earrings, jet because of Gran, but lovely old ones that made my face look long and sort of—of sophisticated. At least that is how I hoped they made me look. I knew they were becoming, anyhow, for old Biddy said, "For the love of Mary, Miss Janie, how handsome you does look!"

Then she hugged me tight, just as if she were going to lose me. But I reminded her that we had only come to find Louise, and she brightened up and was all smiles when we went back to Jeremy.

He stared at me so strangely that a flush stole into my cheeks—at least that is the way Jeremy would have written it in one of his books, but it did not feel half so becoming as that sounds. I just got red as a beet, and sort of choked.

"For goodness' sake," I said crossly, "if there is anything the matter I wish you'd say so!"

He laughed.

"I beg your pardon, Jane, there isn't. You look as trim as a—a bride." His tone dropped wearily; suddenly he looked very tired.

I shall never forget that first step up into New York—at the Grand Central! It seemed half dark down on the tracks when the train stopped, and Jeremy strode along beside me without a word, and then suddenly there we were in that splendid great hall, with the blue ceiling sprinkled with stars, and the shining marble floor and everyone in a hurry. It made me breathless just to look.

"Oh, Jeremy!" I said.

He looked down—his eyes showed he hadn't forgotten his own first time. Why, New York had been only another word for clothes to me—like Paris—and now it was people! Suddenly my heart dropped like lead. Where, among all these hustling hordes, was my darling Louise?

Biddy always seems such a simple old thing, but years ago she traveled a lot with Gran, so Jeremy just put her in a taxi for the hotel; and Biddy, as important as could be, nodded and smiled and called out to me to give Miss Louise her respectful love, and I nearly choked with the tears I was trying to keep back.

"Oh, Jeremy!" I said again.

But he did not know I was sorrowful about Louise; he thought it was just New York. He stood beside me, and his face was very stern and almost hard.

"What is it?" I asked him, and he turned to me with a smile that wiped away the sternness but gripped me about the throat, somehow. I'd much rather have had him look stern than smiling-sad.

"I was just thinking," he said, "that I had been half over the world before you could walk, Janie, and this gives you a thrill, while it is a commonplace to me. Yet ——"

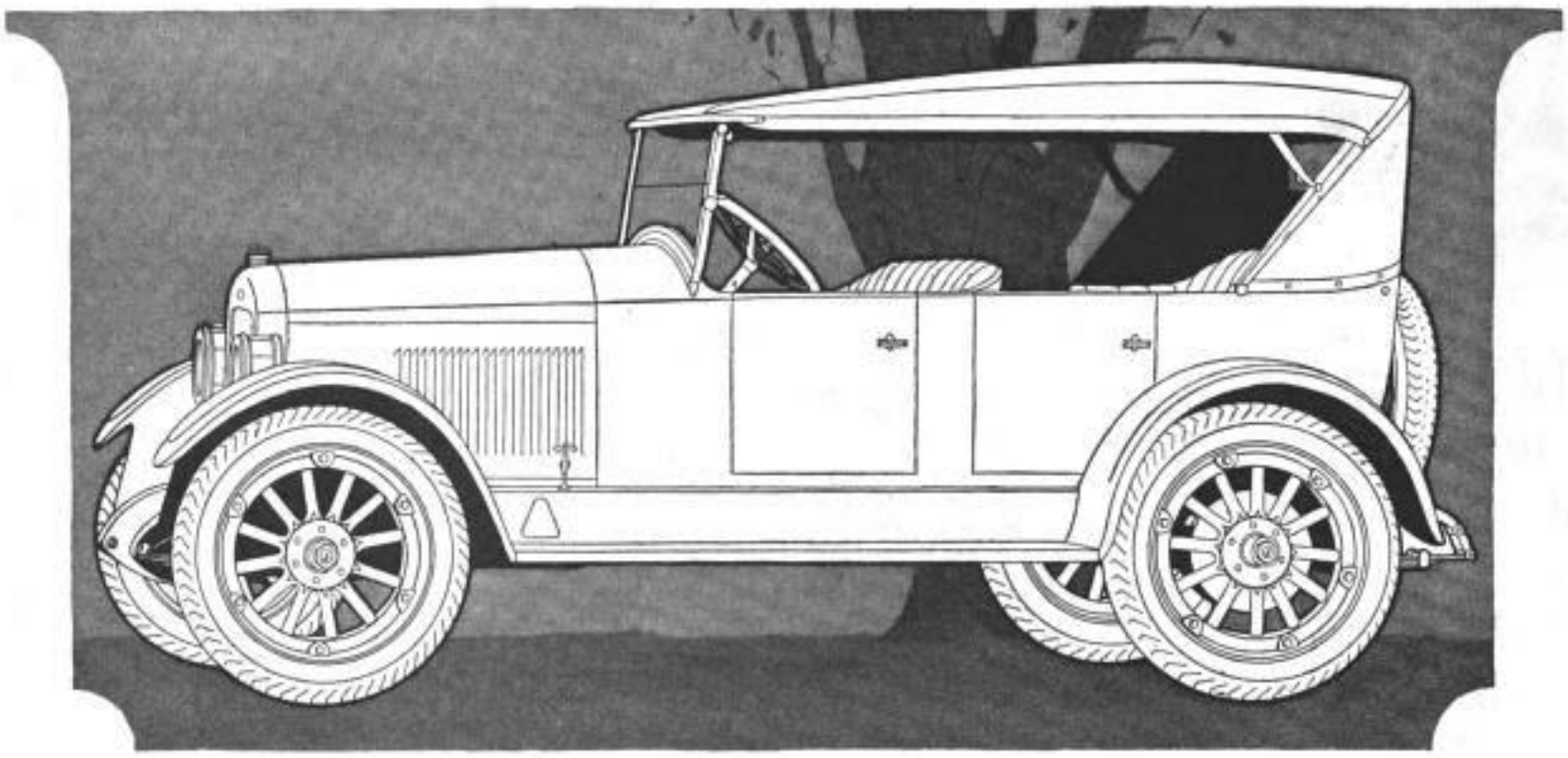
He broke off and did not finish that. Suddenly he seemed to be miles away from me as he stood at my side.

He told me that his friend Henry Bulkeley had offices way down town near the Battery, with a view from his windows much like the one I'd described after my dream. He thought we might go there and give the view the once-over before we did anything else.

(Continued on Page 48)

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It Is Not a "Light" Six



Six Cylinders—50 Horsepower—$995

The Jewett is a sturdy, powerful, six-cylinder motor car. Ready for the road, the touring model weighs over 2800 pounds. To measure the new standard of value the Jewett has set in American motordom you must compare it with cars costing from $200 to $500 more.

The first object of its designers was to provide a uniform strength more than sufficient to meet all requirements. Consequently every unit of the chassis—frame, clutch, transmission, drive shaft and the special Timken axle—is the best that engineering can provide. Each is ready to do its full duty regardless of driving conditions.

In brief, the Jewett is built to stand up and take the buffets of the road without a falter; to deliver its full power in rough and ready service with clocklike regularity and with the utter dependability that means care-free driving.

The motor is the strongest ever installed in a car of this price class. This 50-horsepower six, 3¼ inch bore by 5 inch stroke, is built complete in the Paige shops and has been proved by years of use in Paige 6-44 models. Now with force feed oiling giving 20 pounds pressure at 20 miles per hour and with many other improvements, it is finer and better than ever.

Such is the Six that is now yours at $995 f. o. b. factory. Judge it not as a "light" six, but as a thrifty six built by veteran makers for years of service. See it yourself at the first opportunity.

It is sold and serviced by Paige Dealers everywhere

JEWETT

A Thrifty Six Built by Paige

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There's a Hartford agent near you

HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE CO.
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The Hartford Fire Insurance Company and the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company write practically every form of insurance except life.

(Continued from Page 46)

We went downtown in the Subway because it was quicker, and when we got out at Wall Street and walked up into an office building I certainly had another thrill. It was all so strange, so different from what I had imagined. A dream for instance, is so quiet and reality so noisy. I could not cheer up, even when I met Henry Bulkeley's gentle gaze that seemed so deprecating and apologetic, though Jeremy says he is one of the keenest criminal attorneys in New York. But every now and then there was a gleam in his eye, as if he thought of something different—and he had the nicest laugh.

Jeremy suggested that I might like to go into the small inner office and have a good look at the Battery. It was a little room opening off Henry's big, luxurious office. While I stood there alone, looking out at the Battery, with the gray water beyond flecked with white, the ships away out, the low building of the Aquarium with Bowling Green before it, I had no sense of Louise's nearness; and there was nothing like the queer thing I had half seen, half known to be there, the way one will—that shining column.

A low murmur of voices came to me from the next room. Jeremy had been talking, and then, cutting clearly like a knife, came the quiet, ironical, keen voice of Henry Bulkeley:

"But that little Jane is a beauty, Jeremy! Where are your eyes, old chap?"

Jane? I stood up, aghast! Jane—that was my name! Why, I was plain, I was nearly homely! Gran had always told me that. I gasped in amazement, yet I longed to hear more.

"Jane has never been considered a beauty."

There it came, in Jeremy's quiet, vibrant tones. I should have known his voice the world over, I think—gone to it instantly for something in its quality. Yet what a disappointing reply! How I wished he had been able to agree with Henry Bulkeley!

Henry was speaking again:

"I don't care what she has been considered. Bless you, I only know what my eyes see! Why, Jeremy, when she came into the office you could have knocked me down with a feather! You'd never said a word about Jane! And there she came, slender as a harebell, with her brown eyes melting the heart of you, and her smile like a spring morning, and that lovely, wistful, childish air ——"

Jeremy laughed right out. Of course he had a right to laugh, but I felt awfully hurt. It isn't every day that a girl who has always been told she's homely hears such a eulogy. And there came that brutal laugh of Jeremy's, and then his speech:

"Gosh! If Janie heard you she'd think you were making fun of her!"

"Making fun? I never was more serious in my life. Jeremy, if there isn't anyone else I am going to try my luck with that little charmer."

"No," said Jeremy in his most aloof tones, "there isn't anyone else, Henry, I'm sure. But ——"

"You think I'm too old?" said Henry anxiously. "Of course I know—but dash it, Jeremy, what's thirty-eight, man? I'd know how to take care of her better."

"Yes, old fellow," said Jeremy, "and—and I wish you ——"

I suppose he was going to say "luck." But I stuck my fingers in my ears. I suddenly felt as if I wanted to scream. If Jeremy said another word I should call out or something. I stood there by the window, big tears filling my eyes, and compelled myself steadily to think of Louise. Oh, dear, if only we could find her and go home—home to Farley!

I never wanted to see Henry Bulkeley again.

Presently Jeremy came into the little room and closed the door. His face was pale, I thought, and he did not look at me much. I wished he would, to find out if he thought me pretty too.

"Jeremy, can you get me out without having to meet Mr. Bulkeley again?"

"But, my dear child ——"

"Jeremy, I heard what he said. I don't want him to—to ——"

Jeremy came close to me. His eyes lighted up eagerly. He seemed as if he were about to say something; something different from anything he had ever said. Then his firm lips shut down on the words and I felt strangely disappointed.

"Oh, I'm sorry you heard, Janie," he said gently. "We thought the door was shut, of course. My dear, you won't have to see Henry now; he has a client in the other room, and then he is due at court. But he thinks he can help us in our search for Louise, and we don't want to leave any stone unturned, do we? Henry's an awfully good chap, honey bird, and any woman who won his regard would be fortunate ——"

Oh, New York was a horrid place! Everything was going wrong. Jeremy had never spoken to me like that before in his life. Then I felt as if I must know something, and I stood up and spoke quickly:

"Jeremy, do you think me pretty? As—as pretty as Louise?"

I felt desperate; I can't describe it. Jeremy just stared, and then, incredibly, he shook his head, and his eyes grew so strange. I sat down suddenly in a chair I was glad to find close beside me.

"Well, that's all right then," I said in a funny sort of voice. "I—I didn't think you did."

And for a minute we neither of us said anything. The clock started to tick, tick, tick, and the dull roar of New York came up to us insistently, though I hadn't noticed either of the sounds before.

"Janie," Jeremy said presently in a practical sort of voice, "have you seen the shining column yet—you know, the thing you dreamed about?"

"No," I said drearily, wiping the tears away from my eyes fast so that Jeremy shouldn't see; "no, I don't believe there is any column. But the view—this is just the view I saw, only it wasn't exactly from this angle, you know; and—and we're here in New York; all we have to do is to find Louise."

"Yes," said Jeremy grimly, "that's all."

Suddenly the world felt like an ice house, but I wouldn't let Jeremy know. I took up my hat, fixed my veil in the mirror over the mantel and turned to find that Jeremy was staring at me, still in that almost dazed way. I suppose he was trying to see what Henry Bulkeley saw in me, and I wouldn't permit him to know it hurt.

"Come along," I said airily, "we're going out to lunch. If you haven't any appetite, I have. Why, I'm as hungry as a bear!"

So we left the little office and Jeremy pressed the buzzer for the elevator, and a dazzling car slipped down from the floors above, just as easily as if it had been a golden chariot coming for Elijah from heaven—only I wonder what Elijah would have thought of an elevator—and we slipped down to the ground.

It was just as easy as that, and a little shiver of delight went down my spine. Of course I'd been in elevators before, but not like this. They were just cars; they moved up and down; they didn't slip.

"Jeremy," I said when we were eating, "how high is that building of Henry Bulkeley's?"

Henry was that sort of man, you simply couldn't call him Mr. Bulkeley and keep it up.

"Oh, I don't know; twenty stories or more, perhaps. It is one of the largest in the city."

"And—and offices all the way up?"

"Yes; you seem to like the skyscrapers, Janie."

He laughed, and something that had been trying to get into my mind vanished. I'd almost remembered, and now it had gone again! I could have cried.

When we had finished eating Jeremy put me in a taxi and sent me back to the hotel to rest. He said Henry Bulkeley was going to take us to the theater that night, and we'd dine together first at the Ritz. When I wanted to protest he stopped the words with this:

"Jazz, Janie; that's a good start towards Louise—when we haven't any clew."

But I had; only I couldn't remember it.

We were awfully gay at dinner. Henry had chosen the show—all colors and songs. He said it was the latest sort of jazz. They teased me about that.

"When Louise was married, Janie," Jeremy said, "the word 'jazz' hadn't been invented."

"No; but jazz had, without the word," I told him, and they laughed and laughed.

I loved being in New York and at the theater, and I felt so distinguished, wearing black; but all the time my mind was on Louise. Ten hours gone and we were no nearer her yet. Suddenly I saw her again as I had seen her in the dream.

On the stage the star was singing—a song about camping on the roof because she couldn't find a place to live. The people seemed awfully amused. She had to sing one verse over again:

Try the tip-tip-topmost floor,
Where there isn't any roof
And there's not a proper door;
Try the tip-tip-topmost floor.

I hadn't been really listening. She was pretty and she danced delightfully, but she just meant New York to me. The lights were down; there was a dark curtain at the back of the stage. The star faded out suddenly, and there against that background I seemed to see my darling Louise speaking—just like that dream, only now I heard her, quite distinctly, as her lips moved:

"The top floor, Janie!"

That was what she said; I had my clew.

I couldn't tell anyone, not even Jeremy. They thought I was tired because I grew so quiet, and when I was back in my own room at the hotel I thought it all out.

No; there hadn't been any mistake; it wasn't all hallucination. I was positive Louise had said those very words. I trembled a little, I was so shaken; she seemed so near. I thought it all out step by step; it was almost like having a map—the way I saw it. That view from Henry's office window—the same view, it seemed—and then now this clear direction:

"The top floor!"

I couldn't sleep. I went over to the window. The city was slumbering with one eye open. Somewhere in the lights and the interrupted silence—silence, not quiet as we have at Farley—Louise was sleeping too.

It was very early when I made Biddy get up and order my breakfast. I couldn't eat, but I had to pretend. I put on my hat and my pretty veil and called a taxi. Biddy thought I was going with Jeremy, but I couldn't help that.

It was not yet eight o'clock. The streets far downtown were almost deserted, and only half the elevators were running in the building where Henry Bulkeley had his office. When I got into the car I asked the man how high they went, and he said to the twenty-second floor. I thought—when I found there wasn't anyone in the offices yet—that I'd go up there and wait for Louise. When she came I'd be there.

So I shot upward in the shining chariot, and then I caught my breath, for as we passed one floor we flashed into a shaft of sunlight, and looking up I saw the shining of something bright and metallic, as it had been in my dream. Yesterday the car had been full and the sun did not shine from that direction. For an instant I did not realize what it was; and then, looking out of the sides of the cage in which I stood, I saw that the walls of the shaft up which we were moving were of copper, or something that looked like that.

There it was—the shining column!

I gave up thinking; I couldn't do it any more. I shut my eyes and prayed, just a sort of soundless wish for Louise. And I knew that I was coming to her; knew it just as if I had heard someone say so. It was like a voice from within, confident, firm. I didn't care about anything more. My heart shot up with the swinging elevator until we reached the top floor.

"Twenty-two!" said the elevator man, looking round at me.

"Is this the top of the building?"

"The cars don't go any farther, lady," the man said; "but it ain't the top. There's another floor, or a bit of one—it don't run all over; the roof slopes. But if you want to get there just walk up the stairs down that way." He pointed a grimy finger.

I found the stairs easily. There were only a few doors up there, and windows at each end. From one of these I saw almost the view of my dream. I stood for an instant looking down, tears in my eyes. I knew I was near Louise.

The thought left me calm. It was like coming out into a sea of peace. I'd doubted so, and even now I didn't see the way. Suddenly I thought of Jeremy with a yearning pain, wishing he had been able to think me pretty. Then I put the thought aside, ashamed. Louise was the beauty. If I found her it did not matter how I looked. Jeremy had never been able to see any girl except Louise. Even though I knew she was married, I couldn't seem to separate her from Jeremy.

I wiped the tears away. I didn't know how to find her, but I knew I should. I wondered who had offices up here where Louise worked. Perhaps I'd hear her little

(Continued on Page 50)

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DODGE BROTHERS
ANNOUNCE

A Business Sedan of Steel

This construction represents an epochal advance in sedan design.

It permits Dodge Brothers to bake a permanent lustrous enamel on the surface of the steel—eliminating the delicate hand-finish necessary when the frame work is wood. It affords an ideal union of body lightness and strength.

The seats are upholstered in genuine grain leather. The rear seat cushion, rear side and back cushions are separate units. They can be removed in a few seconds, converting the entire rear section of the car into a spacious carrying compartment. The front seat tilts forward, affording perfect clearance through the rear doors.

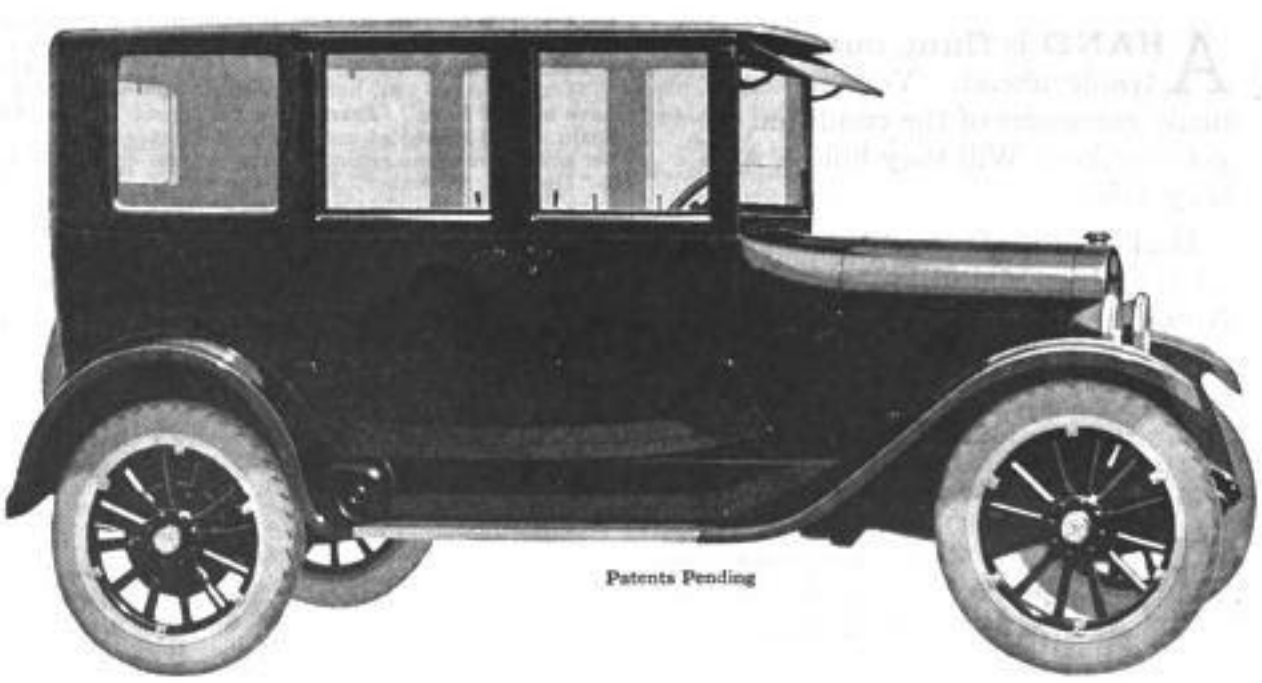
This convertible feature is absolutely new. Business men, salesmen, farmers, tourists, campers and everyone who has occasion, at times, to use a passenger car for carrying bulky articles or cumbersome luggage, will appreciate its striking advantages.

Cord tires, window regulators, windshield visor, windshield cleaner, dome light, heater, Yale door locks and the usual closed car refinements have been provided.

In size, and beauty of line it is identical with Dodge Brothers regular sedan, incorporating the improvements in design recently announced.

In fact, the car instantly widens the sedan market to include everyone who would find closed car distinction combined with more than open car usability.

DODGE BROTHERS



Patents Pending

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BRAKES!

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(Continued from Page 48)

feet coming up those stairs before I saw her, even. Should I know her after ten years?

All questioning ceased suddenly. A door at my right opened; someone was standing, holding the door knob and talking back into the room. I could hear a voice, gay and sweet. I trembled as I stood.

"I won't be long, dearest, of course; but I must just speak to the engineer ——"

The rest of the sentence was drowned, for the speaker had gone from the doorway back into the room. I could hear a murmur of voices, then a laugh. That laugh, that lovely laugh of my sister Louise's; I should have known it across the world if it had come floating out to me like that.

I didn't move—I couldn't. I just stood there, and in another minute there were quick footsteps, the door swung wide and my darling stood facing me.

"I beg your pardon, do you want anything?"

I was standing close to the door, of course, and she thought I had been going to knock, I suppose. She looked at me in surprise, her hand still on the handle of the door to close it.

"Were you looking for the janitor?" she said.

I shall never forget her at that minute. She had on a little hat of black straw, poor and cheap, but with a sort of triumphantly stylish air that Louise would have given to anything she put on; and her coat was artfully contrived to make her seem a little less slender than she was. She was very thin, but her beauty had grown. She wasn't merely beautiful; she was lovely. Her eyes haunted you, they were so gentle and understanding. There wasn't a trace of real sadness anywhere, and yet there were lines of anxiety about her eyes, others about her mouth. I saw these and for a minute I couldn't speak.

Then I said, "Is the janitor in there?"

She shut the door behind her firmly before she answered me.

"I am the janitor," she said. "My husband has been ill, so I have taken his place. What office are you in, please, and what is the trouble?"

I did not understand her; didn't know what she was talking about. All that had penetrated my brain was that one sentence:

"I am the janitor!"

Then the mist cleared away. I looked at her and smiled.

"Louise!"

She took a half step forward, perplexed; she began to speak, doubtfully, though I did not notice the words; and then suddenly that wordless communication that is always going on between mortals whether they know it or not spoke for me. I saw that she knew. The color flooded her face, tears filled her eyes.

"Janie! Small sister!"

She gasped the words with hardly a sound. I threw myself on her breast. She was the only mother I remembered, and I had found her again. For a minute we wept together; then she straightened my hat, drew my veil into place and turned me towards the light.

"I want to see you, honey bird; let me have a good look." Tears filled her eyes again as she looked at me. Then she put her arms around me again and hugged me.

"Do you remember, Janie, our snifty hugs? And how unhappy we were sometimes, or I was? How is Gran—poor, stern old Gran?"

Her comprehension made it easier to tell her that Gran was dead; that I was waiting for her at Farley; that there was money for all she wanted. For a few minutes we talked fast, questioning, explaining, touching just the fringe of the why with which our hearts were full.

We still stood outside the door where I had found her. My sister's lovely face had changed again, become radiant, glowing, the face of that dream.

"Janie, Jack fell from a building he was testing when we were in Singapore. His back was hurt; he cannot sit up, even. But he's the best, the finest ——"

There was a little throbbing note of something beneath the words, like the vibrant undertone of a violin string.

"Oh"—she turned to me lightly, remembering something else—"I almost forgot! Jack doesn't know that I've ever done any actual work around the building; he thinks I just superintend. That would bother him, of course. I am not supposed to, but when help is short ——" She shrugged her shoulders and a little bubbling stream of laughter followed. "Janie, you should see the set of old clothes I wear! I'll show you sometime. Jack doesn't even know I have them. Oh, and we called ourselves Smith, because Leland isn't a usual name, and—Jack's not a very humble person, though it took him a long time to become independent enough for a janitor." Again the laughter came welling up from some untouched spring of sweetness.

"We've had a home and—and lots of fun together, Janie."

Her tone was wistful; she hoped I'd understand. Perhaps I did a little, while she spoke about it.

"I'll tell you how I got the job," she said, "and then we'll go in and see Jack. It was this way: We'd used all our money and I dared not leave Jack to go out to work. I went to the owners of the building myself, and it happened they'd had lots of trouble with unreliable people, so they gave me a trial. We've been here seven years."

She couldn't help showing her pride at that as she opened the door.

The room into which she led me was the sort of room that means home wherever you find it. Books and papers, a big chair near the bed, and the window I remembered from my dream, looking out upon the water.

Jack Leland wasn't a bit the story-book invalid. He laughed a great deal, and his eyes flashed tendernesses at his wife that wouldn't go into words. They really didn't seem to be sorry for themselves at all.

Louise made me sit down and tell them about the dream, and I did. Then suddenly I remembered Jeremy. He might have telephoned my room; he'd be disturbed. I must let him know about Louise at once. My sister searched for the hotel number in the telephone book.

While I waited I heard a noise outside; there was a loud knocking at the door. Before Louise could answer it Jeremy's voice came clearly to my ears:

"Janie! Janie!" Yet no one else seemed to hear him.

When the door was opened I nearly fell back in surprise. The elevator man was in front, but we scarcely saw him. Jeremy stood behind him, his thin face anxious and drawn, his eyes bluer than I had ever seen them. Henry Bulkeley was there, too, calm and suave, but with a keen expression that made me forget my first impression of him. Neither of them saw anyone but me.

"Thank God!" said Henry Bulkeley, and mopped his forehead.

Jeremy didn't say anything; he just looked at me and touched my hand softly, so softly that it was almost a caress.

"It really is you, Janie," he said, and drew a long breath.

Louise turned to the elevator man.

"Did you think I'd kidnaped my sister?" she asked him.

I saw amazement leap into Jeremy's eyes as he stared at her, and I drew back a step where no one would notice and put my hand over my heart. In another instant I knew I should see that old expression in Jeremy's eyes, and I felt I could not bear it—not now. It wasn't as if it would do him any good, you see. He couldn't have Louise. Oh, I didn't want him to be unhappy!

Henry Bulkeley has a mind that works like lightning.

"Well, old man," he said to Jeremy, "you're some bloodhound. He trailed you here without hesitation, Miss Janie; sort of felt where you were, I guess. Extraordinary!"

He shut the door of Louise's little apartment behind us neatly. It was a tight squeeze, but we managed it.

Jeremy didn't speak. He went over and shook Jack Leland's hand. Jack remembered him perfectly.

Above the babel of voices I heard him exclaim, "How'd you do it, Jeremy? You haven't changed a bit!"

"Yes, I'm older," Jeremy said.

"You don't look it."

"Jeremy thinks he and I are old men," said Henry Bulkeley, joining in; "but we aren't, are we, Miss Janie?"

"I don't think Jeremy old," I said, and wondered why they all laughed so.

But, you see, Jeremy had always been my brother; I didn't want to change. And Louise loved me, but her life was filled with Jack. She didn't exactly need me.

Henry Bulkeley came over and stood beside me, looking down too.

(Continued on Page 53)

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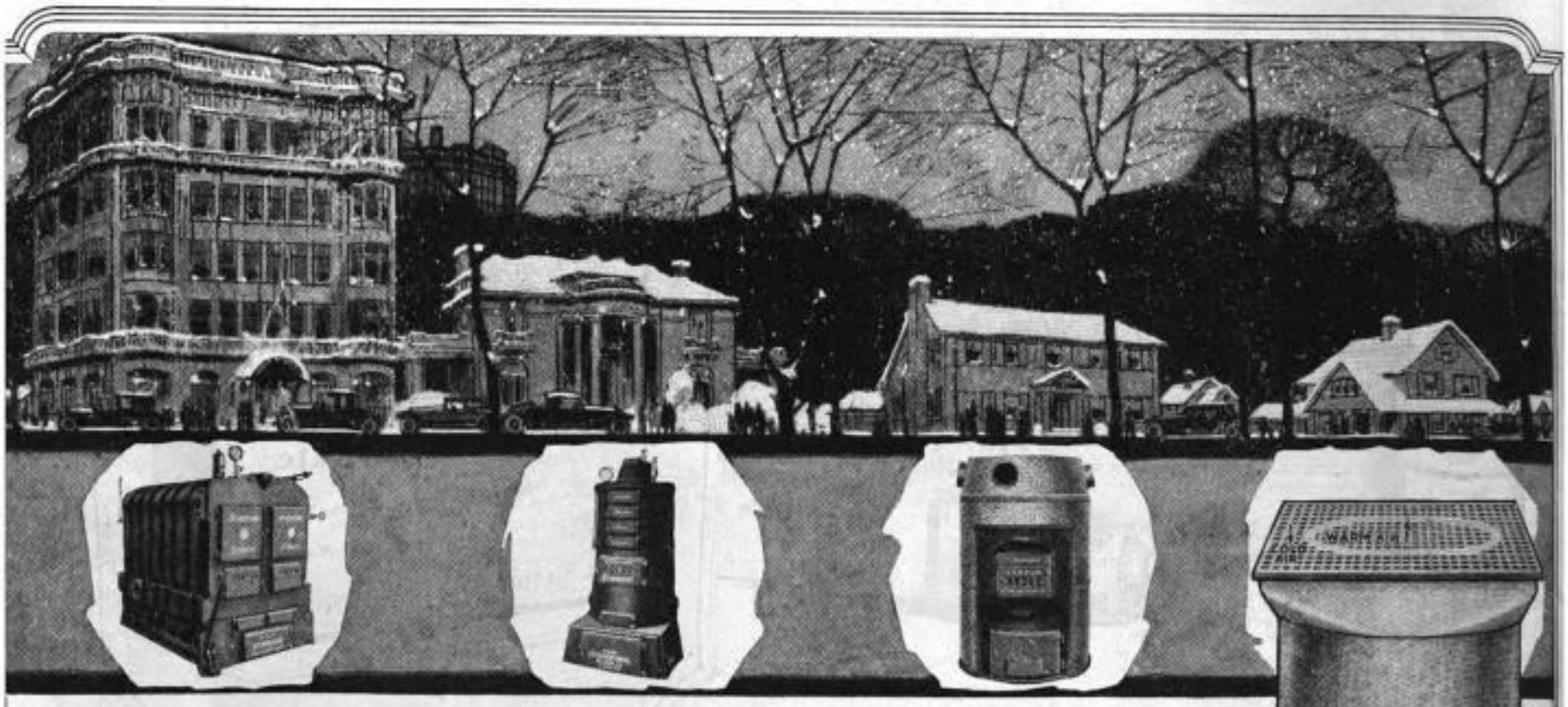
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(Continued from Page 50)

"Miss Janie," he said gently, "are you always so wonderful? Jeremy was telling me about your dream, and then you find—this! I—you frighten me, so beautiful and so courageous, capable of dreaming and following the dream. All through the ages, child, that has been the mark of greatness."

His eyes were very gentle and kind, and full of something I had never seen in any man's eyes when they looked at me. I could not help smiling back at him, though what he said was so absurd. And then, the way one will sometimes, I said the stupidest thing:

"Jeremy doesn't think me pretty!"

Henry Bulkeley looked at me searchingly. I knew, suddenly, what made him a great lawyer; he could see underneath, what you really felt, not what you pretended. He said in a quiet voice, as if it were not of much interest, even, whether I answered or not, "And Jeremy counts, doesn't he?"

Inside I gave a sob that no one heard, and to Henry Bulkeley's question I answered amazingly what I had not known myself until that instant:

"He counts more than anyone in the whole world!"

Henry patted my shoulder. The look that was strange had gone from his eyes; he had a kind smile as he bent over me.

"Well, Jeremy is a good anchor for any woman, and I'll tell you something—he doesn't think you pretty, of course, you are more than that; he knows you are beautiful!"

I didn't know that with that sentence he'd done a big thing—given up the thought of something he wanted, made the way easy for someone else. He moved away, back into the babel of sound. I seemed alone in a world that was golden. My heart sang.

"Beautiful!" I said the word over to myself in a whisper. I felt all sweet and sparkling inside, the way you feel on a spring day at Farley. Life was set to the melody of that one phrase:

"He knows you are beautiful!"

"Louise"—it was Jeremy speaking—"you've told us everything else; you know her dream nearly as well as Janie does; but one thing you left out—about the shining column ——"

"The shining column?" Louise repeated, looking at me. "Why, Janie ——"

To tell them all that the shining column had been the shaft of the elevator—I could just hear them laugh.

"Janie's shining column ——"

I could hear them begin to tease me. Why, they'd be doing it when I was old—things like that last so long in a family! And I couldn't explain that it hadn't looked that way in my dream—it was changed, the way things are when you are dreaming. It shone beautiful and golden then, when Louise disappeared.

Henry's voice boomed energetically through the little pause:

"If you folks are really going off to Farley tonight you'd better get a move on. Miss Janie, suppose you and Jeremy go down to my office and do all the necessary telephoning. There are the reservations, you know. Better not leave it too late."

"But——" began Jeremy uneasily.

"There aren't any buts for you, old man," said Henry Bulkeley. "Miss Janie told me that you count more than anyone else in the whole world. I don't think she'd be satisfied with any arrangements unless you made them. Off you go, now!"

He nearly pushed us through the door.

My face was crimson under my veil. I dared not look at Jeremy. He stood aside ceremoniously for me to pass down the little flight of stairs. I sailed on, my head in the air. Everything had gone dull again, somehow. I did not know how to stand it. Suddenly I decided I would not—there wasn't any need. I stood still on the bottom step, looking up at him.

"Jeremy, what is the matter?"

"Is anything the matter, Janie?"

"Yes, yes, yes! You've never been like this before. Jeremy, do you think me beautiful?"

"Great Scott, yes!"

"Then why didn't you tell me? I asked you."

"No; if I thought you pretty—you are not—just pretty."

The world began to whirl around me; it was all lovely and warm. I put a hand on his arm to steady myself.

"Jeremy, don't let anything come between us. I—I can't go along without you, Jeremy, not even now I have Louise. You can't have Louise; keep your little sister Janie."

Jeremy sat down suddenly on the step, caught me to him by my wrists. His blue eyes blazed into mine—a strange look.

"You are not my little sister! If it is a sister you offer, I don't want her! Oh, child, what am I saying? I am so old for you! I tried to keep away ——"

I looked up. Even New York was a happy place—glowing, lovely. Suddenly I remembered something—a little thing in a way, but it would show Jeremy that I could tell him things I couldn't mention to other people, not even to Louise.

"Jeremy, you know the shining column—you asked about it? Well, it was the elevator shaft—copper, you know, or something like that. I couldn't tell anyone but you; they'd laugh. But I can always explain everything to you—everything. You—you are like myself, only so much more than that too."

I couldn't say any more; I stopped on a little choking sob.

Jeremy had that strange look again. He took a notebook from his pocket.

"Janie, do you want to know what the shining column meant to me?"

He didn't wait for me to answer; opened the book with fingers that trembled a little, pointed to a sentence or two in his firm, untidy hand. But though he held it out to me I could not read.

"Tell me."

Now he spoke swiftly in that dear, ardent way I loved so:

"Yesterday, on the train, when you came out in that little hat and veil, so grown-up and lovely, suddenly seeming so—so far away from me, the words flashed into my mind. 'She's my shining column,' I said to myself, 'and I'm too old; I mustn't let her know.' That's how you seemed to me, suddenly strange and aloof, slender and shining and—and far off. Do you understand, I wonder?"

His face was so sad that I wanted to cry. He looked like a little boy who has lost his mother. Old? How could he be old, with that boyish expression and his absurd idea of keeping out of my way, giving me up to younger men? I knew exactly what had gone through his head.

I sat down beside him on the step—it felt nearer. I untied my veil, took off my darling little hat. It rolled away from me and fell on the floor.

"There!" I said. "There's a bit of your shining column gone. Jeremy, I don't like your idea at all, but of course I understand it." I waited a minute. "I thought you were in love with Louise," I said.

"Louise?" he laughed. "Honey bird, Louise has been married for ten years—and I never was in love with her; it has always been you, though I didn't always know it. Why, you have been the heroine of every book I ever wrote, and I thought of myself as the hero, and—and married you off to him."

"Well!" I said, surprised, thinking back to each one of them. "And always I thought it was Louise!"

I stayed still beside him, thinking it out. It was very comforting to be there alone with Jeremy. I felt as if I had been married to him for years and years, and as if he knew what I was thinking he put out his fine big hand and covered my smaller ones over. We didn't say anything; it wasn't necessary for a minute.

"You little shining thing!"

"That's all right," I said after a minute when I could speak, because he took my breath away; "that's all right. It's close, not far away. I—oh, Jeremy, promise me you'll never put me away up there again! I don't want to be a beautiful phrase—or an idea in your mind; I want to be you, a part of you."

I heard him draw a long breath; it was like the wind that comes before the dawn—a promise of sunlight. So, hovering between tears and laughter, I touched a lighter note:

"Why don't you write a story about it, Jeremy—get that shining column out of your system?"

"I don't know all about it yet," Jeremy said. "I should need help, you know." He kissed me through my veil as I fixed it over my hat.

"Well," I said seriously, trying not to let him see my eyes sparkle with happiness, "that's reasonable. What's a—a sweetheart for?"

So—together—we wrote this, our shining column.



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THE TENTH LAW

(Continued from Page 19)

money to harvest that crop—but after all, why not? Kinston made a business of lending money, at his own terms, to men who could secure him against loss. In a private capacity he served the whole district as a bank would have served it; he was hard, to be sure, as nobody knew better than Dan Mackenzie, whose office compelled him now and then to seize and sell some farmer's chattels or homestead to satisfy Saul Kinston's judgments; but that was, the sheriff knew, no more than business as most men saw it.

Kinston held his head high; a stern, unmerciful man, but honest, religious in all outward observance, respected as much as he was feared.

Sallie was just fretting, as women would, under a strain. Mackenzie's thought moved to Rufe Kinston, the scapegrace of his breed, to whom old Saul never spoke when they met on the street. And his frown deepened. Rufe's still must be a big one; he was spending a heap of money down in Randall. Old Saul must hate that, if he knew it; he was dead set against liquor, always grumbling at the plentiful supply of blockade in the district. The sheriff's mind flickered back to what Wallace Brent had told him, in his innocence, that afternoon. And quite suddenly he seemed to see what drew all these scattered meditations together, linked them in a single significant chain of facts. His scowl bit deeply into his forehead. When he reached the jail he found Sim Cole entertaining a group of loungers on the steps, and he drew the deputy to one side.

"Sim, you got any notion where Rufe Kinston's got his still?"

Cole eyed him uneasily. "Didn't know he had one, sheriff."

"Well, you hear me sayin' so now. Sim, you got one week to find that still."

Cole stood his ground. "Supposin' I don't?"

"Then"—Mackenzie's voice was very gentle—"then I'll take and find it myself, Sim. And I'll collect the reward myself, when I do. Better find it 'fore the week's out, Sim. I would if I was you."

He saw Cole's face change covertly, but the deputy spoke in a whining plaintive key:

"You talk as if a feller c'd go and find a still any time he took a notion, sheriff. It ain't so easy as it looks. And if Rufe Kinston's running a still he's got it hid up pretty—you c'n count on that. Feller 't plays chess the way Rufe does ain't nobody's fool; no, sir!"

Mackenzie nodded. "Been playing chess with Rufe again, Sim? That's another reason why you better take an' find that there still this week. Folks ain't going to like it if you can go find a still any day you aim to, but can't never find the ones 't belongs to your friends."

Sim turned away sulkily without an answer. Mackenzie went to bed, hearing the grumble of the deputy's talk below the jail windows. Words came to him now and then. He heard Sim say something about him: "Getting simple, Mackenzie is. Figgers he's smarter'n Rufe Kinston."

And he heard, too, the chuckle with which the loungers greeted the speech. He wondered how long it would be before Rufe Kinston would hear it. Not very long, he thought, as he fell asleep.

II

THERE was a little group of idlers at the jail steps when Rufe Kinston rode up on the sorry old horse. It was Sunday again, and a silence lay over the straggling little courthouse town, a silence that seemed a part of the flat suffocating heat. Mackenzie, his back against the crumbling bricks, smoked slowly. He did not change his position as Rufe swung down, but he felt the lazing men about him stiffen, as if they had come to attention. Kinston let his horse stand unhitched at the pipe railing, and Mackenzie saw the beast lower its head, saw the heave of its flanks.

"Well, sheriff, looks like I was making it right easy for you, don't it?" Kinston chuckled. "Hear you aim to jail me for still running—you and Sim Cole." He glanced at the deputy. "Sim's been costing the county a heap of gas, trying to trail me in his flivver. Got any evidence yet, Sim?"

Cole showed his teeth. "Reckon I could prove you got a girl over in Cray County, Rufe."

Kinston clapped him on the shoulder. "That's pretty good, Sim, that is. Didn't guess you'd found out that much. Pity you can't jail a man for it, ain't it?"

He looked at the sheriff, who had not changed his position. "Sheriff, I want your advice. I come over to play a game of chess with Sim, here, but it struck me 't maybe it might be against the law—they's so many laws these times a man can't carry the whole of 'em in his head. Hate to get in jail, this weather."

The crowd sniggered, and a dot of red showed over each of Mackenzie's high cheek bones. He went back to a day when old men were not lightly spoken to by glib youth. In the old rough timber times it would have been a good man who ventured on this public ridicule, and the crowd wouldn't have laughed.

"Heard you figgered you could play, Rufe. Like to see you. Might learn some new tricks if I ain't too old."

Cole brought out the board and the cigar box. The group drew in about the steps to watch. Kinston, playing the whites, moved swiftly when his turns came, grinning at Cole's slow, cautious defense. It was a quick game. Cole wagged his head ruefully over the board as a pawn advance discovered check and mate from Kinston's bishop.

"Too good for me, Rufe. Never seen that bishop."

One of the idlers laughed and pointed. "Might tackle Rufe's horse, Sim! Look at him—come over to watch the game too!"

The old beast had walked around the end of the pipe rail and come close to the steps, unnoticed by the group about the board. His dejected head was close to the trodden sand, and he breathed audibly, his nostrils widely distended. As they watched him he sniffed at a little heap of litter and delicately lipped something from it. Cole slapped his thigh.

"Reckon we could hang you on that evidence, Rufe? That's corn mash I tilted out'n a still I fetched in yest'd'y. How come you got a horse trained to eat mash, without you been still running like the sheriff says?"

"Looks mighty bad, sure enough." Kinston grinned. "And I bought that horse off Uncle Saul too! Reckon he knew he was a drinking horse or he wouldn't 've sold him!"

The sheriff spoke as the laugh subsided: "Sim, looked to me like you didn't play that game right. You'd ought to 've taken Rufe's knight ——"

Cole whirled quickly, his teeth showing. "Whyn't you tackle Rufe yourself, if you figger you c'n play him better'n me?"

Again Mackenzie felt the expectant unfriendly tension about him. They all hoped he'd do it; they all wanted to see Rufe Kinston make him look silly. He met Kinston's insolent eyes evenly.

"Give you a queen, sheriff, an' play you blindfold!"

Mackenzie shook his head. "Reckon you wouldn't be so lib'ral if they was anything bet, Rufe."

Kinston's face flamed.

"Bet? I'll play you for anything you say." His hand went to his pocket and drew out a thick roll of bills. "Name your bet, sheriff—I'll see it!"

Mackenzie shook his head regretfully. "Ain't much money in sheriffin', these days, Rufe. I ain't got a cent."

"That's what I figgered." Kinston laughed. "I knowed you was jest talking with your mouth, Mackenzie."

The sheriff sat very still. Kinston's use of his name was meant and understood as a deliberate insult. But he spoke gently.

"If I had anything to bet I'd bet it, Rufe. Trouble is I ain't got a thing ——"

His eyes moved to the old horse, still nosing at the litter. Rufe Kinston chuckled happily.

"You got a likely colt, ain't you? I'll play you for him against old Joe there."

The sheriff sighed. "That'd be givin' you odds, Rufe. My colt's worth a sight more'n your old crowbait."

Kinston's brows drew together. "I'll play you money against your colt then. What do you want for him?"

Mackenzie considered. "Tell you what, Rufe, we'll play for the horses, like you said, only we'll make it thisaway: If I win I get your horse for nothing. If you win we swap even. I reckon that ought to be about right." (Continued on Page 57)

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MAN'S GREATEST TRIBUTE TO MAN

A LITTLE more than a year ago W. C. Durant announced that on August 1, 1921, the public would have the opportunity to purchase a very good motor car at a very moderate price.

The success of Durant Motors since that announcement has been the talk of the automobile world.

Never before in the history of the industry has a single manufacturer accomplished so much in so short a time!

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More than thirty thousand Durant Fours and Durant Sixes have been sold!

More than ten thousand men and women are given employment through Durant activities.

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We are grateful for this tribute which has come to us.

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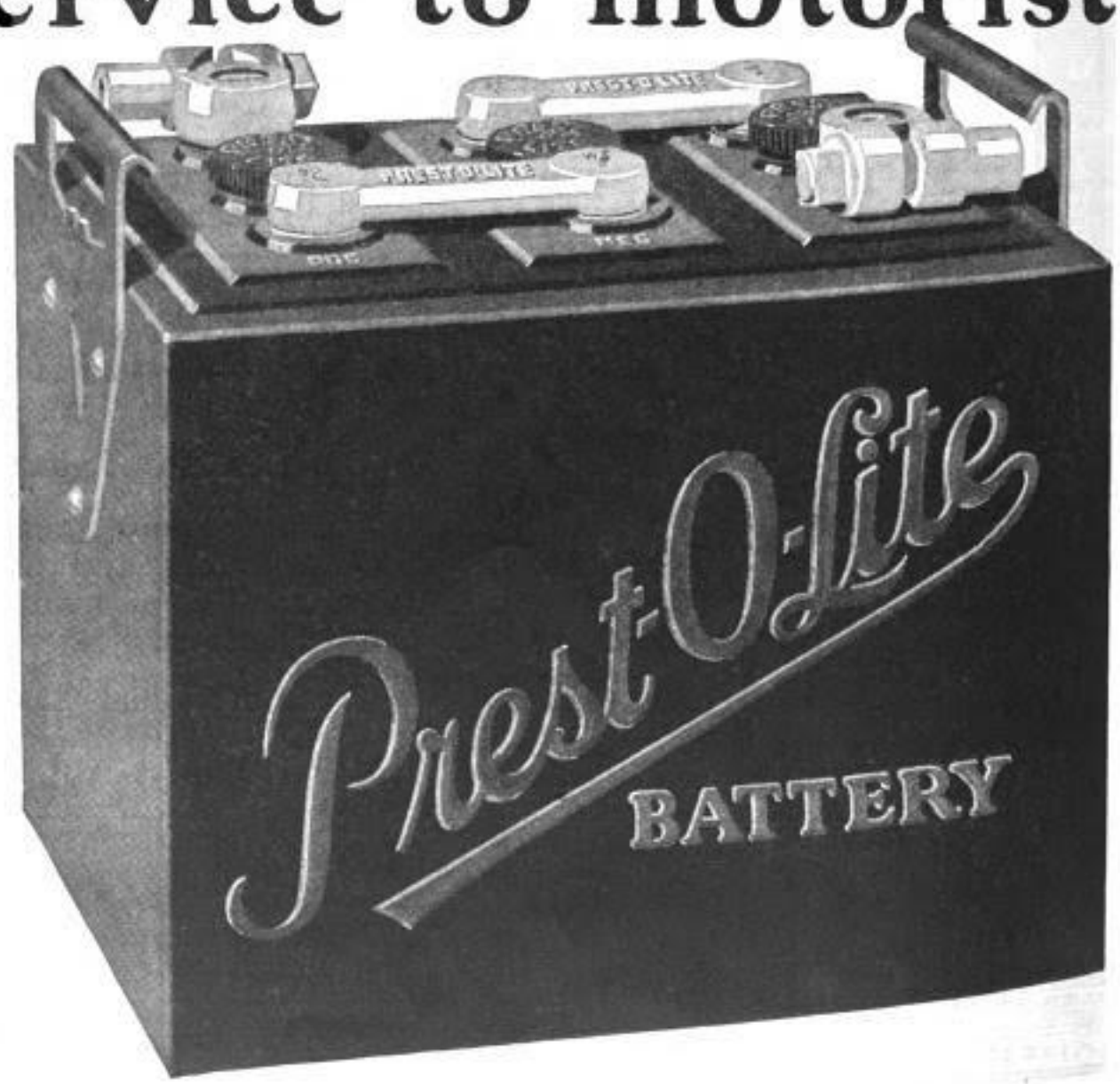
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INSIDE THE BATTERY

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(Continued from Page 54)

Kinston hesitated only an instant. Then he laughed and sprang toward the board.

"I'll see you, sheriff. An' I'll give the white if you want it."

"Reckon we better draw for it, Rufe. An' you said something about a queen just now, an' playing me blindfold."

Kinston looked blank. Mackenzie could see that the crowd's easy sympathies hung in the balance. If Kinston crawled down they would be with the sheriff.

"I was jest funnin' when I said that, sheriff, but if you hold me to it ——"

"Didn't aim to, Rufe. No credit licking a man thataway. We better play even."

He drew the blacks and marshaled them deliberately, his fingers clumsy with the pieces. Kinston chose the same attack he had played against Cole, sacrificing his king's bishop's pawn on his second move and his king's knight on his fifth. Against a skilled player, Mackenzie guessed, the device would be fatal, but he saw himself swiftly outmaneuvered, with a rook and queen and bishop all bearing down on his bishop's pawn. He rubbed his chin as Kinston announced mate.

"Looks like you got me, Rufe. We trade horses."

He got to his feet and walked around the jail toward the stable behind the hotel, where he kept his colt. He stroked the beast's nose before he led him out. Back at the jail Kinston transferred saddle and bridle, grinning. The crowd was with him again and he made the most of a favoring audience.

"Reckon you must 've took a fancy to old Joe, sheriff, when you seen him eatin' that mash. Sim Cole c'n feed him f'r nothin' if he just fetches in the mash every time he finds a still. Looks like you took an' done me, sure enough. Only, of course, I ain't hunting stills for a living, like you an' Sim."

He set the colt at a headlong run down the sun-drenched road, the dust lifting in explosive puffs behind him. The crowd drifted away toward the hotel. Cole stayed behind, scowling.

"Sheriff, you done a bad day's work, lettin' Rufe win that colt off you. Made you look plumb silly—an'——"

"Looks thataway, don't it, Sim?" Mackenzie lifted the battered forefoot of the old horse and studied it deliberately. "Reckon I got to rest him up before I can get him shod, the way these feet looks, Sim. Rufe Kinston don't use a horse right."

"The whole county'll laugh at us, sheriff."

"Think so?" Mackenzie lowered the foot and straightened. He turned a mild inquiring glance at his deputy. "Think Rufe got the best of me, Sim?"

Cole made an impatient angry noise in his throat. "Think? Didn't he mate you before you got started?"

Mackenzie opened his eyes. "Oh, you mean chess? Yes, I reckon he licked me, sure enough. That's his game, Sim."

"Well?" Cole scowled. "What did you think I meant?"

"I was thinking about horse trading, Sim. I ain't no great hand to play chess, nor to tinker up cars, but I was trading horses when Rufe Kinston's daddy was cutting teeth."

Cole laughed. "That's good, sheriff! Rufe, he licked you at his game, and then he took an' licked you worse at yours! Made us look plumb foolish."

Mackenzie nodded placidly. "Sim, any time you go trading f'r a horse you watch out for the feller that looks plumb foolish. You swap with a feller 't knows it all."

Cole breathed impatiently again. "I don't know what you're driving at, sheriff, but I know it's a bad thing for folks to get the notion that they got a plumb foolish sheriff!"

Mackenzie's hand tightened on the halter rope, but he did not answer at once, and when he broke the silence his voice was gentle.

"You reckon that's how folks look at it, Sim?"

Cole laughed resentfully. "Don't have to reckon; I know."

Again there was a pause.

"Ain't found that still of Rufe's, Sim. I give you a week, and it's up."

"Give me a year, I couldn't find it. If Rufe's got a still it's over in Cray. I wasted a week trailing him. Rides over thataway most every night—easy to follow his tracks 's fur 's the plank bridge, but he don't leave tracks on the paved road, other side."

The sheriff nodded. "Figgered 't maybe Rufe's got that still hid in the swamp, Sim. Right handy place for it—so close to the new road and the county line."

"That's what I figgered. But he'd leave a trail where he turned off the road—reg'lar thicket on both sides for most a half mile, and you c'n wear your eyes plumb out before you'll find a busted branch. I been over every inch of that swamp road, and up and down both sides of the swamp too. If Rufe's got a still hid in there he gets to it in a airship, sheriff."

"Kinda funny he most always rides a horse, then, ain't it? Rufe's got a big car, ain't he? Why you reckon he should take a sore-footed horse on that hard road, Sim, if he's goin' three-four miles over in Cray?"

"Plenty roads in Cray where a car can't go," said Cole. "That don't signify." He dropped his voice a tone or two. "Sheriff, you got me plumb beat the way you act about Rufe Kinston. Always figgered you wasn't no great hand to chase stills—you ain't brought in one since they passed the law. You jest got a down on Rufe?"

"Looks thataway, don't it, Sim? Never looked to me like it was wrong to work up a mite of corn into white liquor, sure enough. Figger 't they's too many laws these times, Sim. We got nigh a million. Got along Bible times with only ten."

Cole chuckled. "Nice easy job sheriffin' if they wasn't only ten laws. Bible don't say nothin' against still runnin', does it, sheriff?"

"Nary word."

"Then how about Rufe Kinston? If you figger it's all right to work up corn into white mule, what you got against Rufe?"

The sheriff spoke amiably: "Reckon the Kinstons been breaking a law 't's a sight older'n prohibition, Sim."

He led the lame horse to the stable behind the hotel.

When he came around the building at suppertime he heard laughter on the porch and Sim Cole's voice:

"No wonder they's a sight of stills in the county, when folks knows 't the sheriff ain't aimin' to enforce no law 't's been passed since the ten commandments!"

III

SAUL KINSTON stared in angry amazement at the sheriff and his deputy. He had been a huge man in the prime of his powers, and even now, at eighty, there was strength in the big gaunt frame of him, the set of his grim jaws, the great hands that closed slowly on his thighs.

"I been hearin' you'd gone plumb crazy, Mackenzie, an' I believe it! Callin' on a man past eighty to ride in a posse, when they's a county full of boys ——"

"Saul, you been complaining because I ain't kep' down the blockade liquor; I'm calling on you because the biggest still in the county's on your land. Aimed to let you see it 'fore I took and smashed it. Thought, the way you been talking, 't you'd maybe like to ride on with me and Sim. If you tell me no, that's the end of it."

"On my land?" The old man came to his feet, seeming taller for the stoop that swung his wide shoulders forward. "Where, Mackenzie? You got any proof?"

"Ride with us and see, Saul. It ain't no great ways, and the evening's right cool."

Their eyes met and locked for a moment. Saul Kinston turned suddenly and shouted. A young negro came around the corner of the house and shuffled away at the old man's order. Presently he brought back a saddled horse. Kinston paused with his hand on the pommel.

"Go fetch me my gun, Cahoon."

"You won't need it, Saul." Mackenzie spoke quickly. "Won't be no fightin'."

"Fetch it, Cahoon." The old man laughed harshly. "I don't ride on no posse without I tote a gun, sheriff or no sheriff!"

He inspected the heavy old revolver the negro brought him and slipped it into his waistband. He drew up abreast of Mackenzie as they rode away from the house, reining in his horse to the slow limping pace of the sheriff's mount.

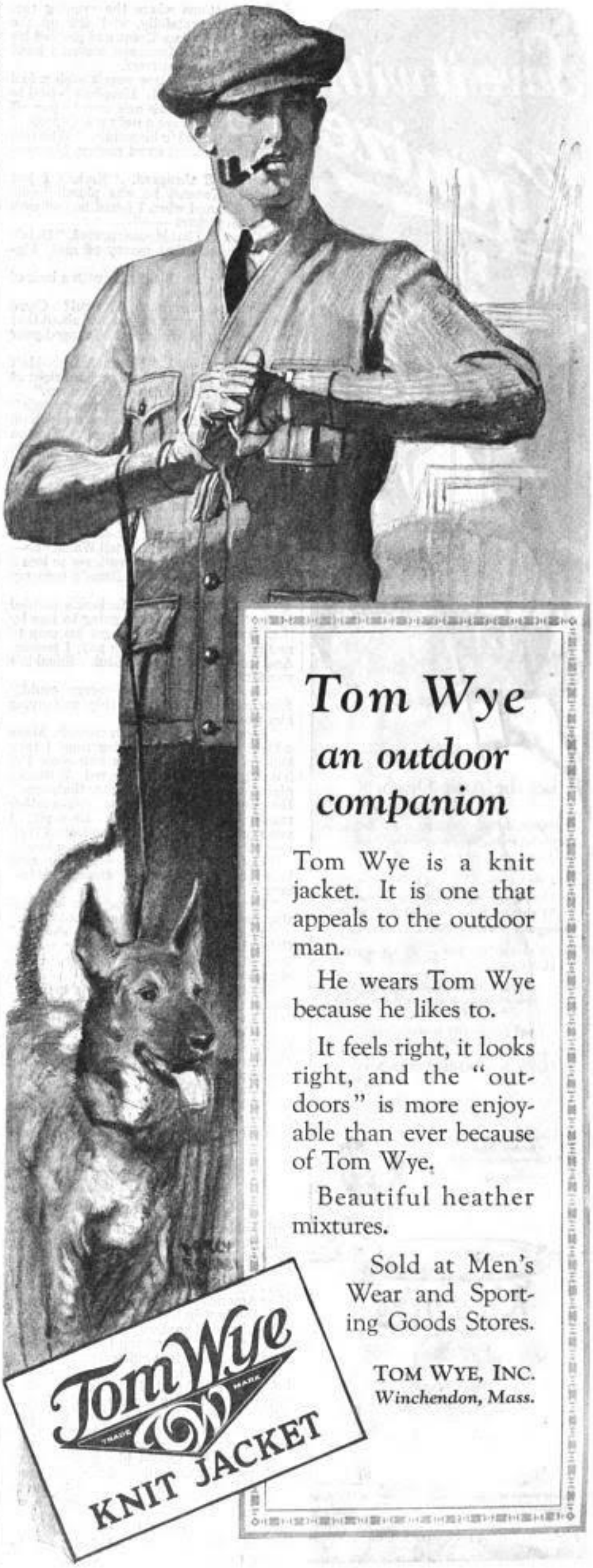
"That the horse you traded Rufe for, Mackenzie?"

He chuckled as the sheriff nodded. "No wonder they say you're getting simple!"

"Looks like Rufe got the best of me, sure enough," said Mackenzie placidly. "Ain't so young as we was, Saul. Takes a mighty spry man to keep up with the boys these days."

Kinston snorted. "Like to see any man trade me a horse like that if I was two hunderd!"

Mackenzie made no answer. The road twisted over the barren ridges, dipped into



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shallow bottoms where the evening cool had settled gratefully, and led up the slope where Wallace Brent had planted his peach orchard. Mackenzie waved a hand at the thrifty laden trees.

"Looks like Wallace wasn't such a fool as folks figgered, Saul. Hear he's bound to get enough out'n this one crop to pay off all he owes and leave a right pretty profit."

Kinston turned in his saddle. "Who told you Wallace Brent owed money, Mackenzie?"

The sheriff shrugged. "Reckon I jest guessed. Knowed he was plumb broke this spring, and when I heard he had cash to pay his pickers ——"

"H'mph!" The old man snorted. "Didn't tell you he got that money off me? Figgered he wouldn't."

Mackenzie met his glance with a look of mild astonishment.

"You let him have it, Saul? Come round, did you, after all you said about that peach notion of Wallace's? Changed your mind?"

Kinston scowled. "Not me. I wouldn't give a dime for that there orchard right as she stands. This ain't a fruit country."

"Sight of peaches on them trees though."

"Sight of difference between a peach on a tree and money in the bank," Kinston snarled. "Wallace Brent can't handle nigras; he won't ever get them peaches picked and shipped."

"Right neighborly of you to loan him the money, feeling thataway, Saul."

Mackenzie wagged his head gravely. Kinston spread his big hands.

"Reckon I jest couldn't tell Wallace no—begged so hard. Won't break me to lose a mite of money. Wallace Brent's been my neighbor all his life."

"Does you credit." Mackenzie nodded again. "Maybe you ain't going to lose by it neither. If Wallace can get his crop to market he can make out to pay, I reckon. And maybe he'll do it, Saul. Shouldn't wonder."

"Can't handle nigras—never could," Kinston snarled. "Heard they was giving him trouble already."

"Been getting liquor, sure enough. Make a sight of trouble in picking time if they kep' on getting it. That's how come I'm hunting this still. Figgered Wallace's nigras was getting their liquor thataway." He chuckled. "That gives you another reason for he'ping us, Saul. Be a pity if you was to lose the money you loaned Wallace because they was a still on your land."

They reached the fork where the road branched out across the swamp. Mackenzie drew rein.

"I'm going ahead, Sim. You an' Saul stay back—gimme ten-fifteen yards lead."

"You know where it's at, sheriff?" Cole's insolence was less audible now. His face, Mackenzie saw, was soberly curious, almost respectful.

"Not yet, Sim, but I'm aiming to find it. You stay back till I get a mite ahead."

"How, sheriff? You got a notion?"

Mackenzie shook his head. "You stay back, Sim. Horses is funny sometimes. Reckon this horse ain't used to traveling in comp'ny."

He nudged the beast with his knee and it plodded obediently over the wet road, its hoofs sucking in the mud. He drew ahead. The others saw him reach the bridge, and followed him. Midway across the low, resounding structure they saw him turn his horse at right angles, saw the beast step gingerly down into the stream, heard the splash of its feet as it vanished between the overarching banks of growth.

Their own horses needed urging over the edge of the bridge, although the water was only a few inches below the timbers and the bottom was clean sand. The sound of splashes seemed to encourage the dubious beasts; they stepped down daintily and plodded up the shallow hurrying current. The sheriff was waiting for them where the bank lifted a little above the surrounding marsh, the old horse standing between two holly trees.

"Looks like they was a path here," he said softly. "Right cute way to hide a trail, ain't it, Sim? No wonder we couldn't track him! The branch'd cover his hoof prints in a minute."

He glanced at Kinston. "Reckon you better ride in ahead, Saul. Rufe ain't so apt to act foolish with a gun if you sing out it's you."

"Rufe? You mean it's Rufe Kinston you're after?"

"Reckon so, Saul. Anyhow, you're riding ahead, like I said. I ain't funning you—that's orders."

They eyed each other for a moment, and then Saul Kinston pulled his horse into the patch and Mackenzie followed him, Sim Cole, unwontedly silent, bringing up the rear. It was already dusk under the heavy growth, but the light sufficed to show the worn trail between the massed tangles of shrub and tree and thorn and creeper, leading back into the swamp along the low outcrop of firm ground. For perhaps a quarter mile they followed it single file, then light showed ahead; there was the smell of smoke and of fermenting mash. Kinston stopped.

"Ride ahead, Saul. And sing out—I would. Rufe might shoot first."

Kinston lifted his voice in a high shrill hail:

"Oh, Rufe—Rufe!"

"Ride ahead, Saul."

Mackenzie spoke in a whisper, and his toe nudged Kinston's horse. The old man moved forward as a call came back through the trees:

"Who's there?"

"Me—Saul Kinston. Don't shoot, Rufe."

"Uncle Saul?" They could hear Rufe's chuckle. "Mighty cute to find your way in here. Wanted to make sure I'd have plenty ready for Brent's pickin' gang, did you, sir? Well, I reckon I can show you ——"

He stopped and stood staring as Mackenzie and Cole appeared, an old wicked-looking revolver in the sheriff's steady hand.

"Evening, Rufe." Mackenzie spoke mildly. "Right pretty still you got, ain't it? Reckon you better leave me take that gun so it don't go off. That's right." He stooped and straightened again, with Rufe's rifle in his hand. "Sim, they's an ax by the woodpile. See can you work on that worm a mite—too big to try an' tote it back to Tyre, I reckon, but maybe we can wear it down some right here."

Cole slid obediently from his saddle and set about his task without a word. The sheriff sat still, his face placid in the failing light. It was Rufe Kinston who spoke first. Disaster had not dashed his cheerful insolence.

"Didn't know they'd passed a new commandment, sheriff. Heard you didn't aim to enforce nothin' else, but it looks like I was wrong."

"Never was no great hand to go putting folks in jail for working up a mite of white liquor, sure enough, Rufe."

Mackenzie spoke placidly as he slid to the ground. The old horse moved away from him at once. He glanced at old Saul Kinston.

"Ain't no commandment against blockade, is they, Saul? But seems like I rec'lected one 't says a man shouldn't covet his neighbor's house. Kind of hard on Wallace Brent if his picking gangs got plenty of liquor, Rufe. Reckon you didn't know 't your Uncle Saul loaned him a sight of money on that crop, did you?"

Saul Kinston found speech with an effort that seemed to shake his big bent body:

"Don't you go trying to drag me into this, Mackenzie! It ain't my fault if this boy's been blockading on my land."

"I ain't, Saul." The sheriff watched the old horse nuzzling at something strewn on the bank of the branch, while Sim Cole's ax played on the big copper still under the shed. "I ain't aiming to be hard on nobody. You ain't been running this still, Saul, and if you maybe forgot about that tenth commandment it ain't my place to blame you. Plumb smashed it myself last week."

Cole came toward them, his arm laden with still parts. Mackenzie grinned. Trust Sim not to forget the evidence against which the county paid its rewards! He lifted his voice a little.

"Sim, he figgered you made me look foolish last Sunday, Rufe, licking me at chess and all, like you done. Sim, when you get sheriffing for yourself, maybe you'll find it's handy to look foolish sometimes. Makes folks kinda willing to trade with you, Sim."

"Maybe you know what you're gettin' at, Mackenzie." Rufe Kinston's brows drew together. "You got me anyhow."

"Figgered you was doing me on that horse deal, didn't you, Rufe? Never reckoned 't maybe I was breaking that there tenth commandment all the time you and Sim was playin' chess?"

He chuckled again at the blank puzzlement in their faces.

"Had your still hid up right cute, Rufe. Sim, here, he allowed it must be 'way over in Cray somewheres. Couldn't make out to trail you. How you reckon we found it this evening, Rufe?"

Kinston shook his head. "You got me, sheriff."

"Had to bust that there commandment some to do it, Rufe, like I told you. See your horse eating mash there by the jail, and figgered maybe he'd show me the way to your still if I could trade you for him, Rufe. Horse 't eats mash is mighty apt to know the way to a still. All I had to do was leave the reins on his neck and he carried me plumb to this one, like I knowed he would when I was setting there on the jail steps and coveting him, Rufe, an' studying did I look foolish enough to trade you for him."

He glanced benevolently at Sim Cole. "Kinda handy to look foolish, Sim. Sight handier'n being it."

PUBLIC MEN IN DINNER COATS

(Continued from Page 17)

and holds attention. It is the newest cabinet officer, the Postmaster General, Doctor Work, president of the American Medical Association. A famous scientist and surgeon seems a strange choice to look after America's mail system. Yet he stands with the best in the cabinet for brains and patriotism and he shows a technical ability, they say, that has swung back our postal service to its ancient efficiency.

Early in the winter, one day at luncheon, I found myself seated by a rather silent man with a striking countenance. His was rather a delicately molded face, with blue eyes and a well-cut chin and mouth, which seemed very determined when they were in repose. He looked like a Scotchman. Perhaps he was a dreamer about some things, though when he turned to me he was all businesslike concentration. He was markedly modest in expressing his opinions, and he listened to others' talk with interest. Mostly he looked about quietly, taking things in.

"Do you like Washington?" I asked.

"I do, very much; especially now I'm getting to know people," he said; and we discussed some of the interesting types that had been here through the winter.

Mr. Mellon, the Secretary of the Treasury, for it was he who was so unassuming in his attitude, is one of the few very rich men in Washington. No one would suspect it though from any word of his or even from the way he lives. There is nothing very pretentious about his comfortable apartment, but everything is quietly well done there when he entertains; and whether he offers his friends food or music the hospitality given is of the best, and one feels the thought and taste of the master in it all. His home is a furnished apartment he took for the sake of convenience; and though this background is banal, there are set upon it some gems of art that make one catch one's breath with keen delight as one comes into the rooms. Well lighted, glowing in their graceful, ancient clothes, a half dozen English beauties hang in the dining room, and a delightful Dutch couple on the drawing-room walls smile in secure and placid dignity over our conversation. This man and his wife owe their immortality to Rembrandt. There are a number of other treasures scattered about; among them a soft moonlight scene with a cottage, by Cazin, hangs in one corner. Mr. Mellon knew Cazin, as I did, years ago in France. Then a little farther I discovered a delicious Corot, cool and misty; and there is a host of other things which attract and hold one's eye, offering great pleasure always in a very casual way.

"I'm glad you like them. I do too; and I brought them along because I thought I would enjoy having them about. It made us feel more at home."

Seeing a guest really interested, the host wandered about and told the history of some of his pictures; how he had seen one picture painted and had grown to love

(Continued on Page 61)

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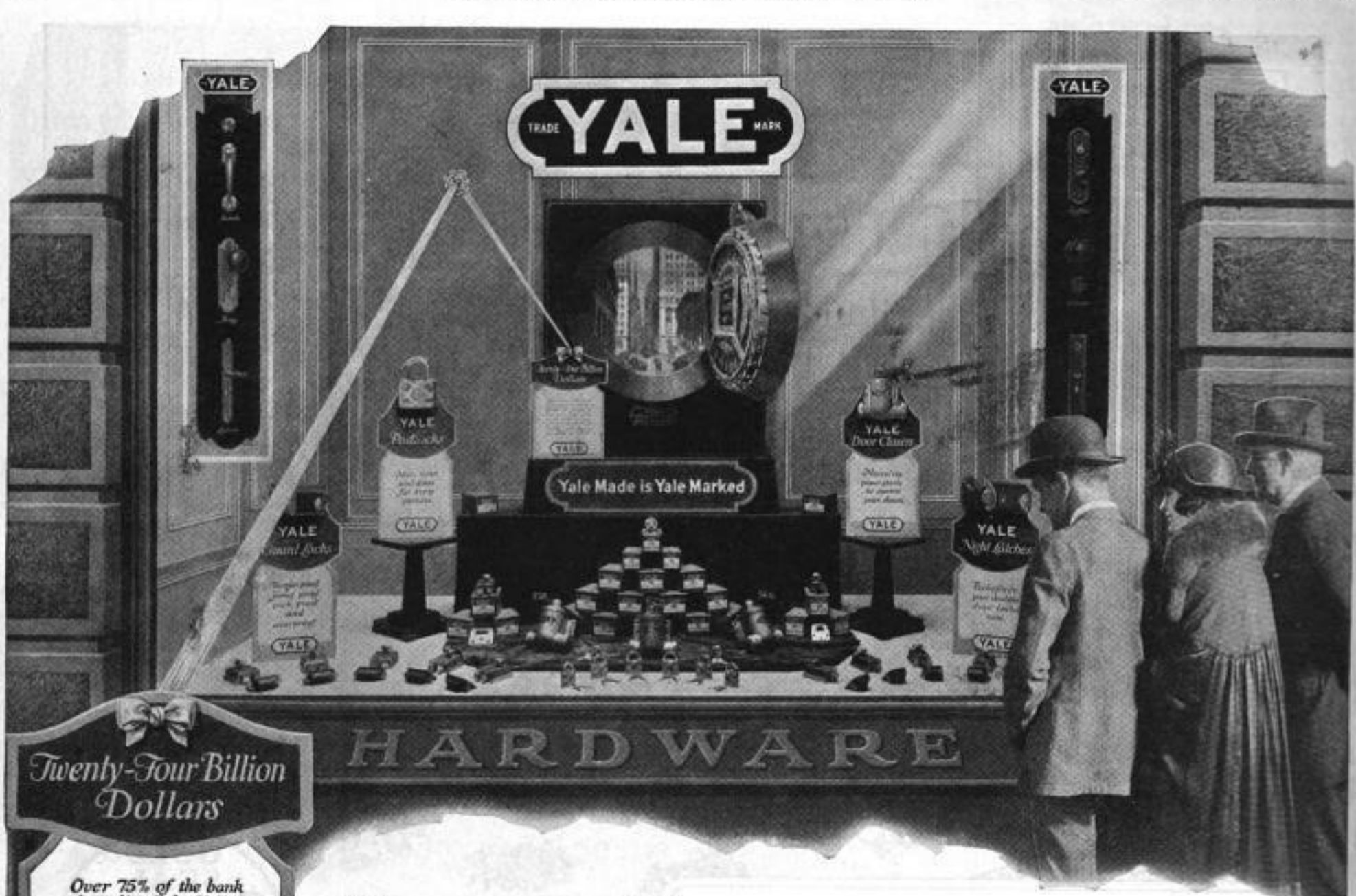
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A woman may well wonder where the average man gets some of his ideas about household affairs.

The one, for example, that women are *unprogressive*—that labor-saving devices for the home find little favor with the majority.

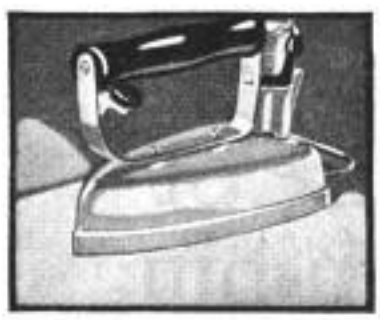
How, for instance, does he think it has come about that so many women are as untired after *ironing day* as on any other day of the week? While his mother was always "all fagged out" after a session at the ironing board.

Perhaps he realizes, too, that supper on ironing day isn't the sketchy affair it used to be.

* * * *

There are 5,000,000 women who could tell him that with the *Hotpoint Electric Iron* they do their week's ironing more quickly and with less fatigue than their mothers ever dreamed possible.

Any man who doubts woman's appreciation of whatever really makes her work pleasanter and easier should see one of these 5,000,000 as she goes about her ironing with this dependable Hotpoint Servant.



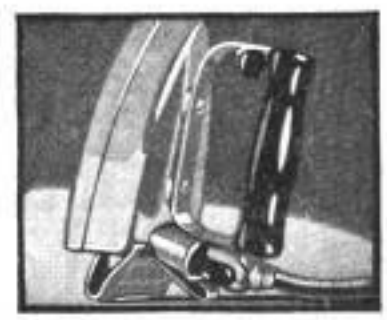
The *Iron* is hot and ready almost as soon as the current is switched on. The point is even hotter than the rest of the iron.



She irons without fatigue because with the strength-saving *Cantilever Handle* the force is applied in a straight line through the arm and wrist.



She is not bothered by a jerking, kinking cord. The *Hinged Plug Cord Protector* has done away with that. It prevents breaking of the cord, too.



Instead of lifting the iron to and from the old-fashioned ironing stand, she simply tilts it back on its heel. The *Attached Stand* saves many hundreds of pounds' lifting in a day.

There is a
HOTPOINT
Boudoir Set
Utility Ironing Set
Hedlite Heater
Heating Pad
Curling Iron
Immersion Heater
Toastover Toaster
Waffle Iron

Hotpoint SERVANTS

EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., Inc.
Boston New York Atlanta Chicago St. Louis Ontario, Cal. Salt Lake City
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There is a
HOTPOINT
Chafing Dish
Radiant Grill
Percolator
Teapot
Disc Stove
and the
Hotpoint-Hughes
Electric Ranges

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(Continued from Page 62)

peace the majority of Americans have chaotic ideas on the European situation and the psychology of the different peoples over there. There is grave doubt as to whether we are hated or loved; whether we should join in leagues or stay out of entanglements.

It is very curious how the public here has reacted to the vast propaganda. I'm bound to say I don't blame it for not understanding the papers and lectures, each of which gives a different view or reports opposing facts.

Of course one wonders what should be done and how sovereign citizens of a nation are to do it. Or else one gets discouraged and washes one's hands of the whole mess across the seas.

There are German tales of riches, and German wants laid out before us; and there are British strength and the terrible troubles of our mother country spoken of; and there are French poverty and France's dangers being appealed for, and on the other hand French pride in their reconstruction and their thrift, and the French military strength presented to us as the greatest on this earth. It is the same about all the other countries. A chorus of cries goes up against us, that America has made no treaty of commerce with the Bolshevik government; yet England, who has had one for a whole year, admits she has nothing to show for it in moral or material gain; nor has she by it done Russia any good. A chorus of cries goes up against us because no representative of America sat at the Genoa conference; yet there was no doubt in the minds of the few who knew its program and its composition that such a conference could prove nothing but a cheap and tawdry kite.

Even with The Hague tied on it for a tail it must come down quite broken after a few wild plunges in the air.

The Men at the Helm

It is well we have strong men sitting at the helm in Washington to guide the destiny of these United States. The people did wisely when they voted for a President who preached and practiced normalcy, who had no smallness in his nature and who goes about the business of administration with calm nerves and a kindly smile. When one hears or reads the statements of his Secretary of State, whether at the conference in November, when through him the United States called for acts, and mere words were not enough; or whether in the midst of the wrangling at Genoa, when his message went across the wires and cleared away all misconception as to America's wise stand, or whether in his further letters on other topics—there is always the stamp of the courage, loyalty and dignity Americans like to feel are attributes of this nation.

Yet in spite of all we think we know and all that we find fault with, we keep deep in our hearts a love for Europe. It is stronger than our impatience and stronger than our blame, much stronger than our misunderstandings ever can be. It is something which has to do with our religion and our civilization and our strange mixed strains of blood. It lures us across the sea to study, work and play, and now and then we find among the foreign sayings some flashing phrase we thoroughly comprehend; or we see some misery which rouses all our pity. Or there comes a great brave effort over there which thrills us to the bottom of our souls; and then our natures answer. We rebuild then the library of Louvain or feed the babies of all Europe or we try to reconstruct the villages of France and help the many tragic Russian refugees—those waifs who have given their all to a great cause, the Allies' cause, and are driven today before the fateful storm. Unthanked and martyred they huddle together in the garrets and the cellars of the lands where they are exiled; and try to get work so they can live, or else they ask for work and there is none, and then they die. They, perhaps most of all Europe, have been understood by the United States. Is it because in the worst conditions their faith burns on and their spirit rises high above their hardships, high above all the rest of Europe, lighting the world to better things?

Progress in friendship among individuals moves by fits and by starts. With nations it is much the same, it seems—and there are phases of virtue and phases where national faults show up; but when men have fought and died together, while the women of their countries wept and prayed behind their firing lines, there is a strong bond woven, one that stands much of the wear and tear of every day. "To understand is to forgive," says an old French proverb. Then let us go on trying to understand one another, back and forth across the ocean. In that proper understanding among nations and their respect one for another lie the hope of reconstruction and the future of our race.

In recent months enough has happened to keep one's faith alive, provided one is brave. Experience must be teaching heads of states what things must not be done; that lies and intrigue, selfishness and folly bear no good fruits. Once this is realized, will not the representatives gather to look one another in the eyes and tell the truth about the liabilities and assets of each land? And from such conferences will be born again respect and trust, with effort towards the common good of Europe.

When the hour strikes for sincere coöperation among the foreign countries America no doubt will turn to them with hands outstretched. The conference for limitation of armaments was a proof of this. It led to real achievement, after which the call to normalcy at home continued, and the nation answered, in large measure putting its house in order.

Washington throughout the winter was an interesting study. It taught me more, to live there, than I had ever known before of my own country. I learned our great resources and many different interests at first hand. Besides, there were many experiences I had that thrilled me deeply.

At one time, one afternoon in April, I saw my schoolgirl daughter among a group of government officials and of old soldiers from both North and South. She unveiled the splendid statue of my grandfather that day; and against that imposing background she looked very young and fair. Her part was done with gentle grace, and then the child came to sit with me and listen to the speeches. The Vice President and others made addresses. Bishop Fallows, eighty-seven years old, was the chairman. There were many, many veterans there on the platform all about us, while down below stood West Point cadets and Annapolis midshipmen, the latest generation of them to wear the uniform. The speeches told of my grandfather's military history, and of his life, his greatness and his death; and the crowd listened with responsive emotion.

An Impressive Occasion

The commander of the G. A. R. and the commander of Confederate Veterans talked towards the last, and then they stood together for a moment, looking up to the mighty figure high above them. The old man in gray picked up a small silk flag and waved it. "He made this ours!" he cried out; and the two who in old days had fought so hard against each other now had their arms entwined, while the cadets and midshipmen, General Pershing and Admiral Koontz, the Vice President and all the rest of the audience applauded wildly. Great memories, these, for the child in pink organdie to cherish through her life.

I thought of my grandfather as I knew him, and of all that outsiders had said and done in his honor, of our people's love for him and what he stood for in our land; and it seemed as if the man up there, towering in bronze against the sky, would greatly approve this Washington of today, as it spread out before him. He would say we had done much and were going in the right direction. Also, he would doubtless call on us to do our best towards further progress and, knowing by his own experience that best is very good, he would have faith forever in us.



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World's largest manufacturers and distributors of plumbing and steam fitting equipment

In July, 1920, after a most exacting test, Crane Company began to purchase Wales Bookkeepers. They now operate 22 Wales Bookkeepers—the last one purchased in July, 1922.

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2. That lists items in **contrasting colors.**
3. That prints totals in **same color** as items.
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Sales Profits; cost and selling added separately.
Luxury Tax; amount of sale and tax added separately.
Daily Bank Balance and Ledger Proof; total of checks and deposits separately, or total of yesterday's and today's balance.

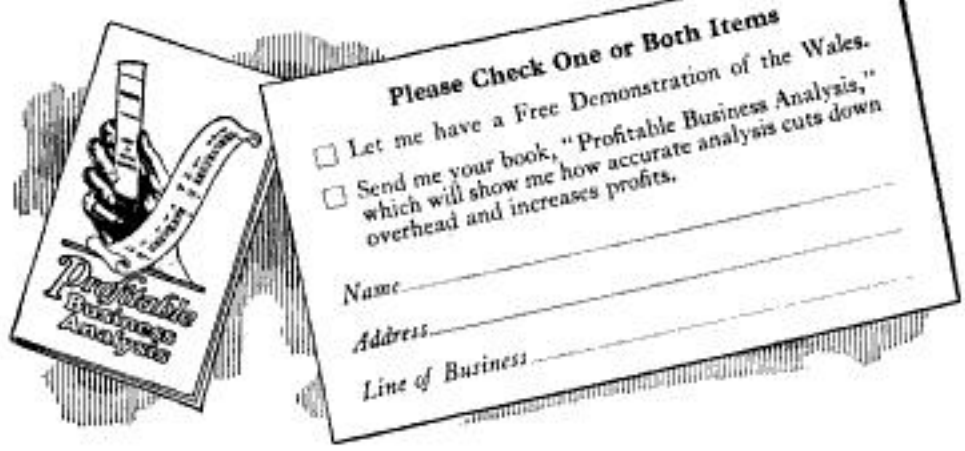
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Kingston Bank and Trust Co., Kingston, Pa.
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Montgomery Ward & Co., Kansas City, Mo.
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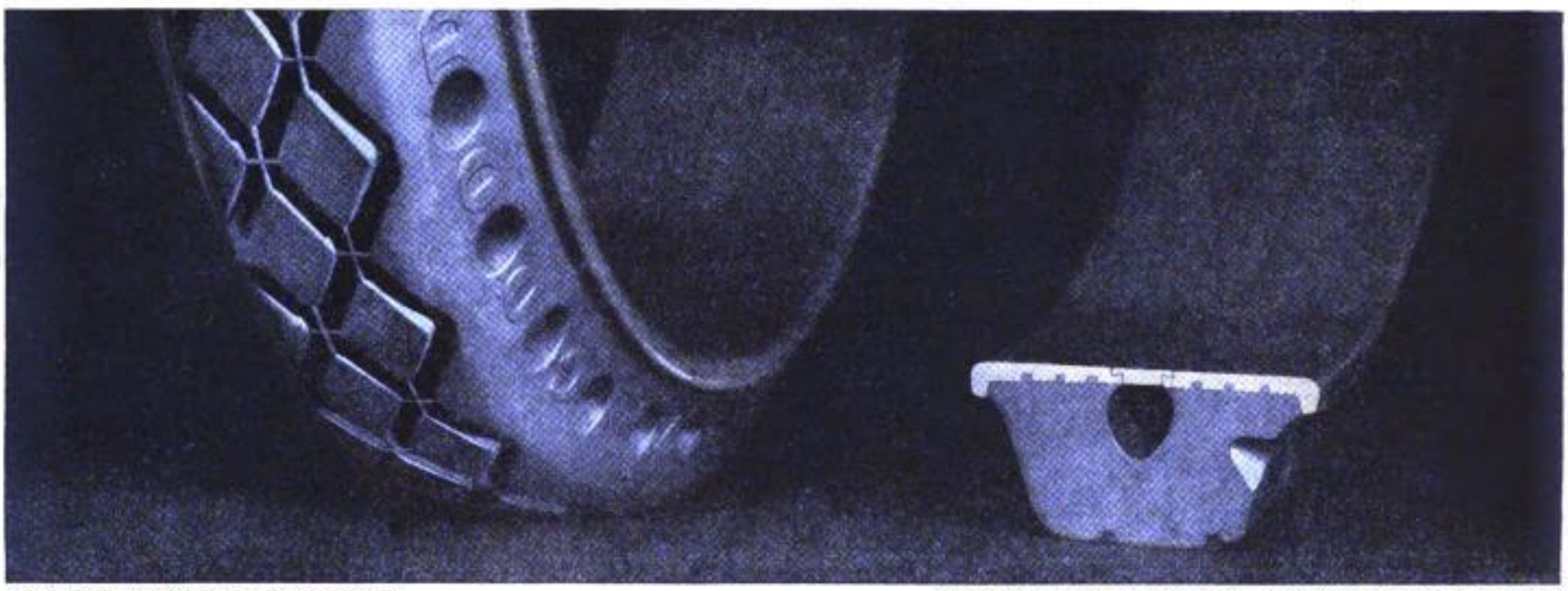
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The Original Goodyear Cushion Tire

now equipped with

The All-Weather Tread



Copyright 1922, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

At the left is seen the famous All-Weather Tread and the Indented Sidewall of the new Goodyear Cushion Truck Tire. Right—a cross-section showing the Goodyear Patented Hollow-Center

SEVERAL years ago, Goodyear engineers invented and patented the Goodyear Hollow-Center Cushion Tire for motor trucks.

It was made with a soft base and attached to the wheel by side flanges.

This was the first hollow-center cushion truck tire of S. A. E. measurements.

Later this tire was improved by attaching to it a steel base, making it a "pressed-on" tire.

More than 30,000 of these earlier types have been used and have established a unique reputation for resilience and wear.

But these tires were smooth treads.

Now the ultimate development has been effected by combining the virtues of the Hollow-Center Cushion Tire with the advantages of the world-famous Goodyear All-Weather Tread. The result is the new Goodyear All-Weather Tread Cushion Tire.

Look at its outstanding features:

1—It has triple cushioning—due to the patented Goodyear Hollow-Center, the famous Goodyear All-Weather Tread, and the new Goodyear Indented Sidewall.

2—It has the tractive might of the Goodyear All-Weather Tread.

3—It has a special Goodyear pressed-on base.

4—It has the wearing strength of Goodyear stock and construction.

The new Goodyear All-Weather Tread Cushion Tire is a true *cushion tire*, built to meet the special requirements of a particular type of hauling, and it is resilient to the last mile.

It is a logical development of the Goodyear Hollow-Center Cushion Tire, and it is a distinct and important advance on that splendid tire.

You will get from it an unparalleled measure of efficient and low cost performance, distinguished for buoyancy, traction and wear.

The new Goodyear All-Weather Tread Cushion Tire is specified as all-'round equipment for light and medium duty trucks and for front wheels of heavier units. It is made in all standard sizes up to and including 7 inches.

For other types of motor truck duty, Goodyear makes other special tires—Goodyear smooth and All-Weather Tread Solids and Goodyear Cord Truck Tires. Sold and serviced by your Goodyear Truck Tire Service Station Dealer.

Goodyear Means Good Wear

GOODYEAR

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seconds the clear ringing strains of the bugles pealed the same message along a front of two hundred miles.

There was a sudden tense hush, the troopers sitting rigidly in their saddles. As the last notes died away each soldier fired a single shot, and with a tremendous sullen roar the spectacular run of all time was off to a running start.

VIII

A SLENDER thoroughbred leaped forward with the shots, his rider crouched low along his neck. Carver had a brief glimpse of hundreds of saddle horses fanning ahead of the main bulk of the stampede. Then his view was cut off by the dense fog of black ashes churned aloft.

"Look!" he exclaimed.

In either direction, as far as the eye could reach, this murky cloud was sweeping forward. As it eddied and curled he could catch glimpses of the swaying gray tops of covered wagons and the glittering flash of newly painted runabouts. It seemed that a black cyclone belt a hundred yards in width had sucked up thousands of strange land craft and churned them across the prairies over an endless front.

Men shouted frenzied encouragement to their horses, their voices lifting above the rattle of laboring vehicles. Not infrequently there sounded a splintering crash as some outfit was piled up in a wreck, or the sudden smash and subsequent groaning screech which announced that two rival wagons had collided and locked hubs. A shrill cowboy yelp of exultation rose high above the uproar.

"Now we can break through," Carver stated, and they urged their horses into a lope and passed the wagons that lagged behind, darting past others as opportunity offered.

The girl saw humanity in the raw, the bars of convention lowered by excitement and each man's true nature standing forth undisguised. She was treated to kaleidoscopic flashes of human avarice and sublime generosity. A heavy wagon came to grief as its owner lashed his horses over the four-foot bank of a dry wash. The tongue was stabbed into the earth, buckled and snapped, piling the outfit up in a tangled heap in the bottom of the dry gulch. A man in a light rig cheered the accident as he made a safe crossing of the wash at a point some few feet away, where the banks were less precipitate, shrieking a derisive farewell to the unfortunates as he passed. A chap-clad rider set his horse back on its haunches and dismounted.

"Crawl him, stranger," he invited. "Give that pony his head and he'll take you where you're aiming for. I'll help the woman straighten out this tangle."

TUMBLEWEEDS

(Continued from Page 23)

The man boarded the horse and darted off, leaving the cowboy to care for his wife and children and the struggling team.

Just beyond the wreck a man had leaped from a wagon to plant his flag while his wife held the horses. A single man had unloaded from a runabout with similar intent, and as the girl passed them the two were fighting savagely, endeavoring through the medium of physical combat to settle the question as to which one had first placed foot upon the ground.

They passed old Judd Armstrong, his bony horses surging on at an awkward gallop. The little old lady gripped a staff topped by a white scrap of cloth, with which she intended to flag the first scrap of ground they crossed where she could see no others out ahead. But always there was a swarm of scurrying shapes far out in the lead.

Just as Carver pulled out ahead of the last fringe of wheeled conveyances the girl heard again the shrill exultant cowboy yelp and saw the man riding just ahead of them. He was a big fellow with a week-old growth of beard, mounted on a rangy bay horse that wore a Texas brand. He had given the animal its head and was half turned in the saddle, looking back at the sea of lurching, swaying vehicles. His mouth was extended in a grin and he waved his gun aloft.

"Charge!" he bellowed. "Charge!"

He emptied his gun in the air and waved them on as if he were leading the line into some desperate affray. He bawled facetious commands to all within earshot. His noisy clamor reminded the girl of Noll, and she hated the big Texan from the instant her mind conceived this fancied resemblance. She herself read the pathos that was written in every movement of the mad scramble, the hungry rush of the homeless; and she told herself that the noisy horseman viewed it in the light of a screaming comedy.

A wave of ground cut off her view toward the east, but as the slight crest flattened to merge gradually with the surrounding prairie the objects on the far side reappeared, at first merely the heads and shoulders of those who traveled a parallel course, then their bodies, then the mounts that carried them. One form seemed to progress smoothly, but there was a queer crouch to the head and shoulders. As more of him rose into her level of vision she saw that he rode an antiquated bicycle with one huge wheel in front and a tiny one trailing in its wake. The man was hunched over the handlebars and was peddling desperately, a grotesque figure with coat tails streaming out behind, a water bottle slung across his back with the shaft of a small flag thrust through the strap.

"Oh, Don! Bart! Do look!" Molly implored.

She was laughing in sheer delight, yet she was conscious of a swift, hot resentment when the big Texan raised his voice in a joyous whoop as he sighted the strange apparition and gave chase. He veered his mount to the left, unbuckling his rope strap, and as the animal stretched into a full run behind the speeding cyclist he shook out a few coils of his rope and whirled his loop aloft. He did not make his throw, but contented himself with giving voice to a wild yelp with every jump of his horse. His victim turned to cast an apprehensive glance over his shoulder, and the front wheel collided with a dog mound and threw him. Even in the act of rising he thrust his flag into the ground and staked his claim, the big fellow cheering him as he passed.

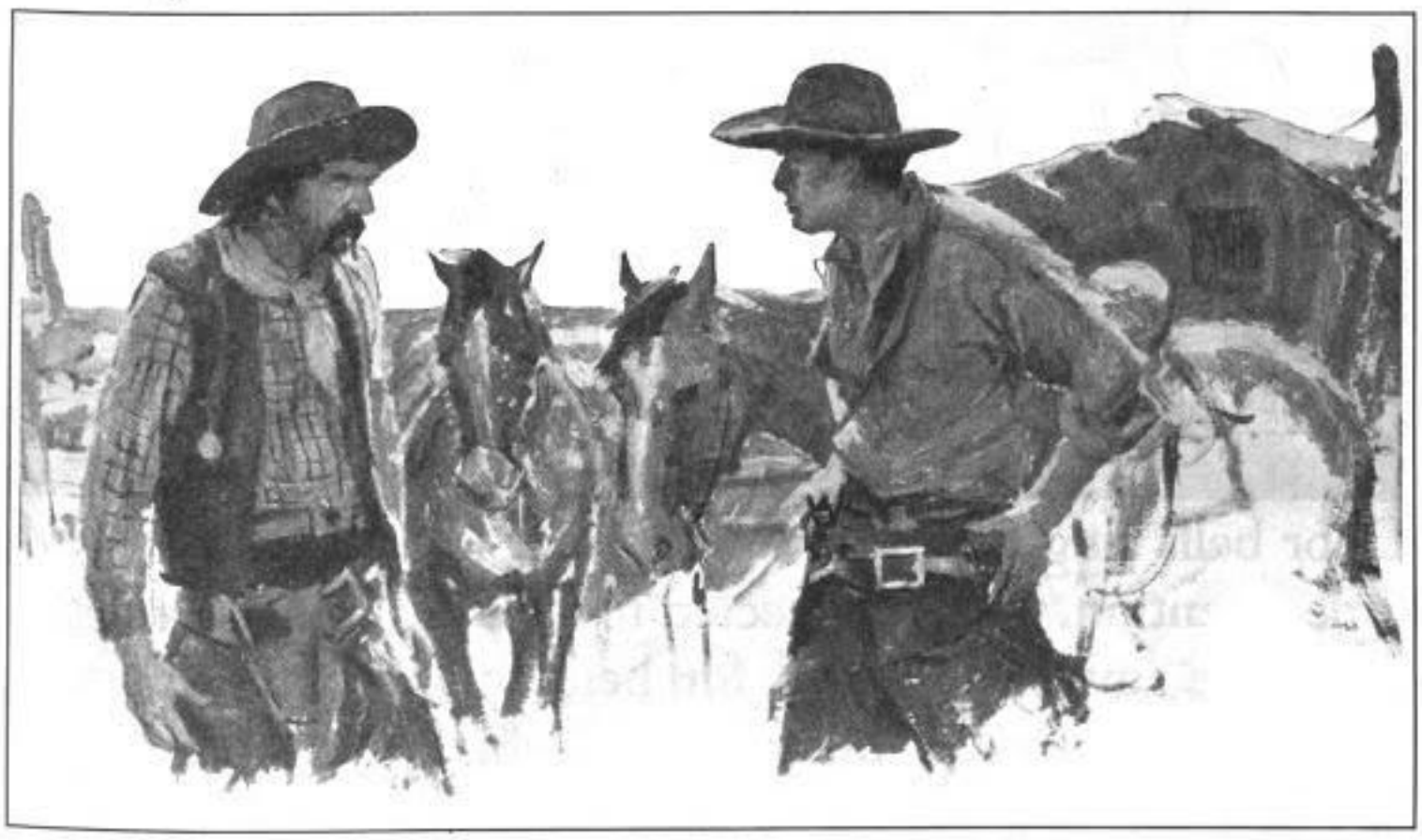
Hundreds of riders were scattered out in the lead of the line of oncoming vehicles that was strung out as far as the girl could see toward the east and west. Whenever one horseman attained the lead in his own particular section of the field he flung from the saddle and planted his flag. Scattered at intervals through it all Molly could make out moving specks of color; bright reds and purples, brilliant orange and softer effects of lavender; and she knew these for the gaudy regalia of the cowboys. These were not dismounting, but riding steadily ahead, each with some particular destination in mind, saving their horses for the last wild spurt. Little by little the field thinned out. Some few of the cow hands had dashed suddenly ahead to stake their claims in some of the better valleys, but the majority of them were still holding on. They swept down into a wide brown valley untouched by the fire, and three times during the crossing of it Molly saw riders dismount far ahead—too far; and she knew that these were sooners who had been hiding in the unowned lands and who had now put in an appearance as the peak of the run came in sight.

The Texan had lost ground in his chase of the cyclist, but eventually Molly heard him off to the right and rear, his big voice raised in a song which she thought fitted him exactly:

"I'm a wild, wild rider
And an awful mean fighter;
I'm a rough tough callous son of a gun.
I murder some folks quick
And I kill off others slow;
That's the only way I ever take my fun.

"I'm a devil with my quirt,
A terror with my knife,
A fearsome fiend when out for pistol practice;
I wield a wicked spur,
Twirl a nasty ten-foot loop
And curry out my red mane with a cactus."

(Continued on Page 69)



"In Less Than That Many Seconds You'll be Headed for Some Place Where Money Can't Follow You," Carver Returned Evenly



for Style Comfort Service and Economy

The handsome, velvety texture of Crompton *"All-Weather"* Corduroy brings out perfectly the fashionable, jaunty styles that delight every boy. It is the ideal clothing fabric for boys.

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At representative clothing stores you can obtain suits made of Crompton *"All-Weather"* Corduroy in just the style you desire and at a price that means the utmost in clothing value.

Ask Your Clothing Dealer

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THE FAMOUS *"All-Weather"* TEST

Look for our label (shown above) which appears on garments made of genuine Crompton *"All-Weather"* Corduroys.

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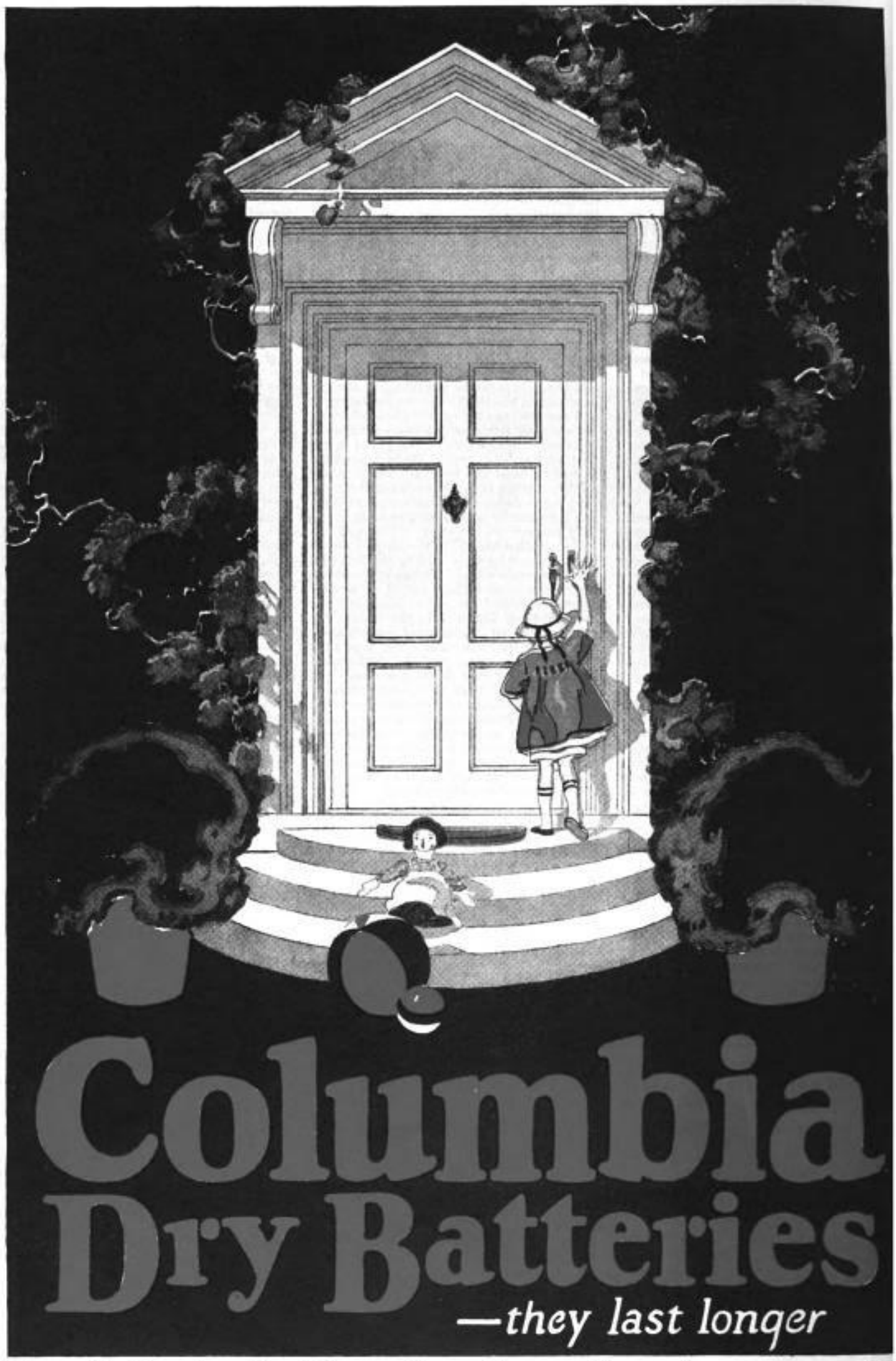
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What Columbias do

- –ring bells
- –operate radio telephones
- –protect bank vaults
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- –furnish ignition current for gas engines, tractors, and quick starting of Ford cars

Columbia Dry Batteries for every kind of service are sold at electrical, hardware, and auto accessory shops; garages; general stores. *Insist upon Columbia.*





Door bells ring lustily, and work year in and year out with little attention, while connected to Columbia Dry Batteries They are universally used for bells, buzzers, thermostats and other appliances, because Columbias give more power last longer, and are obtainable everywhere at low cos

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(Continued from Page 67)

When they had covered some ten miles Molly noted that the brilliant specks were forging steadily forward through the scattered ranks of their more somberly clad fellows and gradually attaining the very forefringe of the run. Another two miles and the bright dots were out in the lead and it was apparent that many were converging upon the line which Carver followed toward a distant dip in the landscape. Every cow hand was on a horse that had proved its speed and endurance in many a hard round-up circle. The clatter and crash of vehicles had died out behind. Carver glanced both ways along the line.

"The boys are drawing in toward the Cabin Creek bottoms," he called to Molly. "Best land in the Strip. There'll be many a friend of mine in the lot. Here's hoping they stake near the old home ranch."

He glanced along the scattered line again as they rode across a low wave of the prairie and the broad bottoms of Cabin Creek opened out below them, spared by the fire and carpeted with grass that was only now turning brown.

"Now!" he said. "Run for it!" And they let their horses out and raced down the gentle pitch.

Carver kept his eye on the low point of a ridge that thrust its nose into the edge of the valley three miles below. Just beyond that shoulder the Curl Fork of Cabin Creek joined in and the buildings of the Half Diamond H nestled under the hill. Below that point the bottoms widened out to twice the width of the part they now traversed. More than thirty riders were strung out across the level floor of the valley, careening down both sides of the creek.

Some dropped from the saddle and drove their flags, but a dozen or more on Carver's side of the creek held straight on. This last spurt was a contest among seasoned riders and tried horses. Carver urged his mount and the animal drew on his last reserve of speed. Molly felt the smooth play of powerful muscles sweeping her on toward the goal as her own horse, fresher from having carried less weight over the long miles, ran nose to nose with Carver's. Bart was twenty feet to their left and as far in the rear. As they thundered down upon a tiny spring creek flowing on the near side of the shoulder Carver waved a hand.

"Up there!" he shouted to Bart. "Flag it!"

Bart whirled up the course of the spring creek and the girl wheeled her horse to follow him, while Carver held the straight course for the low-jutting point. As Bart and Molly turned aside the big Texan dropped from his horse a hundred yards down the little stream and planted his flag.

A dozen riders were almost abreast of Carver as he rounded the point and flung from his saddle in the ranch yard of the Half Diamond H. He had staked the old home ranch.

He turned to watch the rest flash past and recognized a big paint horse as a circle mount of Bradshaw's string. The group that had clung so persistently instead of staking farther up the valley was composed of old friends, to a man. He picked them one by one as they fanned out through the widening bottoms and staked them from the creek to the valley slope for two solid miles below the Half Diamond H.

"Box T riders or former Half Diamond hands," he said. "Every man. I needn't have put on such a strenuous last spurt if I'd only looked back to see who made up the bunch that was crowding me so hard on the final lap. I see old Joe Hinman's hand in this."

He turned at a sound behind him. A man stood calmly by a lathered horse some thirty yards back among the sod outbuildings.

"You'll have to get off," the stranger announced. "This is my ground. I staked it first."

Carver stared for a brief space, unable quite to grasp the fact that another had rounded the point ahead of him. He certainly had not arrived since Carver reached the spot, so he must have been there first. Then Carver's comprehension cleared and he led his horse back toward the other.

"Looks like you had beat me here for a fact," he said.

"By three minutes," the stranger stated.

Carver glanced at the man's horse. The animal's shoulders and flanks were lathered white, as if from a long hard run, but its breathing was smooth and regular and its sides were steady. He glanced then at his own mount with its heaving flanks; listened to the animal's heavy labored breathing.

"Beat you by three minutes," the stranger reasserted.

Carver touched the lathered horse with one forefinger, carried the member to his mouth, then spat the soapsuds out.

"Yes, you beat me by three days," he said, "which is just a shade too broad a margin. Now you step up into the middle of that pony and start working up a real sweat on him while you're getting away from here."

The sooner faced him defiantly, a black scowl on his countenance, but he read the same purpose in Carver's eyes that Freel had discovered in them on the day the marshal had offered to make Molly Lassiter respectable.

"I'll sell out for five hundred," he offered.

"In less than that many seconds you'll be headed for some place where money can't follow you," Carver returned evenly. "You climb that horse and amble!"

The sooner swung to the saddle and rode off toward the eastern slope of the valley. It would have availed him little to head down country, for already the bottoms were filled with riders.

Those left behind in the last mad dash for the Half Diamond H were now pouring through in hundreds. The side hills that flanked the western edge of the valley were being staked and other riders streamed along their crests.

When Carver looked again he saw that the sooner had planted his flag half a mile up the little spring creek that trickled past the doors of the ranch house and on down to the parent stream, a mate for the one that flowed on the far side of the ridge where he had sent Bart Lassiter. The sooner's present holding would be just across the ridge from Bart. But Carver was not concerned over the future actions of the man. If he succeeded in holding a piece of ground which should have gone to some legitimate stampeder it was no affair of his, Carver reflected, and dismissed it from his mind. For thirty minutes the home seekers continued to pour through in gradually diminishing numbers. Most of the wheeled conveyances had dropped out, their owners either having won their goal at some point farther back or given up the race; but a few buckboards rattled past in the wake of the last straggling horsemen.

Then Carver turned to the work in hand. Those in his immediate vicinity who had made the run for the purpose of realizing a quick turn on their relinquishments were the ones he sought. The cow hands were the logical parties to interview.

Bradshaw was sprawled comfortably on the ground on the next quarter section below.

"Old Joe is responsible for this," Carver said as he rode down toward his friend. "He sorted out the Box T boys that were going to make a filing just to sell it, and such of the old Half Diamond H boys as he could locate. This way it helps us all. They find me a ready buyer and I find them ready sellers, roosting on the very ground I want. Then, too, Joe was thinking of old Nate. Younger lived here for twenty years. With me on the Half Diamond H, he can come down and find at least a part of it the same."

Bradshaw grinned as Carver neared him.

"What's your offer?" he demanded. "Speak in big figures now or I'll stay here and farm this piece myself. Joe tipped us off to swarm in and settle in a flock just below Nate's old home ranch. Well, what do you bid?"

"Two hundred and fifty," Carver stated.

"Too much—but I'll take it," said Bradshaw. "Give me a commission and I'll buy the others out for you anywheres from fifty to a hundred."

"Two hundred and fifty is my flat price to every man," said Carver. "That's a good fair figure for both sides. They'll have to take my notes for it, dated eighteen months ahead at 6 per cent. They can either wait and live off the interest meantime or discount them at the bank—provided they can locate a banker who's optimistic enough to make an investment in my paper."

"I'll ride along with you to see the others," Bradshaw volunteered.

"You all can go and make your filings in the next few days," Carver said. "Then I'll furnish each of you with scrip to lay on your quarter. You can deed it over to me when you get your patent."

Two hours later Carver rode across the low ridge in search of Molly Lassiter.

"Ever see a prettier nook than this?" he asked as he dismounted. "I told Bart I had just the place picked out for you and him."

A few trees, somewhat gnarled and stunted—but every such growth is noteworthy in a treeless country, and the blackjack belt did not extend so far north as this—sprouted in a little dent in the base of the ridge, a level floor of rich ground spread out before them. The little creek, fed by sidehill springs, purred merrily along the foot of the slope.

"It's wonderful here," she agreed. "I'd love it if only Bart would stay here and prove up instead of selling out."

"Maybe we can exert a little pressure and make Bart come to his milk," said Carver. "This is too good a place to sell out offhand. Wait till I scour a few layers of ashes off my face and we'll ride up to the ridge, so you can see my layout."

His face was still black from the ride across the burned areas, and he repaired to the little creek and splashed face and hands in the clear cold water. The big Texan had come part way up the creek to converse with Bart and his voice carried to Carver as he made boastful comments upon his own farsightedness.

"I don't know this country, but I staked as good a piece as there is in the whole twelve thousand miles. That's me! Know how? 'I'll follow the leather legs,' I decides; 'the peelers that has rode this stretch. They'll know where the best ground is. I'll trail along and be there, for there ain't no man can outride me when I'm up on this bay horse.'"

His voice followed them as Carver and Molly rode up the gentle slope of the ridge, and the girl hoped she would not have this man as a neighbor for long. His bluster made her feel that Noll was near at hand. There had been a clean break in their relations since Carver's recent turn in inexpensive beef, and Noll had asserted that Bart was no relative of his.

If only he could convince others of that, Molly reflected, she would be far better satisfied.

"See," Carver said, pointing as they topped the ridge. "I've bargained for eleven quarters besides my own. That gives me nineteen hundred acres in one block. I'll leave that first piece in front of the house in grass, just like it is now. Then when old Nate comes down to visit round with me it will seem almost like the same old place he's lived in for the past twenty years or more."

"I'm glad, Don," she said. "But how can you be sure they'll deed the land over to you after they get their patents? There's no possible way to pin a man down to turn over his homestead to another."

"Not a way in the world," he conceded. "They could keep their place or sell it, once the patent's issued, and I couldn't lift a hand. I'd counted on losing maybe a quarter or two that very way. But not now; not with those Box T and Half Diamond H boys on the other end of it. Wouldn't one of 'em throw me if he was offered ten times the price."

She hoped that he had gauged them rightly, but her experience had taught her to doubt this class of drifting, homeless men. She had met a number of such during the last few years of drifting with Bart, mainly the associates of the two elder half brothers, and she had come to believe that trustworthiness was an infrequent trait among their kind.

Bart mounted the ridge and joined them.

"What's offered for my farm?" he greeted.

"I'm not buying on the far side of the ridge," said Carver. "Only down below."

"Then I'll present it to you," Bart returned cheerfully. "By the way, you're owing me three hundred or thereabouts on our little flyer in steers. If you could let me have a piece of it I'll trickle into Caldwell in the morning. I've got pressing business there in town."

"I've invested that money for you," Carver said. "I've reserved scrip to cover your hundred and sixty acres. I'll turn it over to you when you make your filing. They'll issue a patent and then you and Molly will have some place to come back to whenever you get weary of moving round. You'll be owing me a little extra on the cost of the scrip, but you can pay it off whenever it comes handy in the future."

Bart sighed gustily.

Watch This Column

Buffalo Bill Lives Again!



OLD timers who have seen him in the flesh will thrill at sight of him on the screen. And every American boy who has read of his dare-devil exploits on the plains and among the Indians will have something to talk about for a long time to come.

Stirring events coincident with the life of this hero of the American border such as the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, General Lee's surrender to Grant, etc., are represented in Universal's great historical chapter play entitled "In the Days of Buffalo Bill." All these celebrated men appear, likewise John Wilkes Booth, and the scene of his immortal crime at Washington.

I have already seen ten chapters of this masterpiece, and I have marveled at the skill with which the picture has been directed by Edward Laemmle, whose success has been meteoric—so remarkable in fact that I have sent him to Europe to produce George Barr McCutcheon's novel, "Castle Craneycrow," under the screen title of "The Prisoner," with Harry Myers in the lead.



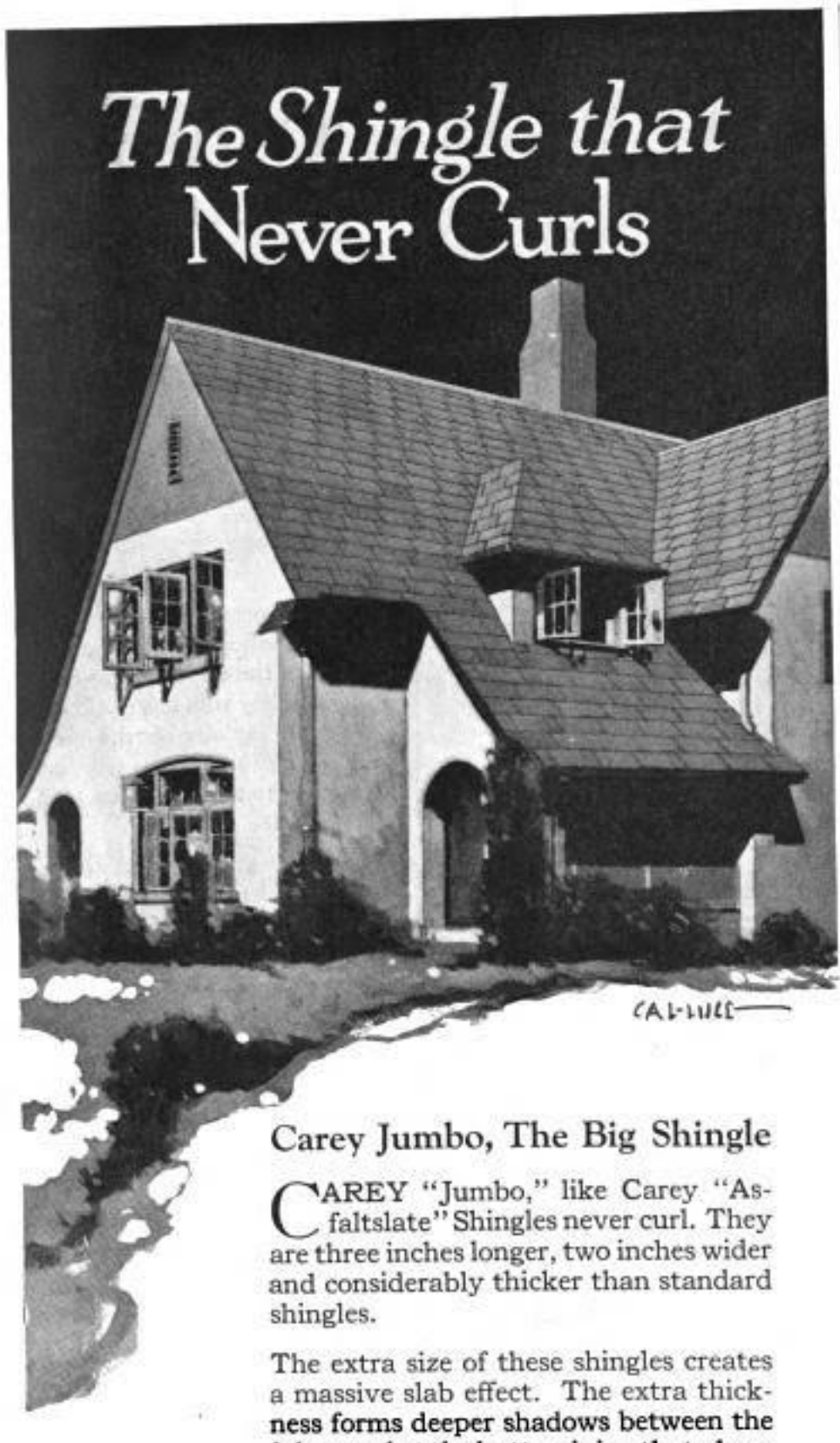
EDWARD LAEMMLE

You see what Universal is doing, don't you—adding to its prestige with remarkable pictures. And I say, as I have often said before—you can't see all that is best in pictures unless you see UNIVERSAL PICTURES. Ask your favorite theatre to book "In the Days of Buffalo Bill." CARL LAEMMLE, *President*

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

1600 Broadway, New York City

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Your choice of blue-black, red or green crushed slate surface. They are sparkproof, fadeless and non-curling. They are made for the man who desires best appearance and greatest durability.

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Carey JUMBO SHINGLES
bear the Underwriters' Label

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"I always did lean towards owning a farm that I didn't have to live on," he stated, "and you've showed me the way. You always did treat me all right, Don, and I thank you. As long as I already owe you money, I'd as leave owe you more, I'll remember it better that way. Lend me twenty. I suspect the boys will be looking at their hole cards somewhat in your bunk house this evening, and I'm always curious to see which one of the fifty-two cards each man has got in the hole."

Carver laughed and handed him the money.

"We'll turn the house over to Molly tonight," he said. "I've got a tent cached in the bunk house that you can pitch over there on your place tomorrow."

The girl rested her hand on Carver's arm as Bart left them.

"That was a wonderful thing to do for Bart," she said. "Oh, Don! Don't you suppose he'll stay there and keep it?"

"Sure, honey!" Carver assured her. "You can't clamp down on a range colt too sudden and put him on the picket. We'll keep an eye on him and gradually decrease his range. Don't you fret about Bart."

He was peering off across the country, and she followed the direction of his gaze. A wagon had just crawled into view on the ridge on the far side of Bart's filing and near the upper edge of it. The last rays of the setting sun caught the tattered canvas top. Even at a distance of three-quarters of a mile both Carver and the girl recognized the outfit as old Judd Armstrong's, the horses moving slowly, their heads drooping dejectedly.

"You wait here, Molly," Carver said. "I'll ride over and help them pick a good place to camp. Then we'll stir up a bite for the boys to eat."

He intercepted the outfit as it pulled into the bottoms. The little old lady still clasped the staff of her flag.

"Staked your piece yet, uncle?" Carver greeted.

"Not yet," said old Judd. "We'll likely locate one tomorrow. These horses is about played out and we'll have to make camp here, I reckon."

The woman nodded serene agreement. Ever since she could remember they had been making camp.

"Maybe they can make one more drag of it over this next rise," Carver said. "It's not much of a pull. There's a nice little creek over across, and a ripping good piece of ground that hasn't been staked. They all run clear on across it and never noticed. It's the next piece up the creek from mine."

He uncoiled his rope and made it fast to the wagon tongue, took a short snub on his saddle horn and pulled in ahead of Judd's weary team. The horse buckled sturdily to his task and they made the crossing.

"You make camp right here on this creek," Carver instructed. "This is your claim. I'll see you tomorrow, aunty."

"Thank you, son," she said. "You've done us a big favor. This is better ground than any we've crossed through. I was beginning to be just a mite worried for fear we mightn't find a piece. It was real nice of you to tell us."

Carver turned his horse up toward where the sooner reclined on the creek bank.

"I instructed you to high-tail it out of the country," he announced. "So you put forth from here sudden."

"Do you imagine you're in charge of this whole territory?" the man demanded.

"I was once," said Carver. "Foreman of the old Half Diamond H. In lack of any better authority I've elected myself temporary head of the district so I can choose my own neighbors. I don't pick you."

He handed the man a ten-dollar bill.

"I'm sorry to see your efforts wasted, but maybe you can drown your grief in that," he said. "There's not a chance in the world for you to make your claim stick—and I'll see that you come to a bad end if you try to file. You can use your own judgment about when you flit from these parts."

He turned back toward Molly, but the girl had gone down her own side of the ridge as a second wagon rolled into the bottoms and halted on the upper end of the Texan's filing. The outfit of the ample soul and her solemn spouse had been wrecked in the early stages of the run and the repairs had required too great a time to permit of their overtaking the other stampeders. As Molly joined them she heard the voice of the Texan lifted in his war song as he returned from a boastful visit with some near-by homesteader:

"I'm a wild, wild rider
And an awful mean fighter ——"

The song ceased abruptly as he spied the wagon on his claim and headed his mount for the spot. He leaned from his saddle and inspected the ample lady, who still smiled through the grotesque mask of black ashes that had settled on her face, then let his eyes rove over the children in the depths of the wagon.

"This your claim?" the solemn man inquired. "We just want to wash up a bit and camp here for the night."

Molly waited for the abrupt refusal. The Texan gazed helplessly from one to another of the group.

"Mean to say you didn't get a piece of your own with all this stretch to choose from?" he demanded.

The man shook his head.

"Have this one," the Texan invited. "I've been wondering what the hell I'd do with it."

The woman still smiled, but a tear had squeezed through and trickled down, leaving a trail in the grime of ashes on her face. She leaned over the infant in her arms to hide the evidence of weakness, speaking a word to the child. The Texan shifted uneasily in the saddle and Molly saw him in a new guise; not as a big ruffian, but as an overgrown kindly boy, helpless to extricate himself from this trying situation. A happy thought struck him.

"I'd cry, too, if I thought I had to live here," he said. "I'd trade this whole country for a square rod in Texas," and he headed his horse back down the creek.

Hours later Molly Lassiter reclined on Carver's camp bed, which he had spread for her on the floor of the Half Diamond H ranch house.

The Cherokee run was over. At noon there had been a vast tract of virgin territory, twelve thousand square miles of untenanted lands—and within four hours of that first bugle call it had been settled, staked to the last square inch. The wildest stampede that the world had ever seen was a matter of history.

A variety of sounds floated through the open window. The long, many-roomed bunk house in rear of the frame building was crowded to overflowing. All the cow hands for miles around had followed the old custom of dropping in at the nearest ranch when caught out on the range at night, certain of finding a welcome and a feed. They had feasted unreservedly upon Carver's food cache which he had planted at the ranch weeks before.

Molly heard two voices raised in the chant of the tumbleweeds as two belated riders approached. Always these men sang when they rode at night, having acquired the habit on many a weary circuit of the herd, singing to quiet their charges on the bed ground. The big Texan's voice carried to her from the bunk house.

"Now when I play poker with strangers I first state the rules," he announced. "The way stud poker is dealt is to hand out the top card first and the next one next, and so on down to the bottom card, which comes off last and is not to be removed prior to its turn."

"It's nice to have someone who actually knows how the rules run," another voice answered. "If any little squabble crops up we won't have to debate the question, but just ask you and find out for sure."

"I'll settle all arguments," the Texan volunteered. "You'll note that I've stuck my knife here in the table, and I'll certainly remonstrate with the first party that introduces any irregularities."

The two newcomers rode into the yard, unsaddled and turned their horses into the corral. One of them answered the questions regarding his claim as he appeared in the door of the bunk house.

"I quit it," he announced. "A wagon came dragging along an hour ago with a wild woman aboard. Leastways she was talking wild—and frequent. They'd locked hubs and piled up on the start. I presented them my place. I hadn't no use for it. All my life it's been all I could do to scratch a living off the face of the whole outdoors, so there wasn't a chance for me to scrape a income off one little quarter section anyway."

"I had the piece next to his," the second cowboy stated. "But the other set of locked hubs come dangling along. The

(Continued on Page 72)

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What you can do with your Burroughs in the morning before the store gets busy will save you a lot of money



Just a few minutes with your Burroughs every morning, or at other times when the store is not busy, will keep you always up to date on vital facts about your business.

You can quickly get accurate figures of the previous day's operations such as sales and purchases. You can get a picture of the condition of outstanding accounts. You can know to the penny how much it has cost you to do business and how much profit you have made. In short, you can have at all times the information that forms the solid foundation of successful retailing—and without which no business is secure.

Can you put that slack time of the day to better use?

"Saves $2 to $3 a Day"

"Every morning, before the busy hours, I use the machine to give me accurate figures on our operations for the day before," says Charles Wolff, Pittsburgh, Vice President of the Retail Grocers Association of Allegheny County. "I get totals of sales, expenses, purchases, outstanding accounts and many other things which show how the business is progressing. These records are very valuable, as they show the causes of loss or gain.

"Any retailer could increase his business by studying it in this way with a Burroughs. Our machine has been worth its cost again and again. In fact, I can say that we have saved from two to three dollars a day by using it."

"It Would Pay Any Retailer to Buy a Burroughs"

writes the Costlow Clothing Company of Kalamazoo, Michigan.

"Ours saves so much time, prevents errors in totaling cash and charge sales, speeds up inventory and general figure work so much we wouldn't run a store without it. It has paid for itself several times."

"Has More than Paid for Itself"

"For a long time we didn't think we needed an adding machine," says Mr. R. A. Fort, grocer, of Des Moines, Iowa. "But when we put in a Burroughs we were surprised to find how much we used it. Already it has more than paid for itself.

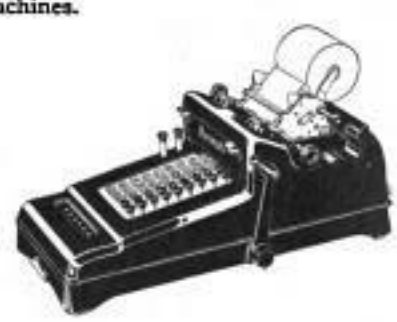
"On the counter it totals cash items and satisfies customers that we are charging the correct amount. In the office, it checks charge sales and helps us keep an eye on what we owe and what others owe us. We handle a dozen other figure jobs on the same Burroughs in the day's work."

$15.00 Down Balance on Easy Terms

Price Complete $150.00

Let us show you how retailers in your line are making this Burroughs pay a profit in a dozen different ways.

Burroughs manufactures Adding, Calculating, Bookkeeping and Billing Machines for all figuring requirements. Small amount down and easy payments on all machines.



Use this Coupon

Burroughs

Adding, Bookkeeping, Calculating, Billing Machines

Burroughs Adding Machine Co.
6051 Second Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Gentlemen:

Please have a Burroughs man show me how I can increase my profits with a Burroughs machine.

☐ Retailer ☐ Jobber ☐ Mfr.

Name_____

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Line of business_____

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It is easier to swing a match than a shovel

If you keep your building warm with coal, you can't be looking forward to October with any enthusiasm. You haven't forgotten the cost of janitor service, the treasure house of black diamonds you had to make of your cellar, the stock spoiled (if you run a store) through soot or dry air, and perhaps the neat bill you got for a frozen pipe.

Steam Heat With Gas

Those who have awakened to the advantages of heating with *gas* have a different anticipation. They will pay for their fuel *after* they have used it. It will be delivered in a pipe. There will be no ashes, no smoke, no soot, and no odor. They will have heat always on tap, without paying anybody to watch the heating plant. The atmosphere, instead of having all the life cooked out of it, will have just the right degree of humidity. In short, heat will take its place with electric light and running water.

The Business Man's Heat

Whatever the kind of building you operate, there is a CLOW GASTEAM System (steam heat, generated by gas) designed for it. And wherever you live, there is a CLOW representative at hand.

You will find the GASTEAM Book interesting. Send for it today.

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(Continued from Page 70)

woman ahead would screech back that the tangle was all her fault from keeping too close, and wouldn't the other party be sure to stake the next piece to theirs so's they could neighbor back and forth. Just to quiet her down I handed mine to the parties she was so hell-bent to neighbor with. I was afraid she'd have a headache in the morning if she kept at it; and besides I couldn't lay out there and listen to that gabble."

Molly burrowed her face deep in the pillow. During the day she had seen much that was gold beneath that rusty exterior of the tumbleweeds and much that was dross beneath the golden surface of many of the pumpkins. These men who rallied to Carver, drifters all, were a different breed of drifters from those she had met as friends of her two half brothers. And now the tumbleweeds had been cast out of their domain.

"Hand me them cards," said the big Texan. "Now we'll have an honest deal. I'd trust myself further than any other man I ever met."

IX

CARVER looked from the window of the Half Diamond H. All down the valley were twinkling lights which denoted the presence of the homes of early rising settlers. Off to the east and west there were lights resting at higher levels, these from cabins on sidehill claims on the rising flanks of the valley. As the morning glow flooded across the country the lights paled and the habitations themselves appeared, first as darker blots emerging gradually from the surrounding obscurity, then in distinct outline as the shadows lifted. Some were tiny frame cabins, the most of them unpainted. The greater number were sod huts; some few merely dugouts. Poor habitations these, no doubt, yet they were homes, and as circumstances permitted they would be replaced by more pretentious ones.

The virgin stretches of the Cherokee lands had been transformed into a solid agricultural community overnight. The run was not quite two months past, yet even the style of expression, the customs of speech and the topic of general conversation had experienced an alteration as decided as the physical changes in the countryside. No more the heated arguments over the relative merits of two cow horses, but instead a less spirited discussion concerning the desirability of Berkshires over Duroc-Jerseys. The never-ending controversy as to the superiority of the center-fire saddle as against the three-quarters rig had been supplanted by an interchange of advice as to the seeding of crops and the proper care of hogs. Where but a few weeks back the bronc fighters had met to exchange bits of range gossip, housewives now visited back and forth to exchange recipes for making jell.

Conditions had favored late plowing, a fortunate circumstance in view of the late date of the opening, and a part of the settlers had made every effort to seed a certain acreage to winter wheat. Carver had not wasted a day in his endeavor to get a portion of his holdings broken out and in shape to produce the following season. Circumstances had favored him. Cash was a rare commodity among the majority of the homesteaders, and in lieu of it they frequently effected an exchange of work. The spirit of coöperation was large. Homesteads must be fenced and materials were expensive. Many could not afford such a drain upon their finances until such time as they could harvest a crop.

Carver had supplied needy neighbors with posts and wire from the great store he had salvaged from the line fences of the old Half Diamond H, requiring of each man in return that he should start at once upon the task of plowing, harrowing and drilling in winter wheat on a certain specified acreage of Carver's holdings. Most of the settlers had implements of a sort. All had plows, some few possessed drills; and what one man lacked he borrowed from his neighbor, the favor to be later returned in like service or in labor when occasion should offer; and so all were enabled to perform the tasks which Carver required of them in return for their fencing. He now had eight hundred acres seeded to winter wheat, planted somewhat later than was customary, but with an even chance of making a crop.

The transformation of the unowned lands had been sweeping and complete. One now rode between fences along section lines that would soon become graded highways. Towns were springing up with mushroom suddenness and country schoolhouses were in the course of construction at many points. A picture of rural activity stretched away on all sides, yet through it all a vague whisper of unrest persisted, as if the spirit of the old days refused to be cast off so entirely.

The cow hands who had ridden the Strip continued to ride it. Always there had been a surplus of riders during the winter months, and these jobless ones had grub-lined from one ranch to the next, certain of finding a welcome and a meal at any spot where circumstance or fancy led them. They continued to act upon this supposition, sanctioned by long years of custom, and the settlers looked with disfavor upon these rovers who dropped in at their cabins and expected to be fed as a matter of course, deeming them parasites upon the community, drones who were unwilling to work and produce; for the cow hands scornfully refused to milk or follow a plow in return for their board. From the first they had swarmed in upon Carver, overjoyed at finding one man of their own sort among all this clutter of aliens—one man who understood.

Carver had fed all comers, knowing that while they would neither milk nor plow, they would willingly turn their hands to any task which had been part of their regular duties with a cow outfit in the old range days. They had stretched every foot of his fences. When there was freighting to be done there were always willing volunteers. Some he had sent north to Hinman's range to bring back the fifty head of horses he had purchased before the opening. The boys had gentled these green colts and taught them the feel of harness. Always there were a dozen grub-liners stopping at the bunk house overnight. Every evening Carver recited the tasks of the following day and the men apportioned these chores among themselves through the medium of freeze-out poker. Carver had never cooked a meal or washed a dish since the day of the run. He now thrust his head from the back door.

"Ho!" he called. "Roll out!"

There were sounds of instant activity from the bunk house. Carver tapped on a door in the ranch house.

"Coming, son," Nate Younger answered. "Be with you right off."

The original owner of the Half Diamond H had come down to view it under the new conditions. He had found his old room fitted up in much the same fashion as when he had occupied it in the past. A hundred acres of grass land, untouched by the plow, spread out before the house.

"Don't find things so much changed right in the immediate foreground, do you, Nate?" Carver asked.



PHOTO. BY BRUCE HARRISON

Climbing Mount Resplendent, Above Robson Glacier

"Not much," said Nate. "Looks pretty much the same. It is real white of you to reserve the old man's room for him."

He listened to the drone of voices from the bunk house.

"Must be considerable of a drain on your finances to feed all the grub-liners these days," he said.

"Somewhat," Carver admitted. "But I someway can't gather courage to shut them off. Half of them are still conversing about when work opens up in the spring, same as they've always talked in winters. They don't realize yet that spring work won't ever open up for their sort again."

After breakfasting, Carver rode up the trail that threaded the low saddle in the ridge back of the house and dropped down to the Lassiters' claim on the far side of it. Bart, fired by the example of those around him, had worked steadily since the day of the run. Cow hands stopping at Carver's place had helped Bart fence his claim. With two of Carver's teams he had broken out a forty-acre piece and seeded it to winter wheat. Through the medium of the nightly poker game in the bunk house of the Half Diamond H he had accumulated enough cash to purchase the materials for the construction of a three-room frame house to supplement the sod hut in which he and Molly had been living since the run. But now Bart's enthusiasm had waned and Carver found him seated on a pile of new lumber, gazing moodily off across the country.

"I'm needing relaxation bad," Bart greeted. "Why, I wouldn't be able to find my way around Caldwell, it's been that long since I've been in town! Isn't it about time you're getting that hundred head of yearlings off Hinman's range and bringing them down here?"

"In a few days now," Carver admitted. "I'll be starting up after them before long."

"Why don't you send me?" Bart suggested.

"With you in charge they might increase too fast on the homeward way," said Carver.

"I'll guarantee not to arrive with one extra head over the specified number," Bart offered. "I'll go up and get them, just as a sort of favor in return for many a kind deed you've done for me."

"Not you," Carver declined. "Anyway, you've got all your lumber on the ground now, and you want to stay on the job until you've built the house. I'll send over a few volunteers from the bunk-house squad to help you throw it up."

"That lumber is too green to work up just yet," Bart objected. "I'll rest up in town till the sap quits flowing through those boards and they season up till a man can run a saw through 'em. The birds were singing in those very trees last week."

It was evident that Bart was bent upon having his vacation under any possible excuse.

"All right, go ahead and relax," said Carver. "Only don't be gone too long."

"I'll be drifting over to Casa and see how the county-seat ruckus is coming on," Bart decided. "I'll report on the latest developments when I come back."

A thriving town had come into being on the site of the box car which had once borne the name of Casa and which had been sacked and burned. A bank and a frame hotel, two general-merchandise establishments, a hardware-and-implement concern, grocery stores, restaurants, saloons, two livery barns, a drug store, barber shop and pool hall, all glaringly new and mostly unpainted, made up the business district of Casa, which now numbered a population of four hundred souls. Various businesses were conducted in board-floored tents until such time as the proprietors could secure more permanent quarters.

Casa, by virtue of both population and location, had considered herself the logical choice for county seat. The government appointee charged with such locations had listened and agreed, provided only that a personal bonus of one thousand dollars be tendered him along with the other arguments. Graft was open and flagrant in the early days of the Strip, and communities as well as individuals paid the price for official favors. The citizens' council, a volunteer body of Casa business men, had flatly refused and the locator had thereupon designated Oval Springs, a little camp some miles to the south, as the legal center of county government. This move was destined to precipitate one of the bitter and enduring county-seat wars for which the West is famed. Casa was not alone in her troubles,

(Continued on Page 74)

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Sunlight contains rays that burn and harden the lens of the eye.



The glass that won immortal gratitude

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(Continued from Page 72)

for this was but one of three such controversies at various points in the Strip.

The railroad had backed Casa in the feud from the first. At the time of designation Oval Springs could boast neither a side track nor a station, and the railroad had steadfastly refused to halt its trains. The citizens of Oval Springs had hastened to erect a large frame building to serve as a courthouse, a second to serve as county jail, this last edifice complete except for a few exterior touches and a coat of paint. The steel-framed cells were already installed and the jail was open for business. The trains still rolled through, and eventually Oval Springs took matters into its own hands and elected to make that point the terminal from both ways by tearing up two hundred yards of track. A stock train had been piled in a gulch, a passenger train derailed. This last had constituted a case of obstructing the delivery of the United States mail, and Carl Mattison, appointed deputy marshal in the post from which Freel had resigned, had been sent in with a posse to straighten out the tangle.

Alf Wellman, who had staked his claim adjoining the present town site of Oval Springs, had been appointed sheriff until such time as an election could be held. It was freely stated in Casa that the sheriff and his deputies declined to interfere with the lawless element that sought to destroy railroad property and so force the railroad company to halt its trains. The feud was destined to be bitter and sustained, and it was slated that another fifteen years would pass before Casa should come into her own as the permanent seat of county affairs.

Two days after Bart's departure he rode up to the Half Diamond H at daylight.

"Just dropped by for breakfast and to report on the general situation," he informed. "I changed my mind after leaving the other day and dropped down to view the new county seat. Quite an alteration in those parts since the night you and me camped there during round-up without a house anywheres in sight. There's trouble brewing down there in quantities."

"Then how did you happen to leave?" Carver inquired.

"Last night some unknown parties staged a midnight battle with the marshal's posse that's guarding the relaid tracks, during which it's reported that one of the posse was killed and two others damaged. Under cover of this ruckus some others succeeded in blowing up the bridge just south of town and traffic is once more suspended."

"And which side were you on?" Carver asked.

"I couldn't hardly determine," Bart confessed. "I was maybe just a trifle lit."

"Being one of our leading lights in that respect," said Carver, "I expect maybe you were."

"As near as I can make out I was on the side of the law," Bart stated. "Leastways I was in the powder squad that wrecked the bridge and the sheriff headed the party. My participation was accidental. I saw Wellman and another man easing out of town and I trailed them, arriving just as they touched off the charge, so you might say I acted the rôle of the passive spectator. The whole town boiled out and we dispersed among the crowd. I was dead anxious to be lined up with law and order, but with the law on both sides I couldn't quite make out which one was proper, so I flitted."

"Any idea who led the fight against Mattison?" Carver asked.

"Not a guess—unless it was Freel," Bart denied. "He's Wellman's head deputy and it might have been him, only I can't someway picture Freel as indulging in a fracas where other folks will be shooting back at him."

"There's quite a bunch of boys in the bunk house," Carver said. "Right after breakfast I'll send over a bunch to help you start the house."

"Right after breakfast I'll be riding toward Caldwell," said Bart. "In proportion to the way Oval Springs has growed I'd judge that Caldwell would be bigger than London by now."

"Caldwell has about a quarter the population she had three months ago," Carver informed.

"I'd as lief see a town that's shrunk as one that has growed," Bart philosophically decided. "I'm not particular, and I'm bound to find it filled with new interests. Just two days; then I'll be back."

In the early evening Carver mounted the cow trail that threaded the low dip in the ridge between his place and Bart's claim. As he topped it he could see Molly coming up the hill from the cabin. They frequently met here for a brief chat in the evenings.

"You mustn't mind Bart's rambling off for a few days," he said as the girl joined him. "He's stayed with it in good shape and it's only in the last week he's been restless. He'll be back on the job in a day or two."

He allowed his gaze to drift across the broad acreage of plowed ground in the bottoms—his ground, seeded to winter wheat.

"Eight hundred acres seeded to wheat," he stated. "All put in by trading around. I've got considerable of a farm, but don't own even one plow of my own—nor a drill. The grub-liners put up my fences and broke all my horses to work. So far I've worried along without much of an outlay of cash; not one cent paid out for labor. But I'm in debt somewhat for seed wheat and provisions to feed the bunk-house occupants that turn up every night."

He directed her gaze over the rich bottom land extending for five miles down the valley to a point where the little town of Alvin had come into being.

"The best land in this whole country," he stated. "Every acre of it will bring from twelve to fifteen dollars the day a man gets his patent. I'll buy it up piece by piece, a quarter at a time, as fast as any party wants to sell; mortgage a part of it to buy more and turn back every dollar that comes off of it into more land. Some day I'll own all that lower valley with the Half Diamond H at the head of it, so we can look out across it all from the house. I'll follow the price up till it touches forty and then stop buying. Then there'll come a day when we can stand there at the old ranch house and know that every acre between it and the flourishing city of Alvin will be worth a hundred dollars flat."

As he sketched his plans she could vision thousands of acres of ripening grain waving in the bottoms; the huge new barns of the Half Diamond H groaning with hay and forage crops for feeding the hundreds of sleek thoroughbred cattle with which the place was stocked. But all that was a matter of the future, and the present was sufficiently amazing in itself.

A few months back she had resided in an isolated line camp on Turkey Creek, with no other habitation within a dozen miles. Now she was blocked in on all sides by neighbors—Mrs. Cranston, the ample lady who resided on the next claim below Molly's; and her husband was not really a gloomy soul. He had merely been overanxious during the days preceding the run, harassed by a haunting dread that he would not be successful in locating a home for his family. He was in reality a rather genial party, Molly had found. Then there was Mrs. Downing, the hysterical lady, who was not in the least hysterical but quite normal since Molly had nursed her through an illness brought on by the excitement of the stampede; the Lees, with whom Mrs. Downing had been so anxious to neighbor, had proved to be delightful neighbors indeed. There was Orkstrom, the big Dane, whose wife toiled with him in the field; Arnold Crosby, fresh from school, who had brought his girl bride to share his little frame homestead shack; old Judd Armstrong and his serene little mate. The whole countryside for miles around was peopled with a motley assortment, ranging from retired professional men to foreigners who spoke scarcely a word of understandable English.

"You told me once the sort of quiet home life you pined for most," he said, "and I volunteered to set out in search of it. This is it, all round us, just as you pictured it to me on that day in Caldwell."

"Yes," she said, "this is it—exactly what I've always been wanting."

She watched the smoke spirals rising from a hundred cabins; the stretches of black plowed ground inclosed by long lines of fence posts. Far down the valley the new buildings of Alvin showed as white spots in the waning light. The new schoolhouse in the bottoms was nearly completed, the school in which Molly was to teach; all these evidences of an old civilization fastening upon a raw new country and lending an air of permanency and peace.

"We've found what we were looking for," he said. "What more peaceful scene could one find?"

But Molly, too, was aware of that vague rustle of unrest, even a froth of lawlessness, that seemed to pervade it all; the jobless cow hands riding their old domain; the bitter county-seat feuds in progress. Over the line in the territory two trains had been held up and looted. Banks in small towns along the southern fringe of Kansas had been subjected to a series of daring raids. The forces of the law were imperfectly organized, frequently leagued with the lawless. Many old-time riders of the unowned lands were living on claims, and their cabins were ever open for any of the boys who sought safety there. They asked no questions, these men, and answered none. The Osage Hills in the territory afforded a safe haven for those who were hard pressed, and the way of the transgressor was not difficult. The girl commented upon this to Carver.

"That's only the ghost of the old days hovering over the corpse of the unowned lands," he said. "A passing phase. It's only a froth, like bubbles and trash on the surface of a deep pond when it's stirred by the wind."

He waved an arm toward the peaceful rural scene unrolling all around them.

"All that is the solid, enduring part. That will last. The other is just the last feeble rustle of the tumbleweeds we're hearing now:

"All tumbleweeds hail from nowhere,
Their one favorite residence;
But all are bound for the same graveyard—
Hung up in a barb-wire fence.

"That's the finish of all tumbleweeds, girl," he said. "Soon or late they get crowded into some fence corner and their travels cease. Now me, I'm pocketed that way too; only I've taken root. Aren't you about ready to come over and ride herd on me, sort of, and see that some strong breeze doesn't uproot me and blow me off somewhere?"

"Not that, Don. I can't," she said. "I'm sorry. I want to go on just as I am for a while. It's too perfect to disturb. You haven't an idea how much I'm enjoying it, visiting round with Mrs. Downing, the Cranstons and the Lees and all the rest, exchanging recipes and listening to all the family woes and triumphs. You wouldn't find much excitement in hearing for the fourth occasion just what a frightful time Johnny Downing had when he cut his first baby teeth; or about that historical event when Ella Cranston essayed her first barefooted venture outside and stepped on a hornet, and what a fearful expense it's been to keep her in shoes ever since—just refuses to go barefooted even in summers since that day, Ella does. But I positively revel in all that. It's been so long since I've had many women friends. I don't want to lose a minute of all this."

"I'd contract not to spoil it for you," he offered. "You could go right on doing the same things you do now. Maybe I'd learn to tingle and thrill over Johnny's teething myself. He set them in my thumb the last time I'm over at Downing's, so I take it they all come through in good shape. Couldn't you learn to be loving me just a trifle if you'd make a real earnest effort?"

"A lot—without the least effort," she frankly admitted. "Don't you know, Don, that every real woman is always just on the verge of loving some tumbleweed? She doesn't have to try loving him, but to try and keep from it. That's the difficult part."

"Then why not take the easy trail out?" he suggested.

"All women lean toward the wild weeds—they've got that in them," she said. "But the ones who listen to that call always pay in the end. Oh, I don't mean that you'd ever do anything I'd be ashamed of," she hastened to add. "You wouldn't. It wouldn't be distrust of you but fear for you that would be my lot if I let myself get to caring. Don't you see? I've loved two tumbleweeds before now—dad and Bart—and I don't feel quite up to loving a third. It's a woman's portion to sit and wait for bad news. So let's go on just as we are."

Three wagons rolled up the valley and pulled into the Half Diamond H.

"There comes Thanksgiving dinner," said Carver. "Old Nate was down with us overnight. Likely he knew that I couldn't afford to feed the grub-liners indefinitely, so he said he'd ride down to Alvin and send up a bite for the boys. It appears like he'd sent it in tons; enough to run to next August. We'll be expecting you and Bart over for a turkey dinner tomorrow."

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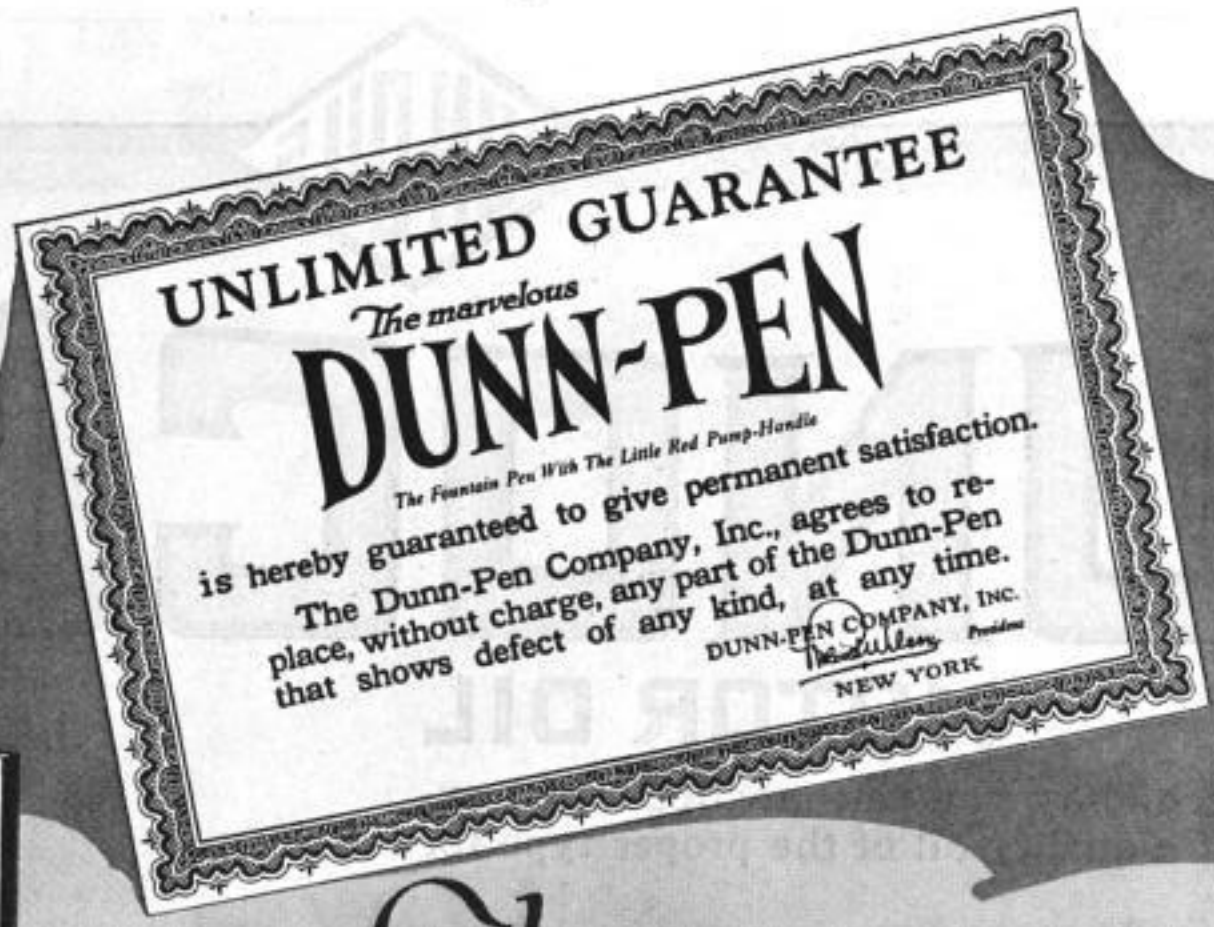
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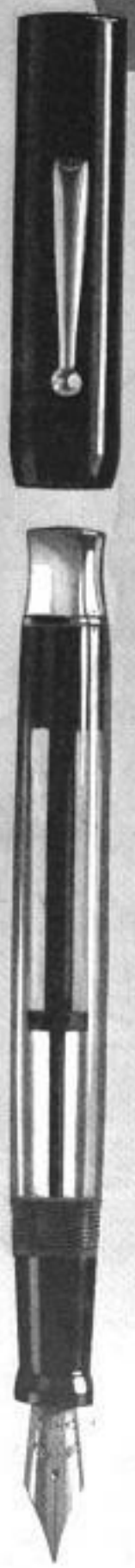


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LAUGHTER, LTD.

(Continued from Page 32)

It was over Bert that I and Nicky had our first and only fight because a promise is a promise and I had made one to Bert and was going to keep it at any price. So as soon as Nicky had hired his space I wrote home to Bert.

"Dear Bert," I wrote. "Well here I am a star, and I want you to take the first train out here and be still-camera man with this concern. Dear old Bert, I will sure be glad to see you, this is no joke Bert, but a real offer and I will see that you get the right sort of money. So come at once, but please do not tell pop one thing about me, but inclosed find fifty dollars ($50) which you might lend him from yourself, see, because I know he needs it, but do not tell him you heard from me or where I am."

Well, when I had posted this letter and couldn't get it back, I went and broke the news to Nicky, and right then we had this row I am telling you about.

"Didn't I tell you I was not going to have any of that sort of thing on this lot?" Nicky shouted at me. "Didn't you agree to it? That's what ruins the picture business. It's an outrage, and I won't stand for it!"

"All right, go ahead and fire me!" I says. "But Bert will make good, and a promise is a promise. If you don't want me any more, just say so, and I can go back to Silvercrown. Especially after the morning's papers."

Well, that was true enough. Because The Mischief Maker had been released in New York the week before and it turned out to be a ten-strike with fully nine of the strikes in my favor. Heaven knows I hadn't meant to do Trixie Trueman any dirt after all her kind generosity to me, but then, I couldn't very well do myself a mean trick, either, and I had acted the very best I knew how in the piece. So when it come out that I had walked away with the picture, why it was not really my fault if I was so good. All the papers without exception had said I was a wonderful actress and had a great future, and my mail was swamped with letters not alone from milliners, and so forth, but agencies and a couple of casting directors, and so naturally I felt I could stand on my own feet and that the shoe was on the other foot, and so forth. But for all that I couldn't scare Nicky or make him back down for one minute even.

"All right!" says he grimly. "Go on. I'll let you out if you wish. Because I won't have anybody on my lot who isn't contented."

"Oh, Nicky, I don't really want to go!" I says weakly. "And if Bert ain't the best still-photographer at the Brunton you can fire the both of us. I wouldn't wish a clown on to you, Nicky, you ought to know that!"

"Augh!" he grunted, still mad, and walked away.

But when Bert showed up, long nose, black ribband and nervous eyeglasses, all just the same as ever, Nicky come around to thinking the same as I did, and soon we was all friends again.

Things was different about Strick, although it was not me hired him, but John Austin Nickolls his own self. Strick had been pretty good in The Mischief Maker, and this prince-charming part suited him first-rate. So Nicky signed him up quite uninfluenced by me, because all I had said to him was that Strick fed me well, and that he would be perfectly cast in the part, and that everybody else Nicky suggested made me nervous and I didn't know could I play opposite them, and a few little things like that. Nicky listened while I pulled this line, smiling his sweet smile, and honest, a person would of thought I was a puppy he was having a lot of patience with, or something, the way he waited until I got all through, just merely shaking his lion's mane indulgently now and then.

"I don't like that boy," says he at last. "I think he's a bad actor."

"Oh, no, Nicky!" I says. "He's a wonderful actor, really, and he has a great future!"

"You know what I mean perfectly well," says Nicky. "He can act adequately, and I'm going to hire him because he looks the part and has good legs. But he's a hard-boiled ham and a pup and I don't like him. He offends me. So does the smell of developing fluid, and I have to use both in this business. But I trust you will admit I don't have to like 'em—eh?"

Well, naturally, I didn't make any remarks about that. I couldn't, somehow, because I liked Nicky, and although fond of Strick I couldn't prove that he was any saint. However, he was to be my leading juvenile, so I should worry!

It ain't often that a person finds heaven on earth, but these weeks of making Cinderella come pretty near to being that, and I sure had a wonderful time, flying all over the country in my big white car, Stricky driving it for me practically every day, and on Sundays going with him and mommer and dear old Bert down to Riverside Inn for lunch, or the four of us loafing away the day at the beach under bright umbrellas, wearing just our bathing suits, meeting everybody in the motion-picture world, and having a big time generally.

Week days was different, though, and partially through mommer's influence, but mostly of my own accord, there was no night life for me. Day after day I would work hard as I knew how for Nicky and his stake in me, but principally for my own art, and was never so happy as then. Often of a evening I would come back to the studio after dinner and sit in with my director while we worked the technical force overtime, running the rushes over and over, cutting, titling and criticizing. Sometimes we would stay on until eleven o'clock or later, and go home dead but happy, growing daily more sure that we was making one of the finest special features that had ever been turned out. It was hard, and at times awful discouraging, what with difficulties coming up and ectera. But in the main the stuff was good. We was always sure of that, especially one scene where I held up a burglar with a revolver.

"Say listen, Nicky," I says one evening. "I wouldn't be surprised if some night I had to play that same scene at home. There's been a lot of burglaries out in our district lately, and I even heard one of the girls was held up in her car and had her diamonds taken away from her!"

"Practically obliged to go home in a barrel, I suppose," says Nicky. "Better get yourself a gun, little Bonnie. It's not a bad idea for two women alone in a house to have one handy, especially way out in those new developments."

"I think I'll just take the one I'm using in the picture home tonight," I says, "and borrow it until I can think to buy one."

"That's a good hunch," says Nicky. "Take it along. It happens to be my own, and you are welcome to it."

Well, I felt a lot easier at night after that, and if any burglar was one-half as scared of that gun as I was, well, they would let our house alone, that was a cinch! Stricky also had been worried over me being alone in the house with only mommer, and he was relieved when I told him about it one Sunday afternoon. We was going out to the beach together, so naturally I didn't take it, but showed him where I had it parked in the drawer of a Early Spanish kitchen cabinet we had in our parlor.

"Gee, that's a pretty gun," says he. "Look at that inlay, will you! Say listen, Bonnie, is it practical?"

"Sure," I says. "Didn't you see me shooting blanks with it at old Joe in the burglar sequence?"

"This the same one?" says Strick as I put it away in the drawer again. "Funny I didn't notice it at the studio; it is certainly some gun! I wish it was mine."

Well of course I would of given it to him if I had owned it, because the way I felt towards Stricky by now, he could of had anything I owned just for the asking, including myself. But he wasn't the marrying kind, I knew that, while hoping all the time that he would change. And although he certainly was sweet with me, and come around a lot and ate practically every meal at our house, and I went everywheres with him, not a murmur about wedding bells had come from him so far. You know how it is. If you like a person awful well and can't keep from showing it, the chances are they will like you all the less; the faster you advance the faster they retreat, and I was getting so dizzy with loving him that I couldn't see straight any more when he was around. The situation was rapidly getting Adele's goat, and she used to hang a lot of crape about it.

"Why Bonnie dearie, I can't imagine what you see in him," she says. "That is,



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outside of his good looks. I think that some day you will be sorry you know him. Act with him if you must, but off the lot for heaven's sake lay off him! Or mark my words, you will regret it. I been in the industry long enough to tell a bad young man when I see one, and I'm telling you!"

Well naturally, after the number of years she had been a mother to all them many daughters, mommer had ought to of known better than to spring a line of that kind on me, because like any other girl in love, the more dirt was peddled to me about Strick, why the stronger I got for him. He was such a pleasure to look at, and why everybody should pick on him was more than I could tell, and I was as jealous as a cat if he so much as looked at anybody else. And give him things? Say, I'd of given Stricky anything in the world except footage in the camera!

Of course when it come to holding the center of the lens I was as self-protective as any other going concern. And the author of the story, Mr. Harold Greyton, and me had considerably different views on the subject of what scenes I was to have, and how many. Nicky, thank the Lord, was with me, but between us Mr. Greyton had his hands full.

These Greytons, for they was two of them, man and wife, were at this time the only flies in my rice pudding. I was sitting on the top of the world crowing, but whenever either of them come on the lot I had to lay off. Not but that Mr. Greyton was always polite. He was, excepting of course when talking to Nicky about what Nicky was doing to his story. But as far as I personally was concerned Mr. Greyton had the manner of a regular duke. That was what got my goat.

For you see, up to the time the Greytons commenced overrunning our lot I thought I had a lot of class. Some dog I put on, and the very minute I come in contact with them people I seen that I had been bulling myself. I was inferior in social manners, and in my heart I realized it. I had for a moment supposed that because I was a star I was on the topside of things, but now I seen I was wrong. There was in pictures a social layer that I hadn't even touched as yet—a class which spoke like Boston, dressed like New York and lived like Philadelphia. The women, like Trixie and some other prominent stars I had seen, wore only a little powder and no other make-up when off the lot; they spoke quiet and seldom; their cars was conservative and no snap to them, but only a sort of appearance that made my big white boat all wrong somehow. What these folks did outside of playing golf and riding horseback, and maybe running a ranch back in the valley somewheres, I didn't know. I was missing something, I wasn't sure just what, but only that it was the real big-time performance and that it was going on behind closed doors. I might be a star, but I needed a lot of polishing up before I could shine properly among the gang the Greytons played with.

Of course I got a certain line on what to do, just from hearing the Greytons talk. They, and even some of the big stars, read books and everything. Well, I could do that, and play golf, as well, if that would help on my refinement. So I got me a coupla books and a golf suit of black and white checks with knickers, and a set of clubs in a real genuine cowhide bag. But owning that cowhide was the nearest I come to any browsing on the green grass for a while, on account of working so hard.

One thing that the big eggs was doing I could do, and that was to take a little of the course in diction that a young Harvard College boy was giving. He come to my Spanish Fandango one evening a week, and fed me the English language. It seems all the rich hams who had graduated to a butler and other high-class discomforts of refined living was also taking these lessons from him under the name of dramatic expression, while what he was really doing was learning them to talk straight. But after two weeks I graduated of my own accord, and paid him for the course in full.

"I tell you what, buddy," I says to him, "I guess I have now learned enough accent to get me by during an introduction or a interview, or to enable me to floor any fresh female I may happen to run into, and that is all I need. Some day when I am less busy I may again try to pry off enough of a cure to keep me from having a relapse, but just now I got my art to think about."

You see I knew that I would get to the top more on my work than anything else, and it was a healthy thing for me to realize in time I was not actually there yet by any means. And believe me, although climb as you may, there is always a higher place beyond, to any true artist. Meanwhile the Greytons continued to get my angora.

As I have mentioned, I and he had different ideas about the picture. There was a young boy's part in it that had some good sequences, and I couldn't see why they should not be turned over to me. But it seems Mr. Greyton could see several million reasons why not, without even looking. Finally I went to Nicky about it, and Nicky just threw his hands in the air the very minute I started my line of argument.

"Authors!" he roared like a lion. "Don't talk to me about authors! What does he know about a screen version of his story? Nothing, absolutely nothing! But can you make him believe that? I should say not! I've bought this story, and I'll do what I damn please with it!"

"So you think I'm right, don't you, Nicky?" I says.

"Of course you are right!" he says. "What we are doing is putting a little pep and punch into his script. We've even had to change the plot. Say, the only plot that chap has is in the cemetery! And yet he yaps around here all day about 'my story, my beautiful story.' By heaven, when he sees this picture finished he won't know he had anything to do with it. He won't even recognize it! And if we made it like his stuff the theater would be empty before the end of the second reel!"

"What can you do about it, Nicky?" I says. "Can't you chain him up or something? He's got us worried nearly to death sticking around the set all the time."

"Don't tell me!" says Nicky. "I've noticed that quite plainly."

He got thoughtful for a moment, scratching his curls in that funny way he had.

"I've got it!" he says at last. "I'll give him an office! One with a desk in it and a big chair. Then he'll think he has to stay there or lose his dignity, and he can sit in it from now to Kingdom Come, keeping the furniture from running away, and otherwise elevating the motion pictures. That'll cage him!"

And Mr. Author Greyton fell for it, too, just like Nicky had predicted. We gave him a little room in one of the main buildings, hitched a typewriter in it, a roll-top desk, and a roll-back chair, and pretty nearly any time we passed the window we could see the author inside, using his desk for all it was worth. By which I mean to say his feet was on it, and he would be hard at work reading the sporting page of some newspaper. But it kept him off the lot.

Well, struggling with authors and other trials, we still managed to get in considerable work, making a million-dollar production for less than three hundred thousand dollars, or so it seemed around the fourth week. We was all rejoicing at how good things looked. Taking things by and large, they was about as large as anybody could desire. And then, like a delicious dessert at the end of a grand meal, I woke up one morning like Lord Byron, to find my picture plastered all over Los Angeles and neighborhood. The Mischief Maker was to have its California opening at Greatman's, and in spite of all mention to the contrary my name was on the sheets. The paper read like this:

THE MISCHIEF MAKER
FEATURING
TRIXIE TRUEMAN, GREGORY STRICKLAND
BONNIE DELANE
AND
THE FAMOUS SILVERCROWN COLLIE
FLUFF

And there was me in every poster. And these posters sure was original, for the main one showed me with tangled curls and the bucket of suds, not beer but the kind that goes down the sink; my floor mop, my solemn admiring face turned sort of worshiping on Trixie in her grand furs, and Stricky standing by, slapping his riding breeches with a riding whip.

I saw the first one when mommer asked me early in the morning would I please run down to the nearest market and get some butter for breakfast she had forgot it? And I had not wanted to go, but got out the bus and went because mommer had a way of being obeyed. And when I parked on Hollywood Boulevard there was a board fence next to the market, and here this fence was absolutely covered with me! Well how long I stayed parked there,

(Continued on Page 81)

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DU PONT



Into your home He has brought a wealth of Comforts!



WHEN you reach the close of this paragraph, stop reading for a minute . . . . examine the room you are sitting in, its furnishings and fittings . . . . then with that picture in your mind, try to imagine the same room in your great-grandfather's day . . . . *(stop here . . . . and look . . . . and think!)*

. . . . . quite a difference, wasn't there, in the two rooms? In yours are comforts and conveniences that your great-grandfather never even wished for . . . . they were unthought of in his day.

Commonplaces they are in your eyes, but in your great-grandfather's eyes . . . . miracles! Yet this wonderful change in life has come only in this past century . . . . the century that has seen the Chemical Engineer take his rightful place in the world's industries. For it is he who, more than any other, has wrought this difference in the surroundings of life and brought into your home a wealth of comforts.

* * *

THE contributions of the Chemical Engineers of the du Pont Company to the comforts and conveniences of today's life are a source of no little pride to us.

The du Pont Company has from its very beginning been building upon the foundation of chemistry and has always been one of the country's large employers of chemists. When the invention of dynamite and the appearance of other high explosives began to call for increasingly higher types of chemists, for men who knew manufacturing as well as chemistry, it was but natural that the du Pont Company's leadership brought together one of the finest chemical staffs in America.

And also it was natural for this chemical staff, in its researches seeking to improve du Pont explosives, to come upon other uses for the materials they worked with, and so in time came a series of du Pont products seemingly unrelated to explosives.

Thus came improved Pyralin for toiletware and many other articles—better Fabrikoid for the upholstery of fine furniture, for luggage, binding books and scores of other uses. These are examples of the way in which du Pont Chemical Engineers have adapted different products for your use from similar basic materials.

Thus came a complete line of paints, varnishes, enamels, lacquers for the decoration and preservation of the country's homes, cars, furniture, etc. Thus arose, too, the manufacture of dyes, which are based upon the same materials that explosives are based upon, and thus also came many chemicals that America's industries must have.

* * *

ON all of these products, so varied in usefulness, you find the du Pont Oval as a guarantee of excellence and as a sign that they come to you through the aid of du Pont Chemical Engineers.

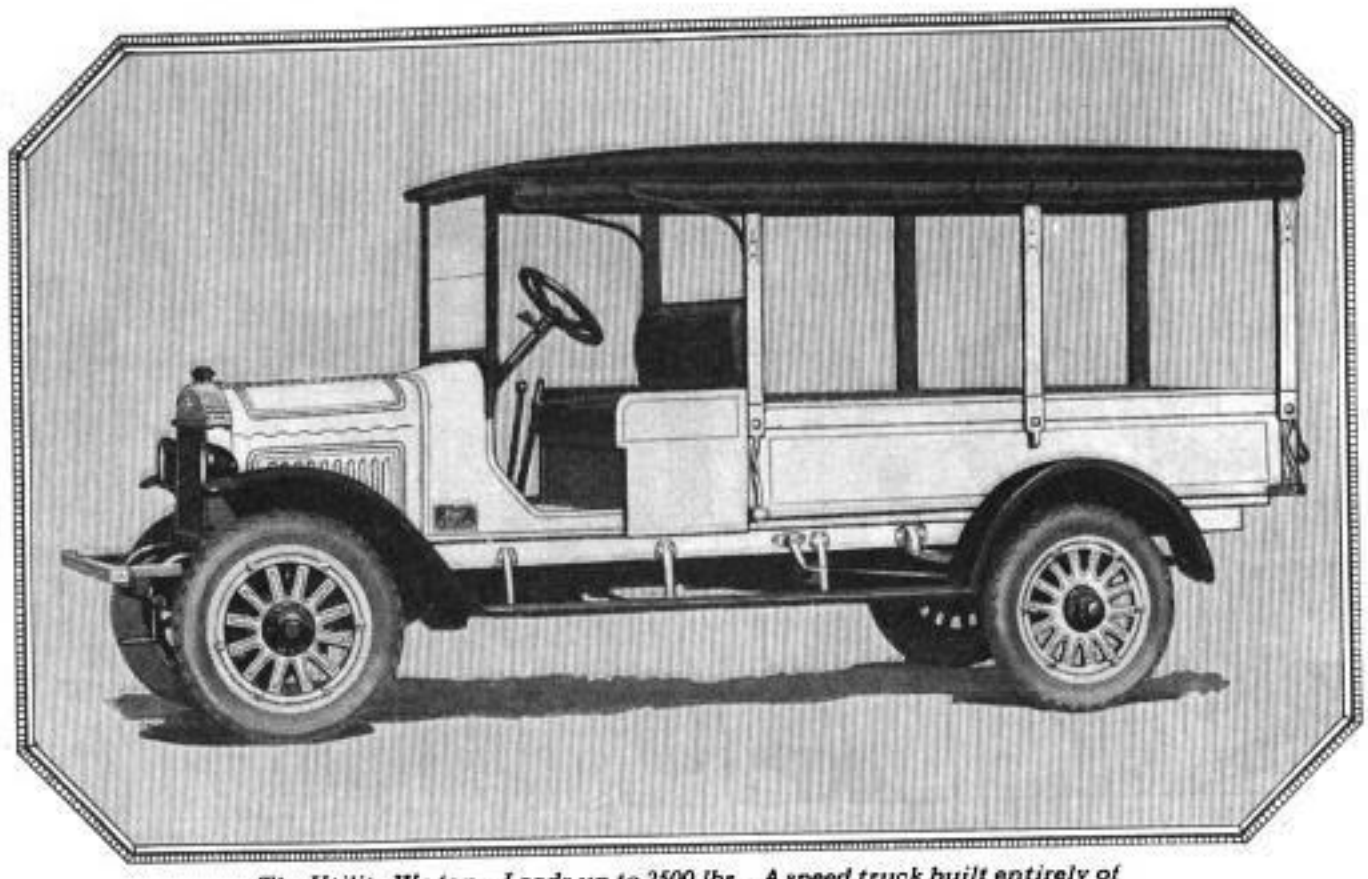
This is one of a series of advertisements published that the public may have a clearer understanding of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. and its products.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & COMPANY, Inc. *Wilmington, Del.*

TRADE DU PONT MARK

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STEWART
MOTOR TRUCKS



The Utility Wagon—Loads up to 2500 lbs. A speed truck built entirely of truck parts, which offers greatest value in its field. Chassis price $1245. Bodies suitable for all truck needs.

Cost $200 to $600 Less

Low operation and maintenance cost are as distinctive in the Stewart as is the saving in purchase price.

There is a Stewart for every trucking requirement, and because Stewarts so uniformly give the most satisfactory service their number constantly grows with large fleet owners. Some firms operate as many as fifty. More than 200 industries use Stewarts.

They are in use in 41 different countries. Their reputation is world wide. Thousands are in daily use in all kinds of businesses and on farms.

The first Stewart went into service in 1912. After ten years of service it is still in duty.

Tell us your trucking requirement and we will send free reports of Stewart users, showing they saved from $200 to $600 in first cost and are getting constant service at minimum cost for operation and maintenance.

Stewart
MOTOR CORP.



1½ to 1½ ton. Equipped with a stake body offers quality found in trucks costing much more. Chassis price $1445



1½ to 2 ton. Equipped with special ice cream haulage body. Costs from $385 to $1910 less than comparable trucks. Chassis price $1790



2½ to 3 ton—with special tank. Compare this quality product with any like priced job. Note its supeior quality. Price $2390



3½ to 4 ton. Equipped with dump body. An ideal job for the coal trade. Has a price advantage over trucks of equal quality. Price $3190

STEWART MOTOR CORPORATION, BUFFALO, N. Y.

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(Continued from Page 78)

heaven only knows, but it's a wonder a cop didn't get after me. I just sat and looked at myself and looked and looked. Anybody would of thought they was no mirrors at home. And no regular art gallery ever gave me the kick that open-air Hollywood one did.

Of course I even then knew them posters was not real art, because I had seen postals of the Sistine Madonna and the Broken Pitcher and Rheims Cathedral and so forth, pop having carried quite a line of them at Christmas time. And besides, these posters was interesting, which of course let them out of the art class. But art or none, sweet daddy, they looked good to me!

Well, I rushed right home when I come out of my trance, but without the butter.

"Mommer!" I shouted. "I'm going to be at Greatman's, and they got me featured!"

Well mommer come out of the electric kitchen, which we had done perfect in the Late Los Angelean period because mommer refused to stand for anything antique in that direction; well she come out of it with a bungalow apron on over her rich street clothes, and her cap over her perfectly waved hair, her face all glad and excited over my news.

"My Lord, ain't that grand!" she says. "Bonnie dearie, we will of course have to give a big theater party the opening night!"

Well, mommer knew the correct social ropes, so I not in the least reluctantly consented, and we sure did have some party! Nicky asked the crowd over to his bungalow at six o'clock for sandwiches and cocktails, because it is really better form to see the first show, which starts at seven, and eat afterwards.

There was Stricky and mommer and me and Bert and several others especially interested, including Mr. and Mrs. Greyton, all of us of course in full evening clothes and all our jewels. And when a little later we stood in line out on the sidewalk while Nicky bought a couple of yards of tickets I sure was proud of our appearance. And once inside, in our lounge, I kept on being proud, for even in that magnificent-looking bunch of people we stood out.

They say that in the old days the Metropolitan Opera House, New York City, on an opening night had the finest display of jewelry and dresses of any place in the country. Now of course the opening night of a big feature fillum has that out-of-date opera stuff backed off the map. Picture people have jewels that really amount to something, and of course dressing is with them a part of their profession. I felt sure that there had never been anything like the display at Greatman's, pulled off at the little old Metropolitan. And when I asked Mr. Greyton if that was the case, he says why certainly there was never anything like it at any opera he ever saw.

Well sweet daddy, here I was not alone sitting in at one of the big social features, but featured at it! Pretty poor, I'll say not! And the picture went over big, those in the audience clapping when their friends showed on the screen, the same as the first entrance in a speaking theater, but in as intimate a tone as the home folks greeting friend daughter's appearance on a Stonewall Dramatic Club night. I hardly knew where I was, it was like a dream or something with Bert sitting one side of me, his glasses falling off his nose and saying "Immense! Immense!" just like the old days except for perfect evening clothes, and on my other side Mr. Greyton murmuring some polite dope once in a while. And then during the intermission I caught sight of Mr. Silvercrown himself in a loge across the way.

He had Trixie and Anita with him and a couple of johns, and for a minute I didn't know would he bow or not. But he did, and not alone bowed but waved and smiled as well. Not so Trixie, but what could a person expect? I was all set for her to look the other way, because every time I had telephoned her lately she had been out, even when she answered the phone herself.

How Benny Silvercrown would act had been doubtful up to then. Not that he especially cared about me, or so I then supposed, but everybody was talking of how hard he had taken Nickolls' leaving him, so I thought maybe I would be in very wrong, too, on account of being with Nicky. But evidently I was on bowing terms, and so I bowed and smiled back, and folks in the audience looked, and some recognized me and there was actually a little clapping, but I couldn't of got up and bowed like mommer wanted me, to save my life.

Well, the picture going over so big, we made a celebration of it, getting over to Marcel's to dinner about quarter to ten o'clock, and dancing until closing, and when I got home I thought thank God I do not have to work tomorrow. Nicky will be making mob scenes and I can sleep, and so fell into bed to dream, but never dreaming of what would happen next day.



"Authors!" He Roared Like a Lion. "Don't Talk to Me About Authors! What Does He Know About a Screen Version of His Story?"

When I woke up it was early afternoon, and mommer was standing by me with a cup of coffee and a bran biscuit, which hearty meal was all she ever let me have for breakfast.

"Sorry I had to wake you up, Bonnie dear," she says. "Sleep is so good for your face. But Mr. Silvercrown telephoned he was running out to see you on important private business, and I think you better get up!"

"Benny Silvercrown coming here!" I says. "What can he want!"

"I dunno!" says mommer. "But leave him come! They say you'd better be off with the old love before you're on with the new, but I always say, suppose you get off with the old, and then the new love don't come across?"

"Oh, mommer, how you talk!" I says. "I am going to stay with Nicky forever!"

But I scrambled out of the hay mighty pronto, just the same, and was barely ready by the time Big Ben parked his queer-looking foreign boat against our curb, and Benny, who was alone, jazzed our antique knocker.

"Mrs. Delane, I want to talk to Miss McFadden alone, if you please," he says as he come in.

"Oh, very well!" says mommer. "I am sure my daugh-ter —— Well, if you will just excuse me, please, I got something to attend to upstairs!" And that is the nearest to floored I ever seen mommer. The minute the door was shut on her Benny come down to brass tacks. I could see he was dead serious.

"Look here Miss—Delane!" he says. "How long are you tied up to Nickolls for?"

"Three pictures," I says.

"Too many!" says he. "Break your contract and come back to us. I'll give you double whatever he's paying you!"

Well, for a minute I thought he was cuckoo or something. But Benny Silvercrown was the least cuckoo man in Hollywood, anybody knew that. His eyes was like steel gimlets, and I felt as if he could see my backbone. It sort of had me stopped, and for a minute I couldn't speak. Not so Benny.

"Look here, Miss Bonnie, I am a man of few words," he says. "I want you back. I'll pay to get you. The Mischief Maker will clean up a couple of million or I don't know this business. Silvercrown Productions made that picture and made you. It is your duty to come back."

Well, that last brought me down to earth and I found my voice.

"No, Mr. Silvercrown, you did not make that picture," I says. "John Austin Nickolls made it, and you know he did. You fought him while he was shooting it too. You held him up on the money end, you didn't believe in it, and you said so, real free. The picture made me, all right, but it was Nicky made the picture and I'd never of been on the screen if it hadn't been for him, and I'll stick to him, you bet I will!"

"So I didn't make that picture—eh?" says Silvercrown, never moving his sharp eyes from me.

"No!" I says hotly. "You peddled somebody else's brains, that's all!"

Silvercrown got up and took his hat. Then he come and stood close to me.

"You are a good girl, Bonnie," he says, "but you're a fool. However, I will take you back any time. As for Nickolls ——" And when he says Nickolls, Gee how his map did change!

"Nickolls!" he shouted, all the rage that had evidently been slowly cooking for weeks bursting out of him. "I'll break the idiot! I made that feller, I tell you. Took him when he was a mere nothing, a young kid starving around town, glad to be assistant camera man at fifty a week! I trained him and saw he was a genius, gave him publicity, a big name—everything! And now look what he done to me. You watch out, and when the smash comes you'll be glad to jump from under, and jump my way!"

"We can't fail!" I says. "This picture we are making is a great picture. It'll go over big. You can't stop it from succeeding, Mr. Silvercrown!"

"Can't I stop it, though!" says he, still furious.

And with them words he beat it out, slamming the door behind him, and for a few minutes I listened to the roar of the big foreign car as it rumbled off down the street. I was actually shaking with excitement and rage, and I guess maybe I was a little hysterical, too, for I got the cuckoo idea that Big Ben really meant what he had said about Nickolls. By instinct I went over to the old dresser where I kept Nickolls' gun. I pulled open the drawer. The gun was not there.

For a moment I thought I must of put it some place else, and then I remembered clearly how I had put it back last night my own self. Adele hadn't moved it, that was sure, she was too scared of the blame thing. There was only one other person knew I had it, and where I kept it.

And as I stood leaning on the empty drawer and wondering, mommer's voice preceded her down the stairs.

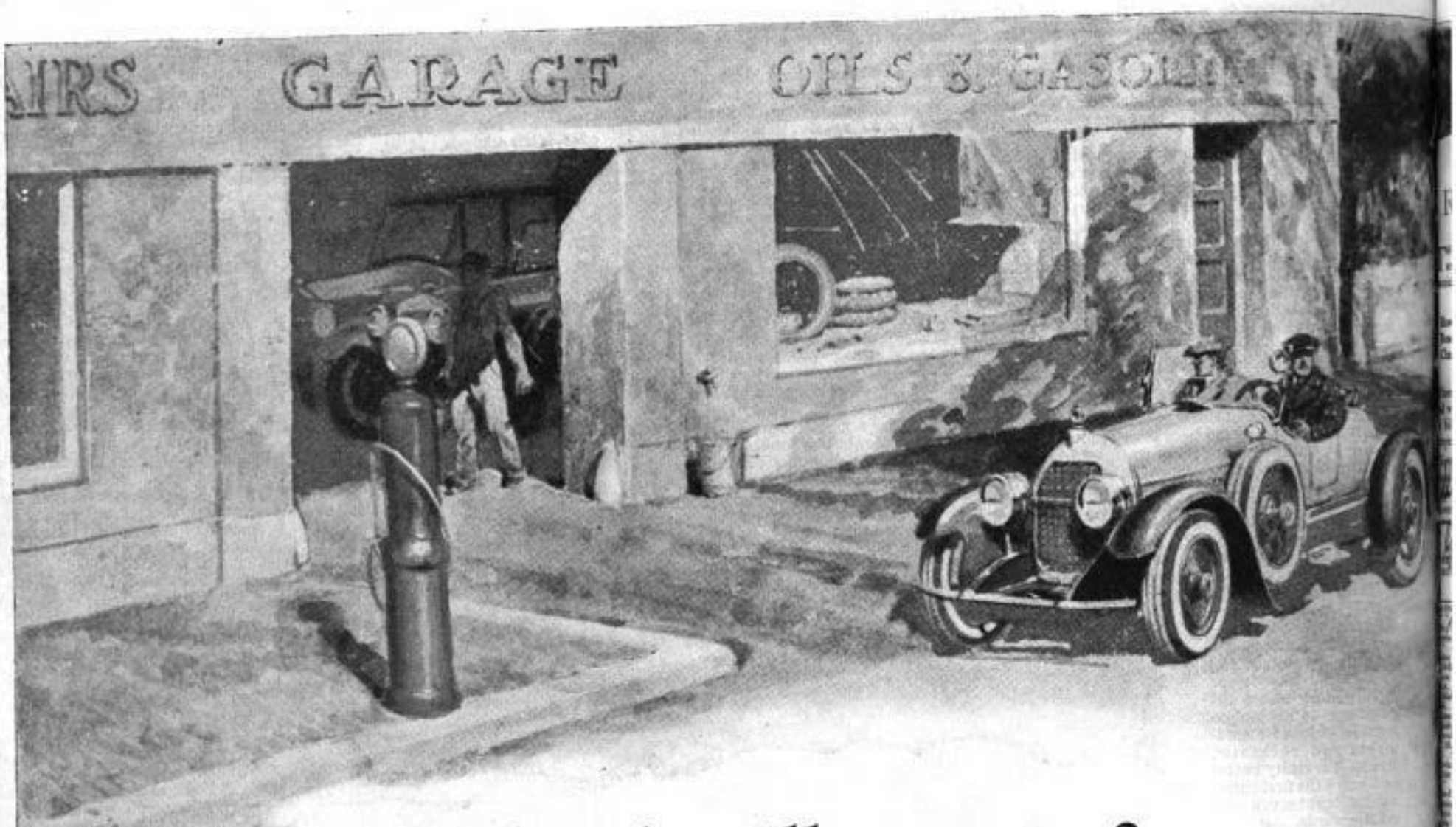
"Is Mr. Silvercrown gone?" she called. "Say, Bonnie, I forgot to tell you. While you was asleep this morning Stricky come over and ate breakfast with me. My! Won't he be surprised when he hears how Silvercrown was here!"

x

I SUPPOSE it is the ambition of pretty near every honest working girl to have moving-picture magnates fighting over her; and to be in the position where she can spurn the gold of any producer is enough to turn the head of a marble statue.

(Continued on Page 84)

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On which side will you stop?

THE OLD, OLD QUESTION of Good or Bad—Right or Wrong—Certainty or Doubt—comes up every time you stop to buy lubricating oil.

Here are two common ways to ask for oil.

"GIVE ME A QUART OF OIL" *but remember:*	"GIVE ME A CAN OF GARGOYLE MOBILOIL" *because:*
1 9 out of 10 lubricating oils are mere by-products of crude oil resulting from the manufacture of gasoline.	1 Gargoyle Mobiloil is manufactured by lubrication specialists from crude oils chosen for their lubricating qualities without regard to their yield of gasoline. A vital difference.
2 "Oils" vary widely in quality, character, and body. Of 20 "quarts of oil" bought at random no two may be alike.	2 The absolute uniformity of Gargoyle Mobiloil is maintained by painstaking manufacture and some 30 separate tests of each batch.
3 A given oil may be called "Light" by one dealer and "Medium" by another. "Light", "medium", and "heavy" are uncertain terms at best.	3 The body of each grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil is strictly fixed. Each grade is scientifically correct for the cars for which it is recommended.
4 "Quarts of oil" are often cheap products sold at quality prices. Thousands of gallons of inferior oil are sold at the same price as Gargoyle Mobiloil.	4 In Gargoyle Mobiloil you get the very highest quality oil at a fair price.
5 At least 50% of all engine troubles are brought on by incorrect lubrication. Unsuitable "oil" causes poor compression—wastes gasoline—invites wear and noise—encourages excessive carbon formation.	5 Gargoyle Mobiloil minimizes repair bills. When used according to the Chart you can count upon full compression—full mileage from gasoline—less wear and noise—and the greatest obtainable freedom from carbon.

Warning:

Don't be misled by some similar sounding name. Look on the container for the correct name Mobiloil (not Mobile) and for the red Gargoyle.

Don't believe false statements that some other oil is identical with Gargoyle Mobiloil. Gargoyle Mobiloil is made only by the Vacuum Oil Company in its own refineries, and is never sold under any other name.

There is only one profitable thing to do with a bad habit.
Replace it with a good one!
Buy Gargoyle Mobiloil!

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$5. $6. $7. & $8. SHOES
FOR MEN AND WOMEN

W. L. DOUGLAS PRODUCT IS GUARANTEED BY MORE THAN 40 YEARS' EXPERIENCE IN MAKING FINE SHOES

They are made of the best and finest leathers, by skilled shoemakers, all working to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy. The quality is unsurpassed. The smart styles are the leaders in the fashion centers of America. Only by examining them can you appreciate their wonderful value. Shoes of equal quality cannot be bought elsewhere at anywhere near our prices. W. L. Douglas $7.00 and $8.00 shoes are exceptionally good values.



BOYS' SHOES
$4.00 & $4.50

BEST IN QUALITY
BEST IN STYLE
BEST ALL AROUND
SHOES FOR BOYS

W. L. Douglas shoes are put into all of our 108 stores at factory cost. We do not make one cent of profit until the shoes are sold to you. It is worth dollars for you to remember that when you buy shoes at our stores YOU PAY ONLY ONE PROFIT.



No matter where you live, shoe dealers can supply you with W. L. Douglas shoes. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York. Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes with the name and retail price stamped on the sole. Do not take a substitute and pay extra profits. Order direct from the factory and save money.

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Heat Wherever There's a Socket.

Ten seconds after you start the electric current through the

Liberty HOT PLATE

You have steady, clean, dependable heat with which to cook, boil, toast, percolate coffee, heat flat iron, vulcanize iron, sharpen safety razor blades, warm baby's milk, etc. Handy in basement or garage. Great comfort for invalids. 150/180 watts (use 7" in diameter) 5-8" high; 36" of coiled heating element mounted on thick asbestos mat, 6-foot durable extension cord.

All metal parts beautifully nickeled over copper plating.

If your dealer can't furnish, send $2.00 bill, check, or money order and $2.50 west of Rockies, $3.75 in Canada.

THE LIBERTY GAUGE & INSTRUMENT CO.
(Electrical Division)
6545 Carnegie Avenue Cleveland, Ohio
Dealers and Jobbers write for quick service now.

HARMER'S CEYLON TEA

Seldom, if ever, will you find the delicate flavor, the natural fragrance, the smoothness, you'll enjoy in Harmer's tea. This is real Ceylon—choice young leaves and shoots from plants growing high in the Namunukulukande mountain region. This fine tea brews over 600 cups per pound. Personally imported and sent direct to connoisseurs in five tea, $3.50 a lb., six lbs. $20 prepaid anywhere.

HORACE P. HARMER, Importer, 761 Clackamas St., Portland, Ore.

(Continued from Page 81)

"But when I was Helen Murrell's mother," says mommer, talking my position over, "I used to try and keep her head down to normal so's she could buy her hats standard misses' size. They say pride comes before a fall, but I always say not unless you are a fall-guy in the first place. Bonnie dearie, keep your heart humble!"

Well, of course I loved mommer and all that. In fact I loved her so nearly like I would a real mother that I didn't pay the attention to her good advice I might of. I had by now got so used to her that she was a part of the family, so to speak, so naturally what she said to me was for the most part like rolling stones off a duck's back or something, what with things coming my way like they were. I don't mean Silvercrown alone either, but presents, attentions and so forth, although of course Big Benny's offer was the subject of considerable conversation with us for a while.

"Bonnie, little Bonnie, I suppose some day I shall lose you!" says Nickolls, half laughing, half in earnest, when I had told him about it.

"Lose me?" I says. "How do you get that way? Not for any reason on earth! Say, Nicky, I'm nervous about Big Benny, though. He wouldn't actually try to hurt you, would he?"

"Benny?" says Nickolls, shaking his lion's head and roaring with laughter. "Say! That bird wouldn't strike a flea for fear of scratching his diamond rings on it!"

Well, that idea comforted me a lot and as time went along and nothing happened, why I kind of forgot just how rough my interview with Silvercrown had been. Every day brought the Cinderella picture nearer its finish, and on the side I was swamped by all these invitations I am telling you about, including even one to dinner at the Greytons', which was a dry affair, more ways than one, and they actually played charades after. A person might as well of been back home in Stonewall!

Of all the presents which perfect strangers commenced sending me for as a rule advertising purposes, but mutually so, the one which give me the biggest kick was not a case of homemade hooch of which Axel was the proud author, but a flock of real estate that was wished on me by a hot A-1 livewire real-estate development company. The goof which had this bright idea of giving me it had a mind trimmed with saxophones, a suit you could of played several kinds of games on, and other outward and visible signs of pep and enterprise. But there was nothing to laugh at in the deed he brought me.

The day he packed it around we was all seated at the luncheon table in my dressing-room bungalow over to the studio—Bert, mommer, Trixie, who was now suddenly speaking to me again since I was out of Silvercrown for good and all, Axel, who had a heavy part in our picture, for he was driving the coach which dissolved into a pumpkin and back again, and we had a trained white rat doubling for him in the pumpkin footage. Well anyways, Axel was there, Stricky, of course, and one or two others, all crowded around the two-by-four table, having the usual picture actor's menu of cigarettes, black coffee and lettuce salad without oil, when in comes this bird Al Something and says the Arroyo del Rey Real Estate Company was opening up a new high-class residence district and with their compliments presented me with a lot in it. It seemed this development was out on the Someplace, and was certainly fast-growing because it already had one house and a real-estate office on it, which only left a thousand acres to be sold into hundred-foot lots, or bigger.

Well at first of course we all thought this bird Al must be kidding, because out in Southern California a development of that or any other kind is liable to become a thriving city by the same month next year, and a piece of property in one is a real sure-enough present, no fooling! But no, he meant it, and the gift was not a ordinary lot, but a five-acre ranch with a house on it.

"It's a cute little Mission-style two-room bungalow, Miss Delane," says this Al, "with old vines on it, and real old trees—must be eight or ten years old, some of those trees. And there is a fine little olive orchard planted to the one side of the house!"

"Good land!" says mommer, seizing the deed to this property and smelling of it, and she come pretty near biting it, even, to make sure it was real. "What on earth does Bonnie have to do to get this, dear Mr. Al? My little daughter is so young—only sixteen—that I prefer to do all the talking for her!"

"She doesn't have to do a thing, not one thing, for it, Mrs. Delane," says this bird, which his name ought to of been Ernest. "The only idea is this: We would like to use her name as being the first one to buy out there, and the privilege to print her picture, see? And say that she intends to work the ranch herself, see? And allow us to get some pictures of her doing it, picking the fruit or something, see?"

"Say," says Rolfie, who was there too—"say, we could play that up fine, Bonnie. It's a new publicity line for us as well. You in overalls. Great stuff!"

"Immense, simply immense!" says Bert. "I will make some wonderful stills of her plucking her crops of olives. Immense!"

"Oh, dear, but when you get through taking those stills, which it's the truth you could make them better right here on the lot," says I, affecting languor, "what'll I do with the blame place, outside of paying taxes on it?"

"Now you hush, Bonnie dearie," says mommer hastily. "You never can tell but that a little place like that may come in handy. Obey your mommer now, and take the deed."

So I reluctantly took it and then this Al, he took his hat and his departure, and a lucky thing for me, too, because even a talented actress like myself can only register an expression for just about so long, and I had pretty near run out of boredom before I finally reached for the papers and he for his Kelly. And then sweet daddy, but I'll say we held some celebration when his back was turned, and shook hands with ourselves generally, especially Stricky, who kept telling me he had always known I would make good and so forth.

But it wasn't until a week later when we was through working, for the picture was finished and Nickolls was by then doing the final titling, that Stricky says to me he would drive me out and we would go and see my new property.

Ain't it a strange thing the way a perfect day comes to a person every once in a while for no particular reason, but is just a gift out of a clear heaven, so to speak? Often a person will get such a day when they least deserve it, and always when they least expect it. Sometimes I think God deliberately gives folks hours like that to keep them going. Not that I was having a hard life, or that I needed dispensations, but you get me. Fine as things was with me, there is always a fly in anybody's ointment, even if they have put it there themselves, and my fly was that I was not sure of Stricky's love for me.

I never felt like I had him cinched, on account of him passing by all mention of getting married, and so forth. And this uncertain feeling often made me unhappy, especially if I woke up and thought of it in the night.

But this day when Stricky drove me out in my car to the Arroyo del Rey Development, I did feel sure of him. Not that he proposed, but I just felt confident and serene. He was kind and sweet and acted awfully devoted, the day itself was extra fine even for California, the road a good one the whole ways, and we had one of them feathery, golden times as per see above. Even the property, when we at last got there, was a pleasant surprise.

The land had once been a big failure of a ranch. I guess it was located too near the water, or something, but anyways, the only trees that was any good were those around my house, which was as yet the only house there and it had evidently been the one the rancher failed in. It was sort of a failure itself, too, but it give me a grand feeling to own it, even after I had eat a ripe olive off the tree which is a mistake to do, for strangely enough they do not get the very necessary pickling until after they are removed from their native branches.

Well, after we had looked thorough at the house and the view, which view included the brand-new Spanish-type real-estate office on the main four corners, why we climbed back into the bus and Stricky took me down to Riverside to a wonderful open-air hotel which was kept by a sort of Dago, I guess. At least I know Stricky says we was served by Al Fresco or something, but it was good eating, and we come back home after taking our time, kidding, laughing, and so on, and I floating on air generally, perfectly gloriously happy when I reached the house and was seized upon by mommer.

"Good land, child," says she, "do you realize that this is Saturday night, and you are giving a dinner at the Ambassador? When do you think you are going to dress?"

"Right now!" I says, nearly knocked cuckoo, because I had entirely forgotten this party! And I was not alone giving it, but it was my first real important one, and Stricky had talked me into trying it as a celebration of the Cinderella picture being done.

"Say listen!" says Stricky, on our front step. "Do you mind if I don't call for you, but meet you at the hotel instead?"

"Why no!" says I. "It would be better, maybe. The table is in mommer's name. See you at 7:30."

"All right, so long!" says he. And I watched him swing away down the street, flecking his cane in that snappy way of his, my heart fairly following along after him, and mommer unable to drag me in while he remained in sight. If I had known what was to happen a few short hours later, would I have felt like that? Sweet daddy, I would not say so!

Well, as I am telling you, the first Nickolls superproduction, Alias Cinderella, was now all made, and it was a bear. The photography was something grand, for Joe, our camera man, knew all his work, and beside, Nicky had made him use one of these angora lenses that make everything long-haired-looking. It was the very latest in art-photography, without a doubt. The building had all been a success, especially our million-dollar collapsible medieval castle set, which had actually cost three thousand dollars in money but good taste had raised the value like I said. The costumes was wonderful, and the direction the best that Nicky had done as yet, which all the trade admitted was going some.

When it come to the acting, why it is difficult for me to say anything on account of how I do despise a star which thinks they are the whole cheese and takes all the credit. So I will merely pass along the remarks of others, which were universally to the effect that fine as the pictures was, it would of been nothing without me.

Everybody on our corner of the Brunton lot was perfectly contented with the result of our first effort, as were also all friends and relations and outsiders who had been sneaked in against the rules to see it. It was a haymaker, without a doubt, and there was no nervousness about whether the distributors would take it or not. All that remained was to show it to them, watch 'em drop dead, and when they recovered, accept their check and commence work on the next story.

Well this being how things were, why naturally it seemed a good time for me to burst upon society with my initiation blow-out as you might call it, and so I had it—invited all who had been good to me, but for Hollywood it was not such a mixed crowd at that.

When I and mommer entered the spacious coconut room in plenty of time to receive our guests, it sure was some sight to behold. I was in the most wonderful gown and also a quiet little dress of peach-colored spangles and a green ostrich fan, very girlish and modest, while mommer wore gray satin.

Well didn't I just hate having the head captain bow me to my prominent table and all? I sure got a big kick out of it, even although the eats was going to be ten a cover. And pretty soon our guests commenced arriving, and other people also, and when I looked around I thought, well Wallace Reid may be at the next table and Chaplin just beyond, but I'm not so poor off myself, and closer to the dancing floor, at that! Also I had with me the Greytons, and Jack Blum and his Leghorn, and both of the Trueman's, Slim Rolf and Bert of course, and that Barred Rock chicken friend of Blum's for Axel. I had also invited Major McGee that used to bawl me out about my make-up when I was a mere extra, and didn't I rub that in, just! Sweet daddy! Very refined I was, of course, but quite unmistakable.

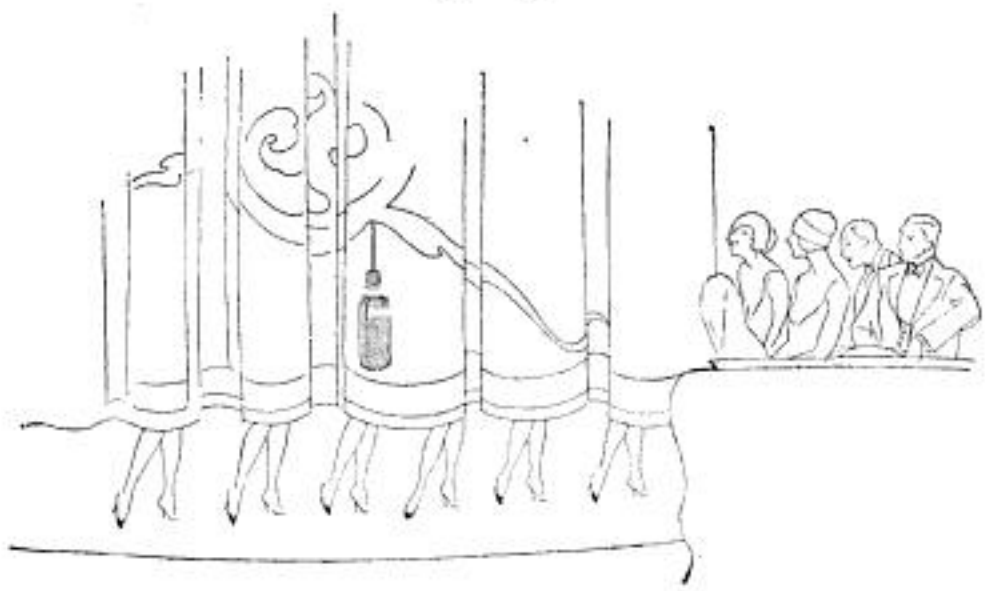
Besides these real distinguished-looking guests of mine there was yet to come two which was the most important to me, the great John Austin Nickolls himself, and my Stricky, who was scheduled to pick up the cocktails. Their vacant chairs made the whole table look empty to my eyes, and as the long minutes slipped by without them showing, the evening commenced to go sour for me. Maybe you know the feeling I had, talking to the ones at the table laughing like a automat, and craning my neck and eyes both towards the door

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SPEAKING OF ANKLES

BY Natalie Norris



ALTHOUGH history saith naught on the subject, it is a safe surmise that Marc Antony, not being unobservant of maidenly charms, was first attracted to the fair daughter of the Ptolemies by a fleeting glimpse of her shapely ankles. Even in those days, centuries before Ziegfeld, the Egyptian ladies who topped the society columns in the daily Papyrus must have known the lure of lovely tarsi.

It is an open secret, of course, today. One goes to the Follies quite as much to marvel at the ensemble of trim and nimble ankles as to hear the syncopated ballads which Gallagher and Shean render so expertly.

On the sidewalks of the city, up-and-down Main Street, where'er milady walks, eyes pay constant tribute to the slender, graceful ankle. If one is so fortunate as to boast a well-modeled pair she can accentuate their beauty by carefully chosen stockings and should *never, never!* mar their gentle curving by crooked, ungainly seams. And, even if one's ankles are not quite perfection, one may still make amends by avoiding crooked seams, wearing Burson stockings, which fit perfectly and have no seams whatever to annoy the eye.

For who of you has failed to observe the fact that a stocking seam seldom runs straight up the back of the stocking? It is easily verified if you still doubt this statement. Just notice next time you are walking on a busy street. No matter how impeccably dressed *madame* or *mademoiselle* may be otherwise, the wind will whip skirts, and wind-whipped skirts will pull stocking seams awry. There is no help for it but Burson.

Seams, you know, are handed down from the days when they were a necessary expedient to make stockings fit a little better. Burson has done away with the need for seams by perfecting a knitting process that fashions stockings right on the loom, so that they conform perfectly to the natural curves of the leg.

To be sure of getting real fashioned hosiery, I advise you to ask the lady behind the counter for Burson. For ordinary seamless stockings, with just as many needles to the ankle as to the leg, are sometimes made to imitate real fashioned hose by sewing a mock seam up the back. Frequently this is not detected until after the stockings have gone once to the tub, where they promptly lose their pressed-in shape and become shapeless pipes.

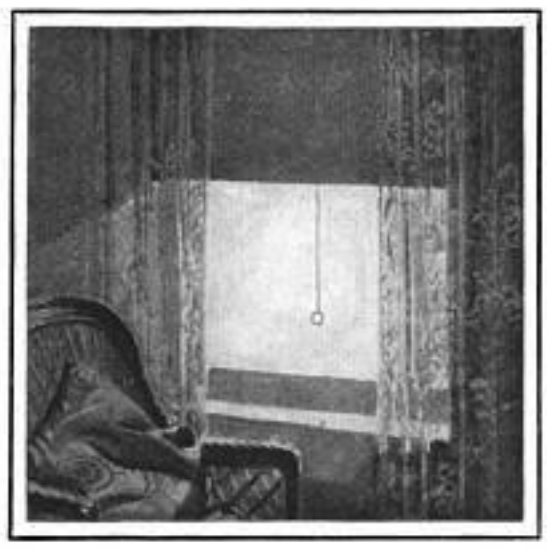
Not only are Burson stockings a joy to wear because of their perfect fashioning, but they are extremely comfortable due to the fact that they have no seams to annoy the feet. Furthermore, just that little saving in bulk, because of the absence of the seam, often permits the wearing of a smaller shoe. The men may smile at that, but we all know how important it is.

Next time you are in need of stockings, remember to say Burson to the saleslady. I am sure you will be ever so pleased with your new purchase. And once you have worn them you will never go back to the other kind.

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—*the window shade that lasts twice as long*

YOU may be assured that the warm, soft coloring or the restful cool tint that you choose in a Brenlin window shade is permanent. Sun cannot fade it nor water spot it. The rich beauty of Brenlin *lasts*.

Snapping or sucking winds, or the strains of daily usage, cannot mar the fine, linen-like texture of Brenlin. Made without a particle of "filling," it will not crack, wrinkle, or show pinholes.



Scratch a piece of ordinary window-shade material lightly. Tiny particles of chalk or clay "filling" fall out. BRENLIN has no filling

Every window shade of Brenlin is colored by hand, fashioned carefully by experts for beauty of appearance, long wear, and smooth operation. A window shade of Brenlin is supple, not stiff, yet always hangs straight and smooth; it is perfectly opaque. It will outwear two or three ordinary window shades.

Brenlin will do marvels in enhancing the attractiveness of your home. Especially see Brenlin Duplex, made for perfect harmony with both the outside and inside of your home—a different color on each side.

Look for the name Brenlin perforated on the edge. If you don't know where to get this long-wearing window shade, write us; we'll see that you are supplied.

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We have your copy of this readable and instructive booklet on how to increase the beauty of your home with correct shading and decoration of your windows. Send for it. Actual samples of Brenlin in several colors will come with it.

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HAND MADE **Brenlin**
the long-wearing
WINDOW SHADE *material*

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the while, my heart giving a jump every time a handsome man showed up between the hat-check boys, only to sink again when it turned out to be merely Doug Fairbanks or someone. The waiters served the soup in spite of me who was trying to wait for cocktails, and then, just as I had about decided Stricky was dying of an accident in some hospital, I seen him come in the door.

At the sight a sweet feeling of sudden ease and relief come over me, and then as he approached a cold hand clutched my heart, for Stricky was drunk as a fool, and he had Anita Lauber with him.

Now I had on purpose not asked Anita to my party. I just couldn't, somehow, out of respect to what Mrs. Greyton, who was certainly a perfect lady, might feel. Also somewhat on account of my own self. It is hard to write a crabby thing like that. I don't know what it was, New England or something, but I couldn't help feeling that way, and any intelligent public will understand. I was fond of Anita and would not of gone back on her in any jam she might be in and so forth. But asking her to my party was entirely different and I had not done it.

However, there she was, both she and Strick as wet as a bootlegger with seven-legged boots, and what was I to do? Somehow or other I kept my face, even when Stricky took the place beside me which I had meant for Nickolls, and put Anita next to him.

Sick? Sweet daddy! Terrible thoughts commenced racing through my head, and yet I had to keep smiling! Where had these two been? How come they was together? So this was why Strick had excused himself from escorting me and mommer over to the hotel—he had planned all along to bring her! It was like knives going through me, these thoughts was. I could not eat. I sat there in the middle of the enormous gay room with its lights and music and laughing voices, a regular dumb-bell.

"Say listen!" says Stricky to me in a thick voice. "Ain't you glad to see your old pal? Speak to her, can't you?"

"Hello, Anita," I says over his body, and wishing it was his dead one. "Have you got your stage make-up on, dear?"

"Oh, Bonnie darling, how bad you look tonight!" says she. "Ain't you feeling well, dear? I think it was so sweet of Stricky to insist on me coming to his party."

So that was it! His party! For a minute I felt I couldn't bear it, and I turned to him in a sharp undertone.

"Gregory Strickland, how dared you!" I says.

"Say listen!" says Stricky roughly. "You shut up! You make me sick, Bonnie. I'm through, and if you pull any nonsense about it I'll start something, see?"

He made a swift gesture to his hip and I saw that what he had there was not the conventional flask, but a gun—my gun, or, rather, Nickolls'. Then he turned his shoulder and started talking to Anita in a whisper, swaying. A new, strange, horrible man.

For a moment my head kind of swam. If he had actually pulled the gun I could not of been more terrified. I had been morally sure that Stricky had that gun, but not actually. And now it was a positive fact that Stricky was, among other things, a thief.

The fact of his dishonesty was the least of my worries right then, however, because what might he not do with the revolver in a drunken fit? If only I could get it away from him! If only Nicky would show, perhaps he would be able to help, would know what to do. But for some reason Nickolls didn't turn up. Twice I sent the captain out looking for him, but it was no good. He wasn't at his home, either, because I got Bert to phone.

How I ever got through the rest of that horrible evening is a wonder to me yet. I guess a person who is pinned down under a car in a railroad accident must have about the same sensations as I underwent. But I talked and my guests talked and we even laughed, I can't imagine at what! And then at last thank heaven it was time to go home. Somebody says come on let us all go over to John's place it is after one and all the other joints will be closed.

But going to John's place would of been one too many for me, so I crocheted a gag about well home was still open and I believed I would go there, so finally I was able to shake the bunch, and mommer and I got in a taxi and started for home.

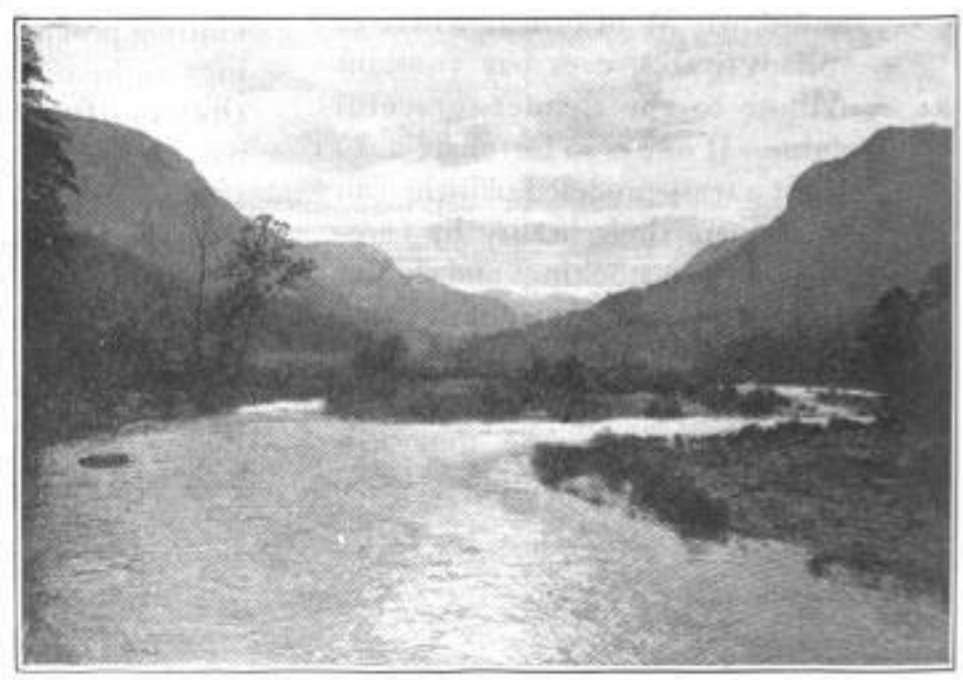
In the cab I reached blindly for mommer's hand and found it and held it tight, sitting stiff and silent in the dark, my love all turned rancid but my pride and vanity laid open to the raw. Through the thick soft darkness mommer's voice kept bursting out every little while, like lightning.

"The brute!" she says. "The hound! What did I tell you about him, Bonnie dearie? Didn't I always say he was a cheap good-for-nothing ham? And a dirty low-life? I knew it, Bonnie dearie, I just knew it and I always did say so! Now don't you grieve over him, honey, he ain't worth it. You know they say love is of man's life a thing apart, 'tis woman's whole existence. But I always say if that was so no woman would live to be over sixteen!"

For the first time her voice couldn't touch nor comfort me. I felt transported into a new strange world. Why, everything had been strange all evening! There was me a hostess to top circles of picture people, to begin with. That wasn't normal. Then there was also me on the edge of being a well-known star and already announced as such. That couldn't of been true, either! Or me riding home with a mother of my own to a beautiful home of my own. No, no! Small wonder the thing went and crashed! It all had ought to of been a dream, a beautiful dream too good to last. Yet here I actually was, riding in the taxi with mommer, her strong clasp crushing my diamond ring into my flesh, my expensive dress heavy and soft against my knees, my wrap warm and perfumed about my face and shoulders. Yes, it was real! I was Bonnie Delane, the Nickolls star, going home to my lovely house. The only lie, the only untrue thing was Stricky and his ghastly behavior.

It seemed a thousand years before the taxi reached our district and when at last it did and stopped in front of our place I got

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(Continued from Page 86)

out, still in my sick dream, and stood helplessly beside mommer while she paid the driver off, I staring at the house meanwhile and dimly realizing there was something wrong with it, but not what. Mommer made it clear, however, the very minute she turned her attention towards it.

"My land, Bonnie!" says she. "Did you leave all them lights burning when we come out?"

"Why," says I, stupidly blinking at the place, "I did not! At least I don't remember. But I certainly think they was all turned off!"

Well the house was lighted from parlor to attic. Every window was glowing and in many of them the shades not even pulled down. The porch light was on, too, and for just a moment a person couldn't help but wonder if maybe the place was on fire. But it was just the lights, as we could right away see.

"Do you suppose we been robbed?" I says as we hurried up the path. "And they left them burning?"

"Not a chance!" says mommer, panting along beside me. "Californians are pretty good advertisers, I will admit, but I don't hardly think even Californian burglars would go that far!"

"But who could it be at this hour?" says I. "Oh, mommer, I'm sure something more is wrong!"

"Don't be a nitwit, honey!" says Adele. "Here, let me open the door! Maybe I did leave them lights on, though it ain't like me!"

Well mommer took the key from my hand, but it seemed she didn't need it. For although the door was shut, it opened the minute she give it a touch, and we went in, shaking like a loose-leaf date book or something.

Inside, on our Early Spanish combination hatrack and umbrella stand which I had got to keep my golf sticks in, was a strange hat and coat—a man's. They was thrown down on it any old which-way, and beside them was a bundle done up partly in brown and partially in newspaper, and the fortunately dead butt of a cigar was resting on the newel post of the staircase right at the feet of the Milo Venus I kept there.

"Well!" says mommer. "If it's a burglar he must of concluded we was in Honolulu at the very nearest!"

"It's no burglar, mommer," I says, my heart beating with a queer conviction that something was about to land on my shoulders. And just as I says that a funny sound come from the direction of the parlor.

We stood still as stone looking at each other intensely, and pretty soon it come again. It was a snore; a loud, firm, healthy snore, nothing more nor less; a practiced, customary snore, and there was something familiar about it to me. Right away I come to life and started to investigate, cutting across the hall in not over two jumps, pulling the parlor portières to one side. And there sprawled in one of my blue velvet Spanish chairs, his boots off and on the hearth, his stocking feet crossed peacefully upon my new phonograph lamp, was pop!

"My land!" says Adele's voice in a frightened whisper behind me. "Who ever would of thought it possible a person could sleep in one of them chairs!"

"Sweet daddy!" says I aloud.

At the sound of my voice pop come to, yawning and rousing himself with a shake like a big dog, just in the old way, and also in the old way taking my exclamation to himself as a well-deserved warm welcome.

"Yi-hi!" says he, bringing his feet down off the phonograph with a soft heavy thump. "Yes, Bonnie darlin', 'tis your sweet daddy himself, come all the way from the East to find his little girl!"

"Heavens!" says mommer. "Bonnie Delane, never tell me that is your father!"

"That's the idea I was brought up with," I says briefly. "Although how he's traced me out is more than I can tell you; or how he got into my house, either!"

By this time pop had not alone put down his feet but stood upon them, twitching his baggy trousers down, and running his fingers like a comb through his mop of yellow hair. I had kind of forgotten how handsome pop was, but being reminded of it by suddenly seeing him this way didn't bring any enthusiasm with it, somehow. All I could think of was bad pennies and returnable cats, and so forth, and I begun to feel as mad as anything.

"Sure I got in by picking the lock," says pop, smiling good-naturedly. "A very simple lock ye have, Bonnie darlin', for one that's fitted odd keys to people's trunks a good part of his life. Aren't ye going to give your poor old father a greeting at all?"

"Yes, pop!" I says, going over and letting him kiss me on the cheek but not returning it.

"And who is this handsome lady?" says pop then, one arm around my waist, looking at Adele and smiling his very best.

Adele blushed under it, but looked as pleased as an old fool, and of course I remembered my good manners, stunned as I was, and at once made them acquainted.

"Why this is mommer, pop," I says. And then the minute it was out I just stood there staring like a dumb-bell.

"The hell you say!" says my father, his jaw dropping and for once in his life all the wind taken out of him. Then he recovered himself and a twinkle come into his eye. "Sure and I always was the lucky man!" says he.

"The impudence!" says Adele with a snort, taking offense at once. "Bonnie Delane—I—er—McFadden, I think that if you was going to ask this—this person here, you might at least of told me in advance so's I could move my trunk out of the way!"

"Adele!" I says, leaving pop cold, and running to her in terror. "What are you talking about? I didn't know he was coming any more than the man in the moon! And you will move out of this house over my dead body only! Now for heaven sake, let's sit down, all of us, and find out where we are."

Well we did that, mommer on the settle, but looking far from it, pop slumping right back into the least uncomfortable chair in the room, and myself perched upon the edge of the refractory table, that being the way I felt, and for a minute all we done was to sit glaring at each other like we didn't know who ought to start something, but each of us feeling perfectly willing to be elected. The problem was really mine, however, so I cracked the ice.

"Well, pop!" I says. "Will you please tell me how you come to find out about where was I, and everything?"

"And where would I find that out except by the newspapers?" he demanded.

"But the Delane!" I says. "How did you know beyond that?"

"Well, it's a wise father who knows his own child from a picture in the newspapers," says pop. "But they been full of you, Bonnie darling, and it's proud your old pop has been to point them out. You're a smart girl, Bonnie, and I always said ye had the great talent!"

"Yeh, you proved quite some picker, pop!" says I. "I suppose I might of known the papers would let you on. But how did you get the money to come out, and why in the world did you do it?"

"Hush now, Bonnie!" says pop, very sweet and pathetic. "Sure I got to thinking of you out here all by your lone and you the young and handsome girl that you are, and it worried me, how there would be nobody to advise you about your money and so forth. So I sold the little shop, and here I am, and mighty glad to be here!"

"You sold the shop!" I says. "Why, pop, who would buy it, with all that mortgage on it?"

"Well to tell the truth I didn't sell it exactly," says he. "Bushwell, the old devil, foreclosed on me at last. But I had the laugh on him in the end, for I'd just disposed of the entire contents for two hundred and fifty cash money."

"But, pop!" I says, feeling like I must be in a dream. "How about the big house? Who will look after it for Mr. Sherrill now that you are gone?"

"Why, daughter dear, the house can't run away, can it?" pop asked, kind of mildly indignant as if I was to blame. "It's stood there many a year, and will for many more, I'm thinking. I just turned the key in it, and brought the key along."

"Oh my heaven!" I says with a groan. "I thought you would learn some sense of responsibility if you was left to yourself. And look at you!"

"There now, dearie!" says pop. "I have certainly learned my responsibility. I come to see clear as day how I been neglecting you, and that I should come out and manage your affairs, no matter how much work it involves. What was my little business compared to yours? Tell me that!"

"Your duty was right there at the Sherrill house!" I snapped. "And you know it."

"Why, daughter!" says pop, opening his blue eyes very wide in that way he had, like a hurt child. "Why, daughter, surely you wouldn't have me a janitor, while you was a well-known actress? It would hurt your position!"

"Oh, dear, I suppose it would!" I says helplessly. "Somehow, pop, you always got a answer. But if you think you have come out here to live on me you can make a retake. Nothing doing."

"I was thinking I might go in the moving pictures myself," says pop. "They say a lot of easy money can be picked up in them. And now will you explain who is my charming wife, over there with the frown on her that don't become her pretty face?"

Adele didn't say anything to this, and only moved her shoulder more towards him. But the frown come off, I noticed.

"Pop," says I, "this is the only mother I have ever had. She has done everything in the world for me that six ordinary ones might of, and I love her a lot. A girl has to have a mother out here, and she is mine and nothing will make me give her up. Her name is Mrs. Delane."

"Madame!" says pop, going up to Adele and making her a sweeping bow, "madame, I am proud to meet the beautiful mother of my—of—er—a charming daughter. Considering we have her in common, so to speak, I hope you won't mind our getting acquainted."

"Sit down, do!" says Adele. "And don't be such a clown. There is no camera on us, Mr. McFadden, and you can act natural, unless of course you was born that way."

"No matter what way I was born, dear Mrs. Delane," says pop, "I would gladly try to make meself over to suit your requirements."

"Well!" says Adele. "I must say that never before in all my experience as a mother have I been up against anything like this. They say truth is stranger than fiction, but I always say it might be if you could tell them apart!"

"Now, mommer!" I says, "don't you get excited, dear. I know I should of told you about pop before, but I was kind of trying to let him slip my memory."

"But I am in a real difficult situation!" says mommer unhappily. "I can't stay in this house if he does. I'm not a married woman."

"What!" says pop. "Holy cats!"

"And I'm not going to live here with him," Adele went on, ignoring his remarks. "What will folks say? There's your popper and there's your mommer! A fine mess!"

"I'll say she's right, pop," I admitted sadly. "What'll we do? Before you answer, let me again remark that Adele and me will stay together. And what is further, I don't intend to support you."

"Of course not!" says pop readily. "But how can I get work out here in this strange place where nobody knows me? What do you suggest, Bonnie dear?"

Well, when pop pulled that old familiar line, all I had to do was close my eyes and I could smell the corned beef and cabbage in the basement kitchen of the old Sherrill house back in Stonewall. I had actually to grab hold of my spangled evening dress to make sure it was not my gingham house wrapper. There come over me the old sensation of being merely pop's daughter; a young thing accustomed to minding him, and to taking the raw end of it for him.

Was I to be my own boss or was he to drag me back into childhood in some mysterious, sinister way, and make me his slavey again? That was the big question. Although there wasn't one word spoken on the subject, the battle between the two of us filled the room so that you could almost see it. It was just like our two wills was swelling and straining until we pretty near crowded the very furniture out.

And then all at once I knew I had won. I could feel pop give in, and I was almost sorry, while at the same time immensely glad that I was cut loose from him forever. I was suddenly so completely free of his will that I could really see him now and talk to him—you know—like two human beings instead of two relatives. And he could never catch me again because this was a matter of my generation making its breakaway. I drew a long breath and opened my eyes, which had up to this point been unconsciously shut. I turned to pop and spoke, perfectly at ease.

"I know just what will suit you fine, pop!" says I, smiling. "You wouldn't like working in the pictures. It's awful hard, really. You better ranch it."

"How's that?" says he.

"Well, I have a beautiful little olive ranch up the valley," says I, "and I will give it to you free and clear. There's quite a few bearing trees on it, and the life would be ideal."

"Why, that's so!" says pop enthusiastically. "I always did fancy I'd make a fine landowner. And all you have to do out in this country is sit and watch the fruit grow, they tell me."

"Just that!" says I. "Here—I'll do it now, provided you will promise to move out there and start your ranching by noon tomorrow."

I went over to the Inquisition kitchen-cabinet thing and dug out the deed of the Arroyo del Rey Development property and handed it to pop.

"There!" says I. "I'll make it over to you entire. Now you got a real chance to prove what you are worth."

"Daughter dear!" says pop, taking the deed in one hand and my face in the other. "Sure you're the finest girl a father ever had! I'll make a fortune off them trees, you'll see, and you will never have to work, after, the longest day you live!"

Well, I caught sight of Adele's face behind him, and if she wasn't mugging! And the sentimental look she was registering had ought to of been preserved in a blue plush album with white forget-me-nots painted on it! So I played up to my audience a little, kissed pop, and then we all made for the hay, pop commenting loudly on what a fine house I had, and so forth, as we went the rounds putting out the lights, which he had turned on in order to give it the thorough once-over while waiting for us.

"I think, Bonnie honey," says Adele in a whisper at the door of my room, "that your father is pretty near the finest-looking man I ever seen. So distankay!"

"Yes, he's handsome," I admitted wearily. "If he was as hard-working as he is easy-looking he'd have old John D. borrowing pennies off him."

"Well," says Adele with a sentimental sigh, "I know they say handsome is as handsome does, but I always say, if you have two loaves, sell one, and buy white hyacinths to feed your soul."

With which she kissed me good night and left me to lock myself in my room, all the sorrow in the world rushing back upon me. And as per usual, when I had pulled off a satisfactory cry I got up and took a good look at the picture of Milton Sherrill which was on my mantelpiece.

I had made up to Milt for taking him off of my bureau, by blowing him to a real handsome art frame of Spanish leather, to match the Spanish house, and he had occupied the center of this shelf ever since we got settled, with no competition in the line of ornaments except a pair of purple china parrots and a brace of wrought-iron candlesticks, called that way, I suppose, because they represented a guy wrestling with some snakes and they certainly was wrought up all right. Well anyways, Milton held the center of the camera so to speak, and now I went over and looked at him as soon as I had dried my tears enough to be able to see him good.

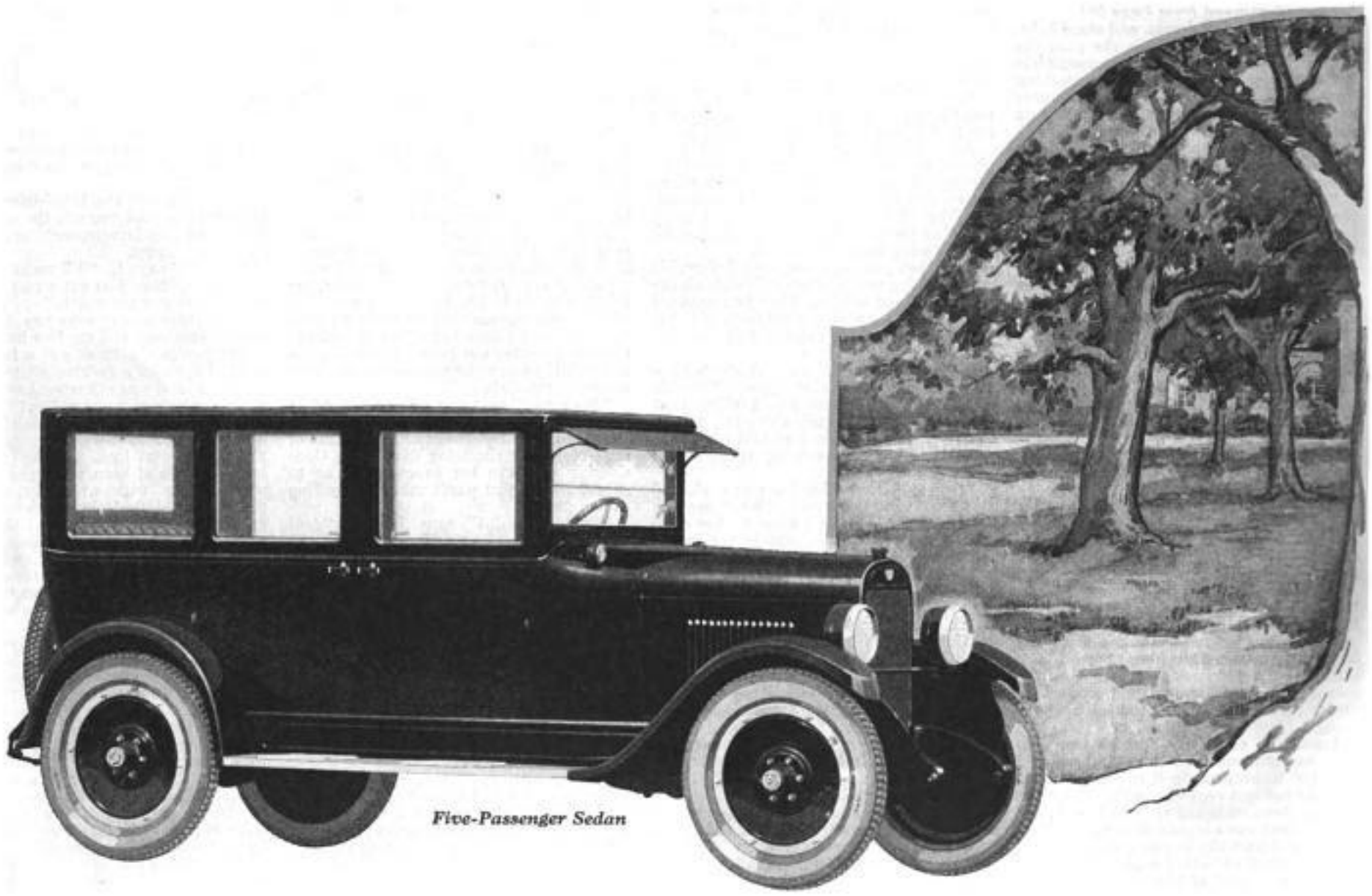
Pop was from home, and so was Milt. But pop brought only mean memories with him, while with the thought of Milton Sherrill come a sense of fine things, such as clear skies over the cold blue of Long Island Sound; apple blossoms falling on my bare head in the old orchard behind the big house; a bird singing in the early morning and piercing into my heart; the song I my own self used to sing while polishing the front door knocker, happy because it was on the door to the Dreamman's mother's home. And drool like that. But so important to remember! His straight look came out to me from his photo like a light in a dark place. And all of a sudden I knew I had never loved Gregory Strickland at all.

I carried Milt's picture back to my bureau after a while and took it out of the leather frame. Then I took Stricky's picture with the "Yours to the end of time" written across it out of its solid gold frame and slowly tore the picture up in little bits. Stricky's nose was left all by itself on the top of the pile of scraps. So I tore that even smaller, but without wishing it was real, or any other feeling. And then I put Milton into the gold frame and went to bed, strangely tired and quiet all over my whole entire body. And the next thing I knew, mommer was knocking on the door and calling through my dreams.

"That Greg Strickland is downstairs!" she says. "He says he's got to see you quick!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Five-Passenger Sedan

MAXWELL

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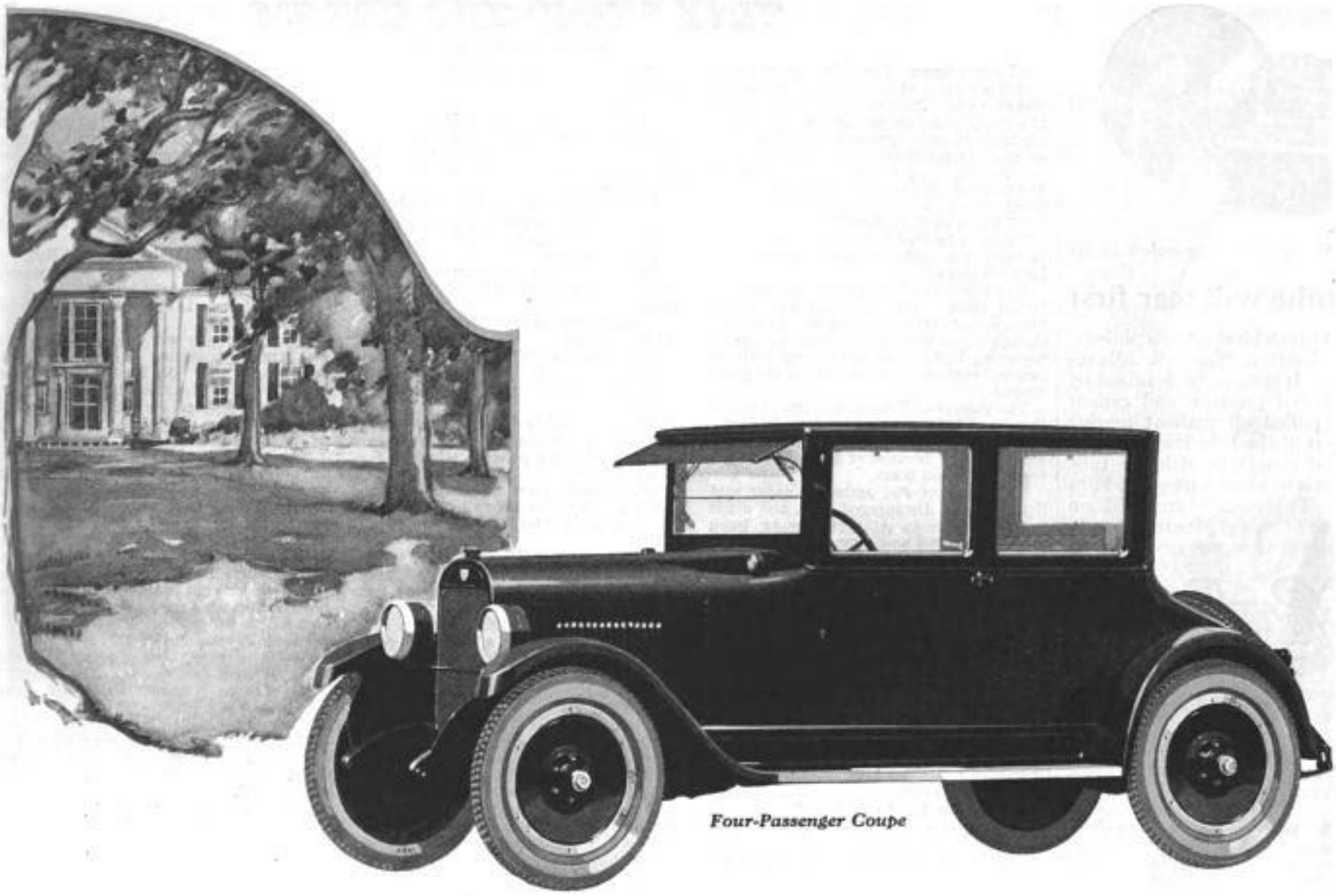
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The Good

M A X

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TINY SKIMS THE CREAM

(Continued from Page 15)

"I don't know, Tiny. You're going to find this section of the country pretty well picked over. Harkness has some grand players. I heard a while ago he was dickering with Swazey; you remember, the bird we saw playing third at Albuquerque."

"My boy," said Travers solemnly, "I don't care if Ajax has all the bearcats in the Southwest if ——"

"There's an if, is there?"

"Yes," admitted Tiny, "there is, but it's so small you couldn't find it through the Lick telescope."

Red saw him off that night on the eastbound train. For the next two weeks Stevens had a troublesome time. The town, though close with its money, was again becoming high, loose and liberal with its baseball enthusiasm as the day of the game neared.

The absence of Travers was resented and there was a strong impression, fathered, Red believed, by the Prestons, that Tiny had run away because of his failure to get together a good team.

The assistant and acting manager said little, wore a discouraged look, and made frequent trips to Ajax, where he hung around the hotel and cigar stands and permitted himself, with great reluctance, to be badgered into wagers. Fifteen days passed without a word from Tiny and though Red did not lose faith in his friend he began feeling that the if Travers had spoken of had at least become visible to the naked eye.

That evening Stevens encountered the elder Preston at the hotel.

"Do you expect Travers to return soon?" asked Froglegs with a cold grin.

"Any day now," was the prompt reply. "I heard from him this morning," he lied glibly.

"Where is he?"

"He was at Las Vegas then."

"H'm. You are quite sure he'll come back?"

"What are you getting at?" demanded Red.

"You knew he sold the Grayson tract, didn't you?"

"Yes. He told me. What of it?"

"That," went on the banker, "represented the last of his interests here."

"You're wrong," retorted Stevens. "He's very much interested in the baseball team."

"Is he?" snapped Preston. "Personally, I don't think he intends to return."

"Don't want to make a little bet on it, do you?"

"I don't bet."

"Don't, eh? Your son didn't happen to leave any money laying around at Murphy's cigar store in Ajax, did he?"

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing."

"You mean to say," demanded Preston, "that my son is wagering money on this ball team of ours?"

"That's exactly what I don't mean. There ain't no more sentiment about his betting than there is about your banking."

"You're talking nonsense!" angrily. "We ought to have a manager for the ball team who is on the ground."

"I'm acting."

"I don't think you're qualified. We hardly know who you are. You've only been here a little over a year."

"Maybe I ain't qualified," retorted Red, "but I'm better qualified than your candidate with his bets on ——"

"I don't know what you're talking about," cut in Froglegs, "but you may rest assured that the Commercial Club will demand a strict accounting of the moneys subscribed."

"Moneys," laughed Stevens. "That tight-fisted gang of yours hasn't come through with enough to buy a teddy bear for a gnat."

Preston snorted away.

"I wonder," muttered Red, "if the old geezer hasn't sent a little money to Ajax himself."

An hour later a telegram came from Tiny: "In tomorrow. Everything too lovely for words. Hock your other shirt and plunge. I'm broke."

Stebbins, of the Chilton Recorder, came in as he was reading the message.

"From Tiny?" asked the editor.

"Yeh. Home tomorrow."

"Lucky for him," was the growling response. "I was just getting ready to tear the hide off of him."

"Don't do it," advised Red. "Got any money?"

"For what?"

"I'm going to send a little dough to Ajax and I'll put some on Chilton for you."

"Yes, you will not!" retorted the editor. "You don't expect that bunch of hams to win, do you?"

"They're giving five to two," said Stevens, "and I've got a hunch Tiny is bringing some real McCoys with him."

"Where's he been?"

"All over," was the vague response, "and it's a moral cinch he's got some players."

"Si Robb, maybe; and Huth."

Red shrugged.

"Don't want to take a chance, eh?"

"Not on your life," said Stebbins.

"Do me a favor?" asked Red.

"Huh?"

"Write an article for tomorrow saying that Chilton has the rottenest ball team in years and can't possibly win; a nice, gloomy article?"

"It's already been written," returned Stebbins. "All it needs to set it off properly is a black border."

III

WITH wide startled eyes Red gazed dumbly at Tiny. "You haven't gone plain crazy, have you?"

"Do I look it?" smiled the other.

"You look all right," admitted Stevens, "but this"—holding out the slip of paper Tiny had handed him—"it isn't on the square, is it?"

"Absolutely."

"What did it cost?"

"Enough," said Tiny. "All I got for the Grayson tract. I'm down to my last jitney, Red."

"Well, of all the loons!"

"Don't worry. I'll get it all back with interest."

"How? Betting?"

"Uh-huh."

"How you going to without money? Mine's all tied up, and even if you had all you wanted you couldn't place near enough to get even. You've just gone bats."

"Red," said Tiny, "I met a fellow on the train day before yesterday that showed me a funny stunt. Ever hear of geometrical progression?"

"No," growled Stevens, "I didn't. What is he, a left-hander?"

"A guy," went on Travers, "went to work for another lad this way. He was to get a cent the first day, two the next, four the next, then eight, and so on. Each day it was doubled. Know how much jack he was dragging down on the thirtieth day?"

"I guess it runs up pretty fast that way. Ten dollars?"

Tiny laughed.

"Some rainy Thursday when you haven't anything else to do figure it out for yourself with a brand-new pencil."

"All right, but what the devil has this to do with —— Oh, look what the cat's dragging in."

Preston was bowlegging his way to them.

"So you've returned, have you?" he piped.

"He thought you wasn't coming back," interjected Stevens.

"Well," said Tiny mournfully, "I might have stayed away for all the good I've done on my trip."

Red turned a quick glance toward him, but a quiver of the heavy lids reassured him.

"Couldn't you get any ball players?" demanded Froglegs.

"Not one," sighed Travers. "I chased all over the state, but the only ones worth while have been signed by Harkness. We'll have to depend on the home boys. That will suit you just fine, I suppose."

"Well, hardly," replied the banker. "While I believe the practice of getting outside talent should be eliminated it is hardly reasonable to expect our Chilton young men to compete with a team made up of professionals. Didn't you get anybody at all?"

Tiny shook his head.

"I couldn't find anyone in Arizona worth having."

"How about the money we subscribed?" demanded Preston.

"Where do you get 'the money'?" cut in Red, "and where do you get the 'we'?"

"We'll need all we have," explained Travers, "to pay the boys here, and for other expenses. If there's any left we'll return it to the subscribers."

"Well," said Froglegs briskly and with an unexpected smile, "maybe we won't make such a bad showing, after all. Stevens here has gotten together a pretty good team and we have the advantage of playing on the home grounds. See you at the game tomorrow."

Tiny, puzzled, gazed after the departing figure.

"Know what I think?" blurted Red. "I think the old gazook has sent some money to Ajax to bet against Chilton."

"Gad," gasped Travers, "how I hope he has!"

"He expects to win double. If Chilton gets a good trimming he grabs off some dough and your job for his flat-headed kid." He turned anxiously toward Tiny. "Those names are on the square, aren't they?"

The other nodded.

"Sure they won't run out on you?"

"Sure. Not a chance of a thing going wrong. Listen, Red, this is your play tomorrow: Don't say a word about what I've just told you. I'm going to Crandall in the morning and will bring the lads back with me about ten minutes before game time. That's where I've got 'em stached. You send your kids out in the field and let them practice just as if they were going to play. Get me?"

"How about uniforms?"

"I got them made in Tucson. My end of it's all fixed. Don't worry. All straight?"

"As far as I know," said Red, "you haven't come back."

"That's the ticket."

Harkness arrived that evening with a large and noisy delegation direct from Ajax. He encountered Tiny in the lobby of the hotel.

"Is what I hear true—that you're playing nothing but home lads?"

Travers nodded glumly.

"Not an outsider? Who's going to pitch?"

"Lawson."

"That kid!" exclaimed Harkness.

"Well, what else can I do?" snapped Tiny. "You've grabbed off everything in the neighborhood worth a whoop. We may surprise you, at that. Stevens tells me the boys are pretty good."

The Ajax magnate laughed.

"You'll be lucky if you get a man on base. How about a little wager, Tiny? We can't let the horses go to the post without a little something on them. What?"

"Well," hesitated Travers, "I ——"

"Oh, come on. Just a small one," urged Harkness. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll bet you $500 even that we make more runs in two innings than you folks make altogether."

"No. I ——"

"What are you afraid of? You've got $14,000 in your jeans."

"Yes, but what's the use? Well, just to have a bet on the game I'll do this with you: A dollar a run and double it. Like this: If Ajax has a two-run lead I owe you two dollars, three runs four dollars, four runs eight dollars, five runs sixteen dollars and so on. See what I mean?"

"Yes," said Harkness, trying hard to conceal his elation.

"Are you on?"

"If it's the only way you'll bet," was the cautious reply. It would never do to be overanxious. Tiny might become aware of the pit he was digging for himself.

"Of course," went on Travers, "there's no way to put up money on a wager like that. Suppose we just write it out?"

"Just as you say. Your word's good with me, Tiny."

"So is yours with me, but just to avoid a misunderstanding of the terms later."

"All right."

The agreement was duly drawn up and witnessed by the proprietor of the hotel, Sol Eisman, the leading merchant of Chilton; and the mayor of Ajax, who happened to be standing around.

Eisman made an effort to dissuade Tiny.

"Don't be a fool," he whispered. "Don't you know how money runs up when it's doubled like that?"

"It can't be so much," smiled Travers. "Sign it, Sol."

"Don't forget to send over your line-up in the morning," said Harkness just before

(Continued on Page 94)

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"Ever had her slide along when you wanted to make a quick stop? . . . . . that's because the brakes aren't right. Now, my Boss isn't fussy about tires, spark plugs or the kind o' oil I buy, but . . . . . he makes sure that I've got this bus under *control* all the time! I take no chances. *My* brakes are lined with Silver Edge Raybestos. That's *real* brake lining and believe me . . . . . you need it these days with so many cars on the road and a bunch o' reckless drivers. Down the hills, or in a tight place, you'll find Raybestos is *right there*. That's my dope. I OUGHT TO KNOW."



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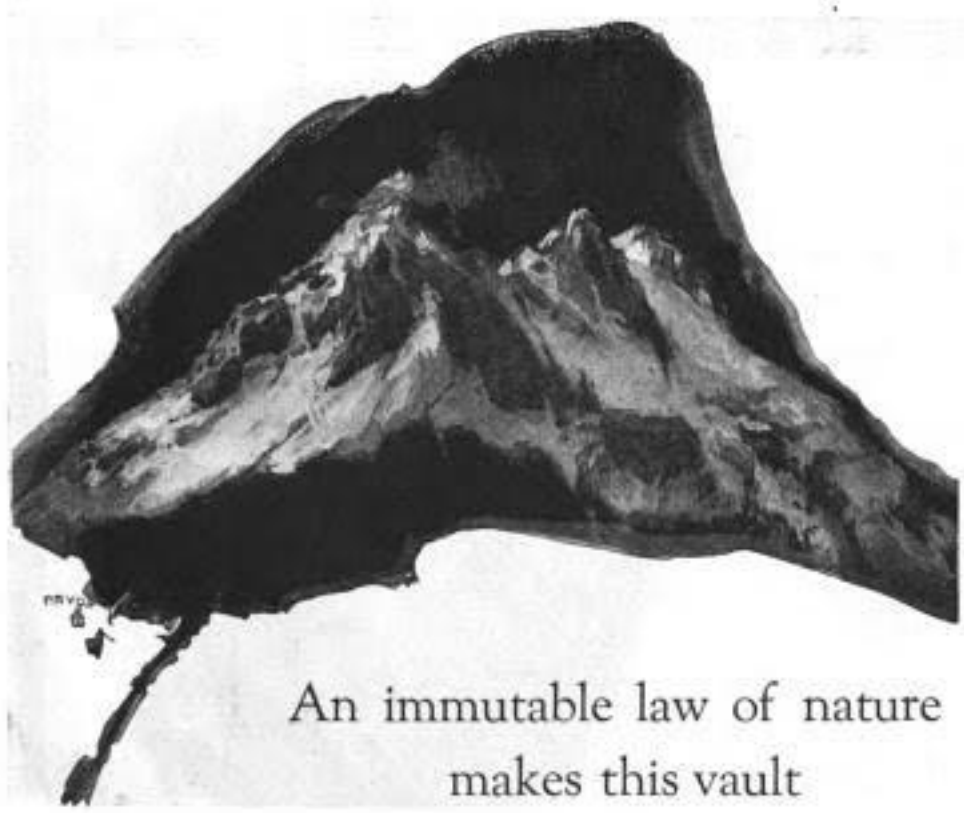
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THE CLARK GRAVE VAULT COMPANY
Columbus, Ohio

CLARK



GRAVE VAULT

(Continued from Page 92)

they separated. "I'll have mine ready for you at ten."

"Mine'll be over at the same time," returned Tiny. "Read it and weep."

IV

HARKNESS was chatting with Ben Fredericks, the actual manager of the Ajax team, when a letter was handed to him.

"Travers' joke line-up," he commented, tearing open the envelope. "You sent ours over, didn't you?"

Fredericks nodded.

"What's the idea?"

Harkness was laughing immoderately.

"Joke line-up is right," he said between chortles. "Tiny's got his sense of humor left, anyway. Take a look. Some team, eh?"

Fredericks glanced over the list handed to him, smiled and read aloud: "Baranville, shortstop; Streaker, center field; Huth, left field; Stroh, third base; Trisler, first base; Thornsby, second base; Robb, right field; Chalk, catcher; Johnstone, pitcher; Alexis, pitcher; Nayes, pitcher."

"Well," said the field manager, "you've got a flock of Smiths and Joneses on your line-up, so I guess he's entitled to Robbs and Huths."

Harkness suddenly grew serious.

"It isn't possible, is it," he asked, "that Travers could have gotten some of those big-leaguers? He had lots of money before he went on that trip."

"Not a chance," was the soothing reply. "There's a rule against post-season games and barnstorming, and after what was handed to them big-leaguers last year they ain't going to take any chance for the few measly dollars that Tiny could have offered. Besides, I read where Robb had gone on a hunting trip and Streaker had gone to his ranch in Texas. He's just kidding you."

"I guess so."

Yet he was plainly relieved when he saw the Chilton town boys take the field for practice that afternoon. Despite the general feeling that Ajax would win easily the stands were packed long before game time. All Valechula County was out. Those who understood the game smiled or groaned, all depending on habitat, at the awkward unfinished work of the Chilton players compared with the snappy finished performance of Harkness' drafted crew.

There was hardly a man on the Ajax team native to that town. Despite aliases the crowd could readily recognize from their published pictures Swazey, of Albuquerque; Hall, of Globe; Akins, of Tucson; and other Southwestern stars.

Red Stevens was beginning to get fidgety. Ten minutes before game time, and still no sign of Tiny and his crew. Five minutes, and alarm seized upon him. Terrible thoughts flooded upon the captain. The train upon which the players were coming had been delayed. It had been wrecked. Tiny was crazy. It was absurd, anyhow, the idea of Robb and Trisler and Thornsby and Johnstone coming to this jerkwater town in Arizona for one game. How had he ever permitted himself to be gulled by such a tale? Tiny's eyes had looked queer, he remembered.

Red groaned as he thought of the bets he had made. He not only had ruined himself but there was $600 of the town's money he would be held responsible for. A sudden impulse seized him to rush upon the field and call the game off when a gesture from the umpire caught his eye. The game was about to begin. Stevens cast a final despairing look at the gate back of third, and then his heart thudded into his throat. The big wooden door slowly swung open. Entered Tiny, followed by eleven men in single file. They were in uniform and across their breasts blazed the word Chilton.

The crowds rose with a gasp and gazed toward the newcomers with dazed eyes and hanging jaws.

"Get out!" shrieked Red to the Chilton players. "Let someone play that can. There's Huth!"—as a big bulky figure filed by. "That little fellow's Baranville."

"That looks like Huth," frenziedly shouted a fan in the first row of the stand.

"It is Huth!" retorted Stevens. "And that's Stroh and Trisler and Thornsby and Chalk and Johnstone. We'll show you hicks something! That's Robb, over there."

Tiny was talking to the stunned umpire. From the massed fans came a babel of sounds.

Shorty McKeough, hereditary announcer for Chilton, stepped forth with his megaphone, and a thick silence fell over the stands. The truth would now be trumpeted forth.

"Today's line-up," began the caller in his best big-league manner: "Ajax—Frank, first; Smith, right; Jones, center; Thomas, short; Brown, third; Smith, left; Oster, second; Schmidt, catch; Talley, pitch." A dramatic pause. Then: "Chilton—Baranville, short; Streaker, center; Huth, left; Stroh, third; Trisler, first; Thornsby, second; Robb, right; Chalk, catch; Johnstone, pitch. And, ladies and gentlemen," added the announcer in his loudest tones, "it's on the square too."

Harkness standing by the railing near his players' bench seized the trembling hand of Fredericks.

"Is that them?" he gasped.

"I don't know about all of them, but that's Streaker and that's Stroh and that's Huth," was the grim response. "Tiny's sure slipped something over on us."

"I thought you said there was a rule against ——"

"Barnstorming? There is, but they're here. That's a cinch. I don't know how he pulled it off. Let's ask him. Here he comes."

Tiny came toward them just as the first Ajax batter took his stand at the plate.

"Congratulations," said Harkness dryly. "May I ask ——"

"Anything you want," grinned Travers. "Let's first see if Johnstone can last through the inning."

It was probable that the smoke-ball king could. Frank cut a helpless figure before the dazzling shoots. Stage fright had robbed him even of what batting aptitude he had. He fanned miserably. The next man had a bit more luck. He managed to pop up a fly to Baranville. Jones struck out.

Tiny turned to Harkness with a smile:

"Pretty pitching, eh?"

The other grunted something.

"I think this is an outrage!" came a high-pitched voice from behind them.

Travers turned.

Preston was in the stand directly above the players' bench. Both managers turned curious eyes on him.

"It's an outrage!" repeated Froglegs.

"Meaning what?" asked Tiny.

"Meaning," rasped the old man, "that I think it is a shame to spend our money hiring big-leaguers with Arizona money to humiliate an Arizona city!"

Travers and Harkness found themselves grinning at each other. The first shock over, the Ajax man's gambling coolness had returned to him.

"How much dough did you fellows put up?" he asked Preston.

"Over a thousand dollars, anyhow."

"And you think that chicken feed got Robb and Streaker and the rest? I'll bet it took nearer twenty."

He glanced toward Tiny, who merely smiled.

"I don't ——" began Froglegs.

"I put up the money," cut in Harkness. "For Grayson's tract," he added briefly. "Come on, watch the game."

Let the sporting pages of the Daily Recorder tell of the Chilton team's half of the first:

Baranville doubled. Streaker singled, scoring Baranville. Huth hit one over the railroad tracks for a home run. Stroh bunted safely and went to second on a wild heave to first. Trisler walked and stole second while Stroh was pilfering third. Thornsby hit the first ball pitched for the circuit, scoring Stroh and Trisler ahead of him. Robb tripled and stole home while Talley was winding up. Chalk walked. Johnstone walked. Talley was taken out and Corcoran went in. Chalk scored on a wild pitch. Baranville walked. Streaker tripled, Johnstone and Baranville scoring. Huth flew out, Streaker scoring. Stroh doubled. Trisler hit a home run over the fence in left, Stroh scoring in front of him. Thornsby doubled but was out trying to stretch it into three bases. Robb singled. Chalk walked. Johnstone flew out.

THIRTEEN RUNS, ELEVEN HITS, TWO ERRORS.

Harkness watched the massacre with tight lips and an assumed air of tolerant amusement.

"Fair-hitting team, you have there," he remarked.

"Oh, yes," replied Tiny, "but they'll improve as they get used to the pitching."

"How about our bet?"

"Bet?" repeated Travers. "Oh, yes, we have a trifling wager, haven't we?"

"How about it?" demanded Harkness.

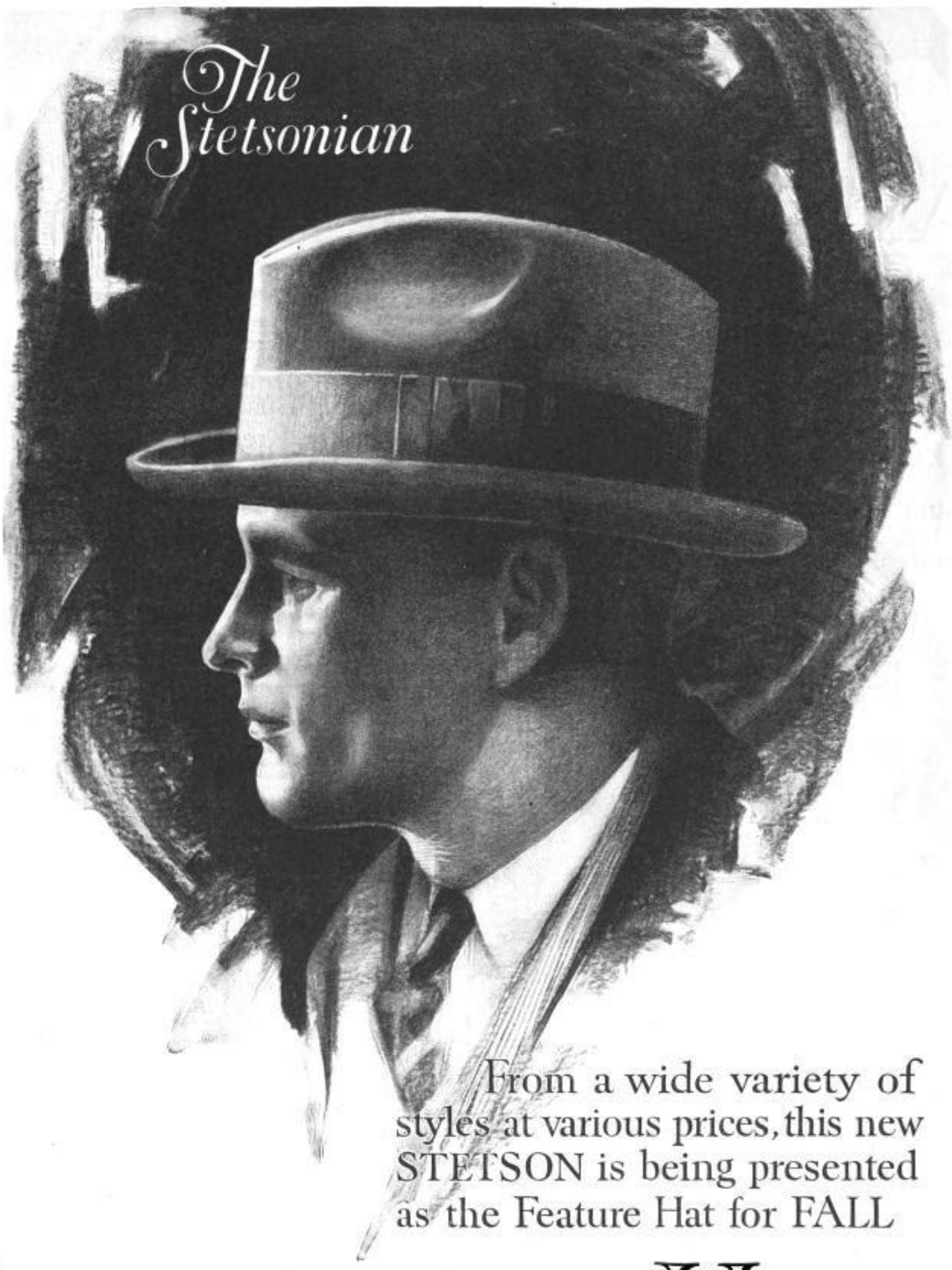
"What do you mean?"

"Does it stand?"

"Of course. Why not?"

(Continued on Page 97)

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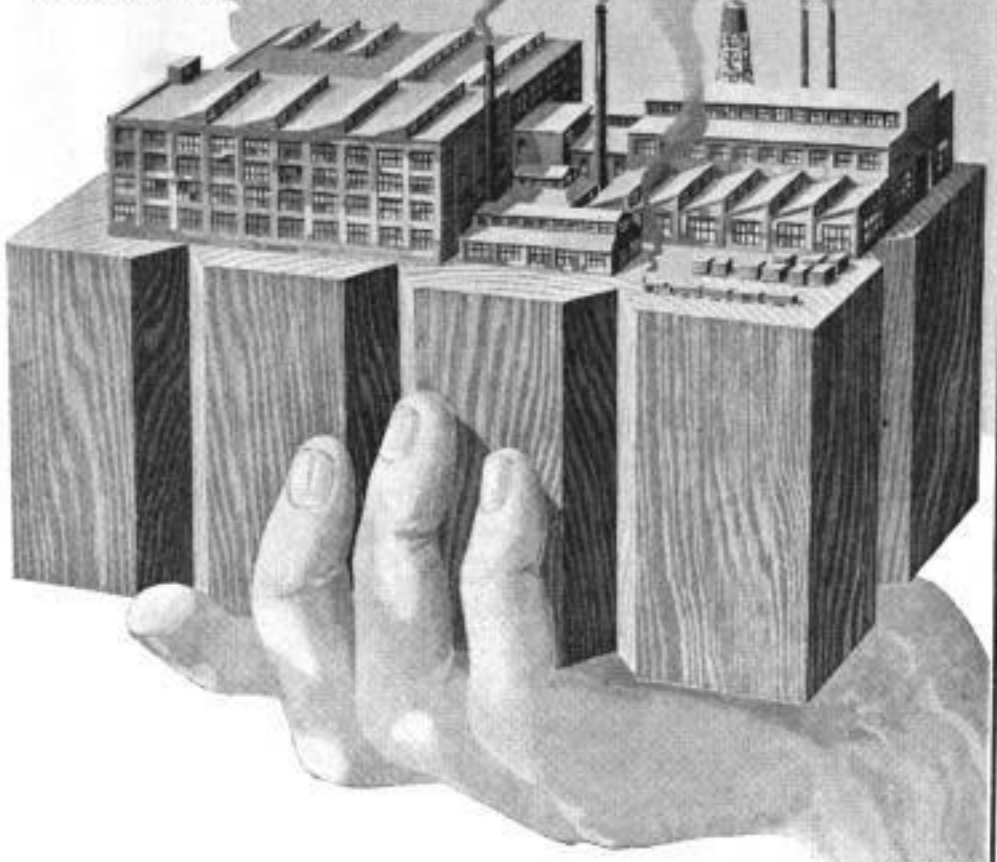
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WOOD BLOCK FLOORS

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(Continued from Page 94)

"Well," said the Ajax man grimly, "if the rest of the innings are like the first there won't be enough money in the world to give you a day's interest on your winnings."

"Does it double that fast?"

"Quit stalling," brusquely retorted Harkness. "You ain't half the fool you look. Don't you think we'd better get together on a reasonable settlement now?"

"Why, my team hasn't started yet," said Tiny in a pained tone. "Why should I?"

"For the simple reason," was the grim response, "that I can default if I want to. Then the score will be 9 to 0 in your favor, and I'll owe you exactly $256."

Travers smiled genially.

"Sure, you can," he said encouragingly. "Just say the word and I'll tip off the crowd. Of course they may tear you to pieces and throw your toes to the prairie dogs, but —— Shall I tell them?"

Harkness glanced toward the shrieking stands and shook his head.

"Never mind. I'll wait a few innings."

Ajax in the meantime had again gone out—one, two, three. Nayes was now pitching for the local team and his underhand shoots were even more baffling than Johnstone's fast ones had been. It is doubtful if any of the visiting batters stood near enough to the plate to connect. Three home runs, four triples, a double and two singles and some walks netted Chilton eleven more runs.

Harkness had been figuring on the back of an envelope.

"Know what I owe you now," he asked—"theoretically?"

"A couple of thousand?"

"Over eight million," was the laconic response.

"Really?" Tiny shrugged and walked over to where Stevens was standing near the Chilton bench.

"Beautiful slaughter, isn't it?" remarked Red cheerfully.

"Having much trouble handling the team?" asked Travers.

"Not so far," grinned the other. "Streaker is a pretty good field captain. I'm letting him run things, but Thomas just got a foul off Nayes and I'm likely to yank him at any time."

Thomas struck out and the Chilton stars came in to bat. Streaker came over to Tiny.

"Got enough runs?" asked the fielder.

"Not quite. There's only eight million dollars' worth so far."

"Huh?"

"About four or five more will be about right," pursued Travers. "Getting tired?"

"It isn't that," returned Streaker, "but I know something about the weather in this section, and if that cloud up there"—he gazed toward the western sky—"doesn't mean rain in a few minutes I'm greatly mistaken. You don't want the game called before it's in, do you?"

"I'll tell Susie we don't!" exclaimed Stevens. "He's right, Tiny. We'd better hustle along. There's one more run anyhow," he added as Trisler hit a low drive over the fence. Almost before Streaker could get in touch with the men Thornsby tripled and Robb hit another home run. Then to the surprise of the crowd Chalk, Nayes and Baranville struck out in quick succession.

The cloud in the west was growing bigger and by the time Ajax got through with its half of the fourth it had assumed menacing proportions.

"We can slow it up until the rain comes," hoarsely whispered Fredericks to Harkness.

The latter shrugged.

"What good'll that do?"

"What good'll it do?" repeated the captain. "If four and a half innings aren't played there ain't no game. Tiny hired these birds for just one day, and it took all the jack he had to do that. Stevens told me. If we have to play it over again Chilton will have to use the town kids."

Harkness looked dubious.

"No," he said at length; "let it go." He glanced at the crowd.

"It'll be a cinch," went on Fredericks. "It's going to rain in a couple of minutes. See, they're striking out on purpose," as Streaker swung at a high and wide one. "All we got to do is have the catcher miss the third one all the time or throw it over the first baseman's head."

"Suppose the runner takes his time getting to first?"

"We can be just as slow as they are," returned the other. "The worst that can happen is a forfeit of the game. If that happens the chances are that the official score will be 9 to 0. You can save yourself a lot of jack on your bet."

Harkness was silent.

"All right," he said suddenly. "See what you can do." He held his hand out, palm up. "Is that a drop of rain?"

Fredericks made the test.

"No, but it will come down like hell in a few minutes."

He dashed off toward the diamond, whispered something to the catcher and went over to the bench. Huth was up. Two strikes had been called. The third ball came straight over the plate. The batter swung a foot above it, dropped his club leisurely and ——

"Run!" came from the stands.

Huth glanced about, puzzled. The catcher had missed the ball and was slowly going to the backstop after it. The batter ambled to first. He reached the bag about the time the ball came toward the baseman; toward him, but about six feet over his head. Huth meandered to second and sat on the bag.

"They're wise," whispered Streaker to Tiny. "I wish we'd 'a' gotten busy earlier."

"The hell!" muttered Stevens. "Look at that sky." The whole canopy was growing black and a light wind had sprung up. "Can we do anything?"

"I think so."

Stroh was walking toward the plate, swinging a pair of bats. At a motion from Streaker he came over to him. There was a short consultation. The third baseman nodded and took his place. He struck futilely at the first two balls just as Huth had done. On the next pitch he shortened his bat and popped a fly toward the first baseman. Streaker had played the psychological angle correctly. Frank ran in, caught the ball and threw quickly to second, doubling Huth, who was loafing a few feet from the bag. Instinct had been too much for Frank.

"You flat head!" shrieked Fredericks. "You big hick! You've gummed the works, you nut!"

Schmidt the catcher joined in the abuse of the hapless player. Harkness, leaning against the stand, merely smiled cynically.

The Chilton players dashed to their places in the field. A painful delay followed, a tiresome wait, punctuated with boos and hisses from the stands and threats from the umpire, before Thomas could find a bat to suit him. Once at the plate, Alexis, who was now pitching, made short work of him.

"It's raining," gasped Stevens.

"So it is," agreed Tiny calmly, as a drop hit the back of his neck, "but too late for Ajax."

The next player took one strike, was yanked, and another batter sent in. A second strike, and a third pinch-hitter appeared.

The umpire then stopped the game and walked toward the plate. He motioned to Fredericks.

"I just want to tell you," he shouted angrily, "that this game won't be called now if there's a cloudburst and it rains fire and brimstone. Get me?"

"Working for Chilton," sneered the Ajax manager.

"No," was the retort; "working against a gang of poor losers with a yellow streak a yard wide. Play ball."

The drops were now falling with intensified frequency. Alexis finally accomplished the second out.

"What'll I do?" asked Smith, the last batter, as he moved toward the plate.

"Hit a homer over the fence," snapped Fredericks. "We're through."

V

TWO hours later Harkness joined Tiny in the hotel lobby. "Get over your wetting?" grinned Travers.

"Which one?" was the amiable response. The gambler in the Ajax man was in control. "Want to talk business now?"

"If you wish. Let's go over there"—he indicated an obscure corner—"and sit down."

"I figure," said Harkness, "that you birds made twenty-seven runs. I haven't seen the official scorer but ——"

"Twenty-seven's right," returned Tiny. "However, one run more or less doesn't make much difference."

"Doesn't, eh? The devil it doesn't." Harkness took a slip of paper from his vest pocket. "Twenty-six equals $33,554,432; twenty-seven, $67,108,864. A mere bag of shells, $33,000,000."

"That much?" said Tiny. "Well, it doesn't make any difference as far as we're concerned. I don't expect to get either $33,000,000 or $67,000,000 out of you."

Harkness laughed.

"That's nice. I was getting ready to write a check. How'll we square it?"

"You're willing to square it, are you?"

"I'm no welsher," was the retort, "and you know it. I admit I lost and ——"

"Then listen," interrupted Tiny. "Here are my terms: It cost me $13,560 to bring that team here. I want that, to begin with. Then I want $11,000 more, the difference between what you paid me for the Grayson tract and what you know it to be worth. Then ——"

"Twenty-five thousand dollars," muttered Harkness.

"Just about that. Well?"

"All right," was the reply. "I'd have tried to hook you for that much if the shoe had been on the other foot," he added frankly.

"There's something else, too," went on Travers.

"Oh, the devil."

"Not money. I want you to sign an agreement with me that neither Chilton nor Ajax will use outside talent in the baseball games for a period of five years. To be on the team a man must be a resident of either town for at least two years."

"Suits me," was the quick response. "Baseball's getting to be a pretty expensive luxury for me."

"Now," said Tiny, "I'd like to ask you a question. You can suit yourself about answering it. Did Preston bet any money on Ajax?"

"I don't know whether Froglegs did or not," was the reply, "but that kid of his did. He put it up with Murphy. I know that for a fact."

"Thanks."

"Now you tell me something," said Harkness. "How in the name of Judas Priest did you land that big-league gang? I thought there was a rule against barnstorming."

Tiny laughed.

"I'm not sure whether there is or not, but here are the facts in the case: You and Froglegs got under my skin by sneering at the Chilton team and the way I was managing it. I just made up my mind to show you I could get some real players."

"You got 'em," muttered Harkness.

"I sold you the Grayson tract for a song," went on Travers, "and hit it East while the World Series was on. I used to know Streaker when we were kids in Texas, and he helped me some. I went to the big boss up in Chicago and told him what I wanted, and also that the game here was for the benefit of an orphan asylum. Then a piece of bad luck for another fellow turned out to be a piece of good luck for me. You read about Thurston going suddenly blind?"

The other nodded.

"His family was destitute. I made a proposition to give $1000 to his wife and kids for every ball player I should be allowed to take to Chilton for our benefit here. The double charity stunt pulled the trick for me. The players were glad to give their services for Thurston—he was very popular, you know, and if there is or was any rule against barnstorming it was waived for this occasion. I paid the expenses of course. That's all there is to it."

"You picked the men?"

Tiny nodded.

"You're some picker."

"I'll tell Susie he is!" Red joined the pair. "You darn near gave me heart disease, though, when you didn't show until ——"

"My timing was a little bad," admitted Travers. "I had the men at Crandall and a tire blew on us just outside of town."

"I wish they'd all blown out," muttered Harkness.

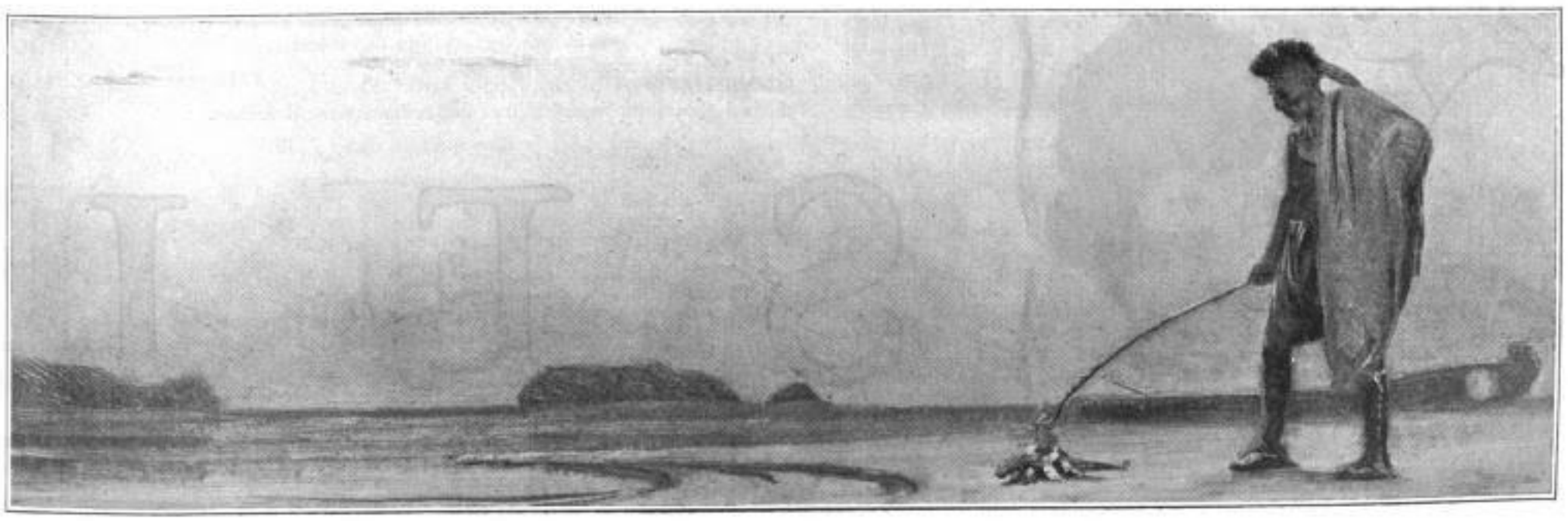
"No, you don't," said Tiny. "Didn't you enjoy seeing the boys perform?"

"Yeh," was the grudging reply, "but not twenty-five thousand dollars' worth."

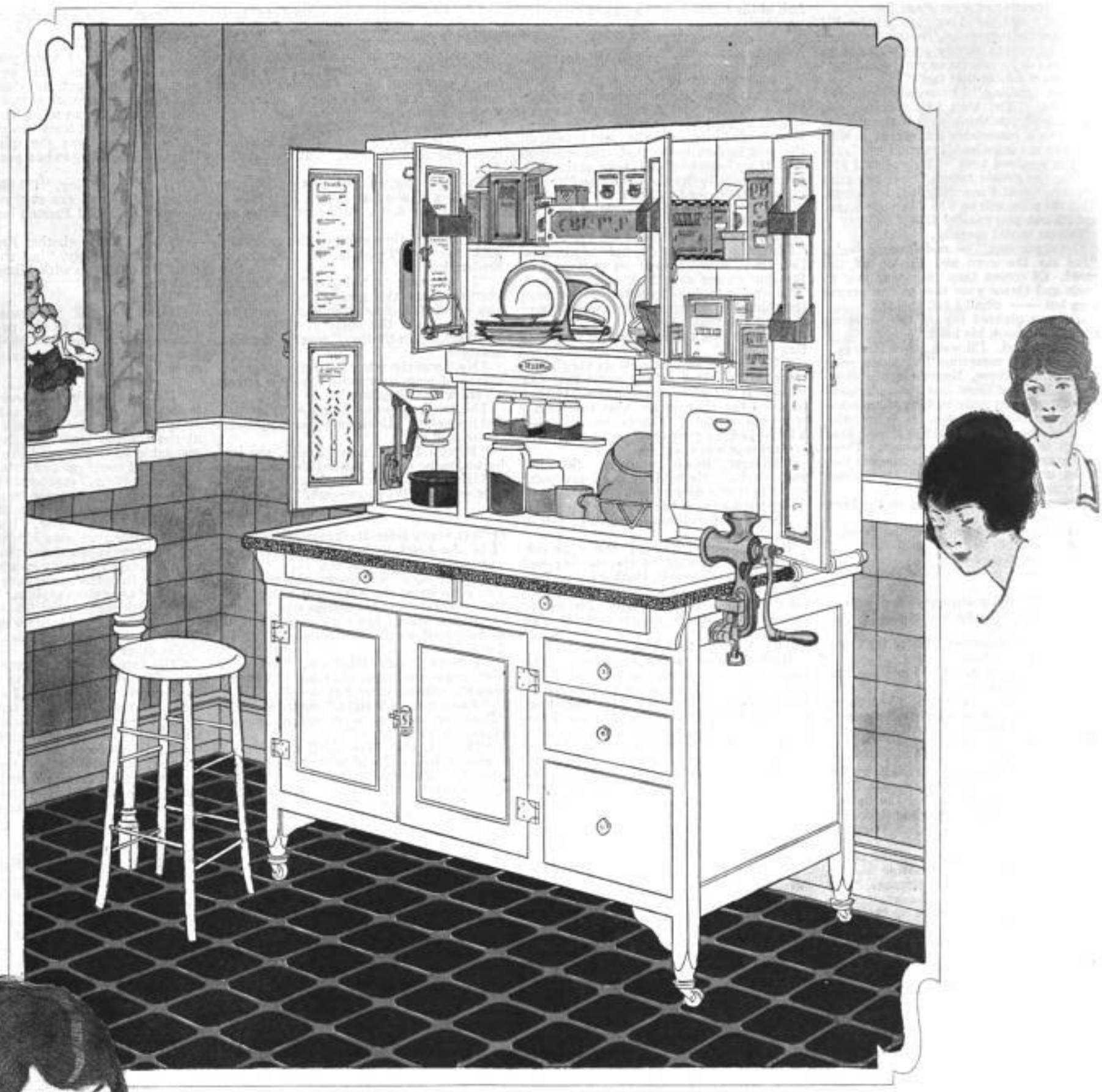
A sturdy figure emerged from the dining room and waved toward the group.

"Just a minute, Stroke," shouted Travers. "We're coming. That's Streaker," explained Tiny. "I'm giving the boys a little dinner. Won't you join us?"

"All right," grunted Harkness, rising. "I guess I've paid for my plate."



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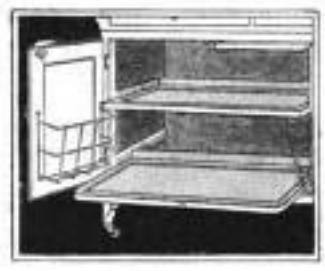
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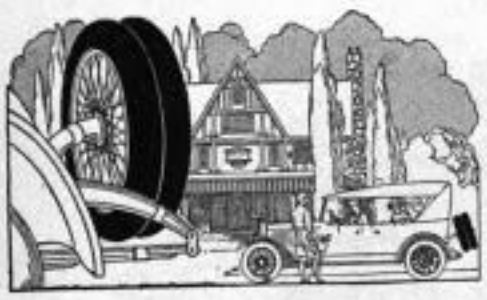


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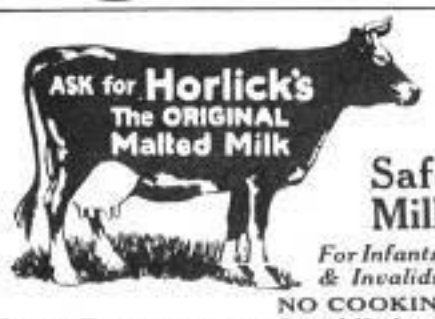
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LIPS

(Continued from Page 13)

Sue chewed some red paint from her pen and regarded him, scowling wonderfully. Some bright thing passed outside the one window and deflected shimmering ovals of light to her hard neck. She said, "You . . . awful like a calf."

"Camellius George says there's a woman goin' to recite poetry up to the Springs tomorrow night. I'll take you up in a sulky and ——"

". . . yell like that! I'm right where I can hear you!"

"Well, you'll come?"

She nodded. Luther scratched both ears and slapped her back happily. Then he shot his light body through the window and walked over to the trough, whistling. Camellius George was drinking from the tin cup at the spigot and made awful faces.

"Ain't I whistlin' right, Camellius George?"

His brother shook his head, pawing the cobbles with one foot. Luther sighed. He had been the best whistler about Grant's Headquarters. The deafness that shut off from him his sisters' clamor and other tumults had yet its drawbacks. He perched on the trough and cheered himself by reporting, "Well, Sue's kind of givin' down, Camellius George. She called me a calf."

His adviser hopped three times and nodded. He said, "Mis' Grant . . . tellin' that skinny feller . . . awful handsome you are, Luther."

"Well," said Luther, "I am. It's a whoopin' lot of good to me, ain't it? The men in our fam'ly got all the looks. Clara ain't bad lookin', of course, and she dresses up fine. You and me got the best of it, though." It seemed rather unfair to his sisters. Women needed looks. Men didn't. He mused, "I don't see that Clara's lookin' so tough."

"Looks . . . worried," Camellius George said indistinctly, through a yawn.

"If Marty's throwin' his money round she likely is worried. . . . Here's that Dallas woman comin' with Mrs. Budd. Budd looks like he's swallered a tub. I bet he has whalebones into his pants."

The jeweler amused him. He noted the group in the approaching carriage, one of his best, and costing fifty cents an hour. Budd sat between his fat wife and the astonishing Dallas woman, and his white waistcoat projected remarkably above the belt. Luther thought him too strong a man for so much fat. He was, somehow, impressive. His whiskers made gray arcs on his cheeks, beginning as a mustache and concluding at his ears. His hat, of bleached straw, rode between the tilted hats of the two gaudy women, whose necklaces sparkled immensely. Mrs. Budd was a bouncing jelly, but Miss Dallas, her hair a tomato of black braids above a painted face, had some firmness inside a gown of orange silk. A bare arm trailed on the guard and Luther counted five bracelets of gold.

He beamed at his customers and told Camellius George, "Them women have enough gold on 'em to sink a duck in still water. It's prodijous. Hey, there's Marty!"

Martin Summer was idling from the shade of three locusts before the bank. Some trim men of the Springs had got hold of him and were talking stocks of course. Luther walked down the roadway, with Camellius George at heel and arrived to see Martin saying, ". . . treasury starts selling gold, the market'll . . . but Grant hasn't ordered a sale. . . . Gould and Jim Fisk . . . control . . . crops have to move." The men all nodded with this air of wisdom that seemed, since his deafness, such a false thing. Any fool could look wise. They tapped ash from their cigars and pursed varying lips. Someone had been drinking brandy and a fainter smell of an unknown liquor interested Luther. Now a man with large ears flourished a handkerchief soaked in violets and the strangers took leave of Martin gravely.



Luther Regretted the Smell of Harness That Reigned in His Office

"Hey," said Luther, "explain this here gold business to me."

Clara's husband laughed and slowly talked. Most of the words were clear, but Luther wallowed in terms that meant nothing. If gold went higher a lot of men would be ruined. A person named Gould, often mentioned in newspapers, owned masses of gold. It was vexatious.

Luther expostulated, "There's no sense in none of it! You come home and we'll buy a farm and raise horses."

Martin chuckled, his throat shaking a trifle, his lips just moving. Then they moved in a yell. His single hand shot against Luther's shoulder in a tremendous push. The boy went spinning and saw two bright hoofs fall, silently, on the cobbles as a raw horse hitched to a cart plunged, kicking at flying harness in a splatter of smashed vegetables. Women ran on the sidewalks. Camellius George hopped on a hitching block and noiselessly shouted soothing noises at the brute until its owner came, visibly swearing. Luther's back crept under sweat again and the breast of his blue shirt darkened. He had a feeling on his head. The skin seemed to tingle in a curve as if a horseshoe had struck it.

He walked about the frothing animal and said to Martin Summer, "Say, you saved my life on me!"

"I . . . dropped ——" Martin snapped, gazing at the cobbles and among flooding boots. He stooped and picked up a small leather box. Then he led Luther across the street and up the sidewalk. Luther's legs moved queerly and Martin hugged his arm a little, saying, ". . . careful, brother. . . . Clara worries . . . lot of things can happen . . . deaf boy."

"I'm awful dam' grateful, Marty!"

Martin Summer laughed. He rested his one hand on a column of his portico and asked, ". . . Budd. The jeweler . . . long has he been here?"

"Budd? Ain't he a sight for a picture? Him and his wife and that Dallas girl come about first of August."

Martin wanted to know if the other guests at Buford Springs Hotel were civil to these people. Luther called Camellius George over and watched him report that the Budds and Miss Dallas were more stared upon than talked to. Martin nodded and said, "Thought so . . . actress in a summer hotel . . . pretty bad time of it except . . . Longbranch or . . . the fast places."

"Who's a actress, Marty?"

"Budd's wife and . . . Dallas. They're sisters . . . danced at Atlantic. . . . They've set Budd up as a jeweler . . . Broadway."

"Ain't he a jeweler naturally?"

Martin Summer pronounced, "Old barkeeper . . . place on Broad Street," and turned up his steps. The breeze beginning rippled his empty sleeve. Luther stared after him and then stared at Camellius George, who was taking his triumph modestly.

"You was right," said Luther, "an' that Dallas is a actress. I called you a fool in the wrong place, for once."

Camellius flushed and said, "But . . . was right too. It's . . . this Mrs. Budd bein' her sister . . . they assoc'ate," and thus proved his loyal adherence to Luther's judgment. Luther was vastly moved and let him finish the President's cigar after supper in the stone porch behind their house. The girls fought for the green-and-gold band. Emma bloodied Katie's nose and Luther bade Camellius George lock her in the woodshed. She tore a hole in Camellius George's trousers and appeared in full vigor on Summer Street, fighting a red-haired Moravian boy as Luther walked down to call on Clara.

"You're prob'bly the bellbitinest nuisance in Pennsylvania," Luther decided, guiding her homeward by one ear, glad that he could not know what she was saying to make his grooms whoop about the trough in the sunset. Finding Sue Grosscup scolding his cook in the kitchen he said, "Hey, Sue! You do somethin' with this here thing. I got to go see Clara."

Sue rubbed back her hair and took possession of Emma. She had marvelous arms, when she put on a short-sleeved dress. Muscles whirled under the white surface as she shook Emma and then, by some process of female guile, kissed her. Emma at once wept on Sue's bosom.

(Continued on Page 103)

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(Continued from Page 100)

Luther said, "You'd ought to be a brigadier general, Sue. You ain't fit to be a woman," and was pleased by this turned compliment, executed so swiftly and without planning. He retired down Summer Street again in a glow of delight and ignored his other sisters, who were avenging Emma on the Moravian lout, in a circle of lads. Katie seemed to be biting the male's calf. He wondered if it was altogether gallant to ask Sue Grosscup to mother these furies. It would be best to consult Clara. Luther advanced up the Summer steps and into the portico.

Clara rose from a chair of twisted woodwork and gave Luther a light kiss on the cheek. Sunset struck drops of pearl that hung in her ears. She had changed her gown to some fabric of white layers that resisted the sun and were not reddened. Her hair, twined low about her head, was blackened and lost its rust. She smelled of roses. Luther said with awe, "Hey, for a plain girl, you do git prettier, time on time!" and kissed her arm. She smiled, sinking down in the chair again. Her eyes roved. She was looking off to the hills. The hotel was blue on its spur with spires of cedar behind it, cut black by the sun. He said, "I guess you don't git sunsets like that in New York, Clara," and she smiled once more. Then Luther gulped. Tears ran down her face.

Immediate fear hardened his throat. Luther scratched his ears and shuffled. She had the felicity of being married to Martin Summer and she wasn't happy. It must be another woman. Martin had been flirting. He said, "Hey . . . ain't Marty good to you?" with the sickliest hope that she might nod. She nodded. He wiped his face and asked, "Well, then?"

The long, curved lips moved. Clara said, ". . . dinner . . ." which made no sense, but a delicate shaking of the floor warned him. People were walking close by. Mrs. Summer rubbed her eyes quickly. Luther turned to nod at the president of the bank and another of its officials, dressed in white ties. They were coming to supper. Martin always had it foolishly late. Luther grinned at the guests and went away.

Sue Grosscup had finished her kindness to his house and was gone. Luther sat in the stone porch with Camellius George hopping in one spot to digest his supper. The boy's white socks dulled as stars came to ennoble the night. An oval moon devoured their weaker shimmer. Lamps blossomed on the bills and the hotel was a long crawl of windows. Camellius George took a bath in the rain barrel and went to bed. Luther sat on the steps and smoked two cigars, thinking. He strongly wished for Sergeant Messmeyer, of the Headquarters Troop, who had often counseled him on love and finance and worldly experience when the Army of the Potomac wasn't marching. Something monstrous was disturbing Clara. Her subtle realm of dressed folk must be in tumult. He gave five seconds to an idea: She might have fallen in love with some handsome dandy in New York. But this he shoved off as absurd. He had much noticed women and Clara wasn't that kind of fool. His father had always said that she had more brains than a man. Women of brains only fell in love once. Besides, she was plain, even in her masterly gowns. He brooded, his eyes canted down to the illumined grass below the steps until a pale skirt brushed the turf. Clara's frock was somewhat hidden by a great scarf of somber tissues. She stood still. Luther went down to her and said, "We better go over in the office, Clara. The girls mebbe ain't asleep, yet"—feeling secrecy.

His four grooms slept in a loft, but no light showed. Luther regretted the smell of harness that reigned in his office and drew down the shade of the window before he lit the lamp. Clara rested a palm on his ledger's scarlet binding and considered him, a gold chain shifting on her shoulders in the noiseless stir of her breath. Unlike Sue Grosscup's eyes, her eyes kept their green by night. She sank on a chair and spoke, but he caught no words. He said, "It ain't no good, honey. Here's the pen," and watched her dally with the pen's red handle before she drew to her a sheet of paper and slowly wrote: "Marty mortgaged his share of the Springs to the bank for ten thousand dollars just now."

"Git out!" Luther said.

The slim hand lifted from the paper and touched his lips. He had cried out loudly, and flushed, staring. Mrs. Summer wrote: "He has got mixed up in a gold speculation," and Luther nodded, rubbing his throat. But it seemed out of belief. He muttered, "Hey! Where's all his other money went to? I mean, from sellin' his dad's land an' all?" Martin owned half of the plateau where the hotel sprawled its walks and gardens. He had sold all his father's ten rented farms about the valley.

"Everything," the pen said, "is in gold." It stayed above the sentence for a dreadful time, then it wrote, "I hate New York. We would be happier here. New York is bad for him." It paused. It wrote: "Take this and keep it until I send for it. Do not show it to anyone."

Something swung and shimmered, trembling, over the paper. Luther blinked. The jewel hung on its long gold chain and was enormous, shaped like a tiny egg, spitting colored rays as its facets turned before the stinking lamp. Her lips said "Hide it," clearly.

Luther whispered, "I better keep it right on me," and passed the chain over his head. The diamond slipped down his ribs coolly and made a little lump under his shirt. He caressed this and read: "Marty took it out of the bank. He was going to take it to New York," then she held the paper to the lamp and a new smell conquered the smells of leather and horses.

"He was goin' to sell it?"

She nodded. All the green of her eyes flashed up like water heaving over the rocks at the falls. She blew out the lamp. Her white gown went floating along the dark cobbles and Luther stood by the trough, watching this movement. Glow spilled from her husband's doors as she passed in. Luther said "Well!"

Camellius George had left his candle burning and his pink shoulders were reversed, his head dug under the pillow of his cot in a corner of Luther's bedroom. A crumpled copy of The Stranglers of Paris lay on the floor. There was also a small odor of pipe smoke. Luther wound the clock, observing its statement of midnight with some excitement. Bewilderment and intrigue had kept him late. He blew out the candle and went to bed, hoping that he would sleep, but in some dread of wakefulness. The diamond intruded as he rolled. He tucked it under the pillow. Then the moon annoyed him. His head joined the stone. He pressed his cheek upon it and lay still. Martin Summer was a fool to get mixed up in Wall Street. . . . A dun mare, labeled amazingly Kate Chase, reared her hoofs over him. Luther ran, panting. The hoofs hit his back. He howled and sat up in a light that hurt his eyes. Camellius George was hopping, all dressed, beside the bed and gabbling emptily.

"Quit bouncing and talk slow, Camellius George!"

"Marty's house . . . busted into . . . stole ——" The lips rested, wide apart. Camellius gazed at Luther's chest. Something like the touch of a finger moved across Luther's left ribs and dangled on his stomach. With a gentle tickling the chain shifted on his neck.

Luther rolled out of bed and took his brother by the shoulders. He said, "Now, listen at me! You ain't seen nothin'. You don't know nothin'. This is Clara's business. There's three thousand two hundred folks in Buford, and more up to the Springs. It's none of anybody's business, Camellius George, what I got under my shirt! This is fam'ly business."

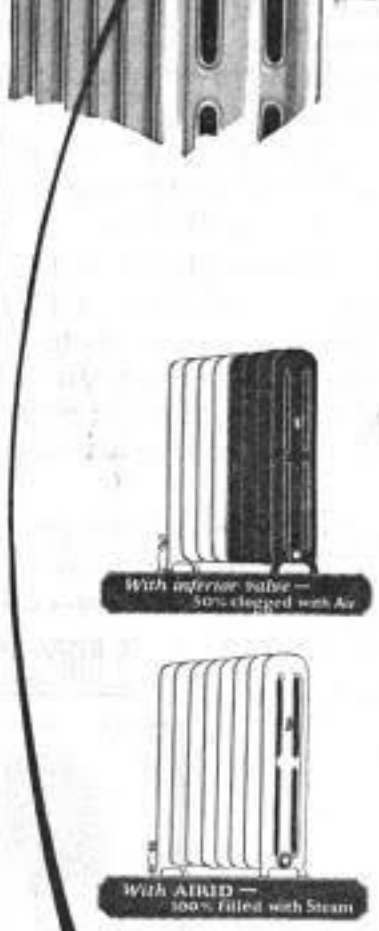
The boy's eyes partly closed, then opened. He tore his shoulders back and jumped at the door. Its knob was turning. Camellius jammed his weight against the panels and snapped the bolt. His lips proclaimed, "You can't . . . in, Emma. Lu . . . dressed. . . . Git out'n. . . . Go on!" The girls must be in a flood outside. Luther cringed into bed. Camellius George said, "They . . . a dollar ——"

"Git it out my pants," Luther gasped. The girls might raid along the roof of the porch if they wanted money. The sheet doubled on his chest seemed papery and translucent; women could smell diamonds. His brother shoved a dollar under the door. The old house quivered inwardly as the girls fell downstairs, probably fighting for the silver. Camellius George wiped his face.

Luther pulled on his clothes and meditated an undershirt, but heat was drawing up dew in curly steam from the garden. This was the hottest first of September

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since 1864 certainly. He had an old Sanitary Commission hospital shirt that buttoned far over to one side. He hauled this out of the dresser and was buttoning it when his eyes struck Camellius George, still motionless against the door, his shoes quite still and his gaze terrific. Something bounced inside Luther and he had a fancy of noises in his dead ears. He walked to the boy and said, "Hey . . . you don't . . . you ain't thinkin' I went an' stole this?"

Camellius George turned white. He slapped Luther's mouth.

"Well," said Luther, "that's all right, then. Only you was lookin' so funny." He took the boy's ears and gently pounded his head on the door for a moment, then assured him, "Nor you needn't worry none. This ain't now any worse'n when they thought that feller Cooper was a Secesh spy to Headquarters and we all had to watch him. So let's git breakfast."

Breakfast was made splendid by his sisters, who had visited the stationer and were adorned with glass diamonds hung to brass chains. Luther remarked, "You're all awful proud of bein' related to a man that's had a di'mond stole off him. Take your knife out'n your mouth, Katie! You're enough to h'ist mamma from her grave!" He wondered if the wriggling creatures had any brains. His own brains would never have produced Clara's trick of opening a long window on the first floor of the Summer house and hiding somewhere bits of silver. The diamond's case was empty on the stairs when Clara's maid found it, coming down to make breakfast for Martin and Clara. Certainly Clara was smart. Her pearl eardrops were gone too.

Camellius George brought the Buford Weekly Intelligencer to the office at dusk and Luther read a column parallel to one topped with "Gold reaches 113." The editor of the Intelligencer had written this himself, Sue Grosscup thought. "It seems impossible," the smudged print declared, "that any citizen of Buford would be guilty of such an act, remembering the long services to this community of Mr. Summer's father. Unfortunately, every warm season brings an additional element to our neighborhood. Among the people who pander to the luxurious inhabitants of the Buford Springs Hotel ——"

"Hey," said Luther, "he's gettin' real fierce! I bet he lost a dollar playin' poker up at the Springs."

The editor regretted that Mr. and Mrs. Summer had been obliged to return to New York by the evening train at four o'clock, but his assistance was broadly promised in the search for the thief. Ladies who were attending Miss Minora Coe's reading of poems tonight at the Springs would do well to leave their valuables at home.

"I . . . wear my garnet," said Sue, blowing her hair from her nose.

"Go on," Luther grinned, "show it off. I'll come round for you at seven."

The diamond was distressing under a tight white shirt and it got wedged between his belt and his surface while he drove Sue up West Hill in the best sulky. His ten carriages made a procession. Buford was lately attacked by a mania for poetry and advanced on the Springs to hear Miss Minora Coe recite in the blue parlor. Camellius George hopped about among the chairs and allowed ladies to pet him. It was plain to Luther that the boy inspected diamonds. Women from New York wore the biggest sparkles. Miss Minora Coe, poised in a green dress by the grand piano, opened her mouth and spoke with many gestures. Her gray hair was a cone stuck with pansies. Froths of white gloves rose whenever she shut her mouth and bowed. Bracelets must clink on the naked arms. The blend of perfumes made Luther drowsy and he was biting a yawn back when the fat Mr. Budd came ambling among the chairs in a white waistcoat sprinkled with blue bugs and asked him, "Hear . . . brother-in-law . . . valued ——"

Luther politely rose and said, "Can't git what you say, sir. Tell Miss Grosscup and she'll tell me."

The jeweler bent his bulk, blood rising behind his gray whiskers, and told Sue what he had said. She interpreted, "Somebody . . . Mr. Budd that Mr. Summer valued . . . di'mond at twenty thousan' dollars ——"

"Hoo!" said Luther. "Marty wouldn't of said that. There ain't any di'mond worth ——" Yet it must be costly! Clara wouldn't have saved it from the gold market if it were not worth some money. He scratched an ear and went on, "I guess they've been pilin' up the figger," and the stone tickled his ribs. Budd flourished a handkerchief that smelled amazingly. Luther read his words partly and said, "No, I guess it's a di'mond Marty's dad got for his mother. My sister don't like jewelry much."

Camellius George hopped up and examined Budd carefully as the jeweler chatted with Sue about horses or something. The boy's relentless mind was now fixed on jewels, Luther guessed, and grinned when Camellius rested a thumb against a stone that shook blue sparks from Budd's left hand, asking something. Budd waved the handkerchief and answered, turning off. Sue Grosscup curled her nose in the surviving perfume and said, "Shouldn't . . . what things cost, Camellius ——"

"What'd he say?"

Camellius George said, ". . . says it's worth a thousand dollars."

"He's a liar," Luther decided. "Didn't they sell Cora Pearl up at Saratoga, right now, after she'd took all them races, an' only git seven thousand for her? He's got a thousand dollars of perfumery on his han'kerchief though!"

The scent seemed to cake his nostrils and persisted when he lit a cigar in the hall. Here he saw Mrs. Budd, a mound of purple satin, and the slimmer Miss Dallas in a solitude by the huge silver water cooler that adorned the desk. People moved about the still women; they were avoided, really, although Camellius George went to consider the bracelets that must clank gold on gemmed gold when Miss Dallas raised her arms, fooling with a bell of green points that decked her hair. Her skirt just hid knees that might be bony like her ankles.

Luther said, backing his sulky from the steps, "Budd and them women must be havin' a pretty poor vacation. But I don't see that they're any tougher lookin' than most the others," and he reflected for a hundred yards of West Hill on decoration. But Sue let him grip her right hand and slapped him viciously when he reached for a kiss at the door of her mother's cottage on the edge of Buford.

Camellius George thought these kind symptoms of a present collapse, and the next day Sue had her hair in a net. Luther had often urged this as an aid to conversation. Now he could see her neck's white hardness and the sun showered mottlings of light upon it as she bent over the ledger, busy with accounts, for here was September, and the guests of Buford Springs began to melt off. Luther's carriages bore them down to the station; Camellius George pursued some with small bills to the very cars and took percentages for these captures.

"They're leavin' quick," Luther said, sitting on his bed. "How many's left to the Springs?"

". . . hundred an' —ty," Camellius George yawned, coming to play with the diamond. He turned it lazily in his fingers. ". . . Dallas, she had on . . . nine, ten today."

"You look sharp for Budd and them to leave, Camellius George, 'cause they owe about forty dollars."

He often rode Jubilee up to the hotel, which had an odd allurement, suddenly. Men lounged in the wide bar and talked of gold over iced drinks. He saw lips say, ". . . ought to be home. Gold ——" and, ". . . says in the New York paper that gold ——"

Gold. He sometimes read the stock news of his Pittsburgh paper. Gold reigned terrifically. The President was somehow to be blamed. The treasury could do something to stop sales of phantom gold. Its prices danced mysteriously, puffed by Wall Street. Whatever this gold was, it sold for wavering figures. Men in the bar swore. Even ladies at croquet on the lawn declaimed of gold. He saw Miss Dallas speak of gold to a weedy young fellow who squired her about the walks when his mother was out driving. The gold chain, twisting on his breast, kept Luther well reminded of finance.

"I wish," he told Sue Grosscup, "I could git this straight. Money ain't awful interestin'. That Budd was sayin', up to the Springs, that somebody name of—looked like Old—has got all the gold in the country. Silly. I dunno what they all carry on for. Hardly nobody uses gold money. It's all paper or silver."

Sue added a column and ordered him not to worry. ". . . and git out of here . . . round all afternoon . . . I'm busy."

So he kissed the back of her neck as he left the office, and a pen sailed after him, to bury its point in Jubilee's saddle under the shady arch. Luther threw it back, and green eyes flashed at him through the open door. He felt rather drunk with heat and love, gave his sisters some silver to spend, and rode off, wondering if he whistled tunefully, into fields splotched with gold. Chilling nights had roused the flowers on slopes. Goldenrod stood dazzling under the sun. The hotel would close. Sumac would be bloody among cedars and birch on the hills, and the hills would change to their October tint. Then he would make Sue marry him. But now heat quivered still above the falls. Luther touched Jubilee's neck at the mouth of a trail and the horse went south, trotting comfortably. Luther undid his shirt. The fields were empty. He made Jubilee gallop, and air surged all about his chest as the shirt filled. The diamond swung out and pulsed on his thigh as he stooped. A clump of tamaracks dimmed it. Luther reined in and took the glow on his palm. He wondered what it cost, in real money, for an instant. Sun through these boughs made it green and like a lump of olive rock; it had no sparkle; it had lost its brilliant life. Who would want it now? Who would pay for it? The snaky chain was prettier. From a tamarack fell some needles and one brushed against the diamond, clung to his damp palm, a thin spire of jade. It was as good as the jewel.

For three breaths his mind thrilled with a thought: Beauty was a thing of place and time. The unlit stone was nothing, stupid as a deaf man, a broken strap, quite worthless, undesirable. Shade had humbled the diamond. His brows drew together. The raw boy edged toward a philosophy. Then his horse switched its head and more needles fell from the trees. Luther yawned, slipping his prisoner under the shirt again. Anyhow, he had to keep this tickling nuisance safe for Clara. He said "Git round, son," and Jubilee turned slowly. Beyond the tamaracks dust was settling on the trail and Luther saw polished haunches gleam below a gray coat, above twinkling horseshoes. A wide hat passed on the cloud, up a field. Some rider had gone by while he stared at the diamond; a horse and rider had gone close beside his idleness, through his silence! One of his own horses!

His brain emptied. He had a feeling of hoofs reared against his head. If he was caught with this stone he was a thief. Martin Summer would never forgive him. Sue might not understand. The other horse had vanished into the road that led up West Hill. Luther dropped his heels on Jubilee's sides and said "Go 'long, son!" Jubilee flattened and Luther bent to the gait. But on West Hill the rider was a point at the brim of the plateau.

Luther wiped his face and rode down to the stables, shaken by a dozen fleet moods that left him dripping. He hated the diamond. He hated Clara. He hated gold. Camellius George was hopping with a pipe in his mouth beside the trough and Luther cried "You quit smokin' so much!" vexed by such cheerful motion. Then as his brother took the pipe from his lips he said, "Oh, smoke your head off! I'm just hot," and tried to grin, tried to whistle when Camellius came to unsaddle Jubilee.

There was no one in the office. Sue had gone home. Luther dropped into her chair and thought of flashing hoofs.

After a time Camellius George strolled in and said, ". . . brought that chestnut back . . . Springs. Miss Dallas, she rode him all to . . . tired out."

"Which chestnut was that Dallas woman ridin'?"

". . . . two-year-old, Cumberland."

Luther stuffed his pipe and asked, "Ridin' man's saddle, was she? In them salt-and-pepper pants?" The boy nodded. Luther yawned "She's brazen, for you!" out of a dry throat. He would not sleep tonight.

Yet, after three days, his fright eased. He saw the slim woman playing croquet on the grass at the hotel when he went to gather a bill. She bent her head with its wrought tower of hair in her usual fashion. Perhaps she had seen nothing at all. Perhaps the tamarack needles had changed the stone for her, too, into a bit of tame green and she thought it some keepsake from a woman that he was wearing. Altered weather cooled him. The nights demanded a blanket and Camellius George put on a jacket one evening. Summer expired with grace and the folk ebbed from the hotel in clusters. Often grooms played cards under the stable archway, having no loads to drive. On the sixteenth Luther had Sue Grosscup pay off two of his men. On the twenty-fourth another youth left to take a winter job in Philadelphia and Luther rode Jubilee down to the station beside the fellow, who talked legibly and said, ". . . crowd . . . tel'graph," as they neared the tracks.

Fifty men were jammed into the little cell about the struggling operator. Luther abandoned his groom and dismounted, after a stare through the window. He wriggled, wishing more inches, into the press, and smelled perfume as he dived under Budd's elbow. Men from the Springs were biting cigars and the cashier of the bank nodded to Luther with a peculiar stare. The operator raised a wet face from the machine and momently spoke. Luther glared and could read nothing. Then Camellius George squirted like a seed from the muddle of coats and said, his eyes vast, "Gold's went to a hundred fifty-two!"—with twitches of his lips to accent the words. He went on, "Men . . . Wall Street shootin' 'emselves. . . ." His lips were stricken into wood. He gazed across the table and the tripping key of the machine. A pale man in black from the hotel raised his hand and bit it. Blood dripped on his stiff white shirt.

"Come out'n this," said Luther, and clenched his brother's shoulder. He dragged the boy into air and commanded, "You never go an' gamble in stocks or I'll bust your belly open! See that? And God only knows where Marty is in this muss!" But Camellius was not listening. His black eyes were aimed at the door. Luther stared with him. The molten voices made a stir in the warm noon, and the thrill of it entered Luther like a wind. He scratched his ears. It almost seemed that he could hear this frenzy. Camellius grabbed his arm on a visible writhing of heads about the table. Then some man tossed his hands high and men ran from the office.

". . . say the market's busted . . . droppin'! President Grant's ordered ——"

"Speak clear!"

"—— ordered . . . Treasury to sell a lot of g——"

The cashier of the bank came to take Luther's arm and Camellius translated, "Says he hopes Marty's sold out before . . . came. Gold's dropped to . . . and thirty. Says . . . people must be ruined flat," the cashier nodding.

The financier went on up Summer Street. An old soldier came out and pronounced, slapping his leg, "Well . . . gen'ral's beat them . . . gamblers, after all! By . . ." and laughed, his yellow teeth glittering, gilded.

Seas of fancies washed about Luther. Some monstrous thing had happened in New York. Martin might be ruined. What had he been trying to do in this smother of words? Luther asked, "You say men were killin' 'emselves?" and Camellius jerked his black head. Figures wabbled in and out of the door, taking his eyes. Luther could not think. This lump of wealth tickling his ribs might save Martin. He must think what to do. He said, "Stay here! If anything worse happens, come and tell me!" Then he jumped on Jubilee and rode up the street's warm silence, flooded with moving bodies and rippling mouths. His ears burned with the memory of shots that crackled close at hand when revolvers spoke in the charges of his war. The smell of powder came into his nostrils. Martin Summer might be dead. He had better talk to Sue Grosscup. She understood about money. He spurred his horse. The beast cantered toward the diamond oblong of the spilling trough before the stables. Abruptly his sister Kate dashed from the archway headlong, chased by a groom.

Luther yelled and swung Jubilee aside with a wrench. He shot from the saddle of the rearing horse and his shoulder terribly struck a side of the archway.

He could not move his arm or speak to the immediate crowd. Two grooms and Sue Grosscup, her hair fantastic, were ripping down his sleeve from the shoulder. Luther battered them away with his fist and yelled, "Git Camellius George up here, will you? Lemme be, dammit!"

Then he went stumbling across to his house and fell constantly, getting up

(Continued on Page 108)

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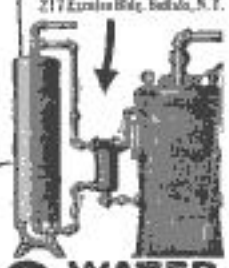
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(Continued from Page 105)

the stairs. Moons swam in his eyes. He tumbled on his bed. When the boy ran in, Luther saw him slam the door on the piled faces outside, and gulped "Take it!" His brother's hands tore at the chain. The diamond flashed. Luther fainted pleasantly and did not wake until his dislocated arm was in its place, the wrist tucked in a sling made by Sue Grosscup of his best silk handkerchief. His sisters sat in an important row on the foot of the bed and admired him. Luther blushed.

Camellius George was rubbing his ribs and hopping in a meditative way, so Luther said, with meaning, "If you got a flea bitin' you, take it out an' kill it!" before he drank the watered whisky that Sue held to his lips.

She ferociously bade him lie still, and his shoulder hurt foully. Luther stayed prone under a sheet and mused. As if the transfer of the jewel soothed his mind he thought clearly. Martin was no coward. He might be ruined, but he would not die. He had a house still, and Clara, and his share of the Springs. Gold could not kill such a man. Luther ate supper in bed and counseled Camellius George, "Be sure an' keep your shirt buttoned now, nor don't let that fool of a chain git up over your collar none. . . . I tell you how this is. I've been thinkin'. Clara was scared Marty'd sell this and put it into gold, see? And they'd lose it too. So that's why she done this. She'll be takin' it back pretty quick. She——" Camellius George flicked a hand. Luther was still.

Emma put her wild head in by the door and gabbled:

". . . Budd's sent down for his bill. Leavin' early . . . mornin'," Camellius George interpreted.

"Go git Sue at her mamma's, and have her write a bill and take it up," said Luther.

His sisters came to amuse him by a free battle on the floor when the boy was gone. They upset the candle twice and Sue Grosscup, coming in, picked tabs of grease from their hair while they plainly shrieked.

She expelled them and told Luther "Jubilee ain't safe now. . . . George rode him off with . . . Budd's bill . . . the hotel. Say . . . tell me Budd's . . . awful temper."

"His temper's bad on him? Mebbe he's been gamblin' in gold."

The candle flame wavered. Sue seemed to chuckle. She took a comb from the dresser and parted Luther's hair, much amused. She explained, "Him that brought word down to . . . up the bill. Budd's mad 'cause . . . Grant had that gold . . . sold and stopped the gambling . . . Wall Street. He was shoutin' all over . . . hotel."

Luther took her hand and held it. He said, "It's a awful kind of lucky thing that you're the person I can see what you say best on. 'Cause you're who I like to talk to best." The words seemed to pass by bubbles in his throat. He gazed at her lips. In a moment the green eyes swelled and diamonds descended her face. Luther sat up to watch this.

The lips said, ". . . mean you want to git married with . . . why don't you say so?"

"Who else would I want to git married with? You make me mad! Ain't I been kissin' you for ——"

The lips said "Oh, shut up!" and she wept majestically, rocking to and fro. Then she curled her nose and went out of the room. She came back with an armful of his sisters' clothes and began to mend them, sitting off by the candle. Its light revealed that her white throat was swelling and falling. Her lips hardly stirred. She was humming a song.

Camellius George had helped him into a nightshirt. Luther stuffed his pipe with his right hand and lit it. Etiquette became a subject of his thoughts. Was it respectable for him to go and kiss her in a nightshirt that reached his calves; or should he wait? Or perhaps she was waiting to be kissed. His shoulder ached again. He said, "I was wonderin' if ——" but his cook came in with a yellow envelope and Luther jumped out of bed, brooks of anguish welling in his wrenched muscles, to seize this. He chilled, tearing the paper. He began to read with the very date: "New York City, N. Y., September 24th, 1869. Luther Cole, Buford, Penn. All well. He sold at 145, no loss. Send it to me. Clara Summer."

Luther shook his safe arm in the air. He said, "Marty's all right! Sold his gold an' got out of his muss all right, I guess. Hey, is there any money over in the office? I got to send Camellius George to New York in the mornin'."

". . . forty dol— deary."

"Git it," said Luther. "He better go up on that early train." He then kissed Sue on the face, hurting his shoulder against her arm, and watched her go down his stairs, her white wool gown made rosy by the swinging lamp below. It became wonderfully necessary to watch her pass across the cobbles to the stables. A lantern hung in the arch showed her white skirts floating. Jubilee walked no better. The lamp in the office woke. Cobbles were plain with a crust of dew. Luther stood in his doorway and admired Sue's gestures, unlocking the desk twenty yards off. An air from the hills swarmed about his calves. He looked toward the hills. Then a gray thing formed to his stare. Jubilee came to the steps, shaking his head before an empty saddle canted sideways. The horse put his front hoofs on a white step and looked at Luther queerly, his eyeballs like great chestnuts.

"You ain't throwed him!" said Luther, glaring. "There ain't no horse could throw Camellius George. . . . What you been doin'?" He jerked his arm from the sling, feeling no pain, and walked down the steps. He righted the small saddle carefully. Sue's gown came fluttering. Luther said, "Go fetch me some pants an' my shoes. Hustle! Somebody's killed Camellius! Hustle!" But he could not wait. Luther slung himself across his horse and wheeled against the dim street, aware of some miracle. Through his silence, with the look of her eyes, green jewels under the lamp, he heard a noise of bugles that hurled cries into the dawn above old camps. He shouted and rode off, bending low. Although he did not know this, his right arm swung out and his empty hand clutched a saber from the air.

Moon and stars lit his way. He rode, his knees gripping the saddle and his soles caressed by wind. West Hill was a curving streak upon the night, and the few glowing windows of the hotel flowered. Jubilee surged, then slowed, halted. Luther stared down from the horse and sniffed. Pennyroyal, fading in cool autumn, made no such smell. Something crawled on the dust, a dogged movement. He dropped from the saddle and lifted his brother. All his thoughts now went clearly and smoothly. He was no longer stupid. He said, "Hurt bad? What's busted, Camellius George?" The black head shook on his shoulder. Luther kept an arm about the boy and let the face drop. The spread of flowing darkness on the cheek was blood. His finger found a cut in the soft hair. "That all? . . . Who done it?" But the moon would not let the lips answer. The boy set a palm against Jubilee's saddle and his torn shirt, ripped widely from his breast, showed no glitter. The chained diamond was gone. Camellius sobbed and Luther was maddened by the unheard pain. He stood glaring and said, "I can't see, oh, I can't see what you're sayin'! Who hurt you?" until a light grew and reddened the road about his feet, made his shadow slide.

Sue got down from an unsaddled mare and the stable lantern showed two grooms behind her on other horses. She caught the boy's wrist and her lips flickered. Jubilee fidgeted and Camellius George sat down in the dust to put his face on his knees. Luther cried, "Who done it?"

"He don't . . . ridin' back . . . someone stopped him . . . asked for a match . . . hauled him off'n . . ." She bent over the boy, twisting a handkerchief about his head. Then her face rose. She said, "They fought . . . rolled round."

Luther knelt and felt the dust. It might have fallen from the boy's neck. It might have been snapped from the chain. He said, "Did he grab it, Camellius George? Hey, you fellers! Look round quick for a gold chain! Never mind what! Look!" and felt Sue's eyes as she wondered while the grooms stumbled about. Camellius stretched out a hand that shook. Luther took it and growled, "Sure. It ain't your fault, Camell—— Hey!" Against his cheek the boy's hand smelled of perfume, rich and strong.

The saddle was hot under Luther's knees. He came up West Hill and put the horse over a low rail. Two gowns jumped from his path and a red cigar's end fell. Five windows glowed along the hotel's bulk and the lobby was bright. Luther jumped from the saddle into the veranda and yelled to a page, "Where's this Budd and them women sleep?" He seized the negro's sleeve. People came in shoals of faces from all about. Luther said, "Take me to where this Budd is!" and ran after the negro up brass-edged stairs, along a hall to a door. This door was locked and did not open for a time while he stood kicking it with his dirty feet. He wished iron shoes. Budd tried to shove him from the slit of light as the door opened and he struck the man's red dressing gown where a gold cord streaked the silk. Perfume filled this room, and a slim woman ran off through another door beyond the bed's white surface piled with gay clothes and shoes of different colors. Luther knocked a fat woman aside and leaped to this new door. Someone was leaning on its other side. He howled, "Open up here or I'll bust your head flat, you skinny fool!" He made a ram of his shoulder and beat the white paint with it. Soon some bar gave way. He stalked across a green carpet and clutched Miss Dallas by her arms. The chain was a snake in ruffles and massed lace upon her breast, and rounds of paint smeared her face. He thought and said, "Hey, but you're a ugly muss for a actress! Give it here!" She kicked his ankles. He growled, "Gimme it or I'll bust you!"

Her lips wriggled into a word and another word. She said, ". . . go . . . let go!" and Luther released one hand. The diamond rose from her clothes. He took it and panted, "All right! But you can dam' well walk down to the station tomorrow! I ain't goin' to send no carriage for you! . . . How did you know he'd have it on him!" He must know that. He took her wrist again. She screamed, he thought, by the cords appearing in her neck.

"Well, tell me!"

". . . shirt . . . button."

"Seen it through his shirt? Seen it first on me an' then through his shirt? All right. . . . Who hauled him off'n his horse? Budd done that. You," he told the jeweler, center of a herd that stared, "you're a coward! Hey, you're a thief too! For all you knew, I'd stole this. Your woman seen it when he come to c'lect my bill. So you was goin' to steal it off'n him. Git out of my way!"

Luther walked through a mixture of men and women into the corridor. Then he began to run. This diamond was a nuisance. The whole thing was a nuisance. He went tearing down the stairs and saw more faces, more gibbering mouths in the vestibule. He said, "Go 'long, son!" to Jubilee and let the horse canter on the road. The lantern danced to meet him as he slowed on the level. They had put Camellius George on a horse and a groom was leading it. Luther pulled in beside Sue and made the diamond gleam before the flame.

"Here," he said, "I've had enough of this gold an' all. You put your hat on an' git off to New York with this here tomorrow. Take it to Clara an' say I'm glad to be shut of it. It's a nuisance. Take it!"

The golden snake coiled about her neck. The stone flared and slipped safely into her white dress. A vast noise simmered in Luther's head, although he heard nothing. Her lips said, ". . . brave . . ." and an arm reached out. He saw his brother's foot hop in its stirrup. Oil died in the lantern with a foul smell and the faces faded in the moon's poor light. He was sick and weak and he leaned against her as the horses moved. But in this pain, her lips stirred yet upon his cheek for a long breath. He sat upright then, and rode with pride.



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HARDENER'S HEAT

(Continued from Page 9)

be ashamed of blowing safes if you knew how. Sure. I know."

Bedford did not mean that he believed the boy dishonest, but when he engaged in an argument his words became his master. When he knew he was right he would say anything.

"Oh, what's the use?" cried the boy, forgetting his accent as he pushed back his chair.

"Sit down!" commanded Bedford. And when he was obeyed: "If I ever catch you stealing I'll throw you out. I'm asking you questions. You've been up to devilment. I want to know what, and your mother wants to know."

"Aw, why drag her into it?"

"Am I right?"

"You're always right," said the boy.

"That's enough from you! Leave the table! Tonight you stay home for a change. This time you'll obey me, you bet!"

Jimmy rose and slouched into the front room. Bedford continued his supper, shifting his questions to his wife, who had long ago learned to answer them without heat.

"What's the matter? Got a cold?"

"I caught cold last night from the window," said Minna.

"You heat up a washpan of boiling water with salt in it and stand breathing the steam. Nothing's so healthy as salt. I put salt in my quench water sometimes. It's just as good for people as it is for steel."

"Before I go to bed," said Minna.

"Right away."

"I'll fix it after supper."

"Plenty of salt, and boiling water," repeated Bedford.

The salt brew in due time was prepared and its steam inhaled, because Minna did not much object, and in the morning when she woke up the cold had disappeared. It would have disappeared anyhow; steamed salt is no remedy; but Bedford believed that his prescription was what cured it.

Now that his attention was directed to his wife he began noticing further facts previously overlooked.

"What's that stain on the tablecloth?"

"That's coffee stain," Minna replied. "The coffeepot splashed over for me."

"Soak it in cold milk," said Bedford.

"I'll fix it when I wash."

"Milk," repeated Bedford; "and cold. Cold milk for stains, always."

He had read somewhere years before, perhaps on the women's page, but without understanding the reasons, that certain stains, such as that of blood, which contains albuminous matter that hardens under heat, can be removed readily in cold milk. The coffee stain would doubtless come out when Minna immersed the cloth in milk, but if not she would apply her favorite glycerin.

"I'll remember," she replied.

The coffee stain suggested another thought. "Did you make this coffee as I told you?"

"I was very careful," replied Minna.

"Hot water not quite to a boil, and the coffee added, with at the last a teaspoonful of flour?"

"Just as you said."

"It's good coffee," he remarked then, when he knew. "What's that on your wrist?"

"Only a mosquito bite."

"Rub butter into it."

"I will."

"Do it now."

Minna had no choice but to dab a touch of butter upon the lesion and rub it in.

"That makes it better," he said. "Don't it feel better?"

"Lots better."

But by now he had finished eating, and in addition he had used up all his ideas except those with which he had begun. Minna's cold was cured, the tablecloth saved, the coffee verified, the mosquito bite alleviated. Since there was no further need of him at table he sought the front room to continue his contest with Jimmy.

"Jimmy!" he called, and waited for the reply. "Jimmy!"

But not only was the boy not in the room but he was not in the house. When Bedford learned that his son had flouted his authority and departed without leave, his rage became so real that it could no longer be expressed. He stamped up and down the room, pushed the table aside, swung his rocking-chair into new positions, threw the evening paper to the floor, snatched it up again, stripped off the want-ad pages, seated himself without mercy.

"What I say I stick to! I told him!"

Then, after trying to read, since the calmness of mind required even of news readers was no longer his, he rose and stormed back and forth past the windows. And all the while, during the passionate movements of his arms, wrists and fingers, his feet, his legs and his body, he inveighed ceaselessly against Jimmy—on the principle governing the pulpit orator, whose sharpest scourge is for the shoulders it never reaches.

"I told him! I stick to what I say, you bet!"

"You're too strict with him," said Minna.

"You keep out of this. He knows what I said. If he wants to run with gangsters let him sleep and eat with them. He made his own bed—I didn't."

But Minna merely picked up the discarded sheets of the paper and took them into the kitchen. Could Bedford have seen her there a little later scanning the columns under Female Help Wanted he might have been startled. After all, patience is only a name.

III

"IF YOU would know steel you must first know iron and charcoal," hardeners used to say. But now they say: "If you would know steel you must first know manganese, nickel, tungsten, chromium, vanadium," as well as iron and carbon. New demands create new products. The automobile industry of itself would have invented the steels it needed had not armor plate and ordnance engineers already blazed a path to them.

"If you would know men you must first know yourself," they used to say; but now they include your wife and family, besides a great many other people.

Bedford, who understood iron and charcoal, and therefore steel in a way, but not his wife and son, and therefore not modern man, reached his place of business in no placid frame of mind. The time was three mornings later. He had broken a shoe lace in dressing, and that still caused him to sputter. His breakfast had not suited him. He had been jostled in the street car. He was still angry with Jimmy. Above all, he had suddenly begun resenting his treatment by Akeley, the new superintendent. His skill had not been receiving recognition from the company.

"If they think this job's the last in steel they're crazy. The Netterlys need a hardener foreman. Maybe I better ask 'em a question."

After savagely punching the time clock he scuffed his polished soles along the floor, which belonged to the company, swung back the basement door, and jarringly descended the worn steps on his heels. A truck loaded with boxes of casehardened rolls stood in the dark passage against the elevator; coming from the light he stumbled over it. The truck was quite insensitive, but he kicked at it as if it had been an offending animal.

When he reached his own quarters he rolled back the iron door with a crash that all but unseated it.

The room he entered was half dark, as a hardening room should be. Along one wall stood a row of rusted muffle furnaces like secondhand stoves on stilts. At the farther end of the room a disused blacksmith's forge had for companions a ponderous bellows, an anvil with its block, and a blackened work-bench cluttered with tongs and swages. Beneath the smoke-soured windows extended a longer bench, flanked by boxes containing work completed or not yet begun. Directly in front stood two effeminate constructions independently connected with the chimney. These were the new cyanide furnaces.

"Any cheap skate would know that," said Bedford, addressing the effeminate two.

His distaste for the furnaces again had its source in Akeley. Bedford was a practical man, a steel hardener skilled in his trade. Akeley was only an engineer five or ten years out of college.

"Any cheap skate knows that cyanide will harden steel."

Which of course may be true of a cheap skate, even though cyanide of itself will not harden steel, being merely a carbonizing substance like charcoal.

Tool steel is only wrought iron to which has been added a little carbon. When tool steel is heated to its exact shade of redness and then plunged into cold water it becomes extremely hard. If heated beyond this temperature its grain coarsens rapidly. If heated short of it the tool remains soft. Most hardeners judge their heats by the eye.

Sometimes steels require only a surface hardening. In such cases the pieces to be hardened, made of low carbon steel, are packed in contact with carbon and kept at red heat until their surface is highly carbonized. When they are then quenched their carbonized rind becomes extremely hard, the unchanged interior not. The process is known as casehardening.

Now Bedford had always used charcoal, which is almost pure carbon, for his casehardening jobs. Akeley, however, who hardened his steel on paper, wished to substitute potassium cyanide, a chemical compound likewise rich in carbon but intensely poisonous, for the charcoal, since it liquefies under heat and the pieces to be treated can be immersed in it by basketfuls without the bother of packing them.

"Cyanide costs more," he remarked casually, "but in the end we gain."

"I can't see cyanide at all," said Bedford.

"First, you double your furnace charge. That's that. Second, you divide the time in the heat, because the carbon in cyanide is taken up quicker. That's a saving. Then there's the labor of packing that's done away with."

"I can't see any of it."

"You will," said Akeley; whereupon he had proceeded to install the furnaces.

The cyanide furnaces were bad enough, but on top of that foolishness Akeley proposed to change the temper of the Ascott tool steel. The more carbon a steel contains the harder it becomes when quenched. Razor steel contains 1.5 per cent of carbon, but it is so brittle that some tools cannot be made of it. As the increased hardness of a steel is always accompanied by this increased brittleness, and by a narrowed latitude of permissible heat, many hardeners try to avoid the higher tempers. The medium tempers harden better, they say—meaning that they cause them less trouble.

The steel Bedford had been hardening ran to about eighty-point temper, or .8 per cent of carbon. With this steel he had had good success. Indeed he had brought it into the shop with him twelve years before. The tools he hardened stood up as well as any the shop had ever produced. No complaint about the steel had ever been made.

Yet, following the cyanide proposal, Akeley's first act, before even asking a question as to tool complaints, was to announce a change to one-twenty-point temper, or 1.2 per cent carbon content.

"No good, Mr. Akeley," Bedford protested.

"What's wrong with high carbon?"

"She won't work, is wrong with her. Nobody on earth can make a good cold chisel out of one-twenty-point. Too brittle. One lick of the hammer and smash she goes."

"Then we'll buy our cold chisels," said Akeley. "We don't save ten dollars a year by making our own chisels. No sense slowing up ten thousand dollars' worth of shop tools for ten dollars' worth of chisels."

"You can harden our steel just as hard," said Bedford.

Akeley laughed as if he thought the hardener were joking. "As hard as what?" he asked.

"As hard as one-twenty-point. Sure you can. Give it a bit more heat and it's as hard as any steel made."

"Coarsens the grain," Akeley replied, suddenly thoughtful. "A coarse-grained steel won't stand up."

"The way I draw it back it will."

"It isn't doing it," said Akeley.

"First I heard of that," said Bedford.

"The shop speeds show you up," Akeley told him. "The machines upstairs are running way too slow. And the life of your tools shows you up. Higher-carbon steel will run twice as many cutting hours, and at higher speeds."

"I'll stack my hardening against anybody's," said Bedford.

"Your hardening's good enough. It's the steel you're using that don't stack."

"I'm a hardener for twenty-two years, and I never before heard anything against this steel."

"That's why I'm here," said Akeley.

That conversation was now two weeks old. Bedford had hoped that the superintendent would make inquiries about the steel and change his mind; but he had not done so. The higher carbon steel was beginning its third day at Ascott's.

First cyanide, and now this crazy change in tool steel. Interference here and interference there. Talked to as if he were an apprentice, by a new broom out of a college who hadn't hardened two pounds of steel in his life. Who wouldn't feel like kicking a truck?

"Get four furnaces going," he told his helper when that useful young man appeared a few minutes later.

"Cyanide?"

"I said furnaces. Then fetch in a sack of powdered charcoal for the muffles."

Akeley stepped into the room almost before the machinery upstairs began making itself heard.

"Bedford," he began, "I wish you would harden these disks. Start them at once. Do them yourself, so they will be done right. Full hard. It won't be necessary to let them down. Send them to Jack when you get them."

"One-twenty point?"

"That's it. Same steel. Always one-twenty point hereafter."

He laid out three finished disks somewhat thicker than sole leather. As Bedford was wary of the new steel he took no chances, and packed them in a muffle for heating. The temperature he arranged to take from wires embedded in the charcoal. He had a feeling that Akeley would test the disks in some way; and since the disk form is not the easiest to heat and quench, as all hardeners know, he watched the furnace closely. When the muffle grew rosy he pulled one of his wires.

"Not yet," he decided instantly, seeing that the wire was barely red.

He pulled another wire, and then a third, before the steel glowed bright enough for quenching. Then, disengaging the disks from their fiery bed, he seized them between the heated points of his lightest tongs and plunged them into the bath.

"Look 'em over," he told his helper. "Absolutely right. Nobody can say we missed anything on that job. When you don't know what you've got, always use test wires. I pulled that steel within ten degrees."

Bedford's success with the disks added to his sense of importance, but the flattery of it did not blind him to his grievance against Akeley. At five minutes past twelve he opened the door of the Netterly establishment, two blocks south, to ask his question, as he had planned to do. He remained inside for more than half an hour. When he came out he was smiling.

Shortly before two, Akeley telephoned down, speaking with great courtesy, to ask for a conference. Bedford guessed that he had already heard of the Netterly flirtation. The thought pleased him. He entered the little office as one knowing his own value, prepared to exact his due.

The guess did not quite meet the fact.

"How did the disks turn out?" began Akeley.

"All right."

"Didn't forget to watch the heat?"

"Me? I watched it like a cat." He thought Akeley was trying to be humorous. "You'll find they're hardened perfect. Nobody can do better hardening than I did on that job. She can't be done."

"Sit down," said the other then, opening a drawer in his desk. And when Bedford obeyed: "I wanted you to see something, here away from people. These are the disks you hardened. I had them broken across, to show the grain. Take this glass and glance at that fracture. Coarse grained, don't you think?"

Bedford took the proffered glass and looked. "That's the fault of the steel," he said at last.

"No, it isn't. Here are two other disks cut from the same bar. I sent them out to be hardened. Look at that grain."

"He didn't harden them as hard, is why. You told me full hard."

"Try for yourself," said Akeley, producing a file.

The hardener could not well dodge the test. The second set of disks proved to be so hard that the file would not touch them.

(Continued on Page 114)

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100,000 MILES *and more*
Owners Records *of* 100,000

ONCE a year for a number of years, it has been the custom of The White Company to publish a list of its veteran White Trucks which have gone 100,000, 200,000, 300,000 miles and more.

This year's list includes 1400 trucks, every record certified to by the individual owners.

The list represents but a part of all the 100,000-mile records made by White Trucks—only those which have come to our attention.

Many which last year appeared in the 100,000-mile column, this year are in the 150,000 class; next year they may be in the 200,000 class.

100,000 miles is really *ordinary* performance for a White Truck.

69 WHITE TRUCKS HAVE GONE 300,000 MILES AND MORE EACH

Artesian Well & Supply Co. 1
Frank Bird Transfer Co. 7
Boulevard Transit Co. 1
Boulevard Transportation Co. 1
Bower Transportation Co. 1
Clover Leaf Dairy 1
The Columbus Bread Co. 1
George M. Cooley Co. 1
Enumclaw Transportation Co. 1
The Fuller Cleaning Company 2
Good Hope Water Co. 1
Hancock Bros. Fruit Co. 1
Hershey Cuban Railway 2
Humptulips Logging Co 1
A. Jaloff 1
Kern County Transit Co. 5
N. S. Koos & Son Company 1
E. W. Layer 1
Lexington Dry Goods Co. 1
Madera-Fresno Stage Co. 3
Mesaba Motor Co. 1
Mesaba Transportation Co. 2
H. Minkwitz 1
Motor Transit Co. (Los Angeles) 8
Puyallup-Tacoma Transit Co. 4
Alvin M. Schoenfeld 1
H. O. Seiffert Co. 1
Chas. Seip Baking Co. 1
T. Shanahan, Jr. 1
Smith Bros. Motor Truck Co. 1
J. M. Traxler 1
Twin City Motor Bus Co. 1
United States Bakery 1
United Transportation Co. 2
Valley Transit Co. 1
W. Walker & Son, Ltd. 1
White Transit Co., Inc. 2
Wouters Laundry 1

184 WHITE TRUCKS HAVE GONE 200,000 TO 300,000 MILES EACH

Abraham and Straus 1
Armour and Company 2
Atlantic Refining Company 1
Austin Motor Transportation Co. 1
C. L. Bailey Grocery Co. 1
Baum's Home of Flowers, Inc. 1
A. E. Berry 1
Bonwit Teller & Co. 2
Boring Auto Truck Co. 1
Boulder Bottling Works 1
Boulevard Transit Co. 1
Boulevard Transportation Co. 1
Bower Transportation Co. 1
Broadway Taxi Operating Co. 8
Bullock's 2
Burns & Campbell Co. 1
California Ink Co. 2
Clover Leaf Dairy 1
The Coca Cola Bottling Works Co. 1
Commercial Transfer Co. 1
Crystal Ice Co. 1
Crystal Spring Water Co. 1
Duluth-Virginia White Bus Lines 2
Dumani, Ltd. 1
Eastern Torpedo Co. 1
The T. Eaton Co., Ltd. 3
Eatonville-Tacoma Stage Co. 1
Emerick's Motor Bus Line Co. 6
Enumclaw Transportation Co. 1
Tony Fazio 1
Mike Ferro 2
Fleming Brothers 1
Florida Motor Transportation Co. 2
W. U. Fogwill 1
Fowler, Dick & Walker 1
The Fuller Cleaning Company 2
Fullington Auto Bus Co. 1
Gifford's Express Co. 1
Hansen Motor Trucking Co. 1
H. H. Harbaugh 1
Harper Garage Co. 1
Haverty Furniture Co. 1
W. J. Hay Co. 1
The Higbee Company 2
Highway Transit Co. 2
Holt Stage Line Co. 2
Hoquiam Ice & Cold Storage 1
Huddleston Park 1
The Hudson's Bay Company 1
M. L. Hullett 1
Interurban Autocar Co. 1
A. Jaloff 2
Kewanee Boiler Co. 1
Kirchner's 2
Lexington Dry Goods Co. 2
Long's Baggage & Transfer Co. 1
City of Los Angeles, Police Dept. 1
Peter McCabe 1
McLaughlin Transfer Co. 2
McMahon Transportation Co. 2
Madera-Fresno Stage Co. 2
Malandre Bros. 1
Maryland Transportation Co. 4
Mendham Garage Co. 2
Mesaba Transportation Co. 3
Julius Miske 1
Motor Transit Co. (Los Angeles) 5
J. Mullany & Co. 1
Ocean County Coal Co. 1
Pacific Brewing & Malting Co. 1
Frank M. Paull Co. 1
Peninsula Rapid Transit Corp. 15
E. C. Petrie 1
Phelps Dodge Corp. 1
Puyallup-Tacoma Transit Co. 1
T. S. Reed Grocery Co. 1
G. F. Reed & Son 1
Mark Regan & Son 1
William S. Roe 1
Sandersville Coca Cola Bottling Co. 1
John Sauer 1
Alvin M. Schoenfeld 1
Schulze Baking Co. 1
Arlington Setzer 1
Shepherd & Story 2
South Florida Bus Service 1
The W. P. Southworth Co. 1
Chas. M. Stieff, Inc. 1
F. F. Sturtevant Dept. Store 1
The Telling-Belle Vernon Co. 4
A. C. Titus & Co. 1
J. M. Traxler 2
Tri-State Telephone & Telegraph Co. 1
Tuscola Produce Co. 1
Twin City Motor Bus Co. 16
W. Walker & Son, Ltd. 1
Warden & Leese 1
Warner & Company 1
Westfield Laundry Co., Inc. 1
White Transit Co., Inc. 9

264 WHITE TRUCKS HAVE GONE 150,000 TO 200,000 MILES EACH

Acme Furniture Co. 1
Adams & Pigott Co. 2
Addison Auto Bus Co. 1
Akron Pure Milk Co. 3
The Akron Storage & Contracting Co. 1
Atherton-Fowler Furniture Co. 2
Christian Atz 1
C. W. Baker 1
Baltimore Transit Co. 20
Bensinger Bros. 1
Benicia & Vallejo Stage Line 1
The Berz Company 1
The Bledsoe Company 1
Blue Bird Transit Co. 3
Bonwit Teller & Co. 2
The Botzum Bros. Co. 1
Boulder Bottling Works 1
Bradford Baking Company 20
George M. Brice 1
Brumby Chair Co. 1
Bullock's 4
Burgess-Nash Co. 1
Calgary Brewing & Malting Co. 1
J. B. Carr Biscuit Co. 1
Chambersburg Auto Co. 1
Chicago Cooperage Company 2
Frank A. Cholewinski 1
City of Calgary, Police Dept. 1
Columbus Packing Co. 1
The Conrad-Baisch-Kroehle Co. 1
The Constance Lumber Co. 1
Cowlitz & Chehalis Railway Co. 1
J. B. Cox Transportation Co. 1
John B. Daniel Co. 1
The Denecke Company 1
Denholm & McKay Co. 1
Dixon Transfer & Storage Co. 3
Duluth-Virginia White Bus Lines 1
The East Ohio Gas Company 1
Eastern Torpedo Co. 2
The T. Eaton Co., Ltd. 2
Eatonville-Tacoma Stage Co. 1
Eberhardt-Hays Music Co. 1
Chas. F. Eggers Co. 1
Emerick's Motor Bus Line Co. 3
Farmers' Mercantile Co. 1
Florida Motor Transportation Co. 3
Hugo H. Foerster 2
Foley Auto Delivery 1
Foster & Kleiser Company 1
Francis Cartage Company 1
William L. Freeman 2
Friends Hospital 1
The Fries & Schuele Co. 1
The Fuller Cleaning Company 1
Gatti-McQuade Co. 2
Georgia Railway & Power Co. 1
Georgia Railroad 1
Gifford and Cullum 1
Gimbel Brothers, Inc. (Milwaukee) 1
A. Graham & Son 1
Fred Gunther Co. 1
Hale Auto Corp. 1
Halliday Bros., Ltd. 1
Hardy Furniture Co. 1
Harris & Mowry Co. 1
Charles E. Harris 1
Herrmann & Grace Co. 1
Highway Transit Co. 2
Holm & Olson 1
Holt Stage Line Co. 1
The Hudson's Bay Company 1
M. L. Hullett 1
The Humphrey Company 1
The Hunt Mercantile Co. 1
Independent School District No. 51 1
Indianapolis Abattoir Co. 1
L. M. Iralson & Son 1
Jefferson Highway Transportation Co. 1
Johnson & Chronis 1
R. E. Keister 1
Kern County Transit Co. 2
Kimberly-Clark Co. 1
S. Kohn & Sons Co. 1
S. Laskau 2
Los Angeles Gas & Electric Corp. 1
Lyons Express Co. 2
Peter McCabe 1
J. A. McIntire 1
M. J. Malloy 2
Massachusetts Baking Co. 1
H. W. Mayberry Linen Supply Co. 1
C. C. Mellor Company 1
The Memphis News-Scimitar 1
Mesaba Transportation Co. 4
Michigan Seating Co. 1
C. J. Milligan Co., Inc. 1
J. E. Monahan 1
J. M. Moore 1
Moran Trucking Co. 1
Morrison-Skinner Co. 1
Murphy Transfer Co. 1
Muscatine, Burlington & Southern R. R. 1
The M. O'Neil Co. 1
Orchard & Wilhelm Co. 1
Oregon Box Company 1
Ottawa Hills Co. 2
Pacific Coast Biscuit Co. 1
Pennzoil Company 1
Perfection Bread Co. 3
Pierce Bros. & Co. 1
J. A. Poole 1
The Portland Hotel 2
Pray Brothers 1
Public Service & Auto Co. 1
Redwood Transfer 1
G. F. Reed & Son 1
The Reemsnyder Company 1
Rex Bread Co. 1
Rocky Mountain Parks Transportation Co. 1
The Rosenbaum Company 1
Roshek Bros. Co. 1
Frank Salmon Furniture Co. 1
San Francisco Municipal Railway 1
Santiago Orange Grove Ass'n 1
Alvin M. Schoenfeld 1
Sherlock Baking Co. 1
Henry Schofer's Sons 1
Schulze Baking Co. 15
Smith Bros. Motor Truck Co. 1
Spearin Transfer Line 1
St. Bernard Mining Co. 1
The Star Baking Co. 1
Tacoma Taxicab & Baggage Transfer Co. 1
The Telling-Belle Vernon Co. 3
Tooke Bros., Ltd. 1
Tubbesing & Nelson 1
20th Century Heating & Ventilating Co. 1
Twin City Motor Bus Co. 3
United Home Dressed Meat Co. 1
United States Bakery 4
United States Trucking Corp. 1
W. Walker & Son, Ltd. 2
Ward Lumber Co., Inc. 1
Phillip J. Welch 1
Western Grocers, Ltd. 1
Western Undertaking Co. 1
D. J. Whelan Estate 1
White Bus Line 3
White Rapid Transit Corp. 1
White Transit Co., Inc. 2
Woodlawn Imp. Assn. Transp. Corp. 2
Wouters Laundry 1

920 WHITE TRUCKS HAVE GONE 100,000 TO 150,000 MILES EACH

Abraham and Straus 7
Acme Cash Stores 1
Adams & Pigott Co. 3
Addison Auto Bus Co. 7
The Akers & Harpham Co. 1
The Akron Grocery Co. 1
Alaska Transfer Co. 1
R. T. Allen & Bros., Inc. 1
American Auto Transit Co. 3
American Boiler & Tank Co. 1
American Can Co. 1
American Railway Express Co. 11
American Stores Co. 1
K. A. Anderson 1
Andre & Andre 1
Andrews & Horigan Co. 1
Anthony Brothers, Inc. 3
John Arata & Son 1
Joseph R. Arbiter Co. 1
Armour & Co. 1
City of Atlanta 2
Atlantic Ice & Coal Corp. 18
Atlantic Refining Company 5
Bakersfield Brewing Co. 1
Bakersfield Truck Co. 1
The H. S. Barney Co. 1
A. L. Bartlett Co. 1
Bauer & Black 1
F. X. Baumert & Co. 1
The Beaver Board Companies 2
Chas. F. Becker Moving & Teaming Co. 1
Henry S. Beidler 2
Bekins Van & Storage Co. 1
Bell Telephone Co. of Canada 1
Bellevue & Allied Hospitals 1
Belmar Moving & Storage Co. 1
Benicia & Vallejo Stage Line 2
Bennett Gasoline & Oil Co. 1
Bergner Plumbing, Heating & Supply Co. 1
The Billow Undertaking Co. 1
Block and Kuhl Company 1
J. B. Blood Co. 1
Blue Ribbon, Ltd. 1
The Louis H. Boice Co. 2
Boonville Bottling Works 1

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made by WHITE TRUCKS
200,000 - 300,000 Miles

100,000 TO 150,000 MILES—(CONTINUED)

Henry Bosch Company 1
Boston Fresh Tripe Co. 1
Boston Furniture Co., Inc. 1
Bradford Baking Company 6
Brady Transfer & Storage Co. 2
The Brager Store 2
The Brandt Company 6
Bra-Nola Co. 1
Brennan Packing Company 1
George M. Brice 2
Bridgeman-Russell Co. 1
Eugene W. Bronecki 1
W. O. Broyles Furniture Co. 1
N. F. Buff 1
Buffalo Plumbing Supply Co. 1
Bullock's 2
Burns & Campbell Co. 1
City of Butte, Police Dept. 1
W. L. Byrnes, Inc. 1
Cable Piano Co. 1
Caine-Grimshaw Co. 1
Calgary Brewing & Malting Co. 2
California Ice & Coal Co. 1
California Transit Co. 17
Camas Stage Co., Inc. 2
The Canton Provision Co. 1
H. C. Capwell Co. 2
Carbon Coal Co. 1
J. B. Carr Biscuit Co. 2
Carter-Mullaly Transfer Co. 1
M. Catalano & Sons 1
J. E. Cavanagh 1
Central Coal & Coke Co. 1
Central Maine Power Co. 1
The Central Paper Co. 1
W. A. Chambers 1
The Chandler & Rudd Company 6
City Coal Co. 1
City Fruit Co. 1
City Ice Co. 3
City of Cleveland, Police Dept. 3
City of Columbus, Board of Education 1
Cleveland-Akron Bus Line Co. 2
The Cleveland Burial Case Co. 2
The Cleveland Cut Flower Co. 1
The Cleveland Provision Company 7
The Cleveland Tool & Supply Co. 1
Clover Leaf Dairy 2
R. E. Cobb Co. 1
Cody Transportation Co. 1
Coss Wrench Company 1
Cohen Brothers 3
John Collins 1
John L. Conesu 1
The Conrad-Baisch-Kroehle Co. 2
W. D. Corliss & Co. 1
County of Barbour 1
County of Fayette 1
Criss Brothers 1
Crouch Bros. Co. 1
Culmerville Auto Transit Co. 1
John A. Cunningham 1
John T. Cunningham 1
W. J. Daly Co. 2
Dannemiller Grocery Co. 2
Darling & Company 2
Davis Furniture Company 1
Denver & Pueblo Construction Co. 1
Frank J. Derry 1
Diamond Spring Brewery 1
The Doc & Bill Furniture Co. 1
Aug. Doemling 1
Stanley Dolazinski 1
Dorchester & Rose 1
Downes Lumber Co. 1
Duluth Marine Supply Co. 2
Duluth-Virginia White Bus Lines 1
Duncan & Goodell Co. 1
F. B. DuPree 1
Duquesne Transfer Co. 2
The Eagle Poultry Co. 1
The East Ohio Gas Company 1
The T. Eaton Co., Ltd. 5
Economy Auto Supply Co. 1
Chas. F. Eggers Co. 3
C. R. Elder 1
L. E. Elliott 1
M. E. Elliott Transfer Co. 2
Emerick's Motor Bus Line Co. 6
Emerson Piano House 1
E. H. Emery & Co. 1
Enumclaw Transportation Co. 4
Erie Food Products Co. 1
Excelsior Laundry Co. 2
The Factory Oil Co. 2
Farwell, Ozmun, Kirk & Co. 1
Marshall Field & Co. 7
Field & Poorman 2
Flanigan Bros. 2
Fleck Bros. Co. 1
The Fleischmann Co. 1
Fleischman Floral Co. 1
Fleming Brothers 1
Florida Motor Transportation Co. 18
J. L. Fluehr 1
Fly & Hobson Co. 3
The Flynn-Froelk Co. 1
Ford Transfer Co. 1
Fort Valley Coca Cola Bottling Co. 1
Foster & Kleiser Co. 1
Alexander Fowler 1
The Francis Cartage Co. 2
Frank Franklin 1
Franklin Dairy Co. 2
W. F. Frederick Piano Co. 2
The Frics & Schuele Co. 1
Friestedt Underpinning Co. 1

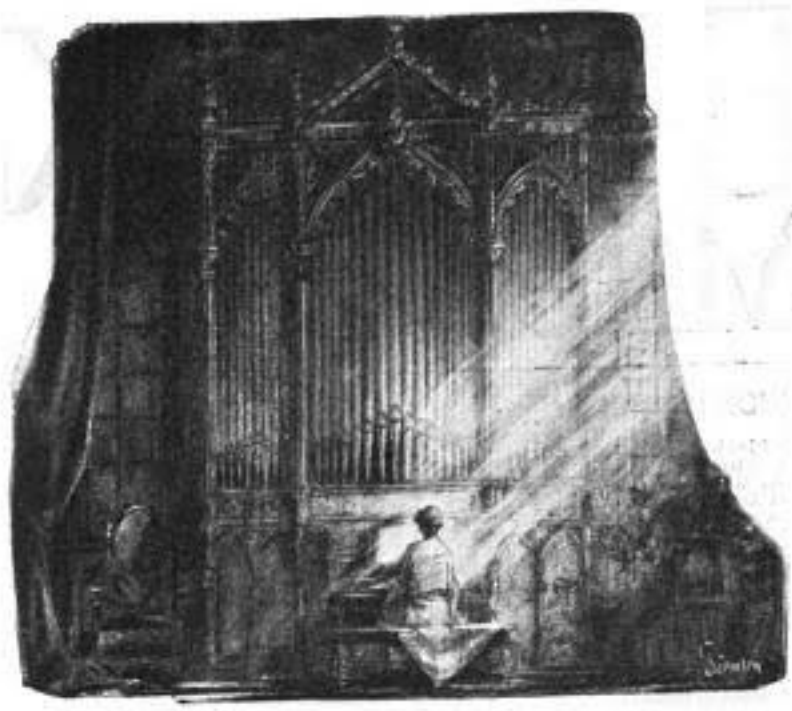
Fullington Auto Bus Co. 1
Chas. Gaffney 4
The Gazette Printing Co., Ltd. 1
General Baking Company 1
Georgia Railway & Power Co. 8
Gimbel Brothers, Inc. 25
The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company 2
Goodwin's, Limited 1
Gordon, Ironside & Fares, Ltd. 1
Grady Hospital 2
A. Graham & Son 2
Grand Rapids Lumber Co., Inc. 1
Graton & Knight Manufacturing Co. 1
J. H. Gray & Co. 1
Great Northern Power Co. 2
Greer Furniture Co. 1
Greenfield Electric Light & Power Co. 1
Greenfield Transfer Co. 1
Gregory Electric Co. 1
B. E. Grover 1
Gulf Refining Company 1
James A. Hamilton 4
Hansen Motor Trucking Co. 1
W. T. Hardison & Co. 1
Hardware & Supply Co. 1
Hardy Furniture Co. 2
Harrison Hardware & Furniture Co. 1
F. W. Harrison & Son 1
E. W. Harrold 1
Louis Hartman & Sons 1
Jesse B. Hart & Bro. 1
The Haverty Furniture Co. 3
Hawaiian Pineapple Co. 1
J. Clark Helms 1
Herrmann & Grace Co. 2
Hession, Florist 1
A. H. Hews & Co., Inc. 1
The Higbee Company 1
Highland Motor Transfer Co. 2
Highway Transit Co. 1
R. A. Hilborn 1
Hitchings & Co. 1
Hochheimer & Co. 3
Holder Coal & Lumber Co. 1
Honeyman Hardware Co. 6
Paul Honkavarra 1
Horstmeyer's Grocery 1
Houghton County Bus Co. 2
The Hudson's Bay Co. 1
M. L. Hullett 1
The Humphrey Company 1
Albert Hupper 1
Hursen, Inc. 1
Independent School District No. 51 1
Interstate Auto & Supply Co. 1
Interurban Autocar Co. 1
Jackson's Express & Van Co. 1
Jacksonville Coca Cola Bottling Co. 1
Jarnagin Grocery Co. 1
Jefferson Highway Transportation Co. 3
W. K. Jeffries 1
Ben Jesselson Co. 2
George Jindra 1
Johnson Educator Food Co. 1
Johnson's Express Co. 1
The Jones Store Co. 4
Jonesboro, Lake City & Eastern R. R. 1
Joplin Coca Cola Bottling Co. 1
Joplin Hauling Co. 1
The J. G. Justis Co. 1
Kee & Chapell Dairy Co. 2
Kellogg & Co. 1
Kelly-Springfield Tire Company 1
J. Kennard & Sons Carpet Co. 1
Kentucky Creameries 1
Kentucky Parfay Co. 1
Kimberly-Clark Company 1
Kinnett-Odom Co. 1
George C. Kirkhope 1
The W. H. Kistler Stationery Co. 1
C. W. Klemm, Inc. 1
Knickerbocker Storage Co. 1
The Knight-Campbell Music Co. 1
Knoble Brothers 1
G. W. Koehler 1
Kohlberg Bros. 1
The Kraus Plumbing & Heating Co. 1
J. A. Kroschewsky 1
Theodor Kundtz Co. 4
Kussmaul's Express 1
LaCrosse & Southeastern Railway Co. 1
Lafayette Home Telephone Co. 1
F. Landon Cartage Co. 1
S. Laskau 1
The Lee Bros. Furniture Co. 1
Lehi Roller Mills 1
E. Lehnhardt Estate 2
Leitch Drayage & Warehouse Co. 1
P. E. Leone 1
City of Lincoln, Police Dept. 1
Lindsay & Morgan Co. 1
Livingston Furniture Co. 1
City of Los Angeles 1
Louisville Provision Co. 1
W. F. Lowery 1
The Walter M. Lowney Co. 1
J. B. Lukens 1
E. B. McAlister & Co. 1
Peter McCabe 1
A. J. McCarty 1
McCreery and Company 1
Dorman McFaddin 1
McMahon Bros. 1
McMahon Transportation Co. 6
The McNally-Doyle Co. 1
R. A. McWhirr Company 1
City of Macon 1

Madary's Planing Mill, Inc. 6
Mandel Brothers 14
Charles W. Mann 1
Marathon Auto Draying Co. 1
Marietta Undertaking Co. 1
Marshall-Wells Hardware Co. 2
The Marsh-Murdoch Co. 1
C. W. Marwedel 1
Mason Tire & Rubber Co. 1
The Maxine Co. 1
The May Company 1
Henry P. Mayer Music House 1
May, Stern & Co. 1
May & Company 1
The John Meckes Sons Co. 2
Mecklenburg Chero Cola Bottling Co. 2
The Merchants Biscuit Co. 1
Mesaba Transportation Co. 7
Michaud Brothers, Inc. 3
Michigan Seating Co. 1
Miller & Holmes 1
Miller & Rhoads, Inc. 1
P. Milliron 1
Milwaukee Macaroni Co. 1
Monarch Laundry Co. 1
S. Monday & Sons 1
Montowese Brick Co. 1
Moody & Thomas Milling Co. 1
J. M. Moore 1
Moore-Handley Hardware Co. 2
Moore Transfer Co. 1
Henry Morgan & Co., Ltd. 1
Morrison Motor Car Co. 1
Morrison-Skinner Co. 1
Fred Morton 1
The Motor Bus Co. 2
Motor Transit Co. (Douglas, Ariz.) 1
Motor Transit Co. (Billings, Mont.) 1
Motor Transit Co. (Los Angeles) 4
Motor Transportation Co., Inc. 1
Mowbray's Undertaking Co. 1
C. F. Mueller Co. 2
Timothy Murphy 1
Murta, Appleton & Co. 1
The Nakoma Co. 1
Nashville Builders' Supply Co. 1
National Acme Co. 1
National Casket Co. 2
National Milk Co. 1
National Plumbing & Heating Supply Co. 2
The National Shawmut Bank of Boston 1
Nelson Farm 1
New Bedford Dry Goods Co. 1
New Dolington Hotel 1
A. J. Norris 1
North St. Paul Casket Co. 1
Norwich Motor & Machine Co. 1
Town of Norwood 1
V. G. Nottoli 1
Oak Ridge Lumber Co. 3
Frank Oechslin 1
A. C. Oelschig & Sons 1
Omaha Taxicab & Transfer Co. 8
O'Neill & Co. 2
Oppenheim Collins & Co. 2
Orchard & Wilhelm Co. 1
Oregon Box Co. 1
Ott Hardware Co. 1
Oxford Dye Works 1
Pacific Baking Co. 1
Pacific Fruit & Produce Co. 2
Frank Padry 1
Page & Shaw, Inc. 3
E. F. Pahl & Co. 1
Paige Bros. 2
The Palais Royal 1
Panama Lubricants Co. 1
The Parmelee Company 5
Pearson Paper Box Co. 1
John W. Peck & Co., Ltd. 1
Pecos Valley Southern Ry. Co. 1
The Pelletier Company 1
The People's Store Co. 2
Perfection Bread Co. 1
Perkinswood Transportation Co. 1
Perrett & Glenny 2
Peters Bottling Co. 1
Pete Petropol Fruit Co. 1
F. Phillips 1
Pierce Bros. & Co. 1
Pierson Engineering & Construction Co. 1
Pioneer Sand & Gravel Co. 1
E. Porter Products Co. 2
Portland-Damascus Milk Co. 3
Postum Cereal Company 1
Powers Mercantile Co. 3
W. E. Prouty 1
Pullman Taxi Service Co. 1
Ramos Brothers 1
The Red Rock Co. 2
Reed Oil Co. 4
Caradoc Rees 1
A. W. Reiser & Co. 1
Reliable Furniture Co. 1
Rhode Island Distributing Co. 2
Rhodes Brothers 1
The Riechman-Crosby Co. 2
The Riggs Company 1
Riverview Dairy Co. 1
Rocky Mountain Parks Transportation Co. 2
William S. Roe 2
Rolfe Building Materials Co. 1
Rooks & Hubbard 1
The Rosenbaum Company 3
Rothschild & Co. 3
Ryan Fruit Company 1
Arthur H. Sagendorph 1

Saks & Company 7
Salt Lake Transportation Co. 3
Samuelson, Florist 1
County of San Bernardino 3
Sandusky Furniture Store 1
San Joaquin Baking Co. 1
Santa Rosa-Sausalito Stage Co. 1
Santiago Orange Grove Ass'n 1
Savage-Schofield Company 2
C. Schmidt & Sons Brewing Co. 1
J. S. Schofield Co. 2
Schulze Baking Co. 9
Schuneman & Evans, Inc. 1
Schuster-Gormly Co., Inc. 1
Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney Dry Goods Co. 4
Shaw Transfer Co. 1
Shelley Hygiene Ice Co. 1
Shenberg & Rubinoff 1
The Shepard Company 1
Shepherd & Story 1
Sidwell Garage Co. 1
Frank Silvers 1
Franklin Simon & Co. 3
L. R. Slater 1
W. & J. Sloane 2
Smith's Bakery 2
Smith Bros. & Burdick Co. 1
The Smith-Green Co. 1
Smith, Richardson & Conroy 1
Augustus Snyder 1
South Bend Wholesale Grocery Co. 1
South Florida Bus Service 2
Southern Door & Glass Co. 1
Southern Dray Co. 2
The W. P. Southworth Co. 1
Spearin Transfer Line 1
J. W. Spooner 1
Springfield Ice Co. 1
St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum 1
The St. Paul Daily News 1
E. P. Stacy & Sons 1
Standard Oil Co. of Kentucky 1
Standard Oil Co. of Ohio 1
The Star Store 1
Sterchi Furniture & Carpet Co. 1
Sterling Products Co. 3
The Sterling & Welch Co. 7
Stern Brothers 2
The Steubenville Coal & Mining Co. 2
Stevens Hardware Co., Inc. 1
Stewart Dry Goods Co. 1
Stewart Taxi-Service Co. 18
Strathroy Creamery 1
The Strouss-Hirshberg Co. 1
Sturgis-Jones Last Co. 1
Suburban Ice Co. 1
Supan Auto Livery 1
James A. C. Tait 1
Terre Haute Brewing Co. 3
Thompson & Smith Transportation Co. 7
Tipping's Second Hand Store 1
T. K. & N. R. R. Co. 1
Toledo Builders' Supply Co. 2
Tooke Bros., Ltd. 3
Toronto Plate Glass Importing Co. 3
Tyrell Tripe 2
Tucson, Cornelia & Gila Bend R. R. 1
Turner & Stevens Co. 1
Turner & Wescott, Inc. 1
Twin City Rapid Transit Co. 1
R. B. Tyler Co. 1
Union Lumber Co. 1
Union Transfer Co. 4
United Cape Cod Cranberry Co. 3
United States Army, Q. M. C. 2
United States Bakery 8
United States Laundry 3
United States Music Co. 1
United States Trucking Corp. 2
United Transportation Co. 1
H. L. Vandigriff 1
F. G. Vogt & Sons, Inc. 1
Waltham Laundry Co. 2
G. G. Ward 1
Watkins Brothers, Inc. 1
Watson Paint & Glass Co. 1
Wauwatosa Stone Co. 2
Webb & Hendricks 1
Webster Transportation Company 1
M. Welland 1
Weinacker Ice & Fuel Co. 1
Weiss & Lewis Motor Trucking Co. 1
William Weller 1
M. F. Westergren, Inc. 1
Western Canada Flour Mills Co., Ltd. 1
Western Motor Transfer 1
D. J. Whelan Estate 1
White Bus Line 2
White Hardware Company 1
White Rapid Transit Corp. 1
White Transit Co., Inc. 5
W. M. Whitney & Co. 4
The Willard Storage Battery Co. 1
Wilshire Oil Co. 1
The Charles F. Wing Co., Inc. 2
Winkler's Motor Service 1
Winzeler Undertaking Co. 1
Woodward & Lothrop 1
Wooten Marble Co. 1
Worcester Baking Co. 1
Wouters Laundry 2
Yerks & Co. 1
City of Yonkers, Police Bureau 1
The Zettelmeyer Coal Co. 1
Zimmerman Brothers 1
Peter H. Zink 1
John Zitterbart 1

THE WHITE COMPANY, *Cleveland*

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Lead has no voice to call its own

IT has neither the property of "sounding brass" nor of a "tinkling cymbal." Lead is the silent, voiceless metal.

But it plays its part in music. Pipes of lead-tin alloy are constantly used by the organ builder because of its malleability, its freedom from objectionable vibrations, and its durability.

Lead modestly permits the air vibrations to sing in their own pure tones. So, though lead be dumb, it does its share to provide the world with music.

* * *

There are unnumbered ways in which lead enters into your life. There is hardly a phase of human endeavor where lead is not called upon for some major or minor service.

It is hard to say which of all is its most important function. Paint made from white-lead does a wonderful work in preserving wood and metal from destruction and in beautifying them as well as protecting them.

The best paints are made with white-lead. The more white-lead a paint contains, the greater are its protective qualities.

Dutch Boy White-Lead

National Lead Company makes white-lead, mixed with pure linseed oil, under the name of Dutch Boy. The picture of the Dutch Boy, which you undoubtedly know, is the trade mark for this white-lead.

Write our nearest branch office, Department A, for a free copy of our "Wonder Book of Lead," which describes some of the many uses for lead—an interesting, educating story of a remarkable metal.

"Save the surface and you save all"—Dutch Boy Linseed

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York Boston Cincinnati San Francisco
Cleveland Buffalo Chicago St. Louis
JOHN T. LEWIS & BROS. CO., Philadelphia
NATIONAL LEAD & OIL CO., Pittsburgh



Some Products Made by National Lead Company

Dutch Boy White-Lead	Orange Mineral
Dutch Boy Red-Lead	Sheet-Lead
Dutch Boy Linseed Oil	Battery Red-Lead
Dutch Boy Flatting Oil	Battery Litharge
Dutch Boy Babbitt Metals	Music Plates
Dutch Boy Solders	Sugar of Lead

Lead Plumbing Materials

(Continued from Page 111)

When he made sure of that fact he rose to his feet, his eyes smoky with anger.

"Some mutts harden for looks," he cried harshly. "I don't. I harden for hardness. A fancy grain goes fine on a desk, but a shop is something else again. I been hardening steel for twenty-two years and I ought to know. If you mean I don't harden good ——"

"I'm trying to help you, Bedford. I'm not complaining."

"Then what's the grand idea? What am I here for?"

"Why, to work out a method with me of hardening this new steel. This steel demands a lower heat than yours. That's part of it. High-carbon steel hasn't the latitude of your eighty-point. That's also part of it. Another part is, you haven't checked up on yourself, and your heats have probably crept on you. See if that isn't true."

"I never overheated a steel in my life!" cried Bedford, his voice throaty with wrath.

"Yet the grain of those disks was coarsened by overheating."

"I've forgot more about hardening than some mutts I could name ever knew! Take it or leave it."

"All right. If you've forgotten, learn it over."

"I mean you!" cried the hardener with deliberate though angry insolence.

Akeley's voice became itself fine grained and file hard.

"Please keep your temper for a moment, Bedford. I've tried to make it easy for you to coöperate. Never mind about that. You've been hardening this easy steel all your life, over and over, getting nowhere. You're not a steel hardener—you're only an eighty-point hardener. What new thing about steel have you learned during the last ten years? Why don't you get in and learn the rest of your trade?"

Bedford's reply was a sneering insult that could not be overlooked:

"Maybe I will—if I can find another smooth salesman to make it worth my while."

"You're fired!" snapped Akeley.

And that was the end of that.

IV

I HAVE spoken of Bedford's resemblance as a boy to his father. He also resembled his son. Arrogant though he was, unteachable, a dead man and no coffin ready, had he stood in Jimmy's scuffed shoes, renewing his life in his youth, he might have been Jimmy himself.

Chemicals are known by their reactions. Characters likewise, surely.

Minna also resembled Jimmy, because mothers and sons are alike.

The police probation officer had been studying the boy for some minutes. Jimmy, however, could not know that. Neither could he know that the paper on the desk concerned himself, nor that Sergeant O'Connor, the policeman in charge of his liberty, had unearthed still further facts about him.

At the time of which I write delinquent minors in my town were partly under city, partly under county control. The juvenile court was a county institution; but the city furnished police probation officers, so-called, one for each station, to look after the interests of minors. These men were not only city policemen but officers of the court; and they reported to Holcomb, who was likewise both a police officer and an officer of the court.

After a moment Holcomb pushed the paper aside.

"How old are you, son?" he asked at last, almost casually, as if his mind were still elsewhere.

"T'irteen," was Jimmy's sullen reply.

"Live at home?"

"W'at's dat t'ing? Me home's me hat, see?"

The whiff of Spike Colbes, coupled with the frightened, defiant expression on the boy's face, caused Holcomb to glance again at his notes. Spike Colbes, he found, was not mentioned in the paper.

"Father and mother living?"

"Dey t'inks dey's living," said Jimmy.

"Under your hat, you say? How long ago was this?"

"I beats it out of dat bat roost t'ree, four nights ago. I knew a kid pulled me a mattress. I stretched de springs wid him."

"You've been staying with him since then?"

"Nix on dat kid. His old man razzed me off. But I got a good place."

"The police tell me they caught you climbing out of Cohen's store."

"Ginger was slow, that's why—de big stiff."

"That friend with the mattress you mentioned—was he one of the three?"

"Not nit. Dat kid 'ud drop dead if he heard a rat under de floor. Say!"

"What did you take—money?"

"Cigars," said O'Connor when the boy refused to answer. "They stayed on to wrap them so as to look like ladies' hats. Then they had to find their own cigarettes. Very particular. Wanted a brand packed in red boxes with purple letters, and they looked black in the poor light. That slowed them up."

"You must have wanted cigars pretty badly to break into a shop like that."

"The money was in the safe," said O'Connor. "I think one of them bragged he could open it, and found out he couldn't. It all took time."

"Tell me about this mattress friend."

"Dat's just a kid I know. He don't mix very good."

"You're a good mixer yourself, I gather."

"I been round de block a little," admitted Jimmy.

"Who is this Ginger boy who was so slow? I like the name, but not on the year after next. Why call him Ginger?"

"He's a wiz on de lots, is why. He's fast, Ginger is."

"Baseball? What position?"

"De keystone sack," said Jimmy grandly. "Dat's second base, see? He's a good hitter too."

"And what do you play?"

"Me? I'm short regular, but sometimes I play first."

"Are you a good hitter?"

"I don't hold my bat right. All I need is to learn how."

"How do you bat—right-handed?"

"Left. Maybe I'll change over, like Hervey Mac."

"It might be just what you need. I used to play a little myself." Holcomb held up his gnarled hands. "You can see. I'll have to get hold of you boys some night and try you out."

"You pack long fingers," said the boy, with growing responsiveness, forgetting Spike Colbes. "Where did you play?"

"The lots," said Holcomb. "Then the Gordon Squares."

"He ended with the Light Sox," said O'Connor.

"Gee!" cried the boy. "What position!"

"Did you never hear of Speed Holcomb?" asked O'Connor then.

"Yes, sir. He pitched a fade-away. He led the league five seasons."

"This is him," said the policeman.

"Gee!" repeated Jimmy.

"Baseball does things to the hands, but it's fine for the eyes," said Holcomb. "It does things to one's habits too. Makes a man train."

"I remember you didn't smoke, those days," remarked O'Connor.

"Athletes in training don't," said Holcomb.

The boy's freckled face became rosy. He stole a look at O'Connor, who pretended not to notice, and then at Holcomb. Then he lowered his eyes.

"I needed the edge," continued Holcomb. "I figured I wasn't good enough to give other pitchers that handicap. Some athletes maybe can."

"I'm going to quit too," said Jimmy. "Sure."

Holcomb abruptly shifted the subject, together with his manner, which became both kindlier and sterner.

"Now let's get down to strikes. You're here because you've booted your chances. I'm here to coach you back. You boys forgot your good sense you were born with, and did a fool burglary. I don't know why. You don't know why yourselves. Just pure bonehead. You aren't crooks, but you kidded yourselves into thinking you could get something for nothing, and broke into a store. Now you'll have to pay. The judge can send you to Pontiac until you're twenty-one. If he does, that will end your baseball."

Jimmy's lip quivered, but he did not begin pleading for mercy, as Ginger had done half an hour earlier.

"You know all that already. Eight years of hard work if you go to Pontiac, with guards over you night and day. All for what? It might do you good. Anyhow, that's the price. All right. Since you'll have to pay that price, wouldn't you

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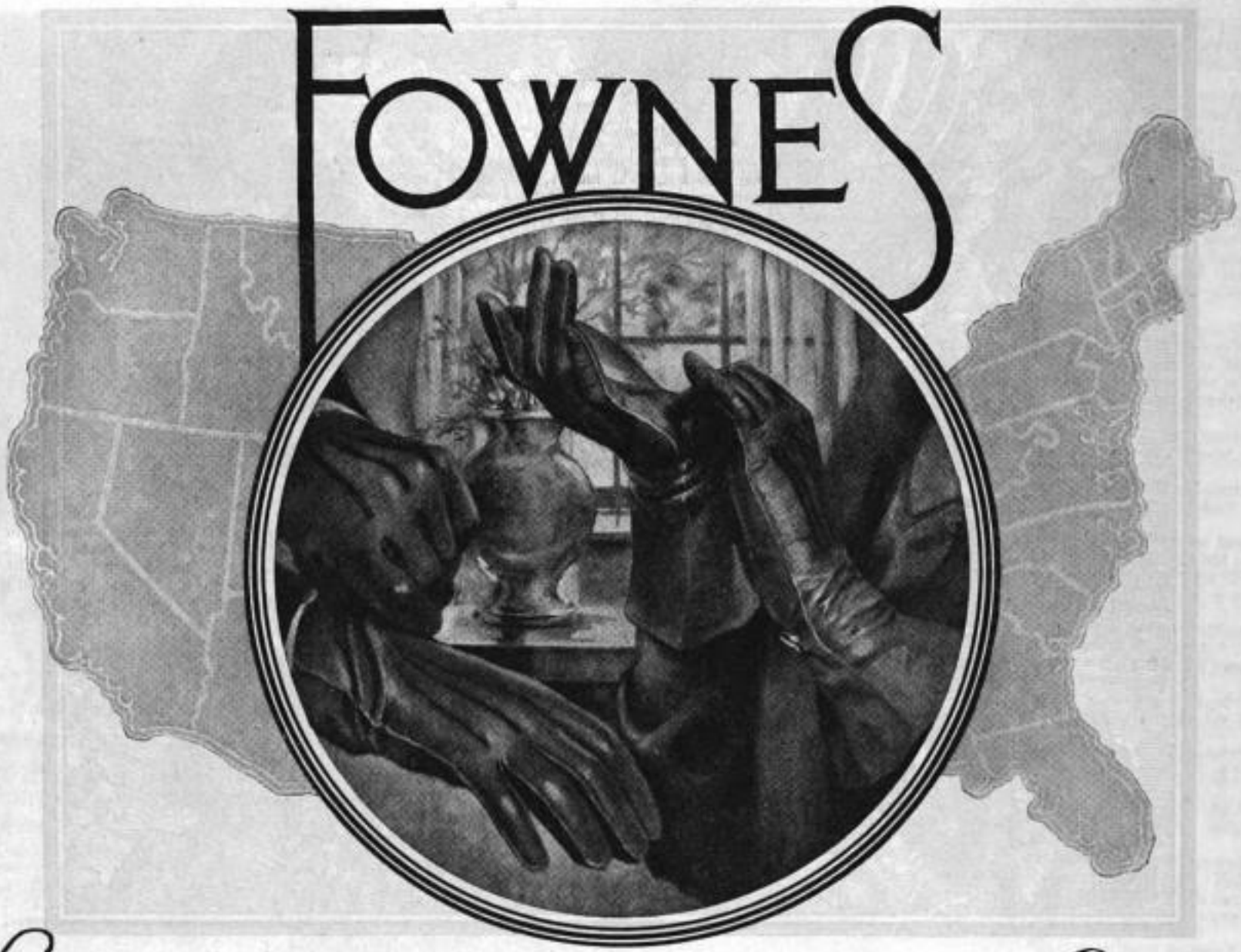
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Great style centers—Fifth Avenue, Bond Street, rue de la Paix—are closer to "Main Street" than they used to be.

The producers of fine apparel, in New York, London or Paris, for many years ignored what they called, complacently, "the provinces," seeking only metropolitan markets.

Today, provincialism in America scarcely exists!

Far from Fifth Avenue, in the smallest towns, men and women of taste are demanding dependable goods of authentic style.

They demand better gloves, suitable for the occasion. They are good judges of value; they are not deceived by freakish styles and unknown brands. They want the best for their money.

And why not? Americans, wherever they may live, are firm believers in the economy of good quality.

That is a typically American belief—long apparent to the makers of Fownes gloves by a growing demand from every corner of the United States.

This year, the one hundred and forty-fifth anniversary of Fownes, we are determined that every glove wearer who wants the genuine Fownes shall have them, while a single pair remains!

The gloves you desire are fairly priced. You pay nothing extra for the "great name," stamped in the wrist of every pair.

Yet that name is a world standard in fit, style and wear, from Paris to San Francisco, from Cairo to Capetown.

Many years of superlative glove service may be yours, if you will take the trouble now to sign the coupon below.

Our booklet lists 89 styles, in Kid, Cape, Mocha, Suède, Glacé, Buck, Filosette, Doette, Silk and Wool, for men, women and children. Sent free.

We do not sell direct to the wearer. We sell to retail merchants only. Our representatives visit hundreds of cities and towns from coast to coast. . . But they cannot possibly reach all of the small, prosperous communities.

To merchants in these places we offer Fownes "T. C." service on the same gloves sold in New York—without tying up a large amount of capital.

When sending for booklet you may use a postcard, if you prefer.

This Coupon for Retail Merchants

FOWNES BROTHERS & Co. Inc. 119 West 40th St. New York

Send me the Fownes list and full particulars of your "T. C." Service for merchants in towns your salesmen do not cover.

Name _____

Street, or P. O. Box _____

City _____ *County* _____ *State* _____

It's a Fownes—that's all you need to know about a glove

This Coupon for Consumers

FOWNES BROTHERS & Co. Inc. 119 West 40th St. New York

Send me the Fownes booklet. I am a customer of (name of store)

_____

I wear size _____ in a _____ glove.

Name _____

Street, or P. O. Box _____

City _____ *County* _____ *State* _____

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(Continued from Page 114)

rather do this same hard work right here in town, instead of in Pontiac?"

The boy's face lighted, but he had to swallow to hide the feelings that surged up. "Yes, sir," he managed to say.

"You'd have to work under me. Suppose I tell the judge you'll do anything I say—go to school, cut out loafing, cut out pool—all that?"

"I'm for it strong," replied Jimmy.

"Not even baseball until you've done your work. After that, all the ball you have time for. The school nine, if you can make it. You'd report every week to Sergeant O'Connor here, and to me once a month. Can I tell him that?"

"Yes, sir."

"You might begin right now." He turned to O'Connor. "Take him to the detention home until his case is called. See that he has a good teacher—the judge will ask about that. Meanwhile we'll see what we can do for him."

In all of which, as I say, you might have read Bedford instead of Jimmy, except for his years and his trade.

V

BEDFORD began his new work on a low key. Whether because he had received a shock or because he feared he might receive one, he did not enter the Netterly door with loaded shoulders, did not snub his helper, did not patronize the equipment. The human race is not so fond of change as it thinks it is; no fonder today than it was when Adam Farmer set forth from Eden.

The Netterly tool steel proved to be of eighty-point temper; but this touch of timidity, and perhaps also the need to show off to himself a little, if not to Jake Netterly, led him to borrow Akeley's thunder and ask for three test disks.

"When I get a new brand," he explained, "I always like to check it up for grain."

The disks were sent down within the hour. After marking them he heated them to different temperatures and quenched them. He knew in advance which disk would be perfect, but whereas before Akeley's demonstration he would have proclaimed this knowledge widely, now he did not.

He knew, but at the same time he wished to see.

"The first will be soft," he thought. "The next will be right. The third will be overheated and coarse."

To his surprise the disk showing the finest grain proved to be the first of the three.

"I suspected that steel the minute I spotted it," he told his helper, his instinct reasserting itself. "Looks heat-shy, I says to my thumb. Most eighty-point would putty down on that soft heat, but this eighty-point was heat-shy."

The telephone bell had rung twice during the morning. Now it again began its clamor.

"Mr. Bedford is wanted," the switchboard girl announced.

"I'm Bedford," he replied.

"Hold the wire."

He heard the making of the connection then, and a moment later the sonorous unveiling of audition as the person calling him took down the receiver.

"This is Holcomb, of the police probation office," he heard, after he had given his name.

"You got the wrong number," he said.

"Peter Bedford?"

"I'm him. I'm Bedford. Sure. What you want?"

"When can I talk to you about your son Jimmy?"

Bedford felt a surge of anger sweep up into his throat—his old anger against Jimmy, together with all the other angers he had experienced since Jimmy's departure. You may remember that he kicked at a truck in Ascott's basement, and before that, rended his newspaper in twain at home.

"I have not time," he cried harshly. "What did he do?"

"Robbed a store, I'm sorry to say."

"We don't own him—that thief!"

"Drop in and we'll talk it over."

"I can't come. I'm too busy."

"Can you hear me distinctly?" asked the man calling himself Holcomb.

"Yes. I hear you. Good-by. I have not time to talk. I have steel in the fire."

"Wait, please." The voice in the telephone became crisper and more authoritative. "You will report at my office within one hour. County building. That's all."

"I tell you I have steel in the furnace! I won't come!"

"One hour," repeated the voice coldly. "Otherwise an officer will be sent to fetch you."

"I tell you ——"

But the connection had already been broken, and only Central answered. Then he began raging. The only result of that folly was to draw curious glances from his new assistant. When he became conscious of that audience he became instantly cool.

"I got to fix up somebody's mistake," he explained. "You watch the muffles till I get back."

But to Jake Netterly he merely said that he was called to court to testify something, but would return in an hour or two.

Bedford's visit to the county building turned out to be exceedingly painful. His anger at Jimmy, Holcomb, Akeley, the street-car service, Minna's cooking, the cloudy weather, had all multiplied back upon itself until the product was a raging tempest even before he squeezed his lean body into the packed elevator. He entered the big room so irritable that he gave off sparks to everything he touched like Volta's cat.

"You wanted to see me," he sputtered, when he had found Holcomb's desk. "I'm here."

The police probation officer, at work checking up report cards, kept on with his writing as if he had not heard.

"I'm Pete Bedford," continued the hardener. "I'm here. What you want of me?"

"Drop it," said Holcomb with a softness oddly inconsistent with his words.

"What you mean, drop it?"

"I'm not your family. When you remove your hat and speak civilly I'll hear you."

Bedford doffed his hat, though with bad grace. "What you want of me?" he asked then, but more mildly.

After a moment Holcomb turned to him. His manner was almost friendly, like that of a man in a position to extend a favor.

"What are you planning to do with this scamp of a son of yours? I want him to go on with his schooling. He'll be coming home soon."

"To my house? That thief?"

"Jimmy's a good boy at heart."

"I won't have him," said Bedford.

"Suppose we talk about the matter. He will probably be my ward."

"I have decided," said Bedford.

"Oh, come! Why not turn in and help him make a man of himself? After all, he's your son."

"Not now. Not any more. I won't have him. I told him. Now let him sleep in his bed."

"Think it over, Bedford. Don't give me an answer today. You're angry because of the suddenness of it. Come in again on Saturday."

"I have not time for that foolishness. I won't have him. Not today. Not any time. Maybe you can make me do what I don't have to do, when I say I won't."

"I wonder," said Holcomb, returning to the soft tone of his first words.

He began speaking to an assistant across the room: "Jones, please make out an information against this man Peter Bedford, Form Ten, and see if Judge Burnham is in chambers."

"You can't arrest me. I have done nothing."

"Locking a minor child out of his home—do you call that nothing? Forcing him to steal—is that nothing?"

"He spends his time in pool rooms is why."

"If you know that why don't you report the pool rooms? Pool rooms in this state are not allowed to admit minors."

"He spends all the money I give him on cigarettes."

"Report the dealer, if you know that. Selling cigarettes to minors is forbidden by state law."

"I tell him to stay home and he runs off."

"Peter Bedford," repeated Holcomb, speaking to Jones.

"I sue you for this, you bet!"

"Now, Bedford, while we are waiting, suppose I tell you some facts about yourself. You can get angry, but I advise you to listen. If I find you cannot, we'll put it off a few hours until you are calmer."

"I get my alderman on your track, you bet! I know how to fetch you down!"

"I see. When you are calmer. Jones, when you find the judge tell him what this sputtering bully has said. That's his family manner. He has a fine wife and a fine son; yet the minute he reaches the front door he begins this bulldozing, until they hate to see him enter the house. Yes, he does."

"That is not so!" cried Bedford.

"I'm talking to Jones. Tell the judge I know this man. He's so ignorant he thinks he is wise. He learned a trade twenty-two years ago. The trade has marched on, but he hasn't. He saw his mother do kitchen work when he was a boy. Now he knows so much about kitchen work he has to tell his wife how to wash the dishes and make coffee and take the stains out of tablecloths. When he gets home he's heap-big-chief—cook and doctor and preacher and everything else he can reach. Yes, he is. You'd think from his talk he was the human race. But he isn't. He isn't even alive. He doesn't know enough about running a family to manage one small boy. No wonder the boy ran away. I would have run away myself. The wonder is that his wife hasn't followed."

"Br-r-r-r-r!" cried Bedford, now quite inarticulate for rage, but also a little frightened.

"This man calls himself a steel hardener by trade. He doesn't know steel hardening. All he knows is a red heat and cold water. The steel has to stand him, but it won't have to long. The dead can't compete with the living."

"I am a foreman for fifteen years," said Bedford, regaining his speech. "Now I am arrested for it."

"When you get that paper made out, Jones, you may file it away, instead of going for the warrant. This man has listened to what I told him. He may now return to his work."

"I am not arrested?"

"The arrest can wait. We'll talk about it later."

"I never tell Minna anything," said Bedford from the door, "except what she don't know. She washes the dishes her own way, you bet."

But Holcomb had already gone back to his reports and did not reply.

VI

THE patient Griselda was packing a steel-framed suitcase with careful haste. She was folding the rewards of her virtue into a parcel she could carry in her hand. A thousand years had made at least that change.

"He never gets home before six," she repeated to herself, glancing at the clock. "I don't have to hurry."

Nevertheless she did hurry. She laid out her prettiest hat to don at the last, but her prettiest dress she patted into place beside a work dress. Her next prettiest dress she was wearing, as she was also her second-best shoes.

Her brushes, combs, powder box, jar of cold cream, and the other odds and ends of articles on her dresser found room then, and a selection from her linen. Her wardrobe was not large, but even the tiniest wardrobe soon overflows a suitcase.

Minna had worried herself ill over Jimmy's absence. Not until big O'Connor had called with his word had she heard from the boy. O'Connor thought he would be paroled; but if so he would need a home. She was therefore returning to the work she had left when she married.

"I waited too long," she moaned. "If I had only quit him when I ought to have, Jimmy wouldn't have done it."

She was doubtless right about waiting too long. How is patience to know?

Even now, after her duty seemed plain, she found it hard to make the definite change in her life. She was leaving her husband, abandoning his ship. She had already rented two inexpensive rooms near a school. She had also secured work; on Monday she was to take on the familiar drudgery of chocolate dipping. Yet until early afternoon she could not quite bring herself to make the final plunge.

Her trouble was, she was still in love with this husband. Some women care more for one imperfect husband than others do for five or six perfect ones.

But she had at last decided, and now worked feverishly at her packing. Bedford she knew would not interrupt her, yet she feared that he might. After a while she had crowded the suitcase with all that would go into it. That which could not be taken she then replaced in her trunk, or in bureau drawers, or in the closet. When all was neat she found pen and paper and wrote her husband his note. This she pinned against the glass of her dresser.

Dear Peter: I'm going to Jimmy because he needs me. Besides I can't stand it. You scold all the time. I didn't start supper. You'll have to go to a restaurant this time. Good-by.

MINNA.

Then putting on her pretty hat and lifting down the heavy suitcase from the bed she gave a final glance about the room and started for the door to freedom, much as Jimmy had done on the night of his idea.

"Peter will be mad," she thought, "but I can't help it. Maybe it will do him good."

VII

BEDFORD'S knowledge of his trade did not remain long in disuse. After luncheon Jake Netterly ran down to consult him about a problem in dies.

"Glad you're back," he began. "Here's a job for you. One of our bohunks got to thinking about his cousin's mother-in-law who lisps, and lapped down this blanking die too far. Can't afford to scrap it—too much time tied up. Pinch it down a few thousandths for me."

"You can make another punch and save it that way," said the hardener after a solemn inspection.

The reply was one that a machinist's apprentice might have made to a layman. If the punch is too small, obviously a larger one will be larger. All die makers have known that fact from childhood. Netterly looked at him in surprise.

"No, I can't. The blank won't stand it. Part of a close fit in a machine."

"You can't do much with a die that's oversize," the hardener went on, ignoring danger signals. "If it was too small now I could anneal it and you could cut it out more."

"I know that. Can't you shrink it back?"

"No way. If it's too big you'll just have to make a smaller one."

"Didn't you tell me you had kept up with the trade?"

"Sure. I know hardening inside out."

"Didn't a man over near Detroit tell somebody how he shrank back a die?"

Netterly had in mind a paper read before a convention of hardeners, in which an analysis was made of the effect upon steel of successive slow and rapid heatings and coolings. Its author had shrunk back with great accuracy just such a die.

"Nobody can change the size of steel that way." Bedford missed the light in Netterly's eye, and proceeded to expound further ancient knowledge. "You can expand steel by heating it, but when you cool it the shrinking brings it back where it was. You can expand a wheel and then slip it over an axle and make a shrinking fit when it cools, but it won't ever get any smaller."

"Are you trying to tell me how to shrink a wheel on an axle?" asked Netterly.

But Bedford missed that shot also. "When you heat a die the steel expands; but when it cools you get it back the same size it was."

"I didn't quite understand," said Netterly, turning away; "but now I think I do."

The incident served to put the hardener in countenance once more. Although he could not forget Holcomb, the taste of him was now mingled with more pleasing flavors. He had returned from the county building sullen and angry; now he became almost jovial.

"Funny what ideas people get," he remarked to his helper. "They think a hardener can do anything."

Meanwhile Netterly went straight to the tool room where he began nosing about among the shelves. After a little he unearthed a five-inch piece of annealed high-speed, suitable for use in a slide rest. This he gave out to Dick Bunner to shape up quickly into a tool. He then found a discarded planer tool, also of high-speed, but hardened. Upon this he placed an annealing ticket, with the words: "Quick, rough job." He then changed the ticket on a case-hardening run to call for figured colors.

"Get them all down to Bedford," he said. "I want the tools by three."

High-speed steel, so called, is a modern alloy steel that retains its hard edge after it has been heated to redness by the friction of high-speed cutting. The older high-carbon steel—tool steel—will not do this. High-speed steel usually requires almost a melting heat, instead of the greatly lower cherry red, for its hardening, and it is not quenched in water. Its annealing also requires a much higher heat than that of carbon steel.

(Continued on Page 120)

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Our town finds innumerable uses for



ELMER WALKER'S CAR used to freeze up every cold night. The little stove in his garage tried hard to heat the whole outdoors, but couldn't make the grade. Finally Elmer had the garage lined with Beaver Board. His car hasn't frozen since.

GEORGE SMITH'S WIFE wanted a playroom in the attic for the twins. George covered the bare beams with Beaver Board. He did the work himself. When it was finished, the room was so cozy and comfortable that George tried to get it for a den.





THAT GOOD-LOOKING paneled effect made such a hit with Walter Jones that he put Beaver Board on the walls and ceilings of every room of his new house. It saved him lots of money and folks say he has the best-looking house in town.



WHEN FRANK TUTTLE was taken in as junior member of his father's firm, he graduated into an enclosed office, with a mahogany desk. The office partitions are made of Beaver Board and Frank is proud as can be every time a client comes into the shop.



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GEORGE HARTER, of Harter & Son, furniture manufacturers, not only has Beaver Board on the walls and ceilings of his plant, but uses it for backs of bureaus and mirrors, for folding screens and in other ways too numerous to mention.



AN UNTIDY KITCHEN was the bane of Mrs. Watt's existence until she conceived the idea of having the walls and ceiling covered with Beaver Board. Now, the kitchen is the pride of her heart. And she says you'd be surprised to know how little it cost.

IN EVERY TOWN there are innumerable uses for Beaver Board. Doubtless you, yourself, have some construction or repair work in mind for which this versatile material can be used much more economically and satisfactorily than ordinary lumber.

A partial list of the ways in which Beaver Board can be used is given below. Read it and see if it doesn't suggest something to you—some new addition or improvement you have been putting off, some repairs you have been postponing—because you feared the cost.

Genuine Beaver Board is a wonderfully economical material. It is flawless, knotless manufactured lumber—made from the long, tough fibres of white spruce. And it comes ready for use in panels that are sized by our *patented Sealtite process*, which makes a perfect surface for painting and decorating.

Any carpenter or lumber dealer in your town will gladly figure on the cost of the Beaver Boarding you want to do. Ask one of them about it to-day. Or, write direct to our Builders' Service Department in Buffalo, enclosing a rough sketch, giving dimensions, locating doors and windows, and specifying the type of room. Our designers will prepare specifications at no cost to you.

ABOVE ALL, be sure you buy genuine Beaver Board. All wall board is not Beaver Board. Genuine Beaver Board is made only by the Beaver Products Company, Inc., of Buffalo, New York. Identify it by the Beaver trade-mark on the back of each panel. We stress this point, because the success of genuine Beaver Board has been such that imitations have entered the field. Use *genuine* Beaver Board and you can rest assured of an economical, permanent, fully satisfactory job.

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The Beaver Company, Ltd., Thorold, Ont., Canada, and London, England
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(Continued from Page 117)

When Netterly found him an hour and a half later Bedford had just placed a file on the planer tool he had been annealing. The heat given it had not softened it even slightly.

"How's that coloring job coming on?" he asked.

"I sent back the ticket for instructions," said Bedford. "That's an oil-process job. You need a special equipment for that job."

"What's the matter with cyanide and water?"

"You can't do it with cyanide," was Bedford's uneasy reply. "Not figured colors."

"Ever try it?"

"Sure. We had cyanide furnaces over to the Ascott. I hardened in cyanide every day. It don't give figures."

"How did that annealing job turn out?"

"I wanted to ask you about that. That steel acts like steel that has glass in it. Too long in the crucible. You can't anneal glass steel."

Bedford had once during his apprenticeship years before had his attention drawn to a refractory steel that his foreman did not know how to handle. Instead of learning what it was the man had dismissed it as glass steel, because he thought it had absorbed silicon from the crucible, as molten steel will. His conclusion as to the qualities of silicon steel he had leaped at. Bedford likewise.

"Same steel as in that other tool," said Netterly.

"I know it is. That's right too. When she's hard, glass steel won't anneal, and when she's soft she won't harden. We had some in a shop I worked in once. Nobody can harden glass steel."

Netterly turned to the assistant, whom he wished to get out of the way. "Bob, run over to Blake's for a length of drill rod I ordered. Joe is off delivering."

He waited until he heard the door close at the head of the stairs, then he continued almost sadly: "You told me you knew modern methods, Bedford. Yet when I brought down a die to be shrunk you never had heard of die shrinking. You don't know how figured colors are obtained. You don't know that high-speed steel requires white heat for hardening, and a heat almost as high for annealing. What's worse, you don't know you don't know. Oil process? Glass steel? Where do you get that stuff?"

He took up the lathe tool and tried it with a file. "Still soft. Now watch me harden it."

Crossing to the forge that Bedford had been using he laid the tool in the coals and turned on the blast. The steel darkened, glowed, grew bright red, and after a little, incandescent.

When he had all but melted down its point he withdrew it, laying it aside to cool without quenching.

"That tool will be file hard," he said. "But that isn't enough. I can't harden it right. That's why we hired you. You pretended to know. Yet now I find that you don't know as much about hardening as I do."

Bedford, crushed, humiliated, abashed, too unhappy to grow angry, listened to the calm recital of his shame like a man in a daze. Theologians sometimes say of a person in that state of mind that he is convicted of sin.

"I am a hardener for twenty-two years," he muttered, but without arrogance, as if stating a puzzle.

"What we need," replied the other, "is a man who knows what is going on today. Twenty-two years is too far back. We're a small concern. We want to grow. You're not the man to help us grow."

"You mean, I'm fired?"

"Laid off, better say. That's up to you. You'll find plenty of work you can do, if that's all that matters. On the other hand, with us you'd have a future. Why don't you get in and learn what we want you to know?"

"I'm too old," said Bedford, coloring to the eyes.

"You're not as old as I am. I keep on learning."

"Where would I learn—now?"

"Where? In books. In trade papers. You can get files of the technical papers in the Crerar Library. The steel houses will help you. Later you can do some visiting. But read first. You have one advantage—you'd know what people were talking about. Your handicap would be that you're not used to studying. What books do you own?"

"I don't own any—except some schoolbooks."

"You'll have to change all that. Now I'll tell you. We can't keep you on as you are. We're planning to expand. We expect to have a heat-treatment room that's the last word, and we expect to have it kept so. If you want to bring yourself up I'll meet you halfway."

"How long will it take?"

"That depends on yourself. Maybe three months. Maybe six months. The sooner the better. Come back in three months. No; come back every few days, so that I can help you. If you will put in long hours, and bring yourself up, we'll give you half pay while you're off. What do you say?"

Bedford began fumbling for the strings of his apron to conceal his emotion.

"I'm for it strong," he managed to say.

"Then it's a bargain," said Netterly.

VIII

CHORDAL in one of the letters that helped shape American industry speaks of "that little thing called human nature" as a factor in results. Bedford's thoughts were in a ferment; he wished to rush instantly to the library for a book; but Netterly suggested that he return in the morning to talk over a plan of study. He therefore went home instead; but because he wished to be alone he walked.

As he trudged feverishly northward he reviewed in his mind the events of the day—the incident of the disks, of the telephone call, of his interview with Holcomb, of his easy advice about the oversize die, of his later attempts first to harden, then to anneal the high-speed tools. But mostly his thoughts returned to Holcomb.

"He had me measured up, that man," he admitted, his eyes narrowed with the pain of the recollection. "Out of date was right. Knew so much I was a nuisance. Working too long on one job was what did that."

But as he weighed it he dismissed that suggestion as a mere excuse.

"Always up with an alibi—that's me. Even now. Don't know anything and won't admit it. Just as bad at home as I am in the shop. Worse, because Minna can't fire me. Bully was right. No wonder the kid ran away, jumping on him like I did. Thrashing around like a broom handle stuck in a pulley, hitting everything in reach—that's me. He sure had my measure. How do people get that way?"

He walked northward, then westward, then northward again, and as he walked he began to feel a great tenderness toward Minna. After a while this tenderness grew into an ill-defined wish to do something for her, buy her something.

"She'd drop dead if I did anything like that," he thought ruefully.

Nevertheless the wish persisted. Had he been rich he would have taken home a pearl necklace or a diamond pendant or a platinum wrist watch. Men sometimes act so. He weighed in his mind nearer possibilities, but could not bring himself to a choice.

A little later still as he was passing a tiny booth between two buildings a chance odor of cooking revived a pleasing memory. The idea that followed took its time in overtaking him—he had to walk back nearly a block—but when it came he was so eager he snatched at it with both hands.

"Give me four hamburgers on white," he almost shouted to the white-garbed cook behind the slim counter.

"With or without?" was then asked.

"Oh, with! With!"

There was a delay while the sandwiches were prepared, and a further delay while they were wrapped, but their purchaser was in no hurry. When he had them under his arm he proceeded along the sidewalk as before, scourging himself like a penitent, and wondering how Minna had endured him. He was still engaged thus when he came in sight of his home.

Minna, suitcase in hand and dressed for flight, had laid her hand on the doorknob when she heard him coming. In another thirty seconds she would have met him face to face. In another two minutes she would have turned the corner beyond all danger of meeting him.

She managed to retreat unseen to her bedroom, though by a hair's margin, snatch off her hat, and slip the suitcase into the concealment of the closet.

"Minna!" she heard then from the kitchen.

The note on the mirror she had almost forgotten; but she saw it in time, and tore it down. She could only crumple it in her hand and thrust it under a pile of linen in the middle bureau drawer.

Then she inspected her image to see if it would betray her. She was dressed for the street; but except for the flush of excitement on her face she thought she looked about as usual.

"Minna!" called Bedford from the front room.

After a moment she opened the door.

"You're early today," she said as calmly as she could. He looked at her almost piercingly. "He knows," she thought, bracing herself for the explosion.

When he spoke, however, he did not tell her that he was not early, nor did he notify her that he was his own master, nor ask her why she had said what she did instead of something else, nor why she had removed her hat, nor where she had put the suitcase.

"I walked home," he began irrelevantly. Then indicating a package on the table: "It's too hot to cook, so I picked up some sandwiches. Let's have a picnic supper."

"He does not know!" was her first thought, followed instantly by a reaction, an emotional let-down that left her on the verge of hysterics. "Too hot to cook," she thought she heard herself repeating inanely.

But that shock was succeeded by another that left her limp and in tears. Bedford had bent down and kissed her. For the first time since their honeymoon he had greeted her with a caress.

Minna, poor woman, did not so much as suspect what lay behind that tenderness.

She wondered vaguely if he had guessed the pain that filled her heart, and if he had, if he were trying to console her. Then all that became irrelevant. Her tears grew into passionate sobbing. She clung to him as to her rock of salvation.

"There, there," he said clumsily. "Don't cry."

In the end she quieted down under his soothing care; but she clung to him even after the tears had ceased, perhaps out of the joy of feeling his strength. As for Bedford, he was more moved than she. He was glad she could lie passive against him while he recovered his voice.

Suddenly she disengaged herself, ran to the table and opened the package.

"They are! They're the same!" she cried.

"Yes," he said.

"I don't know what's in them," she went on mischievously.

But Bedford's verbal memory was not equal to the lead. "Nothing that will hurt you," he said.

"Onions," decided Minna, wrinkling her little nose. "They contain onions, and onions ——"

"It won't matter, if we both eat them."

He had to kiss her again then, because that was a very tender speech; whereupon her face lighted up as if sunlight had fallen upon it.

"I'll make coffee, and we'll play we're on a picnic," she said after a little.

"I bet you! And, Minna—make it your way. I'm tired of coffee made my way. Make it right now."

"It's too early for supper."

"If we have it early we'll have time to run over to the West Side."

"Us?"

"To the detention home to see—to see Jimmy."

I think Minna's eyes still had tears in them, and he noticed them because she opened them so wide. And I think he was afraid his had too. Anyhow he suddenly became interested in a Palace Gates ice wagon in the street and had to walk to the window.

"Peter!" she cried. "After I am so wicked! Oh, my dear!"

She rushed from the room, reappearing a moment later with her hat and suitcase.

"Look!" she cried, throwing open the lid. "When you came I was running away. All my things! I rented me a room. See! There is my key."

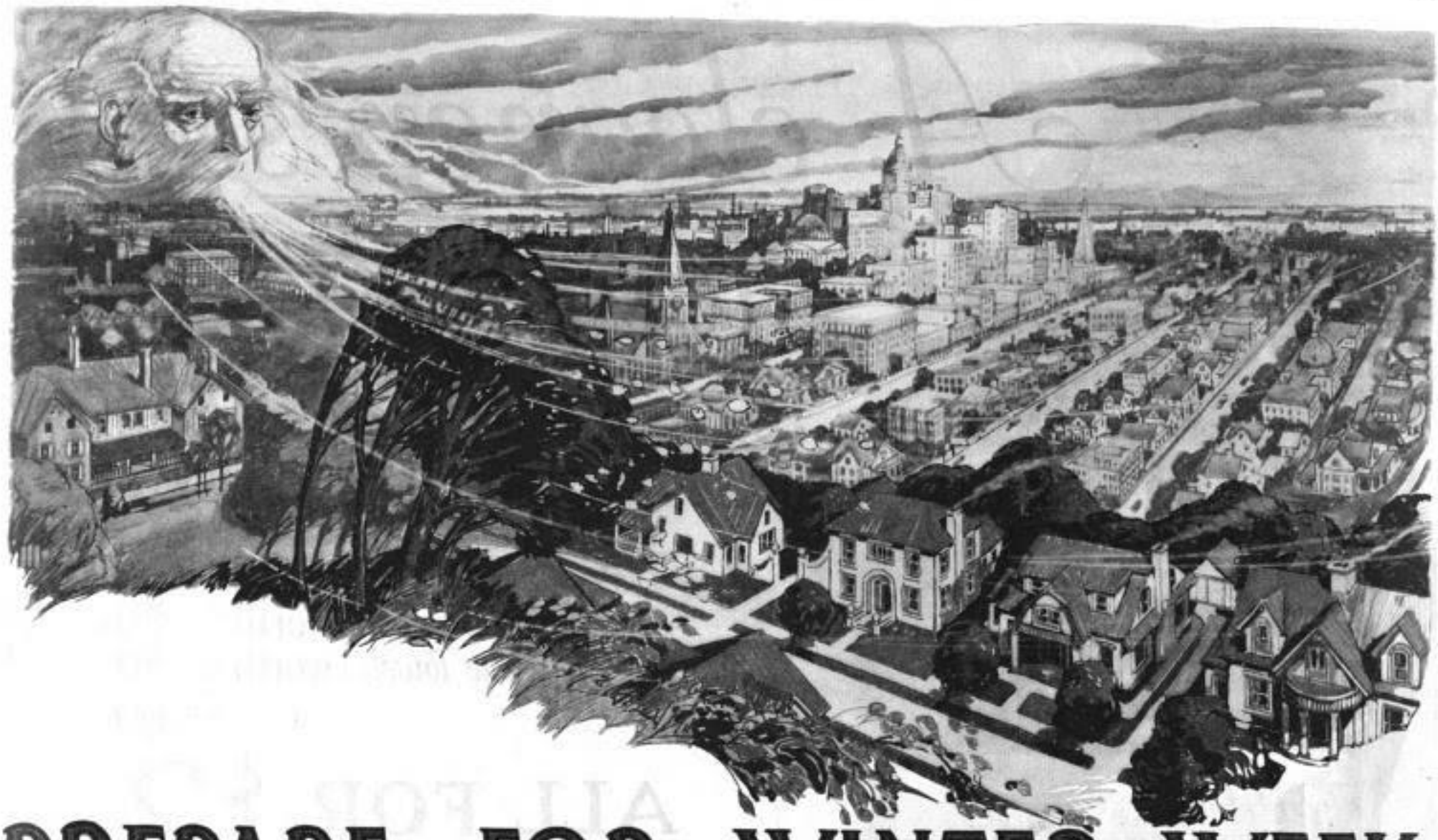
"You ought to have run away long ago."

"But, Peter—I want you to scold me!"

"I just did," he said.

The habit of death is a hard one to overcome, but no harder than many others. I think that Bedford will make Minna a very good husband, after he learns a little more about his trade.

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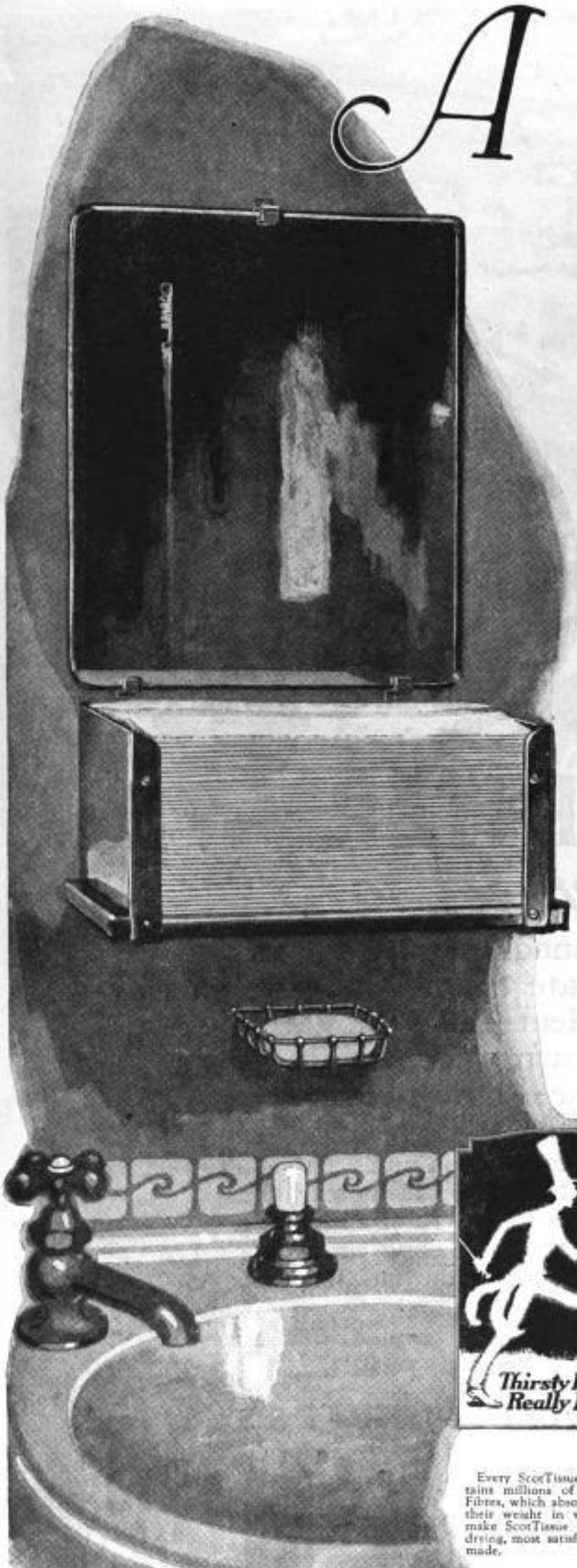
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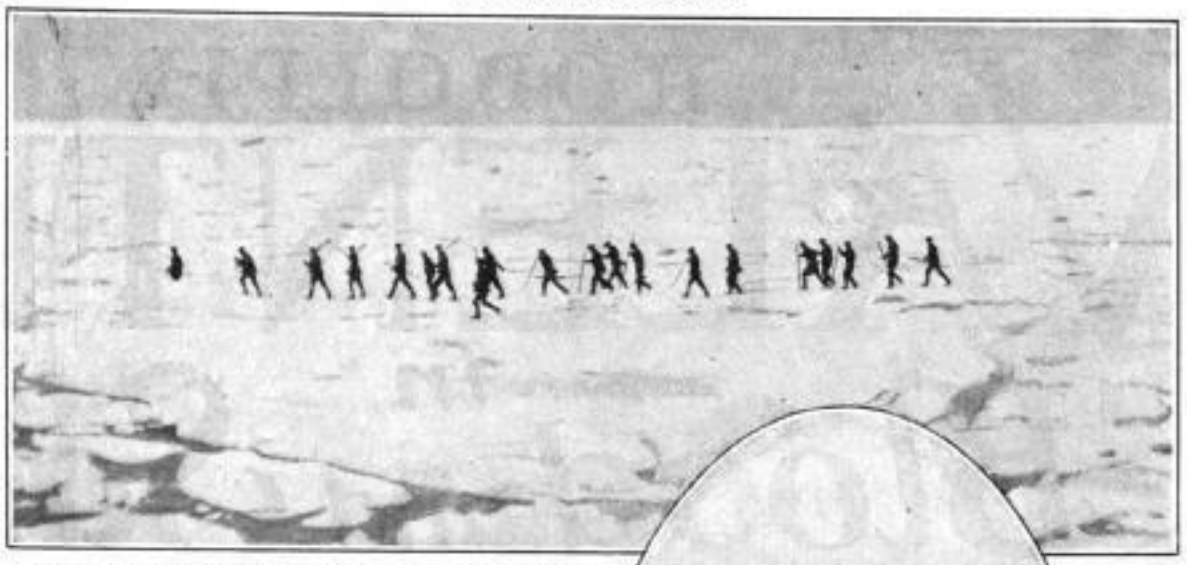
THE GREATEST HUNT IN THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 11)

and skillful, slog out through the ice pack.

Two or three usually go into the gulf; the rest to the front, where, roughly speaking, they operate in the drifting, snow-blinded and hurricane-swept world of ice, growlers and bergs between the Newfoundland and Greenland coasts. "Roughly speaking" is right too!

Young seals and old alike are slaughtered, but preference goes to the whitecoats, because their fat—fat means skins as well—brings higher prices and is easier to be had. The young can be gaffed. In many cases the wary old ones have to be shot, and ammunition costs money. Seal shooting is dangerous work, too, as we shall presently see. The open season is from March fifteenth till May first, or till about a month after the young have rolled off their protective covering and dipped or plunged into the gelid sea.



They Looked Like Ants Crawling Over Frosted Cake

An enormous area is worked over. Day after day, week after week, the ships—sometimes close together, sometimes out of sight of each other—grind, crash, shudder through the ice, blast their way through it with bombs, drift with it when nipped, free themselves and struggle on against every possible obstacle and hardship that Nature in her most terrible moods can fling against them. And ever they are killing; ever icing down the precious pelts. The only limit to the kill is determined by luck, skill and the capacity of the ships to carry fat both below and on deck. Coal, living space, everything is sacrificed to the fat—sometimes even life itself, as Newfoundland well knows.

The Dominion's prosperity hangs largely on the annual hunt. A bumper fishery—for these people still insist that seals are fish—feeds thousands of hungry mouths ashore. A bad one brings misery in its train. The price of fat fluctuates sharply. During the war I believe it was up to some twelve dollars a quintal, a quintal being about one hundred pounds. This year it was only four dollars for whitecoats and three dollars for bedlamers, or older seals. Of this, one-third goes to each of three groups: Captain and officers, common hands, shipowners. All kinds of minor arrangements exist, bonuses, and so on; but the rough statement must do.

Trumps and Jokes

Luck and skill are trumps. Luck is the real joker. With it, the Wolf once brought in twenty-seven thousand in only eleven days. Without it, a ship may suffer weeks of misery and come home almost blanked. The high-line achievement of the fleet was made by Cap'n Kean in 1910, when he headed through the Notch at St. John's, aboard the Florizel, with more than forty-nine thousand sculps aboard. Cap'n Kean is known as a jowler, which is the reverse of a jinker, a jinker being, in United States, a Jonah.

These are all the statistics I am going to load into this article, so pluck up heart again. We shall get back to the killing almost at once; also to some very satisfying perils and disasters. I want only to say, here, that every spring all Newfoundland thinks and talks little except seal; and that the men themselves toil night and day, through hardships quite incredible to an outlander, with a daring zeal that one must see to understand.

I lived, as a kind of unofficial general-utility man, for some five weeks on board the historic old Terra Nova—the very ship, you remember, which Scott and Shackleton used in much of their antarctic exploration. Later I transferred over the ice to the Eagle. Thus I had experience such as no other American writer has ever had, on two old-time sealers. Marvelous, thrilling and all that—but never again!

Day by day and night by night, except when we were burned down—stopped—in the ice, the rugged ship fought her way on, in all directions and seemingly in none. And ever, sculps accumulated above; were tallied down, below. Time seemed lost. Sense of location vanished. It seemed only that we were somewhere in a limitless, frozen, dazzling, heaving, grinding wilderness of white.

Gales swept us, with a blistering cold that seemed to peel the very skin from my face. Fogs infolded us. Snow wrapped up the whole world in a shroud. Black nights of ineffable, starry splendor bent over us. The northern lights' virescent and umber curtains waved above us more gloriously than words can tell. Sun dogs gleamed, mock suns glowed, the ice blink and loom shot the horizons far aloft in palisades of mystic white. Mirages lifted, floated. Bergs crushed, growling, through the floes. We jostled them familiarly, neighboring death with an indifference born of hard experience. A wonderland such as southern folk never even dream of—a wonderland of sights, sounds, colors indescribable—inwrapped us to the exclusion of all other life. Some day, by the way, an enterprising tourist agency will reap a fortune by outfitting a stout steamer to take American millionaires seal hunting. In common parlance, an expedition of this kind would have every other possible hunt faded. Yes, I could organize such a hunt. Trot out your millionaires!





The Death of a Whitecoat. At Left—Cap'n Abram Kean, Terra Nova, Shooting Seals

Day by day, week by week—while I engaged in poetic avocations of peeling potatoes for the cooks, helping load ice, emptying ashes overside as a member of the ash-cat gang, doing my bit at navigation, dragging in tows, standing long cold tricks at the wheel, counting seals' tails, cutting tally sticks, filing cartridges and Lord knows what else—all this time, I say, the ship battled on, on, eternally on through the white wilderness.

Thunders boomed through her, shocks and tremors threatened to rend her timbers. She bucked, reeled, staggered, rode the ice down, crushed it and ripped it, won through. Many and many a day no seals appeared. Again, luck favoring, multitudes unbelievable came to view.

Harps and Hoods

It was my very good fortune to get intimately acquainted with the seal herd at point-blank range, though I never did any shooting except with camera and notebook. It gives you a peculiar feeling, up there in those lifeless wastes, all at once to run into a spot of seals, probably the most graceful and beautiful of living creatures. To watch a herd disporting itself in a broad bay, golden with sunshine; to see the sleek, lithe, large-eyed creatures leap, dive, swim on their sides, fling themselves on their backs, revel in the very poetry of motion, is unforgetable. Little fear they show of man; they seem to regard this strange new biped with a kind of mild curiosity—usually to their undoing. Up and down in their bobbing holes they surge, watching the ship, the men. Often an explosive bullet puts an end, in a bloody lash and smother, to their investigations.

Newfoundlanders have a name for every age of both harps and hoods. Young harps, of course, are whitecoats. Their second year these become rusties, or rusty-jackets. These graduate into bedlamers, which in turn become saddlers or saddlebacks. Freshman hoods are young hoods; sophomores, bedlamers; juniors, curriers; and seniors, old dogs.

These old dogs, by the way, are not to be trifled with. The hood family is invariably three—dog, female and pup. Many a family I used to see basking on the pans; whereas, among the harps, the dog rarely concerns himself with domestic affairs. Usually the hoods will stand and fight, differently from the harps, which are runaways, or at best passive resisters. It takes two good men to kill a dog hood. He's called a hood because when angry he blows up a big skin bag over his head, which you may hammer with the gaff till you're tired—if he doesn't bite your leg off first—without in any way discommoding him.

Many a fearsome tale is told of sealers losing hand, arm or leg by doghood bites. Even the carcass, so they say, will bite you after the pelt is off. Newfoundlanders prefer not to mix it much with dog hoods. I've seen other animals than these six-hundred to nine-hundred pound monsters that I prefer as playmates. The winch has to puff hard to haul one of these slate-blue giants aboard. Hoods always waken lively but respectful enthusiasm.

Harps weigh from one hundred and fifty to three hundred; the young, three or four feet long, run thirty-five to sixty pounds. As playthings, you can't beat whitecoats.



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Over the Lines of Men Wound Forward, Among Crags and Confusions

(Continued on Page 126)

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(Continued from Page 123)

Heaven knows how many of them I fondled, much to the disgust of the hardboiled sealers. For general all-round furriness and softness, fatness, innocence, unsophistication and confiding childlike blandness, I commend the whitecoats to your attention. They're Angora kittens, plus.

I enjoyed trudging out over the ice, finding whitecoats and having a little heart-to-heart with them. They look up at you with a couple of perfectly ravishing brown eyes, continually suffused with tears, and need only a ribbon round their necks to fit them for prize winners in any beauty show. Brutal to kill them? Well, how about lambs? I believe even some kind-hearted ladies enjoy a nice little lamb chop. And besides yielding the very finest fat, each whitecoat has a couple of the most appetizing little fippers, as Newfoundlanders call them. Oh, yes, I've eaten flipper; and so would you if you could ever get a chance. You'd pass your plate for more too, no matter how kind-hearted you were.

These entrancing young beggars possess astonishing vitality—enough to make up for an almost total lack of brains. If their fond mammas have nursed them for a week or so they lay up fat at a tremendous rate, so that even when orphaned they survive till they can dip for themselves and go to fishing. Even the nogheads—that is, whitecoats whose mothers are killed when the young are just born—often plug along somehow and make a go of life. They're all head, true; but they live. And in due time they, too, take to the sea. Hardy babes! Life has to be hardy in those frozen deserts.

Incidentally, one of the most charming bits of domesticity in the world is a whitecoat at dinner, in some sheltered ice nook, while its proud mother stretches out on her side with an air of infinite content. The mother often refuses to abandon her child, even when death comes running and yelling with a gaff in hand. How many mothers I have seen sacrifice themselves in a perfectly vain attempt to protect their weeping, mewing infants! Yet, once the nursery days are over, Mrs. Harp incontinently deserts her offspring; and thereafter she will have nothing whatever to do with it. Away she goes, to ride the ice for a while and have a perfectly glorious time of freedom and play, while young Johnny or Susie Harp has to get into the swim for himself and paddle his own—flippers.

Once the young seal has dipped, unerring instinct bids him turn toward the polar star. He, who seems to know nothing, knows this at all events. Northward he must beat—he's called a beater now—and ever northward still, to join the great north migration of his tribe. Summer finds him with his kin at the mouth of Hudson Bay, and so begin the vast wanderings which are the portion of his race.

Instinctive Strategy

If you want to study animal instincts in all their wonder, wholly uninfluenced by man, go up into the north and watch the seal herd. There you will see the mother seal infallibly recognizing her own precious among whole acres of moon-eyed white pincushions, all exactly alike, fondling it and snappishly repelling all others that enterprisingly hump themselves near the maternal fount. Any old seal appears good to a young one; but the rule doesn't work both ways. And there, too, you will learn of the mother seal leaving her baby on the ice, sliding through a bobbing hole and going miles away to fish; then—while that ice pan has drifted ten or twenty miles—infallibly returning to the same bobbing hole, and up it, and so back to her darling. How's that for instinct? It's been proved by leather tickets fastened to mother seals' scutters. How can human reason explain a thing like such sense of location?

Again you will see a herd, close beset by enemies and caught in nipped ice where the bobbing holes and rifts have been closed up, gather in a bunch, fifty or sixty of them. Thus their weight breaks through the ice and they escape.

Who or what taught them that trick? I don't know. Does anybody, or can anybody guess?

The bawling of the whitecoats is one of the most eerily strange and compelling sounds you can hear. Out on the sealer's grimed or bloodied or snowy deck at night, I often used to hearken to it—an immense, far, hungry wail, usually of orphaned young; a kind of *nos morituri te salutamus;* for on the morrow they, too, must die. The nearest thing to it is a kitten's cry; and yet it's not that either.

Overhead, perhaps, blazes a full moon, pitilessly cold and clear. The stars are holes burned in a purple dome, letting the glory of heaven gleam through. At the horizon a milky-white gleam extends. Everywhere ice is shimmering like a hard glaze, while here or there the heaped-up pressure ridges glint with jet-black shadows. A world of ink and milk, all frozen. Merciless cold transfixes you, but you forget to feel it. Deep black lanes and bays of water gloom away. In the moonlight spars and rigging glitter, ice-incrusted. Stars shimmer in jetty pools, where sparkles of phosphorescent green flash up, then vanish. No wind; a dead world, save for the ship—and the whitecoats. For the illimitable black-and-whiteness is filled with a continuing cry, far, near; a call of life in death; sentience appealing to implacability of Nature and of man; and to the stars drifts up the universal hunger cry of helplessness.

The Northward Chase

No more of the whitecoats now. They pass. Another phase of the great killing draws our attention. For now the season is over when the young can be taken. They have gone, either into the fleet's reeking holds or into the Atlantic. Gaff work is ended now; the riflemen's turn has come. Wary at last, beating north and ever northward, the vast herd—decimated but still incredibly numerous—is on the trek to the far places where men shall not pursue them. Time is growing short. The kill must be made, the ships log-loaded, that the hungry at home may be fed and life on shore be plentiful.

So the chase is northward now, tracking the migration. Fifteen—twenty miles a day the Terra Nova must win, every day hitting the herd, hoping always for some luck that will bring wind, weather, ice conditions, seals and all into such happy accord as will full her up logy and bring her richly to port.

The matter of bucking arctic ice is none of the pleasantest, especially if you stand at the wheel. Backing up for a charge at the floes, the rudder is liable to strike a pan—and then all hands stand clear while the wheel spins. No four men can hold her. If she catches you you're lucky to get off with only broken bones. Once Peary was caught thus aboard the Kite—one of the sealing fleet—and had his leg smashed. You have to watch yourself every minute aboard a sealer.

In vast slants and tacks the Terra Nova fought northward through sheets, lakes, pinnacles, fantasias of ice, her mile-long shadow at morning and night creeping, crinkling over torments of ruin that now seemed fallen Parthenons and Troys, again the wasted surface of the moon. Sometimes, ghostlike, we moved through a world of white shadows. Sometimes we coasted along wide seas and rivers of open, gleaming water, where uncountable thousands of seals mockingly disported themselves, for in open water they were safe.

As we struck the heavy pack at full speed pans flew, ground and whirled, while torrents of water dashed aloft. The ship shook as if riven. Thunders boomed. But her stout ribs held. Swift cracks ran lightning-swift ahead. The Terra Nova's bluff shoulders thrust aside all the north had to give. And, guided by the scunner's musical cries from the barrel, she fought her way.

Betimes, though, she jammed fast. Then it was "Bombs out!" and stern work with blasting powder. Bombs were nailed to long staves, while the boson ordered, "Hot de poker fer de blastes!" With long stabber poles a gang swarmed on the ice. The red-hot poker was rushed overside. One touch of it to the fuse; then the bomb was thrust far under the ice, clumpers piled on and all hands scuttled away.

Boom! The ship quivered. Ice flew almost to the masthead. Last year a huge mass fell on Cap'n Kean, up on the bridge, and crippled him for a fortnight. Sulphurous fumes mingled with the smell of blood and oil that surrounded the ship like an aura. Then, yelling, the stabber-pole crew fell to work. If she loosened, well and good. If not, more blasts rent the ice. Thus she worked free; and away she churned, butted, groaned and indomitably fought along once more. Sometimes it seemed all in vain. No seals appeared. Again, luck favoring, incredible multitudes were sighted. Exultation, tense excitement gripped the crew.

Late one afternoon, as sunset was paint-ing the ice world a most entrancing old rose, the barrel master sighted a vast string of seals that swept from horizon to horizon dead ahead. Three hundred thousand strong they lay there, the cap'n said, as he swept them into view with his long glass. Never have I witnessed a stranger, a more thrilling sight than that incredible multitude of living things out in that frozen desolation. There they lay, lazy, fat, sleek, like cattle upon snowy plains, resting in a sunset glow which was itself a miracle not to be written down in words.

"Scun 'er up to 'em, Jacob!" the Old Man cried to the man in the forward barrel—he who spies out the leads and bays, and with lusty shouts of "Starboard! Stead-e-e-e! Port!" directs the bridge-master, who in turn bawls to the four helmsmen that right noisily yell back at him.

So we craunched and quivered nigh, and it was "Gunners and dogs, get ready!"

Dogs, by the way, are the riflemen's attendants, who carry cartridges in a canvas bag not slung over the shoulder. No, indeed! The cartridge bags are borne carefully in the hand, and there's a very good reason for that. You fall between two ice pans with a bag of ammunition over your shoulder, and first thing you know you're about a mile deep, on the Atlantic floor. But with the bag in your hand you can let go of it, and so you can scramble out on the pan with nothing worse than a sea bath in a temperature of zero—which no Newfoundlander thinks worth bothering about.

"Once de outside clothes freezes, you'll all wahrm inside!" You understand. This, however, is a mere digression.

Now the gunners and dogs were getting ready. Out came the riflemen from their nooks and corners, each with the rifle he knew and loved. Out came the batsmen, they of gaff and sculping knife, who must attend to skinning and panning the seals. Out came the dogs, eager to be away. For a great kill promised; better far than the scattered slaughter of small spots o' fat.

The decks filled with black-grimed men. Flags bristled. Torchlights were dealt round. Flags and torches alike are used to mark the pans. Tremendous enthusiasm burst out. With luck, here was the loading of twenty ships, let alone one! And no other ship was in sight. Two that had been jealously tagging the Terra Nova for days had at last drawn away, till now only a brown smudge on the rim of the ice world betrayed their hateful presence.

The Monster Herd

Such a swarming of sealers as filled the decks, all trodden to a slush of red and black! Poke a hornets' nest and you know what happens when the cry of "Big patch a'eed!" rings out into the frozen air.

Now, cartridge boxes were being broken open in the cabin-companion alley. Quickly the dogs loaded up. They thrust hard bread into their bags, too, for in case of having to spend a night on the ice such fare helps out a meal of flipper cooked over a fire of gaff-stick shavings and strips of seal fat.

"Run down the steam!" ordered the cap'n. The funnel must not smoke now that might scare the herd. "Master watches, get all your men on the ice! Have ary man take two flags! All the crowds with their master watches now! Get on, me darlin' b'ys!"

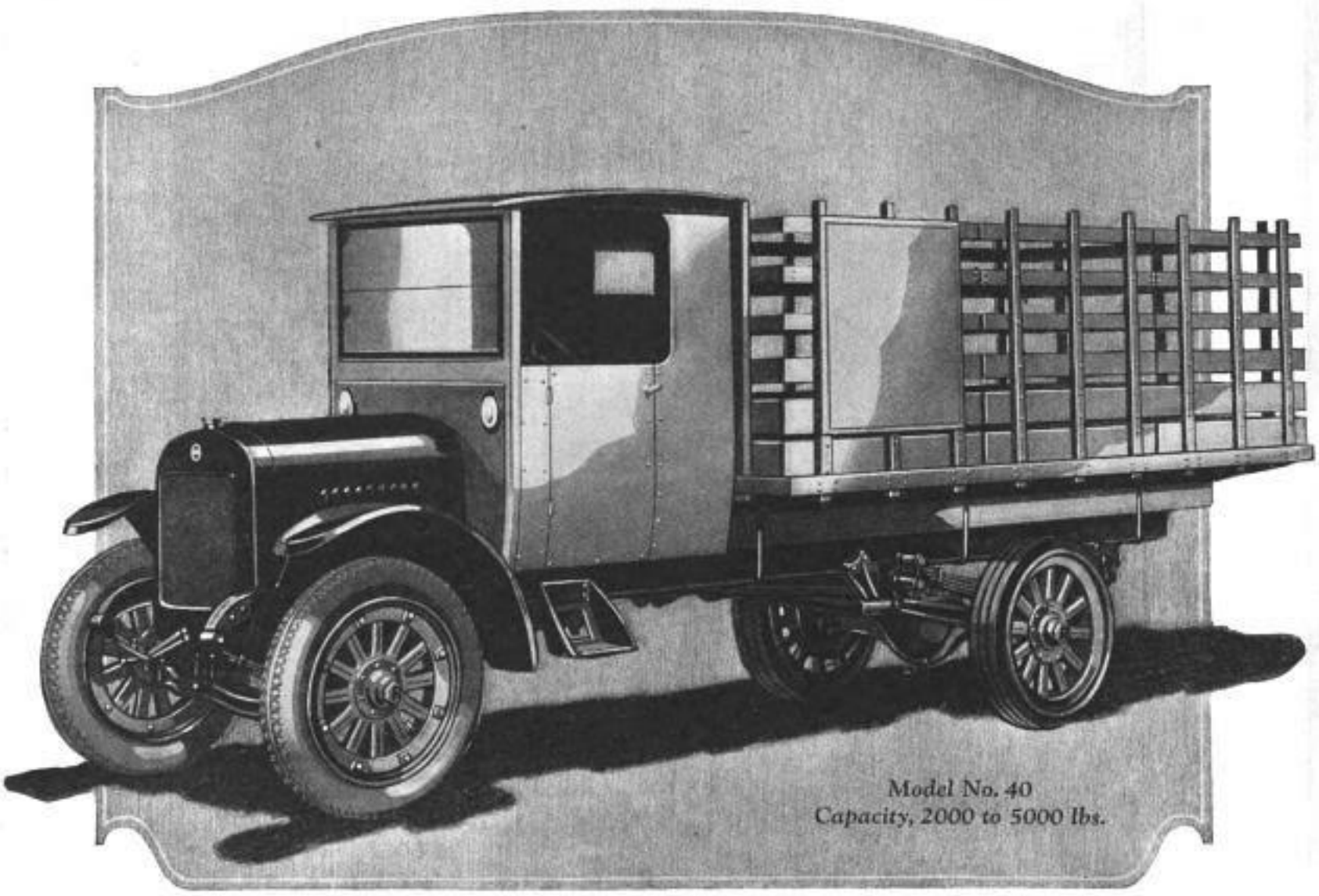
The ship swung parallel to the skein of seals, perhaps a half mile from it, working westward. By name—Skipper Joe or Skipper John, for everyone is Skipper here—the Old Man ordered the gunners out. One by one the gangs shinned over the rail, slid down, watched their chance and leaped to the rolling, grinding pans over which the sea was boiling. Fall in? Who cares? For the most part, the sparables and calks in the Eskimo skin boots did good service. The men gained safer pans, and away they went, copying—jumping—from cake to cake, out over the slow-heaving ice, out toward the kill.

Making way over the ice is in itself no holiday sport. I've tried it; I know. Usually a vast swell is running. Up, up, up heaves the ice plain; then down, down, down, with a swing of maybe forty feet. You find yourself looking down an ice

(Continued on Page 129)

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(Continued from Page 126)

hillside, immensely long; then all at once you're looking up one. It disconcerts you, this breathing of the world, as if it were some unthinkably vast animal. Then, too, the ice is always unexpectedly opening, closing, wheeling, shifting. You have to watch your chance for the floes to pendulum together, so that you can jump. Sometimes you mistake slush for solid ice. That's bad. The ice, too, creaks and sings, with the labor of incalculable pressures; the sound is of titanic wheels creaking over frozen snow. At any time you may find yourself out in the blue drop—open water—there to rock and drift till your pan grounds on solid floes. Entertaining! And for riflemen who at long range must put their dumdum bullets plunk through seals' heads—for a body shot damages the pelt—it introduces some rare problems of ballistics. Rifleman moving, seal moving—well, you have to be an incredibly good shot to qualify.

One by one the gunners went away, each with his dog and his batsmen.

"Get away on the lee bow!" shouted the cap'n from the bridge, massive in fur cap and coat. "Away! Get alang, an' God bless you!"

Hastily they strode, ran, leaped. Flags, gaffs, torchlights followed. Gemsboks are clumsy beside these supermen of the ice. Such agility! A dozen bands went out, at quarter-mile intervals, streaming away toward the herd. Their bodies, all absolutely alike, became jetty silhouettes against the ice dazzle. Soon they looked like ants crawling over frosted cake. Sparks, our jovial young wireless man, picks up news that the two rival ships have sighted our men from their barrels and are turning our way. Well, curses on 'em, those interlopers!

"Get away, my sons!"

Presently, as I watched tensely from the bridge, the rifles began to speak out. Their hard little explosions began to drift in over the white emptiness like corn kernels popping. Through the glass I could see the gunners crouching behind pinnacles, aiming, firing, running ahead. I could see the kick of the gun, the flop and fall of the seal; then, after a long time, "Pop!" came the discharge. Always the gunner tries to bag the lookout seal first—the big, alert dog that guards the group on a pan. Once his head falls, the others lie quiet; but if he sniffs, squirms, wriggles for water, it's good-by that group!

I could see the huge creatures—all old pedlamers and saddlers, these—beginning to wallow off the ice, some trailing blood; but others thrashed, lay still. Ever the lines of men wound forward, among crags and confusions like Karnak wrought in rock candy. Now, all along the line, rifle fire was leaping. Faster, ever faster, the herd was dipping, scuttling to the sea, with derisive waves of the scutters saying good-by.

Roundly the carpenter cursed them and the ill luck that had run us into such a patch just at sundown.

"If us 'd hit dem swiles wid a hot sun," he explained, "dem would of bided. Dem loves to ride de ice, such times. But now ——" Disgustedly he spat.

Flags and Pinnacles

Luck was bad, indeed; luck, the one baffling equation of wind, fog, sun, ice and seals, all of which must be just right for a real clean-up. By the time the laboring Terra Nova had swung round to work back along the line again no live seals remained. Into the Atlantic they had all escaped, beating away into the mysterious north again, to make perhaps fifteen or twenty miles more toward Hudson Bay before riding the ice again.

Of such vast multitudes, however, all had not made their get-away. Already, as twilight deepened with an angry smolder along the ice horizons' jaggedness, pans of sculps marked the ice. Each was shown by a tiny flicker of flag. Sometimes, when flags run short, sealers smear a sculp over a pinnacle; such bloody pinnacles, as they are called, can be seen for miles. But there were flags enough that evening.

As the ship slowed to the panned heaps, gunners and dogs began coming aboard, each gunner to receive his meed of praise or blame, each dog with blood-stained bag drooping beneath the weight of cut-off seals' tails. By cutting tails they keep account of the kill; know how many pelts must be picked up. Many, however, are never recovered. The ice goes abroad, or what not; the sculps are often lost. One day we picked up seventy skins panned by another ship and lost by it weeks before. There was joy that day!

Up over the rail the gunners and dogs scrambled. Others waited on heaving cakes, leaped, caught the greasy ropes, shinned aboard. Down into the smoky, stove-heated cabin—its white paint long since gory—they clumped; down to interview the waiting cap'n and to deliver unto me their quota of tails. These, as usual, I well and duly counted, while begrimed and red-handed men watched under the gleaming old brass lamp. Blotched became our oilcloth-covered table. The bogy smoked as each counted lot of tails was cast into its glowing maw; and every gunner told his story of daring, peril, adventure—all merest commonplaces to them; and a babel of loud talk, in the half-comprehensible Newfoundland dialect, troubled that dim, stifling air. Oh, for some artist's brush to slap such scenes on canvas!

The inevitable tea and toast of the customary, continual mug-up divided attention with news of the hunt. Noisy, tea-whooping and toast-crunching sealers crowded the pantry. The Old Man, ruddy, white-whiskered and patriarchal, chided or approved. And I, alien scrivener, totaled the tails.

On frigid deck, in a lull of tail counting, I beheld far glimmers in the pale gloom far over jumbled ice. Torchlights, these, flaring smokily on pans not yet picked up. At some, dim figures waited; figures that, as they moved, seemed gnomes of an incredible ice world, unreal, anything but human. Some lights flickered miles away. Farther still winked the gleams of the other ships, laboring to force their way toward us—too late.

Notching the Tally Stick

We were stopped close beside a mound of sculps that had dyed the ice crimson; a mound to which many a snaky path of scarlet converged. Pelted carcasses sprawled all about. By the wavering glare of torches on the rail, a glare that reddened steaming breath or gushes of steam from the winches, masses of sculps were coming aboard.

"'Ave out dem straps!" shouted a hoarse voice from the ice. "Out wid dat whip line!" A black figure standing on the rail waved signals, shouting, "Walk back de winch!"

The sealers on ice stooped, strapping the pelts. Out sprangled the whip line through dim and pallid air. Men caught and hauled it, and the wire with it. They stooped, strove mightily over the black heap of skins, hooked them to the wire.

"Go ahead, de winch!"

With a rattling roar, a gush of ghostly steam, in sagged immense weights of quivering fat; in, over broken ice, sloshing through inky water, dripping up the grim side, swinging free above the reek and slush of decks not nice to picture.

A fling of the reverse lever by a half-seen, steam-enveloped figure. Plop! Another mass of wealth slumped and slid upon the mounds already sloping to the rail. The mounds steamed, quivered. At the other rail men were dragging chilled sculps away, flinging them down black hatches with cries of "H'under, below!" Down in dim, candlelit depths, someone was tallying—cutting a notch in a squared stick for every five pelts, a groove for every twenty-one. In a country of few schools, the old-time tally sticks serve best for accounts.

Now the last men on the pan scrabbled aboard.

"Full speed ahead!" the telegraph jangled.

"Thud-thud-thud," the engines groaned into reluctant life.

Once more the Terra Nova's iron prow crashed into the pack. Away she trampled toward the torchlighted pans that still waited, dingy red stars along the level of the arctic world. Half the night or all of it might pass before all the pans should be picked up. No matter. It's all in the day's work—a day that often lasts twenty-four hours. And on the morrow it would be northward, ho! again, to hit the fleeing herd.

Far as this white wilderness is from the world that Americans know, progress has invaded it. This last spring an air service was organized to spy out the herds. An Australian aviator, Major F. Sydney Cotton, Royal Flying Corps, has started the Aërial Observation Company. It has a flying base at Botwood, whence it sends



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out planes to scout the ice fields and report on sealing conditions. Hardy men those be who fly over the perils of the frozen ocean where any mishap may mean death!

One day a great outery on our ship, supplemented by shrieks from the siren, announced the sighting of a plane. You never saw people more excited than those sealers, most of whom had never beheld a plane before. Skimming over the ice like a midge, looming nearer in the blinding glare, the plane drew swiftly near. To her, yells and cheers ascended as she swooped twice about our barrels, her ice skids—in place of wheels—almost grazing our spars.

Down fluttered a tricolored bunting, weighted with an iron bar. Old Absalom Gaulton, our gentle-spoken pantry steward, was first overside and away to pick up that the first message ever dropped by a plane to a sealer. Proudly, as the plane dwindled in the dazzle, he brought the message "ashore," which in Newfoundland parlance means aboard. Ceremoniously the Old Man received it, read it out:

Large quantities of seals about three to five miles ahead of you, about one point to port.

Roughly penciled that message was; but an imperial rescript, embossed on vellum, could not have produced a more profound impression.

That was a seven-days wonder, right enough. I thought the men would never have done talking over the "hairplane."

"Not t'irty yard above de hice, she come!"

"Dat's de rig-out she drapped de message in!"

"Went roun' us like a corkscrew, turned aft, to de loo'ard!"

"She say t'ousands of 'em, nareast be east!" And so further, *ad inf.*

Never was there a livelier discussion than Major Cotton's Martynside plane produced. It ended in our trying to reach the seals indicated. Alas, impenetrable ice barriers reared themselves in our path. We got no good of the message. Later, Major Cotton reported the main patch, Mecca of all sealers and which none, this year, ever reached. This came to be known as the Cotton Patch, and caused oceans of talk. The Cotton Patch was there, right enough; but it happened to lie in a difficult knot of ice, and none of the ships would seriously try for it. Thus the main herd escaped one year at least. Ice masters are conservative. Where seals have always been, they must always be. Another year, perhaps, better success may attend Major Cotton's efforts. He and his men deserve all they can get. Hardy? No name for it!

There's no more dangerous trade than sealing. That's flat. Personally, I'd rather be a parachute jumper or an oil-well shooter or any old thing than follow sealing. The sealers of Newfoundland are the hardiest, bravest, strongest bunch of men I've ever run into, and I've seen many kinds of men in an all-too-disordered life. All the conditions of sealing are such as to make this not only the greatest but also the most perilous hunt in the world. Your African big-game hunter, true, faces fever and natives and wild beasts. Your whaler confronts whales and storms. But, by the Lord Harry, your sealer has them all beaten forty-seven different ways!

I'm not going into his living conditions, here. Later, I shall have something to say about those. For the present, just consider the active dangers. In the first place, drowning is always a very present risk. Jumping around on loose ice, hundreds of miles from land, doesn't make a man a good life-insurance risk. The dog hood, too, is an agile and fearsome foe. Ice blindness always threatens. If you aren't mighty careful, it'll get you sure. And the ships are nothing but floating oil tanks, with lots of powder aboard and no fire-preventive apparatus that's worth a hoot. If one ever caught fire—good night!

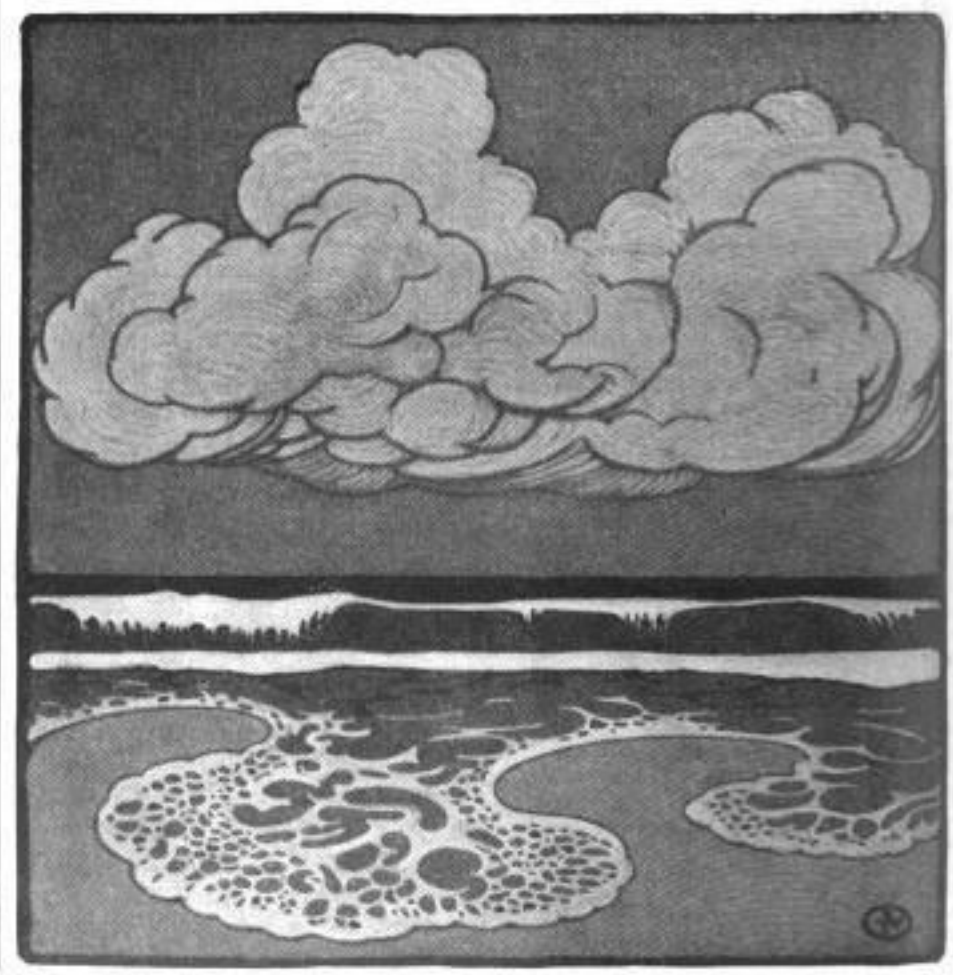
The ships are usually underengined, often with defective machinery and boilers. Staunch though they be, they cannot always cope with the cruel might of the north, especially as no effective regulations govern their loading. The idea is to grab all the fat possible and trust in God to reach St. John's. Sometimes the result is a shocking disaster—witness the Southern Cross. In 1914 she was coming in from the gulf with a full load and one hundred and seventy-five men. The Portia spoke her off St.-Pierre, Miquelon; and after that she vanished. Maybe she was overloaded; maybe her fat shifted below—who knows? She may have burned up or exploded. Mystery. I was told that one of her life belts came ashore in Ireland. That was the end of her, and bitter mourning filled the land.

Still, the overloading goes on, if the swiles can be had. "Take a chance" never had more devoted advocates in the States than up there. One of the Terra Nova's officers jovially remarked to me last spring:

"Full 'er up, b'y! The more, the better. Plims'll mark? If I had my way, I'd paint the Plims'll mark on her funnel!"

Ice-coated rig and ratlines are by no means the safest kind to clamber over. The pack ice always hungers to try conclusions with hulls, rip off propellers, disable rudders and otherwise jest grimly with the fleet. No hull fashioned by human hands will endure all the pack has to give. Crashing through the floes is always liable to open a seam, burst an intake pipe or work some fatal damage. Bergs and growlers continually menace. A nip may crush

(Continued on Page 133)



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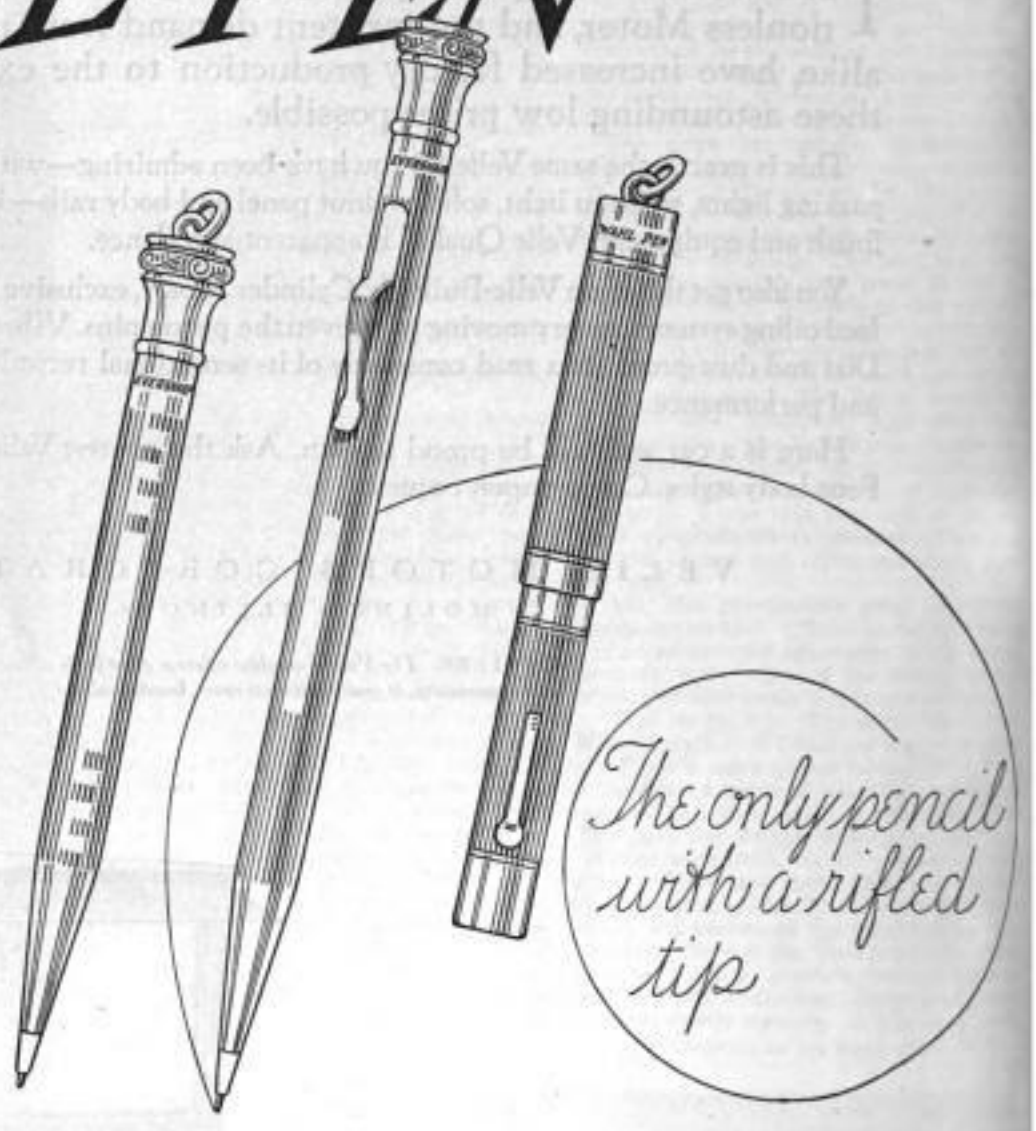
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(Continued from Page 130)

a vessel like the proverbial eggshell. More than one ship has been flattened and its crew unceremoniously dumped out on the ice. Joe Stirge, one of our crack gunners and a rare good man, told me, one ice-jammed and pitch-black night, the most encouraging possible story about how he was in the Wolf when she got nipped.

"De h'ice bust her like a paper bag," said Joe. "Her deck bent up like a bowl, an' she went down starn first, wid her bowsprit straight up. Us all had to walk to land, but anyhow us saved our guns, so it didn't matter none!" Certainly not!

"Dat'm why us kip de lamp burnin' in de cabin all night," chipped in another case-hardened son of the north. "Come a nip, sir, an' ain't nar time to be lookin' fer matches ner lightin' lamps. When doze uns goes, in a jam, dem goes sudden!"

How I enjoyed that thought, in the endless, inky nights when furious gales went shrieking through the frozen rig, driven snow shrouded the decks, bergs ripped the floes, ice sledges thundered against our sides and every plank and beam groaned, quivering!

Sudden blizzards, that catch the men far from the ships—for often the hunters fare miles and miles away—wipe out many a life. At first sign of fog or snow up goes the signal flag and out shrieks the siren; but sometimes too late. Newfoundland still remembers the Greenland disaster of '98, when all four watches were out, and all in different directions. At six of the evening darkness fell, with high wind and a blinding snowstorm—"a living starm," as those folk say. Only one watch could get aboard. Forty-eight men perished miserably, and Newfoundland wept.

Tragedies of the Arctic

In 1914, same year in which the Southern Cross went down with all hands, the Newfoundland's men—one hundred and nineteen of them—were caught on the ice by a blizzard. The storm lasted two days. It cost seventy-seven lives. Sixty-nine men were found frozen on the ice, and eight were so severely frostbitten that, though alive when picked up, they later died. Forty-two more lived, but mutilated and crippled by frost.

Dramatic, terrible stories lie in the finding of those bodies. Men were discovered huddled in groups, frozen solidly together as they had tried in vain to warm each other. Some were found kneeling as if in prayer, others in attitudes as if crawling; some crouching behind clumpers of ice, others under rude shelters of ice they had tried to build. One father and his son were brought in, the stiffened arms of the father still clinging to his boy, trying till the very end to shield him. A few escaped—oddly enough, so I was told, some of the weakest and most thinly clad. Who can explain this? Some of the survivors told terrific tales of suffering and of delirium—of men, gone stark crazy, mistaking open water for houses and rushing to death in the mad sea.

It was a hard day for the Dominion when those stark bodies were brought in on the hatches of the Bellaventure, under tarpaulins, unloaded at the wharf and carried up to Doctor Grenfell's King George V Institute. There they were thawed out in bathtubs and in the swimming pool, then laid out for burial. The double tragedy of the Newfoundland and the Southern Cross profoundly shook the country. But next spring the fleet put out again to the ice, fully manned. Nothing, short of complete annihilation, will ever quench the indomitable spirit of these heroic men.

From terrors such as these I prefer to turn, in thinking of my long stay among the sealers, to pictures of ice and sea and sky, of sun and stars, bergs, floes and wild horizons that not even the brush of a master could ever adequately paint. What lingers with me is the recollection of a kind of ecstatic torment which in those far places possessed my soul. The shouting and the slaughter vanish, the redness and the terror of it; and in their place sometimes I see again the solemn suspiration of the floes, the lift and heave of the Atlantic's immeasurable frozen breast, the sparkle of blue lakes purer than any turquoise. I see the milk and absinth of the downthrust pans; the emerald surge of swirling waters; the fading rose pink on ice pinnacles, millions and millions of them, flung all across a sunset world.

The Colorful North

I see the great Atlantic herds, here playing in frigid waters with a supremely gracious abandon, there lying at rest along Saharas of carved ivory. I see the motionless silhouette of a swatcher, a solitary rifleman, waiting beside an arctic pool of *lapis lazuli*, ringed round by ice crags, dazzling white, with heart-arresting blues and greens splashed into their shadows. I see pictures which would make any painter famous, yet which can never be painted, because men of the brush and palette would not live, as I lived, on board a sealer to behold these marvels. I see a falling star that shoots down through the northern lights, miraculously, trailing fires of heat through fires of mystic cold—fires that melt, fade, blaze up and wave in curtains and soul-shaking spears, swift from the pole. I see black waters imaging the quaver of the crescent, of Aldebaran and Cassiopeia's Chair, while infinitely all about and to world's end the ice loom stretches to ghost horizons. Or it may be I see pearls and fading grays behind which a furnace of molten gold peeps out; and from that furnace shoots up a crimson band to form another sun whence crossbars of quite ineffable glory fling themselves along the distances of vague mirage.

To me my sojourn in the ice gave more than a knowledge of the fearless, hardy and loyal Newfoundlanders or of the multitudinous quarry they pursue. It gave me, more than this, overmastering impressions of a world not like our world, a life totally unlike ours.

I won't say I felt any invincible regret at being the first man to leap ashore as the Eagle—which brought me back to St. John's—made fast. Greasy, black, bewhiskered and with more than one young visitor upon me, comprehensively untidy in person and temporarily reverted to the primitive, mentally, I felt with an exceeding great joy the solid earth once more under my skin-booted feet.

The chase? Yes, it was hard, cold, rough, perilous; but it was sublime! I wouldn't do it again for a million; and I wouldn't have missed it for ten; that's the way I feel. For to have played even my small part in absolutely the greatest and most gorgeously spectacular hunt in the world is an achievement which I prize above all telling.

THE BOOTLEGGERS

(Continued from Page 5)

places in this town where he could be, and he's liable to be in any one of them, except two."

"Meanin' what?" I says.

"Meanin' this room here, and down where The Works is."

Just then the phone rang, and Sophie answered it. "What's that?" she says. "I don't get it. Oh—now I get it. Come on up."

Sophie turned round to me, sort of blinkin' her eyes. "Charley Semmler's downstairs," she says.

"The hell he is!" was all the come-back I could think of.

"Yep," says Sophie, "that was him."

"What's he want?"

"Gee," says Sophie, "but you're talkin' at random. How'd I know what he wants? Maybe he's goin' to make us a present. You never can tell."

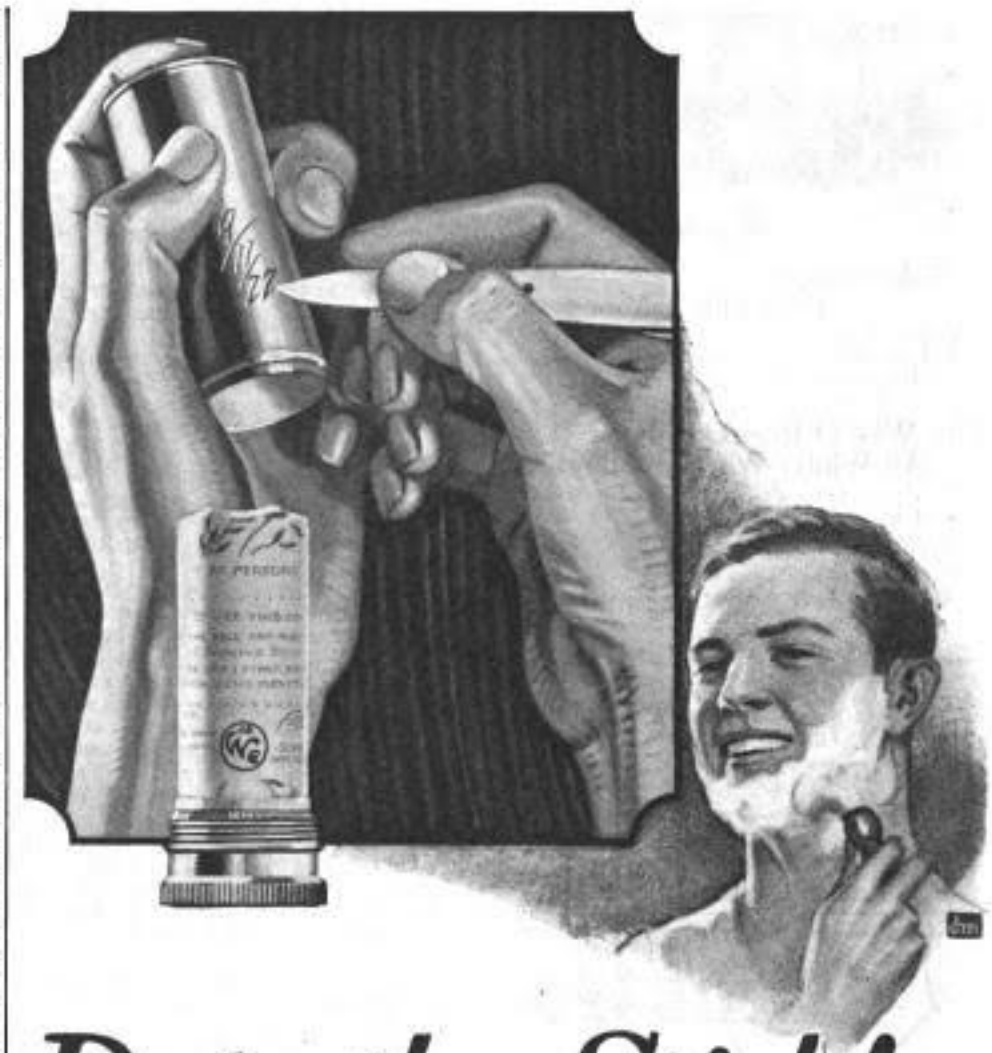
The buzzer rang on the door and Sophie went out to let him in. In a minute she was back in the room, with Charley Semmler followin' her.

"Hello, Tom," he says. "How's every little thing?"

I sit and look at him, popeyed. Some nerve, I'll tell the world, comin' around where we were after holdin' out seventy-five grand on The Works. Some crust, I'll say.

"Fine and dandy," I finally says. "How's it with you?"

"Can't complain," he answers, takin' a chair. He was cool as the bronze dame on top of Madison Square Garden. He lights himself a smoke, looks over at Sophie and me in a I-suppose-it's-my-move way, and says, sort of explainin' himself: "I got hold of your missus, Tom, and she tells me



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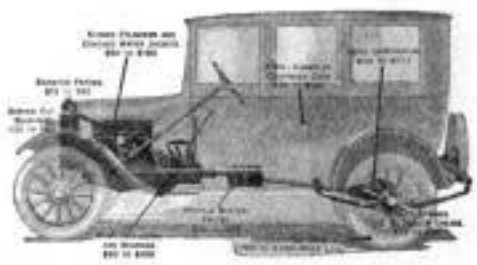
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you are over here to Sophie's, so I come here. Seen The Works lately?"

"Saw him this mornin'."

"How's he feelin'?"

"Not so good."

"That so? What seems to be bitin' him?"

"Well, Charley," I says, "to come right down to cases he claims you are holdin' out them seventy-five grand on him you got in Pittsburgh."

"You don't say!" answers Charley, not a leaf stirrin' in the way of bein' surprised or nothin'. "How come he has any such bug as that?"

"Well," I says, "there's pretty fair circumstantial evidence to that effect."

"How come?" he asks again.

"You got the money, didn't you?"

"Sure."

"And you didn't turn it in."

"Not yet."

"That," I says, "concludes my part of the entertainment. Now it's up to you. Do your stuff."

"I ain't got much to do," Charley answers. "I got the money, and I got it now, and I'm goin' to keep it. Where does he get off sayin' I'm holdin' out on him when he's been holdin' out on me and you and Sophie here ever since we was in the game with him? We've made him enough to choke the Subway with ten-thousand-dollar bills, and all we've got is rolls you could stuff into a fountain pen. We've taken the bulk of the risk and done all the dirty work, and he's sit back there and raked in the iron men and split off little chunks now and then and thrun them to us. I'm through with that stuff. I got a chance to cash in, and I cashed."

"But ——" I begins.

"I got it," breaks in Charley, puttin' his hand inside his coat, "and I got it here on my person."

"All right; all right," I says, as agreeable as I could, not knowin' whether he would pull out a bundle of yellowbacks or a gun. "It don't mean nothin' in my life," I says. "Nor Sophie's."

"Don't it?" he asks, kind of curious. "I ain't so sure of that. It might mean a heap."

"I don't get you."

"Nor me," puts in Sophie.

"Listen here, then," Charley goes on. "I was only waitin' for a chancet to get a stake to make this play to you two birds. You and me, Tom, and Sophie here, knows the way inside of The Works' game. I ain't in so far as you two, but I'm in far enough to know that it's a bigger money-maker than the Philadelphia mint. You all got me sized up as a boob, and you may be right, at that, but I ain't boob enough to go along workin' for 5 per cent when I can get 33."

"I don't get you yet," I says.

"Why, it's simple enough," says Charley. "Let's me and you and Sophie go into the bootleggin' business for ourselves; take all the money and split it three ways."

"Fight The Works?" says Sophie, with a kind of a look on her face as if it might be a big idea.

"Sure, fight The Works; and fight all the rest of them. Why not? We know the ropes. Our money's as good as anybody's. We got the market sized up. We know where the fixin's to be done. You two can rustle as much as I've got to stake the game, and with one good turn we'd be on velvet. Why not?"

"Why not?" says Sophie, her eyes gleamin'.

I thrun the old bean in high and done some quick thinkin'. What Charley said was right enough about The Works bein' a mean distributor. He was all that. Also, what he said about the profits was right. And they wasn't nothin' about the game that the three of us didn't know. But there was The Works. He was a hard-boiled egg. He'd croak us in a minute if we got in his way. Happy as I am with money, I knew it'd be no use to me in a cemetery.

"It's too dangerous," I says, stallin' my way along. "The Works would ——"

"He won't do nothin' that we can't lay off," says Charley. "I ain't been stickin' around his game all this time without keepin' me eyes open. I've got enough evidence on that bird to send him to Atlanta for two hundred years, and it's planted where if anything happens to me—or you either if I fix it that way—it will go to the United States district attorney and the prohibition commissioner in fifteen minutes. The Works has got that word already. He'll holler his head off, but he'll be careful what he does. He ain't got no appetite for a Federal grand jury, I'll tell the world. Are you game, Sophie?"

"That's my middle name," says Sophie.

"Come on, Tom. Climb aboard. We can make a million in a year."

"All right," I says. "I'm in," and all the while I kept lookin' at Charley and thinkin' how I had held him to be nothin' but a boob.

IV

WELL, it didn't take no time to get the game framed, once we was all for it. Charley figgered he could put in seventy of his seventy-five holdout, and me and Sophie had that much apiece stuck away in our safe-deposit boxes. So that would give us two hundred grand to go in, and knowin' what we did it was a good stake for a outfit that didn't have no fancy notions about goin' out and handlin' all the booze in the world, but was content to work up a nice respectable bootleggin' trade.

Sophie come in strong on the frame-up. Of course Charley had to lay off all the old gang, and I was for cuttin' out, too, but Sophie thought different.

"Nix," she says. "You and me, Tom, will stick around just as if nothin' was on. They's no use gettin' in bad with The Works until we have to, and, besides, we can get next to stuff that will help us in our game. They might be a chance to cop some of the stuff that is comin' to The Works without payin' much for it."

"You mean hijack it?" I asks her.

"I do not," she says. "They's nothin' to hijackin' for parties that has a bootleggin' future before them. That's Condorelli stuff. I never could see no sense to hirin' a bunch of thugs to go out and hold up trucks with booze on them. In the first place somebody nearly always gets killed, and that makes it messy, and in the second place them thugs ain't got no sense of honor or decency. They take your money for goin' out and gettin' the stuff for you offen some booze-runnin' gang that's bringin' it in, and then they's no tellin' whether they will respect their obligations," she says, "and deliver it to you which paid them for grabbin' it off the other outfit, or take it and sell it themselves and have your good money for the job into the bargain. They's nothin' to that," she says.

She was right too. Hijackin' is a tough game. In the first place the gang that brings the stuff in on trucks—the ones hired by the bootleggers to do the transportin'—ain't no sissies. They're hard guys. Has to be to get by. Now it stands to reason that a gang that will go out, wait for the trucks to come along, hold up the truck drivers and take the hooch away from them ain't no Sunday-school kids, neither. And they pull some rough stuff. They's a good many killin's, like Sophie says, and it's about a seven-to-five shot that they won't deliver the hooch to the ones who has honestly paid them to get it, but will sell it themselves and get all the dough.

You never seen such a bunch of double-crossers as they is in this bootleggin' game. Seems like a square guy ain't got a chancet. Me and a friend give a bunch of gunmen a thousand bucks once to go over in Jersey and stick up a truck of Scotch we knew was comin', and deliver it to us. They stuck it up, all right, but did they deliver it to us? Not that nobody knows of. They run it into Trenton and sold it right there, and made a get-away with all the dough, leavin' me and my friend—who was two young fella's tryin' to get along in the business—to hold the sack.

Of course if you're thinkin' of havin' some hijackin' done you can go along with the gang, but they ain't much nourishment in that, because nearly always they is some shootin', and the only way you can do is to make a bet on what will come off. You might get a bunch of honest hijackers. You might find a flock of white blackbirds too.

I'm off hijackin' until what Sophie, who can sling language when she gets goin', calls the moral of it is improved.

"Well," I asks her, "what you got up your sleeve, then?"

"You wait," she says. "Let's see how the play lays with The Works first with regards to Charley here," she says, "and make sure he don't suspicion us none, because Charley and you and me kind of trained together, you know."

So we done it that way. We fixed it with Charley for him to hide out for a few days until we could see what sort of hands The Works was dealin' to us, and next mornin' I went down to talk to him.

He was busy riggin' up a deal to get in a cargo of Scotch from Nassau, and didn't seem like he was worryin' half so much about Charley Semmler as he was the day before.

"Hello, Tom," he says. "How you feelin' today?"

"Fair," I tells him, and then thinkin' to get a line I says, "but not so good as I would be if I could of got my mitts on Charley Semmler."

"Didn't lamp him, hey?"

"Not a sign of him."

"Well, forget it for a while. He'll show up some day. Them birds can't keep away from the scene of the crime," he says. "No hurry about it. Hate to have him get that dough, but it'll all come out in the wash. Don't crimp us none. Plenty more in the sock. Sit in here and we'll route this stuff up from the landin' place, and then you can go out with the salve."

I seen in a minute that The Works had had his word from Charley Semmler. And it had come out as Charley says. The Works would of as soon lost his right eye as them seventy-five grand, but here he was tellin' me to lay off and all this and that, and the reason he done it was because he knew Charley had the goods on him, and they would be a squeal if he done anything to Charley. He didn't fool me none. All that bird was doin' was layin' off temporary. He'd never forget that dough, and whenever he thought it was safe he'd start somethin' agin Charley.

He was feelin' good. This cargo of Scotch was comin' in in a ship The Works was wise to, that was makin' a voyage from Nassau to Halifax. The plot was to have her run in close to shore on a certain night and slip the stuff to a tug that would be there, sent by The Works. Then the tug would put it ashore at a place we knew, and the trucks would pick it up and bring it to the big town, runnin' at night and hidin' up in friendly garages in the day. As usual, the booze was to be sewed up in sacks, a dozen bottles to a sack, for the purpose of easy handlin' and countin'.

By this time the bootleggin' game, the real one, was sort of off the wood-alcohol stuff and the forged-permit stuff and the withdrawal stuff, and so on, because the Government was tightenin' up and some of the mob had got caught. Besides, that stuff was so rank any self-respectin' bootlegger would rather handle better grade, leavin' that junk to the foreigners, and so on. Of course they was a considerable business in forged stamps and faked labels and crooked withdrawal permits, and such, and I'll say that some of the ship stuff was pretty raw. But take it all ways, smugglin' was the best lay.

The trouble with a good deal of the stuff that come in by ship and across from Canada and Mexico was that it was too new. They was some exported and then reshipped and smuggled rye and bourbon that was good, but they was a lot of that doctored, too, before it was sent back home. Then the Scotch wasn't what the label showed, mostly. You see, before they got to sendin' it in so heavy the Scotch distillers used to let their stuff age for five years, but now it was sent from maker to wearer, direct. They made it one day and shipped it the next because the demand was so heavy, not forgettin', however, to put on labels they used to put on the old, aged stuff. So a lot of it was raw as turpentine, and the only license it had to be called Scotch was that it smelled smoky.

That wasn't our lookout. The demand was bigger than the supply. I used to wonder where it all went, until The Works showed me the figgers on booze drinkin' in this country before prohibition. He shows me where we used to sop up enough stuff in this country before prohibition to amount to almost twenty gallons a head a year of all kinds, and then I see; because most of that was made here, and with our makers shut down we gotta get it somewhere, and there was where we come in.

Well, me and The Works went over the hull thing. The ship was due off our pickin' up place in ten days, which give plenty of time for assemblin' our trucks and for fixin' things along the line. Them officers ain't got no decency. You'd think that once you stake them liberal that would go for a spell, but not with them birds. They have to be fixed all over again every time, and they run in new ones on you, and the prices—oh, boy! It's got so now that a

(Continued on Page 137)

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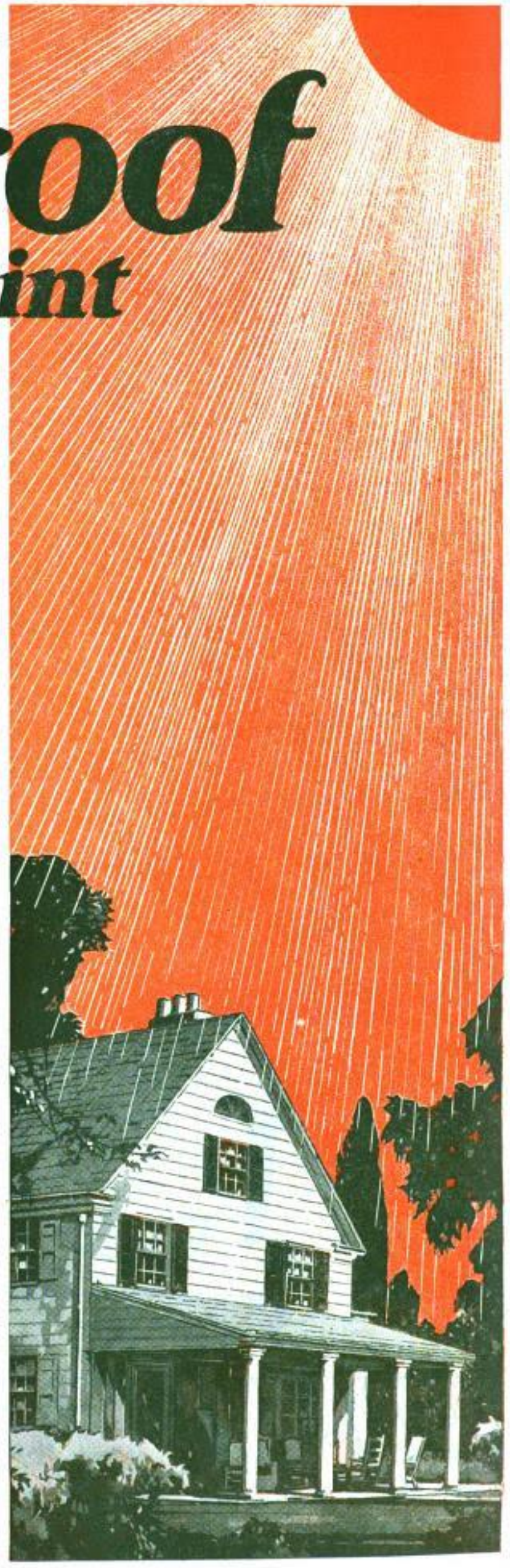
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69 USES—HEAD TO FOOT—CELLAR TO ATTIC

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(Continued from Page 134)

onstable or a sheriff or a inspector that ised to be satisfied with a ten spot and a ottle of hooch wants a hundred bucks a hrow and his hooch by the case.

The dope is, when you meet up with one f them birds, to ask him what time is it? Then he says it's one o'clock, see, and you lip him a hundred-case note; or if he says wo o'clock he gets a two-hundred spot. That's the way it's done. Well, it looks like hem officers of all kinds has forgot entirely hey is any such hours on the clock like one r two, and can't think of nothin' but hours ray 'long in the forenoon or late at night. Nothin' before six o'clock in the afternoon r six in the mornin' seems to be on any of he clocks them crooks goes by. The Works ells me that it's so all along the line. They eem to think that we ain't got no rights. Why, some of them politicians and high fficers would take it all if they had the hancet.

I got the plans all safe in my nut, and avin' nothin' else to do I went up for a piel with Sophie.

"Well, Tom," she says, "how'd you find The Works?"

"Kind and gentle," says I. "He's lost is yen for gettin' Charley entirely. Says o lay offen him for a spell. Seems to have ad a change overnight. Ain't yellin' for lood nor nothin' like that. Says to forget t for now."

"He got the office from Charley," says Sophie. "That bird would rather have oth legs cut off above the knee than lose hat much cash. He'll wait until he thinks Charley's squawk plant is dead, and then e'll weigh in on him. But," she says, 'Charley ain't no hick."

"Not any," says I. "I been doin' him wrong."

Then I turns to and tells Sophie about he comin' play we was to make, and I oticed Sophie was pretty keen about it. She asked some questions and got it all traight as to how it was comin' off. Sophie's got a lot of savvy.

She kept gettin' more and more lighted p as I was tellin' her and finally she busts n with "That's our play."

"What is?"

"That booze is."

"Come again."

She was all excited, with her eyes shinin' nd her cheeks reddened up, and I'll broadcast the universe that Sophie's a good-lookin' dame at any time, but when she gets worked up about anythin' she's a queen. She's one of them black-eyed and black-haired ones, with a darkish skin and a good figger. She's a swell dresser and she can pull the real society stuff when she wants to as good as any of them. Sophie spills language I ain't never heard before when she's on that lay.

"Why," she says, "what's the matter with us goin' down and gettin' that stuff—you and me and Charley?"

"You mean pirate it?"

"Sure, I do. It's been done before, ain't it?"

"Plenty, but it costs money."

"Well, we've got money."

"And somebody's liable to get killed."

"Yes, and somebody's liable to get killed walkin' across Broadway; almost anybody, so far's that goes."

"But"—I begins, kinder razzed by what she was talkin'—"but ——"

"But nothin'," she stops me with. "That's the idea I had in the first place. We kin hire ourselves a boat, and a bunch of pirate hijackers that can't double-cross us because they can't swim away with the stuff, and go down there, now we know all the set-up for it, and just everlastin'ly spill all Mr. The Works' beans. It's a great chancet to get a big piece of change," she says, all stoked up and goin' good, "because we won't have to make no investment but what the boat and the men cost us, and I know a place where we can sell it for spot cash if we can get it ashore, and let the buyers move it."

"Who to?" I asks.

"Never mind," she says. "You know me well enough to know I don't put out no prospectuses I can't live up to. How about it?"

Well, it looked pretty good to me. Piratin' was bein' done every day off the coast, and they was no doubt we could get some done for us. Of course it wasn't so easy now as it used to be. The first booze pirates had it pretty soft. The crews on the ships they stuck up wasn't expectin' anythin' like that, and they was easy meat. Now that it was gettin' more common the crews packed guns, and they always was some shootin' and some killin', but not much of it got into the papers. It was pulled off out to sea a ways, and the outfits concerned just let the matter drop and waited to get even some other time.

Even at the present high cost of bootleggin' we ought to be able to put over a game like that for ten or fifteen grand, and we had two hundred thousand in our kick. And if we got them two thousand cases for that money we'd clean up a hundred thousand good American dollars, which would give us a fine start in business.

The more I thought over it the better I liked it, and I says to Sophie, "I'm on."

"Fine and dandy," says she. "Now let's dig up Charley and see what he says."

We got word to Charley's hide-out, and he come over that night. He declared in almost before Sophie had got the words out of her mouth.

"Noble!" hollers Charley. "Can't be beat. The way of the transgressor is hard," says he, "and we'll pin the truth of that onto The Works," says he. "I'm in a million," he bleats, dancin' around. "Let's go!"

"We're off," says Sophie, all excited, too, and she cuts in on her educated stuff and says kind of like an actress, "Once aboard the lugger and all will be well."

I didn't get what she meant, but Charley comes back at her with "Harkee, Bill; no wiolence!"

"Not no more than necessary," says Sophie, "but virtue must triumph though the heavens fall. This contempt and violation of the law by The Works must stop," says she.

"Right," says Charley, "and we're the guys that's goin' to stop it."

▼

WELL, it's interestin' the way things works out. You'd never think in a thousand years that Charley Semmler's goin' south with a piece of change would start us in the bootleggin' business, but that's what it done. They was no new stuff in what Charley pulled, not a-tall. Anythin' you can get and keep is yourn in that game, and what the bootleggers do to the public ain't a marker to what they do to each other. A man has to be out for the money any way she comes in bootleggin', without no considerations of nothin' but himself, and, believe me, that is where the bootleggers is strong. Bootleggin' money ain't got no regular home anyhow, and gettin's keepin's from top to bottom, if you can get by with it.

But this here Semmler play landed at what Sophie called the psychologicac moment, or somethin' like that, one day when she was talkin' highbrow, which didn't mean nothin' much to me.

"It's opportunity," says Sophie, "that knocks oncet at every man's door," and she pulled a line from a piece of poetry a guy wrote sometime that was to that effect.

Maybe so, but all they was to it like I see it was havin' a chancet to take a few breaks and takin' them. I knows a old Chink down in Mott Street and he tells me the Chinks have a sayin' like this: "Even a monkey falls out of a tree sometimes." Ain't it the truth?

There was The Works—a smart guy and wise to the hull game, and holdin' the idea that nobody ain't honest, and suspicionin' everybody, includin' himself—and he falls for our play like the Metropolitan Tower bustin' down into Madison Square. Of course you've gotta give him some excuse. He had considerable on his hands at the time. A bonehead from Halifax, who has a bunch of Condorelli hooch aboard a boat, gets all fluffed up with himself right then, and instead of makin' his station down the coast where he was told to go, puts into New York Harbor, and The Works gets wise to it.

Condorelli has to do some quick fixin', but he done it all right, except he didn't fix The Works. So The Works sees a chancet to grab off some cheap hooch, and he sends a gang of his handy men down to the landin' place to stick up Condorelli's bunch, and they is a gun play up and down the water front that looks like the fight between the outlaws and the Canadian Mounted Police in one of them cold-feet movies, only these guys was shootin' bullets and not firin' blanks. Well, the bulls have to take notice of a play like this, and they is a wholesale pinch that sets The Works a job of gettin' his men bailed out, and so on. Now it happens that Condorelli was down there himself, and he stops a couple from a automatic, and they take him to a hospital. Nothin' serious, but enough to make him good and sore.

So Condorelli, sieved up a couple of times and losin' his booze too, sends word to his gang to get The Works, and The Works doubles his guard, and has to move around kind of careful. Right on top of this he gets himself into a jam by makin' a holler because one of his warehouses he has reason to think is as safe as a church is busted open one night and a lot of his stored booze carted away, and next day he gets word he can have it back at a price. The Works goes up in the air and starts a few things, and next night after that the rest of his booze in that warehouse disappears like the other, and he gets the office to come across, which crimps him good. Then they was a bunch of outsiders buttin' in, too, and they worried him a lot. The Works claimed to the higher-ups that outside competition wasn't fair, and that he was bein' double-crossed, and he was bein' kidded along on that.

All this was happenin' when The Works was busy arrangin' to get that stuff in from Nassau. Maybe it wouldn't of been so easy for us if The Works wasn't so busy, but anyhow that's the way she broke. It was like findin' a six-carat rock in a piece of custard pie. About a week before the stuff was due down the coast I was in his office, and The Works says to me, "Tom, ain't it hell they's so many crooks in this business?"

"It sure is."

"You can't tell what way to turn," he says. "No sooner have you got things all greased than some new guy comes along and throws sand in the box, and then it's all off until you do some new greasin'. Seems like they ain't no honesty in business no more. Not one of them guys will stay bought more than overnight, and they's a new crop of grifters fresh every hour."

"They've been gettin' to you plenty lately, ain't they?"

"You said it! They've took me apart leg from limb," he says, "and that's why I can't slip up on gettin' in that stuff that's comin' next week."

"Well," I says, "if they's anythin' I can do ——"

"They sure is," he breaks in. "Tom, I'm going to send you down there to see that it comes through."

Now that was about the same to me as pickin' up a royal flush in a poker game. It was like handin' me and Sophie and Charley Semmler the Subtreasury and tellin' us to go as far as we like. It give me a warm feelin' inside, but I kept a cold mug and says, "All right, boss, I'm on. I'm glad you trust me that much."

He looks me over with a long up and down, and I give him the innocent eye.

"Don't kid yourself," he says finally. "I don't trust nobody, but I gotta take a chancet. If you run straight with this you'll get a good split. If you cross me you'll never cross nobody else. Do you get me?"

"I get you," says I.

"Then nothin' more is needed," he tells me, and we go to work fixin' things up.

As soon as I can I make a get-away, and quick as I hit the cement outside I finds that they is a shadow on me. The Works has put him there, most likely, just to check up on me until it is time for me to go after the booze. That he don't trust nobody is right. I drops into a cigar store and stalls around talkin' about buyin' a pipe, and gettin' an eyeful of the shadow, who is across the street. He's a fella I never see before, a flatfoot that couldn't shadow the Woolworth Building. "Gee," I thinks, "the old man must have his mind off his number to set any such stiff as that after me."

I lose this stiff in six blocks, with a little doublin' and Subwayin' and a office buildin' that has two sets of elevators and opens on two streets; and as soon as I am sure I am clear of him I beats it for a place I know, and pretty soon Sophie and Charley is there too.

"It's like takin' candy from a baby," I says. "He's goin' to send me down in charge of the gang."

Both Sophie and Charley give what amounted to three cheers with a muffler on, for it was breakin' better than we had any license to expect. It looked like a push-over now.

Well, we got our heads together, and, to make a long story short, here is what we doped out: The Works' plan was for his boat—a big, ocean-goin' tug—to clear for Norfolk with the usual crew, only hand-picked by the captain, who was a man who's

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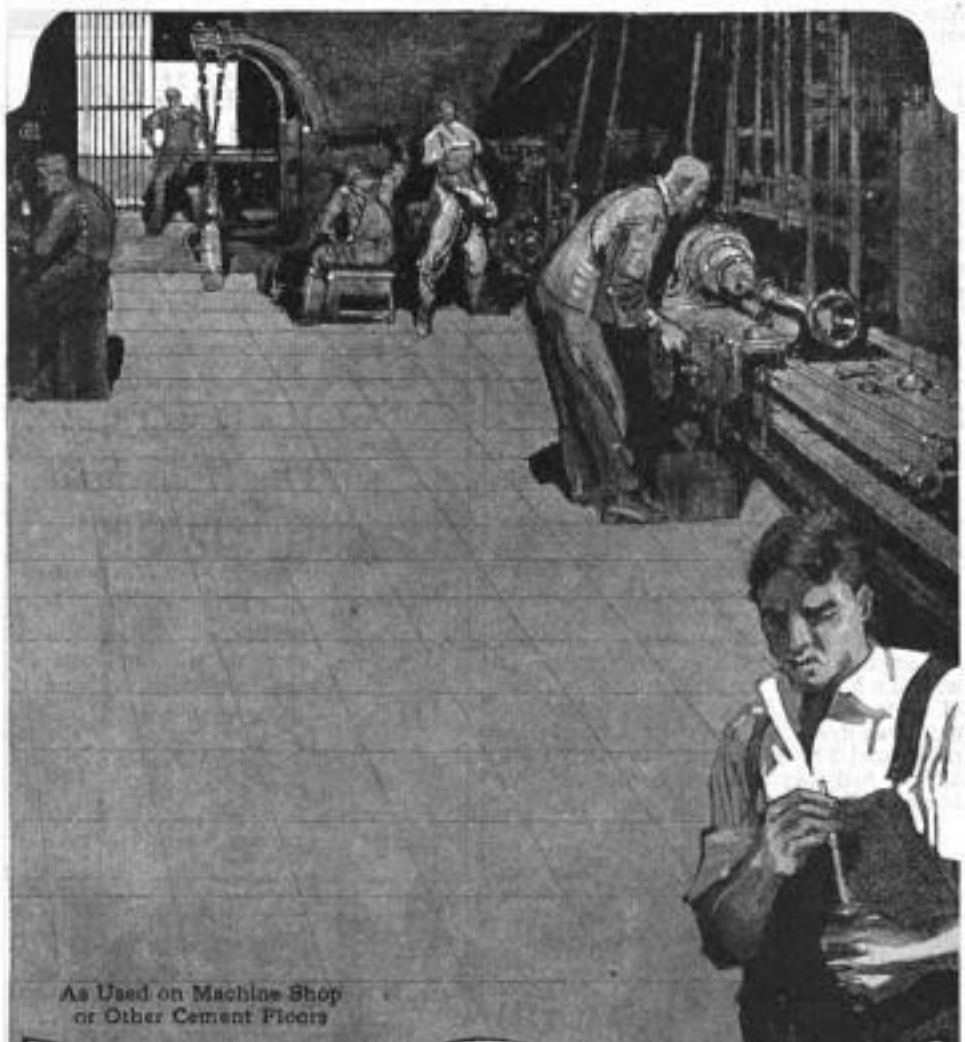
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been doin' business with The Works for a long time. The captain would come in at a certain cove down at the lower end of Jersey, and I'd come aboard with some gunfighters for protection against pirates. Then when we got the signals from the ship with the stuff we'd go out, transfer the stuff, and beat it for the place where we was to unload it, and where the trucks was to be. It don't take long to tell it, but it took time to fix it. But The Works knew the game, and he was gettin' it done all right.

Of course, bothered as he was, The Works wasn't boob enough not to figger on booze pirates. They was plenty of them babies operatin' along the coast, and it was meat to them to run up when a shipment was bein' transferred or when it was bein' shifted to the beach and make a gun play for it. They was tough birds, them pirates. They done pretty good for themselves, and booze-piratin' was gettin' to be a favorite outdoor sport, especially as the big bootleggers was dependin' more and more on smugglin' for their supplies.

Charley and me knew a bunch of these birds, who had started as hijackers and got to be pirates because they was more in it, and this was what we aimed to pull: We would get ourselves a boat, havin' knowledge through me, of course, where The Works' boat would be waitin' for me and my gang, and our boat would slip in and grab off that boat before I got there. That would mean some shootin', maybe, but we'd have them two to one, anyhow, because only the regular crew would be aboard, but it wouldn't be no peaches and cream at that, because that crew was hard guys too.

That put it up to me to lose the gang I was bringin' down with me to put on the boat as a protection agin pirates while the shift was bein' made, so we doped it out that I was to herd them at some place in the bush and go ahead to see that it was all set, and leave them there, which would take more doin' than the tellin' of it shows, but I figgered I could put it over. Anyhow if things broke right our gang would have The Works' boat stuck up by the time I got there, and I could get aboard and go out to the booze boat and make it all regular with the main guy there, because I'd have the tore piece of paper that fitted hisn and would know all the right talk and plans.

We'd get the stuff on the tug and beat it, and the booze boat would go on its way, because it wouldn't mean nothin' in the captain's life. All his orders would be was to deliver to the guy who showed with the piece of paper that fit into hisn, and to fight off pirates if any come. The money for the booze passed between The Works and the Nassau handlers. The Works was givin' up thirty-five bucks a case for the stuff, includin' freight, and had himself protected by some escrow game so that the Nassau handlers wouldn't gyp him, nor send him phony stuff, nor anything like that, which has been done before now. What The Works stood to lose was the cost of his arrangements and his profits, because if he didn't get the booze the Nassau handlers would be stung, as they guaranteed delivery; and that was all right, for them Nassau handlers is foreigners anyhow. If The Works would lose the booze it would set him back about thirty thousand or so for expense, and maybe a hundred and fifty thousand profit.

This looks pretty good to Charley and me, but when we begins talkin' about the boat we was to get and all that, Sophie butts in and says, "What's the idea of blowin' ourselves like that for a boat? We ain't goin' into the shippin' business, are we?"

"We gotta have a boat," I tells her. "Else how we goin' to cop the hooch?"

"Don't seem necessary to me," she says.

"Why not?" I asks her, wonderin' what she's got up her sleeve. "How we goin' to pull it off unless we have a boat and a bunch of guys on it to do it with?"

"Well," she says, "they's a boat in it already, ain't they, with a bunch of guys on it?"

"But them will be The Works' guys," I says, kind of peeved, for Sophie ain't usually so thick.

"Solid cement from the neck up," she says, lookin' at me kind of pityin'. "Why not have them our guys?"

I made her then. It knocked me for a gool. Why not? We could shift the cut on The Works and instead of puttin' a bunch of his pirates on the tug we could put on a bunch of our own personal pirates, and save us the expense of the boat. Then when we got the booze aboard we could give the pirates the word and they would stick up the tug, and do whatever happened to the crew, an' we'd run the tug to our landin' place, and shove the stuff ashore for our trucks.

It was so simple I felt kind of sore for not havin' thought of it myself. The less gun plays the better, and this way we could do what shootin' was necessary out to sea instead of off shore, and safe from any rubberin' and spyin'. It looked good to me.

"All you gotta do," says Sophie, "is for you to take them gents The Works hands you and lose 'em some place, and Charley will show with our gang at the place picked for you to meet the tug, and you can take our gang and stick them aboard easy, because the captain won't know who his guests is to be on the trip, and one thug looks pretty much like every other thug anyhow."

"Can we get some, Charley?" I asked him. "I mean, the right kind."

"We can get a hundred," says Charley, "or a thousand. The burg is full of them."

"But we've got to have somebody who can run the tug," I says.

"I know just the very man," says Charley. "He kin run anything from a rowboat to a battleship, and all he wants is the coin. He'd take a skiff out and fight a torpedo destroyer," he says, "if he could get what he figgered was good wages for it. I kin get him, and five or six more like him, and it will be a pipe."

"I dunno about that," says I. "First place this regular crew on The Works' tug is no Sunday-school students, and they won't let go that stuff without puttin' up a fight; second place we gotta be careful or we'll get stuck up, too, and this gang we put aboard will make a get-away with the stuff. You can't depend much on them guys shootin' square."

"True enough," says Charley, "but we can declare them in on the play, and they wouldn't be much help to themselves wanderin' around in a tug loaded down to the water's edge," says he, "with hooch they couldn't sell, nor couldn't drink all of in forty years," he says.

"Declare them in?" says I. "Forget that! The cut ain't goin' to be any too big as it is."

"Oh, plah!" says Sophie. "If we ever get that booze ashore we can handle them gents all right. All we gotta be afraid of is that they will bust loose on the boat," she says.

Well, we talked back and forth, and looked the ground over, and decided it was worth takin' the chancet on and cheaper than to hire a boat ourselves. And Charley picked out seven birds that was both bored and broke, and promised them excitement and good pay, and they said they was on, and to tell them when and where. Charley says all in good time and stick around until they get the word.

By the time The Works was all set we was all set, too, and I had been walkin' right out in the open and seemin' all square to The Works, and not givin' his shadow any chancet to get onto me, and it looked good. Things went along smooth between him and me, and I got wise to every little thing.

He was kind of desprit, what with bein' hooked the way they was hookin' him all over the place, and had the idea that they was a combine against him to break him and drive him out of the game. So that made him stronger than ever to get this stuff in, and he spent money like a drunken sailor all along the line. I tell you bootleggers has their troubles same as any other business men.

As I said, our tug was to go down and wait for the signals from the booze boat which would be two long white flashes, two short whites, a red flare and a long white. Then we was to run out, and after the captain and me had proved up and the stuff was shifted to our boat we'd go full speed ahead to the place on the coast where we was to unload it, and the trucks would be there.

"If any of them damn pirates try to stick you up," says The Works to me at our last meetin', "turn loose on them and don't show no mercy. Kill the crooks. Things is comin' to a pretty pass in this country," says he, "when crooks like them can interfere in a man's legitimate business."

"It sure has," I tells him, sympathetic, and then we shook hands and I quit my job right there—only he didn't know it yet.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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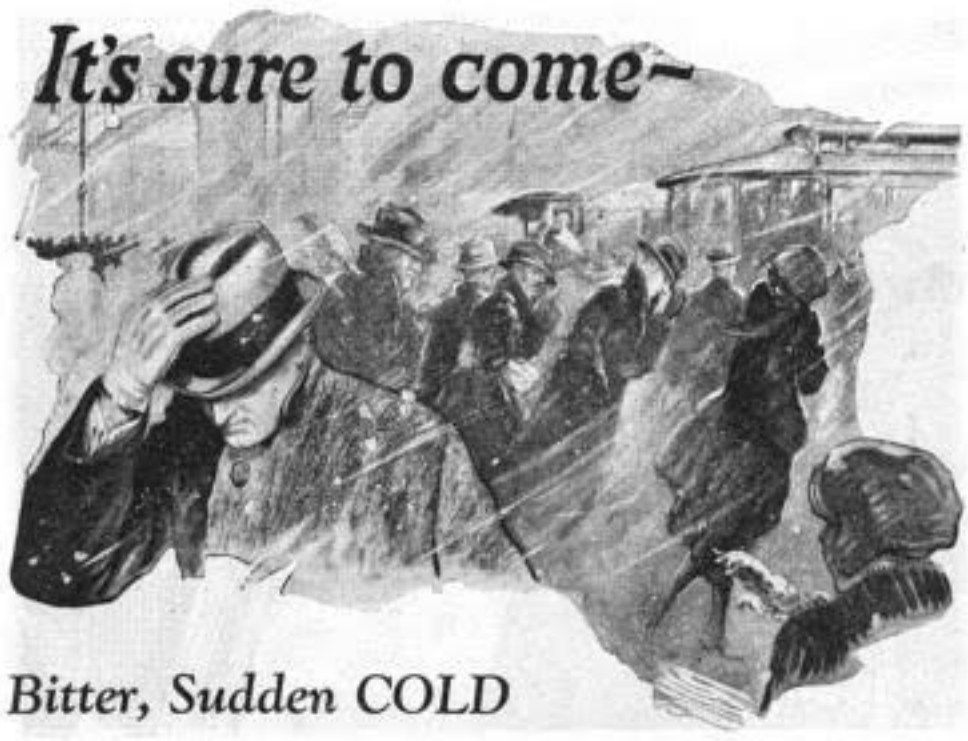
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THE REWARDS OF JOURNALISM

(Continued from Page 27)

the people. It puts the Government into instant communication with all its vast territory.

Even the men who founded this nation did not anticipate that the Government could extend its jurisdiction far beyond the Alleghanies, much less to the Pacific Coast. The plea for states' rights was founded on the belief that it must be impossible to bring so large an area as the original thirteen states under a single form of government. Without the telegraph, without railroads, in the early history of the American nation there was no way of keeping the mass of the people in close touch with the Government, of supplying quick information on current events without which the people are incapable of forming correct opinions.

Today the newspapers, with their simultaneous publication all over the continent, their fast printing and quick delivery, keep all the people instantly informed. They are able immediately to reflect public opinion, thus making themselves indispensable to the Government. Vast though our distances may be, we have the healthiest kind of public spirit and response. The sentiment of the nation is at the Government's disposal in a jiffy.

This was strikingly illustrated after one of President Wilson's intimations to Germany that unconditional surrender must be a condition of armistice. The same edition of a New York newspaper that contained the President's declaration also contained comments on that declaration made by more than two hundred different publications from Maine to California, and every one of them insisted on unconditional surrender. The President knew instantly that the people were with him.

For very many years it has been the practice of governments—and yet more persistently the practice of political leaders—to put out feelers through the press. A new policy, a questionable nomination, a new plan of taxation, may be contemplated. The Government seeks to feel the pulse of the people on its desirability. Hints are given to the Washington correspondents that the policy or the plan has been suggested and is under consideration. The correspondents pass it along to their newspapers, well fortified with those stale old prefixes, "It is said that" or "Rumor has it that" or "A person high in authority who does not wish to be quoted hints that," and so on—giving an outline of the proposed action.

This is followed by another feeler passing out a little more information, saddled also on some fictitious persons. On any important question the public flashes a quick response. The proposal in Washington, for instance, to double the tax on theater tickets and admissions to places of amusement drew a howl of disapproval that defeated the plan. The people didn't want their pleasures taxed additionally.

Wartime Achievements

The government or the political party that deliberately defies public sentiment as expressed in the newspapers is put out of business, usually at the following election.

Throughout the World War the newspapers were of the utmost usefulness to the Government. They stood between the Government and the people. They made and reflected public sentiment as never before. Government announcements were read in every city in the nation and in most of the villages within six hours of their release. The Government spoke to the people in almost instantaneous speech.

The newspapers urged and sustained and stimulated the bond sales, the thrift-stamp drives, the activities of the Young Men's Christian Association and like organizations, the merciful ministrations of the Red Cross, the vast collection of money for the relief of stricken peoples, the food campaigns, the conservation of heat and light, and a host of other material things. It would require pages of print to tell the half of it. It would require hours of constant thought to appreciate it. Recall, if you will, what your own favorite newspaper did, and then be assured that thousands of other daily sheets did the same thing!

Newspaper influence had perhaps its finest recognition in the various propaganda of the war. All governments used the press lavishly with intent to guide, to conceal, to accomplish. They felt the pulse of the people constantly and subtly. Proposed policies were tested out. Often they were suggested to direct attention from the real policy or to take the sting from it.

The French press under the immediate inspiration and control of the government held the people in compact unity. It stimulated the morale and intensified the purpose of the soldiers, for it was possible to strew the trenches with newspapers within two hours after they were printed. This was of inestimable patriotic service. Not any other government used the newspapers with such skill or with greater beneficial results.

Newspaper influence was sought in the process of the censorship. The object of censorship was not alone to prevent information from reaching the enemy but also to influence public opinion. All warring nations seek the good opinion of the neutrals—seek to have neutral nations convinced of the ultimate success of their armies—hence the impulse to suppress the news of defeat and to exalt victory. Early in the war this was the pronounced attitude of Germany and Great Britain toward America, much to the annoyance of the American newspapers.

The Basis of Public Opinion

Germany's efforts to influence the American public through our newspapers were so constant, so vociferous, so transparent, that everybody recognized the purpose. Yet she continued to spend great sums of money on propaganda to the very end of the war. Germany worked the press of every country. To do so was a part of her war plan just as much as was the making of bullets or asphyxiating gas. It was thought out and arranged for and practiced before the war broke. It was depended on to create sympathy and to establish justification; and it was exceedingly efficacious in the early periods and influenced greatly to postpone our entrance into the conflict.

Present-day quick communications with the people is in marked contrast with older times—despotic times, in Greece and Italy, let us say, before newspapers existed. Then people gathered in public places to listen to government proclamations and whatever news the rulers were pleased to give out. The information was proclaimed by heralds or was placarded on market walls. The usual policy was to keep the people in ignorance of what was going on. No public opinion existed, for the public had no information on which to form conclusions. Many governments prevented gatherings of the people, knowing the power of the people to create sentiment and rebellion. Not for weeks or months did remote regions get important news that the government wished to conceal. No means of quick communication existed. The concealment of news and the suppression of public sentiment helped to strengthen despotic government. The rulers might circulate false news as well as the truth, and frequently did so. Our present-day censorship is a hereditary relic of this ancient-day concealment.

The public can be led easily into a whirlwind of interest over an approaching sporting event. It has been done an unguessable number of times. Many sporting events are commercial enterprises and the bigger the crowd the bigger the profits. Crafty managers well know that the newspapers render vast service in gathering crowds. When John L. Sullivan was in the glory of his pugilistic career a new would-be champion was announced. He was absolutely unknown to the public. Except to a few writers on sporting topics no one in America had heard of him. Yet he was the champion fighter in a far-away country and he was coming to annihilate the great John L. He was six feet three tall and perfectly proportioned. The public began to be interested. The newspapers fed a little more information. This wonderful man was the greatest fighter Australia ever had known. He was a giant in appearance, a marvel in skill, a perfect boxer. Sullivan was the hardest hitter we had known, but this Australian could take punishment with nonchalance—a battering-ram could not make him blink. Next heard, he had started for New York. His progress was noted; his words were quoted; he was sure to whip Sullivan.

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The Sullivan crowd replied that this Australian, Slade, wouldn't last six rounds. Sullivan would kill him. No living man could finish Sullivan.

At length Slade reached New York. His great strength was described. Columns of interviews were printed. Nothing else was talked in sporting circles. Three weeks of training followed, with daily reports of it in every newspaper; his diet, his habits, his sleep—everything the reporters could gather. At length the fight! Every ticket in the great Madison Square Garden sold at from fifty to a hundred and fifty dollars each—hundreds unable to enter!

First round: They danced around the ring just out of reach of each other. Second round: They make a few careful passes at each other. Third round: Sullivan glares at Slade, slams him tremendous blows right and left, and then with a mighty smash knocks him through the ropes to the floor below the ring platform.

End of the fight, Slade completely knocked out, unable to climb back into the ring. Slade disappears from public view and virtually has not been heard from since. But he attracted the attention of the world while the newspapers boomed him.

In similar ways public interest is excited in the football games, the yacht races, the polo contests, the horse racing, the baseball matches. Newspaper publicity lavishly extended is sure to attract a multitude to the event. There are symptoms of another Sullivan-Slade affair in the announcement from Montreal of the discovery of a Canadian woodsman terror—a giant six feet four and a half inches tall and weighing two hundred and forty pounds, who "has whipped all comers in the lumber camps," and whose endurance is "beyond belief." He is being groomed secretly to whip Dempsey, this preliminary announcement assures us, and his name is Rioux. It will be easy enough to fill the Garden with spectators at the maximum legal price per ticket to see this fight, for unquestionably the public enjoys a contest; not any other kind of news is read with more interest than descriptions of contests—any kind of a fight.

How Readers are Influenced

The newspaper's greatest influence is not in persuading persons who have learned to think for themselves. It is exercised on that great mass of our population that has no other source of information than the newspapers. In thousands of families not more than two or three books are purchased in an entire year, and these are likely to be books of fiction. Yet few families are without a daily newspaper. Usually one paper only is taken, and how could it happen otherwise than that the household should come to the editor's way of thinking when no other thought than his comes to their attention? This condition applies to people in moderate circumstances, employes, helpers, those who live by physical toil or who do the simplest kind of clerical work. They are easily influenced because they have not been trained to think or analyze for themselves. They depend on the newspaper for information, explanation, suggestion. They have little inclination or time to study with diligence the great questions of the day, and have few or no facilities for doing so in any event. They are not interested in profound argument, but they accept conclusions readily. If the editor be wise he will seek to know what proportion of his readers are of this type.

The average newspaper reader does not think overmuch of what he is reading, but he is highly receptive. His conclusion is likely to be affirmative. It is his nature to believe rather than to distrust. He is easily led by artful groupings of fact—rather more easily led thus than by argument requiring much thought. There is not time in these strenuous days for the old-fashioned kind of thinking. Quick conclusions are the vogue, and they are not the result of profound thought. Rather are they the result of hasty thought. This is attested by the rush from one party to another by the so-called independent voter, or the sudden dethronement of a public idol, or the restoration of a discarded hero to public popularity.

These quick changes in public sentiment have enlivened the history of all times. The poet Byron in the beginning of his literary career was praised by men and petted by women until the entire British nation was chanting adorations. Then with the suddenness of a whirlwind it turned against him and with furious persecution drove him into exile. The American hero of Manila Bay was escorted up Broadway by shouting thousands of admirers. Within a year he was no longer a hero. We resisted woman suffrage for scores of years and suddenly accepted it.

The newspaper's unconscious influence over the casual reader must be recognized. It is an instructive influence usually, of wide scope, covering a multitude of topics that do not come to the reader's attention in any other way than through the newspapers. Information does not get into the magazines or books until weeks or months after the event, but the newspapers print it on the instant. The casual newspaper reader, for instance, reads that the new Roentgen ray has been discovered, by means of which the interior of an ordinarily opaque substance may be disclosed in photograph. He reads enough to establish that fact, but as soon as the description begins to become technical the casual reader abandons the article. Nevertheless he has absorbed the fact and a crude notion of the discovery, and has added just so much to his fund of information. He may study it out in detail if he chooses to.

Again, there is no other quick source of information on new developments in politics, in finance, in the fluctuations of the commercial market prices.

Newspaper Crusades

Almost all of us feel that we must know about the artists, the singers, the actors, and we love to talk about them, yet what we say we almost surely have read in some newspaper. You get an intelligent idea at your breakfast table of the new opera that did not end until midnight, of the new play produced on the night preceding, of the speeches and the spirit of the banquet that did not end until after you were in sleep, of the conflagration that destroyed some well-known building during the night, of the railroad accident that involved scores of lives. And these are the things that you talk about during the day. They unconsciously influence your thoughts and your actions, even when read casually.

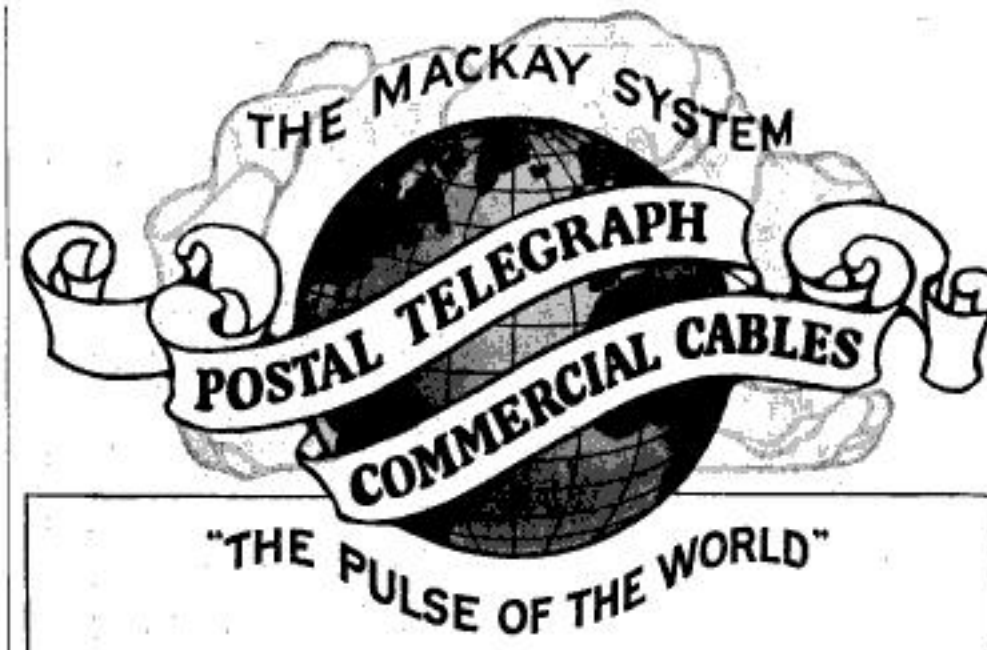
Almost all newspaper editors appreciate the benefits of a crusade—a continued demonstration against a public evil or in favor of a reform, an exposure of wrongdoing, a campaign for a public improvement or community betterment. The New York World raised the money for the building of the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor, the greater part coming in ten-cent contributions from World readers. The same sheet has just now exposed the Ku Klux Klan.

The New York Times has had great influence in helping to preserve New York's Central Park. It has fought all attempts to erect new buildings in the park, to allow plots for special purposes, to make it more common. The influence of the Times has been against any encroachment and its efforts have been very successful. The Times is not a habitual crusader, but its exposure of the Tweed Ring frauds cannot be forgotten.

It would be quite impossible to enumerate the many instances of newspaper influence developed in this way. George B. Mallon, the excellent city editor of the old morning Sun, was the first, I believe, to start a crusade against the get-rich concerns that infested the New York financial district. He had his smart reporters chase down more than sixty of them, sent half a dozen men to jail, and put nearly all the sixty firms out of business; and it was done with such accuracy that not a suit for libel resulted.

Mallon was a mirthful newspaper worker. He had hired as reporter a young man just graduated from the University of Michigan and sent him to describe the finding of a nude body washed up on Coney Island beach. For weeks afterward Mallon carried in his vest pocket and showed with glee a sentence the young man wrote: "From the appearance of the corpse he had been a perfect gentleman in life." "This proves," said Mallon, "that clothes do not make the man."

The busy man is rather easily led along or into the editor's way of thinking, especially when the topic is new to him. He is not a trained or analytical thinker at best; hasn't time to reflect much on the subject; cannot invent a new line of thought in opposition to the editor's because of unfamiliarity with the subject; has no quick way of getting additional information. Maybe



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"GROUND-GRIPPERS" are the ORIGINAL Muscle-developing, Youth-preserving, Flexible-arch Health Shoes for Men, Women and Children. They are extensively imitated but never duplicated. No shoes ever had finer materials put into them, ever fitted the *whole foot* more perfectly, or ever held higher record for benefiting the human body from head to toe! They are sold the country over—in our own exclusive shops and by thousands of merchants who hold the truest appreciation of VALUE and seek to give customers the *unquestionably best*. They come in over sixty attractive, stylishly comfortable models.

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he instinctively balks at the editorial conclusion, but probably the editor is right, he reasons, and he passes to something more interesting.

The next article may be a continuation of comment on a subject written about two days before. It becomes a bit more familiar. He half recognizes the argument. He half accepts it now as his own, has "thought of that before," so he approves. Reiteration has influenced him; a third presentation clinches him. Reiteration is a most subtle means of influencing public opinion. The man who reads the same thought a few times in different diction comes to accept it as his own thought. It is an unconscious influence.

People like to see their own belief reflected in their newspaper; regard the editorial utterance as a confirmation of it; welcome a new argument in its favor; like to read it to a neighbor; come to look on the sheet as a personal champion.

All newspapers have great influence one way or another. They reach the people to an extent not reached by any other influence, for everybody of any account reads them. Consider for a moment. Rarely does a clergyman find himself addressing a congregation of more than five hundred persons; rarely, indeed, does the public lecturer speak to a thousand persons; and seldom, in the heat of a campaign, does the political orator find five thousand persons within the reach of his voice. Yet a little editorial paragraph in the New York Times will be read by more than six hundred thousand persons. A million and a half newspapers are printed in New York City every morning, and nearly two millions every afternoon, not counting those printed in other languages than the English language, of which there are nearly a million more. The census of 1920 disclosed that 31,735,937 daily newspapers were printed in the United States every twenty-four hours, or a copy for every 3½ persons.

How Editorials are Read

"I never read the editorials," we all have heard many a newspaper reader say. "I simply scan the editorials," we hear others remark. Almost all editorial articles are hastily read; and so is the entire sheet, for that matter. You have only to watch the process to be convinced. The busy man opens his newspaper to the editorial page as he would open a book, holds it open and high, one page grasped by the left hand and the other by the right. He scans the leading article, reads the first two or three sentences and if attention is not instantly attracted flashes his eye down to the beginning of the next paragraph, and so on. The greater the number of paragraphs in the article the more quick attention it gets. The sensational-sheet editors know this and they make many paragraphs in every article.

The profound heavy articles with three or four paragraphs only to the column get scant attention except from readers especially interested in the topic. They are looked at for an instant only. In that instant the reader decides whether he is interested in the topic. Usually he is not. His eye skims along to the next article, with the same result. Then he may encounter something that he wants to know more about. But it is half a column long. "I'll read it when I get time," he says to himself, as his eye jumps over to the opposite page—a news page—and he begins to absorb the headlines. These he treats in the same hasty manner, and in about three minutes he has finished the two pages and has turned over to the next two.

The busy man reads all in the same way. He may pause over a particular article, but usually the reading is of short duration. He has absorbed perhaps the spirit of the headings and maybe the few lines of introduction to the articles that have had his attention. He is ready with an opinion, but that opinion is the opinion of the man who wrote the caption or the introduction. The hasty reader has given the subject not the slightest original thought. Nevertheless he is influenced by it. It is recognized that almost everything we read has its direct or its unconscious influence.

It is incontestably true that the great mass of the people who read the newspapers in this hasty glancing fashion do not think deeply. This mental attitude has had the attention of observers for many years. Hawthorne speaks of "the wild babble of the town—indicating a low tone of feeling and shallow thought." Macaulay said of Tillotson: "His reasoning was just sufficiently profound and sufficiently refined to be followed by a popular audience with that slight degree of intellectual exertion which is a pleasure." Lafcadio Hearn speaks of the masses as people of unrultured taste to whom the higher zones of emotion are out of reach. Dr. Samuel Johnson remarked: "The greatest part of mankind have no other reason for their opinion than that they are in fashion." And one of the conspicuous British essayists commented: "It serves to show in what a slovenly way most people are content to think."

Henry Ward Beecher ever was impressed with the influence of newspapers. He said: "Do you ever stop to think that millions have no literature, no school and almost no pulpit but the press? Not one man in ten reads books, but every one of us, except the very helpless poor, satiates himself every day with the newspaper. It is the parent, school, college, theater, pulpit, example, counsellor, all in one. Every drop in our blood is colored by it."

Newspaper Salaries

Thackeray's famous paragraph with reference to newspaper activities is often quoted as illustrating the power of the press through her writers. Pendennis and Warrington are passing a brilliantly lighted newspaper building. Reporters were coming out or were dashing up in cabs, and Warrington says: "Look at that, Pen. There she is—the great engine, she never sleeps. She has ambassadors in every quarter of the world—her couriers upon every road. Her officers march along with armies and her envoys walk into statesmen's cabinets. They are ubiquitous. Yonder journal has an agent at this minute giving bribes in Madrid; and another inspecting the price of potatoes at Covent Garden. Look, here comes the foreign express galloping in. They will be able to give news to Downing Street tomorrow: funds will rise or fall, fortunes be made or lost; Lord B will get up, and holding the paper in his hand and seeing the noble marquis in his place, will make a great speech: and Mr. Doolan will be called away from supper at the back kitchen; for he is subeditor and sees the mail on the newspaper sheet before he goes to his own."

Great pecuniary success has come to a few metropolitan newspaper owners, moderate success has come to many owners in other cities; but the number of successful owners is very small compared with the thousands of journalists who are working for salary only—the men who represent the journalism of the day.

It is difficult to compare the rewards of journalism with those of any other business or profession. If we consider the pecuniary rewards the comparison certainly must be unfavorable. Let us see: Many successful lawyers have incomes of from fifty thousand dollars upward, a year. Many physicians and many surgeons make fifty thousand dollars or more by the practice of their profession. There are oculists and artists and architects and engineers who make thirty thousand dollars plus. Our prize operatic singers soar even to two hundred thousand dollars. The presidents of banks, of railroad companies, of insurance companies, of steel companies, of copper companies—men who have achieved great success in their business—commonly enough have salaries of from fifty thousand to one hundred thousand dollars a year, and every opportunity to double the sum if they choose to live up to their privileges. The New York Sun said in April, 1918: "At the present time there are more than one hundred railroad presidents drawing salaries of fifty thousand dollars or more." These are the prizes of the calling to the most successful men in the calling; and in a way they measure the success of the men who have won them.

But there are few prizes in the newspaper business. Nothing like these big salaries is paid to the men who achieve journalistic success. In New York City, for instance—and New York is the best newspaper city in the world, pays the biggest salaries, and offers the best journalistic advantages and chances—possibly fifteen editors have twenty-five thousand dollars or more a year. Of the seven thousand newspaper editors and writers in New York City, not to exceed thirty have salaries of more than twenty thousand dollars, yet they who have achieved genuine success in the business—success that is

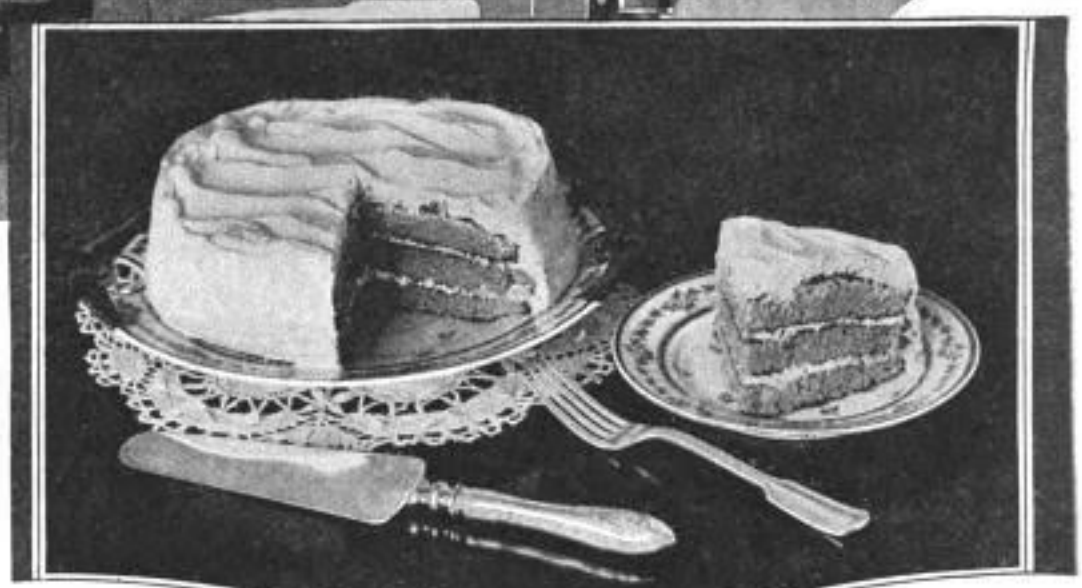
(Continued on Page 145)

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CAKE—Chocolate Cake, Spice Cake, Angel Food, Jelly Roll, Molasses Cake, Sponge Cake—surely this favorite dessert is welcome at any table, any time.

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Why do the cakes in the bake-shop windows always look so much more appetizing than your own? And why do so many housewives prefer to serve store-cake rather than make their own of purest ingredients?

With the aid of a cook book every housewife can mix the ingredients of a cake perfectly. Why then should she hesitate to bake all her own cakes?

You know the answer. It's just this: Even the best home-cooks feel they are "taking a chance" when intrusting the carefully mixed ingredients to an uncertain oven. Then there's the peeking, inserting of broom straws, and what not—poor and provoking methods at best to tell when the cake is "done".

The fear of another baking-failure is natural. It's born of many failures, many more "just middling" successes, with here and there a crowning achievement that tempts one to try again and again to duplicate that one "lucky" success.

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The Lorain Oven Heat Regulator is endorsed by leading cookery experts. Lorain-equipped Gas Ranges are used by America's finest schools and universities in the teaching of domestic science. In fact, Lorain has revolutionized cookery, changing it from an inaccurate art to a very accurate science. That's why you'll find the exact "time and temperature" for cooking and baking now included in all good modern recipes.

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Recipe—CAKE

4 eggs
1 cup powdered sugar
2 tbsp. lemon juice
1 tsp. grated lemon rind
¼ cup bread flour
1¼ tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. salt

Makes 3 layers, 7 inches in diameter. Serves 12

Beat yolks of eggs thoroughly, add sugar gradually, beating well after each addition. Add lemon juice and rind and beat again. Mix flour, baking powder and salt, and sift together twice. Sift into egg mixture and beat three minutes. Fold in egg whites which have been beaten until stiff.

Bake 30 Min. at 325°

Recipe—ICING

2 cups sugar
½ cup boiling water
2 egg whites
¼ tsp. vanilla
pink coloring

Makes filling and frosting sufficient for a 3 layer cake, 8 inches in diameter

Dissolve sugar in boiling water, boil until the candy thermometer registers 238 degrees, or until a soft ball is formed when the syrup is tried in cold water. Pour very slowly onto egg whites which have been beaten until stiff. Add vanilla and coloring to make a very pale pink. Beat until stiff enough to hold shape. Spread between layers and on top of cake.

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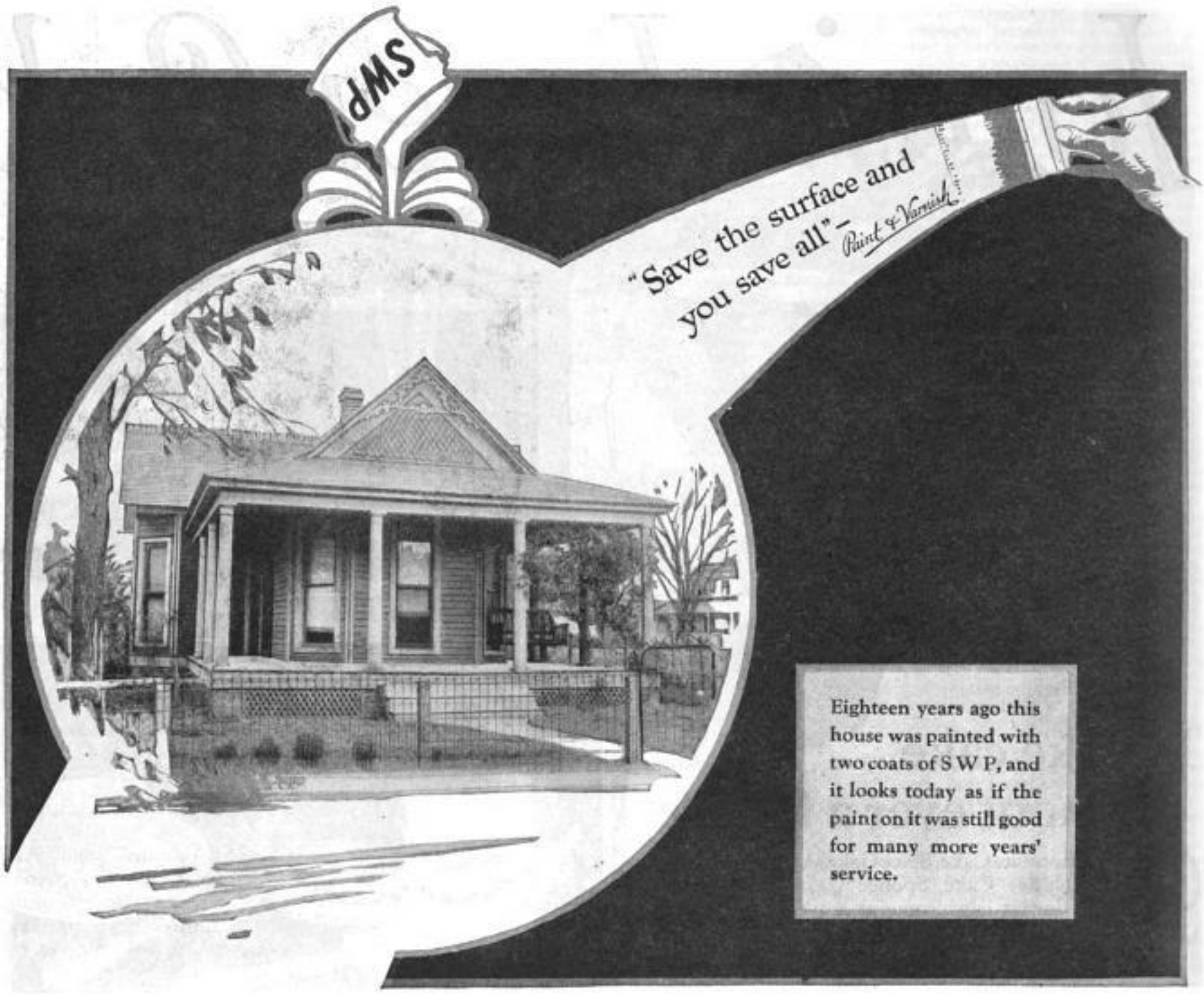
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Remarkable Durability of SWP

T. L. Moore, of Poplar Bluff, Mo., writes:

"I BUILT the house 18 years ago this summer, and it was painted two coats Sherwin-Williams Ready-Mixed Paint, the paint being put on as soon as the building was completed.

"The house has never been repainted since that day, and except for the joints, where of course the paint shows a trifle opened up, the main body and plain surfaces of the building and trim are practically as intact as the day it was painted, and the colors about as good, except of course they are not as glossy, but this is the most remarkable job of durable paint I ever knew of.

"It being my first home after I was married twenty years ago, I naturally have kept an eye on it and noted with amazement how well the paint has lasted, and retained the original colors."

Sherwin-Williams make finishes for every surface, including:

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Flat-Tone Wall Paints (oil)	Mar-Not Varnish for floors	Porch and Deck Paint	Industrial Finishes
Old Dutch Enamel	Scar-Not Furniture Varnish	Inside Floor Paint	Insecticides



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(Continued from Page 142)

relatively as great as that of the bank presidents and professional men mentioned above—may be numbered by hundreds. Newspaper salaries are very much larger than they were forty years ago, double as much in some departments, yet despite this the pecuniary rewards have no comparison with those of many other professions or businesses.

Since this article's intent is to tell the young man just what journalism offers we may say that in New York City, at this writing—1922—the salaries of editors in chief, for morning and evening newspapers, range from fifteen to forty thousand dollars; those of managing editors from eight to thirty thousand dollars; city editors, four to ten thousand dollars; copy readers, two to four thousand dollars; dramatic and music critics, five thousand to seventy-five hundred dollars; staff writers on finance and politics, five to ten thousand dollars; reporters, one to seven thousand dollars.

These, then, are the pecuniary rewards of the business to the men who do not achieve ownership. In other cities they are much smaller; in the small cities not half so much. They are wartime salaries and are likely to be reduced rather than increased.

Prices paid for newspaper work differ materially in different offices. For reasons of policy or poverty some pay much less than others. The higher sums just mentioned go to the few only, for it should remain in mind that there is one editor in chief only, one managing editor, one city editor, one dramatic critic, on each sheet, and the daily newspapers under consideration number twelve or fourteen only in the metropolitan district. Three-quarters of the newspaper writers on these journals earn less than five thousand dollars a year. The man who earns five thousand dollars a year in a New York office is rated as successful and desirable, and usually his services are in demand in all other offices, for good men in journalism are scarce. To the youngster just entering the business these salaries may look attractive; indeed, one of the magnets of the newspaper calling is the fact that from the first the beginner is paid fifteen or twenty dollars a week, or enough to live on. Physicians and lawyers frequently make very little for a year or two after they begin. And many newspaper men seem satisfied to work along through life on what they can get. In all offices may be seen the pathetic spectacle of men with silvered locks who have sat at the same desk for more than a quarter of a century.

Brains Without Capital

To the ambitious man the average newspaper salary means little. Any possible savings from it must be insufficient to make him especially prosperous. They do not insure against a pinch in old age or against misfortune. They do not permit of the accumulation of property or of capital. They furnish a feeble inspiration to the ambition that seeks the comfort of leisurely life, the stimulation of extended travel, or the luxury of intellectual repose and freedom from physical exertion that everyone hopes may bless his declining years.

And if these conditions be true of metropolitan workers, how much the more of writers for newspapers in the smaller cities and villages. It is not the ideal of the American boy either in country or city to live forever in a rented house or on a small salary, or indeed to live the simple life; but small-city journalism offers little else if the young man cannot become a newspaper owner. To the man who owns his sheet the rewards are abundant. But ownership involves the possession of capital, and usually the young man just through with student life has no capital except his brains. In other callings the capital of brains commands success, notably in the law, in medicine, in engineering, in architecture; but in the newspaper business, though brains are absolutely essential, they advance the young man only so far, give but feeble reward, unless reënforced with capital with which to buy a newspaper property.

It surely is a discouraging factor of the calling that however intellectual or learned a man may be, he rarely achieves more than moderate pecuniary success as long as he remains an employe.

In the big cities the big newspaper properties have a money valuation measured by millions of dollars. They are owned usually by very rich men or families, and ownership rarely changes. To possess one of them has been the ardent and unaccomplished ambition of thousands of men—capitalists, statesmen, reformers, philanthropists, cranks. The chances of the young journalist getting one are infinitesimal. And in the small city the price put on a newspaper that by chance happens to be for sale is far beyond its earning value. There seems to be some mysterious ingredient in newspaper properties that gives them a fictitious value in the mind of the owner. Whether it is prospective influence or prospects or what, nobody is able to explain, but the sheet is always "worth much more than it is earning."

It is a curious fact that, whereas a factory or a store or a farm or a railroad that has not made a cent for five or six years will sell for no more than its old junk represents, nevertheless a newspaper with the same poverty of profits commands a price based on a prodigality of profits. The very great success of some newspapers seems to have inspired the belief that any sheet may be made profitable if properly managed; but it should not be forgotten that business ability counts for quite as much as editorial excellence on the newspaper balance sheet. Indeed, it may count for more, for have we not seen excellently edited sheets fail utterly? And do we not know of others devoid of editorial worth in which the joy bells of prosperity tinkle a cheerful chime?

Since, then, the savings from the salary of even the successful newspaper writer are insufficient for the accumulation of property or the establishment of any considerable prosperity, and since newspaper ownership involves the investment of capital and smart business ability as well, it follows that our young man must look beyond mere pecuniary gains for the rewards of journalism.

The Stimulus of Power

Now the joy of living is found in congenial employment—in work that inspires and educates and delights. If we are so fortunate as to select a vocation that fascinates us we have made a distinct advance toward success in life. Such interest or fascination hastens achievement, for it inspires constant study—and constant study of a subject we love gives mastery over it. Horace Greeley was indifferent to the pecuniary results of editing, but he was proud of his editorial influence. He accumulated but little property. Charles A. Dana printed articles repeatedly that he knew must decrease the circulation of the Sun, but he had great joy in them. Raymond, Bowles and Watterson accumulated moderate fortunes only, but they enjoyed the influence of their editorship. Thomas A. Edison has let thousands of dollars escape him rather than direct his mind from the fascinations of invention and discovery.

The editor may exercise his gifts of persuasion in unnumbered directions. The important activities of the world pass by him in daily review. His mental vision may survey the field of human thought, furnishing delightful subjects for consideration, for study, for exposition. In all modesty and without vainglory he may rejoice in the satisfaction of well-directed influence; may find pleasure in the responsibility of influencing public opinion; may take pride in the endeavor to aid in the uplift of his fellow men. What greater reward hath man than this?

He may pulverize presidents, cremate cabinets, scalp senators and sandbag sin and superstition. There are no problems of statecraft, science, society or religion that he may not undertake. Everybody likes to tell his neighbor the latest news and gossip, and especially likes to add what he thinks about it. The newspaper editor tells his information to thousands and he finds additional satisfaction in telling it well. To take a hand in every political shindy is uproariously good fun; indeed, notwithstanding all its importance, its responsibilities, its dignities, there is more fun in the newspaper business than in any other occupation known to man.

Neither are the joys and the advantages of a newspaper connection confined to the editorial desk alone. In consequence of his knowledge of current events and the ways of the world, the editor is asked to participate in all sorts of public events. This is particularly the privilege of the editor in the small city, where he is well known and where everybody seeks his good opinion



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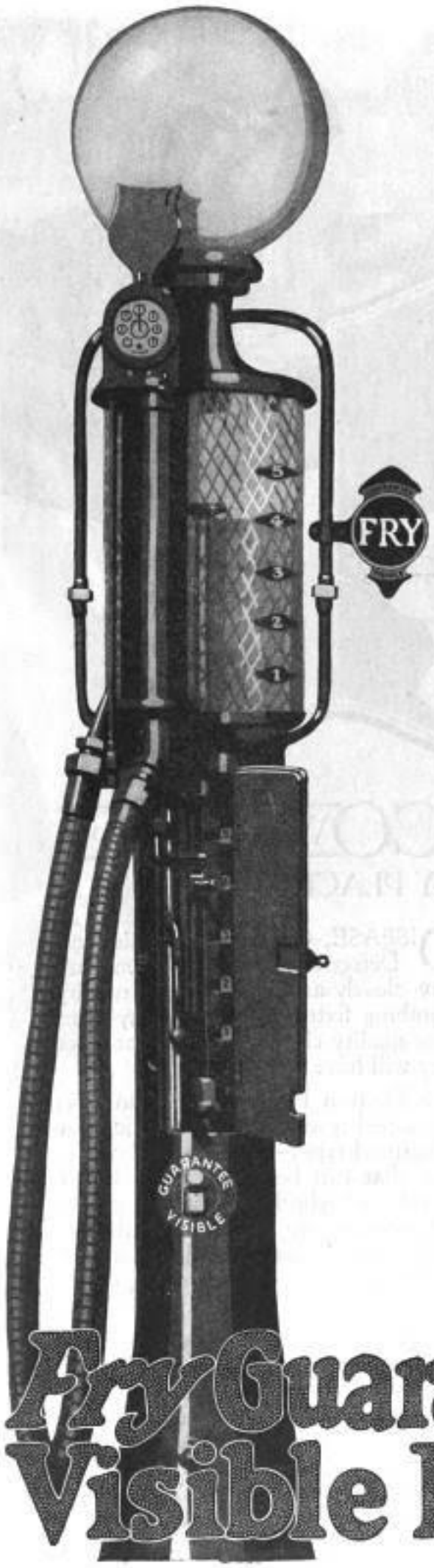


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and good will. There he is found in meetings and council and all social gatherings of any account, taking active part in the speaking and the disposing. There, too, he is an active party in politics, in community interests and in the town's public life. In the big cities he is less in public gaze, yet if he has reached editorial success he finds himself welcome wherever people gather. If perchance he can speak pleasingly he is asked for addresses to all sorts of audiences and for after-dinner speeches at public banquets. His long experience in mingling with public men gives him ease of manner in social gatherings. Constant practice in writing usually gives him the gift of ready speech—one of the most useful accomplishments that can come to man. The editor is asked to consult with citizens' committees, to sit with advisory boards, to take membership in all sorts of organizations and clubs. He has every opportunity to participate actively in the social, the political and the intellectual life of his parish. And the wise editor does all these things, appreciating that it is to his business advantage to mingle with the people—to know what they are talking about, what interests them and what may be their opinions.

Nor can it be denied that the editor of importance finds satisfaction in the acquaintances he makes. No other occupation offers better opportunity for meeting public men, for intimacy with those who are influencing the intellectual and the commercial world. His very environment brings him in contact with them. He has the instruction of their wisdom and their opinion and they are interested in him because of his familiarity with current events; and very often the choicest of comradeship results. He knows his fellow editors. He knows the successful authors, the essayists, the critics, the makers of literature and the lovers of literature, the men conspicuous in education, the leaders in the social world. He may, if he will, find himself in constant association with the brightest minds and the most intellectual people of the period. And who shall say that this is not greatly to be desired?

Also comes association with men in the public service, with the leaders of political parties and political movements. If the editor's journal chances to be in accord with one of the great political parties the editor finds himself in the confidence of the party leaders and participating in their councils. His advice is sought. Successful editorship involves a knowledge of party politics, a constant study of national issues and of statesmanship and of the requirements of public service, as well as searching inquiry into the science of government and the intricacies of diplomacy. The journalist's training especially fits him for political activity, and very frequently after a few years of editing he joins in public service or engages in professional politics.

Newspaper Men in Politics

Through his knowledge of politics and public affairs the newspaper editor is called often into public service. Indeed from the foundation of the republic, from the time of Benjamin Franklin, the pioneer editor-diplomat, newspaper men have had great influence in the affairs of state. Editor Henry J. Raymond, one of the founders of the Republican Party, was lieutenant governor and congressman. Editor Thurlow Weed was leader of the Whig Party and confidential adviser to President Lincoln. Editor James G. Blaine became United States senator, Speaker of the House, Secretary of State and candidate for the Presidency. President Taft was a reporter on the Cincinnati Commercial. Editor Daniel Manning became President Cleveland's Secretary of the Treasury. Daniel S. Lamont was an editor before he became Secretary of War. Editor Charles W. Fairbanks was elected to the Vice Presidency.

Editor John W. Foster was Secretary of State and Minister to several foreign courts. Editor Martin Van Buren became President of the United States after service on the Albany Argus. Editor William E. Chandler was Secretary of the Navy and a United States senator.

In the Sixty-sixth Congress were forty newspaper men, including Senators McCormick, Capper, Edge, Hitchcock, Moses of New Hampshire, Harding, Owen, La Follette, Ashurst, New, Sutherland, Knox and Borah. Also in the Senate, recently, have been Editors Brady, Vardaman, Oliver, Crow. In the Fifty-fifth Congress were thirty-three newspaper men. In the foreign service we have had Editors John Hay, Whitelaw Reid, Walter H. Page, Myron T. Herrick, George Harvey, Charles Page Bryan, George G. Moses, and no end of ministers, including Brand Whitlock and others.

Of editors who have been made governor of their state in comparatively recent years may be included Cox, Hadley, Edge, McKelvie, Hobby, McCall, Allen, Clement, Dixon, Capper, Cornwell.

Editor Whitelaw Reid was not only Ambassador to Great Britain but also he was candidate for Vice President, and he was chancellor of the New York State Board of Regents. Editor St. Clair McKelway also was chancellor, and in the present board are three editors, including the present chancellor. President McKinley appointed more than thirty newspaper men to important posts, including John Hay, Charles Emory Smith, Perry Heath and Frank Vanderlip. In 1918 no less than eighteen former newspaper workers were serving in departments of the Iowa government.

Also may be mentioned as once newspaper men, Ellis H. Roberts, Treasurer of the United States; S. N. D. North, supervisor of the census; Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior; and Stephen Mather, Assistant Secretary; Gen. Frederick Funston; Supreme Court Justice Clarke, Speaker Champ Clark. These names are a few only of the hundreds of editors who have been called to public service. George W. Smalley wrote: "In the French Republic journalism appears to be a certain avenue to the responsibilities of statecraft and diplomacy. Nearly every Frenchman eminent in civil life since the Revolution began his career by writing for the press."

A Distinguished Company

Perry S. Heath said: "No man can rise higher through any channel than through the channels of journalism."

Amos J. Cummings remarked that a journalist succeeds easier in politics than in any other profession.

Not less conspicuous is the long list of authors and literary men who early in their career were writers for the press. It is of course impossible to enumerate them in this space. Among those who gave the first real impetus to journalism were Addison, Steele, Pope, Swift, Daniel Defoe and Fielding. Afterward came Hood, Thackeray, Dickens, Hugo, Kipling and scores of others, and in this country Mark Twain, Howells, Aldrich, Eggleston, Walt Whitman, Lafcadio Hearn, Bronson Howard the dramatist, Charles Dudley Warner, and at least one-half of the younger writers of stories that are now attracting attention.

Indeed, very many newspaper writers drift into businesses that promise better pecuniary rewards. They start in journalism because it pays something from the first, but careful calculation discloses little promise for wealth in the future and they seek the golden dollar elsewhere.

Now it is not to be urged that journalism especially fits a man for commercial life, nevertheless there is a mysterious influence in it that makes a man out of a boy quicker and with more completeness than does any other business. A few years of reporting in a big city makes him mentally alert, if anything can, and teaches the ways of the world. He experiences a new phase of life every day. He is taught to search for facts, to seek for causes and to foresee results. He gets broadness of vision, expanse of comprehension, and rugged contact with the world—with the men whose efforts are important enough to command publicity.

The nature of news reporting is not generally understood. Routine reporting is comparatively easy. The reporting of highly important events is extremely difficult. In political convulsions, in financial panics, in commercial failures, in big criminal cases, in social scandals, in crooked legislation, in most of the topics that excite mankind, the people most involved strive to conceal the real facts. How is the reporter to know whether he is being lied to or not? Ah, but he must know! It is his business to know. It is the commonest of reportorial experience to have the information given by one man positively contradicted by another. All decent newspapers insist on accurate news reports. They cannot afford to be untruthful. It is of the

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IT HAS COME INTO ITS OWN

In the beginning we set out to build a car that should, above all else, be true to our ideals.

We went about our work slowly and with great care and from our labors came the LaFayette.

Since the day our first car left the factory the name LaFayette has advanced without falter.

It has become, perhaps, the proudest name that is placed upon a motor car.

The LaFayette has come into its own, just as surely as any product of human skill which is made unsparingly fine must come into its own.

It has come into its own because it has brought to motoring a new expression of performance, of reliability, of distinction and of grace.

For upon each car we have lavished the same watchful and jealous care with which the builder of a cup-defender oversees the laying of his keel.

It is not our goal to build in great numbers, but, rather, to build in great excellence for those who love fine things.

An ideal, perhaps, but the same ideal with which we started, the ideal which has guided the LaFayette so surely to its own.

LAFAYETTE MOTORS CORPORATION at *Mars Hill* INDIANAPOLIS

LAFAYETTE



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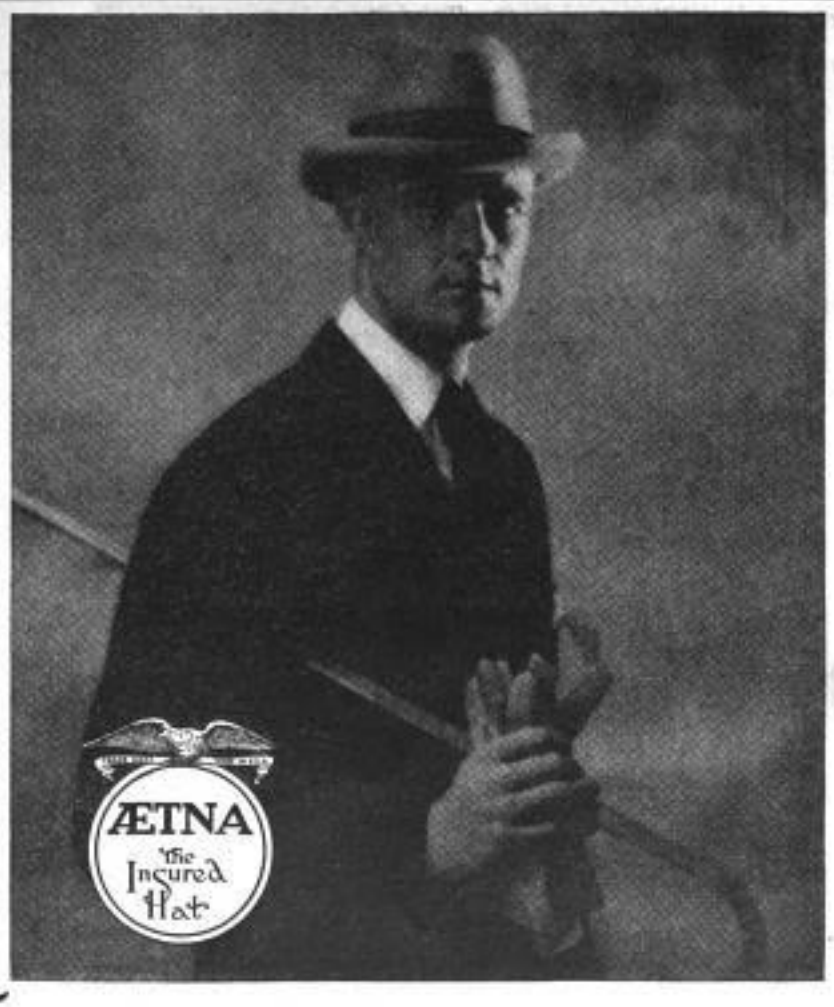
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both Westinghouse quality

The owner of one of the lighter-weight cars who prefers a good lower-priced battery will find the rubber-case *WESTINGHOUSE WUBCO SPECIAL* unexcelled for the money.

The owner of any car who buys an oversize, guaranteed *WESTINGHOUSE STANDARD* Battery gives himself the most dependable, longest-lived battery Westinghouse can build.

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THE reputation of AETNA hats for style and character is as important to you as the unqualified guarantee of the AETNA satisfaction-insurance policy. ¶Ask your dealer about the AETNA satisfaction-insurance policy, or write us for fall style booklet and sample policy.

COTRELL & LEONARD
Established 1832 DANBURY, CONN.

(Continued from Page 146)

utmost importance to them that the narrative of a great piece of news, to be read by a million persons, be written with absolute fidelity to fact. It may be said in all truth that the experienced reporter starts out for the facts of a big case with the expectation that half of the people involved will try to mislead and fool him. He questions every statement made to him and the motive of the man who makes it. He verifies it through some other medium. He becomes a detective. He uses every trick of the calling to extract unwilling information.

This search for truth is one phase only of the many that constitute a reporter's experience. The others involve the absorption of a mass of information, an intimate contact with men of affairs, the cultivation of ability to think quickly and speak easily, and mingle pleasantly with the world. It has been urged, with some reason, that a few years of this sort of thing better fit a young man for almost any kind of business than does sitting at a clerk's desk learning the rudiments of the business.

There is no denying the fascination of power and of influence, the satisfaction of persuasion and of direction. The editor comes to love his work because he feels that he is participating in leadership. He appreciates perhaps that he is the custodian of something new and he glories in the thought that he may communicate this new thing to the world, rejoices that he is influencing others to see as he sees, to think as he thinks, to understand as he understands.

He comes to understand the delights and the responsibilities of persuasion, appreciating, as Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch tells the Cambridge students, that persuasion is the aim of all the arts, of all exposition of the sciences, of all useful exchange of converse in our daily life; as it is the end sought by the artist in his picture, the mathematician in his problem, the clergyman in his sermon. "Nor can I imagine any earthly gift more covetable by you, gentlemen," says this lecturer, "than of persuading your fellows to listen to your views and attend to what you have at heart. Suppose that you wish to become a journalist. Well, and why not? Is it a small thing to desire the power of influencing day by day to better citizenship an unguessed number of men, using the best thought and applying the best language at your command?"

Fine Work Lost to Fame

And since newspaper work is so fascinating, more is the pity that its results are ephemeral. In the big city the life of the newspaper is six hours, in the small city less than twenty-four. The morning newspaper lasts until toward noon; the evening sheet ceases to thrill at bedtime. Dawn brings a new edition, and yesterday's is forgotten.

The bright sayings of the editor amuse and interest for the moment, but they do not live. They are not of a nature to make a lasting impression.

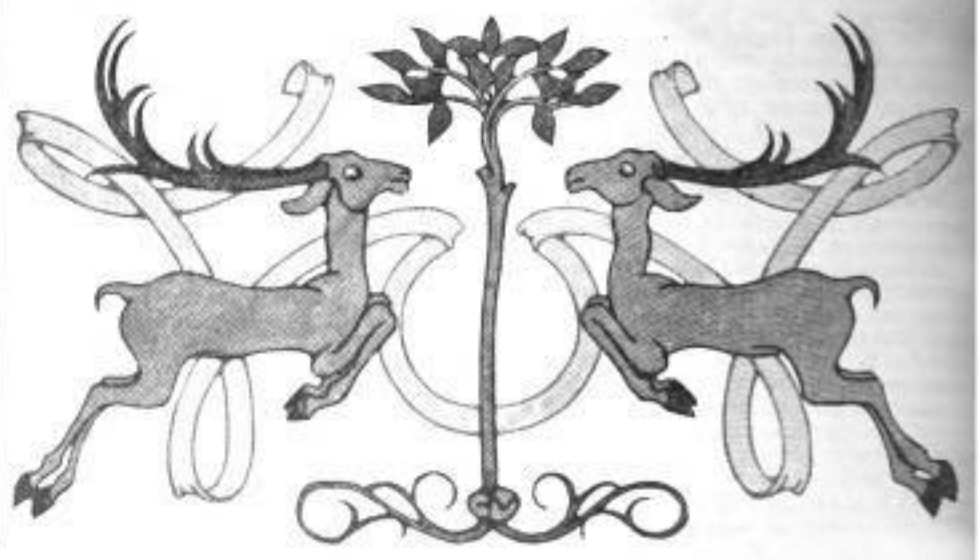
Greeley is remembered as a vigorous abolitionist and temperance advocate and a virile writer on national topics, but today his writings are unsought save by a few students of journalism and a few historians of Civil War times. That William Cullen Bryant was a great editor is almost forgotten; but his fame as a poet is lasting. Samuel Bowles and Murat Halstead and Joseph Medill and other great editors of the Civil War period had nation-wide reputations as upholders of Lincoln and as champions of the Union cause. They are unread today. Dana, whose splendid scholarship, whose familiarity with all literature, whose marvelous memory and whose reservoir of information must have insured him lasting fame had he devoted himself to the making of books, was so fascinated and so incessantly busy with the making of newspapers that he attempted little that might interest future generations. He must have attained supreme heights of literary reputation had he undertaken authorship. Eugene Field toiled in routine newspaper work for twenty years; his fame rests in his verses. Nobody remembers John Hay as a hard-working journalist, yet he was one, and a good one too. He will not be forgotten as a statesman and a poet. Walt Whitman's many years of editorship seldom are recalled; his poetry lives. Who knows that Edgar Allan Poe was an editor from 1835 to 1847; who does not know The Raven? John G. Whittier was an editor until he abandoned journalism for authorship. Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote for periodicals from 1857 until 1891. Thomas Jefferson founded The National Gazette in 1791. James Anthony Froude was proud to have been a newspaper writer. In a Lotos Club speech he said: "I myself was the editor of the London Magazine and on the daily press and therefore deem myself one of the members of the great profession that has done so much in the progress of mankind." William D. Howells began his career as an editor. These men must have done fine newspaper work, but no record of it remains.

France Governed by Journalists

In France just at the close of the World War nearly all the members of the government had been writers for the newspapers. They will be remembered as statesmen, not as editors. Of them, Mr. Stephane Lauzanne, the editor of Le Matin, says:

"Mr. Raymond Poincaré, the president, formerly wrote articles that were remarkable for their clearness, lucidity and argumentation on the greatest economical and political problems that ever agitated France. Mr. Georges Clemenceau, Premier, has always been looked upon as the first newspaper man in France, the pride of the French press, for as a matter of fact he has been the guiding spirit and active head of several important newspapers, creating them, making them up, editing them and inspiring them—in a word, setting his mark upon them. Mr. Stephen Pichon, Secretary of Foreign Affairs, is also a newspaper man. For a long time he was on the staff of Justice and afterward publisher of the Petit Journal. Other members of the French Cabinet, Mr. Lafferre, Secretary of Public Education; Mr. Klotz, Secretary of Finance; Mr. Georges Leygues, Secretary of the Navy, have also written in the great dailies of Paris."

No, newspaper articles, sparkling and spectacular as many of them are, must be recognized as ephemeral. The editor has no time for leisurely work. Usually he does not study a subject long enough or intensely enough to become profoundly authoritative on that subject. He goes on through life informing, elucidating, explaining, protesting, analyzing, until, overtaken by the infirmities of years, he passes from view. In a hazy sort of way it is said of him that he was a great editor, but nearly all that he wrote for his newspaper is forgotten. He leaves little for future generations to ponder over—and this phase of it is indeed a dismal contemplation of the business.



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THE WHITE GROUSE

(Continued from Page 7)

there for an instant in an attitude. A lichen-covered stone rolled sullenly from beneath her feet. She disappeared from view and John Jones heard a yelp. When he reached the wall and peered over she was on three legs. He examined her crushed forepaw and realized that rough miles of steep hillside were not for her for several days.

Words escaped from John Jones for some moments thereafter. They were spoken softly but with extraordinary fervor. He returned to the shack with Gladstone's Nellie, bathed her forepaw with hot water and witch hazel, sympathized with her for a half hour or so, and set forth, gun in hand, alone.

For the rest of that day he fought his way through tinder-dry thickets, with a snapping and crackling as brazen on those silent hillsides as a brass band. When evening came he was thorn scratched, soaked with perspiration and birdless. He looked about him and wondered where he was. The world just there was made up of birch, sumac, laurel, wild rose, wintergreen, and nothing more except a glimpse of pale green sky with the evening star hanging like a lantern between two dusky hemlocks.

To his left was a towering cliff, which seemed to sway toward him as he looked up its unscalable side and caught its topmost pinnacle, dark against the sky. Ahead was thicket, thicket without end, apparently. To the right was thicket also, but he knew the road to the valley must be below somewhere in that direction.

He lit a cigarette before working down to the road, and watched the first puff of smoke hang in the still air. A hermit thrush poured out a throatful of rich contralto notes. A whippoorwill spoke thrice from the leaning gloom of the cliff. As the last syllable of his entreaty died away another sound rose crescendo on the hush of evening. It came from no discernible point. It was as though the muffled heart of the hillside was beating; but John Jones felt that it was somewhere below him.

Making each slow footstep a matter of careful consideration so that not a twig should snap, not a leaf rustle, he stole in the direction from which the sound had seemed to come. Three times more it rose and throbbed through the thicket, a little closer each time.

A gray rock gloomed ahead. Bending low, he moved catlike to the rock and raised his head by inches above its moss-crowned top. Not ten feet away on his drumming log was a great cock grouse. All about him was purple shadow; but he was bathed from crest to toe in a last rosy beam flung across the valley by a red sun just sinking behind Slide Mountain.

John Jones, tense as a panther about to spring, quivered to his finger tips. He had never seen a live grouse so clearly before. He had never seen, alive or dead, a grouse like this; for his feathers, from his spread tail to his lifted crest, were white as forest snow; or, rather, heliotrope, for such was their amazing color in that shaft of rosy light.

John Jones, staring, ceased to breathe. For an instant he seemed to hear a strain of fairy music that swelled his heart and dimmed his eyes. For an instant only this lasted, then the hunter's instinct seized him again. He stepped from behind his concealing rock.

One look of horror that was like a scream the white grouse gave him, then sprang into the air in wild unheedful flight. John Jones glanced along the brown tubes of his twenty-gauge and pulled the trigger.

He found the bird, beak down, wings spread, in a bed of ferns, fifty feet below. A drop of blood hung like a ruby from the tip of his bill. Blue-gray eyelids had curtained forever his jeweled gaze, for no matter how swift his end, a ruffed grouse closes his eyes in death.

John Jones stroked the plumage of the unbelievable bird, still shaking from the tenseness of his stalk and the thrill that had followed. Now and then during a lifetime the eyes will receive an impression that the instantaneous dark room of the mind develops into a memory picture that will never fade. John Jones had one such picture—that vision of his boyhood which contained his father in his shooting coat and the never-to-be-forgotten old Don. Now he felt that the white grouse, strutting on his drumming log in the hushed mystery of evening-lighted thicket, would also remain with him for the full length of his days.

He reached the shack in the last of the twilight, received a passionate welcome from Gladstone's Nellie and promptly moved kitchenward.

He was ravenously hungry. He had promised himself a grouse for dinner. He was just able to fulfill that promise. Having taken the white grouse from his shooting coat he hesitated. Was it Lucullus who had dined on nightingales' tongues? To eat the bird he held in his hand seemed almost as barbaric as that. What else was there to do—have it mounted? He shuddered. He always shuddered at wild things stuffed and molded to a dreadful parody of life. It was nearly as bad as seeing them alive in cages. Creatures in dying served other creatures; that was Nature's plan, and he never quarreled with Nature. He had no hesitancy in killing fish and game; but part of his creed was "Kill no more than will be used." Having killed this bird on the wing by fair woodcraft, it should not be wasted.

John Jones proceeded to pick and clean the white grouse. He also prepared a rabbit he had shot for Gladstone's Nellie. Next he poked about among the pantry shelves for a culinary accompaniment of some sort to broiled grouse. He was hoping for currant jelly, which he did not find. He did find some canned asparagus. He had no idea how long it had been on the shelf where he found it, but he opened the can and sniffed at the contents. It smelled all right. He examined a stalk—it looked all right.

Thirty minutes later he pulled a chair to the oilcloth-covered kitchen table and sat down with something of a gleam in his eye. He ate every morsel of the grouse. He ate the asparagus to the last stalk, despite a faintly bitter flavor that he could not account for. He topped off with canned cherries—another trove from the pantry. He consumed all the juice the can contained, and most of the cherries. At last he sighed deeply and regarded a scattering of well-picked grouse bones and an astonishing pile of cherry pits with a touch of disfavor. He rose, yawned and lit a pipe; then sauntered into the living room, dispossessed the reproachful Gladstone's Nellie of the couch and stretched himself upon it.

For a time he smoked languidly, watching the fire and thinking of that look of horror in the eyes of the white grouse as he had roared up hopelessly from his drumming log. He was recalled to Gladstone's Nellie by the steady plop, plop, plop of her tongue as she resumed a patient licking of her injured paw. He would not hunt her another season, he decided. He would send her back to the bench, where her matchless poses would avail her more. Between the close of this season and the next he would comb the country for a setter with a choke-bore nose and an uncanny ability to guess the destination of a grouse in flight—a setter like old Don. Surely somewhere there must be ——

John Jones became aware of a peculiar numbness in his arms and legs and a weight across his body. He became aware that the light of the fire had grown dimmer. It was as though a veil had been drawn between the flames and his eyes. For a moment he remained motionless, wondering. In that moment the numbness of his limbs increased and a thicker veil was drawn across the fire. He made an effort to sit up. The weight had increased to such an extent that he found it impossible to do so. As he gathered his muscles for a final effort a black curtain cut off the last faint gleams of the fire light. The now tremendous weight across his body seemed to press him down into a faintly humming darkness. At last the humming ceased.

III

LESS than light, more than mist, a faint grayness here and there was breaking through the smothering void of dark which surrounded him, changing it into irregular fantastic patches. This was his first realization of space and form, his first consciousness of being. On its heels came a feeling of unutterable loneliness and then indefinable horror. Horror of what? He did not know. He only knew that he was alone in some place of infinite danger, where help

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Tires, so important in cost of upkeep, are being favored when a car is equipped with Michelin Steel Wheels.

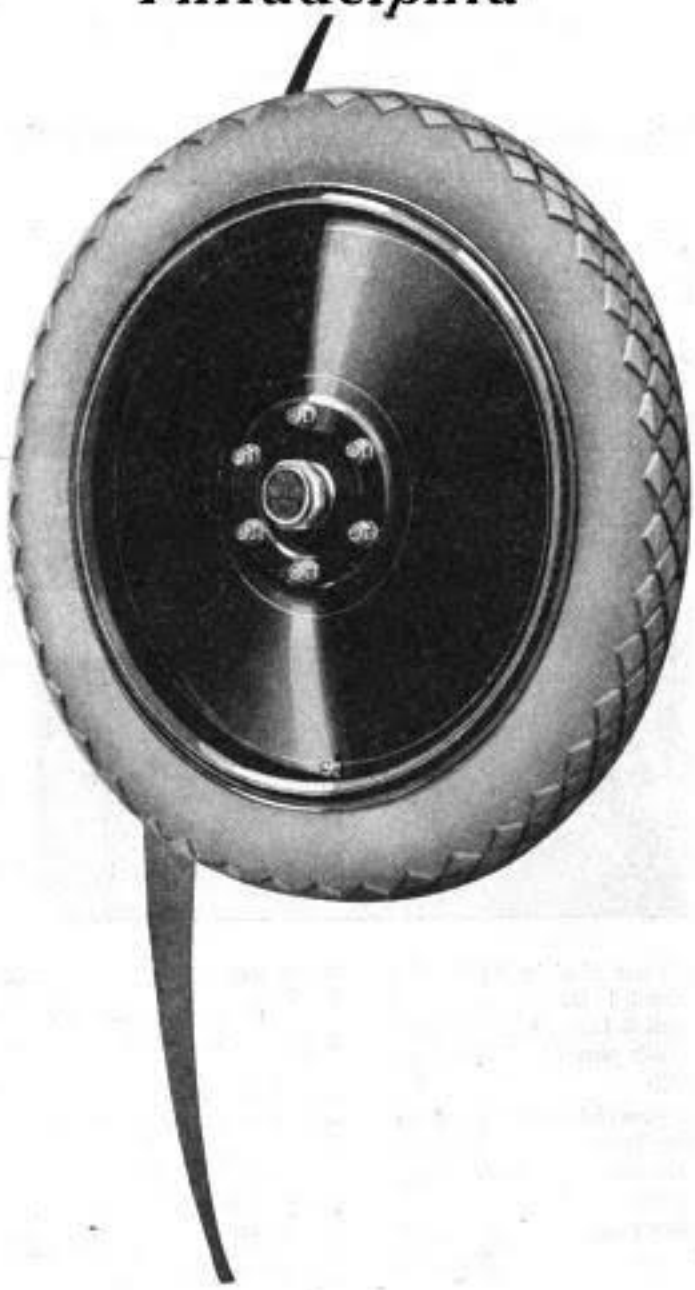
A wobbly, zigzagging wheel—even a wheel that is very slightly out of alignment—twists and grinds the tire against the gritty surface of the road. At every turn of the wheel the tread is worn away like the eraser on your pencil.

Michelin Steel Wheels run true. There is nothing to swell or warp out of shape, nothing to get loose and throw the tire out of alignment. They are pressed from live, resilient steel into permanent form by precise and massive presses.

Moreover, heat generated in the tire by travel is drawn off—spread over the hundreds of square inches of disc surface and dissipated in the air.

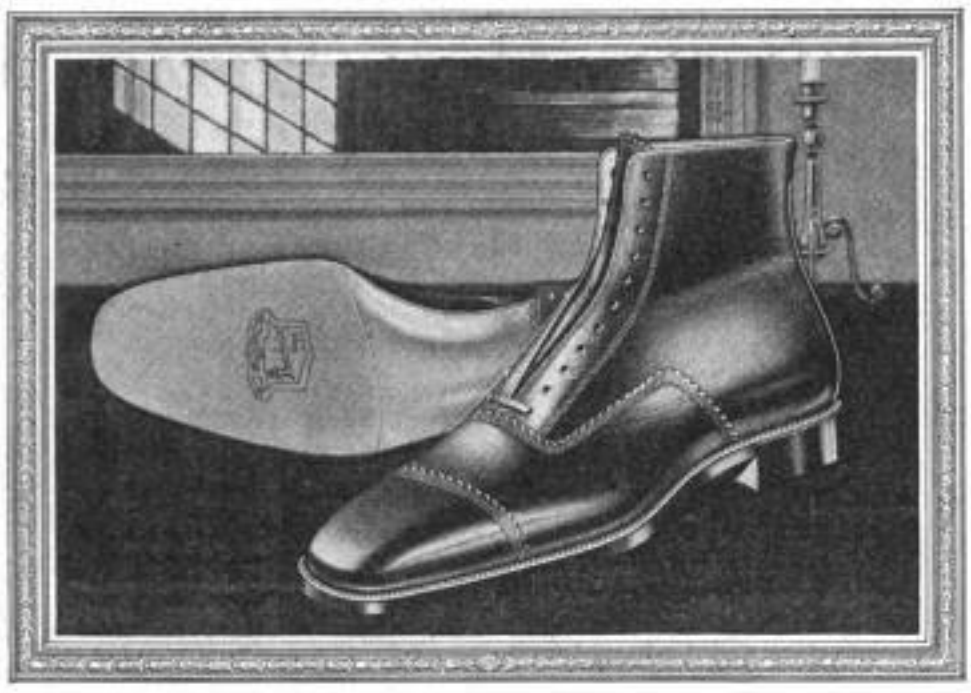
There are five complete wheels in each set. The extra wheel in the rear adds noticeably to the beauty of your car. Changing wheels is a matter of moments—much simpler than changing tires in the old way.

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Philadelphia



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STEEL WHEELS

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TAKE the peril out of night driving for yourself and family! Do it today. Send for a pair of Bausch & Lomb Motor Lenses. They are *scientifically correct* and, therefore, light the road *safely*.

They spread a powerful, even light from ditch to ditch; they light the road at turns; they hold the rays below eye level. They are legal in every state.

Made by Bausch & Lomb, who have specialized in lens-making for 70 years. Standard equipment on such cars as Rolls-Royce, Cadillac and Lincoln. You can at last count upon getting a *real* lens.

A pair lens is an invitation to disaster. Make night driving safe. If your dealer can't supply you, send your check today, naming make and model of your car.

Price, per pair. Name of car and model

(Prices apply particularly to current models)

$4 Apperson—Buick (4)—Chalmers—Chevrolet (490) —Dodge—Durant—Ford—Gardner—Gray—Hupmobile—Kissel—Liberty (open)—McLaughlin—Maibohm—Mitchell (D-40)—Overland.

$5 Allen—American—Anderson—Buick (6)—Cadillac —Case (L. 6)—Chandler—Chevrolet (F. B.)—Cole —Cleveland—Columbia—Comet—Crow-Elkhart—Davis—Daniels—Dixie—Dort—Duesenberg-Straight—Earl—Elgin —Essex—Franklin—Gardner—Grant—Handley-Knight—Holmes—Hudson—Jackson—Jordan—Kelsey—King—Lafayette—Leach—Lexington—Liberty (closed)—Lincoln —Maxwell—Mitchell (C-42)—Moline-Knight—National—Nash—Oakland—Oldsmobile—Packard—Paige (L.)—Pierce-Arrow—Rickenbacker—Stearns-Knight—Studebaker —Templar—Waltham—Willys-Knight.

$6 Auburn—Biddle—Brewster—Bush—Chevrolet (18-B) —Case—Chandler—Cunningham—Haynes—H. C. S. Locomobile—McFarlan—Marmon—Mercer—Moon—Premier—Paige (6-66)—Peerless (56)—Reo—Roamer—Rolls-Royce—Stanley—Stevens-Duryea—Stutz—Templar—Velie —Westcott.

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New York Washington Chicago San Francisco

The name is cast in every lens

BAUSCH & LOMB MOTOR LENS

would never come. Cowering, fearful, he eyed the dark patches, striving to understand them, wondering if they contained the nameless pressing danger with which the very air seemed filled.

The grayness slowly intensified. The dark patches became less vague. They were taking noticeable forms. He strained his eyes at them. They were trees. Trees! Towering above him on every side, enormous trees—the largest he had ever seen.

The grayness was—yes, it was the sky. The earliest sky of morning, unwarmed by a hint of the coming sun, still deep below the rim of a gloomy earth.

He was out-of-doors then, somewhere. But where? And why was it such a place of horror, so fraught with fear, so filled with peril? Why should trees, even astoundingly large trees, with the sky above them, shout "Danger!" to his soul? There was nothing to be afraid of in the woods. The woods meant a friendly all-pervading quiet and—tranquillity. These woods in which he crouched now meant nothing like that. They filled him with a hair-trigger watchfulness which he dared not for an instant abate.

That watchfulness made him suddenly aware of a tangible and immediate danger. It took the form of a pair of blazing, greenish-yellow eyes fastened upon him with unwavering intensity. Instantly, with no thought whatever, he acted. He seemed to be shot, as though by a released spring, into the air. Straight up he went with no apparent effort. He found himself upon a lower branch of one of the enormous trees. It was a hemlock; in some unaccountable way the feel of the bark of the branch on which he sat told him so. He stared down at the spot where he had been crouching an instant before and saw a tremendous creature. It sniffed longingly at the place where he had been, glanced upward with a soundless snarl and melted into the undergrowth. Watching it as it went he discovered that it was a cat—a bobcat—larger than an elephant.

As he sat with surprising ease on the hemlock branch his nameless horror lessened somewhat. For a time a myriad thoughts scudded through his brain like wind-driven clouds. He was able to grasp none of them. It was a feeling, not a thought, that told him he was not as he had been. He had been—he had been —— He could not tell what.

And what was he now? That question, too, he found unanswerable. He only knew that he was alive, sitting in a tree, with innumerable dangers below him. It seemed best to remain in the tree.

He sat on the hemlock bough for some time while the cloudlike thoughts continued to drift through his brain. Merged with the thoughts, and at last overpowering them, was a craving, a bodily craving which grew until his whole mind surrendered to it. Hunger! He had never known such hunger before. He had been hungry, somewhere in that past which he could not recall. That is, he had had a pleasing appetite. Now his hunger was all-pervading. Every atom of his being demanded that it be sustained by food.

He moved anxiously back and forth along the hemlock bough, peering at the earth far down below. Danger was there, ceaseless danger on every side; but there was no food in the tree. He must have food.

He examined the ground in every direction. Each bush was scrutinized—each fallen tree trunk, rock, hollow, tangle and fern bed. He pierced each shadow with his eyes until he read its heart and found it guileless. Lower and lower sank his head, stretching earthward until at last he tilted suddenly from the limb. To his surprise the earth did not rush violently up to shatter him. It swam along, rising gradually until he settled down upon a mossy slope, without shock, without harm.

For a long minute he remained immovable, giving a strained attention to the silence about him, ready for another instantaneous spring into the safety of the air. At last he relaxed a trifle and became conscious of the soft moss under foot. He took a soundless step forward and listened. He took another step, and another, and another. He came to a hollow filled with great dead leaves which rustled, despite him, as he passed through them. He felt something hard below a leaf under one of his feet. He kicked the leaf cautiously aside with a peculiar backward thrust of his foot and beheld a beechnut, large, ripe, sound. He gobbled it like a flash, kicked more leaves aside, and more, and more, to be rewarded now and then by a beechnut. As he became absorbed in his searching he tossed the leaves aside with growing eagerness. An almost constant rustle was the result. A faint little rustle it was, when the clamor of a world is considered, yet he knew somehow that the law of the place he was now in was silence. Hunger was driving him to break the law. It was also detracting from his watchfulness.

He found himself relying on an indescribable new sense which was more than hearing, more than seeing. It was as though there extended from him in all directions invisible antennæ that felt the atmosphere for currents of danger. Suddenly these feelers warned him. He froze into immobility. His eyes fastened on a fallen beech tree, the leafless branches of its top smothered in a thicket of rhododendron. He saw nothing alarming for a time. He had almost decided to continue his feeding when something moved. It was an ear—a delicate pointed ear. It had moved along the trunk of the beech tree which angled toward the spot where he stood, rigid, among the scattered leaves.

Again he was shot upward. On a smooth limb of the beech tree which had furnished him with food he found safety. From where he sat he could look down upon the fallen beech and see behind it. A great red fox, his coat gleaming like new copper in the growing light, rose from a belly-flat crouch, stretched, yawned and stood listening. Somewhere in the distance a gray squirrel broke the silence and the law with a low staccato barking. Ears pricked, head raised, the fox stood as though painted. Presently a twig snapped faintly; dead leaves rustled. He watched the fox flatten down and steal toward the sound. Five minutes passed in deathlike quiet. There was a crash, a terror-stricken chatter ending in a scream, a pat, pat, pat of careless padded feet trotting triumphantly away.

Again he sat on his branch, fearful, dismayed. Again his hunger resumed its insistent demand that it be satisfied. It was not hunger, however, which drove him at last from his supposed point of safety. It was a winged shadow which dropped upon him from somewhere higher in the beech tree. With the tail of his eye he saw it coming and sprang from his limb. The talons of a gigantic horned owl clutched the empty air behind him.

Again the brown floor of the woods sped below him—much more rapidly than before. It was only a level blur as he tilted in and out among the trees, going like a bullet. Despite his sudden knowledge that the horror which filled this place reached well above the ground, he thrilled at this hurtling through the air and continued it until a sudden fatigue brought him slanting down.

Into his instinctive rigid listening at the end of his sweep through the air came the tinkle of running water. He pushed thirstily toward the sound through giant ferns and towering laurel. He emerged from the undergrowth at last and came upon a quiet pool, cradled in gray bowlders.

Water! Cold, clear, as pure as the skies. His craving for it at the moment was even greater than his desire for food.

Slipping between two bowlders to the edge of the pool he looked on all sides before stooping to drink. At last his eyes dropped to the still surface of the pool, in which gray rocks, an ancient bending pine, a far and fading crescent moon were mirrored. He did not drink. He remained as motionless as the bowlders that flanked him. Something else was reflected in the pool; something at which he stared with a new and greater horror—his own reflection.

But was it his own reflection? He moved his head to be certain. He lifted his wings and was doubly certain. Wings? Yes, wings—the snowy wings of a white grouse.

So that was what he was—now. And he had been —— It was no use! It would not come back. But there was a peculiar horror for some reason in being a grouse—a white grouse. He knew that. It was more than the fact that he was winged by swift destruction, with no single place of refuge, no smallest moment that did not hold a threat. He felt that some dark and terrible purpose must be fulfilled, and he therefore was a white grouse. What that purpose was he could not even guess. There remained for him only constant watchfulness and a continual fleeing from the face of death.

At last his thirst rose above his shuddering thoughts, his trembling fears. He drank,

(Continued on Page 153)

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A FINER CAR

New Series COLE *Eight Ninety*

The beautiful new Etruscan body with its rich running board, trunk rack and body bars—the Ultramite frame, light but of great strength—Hydro-Cushion spring action—Envelope Manifold—these features are presented to the public for the first time in this new Cole *Eight Ninety*

The Envelope Manifold increases power—increases fuel mileage 20%—gives perfect results out of the lowest grade and most inexpensive gasoline, thus cutting operating costs two ways.

Perfect Balance. The finest and most scientific distribution of weight has been a most notable feature of Cole design. Perfect balance, the despair of engineers, is finally reached in this new car, and this balance is maintained at all times regardless of shifting or varying passenger weight.

The New Ultramite Frame, distortion proof in its construction, completely eliminates disalignment throughout the entire chassis and protects the body against all stresses and strains.

Hydro-Cushion Spring Action is a special Cole development giving to motoring a complete and new delight. In a way it is inseparable with the car's balance, but fundamentally Cole Eight Ninety's riding quality is due to the scientific co-ordination of spring action with positive hydraulic rebound absorption. (Lovejoy Hydraulic Shock Absorbers are regular equipment.)

Improved Brakes and Axle. A one-piece axle housing has been adopted. Drive shaft, axle shafts and gears are of the finest special heat-treated alloy steel. Safety margins have been increased 25% beyond standard limits. Cole brakes have established world records for efficiency.

Economy. Twenty thousand miles on a set of tires—500 miles on a quart of oil—20% increase in gasoline mileage—unbreakable springs—simple, accessible construction.

Performance Beyond Anything You Have Ever Known. The most timid soon acquire complete confidence at the wheel of this powerful car. The driver soon learns that he can depend on his brakes—absolutely. Acceleration is instantaneous—control effortless. On the wide-open road Cole Eight Ninety has never met its master—hills, mud, the all day grind at high speed do not tax this car—no one has ever found its limit.

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(Continued from Page 150)

dipping his bill in the pool and lifting his head until the water ran down his throat. Never had he tasted such water, so cool, so pure, so satisfying.

His thirst marvelously quenched, hunger took command of him once more. He turned from the pool to seek food in the silent scented woods and thickets of which he was now a part.

And the woods and thickets yielded him food—indescribably delicious, unbelievably sustaining. He found and ate the creamy-colored meat of scrub-oak acorns, withered purple raisins of the wild grape; bittersweet, brilliant red partridge berries, berries of the mountain ash and wintergreen and thorn; black haws, high bush cranberries and dried wild cherries, chestnuts in dull mahogany, he found; hemlock and pitch-pine seeds, and the crisp fronds of ferns; beggar-ticks, chickweed, frostweed, live-forever—all were to be found for a little seeking. He sought and found them all.

As his crop grew full his fears lessened, his courage increased. The sun rose and swept the thickets clear of shadows with a thousand glinting brooms. It swept the shadow of horror from his soul; he all but strutted through a sunlit glade.

Far up in the sky above the glade was a tiny speck, dark against that dome of blue, but flashing into silver now and then as it rocked and tilted in the sun. His new sixth sense lifted his eyes quickly to that remote dot in the heavens, which seemed as aloof from things of earth as a star. The dot was growing larger, it was falling down the wall of the sky with tremendous velocity. He took wing and flashed toward the cover at the edge of the glade. Through the thickest of the cover he shot—between maple saplings, slender popple and the white wands of young birch. The thorny interlacings of a blackberry thicket swung into view. He curved to its edge, lit and scuttled into it. The dot, which had become four feet of spreading wings attached to a rending beak and talons of curved destruction, zoomed out of the glade, sailed across the blackberry patch and came to rest on a weather-smooth, ash-colored limb of a dead tree.

Safe in his stronghold of briers he watched the hawk until it sprang, with a screaming whistle, into the air and spiraled up, up, until it was again a dot.

A curious exultation filled him. Ringed and domed by sudden death, he no longer felt helpless or afraid. Each danger could be triumphantly offset, he had discovered, by choosing the proper safeguard from among the many that had been placed about him. It was good to feel the exquisite surge and throb of life within him; it was good to maintain it with pure water and abundant food in the warm bright world. It was even good to be forced to guard it always with quick hearing, clear seeing and instant wing stroke. It was good, good, good to be alive! Good to be a white grouse—capable of eluding every possible danger in sure and dazzling flight. He lifted his crest and spread his great white tail. A fallen log caught his eye. He strutted to it.

With a single stroke of his wings he was on the log. The spread of his tail grew more and more fanlike. His breast swelled with a desire that consumed all thought, all other instincts, like a flame. He beat at his throbbing body with his wings, his breath hard held with a longing that was like a pain. He became engulfed in a hollow booming which filled the air about him with a muffled mystery of sound. It died away as he rested, listening. Again he smote his swelling breast, again the thicket pulsed with sound. Just one living thing could trace it surely to its source. Just one living thing. And so he beat his breast and waited, listening; and beat his breast and waited, listening, until at last she came—slowly, timidly, with shy reluctance dragging at her feet.

He had meant to strut before her when she came, letting the sunlight glisten on his plumage. He had selected the very shaft of sunlight in which his feathers would show to best advantage. In the red sun of evening he could have turned to heliotrope before her—he knew that. Under the blazing sun of high noon he could only gleam and shimmer; but she would be less striking, more modest in coloring, he felt sure. Having dazzled her with his snowy whiteness he would brush her softly with his wings and claim her for his own.

Yes, she was more modest in her coloring; he saw that when she stepped out of the briers and stood shrinkingly before him. Her back and the upper surface of her wings were a sunlit pool of amber water in which were depths and shallows. About her throat was the rich dark of brooding pines at evening. Her breast was a scattering of small brown leaves against ghostly gleaming birches.

He did not strut as he had planned; nor did he brush her with his wings. It was not her loveliness which kept him marblelike upon his log. It was a rush of cloudy fleeting thoughts at which he grasped in vain. For her eyes were cool and gray, cool and gray; and this was strange, strange!

As he stared at her there came a faint crackling and snapping from the far edge of the thicket. The sound grew nearer. Something was moving toward them, its stealth frustrated by sun-baked leaves and twigs. Something else followed it with a rhythmic clumsy tread; but he knew that this clumsy something was more horrifying, more terrible than cat or fox or owl or hawk, and looking into her frightened eyes he saw that she knew too.

Through the thicket, straight toward them came the first something, followed, always followed by the clumsy but more dreadful second thing. At last the first something reached the thorny rampart of blackberry briers and hesitated; but it was dry, dry, and the briers were thick, and neither he nor she breathed or stirred a feather. The first something skirted the blackberry patch, vague and uncertain. Through a vista he caught sight of a glistening silk-coated creature, with the carriage of a stag and the grace of a fawn, moving like music along the edge of the blackberry briers, and so away. And now he breathed again, deeply, thankfully. A name swam dimly through the depths of his mind. He reassured her in a soundless language of their own.

"It's Gladstone's Nellie," he said.

The fear went out of her eyes. He waited until the second something had stumped off after the first something, then moved to her side. But he did not brush her with his wings. Her eyes were cool and gray once more, and this troubled him. It seemed to hold him away from her for some reason.

He moved off through the briers with a masterful cluck. She followed meekly behind. He came to what had been a tree stump years before. It was now a reddish-brown hillock, filled with holes, in and out of which busy black ants were hurrying. He gobbled an ant or so, and she, coming to his side, did likewise.

Then he dug into the hillock, scattering it in all directions until he disclosed a small chamber filled with pearl-like larvæ, delicious beyond words.

They ate these eagerly for a time, their heads only inches apart. He thrilled as she pressed against him, but always, even while eating, her eyes were cool and gray.

Full fed at last, they drifted on. He darted forward and caught a grasshopper, which he offered her. She thanked him with a warmer look, but partook languidly of only a wing and a leg. He disposed of the rest with some difficulty.

They moved ahead to where a one-time lumber road still struggled to force an uncertain curving way through the ever-crowding thicket. The road was choked with vines and briers. Now and then, however, it freed itself of all except dead grass. Surrounded, half hidden by this waving grass, were bare patches of sun-washed clay and sand. One of these patches they found. Into it they flung themselves and settled down.

With ruffling feathers and clawing feet they burrowed in the sandy soil, letting the warm grains sift along their skins. A fine dust rose and hung about them, dimming the trees and thicket, shutting them in together behind a translucent golden curtain.

At last they rested side by side in the snug hollow they had dug, the sun beating on them in pulselike waves. Closer she pressed against him in a sort of swooning lassitude, closer and closer until he could no longer feel the beating sun. It was less, far less, than his own internal fire.

And now he found her eyes. Soft they were, and dark and shining—no longer cold and gray. His own eyes swam into them while their world of woodland stole away and time was not. Slowly she rose from his side, her eyes on his. As she melted into the thicket she spoke one word of their soundless language.

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He, following, found her in a bed of ferns, canopied and curtained with trembling scarlet leaves.

Still as death grew the thicket, wrapped in a breathless hush. He took one forward step on the carpet of moss which lay between them. He took no more. His triumphant spread of tail closed like the white fan it had resembled; his lifted crest went down. A faint rustle and snapping and cracking was drawing toward the leaf-walled bower of her selection. Through that red-and-yellow wall a head appeared. It grew motionless, rigid, except for its slightly working nostrils at the end of its long deep muzzle. White, black and ticked were that head and muzzle. White, black and ticked! The soul within him seemed to scream "Old Don!"

And then he screamed to her in their wordless silent tongue.

"Fly! Oh, fly!"

He himself burst with a roar through the wall of leaves and, swinging low, shot down the edge of the thicket along the lumber road.

He heard another roar of wings beating up through leaves and branches. He heard a stunning crash, followed by a sickening thump. Downy feathers were floating in the air above the thicket. A wisp of thin blue smoke drifted across the road behind him.

Another crash just as he turned an angle in the road. A tuft of dead grass close beside him was cut down by the stroke of an invisible scythe. Three snowy feathers sheared from his right wing whirled in the wake of his flight. Unbalanced by their loss, he beat his way with unaccustomed effort on and on, until he could fly no farther. He swung clumsily to the left, managed to reach a wilderness of briers, worked his way to the center of it on foot, and crouched there, panting.

Ten minutes passed in which the leaves whispered in a timid breeze; a chipmunk ticked like a tired clock; a downy woodpecker tested his bill on a chestnut limb. Listening, listening, that was all he heard.

But now a bluejay screamed a warning. The chipmunk clock ran down. The woodpecker ceased his knocking at the limb. The whisper of the leaves remained, and something else—the faint swish of briers as they were forced aside by a black, white and ticked shadow, stealing infallibly toward him.

He did not take wing at once. He ran to the far edge of the briers and sprang into the air, beating up as high as he could, then sailing without a sound across a deep ravine to glide down into the center of a chaos of dead timber, half sunk in water and muck.

It was longer this time than before. The faintest of hopes had begun to stir within him, when the black, white and ticked shadow came plowing through the swamp up to its belly in muck, but struggling straight for him. He could not run, he dared not wait. He rose on floundering wing, rose and flew—to the last atom of his strength, blindly, wildly on. Through dark groves of pine and hemlock, across a rushing stream, over a high valley to the high ridge beyond. Up the ridge he hammered, beating desperately at the hard air. Flaming hardwoods swung to meet him. By a stupendous effort he lifted above their tops and pounded on. An immense dark mass loomed before him, obscuring the sun. It was a cliff that seemed to scrape the sky. Half falling, half fluttering, he zigzagged to its base, dragged himself under the loam-caked roots of a fallen tree and collapsed.

He was still shaking to the beat of his pounding heart when the black, white and ticked shadow appeared. It came up the ridge, through the hardwoods across some broken scattered rocks, scrambling, panting, closer, closer, closer. It slowed to a careful walk, to a creep, to a flat crawl. It stopped—its body quivering, its eyes bulging with the suppressed frenzy of its pursuit. It would go no farther. Nothing would move it from where it stood; for it had found what it was seeking. The long deep muzzle with its vibrating nostrils was pointed, like the finger of fate, at him.

He, too, remained without movement, waiting helpless for what must come. He remembered his exultation when he had discovered that the forces of destruction all about him could be offset by vigilance and glorious flight. He had not known about this Nemesis then—this resistless, ever-pursuing, unbaffled creature which was somehow familiar, which he had known somewhere in the past. Its name had flamed through his brain in letters of fire when it had first appeared. He could not remember the name now. He only knew that the dreadful reason for his being a white grouse was about to be made clear. And so with crippled wing and shattered strength he waited for—he knew not what.

It came at last, up the ridge, over the scattered rocks. He heard it coming, step by step, and then at last he learned in a blinding flash that it was infinitely more horrible than he could have conceived. He caught a glimpse of an iron-gray mustache above a faded, weather-beaten, sweat-stained shooting coat; he heard a quiet voice say, "All right, Don; go on," and he knew what he had been.

He had been John Jones, who could shoot even better than his father, for his father sometimes missed.

His father could not miss a crippled grouse out in the open with a great cliff to scale—that was sure. And the grouse, the white grouse under the tree roots, must try to take wing, must try to prevent an unspeakable horror, knowing that he had no chance.

No chance, no chance! He stepped from the sheltering tree roots and hurled himself into the air. A pair of brown gun barrels came up with the swift yet easy swing that a towheaded boy had copied long ago.

A shattering crash and a streak of flame. All was flame. Flames danced in his eyes. They were rushing upwards like an inverted cascade of molten gold. Their light was playing on a shining figure stretched before them, a wonderful, an adorable figure.

"Susan Jane, Susan Jane," whispered John Jones.

It was a timid unbelievable whisper, but the figure rose from before the fire, and despite a painful limp came, with the carriage of a stag and the grace of a fawn, to the couch on which he lay.

John Jones sat up and stared down into a pair of adoring amber eyes.

"I guess it was the asparagus," he said. Then he wrapped the head of Gladstone's Nellie in his arms. "Susan Jane, oh, Susan Jane!" he cried. "You're the dog for me!"

He smoked one pipe after that; not a whole pipe; half of what came out of the bowl when he knocked it a trifle wildly against the fireplace was good unburned tobacco. This waste was caused by his pressing need to write a telegram, which would jolt by stage down the valley to the Neversink next morning, and at noon would go singing along the wires from Big Indian to New York. It would be addressed to a girl named Mildred. John Jones ran it over in his mind as he looked for paper and pencil:

"Can you, will you save Friday night for me? I have something important to tell you."



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MY LIFE

(Continued from Page 21)

through my mind in a few seconds as I continued my part and tried frantically to think of a new bit of stage business that would fit the unprecedented situation. I managed somehow to hit upon a method of getting killed by this stolid Don José, whirling up to him as though in mocking defiance and pretending to be wounded by the dagger he held in his hand. It all happened in the twinkling of an eye, and the curtain came down on a properly murdered Carmen and a not at all repentant Don José. No one had apparently noticed the hitch in the action and the evening was a complete success. How furious must my discomfited friend have been as we took curtain after curtain together and he was forced to realize by the storm of applause the house gave me the complete failure of his well-laid plan!

Sometimes a conversational aside on the stage is very helpful, when it is not actuated by the motives which led this tenor to try to wreck my performance. I remember one evening when the situation was saved by a great many whispered remarks exchanged between myself and my partner through the main love scene. The opera in which we were appearing had never been sung before. It was put on as a novelty in the middle of the season and had been in rehearsal only a short time. Unfortunately the tenor had been absent from a number of these few rehearsals and was in consequence unfamiliar with his part. To add to the confusion, we had never had a dress rehearsal or a rehearsal with the scenery in place. By some combination of accidents the artists, the properties and the setting had never been on the stage simultaneously, so that when we walked on that first night the scene was as new to us as to the audience. During such rehearsals as we had had the stage manager had indicated to us where we would find the various pieces of furniture necessary for the action—a bench on one side where we were to sit, a column at another point, a flight of steps here, a tree there. We had planned our scene in accordance with these indications and following the directions in the text of the opera. What was our consternation when we found ourselves before the footlights, launched upon the love duet, with not a single property in the place we had been told to expect it! Instead of bench, column, steps and tree we found ourselves on a terrace outside a castle, without a single object to diversify the scene. Yet we could not stand there like graven images, warbling at each other in the middle of the stage. There must be some action, some movement. Something must be done instantly.

"Go over and lean against the parapet," I murmured to the bewildered tenor between the phrases of my song.

"Kneel at my feet," I sang a little later, running the words into the text so as not to interrupt the flow of our duet.

"Get up and stand beside me while I sit on the balustrade," came my next stage aside.

"Now take me in your arms," I interpolated into my ditty, being careful to sing the right notes, but blurring my enunciation so only my partner could catch the words. So through the whole scene, by whispered words and phrases sung in this way, we managed to get along with a happy semblance of ease and naturalness.

When the curtain came down on our final embrace we could not help bursting into laughter, and while my partner congratulated me on my resources in stage direction I complimented him even more heartily on having so successfully heard and followed my suggestions.

Such accidents as this have often made me wonder how Patti and other singers who, like herself, have had the courage to refuse to fatigue themselves with rehearsals have been able to obtain the necessary dramatic effects which the interpretation of all the leading rôles in opera require. Rehearsals are exceedingly tiring and exhausting, yet it would seem to me almost impossible to get on without them. Patti very rarely went to them, and Madame Alboni also avoided them as much as possible.

I met Madame Alboni when she was seventy years old. She was as splendid as ever, singing with as noble and beautiful an organ as in her youth. She had an admirable contralto voice and vocalized like a bird. She sang Rossini's *Aria de la Cenerentola* for us, and when I congratulated her afterwards on the remarkable preservation of her voice she spoke of this very matter of rehearsals.

"My dear child," she said, "they tire you too much nowadays with these ordeals. In my youth I very rarely attended rehearsals and it saved me much wear and tear. Remember this," she added with a smile, touching her throat with the tips of her fingers: "What comes out of here never goes in again. Don't let them work you to death!"

It was of this charming woman, who was large and, it must be admitted, inclined to *embonpoint*, that the witty and occasionally sharp-tongued Princess de Metternich spoke when she described a singer who "looked like a cow that had swallowed a nightingale!"

XXII

IT HAS been my good fortune and my joy to know a man who truly "walked with God," a noble being, a saint, a philosopher and a true friend. His influence upon my spiritual life was profound. He opened up new horizons before me, enlarging and vivifying my religious ideas and ideals, teaching me a broader understanding of truth. My soul will bear him eternal gratitude.

This extraordinary man was a Hindu monk of the order of the Vedantas. He was called the Swami Vivekananda, and was widely known in America for his religious teachings. He was lecturing in Chicago one year when I was there; and as I was at that time greatly depressed in mind and body, I decided to go to him, having seen how he had helped some of my friends.

An appointment was arranged for me, and when I arrived at his house I was immediately ushered into his study. Before going I had been told not to speak until he addressed me. When I entered the room, therefore, I stood before him in silence for a moment. He was seated in a noble attitude of meditation, his robe of saffron yellow falling in straight lines to the floor, his head swathed in a turban, bent forward, his eyes on the ground. After a brief pause he spoke without looking up.

"My child," he said, "what a troubled atmosphere you have about you! Be calm! It is essential!"

Then in a quiet voice, untroubled and aloof, this man, who did not even know my name, talked to me of my secret problems and anxieties. He spoke of things that I thought were unknown even to my nearest friends. It seemed miraculous, supernatural!

"How do you know all this?" I asked at last. "Who has talked of me to you?"

He looked at me with his quiet smile, as though I were a child who had asked a foolish question.

"No one has talked to me," he answered gently. "Do you think that is necessary? I read in you as in an open book."

Finally it was time for me to leave.

"You must forget," he said as I rose. "Become gay and happy again. Build up your health. Do not dwell in silence upon your sorrows. Transmute your emotions into some form of external expression. Your spiritual health requires it. Your art demands it."

I left him, deeply impressed by his words and his personality. He seemed to have emptied my brain of all its feverish complexities and placed there instead his clear and calming thoughts.

I became once again vivacious and cheerful, thanks to the effect of his powerful will. He did not use any of the ordinary hypnotic or mesmeric influences. It was the strength of his character, the purity and intensity of his purpose that carried conviction. It seemed to me, when I came to know him better, that he lulled one's chaotic thoughts into a state of peaceful acquiescence, so that one could give complete and undivided attention to his words.

He often spoke in parables, answering our questions or making his points clear by means of a poetic analogy. One day we were discussing immortality and the survival of individual characteristics. He was expounding his belief in reincarnation, which was a fundamental part of his teaching.

"I cannot bear the idea!" I exclaimed. "I cling to my individuality, unimportant as it may be! I don't want to be absorbed into an eternal unity. The mere thought is terrible to me."

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"One day a drop of water fell into the ast ocean," the swami answered. "When found itself there it began to weep and omplain just as you are doing. The great ean laughed at the drop of water. 'Why o you weep?' it asked. 'I do not under- and. When you join me you join all your rothers and sisters, the other drops of ater of which I am made. You become he ocean itself. If you wish to leave me ou have only to rise up on a sunbeam nto the clouds. From there you can de- end again, little drop of water, a blessing nd a benediction to the thirsty earth.'"

With the swami and some of his friends nd followers I went upon a most remark- ble trip, through Turkey, Egypt and reece. Our party included the swami; ather Hyacinthe Loyson; his wife, a Bos- onian; Miss McL., of Chicago, ardent wamist and charming, enthusiastic woman; nd myself, the song bird of the troupe.

What a pilgrimage it was! Science, phi- osophy and history had no secrets from the wami. I listened with all my ears to the rise and learned discourse that went on round me. I did not attempt to join in heir arguments, but I sang on all occasions, s is my custom. The swami would discuss ll sorts of questions with Father Loyson, who was a scholar and a theologian of re- ute. It was interesting to see that the wami was able to give the exact text of a document, the date of a church council, when Father Loyson himself was not certain.

"Where did you acquire all this informa- ion?" we asked him one day.

"In the Upanishads," he answered. "This book, the book of the Vedas, has been written by our monks, generation after generation, for the last ten thousand years. Each swami of our order writes the history of his life, setting down everything he knows, his experiences, his studies, his scientific experiments. After his death the book is read and corrected by the wisest men among us. All repetitions and unin- teresting material are eliminated. Some- times one line of a man's book is kept, sometimes a page. Once in a while, though very rarely, a whole book remains and is incorporated into the Upanishads. We have, in consequence, an extraordinary library, which probably cannot be equaled anywhere in the world. Everything that I know comes from there."

When we were in Greece we visited Eleusis. He explained its mysteries to us and led us from altar to altar, from temple to temple, describing the processions that were held in each place, intoning the an- cient prayers, showing us the priestly rites.

Later, in Egypt, one unforgetable night, he led us again into the past, speaking to us in mystic, moving words, under the shadow of the silent Sphinx.

The swami was always absorbingly in- teresting, even under ordinary conditions. He fascinated his hearers with his magic tongue. Again and again we would miss our train, sitting calmly in a station waiting room, enthralled by his discourse and quite oblivious to the lapse of time. Even Miss McL., the most sensible among us, would forget the hour, and we would in conse- quence find ourselves stranded far from our destination at the most inconvenient times and places.

One day we lost our way in Cairo. I suppose we had been talking too intently. At any rate, we found ourselves in a squalid, ill-smelling street, where half-clad women lolled from windows and sprawled on doorsteps.

The swami noticed nothing until a par- ticularly noisy group of women on a bench in the shadow of a dilapidated building began laughing and calling to him. One of the ladies of our party tried to hurry us along, but the swami detached himself gently from our group and approached the women on the bench.

"Poor children!" he said. "Poor crea- tures! They have put their divinity in their beauty. Look at them now!"

He began to weep, as Jesus might have done before the woman taken in adultery. The women were silenced and abashed. One of them leaned forward and kissed the hem of his robe, murmuring brokenly in Spanish, "*Hombre de Dios, hombre de Dios!*" (Man of God!) Another, with a sudden gesture of modesty and fear, threw her arm in front of her face as though she would screen her shrinking soul from those pure eyes.

This marvelous journey proved to be al- most the last occasion on which I was to see the swami. Shortly afterward he an- nounced that he was to return to his own country. He felt that his end was approach- ing and he wished to go back to the com- munity of which he was director and where he had spent his youth.

A year later we heard that he had died, after writing the book of his life, not one page of which was destroyed. He passed away in the state called samadhi, which means, in Sanskrit, to die voluntarily, from a will to die, without accident or sickness, saying to his disciples, "I will die on such a day."

Years later, when I was traveling in India, I wished to visit the convent where the swami had spent his last days. His mother took me there. I saw the beautiful marble tomb that one of his American friends, Mrs. Leggett, had erected over his grave. I noticed that there was no name upon it. I asked his brother, who was a monk in the same order, the reason of this omission. He looked at me in astonish- ment, and with a noble gesture that I re- member to this day, "He has passed on," he answered.

The Vedantas believe that they have preserved, in their original purity and sim- plicity, the teachings of Buddha. They have no temples, saying their prayers in a simple oratory, with no symbolic figures or pictures to stimulate their piety. In one corner of this place is a small statue of Buddha, as though they wished to say, "It is from him that we have learned the way." Their prayers are all addressed to the Unknown God.

"O, Thou who hast no name! O, Thou whom none dare name! O, Thou the Great Unknown!" they say in their supplications.

The swami taught me a sort of respira- tory prayer. He used to say that the forces of the deity, being spread every- where throughout the ether, could be re- ceived into the body through the indrawn breath.

The monks of the swami's brotherhood received us with simple, kindly hospitality. They offered us flowers and fruits, spread- ing a table for us on the lawn beneath a welcome shade.

At our feet the mighty Ganges flowed. Musicians played to us on strange instru- ments, weird, plaintive chants that touched the very heart. A poet improvised a melan- choly recitative in praise of the departed swami. The afternoon passed in a peace- ful, contemplative calm.

The hours that I spent with these gentle philosophers have remained in my memory as a time apart. These beings, pure, beau- tiful and remote, seemed to belong to an- other universe, a better and wiser world.

XXIII

BY BIRTH, heredity and early associa- tion I am a true daughter of the south, and I have always been an ardent admirer and follower of our great Provençal poet, Frédéric Mistral. He it was who gave me the device which I have used for many years—"*Qui chante son mal enchante.*" He told me that it was the motto of a troubadour of old, and that he had selected it as being particularly appropriate for me.

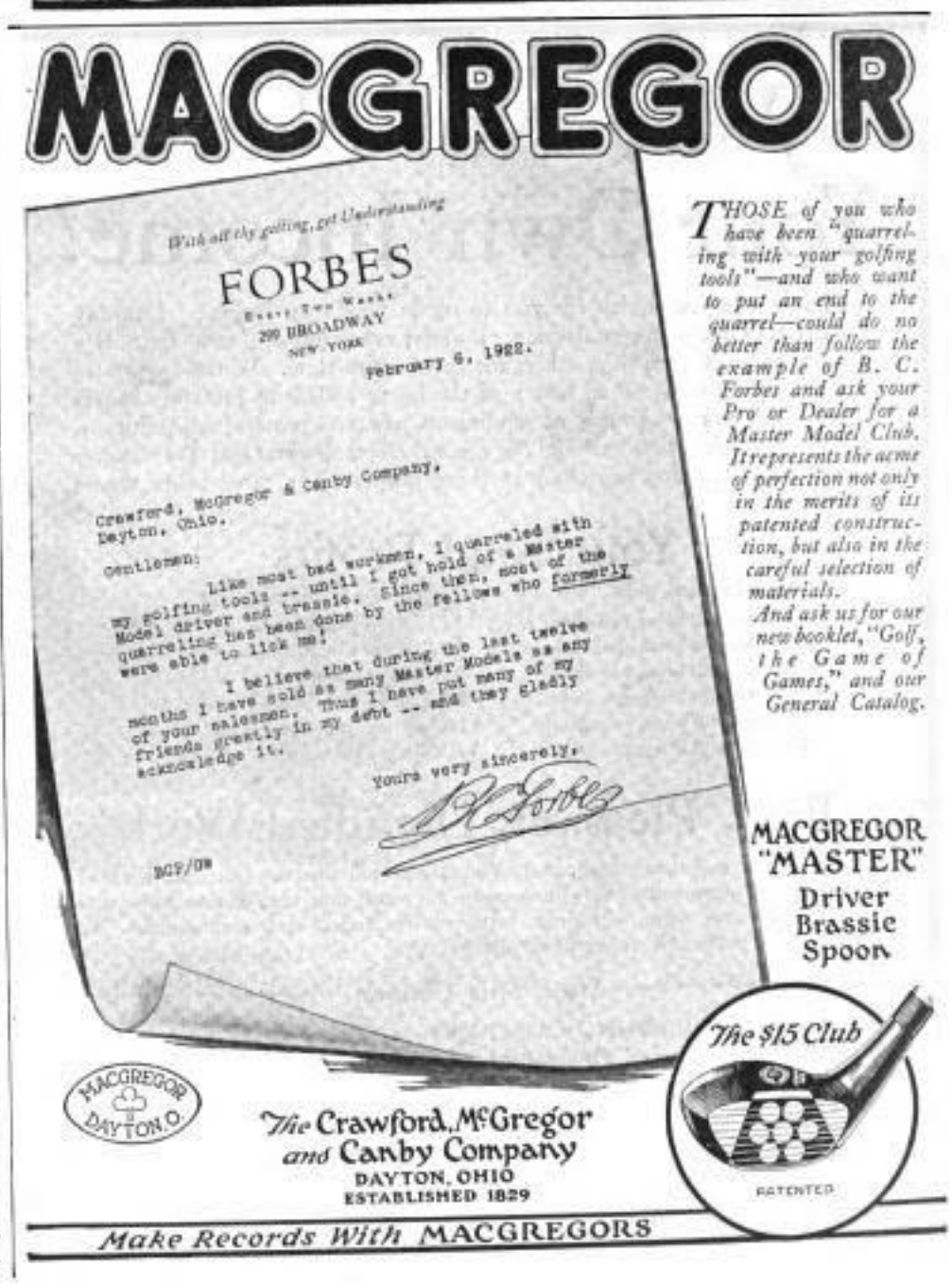
I leave it in French, for it loses much of its poetry and rhythm when translated into English. The meaning is quite ob- vious: The singer charms his sorrow with his song, or, as the immortal Shakspere has expressed it:

In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief at heart.

Mistral, the poet of the Midi, might be described as the Homer of his country. He was the outstanding figure, the genius, the leader of that group of poets who during the latter half of the nineteenth century brought about a renaissance of literature and art in Southern France. Unfortu- nately very few, even among French people, can know the full beauty of his verse, for he wrote in Provençal, that rich and so- norous language which was the speech of troubadours and kings. All the rulers of France, during the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, used the *langue d'oc*, as the speech of Provence is called, before it was supplanted by the harsher language of the north.

One of the most beautiful of Mistral's epic poems, Mireille, personifying the ro- mantic and exalted soul of Provence, was put to music by Gounod, and the leading rôle created by Madame Carvalho. The serenade, Oh, Magalli! from this opera, is an exquisite love song, one of the most popular and widely known of Mistral's poems. Every shepherd in the Midi is familiar with it. I myself have sung it all





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over the world. It is to this song that I owe Mistral's dedication:

"*Alla piu alta cantarella di Mirèio.*" (To the most high singer of Mireille.)

Mistral was adored by all Provence. Indeed, in his character of poet and leader he was its uncrowned king. He was one of the founders of the Society of the Félibrige, to which belonged a brilliant galaxy of poets and artists. The annual meeting of this society, or school, was held at Arles. Mistral, presiding at these festivals, splendid and dominant even in his old age, was an unforgetable picture. Around him the poets gathered, and the peasants danced their graceful *farandoles*, which so strikingly recall the dances of the Greeks in all their Attic harmony of line and gesture.

Some years before he died he was present at the unveiling of the statue of himself which stands in the great square of Arles, not far from the museum which he had built and presented to the city. The completion of the statue was made the occasion of a remarkable demonstration of the honor and affection in which the great poet was held not only in his own country but all over the world. I was asked to be present; but, having just returned to my château at Cabrières from a long and fatiguing tour in America, I refused the invitation.

The night before the event I was aroused from my sleep at about four o'clock by a vivid dream in which my father seemed to appear to me and to reproach me for not taking part in the festival in honor of our great poet.

I leaped up instantly and, donning my Arlesian costume, proceeded to arouse the household. Two American ladies were staying with me at the time. Waking them from their sleep, I attempted to disguise them as Provençal women, an almost impossible undertaking, in view of their marked Anglo-Saxon types.

I left for Arles in a state of exaltation impossible to describe. I felt as though I were being impelled by an irresistible force. It seemed to me that I was one with all my people; that into my soul had been poured the souls of all my forbears, my clan; that my heart throbbed with the beating of a thousand hearts. I longed to give wings to the motor that carried us down into the sunny plains of Provence.

We arrived at Arles about midday, just as the distinguished company of guests and visitors was preparing to leave the platform in front of the town hall, where the ceremonies had taken place. The square was packed tight with an attentive crowd impossible to move or to penetrate. No one would make way for us or let us pass. Standing on the outskirts of that indifferent throng I started to sing Oh, Magalli! dear to all Provençal hearts.

As though by magic a pathway opened up before me, and I walked triumphantly to the platform, singing all the way. Once there, standing beside our beloved poet and looking out over the sea of upturned faces, I sang, with a complete and joyous abandon, all the Provençal songs that I knew. The crowd, responsive, vibrant, took up the choruses. I was exalted, carried out of myself. I longed to fill the whole world with my song.

At last, my strength exhausted, I stopped. Mistral approached me. His words, spoken in the warm language of the south, sounded like a benediction, a song.

"You came down from the mountains like a torrent, with all your mighty race. The strength and the gladness of your people are yours on this day. The crowds parted to let you pass, swept back by the fire of your oncoming, your voice a sword, a leaping flame."

Never shall I forget that day of days. Every country, every king and queen had sent a poet or a representative. Every nation paid its homage to the poet of Provence. The French Government alone was not officially represented, but the heart of France was there.

XXIV

JEAN RICHEPIN, whom it is my privilege to count a friend, has always said that I was an incorrigible globe trotter. Indeed, he is right. I adore traveling. I love to see new sights, new countries, to study the customs of all the different peoples of the world. I am fortunate in that my profession has permitted me to indulge this taste. I used to dream of singing in every country of the world, and, as a matter of fact, I have very nearly carried out this program. I have sung in India, in China, Japan, Hawaii, countries in which very few of my colleagues had been heard up to the time of my visit.

By way of realizing my dream I accepted an engagement for Australia in 1910. I started on my long tour, which was to take me entirely around the globe, in March of that year. We sailed from Marseilles one lovely spring day aboard a luxurious steamer of the Peninsular and Oriental line.

Our first objective was Perth, in Australia, and from there we toured through all the principal cities of the country. Our reception everywhere was enthusiastic. At Melbourne my local manager greeted me with the news that he had made arrangements for a reception, so that the people could have the opportunity of welcoming me properly. The city was plastered with announcements a yard high:

"Come to the reception to welcome the great singer, Emma Calvé, just arrived from Europe!"

When the day came I was conducted to a hall where I expected to find not more than a couple of hundred people. What was my alarm when I found myself in a huge, barnlike place, where at least four thousand of Melbourne's citizens had gathered to greet me!

After visiting Adelaide, Sydney, Brisbane, Wellington, Christchurch and other cities, we returned to Singapore and Colombo. I sang in those two places and then proceeded on a long tour through India—Madras, Calcutta, Darjeeling, Delhi, Agra, Bombay. In all these cities there were, of course, a number of English people in our audiences, as well as the native Indian maharajas and their families. It was during this journey in India that I went to the monastery of the swami and saw his tomb and was received by the monks of his order.

After visiting Burma, the city of Rangoon and the famous Hill of the Thousand Buddhas, we went on to China, where I had the amusing experience of calling upon a distinguished mandarin of Canton to whom I had a letter of introduction.

One day I was invited to sing for him at his house. He was a very important personage and I was duly impressed by the honor. I took an interpreter with me and sang some French songs for my noble host. My first song was L'air du Cosaque, by Munuvoska. He listened with the most serious and profound attention. When I had finished the interpreter explained the theme of my song to him.

"Do you mean to say," he commented at last, "that the lady is singing and acting the death of a soldier? Why, then, does she remain beautiful? Dying is not beautiful, but terrible. Our actors become as hideous as death itself when they interpret such parts."

I explained, through the interpreter, that in Europe many consider the sublimation of Nature to be the highest expression of art.

"We have passed through that phase," he answered. "When physical beauty is admired above all other manifestations, then is a country on the verge of decadence. Consider the teachings of history! We ourselves have gone on to more fundamental truths."

The Mysoli, which I then sang, seemed to please him better. He was fascinated by its trills and roulades.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "This is lovely! It sounds exactly like a bird! It is delicious, and it is very difficult as well. I do not believe that our artists could do it with such perfection."

The greatest impression that I made on him, however, was neither by my dramatic nor my musical ability. Unexpected success! It was the force of my lungs that astonished him more than anything else.

"These Occidental women!" he exclaimed to the interpreter. "What marvelous lung power they have! What strength, what force! It is splendid!"

I was decidedly mortified. After all my efforts, this was all he could find to praise!

As I was saying my adieus my host asked me to come the next day, that I might see a Chinese actor perform according to the artistic canons of the Orient. The mandarin promised to secure the very best actor in Canton, and I returned the next day to his house, full of curiosity and interest.

The actor was dressed as a woman, for it is rare to find women on the Chinese stage. He carried a wand in his right hand, with which he controlled the movements of a small orchestra. The musicians, who

(Continued on Page 160)

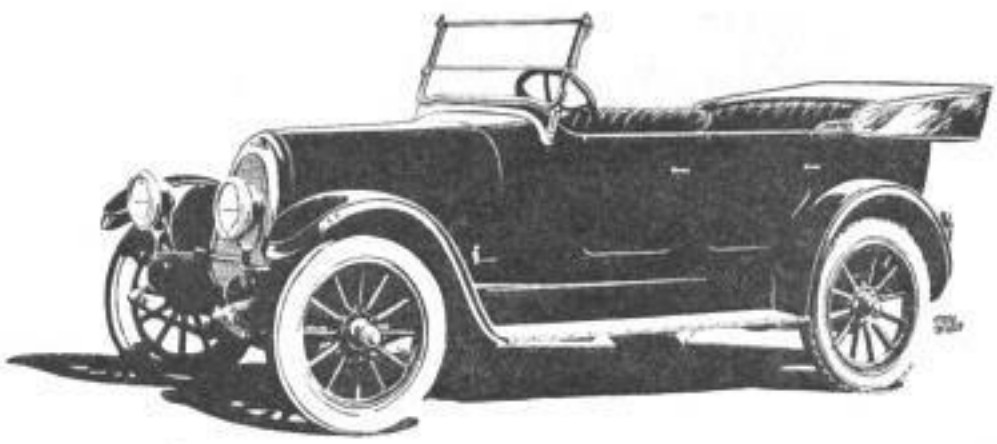
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(Continued from Page 158)

played on curious wooden instruments, were hidden in the wings and could not be seen from the audience. At a signal from the stage the rhythmic throbbing stopped.

The actor then began a recitative, half sung, half spoken, punctuated by deep, guttural cries, more like the sound of an animal in pain than of a human voice. While he chanted his dismal story he twisted himself into such extraordinary attitudes and made such hideous faces that I was suddenly overcome with laughter. I hid my face in my handkerchief in a paroxysm of mirth.

"Tell my host that I am crying," I whispered to the interpreter. "Tell him that I am ill! Anything so that he will not notice my laughter!"

The actor became more and more violent. He imitated the voice of a child, the voice of a woman, the gasps of a dying man. It was extremely realistic, but the result was more grotesque than impressive. The mandarin, hearing my strangled giggles, was very much pleased.

"How sensitive she is!" he murmured. "How deeply moved! It is pitiful!"

I managed to recover my dignity in time to make my exit from my host's presence with proper ceremoniousness and with many expressions of admiration. But with all respect to the art of the Orient, and with due modesty for my own shortcomings, I should not wish to become a student of their methods.

From Shanghai we sailed for Japan. I shall not attempt to describe the countries we traversed on our long journey, the marvelous scenery, the beauties of art and architecture which met our eyes on every side. All this has been done much better than I myself could do it by many great travelers and writers. It is enough to say that, for me, the sight of those distant and wonderful countries was infinitely more marvelous than anything my imagination had created. Every step of the way was fascinating, and my memory is a rich storehouse of beautiful, colorful and gorgeous scenes.

In Japan we gave concerts at Kioto, the ancient, and Tokio, the modern capital of the country. Near Nagasaki I had the interesting experience of living for over two weeks in a Japanese family to which I had been introduced by one of my American friends. The head of the family was a Buddhist priest, who, with his sister and his sister's children, lived within the confines of the ancient temple which he served. His sister offered me the hospitality of a real Japanese house. My room was simply furnished with a mat and one or two cushions. In one corner of it stood a low tea table. That was all. At night I was given some larger cushions, over which, as a concession to my Western habits, linen sheets were spread. The paper screens were drawn together and I was *chez moi!*

I attended all the ceremonies in the temple and learned much of the religion and philosophy of these wise and highly cultured people.

The nieces of the priest spoke French and used to come to me every morning with flowers and gifts. They taught me how to "compose" a bouquet and to express an idea or a sentiment with one or two flowers carefully arranged. A certain blossom placed in a given relation to another meant a definite phrase. These young girls were able to paint their poets' verses in the colors of the fragrant flowers!

Each morning they brought me the *bibelot*, or ornament, which was to grace my room for that day. Sometimes it was a figure of Buddha, made a thousand years ago; sometimes a lovely vase or a gorgeous bit of carved jade. They would place it carefully on my table and we would admire it from every angle. Once they showed me the storeroom where all their treasures were kept.

"Why do you hide away all these beauties?" I exclaimed. "They could be put in every room of the house, so that you could enjoy them all the time."

"What a horrible idea!" they answered. "Positively barbarous! How dreadful to have all these things around us! In the first place it would be unhealthy. But most of all, we would soon become so accustomed to them that we should cease to enjoy or even to see them. Isn't it much better to take them out one at a time, to study them individually and appreciate all their delicate beauty and charm? That is the only way you can really enjoy a work of art."

What an unforgetable spring that was, when the cold broke and the cherry-blossom time arrived! I hated to leave that flowering land.

We had to go on, however, and so we sailed from Yokohama for San Francisco on the S. S. Chiomaru, which was later torpedoed by the Germans when it was in the service of the United States. Our steamer was scheduled to stop at Honolulu on the way. Although this city was not on our itinerary, our friends urged us to inform the manager of the opera house there that we were coming, and that we might be able to give a concert if it was desired. Accordingly I dispatched a telegram by wireless and received a prompt and enthusiastic reply.

When we arrived in the harbor of Honolulu we beheld a fleet of little balloons floating over the city, to each one of which was attached a large picture of myself! It was a most amusing effect, to see one's image suspended in midair in this way. The manager met us at the dock in an automobile piled high with flowers. They have a very delightful way of receiving strangers who set foot for the first time on this sunny isle. As you arrive and as you leave you are crowned with sweet-smelling wreaths of yellow jasmine, and you are supposed to throw these garlands, as an offering, into the sea before you go. I was almost smothered that day as wreath after wreath was thrown over my head, until my face disappeared and I could hardly breathe through the mass of odorous blossoms.

We gave not one but three concerts during our brief stay, so enthusiastic and cordial were the audiences. Indeed, I have never been in so enchanting a city. The atmosphere is delicious, soft, glowing and luminous. It is never too hot or too cold—an eternal June, broken only by the two or three rainy months when the inhabitants remain in their houses, never going out at all until the weather clears again. On this island in the mid-Pacific the air is so light, so clear and fresh that it is as stimulating as champagne and fills you with exhilaration and delight. The native women are beautiful, and the music, the songs and the dances of the country extraordinarily fascinating.

I went often to visit the huge aquarium which is one of the wonders of the place. On account of the coral formations that surround these islands the fauna and flora of the sea are astoundingly variegated and beautiful. As one walks through the halls of the aquarium one wonders whether these marvelous creations are birds, fish or flowers. Every color, shade and shape is seen in those opalescent depths: fishes that look like birds of paradise, growths that resemble the horrible dragons of fairy tales. It is a fascinating place, alive with the wonder and mystery of the deep.

The houses of the island are almost all surrounded by huge gardens filled with many kinds of flowers, whose mingled odors perfume the warm air.

Of all the countries that I saw on my long journey, from the point of view of natural beauties Hawaii stands out as the most admirable.

After a few days, all too brief, on this island paradise, we left for California, New York and home. We landed in France after nineteen months of absence. We had been about one hundred and fifty days at sea, and had experienced all kinds of weather, from monsoons in the Indian Ocean, through dreadful storms off the coast of Australia, to a small typhoon in the unpeaceful Pacific.

When I reached Paris my eyes were troubling me very much. I went to one of the best oculists in town to ask his advice.

"What do you expect?" he asked. "Of course your eyes are tired! You have seen more in the last few months than I in all my seventy years!"

XXV

IN 1915 and 1916 I went again to America and sang in over forty concerts for the benefit of the Lafayette Fund and other war organizations. One night in June, 1916, I sang at the Bazar des Alliés in New York. There must have been ten thousand people in the great hall of the armory. A platform had been built in one corner, and the orchestra and chorus of the Metropolitan Opera House were engaged to accompany me. I remember that the platform was very high and that I had to climb up to it on a ladder—a rather alarming proceeding.

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As I looked out over that mass of people was deeply moved. Never before had I ng for such an assembly. I was almost ghtened, but summoning my courage began the Marseillaise. The refrain was pposed to be taken up by the opera orus, but suddenly the whole audience irst into thunderous song. The throbbing les of sound, imprisoned under the glass me, broke over me in crashing waves. rocked like a tree beaten upon by mighty nds. It was tremendous, awful, the most erwhelming emotion I have ever experi-ced. I burst into tears. The people ound me were weeping too. I looked at em in despair.

"What shall we do now?" I exclaimed. How are we to sing in this condition?"

The second stanza was about to begin. thought of Rachel, the great tragedian, ho used to kneel when she recited the larseillaise. I followed her example and ng the final stanzas as though in ardent id impassioned prayer. My voice was oken with tears, but I was so exalted, so led with flaming patriotism, that I truly elieve I have never sung the battle hymn ' France as I did that night.

The crowd surged forward. I was lifted p and carried in triumph through a cheer-g, frantic multitude. Someone put a oilu's steel helmet in my hands. I held out, a suppliant for my country.

"*Pour la France!*"

The improvised alms plate filled and lled again, as fast as I could empty it. : was as though the horn of plenty were ouring its inexhaustible flood into my ands.

What a generous, what a magnificent eople! I cannot think of that evening ithout a glow of gratitude toward the udience which, in a single burst of en-husiasm and sympathy, gave the fabulous um of one hundred thousand dollars for he war sufferers of France.

In Aveyron, as in other parts of France uring the war, the peasant women were dmirable. They took the place of the men ho were called to the Front, shouldering he tasks of husband, father or brother, orking morning and night, so that the nd should not be neglected.

The wives of my two farmers, in spite f the fact that they each had five or six hildren, managed to run the farm as usual. hey tilled the soil, gathered the grapes, arvested the grain. No task was too eavy or too arduous. Their children helped hem. Not a hand was idle.

One day I met the six-year-old daughter f one of these women on the highway be-ow Cabrières. She was driving a herd f cattle toward the farmyard. I won-lered why they obeyed her, so diminutive, o fragile did she seem in comparison with heir lumbering bulk. In her two hands he held, clasped tightly, a huge whip, wice her size. Her face was solemn and ntent. She walked slowly.

"Fantoune," I said, "why don't you hoose a smaller stick? You will get all ired out carrying that heavy thing around vith you."

She drew herself up to the limit of her mall stature.

"It is my father's whip!" she answered vith the pride a princess would have used n speaking of her royal parent's scepter.

I tried one year during the spring plant-ng to help the women in the fields. I owed a corner of the wheat field, walking over the newly plowed land, flinging the grain with the swinging immemorial ges-ure I had so often watched. But my nand was too generous. When the harvest eason came the farmer's wife showed me he field I had planted. The wheat had grown up thick and close together and then fallen to the ground of its own weight.

"Ah, madame!" the old woman mur-mured reproachfully. "Look how care-lessly you threw away the bread of the *bon Dieu!* It's a great sin! All the same," she added, as though to soften the harsh-ness of her verdict, "you show a certain aptitude. You might learn in time."

I do not know whether I was any better as a nurse than as a farmer. At any rate, I did what I could and served a certain length of time in the hospitals. It is all so terrible, so cruel a memory, that even now I cannot bear to dwell upon it. Everyone who has touched even remotely the horror of those white wards, the suffering and the agony of those dark days, will understand my unwillingness to recall those ghastly scenes.

Once I was directed to wash the feet of a poor boy who had been brought down from the Front and had not yet been cared for. I took off his shoe and stocking to-gether. As I did so I noticed that the shoe was unusually heavy. I glanced at his leg and saw to my horror that half his foot was gone! His feet had been frozen in the trenches and were already gangrenous. Both legs had to be amputated.

I sang a great deal for the convalescent soldiers. They loved the old French bal-lads, the folk songs of Brittany and the Pyrenees and of my own part of the coun-try. One day I was in a hospital that cared for German as well as French wounded. After I had sung several songs to the French soldiers, one of the poilus asked if I would permit the door to be opened into the prisoners' ward.

"The poor fellows in there ought to have the chance of hearing your heavenly voice," he said.

"No! No!" I exclaimed. "I could not sing for them! They have hurt us too much!"

The boy looked up in surprise. I noticed for the first time that his right arm was missing.

"How about me?" he asked. "Don't you suppose that they have hurt me too?"

I was shamed by such generosity, and told the orderly to open the door. I sang, after that, standing on the threshold be-tween the two wards, but I kept my eyes tight shut. I could not bring myself to look at them!

Of all the terrible suffering brought by the war—loss of limbs, permanent and ghastly injuries, broken lives—nothing seems to me more pitiful than the fate of the men blinded in battle. What an inexpressible calamity, to lose the joy of seeing, to be shut up forever in a formless void!

Every effort made to alleviate the condi-tion of these unfortunate men interested me greatly. The various departments of France had each its special organization devoted to their care. Industries were created for their benefit, and they were taught to make all sorts of articles where skill of fingers could replace the use of eyes.

One day I had been singing in a hospital for the blind in my own department. Before I left I stood for a while in the courtyard, watching the men at their recreation. I was struck anew by the contrast between the vigor of their bodies and the awkward, hesitating manner in which they moved and tried to play. There they were, young men in the prime of life, healthy, strong, but cut off forever from the comforts and consolations of a normal life, the compan-ionship of wives and the love of children.

"Why should they not marry?" I thought as I watched them. "Surely there are women who would be glad to love and care for these poor boys!"

Suddenly I recalled a conversation I had had a few days previously with a friend who was the directress of a home for orphaned and abandoned girls. This or-ganization cared for children who would otherwise have died of neglect or starva-tion—poor little things left on church steps or found wandering in the streets at a tender age, without parents, relatives or friends. When they grew up they were given a dot, or marriage portion, by the orphanage, and this enabled them to marry and become happy and independent wives and mothers.

My friend had told me that there was a pathetic side to the situation. The ugly girls rarely found husbands, no matter how fine and worthy they might be, while the pretty girls were married off without the slightest difficulty. The poor ugly duck-lings were left behind and were extremely unhappy.

With this conversation in mind, I went to the doctor in charge of the hospital and had a long talk with him. Then I called my automobile and flew to the orphan asylum, where I laid my plan before the directress, asking her advice and assistance. She was enthusiastic, and then and there called the girls together, asking me to talk to them.



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I found myself facing a group of shy young women, dressed all alike, but showing every variety of beauty and charm. I do not know exactly what I said, but in my heart was the picture of that sunny courtyard filled with splendid youth to whom all the glory of the midday sun could bring no ray of color or of light. I described the solitude, the loneliness of these poor boys. I pointed out that the very infirmity which crippled them would make them better and more loyal husbands.

"Think of it!" I exclaimed. "These men will not see the companion of their lives grow old and ugly! The woman who is big hearted enough to marry a blind man will always remain the glorious vision of youth and beauty that his grateful imagination paints her!"

One of the girls rose from her seat. She was plain, dark, unprepossessing; but her eyes shone with intelligence and she was deeply moved.

"I am ready!" she exclaimed, and, indifferent to the whisperings and nudgings of her companions, she put on her hat and cloak and came with me.

She did not speak until we had almost reached the gate of the hospital. Then she turned to me.

"Let me choose him," she said, "for I, at any rate, shall see him all my life."

The men were still out of doors when we arrived. As we walked toward the main entrance the girl caught my arm.

"That one!" she cried excitedly, pointing out a tall fellow who was lounging against the wall on the opposite side of the court. "That is the one I want!"

She had picked out the handsomest of the lot, in the few seconds that it took to cross the courtyard.

I led her to him and put his hand in hers. "Here is a young girl who will take you for a walk," I said as I presented them to each other. "Go, my children, and God bless you!"

An hour later they returned. It had not taken them long to reach an understanding.

"He is splendid!" the girl murmured shyly.

The blind boy, his face lit with a new wonder and delight, groped for my hand.

"Thank you, thank you, madame," he said; and then, carried away by his enthusiasm, "she's a wonder!" he exclaimed. "Such a talker, and what a fine figure of a woman!"

A year later I visited them in the little home where they had settled after their marriage. A charming scene greeted me as I came into the yard of the farmhouse.

It was again one of those gorgeous days that are the joy of Southern France. In the warmest corner of the court the blind man sat on a bench against the wall. In his arms a naked, rosy baby kicked and wriggled with delight. Near by the mother was at work, preparing the baby's cradle.

The father played with the child, touching it with delicate, sensitive fingers, feeling the soft hair on its head, following the contours of the little body with his hands. His face was transfigured with joy. A solemn ecstasy seemed to radiate from him.

His wife saw me and hurried to greet me. We stood for a while, talking. I could see that something troubled her. The unclouded bliss of that absorbed blind face was not hers. Finally she drew me out of earshot and poured out her anxiety.

"I am ashamed to lie to him!" she exclaimed. "He thinks I am beautiful. I, who am as ugly as a witch! He thinks my hair is golden, my eyes blue! I, who am as brown as a nut! Yet if I tell him the truth he will not love me any more! Oh, madame, madame! What shall I do?"

I comforted her and reassured her. Looking at the scene before me, I knew there was no danger.

"Tell him the truth, my child," I answered. "You need have no fear. Put your son into his arms and he will find no fault in you. All will be well!"

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Madame Calvé. The concluding article will appear in an early issue.

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(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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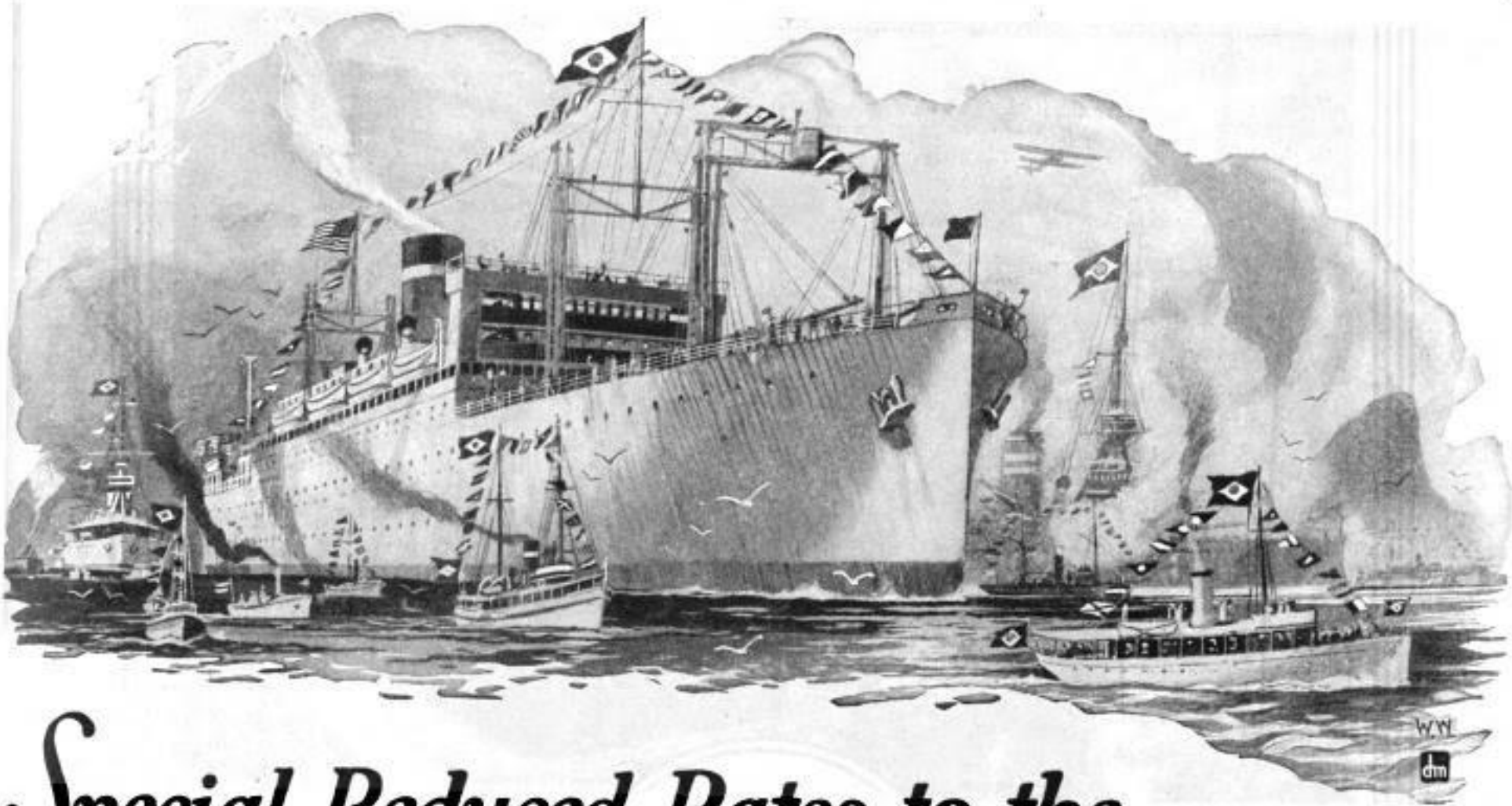
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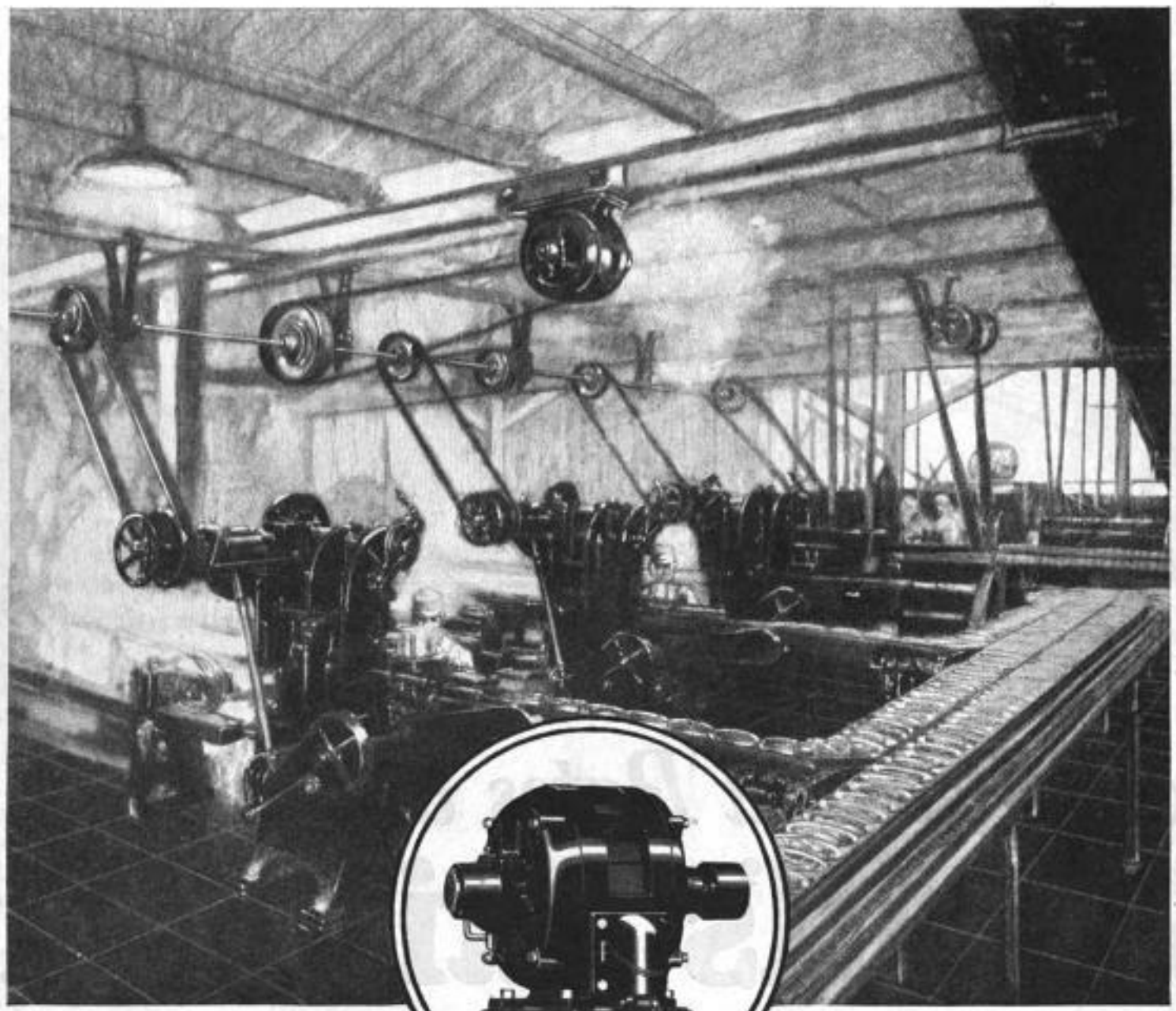
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½ cupful Crisco
1½ cupfuls sugar
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3 teaspoonfuls baking powder
1 teaspoonful salt
1 cupful water
1 teaspoonful flavoring
whites of 3 eggs

Cream Crisco. Add sugar slowly and cream together. Sift dry ingredients, and add alternately with the liquid. Add flavoring, beat mixture thoroughly and last fold in stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Pour in cake mixture; put in moderate oven, allow to rise for five minutes, increase heat to bake; at the end of fifteen minutes reduce heat to allow cake to shrink from the pan. Entire time for baking twenty minutes.

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Winter and the Coal Shortage

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

LLOYD GEORGE is going to write his memoirs, and in view of the leading part he played in the Great War the narrative doubtless will be most interesting. But vital as was the war, and great as is Lloyd George, I would rather read a work entitled, An Account of My Experiences in the White House During the Summer of 1922, by Warren G. Harding. It is altogether likely that none of us, not even the nation's President, realizes in full the importance of recent events as history-making drama.

I am aware that the rôle of pessimist is not a happy or popular part to play. However, I love my United States, and I see great harm coming to the nation from an overproduction of Pollyanna talk. There are times, like the present, when the people should know the full truth concerning affairs and not be rendered unconscious to dangers through the etherizing action of excessive good-cheer propaganda by stock manipulators, chart prophets and exponents of business-cycle theories. If we are a race that becomes petrified into inaction from a facing of facts, then we have degenerated into types most unlike the sturdy stock that drafted the Constitution of the United States in Philadelphia in 1787.

Doubtless mass thought does influence mass action; so there is foundation for the idea that the coming of good times will be hastened if only everyone will have faith, exhibit confidence and encourage a spirit of cheerful optimism. Such a policy properly used and restrained is wise and helpful, but it can be so overplayed that our fancies will outdistance our facts. Deep down in our hearts we are more concerned over finding a real, lasting solution for our great labor problem than we are over preserving unblemished the records of public leaders and political parties. We are more interested in constructing a base for permanent industrial progress than in restoring a short day of hurrah prosperity such as we had in 1919.

We went into the business depression with strikes, and we are coming out of it with other strikes even more serious in character. In 1920 it was said we must submit to a period of readjustment and correction because of our business excesses and for the reason that industry was out of balance. But industry, as represented by prices and wages, is still out of balance. We have the same labor leaders holding the same ideas, the same unreformed autocrats and conscienceless profiteers, the same inadequate transportation system, and a coal shortage the like of which at this time of the year is without parallel.

The Congress of the United States has a vocal output of approximately forty million words each year. Most of this talk relates to cures for things, instead of dealing with methods to prevent them. The kind of government we want is one that knows how to act before a catastrophe, to prevent it. The kind of lawmakers we need are those who understand the danger of ending a period of reconstruction that did not reconstruct. We must have leaders in Washington possessed of ability to distinguish between mere business activity and sound industrial prosperity. We were active during the war, but who can say we were prosperous?

A good many years ago I started out to earn my living as a coal-mining engineer, and the first thing I ran up against down in West Virginia was a miners' strike. In those days down there, when times were rough, nearly every man toted a gun, and some of the parties pulled off during these labor troubles were most interesting, if not educating. A little later I came in on the finish of the big anthracite



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strike that President Roosevelt handled so decisively, and it seems to me that almost continuously since then my attention has been taken up either with other coal strikes or with transportation tie-ups which have caused the country unending worry and incalculable losses. In all these years, from the time of John Mitchell, on down to the present rule of John Lewis, the United Mine Workers of America has grown in power, until we have been treated to a display of strength by the miners' union this summer that is alarming as well as astonishing.

Never have the miners had a leader the equal of John Lewis. He is cold, unemotional and shrewd. He is a dictator in every sense of the word, a student of human psychology. Few men having such a lack of early educational advantages possess his powers of clear thinking and ready expression.

He is young and virile, and on every occasion this past summer his leadership has been evident in all the conferences that have been held. Lewis is not the kind of man who is beloved by his followers, but he is the type that holds them through the force of his strong will. If the leader of the miners comes out of his present fight victorious he will be in line for the highest place in this country's labor councils.

Nothing is gained by belittling Lewis and failing to recognize the feat he accomplished in holding more than a half million men strictly in line, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts that were made by the operators to cause secessions from the miners' ranks, thus disrupting the solidarity of the union. The firm stand of the miners is all the more remarkable in view of the fact that the union mines throughout the country generally were working on a reduced scale of operation up to the cessation of production April first, and as a consequence the men started on their strike with practically no surplus savings upon which they could draw. This, of course, was not true of the anthracite miners, for in the hard-coal field work is steady throughout the year.

Coal operators will tell you that John Lewis is the most dangerous man in the United States today. He does not believe in compulsory arbitration, asserting that the workers always get the worst of it in such settlements. He holds the opinion that the coal industry will never reach a state of stabilization with "half the miners free and half slaves." In answer to the argument of the operators of union mines that unless wages are reduced they cannot compete with the nonunion producers, the miners' leader replies that if he were to consent to wage reductions the nonunion operators would go still lower and the wage differential would remain just the same as before. In such a case the union workers would be dragged down to poverty. Lewis believes that if all the coal mines of the country were unionized the great coal problem of the nation would be solved. He believes there is no other course to pursue than the one the miners have set out upon.

Lewis knows the history of the coal industry as well as any man living. He is surrounded with a statistical organization and a staff of attorneys unequaled by similar organizations among the operators. The miners' president is also thoroughly familiar with the psychology of the mine owners, and he is fully aware how some of them are tempted to fall for high prices for coal. He also knows that the operators never have shown any evidence of united opinion, even in their own local groups, let alone nationally.

The Base of Industry

AMONG the mine owners are some who are bitter enemies one to another; so after four months of idleness, during which the operators failed to cause a break in the ranks of the miners, Lewis called his conference for August seventh, in Cleveland, for the sole purpose of doing to the operators what they had failed to do to him. The results of the Cleveland meeting, which are now history, show just how well the chief of the miners understood his men and timed his strategy. Above all was his desire to get the jump on the situation before Congress convened the middle of August. If there is one thing Lewis doesn't want it is legislative action that would doubtless spoil his plans and limit his activities.

The outstanding truth of the present moment that is of interest to the public is the grave danger, as well as the futility, of permitting the coal industry to continue in the future as it has in the past. We are only now entering the season when we shall harvest the crop of woes that were planted by the coal strike last summer. Some strikes may be of small consequence, but no one will ever believe after this winter is over that a shutdown of the nation's mines is a matter of small moment. The price we are going to pay in coming weeks for our stupidity and indifference to the country's basic problem will be heavy indeed, but if as a result of our distress we quit temporizing with the coal situation and provide a remedy, perhaps the lesson will be worth the cost.

It has been often stated, but I earnestly repeat, that the foundation of life and industry is fuel. We may have hundreds of millions of dollars in gold stored away in the nation's vaults, but all this wealth is useless as a factor in production unless we have coal in adequate quantities at all points of consumption. We may have tens of millions of healthy, willing human workers, but in this mechanical age, when wealth is produced chiefly by machines, fuel must be available to generate power, or hands will be idle and the output of our factories will be small indeed. Not only is fuel necessary to the continuance of industry, it is absolutely essential to the health and physical welfare of the people of a country having a climate such as ours. It is easy in August or September to forget the discomfort and danger of a heatless home or office during the cold days of winter, but in a few weeks the chill of fall will forcibly remind us that truly coal is king.

How Much Coal Can We Mine?

EXPERIENCE has shown that we cannot have anything like a normal state of business in the United States unless we produce bituminous coal at the rate of at least 10,000,000 tons a week, or 520,000,000 tons annually. In addition to this tonnage we require about 1,750,000 tons of anthracite weekly, or approximately 90,000,000 net tons each year. Therefore our normal coal output, including both hard and soft varieties, must reach a total of better than 600,000,000 tons annually if normal activity in business is to prevail.

Last year, although our anthracite production was about normal, the country's output of bituminous coal was only a little more than 400,000,000 tons, as compared with a production of more than 550,000,000 tons of soft coal in 1920, or a falling off of nearly 23 per cent. In each of the five years preceding 1921 the consumption of bituminous was greater than 500,000,000 tons. As a matter of fact, our coal output last year reached the lowest total recorded in a decade. Therefore any comparison of present coal production with that of 1921 is practically useless and misleading.

On the first of last April, when the coal strike commenced, the output of soft coal for the year up to that date had totaled 129,000,000 tons, as compared with 100,000,000 tons for the same period last year. On the first of September, twenty-two weeks later, the year's output of bituminous had amounted to approximately 233,000,000 tons, as compared with a production for the same period in 1921 of 260,000,000 tons. The year's production of anthracite up to the first of September is 35,000,000 tons below normal, which means that the country's total output of coal for the first eight months of this year was more than 62,000,000 tons behind 1921, by far the poorest year since 1911.

Assuming that all our coal mines will operate during the last third of the year, it is interesting to figure what the probable production will be. The anthracite mines cannot do much better than turn out 2,000,000 tons of coal each week, so that in seventeen weeks they would not be able to produce more than 34,000,000 tons, which would make the total year's output of anthracite only about 59,000,000 tons, or the lowest production of hard coal in recent history. The deficit in the supply of anthracite can never be made up, and relief will have to come to householders through the greater use of soft coal and of gas and coke, which are made from soft coal. In cities having smoke ordinances the only solution will be to rescind present laws temporarily and bear up under the curse of a winter of smoke and dirt, or else the manufacturers of gas and electrical heating appliances will have to work overtime in an endeavor to supply the abnormal demand for apparatus that the public will make upon them in the weeks to come. It is to be hoped that such manufacturers, as well as the utility companies, are making preparations to extend as much relief as possible in our coming fuel shortage.

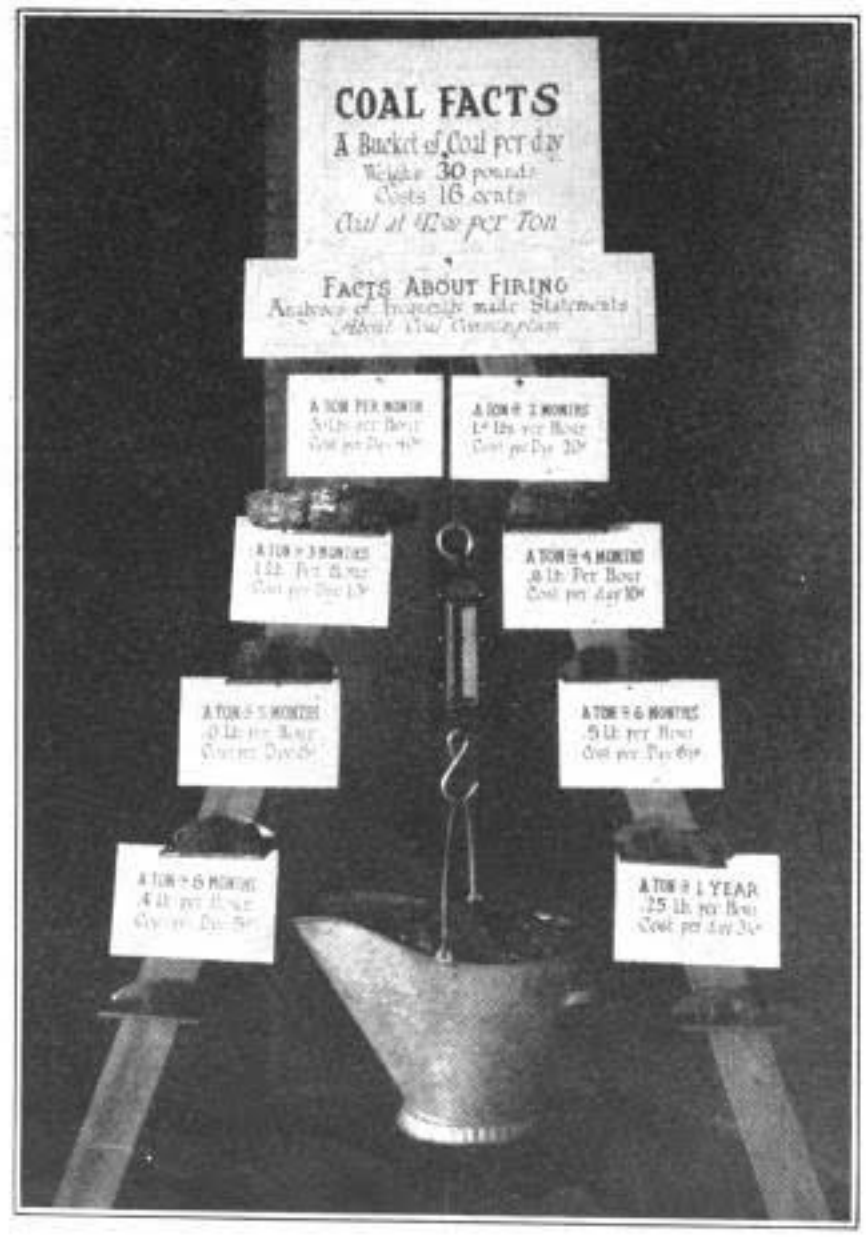
Low Reserves This Winter

IN THE matter of bituminous coal, on which the nation's industry depends, the capacity of the mines is far beyond our maximum requirements, so that the entire hope of the country must be placed in our transportation system, and not in our mine capacity. If our railroads should haul 10,000,000 tons each week for seventeen weeks the year's production of bituminous coal will total about 402,000,000 tons, or slightly less than last year's low output. If a miracle should happen and the country's carriers were to prove their worth and transport 12,000,000 tons of soft coal weekly, the year's output would run about 436,000,000 tons, or considerably more than 100,000,000 tons below the country's production of bituminous in any one of the four years preceding 1921. If each year's coal output here in America is an accurate barometer of the nation's business activity we have here an index that should show what we may expect in the way of production in our industrial life in the months that lie just ahead of us.

It is safe to figure that our consumption of soft coal for the next six months will be at the rate of no less than 10,000,000 tons weekly. It would seem, therefore, that with all our mines at work industry should be able to resume its upward trend and the nation's business gradually get back on a safe and satisfactory foundation. Right here let us not overlook the fact that the country will be compelled to go through this winter with a smaller reserve of coal on hand than has ever been the case before. When the coal strike commenced in April our total bituminous coal in storage amounted to about 66,000,000 tons. In addition to this we must add at least 10,000,000 tons to cover coal in transit. In 1919, with conditions quite similar to present ones, a government survey made just before the strike of miners that year showed 10,000,000 tons of coal in transit. Therefore at the commencement of the strike we probably had no less than 76,000,000 tons of soft coal in reserve.

Now as to consumption, we may estimate conservatively that this summer coal was used at the rate of 8,000,000 tons a week. Therefore in twenty-two weeks we burned 176,000,000 tons of bituminous. During this same time we produced about 103,000,000 tons, which indicates that approximately 73,000,000 tons were withdrawn from storage. According to this calculation the nation's soft-coal supplies have dwindled to 3,000,000 tons, or less than half of a week's supply. Of course this is not true, for we certainly have more coal than that on hand; so the only answer is that our stored coal and perhaps our tonnage in transit on April first amounted to considerable more than government estimates indicated. However, there can be no doubt but that we are entering the third and last lap of the year with our coal reserves reduced to no more than a ten days' supply on an average for the country as a whole.

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Low Reserves This Winter

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

THE LAND OF BUN

By J. P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

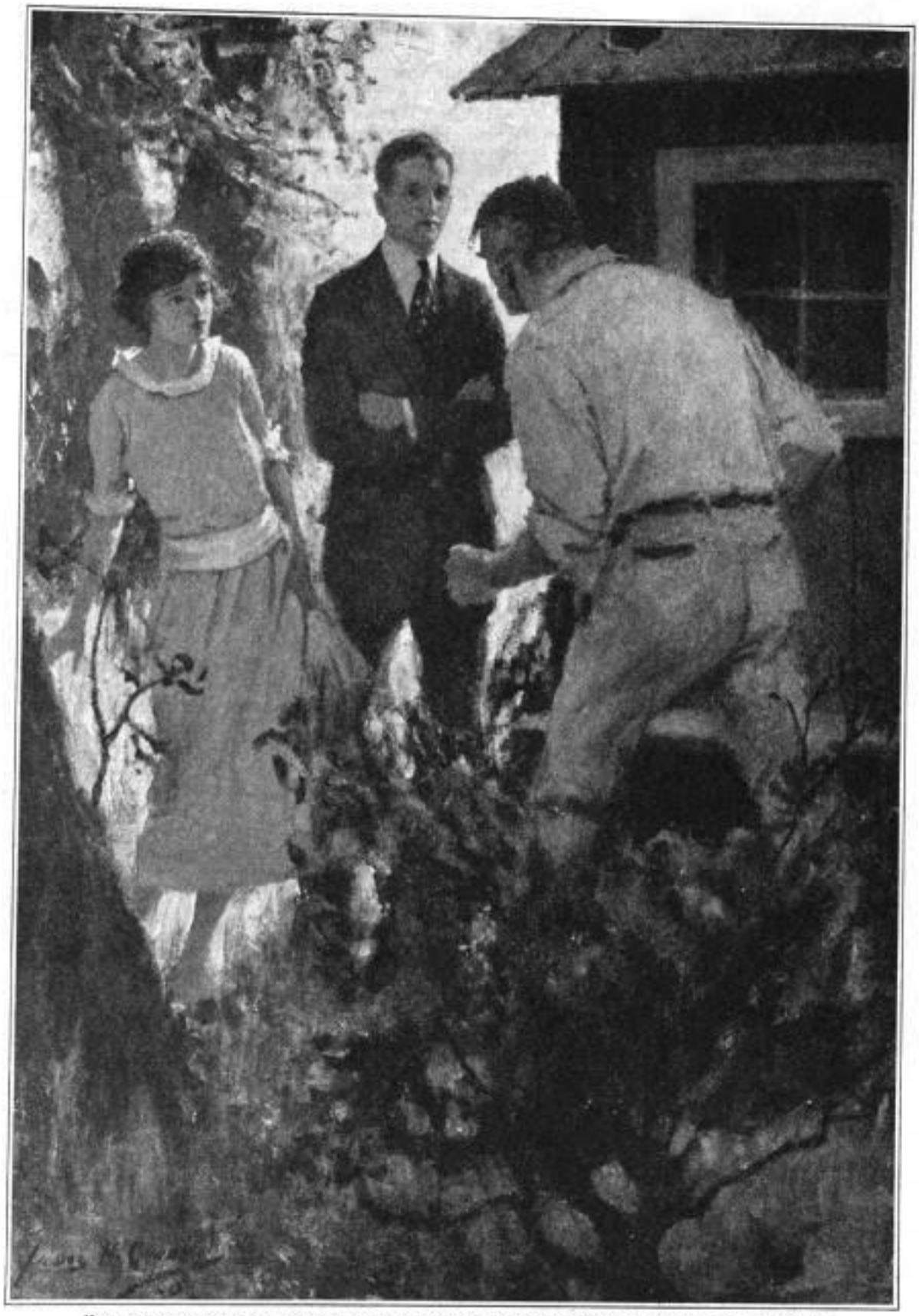
And lo! When he thought upon her beauty, all that was about him seemed of gold and emeralds and the very wind was passing merry. And he girt on his armor with a right good will, and gat him into the saddle with much joyance and rode forthwith into a strange country where the day was like the night and the night like day.

—From an ancient but as yet undiscovered manuscript.

YOU recollect those stories about knights and dragons and enchanted countries. As we read we feel a certain wistful sadness and sigh for that young and beautifully obvious time, which countenanced such goings on. We sigh for the time when food had vitamines, and one did not have to eat a cake of yeast to make a balanced meal, and when people believed in pixies without writing Pixy Books.

We sigh, and yet, after all, is there any need? Sometimes even now surroundings can take on a certain aureate hue if circumstances are right or local enforcement is wrong. And as for the land through which the young man in the manuscript rode, is it not, after all, only the good old Land of Bunk and the Paradise of Fools? And when it comes to bunk, surely we still know and love the magician's kindly touch.

If this were not true Launcelot Pindler would have been obliged to work in a button factory, and he didn't have to. For of all the knights who ever rode in that peculiar land or ever set lance in rest in those enchanted glades, there never was a cagier knight than Launcelot. If he wished he could make you laugh at the joke ring that squirted water in your eye. He could convince you that you needed a gold-washed stickpin and an adjustable gold tooth to make the necessary hit with your lady friends. For Launcelot had inherited the silver tongue of the ages; and not only that, but the pixies had brought many gifts to his cradle. His flaxen hair mounted from his forehead like a shining plume in some ancient lists. His face, bronzed by exposure to the suns of festive summers, was keen and pleasing, if slightly worn by the exigencies of existence, and his eyes were wide open with candid frankness. All of which is probably why everything about him eventually became like gold and emeralds, and why even the wind seemed passing merry.



"Yes," said Launcelot Without Rancor, "You're Just About the Jinx I Like Best, Mister"

This change in local color came quite suddenly to Launcelot, and he wasn't wearing a flashed stickpin or an adjustable gold tooth either. You didn't need them in Sweeney's Two-Ring Circus and Old-Fashioned Minstrel Show, where Launcelot was working just then. It came as most things come, in a sudden flight from nowhere, flashing, brilliant, pervading. It struck him cleanly and hard, and made him understand that all he dealt in was dross and all his ideals were illusion; and for Launcelot it was very hard, because he loved the things he strove for, and he loved Kill Pain Soap above them all.

It had been a normal pleasant day for Launcelot, one of a succession of normal pleasant days. Above him was the generous sun of an Indiana farmland rousing him to life and action. Stretching past him was a street of tents of wonder, brilliant with pictures and pennons—dozens of tents, each the entrance to some promised land. Opposite where he had taken his stand was the tent where the wild man was on show. You knew it was the wild man, because his picture stood at the door, a full-length canvas of an abysmal shaggy monster. Pictures! There were pictures everywhere lining that magic street. Pictures! But you knew them all—the lady in the evening dress and the snakes, and the lady with the beard, and the gentleman in the pink knit union suit swallowing knives. Not one of them but was as gay and splendid as only a picture can be when imagination runs riot and reality runs away. There in the calm of the rural sunlight they became intangible and passing fair, bright with promise and fulfillment.

About him also was that curious shuffling of feet, an eager constant noise, such as one hears only on a circus midway. And mingling with the sound were gay voices, murmurs of anticipation, the squealing of deflating balloons, the whistling of imitation canaries. There was that smell, unforgetable and more poignant than memory of peanuts and sawdust—the smell peculiar to that land alone. And in that laden air was an ozone, an elixir that stirred thoughts like heady wine and made all things passing merry. You know the way it feels, the elixir of the Land of Bunk. Gently and unnoticed it engulfs cynicism and prejudice, until the palpably impossible becomes oddly real and bears all the splendor of fantasy. And you know that everyone there with you feels it—that the old are seeing visions and the young are dreaming dreams.

Launcelot, too, was breathing the elix
was waving above the dingy bright-eyed
voice was raised in a series of startli
He was dressed in a cowboy costume, b
picturesque from h
in chaps of white
skin and a blue
bandanna. He was
side a mud-bespatte
bile that looked lik
delivery cart, except
was covered with
spiring pictures of c
snakes and cactus
pathless saffron dese
him, tacked on two
a white banner bea
type its bold device.
Soap," it read. "I
But what was it La
doing? That was wh
was wondering.
"That's what it'
Launcelot was sayin
scream, ladies! Just
and you'll understan
big wonder secret o
less desert, the mag
the Indians, and here
you. A soap, friend
soap, made out of t
that most deadly of
yet so harmless tha
hurt a babe, so harm
eat it! See me eat i
so good I like to eat
The compelling m
speech was doing it
fast-growing tide of
was gathering about h
by the conviction o
and by the sight of
upon his rapidly m
He had eaten a cake o
a whole cake—picked
fingers and eaten i
that! And what wa
now? By gum, wh
doing?
He had drawn a
from the automobile
leaning over it. He w
the door of the cage
possible? Yes, it w
was a snake inside,
the same kind that
made of!
"Look at him for
if you don't believe i
Launcelot was saying
as death itself, and y
to humanity. You w
him? You want to l
close to? All right. I'
he's real."
Launcelot was cro
side the door. In the
silence one could hea
noise inside the cage,
dried leaves. Then
cage door—yes, right
door—wearily and slowly came the square leath
of a rattlesnake, a genuine rattlesnake. Launc
a faint scream behind him.
"Be calm, lady," said Launcelot. "It's me
to bite."
He looked fixedly at the cage before him, an
sank to the faintest pleading whisper.
"Hey, Bill," he hissed. "Cantcher speed it
But Bill seemed to feel none of the exhilara
him. He seemed tired and somewhat travel-wo
topaz eyes looked out upon the crowd with a we
choly look.
"Look at him, friends," said Launcelot.
before you the terror of the sagebush, waiting
hand that feeds him. Ha! You would, would y
Bill had moved another six inches of his neck
and looked Launcelot affectionately in the eye.
lot's hand descended resolutely and yet gently.
going to touch him? Yes, he was! He sprang
There was a gasp of admiration. In Launcelot's
was a writhing serpentine body.

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"Look at him!" cried Launcelot. "Now that his attempt is foiled he struggles for another chance. Look at his evil face! Look at his deadly eye! Would you reckon there was any good to him? No, you wouldn't! But there is! In that very poison that kills, there lies the greatest healing wonder fluid of the centuries. When it is brewed with nuts, roots, herbs and berries, the poison of the rattlesnake becomes so harmless that a child can drink it by the quart—so healing that it brings immediate relief to any sore upon the skin, any wound, any complaint. Do you feel tired? A touch of this wonder compound that's in this here soap applied to the skin will rest you. Do you feel sick? Wash in it, and you'll feel better. It cures and cleans. It ——" Launcelot lowered his voice to a pleasant confidential note. "I know what you're thinking. Oh, yes, I know. You think it's a fake. You think there isn't no one who can make a deadly poison into a healing balm." With a sudden impulsive gesture he bundled Bill back into his cage. "Listen, folks! Gather round, now, and I'll tell you. It's the secret of the old Yahoo Indian tribe. It was old Yahoo Indian Pete who told me. Good old Yahoo Pete!"

He looked solemnly at the sky above him. They were all listening now. Every second the ring of faces around him was growing larger. Had he not cast the magician's spell? Over opposite, the tent of the wild man was a deserted place. Even shrieks and roars from within its canvas walls struck no responsive chord without. Had Launcelot not waved his wand, and did he not know the magic touch which was old when the world was young but which never palls with age? Had he not accomplished what only the gifted few can manage—given reality to the Land of Bunk, so that the unbelieving believed, though they knew they should not? It was colossal in its way. It was a triumph, subtle and inexplicable. There was a majesty about him as he stood there, a majesty unhallowed and illegitimate. His very glance was commanding. His words rang true and strong.

"Good old Yahoo Pete! The whitest Indian I ever knew out there in the desert! That was where I found him—out in the desert—dying. And I brought him water, and I took the saddle off my pinto pony and put it behind his head, and I did what I could to make him easy. And he was grateful for it. Yes, he was, good old Yahoo Pete. Before he went to the happy hunting grounds where good Indians go he told me his secret. And now that I know it, friends, I'm handing it on to you. Here it is—right in every cake of soap."

He paused again, as though awaiting a benediction from the clouds, until suddenly his voice became brisk and businesslike.

"Yes, in every cake of this soap is this soothing wonder secret, rattlesnake balm. It is yours now, the greatest secret of skin medicine! Though I can eat the soap, though you can eat it, it cures every skin complaint—toothache, that tired-out feeling, festering wounds, eczema, bruises, sprains and dandruff. Try it once. Try it now! Here it is! Try it. That's all I want. It's not your money—oh, no. That's why it only costs a dime, and not a dollar, just the cost of packing and freight. Try it, and if you don't feel immediate relief, come back and you'll get your money.

"Now then—who'll step up? Only a tenth of a dollar to be relieved of agony. Only a tenth of a dollar to get back health, to feel your skin soft and young like it used to. Now—what do you say? Ten cents while they last! Ten cents! Ten cents! Ten cents before the show!"

Had he rung the bell? Had he? Oh, yes, he had! It was a wonderful moment, the drama of it, the sure crash of the climax. At a time like this the drudgery of wasted years and the tribulations of the present seemed only little things. Though Launcelot was but a simple knight he, too, could taste the joys of achievement; and after all it wasn't everybody who could do it—no, not everybody. He would have liked to see anyone else put it across the plate the way he had. They were gathering closer. They were pressing about him from every side. About him was falling a hail of dimes, the harvest of honest toil. His hands were moving with lightning speed, tossing out soap, and gathering in dimes and dollars, and his tongue was moving also.

"Now—how about it, folks? Ten little pennies to relieve pain and bring back beauty. While they last! Step right up! Three cakes, madam? Another lady made happy."

It was the big show that made them stop at last, and brought a lull to the Land of Bunk. It was always that way when the big show started. Ever since he had run away from the farm twenty years ago to join that tinseled universe, Launcelot had loved and welcomed the silence. The clamor of voices was curiously stilled. The shouts of the wild man died away. The man who sold the cold tonic sank down behind his counter. The banners and pictures flapped idly in the hot midsummer breeze, lulling the Land of Bunk to brief repose.



"Gosh!" Whispered Launcelot. "What'd Your Old Man Say if He Saw Us Now?"

II

LAUNCELOT drew a handkerchief from his hip pocket, a handsome red bandanna handkerchief, and mopped his brow. Then he looked at the tent of the wild man, smiled sardonically, and rolled a cigarette. Launcelot had his own reasons for looking at the tent of the wild man. He felt a faint dread within him as he looked, but he remained perfectly self-possessed. With a lithe, unconscious ease he seated himself on a soap box and lighted a match on his thumbnail. Deftly and quickly he applied the match to his cigarette, but his eyes still rested on the door of the tent opposite. Launcelot removed the cigarette from between his lips and flicked it gently with his little finger. Someone was coming out of the door of the wild man's tent. It was the wild man himself. He didn't look like his picture. He was broad shouldered, with a flabby waistline. Unlike the denizens of the jungle, he was clad in an undershirt, trousers and a pair of carpet slippers, but Launcelot knew he was the wild man. His gray hair was ruffled. His gray, clean-shaven face was rocky and ominous, and his heavy eyebrows were knit in a frown. His voice alone was reminiscent of the wild man's. It was a harsh and grating voice. He bore down on Launcelot with a rolling stride, with his heavy arms swinging back and forth.

"Hey, you!" he said.

In the days of yore many a knight had quailed before that voice, but though Launcelot might have done a hundred and thirty-two at the ringside against the wild man's two hundred, Launcelot sat quietly on his soap box. He felt a dry taste in his mouth, and his lips twitched nervously, but his voice was perfectly firm.

"Hey, yourself," said Launcelot.

The wild man's brows drew still closer together.

"Buddy," he said softly, "I guess you're pretty green around this show. I guess the boys haven't told you yet I'm a particular sort of bird."

Launcelot always had pleasant manners, and instinctively he felt that the present was a time for diplomacy. He sprang rapidly from his soap box and smiled an engaging smile.

"Why, no," he said; "I guess they didn't, sir. I guess maybe I don't know the ropes just yet. I've been with lots of outfits, but this is my first time with this. Might I ask what you're particular about?"

"Say," said the wild man, "you guys always have nice manners, don't you? Yes, you may ask, and that's what I'm here to tell you. I'm particular not to have any fake medicine sellers opposite my tent—see? I'm particular not to have smart little guys who make too much noise. Now listen!"

The wild man paused, and shook a grimy forefinger in front of Launcelot's right eye, and his manner became politely solemn.

"For the past week," said the wild man, "you've been hollering too loud. You've been pulling off so much hot air that it spoils my trade and makes me sick. There's lots of other places for fake yahoo boys besides near my tent. I don't want any fake stuff—see?"

Still wishful to make friends, Launcelot continued to smile, and made a placating gesture.

"Yes, sir," he responded cordially. "Oh, yes, of course I see. Don't you want to sit down and be comfortable?" And he pointed invitingly toward the soap box.

"No," said the wild man, "I don't."

"Oh, all right," said Launcelot easily. "But maybe you wouldn't mind if I asked you a question, would you?"

The wild man moved nearer Launcelot, and his voice became like the noise of a distant landslide.

"Say," he inquired, "what are you tryin' to do—kid me?"

"Kid you?" cried Launcelot. "Oh, no, sir! But you were talking about fakes, and I was just curious. Say now, would you mind telling me what you call yourself?"

"Young man," the wild man responded, "you're just a little guy, and maybe you'd better be careful. It doesn't do for little guys to be fresh. But just this once, because you're green, I'll tell you what I call myself. I call myself an artist—see?"

"Oh," said Launcelot.

The wild man's voice grew louder.

"An artist," he said, "and don't you forget it! It takes art to do what I do—put on monkey fur, and make believe I'm wild. Yes, it does. And what's more, I've always been an artist. When you was cuttin' your teeth I was an artist. I was doin' the trapeze stunt then, and now that I'm too heavy for that, why, I'm still an artist—see? And that's why I don't like fakes around fooling the public. That's why I don't like smart little willie-boys like you, and that's why I'm tellin' you to move somewhere else. Do you get me?"

But Launcelot seemed politely puzzled.

"Oh, yes," he said. "I get you, but maybe you wouldn't mind telling me, if you're an artist, why do they rather buy my soap? That's what I don't get."

The wild man's voice grew louder still.

"Say," he said, "say, it doesn't do little birds like you any good to talk too much. I guess I've heard about enough—see? Now you crank up that flivver and move off somewhere else."

Launcelot's manner was still perfectly polite, but he said something which seemed pathetically obtuse just then.

"What if I don't move off?" Launcelot inquired.

The wild man's voice seemed hoarse with wonder.

"What if you don't?" he inquired. "Why, buddy, if you don't, and if all that soap you have was real and did everything you said it did, and if you just lathered yourself all over with the whole business, you'd still be just screaming with agony. That's what would happen if you didn't."

Launcelot looked at the wild man critically, as his name-sake might have regarded some giant of the Cornish hills.

"You mean you'd beat me up?" inquired Launcelot.

"That's what," said the wild man.

"You mean you might try to beat me up," said Launcelot.

The wild man moved a step nearer Launcelot.

"Are you still tryin' to be funny?" he demanded.

But Launcelot had become very brave.

"Nope," he said. "Just telling you the truth. Now you listen to me, and maybe I can tell you a thing or two. Before you try to beat me up maybe you'd better inquire what I do in the winters—what?" Launcelot ran his fingers through his flaxen hair with a quick swelling gesture. "Maybe you didn't know that I teach jujitsu down in New York. Well, I do; and I guess you'd better not try anything on me, you old windbag. All I need do is look at you to get your number. You're old, and you're fat, and you drink too much. Why, I could twist the neck off two like you. Why, I could make you look like thirty cents!" Launcelot's eye flashed, and he made a warlike movement. "I could do it now. D'you want to try? Yeah! I didn't think you would. You wouldn't tackle anything you couldn't finish, would you?"

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"Say," said the wild man. "Who d'you think I am, anyway, huh? D'you think I believe all that guff? Why, you poor little simp ——"

"I'm just telling you—that's all," said Launcelot. "Any time you want to try to polish me off, just step around. Any time at all. Why, what I need is exercise."

The wild man glanced critically at Launcelot's slight wiry figure with the trained eye of an ancient gymnast. He looked at Launcelot's eyes, and the set of his jaws and shoulders. It seemed as though he were balancing a number of problematical factors, weighing the chances of truth and ability.

"Yes, you poor old has-been," said Launcelot, "I'll be right here opposite your tent right at every show just as long as you keep your tent there, and you can find me any time. I'm always polite to the old gents. You think maybe I'm stringing you, do you? Well, all you need is to try and find out. Why, maybe I might twist your neck right now."

Involuntarily the wild man moved a step backward, and Launcelot grinned.

"You make me sick!" said the wild man. "I'll fix you all right."

"I'll be waiting, brother," said Launcelot. "And now wouldn't you like a cake of this soap, this wonder soap? Good for stiff joints, toothache, gray hair ——"

But the wild man was walking away, and it seemed to Launcelot that the wi'd man's step was heavier and that his head was hanging farther forward.

As Launcelot stood looking at the wild man's back and at his sagging shoulders he smiled again, more sardonically than before. At some other time a touch of the ancient chivalry which was always latent within him might have forbidden that smile and might have made him understand that there was tragedy in that grim old figure, and pathos; but at the present he was engrossed in other thoughts. A slur had been cast on his professional reputation. He had been called a fake. That was the thing that was hard to stomach. He had been called a fake by the most arrant faker in the show. Launcelot drew a deep indignant breath, but his smile grew more pleasant.

"Gosh!" he murmured to himself gently in a voice of wonder. "Can you beat it?"

Was everyone in the world a sucker? Did they all bite, sometimes? Launcelot's cigarette had gone out. He rolled another one adroitly with his left hand, the way they did in the movies, and again lighted a match upon his thumb nail. Again he seated himself upon the soap box and blew a cloud of smoke into the sunshine.

At length, moving his head surreptitiously, he glanced at the tent of the wild man. He seemed to descry a figure in its dark recesses, and languidly rose from his soap box. Lifting the box with his right hand he tossed it in the air, turned a somersault and caught the descending box by the corner. Next he replaced the box on the ground, yawned and walked about it on his hands. Then he looked at the tent opposite again. This time the tent was empty.

III

"CAN you beat it?" murmured Launcelot. "Can you beat it?" He passed his fingers through his strawlike locks and yawned again, as a good knight should whose work is done. How far he was from suspecting then that it would be long before he would yawn again in such a carefree manner! In that hour of triumph matters had never seemed so comfortable and secure. He had never been so sure of his silver tongue. He turned to the little cage by his side. There was Bill, coiled up and looking at him. He turned to the mud-spattered automobile, and thought pleasantly of the coming night's journey over the bumpy roads to his new triumphs of the morrow. His thoughts of his life and prospects began to put him in a merry mood, and the repression and care natural to one whose professional career is engrossing were beginning to leave him. He reached into the basket that contained the soap, drew forth a heavy canvas bag in which he kept his daily profits, shook it, and sighed benevolently.

"Poor folks!" he murmured half to himself and half to the sapphire sky. "I reckon they don't get much pleasure."

Evidently the soft music emanating from the bag pleased Launcelot, for he shook it again; but suddenly he stopped halfway in the shaking. Launcelot had heard a footstep behind him. He sprang to his feet. Perhaps—it seemed hardly credible—but perhaps someone had tried to eat the soap already. Undismayed and ready, Launcelot spun about. Others of yore had eaten Kill Pain Soap, and Launcelot knew what to do, but this time he did not, and instead of silver words a slight wrinkle appeared on his sunburned brow.

He knew only too well that almost anything might happen in a circus midway. He had faced the wild man with hardly a quiver, but never before had his eyes, even in that land of wonder, met a sight such as the one that confronted him then. Before him was standing a girl wrapped in a blanket. Her hair was bobbed and frizzy and done up in a large blue bow, and though little else than a blanket was draped about her bare shoulders she was coolly, imperiously self-possessed. Her wide dark eyes looked upon him steadily from beneath her penciled brows. Her carmine lips were pleasantly set. For a fraction of a second Launcelot met her glance, and then his eyes traveled hastily down the blanket to her feet.

She had on a pair of slippers carefully laced about her ankles, and stockings embroidered with silver spangles. It wouldn't have been strange if she was the lady with the snakes, but she wasn't; and she wasn't even the lady with the beard. She was young and slender and beautiful. Yes, she was very beautiful out there in the sun.

Launcelot pushed his hair farther back from his forehead, and a sort of panic seized him—a delightful panic. For he knew instinctively that she shouldn't be there at all. Such a girl as she never worked in a mere side show. The ones who wore tights with spangles were far beyond doing things like that. She was one of those as far removed from him as the stars, shut from the circus midway by unbreakable barriers of caste and tradition. He was too old a follower of the circus not to be frightened. It was wrong for her to be there and wrong for him to dare even to address her. Yet there she was! Yes, there she was, all in spangles, with henna in her hair—a real legitimate performer of the ring, come like a vision to a poor artist of bunk.

Launcelot stood in his cowboy trappings as immobile as a statue of a pioneer. For just an instant there was something genuine in his wonder, so genuine that his canvas bag fell unnoticed to his feet, and his loyalty to a great institution made him seem very young and abashed.

"Hey, miss," said Launcelot hoarsely, with hardly a trace of his old knightly courtesy, "hey, miss, you hadn't ought to be out here like this."

She still regarded him without moving, calm and slender, and slowly her lips curved into a faint dry smile.

"Well," she asked, "why shouldn't I?"

"Huh!" gasped Launcelot. "Out here talking to a side-show salesman? Because it isn't allowed, that's all. Because you ought to be in getting ready for your act. Because you'll get bounced."

Still smiling faintly she shook her head.

"Bounce me!" she exclaimed. "Me! Say, I guess you haven't been here long! I thought I hadn't seen you."

He felt his thoughts moving in a numb, uncontrollable succession. A lady from the show, a real performer, out talking to him in the midway! What did she want? What could she want? He was still staring at her. She had slipped a bare white arm from under her blanket and was pointing at the sign behind him.

"That soap," she was saying. "Don't try to kid me now. Is it a fake—or isn't it?"

As though by magic Launcelot's embarrassment had left him. A bugle call had rung out, summoning his wandering faculties. A fake! Launcelot made a gesture of righteous indignation. Who was she to doubt him and challenge his professional pride? His words of injured innocence sped forth, making him forget all barriers and tradition.

"A fake!" he cried. "I suppose you think that in the cage there's a fake, do you? Well, look at him! He's real, all right, real and savage; and I suppose the soap made out of him's a fake?"

He paused eloquently, forgetful of himself, forgetful of everything but the sincerity of his words.

"Oh!" she gasped, giving a little dancing skip to one side. "Is it made out of that? Is it—honest?"

The sun was shining very bright and still, and from the big canvas tent came the notes of the band in joyous syncopation. An errant breeze was blowing against their cheeks, redolent and sweet with the land's elixir. Was it any wonder that he forgot consequences and honor and forged ahead on his new conquest?

Her look was one that he had often seen before, a look of wonder and of hope.

"Is it—honest?" she repeated.

"Miss," said Launcelot soothingly, "you may not know it, but you have struck upon the great wonder secret of the age. I learned it after days of blood and sweat out in the Yahoo desert. Today you can learn it for nothing. It was old Yahoo Pete who told it to me. Good old Yahoo Pete!"

"Honest?" she said pleadingly. "You're not kidding me, are you?"

"Do I look it?" Launcelot inquired proudly.

And he didn't look it. The sun was in his hair, and he was standing before her, straight, stern and majestic.

(Continued on Page 88)



"Oh, I Never Used to Believe There Were Folks Like You!" "There are Piles of 'em Out There in the Big Open Spaces Where a Man's a Man"

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THE ABIDING GIFT

By Lucy Stone Terrill

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

HARRY WORTHINGTON sat on the high stool in the telephone booth and nursed his chagrin against his father with a healing inventory of his parent's faults, failings and sins. It was a method of consolation inherited and copied from his mother.

". . . old lazy thing, that's all my father is; lazy and selfish; perfectly satisfied to sit around the office and waste time and smoke; didn't care if his family had to go without things that everybody else had, just so long as he had money enough for tobacco; no ambition; no pride; perfectly satisfied to wear old worn clothes and ride in an old, cheap, rattly automobile. . . ."

The old, cheap, rattly automobile happening to be the direct cause of his chagrin, its recollection spurred Harry from consoling to remedial cogitations. Should he use his last nickel to telephone for his mother's coöperation, or should he go up to the office and argue his father into acquiescence?

"I'm afraid you'll have to make other arrangements to get to your party. I've got to have the car tonight, Harry," his father had astonishingly persisted.

Why! Why, the idea! With all his other failings, was his father going to begin to get nasty about the few poor little things he could do for the pleasure of his family? Dog-gone it all!

He elevated the last nickel toward mother's intervention, but inherent discretion slowed his fingers and he slumped back on the stool for further deliberation. If he drew mother into the controversy and got dad into one of his sullen streaks, worse than nothing would be gained; and there were other considerations. He not only had to have the automobile—old and cheap and rattly though it was—but five dollars had to be seduced from dad's thin pocketbook. Mother had no money left to give him, for she had already exhausted her modest monthly income from the rent of two small store buildings she owned on his wireless apparatus and Suzanne's new organdie dress.

And five dollars had to be had. A fellow couldn't take a girl, a banker's daughter, to a fraternity dance without at least five dollars. It was the very minimum. No telling what exigencies might arise—such as the gasoline tank leaking, or Margery taking a notion to go elsewhere than the party for refreshments. Margery was full of jolly notions, and Margery loved well to eat.

Now, if he telephoned mother, he would have no nickel left with which to let Margery know the final outcome. Darn such a father as his anyhow! All the other fellows in his crowd got regular allowances from their fathers. Of course he could go up to his father's office and telephone to Margery without charge; but it was pleasant to say to such a girl as Margery:

"Hello there! I'm down at the Grant Hotel and just thought I'd phone you before I went home."

Well, having only one nickel, it couldn't be done. Before telephoning his mother, however, he went out of the booth and sauntered round the hotel lobby, a fair-skinned, brown-eyed youth in a cheap, fashionably cut brown suit.

It was worth temporary bankruptcy to telephone from a hotel and thus have an excuse to saunter idly about in your best suit so that the onlookers probably thought you were some rich young capitalist from New York.

Having sunned himself in the eyes of the loungers, he strolled back to the telephone booths just in time to walk into a booth beside the Countess Colonna. He had never been so close to her before. Margery, though, actually knew her. She had once sold tickets under the countess' supervision for a starving-war-baby benefit.



Yeses, it's All That and More—to Me, Beloved. This Barren, Brown Old Hill

"She just thrills you, Harry! Just thrills you!" Margery had told him, and Harry recognized that thrilling quality as the countess now hurried softly by him. Her gray hair, under the lavender sport hat, gave her an elusive, sylphlike charm; surely it wasn't altogether normal to be so old and still so beautiful. As she turned to close the booth door he saw that her eyes were lavender too.

Gosh-h! Lavender eyes! No wonder she could marry counts and get decorations from the King of Italy! Her eyes weren't really lavender, though; but they made you think of it. They were like the wild lilac—the blue-lavender lilac that grows in graceful glory on the mountain sides in April.

"Just an ordinary woman, with nice eyes," his father had said about her.

But of course his father wouldn't get any of the fine points. Two years before, when the countess had first come to Southern California, she had employed his father to make some small change in the house she bought in Coronado—just a stairway and some windows. But she had been so pleased with his work that she had sent him one of her tree pictures as a mark of especial appreciation. His mother had regretted that she did not send an extra hundred dollars instead, because the veranda roof needed shingling.

"She must be as old as mother," Harry thought surprisedly.

Well, if his mother could afford clothes like that, and wasn't worn with housework, she, too, might seem as young. Again, dad's fault. Now, Margery's mother had something the manner of this woman—more than his mother had; though of course she was not so thrilling, since she was neither a countess nor a famous artist.

There came the sound of the voice of the Countess Colonna.

"Main 73911," it said—sweet, distinct, quick words. "Yes, please."

Harry's heels involuntarily tightened on the rung of the stool, because, mentally, he tumbled off it. Main 73911 was his father's number. Oh, wonderful works! Perhaps she was going to give his father some more work. Maybe there would be money enough for him to visit his Uncle Bob in Chicago.

There came the jingle of the nickel of the Countess Colonna. Then more words, softer words ——

"Hello! . . . Hello, Harry. Yes, I knew you would be. . . . I suppose you have that blessed lock of hair most pulled off your head. . . . Well, I got away the very first minute I could and slipped in here, old dear. . . . No-o, I'm afraid I won't be able to meet you until about 8:30. . . . Oh, Harry de-ar, if you knew how hard it is to evade everyone! . . . At the pier then. . . . I'll come over in my own car and send it on down to be shipped, and you can drive me back by the Strand. . . . Pl-ease, Harry, do buck up! Let's make our last time together a happy memory. . . . Yes, yes, dear. . . . Good-by."

There came a sigh from the throat of the Countess Colonna. Harry distinctly heard the small sound—as cool, as soft, as tangible as the touch of a tear. It did something queer to him. It was like the swift lifting of a latch that opened, for a breathless instant, the great door to maturity. He heard her going and saw her, unseeingly. Finally, with a jerk, he pitched himself off the stool and bolted out the booth, catching just a last glimpse of her through the long lobby as she went out the doors, her scarf and skirt swinging backward as the breeze embraced her.

Then with a long emptying of his breath he crawled back on the high stool and closed the booth door tightly. The wonder of this thing, the incredible reality of it, left him exhausted—dejected. It was the first time in his seventeen years that any matter had been bigger than himself—beyond his capacity for swift judgment.

A countess—a woman beautiful and rich and renowned had called his father "Harry"! That she had also called him "dear" was less poignantly significant, for occasionally Harry's mother called his father "dear"—at times when his father's finances and conduct simultaneously permitted.

But to call him Harry! It was past natural credence. His father was as essentially Henry as he was naturally tall and slow to sullenness, and shabby, and stoop-shouldered. Though it really was not Henry Worthington's shoulders, but only his head which stooped, as if weighed down by the weariness of its thoughts.

What could this beautiful woman, and rich, have found in him which gave to her voice when she said Harry the same mysterious, unmistakable relativity which is remotely but so surely in new green trembling leaves at

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the first faint flush of dawn and the fragrance of pussy willows and spring buttercups and the sound of brook waters escaping winter ice, and the true tenderness of a human heart?

And the same voice that had called him Harry had spoken with intimate laughing tenderness of his father's untidy lock of hair which so irritated his mother; that thin drab lock of hair which survived his baldness and straggled down his forehead like some surprising delicate fern growing tenaciously down the wall of a ruin.

Suddenly a tremendous eagerness to see this new man into whom the voice of a countess had turned his father sent Harry hurrying to his father's office. But when he opened the door, lettered with

HENRY WORTHINGTON
ARCHITECT

he saw only Henry Worthington in the large north-windowed room. Harry was not there.

His father, tall and head heavy, was leaning over a tipped drafting table. His shirt sleeves were rolled above his elbows and a brown pencil was stuck behind his ear, but he was not working. He was leaning on the board with folded arms, gazing out the window over the city roofs and eucalyptus-tree tops above which the sunset threw an arch of amethyst as definite in outline as a great gossamer parasol. He turned slowly as the door opened.

"Hello," he said. "Time to go home, is it?"

No, there was no difference in him—no difference at all. There was the same questioning half smile of welcome in his freckled brown eyes that was always in them for this son, who was so often and so frankly his enemy. Harry stared at him from the doorway, feeling much the same let-down sensation that had gripped him beyond forgetting when, as a youngster waiting breathless for the circus clown to appear, an ordinary man devoid of make-up had come out and wearily walked a rope.

"Mother just phoned that we're to get potatoes when we go to the market for meat," his father was saying.

The mention of these prosaic essentials freed Harry from the mesmerism with which the countess had bewitched him. She devolved in a clean quick instant into "that woman," and his father into an old woman chaser.

A woman chaser was something of which Harry had only a fascinatingly vague conception. The boys of his set occasionally tiptoed into conversations on woman chasing and its kindred arts, but they seldom ventured far lest their little veneer of worldliness betray to some wiser one their humiliating innocence. The Worthingtons' neighbor, Mr. Barnes, was a woman chaser. He lunched with his stenographer and always said pretty things to women, even to homely ones. Harry's mother pronounced him disgusting.

"So suppose you run on and get the potatoes and meet me in front of the market," his father was continuing, sorting through a handful of change with his long index finger. "Mother wants an early dinner; she's not so well again tonight."

"Oh, yes! It's a whole lot you care how mother ——"

Harry bit off his impulsive words with an audible snap of his teeth as the new and poignant aspect of his mother's interest in all this thrust itself upon him. A weapon for her championing had been delivered into his hands and he must not blunt it by hasty irritation; he must gird it to him, and treasure it, and use it finally in a magnificent retaliation for all their grievances against his father.

"Never mind, now, never mind!" his father spoke with unusual asperity. "There's no use in your going on a general rampage because you can't have the car tonight. You know you can make arrangements to go in Billy Jackson's car."

"I haven't said anything about the old car, have I?" Harry retorted, dropping his voice and features from rancor to the sullenness which was his accustomed outlet for displeasure.

He took the half dollar for potatoes which his father extended and crossed to the telephone, where he summoned a pleasant, manly young voice to speak to Margery's mother.

"Hello, Mrs. Manners. . . . This is Harry Worthington speaking. . . . Mrs. Manners, I'm terribly sorry, but something has come up so that I can't take Margery to the dance tonight. . . . No, no; it's—it's my father, and I can't do anything about it. . . . And, say, Mrs. Manners, will you square me with Margery as much as you can? . . . Yes, you know. . . . I'm awfully obliged. . . . Good-by."

He was taken aback at his hasty, even eager, carrying out of his impulse. But he enjoyed having his father hear him speak companionably to Mrs. Manners—having his father see how he, Harry, could outstrip him socially and know familiarly the leading families of the city. It came in so pleasantly just at this time that it blunted the possible loss of Margery's favor.

While the impressive conversation went on his father got slowly into his gray coat and hat and slowly lowered his desk top.

"You could have asked Billy just as well as not," he repeated with mildly apologetic reproof.

Harry replied with a long look that emptied all his hot young rebellion and scorn into his father's eyes, and they lowered before it, though from no probable apprehension of the knowledge that lay behind the contemptuous gaze. This contempt of his son was a frequent punishment he accepted—for being a failure.

"You don't need to wait for me," Harry mumbled as he shoved past him. "I'll go home on the street car—I'd rather."

But, once away from his father, there came the same fascinated urge to see him again. Surely there was some difference he had overlooked. The charm of the countess took on its power immediately he was well away from his father's familiarity. And, as if fate framed, her soft-singing limousine filled with gay women flashed past him while he was waiting, potato laden, for his street car.

His father was home before him. The shabby car, with its curtains tightly down, stood on the driveway beside the brown-shingled, two-storied house. His mother met him in the front doorway, her arms outstretched impatiently for the sack of potatoes. She wore a ready-made pink house dress that had been designed for bosoms which were not hers and for hips which were less than hers. Her graying blond hair, marked unevenly from a curling iron, was loosening a little from a brown hair net. A hair net always meant some social activity; this must have been her club afternoon; that was probably why she was not so well again tonight. There was weariness in her flushed cheeks and in her thin, slightly parted lips—weariness and irritation; but in her round gray eyes was beauty—the beauty of a mother's love and welcoming.

"Do hurry, dear! Of course if I wanted an early dinner it would be later than usual."

Harry stared at her with seeking eyes as he hurried up the narrow walk. Never before had he looked upon her for other graces than maternal. She was his mother, his

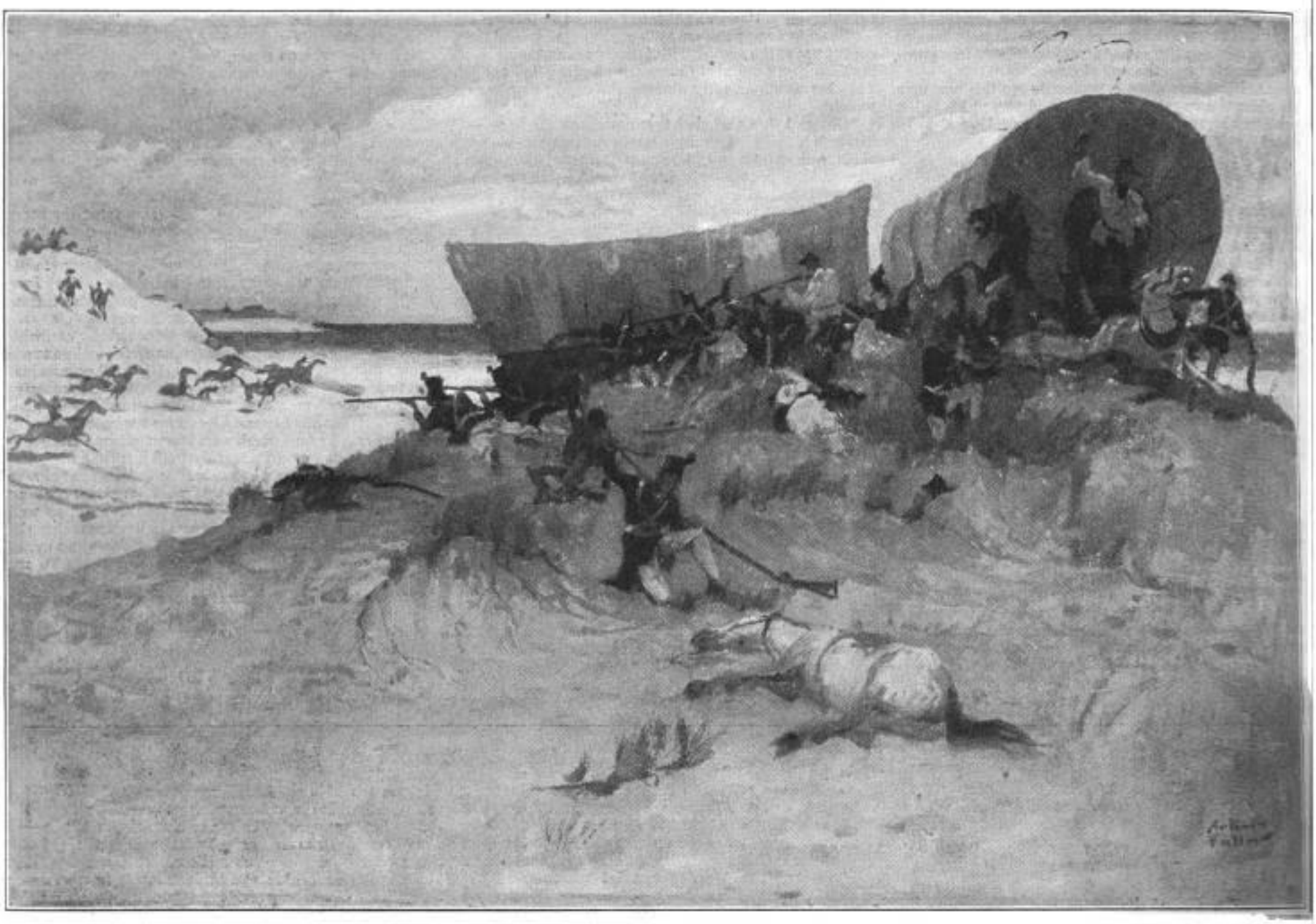
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Harry Saw Only His Father's Hands, White-Knuckled. Fastened to the Back of the Shiny Mahogany Chair. They Seemed Struggling to Loosen Themselves

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THE MAGNETIC WEST



The Battle of Chicago

A POST OF TRADE

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

AS A CITY, Chicago, reached in the morning, began imperceptibly with scattered wooden houses, small inclosed plots of prairie; there was an absence of paint, of animation, curiously melancholy, as though the inhabitants had all been drawn elsewhere. Yet there were great factories, multiplications of tracks, along the railroad. Sagging fences held fragments of old faded posters, dejected bedding hung from dark windows, at the intersections of bare streets stood cast-iron lamp-posts of a forgotten pattern. This went on and on, unchanged but for the fact that the wooden houses eventually grew together; they formed rows; the prairie was gradually absorbed, blotted out. Brick appeared, brick in three stories, roofed with tin; at the corners empty saloons still had in their dust-coated windows the pictorial announcements of bock beer. The quicksilver had scaled from their beveled mirrors and desolation lurked behind the mahogany panels of their screens.

It was not visibly different from the approaches of other large, immense cities, yet—perhaps because of the sheer space involved—none other was suggested. The buildings joined in common walls, the streets now were paved, sidewalks had appeared; but the pervading monotony, the world of wood, was unbroken. The cause of this, certainly, was the lack of height; the whole expanse sweeping away on either side to a haze that might have been a frozen mist was without the variety of differently lifted roofs; the land was utterly flat.

When that, in itself, became impressive, suddenly and without warning it was dropped behind; in its place was a fantastic crowding of strangely shaped mills, eccentric chimneys, chimneys short and swollen or ranged in fine steel files, elevated tanks like captive balloons, poised bridges counterbalanced by huge blocks of concrete, straddling gantries and furnaces in pyramids of brick. It seemed more like the huddle of an odd park of mechanical thrills and pleasures than a region of industry, with the chutes of high trestles dropping to black pools and flags of smoke, copper-colored streamers and vaporous yellow, fans of violet worked in glowing sparks and sibilant white steam.

A Thicket of Steel

THAT drew out, continued amazingly among dull heaps of slag and gleaming mountains of coal; and then it, too, stopped. Chicago mounted tier on tier as though the pressure everywhere about it were forcing the girders and brick and stone into the pale winter sky. Different, for example, from New York, the highest buildings were held in the heart of the city; they rose from profound shadow into the wind and sun, out of the flatness of the prairie, the houses and of the lake. They kept, surprisingly, the illusion that they were bound together by the elevated railway, the Loop, laid in a constricting and loud girdle at their base. The clamor in the streets was deafening, an incessant crash, an endless harsh uproar, thrown back upon itself, intensified by the confining and unbroken walls.

But, however rending it became, the noise was always dominated, controlled by the shrill whistle of policemen, a whistle like that of a metallic bird inhabiting a thicket of steel. It was not, I soon discovered, the clamor alone that was menacing; there was a surcharged raw vitality, a generated destructive force, which electrified the darkened and thick air. The city was like a towering machinery that, lost to control, was shattering its foundations in the earth and rocking its stacks among the clouds. I had the feeling that at any moment a bolt might be buried in my head or that I might be crushed by a ponderous cast wheel. I passed confined spoiled water and entered a world of brown stone, of massive blocks, built into the similitude of fortifications. Jackson Boulevard was grim, its hurrying throng was wholly masculine, as though the purpose of its movement was too desperate, too dangerous for women to stem.

In that space, at La Salle Street, Chicago remarkably resembled Florence, in Italy, the Florence of somberly flung shadows, of palaces built in brown piers against the tides of factions and assaults; there was an identical ruthless air, an odor almost of cruelty. That vanished immediately; I was on Michigan Avenue, between the glittering windows of luxury-filled shops and a blank whiteness, a fog shrill with locomotives, that hid the lake. It was amazing—the city marched solidly to the line of the boulevard and then went to nothing, disappeared in formless mist. Its power and sound melted into uncertain blurs, distressed and smothered hoots, wails prolonged only to end in vacuity.

Up to a given point Chicago, the entire modern world was visibly triumphant, and then it broke, dissolved in termless elements.

Women wrapped in furs, in limousines or at the shop doors appeared; the windows were filled with orchids and silks and spun candies, with delicate English mezzotints and mock pastoral French engravings—one side of the boulevard, it seemed, opposing all its choicest rewards to the emptiness of the other. It was still early, the sunlight was pallid, and a wind from the north turned the glass of the taxicab cold as a sheet of ice. There was palpably no pleasure to be had from shopping; skirts were viciously

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whipped flat in the frigid blasts of cross streets; the pavement was black with a treachery of ice. However, or it might be because of this, it was evident that Michigan Boulevard was a dramatic and memorable way, a street with an immense dignity. No other city boulevard in the world was so open, so set with flowers against the North Pole; it had more than a suggestion of the freedom, the exposure of the prairie.

That air, the cold, was lost in the dark woodwork, the velvet and carpets and gilded decorations of the Blackstone Hotel. The lobby—but it was a salon really—crowning the stairs was full, and the desk impossible of immediate approach. The dining room was a replica of a French monarch's taste. There was an irony in that, for I remembered how the French, escaping from the formality of a royalist Paris, had, in the near past, made the portage here south and west. The French and their blood brothers, the Indians, had gone; a country, a new civilization had taken their place, all for this return to an old form of intricate living and decoration.

Chicago Aborigines

THROUGH a great window framed in ferns the blankness of the fog on the water was impenetrable; the swift opposed streams of motors on Michigan Boulevard continued without an interruption, a pause; the air of the dining room, rich as the sauces of the food, was fretted by an orchestra. The menace of the city, subdued but not obliterated, lay back of the music, commenting sardonically on its affectation of safety and ease. This wasn't Paris but America; it was Chicago, charged with the variable passions of gigantic youth.

The facts of Chicago, too simultaneous for the term "history," were most astounding to regard. It was only eight years after the establishment of Fort Dearborn in 1804 that its garrison moved out to be massacred, with the fifes and drums playing a death march! William Wells, who had arrived with fifteen friendly Indians, Miamis, from Fort Wayne, covered his face with ashes in the Indian symbol of what was to come. It wasn't Wells, however, but Billy Caldwell who perfectly expressed the headlong course of Chicago events. He was born at Detroit, the child of a Pottawottomi girl and an Irish colonel, about 1780, and educated by the Jesuits. He fought for the English in the War of 1812; he was secretary to Tecumseh and later a chief of the Pottawottomi; long a resident of Chicago, with a grant of sixteen hundred acres on the North Branch, he was a justice of the peace in 1826; and ten years later helping to move his tribe to Council Bluffs, there he died.

Another aboriginal citizen, Robinson, grievously outlasting his time, watched the Chicago fire of 1871 from the Lake Street Bridge, and it is recorded of him that he indulged himself in a prodigious war whoop. In the earlier, the notable days, his dwelling had been on the west side, between Lake and Randolph streets; and about his porch, with the city closing around them, there had been some rare Indian parties with drunken shouts and capering dances.

It was in 1834 that the first annuity was paid the Indians. They sat in a circle, with their squaws behind them, the goods to be distributed in the center; and when the half-breeds and traders began to throw out the parcels there was a rush upon the heap of treasure so dense that only large stones dropped into the middle of the struggle could open it. This, too, took place on Randolph Street, near Canal; and it was in the same year that the Illinois, the first vessel to enter the harbor, made her way into the Chicago River.

It was impossible to tabulate events except in a chronology of days, even hours; at one moment, seemingly, there were but two white families present, the next there were dances at the house of Mark Beaubien, and religious meetings held in the fort by the family of Mark Noble. In 1832, at the rear of his building at Dearborn and South Water streets, G. W. Dole slaughtered the first lot of cattle, two hundred head, packed in Chicago. He had brought them from the Wabash Valley and they cost him two dollars and seventy-five cents a hundredweight. And Mark Beaubien, whose tavern was familiar to the fiddle, ran the ferry, by order, continuously from dawn till dark, since he owned two race horses and was known to slip away for sporting events with the Indian chiefs.

Every two weeks a half-breed went to Niles, in Michigan, for news; and Governor Cass, in a birch canoe with thirteen paddlers, went by, trailing the songs of old French voyageurs. James Galloway arrived, to escape the ague of Ohio, with a gun and ammunition, a tomahawk, some steel traps, blankets and a sack of corn meal. For him the principal highway of Chicago, a wagon track, led from the fort west by Heacock's log building to the commission house of Dole & Newberry, at what would become the intersection of Clark and Water streets; then it passed a frame structure, at La Salle and Water, built for a dry-goods store by the Pecks, continued to Hogan's general store, and arrived at the Eagle Hotel.

Finances in the '30's

THE first public building, an estray pen, was constructed in 1832; it was to cost twenty dollars, but the contract was not filled, and the expense was but twelve. The city tax on real and personal property for that year was a hundred and forty-eight dollars and twenty-nine cents; there was a nonresident delinquent list of ten dollars and fifty cents; the total receipts of all taxes were three hundred and fifty-seven dollars and seventy-eight cents. The first water works—a well dug and stoned—cost ninety-five dollars and a half; and when the city treasurer was authorized to borrow two thousand dollars at not more than ten per cent, payable within a year, he resigned rather than attempt the impossible. At the sale of wharfing leases in 1835 South Water Street property fetched twenty-five cents a front foot; and in 1836 the whole of Chicago went to Bridgeport on a very small steamer, the George W. Dole, to witness the first sod turned for the canal.

This, obviously, was not history but an extravaganza—with music. It was the habit then to leave Chicago in large parties for the log hotels of the still simpler country, and there have supper, and breakfast after dancing all night. The cooking and sitting rooms and the bar were on the ground floor, above was the single large space of the festivity, and over that again, reached by a ladder, was the dressing room. The difficulties of the ladder, regarded with indifference by the local girls, were viewed with confusion by the more delicate creatures of the city.

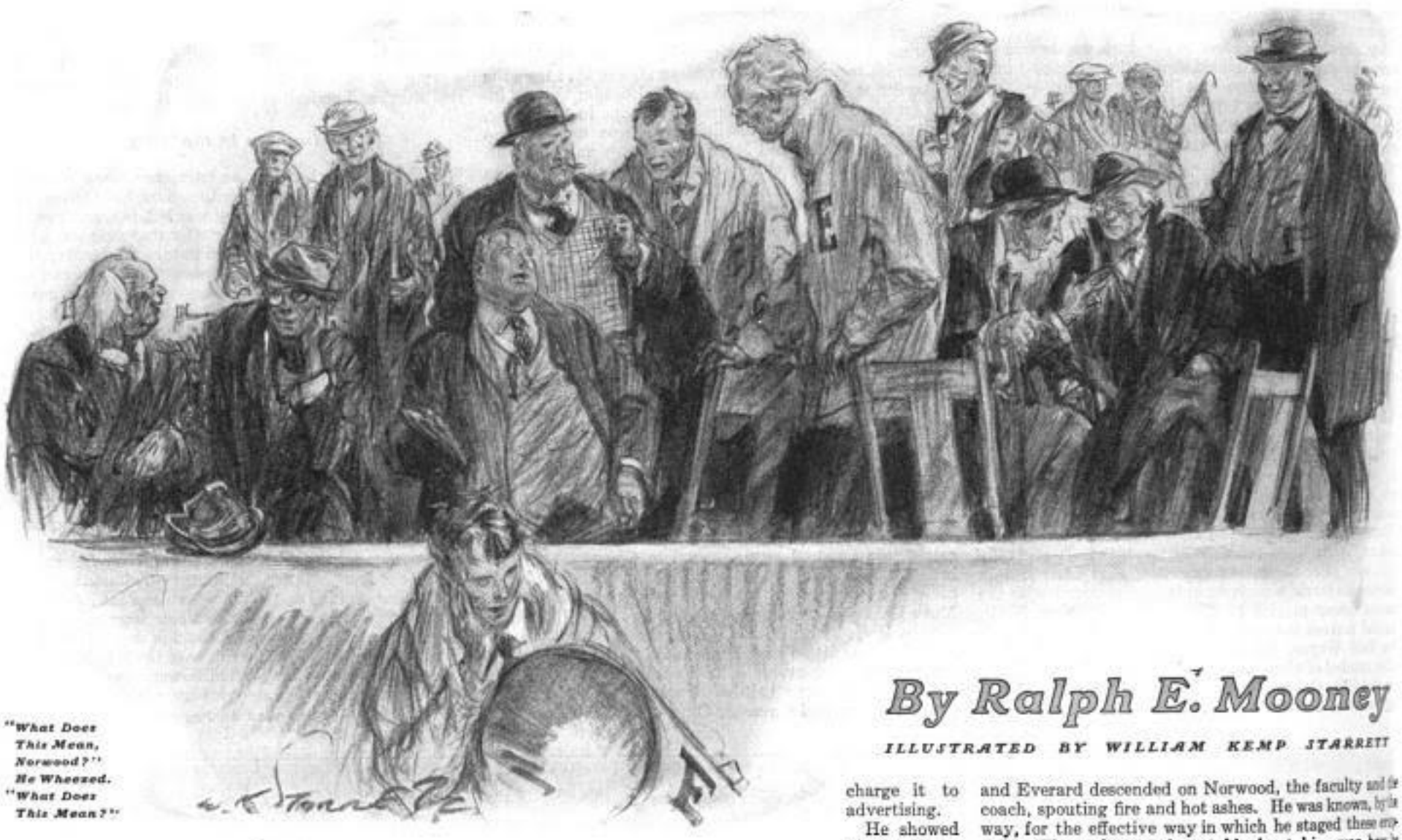
(Continued on Page 123)



I Recalled the Jamborees, the Pottawottomi, in Robinson's House at Wolf's Point

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POLYSYNTHETIC FOOTBALL



"What Does This Mean, Norwood?" He Wheezed. "What Does This Mean?"

By Ralph E. Mooney

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

DON'T bother me, boy, I'm feeling old. I'm reminiscing. I'm saying the saddest words of tongue or pen: "If only it could be again." Ten years ago I wasn't sitting in an office waiting for business at this time of year. Not so. I was out hustling, doing creative work. I was wearing a white sweater and a pair of ice-cream pants and was rehearsing a chorus of about nine hundred collegians in the Locomotive Yell and the Siren and in Osky-wow-wow! I was able to do sixty-nine different movements of what is commonly known as physical culture, and I could jump three feet into the air as I finished.

What set me going? What's eating me? Look in the morning paper. The Brownell Indians played Jacksonville on Saturday and lost, 0 to 21. Lost, mind you, and I can remember the day when, if Jacksonville had held the Indians to a tie, nine-tenths of the college world would have fainted and the other tenth would have died in its tracks. Ten years ago, boy, Brownell had the wonder team of the country. History is strewn with the wrecks of good scoring machines that tried to wallop it. A team wasn't rated by whether it defeated the Indians; no, sir, they calculated its standing by the score the Indians didn't make.

Those were the days when Edge College was climbing from a little interstate conference to the fringes of the Big Ten. We weren't operating a football team exactly; it was more like a battle squadron or a tank battalion. Our coach had orders to build a winning team and not be too careful how he did it. Our faculty had orders to support the coach and see that our players got high marks in their studies. A man of the right build and the right prep-school record could matriculate as a freshman, under date of one year, complete nine courses, pass his spring examinations and return to us a sophomore, all within twenty-four hours.

The reason for this was Frank G. Everard. That tells a story in a mouthful, doesn't it? Yes, sure. That's who I mean. The Frank G. Everard who packed away fifteen million half dollars during the war and then got the Government to appropriate two or three million more to protect his losses during the months of November and December, 1918, when the armistice interrupted his contract. Ten years ago, however, Frank G. Everard was nothing more than a rising multimillionaire, and he had discovered that a man who was practically unknown except where he was unpopular could do a great deal for himself by financing a college. He had looked around for an institution that would appreciate him, had discovered Edge, had established the Everard Foundation Fund, and had wired to the plant treasurer to advance a million or so and charge it to advertising.

He showed a copy of the wire to old Dean Norwood, who was stately and gray-haired and one of the finest men ever made. A real teacher, too, who had given so much of his life to taming the Latin language that half the time he didn't know whether he was in the United States or ancient Rome.

"See this," said Everard—or, at least, that's what everyone told me he said—"see this telegram?" He winked and shifted his cigar around in his mouth. "Charge it to advertising. That's all a college is, for a man like me. Advertising. So much good publicity. And the bigger the school is, the better it is known, the better I'll like it and you. So be on your toes and keep that in mind."

Old Norwood bowed, they told me, with his face as blank as one of my checks. Completely and entirely, he did not get the idea.

"Very well, sir," he replied.

Everard was short and broad-shouldered. His neck tried to be sixteen and a half along with his collar, but stood a point above par, so that it bulged a little. He reached up and pulled Norwood down close to him. Not that he pitched his voice low; far from it. Generally speaking, a man half a block away could hear him without straining, but it was his habit to make men stoop over and listen to him.

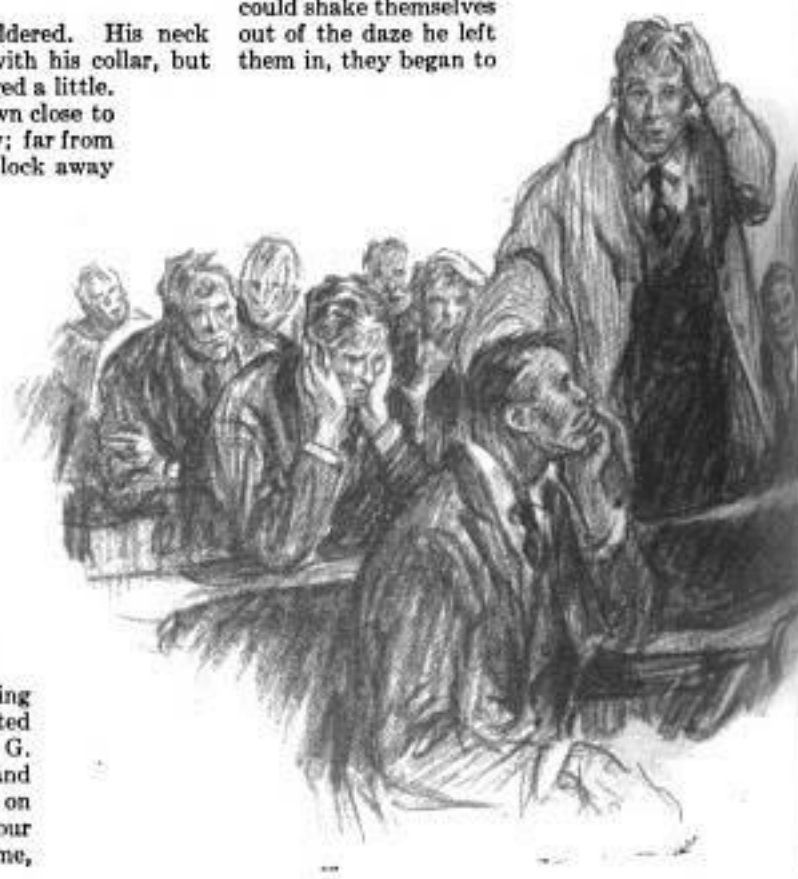
"It's a pretty rotten little plant here," he explained, "and a man like me will do it good. A college gets its main income from endowments, don't it? Well, take it from Frank G. Everard that Edge College is going out of the piker class from now on. Before I get through with it we'll be earning 14 per cent a year on endowments from rich graduates. We'll make Harvard and Yale look like little red schoolhouses. That's my way of doing things."

Poor old Norwood said "Yes, sir," but he said it so sadly that Everard asked if something hurt him.

Thereafter Edge College ceased nestling in the blue grass of a highly respected Southern state. A statue of Frank G. Everard was put up on the campus and workmen began to build new buildings on every vacant piece of ground. Then our football team lost its first practice game, and Everard descended on Norwood, the faculty and the coach, spouting fire and hot ashes. He was known, by the way, for the effective way in which he staged these eruptions. The only anecdote told about him was how he bawled out the last man, and anybody who had ever been within broadcasting range of one of those bawl-outs would turn pale when such a story was told. That was his way of controlling men and affairs—by fury and abuse.

"The thing is," said Everard, while the professors shivered, "there wasn't a man here who was on the job. What value to me is a college that loses 35 to 0 to a state university that never even has a picture of its team in the annual guide? Now I'll give you men one more chance. Get busy and get me a team that wins. Do you all hear? I want results for my money, not excuses. Why, I lost six thousand in stock-exchange bets on that game!"

This was definite and certain, and as soon as the faculty and coach could shake themselves out of the daze he left them in, they began to



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follow orders. The football field was turned over to a wrecking crew, and before the end of October that year we had beaten Oklahoma, the Missouri Miners and the Carolina Cavalry Institute, and had played Andersonville to a tie. Then came a game with the Brownell Indians. Of course we had to play them. You couldn't take a team out into the open in those days without sending Brownell a challenge, and you couldn't send a challenge without getting an acceptance by return mail. They would fit in a game on a Friday afternoon to accommodate you.

On the morning of the game we got a wire from Everard: "Have looked up records and find Indians strongest team in country. Imperative we win. Instruct players this effect."

Derkes, our coach, wired back: "Will win."

"Fine," came the answer; "am betting fifty thousand on you."

Our team went out and played as it had never played before—and better than any other team had ever played before. Through the first half it was neck and neck. Then something seemed to go wrong. I heard the Indian quarterback shout something, and our team became unsteady and went up in the air a little. The Indians got a touchdown on a forward pass and then smashed their way to another. And that was all. The final score was 14 to 0, favor Brownell.

Next day a wan and pallid faculty gathered in the administration building in answer to an urgent summons. It found Frank G. Everard waiting to greet it, with his teeth set and a green light in his eyes. Beside him was a bullet-headed man who wore a black mustache and a check suit.

"Well," growled Everard, scowling at the faculty and giving Norwood and Derkes particularly cold sneers, "this is a pretty outfit, I must say. Here I spend half a million on you and just when I get a chance to win some of it back on a five-to-one bet you cave in and lose a game for me. I pay you men to do nothing but run a little six-by-nine school, and you fall down like a lot of tin soldiers." Old Norwood rose indignantly, pain and grief in his expression.



The Players Gave Him Three Cheers and Then Carried Him to the Sidelines

"Sir," he announced, "I think you will find this school has been carefully run, as you put it. You must understand that the mere winning or losing of a football game does not figure as important in the eyes of educators. We devote our attention to ——"

"Bosh!" snapped Everard. "Rot! Mere winning or losing does not figure, hey? Blast you, I told you to make it figure! I told you to get me a winning team. And when I'm running an institution my orders come first."

He brought forward the bullet-headed man with the black mustache.

"Norwood," he proclaimed, "you are superseded. You're a fizzle. Oh, you can go on and be dean and teach the tango artists reading and writing, but you're relieved of all duties of management hereafter. Not that you ever had any idea of what those duties were, but you're relieved anyhow. Gentlemen, I introduce Mr. Malling, who is to be chancellor of this university. Mr. Malling has been superintendent of my sheet-metal plant and knows how to carry out orders. He will take charge here and will show you what modern business methods mean. It'll be a good education for you all. You need it."



It Takes Something to Make an Old-Style Indian Smile

Poor old Norwood was almost in tears.

"Relieved?" he groaned. "Sir, I can't believe this. The profession of teaching and the business of conducting a university are both highly specialized, Mr. Everard, and Edge College will be ruined if operated on your plan. We shall lose our standing entirely, and our professors will no longer be looked on as authorities in their subjects. You can't mean it."

"I can and do!" barked Everard. "Please do not attempt to advise me as to my business." He turned away from Norwood and glared at Derkes. "Now, young man, let's talk about that game," he proposed. "What's the matter with you and with the team?"

This time he wasn't dealing with a man who had spent half his life in ancient Rome.

"Nothing," snapped Derkes. "The team's all right and I'm all right. We held Brownell to the lowest score of the season and the lowest in two years. No other organization has made near as good a showing against them."

"Losing isn't winning," replied Everard.

"There are plenty who will tell you the Indians can't be beaten," answered Derkes. "I'm about ready to admit it."

"Can't be beaten?" yelped Everard. "Confound you, there's no such word as 'can't' in my dictionary. I hate a man who says can't. Edge College can beat them. Edge College will beat them! Get that in your head for all time. Now, what was the trouble yesterday? Why did they win—or rather, why do they win? Why have they got every school in the country bluffed?"

Derkes shook his head gravely.

"There are two reasons," he explained. "First, they've got no eligibility rules at Brownell. Some of those Indians have played with the team six years. They've been together so long that their teamwork is perfect. Still, that's not so important. Our play was perfect too. Which leaves just one reason, I suppose, but that—that's an insuperable difficulty."

"Insuperable!" sniffed Everard. "Can't! Listen here, I'm paying you for football, no alibis. What is this insuperable difficulty?"

"The Indian language," answered Derkes.

"The language? Are you ——"

"No, I'm not," flashed Derkes. "I mean what I say. Sir, when two good teams get together on a field and play a whole half with no scores the chances are that the game can't be won except by a fluke play of some sort. Why? Because after that length of time each team begins to have a fair idea of the other's signals. They can anticipate most of the plays and the possibility of scoring is reduced to a minimum. But, on the other hand, when such a game is going on the tension is terrific. Every man's nerves are on edge. And when one of those teams is Indian—why, signals don't count. Because nobody understands their language and the minute an opponent begins to anticipate the play their quarterback opens up on dialect and simply tells his men what to do. Can't you see the effect of that? The advantage of it? Just when a team is congratulating itself that it knows the Indian game, a council of war is held right before its face and something unforeseen happens. Naturally the defending team blows up a little. Time after time it's happened, and it'll happen time after time again."

Which was all quite true, as you know well enough if you were at school in those days.

Football signals had to be simple and teams did pick them up while in action. I understand they've got a system now of adding or subtracting to get the play number that is undecipherable, but it was not known then. The Indian language was Brownell's big asset, but this didn't impress Everard.

(Continued on Page 53)

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The Reminiscences of a Stock Operator

By Edwin Lefèvre

DECORATIONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

AT HIS house one night Lawrence Livingston took up the narrative of his career where he had left off:

"Not long after I closed my July cotton deal more successfully than I had expected I received by mail a request for an interview. The letter was signed by Percy Thomas. Of course I immediately answered that I'd be glad to see him at my office at any time he cared to call. The next day he came. Since you know him there is no need to tell you what an interesting man he is.

"Thomas, I always thought, went about his business scientifically. He was a true speculator, a thinker with the vision of a dreamer and the courage of a fighting man—an unusually well-informed man, who knew both the theory and the practice of trading in cotton. He loved to hear and to express ideas and theories and abstractions, and at the same time there was mighty little about the practical side of the cotton market or the psychology of cotton traders that he did not know, for he had been trading for years and had made and lost vast sums.

"Within a few years after the failure of his old Stock Exchange firm of Sheldon & Thomas he came back, almost spectacularly. I remember reading in the Sun that the first thing he did when he got on his feet financially was to pay off his old creditors in full, and the next was to hire an expert to study and determine for him how he had best invest a million dollars. This expert examined the properties and analyzed the reports of several companies and then recommended the purchase of Delaware & Hudson stock.

"Well, after having failed for millions and having come back with more millions, Thomas was cleaned out as the result of his deal in March cotton. There wasn't much time wasted after he came in. He proposed that we form a working alliance. He explained that he had developed a marvelous organization for the collection of cotton-crop information and statistics, and also—and this he emphasized—for the dissemination of market news and views. He had a large number of correspondents who grew cotton or dealt with the staple in its raw condition; also he was in close touch with the cotton mills and the exporters. He believed his crop reports to be more accurate than the Government's, and he kept tabs on the world's consumption as well as on this country's production."

A Lone Hand in Wall Street

"HE SUGGESTED that he should continue to collect information bearing on the cotton crop as well as send out his opinions, estimates and predictions. Whatever information he got he would immediately turn over to me before passing it on to the public. My part would be to do the actual trading, for which he saw I had a special genius and he hadn't. His information and the influence of his market letters, he thought, would be immensely valuable to me in my trading.

"That did not appeal to me for a number of reasons. I told him frankly that I did not think I could run in double harness and wasn't keen about trying to learn. But he insisted that it would be an ideal combination until I said flatly that I did not want to have anything to do with influencing other people to trade.

"'If I fool myself,' I told him, 'I alone suffer and I pay the bill at once. There are no drawn-out payments or unexpected annoyances. I play a lone hand by choice and also because it is the wisest and cheapest way to trade. I get my pleasure out of matching my brains against the brains of other traders—men whom I have never seen and never talked to and never advised to buy or sell and never expect to meet or know. When I make money I make it backing my own opinions. I don't sell them or capitalize them. If I made money in any other way I would imagine I had not earned it. Your proposition does not interest me because I am interested in the game only as I play it for myself and in my own way.'

"He said he was sorry I felt the way I did, and tried to convince me that I was wrong in rejecting a plan that was no more or less than the average merchant follows when he advertises his wares. But I stuck to my views. The rest was a pleasant talk. I told him I knew he would come back and that I would consider it a privilege if he would allow me to be of financial assistance to him. But he said he could not accept any loans from me. Then he asked me about my July deal and I told him all about it; how I had gone into it and how much cotton I bought and the price and other details. We chatted a little more and then he left.

"When I said to you some time ago that a speculator has a host of enemies, many of whom successfully bore from within, I had in mind my many mistakes. I have learned that a man may possess an original mind and a lifelong habit of independent thinking and withal be vulnerable to attacks by a persuasive personality. I am fairly immune from the commoner speculative ailments, such as fear and hope. But being an ordinary man I find I can err with great ease.

"I ought to have been on my guard at this particular time, because not long before that I had had an experience that proved how easily a man may be talked into doing something against his judgment and even against his wishes. It happened in Harding's office. I had a sort of private office—a room that they let me occupy by myself—and nobody was supposed to get to me during market hours without my consent. I didn't wish to be bothered, and as I was trading on a large scale and my account was profitable I was well guarded.

"One day just after the market closed I heard somebody say, 'Good afternoon, Mr. Livingston.'

"I turned and saw an utter stranger—a chap of about thirty or thirty-five. I could not understand how he'd got in, but there he was. I concluded his business with me had passed him. But I didn't say anything. I just looked at him and pretty soon he said, 'I came to see you about that Walter Scott,' and he was off.

"He was a book agent. Now, he was not particularly pleasing of manner or skillful of speech. Neither was he especially attractive to look at. But he certainly had personality. He talked and I thought I listened. But I do not know what he said. I don't think I ever knew, not even at the time. When he finished his monologue he handed me first his fountain pen and then a blank form which I signed. It was a contract to take a set of Scott's works for five hundred dollars.

"The moment I signed I came to. But he had the contract safe in his pocket. I did not want the books. I had no place for them. They weren't of any use whatever to me. I had nobody to give them to. Yet I had agreed to buy them for five hundred dollars."

Capitalizing Mistakes

"I AM so accustomed to losing money that I never think first of that phase of my mistakes. It is always the play itself, the reason why. In the first place I wish to know my own limitations and habits of thought. Another reason is that I do not wish to make the same mistake a second time. A man can excuse his mistakes only by capitalizing them to his subsequent profit.

"Well, having made a five-hundred-dollar mistake but not yet having localized the trouble, I just looked at the fellow to size him up as a first step. I'll be hanged if he didn't actually smile at me—an understanding little smile! He seemed to read my thoughts. I somehow knew that I did not have to explain anything to him: he knew it without my telling him. So I skipped the explanations and the preliminaries and asked him, 'How much commission will you get on that five-hundred-dollar order?'

"He promptly shook his head and said, 'I can't do it! Sorry!'

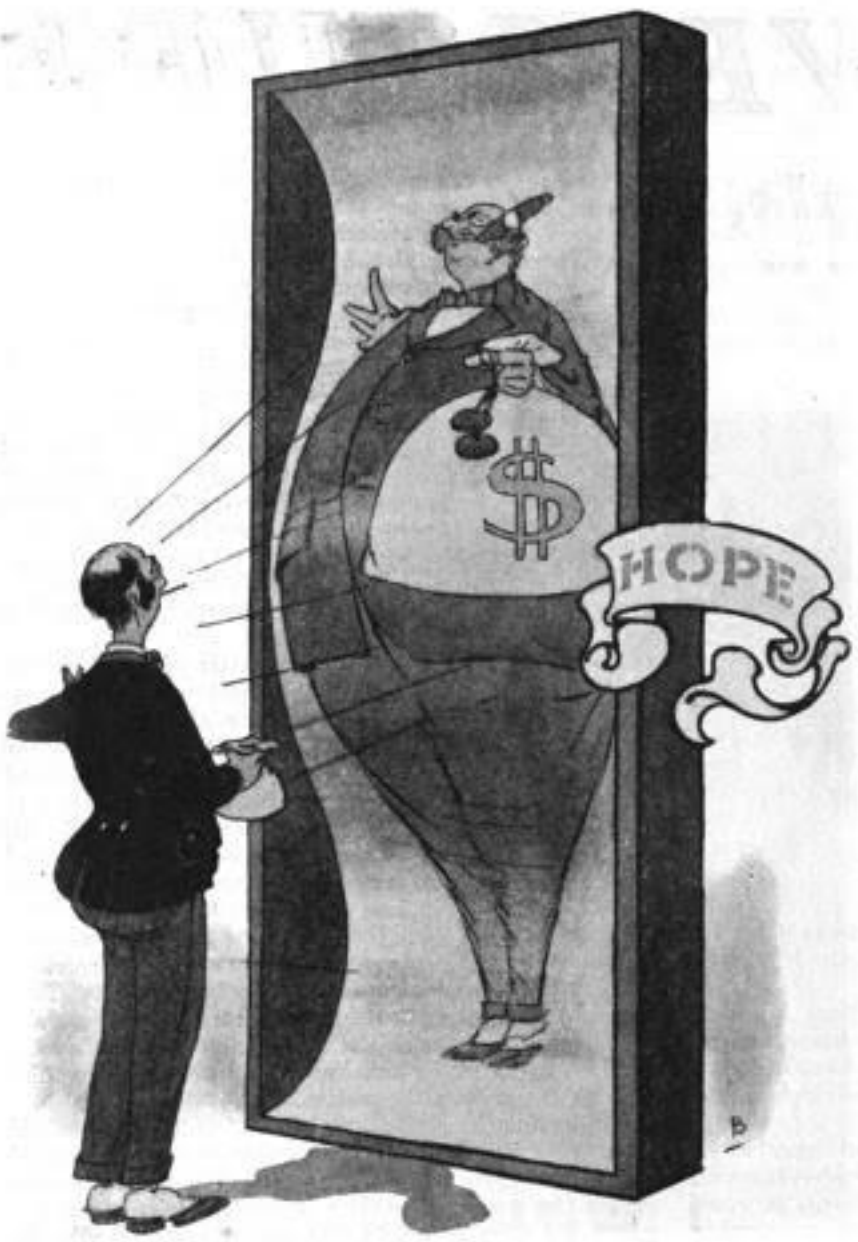
"'How much do you get?' I persisted.

"'A third. But I can't do it!' he said.

"'A third of five hundred dollars is one hundred and



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sixty-six dollars and sixty-six cents. I'll give you two hundred dollars cash if you give me back that signed contract.' And to prove it I took the money out of my pocket.

"'I told you I couldn't do it,' he said.

"'Do all your customers make the same offer to you?' I asked.

"'No,' he answered.

"'Then why were you so sure that I was going to make it?'

"'It is what your type of sport would do. You are a first-class loser, and that makes you a first-class business man. I am much obliged to you, but all the same I can't do it.'

"'Now tell me why you do not wish to make more than your commission?'"

Signing on the Dotted Line

"'IT ISN'T that, exactly,' he said. 'I am not working just for the commission.'

"'What are you working for then?'

"'For the commission and the record,' he answered.

"'What record?'

"'Mine.'

"'What are you driving at?'

"'Do you work for money alone?' he asked me.

"'Yes,' I said.

"'No.' And he shook his head. 'No, you don't. You wouldn't get enough fun out of it. You certainly do not work merely to add a few more dollars to your bank account, and you are not in Wall Street because you like easy money. You get your fun some other way. Well, same here.'

"I did not argue but asked, 'How do you get your fun?'

"'Well,' he confessed, 'we've all got a weak spot.'

"'And what's yours?'

"'Vanity,' he said.

"'Well,' I told him, 'you succeeded in getting me to sign on. Now I want to sign off, and I am paying you two hundred dollars for ten minutes' work. Isn't that enough for your pride?'

"'No,' he answered. 'You see, all the rest of the bunch have been working Wall Street for months and failed to make expenses. They said it was the fault of the goods and the territory. So the office sent for me to prove that the fault was with their salesmanship and not with the books or the place. They were working on a twenty-five per cent commission. I was in Cleveland, where I sold eighty-two sets in two weeks. I am here to sell a certain number of sets not only to people who did not buy from the other agents but to people they couldn't even get to see. That's why they give me thirty-three and a third per cent.'

"'I can't quite figure out how you sold me that set.'

"'Why,' he said consolingly, 'I sold J. P. Morgan a set.'

"'No, you didn't,' I said.

"He wasn't angry. He simply said, 'Honest, I did!'

"'A set of Walter Scott to J. P. Morgan, who not only has some fine editions but probably the original manuscripts of some of the novels as well?'

"'Well, here's his John Hancock.' And he promptly flashed on me a contract signed by J. P. Morgan himself. It might not have been Mr. Morgan's signature, but it did not occur to me to doubt it at the time. Didn't he have mine in his pocket? All I felt was curiosity. So I asked him, 'How did you get past the librarian?'

"'I didn't see any librarian. I saw the old man himself. In his office.'

"'That's too much!' I said. Everybody knew that it was much harder to get into Mr. Morgan's private office empty handed than into the White House with a parcel that ticked like an alarm clock.

"But he declared, 'I did.'

"'But how did you get into his office?'

"'How did I get into yours?'

"'I don't know. You tell me,' I said.

"'Well, the way I got into Morgan's office and the way I got into yours are the same. I just talked to the fellow at the door whose business it was not to let me in. And the way I got Morgan to sign was the same way I got you to sign. You weren't signing a contract for a set of books. You just took the fountain pen I gave you and did what I asked you to do with it. No difference. Same as you.'

"'And is that really Morgan's signature?' I asked him, about three minutes late with my skepticism.

"'Sure! He learned how to write his name when he was a boy.'

"'And that's all there's to it?'

"'That's all,' he answered, rising to leave. 'I know exactly what I am doing. That's all the secret there is. I am much obliged to you. Good day, Mr. Livingston.' And he picked up his hat and started for the door.

"'Hold on,' I said. 'I'm bound to have you make an even two hundred dollars out of me.' And I handed him thirty-five dollars.

"He shook his head. Then: 'No,' he said. 'I can't do that. But I can do this!' And he took the contract from his pocket, tore it in two and gave me the pieces.

"I counted two hundred dollars and held the money before him, but he again shook his head.

"'Isn't that what you meant?' I said.

"'No.'

"'Then why did you tear up the contract?'

"'Because you did not whine, but took it as I would have taken it in your place.'

"'But I offered you the two hundred dollars of my own accord,' I said.

"'I know; but money isn't everything.'

"Something in his voice made me say, 'You're right; it isn't. And now what do you want me to do for you?'

"'You're quick, aren't you?' he said. 'Do you really want to do something for me?'

"'Yes,' I told him, 'I do. But whether I will or not depends upon what it is you have in mind.'

"'Take me with you into Mr. Ed Harding's office and tell him to let me talk to him three minutes by the clock. Then leave me alone with him.'

"I shook my head and said, 'He is a good friend of mine.'

"'He's fifty years old and a stock broker,' said the book agent.

"That was perfectly true, so I took him into Ed's office. I did not hear anything more from or about that book agent. But one evening some weeks later when I was going uptown I ran across him in a Sixth Avenue L train. He raised his hat very politely and I nodded back. He came over and asked me, 'How do you do, Mr. Livingston? And how is Mr. Harding?'"

The High Cost of Personality

"'HE'S well. Why do you ask?' I felt he was holding back a story.

"'I sold him two thousand dollars' worth of books that day you took me in to see him.'

"'He never said a word to me about it,' I said.

"'No; that kind doesn't talk about it.'

"'What kind doesn't talk?'

"'The kind that never makes mistakes on account of its being bad business to make them. That kind always knows what he wants and nobody can tell him different. That is the kind that's educating my children and keeps my wife in good humor. You did me a good turn, Mr. Livingston. I expected it when I gave up the two hundred dollars you were so anxious to present to me.'

"'And if Mr. Harding hadn't given you an order?'

"'Oh, but I knew he would. I had found out what kind of man he was. He was a cinch.'

"'Yes. But if he hadn't bought any books?' I persisted.

"'I'd have come back to you and sold you something. Good day, Mr. Livingston. I am going to see the mayor.' And he got up.

"'I hope you sell him ten sets.' His Honor was a Tammany man.

"'I'm a Republican too,' he said, and went out, not hastily but leisurely, confident that the train would wait. And it did.

"I have told you this story in such detail because it concerned a remarkable man who made me buy what I did not wish to buy. He was the first man who did that to me. There never should have been a second, but there was. You can never bank on there being but one remarkable personality in the world or on complete immunization from the influence of personality.

"When Percy Thomas left my office, after I had pleasantly but definitely declined to enter into a working alliance with him, I would have sworn that our business paths

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VELVET GLOVE STUFF

By Eugene P. Lyle, Jr.

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

GEORGE'S usually happy countenance was not the same when he emerged from the office of the president as when he went in there. It had a rueful twist, blending half-humorous bewilderment and a trace of hurt. It was the countenance of one who has inadvertently sat down hard after skidding on a banana peel. George was big and sort of rangy—a large package of quiet, smiling good nature; but now he stood in the tiled corridor of the high office building and gazed reproachfully at the gilt lettering on the door he had just closed behind him.



George Knew That He Would Have to Pot a Few More, and by Waiting and Taking Pains He Did

The gilt lettering on all the doors of this floor said THE SANTA ROSALIA VALLEY LAND AND DEVELOPMENT COMPANY; but under the legend on this particular door there was also the addendum, McAlpin Alpers, President. It was at the name that George gazed reproachfully. His own surname, as a matter of fact, was Alpers.

"Uncle, uncle," George sorrowfully addressed the addendum, "and you did this to me, the pet of the family!"

Still in a helpless daze, he shouted "Down!" at the elevator. In the street below he climbed aboard his battleship-gray roadster that obliquely nosed the curb. The powerful desert-going craft was like its young master in that it refused to be smart or dapper. A golden film of dust overlay what once, in the storeroom, had been a multi-ply polish. Similarly in vain had multiplied polishes been laid on George. Man and machine alike took on their own congenial coating from whatever the planet's care-free zephyrs wafted over them. Tallored negligence the most *recherché* was only prissy affectation beside any toggery's outfit that George had been in half a day, and no film-hero's minutely labored nonchalance could match George's unstudied, irresponsible ease.

Soon he had left the city and its suburban villas behind, and was breezing along a surfaced stretch laid like a ribbon of gold across a purple-brown world. The month was May, and the chaparral was burned and dry and brittle. After a hundred miles of yuccas and sage and greasewood, he passed among the foothills, his course in rounding them describing many a letter S. Here was a higher and more verdant region. Scrub oaks were promise, the pines realization. Abruptly, with the last sweep of a final S, there were no more foothills, except those mellowed in a bluish haze across a wide valley. The valley lay between the ranges like an emerald carpet, and a river's dried bed meandered midway like a careless sprinkling of sand. This was the valley of the Santa Rosalia.

The road curved down the valley until it paralleled the sandy river bed. The valley was very flat, and the banks of the river were low and scarcely distinguishable. Any considerable flow would, if obstructed lower down, inundate the land for miles on either side. George moodily pondered this obvious fact as he drove. Gradually the two ranges of hills drew nearer until, in the vague distance, they seemed to merge. The distance to the meeting point was no longer vague when, instead of wild flowers on each side, there were cultivated fields and trim new farm buildings farther back, each little group in its clump of young cottonwoods or patch of orchard. The fields were mostly beans, well up. Beans, beans, beans! George was now passing through Unit Number 1—thus far the only unit—of his uncle's land and development company.

"Good-by, poor beans!" George addressed the beans.

He was moved as by a personal acquaintanceship with every bean, and he did not wish to see them drowned out. Yet at the moment nothing seemed less imminent than a rush of waters. The river, by courtesy calling it that, was the driest thing on the landscape. Nevertheless, far away up in the mountains, a long winter's fall of snow was melting, which must presently come rampaging down the valley. The freshet was an annual affair, like the vernal equinox or George's uncle's hay fever, and you could almost set a date for it. Almost any day now would be the day.

George sorrowed for the beans. He knew the hopeful grower of each one, and each grower's family and his mortgage and his dog and his flivver, even to the cows and chickens. There were several hundred of these bean farmers in Unit Number 1, each with his forty acres bought on time from the company, and as payments depended on crops, George's uncle naturally wished the beans well also.

George's job was to look after the collections, but more largely and altruistically—as you would know without the telling if you knew George—he was a kind of liaison officer, and a sympathetic one, between the colonists and the company.

Accordingly, being on the spot, he had reported by telephone to his uncle in the city that the freshet this year meant flooded crops—ruined crops. Ordinarily it would mean nothing of the kind; but, as George explained, a peculiar and desperate situation had unexpectedly arisen. George's uncle had listened, had ejaculated and had promptly sent out another man to take charge, ignoring George. And although George had but just now been to the city to inquire why this should be, not a bit of good had it done him.

"Jehoshaphat, got to have a man there, don't I?" uncle had exploded. "So I sent young Bobbs. He might need you around, so you'd better scoot on back. Do whatever he says."

The gray roadster was making rougher weather of it now, and cruising at slackened speed. The road hugged the river bed, and there were loose sand and gravel and occasional bowlders in it. The valley had narrowed. On either side the hills were closing in, and not a mile farther on they did close in, choking the valley down to a narrow gap hardly wider than the river bed itself. Here George had to make a detour around a hill for the reason that across the gap, and therefore across the road as well, a dam had been built.

The thing stretched like a low sea wall between two headlands. Although not more than four feet high, it was ample for backing up the freshet into the valley. Since the valley was as flat as a floor, the waters would have an immense acreage over which to spread. The highest lying farm would suffer inches of blighting overflow. If the dam were not there the waters could pass through the gap, and at the worst soak only a fringe of the lower fields, and not that for long. But with the dam banking up the flood, all of Unit Number 1 was doomed to become a shallow lake; and the lake would probably stand and ruinously stagnate for days, draining by slow seepage into the soil or through the dam.

This matter of the dam was a totally unforeseen complication in the affairs of the development company. Only the morning before George had found it there, like some incubus of impish magic wished on him by his jinx while he slept. Apparently a band of gnomes had marked the spot for their activities, and during the night had toiled lustily, plucking water-worn bowlders out of the river's bed and heaping them cairnlike in a line across the gap until they had closed the river's narrow corridor. The goblins in the case, however, were human folks. They were the villagers of Santa Rosalia, men and women and probably most of the children. The night's arduous labor had evidently been by unanimous impulse, with something weirdly obstinate in the motive.

Completing the detour around the hill, George brought his gray roadster into the main street of the village itself, a spick-and-span modern little bungalow town pocketed among the wooded foothills; and a pleasant place, too, where not even man was vile, or not so very vile, the apparently damning evidence of George's incubus to the contrary notwithstanding. Acacia trees trimmed to look like green sugar loaves set up on pegs lined the parking of the main street. Blocks of one-story shops pretending with their stucco arches to be old cloistered missions were mostly all plate-glass front. An old-mission refilling station, bright blue and terra cotta, occupied a graveled corner. Cottages with roses rambling all over them filled the other streets until they filled not only the pocket on this side of the river but spilled part way up the hillsides. Farther up, even to the crests, larger and more rustic bungalows nestled among the pines, with the cozily quaint effect of Swiss chalets. The whole prospect, in miniature or from afar, was like nothing so much as a child's toy landscape, and you would expect dolls to inhabit it. They weren't dolls, however. They might be children in a way, or in the ways that the adult of the species never ceases to be a child; but not dolls.



They Scattered Right and Left, Each Man for Himself, and Took Cover Behind Rocks. From There They Opened Fire Again

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The scattered Swiss chalets, high up, commanding the view, the breeze, the sunset, the fragrance of the pines, and aught else that money might have a whim to buy, were mostly summer homes—rookeries for downy birds of passage who incidentally and perforce shed green-backed plumage for the feathering of the villagers' nests. But the villagers' chief support was Unit Number 1—the forty-acre proprietors who came for the movies, for gasoline and repairs, for bacon and sugar and hoes and fertilizer and shoes and hats and church, and bills of lading when they shipped their beans. Yet despite this dependence on the sod busters of Unit Number 1, the villagers of Santa Rosalia had raised a dam in the dark of the moon to swamp them under, and the reason——

George Alpers had a view of the reason as he looked down the main street. Beyond the foot of the street, from the dried bed of the river, an oil-well derrick tapered skyward in the sordid ugliness of rough grease-smeared timbers. Yet to the villagers this uncouth pollution of their fair domain was as the rainbow—symbol and promise of liquid riches.

At sixteen hundred feet they had struck the oil sand. You could drop it on glowing coals and it would sizzle. The villagers were crazed with anticipation. Nearly all of them owned stock in the well; but now, when they might expect to bring in a gusher any hour, the June freshet was coming due. The waters sweeping down the dried river course would flood the casing, kill the engine, isolate the derrick like a lighthouse—they didn't know what all. But it would certainly stop the drilling, while only a few feet deeper—they just knew it—they would tap a subterranean lake of the precious fluid. Postponement of that consummation was a thought intolerable. And in the night, two nights before, they had reared the dam across the gap to block the freshet.

The morning after, when George had gone down for a look, a hundred or more of the mound builders were still busy, shoveling earth over the long cairn, tamping it in between the bowlders and facing the upper side of the dam with puddled clay. A bovinely interested spectator was the town marshal. George was a deputy town marshal himself, though the distinction was purely ornamental, which the village had pinned on him as it might a bouquet. The idea of George Alpers jailing anybody! But George was troubled now, picturing what the dam would do to his colonists, and he spoke to the town marshal.

"That's an unlawful thing! They can't do that!" he protested.

The marshal came out of his bovine contemplation. He was a stolid man, in that phase of transformation when brawn is softening to fat. He removed his corncob pipe from his mouth and waved it at the dam.

"But it looks like it's done did, don't it?"

The marshal should worry. The river bed was out of his jurisdiction.

George talked to others. He made friendly appeals to their sense of fairness. They knew the damage they would be doing to good neighbors. Yes, but they would pay all damages out of the oil. George saw that they were wild, crazy. What about the damage if they didn't strike oil? he asked. They pitied his ignorance. Not strike oil? Let him rub his fingers in this nice brown, sandy shale. And look at them colors—gas-and-oil colors. If the old hole didn't come in for eight-ten thousand barrels a day——

It was then that George had gone back to his office in the village and telephoned McAlpin Alpers.



"Never, George Alpers, Never Have I Been So—Perfectly—Disgusted!"

That big man in big projects had become instantaneously active, of course. He went to the promoters of the new oil field, to their offices in the same street, but they declined to interfere. He went to his lawyers, but the dam being a thing accomplished it was too late for an injunction. And a court order to demolish the dam, before that could issue, had to be argued and cause shown. Nor could you show cause right away. The other side wasn't ready, although ready enough to show cause why they needed time to get ready.

Thus every move for relief was admittedly checkmated, and in the meantime the June freshet wouldn't wait. It would come right on down from the mountains and back up against the dam and swamp a hundred farms, while the oil company sweetly kept on drilling.

One fact stood out: The oil company itself was back of the dam. Those villagers hadn't done that night's job on their own happy thought. Somebody higher up had done the thinking, and craftily the inspiration had percolated down to them. The somebody was on the scene, too, right there in Santa Rosalia—an unknown adversary; an intelligence, a spider, weaving mischief. This thing called for a man of action. Wherefore McAlpin Alpers had sent his livest wired go-getter to Santa Rosalia to get results—get 'em!

"You leave it to Bobbs," Mr. Alpers had said to his nephew George. "This is too vital a matter for gentlemanly messing around. You leave it to Aleck Bobbs. I have."

George was still in his bemused state when the gray roadster shaved the curb before his gilt-lettered, plate-glass office in Santa Rosalia's main street. The office was closed; no one was there. He realized then that the sun was sinking behind the western hills, and he went on to his hotel, which was the most old-mission structure in town. Here he had a plunge in the courtyard pool, dressed and had supper. He didn't see his substitute, the Bobbs go-getter, but he was just as well pleased. He reflected that Aleck Bobbs had likely eaten and was out and about, stringing his live wires.

"Oh, well," thought George, "I ought to be glad. Aleck needs a chance like this, and I don't. He's got his way to make. Why, come to think of it, I am glad!"

Immensely cheered, he fancied himself in a proper frame of mind to call on Prosperine. Prosperine was the cool, lovely creature who had consented to marry George, perhaps. Disdaining these hot days in the city, she lived with her rich old great-aunt in their summer home on Bungalow Hill, which was the most aristocratic and best groomed of Santa Rosalia's various heights. Their villa, appropriately named the Aerie, was on the very crest, and when George had ascended to it his headlights revealed a waspish little Chinese-red runabout blocking the way under the porte-cochère.

"Aleck, the son of a gun!" said George to himself, not without admiration.

He even experienced a soothing sense of relief. The vibratory Mr. Bobbs would draw and focus attention from himself. Prosperine was not always a cozy-corner naiad herself, but Prosperine's great-aunt—whew! The great-aunt was surely a terrible old woman, and she did not approve of George. She distilled a contemptuous hostility, in which George mutely stewed.

As he alighted from his car he stumbled over a heap of rubblestone and into a heap of sand. How the old lady did love those smooth water-worn stones! So she was having her driveway cobbled over with them. The bungalow was already nearly half stone—the foundation, the wide chimney, the porch balustrade and the two pillars of the porte-cochère. The stones had been all hand-picked from the dry river bed. There would be a big black round one, like a cannon ball, incrusted in the mortar as a centerpiece, and around it bright, white egg-shaped ones, and auntie considered the *ensemble* as impressively ornamental. The harassed masons declared that she personally selected each individual stone herself, like a jeweler matching gems for a necklace.

"Ye stones!" George apostrophized them. "Ye hard hearts!" and pressed the doorbell button.

It was a miserable evening. Mr. Bobbs had evidently been telling how he meant to swing George's job and George felt like somebody who had been let in by mistake. Not one of his hearty, well-meant sallies got him a kind word, unless it was too kind, oversugared as for a stepchild when company is present.

Mr. Bobbs was wearing his fawn-colored whipcord breeches with pigskin putties, his fawn-colored gaberdine belted jacket, his soft shirt and flowing tie, all immaculate, while on the phonograph lay his indented peaked hat with its band of braided leather. Aleck never rode ten miles into the country without them. They were the garb of action. A crisp business suit for city throngs, of course; but now he was on a mission, roughing it. He clipped his speech like his mustache. He had a good, aggressive jaw, but there were reservations in his brusque manner—something guileful and secretive. Though galvanic, Mr. Bobbs was smooth. You were made to feel this. He was outguessing you all the time, he let you know.

"Stumped by the villagers, eh?" he rallied George in a kindly manner. Besides, he was feeling at home here; he had been asked up for dinner, and he had enjoyed the dinner. "But cheer up. I'll protect your colonists for you. Fact is I have already inspired a bit of—ah—direct action. It'll solve everything, like that!"

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THE CHANGING EAST

Japan's Financial Families

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

THERE is a widespread impression among American readers that Viscount Shibusawa is the J. P. Morgan of Japan, as he is often called, and the accredited power behind the financial throne. This is the result of superficial observation and also because the Grand Old Man, as he is also termed, is so amiable and accessible. Nothing is more remote from the truth, and Shibusawa himself would be the first to refute it. He has been retired from active business for many years and devotes his time and money to the development of friendly international relations.

The real power in Japanese financial and industrial life is largely wielded by a group of families who have perpetuated themselves by birth and adoption, and who form an interlocking machine almost unmatched in teamwork and authority. The only institution comparable with it is, or rather was, the famous Rothschild family of Europe. This remarkable hierarchy maintained itself for generations through an intermarriage which extended to first cousins, and which apparently did not impair virility or capacity.

The Japanese not only do this, but when a male heir is lacking the father of the family can formally take on a desirable young man who in time becomes head of the clan. If the adopted one fails of issue he can do likewise.

Some of the best-known names in the empire have been kept alive by the same procedure. Hence Japan is the land of opportunity in more ways than one.

The story of these feudal financial families, for such they are in scope and purpose, provides one of the most fascinating as well as little-known romances of the East. In a part of the world where blood counts for so much, and where family pride is a fetish, it presents a curious paradox. But everything is possible in Japan, especially in the matter of human relationship.

Nor is this business of adoption confined to the families who bear titles and whose names are emblazoned on ships, banks and factories. When the stork fails to leave a male child at the little wood-and-paper house of Mr. Ito anywhere in Nippon, that gentleman can adopt a boy and then die in peace, knowing that his name and whatever glory attaches to it will go marching on.

We Americans know adoption in a mild and restricted sort of way and usually employ it when we are in altruistic mood. It is a casual performance that usually engages only the rich or the philanthropically inclined. In Japan it is indulged in by the whole population and is almost as common as the fascinating dwarf pines whose eternal verdure relieves the landscape everywhere.

The practice of adoption has existed in Japan from the earliest times. In the year 710 A. D. a statute was passed prohibiting the adoption of a child by any person except from among that person's relatives. This provision was modified in 1630, and the adopter, as it were, is now free to choose anybody who appeals to him.

The Popular Practice of Adoption

UNDER the present system, anyone over twenty years of age can adopt an individual of less age, provided that the person adopted is not an ascendant of the one who does the adopting. This means that a nephew cannot adopt an uncle. There are some exceptions to the freedom of adoption. The head of a family cannot adopt a male in case there is already a male heir in the family. It sometimes happens that after the heir is adopted an heir of the blood is born. In such cases, and they are not infrequent, the adopted son keeps the title and usually a large portion of the fortune. A guardian cannot adopt his ward until the estate of the ward is finally administered. If a married person is adopted it can be accomplished only by the adoption of both husband and wife. Thus the family immediately takes two strides instead of one.

The purposes of adoption in Japan are varied. One of the most common is to continue the family name. There are many conspicuous examples. Perhaps the most notable was that of the late Prince Yamagata, who was dean of the Genro—the Elder Statesmen—and the master shaper of the destiny of modern Japan. He was childless, so he adopted the son of his sister, who has succeeded to the titles of his eminent foster father. Practically the same thing was true of many-sided Marquis Okuma, one of the greatest of Japanese statesmen, who died in January of this year.

In connection with the passing of Marquis Okuma occurred a curious and characteristic Japanese event. In Japan a notable can become canonized if fifty thousand of his fellow countrymen pay a yen apiece and make a pilgrimage to his grave. I use the word "canonize" because it seems to be the best Western way of expressing what the Japanese would regard as sainthood. These pilgrimages and payments were going on during my first visit to Japan, in February. When I returned in June the proper quota had been rolled up, and henceforth Okuma will be enshrined among the immortals.



Baron Hachiroemon Mitsui

The second most common provocation for adoption is when the father wants to retain his daughter in the immediate family after her marriage. To do this he formally adopts his son-in-law as son. A well-known illustration is provided by Hajime Motoda, who is Minister of Communications. His daughter, Kiku Motoda, married a Mr. Inomota, but before the marriage took place the groom was adopted by his prospective father-in-law, who thereupon became his father. The groom at once assumed the name of Motoda.

A third reason is to acquire social position for the purpose of marriage. If a peer, for example, desires to marry a woman of humble birth he can get another peer to adopt the girl, which immediately makes her a member of the socially elect and therefore eligible to assume a title. The peer of the first part thus loses no face by the transaction.

This practice of adoption is not without its abuses. The chief offenses have been committed in connection with the geisha traffic. Formerly some of these unhappy girls were sold or contracted for in bondage like so many chattels. Now the employer adopts the girl, and thereby exercises absolute control over her. Some of these nefarious adoptions have been declared void.

So much for the purposes of adoption. The method is exceedingly simple. For every family in Japan there is a record called the *Koseki*. This is registered at what we would call the city or village hall, wherever the family happens to have its domicile. No person whose name does not appear on this *Koseki* is officially a member of the household. In adoption the name of the person adopted is taken off the *Koseki* of the family he is leaving and is put on the *Koseki* of the brood he is joining. In this way the adoption is legally effected. There are no other legalities. Perhaps this is one reason why the practice has become so common.

When a Japanese wants a divorce he simply takes his wife's name off his *Koseki* and he is freed of marital bonds. Nothing could be easier or more simple. This process probably accounts for the casualness with which so many Japanese regard marriage and the lightness with which they enter it. It is hard on the wife, to be sure, but for the fickle and frolicsome husband it is a godsend.

As a result of the lightning divorce law of Japan there once occurred an amusing incident in which an American girl figured. She married a Japanese at Atlantic City. So far as America was concerned the ceremony was valid. She failed, however, to register at the Japanese consulate, and from the Nipponese standpoint the performance was not legal. The consulate registry abroad corresponded with the *Koseki* at home.

The pair went to Japan to live, but the wife was unhappy and wanted to return to America. When she went to the Foreign Office to get a passport she was told that she was not legally married, according to the Japanese, because she had failed to register at the consulate. At the American Embassy, which she next sought, she was informed that she was a Japanese subject because she had married a Japanese national. For the moment the lady found herself without a country.



Joichiro Asano (Right) and His Son and Heir, Ryozo Asano

Family Pride

IN DESPERATION she enlisted the aid of an American lawyer in Yokohama, who was an expert in international law. He extricated her in ingenious fashion. First, he had the woman enrolled on the husband's *Koseki*, which married her according to the Japanese law, and two hours later he got her a divorce by canceling her name on her husband's *Koseki*. She was now an American citizen, and upon applying at the American Embassy she received a passport without any delay. She had been married and divorced within the space of two hours!

Having got these technicalities of adoption out of our system we can now get on to the stories of the great families. Before doing so it is necessary to make one further explanation. You cannot grasp the significance of these closely knit groups without first knowing something about the family system in general.

As in China, the family idea is at the very root of Japanese life. The emperor is a symbol of the paternity of the nation, and the people are proud and glad to call him father. Despite laxity, immorality, and the ease with which the matrimonial bonds are sundered, what we would figuratively designate as the hearthstone—in Japan it is merely a charcoal brazier—is a revered thing. Family pride is not only strong but it implies a sacred obligation. One must take care of his own. This is why you seldom see a beggar on the streets in Japan, why there are no almshouses, why there is so little unemployment in normal times. The Nipponese do not know the meaning of the bread line. If a man loses his job he goes to one of his relatives and is provided for until he can secure work

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again. In other words, the weak cling to the strong. It makes a dent in the economic structure, because the moment the head of a family rises to affluence he becomes a sort of mark for the needy dependents of his line. He is in honor bound to succor them.

What is known as the family council becomes an unofficial domestic supreme court. Among rich and poor every step of importance—be it marriage, the building of a house, or a journey—is first discussed in one of these communal meetings, and its verdict is rigidly respected. Once the decision is made there is never a reversal. Here you have a survival of the feudal idea which extends to every Japanese activity.

I could cite what would appear to the westerner to be many amusing examples of this iron-fisted family-council rule. A member of the Tokugawa family, which is descended from the last of the Shoguns, built a handsome residence in a fashionable quarter of Tokio. It was erected during the absence of the head of the line. When he returned he discovered that the son's house was larger than his own. This was contrary to the rule promulgated in the family council. As a result the scion had to alter his establishment completely so as to conform to the mandate. If a son happens to pile up a fortune larger than that of his father he must surrender a share of it to his parent. Headship of a family in Japan implies seniority in every detail.

Now you can see why these financial families have been able to build up their fortunes and why their rule is so strong. Like the storied clans of Venice that flourished in the era of her grandeur, each family engaged in commerce has a crest which is used on the house flags where a merchant marine is operated. It is also stamped upon the kimonos of the servants and the jackets of the coolies. These devices are used in all the advertisements of their various companies. The insigne of the far-flung Mitsubishi Company, for instance, is three diamonds, while that of the equally powerful Mitsui interests is four crossed lines with three smaller lines in the center. Practically every Japanese concern of consequence employs a crest. The Yokohama Specie Bank uses a variation of the chrysanthemum, while Suzuki & Co., one of the largest concerns in the country, employs an eight-pointed star. The emblem of the powerful South Manchuria Railway is a cross section of a rail laid on the letter M.

The Vertical Trust in Japan

THE fact that so many rich families are involved in trade is a direct reversal of the old Japanese caste idea. In the feudal times the warrior held the highest social position, while the merchant was looked upon as a lowbrow. This was the exact opposite of China, where the merchant has always had the premier place. After him came the scholar. In Japan today the man of money has almost supplanted the successor to the daimio, as the feudal lord was known. Mars has given way to Mammon!

One of the most enlightening evidences is the fact that the Imperial Household, like that vanished Hohenzollern régime in Germany, is strongly intrenched in trade. The practice of investing in companies was inaugurated by the Emperor Meiji, who was a shrewd and farseeing person. He acquired an immense tract of land in the heart of Tokio and it has risen immensely in value. The original Imperial Hotel stood on a part of it. The Imperial Household has supplied practically all the funds for the new hostelry of the same name, erected near the old site. The royal family is also interested in the Mitsubishi Company and in various large spinning factories.

One more preliminary detail concerning the financial families must be disposed of before the curtain rises on the narrative. It is not surprising to discover that such powerfully intrenched wealth with all its social leverage should be intimately involved in politics. Every big family—and this means the group of commercial or banking interests under its control—usually has friends at court. They honeycomb the government institutions and are on the lookout for special privilege. More than one government has been known by the name of one of the great houses. Some of the men who represent these institutions in high places are termed geisha politicians. The reason is obvious. In this illuminating detail the Japanese have only taken another leaf out of the book of western civilization. The model for the official aids and comforts to Japanese big business was undoubtedly the American legislative group which represented the so-called special interests back in that good old day when might was right in our corporate life. In America pitiless publicity singed the unholy alliance between business and politics. In Japan the game goes on merrily.

First and foremost among the financial families is the Mitsui Clan. One need not go to Japan to touch their far-flung interests. Wherever the trade winds blow, there you will find some representative of this hierarchy, whose







Marquis Matsukata, Last of the Genro. Above—Baron Koyata Iwasaki

Baron Okura

origin and development contribute the most romantic chapter to the story of Japanese business. For four centuries it has dominated the commerce of the nation. Collectively it is both the richest and the most powerful group in the Far East.

Here you have an almost ideal example of the consolidation of family authority. The Mitsuis today comprise an aggregation of many persons of kindred lineage branching off into eleven families. Each bears the name of Mitsui, although not all of them are born to the blood. By process of adoption the cohesion has been maintained. The titular head, so to speak, is Baron Hachiroemon Mitsui. His is the ranking group. Radiating from this major stem are the *Honke*—or five principal families, as they are known—and the *Renke*, or five collateral families. This assemblage of persons is known in Japan as the Mitsui family. Through the agency of a holding company called the Mitsui Gomei Kaisha—a *Gomei Kaisha* is an unlimited partnership—with a working capital of 200,000,000 yen—$100,000,000, it controls and operates a variety of enterprises, including banks, mines, smelters, trading and forwarding companies, steamship lines, warehouses, refineries, engineering works, steel mills and manufacturing plants. For all practical purposes it represents the vertical trust, brought to such high development in Germany by Hugo Stinnes, for it is self-contained. Moreover, it reclaims immense areas and has afforestation undertakings in all the Japanese colonies. To round out its almost unparalleled operations it conducts a welfare work that not only reconstructs the bodies of its employes but trains their minds as well for the work of the world.

In the organization of the Mitsui family you have Japanese skill and organization at their best. Despite its feudal conception it has afforded opportunities for advancement to men of humble birth who have become the leading factors in the economic life of the empire. Conspicuous among them is Dr. Takuma Dan, Japan's foremost business man, who is chairman of the board of the holding company.

To understand this colossal enterprise it is necessary to get the complete historical approach, which will also unfold the whole development of modern business in Japan. It links the real feudal era with the present day, and shows how the old war lords who scorned trade turned to it with surprising energy and originality.

Pioneers in Trade

THE ancestors of the Mitsuis originally belonged to the Fujiwaras—the family qualified for regency, as it was called—which meant that it ranked next to the reigning house. In the latter part of the fifteenth century Takahisa, of the Sasaki clan, and daimio of Omi, was adopted by Norisada Mitsui into his family. His son, who became head of the Mitsuis, was one of the seven chieftains of the Sasakis. With the collapse of the Sasakis a descendant named Takayasu, who held the title of Lord of Echigo, retired to the province of Ise. Here he lived the simple life and kept himself aloof from the internecine wars that raged in Japan in those days.

Takayasu's eldest son, Sokubei, went to live at Matsuzaka, in Ise, where he took up the business of brewing sake, the rice wine which is the national drink of Japan. This modest venture was the first business inaugurated by the Mitsuis. Sokubei died in 1643, leaving four children, the eldest of whom opened a silk shop in Yedo, which was the original name of Tokio. This shop existed until the middle of the eighteenth century.

In Hachirobei, the youngest son of Sokubei, you behold the pioneer among the Mitsui captains of trade. At fourteen he came to Yedo and worked in his brother's shop for fourteen years. Returning to Ise he engaged in money transactions until he was forty-eight, all the time preparing himself for a larger commercial career. In 1673 he began to buy brocades and other textiles at Kioto, and established a store for selling them in Yedo. As one of his ancestors had held the title of Lord of Echigo he called his shops Echigoya.

With the Yedo establishment he laid the corner stone of modern merchandising in Japan, because he tried a method of business absolutely new to the country. He put up a sign bearing the words, "Cash Down at Fixed Prices." Up to that time customers in Japanese shops had paid for their wares at stated intervals or whenever they felt like doing so. As a result, in quoting a selling price the merchant had to make allowance for bad debts and charge interest on long-standing accounts. The new method changed all this and made it possible to sell goods at a much lower scale.

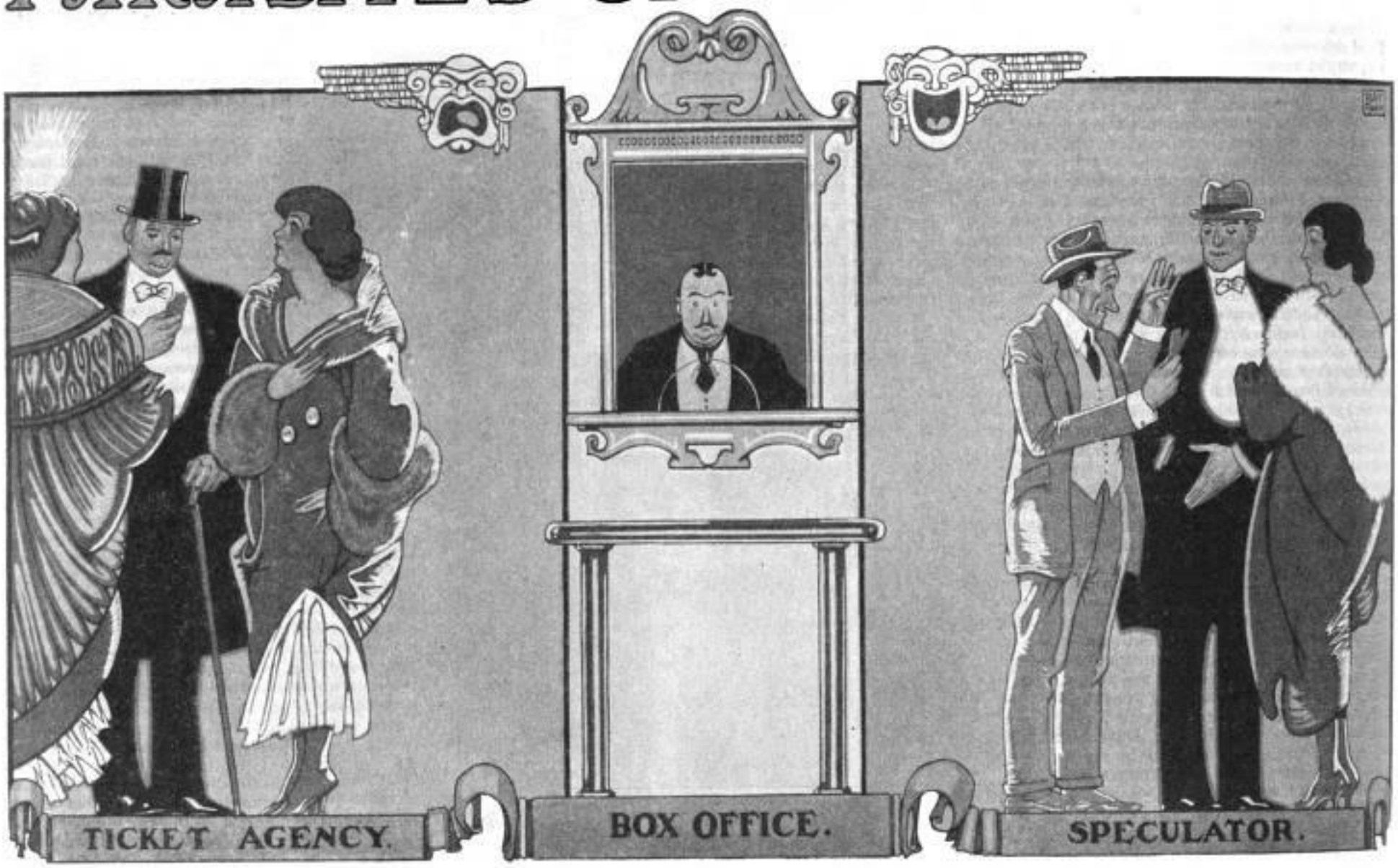
Hachirobei made another innovation. Formerly cloth goods had been sold in certain fixed lengths, generally wide enough for the kimono of an adult person. Hachirobei abolished this custom, enabling customers to buy just what they wanted. With such novel and practical experiments as these the business boomed and soon there were two shops in Yedo, three in Kioto, and one in Osaka. In 1687 the Mitsuis were made purveyors to the Shogun.

When you realize that Hachirobei Mitsui was having quick sales at knockdown prices in Japan back in the

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PARASITES OF THE THEATER



By a House Treasurer

DECORATION BY RAY ROHN

EARLY in the season the head of our show—the producer—called me into his office. "I want you to make some close observations around the ticket office," he said, "and make some suggestion as to what we can do about this speculation business. It's getting on my nerves." I took this for just what it was worth. It happens once or twice every year.

I have been a theater treasurer for nearly forty years and have made enough observations of this kind to have settled the matter before my present boss wore long pants. Still, I am working for a salary. I used the same straight face as on previous occasions. I don't even get a laugh out of it now.

Among the first customers to appear at my window the next morning was a smartly dressed young woman. She wanted two seats in the fifth row. The play running at the time was one of the hits of the season.

This was on Monday and the young lady wanted the tickets for Friday night. For them she paid two dollars and seventy-five cents each, including the tax.

I noted the numbers on these tickets on a card and slipped it into the drawer. I had no particular reason for picking out that young woman, but she was early and I knew that one customer was just as good as another for making observations.

I was simply going through the formula.

A Specimen Transaction

ON FRIDAY night I checked up my ticket rack and saw that these seats were occupied. Looking inside I found that two men held the tickets. At intermission I talked to one of them.

"Would you mind telling me where you got those tickets and how much you paid for them?" I asked.

"Why I got them at the club, from the doorman," he told me, naming one of the best-known college clubs in New York. "They cost me sixteen dollars and a half."

That was pretty strong, even to an old hardshell like myself. He saw my look of surprise.

"Pretty raw, eh?" he said. "But we wanted to see this show and it was the only way we could do it. Isn't there some way you folks can stop this sort of thing? After this I'm through."

I explained that we were trying; that I had questioned him for just that reason.

I got the name of the man who had finally sold the tickets and started tracing them. The young woman had bought them for what we know in theatrical lingo as one of the buzzards—a man with no standing at the box office who gets tickets by hook or crook and sells them for all the traffic will stand.

This scalper in turn had sold them to a fellow down the street who makes a specialty of catering to rich customers. Next they had gone to the butler of a wealthy family. Evidently unable to use them the family had given them back to the butler, and he had sold them to the doorman at the club.

In this process the tickets had increased in value eleven dollars! By coming to the box office on Monday this clubman could have saved that much money.

That happened to be true in this particular case, but it is not always true. There are times when the tickets could not have been bought at the window if the man had come six weeks ahead of time.

Nine times out of ten the ticket brokers would have had the whole lower floor, or most of it, a month in advance. Brokers, in our classification, are distinguished from the scalpers—the buzzards—in that they buy tickets and sell them at an advance of fifty cents only—a service charge, they call it.

Anyway, I had made my first observation for the benefit of the boss, and made a report.

"And what do you make of it—what is your conclusion?" he asked.

"It means," I said, "that eleven dollars has been wasted somewhere, and, in the long run, the theater will lose the greater part of it."

My present boss is rather young in show business. He looked at me inquiringly.

"I mean," I explained, "that while these hustlers were picking up a little profit here and there the best you get out of it is to lose a customer. After being soaked sixteen dollars and a half for two tickets you don't think that man is going to pick out this theater the next time he wants to see a show, do you?"

"Well, how can we stop it?"

I looked at him and laughed. I had to.

"Stop it? Say, you remember, don't you, how many tickets we allotted to the ticket agencies for the first week?"

"Four hundred a night, wasn't it?"

"Yes, more than three-fourths of the good seats."

"But brokers are different. They are really a convenience to the theater-going public. We couldn't get along without them. They only charge a fee of fifty cents."

"You mean they are a convenience to you, not the public. We can't get at this thing—if you really want to—by kidding ourselves. Don't you know that a broker can do a little scalping if he wants to?"

"Of course he can sell tickets to whom he pleases, just the same as anybody else can. We can't stop that."

Are the Managers Sincere?

I TUCKED my little slip in my pocket and went on back to my ticket window. Being an employe I could express myself only so far. My boss was actually trying to hand me the same bunk that he had given out to newspaper reporters. I've listened to it for fully twenty years, though, and ought to be used to it by now. I really had had a fleeting hope, when he asked me to make suggestions, that he might do something. But he was just like the others. That house owner and producer had no more thought of stopping ticket speculation than he had of raising my salary to a thousand dollars a week.

Managers and producers try to make a big problem of this thing. It's nothing of the kind. Any five theatrical managers of importance could get together tomorrow and stop the whole practice in less than a week if they wanted to. But they are not going to do it. They haven't the nerve.

"How are they going to stop it?" you ask.

"Why, as I told my boss, you folks can stop it by simply not selling to the brokers, scalpers or anybody else but regular house customers."

"But we have no way of knowing who they are," a producer had the nerve to tell me once. That was a rather broad insult to my intelligence.

That very producer had made arrangements to sell four hundred tickets to the brokers a week before the house had opened. Moreover, he had collected the money in advance, had used it to put the show on its feet. He had started in on a shoestring, and I knew it.

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MAGIC—By Kathleen Howard

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You see them in the morning in the Latin Quarter, evidently geniuses in their familiar disguises of sandals, flowing ties, odd hats for the men, none for the women. The girls are, of course, corsetless, and perhaps a bit dusty; but full, obviously, of secret purpose and giving yelling expression to their banal personalities. The men are of all nations; Chinese and Japanese in large numbers, French or American. They emerge, however, at four o'clock in this new after-the-war Paris from their moldering and shabby *chambres meublées* or their studios of dubious cleanliness, and go all slicked up to tea at the Ritz or the Claridge.

The Paris Americans of before the war were largely of a different class from those you see nowadays. They used to be women of exceptional elegance, men of large affairs, with a goodly supply of lace-collared, flat-heeled schoolteachers doing a summer in Europe for five hundred dollars, without smiling. Now you see obsolete hump-toed shoes on men from goodness knows where, padded shoulders we never see in America; people—masses of them. Elegance has gone, people have come. Perhaps it is as it should be, but it isn't pretty.

Of course we are all expected to start drinking as soon as the ship pulls out of New York Harbor, and keep up one happy mood of booze until we face the stern customs men on our return trip. As a matter of fact, we don't at all, because we never were a particularly drinkish nation; we left all that to a small number who did it pretty thoroughly for us, and still do.

But there are so many amusements open to you in Paris. Bribe a bushy taxi driver to take you out to Longchamp to the races some Sunday. You can have a wonderful time, really. You go in, the gateman remarking casually to the world at large, in a loud voice, "Two men and two women!" as you pass through, and you wonder at his quick observation. You then buy a printed slip of the races to be run, giving the horses, owners, jockeys, finishing up with the colors the boys will wear as they ride. You may choose Seasick or Cocotte, or you may use any one of the innumerable newspaper tips as a betting guide. You walk into the ravishingly flowering gardens back of the great pale green grand stand and read the latest list of jockeys and their numbers.

One girl remarks, "I've bet on O'Neill all season and he has brought in so many horses that I am six thousand francs ahead. I adore the *petit* O'Neill."

Some bet on hunches entirely; some follow number systems; one of our friends, a particularly mad Frenchman, swings a pin on a string about the racing sheet in his morning paper, and mentally bets on the one where the pin jabs. He says he is thousands ahead.

So you back the horses for place or winner and flock out as the gong rings to see them canter to the starting point in the huge green oval spread before you. In the center of this ring stand thousands of men spectators, real fans. You wonder where they all come from, and whether they really have nothing to do. Sometimes they have large hot families with them, and bulky newspaper packages of dry lunches, which they munch standing in the glaring sun all the long afternoon and apparently taking it all terrifically seriously.

A Day at the Races

YOU may go up in the tribune with royalty or stay down on the marble steps or gravel, climbing up on your rush-bottomed chair when you begin to hear the thud of hoofs which tells you that the horses have turned the bend and are tearing for their goal. Crouching, brilliant dabs of boys, glistening brown and bay flanks, twinkling, brittle legs, extended heads and glorious drumming of hoofs, to the ever-increasing roar of the crowd, and they dash past you to the winning post.

The poor have a share in all your winnings, and this must first be deducted before the odds are announced. I made a great record on my first day this season, losing one franc fifty centimes. I don't know just how I did it, but it was the outcome of the complicated place backing I indulged in and the fractional odds that fell to my lot. Anyway, I was undoubtedly the cheapest sport in the place.

You may repeat this operation six times or so, then hunt your car in the mob outside, or have it hunted for you by some derelict to whom you think you are a god but to whom you are really a hated capitalist; and so down the Champs Elysées to some charming tea place. Perhaps you go to the ever adorable Ritz garden, sun dappled, cool, flower banked, where lovely women, all Paris' best, are to be seen this year. A woman friend of mine once found a small diamond among the rose petals in that same garden, and now she peers and peers as we sip coffee or orangeade with a dash of Cointreau in it, obsessed with the idea that the Ritz garden is a diamond mine.

Let's dine tonight at Larue's and go and see Sascha Guitry and his wife, Yvonne Printemps, at the Théâtre Edouard Sept. We dine delectably, finishing with strawberries rolled in thick cream, coffee and liqueurs, and we gaze on the woman near us, who is that rare French thing, a blonde, and who evidently believes in making someone say it with jewels, as her forearm is one mass of diamonds and sapphires and her third finger reduced to a mere nail point, the rest being entirely hidden behind two locomotive headlights. She has a horrible little brown dog with her, which yaps as it breathes and over which she is sickeningly sloppy.

"*Viens, mon petit choux, mon cheri!*" she coos, holding his scraggy little evil face close to hers. The gentleman with the inflamed eyes opposite her is properly playing his rôle of envying the pup and paying for the dinner.

Then we go on to watch Sascha flirt with his audience, and wonder that some powerful critic does not rebuke him for this inartistic habit of his, which banishes the personality of the play's hero and brings Guitry in person to your eyes and brain as though he were suddenly

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Settling the Question of the Skirt's Length

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TUMBLEWEEDS

x

By Hal G. Evarts

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

THE one business block of Wharton, a little town twenty miles north of the Cherokee-Kansas line, seemed almost deserted. Four men sat on the edge of a raised board sidewalk midway of the block. Two others leaned against the support posts of a wooden shelter which roofed the sidewalk before a hardware store. Four horsemen clattered round the corner, their black masks furnishing a sinister contrast to the quiet village scene, and the few citizens of Wharton who chanced to be abroad witnessed the advent of the modern bandit, come to replace the road agent, whose day had passed when railroad transportation superseded stagecoach travel on the overland trails.

Three of the men dropped from their saddles before the Wharton bank, two of them entering while the third stood guard before the door and the mounted man held the horses of the other three.

The man in the saddle addressed the startled spectators, and his voice, although not raised above a conversational tone, carried the length of the silent street.

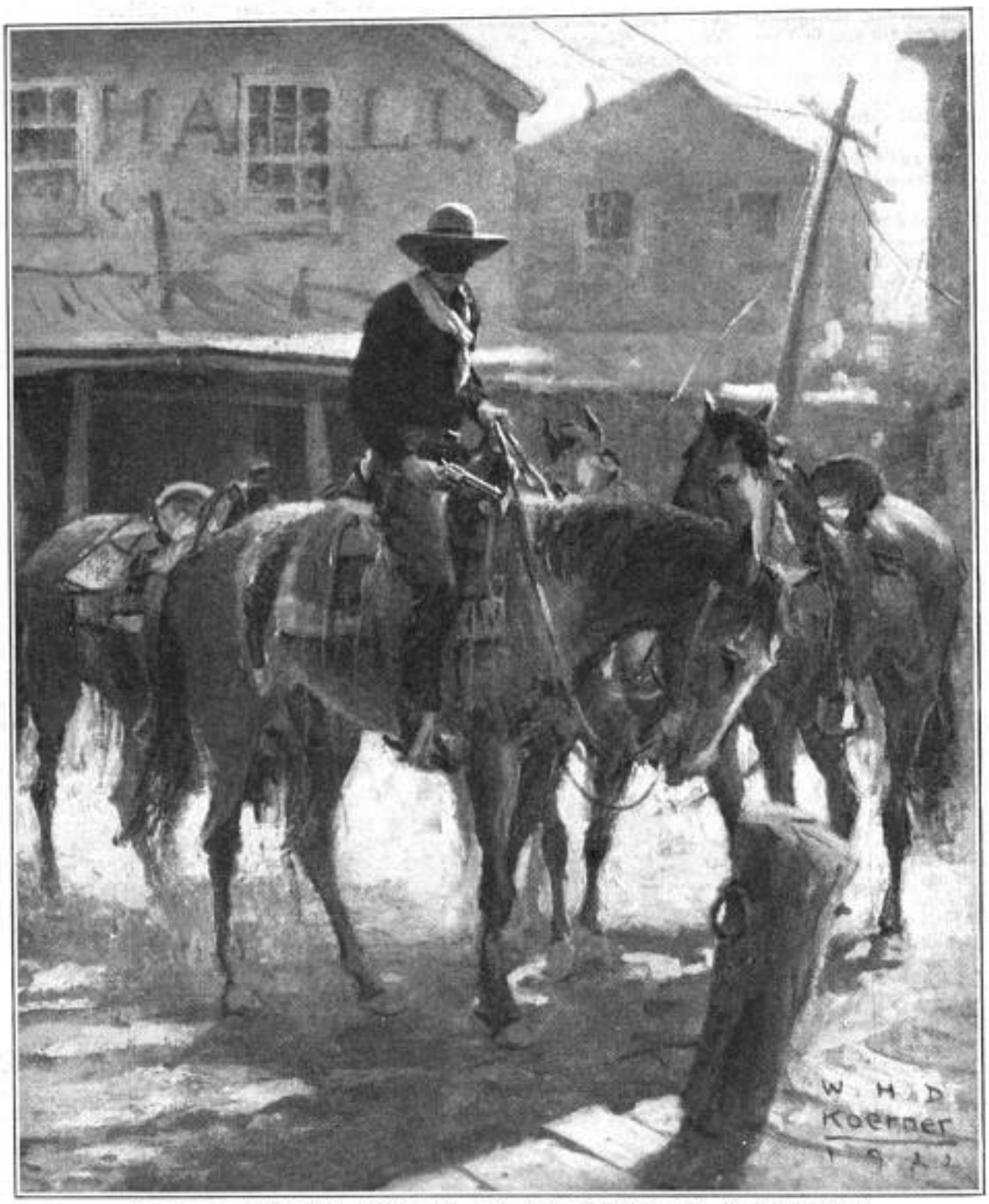
"Take it easy," he advised. "No one's going to get hurt unless you start acting up."

He spoke with quiet assurance, but the man on the door was of a more blustering type.

"All you cattle stand dead quiet!" he threatened. "Not a sound there! You!" he bawled as a man shifted his position. "What did I tell you about keeping quiet?"

"Keep quiet yourself," the man on the horse advised. "You'll stampede the lot of them with your gab."

Those within the bank reported later that one of the inside men was silent throughout the affair, never speaking a word but instead making his wishes known by motions of his hand. His companion seemed nervous and excited.



"Take it Easy," He Advised, "No One's Going to Get Hurt Unless You Start Acting Up"

The pair emerged from the bank and the three dismounted men swung to their saddles. As the quartet jumped their horses down the street the door of the hardware store opened; the reports of a rifle rolled forth in swift succession. The man who had held the horses lurched dizzily, sprawling forward over the saddle horn, then fell to the street as his mount jumped sidewise. The silent man set his own horse back on its haunches, seized the reins of the loose animal and leaned from the saddle to help the fallen man to remount. The blustering party whirled his horse and emptied his gun at the front of the store from which the concealed rifleman operated. Spectators, galvanized into action by the splintering glass of store windows, ducked hurriedly for cover. As the fallen man regained his saddle the three men rounded the corner and followed after the fourth, who had held on without slackening his speed.

Near noon of the following day Carver was well on his way toward Hinman's range to bring back the hundred head of yearlings he had purchased in the spring. The news of the Wharton raid had been carried to the bunk house by a grub-liner the night before, and Carver turned it over in his mind as he rode.

"The blustering man on the door was Noll Lassiter," he mused, "and the silent man inside was Milt. The nervous party—I can't place him. I'm wondering about the casual individual who held the horses. It certainly does look as if they'd canceled the family feud."

For Bart Lassiter's two-day trip to Caldwell had lengthened into a week and he had not yet returned. The name of Lassiter had been whispered in connection with recent misdeeds, but the raids had been frequent and at widely separate points. It was certain that Milt and Noll Lassiter had not participated in some of these, their whereabouts at the time having been definitely established, and there was no proof that they had been connected with any one of the numerous affairs.

Carver angled slightly westward as he reached the sand-hill country near the line. This was the poorest land in all the Strip, yet in common with better stuff it had been staked solidly on the day of the run. The majority of these sand-hill claims were destined to change hands many times before prove-up work would be completed and patents issued for the land. Carver found this country unfenced, and the few homestead cabins were mainly deserted. The surface was rough and choppy, a veritable maze of dunes, some covered with tufts of tall red grass and studded with clumps of dwarfed brush and needle-leaved yucca plants. There were ridges and domes of white blow-sand, worn by the action of the wind. These stretches of sand had retarded the progress of the fire which had swept the country in late summer, and the most of it was covered with grass. There were occasional flats carpeted with short, wiry salt grass. As Carver neared the edge of one of these basins he suddenly pulled up his horse and peered through the fringe of tall grass that graced the crest of an intermediate ridge.

"Here comes the casual party now," he commented. "Wounded as stated in the reports, and with a posse right at his heels."

Two hundred yards out in the flat a rider was pounding down toward the possible cover afforded by the rough country which Carver had just traversed. His left arm hung stiffly at his side and he turned in his saddle with an effort as he gazed back at a group of horsemen, some eight or ten of them, that were surging out into the far edge of the depression a mile or more behind.

As Bart crossed the low ridge he started to whirl his horse at the sight of the man posted in his line of flight, then recognized Carver and held straight on. Carver turned and rode with him, noting that Bart's horse was almost spent.

"I'd trade mounts and let them pick me up instead. I could furnish a perfect alibi," Carver said. "But that wouldn't do. They'd trace the ownership of your horse."

"Don't let that point deter you," Bart returned easily. "This is no horse of mine. I wouldn't own him. I borrowed him, sort of, on the spur of the moment."

"But the saddle," Carver insisted.

"Goes with the horse," said Bart. "You're not up to yourself or you'd recognize that it isn't my outfit."

"All right. Let's switch. Quick!" Carver ordered. "Duck up that coulee to the left and keep on the grass where it won't leave any tracks," he advised when the change had been effected. "Push him hard and hold to the bottoms."

Carver veered off to the right. He had covered something over half a mile when the posse sighted him as he crossed a low ridge. For another three miles he maintained a lead, then rode out onto a high point of ground and halted his weary mount. The posse had fanned out over a half-mile front to guard against their quarry's doubling back through the choppy breaks.

One after another of the man hunters sighted the solitary figure on the ridge and headed for the spot. Carver turned and regarded the first two that approached. They pulled their horses to a walk, allowing time for another pair of riders to draw in from the right.

"Sit tight there!" one man called. "No queer stuff now!"

"Where did all this delegation spring from?" Carver demanded.

The sheriff reached the spot and assumed command.

"You, Ben, get his gun," he ordered, and one of the four crowded his horse closer to Carver's and reached to remove his gun from its holster.

The sheriff reigned over a Kansas county and his jurisdiction did not extend to the Strip, a fact which had not deterred him from crossing the line with his posse when hot after his man. The men were regarding their catch with some doubt.

"Was that buzzard wearing chaps?" one man asked of the others.

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Carver grinned and answered the query as if it had been directed at him.

"I couldn't say as to the style of his pants," he returned. "But his headgear was black."

"It was for a fact," one of the posse testified, eying Carver's battered gray hat.

"What's all this?" the sheriff demanded. "What about a black hat?"

He, too, was studying Carver's apparel.

"This fellow's not dressed the same," he admitted. "But the horse looks like the one he was up on."

"It's the selfsame horse he was straddling," said Carver. "He's got a better one under him now."

"Did you trade?" the sheriff demanded.

"No; he did," said Carver.

"Speak up! Get it out quick!" the officer ordered.

"I was off prospecting around on foot," Carver explained. "As I sauntered back I observed this crow bait standing where my horse had been. I caught one brief glimpse of a black hat through the grass on a ridge and knew that the party under it was making off with my horse. I crawled this old wreck and took in behind him. Never did see him again—which isn't surprising in view of the fact that he's up in the middle of the best horse in three states. That was one good horse of mine. I'll back him against any mount in these parts. That miscreant made a good trade. One time during round-up last summer that pony packed me seventy miles in one day and wasn't even breathing hard."

"Oh, damn your horse and its virtues!" the sheriff interrupted. "We'll take you along anyway. How do I know you wasn't planted out here to help him make a get-away?"

"You don't," Carver admitted. "For all you know, why he might have sent me word about whatever misdeed he was planning, stating the exact spot where your posse would jump him and outlining his route of escape from there on, so's I could be posted just where his horse would play out and he'd be needing a fresh one."

The officer frowned at this absurd line of deduction and Carver grinned at his discomfiture. The three additional members of the posse, having ridden well off toward the left, had now sighted the group on the ridge and were approaching the spot.

"If you want me for Exhibit A in the evidence I don't mind going along," Carver added.

The three additional members of the posse rode up and two of them greeted Carver by name.

"Whenever did you elect to turn outlaw?" one man asked. "Sho! We've snarled things up," he added. "Carver wasn't into this mess."

"Do you know this party?" the sheriff inquired.

"Do I?" the man laughed. "If I had a dollar for every one I've borrowed off him I'd pay half of 'em back."

Carver's name was known to the sheriff. It was certain that he could be found if his testimony was needed later.

"No use holding you," he said to Carver. "He's made a clean get-away. I'm a little off my range—no authority here in the Strip; but I wasn't going to let the line stop me when we was right on him."

"Why were you wanting him?" Carver asked.

He raised his eyebrows in evident surprise as the officer gave the details of the Wharton hold-up and announced that the man they had hunted was the wounded one of the quartet.

"They'd holed up somewheres till dark, but we got word they'd headed down this way in the night," the officer explained. "Likely this fellow was feeling sick and had to hide out. He'd spotted us riding into the sand hills and was just climbing his horse to make a run for it when we sighted him over a mile ahead. He'd posted himself on a ridge so's he could watch all ways. He's up on your fresh horse and miles off by now. No use for us to go on. I'll send word to Oval Springs to the sheriff there that he's down in this country."

"Any idea who he might be?" Carver inquired. "Anyone along the line get a look at him?"

"Not one," the sheriff denied. "He's in the clear as far as identity is concerned. Nobody's set eyes on him from the time they rode out of Wharton till we jumped him this morning—excepting the man who reported that he'd seen four men ride this way after night. That crippled shoulder may give him away. We'll be riding on back. I'll want that horse you're on so we can trace its ownership. May get it on him that way."



"You Promise You Won't Let Him?" She Implored

"I'll nurse him along over to Engle's place on Slate Creek," Carver offered. "Engle will lend me a horse to ride home."

When Carver reached the home ranch a man waited there to inform him that Carl Mattison desired his presence in Oval Springs.

"Tell him I'll be with him between now and tomorrow noon," Carver instructed the messenger.

Bart Lassiter rode up to the house an hour before dark. Carver had expected him to wait until after nightfall before riding in, and had planned to intercept him.

"Why didn't you lay out somewhere under cover till it was dark?" he demanded. "Any of the neighbors see you straddling my horse?"

"A few of 'em, likely," Bart returned. "What if they did? I was half starved and got dead sick of waiting out there in the creek bottoms."

Carver took him into the house and dressed the wounded shoulder. It proved to be a clean hole, the ball having passed through the fleshy parts without touching a bone. Bart spoke but seldom while the wound was being dressed. He seemed gloomy and morose, his usual carefree outlook entirely lacking for the time.

"It was the devil's own luck, getting jumped just when I did," he stated at last.

"Your bad luck set in prior to that," Carver returned. "It started when you met Noll and Milt."

Bart nodded, then suddenly gazed at Carver in surprise.

"But how did you know I'd met them?" he asked. "I didn't have time to tell you back there where we changed mounts."

"It wasn't hard to guess," Carver said.

"Then you must know Noll better than I do, if you guessed that," said Bart. "I didn't think the poison hound would shoot me down without a word."

"What?" Carver asked. "Noll, you say? D'you mean he shot you?"

"No other," Bart affirmed. "The four of them rode up on me before I knew they were anywheres within fifty miles."

"What four?" Carver inquired.

"Milt, Noll and Freel," Bart informed. "I don't know who the fourth was. Didn't hear his voice. I was afoot and looking for my horse when they came riding along. I couldn't see who they were, but Noll was talking to Freel and I knew their voices. They were riding in front. I asked 'em to raise another horse and save me a twenty-mile walk, and they halted without a word at the sound of my voice.

"Then Noll shot. He cut down on me twice more after I hit the ground. One shot was close enough to fill my right ear full of sand. Milt jumped his horse against Noll's, cussing him meanwhile, and they was off at a run before I could pick myself up."

(Continued on Page 113)



A Tuft of Grass Over Across Had Twitched Sharply. It Jerked Again, and Carver Slid His Gun Out Before Him

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 16, 1922

Putting Teeth Into Arbitration

THE country would best think twice before it responds to the growing demand to put more teeth into labor boards. They can be made effective upon the employer because he can be haled into court and fined or imprisoned, but they cannot be forced upon labor organizations because these immediately dissolve into individuals who stand upon their constitutional rights to labor or not as they may individually elect; and if some thousands choose to take a vacation at the same time there is no power even in their own organizations, and certainly not in the courts, to drive them back to work.

Even if compulsory arbitration could be made to work it is still true that any wage scale which should be set up by authority would be a first step in fixing prices; and if one craft is to be guaranteed a legal wage, why not another and another? And if craftsmen are to be guaranteed an advantageous wage, then what shall be said to the farmer when he plants and harvests in good faith and asks a guaranteed price also? And if he is guaranteed a price, who is to see to it that somebody shall be at hand to take the crop at the legal rate? Or if that is not feasible, then who will regulate the amount that the farmer may be allowed to plant and how shall he go about the job of doing it?

No, we must deal with labor either as individuals or as organizations, one or the other, all the time; not as one or the other from time to time as leaders or followers may elect. If we are to deal with organizations, then in line with recent court decisions they must be responsible for damage done when they block enterprise necessary to the lives and welfare of the people, even if their leaders must be held under conspiracy laws when they combine in ways to coerce society to obey their mandates as the price of being provided with the necessities of life. For it would be no worse for the farmers to starve the world into submission by withholding food at the point of production than for the railroads to do it by blocking transportation or for the miners to freeze it and paralyze it.

Not even wisdom teeth can solve the labor problem by force; but whoever claims rights must accept corresponding responsibility, and that goes far toward sobering the situation. It is irresponsible power such as has existed nowhere else on earth since monarchies were abolished that is wrecking our industrial life and even threatening the authority of representative government.

A strike among the firemen of a great city is unthinkable, and yet the total damage likely to be done by fire, even if all the firemen in the country should go on strike and picket against firefighters, could not be greater than that which is bound to arise from a concerted railroad and mine strike if carried to the bitter end. Yet the firemen have as many and as sacred rights as have shopmen or the miners. The right to strike and prevent others from working in an essential industry is not an inalienable privilege in a free country, for its logical conclusion is anarchy and civil war; and we are very close to the time when the chief labor problem will be that of maintaining a government free from the dictation of a powerful but irresponsible supergovernment set up by a class and operated for its special advantage over other classes.

Power without corresponding responsibility must come to an end in labor matters and in all other human relations.

The Neglected Cause

LONG, heavy and learned articles and whole books are written for the supposed assistance and edification of investors. They tell quite properly how to analyze balance sheets and earnings statements, and also all about the assets, the security, the purpose of issue, conversion privileges, capitalization, sinking funds and many other pertinent and technical items. But rarely is anything said about management, either in the books and articles or in the actual circulars and advertisements prepared by bankers in offering specified securities for sale. Yet the vital organs of any business enterprise, such as capital, credit, character and traditions, depend mostly upon management.

It must be said, however, that there is a slow, steady improvement in these respects. Every now and then a banker's circular offering bonds or preferred stock goes into illuminating details as regards the nature of the company's business and the character of its management. Here is a recent instance under the heading of Management:

> General direction of the company is in the hands of fifteen directors, all but one of whom are actively engaged in the business and have been with the company from 7 to 52 years, the average length of service for the entire board being 29 years. Employes form an efficient, loyal force and also include many with very long records of service.

Such a statement, unless proved palpably false, cannot fail to inspire confidence. The reader has an instinctive feeling that such a concern will not get into avoidable and reckless difficulties. Of course mere age and length of service do not guarantee success. But in the main, other things being equal, the presumption is in favor of the man who has grown up in the business, knows all about it, concentrates upon it and sticks to his last.

One of the half dozen most successful of the larger industrial corporations has no director who has not spent his working life in that business. In a day of much mushy, sentimental talk about industry this company has the strictest of discipline from day laborer to chairman. Yet employes of every class are loyal. Despite its vast size the company is managed like an army or family in that there is no going outside for talent. Directors meet every day and work every day. All workers are paid living wages and taken care of in their old age.

With its military discipline responsibility is decentralized in the sense that someone is definitely responsible for every department, decision, activity. Employes in the later thirties and in the forties do not kid themselves into thinking they are great captains of industry or financiers, even though they may handle operations of vast extent. Unpretentious men, who look like a hundred dollars and no more, direct operations of the first order of magnitude as a matter of course, having been trained for such work from boyhood, and will in due course of time become vice presidents and directors. In other words, there is none of the frippery, none of the front, none of the appearance of big business; only the substance and realities.

American industry suffers because in too few concerns is trained management regarded as enough of a career in itself. Business enterprises are too often the pawns of ambitious men or of financial manipulation. There can be and should be no nner career for any man than the successful conduct of a business enterprise; nor should it be a stepping-stone to other ambitions. Certainly the safety of bonds and stocks from the investor's standpoint depends upon the increasing recognition of this type of management.

Reform and Revolution

THE decision of the United States Supreme Court that labels should mean what they say will strengthen in all probability the hands of all who are trying to increase the percentage of truthtelling, honesty and fair dealing in business. But no law or court decision goes very far. We have long had hundreds of laws which if lived up to and enforced would make every community an almost ideal place in which to live and prevent worse practices than misbranding and mislabeling. There is hardly any form of unfairness, underhanded dealing, deceit, fraud and oppression against which there is a lack of ample laws.

Nor is the failure to enforce these in the main salutary prohibitions due to the shortcomings of public officials. The explanation is much more simple than that. We have a higher standard of publicly professed morals than we privately attain. We do not as individuals live up to the standards expressed by law.

Those who become discouraged at the unfairness, injustice and general all-around lack of righteousness on the part of the individual members of society often advocate some sweeping economic change or new order to overcome these evils. But human defects existed long before the present order of society came into being. They are inherent in human nature rather than in capitalism, industrialism or any other economic system. They have existed after the most drastic revolutions as well as before. There have been many changes in the way man has governed himself and earned his living, but though his nature has perhaps been slightly and gradually modified he has never been made over by social or economic innovations.

This is not to say that institutions can never be altered to advantage. Indeed, constant modifications are going on, many for the better. But those who become impatient of anything except a complete revolution in the system only delay improvement. They merely stub their toes against the granite wall of defective human nature. Reform is slow, and it often seems as if new opportunities for evil appear as fast as methods are devised to take care of those which have been longer recognized. But it is a literal fact that there is no other way than the slow one.

When the Bank is Closed

"I HAVE learned one financial lesson that is of immense value to me," said a business man of varied experience and wide acquaintanceship. "I no longer make personal loans to friends or acquaintances. I make only gifts, and it has saved me many thousands of dollars.

"I am not talking about professional crooks or panhandlers, but about that great army of friends and acquaintances, people of supposedly good standing socially and otherwise, whose checks come back marked 'No funds.' They drop in late in the afternoon or just after twelve o'clock on Saturday and explain that they must go to Boston or Philadelphia or Chicago to see their sick cousin and must have fifty or seventy-five dollars. I have learned to decide quickly how much I am willing to part with forever. It is usually five or ten dollars, now and then a little more when the man looks needy—a gift mind you, never a loan. 'I never make loans,' is my explanation, 'and besides, I have only a few dollars in the office, but I shall be delighted to give you ten dollars.' About half the time the would-be borrower is insulted and stalks out. In that case I am out of pocket nothing. About half of them take the five or ten spot, but in that case I am saved fifty or a hundred dollars which I would otherwise be out."

It is doubtful if any method of breaking friendships and making enmities has proved more fruitful or common than the failure to repay personal loans. Such transactions are always unbusinesslike, and the man who can avoid the relation of either borrower or lender in a personal loan is both wise and fortunate.

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The Tribulations of the Senate



THE United States Senate is made up of ninety-six senators and a major portion of the nation's acknowledged supply of dignity, courtesy, long-windedness, augustness and boring ability. It is particularly well supplied with boring ability. It is more persistent in its boring than the many small insects that eat their way into wood, and more difficult to discourage in its boring than the cotton-boll weevil.

If we take the definitions of a bore and of a bore's operations which have been evolved by the world's most prominent definers, we find that a bore is anything which by dullness taxes the patience or otherwise causes trouble or annoyance; specifically, a dull, tiresome or uncongenial person who tires or annoys by forcing his conversation on others, or who persists in uninteresting talk.

At times the United States Senate persists in uninteresting talk for days and weeks on end, tiring and annoying everybody who hears it or reads what it has to say or is told about it. Its tedious iteration is frequently so wearisome and its dullness is so insufferable that it not only gives everybody else a slow shooting pain but it even bores itself almost to extinction.

Let us take a good average day in the Senate, when a matter of national importance like the tariff is being considered with large amounts of the dignity and long-windedness on which the Senate prides itself. The tariff has its points of interest; but when it is coated over with twenty to thirty layers of mental fog it becomes several degrees duller than ditch water.

The Senate Chamber is a large, rectangular room with a glass ceiling through which comes a dull, mellow light. Around the chamber runs a gallery, into certain sections of which, day after day, crowd tourists and students and school children, who listen with blank or puzzled features to the distinguished senators below.

Occasionally, benumbed by the constant flow of dullness, a spectator drops off to sleep, only to be instantly and fiercely awakened by the alert guards who sit at all the entrances of the galleries. Sleeping is not allowed in the Senate galleries. Persons who wish to slumber within the sacred confines of the Senate Chamber must first become senators. They may then talk while others wish to sleep, or sleep while others talk.



By

Kenneth L. Roberts

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

There are a number of senators who apparently never enter the Senate Chamber except in sheer desperation, when they know of absolutely nothing else to do. Some of these senators have learned to slumber and to simulate wakefulness at the same time. They seem to be brooding over affairs of national import in their most distinguished and august manner, their noble brows resting ponderously on their hands, or their chins sunk meditatively in their senatorial cravats. Actually, however, they are asleep.

There is some speculation as to why it is that these senators don't go home and go to bed, where they can sleep comfortably, instead of wedging themselves in front of a book-covered desk and waking up with cricks in their necks. The matter should occasion no speculation, however. They are probably unable to sleep at home, whereas the drone of a senatorial bore is so hypnotically soothing that it lulls to rest even the most restlessly twitching nerves.

No Escape for Coolidge

THERE are ninety-six seats on the floor of the Senate, ranged in a semicircle in front of the great mahogany throne in which sits the Vice President of the United States. The Vice President is a small, frail, pale man, who looks as though he had been crushed by the overpowering dullness of his surroundings. He looked that way before he became Vice President; but since he became Vice President he has developed a languid, apathetic manner of leaning out of his great mahogany throne and scrutinizing the floor hopelessly when senators address him directly. He looks and acts, in short, exactly the way a man should look if he has been condemned to preside over the Senate day after day and week after week and month after month, and to listen to the distinguished senators who so frequently feel called on to talk the galleries into a coma.

Everybody can—and does—escape from the Senate except the Vice President; but he is forced to sit on his throne and listen.

As one looks out on the semicircle of seats and desks from the vice-presidential throne, all the seats on the right of the center aisle belong to Democrats, while all the seats on the left belong to Republicans. That is to say, they belong to Republicans in theory. Actually there are a few senators who are elected on the Republican ticket and sit on the Republican side of the chamber, but who aren't Republicans any more than a dogfish is a bird. They belong to the Objective Party. They object to everything except themselves, though there seems to be no reason on earth for them to exempt themselves from their general dislike of everything.

There is a pure-food law which forbids benzoate of soda to be sold as tomato catsup; and there ought to be some sort of pure-politics law that would prevent an Anti-Everything from masquerading as a Republican or a Democrat and getting away with it. It is true that a rose by any other name would smell as expensive; but it is also true that a hole in the ground has frequently wrecked many a widow and shipping clerk because it traveled for a time under the name of oil well.

Each senator has a commodious desk with various shelves and receptacles for reference books, pamphlets, documents, writing paper, ink bottles, chewing gum and other senatorial accumulations. There are enough books piled on, under and around these desks at any and all times to stock a fair-sized library. Senators enter the chamber accompanied by small boys carrying twenty to thirty dark-brown volumes smelling offensively of fish glue,

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

From The Salome Sun

THEY tell a story about a man appointed as a delegate to the Good Roads Convention from a place not a thousand miles from Salome, something which happened a number of years ago. Bill, as we will call him, sold a mine and insisted upon going to Phoenix on the new railroad and getting his money all in cash. Bill had not been in a real town for twenty-five years, and after getting his money he insisted upon the mining man, an Easterner, taking in the town with him. After liquoring up a little first, the usual thing done in those days, Bill wanted something to eat—the best there is and a lot of it—so the mining man had to accompany Bill to the best café in town, a place Bill had heard of and insisted upon going to. They arrived just about the time the after-theater parties began to drift in, and the printed menu and presence of so many ladies flustered Bill so that he could think of nothing to order but a double order of ham and eggs and a mince pie. The mining man, wishing to help him out and knowing that Bill's bill of fare for twenty-five years had consisted principally of ham and bacon and eggs and canned goods, suggested that he order fish, oysters or a lobster. Bill thought a minute, reached back and felt his hip pocket and called out loudly to the waiter at a near-by table: "Hey, waiter, bring me two cans of sardines."

Our frog went out to play, one day, in youthful, froglike folly; he let the sun shine on his back and the sand was hot, by golly! But he hasn't learned to swim yet. He was asleep the last time it rained, and when he woke up the water was all gone. Better luck next time.

Ed Earll has a nice green spot on his ranch between Bob Keast's and Mrs. Peck's—but he picked out a poor place to raise calves. Bob started a few years ago with a sawhorse and Mrs. Peck with a saddle horse, and it has been a race ever since to see which could raise the most calves. Both have done well—but Ed Earll will have to get a flying machine if he expects to get any now.

A little more gas, Bill; we're missing on one cylinder.

FOR SALE OR TRADE: A Good Gold Mine for almost any kind of an Automobile, or we might consider an embroidered Bathing Suit for Our Frog—if we get a Bath Tub.

It all seems strange to an Eastern man for the milk and meat to come in a can, but you see, our cows all have to practice chewing the sagebrush, greasewood and cactus—so somebody tell us how old was Ann, and how big a tongue has a Pelican?

The Salome Service Station will try to fix anything except the Democratic Party—and that is past mending.

If Lizzie gets tired out and out of sorts, fill your gas tank with some of that famous Laughing Gas at the Salome Service Station, and your tires with that soft Salome air. It will make Lizzie feel better and your car ride easier.

In the good old days when we used to shake and shiver, the doctors recommended horseback riding for the liver; but nowadays they tell us: "Go get yourself a flivver and take the trip from Phoenix to the Colorado River."

Sixty years ago the Indians chased An Old Prospector from the Colorado River to Phoenix and he took the shortest and Best Route—becuz he was In a Hurry. The Tourists are still following his trail and using some of his old tracks for chuck holes—where he beat the World's Record for Broad Jumping. He had a Hell of a Time, and so do some of the Tourists, but don't blame the Old Prospector. He knew the Indians were following him, but he never expected you to.

Don't kick at every little thing and feel peeved becuz you can't get everything in Salome that you might in New York. We are a long ways from Broadway—and chances are you've never been in New York anyway—so smile and make the best of it here. Salome is not so bad that you can't stay here one night and fill up on Lonny's Good Grub and our Laughing Gas and leave happy in the morning. You don't have to stay here—but we do—so let's all laugh and wonder who the joke is on after all.

Mark Twain said that a mine was a hole in the ground owned by a liar. There are some Big Mines around Salome if Mark was right, and they don't belong to us.

SALOME—"Where She Danced"—is the Healthiest Place on Earth—so restful and quiet that you might live here for years and never realize how dead you are—and then die and never know that you had been alive—which comes pretty near being Life Eternal.

—Dick Wick Hall, Editor and Garage Owner.



"Willie, What are You Doing?" "I Thought Mebbe the Goldfish 'd Rather Have Lemonade Than Plain Water"

A Flapper Alphabet

AWFULLY affable,
Brilliantly blest;
Cruelly critical,
Daringly dressed.
Eerily elegant,
Fragrantly fluffed;
Generally giggling,
Hastily huffed.
Impishly impudent,
Joyously jimp,
Kinky and kittenish,
Luringly limp.
Modishly mannered,
Naughtily nosed;
Occasionally odious,
Frankishly posed.
Quick-tempered, quarrelsome,
Radiant rig;
Smart, scant and sporty,
Trim, taut and trig.
Usually uppish,
Vain, veribest,
Wheedlesome, winning,
Xtravagantly xpressed.
Youthfully yearning,
Zealous in zest.

—Carolyn Wells.

The Grouch's Progress

CORNELIUS MCNABB was a grouch;
He growled as he rolled from his couch;
He grumped in his tub and continued to grump;
His stock in the world had a permanent slump;
His kindest reflection on matters was "Ump!"
His second-best comment was "Ouch!"

He sat at the table and wailed:
The servitors quivered and quailed.
The coffee was tepid, the linen was soiled,
His eggs should be coddled and here they were boiled!
And thus was a day irretrievably spoiled,
And somebody ought to be jailed!

He finished a bitter cigar.
He groaned as he entered a car:
The cup of his misery flooded the brim;
The populace jostled, the light was too dim;
And why must a strap-hanger hang over him?
It really was going too far!

With rancor abundantly stored,
His wrath on the office he poured:
The office boy fled with a menace grotesque,
The bookkeeper hid in a hole in the desk,
And, somewhat dishevel'd but still picturesque,
The typewriters wept in accord.

He went to a store for a rod
To angle for flounder and cod:
But this was too heavy and that was too light,
The price was an outrage and nothing was right;
The clerks were neglectful and most impolite;
He'd have 'em discharged in a squad!

He carried his woe to the strand,
Where, borne by the wave to the sand,
A crab of prodigious dimensions he saw,
Severe in demeanor and mighty of claw.
Cornelius, regarding the portent with awe,
Declaimed to that decapod grand:

"Ah, waif of the turbulent blue,
In happiness equaled by few,
The tempest may bellow, the billow may roll,
But far from the worrisome world and its dole,
Secure in your shell is your sensitive soul!
I would I were even as you!"

And then by a marvel as strange
As any that fate can arrange,
The crusty Cornelius was turned to a crab;
The crusty crustacean, as Mr. McNabb,
Was wafted away to his home in a cab—
And nobody noticed the change!

—Arthur Guiterman.

Popular Short Stories

"MR. GERRISH is in conference just now. Would yo care to leave any message?"

"What, haven't those groceries got there yet, madam They ought to be there any minute—the boy is on his wa over there with them now."

"So sorry to keep you waiting, but there was a dela in the traffic, and I simply couldn't make it any sooner.

"I have been meaning to write to you for ever so lon but what with one thing and another, I have been so bus that I just couldn't seem to get a moment to drop you line."

"Of course none of us expects to make much mone right at the start, but we feel that we've got a big thin here, and it's just a question of a little time until we pu it over."

"The line is busy."

"You don't know how disappointed I am at the thoug of missing the week-end with you, but some tiresome ol business affairs have unexpectedly come up, and I'm afraid I shall have to give up all hope of getting dow to Shoddy Beach."

(Continued on Page 86)

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For the millions who love Tomato Soup!

Right from the heart of the luscious tomato comes Campbell's Tomato Soup! Just the pure delicious, tonic juices and rich "meat" from the flawless fruit, sun-ripened on the vines! Every tomato is washed five times in crystal-pure running water. Every trace of skin, seed and core fibre is strained out, leaving only the smooth, delightful tomato puree. This is enriched with choice butter and blended and spiced, after our own exclusive recipe, to as tempting a tomato soup as ever was placed upon a dining table! Just taste it!





12 cents a can

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LAUGHTER, LTD.

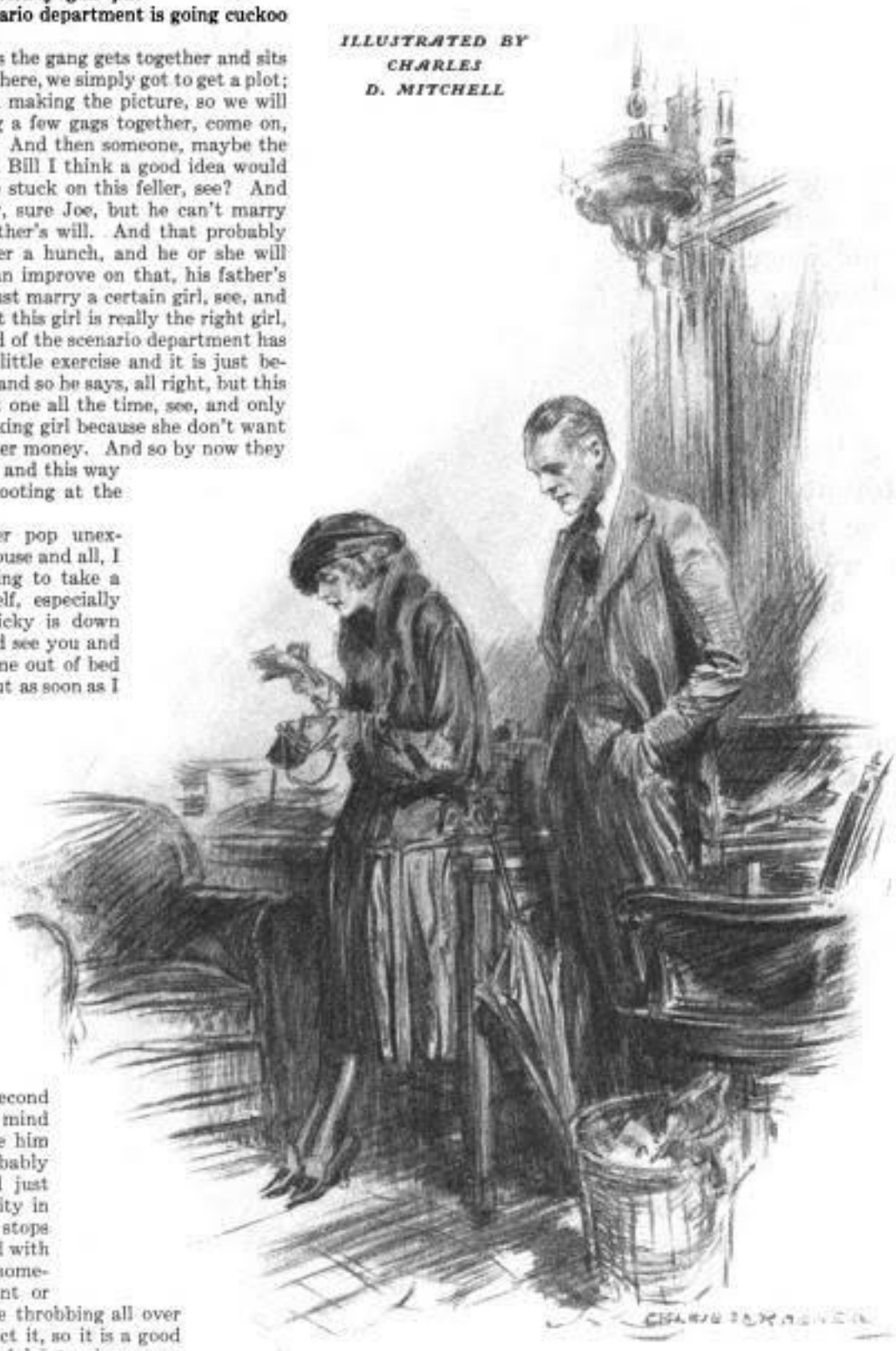
XI

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

THERE is a custom in moving pictures called shooting at the moon, and said custom generally gets put into action when the scenario department is going cuckoo for lack of a plot.

Well, when this happens the gang gets together and sits around the office and says here, we simply got to get a plot; they have already started making the picture, so we will now commence crocheting a few gags together, come on, boys, shoot at the moon! And then someone, maybe the camera-man, will say well Bill I think a good idea would be for this girl, see, to be stuck on this feller, see? And then the director will say, sure Joe, but he can't marry her see, because of his father's will. And that probably gives the continuity writer a hunch, and he or she will come across with say I can improve on that, his father's will provides this feller must marry a certain girl, see, and the father don't know that this girl is really the right girl, see? And by now the head of the scenario department has taken his mind out for a little exercise and it is just beginning to get warmed up and so he says, all right, but this girl knows she is the right one all the time, see, and only pretends to be a poor working girl because she don't want the boy to marry her for her money. And so by now they have a good, original plot, and this way of getting it is called shooting at the moon.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL



With a Two Weeks' Advance in My Purse, Which I Took With All the Languid Indifference of a Starving Hyena Pouncing on a Piece of Raw Meat

Well the morning after pop unexpectedly showing at our house and all, I was in a position of having to take a crack at the moon myself, especially when mommer says Stricky is down stairs and wants he should see you and so forth. Her words got me out of bed like they was a derrick, but as soon as I had put my feet on the floor I quit cold, and sat on the edge of the hay thinking rapidly what would I do. They had started making the drama, but I hadn't any script ready. This was not at all the way I had planned the piece to run, for I had no more idea that Gregory Strickland would dare to ever come anywheres near me again in his whole entire life, than I had of asking him to do such a thing. My first thought was I will not see him. And then on second considering I changed my mind and decided no, I will see him because after all I will probably have to, some day. And just as it is wise to get a cavity in your tooth filled before it stops hurting, and not go around with it open and liable to get something in it at a restaurant or some place and commence throbbing all over again when you least expect it, so it is a good bet to get any other painful interview over. The sooner the quicker.

So I called out "All right mommer I will come" and set out to make myself look as pretty as I possibly could so's Stricky would thoroughly appreciate what he had lost. And then I went slowly down stairs to where he was walking up and down all alone in the parlor like a wild man. At least that is what I thought as I reached the lowest step on the stairs. But I soon found out different, for Stricky's steps was not nervous anxiety, but jazz. He had put a number on the phonograph and was snapping his fingers to it as I come in the door. This was really more than I intended standing for, and I pointed at my early Spanish phonograph with a dramatic finger.

"Kill that number!" I says. "I can't stand it!"

"Sure I will!" says Stricky, obliging. "What's the matter, honey, got a bad head?"

Well, for a moment I couldn't hardly believe my ears! His manner was just like ordinary, and a person would of thought that nothing unusual had happened.

"Say listen," he went on, "I feel great this morning, considering. I found a new pick-me-up that would cure a wood-alcohol case. Let me fix you up a little, Bonnie. Some party we had, eh?"

"Greg," I says quietly, "you know I don't need any pick-me-up. If I have a head this morning, it wasn't liquor caused it. Do you remember anything you done last night?"

He got silent for a moment, then he shrugged his shoulders and give a little laugh.

"Oh, that!" he says. "You mean Anita, I suppose. Well, what of it? We was on a party, that's all! Forget it."

"No, I can't forget it," I says. "I want you to understand that. I am through, Greg."

"Say listen!" he says. "Don't begin and pull any line of bunk like that. A party is a party and any little old thing is liable to happen on it. Besides, what I do is my business."

"That's what I'm trying to tell you," says I. "Entirely your own business and none of mine, from now on."

"Oh well, if you are going to get jealous," says Stricky, "go ahead. I'm fed up, anyways. I only came around this morning because I thought we might as well kiss and make up. It's all in a lifetime if you won't!"

Well, I just stood looking at him and wondering did I really know this man? His hair, like black glass, was the same, his tie was as perfect, his whole freshly washed effect was as snappy as it had always been. Even his fine high color didn't seem to of been affected much by being so wet last night. But I didn't know him any more. He was just some stranger that had wandered in, a objectionable one which I didn't care to get any better acquainted with. Maybe you know how it is to stand that way in front of a person who you have wrapped your life around day and night for a long time, and suddenly see them clear? Sweet daddy, it's a queer sensation! The only satisfaction in it would be to have the upper hand through the other person still caring. But Stricky didn't even leave me that.

"I see," says I at length, "that we had come near to making a awful mistake. I'm not going to pretend I will ever be friends with you, Strick. As for our contract with Nicky, I don't know what to say. I could no more go on playing opposite you than—oh well, I just naturally couldn't pull it off, that's all!"

"Say listen, you needn't worry about that!" says Greg, sneering his eyebrows in a cool, unpleasant way and calmly lighting a cigarette. "Don't trouble about not playing with me, old girl, because I am going with the Divers Comedies for my next picture, anyway!"

Well, this pretty near took me off my feet, for I knew Stricky's contract run for another six months. What did he mean? Nickolls had let him out for some reason. That was of course good, and relieved me from a lot of unpleasantness, but just the same something in the way Strick pulled the line made me uneasy. It wasn't all on account of Anita now also being with the Divers Comedies, either, although I will admit that while I was finished with Strick forever, I was yet female enough for the thought to give me a little pang, and it was no good saying to myself, well all right you can have him, dearie, and may Heaven pity you! Because while of course I made that conventional remark in my brain and knew it for a mighty wise crack, still my vanity hurt under it. And if you are a woman who has lost a unworthy man, you will get me perfectly if some other woman has beaten you to it and grabbed him before you had the chance of firing him.

"Greg Strickland," I says slowly, "I am glad to hear you got another job so soon after Nicky giving you the air, which I suppose he must of done this forenoon."

"Air, nothing!" says Strick, leaning against the piano and grinning at me. "Say listen, he didn't give me any gate! I just grabbed off a job, that's all. I got to eat, you know!"

"Strick!" I says. "Whatter you mean?"

"Don't ask me, kid," says he, still smiling, and pointing with his cigarette over my shoulder towards the door. "Don't ask me, ask Nickolls!"

Well, I turned around bewildered, and there in the door was Nicky. His face was white and drawn, and he looked ten years older than when I had seen him last. All of a sudden I remembered how he hadn't been on my party the night before, nor sent me any word about why not. Something had happened to him in the meantime, something dreadful that had wiped all the pep out of him.

"Nicky!" I cried, running over to him and grabbing him by the lapels. "What is it, Nicky! Oh! You look awful!"

"Bonnie, little Bonnie!" he says, putting both his hands over mine. Then he stopped short. It didn't seem like he could go on. Across the room Strickland's voice was flung at us like a hoot.

"Ha ha! I guess you can do with a little sympathy, eh Mister Producer Nickolls?" says he. "So you were going to let me out of my contract because you didn't care for my influence on your lot! Oh, boy!"

"So it has got around already, has it?" says Nickolls quietly, leading me into the room. "You are very quick to blow with the wind, Strickland, but it's about what I would have expected of you."

"Say listen," says Strick, his face going kind of pasty with anger, and his eyes narrowing down to little black slits—"say listen, you're through telling me what I'm to do, see? Or what you think of me. I've taken a great deal of language from you on the lot, because I had to, but now I don't. And just kindly remember that I didn't have to accept the release you offered me yesterday. That contract is sound and I could sue you for six months' salary and get it! I expect you knew what was going to happen last night, when you offered to let me go! You knew this

(Continued on Page 30)

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Sydney, Australia—Harbor and Botanical Gardens. The City Across the Harbor

A Car That Is Trusted the Whole World Over

In Europe, Africa, Asia, Australia—Everywhere Abroad—the Hupmobile Holds First Favor Among American Cars

Motor cars pour forth from Europe to all quarters of the world. They pour forth from America to every land where buyers are to be found.

If any car holds a special preference among these hundreds—even thousands—it is the Hupmobile.

The foreign motor car buyer—in Europe or elsewhere—buys with a fine knowledge of what is good and sound and substantial. He buys with an eye to reliability, and long life, and economy, as well as style and beauty.

He has the world's best to compare with and choose from. Yet his demand for the Hupmobile gives us an export volume out of all proportion to our total output—a volume which would be vastly larger if our home demand could be satisfied with fewer cars.

Europe began to know the Hupmobile almost as soon as America. Our first exports were made in 1909.

The next year the whole world saw the Hupmobile on tour. Saw it penetrate where no motor car had ever ventured before.

Foreign lands then began to learn—as America did also—what a car of Hupmobile stamina and stability was to mean to transportation.

From that time on—barring the interruption of the war and the post-war depression—the Hupmobile export volume has kept pace with increasing volume at home.



Photographed by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

Canton, China—The Famous Flower Pagoda

Except in Russia and some of the Balkan States, the Hupmobile is represented today in all the countries of the world.

In such out-of-the-way quarters as the Straits Settlements, it is known and trusted the way it is known and trusted here in America. India thinks as highly of it as do the British Isles.

In the Fiji Islands, the Philippines, Australia, New Zealand and South America—in lands where anything less sturdy than Hupmobile construction means a short car-life—the name Hupmobile stands for faithful endurance on mountain trails and in the bush.

The qualities which give the Hupmobile the high place it holds abroad are the qualities which make it so well thought of at home.

In America, and abroad, the Hupmobile is liked and trusted for the sterling virtues which keep it out of the repair shop, and which enable it to do continually things that seem impossible for any car.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

Hupmobile

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(Continued from Page 28)

distributors wouldn't take your lousy picture, and you were trying to save your skin!"

Nicky went as white as a sheet and the strong muscles of his face commenced working strangely. He looked like a Japanese war god or something and I felt terribly afraid, while all across my mind blazed the terrible words like they was written in fire. "The distributors wouldn't take your picture." It was incredible, there must be some mistake! Nicky was moving slowly towards Strickland, his face still working, his hand clenched down at his sides by a terrible effort of self-control.

"You swine!" he says in a low voice like a lion snarling. "You low swine! That's a lie and you know it. The picture is one of the finest that has ever been made and you know that! I've endured your crawling around me as long as I can, but when you accuse me of the kind of cheating which comes naturally to your own rotten mind I'm through and I'm going to beat you up! Come outside!"

"Bonnie!" says Strick at the top of his voice. "Make him lay off!"

Nicky give an ugly laugh and shot out a big hand, landing in Greg's collar and jerking him away from the piano.

"Come out of this!" he says. "Or shall I have to carry you out before I pound you to death?"

"Nicky! Don't!" I cried, flying at him. "Don't dirty your hands. Please—oh, please don't fight!"

"Well, I don't want to fight!" says Greg, still shrill and high. "Leave me alone, Nickolls!"

"Oh, don't kill him, Nicky!" I says. "Please! Only pretty near kill him!"

"I can't fight a squash pie!" says Nicky disgustedly, having by then dragged Greg as far as the door. "He won't stand up long enough for me to knock him down!"

"I'll go! I'll go!" says Greg, being shoved out into the hall. "But you needn't think I'll forget this. I'll get square with you, you big roughneck! I'll get you yet!"

"Oh, put him out!" I cried.

And Nicky did, sending his pearl-gray hat and yellow cane after him and slamming the door hard. Then he come back into the room wiping his hands on a big linen handkerchief and smiling.

"There!" he says. "That's the first thing I have enjoyed in twenty-four hours! It's been coming to me for a long time, too!"

"Nicky," I cried, "sit down and tell me everything! What has happened? Why weren't you at my party last night and what is all this about Cinderella?"

The flush of triumph and satisfaction come right off of Nicky's map at this, and he looked old and worn again. "Little Bonnie," says he, "you don't think I'm a crook?"

"Don't be a dumb-bell!" says I. "I know you, Nicky. What's all this?"

"Bonnie," says he heavily, "one thing Strickland said was true. The distributors have refused the picture!"

"But they haven't seen it!" I gasped.

"They saw it last night," says Nicky briefly. "That was why I didn't come to your party."

"Sweet daddy!" says I. "How on earth did that happen?"

"Benny Silvercrown called me up at about four yesterday," says Nicky, "and said that he had to go out of town today and that several of the board were free for the evening. Naturally I suggested showing it. Well, I did!"

"And they turned it down?" I says, stunned. "But Nicky, it don't seem possible. Why, that picture is wonderful, any way you look at it. They must be crazy!"

"Crazy like a pack of foxes!" says Nicky bitterly.

"Benny is a business man and that's a great picture. It would earn him big money."

"It will be still more profitable for him to keep it off the market," says Nicky more quietly now. "I'll explain how it is, little Bonnie. You remember, of course, that the Big Egg threatened to break me? Well, he's done it, that's all. Thank God you won't lose anything! You can go right back to him."

"I won't!" I says indignantly. "I'm going to stay right where I am. With you."

Nickolls smiled and patted my hand.

"You don't get the idea, yet," he says. "You're a thoroughbred, Bonnie, but unfortunately there will be nothing to stick to. I'm broke. I'll have to go out and look for a job myself, and you will be obliged to do the same."

"But Cinderella ——" I commenced when he stopped me by a gesture.

"Silvercrown and Jago," says he, "with Knute, constitute the best distributing agency. I could state-right my picture, of course, and that is what I shall do. But it will be a slow business, and the chances are that I won't even get back the money I have put into it. Which of course precludes my going out after new capital."

"But can't you make Benny change his mind?" I says.

"Why should he change it?" Nickolls asked. "He will buy in that film cheap at the end of six months, and reissue it. It will not have been hurt in the meanwhile because only the program houses in a few small towns will have shown it. Probably he will retitle it, and send it out as a new issue. And in the meanwhile I will crawl back asking for work."

He buried his face in his hands, his strong fingers clutching at his curly hair. But somehow he didn't look broken, even in that position—only slightly bent, maybe.

I laid a hand on his shoulder and he looked up into my eyes straight and clear, so that my heart just regularly ached for him.

"Nicky," I says solemnly, "I wouldn't say I don't care about Cinderella's not getting released, because I do—horribly! But I'll tell the world I would not give up having made it, and made it with you, and what is further, made it right, like we did, for all the success in the world. It's a great picture and you know it and I know it, and nobody can take that away from us. The experience we went through together in that work is something to keep sacred in this part of the country, and to—well, to sort of live by!"

Nicky didn't say anything for a moment. And then he leaned over and kissed me gently on the cheek.

"Little Bonnie, thank you!" he says. And then he got to his feet. "Well now, I have a lot of things to attend to," says he in a different voice, "and I'll have to dust. You take my advice and go to see Silvercrown. Benny has his eye on you and he'll grab you back."

"Never!" I says fiercely. "After he's pulled a dirty trick like that? Not much, I won't!"

"I like your spirit, child," says he, smiling sadly, "but it's not good sense. Think it over."

He started for the door, then thought of something and turned back.

"By the way," he says, "that revolver of mine—would you mind letting me have it?"

"Nicky!" I screamed, a sudden coldness coming over me. He frowned slightly and shook his head.

"Bonnie, Bonnie, I thought you knew me better!" says he reproachfully. "I wouldn't do a thing of that sort. Why child, I'm not a quitter, I'm a fighter! This will be an interlude for me, that's all. I'll go back and lie low, and later, try again."

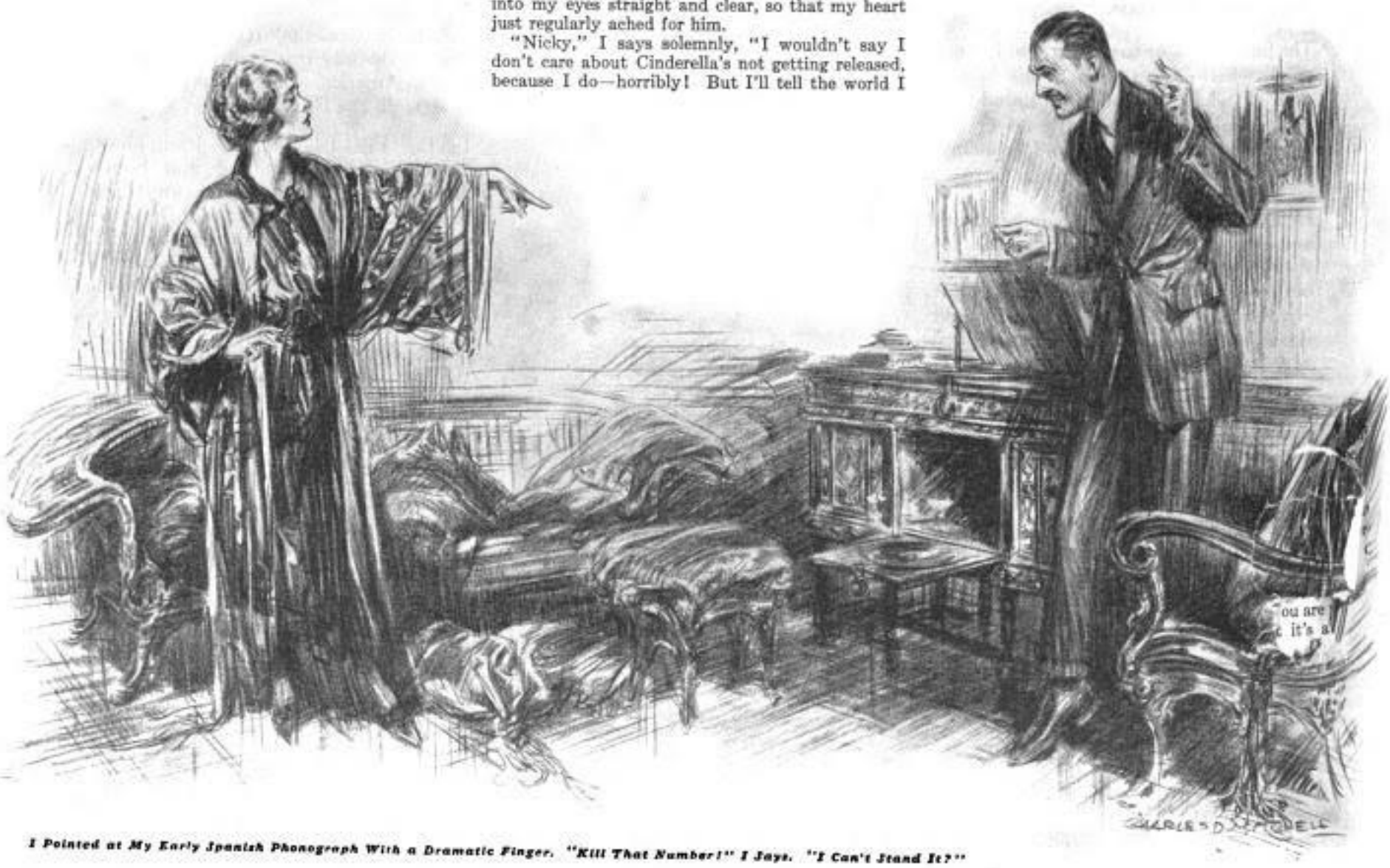
"Oh, Nicky, excuse me, please!" I says, half crying. "And, Nicky, I haven't got the gun. Honest I haven't. Greg Strickland took it. I saw it on him last night. I'm awful sorry."

"Well, never mind," says Nicky. "It belonged to my dad, that's why I asked for it. Confound that skunk of a Strickland, I don't want him to have it, either. Well, so long, Bonnie, and don't you worry about my committing suicide—I'm too interested in pictures for that!"

For a long time after the outside door had closed upon Nicky I stood looking out the window, face to face with a nodding spray of heliotrope from the vine around the frame.

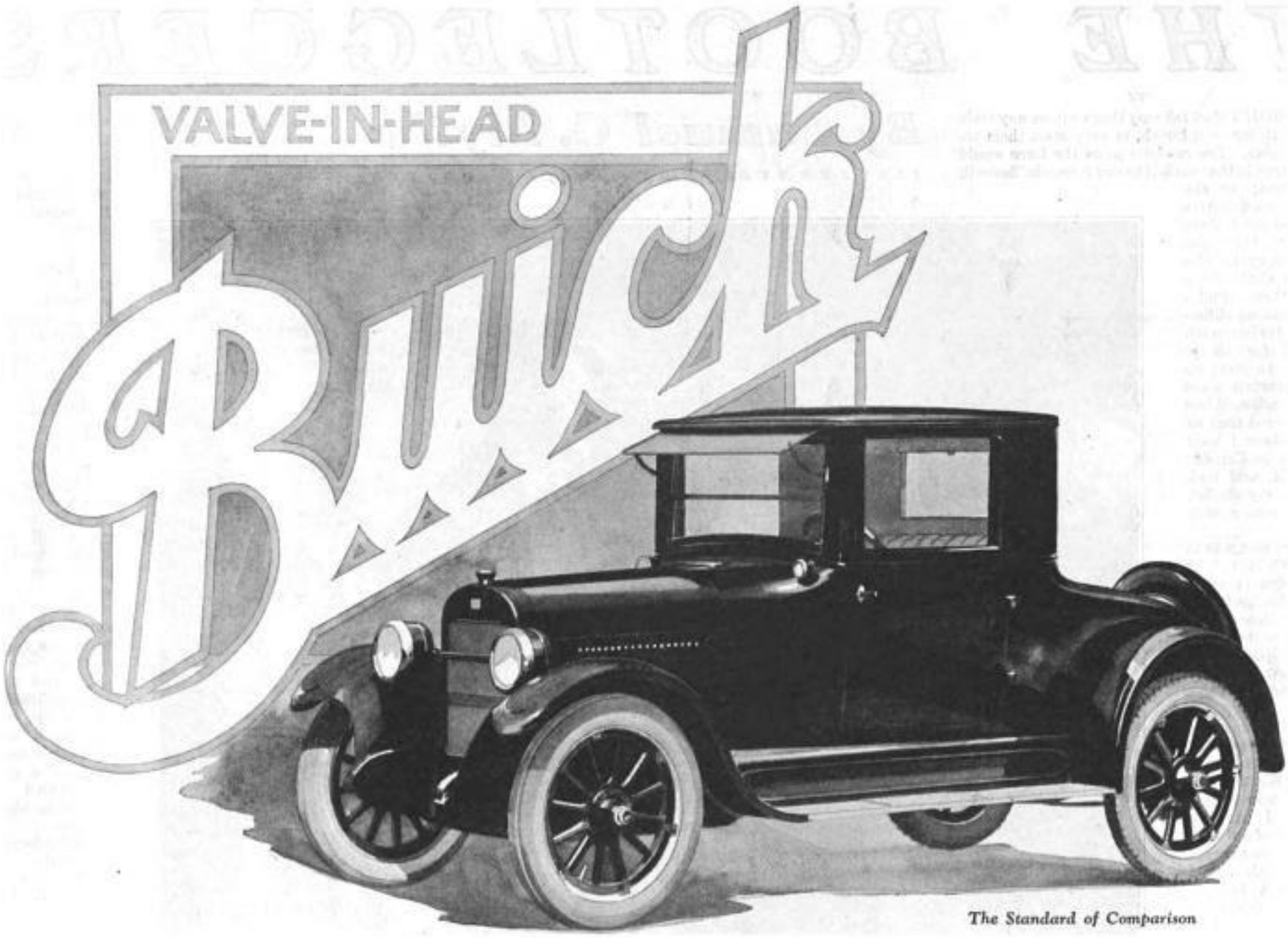
The soft wind brought in that everlasting smell of cedar wood burning and crude oil and dried eucalyptus leaves. And now the perfume of the heavy heliotrope clusters too. I kind of bathed my face in it, not trying to think quite yet, but feeling awful tired and let down. Far away at the other end of the house I could hear voices talking, but they didn't mean anything to me. I felt like nothing was going to mean anything to me ever again.

(Continued on Page 40)



I Pointed at My Early Spanish Phonograph With a Dramatic Finger. "Kill That Number!" I Says. "I Can't Stand It?"

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The Standard of Comparison

A Luxurious Coupé for Three

The 1923 Buick Four

Bringing comfort and refinements heretofore found only in costly closed cars, the Buick four-cylinder three-passenger coupé meets a need which for years has gone unattended.

It is every inch a car of distinction. The low all-metal body, custom-built by Fisher, is enhanced by the high lines of the hood, the graceful sweep of the full crowned fenders and the handsome drum-type head lights and cowl lights.

The very wide doors swing open to reveal an interior finished and upholstered in fine plush, and set off by fittings of distinctive pattern. There is a heater for cold weather, and the cowl ventilator, adjustable windshield, and disappearing door windows assure complete comfort for summer driving.

In this splendid car, as in each of the other thirteen new Buick models, improvements in the famous Valve-in-Head motor, in the springs, frame, and every other important unit of the chassis, have kept pace with the more obvious body changes. Yet, in the midst of this remarkable progress, the tir e-proven Buick fundamentals of reliability and ruggedness remain—the new Buick Four Coupé is altogether a finer car.

Among other items of the complete equipment are: transmission lock, dome light, adjustable sun-shade, improved hood catches, flunk door with lock giving access to large luggage space under rear deck, cord tires, transmission speedometer drive, aluminum steering wheel spider. Class "A" fire insurance rating.
$1175 f. o. b. Flint

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Branches in All Principal Cities—Dealers Everywhere

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THE BOOTLEGGERS

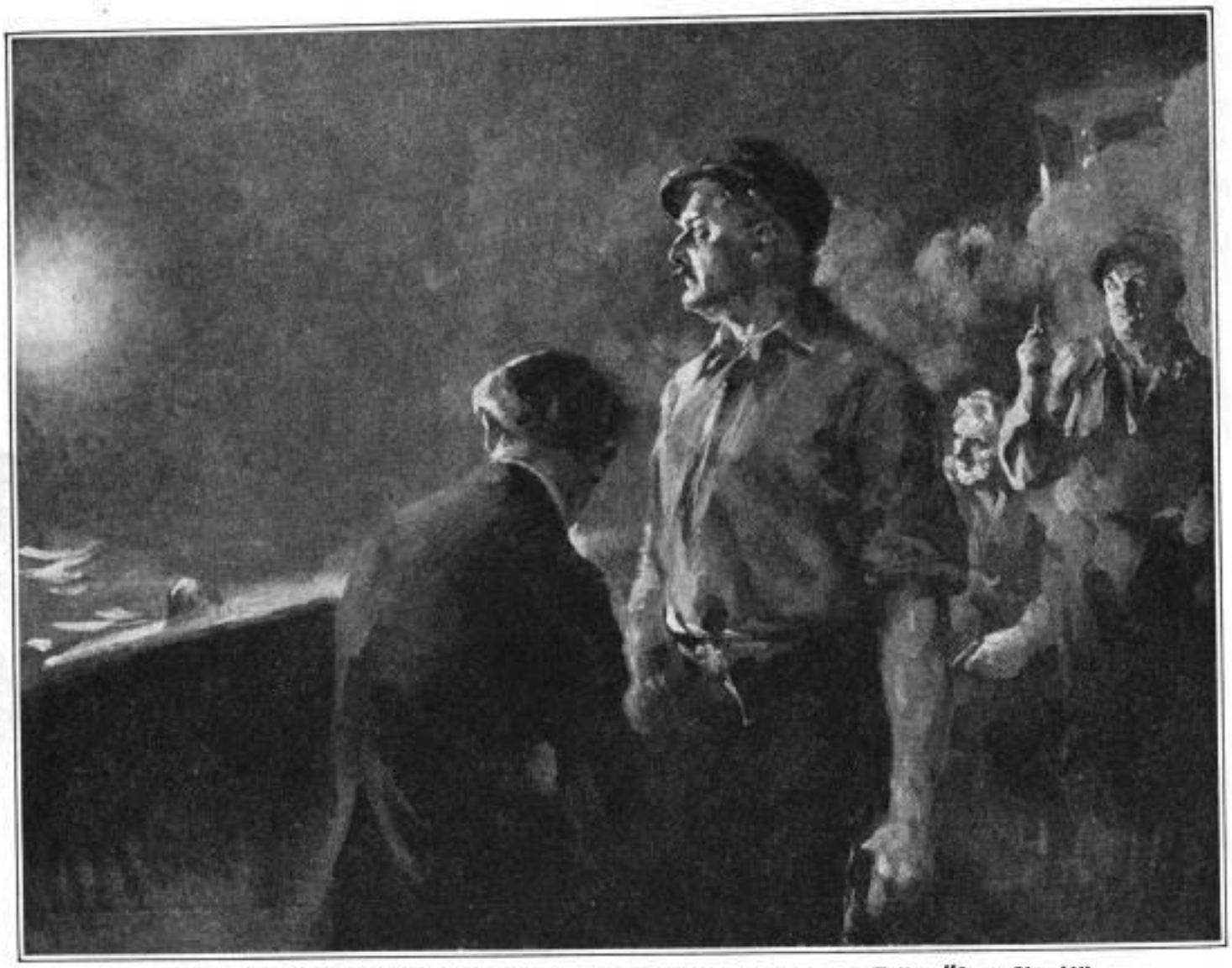
VI

By Samuel G. Blythe

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL FOSTER

I DIDN'T dast take my thugs out on any train with me in a bunch, or even start them together. The rawest cop on the force would have run in that outfit if he saw it crossin' Seventh Avenue; or the railroad bulls would pinch them before they got halfway to the train shed. So I sent them to Philadelphia on different trains with word for all of them to meet up in a certain place in Camden. When I figgered they all was there I went down to Camden myself, and took Billy, my shoffer, with me, a wise kid.

The plot was to get them out of Camden in automobiles and run them down to a place on the Jersey shore just inside Delaware Bay around from Cape May Point, and there is where we was to pick up the tug. That was The Works' plot. Ours was different. I hires a couple of automobiles from a garage man in Camden I knows to be safe, and tells the drivers and them, that we are to meet up with the tug at a cove north of where Alloway Creek runs into the Delaware, which ain't far from Salem, and pretty soon they was on their way, with me to foller. It worked fine. Them thugs went to that cove, but what they done there I ain't heard, because the drivers' orders was to dump them there, and beat it back, as they was to go off on the tug. They may be waitin' there yet for all I know.



I Was for Askin' Who They Was, But Before I Could Say Anythin' the Captain Hollers "Come Ahead!"

I gets another car and Billy drives me down to Fishin' Creek, which is a long piece south from where my pirate protectors is landed, and which is the right place where my dope is to meet the tug. Charley is there with his bunch—seven of them, and all lookin' the part so far as bein' hard-boiled is concerned.

After I looks them over I says to Charley, "They ain't a one of them birds that wouldn't drill a hole in you for a ten spot."

"Sure," says Charley, "or for nothin' if he felt like it; but cheer up. The skipper here has got them eatin' outen his hand, and he'll get a bonus over his pay if he pulls it off right. He's got a bean. He knows he can't do nothin' with the booze if he takes it, and on that account he'll shoot square."

"That's the only account, I suppose," I says.

"I guess yes," says Charley, "but it's good enough so far."

"So far?" I begins.

"Aw, quit your bellyachin'," says Charley. "You didn't think we could put this over with the Y. M. C. A., did you?"

I couldn't think of no come-back, and let it drop. We loafed around until night come, and not long after dark we see some flashes offshore. I counted them, and they was right, so I answered back with my flash, and pretty soon a small boat come in and took us off, all but Charley.

"Good luck," he says. "I'll beat it up where the trucks is to be, and meet you there."

This skipper that Charley brings along is a quiet sort of a bird, but hard. He don't say much when I talk it over with him, but lets on he understands his play, which is to lay off until the booze is aboard, and then to stick up the crew and take the tug where I tells him to. He says he ain't put his gang wise yet to the play, and that he won't until it is ready to come off because some of them might try to start somethin' previous, and besides he wants to have a look around and see what the layout is. He talked fair enough, what little he did talk, but I kept a close eye on him, because I knew I wouldn't have a Chinaman's chancet if he wanted to cross me.

The tug was standin' by out a ways, with no more lights showin' than was necessary, and the regular skipper of her says that now we are on deck he'll slip out a few miles more, steering towards where he has the word the booze ship will be, and wait for the sign, which he expects about nine o'clock or such a matter. So we sit around and don't say much until it's 9:30, and then the tug captain, who is up in the steerin' house, picks up the signal: Two long white flashes, two short whites, a red, and a long white.

He sends for me and says, "There she is."

"Where?"

"Off the port bow," he says.

That don't mean nothin' to me, so I asks again, "Where?"

"Got the signal a minute ago," he says.

"But you ain't movin', and I didn't see no answer to it."

"'Sall right," he tells me. "I ain't showin' nothin' until she comes oncet more. I ain't takin' no chancet a-tall," he says. "Gotta be sure."

So we stood lookin' off into the dark for a spell, and then she shows again. I counted the lights myself: Two long whites, two shorts, a streak of red, and a long white.

"That's her," says the captain, and he monkeys around with some kind of a switchboard, and I see some lights flashin' out in front, but I didn't get wise to just what they was.

"Now," says he, "if she shows a white and a green, that will cinch it, and we'll beat it for the booze."

Pretty soon I seen a white and a green off over the water, and the captain rings a bell and the tug begins to churn along towards where the lights showed. It wasn't what you would call a pitch-dark night, but it was dark enough, and they wasn't no moon. That had all been figgered out. The captain held her nose out to sea pretty steady for a spell, and then he began lookin' out pretty hard and flashin' a light now and then. It wasn't long until he got an answerin' flash or two, and half an hour later we was alongside the ship, which was a rusty old hooker of medium size, and when we had made fast the captain went aboard.

They wasn't much sea on, and the two ships just swung back and forth together. Not a light showed nowhere. I climbed up a sort of ladder they let down, and as I come over the side I could make out the booze all stacked up on the deck ready to shift. They had got it all out of down below by the time we was alongside.

"Stay here," says the feller who give us a hand to help us over the side, and pretty soon another feller shows up out of the dark, and I could see he was carryin' a gat in his hand that looked as big as a cannon.

"Who be you?" he asked.

"I'm the agent of The Works," I told him.

"Got your paper?"

"Yes."

"Foller me."

I follered him along the deck and down a stairway to a cabin. They was a lamp burnin'.

"Show me," he says, not lettin' go of that gat for a second.

I dug up my tore piece of paper, and he backs over to the light, and digs up his piece. They fit perfect of course.

"All right," he says. "Now let's get busy."

So we went up on deck and he passed the word, and in no time the winches was workin' and the crew was stackin' the stuff in a big net that the derrick picked up and swung over the side and lowered to the tug. The tug captain had gone down to the tug, and he superintended the stowin' of the stuff. It was amazin' how quick and quiet it was. The winches must have been greased all over, and the big net took about a coupla hundred cases at a clip, so, checkin' off and all, it didn't take half a hour to shift it.

"All here," says the tug captain. The crew undid the lines and the tug backed away.

"Good luck," the ship captain hollers down. "Don't show no lights for a spell, if any. I'll be on my way in three minutes. Don't let no pirates get you. So long."

"So long," we hollers back at him, and kept on backin', and pretty soon the shape of the ship fades off into the black of the night.

Then our captain rings a few bells, and so on, and we changes course, and starts up full speed.

"We're off," he said, "to a flyin' start."

Well, ten minutes after he said it he grabs a pair of glasses that was standin' by him and looks out over the water to the left and ahead. I ain't wise to the sailor slang so I can't put no ship twist to where it was, but it was to the left, and ahead.

"What the hell's that?" he says.

"I didn't see nothin'," I tells him, which was the truth.

"You wouldn't," he says, "but I seen a flash of light out there."

"Might be the other ship," I says.

"Yes," he comes back, kind of savage, "and it might be the Absecon Light, but it ain't. The other ship's off to starboard now. There it is again."

He rung a bell and the old tug jumped ahead into the water like somebody had stepped on all the gas she had.

(Continued on Page 34)

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FISHER BODIES

When the motor car salesman points to the now familiar symbol and says: "You see the body is by Fisher," he feels sure that you will understand that he has paid the highest tribute words can convey.

We are deeply sensible of the responsibility which rests upon us by reason of the high regard in which Fisher bodies are held.

FISHER BODY CORPORATION
DETROIT CLEVELAND ST. LOUIS
WALKERVILLE, ONT.

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(Continued from Page 32)

"It might be the revenoos," says the captain, "or it might be booze pirates, or it might be nothin'; but whatever it is will have to go some to ketch me."

We was hittin' it up as fast as we could make it, and both of us kept lookin' back for anythin' that showed. Pretty soon the cap says, "Whatever it is is gainin'. Power boat, most likely, and can run rings around us."

"Is it pirates?" I asked him, thinkin' this was more than we figgered on and feelin' kind of sick over the idea of losin' the booze that was just as good as ours, as you might say.

"Dunno. Might be. Better git that gang of gunfighters ready to repel boarders," he says. "Lodgers, too, fur that matter," he says. "If they get to us they'll hang on, you kin make a book on t' at."

I got down to my gang as soon's I could and told them what the captain suspicioned. The captain come along right after me, and he says for the gunmen to scrunch down low and to shoot quick and straight if they is any attempt to get aboard us, no matter whether it is officers or pirates or what.

"They won't be thinkin' they's anybody aboard but the reg'lar crew," he says, "and we can turn twelve or fifteen guns loose on them to once, and they'll think they've hit a battleship, and quit."

Well, my men was willin' enough and they gimme a gun, and everybody but the men down in the engine room and the man at the wheel got ready, most of them with two guns apiece, one in each hand. So we stuck there, and we could hear the exhaust of a engine off on the water, and the captain says whatever it is is coming strong. We kept going as fast as we could, but pretty soon the boat shows plain, comin' like a runaway seaplane, and a guy hollers for us to lay to.

"Wait," says the captain. "Don't do nothin'."

We didn't, and not long after, somebody fired a couple of shots after us, and then the power boat run up right close.

"Slow down," come bellerin' over the water at us. "We're wantin' that booze and unless you give it up peaceful we'll get rough and come and take it."

I was for askin' who they was, but before I could say anythin' the captain hollers "Come ahead!" and he strung a lot of names along with it that would of made a parson fight.

"You're on," says the bull voice, and a flash is turned on us for a few seconds. It sort of blinded me, but the captain says they was turnin' in, and not to shoot until they gets up close.

I was pretty sore by this time, what with thinkin' I might lose out after all, and as soon as I could make out the shape of the boat in the dark I hollered "Give 'em hell!" and cut loose with my gat. Then everybody cut loose too. It sounded like a shootin' gallery gone crazy with the heat. They shot back some, but not much, and we kept pumpin' at them heavy. Nobody on our side was hit.

"Hold on," hollers the captain after a spell. "I think they've beat it."

We quit and listened, but we couldn't see nothin' or hear nothin'. "It might be we plugged one or two of them," says the captain, "or maybe they got the idea we was too many for them. Anyhow, I guess they're gone, but we'll stick around with our artillery for a spell to make sure."

All this time we was hittin' it up for the place on the Jersey shore where The Works' trucks was to be, and I was gittin' nervous. They wasn't no use of our tryin' to hold up the boat when some of the crew was there with gats in each hand. That would mean a lot of killin' maybe, and I wasn't anxious to be in on no murder on the high seas if my play could be made any other way.

I walks down the deck a piece with my skipper and asks him how about it.

"Plenty of time," says he. "The nearer we are to port the shorter time we'll have to keep them cooped up. They's no use wadin' into them now and gettin' all messed up. Be calm," he says, "and when it's ripe I'll pick it."

But all the time we was poundin' up towards the wrong landin' place—that is, the wrong one from my standpoint. There was all that booze just waitin' for me to grab it off, but there was the captain stickin' around, and some hardy lookin' birds of his crew. They didn't seem to have nothin' on their minds but just to be there instead of sleepin' or somethin'. The only ones that was workin' was the guy up steerin' the boat and the ones down in the engine room keepin' her goin'. She was goin', too—churnin' along all right so far's I could see. But she wasn't goin' where I wanted her to be.

I was gettin' nervouser and nervouser and thinkin' I'd tell my skipper to pull it off and get it over, when he edges up to me and says, "You got a gun, ain't you?"

"Yes," I tells him.

"Well," he says, "now's a good time. I hear the captain pass the word to have some coffee made, and when it comes you be over by the wheel house and as soon as we start you beat it up there and put your gun on the steersman, and keep it onto him until I get there. Don't shoot him, you know; just poke your gun into his ribs and tell him to keep on steerin'. That's all you got to do. If he shows fight you plug him, but he won't."

Them instructions didn't add none to my comfort, for I ain't no stick-up man, but they didn't seem to be no room for a kick. So I says all right, and fooled around kind of careless like until I was in a place where I could make my deebut as a gunman, and believe me I wasn't in no happy frame of mind, for that bird up there might not be reasonable, and the idea of drillin' a hole in him didn't give me no kick. But I was in it now, and I got to go through.



"You are Not Hitting on All Twelve Cylinders Today, Sophie," He Said. "I am Surprised at You"

VII

WHEN it come off it come off so slick you'd think my gang had been rehearsin' it for a week. If that crew had of been a lot of amachures they would of tried to fight, like amachures always does, but they was wiseheimers. They knew the thing to do when a gun is poked at you is to do what the gent with the gun says, and not put up no squawk about it. A hull lot of people that's dead would be alive now if they had done what they was told to do by hold-ups and such. This idea of tryin' to get back at a guy who's got a gun held onto you ain't got no nourishment to it. A lot of folks who passed out sudden because they put up a fight didn't get the right angle on it. The gun end of a play like that is the winnin' end, because it is always the gunman's move, and usin' the gun if he has to is his game. You can't beat a man at his own game, specially when it's any such desprit game as that, and the feller what's playin' it wouldn't be playin' it with a gun if he wasn't prepared to use his gun if he has to. Any man who starts anythin' in such a play starts a hundred in the hole.

Now this crew, bein' sort of in the business themselves, and off watch and drinkin' their coffee besides, didn't need to be told twicet. They stuck 'em up when they got the word, and kept 'em up. The skipper attended to the captain. He was right over beside him and had his men scattered around near the others. The captain was blowin' on his coffee to cool it when the skipper hollers "All right, boys; let's go!"

He pokes his gun into the captain's ribs and says "Put 'em up, buddy."

"What the ——" hollers the captain, spillin' his coffee and reachin' for his gat.

Quicker than a flash my skipper turned his gun in his hand and fetches the captain a wallop on the head with the butt of it that I could hear the thud of over where I was. The captain kind of staggered some, threw his hands out, and then his knees sort of bent out and back, and he fell sprawlin' on the deck. My skipper frisked him quick, took his two guns and thrun them overboard.

"Get their guns," he hollers to the fellers who was holdin' the crew; and they did, and thrun them overboard too.

Well, while this was comin' off I was up into where the bird was steerin', and a lot more scared than he ever was. I jabbed my gun into his back and says "Keep steerin' straight ahead, bo, or I'll blow a hole in you."

He turned his head a little, wiggled his back to make sure it was a gun that was proddin' him, and says, as cool as if he was use to havin' them sort of steerin' orders, "Straight ahead it is."

The skipper herded the crew down into their bunks and put a couple of his men standin' guard over them with orders not to let them out, first havin' gone through their stuff to see they was no more artillery around. Then he passes a few turns of rope around the captain, to hold him safe for a spell, and goes down to the engine room with a couple of his fellers. Those birds down in the engine room don't know anythin' has come off, for no shots was fired, and they is surprised when the skipper shows and tells them to go right ahead as they have been goin' and that his fellers will stick around and see to it that they does, and that, furthermore, one of these guys is an engineer and it won't be healthy to try no monkey business.

"Right-o," says the engineer, and things run along as usual down there.

So he sends up a feller to relieve me in my job, and I goes down on the deck, and just as come along the tug captain, who is roped up good, begins to laugh.

"What's the joke, buddy?" asks my skipper.

"I am," says the captain. "Me. It gives me the laugh of my life to think I was so darn particular to stave off them other pirates when I had a cargo of real ones right aboard with me. Oh, boy, that's what I call bein' made a sucker of, right."

"Glad you take it that way," says my skipper. "Let me loose them ropes and go on down to your bunk. Sorry I had to lam you, but that's better than bumpin' you off. You just lay down there quiet, and when we get through you can have your boat back and no harm done."

"Suppose I don't?" says the captain.

"There'll be a man hangin' round to see to it you do," says the skipper, "and he's got orders not to be so gentle with you as I was."

"In that case," answers the captain, giving in, "lead me to it."

So they steered him, kind of wabbly, down to his place, and a man stood guard mount over him, and then my skipper goes up and takes charge. He sets the course of the boat to where we are goin' and makes it clear to the bird who is steerin' at the time that he knows the navigatin' game.

"You keep on that course," says he to the steerer, givin' him the dope, "and if you don't I'll find it out ten minutes after you shift, and you won't do no more sailorin' for quite a spell," he says.

The feller was wise. He done what he was told. He had to.

(Continued on Page 36)

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PACKARD
RE-DISCOVERS
AMERICA

THOSE who dedicate their lives to the fabrication of fine things are nearly always a little fearful that only the few will care to buy them. The result is restricted production. The result of this is inefficiency. And the result of that is an excessively high price. The few are penalized because the man who makes the fine things fears that they will not appeal to the many. ❦ Packard has proven that in America any such fear is baseless. Building the very best has always seemed to Packard the only thing worth while. Time was, however, when it is possible that we proceeded too cautiously as to production. ❦ Then we re-discovered America. We found out not merely how large it was, but how large and how fine were the aspirations of its people. There, we finally realized, was the much larger Packard market waiting with its arms outstretched. There was a positive eagerness for the exclusive excellence the Packard embodied. ❦ In finding that greater market we also found ourselves. We found that the millions Packard expended in attaining that exclusive excellence meant little or nothing when distributed over the larger sales area. When the burden was lifted from the few, the one-time luxury became *unprecedented* value for the many. ❦ In re-discovering America we hope and think we are making industrial history. The same discriminating people in every city and town throughout the length and breadth of the land who have overwhelmed us with an eager clamor for the Packard Single-Six are waiting, we believe, for other manufacturers of other fine things to re-discover America and find themselves. We offer to them the encouragement of our experience and our good wishes; and to the public our appreciation.

Alvan Macauley

President
Packard Motor Car Company

AMERICA
RE-DISCOVERS
PACKARD



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(Continued from Page 34)

Well, the hull play was over in fifteen minutes, slick and clean, and nobody killed and not nobody hurt except the captain had a bump on the conk. They jammed that old tug through the water like she was racin' with the Olympic. After a while my skipper says he thinks he will go up and steer some himself, bein' as he ain't had no exercise for a while and likes the feel of the spokes in his hand, and so on, and he has the other steerer stuck down with the rest of the crew, and takes holt.

He figgers, he tells me, that we ought to be makin' our destination in about a couple of hours, or maybe three, which will give us time to get the stuff off before it gets too light in the mornin'. I watches him close, but can't see nothin' suspicious. He looks like he is shootin' square, but anyhow I can't help myself none if he ain't. I figger that Charley Semmler knew him to be right, and that he prob'ly is.

I never was so wrong in my life. I might of knowed that a bird like that, so workmanlike and with so good a bean, wouldn't be sucker enough to be square in a deal like this, and he wasn't. After a while it kind of thickened up off to one side, and he says to me, "That's land." He was takin' a spell offen the wheel at the time.

"What land?" I asks him.

"Where we're goin', provided ——" he says.

"Provided what?"

"Provided I get a right split on this."

"Split? Where do you get that stuff?" I asks him, hard as I could make it, but feelin' a sinkin' inside, just the same. "You got yours."

"I got a advance," he says, "but not full pay. What kind of a boob do you think I am to pull this for you crooks, and let you get away with it for only wages? How many ways does this split?"

"Three ways," I tells him.

"Well, make it four, and I'll take one."

"That's robbery," I says; and I says a lot of other things too. He listens all quiet enough, and when I get out of breath and cuss words he says, "Sure, it's robbery," he says, "but what's what you're doin', may I ask? Ain't that robbery too? And us robbers has got to stick together."

"It can't be done," I says very firm, but knowin' I am on a losin' card as the deal lays.

"Oh, yes, it can," he says. "This here booze won't be docked nowhere where you want it to be unless I'm in on the split," he says.

We jawed back and forth for a spell, but I couldn't make a dent in him. He had the edge on me. So I finally says all right, and begins to stiffen myself up for the holler Sophie and Charley would make. He had me dead.

So, a while later, we run up to a place where they'd been a fishin' camp, which was our place, and the tug slipped alongside a rickety old dock where they was posts to tie to, and made fast. He was a slick sailor, that boy. We got in there without no more noise than as if we was rubber-tired. Sophie and Charley was waitin' on the dock. This was about four o'clock in the mornin'. I see that Sophie is carryin' a small black suitcase, and figger it is some sort of woman's fixin's she brings along, because Sophie don't never let herself get sloppy no matter where she is.

VIII

"HELLO," pipes Sophie. "Glad to meet you. How's every little thing?"

"Rotten," I says.

"Didn't you get it?" squawks both Sophie and Charley in one squawk.

"Sure I got it."

"Well, the trucks is ready. What's the matter?"

"This bird here," says I, pointing to the skipper, "won't let go without we declare him in, same as we are."

The skipper stood alongside me, and nodded that that was right when Charley and Sophie threw the eye onto him. I could see Charley swellin' up and gettin' ready to blow off, but Sophie smiled and was as pleasant as a cup of tea.

"Fair enough," she says. "He deserves it. He took the big share of the risk."

"What the ——" I sputters, and Charley looks at her as if she is gone nuts all of a sudden. Sophie stands there, smilin' like she was tickled pink to split with this crook, and Charley and me both falls that they's a hen on, because Sophie wouldn't give up no such split as that with nobody without it was over her dead body. I don't know what's comin' off, but Sophie gives us the high sign not to horn in, and we stands quiet and waits for the play.

"Fair enough," she says, sweeter than molasses. "I think it is perfectly right. He took a great risk. Don't you think so, Charley?"

"Seems kind of high," says Charley, "lookin' at it one way and bein' as we paid him for the job, but I kin see they is a good ground for his holler lookin' at it another," he says.

I was still hot under the collar and puts in, "It's robbery! I ——" But the skipper stops me with "We've had our talk, Mr. Dunn, and you've agreed already"; and Sophie gives me a look that says as plain as words: "Lay off, you boob, and let me handle this." So I quit.

"What's the plot?" asks the skipper.

"Put it on the dock," says Sophie, very pointed. "You ain't takin' any risk. If we don't come across you can put it back on the boat, can't you? We can't stop you, not with them thugs you've got back of you."

"That's right too," says the skipper, and they begun shiftin' the stuff to the dock. What with the regular crew workin' under his orders and them of his men that wasn't needed to keep the crew goin' and prevent accidents like the tug captain bustin' out, and so on, they was men enough to shift the stuff in jig time. Sophie and Charley and me checks it up, and finds it right. So, when it's all landed the skipper says, keepin' four of his men on guard over it, and all of them with guns, "There it is, and I won't stand for nothin' less than eighty bucks a case for it. That's forty grand for me."

"Wait a minute," says Sophie, calm as a summer mornin'. "You said you want a four-way split on this, didn't you?"

"That's what I said."

"Well, a four-way split don't give you no forty grand. You're flyin' too high. We ain't gettin' no eighty bucks a case for this. That's about all the party we're sellin' it to can get. We ain't fixed to store it and handle it no more than you are. We had to turn it over to some bird that is regular in the business in the big town."

"What are you gettin'?" asks the skipper, very suspicious.

"Fifty a case," she says.

"Nix," says he. "Don't believe it."

"All right," she says. "I ain't goin' to argue with you. That's what we're gettin'—fifty a case. If you think I'm stringin' you you've got your come-back. Put it on the boat again and beat it, and see what you can do with it without no organization to handle it. You'll be in jail forty minutes after you try to sell the first case. You don't think them birds up there that's got their money tied up in this game is goin' to let a outsider like you bust in on them, do you? They'll tip you off to the prohibitioners and the cops the minute you show with a bottle of it, and you know it."

Sophie's talk got under this crook's skin, because they wasn't nothin' to it but what she said. They'd land him so quick it would make his head swim if he tried to bull into their market with any such big bunch of booze as that. He was no fool about them things, that skipper, and he see that she was talkin' sense.

"All right," he says. "Gimme twenty-five, then. And hurry up. It'll be day pretty soon."

"Furthermore," says Sophie, "we didn't get cash money, because The Works and Condorelli is the only two parties that could dig up a hundred grand in cash, and we couldn't go to neither of them."

"What did you get?" asks the skipper, very savage. "I O U's?"

"No," says Sophie sweetly. "We got gold bonds that is better'n money, because they got interest attached."

"Bonds?" asks the skipper. "What kind of bonds?"

"This kind," says Sophie, openin' the suitcase she had, and diggin' out a bale of bonds that looks like a million dollars. "Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad gold-certificate bonds, bearin' 4 per cent interest. Look 'em over."

She stripped off a few and handed them to the skipper, and as he was lookin' at them she goes on: "These here bonds is a thousand-dollar bonds and they is backed by one of the biggest railroad companies in the country. Owin' to the depression in all securities they are now sellin' for eighty-one. Here," she says, handin' out a coupla New York newspapers. "You can see for yourself."

She turns the papers open to the financial pages, and I hold a small flash on them and she points out, in the bond transactions: "Chic R I & P gen 4's 81–82¼."

"Look at both papers," she says, "so you'll see what I'm tellin' you is true."

The other paper had it the same.

"Now," says Sophie, "we're gettin' a hundred grand for this stuff—fifty a case—and as the bonds is less than par we made the deal at eighty to save figgerin'. So that gives us a hundred and twenty grand in bonds to make up the hundred grand in cash."

"What'll I do with them?" says the skipper, who was gettin' anxious to break away, and who didn't want the booze and did want a cut in on it.

"Why," says she, "you can sell them at any time in any broker's offices. They're just the same as cash for the market price, and you're gettin' them a shade under. You can feed 'em out as you want the money, or can sell 'em in a bunch. Any broker will handle them. They're just the same as cash."

All this time Charley and me was standin' around playin' up to Sophie as well's we could. I didn't get it, and I could see Charley didn't get it, neither. It was all Yid to us, but we has faith in Sophie and stands in to make her play as good as we can.

"Take it or leave it," says Sophie. "We're satisfied with this sort of pay, and you can see that because we've took the bonds for ours and here they are; and if we're satisfied you've got no call to be holdin' out for cash when bonds is good enough for us," she says. "Do you want thirty of these babies," she says, "or don't you? Talk quick if you want to deal, or if you don't. We can't be standin' here until daylight either way."

I could see she had him out on a limb. He wasn't use to bonds, and didn't savvy them very good, but Sophie sort of made it stick we was takin' them, and riffled her hull stack before him so's he could see that her claim they was full pay would stick. And he knew well enough he'd be a lobster tryin' to handle that booze himself, and he didn't see nobody there he could sell it to, the trucks bein' held back on the road a piece until it was sure the stuff was landed. I made a bluff about not givin' a hoot which way it broke, bein' sick of the hull game, and not havin' no desire to land in the hoosegow because of bein' found there with a lot of booze and a boneheaded crook who didn't know gold certificates when he saw them.

He hesitated, but finally, as the sky was beginnin' to streak with dawn and he knew he had to fish or cut bait, he said, "Gimme them."

Sophie stripped thirty bonds offen her bunch and handed them to him.

"Now beat it," she said. "Get that hooker outa here because when it comes light she'll be spotted sure, and we'll all be pinched."

I was afraid he'd cross us again, and had my hand on my gun to plug him if he did, disregardless of what happened, because I was so sore it hurt all over, thinkin' of how he had held us up for twenty-five thousand good big iron men. He didn't. He was too eager to get away and land the boat somewheres. He see it was no good to stick there, because he was out in the brush, and he could get nearer to where he wanted to be in the boat and they was no chancet of the boat crew tippin' him off, because they was in it as deep as he was. So he tells his men to get back aboard, and in five minutes he was churnin' out to sea again.

"Now," says Sophie, "let's go up and get our dough, and beat it ourselves."

"Get our dough?" says I. "What's that you got there?"

"That, my son," says Sophie, "is a bunch of waste paper worth about four cents a pound."

"I don't get you," says I.

"You wouldn't," says Sophie, "havin' always been on the sucker's end of Wall Street. I was on the other end, you know. These here is bonds put out by the old Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad that they defaulted on eight or nine years ago, and then went out of business, and they ain't worth nothin' because they have no connection with the new reorganized company. Them quotations I showed him in the papers was for bonds put out by the new company. That was easy because the new bonds has the same name and interest as this junk, but not the same dates. These here are the bonds maturin' in 2002, A. D.," she says, "and that's how to tell 'em. Of course he's too much of a hick to know that, smart as he thinks he is. As a financier he's a good sailor," she says. "Now let's get back to the trucks. It's gettin' late, and we've got some collectin' to do."

"But," I says, "how did you happen to have them with you?"

"Oh," she says, "I had a hunch and brung them along in case of accident. You never can tell," she says, "when stuff like this will come in handy. I've seen a lot of them used in my day, because they look like the real thing, and the stuff them railroad guys pull is too deep for folks who is interested in gettin' somethin' for nothin'. You'd be surprised how suckers fall for them. I could of sold them to you."

"Can that," I tells her; "but, at that, I've got to hand it to you. That was clever stuff all right. My hat's off to you."

"Put it on," says Sophie, "and let's get busy."

Well, the trucks was back a bit, and we went up and gives them the word that the stuff was on the dock. So the pay-off man comes down, and they count up, and it's all correct, and, to make a long story short, Sophie gets our dough, bein' as she made the deal, and in half an hour we are beatin' it for the big town in a car and I was feelin' fine, and glad to get out of the mess.

"That's a good week's work," I says, "thirty grand apiece."

"How do you get that way?" asks Sophie. "Thirty grand?"

"Well, ain't it?"

"It's forty."

"How do you figger it? We get fifty bucks a case, and our expenses is about ten thousand."

"Sixty-five bucks, son," says Sophie.

"Right," says Charley.

"But you said fifty."

"Yes, and I said them bonds was good too. We landed a live one in this deal—a new one."

"Who's that?" I asks.

"John P. Wilkes."

"Never heard of him."

"Prob'ly not," says Sophie, "but you will, from now on."

IX

MRS. SOPHIE CARO, bootlegger, speaking:

There was an actress friend of mine in the Hotel Splendide in need of a bottle of gin. She telephones out that the Sahara Desert was a cloudburst compared to the dryness of her room, and couldn't I do something to relieve the drought as she was afraid of the stuff the bellboys and the hotel detectives and the waiters had for sale. I had a little real Berry Brothers London tucked away, and I was bringing her a couple of bottles to help her roll the clouds away when who should I meet in the lobby but John P. Wilkes.

"Why, Mr. Wilkes," I said, "I am glad to see you. It's been a long time since we met. How are you?"

"Fine. And you?"

"Never better."

"You look the part. What's the good word?"

"Oh, nothing much. I'm still a poor working girl doing the best she can to make an honest living."

"Having any luck?"

"Now and then I get my hands on a piece of change. Nothing to boast of, but I'm eating regular."

"What's the lay?" he asked me—"if I'm not too inquisitive."

"Not at all. I'm doing a little bootlegging here and there."

"Is that so? Well, they tell me that's a good game if you are in right. How are you fixed?"

"Pretty fair. I've been working for Jacobson."

"I know about him. Good-sized operator, I hear. Satisfied with your job?"

"Oh, so-so. It might be worse."

"Might be better, too, I suppose?"

"Sure."

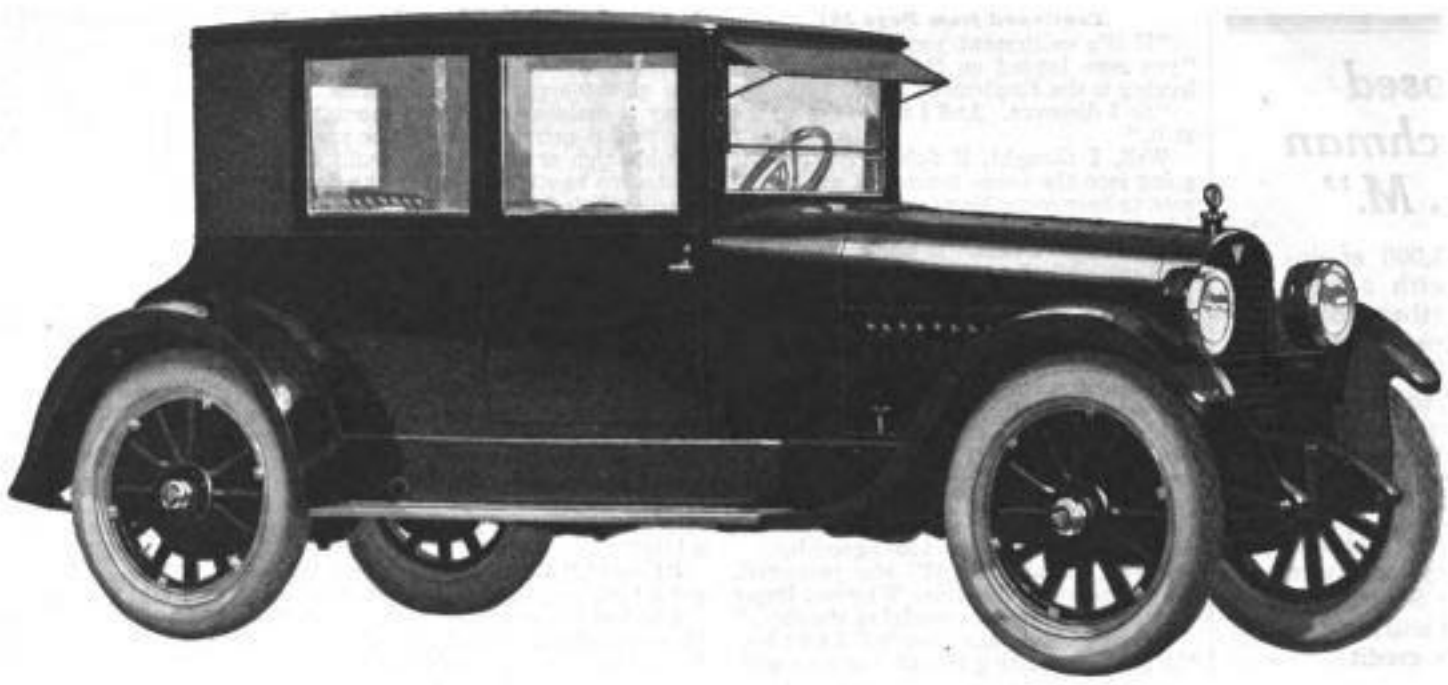
"Well, Sophie," he said, "come on over here and sit down and let's have a talk. I might find a way to use you."

That surprised me. "You use me?" I said. "Why, I thought you had so much money you retired and became a respectable leading citizen or something."

"I tried it, Sophie, but it's a dull life. I tried collecting books, and breeding blooded cattle, and playing golf, but none of them give me any kick. I need excitement and adventure, so I have been looking into the bootlegging business some lately."

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The Coach—All Closed Car Advantages $1745

"Hudson Has a New Motor"

How often that remark is heard whenever automobiles are talked about.

No car ever had a more famous motor than the Super-Six.

It made motor history on the speedway—in road contests—in mountain climbs and in endurance runs. Some of its records remain unmatched after six years of assault by world famous cars.

More than 125,000 owners regard their Super-Six with an affection and confidence that give Hudson a prestige of enviable importance.

Hudson's security and leadership were never stronger. Yet at the pinnacle of success a new motor was adopted.

Thousands of Hudsons with the new motor were delivered without their buyers being told of the change.

But those who had owned earlier Super-Sixes noted a marvelous difference in the performance of their new cars.

The old-time performance, the dash and nimbleness are there. And so is the ability to bear up in long, hard driving. It has the famous Hudson quality of endurance and reliability.

The patented Super-Six principles are retained. Without them such perfection would not have been possible.

But there is a heretofore unknown smoothness that adds to the charm of motoring. Driving today's Hudson Super-Six is like coasting—so free and effortless is its performance.

Won't you learn this Hudson quality?

Any dealer will gladly provide the opportunity.

A Ride Tells All

Speedster - - - - $1645
7-Pass. Phaeton - 1695

HUDSON SUPER SIX

Coach - - - - - $1745
Sedan - - - - - 2295
Freight and Tax Extra

Look for the White Triangle

HUDSON

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

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"I closed the Scotchman this A. M."

IT was a $15,000 equipment deal with a hard headed Scot and the negotiations had seemingly reached an impasse. The student, an experienced salesman in the Middle West, called on us for special instructions. A few days later he wrote us as follows: "You will be more than pleased to know that I followed your advice and closed the Scotchman this A.M.; so I will have to give you all the credit."

"People Pay More Attention To What I Say"

A young man writes us from Connecticut: "Your course has helped me to find myself. It has rounded me out in every way. People pay more attention to what I say and I find that I can handle myself effectively in all situations. It is really wonderful to see the improvement I have made."

A New York student has just written us: "I utilized the instruction in Lesson 20 in approaching the presidents of the largest New York banks and have had no trouble in making appointments with them. Yesterday I called on five New York bank presidents (by appointments thus made) and was successful with two of them."

A famous Princeton football and baseball star, who is now a successful salesman, writes us: "I gained more in the first four lessons than I did all last year in taking the course in salesmanship at one of the large universities. If a man can't sell after studying your course, it is either because he is dumb or has merely read and not studied what you say."

These are extracts from four of the many enthusiastic letters that come to us daily. Our course in salesmanship is unique in that, as one of our students has aptly said, we "not only tell what to do and say, but exactly *when* and *how* to do and say it."

If you can sell yourself, you can sell anything

The Maxwell method of teaching salesmanship is founded on the great truth that a man must be able to *sell himself* before he can expect to sell his merchandise or his ideas.

William Maxwell, "America's Best Known Sales Manager," has devised a Self-Analysis Chart which, when conscientiously filled out by you, enables us to advise you what qualities to cultivate to improve your ability to sell yourself. Our opinion costs you nothing and puts you under no obligation. Yet it and our free booklet, "How to Sell Yourself," may be of great help to you. Send for them today.

Special Notice to Employers

Without charge to anyone, we are glad to place responsible employers in touch with salesmen and sales executives who have demonstrated their intelligence, industry and powers of application. This service is not available to employers whose financial responsibility is doubtful, nor to those engaged in questionable enterprises.

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Orange, N. J., U. S. A.

Please send me without charge or obligation your Self-Analysis Chart and the booklet, "How to Sell Yourself."

Name_____

Address_____

(Continued from Page 36)

"If it's excitement you want," I said, "you sure landed on the winner. Bootlegging is the Excitement Kid."

"So I discover. And I may take a shot at it."

Well, I thought, if John P. Wilkes is going into the booze business I am pretty sure to hear something to my advantage if I have a talk with him, because he's a big operator. So I said, "If you'll wait a few minutes while I go up and park this gin I've got with a parched lady friend on the fifteenth floor I'll be glad to talk to you."

"Go ahead," he said. "I'll wait. You'll find me sitting right here. We'll have a bite of lunch if it isn't too early for you, and you can talk at the table."

My mind ran back over my experiences with John P. while I was making the trip up and back in the elevator, and I was so full of it that I wasn't even sociable when I got to my friend's room, but dumped my package on her table and said good-by.

"Well, of all things!" she protested. "Running away like this. Why not linger a little and swap the scandal of the day?"

"Haven't time now, dearie," I told her. "A party is waiting to talk business with me."

It would be business, I was sure, for business was John P.'s other name when he got through joshing and settled down to it. He was a live one when he was working, and smart. I never met a smarter man, nor one with a colder nerve. He wasn't afraid of any of them, and most of them were afraid of him. He used to play according to his own rules, not theirs, and that's what had them going, for they never knew where he'd break out next. I got very well acquainted with him when he put over the Carbajal Petroleum at the time I was down in the Street, because the man I was working for was one of his main brokers and Wilkes used to talk to me a good deal when my boss and I went up to his hotel to see him each night to get the dope for the next day's operations. He said a woman's viewpoint on things down there was useful at times, and I admired the smooth way he worked, and loved to hear him josh the crowd, and learned a lot from him too.

The beginning of the Carbajal Petroleum was commonplace. He organized an oil company, in which he didn't appear, put out a lot of stock at a low price, and with good publicity washed up the price on the curb with a gang of brokers, paid a couple of dividends and let loose stories about big production at the time when he had made his market, and jumped the stock up several dollars a share. Then, when it was high enough to suit his purposes, and his market was established, he fed out a few bales of the stock he had that cost him nothing but the printing of the certificates, and cashed in.

That's been done a thousand times. The interesting thing about this Carbajal deal was that it wasn't based on a phony property. Wilkes really had some oil wells, and a lot of proved and valuable oil land which made the stock a legitimate oil buy, and the way he faked them after he had unloaded, and gave that property a bad name that drove the stock down to where you could hardly give it away and made the suckers who had bought it crazy to get out, was clever. It was all regular promotion and curb stuff at the beginning, but what he did was to introduce some new frills in the way of getting that stock down where it only cost him a few cents a share, and he bought it all in, and there he was, sitting pretty, with a whaling big profit from the stock he sold, all that stock back in his box for almost nothing, and the oil property in his pocket. He showed them a few things about manipulating a curb market they didn't know before, and they have been using his stuff ever since.

He never was a regular New Yorker. Didn't live there. What he did was to drop in now and then, pull something off and drop off again. He told me once that his idea wasn't to be a New York financier, but to be a financial New Yorker. He lived somewhere out West, but every so often he broke into New York, and then he cleaned whatever he touched. The greatest genius he had was for keeping under cover. There weren't forty of the wise ones who knew anything about him, and there were four hundred he had rolled one way or another, to say nothing of making dents in the general investing public that you could drop the Metropolitan Life Building into. He pulled that whole Carbajal deal from a room in a hotel where he was registered as William T. Griffin, of somewhere in Idaho.

He was a spender. I don't mean he was one of those goldfish that throw money away to make a splash with chorus girls or big parties or racing stables or yachts, or gamble high or any of that stuff. I mean that when he started out to put a deal over he distributed thousand-dollar bills as if they were cigar coupons, and paid any price at all to get what he wanted, especially men and influence. He told me once that he principally dealt in cupidity. He said he'd never found a door yet that money wouldn't unlock, and from all I heard he had unlocked many a door with that key, from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

"Well, Sophie," he said when I got back to where he was waiting, "I consider myself very fortunate in meeting you."

"I hope that goes two ways," I told him.

"Perhaps it does," he said. "You never can tell about those things. Could you eat a bite?"

"I could," I said, and we went in and got a table and he ordered some food.

I looked him over while he was ordering. He hadn't changed much since the last time I saw him. He always did look less like a pirate than any of those go-getters I ever saw; always free and easy and lively, and with a twinkle in his eyes and a curve to his smile as if he was kidding the universe and having a lot of fun out of it. He had a pleasant round face, and a soft-spoken voice, and a what's-the-use-of-being-serious way with him that made a lot of folks pick him up for a lobster, only to find he was a stingaree. He was good-looking, tall, with wide shoulders and a big chest, and no paunch, and he dressed well. His color was healthy, and his eyes clear, and he looked fit all the way.

"All the adventure in taking money away from these boobs is gone," he said to me once. "It's reduced to a formula now. They have systematized their larcenies, standardized their freebooting, organized their piracies until they run their forays on the public with a card index and a series of charts showing the rise and fall in the visible supply of suckers. It's all as cut and dried as stamping out half dollars in the mint. All the charm and imagination and adventure in landing the come-ons and depriving the esteemed public of their money have passed. The blight of an organizing, synchronizing, schematizing efficiency is on our once wide and free and individualistic buccaneering methods, and the game bores instead of interests."

That was the last time I saw him, before this.

"Sophie," he said after he had given the order, "I did think I had retired, for the once great game of getting other people's money had become so stupid it was appalling to a man with imagination, and with adventure in his heart. It was reduced to big bankers operating with big banks, combinations, underwritings, squeezing of shorts, bull forays, corners, extortions of usurious interest for loans under the guise of bonuses, sticking stocks up and unloading and shoving them down and buying in, cancellation of contracts, and other such stuff. The only remaining exercise for real talents such as I may modestly claim to have to some degree is in beating the income tax. All the rest of it is mere routine. So I quit. But along came prohibition, and with it not only vast possibility for getting easy money but vast opportunity for adventure, for conflict, for intrigue; and I may take a whirl at it and become a bootlegger."

"You'll find plenty of competition," I said.

"Right," he answered. "I have discovered that. A large number of my fellow citizens, of both sexes, look with complacency on our enterprise and give the benefit of their patronage to our labors."

"Where will you work?" I asked him.

"Everywhere," he said. "The continent is my pearl, but the world is my oyster."

"Will you do anything here?"

"Naturally. I couldn't overlook a bet like the sophisticated metropolis in such a game and habitat of the superslick of our country, where they bite harder, fall easier and come back oftener than in any spot on the globe. My bootlegging friends tell me that they pay more for poorer stuff here than anywhere else from coast to coast."

"Who are your bootlegging friends?" I asked him, sort of fishing around to see if I could place the stuff we expected to get.

"One of them is a most devious ruffian known as Condorelli."

"Condorelli!" I almost shouted.

"Hush, Sophie," he warned. "A revenue agent might be at the next table. But Condorelli is a friend of mine. Do you know the most capable crook?"

"I know about him."

"Nothing good, I hope. It would grieve me to hear anything but evil of Condorelli, because I should know I have failed in my estimate of the villain."

"You never will," I said. "He's a terrible creature."

"I'm glad to hear my judgment confirmed by an expert like yourself."

"He's our principal opposition."

"Meaning Jacobson's?"

"Yes."

"Well, if my plans work out he'll be more than your opposition. He'll be your destruction."

"I don't care if he is. I'm finishing with The Works anyhow, and maybe I can do your sweet-scented friend Condorelli a good turn."

"How so?"

I told him what was coming off, because I knew he would protect us and never say a word. He began to laugh before I was half through with my story.

"What's the joke?" I asked him.

"There isn't any—yet," he said, "but there will be if you push it along."

"How come?" I didn't get him at all.

"You are not hitting on all twelve cylinders today, Sophie," he said, laughing some more. "I am surprised at you. Why, I'll get my friend Condorelli to take that stuff from you at a fair price, and he'll sell it right under Jacobson's nose. That will be the biggest bootlegging joke of the period."

"Great!" I said, when it finally came to me. "And Condorelli can send The Works a couple of cases of his own whisky with his compliments. That'll give the wolf the apoplexy."

"Now you're back to form, Sophie," he said, and after we had put a few more frills on the job we talked money. He knew prices as well as I did, and he finally said he would see that Condorelli gave us sixty-five dollars a case, which, he said, was high, but the joke would be worth it. He guaranteed the deal, and that settled it with me, for I knew Wilkes always went through with what he promised to do. It was the best kind of a deal for us because there wouldn't be any slip-up over delivery. Condorelli had just as many ways of getting whisky into the city as The Works had, and had done as much fixing along the routes. When it came to handling it in the city I think Condorelli had the best stand-in. Anyhow, that was off my chest, and I wouldn't have to dicker with Wolff, who was a tough proposition, but the best bet I had until Wilkes came along.

With that over I thought I'd string along to see if there was anything more doing, because that piece of change I would get from The Works booze wouldn't last me the rest of my natural. So I made a play.

"You said you might find a way to use me. What was that—a josh or a jolly?"

"Neither one," he answered. "I think I can."

"Bootlegging?"

"Of course."

"Well," I said, "that won't be any treat to me. I've done nothing else for a long time. Unless ——" I said.

"Unless I can make it very attractive. Is that the idea?"

"It is."

"Sophie," he said, leaning over the table, "I can make it as attractive as hunting buried treasure—and finding it—as attractive as storybook piracy on the Spanish Main."

"Lead me to it," I told him. "I'm your willing slave."

x

A MAN I worked for, who had a big deal on with John P. Wilkes, used to say that if he could invent a machine of some kind that would detect for him the exact minute in John P.'s conversation when he switched from fancy to fact, from kidding to brass tacks, he would get as much money for himself as John P. got for himself. Trouble was those downtown people John P. dealt with were not fast enough for him. They couldn't keep up. There was nothing unusual about that. Most of those people are pretty dumb except on their one little subject, and they are not very eloquent about that.

Did you ever sit in at one of their meetings, a business meeting, no matter whether the business was the regular stuff or the

(Continued on Page 40)

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—next winter

will a lot of your radiation be heating all outdoors?

IF you don't believe that this picture illustrates a truth, you've forgotten that every pipe, riser, duct and flue in your house is a radiator out of place. And it must be plain that unless you prevent undue radiation from these—a lot of your heat next winter will never get to the radiator where you want it. So you'll shovel more coal, taxi more ashes and pay bills for tons of fuel that scarcely benefit you at all. What's the answer?—insulate! And do it now.

The picture actually understates the condition, for a bare surface the size of your dinner plate, heated to steam temperature, can radiate the heat produced by 100 pounds of coal per season.

This waste in your cellar alone is startling—when totaled up in tons of coal. It makes the few dollars spent for Johns-Manville Improved Asbestocel seem trifling in comparison.

To you who are building or altering, it will always be a regret if you neglect to insulate risers in outside walls with Improved Asbestocel. Each year there will be a little remorse along with your coal bill.

See your heating man right away and have this work done properly once and for all—it will pay in comfort and fuel savings. Read the panel at the right carefully, to be able to identify Improved Asbestocel.

If the heating system is now covered

There are hundreds of homes in which the heating pipes are now covered. It may pay you to replace this with Improved Asbestocel, particularly if the present covering is an inefficient type, opened at the seams, crushed or torn. This Johns-Manville Insulation is not only stronger and more sightly, but it is actually the most efficient household insulation on the market.

Insist on this construction

Note that the corrugations run both lengthwise and crosswise—instead of lengthwise alone, as in other coverings; this closed cell construction means maximum heat saving. Ask for Johns-Manville

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Jim Henry's Column

Is it Unmasculine?

I'm wondering if there's some peculiar psychology beyond my understanding which makes a lot of men cling to the atrocities of the old-fashioned shave. Is there something about the highly efficient experience a man gets with Mennen Shaving Cream that almost borders on the brink of femininity?

Is it unmanly not to suffer under the knife?

Would my two million fans lose character if it got noised about that they actually glide keen steel over their hides without vocally or otherwise expressing a ghastly emotion?

Take yourself. Imagine you're using Mennen's. Squeeze out a dab on your brush. Start gyrating on the point of your chin. Carry up right and left field. Add more water—lots of it—hot or cold. Three minutes: you've got the full potency of Mennen lather.

Grab your usual hoe. Tense your jaw muscles. Prepare to wince. Shave! The old blade gathers in the snowdrift and keeps sliding south. There isn't any beard!—no bite—no pull—no meanness. Wash up. Run your hand over your face. It's great!—soft and benevolent as a soul full of song. That's the Mennen shave!

Now, honestly, is it too nice for you? Is it too easy? Is it a little beyond reason in point of comfort for a man?

Why don't you try it? For ten cents I'm still sending my big demonstrator tube with enough Mennen's to give you at least two weeks of glorious shaves and start you on a new era in your shaving career. I wish you'd write me for it. Of course, you can get our regular giant tube at your druggist's for half a dollar.

At the same time, I want to introduce you to KORA-KONIA. It's the greatest stuff ever made if your skin is inclined to chafe and get raw from walking or other activities. Not a talcum, but an antiseptic powder that forms a velvety film over the affected areas and protects against friction. Heals in no time. Waterproof. Won't wash off. Fine for sunburn. I'll throw in a sample.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.



(Continued from Page 38)

downtown sort? If a man gets into one of those affairs who has a little vision and imagination he finds himself entirely surrounded by minds, if any, that take hours passing a given point. They parrot their stuff over and over, saying the same things twenty times to make sure that what is in hand will seep into the crevices of their domes; and they pass for smart men, but it's all relative, I suppose. The people who think them smart are even dumber than they are.

That's why when a real smart piece of work is done down there it is done by somebody who blows in and pulls it not with the insiders but on them. That's why two or three men in the last generation have stood out like lighthouses in fogs down there. They had imagination, while the others had only a slow and painful comprehension. They know the regular stuff perfectly. They can rig a market or underwrite a sure thing or run a pool or shear a lamb according to a formula, but that's all. The real fellows are freebooters, every one of them, with imagination, individuality and the free spirit of buccaneers. The others are money grubbers who work by schedule. Of course a big grub develops now and then. The unknowing hail him as a real one, too, but he isn't. He's only a giant grub.

John P. got half his fun in life by sitting around and kidding these fellows preparatory to going in and stinging them. They used to listen to him with a helpless submerged look on their faces and try to break in on him with some set Street patter, but he'd wave them aside and go on handing them ideas they never could get until he had them where he needed them, and then—biff!

I could see that he wanted to talk, and I had plenty of time. Besides, there was nothing he could get out of me, and when the waiter had brought me some cigarettes and he had lighted his cigar I leaned back in my chair and said, "Shoot, John P."

"Sophie," he said, "the great trouble with most of the things in this life is not with the things themselves but with the people who do them. For example, you cannot rationally disapprove of banks, but who is there who can approve of bankers? You know many a place that would be fair and fine to live in if it wasn't for the people in it. Most of this talk about the excellencies of the human race is pure hokum, because the human race has few excellencies and those largely of a negative character. You never find anything, from a beautiful landscape to a chord of music, but the human race comes along and gums it all up by building an atrocious house on it or making a comic song out of it. It is the same with everything. Show me something—anything—that is intrinsically beautiful, meritorious or artistic, and I will show you where some specimen of what we flatteringly please to call *homo sapiens* has cast a blight upon it by endeavoring to improve it or by seeking to destroy it; in any event, by trying to get in on it some way.

"Now, Sophie, look at bootlegging, not the way most of our people look at it, who view it with abhorrence and patronize it extensively; not the way the Government or the professional drys regard it; not, in fact, the conventional and customary and legal way, but my way—my own personal way. It caters to a popular demand; it assuages a devastating and nation-wide thirst; it puts large sums of money into circulation, and it affords 90 per cent of the human rabbits who comprise our population, and who consume its products, the only chance they have ever dared take to be individual enough to protest against what they have been led to think by the bootleggers themselves is an infringement on their liberties by a Government that seeks not only to be their master but their mentor, instead of remaining their creature—the only chance in their pallid lives to be devils of fellows."

"It does," I said, "and in addition to all that it makes tons of money for those who are in it right."

"Correct," he answered. "Quite correct, Sophie, and I am coming to that presently. But bootlegging has attracted to itself most of the thugs, crooks, scruff, scum and scrum of the populace now out of jail, both foreign-born and native; it has enlisted in its service specimens of every sort of hold-up man, sure-thing player, gambler, thief, double-crosser and ruffian which our civilization affords; not to say a great many financiers of the higher orders, politicians, speculators and others who make no demands as to the legality of their transactions save that their returns for it shall be in legal tender.

"In common with everything else bootlegging suffers from the character, or lack of character, of the people in it. It is prostituted by its practitioners. Therefore I, John Peter Wilkes, appreciating as I do the multitude of opportunities bootlegging offers to one who seeks to be of service to his fellow man, and quite apart from the commercial aspects of the matter, am engaged in an undertaking of considerable magnitude, and it is in connection with that labor that I can utilize your undoubted abilities."

He leaned back and puffed his cigar, looking at me with a twinkle in his eyes and with that little smile of his on his lips.

"John Wilkes," I said, "you are kidding me."

"Not at all, my dear Sophie; not at all. Who am I that I should try to kid you, the wisest of her sex?"

"You are a smart fellow who is talking through his hat," I told him. "What's the idea?"

"It is depressing, Sophie, to have you impugn my motives in this manner, but since you take that view of it the idea is this: I am going to do the bootlegging for this land of the seekers after hooch. As the poet has put it: Let me but bootleg for a nation and I care not who makes its laws. There is too much illegitimacy about this illegitimate business. I seek to elevate it to a higher plane."

"And get all the money?" I said.

"That is also a consideration," he laughed. "A minor one, but still a consideration."

"But you can't do it."

"Of course I can't do it, absolutely. There are too many opportunities for butters-in, for small dealers, for little crooks doing it in a little way. I mean it is my purpose to control the big sources of supply and distribution, to get the big money, if you insist on that as a phase of it, and get the big thrill."

"That will make you go some."

"Not as much as you think. The big game is now pretty well centralized in the various localities. My idea is to get those big fellows into a combination and run that combination, which I can do because I know more about those things than these men do, who are mostly of the same type as your friend Jacobson."

"And be king of the bootleggers?"

"Not king, Sophie; the king of the bootleggers is a numerous and unregal person. His multiple crowns are pewter. I shall be the Warwick of the bootleggers, if you get what I mean."

"I remember enough of my English history to get you," I told him, "and also enough to recall that Warwick finished with a large puncture in him made by a pike in the hands of the enemy."

"Even so, he was a good fellow when he had it," said Wilkes. "And that's not such a bad finish if you have had your fun before it comes."

"But that won't be yours," I told him. "Some hired gunman will plug you from the window of a taxicab if you try to put over a game like that."

"Forget it!" he said. "No gunman will get me. Do you think well of the scheme?"

"It's a big one, but ——" I started.

"No buts allowed," he said. "It's a big one. And I am going to put it over. And you can help, and so can any other experienced persons who might not be in the employ of Jacobson. Know any?"

"There's Dunn and Semmler."

"Who are they?"

"A couple of roughnecks, but wise and handy in their ways."

"Do you guarantee them?"

"Absolutely."

"All right; I'll take them on."

Then we talked some more, and he sort of outlined to me what he had in mind, which was no more nor less than a bootlegging trust, and was planned to operate from Maine to California, on the Atlantic and the Pacific, over the Mexican and the Canadian borders, and by boat, airplane, automobile, truck, and to control sources, regulate supplies, handle distribution and prevent competition.

It was to be, as Wilkes put it, "a perfect example of an illegal corporation for the purpose of doing an illegal business illegally as distinguished from other corporations which are organized to do illegal business legally."

A few days later we got The Works' stuff in, and were paid for it. Condorelli handled it, and I hear The Works was so sore he started out himself to kill Condorelli; but they shunted him off to Atlantic City and kept him there until he simmered down to normal.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

LAUGHTER, LTD.

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And then after a while the door to the hall opened and mommer put in her head.

She was all dressed to go out, and looked unusually snappy and attractive, even for her, and if I had been in any mood for it I would of asked why all the prinking? But before I could say a word mommer had the floor her own self.

"Mr. Nickolls gone?" she says. "Well, Bonnie, I been helping your poor dear father get ready to move. I just gathered up a few odds and ends we don't really need down here and they will make him a lot more comfortable. I put together some canned goods and some coffee and so forth in a basket, so's he'd have something in the house right away. And them blankets off the spare-room bed, and a couple of sofa pillows. And I thought that if you was through with your business affairs you might just run out to the ranch in the car, and we will take these things along and help him to get to rights, the poor man!"

"All right, mommer!" I says listlessly. "Just wait until I get on my street clothes."

"Before you go upstairs, dear," says mommer—"there is a man at the door. He says it's the installments on the piano, and that they are two weeks overdue."

Well at that, believe me, I come to sudden life. Right out of a clear sky there jumped down a ghostly army of bill collectors, crowding even my big drawing-room and shaking unpaid bills at me. I was cold with terror, for there was not alone the piano man, but the phonograph man, the furniture man, the notes on the car, on the house, on my ring. There was collectors from department stores, from my fan-picture photographer, from everywhere, all around me. I felt like they would suffocate me. Due, due—everything was due—and I hadn't even a job any more!

"Well," says mommer, placidly drawing on her gloves, all unconscious of this imaginary yet real crew that was attacking me, "I said the cash mightn't be convenient just now, and he says he will take a note on the piano. What'll I tell him?"

"Tell him to take G sharp!" says I, and run upstairs, laughing hysterically while mommer just stood there staring after me with her mouth open.

A month later I was what you might call still in the same position. By which I do not mean running upstairs, but I'll say I was running just the same, because by now the sheriff was about one jump behind me. As a matter of geography, I and Axel was sitting in our bathing suits under one of those bright umbrellas that flock so thick around Crystal Pier, and talking about ourselfs. Axel had at this time just finished the heavy part of a footman in a McGee production where he would surely show at least three times during the picture, for as long as five seconds each time. But Axel wasn't contented, even although I pointed out it was at least a part, which was more than I had.

There being no money to spend enjoying ourselfs, we was indulging in the poor-folks pastime of bellyaching.

"Aye tank Aye fail because Aye don't speak English so good," says Axel very serious. "If Aye speak better English, Aye betchew may life Aye got better parts!"

Well I'll say that was the prize alibi for failure to progress in the pictures, because lookit Pola Negri. But I needed Axel to howl to, myself, so of course I had to agree with him.

(Continued on Page 42)

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It is learning the thrill and the enjoyment of power that seems to have literally no limit.

Power that comes with a rush that leaves you almost breathless; yet is yours to command as you will.

Power like this, in its exuberant force, is probably found in the special cars built for the track.

But we are certain that no stock car heretofore has incorporated such power, with such power control.

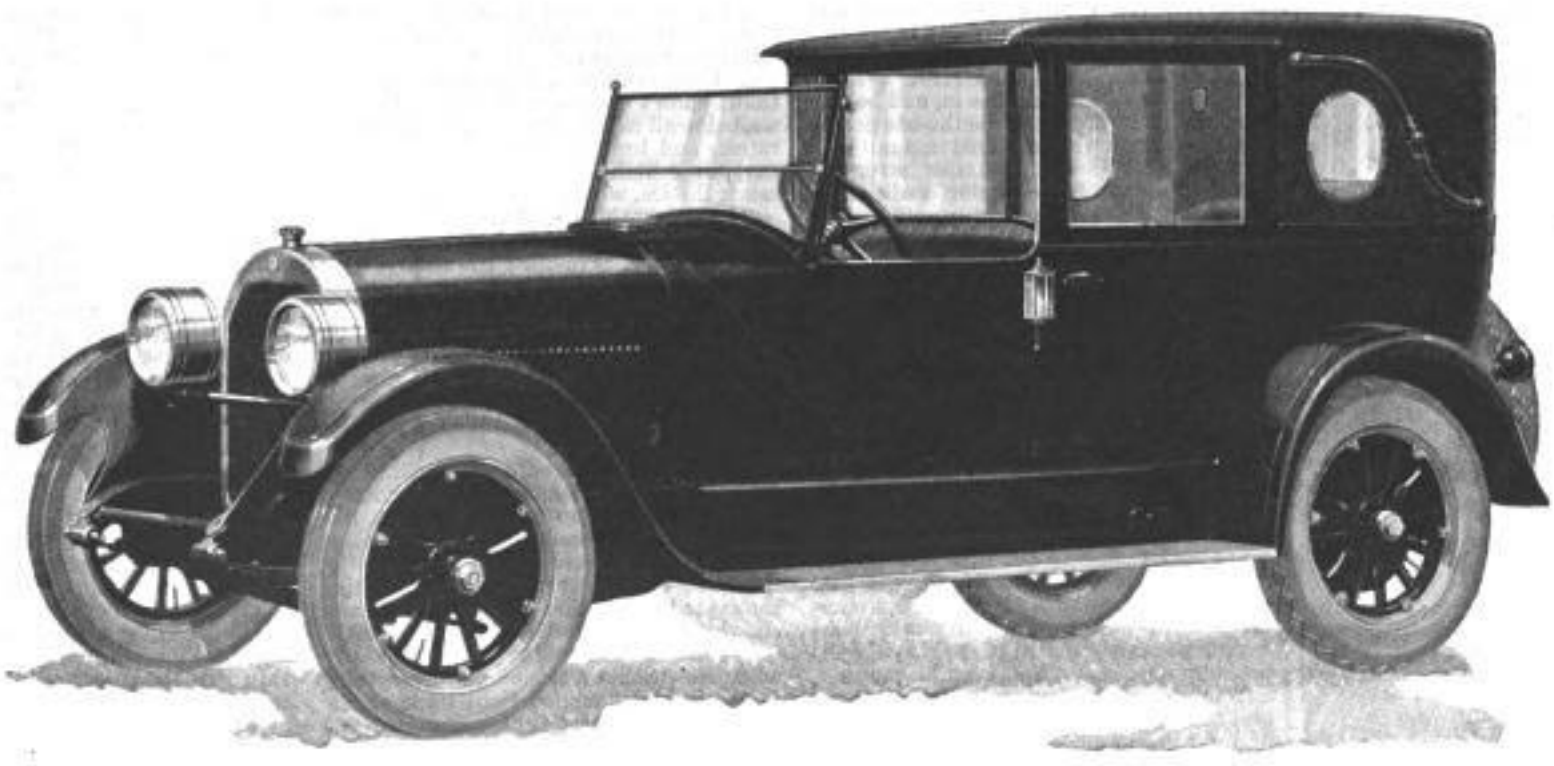
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(Continued from Page 40)

"It's a crime the way they don't appreciate what a wonderful actor you are," I says. "You ought to have a big future, Axel."

"But you, Bonnie!" says Axel, plainly pleased. "How you tank Aye will get appreciated ven you don't? Have you not got anything yet?"

Well for a moment I was going to pull the conventional "Why I have a big offer, and while I haven't signed up yet, I expect to in a coupla days." Then I considered why hand it to a friend, and I did kind of want somebody to talk things out with. I had Adele of course. But since pop had shown, I didn't have her so much of the time as before. Somehow it always seemed like there was something out at the ranch that needed to be done and only mommer could do it. Axel was about the only one at hand, Nicky having gone East on a trip. And so I come clean.

"Axel," I says, "honest, I don't know what am I going to do! I haven't the smell of a contract, even, except, Axel, the contracts I have made with installment people, and so forth. Something has got to break for me pretty soon or I will. Even the grocer had kind of a nasty look in his eye this morning."

"Why don't you hock your ring?" says Axel, mentioning my big chunk of ice which I still wore.

"Installment," I says briefly. "Just the same as everything else. I must of been cuckoo, I guess, when we started Alias Cinderella. Oh, Axel! I don't want to lose what I've gained—my pretty home, my car, everything! Why, I'm pledged for them! But I won't go to Silvercrown! I won't! Why I'd feel like I was double-crossing Nicky if I was to go to Silvercrown now."

"Nickolls don't feel like that," says Axel unexpectedly, reaching for the copy of Wid's, which be had brought out along with his bath towel. "Aye see he bane going to Newrich."

"What?" says I. "Give me that, Axel! Oh, Nicky, they've beat you for sure!"

And Axel was right. On the front page was a notice about how Nicky had signed up in New York and was coming back to the Coast to make some special productions—a new line of stuff based on classic literary stories and plays, and that he would use a big group of feature players, but no star.

"Kind of a stock company," says Axel. "Vell, Aye suppose tha fallars with tha name gets all tha parts, youst like usual!"

But I didn't pay any attention to his crape-hanging, for I was inspired. My way was now sort of cleared for me. If Nicky actually felt he could go back, and went first, why so could I. I sure did hate that outfit for what they had done to us, but I and Nicky were both helpless against them. We had to have the work, and didn't they just know it! I thought of mommer and how I owed it to her not to stand in my own and her light any more; and of pop, too, who of course had to be given a small allowance until his crop was in, and believe me it was just like pop to be the one person in the bunch who required actual cash money, while I and mommer struggled along on a steadily weakening credit. And so, with one reason and another leading me on, I decided to go up and see the Big Egg and tell him well I am back, the prodiguous daughter and all that, and when do I commence working?

"Well, Axel," I says, "I guess they have me beat too. Temporarily, anyways. I'll go job-hunting this very afternoon, and in the meanwhile I have got the price of a coupla hamburger sandwiches if you have got the strength to go and buy them—and no onions in mine today!"

Well, Axel had, and little did I think the day would ever come when a ten-cent hot with pickles would be my honest-to-goodness lunch and I glad to get it, and even less did I think it could possibly be the case that I would eat such lunch while a enormous white automobile that was at least technically mine, waited parked beyond the bathing pavilion! But such is pictures, and as mommer often truly said, "Spend and the world spends with you; charge it, and you spend alone."

Well anyways, I enjoyed my sandwich down to the very last bite, and would of enjoyed that, too, only just before taking it, I happened to look up, and who would I see but Anita and Stricky, both in bathing suits and a very affectionate manner, parking themselves under a near-by umbrella. Well, that took my appetite completely, and I got right up and threw the last bite of my sandwich away, and ain't Providence wonderful? As that bite of sandwich hit the sand I seen it had onion in it! So only for them two showing, I would of eaten it unconsciously, and throwing it in their direction expressed my feelings pretty good, too. I never saw one without the other any more, and believe me when they hove into view I hove out. Which, as Hollywood is not a big world, meant that the three of us led a pretty active life.

Well, this day I got up and gave them the beach, and when we was dressed I drove Axel back to Vine Street, where he was still living with Mrs. Snifter on account he could never seem to get even with, much less ahead of, his room rent. And then I went home and dolled myself up to knock Benny cold.

It was one thing to walk up to the Silvercrown offices a unknown hicklette from the East, another to arrive as a star, driving my own boat, or so it was for all they knew, and march into the office knowing I was doing them a favor by coming at all. The girl behind the window smiled and reached for the push button as soon as she seen me, and I walked confidently in past a lot of respectful hams which was warming the mourners' benches.

"Who did you wish to see, Miss Delane?" says she, confidential-like.

"Mr. Silvercrown, please dear!" says I.

"I think he's here," says she. "Do you know where his new office is? Down the corridor and turn to the left. The first door. You can go right in."

This was news to me. So they had moved the head office since I had been on the lot! I trotted along the dark hallway until I come to the proper door, knocked, and the girl says come in, and there in a small dark office, with the stenographer right in the same room and everything, was Benny Silvercrown in shirt sleeves and cigar.

"Well, hello, if it ain't Miss Delane!" says he, actually getting up to shake hands. "How's tricks, eh?"

"Oh, very good, thanks," says I. "I been awful busy—that is, I—could I talk to you alone, Mr. Silvercrown?"

"Why sure! Sure!" says Benny. "You could take them specifications over to Major McGee's office, Ella, and you shouldn't come back until I ring."

Well, this Ella went off, and the Big Egg drew up a chair for me.

"Well now, we got it nice and cozy, ain't it?" he says amiably. Not a bit excited over me turning up. But what was a person to expect?

"Is there now something I could do for you, Bonnie?" he goes on. "It's quite a while since we seen you around this lot!"

"Too long a while, Mr. Silvercrown," I says. "That's what I come about."

"So?" says he.

Then he frowned a little, looked at me like a question mark, flecked an ash off the fat cigar, reparked it and left things up to me. I begun to wish right then and there that I hadn't been in such a hurry, but had waited until mommer come home from the ranch, and brought her along to kind of overpower him. But if it was up to me to crack the ice, why I would do it.

"I was just thinking," I says, "that I am about rested now, and I don't mind if I go back to work. Provided the salary, part and so forth, are satisfactory, of course."

"Huhu!" says he calmly. "So that's it!"

"Of course I don't want to tie myself up for very long," I says, "because I got a good many offers I am considering, but I thought that after you coming to see me the way you did, why I would give you first chance of getting me."

"Well now that is real good of you," says Benny politely. "I appreciate it a lot."

He let silence flop between us then like a wet blanket. I commenced to feel uneasy.

"Well, Mr. Silvercrown?" I says.

"Well, that's just it!" says he, shifting the cigar to the other side of his face and chewing on the end of it. "That's just it!"

"What do you mean?" I says, nearly wild. He was like a stone wall—everything I said to him bounded right back at me. "You know the last time I saw you, you were acting very different, Mr. Silvercrown. I was to come to you any time—don't you remember?"

"Yes, but that was three months ago," says he, like he was referring to at least the Middle Ages. "All of three months ago!"

"But I haven't changed any since then!" I told him. "I'm even better than I was. Are you sore at me because I wouldn't come back until Nicky did? I will be honest with you, Mr. Silvercrown, that was what changed my mind."

"Is Nicky coming back?" says he, sitting up in his chair sharp and sudden. "Good! That's fine!"

"But sweet daddy!" says I. "Didn't you know it?"

"No," says he, sinking back again.

"Look here, Mr. Silvercrown!" I says sharply, getting to my feet and thumping the desk, and believe me I had him cornered and he knew it because this was a small quartered-oak desk with no hall of refuge under it. "Look here, what's wrong?" I says. "Are you going to give me a contract or are you not?"

"Now, now, don't get excited!" he says, showing more life. "No, I am not going to give it you a contract, but don't get excited!"

"And why aren't you going to give it to me?" I says, near to crying. "You promised me!"

"I know, I know, but I tell you I can't do it!" says Benny wildly. "I ain't got the power!"

"Well, sweet daddy!" says I. "Why not? Ain't you the president of this corporation?"

"Sure, I'm president!" says he, waving both arms like windmills. "But now I am it in name only. The stockholders have made a lot of fuss and nonsense, Miss Bonnie, and they sent a feller down here to take charge of finances, and he thinks he can run the whole shooting match! Everything, mind you, he's got the power to do! Why, I got no more ability to hire you than a cat!"

"What?" says I. "Do you mean to tell me the Silvercrown is in an installment collec—a receiver's hands?"

"No, not at all!" says Benny. "But we will be soon, with this know-all running the place! I wish you could hear the things that man asks me! What ability has such a person got? Why was that one hired? How should I know about my friends! And I'm to tell where this money went, and why no estimate was made for that, and where the appropriation has gone for the other! My heavens, how can a man in pictures bother with such details? Two weeks he's been here already, and he's got a time clock on the lot and a filing-report system! He thinks you can make pictures like in a factory! Let him wait, that's all!"

"Sweet daddy!" says I. "But surely he lets you hire the hams, don't he?"

"Not much!" says Big Benny, collapsing into his chair and groaning. "He says the salaries we pay is crazy, and he must O. K. every cent before we can spend it. Why, I couldn't hand you any contract if you was to pay me for it. He's a hard nut, that feller, with a face and heart on him like a stone. But you go talk to him if you want—and say nothing about you're a friend of mine, or me recommending you, if you want to get by!"

"Whew!" says I. "Well, to be brutally frank with you, Benny, I got to eat. So I may as well take a chance on him. Where is his lair?"

"My old office!" says Benny sadly. "Such grief! Come back and tell me if you got any luck!"

Well, I flitted out and down the corridor like the ghost of my own hopes, and stopped outside the big carved teakwood door of poor Benny's old room, my heart in my mouth. The typewriter desk in the waiting room, which was usually occupied by the dentist assistant, was vacant, and there didn't seem to be nobody about. So after two or three moments alone I thought oh well he can't eat me, and if I don't take a chance why maybe I will not even get to see him. So I give a knock on the teakwood, and almost at once a deep voice says "Come in."

Naturally I didn't hesitate, but pushed open the door and entered cautiously, so's to beat it quick on the least alarm.

The room was exactly the way it used to be in Benny's day, with the handsome furniture and all, and the enormous desk, only now the desk had papers on it—lots of them. There was only one person in the room, a man over by the window, busy searching through a portfolio. As I come in he put this down and turned around.

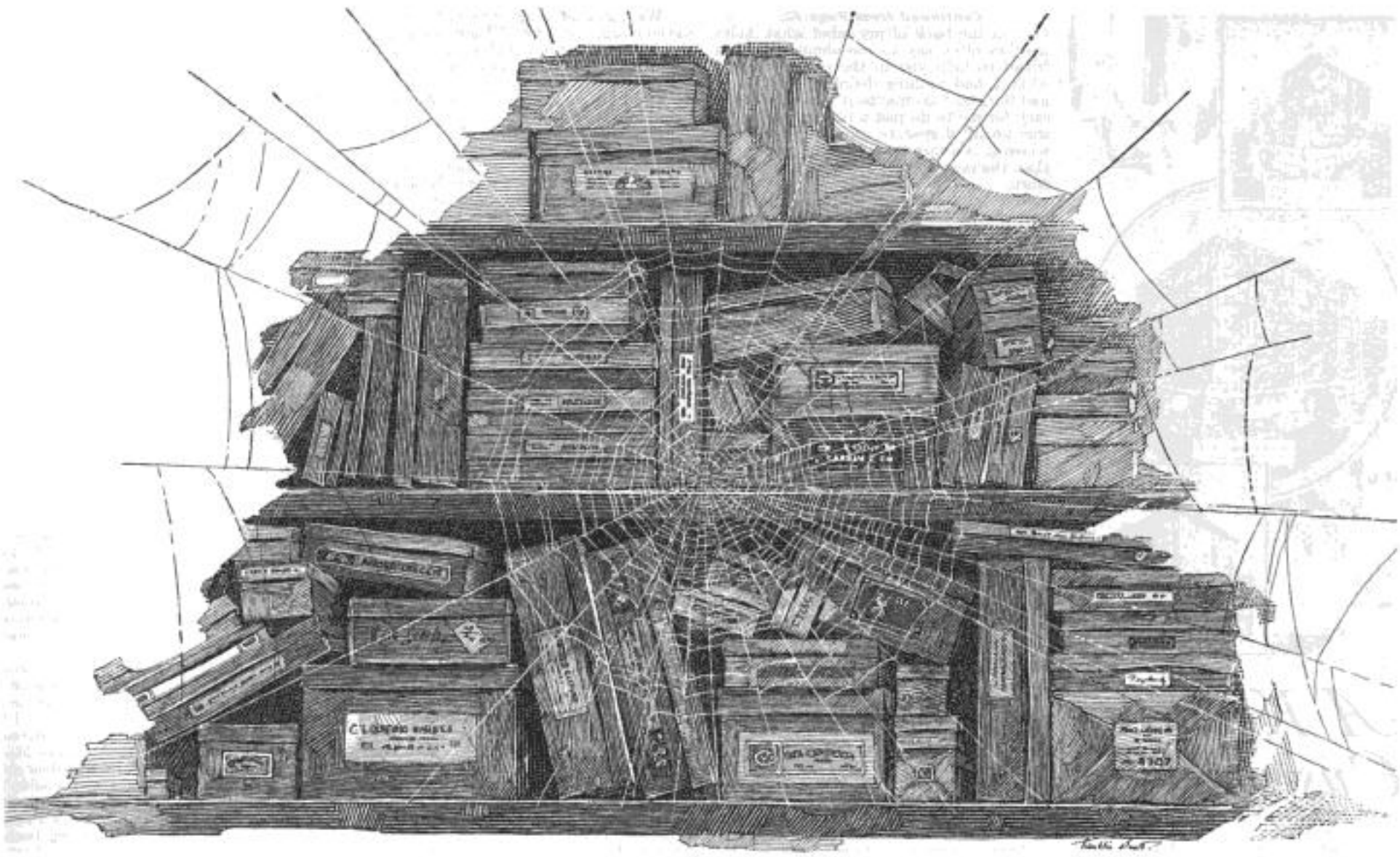
It was Milton Sherrill.

XII

THE first thing I thought of as I looked at Milton was that once he had kissed me. You see if the truth be told, I had lately

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THE UNPRODUCTIVE DOLLAR

A NATIONAL association of wholesale merchants, planning to extend credit assistance to worthy retailers needing financial aid, investigated the causes of success or failure in thousands of retail stores.

In almost every case where a retailer was unsuccessful, investigation showed among the contributing causes:—

First, that the unsuccessful retailer carried so many competitive lines of merchandise that he could not afford to carry a complete line of any one:

Second, that the bulk of his stock consisted of merchandise which possessed no known and recognized value among the trade and the public.

Since 1914, statisticians have covered reams of paper figuring the fluctuation of the dollar from month to month. But the most important fact about the fluctuation of the dollar is one that eludes the statistician and cannot be encompassed by his figures.

For, in the last analysis, the value of a dollar depends upon the wisdom with which it is invested.

Experience has proved that a thousand dollars' worth of known and recognized merchandise *represents more money* than a thousand dollars' worth of merchandise of which the public has never heard.

The dollar invested in advertised merchandise is a working dollar in good times and bad. It does not wait for buyers. It makes them.

The dollar invested in merchandise which creates no demand for itself is an idle dollar. It does not make buyers. It waits for them.

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NEW YORK BOSTON PHILADELPHIA CLEVELAND CHICAGO



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Note these cities and hotels:

THE PLANKINTON Milwaukee — THE WALDORF Toledo

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Acknowledged Leaders

KEENAN *Hotel* SYSTEM

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kept in the back of my mind what Anita used so often say to me about getting a friend to help you in the pictures. And while I had nothing definitely decided, I had the idea that maybe it would be necessary for me to do just a little vamping. I was pretty desperate, even for a woman, which it is a fact they get that way easier than the men do, and I simply had to find work.

Well anyways, that kiss which had occurred out on the top of the Sierra Mountains in the moonlight come back to me the minute I set eyes on Milt, and with it the realization that here was my chance! He liked me. I would be half sold to him before I started. But being a awful amateur on lines of that nature, I didn't hardly know how to commence.

"Oh Mr. Sherrill!" I says. "It's you! And it's me! Don't you remember?"

"Remember?" says he, a big smile sweeping over his face like a light. "I'll say I do!"

Well this was a jolt, his using language like that, but of course he was in the pictures now. I thought I had better show my full realization of this, so I held out both hands.

"Well, well, Milt!" I says. "How's tricks? So you are working for the pictures!"

"Even so!" says he, grabbing my fingers and drawing me to the most comfortable chair. "Sit here," says he. "My word, but you look charming! Are you very rich and famous now?"

"Haven't you heard?" I says. "I am not McFadden any more. I'm Bonnie Delane."

"Great Scott, is that so?" says Milt with a whistle. "I know about you now, of course! I haven't seen either of the pictures, though, for I've been kept busy with technical details ever since I got here. But I'm going to run The Mischief Makers some evening soon. I understand that it is a great picture, and that you are a wonderful actress."

"Far be it from me to contradict such a statement," says I. "And maybe I'm not glad to see you! But I can't get over you being in the pictures! You, that had such a line of lowdown on them!"

"I expect I exaggerated about that a bit," says Milt, settling himself beside me just like he used to in the observation car. "I, like most outsiders, hadn't realized the enormous possibilities in the industry. It's a wonderful game, but it is still in its infancy. My belief is that the artistic future of moving pictures has no limit! And let me tell you, we have made some of the finest pictures anyone could wish to see, right here on this lot. As for the business end—well, it leaves me speechless, that's all!"

"As bad as that?" says I.

"Bad? Who said bad?" demanded Milton, leaning over and tapping me solemnly on the knee. "My dear girl, the moving-picture business is colossal! True, it has been pretty carelessly managed in some cases, as for instance right here, where old-fashioned, slipshod methods were in force. That's what I came to straighten out. My first intention was to remain a few weeks at most, but as I get into the thing and begin to see what could be done, I am very much inclined to stay on as financial head. I must say they have made me a very flattering offer. I haven't signed the contract yet, but I'm considering it."

"Sweet daddy!" I says feebly. "Is there a bug of some kind in the Hollywood air?"

"All we need in this business," Milt went on enthusiastically, "is the right sort of people. More and more are coming in every day. We must throw out the old traditions, which were established by a lot of clowns."

"I see," said I dryly, "that you know just what is wrong with the pictures. Most newcomers do."

Milton Sherrill laughed like a schoolboy and sprang to his feet, fetching and lighting a cigarette, and then coming back, pulling his chair closer to me.

"I say!" says he. "Don't laugh at me too unmercifully, I'm having such a lot of fun! For the first time in my life I am combining business and pleasure. And in the main I have the right dope about this game, Bonnie. May I call you that?"

"Sure you can!" says I, laughing. "I like it, Milt. It's plain you are really in up to your neck. And maybe you do know something about what pictures need. You will, until you've been in them a while."

"Well, as I am a new broom I intend to sweep clean," says he. "I am going to rid this lot of the personal-pull idea, and favorites, and all that, and I have begun by hiring Austin Nickolls."

"Oh, I am glad," says I. "You couldn't help but like his work."

"So they tell me," says Milt. "I have not seen any of it yet, but this chap has become rather a friend of mine. He took me out to dinner when I was in New York, and we had several long talks together. I believe Nickolls is a wonderful director and that he has a big future! What are you laughing at?"

"Nothing!" says I. "I'm happy, that's all. And how about me, Milt? Do I get a job, or are you prejudiced against me on account of me being a old friend?"

"Not a bit, if you can act!" says he readily. "But we are not making anything just now. We are finishing the stuff which had already been started when I took the plant over, but we have not settled on our new productions."

Well this was a blow, because our grocer had already been told about as many of them forthcoming productions as he was interested in listening to, and I had a strong prejudice in favor of eating. I had come to land a contract and I had no intention to leave without it, so I made a move—over onto the arm of the big overstuffed where Milton was sitting.

"Oh, Milt!" I says, pouting. "Put on something for me right away—please?"

"Now, Bonnie!" says Milt, not drawing away any, however.

"I know, but, hon," I says, "you see I was practically contracted for before you come out here. Benny Silvercrown had been after me and said to come around any time. Couldn't you do it on that basis?"

"B. McFadden," says Milt, "desist! No, I can't!"

"Oh, Milt!" I says, and laid my cheek against his nice clean hair, and then all of a sudden I realized that this was no sacrifice, but probably the least difficult thing I had ever done in my whole entire life. At the thought I sprung away from him as quick as a cat, and at the instant Milt was on his feet, too, pacing up and down the room.

"Hey, you!" says he, like a thunderstorm. "Sit down in that chair!"

I sat down weakly, a rush of emotion making clear to me that whatever Milt was to tell me to do, why I would do it from that time on, world without end Amen! I was glad and sorry and ashamed and proud, all at the same time. And I had started something. I'll say I had! Only not what I at first thought.

"You dear little idiot!" says Milt, stopping in front of me suddenly, and frowning. "So that is the way you think they do the trick, eh? No wonder pictures need reorganization! But it doesn't go here, child, nor with any of the big men in the business. When will you pretty picture-struck girls realize that what the producer wants is talent? That he will always buy it at a fair price when he finds it? You don't have to do that sort of thing to me, or to anyone. You can act. That is enough. And, B. McFadden, as a vampire you are a rank amateur—thank God!"

He come over and kissed my hands quickly, and let them drop, and started pacing again, while I just sat there and couldn't say a word.

"Women are all crazy!" he burst out after a minute. "I should think they could see that men in this business are absolutely fed up with silly women being thrown at their heads!"

"But, Milt," I says, pretty nearly ready to cry, "you don't understand! I'm good, I can act, but I'm broke. I got to get work, and you said you wouldn't ——"

"Oh, hush!" says he, never stopping his impatient walking. "Now I will have to make work for you! So you see your vamping was a success after all. I'll draw a contract of some kind this very afternoon, and give you an advance. You will begin working as soon as Nicky gets home. You need taking care of, badly, B. McFadden, and I'm going to see that it is done."

Well it's the truth that no matter how pure a lady is, she don't like to be scorned. And no modern girl gets any joy out of being told that she can't take care of herself.

Also, it is a true fact that loving and hating act on a person very much the same way, and finding out that I loved Milton Sherrill naturally at once made me as touchy as anything. I got on my feet as soon as he stopped talking.

"I seem to of managed to take pretty good care of myself this far," I says haughtily, "and can go on doing so. I don't think you need bother with any contract or anything. Good-by!"

"Hold on, B.," says Milton, putting his hand on my shoulder and making me sit down again. "Now that I have found you, I am not going to let you get away so easily. And you are going to stop behaving like a silly child, and sign a contract at a reasonable figure—say, six hundred a week."

Well, as this was only one hundred berries more than I had ever got in my life I give a reluctant consent, and before I left the Silvercrown that afternoon I had signed on the dotted line for three special Newrich productions, where I would not be a star by any means but would be one of Nicky's feature players, and also with a two weeks' advance in my purse, which I took with all the languid indifference of a starving hyena pouncing on a piece of raw meat.

But all this time Milt had not done one thing towards me, except what was real impersonal. And as I drove out home in the big white bus, which now was really going to be mine, it seemed to me like I was bound to be a business success, but a emotional failure. As soon as I fell in love with somebody they would get cold feet, or cuckoo over some other girl, and all my life it had been the same. There was Ella's brother back in the Stonewall Grammar School, who used to walk home with me and carry my books until I got crazy about him and started giving him the cake out of my lunch box. Then he took up with someone else.

And there was a boy come with his family one summer to board out at the Bushwell farm. Mark Rowe, his name was, and he was sixteen and wild over me, until I told him I loved his eyes. Then he switched over to Ella. Then Stricky. And now Milton. On the other hand, there was dear old Bert Green, wild over me and I couldn't see him at all. And Axel, who any nitwit could tell was in love with me, while I only felt sorry for the poor good-looking boob. All the world loves another, as the old saying goes. And it didn't seem right.

Well, as I looked back I seen clearly that I had not really give a whoop for any of the lot until Milt, and I couldn't afford to lose him. I wouldn't. I would face the cruel truth which I had been aware of the other times but had never applied. I must not let Milt see how I felt. It was a darn-fool truth, but a truth just the same, that what a man can't have he wants; and so I would pull a can't-have, if it killed me. If Milt wanted to believe that I was just job-hunting when I vamped him, why so much the better. I give a sigh when I thought of it. Could I land him? I didn't know. All I knew for sure was that I had really been in love with him all my life.

When at last I got home, more in a state of fatigue than of triumph, there was mommer ahead of me, and of course tickled to death with my news.

"Why, Bonnie, dearie, I don't believe I could of done any better for you myself," she says. "When I was Lila Lavelle's mother I always used to tell her 'A time will come when I can't teach you any more.' It looks like you were about there, hon, and I suppose before long you will be through with me!"

"Adele!" I says. "Oh, mommer, never! Why how can you say any such thing? I guess I will trouble you for a good many years yet!"

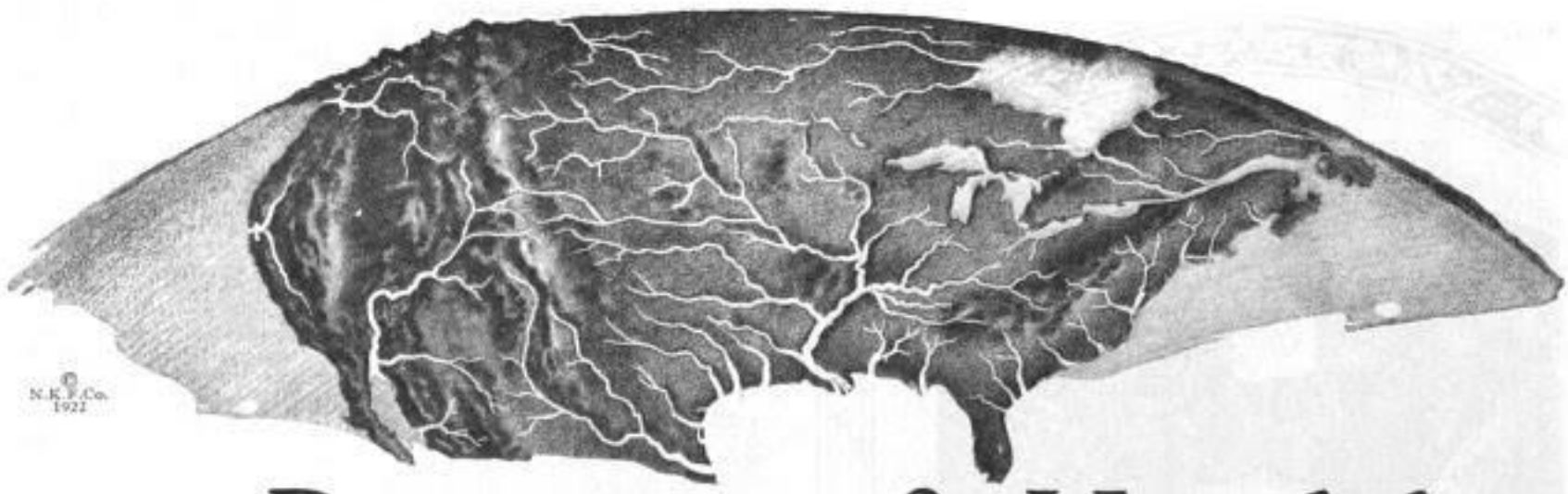
"I wouldn't call it trouble," says she with a pleased smile. "But I will say, honey, I am relieved you are signed up with such a good company. Mr. Sherrill is a rich banker, quite aside from the pictures, ain't he? And unmarried. H'm! Well, I suppose you will moan over that good-for-nothing nitwit of a Strickland just the same. I hear he is perfectly devoted to Anita now."

Mommer stood with her hands on her hips, watching me but attempting to register casual indifference. And it was all I could do to keep from laughing right out at her simple plotting. It was plain at such times why Adele's life ambition to be a picture actress had never come to anything. She could no more force a false expression than she could control a natural one, and believe me I did love her for it.

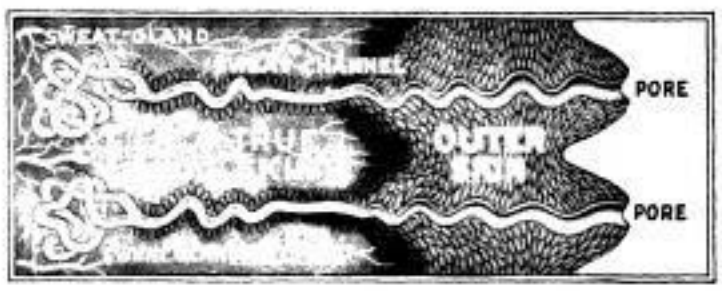
"Hon," says I, "don't you worry over my emotions. I got a job, that's enough to think about, ain't it? And as for Stricky, I haven't even got any desire to show him where he gets off. He is already off as far as

(Continued on Page 46)

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Rivers of Health



Your Millions of Pores

On the left is pictured a cross section of the skin, highly magnified. It shows how the pores carry off the twenty-five ounces of perspiration produced daily by the sweat glands of the body. Only a glance is necessary to realize the vital importance of these millions of rivers of health which must be kept flowing by pore-deep cleanliness if the body is to breathe.

Illustration reproduced from The Book of Knowledge, New York.

YOU know what rivers mean to a countryside—how they irrigate the soil and sustain the foliage. If their regular flow is checked, the water backs up and causes disaster. If they dry up, the surrounding country becomes parched and unattractive. A constant, natural flow is essential to well-being.

The pores of your skin are veritable *rivers of health.* To assure utmost comfort of mind and body they demand thorough cleanliness—natural cleanliness—*pore-deep* cleanliness. *Really clean* people know this. They know that color and perfume in soap add nothing to cleanliness—often the reverse. This is evidenced by the rapidly increasing demand for Fairy Soap, *the whitest soap in the world*—soap in its purest form.

Fairy Soap helps your body breathe by thoroughly cleansing and gently stimulating the pores. After using it you know you are thoroughly clean—a wholesome, invigorated feeling tells you so. The mild, abundant, pore-penetrating lather is the first evidence of its thorough skin-cleansing quality. Instantaneous rinsing is another. Every pore becomes a restored river of health—ready and able to perform its cleanly task until next Fairy Soap time.

Choose now between *real* cleanliness and *near* cleanliness. Use Fairy Soap for a week. It will tell its own story of soap perfection in no uncertain way. It symbolizes the great habit of *American white cleanliness* which is sweeping the country. It helps the body breathe by making and keeping every pore a *river of health.*

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Our experience has proved that it is pure, mild, and thoroughly satisfactory from a hygienic standpoint.

Very truly yours,

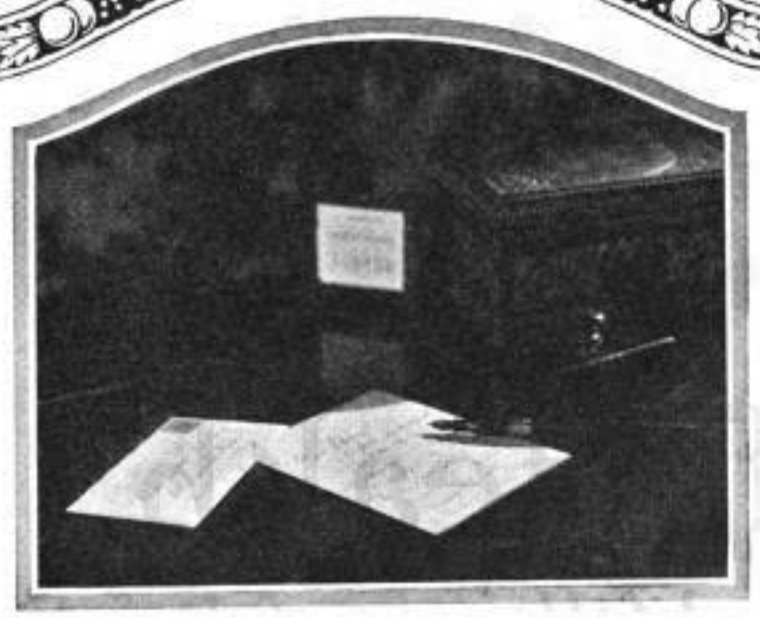
Joseph Fleischmann



FAIRY SOAP

HELPS THE BODY BREATHE

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How long do you take to answer a letter?

PERHAPS days, perhaps weeks, perhaps months—at any rate, until you get materials together. Lack of social stationery in the house lengthens the time taken to answer letters, while a supply of stationery on hand makes quick and pleasant work of it.

HAMMERMILL BOND

Social Stationery

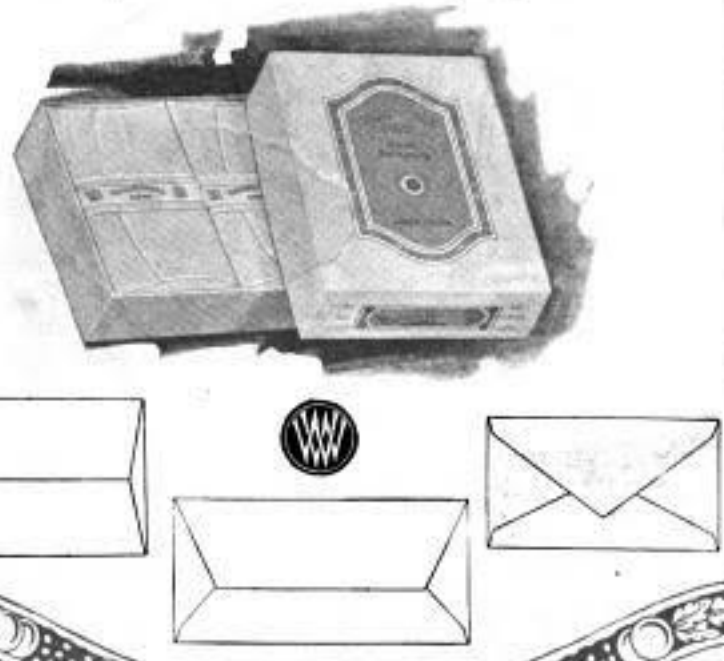
Made in three finishes—linen, bond, and ripple—with eight styles and sizes of envelopes. From this selection you can choose just the kind of distinctive personal stationery you like best. Sold by druggists, stationers, and department stores. It is strong, smooth, and pleasant to write upon, and costs but 35c to 75c a box. Also supplied in writing tablets in popular sizes.

If you will send us ten cents (stamps or coin), we will mail you enough Hammermill Bond Social Stationery in different styles and finishes to answer several of the letters you owe.

Hammermill Bond Social Stationery prepared by

WHITE & WYCKOFF MANUFACTURING CO.

Master Makers of Distinctive Social Stationery Holyoke, Massachusetts



(Continued from Page 44)

I am concerned. But this I will say, and that is, some day he will make love that he don't mean once too often, and then he will get his."

"My land, I should hope so!" says mommer. And then she changed the subject quick. "Well," says she, "I guess it's a good thing I was out to the ranch this afternoon. Your father hadn't washed the dishes in two days. That poor man is as helpless as a infant!"

"Mommer," I says severely, "you let him alone. He's got to learn to work and you must leave him learn it!"

"Well, all right," says Adele. "They say cast your bread upon the waters and you will find it after many days, but I always say a dish in time saves a nine days' plumber's bill; and that sink was something awful."

Well I'll tell the world that the sink was not the only thing about our ranch that was in a fierce condition. I went out for a visit a coupla weeks after pop took possession, and pretty near dropped dead when I seen the place. At the first I just wouldn't go, because I felt well here is pop, he never done a thing for me except sit on my neck and take my money, but well he is too old for me to change him, and so I will provide for him. But that will buy me the liberty to keep away from him. However, when he got so enthusiastic about ranching it, and moved out and everything, why a kind of hope did revive in me to the effect that perhaps he could actually make a go of it, for five acres is not a great deal to irrigate, and yet a mighty comfortable living can be taken off of them.

So when one day mommer says it is a shame the way you treat your poor father you had ought to go out and see him oncet in a while anyways, I give in to her, and mommer swiped a few magazines out of the parlor, a box of new electric bulbs, a coupla phonograph records and other delicacies, and hid them on me in the car, and I didn't discover them until after we had got halfways out to the Arroyo del Rey, and it didn't seem worth while turning back.

Well, that made me a little sore, because it seemed to me she had taken pop pretty near everything in the house by then, and we might as well of moved out our trunks and been done. And when we come to the ranch itself, which by now it was less a ranch than the center of a new lot of cute art dwellings, I was even less glad. Of course I had not expected this ranch to be one always, and by now this development was quite an old district—more than five months old, in fact, and so of course it was being built up pretty fast, but still and all that shouldn't of affected pop's trees like it had. As we come in sight of them I give a gasp, for the ground was cracked and dry, with weeds springing up in it, showing plainly that no cultivation had been even attempted. As for the fruit, heaven knows a olive, whether in or out of a cocktail, means nothing personally to me, but I hate to see even a caraway seed wasted, and these olives were. They was dried up like Egyptian ones, or something, and the whole place had a look of being run down. Very extra conspicuous it seemed, among all that grand California real-estate enterprise, conducted by Californians from Pennsylvania.

Pop was not expecting us, for he was busy sitting on the front porch with his boots off, and his stockings, with his feet in them, however, on the rail, and he was squeezing the last drop of reading matter out of the morning paper, which showed considerable conservation because this was the middle of the afternoon. There certainly was some things pop could make go a long ways.

"Well, Bonnie, dearie!" he says, delighted, when we stopped outside. "Welcome, pretty daughter, to my humble home."

"Humble is right, pop," I says, coming up on the porch and leaving him present me with one of them generous kisses of his. "I might of known you would humble it! What's the big idea of leaving things go this way?"

"Daughter dear," says pop with great dignity, "that is a fine way to speak, and you neglecting me all this while! It's true this is no palace, but it's my own, and my warm welcome ought to compensate for its shortcomings!"

I sunk down in a chair and looked around me with a heavy disgust. From a pretty but neglected ranch it had grown to be a pigsty! Even in spite of Adele's efforts.

"Pop," I says, "what ails you? I thought you was full of enthusiasm for this job?"

"Tush, darling, that's where I was all wrong!" says pop, smiling again. "Ye see it was a terrible piece of work, getting all them trees watered, and plowed, and what not! My back itself was near broke before the first day was out. And then, when I come to figure what would I get off them at the very best, why it wouldn't be the fortune I want to make for you, dearie. So I set myself to find out how would I do better with the property, and I been figuring on that ever since."

"Is that so?" says I indignantly. "Well I hope you got something settled by now, because the looks of this place is a disgrace, and it was given to me for the advertising! Believe me, when I start work on Nicky's new picture next week the real-estate interests out here will commence using this for publicity again, and, sweet daddy, what will they say?"

"That's so, daughter dear," says pop with a troubled look in his big blue eyes. "What a pity, now! Of course the place is mine, since you gave it to me, but they will pass remarks, none the less, no doubt. What will we do about it? You make a suggestion, Bonnie, and I'll act on whatever you tell me to."

Well it had been quite some time since I had been obliged to think up a new line for pop, and so it didn't take me long to hit on a idea.

"I'll tell you what," says I, "you get in with the Arroyo del Rey people, and cut this place up into half-acre lots and sell them for building, all but your own house. And with the money you get, buy your way into the development company."

"Why, that's a grand idea!" says pop, brightening at once. "All I would have to do is mark off the corners of the lots with pegs and then sit in the office and wait for the customers. There's fine money to be made in real estate, Bonnie, and I think we have hit on the right idea at last!"

Well, I thought maybe, but said nothing, and just then mommer come out from the kitchen with a pot of coffee and some cake, and I recognized my best china cups on the tray. But I wouldn't say a word about that, because soon I myself would be hard at work, so why not spend as happy an afternoon as is possible with one's family? As things turned out, it was a long time before I seen either pop or the ranch again. I was glad afterwards to remember we had parted friends.

"Au revoir, dear!" I says when I left, kissing him of my own accord.

"Same to you!" says pop. And that is the last I seen of him until after what I am now going to tell you about happened.

When Nicky come back from New York it was the breath of my artistic career to me. Of course I had seen a lot of Milt—that is, considering how busy he was—but while Milt was my heart, Nicky was my art, and that is the curse of we modern women; there has got to be so many kinds of men in our life, and our tradition to the contrary makes us fight that true fact, and troubles us a lot.

But while I felt it kind of queer in me to be so glad to see Nickolls when I was all the time deeply in love with Milt, yet I was made that way, and to celebrate his return we had a party out to my house with Milt and Bert and Axel and Benny Silvercrown and Trixie and Jennie, her kid, and we ate our lunch out in the garden, and had a talk fest about how good we all was, and what a great future was before us and so forth.

"Thank God for this, his country!" says Nicky, leaning back in his chair and sniffing at the blue sky. "Give me the Coast and you can have New York!"

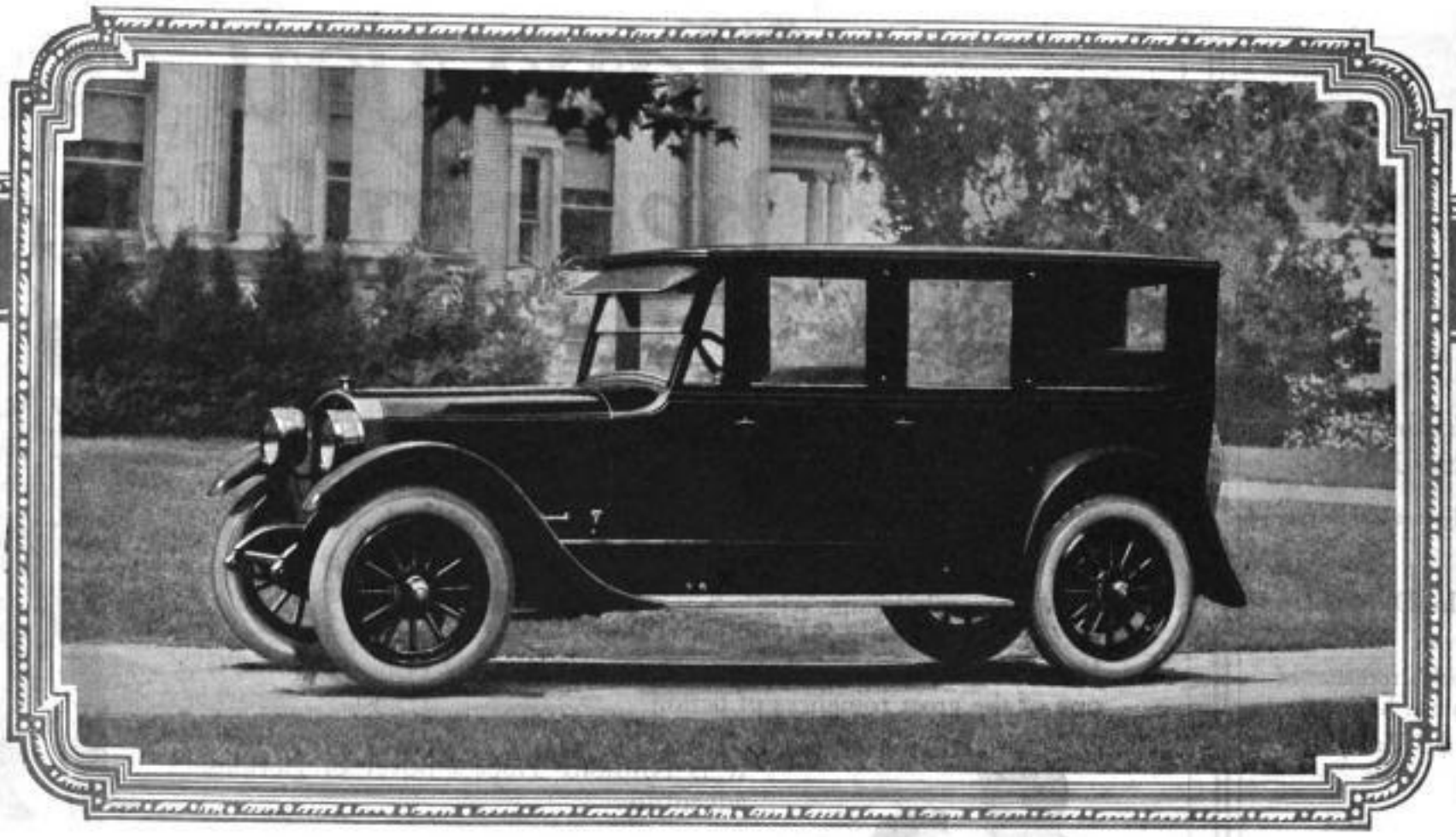
"I thought you was crabbing about our immoral community just before you went East," I says, kidding him, see? "And that you never wanted to work out here again, but stay in the wholesome, stimulating cold of winter slush, and so forth?"

"Huh!" says Nicky, shaking his big lion's head. "Huh! I've been East since then!"

Well, this picture, the first one Nicky was to make, might of been called a kind of a experiment. It sure had some cast. Trixie Trueman, Bonnie Delane, Tom Wells, Herman Herman, the famous beauty, and Atlas, the strong guy. Nobody starred, but everybody featured, and Milt had worked out the paper for it such a way that nobody could get sore. He was having

(Continued on Page 49)

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THE *New* WINTON SIX *Sedan*

For twenty-four years—the span of automotive history—the WINTON COMPANY has been building fine motor cars.

WINTON workmen, trained in the exacting school of the WINTON body shops, create and bring to perfection bodies for only one make of car—to one undeviating high standard—the WINTON standard.

The *New* WINTON SEDAN is a worthy successor to the line of famous vehicles that have made the name WINTON a synonym for fine car design and craftsmanship. Its beautiful lines are in keeping with the sterling worth of the WINTON-built engine and chassis. Its interior, finished with all the art of the custom-made body, is the last word in perfect taste and refinement.

Mounted on the famous Model 40 chassis, this new Sedan combines in its moderate price and surprising economy the quality that has given WINTON its unique position as America's most distinguished fine car,

SEVEN-PASSENGER SEDAN LIMOUSINE SEDAN SPORT SEDAN

New
WINTON SIX

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Have you ever been a King?



At any rate, Rudolf Rassendyll—English gentleman and connoisseur of adventure—had never. When he went to see the coronation in Ruritania he regarded a king as the poet did the purple cow: he would rather see than be one.

How Rassendyll came within a week to wear the crown of Ruritania, to match wits with Black Michael and cross swords with Rupert of Hentzau, to lose his heart hopelessly to the lovely Princess Flavia, is one of the great romances of fiction.

It is Anthony Hope's novel of glorious adventure.

And it has been made into a photoplay by the director of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." Watch for

The Rex Ingram Production of
The Prisoner of Zenda







Watch for Your Theatre's Notice

of these big new pictures:

Viola Dana
in
Irvin S. Cobb's romance of a heart in hock
"The $5 Baby"

Clara Kimball Young
in
"The Hands of Nara"
from Richard Washburn Child's amazing novel of a mysterious Russian refugee

And the only cave-man in captivity,

Bull Montana
in
"A Ladies' Man"
a laugh-as-laugh-can comedy by Hunt Stromberg

A METRO PICTURE

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Scenario by Mary O'Hara. Photography by John F. Seitz. Dramatic version done by Edward Rose.

See that you See

METRO PICTURES

They Entertain

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(Continued from Page 46)

all the names printed on the same line, and alphabetically.

Well, the script of this piece was by a bird named Hawthorne and was called The Scarlet Letter. You see Nicky had got the idea to make some American classics, and not to change them any, but attempt merely to amplify the books for screen purposes and make only such changes as was absolutely necessary to have them go in the small towns. And Milt backed him up strong, in spite of Big Benny, who stood around and tore his hair, or would of only he was prematurely bald and really couldn't spare it. But he tore a cloth hat one time, when they says they was going to keep the original title. So then they saw not alone what was left of the hat, but reason as well, and changed the name of the picture to The Price of Sin.

But when it come right down to the story itself, Nicky would not give in one inch. He claimed he would make this great American novel the way it was written, and if it was part of a person's education to read it, why not make it the same as it read? Of course he realized that on account of the censors he would be obliged to make the heroine, Hester, married in secret to the father of her child, because otherwise it would not be possible to show the picture. And a part was written in for me—a Spanish dancer that tried to vamp the juvenile away from Hester. But outside of that the story was practically the way the author had written it.

Well, we had been working on this picture for over two weeks and things was going unusually well. Milton had hired Joe for Nicky's camera, on Nicky's recommendation, and undoubtedly Joe was a wonderful camera man. Also Milt was glad to hire Bert Green for stills, because of course Bert was an old friend from his own home town of Stonewall. Slim Rolf was back with us, too, Big Benny pointing out that he was the one best bet for publicity and besides, he, Benny, had known Slim for years. So we were a happy family once more, and I'll say the picture looked like it was certainly going to be a knockout. And then one day we run against a awful snag.

You see this Hester in the story, she has a baby, and really if you was to cut it out there would be no story to it. But it seems the Big Egg got to thinking it over and talked with Milton about it, and told Milton what a serious thing it was to run up against the National Board of Censorship and that many a expensive fillum had been made and then they had to throw it out because of just some little thing like that. Well, it seems that Milton pointed out to Benny that Hester was married, and that the both of them had been born once, and Benny had to admit it, but thought they had better consult Nicky before they went any further. So they sent for Nicky and after two hours he come out boiling, but licked, parked himself in my light-blue silk dressing room and exploded, for he knew that was a safe place to do it.

"They make me wild!" he bellowed. "They are mad as hatters! Change The Scarlet Letter? Good Lord, haven't they changed it enough already? Benny suggested that I get Hester into some business complication as a substitution for her child! Heaven defend us!"

"But, Nicky," I says to him, "it isn't Benny that's to blame; it's them censors! Gee! Sometimes when I think of anybody telling me what I can or can't see, it makes me so wild, Nicky, I could blow up!"

"Oh, they are probably good enough as people," says he. "But nobody is good enough to tell an artist in any line what work he shall do or how it shall be done. Let them take or leave the finished product, by all means, Bonnie. But allow the public itself to judge of moral values, and of decency! I for one have great faith in the intelligence of my fellow countrymen and women. If a show is dirty they can be pretty safely trusted not to accept it. They will simply call in the police, and that will put an end to it."

"Well, I personally myself don't see how anybody can be conceited enough to accept the job of censoring," I says thoughtfully. "Yet you got to admit, Nicky, that in the old days there was some pretty raw pictures shown."

"But they didn't last!" says he, quick. "They were withdrawn at the first public protest. And anyhow, that was in the old days when pictures were a wildcat enterprise. And now —— Why, the darn thing doesn't work anyhow, no matter how you look at it. For example, remember that German picture? A crazy man's mind, exposed most realistically. Yet it gets by the censors while my own company, an American concern, is afraid to let me faithfully film a great American classic by one of the greatest writers our country has produced—all because the most common event in life, with the exception of death, occurs in it. Bah!"

"But, Nicky, Nicky!" I says. "Some control has got to be put on everything. Otherwise we would get a lot of awful books and pictures and so forth. I wish I had the faith in the good sense and inborn decency of people that you got. But I can't have it, Nicky. I lived in a small country village too long."

"What?" says he indignantly. "Why, with the amount of education there is in this country today the people are perfectly competent to act as their own censors."

"And there are also a lot of nitwits that will pay out good money to get hold of a little dirt," I reminded him.

"But what I am making in The Scarlet Letter isn't dirt, you ignorant child!" Nicky shouted at me. "It's life—it's life, I tell you; and life isn't dirty! But a lot of boobs who are permitted to judge haven't found out the distinction as yet!"

"The picture-going public, Nicky," I says, "is much like a classroom in an old-fashioned public school. The big majority are kept back by the few. You can't safely promote the class until the nitwits have caught up a little with the normal kids."

"You said a mouthful," retorted Nickolls grimly, "and that without knowing it. It is just as wrong to hold back a normal audience from an adult representation of life through the medium of art, as it was to keep back your roomful of normal children on account of the presence among them of some who were subnormal. We can't go on forever making pictures primarily for old maids and for children! We can make separate pictures for them, yes, but we must grow up. It's time."

"Sweet daddy!" says I. "If it wasn't for the old maids and the sweet young things there wouldn't be no business for the movies! And what is more, J. Austin Nickolls, I got a very clear idea that art can be made out of some subject which nobody can take any exceptions to, just as easy as it can out of the other kind of thing, and that it can be just as first-class art, too, if you are artist enough to make it right. So why not simplify matters by choosing that kind of a story, and then everybody will be satisfied?"

Nicky give me a long stare at that, and got up.

"No wonder you are a success in the pictures!" he says.

And without another word he walked away, leaving me to wonder was that remark a compliment or a insult?

However, in the end the office decided to take a chance on the censors and left Hester Prynne's baby in the story, but decided they would cut out the conventional shot showing Hester holding up a darling little pair of knitted boots. So Nicky forgave Benny and Milt, and recommenced work on the picture instead of walking out on them and jumping in the ocean to drown himself, like he had announced he would.

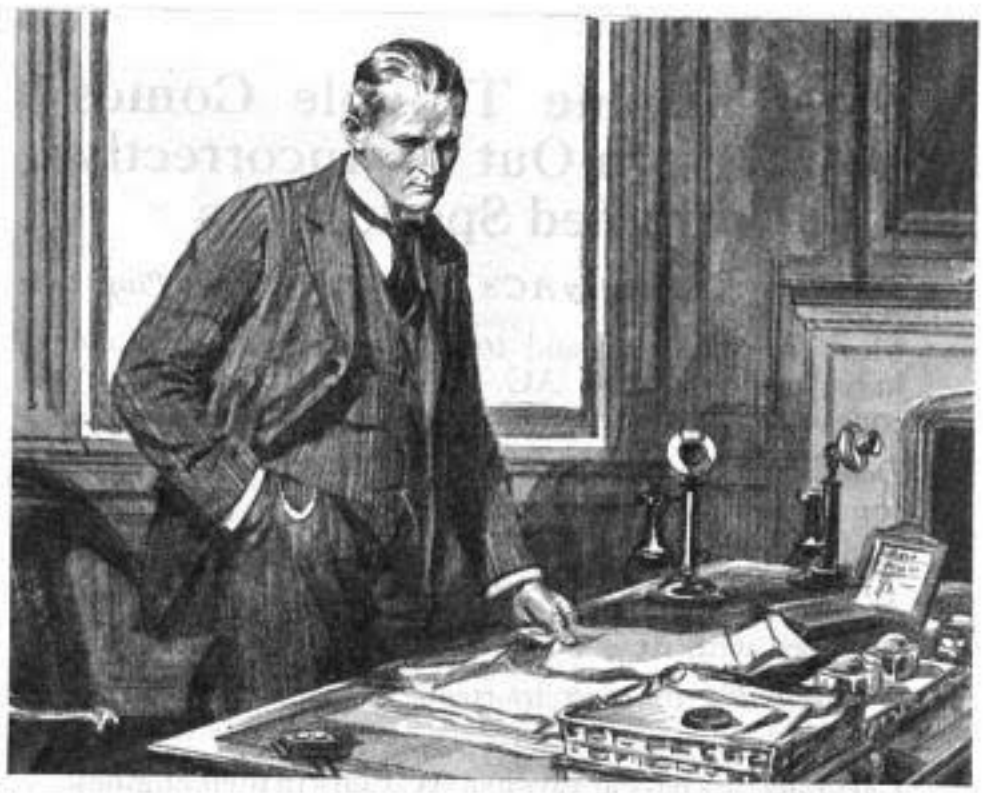
And then, just as things had got settled down again and was running smoothly, there come a interruption of another kind which lamed the production for quite some time.

They say that coming events cast their shadows before them, but I always say you never know what the morrow will bring forth—to steal mommer's stuff. And in this case it wasn't even a case of the morrow, but a mere matter of a few hours.

Well, this day things had started out good, with perfect weather, a perfect breakfast, the car running fine, and practically no bills in the morning's mail. My make-up went on right the very first time, and I was singing to myself when I went down on the set. Everybody I met seemed like they was in a good humor, too, and the work went well all morning.

Talk about casting a shadow before, why this event I am going to tell you about didn't cast any more shadow than a split hair! I don't remember when I felt so light-hearted. Even mommer's telephoning at lunch time to say she was coming down later and watch me work didn't upset me like it usually done.

Well anyways, things were fine, even if Nicky himself was not on the set this day, but leaving the stuff to Louie.



Is your health a liability or an asset?

A well-known company, employing hundreds of people, recently had a thorough physical examination made of every member of its staff.

Only two in the entire number were graded "A."

All the rest were suffering from some physical handicap—slight in some cases, serious in others. High blood pressure, hardened arteries, slow poisoning from faulty elimination—the health of many of these people had become a liability, not an asset.

The two most important needs in the world

What we call "life" is really a double process. First, the living cells that form our bodies must be constantly fed and nourished. Second, the poisonous waste products that accumulate must be regularly removed.

Check either of these processes even temporarily, and the body is weakened. Premature age, intestinal disorders, skin disturbances, and all the ills we attribute to "run-down condition" are the result.

Now Science tells us that the cells of a tiny living plant—fresh yeast—supply the very elements which help the body perform these two vital functions: to help it to *secure its proper nourishment*, and help it to *keep the system clean.*

This simple fresh food—Fleischmann's Yeast—is being prescribed by physicians and hospitals everywhere. It is helping thousands of men and women attain a health and vigor which they had thought impossible.

Fleischmann's Yeast is a food, not a medicine. It does not act overnight—Nature does not work that way. But two or three cakes a day, eaten regularly over a period of time, will achieve positively incredible results. THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. 619, 701 Washington Street, New York City.

Eat it plain—or spread it on crackers—or mix it with water or milk



An absorbing free booklet tells what Fleischmann's Yeast has done for others and can do for you.

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(Why You Should Buy AC's When You Change Plugs)

More than 200 car and truck makers now use and have for years used AC Plugs as standard factory equipment. Among these:

Dodge Brothers cars have been AC-equipped since the company was founded.

Buick cars have been AC-equipped for fourteen years.

Nash cars, both Sixes and Fours, have always been equipped with AC's.

Oaklands for the past fourteen years have been AC-equipped.

Chevrolet cars have always had AC Plugs in their engines.

Cadillac, Chandler, Cleveland, Dort, Durant, Essex, Hudson, Hupmobile, LaFayette, Maxwell, Oldsmobile, Overland, Paige, Willys-Knight and others are all standard AC-equipped.

Why is it that all of these manufacturers specify AC Spark Plugs year after year?

Isn't it because experience has taught them that AC's are the best for their engines?

When your motor starts hard, bucks at low speed, is sluggish on the pick-up, balks on hills, misses at high speed—look to your spark plugs first, as these troubles usually are caused by old or incorrectly designed plugs. Very often costly repair bills are incurred, various adjustments made and finally it is found that new spark plugs are the remedy.

Avoid this expense by first putting in a new set of AC's.

Most of the leading racing men use only AC Plugs.

At Indianapolis, Memorial Day, AC-equipped cars finished 1, 2 and 3.

You can't go wrong following the advice of such experts. When you change plugs be sure you get the reliable AC's.

Ford Owners:—The AC 1075 for Ford engines is the plug you should use. It has our patented wire clip for the Ford terminal, our new design electrode which prevents oil from lodging in the spark gap and the famous AC Carbon Proof porcelain. If your Ford dealer will not supply you any other good dealer can meet your needs.



AC Spark Plug Company, FLINT, *Michigan*

U. S. Pat. No. 1,138,727, April 13, 1915. U. S. Pat. No. 1,216,139, Feb. 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending

The Standard Spark Plug of the World

"Say, Louie," I says when we went back to the stage after our noon diet—"Say, Louie, where is Nicky gone, do you know?"

"I don't know, unless he's staying home, sore," says Louie with a grin. "Maybe he don't feel so good after that jam he was in last night."

"What jam is that?" I says.

"Didn't you hear about it?" says Louie. "Why, it's all over town. It was with your old friend, Greg Strickland."

"What was it, Louie?" I says, trying not to seem as nervous as I felt.

"Well, as far as I can make out, see," says Louie, "this Strickland had it in for Nicky, see, and last night they were both to a party out at Atlas Smith's place. Well, Strickland had some wren along and they were both pretty wet, I guess. Anyways, Nicky met up with them in the garden on that little Jap-bridge effect Atlas has over his swimming pool. And when Nick seen who it was coming towards him over this bridge, see, why he steps to one side to avoid speaking, and Strickland seen his chance and without any warning, why he soaks Nicky one in the jaw and Nicky fell over and landed in the pool.

"Well, there was a big crowd around, see?" Louie went on. "And they got Nicky right out. His head was hurt pretty bad by striking on the edge of the pool, but he was all for licking Strickland good and plenty, just the same."

"And did he?" says I.

"Naw!" says Louie. "Strickland didn't stay long enough for him to. By the time Nick was out of the pool that bad actor had left the party without even saying good night."

"Whew!" I says. "I will have to call Nicky up when we quit this afternoon."

"It's a poor way to get a bad head," says Louie; "and I'll bet his is aching!"

Well, after that we went back to the big scene we was shooting, which was of Plymouth Rock or some place, and my mind was at once on my job again, the way it always is when I am acting. In the sequence we was making I was this Spanish dancer that was vamping Herman, our juvenile, who was playing the part of this young clergyman. So naturally I kind of forgot Nicky and everything else for a while. And then in the middle of the afternoon Louie decided he would shoot the same stuff in another background as well, so that there would be two choices in tomorrow's dailies. Consequently there was a wait while an interior was dressed for him, and during it I was chatting with Trixie when Eddie the w. k. call boy came and says that I was wanted on the telephone.

"Say, how do you get that way?" I says. "I'm on the set, ain't I?"

"I know," says he, kind of upset for him, "but it's real urgent, I think, Miss Delane, or I wouldn't of come for you."

Well, I took a look around, and as things didn't seem as if they would be ready for some little time yet, why I says to Trixie wait dear, I will be right back and tell you the rest about how that new coat of mine is going to be made, and then I went to my dressing room and picked up the receiver of the telephone.

"Hello!" I says. "This is me speaking. Who is it, please?"

At first all I could hear was a sort of confused sound, like someone crying. And then I made out my name.

"Yes, it's me!" I says. "Who wants me?"

"Come quickly!" says the voice. A woman's, I could get that now.

"Mommer, is it you?" I says, frightened.

"It is Anita," says the voice. "Bonnie, say you will come. You must, you must!"

Well, when I heard who it was I went kind of cold all over me. The iron nerve of her, to call me up at all, much less ask me to do anything for her!

"I can't go anywheres," I says. "I am on a set. And if I wasn't I don't see how you could expect me to come, Anita, after everything!"

"Bonnie, Bonnie!" she wailed. "You must come! Something terrible has happened, and you are the only friend I got in the world."

"I can't," I says. "I tell you I am working. I got to go right back."

"You must come!" says Anita, and there was a terrible sound to her voice as she said it. "Nothing is so important as your coming. I've got to have help."

"But what's wrong?" I says. "Tell me, and I'll try and get over later."

"I can't tell you on the phone," says she. "Oh, come, please, please!"

"Where are you?" I says.

"I'm at Stricky's bungalow. Oh, I'm going mad, I tell you. If you wait any longer it will be too late. Can't you understand—too late! Come, Bonnie, you must, you must!"

She started laughing and crying then and I suppose dropped the receiver. I could still hear her faintly, but she had evidently left the phone. And then somebody screamed. Such a scream as I hope I will never hear again—thin and high and despairing and full of fear. Then no sound at all.

I stood at that phone with a sensation like I simply must see through it to what was happening at the other end, my heart beating like I'd been running a race. There could be no fake about what I had just heard, that was sure. A sort of wild fear took hold of me.

What was wrong? What crazy unbelievable thing had happened? The sinister something that was forever fighting the beauty around me crept out of its hiding place again and breathed its foul breath on me. My nerves shrank away from the horror of it, and yet there had been a tone in Anita's voice which forced me in the other direction. It was just woman calling to woman. More than that, it was a human in need calling out in despair to the only one it could think of—myself! I had to answer it. I had to go!

It's the truth that from that moment on I forgot the studio where I was, forgot the people waiting on the set, the work I was due to do there, and absolutely everything except that terrible haunting cry of Anita's. It wiped out even the recollection of how she had double-crossed me, and all I thought of was that I positively must get to her as quick as ever I could.

The idea of waiting to take off my Spanish costume or my make-up never even come into my head as I rushed for the open door, down the long narrow flight of stairs, across a couple of empty stages, headed for the main door, and nearly knocking Slim Rolf over in the corridor as I ran out. He yelled some indignant remark at me, I don't know what, for I paid no attention, but ran along the street to where my car was parked at the extreme end of the crowded line. At last I reached it, and somehow in another minute I was headed away from the studio, my lace headdress flying and flapping about me madly in the wind.

Stricky's bungalow was on a old street way over on the edge of the West Adams district, a well-built-up neighborhood and exclusive, but the homes not very close together. The house itself was a simple little one of the old original California-bungalow type, and had been put up when they made them of brown stained shingles, and it had a heavy old bougainvillea vine hanging dark and thick over the porch. When I parked my car in front of it there was not a soul in sight, and I thought my! how still and quiet it is! The only thing moving anywheres was the sprayer playing quietly on the lawn with a soft, wet, drippity-drop as it swung around.

I went up the path with fast-beating heart, wondering at the unearthly quiet that hung about the place, and the late afternoon sun sent my fantastic shadow scuttling ahead of me as I run up the steps. The front door was standing wide open, and after kind of halting on the door sill I went in and stopped in the hall.

"Anita! Anita!" I called, my own voice sounding like a stranger to me.

But there was no answer. Not even a sound. So taking all my courage in my hands I parted the curtains and went into the sitting room. At first I thought there was nobody in it, but after a moment my eyes grew accustomed to the dimness and I seen that I was wrong. Somebody was there. It was Stricky, spread face downwards on the floor, and beside him lay Nickolls' revolver.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



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The Truthful Trade-Mark of the Gulbransen

A baby's hand on a pedal of the Gulbransen causes it to play. The trade-mark tells a truthful story.

It is the exclusive Gulbransen features—the fine craftsmanship—the patented design—that make "easy to play" a fact.

Naturally the results you obtain on the Gulbransen are far above the average. The instrument is flexible, responsive, simple. Even a novice, with the aid of Gulbransen Instruction Rolls—also an exclusive idea—quickly learns to play well.

When buying a Gulbransen, you are protected as to price. Mark this: no matter in what town or from what dealer you buy a Gulbransen the price paid will be $700, $600, $495 or $365, according to the style selected. The retail selling figure is branded in the back of every Gulbransen at the factory. Its price is established—its value unquestioned.

The baby trade-mark stands for real music, easily played. It appears on more player-pianos each year than any other trade-mark or name. It is the emblem of Gulbransen ideals, ability, experience and policies.

Gulbransen-Dickinson Company, *Chicago*

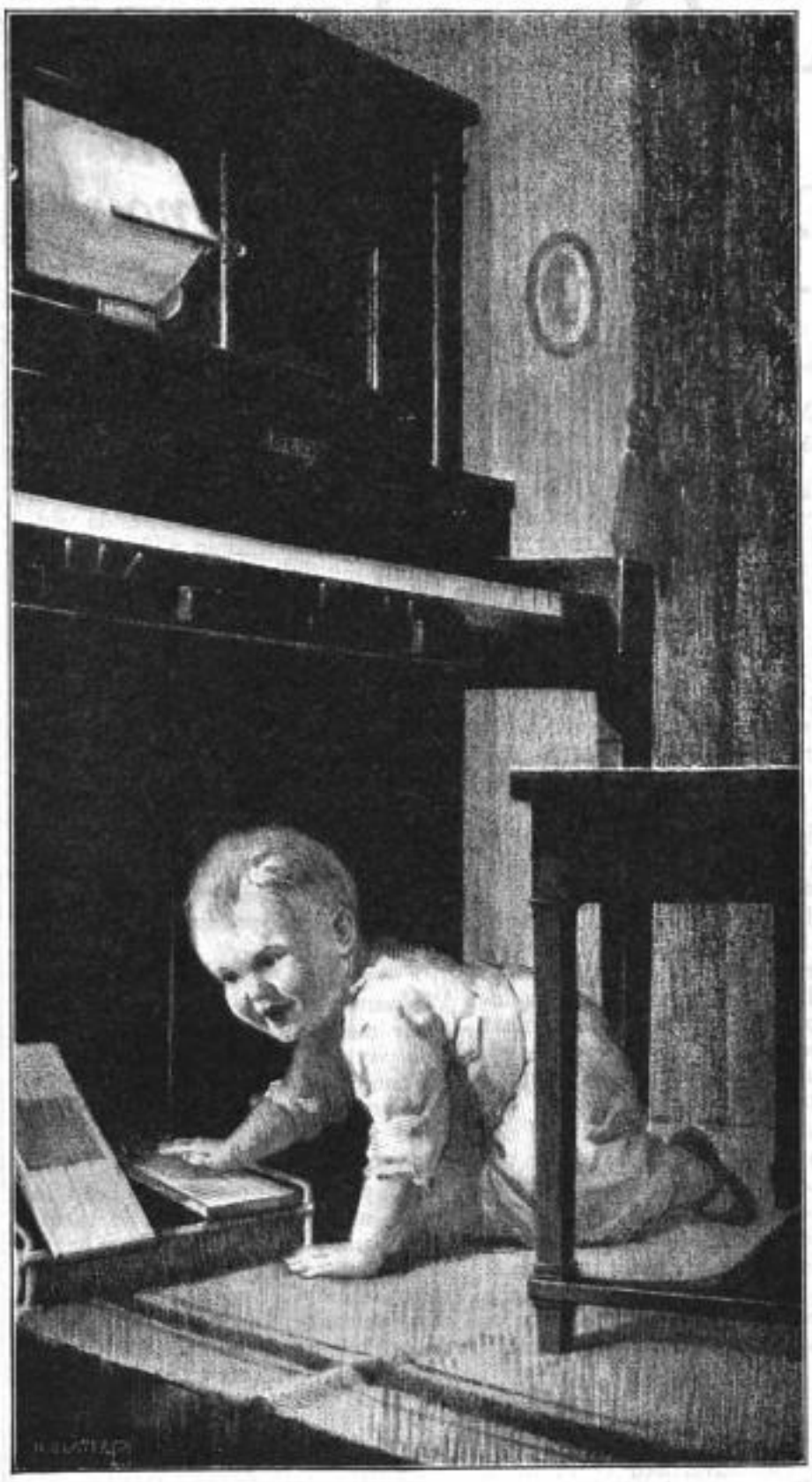
Canadian Distributors:
Musical Merchandise Sales Company
79 Wellington Street, West, Toronto

Nationally Priced
Branded in the Back



White House Model	Country Seat Model	Suburban Model	Community Model
$700	$600	$495	$365

To Gulbransen Owners: The Gulbransen is a fine instrument; don't neglect it. Have it tuned at least twice a year.



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GULBRANSEN
The Player-Piano

Make these 3 TESTS *of the Gulbransen*



"New Book of Gulbransen Music" Free on Request. Check Coupon.

☐ Check here if you do not own any piano or player-piano.

☐ Check here if you want information about having a Gulbransen player action installed in your present piano (or player-piano).

Write name and address in margin and mail to Gulbransen - Dickinson Co., 3232 West Chicago Avenue, Chicago.

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AN OPEN LETTER

to the Marshall Hardware Company of Harvard, Illinois

—and to other merchants who want more farm trade

"Dear Mr. Marshall: When you increased your paint sales 75 per cent by adding to your window display of Devoe Paints the simple statement, 'As advertised in Farm & Fireside,' you demonstrated again a truth that has been discovered by many merchants in all lines.

"You established again that in Farm & Fireside there is a sales-making force of tremendous potentiality at work among the farm folks of the nation—a force which only requires co-operation from established stores in each community to translate itself into sales and profits.

"Tonight, in the quiet serenity of America's vast countryside, this force is at work.

"In the editorial pages of Farm & Fireside leading writers point the way to better farming and to better living. In its advertising pages leading manufacturers of better farm equipment and of better farm home merchandise, in picture and description, display their goods.

"It is as though a catalog of the things you sell were placed in the better farm homes of your community.

"From your window display of Devoe Paints, in conjunction with the advertising of this product in Farm & Fireside, you gained some idea of the influence and sales power of this catalog when you focused it on your store."

To merchants in other lines:

Doesn't the success of the Marshall Hardware Company with this one product, "as advertised in Farm & Fireside," suggest the likelihood of equal success with all products (in your line, of course) advertised in Farm & Fireside? See list below.

Especially when you consider in this one instance that the extra profit of $20 which the Farm & Fireside window display earned in a single week readily multiplies itself into $1,000 or more in profit for the year?

Doesn't it suggest the desirability of featuring these products in your local advertising and including with each description the confidence-inspiring line, "As advertised in Farm & Fireside"?

Doesn't it suggest the wisdom of writing to the manufacturers who advertise in Farm & Fireside for suggestions and material that will help you get the utmost value from the money they are spending?

$25 for an idea

We want more ideas to pass along to other merchants. Consequently, we will pay $25 for any idea, plan or scheme that we can use, showing how retail merchants in any line can get more sales from Farm & Fireside advertising.

Many merchants like to keep in touch with Farm & Fireside themselves, and watch its advertising pages as the great market place of the best merchandise. To enable you to do this, we make a special offer. Pin a dollar bill to your letterhead and simply say, "Send me Farm & Fireside for three years," and we will do it.

The Crowell Publishing Company
381 Fourth Avenue, New York City
Farm & Fireside, Collier's, The National Weekly, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, The Mentor



TIE *to these products advertised in*

FARM & FIRESIDE

The National Farm Magazine

Absorbine
Advance Cork Insert Brake Lining
Agricultural Gypsum
American Telephone & Telegraph Co.
A. M. F. Sickle Bar
Barrett Everlastic Roofings
Burpee's Seeds
Capewell Horseshoe Nails
Champion Spark Plugs
Chandler Motor Cars
Chevrolet Cars
Clark Grave Vaults
Clark's O. N. T. Spool Cotton
Clothcraft Clothes
Colgate's Toilet Preparations
Columbia Dry Batteries
Crompton "All-Weather" Corduroys
Dandelion Butter Color
De Laval Separators & Milkers
Devoe Paint & Varnish Products
Dodge Brothers Cars
Dr. Hess Stock Tonic
Dr. Hess Poultry PAN-A-CE-A
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Essex Cars
Eveready Flashlights
Freezone
Gillette Razors
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Goodyear Tires
Harley-Davidson Motorcycles
Hartshorn Shade Rollers
Henderson Seeds
Hood's Canvas Footwear
Hudson Cars
Hupmobile Cars
Ingersoll Watches
International Harvester Farm Operating Equipment
International Motor Trucks
International Tractors
Iver Johnson Bicycles & Firearms
Jewett Cars
Kelly-Springfield Tires
Lehigh Portland Cement
Lyon & Healy Musical Instruments
Mellin's Food
Mulsified Cocoanut Oil
Pepsodent Tooth Paste
Philadelphia Diamond Grid Batteries
Pillsbury's Flour
Planet Jr. Implements
President Suspenders
Prest-O-Lite Batteries
Radak Radio Sets
Red Star Tiner
Renfrew Dependable Clot
Resinol Soap
Shaler Vulcanizer
Simmons Beds
Sun-Maid Raisins
Swift Products
Union Carbide
United States Tires
Vellastic Underwear
Viko Aluminum Wire
"Wear-Ever" Utensils
Wright's Bias Fold Tape

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POLYSYNTHETIC FOOTBALL

(Continued from Page 13)

"So that's your alibi?" he bullied. "That's your excuse? The Indian language?"

"Yes, sir," answered Derkes.

"Very well then," exploded Everard. "Knowing so much, can't you see what to do? Doesn't your mind go any further than that?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, confound you, if the Indian language is the difficulty, you take that team and teach 'em Indian! Don't sit twiddling your thumbs. Get some instructors here and make 'em learn it. What's a college for if it can't teach its football team one simple little language that a lot of ignorant savages invented?"

There was an exclamation.

"But see here!" objected old Norwood gravely. "See here ——"

"Don't see-here me!" yelled Everard. "Don't interrupt when I'm talking."

"I merely wished to inform you ——" began Norwood.

"Well, stop wishing!" sneered Everard. "Don't try to tell me anything. If you'd been any good you'd have made something of this school long ago, and I wouldn't be here doing it for you."

Norwood jumped up, trembling.

"Mr. Everard," he said, "that is too much. I will not permit you to ride over me in this way. I offer you information and you deliver a public rebuff. I warn you, you will regret this."

"Regret? Ha, ha! That's good. Norwood, I'd fire you if I considered you had a job here, but I don't. You're on a pension. So shut up!"

Norwood continued trembling, but he said nothing more; merely turned away and left the room.

Everard smiled after him and shook his head.

"Now, gentlemen," he said, "we're going to teach that team the Indian language. Please consider it settled. We're going to play Brownell next year and beat them."

Shipwell, the English professor, coughed apologetically.

"But, Mr. Everard," he objected, "there is no Indian language, as you speak of it."

"No Indian language?" gasped Everard. "Are you crazy? Why, I heard them ——"

Shipwell raised his hand.

"The original natives of this continent," he said, "spoke thirty basic dialects, which have innumerable minor variations and tribal peculiarities. To carry out your scheme, sir, we might be compelled to consider at least a dozen tongues before we might ——"

"Now, now, now" laughed Everard. "You find out what language the Brownell Indians speak, and use that."

"I happen to know that five different tribes are represented on the Brownell team," inserted Derkes. "The newspapers have remarked the fact."

"All right," directed Everard, "they've got to use some one of five lingoes. Take ten of the team and form them into five pairs. Make each pair learn a language. Make the quarterback learn two or three."

"Two or three?" protested Shipwell. "My dear sir, the American native tongues are polysynthetic, or holophrastic. Each so-called word usually contains all the elements of a phrase, including pronominal subject and object, a transitive verb and sometimes a qualifying adjective or adverb. This is entirely opposite to our organic and analytic system of using separate words with separate modifying particles. I doubt if a young man of the athletic type could learn one such dialect in a year's time. I have frequently observed that our players are not apt in languages; even in English they are apt to display ignorance, or perhaps carelessness, and ——"

"Stop!" commanded Everard. "That's enough. They'll learn 'em or quit. You've got my orders. Give them theirs."

Well, that was that. When Everard was gone the students howled, the coach howled and the team went into hysterics. But the team was receiving a generous salary for waiting on the tables at Commons Dining Hall—more than any waiter has received before or since, I guess—and the rest of us didn't count; so no howling was protracted past the danger point. Considered in a calm frame of mind the idea was not altogether unreasonable, at that. Of course a man could never learn a whole Indian language in a year's time, but he might easily pick up enough to tip off one or two plays in advance. That would give us a better chance to win, and all we needed was a better chance, the way things stood. At bottom, of course, we all wanted to beat Brownell as much as Everard did.

And so it came to pass that, among other marvelous things transpiring that year, I sat in our frat rooms at Edge College, with Kennett, the fullback, and Quackenbush, both beefy men with small heads, and heard them talking about the Navajo language.

"The word for ball is *joi*," said Kennett, "and there's more than thirty ways of saying 'to throw.' How'll we ever find out how they say 'forward pass'?"

"Yes, how?" answered Quack. "And can we be sure they use the same dictionary?"

That pair had Navajo, and other couples had Dakota Sioux, Pawnee, Cherokee and Choctaw. The quarterback had Muskhogee and Comanche. Of all the impossible efforts! The team fairly staggered as it began to pack up vocabularies. Heavy men became pale and thin. The whole school got interested and tried to help, but even our crack Greek dissectors were stumped. It has since been estimated that we resurrected missionary grammars and moth-eaten old books that year that some libraries had even forgotten owning.

At last Malling succeeded in lining up Indian instructors—two of them reported in blankets and beads, direct from the reservation—and things went better. As spring wore into summer the various pairs began to get a grasp of the polysynthetic business and the instructors stopped smiling at their efforts. You know it takes something to make an old-style Indian smile, but those instructors had no trouble from the start.

During vacation the whole back field and two guards went down into Oklahoma to keep in practice.

Meanwhile old Dean Norwood was forgotten, or at least was overlooked. However, just after the conference in which Everard referred to Norwood as being on a pension, a certain Professor Pinder met the old dean coming from prayer meeting at his church.

"My dear Pinder," said Norwood, "you heard the controversy between Mr. Everard and myself this afternoon?"

"Yes, sir."

"I ask you then," said Norwood, "if I have not been snubbed and scorned to a point where I am justified in taking active measures to demonstrate my value and to—ah—let us say—to avenge myself?"

"I should say so," answered Pinder. "You are most emphatically justified in such a course."

"Well then, I shall adopt it."

But so far as we could see, he didn't. He merely met his classes, did his work, and refused to speak to the new chancellor except formally. Things drifted along until finally we got to shaking our heads and saying the poor old fellow was crushed and would never be able to do a thing that would affect Everard.

Well, autumn came at last, just as it has this year. I'll spare the details of golden grain and rich harvests. Just let me say that the Edge College team made a sensation that had never been equaled since Chicago developed Eckersall and the team that went with him. Edge trounced Cotton State 55 to 3 and rolled over a prize Eastern team 17 to 0. They kicked a goal or made a touchdown for every five minutes of play during the season. And they lined up with the Brownell Indians on our field before a crowd that was more numerous than the total registration at Edge from the time of its founding in 1840.

I'll never forget that occasion, naturally. No more than I'll forget my wedding or my funeral. Our rooters were all on hand and we had more than a thousand students that year. Our band was playing and just before me—I was cheer leader, you know—was Chancellor Malling, with a confident smile on his face, looking like he was about to give an interview on How I Made Good and Carried Out the Boss' Orders, to a success magazine. We all had confident smiles. We were sure we could beat the Indians either at football or at talking and we were looking forward to the day when we'd call our grandchildren about our knees and tell



"E" Economy

What a Missouri traveling salesman discovered about price per gallon and cost per mile

A TRAVELING SALESMAN in Springfield, Mo., isn't fooled by figures.

He has discovered that Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" at 30c a quart actually costs him less than other oils he previously bought at 20c and even 15c.

He reports that Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" lasts one-third longer than most cheaper oils and twice as long as some of them.

More and more Ford owners are having the same experience. And there are definite reasons:

For lowest cost per mile the design, construction and system of lubrication of your Ford engine demand oil of the definite characteristics found in Gargoyle Mobiloil "E."

For lowest cost per mile the piston clearance requires oil of the body of "E."

For lowest cost per mile the Ford splash lubricating system calls for oil which, like "E," atomizes readily and distributes properly to every friction point.

For lowest cost per mile the Ford bearings need oil which works freely between the close-fitting surfaces. "E" *does.*

Nine out of ten oils offered you are mere gasoline by-products. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is a specialized lubricating oil—scientifically correct for the Ford engine in both body and character.

Why not begin today to get this greater economy and protection? You can get Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" in 1-gallon and 5-gallon cans and in 30-gallon and 50-gallon steel drums equipped with a convenient leak-proof faucet.

For the differential of Ford cars use Gargoyle Mobiloil "CC" or Mobilubricant as specified by the Chart of Recommendations.



IN BUYING *Gargoyle Mobiloil from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container.*

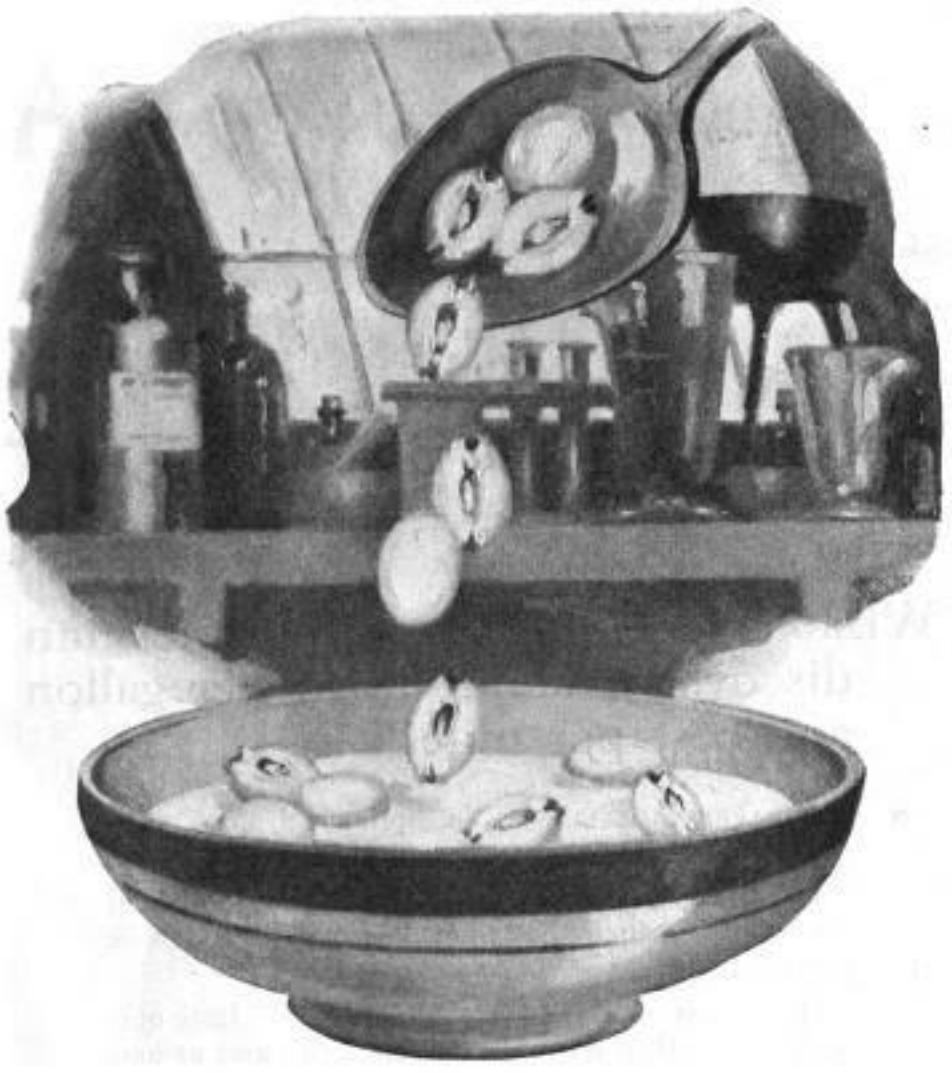
The Vacuum Oil Company's Chart specifies the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for every make and model of car. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is the correct grade for Fords. If you drive another make of car, send for our booklet, "Correct Lubrication."

DOMESTIC BRANCHES:

New York (Main Office)	Boston	Chicago
Philadelphia	Detroit	Pittsburgh
Indianapolis	Minneapolis	Kansas City, Kan.
Buffalo	Des Moines	Dallas
	Rochester	

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

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Invented Here

In Prof. Anderson's Laboratory

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are tidbits—delightful food confections. But also remember this:

They are scientific whole-grain foods, invented by Prof. A. P. Anderson. They are shot from guns. Over 125 million steam explosions are caused in every kernel.

Every food cell is blasted, so digestion is made easy and complete. Thus every element in the whole grains yields up its nutriment.

This is real whole-grain nutrition. Whole wheat contains 16 needed elements. It is practically a complete food. Every child should eat it every day. And the ideal form is Puffed Wheat.

These are airy, toasted, flimsy grains, puffed to 8 times normal size. They seem too good to eat. But when you serve them at night in a bowl of milk you are serving the supreme food. Do it every night.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice**



Served Here

To Millions of Happy Children

Puffed Rice is whole rice puffed to bubbles. It tastes like toasted nuts. No child has ever tasted a finer breakfast dainty.

People mix it with berries to add a nut-like blend. They use it like nut-meats on ice cream. They douse with melted butter and eat like peanuts—dry. But remember always that this is also a whole grain with every food cell broken. Let children eat it to their hearts' content—morning, noon and night.

These are days to serve Puffed Grains in plenty.

The Quaker Oats Company, Sole Makers

them we were at the field when Edge beat the Brownell Indians.

They lined up and the referee blew his whistle and Edge kicked off, with every nerve tingling, all in regulation style. For ten minutes we had as thrilling a spectacle as any man could want—unless he had been brought up on spear fighting or dueling with broadswords. John Big Bear, the Indian halfback, took the ball on a direct pass and started around our right end. They put our tackle and end out of play, but Quackenbush, playing defensive quarter, tipped over two men and nabbed Big Bear right on the scrimmage line. Running Water forward-passed to Little Oak, but Kennett chopped Little Oak down in his tracks. Wind-in-the-Morning tried to smash through tackle, but only smashed against him. The Indians kicked and we took the ball—for four downs. They stopped us just as we had stopped them.

And that was the program. There never were two teams more evenly matched. The ball hung in the center of the field like it was glued, and neither safety man had any work to do. At last the Indians got to our thirty-yard line and were held up for three downs. Their quarterback turned toward the back field and began to jabber gutturals. My cheering section was going full speed at the time, but it stopped as though somebody had put a blanket over it. It grinned, silently and joyously, and the sun flashed from its collective teeth.

"*Ur susmajo rarcanamconsilyamfac'ito,*" howled the quarterback—at least, that's the way it sounded.

We hugged ourselves in joy—for a minute. But not longer than a minute. Because out on the field our Navajo men were looking at our Sioux, and our Pawnees were dumbly pleading for enlightenment from our Cherokees and Choctaws. Our star quarterback, struggling with Comanche and Muskhogee, stood frowning at the ground and after a second put both hands to his head and reeled a little. Nobody had understood.

While they were thinking about it the ball was passed and the Indians ripped off a trick delayed pass which ended with Big Bear getting away for a touchdown. Our team came back to the center of the field to line up for the kick-off, but instead of scattering to the regular positions it walked in a little knot. "What was it? What was it?" You could hear the words again and again while our rooters sat aghast and silent and while Chancellor Malling rubbed his eyes two or three times and then took out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead.

Each player shook his head as he heard the question, and at last the quarterback groaned. "If it was in my department," he said, "I missed it a mile. Don't count on me any more, boys."

That was the general verdict. The Indians saw they had some extraordinary advantage and they decided to work it hard. As soon as they got the ball the quarterback gave another conversational signal and the gain was terrific. Lining up, he began to shout more commands.

Our left tackle jumped out of line and threw up his hands.

"Time out!" he yelled, and motioned the team to gather round him. "I've got it, men!" he whispered. "It's my stuff—Pawnee. Now, next time he says anything I'll tip you all off."

"That's funny," said Kennett. "I was just thinking it was Navajo."

"So was I," added Quackenbush.

"You birds are all wrong," growled one of the guards. "It's good old Sioux, but it's different from what I learned. Still, I think I can ——"

In two seconds every man on the team claimed to have a line on the jabber. The referee and umpire had to threaten to forfeit before they could break up the argument. Thereafter the game became an awful thing. Each player would attempt to pass on a translation of what he heard. As football instinct would often cause him to guess right, each man became more and more fully convinced that he understood. Our defense became so ragged you could have run a high-school shimmy lizard through it, and Brownell scored another touchdown and a goal from placement. Toward the end of the half Malling lay back in his chair, waxy and limp. He couldn't seem to look at the field, but kept his eyes fixed on the clouds overhead.

As I put down my megaphone and watched the teams trot off the field I heard a sharp noise behind me.

"Malling!" It cracked on the air like a whip.

I turned and found that most of the faculty had assembled around the chancellor's box; and off to my right, getting down from a dusty automobile, was Everard. Malling stood up, holding tight to his chair, like he was faint.

"Yes, sir?"

Everard waved toward the score board. "What does this mean?"

"I don't know, sir."

"You don't —— My heavens above me, is there no explanation for this horrible disaster?"

Derkes came up from the field in a fighting fury.

"Explanation?" he growled. "Of course there's an explanation, governor. We're losing because a boob from the outside has interfered with the squad's work. If it hadn't been for that Indian-language foolishness we'd be ahead right now. Maybe you'll keep your hands off another man's special work after this."

"Special work?" snapped Everard. "Hmph! I can't say much for what I've seen so far, Mr. Derkes. I'd like to see some evidence of special work or ability about this college. I'd like to find one man who looks as though he knows the rudiments of his business. I'd like ——"

Old Dean Norwood stepped up and put his hand on Everard's shoulder. He stared at the millionaire in a pitying way.

"As I understand it, sir," he offered, "you are particularly anxious to win this game?"

Everard made a choking noise.

"Particularly anxious?" he gulped. "Norwood, you're a prize! Here I've spent more than a million on this school, and it can't even win a football game. Am I a fool? Do I want to be the laughingstock of the country—financing a college that plays second string everywhere it goes? Yes, my dear ancient professor, I am anxious. I'll say this." He turned to the others. "I'll give ten thousand cash to the man, player or coach, that can help us to win today."

Norwood bowed.

"Very well, sir, I accept your offer. If I may be permitted some small measure of authority I believe I can assure you that it is more than possible for us to win."

Everyone gaped at him.

"Authority?" grumbled Everard. "What do you want?"

"Merely to name the quarterback for the next period and to address the players before they return to the field."

Derkes' mouth fell open; then he nodded suddenly.

"Do it, governor," he advised. "When the dean says something it's usually so."

"All right," snapped Everard. "I can't say I ever heard him say anything, but conditions could never get worse than they are. Go ahead and play your quarterback and make your speech."

"Thank you, sir," said Norwood.

And off he went to the gymnasium with Derkes. Everard settled down in Malling's box and the faculty discreetly moved away.

"What's that old croppy got up his sleeve?" asked Everard.

"It beats me," answered Malling. "The poor old fellow's about half gone in his mind, I think. He's nothing but an old-time Latin teacher."

"Half gone?" snapped Everard. "All gone!"

Naturally there was considerable excitement over what had occurred. Within five minutes our section was buzzing like a swarm of incredulous bees. Old Norwood had come to life, after all. In a way he had directly challenged Everard. What was going to break? Could he do the impossible and help us win? A man sixty years old? Well, the intermission came to an end and I heard the crowd above me begin to yell and laugh. I looked up and, on the level, I nearly fainted. Our team was coming on the field, and at the head of the string was Professor Norwood, wearing a big white training sweater and carrying the ball. Just behind him was Robertson, the quarterback on the scrub team.

"Look at the old fool," howled Malling.

I heard Everard swear. In the center of the field the players hoisted Norwood on their shoulders and gave him three cheers and then carried him to the sidelines. The team lined up with Robertson at quarter and our regular ball passer off the field.

It didn't take half an eye to see that our men had new confidence. There was fight in every pound of them. I turned to the

(Continued on Page 56)

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Hotels Statler

Buffalo - Cleveland - Detroit - St. Louis

A new Hotel Statler (1100 rooms, 1100 baths) is under construction at Buffalo—to open early in 1923; 500 additional rooms will be added later.

In the Park Square district of Boston there is to be another Hotel Statler, with 1100 rooms, 1100 baths, opening date to be announced later.

When You're Leaving

By E. M. STATLER

TICKETS and baggage to see to—perhaps a lot of last-minute errands—the "checking out" at a down-stairs desk—such things as those make leaving a hotel a more complex process than arriving.

In these hotels we try to simplify things as much as possible. Perhaps you have noticed the cards in bedrooms which indicate how much time you should allow for handling baggage and making your train, or those which warn you of differences between "city time" and "railroad time."

But the real problem is, as always in hotel operation, *people*. The thing we most strive for is to have the employees concerned—the head porter, and bookkeepers, and cashiers—do all they can toward being useful and helpful to you when you're leaving us. We want you to want to come back.

Here are some of the instructions we give our employees:





Instructions to Statler Employees who handle "departures"

PORTERS should remember that time-tables and connections and through service are complicated matters to many people, and that *written memos* are often better than verbal answers.

"Our policy is that *nothing is too much trouble* which is necessary to good service. Patience and thoroughness are as obligatory upon you as unfailing courtesy.

"Make no promise that you aren't *sure* you can keep.

"Remember that cheerfulness is one kind of ability—and a kind that is valuable in the hotel business. Most mistakes in detail are forgivable—but a grouch, or an uninterested attitude toward a guest, or a surly or discourteous answer *isn't forgivable, in these hotels.*

"A guest who is checking out wants his bill promptly and wants it accurate; he is just as much entitled to a cheerful courtesy as to promptness and accuracy; and our bookkeepers must see that he gets it.

"Cashiers should remember that the least pleasant moment of a man's visit to a hotel is when he is paying his bill. I want you to thank every departing guest for his patronage—*and I want you to mean it when you say it.* I want people to leave us without having their good impressions of us spoiled by *a curt dismissal* when they should have had a pleasant 'good bye, and come back to us.'

"Remind guests about leaving forwarding addresses; lots of people are forgetful.

"Don't ever—*don't ever*—let anybody leave dissatisfied. If you sense that he's disappointed about something, or displeased, try to *make it right, or call someone who can make it right.* It is of the highest importance to this business that our customers be pleased, and come back to us; and you must do your part toward seeing that *our promises are kept.*

"And again, first, last, always, be courteous and gracious and helpful in every transaction—and not with guests only, but with your fellow-employees also."

E. M. Statler

About These Advertisements

This ad is one of a series, each addressed to certain of the people who serve you in our hotels. They tell you—by showing you the instructions issued to our helpers—just what you are entitled to expect when you come to us. Other advertisements (any or all of which will be sent you if you want them) deal with the work of:

- Managers and Assistant Managers
- Room Clerks
- Headwaiters and Their Assistants
- Waiters and Their Helpers
- The Housekeeping Department
- The Kitchen Staff
- Telephone Operators, Mail Clerks and Elevator Boys

Hotel Pennsylvania

Opp. Pennsylvania Terminal, New York. *The Largest Hotel in the World*

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KNOW
the bumpers that go on your car

Trade-Mark — Look for It

Biflex

THOSE powerful, "snappy-looking" automobile bumpers you see everywhere nowadays are BIFLEX—the original, double-bar, spring Bumper.

Get that BIFLEX "classy appearance" fixed firmly in your mind. Know the Biflex trade-mark—look for it when you buy bumpers. Because the "just-as-good-as-Biflex" doesn't exist.

Biflex popularity isn't accidental. Our determination to adhere strictly to scientific principles of bumper construction—to give motorists maximum bumper protection—has made Biflex what it is today.

Biflex strength is in proportion to car weight. Its recoil properties and ability to absorb shocks are based on the force generated by impact. Its broad face blocks other bumpers of all heights—takes blows from any direction.

Biflex Brackets are specially designed to fit your car. They are rattle-proof and make Biflex Bumpers an integral part of your car—not makeshift appurtenances. Biflex Bumpers furnished highly nickeled; or, all black enameled with nickel clamps. Bumpers and Brackets guaranteed against breakage for one year.

Own the Bumper you'll be proud of—insist on Biflex, the original. Priced from $21 to $28. West of the Rocky Mountains, $22.50 to $29.50. See your Biflex dealer.

Biflex Products Co., Waukegan, Ill.

"Protection with Distinction"



Biflex
Spring Bumper

(Continued from Page 54)

stand to start the Locomotive Yell and found everybody grinning again. This time we didn't lose our smile. Brownell kicked to us and Kennett ran it back to midfield. Robertson called for a smash through tackle, and our left halfback began to run wild. Before he finished that game he had earned a place on the All American. Time and again he went at the line and tore through for five or seven yards. One man couldn't stop him and two men couldn't. He ran until three or four were hanging on him and then he pushed them over for another yard. That's what new hope and confidence will do.

The ball went to the thirty-yard line on smashes by the halfback and then Robertson sent it around the end, giving the ball to the other halfback, who was eating himself up with jealousy. Result: a touchdown.

I looked up in the stand and found everyone satisfactorily crazy—that is, everyone except Malling, who was rubbing his eyes again, and Everard, who acted like he was choking over something.

"What on earth?" I heard Malling say, as things got quiet after Kennett kicked goal. "What on earth has he done?"

"Shut up," answered Everard. "It's luck."

We kicked off to the Indians and lined up with Robertson playing defensive quarter, close to the line. The Indian quarterback took one wild look around and began to talk again:

"*Akwaffuen spilamyakeays adfeenemlaevum.*"

The ball was snapped and Robertson yelled to our players: "Forward pass to the left end."

And that was what it was! The pass was intercepted and the Indians went up in the air to replace our team—for Nature abhors a vacuum. They fumbled on the next play and it was the only time they fumbled that season. I couldn't believe my eyes or my ears. Nobody could. But we went delirious just the same. My recollection of the balance of the game is hazy. Going back to it, all I can really remember is that my heart was pounding until my ears roared and that every once in a while I looked behind me and saw Malling and a thousand other lunatics yelling and praying, with tears streaming down their faces. There was only one quiet figure in all that sea of joy, and that was Everard, the financier. He had his hat off and was scratching his head, and every now and then he would inspect Malling's activities out of the corner of his eye.

We made two forward passes and two line bucks and went over again. Another period of blocking Indian offensive plays followed. Then—score 14 to 15, and the game somewhere in the final quarter. I have never slept on a board full of nails or had my eyebrows removed with tweezers, but I'll bet I could stand it after watching our progress during our final rush toward the goal. I never knew such agony. Our left halfback smashing his way to the All-American, smashing his way with three men grabbing him on the scrimmage line, smashing his way until the whole Indian defense started for him from habit as the ball was passed. Our team playing with him like clockwork, losing jersey sleeves and stockings, teeth and skin. Sixty yards and the ball on the twenty-yard line. Two minutes to play. I looked back and found Everard yelling louder than any two sophomores in the stand, pounding Malling on the back and waving a busted hat.

Robertson rattled off the same old signal and my heart sank. He made a silent signal with his hand and my heart rose at once, rose until it nearly choked me. Trick play. Quarterback to run while the left halfback made a fake smash at the line. Thud! Robertson took it, made a false pass to the left half and the left half pretended to grab the ball and went into the line head down. The Indian defense gave a war cry and closed in. They couldn't help it. They'd been doing it for half an hour and they knew they must get three men there to hold him. Crash! He hit it and the defense swirled around him. And then I couldn't see for the tears in my eyes. Because little Robertson had scudded around the right end and was away.

Boy, wake up! We won, damn you! We won! Robertson carried it over. Oh, I know it's foolish to get so worked up over a game—but then, you weren't there. You don't appreciate ——

But I'm forgetting my story. When I sort of came to and began to notice things again the stands were empty and the students were out on the field, following the team to the gymnasium. Norwood was walking toward the box behind me, in his white sweater, smiling gently from behind his glasses. I turned. Everard was on his feet, yelping faint cheers and swearing mechanically. The faculty was gathering round once more and here and there bold members of it were daring to grin.

As Norwood came up Everard dropped into a chair, panting. He began to frown.

"What does this mean, Norwood?" he wheezed. "What does this mean?"

"Mr. Everard, I told you a year ago that football and university management are work for specialists. You refused to heed me, so I decided to demonstrate the fact. I have done so."

"Confound it, if you knew Indian languages well enough to train that quarterback why didn't you come forward and say so, instead of making me spend hundreds of dollars for nothing?"

"Mr. Everard, I don't know Indian languages. Nor was it necessary for me to know them. The Brownell team was not using an Indian language."

"Not using Indian?" rasped Everard. "It was Greek, I suppose?"

"No, sir," smiled Norwood, "not Greek, but Latin. Very fair Latin, but spoken, of course, with an Indian's tendency to emphasize guttural and laryngeal sounds. For example, the first signal given was *Unus Major, arcanam consiliam facito*, meaning 'Big Bear, execute the secret play.' I noticed their proficiency in Latin last year and wrote to the head of Brownell, complimenting him. He replied that the Indian youths were proud of their accomplishments and liked nothing better than to air them among themselves."

"You knew this a year ago?" croaked Everard.

"Yes, sir."

"That makes it all the worse. Why under heaven didn't you tell me then? Why didn't you save me ——"

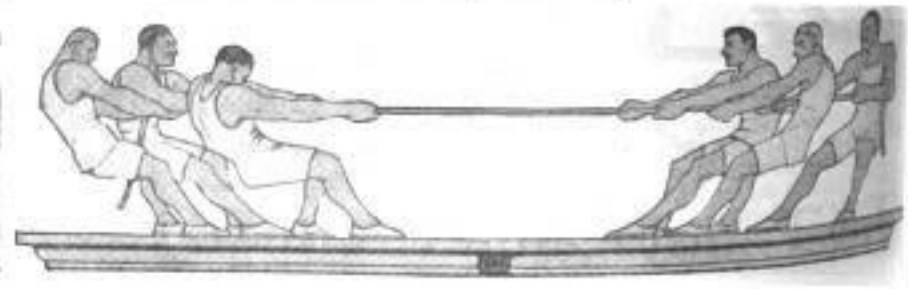
"Mr. Everard! I did try to inform you of this fact. I rose to speak of it in faculty meeting, but you refused to hear me. I warned you that you would regret your action and you insinuated it was not worth while to listen to me, saying in so many words that I was past active service and was merely on a pension. I was thrown directly on my own resources, so I lost no time in tutoring Robertson, fancying that my opportunity would come as it finally did come. As far as the question of language goes, Mr. Everard, you are attempting to control a university, and yet you heard them talking Latin and thought it Indian."

Everard sprang suddenly from his chair. For a second he was the most fiery, scarlet figure I've ever seen. Then in a flash his manner changed and he became calm and self-contained. He turned to Malling and nodded toward the railroad station.

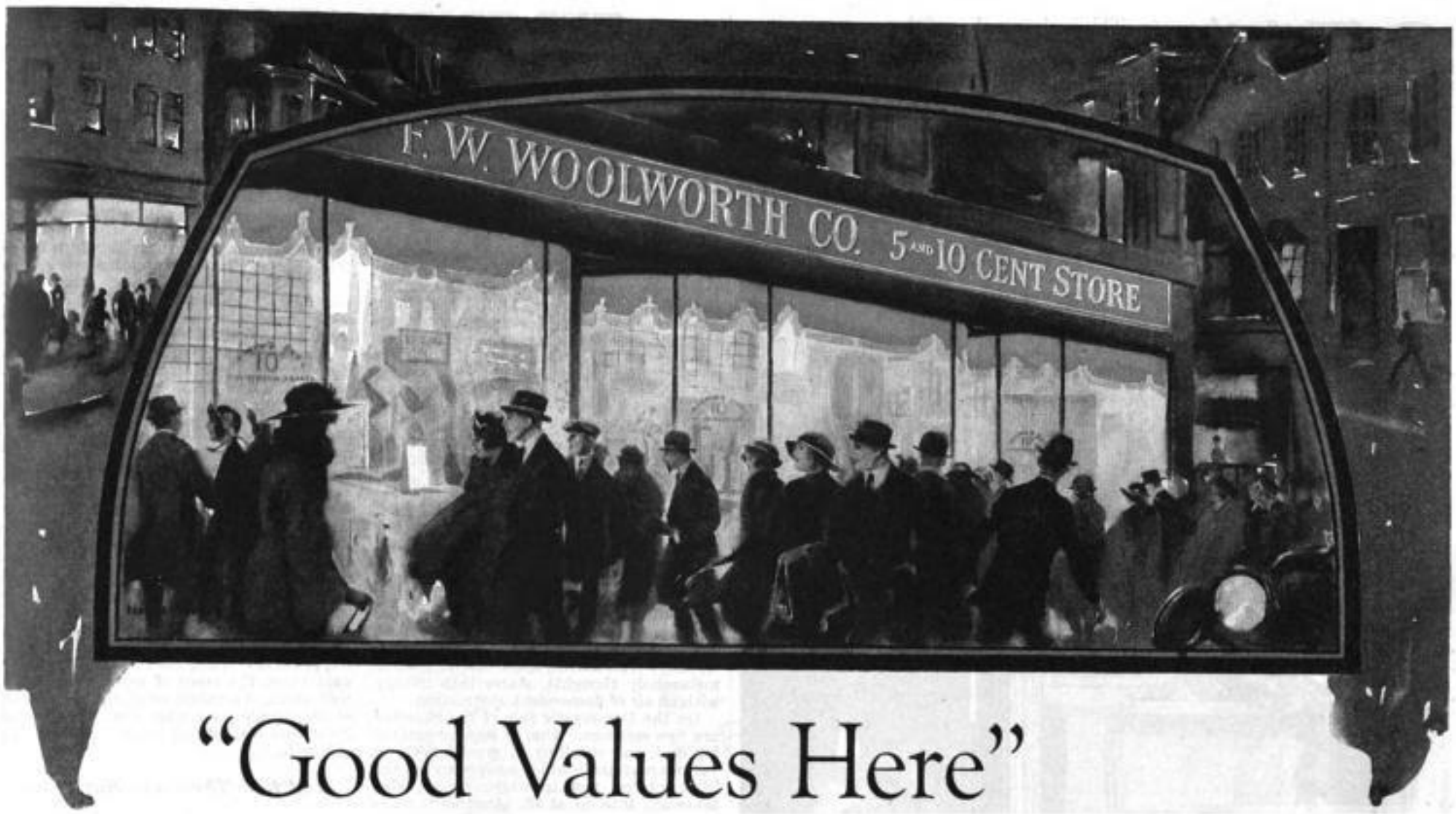
"Malling," he said, "go back to the sheet-metal plant. No, don't do that. Go to the home offices and report to the General Executive Department. I'll do the same."

He faced back to Norwood, squinting. He scratched his head again.

"Who'd 'a' thought it?" he marveled. "Who would, I ask you?" Suddenly he held out his hand. "Dean," he chuckled, "go on demonstrating as long as you can lift a book. Demonstrate your head off. I'm with you."



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"Good Values Here"

—*that's the message of Good Light*

F. W. WOOLWORTH set forth to do a new thing—to give such values for five and ten cents as had never been given before. He knew that values alone will not build a business; the goods must be so displayed that people can see them.

After his first little store in Lancaster, Pa., had grown into a great countrywide enterprise, Mr. Woolworth was asked the reasons for the success of the Woolworth Stores.

"Our windows" was one of the reasons he gave.

Since their beginning, their windows have been the only advertising medium of the Woolworth Stores. Light is the silent salesman that shows the merchandise and values to be found inside. The window lighting equipment of the 1200 Woolworth Stores is standard.

* * * * * *

YOU have learned that you are safe in following the lights that lead into the Woolworth Stores. The values are there. The well-lighted store window is generally the sign of a progressive, courteous spirit inside.

And the lamps which light the windows and stores of many of the best known merchants are Edison MAZDA Lamps.



To Merchants:

Our Lighting Service Engineers have prepared three practical guides covering the lighting of the following:

Show Windows and Show Cases.

Large Dry Goods and Department Stores.

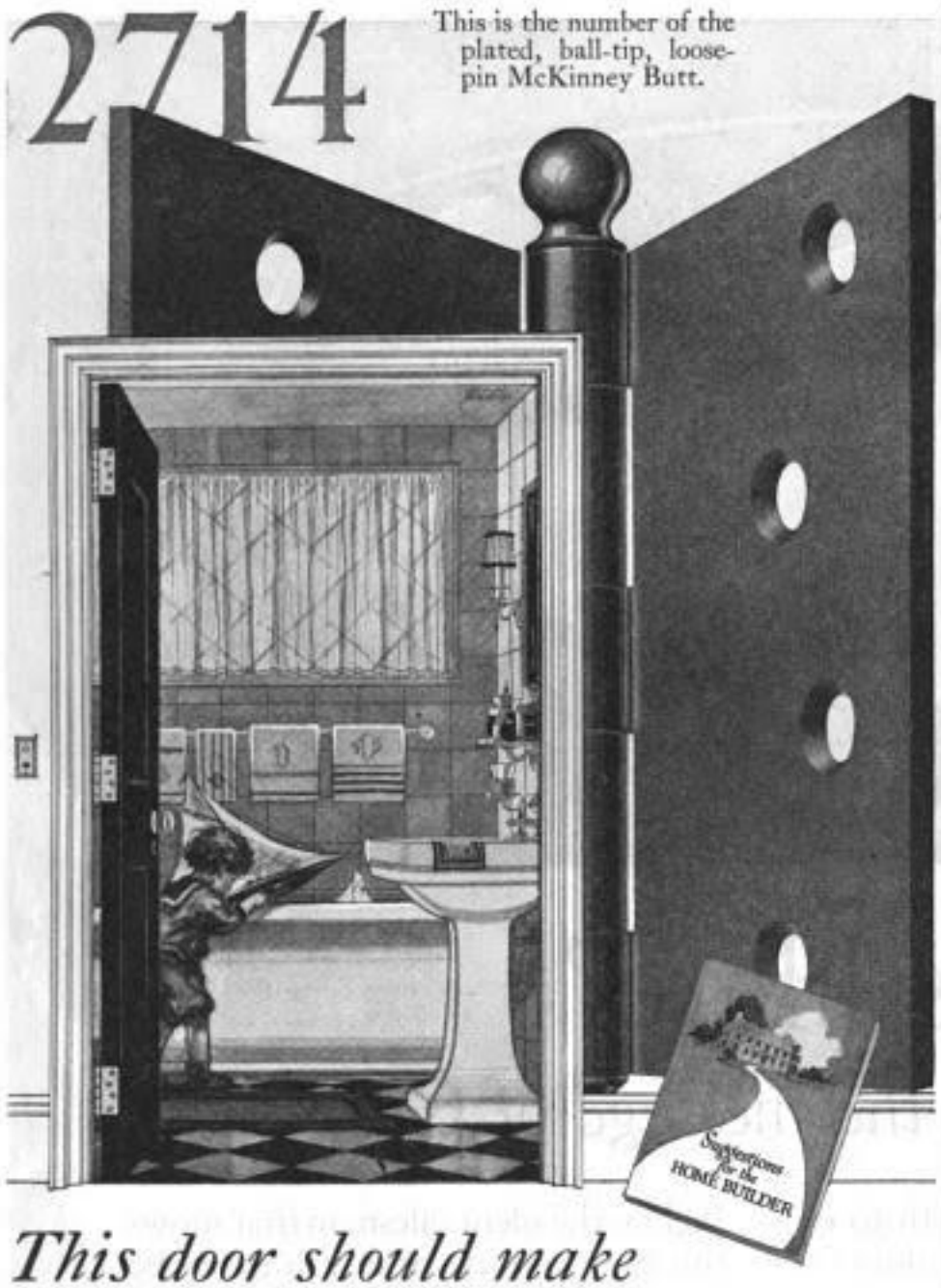
Small Stores.

Your request mailed to the Edison Lamp Works, Harrison, N.J., will bring you the proper guide or guides at once.

Your Edison MAZDA Lamp Agent can supply you with the proper lamps.



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This door should make the bathroom a place apart

THE modern bathroom is a tribute to a national habit of cleanliness. As a people we try to achieve cleanliness as quietly as we can.

Among the many important things to be considered in planning the bathroom is a door which will really set this room apart from the rest of the house. The door must be hung properly—on hinges that swing it easily and silently, and hold it firmly and snugly in its frame when closed. A careful selection of hinges for this door will help largely in making this a quiet and so a less obtrusive room.

A little booklet, "Suggestions for the Home Builder," which we will gladly send you free on request, fully covers the planning of such a room and every other room in the home. Its wide scope of information will be very helpful to every home builder or owner. A companion booklet on the hanging of garage doors will accompany it if you desire.

McKinney Hinges and Butts have been chosen by careful architects, builders and home owners for more than fifty years for the high standard of service they give wherever used.

McKINNEY MANUFACTURING CO., PITTSBURGH
Western Office, Wrigley Bldg., Chicago Export Representation

McKINNEY
Hinges and Butts and Hardware

Garage hardware, door hangers and track, door bolts and latches, shelf brackets, windows and screen hardware, steel door mats and wrought specialties.

THE TRIBULATIONS OF THE SENATE

(Continued from Page 25)

and then sit around in the middle of the books for weeks without opening one of them. Nobody knows the motives that impel senators to do this, and it is only fair to the senators to say that nobody cares. It is merely one of the peculiar phases of senatorial inactivity.

On some of the senators' desks, especially on the Democratic side of the chamber, the books appear to have been accumulating for ages; and there are desks that look something like the tables outside of second-hand bookstores on which are crowded a number of fusty books labeled "Take Your Choice, 15 cents." It is popularly believed that if the undermost books on some of the piles were to be pried away from the desks they would be found to be sheltering large numbers of the active dark-gray bugs that congregate so persistently under rotten logs.

On the average day which we are considering the Vice President sits on his great mahogany throne. Before him curves the semicircle of senatorial desks, littered with books and papers.

The highly important matter of the tariff is under discussion.

On the Republican side of the chamber sit four senators. One of the four is reading a book. Two are chatting together industriously. The fourth, apparently a prey to melancholy thoughts, stares into infinity with an air of despondent abstraction.

On the Democratic side of the chamber are five senators. One is leaning against his desk and speaking at great length on various matters in which he appears to take little interest and in which nobody else takes any interest at all. Another is reading a New York newspaper. The third is engaged in writing a voluminous letter—probably a letter to someone back home, in which he makes frequent references to his importance in world affairs. The fourth and fifth have their heads close together and appear to be telling each other negro-dialect stories.

There, then, are a total of nine senators out of a total of ninety-six. One of the nine is speaking, and the other eight are killing time until the speaking senator decides to stop, or slips off the desk against which he is leaning and breaks a leg, or until it is time for them to keep appointments elsewhere. Their pulses are obviously unstirred by the sonorous phrases which their colleague is emitting.

Speaking of the Tariff

The senator who is speaking has the enduring lungs of a Marathon runner. So, for that matter, have a great many of the senators. Their speech seems automatic. Once they have turned it on, it runs until it is forcibly shut off.

The senator, being a Democrat, is knocking the Republican tariff. No Republican can frame a tariff bill that pleases a Democrat, just as no Democrat can frame a tariff bill that pleases a Republican. All Republican tariffs, to hear the Democrats tell it, are great bloated ogres with long, sharp teeth and smoking nostrils, whose one object in life is to snatch the bread from the mouths of innocent children and honest workingmen with hoarse and hard-hearted laughter. All Democratic tariffs, to hear the Republicans tell it, are foul and fearful dragons whose sole occupation consists of demolishing, brick by brick, all the factories and infant industries of the nation. Therefore, the sum and substance of all remarks which are made by Democrats concerning a Republican tariff may be boiled down to five words, to wit: "This tariff bill is rotten."

It is not, however, in the nature of a present-day senator to say exactly what he means in clear and concise language. If he thinks that a tariff bill is rotten he cannot express that thought to his entire satisfaction without dwelling for hours on the civilization of the Incas, the climate of Arizona, the Russian Empire, the digestive organs, Greek art, rug weaving, the League of Nations, tomato culture, the distinction between the words "among" and "between," the offensive activities of Cossack chieftains, lunar eclipses, and thousands of other subjects, with occasional reference to the tariff or the lack of tariff on fish sounds, manufactured hoofs, dried blood, dried insects, fossils, Brazilian pebble, teeth, insects' eggs, sausage casings, crude bristles, skeletons and kindred articles.

The senator who is speaking, then, knocks the Republican tariff, and he takes his time about it. He mentions predatory interests, limpid streams which bear the argosies of trade, the medieval and buccaneering policies of the Republican Party, the shortcomings of the leopard as a changer of spots, narrow zealots and bigoted partisans, the merciless greed of gigantic corporations, Great Britain's trade policies, the responsibility for the war, the American people, the American consumer, the American laborer, distinguished senators from various states, farmers' blocs, bankers' blocs, manufacturers' blocs, labor blocs, disaster to the republic, George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln, William McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, the Constitution of the United States, Rip Van Winkle, the Gridiron Club, Nelson Aldrich, the Raleigh Hotel, Europe, Manchuria, Siberia, Germany, China, Japan, Minerva, Jove, the Dark Ages, prehistoric peoples, the noble edifices erected by the Democratic Party, the Versailles Treaty, the wounds and sorrows of the world, Herodotus, Strabo, the plumbers' trust, the building trust, the milk trust, the voice of one crying in the wilderness, the public weal, the oppression of the people, and what not. There is a great deal of what not—three or four hours of it in fact.

And Now There are But Three

At the very end of this varied assortment of information, which sounds less like a speech than it does like a reading of extracts from all the volumes of the Encyclopædia Britannica, including the Index, the senator comes to the point of his discourse.

The point is that the tariff is a rotten tariff, and that the people won't like it. That is the choice fruit which has been hidden among the vast expanse of verbal foliage. That is what the senator would like to have his audience think that he thinks; but unfortunately he has given tongue to so many of the minor thoughts which pursue themselves busily through the nooks and corners of his brain that his audience doesn't know what he thinks, and cares less.

In fact he hasn't any audience. Long before he has reached the end of his speech the crowd of senators who were on hand when he began to speak has been sadly diminished.

Instead of four senators on the Republican side of the chamber there is only one. He is the one who seemed to be a prey to melancholy thoughts.

And on the Democratic side there is the senator who is speaking and one other—a very feeble old gentleman who cannot enter or leave the chamber unless he is assisted and supported by an attendant.

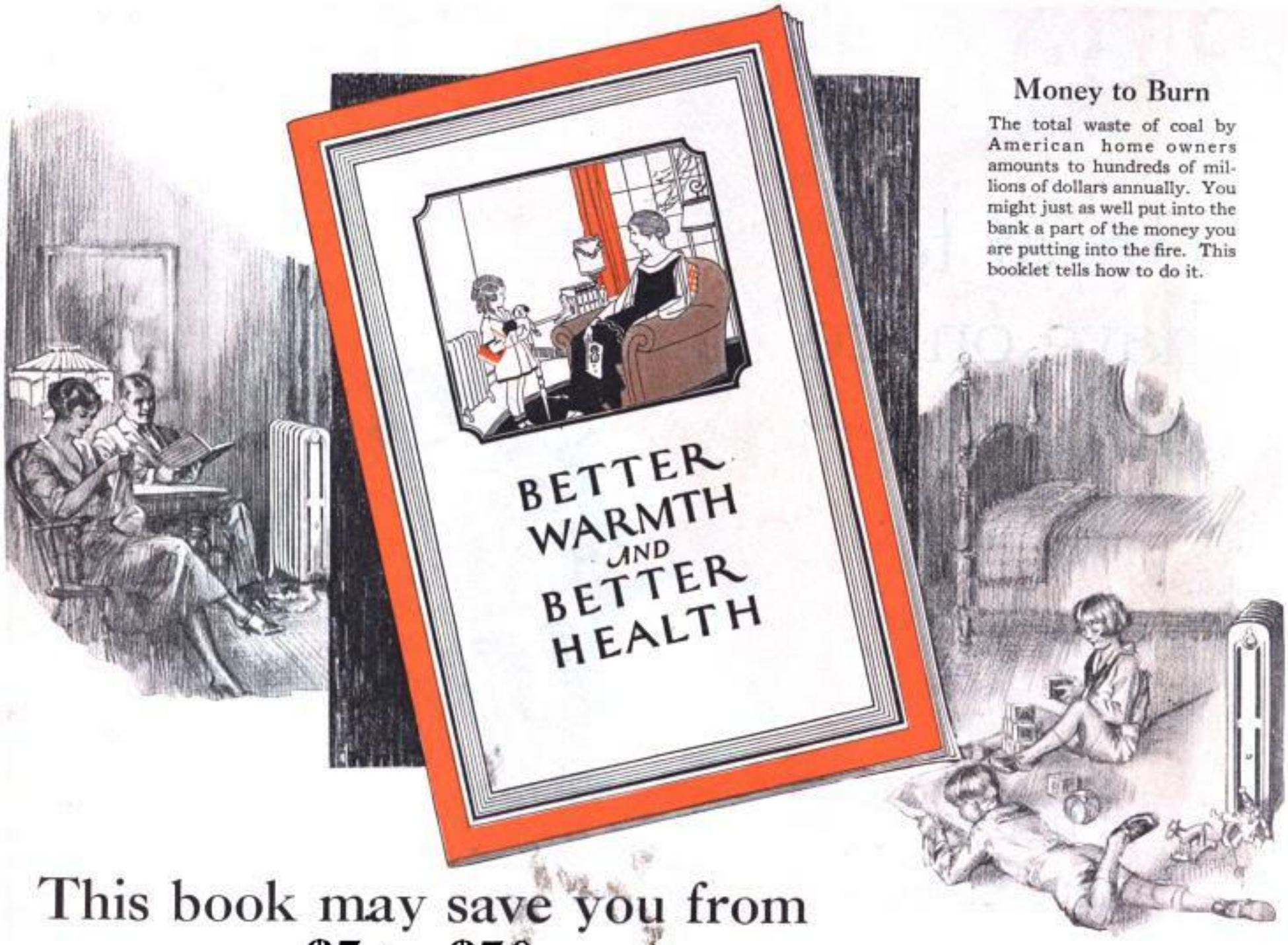
There is an inspiring spectacle for the travelers who have journeyed from afar to see the wheels of government go round! Three senators present and accounted for out of a total of ninety-six! It is about as exciting and absorbing as the waiting room of a large railroad station at three o'clock in the morning.

Two school-teachers, accompanied by eighteen children of assorted sizes, and conducted by a Capitol guide, enter the visitors' gallery and view the thrilling scene with what are usually known as poker faces. It is to be assumed that the teachers have led their little charges to the Senate Chamber in order to fill their minds with a keen interest in our form of government—possibly with a consuming desire to become essentially a part of that government. What they have probably done is to confirm their little charges in the belief that it is far better to be a street-car conductor or a stevedore than to be a senator.

There is some small movement on the floor of the Senate Chamber. An abstracted senator from the West enters from the cloakroom, putters nervously down to his desk, sits down and looks helplessly around, and then gets up and putters out again. A young and amiable-looking senator from

(Continued on Page 61)

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Money to Burn

The total waste of coal by American home owners amounts to hundreds of millions of dollars annually. You might just as well put into the bank a part of the money you are putting into the fire. This booklet tells how to do it.

This book may save you from $5 to $50

Merely clip the coupon and mail

THIS AUTHORITATIVE little book gives ten simple rules for saving coal. Whether your house is warmed by steam, hot-water or hot-air, it will save you money. Send for it today.

If you have children, each one of them is *another* reason for clipping the coupon. For the book tells why youngsters take cold in an overheated house, and makes definite suggestions that will mean better health in your household this Winter.

Mail your request to either address below; or, if you live in or near one of the 35 cities in which this Company maintains branch offices and showrooms, a telephone call will bring your copy at once.

These offices—and the Institute of Thermal Research in Buffalo—are a part of the national service of this Company. Each office is headquarters for warmth in its territory. You will find the counsel of its manager helpful, whether you are interested in the warmth of a skyscraper, a cathedral, or a bungalow.

Make generous use of these offices; let their experts be your advisers in every heating problem. The service is free, and *ought* to be—for the American Radiator Company is the leading manufacturer of boilers and radiators in the world. And the obligation of leadership is to lead.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators for every heating need

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Send to either address below for your copy of this authoritative booklet, or telephone the nearest branch office of the American Radiator Company.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY
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Without obligation, send me by mail your free book "Better Warmth and Better Health."

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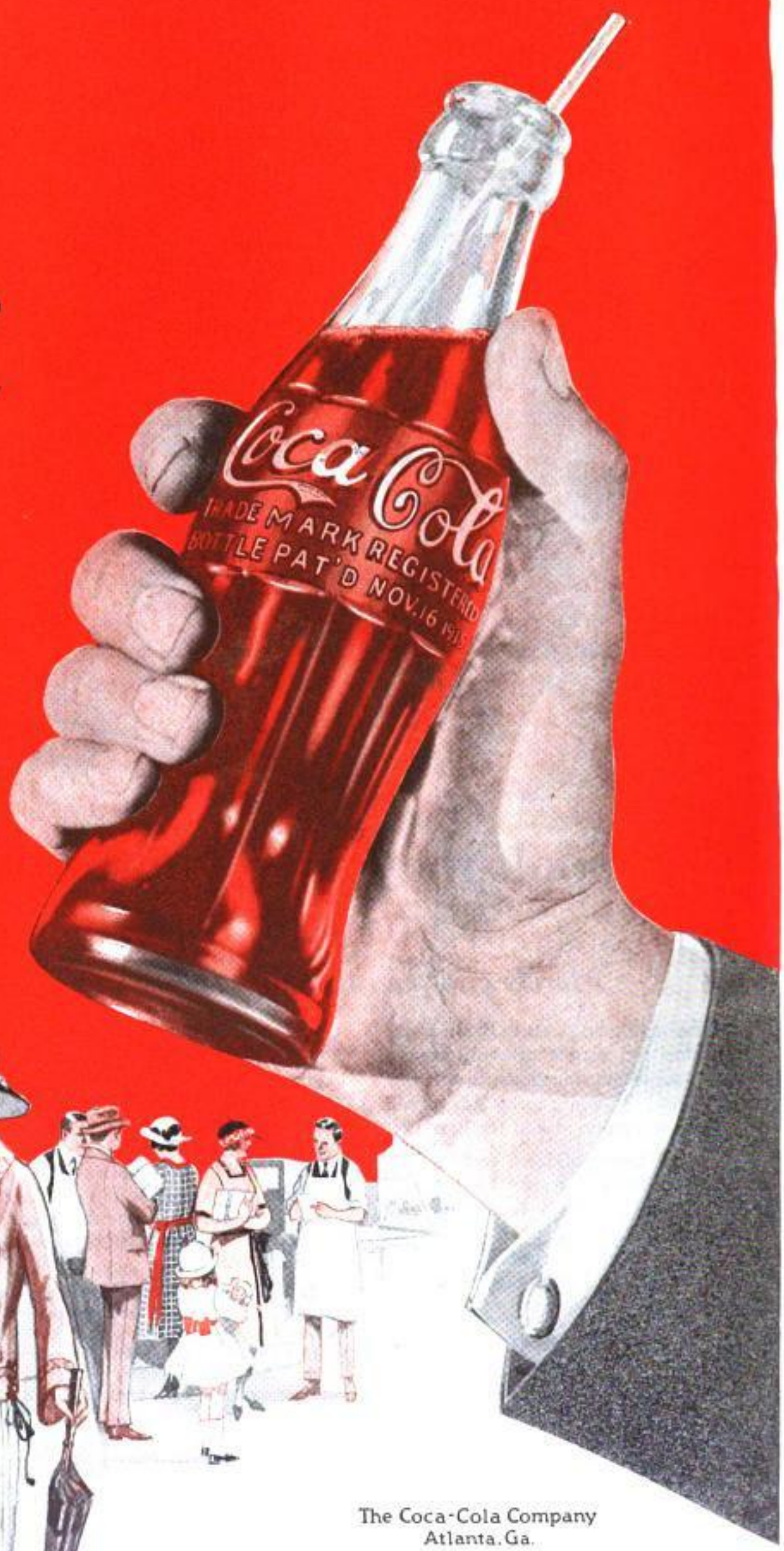
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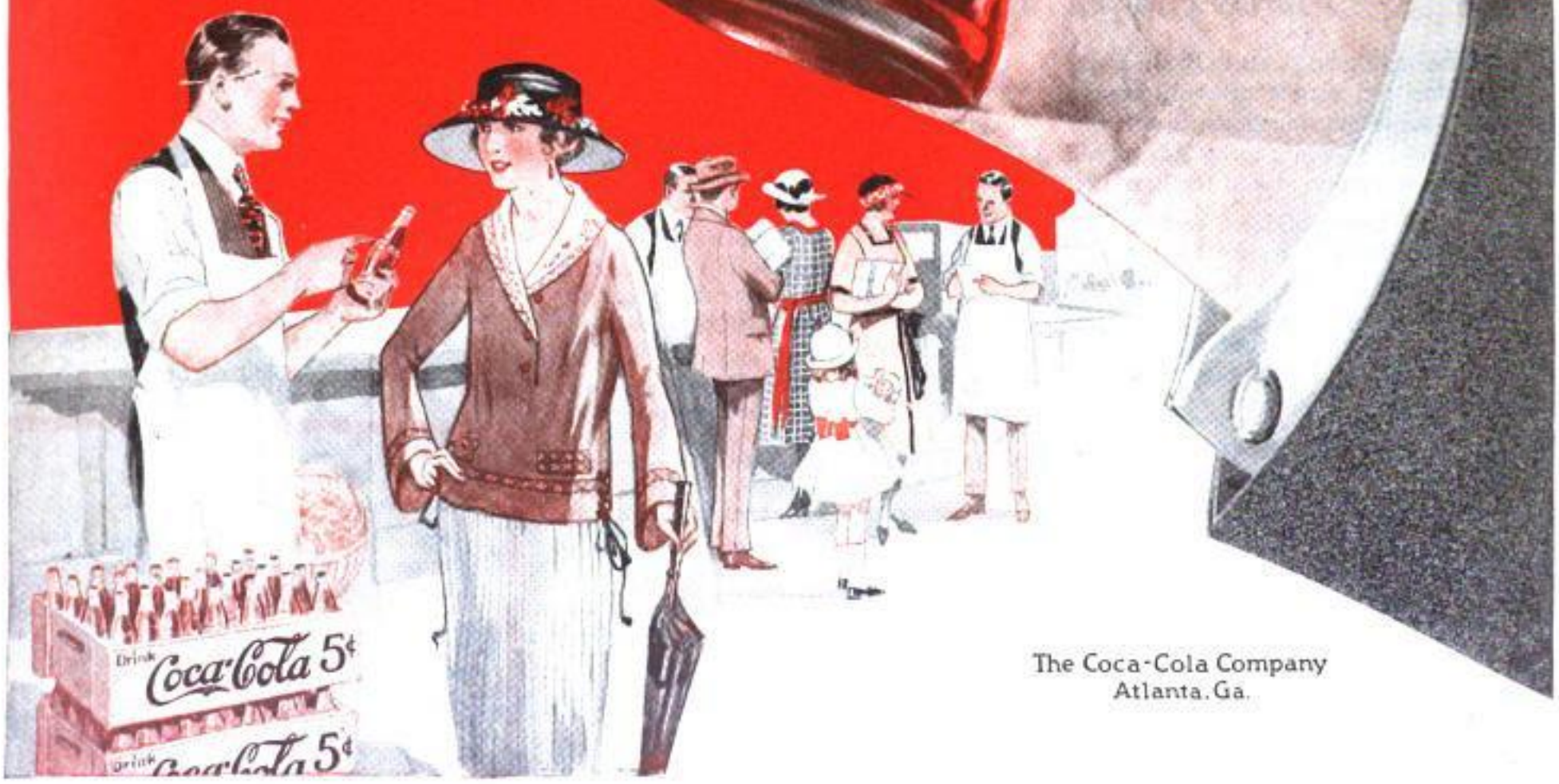
How many rooms in your home? ( )

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Great to
have on ice
at home —

Order
a case!





The Coca-Cola Company
Atlanta, Ga.

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(Continued from Page 58)

New England comes in and fishes around in his desk, finds what he is looking for, examines it suspiciously and leaves the chamber again. A small, excessively important-looking senator from the South enters, tossing back a heavy mane of hair, seats himself importantly at his desk and begins to read a book in a weighty and impressive manner. Another Southern senator, who wears a habitually furtive look, prowls in slowly, crawls behind his desk and peers around as though hunting for someone to bite. There are now five senators in the chamber, and the senator who is speaking continues to drone on and on about everything under the sun.

Two Republican senators enter from the cloakroom, sit down together in the extreme rear of the chamber and enter into a deep and passionate conversation.

A single Democratic senator enters and broodingly contemplates the vivacious scene. Then, when the senator who is speaking pauses in his discourse for a moment, the newcomer says loudly, "Mr. President ——"

The Senatorial Round-Up

The Vice President stirs slightly on his great mahogany throne to show that life is not completely extinct, and asks coldly, "Does the senator from Wah-Wah yield to the senator from Blah-Blah?" That isn't exactly what he says, but it's the way he sounds.

The senator who has been speaking bows politely and says, "I yield." Then the senator who has interrupted says, "If the senator from Wah-Wah will yield to me for that purpose, I make the point that there is no quorum present."

Senators, it should be understood, are the politest and most dignified individuals to be found in the known world, especially in their own minds. They address each other in the third person always; and even when engaged in cutting each other's political throats and ramming political knives into each other up to the hilts, they usually do so with every appearance of deferential courtesy and extreme regard.

"I do not wonder," declares the senator from Missouri in the midst of an acrimonious debate, "that the senator from Mississippi has difficulty in keeping from smiling." The senator from Mississippi is equally polite.

"I am smiling at the senator from Missouri," he replies. "I cannot look at him without smiling."

"That is delightful," says the senator from Missouri. "I hope the senator from Mississippi will keep his eyes fixed upon me."

What he really hopes is that the senator from Mississippi will choke.

Once in a great while one of the longer-haired and less well-balanced senators, caught in an inaccuracy or a distortion of the facts, or something of that nature, will fly into a rage and offer to fight—an offer which to everyone's deep and sincere regret is never accepted or pressed to a gratifying conclusion.

At any rate, the senator from Wah-Wah yields to the senator from Blah-Blah, who makes the point that there is no quorum present. As a matter of fact, there are eight senators present out of a total of ninety-six. There not only isn't a quorum present but there are scarcely enough present to put on a respectable game of poker. This is not an unusual and freak occurrence, but a fairly common situation in the Senate of the United States.

Though at times the entire country rages and froths at the mouth at the delay of both branches of Congress, the floor of the Senate, day after day, is pitifully populated with a handful of senators. This condition of things is an excellent commentary on the lack of leadership which exists in the Senate, and also on the low grade of oratory and debate with which the Senate wastes its time. The leaders can't keep enough senators on hand to do business, and the oratory is so poor that not even the leaders are willing to stay and listen to it.

As soon as the senator from Blah-Blah has made the point that there is no quorum present, the Vice President orders the secretary to call the roll. Immediately, in the cloakrooms of the Senate and in the committee rooms and in the senatorial offices over in the Senate Office Building, bells ring loudly. From odd nooks and corners and out-of-the-way crannies and crevices senators stumble to their feet and proceed in their most dignified manner to the Senate Chamber in order to get in on the roll call. Meanwhile the secretary has started to call the roll and as the senators wander in they stand around until they hear their names called. Then they answer "Here!" and go away again to their crevices and crannies and nooks and corners.

By the time the secretary has finished calling the roll a large number of senators have answered to their names, but not enough for a quorum. So the quest for a quorum continues in the following distressingly dull manner, and duly clutters the pages of the Congressional Record on the next day:

THE PRESIDING OFFICER: Forty-three senators have answered to their names. A quorum is not present. The secretary will call the names of absent senators.

The reading clerk called the names of the absent senators and Mr. Poindexter answered to his name when called.

The following senators entered the chamber and answered to their names:

Colt, Curtis, Nicholson.

THE PRESIDING OFFICER: Forty-seven senators have answered to their names. A quorum is not present.

MR. SMOOT: I move that the sergeant at arms be directed to request the attendance of absent senators.

THE PRESIDING OFFICER: The question is on the motion of the senator from Utah that the sergeant at arms be directed to request the attendance of absent senators.

MR. HARRISON: Mr. President, a parliamentary inquiry. Is that motion debatable?

THE PRESIDING OFFICER: The chair thinks not.

MR. HARRISON: I desire, then, to propound a parliamentary inquiry to the presiding officer.

THE PRESIDING OFFICER: The senator will state his inquiry.

MR. HARRISON: It seems that every day in the consideration of this tariff question, which is a very important one, we fail to develop a quorum and we have to go out and arrest absent senators. The Republicans have a majority of twenty-four. Is it not their business to keep enough senators here to transact the public business?

THE PRESIDING OFFICER: The sergeant at arms is directed to request the attendance of absent senators.

Mr. Broussard, Mr. Caraway, Mr. Frelinghuysen, Mr. Hale, Mr. Keyes and Mr. Walsh, of Montana, entered the chamber and answered to their names.

THE PRESIDING OFFICER: Fifty-three senators have answered to their names. A quorum is present.

A Quick-Quitting Quorum

In some way or other a matter of fifty senators can always be forced to enter the Senate Chamber momentarily and answer to their names; but there seems to be no possible way to make them stay there and listen to the proceedings. Five minutes after the Vice President has announced that a quorum is present the Senate Chamber is practically empty again, and one or two senators are boring themselves and everybody else with a lot of long-winded and futile conversation. The Democrats are as bad as the Republicans in their failure to stay on the job, in spite of the frequent violent protestations of superior holiness which the Democrats like to make.

And so the day goes on through hours of fruitless speaking. Senators rise and talk about everything under the sun. Like garrulous old ladies, they give utterance to all the irrelevant thoughts and near-thoughts that throng their brains.

Republican senators scold Democratic senators for delaying the proceedings. Democratic senators scold Republican senators for misrepresenting their motives and delaying the proceedings. In arguing over the delicate question of who is responsible for the delay both sides waste interminable hours.

Senatorial demagogues, who are invading the Senate Chamber in increasing numbers of recent years, make feverish and unjustified attacks upon high officials of the opposing political party in order to get their names in the papers, or for the purpose of discrediting the opposing party at the coming elections. A large number of the attacks made by senators in the Senate Chamber on men in high positions are cheap, undignified attempts to fill the heads of American voters with misinformation, and to gain votes for persons who don't deserve them. This is the rankest sort of demagoguery.

Senators who are coming up for election sob bitterly over the troubles of the honest laborer and grow maudlin over the sufferings of the downtrodden farmer. Grown



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men quibble and squabble and bellow and bawl in their ablest and most distinguished senatorial manner for three or four or five hours over the position of a comma in the paragraph of a bill, or over the need for putting the word "if" into or removing it from another paragraph, or over the exact meaning of a certain adverb. Senators who assure each other constantly that they are distinguished and able and eloquent and statesmanlike bicker over whether it is right to say that nations agree between themselves to do certain things, or agree among themselves to do certain things. They stand aghast and horrified at the worthless, meaningless, insignificant things, frightening themselves into fits over them, and fail to see the large and important things. They cannot, in short, see the woods in the background because they are too close to the luxuriant milkweed in the foreground.

On both sides of the Senate Chamber there are men of ability and distinction whose sane and thoughtful utterances are too often lost in the turmoil following on the sensational fulminations of demagogic senators.

One of the greatest needs of the Senate is a rule which will choke, gag, strangle, smother and even kill a senator who refuses, when important revenue and appropriation bills are under discussion, to confine his utterances to those bills. Even the most rudimentary intelligence is capable of grasping the fact that the most sensible manner of disposing of a question which is under discussion is to discuss it. Some senators, however, seem to think that they can settle a question under discussion by discussing something that has nothing to do with the question. The so-called distinguished and able senators, in their actions on many important matters, are comparable with a distinguished and able cook who comes downstairs in the morning to cook four eggs for her employer's breakfast, but who spends her entire day rebuking the grocer's boy for beating his horse, swearing at the postman for bringing no letters, making love to the plumber, polishing the stove, washing the cat, hunting through cookbooks for forgotten recipes and writing letters to prospective employers setting forth her distinguished and able mastery of her calling.

As has been frequently remarked, the senatorial mind is a strange and peculiar thing. Although there are a number of genuinely able and sensible senators who would be glad to see a rule that would force senators to speak to the question under consideration, other senators shrink with cries of horror from any such suggestion.

Democratic senators shrink primarily because any such rule would cramp their style noticeably when they wished—as they so frequently do—to hamper the activities of the Republican majority, or to call to the attention of the country some measure which they do not wish the Republicans to railroad through. If the Democrats were in power, the Republicans would shrink just as energetically and emit equally shrill cries of horror, and for exactly the same reason that impels the Democrats to shrink and to shriek.

Too Much Talk

Then, too, there are a number of senators who honestly believe that no Vice President or senatorial presiding officer is competent to distinguish between senatorial utterances that are relevant and senatorial utterances that are irrelevant.

If a senator, discussing boric acid, wanders off for three or four hours to the subject of the peculiarities of Montenegrin architecture, and is taken to task for his wandering by a mere Vice President, his senatorial mind is not only thoroughly capable of devoting three or four days to proving the intimate relation between the two subjects but is almost certain to do so.

Senators are very suspicious persons. They behave frequently like timid watchdogs that are constantly leaping nervously away from their own shadows and bursting into deafening bellowings of alarm and warning. With horrified outcries, senators are constantly investigating this and investigating that by means of ponderous and expensive committees. For a time their frantic investigations and their deep bass roars of suspicion are noted on the front pages of the metropolitan newspapers; and then, in a few days, their suspicions on those particular points are allayed. Their outcries die away. Usually nothing comes of their investigations, except a large amount of expense which is borne by the taxpayer. And after a more or less decent length of time has elapsed they again burst into ear-piercing ululations and terrifying howls of suspicion and warning over some other evil.

They are in a constant state of suspicion and nervous alarm for fear that someone is trying to rob them of a little power. Consequently any talk of limiting a senator to a day or a week or even a month of speaking on any particular subject, or any intimation that a senator might be forced to keep his conversation within certain bounds, arouses in many senators the almost uncontrollable fear that some dread and nefarious plot is on foot to rob them of power. None the less, the Senate's chief need is a drawstring on senatorial windbags.

As originally conceived by the founders of the republic, the Senate was to be comparatively free from the ever-changing winds of public opinion which are constantly blowing on the people's representatives. The House of Representatives, elected by the people every two years, listens to the people's demands and passes, often without proper reflection, bills which reflect these demands. The term of a senator, however, is six years. And in the old days, of course, he was elected by his state legislature. Consequently a senator paid less attention to popular agitations and to the penetrating yells of the populace than did the representatives. The House of Representatives frequently passed a popular measure with glad cries of enthusiasm and sent it over to the Senate. The distinguished senators brooded over the measure and slept on it and talked about it to their hearts' content, and finally decided that although the measure was popular with the people, it wasn't good for them. So they threw it away, or they amended it so that it looked no more like the original measure than a flea looks like a turkey buzzard.

Selecting Candidates

The Seventeenth Amendment to the Constitution provided that senators should be directly elected by the people. In addition to this, senatorial candidates were nominated at direct primaries, instead of being named at party conventions.

Politics, instead of being lifted by the institution of the direct primary to a high plane and anchored there securely, was lifted about seven miles in the air, and left there to float around unhappily and helplessly. This was because the people, who became the selectors of candidates under the direct primary system, selected in many instances the gentlemen with the strongest lungs, the longest and prettiest hair and the most highly developed promisers. For a long time it seemed as if the voter would fall only for lungs and promises, mistaking them, in a manner peculiar to the bulk of voters of any country unless they are ably led, for courage and ability; but happily the direct primaries were used intelligently in several cases last spring.

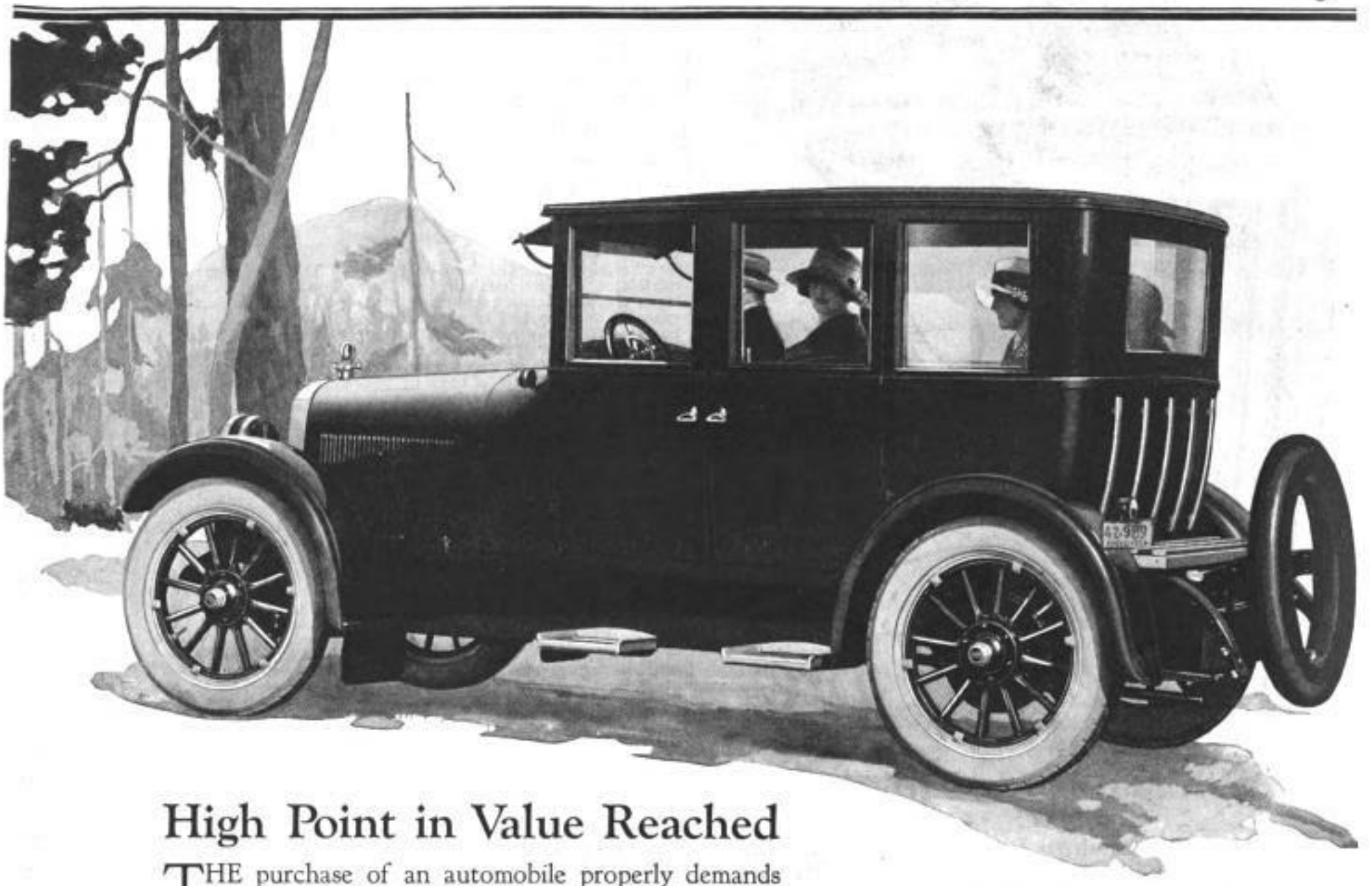
The late Mr. Thomas Carlyle once described the inhabitants of his own country as "Twenty-seven millions, mostly fools." His characterization probably wouldn't have included the political bosses; for a political boss, though he may be many unpleasant and offensive things, is scarcely a fool. When, therefore, the political bosses and the representative delegates to party conventions selected senatorial candidates they were seldom foolish enough to mistake lungs and promises for courage and ability. Being practical politicians, they usually selected men to run for senator who had made successes in some form of human endeavor. The caliber of many of the men that the old bosses selected for the Senate was far higher than the caliber of those that the people have since selected for the Senate; and it is safe to say that the people, at many direct primaries, have allowed themselves to be bunked and hokused into selecting senatorial candidates that few old-time political bosses would have had the nerve to suggest.

It is gradually dawning on the country at large that the tendency of the American voter to cast his ballot for insincere politicians at the direct primary has been causing the standard of men in public life to take a slump. The direct primary alone cannot make a trimmer and coward out of a courageous man; and it is only by means of the direct primary that the people can break

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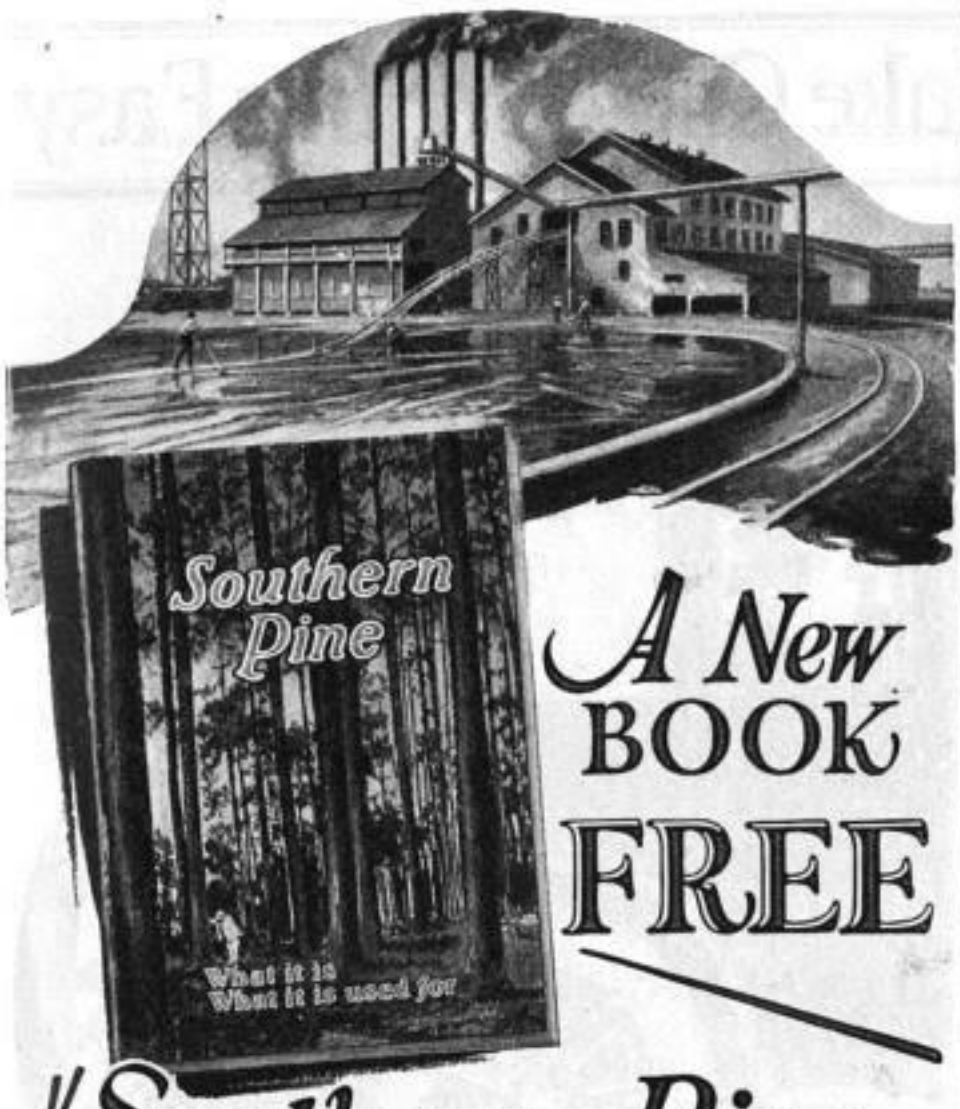
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NEW ORLEANS, LA.



(Continued from Page 62)

the control of corrupt political bosses over public offices. The fault, however, is not with the direct primary law, but with the great American boob. The direct primary has given the great American boob a fine chance to throw his vote blithely for flannel-mouthed orators who are adepts at making people believe that noise is statesmanship. So long as the great American boob continues to behave in this manner, the direct primary is a handicap rather than a blessing to the country; and the American people as a whole deserves to lose its right to name candidates to high office. New York is returning this year to nominating senators at party conventions; Maine is on her way back to the party convention; and Minnesota is about to take the same step. Thus does the boob voter discredit what is basically a good law.

At any rate, when so many voters hearkened to the campaign pleas of loud-mouthed, silvery-tongued, fluent-promising candidates, they automatically put their stamp of approval on demagogues. A demagogue, as one may find by consulting the best works of reference, is "an unprincipled popular orator or leader; one who endeavors to curry favor with the people or some particular portion of them by pandering to their prejudices or wishes, or by playing on their ignorance or passions."

The Senate includes men who answer exactly to that description. Day after day visitors to the Senate listen with disgust to men whose every word is calculated to curry favor with the people or some particular portion of them by pandering to their prejudices. Never in the history of the Senate has there been more demagoguery than exists in it today.

The connection between the direct primary and the blocs that are making so many offensive messes in both Houses of Congress is clearly apparent. The basic requirement of sound government in this and every country is two strong and active political parties—one party to run the government and the other party to watch for and expose the weaknesses of the party in power.

A Game of Blocs

The result of the direct primary is that a great many senators are doing exactly what the founders of the republic planned that they should not do—they are allowing themselves to be swayed by the passing whims of the people or the passing whims of small and too often misguided groups of people. When a small—and often misguided—group brings pressure to bear on a number of senators, then a cluster of senators may disregard the best interests of their party and of all the people and form themselves into a small separate party, or bloc, with the avowed purpose of supporting the wishes of a minority.

A little more loosening of party control in both the Senate and the House, and a slight increase in the number and the determination of existing blocs, would bring about a very similar condition to that which existed in the Polish Diet, or Chamber of Deputies, in 1920, one year after its organization. The Diet was made up of three hundred and ninety-five members; and these three hundred and ninety-five members were divided among twelve political parties. Most of the parties were nothing more or less than what, in our own Senate and House, are known as blocs.

Represented in the Diet, for example, was the Polish Popular Party, with one hundred and nine members; the National Popular League, with seventy members; the National Popular Federation, with seventy members; the Federation of Polish Socialistic Deputies, with thirty-five members; the National Christian Laborers' Club, with tnirty members; the Constitutional Work Club, with eighteen members; the National Laborers' Federation, with fourteen members; the Townsmen's Federation, with thirteen members; the Polish Popular Party of the Left, with twelve members; the Federation of Jewish Deputies, with ten members; the Polish Catholic Party, with five members; and the German Popular Party, with two members. The remaining seven members belonged to no party.

A Lesson From Poland

The description of the aims of the Polish Popular Party which was given to me by one of the leaders of that party was as follows:

"The Polish Popular Party is made up of men elected by peasants. They work constantly for the economic interests of that class. They are advocates of the most extreme agricultural reforms, but have no strictly political views. They occupy the Center of the Diet, but vote with the Left or with the Right as seems most expedient to them. As to foreign policies they are indifferent."

As a result of the twelve parties in the Polish Diet the Polish Government was in almost total chaos. Paderewski failed in his attempt to control a majority of the votes and was forced out of office because he could accomplish nothing. His immediate followers similarly failed. Instead of being loyal to two great parties, one of which should control the government while the other watched for and advertised the flaws, the Polish political parties were loyal only to the interests of various organized minorities.

There were so-called leaders in the Diet, but none of the leaders could lead the disorganized elements of the Diet to concerted action. The situation virtually demanded a military dictatorship.

Poland was not alone in her chaotic legislative situation. In various European countries—Jugo-Slavia, for example, and Greece—where the legislative bodies are made up of organized minorities, the governments are constantly falling with loud and reverberating crashes. In European countries a government falls when it fails to control a majority vote in its Diet, or Chamber of Deputies, or whatever it may call its legislative body. And when a government falls business men run frantically around in circles, emitting low moans of anguish and disgust, because nobody knows whether he is standing on his feet or on his medulla oblongata.

It's an odd thing, but in addition to the other growing similarities between our own two Houses of Congress and some of the chaotic foreign legislative bodies, both the Senate and the House have been greatly disturbed to discover suddenly that their leaders no longer lead. Probably the Senate and the House have about the same number of able leaders that they have always had; but, like the leaders of the Polish Diet, they find great difficulty in leading their fellow members. Several senators who are

(Continued on Page 66)



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(Continued from Page 66)

who took a horse to market, it was only what was to be expected of you."

"Say ——" began George, but already feeling guilty and ashamed.

"It isn't," she went on, drawling, letting her words drip like a distillation of insolence, "as if you were fat anywhere above the collar, for you're not. You have a well-packed garret—I suppose. But honestly, George, the rest of you might as well be rendered into soap, you're that soft and easy. Yes, I know how you stand with your old bean growers, and all that, for you are lovable, George, darn you! And those colonists love you like an only son, even though your chief function is to go around and take their money away from them. But, don't you see—and I trust I'm not putting undue strain on your own individual bean—don't you see that the very qualities that make you an ace-high factotum when things go smooth are exactly what make you a doubtful proposition when, to put it bluntly, a real man is needed? Your cheerful, easy-going nature, I mean. Naturally your uncle couldn't depend upon it or upon you in an emergency. It's all very well to be pleasant and sympathetic and tactful, and get your way that way, if possible; but if not, there ought to be something else, something in reserve and hard; hard as—as iron. That's it—iron. A hand of iron in the velvet glove. But you—fancy!"

However, the notion of George with a hand of iron was quite too fanciful, and she laughed, and when Prosperine laughed like that the man—whoever he might be—writhed.

"Can't I," she demanded, "can't I corkscrew down to the quick in you and get any kick at all? Can't you understand, George, the least bit? No? Very well, here's the diagram: You're in charge out here, and at the very first man-size emergency you let another man come in over your head! Oh, oh, it's too loathsomely depressing for words!"

"But, girlie ——"

"Don't you call me girlie!"

"But, girlie, I wouldn't mind so much if you didn't. It's a fine chance for Aleck ——"

"There you go!" she caught him up. "Always a fine chance for somebody else! You are letting him outstay you in there now. Doubtless you consider that is giving him another fine chance."

"Gee whiz, no! Of course not!"

"For all that, George, though I hate to curdle the easy milk of human kindness in your composition, I still have to say that you don't get what you go after unless—unless it comes easy. And perhaps that is the real trouble with you. Everything you want has always come too easy, which, by the way, implies no staggering compliment for the girl that—that you eventually get, does it?" Her slow, taunting words played over him like a shriveling flame. "So I've been thinking," she went on, "and—it's not this girl. So, many thanks, just the same."

George knew that she had slipped his ring from her finger and dropped it in the palm of his hand. He shook himself.

"I suppose," he said huskily, "I ought to beat you—aplenty. But I won't. Good-by."

She had gone, though. With head held high and a catch in her throat that could not possibly be a sob she had hurried back into the house.

George's pleasant world was soured for him as he drove down the hill.

"I know," he thought; "I'm a great big futile, fatuous slob, that's what I am." Never had he been so harsh with anyone before.

At a turn in the road he pulled brakes and gazed down into the village pocketed almost beneath him. Could there have been a fall of snow—in May, nearly June! The main street of the village, or at least the lower end of it, was a ghostly white under the stars. But as he gazed he saw that it was moving, slipping along. It was like a moving ice sheet. At the foot of the street the spectral column wheeled into the road that ran with the river bed through the gap. George became suddenly anxious.

"Whitecappers!" he said.

He would not have been surprised to see the colonists coming to demolish the dam. He had already argued earnestly with them against such a move. But this sheeted rabble had formed in the village and was heading up the valley towards the colonists, who at the moment would be peacefully asleep in their little farmhouses. He released the brakes and the huge roadster went whizzing down and around curves like a comet on the loose.

Taking the detour, he gained the valley road above the gap. Here he stopped his car and stood up on the seat to look back. They were still in the gap, swarming towards him. He heard the murmur of their voices, and soon after their grunts and heavy breathing as they labored through the sand. He supposed there were nearly a hundred of them. They came more hesitantly as they perceived the car darkly outlined in their path and the tall silhouette of the man. They began to hold back, and at last uncertainty got the better of them and they stopped.

In their spooky regalia there was a silliness about them of masked children running the streets on Halloween. They were hooded in pillow slips, and below their bedsheet dominos their trousered legs showed unpicturesquely. George felt a nettling of irritation.

"Well, nighties," he greeted them.

"Pshaw," said a voice, "it's only George Alpers!"

They relaxed. This was all right. It was only George Alpers.

"Mind pulling up to the side of the road a wee bit, George?" said another. "We got a little errand."

George's mouth twisted into a rather bitter smile. Counting on his good nature, were they? But their misapprehension was natural, and he did not wish to take advantage.

"You don't know it," he told them indulgently, "but you're putting on a cheap show. You ought to see yourselves from here. If you did you'd sneak on back home."

They didn't like that. There was a muttering among them.

"Is that so?" sneered a bulky figure in the lead. "But you may as well understand, Mr. Alpers, that this here tar-pot party is out on business, and meddlers are plumb due to get hurt."

Tar-pot party? George stiffened.

"Who—who you thinking of tarring and feathering?" he asked.

They told him fervidly, many speaking at once. Dave Whitlock was going to get it. Dave Whitlock had planted dynamite under the dam, and that feller from the city—that Bobbs—had put him up to it. When the freshet came Whitlock was to blow up the dam, and it would be too late, then, to repair it. But they had dug out the dynamite, and now the hick was going to be learned a lesson, good.

"How do you know it was Whitlock, or that Bobbs put him up to it?"

"Oh, we know! Just tonight we got the tip—over the telephone."

So here was a mess for fair. Confound Aleck Bobbs and his itch for direct action! Fit tinder for Aleck's flash of inspiration was hot-headed Dave Whitlock among the farmers, who did not want his crops flooded.

And suppose the tar-pot party came off; would the colonists pay a party call on the village? You knew it! Poor bleeding Ireland would be Peaceful Valley by comparison.

George reasoned with the masked villagers as neighbor to neighbors. But it seemed that they had reasoned it all out already. They wasn't going to let nobody gum up their chances for a ten-thousand-barrel producer—maybe fifty thousand. No, sir, and Dave Whitlock was going to get his tonight. Now if George would just pull up a wee mite ——

They still were not taking George very seriously, and still he did not want to take advantage, so he came out flat-footed and ordered them to go home.

Something in his tone struck them as unfamiliar, with a menacing edge, and one even asked, "You are George Alpers, aren't you?"

"Come to think of it," said George, "I'm a deputy marshal, and so I just naturally can't let you pass. You will have to ——"

Somebody fired a shot. It passed through the back of the roadster's seat and cracked the wind shield.

He sprang down into the tonneau, reached into the door pocket and from among the oil rags dragged out his large, long-barreled automatic pistol. More bullets went singing by. There were tinny sputs as they hit the rear of his car. He peered over the back of the seat. The maskers were coming. They tripped and stumbled as the flapping bedsheets wrapped





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about their legs. But the grotesque buffoonery of their haste somehow made their purpose more grim. George sighed and let the bulky figure of the leader have it. Three others who were nearest failed to stop, and he let them have it too. George could shoot. He shot rattlesnakes very neatly when speeding along through the desert.

They stopped now. They scattered right and left, each man for himself, and took cover behind rocks. From there they opened fire again, sniping whenever George's head showed above the back of the seat. George knew that he would have to pot a few more, and by waiting and taking pains he did.

"Stop shootin', Mr. Alpers!" a voice called finally. "We want to quit!"

"All right," George replied, "if you'll turn back!"

"Anything, Mr. Alpers, anything!" they answered.

He would have helped them with their casualties, but the roadster had only one seat, and they could do as well without his help. None had been killed, thank God; but it was going to be a brisk night in the village for doctors. He watched them trudging back through the gap like a white-cowled and very subdued funeral cortège. Satisfied that there would be no invasion of the valley this night, George brought his car round into the detour. But he did not go home—that is, to the hotel. He turned into the road winding up Bungalow Hill. There was still a little matter of business—Bobbs!

Soon he had to abandon the roadster; flat rear tire. So much for the wild revolver practice of the tar-potters. They had blooded him too: scotched a forearm, furrowed a shoulder, nipped an ear. But the stinging pains that had begun to tune up accorded with his new humor. There was a set to his mouth that his mother wouldn't have recognized. Up to the Aerie to get Bobbs. But he met the waspish little runabout coasting down, and halted it by standing in the beam of the spotlight.

"Well, say, had a wreck or what?" Bobbs exclaimed. "Didn't I hear gunfire a while ago?"

"Yes, you heard gunfire. It was some of the back fire from that direct action of yours"; and George told him the how and wherefore with incisive brevity.

But Bobbs was more concerned about who had betrayed his fine scheme than with the bloodshed it had caused or the ghastly horror it might have caused.

"Not a soul besides Dave Whitlock and I knew that that dynamite was planted. Trust me not to blab! I'm too wise a——"

"Not even to Auntie?" George suggested. "She had to go out to the garage to telephone—remember?"

Bobbs was staggered.

"I wonder!" he gasped.

"She pumped you, at least enough to put two and two together. You didn't think she was treating you so sweet because of your beautiful eyes, did you?"

Bobbs went on gasping, "I wonder!"

"Incompetent!" said George. "And that's why——"

But Bobbs cut in. He pulled himself together; became crisp and important.

"Something will have to be done about this, George," he said weightily. "I'll think it over and tell you in the morning."

"I'm telling you now, Aleck," said George, standing over him beside the runabout, one hand on the steering wheel. "That's why I'm here. You are to return to the city tonight, at once, and you will report your incompetence to uncle. Say to him that I am in charge here, and will be for as long as I continue here at all."

"Wow! High-handed, aren't you?"

"No," George corrected him, "iron-handed."

"Georgie, Georgie, this is serious, dear! You have your orders—to take orders from me."

"Are you starting back at once, Aleck?"

"Certainly not!"

"Aleck," said George gently, "I'll have to make you. I'll have to beat you up."

Bobbs vaulted over the runabout into the road.

"Come on, if you think you can!"

Nor was it certain that George could. Mr. Bobbs had a breadth of shoulder of his own, and a perfect willingness. But something down the road caught and held his gaze.

"Look!" he cried. Twenty or thirty sheeted apparitions—a remnant of the tar-pot party—were moving towards them.

"What do they want? What d'you suppose they want?"

"Ask them," said George, stepping into the shadow.

Bobbs raised his voice and asked them.

"We're after a stranger named Bobbs," an angry voice replied. "He was seen going up this hill early in the evening."

"Wh-what d'you want with him?"

"He'll find out! Do you——"

"No," said Bobbs earnestly. "I don't even know him!"

"Don't matter. We'll find him ourselves."

And they started coming again, making straight for Bobbs. Then George stepped out of the shadow into the glare of the headlights.

"Good Lord, it's George again!" one of them cried.

"Better all go home this time," said George.

"We'll go, George, but we did want that man Bobbs. Since you're dep'ty marshal——"

"He'll be attended to," George promised. "Now go on home to bed."

When they had gone Bobbs said, "I think that—that—after all, I will start right back to the city."

"No," said George; "I've changed my mind."

"I'm obliged to you for saving me from that bunch and all that," said Bobbs; "but I still have a mind of my own for changing purposes, and I've decided to start at once for the city."

"No," said George again, with that wooden-headed stubbornness that seemed to have possessed him; "for it occurs to me that if you do, uncle will be sending some other live wire or come himself. So I am going to take you to jail and lock you up."

"Me—to jail? Oh, hush!"

"As a deputy marshal, I am, for a felony—for conspiring to destroy property."

His arm, the arm of the law, reached forth. Bobbs furiously jerked free.

"I'll fight you for it!"

"Oh, yes, I'd forgotten," said George.

If this were Shakspere, you would now come to the fine print in brackets which says, "They fight," and it would be no exaggeration. At the end of eleven or twelve densely crowded minutes George stuffed the mauled and limp body of Mr. Bobbs into the runabout and scrooged himself in under the steering wheel beside him. George was also battered, but not limp. He felt as though he had just got going good.

But George was to feel better yet. He had taken Bobbs down to the village jail—his prisoner was able to walk then, assisted—and he had personally found Bobbs a clean, unoccupied cell, and had got him a bucket of water with towels for his wrecked face and had clanged shut the grilled door, and had locked him in, when Bobbs mumbled reproachfully, "Golly, George, but you're hard!"

"What's that?" George demanded quickly. "Say that again!"

"I say you're hard."

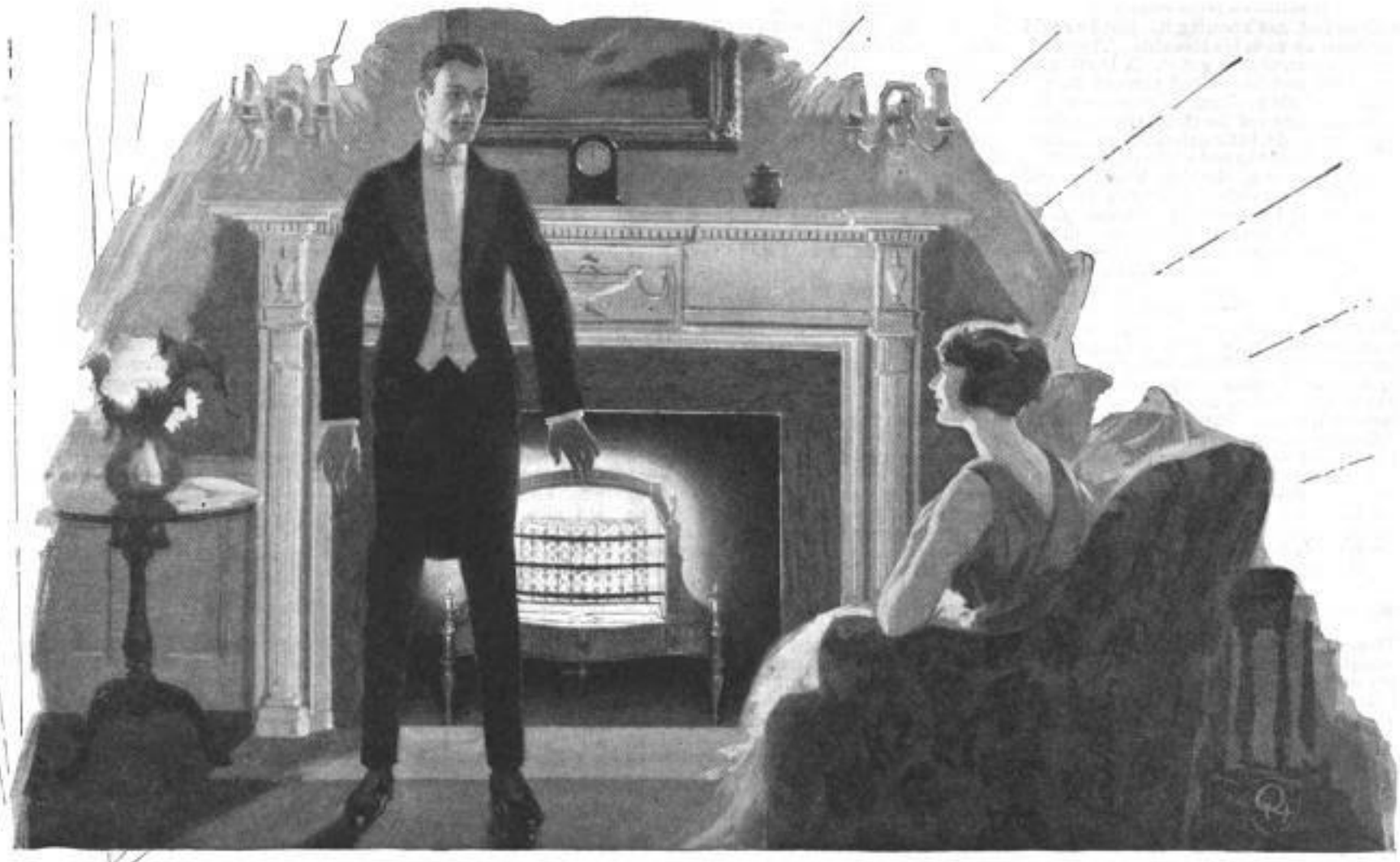
Then George laughed.

He went out on the village street. There was some thinking to do. He had taken the job over. By rank insubordination and usurpation and maybe a few other things he had taken the job over. So there was the job. He had to abolish the dam, and do it before the flood came and before his uncle fired him. But how? The law was barred—too slow. Outlawry was barred—too many hurt that way already. He walked the streets. They were deserted except for a doctor's car, scudding to the next case on his list, or a hatless man hurrying to the drug store. There were houses where lights burned, and in each lay one of the night's casualties, with his household gathered about him.

That tar-pot party! Well, after all, it was public opinion functioning, wasn't it? They didn't want their dam dynamited. Naturally not, since the dam was their bulwark of quick riches. Here George's thoughts began to bite in. Funny thing, public opinion; a terrific force; crushing as an avalanche. And the man who could adroitly turn its rush—that man was a giant multiplied into godship. Well, suppose this village's public opinion could be veered round against the dam. George's thoughts began to race. As Prosperine was pleased to concede, the boy had a headpiece. Fight fire with fire; antidote for poison, another poison. And quick riches—buck 'em with quicker riches. George

(Continued on Page 72)

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Nine Times the Heat With Radiant Rays

When the winter sun swung low, prehistoric man sought warmth beside his open fire.

His was a poor substitute for sun-warmth, but he loved it for its friendly comfort.

So there comes down to us through the ages a deep love for the open fire. With all its pre-historic faults, the fireplace has remained the heart of the home.

Now comes Radiantfire, a new and revolutionary source of warmth, which places at your command, for the first time, heat glowing like that of the sun and carried similarly by Radiant Rays.

The Radiant Rays pass through air, ice or any other transparent obstacle. Air currents cannot turn them aside. They carry their heat not upwards but out into your room.

Instead of sending 90% of their warmth up your chimney—as your present fireplace does—Radiantfire projects that 90% to the objects within your room, thus yielding you nine times the heat.

Yet Radiantfire is ashless, smokeless, dustless, odorless. And it preserves for your fireplace its full ability to purify the air.

Securing its heat from gas—natural or manufactured—Radiantfire is always under perfect control and will burn for hours on the price of a shovelful of coal.

Your Gas Company or dealer has a complete line of models for every home and business purpose. See them today!

Within the next 30 days every gas supplied town will develop a tremendous demand for Radiantfire. Our dealer proposition is open to any forward-looking merchant. Get it without delay.

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The HUMPHREY

Radiantfire

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(Continued from Page 70)

walked fast, not knowing it. But he could not keep up with his thoughts. Then suddenly, uncannily, he got it. A blank wall crumbled and he walked through to the solution of his problem. The rest was the mere mechanics of the thing, the technic to work out, and a little dab of manual industry. He put in the rest of the night on it.

Next morning, sleeping blissfully and late, he was awakened by the jangling insistence of his bedside telephone. Long distance—his uncle. What was all this in all the morning papers? Whitecappers, and George bustin' on 'em like a shootin' fool! No sense in him breaking out into a hero overnight when it was none of his affair. He being the company's resident manager, didn't he know he might embarrass Bobbs in Bobbs' delicate mission by any such infernal conspicuousness? And where was Bobbs, anyhow? Uncle had been trying to get him for an hour.

George was believed. Evidently the papers had missed the inwardness of the story, and reference to the dam had been left out entirely. The villagers were keeping that part quiet. So uncle was left in ignorance; all the better.

"Where's Bobbs? I want to get Bobbs," uncle's buzz-saw tones persisted.

"Bobbs can't talk to you," George stated impersonally.

"But, dammit, George, I got to get him! There's private telegrams from up in the mountains, and the freshet has started. It's on the way. It'll hit the valley; hit Unit Number One by night or tomorrow morning sure!"

"Let her come!"

Uncle raved. "What's that? What's that?"

"I said let her come! The freshet is Bobbs' business, isn't it? Beg pardon, sir? Can't hear you. Wires seem to be heated. The connection ——"

George hung up.

"—— is broken," he completed his sentence. He yawned.

"Time I was getting around to the bank and making that call on the jeweler." He tumbled out, stretched and headed for the bath. Golden sunshine pouring in and a mocking bird working hard at his music no doubt superinduced optimism. At any rate George confidently predicted, "Going to be some day!"

An hour later he had just concluded his business with the leading and only jeweler when a stonemason excitedly burst into the shop. Another mason and a boy helper and a hodcarrier crowded the first mason's heels. There was quite a little following of villagers too. Some stayed outside and peered through the plate-glass front.

"Whatter these things, and whatter they worth?" asked the mason, leaning over the show case and opening a rock-bruised fist under the jeweler's nose.

The man of gems picked four small wine-red stones out of the grimy palm and laid them on a black velvet cloth. Then he crammed his magnifying glass in his eye and examined them.

"Garnets," he pronounced.

"Gar-nets? Shucks," said the mason, "I was hopin' they was rubies! Well, all right, whatter they worth?"

The unflurried jeweler examined them more minutely.

"H'm—I should say from two to three hundred dollars apiece."

The mason caught his breath. Everybody did. The mason wet his lips.

"Will—will you gimme that for 'em?"

At this the jeweler became cautious, wary. He eyed the mason narrowly.

"How'd you come by them?" he asked.

But the mason had nothing to hide. He and his colleague and his helper and his hodcarrier had been broadcasting the astounding story already, which accounted for the concourse that by now filled the little shop.

"How'd I come by 'em?" repeated the mason, scowling with eagerness to tell it again. "Why, y'see, I'm doin' over a driveway for ol' Miss Prong up on Bungalow Hill at the Erie ——"

"Aerie," suggested the jeweler.

"Yes, the Erie, and the stones have to go in just so, what she calls mo-zakes, but what to my mind is more like a star-spangled cobble road. The stones, they're these here smooth, roundish ——"

"Cripes, Jerry," urged his colleague, "git goin'!"

"—— ones, and as she wants 'em set in on top of the old cement pavement, and not bein' the same size, the big ones gotter be cracked through and laid flat side down, which is the ol' girl's own precious notion and no arguin' ——"

"Cripes ——" began the other mason.

"—— about it. All right, so I'm up there this mornin' on my knees spangling her mo-zakes for her, and I takes a big stone offn the top of the heap and whacks her a good one, and bingo!—open she busts and these here rubies or gar-nets pops out like red June bugs. We hunt for 'em, and find four, anyhow, and they got a purty look like they ought to be worth money, so we beats it right down here in my flivver to ask you."

"Do you mean to tell me," asked the dapper little jeweler of his burly customer, "that that rubble is gem-bearing rock?"

"Sure, it bore them gar-nets, didn't it? Sid and Eddie and Al Hollinger here, they seen it."

The evidence was unimpeachable, and Jerry was waxing belligerent besides.

"Yes, yes," the jeweler hastened to say, "and unusually fine specimens they are too. If you wish to sell them"—he went to his safe and returned with a bundle of five, ten and twenty-dollar bills, which he began counting out on the show case until—"one thousand dollars," he announced. "That for all of them."

A stir of involuntary impulse towards the welter of currency galvanized everybody except George, who stood observing the scene as innocent as a bystander. Jerry the mason very nearly clutched the bills and called it a bargain, but then in his turn he became cautious, wary.

"How do I know," he demanded, "that I can't get more in the city? Maybe they are rubies. Guess I'll just wait and make sure."

But the yearning for the feel of those green bills weakened him, and finally he compromised.

"I'll sell you one for three hundred," he offered, "and keep the rest till ——"

"Make it twelve hundred for the lot?"

At that Jerry knew for certain that he could do better in the city.

"No, only one; and gimme the three hundred."

With the wad gripped between his fingers, he shouldered his way to the street. The throng surged along with him, exclaiming to one another, "He got three hundred for a garnet! He got three hundred for a garnet!" Only the jeweler and George were left in the shop.

"In the city," the jeweler remarked, "they will offer him possibly thirty dollars for the three. Do you want the rest of this money back now, Mr. Alpers?"

"Might as well. I told you I didn't think you would need all the twelve hundred. Good work, and thank you. You earned your commission all right," and having paid him from the roll, George wandered forth.

Outside, Jerry the mason was surrounded like a bulletin board.

"So they's bound to be a gar-net mine close by," Jerry was insisting. "Y'see, them roundish stones, they was picked out o' the sand of the river bed, and Miss Prong she had 'em hauled from there, so the mine's bound to be ——"

They didn't wait. They broke for the river.

"Hey!" Jerry shouted blankly; then abruptly he steamed after them.

George sauntered down the street. Stores were being closed right and left. At his office his stenographer, with hat on, met him in the doorway.

"Oh, Mr. Alpers, long distance has been calling and calling, and what's this about a diamond mine? Can I go and hunt for it?" she said.

"Trot right along," said George.

With a farewell grin at the jangling telephone, he shut up shop, after which he made a round of calls on the casualties of the night before. None of them blamed George, but they all looked ruefully ahead to the impending judicial reckoning. Others might escape, but George's shooting had undeniably marked these for identification. The most rueful was the bulky one; he was the town marshal. However, as patients they were all doing nicely, and George joined the rest of the village down at the river.

Mellowed by distance, the sandy river bed around the oil rig presented the festive scene of a clambake; but on a nearer approach a stranger would have wondered why an entire village had been condemned to the rock pile. Everybody was cracking rocks or toting them to be cracked, and they were toting them from the dam. This was because for a mile or so above and below all the bowlders had been gathered to build the dam. Now the dam was no longer a dam. It was a deposit of gem-bearing rock. The populace covered the dam like a locust horde, pulling out stones to get a whack at them with hammer or sledge. Of all such tools, even to the larger monkey wrenches, the stock of the hardware store had been exhausted. There was shoving and pushing, and fights broke out like prickly heat. Some wanted to stake off claims on the dam, but mining law wouldn't apply. Fortunately the bedlam shook itself down in true Anglo-Saxon fashion. Out of this suddenly primitive state of society there emerged the law-giver, the benefactor to whom future generations erect monuments. He was the man who conceived the idea of carrying away the stones one by one and dumping them in a pile of his own on the sand.

"That there's my heap," he growled. "The rest of you can do the same."

They did. Soon many little family rock piles began to mottle the river bed like ant hills, the men carrying the rocks—until there were no more left on the dam, or any dam, either—and wife and children passionately whacking the rocks.

In the beginning, quite naturally, much conservative protest was heard. The president of the bank and others perspired with agitation and sane argument. Didn't the fools know that this foolishness of pulling down the dam would stop work on the oil well when the freshet came? But even the oil-rig crew had no ears to listen. Didn't Jerry, that stonemason, bust open a rock and find himself twelve hundred dollars' worth of jewelry? Yes, he did, and all in only a minute too. Twelve hundred dollars a minute! Anybody could do what Jerry did, and no oil well was going to stop them, either. Every man, woman and child burned with hope that, come nightfall, each of them would have a pocketful of garnets or rubies worth three hundred dollars apiece. Eventually the president of the bank bought himself a hammer at a gold-rush price.

The lunch hour passed unnoticed, except by the babies and George. But at the hotel there was no one to feed George, and he raided the pantry. Having dined, he looked in at his office, and there he found his uncle, ramping up and down after the manner of a newly caged badger. He had come by train, and he had just arrived. As yet he knew nothing, but he wanted to know. That is why he had come.

"What's the matter with everybody? What's the matter with you? Yes, dammit, you!"

"Me?" said George. "Why, nothing, sir! I'm just beginning to get all right."

"Sweet papa!" gasped the plethoric old gentleman. "I didn't come out here to talk to a dumb-bell! Where's Bobbs? Why couldn't I get him on the phone? Where is he?"

"Why, he's in jail!"

"In jail? Bobbs in jail? What for?"

"For convenience. I put him in."

"You—put Bobbs—in jail? What's this? What's this? Impudence! Imbecility! You ——"

"Under the same circumstances, uncle," said George respectfully, "I'd have put you in. But you can go and bail him out if you wish."

The scuffing of many feet on the pavement outside came to their ears, and a crowd of dejected villagers began to stream past, many carrying hammers and sledges. They were coming from the direction of the river. They were wet to the knees and some to the waist; evidently they had not abandoned their gem mining until forced to.

"What's that—what are they saying?" demanded George's uncle. "George, listen! They're saying the freshet has come!"

"Let her come!" said George.

Then the telephone rang. As it couldn't be uncle, George answered it. He recognized Prosperine's accents despite an accelerated tempo.

"Oh, George, we couldn't get the police station! We couldn't get anybody! And then we happened to remember that you're a sort of deputy marshal. Hurry—hurry right up!"

"Why? Are you in any danger?"

"Of course not! But auntie ——"

George hung up. He supposed auntie was being killed, but he would go, nevertheless. First he recommended for his uncle a stroll down to the river, as the view might do him good. He knew that his uncle would find the dam down and the freshet swooping harmlessly by.

George used Bobbs' runabout to climb the hill. Strangely enough, many villagers were also going up the hill. But he instantly perceived the reason when he reached the summit. Driven by the flood from the supposed original source of the garnets, they were turning to the secondary source. A score or more had not even waited for the flood, and were already busily cracking the stones in auntie's new driveway. Jerry the mason was among them, quarrelsome and vociferous. He justly contended that the Erie was his claim and they were trying to jump it on him. But that wasn't all. Others had attacked the porte-cochère pillars, the porch balustrade, the chimney, the foundations, swinging sledges, applying crowbars, the later comers joining them with frantic enthusiasm. Auntie's wikiup was in a fair way towards disintegration.

"Stop them! Oh, stop them!" cried auntie herself as George halted the runabout and sat there, looking on.

"Why, ma'am, how can I stop them?" George asked. "They're your own gang, aren't they? At least you put them up to building that dam. Oh, yes, you did, for you're the mysterious intelligence that's back of the oil well!"

"What if I am? What if I am?" stormed the old lady.

"Which is why," George went on placidly, "you were so infuriated when I let myself be replaced by a better man."

One of the porte-cochère columns was beginning to crumble and auntie screamed.

"Stop them! Oh, stop them! If there's a spark of mercy in your ——"

"No," said George, with a cool glance towards stately Prosperine beside her, "there's not a spark of mush in the whole works."

At least it caused Prosperine to bite her lips.

"Really, George," she spoke, "I know I said something about a hand of iron in a velvet glove, but stars above! Nobody told you to throw away the glove entirely."

"Rubbish! What makes you think I can stop them?"

"You can do anything!" screeched the old woman. "You're stone! You're granite! You're barbed steel!"

"Bless his heart!" George murmured.

Auntie recognized the quotation as her own words.

"No, bless nothing!" she flung at him. "Curse you! Curse you!"

George smiled.

"Ah, that's better—a compliment!"

It was, and he could no less than save her house and home.

"Jerry," he called, to the mason, and there was a ring in his voice of news about to be told that brought them all to expectant attention. "I say, Jerry, let me see those garnets you found in that rock, will you?"

Jerry willingly complied; and George, after turning them over in his palm, looked up with an expression of startled mystification on his face.

"Why," he said, "these are cut gems—cut and polished!"

"Huh? What? What of it?"

"Simply this, Jerry: They are not found in Nature that way."

"You mean they ——"

"I even seem to remember them," George went on. "Yes, sir, they're the same garnets that used to be in my cuff links." He displayed the links, and the gems fitted into the setting. "I'm afraid, Jerry," said George regretfully—"I really am, old fellow—that somebody must have salted that rock for you with my garnets."

They did not mob George. The only thing to do with George was to do what George said, and he said:

"Now perhaps you had better be all hustling back home. I wouldn't be surprised if there aren't other garnet hunters cracking stones all over the village this minute, and you know yourselves what you were doing to this house."

They were already going. They went.

The heady wine of a strange and unfamiliar emotion had quickened the pulse in Prosperine's beautiful and languid body. She came shyly, almost timorously, to George. She burrowed her face into his shoulder. She nestled. She cooed. She was a different girl. She was a dove, throbbing with the exquisite pangs of adoration.

"Promise me, George," she whispered, "that you won't ever beat me."

"Not often," George promised.

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Anything that makes a good sandwich with bread makes a good sandwich with Tak-hom-a Biscuit. It's just the right size for a cracker sandwich.

It doesn't break while you spread on jam, jelly, cream cheese, or peanut butter, and splits-in-two without scattering crumbs.

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The red wrapper and the name identify every package of Tak-hom-a Biscuit—the Sunshine Soda Cracker. Save the cartons; children like them to carry their lunches in.

The next time you go marketing take note of the many kinds of Sunshine biscuits, wafers and crackers displayed in the Sunshine Biscuit Rack. All are good to eat alone, and each one suggests something good to eat with it.

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EVERY girl has blissful dreams of success and popularity—of the flowers and books and candy and dates which proclaim her a social success. She sees herself admired, the center of attention. What heartache and disappointment if these dreams should not come true!

Many a girl misses this popularity because of some defect she herself doesn't realize. A dull, coarse, lifeless skin lessens attractiveness—blotches and blackheads positively repel.

Remedy these disfigurements, transform your unattractive complexion into one of radiant freshness and see what a good time you have at your next party.

It is the charm which always attracts, which all women envy and men admire.

This isn't hard to do

The smooth, fresh, blooming complexion which makes an otherwise plain girl pretty isn't a gift of Nature, but a matter of care.

You can't neglect your skin and expect to keep it blooming and alluring. The powder and rouge you use to conceal defects deceive nobody.

The remedy for a coarse skin, for one disfigured with blackheads or ugly blotches, is daily cleansing with a lather blended from palm and olive oils.

Such a cleanser is so mild and soothing that it softens the skin and keeps it smooth. But it removes the accumulations of dirt, oil and perspiration which are responsible for most bad complexions.

Get a cake of Palmolive today

It is the modern combination of the same beautifying cosmetic oils Cleopatra used in the days of ancient Egypt. It is just as valuable today as a beautifying cleanser.

Massage its smooth, creamy lather softly into the network of tiny pores which compose the surface of your skin. It will remove the clogging deposits which enlarge these pores, cause blackheads and invite blotches.

After this thorough cleansing is the time to apply cold cream if you need it. You can safely use powder and that becoming touch of rouge on a clean skin.

Don't neglect throat and shoulders

Care of your skin must extend beyond the face if you want to be admired for complexion beauty. Use Palmolive for your daily bath and let it do for your body what it does for your face.

It will keep your neck and shoulders smooth, and your arms and hands soft and white. These are attractions as conspicuous as a blooming, blemishless face.

This beauty treatment costs little

Judge Palmolive by quality and you will expect to pay at least 25 cents a cake. But the popularity which keeps the Palmolive factories working day and night naturally reduces cost. Quantity production is always economical.

Thus this finest facial soap is offered at 10 cents a cake—a price all can afford. You can economically use Palmolive for every toilet purpose, for it costs no more than ordinary soap.



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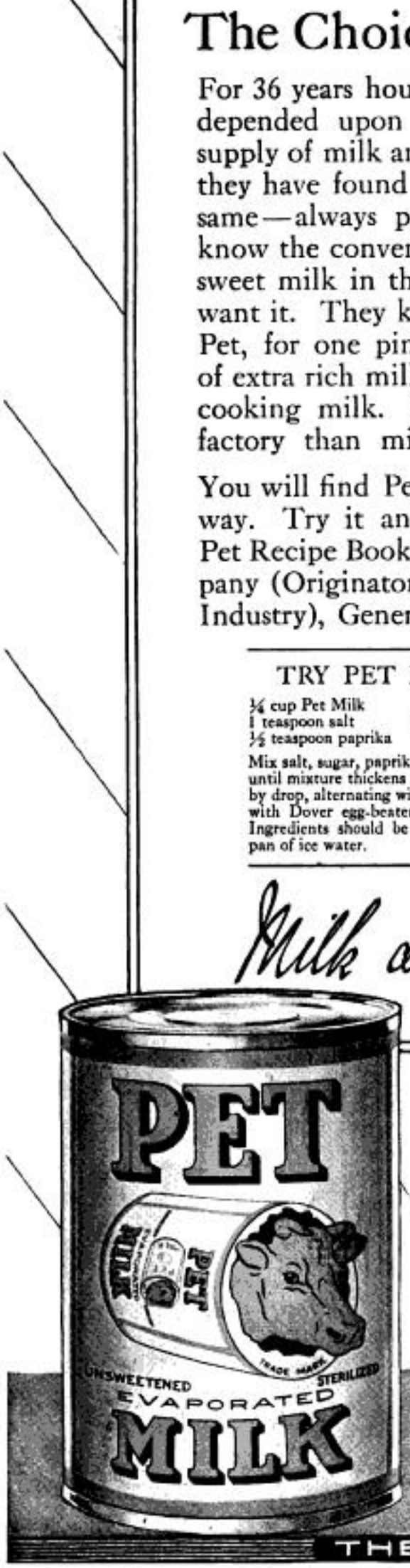
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¼ cup Pet Milk
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon paprika
1 cup olive oil
1 teaspoon sugar
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 tablespoon vinegar

Mix salt, sugar, paprika and Pet Milk; then add oil drop by drop until mixture thickens a little. Add lemon juice and vinegar drop by drop, alternating with oil until all are used. Beat two minutes with Dover egg-beater, and place on ice until ready to serve. Ingredients should be very cold. While mixing, place bowl in pan of ice water.

Milk at its Best





THE CHOICE OF EXPERIENCE

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THE ABIDING GIFT

(Continued from Page 9)

confidante, his defender. But tonight a figure from another world seemed to stand in the doorway beside her: a slender figure, lavender and white, with eyes like the wild blue lilac.

For an instant it was a cruel comparison; then his eyes lifted to his mother's eyes and saw the beauty there. Normal values returned to him with doubled intensity and he thrilled with the possessive power which should make him her emancipator. She was taking the sack of potatoes from him, at the same time giving and receiving a briefly audible kiss.

"Why on earth your father couldn't have brought this great bundle in the auto and let you get the meat, I don't know. The potatoes take twice as long to cook, and of course he'd get the meat home first. Gracious, this is heavy! I wouldn't have thought of asking you to bring it, dear. But it's just like your father."

Her words lent him such a feeling of righteous indignation for having been imposed upon that he entirely forgot his privilege of riding home in the car had he chosen to do so.

"Oh, sure!" he said loudly, directing his cap at a hook in the hall closet and his voice at his father, who sat by the living-room table in seeming perusal of the evening paper. "Trust dad to ball anything up that could be balled up."

He stood glaring at the silent offending figure for a moment, actually swallowing in order to choke down the convicting words that tore at his throat for utterance. But, having decided on strategy, his canniness conquered; and he sauntered into the dining room, whose polished mahogany furniture heralded dinner—the buffet bearing the dessert of canned peaches and cookies and the four chairs expectantly in place under the round table, which had a gently intoxicated appearance due to the speed and lack of true direction with which Suzanne had set it.

"I lit the tank, Harry," his mother called from the kitchen. "Hurry, now, and you can get your bath before dinner."

"Oh, I won't take it till bedtime! Dad wouldn't let me have the car, so I'm not going."

The kitchen faucet stilled abruptly, and his mother appeared in the doorway, wiping her hands on a tea towel.

"What!" she said.

He repeated, casually, his news, an odd satisfaction in his voice. Like the Germans, he was both vanquished and victor. His reiteration brought Suzanne precipitately into the veranda door, a half-knitted blue sweater in her hands.

"Why, for heaven's sake!" she contributed. "I thought you'd already made a date with Margery Manners. You said so!"

"I had, Little Long-Ears. I broke it. You can't ask a girl whose father's got three cars to walk to a dance, can you?"

Suzanne's mouth opened, but closed slowly at a gesture from her mother, who walked briskly to the living-room doorway.

"What's the reason Harry can't have the car tonight, Henry?"

Harry moved a little so that he might look between the heads of his mother and Suzanne, who had joined forces in the doorway. It was a magnificent situation, opening up a capacity for enjoyment that made him shiver. His father slowly lowered his newspaper, stripping back the straggly lock of hair with his third and index fingers as he looked up, squinting a little, at his wife and daughter.

"I've got to have it myself. I'm sorry, mother. There's no reason why Harry couldn't have asked Billy Jackson to take him and Margery."

"Oh, yes!" Harry threw in. "It's all right for me to sponge on somebody else! Why don't you do it?"

"Because the arrangements are made and it's too late to change them."

"What arrangements, Henry?" Mrs. Worthington's quiet voice succored its strength for coming storm. "Another of these important oil conferences that have amounted to so much this last year, I suppose."

At the words "this last year," something lifted like a head gate in Harry's mind and poured in a flood of evidence; all these evenings that his father had taken the car and gone downtown took on convicting significance; yes, all those evenings meant dates with that woman.

"Now, mother," his father humoringly importuned, "there's nothing to have a family row about. It isn't very often that Harry doesn't have the car when he wants it. But tonight it can't be helped."

"Why do you have to have it? Is there any reason you can't answer my question?"

"Yes"—Harry could not restrain himself from abetting her—"yes, why does he? If I thought he really needed it it'd be different. Looks funny, though; darn funny."

Immediately uttered, his words left him fearful lest he had gone too far. But his mother was as sterile to suspicion as she was fertile to rancor; and his father's duplicity was amazing—almost admirable. He merely raised his paper again and lied with even unusual dispiritedness:

"Yes, mother, there's a great mystery about it. I simply am going out to El Cajon to talk over those plans I submitted for the Neville-Brown country place."

"Yes—oh, yes, you're as likely to get that work as—as ——"

She stopped for lack of sufficiently graphic simile, and Harry could see the storm that had been gathering dwindle into diplomacy. She turned undecidedly toward the kitchen, while Suzanne took quick advantage of the silence.

"Why, dad, it's a perfect shame! To have to turn down a girl like Margery Manners! Why, my goodness, you ought to be glad Harry can go with the richest and most popular girl in school. You're just mean, dad—just mean!"

"My dear," said her mother, pausing to straighten the silver on the table, "you surely know by this time that your father cares less about his family's interests than he does about a package of cigarettes." A tear-threatening tremble shook her words, which fell without venom, for her nagging was a mechanical thing, oiled by habit. "I've been dreading the time for years when you children would naturally come to associate with people whom our circumstances —— Oh, Suzanne, will you never learn to set a table properly! Well, you shan't be deprived of tonight's pleasure, Harry. You'll only be young once. I put away ten dollars out of my money this month for a new hat, but you can just take it and hire a taxi."

Harry gulped down his gratitude lest his eyes should mirror the tears that were brimming in hers. This was the way it always was. Mother never failed them. Even yet he might rescue his chances with Margery. Could it be possible that he didn't want to? It was possible. He went over to his mother and gave her a brief hug around her shoulders with his right arm, talking to her but at his father, who would have sat there less quietly could he have surmised the plan that was formulating in his son's mind.

"Gosh, mother, you certainly are the original brick! But it strikes me you've gone without enough things already—same old duds you've worn for twenty years. I've telephoned and broken the date, anyhow, so we should worry. I wouldn't care so much if I thought he really needed the old car, but it's da-arn funny that ——"

"Sh-h, dear!" She gestured him silently into the kitchen with her, leaving Suzanne to carry on in their absence. "Now don't say any more, dear. He's had one of his still spells the last few days and there's no use trying to do anything with him. And heaven knows, if there's the least chance of his getting that work, we don't want to stand in his way. Of course he won't, but still—if he should —— That secretary of theirs did phone here to him, you know; and if he should it would mean your visit to Uncle Bob. Oh, mercy, my head is splitting! Go tell Suzanne I want her. She'll talk him into a regular rage. Bless her dear little loyal heart, she's as disappointed as you are. . . . Oh, dear! oh, dear! These potatoes won't be cooked by morning!"

But the potatoes were on the table before seven, and the four of them gathered into the companionable circle.

"It never fails to be like this when I'm simply worn out," his mother wearily began the conversation, which languished directly thereafter, Suzanne having added an affectionate "Poor dear old mummy; I'll do all the dishes and you go straight to bed after dinner."

"Oh, these aren't half cooked enough"—his mother's voice made a little murmur of melancholy—"but everything else would have spoiled ——"

Harry swallowed his food unmasticated and untasted.

His father sat there, backgrounded by the buffet with its canned peaches and cookies, looking unusually absent and oblivious. Harry's knowledge possessed him, tempted him, triumphed.

"I saw that Countess Colonna tonight," he suddenly emptied into their silent business of eating. Then words left him. The silence throbbed in his ears. His father did not look up.

"Well, what of it?" Suzanne came pertly to his rescue. "We're interested; go on."

"Oh, nothing! Her darned old chauffeur almost ran over me. I'll bet she's no more of a countess than I am. All the funny ones come out here and pull some countess or princess stuff. Any place but here nobody'd fall for it."

"Oh, I guess she's really a countess," his mother gently disagreed. "Mrs. Hosmer told me that her maid, who used to work for the countess, said that all her mail from Italy came addressed that way, with crests and crowns and things on the envelopes. I think she probably is what she says, don't you, Henry?"

Harry, shivering, looked at his father, who was reaching undisturbedly for the salt and pepper, which he painstakingly distributed while he answered:

"Yes, I think likely; but, as Harry says, this is a very gullible place; she might be putting one over at that."

It was unbelievable.

"Why, the old scoundrel could kill a man and get away with it!" Harry thought with an astonishment that touched respect.

"Oh, she isn't putting anything over at all!" Suzanne settled the matter. "Margery Manners' mother had a friend who knew her back East when they were young. She had lots of money and she married this count; he was fearfully handsome. It's nothing to marry a count; they're just ordinary men—only usually they're worse. And Mrs. Manners' friend said they had a perfectly wonderful place in Italy, just like you read about in old storybooks. But he got tired of her, like those foreign men all do, and ran away with another woman."

She had not finished, but while she paused dramatically for a fresh bite her mother filled in reminiscently:

"I remember I did hear something like that about her when she first came. I told you about it when you were working on her house, Henry. But the paper yesterday said she was going to join her husband at some outlandish place or other ——"

"Why, yes, and it said he was wounded in the war! Funny she wouldn't want to stay there with him," Suzanne managed to remark coincidentally with a mouthful of salad; "but maybe it was the other lady's turn."

This risqué remark made her giggle under her mother's frown, while her father continued his dinner with as unconcerned an air as if they were discussing the price of silk stockings. Their chatter persisted while Suzanne removed the dishes and brought the dessert, and all the time Henry Worthington seemed not to notice that they were even talking. It was too much. Harry determined to have the satisfaction of making some small imprint on his father's dissimulation.

"Oh, she's just an adventuress. I've heard a lot about her. You know—flirts with men and has a gay time. Any ordinary nice woman would have paid a man that worked for her instead of giving him a darn-fool picture of an old scraggly cottonwood tree."

"That's a birch tree, Harry," the words came quickly. After an instant he added, "Of course she paid me my regular fee besides. The picture was an expression of appreciation—beyond the value of money."

"Well, I must say that sort of appreciation doesn't strike me as very practical," his wife found weary comment. "By the way, Henry, isn't she some relation of that Mrs. Neville-Brown?"

"Yes, a cousin, I think."

"Why, maybe she could help you to get that work!"

"Not unless they like my sketches." He rose unhurriedly and stood behind his chair. "I don't care for any dessert, mother."

"Why, you're not sick, are you, Henry? I thought you looked a little pale."



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"Oh, no! I'll go on up and freshen up a bit. You don't want to drive out there with me, do you?"

An incredulous grunt escaped from Harry's throat, but he camouflaged it in his napkin and coughed lustily.

"Great heavens, no, Henry!" his mother was refusing. "If you'd done as much work as I have today you wouldn't ask such a foolish question. I ache all over. Now do keep that hair out of your eyes when you get there. It makes you look foolish."

"Yes, mother, I'll try to do that," he answered, stripping back the truant lock as he spoke.

He hesitated in the doorway, seeming to reflect about something. Harry stared at his long back with the anger of a young animal, furious beyond reason, wanting to hurt him, to make him suffer for deceiving his mother so casually and unconcernedly. Just at that instant an auto horn shrieked out a friendly greeting. It was Billy Jackson speeding by. Harry seized it as a weapon for vengeance.

"Darn it, mother," he burst out, "why didn't you pick me out a father like Billy's? Then we'd have had a little fun out of life."

His father went on quickly toward the stairs. He stumbled over a chair in the darkened living room.

"You mustn't say things like that, dear," said his mother. "Your father may have his faults, but he loves you very dearly; and no man in the world had better prospects when I married him."

"Well, it's a lot he's done with them!" he scathingly observed.

If he stayed another moment he would surely burst. He pushed back his chair, threw down his napkin and excused himself from the table when he was halfway through the living room.

"Say, I'm going on down to a movie. Gotta do something. . . . Leave the key out."

They were calling something after him, but he closed the door and ran. He ran with loud footfalls—ran down the front walk and for more than a block. Then the corner hid him. Stealthily he doubled back down the alley and returned to the garage.

II

AT 8:30, in the fog-veiled moonlight on the pier, Harry again looked upon the Countess Colonna. He did so by peeking under the side curtains when his father got out of the car to meet her. His father's leaving gave him a fortunate opportunity to clear his constantly filling throat and to try another posture, for this place in which he had chosen to spend the evening did not lend itself to comfort. It was on the bottom of the car, close to the front seat, under the crumpled auto robe which, as usual, was thrown there in a careless heap.

The countess was on the pier, waiting, when they came, though it was not yet quite 8:30, and Harry all boldly scrambled up to peek at her. His mood was regal, for power was his. If he should be discovered, justice was on his side, guilt on theirs. He even anticipated the possibility of revealing himself should occasion warrant it.

But the thing that the presence of the countess did to him was disconcerting: it cleaned away his disapproving antagonism so subtly that he did not quite know what was happening to him, leaving that devastating wonderment which swept his desire for vengeance into passivity. She was wrapped in a long black cape, and tiny feather tendrils floated out from her black close-fitting toque. She walked quickly toward his father, smiling, and gave him both her hands; at which the enveloping black garment revealed her slender shimmering figure in a white dinner gown. It was only an excited, hurried glimpse, and the sight of her bare arms and soft gleaming gown entered the turmoil of his brain with a sensation so vivid and so keen that she endured in his memory less as a personality than as something white and shining, under black.

"Dear old dirty car!" she said softly as his father helped her into the front seat.

The words told tenderness, memory, welcome and farewell; and the timbre of her voice made the excited boy thrill to its note, just as he had done on those three memorable times when he had put his awkward arm around Margery, and Margery, protestingly acquiescent, had said, "Don't, de-ar; you—you mustn't." But Margery's voice had been, compared with this woman's, as is preliminary tuning of violins to perfected harmony. What an overwhelming thing—that any ecstasy of life should survive youth. Yet here, in their old shabby car, such wonder was proven reality. Here was the love of maturity, not mystery; a proud love, not shy; acceptant, not questioning. And something in the woman's tone made Harry think of his mother's voice—not when she spoke to his father, but when she spoke, tenderly, to Suzanne or to him.

How compelling is the simplicity of love! How swift its seeing, once eyes are open!

As suddenly and unwonderingly as Harry knew that this woman actually loved his father, he knew that his mother did not. He had naturally known, since he could remember, that his mother disapproved and scolded and wept over his father; but he had felt, just as naturally, that any man and woman who made themselves the father and mother of children must of necessity love each other in some peculiar, uninteresting, adult fashion.

He heard an unfamiliar voice that he fumblingly placed as his father's.

"Joan! Joan! Nothing's happened, then? You're going—really going?"

It flashed through Harry's mind that his father never called his mother by her first name. He always called her "mother."

"Why, yes, Harry," said the surprised sweet voice.

"Oh, of course; of course you are! I've spent hours, though, praying to God that this time would never come. Almost convinced myself."

"Prayer's a poor thing, dear, unless you pray for things that are right."

"Yes? God knows I won't bother with it any more, then."

The engine started and Harry lost their words, but as the car quieted to rhythmical motion their two voices fell on his straining adolescent ears as they might have fallen on a talking-machine record, unemotionally registered but emotionally preserved. They were voices whose laughter and pain were so closely woven that often the one struck the spark for the other's flame; and their words were so clothed with emotion that ever afterward the quality of any voice affected Harry more poignantly than the words it might carry.

Gradually, as his listening ears shut out sensations from his other senses, the situation took on a detachment from familiar personalities and their voices touched his consciousness with enduring vividness.

HER VOICE: Harry, it was a mean advantage over my firm resolves for you to send me such an irresistible gift. To think, after all my admonishings, that you'd be so violently extravagant at the very last! How could you?

HIS VOICE: So you like it, do you?

HER VOICE: Like it? I love it! It's perfect! But ——

HIS VOICE: Now, there isn't any but about it. You don't need to have any compunctions over it whatsoever. It took no bread and butter out of my family's mouth and it occasioned the purchase of a mahogany standard lamp that Merle's been wanting for a long time. I'll even tell you exactly what it cost to have the cushions made, and you can refund it, if it'll make you any happier.

HER VOICE: Well, I won't refund a cent and I refuse to be intimidated. I just said that it had completely routed all my decent resolutions. You couldn't possibly have given me anything I'd have loved more. The men are crating it tonight so it will be waiting for me when I get—home. It's the first comfortable Savonarola chair I ever saw. Those two ducky little corner cushions make it perfect. Why, it's so companionable it just seems to say, "Come on over and sit with me and I'll tell you some sweet old secrets." Wherever did you find it?

HIS VOICE: In the attic, you darling woman. It was mother's grandmother's. I suppose it came from Italy; that's one reason I first thought of it for you.

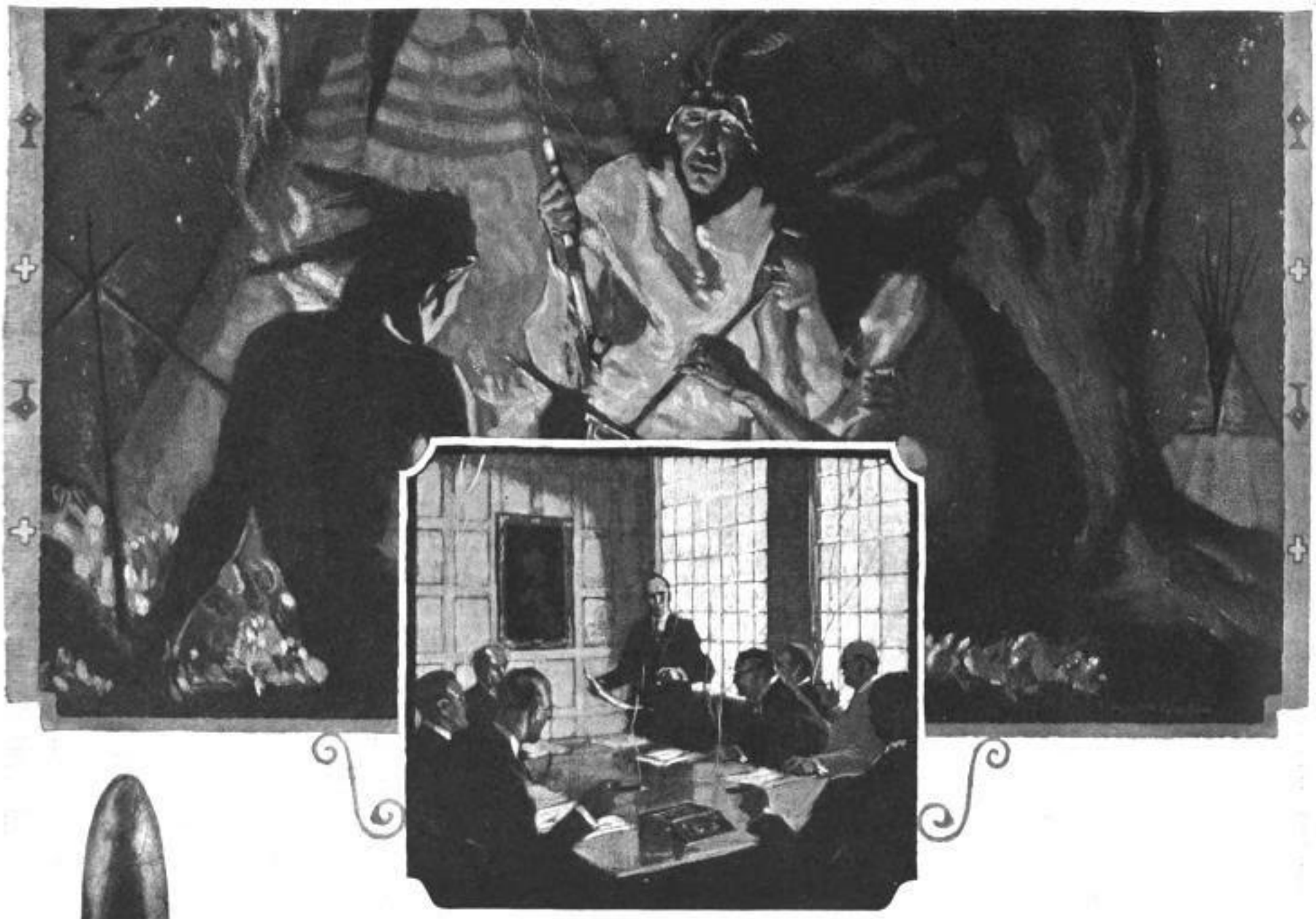
HER VOICE: But, Harry, tru-ly, didn't Merle hate to give it up? I can't help wanting to go away without having ever hurt her in the very smallest way.

HIS VOICE: My dear, that chair has been in the attic ever since we were married. I once asked if we couldn't have it in our bedroom and she said perhaps if it were mahogany instead of walnut she could stand seeing it around. But she wanted things to match. Lately she has wanted me to sell it for an antique, and she was delighted when I did so and brought home a nice shiny mahogany lamp.

(Continued on Page 80)

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THE · STORY · OF · TOBACCO





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UNDER the great oak the Cloud Blowers sat and uttered words of great wisdom, while the smoke of peace tobacco curled upward to the stars that winked their approval.

* * * *

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(Continued from Page 78)

HER VOICE: I see, old dear. Well, now tell me all about it, way back when you went to visit your grandmother. Then whenever I sit in it we can exchange secrets.

HIS VOICE: You dearest girl. . . . Well, I never visited my grandmother, because she inconsiderately died and left the chair to mother. But some of the sweetest memories of my life ought to come out to talk to you. Mother used to keep it in her little upstairs sitting room off her bedroom, and she always sat in it when she heard me say my prayers. I actually believed in prayer when her hand was on my head. . . . Humph! . . . "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want." Think of it—"I shall not want."

HER VOICE: I'm glad the little chair can only tell me your belief and not your skepticism. I'll mix its memories all up with my love, and some fine day you'll find your faith come back to you.

HIS VOICE: Nobody, honey, not even you, can make reality out of illusion.

HER VOICE: It wasn't illusion when you believed it. You think my love is just a nice agreeable element of experience. Just you wait and see what it can do. Now don't try to convince me; I know all your arguments by heart. Tell me some more about my chair.

HIS VOICE: Well, it has lots of things for you to work miracles with, I guess. It recalls my first pleasure from punishment too. My father couldn't tolerate a youngster's noise; he'd order that I be made to sit for an hour on a chair, without speaking. Then mother'd take me upstairs and fix me comfortably in this chair with its little fat corner cushions—I had these cushions made as nearly like them as I could remember, though I don't suppose the chair had any originally. Some Anglo-Saxon probably added them with his need for physical comfort. And I'd sit there by the window and have a wonderful time, for mother knew I could watch the orioles out in the silver birch.

HER VOICE: Oh, that's another reason you love birch trees, isn't it?

HIS VOICE: I shouldn't wonder. Chief reason, though, now, is that the most wonderful woman in the world painted me a picture of them—the most wonderful picture. Whenever I'm discouraged ——

HER VOICE: Oh, but you'll like this new picture! There! I nearly gave myself away. You know I almost wish I hadn't told you not to open my package when it came.

HIS VOICE: We-ell, honey, I did. I ——

HER VOICE: Why, you old wretch! When I marked all over it with my best red paint, not to open until tomorrow!

HIS VOICE: Couldn't do it, Joan. Too much like opening a coffin, to wait till you've gone. I wanted your last gifts to be a part of life, not of death.

HER VOICE: Harry, stop it! You promised on your word of ——

HIS VOICE: I know I did. Don't worry. That was only a jest; really a very good one; quite Shaksperean.

HER VOICE: I'm afraid Hamlet's humor is dangerous tonight. And here I sit waiting for you to enthuse over my presents. Wasn't there a single thing in the box that pleased you?

HIS VOICE: Oh, skillful shrew, if I am Hamlet, you've turned Katharine! How can I do your sweet gifts justice when beset by constant interruptions?

HER VOICE: Funny old thing! Don't be a mutt! Which do you like best of my beautiful well-chosen collection? Now do warm up to your subject and gratify me.

HIS VOICE: We-ell, they're all so precious to me that comparison's hard. I've fastened the little electric lamp to my big leather chair, and whenever I turn it on its light will be like your presence—the end of darkness. And then I'll open your improved copy of Marcus Aurelius —— Oh, honey, your sketches and comments are so sweet! I'm afraid I'll read the margins more than old Marcus; and I'll hear your voice saying, "And what is the use of a book without pictures and conversation?" and that will remind me of Alice in Wonderland, and I'll reach over into my treasure drawer for the dearest little yellow book in all the world, all torn and thumbed by your little-girl fingers, and perhaps you'll guide my hands to open the book to ——

HER VOICE: —— to the place where it says, "That's the reason they're called lessons," the Gryphon remarked, "because they lessen from day to day." I do love that sentiment.

HIS VOICE: No, dear; if you open there it spoils the sequence of my story. We open to the page where Alice steals the squeaky slate pencil from the Lizard and he has to write with his finger, and that will remind me that I shall never have to write with my finger because I have a magnificent new fountain pen that my beloved gave me, and that will remind me that I can never write to her any more because we are doing the "things that are right." And that will remind me that I have been given something to help me endure the ache in my heart, so I'll turn the nice adjustable lamp shade until its light falls on my dearest earthly possession. It's ——

HER VOICE: You're so satisfying, dear. That's the one I wanted you to like best.

HIS VOICE: Yes, it's a picture that could have hung in galleries with famous companions, but it was painted for love instead. And when I look at its two eucalyptus trees, patterned like torn lace against the sky, I forget my office and am out on the same hillside and my beloved is sitting beside me in my dirty old car. And we think the trees look like lovers with their arms around each other, and they're entirely contented because they've grown together until they can look over the hilltop that once hid the sight of the ocean from them. And just above them, like the kiss of a little pink cloud, is the first star. I can't find it myself, but my beloved points it out to me, and we sit there and watch it grow brighter and brighter like the hope—that I don't have any more.

HER VOICE: Oh, Harry, I can't bear you to talk as if my love is something that I've packed into my trunk to take away with me! You will always have it. It's part of you, not of me. If it has ever helped you, it will always help you. When that dreadful dead sound comes into your voice it makes me ashamed that my love must be so much poorer than yours. The beauty of your love has taken the bitterness out of things that used to seem unbearable; in a way, it seems to have made me into what you believe me to be. Why, it is the thing that has given me strength to go back, without bitterness, to Italy—and Giovanni.

HIS VOICE: I hoped we wouldn't talk of him—tonight.

HER VOICE: I didn't mean to, dear. But I can't conceive of your feeling against him. I haven't any bitterness against Merle. Of course, I hate what she's done; not the nagging exactly; but the way she's driven your spirit to suicide by constantly holding your faults up before your own sensitiveness. I think that's really worse than Giovanni's faithlessness. But, as a person, I don't dislike her at all.

HIS VOICE: I know it. I simply can't comprehend your detachment from personality, any more than I can understand the miracle of your loving common old me.

HER VOICE: Of course you can't; neither can I. Love isn't something you do. It's—it's a sort of force or relativity between two people. Why, you walked into my heart that first day just as naturally as you walked into my house, all in the poets' most approved fashion, with that dear distressed lock of hair all scattered over your forehead and the little blue print in your hand. Remember how apologetic you were because your idea wasn't exactly practical? . . . Oh, you blessed old dear! And it made the homely old house into a lovely thing forever. . . . No, I'm quite sure that understanding has nothing to do with real love; it's for the commoner emotions like sentiment and affection and passion that so ordinarily pass for love. If love were as prevalent as they are we wouldn't hear so much about it. It's the pretense of those who've missed it and the yearning of those who still seek it that give love such popularity. Now I thought that out myself; don't you think it's a logical premise?

HIS VOICE: Strikes me it's a conclusion, honey. The yearning-and-pretense business lets us out of the argument, doesn't it?

HER VOICE: Why, no, stupid! It puts us in. We have love instead, so naturally we can't understand or know anything about it, how we happened to get it, or why. You say you can't understand why I love you, and I'm explaining it.

HIS VOICE: Oh, I see! You've proved as the first step that I can't understand it at all, and that you can't, either. That's fine, honey. Grows clearer all the time.

HER VOICE: You wait, I'm going to surprise you; I've been afraid to enlighten you before for fear of spoiling you. But the truth is that you're no more common than love is, but you'll never be able to realize it. That's your charm—to have no conceit and the soul of an artist. Why, dear, it's a divine combination—irresistible!

HIS VOICE: Well, I'm afraid that is a little beyond my realization. I might manage the divine part, but I'd say you were going a little strong when you make me irresistible, having experienced the success with which my family has resisted.

HER VOICE: But you haven't anything to do with that. The reason Merle doesn't appreciate you is because she's never in any way been able to help you. We can't love people we aren't able to help. You see, I've no modesty whatever about the great help I've been to you.

HIS VOICE: You're modest, dear one, when you say help. I doubt if heaven is a finer thing. But, of course, your argument holds good the other way too. I haven't helped Merle any more than she's helped me. The poor girl's wanted money all her life, and she's had precious little of it.

HER VOICE: Oh, I don't criticize her for being unable to help you! I wasn't able to help Giovanni, either; but God gave me the grace to realize it. I didn't blame him for failing me, after I'd found myself empty of the qualities he needed in me. What I hate so in Merle is her horrible egotistical blindness. Of course she can't help the nature she was born with, but sometimes I think if I could just get hold of her I could shake it out of her and shake another in!

HIS VOICE: Ha-ha! Oh, my dearest logician, after two years of never allowing your eyes to veer from Merle's viewpoint—her disappointment, her concern for the children's future, her hard work, her present poor health ——

HER VOICE: I know it! Neither of us will forget those things. But tonight's different. I've a horror of going away and leaving your sensitive soul unprotected again. I want to armor it with a little confidence; to get you away from your devouring idea that if you'd made money everything would be all right. What more real companionship would you have, now, if you had been able to give her money—to buy shiny things? Sometimes I think you've caught her blindness, as if she'd put nickels over your eyes!

HIS VOICE: Oh, Joan, how precious you are! But there's this, honey: It sounds mercenary, but it's true. If I'd been successful there would have been no occasion for the sweetest revenge she's ever had—she would have left me the respect of my children. As it is, she's bought them body and soul with her little eighty dollars a month—you know, all the little extra things that children appreciate. You can't expect a child to appreciate a roof and food and taxes; not, God knows, that I want them to. But it's made her into a fount of fulfillment and me into an ogre of denial. Lord, but it's been tough watching that boy grow to despise me! He loved me so when he was a little shaver! Remember that picture I showed you?

HER VOICE: Which one, dear? You've shown me dozens.

HIS VOICE: The one where he's just opened the door and seen me unexpectedly.

HER VOICE: Oh, I do, dear! He looks just the way I feel toward you. I know what you mean.

HIS VOICE: You dearest! We-ell, that was how he used to be. And now ——

HER VOICE: Oh, he will be that way again, Harry. He will! I know it. Is he still determined to be a surgeon?

HIS VOICE: Oh, yes; that's another of Merle's triumphs. Her brother Bob has made himself rich cutting people up, and Harry's bent on doing the same thing; not because he has a feel for that sort of thing, but for the money in it; always money, money, money! And the irony of it is that from the very first he had a sense of design in his fingers. The things he built with his blocks always had a definite reason and originality, different from the other youngsters'. And he had a practical sense, the little rascal, that would have saved him from my pitfalls. By every law he ought to have been an architect. But—oh, well, I guess it wasn't coming to me. I don't know why I'm digging this all up tonight. Guess I'm so heartsick that I enjoy misery.

HER VOICE: Then it's high time I made you well, and I've a secret that will do it. Mr. Henry Worthington, I have great and good news for you.

HIS VOICE: Joan! You're staying on! You—you've decided ——

HER VOICE: Look out, Harry! Great heaven, we almost made food for scandal in that ditch, didn't we?

HIS VOICE: I can't drive an automobile and be resurrected from death at the same time. I'll stop. There. Don't jest, Joan! Tell me, quick—aren't you leaving!

HER VOICE: Oh, dearest, I am! Of course I am! Oh, if you only didn't care so much for my physical presence! My dear! . . . My dear!

The machine stopped and their voices ceased—ceased because Harry closed his ears tightly against them with his fingers, and kept them so, in a revulsion of embarrassment for his eavesdropping. It seemed they must surely hear his breathing and the beating of his heart in this sudden stillness, but the engine soon throbbed again and their vibrant voices again took on their necromancy.

HER VOICE: No, don't let's turn, Harry. I—I—let's not go to our hillside. I don't want to have any feeling of farewell toward it; that's why I painted it for you, so there'd never be any last time. Besides, I want to—you see, you rudely interrupted me when I tried to tell you the wonderful secret. Lean over; now listen, listen hard! I don't want your big ear to spill a single syllable. Mr. Henry Worthington, you are hereby unofficially notified that you are to be the architect and engineer and everything else that's necessary for the Neville-Brown country place, with two million dollars at your disposal. There!

HIS VOICE: Oh, Joan! Joan!

HER VOICE: Yes. You will act unconcerned about my good news, will you?

HIS VOICE: Oh, Joan, I—I—I ——

HER VOICE: Yes, dear; you don't need to be conversational about it at all. Little wondering Alice had nothing on me when I sat at the telephone trying to talk to Constance, for my tears almost drowned me. She called me from San Francisco and I guess she must have thought I'd suddenly acquired asthma, and all through dinner I kept picking tears out of my eyes and had to pretend they were dust specks. I was as red-eyed as a witch. Constance said both she and Jim were delighted with your sketches and eternally grateful to me for finding you for them. Their Mr. Davis will write to you tomorrow, she said. Why, I was just simply awed with happiness! It was like listening to God. To think that in my poor little place you will have the building of your beautiful dreams!

HIS VOICE: Ye-es, my beautiful dreams. It's like my kid prayers, beloved, and their faith that came from mother's hand on my head. My beautiful dreams—realized because of you; and built into being—without you.

HER VOICE: No, Harry, not without me! You won't put a thought into your work that my heart won't answer. Tell me, Harry, don't you have any consciousness or any help from my love for you, when we're not together?

HIS VOICE: Honey, that's not quite fair. There's an impersonal quality about you that I haven't. My nature demands the personal. But you know that your love transcends everything in my life, except my longing for you.

HER VOICE: Well, since a proxy's out of the question, I'll have to content myself with the thought that at least longing isn't sordid; it does have an element of beauty. But I wanted to leave you a happier thing. That's why I thought it was so glorious good that Constance and Jim decided in time so that we can have this opportunity to go all over the place together and plan trees and vines and pools and towers and windows and paths and roads and bridges—with all this moonlight to help us. Doesn't their land start soon now?

HIS VOICE: We're on it now. His fence is just back there where we left the La Mesa Road and lost the smell of the sea where we turned east and the scent of the sage struck us. It's a desert wind tonight. That's why the stars are so bright. That's the hill where the house will be, over there a little to the right of San Miguel Mountain.

HER VOICE: Then you can plan a much straighter road, can't you?

HIS VOICE: Why, I thought of doing just the contrary, dear. There's no lure to a straight road. Oh, excuse me, honey. What was your idea?

(Continued on Page 85)

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It's time to consider heating in an Entirely New Light

FIRST of all, let's see just what you do when you "heat your home".

If your house is average size, it contains about a thousand pounds of air. Your health and comfort absolutely depend upon what you do with this half a ton of air. If you heat it to a temperature of 100 degrees or more, you can reproduce the air conditions in the Sahara Desert. If you warm it to a temperature of 90 degrees and add a great deal of moisture, you will have the Florida Everglades. Less moisture and a temperature of 70 degrees and you have California.

Quite simply, when you "heat your home", you are making climate. The kind of climate you make depends upon your heating system. If you cannot have in your home the same healthful atmosphere that many people travel thousands of miles to enjoy—your heating system is cheating you, and ten chances to one is wasting fuel in addition.

How You Can Rule Your Little World With Its Thousand Pounds of Air

Your home is a little world apart. You must light it, heat it, ventilate it, give it **climate** that is independent of weather conditions.

What does Nature do to make climates? (1) the air is evenly warmed; (2) it is healthfully moistened; (3) it is kept clean and kept moving every minute; (4) it is constantly changed. This is what Nature does. You can do the same with the air in your home. You can do it with the simplest, most easily installed and operated heating system made—the Mueller Convector—at less cost for fuel than any other efficient heating method in the world—and thousands of Convector owners will tell you so.

How the Convector Manufactures Climate to Your Order

Some day people will no longer buy "heating systems". They will not ask, "Will this system heat my home?" They will ask, "Is it economical, durable, and will it reproduce a healthful, natural climate?"

The Convector does this very thing. First, it warms the air in your home quite evenly. Instead of using costly and complicated systems of pipes, valves, dampers and radiators, it permits the very air you wish warmed to come direct to its large heating surface.

Natural Heat of Convection causes all the air in your home to circulate through the Convector's one duplex register slowly and steadily every minute of the day and night. Warm air rising in obedience to Nature's law is distributed to every corner of your home, while all the cool air in your house, conforming to the same law, descends to the Convector to be warmed.

The Convector operates as Nature does to make a healthful climate: (1) Warms the air evenly. (2) Keeps all the air in your home in continuous movement. (3) Constantly changes the air so that it is always fresh. (4) A large, cast iron water-pan, within the Convector's inner casing, takes the place of the Gulf of Mexico in "your little world" and gives the air its balmy, healthful moisture.

But in one way this Convector climate is **superior** to Nature at her best—you can regulate it at will—more quickly and easily and with less fuel loss than with any other type of heating system.

Do You Warm Your ROOMS or Your HOME?

If you have a heating system which does not effect a constant circulation and interchange of air between rooms, **you are wasting the heat in every room but the one you are in.**

With the Convector every room in your house is heated from one central source—you are not dependent upon an individual heating apparatus or register for each room, and you are getting the benefit of all the warmed, healthful air in your home, because it all circulates through the room you are in.

This is the greatest single reason for the Convector's tremendous saving on fuel—a saving that amounts to ⅓ and more. It is the reason why the Convector healthfully ventilates your home with far less waste of warm, fresh air than any other system.

Send for Free Copy of "YOUR THOUSAND POUNDS OF AIR"

Discover in it the other benefits of Convector Heating—freedom from unsightly heating apparatus, freedom from dust and dirt, streaked wall-paper and furnishings. Prove to your own satisfaction, that this remarkable system actually offers you every known heating comfort at least cost. Learn how easily it can be installed in your home—in less than one day's time. How you can secure the proper size from a dealer near you—ON EASY TERMS IF YOU DESIRE—even though the cost is remarkably low.

No matter how you heat your home, you need this book and its companion book, "Heat, What It Is and How To Use It". No obligation—just send the request form below.

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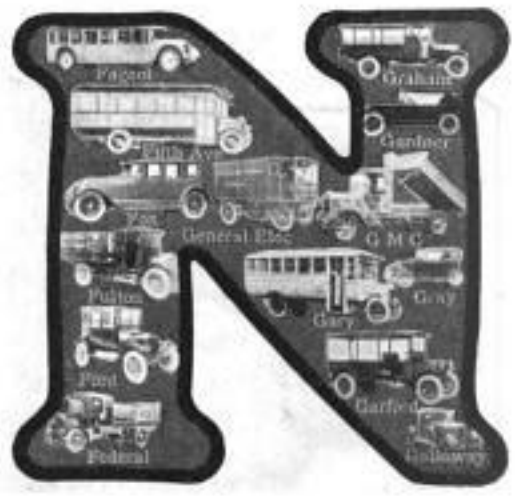




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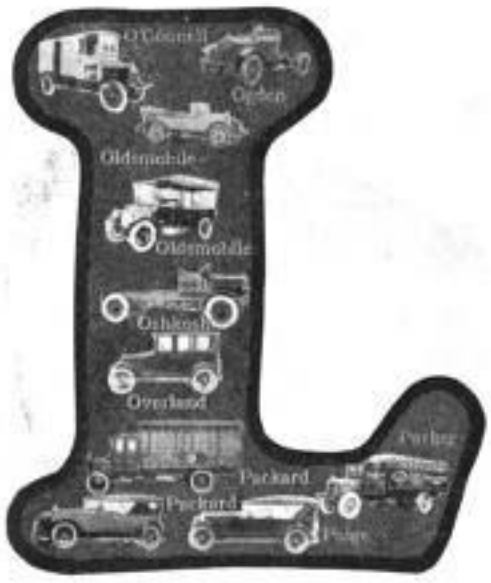
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The *Secret* of Beautiful Hair

How Famous Movie Stars Keep Their Hair Soft and Silky—Bright and Fresh-Looking



STUDY the pictures of these beautiful women and you will see just how much their hair has to do with their appearance.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

You, too, can have beautiful hair, if you care for it properly. Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the care you give it.

Shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method:

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing hair; but sometimes the third is necessary.

You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water. When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

What a Child's Hair Needs

CHILDREN should be taught, early in life, that proper care of the hair is essential.

The hair and scalp should be kept perfectly clean to insure a healthy, vigorous scalp and a fine, thick, heavy head of hair.

Get your children into the habit of shampooing their hair regularly once a week. Put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified over the hair and rub it in vigorously with the tips of the fingers. This will stimulate the scalp, make an abundance of rich, creamy lather and cleanse the hair thoroughly. It takes only a few seconds to rinse it all out when through.

You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of the hair, and you will be teaching your child a habit that will be appreciated in after-life, for a luxuriant head of hair is something every man and woman feels mighty proud of.



MULSIFIED
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COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

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(Continued from Page 80)

HER VOICE: Dear, I'm afraid it was practical. I'm awfully ashamed. Forgive me. Oh, where has their hill gone?

HIS VOICE: That's just it; we've lost it for a minute. Now wait—there it is. Don't you like that little touch of uncertainty? Now you see it and now you don't; it plays with you like a mirage. And I can heighten the effect by utilizing my perspectives with these little round hills. A person will hardly realize that the road is climbing until, at the last, a quickly lifted turn puts you suddenly among hilltops that command a view of the ocean, and you've the thrill of unexpected destination—almost like discovery. Don't you think, Joan, that there's a splendid exaltation in surprise?

HER VOICE: Yes, I do; and I think there's a splendid exaltation in your voice, my old dreamer. Let's stop here and walk up where you've planned to have the driveway. I found a spot the day I came out here with Constance that I thought would be perfect for a wide arch of scarlet bougainvillea. Then, as one gained the hilltop, he would suddenly see nothing except the far blue of the ocean in a scarlet frame; as if a wizard had played him a trick and led him into the sea.

HIS VOICE: That's a splendid idea; there's magic in well-handled color. That's how the old Moors played such a keen joke on Spanish architecture. I want to get their same harmony effects by the plantings, but I want to avoid garish tints and ornament in the house itself; it must belong to its hills as a ship does to the sea. . . . Wait, honey! I'll help you out. . . . Oh, my dearest, my dearest, what would all the rest matter if I could only hold you like this?

HER VOICE: You hold my heart, Harry, and that is what matters; the place for my feet is right on the ground. Put me down, dear. . . . Oh, what a night this is! How intimate and yet how aloof those mountains seem from the sea! It's like the visibility of a great Bach organ fugue.

HIS VOICE: Ye-es, it's all that and more—to me, beloved. It's my heaven and my Gethsemane—this barren, brown old hill.

HER VOICE: De-ar, please let's ——

HIS VOICE: I know! I know! I won't forget again. Honey, are your shoes heavy enough for these weeds and rocks?

HER VOICE: Yes; I changed them purposely after dinner. Dear, let's leave our hats; put them back in the car. I love to see those few brave hairs that won't let you be bald. It'll be good for them to frolic around in the breeze.

Their voices vanished, like birds slowly disappearing in the distance; like live things dying. Harry was alone in the car. He reached for the top of the front seat and pulled himself to his knees, looking after them through the windshield. His body was stiff and aching, but his awareness of it was like the knowledge of another's pain. The tender absurdity about his father's untidy lock of hair was the last sound he was ever to hear from that sweet, proud voice. Now that his ears failed him, his eyes clung to their vision. He knelt there, staring, his muscles rigid. Just before a knoll of the hill hid them they turned their faces from the mountains toward the sea again. And the desert wind, that made the stars so bright, blew the woman's cape back from her body and revealed again her white and shining slenderness.

They stood there together, hand in hand, and his tall father's high-held head seemed to touch the sky; he was like a bridge between the brown hill and the heavens. And the soul of his visioning suddenly touched the watching boy to maturity, though its medium was a thing of his childhood—it was the love he had had when he was a "little shaver," building blocks.

He did not know what had happened to him, but he found himself wiping hot tears off his cheeks with the sleeve of his best brown suit, and he heard himself muttering a prayer that frightened him with its heresy.

"Please, God," he was praying, "don't take her away from him. Don't ——"

III

IT WAS three o'clock when Harry heard his father drive into the garage. He himself had been in bed only twenty minutes, for it had been a long and weary way home. The short cut he had taken over the hills to the main highway had proved five miles long, and he had waited nearly an hour to catch a ride from a friendly auto.

He had telephoned his mother from a farmhouse with the excusable fiction that "We're out here in the country, a bunch of us fellows, with a bum carburetor, and we'll be home late, so don't worry."

She had not worried. Her heavy, even breathing pulsated through the open doors; it was a comfortable, normal, reassuring sound. It did not change as his father's slow steps came up the stairs. Her sleep was like a sentry that kept watch over them but paid them no heed.

An excitement surpassing all the emotions of this strange night swept over Harry as he lay there listening. How slow his father was—tormentingly slow! The familiar sounds of undressing—shoes dropping, buttons freeing, clothes tossed on chairs; the bathroom faucets; the door opening to the screen porch—all these dragged cautiously through the quiet minutes. Then again his mother's steady, even breathing submerged the silence; and still there came no wail from the springs of the lounge on the porch. His father had not gone to bed. For perhaps five minutes Harry endured his trembling suspense. Then he stealthily crept to the bay window of his room and looked across into the sleeping porch.

The morning moonlight, serene and soft, showed his father sitting motionless in the canvas camp chair. His long arms lay along the chair arms, dropping off sharply at the wrists, so that his hands—long-fingered, tired, hopeless hands—hung limp. In his faded old pajamas he was a shapeless, sordid object with bent head and sagging shoulders.

For a heart-stilling instant Harry thought that he was dead. Then he saw that his lips were moving. He thrust his head forward until his nose touched the window screen and heard with his eyes rather than with his tired ears; heard only the whispered name of a woman—"Joan! Joan! Joan!" But it was a sound transcending grief or sorrow or mere pain; it was a call of agony for that which Saint Paul called "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." He was praying for the faith that had gone from him; was praying through the love of the woman who had never failed him; and the voice of his son answered him:

"Hi, dad! Why—why the deuce don't you go to bed? You—you look awful tired."

Harry heard his own words wonderingly, as if another brain than his had sent them through his lips.

"Oh!"—the big heavy head raised a little—"Oh, hello, son! Did I wake you up?"

"Nope. But—but I didn't hear you get into bed, and—oh, I just thought you'd better; you might catch cold!"

"Yes, yes; thanks. I guess I will."

They were both too surprised to say good night.

Harry felt his way back to bed, for the moonlight strangely failed of light. He dreaded to lie down and try to sleep, for his brain sang with excitement as keen as pain; but a certain satisfaction—vague, perplexing, soporific—took him like an anæsthetic and sent him into untroubled sleep.

When he woke the old familiar morning noises filled him with disgust for having fallen so far short of the night's adventuring as to sleep like a great baby. Gosh-h, what a night it had been!

But how skeptical of the night's passion is the hearty light of morning.

Pans in the kitchen, rattling; the bang of a door; a smell of coffee; a rooster's crow, late but undaunted; Suzanne's shrill plaint down the back stairway:

"Mother, may I wear a pair of your white stockings? All mine have runs in them."

Harry's fingers took on miraculous motion. He must be late, indeed, if his mother were already downstairs; she never went down until it was time to poach the eggs, after his father had prepared the rest of the breakfast.

"Why, yes, Suzanne; don't take my best ones. And hurry, dear!"

His mother's voice told the tidings. She knew about the Neville-Brown work.

Harry's eagerness increased to a fury of haste, and the first thing he saw was the change in his mother's face. She stood in the kitchen door talking to his father, who sat at the table. Her face was softly pink, like the hue of her house gown, and her eyes were brightly blue like cornflowers, and her voice mellowed the words that were pouring out like honey from the comb. The good news had brought her into blossom. Harry did not look at his father.

"—— will the first money come?" She smiled a greeting at Harry as she concluded her question.

"In today's mail, probably."

His father's voice, following her glad one, was like the smoky trail of a torch.

"Oh, I do hope so! This is the last day of the Hardinger sale. Harry, good news this morning to open your sleepy eyes. Your father did get the work, after all. Gracious!"—she laughed easily, buoyantly; she was another woman—"gracious, dear, don't look so solemn! If everything turns out all right, it means that your father'll be a rich man."

Harry hunted for words. Where was his speech? Something in his mother's elation struck an uncomprehended discord. He had never seen her look so pretty. He looked at his father. He had never seen him look worse; yellow, and somehow thinner.

Suzanne's arrival shattered the small silence. She had heard her mother's last words.

"Why, did dad get the work?" she demanded incredulously.

Her mother nodded, smiling.

"Oh, heavenly day!" Suzanne cleared the space in a rabbit leap and swept her mother into a tempestuous embrace. "Oh, isn't it grand and gorgeous! Let's celebrate by burning all our old shabby duds before we eat breakfast!"

"Be still, honey! Don't tear me to pieces. . . . Will your fee be large enough to justify our getting a new car, Henry?"

"I shouldn't wonder, mother."

Harry slid into his chair at the right of his father, hearing little that was said, but peculiarly aware of the chasms that their words uncovered. It cost his mother real effort to silence Suzanne's rejoicings over the thought of a new car. Finally she sat down with them, exhaling a deep and contemplative breath.

"Well, it just doesn't seem possible. I guess it must be that my prayers are answered. It's really a tremendous undertaking, though, isn't it, Henry? I do hope you can please them. I wish you could go through some of the places designed by those big Eastern men. Wouldn't it be awful if ——"

Harry's coffee soured in his mouth.

"Eastern men—nothing!" he mumbled, the blood hot in his face. "I'll bet dad can build the finest place on this coast!"

He stared hard at his plate, but he felt the slow lift of his father's big head.

"It's terribly hard sometimes to suit these very rich people," his mother cautioned. "I always think it's wise to study successful ——"

But her doubts were shot into surety by an ecstatic query from Suzanne:

"Say, mother, why can't I buy the periwinkle scarf today, then?"

"We-ell," her mother decided, "I guess you may; but not a too-expensive one. We don't want to be reckless. We must remember Harry's visit to Chicago. Henry, there won't be any doubt of that now, will there, dear?"

"No; he can go as soon as school's out."

His father raised his long length wearily from the chair. His lips smiled a little at his flushed wife, whose neck was encircled by the arms of Suzanne, who stood behind her; then, turning his head slightly, his smile included his son. It was the first time their eyes had met, and while their gaze clung his mother's voice went pleasurably on:

"I'll write Bob this very day, so he can plan definitely for you, Harry; it'll be such a wonderful opportunity."

Harry dropped his eyes; then he looked up again at his father—standing above the three of them—standing alone—smiling.

As sharply as if a hand had lifted him by the coat collar Harry stood on his feet. His chair overturned and fell behind him.

"No!" he said, and stopped, bewildered by the rasping shrillness of his own voice, like the feel of a rusty wire drawn through soft fingers.

His mother and sister stared.

"Har-ry!"

It was less a word than the essence of incredulity, and it reduced his impetuosity to self-conscious indecision. He occupied himself excessively in picking up the fallen chair, and then floundered on in his bog of inexpressiveness.



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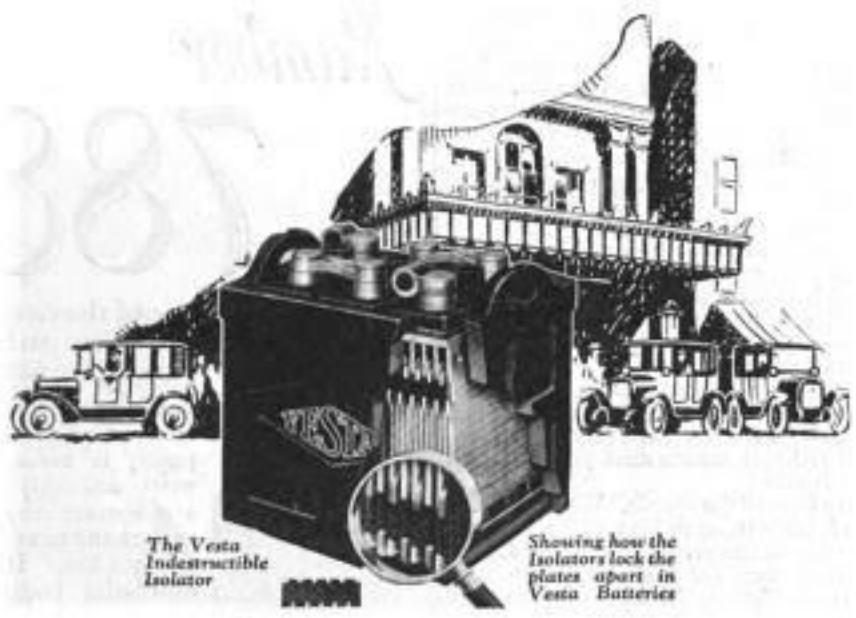
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Showing how the Isolators lock the plates apart in Vesta Batteries

The Famous Yellow Cabs Use Vesta Batteries Exclusively

FIFTEEN HUNDRED Chicago Yellow Cabs, operating day and night and averaging 150 miles per cab every 24 hours, are Vesta Battery equipped.

This gruelling service bespeaks in unmistakable terms of the longevity and superior efficiency of the Vesta Battery; especially when it is known that the Yellow Cab Company has used the Vesta for four years after previously testing almost every make of storage battery. And every cab built by the Yellow Cab Mfg. Co., too, is Vesta equipped.

More interesting to the car owner is the fact that these cabs, with less than one cent per mile per cab margin between profit and loss, carry passengers at the lowest rate in the world, through such economies as have been effected by the use of the Vesta Battery.

Here is proof positive that this battery "costs less per month of service." For this very reason 100,000 car owners last year replaced their original batteries with Vesta.

It is not enough simply to make the statement that the Vesta Battery lives longer and "costs less per month of service." You must know why. The evidence is in the exclusive and patented construction features (namely, Vesta Isolators and Impregnated Mats) which prevent the various sorts of short circuiting that shorten battery life.

Vesta Service Stations, 3500 of them, cover the country. They operate under the famous Vesta Service Code, impartially providing service and repairs on all makes of batteries.

Vesta Isolator Batteries Are Guaranteed for Two Years

VESTA BATTERY CORPORATION
CHICAGO

There are Special "A" and "B" Vesta Batteries for your Radio Set, too

VESTA
STORAGE BATTERY (44)
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"We-ell, mother, I don't see why you're always talking about Uncle Bob being so wonderful. I don't know how it's so much more wonderful to cut folks to pieces all the time than it is to build things. It makes me tired. I think dad must be just about as wonderful as Uncle Bob is, or they wouldn't have liked his sketches better'n everybody else's." He wasn't saying what he wanted to at all; how could he bridge his distance from the vision he had seen in his father's eyes? "And—I think I'll forget this surgeon stuff, and work in dad's office with him this summer, I think—if he'll stand for it."

He saw only his father's hands, white-knuckled, fastened to the back of the shiny mahogany chair. They seemed struggling to loosen themselves. Words came explosively from his mother.

"Why, Harry! How—how silly, dear! You don't want to give up your hopes of a splendid, successful future on a ridiculous impulse. Think how long father's been a poor man; how long he's had to ——"

"Why, you're crazy!" Suzanne could not wait to supplement.

Harry opened his mouth combatively, but his eyes caught his father's, and something that he saw there put gentleness into his voice, and the feeling of serene age into his young soul.

"Now-w, mother, I'm certainly old enough to know what I want, old dear; I'm past seventeen, you know. And I've decided! That is, if dad can stand for me messing around his office."

At last his gaze had the strength to remain in his father's unwaveringly, companionably, and his father said: "Why, son, that's the thing I'd like most in the world!"

That was all. But for a moment they all watched him wonderingly—the three of them—because a man's face is strangely beautiful and commanding when his lost faith returns to him.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 26)

"I would have called you up long before this, but I lost your telephone number, and I didn't know how on earth to get in touch with you."

"Isn't that the strangest thing that you didn't get my letter? It must have gone astray. Really, something ought to be done about the mail service."

"It's some genuine prewar stuff."

—*Dorothy Parker.*

Speaking of Immigration, or the Greedy Giant

(A Rimed Editorial)

IN DAYS of not so very old—
No need with dates to toy—
There lived, it is reliably told,
A little giant boy.
And his initials, people say,
Were U. and S. and sometimes A.

Although one must admit it is
A trifle impolite,
He took prodigious pride in his
Gargantuan appetite.
Unpleasant though it be to state,
He ate and ate and ate and ate.

No job of gorging was too hard;
He ate with scarce a pause
In frank and utter disregard
Of hygienic laws.
Though while he stuck to home-cooked food
He suffered no disquietude.

Thus matters went for several years;
But as he larger grew
His ravenous hunger, it appears,
Kept growing with him too,
Until his cooks and waiters tried
In vain to keep his wants supplied.

Despairing of domestic marts
They scoured the seven seas
For vegetables, meats and tarts
His hunger to appease.
But though they combed the world for stuff
He could not seem to get enough.

Good, bad, indifferent it might be—
He did not care a shred
For wholesomeness or quality
So long as he was fed.

"They come from everywhere," he'd leer,
And tap his mouth, "into the here!"

At last he got so tightly packed
That, as he should have guessed,
His overworked digestive tract
Was driven to protest.
He suffered from—and no mistake—
A real old-fashioned stomach ache.

The doctors—crude, as doctors are—
Quite frankly spoke their minds:
"He's eating far too much of far
Too many different kinds,
Which, since they won't assimilate,
Start an interior debate.

"Nutritious foods; less frequent feeds;
Some foreign things, for spice,
And exercise are all he needs
To cure him in a trice;
Be sure the quality's the best,
And soon he'll normally digest."

Well, though at first he raised a howl,
He soon grew tough and svelt.
The foreign aliments ceased to growl
And fight beneath his belt.
He's feeling very fit today—
Is U. and S. and sometimes A.

—*Baron Ireland.*

Song of Hate for Eels

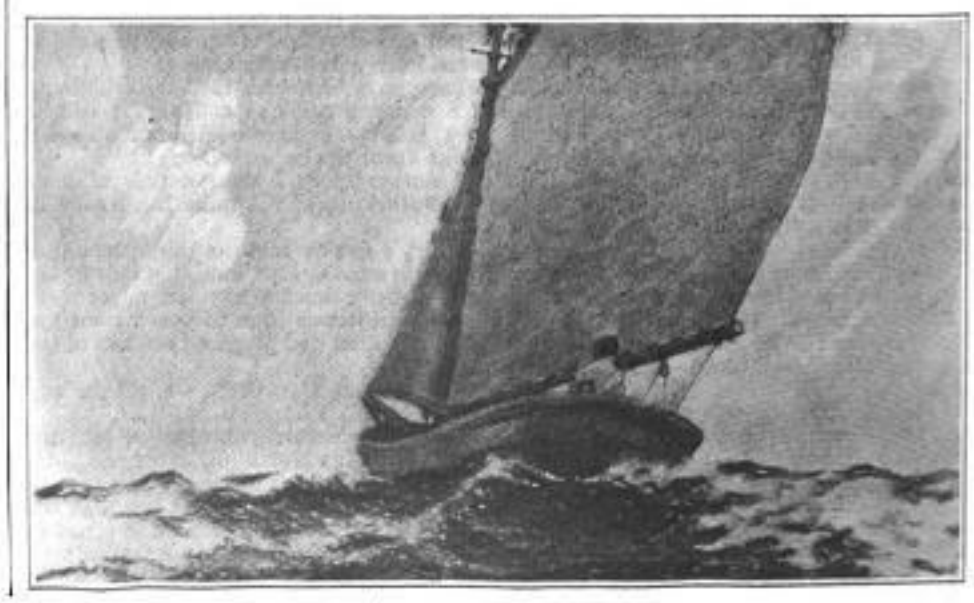
OH, THE slimy, squirmy, slithery eel!
He swallows your hook with malignant zeal,
He tangles your line and he gums your reel,
The slimy, squirmy, slithery eel.

Oh, the slimy, squirmy, slithery eel!
He cannot be held in a grip of steel,
And when he is dead he is hard to peel,
The slimy, squirmy, slithery eel.

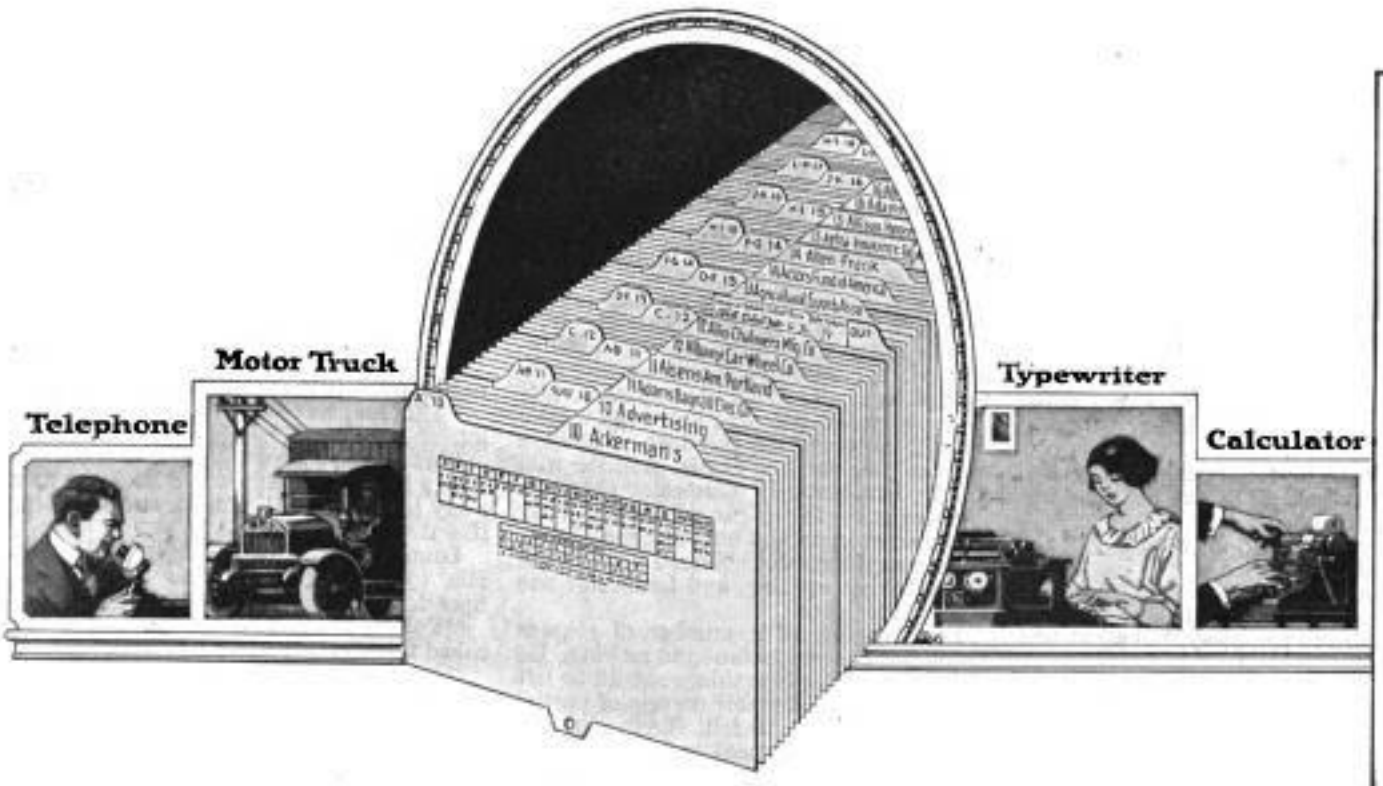
Oh, the slimy, squirmy, slithery eel!
The sorriest catch in the angler's creel;
He never was fit for a Christian meal,
The slimy, squirmy, slithery eel.

Oh, the slimy, squirmy, slithery eel!
Malevolent serpent! Who dares reveal
What eloquent fishermen say and feel
Concerning the slimy, slithery eel?

—*Arthur Guiterman.*



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2: It practically eliminated filing errors. With it, to file incorrectly is actually more difficult than to file correctly.

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Speed—a time saving of 40% over previous methods in the actual filing and unfiling of correspondence or records.

Economy—obviously, increased simplicity, accuracy and speed result in savings of time, labor and money in any office.

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THE LAND OF BUNK

(Continued from Page 7)

"Old Yahoo Pete and me," he was murmuring, and his glance was very far away, "out in the trackless desert, and only one cup of water. It seems funny when I tell it now. In fact, it's hardly right to tell it, but there he was, good old Yahoo Pete, out in the desert—dying."

He glanced at her sharply with sudden suspicion, but he had no need. Already his words were doing their work. He felt a glow of professional pleasure and pride in his perfection. Could you beat it? She was believing it! Yes, she was believing it already. Unaccountably he felt very cheerful and triumphant. It was nice to have her hanging on each word. It made each succeeding word come easier than it ever had before, until he was astonished at his latent power. The desert, the sun, the sand and the pinto pony—they were more real than they had ever been before, and the story itself more beautiful in its simple dignity. And when he came to the soap—it was wonderful when he got that far, and told of his days and nights of study and experiment, because when he got that far her eyes were bright and sparkling.

"And now," he was saying, "it's there, right in every cake—that soothing, healing wonder balm—the poison of the deadliest of reptiles, brewed with sweet nuts, roots, herbs and berries, so that a child can drink it by the quart—so that I can eat the soap and like it. That's what it is, pure sweet soap and balm—a wonder healer—good for sprains, bruises, rheumatism —— Why, miss, one of those little cakes is good for anything!"

As his voice went over the list of ills which that wonder soap could cure, it trembled in its enthusiasm. He was sorry that the charm would be broken so soon, but he finished as an artist should, decisively and abruptly, with his whole simple story told, nothing more and nothing less.

She was silent for a little while as his last words died away. In some unaccountable way Launcelot began to feel uneasy.

"Would you mind telling me," she asked at length, "what happened to the pinto pony?"

"He died," Launcelot answered sadly. "I walked the last hundred miles."

There was another pause.

"Or maybe it was two hundred," said Launcelot; "I never knew. I was crazed with thirst."

Launcelot began to feel more uneasy. She was looking at him wonderingly, quite as though she had never seen him till just that minute.

"I wouldn't," she said softly—"no, I wouldn't believe anybody who told me that story, but you."

Slowly Launcelot looked up from drawing patterns with his toe in the dust. He had a strange sensation. Everything seemed brighter. The sun was yellower and the grass was greener; but that was not all. He had another, more curious feeling. Could it be that he was sorry? Was it possible? Yes, his face actually felt warm and uncomfortable beneath his tan.

"Say," Launcelot began feebly—"say, listen now ——"

But she didn't listen.

"Can you spare me a cake of that soap?" she asked.

Launcelot started. His brow felt moist. Not only his face felt uncomfortable but he felt uncomfortable all over.

"Gosh!" he said hoarsely. "You don't want it for yourself, do you?"

"Of course I want it," she answered. "I'm going to use it right away."

"But you're all right," Launcelot insisted soothingly. "Why, say—there isn't anything wrong with you. This soap's for sick people."

"But you said it was good for sprains," she persisted.

"So it is," said Launcelot. "For some kinds of sprains." His voice faltered. He glanced about him helplessly, seized with a growing dread. "For some kinds of sprains on some kinds of people," he continued hastily. "On ordinary people, miss—but you aren't ordinary. On folks like you that soap would only help particular sprains—like a sprained ear, a sprained eye, or maybe a sprained toe."

He paused in short-lived hope.

"Just my luck!" she answered joyfully. "Just what I want it for!"

Volatile though he ordinarily was, Launcelot did not share her enthusiasm. Instead he looked longingly at his painted automobile, and unconsciously moved nearer its tin running board.

"I hurt it on the wire," she went on confidingly. "And it hurts—it hurts something awful!"

"Hurts?" Launcelot asked blankly. "What hurts?"

"Why, my toe, of course," she said. "Why, maybe you don't know who I am?"

"No," said Launcelot faintly, "maybe I don't; but, say—listen now!"

With conscious dignity she shifted her blanket about her shoulders.

"Well," she said, "I'm Millie L'Etoile, the slack-wire artist. That's who I am—and here's your dime. I better be going now."

Launcelot seemed to be seeing a vision. Vague and speechless he ran his hand abstractedly through his hair.

"Aren't you going to say anything?" she asked in pained surprise.

Launcelot started. She had picked a cake of the soap out of the basket. He felt a guilty desire to run away, but what was the use?

"Now, listen, miss ——" he began again.

"I wish I didn't," said Millie, "but I've got to be getting back now. But you'll tell me sometime later, won't you?"

"Maybe you won't want to see me later," Launcelot suggested sadly.

"Oh, yes, I will," said Millie. Her very kindliness was worse than a rebuke. "Why, we've only just begun to be friendly," she went on. "Why, I want you to meet pa; I'm going to rub some of this soap on him this very night."

"Gosh!" exclaimed Launcelot. "Has he hurt his toe too?"

Millie shook her head.

"Poor pa," she replied; "he works so hard, and he's got rheumatism. Why, you must know him. He works right over opposite."

Launcelot caught his breath. A horrid suspicion was crossing his mind. Another cloud was coming across his sun.

"Pa's the wild man," said Millie; "and he'll be awfully glad about the soap. I wish I didn't have to go, but it isn't like saying good-by for good."

The sun seemed to take on a darker hue and no longer to have its pristine warmth. Launcelot felt a curious weakness in his knees and sank slowly back on his soap box. Her last words were piercing him like cold steel. She said it wasn't like saying good-by, and she was going to use that soap that very night. A dead weight of discouragement bowed Launcelot's shoulders. His chin sank listlessly upon his open palm. She had been so beautiful, so wonderful, beyond his wildest dreams; and now she was going, with his soap clutched in her hand. And Launcelot was left alone, caught in the net of his own weaving, struck by the very boomerang he had thrown.

IV

FOLKS always said back home that Launcelot would make good if he only stuck long enough to anything. He was such a talented boy. In the room back of the drug store almost any evening you could hear him play Onward, Christian Soldiers on the cornet. Moreover, he could copy the pictures in the Farmer's Companion so that they looked almost genuine, and he nearly always won the potato race at the Sunday-school outing. The only trouble was that people thought his talents were scattered, and that he himself was flighty and volatile. They never knew the adamantine determination that lurked beneath his genial mask, nor understood the light that urged him forward. For Launcelot was loath to confide his hopes and his altruistic ambitions.

And if the people in the old home town didn't understand Launcelot, what chance had the circus crowd? That evening by the light of his gasoline torch he seemed as gay as ever. Enthralled by his vivid flow of words few if any noticed that his eye was sad and pensive, and that his brow was furrowed. Not one of them knew that sheer force of will alone lent allure to Launcelot's speech that night. A few hours before he had gone on his way, buoyant in body and spirit; and now his life and his soap were both hollow shams, vacuous and empty. He hated them. He hated his romantic raiment, but still he struggled on, but only because he was too valiant a knight to admit defeat.

In those few brief hours everything about him had assumed a stark reality. The tents were gaunt and bare. The elixir itself was stale to his nostrils. Perhaps at the very moment he was chanting its praises, Millie was removing the Kill Pain Soap from its printed wrapper. He writhed inwardly and his voice became harsh and metallic. Perhaps even then she was applying it—that very Kill Pain Soap? Why had he not thought? He was generally careful. Why had he not realized that she would fail to understand? And now it was too late ever to explain at all. Would she speak to him again, he wondered. He knew she would. Already he could see the flash of her eye and hear her scathing words. And the wild man! Involuntarily Launcelot shivered. She was going to tell the wild man. They would come upon him both at once. Brave as he was, Launcelot shivered beneath his blankets that evening, and Launcelot was a valiant knight.

For any one of a number of reasons Launcelot became modest and retiring. He felt it was better that things should be left unsaid till the charitable curtain of partial oblivion had time to fall. Launcelot forsook the haunts he used to know so well. He no longer purchased a hot dog from the genial vender or shot craps with the keeper of the elephants. He sought instead the seclusion of brooks and fields. Yet he knew that it was a vain attempt. Sooner or later he knew the time would come. All he could do in the meanwhile was to fortify himself, but his best efforts seemed sad and futile.

It was on a Sunday afternoon that Millie next encountered Launcelot. She would not have done so then if Launcelot had seen her first. It happened, however, that he had strolled down the road in the late afternoon toward the little town where Sweeney's Two-Ring Circus was then stopping, and that the road had a blind curve in it. Launcelot did not see Millie until she was right in front of him.

"Well," said Millie, "you're a nice one, aren't you?"

Though Launcelot had thought of what to say, now that the time had arrived he could seem to say nothing at all. Millie no longer had on a blanket. Instead she was clad in a simple dress of gingham, and a hat that flopped over her eyes. She looked almost like a country girl, but still she didn't, because she was much more simply dressed than girls of the Corn Belt. Launcelot paused uncertainly. Her very simplicity made her more wonderful than she had seemed before. Somehow it made her hair darker, her cheeks redder and her eyes brighter. It made her seem lithe and childlike as she walked along the road. Somehow, as Launcelot looked, in spite of his dread everything around them seemed more beautiful than it had before. The soft rays of the afternoon sun seemed brighter, and the fences and the cornfields like something in a picture. Launcelot was clad in his Sunday blue serge suit and buttoned shoes. He removed his gray felt hat and cleared his throat. His stiff white collar seemed to clamp itself more firmly around his neck, and his pearl-button vest constricted the action of his breathing.

"Well," said Launcelot grimly, "go ahead. I'm listening."

For some reason, however, she seemed embarrassed and doubtful how to start. Launcelot placed his forefinger in the meager crevice between his neck and collar, and strove to enlarge the aperture.

"Don't you see, miss," he demanded humbly—"don't you see I'm just a poor bird who has to earn his living?"

He knew what she would say. As best he could he braced himself to listen.

"You don't have to earn your living all the time, do you?" Millie asked. "You might take five minutes out to be polite."

Launcelot gave his collar a final tug.

"Say, miss," he said diffidently, "I wish you would say what you were going to without going easy on me. I reckon I can stand it. Only I wouldn't have done it—honest, I wouldn't—if I had known. It's made me feel bad ever since. Oh, I know what you think about me, all right."

For some reason Millie seemed puzzled. She pulled at a blade of grass and twisted it in her fingers.

"I don't think you've been very nice, if that's what you mean," said Millie.

"I know it," sighed Launcelot; "I know it. I ought to have been on the level."

"I think it would have been nicer if you'd asked me how my toe was," said Millie.

Launcelot pulled uneasily at his hat. His voice betrayed his suffering.

"Say!" he cried. "What's the use in kidding me? It don't do anybody any good. I said I was sorry."

"Why!" exclaimed Millie, "what do you mean?"

"You know what I mean," said Launcelot.

"No, I don't," said Millie. "My toe's all right. Why, that soap was wonderful!"

"That soap was—what?" gasped Launcelot.

"Wonderful!" said Millie. "I used it with a little hot water, and it took the pain away just like that! I never saw anything like it."

Launcelot's mouth had fallen half open. His eyes were unwinking and glossy. Speech itself seemed difficult.

"You—you say your toe's all right?" he asked thickly.

"Just as soon as I used that soap," said Millie, "it got better and better. Why, I'm going to keep a cake with me always."

Launcelot drew the arm of his blue serge coat across his forehead.

"You say you used that soap, and your toe got all right?" Launcelot repeated.

"Of course it did. Why shouldn't it?" asked Millie.

"Can you beat it?" murmured Launcelot.

Slowly he seemed to be recovering from what appeared almost like a shock.

"Why shouldn't it?" asked Millie.

"I guess," Launcelot began vaguely—"why I guess there wasn't any reason. I guess I sort of hoped it might do you good. That's all."

He felt suddenly weak. There seemed to be a strange soft music in his ears. She had pushed back the brim of her hat and was looking up at him, not at all the way a slack-wire artist should look at an Indian-remedy man. She was looking at him as though she were hurt and puzzled.

"Did you hope it would—honest?" asked Millie.

"Did I!" exclaimed Launcelot fervently. "Don't I look it?"

"Well, you didn't show it much," said Millie.

There was awe in Launcelot's voice when he answered, awe at his temerity, and awe of the social barriers that lay between them.

"You don't mean you wanted me to?" he asked incredulously.

His collar felt still tighter. Even his buttoned shoes felt tight. He seemed to be back in some strange dream where realities were losing their positive value. There was only one thing he knew then—only one thing he was holding fast to. If Kill Pain Soap had done it—why anything at all might happen. And it was happening. It was happening now. Millie continued to look up at him, and she no longer seemed hurt or puzzled.

"I guess that's what I did mean," said Millie.

It was happening all right. The music in his ears was growing louder; the sun seemed brighter and the grass of a greener hue.

"Gosh!" murmured Launcelot. "Gosh all hemlock!"

"I don't see many interesting people," Millie was saying wistfully, "people who have really done things. It's grand to know someone who has; someone who knows the desert and the Indians; someone who's been brave, who's been face to face with danger."

Launcelot started, and tugged again at his collar. He felt himself being sucked into deeper water, and that his feet no longer touched the bottom. The tide of circumstance was pulling him. He struggled. He drew a deep breath.

"Tell me some more," Millie was saying—"some more about the desert."

Launcelot pushed his hat away from his forehead. He seemed abashed, suffering from the acute embarrassment of the modest hero.

"Aw come on now," he said pleadingly. "You don't want to hear any more of that—guff. Why, say—this is Sunday."

Again the brim of her hat had flopped back. Her eyes were wide and pleading like

(Continued on Page 93)

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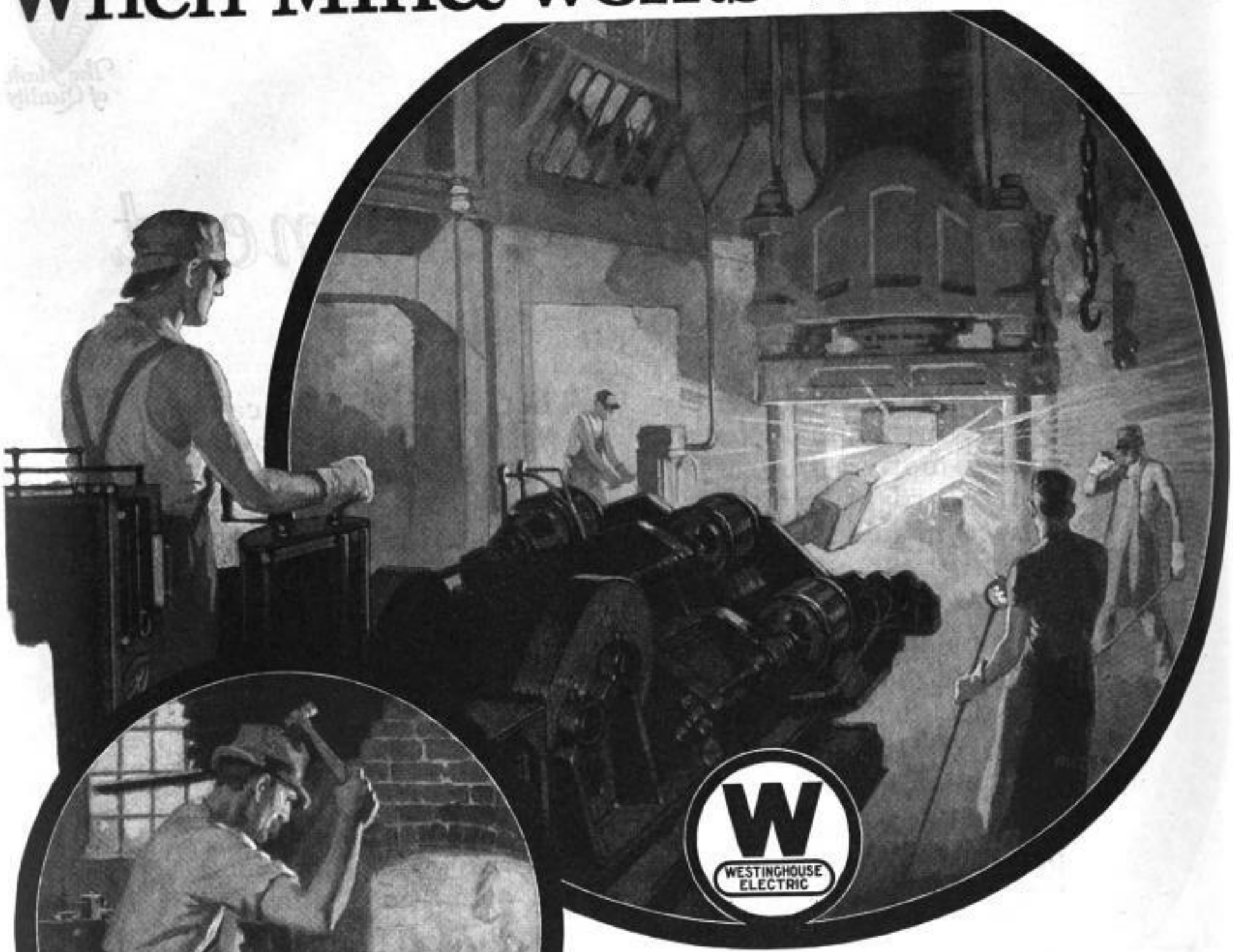
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(Continued from Page 88)

a little child's. Her hands were clasped in an attitude resembling supplication.

"Honest," said Millie very softly—"honest, I want to. Please tell me some more—about that Yahoo place."

"I wisht I was back there now," said Launcelot sadly.

"Oh!" cried Millie. "You don't mean that, do you?"

And then he knew that temporizing was of no avail, and that only one course was left.

"No," said Launcelot; "you know I didn't mean it."

"Then tell me some more," said Millie.

What could a gentleman do after that, save banish doubts and fears? What else could one do but live life for one crowded, glorious hour? Launcelot hesitated no longer. The enthusiasm of genius had swept over him, which can build without stick or stone. He spoke, and his voice rang true and strong. He spoke with the zest, the pride, the animation of an artist who loves his work. As he went on the old fire returned to his eye. His voice lost its diffident tremor. The sandy road and the cornfields were changing. A pathless track of sand was taking their place, seared and cut in wind-swept gullies, from which stretched the wild, tenuous arms of the giant cactus. Back, almost beyond the horizon, blue and gold in the sunset, were the mountains where there was water. Water! And only a single cup of it left. And there was Yahoo Pete—good old Yahoo Pete—staggering, his breath rattling in his throat. And there was the pinto pony again plodding gallantly onward. They were all there, just as his words had brought them back, brilliant, dazzling, wonderful.

How trivial consequences seemed before that gallant band! Could it be that only an hour before their very recollection had given him a guilty start? And now how splendid they seemed, now that she was walking with him arm in arm up that enchanted road, now that her half-stifled exclamations urged him to greater deeds! Were they real or were they not? Launcelot did not care, nor had he any need. For the land of Yahoo had come into its own again, and he was back in his own kingdom. He was back, filled with elation and thanksgiving. Was he not the hero of it all, dauntless, generous and gay? Was he not everything he wished for most?

Nor was that all. She believed him! She, too, was beside him in that trackless waste, sighing as Yahoo Pete breathed his last, giving a moan of sympathy as the merciful shot of his forty-five rang out ending the pinto pony forever.

"And you got back safe?" she asked. "How did you do it?"

"How?" asked Launcelot vaguely.

They were walking slowly up the road toward the sunset, bathed in its mellow light. But Launcelot failed to notice, for his spirit was very far away in a strange and joyous land. His jaw was firm. His teeth were set.

"There was only one thing got me back," he said, "and that was nerve. Yes, that stayed with me when I was mad with thirst. That's what got me back."

You had only to look at him to see how it was as he strode toward the sunset. You could see that every word of it was true. Her fingers tightened about his arm.

"Oh," breathed Millie, "I never used to believe there were folks like you!"

"There are," said Launcelot modestly, "piles of 'em, out there in the big open spaces where a man's a man."

And he believed it, and she believed it, there in the waning light. He forgot the past and future, for he was very far away and exalted by gallant thoughts. He was thinking of her beauty, and all about him seemed passing fair. He knew it was too late to draw back then, and he was glad that it was so. He had gone too far into that strange country where the day was like the night and the night was like the day, farther than he had ever been before.

"Tell me some more," said Millie. "Please don't stop."

"It's getting late," said Launcelot.

"I don't care," said Millie.

And Launcelot didn't either. What was an hour in the land where they were journeying?

V

OF ALL the fragile things in a world of fragile and fickle matters, nothing is quite so variable as the truth. Like fortune, it hovers over everything and, like fortune, is naught but a fickle jade. Given a sense of artistic fitness, and truth changes like the chameleon. That was what bothered Launcelot most. Sometimes it was hard to remember what was true and what wasn't, when Millie listened. But most of the time he knew, and shuddered when he knew it.

It was only occasionally that he forgot that he was dwelling in an illusion, and dealing with matters no more permanent than the fluted notes of the calliope of the show. When he thought of it the lines of care and anxiety deepened on his face and made him seem unnaturally old. Launcelot knew well enough what he was doing, and what was going to happen. Others might have quailed at the thought, and there was only one thing that kept Launcelot himself from quailing. He had said it was nerve alone that pulled him through the Yahoo desert, and his nerve was not all expended on those thirsty sands. Once again it was standing him in good stead. Once again it pulled him through succeeding days of terror and suspense, undaunted by the dread that beset him. It was nerve that kept his chivalrous honor untainted, and prevented his disappointing a lady. She wanted to hear more and more details of his colorful career, and Launcelot told her. But sometimes the Yahoo desert would have a way of vanishing before his sight. His voice would waver, and he would be face to face with black certainties.

He would understand then that it couldn't go on forever. Perhaps sooner, or possibly later, the crisis was bound to come. Every day's delay made it worse. Cold perspiration would start on his brow. Suppose the wild man came along; and he would come along. Oh, yes, he would! What would she say when she found out and the smoke had cleared away? Sooner or later the sword of Damocles would fall, and then —— It took nerve to go on, but Launcelot had it. The splendid thing about it was that Launcelot had nerve and courage up to the bitter end.

The afternoon show was over, and Launcelot had planned to meet Millie before supper. There was a spice of adventure about meeting Millie, which always made him gay and debonair. Though neither had mentioned it, both had tacitly agreed that it was better to be secret about their meetings. That was why Launcelot encountered Millie about half a mile down the road in a field by a little wooden shed, which discreetly hid them from the traffic.

"Oh, Launcelot," said Millie, "I thought you were never coming."

"It was that soap," said Launcelot apologetically. "This is a pretty live town, all right. Say! They went after it like mad. My arm's tired just handing it out."

He stopped abruptly and thrust his hand into his pocket.

"Listen, Millie," he said diffidently.

Launcelot seemed to find it difficult to continue. He looked at Millie, and at Millie's new starched gingham dress, and then up at the sky.

"Millie," he said, "I've got something for you—a present."

"Oh!" cried Millie. "Why—why, it's a ring!"

"Yep," said Launcelot, "and it isn't everybody I'd give that ring to; believe me, it isn't. It's a genuine ring—solid nickel; and d'you see that stone? That stone's a petrified snake's eye."

She gave a little sigh of ecstasy as she bent nearer to look at it.

"Oh, Launcelot!" she whispered. "How could you be so generous? Is it—is it ——"

"That's what it is," said Launcelot solemnly, "old Yahoo Pete's. It's the memories that make it precious to me. Look! You can see the nick in it where he used to grip his forty-five."

"And you're going to give it to me?" Millie inquired softly. "Oh, Launcelot!"

She was going to say more when something in his look interrupted her. Launcelot was not looking at Millie any longer, but at the corner of the shed. His face was no longer flushed with pleasure at doing a generous deed. Instead, it had become slightly yellow. His hand, which had been holding hers, was trembling. Then Millie heard an angry snorting sound behind her, and she turned to look also, and caught her breath. Directly in front of her was standing the wild man.

To Launcelot in that dread second he seemed more massive than before, a mountain of righteous wrath. He was standing very still, but his stomach was moving up and down from his deep, heavy breaths. There was something appalling in his silence. His steadfast gaze was appalling. The rocklike protuberance of his jaw denoted deathly purpose. With a motion majestic in its dignified slowness, and dreadful in its portent, he raised his right arm and pointed at Millie sternly.

"So that's what you've been doing!" said the wild man in a slow, measured voice. "So this is how you've been studying and improving your mind, is it? Wanted to get away where you wouldn't be disturbed, did you? Well, you won't be disturbed; not any more, you won't. Everything's going to be nice and quiet in just a minute."

Launcelot felt his knees give a faint shake of premonition. A roar of fury would have been better—anything but the menacing calm. A sudden panic seized him, a poignant burning desire to run away. For the first time in many a day a blush was mantling Launcelot's cheek, a blush of shame.

The wild man's face was taking on a purple tinge, and his voice was growing louder.

"To think I should of lived to have seen it!" he cried. "You an artist, one of a family of artists, out here flirting with a side-show fake. I'm glad your poor old mother's gone, I am. What would she of done, I wonder, seeing you here disgracing her? What would the other folks do if they could see you now—good honest folks, real artists? Why, there isn't one who wouldn't hide his face. Haven't you known enough nice folks? Haven't I seen you was in the best society? And what good has it done for you to be mixing with nice cultured folks? You don't know the difference between them and a fake! Well, I'll give him something that's genuine!"

It was in the times of tribulation that Launcelot's bravery showed out the best. Others would have trusted to their heels, as many had before them. But Launcelot, shaken though he was, had lightly voided the wreck of his hopes, and now was prepared for a further onset. Undaunted and unfaltering in that time of bleakness and disaster, he moved a step forward.

"Just a minute," said Launcelot.

The wild man doubled his right fist and spat upon it thoughtfully.

"Can the chatter," said the wild man. "Don't you see it's going to be less than a minute? Why, you little nut, it's going to be over before you can holler!"

Millie gave a faint scream, and then her words were strangled with horror. The wild man had thrust his chin forward. He was moving toward Launcelot now as steadily and relentlessly as a steam roller, but Launcelot had not moved.

"Popper," shrieked Millie, "he didn't do anything! It's not his fault! Oh, popper! You mustn't! You mustn't!"

"Didn't I say what I'd do if I caught you talking to him?" inquired the wild man. "I said I would polish him off, and now that's what."

No one who saw Launcelot then could have doubted that he was very brave. He had not blenched or shivered. He simply stood, proud, motionless and erect, facing danger as became him, still ready to play the game.

"Don't worry about me," he said courteously, so courteously that no one could have realized that he was placing his fate and his bodily safety on one last throw; "I'm all right. It's only the old gent has forgotten something, that's all."

"Forgotten what?" said the wild man.

"Forgotten," said Launcelot in a slightly louder tone, "that if you come any nearer maybe I'll snap your neck. Didn't I tell you I teach jiujitz? Why, mister, I'm the Californian champion. I like 'em when they're big and heavy. Their weight makes it hurt all the more. Come on if you want to, only you'd better send your daughter first to seek medical assistance. I generally always break something when I get started, mister."

The wild man had stopped advancing. Launcelot had folded his arms in front of him, and continued speaking, simply and gently.

"Yes," said Launcelot without rancor and without elation, "you're just about the size I like best, mister. Once I get my finger behind your ear and press your nerve, you'll wilt like an Easter lily. Yep, I certainly guess you'd better call the doctor. I'd certainly like to be gentle, but I have to be rough with the big ones."

"Say," said the wild man, "if you don't want to go to the first-aid station you turn around and beat it. When I listen to that bunk it makes me that sick I haven't the



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heart to hit you. Now just pack up and leave the show, and I won't lay a finger to you. I'm hasty sometimes. I hadn't figured that it might be a painful sight for my little girl."

Launcelot indulged in a faint smile.

"Tell her to step up the road," he suggested. "It'll be over in a minute, and I'll see she gets home safe, mister."

There was a moment's silence while the wild man looked at Launcelot, and Launcelot glanced back serenely at the wild man.

"Say," said the wild man at length, "you heard what I said, didn't you?"

"I heard all right," said Launcelot.

"Well," said the wild man, "why don't you beat it?"

"Because I reckon I must be enjoying myself," said Launcelot.

There was another pause. The wild man rubbed his hand over the gray stubble on his chin, and slowly shook his head.

"I certainly wish I could beat you up," he said.

Launcelot remained silent and the wild man shook his head again.

"But it wouldn't be right," the wild man continued. "I see it now. Poor little girl! She's delicate! She couldn't stand the sight of blood."

"Yep," said Launcelot; "and there's nothing sounds worse than the cracking of a bone."

"Nope," said the wild man, "I just can't do it."

Launcelot's grin grew broader. Already the bright vistas of victory were spreading before him. It hardly seemed possible that he had passed unscathed through the ordeal, but he had. Millie was looking at him as she had never looked before. The wild man was still rubbing his chin. There was a time to be magnanimous, just as before there had been a time to show no mercy.

"I hope there's no hard feelings," said Launcelot. "Let's be friends, mister."

The wild man seemed to grow larger still, larger and more menacing.

"Why, say," said the wild man, "you didn't think I was through with you yet? Why, you little simp, I was only just started!"

Launcelot grinned no longer. Again he was seized with a sinking feeling and gripped fast by dread.

"Now," said the wild man, "I'm merciful, all right, but you take it from me—you do what I say or else ——"

"Or else what?" asked Launcelot, but his voice no longer had a ring of victory.

The wild man's bushy eyebrows drew closer together.

"Maybe you've forgot the name of this town," he suggested.

"Maybe you have yourself," Launcelot retorted.

"And maybe," said the wild man, "you didn't know that one of the biggest corn-products factories in the state was here, did you? Well, they have their annual picnic tonight, and they're all coming to the show."

"Why shouldn't they, I'd like to know?" asked Launcelot.

"They'll be feeling their oats," said the wild man. "They'll be just spoiling to bust something."

Launcelot gave a little jump as though something had tickled him. The wild man stuck his thumbs in his belt, and his chin dropped on his chest.

"Well, now," he continued placidly, "you move away from opposite my tent, and never speak to Millie again—or else ——"

Already Launcelot had a premonition.

"Hey!" he interrupted. "You wouldn't be mean enough to ——"

"Or else," said the wild man, "when you begin sellin' 'em that soap tonight I'm going to tell 'em about it—see? And maybe that won't start something. Why, buddy, those factory boys will chase you into next week!"

A dead invisible weight had come to rest on Launcelot's shoulders, and his face seemed weary and haggard. It was the horrid ingenuity of the scheme that caught him off his guard. Normally he could disappear, and come back the next morning, but what would Millie say if he retreated from the field? And if he didn't—Launcelot knew what those crowds were like. Either way he turned were disgrace and ruin. He knew it, and yet he retained his composure.

"Well, what do you know about my soap?" he asked defiantly.

"A lot of things since I saw you last," said the wild man comfortably. "You'll find out tonight all right."

"So you're going to spoil my trade?" Launcelot demanded indignantly. "That's a fine thing to do to a fellow worker! Say—where are your ethics?"

"Buddy," said the wild man, "I'm gettin' cramped standing here. I've said what I was going to do. Are you going to do what I tell you or not?"

Just then Millie, looking smaller than ever, seized the wild man's arm.

"Popper!" she cried imploringly. "You don't know what you're doing—what you're saying? You don't ——"

"Shut up, you little musketeer!" snapped the wild man. "Now then, young feller ——"

"Oh, Launcelot!" cried Millie. "Maybe you'd better —— Oh dear! Maybe you'd better go!"

He never knew what it was in her words that decided him. Perhaps it was not her words at all but her eyes, which were filled with tears. She was so small and pathetic then. Somehow she seemed to feel so badly, much worse than he thought she would.

"Mister," said Launcelot menacingly, "you'd better be careful!"

Before that blast of grim realism the walls of the Land of Bunk were crumbling like the Jericho of old. The light of high resolve was glinting in his eye. The joy of battle was making his heart beat faster.

"Are you going to do what I say?" roared the wild man. "Come now—yes or no!"

"No!" thundered Launcelot. "Say what you want, and be damned to you! D'you think I'm scared of you? Go ahead—just try it, that's all!"

"You bet I will!" roared the wild man. "Millie, stop making eyes at that little simp, and come along!"

"Launcelot!" cried Millie.

The wild man had grabbed her arm in a grip of steel. He was pulling her, unresisting, toward the road, but Launcelot stood stock still. He was staring after them, awe-struck and incredulous; and well he might. For just as Millie had turned away she had raised her left hand. On her third finger was gleaming the petrified snake's eye, set in its genuine solid nickel.

She believed him. She believed that last swan song of defiance. As he tasted the bitter irony of it an attack of self-pity made his eyes smart and his vision grow dim. In another hour or two hours he would be exposed, made ridiculous before mankind. Why was he even facing it? Launcelot did not know. Something beyond his comprehension was urging him back to meet his doom. Why had he shouted his defiance instead of politely temporizing? He had done it involuntarily, without a single thought, prompted by some stirring in the very fiber of his being. He was obeying blind instinct, and nothing more. His head was bowed and dejected. His step was lagging and slow. Lonely and friendless he was walking up the road to pay the price one always pays, the toll levied by a heartless world for being a denizen in the land he loved.

When he reached the midway, however, Launcelot was himself again. It was twilight, when shadows fall slant across the path, and give the familiar sights of daytime a vagueness and a mystery. Already they were working with the gasoline flares. Already there was the subtle excitement that comes before the show. Shadowy forms were flitting before him on nameless errands. There was a faint sound of music, the noise of a hammer against a stake, a voice and the creaking of a guy rope. He could smell the sawdust now. A gasoline torch was flaring up. He could see the pictures. Brighter than ever before they seemed, as wonderful as a mirage on a distant sky. Half dormant, half awakening to a new activity, it was still the Land of Bunk, always the same welcome. There was still time to leave it.

But Launcelot did not. They stirred him too much, these old-time sights and sounds. They were rousing him to high resolve. Without stopping, without looking to right or left, he walked to his painted automobile, unlocked its doors and drew out his white banner. A minute later its slogan was flashing again on the midway. Launcelot was in the lists.

VI

THEY knew there was to be a battle of giants that night. The news was flashed through the midway's devious and secret channels. And back of the tents in the dull

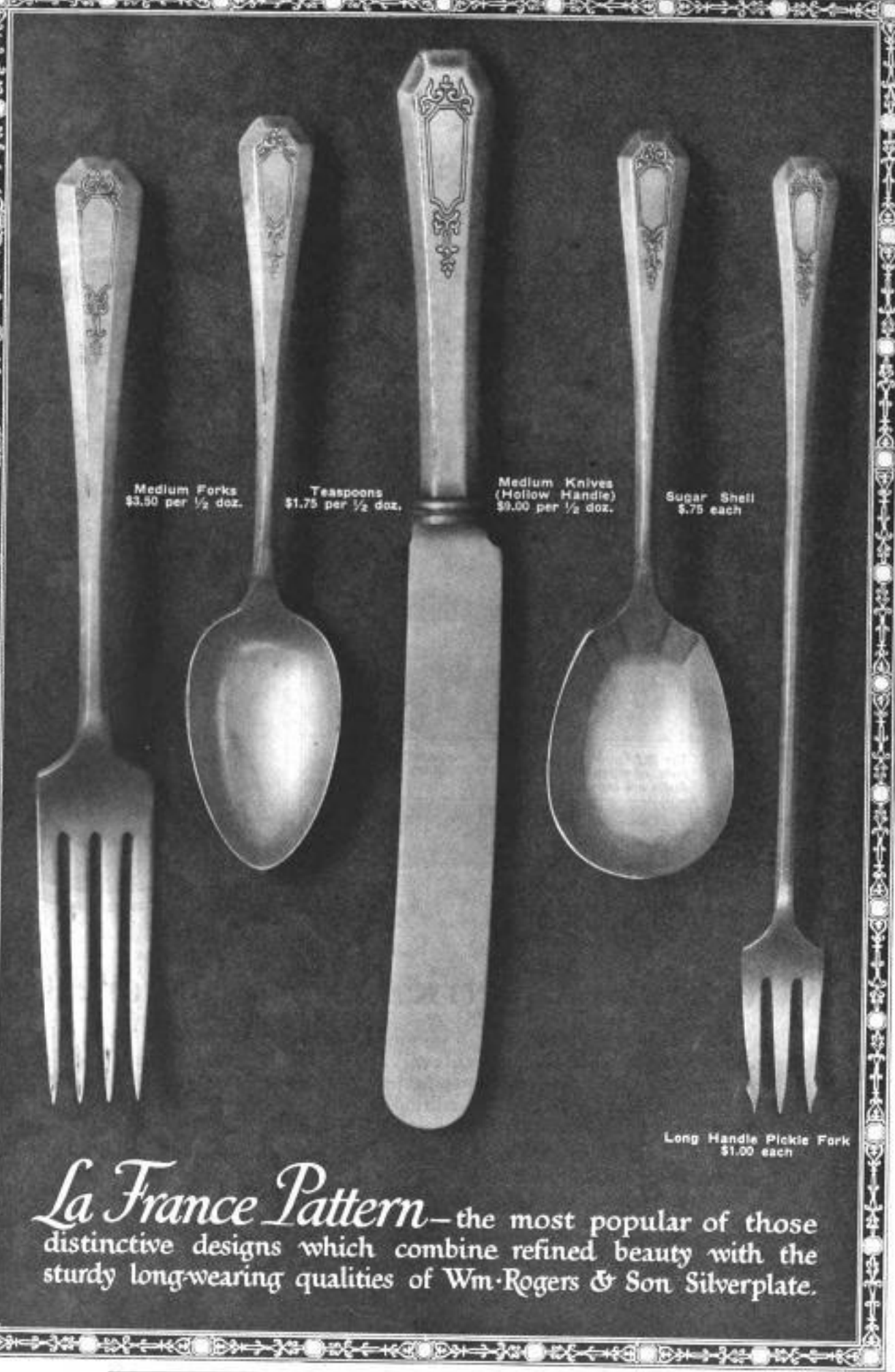
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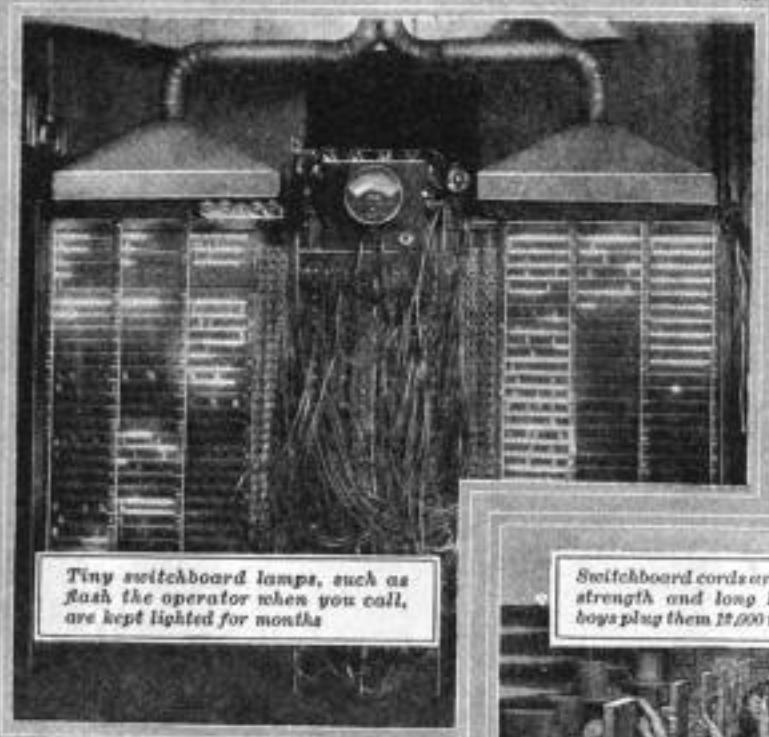
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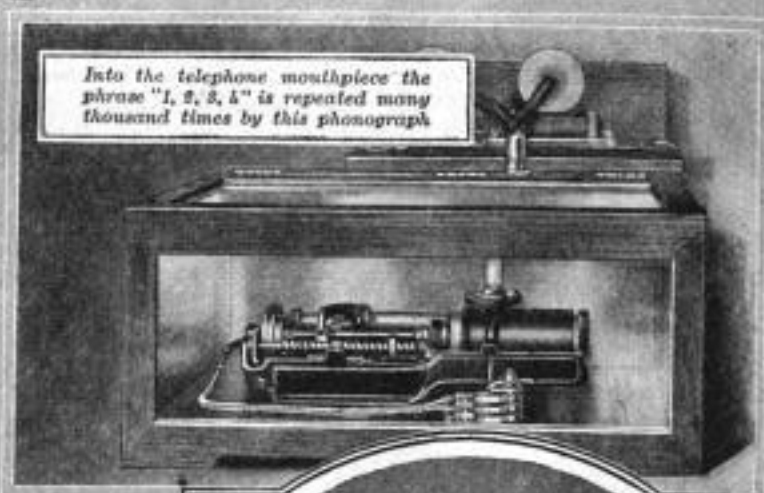
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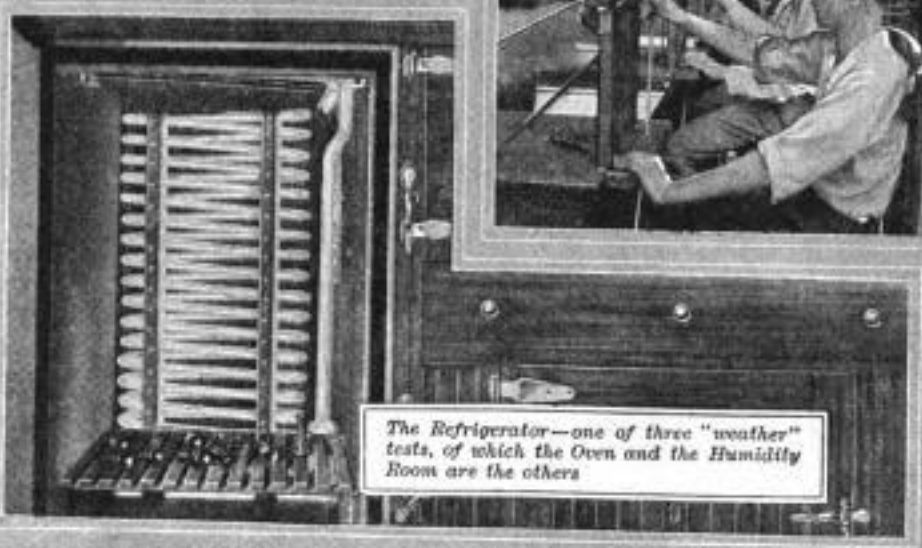
Tiny switchboard lamps, such as flash the operator when you call, are kept lighted for months



Into the telephone mouthpiece the phrase "1, 2, 3, 4" is repeated many thousand times by this phonograph



Switchboard cords are tested for strength and long life. These boys plug them 12,000 times a day



The Refrigerator—one of three "weather" tests, of which the Oven and the Humidity Room are the others



Tests to which representative samples of telephone equipment are put at the Western Electric plant

How Western Electric telephones are tested

Frozen, baked, steamed, undergoing endurance tests and accuracy tests of every sort—samples of telephone equipment must prove themselves under the hardest conditions before each lot is passed out of our factory.

Testing telephones, cable and switchboard parts is one of the important things which Western Electric does as maker of the nation's telephones.

That these tests are thorough and that the equipment is accurately and ruggedly built are facts which the daily experience of millions of users proves.

This perfection is not by chance. It was reached only through years of constant raising of standards in manufacture and test. The Western Electric Company began making telephones in 1877.

Western Electric

Since 1869 Makers of Electrical Equipment

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(Continued from Page 94)

somnolent hours when serious matters are over and gossip has full sway, they speak still of that conflict, until it has become almost as fabulous as the knightly deeds of another age. They knew he would not go without a struggle. They themselves had felt his power, but how could they know the dull despair that racked his brain that night? He must have known it was coming, but he gave no sign. His face looked a little paler, that was all. And he had a new bandanna around his neck, as befitted a man who was to battle for his beliefs.

Launcelot understood crowds. He could tell from the way they shuffled their feet and wore their hats that the crowd that night was tough. But Launcelot could handle them. No real orator could have swayed them more than he. They clustered about him as he stood on his soap box, first from cynical, jeering curiosity, and then from wonder. As he always did, he scanned their faces carefully to watch the effect of his words, while he launched forth to new heights of eloquence.

He had almost finished when the blow came. Their eyes were wide. Their mouths were agape. What was he doing? By gum, what was he doing? He was eating a cake of that soap! Not content with crossing a trackless desert and fighting thirst and starvation, he was giving a visual proof! He was eating it from his two hands!

"It's not my secret, friends!" he shouted. "It's Yahoo Pete's. Good old Yahoo Pete's. It's the wonder secret of the trackless desert! Soothing, healing, and I can eat it—you can eat it. Sometimes when I'm hungry on the road I eat a box of it. It's not your money I want, oh, no! I want ——"

It was just there that he stopped. A dead silence followed his pause. They were looking at Launcelot, and he was looking over the crowd, half fascinated, half expectant towards the wild man's tent. The wild man was coming out of the door in his undershirt and his baggy trousers. He was carrying a soap box. He was putting it down. He was stepping upon it gingerly. Launcelot's speech was stilled and his mind was blank just then. When it was too late he knew what had urged him on. It had been nothing but the slender hope that such a thing could never happen, that the wild man would not dare. But it had happened. Against all the laws of chivalry the wild man was preparing to strike. The wild man's gray hair waved over his head like a foam-flecked sea. From his cavernous chest was emanating a hoarse bellow.

"Gents!" he was shouting. "You listen to me!"

They turned. They were looking at the wild man now.

"It ain't soap he's eating," shrieked the wild man. "It's a ham sandwich!"

With difficulty Launcelot maintained his balance on his soap box. Something had dropped from his palsied hands. About him like the rippling sound of water came an incredulous murmur.

"I know!" roared the wild man, with the lungs of leather that were his stock in trade. "Ain't I been watching him for weeks? Ain't I seen him palming that soap again and again? Don't let him fool you, gents! Pull him down and ride him on a rail! Soak him, gents, soak him! That's what the likes of him deserves!"

The wild man paused for breath, but no longer. Though Launcelot strove to speak in that brief interval, as yet the shock of the attack had allowed him no time to frame his words. The sea of heads about him was heaving restlessly, and above it was rising a tide of invective, cutting and forceful. He sought in silence for some method to stem it, but in vain.

"Gents," roared the wild man, inspirited by success, "you listen to me! Don't let him fool you like he's fooled the rest. You heard about the Wild West and that Yahoo place. Yahoo! Hell, gents! You listen to me! This is the first time he's been nearer the Wild West than Jersey City—and I can prove it!"

It was all going now, all the illusion and the glory. The very smell of the sawdust was growing stale—the pictures and the tents but garish and pretentious places of vulgarity and sham. It was all going, going like a cloud before his sight, that land he loved so well. He could feel the change, the cold hostility. The murmurs about him had grown to a roar, so that for a moment the wild man's voice could hardly carry above it.

"And that soap—how about that wonder soap? Ha, ha! It makes me laff, gents! Have you tried it, like I have? Have you seen what he's giving you for your hard-earned money, the pennies that come from the sweat of your brow? It's laundry soap, that's what it is! It's a fake, all a fake! Are you going to stand for it? Are you going to let him put it over on you? Don't I see you're honest, self-respecting gents? Then jump on him! Knock him stiff!"

As the wild man finished, his suggestion met with a glad acclaim that rent the welkin.

"Get a rail!" someone called in joyous camaraderie.

"Get a rope!"

"Lynch him!"

Before that tidal wave of wrath Launcelot was standing, deadly pale. In a black chaos everything was falling, whirling, sinking from his sight. Yahoo Pete and the pinto pony, the trackless desert and the days of thirst—how little they booted now! He seemed to see them flashing before him, swept along like chaff before a gale. Trivial tinsel things they were, illusory fragments from some gentler kinder sphere, the golden dust of a twilight world. Yet, like old friends trusted and true, they were strangely potent. A rough hand was pulling at his arm, but Launcelot's thoughts seemed far away.

"Hey!" shouted someone. "What's he doing? Hey! Watch yourselves!"

Launcelot was doing something. He was bending down, examining something at his feet. He had pulled himself upright again. He was holding something in his hands.

"The snake!" shouted another voice. "Look out, boys! He's got the snake!"

Launcelot, still pale but grimly resolute, was standing above them. A serpentine body was wound closely about his arm. His voice was hoarse and broken but still undaunted.

"Keep off!" he was shouting. "Keep off or I'll throw him!"

There was a lull, a backward movement in the crowd. They must have known that he was at bay; that, staggering on the very verge of ruin, he was making a last bid for victory.

"That's a fake too!" roared the wild man in horrid glee. "He's got his teeth pulled. Go to it, gents! Soak him!"

Just then in that second before the deluge, in that half lull before disaster, Launcelot spoke again.

"Sure he's a fake," said Launcelot, and his words rang proud and strong over all the calls and shouts.

It may have been the unexpected in his reply or it may have been some unhallowed power, some trace of majesty and greatness about him that made them pause. For all fear had left him then. A light from somewhere beyond his ken was making everything about him bright. Sudden unlooked-for inspiration was stirring his thoughts anew, and giving new life to the tongue which had cloven so long to the roof of his mouth.

"And I'm a fake too," said Launcelot. "And what about him?" He was pointing at the wild man with a brief and airy gesture. "What about him, folks? Why, he's a fake. And what is it all, friends, all about you here, but fakes?"

Launcelot's voice, now that the tumult was stilled, sank to a lower, more confidential key.

"Folks," said Launcelot, "d'you think that gent over there swallows those knives? You know he don't! He's got a stomach like all the rest of us. And the human pincushion? D'you think he sticks those pins in him? Not much you don't! What are they all but fakes, gents? What is it all but bunk?"

He was forgetful of all but his thoughts just then, but his career had never known a greater moment. They were listening again, soothed, quiet and intent, and Launcelot was going on.

"You know it's bunk! Oh, yes, you do! Before you walk up this here track you know it isn't real. You laugh at it before you come, you laugh at it when you go away. But you'll come back again, gents. You know it, and I know it. It's a fake, but you'll come back, even if you have to walk on crutches—back to pay out your dimes to see it all again—back to drink the lemonade that's made by chemistry—back to see that old sourhead there put on his monkey skin and roar—back to ring the knives you never hit. And why do you do it, gents—why?"

For some reason he was smiling, that same sad sardonic smile of yore, and instinctively they knew that his speech had risen above the commonplace, surmounting the crude affairs of everyday.

"Folks," said Launcelot, "when the stars are out, and they're hitching up the mules, and the show is moving off, I've often wondered why, and I know. I know what makes you do it! You know it's a fake, folks, but you come because you hope it's true. You come because you like the old games and the old ways that are different from the things you do. You come back because you want a place where things are different from the things you know. You want to be fooled, folks. That's why you come. And that's what we're here for—just to deliver the goods."

Perhaps he had some inkling of the depths of his words just then, for his eye was sparkling with a kindly light.

"We deliver 'em," said Launcelot; "I'll say we do. It used to make me feel cheap sometimes, but it doesn't any more. There must be thousands and thousands of folks whose minds I've taken off their troubles, thousands and thousands who've gone away happier for what I've done to 'em. And why have they gone away happier?"

It was a purely oratorical question, an opportunity to pause the better to watch them. Had he rung the bell, he wondered. It must have been so, because not a voice, not a rustle of sound stirred the silence. Up and down the midway everything was still. He had not known he had been speaking so loud. The gentleman who swallowed the knives was craning his neck outside his tent. The soft-drink vender had ceased his clamor. The balloon seller was standing dumbly with a squealing balloon deflated in his hand. Everyone everywhere was looking at him, and he fancied he could read kindness in their looks, a silent, wistful sympathy.

"I'll tell you why," said Launcelot; "because I'm an artist. That's why! Because what I do is art, and what I say is art!"

He looked thoughtfully across at the wild man. His last words had produced a peculiar effect. The wild man's hair was standing straighter from his head. In his eyes was the look of a somnambulist.

"Fake!" roared the wild man.

"You heard him?" asked Launcelot politely. "Once again he says it's a fake. But listen, folks; the old man speaks from envy. He'd do it, too, if only he could. Of course it's a fake. I buy my soap by the bar and slice it up. The clothes I wear come off Broadway, and Bill here has to take to liquid nourishment. But what's that to do with it? It only means greater art—that's all. You know better first, but when you buy it you think that soap's real stuff, and when you find it isn't do you mind? You don't, because it was a pleasure. You come back again next year because you want to be pleased some more. Folks, it isn't because you're suckers that you come back here. It's because you're artists too!"

And then Launcelot knew his time had come. The wild man's hour was over. He was listening, aghast and powerless to interfere. Launcelot was pointing at him with a straight accusing finger.

"There's only one thing hurts me, folks!" cried Launcelot, "and that's when jealous birds butt in—the old guys who never were artists, and never understand. What right has that old bird got to spoil your pleasure? Are you going to let him keep on?"

"Fake!" roared the wild man, but the word had lost its power. It was met by countershouts of new-roused wrath:

"Knock his block off!"

"Poke him in the eye!"

Launcelot raised his hand impulsively.

"Don't hurt him, gents," he said. "He's only an old guy. He don't know any better. And it's not what you're here for. It's my soap you're after. The wonder healer! Pure soap and balm—so pure you can eat it. Now—watcher say, gents? Ten cents—only a dime! Step up while they last! Ten cents! Ten cents! Ten cents before the show!"

Launcelot stopped. What could be the matter? About him was a roar of sound, staggering and deafening in its volume, a continuous sound which grew louder. And then he understood. They were cheering. Yes, they were cheering. From head to foot the midway was ringing in glad acclaim. The man who swallowed the knives was dancing in front of his tent. The

(Continued on Page 100)

Booth's
CHOCOLATES



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CHOCOLATES made like Booth's Chocolates cannot help but be delicious. Our candy makers are masters in their work; our experience stretches over 27 years of successful effort. Booth's Chocolates are made with all possible care, for pride is taken not so much in how much can be turned out but in how well.

There are many different assortments of Booth's Chocolates; all are temptingly appetizing and all are good food.

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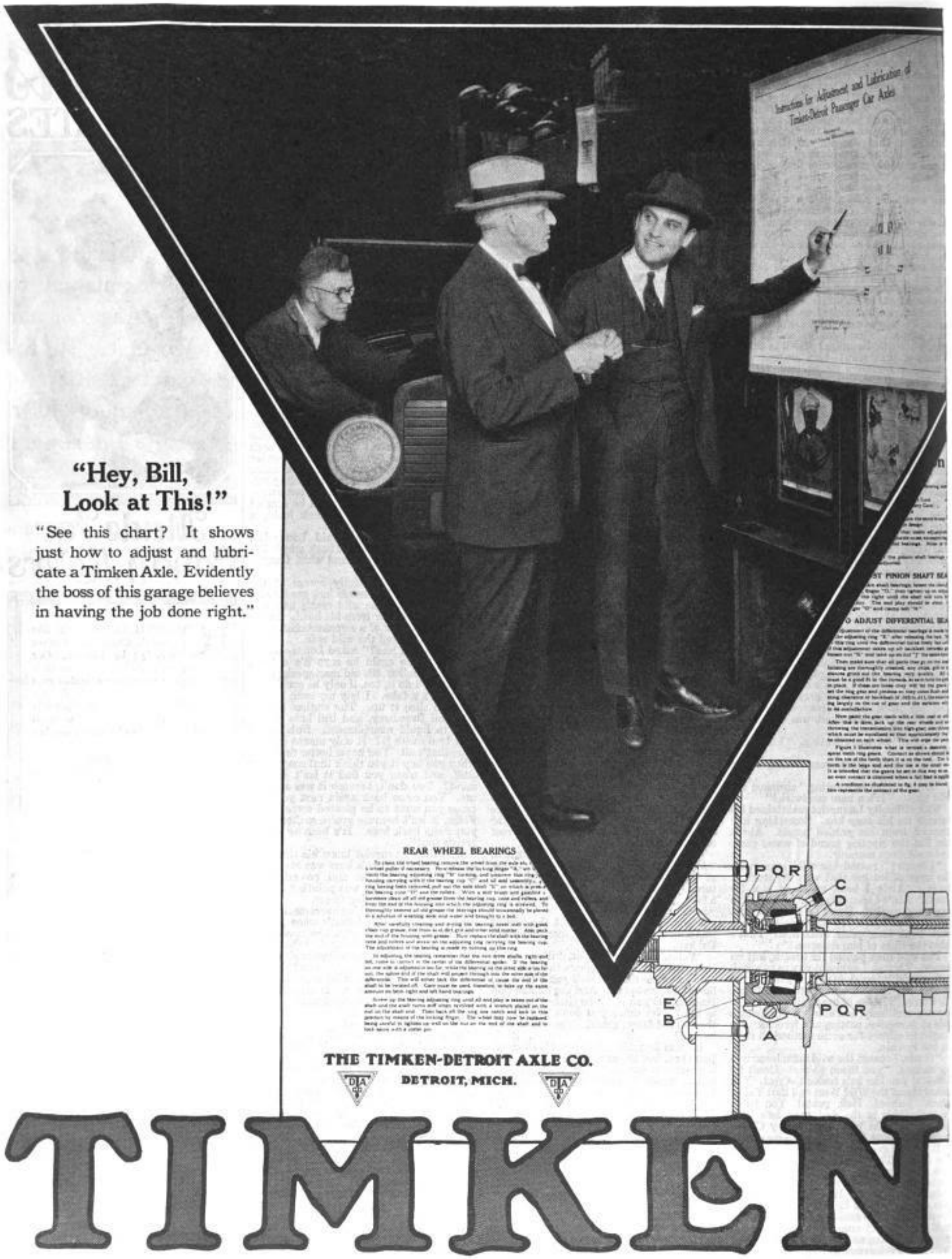
Booth's Chocolates can be obtained from your dealer or direct from us upon receipt of given prices. Other sizes in proportion.

Leading Druggists and Confectioners in certain localities can still obtain our Special Agency Proposition for their stores. Write for particulars on your business letter head, stating principal lines of candies now handled.

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"Hey, Bill, Look at This!"

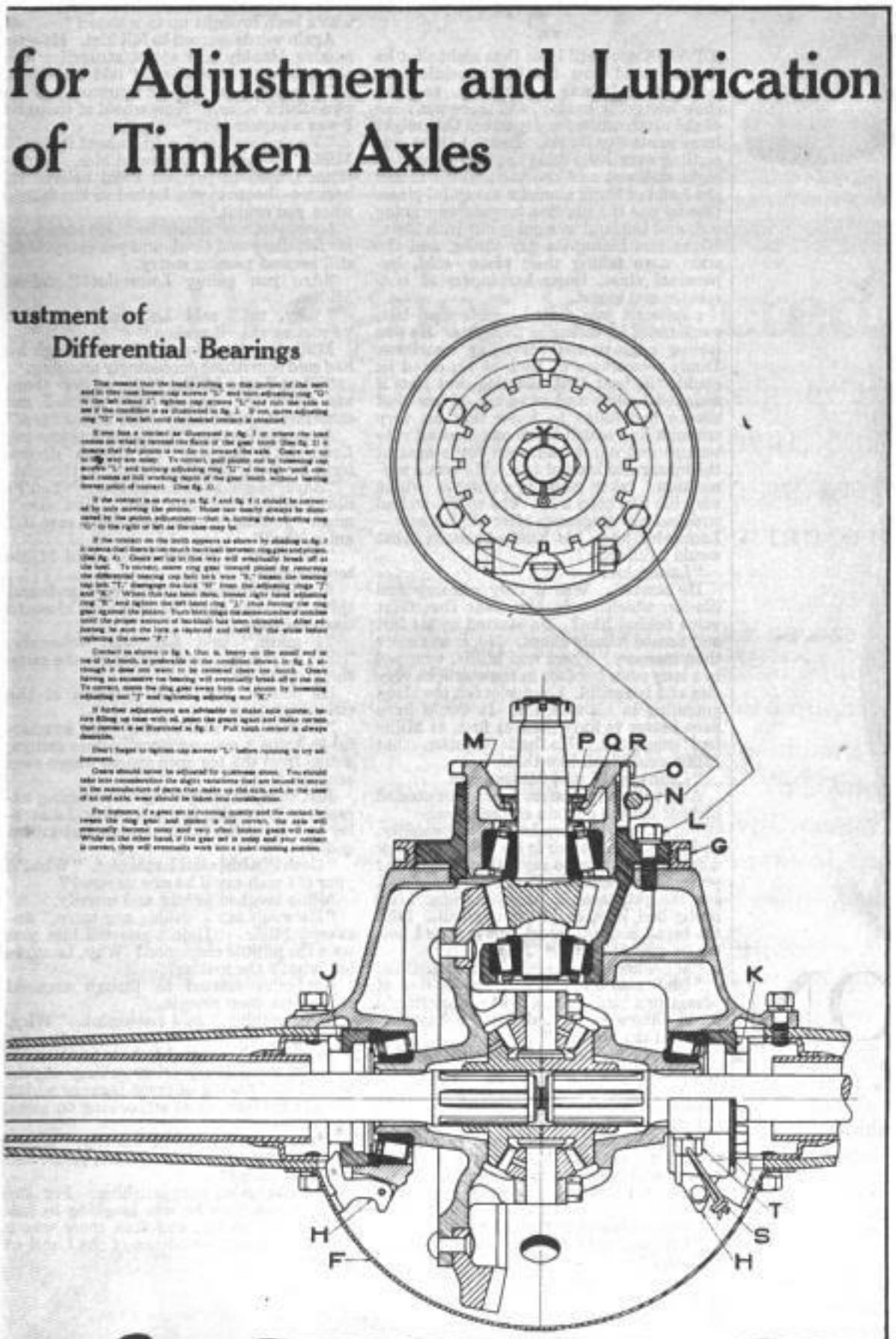
"See this chart? It shows just how to adjust and lubricate a Timken Axle. Evidently the boss of this garage believes in having the job done right."

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE CO.
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This large wall-chart, 36 x 48 inches, will be furnished to any car dealer, garage or car owner on request. It indicates the exact position of every part and piece of a Timken-Detroit Passenger Car Rear Axle.

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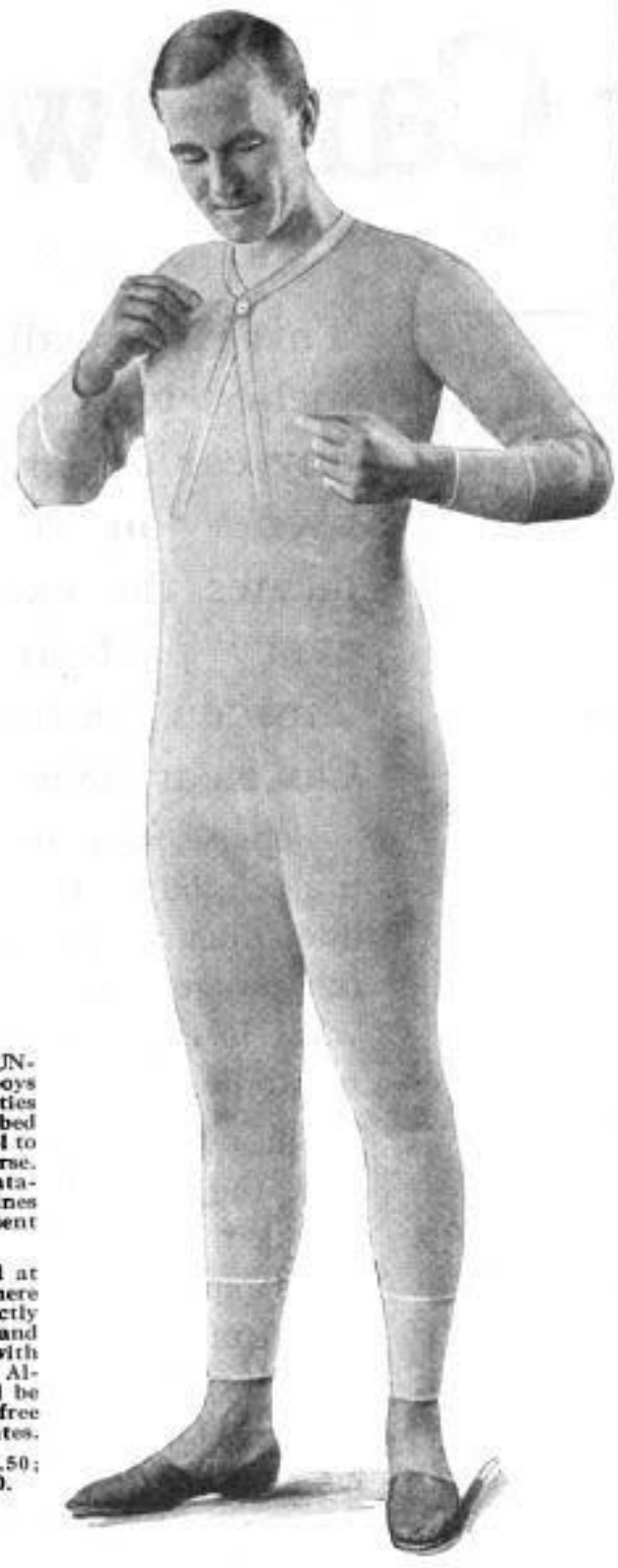
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This garment is featured at good stores almost everywhere but if you cannot get exactly what you want easily and quickly, send your size with remittance to our mill at Albany, N. Y., and you will be supplied direct, delivery free anywhere in the United States.

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LOOK at the buttons on your coat-sleeves, men! There's the answer, right there. Ornamental, but useless. As useless as the buttons on old-fashioned union suits. The

HATCH
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saves time, saves temper, saves repair bills, and fits more perfectly than any other underwear you've ever known. One master-button at the chest turns the trick for you and adds comfort to convenience. Will you try it and convince yourself—or has Old Man Habit got you?

FULD & HATCH KNITTING COMPANY
Albany, New York

UNION SUIT

(Continued from Page 97)

bearded lady was tossing her beard on high. From the balloon vender were coming the ill-assorted squeals of a dozen novelties. Launcelot knew what it meant, and the knowledge was like some heady stimulant. It meant triumph, triumph of his philosophy; and more than that, a glorious personal vindication. No wonder he felt a genial glow, and that the lotus of the present dimmed the past and future. No wonder that he forgot his troubles in that greater glory. Was he not tasting the sweetest of all rewards, the victory that crowns an honest fight? Once again, louder and gladder still came his war cry above that stricken field:

"Now—whatcher say? Ten little pennies to cure agony. Speed it up, folks! There's only a few of these little wonder cakes left. Ten cents before the show!"

VII

IT WAS not until later that night that he discovered how fleeting is adulation's stimulant. It was a Saturday, and the show was going to stay, and there was none of the preparation for departure that might have made one forget. Instead there was settling over everything that old Saturday-night dullness and lassitude which makes the Land of Bunk almost a mournful place. One by one the gasoline torches were going out, and the land was going out with them. Night was hiding its gay vistas, and the stars were taking their place—cold, impersonal stars, those harbingers of conscience and regret.

Launcelot was seated on his soap box, surrounded by torturing thoughts. He was feeling a great and pervading weariness. Dimly somewhere in back of his mind he could still hear that cheering, but now it sounded hollow and mocking. Now that silence had fallen he knew that his very triumph had sealed his doom, that all subterfuge and effort had been futile against the inexorable laws of fate. He was a self-confessed faker now, a charlatan whose very life had been a lie. The wild man had wreaked his vengeance after all, because—Launcelot hung his head—because, what would Millie say?

"Launcelot!"

He started. Was it only memory and illusion which made him hear that faint voice behind him? He started to his feet and turned hastily about. No, it was more than memory. There was Millie, wrapped in a long coat, her face in the starlight very dim and beautiful. Launcelot felt the blood pounding in his temples. It would have been better to have gone at first, as Millie had suggested. He had forgotten that Millie could look like that.

"Launcelot!" said Millie again.

And with a last effort Launcelot steeled himself for the curtain of the show.

"Miss," said Launcelot in cold formality, and yet with a tremor in his voice, "I know what you're going to say—that I've fooled you when I shouldn't of. You heard what I said tonight, because I saw you there. I feel pretty bad, miss, and I can't explain. I did the best I could, I guess, but maybe I better be going now."

"Wh-where are you going?" asked Millie.

"Oh," said Launcelot, "there's lots of places for a bird like me. The county fairs'll be beginning soon, and it's the hayseeds that fall the hardest."

But she seemed oblivious of his sad cynicism.

"Are you really going—honest?" asked Millie gently.

Launcelot stood up straighter and looked towards the stars, and he was very handsome then, almost like the paper cover on some novel of Western romance.

"Don't I look it?" inquired Launcelot wearily.

Millie nodded her bobbed head.

"I guess," said Millie, "I'll go and get my grip."

Launcelot raised a hand to his forehead.

"You guess you'll what?"

"I guess," said Millie, "that if you're leaving the show that I'll be going too."

Launcelot sank heavily back on his soap box.

"Oh, Launcelot!" cried Millie. "Don't you see? What you said tonight is—is what I've always thought, all the time."

Something in the situation appeared to bewilder Launcelot. He started to speak, stopped and started to speak again.

"You mean," he asked at length—"you mean you always knew I was a fake!"

He was looking up at her, and as he looked it seemed to him that the stars were twinkling more rapidly, and that the wind blew the side-show tents in a passing merry way.

"Say," demanded Millie in horror, "you didn't think I believed it, did you? Me, who's been brought up in a show!"

Again words seemed to fail him. He was looking blankly into space, struggling apparently with a number of odd emotions.

"Can you beat it?" he murmured in an awe-struck voice. "Now who'd of thought I was a sucker too?"

"You mustn't feel so bad about it," said Millie, "because it was awful nice. Sometimes I used to pretend I did believe it, because—because you looked so handsome when you said it."

Launcelot rose slowly from his soap box. He felt dizzy and tired, and yet everything still seemed passing merry.

"Are you going, Launcelot?" asked Millie.

"Why, no," said Launcelot vaguely. "I reckon not—I reckon."

Millie was laughing softly, as though he had said something exceedingly amusing.

"Then," said Millie, "let's go over there and sit in the shadow—and you tell me some more—some more about Yahoo Pete."

A certain hopeless blankness was leaving Launcelot's features, as though driven forth by some blinding, inspiring thought.

"Say!" demanded Launcelot. "You're not kidding me, are you? You don't mean—you don't mean you don't care if I am a fake?"

"No artist is ever a fake," said Millie reprovingly.

And then Launcelot said a very profound thing, for that night he was very close to essential facts.

"I guess," said Launcelot solemnly, "that maybe fakes and artists are the same things after all."

He paused, looking back again at the twinkling stars.

"Launcelot," said Millie, "it's wonderful to know a man who really does things, a man from the big open spaces where men are men."

Just then, as everything was seeming exceptionally passing fair and merry, Launcelot had a qualm, faint perhaps but still a qualm.

"Gosh!" whispered Launcelot. "What'd your old man say if he saw us now?"

Millie laughed lightly and merrily.

"He won't say anything any more," answered Millie. "Didn't you tell him you were the jiujitsu champion? Why, Launcelot, what's the matter?"

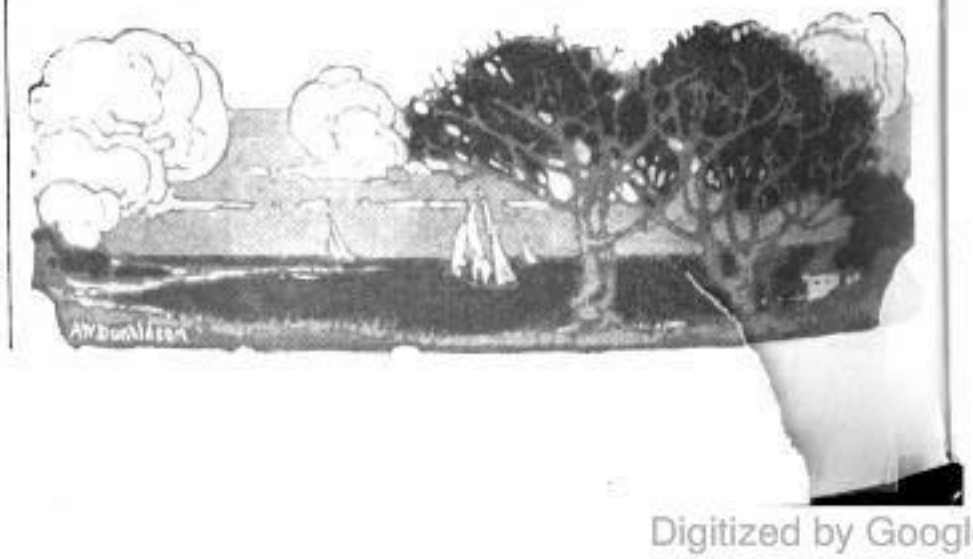
Launcelot started as though aroused from some deep reverie.

"Oh, nothing," said Launcelot. "Why, nothing at all."

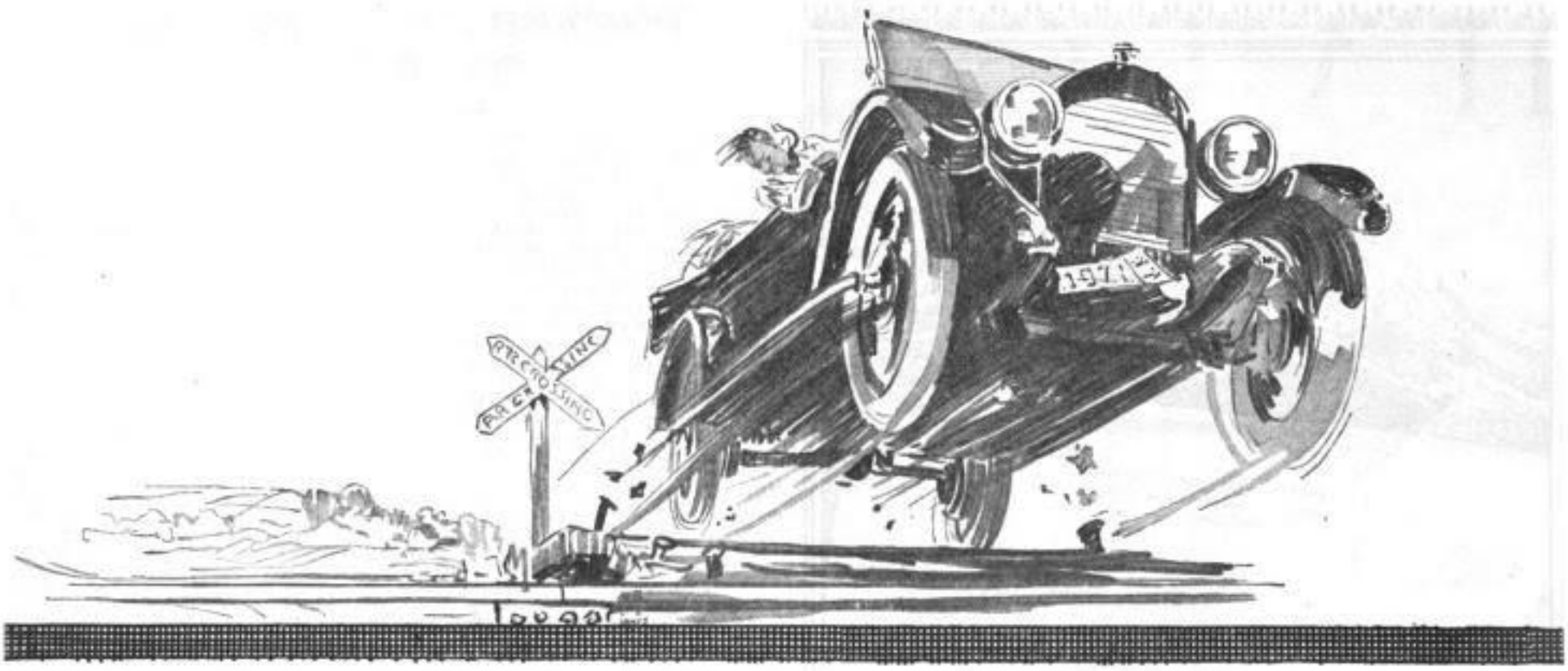
And again he seemed to hear faint music in his ears and merry voices calling. Again he had that feeling of great joyance which one always feels when embarking on some new adventure.

"Launcelot," said Millie softly, "aren't you ever going to start? Please, please tell me some more?"

But Launcelot was laughing. For the first time in days he was laughing in full merriment and joy, and then there was silence—the beatific silence of the Land of Bunk.



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Rock Falls
Romer
Rowe

St. Cloud
Sandow
Sayers
Schorr
Seagrave
Selby
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Southern
Standard
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Stanley
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Y F Stewart
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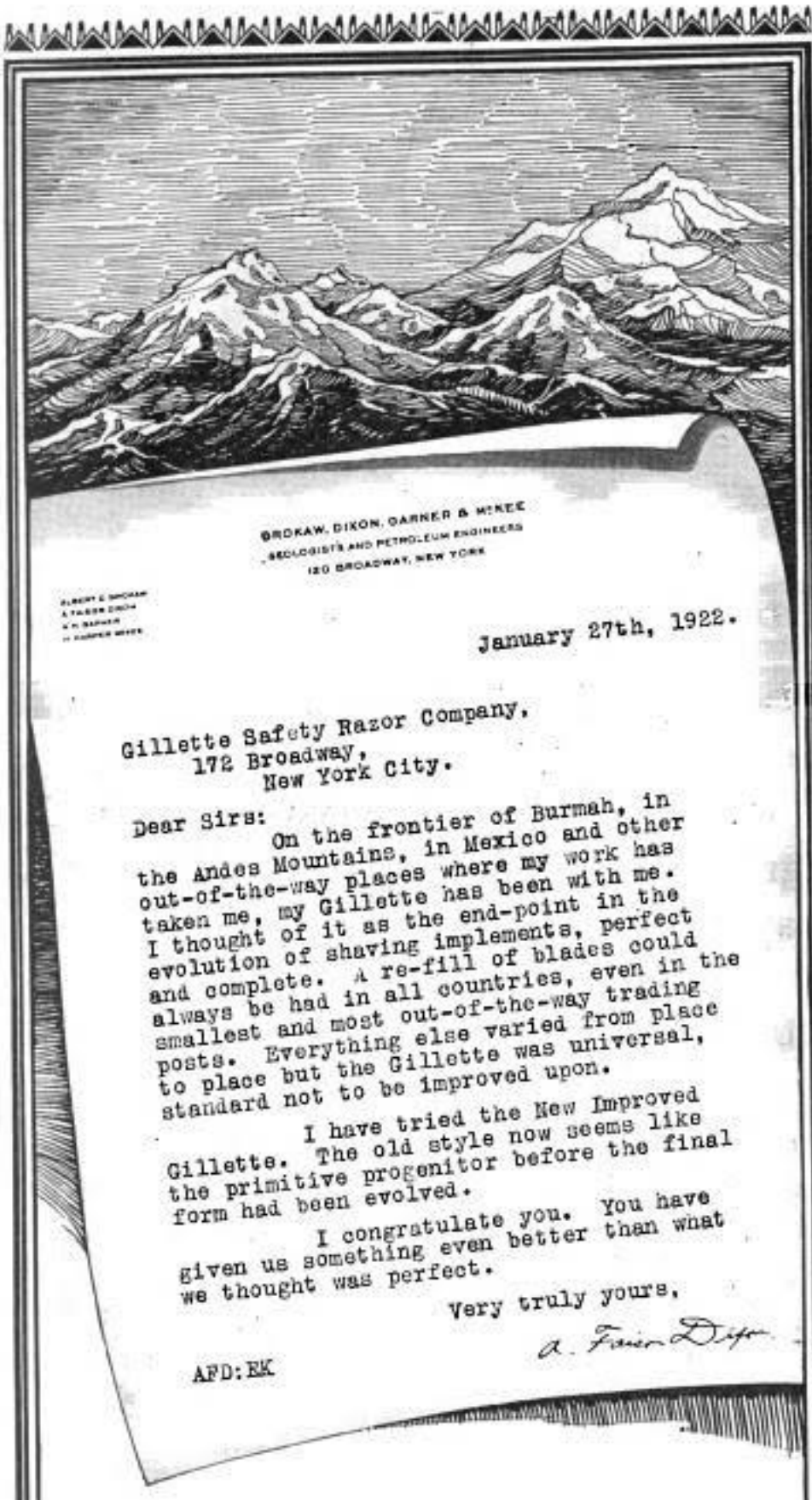
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Titan
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Traffic
Transport
Traylor
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WINTER AND THE COAL SHORTAGE

(Continued from Page 4)

A great many people hold the idea that business can go ahead as usual, even if we produce only just as much coal each week as we use. That is true only in case our reserve stores of coal are at hand in sufficient quantity to insure fuel safety. Supplying a nation's fuel requirements is like supplying a great city with water. If the pipes are empty the people won't get their water in a satisfactory way until the pipes have first been filled. In the matter of fuel the pipes will not be filled and the situation will not be easy until the country has a four weeks' supply of coal on hand, or about 35,000,000 tons. Under extremely favorable conditions, with everyone busy and the railroads holding up their end in good shape, we might be able to build up adequate coal reserves in twenty weeks. Theoretically this might be accomplished in less time, for the soft-coal production in certain weeks during the war, and again in 1919, was forced up to a total in excess of 13,000,000 tons. However, as has already been stated, the key to the situation is transportation, and not mine capacity.

At times during July and August car loadings on some of our railroads reached figures which, if normal coal loadings had been added to them, would have equaled, if not exceeded, the best records the carriers have ever made. We know what the nation's railroads have been able to accomplish in the past, and we know what shape they are in today; so one would have to be a superoptimist to believe that we can pass through the coming weeks without encountering a car shortage. During the railroad strike freight service was allowed to deteriorate, as shippers quickly discovered. The damage to the equipment of the railroads that has resulted from the strike will be felt for months to come.

During the years from 1916 to 1920 inclusive, with the exception of a few months commencing in 1918 and ending in 1919, the United States experienced a continuous car shortage, which rose on several occasions to as high as 160,000 cars and 3000 locomotives. In the meantime some new equipment has been purchased, but the total is only a drop in the bucket compared with what is needed. Insufficient transportation facilities have caused strangulation of industry every time business has become active in recent years. During the lull in trade last year, when tens of thousands of railroad cars and locomotives should have been purchased, the railroad-equipment companies continued idle and were obliged to content themselves with odd jobs of repair work. Now that there is some evidence of a desire to add materially to our transportation facilities, immediately the whole country concludes that an improvement in railroad-construction work is a signal for every other line of business to go ahead at full speed.

Limits on Production

The first thing the young mining engineer learns is that you can't produce coal until after you have laid out your mine and driven your haulways. Once I knew a colliery superintendent who never could hold his job more than a year. The reason was that as soon as he took charge of a mine he set all the men to work mining coal in the chambers and other wide places where the cost of production per ton is very low. For several months he would make a great record, and his employers would think that they had at last found a real winner. But soon all the wide places would become worked out, and then this superintendent would have to turn his attention to extending his narrow gangways, which was expensive work, and the immediate result was a loss of tonnage and a quick jump in production costs. Then the coal company would at once discover that its wonderful superintendent was only a costly experiment, and the fellow would get fired.

Sad to relate, our national policy here in America is very much the same as that pursued by the unwise mine superintendent. We want to dip off all the cream and rake in the easy money without taking care of the future. We want to sell lots without first laying out our streets. We acknowledge that transportation facilities are inadequate to take care of any expansion in business, and yet we aim to carry on a boom in industry, simultaneously with the reconstruction and expansion of railroad facilities. Such a plan means nothing more than a temporary boom, probably followed by a reaction. The whole scheme is unhealthy, and no one profits except professional speculators in stocks and materials, who gain by taking advantage of quick reversals in the trend of business. The fact is, we can't remedy our transportation deficiency and run a boom in business at one and the same time.

Fortunately, this fall and winter we will have laid before us in practical form a clear lesson in the fundamentals here laid down that will be easily understood. Too often we are reluctant to accept even facts until the effects touch our pockets. All summer, because we were warm and the coal reserves had not yet given out, we went complacently on our way, smug in the belief that eventually a remedy would be found and the situation relieved. Some day a clever, cruel economist with no regard for false pride will jar our national consciousness by laying before us the plain facts as to the tremendous sums in commercial losses and unemployment we pay year after year for neglecting to construct and maintain an adequate transportation machine. Twenty years of experience have shown that each year we must build 4000 miles of railroad and purchase 120,000 cars and 2500 locomotives in order for transportation to keep pace with the country's average growth.

Facing the Facts

It is a lack of cars and motive power that has caused so many periods of high coal prices. It is the same thing that has necessitated the payment of cash premiums for the use of cars for moving grain and other commodities. It is transportation deficiency that causes much of the profiteering, intermittency in employment and instability in the coal industry. One authority estimates that each of our periodic transportation shortages costs the American people no less than a billion dollars.

It is plain, therefore, what we must look forward to in the months immediately ahead of us. Because of the coal and rail strikes we shall see high prices for fuel and a resulting sharp upturn in the index curve of the cost of living. Liquidation last year was wholesome and in many lines of business fairly complete, but no thoughtful person has believed that the readjustment of wages and prices was finished and a proper balance in industry restored. What the nation needs most is a normal production and low prices per unit. Instead we are facing just the reverse. We are facing what we had in 1919—a period of limited production, rising prices and high profits per unit. Such an outcome, which now seems fairly certain, will not only stop further wage reductions but may undo the liquidation of wages in many industries that have submitted to a readjustment.

Another factor that will have a far-reaching effect upon business is the priority order of the Government. Let no one doubt the need of this move by our Federal authorities. They know, as everyone should know, that there would be no top to coal prices at all if producers were left to pursue their ways without restraint. It is also practically certain that the priority measures will be continued throughout the winter, and nonessential industries may find themselves very much in the same positions they were in during the war. Even with priority rulings there will be bootlegging in coal, and thousands of consumers will be bled for whatever they can pay. The average coal operator will demand that he be permitted to try to recoup the losses he sustained through the strike. The fact that coal production this fall may reach a total even as high as 12,000,000 or 13,000,000 tons weekly will not bring prices back to normal, unless the whole history of the coal industry is misleading. In every case where the average stocks of soft coal have been seriously reduced there has been an upturn in prices, and usually a buyers' panic, as long as reserves remained below a thirty days' supply. During the last six years we have

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had high coal prices each time the average stocks of bituminous fell below a thirty-five days' supply.

A few months ago the whole nation was demanding that coal be supplied to consumers at a lower price. Now we are wondering if a sufficient supply of anthracite and bituminous can be obtained at any cost. Early in the summer most of the people were demanding that the Government keep its hands off; before the winter is over the majority of our citizens will be blaming the Government for having permitted such a condition to develop. All this will be interesting and perhaps constructive if it teaches the lesson that a coal strike is one thing that can't be left alone for the miners and operators to work out a solution to suit themselves and in their own good time. Our coal industry is the curse of the nation, when it should be our chief blessing. For a generation we have suffered from this fuel blight without even having gone so far in search of a remedy as to establish a simple and permanent fact-finding commission.

The operators have said, "Leave us alone and we will work this thing out in a satisfactory way." In the meantime coal prices at the mines have gone up over 300 per cent. Coal dealers have said, "Don't interfere with our business, and we will give the public a square deal." Yet we find that in a few years the cost of delivering coal to the consumer advances from less than one dollar to more than three dollars a ton. The miners have said, "We don't want any restrictions placed on us, for individually we are the greatest coal producers in the world, and if left alone we will stabilize the industry and improve the lot of the average American workman." But all that the public can see as a result of its hands-off policy is that the most basic business of the country has been divided into two bitter factions, one of which has come to depend on strikes for its chief sustenance.

Each time there is a shutdown of the union mines the nonunion operators produce at top speed, make millions and then pose as saviors of the nation. On every occasion when the nonunion members of the coal fraternity have had an opportunity to come to the relief of the country and supply fuel at a fair and uniform price during a time of distress, some groups have exacted the last penny the market would afford. Such a policy of greed makes one lose patience with the whole industry and nullifies the sympathy that should in justice be extended to the many operators of high principles who are the unfortunate victims of a vicious industrial system.

We have never had good business at a time of low coal output and we never shall have until someone discovers a satisfactory substitute for coal. Shall the will of one man or any group of men be permitted to shut down industry and distress the people of the United States by summarily ordering a cessation of mining? The aims of John Lewis may be just as praiseworthy as those of his opponents, but the country is learning that when a man controls coal he rules the nation, and even the semblance of such a situation cannot possibly be countenanced.

We talk about the interest of the public being paramount, but in the case of fuel what have we ever done to make this a fact instead of merely a pretty theory? During the war Americans were willing to lay down their lives for their country. Can it be that we are patriotic only in the face of a foreign menace? Is it not yet plain that we are only ending strikes and not finishing them? Of what avail is it to us if the miners go to work and we stagger through the winter only to face another strike next spring?

Twice a mine came near being my tomb, and for this reason if no other I feel a closer tie of relationship to the coal fraternity than to any other business. I know what the miners endure, how they live, and to some extent even what they eat and think, but I have never found it necessary to question whether the nation or the colliery workers had first claim to my loyalty and primary consideration. Furthermore, in the coal industry I can number a thousand friends, with most of whom I have broken bread, and yet I would rather lose the last one of them than to falter now in using my pen to plead for real action that will cure the fuel evil in America for all time. In working for that end one is striving for the eventual welfare of both miners and operators, though that may not be apparent to them now.

I have no desire to strut as a paragon of righteousness, but I know of no more simple or effective way than this to bring home to the public and our legislators that the vital need of the moment is men who will do what is plainly right and necessary rather than what is personally advantageous or politically expedient. This is not a time to count possible votes, but an hour to measure needless misfortune. After the coal industry has been cleaned up we can think of other things. Until then business stands on a weak foundation.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Parsons on coal. The second, dealing with coal remedies, will appear in an early issue.

PARASITES OF THE THEATER

(Continued from Page 20)

Men like that either think the house treasurers and the public crazy or they are a very stupid lot of men. An experienced treasurer can usually tell whether the tickets are being bought for scalpers or not. As to the big blocks of tickets that go to the brokers, they have been delivered long in advance. Often I have seen my rack half empty before we had even opened the window for the first day's sales.

In the box office we have a rack with slots for every seat in the house and numbered accordingly. The tickets are all placed in their proper slots and taken out as they are sold. The blank spaces show exactly how much of the house is to be occupied. By glancing at this rack the ticket man is enabled to dress his house—that is, instead of leaving the empty seats all in one section he can mix them in with the occupied seats and make the house look as if it were sold out. Nine times out of ten, if the show is successful, the first six or seven rows on the rack are blank for fully a month, meaning that they have been sold, mostly to brokers. This practice of selling out to the brokers in advance is particularly hard on the treasurer, the man at the window. He has to answer all the unpleasant questions and take all the hard looks. Theatergoers always think we are lying and holding out if we say there is nothing left.

"If you'll come back at eight o'clock tonight there might be something," I say to them.

"Yes, I know; they'll come back from the speculators by then."

And they are right.

Frequently wise patrons come at eight o'clock and get good seats. They have been returned, according to agreement between the management and the brokers. That doesn't make life easy for the treasurer. It doesn't make the theater very popular with the public either.

There are thousands of people in New York and in other large cities who love the theater but have simply quit trying to see shows because of the difficulty, the expense and the unpleasantness in getting tickets.

And the strange part of it—the inconceivable part—is that the producers know this and still do not stop it. They don't make one nickel out of the system. I am quite sure that they lose a lot of money. Despite the increase in ticket speculation and the selling of blocks of seats in advance to brokers the profits are no greater—not so great, I believe, as when a person could come to the box office and buy tickets for the performance that very afternoon or evening. In the old days the merit of the show alone determined the first week's sale. That is not altogether true now.

Theatrical people as well as the public know that I speak the truth. Most of them have agreed with me in private that the whole business is being undermined by this disease which has gripped it. But they won't do anything to correct it. They have lost their nerve. Some of the younger ones never had any.

The enormous loss to the theaters in money and good will is so apparent that a child can see it. Right near our theater is the office of a so-called ticket exchange. This place is equipped with fourteen telephones, and six well-paid men are required to conduct the business. The rental of that place is twelve thousand dollars a year.

(Continued on Page 106)



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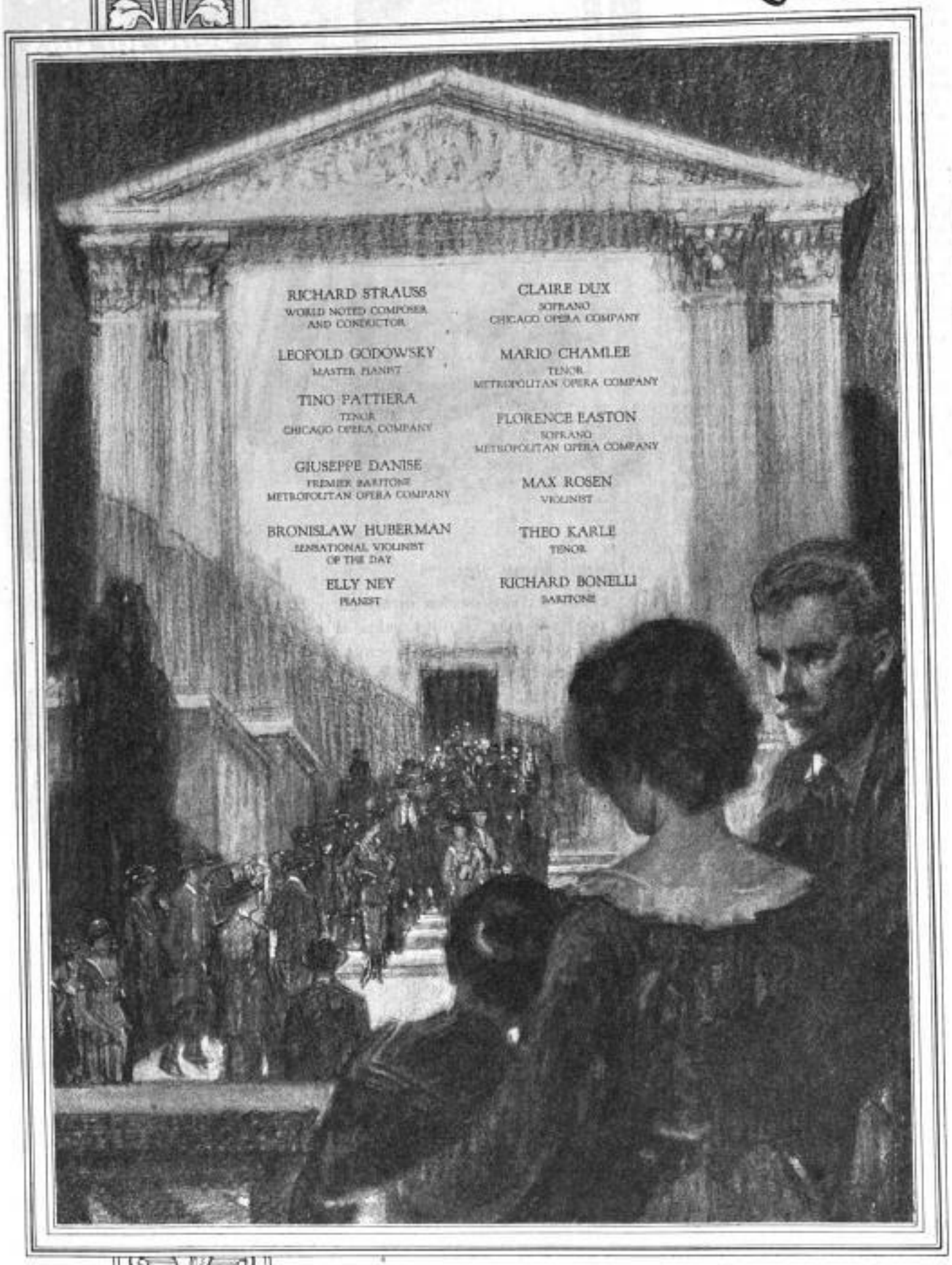
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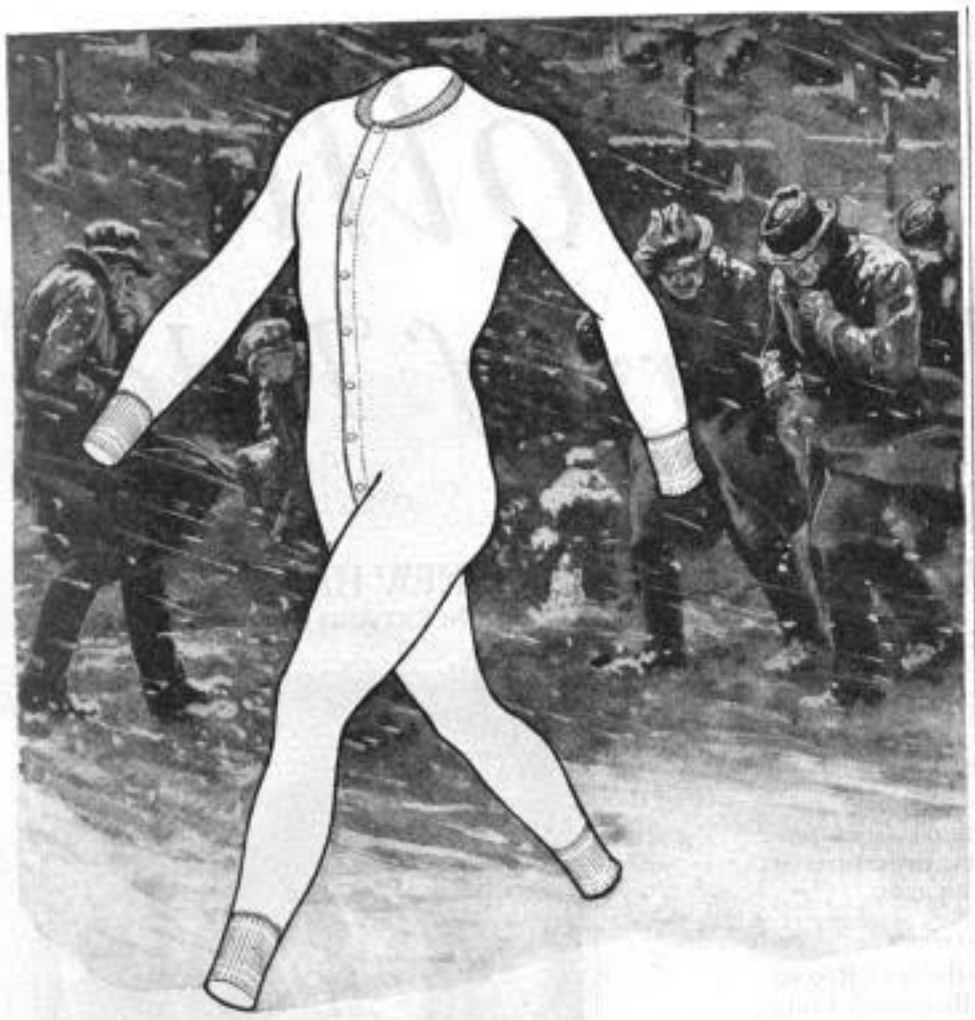


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FOR FORTY YEARS, THE FINEST OF UNDERWEAR

(Continued from Page 103)

That is but one. There are dozens of them in New York. Two that I know of pay fifteen thousand dollars rent.

In overhead expense alone I would say that these concerns have a collective outlay of around a million dollars a year. On top of that they must have quite a profit.

Now who pays that? The public of course. And who loses it? The theaters of course.

If that expense, that useless expenditure of money, was stopped I believe the theatergoing population would be nearly doubled in a season. That would mean that most of the money wasted on parasites would go into the box offices and that more people would be able to enjoy shows.

Let me explain by incident: A neighbor of ours came to the house one night—my home, I mean—and asked what were the best shows.

This neighbor had but twenty dollars to spend on shows. A lot of families in New York set aside so much every season for their theatergoing.

"We can't go but two or three times," our neighbor explained, "and we want to be sure and see the best ones."

For that twenty dollars they could see four shows. But for the parasites, tickets could be brought down to reasonable price and they could see six or seven shows. Money that went to the speculators, in other words, would go into the box offices. I have preached this time and time again to house owners and producers. They all agree with me, shake their heads wisely, but they go right out and deliberately put themselves in the hands of the speculators again.

No money lender ever had a stronger grip on a workingman than these ticket agencies have on the managers and producers. And, believe me, they exact their pound of flesh.

To say that they don't know how to stop the practice is silly. Anybody knows how to stop it. Don't sell them the tickets; that's all.

Out in Chicago there is one theater that does not sell to speculators. It has made a tremendous success, is most popular with the public. The owners set about sincerely to stop the practice and they stopped it in two weeks. They had the nerve. At that theater the public has come to know that it can go to the box office and get tickets if they are not already sold. And—the biggest victory of all—patrons have a feeling that when the treasurer tells them certain seats are sold he is telling the truth. If that theater can instill confidence in the public why can't others?

The Old Patron's Lament

Not far from this theater there is a house which deals with speculators just as is done in New York. The profits of the reformed theater are 20 per cent greater than those of the house burdened with parasites.

Even a fairly good show—not a big hit—does well in the house in which the public has confidence. The public had rather go there to an ordinary show than be bothered with the unpleasantness and expense of getting seats for a big hit.

One or two theaters in New York have tried to follow the example of the Chicago theater but have not been successful. No one theater could do it in New York because of the pressure from several sources. But as I have said, any five big producers could get together and stop speculation in a week or two if they really wanted to.

Having spent all my life in show business I love it. I have a sentiment about it. I don't like to stand back of that ticket window and lie to people whom I have seen grow up from boys and flappers to middle-aged men and women.

An old patron came to the window not long ago. There was nothing downstairs, but I told him to come back that night at eight o'clock. He did so and I was able to give him his choice of six seats in the fifth row.

"So it's come to that, has it?" he remarked. "The tickets are sent up there to the agencies and held out so that the broker can make an extra fifty cents a ticket. If they can't do anything, then you let the regular customers have them at the regular price."

To this man I had to admit the truth of such a condition.

That I consider about the last word in disregard for the real patrons of the theater. Nevertheless, it is done in New York every day. The parasites don't even have to take a chance now!

An old excuse offered to the public has been that if the ticket agencies want to buy the seats there is no reason why they shouldn't have them as well as anybody else, especially, as it is argued, when they are a convenience to the public.

The big bulk of the public doesn't know, though, that in most cases these agencies have the privilege of returning a good percentage of their tickets if they do not sell them, a privilege that the patron does not enjoy. They play a sure-thing game. Some brokers buy the tickets outright, but as a rule they have the privilege of some return.

Though this evil system was originally thought out by some fellows who wanted to make money, its development was made possible by the grasping, sure-thing policy of a few producers. Fearing to take a chance on production, and having no bank roll, they preferred to take a cash advance from the brokers, letting them take the risk—and the profits.

The Brokers' Point of View

If a play looks good on its try-out performances prior to opening in New York a ticket-brokerage company goes to the manager and makes a proposition to take over, we'll say, 25 per cent of the house or, maybe, 50 per cent of the choice seats.

"I don't like to do that," my own boss said to the ticket broker the first time he faced the situation. "It doesn't seem fair toward the public."

"Never mind about the public," the broker suggested. "How much are you in so far?"

"We are in around thirty thousand dollars."

"And you have a big pay roll?"

The boss nodded, showing plainly his apprehension in case the show flopped.

"All right," said the broker. "I'll take enough seats now to guarantee you twenty thousand. And you can have the money now."

That was quite a temptation. The boss fell.

On those tickets there was a 30 per cent return privilege. It was never used, though, because the show was a hit.

Right there is the main trouble. New producers—some old ones—are too timid to take a chance. The ticket brokers take the risk for them and get well paid. Instead of a mere anchor to windward they have become a mainsail for the business.

I have several personal friends among the ticket brokers. Some of them are mighty fine fellows and good business men. They do not consider themselves gouging speculators. Really they are not. I have tried to get their point of view. Many of them sincerely consider themselves a downright benefit to the theater and to the public. It is easy for a man to get that viewpoint when he's doing well in his business. The trouble is that the whole system is fundamentally wrong.

Well-to-do citizens often take the side of the brokers when the subject comes up for discussion. Visitors particularly appreciate them, insisting that the charge of fifty cents for service is not excessive. I even have had theatrical producers argue that the theater could not operate successfully without them. That is simply shortsightedness.

It is just as easy for the resident New Yorker to go to the box office and buy tickets as it is for him to go to a brokerage office, except that he has no confidence in the box office.

To analyze, though: Whom are these accommodating brokers working for—the theater, the public or themselves? The answer is obvious.

"If it were not for the ticket agencies," a patron said to me the other night, "I should never be able to go to a show."

I hear that often. The willingness of the public to accept the yoke is one of the odd features of the situation.

"You see," went on this man, "I come here for a ticket and you haven't anything. I haven't time to run from one theater to the other. I merely step in a broker's place. If he hasn't tickets for one show he can tell me of another good one for which he has the tickets. By paying fifty cents I am saved the trouble of running around."

On the surface that sounds logical—for a moment. But suppose there were no brokers' offices? Why, the man very likely

(Continued on Page 109)

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New Discoveries Make it Possible to Counteract Tooth Decay

By W. M. RUTHRAUFF, A.B., A.M.

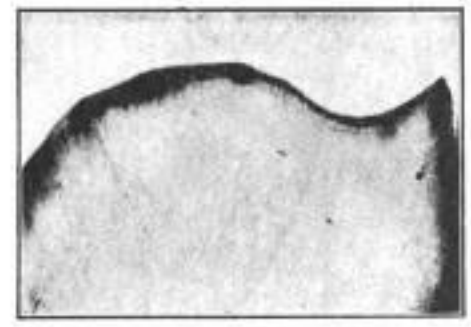
NOTICE:—Mr. Ruthrauff is the inventor of one of the most widely used and advertised tooth pastes in the world. Owing to differences with associates in the company which manufactures that product, a division of interests was made in 1919, which left him free to develop a new product on which he had been working, and to organize his own company. Mr. Ruthrauff announces his new invention, ACIDENT, which not only quickly removes the film, without injury to the teeth, but calcifies the teeth. Normally, the saliva calcifies the teeth, by which process decalcification (tooth decay) is counteracted. Tooth decay occurs when the saliva is deficient in calcifying properties. ACIDENT is the first product designed to supplement the saliva in its calcifying action as a means of counteracting tooth decay, and is protected by basic United States Chemical Letters Patent.



No. I. Section of Tooth Enamel Showing Natural Porous Structure



No. II. Section of Tooth Enamel Showing Partial Solidification by Saliva Alone



No. III. Section of Tooth Enamel Showing Almost Complete Solidification by Saliva and ACIDENT

Teeth Naturally Porous

The teeth are not solid stones, but a complex structure, with spaces for nerves and the circulation of fluids. Even the enamel, the hardest tissue of the body, has a skeleton composed of enamel rods. The spaces between these rods are filled up with a calcium phosphate cementing substance. It was once believed that these spaces were completely filled with calcium phosphate when the teeth are erupted (cut through the gums). Now it is known that these spaces are only partially filled. These spaces are large enough that Pickerill found he could force graphite quite a depth into the enamel by simply rubbing it over the surface.

Every dentist knows that, when an extracted tooth is exposed to the air, it dries out and becomes whiter and loses weight. He also knows that, when immersed in water, it quickly becomes saturated. Wherever the water penetrates the tooth, it will carry with it any substances it has in solution, whether it be acids, stains, fermentable foods or the tooth building and repairing substance of the saliva.

Why Teeth Decay

Tooth decay is caused by the penetration of the porous tooth structure by destructive acids, or substances such as sugar, which ferment and form acids. These acids dissolve the calcium phosphate of the tooth and cause its disintegration.

This explains why the eating of candy is so harmful to children's teeth, which are very porous.

Tooth Building and Repairing Function of Saliva

Dr. Pickerill discovered that teeth of children in whose mouths there was no decay underwent a gradual hardening over a period of several years. This hardening, which was caused by the filling up of the porous spaces of the enamel with calcium phosphate from the saliva, was produced by the same chemical change which caused the formation of calcium phosphate deposits upon the tooth surface, known as tartar. By extracting teeth and immersing them in silver nitrate, he found that, as the teeth became harder, they absorbed stain to a lesser depth.

Dr. Russell W. Bunting, of the University of Michigan, found that the saliva of those free from tooth decay contained more calcium than the saliva of those who were susceptible. He further found that the saliva of one immune to tooth decay possessed the property of solidifying porous, unerupted teeth so they would not so readily absorb silver nitrate stain.

Acid Saliva Necessary

Acid saliva was once considered the cause of tooth decay. But Dr. Michaels announced at the International Dental Congress in Paris in 1900 that high acidity was always found in mouths free from tooth decay, and low acidity in mouths susceptible to it. Since then there has been a constantly increasing amount of evidence pointing to acid saliva as a provision of nature to counteract tooth decay.

The W. M. RUTHRAUFF COMPANY has found that the calcium compounds necessary for tooth building and repair are only carried in a soluble form in an acid saliva. When the saliva becomes neutral or alkaline, the calcium compounds and the phosphates combine in the form of insoluble calcium phosphate.

The acidity of the saliva is caused by carbon dioxide, which is very volatile. When it evaporates, the calcium phosphate is deposited in an insoluble form. All that is necessary is that the acid saliva, carrying in solution calcium phosphate, penetrate the porous tooth structure before the carbon dioxide evaporates.

Freedom from tooth decay, then, is due not to the protective action of alkaline saliva alone, as has been generally believed, but to the reparative or constructive action of acid saliva, carrying in solution calcium phosphates.

Why Teeth Decay During Pregnancy

It is known that the percentage of calcium phosphate of the blood and of the saliva is lower during pregnancy and the period of nursing than at other times. Consequently, the calcium phosphate supply of the saliva available for tooth repair is not always sufficient to replace the inevitable destruction of the teeth caused by food acids and acid fermentation in the mouth.

Experiments with Artificial Saliva

Experiments were conducted with artificial saliva, to determine just how the different ingredients acted under given conditions. The purpose was to determine if it would be possible to supply, in concentrated solution, the calcium compounds necessary to perform its tooth building and reparative functions in mouths in which the saliva was deficient in calcium phosphate.

It was found that an Acetic acid solution of Tri-Calcium Phosphate, when combined with saliva, resulted in a much greater calcification than could be obtained with saliva alone. The results were so conclusive that we have reproduced microphotographs showing these experiments.

Figs. I., II., III. represent sections of enamel from three parts of an unerupted third molar—a tooth which had never been exposed to the action of saliva. The tooth was split longitudinally into four parts; three parts were selected for this experiment. Part I. was kept in distilled water. Part II. was treated for thirty days with saliva of one at present immune to tooth decay. Part III. was treated for thirty days with saliva and an acetic acid solution of tri-calcium phosphate (ACIDENT). The three parts were then stained for 36 hours in silver nitrate.

Since the three parts of the tooth were the same to start with, the differences in absorption of stain indicates changes produced by the saliva alone, and saliva and ACIDENT. Note that, in Fig. No. II., less silver nitrate was absorbed than in No. I. This indicates partial solidification. In Fig. III., there was practically no absorption of the stain, which indicates complete solidification.

ACIDENT a Perfect Tooth Paste

ACIDENT is not only valuable in counteracting tooth decay, but is unexcelled as a cleanser and polisher of the tooth's surface. It embodies the best preventive measures known, and, in addition, supplements the saliva in its reparative or calcifying action. It combines the best that modern dental research has developed.

ACIDENT is not gritty and the flavor is delightfully refreshing. Most druggists are already stocked. Price 50 cents per tube.

Compelled to Abandon Free Samples

The demand for ACIDENT has broken all records with which we are familiar. Our manufacturing resources are already taxed to the limit to supply the demand for ACIDENT; so, for the time being, we cannot manufacture samples which we had planned to offer as a free trial. However, one tube will convince you of its superiority. If you are not entirely satisfied, your money will be refunded. If your dealer does not have ACIDENT, send us fifty cents and we will see that you receive a tube promptly without additional cost.

W. M. RUTHRAUFF COMPANY
Twenty-Second & Arch Streets
PHILADELPHIA, U.S.A.



W. M. RUTHRAUFF CO.,
2206 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Enclosed find fifty cents, for which send me a large Tube of ACIDENT.

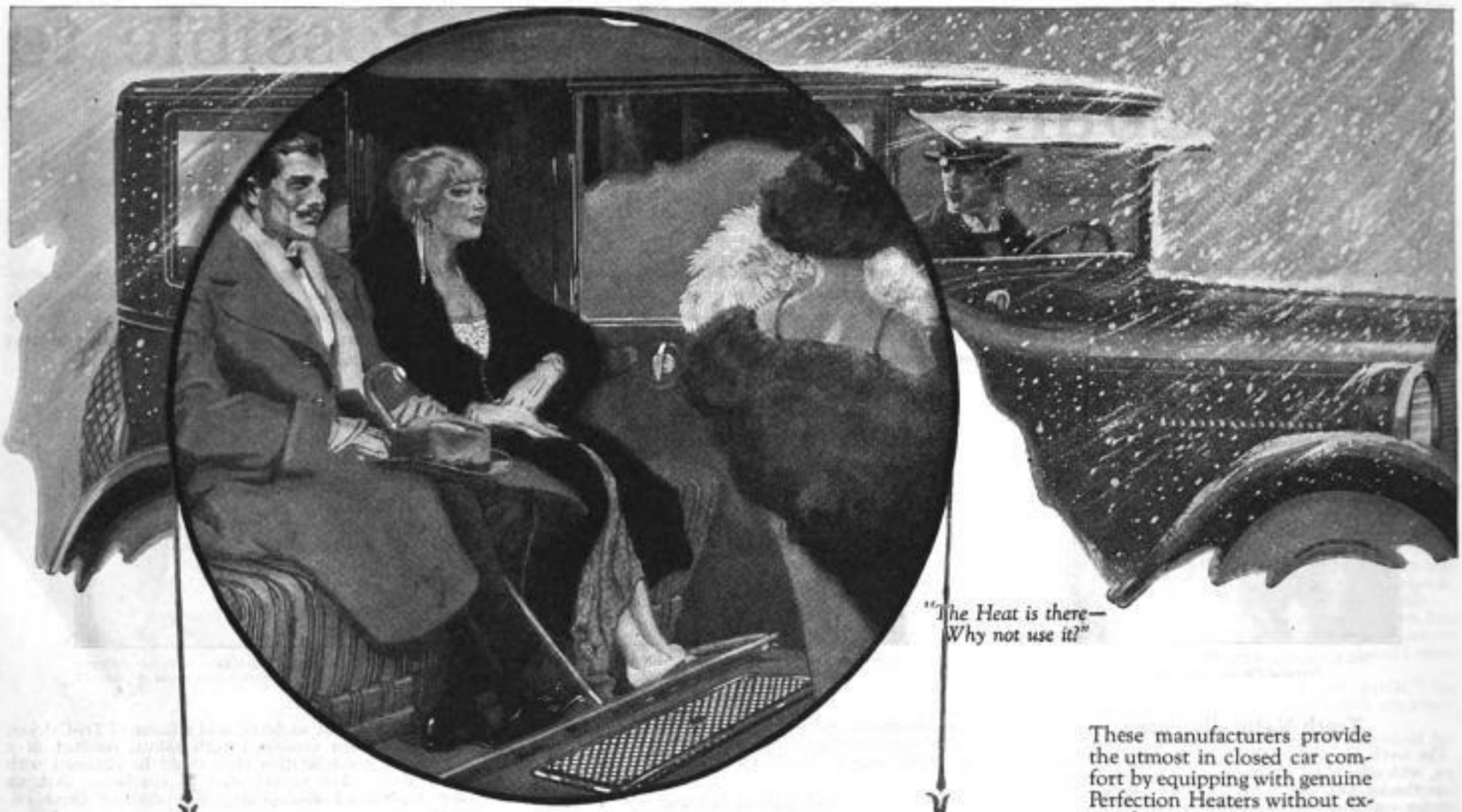
Druggist's Name_____

Address_____

My Name_____

Address_____

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"The Heat is there—
Why not use it?"

Cold Days Are Coming— Will Your Car Be Warm?

WISE motorists who are buying new closed cars are looking forward to the cold days to come. These buyers are choosing their cars from the many makes which provide, without extra charge, the assured comfort and satisfaction of Perfection Heaters.

The continuous dependability of Perfection Heaters is not a matter of chance but the result of scientific development. Twelve years' experience and a splendid organization which devotes all its energies to heater production assure dependable equipment.

Every Perfection Heater is tested and guaranteed perfect in workmanship and free from leaks, rattles and any other faults which may occur in a less carefully made product.

Owners of cars which are not heater equipped can enjoy the comfort and safety of Perfection Heaters by having one installed at their dealer's or garage now. The added comfort this heater brings on one cold day will more than repay you for the small installation cost.

Dealers — Perfection Heaters are the standard motor car heating equipment. Write or wire for our selling plan.

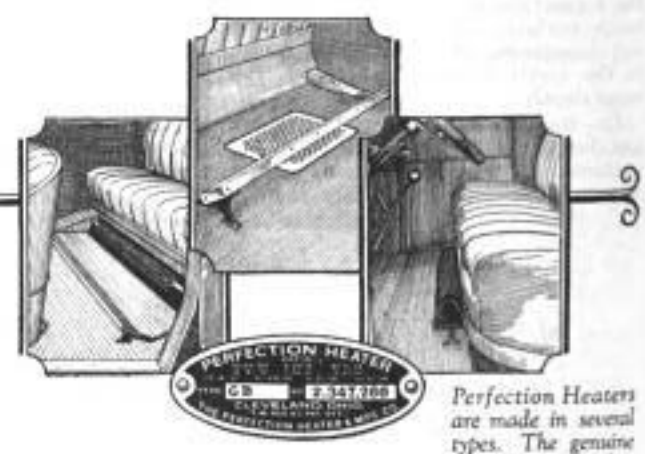
PERFECTION
MOTOR CAR
HEATERS

The Perfection Heater & Manufacturing Co.
6545 Carnegie Avenue ∴ ∴ Cleveland, Ohio
Manufactured in Canada by
Richards-Wilcox Canadian Co., Ltd., London, Ont.

These manufacturers provide the utmost in closed car comfort by equipping with genuine Perfection Heaters without extra charge.

Buick	*Mailohm*
Case	*Marmon*
Cole	*Mercer*
Columbia	*Meteor*
Crow-Elkhart	*Mitchell*
Cunningham	*Moon*
Daniels	*Nash "6"*
Davis	*National*
Dixie Flyer	*Oakland*
Dorris	*Oldsmobile*
Dort	*Paige*
Duesenberg	*Pierce-Arrow*
Dupont	*Premier*
Durant "6"	*R & V Knight*
Earl	*Re Vere*
Elcar	*Roamer*
Gardner	*Standard "8"*
Grant	*Stephens*
Handley-Knight	*Stevens-Duryea*
Haynes	*Studebaker*
Holmes	*Stutz*
Hupmobile	*Templar*
King	*Velie*
Kissel	*Westcott*
Liberty	*Winton*

Yellow Cabs



Perfection Heaters are made in several types. The genuine can always be distinguished from the imitation by this nameplate.

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These manufacturers provide the utmost in closed car comfort by equipping with genuine Perfection Heaters without extra charge.

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Case
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Columbia
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Dorris
Dort
Duesenberg
Dupont
Durant "75"
Earl
Elcar
Gardner
Grant
Handley-Knight
Haynes
Hupmobile
King
Kissel
Liberty
Yellow Cabs

Maibohm
Marmon
Meteor
Moon
Page
Peerless
Premier
Rowe
Stephens
Stevens-Duryea
Studebaker
Stutz
Templar
Velie
Wasp
Winton



(Continued from Page 106)

would be able to get a seat at most any show that he selects.

This very system also makes it possible for the broker to force one show at the expense of another. If he has invested a lot of advance money in a certain production he will naturally see that tickets to it are sold first.

I am not peaching on the business or exposing any secrets that are not supposed to be discussed. I am no sorehead. I love my business. It's the only one I know. We fight the question out in our offices every day. It goes on in every theatrical business office in New York.

There are a few wise and farseeing men in the theatrical business. They are not all small, grasping peddlers of amusement. These men with vision know what is coming and they feel keenly the gradual divorcement of their patrons. They have fought speculators and have favored the laws to squelch them. In the meantime the brokerage system has slipped up on them.

A few of these men have experimented with schemes to stop the practice. They have refused to sell to anybody except at the box office. A lot of them do not need the advance money of the speculators, but the whole business has become so involved with the system that they cannot escape it. They cannot do it alone.

A well-known producer put on a show last year and refused to do business with anybody who did not come direct to the box office. As a result the brokers forced the other shows. It was impossible to make the public believe that a theater in New York was really on the level.

The psychology of the thing is a sort of disease. For years there has been an undercurrent belief in some of the big cities that nothing can be accomplished except with a little graft on the side. It took several years, for instance, to convince violators of automobile speed laws that the mere fact of their knowing somebody in politics or public office would not keep them from being fined.

Some of the very wealthiest New Yorkers are the strongest supporters of the ticket-brokerage system. They have their own brokers and are able to get tickets to any show whenever they want to. As money means nothing to them, naturally they are in favor of a system that is personally convenient. They don't realize, though, that they are knocking out hundreds of people who are not able to give big parties but simply want to see a good show.

An Expensive Party

There was one show in New York—an enormous success—to which good seats cost five dollars each. To get them was next to impossible despite the high price. A friend of mine from Chicago came to town on a visit. His wife brought several girls with her. Upon arrival the party was augmented until it numbered twelve. A theater party was suggested. Naturally, the girls picked out the high-priced show.

The Chicago man, a wealthy building contractor, came to me for help in getting the tickets. He had been unable to locate more than two at any of the agencies.

I went with him to see a broker at one of the hotels, a man who formerly had been a theater treasurer. He assured me that he didn't have a thing. I explained the dilemma to him and asked as a personal favor that he do something.

"Well, come back at 7:30 tonight. I'll do my best, but it is a big order."

The contractor went back and got the tickets. The broker had communicated with all the other brokers with whom he worked on friendly terms and had been able to deliver the goods—get the seats together. In addition to the fifty-cent service charge on each ticket he got a liberal fee from the contractor. Those twelve tickets cost more than a hundred dollars.

My Chicago friend thinks the ticket agency a great thing. Why shouldn't he? He forgets, though, that such a premium on tickets makes a good show out of the question for ordinary people, even if the tickets were available. The immediate families of the performers in that show could not get tickets to save their lives.

"Our New York life depends upon outsiders to keep it pepped up by their spending," a broker said to me. "What would happen to the visitor if he couldn't get tickets from the hotel agency? He doesn't pay a cent more than would be his tip for having the head porter buy his railroad tickets. I can't see the difference."

"But," I pointed out to him, "when he buys his railroad ticket he is not making it hard for others who want to go on that train. If there were no agency offices any of those visitors could write to the box office in advance and get their tickets. They did that in the old days."

There is something in the argument that the broker's office is a sort of exchange. It really is a convenience to have a list of all the shows in front of you so that you have an alternative in case tickets cannot be secured to a certain show. In fact, there are hundreds of people who have no particular choice as to attractions. Any good one will do them.

A system just as convenient to the public could be arranged, I believe, by the theaters if the managers would only get together. They could have a central exchange, in addition to the regular box offices, just as the railroads do. It would be a convenience to both the public and the theaters, and there would be no extra charge.

If the brokers are able to organize such an institution at the expense of the theaters and the public the producing managers certainly could. Aside from the convenience to all hands concerned it would put many wabbly shows on their feet. If the community interest was sincere the big producers could help out many a weak brother with an advance.

Scalpers and Their Diggers

The statement is frequently made among show people that if they did stop the sale of tickets to brokers it would be impossible to keep them out of the hands of the gouging speculators—the buzzards. That's all foolishness. Most any treasurer can spot the diggers—people who buy for the scalpers—if he really wants to.

I have been a treasurer for many years and I think I know what I am talking about. In that Chicago theater that I spoke of the house manager and the treasurer killed off the diggers in two weeks.

Of course we shall always be bothered to a certain extent by the conniving treasurer. He is but human, after all. With nearly everybody else picking up a little graft he doesn't see why he shouldn't get in while the getting is good. The treasurers have little chance of getting any pickings from the tickets that go to the brokers, but they can go strong with the scalpers.

In a smaller way the gouging speculator, the bandit of the show business, takes more chances than do the big brokers. In case of no sales he has to eat his tickets, as we say in the profession. A broker never has to eat 'em—that is, he never has to destroy tickets that he has been unable to sell. His financial arrangements with the bosses provide for turning them back and giving the public a chance at the last minute. If anybody is stuck it is the theater.

The scalpers work in many ways. Frequent repetitions of their clever schemes, though, soon make it comparatively easy for the wise treasurer to recognize the stamp. The diggers employed are mostly shopgirls, stenographers, telephone girls and messenger boys. They often get a fee as high as a dollar for buying two seats at the box office.

A weakness of these girls is that they all think in the same way. Often they will write a note on the letterhead of the firm for which they work, asking for the tickets, and present this at the box office. I have seen eight of these same letterheads come into the office in a single day.

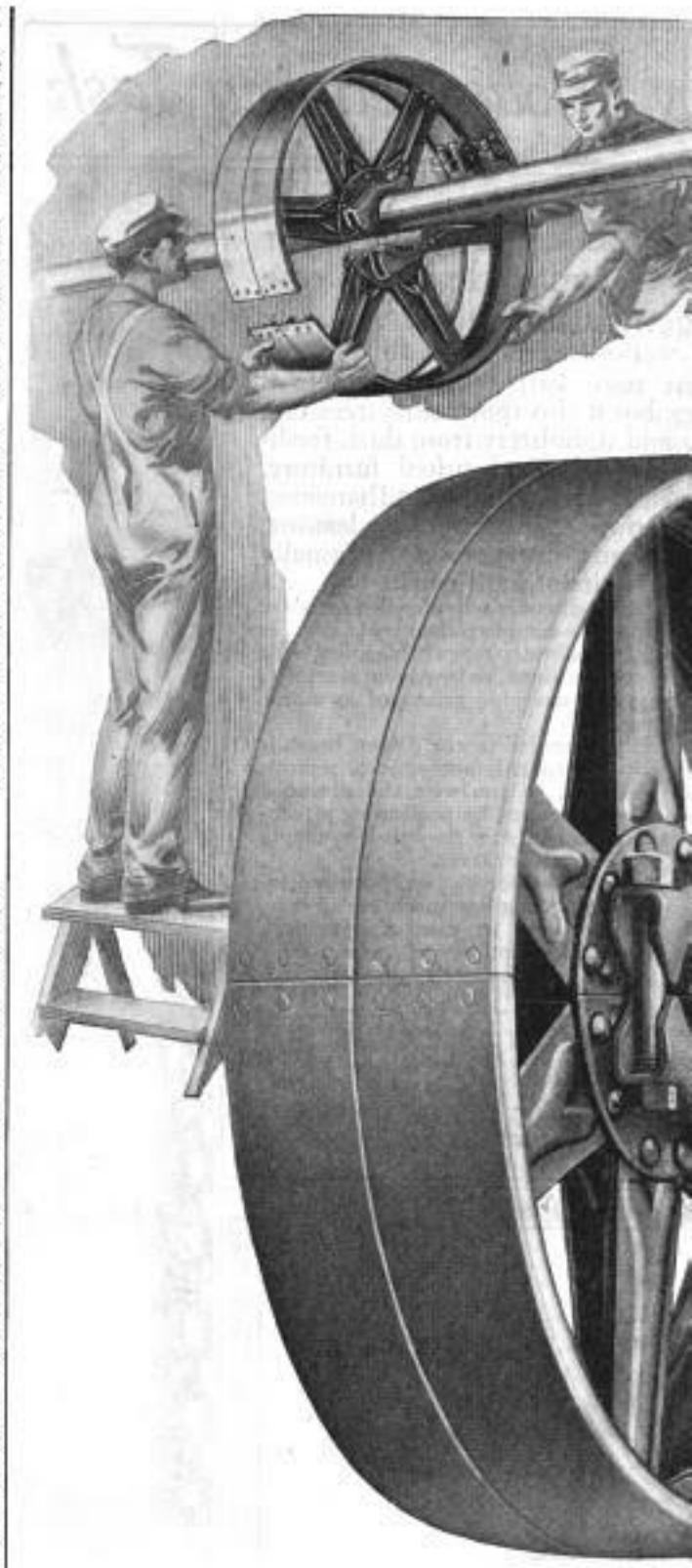
One day I got a telephone call from a Mr. So-and-So, saying that he would send a messenger boy for a couple of tickets. A few minutes later another prominent citizen called and made the same suggestion.

"What is your telephone number?" I asked, smelling a mouse. "I'll let you know in a few minutes."

Oddly enough we got a half dozen more telephone calls within two hours. All came from the same number. I questioned the messenger boys, and all came from the same address. That work was so coarse as to be laughable.

Now a treasurer, looking for a little easy pickings, would have tipped that man off to come to the box office in person and slip the fees to him instead of scattering the tips around promiscuously.

No matter how careful we may be, there will always be a little of that kind of speculation. There is nothing to prevent a person selling his seats if he finds he cannot go



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An "American" Pulley may anywhere on your line with or otherwise disturbing the "American" Pulley divides then placed in position and tightening of bolts, you s pulley which grips the sha that no amount of reasonab loosen it.

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For Every Housecleaning Task

MAKE certain that your vacuum cleaner is one of general usefulness.

Such is the Sweeper-Vac. It not only cleans rugs, carpets and hardwood floors, but it also thoroughly frees tapestry and upholstery from dust, freshens mattresses and tufted furniture, easily cleans walls, ceilings and hangings, and performs in minutes cleaning, sweeping and dusting tasks that usually require hours of hard work.

You will soon discover why the Sweeper-Vac is known as two complete cleaners in one. It gives you two distinct types of cleaning—by powerful suction alone, or by powerful suction plus the gentle sweeping action of its motor driven brush.

The correctly speeded motor driven brush is necessary to thoroughly and quickly remove threads and lint. If you wish the powerful suction alone, as when housecleaning attachments are to be used, stop the brush by simply moving the convenient lever.

Remember, the Sweeper-Vac with motor driven brush is two complete machines in one, which coupled with its ease of operation, sturdy construction and design make it truly the cleaner for every housecleaning task.

A demonstration—free—in your home may be easily arranged. The Sweeper-Vac time-payment plan enables you to own a Sweeper-Vac at once. Phone the nearest dealer or write us for booklet.

PNEUVAC COMPANY
WORCESTER, MASS.



SWEEPER-VAC
With Motor Driven Brush

to the show. There is no such thing as guaranteeing the absolute honesty of all treasurers. A few complaints would soon check them, though, if the boss was really in earnest.

These scalpers get soaked hard sometimes and have to eat a lot of tickets for which they pay big money. It happened at the World's Series baseball games. They had tried to figure on that as they do on the theaters, and found themselves all wrong.

Hearing that tickets for the opening games were selling for twenty dollars, and more, these boys stepped in and set their diggers to work. On the second day of the series the public, feeling that it was impossible to get tickets, stayed away by the hundreds. Ticket speculators were offering tickets for sale at the last minute at half price, preferring to take that much loss rather than eat them all.

But tickets sold by those methods are so few that they don't amount to much. It is the fellow who buys them in bulk weeks in advance that is hurting the whole business. And, mind you, they could not buy them unless those who run the shows were in league with them. Don't forget that.

I was treasurer in one theater where the management was saved financially at the start of a play by selling the higher-priced seats in advance to ticket brokers, only to face failure later by being unable to dispose of the balcony seats. The lower floor was always filled, the balcony always empty.

That very situation made possible the cut-rate ticket brokers. That feature of the show business, by the way, has grown into a powerful institution. Many shortsighted producers and house managers will tell you that the cut-rate business has been of big help in that it has helped take up the slack. That is to say, tickets are sold for half price that otherwise would never be sold at all.

Just the same, I consider it a parasitical practice gnawing at the show business that is as bad as the ticket-brokerage business, if not worse. It all goes back to the same thing: It is an extra tentacle put out to hold the timid showman in a tighter clutch. He can't get away.

You see, if the tickets were not sold out to the speculators in the first place the public would be free to come to the box office and get the best seats available. They would understand the situation.

It has now come to pass that the average theatergoer has no idea that he can get a first-floor ticket without going to a broker or a gouger. It is equally difficult for him to believe that he can get a balcony or gallery seat without going to the cut-rate dealer.

Cut-Rate Ticket Sales

The theater is squeezed both ways, all because managers feel that they must have a little money in advance. Those who are strong-kneed cannot take a chance on holding aloof, because they would lose money while trying to make the public understand that it was unnecessary to buy tickets from agencies. These brokerage offices, you know, have a sign up every night showing a list of first-class attractions. If the name of a certain show is not there the public gets the idea that it is not a success. In fact they might never hear of it at all. This applies to the ticket brokers.

If the name of a show does not appear on the board at a cut-rate ticket office, that is an indication that it is a success. The theatergoers, looking for bargains, simply wait until it does appear. Sooner or later it will be there.

The men who first saw the opportunity of disposing of the unoccupied theater seats at a cheaper price have grown into near-millionaires by their cut-rate system.

This practice is very little known outside of New York, as it can operate on a big scale only where shows have long runs—or try to have. I remember very well when it started. A fellow well known for working new schemes around New York came to see our manager one day. He asked about how many tickets in the balcony were being sold. As a matter of fact we were not selling any.

"I'll take a hundred of them at half price," he suggested. "You might as well get that as nothing."

With that he started a cut-rate sale. Having bought a dollar-and-a-half seat for seventy-five cents he offered it for sale at one dollar. The public was suspicious at first, but the news soon spread. It was a bonanza.

A few years later this same man, now grown rich, came in one day, very indignant.

"A guy has opened a cut-rate office down the street," he said. "What do you know about that? Yes, and he's got the nerve to offer your tickets for sale. Can you beat that for gall?"

"Yes, I sold him a hundred in the balcony," I said.

"Well, if that ain't nerve! Can you beat it? Another guy opening a cut-rate business right in my section."

He insisted that I refuse to sell this new man any more. I laughed at him and remarked that we would sell to anybody who wanted them, a hundred at a time.

Buying the Whole House

He went to the manager and had a long talk. The next day I got orders not to sell any more tickets to the new cut-rater. This man had grown so financially strong that he had advanced the manager five thousand dollars. He took over the entire balcony. He soon put the new competitor out of business.

I am told that a cut-rate ticket seller now keeps a big bank roll in an uptown bank for the purpose of manipulating loans and corners on tickets. And he sells them to the public at a little more than half price!

Isn't that an indication that theater prices are too high?

As a result of this new development our balconies at the beginning of a new show are often nearly empty. The public waits until the price of the tickets comes down; waits for them to get into the hands of the cut-raters.

One of our most powerful producers had a show running on Forty-second Street for six months. Toward the end of the run he let it be known that the show would close in two weeks. When the receipts of a show drop below five thousand dollars a week, as a rule, it has to close because there would not be enough money in it for the house. That show, I remember, got 75 per cent of the receipts, and the house 25. A theater, you know, is seldom owned by the producer of the show. It is rented on a percentage basis.

Into the office of this big producer walked the cut-rate man.

"I hear you are going to close in two weeks," he said. The producer nodded. "I think that show ought to be good for three or four weeks more," suggested the cut-rater. "It's a shame to close it now."

"Can't keep it going if it doesn't make money," the producer informed him. "I've got to get five thousand a week or more, or she doesn't go."

"All right; when you get ready to close turn the house over to me and I'll pay you six thousand a week for the show for four weeks. If you think I don't mean it here's the twenty-four thousand dollars."

The sight of the money had its effect. The whole house was turned over to him. An ordinary ticket shaver was running one of the best-known theaters in New York. How is that for a tribute to art?

The cut-rater put his own treasurer in the box office and sold as many tickets as he could at the regular price. All the rest he put on sale at his cut-rate offices. He cleaned up. He did so well that he continued the odd run for six or seven weeks.

Now there's a funny situation for you. This man offered you seats at the box office for the regular price. If a patron didn't like it he could go around the corner and get them from the same concern at a little more than half price. What is the public to believe? Can you blame people for being suspicious? Can you blame them for thinking the cut-rate man a helpful public institution?

"If the cut-rate fellows can sell tickets at a lower price," a reporter asked me the other day, "why couldn't the house sell the tickets at a lower price and make the money?"

"Why, because," I explained to him, "we would never be able to get a show started at the regular price. The public

(Continued on Page 113)



Over A Million Men Have Proved It!



That Wearplus Ties—*the new idea in neckwear*—look better, wear longer, and are bigger value for their cost than any other four-in-hands. Ask the men who have worn a Wearplus—and gone back to their dealer's for *more!*

The Tie Without Flannel Lining, Padding or Wadding

We've replaced the bulky flannel lining by double quality and quantity silk, cut and folded the exclusive Wearplus way. A hand-tailored tie! A neatly-knotting, smoothly-sliding, snugly-setting tie that wears long, is slow to wrinkle and presses out like new.

A *double value* tie—because only high-grade silks have the life and strength to permit making the Wearplus way. Your haberdasher is showing some exclusive new fall patterns in Wearplus. Look them over. Note the prices:

Blue Label	Brown Label	Wearplus, Jr., for boys, 8-15 years
1.00	1.50	Red Label 75 cents

Look for the Wearplus Trade-Mark and maker's guarantee on each tie

Wearplus Ties



If you cannot get Wearplus Ties of your dealer, *send us his name* and we will see that you are supplied.

STANDARD NECKWEAR COMPANY

NEW YORK BOSTON

Trade-Mark registered U. S., Canada and Great Britain.

Patents pending U. S. Patent Office. Patented in Canada and Great Britain.

Dealers: Send for our six dozen trial assortment.

If not selling profitably at the end of sixty days we accept return without cost to you.

Our big national advertising assures you Wearplus success.

Salesmen wanted—experienced, live-wire neckwear men wanted for several territories.

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TO the perfection of the new model Eureka, there could be no stronger tribute than the amazing popularity it so immediately achieved.

The previous Eureka model was the winner of five International Grand Prize Awards of excellence. Yet so marked is the superiority of the present model, that almost 100,000 have been purchased since its introduction a few months ago, bringing the total of Eureka owners to over 600,000.

The new model picks up surface litter with amazing ease; it quickly removes every trace of deeply embedded dirt. It cleans beneath low beds, in awkward corners, and against baseboards. Its attachments are easily connected and remarkably efficient. It is light, attractive, admirably constructed, and moderately priced. Ask the dealer nearest you for a free demonstration. Write us if you do not know his name.

EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY, DETROIT, U. S. A.
Canadian Factory: Kitchener, Ontario. Foreign Branch: 8 Fisher Street, Holborn, London, W. C. 1, England

The Grand Prize Cleaner

EUREKA
VACUUM CLEANER

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(Continued from Page 110)

would wait, just as they do now for the cut-raters to bring the prices down. In other words, we've got to have the first crowd so as to make the show a hit. Even they would not come if they knew the prices would be cheaper later."

"Well, if the prices were more reasonable in the first place," he asked, "don't you think a lot of this trouble would be eliminated?"

"I do," I admitted. "Many well-to-do people are willing to pay more than any price you may name. They support the brokers. There are hundreds of others who cannot pay the regular price, even. They support the cut-raters."

"And between the two the theater is getting skinned both ways," he suggested, smiling.

And he had hit the nail on the head. The theaters are foolishly skinning themselves and the public.

We do not get the prices that we charge. What we gain by selling in advance to the brokers we lose by selling at cut rates to the other fellows. An average would be about the proper price to charge for tickets and sell them at the box office only.

One cut-rate ticket man in New York has organized a club, the members of which are entitled to buy cut-rate tickets at ten cents less than those who have no cards. To join this club and get a card costs fifty cents, which is more than saved during the season. This was a stroke of financial genius.

This club has one hundred thousand members—meaning of course that the cut-rater took in fifty thousand dollars in cash on which he could operate in buying blocks of seats.

For the average person to get a ticket to a current theatrical attraction in New York these days is almost as difficult and as red-tapy as getting a passport to visit foreign countries. And frequently the house is not sold out!

And the whole purpose of it, even though distasteful to a majority of theatrical people who do it, is to fatten the pockets of parasites—men who have no interest whatever in the theater as an institution of amusement or art.

To my way of thinking, the only cure will be two or three bad seasons. When several big producers go broke there may be an awakening.

TUMBLEWEEDS

(Continued from Page 23)

Carver was conscious of a vague sense of relief, coupled with knowledge of previous deductions gone astray.

"Where were you yesterday?" he asked.

"Sleeping in the house you once owned n Caldwell, with my horse in the shed out behind," Bart informed. "It's untenanted now, so I entered by the simple process of breaking a window. I recall that it had been a wild night in Caldwell and was near daylight when I went to bed. It was equally near dark when I waked. The festivities had palled on me and I was ready to go home, so I rode out of town."

"But how did you happen to be way off to the south?" Carver asked.

Bart's moroseness was dissipated by a grin, the scowl which had stamped his face vanishing before the advent of some happy recollection.

"I had two pints in the saddle pockets for medicinal uses. After taking one of them it occurred to me what a nice thing it would be to surprise you by bringing down those yearlings of yours, so I headed for Hinman's west place. After taking the other I evidently dismounted thereabouts for a nap; and after napping I couldn't locate my horse. I'd left the reins looped on the horn, likely, and he headed for home. While I was hunting round for him I heard folks riding toward me and angled to cut their trail and get help, like I told you. Instead I got shot. Then I rambled on afoot for a couple of miles and arrived at a house. Someone is making a late evening call and has left his horse tied outside, so I borrowed the old wreck and headed toward home. I was feeling faintlike and weak, so I tied him up to a plum bush and kept. I made another start about daylight and then got off for a rest. It was then I see a dozen or so riders surging down on me. With half the county out on the hunt thataway it come to me that maybe my motives in borrowing the critter had been misunderstood, so I made a break to escape."

Carver leaned back in his chair and laughed, swayed by a mixture of irritation and relief.

"Could you, by any off chance, prove that you were asleep in Caldwell yesterday and didn't ride out till dark?" he asked.

"Positively not," Bart stated. "No one will ever know who entered that ex-house of yours by way of the window. My tracks are well covered."

"Which is unfortunate in this particular instance," Carver remarked. "You've stepped into it up to the armpits. I had been wondering how to help you avoid serving ten years for something you did. Now I'm wondering if you won't get twenty years for something you didn't. Did you happen to hear of the little event up in Wharton?"

"I've heard of the place," said Bart. "But I thought it was against the rules for anything ever to happen there. What did?"

Carver told him, and Bart nodded as he listened. The black frown once more clamped his face.

"And we know who it was," Bart said. "But I hope they don't get caught. Noll might get sent up for twenty years—which span of time I'd find tedious, waiting for him to get out again. I'd hate awfully to shoot him in the court room or through the bars. My fancy runs toward killing him somewheres outdoors, so I better get started before he's apprehended."

Carver knew that Bart meant exactly what his statement intimated. The breach in the Lassiter family was now irreparable, but its operation might prove to be even more detrimental to Bart than the influence which his half brothers had exercised over him in the old days when they had all trailed together.

"You're never clear of one mess before you're into another," Carver commented. "Forget Noll! Think what it would mean to Molly if there was a shooting in the family!"

"There's been one shooting in the family within the past few hours. She despises Noll and thinks considerable of me. Why should she feel worse about my shooting him than about his taking that shot at me?" Bart logically contended.

"Ask her," Carver returned. "I'll send you home now before some of the boys roll in and start remarking broadcast about your being shot through the shoulder. I have to ride over to Oval Springs sometime soon, and if you don't keep that crippled shoulder under cover meantime, so's the neighbors won't get to speculating about your case, why I'll up and jail you myself just to keep you out of trouble."

Bart faced him gravely.

"There's not much in this life I wouldn't do for you," he said. "I'd ride on into Washington and loot the mint if you was needing pin money. If you had an enemy I'd assassinate him just to save you the trouble. You've used me white. But there's some things that just have to be done. This here is one: I'm out to get Noll. He's had it coming all his life. The day Noll passes out I'll put myself under your orders and never stray outside my homestead fence for a solid year except when you say the word. I'll give you a guaranty to that effect."

An hour after Bart's departure Carver was saddling a fresh horse in the corral, when a voice called to him from the edge of it.

"What's the trouble, honey?" he inquired, resting his arms on the top bar of the corral gate and facing Molly Lassiter across it.

"Don! Don't let Bart go out after Noll!" she said. "Before I have time to thank you for helping him out this morning I'm asking you to do something else." She essayed a laugh, which ended in a sob. "But don't let him do this. Can't you think of some way? I never knew him to be in this mood before. He's so quiet about it that I know he means to do it."

"Likely it will wear off before morning," Carver encouraged; but he knew that morning would find Bart in the selfsame mood. Only years would suffice to alter the determination he had read in Bart's face an hour past. "He'll forget it in a day or two."



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He spoke unconcernedly to reassure the girl, for she was nearer the breaking point than he had ever seen her. Her habitual self-control had broken down.

"You know he'll never forget," she said. "But I can't have that—a shooting between brothers—don't you see? Not that Noll really is a brother, but people will always think of it that way. I wish something had happened to Noll before I ever saw him—just for what he's done to dad and Bart. I'm wicked enough to wish him dead; he should be; he's not fit to live. But Bart mustn't do it. He'd never live it down."

She spoke disjointedly, her voice high-pitched and unnatural. Carver vaulted the corral bars and laid an arm about her shoulders.

"Sho! That'll all pass off," he said easily. "Bart wouldn't—not after he'd thought it over. He's excited about it now."

She knew that he spoke only to quiet her fears; that he himself lacked the convictions which he expressed.

"He's not excited," she insisted. "He's thought it all over now and made his decision. Oh, anything but that! It's the one worst thing I can think of. There must be some way. Honestly, Don, I couldn't stand that after all the other things the name of Lassiter has been linked with."

"Then we'll put a stop to it," he said. "We'll just fix it so he can't."

She noted the change in his voice. He was no longer speaking merely to reassure her. This knowledge exerted a quieting effect. She someway had vast confidence that Carver would find a way out. Bart's quiet insistence had terrified her, but Carver had thought of some means to dissuade him.

"I'll be riding on into Oval Springs now," he said. "Meantime you put your mind at ease." He drew her to him and when she made a motion of dissent he gave her shoulders a little shake. "Right now," he insisted a trifle roughly, and she lifted her face to him.

"You promise you won't let him?" she implored.

He stood looking down at her with a queer little smile.

"Rest easy," he said. "I'll take a contract to that effect."

He dropped the corral bars and a moment later she watched him ride off through the night toward Oval Springs.

XI

THE atmosphere of Oval Springs reeked of new lumber and fresh paint. A dozen business buildings were being hastily constructed and new houses were started daily in the residence district of the town.

Carver strolled down the main street. Shafts of light, emanating from store fronts, splashed across the board sidewalk and relieved the gloom of the street. Scores of horses stood at the hitch rails. The blare of a mechanical piano sounded from an open doorway, accompanied by the scrape of boots and clank of spurs. The shrill laughter of a dance-hall girl rose momentarily above the din. From another door there issued the clinking of glassware at the bar and drunken voices raised in song; the smooth purr of the roulette wheel and the professional drone of lookout and croupier. The new county seat was a wide-open town.

Carver visited one place after the next in search of Noll Lassiter. He discovered him in a saloon near the end of the street, but the man he sought was in the center of a group near the bar. Carver nodded, but did not join them. What he had to say to Noll must be imparted when there were no others to hear.

Noll was discoursing at some length to his companions, and at the sight of Carver he raised his voice with palpable intent to include Carver in the circle of his hearers; wherefore Carver listened.

"They hadn't no business to throw me in," Noll stated aggrievedly. "I ask you now! Of course, Crowfoot and Alf Wellman never was any special friends of mine, but they had no call to lock me up."

"This may prove worth while. He's anxious to have me get it," Carver decided, and as the case was restated he gathered the cause of Noll's grievance.

Two days before, in midafternoon, the two Lassiters had become openly conspicuous and Noll had indulged in target practice in the street; whereupon Crowfoot, acting town marshal, had declared that such sports were out of season during the daylight hours, and with the help of the sheriff had conducted the two Lassiters to the county jail—that structure serving also as a city prison—where they had languished till noon of the present day. Their urgent representations, delivered verbally to acquaintances who had chanced to pass the jail during the morning, had resulted in their release at noon.

"The alibi club is in session," Carver told himself. "It's real accommodating of Noll to stage a monologue just to deceive me. It's cleared up some points I was hazy on. The town marshal, the sheriff and his deputies are still trailing with the old crowd. It works out like this: Wellman and Crowfoot jail the two Lassiters in view of the populace. After nightfall the two prisoners depart by the back stairs and make a hard ride to some point near Wharton, hole up there till afternoon and raid the bank, hide out again till after dark and make another hard ride back to Oval Springs. They're safe in jail before dawn. This morning they comment through the bars to pedestrians passing the jail. A perfect alibi—unless Noll overacts his part and talks himself into trouble."

He mused further on the subject as he waited for Noll to detach himself from the group.

"This deal signifies that every man round the sheriff's office is cutting in with the boys," he reflected. "Wellman has appointed the two Ralston brothers deputies in addition to Freel. The fourth party is that Wharton hold-up was likely one of the Ralston boys."

Noll eventually moved toward the door but the others accompanied him. Carver followed them out and called to Noll.

"Just a minute," he said. "I have a bit of news to impart."

Noll turned back and stood facing him, while the others halted a few feet away. Carver lowered his voice so his words would not reach them.

"You've tried for me twice," he said. "From now on it's reversed."

"What d'you mean?" Noll demanded.

"That I'm going into action the next time you loom up anywhere within range," Carver stated. "I'm just telling you so that you'll know how to act the next time we meet. Right soon after we next sight each other there'll be one of us absent from human affairs."

The group on the sidewalk saw nothing unusual in this interview—merely a low-voiced conversation between two acquaintances.

"Absent!" Noll repeated. "That one will be you!"

"Maybe," Carver assented, and turned off up the street.

He spent the night at the hotel, and in the morning sought the deputy United States marshal whose posse guarded against the destruction of railroad property and the consequent interference with the delivery of the United States mail.

"You helped me into this job," Mattison greeted. "Now it's up to you to help me hold it. You're to be my right-hand assistant until this mess is cleared up. Did you know it?"

"Not for sure," Carver said. "But I suspected it somewhat when you sent over for me. I'll make a deal with you. You can deputize me now till we iron out this fuss, provided that at some future time you agree to let me deputize myself on some occasion when I may have to go into action right rapid and you not at hand; when it's a case where county officers wouldn't do as and a deputy marshal would. I'd proclaim that I was acting under orders from you, meantime having dispatched word for you to make haste toward the spot. You arrive and assume command."

"What've you got in mind?" Mattison inquired a bit doubtfully.

"Not anything special," Carver returned. "I may never avail myself of my end of the bargain. If ever I do I'll guarantee that the parties I move on will be eligible to arrest for shattering some Federal law and I'll be able to prove it. That will let you out."

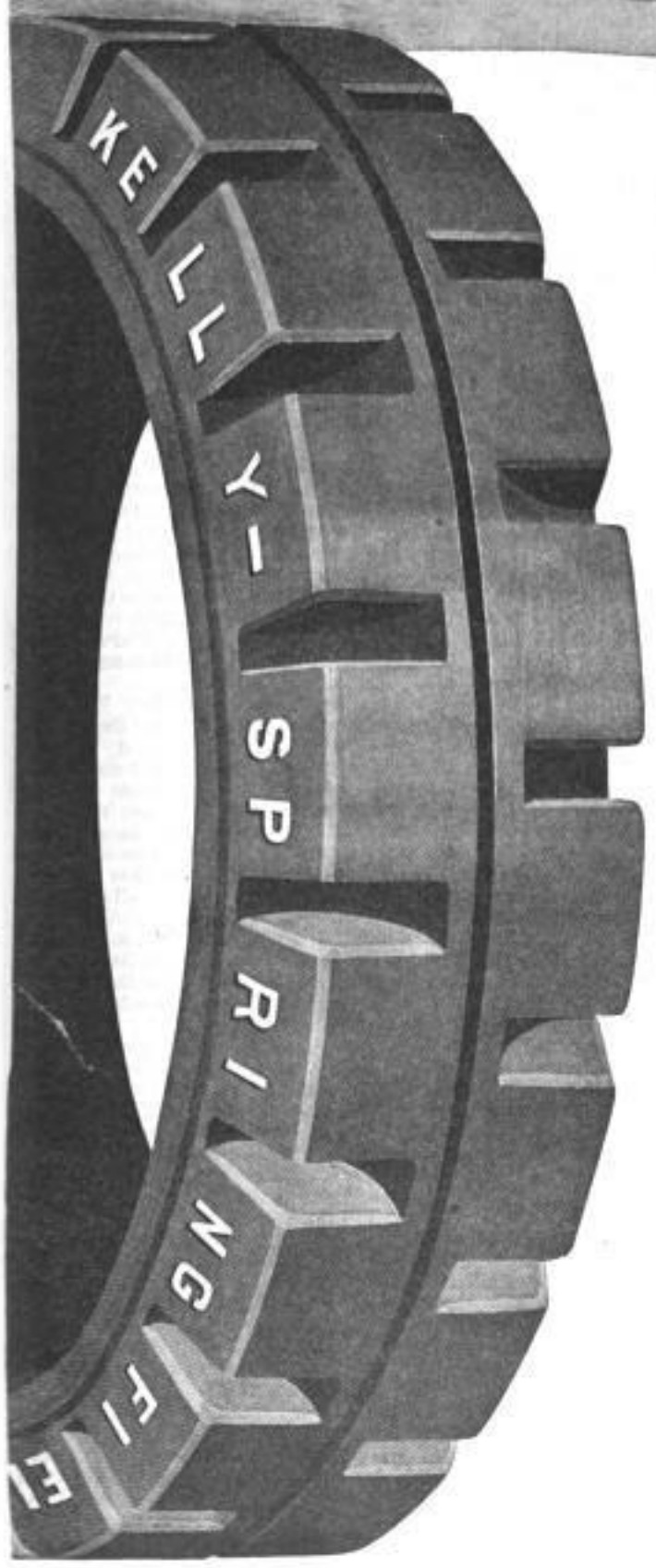
"Yes; likely it will let me out of my job," Mattison said. "But you're responsible for my getting it and I oughtn't to object if you should also be responsible for my losing it. We'll close the deal."

"One more small favor before you put me to work," Carver requested. "I wish you'd pass out the word, quietlike, among the boys that the first time Bart Lassiter shows up here he's to be arrested and sent up to Caldwell."

(Continued on Page 116)

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The Midwest Refining Company recently had a lot of machinery to transport from Casper, Wyoming, to their oil fields at Salt Creek, a distance of about fifty miles. Six pieces of this machinery weighed over thirteen tons each and two weighed slightly over fourteen tons. The one on the truck above weighed 28,450 pounds.

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(Continued from Page 114)

"What have you got against Bart?" Mattison asked. "I thought you was friends."

"That's why I want him tossed into jail and kept out of trouble till I give the word to free him again."

"All right; we'll toss him if he shows up in town," Mattison agreed. "Let's head for the tracks and I'll explain your job as we travel."

For the next three nights Carver patrolled the railroad tracks for a distance of over a mile north of town, visiting the six men stationed in couples at intervals throughout that stretch. Mattison conducted a similar patrol to the south. Throughout that period no move had been made to tear up the tracks. Trains rolled through without a halt and no incident happened which would furnish the least surface indication of the existence of a bitter feud. But both Carver and Mattison knew that the undercurrent of lawlessness had not subsided; that it merely smoldered, waiting an opportunity to break forth.

During the past month there had been five men killed and as many wounded in the progress of the county-seat war. Three of the slain had been members of the marshal's posse, for Mattison's operations were handicapped by red tape, his instructions prohibiting the firing of a shot except in case his own men were attacked. The participants on the reverse side of the question were burdened by no such restrictions. The marshal was unable to gather a single shred of information as to the identity of the men concerned in any one of the wrecking parties. The population of Oval Springs was solidly in favor of any move whatsoever if only it should result in the stopping of trains at that point.

In midafternoon of the fourth day Carver sat cross-legged on the ground in the marshal's camp beside the tracks a few hundred yards north of town. He leaned back against a bed roll and inspected the general surroundings through half-closed eyes. There was the usual congestion round the three town wells which furnished the only supply of water for the county seat. Tank wagons plied between these wells and the surrounding country, supplying settlers with moisture at fifty cents a barrel. Carver straightened, suddenly alert, as a rider dropped from his horse at the end of the street. His left arm was bound stiffly at his side.

"Bart couldn't wait for that shoulder to cure before he started hunting for Noll," Carver said.

He noted that two men had stepped in behind Bart. They were Mattison's men, and Bart had not progressed a distance of fifty yards from his horse before he was under arrest.

"That much is accomplished," Carver said. "Bart's safe out of the way as soon as they get him to Caldwell. Now it's narrowed down to Noll and myself. I don't care overmuch for my job, but she'd rather it would be me than Bart to go through with it—someone outside the family; and this will rule me outside for all time."

Bradshaw rode into camp and joined Carver, leaving his mount with several other saddled horses that grazed close at hand. Mattison's posse, down to the last man, was composed of old friends of Carver's, former riders of the Strip. Their old calling gone, they now gravitated to any point that promised to afford a touch of excitement.

"They've let us alone for quite a spell now," Bradshaw said. "Time something was breaking."

A stiff wind screeched across the country and the two men sought shelter behind a pile of baled hay, sprawling comfortably in the sun until Mattison located them there and reported a bit of news.

"Headquarters has thrown off the bridle and issued orders to shoot down every man that tampers with the tracks," he informed. "I just got the word. Now that we've got free rein we'll clean up this mess."

These instructions were passed out to all of the marshal's men. Two hours after midnight Carver stood on the tracks with Mattison.

Both men turned to view a vague light that seemed to flicker up from near a string of buildings at one end of the main street. The high wind which had prevailed throughout the day had died down within the past hour, and in the resulting hush sounds could be heard at a considerable distance. The light increased and shed a pinkish glow over a portion of the sleeping town. A similar light, smaller and less evident, as if but a reflection of the other, appeared near the courthouse at the far end of the town. From somewhere there sounded the muffled thud of many hoofs.

"I wonder now," Carver said as he caught this sound. "An hour ago, before the wind went down, a fire would have wiped Oval Springs off the map—no water." He listened again to the rumble of hoofs. "It's come," he announced. "Casa has been in a ferment for weeks, threatening to ride over and sack Oval Springs. Now they're at it."

Black smoke rolled above the pink glow which was rapidly swelling into a lurid glare. Tongues of scarlet flame now leaped above the buildings as the fire, started in the rear of them, licked hungrily up the back of the frame structures. There was a sudden clamor of voices as sleeping citizens were roused by the glare of the fire, then a roar of hoofs as forty horsemen thundered the length of the main street and emptied their guns at the store fronts. They wheeled and rode back through the street, shooting as they came, this last demonstration for the purpose of keeping citizens within doors until the flames had attained sufficient headway to spread beyond control.

The rumble of hoofs died out as the raiders pounded away toward the north and the population of Oval Springs boiled out to check the spread of the fire.

"It's no affair of ours," Mattison said. "Dog eat dog! Let 'em go! Wellman, our good sheriff, hasn't exerted himself to help find out who's been shooting my boys at night. Let him handle this deal himself."

The Casa raiders had planned well, and if the wind had held Oval Springs would have been reduced to ashes in an hour. But the fates had intervened. The wind had slacked off, then died, and now a reverse wind blew up and piled the flames back upon themselves. The fire at the courthouse had not attained sufficient headway, and a determined body of citizens checked the spread of the flames. The blaze at the north end of town was confined to the one section in which it started, the strong wind from the south beating back the flames which leaped high above the buildings. Men on adjacent structures stamped out the sparks, which were belched far and wide as each burning roof sagged and fell with a hissing roar.

The conflagration lasted till dawn; was still smoldering when Carver retired to the bed tent, where he slumbered till high noon. An hour after rising he sauntered along the tracks to the north for the purpose of chatting for an hour with Bradshaw, who was stationed within a short distance of camp. His friend was nowhere in sight.

"The sun's nice and warm," Carver said. "I'll find Brad napping on the sunny slope of the grade."

A bare flat extended for four hundred yards each side of the tracks. Beyond it the country was broken and rolling, studded with dwarf brush and scattered thickets of scrub oak. Carver located Bradshaw reclining on the west slope of the railroad embankment in the sun, his hat pulled over his eyes. When within a few feet of Bradshaw's position Carver flinched convulsively as a rifle ball snapped past within a foot of his head. The thin crack of a rifle accompanied the sound and a faint spurt of blue smoke drifted hazily from a blackjack clump on the far edge of the flat. Carver cleared the edge of the grade at a bound.

No matter what else might occupy Carver's mind, the thought of Noll Lassiter was ever in the foreground of his consciousness—would remain there until the matter between them was settled: and he knew without question who had fired the shot from the blackjacks.

"Close shooting for four hundred yards. That didn't miss me an inch," Carver said. "Get down!" he called sharply; for Bradshaw, thirty feet farther north, had been roused by the sound of the shot and Carver's plunge down the sheltered side of the grade and he had risen to his knees to peer off to the east. "Down, Brad! Duck under the bank!"

The warning command came too late. Bradshaw sprawled on his face and slid loosely down the embankment as the rifle spoke again from the thicket. Carver ran to his friend, but Bradshaw was beyond need of assistance. He opened his eyes with an effort as Carver knelt over him.

"I'm sorry, Brad," Carver said. "He was out after me and got you instead when

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you raised up in sight. I'm sorry, old man."

Bradshaw essayed a smile and made a feeble move to extend a hand for a farewell shake with his friend.

"It's all right," he said, and passed out.

Carver ran back toward the camp, keeping under cover of the embankment. Several men had heard the two shots and had mounted the tracks to determine their source.

They saw Carver running toward camp and knew that the two stray reports had carried at least some significance.

"What's up?" one man called as Carver came within hailing distance.

He did not answer till after reaching the spot where a half dozen saddled horses were grazing round just outside camp, his own mount among them. He slowed to a walk lest he stampede the horses by a too precipitate approach. Mattison had come from the bed tent. Carver jerked a thumb back in the direction from which he had come.

"Someone downed Brad from the brush out across the flat," Carver informed. "I'm going out to bring in the party that did it."

The marshal turned to the men standing round. "Saddles!" he ordered. "On your horses! Go bring him in!"

But Carver lifted a hand.

"This is my job," he said. "I want him myself. He was trying for me—and Brad's been my friend for fifteen years. Hold 'em back," he insisted as the men headed for their horses. He swung to the saddle. "Send up word to let Bart Lassiter out," he called back as he jumped his horse toward the tracks.

Mattison countermanded his previous order and the other men stayed in camp, cursing fretfully over this sudden turn in affairs that prevented their going.

Carver rode without caution, knowing that Noll would have departed immediately after firing the shots. The man would have a mile lead by now. The country to the southeast was a stretch of good land, solidly settled and thoroughly fenced. A rider heading that way would find his route confined to fenced section lines. Noll would head northeast, where the country was rough and mostly unfenced. Carver lined his horse out at a run and after two miles he sighted his man, off to the left and a half mile ahead.

When he saw him again the distance between them had lessened. Noll would hold on without stopping till he discovered the fact that a man followed him. Even then he would hesitate to dismount and attempt to bushwhack his hunter through fear that Mattison had turned the whole posse loose on his trail. Another half mile and Carver glimpsed him again, this time less than four hundred yards in the lead. They passed out of the brush-covered area into a country that, though still rough, was covered only with coarse grass. It occurred to Carver that another few miles would bring them out into a good-land district, settled and fenced. Noll would never be crowded out into that section if he knew Carver followed, for he would be forced to travel along fenced roadways, and settlers would witness his flight, establishing his identity.

As Carver crossed over a ridge he saw Noll again, only his head and shoulders visible as he rode straight away a scant two hundred yards ahead. Apparently he had no suspicion that there was a man on his trail, yet it seemed certain that before now he would have halted under cover of some ridge to scan his back track and ascertain if he were followed. If he discovered a rider behind him he would halt again at some other point to determine if others rode with the first.

It suddenly occurred to Carver that the swift lessening of distance between them was occasioned by this very thing. Noll had stopped under cover to view his back track; had halted again to make sure that but one man followed his trail. Even as this thought flashed into his mind Carver flung from the saddle and dropped flat on the ground.

He had ridden the length of a shallow draw and he left it only to discover that the landscape had flattened out into low waves of ground. It was the sight of the upper half of a riderless horse standing in the shallow depression beyond one of these waves which had occasioned his sudden fling from the saddle. Noll had dismounted in the next dip ahead, intending to shoot as Carver rode into sight.

Carver lay flat on his face and crawled thirty feet to the north through the shallow basin that sheltered him, then lifted his head cautiously and inspected his surroundings. His range was limited to a distance of fifty yards north and south. He might crawl back west for some twenty yards. The character of his surroundings rendered it impossible for him to move beyond this restricted area without showing himself to the man who was cached in a similar depression somewhere less than seventy yards east of him. And in all the shallow dip there was not one point of sufficient depth to permit of his straightening up on his knees without danger of bringing his head into view of the man who waited for him over across.

Inch by inch, Carver worked his way toward a spot where a few straggling stems of tall grass were scattered about. Poor cover this, yet even a few spears of grass break up the view to a surprising extent when one is prone on the ground. In thirty minutes he had covered as many feet. He removed his hat and elevated his head.

First he studied the character of Noll's retreat—a depression similar to the one which afforded him shelter, a trifle deeper perhaps and of slightly greater area. But Noll could not progress a hundred yards in any direction without coming into his view. Carver knew that somewhere over there Noll was watching for the first glimpse of him.

He could see the empty scabbard on Lassiter's saddle and knew that he was armed with a rifle. His own rifle remained on the saddle of the horse he could not reach without showing himself to Noll, and he was armed only with the gun on his belt.

"He's got me handicapped a trifle on location and weapons," Carver reflected. "It'll narrow down now to which one has the other outguessed for patience. What happened to Brad has put me in the humor to go through with my job."

There was no breath of wind and the sun glared down into the depression with summerlike warmth. Carver crawled back to the lowest point in his basin and divested himself of his jacket. An old brake block, dropped from some chuck wagon in the old days of the round-up, was grown half over with grass. He pried the block from its resting place and regarded it, then set to work, first draping his jacket the length of the twenty-inch slab of wood and observing the effect from one side. Then he padded one shoulder with matted dead grass. His knife, its point stabbed solidly into one edge of the block, served as a handle. He crawled north through the depression, one arm extended, his hand clasping the knife and holding the contraption two feet before him and elevated to a point some ten inches higher than his own head as he lay flat on the ground. He progressed slowly, squirming forward a few inches at a time, wondering meanwhile if anyone peering through the grass from a short distance away would mistake it for the flat of a man's back and the hump of his shoulders. He covered ten feet—fifteen. When one peered through the grass from a prone position the view was none too distinct at the best. He hitched forward another two feet. Surely he was holding the decoy sufficiently high to bring it into Noll's range of vision. Another hitch of two feet—and suddenly his wrist was jarred by the sharp sidewise wrench of the knife as a rifle shot crashed forth from sixty yards to the eastward and the heavy ball tore through the jacket and the block across which it was draped. Carver emitted a single coughing gasp. A split second later he flung one arm aloft, the fingers outstretched, closing them tightly as the hand was withdrawn. Then he turned back and crawled to his first point of vantage, where the scattering stems of coarse grass would tend to break up the view.

An hour passed without a sound save the stamp of a hoof or the creak of leather as the two horses moved about a few yards away. A huge black buzzard wheeled high overhead. His spirals narrowed and a second buzzard joined him. The two great birds soared on motionless wings a half mile above the two quiet figures sprawled in the grass a stone's throw apart, each invisible to the other but both quite visible to the carrion birds that hovered over the spot. Carver longed for a smoke. The craving for a cigarette became almost irresistible, and in order to combat this urge he forced himself to speculate as to the sensations of the man in the opposite dip in the ground. He concentrated on this line



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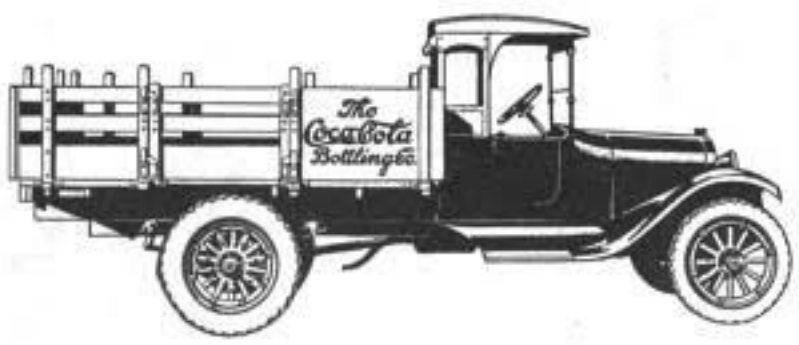
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of thought until the study assumed actual interest.

Noll, being uncertain on several points, would soon become restless, Carver reflected. He was half convinced that Carver was dead. His thoughts would constantly revert to that coughing gasp that had followed his shot—that upflung arm with the fingers clutching spasmodically at nothing. Carver had no such uncertainty to disturb him and congratulated himself upon this fact. Point by point he compared his own plight with that of the enemy.

Time was passing—time which meant nothing to him and meant much to Lassiter. Noll must be wondering if any others of Mattison's men had set forth on his trail. Perhaps they were working it out bit by bit and were even now nearing the spot. A dozen other contingencies might arise. A stray horseman might sight the two riderless horses and set forth to discover the reason. Carver had nothing to lose by discovery. He would profit from such intervention instead, but the injection of any such element would seal Lassiter's doom. By thus dwelling upon Noll's discomforts Carver was able partially to assuage his own—all save that gnawing desire for a smoke. Another hour had passed. Then Carver's mind snapped back from abstract imaginings to the world of realities.

A tuft of grass over across had twitched sharply. It jerked again, and Carver slid his gun out before him to the length of his arm. For a space of five minutes there was no other move, and Carver relaxed, that insane urge to have a smoke at all costs mounting again. A bird hopped close to inspect him, its bright little eyes fixed on his own as it turned its head from side to side for a better view of him. The peak of a hat appeared above the grass tops sixty yards to the east. More of the hat was lifted slowly into view until the whole crown was visible. Carver pictured Noll's eyes just beneath it, peering from under the brim.

But of course the thing was a plant. Noll would not lift his head with eight inches of hat above it to announce his position. He was raising the hat into sight with a stick to lure Carver into firing as Carver had decoyed him with the coat. Carver restrained the desire to shoot through the grass tops four inches below the crown of the hat. The thing disappeared only to come into view once more at a point some ten feet from the first. Again the move was repeated and this time the hat was thrust up abruptly, as if its wearer could no longer exercise sufficient restraint to elevate it an inch at a time. Noll was becoming nervous—breaking under the strain. On the fourth event Carver saw a clear space between the grass and the hat. It dropped back, but the crown remained in his range of view and for a space of ten minutes he kept his eyes on that dark spot in the grass.

A movement ten yards to the left of it challenged his attention. A second dark blot showed in the brown of the grass. It moved upward a fraction—the top of a head. Carver noted the slight sidewise motion as the man shifted for a better view. His gun hand contracted as he lined down the barrel, but he loosened his fingers again. It would not do to shoot until he was sure. That would leave him in the same state of uncertainty which now handicapped Noll. The sun was swinging low in the west. Another two hours and it would be too dark to see. If Noll could hold out until then he could make a clean get-away. If Carver gave a sign too soon Noll would know that his shot of two hours past had failed to locate its mark and he would stay under cover till nightfall and then make a run for it. It was the uncertainty that was breaking him down. Noll couldn't go against another two hours of that sort of thing, Carver told himself.

He repeated this assurance a score of times after the head disappeared. Two hours of uncertainty for Lassiter—two hours of craving for just one cigarette for himself; which would win out? He composed himself for another long wait.

Then Noll's head and shoulders appeared as he rose to his knees, only to be as quickly withdrawn from view as he dropped once more on his face. His voice rose from the opposite depression, hoarse and unsteady as he reviled Carver, hoping to taunt him into some answer—the first sound of a voice in nearly three hours. There came a crashing report from the dip and Carver's horse went down in a heap, shot through the shoulders. The animal screamed once as it struggled on the ground. A spurt of blue smoke revealed the rifleman's position, but Carver knew that he was well below the danger line. The horse ceased struggling. A bubbling rattle announced the death of his favorite mount. The voice of the man who had fired the wanton shot rose with the sound.

"How do you like the sound of that?" he demanded. "That's what will happen to you between now and dark."

He leaped to his feet and stood facing Carver, then dropped back out of sight.

"He's going to pieces," Carver told himself. "He'll make a break now most any time."

The exertion and relief from inaction apparently had lessened the strain under which Noll had been laboring and he made no other move for many long weary minutes. Then, without warning, he was up and running toward Carver's position, his rifle half raised before him. He was within forty yards—thirty. Then Carver lifted his forearm and fired. Lassiter tottered drunkenly and shot into the haze of smoke that floated before Carver's gun. The ball plowed a furrow three inches from Carver's ear and spattered fresh earth in his face. Carver shot twice again. For a space of twenty seconds he held his place in the grass, then sat up on his heels and twisted a cigarette.

XII

MOLLY LASSITER followed her usual daily routine, visiting back and forth with the Cranstons, Lees and other neighbors; yet beneath it all she was conscious of a certain uneasy expectancy, a sense of waiting for something to happen. There had been no word from Bart and his whereabouts was unknown to her. Somewhere Bart was making a relentless hunt for Noll and she expected hourly to hear news of their meeting. She knew of Carver's having joined the marshal's posse at Oval Springs and there was ever the possibility that she would get word that he had fallen in the county-seat war. She had once told Carver that it was the woman's portion to wait for bad news—and now she was waiting. In another three weeks her school would open for the midwinter term. A few days past her interest had centered entirely on this great event, but now she found it had been relegated to a position of secondary importance in her mind; would retain its minor significance until such time as both Bart and Carver were safe home once more.

Then a sympathetic grub-liner dropped past with the word that Noll had been killed in the county-seat fight. The bearer of the tidings, in an awkward effort to lessen the shock of what he must impart, prefaced his announcement with a rambling admonition to prepare herself for the worst, and she was ready to shriek out to him to hasten on to the point of his message. She found time to wonder at the fact that her chief concern was a terrible dread that something had happened to Carver. Then, at last, the man haltingly explained that Noll had passed out of this world, one more victim of the county-seat feud.

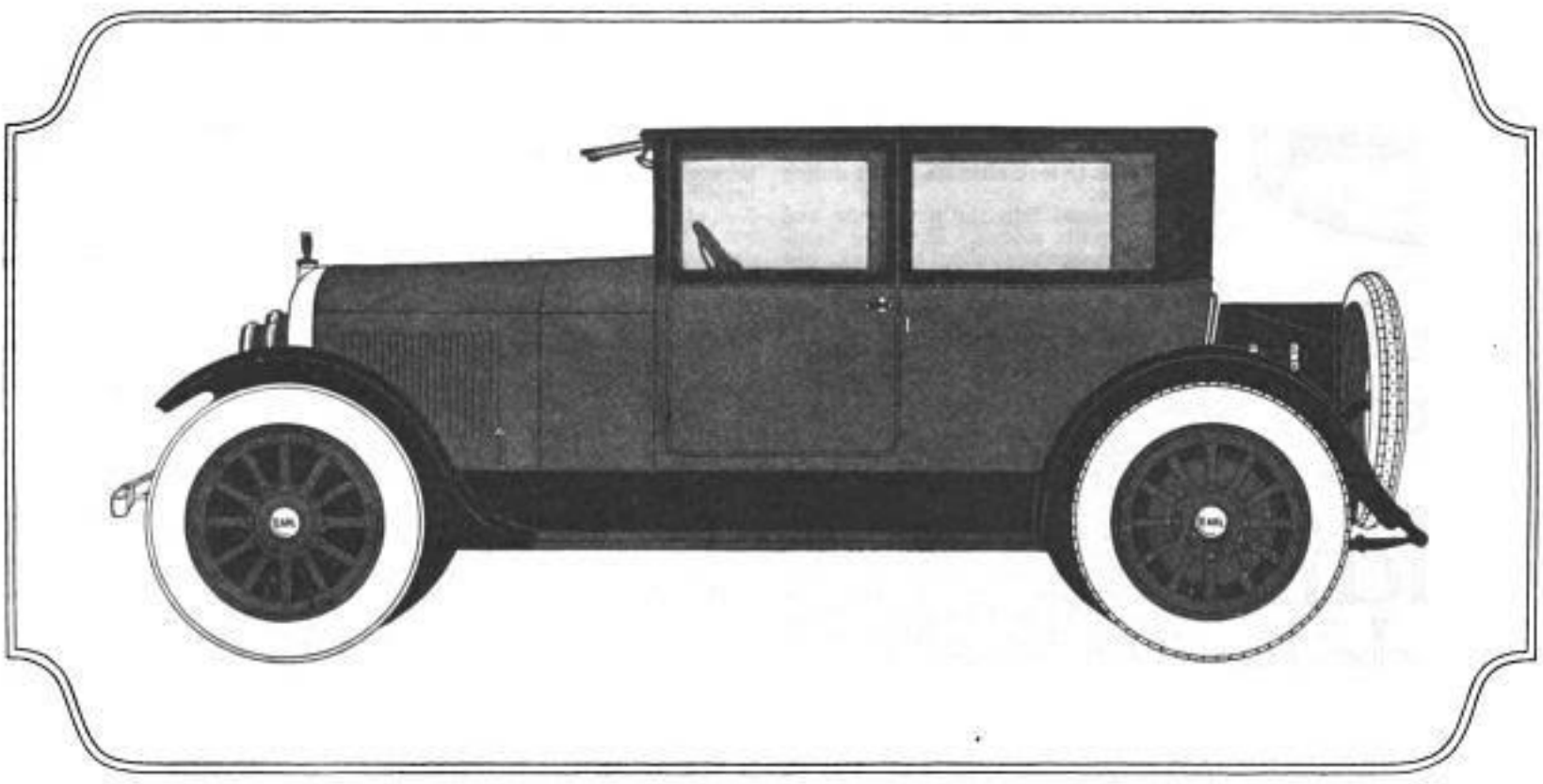
Her reaction was so intense that she dropped to a seat on the doorsill and stared mutely at her informer. The man rode away, cursing himself for breaking the news so abruptly. After his departure she accused herself of great wickedness, for the reason that she could not wring one atom of regret from the fact of Noll's passing. Rather, after the fear for both Carver and Bart which had been roused by the man's lengthy preamble, she had experienced a positive relief to find that the news concerned Noll. She hoped that the man had not divined this, and again she accused herself of a callousness which she had never before suspected as a part of her make-up.

She had known that it was only a question of time until Noll would come to his end during some piece of outlawry, a bank hold-up or some brawl in town, and it was infinitely preferable that it should have happened in this way instead—as the victim of the county-seat war, in which good men had gone down on both sides. It eliminated the certainty of a fratricidal shooting between Noll and Bart in the very near future. It was better this way.

The following day Bart rode up the lane and within an hour after his arrival he had started upon the construction of the three-room house which he had planned a month or more back. She observed that Bart, notwithstanding the wounded shoulder, which still bothered him slightly, went about his work with a purposefulness which had not characterized his actions since the

(Continued on Page 1nste

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(Continued from Page 118)

past. A week passed without his having shown any evidence of restlessness or desire to ride into town.

Now that she had Bart safe at home it seemed that her anxiety should have been decreased by more than half, but instead it was augmented by each bit of news pertaining to the intensity of the trouble round Oval Springs. Another week passed without the least lessening of Bart's daily labors. The house was completed with the help of a few grub-liners who were stopping at Carver's to look after his affairs during his absence.

They moved into the new house and Molly's spirits soared. She sang lightheartedly as she went about her work. She had a permanent home of her own and Bart's tendency to roam was becoming less pronounced. There was no longer reason to dread the consequences of any possible rambles he might take in the future, now, since Noll's influence was a thing of the past. Her new school would soon open; and besides all these things Molly had made a discovery which eclipsed all the rest. She had told Carver that she did not feel quite up to having a third tumbleweed on her hands to worry about, already having had two, her father and Bart; but she had found herself worrying every minute since his departure; and since it seemed that she was to have the worry in any event she might as well have her tumbleweed too. She knew that fact now and she wanted to tell him. It was to be expected that Bart would feel the need of relaxation after completing the house and she had decided that when these symptoms became manifest she would suggest Oval Springs as his destination and send a message to Carver. She had thought much over the substance and wording of the message. She would send merely the word that she was worrying over his connection with the marshal's posse. Carver would divine what lay behind the words and return to the ranch, she reflected; he understood her so thoroughly. Bart, however, failed to fulfill his part in her plans.

"You needn't worry about my prowling off somewheres," he informed her one morning at breakfast. "I'm one tumbleweed that's quit roaming. There's been a windbreak erected on all four sides of me that'll restrain me from drifting for one solid year. When I make a contract I keep it—even if it only came about through a mistake in the wording."

She pondered over this assertion while Bart finished his breakfast.

"Carver tricked me, sort of," Bart amplified. "He couldn't dissuade me from setting out after Noll, but I made a rash statement that I'd stay here on the place for one year from the day Noll's case was settled, having in mind, of course, that I'd do the settling myself but neglecting to state it that way. Well, Noll's case is settled, though not just the way I'd have planned it, and here I am. No more trips to town until Don says the word."

"I'm glad, Bart," Molly said. "It's so much better this way instead of your being mixed up with it yourself. Don't you see?"

He pushed back his chair and regarded her.

"I'll never be convinced but what I'd ought to have done it myself," Bart insisted. "I would have, too, if you hadn't talked Don into beating me to it. He knew you'd rather it would be him than me."

Bart rose and moved about the room, commenting upon certain angles of the case, and from these fragments she was able to piece out the whole picture. Bart spoke casually, believing that she had already become acquainted with every phase of the affair. The girl sat very still, her hands clenched in her lap. So it had been Carver. She had never given that a thought until now; had not entertained even a suspicion of the truth, and Bart was assuming that she knew every detail; that she was responsible for having sent Carver. An hour past she had told herself that Don understood her so well, and in reality he understood her so little that he had imagined she was sending him forth on such a mission as that.

"But why didn't he let the posse go out instead of going alone?" she asked at last.

"That's just what he couldn't do," Bart dissented. "He knew that it was on account of his own personal disagreement with Noll that Bradshaw had been shot down; that it didn't have any relation to the county-seat squabble whatever. If the marshal's boys had gone boiling across into the brush after Noll there was a good chance that some other good men would go the same route that Brad had. Don couldn't chance that. It was his own personal trouble and he felt obliged to take all the risks on himself."

She knew that Carver's action, judged by the standards of his kind, would command respect. But if only he had been content to stand back and let the marshal's men go out as a whole! It would then have seemed an impersonal sort of affair instead of becoming openly known as a personal issue between the two men. Even though she herself had always refused to look upon Noll as a relative, the world at large would not hold that view. Centuries of custom decreed that such an occurrence as this should operate as an insurmountable barrier between Don and herself. There would always be that between them. Tongues would wag until the end of time if they should violate that age-old tradition by permitting any relationship deeper than mere acquaintance between them. She must see Don and explain it all to him. He had made such an unalterable mistake; had understood her so little. But she could not see him till after the trouble at Oval Springs had been settled and he returned to the ranch.

Even at that moment the county-seat war was nearing an abrupt termination. Oval Springs had grown with amazing rapidity and there was no longer an object in the refusal of the railroad company to halt its trains at that point, the reverse now being true.

Carver watched the south-bound passenger train come to a halt for the first time in weeks. The assembled population of Oval Springs cheered this unexpected event. A group of officials descended to look over the ground and one man announced to the crowd that they had come to select a site for the new station, construction of which was to begin on the morrow. Surveyors were unloading equipment. A work train crawled into town and a hundred men swarmed off the cars to begin work on a switch track. The feud was ended and Oval Springs had won out in the fight. Years later it would break out again and again until Casa should eventually come into her own.

Crowds of cheering citizens swarmed the streets of Oval Springs throughout the rest of the day and there was every symptom that it would be a wild night in town. Carver considered plunging into the festivities. Someway the thought of returning to the ranch held forth no appeal; this strange lack of interest was equally true when he contemplated joining the celebration over the victory of Oval Springs. He didn't care a hang which town had won out.

"There don't seem to be much of anything that I do want to indulge in right now," he remarked. "So I guess I'll ride home. You won't be needing me any longer," he said to Mattison. "If you don't mind I'll resign and be on my way."

He rode out of town in midafternoon, and he failed to stop by the Lassiters' place, as was his usual custom, but held straight on to the Half Diamond H.

Molly heard through Bart that he had returned. She expected to see him waiting for her in the little saddle in the ridge where formerly they had met of evenings, but she watched the shadows fall on three successive nights and failed to see him sky-lined there. Her school opened with twenty pupils of assorted sizes, ages and degrees of intelligence and she threw herself into this new work. As she rode home on the second night after the opening she saw Carver in the field. He waved his hat, but made no move to cross over. The next evening she motioned to him and he joined her in the road.

"They tell me you've got a family of youngsters ranging all the way from Mexicans to Bostonese," he greeted. "How's the new school?"

"Perfect," she said. "I love it."

"Now me, I'd lose my mind after the first day," he said. "Has Johnny begun to shed his milk teeth yet? It's a downright shame the boy has to lose 'em again after all the trouble he had cutting his first ones."

The girl remained silent while he made inquiries concerning a number of her charges, recalling incidents from their past lives which she had heard from fond parents and passed on to him at various times. He had dropped into his old casual vein as easily as if nothing of an unusual nature had occurred since their last meeting. But Molly found it difficult to meet his mood and chat on trivial topics. She was conscious of a certain restraint. It was fully to be expected that he would mention the one thing which was uppermost in his mind and hers, attempting to explain it by the code of his kind; but it became increasingly evident that he did not intend to refer to it. She cast about for something to say, but could discover no topic. Her mind was too exclusively occupied with that other.

"That's a good-looking new shirt you have on," she stated at last, and was angrily conscious of the inanity of the observation in view of all that was left unsaid between them. But she forced herself to go on. "I like gray. You never affect red shirts like the most of the tumbleweeds wear."

She could have screamed at the idiocy of it all, and found herself unable to proceed; but Carver inspected the sleeve of the shirt in question and took the conversation away from her, dwelling upon the topic as if her observation had been the most natural one in the world.

"Gray's not a bad color for everyday wear," he admitted. "I don't run much to red. Reason is this: There's eleven or twelve of us children at home—I forget without counting, but plenty—and the old man sometimes buys assorted job lots of clothing that has gone maybe a bit out of style. One day he turns up with an assortment of shoes. There's gray, black, tan and buckskin shades in that lot—and one pair of red button shoes."

He paused to chuckle softly at some recollection.

"The old man takes a squint at those red ones and begins to size up my feet. I stage one frenzied protest. After they'd choked me into submission and crowded my feet into those red button shoes they start me off to school and my worst fears are realized. Right down to this day I can't set round in company without wanting to shove my feet somewhere out of sight. Well, that same night I steal the old man's pistol and drop out the window. I ain't ever been back. That seems to have soured me on red for all time. I wouldn't even put red paint on my barn. That's why I don't run to loud colors; a quiet lavender shirt, maybe, for Sundays, or a soft blue-and-orange check if I want to dress up, but no red for me."

It was quite evident that he intended to hold the conversation to purely casual channels. She knew now that he had not misunderstood her; that he had assumed full responsibility for the affair, realizing that it would react against him, but believing that it would be easier for her in the end if he were the one to go through with it instead of Bart. He had known that he was locking himself outside and that explanations would be of no avail, so he was deliberately avoiding the topic.

"That's how I came to leave home," he resumed. "If ever you note any symptoms of madness in one of your pupils, why, instead of chastising him regardless, I'd suggest that you institute a search for the red button shoes in the background. Big events hinge on such trifles. Now if I'd have stepped on a bee like Ella Cranston did—I forgot to mention that I left those shoes behind in exchange for the pistol and set out barefooted—it's likely I'd have turned back and developed into a first-rate barber or a banker in place of winding up as a bronc fighter. Does Ella still persist in wearing shoes even in bright balmy weather?"

"Oh, Don! Why did you?" Molly interrupted suddenly.

"It was due to come sometime; he'd already tried for me twice," Carver said, instantly altering his vein of speech to accord with her own. "So I might as well have it out right then, I figured, and keep Bart out of it all. Then he got Brad. Brad was my friend."

"I'm sorry, Don; terribly sorry," she said.

"Don't you!" he admonished. "It just had to come up the way it did, seems like. You'd rather it was me than Bart."

"I wouldn't!" she denied fiercely. "Oh, I wouldn't! I'd a thousand times rather it was Bart!"

She hung her spurs up in her pony's flanks and the little horse darted off up the road. Carver stood looking after her.

"And I didn't know," he said. "I didn't find out till it was just too late. Don't that beat hell!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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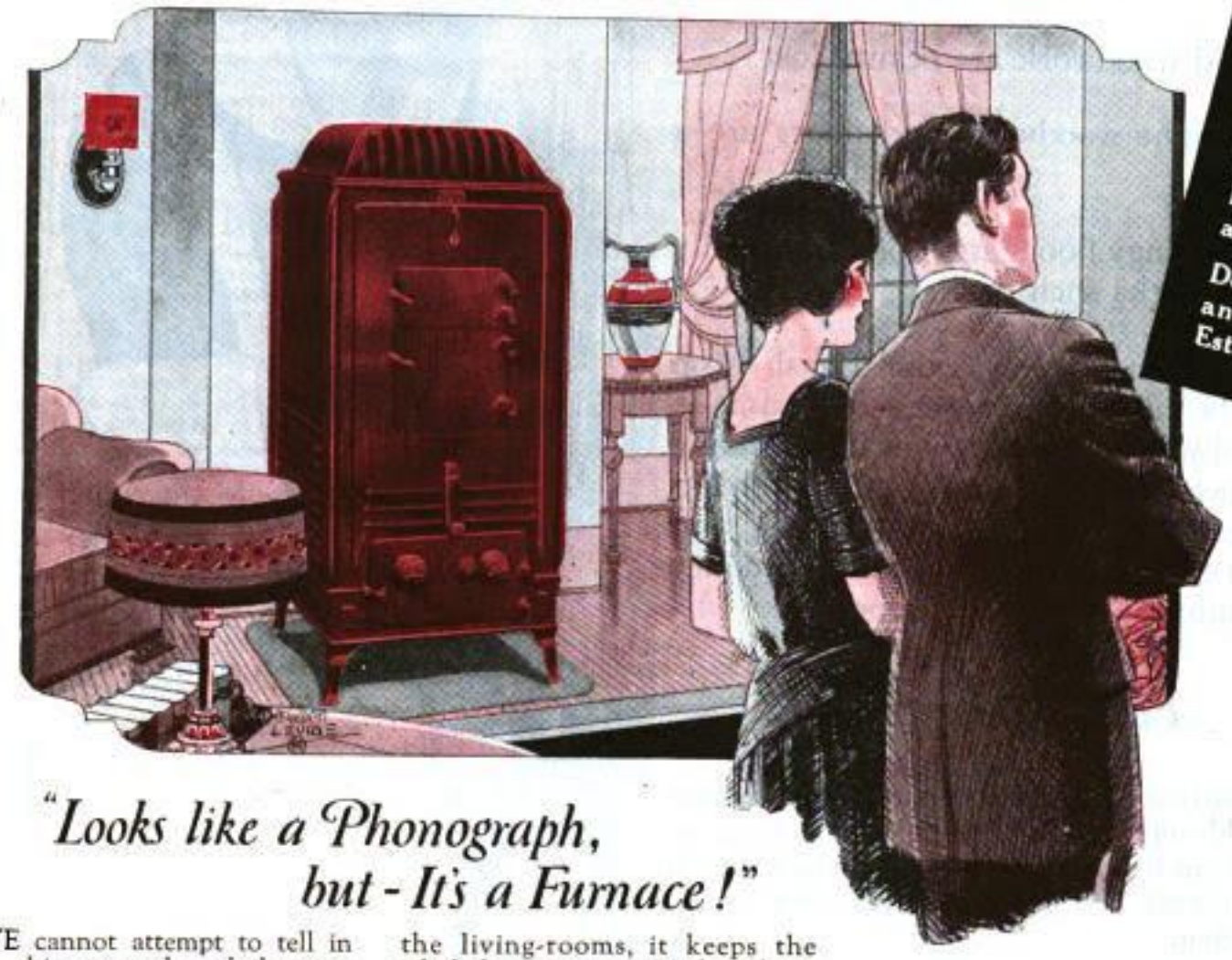
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THE MAGNETIC WEST

(Continued from Page 11)

Eli Williams, who came with his wife by private carriage, ferrying over the Calumet, disliked the Indians at Beaubien's so much that he crossed the floating log bridge to another tavern kept by Charles Taylor. This Eli it was who, over a personal note, borrowed sixty dollars to put ditches along Clark Street against the rain. But that necessary frugality was short; ten years after its incorporation Chicago was extended and divided from six to nine wards; in 1853 the land east of State Street from Twelfth Street to Chicago Avenue was drawn into a town now partitioned into the north, west and south parts; in 1857 a tenth ward was added; in 1863 it was extended again—to Egan Avenue on the south, to Western Avenue in that direction, and Fullerton Avenue on the north. The city, always growing, soon reached north of the Illinois and Michigan Canal. That was in 1869, when there were twenty wards in thirty-five square miles.

The Tremont House fronted on a slough which emptied into the river at the foot of State Street, and its porch was used as a ducking stand for that water; canvasback and mallard duck, red duck and teal were shot from the chairs ranged along its rail. But only for a little, for that briefest of periods into which the successive scenes of Chicago were pressed. The ducks, the slough, the hotel and its sedentary gunners were swept away, forgotten, with a single careless gesture. Lincoln was nominated at Chicago, in 1860, in the celebrated Wigwam that was the convention hall, less than thirty years after a drive had been organized by the twelve families of the town—fur hunters and residents, Indian traders and the keepers of taverns—upon the wolves in their streets.

The World's Fair

In 1853 the Galena Railroad was opened to Freeport, the Illinois Central continuing the Galena Air Line. The Illinois Central Company had been chartered two years before, with land grants of two million six hundred thousand acres. Seven per cent of its gross receipts were to be paid to the government, and the value of its free land rapidly increased to twenty-six million five hundred thousand dollars. The estimated cost of the road, sixteen million dollars, allowed a scant dozen investors a profit of well over ten million. It was, running for seven hundred miles, the longest road owned by one company, and it was maintained that it would empty the East.

It was, again, no time at all until the great fire at last died in the barber shop under the Tribune office. In 1867 the fifty-four baseball clubs of the Northwest held a tournament at the Union Stock Yards, at which the Rockford Club, with Spaulding, won the main prize. Potter Palmer was chosen president of the first professional baseball club; and there was a grand lottery in Crosby's Opera House—newly finished—in which the house itself was the principal reward; another was the pictures in its gallery. The opera house had cost six hundred thousand dollars and the man who won it, from Prairie du Rocher, immediately sold it back to Crosby for a third of that sum.

The Labor Congress of 1886 turned into the Haymarket Riot. A bomb in the square killed eight policemen and wounded sixty others. Six capital sentences were the result of this protest, and two monuments were erected—one for the policemen and the other for the individuals executed. The Auditorium was dedicated by the President and Adelina Patti at Christmas; the Palmer House was a Democratic headquarters, the Sherman House the haunt of the theater—of Parepa-Rosa and Weston, the walker, and of Booth. And all this, in the breathless rush of Chicago, was gathered up by the World's Fair.

That was specially interesting, for it belonged wholly to our own time, our own and yet remarkably, utterly different from the present. The Peacock Café, gorgeous with Georgian marbles and the peacock feathers in colored electric lights on a vestibule of gold mosaic, was annexed to the Boston Oyster House. The popular bars were Kern's, on La Salle Street, Chapin & Gore's on Monroe, and Schimpferman's Wine Room at Madison Street; the popular places of entertainment were the Magic Maze, the mirrors of which were new and not clouded by dust or tarnished by time, the annual Pullman road race, and John Brown's fort, moved from Harper's Ferry to Wabash Avenue.

It was enlivening in the evening to review the various electric illuminations—the lighting of Berry's Crystal Palace and at the onyx entrance of the American Oyster House; the colored lights at Lyon & Healy's were flashing, prismatic; and others were lifted brilliantly by the Great Northern Hotel and the Auditorium tower. Halsted and Madison streets formed, at night, a metropolitan corner; there was a glittering reach from the Haymarket Theater to the shop windows of Green Street; and the revolving hydrogen tubes in opticians' windows presented entrancing spectacles to the newly arrived visitor. It was an Eden of simplicity, an Arcadia, when the five upper floors of the Marshall Field Company building were for rent; when the Mentone Hotel was built from a small part of the proceeds of a subscription book called The Royal Path of Life; and when Frank Ives had his billiard parlors on Van Buren Street.

I thought of that onyx entrance to an oyster house when I was standing at the side of the balcony of a theater for moving pictures on State Street. The immense curved thrust of the balcony on a single span of a hundred and seventy feet lifted a sharp black slant of humanity to a dome then flooded with ruby light, and far below an orchestra of fifty in its oval pit was scarcely perceptible on the massed audience, dark against the coldly bright rectangle of the screen. The ruby light changed, there were glowing bands of violet and rose, and then the great space was filled with clear amber; the amber dissolved into a blue which, on the gold leaf of the dome, was like a summer sky gilt with stars. There were, in the promenades and corridors and suites of rooms, etched mirrors with borders of ultramarine joined with emerald green buttons; Spanish leather in stamped gold; white and black tiles; iron twisted and hammered and chased; ivory and mauve and vermilion; draperies of iridescent silk, claret and maroon velvets, azure damasks and satins appliquéd in gray leaves and silver.

The sheer effect—there was a gilded piano in a salon with a catawba carpet—was a bewilderment of detail, four million dollars in detail and mass, that it was impossible to grasp; but for the thronging people it was a palace of dreaming luxury. Its lights, the marbles and hangings and peach colored columns, represented the difference between attainment and desire; it was set, a glowing and romantic retreat, directly in the heart of the steel thicket, the clanging streets wrapped in shadow and bitter with cold. It was an escape from failure, an escape and a forgetfulness of drab fates and the poverty of sordid and dull surroundings.

Wilson Avenue Magic

The theater was ornate, baroque, but the bank from which my course in Chicago was largely directed, no less massive, was cool, classic with marble and bronze, granite and terra cotta; there were cornices and pilasters and balustrades, gigantic floors and wide stairways, the façade in long perspective of a celebrated chapel, copied from the great periods of pastoral Greece and filled, echoing, with the passage of a myriad feet. The tide of humanity, concerned with its deposits, its credits and hopes, swept up and around. The guarded passages to board rooms, faintly troubled with the vague multitudinous voices below, were secretive; but about the desks of the vice presidents, in open order, there was an endless stir of departure and arrival, messengers swiftly dispatched, messages scanned, instant decisions and the short irritability of telephone bells.

It, as well as the theater, was a place of dreams, dreams more golden than all others, richer or more utterly disastrous; it had, too, its crimes, together with a dreadful wisdom gained from experience of the private follies and vanities, the hidden corruption and desperate needs, of men driven by fallacious ambitions and by love.

If the center of Chicago was masculine, grim, the district above Wilson Avenue was the reverse. It, above everything, was determined to be gay, a bright region of surface extravagance and public pleasure. The streets, particularly at night, had an air of holiday; there were innumerable shop windows of finery more effective than costly, endless moving-picture shows, small apartment houses and stores of delicatessen for informal and hurried meals. The Green Mill, whose day had been before prohibition, was enveloped in the dust of neglect, in a discarded and visible disrepute; but the Marigold, once the Bismark Garden, was again flowering as a dancing pavilion. Wilson Avenue, it was clear, was in revolt against the rest of Chicago, of life; its girls, strolling in couples or in bands with lingering gaze, with slim hips and glowing cheeks, in tied furs of an admirable ingenuity, had deserted a serious existence for one where laughter was a mask and a challenge and an obligation. The men there were younger in appearance than those of other sections; their walking sticks and hats were set at sharper, jauntier angles, shoes were ornamental and trousers creased and turned as though the place owned a magic which defied age and care. The lights on the avenue, it seemed to me, were brighter than in other regions.

Panoramic Impressions

There was not, it was true, any evident concern with responsibility, with the integrity of substance ignoring mere effect; effect, precisely, was the aim, the triumph of everyone, and that was, their philosophy insisted, enough. They were tired of long drab hours in the offices of the Loop; they were weary of coming home to domestic burdens and toil; they were sick of oppressive convention. Here life was carried more lightly. It was a vicinity of admitted frivolity, maintained not without a degree of courage. The incidental lack of solidity—of safety, even—was unimportant, unnoticed, since disaster instantly hid, bore away its victims; and there were always fresh troops of girls sacrificing their dinners for a flowered hat, men living nowhere at all in the interest of a new spring suit of checks and the engagement it would adorn.

Wilson Avenue was as different as possible from the regions bounding it—the made ground and golf links of Lincoln Park and the quiet, sombre streets of the Chicago rich. Rather, they had been the streets of plenty; now they were largely deserted; the era of great stone dwellings, of mansions, in the city was over. Elaborate stone fretting or severe façades, plots of lawn with their circular beds for cannas behind iron fences, tall plate-glass windows filled with lace, and heavy-crowned portecochères, were dark and still. What was paramount in 1890 was hideous, grotesque, twenty years after. The surrounding open began to fill, from Wilmette to Kenilworth, from Winnetka to Lake Forest.

The Lincoln Park district, at the north, was connected by a chain of boulevards with the southwest part of the city. There was a continuous eighty—or was it ninety, a hundred?—miles of smooth driveway; and over the concrete, through parks and wastes, I swung from end to end. There was skating by the gray bulk of the Drake Hotel, the Gold Coast ended at Belleview Place, and Diversey Boulevard led away from the lake. Beyond the North Branch of the Chicago River Logan Boulevard lay with its three drives and trees, the Art Institute; but on Kedzie there were only low brick apartments.

An immense glass conservatory followed, boat houses, gardens and pavilions, a statue of a Pole, Karil—but the rest I missed; a street that was the longest in the world, Chicago University and the old Midway Plaisance, a copy of a boat Columbus sailed, Lake Michigan again and the South Shore Country Club. It was actually a country club in the city, but for that insufficient reason there was no lack of space, of fields for polo, for trap shooting and the fairways of golf. Plainly there were hundreds of members, and with the funds available nothing possible that was luxurious had been overlooked. It made really a new standard of decorative comfort for country clubs. The main hall, the Passegio, a tremendous sweep in blue with cream-colored balconies, was like the perfection of an ultramodern hotel. It was that, perhaps, more than a club for games



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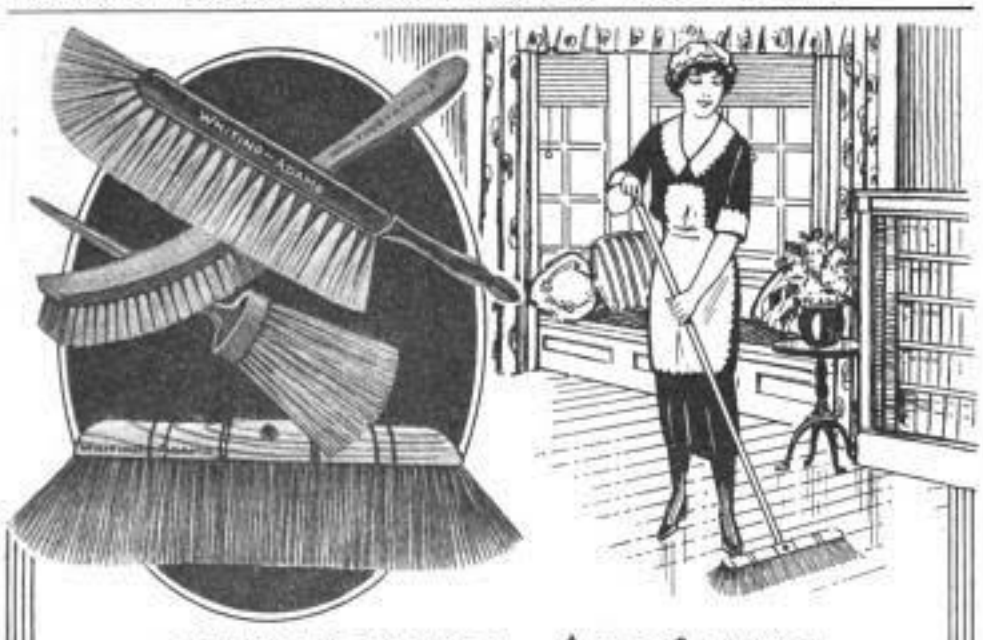


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in the open; here, at least, was an American, a Chicago development of an English institution.

In it, certainly, the open, the chance of rain and a positive mud, was discreetly admonished, kept by groups of servants—not innocent of tips—beyond the doors. The ashes of a pipe knocked anywhere would have been an act of vandalism. The truth was, I began to see, that it was a club founded upon a feminine taste; I couldn't imagine any masculine instinct enjoying it for long; a club for dances and diamonds—but not for pearls—for table-d'hôte dinners to the syncopated strings and saxophones of energetic orchestras, and for bridge parties in the morning.

Leaving, still on the system of boulevards, I recalled the jamborees, the Pottawottomi, in Robinson's house at Wolf's Point, the single fiddle of Beaubien's tavern, the Eagle; I thought of those bygone parties with no discrimination in favor of the new. I passed a coast-guard station, a municipal bathing beach, the incredible hotels of the South Side, the Cooper-Carlton and the South Shore, back to Michigan Boulevard. It was along Grand where that extraordinary migration of negroes had settled, pouring in a soft resistless stream, like black strap molasses, into the pretentious houses of the avenue and spilling into the side streets. It all now had an air of ludicrous decline; negroes formal and informal, pompous or lax, passed and repassed over the wide sidewalks, and gathered in clusters on the broad stone steps. The dwellings there, in their hour impressively select, were large, with high painted ceilings and dignified halls, and I wondered what tragic comedies, what mad mimicries were acted in them now. They had overflowed for the negro riots, when men were held against walls and shot to ribbons, but that was over; Jack Johnson's saloon was closed, and this rightful Gold Coast, bringing its title from Africa, was only grotesque. That, lost in the banality of a street of automobile agencies, ended the scope of a drive which, it appeared, had been laid in the future; it was, except for the hills and woods and pools of parks, magnificent but empty. Again Chicago would have to expand.

It was inevitable that I should see the stockyards; and though I was quite willing to meet this necessity my interest was not in the mechanical details of a magnified slaughterhouse; the neatness with which cattle and pigs were introduced to the knife, the sanitary packing rooms, the operators immaculate in white, I accepted in advance. Conditions there had changed since a pair of boots, against the floods of blood, were an indispensable part of that excursion. And in a train elevated above the depressing expanse of pens, pens trampled and empty or choked with the uneasy shifting backs of steers, over abattoirs significantly without windows, with everywhere the painted signs of names famous around the world on cans, I wondered not about the processes involved, but dwelt upon the men engaged in them.

At the Stockyards

The country was entering—or had it just left?—an era of industrial animosity; capitalists and corporations had been loudly attacked by a public not, it was my inference, stockholders in the concerns it was their aim to destroy. Of these the packers had had perhaps more than their share of discredit; and I was curious to see what in reality they were like—the packers on every scale. There was another phase of this as well—the aspect of concentration of nationalities, not only in plants but in the city of Chicago.

I didn't, however, see myself in the superior position of an investigator; I had no wish to write indignant paragraphs about oppressive wrongs, either to men or to beasts. There were ills, signal injustice, outside the stockyards, and it was probable that, as well, they existed within. I was, in the offices of not the least celebrated of the firms concerned, met with an entire courtesy and an apparent willingness that I should see, know everything. I was assured that it all would be put before me in a candor without ulterior purpose. What at once was clear was that no disposition of the office forces could have been better planned; the appointments were both practical and pleasant, the noise, under soundproof ceilings, was reduced to a minimum; and there was a general and perceptible pride of accomplishment.

The head of such an immense industry had the manner of an actual democracy; I was beside his tall desk, where he often stood in the open office, and I liked at once a level voice, an easy sweep of hair and a perceptible note of humor. What he said needed no careful thought because obviously it was fact—it had to do with humanity at large and not specially problems here involved. An industrial change, I gathered for myself, had actually occurred, or at least in the attitude, the understanding of the employers of men. They had come to prefer—to provide for—a reasonably satisfied worker to discontent. They were, where the individual was concerned, fair; the individual, taking his place in the whole machine of industry, was well regarded.

With the machine itself, since it was inevitable, I equally had no quarrel; that was automatic, inescapable today. Even on its worst, most monopolistic side it could be condemned only through the political systems, the weak government that made its evils possible. The truth was, certainly, that such corporate interests were stronger, superior to the spirit they were held to serve; their weight and power and success had become the government. My only concern, my particular purpose was to discover what in them was happening to the nation spirit I was pursuing.

That, beyond question, was in danger; its dimmest flicker was difficult to find. The presence of the evils of unfair competition didn't upset me. Indeed, their actuality, any force, however brutal, was a cause for optimism. It was power I was looking for; if that still existed the digging of proper channels for its force might well be accomplished. Power, beyond doubt, I found; but it was only in isolated men, rare exceptions.

Marvels of Organization

I discovered it in the stockyards—the new power of organization rather than of creation—and I came on it in the bank that had grown familiar to me. There it was even more encouraging, for, strangely in that situation, it had its idealistic glow. It was a force which, compelled to accept the blunders of government and firms and individuals, was yet responsible for the safety of the whole. Those vice presidents, perpetually with a slight troubled frown, of necessity curt, sending and receiving their messengers, were supports of no mean proportion. They upheld an amazing lot! It was a commonplace to think of bankers as men with hard faces and soft hands, severed from human sympathy by the walls of their gold; but what, at reassuring times, I found were men worn with insuperable burden, holding, very secretly, disastrous failure by its insecure throat. They were, it seemed, merchants of money; they sold money for profit or stored it in investments where, apparently in vaults, it multiplied; but, beyond that, they were the officers of national credit, of the financial security which now, taking the place of older virtues, was the base of governments.

Again, in a place which seemed to contain the souls of a million country stores, I found, quietly at its head, a power with a kindly, it might be a gentle spirit. The miracle of industrial coöperation he had brought about was as various and complicated as the human body. It was a vast space of all the conceivable merchandise of the world, where plows together with cotton dresses, brooms and woodworking tools, machinery and feathers, were swiftly assembled—without confusion or halt, with no shouted directions, silent but for the motion of endless belts and gravity—made into packages, finally wrapped and discharged, at ten-minute intervals, into trap cars for a reloading in trains bound for every mile of the continent.

The stores of towns and of crossroads had been absorbed; this was a service, a competition which they could not meet; and I thought of them as growing dustier, more melancholy, with every fall and spring season. They were once schools of politics and native story, places of meeting and posts of news; but those benefits, those qualities they had lost one by one, and now their primary and last usefulness was slipping away through mail orders and a rural free delivery. Benefits apparently, those two latter, oh, without doubt! But there was a loss of racial characteristics to be met; yes—of local American character. Localities in the sense of accumulated

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habit, of a birthright in the soil, were becoming a thing of the past in a space of time too short to be even considered as divisible.

Almost exclusively Chicago as a city, as an entity of builded materials, had filled my thoughts; its greatest significance, the men who had entered into it, I had neglected until now. They were brought before me, not by the city that was their fate but by the image of a country store; most of the men, the very best, had been drawn from the country. They came to Chicago in their youth, with only a little if any money at all, and their energy, their freshness and courage were welded into the invisible girders of the monumental pile. They managed to keep into a late middle age—few lived to become old—the qualities of the small places of their birth; they had on the greens of country clubs—that perversion of a familiar term—an air slightly rural, their voices preserved sectional inflections and idioms of the soil. They were, perhaps, entirely unaware of this. Certainly they became creatures wholly of the city; and they were disinclined to make sentimental excursions to villages of the past. They had grown used to advanced degrees of physical comfort; yet it was, paradoxically, the early absence of that comfort which made its eventuality possible.

They had been boys in frigid attic rooms, in sod huts of the prairie, in box cars resting under the darkness and snow of Northern woods, and they were inured to hardship, to scant fare and aching labor; they had been bred to the importance, the power and difficulties of attainment, of two bits as a piece of money. They were accustomed to desire and dreams rather than possession; and all their lives, with possessions beyond their power of hope, they were still very little concentrated on the ornate rewards of money. There wasn't, in reality, after the essentials had been more than supplied, much that they wanted to buy. They had a way of putting their money back to work, of reinvesting it, and then regarding its sheer accumulation with an almost humorous concern. They built the large houses in town and the wide houses in the country, whichever was appropriate to the day, and adopted toward them an air of detached pride.

The houses, the parties, all of Europe, were for their families, their wives and children. They gave their children every circumstance of ease and luxury; and then, sitting in their offices, momentarily forgetting the business before them, wondered, with pain at their hearts, what had got into their girls and boys. It was their parental fallacy that a boy constantly driving an imported automobile with a specially upholstered body could walk as tirelessly, as long as that other boy with acres to attend daily on his legs. Blindly they thought that girls in sheer tulle and brocaded sandals were of the same fiber as those who, in the near but dead past, had schemed and worked and sewed on a length of printed material.

Pampered and Hampered Youth

Their difficulty was even more involved; a simple holding back of funds was as hopeless as generosity; the mere presence, the fact of money bred its own desires and sullen resentments. However, I was concerned with the new generation in only a special way, in its relation to Chicago; and there, except as ornaments of its pleasure places, I was forced to admit that it was not impressive. Their fathers constantly made opportunities for them. At best they conserved, held together and sometimes highly capitalized, increased what had been created; at best they made more elaborate, or simplified, the houses into which they were born; they brought elegance to the scene; but, never faced with the bare facts, the raw materials of life, they had no chance to build edifices of their own.

The momentary poor I was not then considering, for I was faced with an American problem; and the America, the Chicago before me had its being in another and more national period. It was principally visible in the careers of a half dozen, hardly more, families that had come, each in a single youth, with perhaps a tomahawk and some steel beaver traps, to the city he was to make. Fortunate youths! They, in an absolute sense, were national; but unhappily their spirit, keen in hard bodies, they were unable to bequeath. They were not the parents of other strong sons; not they, although the land still was. For that thin stream of the ably masculine had not yet been broken; it was being renewed, continued, man by man, from the rigid simplicity of small places and smaller means. They in their turn were lost either in failure or riches; but like the soldiers of a desperate cause they advanced confidently to probable disaster.

This was more clearly to be seen in Chicago than in any other place, for Chicago drew to itself the power of the heart of the land. It attracted the able young directly or captured them from smaller cities; it secured for its banks the cashiers and tellers of little affairs, and made them into executives, presidents and directors. Chicago kept them or sent them East, where there was an insatiable cry for renewal. It was, however, conceivable that the supply of such men was not inexhaustible; it would continue only as long as the conditions of its birth were maintained.

Here, before I knew the West, I began to be aware of that spirit different from other spirits, of a land different from other lands. The suavity Chicago had developed—the University Club with its cold, accurate copy of a London guild hall; the Cliff Dwellers, where, to all obvious appearances, I so wholly belonged; the Saddle and Cycle, exclusive from the very democracy of its tradition—all this fundamentally I ignored. A beautiful Elizabethan house and lawns at Winnetka, formal dinner parties with tall wax candles seemed to me without character or importance, in precisely the way that I, as an individual, was nothing more than an onlooker.

The Beauty of Individuality

It was then that, with the beginning of understanding, an admiration warm like affection for Chicago was born. I had a sensation of recognition, the feeling of being at home. Chicago, in common with London or Paris, couldn't be imagined anywhere else; its faults, on that plane, were indistinguishable from its virtues. With the city what it was, how could it escape uproar and darkness and rapine? How could it be Chicago, America, and have the green-and-white calm, the placidity of an Attic city? And in order to see it with a greater clarity and justice, I imagined it frozen into the lagoons, the classic peristyles and façades of the World's Fair, forever art and forever clean; a vision that horrified me by its utter emptiness, its banal lack of meaning. As it was, the rawness, its corners celebrated for shotguns, the slaughtering pens, were beauty.

Chicago, strongly individual as it was, helped to hurry this unfortunate state forward; rolled incessantly in the deep resistless steam beds of its streets, individuals rapidly grew worn and empty of feature. This specially happened to what I had regarded as a native stock; alien people in their particular quarters seemed to escape the menace of a common obliteration better. The use of the word "alien" in America, where everyone only a decade before had been a stranger, seemed to demand justification; and for my purpose that term meant all those nationalities and individualities not transmutable into something recognizably and permanently American. The fault, however, lay not with the aliens, in a sense themselves searching for the Shining Mountains, but in the land. Up to a certain point of saturation America had taken them all, and with its instant magic changed them from citizens of the Old World to inhabitants of what promised to become a new.

That desirable result, in a process of reasonable assimilation, appeared successfully established. When hope and cupidity, the blindness of American industry, had let into the country such eager mobs that the absorption had come abruptly to an end, America couldn't digest them, turn them into itself; and as it grew more and more distended, swollen with foreign particles, it grew—inevitably—weaker, impotent. As its strength in that particular declined, the power, the mass of the foreign particles multiplied. No longer changed, transformed, they remained aggressively themselves. Where they settled in the country, in the wheat or the corn, among the grapevines of the East and West, it was still well; but where they gathered in cities, in Chicago, the results threatened to become fatal.

The nationalities employed by the firm in the stockyards had given me some insight into the complexities of Chicago life. The list for the month of October, in 1921,

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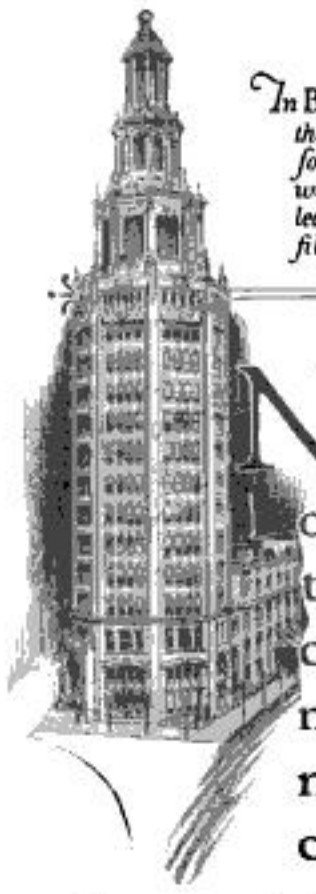
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ESTABLISHED 1853

with a total of six thousand four hundred and forty-nine, had shown only thirteen hundred and ninety-four white Americans; there were more negroes than this; and thirteen hundred and three Poles. Of the remainder only two hundred and eighty were from English colonies. The Lithuanians, Russians, Mexicans, Slovaks, Bohemians and Hungarians counted twelve hundred and seventy-six. They lived—Back of the Yards—in colonies bounded often by dead lines; they preserved their various speeches and old historic habits, untroubled by the thought of any obligation except that to a foreman or a political martinet.

They were more vital than the country, the institutions of the land to which they had come; and they existed, camped in it with a wide ignorance of the whole matched only by that of the dwindling and indifferent natives.

No one could blame the aliens, the immigrant labor; they were acting in an entirely natural manner; more than that—they were working, filling all the low and arduous places not, in the opinion of the original stock, fit for them. The attention they got on a Fourth of July in thirty languages was exclusively from smooth gentlemen interested in holding them in political pens for all the world like those of the yards.

The Cost of Greatness

In Chicago as a whole, Cook County, there were nine hundred and seventy-nine thousand five hundred and forty-one men twenty-one and more years of age; of this number two hundred and three thousand and a fraction were native white, and four hundred and forty-four thousand five hundred and fourteen foreign born; among them two hundred and five thousand seven hundred and forty-three were not citizens, they were not naturalized. In the Nineteenth Ward there were slightly over twenty-six thousand native whites and forty-six thousand three hundred and sixty-six of foreign bloods. Italy furnished fifteen thousand one hundred and ninety-nine of these; in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Seventeenth wards there were forty-three thousand one hundred and ninety Poles. The houses, the streets of the Poles were secretive, apart, sullen; but there was nothing retiring in the Italian region.

I rode over Taylor Street in an inconspicuous dark blue riot car that belonged to the police; the captain of the automobile section, his face deep in a fur collar, drove, and curtained in the back seat was an alert specialist, with a number of fingers shot from his gun hand, poised for eventualities. The setting, in the middle of the builded immensity of Chicago, was curious; it resembled the dilapidated wooden outskirts. The houses were small, various in character but alike in oppressive air; the streets were wide and sombre—long, low perspectives in a monotony of debasement—and they were flooded with shoals of dark, feverishly active children. There were, at short intervals, pool rooms, and at the entrance to each invariably stood a small group of carefully, meticulously dressed boys with smoothly brushed shining black hair. They were at once idle and obviously well provided for; and as we passed, their glittering and shadowed eyes, black like their hair, followed our course with an instant recognition. For the most part, except for their bitter shifting gaze, they were silent, motionless; but more than once there was a soft appalling threat of curses reaching above the throttled hum of the engine.

Strange Tongues

They were the gun fighters, the murderers of the city—Italy at once young and ancient in the new land of its adoption. They had been born here; to that extent they were American; their parents or grandparents had come as a rural people; but the cities had dragged them into their stone courts and defiles and wrecked the simplicity, distorted simple superstitions and passions into the evils of cold hatred. There was, close by, a celebrated house for the amelioration of just this; but, in its neighborhood on Taylor Street, whatever it might have accomplished was imperceptible; the situation was too tragically deep, too innate with all that made it possible, to be ended by what, at best, was an application of philanthropy to the surface.

But the Italians were not monopolists of the guns—so often in an army pattern—of tragic corners and lurching automobiles; there was an increasing number of other youths, who at last had become fighters in the same desperate way. They came mostly from Maxwell Street; and as the silent blue car turned there I was enveloped in the strong odor of sour distilled mash. The copper stills were everywhere on sale in handcarts lining sidewalks where not an additional figure, it seemed, could be crowded into the massed humanity, dirty in its brilliancy, bright in its dirt, and loud with the clatter of a strange tongue.

Crowding Circumstances

Again there were no individuals to blame, nothing, unfortunately, so easily satisfactory; it was the mechanical result of crowding circumstances. Within a night's ride of Chicago fifty million people were living; and they were all swept irresistibly, as if by a centripetal power, toward a common point, not far removed from the corner of Jackson Boulevard and La Salle Street.

What in the most expansive moments of local ambition had been prophesied had overwhelmingly happened: Chicago was one of the three great cities of the world. It was more native than New York; more unruly but not so depraved as London; and in spite of its bulk, a town where Paris was a city. Nothing now in the United States could be more significant, because it was an overwhelming example of an American center of civilization.

In its rude force it was admirable, even at the price of murder—always a specialty of the country—and as color, history, it was inimitable; but as a national asset and symptom, as a gate to the future, it was not reassuring. It was torn with a strife of infamous poverty and privilege that showed no sign of dwindling; and its aspect of solidity was preserved by that unceasing sacrifice of country blood and endurance.

It began to be evident that it wasn't worth what it cost; that, together with all great cities, there was a fatality in it—the breaking down of the structure of men. Chicago took the youth of the country, but it gave back nothing except Sunday excursions, spent bodies and the participants in sports. It took and took life, and life entering it never came out again. There was a fallacy abroad among the people of cities that the country existed only in order to feed them, that the country was an adjunct, a dependency of the city. The reverse, of course, was true—cities were the result of the richness, the fertility and industry of the land. When the land was exhausted the great towns, the trading posts would fall into empty neglect, desolate and echoless ruins.

The Flight From Loneliness

What happened was that people, hurrying from loneliness, from isolation, flocked tremendously together where they could hear reassuring voices, where the multitudes made possible theaters like that on State Street; and for any degree of excitement, of forgetfulness, they were willing to pay any sum. The country now, the little villages in their circles of prairie, the compact towns that were county seats, the small cities swept by strong salt tides were looked upon with something like contempt. Indeed, they regarded themselves apologetically. It couldn't be helped or cured—it was a fact. Or at least it was a fact of the present; it could not endure; for if cities continued to increase they would end by being the smoking points of the last visible life in a desert.

There were, however, signs of a realization of this—I was to find them rapidly developing in the Far West—and the boulevards of Chicago were but the first aspect of an opened and beautiful city, a city laid on resplendent and universal projects. There would, when that was completed, be nothing left of the lanes, the old familiar clothes, of the past; Chicago, scrubbed and put into a semiclassic robing—that aspect of a fair grounds—would resemble the better parts of Paris and Vienna. It couldn't be helped, no one really would wish it averted; yet I was very glad that I had known it at the height of its own vigorous youth.

I talked a long while to a power different from the vice presidents of banks, the heads

(Continued on Page 128)

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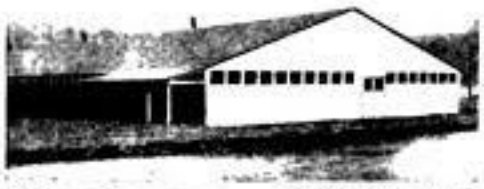
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YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

Memo
to write to Truscon Steel Co., Youngstown, O., Dept. S-12, about building problem.

(Continued from Page 126)

of great corporations; his was a different world; and in a spirit of friendliness he told me that in the event of being robbed on the street I must put my hands up at once. Give them the money, he said seriously, tapping my knee with a heavy finger. They were crazy, those boys, mad with drink and suspicions and idleness. He went on, speculating when, how, his particular fate would overtake him. It would have to be from a little distance, where he couldn't reach the pistol with his crushing hands.

He had been born Back of the Yards, a child of Chicago; Chicago had nurtured him, and in his shadowed brain he loved his city. The rich—my friends the bankers—were making it impossible for him, for the like of him to live; and he was fighting. His long expressionless face was suddenly stirred at the mouth by a flicker of pure hate. It at once startled me and filled me with interest, for the reason that, if he were moved to it, he could have arranged to have me stay perpetually the guest and the victim of his city. I thought of him at dinner in a house over which there was a peaceful atmosphere of time, as time went in Chicago; I heard his dull voice, the accents of his passionate ignorance, through a lightness of charming tones, of the cultivated phrases of art. I heard his and another voice, resonant with power, as tense and vibrant as metal.

Those two were opposed to each other in a warfare in which the latter had already triumphed; for the first time I came in contact with the civic force used, in theory, to support the law. Never before had I realized how the world, except in chance moments of personal need, was arrayed against the police. They fought the acts of criminals and the sentimentality, the weakened nerves of the rest of mankind. I had been gazing, in a room of the police department, at a large framed panel which bore the stars of the men killed on duty; and then I went in to see their chief.

He, at least, was America, strong and young and ruthless; he would have stayed with Frémont to the end or taken his packs through any sterile desert to Santa Fé. Listening to him I was charged with his ringing vitality—a detective had been shot to death in the hall of a pool room, but before he had died, from the floor he had killed the man he was sent for. This, too, was a commonplace. It was Chicago. Beyond, above that, it had the authentic accent, the spirit of a country strong enough to live.

The dinner moved on without a break in the charm, the candlelight fell on dresses like silver leaves and like roseate mists, on linen fastened with pearls; and this was Chicago as well; it was what Chicago, with privilege, might become—the ornament that leisure always added to necessity. The cultivation of Roman winters had gone into it, the suns of the Riviera, the ancient smoothness of the Thames, and, listening, those other voices, assertive and defiant, grew less clear; they were confused in the delightful babble of æsthetic trifles; and then the dessert, the end appeared, rich and sweet and unsubstantial.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Hergesheimer. The next will appear in an early issue.

THE REMINISCENCES OF A STOCK OPERATOR

(Continued from Page 15)

would never cross. I was not sure I'd ever even see him again. But on the very next day he wrote me a letter thanking me for my offers of help and inviting me to come and see him. I answered that I would. He wrote again. I called.

"I got to see a great deal of him. It was always a pleasure for me to listen to him, he knew so much and he expressed his knowledge so interestingly. I think he is the most magnetic man I ever met.

"We talked of many things, for he is a widely read man with an amazing grasp of many subjects and a remarkable gift for interesting generalization. The wisdom of his speech is impressive. I have heard many people accuse Percy Thomas of many things, including insincerity, but I sometimes wonder if his remarkable plausibility does not come from the fact that he first convinces himself so thoroughly as to acquire thereby a greatly increased power to convince others.

"Of course we talked about market matters at great length. I was not bullish on cotton, but he was. I could not see the bull side at all, but he did. He brought up so many facts and figures that I ought to have been overwhelmed, but I wasn't. I couldn't disprove them because I could not deny their authenticity, but they did not shake my belief in what I read for myself. But he kept at it until I no longer felt sure of my own information as gathered from the trade papers and the dailies. That meant I couldn't see the market with my own eyes. A man cannot be convinced against his own convictions, but he can be talked into a state of uncertainty and indecision, which is even worse, for that means that he cannot trade with confidence.

"I cannot say that I got all mixed up, exactly, but I lost my poise; or rather, I ceased to do my own thinking. I cannot give you in detail the various steps by which I reached the state of mind that was to prove so costly to me. I think it was his assurances of the accuracy of his figures, which were exclusively his, and the undependability of mine, which were not exclusively mine, but public property. In the end I came to read conditions as he himself read them—because we were both reading from the same page of the same book, held by him before my eyes. He has a logical mind. Once I accepted his facts it was a cinch that my own conclusions, derived from his facts, would agree with his own.

"When he began his talks with me about the cotton situation I not only was bearish but I was short of the market. Gradually, as I began to accept his facts and figures, I began to fear I had been basing my previous position on misinformation. Of course I could not feel that way and not cover; and once I had covered because Thomas made me think I was wrong, I simply had to go long. It is the way my mind works. You know, I have done nothing in my life but trade in stocks and commodities. I naturally think that if it is wrong to be bearish it must be right to be a bull. And if it is right to be a bull it is imperative to buy. As my old Palm Beach friend said Pat Hearne used to say, 'You can't tell till you bet!' I must prove whether I am right on the market or not; and the proofs are to be read only in my brokers' statements at the end of the month.

"I started in to buy cotton and in a jiffy I had my usual line, about sixty thousand bales. It was the most asinine play of my career. Instead of standing or falling by my own observation and deductions I was merely playing another man's information. It was eminently fitting that my sucker plays should not end with that. I not only bought when I had no business to be bullish but I didn't accumulate my line in accordance with the promptings of experience. I wasn't trading right. Having listened, I was lost.

"The market was not going my way. I am never afraid or impatient when I am sure of my position. But the market didn't act the way it should have acted had Thomas been right. Having taken the first wrong step I took the second and the third, and of course it muddled me all up. I allowed myself to be persuaded not only into not taking my loss but into holding up the market. That is a style of play foreign to my nature and contrary to my trading principles and theories. Even as a boy in the bucket shops I had known better.

"I not only was long of cotton but I was carrying a heavy line of wheat. That was doing famously and showed me a handsome profit. My fool efforts to bolster up cotton had increased my line to about one hundred and fifty thousand bales. I may tell you that about this time I was not feeling very well. I don't say this to furnish an excuse for my blunders, but merely to state a pertinent fact. I remember I went to Bayshore for a rest.

"While there I did some thinking. It seemed to me that my speculative commitments were overlarge. I am not timid as a rule, but I got to feeling nervous and that made me decide to lighten my load. To do this I must clean up either the cotton or the wheat.

Watch This Column

New Series of
"The Leather Pushers"



All the world laughed at the "LEATHER PUSHERS"—the Universal-Jewel-Collier's Weekly series, and learned to love the Society Pugilist who fought to redeem his father's fortune, and his Manager, whose patience and humor were so curiously intermingled.

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The second edition of the H. C. Witwer stories is now in the making and I am watching them with the keenest interest. My whole heart and soul are behind them. Reginald Denny still continues in the role of Champion "Kid Roberts" and Hayden Stevenson will continue as the genial and big-hearted manager.

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"It seems incredible that knowing the game as well as I did and with an experience of twelve or fourteen years of speculating in stocks and commodities I did precisely the wrong thing. The cotton showed me a loss and I kept it. The wheat showed me a profit and I sold it out. It was an utterly foolish play. Of all speculative blunders there are few greater than trying to average a losing game. My cotton deal proved it to the hilt a little later. Always sell what shows you a loss and keep what shows you a profit. That was so obviously the wise thing to do and was so well known to me that even now I marvel at my doing the reverse.

"And so I sold my wheat, deliberately cut short my profit in it. After I got out of it the price went up twenty cents a bushel without stopping. If I had kept it I might have taken a profit of about eight million dollars. And having decided to keep on with the losing proposition I bought more cotton!

"I remember very clearly how every day I would buy cotton, more cotton. And why do you think I bought it? To keep the price from going down! If that isn't a supersucker play, what is? I simply kept on putting up more and more money—more money to lose eventually. My brokers and my intimate friends could not understand it; and they don't to this day. Of course if the deal had turned out differently I would have been a wonder. But I kept on buying cotton to keep it from going down. I was even buying it in Liverpool. I accumulated four hundred and forty thousand bales before I realized what I was doing. And then it was too late. So I sold out my line.

"I lost nearly all that I had made out of all my other deals in stocks and commodities. I was not completely cleaned out, but I had left fewer hundreds of thousands than I had millions before I violated all the laws that experience had taught me to observe in order to prosper.

"To learn that a man can make foolish plays for no reason whatever was a valuable lesson. It cost me millions to learn that another dangerous enemy to a trader is his susceptibility to the urgings of a magnetic personality when plausibly expressed by a brilliant mind. It has always seemed to me, however, that I might have learned my lesson quite as well if the cost had been only one million. But Fate does not always let you fix the tuition fee. She delivers the educational wallop and presents her own bill, knowing you have to pay it, no matter what the amount may be. Having learned what folly I was capable of I closed that particular incident. Percy Thomas went out of my life. Oh, yes, there are details, but if I told them all you would have to write a book about him."

Fleet-Winged Fortune

"There I was, with more than nine-tenths of my stake, as Jim Fisk used to say, gone where the woodbine twineth—up the spout. I had been a millionaire rather less than a year. My millions I had made by using brains, helped by luck. I had lost them by reversing the process. I sold my two yachts and was decidedly less extravagant in my manner of living.

"But that one blow wasn't enough. Luck was against me. I ran up against illness in my family and troubles and annoyances that did not tend to make me more philosophical. My troubles culminated in the urgent need of two hundred thousand dollars in cash to help a member of my family. A few months before, that sum would have been nothing at all; but now it meant almost the entire remnant of my fleet-winged fortune. I had promised to supply the money and I had to keep my word. The question was: Where could I get it? I didn't want to take it out of the balance I kept at my brokers' because if I did I wouldn't have much of a margin left for my own trading; and I needed trading facilities more than ever if I was to win back my millions quickly. There was only one alternative that I could see, and that was to take it out of the stock market!

"I think that of all the mistakes I made after coming to New York that decision was the biggest, the least excusable, the most asinine. I decided to make the stock market pay for it!

"Just think of it! If you know much about the average customer of the average commission house you will agree with me that the hope of making the stock market pay your bills is one of the most prolific sources of loss in Wall Street. You will chip out all you have if you adhere to your determination.

"Why, in Harding's office one winter a little bunch of high flyers spent thirty or forty thousand dollars for an overcoat—and not one of them lived to wear it. It so happened that a prominent floor trader—who since has become world-famous as one of the dollar-a-year men—came down to the Exchange wearing a fur overcoat lined with sea otter. In those days, before furs went up sky high, that coat was valued at only ten thousand dollars. Well, one of the chaps in Harding's office, Bob Keown, decided to get a coat lined with Russian sable. He priced one. The cost was about the same, ten thousand dollars.

"'That's the devil of a lot of money,' objected one of the fellows.

"'Oh, fair! Fair!' admitted Bob Keown amiably. 'About a week's wages—unless you guys promise to present it to me as a slight but sincere token of the esteem in which you hold the nicest man in the office. Do I hear the presentation speech? No? Very well. I shall let the stock market buy it for me!'

"'Why do you want a sable coat?' asked Ed Harding.

"'It would look particularly well on a man of my inches,' replied Bob, drawing himself up.

"'And how did you say you were going to pay for it?' asked Jim Murphy, who was the star tip chaser of the office."

Wall Street Hoodoos

"'By a judicious investment of a temporary character, James. That's how,' answered Bob, who knew that Murphy merely wanted a tip.

"Sure enough, Jimmy asked, 'What stock are you going to buy?'

"'Wrong as usual, friend. This is no time to buy anything. I propose to sell five thousand Steel. It ought to go down ten points at the least. I'll just take two and a half points net. That is conservative, isn't it?'

"'What do you hear about it?' asked Murphy eagerly. He was a tall thin man with black hair and a hungry look, due to his never going out to lunch for fear of missing something on the tape.

"'I hear that coat's the most becoming I ever planned to get.' He turned to Harding: 'Ed, sell five thousand U. S. Steel common at the market. Today, darling!'

"He was a plunger, Bob was, and liked to indulge in humorous talk. It was his way of letting the world know that he had an iron nerve. He sold five thousand Steel, and the stock promptly went up. Not being half as big an ass as he seemed when he talked, Bob stopped his loss at one and a half points and confided to the office that the New York climate was too benign for fur coats. They were unhealthy and ostentatious. The rest of the fellows jeered. But it was not long before one of them bought some Union Pacific to pay for the coat. He lost eighteen hundred dollars and said sables were all right for the outside of a woman's wrap, but not for the inside of a garment intended to be worn by a modest and intelligent man.

"After that, one after another of the fellows tried to coax the market to pay for that coat. One day I said I would buy it to keep the office from going broke. But they all said that it wasn't a sporting thing to do; that if I wanted the coat for myself I ought to let the market give it to me. But Ed Harding strongly approved of my intention and that same afternoon I went to the furrier's to buy it. I found out that a man from Chicago had bought it the week before.

"That was only one case. There isn't a man in Wall Street who has not lost money trying to make the market pay for an automobile or a bracelet or a motor boat or a painting. I could build a huge hospital with the birthday presents that the tight-fisted stock market has refused to pay for. In fact, of all hoodoos in Wall Street I think the resolve to induce the stock market to act as a fairy godmother is the busiest and most persistent.

"Like all well-authenticated hoodoos this has its reason for being. What does a man do when he sets out to make the stock market pay for a sudden need? Why, he merely hopes. He gambles. He therefore runs much greater risks than he would if he were speculating intelligently, in accordance with opinions or beliefs logically arrived at after a dispassionate study of

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underlying conditions. To begin with, he is after an immediate profit. He cannot afford to wait. The market must be nice to him at once if at all. He flatters himself that he is not asking more than to place an even-money bet. Because he is prepared to run quick—say, stop his loss at two points when all he hopes to make is two points—he hugs the fallacy that he is merely taking a fifty-fifty chance. Why, I've known men to lose thousands of dollars on such trades, particularly on purchases made at the height of a bull market just before a moderate reaction. It certainly is no way to trade.

"Well, that crowning folly of my career as a stock operator was the last straw. It beat me. I lost what little my cotton deal had left me. It did even more harm, for I kept on trading—and losing. I persisted in thinking that the stock market must perforce make money for me in the end. But the only end in sight was the end of my resources. I went into debt, not only to my principal brokers but to other houses that accepted business from me without my putting up an adequate margin. I not only got in debt but I stayed in debt from then on.

"There I was, once more broke, which was bad, and dead wrong in my trading, which was a sight worse. I was sick, nervous, upset and unable to reason calmly. That is, I was in the frame of mind in which no speculator should be when he is trading. Everything went wrong with me. Indeed, I began to think that I could not recover my departed sense of proportion. Having grown accustomed to swinging a big line—say, more than a hundred thousand shares of stock—I feared I would not show good judgment trading in a small way. It scarcely seemed worth while being right when all you carried was a hundred shares of stock. After the habit of taking a big profit on a big line I wasn't sure I would know when to take my profit on a small line. I can't describe to you how weaponless I felt. I surely was in a bad way.

"Broke again and incapable of assuming the offensive vigorously. In debt and wrong! After all those long years of successes, tempered by mistakes that really served to pave the way for greater successes, I was now worse off than when I began in the bucket shops. I had learned a great deal about the game of stock speculation, but I had not learned quite so much about the play of human weaknesses. There is no mind so machinelike that you can depend upon it to function with equal efficiency at all times. I now learned that I could not trust myself to remain equally unaffected by men and misfortunes at all times."

Beaten by the Game

"Money losses have never worried me in the slightest. But other troubles could and did. I studied my disaster and of course found no difficulty in seeing just where I had been silly. I spotted the exact time and place. A man must know himself thoroughly if he is going to make a good job out of trading in the speculative markets. To know what I was capable of in the line of folly was a long educational step. I sometimes think that no price is too high for a speculator to pay to learn that which will keep him from getting the swelled head. A great many smashes by brilliant men can be traced directly to the swelled head—an expensive disease everywhere to everybody, but particularly to a speculator.

"I was not happy in New York, feeling the way I did. I didn't want to trade, because I wasn't in good trading trim. I decided to go away and seek a stake elsewhere. The change of scene could help me to find myself again, I thought. So once more I left New York, beaten by the game of speculation. I was worse than broke, since I owed over one hundred thousand dollars spread among various brokers.

"I went to Chicago and there found a stake. It was not a very substantial stake, but that merely meant that I would need a little more time to win back my fortune. A house that I had done business with once had faith in my ability as a trader and they were willing to prove it by allowing me to trade in their office in a small way.

"I began very conservatively. I don't know how I might have fared had I stayed there. But one of the most remarkable experiences in my career cut short my stay in Chicago. It is an almost incredible story.

"One day I got a telegram from Lucius Tucker. I had known him when he was the office manager of a Stock Exchange firm that I had at times given some business to, but I had lost track of him. The telegram read:

Come to New York at once. L. TUCKER.

"I knew that he knew from mutual friends how I was fixed and therefore it was certain he had something up his sleeve. At the same time I had no money to throw away on an unnecessary trip to New York; so instead of doing what he asked me to do I got him on the long distance.

"'I got your telegram,' I said. 'What does it mean?'

"'It means that a big banker in New York wants to see you,' he answered.

"'Who is it?' I asked. I couldn't imagine who it could be.

"'I'll tell you when you get to New York. No use otherwise.'

"'You say he wants to see me?'

"'He does.'

"'What about?'

"'He'll tell you that in person if you give him a chance,' said Lucius.

"'Can't you write me?'

"'No.'

"'Then tell me more plainly,' I said.

"'I don't want to.'

"'Look here, Lucius,' I said, 'just tell me this much: Is this a fool trip?'

"'Certainly not. It will be to your advantage to come.'

"'Can't you give me an inkling?'

"'No,' he said. 'It wouldn't be fair to him. And besides, I don't know just how much he wants to do for you. But take my advice: Come, and come quick.'

"'Are you sure it is I that he wishes to see?'

"'Nobody else but you will do. Better come, I tell you. Telegraph me what train you take and I'll meet you at the station.'

"'Very well,' I said and hung up."

Back to New York

"I didn't like quite so much mystery, but I knew that Lucius was friendly and that he must have a good reason for talking the way he did. I wasn't faring so sumptuously in Chicago that it would break my heart to leave it. At the rate I was trading it would be a long time before I could get together enough money to operate on the old scale.

"I came back to New York, not knowing what would happen. Indeed, more than once during the trip I feared nothing at all would happen and that I'd be out my railroad fare and my time. I could not guess that I was about to have the most curious experience of my entire life.

"Lucius met me at the station and did not waste any time in telling me that he had sent for me at the urgent request of Mr. Daniel Williamson, of the well-known Stock Exchange house of Williamson & Brown. Mr. Williamson told Lucius to tell me that he had a business proposition to make to me that he was sure I would accept, since it would be very profitable for me. Lucius swore he didn't know what the proposition was. The character of the firm was a guaranty that nothing improper would be demanded of me.

"Dan Williamson was the senior member of the firm, which was founded by Egbert Williamson way back in the '70's. There was no Brown and hadn't been one in the firm for years. The house had been very prominent in Dan's father's time and Dan had inherited a considerable fortune and didn't go after much outside business. They had one customer who was worth many average customers, and that was Alvin Marquand, who in addition to being a director in several large corporations was heavily interested in the Chesapeake and Atlantic Railroad system.

"Lucius told me he had just accepted a position with Williamson & Brown—one that was made for him. He was supposed to be a sort of circulating general business getter. The firm was after a general commission business and Lucius had induced Mr. Williamson to open a couple of branch offices, one in one of the big hotels uptown and the other in Chicago. I rather gathered that I was going to be offered a position in the latter place, possibly as office manager, which was something I would not accept. I didn't jump on Lucius because I thought I'd better wait until the offer was made before I refused it.

"Lucius took me into Mr. Williamson's private office, introduced me to his chief and left the room.

(Continued on Page 133)

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The New Diamond Tire with the Double Diamond Tread represents the highest development of fabric construction. Sturdy, rut-resisting side walls—a heavier, longer wearing tread—the quality and skill which Diamond experience has put into tire construction—all these have combined to give you a tire which will be a wonder for service.

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Before you replace your old furnace or select the heating plant for your new home, send for the "Sunbeam Book". This book contains worth-while information on this most vital subject. Send for a copy today and get the name of our nearest dealer.

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SUNBEAM

PIPE *and* PIPELESS FURNACES

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(Continued from Page 130)

"Mr. Williamson was very pleasant. He was a thorough gentleman, with polished manners and a kindly smile. I could see that he made friends easily and kept them. Why not? He was healthy and therefore good-humored. He had slathers of money and therefore could not be suspected of sordid motives. These things, together with his education and social training, made it easy for him to be not only polite but friendly, and not only friendly but helpful.

"I said nothing. I had nothing to say and, besides, I always let the other man have his say in full before I do any talking. Somebody told me that the late James Stillman, president of the National City Bank, made it his practice to listen in silence, with an impassive face, to anybody who brought a proposition to him. After the man got through Mr. Stillman continued to look at him, as though the man had not finished. So the man, feeling urged to say something more, did so. Simply by looking and listening Stillman often made the man offer terms much more advantageous to the bank than he had meant to offer when he began to speak.

"I don't keep silent just to induce people to offer a better bargain, but because I like to know all the facts of the case. By letting a man have his say in full you are able to decide at once. It is a great timesaver. It averts debates and prolonged discussions that get nowhere. Nearly every business proposition that is brought to me can be settled, as far as my participation in it is concerned, by my saying yes or no. But I cannot say yes or no right off unless I have the complete proposition before me."

A Chance to Come Back

"Dan Williamson did the talking and I did the listening. He told me he had heard a great deal about my operations in the stock market and how he regretted that I had gone outside of my bailiwick and come a cropper in cotton. Still it was to my bad luck that he owed the pleasure of that interview with me. He thought my forte was the stock market, that I was born for it and that I should not stray from it.

"'And that is the reason, Mr. Livingston,' he concluded pleasantly, 'why we wish to do business with you.'

"'Do business how?' I asked him.

"'Be your brokers,' he said. 'My firm would like to do your stock business.'

"'I'd like to give it to you,' I said, 'but I can't.'

"'Why not?' he asked.

"'I haven't any money,' I answered.

"'That part is all right,' he said with a friendly smile. 'I'll furnish it.' He took out a pocket check book, wrote out a check for twenty-five thousand dollars to my order, and gave it to me.

"'What's this for?' I asked.

"'For you to deposit in your own bank. You will draw your own checks. I want you to do your trading in our office. I don't care whether you win or lose. If that money goes I will give you another personal check. So you don't have to be so very careful with this one. See?'

"I knew that the firm was too rich and prosperous to need anybody's business, much less to give a fellow the money to put up as margin. And then he was so nice about it! Instead of giving me a credit with the house he gave me the actual cash, so that he alone knew where it came from, the only string being that if I traded I should do so through his firm. And then the promise that there would be more if that went! Still, there must be a reason.

"'What's the idea?' I asked him.

"'The idea is simply that we want to have a customer in this office who is known as a big active trader. Everybody knows that you swing a big line on the short side, which is what I particularly like about you. You are known as a plunger.'

"'I still don't get it,' I said.

"'I'll be frank with you, Mr. Livingston. We have two or three very wealthy customers who buy and sell stocks in a big way. I don't want the Street to suspect them of selling long stock every time we sell ten or twenty thousand shares of any stock. If the Street knows that you are trading in our office it will not know whether it is your short selling or the other customers' long stock that is coming on the market.'

"I understood at once. He wanted to cover up Marquand's operations with my reputation as a plunger! It so happened that I had made my biggest killing on the bear side a year and a half before, and, of course, the Street gossips and the stupid rumor mongers had acquired the habit of blaming me for every decline in prices. To this day when the market is very weak they say I am raiding it.

"I didn't have to reflect. I saw at a glance that Dan Williamson was offering me a chance to get back and get back quick. I took the check, banked it, opened an account with his firm and began trading. It was a good active market, broad enough for a man not to have to stick to one or two specialties. I had begun to fear, as I told you, that I had lost the knack of hitting it right. But it seems I hadn't. In three weeks' time I had made a profit of one hundred and twelve thousand dollars out of the twenty-five thousand that Dan Williamson lent me.

"I went to him and said, 'I've come to pay you back that twenty-five thousand dollars.'

"'No, no!' he said and waved me away exactly as if I had offered him a castor-oil cocktail. 'No, no, my boy. Wait until your account amounts to something. Don't think about it yet. You've only got chicken feed there.'

"I should have insisted on his taking the money. I was on my way to a bigger fortune than I had lost and walking pretty fast. For three weeks my average profit was 150 per cent per week. From then on my trading would be on a steadily increasing scale. But instead of freeing myself from all obligation I let him have his way and did not compel him to accept the twenty-five thousand dollars. Of course, since he didn't draw out the twenty-five thousand dollars he had advanced me I felt I could not very well draw out my profit. I was very grateful to him, but I am so constituted that I don't like to owe money or favors. I can pay the money back with money, but the favors and kindnesses I must pay back in kind—and you are apt to find these moral obligations mighty high priced at times. Moreover there is no statute of limitations.

"I left the money undisturbed and resumed my trading. I was getting on very nicely. I was recovering my poise and I was sure it would not be very long before I should get back into my 1907 stride. Once I did that, all I'd ask for would be for the market to hold out a little while and I'd more than make up my losses. But making or not making the money was not bothering me much. What made me happy was that I was losing the habit of being wrong, of not being myself. It had played havoc with me but I had learned my lesson.

"Just about that time I turned bear and began to sell short several railroad stocks. Among them was Chesapeake & Atlantic. I think I put out a short line in it; about eight thousand shares."

Tied Up by Gratitude

"One morning when I got downtown Dan Williamson called me into his private office before the market opened and said to me: 'Larry, don't do anything in Chesapeake & Atlantic just now. That was a bad play of yours, selling eight thousand short. I covered it for you this morning in London and went long.'

"I was sure Chesapeake & Atlantic was going down. My tape reading told it to me quite plainly; and besides I was bearish on the whole market, not violently or insanely bearish, but enough to feel comfortable with a moderate short line out. I said to Williamson, 'What did you do that for? I am bearish on the whole market and they are all going lower.'

"But he just shook his head and said, 'I did it because I happen to know something about Chesapeake & Atlantic that you couldn't know. My advice to you is not to sell that stock short until I tell you it is safe to do so.'

"What could I do? That wasn't an asinine tip. Dan was not only Alvin Marquand's closest friend but he had been kind and generous to me. He had shown his faith in me and confidence in my word. I couldn't do less than to thank him. And so my feelings again won over my judgment and I gave in. To subordinate my judgment to his desires was the undoing of me. Gratitude is something a decent man can't help feeling, but it is for a fellow to keep it from completely tying him up. The first thing I knew I not only had lost all my profit but I owed the firm one hundred and fifty thousand dollars besides. I felt pretty badly about it, but Dan told me not to worry.

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"Again I ask you: What could I do? I thought of his kindliness and I could not do anything that might be construed as lacking in appreciation. I had grown to like him. He was very pleasant and friendly. I remember that all I got from him was encouragement. He kept on assuring me that everything would come out O.K. One day, perhaps six months later, he came to me with a pleased smile and gave me some credit slips.

"'I told you I would pull you out of that hole,' he said, 'and I have.' And then I discovered that not only had he wiped out the debt entirely but I had a small credit balance besides.

"I think I could have run that up without much trouble, for the market was right, but he said to me, 'I have bought you ten thousand shares of Central Atlantic.' I happened to know that that was another road in which Marquand was interested.

"When a man does for you what Dan Williamson did for me you can't say anything but 'Thank you'—no matter what your market views may be. You may be sure you're right, but as Pat Hearne used to say: 'You can't tell till you bet!' and Dan Williamson had bet for me—with his money.

"Well, Central Atlantic went down and stayed down and I lost, I forget how much, on my ten thousand shares before Dan sold me out. I owed him more than ever. But you never saw a nicer or less importunate creditor in your life. Never a whimper from him. Instead, encouraging words and admonitions not to worry about it. In the end the loss was made up for me in the same generous way."

Lessons From Losses

"He gave no details whatever. They were all numbered accounts. Dan Williamson would just say to me, 'We made up your Central Atlantic loss with profits on this other deal,' and he'd tell me how he had sold seventy-five hundred shares of some other stock and made a nice thing out of it. I can truthfully say that I never knew a blessed thing about those trades of mine until I was told that the indebtedness was wiped out.

"After that happened several times I began to think, and I got to look at my case from a different angle. Finally I tumbled. It was plain that I had been used by Dan Williamson. As soon as I had gone over the whole thing in my mind I went to Dan Williamson, told him I was through, and I quit the office of Williamson & Brown. I had no words with him or any of his partners. What possible good would that have done me? But I will admit that I was sore—at myself quite as much as at Williamson & Brown.

"The loss of the money didn't bother me. Whenever I have lost money in the stock market I have always considered that I have learned something; that if I have lost money I have gained experience, so that the money really went for a tuition fee. A man has to have experience and he has to pay for it. But there was something that hurt a whole lot in that experience of mine in Dan Williamson's office, and that was the loss of a great opportunity. The money a man loses is nothing; he can make it up. But opportunities such as I had then do not come every day.

"The market, you see, had been a fine trading market. I was right; I mean, I was reading it accurately. The opportunity to make millions was there. But I allowed my gratitude to interfere with my play. I tied my own hands. I had to do what Dan Williamson in his kindness wished done. Altogether it was more unsatisfactory than doing business with a relative. Bad business!

"And that wasn't the worst thing about it. It was that after that there was practically no opportunity for me to make big money. The market flattened out. It wasn't there. Things drifted from bad to worse. I not only lost all I had but got into debt again—more heavily than ever. Those were long lean years, 1911, 1912, 1913 and 1914. There was no money to be made. The opportunity simply wasn't there and so I was worse off than ever."

Five Lean Years

"It isn't so uncomfortable to lose when the loss is not accompanied by a poignant vision of what might have been. That was precisely what I could not keep my mind from dwelling on, and of course it unsettled me further. I learned that the weaknesses to which a speculator is prone are almost numberless. It was proper for me as a man to act the way I did in Dan Williamson's office, but it was improper and unwise for me as a speculator to allow myself to be influenced by any consideration to act against my own judgment. *Noblesse oblige*—but not in the stock market, because the tape is not chivalrous and moreover does not reward loyalty. I realize that I couldn't have acted differently. I couldn't make myself over just because I wished to trade in the stock market. But business is business always, and my business as a speculator is to back my own judgment always.

"It was a very curious experience. I'll tell you what I think happened. Dan Williamson was perfectly sincere in what he told me when he first saw me. Every time his firm did a few thousand shares in any one stock the Street jumped at the conclusion that Alvin Marquand was buying or selling. He was the big trader of the office, to be sure, and he gave this firm all his business; and he was one of the best and biggest traders in Wall Street. Well, I was to be used as a smoke screen, particularly for Marquand's selling.

"It was much cheaper for them to let me get into debt and then to pay off the debt than to have me in some other office operating actively on the bear side. That is precisely what I would have been doing but for my feeling that I must not allow myself to be outdone in decency by Dan Williamson.

"I have always considered this the most interesting and most unfortunate of all my experiences as a stock operator. As a lesson it cost a disproportionately high price. It put off the time of my recovery several years.

"I was young enough to wait with patience for the strayed millions to come back. But five years is a long time for a man to be poor. Young or old, it is not to be relished. I could do without the yachts a great deal easier than I could without a market to come back on. The greatest opportunity of a lifetime was holding before my very nose the purse I had lost. I could not put out my hand and reach for it."

Livingston finished talking and looked at me.

"Are you friendly?" I asked.

"Certainly we are friendly," he answered. "Why not?"

I looked at him.

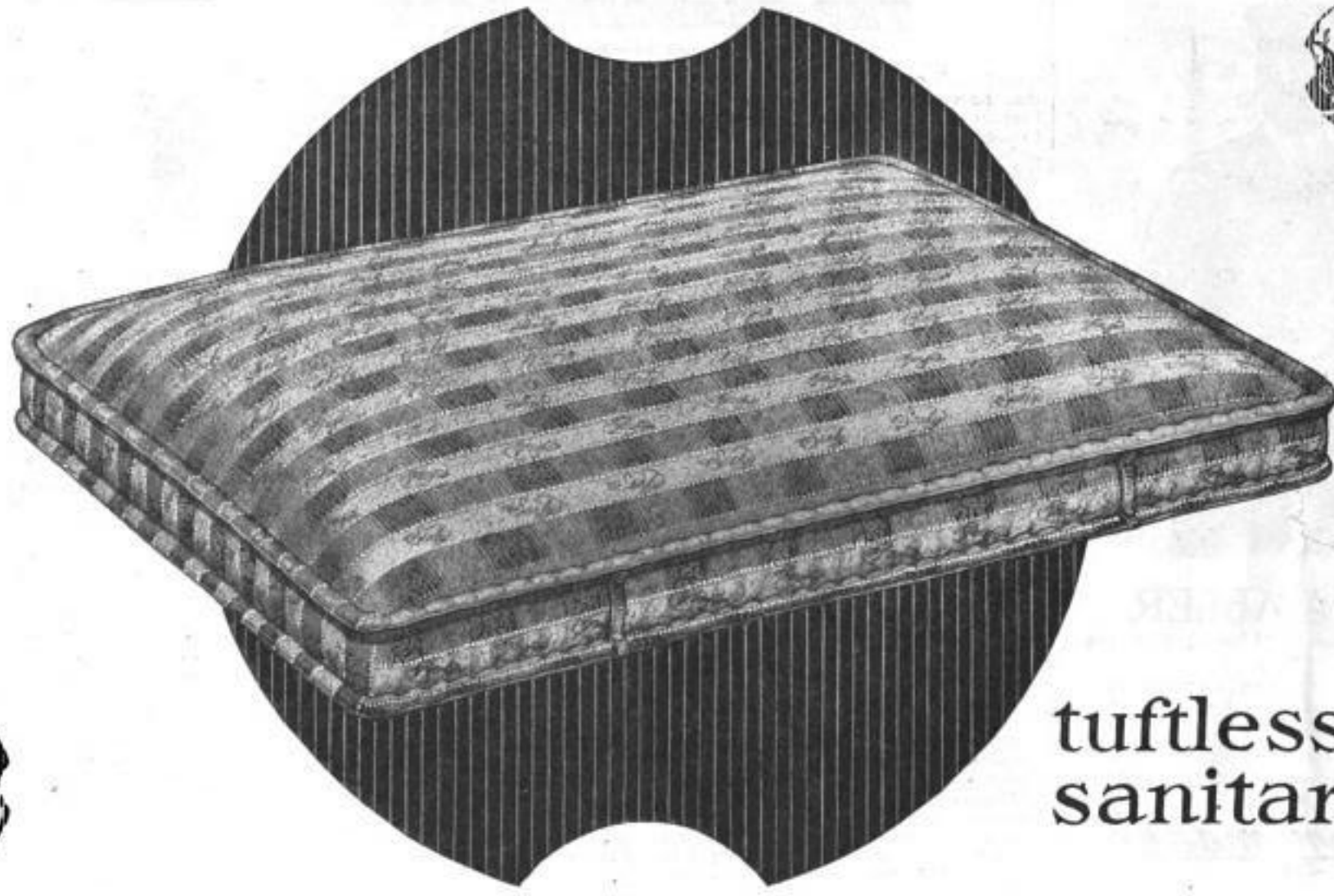
"Certainly you are friendly," I echoed.

There wasn't any Wall Street reason why they shouldn't be.

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of articles by Mr. Lefèvre. The next will appear in an early issue.



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THE CHANGING EAST

(Continued from Page 19)

seventeenth century it is natural to infer that he was probably the father of the bargain offering, a fact that one is not apt to associate with the Orient, especially at a time when the Japanese were practically isolated from the rest of the world.

That seventeenth-century shop at Yedo, with its paper walls, was the forerunner of the imposing Mitsukoshi Department Store which occupies nearly a whole Tokio block today. It is the largest establishment of its kind east of Suez. Its stone tower dominates the capital and on its eight floors you find every facility of modern merchandising. It is as complete as any of the vast shopping emporiums in New York, Philadelphia or Chicago. That ancient rule of "Cash down at fixed prices" still obtains.

Hachirobei was not only fertile of resource but ambitious. In 1690 he persuaded the Shogunate to adopt a system of exchange for the transmission of moneys from its Osaka treasury to Yedo, and was appointed to undertake the task. It was the first time that such government work was carried on by a private firm. The Mitsuis continued to engage in it until the fall of the Shogunate in the late 1860's. They were retained under the Restoration and in 1871 issued the first government paper money.

A Precedent for Rothschild

Hachirobei now reached out beyond the confines of his own country. At that time foreign trade in Japan was carried on only at Nagasaki. Japanese merchants were not permitted to deal directly with foreign traders, who were mainly Portuguese, but a small body was specially privileged to buy imported goods. Japanese firms were compelled to keep agents at Nagasaki to buy merchandise from this group. Hachirobei established an agency at the port and kept his firm supplied with foreign woven fabrics and other products.

By this time you will have observed that Hachirobei was an outstanding person, full of ideas and alive with enterprise. But he had other qualities, for he was the father of fifteen children. All the boys were given adequate commercial training and were parceled out in the various Mitsui establishments. Before Hachirobei died he brought all his undertakings under one head, which remained intact through all the succeeding decades. Thus the Mitsuis became the first as well as the greatest of the feudal financial families.

In 1722 the Nestor of the name passed away and his eldest son, Hachiroemon, succeeded as head of the house. In accordance with his father's dying wish he drew up a family code. In it he exhorted his sons to remain united and perpetuate the family prestige. Thus Hachirobei really furnished the precedent for Mayer Anselm Rothschild, founder of the Jewish banking family of that name. As he lay on his deathbed at Frankfort-on-the-Main he assembled his five sons and commanded them not only to be loyal to the Jewish faith but to intermarry and keep their wealth from becoming scattered.

Although the Mitsui enterprises have had to conform to modern legal and corporate statutes the original Hachirobei idea prevails. When that many-sided gentleman divided his wealth and business branches among his offspring he decreed that the dry goods and banking interests should be made their common business instead of being monopolized by the eldest son, and that if any additional undertakings were launched it should be done through this central organ, each new branch contributing its share of the funds required and receiving a corresponding portion of the profits. For a long time the fountain head of Mitsui activities was known as the *Omotokata*, or great place of origin. In 1900 it was superseded by a new body entitled The Mitsui Family Association. It was what we would call a private partnership. In 1909 it was incorporated under the Japanese law as a corporation and became the now famous Mitsui Gomei Kaisha, whose capitalization is 200,000,000 yen. This corporation is the nerve center of the varied enterprises conducted by the Mitsuis everywhere.

I could fill a small book with the account of the Mitsui ventures. The Mitsui Bank, for example, is not only the oldest of Japanese financial institutions but it conducted a banking business long before the word "*Ginko*," which means bank, was found in the Japanese dictionary. Incidentally it is the only family enterprise whose shares are held by the public. It has branch offices in every important city in Japan, one in China, and has recently set up shop in New York.

The Mitsui Bussan Kaisha—which means Mitsui & Co., Ltd.—is at once the largest and oldest trading firm in Japan. When I say that it does one-third of the entire import-and-export business of the empire you get some idea of its scope. It deals in every important raw material or product that figures in Japanese commerce, and, among other things, introduced American and East Indian cotton into the Japanese market. So extensive are its cotton interests that a daughter company, the Oriental Cotton Company, was formed to handle them.

The Mitsui Bussan Kaisha owns a fleet of twenty-nine steamships, operates a shipyard at Tama, and not only builds all its own vessels but constructed two for the United States during the war. Other links in this international chain of enterprises are a forwarding and express company and a vast warehousing system, for it stores its goods under its own roofs.

Still another wing is the Mitsui Kozan Kaisha, or the Mitsui Mining Company, which operates collieries, mills and smelters. It has been said that "Mitsui coal from Mitsui mines is hauled on Mitsui railroads to Mitsui harbors, where it is loaded into Mitsui ships built in Mitsui shipyards." This is literally true, particularly with regard to the coal mines at the Miike Colliery, which is the largest in Japan. Incidentally the Mitsuis make their own machinery and among other things have a completely equipped dyestuffs factory. The Miike Zinc Refinery is the most important in Japan. Its functions are twofold in that it makes spelter and zinc plates.

As I have already intimated, I could continue this list of Mitsui activities almost indefinitely, for it maintains hospitals, friendly societies, and insurance companies for its army of employes. The nearest approach to it that I have discovered during the past years is the group of interests marshaled under the control of Hugo Stinnes. The big difference between these two huge consolidations is that whereas the Mitsui enterprises are sponsored by a group of men the Stinnes activities are dominated by one man—the masterful Hugo—whose word is law.

The Sea King of Japan

Such is the scope of the Mitsui organization. Now for the final and almost equally astonishing feature. Although their name is emblazoned on so many symbols of power the Mitsuis themselves have very little voice in the conduct of the far-flung enterprise. They have been wise enough to attach a group of capable and farseeing men, who direct the imposing interests. Chief among them is Dr. Takuma Dan, whose story I told in the preceding article. A worthy mate is K. Fukui, who is managing director of the Mitsui Bussan Kaisha and who is also the dominating figure in the banking end. Like Doctor Dan, he represents the highest type of character in Japanese business. He has perhaps the finest collection of porcelains in Japan and his garden is one of the gems of Tokio.

The Mitsuis are not without force and they do their bit. The first time I met Baron Hachiroemon Mitsui was at a dinner at the American Embassy. Without knowing who he was, for we had just assembled, I singled him out in the large crowd of guests, because he looked like a character stepped out of a book or play. Though he wore formal western evening dress he was invested with a distinct individuality. His face is long and keen, resembling those of the warriors in the old Japanese prints, and the single gleaming decoration suspended on a ribbon which almost covered his shirt front was a final touch to the picture. After the dinner I had a long talk with him. Although he spent two years at a school in New Brunswick, New Jersey, back in the '70's, he has practically forgotten his English and I had to enlist the



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aid of an interpreter. This is rather strange because Baron Mitsui ranks first among the hosts of Japan and meets all the distinguished foreign guests.

In this matter of entertainment you have his principal function. He does the social side of the business. Baron Mitsui's house is one of the show places of Tokio and no visit of an alien notable is complete without a dinner there. They are princely in every detail. At every Japanese dinner the guest gets a souvenir of some kind. Usually it is a charmingly devised piece of silver. At Baron Mitsui's dinners these favors are magnificent. On one occasion he asked each one of the diners to indicate the bit of landscape in Japan that he liked best. When all the choices had been recorded they were given to one of the most eminent of Japanese artists. Two years later each guest received his picture handsomely framed.

Of more recent origin is the well-known Mitsubishi organization, which ranks second among the Japanese feudal financial groups. Just as the Mitsui story covers the evolution of modern business and banking in Japan, so does the Mitsubishi narrative span the whole development of her mercantile marine. The name Mitsubishi means three diamonds, which is the insigne of the concern.

Toward the end of the Tokugawa Shogunate, Lord Yodo Yamanouchi, head of the Tosa clan, established what was called a clan company at Osaka, to transport goods and raw products. The vice councilor of this clan was Yataro Iwasaki. In him you have a fit mate of Hachirobei Mitsui because he became the founder of a mighty line of men and millions. In Nipponese history he has already been catalogued as The Sea King of Japan.

When Yamanouchi's clan company ceased to exist, in 1870, Yataro Iwasaki, who had begun business life as a clerk, reorganized it into a marine transportation line under the title of Tosa Kaisei Shosha. It afterwards became the Tsukomo Shokai, which was the beginning of the Mitsubishi enterprises that now circle the globe. The pioneer navigation company came into being at a time when Japan had practically no merchant marine. British and American lines were monopolizing the Pacific carrying trade. Largely owing to the solicitations of Yataro Iwasaki, the government granted the first of the many subsequent marine subsidies.

In the middle of the '70's Iwasaki acquired a defunct shipping concern—the Yubin Company—and with the addition of ten steamers which he purchased abroad, developed what was at that time the Japanese shipping trust. So many complaints were being registered against it that an opposition company, the Kyodo Unyu Kaisha—Union Transportation Company—was formed in 1882 to compete with it. Meanwhile Iwasaki had organized the Mitsubishi Company and from small transactions in thread and camphor it expanded to the mining of coal and metals, and later took over from the government the Nagasaki Shipbuilding Yards. Almost from the outset Iwasaki had big vision.

Industrial Hierarchies

Now began a ruthless rate war, which became so keen that the government stepped in and demanded that it cease. Iwasaki saw his opportunity and in 1885 began negotiations to consolidate the rival lines. He died before they were completed, but his brother, Baron Yanosuke Iwasaki, carried them on to a successful termination. The result was the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, the Japan Mail Steamship Company, Ltd., which is more commonly known as the N. Y. K. It has developed into the leading steamship line that flies the flag of the rising sun, and at the present time has a gross tonnage of over 574,000.

With the organization of the N. Y. K. all the Mitsubishi enterprises other than shipping were continued under the title of the Mitsubishi Company. In 1893, when the commercial code was enacted in Japan, the Mitsubishi Goshi Kaisha was formed—a *Goshi Kaisha* is a limited partnership—to conduct the mining, shipbuilding and banking businesses. It bears the same relation to the Iwasaki interests that the Mitsui Gomei Kaisha does to the Mitsui undertakings.

The Iwasaki enterprises expanded at such a rapid rate that it was necessary to reorganize into various subordinate concerns, which now include the Mitsubishi Shipbuilding Company, the Mitsubishi Iron and Steel Company, the Tokio Warehouse Company, the Mitsubishi Warehouse Company, the Mitsubishi Mining Company, the Mitsubishi Trading Company, the Mitsubishi Marine and Fire Insurance Company, the Mitsubishi Bank, the Mitsubishi Electrical Engineering Company and the Mitsubishi Internal Combustion Company. With its fingers on the pulse of all this ramified enterprise is the Mitsubishi Goshi Kaisha, with a capitalization of 80,000,000 yen.

In this imposing array of concerns you get a bird's-eye view of the second ranking commercial and industrial hierarchy of Japan. Baron Yanosuke Iwasaki was gathered to his fathers in 1908 and was succeeded as titular head of the company by Baron Hisaya Iwasaki, eldest son of the Sea King, who became president of the Mitsubishi holding company. He graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1883, and has traveled extensively in Europe and America. Although the Mitsuis as a family represent more wealth than any other connected group in Japan, Baron Hisaya Iwasaki is regarded as the richest individual in the country. Until his assassination a year ago the golden diadem was usually bestowed upon Zenjiro Yasuda, whose wealth has now become somewhat diffused.

Families With the Golden Touch

Baron Hisaya Iwasaki's health has failed somewhat during the past year and the active leader of the clan at the time I write is his cousin, Baron Koyata Iwasaki, son of Baron Yanosuke Iwasaki, and who is technically president of the Mitsubishi Bank. He was educated at Cambridge and has also traveled a great deal. The Iwasakis have not intermarried to the extent of the Mitsuis, but all the daughters have made brilliant matches. One of them, for example, is the Viscountess Kato, whose husband was the sponsor of the Twenty-one Demands which were foisted on China.

The principal Mitsubishi commercial interests are now housed in a Tokio skyscraper, one of three similar structures built by a New York construction firm, which have changed the sky line of the capital. Theirs is the largest of the trio and is the most imposing office building in the Orient. The Mitsubishi Bank is a granite temple and probably the finest edifice devoted to commerce east of Europe.

A different type of feudal financial family is revealed by the Matsukatas. Here the original prestige was purely political, for the founder of the line is the grizzled Marquis Matsukata, who at eighty-four is still going strong, and a power to be reckoned with. He is the last of the Elder Statesmen—Prince Saionji, who is also alive, but failing, was never a full-fledged Genro—and as such must be consulted whenever there is an important change in the government. In his career you have none of the punch and power that marked the Iwasakis, but he has begotten a stalwart line of sons who are among the potential men of the nation.

In connection with his large family is perhaps the most frequently quoted story in Japan. Whenever a visitor comments upon the hordes of children that he sees everywhere he is told the tale, which is as follows:

Upon one occasion the late Emperor Meiji asked Marquis Matsukata, who was a favorite courtier, "How many children have you?"

The Marquis, whose progeny at that time numbered at least twenty, thought a moment and then answered, "Your majesty, I am sorry to say that I cannot tell you offhand, but I will make inquiry and let you know."

Marquis Matsukata became associated with the Treasury after the Restoration. As Minister of Finance he organized the present banking system, including the Bank of Japan. He helped to establish the gold standard. His principal achievement, however, is his family, which is unique in a nation of large households.

There are eight Matsukata sons. Each has been successful in an activity separate and distinct from that of his brothers. The eldest, Iwao, who is now sixty, is president of the Fifteenth Bank, one of the five largest in Japan, commonly called the Peers' Bank, because its shareholders consist chiefly of peers and most of the nobles



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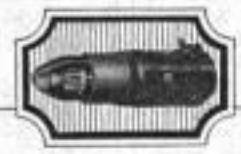
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have their accounts in it. His only child, a daughter, is married to S. Kuroki, heir to General Count Kuroki, who defeated the Russians in Manchuria.

The second, Shosaku, has gone in for diplomacy and was until lately Japanese Minister to Siam. In the third, Kojiro, you find perhaps the ablest of the lot. You met him in the preceding article, for he is head of the great Kawasaki Dockyards, at Kobe. Fourth in the list is Masao, who after serving as vice admiral in the Imperial Navy became a financial leader in Osaka. The fifth is Goro, who is president of the Tokio Electro-Engineering Company; sixth is Otohiko, managing director of the Tokio Gas Company, and studied at Harvard. In the case of the seventh, Shoguma, there is still another line of business, for he is president of the Teikoku Sugar Company. The youngest son, Yoshisuke—a mere stripling of thirty-eight—is managing director of the International Trustee Company of Tokio. I doubt if any other family in the world could present such varied occupations among its children. The interesting part of it all is that every one of them is successful.

This golden touch extends to the daughters. Those who have left the single state made rich marriages. One is the wife of Baron Hisaya Iwasaki; another is the spouse of N. Kawakama, director of the Hypothetic Bank of Tokio; a third is Mrs. M. Matsumoto, whose husband is one of the foremost business men of Osaka; while a fourth is married to M. Horikoshi, a magnate of high standing and wealth. Each married son and daughter has a large brood. When Marquis Matsukata holds a family reunion it attains to the proportions of an American convention.

The Mitsui, Iwasaki and Matsukata families incarnate inherited wealth in that the nucleus of power was handed down and developed through adoption and consolidation. They present only one wing of feudal financial authority, however. The other is vested in equally interesting groups, each radiating from a multimillionaire who has risen to gilded eminence in our own time and by his own efforts. Here you touch a drama of self-made success rich in the details that are associated with the lives of men like John D. Rockefeller, Andrew Carnegie and Thomas F. Ryan. It reveals a phase of Japanese life almost unknown to the average American, who thinks that we have a monopoly on this kind of evolution.

Self-Made Merchants in Japan

Perhaps the most picturesque of the type in Japan is Soichiro Asano. His story discloses an unaided struggle for wealth that reads like fiction. Rugged, dominating and persevering, he is a rare subject for the human-interest historian. Asano was born seventy-four years ago in Toyama prefecture. His father was a country doctor in humble circumstances who, after sixteen years of continuous girl babies, despaired of having a son, so he adopted a boy who married the eldest daughter. After the Japanese fashion, they became heirs of the family. Two years later Soichiro was born. Although he was the first son he could not become heir. This incident illustrates a curious ramification in the process of adoption that I pointed out earlier in this article.

Having been born too late to be his own father's heir, Soichiro was adopted by a physician in a neighboring village. He was so apt in his studies that at fourteen he was a full-fledged medical assistant. He lived near the sea and spent much time watching the trading vessels come and go. Now was born the desire to become a merchant prince and sail his own ships, a dream that was realized in later years.

One night he was called to the bedside of a sick man. When he felt his pulse he found that the patient was dead. He told me that this incident brought home to him a realization of the frailty and brevity of human existence. He decided to lose no time in beginning a commercial career, so he ran away from his adopted father and went back to his own people.

When he was fifteen Soichiro built a little weaving and dyeing shop in the back yard of his father's house, where he employed a few girls to manufacture crêpe goods. He carried the output of his shop on his back and peddled it from store to store. When this undertaking failed he became a vender of sewing needles. With the proceeds of his sales he traveled to the distant provinces of Inaba and Hoki. There he bought rice hackles, which he sold at home. This venture also proved unprofitable.

In 1865 he was again adopted, this time by a wealthy farmer. Agricultural life did not appeal to him and he obtained the permission of his foster father to start in as a trader in Kaga. He specialized in rice, but it proved to be of inferior quality and once more he lost out. He was only twenty-one and yet he had been through the failures of an average lifetime. His adopted parents became discouraged and sent him home.

He now determined to make a last stand. With contributions levied from various relatives—he had been adopted so often that his foster folk were quite numerous—he started a small matting shop in Himi. Ambitious to expand in a short time, he borrowed capital from a usurer, who pressed him so hard and charged so much interest that he saw the effort was hopeless. Confiding only in his mother, he secretly left home one night early in May, 1872, with a small bundle of clothing and thirty-three yen. On foot he made his way to Tokio to try once more for fortune. After a fifteen days' journey he arrived in the capital, poor and friendless.

The Rise of Asano

He was unable to find work and his funds began to run low. On a broiling afternoon he saw a man vending cold drinking water in the busy thoroughfare of Nihombashi. His money had dwindled to five yen, so he decided to start selling water. On the first day his total sales amounted to twenty-four yen. With difficulty he managed to live through the heated term, but with the coming of the autumn and cool weather there was no longer a demand for his ware. He thereupon went to Yokohama to live with a merchant from his native town.

To his friend's store there came a man who sold bamboo sheaths which were used for wrapping edibles. It gave young Asano an idea and he started to supply these articles. He spent some of his days gathering the bamboo and at night he cut and stretched it. When he had a supply he peddled it among the merchants. He soon built up a regular trade and by the end of the first year had not only amassed some savings but was able to get married. His wife, who is still alive, shared all the hardships and sacrifices of the precarious years. They soon opened a shop and extended the business by selling wood, coal and charcoal.

In those days the Japanese worker wore a topknot. As Asano became more prosperous his friends advised him to cut off this hirsute token of lowly labor. He immediately replied, "I will not cut off my topknot until I have saved ten thousand yen." In two years his head had been relieved of its badge of manual bondage.

In the early '70's Asano began to capitalize his keen powers of discernment. A gas works had been established at Yokohama and all its by-products, such as coke and coal tar, were going to waste. Intuitively Asano felt that there must be some way of utilizing these materials and he started in to make experiments. For one thing, he found that coke was useful, and he persuaded the government cement works to use it. In 1877 there was a civil war in Japan and the government commandeered all available steamers. As a result there was no means of transporting coal from the mines in the south, and a fuel famine ensued. Suddenly there was a demand for coke. Asano had previously obtained a monopoly on all the gas-works output of coke, and he was able to make his first big stake.

From this time on, circumstance played into his hands. An epidemic of cholera exhausted the supply of disinfectants. The Tokio health authorities announced that coal tar could be used as a substitute. Once more there was a much-needed product in which Asano had a monopoly, for he had monopolized all the available coal tar in Yokohama, which is only a short distance from the capital. Again he cashed in. He had put through these two important deals before he was thirty.

It was in the struggling Yokohama days that Asano enlisted the interest of the man who, with one exception, became his aid in many great enterprises. The circumstances were so unusual that I shall relate them in detail.

(Continued on Page 141)

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A Chip Off the Old Block

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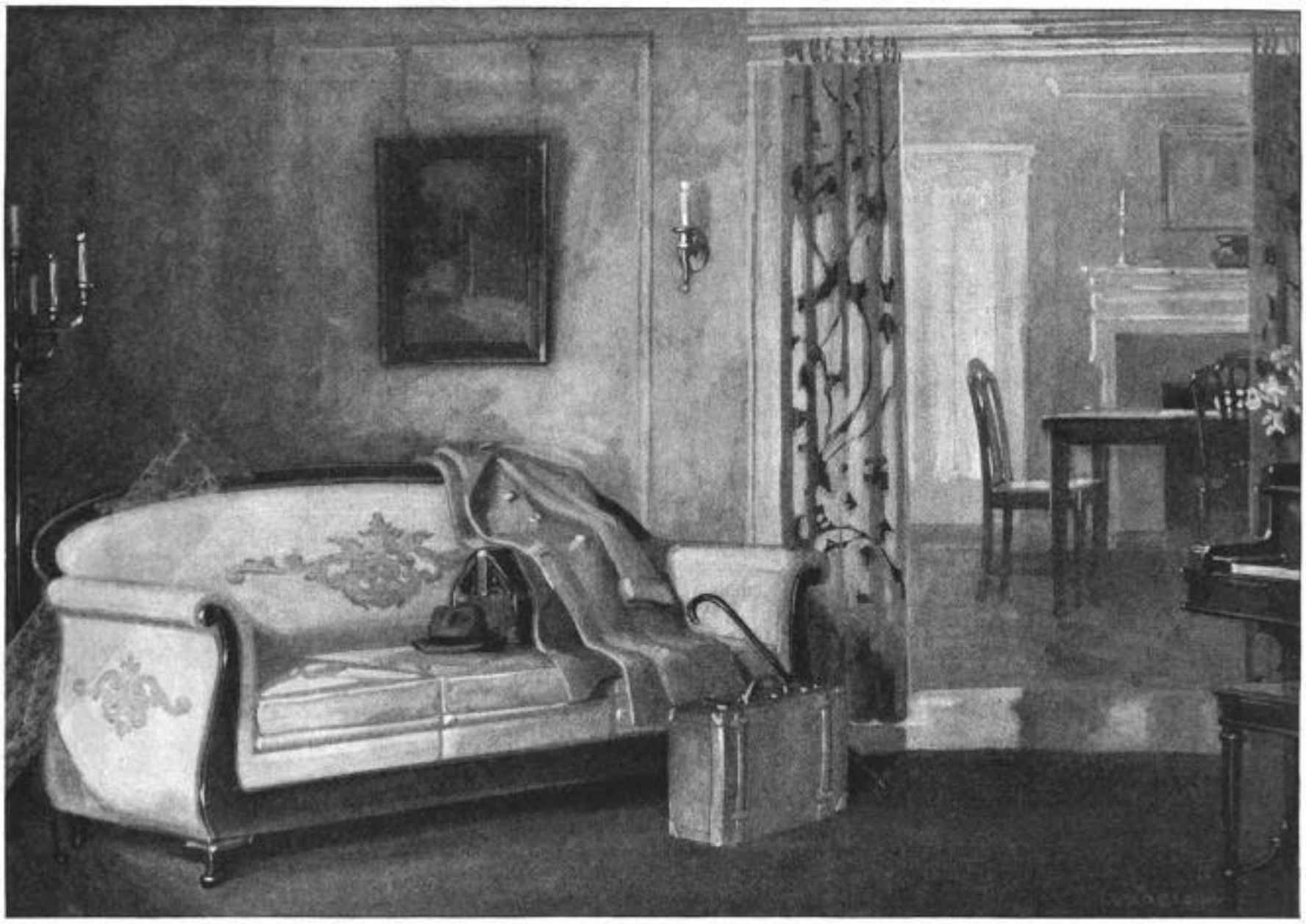
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The Davenport Bed, shown above, arranged for night. There are other types—long and short models—of equally good appearance and utility

But that is not all, for in appearance this remarkable piece of furniture meets the highest standards of home furnishings. There are eighty-three manufacturers building modern Davenport Beds in a complete variety of designs—*Renaissance, Queen Anne, William and Mary* and other authentic fashions—upholstered in tapestries, velours, or leather. You can have a Davenport Bed to harmonize with your other furniture. It can be had with chairs and rockers to match.

See for yourself how beauty and double utility—twenty-four hour service—are combined in the modern Davenport Bed. Go to any good furniture store, or any department store selling good furniture, and learn how the Davenport Bed will add to the comfort and appearance of your home. Its very reasonable cost will surprise you.

Send for our handsome brochure showing a great variety of Davenport Beds in a wide choice of styles, woods, and covering materials.

DAVENPORT BED MAKERS OF AMERICA
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(Continued from Page 138)

At that time the present Viscount Shibusawa was the active head of the First Bank in Tokio. Asano made it a rule to deposit a certain sum every month in this bank, and never withdrew any of it. After this had continued for a year Shibusawa, who took a personal interest in his clients, noticed the regularity with which Asano deposited, and also that he never took any money out. He instructed the receiving teller to ask Asano to come in to see him.

When this message was delivered Asano replied, "I have no time to talk to bank presidents." This only heightened Shibusawa's interest in him and he again sent the same word, which was met with the same rebuff. Finally he directed the teller to ask Asano to visit him at his house.

A few months later Asano turned up at the banker's residence one night at about ten o'clock. In Japan most people go to bed with the chickens and the house was therefore wrapped in darkness and sleep when he arrived. After much knocking he roused a servant and demanded to see Shibusawa. Then, as now, Asano was a rough-and-ready fellow and more or less careless about his clothes. The servant told him that his master was abed, and ordered him away. Asano was not to be refused. He wrote his name on a card, insisted that it be taken in, and had his way. The moment the banker saw the card he said, "I want to see this man." Throwing on his kimono he came out.

Thus Asano and Shibusawa met, and for both it was a fateful encounter. They were immediately taken with each other. From that moment Shibusawa became the principal banker of the young merchant. He financed his earlier enterprises and continued as his fiscal agent until they became so large that Asano had to enlist the added coöperation of Zenjiro Yasuda, who was one of the most influential bankers of Japan.

The Cement King

With Shibusawa's wealth and influence behind him Asano embarked upon a career of continuous and constructive performance. Before long he qualified as a full-fledged magnate. Due to mismanagement and waste in operation the government cement works at Fukagawa were about to be shut down. Asano, who had been supplying the plant with coal, saw an opportunity to acquire it at a low price. He thereupon took over the property. It was the beginning of the Asano Cement Company, which now produces 60 per cent of the total output of cement in Japan. Asano is known as the Cement King.

It was the call of the sea that first stimulated Asano to embark in business and it was natural that shipping should hold a powerful lure for him. Already in the '70's he realized that Japan must find her greatest field of activity in foreign trade and through the development of a merchant marine. As soon as the cement project was well under way he organized the Kyodo Unyu Kaisha, which he later sold to the Mitsubishi concern, who used it in the formation of the N. Y. K. In 1884 with four small steamers he started the Ocean Transport Guild, which was the nucleus of the Toyo Kisen Kaisha, the well-known T. K. K., which is the second largest Japanese steamship line at the present time and which operates steamers aggregating 200,000 tons. This steamship company, I might add, is one of Asano's pet projects.

Success in ocean transportation drew Asano towards shipbuilding and for many years he cherished the idea of establishing a shipyard near Tokio. The pressing demand for tonnage created by the World War gave him his opportunity, which he capitalized with a swiftness that followed the very best American traditions of hustle.

He incorporated the Asano Shipbuilding Company and secured a site on the sea front at Tsurumi, near Yokohama. At the time this site was a fifteen-acre stretch of swamp. A few months later the land had not only been reclaimed but the building of berths and shops was well under way. The keel of the first ship was laid early the next year, and exactly twelve months after the reclamation work had started, a ship of eleven thousand five hundred tons dead weight was launched. During this year of preparation Asano literally lived at the yards. He arrived at five o'clock in the morning and stayed until late at night. He was then nearly seventy.

Asano has touched practically every important industrial activity. As a coal operator he opened up the Iwaki district, which shortened the fuel haul to Tokio by almost one-half; he was the first to import petroleum in bulk to Japan, thereby reducing the cost; he is today the most extensive developer of hydroelectric power in the empire. He has two enormous projects under way, one to supply power to Tokio and the other to Osaka. In the latter undertaking he has enlisted the aid of a widely known American engineering firm. Altogether, Asano owns or controls forty-seven different corporations, and, like Stinnes, he not only knows what they are doing but is an active factor in each.

When you meet Asano you see an almost undersized man with full and benevolent face and snow-white hair. From his achievement you would expect him to be forceful and aggressive. Instead, he is calm and almost serene in manner. His seventy-four years rest lightly upon him; in fact, he is more active than his eldest son and heir, Ryozo, who is associated with him in many of his ventures.

From Coolie to Cræsus

I first saw Asano at the Bankers' Club in Tokio on the night that I addressed the America-Japan Society. Although he does not understand a word of English he sat in the front row—I recognized him from his published pictures—and when I concluded he came up with many others and thanked me. Through an interpreter he invited me to lunch the following Sunday at his Tokio house, which rivals that of Baron Mitsui in size and splendor. The great reception room is really a museum, yet the first thing I saw when I entered the palace—for such it is—was a model of one of the T. K. K. ships. His ruling passion is strong even in home investiture.

At lunch that day Asano talked interestingly of his life and work. He told me that when E. H. Harriman went to the Orient he entertained the American railway ruler. At that time Harriman wanted to buy the present South Manchuria Railway as a link in the international chain of communication that he had in mind.

Asano told me a characteristic story in connection with Harriman. When the wizard of the Union Pacific visited his Japanese colleague he observed that raw fish was served. It is a favorite food in Japan. Five years later Asano accepted Harriman's hospitality at his country house in the Ramapo Hills. Much to his surprise he saw that the first course was raw fish. Harriman thought he was paying his guest a great compliment, but it developed that the fish was a kind that the Japanese cannot eat.

All through our luncheon and afterwards Asano plied me with questions about European and American business conditions. He had heard of my interview with Hugo Stinnes, part of which had been reproduced from THE SATURDAY EVENING POST in the Japanese press, and he was particularly interested in the German Colossus. After I had told him the story of the Stinnes vertical trust he kindled and said: "I, too, have a vertical trust with cement. I own quarries, sand pits, railways, ships, and have a concrete-construction business."

When I spoke of the wretched streets and roads in Tokio, Asano immediately retorted, "I have a scheme for a subway system in Tokio, and if you come back in five years you will find it in operation." I cite this to show that at seventy-four Asano is still full of vast projects for the future. His energy and his ambition are limitless. Thus he fulfills one of his favorite proverbs—he is something of a crude philosopher—which reads like this: "In the sixties and the seventies a man is only an inexperienced boy. It is not until the eighties and nineties that he can hope to attain real maturity and the prime of life."

This sketch of Asano would be incomplete without an additional word about his associate, Zenjiro Yasuda, who was the John D. Rockefeller of Japan. At the time of his assassination by a rabid socialist last year his wealth was reputed to be from one and a half to two billion yen. He was the son of a poor farmer, became an apprentice in a toy shop in Tokio, and with his first savings started a small business in seaweeds. He loaned money on the side and out of this grew the thirty-five financial, commercial and industrial enterprises which today bear the name of Yasuda or are under its control. It has been said that the Yasuda Bank is the pivot of the empire's finance. Like Asano, the elder Yasuda



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It's different with Chance Buttons—Easy up, easy down—cuffs always protected—nothing to unsnap or snap, unfasten or fasten when you draw up or roll up your sleeves, or put your shirt on or off. Easily adjusted to fit any cuff and wrist. It's the one button you can't lose—***Take a Chance!*** A pair for a dollar. Ask your dealer or write us. Guaranteed.

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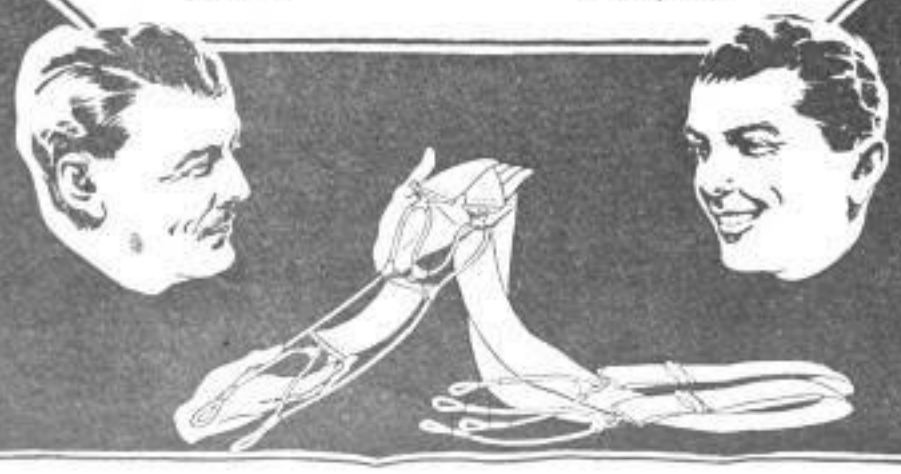
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Wear President Suspenders for work—they are free and easy and comfortable. Wear them for dress—they keep your trousers hanging just right and your vest always overlapping your waist band.

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believed in maxims. When he opened his tiny shop he laid down the three rules which guided him. They were: "Don't tell lies"; "Live within your means"; and "Never pay more than 10 per cent of your income for rent."

The present head of the house of Yasuda is Zenzaburo Yasuda, who was adopted into the family when he married the eldest daughter. Here you have an illustration of one of the unique phases of adoption in Japan which I previously pointed out. Zenzaburo is a member of the House of Peers and owes his seat to the fact that he is the highest taxpayer in Japan. This is one of the qualifications for membership in the Upper House of the Diet.

Asano has no exclusive rights on picturesqueness of story. Baron Okura, who is the second richest man in Japan, runs him a close second in every way, for he rose from coolie to be a Crœsus. At eighty-five he is still strong and active. In Japan men not only live to ripe old age but usually die in harness.

Being a second son, Baron Okura ran away from home when he was a boy, and his first work was as coolie on the docks at Yokohama. Afterwards he became a fishmonger. In those days—the '50's—every alien was looked upon as a foreign devil. Okura was shrewd enough to see that in these despised ones lay the business hope of his country. As soon as he heard about guns and ammunition he decided that they would be the best articles for him to deal in, so he began a more or less surreptitious trade in them. On account of his negotiations with foreigners two attempts were made to assassinate him.

With the overthrow of the Shogunate in 1867 he became an army contractor. He realized that the cotton uniforms were of no service, so in 1872 he visited America and brought back samples of woolen clothes, which he introduced into the Japanese army. With them he laid the foundation of his fortune because he then started the great firm of Okura & Co., which is today a strong competitor of Mitsui & Co. and Suzuki & Co., the leading import and export firms.

Baron Okura is not only the active head of Okura & Co., but is chairman of the board, director or auditor of forty-five other corporations, which include practically every important financial or productive activity in Japan.

Baron Okura's Hobby

I went to see him at the headquarters of Okura & Co., which are in a big building on the Ginza, the leading thoroughfare of Tokio. The baron wore a simple black kimono with the family crest embroidered in white on the sleeves. He speaks no English and our conversation was carried on through his son, who studied at Cambridge and who will succeed him as head of the house.

On one wall of Okura's office hung a large autographed portrait of President Harding. When I commented on it he said that he had a great admiration for the American President because he had called the Washington conference. Near by was suspended a fine steel engraving of Napoleon Bonaparte. The baron noticed that I was surprised to see the hero of Austerlitz displayed, whereupon he remarked, "I am a great admirer of Napoleon, but he was too overconfident. Confidence is a great virtue, but an excess of it is dangerous."

Like many other Japanese, Baron Okura's hobby is penmanship. This means that he takes delight in writing the Japanese ideographs, in which great artistic skill may be developed. Over his desk hangs one of his favorite mottoes, which he has written in Japanese with such precision that it looks like a work of art. Translated it reads, "One need not bequeath fortune to one's descendants, as they have their own fortune to make by themselves."

The Japanese drama of the self-made is not confined to the powerful families whose names have become linked with international commerce. The career of Hajime Hoshi shows that Japan is not without her counterpart of Woolworth. For the final chapter I will briefly present this man's remarkable rise to affluence.

Hoshi was a member of a large and obscure family. Realizing that he had his own way to make he shipped as a stowaway on an American ship and landed in San Francisco, where he became a household servant. He went to grammar school at night, learned English, and subsequently went to New York with some drawnwork linens which he had acquired in California and which he peddled from house to house. Later he enrolled as a student at Columbia and in order to support himself, published a magazine in Japanese. After ten years in America he returned to Japan with seven yen in his pockets.

Casting about for some permanent business he hit upon drugs. With five thousand yen that he borrowed he started a laboratory. The Germans undersold him so he had to turn to something else. At that time the average so-called Japanese drug store was a crude and unsanitary affair. Hoshi said to himself, "If I can start a drug store after the American fashion and stock it with proprietary articles I think I can make it succeed." He rented a corner on the Ginza, the Broadway of Tokio, and opened up shop.

From the outset he had two cardinal ideas which are summed up in the words "Cash down" and "Good service." On that same corner there rises today the imposing eight-story Hoshi Building which is the headquarters of the largest pharmaceutical company in the Orient. Hoshi is not only president but owns every share of stock in it. He has an immense drug factory at Osaka, and ten thousand agents handle its products. On the first floor of this structure is a model drug store, equipped with soda fountain and ice cream parlor. Every man in Hoshi's employ wears a standardized uniform and is trained free of charge in the Hoshi Commercial College.

Ideas Imported From America

Such is the achievement of the one-time San Francisco house boy, who is now inaugurating a chain of uniform drug stores which will be similar in equipment and operation to the various interrelated establishments of the kind in America. Hoshi is also planning to introduce the cafeteria into the principal Japanese cities. So far as many-sided enterprise is concerned he is the livest wire in Japanese business. He is still under fifty. After Hoshi had shown me over his establishment and told me the story of his life I asked the usual question, "How did you do it?" Whereupon he answered: "Whatever success I have achieved has been due to the ideas I got in America. There I learned that in a retail store promptness and courtesy are the first requisites. I also found out that you must make your warerooms attractive; and finally that it pays to advertise."

Although I have covered much ground the available material is far from being exhausted. Hoshi's feat, for example, has been duplicated by Yonejiro Ito, who also began as a servant in San Francisco, saved enough to buy a small tract of ground near Port Townsend, Washington, where he raised hay and vegetables until he had made enough money to tide him through the law course at Ann Arbor. Today he is president of the N. Y. K., and as such rules Japan's foremost steamship company. There are many others.

This article would be incomplete without a closing paragraph about Japan's foremost business woman, Madame Yone Suzuki, whose husband founded the famous merchandising and manufacturing firm of that name at Kobe. Though the average Japanese wife is usually a very subdued individual, once she becomes emancipated or finds her opportunity she reveals high qualities of courage and capacity. Mr. Suzuki died twenty-five years ago, when the concern dealt only in sugar. His widow immediately took hold of affairs and with the aid of N. Kaneko, who is now managing director, built up the business to its present world-wide proportions. Its capitalization is one hundred million yen, it has branches in a dozen foreign countries, and twenty-five thousand people are employed in its factories. Madame Suzuki is said to be the wealthiest woman in the world. At sixty-eight she is active and visits her offices nearly every day.

Thus in Japan, as elsewhere, initiative knows neither caste nor creed, and success plays no favorites. The record of the feudal financial families, together with the narrative of the individuals who have risen from poverty to power, constitutes an achievement that any nation may claim with justifiable pride.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with the economic and political situation in the Far East. The next will be devoted to Japan and the alien.

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A little idea that grew into world LEADERSHIP

IF YOU were to write down the questions you have heard asked most often, *this* would almost surely be one of them:

"Why can't a baker make bread that tastes as good as home-made bread?"

When the General Baking Company set out to answer that question it adopted an idea so simple that you wonder no baker had thought of it before.

The answer was the "little" idea of using the very same pure ingredients in baker's bread that the home-baker *herself* used—the best wheat flour, granulated sugar, compressed yeast, pasteurized milk, table salt, finest lard and filtered water—each of the quality and purity that you yourself would require in your own kitchen.

43,040 housewives were asked to submit sample loaves of their bread, so as to show just how they wanted their bread to look and taste and feel.

From these same pure ingredients—copying these home-made specimen loaves of bread both as to ingredients and process—a new loaf called Bond Bread was created in 1915.

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Its flavor, purity and healthfulness have made it the largest-selling loaf of bread in the world. And yet it is a matter of regret that to almost half the homes of America, Bond Bread is not as yet available. However, new Bond Bread bakeries are being put into service as fast as is consistent with absolute maintenance of quality in the 24 plants now in operation.

But even *those* homes, in the localities where Bond Bread is *not* yet distributed, can still feel an interest in its leadership—because the proudest achievement of Bond Bread is the fact that it has raised the standard of *all* breads throughout the land.

This was the *question*—

"Why *can't* a baker make bread that tastes as good as home-made bread?"

This was the *answer*—

"He can, if he will use the purest home ingredients (and none other) as guaranteed in this Bond which is printed on the wrapper of each loaf."



Bond Bread

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PARIS MAGIC

(Continued from Page 21)

silhouetted on black paper, just when the atmosphere of his part was beginning to get you.

His wife, Yvonne Printemps, is far too clever to do this, and remains true to her scanty part, never forgetting it for an instant. A great mirror at one side of the hall near the stage is at once disconcerting and fascinating as the actors suddenly come into reversed view on it.

Now let's go and have some chocolate and ham sandwiches on the *terrasse* in front of the Café de la Paix, where all the world meets his wife and sometimes wishes he hadn't. Oh, yes, and I feel serious and Ameriky, so do let's have just one liqueur, shall we?

And so to bed.

Shall we motor out tomorrow to the races at St.-Cloud? Or shall we go to St.-Germain and dine on the terrace high above Paris and watch the stars come out above us, and forget to talk, with all the warm content within us and the peace of soul which luxury and Paris and dear companions breed in one? Or shall we spend the day in Paris and just motor out at night to where we can hear the nightingales sing, and smell the acacias and the little streams' dampnesses? Oh, well, we'll wait and see what the weather is.

You may go to the music halls of the Folies Bergères type, if you will, or to the vaudeville theaters and see American clowns and acts less well mounted than ours at home. At these places the audiences are apt to be more amusing than the show. You may start endless stories about them in your own mind, endless romances and tragedies.

That strange trio, the tall, delicate-faced colored man with the gray pointed beard, his plainly dressed, quiet, white wife, their brown-faced fourteen-year-old boy; what brought them together? The French do not feel as we do about mixed black-and-white marriages, and their colored colonial subjects are often of refined, delicate natures. You quite often see happy families of mixed color—strange and impossible to our eyes, but once more proving the triumph of geography in questions of morals, manners and customs.

Millions of Mysteries

On a Sunday afternoon, perhaps, at the Château de Madrid, two women with a charming man sit near you. He rises and asks the younger woman to dance. The face of the other woman clouds; she calls him back as he goes to the cleared center platform where American jazz is raging. He stops and listens as she passionately says a few low words to him; his face grows obstinate, he shrugs, turns, dances with his expectant partner, and when he returns to the tea table the woman he left there rises with a curt word and announces their departure. The two others obey in mutinous silence.

Will a tragedy or kisses repair the damage? You speculate idly, elbows on the green tin table, dreamily gazing from woman's face to face, many framed in thin wide brims through which the sun streams, making halos round the upturned faces of their wearers.

South Americans, tall and bending; the men with varnished black hair fitting like caps over their small skulls; the women often stout and rarely well dressed; Americans of all kinds; women of the world looking sweet and clean and familiar in type to you, dressed by French dressmakers, who understand to perfection how to hang draperies on their slim-boned frames; buyers for commercial houses, familiar with every phase of Paris life except the Parisian one, slightly bored, much at home; the usual mass of nondescripts—they all surround you, sipping and smoking or jazzing and trotting, as they will. It's pretty, it's sympathetic, it's Paris.

On gala evenings at the Château de Madrid they offer prizes to the dancers, and the wooden dancing platform is chalked off into numbered squares. The judge decides on the winning number, and the couple that happens to be standing on the square marked with that number when the gong rings is awarded the prize.

As I write this, sitting at my cool window at my table of white wood, a woman, hatless, dressed in black, walks slowly below the window, her hands crossed behind her back. In a low, plaintive, swelling contralto she sings a phrase of four notes, the words indistinguishable, the tone poignant, all promising. What is she saying? Why does she look up at the houses? Why disappear into the one across the street in response to the signal of an old gray head poked out of a high window for a second? One of Paris' millions of mysteries, suggestive, strange, haunting.

There are so many places like the Château de Madrid, within fifteen minutes by taxi from the heart of the city. The Bois has many such seductive rendezvous—the Cascades, Armenonville, l'Hermitage, and so on. At all of them you may dance; at many of them you may sit under trees or in great mirrored rooms and eat and drink of the best. We once saw a tall, distinguished Englishman of the vague aristocratic variety hopelessly gesturing at a near-by table in one of these places. A hopping, black-headed waiter, in utter misery beside him, tried to understand his drawling English as he said, "Bring me a very tall glass, with a very highly colored drink in it, and very many straws."

Plays and Players

"*Bien, m'sieu!*" Then, turning in despair to his fellow slaves, much amused behind him, "*Qu'est-ce que c'est* 'stro'? Is it to eat? *Et* 'highly color,' wat ees dat?" A series of objects were brought to my lord until the important *maître d'hôtel* did the necessary translating.

The well-known actress, Jane Renouardt, has at last realized her ambition of owning her own theater. It is in the Rue Daunou and is as ambitious in decoration as an ormolu jewel case. The decorating branch of a famous dressmaking house took charge of the interior arrangements, and plumes and ferns of crystal, gold foliage and lumps and bumps of every description weary the eye and dazzle the bourgeois mind. After the play there is dancing on top of the theater and there you may nightly see the beautiful owner of the whole thing, not playing at present herself, but charmingly gowned and blazing with a different set of jewels each night. For Jane is the fad, and it pays to be a Parisian fad.

There is an adorable operetta running at this new Théâtre Daunou called *Ta Bouche*. The people concerned in it are all witty, all well-known actors, rather surprised to find that they can sing, but not unduly stressing the fact. Chierel, fat and of monumental authority, with exquisite diction half sings, half says her witty lines, scoring one long rib-tickling hit throughout the evening. Yvain has written delightful musicianly airs and choruses for these clever artists, and from the moment that the three rambling maidens protest in chorus that they never gossip, as they tell you a few choice scandals, to the very last matrimonial decision of the entire changing, ever-remating company you chuckle and giggle as they will. It is the theater art of old before-the-war Paris, worthy of the best they have done, and one rejoices at its reflorescence.

We go and sit for an hour or so in the rush of the boulevards in front of the Café Napolitain, famous for its ices, and watch the stream flow past as we discuss the ineffable French repartee and hum the enticing airs we have just heard.

If you want to see classic plays redolent of old-time formality and tradition, go to the Comédie Française; but don't be so frivolous as to do up your head in some modern bewitching headdress so dear to the feminine parade instinct, for you will not be allowed to wear it in the *salle*. An unfortunate girl who was entirely bald, having lost her hair through illness, went to the Comédie one night wearing a silver-cloth turban wrapped tightly round her skull. It happened to be becoming and she hated hot wigs, so she wore these attractive adjuncts to her toilet while waiting for her hair to sprout.

"*Pas de chapeau dans la salle, madame,*" snapped the aggressively respectable woman who showed her to her seat. "You must remove your headdress before being seated."

"But I am entirely bald," whispered the hapless woman. "I can't sit here with a shining head all evening."

"That cannot be helped, madame; it is the rule," sternly insisted the thin-lipped one; and the poor woman had to leave, not



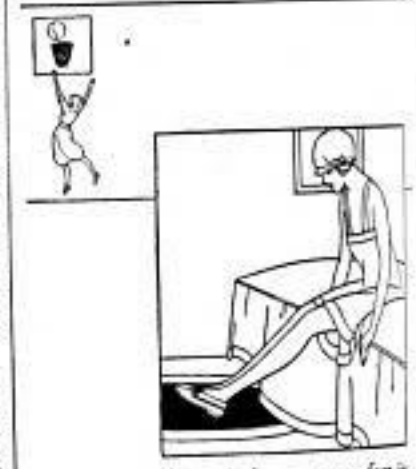
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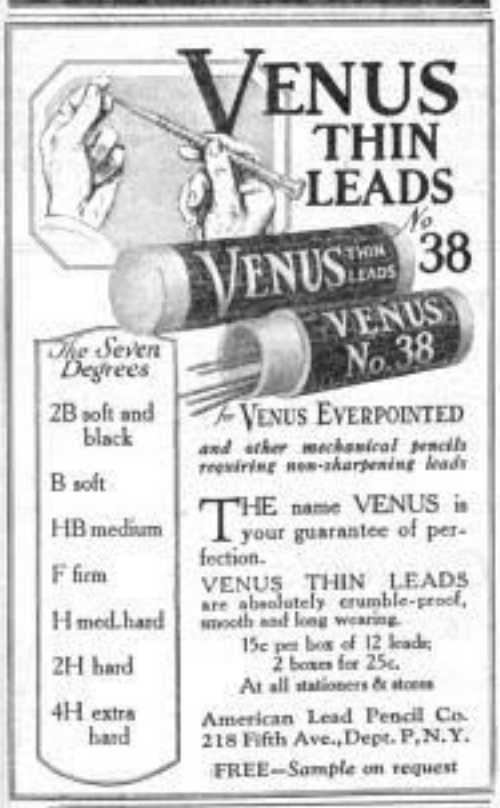
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being able to reconcile herself to looking like a floating golf ball in an inconspicuous sea of heads.

There are two dozen or so theaters for your evenings, and if you understand French you will enjoy the plays so much the more. That is, you will enjoy them as much as the audience will allow you to, because they chatter and gossip incessantly during the performance. I used to think the chocolate-eating, paper-crackling audiences we have in New York the noisiest I had ever heard, but it is dead silence compared to these people.

"Is that his wife?" asks a fat man with a heavily puckered brow, and with his hair cut *en brosse*, of his fair and fidgety wife.

"*Mais non*," comes back her exasperated married tone, not the least hushed; "I told you that's the woman he marries in the next act."

"Well, is that one his wife now?" he asks just as heavily in the middle of the third act.

"*Mais non!*" Her voice is more staccato and the third row in front turns round. "Can't you see he's divorced her and married the old horror there?"

"Well, where's his first wife? That's what I want to know," he grumbles, dissatisfied, always a lap behind, an exasperating husband habit he has grown into.

The black-haired girl and her inevitable flirt on the *strapontins* beside us gossip busily in the past, present and future tenses about the entire company. The smart people in the rear, sitting behind the coquettish gilt grilles in the stuffy little boxes, boxes made for lovers but not for theater lovers, chat of "*elle*" and "*lui*" as we chat the world over, and you miss many a fine point on the stage because of it.

If the museums of the left bank have called you and you find yourself at evening near the Boul Miche you might do well to dine at the Café d'Harcourt, sitting on the padded-leather benches on the sidewalk and gazing up the sloping street at the veteran gray Sorbonne buildings to your left and high at the steel blue evening sky above you. The position is a good one for seeing the typical life of the quarter.

As you eat your long, hot asparagus, dipping its fat, pale green points into golden hollandaise sauce, the orchestra plays a familiar something. "What is it?" you think. Something we do at the Metropolitan, but what on earth? You murmur this to your fellow diners. The bending waiter responds to your murmur.

"It is Oberon, madame; an opera by Weber," he says in English.

A Gentleman's Sport

He has already told us that he is a Pole, and my friends jeer lustily at the American opera singer who has to be told by a Polish waiter in Paris the name of an opera she has sung a dozen times at the Metropolitan Opera House. But Paris has claimed me for its own; my brain is bla-a-ah, my sensations seething, my relaxation when in the presence of food perfect and automatic, and I don't care a whoop for any old opera.

"Let's be young; young and reckless," sings Paris at your ear, and you listen to the goddess whether you are sixteen or sixty if you have the wisdom of a mouse.

"Red neckties for curates!" you cry within you. "Cocktails for old maids!"

You are not really vicious and desperate; it's just Paris magic, and heaven help your old bones if you don't feel it at least once in your life.

Dozens of dapper Chinese turn the street corner while you dine; they are Sorbonne students enjoying the free education France offers to strangers, and are coming from a famous Chinese restaurant near by, where chop suey is despised and the finer Chinese taste is catered to. I never remember seeing so many Chinese and Japanese in Paris before. The Japanese even have their own exhibition at the Grand Palais, and make an extraordinary showing with their exquisite modern drawings and water colors, most of them on oyster white silk. Their work is a refutation of the often-heard wail that art in modern Japan is extinct; that they only copy, and that badly, the art of their ancestors.

I tell you there is everything in Paris. Desire what you will, I believe you will find it. This week royal Cambodian dancers give two matinées at the opera; native musicians accompany them, and their historic and bizarre dancing and costumes are almost formidably novel and striking.

Do you want to learn the ancient art of *escrime*, the fencing that our forefathers practiced? Go to a quiet side street in a forgotten quarter; ask Monsieur Merignac, the last of a long line of famous fencers, who began as a boy of four in this very same *salle d'armes* to learn his art, to let you watch from a low bench against the wall the graceful, vicious thrusting of perfectly balanced foils as the white-clad, heavily masked young men lunge and parry before you, silhouetted against the long windows. The only decorations of the room are lines of foils fringing the walls, and pictures of famous fencers. Curt and sharp ring out the intricate orders of the dapper master, who looks forty and is sixty-two, as he gives the preparatory lesson before the two or more adversaries engage in turn. Muscles whip out in the thighs under tightly drawn white fencing trousers as the lightning lunge is made.

"*Touché!*"

Frank and high comes the avowal that the other's blade has gone home. After a series of these coups comes a handclasp, and another adversary makes ready. All is done formally; etiquette is exact; it is a gentleman's sport, and a graceful, enormously healthy one.

The Bal Tabarin

The Rue Caumartin swarms with Americans in the evening. There Maurice and Lenora Hughes dance nightly and smart women flock. All the dancings—they take our word and pronounce it with a French accent—are crowded, and everywhere you hear American jazz. No matter what their opinion may be of our statesmen or our policies, they universally love our jiggles and wabbles and apparently adopt them en masse. The Rue Caumartin has grown famous this winter for its succession of smart dancing places. They have opened and shut, now on one side of the street, now on the other, as often as the number flaps on the telephone operator's keyboard. All were just alike, inevitably; all announced they were unique; one even called itself the "So different." The cream of the cosmopolitan world ran in and out of these places all winter and spring, laughing, jazzing, flirting, suffering, desirous and desired, beloved and besieged, according as their affairs were ecstatic, ephemeral or ardent. Sham and substance beaten in ever-increasing tempo into a froth of luxury, whims and light, high voices. . . . Paris! Paris!

The famous Bal Tabarin took on a new lease of life this winter, and old-time quadrilles danced in costume were a part of the weekly program. We always remain true to our beloved Bal Bullier in the Latin Quarter. The hall is immense, the floor excellent; two good orchestras alternate in incessant throbbing rhythm, and you may swing in a long-legged waltz or glide and slide in a fox trot all evening for a very small sum. Or you may sit on the raised terrace that runs round the room and sip something cool while you watch the endless revolving figures. It is bourgeois; nothing smart about it; but the little care-free girls and their devoted happy boys; that elderly father of a family clasping in sticky embrace his neighbor, the capable lady who runs the sausage shop on the corner, his black beard glistening and frizzing close to her red triumphant profile; those two soldier boys in tight pale blue cloth, evidently *en permission* and just as evidently of good family and better manners—all these types and many, many more provide your evening's entertainment.

The Chic Maxixe

In the old days a ring used to form round my brother and his wife when they danced at the Bullier the chic and dashing maxixe. His great height, her appealing effect of a piece of chiffon which he waved as he would, throwing her high in the air from his bent knee and turning, twisting, bending her till you wondered that even her supple bones did not break, always caused envious and open admiration.

The newly reopened Accacia is done after our New York Plantation. Champagne is obligatory, and if you change your seats during the evening and wander to the charming garden and a fresh table you may have to pay one hundred and twenty francs for four lemonades and four chicken sandwiches, as my friends did the other night.







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"The Work Has Always Been A Pleasure"

So writes Elwood De Wees of Ohio, who has for several years spent an hour or so a day of his spare time caring for new and renewal orders for *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* in his neighborhood. He's a busy business man who puts in an active eight-hour day in his office, but he still finds time for money-making the Curtis way.

"The Extra Money Has Also Been of Great Assistance"

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The combined mixture of dust and poor-gasoline smoke dries the throat to an often painful degree in Paris, and drinks of some sort are very necessary. During the last hot wave a certain American thought he could not better employ one baking afternoon than in essaying a beer crawl round the city, testing the different prices charged for light beer. He started in an obscure quarter at forty centimes the glass, became more fashionable and less thirsty at sixty and seventy centimes, stopped his cab at a place where the sign said "Bock one franc," and finally ended up in the smart Bois restaurants at one franc seventy-five centimes. After that his accuracy became questionable and his impressions too hazy for valuable record as he sat on a green bench in the park and considered things in general and nothing in particular.

Montmartre, of course, teems with interest, historic and alcoholic. High on the Butte is the Lapin Agile, the agile rabbit, a once famous rendezvous of cutthroats, Apaches and their forerunners. Many a murder has been committed there, and to wear a silk hat in the old days was to court trouble. Poets and rascals all met there, and the room looked the same then as now.

The old brown ceiling is dark with discoloration from the smoke of billions of bygone cigarettes and cigars. A huge crucifix towers on the end wall and someone has thrown great gobs of oil paint on it, creating a curiously sinister effect. Broken, rush-bottomed chairs, hacked and battered wooden tables, the hideous stucco fireplace, the home of four white rats which scrabble and claw in its roughnesses, the darkness—all these create a decidedly odd and uncommon atmosphere not exactly unappreciated by the magnificently bearded old Frédé, the patron, who wears a *béret*, a red sash and baggy pantaloons in keeping with his place.

There are other famous eating places up on the Butte; places with gardens and cool night breezes; places renowned for their cooking, be it tripe and onions or snails or something less exotic. Down the hill farther you have the familiar Rat Mort and L'Abbaye, both of which need no introduction to Americans. There you may have entertainment of the usual cosmopolitan city type at a price. Such places are innumerable, and your friends will tell you of a new one nightly.

The many delightful open-air or inclosed restaurants which fringe the Champs-Elysées, that verdant midrib of Paris, offer grateful oases on warm summer evenings. You may go to one of the theaters in that vicinity, and then go for light refreshment under the big trees, and tip your chair and dangle your cane if you are a man, or lean your ever-ready elbows on the table if you are a woman, and talk and dream and frivol and rest.

After making a round of these night attractions you may, at two or three in the morning, take a taxi to the pregnant humming *halles* and watch the high wooden wagons drawn by sleepy, dignified farm horses being unloaded of their exquisitely piled contents. Each cart contains vegetables of one kind only; crisp white turnips bunched with their green foliage; pink and pointed carrots; onions bristling roundly at you over the top of an extra-high cart; whatever is in season is poured into the beehive of this early-morning industry.

It is almost gone, this age-old procession of carts down the Champs-Elysées at night, the horses taking their way unerringly from the outlying farm to the gray curve in the market place, while the driver gets his night's sleep sprawled high up on the vegetables. Auto camions are replacing this picturesque cavalcade, and the hideous back fire and throb of the machines replace the hollow, romantic clop-clop of the big hoofs on the wooden pavements.

Watch this market work for a while and then go to some neighboring upstairs café where people have sat all night, growing more and more relaxed and affectionate, and where onion soup at its best, beer if you can wrangle it from the proprietor, who has the habit of thinking Americans and champagne inseparable, and some food make a very pleasant bridge between night and morning repasts. Then home through the flower market under the patient stars, through nearly deserted streets, in the small, beautiful city, to your linen-sheeted bed.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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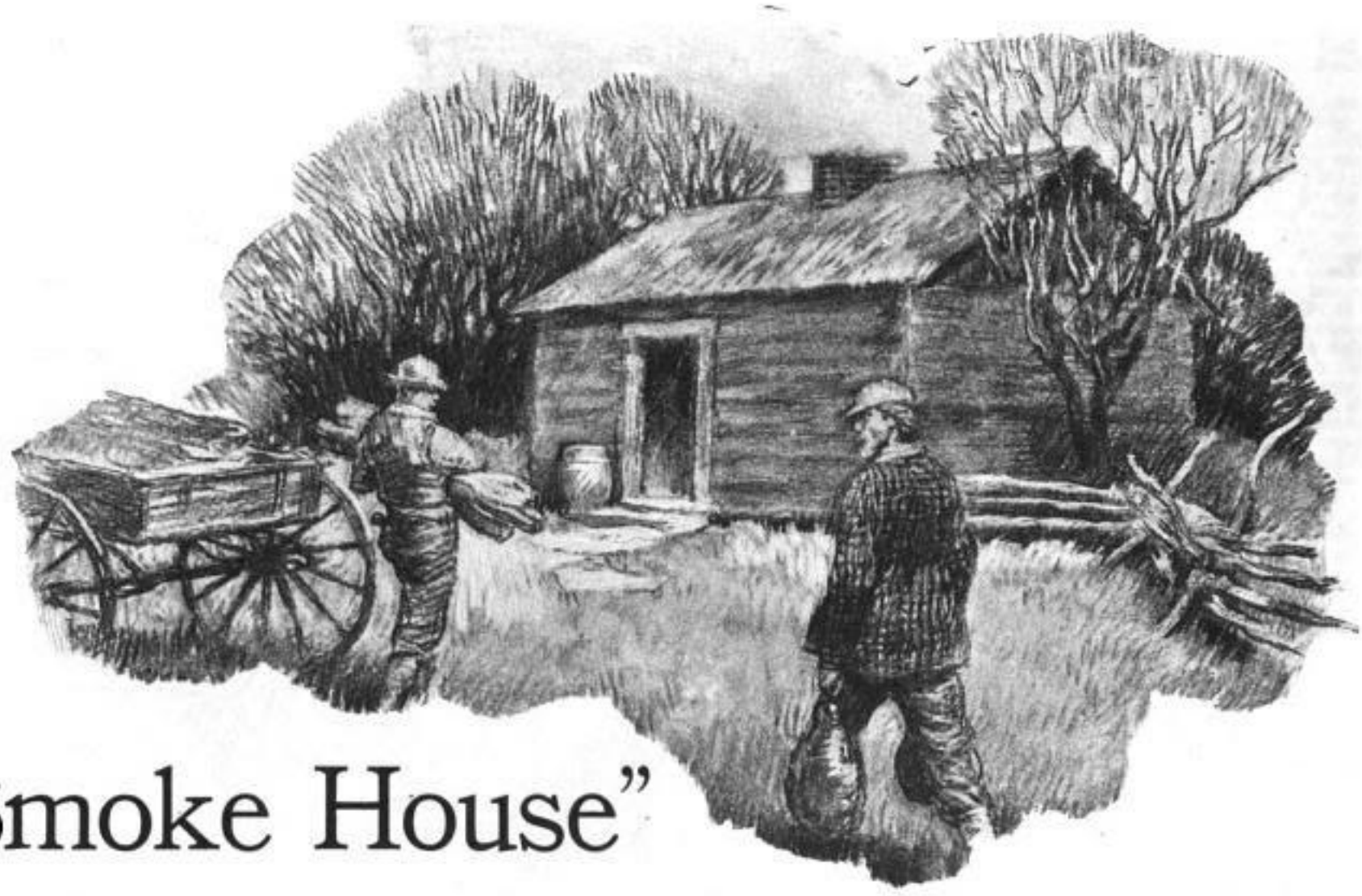
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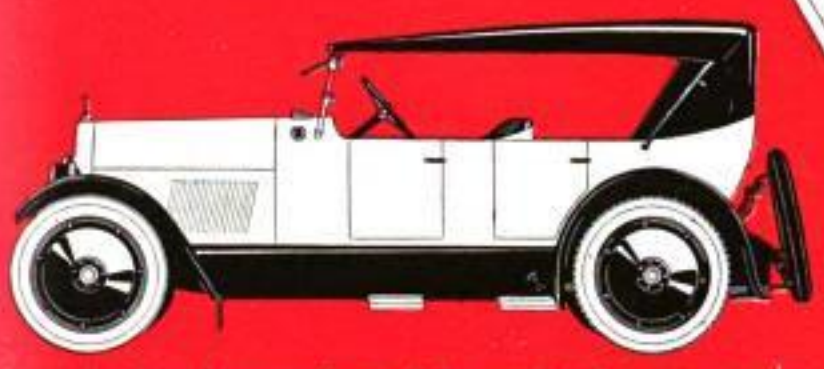
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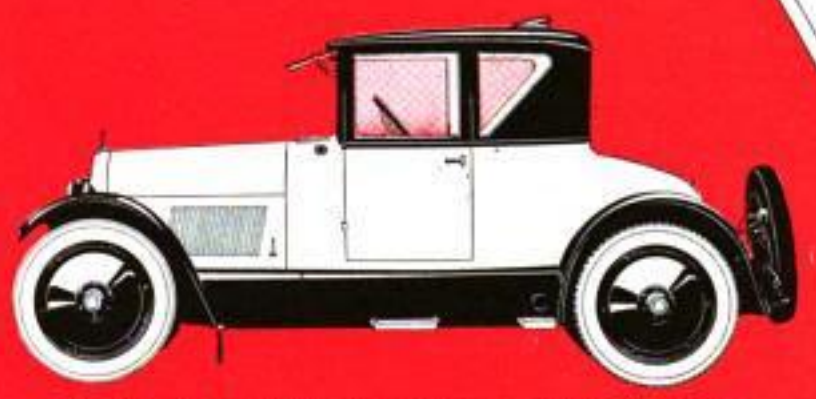
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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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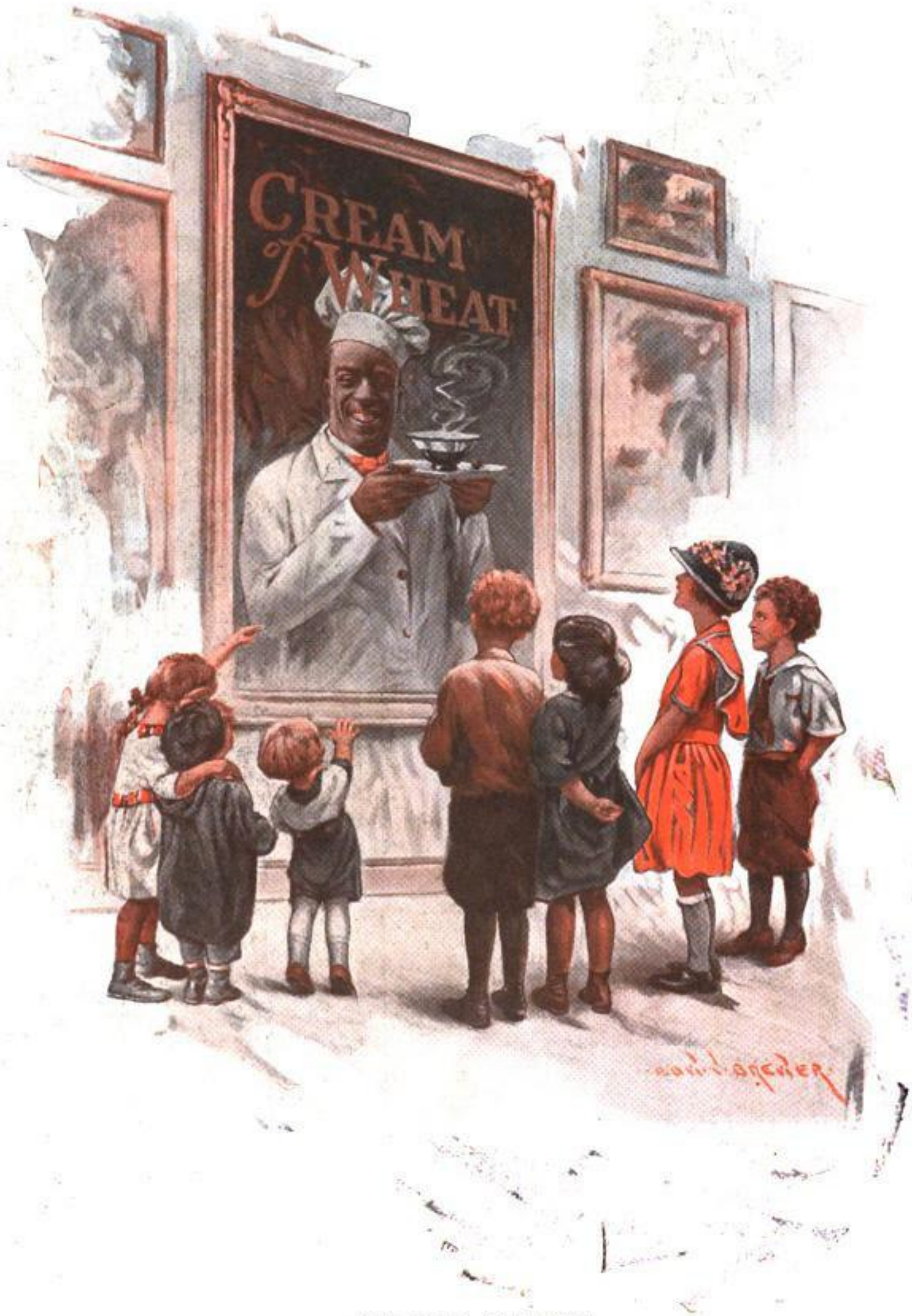
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"AN OLD FRIEND"

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Why Buttons on Your Sleeve?

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TAR AND FEATHERS

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. ALLEN

THE rain lashed the windows, the wind whistled and shrieked, buffeting the frail structure until its ribs rattled. Blinding flashes of light, a splitting, rending sound, then the crashing detonations of heavy thunder. At every peal Charity would throw up an arm as though to ward off a blow; but she continued to prepare for bed, the whites of her eyes rolling. She made sure the black cat's skull bone, which she wore in a pouch suspended from her neck, was in its place, then knelt down and prayed. The thunder and lightning growing even worse after she rose, she unlocked her trunk, extracted a pint flask and took a hearty swig of bootleg gin. Charity had faith in prayer, but she had found gin quicker in its action.

A knock came on the door; somebody tried to turn the handle. Fumbling with the button of her flannel nightgown, the cook stood for a moment in chilled terror, staring at the moving knob.

"Who—who's 'at?" she demanded in a harsh, cracked voice.

"Open the do', gal," came the quavering reply. "I cain't hold out much longer."

"You git away from there, you no-'count nigger, you!" bawled Charity in tones that would have carried a mile on a clear night. "Drag it now and lef' me alone or I'll bust you wide open! Git goin'!"

"Don't shoot! I don't aim to hurt you, gal. Ise—Ise sick."

Something in the quality of the voice—thin and feeble—stayed the cook as she reached for her six-shooter. She glanced irresolutely toward the door; the handle turned again. Then a thud as of a body falling against it. Very cautiously she turned the key, opened the door no more than an inch and peeped out.

A flash of lightning revealed a huddled figure on the step. No longer fearful, Charity seized it by the slack of its coat and dragged it indoors; then she had to exert all her strength to shut the door against the wind, while the rain drove through and soaked her. When she turned, breathless, she saw a little dried-up old darky lying on his side, unconscious, his hat fallen back from his gray kinky head.

At prevailing prices it would have been criminal to revive him with gin, but she laid him on the bed and then dashed water in his face. As he was already dripping rain, it seemed a superfluous form of first aid, but presently he made a sound and opened his eyes.

"How'd you git here? Huh?" Charity inquired, standing above him with arms akimbo.

"I seen your light."

"What ails you, anyhow?"

"Ise got a misery. I'm bad, I tell you, gal—awful bad."

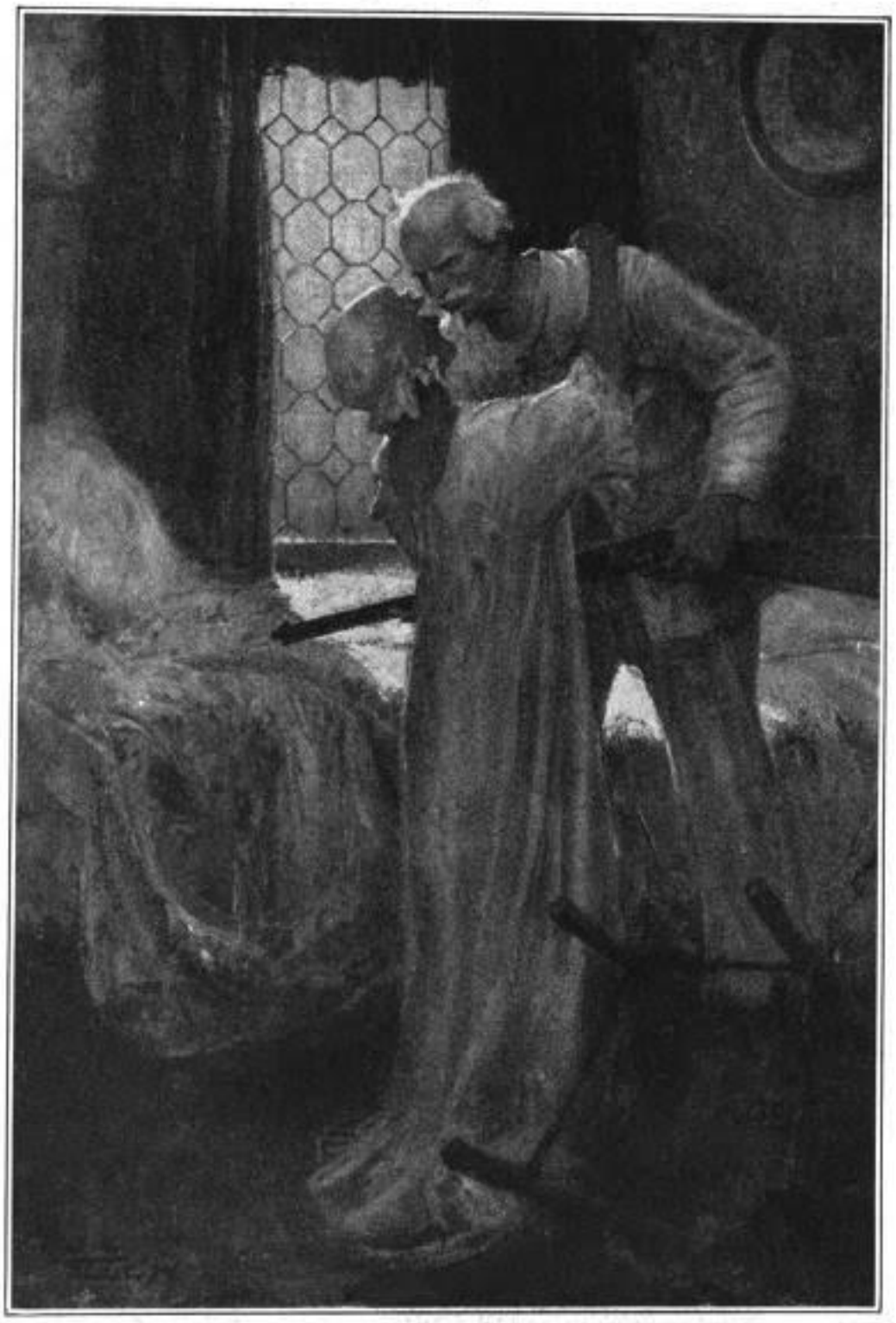
"You been prowlin' raound in all this rain?"

He nodded.

"It looks like you'd have better sense," remarked the cook.

"I didn't have no place to go."

"What? You ain't got no place to sleep? When did you eat las'?"



"You Turn Me Loose Right Now, Miriam!" "I Won't! I Won't! You'll Go and Get Yourself Killed!"

"Yiste'day mornin'," he said faintly.

"Good lan', no wonder you got a misery!" she scolded, her finer nature stirred. "Vittles is what you need. How come you don' eat since yiste'day?"

"You cain't eat what you ain't got none of."

"D'you mean to tell me nobody wouldn't give you nothin'?"

"I didn't ask. I ain't never begged yet, and somehow ——"

"Here! You lay right where you is while I go fetch some vittles." With her back turned modestly toward the bed, she put on stockings and shoes, donned an overcoat, threw a shawl over her head and sallied out into the night. It was only thirty yards to the kitchen of the house, but she had to fight the wind every foot of the way.

"Is that you, Charity?" called her mistress from upstairs.

"Yassum."

"What on earth are you doing in the kitchen at this hour?"

"Ma'am?"

"I said what on earth are you doing in the kitchen at this hour?"

"I ain't feelin' good, Miz Gudger, and I aim to make me some coffee."

She heard the judge grumble something, then a tart reply from his wife. Evidently the explanation satisfied them, for she was left undisturbed. With cold pot roast, corn bread, a jar of cane molasses and a pot of coffee wrapped in her shawl, she returned to her room in the garage.

"All right," she announced, "here 'tis. Let's see you fly at it, uncle."

He flew at it, she watching with professional appreciation. Uncle's chewing apparatus consisted of only three worn black stumps of teeth, but what he did with those was a caution.

"You sure do take hold!" she remarked admiringly.

They were an odd pair; Charity, nearly six feet high, angular, loose-jointed, with long arms and flat chest, her sparse woolly hair twisted into tight checkerboard squares; and uncle, on the bed, small, slight, gray of head, but otherwise black as the ace of spades.

"What's your name?" she asked.

"Dan'l."

"Dan'l what?"

"Just Dan'l. I did have another name once," he replied, scratching his pate like a tired child, "but I just don't recollect what it was."

"How come you're in Liveoak? Huh? I never seen you raound this town befo'?"

"No-o-o. I used to work a li'l' farm down in the river bottom, but Mr. Lemmon, he done run me off las' Monday." He spoke gently, uncomplainingly. "Took my mule too. Yassum. He sure did me mean."

"Well, I reckon maybe you didn't make a crop down there in the bottom, did you?"

"No-o-o. But I'd of paid him if he'd give me time."

Charity snorted at this. Hers was too resolute and resourceful a soul to sympathize much with failures.

"How old might you be?"

"Ninety-four." He raised his head with a sort of infantile pride. "Yassum, ninety-four. Ol' Miz Shortridge done owned me till I was thirty-six."

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"You Done Heard the Judge Say as I Could Have All the Liver and Onions I Wanted From Now On, Didn't You?"

"Well, what d'you know about that?" murmured Charity, regarding him with an altered expression. She was much impressed, and the news added to her responsibility. With that clannishness born of slave days, when to stick together meant life or death, she was resolved now to make some provision for uncle's maintenance. This feeling among the negroes explains why they usually guard each other's secrets so jealously.

"Oh, it was ter'ble—ter'ble!" exclaimed Uncle Daniel suddenly, as though he had just remembered, and he wagged his head.

"What was ter'ble? Huh?"

"I seen a white gen'l'man shoot another white gen'l'man right through here tonight. Yassum; he done shot him right through here." He indicated a spot on his abdomen. "Killed him, too, I reckon. Must of."

"Huh?"

"It's troof I'm tellin' you, gal. Right in front of that bank on the corner of the square. There was nobody round, and one white gen'l'man stepped out of the bank just as I come along, and then another gen'l'man done stepped out of an automobile and shot him—right through here."

The cook began to breathe fast and her big eyes blazed. She reveled in mystery, and a murder fascinated her even more than a funeral.

"What's 'at you say? Huh? Your misery done made you see things, uncle."

"No, ma'am. I seen it all right, every bit. He lifted him into that car and then I drug it away from there. Done shot him right through here, 'thout sayin' so much as howdy neither."

Charity scrutinized him closely, undecided whether he was laboring under hallucinations or was merely seeking to repay her hospitality. But nobody could doubt uncle's sincerity or question the horror still upon him. She said abruptly, "Don' you tell nobody about this. Hear me? Don' you dare!"

"What would I go and tell for?"

"Well, sometimes a fool nigger ups and shoots off his mouf, and it always lands him in trouble. You know what uh gits when we meddle into white folks' business, don' you, uncle?"

"I sure do!" said Uncle Daniel sadly.

"Then you keep quiet. Where'd you say he shot him?"

"Right through here. It was dark, but I seen him grab at it—like this."

"Did he groan much, or take on?" demanded Charity hungrily.

"I didn't hear. No, ma'am, I drug it away from there right now."

She was disappointed that he could not supply more of the gruesome details; still it was a choice morsel and she felt well repaid.

"Where do you figure on sleepin'?" she inquired, after turning things over in her mind.

"Anywheres, so long as it's dry. I feel right sleepy."

"Maybe so," retorted the cook belligerently; "but you cain't sleep where you is. What's mo', if I was to keep you here they'd think you was my comfort maybe." And she cackled with glee.

"Ninety-four ain't so old, gal," replied Uncle Daniel. "Ain't it the troof? Men just naturally don't know when to git ready for the day of judgment." After staring at him awhile, she announced, "Well, you cain't stop here, and there ain't no bed or nothin' in the yardman's house. We don' keep a yardman regular now—just hire somebody to cut the grass."

"I kin sleep anywheres it's dry."

"Could you sleep in the automobile if I done give you a coupla blankets? Huh?"

"Sure I kin, gal! Sure I kin!"

"Then come on. But mind you wake up befo' the judge gits down, else he'll skin me alive. You hide out somewheres till after breakfast and maybe I kin fix it up so's you'll have a place to stay."

When Charity rose next morning Uncle Daniel had disappeared according to instructions. She set about getting the breakfast ready. Returning from the garden with some strawberries, she halted in amazement to stare at an object coming slowly up the driveway. It was a tiny brindle pup, so young he could barely stagger along; his face was black and flat, and wore an expression of unutterable woe; every few steps he would stop to let out a treble yelp of misery. In a dozen long strides the cook was upon him. She gathered him up and pressed him to her breast, then glanced defiantly about to ascertain whether anybody had seen her do it.

"You come to your mammy," she cried. "Good lan', but you is thin! All haid!"

She had always wanted a dog, but the judge had declared he would not have one on the place. Now Providence had intervened.

"I sure would like to see him git raound that," she muttered.

A minute later the brindle was gulping down a bowl of corn bread saturated with gravy, whilst the cook watched.

"He sure do go after it," she observed approvingly as the pup swelled and swelled. "It's like he'll bust if he don' quit."

So far from having any such intention, the brindle tried first to lick the pattern off the bowl, then began a mournful nosing about the floor, smelling for bits he might have overlooked. Charity gave him some more.

"I reckon I'll call you Pahson," she said thoughtfully, "after the rev'end. You'se so hard to fill."

The judge always went through a regular routine on rising—first to the front yard for the morning paper; then a slow tour of back lawn, garage and garden by way of inspection, whilst he skimmed the news heads. Despite his preoccupation, the cook often declared it was surprising how much meanness he could discover. He spotted the pup at once, of course.

"Where did that come from?"

"The storm done brung him, judge. Anyhow, he was here when I got up this mornin'."

"How often have I told you I wouldn't have a dog about the place? You brought that pup here yourself; don't try to tell me you didn't! You've been scheming how to get round me for years."

"No, suh! Honest to goodness, cross my heart, I never!"

"Well, you can just get rid of him anyhow. I won't have a dog digging up my flower beds."

His tone was final, but the effect was spoiled by his wife's inquiry from their bedroom window—"What's the argument now?"

"Ma'am?"

"What's the trouble down there?"

"Why, the judge won't let me even give a little bitty food to a pore starvin' pup, Miz Gudger."

"Who said anything about food?" fumed the judge. That was an old trick of hers, to twist what he said—she had probably picked it up from his wife. "I've told you many times that I won't allow a dog on the place, and I won't."

"Would you turn away a starvin', helpless critter from your do'?" demanded Charity, fixing her eyes upon him with extraordinary intentness.

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Would you? Huh? I'm askin'."

The judge felt in his bones that Charity was laying the predicate for something else, and a grin lurked back of his stern query—"What are you driving at, anyhow, you old rascal?"

Mrs. Gudger's arrival on the scene saved the cook the necessity of reply.

"Where is this pup you-all are talking about?" And then she glimpsed Parson. "Oh, isn't he cunning! Look at that little black face, Jim! You darling, you! Look, Jim, did you ever, in all your born days, see anything look so sad? Oh, oo is so cute—ess, oo is!"

The instant she started baby talk Gudger knew it was all off, and with an exclamation of disgust he started into the house. His wife was cuddling the brindle now, and she cried after him, "Indeed, we will keep him! The idea of turning away a poor little helpless thing like this! Don't mother's 'ittle dumpkins, isn't oo?"

"You wouldn't let me keep Pete on the place—make me send him down to the farm—the best bird dog in the county," her husband shot at her through the window.

"What! That great, tearing wild thing! I should say not—that's different!"

"The only difference is Pete's got sense and is good for something."

"I'm going to keep this one anyhow."

"All right! It's a bargain!" cried the judge eagerly. "You can have the pup and I'll bring Pete back."



The Posse Was Returning With

"Men are such babies!" exclaimed Mrs. Gudger, and, although Charity maintained a discreet silence, it was plain that she was in hearty agreement.

Her first precaution was to jerk a couple of hairs out of Parson's stubby tail. These she buried under the back stoop.

"Now he won't never run off," she said with perfect confidence.

On tenterhooks to learn whether the newspaper contained anything about the killing Uncle Daniel had described, the cook loitered around the breakfast table so aimlessly and hovered so close to the judge that he felt her breath down the back of his neck and brusquely inquired what the mischief was on her mind.

"Nothin'."

"You're up to something!"

"No, suh."

He made no mention of any shooting, which he would certainly have done had there been anything in the paper about it. And then Charity remembered that the newspaper was published in a city a hundred miles distant. She determined to go down to the grocer's the first thing after breakfast and learn all about it.

Just as the judge was about to leave for his office the telephone rang, and he answered it. Charity had a phone in the kitchen in order that she might take calls; she promptly took down the receiver and listened in. What she heard made her eyes pop.

"Good God!" exclaimed the judge, and he said it again in a lower tone when he hung up.

"What's the matter, dear?"

"Jeff Harkrider killed Fletcher Dawes last night."

"No!"

"Earl Smith just phoned. It's a bad business, Miriam—a bad business."

Mrs. Gudger turned pale. She knew both families intimately. "Where did it happen? And what did he do it for?"

"Earl says Jeff won't talk, but he did say when he surrendered to the sheriff that Dawes had broken up his home."

"Oh, what a lie! I'll never believe it! Never!"

The judge paced up and down in agitation.

"Neither can I. Fanny isn't that kind. Why, I never heard the slightest whisper about her in my life. I'd as soon believe it about—about ——"

"About me?"

"Well, you know what I mean."

"Of course. I feel exactly the same way. It's all a lie, Jim, a contemptible lie. He's trying to hide behind her skirts."

That brought the judge up short.

"Queer," he mumbled, staring at her unseeingly. "I happen to know ——"

But what he happened to know he kept to himself.

"And I suppose Fanny will stick by him—that's the sort she is. She'll sacrifice herself for that miserable ——"

"Easy there, honey, easy! This is a bad business, and the less we talk about it the better."

He stood looking out of the window for a few moments apparently lost in thought. At last he turned away with a grunt of contempt.

"Protecting woman's honor—and all that bunk! And this country's just full of it, Miriam. If a woman carries on with a man her honor's gone anyhow. He doesn't guard it—he doesn't bring it back—by shootin' the fellow. All he does is drag her name through the dirt in every newspaper in the country. Shucks, it makes me sick! Every cowardly killer who wants to get even with his enemy goes and drags his wife in—and juries fall for it."

"Well, if Jeff Harkrider ——"

The telephone rang again. After a minute Mrs. Gudger heard her husband say with unusual emphasis, "No, I will not! You tell him for me I won't touch it."

"Who was it?"

"Jeff's brother; wanted me to take the case for him. Not me! The less we have to do with this business the better, Miriam. Both families are friends of ours, so let's keep our mouths shut."

Charity had been hovering near the door. She now cut in with, "Where at did you say Mr. Dawes got shot, judge?"

"You been listening?"

"No, suh. I couldn't help but hear some."

"He was shot in Mr. Harkrider's house."

The cook opened her mouth to say something, thought better of it and retired precipitately into the kitchen.

"What's the matter with her now, I wonder?"

"Search me. She's a crafty old bird, Miriam. What made her look at me like that, do you suppose?"

"You were going to say something about happening to know—and then you stopped. What was it, Jim?"

"Oh, nothing!"

"Now don't be foolish! I wouldn't be as mean as you for anything. The idea of not telling me!"

"Well, you promise never to breathe a word of it?"

"Of course."

"Your word of honor?"

"I'll never tell a soul."

"You'd best not, or the fat will be in the fire. Well, I happen to know that Jeff Harkrider owed Fletcher quite a lot of money, and Fletcher has been pressing him for payment."

"Oh!"



No Longer Fearful, Charity Seized it by the Slack of its Coat and Dragged it Indoors

"They had trouble over that lumberyard sale, and—honey, it looks to me like this was nothing but cold-blooded murder, and Jeff is trying now to crawl out by using his wife."

"The low-down sneak!"

"They usually are. But you keep quiet about it, and so will I. It's a bad business." And reiterating this opinion the judge went downtown.

Charity could scarcely wait for Uncle Daniel to arrive. He finally put in an appearance about ten o'clock, unobtrusively, by way of the lane.

"Where at was that killin' you saw las' night? Be careful now!"

"Down by the square, near that bank on the corner. One gen'l'man done shot the other right through here."

Uncle Daniel looked scared, but he did not deviate from his facts.

"Then how come they found the body in Mr. Harkrider's residence, and Mr. Harkrider says he was tryin' to bust up his home? Huh?"

Uncle scratched his head.

"Maybe there was two killin's," he hazarded.

"Uh-uh! It's the same one."

"Well," he replied, vaguely troubled, "all I know is I seen him do it—right through here."

The cook seized his shoulder and administered a gentle shake to emphasize her warning—"Don' you say a word! Hear me? Don' you ever let on you saw nothin'! And I won't neither. If we do the Ku-Klux will come and fetch us maybe. So mind!"

"I ain't seen nothin' and I don't know nothin'," Uncle Daniel promised.

Charity did not bother her head about work that morning. Neither did any other cook in Liveoak. They gossiped over fences and visited; the whole town was agog with the news. By noon every detail of the story was public property, and persons meeting on the street, in the stores or at the post office would supply the latest titbit that had developed in the gruesome affair. Miz Harkrider and Fletcher Dawes had been carrying on secretly for more'n a year, and all the time her singing in the choir that way, and the families such close friends! Jeff Harkrider had come home unexpected from downtown and caught Fletcher Dawes in the hall, and he shot him right through the heart the very first shot. Well, they never would have thought it of Fletcher Dawes, or of Miz Harkrider, either, for that matter, because she always seemed a right nice lady; but you never could tell, and he only got what was coming to him. A man had a right to protect his own home! Was it true that she admitted it and would testify for her husband at the trial? They had heard that Hunter McLemore told somebody she would. Yes, McLemore would defend Harkrider, so it was a cinch. The smartest criminal

(Continued on Page 102)



the Judge Reached the Square

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TEARS, IDLE TEARS

By Dorothy DeJagers

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

IT WAS on one of New York's busiest corners, in one of those so-called drug stores where the prescription counter shrinks timidly behind those devoted to soft drinks and hardware. From ye old-time apothecary shop—that dispensary catering solely to the law of self-preservation—has developed this hybrid of merchandising, where every need, from the cosmetic urge to the most capricious acquisitive instinct, is ministered to. And now you may rush in with a toothache and come out with an alarm clock, a talking doll, a book on taxidermy, a new top for the flivver—and the toothache. To say nothing of a more or less square meal. And yet they do say this is the age of specialization.

Your attention, however, is to be diverted from the kitchen necessities and awning department to the little booth in the center—a booth ostensibly constructed of bars of soap and bunting—decorated with highly improbable advertisements of the product itself. One glance at these hyperbolic statements, madam, will convince you that whether your face is the kind that launches a thousand ships or stops the family timepiece, Mello is what you need. For look: Mello—the Supersoap! It Preserves the Peaches and Ripens the Lemons! Also, incomparable for shaving and shampoo; satisfaction guaranteed for laundry labors on the pet Pomeranian and those ultimate garments of georgette crêpe. Yet by no means limited to the rituals of Monday morning or Saturday night. For here to the right, madam, the picture of the housewife in the simple tulle frock scrubbing out the furnace, and below: Let Mello Do Your Dirty Work! And all this, mind you, for ten cents. See the statement to the left: Mello, the Soap That Reduces the High Cost of Laving!

Now over this booth presided Miss Christina Kjellman in a spotless white apron. A splendid young creature who stood five foot ten in her pure-silk-threads, and weighed, one would say, about a hundred and sixty in the Turkish bath. Health and vigor radiated from her. Life obviously had seldom brought any necessity for feeling her pulse, but doubtlessly frequent requests to feel her muscles. A wonderful playmate for Attila, might be your first impression; or the leading lady in six reels entitled The Daughter of the Vikings.



Delegating Her Job to a Colleague at the Perfumes, She Lured Her Friend Back to an Empty Table Near the Fountain

More deliberate scrutiny, however, would register her as a specially persuasive advertisement for soap—that is, there was a well-scrubbed, lately tubbed look about her. Patently a talcum conservative, her fresh ruddy skin suggested a washrag that functioned far oftener than a powder puff; and the flying sunniness of her flaxen hair testified to a recent and thorough shampoo. Even the shine of the thick magnifying glasses through which her alert blue eyes peered good-naturedly, intimated a probable application of lather.

Yet now as she stood like some blond caryatid against a column of Mello, a sudden worried pucker wrote itself between the thick glasses; a pucker which exacts explanation. It seems, you see, that Christina's job of handing out free samples of soap to the passing public constituted merely a probationary position. That is, the wily firm had stipulated that a permanent place on its staff meant the sale of fifty full-grown bars. To Christina the proposition had sounded a cinch. Considering the fact that half of New York seemed to wash in and out of the store daily, and the flood of eloquence she herself had on tap for the occasion, a clean-up to the extent of a hundred or more sales looked inevitable; and yet—and yet here it was 11:20, a gross of samples exhausted and only eight bars sold. Oh, the wily public took the cake, all right, but why fling two car fares away on the large size before trying out the sample? To be sure, most of the ablutionists had glibly promised to return for a wholesale supply should the lady's claims hold water, but such promises had as much weight as a soap bubble in making her into a hired business woman. And this latter was devoutly to be wished, for jobs were scarce, darn scarce. Even as you and I, had Christina come to New York, confident that Broadway featured unlimited good openings for willing workers from Main Street; yet two months' search had proved that, with the exception of the subway entrances, such openings were almost nonexistent. A disheartening discovery when you see how the exigencies of Broadway soak up Main Street savings.

Now, however, a smile of intimate salesmanship ironed out the pucker. There approached a prospect in the form of a bundle-laden matron.

"Ah, madam"—Christina sloped at least forty of her one hundred and sixty pounds over the counter—"couldn't I interest you in Mello, the supersoap? A soap as soft as a mother's heart and as smooth as—as an automobile salesman. And lather!—madam, I give you my word, two rubs and it looks like the top of a charlotte russe."

The matron's eyes focused on the Please Take One placard that topped the pile of samples. No, she guessed not, having just stopped in to see the time, but of course she'd be glad to try the sample if ——

"Help yourself!" Christina dropped back wearily, and a sigh deprecating the accursed cupidity of human nature lifted her broad bosom just as there appeared a woman in dark blue linen.

"Nell!"

It was the shout of thanksgiving with which metropolitan loneliness greets a home-grown friendship. Swiftly she strode from her booth; whereupon blue and white linen dissolved in a kind of Seidlitz-powder color effect. Then that series of leading and misleading questions characteristic of all feminine reunions.

Wasn't Nell a she-angel to rush in from the wilds of New Jersey to see a girlhood chum? Looking fine too. . . . Ditto Chris! . . . A little stouter? Emphatically no! Probably the loose-front apron! . . . Why in blazes hadn't Chris kept in touch with her? Nothing but a post card in three years. And wasn't it hot and where'd she get those good-looking beads and how did she ever happen to be passing out soap samples?

It was this last query that directed Christina back to the immediate realities.

"Oh, that reminds me, Nell, how about a cake?" One stroke reëstablished her behind the counter. "According to that sloganberry who wrote the ads there's nothing it won't clean except maybe a smoking-room story and a Reno reputation. It ——"

"Nothing doing!" the other parried. "Moonbeam for me. Two hundred more wrappers and I get an oyster fork. But see here, Chris, I've got to catch that 1:10. The kids will be waiting for lunch. Meanwhile, I'd like a few gaps filled in. The last time I heard from Lil Toby you were booked for a bridal blush and a long white veil instead of this semitailored Mother Hubbard. How come?"

Behind the shining glasses the blue eyes took on an early-Christian-martyr look of patient inarticulate suffering; but behold the Lucrezia Borgia grimness of the suddenly thinned lips as the other prodded, "Did Blue Cupid ——"

"Damn Cupid!" A snort collapsed into a professional smile at a young man in a Palm Beach suit. Ah! Couldn't she interest the gentleman in Mello? Manufactured expressly for the safety-blade brotherhood. Since the days of the Barber of Seville, one gathered, its lather had known no equal. One daub and a seven days' beard just crawled out and prostrated itself on the razor. Should she wrap it up? . . . Waal, no. He reckoned not, having just dropped in foh a deck of caahds and a goose-neck puttah. . . . A free sample, then? . . . Waal, yes, he reckoned he could tote that along.

Which he did, a malevolent sniff following as he made a Mason-and-Dixon line for the back counter.

Certainly this sniff and snort should have curbed the curiosity of the lady in blue. But did it? Not at all. And really, you can't blame her. Behind them she doubtless divined drama, rich in pulsing heart interest and spiraling suspense; drama immune from ticket speculation and the

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fear of missing the 11:42. You know how it is when one lives in Jersey.

It was noon by this time, and business had agglutinated around the so-called soda fountain. The center aisle was more or less deserted, and this lull in trade collaborating with that recognized pulmonary relief of getting it off the chest, plainly disposed Christina towards autobiography. Delegating her job to a colleague at the perfumes, she lured her friend back to an empty table near the fountain. But it was not until two frosted chocolates had appeared to legitimate the truancy that she spoke.

"Yes, this was the month I was supposed to be dealing in that soft soap handled on all honeymoons instead of shoving out the hard-milled variety to a lot of dime defenders. . . . Begin at the beginning? Well, let's see. It was right after you left that a Madam Fortescue opened up a beauty joint across from the post office. What you'd call an ingenious place. Satin furniture, muffled lights and a mysterious something she called atmosphere. Mysterious I say, because I've never doped it out whether it's a new term for ozone or just a state of mind.

"Madam herself was a Seattler; also a hustler; a quiet little woman who wore noiseless black gowns and a White House manner and snagged all the classiest trade in no time. Before I'd been there a month we were improving the circulation of the bluest blood in town and massaging away some of the lumpiest incomes.

"At first I attended to the hair goods; but pretty soon I caught the ingenious art of manicuring; and with my salary and tips the job stuck out in the pay envelope like a regular position. Then there were extras for overtime work. Well, one night I stayed till eleven helping her with some accounts, and on my way home one of these night riders in a loose-jointed car cruises up to the curb with the usual remark about being too late for a pretty girl, and so on.

"Say, I was hot and tired and just in the humor to do my bit in making the world safe for the working girl. So I served him a warm smile, and halts in front of a window. Of course he stops the car, gets out and ankles over. And then—and then I grabbed him and shook him till the surrounding atmosphere looked like an animated novelty store. When I finished there was a sidewalk display of collar buttons, fountain pens, keyrings, a corkscrew and a straw hat, to say nothing of a gold watch and a dollar twenty in small change. After which I batted a hot one about how these here Paul Reveres would some day wise up to the fact that the county jail was less'n a mile away; and walked on.

"Well, would you believe it, Nell, the next afternoon who should turn up at the store but this freshie with a bunch of flowers and a painful flush. Being five foot ten makes you more or less a public character, and I guess he'd had no trouble identifying the lady thug. Anyway, he stammered out an ingenious apology about having had more'n was good for him, and honest, he didn't make a practice of that sort of thing, and couldn't he please have a manicure? Of course I froze up, but he looked so darned humble and kind of scared, probably figuring on losing a pet nail or a favorite thumb, that I weakened. Well, the finger exercises passed off without casualties; and pretty soon he was dropping around regular. By the end of the month we'd gotten as chummy as a coupla Elks after the last pint.

"You see, Nell, he was one of these good-hearted, irresponsible buddies you can't help liking. Medium sized, with untamed sandy eyebrows and a grin like his mouth was going to meet round the back of his head. And when he laughed—gosh, his whole face unbuttoned! Homely? Yes, I suppose he was, but the kind of homeliness that gets you somehow. His name was Dan Tracy and he sold the car that had figured slightly in our first meeting. Somewhere he'd caught the idea of being built for speed, and I gathered he'd been trying to live up to the specifications. He'd been going strong before the Eighteenth Amendment plugged up the nineteenth hole. Not that he really liked the stuff, Nell, but he'd gotten in with some registered thirsts, and you know how it is. A case of more ginned against than ginning.

"And say, speaking of spendthrifts! Honest, the way that kid could make two dollars do the work of one was what you'd call ingenious. The greatest little daylight saver, of course, you ever saw, but this business of storing away a few for a rainy day struck him as a form of low cunning. Naturally in debt up to the collar bone. He could of lost control of his bus at any given crossing and killed or maimed at least a dozen creditors. But listen, Nell, don't get him wrong. Sure he was reckless and irresponsible, and weak maybe; one of these parties that can't say no, and figures in the funeral sermon as his own worst enemy. But the right stuff in him, underneath; only needing that well-known influence of a good woman to dig it out.

"Oh, you've guessed it all right. Chris on the reform committee. First, I stepped on these wakes for J. Barleycorn, and in a month I had him what you might call practically bun shy. He was living then at the Elite, room and bath and keep-the-change-waiter plan; and every new play found him sliding his derby under an orchestra chair. But after this it was a hall bedroom and the cafeteria circuit for Dan, and when his soul craved drama he got it from the balcony at the Imperial Movie Palace. Naturally the money he saved went onto his debts. Then I connected him up with a savings account and annuity insurance and a system of setting-up exercises, Dan being one of these here cushion athletes who prefers the sitting-down kind.

"Gosh! you wouldn't believe how that boy changed. He put on flesh and got to looking like the clean-cut parties in the ginger-ale ads. His sales went up, and in June he got a raise. In other words, I made a man of him. He got so he depended on me for everything, and he appreciated all my first-aid work too.

"'Chris,' he used to say, 'to find a queen that tries to embalm your coin instead of increasing its circulation just proves how wonderful human nature is. You're certainly one good old scout!' And I'd redden up and think of new ways of showing off human nature. Only, to be

(Continued on Page 114)

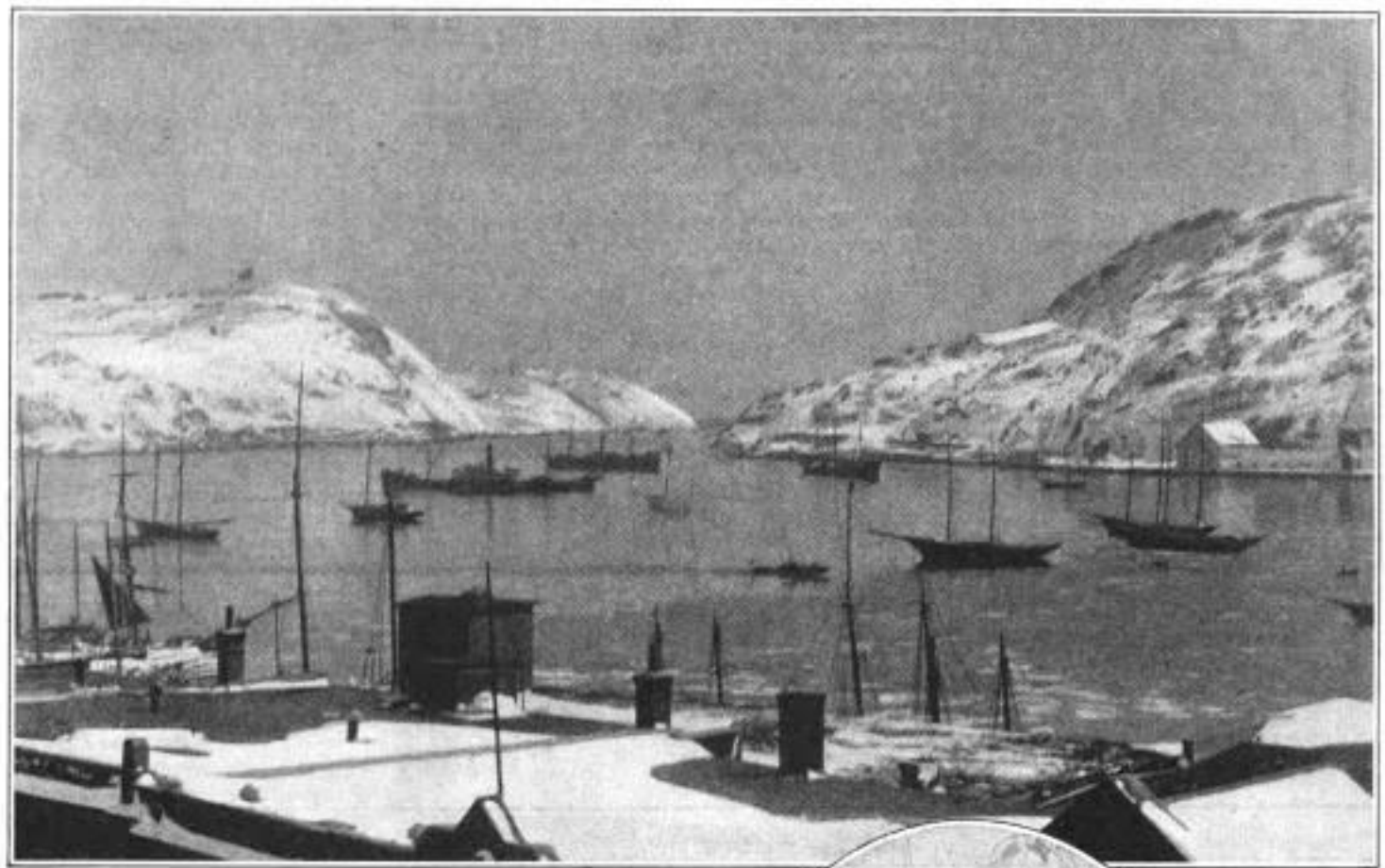


In a Minute Hazel Comes Out, a Heavy Laboratory Pallor Making Her Eyes Bigger and Sadder'n Ever

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VIKINGS OF THE NORTH

By George Allan England



St. John's as it Looks When the Fleet Sails

NIGHT had long since shrouded the frozen ocean, a night of shouting gale and blistering cold with a sleet scud blotting out the loom, when the old Terra Nova woke to a realization that Master-watch Roberts, with a gang of forty sealers, had not come aboard with the others.

Well, now, here we had the making of a first-rate tragedy!

"Boson, burn tarchlights on the barricade!" commanded Cap'n Kean. "Run up a masthead light. What's the matter wi' us now? We must be white-coat crazy! Full speed ahead!"

Grim tensions gripped the vessel. Dim figures lined the rail, the fo'c's'le head. Blue flames whipped into the abysmal night; sparks skidded along the ice. The ship, quivering, lunged into the pack.

Very far a glimmer wavered through thickening snow drives, for a blizzard was rushing on. Toward that glimmer we fought our way. The glimmer brightened. It flickered as black figures moved about it. After an endless time we nosed through an inky lead, crashed into a floe. Now fire, men and piles of raw redness grew plainer. Yells rang from ship to ice and back again. Harsh crimson glares smeared the pans, the pinnacles. Jetty shadows leaped, fantasies unreal as witch revels on the Brocken. Black and blood-soaked figures trooped toward the ship.

"How many seals you got, my sons?" shouted the cap'n from his bridge. "Look yary now—get 'em aboard!"

Master-Watch Roberts Reports

NO WORD of fear was spoken, none of commiseration. Swiftly the sculps were loaded, with the frenzy of shouts, laughter, excitement that this stolid race on occasion indulges in. Men with black faces, their hands looking as if cased in red gloves, swarmed up the side sticks and the ropes, gaffs waving. Some had seal hearts tucked into their belts—rare delicacy when eaten raw, and frozen, between two slabs of hardtack. Eyes gleaming, teeth glinting in whiskered faces, gory, dirty, they crowded to the forward galley for their mug-up. The blazing torches lighted all with eerie flamings. And Cap'n Kean, massive in huge fur coat, went below again to the stuffy little cabin, its white paint smeared with blood, to finish his game of checkers with the doctor.

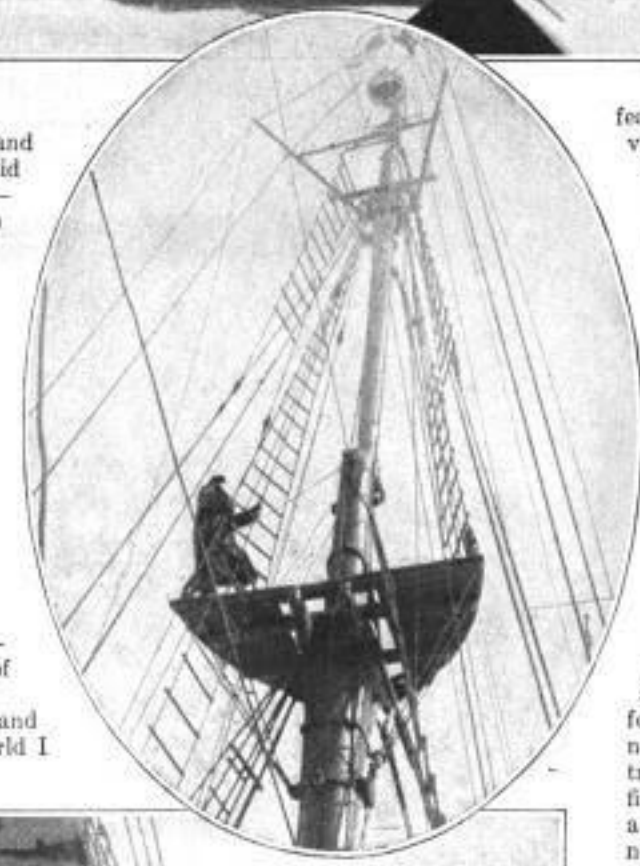
Down came Master-watch Roberts, his canvas jacket redly frozen, face parboiled red with frost.

"Well, well," the cap'n said, jovial, white-whiskered, with eyeglasses on nose, "this like to ha' been a most miserable affair."

"We'm all rate, sir," Roberts assured him. "Nobody hurt. Pan of ice went abroad under one man, an' he went in chock to he eyebrows. Wid his gun too. But he hooked a pan wid de gun an' got out. Saved de gun too. Us waited, just. Made a fire wid flagpoles an' spun yarn an' fat. Us knowed you'd kim alaang fer we. Thankee, sir!" as the cap'n ordered a big tot of rum for him.

And thus it ended; and no more thought or said among these supermen—these incredible folk who do the world's most terrific labor—about an incident that to mere Americans would have been a thriller. Yes, that crew, forgotten on the ice with a blizzard whooping on, diced with Death that night; but these vikings of the North, these sealers of Newfoundland, are always dicing with Death. One less or one more throw means nothing to them, absolutely nothing. Men of iron? Steel!

In all my knockings up and down this tough old world I never yet have found a race in any way to compare, for fearlessness, endurance, cheerfulness, patience under severe punishment, gluttony for work, and general all-round he-manhood, with this superb breed. The heroism of the Iceland fishermen, bepraised by Pierre Loti, isn't in it for a moment with that of the Newfoundlanders. Bronzed with gale and ice glare, laughing, hearty, bold as lions, simple as children, lovably unsophisticated, making free with the hungry and waiting North, they stand as a type unique and all but indescribable.





A Small Squad of Vikings Ready for Business. In the Oval—Cap'n Kean Running Up to the Barrel Like a Boy, Despite His 70 Years

They are a combination of sailors, hunters, coal heavers, blasters, explorers, gymnasts, martyrs and heroes. Their feats of skill and strength would fill volumes; their daring and adventures would furnish forth material for scores of novels. Amphibious, sure-footed, agile, using their gaffs like a third hand in most amazing ways, they find nothing too perilous to undertake, nothing too laborious to complete. The skin of their teeth is for them a wide margin of safety. Their lives are one long miracle.

These supermen of the sea sprung from the loins of Scotland, Ireland, England in the long ago, have developed a race all their own. Summers they swarm the iron coasts of Labrador, codfishing. Winters how they live God knows. Doctor Grenfell can partly tell you. Spring after spring—and March in Newfoundland is some spring!—from the northern bays and outports they troop to battle with ice and blizzard, fire and frost; and in return get only a scant handful of dollars, sometimes none at all.

Signing On

MANY of them walk forty, fifty miles over snow-drifted headlands and frozen bays, then come along to St. John's in bare, half-warmed cars, camping out with incredible hardships such as would kill us softer folk. They sign on, take their crop or outfit—nine dollars' worth of anything they like, for which twelve dollars are later deducted from their share—go aboard the unutterably dismal, dirty ships; live long weeks in hold and dungeon; labor in fearful cold and buck withering storms. All this time they never undress, but just tumble into their bunks, sometimes boots and all. I know, from personal experience, what that means; and I have also learned that hygiene, like ethics, is

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really after all only a matter of geography. While brown men live easily and idly in fruitful tropics these pure white men of our own race—absolutely splendid Nordic stock—"labor and muck for a try at luck"; then back home they go to their barren tilts and settlements. Coal-blackened, grease-soaked, blood-crimsoned, they are content if they have a little silver to jingle in their pockets, a few seal flippers on a cord or a barrel of frozen careasses to carry with them. And, by the way, millions of pounds of excellent meat are every year left on the ice. Here's a tip for some enterprising capitalist.

"When you'm got in a trip o' fat you earns your money, sir," one sealer confided to me; but this is about as near any complaint as they come. "It's a bit airsome" is all they'll admit about terrific tempests. Their whole lives are hardships. They know nothing else, expect nothing else; possibly would sicken and die with anything else. Vikings of the North, indeed!

The annual swilin'-racket is the Northern Newfoundlander's one big thrill. It's his huge blow-out, his great slaughter; the full and free *laissez-aller* of the killing lust that lurks in all of us. Money isn't the motive. It's the kill itself that lures. To miss your spring is a supreme misfortune. These northern-bay men beg and scheme for berths, are grateful for what to us would be a horrid nightmare of misery, talk about the last racket and plan for the next one all year long. The captains are just as eager for it as the men. Cap'n Kean, over seventy, hasn't missed a spring for fifty years. In the midst of ice jams and gales he often shouts, "Who wouldn't sell their farm and go to sea?"

Cap'n Bishop, with whom I returned, stared at me with perfect incomprehension when I asked him, "Well, cap'n, I suppose you're glad to be going home?" The fact is, that question was almost an insult. My stock with Cap'n Bishop fell low after that remark.

A Newfoundlander's Heaven

EVEN the Newfoundland boys yearn for the kill and for a sight of the wonders and glories of St. John's—their only contact with real streets and shops, their only chance to click up and down real sidewalks in spiked skin boots and see the wonders of a big city. St. John's, I believe, has between thirty and forty thousand people. Every ship carries stowaways, half-clad wretches who work for nothing at all but a little gatherin'—collection—from the men, for the trip and the rough fare of salt junk, bread, hardtack, fish and brewis, beans and tea—the tea made from melted ice, yellow and brackish in rusty tanks. Such fare, to many, constitutes real luxury. A ship without a stowaway is jinked, or hoodooed, from the very start—one of the many superstitions that govern sealers. One and all share Cap'n Kean's famous dictum: "Gi' me a good ship, a good crew and a good patch of seals, and I won't ask for any better heaven!"

At midnight black as the wintry Pole, snow-swept and terrible, you'll hear the sealers singing Johnny Boker and other chanteys as they toil by torch flares. You'll see them happily laughing and skylarking when we would shrink and shiver and curse the North. I, bundled in masses of heavy clothing, coats, furs, often used to see them going about the decks in shirt sleeves, open-throated, bareheaded. How do they stand it? No task cut out for them is too severe, no peril too deadly to hold them back. No men of any breed work like these strange men; none are so insensible to pain, so swift to recuperate, so magnificent in endurance.

And right here let me say that one of these fine days some fight promoter is going to wake up to the fact that in Newfoundland is lying dormant a world-beating pugilist. Why should a highly organized Frenchman, who can be hurt and knocked out, try for the belt? Your Newfoundlander may not have science, but he's unhurtable. He can stand anything anybody has to give, short of a sledge hammer or a gun, and walk right ahead. And he has the punch. If one of these men ever gets in a single blow—good night! I wish I had the money to—— But that's a pure digression.

Just as they seem not to feel pain, they appear to have no imagination concerning perils. If a thing doesn't happen, why bother? At the beginning I got used to seeing men sit on powder cans and calmly smoke their pipes. Later I saw them fill other cans with loose powder, still smoking. That was a mere commonplace. They handle cartridges with magnificent familiarity. One "dog" dropped a bag of them and a lot went off; but as nobody happened to get shot what did it matter?

Speaking of powder, our lazaret with twelve casks of it lay directly under the red-hot stove in the cabin. The stovepipe went up between the narrow companion stair and the Marconi room, so that a fire would have cut off our exit and also our chance of sending wireless. This pipe was unprotected, about two inches from beams calcined by heat. One day I ventured to point out to Uncle Absalom that we had all the makings of a fine sea tragedy.



Joe Stirge, an Expert Gunner and a Hardy Man



The Preacher, the Cook and the Baker. Note the Bare Arms in Zero Temperature



This Master-Watch Doesn't Look Like a Good Man to Get Into an Argument With

"Ain't never burned up ner busted yit," he assured me, scraping charred wood from behind the stovepipe. "Us kip de pipe rid-hot too," he proudly added.

No; nobody can beat it. But a sealing steamer is no place for a nervous man.

Aboard the Eagle seal oil was leaking through into the engine room, trickling down a wooden bulkhead. One touch of fire and up the steamer would go. The men calmly told me about a ship catching fire that way; but they didn't mind the leaking oil. Why worry? The fact that So-and-So once floated ashore from a wreck on a coffin with a corpse inside it wasn't considered much of a stunt. Men often purposely fall into the sea, between loose ice, to get a swallow of rum. Cap'n Kean has stuck to the bridge, with his face frozen, while a sailor held snow to that face to keep it from freezing more. Nothing was thought of a mast breaking off, with the scunner's barrel, and the scunner hanging, head down, in the barrel, aloft till rescued. The ships scout in around icebergs with a familiarity quite shocking to a "youngster"—that is, a man like myself. In the little hell hole back of the cabin I used to marvel at the way the men would throw matches and tobacco sparks close to fuses and percussion caps. A ship going down in the ice is only a trivial incident.

I have seen men working with one hand, while the other was so cruelly lacerated that any American with such an injury would holler for a doctor and go to bed. Men hardly able to stand up will go on ice and haul tows. Men stab through their feet with gaffs and go on working. They get seal fingers—that is, infections from tainted seal fat—and plug right along. They work even with pneumonia. And they rarely die. I heard of only one man who ever really died in the pack.

"Us iced un down on de deckhouse an' brung un to port," a gunner told me. He said it as if mentioning a side of beef. For only one man to die out of thousands is a marvel.

The sealers aren't hardhearted; they simply don't feel. Now and again they show tender streaks.

"Dere was dat time," a master watch said, "a feller got mad at a white coat fer not bein' big enough, an' ripped un up. Nodder un brung un abird, an' sewed un up wid needle an' cord. White coat got well, too, an' us kip un fer a pet!"

Among the sealers you have to stand on your own feet and take chances; and if you can't stand, then lie down in your bunk and keep still. No use saying anything. They don't. The most they'll complain of is: "I ain't bodily sick, sir, but I got a sore stummick."

Communism of a Sort

ON INVESTIGATING I always found their stummicks were their lungs. Many a brawny chest I painted with iodine; and that, plus marvelous health, brought everything right in no time. My iodine and bandages earned me the title of "Doctor" from some—those and my precious quart of whisky.

That whisky didn't last long. The first night out I rashly gave a glutch—swallow—to the big-hearted carpenter, Edwin Tucker, who went to sleep on a bare board so that I could have his bunk. Presently another husky showed up hintingly. I fell for the hints. Another came, and another, and lots more; and right away I found myself a full-fledged barkeep. The proverbial celluloid cat has no more chance than a bottle of spirits has on board a sealer.

Incidentally the men consumed most of my tobacco—to be without which is called a tarmentin' thing—also my lime juice, raisins and shaving soap. They used my brush, comb and strop, and got away with all but one of my pipes by the very direct expedient of smoking them; after which, somehow, I just sort of let the pipes go. These hardy sons of the North smoke freely in such communistic fashion; even a cigar is passed round. But I never did manage a fourth-hand butt. No, it couldn't be done. The idea is, there's no mine or thine. Hospitality is a prime Newfoundland virtue. The sealers will share everything with you in perfect freedom. They shared several little things with me, but the doctor helped me get rid of 'em. However, what I started to tell about was the cap'n's mysterious bottle.

He found this bottle, one uproarious day, among his supplies. It had a suspicious-looking label. He couldn't make it out, so he summoned me.

"What's this?" he asked. "It says 'Cog—cognac, Hau-te Qua-lite.' Now what d'ye think that is? Poison?"

"Some people call it poison," I truthfully replied. "The worst kind."

"Oh, you take it then!"

Forthwith he handed over a quart of absolutely life-saving elixir. This proves the advantages of the higher education.

My popularity after that grew by leaps and bounds; there was always somebody coming round to see me, for a while. I don't know how many "cats"—whitecoat pelts—were promised me "So laang as me an' you stays chums."

(Continued on Page 80)

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HER MAJESTY—MOLLY

By Walter De Leon

ILLUSTRATED BY NANCY FAY

HER MAJESTY says it was all my fault; that I should have known right from the beginning that it was an unusually difficult situation. With detectives tagging us around and corrupting rehearsals I'll agree it was all of that. But I can't get her to understand that after kicking around in vaudeville with a lot of hicks and ex-buttonhole makers like Sam Kovich, I'd lost the educated instincts with which I'd entered the business. I can't make Her Majesty confess that, because she didn't understand my ground-and-lofty kidding any more than I did her society language, we never really got together until after I'd nearly lost her. I admit I thought she was upstage and all to the la-de-da, especially for an amateur, and I resented it. What she thought of me I don't want to know.

The day it started you must know that I was very low; very low, sitting on a curbing in Long Acre Square, opposite the Palace Theater Building, reading about the elusive gent who'd relieved careless guests of the big Penwald Hotel of forty-five thousand dollars in cash and jewelry during the past ten days. I was wishing I knew his system, and that I hadn't been raised in a minister's family. That's how low I was.

Skim Kelly and I, doing a singing, talking and dancing act, had worked three years establishing ourselves in the two-a-day. Then Skim married. The first thing his wife did was to split our act and kid the office into booking her and Skim in the new double act they put together—using most of the material, songs and gags Skim and I had perfected.

The office, through Sam Kovich, the agent, had teamed me with a jane whose real name was nothing like anything those who bumped into her disposition called her. Two weeks later, in the middle of one of her brain flurries, I regretfully declined the hammer a stage hand slipped into my hand, and walked to the nearest telegraph office, where I wired as follows:

Send another wild animal trainer. I'm through. CHICK STEDMAN.

"Sam," I told Kovich the next day, "I don't care how sore the office is; I'm sorer. Before I team up with a woman again I'll starve."

Sam took me at my word. I hadn't worked a day since. And here was a guy that had raised forty-five thousand dollars in ten days, five of it last night from Room 2337. There was something familiar about that figure. I dug out of my pocket all the money there was in the world and counted it—$23.37. A glimpse of the date of the paper reminded me I'd been born exactly twenty-three years and thirty-seven days before. I remembered that 2337 was Sam's phone number—and that I hadn't worked for twenty-three weeks and thirty-seven days. Hopefully hugging the hunch I hopped across the street into the Palace elevator.

"Listen, Sam," I said a minute later, "I've got to have a job—quick! Otherwise I borrow money from you."

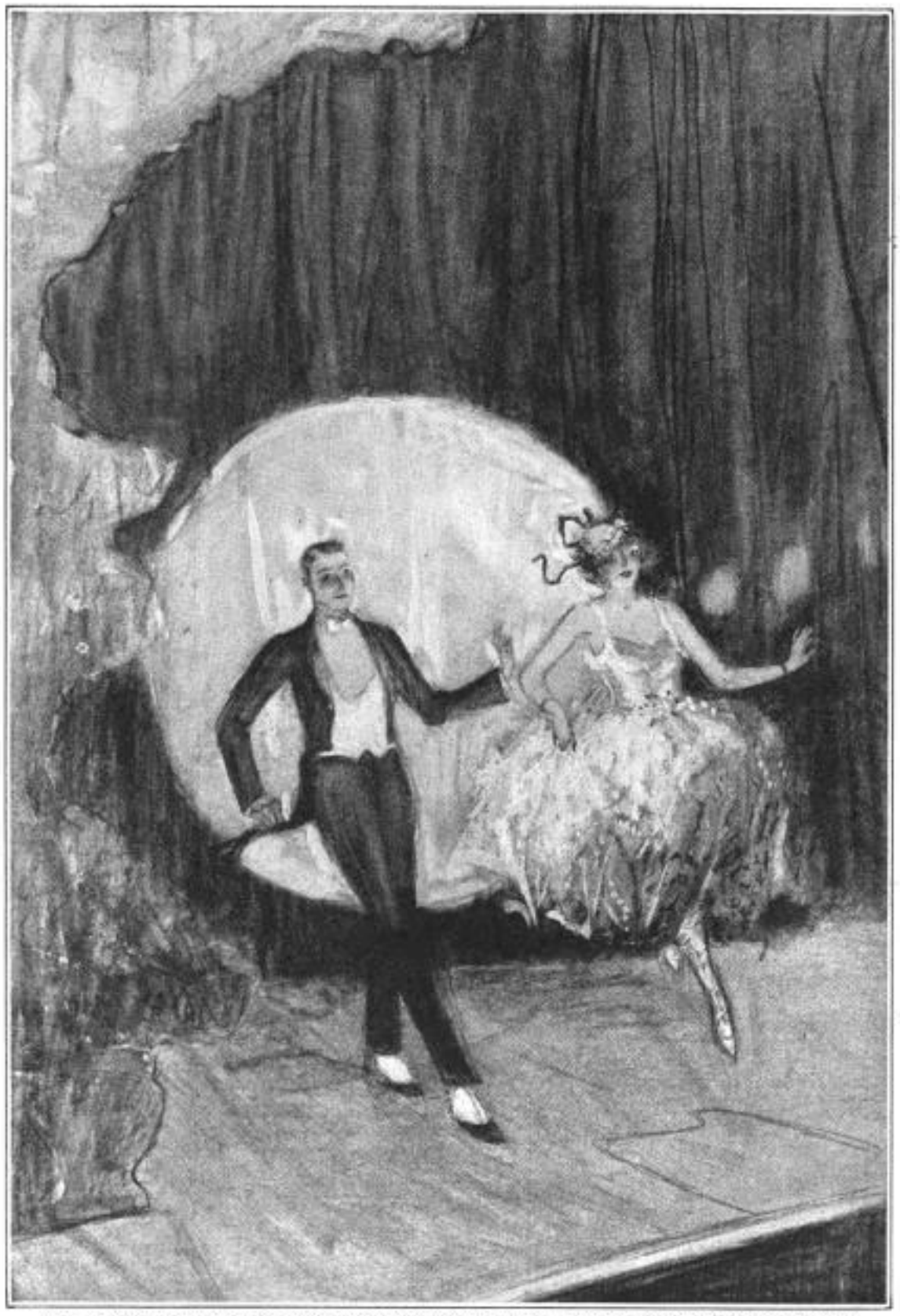
Instead of being told where to go, Sam welcomed me with a fat smile.

"Hello, Chick. You got over your prejudice about working with a woman?"

"No; but starving isn't so pleasant either."

"Maybe I got good news for you. Come inside."

We went into his private office. There was a girl there. Sweet irises and orchids! Also violets and pansies; but mostly American Beauties! This girl was all of them.



Her Majesty Raised the Skirt of That Gorgeous Evening Gown Just the Right Height and Danced Like a Blooming Puffball in a Sweet Summer Breeze

"Miss Molly Wills—Chick Stedman," Sam introduced us.

She was what the story-writers call exquisitely formed, on a miniature scale, but perfect. Big dark eyes she had, flashing with the gold lights reflected from her hair. Not a touch of make-up on her creamy skin, and the scarlet on her lips—curving and moist and soft—never came out of a cosmetic factory.

Her chin was—it was hard to describe. It was square without being pugnacious; firm without losing its velvety curves. You had a hunch, looking at her chin, that Molly Wills would never lie down on any job until she was knocked down. And the way she held it, uptilted a bit in the general direction of her short straight nose, gave you the idea that she took a lot of masculine favors for granted.

Don't get the notion that I was looking her over so closely as a possible future friend—not with $23.37 in my pocket. I was sizing her up purely as vaudeville material. Half my newspaper notices started off, "Chick Stedman, a good-looking, graceful young chap with a likable personality and an infectious comedy method," and so on. There is always more money in refined skits than hokum comedy acts. From any angle, her looks, her clothes—from top to toe nothing but the very expensive best—the cool clear voice of her and her assured way of talking, Molly Wills had tons of class. If she'd had only enough experience to say lines and put her high-class personality over the footlights, I saw many happy and profit-sharing weeks ahead of us.

Sam's voice shattered my dream.

"Miss Wills ain't never been on the stage, Chick."

"I'm sure you'll enjoy the life, once you're accustomed to it, Miss Wills," I said in my best society manner, reaching for my hat. No amateurs for me.

"How much money was you thinking of borrowing?" drawled Sam in his unemotional fish voice. "Because you ain't going to get it." Before I could find words fit for a lady to listen to he went on:

"I've got the script of a double act—a novelty—that would fit you two like a glove. Miss Wills, she's read it and likes it. If you like it, too, I can get it for you for nothing. It won't cost you a nickel. Wait till I get it for you from the outside office."

Right away I smelled something cooking. Good acts are expensive. The only time anybody had ever got anything out of Sam for nothing was the time the doctor removed his appendix, and only for Sam being unconscious with ether that wouldn't have happened.

Knowing Sam's only weakness I regarded the *femme* I had *cherchezed*. Question: Was the girl using Sam to get on the stage, or was Sam using the stage to get the girl? Answer: None of my business—except in one way.

"Before we go any further, Miss Wills, I'd like to boldly ask one question."

"Please do."

"Why are you going into vaudeville? If it's just for fun, or excitement, or to kill a little time, or maybe to win a bet, I'm afraid you'll have to look for another boy. As Sam so delicately hinted, my finances are too near the famishing point for me to waste time building up an act that isn't going to work."

She hesitated a moment before answering. Then with her eyes squinted a trifle as she looked straight at me, a teasing smile on her lips, in a cool drawl she said, "Suppose—suppose I told you it was for the money?"

"I'd laugh, politely but heartily," I said, looking at the big diamond on her left hand, the seal ring with its ruby on the littlest finger of her right, and at her clothes, which had never been bought east or west of Fifth Avenue.

Before anything else could be said Sam came back with a script and some songs. I wasn't positive, but as he looked at Miss Wills I thought I caught her giving him a quick, almost imperceptible nod.

"You're going to like this, Chick," Sam handed me the script. "It's a nifty idea about a wise-cracking city guy meeting and making a play for a girl without recognizing her as an old kid friend of his from his home town. She's hep all the time, and after stringing him along she pulls it on him. The laugh's on him, but he's so glad to see her again he don't care. The act finishes with the two of them, in a song, doing comedy imitations of different characters they both know back home."

"Where did you get it?" I asked, realizing it offered a great opportunity for me and didn't make any big demands on the girl.

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"Oh, I bought it from a fellow who was broke a long time ago. Today when Miss Wills comes in and says she wants an act where she don't have to be made love to too much, I remember it. Then you come in, Chick, and right off I know you're the very fellow to work opposite Miss Wills."

"He means," I grinned at the girl, "on account of me playing love scenes so rotten."

"You know what I mean, Chick. You can kid a love scene so it ain't just mush. Now you two talk this over and give us all a chance to make a little money." Sam bowed out.

"Well?" I asked the girl.

"I'm more than eager to try it," she smiled, "and I assure you you may depend on my going through with it." I looked at her chin, and decided to bet on what it meant to me.

"I suppose," I said, smiling very Ritzy, "I suppose you've had a wealth of society amateur experience?"

"Nothing to speak of. But I'm not afraid of hard work; really."

"That's nice, because there's a lot of it ahead of you," I grinned.

"When can we begin?" she asked, cool and easy.

"Today, if you like. Have you an apartment we could rehearse in?" I asked, figuring that would save a lot of bother and the expense of renting a rehearsal room.

"No; I'm stopping at the Penwald Hotel."

I covered the laugh that handed me. Going into vaudeville for the money—she'd said—and stopping at the Penwald!

"Well," I said with a serious face, "maybe if you asked the manager for the use of one of the small banquet rooms for rehearsal he'd let you have it."

"Very good," replied the girl, rising. "I will."

"Put it on the books," I told Sam as we walked out—"'Wills and Stedman, That Clever Couple in Classy Chatter.'"

Molly Wills accepted the compliment of being placed first in the billing without even a gracious nod.

"Will 2:30 be agreeable to you, Mr. Stedman?" she asked as we stepped out into the lobby from the elevator.

"Surely."

"Thanks so much. Phone Room 711."

She tossed me a brief smile and tripped away, leaving me to ponder the slight emphasis she'd put on the word "phone." Didn't she think I knew anything about social etiquette?

Across the lobby I noticed a large-footed gent with the longest, squarest, thickest jaw ever grown on a human being. His eyes were following Miss Wills down the street. Seeing me watching him he walked over.

"Hello, kid," he smiled, sticking out his hand.

"Hello, Bozo," I said, greeting him like a long-lost friend instead of a perfect stranger. "Your eyesight is improving, isn't it?"

"Some wren!" he yapped out the corner of his mouth, jerking his thumb over his shoulder.

"You mean my wife?" I said, pulling the old turn-away speech for stage-door johns.

"Your wife?" I caught the glint of surprise in Big-Jaw's black eyes.

But instead of grinning sheepishly and walking away he reached into his vest pocket for a couple of cigars.

"Listen," he said as he offered me one.

But I'd seen something when he pulled back his coat that showed me I had him all wrong. I'd seen a cute little detective badge high up on his vest near the armhole.

"I'm afraid I've made a mistake," I said, smiling only with my mouth. "For a moment I thought you were Bozo the Buttinski, who does a wire-tapping act on the small time." Big-Jaw looked at me without a word as he absorbed the fact that I had his number. "No harm done," I finished. "This isn't the first time I've been mistaken for Jimmy Looseface." I left him looking at me.

But wise-cracking a get-away like that didn't prevent me from wondering what there was about Molly Wills that was interesting the detective agency.

Naturally I didn't mention Big-Jaw to her that afternoon when, after getting the message she'd left at the desk for me, I walked into Banquet Room C. She was playing the piano when I entered. Noticing she used eight more fingers than I do when playing piano, I set the music of our act in front of her and asked if she would oblige.

When she reached the chorus of the first song she started singing. Her voice was like herself, small and appealing, and yet precise and sure. I began harmonizing with her. The way our voices blended sounded most soothing to me. That was one asset, at least, the new team had.

"Well," I said after we'd broken the backs of two of the songs, "let's run through the dialogue a couple of times and call it a day. Tomorrow we'll begin putting dances to the numbers."

"I think I'd like to begin learning the dances today," coolly and serenely insisted my half-size partner.

I looked at her, trim and tidy in silk sport skirt and sweater, at the heavy soles of the buckskin sport shoes on her little feet.

"The dances we're going to do cannot be learned in any costume like that, effective as it is," I said, smiling. "You'll want flat-heeled slippers and practice clothes—a romper outfit that'll give you plenty of freedom and ventilation."

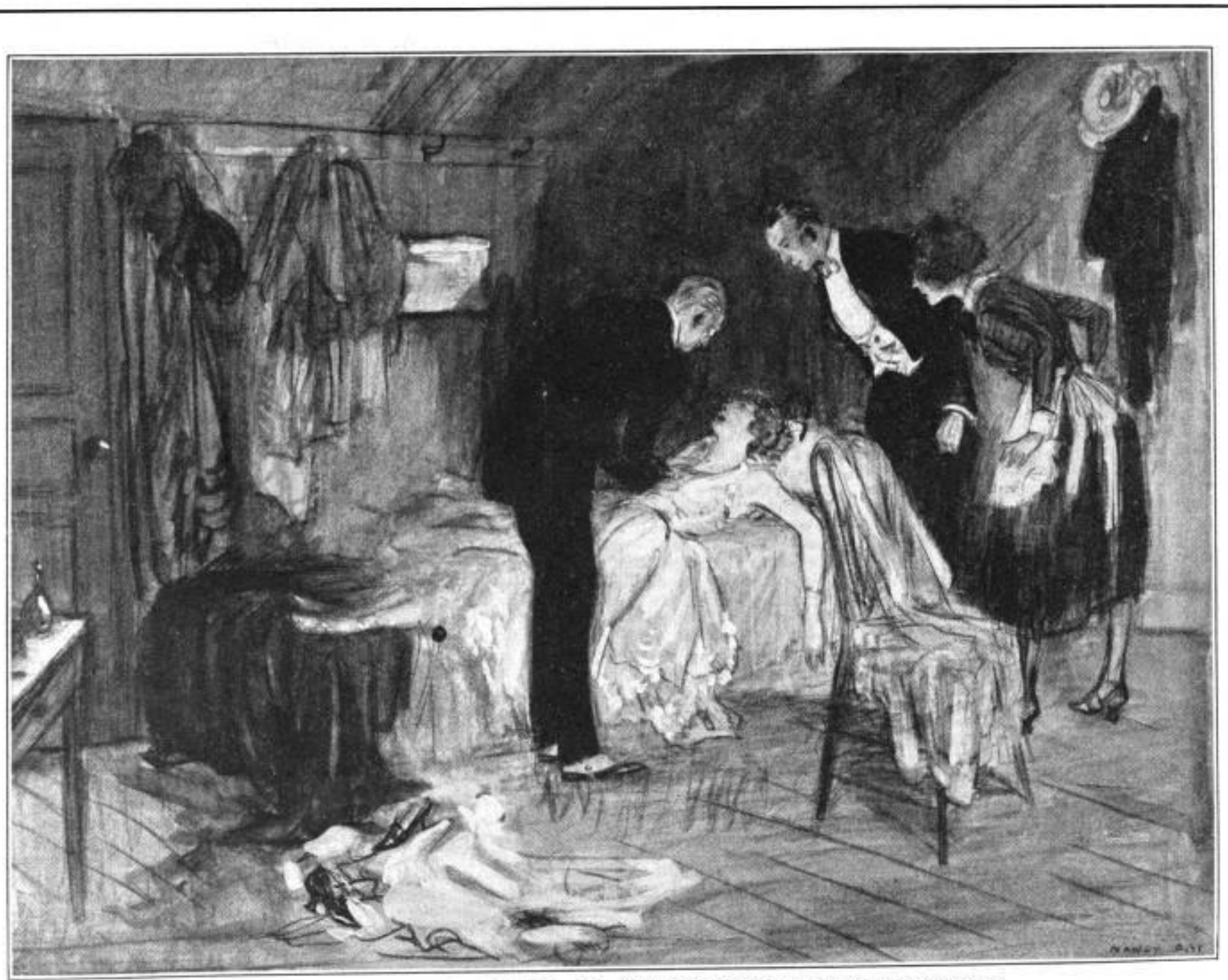
"Yes; of course. Will you please get my bag for me?" She pointed to it on a chair by the door.

"With pleasure," I said politely, wondering if she intended breaking me in as personal errand boy.

But when I turned around with the bag I got a surprise. She'd slipped out of the sport skirt and was tightening the twist of her stockings rolled under a pair of black sateen gym bloomers. Kicking off the buckskin shoes she took a pair of thin-soled Mary Janes from the bag and buttoned them on.

"I'm ready," she announced.

Any time they tell you that routining and learning a dance isn't the hardest kind of nerve-racking, exasperating mental and physical labor, don't believe it. Men forget they're gentlemen, ladies forget they're effeminate, husbands and wives swear to be so no longer, and sweethearts act like married couples in the heat of a dancing rehearsal. *(Continued on Page 34)*



"Call an Ambulance," He Ordered the Usher Girl. "Ambulance! What's the Matter, Doc?" I Croaked

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MY LIFE

By EMMA CALVÉ

TRANSLATED BY ROSAMOND GILDER

XXVI

EVERY summer during recent years I have filled my castle on the hilltop with different groups of young girls who have come to study with me. It is a joy to me to have these young people about, to hear their fresh voices, to try to help them a little in acquiring a knowledge of the difficult arts of singing and of living.

Both at Cabrières and in Paris, where I teach during part of the year, I have had pupils from every quarter of the globe: Russians, with their fiery temperament and unstable emotions; Italians, warm and gay, bubbling and happy on the least occasion; repressed English girls, with their perfect manners and calm exterior; French girls, charming and serious, eager to learn and ready to work hard; and, of course, my dear Americans, with their cordial, spontaneous friendliness, their splendid physical equipment, beautiful voices and simple, unsophisticated outlook. My pupils come to me from every walk of life, in every stage of musical development. Some of them have no other recommendation than the beauty of their natural, untrained voices. There are others again who after years of study wish to develop some particular side of their talent—diction, dramatic expression, lyric declamation, any of the hundred special phases of a singer's art.

Whenever it is possible I take these young girls into my own home at Cabrières. What happy, busy summers we pass among my beautiful mountains, in the high solitude of my well-beloved country! There, far from the world, its cares and distractions forgotten, with nothing to claim our attention outside the simple routine of our daily lives, studying becomes a pastime. My pupils learn almost unconsciously, and we are able to devote our whole attention to our work without fatigue or strain.

Cabrières itself is ideally situated for a singer's holiday. The air in these high places is dry and bracing—a splendid climate for those whose throats and lungs are their kingdom. My young girls benefit greatly by their summer in the country—a real *cure d'air* for those who come from cities or from damp, low regions. I can take care of a number of pupils in my little castle, and they share with me the comfortable, wholesome country life that I love so much. Our daily routine is simplicity itself. We rise early and dispatch our small domestic duties, for here at Cabrières we live upon a democratic plane. Rich or poor, luxuriously nurtured or hard working, all are alike under this roof. At ten o'clock we assemble for lessons and work hard until lunch time. In the afternoon we take our pleasure. Some go swimming in the river near by; others take long walks among the hills. On fête days, or when the spirit of adventure seizes us, we go off for long excursions into the surrounding countryside in the automobile. Motoring is a delight in this part of the world, for the roads are so built that one can reach a fairly great altitude without strain. In the evening we have our books, letters to write, long talks by the fireside, an impromptu lesson or two. Indeed, the whole day is full of movement and song, for I and my little troupe are happy at Cabrières, and we sing as easily as we walk or talk.

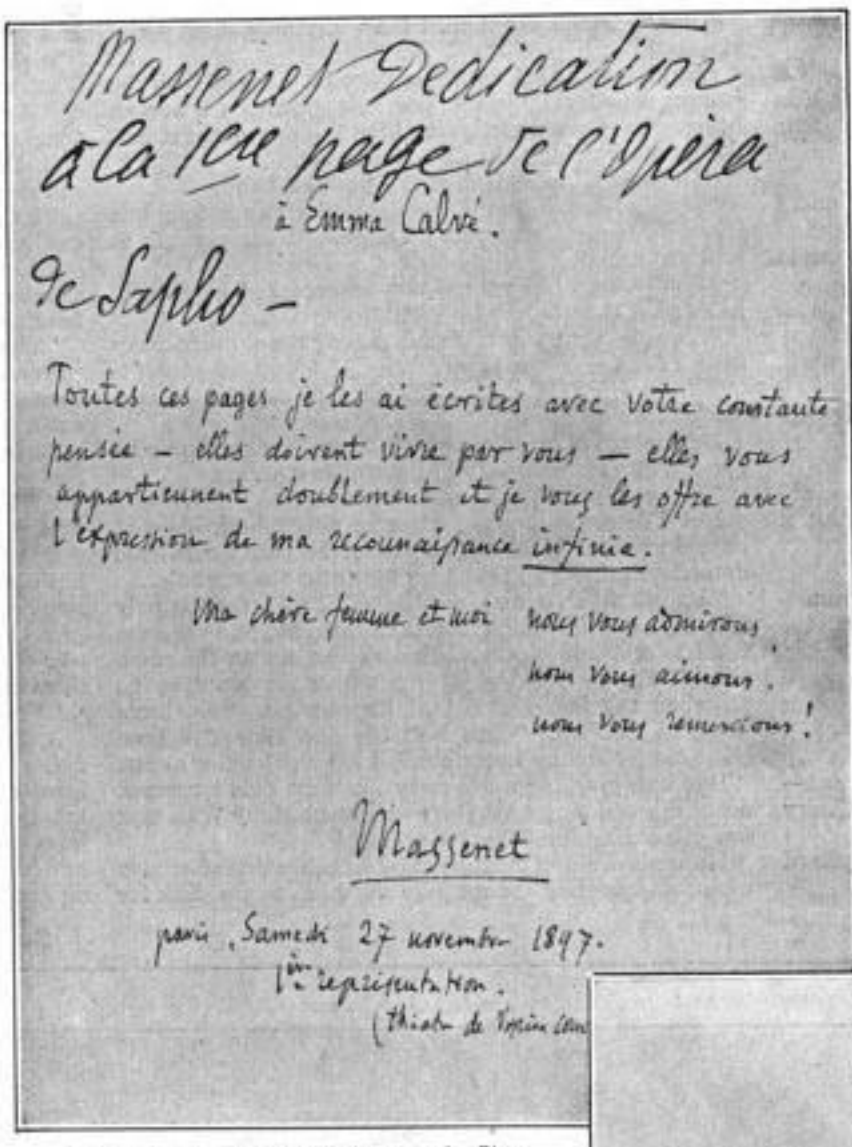
The distinguished writer Bonnier has published such an excellent treatise on the art of singing and voice production that there remains little to be said on the most interesting and much-disputed subjects. In reading his book recently I came across a remark which struck me as particularly appropriate in connection with my school at Cabrières. Bonnier says in effect that "those who have had long experience as singers, even if their achievement may not have been more than mediocre, are alone among mortals the custodians of a little secret. The secret of the voice! They alone are able to transmit this secret to the uninitiated. Only a singer can teach the art of singing; only a vocalist can train the voice."

Even among the birds is this true. If a young nightingale is separated from his kind he sings but poorly and imperfectly. Should he be placed, while he is still a fledgling, in a cage of sparrows, he would chirp as shrilly as do they. In order to learn the full use of his voice he must be brought up with his own kind. He must listen constantly to the limpid notes of the full-grown birds about him, which he will soon strive to emulate and may in the end be able to surpass.

Yet, though this may seem an almost self-evident truth, it is curious and sometimes absurd to note that among those who undertake to teach the difficult art of singing will be found pianists, theater managers, professors of solfeggio, teachers of pantomime, ladies in reduced circumstances, even ex-chorus women.

I know of one instance where the lady's maid of a famous opera star has become a teacher of singing, and, incidentally, has made a very good business of it.

However successful these unmusical teachers of singing may be in acquiring pupils, it is, nevertheless, undeniable that the true way to teach singing is through the ear. To learn to sing, the pupil should listen, as does the young nightingale, to the voice of his master. He should be able to imitate the sounds made by his master, and this is possible only when his teacher is a singer. The master, in addition, must be able to lend the accuracy of his musician's ear, trained by long years of experience to guide the first steps of the young aspirant. Musical judgment—vocal understanding—is only gained by long practice and hard work. It cannot be acquired off-hand by any short cuts to success.


Massenet Dedication
à la 1ère page de l'Opéra
à Emma Calvé.
De Sapho –

Toutes ces pages je les ai écrites avec votre constante pensée – elles doivent vivre par vous – elle, vous appartiennent doublement et je vous les offre avec l'expression de ma reconnaissance infinie.

Ma chère femme et moi nous vous admirons,
nous vous aimons,
nous vous remercions!

Massenet

paris, Samedi 27 novembre 1897.
1ère représentation.
(théâtre de l'Opéra Com

Massenet's Dedication Written on the First Page of the Score of "Sapho"


Madame Calvé in "Sapho," 1898

In the equipment of a singing teacher a certain amount of scientific knowledge is essential. Unless he understands physiology and anatomy, he may fall into very grave errors. These important subjects have always been very carefully studied by the best masters. Was it not a singer, Manuel García, who first made use of the autolaryngoscope? His apparatus was later modified by two other doctor-singers, Bataille and Segond.

Teaching must be based on accurate and intelligent knowledge of the mechanism of the body, particularly of the head, throat and lungs; for though such knowledge will not make a great singer, yet ignorance may ruin a good one. How much harm can be done by inexperienced teachers and careless methods! Knowledge, actual experience, attention to detail and endless patience—these are but a few of the qualities needed by those who undertake the training of a singer.

Standards and types of singing vary from period to period. In the past much emphasis was placed upon pure vocalization, bel canto, the perfect, even production of each note. This method sometimes developed into pure vocal gymnastics. It might almost be said that at this period the singer sang too much: he did not pay enough attention to diction and declamation. Now, on the contrary, with the introduction of a new type of music less rich in opportunity for vocal fireworks, the singer might be accused of placing too much emphasis on declamation. He does not sing enough. A happy medium between these two extremes is the ideal achievement. It is not enough for a singer to be merely a virtuoso. He must, in addition, be an artist.

I try to teach my pupils at Cabrières something besides the pure technic of their profession. An artist worthy of that high title not only must have a complete command of his instrument; he not only must have a mastery of the difficult arts of diction, breath control, declamation, tone production and coloration—in fact, of everything that might be called the mechanical side of singing—but he must also, and above all, possess a high intelligence, a well-informed mind, a sensitive and generous heart.

It is not, of course, possible to give these qualities to those who have not got them any more than one can cultivate a voice that does not exist. On the other hand, just as the hidden qualities of a crude young singer may be brought out and developed by an experienced master, so the young intelligence can be stimulated to greater activity. These young people can be taught to read intelligently, to study, to think. They can be shown how greatly a well-equipped brain will assist them in their careers. Their minds and souls can be opened to a wider understanding.

It is for this reason that I am always glad to have my pupils stay with me at Cabrières, for there, in a daily and hourly intimacy, I can show them, little by little, the path that will lead toward a broader culture. I cannot, of course, teach them all they need, for I do not pretend to be a pedant or a professor; but I can guide them to the sources of information. I can indicate to them where they can find what they need. I can open their eyes to a hundred avenues of interest and knowledge to which many of them are blind.

I am often astonished at the ignorance, the extraordinary limitation of some of the young people I know. The past is a closed book to them. Philosophy, psychology, the teachings of the great leaders, past and present, are entirely outside the field of their attention. I wonder sometimes how these young people have the courage to undertake an artistic career with such an utter ignorance of what has been accomplished before them, with so little intellectual understanding of the problems they will have to meet and solve.

"Who was La Malibran?" they ask when I speak of that great *cantatrice* to whom De Musset wrote his famous lines.

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"Who was Madame Carvalho?"
"Was Rachel an opera singer?"
"What is talent?"

I do not remember half the amusing and absurd questions I have been asked—questions that show a complete ignorance of the background of information that is so extremely important for an artist to have. But I cannot blame these young girls for their shortcomings when I consider how many artists, even among those who have achieved a certain recognition, are equally ignorant and uninformed. As a group, musicians have often been accused of being limited in their outlook and lacking in general culture. An incident comes to my mind which bears out this accusation only too well.

The barytone who sang Escamillo, the bull fighter, in one of the early productions of Carmen, was one of those singers whose power of lungs far surpassed their intellectual grasp of their rôles. It was noticed by those who watched the rehearsals of the opera that he stalked through his last scenes in a most tragic and solemn manner. At the moment in the opera when the Toreador has won the love of Carmen and is full of confidence of his approaching victory in the arena the dejected and unhappy demeanor of the singer was particularly absurd.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed Carvalho, who was directing the rehearsal. "Why are you so gloomy? Don't you know this is a gay, triumphant scene?"

The singer drew himself up with supreme dignity.

"I always make my interpretation in accordance with the word," he answered haughtily. "Does it not say, 'Toreador, beware! A black eye is watching you!'"

"Yes, yes! Certainly!" agreed Carvalho. "But I don't see why that should make you unhappy. To whose eye do you think the song refers?"

"Whose eye?" exclaimed the singer indignantly. "Am I not supposed to be acting the part of a bull fighter in this opera? Whose eye, indeed! Why, the bull's eye, of course!"

This poor man was unusually dense. Yet it is surprising how often almost equally absurd mistakes are made. Such ignorance is a very serious handicap for a singer who wishes to reach a really high goal in the operatic world. No musical aspirant can afford to neglect his general education and studies. No matter how taxing his technical training may be, other studies must be followed at the same time. History, literature, languages—all these are essential to the development of an interesting artistic career.

I have seen musicians who have gained a certain popularity and success through mere technical proficiency. But the really great creative geniuses that I have had the privilege of knowing have all been highly cultivated and intellectual people. I try to make my pupils realize these almost self-evident truths. I show them why, from a perfectly practical point of view, a knowledge of history and costume through the ages is of inestimable value in the interpretation of operatic rôles and even of simple song.

When, for instance, I was studying a rôle such as that of Messalina in De Lara's opera of that name I steeped myself in the classic literature that bore on the period. I studied the historic relics of that epoch of Roman history and strove to recreate in my mind not only a picture of the empress herself but of the background in which she moved.

When Salignac was called upon to act the part of Christ in an opera built upon the story of Mary Magdalene he purchased photographs of all the paintings by the great masters in which the head of our Saviour appeared. He procured hundreds of these pictures from many different countries. He read and reread the New Testament, and poured himself so completely into his subject that he was finally able to present a most touching and impressive interpretation of the rôle. It is only by such careful and conscientious studies as these that a singer can hope to lift his achievements above the dead level of mediocrity.

Sometimes in the evenings at Cabrières we try out the ideas and suggestions we have been discussing during the day.

"Take this song, which originated in the Middle Ages," I sometimes say to one of my pupils. "Sing it for me and give me your idea of how it should be done."

If she has studied her history well she will sing the song with the dignity and restraint which it demands. She will make us feel that she is carrying the tall, veil-draped coif of the period. She will hold herself straight and still, as though she were incased in heavy brocaded garments falling stiffly to the floor.

When my pupils are tired of trying these experiments themselves I take my place beside the piano and, by some of the art that I have learned through many years of study and practice, I illustrate to them how a whole period or atmosphere can be evoked by an inflection, a gesture, the delicate shading of a tone, the slightest change in expression of voice or features.

We have many discussions on music and art and on the interpretation of various well-known arias or songs. One evening a friend of mine was present when we were discussing Beethoven. In the course of the conversation I sang one of his marvelous songs, which was greeted by my friend with some displeasure.

"My dear Calvé!" she exclaimed. "You seem to forget that Beethoven is a classic! You sang that song with too much feeling, too much temperament. You should be more restrained!"



An Early Photograph of Madame Calvé

"Do you remember what Busoni said on this subject?" I rejoined. "Surely you will accept the verdict of that distinguished musician, even if you doubt my ability to interpret the master! Busoni said that the classics were killed by respect!"

Indeed, I am convinced that Beethoven and Mozart and the other immortals did not write their masterpieces for the delight of musical pedants and professors of rhythm.

It is a great mistake to think that they should be interpreted with systematic coldness and so-called classic mannerisms. Beethoven, so tragic, so human! How can anyone sing his music coldly?



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Madame Calvé, From a Recent Photograph

When we are finally tired of singing and talking we have lessons in deportment and stage bearing. We make experiments in the gentle art of walking across a stage.

What more expressive than a walk! The swing and swagger of Carmen, the modest forthright steps of Marguerite, the wandering, hesitant stumbling of poor Ophelia, the gay and mincing carriage of the eighteenth-century coquette as she ruffles along in her flowing skirts—each gesture is vividly suggestive of the character portrayed. Grace of carriage, dignity, complete and easy control of every movement are essential to the aspirant for dramatic laurels. For this reason outdoor exercise, swimming, walking, everything that tends to develop and strengthen the body, are most valuable.

Singing, study, exercise fill the days at Cabrières. Nor do we neglect the sister arts. The eye must be trained as well as the ear. A sensitiveness to line and color should be cultivated, as well as an appreciation of literature and poetry. I never fail to take my pupils on one or two excursions to such neighboring towns and cities as boast art galleries or museums. We go to Montpellier, to Arles, sometimes as far afield as Italy, whose rich heritage of art is a never-ending source of pleasure and stimulation. It is a keen delight to me to share the fresh enthusiasm of these young girls, to see again through their eyes the marvels of painting and of sculpture, the wonders and delights of the Italian Renaissance.

"You have told us a great many interesting things," a pupil said to me one day. "You have talked of singing, of study, of music, of art and religion. But which of these many things is most important? What, above all, is necessary in order to become a great singer?"

"My child," I answered, "in order to sing really well one must believe in God!"

"Ah!" exclaimed my young friend. "That is why you talk to us so often of *le bon Dieu!*"

"Yes," I answered. "That is, indeed, the reason! I do most sincerely believe that religion is of tremendous and fundamental importance in the life of every individual. The strength, the fire, the flame, which transform mere vocalization into a transcendent, moving force, come to us from a higher power. We must keep ourselves in humble communion with that power if we are to receive its blessing. That is why I say that those who wish to sing with more than average skill must keep their faith pure and strong."

XXVII

MY LIFE at Cabrières is, as I have said before, very simple and restful. To me it is the happiest life in all the world. I have many small duties there that fill the day with lively interest. First of all, there is the farm to run—a responsibility which falls on my shoulders now that my father is no longer there to administer it, as he did so wisely for many years. The farm gives me many early morning cares, as those who have ever struggled with the problems of planting and reaping, of vine culture and wine making, can well understand. I have to rise betimes and go out into the fresh, cool morning dews to decide on many affairs of importance in consultation with my two faithful farmers.

First of all, however, there is the household to attend to. Quickly, quickly I fly into my clothes—whatever is at hand. A skirt, a waist, a shawl from Carmen, a Mexican sombrero! I care little what I put on, for here I am a housekeeper, a farmer, and the vanities of dress are nothing to me. The results are sometimes absurd, and my friends and pupils laugh at me when I appear in too unprecedented a combination of opera costumes

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The Way a Girl Treats Her Father

By IDA M. EVANS

ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. ALLEN

THE war was over and the disarmament conference had become ancient history and home-brew had merged into an ordinary family-and-radiator word like razor strop or ham and cabbage, but, as Sam Geinson said bitterly, something else had to come right along and cause spirited daily discussion in the shipping room of the Schultzburg Middle-Western Wholesale Hat House. And that something happened to be Winfield Tell.

Winfield Tell was twenty-four years old. He came from Wisconsin, where his father had a farm of two hundred and forty choice acres. He had never before worked in a shipping room. He was five feet eleven. He had well-developed shoulders, a clean, pleasant complexion, gray eyes and self-possession.

"In fact, I've seen plenty of self-possession in my time," Henry McCrench in a very short while observed with suppressed violence, "but never what would equal his."

This was after Winfield had coolly and boredly explained to the advisory Henry that anybody who'd packed four hundred barrels of apples a season, A-1 Baldwin stock, in fancy-paper separate wrappings so that South Water Street commission men were willing to pay extra, could easily stick women's cheap chiffon hats into a packing case.

Henry, who had handled hats for thirty-two careful years, rescued six misses' cream-colored mushrooms and told him sharply what old Herman Schultzburg and Nebraska retailers thought of crushed chiffon. And Henry, whose temper and waistline both were large, further brusquely intimated that most shipping rooms in these times could get plenty of experienced hands and Winfield better go back to his father's farm.

Winfield did not thank him for the advice. He let it alone. He said that he had no idea of immediate return to Wisconsin. Although, he was careful to explain, this did not mean that he was wild over any millinery shipping room with its tissue paper and whiskbrooms at twenty-eight dollars a week and pay your own street-car fare to and from your work.

Middle-aged Fred Ingraham upbent a stocky waist from a bottom rack of country-club satin sailors: "Well, who in the name of Noah would pay your carfare to and from work if you didn't?"

"Where do you think you're spending your days?" asked Sam Geinson sarcastically. "In a community art shop? Or an Asterbilt service camp?"

"No," said the young man casually. "I think I'm working in an Old Men's Home, from the way some of you grunt every time you bend over."

He explained that in fruit season his father sent a truck to bring the berry pickers to their work mornings and take them home nights. And so did old man Anderson.

"Well," said Sam, "you better stayed and drove one of those trucks. You'll find life in this town ——"

"I'm willing to," said Winfield calmly. "Just lay off that line of talk. I got enough of it before I left home—from Mary."

"Who's Mary?" Easily enough, however, they could guess.



For a Moment Terror and Panic Almost Triumphed. But It Was the Briefest Moment Ever Tossed Out by Father Time

He told readily. Mary Anderson was the youngest daughter of old Adrian Anderson, who owned three hundred acres south of the Tell place. She had blue eyes; nice eyes. Black hair; nice hair. Going on four years now he had been half engaged to Mary Anderson. But she liked to live in the country and had refused to come to the city with him in the face of her folks' objections. She was afraid he and she would get in debt.

"Mary's wise," grunted Sam. "She better stay where she's well off. The way rents are here, and clothes and food—say, I could hardly believe my wife last night when she showed me what ten dollars got."

"Ye-eh. Mary reads the papers, and she wouldn't trust me enough to take a chance." Winfield Tell's voice was more than tinctured with disgust. "I said to her, 'Come along or stay—just as you like.' She can stay too. I'm here."

"About the time you've had boarding-house corned beef three weeks running, or doughnuts from our best white-tiled lunch rooms where a doughnut's as heavy as a piece of snowy tiling and costs more ——"

Winfield interrupted Fred Ingraham coolly. He said, tossing a leghorn tam to the proper receptacle, that he did not intend to depend for any length of time on such fare. He had no idea of spoiling his life over Mary, and he expected perhaps to get married to some city girl and have his own home table.

Fred Ingraham, who secretly was sentimental, and always got his middle-aged wife a dozen roses on their wedding anniversary—if roses were not too high that year at the Greek's flower stand on the corner—raised a not unkindly head.

"That's all right, if you get a good economical girl."

"I don't care much what kind of a girl she is," said Winfield casually, "provided she's the kind I want. But I can tell you this: I don't intend to hang any old dud on my back for life, like some men do."

Absently he glanced toward the door, where Miss McKenna, a bookkeeper, was passing. She was stout and plainly dressed and had stringy graying hair which held substantial black-wire hairpins, nothing ornate.

Sam, neglecting his packing, began sarcastically, "You don't care what she's like as long as she's ——"

"Righto," patronized the newcomer to the shipping room. "Gee, some of you old men here are bright for your age. I mean I don't care what kind of eyes she's got, blue, black or brown or gray, as long as they're big and pretty, with the right sort of lashes. Nor her nose—'s long as it's small and straight and white. And any chin's the right kind of chin for me, provided it's soft and white and dimpled, the kind you like to cuddle in your hand. I'd like a girl to have brown or yellow hair, though, because Mary's got black, and I always thought it was her hair made Mary so stubborn."

"You don't want much," agreed Sam. "But there's a lot on earth of your callow kind. D'ye never stop to think that a girl with looks usually wants to dress up to 'em?"

"And goes into pure spasms at times," said Fred Ingraham, "because she hasn't four dollars for another pair of silk stockings?"

"As for that," said Winfield Tell, calmly flinging a tucked silk toque so that its sharp jet buckle caught on Fred's right ear in passing, "I can tell you this: I'm no champion of the plain female dresser. Cotton stockings are all right at times, say, when ma has to scoot out in the rain to hunt her small chicks in the tall grass around the fence. But for a younger woman's regular wear, I'll say I prefer silk ones."

"You do?"

"I do. I like a nifty girl. You won't ever see my arm hooked with one who wears clothes the rain won't hurt."

Several men who ranged in age from thirty-two to sixty-eight heard him. They exchanged glances which implied that he was more in need of men's pity than their blame.

"About the time, my young fellow, you've had a year or so of a nifty dresser's careless cooking ——"

"I've no idea of doing that either," Winfield Tell answered firmly. "Any bright girl can learn to cook, I hold. My mother says so too. And I'm not going to pick a dumbhead."

Sam Geinson grunted inarticulately. Henry McCrench asked if Mary could cook.

"Fair. She helps her mother threshing week. 'Course her soda-and-sour-milk biscuits don't stack up to her mother's or my mother's. But they likely will in time."

Further he explained that by a nifty dresser he did not have in mind any young woman who had to have a thousand dollars in hand to pay for an outfit. He'd heard and often read of girls who could take a yard or so of silk and their instinctive knowledge of bargain counters and look like Constance Talmadge. He'd read signed interviews by several well-known movie stars who made all their own clothes at less expense than the public would believe. And that was the kind of quick-witted girl he was out to find.

A jolly, good-natured girl, too, he added absent-mindedly. He didn't plan to spend his life soothing sulks or being nagged to death, like some husbands he'd seen. He wouldn't care to marry a girl unless she'd taken singing lessons or else naturally had a soft musical voice that would

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rest a man's ears when he came home at night all tired out—here Winfield looked meaningly around a large shipping room—from a lot of men's jaw and fuss.

Sam Geinson said he s'posed Winfield wanted her rich too? A First National Bank heiress or the only child of the gold-penciled president of a motion-picture company?

We-ell, he didn't know as he'd let a father's dollars keep him from falling in love with a girl if she had the right disposition and looks. Winfield said he could use money the same as any other man, in a land overflowing with roadsters, radio sets and three-dollar-and-a-half orchestra seats.

After that there was one opinion of the speaker. Someone, however, took the trouble to ask him why in that case he didn't condescend to look up the daughter of old Herman Schultzburg, owner and president of the wholesale house.

"Has he got a daughter?" asked Winfield with interest.

"Only child. 'Bout eighteen."

"Pretty?"

"Never saw her what you'd say close," said Sam. "She's spent most of her life East in school. But she looks like her father, I've heard." This last maliciously.

Winfield Tell cast critical eyes up at an advertising lithograph of the head of the company, which hung on a shipping-room wall. With disfavor he noted a bulbous nose, a cold, lashless pair of eyes, and a lean, flabby jaw.

"She wouldn't suit me then."

Without delay the young man proceeded to betray interest in the lines of young women—and some not so young—which at 5:30 P.M. reached in multiple from Schultzburg ready-to-wear workrooms to Schultzburg coat rooms.

With uncommendable brevity his glance passed over such worthy young women as Grace Huckson, who had nice brown eyes but sense enough to wear her rubbers on even slightly rainy days; and Anna Sewell, who had the highest piecework record; and Hester Gustwick, who always brought the best potato salad on Employes' Midsummer Outing Day.

But his glance lingered kindly, the older men saw with disapproval, on all those open-eyed and pink-cheeked young women of a kind of which the world at present, even more than in generations past, is speaking harsh disapproval and exhibiting dire gloom in connection with its own future in case these young persons dominate world affairs. Although Henry McCrench, who like most employed men of middle years was sensitive about his age, said he for one would hate to see any other kind of a girl wasted on the young cock.

In the end, Winfield Tell plainly allowed his fancy to settle on a slim, small, brown-haired young person called Ella Humesly on the Schultzburg pay roll.

Ella was one of the less skillful workers of which every workroom has its perennial quota. None of the older men in the shipping and packing rooms recalled ever having noticed Ella before, and Miss Carson, a bustling and absorbed forewoman who could remember when openwork lace hatbrims were considered bold garb for a woman, merely lumped her among three-dozen-odd workers brought one Monday morning by a midseason-rush advertisement.

But all older folks agreed that you didn't have to see Ella twice to place her. Like many others in the establishment, she belonged to the postwar period. You suspected it from her pretty, roving, self-contained eyes; you were aware of it from her knees; you could prove it by her general aplomb and beaded eyelashes. Aplomb and lashes which Cleopatra would have coveted, and Lucrezia Borgia would have envied, and only a latest modern movie queen could equal.

Ella greatly resembled the girl in front of her in line, and the girl behind her. There were the same flopping galoshes, fussy light-colored fur coat, shortest of blue tricotine skirts, pressed-leather hand bag, and little flat chest exposed, except for a thin flaky covering of flirtatious powder, frankly to the open city air. Ella might have servilely copied one of the other girls in the matter of wardrobe, or the others might have copied Ella. All had imbibed, it was plain, their ideas of correct personal appearance from the same sartorial fountain.

It is true that afterward several of the more mature men and women workers agreed that, to a very close observer, Ella Humesly betrayed a nicety of attention to sartorial detail that many of the other girls, even some of the most postwarrish, were not capable of. Her flopping coat seemed the very newest and floppingest in a long line. Her blue tricotine skirt was perhaps the shortest, her lipstick the most in evidence in the Schultzburg coat rooms. And why Ella bothered to don stockings every day, heaven alone could tell; what she donned neither protected nor even disguised the exact flesh color of her slim, unabashed young legs.

But these details are unessential. Over a charming cheek, past a pretty if hair-hidden ear, Ella saw Winfield Tell even as he saw her.

Between Ella and the little short light-haired girl in front of Ella, Winfield hesitated, it is true. But Ella's blue eyes were the more potent; possibly because Ella deliberately made them quite invitational. At once before Ella the young man cast his—his badinage. In these days of subtitles, badinage is cast about more often than hearts.

"Hello, cutie! I came to this town to get acquainted with someone just like you."

"Oh, boy!" returned Ella with intelligence and spirit. "Why haven't I noticed you in my way before?"

"Do you live with your folks, sweetness, or can't they stand your ways?"

"They couldn't stand my ways. I'm one of those dolls that drive landladies to taking a third husband."

"I believe you."

"Do you toddle, or stay with mother evenings?"

"I can toddle a cornfield into shocks; in fact, I often have."

"Listen! Listen!"

"Listen and learn, cutie. Do you dance, or hunt table d'hôte?"

"Find out."

"All right. I'll take a chance on anybody with your line of chatter. Tonight?"

"I got four dates for tonight."

"I'll do the telephoning to break 'em."

"Say, I can do my own telephoning this early."

Ten days later Winfield Tell had the alert and hasty movements of a young employed man whose spare hours are so fully occupied as to leave him small margin for sleep or for the improvement of his mind.

Either because of his own initiative or owing to Ella Humesly's excellent tutelage, he had learned the surface, Elevated or bus routes to twenty-two white-tiled lunch rooms, eleven motion-picture palaces where first runs were shown, the Municipal Pier, four community clubrooms, four vivacious dance halls, numerous more or less up-to-date cafés and three working girls' recreation halls. To some of these points of interest there was no charge of admission, or even Winfield's small roll of bills from home and farm might not have endured so long.

He said he wouldn't have believed one town had so many places to go to. In noncommittal voice he confided to the shipping room that Ella wasn't a bit particular where she went every night and Sundays, just so she went where she could mingle freely with several hundred of her kind and observe their ways.

"I've noticed you and she leave yourselves with quite a lot of no spare time on your hands," said Sam Geinson uncharitably.

"Well," said Winfield calmly, "I don't particularly care to sit in my hall bedroom evenings and think of what I've done and the people I've worked among all day. And Ella says she don't either. She says she might as well see a lot of her own town while she's got a dependable friend like me to escort her around."

"Dependable?"

"'S what I said," rejoined Winfield. "Lots of fellows get fresh with Ella. I threaten every night to push three or four faces back to the spot they hit steers to kill 'em. I've pushed two."

"I suppose Ella don't have her hose rolled down and her eyes up when those kind of fellows pass her?" remarked Fred Ingraham with considerable malice.

"A girl's got a right to glance around and see who else is on the street the same time she is," said Winfield defensively.

"Listen," said Sam Geinson with the rancor of a man in his midforties; "the girls nowadays aren't overlooking a single one of their rights."

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Winfield Tell Had Met Harold Craneham in Front of the Establishment

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THIS MAN'S WAR

By L. B. YATES



PHOTOS, COPYRIGHT BY THE DAILY MAIL

It Was Impossible to Keep the Crowd Out of the Danger Zone



A Free-State Sharpshooter

IN THE shade of the big chimney that topped the roof lay Sergeant Con Rafferty, of the sharpshooters. He was thinking about nothing in particular, unless you were to take the case of a young lady called Nan O'Grady into consideration. When he pondered on her somewhat variegated personality a great big question mark furrowed its way immediately above and between his blue-gray Irish eyes.

Con's rifle was lying across his knees in a position where he could reach it easily. Occasionally—as one might think more from habit than from anything else—he grasped it and after peering stealthily over the crown of the roof brought the weapon to his shoulder and blazed away into the adjacent territory. Before the whiplash crack of the explosion bounced back to him from the surrounding slates, he had again resumed his recumbent position. When a man has spent the last three or four years of his life in barrack rooms and camps, anything that savors of extreme effort has no appeal for him.

You see, I meant to tell you in the first place, and perhaps indeed I should have done so, that Con wore the uniform of the Irish Free State Army, which is dark green with brown leather leggings and plenty of brass buttons supplemented by yellow cross belts. He was by way of being one of those present at the second battle of Dublin.

Indeed, it might have been the tail end of the first battle, because for my own part I never could quite distinguish where the first one ended and the second commenced, and that leaves the third spasm entirely out of the question. But as Con didn't care very much and he was an active belligerent, it isn't up to the rest of us to worry to any great extent.

Well, as I was saying, Con was right there on the top of the world lying in a hollow that joined one slanting roof to another. He was in a position where he could see Stephen's Green on the one side of him, and a portion of the Grafton Hill, with a little corner of Anne Street thrown in, on the other. All around that neck of the woods things were happening, not to say occurring, every minute. If they didn't—why, somebody was sure to get busy and make them happen. It was really just as nice and sociable a war as any man with fighting blood in his veins would want to take part in. Yes, indeed, the most captious critic couldn't grumble because he failed to get action, no matter where he went, and not infrequently more than he bargained for.

And let me tell you that concealed somewhere around Con's personality was a certain grim vein of Celtic humor. Even now, in the midst of what I suppose conservative folk might call mortal combat, he was occupying his spare moments by fashioning out of a cardboard box which the winds had blown up on the roof a belligerent-looking cat with arching back and aggressive mien, arranged so that when he pulled the string attached to the tail end that latter appendage would elevate itself in a most insulting and defiant manner.

No matter how one diagnosed the workings of Con's mind, one could not have alleged with any degree of truth that he took war seriously except as before stated, where a certain violet-eyed young lady of the tribe of O'Grady was concerned. And as he fashioned the cat with the meticulous care of a man who has artistry in his fingers, he began to speculate on the whereabouts of the girl. A good many of the young men of his own age used to say that Nan could coax a bird out of a bush with her eyes—eyes that were made for anything but the good of her immortal soul. And Nan was a militant, having more than once declared that to die for the cause was the greatest privilege that could be accorded to any man or woman of Irish blood.

Outside of this, there were several other flies in Con's sacred oil of spikenard, and it isn't fair to tell of them in public; indeed, I wouldn't dream of committing such a crime against convention if it wasn't that when you start out to tell a real story, if you have anything at all you must have a love interest, and you've got to portray a girl that is beautiful but elusive, albeit willing to take a boy's heart like the one that beat against Connie Rafferty's wishbone, and chop it into little pieces and pull it apart something scandalous.

Then, of course, in the final accounting and when she realizes what she has done, it's up to her to cry her eyes out and try to put it together again.

Well, here goes nothing, as the little man with the red coat said, and what's the difference? I'm free to state that the last time Con met Nan O'Grady and suggested that she should name the day and date for a certain important event, she tilted her little turned-up nose in the air and gave him a scornful glance out of half-closed drooping eyelids that made Con think the blinds had been pulled down on all the violet illuminations in the world, after which she turned sharply on her heel and sailed away. She was followed by a parting shot from the unreconstructed Con, who rasped rudely out, "You think you're the Queen of Sheba, but you're not by a hell of a ways."

Physically, Con Rafferty was what they call in Ireland a grand man; he had youth and all that went with it, together with the body of a superb athlete. Better still, he had hope and trust and confidence, and though a man in years he was still a good deal of a boy. I would like to say right here that there's a whole lot in being the boy eternal.

And there is another thing I forgot to tell you, because, like most of my race, I couldn't go on and tell a straight story if you were to pay me for it, so I couldn't. I forgot to tell you that Miss O'Grady was not a Free Stater. Con once called her a red-eyed Republican, which, of course, did not add to the *entente cordiale*. You will be saying now that he was a nice man to go into the love-making business, won't you? And Nan told him right to his face that he was an insulting spalpeen and, furthermore, that he belonged to the thick Irish; and she said a lot more, because when Miss O'Grady got started she could talk to anybody and tell them things, so she could, and she played no favorites, so she didn't.

Oh, yes, she intimated that De Valera was something new in the way of Irish saints, and that Rory O'Connor stood for the best there was in the hero handicap, and was as full of Irish vision as a milliner's window is full of fiction. Moreover, she hinted that the first time she could get hold of Con's uniform she would tear it into strips and give it to Biddy, the cook, for a mopping cloth. She didn't stop there, because she said that his leaders were stuffed prophets and not supermen at all, but just English lap dogs, and only carrier pigeons for Churchill, and did what they were told to do, and that they were in league with Lloyd George.

There is a whole lot of other things that I forget except that she reminded Con Rafferty that he had fought with the Sassenach in the big war and how sorry she was that one of the German scatter guns didn't pepper him until his hide looked like a nutmeg grater; and to make it worse, when Con only laughed at her, she began to cry like as if her heart would break, and that made him feel meaner than he had ever felt in his life before, and halfway wish that a Hun howitzer had finished it all and taken him clean away from a land so full of colossal contradictions, tragedy, love, tears, laughter and female fireworks.

Con had been up on the roof since midnight and it was now early morning. Another Free State soldier had accompanied him—a man a little older and perhaps a little more cynical than Con. They occupied a strategic position and were picked out because of their well-known ability as sharpshooters. When they were in the training camp down at the Curragh they had demonstrated their ability on many occasions.

Commander Terrence Maginnis had chosen this coign of vantage for them. That officer had seen service up Belfast way and anyone who was around and about the operations in that stronghold of relentlessness will know that I am not talking about a pink-tea function.

"Between the two of ye," enjoined the commander, "ye ought to be able to hould the territory from here to the

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Shelburne, and Grafton Street as far as the bend. Ye will stay here until ye are relieved."

"Are we to shoot to kill, commander?" queried Con.

"Of course ye are," responded the officer briskly. "Of course ye are." He wheeled about as if to go, but paused. "I have noticed," he soliloquized half aloud—"I have often noticed that it almost answers the same purpose if ye get your enemy in the legs, but ye must use your own judgment."

"Ah-ya," vouchsafed Con's companion as the sound of the commander's boots died away; "ah-ya, Connie, me boy, a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse."

"You said something, Mike."

"It was only the day before yesterday," resumed the latter, "that one of the irregulars was crossin' O'Connell Street. I could have kilt him forty times, but instead of that I aimed a bullet right forninst him and so as when it hit the ground it would throw the gravel right in his face."

"It's a nate way of putting the fear of God in their hearts," chuckled Con.

"Well, sir, I nearly laughed me head off. When the bullet struck he jumped the height of himself in the air and started on the run, so I planted another at his heels, then he quit runnin' and went to flyin'."

Con lit his pipe and puffed meditatively a moment or two.

"I met the funniest little American you ever saw yesterday morning," he began somewhat irrelevantly; "a little bit of a man, not much bigger than a lightweight jockey, and he said he was from Texas. Well, he stood right beside Tommy Moore's statue when the trouble was at its thickest, just as cool as a cucumber.

"'If I wuz you,' sez I, 'I'd find a safer place than where you're standin' now,' sez I. 'You're courtin' death, because this is no bloomin' bed of roses.'"

"Well, what did he say to that?" interrogated Mike.

"Oh, he just laughed. 'If I had two Texas Rangers wid me,' sez he, 'I could settle this misunderstanding in about ten minutes,' sez he.

"'Ah, you could, could ye?' sez I.

"'I could,' sez he. 'Did you ever hear tell of Captain Bill MacDonald?' sez he.

"'There's a lot of the MacDonalds. He belongs to a big family, but most of them are up in Belfast,' sez I.

"'Go an,' sez he; 'Captain Bill never heard of Belfast. Wait a minute and I'll tell you all about it,' sez he.

"'Faith, I will not,' sez I, 'unless you come around the corner. I've only one life,' sez I, 'and I am not handin' it out to every stray passer-by,' sez I. So we went around the corner.

"'Captain Bill,' sez he, 'wuz as good as an acre of most fightin' men,' sez he, 'and he belonged to the Rangers. Why, one time they had a riot and they wired a hurry-up call to Austin. They expected, of course, that the governor would send down a regiment, but lo and behold, when the accommodation pulled in at noon nobody got off but Captain Bill himself. The mayor of the town met him and sez, "Cap," sez he, "where are the rest of 'em?"

"'"Shucks," sez Captain Bill, "how many riots have you around here anyway? As I understood your telegram, there wuz only one of 'em." And he unslung his pistols and put an end to that riot just as easy as the department could put out a fire in a doll's house.'"

"And what did you say?" This from the highly interested Mike.



Typical Free-State Soldiers

"Well, of course," replied Con, "he was a stranger and I had to be polite. So I sez, 'This Captain Bill MacDonald must have been a dangerous man and it is a pity he isn't here today, because as far as I can see he'd be right in his element and by the same token they're still feeding whisky that is over 100 proof to the prohibition folks from America. It must be great stuff,' sez I.

"'Where did you get all your sense?' laughed the little man from Texas.

"'Oh, I don't know,' sez I, 'unless I took it from me mother's people. I always wuz a man of peace,' sez I, 'but I have a partner,' sez I, 'that would hook well with this Bill MacDonald,' sez I.

"'Ah,' sez the little man, 'he's the hostile kind, eh?'

"'I don't know so much about that,' sez I, 'but I'll bet he'd climb a prickly-pear tree naked, with a wildcat under each arm.'"

"What did he say to that?"

"Oh, he thought it was a great joke an' he gave me a thump on the back that you wouldn't expect from a man of his inches.

"'You're all right,' sez he, 'and I'm for you an' you're my friend, an' my friend couldn't tell a lie if he tried to,' sez he. 'Ah, but,' sez he, 'this is a beautiful war, isn't it? And you can say what you like about the Irish, but you have to admit that they're hospitable to strangers. Why, it's just like home,' sez he, 'when we start out to take a little diversion. Still, I think I'll have to be moving along.'

"'Which way?' sez I.

"'I expect I ought to go a little farther down O'Connell Street,' sez he, 'an' throw a kiss at Nelson on top of the monument. I'll bet this is the best time he's had since the Battle of Trafalgar, an' fighting men must stick together,' sez he. Oh, he was a funny little man, he wuz."

"Most of the Americans are funny," agreed Mike. "Faith, if it wasn't for them and the money they sent over here, we wouldn't be addin' to the history of Ireland this very day. But now the Republicans would like to assassinate them because they are not sending any more, and England tolerates them like she always did, and in France they're as popular, I understand, as a skunk at a christening, and Germany loves them like a mule kick. So there you are. They tried to help everybody, but they wound up being the happy hooligans of the Old World."

"Well," said Con thoughtfully, "they're good people any place, and no matter what you say you'll always find the American heart where it belongs."

"I wonder what they think of us on the other side of the water now," interjected Mike.

"Ah-ya, it's hard to tell. You couldn't blame them if they were a bit disappointed. I hear a lot of them had their hearts set on visiting the ould dart this summer, but they're afraid of their lives to come, and it's poor reward for all they did to help us out."

"If we could only send a boatload of the chief agitators clean out of the country," moralized Mike, "things might get settled, eh, Con?"

"They might, God help us," returned his companion. "But as things are now, it would take more than one boat to hould them. It's too bad, with families split up and brother fighting against brother."

"I heard a girl talking at Thurles two days before the election. My, but she was a little firebrand!" began Mike, shooting a swift, sidelong glance at his companion.

"Aye, most of them are."

"Joe Kerrigan, the steeplechase jockey, tould me he knew her well."

"Aye, Kerrigan could ride," returned Con. "I hear he has quit the saddle an' joined up with the army."

"Yes, he is on duty now down at the Shelburne."

"Did Kerrigan happen to say who she was?" hazarded Con after a pause.

"He said her name was O'Grady. I b'lieve she has an aunt living at the Shelburne an' she stops with her most of the time. Did you ever hear tell of the girl, Con?"

"If I did it wouldn't do me much good," parried Sergeant Rafferty evasively and with considerable fervor. "If th' women would stop fighting with their tongues there wouldn't be such a demand for ammunition."

"True for you," agreed Mike. "Kerrigan told me this girl said in a speech she

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Having an Argument With a Photographer on the Firing Line

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BETWEEN FRIENDS

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN



All the Way Down From Forty-Second Street She Had Been Studying Wally Covertly



He Failed to Note the Good-Looking Girl in the Seat Across the Aisle

THE morning was pleasant and warm. Spring had come; and as the L train rumbled southward on its way the dingy downtown neighborhood was bathed in a flood of radiant sunshine. A lot Wally Bartow cared for that, however. He was no poet; and though the windows of the car in which he sat were open, his eyes were blind, his ears deaf, to all the early vernal sights and sounds about him—the doves cooing and strutting among the eaves, the tender tint of the grassplots in the park, the back-yard trees bursting into bud. Immersed in the newspaper he was reading he failed even to note the good-looking girl in the seat across the aisle. She had on a pale blue straw hat with a spray of cornflowers and poppies on it; and all the way down from Forty-second Street she had been studying Wally covertly. At times, too, the faint hint of a smile crept into her eyes. Intent on his paper, though, Wally went on reading.

The paper was opened at the financial page; but it's unlikely that in its double-banked columns of numerals and figures he found much to enliven him. It was a good deal, in fact, as if Napoleon, the morning after Waterloo, had sat up and read the early extras, the news accounts of the event.

What had happened, though, was nothing unusual. It was merely another of those frequent, familiar happenings—a break in the Wall Street market, a slump up and down the list, that in an hour or so had put a dent in Wally's cash account. That wasn't all of it, however. At the market's close Beeks, the manager at Rooker, Burke & Co.'s New Street brokerage shop, had emerged from the inside office; and, his eye on Wally, he had hurried across the room.

Beeks was smiling, his smile dulcet and affable; but after a year's experience in Wall Street Wally nursed no false illusions. He was in fact bolting out at the door, when the manager, still smiling, though less affably now, got him by the elbow.

"Say, Wally," said Beeks, "could you come across with a little for margins?"

Wally wasn't sure. It's true, of course, he still had something in the bank—a cash balance of $6621.01, to be exact; but as this was all that remained from the twenty-four thousand he'd brought down to Wall Street the year before from Finchville, his home town, he wanted time to think.

"See you in the morning, Beeks," he said; and as he said it he'd seen Beeks' smile harden to an icy glitter.

"The morning, then," Beeks had said.

Wally hadn't forgotten, either, how crisply and precisely Beeks had said it. That Beeks meant the morning—this same morning, not the morning after, or, for that matter, even the afternoon—no one could have mistaken. Beeks in fact let no dabbler trifle with him, once margins were concerned. Not Beeks, you may be sure.

It was pretty tough. It was a raw, hard game in fact that Wally Bartow found himself up against; and he drew in his breath, a faint sigh escaping him, while for the moment his thoughts wandered far afield from Wall Street. If spring were here it was spring in Finchville too; and behind the paper, his eyes vague, Wally's mind dwelt almost regretfully on the memory. In Finchville, this morning, the neighbors would be spading up their gardens, and joking and joshing one another across the back-yard fences. Down at the mill, the woodenware factory, the whistle, too, would have blown; and in his mind's eye he could see the hands brisking about at their work, the belts flapping, the saws and planers snoring away. The mill Wally himself once had owned and managed; and that twenty-four thousand, the cash he'd brought to the city, was what the Tiplow crowd, the outfit who'd bought him out, had paid him for the property.

All this, though, was just a part. Up in the old town there, dear old Finchville, Wally had been high card, the ace, among his fellow townsfolk. The bright-eyed boy, they'd called him; young as he was, the cleverest business man in the place. The way he'd made that Tiplow crowd pay his price was a guaranty of that. A holdup, they'd said it was; a regular trim. The facts were, however, that they had tried to trim Wally, and he had turned the tables on them. Yes, but Finchville wasn't Wall Street; and with a bump, a jolt, Wally's thoughts came bouncing back to the present. Before ten o'clock that morning he must make good his margins at Rooker, Burke & Co.'s, or the firm would close out his account.

It was tough indeed. It was as raw and tough, in fact, as Wally Bartow felt it was; and three stations or so slid past him as he sat and stared at the paper, his eyes morose, his thoughts even more so. The year before, when he had come down to the city with that cash, the twenty-four thousand, clutched in his mitt, he'd considered New York his oyster. New York, of course, is filled with countless others who nurse the same idea concerning it; but as Wally himself could have told you, he was not like the run of all these upstate hicks and boobs. His eyes, for one thing, were peeled; and he knew to a dot what happens to strangers in the city—New York City in particular. Then, too, he knew a lot of other things. The main thing he knew, though, was how far any business man can hope to get without the proper business connections; and in this respect his judgment, he'd assured himself, had reflected great credit on his foresight and cleverness.

The bank, for example, where he had his cash on deposit he'd made certain was sound and conservative; just the kind of bank a good business man would select. The rooms, too, he'd rented—his bedroom and bath—he also had assured himself were in a respectable, high-class neighborhood. In the same wise way he had picked out as well the church he meant to attend. As it happens, though, even the wisest and most astute sometimes may make mistakes; and Wally had proved no exception, it seems. However, if the young business man indeed had erred it's only justice to him to say that the error could be excused. The church he picked was one of the biggest, the most influential of all the city's churches. Few others in fact could boast a vestry and congregation made up of so many rich and important business men; and as the L train rumbled onward Wally sat up with a sudden jerk.

"Huh!" he grunted to himself.

His wits were working swiftly now. Bit by bit his mind tracked back over the year, picking out from it the mistakes he'd managed to make. One of them—perhaps the worst, as now he saw—was the early judgment he'd made of the church, its vestry first of all. True, all the vestry were rich, and a few of them were multi-millionaires; yet Wally's first impression had been, in a sense, disappointing. At first acquaintance, anyway, most of the lot looked like a bunch of seedy, back-number has-beens, a set of flabby old dodoes. Old Roscoe Bope was a sample; and so was that other old boy, the one they hailed as Deacon Waite. Of course in their rusty clothes and shabby flapping hats they were the seediest of the lot; but at the Bible class, the first night when he'd met them, he'd been astonished that a pair of hicks, of hayseeds like this, could be what it was said they were—the fellows who were running Wall Street. It had settled Wally, in fact. If a pair like them, a couple of doddering old rubes like Bope and Waite, could get away with the Wall Street game, so could Wally too. That's what he'd thought at any rate; but since then Wally had been learning, learning a lot about Wall Street and the Wall Street game.

Incidentally he had learned something also about that pair of seedy, doddering old dodoes, Roscoe Bope and Deacon Waite. It was not just what he'd expected of course—though never mind that now; and grunting again, Wally's brows had twitched themselves into a darker, more disgusted scowl, when the guard stuck his head inside the car door.

"Cortlandt Street!" he bawled.

Cortlandt is the next stop to Rector, the L station for Wall Street; and across the aisle the girl in the blue straw hat began to pick up the gloves and the hand bag in her lap. Wally, though, still sat scowling behind his paper. The fact is that after some months of steady attendance at the Bible class he had made the acquaintance of both the deacon and Roscoe Bope. Each in turn, too, after skillful maneuvering on Wally's part, had been kind enough to give him a tip on the market.

Just a bit more now of this: The tip the deacon gave Wally was on Phosphate common, the old gentleman's pet specialty; and the day after Wally got the tip the bottom dropped out of Phosphate as if the props had been kicked out from under it. Old Roscoe Bope's tip, too, it seems, was the same relative sort of tip; though the way he gave it was somewhat different.

"Dear, dear!" old Mr. Bope had clucked when he heard Wally was in on the market; "you don't mean a lad like you is gamb—trading in Wall Street, I mean! Well, well!"

Wally in fact had been tempted to ask what Mr. Bope himself was doing in Wall Street. However, after hemming and hawing a little, the old gentleman had handed out the tip. "But mind," he'd cautioned; "don't you let Deacon Waite hear of it." The deacon, it appeared, was strongly opposed to having members of the Bible class speculating in the market; and having promised faithfully he would say nothing Wally had hotfooted it down to Rooker, Burke & Co.'s.

"Hey, what's Kisco common?" he'd sung out to Beeks; and when Beeks had t[illegible] it was 88 bid, a quarter

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asked, Wally, in some excitement, had chirped, "Say, buy me five hundred at the market!"

That's all of that. It was three days now since he'd had the tip from Mr. Bope; and what happened the next morning—that is yesterday—was explicit. From the high of 88, Kisco had dropped as if Mr. Bope himself had pushed it off the roof of a downtown skyscraper. The price at the close was 73, and Beeks had called Wally for margins.

"Rector! All out f'r Wall!" bawled the guard.

Across the aisle the girl in the blue hat had risen now. Wally, too, had risen; and still scowling he was folding up the paper in his hands when he grew conscious for the first time of the gray amused eyes scanning him intently. He looked up then; and as he did so his scowl fled and a surprised, delighted smile leaped into his face. Instantly he snatched off his hat.

"Why, Miss Colby!" he exclaimed.

The young woman was smiling openly now.

"Well," she remarked, "I've been wondering whether you'd see me. I've been sitting here all the way down from Forty-second Street, Mr. Bartow."

"Why, really! I'm terribly sorry!" he exclaimed.

She gave a little laugh. "You're forgiven," she said; adding then: "I didn't see you at the Bible class last night."

A reminder of his former scowl shot for an instant into Wally's eyes. No, he had not been at the Bible class; and as he spoke a subtle flicker danced momentarily in a corner of the girl's gray, lively orbs.

"Deacon Waite was asking about you," she murmured.

Another sudden scowl. At the same time, too, a quick word or so leaped spontaneously to Wally's lips. He was in fact about to express concisely and forcibly his opinion of the deacon; and Mr. Bope, too, he would probably have included in this, when he recalled his manners. What came from his lips was merely an unintelligible mumble. Evidently she didn't hear it, for she went on chatting pleasantly.

They had left the train now, joining with the crowd that streamed along the platform; and as they drifted toward the stairs the girl inquired politely, "You're in Wall Street, aren't you, Mr. Bartow?"

Her tone was interested, friendly; but had Wally looked closely he would have seen that a new expression had dawned all at once in her quick, observant eyes. Over her shoulder she shot a glance at the car they just had left; but what she saw was problematic. The crowd had gone on, and the only person in their wake was a somewhat shabby, dingily dressed old man, a passenger who had lingered behind, apparently, to help himself to one of the newspapers the other passengers had discarded.

Wally, though, had noticed nothing. That he was in Wall Street gave to him a certain consciousness, a pride that all Wall Street men always feel; and his face brightening he replied as brightly to her question. Yes, Wall Street he had made his field.

"How interesting," murmured Miss Colby.

Very interesting. If it were, though, the girl's face at the moment did not seem to reflect all the interest her words conveyed. Again over her shoulder she shot another glance; and when once more Wally spoke it was as if for an instant she hadn't heard him. He had to speak again in fact.

"I? You mean me? What?" she stammered.

"I asked you," replied Wally, "if you often came downtown."

The girl nodded, the nod abstracted and hasty. Yes, she came downtown every day. Then in the same hurried way she told Wally why she came downtown. She held a position in Wall Street as secretary.

"Really!" Wally ejaculated.

He was quite astonished. He'd met Miss Colby at the Bible class; but that she worked for a living had never entered his mind. Much less had he ever figured that she held a position as important as that of secretary, a Wall Street secretary, still further. He was still gaping blankly at the young woman when she thrust at him abruptly a slender, neatly gloved hand.

"I have to hurry. Good morning, Mr. Bartow," she murmured.

He lifted his hat, and had barely touched her hand, when slipping away from him the girl darted off in the crowd.

"H'm!" mumbled Wally to himself.

For a moment he was tempted to follow. She hadn't said where she worked; and, for that matter, it looked now to him as if she'd evaded telling him where it was. Just the same, he'd like to find out. A girl like that, one with her good looks and a head on her fit to hold down a position like hers, was a girl in a hundred worth knowing. Yes, you bet she was! Clever, up-to-date and ——

Wally stopped abruptly. A worried look for an instant came into his eyes. A faint color crept into his face, and his shoulders writhed a little. The young woman was clever enough, that was sure; and he began to wonder, the color heightening in his skin, if while he and she had stood there she hadn't been jazzing him for a boob. What a simp he'd been, anyway, to hand her all that guff about Wall Street and being a Wall Street financier! What's more, if it was the merry she'd been giving him it was not the first time he'd suspected she was up to that. It was the first time she'd tried it on him of course; but up at the Bible class he'd twigged more than once she was poking fun at the other fellows, the bunch of mooches that always were trying to look important. And now, like them, he, too, had fallen!

"Boob, hick!" Wally was saying to himself, when all at once he stopped. The next instant, a scowl leaping into his eyes, he stood there, glowering.

A figure had come down the L steps. While he stood ruminating it had slipped by him and now was scuffling on its way up the street. The man, a tall, stoop-shouldered old fellow in dingy, rusty attire, was the same one in fact who had lingered behind to help himself to one of the papers discarded by the other passengers. Old Roscoe Bope, however—for it was he himself—was one who saw no reason to waste money on a paper when the paper he could pick up for nothing; and each morning this was his practice on coming downtown in the L. His choice of papers he would make, after which Mr. Bope would hurry up Rector Street to Broadway, stopping momentarily on the way to purchase his daily lunch. Invariably this, like himself, was frugal, consisting usually of an apple or, at times, two apples if they were two for a nickel; and when he had placed these in the pockets of his rusty tail coat Mr. Bope would saunter onward to his Wall Street office, smiling benignly at the throng. Mr. Bope could afford to smile of course. He was one of the richest men in the Street.

This morning, though, as he scuttled along the old gentleman's movements seemed somewhat erratic and undecided. The block at the moment was virtually deserted, but he kept glancing constantly over his shoulder. At the same time, too, with both hands Mr. Bope fumbled in his coat-tail pockets. Astonished, Wally watched intently. Then, while the old gentleman was still patting the coat tails and feeling in their depths as if he'd lost something, all at once something white and square tumbled out of them and fluttered to the ground. It was an envelope, a letter, Mr. Bope had dropped; and as Wally saw it he sprang after the old gentleman.

"Hi, there!" he vociferated.

Mr. Bope evidently didn't hear him. His gait, all at once hurried and energetic, he was already at the corner when Wally snatched the letter from the gutter.

"Hi, Mr. Bope!" he called again.

Mr. Bope had gone. He had disappeared in the crowd when Wally got to Broadway; and undecided what he should do, he stood there, turning the letter over in his hand. As he saw, the envelope was unsealed.

By nature Wally was not curious. Ordinarily in fact he would have scorned to be inquisitive. The letter, however, seemed to attract him curiously. He grew all the more curious, too, when he read the inscription on

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"Say, Don't You Hear Me?" Wally Cried. "I've Got the Dope on Gulf Transport—the Real Dope, Not That Guff You're Giving Them!"

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LAUGHTER, LTD.

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

XIII

WHO had killed Gregory Strickland? That was the first question flashed into my mind as I stood there in the doorway of his parlor holding on to the portières and staring down at his body.

The room itself looked like a storm or something had wrecked it and undoubtedly a emotional one had. The center table was overturned and the lamp smashed on the floor, also a vase with spilled flowers and a coupla torn magazines. Two chairs was upset, the rug was rumpled, and partially on it but with his still face against the parquet lay Strick, his arms sprawled out and his handsome Japanese kimono all twisted about him in a way that would of been comical if it hadn't been so ghastly.

My throat was terrible dry and with a sort of crick in it, and for the first moment or two I couldn't make no noise at all. Then finally my voice come back to me and I managed to let out a cry.

"Anita!" I screamed. "Oh, Anita, where are you? What has happened?"

But nobody answered. Well I thought, maybe she has fainted or something and no wonder, for I then remembered that things had sounded that way over the telephone, and so I started out to see could I find her any place. It took a lot of nerve to let go of the curtains and walk around Greg but somehow I done it, and reached the dining room beyond. Nobody was there, either, only a table where two had eaten evidently a late combination breakfast and lunch, and the coffee was in the cups yet and a used napkin on the floor where somebody getting up had dropped it.

The pantry was empty, too, and there was no one in the kitchen, although I knew that generally Strick kept a Jap servant. Somehow it made me feel awful queer to see these simple domestic items all as per usual while that thing lay in the room beyond. I found I was walking quiet, though swift, as I went into the hall again and paused outside the door to Stricky's bedroom, which was the only other room in the house.

It was a hard thing to do, opening that door, for I dreaded to think what state Anita would be in, but I opened it just the same, calling to her again as I done so. But this room, too, was perfectly empty, with the bed rumpled like Strick had got up late and a few of his clothes was laying about. That was all. The top bureau draw was open and handkerchiefs and collars was scattered about. The wind, that soft California wind with the oil and the cedar and the burning eucalyptus leaves in it, stirred the bright yellow curtains at the open window and they was the only things moving in the whole entire house.

For what seemed to be about a year I stood there thinking where was Anita? Where had she gone? Was it she who had killed Greg, or had he done it his own self? And why? If he had committed suicide, why should she of run away before I got there? I couldn't make it out. Of course she might of gone for the police, but that didn't seem hardly likely, what with a telephone right in the house. Whatever had been pulled off, her nerve had lasted long enough to let her get me on the wire, which made it seem as if some third party had been present when she phoned. That must of been it! She had certainly said it would be too late if I didn't come at once. Yes, someone else had most likely been in the bungalow at that time, and the murder had been going on while she was phoning. But who could that third party of been, and why should I especially be drawn into it?

Suddenly it come over me with full force whose shooting iron that was on the parlor floor. It was Nicky's! I crept back to the parlor to make absolutely sure there was no mistake. Yes, it was the gun I had used in Alias Cinderella, and which Greg had stolen from me later. I remembered how Nicky had asked for it and said it was his father's and so forth. Not a doubt was in my mind but that he had made Greg return it. And then there was that trouble the two of them had out at Atlas Smith's party. There must of been more to the incident than I knew of. Oh, it was awful, too awful!



"Don't You Worry About This, B. McFadden!" He Says in a Low Tone. "I Started Pulling a Few Wires on My Way Out"

But what was I to do? The first person I thought of calling was Adele. I must have mommer at once, for I needed her something awful. By now she was probably at the studio, and I could get her there. The telephone stood on a little table just beyond where Stricky lay, and I was forced to pass him again to get to it. Somehow I couldn't endure to touch him, even to change his dreadful position or cover him up. How I felt about him lying there I don't hardly know, except he was unreal yet terrible.

The receiver was hanging off the telephone just like Anita had dropped it, and before I could get Central I had to put it back on the hook for a while and wait, and believe me I sat pretty near as quiet as my companion. Then at last I got the operator and a moment or two later the studio answered.

"Silvercrown Studios," says the girl's voice with a deadly commonplace tone that jarred on my nerves.

"Is that you, Mabel?" I says shakily. "This is Miss Delane speaking. Is mommer on the lot?"

"Sure, Miss Delane," says Mabel cheerfully. "She come in a minute ago."

"Say get this right, Mabel," I says. "I am at Mr. Strickland's bungalow. Get word at once to mommer to come right out here as fast as she can. Tell her something serious is wrong. Get her immediately, even if you have to leave the board yourself. It's life and death. Do you understand?"

"My Gawd, yes!" says she.

"Hurry, Mabel," I says.

Then I hung up and sat there trembling, not knowing just what to do next, and as I sat that way I heard somebody come up the path and cross the porch. At the sound I come to life and to my feet. Anita! It must be her, come back. I flew to the window and peeked out between the curtains and saw that it was not Anita after all, but a policeman, and at the same instant he rung the doorbell.

I drew back into the room trying to think quick, and as I done so I noticed that gun again and realized that probably nobody but mommer and me knew whose it was. With one motion I had it in my hand, and was looking around wildly to see where could I hide it! Then the doorbell rung again, and that decided me. I hid the gun down the front of my waist, and with it pressing against my body, cold and painful, I went to open the door.

Outside on the porch stood a handsome young cop and his smiling face took on a look of surprise when he seen me and that reminded me I was in my Spanish costume all this while.

"Say!" says this cop in a pleasant voice. "You got your car parked facing the wrong way. You can't leave it stand there like that, you know, miss!"

Whatter you know! I pretty near died of the shock of this remark. Here I was all keyed up, and he pulled a line like that on me. I leaned up against the door frame and commenced to laugh and cry, and for a moment he just stood and stared at me like I had gone cuckoo and guess I had, a little bit. Then I controlled myself. After all, the sight of him was a relief.

"Oh, officer!" I says, gasping and reaching out to him. "I am glad it's you. Someone is killed, inside!"

"What?" says he. "Are you kidding or what?"

"No, no!" I cried. "It's Gregory Strickland! Come in!"

Well he didn't stop to argue then, but brushed past me and into the room where I pointed. On the doorsill he stopped and give a whistle.

"Saints preserve us!" says he. Then he done what I had not dared to do. He went over to Strick and turned his head and felt his hands. Then he straightened up and faced me, looking quite another person from the boy I had just let in.

"He's warm yet!" he says. "It must of just happened. What did you do it for?"

The room went spinning around me at them words. What had I killed Greg for—I! Up to that moment it

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hadn't even come into my head that anybody would think I was the murderer. And now I seen the fix I was in. I suppose I pretty near fainted, but not quite. There come a moment of terrible confusion to my mind, and then somehow I was sitting on the sofa and the cop was holding a glass of water to my lips.

"There now!" says he. "You'll be all right. Just set quiet and don't you attempt to move while I call up headquarters!"

"I didn't do it!" I says feebly. "I tell you I didn't do it!"

"Who did, then?" says he.

"I don't know," I gasped.

"Well," says the officer grimly, "you'll get plenty of chance to explain to a jury how you happened to be here!"

He grabbed up the telephone and commenced talking, while I sat limp where he had put me, too dazed by all I had been through to attempt to move, even if there had been no gun trained at me, which there by now was, for the cop had pulled his out.

"Shooting!" he says into the receiver giving the address. "Looks like a murder. Spanish woman. Yeh, I'm holding her. Better send an ambulance as well. All right, captain!" Then he turned back to me, his face as hard as nails.

"Mighty rotten business," he says. "Movie folks, ain't you? I thought as much! Rotten lot, I always say they are. Well, I guess this will be about the end of the wild times for a couple of youse, now!"

I couldn't answer, for my voice was gone again. And anyways, my mind was on other matters besides setting a mere typical bonehead right against his will, because even in these extreme circumstances my brains hadn't gone back on me to such a extent but that I could see he was just that, although I couldn't hardly blame him for thinking like he did about my guilt.

Neither could I help but see that I was in a very bad fix. Being found alone with a dead body, especially one belonging to a person with who you are known to have a quarrel, is no joke at any time. Of course I had been at the studio up to half an hour ago, but then on the other hand I had left it without notice to anybody and in a very peculiar way. Nobody, not even Eddie the callboy, knew who it was had wanted me on the phone that time, and it begun to look like unless Anita come back pretty pronto, I was going to be out of luck. But then I remembered that perhaps Anita herself had killed Strick and in that case the police station was not where she would head for, but quite to the contrary, because from what I knew of Anita she was not the type of girl to give herself up, but was far more likely to give a friend up, and it begun more clearly every minute to look like that was exactly what she had done to me.

Of course the guilty one might still be Nickolls, for he and Strick had lots of reason for a quarrel. All this and a plenty more kept pouring through my head in a confused stream while I and the officer waited for what seemed like hours, but which, by the clock on the mantel, was actually less than twenty minutes. However, under such a condition as I was in, why a person gets a chance to go over their whole past and I did, including how a McFadden was never before arrested as far as I knew, and what an end to come to after working like I done all my life, and so forth, and I'll say my courage was pretty well gone by the time a coupla cars stopped out in front. Well, when I heard these two cars stop, one right after the other, why naturally I made a dash for the window, and then I felt the arm of the law in reality, for the cop's arm caught mine and he threw me back onto the sofa in a way made me realize for fair that I was now no lady but a mere prisoner.

"Cut that, now!" he says. "The crowd will see you soon enough!"

Well, of course it wasn't the mob I wanted to see or the detectives either, and I don't know where the crowd come from, but it was the truth that right on the heels of the cops a few people had at once gathered around. I could hear them talking and making remarks, and over all Adele's voice as she told the police just where they got off, and why.

"Hey! You will so let me right in!" says mommer, high and firm. "I tell you my daughter is in there and she telephoned me to come. Prisoner nothing! I'll see her at once. You just get out of my way afore I have to push you out and you have to arrest the both of us!"

Oh, but her words was music in my ears! And the sight of her as she burst into that room was like a rampant angel or something.

"Oh, mommer, mommer!" I cried, and in another instant I fell in her arms.

She held me fast and courage come flowing back to my heart even if I was at the same time crying it out on her shoulder. How wonderful she was! Her daughter! She claimed me for it, even in a circumstance like that! The thought give me strength to get myself together and act a little more like a human being and less like a guilty party.

"What is all this about?" says mommer, patting my head and glaring at the inspectors who followed her in, over the top of it. "Strickland murdered? Good land! Well, it certainly served him right and he had it coming to him, but my Bonnie had nothing to do with it, I'll tell you right now!"

"Deserved it, did he, eh?" says the inspector, going over and giving a look at Strick, but not touching him. "Perhaps your daughter has a grudge against him, Mrs.—eh, what name?"

"Delane!" says mommer. "Mrs. Delane and this is Miss Bonnie Delane, the famous star."

"Whew!" says the inspector. "Is that correct? Well, I've always heard you picture people lived a wild life. What did you say this man's name was? Strickland? What made you think he deserved such a finish, eh?"

"Because he was a no-good lowlife!" says mommer hotly. Then she caught my eye and stopped short. Altogether too short, as I could see from the inspector's face. "That is," she went on, "they say he had a bad reputation."

"And yet your daughter is found here under most peculiar circumstances," says he. "H'm!" Then he turned to me. "Did you do it?" he says like a shot out of a gun.

"No!" I says. "I knew him a long time, and I wasn't friends with him. But I didn't do it. I come here on a hurry call over the telephone and found it—it already done."

"Did he call you?" says the cop.

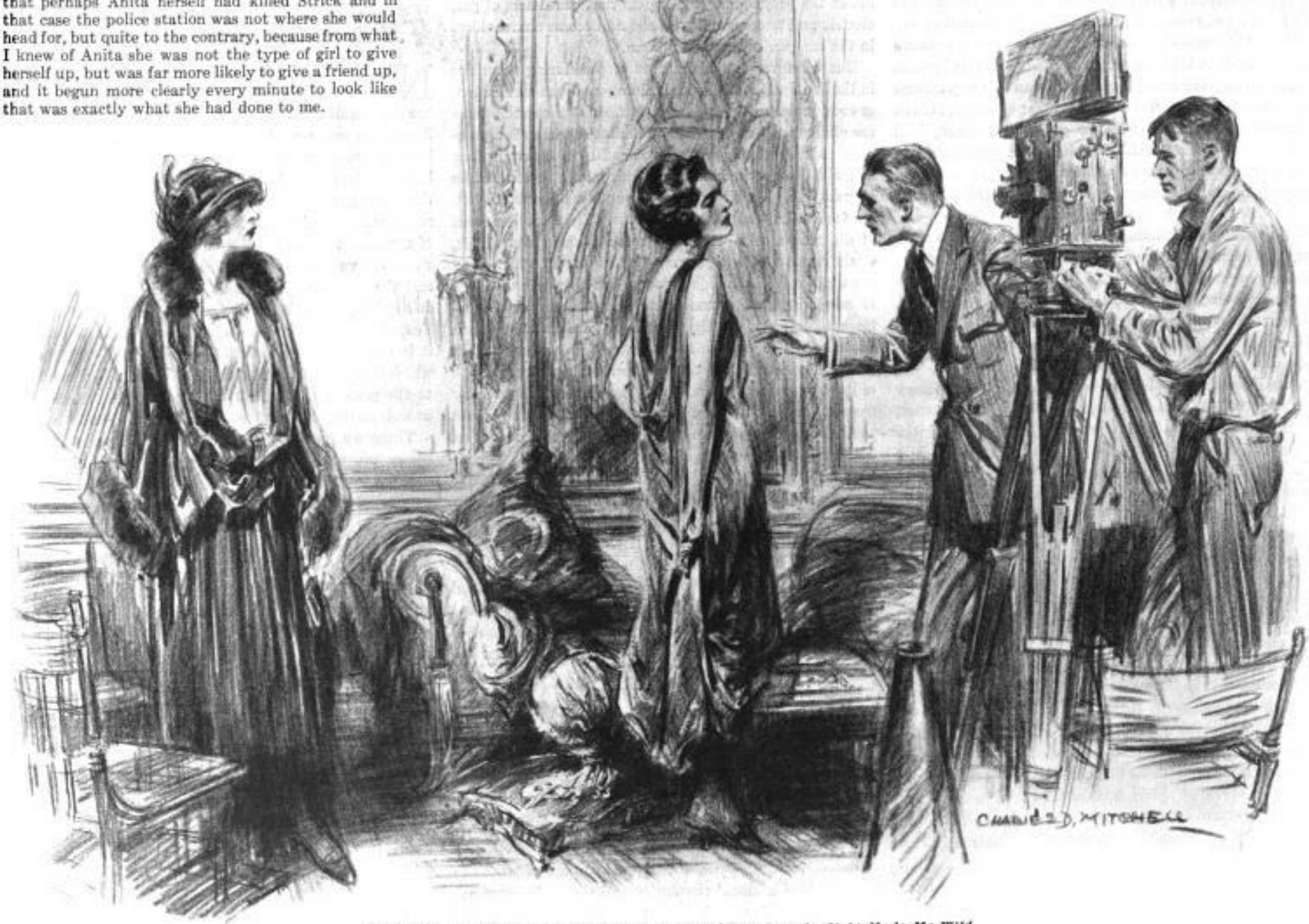
"No," says I. "A woman did. Anita Lauber."

"H'm!" says he again, plainly not believing me.

Then he commenced walking around the room, looking for something. My heart come up in my throat as I watched, and began beating there to such a extent that I could hardly breathe. All of a sudden the inspector stopped walking in front of the young cop, the first one, and shot him a remark.

"Where is the weapon, Brady?" he says. The young Irishman opened his eyes very wide.

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They Were Making a Drawing-Room Sequence, and Somehow the Light Made Me Wild

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 23, 1922

Savings and the Stock Exchange

MANY people with even fair-sized incomes find the saving of money so extraordinarily difficult that any device or instrument which facilitates the process should be welcomed. A highly useful but largely perverted means is the partial-payment or installment plan for the purchase of stocks and bonds. The idea is simple; it consists of the payment each month of a few dollars per share, final possession to be acquired when full settlement has been made. It is the way in which many homes are bought, a definite monthly payment being made on the purchase price.

Many billions of dollars of life insurance have been acquired in like manner by annual, semiannual, quarterly, monthly or weekly payments; nor have equally simple methods of disposing of automobiles, washing machines, vacuum cleaners, farm implements, diamonds, and hundreds of other articles of utility or pleasure, been overlooked by the distributors of such commodities.

Just how many people are incapable of saving money except by means of a definite periodic obligation cannot, of course, be accurately determined, but their number is legion. It may seem foolish, but most unhappily it is true. Why is a man unable to go to a savings bank every week and make a deposit? Why is he unable to buy a small bond or a share of seasoned stock once a month through his bank of deposit? Why is he unable to purchase from the Government one of its Treasury Savings Certificates at regular intervals? The only answer that can be made is that there must be an element of compulsion, of penalty almost, to overcome natural inertia, sheer laziness and indifference.

Simply expressed, it takes a house-to-house collector—or in somewhat higher walks of life, a printed bill sent through the mails—to make people save. It takes a reminder to do the trick, one that is forceful enough to have a penalty attached if the reminder itself is neglected.

Now it is not to be denied that the partial-payment plan has been operated safely and honestly by numbers of dealers in securities, or that thousands of shares have been acquired by investors to their entire satisfaction in this manner. But generally and broadly speaking, the partial-payment or installment plan of buying securities from miscellaneous brokers or dealers is in bad odor. It has been employed by every bucket shop that has failed in the last year. In one such concern there were nearly twenty thousand separate partial-payment accounts, mostly for the purchase of desirable securities, and there will be practically no salvage for the would-be investor.

Many reputable investment bankers and stockbrokers will have nothing to do with the partial-payment plan, partly because of its bad repute, largely because they see no way of making it pay. The largest stock exchange in the country does not recognize any such method of purchasing securities as separate or different from ordinary marginal purchases, and its president frankly advises all small investors to put their money in a bank until they have five hundred or a thousand dollars with which to buy outright such stocks as may be desired. A few reputable firms meanwhile operate the plan, but the practical problem that untold thousands of would-be savers are unable to solve is how to tell the difference between the few good and the many that are undeniably bad.

Thus the situation is thoroughly unsatisfactory. One of the best methods of enabling people to save, through the purchase of investment securities, which experience shows is both natural and simple, is largely neglected. It is true that the gap is being filled to a moderate extent by the great public-utility corporations, the telephone and electric-power and gas concerns, which are selling their stocks, largely of the preferred issues, to customers. This is good as far as it goes. It has the advantage of simplicity. If you live in a city and use electric light and pay for it by monthly check the company will frequently sell you shares of preferred stock and add a fixed amount to your regular bill as an installment on the purchase price.

But it is not to be supposed that every issue of stock of every gas, electric and telephone company will ultimately prove a good investment, any more than every stock in any other industry is sure to pan out. Yet these utilities do form an important basic industry, close to the everyday life of the people, and it is logical that consumers of gas, electric and telephone service should become shareholders in the companies that serve them.

But whatever the advantages of purchasing securities in the local public utility or building-and-loan association, or even in the company for which the investor works, there are obvious and clearly defined limitations in such a practice. All investors are distinguished by a determination to make their own choices, and this means there must be alternatives. Nothing can take the place of the stock list. Its fascination cannot be overcome. Here are hundreds of different stocks—railroads, motors, chain stores, oils, steels, motion pictures, sugars, and so on. In which am I most interested? In high or low priced shares, in dividend or nondividend, in common or preferred, in which particular company, in big companies or small, in which industry? The comparison of earnings, capitalizations, profits, dividends—these are a steady and natural source of interest and attraction. Investors cannot be kept away from the great markets of the country and their funds held within local bounds, safe as the latter often are. Almost every week, or even day, sees new securities of representative corporations added to the central market, each one bringing still another possibility of profit or loss.

Negatively it might be possible by some as yet undevised form of Federal Government regulation to control all brokers and security dealers and prevent their acceptance of money from the public except under fixed conditions. Many state laws have failed to prevent widespread loss and deception. It must not be supposed that the swindling promoter and stock dealer has been left to his own devices. The Federal Post Office Department has fought him, other Federal departments have investigated him, state and county attorneys have prosecuted him, stock exchanges and associations of legitimate investment dealers have pursued him, chambers of commerce and advertising clubs have joined in the chase, numberless magazines and newspapers have investigated and exposed him.

But negative methods accomplish pitifully small results. The swindler sifts through every net. Within a couple of years following the public exposure of crooks in periodicals of national circulation and the bulletins of important business associations, tens of thousands of customers have been recruited by the same operators under perhaps only a slightly different name or with no change at all. Indeed the swindlers go right on after serving jail sentences.

Only constructive organization that makes it possible for legitimate security dealers and distributors to use the machinery of partial-payment or installment devices will seriously check the inroads of the sharpers. If individual brokers or bankers cannot afford to sell stocks in reputable companies on the installment plan, what is to prevent coöperative action on a scale that warrants confidence and security? The stock exchanges, the investment dealers' associations, the bankers' associations, the savings banks, the life-insurance companies, the great corporations which are anxious to increase the number of their shareholders—why do not these agencies get together and solve the question, or at least discover once and for all that it cannot be solved?

Possibly a trust company with ample capital and a directorate insuring sound and able management could handle such business. Perhaps the idea is wholly impractical. But it certainly seems as if American ingenuity, enterprise and initiative are due for a bad slump if no method can be devised by which the millions of small investors can purchase standard securities on installments. It was done, of course, with entire success during the Liberty Loan campaigns, and vast numbers of people now own substantial property that would never have been acquired and the investment in which would probably have been frittered away in useless expenditures, if it had not been for the installment feature.

Ordinary commercial motives, even in coöperative form, cannot repeat on the same scale what was done under the drive of patriotism, the fear and the semicompulsion of war times. But the merest fraction of that accomplishment would suffice. American investment finance must be singularly sterile if it cannot rise to the present emergency.

A Broader View of Production

NO FURTHER proof was needed to show that the complexities of modern civilization have forced up the costs of distributing goods to a point where they equal if they do not exceed the costs of production. Citizens knew by practical experience that even though a cantaloupe might not be bringing back the cost of transportation to its grower, the fashionable or even the quick-lunch restaurant was charging many times the wholesale price of one melon for half a portion. But perhaps it is just as well to have the mass of detail, the clearly drawn charts and the wealth of fact which go with the reports of the Joint Congressional Commission of Agricultural Inquiry. These impartial volumes establish one truth at least—that it is not conspiracy, or even, in the main, profiteering, which is at fault, but the sheer inability of business men up to the present time to solve the problem of distribution as well as they have solved that of mass production.

Those who stand between the producer and the consumer are commonly termed middlemen. But if they perform their function well, if they put value on a product by fitting it into the needs of the consumer, they are producers just as much as if they were in charge of fields of corn or rows of spindles in a cotton factory.

Salesmanship and advertising have become very important in recent years and many thousands of bright young men have entered these occupations. None can perform a greater service than they. To a large extent the great task of cutting the marketing overhead must lie in their hands.

The salesman or advertising solicitor who merely gets rid of goods is not only a middleman in the worst sense of the word; he is an economic parasite and waste. Such, for example, is the youth who has taken one of these two-day intensive courses in high-speed salesmanship for the purpose of marketing dubious stocks. He is about as far from the trained marketing specialist who studies the real needs of consumers, and approaches them with only such goods as they need, as the course or institute which he attends is removed from one of our great universities. One is a four-flusher; the other is doing his trained and specialized best to bring supply and demand together.

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CONSTITUTION BUSTERS

By Kenneth L. Roberts

IN THE long run it is not considered good form for an individual or an organization to claim to be something that it isn't. The reporter who accepts money or favors from a faction concerning which he is supposed to be reporting the facts ceases to be a reporter and becomes a propagandist. If he continues with any success to claim to be a reporter he misleads his readers, which doesn't do anybody any good. The brokerage firm that advertises itself as dealing in investment securities, and then hornswoggles its customers into putting their money in fake oil stock or worthless radio companies, which are neither investments nor securities, is guilty of obtaining money under false pretenses—which is regarded as very bad form indeed. The individual who falsely claims to be a graduate of Podunk University, and who borrows money from Podunk alumni on the strength of his claim, is usually thought to be better off in jail. The increasing complexities of our civilization—complexities like a rapidly increasing population and the consequent increase in the number of suckers who believe everything they hear—make it constantly easier for masqueraders and false prophets to find supporters. This fact, however, does not alter the truth of our original hypothesis—that it is bad form for an individual or an organization to travel under false colors.

Nowhere to Jump

THE United States is supplied, as every successful nation should be, with two major political parties. These parties, for reasons which are almost lost in the mists of antiquity, are known as the Democratic Party and the Republican Party. If the two parties were to live up to their names the Democratic Party would be working to make the United States into a pure democracy, ruled by the direct vote of the people and subject to the turbulence and follies of mob rule; while the Republican Party would be working to keep the people of America faithful to the conservative ideals and principles of the founders of the republic, who provided the country with a Constitution which carefully limited popular government in an effort to safeguard the nation from the same turbulence and folly of mob rule.

As a matter of fact the principles of the Democratic Party and the Republican Party are today about as widely separated as are two different brands of round, smelly, imported cheese. That is to say, they aren't separated at all. Some people like the first brand of cheese because they think it has a less offensive odor than the second brand. Other people are addicted to the second brand, and claim that the odor of the first brand is strong enough to knock a person over. It's all a matter of taste; and to the person with an uncultivated taste both cheeses are equally overpowering.

Not only are the Democratic Party and the Republican Party as alike as two ripe cheeses but each party is daily guilty of taking money under false pretenses in that it obliges its conservative members to vote for outrageously radical men and measures in some localities and—less frequently—forces its wild-eyed socialistically inclined members to vote for reactionary men and measures in other localities. If a man tries to escape from his particular party by jumping into the other party he will find himself similarly sickened by being obliged to support somebody or something that he hates. There is literally nowhere that he can jump. Each political party claims to stand for something. Actually it stands for nothing—or, rather, it stands for anything.

Some Irregulars

A DELIGHTFUL example of this lack of principle may be observed in North Dakota, where the regular Republican candidate for the senatorial nomination was defeated in the primaries by Lynn J. Frazier, the irregular candidate, who has the backing of Arthur Townley, chief mover in the socialistic Non-Partisan League. Frazier and Townley have stood for state socialism—the socialization of the telegraphs, the telephones, the insurance business, the railroads, power plants and mines of all sorts; for state ownership of cold-storage plants, stockyards, grain elevators and flour mills. Since their regular candidate was defeated the Republican leaders in North Dakota promptly indorsed Frazier for United States senator; so that North Dakota Republicans, if they wish to continue being Republicans, must throw their votes for a man whose

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SOAPING OLD FAITHFUL

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TUMBLEWEEDS



Bart Was Seated on the Corral Bars, His Chin Propped in His Hand, Gazing Moodily Across a Field of Ripening Grain

By HAL G. EVARTS

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

XIII

BOTH Wellman and Freel had prospered. It was quite generally believed, though it could not be proved, that both men had sooned before the opening of the Strip, which fact accounted for their two filings adjoining the town site of Oval Springs, property which would eventually prove extremely valuable. However, they could not yet realize on these holdings, so it was evident that their present affluence was derived from some other source.

Crowfoot, even before the run, had acquired moderate wealth; but neither Freel nor Wellman had been possessed of any considerable means. Freel now owned the largest and most remunerative saloon in Oval Springs. He had occupied the sheriff's office since the first election in the county, Wellman, the original appointee, having indorsed his candidacy instead of running for the office himself. Wellman was proprietor of the hotel, had been elected mayor of Oval Springs and was a stockholder and director in the bank, of which Crowfoot was president.

It was generally conceded that the money of the ex-cowman was responsible for the rise of the other two, but there were some who, knowing Crowfoot, doubted that he would use his own means for the advancement of another. The three men were closely associated, nevertheless, a power to be reckoned with in business and political circles, rated as influential and public-spirited citizens.

There was no longer necessity for Freel to associate himself closely with the wild bunch, many of whose operations he had formerly planned. The years he had served as marshal had fitted him for this work. He could visualize a scene in advance, discount its dangerous features and perfect an alibi that would stand the test. His was the mind that planned, but he had seldom been present to witness the execution of those plans. His actual participation in the Wharton hold-up, the one misdeed of its kind where he had been present in person, had been occasioned by a desire to impress upon his associates that he was of the same fiber as themselves. He had gone out in a spirit of bravado and returned in a nervous panic. His main source of revenue was now derived from protection money which he levied against the lawless who operated in the county, these assessments collected through the agency of the two Ralstons, who were his deputies, as they had been Wellman's before him. Protection came high and both Freel and Wellman profited accordingly. Oval Springs was a hotbed of lawlessness and a concession for any known transgression could be purchased for a price, a state of affairs not confined to Oval Springs alone, but prevalent throughout the Strip.

The line between the law and the lawless was but vaguely defined. Instances of the apprehension of any wrongdoer were decidedly infrequent. Petty graft and crooked gambling flourished. As a carcass attracts scavenger birds, so conditions in the Strip drew the vicious of the whole Southwest. Express messengers conveyed word of valuable consignments to friends who would make sure that the shipments failed to reach their destination. There were bankers who handled securities at stiff discounts without inquiry as to their source; jewelers who were equally incurious about the previous ownership of gems or gold; judges and county attorneys who were open to reason; and sheriffs who followed false trails.

But all this was merely a passing phase incident to the transition period of a new and untried territory during its transformation into an old and proved one. The background was one of enduring solidity. More than thirty thousand families had found homes in a single day, and these toiled steadily on, unmindful of the wave of deviltry and corruption that swept the Strip, such circumstances having no particular bearing on their daily lives. Later, when they had more time to devote to affairs outside of the immediate problem of shaping their homesteads up into producing farms, they would rise up and cast out the parasites without apparent effort; for, after all, the solid citizens were many and the parasites comparatively few.

Freel rode out of Oval Springs and he traveled past occasional fields that were green with waving wheat. Spring had brought fresh evidence that the Strip, now a part of Oklahoma, would eventually prove to be the most productive portion of the state. Spring crops of all sorts were coming up in riotous profusion. Young orchards had been planted round many a homestead cabin; rows of slender saplings marked the site of future stately groves. The scattering fields that had been seeded to winter wheat gave promise of a tremendous yield, and an average of more than twenty bushels to the acre was confidently predicted. Orderly garden plots were in evidence on every homestead.

Since his occupancy of the sheriff's office Freel had several times stopped at the Lassiters' cabin. He had haunted Molly Lassiter's footsteps for a year prior to that day when Carver's inopportune arrival had put a stop to his advances. In his new guise as a moneyed, influential citizen he saw one more chance of gaining the girl's favor. His manner was affable and without hint of previous unpleasant relations. Rather his attitude was one of friendly interest which any prosperous person might take in the affairs of a less fortunate acquaintance. Molly, believing that the past had best be left undisturbed, received him as she would any other casual acquaintance. On the occasion of this last visit Freel found Bart at home.

Bart had worked steadily, seldom straying far from home, but instead finding relaxation at Carver's bunk house, where the grub-liners still convened. There were times when he exhibited real enthusiasm for his work, and on such days he spoke of eventually buying out one or more neighbors and operating a farm that would one day rival Carver's holdings across the ridge. There were other periods when the monotony of farm life maddened him and he grew moody and restless, conscious of the urge to straddle a horse and be off for some point where distance was not measured by neatly fenced section lines, but instead was calculated in terms of a day's travel on a horse. It was during the darkest moments of one of these moods that Freel dropped in.

Bart listened while Freel commented upon various business and political ventures upon which he was engaged. Bart was frankly uninterested, his one thought for the moment being a desire to step up on a good horse and ride across a sagebrush desert in the fierce glare of the summer sun; or, as an alternative, to ride the same stretch in a screeching winter blizzard; it mattered little which, so long as there would be neither fence nor human within a radius of twenty miles. All would have been well except that Freel, equally self-centered, attributed Bart's abstraction to a feeling of envy induced by the attractive word picture Freel had painted of his own successes. In parting he drew Bart aside.

"Any time I can hold out a helping hand you can count on me," he assured. "I'm in better shape to help you on your feet than any man in these parts."

Bart was not actively conscious that he was being patronized, but he was aware of a sense of irritation, and the tone as well as the substance of the offer brought his ill humor to a sudden focus.

"You can't do me any favor except to let me alone," he said wearily.

"That's what I've been doing," Freel returned. "Hadn't you noticed?"

"I haven't missed you," Bart confessed. "But keep it up and maybe I will."

"You're somewhat in debt to me on that score right now," Freel stated, and recited a few details to prove his point.

Bart's home-coming with a wounded shoulder the day following the Wharton affair had created comment. His saddled horse had been found by a farmer near the point from which a second mount had been stolen, this last animal later recovered by the Kansas sheriff's posse after its rider had made good his escape. Rumor had linked Bart's name with these events, and the news had trickled to the sheriff's office.

"Do you think I'm asleep on the job?" Freel demanded. "I've known that all along. Don't you call that letting you alone? It all dovetails right nicely; a clear case against you on both counts, robbery and horse stealing—two cases of horse stealing in fact."

"Oh, I didn't bother to steal the second one," Bart stated. "Don't make your case too strong or maybe you'll lose it. I run across Carver out there and we swapped mounts, me escaping while he led that Kansas outfit astray. Maybe you hadn't heard that it was Carver's horse I came riding home on, but I can cite you to a few witnesses who saw it."

Freel pondered this point.

He had not heard the name of the man picked up by the posse after the party they sought had presumably stolen his horse.

"I'll make it a point to cover any such little details as that," he said. "But you're safe enough as long as you meet me halfway."

"I'll come the full distance and a few steps beyond," Bart volunteered. "I could throw some light on that Wharton affair myself, and some day I will."

Freel experienced a recurrence of that apprehension which had assailed him at intervals since his participation in the Wharton event. He had never considered it possible that Bart could have determined the identity of any one of the four men who had chanced across him that night. It had all happened with such suddenness; a voice from the darkness ahead. Then Noll had shot. Freel had been unaware of the identity of Noll's victim till after they had left the spot and Noll had announced that the voice was Bart's. Even then he had not been sure of the point until hearing the rumors which he had just now recited to Bart.

(Continued on Page 26)

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LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

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(Continued from Page 24)

It had seemed equally certain that Bart could not have recognized him.

"You'll have a chance to tell all you know to a jury," Freel predicted.

"And right after I speak my piece they'll cast a ballot to stretch your neck a foot long," Bart announced.

"Mine!" Freel said. "What fool notion are you working on now?"

"I'm not working—just resting," said Bart. "Here you come with all this patter about how you've befriended me by not having me jailed for something you did yourself. That's real generosity. Maybe it's never occurred to you that I recognized the four of you when you came riding up on me that night when Noll tried his damnedest to kill me."

Freel's apprehension increased, but he remained silent until Bart had finished.

"If I start remarking broadcast about that little event just how long do you imagine it would take folks to divine where the four of you had come from?" Bart inquired. "A few minutes back you was reciting about what a high place you'd attained in human affairs. Keep right on mounting—only keep it in mind that some day when time hangs heavy and I'm craving entertainment I'll pull out your props and let you down hard."

He turned his back on Freel and retired to the house. Freel returned to Oval Springs and sought a hasty conference with the mayor and the president of the bank. He was palpably nervous as he recounted the details of this complication.

"Get hold of yourself!" Wellman ordered. "You're jumpy! What does it signify anyhow? One man's wild yarn about hearing your voice in the dark wouldn't even shake that alibi. It's watertight."

Crowfoot nodded agreement and chewed placidly at his cigar. He could face such a situation without turning a hair—as could Wellman.

"Bart's in no shape to do any commenting," Crowfoot amplified.

"But I tell you he will!" Freel insisted.

"Sit down," Wellman instructed. "Plant yourself in a chair and quit prowling in circles. You'll wear out the rug."

"Bart might be feeling a trifle venomous since Noll tried to down him," Crowfoot conceded. "It would have been preferable if Noll had quit living before he took that shot at Bart. But in order to link you with it he'd have to convince folks that he recognized your voice at night, then prove that you'd come from Wharton instead of any one of a hundred other points on the map. Not a chance in ten thousand."

"But Carver's into it now," Freel pointed out. "You know what that means. He's been waiting for a chance at me."

"What you mean is that you've been waiting for a chance at him," Crowfoot corrected. "And you're crediting him with holding the same sentiments toward you." Crowfoot was not one to allow personal differences or dislikes to obscure his judgment. "He's the kind that'll not interest himself in your affairs unless you go romping over onto his reservation and prod him into hostilities that he'd likely be wanting to avoid if only you'd let him. You'd better let this man Carver strictly alone. He'll do the same by you."

Neither Wellman nor Freel was prepared to accept this bit of advice.

"Then I'll just tender one more suggestion," Crowfoot announced after finding himself overruled. "If you're set on this business, then I'd urge that you do it yourselves, just the two of you, instead of hiring it done." He was familiar with Freel's roundabout methods.

Wellman indorsed this last suggestion.

"Absolutely!" he agreed. "Me and Freel will tend to this matter in person."

Freel failed to state whether or not these sentiments met with his full approval. Crowfoot regarded him closely, then stretched and rose from his chair.

"Once there was three men in a town," he remarked. "The rest didn't count overmuch. One of the three had sand, but no brains. Another was equipped with cunning, but was teetotally minus of nerve. The third had both sand and brains."

"And which one was you?" Freel inquired.

"I mentioned myself last," Crowfoot answered without hesitation. "And being equipped like I explained, it does look like I could do better to trail by myself instead of being mixed up with a pair of rat-brained miscreants like you. If you're set on stirring up Carver you can just count me out."

He departed and left Freel and Wellman to perfect their own plans.

They conferred at some length, and as a result Freel spent several days in making quiet investigations among the homesteaders north and west of the Half Diamond H. Another evidence of the change that was taking place in the country was the fact that the code of silence and refusal to divulge information no longer prevailed. Many of the newcomers were willing, even eager, to impart any possible scrap of information. Freel found some who had noted Bart's return with a crippled shoulder; others that would testify that the horse upon which he was mounted belonged to Carver. He discovered one man who had seen Bart ride up the Half Diamond H lane in the evening. In each instance Freel shook his head and commented upon the fact that it looked as if the two of them had been mixed up in it; that it certainly seemed inevitable that he should have to place them under arrest and charge them with the crime if the evidence kept piling up. In each case also he requested secrecy. In reality he gathered insufficient evidence to hold either of them overnight, but he had created an abundance of witnesses to serve his purpose.

Some two weeks thereafter a man rode up to the rear door of the one saloon in the little town of Alvin, a few miles down the valley from the Half Diamond H. He dropped his reins over a post a few feet from the door and entered.

For an hour he loitered at a table, playing solitaire and making an occasional trip to the bar for a drink and a chat with the bartender.

"Nice place," he commented after he felt that their acquaintance had ripened somewhat. "You own it?"

The man behind the bar nodded.

"Man by name of Carver live round here close?" the stranger inquired.

"A piece up the valley," the bartender assented. "Not far."

"Drop in here often, does he?" the man asked.

"Whenever he's in town—couple of times a week average," the proprietor informed. "Drops in for a glass of beer before riding home. Mostly he's in of afternoons once in a while of nights when some of the boys gather here. You wanting to see him?"

"Yes," the other man admitted.

"You can ride out to his place in half an hour."

"Rather see him first and size him up," the stranger stated. "Harvest is coming on and he might use a hand. But I always like to look a man over before I hire out to him."

The saloon keeper nodded without comment. This was no harvest hand. The stranger's face was stamped with ruthlessness; straight thin lips, and above them a pair of wide-set, cold black eyes.

"Point him out to me when he comes in, will you?" he requested. "So I can sort of size him up."

Again the barman nodded. He noted the convenient arrangement; the open back door with the saddled horse just outside.

"Sure," he laconically assented. "I'll tip you."

Carver failed to appear, and when the usual evening crowd began to assemble the stranger departed. The following afternoon he reappeared, leaving his horse at the same convenient post just outside the rear entrance.

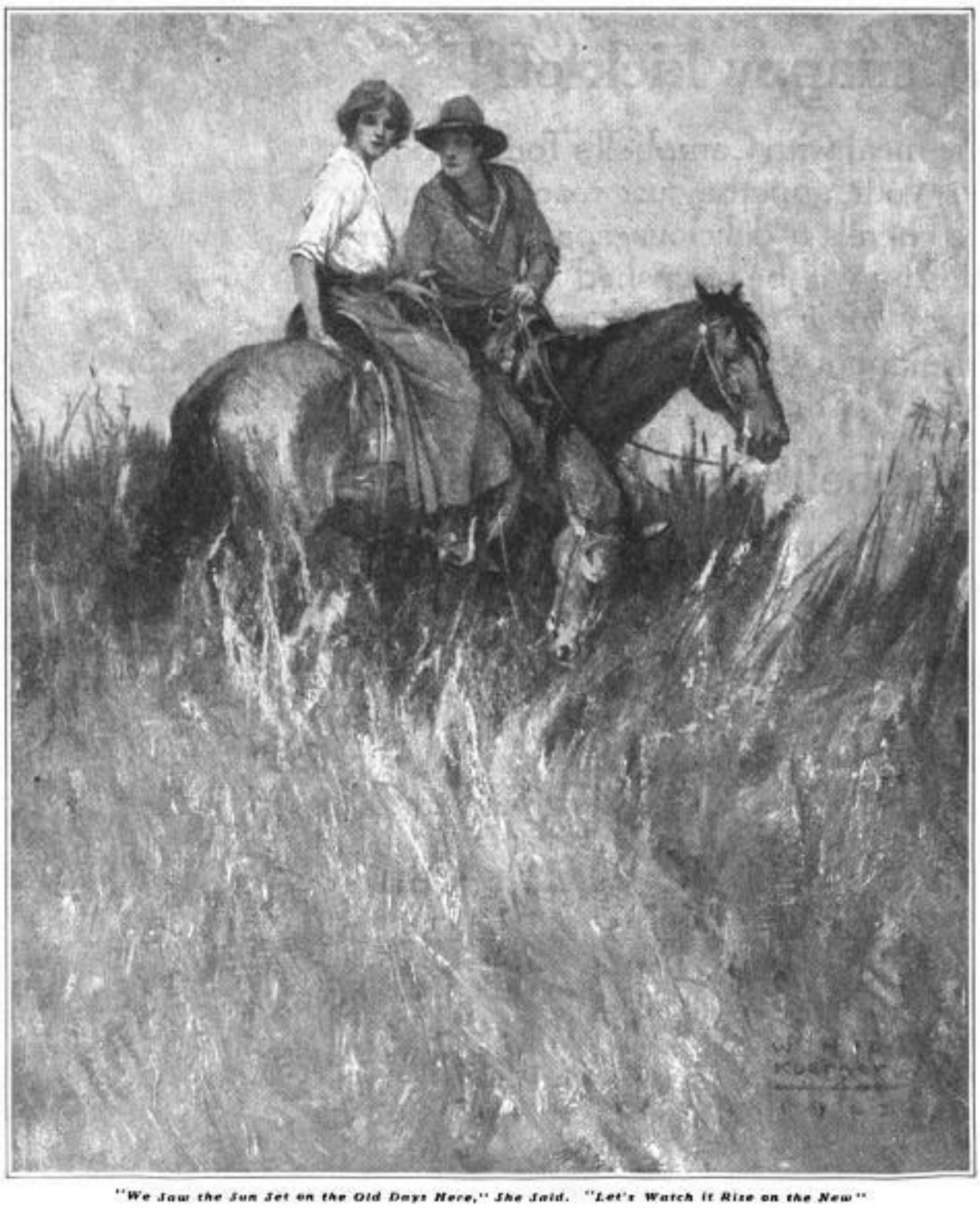
"You'd never recognize me if you was to see me again, now would you?" he asked the proprietor. "You couldn't accurately describe me right now; and for all you can remember that bay horse of mine is a sorrel."

He shoved two gold coins across the bar and fixed the other man with his black eyes. The saloon man pocketed the money.

"Correct on all counts," he agreed.

The stranger returned to his table, and the bartender under pretense of arranging glassware and bottles placed a long-barreled forty-five on a shelf just under the bar. One never could tell. He had been old-time rider of the unowned lands and could rightly read his signs. A few stray customers dropped in and departed. The liveryman lingered over two glasses of beer. The banker stepped in for his afternoon nip the moment the bank was closed for the day, and the keeper of the general store came in with the proprietor of the lumberyard. Three neighboring farmers entered together and shook the dice to determine who should pay for the round. The

(Continued on Page 120



"We Saw the Sun Set on the Old Days Here," She Said. "Let's Watch It Rise on the New"

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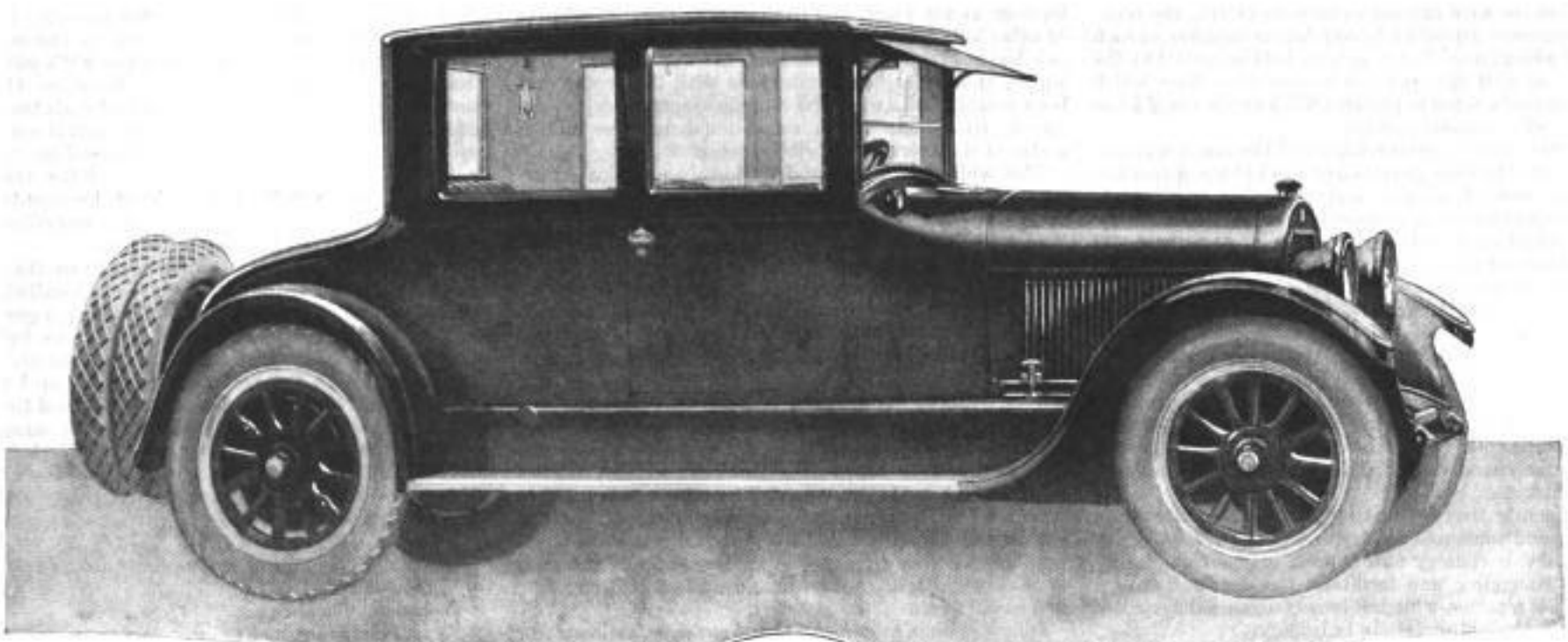
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THE BOOTLEGGERS

By Samuel G. Blythe

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL FOSTER

XI

A REPORT to Mr. John P. Wilkes:

Sir: Pursuant to your instructions to make a general survey of the bootlegging business as it is carried on at present, with a view to the organization of the same for the purpose of controlling sources, distribution and prices, and for eliminating the wasteful competition and diminishing the crimes of violence that now attend it, and, so far as possible, putting the business into the hands of men who will conduct it economically and efficiently, and expelling from it, to some extent, at least, the rough criminal element that now add immeasurably to the hazards of it, I beg leave to submit the following synopsis of my investigations and conclusions along the lines indicated:

The principal and most profitable sources of supply at present are the smuggling sources, which are Canada, Mexico, Cuba, the British and French possessions to the south of us, and foreign countries with which we maintain regular transoceanic traffic. In its early manifestations, and before the outside sources were utilized to such an extent, the bootlegging business depended largely for its supplies on such stocks of whisky and alcohol as were held in control by the Government, and upon what is termed moonshine, which is liquor manufactured in private stills and always of a low grade and of poisonous quality.

Under the original interpretations of the law it was possible to withdraw from government stocks large quantities of alcohol and of whisky, and these legitimate withdrawals were enormously increased by the forging of certificates of withdrawal and similar devices. Also there was much robbery of warehouses, much collusion with officials to permit withdrawals, and many other methods by which the law was made ineffective. However, the law was gradually tightened, the securing of alcohol and liquor for the purposes of doctoring, diluting and distribution was made more difficult, and the evil result attending the vending of poisonous mixtures made the better classes of our customers disinclined to buy this merchandise; and the men who had their capital invested in this business saw that their merchandise must, at least, have some semblance of real whisky.

Consequently they began to utilize the outside sources of supply, and consequently, further, the chief bootlegging business of this country now obtains its merchandise by means of smuggling, and facilitates the distribution of it by the aid of a nation-wide but loosely organized system of what the law would designate as bribery.

Speaking as of date of May 1, 1922, there are arriving in this country, from all sources, and at all points of entry, more than one hundred thousand cases of liquor each twenty-four hours. On good days as many as two hundred thousand cases get ashore, from ships in the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, from the Gulf of Mexico and across the Canadian and Mexican borders.

Speaking as of the same date, three million dollars is spent each twenty-four hours for the purpose of facilitating the reception and distribution of this liquor, which money goes, in greater and lesser amounts, to officials of all grades charged with the duties of preventing this reception and distribution, such as constables, sheriffs, county officials, customs officials, revenue officials, policemen and those in charge of them, state officials, legislators, political leaders, and any others whose spheres of influence may touch the business at any point, and to those who, through political or other influences, control them. This phase of the business has been skillfully worked out, and a schedule of prices which, though high, is compatible with the profits, has been established. Of course certain emergencies require specific treatment, but in round numbers three million dollars a day covers the bribe expense.

This whisky is distributed by loosely coördinated organizations geographically grouped, of which the largest are on the Atlantic Coast. The first to the north is all New England, with headquarters at Boston. These are followed down the coast by an organization distributing for New York, New Jersey and Philadelphia, and then comes the Norfolk, Virginia, organization. Charleston and Savannah are both centers of alert organizations, and Miami does considerable business, but not so much as her geographical position might indicate, because transport thence to big buying centers is long and difficult.

Texas has an organization, and Minneapolis and St. Paul and New Orleans. The Pacific Coast business is not so well combined. Seattle, San Francisco and Los Angeles all have men in the trade, and their supplies come either from the Far East or from boats that clear from Vancouver for some Northern Mexico port and deliver to boats running out from coast points in Oregon and California, or are brought across border lines by automobile, airplane, and so on.

Interior points are supplied by these organizations. For example, some of the Savannah operators run their merchandise to Atlanta, and from Atlanta it is distributed west and southwest to St. Louis and adjoining territory. Chicago and that section of the country are supplied from Canada, and the line reaches for the Middle West and West both up from the south, down from the north and east from the Pacific Coast.

The initial bootlegging cost of whisky on the Atlantic Coast is ten dollars per case, which provides for the permissions of the officials along the recognized lines of transportation. This cost increases in direct proportion to the length of the haul. For example, the bootlegging cost per case of whisky sent to St. Louis, say, from an Atlantic Coast point, is seventy-five dollars per case. Costs vary with localities and with the requirements of officials.

The New York organization figures it can [illegible] down whisky in the metropolis for thirty to thirty-five dollars a case, but there are local protection payments to be added to this before the profit accrues; and an average of the brought directly Philadelphia thirty-two dollars a case, with local Philadelphia requirements to be met after that. The first cost, Nassau, say, Cuba, or in the other foreign sources, ranges from twelve to twenty dollars case for ordinary merchandise this commerce with fifteen dollars an average.

The recognized and efficient large organizations are fifteen in number, but there is an infinite number of smaller organizations, groups, partnerships and individuals who are more or less definite relationship with these large organizations. The principals of these larger organizations are fake oil, and similar promotion war profiteers capitalists who are accustomed to without-the-law business, former liquor dealers, and gamblers and speculators who are familiar with important money. Some of position in business and society, but in the main they are not. Various bankers are interested with left-handed connections. Among the smaller operators there are combinations of police and government officials themselves but in the main these have neither the capital nor the disposition to handle the merchandise themselves, and take their share of the profits in toll exacted for their complaisances. In one of the larger cities of the country police immunity is secured by the payment of twenty-five dollars a case to men who control the police force.

The conclusion must not be reached from these statements that the domestic manufacture of so-called bootleg whisky is not an important factor. There are a great many sources of supply, including illicit operations by professional distilleries, and large and small amateur stills, and making, and so on through many mediums and avenues. The total of three million dollars a day required for expulsion and permission to traffic includes such sums as are spent in connection with these sources. That figure includes each day's required outlay for a successful nation-wide prosecution of the business—roughly, about one billion dollars a year.



"What Do You Know About the Great National Enterprise of Bootlegging?"

XII

THE chief difficulties to be overcome are as follows:

Honest officials;

Dishonest officials;

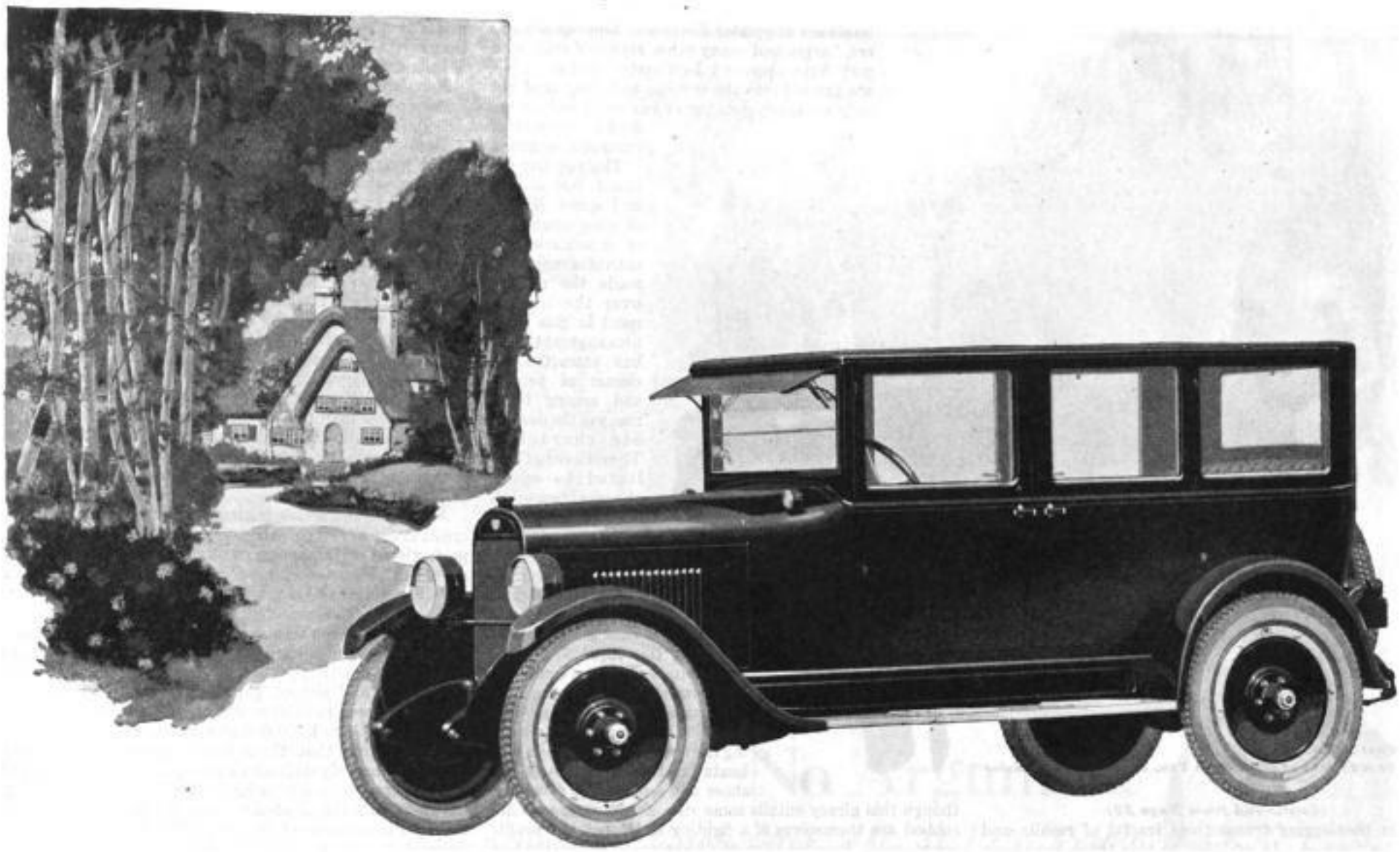
Piracy, hijacking, and so on;

Seizures, et cetera.

Notwithstanding the fact of the enormous pressure on the moral fiber of the officials of all grades whose duty it is to participate in the arrest, trial, conviction, and imprisonment or fine of the men engaged in this business, caused by the generous proffer of this three million dollars a day, there still remain in the service many men who cannot be bribed, and these present difficulties that make the business hazardous in the extreme in various parts of the country. Furthermore, the exposures in the newspapers and periodicals, and the constant endeavors by those high in authority to obtain what is termed a decent respect for the law by those charged with the duty of enforcing it, have made some officials who otherwise would be ready to acquiesce, for

(Continued on Page 30)

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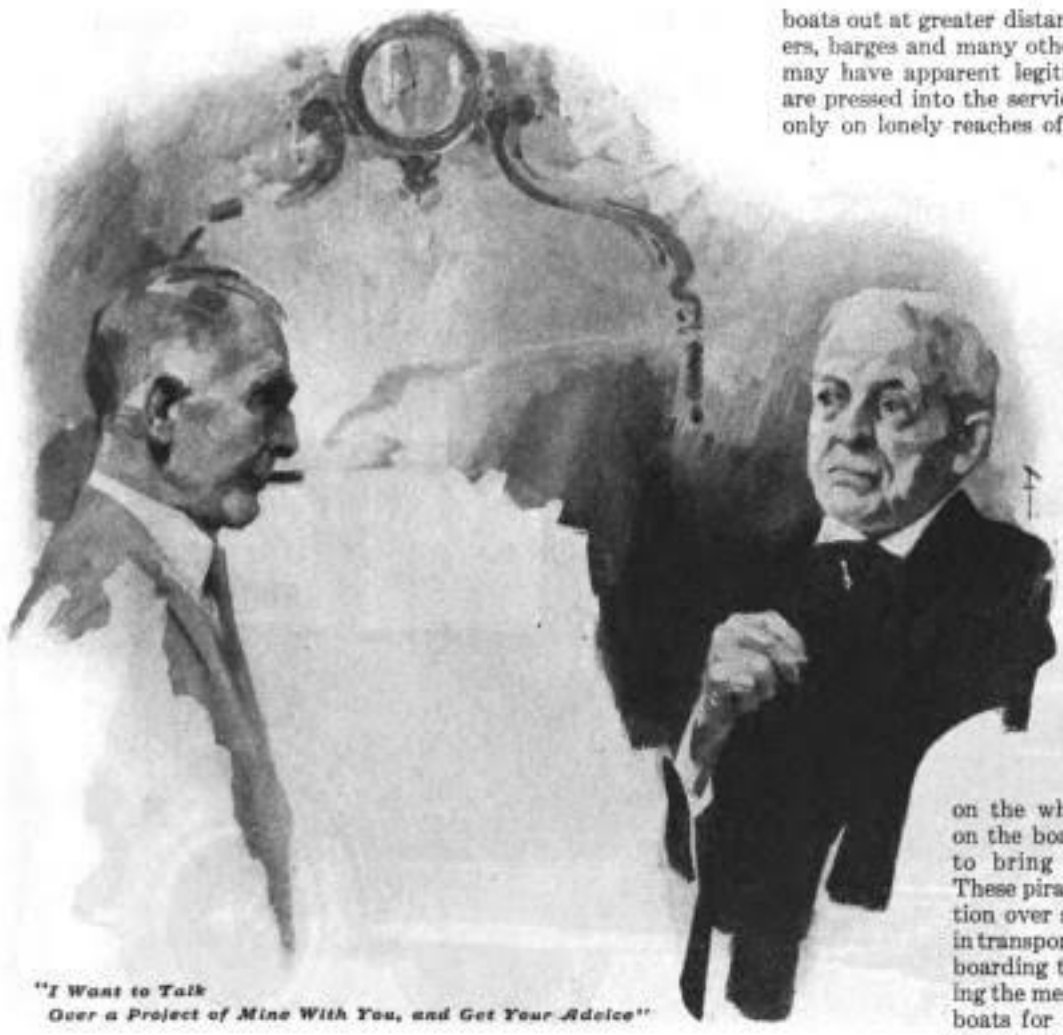
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"I Want to Talk Over a Project of Mine With You, and Get Your Advice"

(Continued from Page 28)

price, in bootlegging transactions fearful of results and not to be reached. In addition to this there have been erected several systems of espionage over these men, to which I shall refer at greater length in a succeeding paragraph.

By the term "dishonest officials" I have reference to officials and others who may be of use, who, having taken money for their good offices and assistances, callously refuse to be bound by their bribes to a performance of their promises, but either take the money and render no service whatsoever or, more than that, take the money and then act against the bootleggers as the honest officials do; or, having taken the money as a payment for certain specific services or permissions, demand still greater sums before they will carry out their original agreements, which blackmail is of common occurrence. The idea that the money and property of the men engaged in this business have no rights that anybody is bound to respect, and are loot for whosoever may be in position to secure them obtains to a great and disconcerting degree, and is a positive menace to the economical transaction of the business.

In connection with this situation, just referred to, it seems proper to call your attention at this point to the prevalent, nay, universal opinion, official and popular alike, that although this merchandise is paid for by legal tender, and although the men transacting it fulfill their obligations, neither their merchandise nor their money has any ownership, *de facto* or *de jure*, save the ownership that arrives with obtaining possession, either by force, stratagem, specious but false promise, perjured witness, broken agreement, larcenies or crimes of violence. It matters not to what exertion and expense the owners may go to secure and distribute their merchandise, constant occasion is sought to deprive them of it without compensation, and they must ceaselessly contend with a condition that gives them no recourse save the employment of similar practices.

With the development of the business along the lines indicated—that is, the bringing in of the merchandise from outside sources, there has developed also the sinister institution of rum piracy, as it is known in the trade, which combined with what is known as hijacking on the land, and the constant thievery in other forms that the business is exposed to, forms a serious obstacle to the orderly and profitable conduct of the trade. To give an understanding of the genesis of this piracy it is necessary to state that the induction of liquors from foreign sources more or less adjacent to our coast is accomplished in two ways: By smaller boats that sail direct from such ports as Nassau to some designated point on the coast, and land their supplies direct; by boats going out to larger craft that lie outside the so-called three-mile limit, and bringing their cargoes ashore.

Various marine agencies are utilized. Fishing boats, which can go and come at will without supervision, put out from fishing ports on both coasts. Power boats run from the larger cities. Ocean-going tugs meet the larger boats out at greater distances. Lumber schooners, barges and many other styles of craft that may have apparent legitimate mission at sea are pressed into the service, and they land not only on lonely reaches of our coast but at the docks of some of our maritime cities.

The popular demand for whisky and other liquors of some semblance of genuineness of manufacture has made the returns over the investment in this business so great that it has attracted all classes of people, and among them many of the desperate character. These have not hesitated to equip themselves with boats of high power usually, or of whatever sort was available, and go out to sea and prey on the whisky ships outside or on the boats that are employed to bring the liquors ashore. These pirates have no compunction over shooting men engaged in transporting this merchandise, boarding their craft, and removing the merchandise to their own boats for transportation to the shore and subsequent sale. Although this piracy entails some risk, as the men who are robbed are themselves of a fighting character, the profits are so great—because no expenditure is required for the loot save the cost of the boat, which is negligible in view of the returns, and little for the crew, who usually work on shares—that piracy is becoming increasingly frequent, and large amounts of merchandise are thus diverted from their rightful ownership. There are many battles at sea and not a few offshore, and the loss of human life is considerable, which, of itself, need not be recorded, because this work is done by paid employes, and not by the principals themselves.

The operation known as hijacking is merely land piracy. It is engaged in by vicious criminals who go out in automobiles and meet trucks laden with this merchandise moving peacefully and under paid protection from one point to another, bar the progress of the trucks by turning their automobiles across the highway, and with threats of death and often with fatal shootings forcibly seize the loaded trucks and convey them to places other than their original destinations and there deliver the merchandise to those who paid for this thievery of it. Likewise, storehouses are often robbed with the connivance of those employed either by the law or by the owners to guard them, and all property of this sort is insecure wherever situate unless full credence can be placed in those who guard and handle it, and in those who, officially, and for emolument, connive with the owners of it.

The question of seizures, and the legal entanglements that appertain, are of serious import. Though the men engaged in this business are able to protect themselves in a measure against the operations of the agencies of the law by the skillful subornation of the law's agents, they on the other hand are susceptible to the informations that may be given to officials by persons in their own employ who are likewise in the employ of the officials. In other words, the use of stool pigeons, so called, is not confined to one side or the other, but may be resorted to by both sides, and is. Thus, no shipment may be held safe from the authorities by information gained from persons cognizant of the plans of the authorities, and any shipment may be lost by reason of treachery of employes of the owners and distributors.

However, though the losses by seizure are serious at times to the individuals directly concerned, the amount of merchandise seized is but a small percentage of the amount successfully received and distributed.

XIII

HAVING thus detailed the outstanding difficulties that beset this merchandising I now return to the material advantages of it and the offsetting conditions that exist. These are as follows:

Enormous profits;
Popular support;
Power of money to secure immunity;
Congested courts;
Duplication of espionage.

The prices secured for this merchandise vary with localities, abundance of supply, character of local officials, protection-money requirements and quality of supervision.

Naturally, as in every other business, prices depend in a dominating measure on supply and demand. If large shipments have been received in any of the centers of population prices are lower than when liquor is scarce, but there is a rather sketchy basis of agreement among the various organizations that tends to stabilize the price somewhat. The conditions a distributor faces must be exceedingly onerous if he fails to double his money on each lot he handles, and the profits are more often than not much greater than that.

Any man who can make the proper connections need never figure on less than 100 per cent profit on each transaction, and if fortune favors him his profits may reach 200 or even 300 per cent.

All buying and selling transactions are cash. There is no credit in the business. All moneys paid out for expedition, protection and immunity from raids, arrest, and so on, must be cash also, because of a noteworthy and universal repugnance among those who take money to receive their payments in other than legal tender.

According to the best available statistics the consumption of alcoholic beverages of all kinds in the United States was practically twenty gallons per capita in the year 1917, and sixteen gallons per capita in the year 1918, or before prohibition was ordained by law; which is in round numbers 1,750,000,000 gallons per year. It goes without saying that these figures predicate a popular demand extremely difficult to extinguish by law, and that they also predicate a popular determination among habitual users to have alcoholic beverages both at whatever cost and in defiance of the law. This determination and demand, abetted by a skillful propaganda by various wet interests that the guaranteed liberties of the people were infringed by the passage of the prohibition law, have created a situation that redounds to the direct benefit of the bootlegging business, because it automatically creates their market and it has inculcated a wide popular sympathy and patronage of their merchandising. The people not only wink at the evasions of the law but aid and abet the evasion of it, which fact has worked to incalculable benefit to the active evaders and, in a strictly legal sense, breakers of it—to wit, the bootleggers.

Officials of all grades, from high to low, are not only human beings but, from high to low, are poorly paid. Consequently, when large sums are offered to them to induce them to tolerate violations of a law that they themselves may think is unjust they often take the money, salving their consciences, if any, with the thought that if they do not take it others will and that what they do is in reality

(Continued on Page 89)



I Have the Honor to Inscribe Myself, Very Truly Yours, Charles K. Dorian

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Ingersolls—No Argument

Dependable Watches for All, at Low Prices

COUNTRY-SIDE to city, cabin to palace, the world over, Ingersolls have won respect as good, "sensible watches." They are honestly made. They keep accurate time. They withstand wear and tear. They are real value. "No argument."

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Ingersoll Yankee
The Old Reliable. The most popular watch in the world. **$1.50**



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The Yankee, equipped for telling time in the dark. **$2.50**



Waterbury Radiolite $5.00
The best watch $5 will buy. Four jewels. Stylish 12-size.



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Seven jewels, bridge model. In gold-filled case at $9.00.



Wrist Radiolite $4
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Ingersoll

"SENSIBLE WATCHES"

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FROM McKINLEY TO HARDING

Personal Recollections of Our Presidents

By H. H. KOHLSAAT

XXVIII

WHEN Mark Hanna died, February 15, 1904, no name but Roosevelt's was seriously mentioned for the presidential nomination. Roosevelt and Fairbanks were nominated in Chicago June 23, 1904.

The Democrats nominated Judge Alton B. Parker, of New York, for President, and Henry G. Davis, of West Virginia, for Vice President.

Until the middle of September, Judge Parker was thought to be sure of New York by one hundred thousand plurality. He was able and popular, and had the support of the New York Times, the World and the Democratic press of the country. But in October reports came in to Republican headquarters that prominent Democrats in different sections of the country were showing a disposition to vote for Roosevelt. Men who had been hostile to him were changing their attitude and praising some of his administrative acts.

On his return to New York at the end of October, John J. Mitchell, president of the Illinois Trust & Savings Bank, Chicago, telephoned me an invitation to lunch with him. He said: "I lunched in New York two or three days ago with J. Edward Simmons, president of the Fourth National Bank; he is very close to some of the National Democratic Committees. He told me of a meeting called in New York City about the middle of October by the State Democratic Committee to apportion money necessary to man the polls. One after another of the county chairmen reported a great change of sentiment from Parker to Roosevelt. They said leading Catholic Democrats in their district had announced they would vote for Roosevelt and were doing everything in their power to elect him, because of his action in the Friar troubles in the Philippines after Captain Father Vattmann's investigation. They predicted Parker would lose the state by a large plurality instead of winning by one hundred thousand, as was expected early in the campaign."

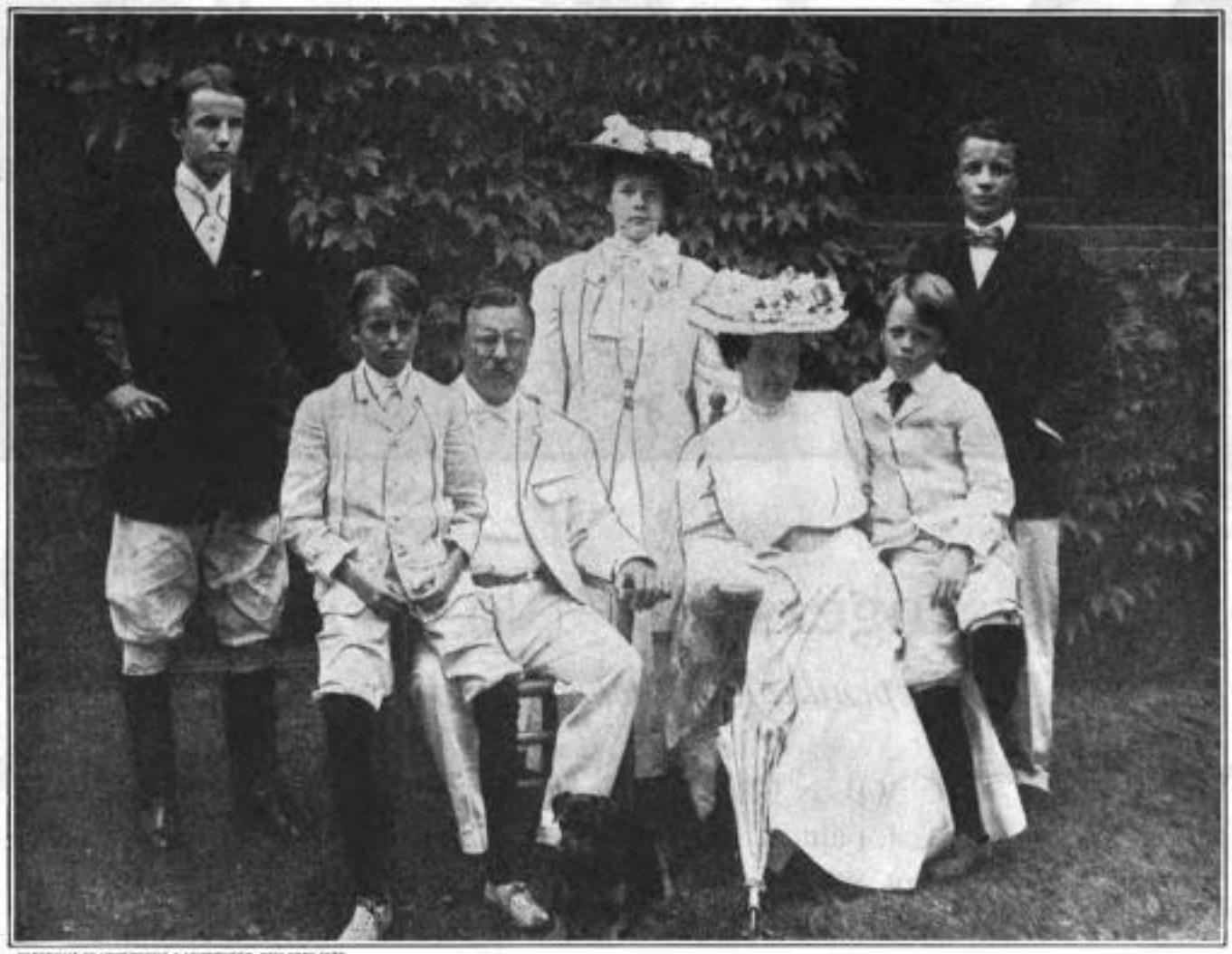
Such proved to be the case, as Roosevelt carried New York State by over one hundred and seventy-five thousand plurality. Parker received only some forty thousand plurality in New York City.

When the election returns were received on November 8, 1904, showing Roosevelt's overwhelming majority, he issued a statement through the Associated Press as follows:

> I am deeply sensible of the honor done me by the American people in thus expressing their confidence in what I have done and have tried to do.
>
> I appreciate to the full the solemn responsibility this confidence imposes on me, and I shall do all that lies in my power not to forfeit it.
>
> On the 4th of March next I shall have served three and one-half years, and the three and one-half years constitute my first term.
>
> The wise custom which limits the President to two terms regards the substance and not the form, and under no circumstances will I be a candidate for or accept another nomination.

This totally unnecessary voluntary statement prevented Roosevelt from accepting renomination for a second term. He was filling out the unexpired term of President McKinley, but his definite statement that under no circumstances would he be a candidate for or accept another nomination made it impossible, with his code of honor, to break his word, as much as he deplored having made the promise.

He said to me once, "I would cut my hand off right there"—putting his finger on his wrist—"if I could recall that written statement!"



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President Roosevelt, Mrs. Roosevelt, and Their Family at Sagamore Hill, Oyster Bay

XXIX

IN APRIL, 1905, President Roosevelt made a trip through the South and West, ending in a bear and lion hunt in the Rockies of Colorado. The party shot ten bears.

Sunday, May seventh, he returned to Glenwood Springs, leaving for Chicago the next morning to get the daylight ride through Colorado. He arrived in Chicago Wednesday morning, May tenth.

For some weeks Chicago had been in the throes of anarchy caused by the teamsters' strike. An employers' association was formed to break the strike. Business was completely paralyzed as far as horse service was concerned. All sorts of outrages were perpetrated on the few animals appearing on the street. Mayor Dunne was powerless to stop the disorder.

When it was published that Roosevelt was coming the employers' association appointed a committee to meet him Wednesday morning at Sterling, Illinois. The teamsters' committee went them one better and appointed some of the number to meet Roosevelt at Clinton, Iowa, about daybreak.

I wrote Roosevelt a letter to reach him Sunday morning at Glenwood Springs, Colorado, as he came out of the mountains. I told him of the plans to meet him, and warned him not to commit himself until he knew all the details. On receipt of my letter Sunday morning he wired Chicago he would receive no committee on the train, and sent me a telegram to meet him at De Kalb, Illinois, on arrival of his train at seven o'clock A.M. I did so.

Several hundred people were applauding his speech as he stood on the rear platform of his train. Frank Tyree, Roosevelt's bodyguard, took me in the front door of his private car. When the train started we sat down for breakfast and I told Roosevelt of the strike. He knew nothing of it except a small item he had seen in a Colorado paper.

I told him the teamsters' officials knew they were whipped and wanted an excuse to let go. They were going out to ask him to suggest arbitration to save their faces. I told him they deserved no consideration whatever.

The teamsters had asked for a meeting for that afternoon in the Congress Hotel, where Roosevelt was stopping. I advised him to see them, but to have Billy Loeb and a stenographer present to take down all that was said by both parties, to prevent any misquoting by the teamsters after he had left town, and then give them hell! He did so in true Rooseveltian style!

I also told him the Merchants' Club was to give him a luncheon, and asked him to say nothing of the strike, as it was beneath the dignity of his office to take a hand in a teamsters' strike. I told him that he was to be the dinner guest of the Iroquois Club, a Democratic organization, and sit next to Mayor Dunne, and I suggested that when called on for a speech he say in preface:

"Mayor Dunne, in your efforts to suppress disorder and strife you have my heartiest sympathy and support. If you need assistance call on the governor of the state. If he needs assistance call on the United States Government."

Roosevelt looked at the envelope on which I had written the above, and said:

"I know what I will say: 'Mayor Dunne, in your efforts to suppress disorder and strife you have my heartiest sympathy and support. Remember—back of the city stands the state, back of the state, the nation.'"

What he did say at the banquet follows:

"Mr. Mayor, as President of the United States and therefore as representative of the people of this country, I give you as a matter of course my hearty support in upholding the law, in keeping order, in putting down violence, whether by mob or by an individual. There need not be the slightest apprehension in the heart of the most timid that mob spirit will ever triumph in this country. Those immediately responsible for dealing with the trouble must, as I know you feel, exhaust every effort in so dealing with it before a call is made upon an outside body, but if ever the need arises, back of the city stands the state, and back of the state stands the nation."

The effect on the diners was electrical. They jumped on their chairs, cheered, and waved their napkins. Some in their enthusiasm wanted to hoist Roosevelt on their shoulders. When quiet was restored he made the set speech he had prepared and handed to the press. Next day the strike collapsed, and Roosevelt received the just praise he deserved from all over the country.

The New York Times, which was never overpartial to Roosevelt, printed the following editorial:

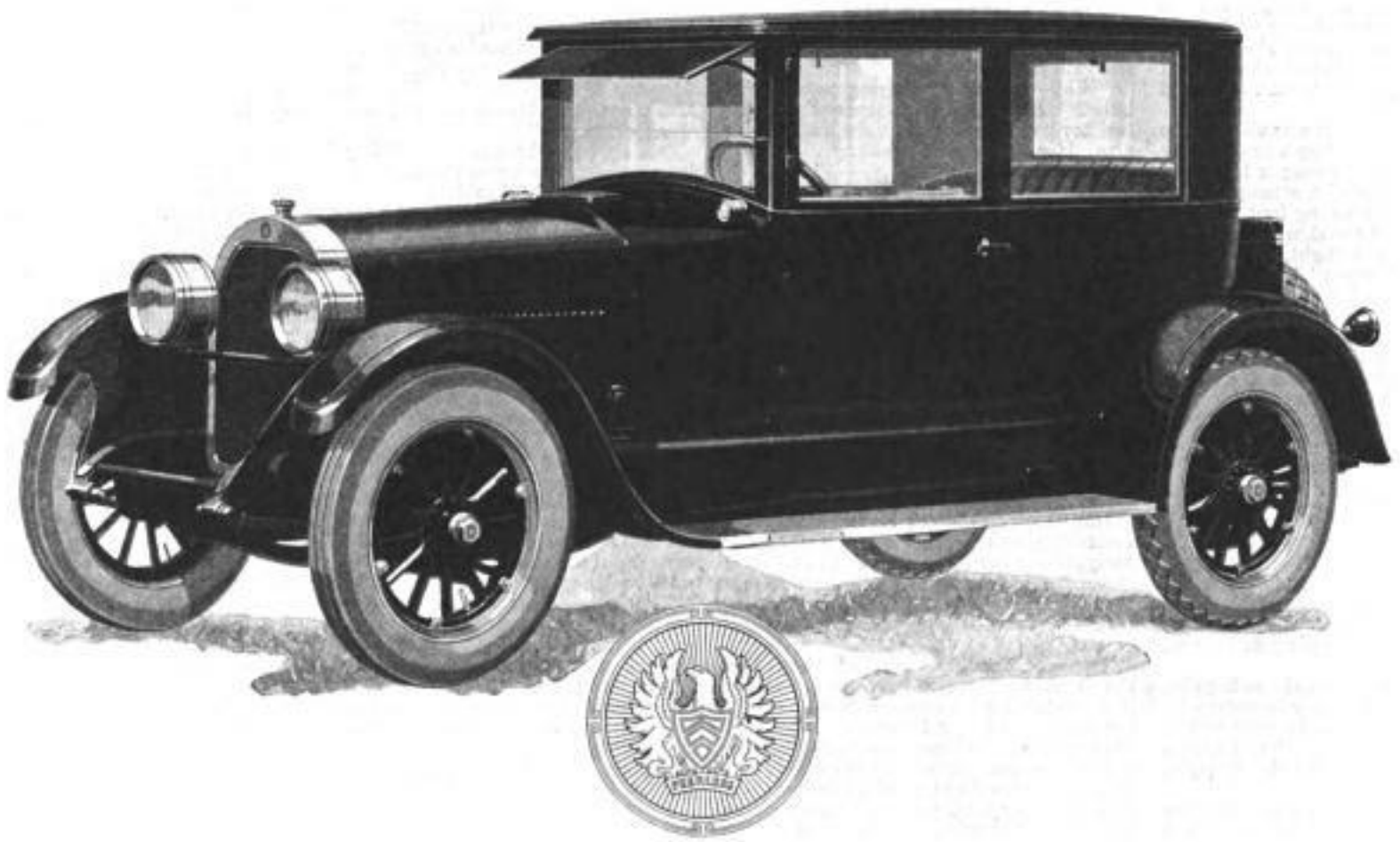
RESPECT FOR THE LAW

The reply of President Roosevelt to the representative of the striking teamsters of Chicago was dignified, intelligent and to the point. What is especially to be commended in it was the avoidance of any generalization which could be construed into an expression of sympathy with the attitude of the men, who, to accomplish a purpose, are maintaining the condition of anarchy in a great city.

It would have been very easy for the President to say something intended to be emollient, which would have admitted of distortion into an expression of sympathy with their aims and means, etc., etc.

(Continued on Page 44)

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Eight cylinders that are almost prodigal in their abundance of power—

That give the final touch to all that has gone before in the way of power-pliancy and power-control—

That hold the higher speeds on and on, far beyond previous stock-car capacity.

Such is the new Peerless Eight—so fine and finished in performance that it sets up a new measure for quality among cars of the highest class.

Experienced motorists all over America are amazed and delighted by the abilities of this Peerless—even those who waited for it with eager confidence.

In its grace and dignity of bearing, it would be difficult to conceive a more satisfying car.

But it would be still more difficult to conceive one that would excel it in all the fine shades and phases of motor car behavior.

THE NEW PEERLESS EIGHT IS BUILT IN THE FOLLOWING TYPES:

Four Passenger Touring Phaeton
Seven Passenger Touring Phaeton
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Four Passenger Town Coupé
Four Passenger Suburban Coupé
Five Passenger Town Sedan
Seven Passenger Suburban Sedan
Five Passenger Berline Limousine
Four Passenger Opera Brougham

THE PEERLESS MOTOR CAR COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

PEERLESS

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HER MAJESTY—MOLLY

(Continued from Page 11)

It's practically impossible to maintain a coldly superior mien with the perspiration running down your face in rivers; and short-windedness is no sedative to a rising temper, as Molly Wills found out that afternoon. I won't say I was making it any too easy for her. It was my chance to find out if under her polished exterior she had the gameness to stand the bumps she'd get if she stayed in vaudeville; to find out if I'd guessed her chin right.

When she did explode, it was all over the place. After she'd messed up a routine four times by doing one step wrong or leaving it out, she concluded the fifth attempt by viciously launching the wrong foot out into space, taking most of the skin off my ankle with it in its impetuous flight.

"For the love of tripe!" I yelled, grabbing what was left of my leg. "Listen, Wild-Foot! The idea is to kick with me; not at me. It's stage dancing, not street fighting, I'm struggling to teach you. Now do me a favor and gather yourself; concentrate on that kindergarten step you've been falling all over yourself on. Try, if possible, to coördinate your mind with enough muscles to do that one step. And this time, try it alone."

"Try it! You mean watch me do it!" she flared at me. I watched her.

"By a miracle, you did it right."

"I know it—I know it!" she snapped. Hands on hips, elbows stuck forward, she boiled over as she glared at me. "Now that I've done it, was there any necessity for all the sarcasm and bad temper you favored me with?"

She was so little and so mad—so hopping mad—I could hardly keep my face straight.

"I leave it to you"—I had to grin—"five times you muffed the step. Then I emit a few plain words—and you do it right. What's the answer?"

She just stood there, her big eyes burning and flashing, her little bosom rising and falling fast, her fists clenched—and when she spoke it came straight from her heart:

"I could murder you when you look like that."

I'll swear I didn't mean to say it out loud, but—"I could hug you when you look like that."

"What!"

"I beg your pardon," I said quickly. "I didn't mean that."

Slowly her agitation froze into lofty and aloof calm. Absolutely regal she was, if anything under five feet can be, as she said wintrily: "I suggest, Mr. Stedman, that in future our energies, our conversations and any exchange of opinions between us be devoted exclusively to the business of the act."

"Whatever you say, Your Majesty," I said, kidding, so she wouldn't see how deep her call-down had cut.

"What did you call me?" she asked, surprised.

"Your Majesty. Is it objectionable?"

"I prefer it to Wild-Foot, at any rate," she replied. "Now, mister, do you know any other hard steps you think I can't learn?"

She was game, all right, and, almost as good, a willing worker. I never rehearsed so hard in my life as I did the next few days. So busy was I teaching Her Majesty the tricks that three or four slipped by before I remembered the one thing my partner could be depended upon to please audiences with—her appearance.

"About your costumes, now," I said one afternoon as we rested between rounds. "You know what colors you look best in; and, of course, you know more about style than I ever will. But I figure your first dress should be some sort of a snappy street outfit or maybe an afternoon gown. Then, while I'm singing my single number, you should change, I think, into an evening gown. That gown should be the big flash—an eye opener, daring; something that the women will try to memorize, something that will make every man in the audience want to climb up over the foots and grab you."

Her Majesty thought that over for a moment, nodding in agreement. "I have an evening gown that—but your idea is rather for something that will show a great deal of expense."

"Expense—and expanse," I grinned.

"That doesn't worry me," replied Her Majesty absently. "I was wondering——"

She broke off as we both got a whiff of a strong cigar. There was only one place it could have come from—the plush curtains over the folding doors opening into the next room, in front of which we were sitting.

In one gesture I reached behind me and pulled one of the curtains aside. Between the narrow opening of the folding doors was the face of Big-Jaw the detective.

Slam! The doors shut. Click! The lock slid into place.

"Why—why was he spying on us? Who is he?" Her Majesty whispered. I could feel her hand trembling as she hung on my arm. Her eyes were like saucers.

"He's the detective who——"

"Detective!" The color instantly left her face. Her little hand flew swiftly to her white throat. "Are—are you sure?"

"I saw his badge."

There was dead silence for a long second. Then slowly her cheeks colored again. The hand at her throat calmly tucked into place a loose strand of her hair.

It was a wonderful imitation of a casual smile she put on as she asked, "Odd, isn't it? What do you suppose his object was?"

She was a good actress, but she hadn't enough experience to get away with that nonchalant stuff with me.

"I admire your nerve," I couldn't help saying. "It's wonderful."

Her Majesty opened her mouth to say something, changed her mind, and turned away, biting her lip as though to prevent a secret from tumbling out. But she didn't turn quickly enough to hide the two big tears that scalded their way down her soft cheeks.

The least I could do was to let her know that I wasn't going to pry into her affairs if she didn't want to confide in me. So going as close to her as I dared I said: "Your Majesty, let me tell you something. Vaudeville is just like any other business, in one way; partners don't need to be partners except during business hours. As long as you attend to business and do your best to put the act over, what you do or where you go or who your friends are outside the theater is nobody's business but your own."

No answer. Only more tears.

"With these few remarks," I said, trying to lighten the gloom, "considering the lateness of the hour, and the hollow vacuum under my belt, the meeting will adjourn."

I hated to leave her all broken up and—funny how I couldn't help thinking it—lonely, but what else could I do, recalling her line about confining our conversation exclusively to the act?

Within twenty-four hours whatever pity I'd felt was wiped out and supplanted by—what's the use of lying?—suspicion. Four things happened.

First: Walking out of the hotel I met Sam Kovich. He looked worried.

"Have the cops got anything on you, Chick?"

"The cops!"

"You know you can trust me, Chick."

"I know it, kid. But there isn't a thing. On the level, Sam. Why?"

"There was a fellow come into the office asking about you and Miss Wills; a fellow with a big jaw. I sized him for a detective."

"What did you tell him?"

"What could I tell him, except that Miss Wills is lousy with money, and stage-struck, and came to me to spend some of it buying an act and getting a partner for her?"

"You mean she's putting up the cash for the act?" I asked, surprised.

"Didn't you know it?"

"You ain't stringing me, are you, Sam? You and she aren't——"

"Chick, on my word, I've never seen the girl only three times in my life; once before and once after you met her in my office."

Putting up the money for the act, paying cash for the script and the songs—and she'd told me she was going into vaudeville for the money! So much for that.

Second: That night the Penwald thief got busy again. Only a fifteen-hundred-dollar diamond ring, on account of being disturbed while at work. As the newspaper put it: "A small fine linen handkerchief left behind, confirms the theory of police and detectives who all along have contended that the mysterious thief is a woman."

Third: A phone from Sam's stenographer relaying a message from Her Majesty asking would I meet her at Bryant Hall for rehearsal as she'd moved from the Penwald.

Fourth: When she showed up for rehearsal, in black hat, dark inconspicuous tailor-made suit, no jewelry or rings or anything to attract attention, she looked tired and listless. Her eyelids were puffed and reddened as though she'd been crying—or had stayed up half the night. And almost the first thing she said was, "How soon will we leave the city to try out the act?"

"Monday. Sam has booked us into Perth Amboy and New Brunswick. A week from Monday, if all goes well, we'll be up at the Harlem Opera House showing the office what we've got."

"It's going to be a success—it *is* going to be a success, don't you think?"

"It's got to be," I said.

Her eyes brightened. "That means we'll travel—Boston, Washington, Chicago, all of them. I'll be so glad to get out of New York for a while."

"I should think you'd be glad to get out of the Penwald, anyway," I said, pointing to the newspaper article.

Without the quiver of an eyelash Her Majesty glanced through the article.

Then taking off her hat and coat she said quietly, "They'll never catch her—following around picking up handkerchiefs. She's too clever for them. Are you ready, partner?"

Comes the Saturday night in New Brunswick before we went into the Harlem Opera House for the showing that would tell me whether there were two or three seasons' work waiting for us or whether I'd return to polishing the curbings in Long Acre Square. Working like dogs all week, I was satisfied we'd whipped out a clean, fast, high-class comedy act that would please big-town audiences. I'd wired Sam to O. K. our tentative booking at the Harlem. I wanted to begin earning some regular money as quick as possible, instead of the car-fare, coffee-and-cakes pennies which were all we could get in the break-in houses we were playing.

After her first nervousness Her Majesty had been improving with every performance. She was rapidly developing a trick of demure comedy that promised wonderful possibilities. But best of all, we worked together like clockwork—like a team that had been together for years.

So as I started packing up Saturday night I was feeling fairly confident, even though I was plumb sick and turned inside out with anxiety and nervousness.

Her Majesty was showing the strain too. For the last day or two there'd been a drawn look around her eyes and mouth, and she'd resorted to make-up on the street. Not that I'd seen much of her outside the theater. After the matinée and rehearsal she always had the property boy bring a sandwich and a pot of tea or coffee into her dressing room, and nights she always went directly to the hotel.

Picking up my stage dress trousers to fold them into my suitcase Her Majesty's purse, with her money and valuables in it, which I always slipped into my pocket before we went on the stage, fell out of the pocket. Falling, it struck on the clasp and opened. A slip of cardboard slid halfway out.

I couldn't help but see it was a pawn ticket; a ticket calling for a diamond ring—six hundred and fifty dollars—at a place I knew from experience you were lucky to get 30 per cent of the value.

Picking up the bag to replace the ticket I noticed more tickets, three of them, marked: Platinum lavallière with emerald; opal-and-diamond ring; engraved wrist watch. I looked at the dates. They were spread over the last three weeks, the last one—the six-hundred-and-fifty-dollar diamond ring—the day Her Majesty had moved out of the Penwald; the day following the latest Penwald robbery!

As I stood there, dumb, I heard a knock on my dressing-room door. Stuffing the bag into my pocket I hollered, "Come in."

It was the stage manager, an old friend of mine.

"Listen, Chick. There's a guy at the stage door wants to know where you work next week."

"Tell him we don't book that far ahead. What does he look like?"

"He's got a big jaw on him, and——"

"Never mind the rest, buddy. I know him."

"Bill collector, is he?"

"He's a collector, right enough."

"Will I chase him for you, Chick? I know you been up against it, but you're bound to get a lot of work with this new act—and your new partner. Sweet cookie, can't that gal wear clothes!"

"She look that good to you?"

"She's a darb, Chick."

"I'll say she is. Listen, buddy." I'd got my plan thought out by that time. "Can you fix it to stall Big-Jaw while Miss Wills and I chase out through the front of the house and catch that 11:05 train?"

"Surest thing you know, Chick. Good luck to you Monday."

Sitting beside Her Majesty on the train I noticed how tired she seemed. I wondered if it was weariness or worry over when Big-Jaw would tap her on the shoulder and invite her to take a trip to headquarters with him. Turning her head suddenly she caught my expression.

"What's the matter?" she asked, her eyes keen on me.

"Why, nothing," I fluffed. "I was just thinking what the stage manager said. He thinks you're a wonder."

"Does he really?" A little smile loosened her tight lips.

"He says the act is bound to get over on nothing else but your appearance."

Nobody could have expected the answer she made to that.

"Do you like the evening gown I wear?"

"Like it! Quit spoofing. I don't know whether it's the way it's made or the way it's worn, but the audiences we've been playing to haven't any ears—nothing but eyes—for a full minute after you enter in it."

"Do you think it's worth six hundred and fifty dollars?" she asked, as though she wanted approval.

"It'll be worth a lot more than that in the act," I told her. "Is that what you paid for it?" She nodded.

"That's an awful chunk to lay out for just one dress," I said.

"N-not if it's worth it," said Her Majesty, closing her eyes and leaning her head against the windowpane.

Six-fifty for a dress; just what she'd got for a ring; a ring she'd pawned the day after the last Penwald robbery; a robbery of a fifteen-hundred-dollar diamond, a fifteen-hundred-dollar diamond on which the shop she'd gone to would never lend her a nickel over six hundred and fifty dollars without asking a lot of questions!

I rubbed it all out of my mind and tried to think of something else. No help from Her Majesty—not a word from her till we stepped off the train.

"Let me put you on the Subway?" I asked.

"No, thanks. Don't trouble. Good night."

Not till the next morning, when I found the New Brunswick pay envelope in my pocket, did I remember I'd forgotten to give my partner her share of our last three days' salary. Whether she needed the few dollars or not, I wasn't going to keep them a minute longer than necessary.

I got Sam on the wire. "What's Miss Wills' address?" I asked.

"Ain't it the Penwald, Chick?"

"No; she's moved."

"She didn't tell me anything about it."

"Listen, Sam; what did you charge her for the act? I want to know because I'm going to pay my share of it as soon as we get working. So tell it to me straight."

"I asked six, and took five hundred."

"Much obliged. Good-by."

Five hundred for the act. I'd asked because I'd remembered the figure on the lavallière ticket, dated the day I'd seen it the curbing reading about the different articles, including a lavallière, stolen from Room 2337, the day Molly Wills had paid for the act. And the figure on the lavallière ticket was five hundred dollars.

Walking from the phone to the window I looked down on the street. Strolling slowly, on the opposite side, were Big-Jaw and another heavy-set gent, smoking long cigars. As they passed, Big-Jaw jerked his thumb toward the house and said something to his friend. At the corner Big-Jaw waved good-by to his pal, and then turned and started slowly back again.

There was only one answer. Chick Stedman, the grandson of a preacher, was under surveillance. And why? On account of his partner. And who was his partner? What else could she be than a crook—a society kleptomaniac; a clever, highly educated beautiful, refined thief! No wonder she

(Continued on Page 76)

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(Continued from Page 34)

could put comedy over the footlights. If she was humorous enough to think up the scheme of letting the careless guests of the Penwald pay her bills with their jewelry, and nervy enough to go through with the scheme, she certainly had the two most important qualifications of a comedienne.

But why be a comedienne? For the money—she'd said. Sure. In vaudeville you go into a new town every Monday. Always you're moving—new audiences, new hotels every week. Hadn't she said "We'll travel—Boston, Washington, Chicago"? A new hotel in every town, a new batch of careless guests to relieve every week of their valuables. Saturday night in Providence, Monday in Philly; a week later Pittsburgh, then Cleveland. Up into Detroit and double back to Rochester; then Toledo, Chicago, St. Louis—a trail to discourage any detective.

A nifty scheme, with the sure-fire system she had; a much better scheme than the well-known stage beauty's—I worked on the bill with her many times—who robbed dressing rooms all over the country before they caught her. The better the act became known the safer Molly Wills would be. Miss Wills, of Wills and Stedman, drawing a large salary for headlining on the big time; with her appearance and class, who'd suspect her of being a kleptomaniac? What a foxy game she'd played, sitting in Sam's office, looking over the boys he brought in until she found one suitable and capable of putting across the sort of act she wanted to establish herself in—from New York to 'Frisco! And I'd been the one selected, the smoke screen behind which she'd work! What a heck of a day I put in, trying to figure what to do about it all!

I felt no funnier than a crutch Monday morning when I went out to the Harlem to rehearse the orchestra in our music, give the electrician our light cues, and arrange for a place in the wings for friend partner to make her quick change of costume. Even finding we were programmed Number Six, the best spot, the easiest place on the bill, didn't cause the glow it should have. Friend partner arrived, the doorkeeper told me, while I was out at the lunch counter, strangling a dry-as-dust sandwich down my dried-out throat. There was no excuse for my going to her dressing room. So I went to my own and began making up.

The old grease felt soothing on my face. The smell of the dressing room, the orchestra blaring out an overture, up above me Lou Long softening up a new reed in his jazz saxophone, from the stage the creak of pulleys as the Casting Costigans tightened up their apparatus—the combination of all of them drove other thoughts into the background until I was facing just one fact—that I was showing a new act to the office and once more it was up to me to prove there was a place for me in vaudeville.

I had my eye to a peephole, looking at the audience. I could see Sam and Eddie Wearing, Browny Clark and a couple of other big bookers; I saw Skim Kelly and his wife and a couple of other friends I could depend on to start the applause—when I heard Her Majesty's voice right behind me.

"Good luck, partner," she was saying.

Under her rouge I saw she was pale. Her eyes looked twice as big as usual—and hot. Her hand as she gave me her purse was trembling. Under her fine clothes and beautiful make-up I felt she was wilting.

"Partner," I said, praying I'd choose the right words, "you look beautiful. You're going to be a sensation. There's not a reason to be nervous today. Listen." The audience was laughing heartily at a gag that had just been pulled. "They're soft out there today—they're laughing and applauding at every excuse. We won't have to fight them—not this afternoon. We've got the best spot on the bill and a lot of friends out in front pulling for us. All we've got to do is take it easy, partner."

I shook her hand again. "I wish I was as sure of myself as I am of you," I told her.

"Oh, no!" she said quickly. "You—you've been—whatever happens I—I'll never be able to thank you for your patience and hard work—teaching me ——"

"Forget it," I broke in before she broke up. "If you hadn't had something to work on I wouldn't have wasted a second on you."

Two minutes later we were on.

Our first number got a couple of snickers and a fair round of applause at the finish.

"Why, how do you do?" I said, going into the dialogue. "What are you doing in the city?"

"Dad and I came to see the sights," said Molly demurely, "and you're the first one I've seen."

Wow! A laugh—a big one. I'd guessed right. Little Molly Wills, with her shy smile and cute trick of voice, would be a comedienne audiences would love to death.

Once started, the laughs came so fast I quit counting them. In three minutes, all warmed up, I was working better, smoother than I ever had before. I knew we had them—the audience—and I knew we had an act by the way they were eating it up. I started speeding up, watching Molly closely to see if she'd follow. She did. Oh, man, we gave them a show that afternoon!

When Molly came on in the evening gown the audience gasped—and then came a round of spontaneous applause that sounded like heavy seas breaking on a rocky shore. I caught Eddie Wearing nodding his head to Sam even before we went into our big finishing number, the one where we did the imitations.

Halfway through that number, with the customers out in front yelling and actually spoiling comedy points by laughing through them—I didn't dare slow up to wait for them; that's a trick you can't teach anyone, and even Molly Wills couldn't be expected to humor a laugh and wait for the next one with her short experience—halfway through the number I felt a change in my partner. The enthusiasm was gone suddenly from her work. She was forcing. I flashed a look at her. She had her little chin stuck out—fighting position. Her next line came through her teeth. She had her jaws clamped.

"Relax!" I whispered, nearly nuts at the possibility of her nerves beating us out of the riot finish we'd been building. "Relax; take it easy!"

She nodded. I ad-lib'd a couple of lines to give her a chance to get her teeth unclenched. I noticed her eyes flit to an upper box and then close. I looked up at the box. There was Big-Jaw, leaning over, watching us.

"You can't lay down on me now, young lady," I said, grabbing Her Majesty as the orchestra went into our dance music, and trying to get her mad enough to buck up. "Do you think I'm going to let you or anybody else crab this act? Come on!"

It worked. With the smile of an angel on her face Her Majesty raised the skirt of that gorgeous evening gown just the right height between dainty ankle and slender knee, and danced like a blooming puffball in a sweet summer breeze. Nobody in the house was looking at me. I didn't care. She was creating a sensation—and I'd taught her how!

Talk about panics! Six bows we took, seven, eight. The electrician doused the lights. Still they pounded for more. The orchestra played the introduction of the next act. The steady roar of applause drowned out the music. Molly, trembling and flexing her hands open and shut spasmodically, leaned heavily against me as we stood in the wings.

"We've stopped the show, partner," I said; "stopped it cold! We'll be booked for life!"

Up ran the stage manager. "For cripe's sake, Chick, go out and quiet 'em."

I took Her Majesty's hand and led her on.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I began.

"Hurry, please!" whispered Her Majesty.

Thinking it was just her nerves, I smiled at her and went on.

"Miss Wills and I thank you from the bottom of our hearts ——"

"Oh, please—hurry!" I heard Molly beg.

I nodded.

"—— for your generous applause ——"

"I can't ——" Her Majesty had turned green under her make-up.

"—— and appreciation. It has made us ——"

The grip on my arm relaxed. Molly's eyes were closing. I put my arm around her and got her over to the entrance as I talked.

"—— very happy."

Molly took the step that carried her off. Then she collapsed in a still, silent little heap on the dirty floor.

I carried her to her dressing room. A couple of minutes later the house physician and an usher came in. The doc bent over Molly.

"Call an ambulance," he ordered the usher girl.

"Ambulance! What's the matter, doc?" I croaked.

"Seems to be a case of exhaustion and ——" Once more his stethoscope crept gently over the powder laid white on Her Majesty's breast.

Molly's eyes fluttered open. "Am I going to die?"

"Certainly not," the doc smiled.

Molly closed her eyes again.

"When was the last time you ate anything, young lady?" the doc asked.

"I—I had a—a cup of coffee—yesterday morning," Molly whispered.

"And before that?" Her Majesty just shook her head. Slowly the doc turned on me. "You're her partner? And you let her starve? I'd like to horsewhip you."

"Starve!"

The ambulance clanged up to the door and took Molly Wills away. Molly—starving—and me with half a week's salary of hers in my pocket! But starving! Her Majesty—I couldn't make sense out of it.

Two hours later when I walked down the corridor of the hospital I met Big-Jaw coming out of Molly's room.

"The little lady's expecting you, son," he greeted me, "so I won't take only a minute. You've got an explanation coming. Here it is. Miss Wills was the first of the Penwald guests to be robbed. Four thousand in cash and jewelry, she reported. Within a week came three more robberies on the same floor. A couple of things tipped us off a woman was doing the jobs. Looking up Miss Wills we can't get a satisfactory line on her. For all we know, it's the old game of robbing yourself first to avert suspicion later. One day we get a description of a guy that's hocked a ring stolen from 748. The description fits you, young fellow, which I realize quick when I happen to see you and Miss Wills step out of the Palace elevator. You tell me the girl is your wife. Then you get cagy and beat it. Only one thing for me to think—your wife's doing the inside work and you're helping her dispose of the loot. Eh?"

"I've always talked too much," I said. "Go on."

"That's all. When I phoned the office after the matinée today they told me they caught the Penwald dips—Oil Cannon and his new wife. Keeping the dope from him got a confession out of him." Big-Jaw pulled a cigar from his pocket. "Have a smoke, kid. You got a great act."

I watched him walk away.

Then I walked in and laid the big bunch of roses I'd brought on Her Majesty's bed.

"Partner!" she crowed, and buried her face in the flowers.

Not knowing what to say or how to begin it, I didn't say anything.

When Her Majesty uncovered her face she was smiling. "What are they saying about our act?"

"I'm afraid of raising your temperature by telling you all," I said. "We're booked already into the Palace next week, and Sam insulted Goldman, who books the Chicago houses, by telling him that maybe in two or three years he could get us if we felt like traveling that far West. The only thing that's worrying Sam now is he's afraid he won't ask as much salary for us as the managers are willing to pay."

The sweetest smile imaginable crossed Her Majesty's lips as she buried her head in the flowers again. When she emerged it was with a question:

"I suppose you've come for an explanation?"

"Your Majesty, you can't tell me anything that will make me feel worse than I do. I don't deserve an explanation, anyway."

"Well, then, suppose—suppose a girl from way out West came to New York to meet friends who were to take her with them to Europe. And suppose, when she arrived, she found a telegram announcing a death in their family and the cancellation of the trip. And then suppose that all the girl's money and most of her jewelry were stolen from her room that night. Suppose, then, having no parents or close relatives, the girl telegraphed the guardian in charge of the little money she had—and found he'd gone on a two months' hunting trip in the Canadian Rockies. Wouldn't it look to that girl as though Mister Fate was throwing down a challenge to her to make good on her own?"

"It would to one girl I know."

"Suppose this girl was sensible enough to realize men liked to look at her and women liked to copy her clothes. Suppose she'd done amateur theatricals with fair success. Then suppose that she went into the first pawnshop she'd ever been in, left a perfect duck of a lavallière and, going to the Palace Theater Building, stepped out of the elevator the first time it stopped and saw the name Sam Kovich, Producer, on a door. When she saw the interest in Mr. Kovich's eye as he passed to enter his office, wouldn't she follow him in?"

"Sure, she would."

"Suppose she was introduced to an otherwise interesting-looking young man who was inclined to take her as a joke; a young man who amused himself by blandly ——"

"No, Your Majesty," I cut in. She went right on.

"—— by blandly suggesting a banquet room in the best hotel in town for a rehearsal hall. Wouldn't that annoy the girl sufficiently to engage the banquet room for a week of afternoons—even if she had to pawn her wrist watch to pay for it?"

"Holy smoke!"

"Then suppose this superior young man, with the most aggravating grin that anyone ever had, calmly told her to go out and spend a young fortune on a gown. Before she could screw up courage to explain that her finances were very ill, that she owed a two weeks' hotel bill and had only her diamond ring and family seal ring left as assets, suppose the superior young gentleman coolly informed her that what she did or where she went or what she thought outside of business meant nothing in his young life."

"I was referring to the detective."

"Ah! But suppose the girl didn't dream the detective was interested in her. She'd done nothing. Wouldn't she naturally conclude said detective was shadowing her partner?"

"I!"

"Wouldn't the prospect of losing all the money she'd spent induce heart failure? Suppose she, most graciously and humanly, invited the young man's confidence by asking, 'What do you suppose he wants?' in the hope she might help him or bail him out or something; wouldn't she feel rebuffed and rather heartbroken when the young man callously told her he admired her nerve?"

"But, Your Majesty ——"

"And, finally, after moving into a dingy hall bedroom, suppose the only way she could get herself and her six-hundred-and-fifty-dollar gown to Perth Amboy was by swearing on a stack of Bibles to pay the landlady what she owed from the money she'd get on Wednesday night. And, lastly, after paying that bill and holding out enough to pay her room rent in New Brunswick, suppose she had exactly eighty-five cents left with which to buy meals for three days. Will you tell me how she could possibly get indigestion on that?"

"But Sunday; why didn't you ring me up?"

"You'd never told me where you lived. And today I was too hungry and nervous to eat, anyway."

"Your Majesty," I said, all choked up, "when brains were being given out I was behind the door somewhere. I'm so ashamed a five-ton truck could run over me and leave me feeling no flatter."

A long silence.

"Chick," I heard, soft. It was the first time she'd ever called me that. "Chick."

"Yes, Your Majesty."

Her forehead puckered up; she was running a little finger around the petal edge of a big rose.

"Considering that we're going to be together so much, and that I'm apt to be a great bother traveling, and because you're the only single soul I know east of Omaha, would it be asking too much—I mean, I think it would be a lot more sociable and partnerlike if you would call me by some other name than Your Majesty."

Bending over I took her hand in both of mine. And because I'd wanted to do it for three weeks I kissed the pink little finger tips I was holding.

I'll swear I heard a sigh. Maybe it was the nurse who had to come butting in just then with a tray.

"Time's up," the nurse told me.

"Get a good rest, Your Ma—Molly."

"Thanks, Chick. Geminy, weren't we a riot this afternoon!"

"Wait till they see you at the Palace."

"Me? No, you're the clever one, Chick. All I do is ——"

"All you do is panic everybody that sees you," I said.

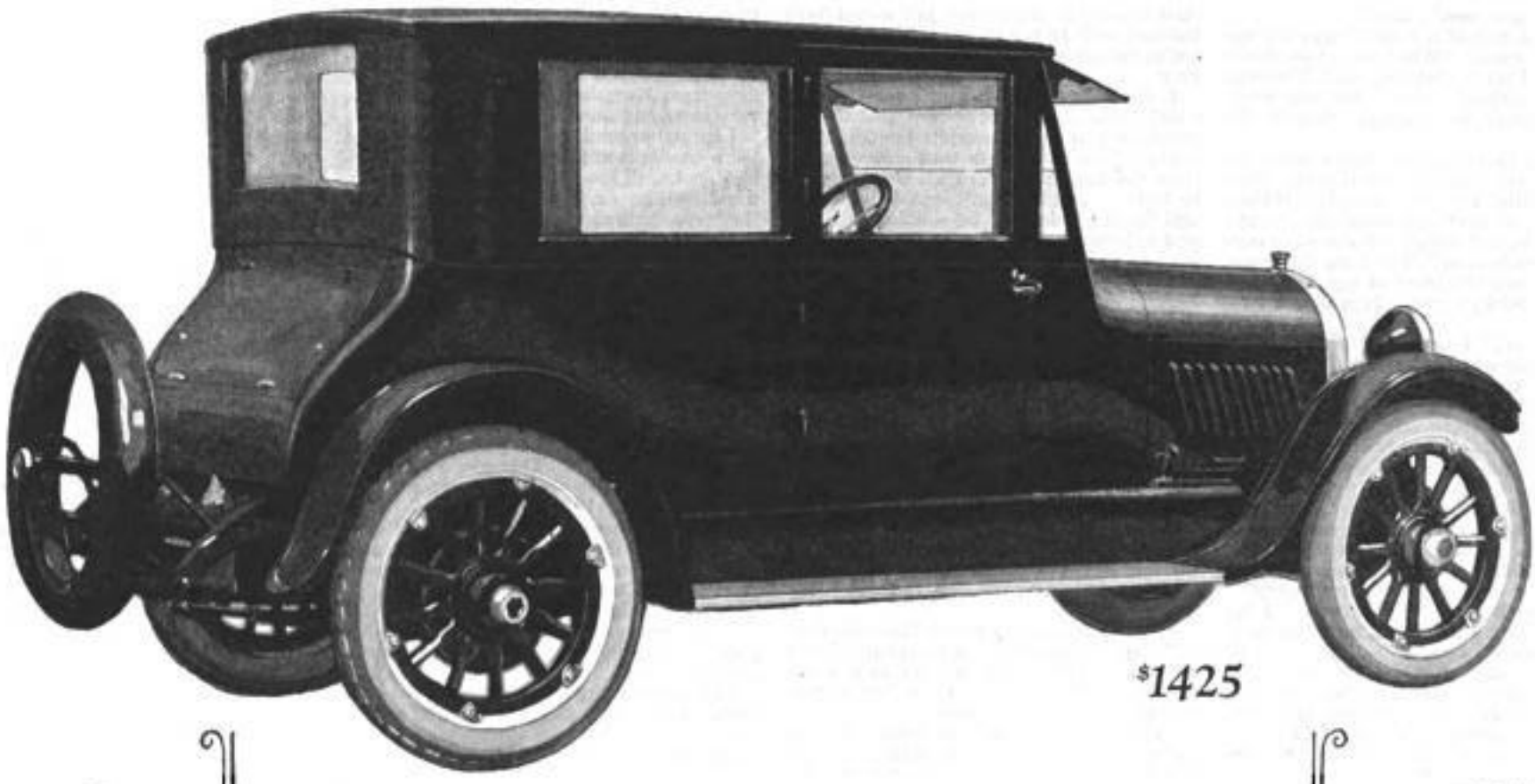
I knew it was a sigh that time. "If you'd only said that two weeks ago!"

"You'll hear it pretty often in the weeks to come," I promised.

"That'll be nice. Bye-bye, Chick."

"Bye-bye, Your Ma—Molly."

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OLDSMOBILE

Presents the Brougham

The new Brougham of the Oldsmobile line is a distinct achievement in closed car manufacture. Remembering that standard closed car construction is employed throughout, its price — $1425 — is amazing.

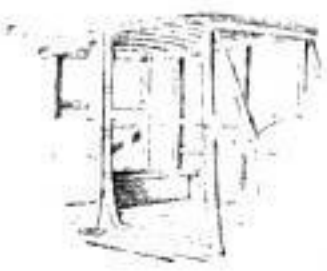
The body from sills to roof is the standard Oldsmobile all-metal type. There is no compromise with either strength or quality in any part of its sturdy structure.

The extra wide doors are hung on four heavy hinges. Five passengers are accommodated in perfect comfort, with more than ample leg room for both front and rear seat passengers. The interior appointments are complete in every detail, matching the finest Sedan standards. The commodious combination luggage and tool compartment in the rear is an added convenience.

This new Brougham is mounted on the standard four-cylinder chassis, the same Oldsmobile "4" chassis that has established such a splendid reputation for consistent service under the most severe driving conditions in all parts of the country.

Oldsmobile's newest closed car will best disclose its numerous superiorities when compared with other cars selling at much higher prices. Compare it carefully and you will quickly sense that this is indeed an unusual closed-car value. Your Oldsmobile dealer will gladly demonstrate the Brougham at your request.

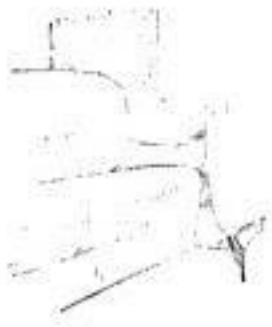
OLDS MOTOR WORKS, LANSING, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation



The principles of standard Sedan body construction are employed throughout the new Brougham. Staunchness is shown by the heavy, solid pillars, door posts and braces



The convenient arrangement of the tool and luggage compartment is an unique feature of the Brougham



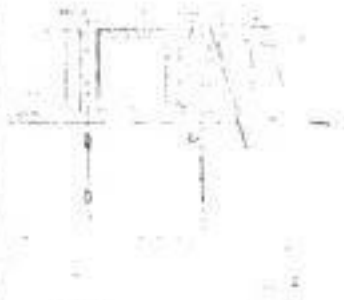
Five passengers are seated comfortably in the wide, deeply upholstered seats, with more than ample leg room



Note the leg room afforded passengers. There is full 15 inches between front and rear seats and between front seats and instrument board



The two front seats are collapsible and fold forward out of the way of passengers entering the car



The doors are unusually wide and hung on four steel hinges. They provide clear vision and ample light

Oldsmobile
"THE BEST THING ON WHEELS"

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LAUGHTER, LTD.

(Continued from Page 21)

"Why, I don't know, sir!" says he. "I don't remember seeing any!"

"That's a hell of a note!" says his superior, real mad. "What were you doing all the time I was on my way out? The man didn't die without cause. He was shot. The gun didn't walk away. Search the woman!"

I shrunk back against Adele when he said that. I felt that if any of them touched me I would die. I couldn't stand it. If they was to look me over they would get it anyways, so why not volunteer and save myself the mortification? Thinking this I put my hand down the front of my dress and pulled out Nicky's gun. It was the only thing to do.

"Here it is!" I says. "I picked it up from the floor when I come in."

"Aha! I thought as much!" says the inspector, his face lighting up with satisfaction, and reaching out for the gun. I let him take it and he slipped it into his pocket. "I am much obliged, Miss Delane," says he. "A very simple case, this, as I see it. Jealousy, I suppose. Will you come along quietly? I assure you it will be far better for all of us if you will."

I nodded dumbly, and patted Adele on the hand, for she had commenced to cry.

"It's all right, mommer," I says. "I am not guilty and they can't hurt me any. Wait and see."

"Guilty?" says mommer between sobs. "I should say not! Why, mister, that gun is merely a stage one and belongs to Austin Nickolls, her director. He loaned it to her."

"Well, she seems to of made considerable use of it!" says he.

"I tell you I didn't!" I says wildly. "I never fired it but once in my life and that was in a picture!"

Well, just as I had shrieked this out we heard a bell clanging down the street, and outside the door the by now quite large crowd set up a murmuring and so forth, and it was the ambulance at last, and pretty soon in come the doctor, and still another cop was with him.

"Hello, Faulk!" says this newcomer. "Hello, Brady. What's up?" Then he seen Strickland, and next myself standing between a spare cop or so, and mommer. His eyes like all the rest nearly bulged out at my clothes.

"Phew!" says he. "Little side show from Mexico, eh? Well, let's see how much damage the lady did!"

That was the most awful part of all, the way everybody took for granted that I was guilty. The doc went at once in the same casual way over to Stricky, and knelt down beside him. I closed my eyes as he leaned over and commenced to turn the body around. The room went black to me and there was a moment of deathly silence. And then there come a strange sound. It was a full moment before my brain registered what that sound meant. And then in a mad rush of understanding I knew.

Stricky had moaned!

"Good Lord!" says the inspector. "Then he's not dead?"

"Not in the least," says the glorious, handsome wonderful young doctor in accents like magic. "It's hard to kill these picture hams—they are a tough lot. He's had a bad blow on the head. Very likely hit it on the table when he fell. He's been shot in a couple of places all right, but they don't amount to much. He'll be around in a day or two, and able to start suit to his heart's content!"

Over the clamor that arose then come Adele's voice, strong and clear as a steam whistle.

"If Stricky ain't dead, then you can't hold Bonnie!" she yelled, her old capable self once more.

"Yes, we can," says the inspector sharply, like a lion cheated of his prey. "We must make sure that he will live. I shall have to make an arrest. Sorry, Mrs. Delane, but it can't be helped. The evidence is too strong, and we don't allow folks to go around shooting up the town, you know!"

Well, that was a body blow again, but in comparison to what five minutes ago I had thought I was up against, it was a mere nothing! Stricky was groaning good and healthy as they carried him out to the ambulance, and I had great hopes. And considering he had been cheated of a first-class Spanish-American murder by a hair's breadth the inspector acted real nice, because he let us all go to the police station in my own car instead of the black Maria. And to tell the truth even jail would have listened well to me in comparison to that awful bungalow and the horrors of the past hour.

I don't know have you ever been in court—that is, as a prisoner. But if ever you have you will appreciate how different a place like that looks to a near-convict from the time a person goes there merely to look on and say ain't crime disgusting and thank goodness I am not in that class and so forth the way some people do. And if a person is at all sensitive, why after once being innocent but hauled before a police captain which is where we was hauled, why they will in future for the rest of their life feel hesitating about looking over even the animals in a zoo, because who knows but they got minds and can suffer the same as we?

Well no sensitive-plant in any botanical garden had anything on me for misery when I stood up before the captain and told my story about Anita and Strick and how she had phoned me and so forth. But somehow I went through with it. I did it as brave and quiet as I could, even when Nicky's gun was brought out of his pocket by the inspector and laid on the desk in front of the captain.

"So this belongs to Austin Nickolls, does it?" says the captain. "A fine chap—I met him once. Didn't I hear some talk about a row at Atlas Smith's place last night? Where is Nickolls, anyhow?"

"Please, I think he is at home," I says. "If he had anything to do with this, your honor, he would be the first to report it his own self!"

"I believe you!" says the captain. "Say, Brady, just see if you can get a line on Nickolls, will you? Telephone his house!"

Well, this Brady he went away to do like he was told, and mommer went to another booth to call the studio and get Milton Sherrill, for the captain was a good scout and a fan of mine and of Nicky's and says well he guessed he could let me go out on bail if it was big enough, and of course Milt was the financial man to do it. And also some officers then went off to see could they locate Anita any place, and for another long dreadful spell of endless minutes all I could do was sit still and wait and wonder.

When I thought of Milton Sherrill and the errand which he would presently come here on, I wished that I was dead, or at least could somehow die before he saw me, or rather before I seen the coldness which must surely come on his face when he found me a jail bird, or practically the same thing. Whatever I had hoped and dreamed of for the future, as far as it concerned Milt, why that was all over now. I was disgraced in his eyes beyond any hope, because believe me Milt didn't seem the kind of man who would ever think of marrying a person who had been arrested on a charge of the kind that I had been. And while I never for one moment doubted but that he would come at once and go on my bail, and so forth, why the newspapers would never keep my secret, and he would put me out of his mind as far as serious intentions went, because of course his wife would have to be without a reproach, even a false one. It was realizing this wiped all hope out for me, and now that my future life was ruined, why I wasn't sure but that it would be a whole lot happier for all concerned if I could be hanged for Strick's murder after all.

Well, in a police court time don't hang heavy on a person's hands, at least not if they are the prisoner and things keep developing in the way of evidence. And just as I had got so low in my mind that if I had got any lower I would of been sunk entirely, why in comes Brady with news to the effect that John Austin Nickolls was not only out but he hadn't been home for the last twenty-four hours, and his car hadn't been home, either.

"That looks bad!" says the captain briskly, in the horrid way a person naturally does when it is their business to hope for the worst. "Here Nickolls has a fight with Gregory Strickland, and the next thing we know, Strickland is found unconscious in his home, with two gun wounds in him made by Nickolls' revolver, and Nickolls has vanished without a word!"

Well, we was all on our feet by then, I'll tell the world, our eyes glued to the police captain as he talked with relish. And because of this, why we didn't notice anybody new had come in until a voice behind me interrupted.

"How do you know those shots were fired from Nickolls' gun?" says the voice, very clear and quiet.

I turned around, trembling all over, and there was Milton Sherrill. It was him who had spoke. Then he pointed at the gun, which still lay on the captain's desk where the inspector had put it.

"Has anybody taken the trouble to break that gun?" Milt went on.

There was a half moment of surprised chatter before the captain commenced to rap for order and silence, and so forth. But he took up the gun and broke it, and behold! the gun was completely empty!

"Well, I'll be shot!" says the captain, mad as a hatter and immediately finding himself a alibi. "Why the devil didn't you look at this thing properly, Faulk, before you handed it over? This gun is not only unloaded but it has not been fired for a long time. Smell of it!"

Well, the inspector took the gun and smelled of it like he had been told, and looked a perfect fool. But only for a moment or so. Then he turned on poor Brady, who seemed the most convenient goat.

"Say, Brady, why didn't you break this gun?" he demanded furious. "The idea, you blockhead!"

"Excuse me, sir," says Brady as red as a beet, "but it was you who took it off of her."

And then nobody could say a word because they had all acted like a bunch of dumb-bell cops out of a Knute Divers' comedy and talking wouldn't help any. Milton Sherrill smiled a grim little smile, and come over to my side.

"Don't you worry about this, B. McFadden!" he says in a low tone. "I started pulling a few wires on my way out, and the ball is all taken care of. I am sorry to keep you so long, but I came as quickly as I could."

"Oh, Milton!" I says. "Say it wasn't Nicky! There are other guns in the world, you know, and those two had an awful row!"

"You have less faith in Nick than I have," says Milt a little coolly, or so I imagined. "He has gone to San Diego. He left after the rumpus last night, and has been driving about like a madman ever since, to cool off. He telephoned me an hour ago, and so you see it is impossible for him to be implicated in any way."

I went sort of cold all over. Why should Milt put so much stress on Nicky's innocence and say so little about my own? Was the stain on my good name working as fast as all that? Oh, it was dreadful! All at once I realized I had come to the end of my nerve.

"You and Adele had better come along in my car," says Milt in that awful, tense quiet way. "They don't need you here any more, B., and won't need you again unless Strickland makes a charge."

His tone was too much for me. I couldn't reason, I couldn't protest. The world begun to go black before my tired eyes and I felt like I was going crazy, or about to die, or something, or both! Milt did not care! He had come only for business reasons! What a fool I was, what a fool, and how awfully, terribly, I loved him! The police-station walls commenced acting very funny; they leaned towards each other. The ceiling slanted and the floor raised up. And then all of a sudden there was no Milt, no court room, no nothing. Just a blackness where I was alone—entirely alone.

When I come to I was laying in my own bed, in my own room with mommer sponging my forehead with something cool and sweet-smelling, and a doctor I had never seen before but he had a kind face, well, he was saying something about overstrained nerves and a long rest.

Now I'll tell the world that right up to the point of this doctor saying this mouthful, I had an idea nerves was something to be pulled as an excuse and nothing more, and believe me they are all too often only that. Nerves is mostly nonsense, but sometimes they do get overstrained, and it sure seemed like mine had, and I come to realize, through the week that followed with me that had never before been sick in my life, laying flat on my back, that maybe a rest now and then is as important to a person's business or artistic career as hard work is. Of course I had heard this remark made in the past, but on account of not being the one who made it, why I had not thought it could be true.

So I just lay there quiet, seeing nobody except only mommer, and allowing her to make up my mind for me on every little matter. And all those members of the public which their family has allowed them to take the entire responsibility and do all the dirty work of supporting the home and so forth, will at once realize how much I enjoyed being sick. And all this time mommer wouldn't let me say one word about Stricky, or the whole affair.

But being a healthy person by nature and disposition, and a worker by habit, why there come a day when the novelty wore off and I wanted to set up and eat meat. And it happened that this day Nickolls come to see how was I.

Of course he had done it every other day as well, but up to now I hadn't seen him or Bert Green or even Axel, and heaven knows nobody could rightly accuse me of being a mental strain, but mommer wouldn't let him up, either. Each day Milt had called up or sent flowers and come to the house a lot. But him I would not of faced at any price, just then.

Well, this meat-eating day I am telling you about, Nicky come at the right moment. And when mommer tiptoed in with some milk toast and the news that he was downstairs I says for her to trade in them slops for a hunk of raw beef or something and to send him right up, because my mind had commenced to work, and I might as well try it out on him as anybody.

"Oh, honey, I don't know should I let you!" says mommer. "They say when the devil is ill the devil a saint will be, but I always say a ounce of prevention is better than a relapse!"

"Oh, send him up, mommer, please!" says I. "And I will promise not to speak my mind."

So mommer says all right, and steered the bread and milk out again and pretty soon Nicky come clumping up in the bashful way a decent bachelor has in a girl's sick room, and the nicer they are the awkwarder. But he was awful glad to see me and set down at once on the side of my bed.

"Nicky dear!" I says. "Oh, but I am glad to see you! You are the only one I could talk to, and I just got to talk—I got such a lot of things I want to ask, and mommer keeps giving me only a sob answer. And believe me, Nicky, this is one time it don't turn away wrath but I don't let her see it."

"Little Bonnie!" says Nick. "You have given us such a scare! Are you better really?"

"You bet I am!" I says. "And I just got to know what has been going on. I know Strickland didn't die. Even mommer told me that much. But what has he done? And Anita—where was she? Were the newspapers dreadful? Did they say terrible things about me? Oh, Nicky, tell me the whole truth—it will be so much easier for me if I know, than it is to lie here imagining things!"

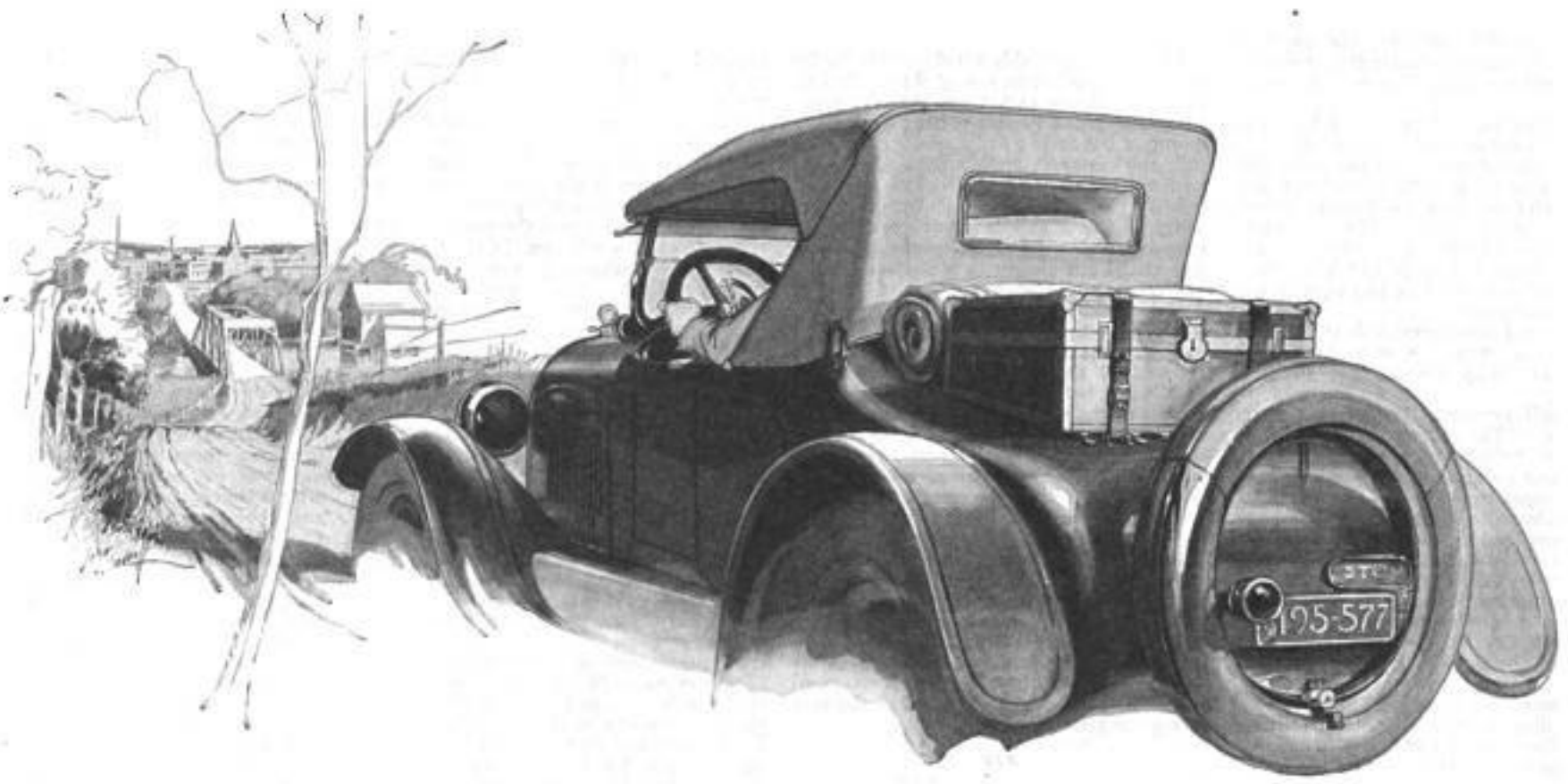
"Poor kid!" says Nicky. "Of course I will. Well then, the papers aired the affair, of course, but they were all for you, Bonnie, and the way you responded to Anita's call for help. She did it, of course, no matter what Strickland says about the whole thing being an accident."

"An accident!" says I. "Of course that was it! I should have guessed. Go on, Nicky!"

"Well, when the good-for-nothing scamp came to in the hospital he spilled the beans at first. He was mad at Anita, mad enough to have her arrested. But he resigned later. It appears that Anita was jealous of him, and that she was in debt up to her neck. Strickland had promised her five hundred dollars to keep her from being put out of her place, and then as usual he hadn't made good. He'd stalled her off for several days. The afternoon of the shooting Anita came to see him, desperate for her money. I suppose Strickland couldn't come across and they had a row. He now says Anita took his gun out of the top drawer of his bureau and threatened to kill herself, and that he seized it. They struggled and the gun went off. At last

(Continued on Page 40)

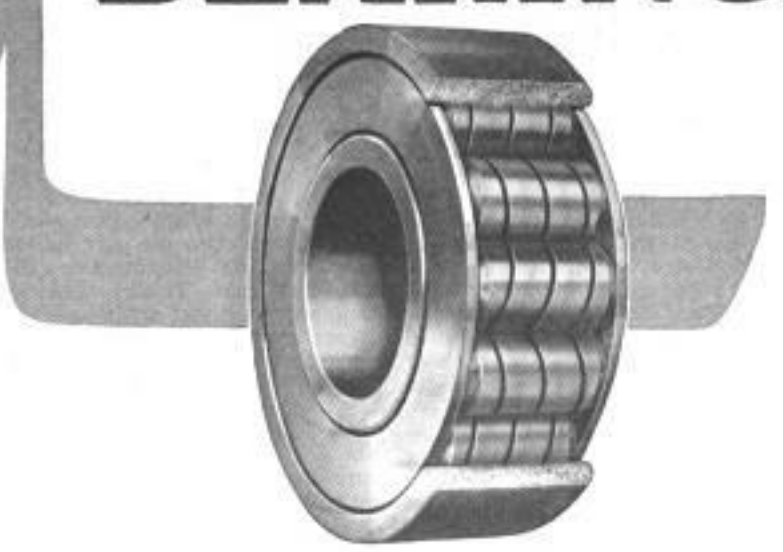
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Durable

HYATT QUIET BEARINGS



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(Continued from Page 38)

that's his present version. He has told several, each more dramatic than the last. But he won't press any charge, and she has left town."

"How dreadful!" I says. "Where was Anita that afternoon when I—when——"

"They found her back in her room, full of hop," says Nicky. "She had the gun with her and she was too dazed to even attempt getting away. Her creditors auctioned her furnishings yesterday. It's a nasty mess, little Bonnie, but it is behind you, remember that. You have got to put it out of your mind."

"Somehow I don't seem able to," I says. "Oh, Nicky, what's the matter with Hollywood? Why do we get in such messes?"

"We don't, generally," says he promptly and firmly. "The rotters do. And there are a few rotters in every profession, Bonnie. Our community, through its very nature, is more conspicuous, that is all."

"I don't know that you are right, Nicky!" I says earnestly. "I want to get away from this town for a while, and think things over. I've had a big jolt, and I got to get myself straightened out. I want to go some place where I am away even from you and mommer and so forth, and where there is nothing to remind me of the studio."

"You must do it, then," says Nicky understanding at once. "We will wait for you, on The Scarlet Letter. You are not to come back to work until you are well."

"Oh!" says I. "The picture! We was right in the middle of it, wasn't we? But I can't come back just yet. I got to have a breathing spell."

"I tell you what," says Nicky. "You go out to my ranch for a week. At least I call it that. In reality it's just a shack down near Santa Ana, but over on the ocean side. It's miles from anywhere, and is the place I run to when I need perspective. There is a nice old couple who live there and look after it for me, and I'll write them tonight. It's just the place you need."

I looked at his kind eager face and the tousled lion curls, and my eyes filled with tears like a regular sentimental dumb-bell. To think I had such a grand friend!

"Nicky, you are a peach and I will accept!" I says gratefully. "It will be like escaping into heaven."

And it was. There is some people thinks California is Hollywood, and some that thinks it is San Francisco or Los Angeles, and yet again a few who admit there are groves, and so forth. But the part of California which best expresses the spirit of it all is not the prosperous cities or orange trees or walnuts and grapes or good roads, though there are enormous crops of all of these, but the naked rolling hills of California which swell and fall in great smooth sweeps along the coast between the valleys and the sea.

These hills is peculiar, I do believe, and like no others in the world. They are profoundly quiet and though bare, are full of promise. They are open and plain to see for miles whichever way you look, and in the cañons between them there is great oaks growing clean and strong, small forests of ancient giants as you might say, evergreen and tremendous, once you are down among them, but seen from the bare crest of the nearest hill they seem a mere patch of darkness or like the shadow from a cloud. And along the outer edge of these hills and cañons sweeps hundreds of miles of golden beach with them lace-fringed jade-green breakers breaking on them, like I have told you before, and in the lonely places, wild sea birds by the thousands, crying.

But it ain't lonesome, none of it. Because a person knows them treeless hills are so rich that you could grow roses on them anywheres. All through the dry season they are brown, and then like a miracle a week of rain will have them green as the far-famed ones of Ireland only with the addition of golden poppies. And another reason why these vast hills is not a lonesome place. They are well-proportioned. You don't feel lost in a big room if it is shaped right. And the same is true of these hills I am telling you about, and there is no use in you laughing and passing some remark to the effect that Nature can't go wrong and so forth, because that is a big mistake and Nature has pulled a lot of boners the same as any natural person does, but the California coast is a big success, and its beauty both rests and inspires a person, no matter how many times they see it.

Well anyways, this ranch which Nicky loaned me was set on one of these hills like as per see above, and it was the very place I needed. I had trouble getting away from mommer but finally I did, and for a week I rode the lonesome trails around the neighborhood of this ranch on Nicky's little old friendly pinto pony, or sat on the porch and watched the Pacific swallow the setting sun, and I thought and thought and each day things got clearer to me about what I had ought to do with the rest of my life. And the conclusion I come to was that I would have to leave the pictures.

It was a terrible decision, and just what I would go to work at after I got out, I hadn't decided. I couldn't see beyond the, as you might say, fatal step. But to continue working in the same business, on the same lot with Milton Sherrill now that I was automatically put out of reach of ever being his wife, was impossible.

Nobody had come near me during the time on the ranch, and I had not even had a letter from mommer. I had expressly wanted to be cut off entirely from the world, and things had worked out fine, for I now had my decision clear. I would go and see Milt and tell him that while I would of course finish the interrupted picture, it would have to be my last one, and I would beg him to let me out of the rest of my contract.

XIV

THE moving-picture world is the only one where a lady can safely reminisce without its being a confession of age. To recall the days when Lillian Gish was knee-high to a vaudeville act is no sign a person is in any dotage, and even the ones who admit to remembering when Charlie Chaplin was only getting five hundred a week don't necessarily have to be gray around the temples.

And seeing that to be the true fact, why naturally I personally myself do not hesitate to publicly look back to the day of my interview with Milton and all that it has since come to mean to pictures. Of course I got as much modesty as any other successful woman, but I can't help but realize that only for things working the way they done, why pictures would not be what they are today.

Well anyways, I set out from Nicky's ranch alone in my car, my mind all made up to go right to the Silvercrown lot and get things over and done with. For if a person has decided to have a tooth out, or take up a note, or any other painful operation, why it is a good plan to have it no sooner said than done, as the poet says, and so I didn't even go home to my Spanish Fandango first, but merely telephoned mommer that I was headed for the studio, made sure Milt was going to be in his office, and got on my way.

Well I'll tell the world I was as depressed as a cold waffle when I left the ranch. Sweet daddy! I'll say so! Because here I was about to zinc my life ambition and so forth, and the nearer I got to Hollywood the less I liked my duty, and the temptation to shirk it stole over me like a frost. As I went by the Jago lot, which was the first big studio that I had to pass on my way in town, my heart give a silent groan as you might say, like a mother responding to her babe, and then it give a leap of curiosity, because the Jago was plainly closed.

Well well, I thought, ain't it remarkable how things changes in the pictures and when you come back after being away for a week why you never can tell who has failed or succeeded, and goodness knows maybe I will find that Axel is now a star, and I says this to myself because it was the most unlikely thing that I could imagine.

The town of Hollywood itself was in one of its gay moods too. It seemed to me I had never been there when it was so crowded with snappy people and bright clothes, and even the gardens looked like they had burst out into extra bloom just to get my goat. It all looked good in the way anything you are about to give up forever, does, and any woman who has given away a dress or a hat, if nothing more serious, will at once understand my feelings.

The usual herd of cars was crowded about the Silvercrown curbs, and there sure was nothing shut-up-looking about our—that is, their, lot! Actually it made me a little sore to see things going on much the same and in fact a little more so while I was away and was, further, about to get out for good. Busy? Right then the Silvercrown looked to me like the busiest place in America. A big crowd of extras was going off on a desert location, and Axel in a Arab costume waved to me from the middle of the bunch as I parked my car and headed for the office. Nicky grabbed me by both hands at the main entrance, and then dusted away in a big hurry.

Once inside, and past the welcome of the office force, I could see Trixie Trueman, with McGee directing, working over on Number Four. They were making a drawing-room sequence, and somehow the sight made me wild. Everywhere, all around me, the crowd was busy, hard at work, interested, and suddenly the full realization come over me that all this had been going on while I was away, and would continue to go on after I had left. And at the thought something inside my mind got up on its hind legs and hollered, and it was all I could do to keep the tears of self-pity out of my eyes.

"Now, B. McFadden," I says to myself, "you keep steady! Your mind is made up—a real decision that was two weeks in growing. So don't you go letting any momentary jazz upset the whole business!"

And then, feeling considerably stronger, I went along to Milton's office and says to the outside girl can I see him and she says yes, in a moment, he is busy. And actually I had to set and wait, and this didn't make me a whole lot happier, either. Sweet daddy! I could actually feel my strength of mind running out the ends of my fingers and toes! It made me wild to sit there like a dumb-bell applying for her first job or something, and I wanted to show them I was somebody. Then I again remembered I was getting out, and that a year from now nobody would even remember who I was, or anything!

Well, in the middle of these happy thoughts Slim Rolf come out of the teak-wood temple and says hello Bonnie glad you are back and so forth, and then I actually got permission to go in to see Milt. And when I got in he was alone but talking on the telephone, and so merely give me a gesture to sit down, which I did, mad clean through. And then I waited and waited while Milt listened and says Yeh, yeh, no Al, yeh, for what seemed about a year. Then at last he hung up.

"Well, B.!" he says. "I say, this is fine! You look wonderfully, and it does my eyes good to see you back again. Are you absolutely all right?"

"Yes, Milt," I says firmly. "I am righter than I've been in a long time. So right that I——"

"Great, great!" he interrupted me, slapping the arms of his chair and springing up. "Able to come back to work tomorrow?"

"Yes, Milt," I says. "I can come back and get this picture finished right away, but then——"

"Then we are going to put you over really big!" says Milt. "Look here, B., do you remember that picture you made with Nickolls—Alias Cinderella?"

Did I remember it? Sweet daddy!

"Say listen, Milt, are you cuckoo?" I says. "I guess my memory is that long, all right. I'm hardly likely to forget that one time I was a star."

"Well," says he, deadly serious, "it is a great picture! I saw it last week up at Fresno, and I have bought it in cheap. We are going to call it The Stepchild and release it as a new issue with you as the star. We will spend a lot of money on it, and it will be the picture of the year. Why, it's a great picture, I tell you, B., and you certainly have a wonderful future!"

Whatter you know about that! I felt kind of limp and weak, and floored. Nicky's picture! How things did work around in circles for sure. Poor Nicky, after all his labor, the result would appear as a Silvercrown release. It wasn't fair! And yet it couldn't be helped. I felt sick over it, and I tried to tell Milt so.

But as he sat there, his handsome face all alight with excitement and interest, why what I had come to say wouldn't quite reach my lips.

"I had no idea you could act as you did in that picture!" Milt was saying. "Why, child, you are amazing!" Then he pulled a line which at first I couldn't realize that he had said it, and thought well, I guess I didn't hear right. "And it's not only because I love you that I think you are a great actress," says he.

I could only stare at him without a word. He got up and come over and sat beside me on the window seat, which is where I was.

"B. McFadden, don't tell me that you are surprised," says he. "You must have known it all along. Why, I have loved you since that very first day on the train. Will you will you marry me, dear?"

Well, I got considerable respect for the public, and of course will admit they got a right to know all about me up to a certain point, beyond which they can go to whicher. Also I realize that a public person and great artist has no private life and so forth, but there is a limit to even that, just the same, and refinement compels me to draw the line some place, and that place is the rest of what I and Milt said and did after the above sequence, and I am not going to give you the conventional full close-up. Anyways, the censors have taken to timing them close-up kisses and would surely of cut ours down. Well anyways after a time-lapse subtitle of Later, Milton and I commenced to get sensible, and told him what I had come in to say in the first place.

"Dear!" I says, "I will marry you any time you say. But oh, Milt, I want to get out of the pictures. Now more than ever."

"Why?" says he. "What is on your mind about them, honey?"

"Well," says I, "I don't quite know. But they are a rotten game, Milt. Not healthy somehow. A great art, yes, I will admit that, but working in them does something to people. Can't you see it, yourself?"

"I know what you mean," he says frowning over it. "Yet that should not be necessary. You mean the lax living and thinking which one falls into so easily out here. Sometimes I believe that this semi-tropical climate is as much to blame as the pictures are."

"Well, the combination of the two is hard on ordinary mortals with only average morals," I says. "I don't know do I want to waste my energy fighting the something that is in the air here, darling. I was brought up in New England, Milt, and it was you, hon, and there is something in this outfit as a whole that goes against me."

"I know!" he says thoughtfully.

"Before I come here today," I says, "I had made up my mind I was through for more than one reason. And now I want to be just your wife, hon, and to make you a good home, and lay off of acting. And I don't want to do it in Hollywood, either, but in our own kind of atmosphere where we belong."

"Dearest!" says Milt.

Later. That's another time lapse, see.

"You are dead right," says he. "We don't belong in this game, and we will get out. Why, don't you remember how you posed to the pictures I was when you first met me? I told you I hoped never to see them. Well, I was right, you see!"

And although this sounded a little prematurely married as you might say, why I let it go and smiled at him in agreement.

"Why, hon, being married to you will use up all the talent I've got!" I says, laughing. "And if I can act the part of a good wife, why I will be perfectly satisfied. I'm just sick of these parts where I have to vamp, and of going for my recreation to parties where they mix the cocktails in a washing machine!"

"And I am tired of being out of my apartment too!" Milt declared. "Where shall we live, B.? Name the place and you shall have it!"

"Oh, Milt!" I says, slipping my arm around his neck. "How about Stoneacre? Your dear mother's house would be the ideal home for the both of us, and living it would help us cling to our ideals!"

"Bonnie! Would you, really?" says Milt. "You blessed child, nothing would make me happier than to call the old place home once more!"

Well, that was all settled and the gentle reader can write in another time lapse and then consider that I have broke away again because of something very important occurring to me.

"Milt!" I says. "What do you know I had for the minute forgotten all about mommer!"

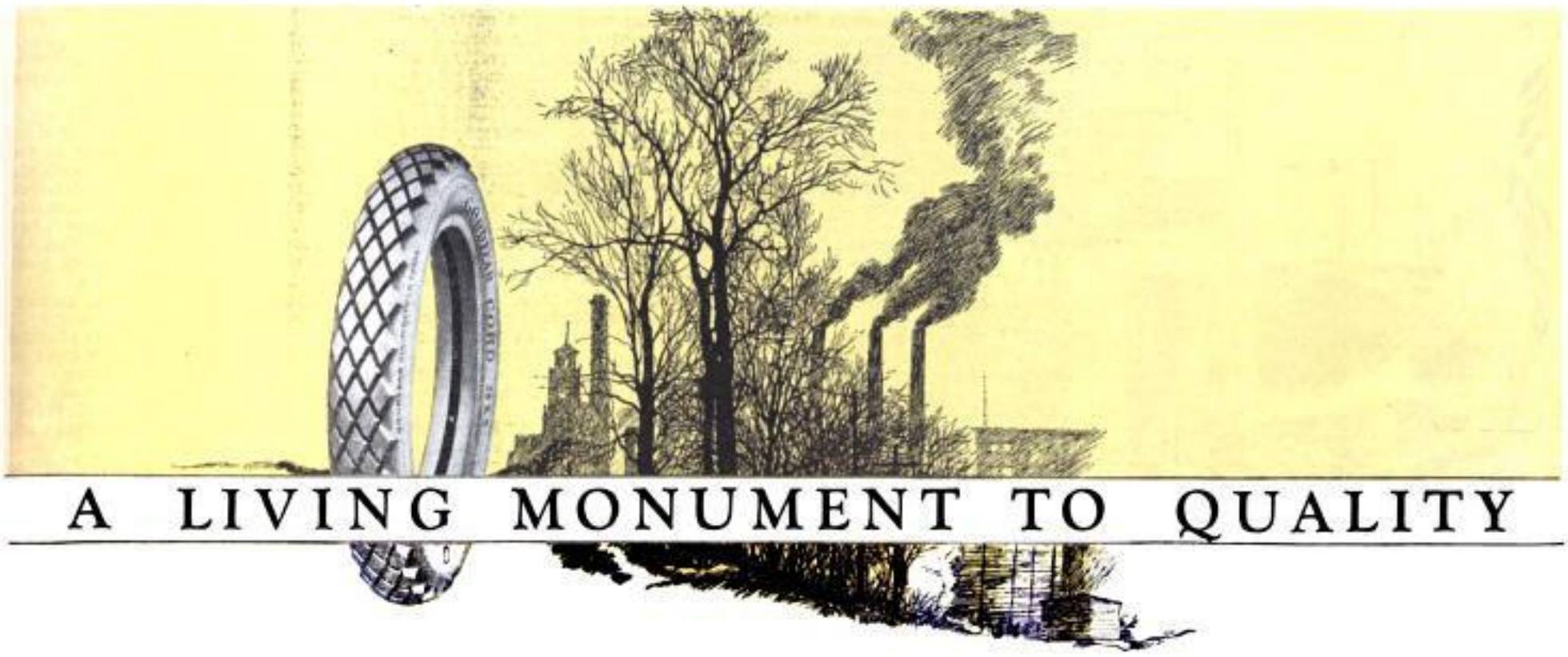
"I should hope you would!" says he laughing. "Such things are allowable in these times, surely! And after all, she is not your real mother, you know."

"But I love her, Milt!" I says earnestly.

"Perhaps I love her even more than I do," if she was the genuine article. You see I could never afford to fight with her like

(Continued on Page 42)

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GOODYEAR

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might of done if we had been relatives. So we have shown each other only our best sides. And I can't go back on her now. I can't desert her, Milt, when I marry you."

"Well," says Milt, "Mrs. Delane is a fine woman, B., and I will never forget what she has done for you, dear. If you wish her to make her home with you I won't oppose it."

"Oh, Milt, you are too wonderful!" I says. "I just couldn't endure to think of Adele spending a lonely old age, and of course she has got no one but me. What a lovely time we will have out of the pictures, in our old New England home, with mommer and everyone."

"Except pop!" says Milt. "I draw the line at pop!"

"And so do I!" I says. "Pop has simply got to learn to work for his own living, and you must back me up and refuse to help him!"

"I will," says Milt firmly.

Well, everything was beautifully settled by then and I felt as if I was in a trance or a happy dream or something, and it was sure a great relief to know that soon we would be leaving all this behind us and so forth. And then all at once like approaching thunder there was footsteps pounding down the hall as if a elephant had broke loose from our animal department, and the teakwood flew open and in rushed Big Benny with neither coat or, for once, any cigar in his face, and what little hair he had was sticking up wildly with excitement. The Big Egg was all red in the face, and for the first few moments he couldn't speak a word, but only blow and wave his hands in a few wild native gestures.

"What do you think?" he gasped at last. "We can buy out Jago cheap! Only seventeen million dollars! Oy! Such good news!"

"What?" exclaimed Milt, all excited too. "Only seventeen millions? Why, that's throwing it away!"

"Sure it is! What you think I got such excitement over it for, else?" says Benny wiping his streaming face. "Say listen, for three years I been trying for a merger with them people, and now is our chance. Why, it's the opportunity of a lifetime! When we got this combination, believe me, we will rule the industry!"

"That's so, Ben!" says Milt. "Why man, it's the biggest thing in years. With their lot and ours combined we could make some superproductions that would knock the eye out of these German pictures. And the clear field it would give us —— Say listen, does Jago himself want to stay in?"

"Sure he does!" says Benny. "He's in my office now, waiting!"

"If he wants to come to us," says Milt intently, "that means it's the real thing. If he was merely offering to sell out I wouldn't trust the crook. He'd probably intend floating something new!"

"And with the Jago releases as well as our own," says I breathlessly, "look at the field a star would have! Twice the ordinary publicity!"

"You sure would have it, honey!" says Milt. "By heaven, I didn't have any idea you would really be able to pull the trick, Ben! I congratulate you!"

"Congratulate also yourself!" says Benny as the two of them shook hands like a coupla crazy schoolboys. "As the financial head of this concern, Milton, believe me you get the greatest future in the industry, and I must say you are a wonderful manager!"

"Ben, you are a marvel!" says Milt, and they regularly danced around at that while I stood with my hands clasped tight on my chest, watching them and thinking my heaven but Mary Pickford has never had half the advertising which I will get from this merger and won't I just work like a hound so as to deserve every little bit of it too! And then pretty soon them two clowns come down to earth and Milt turned back to the Big Egg real serious.

"Benny!" he says. "There is something even more magnificent than this merger which I am to be congratulated on. Bonnie is going to marry me, old-timer!"

"So?" says Benny, beaming. "Well, that is certainly grand news. I do congratulate the two of you, and am glad I was able to bring it such a fine engagement present like I done just now, and to know the big merger will be all the stronger for keeping the both of you in it!"

Well, when Big Ben pulled that line, why all at once I and Milt exchanged a look like a coupla sheep. And it is the truth that up to the very minute, Stonewall and the old home and our pure and domestic future had been wiped right out of our mind. Our spontaneous joy about Jago had showed up the both of us pretty clear, too, because it proved what was closest to our hearts. And sweet daddy, didn't we feel like a coupla fools though! But being engaged to be married had already filled me with the conventional sense of wifely sacrifice, and so I hurried to find a excuse and volunteered to be the goat and save Milton's pride and so forth.

"Milt," I says, "haven't you practically promised to sign that contract to stay on here?"

"Well yes, I practically had," says he, looking at the toe of his shoe.

"Well I don't want to influence you any, hon," I says, "but honest, I don't see how you can go back on them now."

"I suppose not," says Milt. "But how about Stonewall? My promise to you is even more important, B."

"Oh, that will be all right!" I says hastily. "You see, come to remember it, I got a contract all signed myself, for two more pictures with this concern, and I couldn't hardly break that, now could I?"

"Why, see here, hon, I wouldn't dream of asking you to do any such thing!" Milt declared indignantly.

And as of course I wouldn't attempt to go against his will in anything, why that settled matters and we mutually understood that we was to stay.

While all this was going on Ben stood looking from one to the other of us, rubbing his hands nervously.

"Say listen!" says he. "You wasn't thinking about quitting, for heaven's sake? What nonsense!"

"I think perhaps it was nonsense!" Milt admitted to him. "But I will sign that contract, Ben, for, let us say, three years. And we will close with Jago at once. When my contract and B.'s run out, then will be time enough to decide whether we want to go on in the pictures or not!"

"That means you are in them forever!" says the Big Egg enthusiastically.

And with them words of wisdom he rushed off to catch Jago's mind while it was still that way. When the door had shut behind him I come over to Milt, and putting my hands on his shoulders I looked him square in the eyes.

"Dear!" I says. "We won't kid ourselfs. Once in pictures, always in them. Isn't that so?"

"I expect you are right, B.," says Milt. "And after all they are the greatest game on earth today. I'll be honest about it. I want to stay!"

"So do I!" I cried. "Oh, Milt, together we will make the greatest pictures the country has ever seen."

"On a clean lot," says Milt.

"With no favorites," says I.

"And no graft!" says Milt.

"With square finances," I sang.

"And sane salaries," Milt went on.

"And a home in Hollywood," says I.

"With a swimming pool and a projecting room!" yelled Milt.

"And mommer to live with us!" says I.

"Yes, I suppose so!" says Milt.

And at that very minute we realized somebody was knocking on the door, and who would it be, speaking of angels, but mommer herself.

From the way she entered the room I at once seen something out of the ordinary was up, for not alone did she close the door after herself in a mysterious manner, and then take up a commanding position, but commenced mugging at us in a attempt to register the possession of a big secret. But I was in no mood for any nonsense, so I just flung myself at her and give her a big kiss on each cheek.

"Oh, mommer darling!" I says. "What do you think? I and Milton are going to be married!"

"My land!" says mommer. "You don't expect me to be surprised at that, do you? But I'm real glad, hon, honest I am, although now of course you will be through with me. They say it's an ill wind that blows nobody good, but I'll say not when it blows out the last match!"

"Now mommer!" I says tenderly. "Don't you pull any pathetic stuff about being a last match, because we are not going to let you go. You are coming to live with us!"

"No, Bonnie, dearie, I'm going to do no such thing!" says she promptly. "You certainly are a good daughter to me, the best I ever had, in fact. But I always say it's a wise child who knows when to go no further. And I got other plans for myself."

"Why, mommer!" says I, drawing away from her. And as I got a full-length view of mommer I realized for the first time the big change in her appearance.

For gone was mommer's long skirts in modest dark colors. She was dolled in oyster-gray satin up pretty near to the knees, and high-heeled slippers and silk stockings to match, and a snappy little hat of yellow flowers perched on the one side of her stylishly dressed hair. How I had come not to notice all this first shock can only be accounted for by me being so busy and selfish, like most folks in love.

"Why, mommer!" I says, gasping. "How sweet you look, and how snappy!"

Mommer blushed like a girl and turned off towards the door. With her hand on the knob she give a dramatic pause.

"I got a little surprise for you all," she says, "and I guess I will now bring it in." And with that she pulls open the tea-room and in walks pop.

Well, I had been sort of prepared for to be him on account I am no dumb-bell, blind either. But I was far from expecting the pop which showed. As he came into the room I could scarcely believe my eyes, for if Adele was dressed up like a peach believe me pop was like a peacock or two then some. From the crown of his green plush hat, which was set jauntily on one side of his varnished hair, to the soles of his natty shoes with the pearl-gray spats pop was some plush horse! He had a gardenia in his buttonhole and a two-carat stone in his tie, and the smile on his face was as smug as the Sphinx itself!

"Well, well, Bonnie dearie!" says he, swinging in and parking a huge silver-mounted cane on Milt's desk along with his new yellow gloves and his lid. "So well, all! I expect maybe you are surprised at your old pop now, hey, daughter dear? And you, Mr. Sherrill! Sure it's a real treat to meet you on equal terms at last."

"Pop!" says I. "For heaven's sake explain. And as for equal terms with Milt, you need not think you can sass him to me because I am going to marry him!"

"Marry him, are ye?" says pop genially. "Is that so? Well, well, now I couldn't have chosen better for ye myself!"

"Thank you, Mr. McFadden!" says Milt. "Sit down everybody, do!"

"Pop, don't be a fool!" says I. "Those clothes—that pin! If you took them from Adele, I'll—well, I'll murder you, that's all!"

"From Adele?" says pop with dignity. "Daughter, I am surprised at your attitude to your parent. Sure I bought the things with my own money!"

"Your money?" I says.

"It's the truth!" chimed in Adele. "He did, honey. They have found oil on the ranch!"

"Pop!" says I feebly. "To think that—you to strike oil and get rich after all your laziness! It's too much!"

"Daughter," says pop slowly and with great dignity, "I don't know why you are so doubtful of me the way you are! It has been hard work getting this fortune of mine, and all your life I've told ye I'd do it some day!"

"Oh, the poor man!" Adele broke in. "What he says is true, dear. He actually did go to work on that real-estate proposition and cleared the land with his own hands. Then he started drilling an artesian well, to get a water supply for the lots, and struck oil."

"It's a gusher," says pop with extreme dignity. "Bringing me around eighty hundred dollars a day for the past week. And we got two more wells started."

Suddenly he leaned over me, the real look in his eyes I had ever seen there.

"Bonnie," says he, "you told your old father the truth. And the very first time in my life I ever went to work made me a rich man."

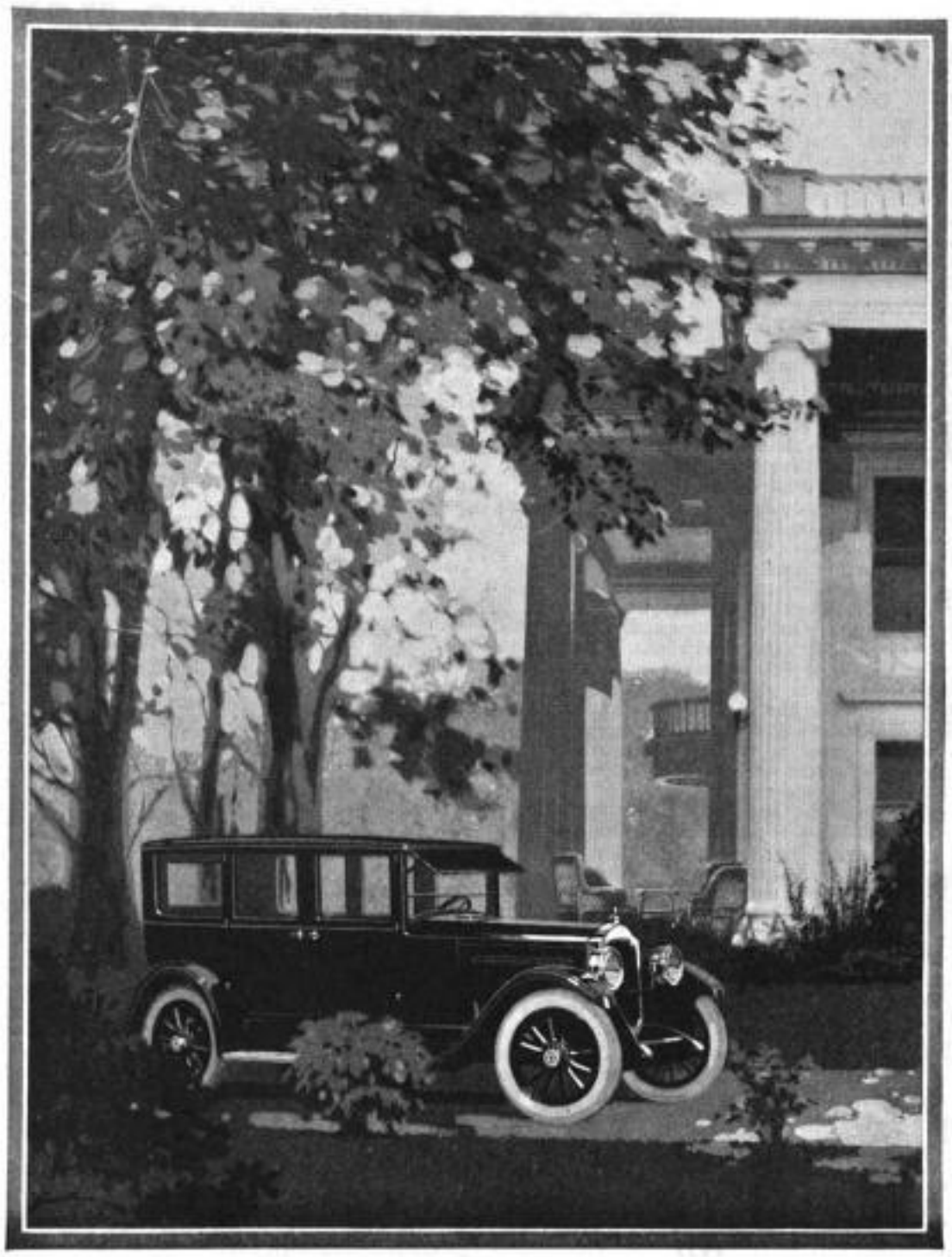
"And got him a wife!" says Adele. "Oh, hon, we was married this afternoon. I'm really your mommer now. I do hope it won't make any difference between us, dearie!"

"Adele!" says I. "Not much! With you really in the family, and Milton for my very own I am as happy as—as a dumbbell!"

"Well," says mommer with a sentimental sigh, "they say there's nothing so sweet in life as love's young dream, and I'll say they're right!"

(THE END)

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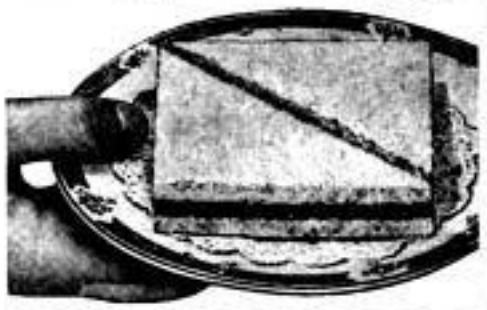
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FROM McKINLEY TO HARDING

(Continued from Page 32)

Before Roosevelt reached Washington he sent me a telegram: "On train, May 11, 1905. Our speech went great, didn't it? Theodore Roosevelt."

xxx

GENERAL U. S. GRANT and Theodore Roosevelt had one characteristic in common—they both hated obscenity or off-color stories.

It is told of General Grant that after the ladies had left the dinner table and the coffee and cigars were brought in one of the guests said, "As there are no ladies present I want to tell a story." Before he could begin it Grant quietly said, "But there are gentlemen present," completely squelching the man and his story.

One of the newspaper men who accompanied President Roosevelt on his trip to the Colorado bear hunt came to Chicago with him on May 10, 1905. He told me of an experience they had in a Southern city, where the President stopped off to attend a Rough Riders reunion.

The people of the city tendered him a banquet. One of the prominent merchants of the city attempted a coarse parody on the President's crusade on race suicide. He made a play upon the nursery rime relating to the old woman who lived in a shoe, who had so many children she didn't know what to do, and compared her lot with modern woman in a manner that was hardly a parlor story.

Ordinarily the President sat through the most fulsome praise without in the least betraying his thoughts. This dinner was given on the ground floor of the hotel. In the windows and filling the patio were the wives and other guests of the diners. The President looked up with a sharp jerk of his head; his teeth clicked; his jaw was set, and for a moment it looked as if he intended to interrupt the speaker. But it was only for a moment. He then turned to the neighbor on his right and from that time on listened no more to the speaker but continued an animated conversation. When the speaker sat down he was not congratulated, but was ignored. When the President spoke later in the evening he did not refer to the speech in any way except that he referred to the speaker who had made an unfortunate choice of a place to give expression to a poem which he hoped was homemade.

xxxi

MY NEWSPAPER friend said it was a big responsibility for those accompanying Roosevelt on his hunting trip. Many people considered that the President had no right to risk his life in such dangerous undertakings as hunting bears and mountain lions. The President recognized this argument made by his supporters and close personal advisers, and constantly replied to these arguments that he was not taking half the risk nor was he nearly so daring as he was credited with being.

The President's train stopped at New Castle, Colorado. It was from that point the hunting party planned to enter the mountain region where bears were supposed to range. The newspaper men on the trip were busy getting off a story when a messenger summoned them to the President's car.

The President said: "You boys may be tempted to exaggerate the risks I am running out here. A few years ago I was hunting mountain lions and one of the newspaper men wrote a bully story picturing me hanging over a cliff by my toes and fighting a mountain lion with nothing but a naked knife. Judging from some of the protests I received, people did not like it. There was no Vice President then, and probably my life was worth more than it is now."

The President chuckled and told, not for quotation, Finley Peter Dunne's—Mr. Dooley's—quip that if Roosevelt had to go down in a submarine to please take Vice President Fairbanks along with him!

The President said he had promised his friends he would take no chances of a bear getting hold of him on the trip. Resuming his admonition to the correspondents and operating his pump gun in such a way as to show it was in perfect order he said: "Now you fellows can keep this in mind: If you get hard up for a story don't write anything about my running risks. Just remember that I intend to keep this weapon between me and danger."

"Nevertheless, Colonel Roosevelt," continued my newspaper friend, "had to be pretty sharply watched by his hosts in order to keep him out of danger. Before we reached Colorado he went on a jack-rabbit and wolf hunt over territory that is now Oklahoma. His host was the late Cecil Lyon, then Republican National Committeeman for Texas, and one of Roosevelt's friends in his cowboy days. Another member of the party was Jack Abernethy, the man who caught 'em alive. Jack used to chase wolves and run them until he tired them out. Then he would hop off his horse and as they would snap at him he quickly grabbed them around the lower jaw with his hand well back of their fangs. No other man did it, and Roosevelt had great admiration for him. He rode with Abernethy for hours one day just to see him perform that trick.

Another stunt performed by Abernethy seemed even more startling, but Abernethy pooh-poohed the suggestion that there was any danger in it. He would stir up rattlesnakes until they became angry enough to strike. As they would coil and raise their heads rigidly to a height of several inches—which he said they always did before striking—he would hit them sharply back of the heads with his riding whip. He never failed to kill them in this way.

Lyon and Roosevelt were riding in a jack-rabbit chase one day when Lyon noticed the President sliding off his horse. He rode forward quickly to see if he could be of any assistance, and saw the President getting ready with his quirt to tap a rattlesnake back of the ears. Lyon shot the snake and proceeded to lecture the President about the promise he had made not to run unnecessary risks. Incidentally Roosevelt never could see much sport in a jack-rabbit chase. He could not see any fun in shooting at an animal's heels, and much preferred firing when he could see the whites of their eyes.

There was never another character like Roosevelt. Every newspaper man naturally cultivates his news sources, and here was a man who not only was the source of news but everything he did was news. My friend, who has told me so much about the Roosevelt trip, said he first heard the term "praise agent" as a synonym for "press agent" within a few weeks after he was assigned to the White House.

A Republican senator, Nathan B. Scott, of West Virginia, who was miffed over patronage, came out of the White House one day in a boiling rage and when accosted by a group of correspondents all he would say was that it was useless for him to try to get a fair hearing from a bunch of "praise agents such as you are."

The appellation "cuckoos" came into use soon after Roosevelt's second term began, because he was surrounded by a large number of correspondents who were inclined to take without question any new titbits Roosevelt scattered and play them unquestionably to the advantage of the President. Frequently the President would pass out suggestions of some course he might take on public questions or legislation, and then he would watch for the public reaction. If it was favorable he would proceed in accordance with the suggestion and if unfavorable he would not hesitate to reject it absolutely.

In such instances some new correspondent might be left holding the bag. The cub not long in Washington, awe-stricken by a White House assignment, would be likely to print without reservation anything falling from the lips of the strenuous President. If in his thoughts Roosevelt had always been Teddy his fall was all the harder. His story very likely went to his home paper with all the positiveness he could put into his writing. If his paper accepted the story without qualification and later public reaction was against the tentative policy, the young correspondent was in for a call-down.

It was only the inexperienced and cub reporters that were ever misled, and Colonel Roosevelt expected the older correspondents to take care of the youngsters on such occasions, as they were usually ready to do.

A newly arrived correspondent for one of the leading Paris papers talked with Roosevelt and sent a highly colored indiscreet cable to his paper. When it appeared in print the Associated Press agent in Paris cabled it back to this country. It created a tremendous furor. The Washington Bureau of the Associated Press received a positive denial from Roosevelt that he ever gave the interview. It put the poor Frenchman in a very bad hole.

Two or three days after the denial I lunched with the President in the White House. He asked me if I had seen his statement denying the interview. I said, "Yes; and I believe you said what the Frenchman sent to his paper, because you have said the same thing to me."

Snapping his teeth he replied, "Of course I said it, but I said it as Theodore Roosevelt, and not as the President of the United States!"

xxxii

MRS. McKINLEY, widow of President McKinley, died May 26, 1907. I was in Washington on the twenty-seventh. President Roosevelt invited me to go with him to the funeral.

We left Washington the night of the twenty-eighth, arriving in Canton, Ohio, the next day at noon. Vice President Fairbanks, Secretary of State Elihu Root, Secretary of Agriculture James Wilson, and William Loeb, Jr., secretary to the President, were in the President's car.

At breakfast next morning I sat on Roosevelt's right, Secretary Root at the other end of the table, Vice President Fairbanks, Secretary Wilson and Mr. Loeb in between. Roosevelt discussed the candidates to be nominated next year.

In a very loud whisper he said, "If I were given the absolute power to appoint I would make Elihu Root President, and Will Taft, Chief Justice." He added, "Don't tell Root I said it!"

Mr. Root made a funny little gesture, but no comment.

President Roosevelt went to the Canton home of Justice William R. Day, of the Supreme Court, and lunched with Vice President Fairbanks, Secretary Root, Secretary of the Treasury Cortelyou, who was with Mrs. McKinley when she passed away, Secretary Wilson, Myron T. Herrick, Governor Harris, of Ohio, and Mr. Loeb.

After luncheon they went to the modest McKinley home, a short distance from Justice Day's. With the exception of the President's party and a few warm friends, only members of the family were present.

The casket was placed in what was known as the campaign office, or parlor of the little home. The services, which were very simple, were conducted by Rev. Doctor Buxton, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The same hymns that were sung at McKinley's funeral were rendered by the church choir. They were McKinley's favorites, Nearer, my God, to Thee; Lead, Kindly Light; Beautiful Isle of Somewhere. The house was filled with roses, Mrs. McKinley's favorite flower. The floral tributes were so great that many were taken direct to the receiving vault in which they placed the casket to await transfer to the McKinley memorial tomb, which was not quite completed.

The secret-service men received information that a brother of Czolgosz—the man who shot President McKinley in Buffalo in 1901—was in Canton, and would attempt to kill Roosevelt. No chances were taken. The Presidential party left the house by a side door to avoid the crowd in front of the house. The rumor proved to be untrue, as Czolgosz had gone to New Castle, Pennsylvania, to place a wreath on his wife's grave.

Business in Canton was suspended and the public schools closed during the services.

Mrs. McKinley was born in 1847. Her father—Mr. Saxton—was the principal owner of the Stark County Bank. He believed a girl should be able to earn her own living. So his daughter, Ida, Mrs. McKinley, went into his bank as a clerk, and for a time was cashier. While there Major McKinley fell in love with her. He was a very handsome young lawyer of twenty-seven. He was superintendent of the Methodist Sunday school. Miss Saxton was a teacher in a Presbyterian Sunday school. It is said one Sunday in parting to go to their respective Sunday-school classes McKinley said, "I don't like these partings. I think we should go together after this." She replied, "So do I." After a short engagement they were married in 1871.

(Continued on Page 46)

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Dwellings $5,000–$7,000	Slate surfaced roll roofing or shingles or rigid asbestos shingles	Flexstone—red, green, gray or blue-black: rigid—red, brown or gray
Dwellings $7,000–$25,000	Rigid asbestos shingles	Standard or extra thick—red, brown, gray or blended
Dwellings $25,000 upwards	Rigid asbestos shingles	Colorblende—fire-stone, brown with or without red or gray accidentals
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Skeleton frame buildings—standard conditions*	Corrugated asbestos roofing with steel reinforcement	Johns-Manville Corrugated Asbestos Roofing
Skeleton frame buildings—excessive temperature or condensation conditions*	Corrugated asbestos roofing without steel reinforcement	Johns-Manville Transite Corrugated Asbestos Roofing and Siding

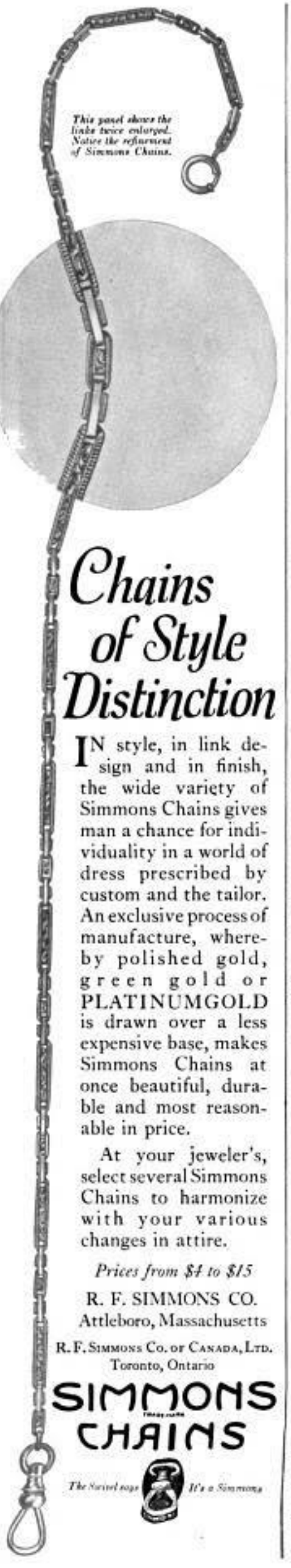
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(Continued from Page 44)

Christmas Day, 1871, their daughter Ida was born. Later another daughter came, and was named Catherine. She lived only a few weeks, and little Ida passed away when she was four years old. The death of the children and of her mother completely shattered Mrs. McKinley's health. She was never again a well woman.

After the birth of one of the babies Mrs. McKinley suffered from epilepsy. She was subject to fainting spells, which lasted only a few minutes but were very distressing to witness. I was alone with her once when she fainted and could not leave her to look for her maid; so went behind her chair and pressed her temples, as I had seen McKinley do many times. When she became conscious I left the room and sent a maid to her.

Later she apologized to me for making what she called a scene.

Mrs. McKinley was passionately fond of little children. She would beg mothers to let her hold their babies. In 1891 Major and Mrs. McKinley visited our home on Prairie Avenue, Chicago. Our youngest child, Katherine, now Mrs. Roger Shepard, of St. Paul, was not quite two years old. McKinley held her on his lap while Mrs. McKinley played with our eight-year-old daughter, Pauline, the present Mrs. Potter Palmer, of Chicago.

Baby Katherine went to sleep in McKinley's arms. When Mrs. McKinley noticed it she said, "Please let me have her. I love to hold a sleeping baby."

McKinley gently placed the child in her arms with the admonition, "Don't drop her." Before the child woke up tears were rolling down Mrs. McKinley's cheeks.

There never was a more devoted lover and husband than McKinley. His first thought was always of his wife's comfort. He paid her the most loving attention.

With the persistence which was a part of her disease she insisted on going everywhere with him. He apparently never crossed her wishes. At state dinners and receptions in the White House she was always present unless too ill to leave her room. She sat next to the President on his left if there was a distinguished guest present to whom the dinner was given. Sometimes the excitement was too much for her and she fainted. She did not fall out of her chair, but became rigid. The President would throw a handkerchief or napkin over her face and proceed with the conversation as though nothing had happened. The guests would look away and pay no attention to the invalid. When the spasm passed she would be taken to her room by her maid and the White House physician, Dr. Leonard Wood, now General Wood, governor of the Philippines.

Two or three years after McKinley's death I called on Mrs. McKinley in Canton. Although it was a warm spring day she sat in a chair over a register from which the heat poured, a frail figure in a plain black gown, her hair cut short and curled at the ends.

Over and over she moaned, "Why should I linger? Please, God, if it is Thy will, let me go. I want to be with him. I am so tired."

XXXIII

SEPTEMBER 29, 1907, Roosevelt, accompanied by his secretary, William Loeb, Jr., left Washington to inspect the Great-Lakes-to-Gulf deep-waterway project and to spend a couple of weeks in the canebrakes of Louisiana hunting bear. His first stop next morning was at Canton, Ohio, to dedicate the McKinley monument and mausoleum. He was greeted by a crowd of fifty thousand people. As he rode toward the monument he said it reminded him of a Greek temple.

Justice William R. Day, president of the McKinley National Memorial Association, presided, and told of the building of the monument by the contributions of nearly a million people from all walks of life, at a cost of six hundred thousand dollars. He said the tomb held the bodies of President McKinley, Mrs. McKinley and their two little girls.

At the close of Justice Day's address Miss Helen McKinley, the only sister of the late President, drew aside the flag, disclosing the bronze figure of McKinley in the attitude of delivering his last speech, in Buffalo, the day of his assassination, September 6, 1901.

The flag was removed slowly and impressively. This was followed by the reading of the poem entitled William McKinley, by James Whitcomb Riley.

The President, introduced by Governor Harris, was received with great applause. He said, in part:

> We are gathered together today to pay our meed of respect to William McKinley, who as President won a place in the hearts of the American people such as but three or four of the Presidents of this country have ever won.
>
> He was of singular uprightness and purity of character, alike in public and private life; a citizen who loved peace, he did his duty faithfully and well for four years of war when the honor of the nation called him to arms.
>
> As congressman, as governor of his state, and finally as President, he rose to the foremost place among our statesmen, reaching a position that would satisfy the keenest ambition, but never lost that simple and thoughtful kindness toward every human being, great or small.
>
> He grappled with more serious and complex problems than any President since Abraham Lincoln . . .

In the course of his speech Roosevelt emphasized his views on the necessity of judging men regardless of their wealth or poverty. He referred to the dishonest rich man. The crowd cheered. Roosevelt stopped abruptly and putting down his manuscript said, "Wait a moment. I don't want you to applaud this last part unless you are willing to applaud the part I read first, to which you listened in silence. I want you to understand that I will stand just as straight for the rights of the honest man who wins his fortune by honest methods as I stand against the dishonest man who wins his fortune by dishonest methods."

His hearers applauded with cheers and handclaps. He said, "Thank you! I will now proceed with my speech."

Roosevelt went from Canton direct to Keokuk, Iowa, to the opening of the great electric power plant at the Keokuk Dam in the Mississippi River.

He was joined by twenty-three governors interested in deep waterways and other conservation projects. They accompanied him to St. Louis, Cairo and Memphis by boat. At Memphis the governors left him and he went into the Louisiana canebrakes to hunt bear. He was the guest of Civil Service Commissioner McIlhenny and John M. Parker, of New Orleans.

The President spent fifteen days in the canebrakes. October eighteenth he killed a big black bear. The party shot three bears, six deer, one wild turkey, a dozen squirrels, one duck, one opossum and one wildcat.

Roosevelt said they ate everything but the wildcat, and there were times when they could have eaten the cat.

The President returned to Washington bronzed and feeling bully after a three and a half weeks' trip.

XXXIV

A PREVIOUS chapter tells of Roosevelt on the train going to Mrs. McKinley's funeral, saying if he had the power of a dictator he would appoint Elihu Root President and Secretary of War Taft a Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

When I was talking with him later he said, "Root would make the best President, but Taft the best candidate."

Early in January, 1908, I received an invitation to be Roosevelt's guest in the White House for a few days.

The day of my arrival we dined at eight o'clock. Those at the table were, as I remember now, the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, Secretary of War Taft and Mrs. Taft, Miss Mabel Boardman, General Francis Vinton Greene and myself.

After dinner we went into the library on the second floor. Roosevelt reclining in an easy-chair threw his head back, closed his eyes and said, "I am the seventh son of a seventh daughter. I have clairvoyant powers. I see a man standing before me weighing about three hundred and fifty pounds. There is something hanging over his head. I cannot make out what it is. It is hanging by a slender thread. At one time it looks like the Presidency—then again it looks like the Chief Justiceship."

"Make it the Presidency!" exclaimed Mrs. Taft.

"Make it the Chief Justiceship!" cried Mr. Taft.

Mrs. Taft had her wish. When the whirling plummet of President Roosevelt's vision came to rest over Mr. Taft's head it presented the Presidency side to the world.

President Harding, in 1921, caused the same plummet to whirl again, and for the second time to rest above Mr. Taft's head. This time the face it presented was labeled "Chief Justiceship."

For the first time in history the two greatest offices in the gift of the American people have been bestowed upon the same man—and he a man in every way worthy to receive them.

After the guests had said good night the President and I went into his study, which for many years was the old cabinet room. We talked until very late.

I retired and spent an almost sleepless night in a high-ceilinged bedroom. My thoughts were of the history those four walls contained. Especially, my mind dwelt on President Lincoln. I wondered if the greatest of all Americans had ever slept in that room.

I recalled a story told me by my friend, James W. Scott, of the Chicago Herald, in 1894. He said, "My father took me to Washington in 1863, when I was a small boy. We arrived at night and went to a hotel—I think it was called the National Hotel. I could hardly go to sleep thinking of what I was to see the next day. After a restless night I awoke about five the next morning. My father was still asleep. So I quietly dressed and went downstairs; a sleepy bell boy told me how to reach the White House.

"As I looked through the high iron fence which surrounds the historic home of the Presidents I saw a tall figure come out of the front door. From his pictures I knew it was Abraham Lincoln. He crossed the lawn to the gate leading to the War Office. I ran around to be nearer the gate when he came out.

"The President wore old-fashioned carpet slippers. His hands were clasped behind his back, his head down. As he came to where I stood he looked at me with the saddest pair of eyes I ever saw in a human being, and said, 'Good morning, bub.'

"I was told that he went to the War Office at six o'clock in the morning to get the latest news from the front."

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of articles by Mr. Kohlsaat. The next will appear in an early issue.

BETWEEN FRIENDS

(Continued from Page 19)

the envelope. Pegram & Bleek, it was addressed to; and with a sudden thumping of the heart he realized that the firm was a firm of brokers, one of the largest in the Street.

Well, all's fair in love and war; and Wall Street is merely a synonym for warfare. Old Bope, too, had not been above stooping to trick the young man of the Bible class; and a moment later Wally stood on the Broadway corner, gasping, the wild light of excitement in his eyes. The letter read:

Dear Sirs: Confirming telephone conversation of even date, you are instructed to buy until further orders all blocks of Gulf Transport common offered in the market, the same to be taken at whatever the quotation, the price regardless. Inclosed find check.

Yrs. respectfully,

Roscoe Bope.

The check was inclosed. The check was for a million dollars; and jamming his hat down on his head, in three leaps Wally was across Broadway and darting down the slope of Wall Street. Mr. Bope's office was in Wall Street, but Wally didn't tarry as he came to the squat, dingy and old-fashioned building that housed it. At full speed he turned the corner into Nassau Street. He was still running, the sweat streaming from his face.

"George!" said Mr. Bope, "George!"

Mr. Bope had just come in. His weather-beaten soft hat he placed carefully on a hook, and with the same care he removed from his coat tails a pair of rosy-cheeked juicy winter pippins and placed them in a drawer of his desk. Pippins were two for five this morning, and Mr. Bope's smile was more than ordinarily benign. It would

(Continued on Page 49)

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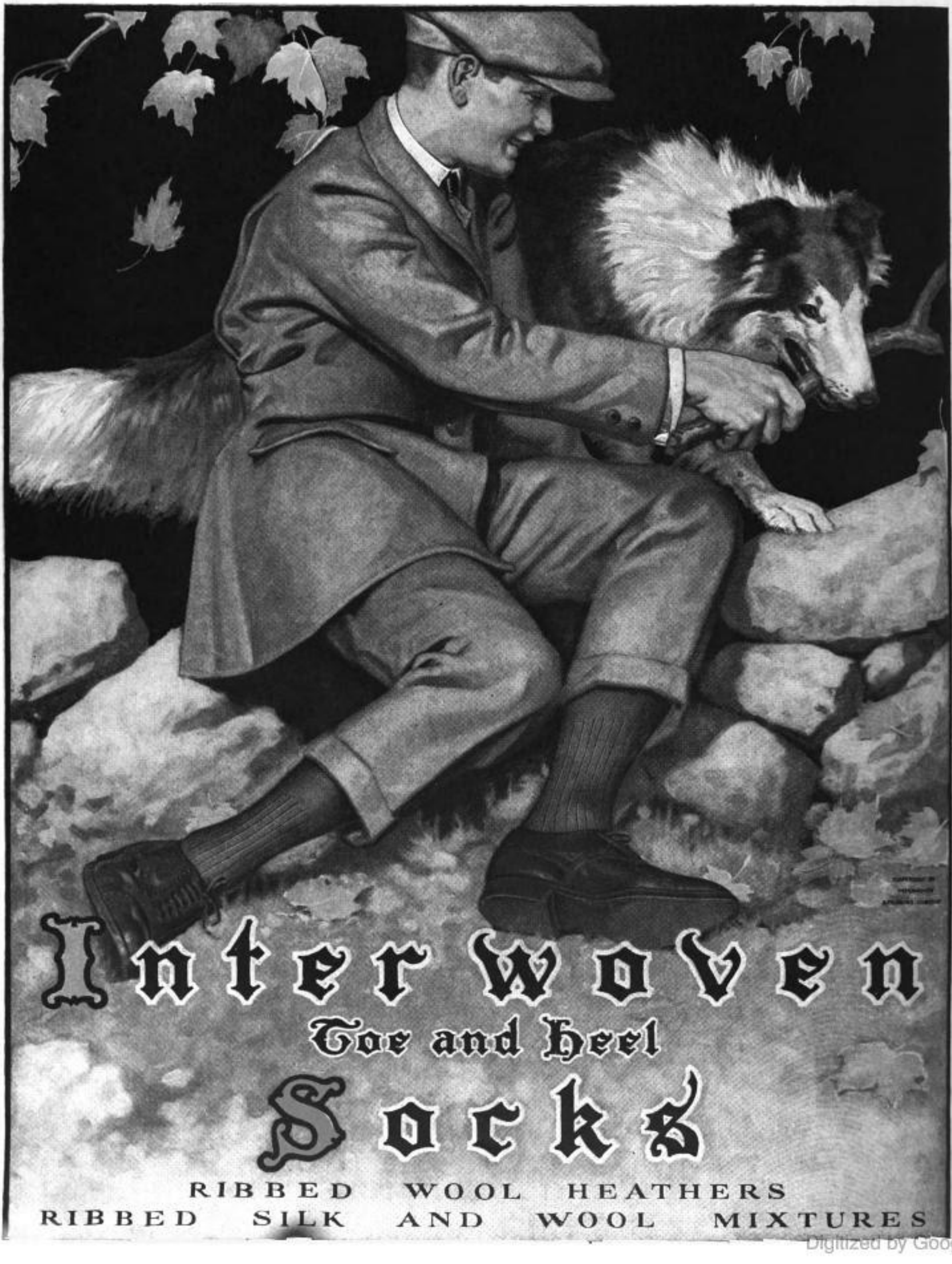
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(Continued from Page 46)

have done one good, in fact, to have seen the old gentleman's radiant, benevolent expression as he stood there.

In response to the call a stoop-shouldered, unobtrusive shadow, aged and of frugal appearance, like Mr. Bope, came silently into the office.

"Jennie, George," Mr. Bope said frugally.

As frugally the aged George nodded and withdrew, immediately after which the door reopened, and a slender figure, young and good-looking, entered the dim, somewhat dingy room.

"Well?" inquired Mr. Bope.

The young woman, Mr. Bope's secretary, evidently had just arrived at the office. Her hat, a pale blue straw with a spray of cornflowers and poppies on it, she still was wearing; and in her eyes was a momentary look of disquiet, of ennui. When she spoke, answering his brief query, her tone, too, reflected her air.

"I'm afraid you were right, Mr. Bope," she murmured.

Evidently Mr. Bope did not share her disquiet, whatever the disquiet was. A giggle escaped him—a frosty, tinkling little laugh.

"'Course I was right! Didn't I tell you all along?" he chuckled. Evidently he had, for the young woman's air grew still more clouded. "Well," said Mr. Bope, "that old skinflint, our friend, is pretty slick, I'll give him credit; but after this, I guess, he won't think he's quite so cute." He giggled again. "The young fellow went right to the deacon, you say?" he asked.

It was so, it seemed; and the young woman nodded.

"Ho, ho!" laughed Mr. Bope, rocking to and fro in his chair.

A joke, it was clear, Mr. Bope dearly loved; and this joke, it seemed, must be one quite out of the ordinary. However, as the old gentleman himself would have said, business before pleasure; and as his secretary went toward the door Mr. Bope's levity ended briefly.

"Let me have those letters, please," he said.

The letters the young woman took from a drawer. Each was of the same type and sort as the one Mr. Bope had lost just now in the street; and each, strangely, was addressed to the selfsame firm of brokers. Having glanced at each Mr. Bope rose from his desk. Waiting till the young lady, his secretary, had closed the door behind her, Mr. Bope tiptoed cautiously across the room to the window.

The street below was crowded; and screened by the wall the old gentleman peered down at the passing throng. Also, he glanced swiftly at the windows of the building across the street. No one was looking from them, however; and after a moment's wait he opened the window beside him a couple of inches or so. The next instant Mr. Bope did a very curious thing. One by one, at intervals of three or four minutes or so, he scaled into the street the three addressed unsealed letters in his hand. As they fluttered downward Mr. Bope watched them fall. Then he returned to his seat.

"George!" he called. "George!"

The door silently opened and as silently Mr. Bope's head clerk entered. At his desk Mr. Bope sat busy with the mail upon it. He was again smiling and benign.

"London, George?" inquired Mr. Bope.

"Weak, sir," answered George; "opened weak."

Mr. Bope's smile grew still more benevolent.

"Did you stop that check?" he asked. "The one I lost just now?"

"Yes, sir," replied George; "I had it stopped before you wrote it."

"Thank you, George," said Mr. Bope; "that's all."

II

TEN minutes to ten. In ten minutes now the market would open; and the stairs of the Nassau Street office building Wally took two at a time. The building of course had an elevator; but as the elevator was up at the moment, he'd wasted no time waiting for it to come down. He hadn't a minute to lose in fact.

In the three blocks he'd covered from Broadway Wally's mind had kept pace with his precipitous gait. He knew clearly what he must do. The letter he had picked up in the street was in fact as if Fate, the goddess Fortune, had swung wide the doors of the Subtreasury down the way and told him to help himself. A corner in Gulf Transport common, at any rate, was what the old boy, Roscoe Bope, was swinging; and Wally's heart bumped again as he thought of the use a business man like himself could make of that information. The trouble was, though, that with only six thousand or so in the bank, Wally's present balance, a fellow couldn't play the tip for all it was worth. A fellow, if he meant to land a regular knock-out, would need every share he could get his hands on. A thousand shares would be a shoestring. Ten thousand wouldn't be too many. What a man really ought to play on big inside dope like this would be a block of twenty or thirty thousand shares. It's small wonder, indeed, that as Wally reached the head of the stairs and darted along the hall his breath was coming in gasps. It was a knock-out, a killing!

Halting an instant to compose himself he opened the door at the end of the hall.

The office, a bare, scantily furnished place with high white ceiling, lit dimly by a single dusty window, for an instant chilled him with its stillness, its reticent, almost secret quiet. He wondered, too, at its dinginess. For a man of Deacon Waite's financial magnitude he had, in fact, expected different quarters—a large, richly furnished suite, say, an army of clerks in attendance, and the place bustling itself with activity, enterprise. Instead, as he stood at the door, his hand still on the knob, a single indigent and mussy-looking person with shiny elbows and sleeves looked up from a desk in the corner. His eyes, furtive and peering, glanced at the visitor, after which they fled back to the papers on his desk.

"Is Mr. Waite in?" Wally asked breathlessly.

The eyes peered up from the desk, fled back to the papers again.

"I do not know," said the dingy person, his voice as dingy, worn.

"Please see at once," Wally said imperatively.

It was nearly five minutes to ten now and his restlessness was growing rapidly. In five minutes the market would open. The fellow at the desk, however, did not seem to share the impatience the caller felt. He dipped his pen into the inkwell before him, wrote a line or two on the papers, and then methodically blotted what he had written.

"Have you an appointment with Mr. Waite?" he inquired.

With some difficulty Wally restrained himself. Here he was, with a matter involving thousands, not to say millions, in his hands; yet this shabby, seedy fellow's air was as listless and indifferent as if Wally were a peddler, a huckster trying to sell him a penny box of matches. He was in fact filled with astonishment that a financier of the deacon's reputed ability should keep a dolt like this in his employ.

"Tell Mr. Waite that Mr. Bartow is here," he said curtly. Then with a sudden inspiration, a gleam of superthought, he added: "It's about Mr. Bope—Mr. Roscoe Bope."

Instantly that seemed to do it.

"Mr. Bope!" exclaimed the fellow.

A quick startled glance he shot at Wally. The next instant, his eyes suspicious, he swept into a drawer the papers on the desk. A key was in the drawer; and turning the key he withdrew it and thrust it into his pocket. The drawer he also tried, as if to make sure it was securely locked; after which he sidled toward a door at the back, his eyes on Wally, never leaving Wally for an instant. It was exactly as if he expected the visitor to snatch up something and bolt out of the place with it. Then, opening the door on a crack, he pushed his head inside.

"A person from Mr. Bope," he said to someone within.

"A what?" a voice ejaculated.

"From Mr. Roscoe Bope," said the dingy one.

A chair scraped noisily and a moment later a head peered cautiously over the other's shoulder. The head was the deacon's head, and framed in its well-known set of close-cropped side whiskers the deacon's face was a picture of low, startled wonder.

"Bope, did you say?" he said. "Roscoe Bope?"

"It's I, deacon," said Wally. "Don't you know me?"

It was then he was recognized.

"I'm dummed!" the deacon exclaimed. "It's th' young feller in th' Bible class!"

Ten o'clock! Back in his office on Wall Street Mr. Bope softly raised his voice again.

"George!" he called. "George!"

Though it was ten only—not noon—Mr. Bope had taken from the desk one of the pair of apples he'd bought for his luncheon; and, the wastepaper basket between his knees, he was carefully peeling the apple over it. It was not often of course that Mr. Bope broke his habit like this—eating, as it were, between meals; and when he did George knew it to be a sign his employer's mind was unusually absorbed, employed.

As George entered Mr. Bope went on peeling the apple.

"Market opened?" he inquired.

It had. "Dull, sir," said George; "dishwater."

The penknife in Mr. Bope's deft hand peeled on deftly. He took pride, it seemed, in paring off the entire skin in a single unbroken curlicue, and absorbed in this for a moment he did not speak again. Then as success capped the effort and the paring fell, an unbroken whole, into the awaiting basket, Mr. Bope gave a murmur, a brief grunt of satisfaction. After that Mr. Bope bit enjoyably into the fruit.

"Gulf Transport, George?" he inquired, his mouth full.

"Dull, too," returned George; and Mr. Bope munched a moment thoughtfully.

"Guess the deacon ain't bit yet," he remarked.

"No, sir," replied George; and Mr. Bope eyed the apple reflectively.

"Well, don't worry," he said as he took another bite; "he will."

If at the moment, though, Mr. Bope could have peeped into the inside room of the office round the corner in Nassau Street he might not have seemed so placid and assured. However, you couldn't tell. It was one thing about Mr. Bope that you never could.

The deacon was seated at his desk. Across the desk stood Wally. He had just risen to his feet and he was staring at the deacon, his mouth agape, his eyes starting with wonder, with consternation.

"You won't?" he ejaculated.

"Not if I know myself," replied the deacon. On his face, radiating from whisker to whisker, was a wide illuminating leer. "What d'you take me fur, young man?" he inquired; and in the same breath the answer he supplied: "A farm hand, a Simeon?"

"But you don't understand!" cried Wally.

His consternation was complete. The letter—Mr. Bope's—he had shown to Deacon Waite. The check, too, he had given him to look at. This accomplished, and his face reflecting his enfevered, growing excitement, Wally had outlined hurriedly the plan of action he saw that he and the deacon must take. Between them, and before Mr. Bope could do it, he and the deacon must collar every share of Gulf Transport common they could get their hands upon. The deacon was to do the buying; and briefly, hurriedly, his eye on the clock, Wally had outlined how the deacon must go about it. The deacon, as he warned him, must be very careful not to let old Bope know they were buying Gulf common too. It must be done shrewdly, so that Bope, before he could corner the market, must pay them, pay heavily, too, for their stock. For his share of the profits, Wally reckoned, a quarter of what they made would do. That would be right, seeing that of course the deacon would have to put up the money used.

It was clear, concise. Wally in fact stirred consciously with pride for his cleverness. It was something to make any business man proud. One may judge, indeed, his astonishment when he heard the deacon break into a snigger.

"Say, young feller," said the deacon, "d'you think I was born a yesterday?"

"What!" cried Wally.

"Yeah," the deacon added; "that mousy old skin who sent you here mus' think I'm a regular come-on."

"Sent me?" echoed Wally, astounded; and he gave another exclamation. "I tell you I picked up the letter in the street!"

"Yeah," answered the deacon, and he grinned; "that's where Roscoe, when he has a hen on, always drops 'em."

His hand slid under the desk and in the outer office a buzzer buzzed. The seedy person, in echo, appeared at the door.

"So long, young feller," drawled the deacon; "see you up to th' Bible class sometime."

A moment later, still gaping, overwhelmed, Wally found himself out in the



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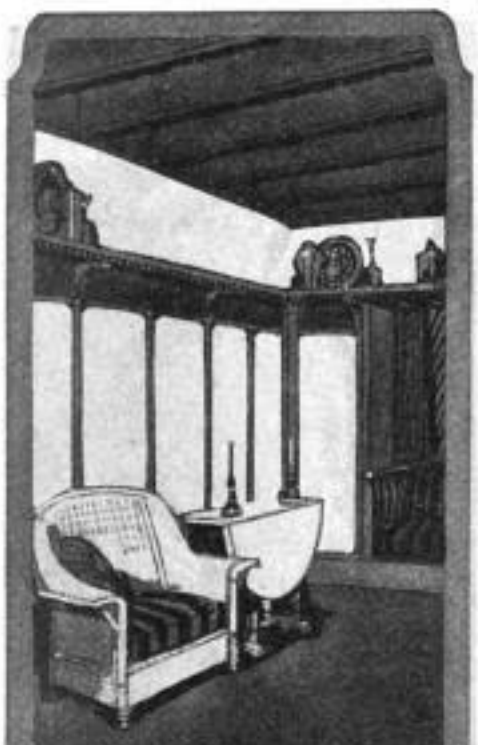
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hall. Inside, however, once the door had closed on the visitor, the deacon's manner changed abruptly. Alert, active, he scrambled to his feet.

"Quick, Higgins!" he directed. "Get me Bleet & Casco on the phone."

Bleet & Casco were the deacon's favorite brokers; and when the seedy one had rung up the number the deacon snatched the telephone from his hand.

"That you, Bleet?" He leaned close to the mouthpiece, his eagerness manifest. "Say, Bleet," he said, "old Roscoe Bope's trying to unload G. T. common. Sell ten thousand shares for me at the market. Sell, you understand. Then sell another thousand at a quarter point down, and keep on selling it till I tell you to stop. I'm a-goin' t' break the market before he c'n unload."

III

OUT in the street Wally stopped and wiped the sweat from his brow. He was like one dazed, befuddled. Of course by now he'd grasped what was wrong: the deacon, his mind dulled by age, had become a senile, doddering ruin; yet though this was so it didn't help Wally much. However, he did not stand there wasting time in futile regrets. If the deacon was too old and feeble-minded to grasp the chance for millions he'd been offered there was still a chance for Wally. He still had the six thousand in the bank; and picking up his heels again Wally ran. Three minutes later he burst in at the door of Rooker, Burke & Co.'s New Street brokerage office.

The market, as Mr. Bope's George already had reported, had opened flat and stagnant; but in the next five minutes a hint of activity had begun to crop up here and there in the list. Buck Rooker, a cigar jutting from his jaws, stood beside the ticker; and as was his wont, the head partner was delivering a little early morning discourse on the market's technical position. The term was one often on Mr. Rooker's lips; and it was one in which he appeared to delight in no small way. Invariably, in fact, the market's technical position was such as would encourage trading on the part of his clientele; though as to whether the clients should buy or sell, Buck never committed himself. It was evidently all one to him whether they bought or sold. One way or the other it meant commissions, a fat kitty for the day.

Today Gulf Transport common seemed the card. There was a strong tip out on the stock. Whether to buy the stock or sell it was of course a question; but this, as usual, Buck evaded saying.

"The stock's technical position ——" Buck had just begun, when the crash at the door cut him short.

Wally, his face now scarlet and moist, precipitated himself across the room.

"Quick!" he ejaculated, and gripping Rooker by the arm he tried to lead him aside.

"Just a moment!" said the broker sharply.

Dabblers in a feverish hurry were nothing new to Buck; besides which, it annoyed him to have interrupted these little early morning discourses of his. He had in fact begun again "Th' stock's technical position ——" when Wally gave his arm another shake.

"Say, don't you hear me?" Wally cried. "I've got the dope on Gulf Transport—the real dope, not that guff you're giving them! Hurry or it'll be too late!"

The room instantly was in an uproar.

In the van of the crowd that launched itself on Wally was a small rotund gentleman with Oriental features, whose eyes behind their thick-lensed glasses now seemed to be popping from their orbits. Mr. Bimberg, the trader in question, was a specialist in five and ten share lots.

"You got a dip, vat? You have inzide stuff?" he vociferated; and at the same time, and in the same excited way, he began slapping his waistcoat pockets. Not finding there what he sought, Mr. Bimberg tried his other pockets. These, too, proved empty; but at this juncture Mr. Bimberg evidently found what he was hunting; for reaching over he snatched from the waistcoat pocket of a trader near him a large fat cigar; and this he thrust at Wally. "Have a smoke—a smoke on Bimmy!" cried Mr. Bimberg; and pushing the cigar into Wally's hand Mr. Bimberg smiled effusively, then inquired: "You have a dip? A dip on Gulluf Transbort, you say?"

Wally had. Wally, too, was a good fellow; and he had no wish to hog all for himself the fortune that had fallen in his lap.

"Say, fellers," he said, and his voice cracked as he said it, "keep it dark, but I've got the lowdown, the real inside dope. Buy Gulf common; buy it strong. They're going to corner the market!"

The next instant the cigar went flying out of his hand and he was sent staggering back against the wall. Mr. Bimberg, his arms and elbows going like flails, had propelled himself like a bullet toward the cashier's cage at the back.

"Beeks, Beeks!" shouted Mr. Bimberg; "buy me ten shares Gulluf! Buy it at der markget!"

A moment later Wally got in his order.

"Five hundred at the market, Beeks," he said; and handing the manager a check he added, "There's six thousand for margins, old man."

"Atta boy!" said Beeks, clapping him on the shoulder.

Over in his Wall Street office Mr. Bope was finishing off his apple. Only the core remained; and this he inspected critically. Then, just as he was about to throw the remnant into the wastepaper basket, Mr. Bope evidently reconsidered, for the core he cut in half and began to munch that also. Still munching he raised his voice:

"George! Are you there, George?"

George was there. He appeared, in echo, at the door.

"Any news, George?"

"Yes, Mr. Bope," replied George; "Miss Jennie is just phoning those brokers now."

"I'll see her when she's done," said Mr. Bope.

He had just finished the second half of the core when his secretary appeared in the doorway. She was frowning, her brow more clouded than before; and gulping the final mouthful Mr. Bope carefully closed his jackknife, replaced the knife in his pocket and put the wastebasket under his desk.

"Well?" he inquired then.

The secretary gave a shrug.

"The young man bought, Mr. Bope," she said.

"What?" cried Mr. Bope, starting.

His face was astonished. In the look, too, was dismay. It was, in fact, as if Mr. Bope had been struck with consternation; and the young woman, his secretary, nodded slowly.

"I got Rooker himself on the phone," she said. "Mr. Bartow bought, he didn't sell. He bought five hundred shares at the market."

"Sho!" ejaculated Mr. Bope.

The dismay grew in his face. Evidently some plan of his had gone wrong; and to judge from his look, it seemed to have gone wrong disastrously. He sat there, his mouth slack, the grin in his face sheepish.

"Well," he said, his fingers plucking his chin, "I can't make head or tail of it. You're sure he took that letter I dropped right straight to th' deacon's office?"

"Positive," replied his secretary; and Mr. Bope wagged his head regretfully.

"Something's wrong," he said. "If the deacon saw that letter he'd be certain it was fishy. The letter said to buy; so the deacon, knowing it was phony, would do jus' th' opposite, wouldn't he? So would th' young feller, too, seeing as the two of them are in cahoots. You don't think, do you, by any chance, that th' deacon's losin' his mind? He's gettin' awful old." He mused again, his brows wrinkled into a knot. "Something's wrong anyways," he said once more.

"I know what's wrong, Mr. Bope," said his secretary. Her tone was slow, deliberate; her eyes had grown more clouded. "Unless I'm mistaken we've done that young man an injustice."

Mr. Bope looked up dully.

"The young feller I'm the Bible class?"

"Yes, Mr. Bope. The other day, I'm sure, the deacon didn't send him to you for that tip, the one you gave him. You thought so, I know; but the tip he played, Rooker says, just as you told him to play it. As I've also found out," she added, "Deacon Waite, too, gave him a tip."

Mr. Bope shot her another startled glance.

"Th' deacon gave him a tip!"

"Yes, Mr. Bope," she repeated; "the deacon, too, gave him a tip; and between the deacon's tip and the one you gave him, it cost the young man eleven thousand dollars." She stopped there. "Why, Mr. Bope!" she cried.

Mr. Bope had risen. At the same time he gave vent to a shout, a whoop.

"I've got it! That old skin, the deacon, double-crossed the boy! He wormed out of him all he could, then he turned him down!" Hustling toward the door Mr. Bope called, "George, George!"

The head clerk, at a gait almost brisk, reappeared; and hurriedly Mr. Bope demanded, "What's Gulf Transport doing now?"

"Shooting fireworks, Mr. Bope," was the reply. "Tumbling downstairs, head over heels." Then, as if apologetic for this laxity, his exuberance of speech, George added crisply, "A bear raid has developed in the stock, sir. Ten thousand shares was sold just after the opening; and they're still selling blocks at every fraction down."

Mr. Bope again seated himself. Once more his seamed rugged face shone like the spring sunshine outside.

"Th' deacon's bit!" he beamed.

IV

THAT hectic, enfevered occasion, the forty-eight-hour flurry in Gulf Transport common, Wall Street still remembers. Opening on the morning of the first day at a price of 90¾, for an hour or so the stock backed to and fro within the narrow limits of half a point or thereabouts. Then, as noon approached, the market grew harried. Block after block, as the tape showed, was being thrown in on either side; but in spite of this, neither of the opposing forces seemed able to get the upper hand. Around 90 the stock beat back and forth like a shuttle; and in every brokerage shop the dabblers sat and watched the battle, their wonder growing.

Of what was going on only a few had any idea. These of course were Wally Bartow's fellow traders, the crowd at Rooker, Burke & Co.'s; and by noon even these began to grow perplexed. Action is what every dabbler wants, a run for his money; but in a stock moving within the narrow limits of three-quarters of a point you can't get very far. Wally, seated before the quotation board, was surrounded by an excited throng.

"It's all right, fellows," he assured them; "don't worry, I tell you."

It was a proud moment for him. The man with inside stuff, a sure tip on what is going on behind the scenes, is always the envied popular boy in the brokerage shop he happens to frequent. Wally himself often had envied fellows like these he met; and now to find himself one of them did much to compensate for all the worries and troubles he had undergone. A cigar cocked up in his mouth, his hat canted and thumbs stuck in his armpits, he lolled back in his chair, watching the quotation board with a critical, professional air.

As the stock touched 90 he grinned. "Shaking out the pikers," he commented. Rebounding again, the stock went to 90½. "A threat to the shorts," he grinned. Once more Gulf Transport sagged half a point; and he let out a chuckle. "Giving 'em rope to choke 'emselves," he said.

Mr. Bimberg, by now unable to restrain himself, leaped up from his chair and with both hands dragged down his hat to his ears.

"Sure, they choke!" he ejaculated. "I choke mine ownselluf!"

He gave his collar a tug, a yank that came near to tearing it from his neck; and having wiped the moisture from his brow Mr. Bimberg shot a glare, first at the quotation board, then at Wally. "A corner you call it?" he exploded. "It's a ring-around-rosy it plays!"

"Accumulation, Bimmy," smiled Wally, explaining the stock's uncertain movement at which Mr. Bimberg exploded again.

"Aggumulation, vat? Vell, if it is," said Mr. Bimberg, "a feller dies of old age before he make a nickel enough to pay him his carfare uptown!"

Wally smiled on. Finchville he'd forgotten now. All his early morning doubts and regrets he also had forgotten. He no longer thought even of his disconcerting, astonishing interview with that old humbug, that dodo, Deacon Waite. A Wall Street man, a financier, was what Wally somewhat consciously had termed himself early that day in the L train; but now, if he'd been asked to admit it Wally would have felt no question. A pleasant sense of importance warmed him. An insider now, in on the know at last, he had a feeling of wading deep in the unseen hidden waters of the world's greatest center of affairs, the Street—Wall Street.

Once early in the day Buck Rooker came out of the back office and looked across the room at Wally. A faint grin lurked in

(Continued on Page 53)

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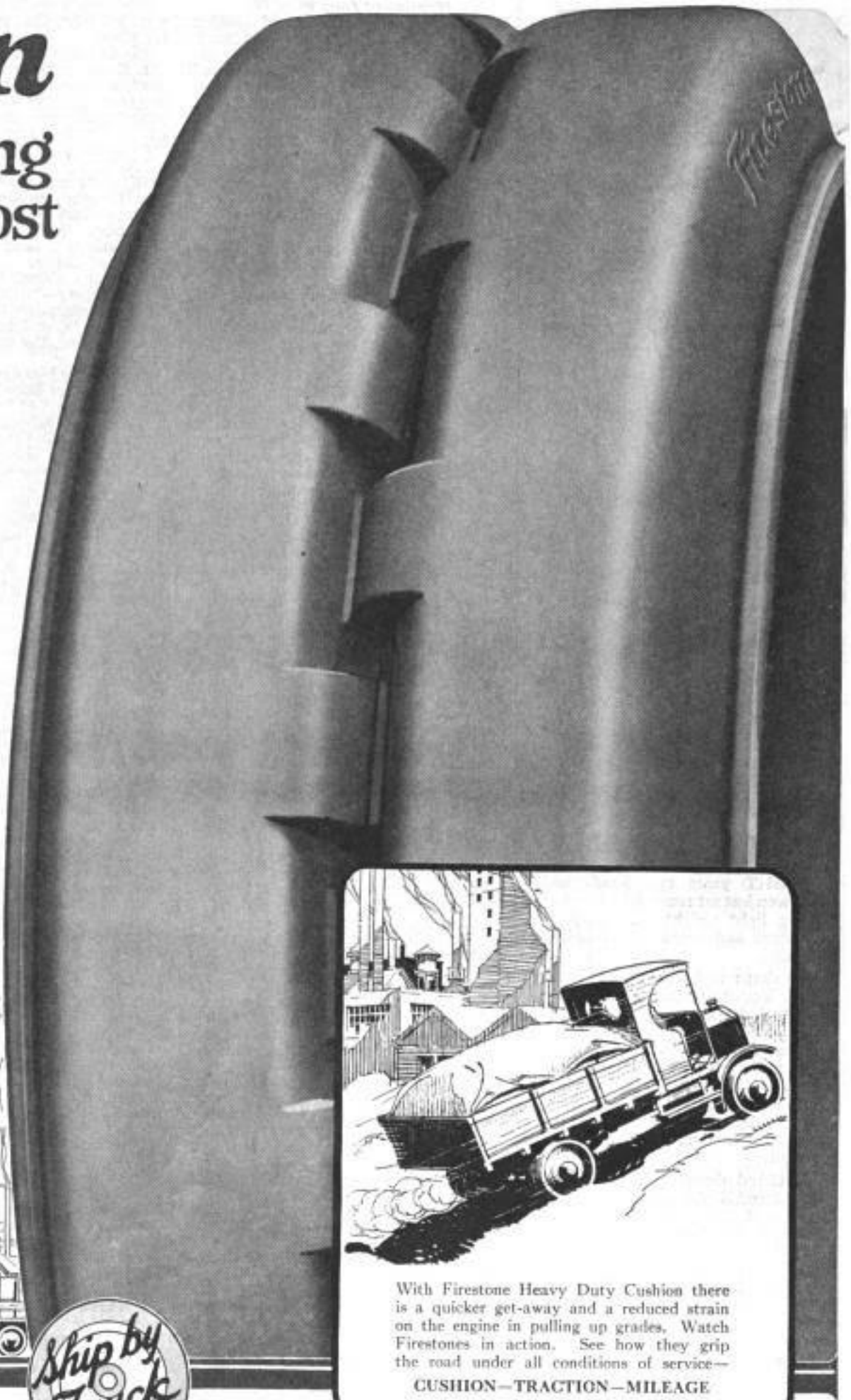
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(Continued from Page 50)

Rooker's eyes, but Buck said nothing. Later Buck came out again; and again he grinned to himself. It was as if Buck knew something; and for an instant a small haunting thought, a fear, crept into Wally's heart. What if something was wrong? What if, by chance, he'd misjudged the information in that letter, the one he'd found? It was the same doubt, the fear that every dabbler feels, of course, even when he plays a knock-out, a certainty. Nothing is sure in Wall Street; and even the insiders will tell you that—the real insiders. They, too, sometimes read 'em and weep. With the letter, however, nothing was wrong. It was exactly as Wally had read it.

The letter he still had in his pocket; and with it he also had the check. The check, as well as the letter itself, he meant to return of course; but he would take his time about it. Of more importance now was that he should sit and watch the market; and his confidence and courage returning Wally lolled in his chair, puffing one of the cigars Mr. Bimberg and the others had thrust into his hands. A Wall Street man, a financier! They all get that way sooner or later, the Wallys of the brokerage shops.

It was noon when the crash came. A sudden stir ran through the customers' room. Over in the corner beside the board the ticker stamped and thudded, chattering as it ground out the prices on the tape; and the clerk beside it all at once raised his voice.

"Gulf, 90!" he called. Instantly he spoke again. "A thousand Gulf at 89 and seven-eighths! Gulf, the same! Another hundred the same!" Then his voice mounting shrilly he cried the next quotation on the tape. "Gulf, three-quarters! A thousand at a half! Gulf, three-eighths! Zip! See her slide! Three thousand Gulf at a quarter!"

Wally struggled to his feet. The men beside him rose too; and around him the excitement grew. Touching 89 flat, the next quotation broke under the figure; and still it went on tumbling.

"Gulf a half! Five hundred at three-eighths! Gulf a quarter!"

Dazed and bewildered, he was still gaping at the board when out of the crowd about him leaped a figure that fell upon Wally and began to claw him with wildly waving hands.

"Vat is it? Vat's heppening?" vociferated Mr. Bimberg. "A corner, you call it, but Hummel! Is it a corner backwards, vat!"

Wally gaped. Gulf Transport still was falling, the flood of breaking prices looking as if the knees had gone out from under it.

"I bust!" proclaimed Mr. Bimberg. "Simply I bust!"

His face bewildered, Wally stared at the board.

"I don't understand it," he stammered; "it was a corner they said—that is, I know so. They were going to corner the stock."

Mr. Bimberg fell on him again.

"Who told you?" he demanded. "From vere are you told, you say?"

Wally hadn't said. That part, as well as the letter he'd found, he'd told nothing about. Now, however, he told them.

"It was Mr. Bope," said Wally; "Roscoe Bope."

Almost instantly uproar broke out around him. A momentary hush preceded it. The name, Roscoe Bope's, seemed to silence them all. It was in fact one to conjure with anywhere in Wall Street; and in the tense excited faces about Wally a dawning wonder grew. Then a voice broke the stillness.

"Bope?"

"Yes," Wally acknowledged; and the voice spoke again. The low wonder in it grew too.

"You say Bope gave you the tip; Roscoe Bope?"

Wally flushed at the tone. It expressed flat, open incredulity that Roscoe Bope ever would give anyone a tip. However, Wally stood to his guns.

"I have it in black and white," he said; adding, "I have a letter from old Bope himself."

The minute he said it he wished he hadn't. The crowd made a surge toward him.

"A letter from Bope? What?"

Stumbling and confused, Wally came out with it then—how and where he'd come into possession of the letter, he told them.

"Fellers, I saw old Bope drop it in the street."

There was a distinct pause. It was then, a second later, that uproar burst forth in the place.

"In the street? You picked it up?"

A shout came from them. In it, to Wally's dismay, he heard a yell or two of laughter. One cry louder than the others came from the men crowded about him, its author Mr. Bimberg.

"Beeks!" yelled Mr. Bimberg. "Beeks, quick!"

His arms and elbows again like flails, Mr. Bimberg propelled himself across the room to where Beeks stood near the cashier's cage. Grabbing Beeks by the arm Mr. Bimberg pushed and shoved him toward the window.

"My ten shares Gulluf," vociferated Mr. Bimberg—"quick, sell them out. Then ten shares on the short side I sell. Hurry, Beeks, or I bust!"

Back among the crowd Wally was still protesting.

"But I saw him drop it!" he protested. "It was Roscoe Bope himself!"

Another burst of laughter greeted him; and as he gaped about him he felt an elbow give him a dig in the side. The elbow was Mr. Bimberg's. Having switched his trade Mr. Bimberg, now somewhat restored to calmness, had returned to Wally's side.

"Say, young feller," said Wally's small rotund fellow dabbler, "it's a joke old Bope makes off you—a laugh like this, ha, ha!" With his elbow he gave Wally another jocular dig. "Come twenty years now, old Bope he drops him those letters in der streed. Und, yes," added Mr. Bimberg with a knowing leer, "that's der vey he makes der suckers bite. He writes him a letter, und then, yes, he drops it for some sucker to pick up."

A moment or so later Wally awoke from his haze to find himself alone. For a brief hour or so the crowd had made him their pet, their idol; but now what often happens to heroes like himself—brokerage-shop heroes in particular—it was his bitter experience to learn. A hick, a rube was what he was; and as he chewed upon the thought, again a second time that morning there came back to him a memory. It was of Finchville he thought. Finchville, not Wall Street, was where a simp like himself belonged; and, his hat jammed over his ears, he wandered out of the brokerage office. Behind him as he went he heard the clerk at the ticker still chanting, "Gulf 87 and a half! Gulf, three-eighths!" But he hardly heard it.

A Wall Street man, a financier? He was too shamed and humbled even to try to face the crowd again. He was finished, he was through!

Around the corner, in his Wall Street office, the clock was just striking half past twelve when Mr. Bope helped himself to his second apple. His jackknife he took from his pocket and the wastepaper basket he placed between his knees.

"George!" called Mr. Bope.

"Yes, Mr. Bope," said George.

For a moment Mr. Bope did not speak. His face, benign and indulgent, was deeply absorbed in his task; and knowing his master, George was careful not to distract him. It was in fact not until the apple was peeled completely and the skin, an unbroken curling whole, had fallen with a plop into the basket that Mr. Bope looked up.

"What's Gulf Transport, George?" he asked.

George consulted a memorandum in his hand.

"Gulf Transport's 86, sir, and still tumbling," he said; and at the words, instantly a gleam like a burst of sunshine irradiated his master's face.

"Fine!" exclaimed Mr. Bope. "Splendid!" And regarding the apple for a moment he bit off another mouthful. Then, his mouth full and munching enjoyably, Mr. Bope spoke again.

"Well, George,"—said Mr. Bope, "I guess it's time now we put the screws to our friend, the deacon!"

▼

IT WAS tough, it was raw. It was a good deal rougher and tougher in fact than even Wally had thought it could be; and his hands in his pockets, his hat jammed down on his ears, he wandered aimlessly on. An hour passed, another followed, and still he tracked the streets. All was over now. His money was gone—the twenty-four thousand he once had thought was all the money in the world; but bitter as was the remembrance, he had other thoughts still more bitter. The one in chief was the thought of what a hick, a boob, he'd been. The way he'd fallen for those two old sharks, Roscoe Bope and the deacon, was a sample. The two he'd taken for a pair of doddering old dodoes, a brace of moldy has-beens; and between them they'd turned him inside out.

The game he saw now. Step by step he pieced it together. The two had laid for him, just as they laid for every hick and boob that happened to cross their path. Probably they'd known all along of that piece of money, the twenty-four thousand; and from the first they'd set out to get their hooks on it.

Then he had another thought—a sudden stabbing pang of suspicion; shame, too, with it. Who was that girl, the one he'd met at the Bible class? Where did she come in, and what was she doing in Wall Street? Was she one of the gang? He remembered how she'd led him on, getting him to talk about himself. She'd been stringing him, that was what she'd done; and a tide of color leaped into his face—shame. On top of that, a thrill of rage all at once swept him. It was rage at the way these two grasping, avaricious old men had used that as their means to trim him. It was because of this, the front they put up at the church, that he'd let them get in on him; and he stopped short, his fists clenched, the rancor working in his face.

A clock near by struck the hour. It was half past two, but Wally gave no heed to that. It was hard to say which of the two, that pair of grasping tricky schemers, revolted him the most. Then in a flash he saw something else. It was how once again that morning the deacon had double-crossed him. He knew now why the deacon had laughed. The letter the deacon had made Wally let him see; and then, having gotten out of him all he could, he had turned down Wally and made use of the information. That was what he'd done! And for an instant before his eyes the street wheeled round and round.

"The skate! The short card!" choked Wally.

It was only for an instant, though. The mutter was still rumbling from his lips when a look, a gleam of grim decision, leaped into his eyes. He'd show him! He'd let that fellow, the deacon, see what a man, a business man, thought of a flim-flammer like him. The next instant, swinging on his heel, Wally had started back toward Nassau Street.

It was a quarter to three, fifteen minutes before the market's close, when the bell from the back office rang. All the afternoon, at rapidly recurring intervals, the bell had been doing that; and outside, in the room adjoining, the submerged shiny-elbowed person pushed back his chair and hurriedly answered the summons. At his desk inside sat the deacon; and as the door opened and his clerk appeared at it the deacon's close-cropped side whiskers bristled.

"Well?" snapped the deacon.

His seedy underling writhed painfully.

"I've phoned, sir; I've been phoning every moment. Your broker's on the floor, sir, and they don't seem able to get him. I'm doing my best, I assure you, sir," he said.

An explosion seemed imminent. The deacon's cheeks expanded themselves, his sideburns under the pressure standing out like jibs; and hurriedly the clerk spoke again.

"Sir," he said, "the young man, the one from the Bible class, he's outside again."

"What?" said the deacon.

"Yes, sir," said his clerk; "the young fellow from Roscoe Bope."

"Hah!" said the deacon; and he rose.

Wally stood outside. Near by, in a corner of the office, a stock ticker clacked and chattered, its type wheel whirring, the tape pouring from its maw, but Wally did not look at it. He was done now with tickers and what tickers meant. His face white, his jaw set, determined, he rehearsed in his mind what he meant to say.

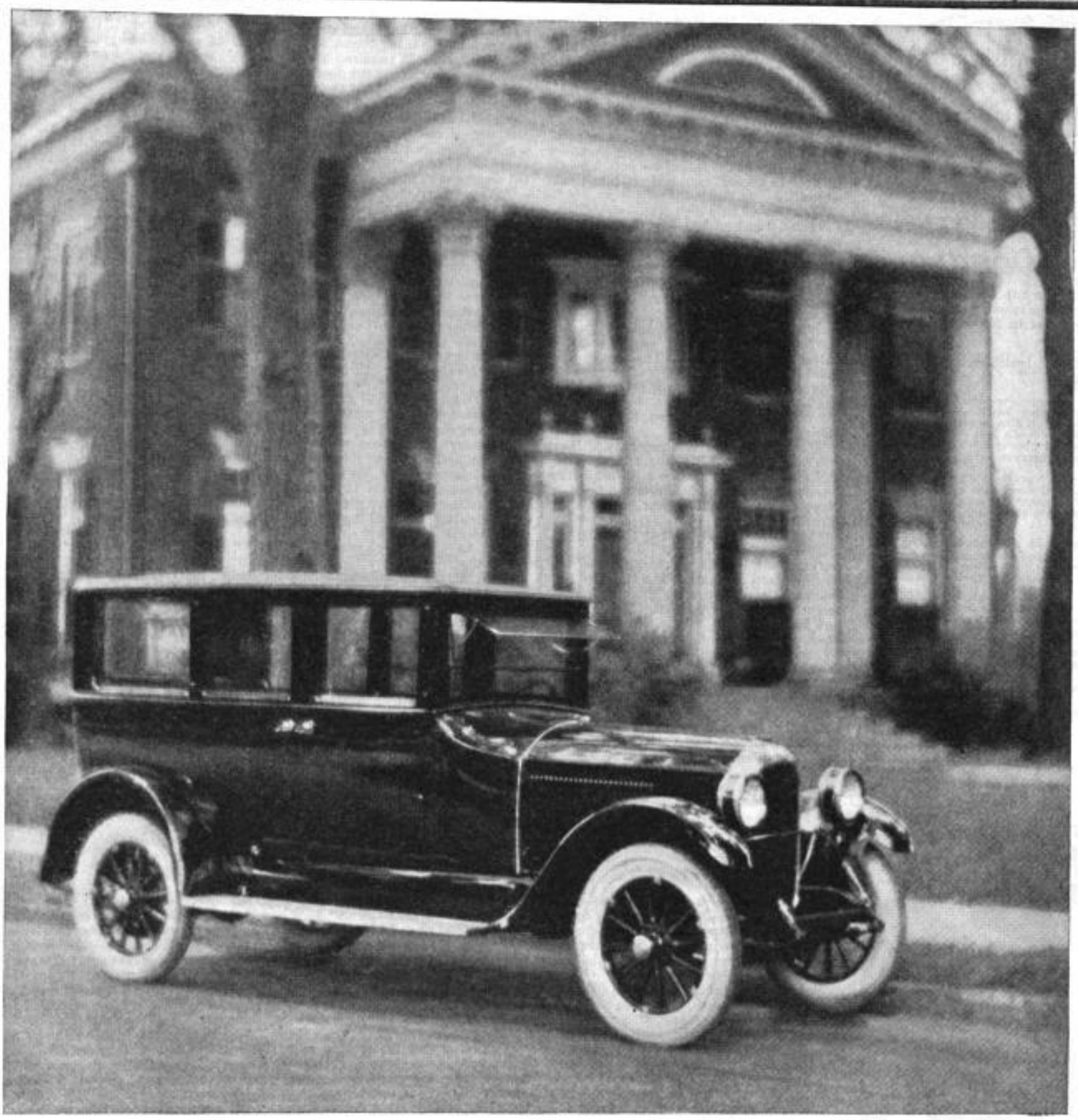
It was, perhaps, not the first time the deacon had been told what others thought of him; but this time it would be different. What Wally had thought up to say, he flattered himself, would make the moment conspicuous, unforgetable. If in the man's carcass there was so much as a scintilla of shame, of conscience, why ——

That was as far as Wally got.

"You, hey?" said a voice.

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The voice cracked like a whip, a shot. Wally gave a jump. Two feet away from him stood the deacon, his face thrust close to Wally's, his eyes and jaw menacing.

"Why—er—Mr. Waite!" said Wally.

His speech he'd forgotten. Startled he fell back a step, the deacon following him. Under Wally's nose, his face red with ire, the deacon waved a snaky, venomous finger.

"I'm on to you!" roared the deacon. "I'm up to all your tricks—you and that fellow Bope! Think you're smart, don't you? Think you're real clever and smooth! Well," snarled the deacon, "all I c'n say is you ain't heard the last of me yet. You c'n go back to the old skin and tell him I said so too!"

Wally could only gasp.

"I tell him? I tell Mr. Bope? Why, whatever d'you mean?" he stammered.

"I mean what I say! Bah!" said Deacon Waite.

With a final wag of his finger under Wally's nose he turned and plunged into his office, slamming the door behind him with a crash. Wally stood there rooted.

"Say," said the clerk, "you'd better get out of here, young man. The deacon ain't safe this afternoon."

Wally gazed at him with a wandering eye.

"Why, why," he faltered, "what's happened?"

The clerk looked at him curiously. "Have you seen the tape?" he inquired.

Wally hadn't. His face still wondering, he edged over to the machine and took the tape in his hands. The next instant a cry came from him.

"Say!" said Wally. "Say!"

That was all, however, he said. The next instant he was out at the door and pelting down the stairs. The stairs he took two at a time. Not more than a couple of minutes later, at the most, his face white and his eyes moist, Wally thrust open the door of Rooker, Burke & Co.'s. As he did so there came a cry, an exclamation from the crowd packed to the walls inside. Gulf Transport common, from its low of 86 and three-quarters, had rebounded; and now by leaps and bounds it had just crossed par, 100. Instead of the market wiping him out, Wally already had a straight ten points profit; and Gulf Transport still was climbing.

It was three days after this, a morning sunny and fine, when the door of Mr. Bope's inner office opened and his secretary appeared. Mr. Bope had just come in; and smiling benignly he was removing from his coat tails a pair of red-cheeked Baldwin pippins. The young woman waited a moment while he placed them on his desk. She, too, was smiling; and as the old gentleman seated himself the smile broadened.

"Well, Jennie?" inquired Mr. Bope.

His secretary closed the door behind her.

"That young man's out there," she said.

Mr. Bope gave a sudden start.

"That business feller, the financier? Not the young feller from the Bible class, what?" The look he shot at her was suddenly suspicious. "Say, you don't think th' deacon sent him, do you?"

"Why, Mr. Bope!" she exclaimed; and Mr. Bope heaved a sigh.

"Well, I hope he don't throw anything," he said. "Show him in."

He hunched down in his chair, his eye crafty. For three days the battle had gone on in Gulf Transport common; and already the Street was filled with news of it. The deacon, it appeared, had tried to raid the stock, and the raid, it seemed, had been disastrous. At any rate, having gone short some forty thousand shares in the effort to break the market he had found at the end that he hadn't the forty thousand shares to deliver. Mr. Bope had them; and every time the deacon had tried to cover, Mr. Bope had run up the price on him. However, though the deacon was to all intents hog-tied and thrown, you never c'd tell about a slippery feller like him; and as Mr. Bope squnched down in his chair the crafty glitter in his eye grew craftier. This young feller, if after all the deacon had sent him, might be slicker 'n you thought. Added to that, there was the tip he'd given the young fellow on Phosphate. Of course the tip—a fake tip—he'd handed out to fool the deacon, thinking it was the deacon who'd sicked him on; but as it looked now, it was only the young feller himself who'd got hurt. Anyways, reflected Mr. Bope, he'd better be on the safe side; and as the door opened he was just removing from his desk the inkwell and other movables.

"Good morning, Mr. Bope," said Wally.

To Mr. Bope's astonishment the young man at the door was beaming. In fact, satisfaction, not to say elation, radiated from the caller's face; and Mr. Bope gave another start.

"Er—why—er—howdydo?" he said.

Wally advanced toward the desk; and his hands on his chair Mr. Bope prepared to rise—to rise swiftly if it were needful. But his visitor still was beaming genially.

"Don't get up, please," he begged. Mr. Bope having risen swiftly in fact as Wally drew nearer. "I just wish to thank you. I wish to tell you, Mr. Bope, how much I owe to you. I never will forget it."

Mr. Bope's mouth opened slowly.

"Me? You? Owe me?" inquired Mr. Bope.

Wally had him by the hand. The hand he was wringing energetically. "Why, yes, Mr. Bope. Everything I have I owe to you; and I wish to say, too, what an injustice it was I did you."

Mr. Bope was still gaping at him.

"Me? You?"

"I mean the letter, the one you lost," beamed Wally. "Of course I know now that a great business man never could do anything like that. Impossible!"

Mr. Bope shot a sudden look at him.

"Say," he said, "did Deacon Waite send you round to speak this little piece?"

"Send me?" cried Wally, startled.

"Well, if he didn't," replied Mr. Bope, "it's all about as clear to me as mud."

Wally laughed delightedly.

"Why, don't you see?" he exclaimed. "I played Gulf Transport the way the letter said to play it; and at every point up, too, I pyramided. Thanks to you, Mr. Bope, I cleaned up twenty-four thousand dollars!"

Some minutes later Mr. Bope came out of the daze he was in. The visitor, after wringing him heartily by the hand again, had gone; and working his fingers to make sure they were still undamaged Mr. Bope raised his voice.

"Miss Jennie!" he called.

His secretary appeared at the door; and still massaging his hand Mr. Bope looked up at her.

"Jennie," he said, "if any other visiting young business men come in here to have me a testimonial, say I'm out of town, looking after my failing health. I'm gettin' too old, I guess, for any such shocks as that."

His secretary was smiling.

"Deacon Waite's outside," she said.

Mr. Bope sat up sharply.

"What?"

"He's asking to see you," she said.

"Say, I guess I ain't feeling as old as I thought I was," said Mr. Bope. "Show the deacon right in!"

MY LIFE

(Continued from Page 13)

and civilian clothes. But with so many important responsibilities, what is one to do? I cannot stop to prink before the mirror when such important matters as orders for the week's marketing or the price of a calf have to be attended to.

Before ten all the important details of the house are dispatched and I am ready for my pupils, if I have any with me, or for letters and business if I am alone. After lunch I am out again in the fields or the garden. Oh, the garden! It is as great a joy to me now as it was in the days of childhood. What a delight to keep the terraced spaces green and flowering through the summer season! What pleasure to see some well-planned color scheme blossom into reality! I still love best of all the old-fashioned flowers that used to delight me in my aunt's garden many years ago; and here in my own borders and plots I have made them grow again.

The vegetable garden is even more necessary, and almost as interesting. I do not know which I am more proud of, my roses or my cabbages. Is there any satisfaction as great as that of seeing one's table spread with the produce of one's own land, the rich reward of generous Nature for our care and tending of the soil? When I am working in my garden or watching with solicitous eye the gradual ripening of the golden grapes, when I am absorbed in my farm and my country occupations, I forget completely that I have any other life.

"Who is that alien figure that walks and gestures on a painted stage?" I wonder to myself. "Who is that creature clothed in curious garments, a gypsy girl, an empress or a slave? Is it really I?"

No; rather, this is myself. Here under the wide heavens, in touch with simple, vital things, I am more truly I.

It is the sunset hour. For a moment I stand looking out over the peaceful plains, watching the heavens glow into incomparable color. I hear the shepherd boys returning from the distant pastures, driving their sheep before them. The familiar sounds rise in the quiet air—the music of cowbells, the lowing of cattle, the rustle and twitter of birds settling for the night in their nests, and nearer and ever nearer the voices of the shepherd boys chanting their evening songs.

I take up the refrain, and as my voice rises to the sky, leaping free and joyous toward the many-tinted zenith, I realize that I am, after all, two people. That distant figure moving in a phantom world is indeed myself, for she is singing as I am, only she sings in crowded halls and before huge audiences. The sound of my voice reminds me of that other world from which I have just come and to which I shall inevitably return, no matter how much delight I feel in my country freedom and occupations. The great world of cities, of striving and accomplishment, the world where art and music reign, the fascinating centers of thought and culture call me. Indeed, I am two people, for I can enjoy with equal intensity the peace of my hills and the noisy, throbbing vitality of New York.

With my thoughts still occupied with visions of distant places that the sound of my songs has called to my mind, I go into the house and turn to a room which I have kept as a repository of many souvenirs of my artistic life. All my costumes are there, for I have never had the courage to throw any of them away, and so in this room at Cabrières I have collected a strange group of ghostly lay figures, each dressed in one of the costumes in which I have appeared on the stage.

There they stand, the husks of all my rôles—Carmen, Marguerite, Juliet, Ophelia, La Navarraise, Sapho, Santuzza. These fading rags and ribbons, these chiffons, velvets, tarnished cloth of gold, seem to exhale a romantic fragrance. The very atmosphere of the theater clings to their motionless folds—the dust of the stage, the smell of grease paint, the glare of flaring gas over a disordered dressing table, the heavy perfume of flowers, the orchestra, the public, warm and welcoming. I seem to see and feel it all again as I stand in the gloaming among the fragile relics of my youth.

Colored fabrics and the texture of materials have always had a tremendous fascination for me. It is for this reason, perhaps, that my hobby—my *violin d'Ingres*, as we call it in France—is the costuming of dolls. I cannot see a bit of bright ribbon, a scrap of lace, a discarded trifle of adornment, without longing to turn it into a miniature costume.

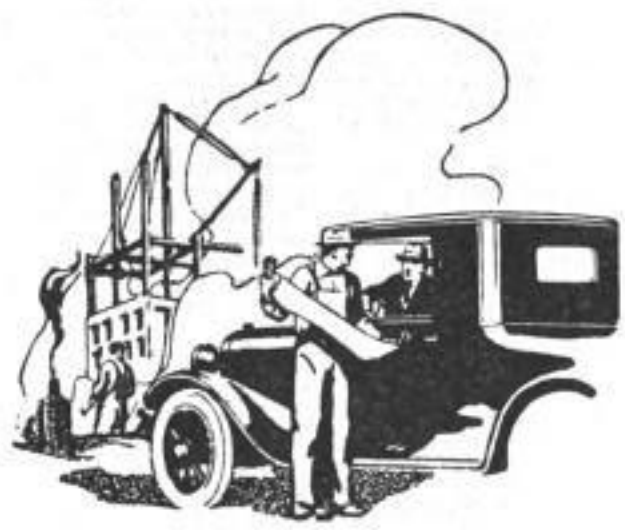
The day is over at Cabrières and the long evening of uninterrupted quiet is at hand. These are the hours that can be devoted to reading, if the house is not full of pupils or guests. I have read a good deal, on a great variety of subjects. Mysticism, theosophy, everything that pertains to the spiritual life interests me above all else. Since my earliest childhood I have been deeply religious. My life has brought me into contact with one or two great souls—the Swami Vivekananda, of whom I have already spoken, and others whose teaching and example have meant much in my spiritual development. It is in a deep and sincere religious faith that I have found strength and courage to live through a strenuous and not always happy existence, and to gain in the end a certain peace and security.

XXVIII

I HAVE often been asked what methods I use to maintain my health and my voice through the long and arduous years of my career. Of my voice, what can I say? It is

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a mysterious, a heavenly visitor that has deigned to take up its abode with me for a little while. It is a bird, an angel from another world, my little sister. I do not know why it stays with me, except that I have treated it kindly and that I have tried to be a not too unworthy hostess.

As for my health, I have been blessed with a strong constitution, and, above all, I have always followed the simple and obvious rules of hygiene. When I am singing in opera I keep to a well-established routine, rising at seven every morning and taking a long walk in the fresh air. On the days that I sing I eat my principal meal at three o'clock in the afternoon, as do all singers.

If I feel very tired in the course of the evening I drink a small glass of port or strong coffee and eat a biscuit. After the performance, before going to bed, I drink a cup of bouillon or hot milk. I have always avoided midnight suppers, which I consider extremely unhealthful after a long and fatiguing evening's work.

During my long opera seasons, when I was appearing as often as three times a week, I went to bed at nine o'clock the nights that I was not singing, and never accepted any invitations for the evenings. But I was up the next morning betimes for my daily walk, which I did not omit even on the days that I sang. It is due largely to these long walks, and to the fact that I have always slept with my windows wide open, that my lungs are in such splendid condition today. Gymnastics, Swedish massage and daily exercises are all excellent for maintaining bodily health, and therefore the health of that delicate human instrument, the voice. During the forty years of my musical career I have been entirely free from illnesses that affect the voice of a singer.

Everyone seems to imagine that the life of an opera singer is a continual and glorious fête, a happy existence of pleasure and ease. How far from the truth is this glittering myth! Even I, as naturally strong and healthy a person as I am, should be a wreck by now had I led anything like the kind of life that we are supposed to indulge in. I could never have survived the strain. Long before this I should have lost anything I might have had of health, of strength and of voice.

The layman does not realize at all the amount of work involved in going through a single evening's performance. The tension, nervous, muscular and mental, is extreme. One has to pour out all one's energy and emotion at a given hour, no matter how one feels. The public will not wait. It is the most exacting of taskmasters. In a rôle such as Carmen, I sing, walk, laugh and dance for four solid hours without a moment's pause. The intermissions between the acts are scarcely long enough to permit the necessary changes of costume. There is not a moment's let-up, and it is hard, sustained effort.

Aside from the performances themselves, there are the long hours of study and the endless fatigue of rehearsals. I have practiced every single day of my life since I began my musical studies, except, of course, when I have been actually ill. Lilli Lehmann practiced for three hours even on the days she was to sing in public. I will admit that I myself have never had the courage to go so far as that. I find that an hour is all that I feel like doing, and I think many will agree with me.

The preparation of a new part requires the most arduous and intense study. Madame Carvalho used to say that when she had a rôle to create she would shut herself up in an ivory tower of silence and isolation, living there for weeks and months together. She forswore all pleasures and amusements, refused all invitations and remained in absolute retirement until her studies were completed.

I used often to discuss with her the difficulties and problems of an opera singer's life. One day the conversation turned upon the subject of newspaper criticism and the effect it could have upon an artist's career.

"I myself have always been very sensitive and impressionable," the famous prima donna remarked. "In consequence, my husband never permitted me to read the newspapers. He would occasionally repeat some of the pleasant and complimentary phrases, but he omitted the attacks. I was not duped by this proceeding, but I forced myself to believe as much as possible in order to put away from me anything that might diminish my confidence. My husband was too deeply interested in my welfare not to wish my faults corrected. When, therefore, a just criticism was made he would draw attention himself to my mistakes. Thanks to this arrangement, I have always believed that the world was kind and indulgent toward me."

Not everyone has been so fortunate as Madame Carvalho. Many artists have suffered cruelly under the lash of the critics. In some cases the attitude of the press has had a very bad effect upon a promising career, depressing and discouraging the budding artist, shaking his confidence and lowering his morale. The famous tenor Nourrit killed himself in Naples in 1850 because of the brutality of the attacks made upon him by the newspapers. One of the most charming and gifted of my friends, Marguerite Priola, whose lovely voice and unusual talent should have brought her a far different fate, committed suicide as a result of the attitude taken by the critics with regard to her creation of a certain rôle.

Heavens! If I had killed myself each time I was adversely criticized I should have died a hundred deaths! I read everything; but though certain remarks have hurt me deeply, others have encouraged and rewarded me, and I have found in intelligent criticism much stimulation and food for thought.

XXIX

DO I LIKE my profession, my art? I adore it! Would I go on the operatic stage again had I to begin my life over? Ah, yes, indeed! It is an honorable, a noble calling, if it is lived with dignity and worth.

Though glory may be, as Madame de Staël has said, an empty statue made of bronze, yet it has moments of such intense, such overwhelming joy that no one who has once experienced them can ever forget. Success, achievement, victory! Of what tremendous, transcendent emotions you are the expression and the cause!

The greatest fascination of success lies, for me, in the periods of exaltation which precede and accompany it. In those moments it is as though I became a supernormal being. I am no longer alone. I become multiple. The power and strength of many are mine. I am no longer conscious of an individual existence; but I find myself swept along by a torrential will, demanding expression, pouring itself out in a passionate, unstinted flood.

Sometimes when I am very tired I try to save myself. I hold back. The result is disastrous. I feel so diminished, so small that I cannot bear it. I must throw myself once more into the stream, giving—giving of my strength and energy. It is always the same. The more I spend the more I have to spend!

What a mysterious thing is temperament, that combination of qualities, that emanation of personality which play so important a part in artistic expression! The word has been overworked to such an extent that it has lost much of its force, especially in English, and yet it expresses an intangible something difficult to describe in any other way and usually essential to a successful dramatic career.

I suppose it is this which carries me so deeply into whatever part I may be acting that I become one with the character I am impersonating. The moment I put on the costume and make-up of Carmen, even I do not recognize myself!

"You are a stranger to us," my mother and brothers used to say. "You are no longer you!"

This absorption of one's personality in a rôle requires adaptability, a chameleonlike change of one's whole aspect and being. I have always been fascinated by these changes. I have studied and interpreted the greatest diversity of characters and types, as is proved by the fact that I am probably the only woman who has sung Carmen and Ophelia in the same week—two rôles which are totally dissimilar, both in characterization and in *tessitura*.

I have already mentioned some of my methods of study in developing the rôle of Carmen. I have described my visit to Granada, and my observation of the gypsies in their homes and at work in the cigarette factories. The rôle of Ophelia required a more painful investigation. I was determined to understand thoroughly the psychology of the part, and so I discussed Ophelia's character and experiences with an eminent alienist, whose profession had brought him into contact with many similar cases. He described to me in detail the various instances of insanity that had come under his observation. Many of them were of the same type as that to which Ophelia is supposed to have succumbed. One day he asked me whether I wished to see such a case, assuring me that my visit to the asylum, though it might be distressing to me, would give the poor girl who was confined there a certain amount of pleasure.

This unfortunate young woman had lost her reason as a result of a disastrous love affair, and was under the care of my friend. I finally decided to go with him, and the memory of that visit still remains vividly in my mind. It was heart-rending, terrible, yet I believe that I was able to interpret the rôle of Ophelia with greater sympathy and understanding than I could possibly have achieved had I avoided this painful experience. How often, as I acted the mad scene in Hamlet, have I thought of that poor girl and her pitiful condition.

One of the most interesting things, from the point of view of dramatic interpretation, that I have done was to sing the three Marguerites—that of Gounod's Faust, of Berlioz' Damnation of Faust and of Boito's Mefistofele—all in the same season.

I did this at Monte Carlo, where I sang for a number of years during the season with Renaud, Tamagno, Chaliapin and many other distinguished artists. It amused me to interpret these three Marguerites in succession, for each one has a strong individuality and character of her own. I brought out the different conceptions of the three composers by my different manner of singing, acting and costuming each part. Gounod's Marguerite is an innocent young girl, simple, naïve and charming. The music is melodious and full of youth and sentiment. Boito's heroine is very human, more passionate and profound than that of Gounod. Berlioz' creation breathes the atmosphere of the Middle Ages; it is medieval, romantic in tone and feeling. With the assistance of scenery and costume the differentiation of these characteristics was not so difficult to obtain as it would have been without these accessories. It had often occurred to me, however, that it might be interesting to attempt this delineation on the concert stage. In one of my recent concerts in New York I made the experiment, singing the three principal arias from these three operas one after the other. There is a fascination in thus evoking on the bare boards of the concert stage the whole atmosphere and individuality of a character; particularly interesting when, as in this case, the heroine portrayed is the same, the difference being entirely in the composer's interpretation of a great poem.

All opera singers who possess, as do I, a very wide range of voice have had the amusing experience of singing several parts in the same opera. In the case of Marguerite I sang the same character in three different operas. In Mozart's Nozze di Figaro and in Massenet's Herodiade, to mention only the first two that come to my mind. I sang several rôles in the same opera. Massenet's Herodiade was launched in Brussels the year of my début, and I sang Herodias there, and later Salome. During my early years in Brussels and Paris I sang all three soprano parts in Figaro—Cherubin, Susanna and the Countess.

In my long operatic career I have created a great number as well as a great variety of rôles. Some of them, like Mascagni's L'Amico Fritz and Massenet's Sapho and La Navarraise, have become parts of the repertoires of the leading opera houses all over the world. Others, such as Aben-Hamet, Le Chevalier Jean, Flora Mirabilio and De Lara's Amy Robsart and Messaline, have rarely been heard in America. I have sung in scores of operas which have been popular in Europe at one time or another—Lalla Roukh, by Félicien David; Le Songe d'une Nuit d'Été, by Ambroise Thomas; Le Roi d'Ys, by Lalo; La Mort de Cléopâtre, by Victor Masse, and so many others that the list becomes tedious.

Of Bizet's productions, besides the all too famous Carmen, I have sung Leila, in Les Pêcheurs de Perles, introducing it to New York at the Metropolitan Opera House in 1896. I have also appeared in his charming little opera Djamileh, full of grace and sentiment, and in La Jolie Fille de Perth, both of which I sang in Italy. Among the operas which are familiar to the American public, besides those of which I have already spoken in the course of this story, I have sung Lucia, in Donizetti's

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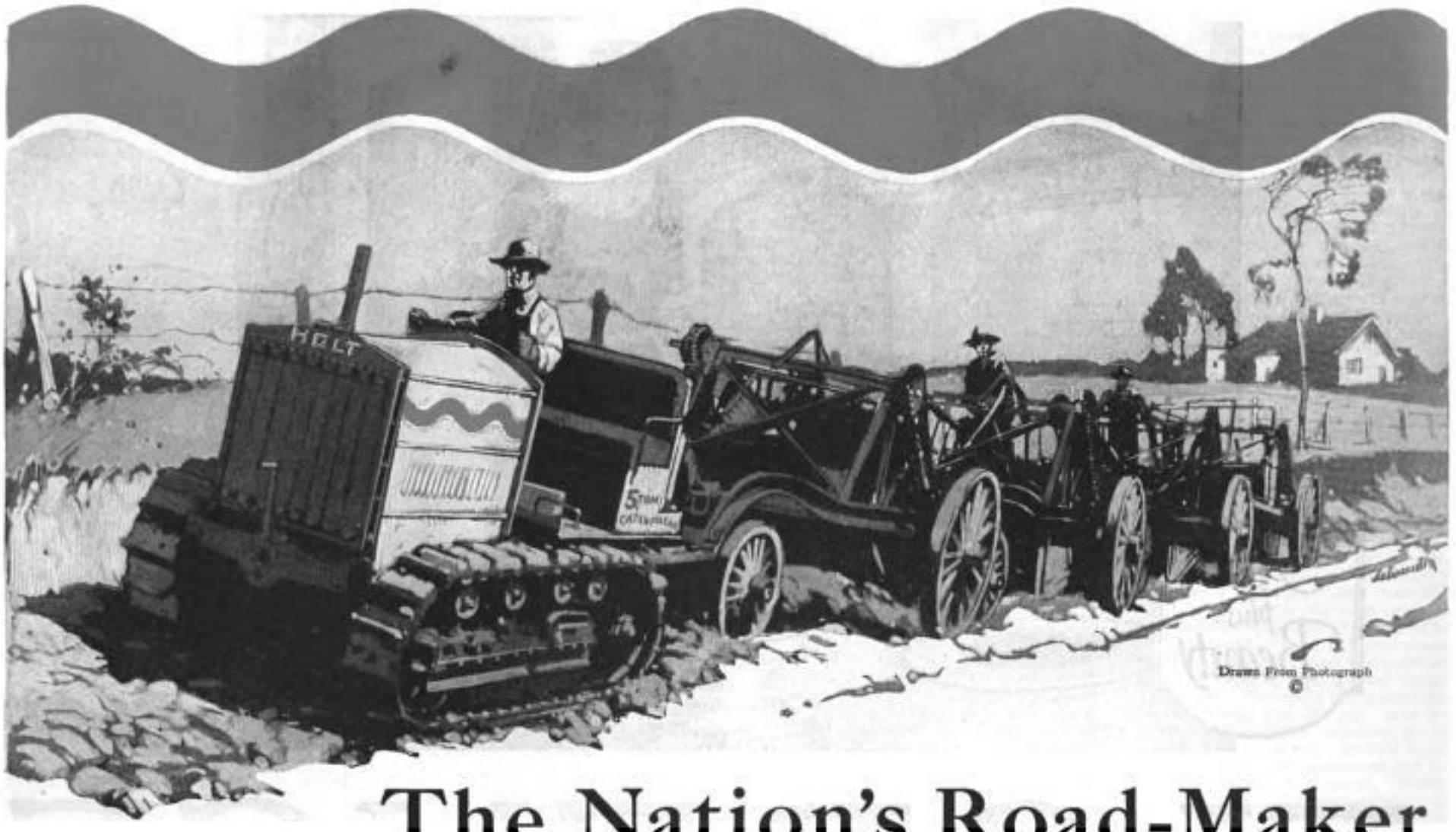
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Lucia di Lammermoor; Amina, in La Sonnambula, of Bellini; Lakmé, by Delibes; Pamina, in Mozart's Magic Flute; and so forth. I cannot even remember them all, yet how many transformations and changes they represent, how many pages of music, how many lines of verse and prose memorized!

All this means study and hard work, for there is no short cut to acquiring a part. One cannot learn a rôle by sleeping on the score. Intense, concentrated effort is needed for the mere process of committing to memory words and music. Yet this is perhaps the easiest part of the work. In addition, one must study the character, the play, the period, in order to form an idea of the opera as a whole. Then each act, each scene, and finally each phrase and expression must be intelligently developed, so that in the end a living and consistent character may be presented to the public.

I have always been extremely observant, and this characteristic has been most useful to me in my artistic career. I am always watching for some new idea; even the slightest suggestion, the most insignificant detail, may be rich in possibility if one is on the alert for information and ideas. As a young girl I used to watch the great singers and actors of the day with avid interest and curiosity, trying to understand their methods of obtaining a given effect, eager to pick up every crumb of information that might fall from the rich board of their achievement. I try, now, to make my pupils realize how much more constructive and helpful it is to observe the good qualities in a performance rather than the bad. It is easy to criticize, but in the very act of dwelling on the faults of another person one may be engraving these very defects on one's own mind, and there is a danger that one will imitate them unconsciously. It is much more useful to note the good points in an artist's work. Sometimes in the very midst of a poor or second-rate performance a brilliant bit of phrasing, a graceful gesture, an effective piece of stage business will give the receptive listener a new idea.

I have never reached a period in my career where I could afford to close my mind to new ideas and impressions. I find myself today as eager to learn, as ready for fresh suggestions and as interested in the development of new possibilities as in my student days.

I have had a great deal of good luck in my career. I was fortunate in coming to the operatic stage at a time when there were few singers whose type and temperament fitted them for the interpretation of such parts as Carmen and Santuzza. I was needed and I was at hand. This accounts, perhaps, for part of my success; hard work, patience and perseverance for another part. And for the rest it is for others who have heard and seen me on the stage to judge.

My comrades will understand me when I say that it requires a great deal of character and determination to stick to an operatic career. One is often tempted to give up the struggle, to succumb before the endless difficulties and discouragements that meet one at every turn. One must have tenacity of purpose, courage and unflagging energy to follow one's ideal and to refuse the easier and safer courses that are constantly opening up along the way. For me, however, no other career would have been possible, and I have found it, within its limits, stimulating and rewarding.

Life behind the scenes has its kindly and pleasant side, as well as its hardships. Its pleasures are very different from those that the popular imagination has created for us, but, nevertheless, they are not to be despised. How many good friends, loyal comrades and generous souls have I known among the inhabitants of the theatrical world! I have often heard our brotherhood misjudged. As a matter of fact, we are as hard working and idealistic a group as will be found in any other profession.

I have known the most devoted fathers, the most unselfish and self-sacrificing mothers among stage folk. The generosity of the profession is well known. Practically every one of my comrades supports a number of dependent relatives or unfortunate friends. It is considered a disgrace to allow any member of one's family or clan to go uncared for, no matter how distant the connection may be.

Is it not to us that everyone turns when there is a question of raising money for a charitable or philanthropic endeavor? Do we hesitate to give of our best for these good works, never counting how fragile, how delicate a thing is the human voice? It is not my desire to write a panegyric on the profession, but I think anyone who has known the world of the theater or opera stage will agree that, though we are not so gay and frivolous as the public would like to believe, we are at any rate as ready as others to do our small share toward a better world.

We have the reputation of being superstitious. It would be more true to say that we are usually deeply religious. There are few atheists among us.

One last word of all for the young girls who are bent upon following an operatic career: Remember this! In spite of the fascination of a dazzling public life, there is a destiny more glorious still—to be able to devote yourself exclusively to that small audience of two or three who will call you by the dear name of "mother."

xxx

IT IS not for me to speak of my successes of today, but as I turn my face homeward and make ready to leave for a while this great country of America I am tempted to dwell for a moment on the months that have just passed; months which have held for me one of the happiest experiences of my life and have crowned with success a long and fortunate career.

"Life is courage," said Balzac, and so have I found all through my life, but in recent years more strikingly than ever. Success is difficult to obtain, and glory is fugitive, especially for those whose art takes the form of dramatic or musical interpretation. Our creations dissolve into the air without leaving a trace. Though our triumphs may be immediate and dazzling beyond those of any other artists, yet they are proportionately unsubstantial and evanescent. Who remembers now the voices of the past? There remains only a memory, a tradition, a mere name.

One day not long ago a friend invited me to her house.

"I have gathered together the boys and girls of the younger generation," she said. "I want them to have the privilege of knowing you as we have known you in our day."

When I found myself face to face with that roomful of young beings, not one of them over twenty; when I saw those fresh faces, those new eyes; when I felt those glances full of curiosity and question, I realized suddenly the passage of time. These young people did not know me at all except by name. To them I was a stranger! I evoked no memories, aroused no happy associations. My voice could not bring them an emotion known and felt before. I must satisfy their avid curiosity as to whether their parents had been right in loving and applauding me. Up to that time I had only thought of the years as bringing me, not a possible diminution of power, but rather a constant increase of knowledge and experience, a firmer grasp of my art and a more intelligent understanding of what I was trying to achieve. I knew in my own heart that I could really sing better than ever, but I had to prove it to these young people who did not know me.

I was determined to force their admiration, and I was able, through my will and my imagination, to make myself their equal, to become young again in voice and feeling. Never has applause sounded so sweet in my ears! It was like the old days when as a girl of twenty I had won a public to which I was as yet unknown. The same thrill of victory, the same joy was mine again!

What a splendid, what a great country is this! How happy I am to have consecrated to it the finest years of my career. Here I find the same faithful friends as of old, affectionate and cordial as ever; and here new friends, new faces, new enthusiasms greet me on every hand.

Once more I have traveled through the great West, the rich and fertile middle plains of this marvelous country. I feel myself almost breathless with the urge of energy and vitality that these new cities radiate. They seem to be vying with each other in a titanic race toward some immeasurable goal. What strength, what movement, what gigantic forces are at work in these growing populations! Each town and city is determined to outdo its neighbor in numbers, wealth, luxury—and in automobiles!

The automobiles! *Mon Dieu*, they seem bigger and more numerous than the houses themselves! I have seen, standing outside the most modest frame cottages, cars that were larger and undoubtedly more expensive than the houses themselves. Not that there is any lack of handsome residences in the Middle West. Indeed, I have never beheld such magnificent houses as certain districts in some of these Western cities can boast. When I was motoring through these towns and cities it seemed to me that I passed miles of veritable palaces, each surrounded by its garden or park. In Texas the wealthier citizens have apparently determined to build no two houses alike. Italian villas, English baronial halls, Spanish patios and Moorish courts—every type of style and architecture has been adapted to the uses of these home builders. Yet all this variety and diversity is harmonized and made both comfortable and agreeable to the eye by the lovely setting of these dwellings, the lawns and gardens and the tree-lined avenues that surround them.

I noticed also that, no matter what period or nationality might be suggested in the building of a house, one purely American feature is always included—a sleeping porch! Every house has one or two of these delightful outdoor rooms. Indeed, the cult of the out-of-doors is very evident everywhere in America. The innumerable country clubs, the beautiful, immaculately kept golf links, the constant use of automobiles for pleasure rides and picnics, all attest the fondness of the average citizen for air and space.

In most of the cities that I have visited in the United States, especially west of the Atlantic border, I am impressed by the efforts that are everywhere visible toward beautifying and improving the city as a whole. It is not only that each community wishes to be the largest, richest and most important spot in the state or country; but it must also be well planned, well laid out and well adorned. In consequence beautiful boulevards are laid out all through the residential districts; magnificent stretches of flawless road, tree shaded and as broad as several ordinary avenues, lead through the parks and along the water fronts. Playgrounds are built for the children and everything is done to bring out the advantages of the natural setting of each city. The public buildings are particularly imposing, and make up in massiveness and white marble what they may lack in historical significance. Garden cities are these cities of the West; comfortable, clean, beautiful.

The men and women of the West take from their country something of its magnificence and beauty. They are a vigorous people, well built and well endowed. I heard many lovely natural voices during my tour; and this, together with the fact that many young girls in the East as well as in the West have come to me, asking for advice and assistance in their musical studies, has suggested to me the possibility of opening a school of singing in America. Cabrières cannot take in all these aspirants.

It has been a great joy to me to feel everywhere that I went during my recent tour a warmer and closer sympathy than ever between myself and my audiences. I am better understood; my art and my endeavor are more intelligently appreciated now than ever before. Is it because, since the Great War, so many of the young people of America have been to France and have learned something of our language, our mentality, our ideals? Perhaps this is the explanation. I do not know. All I can say is that never before have I felt so much at home in this great country. Even in the years of my operatic successes, even amid the enthusiasm and applause of those days, I never felt so happy or so completely in sympathy with my public as during my last stay in America. Surely between myself and these splendid young people, veritable crusaders, true knights of Columbia, who came to help us drive out the enemy from our dear land of France—surely between us there is a warmer current of understanding, an affection and an appreciation that did not exist before.

It has been a source of happiness to me to realize through my personal experience this growth of sympathy between France, my own beloved *patrie*, and America, almost as dear, my second, my adopted country. It is a joy to me to know that I shall be returning many times to this great land, not merely as a visitor to the scenes of past successes, but as one who still carries the torch; and who, by example and perhaps also by precept, can bear witness to the truths of a great art.

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of articles by Madame Calvé.

Watch This Column

"Human Hearts" on the way



HOUSE PETERS has certainly made another hit in "Human Hearts," Hal Reid's famous stage play, directed for the screen by King Baggot for Universal. Judging by the bookings, the exhibitors of this country like this picture fully as much as I do. And I'm wild about it.

Mr. Peters has with him in this picture such pleasing artists as Edith Hallor, Russell Simpson, George Hackathorne, Mary Philbin, Gertrude Claire and others of like talent. I don't believe that Baggot could have picked a stronger cast if he had gone over the screen-world with a fine-tooth comb.

The play will be remembered as chock full of heart appeal. It is powerfully American. It is very human. It is a story of yesterday, today and tomorrow—of old country homes, winding roads, moonlit paths, love,



EDITH HALLOR

romance and pathos. Just imagine big, manly House Peters and his sterling associates with a poem like this.

The play is what I would call an intensely sweet melodrama, and it is bound to take its place along with such well known UNIVERSAL CLASSICS as "The Storm" and "Outside the Law."

And again *it becomes clear* that you can't see the *best* pictures until you see UNIVERSAL PICTURES. A word to the management of your favorite theatre will bring "Human Hearts" to your neighborhood.

CARL LAEMMLE, *President*

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

1600 Broadway, New York City

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THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY COMPANY, *Executive Offices*, Cincinnati

RENT–why buy Towels and Linen?

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THE WAY A GIRL TREATS HER FATHER

(Continued from Page 15)

"Listen to me," retorted the younger man with heat; "if there's going to be any picking on my friends I'll do it myself. I'm that kind of a chap! I'll say I don't like all of Ella's get-ups. There was that flesh-colored silk one-piece dress she wore to the Municipal Pier fireworks. A lot of people turned round to look at it, sort of queer. But it didn't hurt her complexion, at that, and she said she'd paid good money for it and when a girl worked for her living she couldn't afford to pay fourteen dollars and ninety-eight cents for a dress and then throw it away just because it was the wrong color and was a little too short and too low-necked. She said when it come to that, she wasn't ashamed, anyway, of her chest or her calves, which were as the Lord gave 'em to her. And when it comes to that, I don't see why she should be either."

He glanced with complete self-possession around the room.

Sam Geinson chuckled.

"D'ye know, I'd like to see her marry you. A girl with her line of persiflage."

But the younger man put Sam in his place, merely with a careless wave of hand.

"I'm not married to her yet. As for that, I wouldn't marry any girl until I found out—how ——" He industriously paused to reach for more charmeuse pokes to fill a Denver order.

"Found out what?" asked several in inquisitive chorus.

"Found out how she treats her father, of course. Take it from me"—with conviction—"that's the only way a girl will give herself away."

His hearers paused in their work.

"Posilutely," he went on carelessly, continuing his own work without cessation. "You see a baby doll that listens to her father's advice and hands him his slippers at night and sees that his chair is set at the table, and you'll see her showing the same thoughtfulness for her husband's comfort and words of wisdom. On the other hand, take a young woman who continually tells her father where he can get off at, figuratively speaking, and she'll do the same to the young man who tries to live with her."

The hearers would have agreed to this bit of sapiency had anyone but Winfield Tell voiced it. They would have admitted that in its simplicity and subtlety they should have thought of it themselves. But in his astuteness the speaker irritated them as in his blatant conceit. Besides, the heavy rush of the season was on, and from long habit middle-aged workers do not waste much rush time in chatter.

Rush time and other things aside, probably little attention would have been paid to one romance out of a city's large basketful had it not been for Winfield's own irritating disposition and for Mary Anderson's angle.

There had been a day when he let fall a picture of Mary to the sawdust-covered floor. Fred Ingraham picked up the pretty oval face, serious and wistful-eyed and good to any sensible person's gaze.

Across the back was written, in even-lettered, unaggressive hand, "Please come back, Win!"

Already there had been her letters for weeks, neat little square envelopes in the same even, unaggressive handwriting, which were handed up at the shipping-room door three mornings a week for Joe Gutter to distribute with the other mail.

Fred handed the photograph to Winfield and did not deny having read what was on the back. Winfield accepted it so casually that, moved by wrathful impulse, Fred told him just what he thought of him. Fred was at an age to take his privileges. He was fond of such words, too, as boob, blighter, mutt, scamp, hound and scoundrel, and he sent his complete stock of epithets at the close-cropped light head, like a hot hose over a defenseless window pane.

At first the victim merely stuck the bit of cardboard back in his hip pocket and said he could afford to lose one; Mary had her picture taken fifteen or twenty times a year and his top trunk tray was full of her. But as epithet followed epithet, his temper was struck.

"Say, suppose you attend to your own business, old mush-face," he requested with offense. "Your own business. Your own ——"

"I will," declared Fred, the top of his bald head purple. "I'll report you for being late three mornings this week. I'd just as soon see you fired. Then, maybe ——"

"Listen, grandpa," said Winfield Tell pityingly: "with my build and shoulders if I couldn't in two hours get another twenty-eight-dollar packing job in this town I'd come back and eat that brown-felt hat you've worn six years if you've worn it one. You better hie to some rural community and let the dew on the hay soak off verdigris."

"I'll put you on the list to work overtime tonight!" shouted Fred. "There's forty gross of outing hats that ought anyway to be packed for rush delivery."

"Much obliged," said the other with perfect amiability. "I wanted a good excuse to let Ella down tonight. That girl is getting too sure of me."

"Oh—she is?" Fred looked blank.

"Yeh. Thinks I'm always waiting round to take her some place. And sometimes I don't like the places she's keen on. Tomorrow night she won't be so fresh."

"She'd have to go far to be as fresh as her company," sighed Fred.

"She goes far," said Winfield, changing his lengthy order of Dakota straw tams for Joe Gutter's more easily packed straw sailors. "And I've sort of fallen, in a way, for her disposition. But I don't want her to know it."

"It wouldn't do her much good to know it on your income," suggested Joe Gutter, who was by nature pessimistic and the father of three young children. "How'd the two of you live?"

"She's living. And I'm living. In separate rooming houses. Both of us can keep on living, can't we?"

"There's such things as children comes to married folks," severely said Henry McCrench, who expected any day to become a grandfather.

"I'm not a chap to cross a bridge that hasn't yet been built," returned the young man. "Hand me along that rack of trimmed hemps, one of you old stiff-knees, if you want me to help shove along that New Orleans order."

Five minutes later he met Ella Humesly in an outer corridor, talked to her confidentially a short while, and came back to inform Fred Ingraham that he would work till 9:30 that night, but no later.

For at that genial arc-lighted hour Ella was expecting him to take in, at her side, the orchestral-and-lettuce-sandwich opening of a new salesgirls' recreation club in the downtown district. Ella had been quite upset at his having any other engagement for the evening.

Afterward an entire and thoughtful establishment recalled, word by word and act by act, various bits of sidelight all unwittingly furnished by Winfield Tell on the character and pursuits of Miss Ella Humesly. It reproached itself separately and as a whole for not having united these bits into one wick for an illuminating torch. But at the time, everybody had been busy and rather bored by the young man's daily and innocent garrulity concerning Ella. No one had listened particularly when he related repeatedly, with some reservation of manner, that undoubtedly she was a clever and observant young woman. Remarkably observant indeed, and given to courageous action at times.

At a dance hall one evening she had complained to a manager because the dancing space was interfered with by too many refreshment tables whose refreshments were priced too high for their quality. At another she had smartly informed the man in charge that she expected to report him to the authorities for selling lukewarm ice cream at ice-cold price. At a certain employed young women's recreation club she had annoyedly haled the manageress to one side for criticism of the dues charged and the nature of the recreation.

"Do you really think two hundred of us want to pay fifty-five cents to hear your sister-in-law play poor blues on a department store banjo?" she had demanded.

And she had told the matron of a coöperative employes' gymnasium that she saw no real reason for giving her entire biography, race, religion, parents' Christian names, favorite virtue, flower, vice, quotation, color and poem in order to play basketball at forty cents an hour.



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Some of the 57

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It is true that Henry McCrench observed Ella's chubby rouged profile as it passed the door of the shipping room one day, and he was startled by a half thought. Only a half. He had been poring over Schultzburg advertising posters and catalogues all his noon hour and he was not unbefuddled, he decided. Anyway, Mrs. McCrench told him every week that he needed another pair of glasses.

Miss Carson could have supplemented Winfield's account of Ella's power of persiflage. Being late two mornings Ella had told a tableful of girls what she thought of getting out of bed too early, to sew two baskets of rosettes before noon on silk-braid turbans for such places as Joplin and Springfield, Missouri, while this wide world held better pursuits for young women.

But she could sew rosettes steadily and well enough if not too steadily, it is true, nor too well—and in a long forewoman career Lizzie Carson had learned not to waste too much intensive thought on certain young women under her rule. Season by season these of a certain kind fluttered into workrooms, singly or in horde, like the buttercups in a spring wood, and many were as inconsequential as the yellow flowers.

Lizzie set her shell-rimmed glasses on straighter, and said she pitied Ella's parents and she pitied the man Ella married, and as soon as the mid-season peak of rush was over she was going to lay Ella off with thirty-eight others, and that was as far as she was interested in Ella.

Besides, the Schultzburg forewomen, like the salesmen, older packers and teamsters, were engrossed in more vital matters than one mediocre heart affair. In the first place, after its protracted illness and lassitude following its knock-down in a great world mêlee in which it got neither glory nor share, the wholesale millinery business of the Middle West, South and East was able this year to sit up and take something besides liquid nourishment. That of itself was enough to engage the entire attention of thoughtful people. In the second place, in spite of the good turn of business tide, old Herman Schultzburg, on whose good will many pay envelopes and tempers depended, had returned from a prolonged trip to New York in a very bad humor. He was not often in very good humor, owing to arterial, digestive or financial condition. It was now reported that he was having some kind of family trouble.

The establishment in general agreed that he would be a better employer if he did not visit the sins of his arteries, his home and his party upon his wholesale aisles, and nearly everybody became a little nervous whenever his short fat person trundled unexpectedly into sales and shipping rooms, or his bulbous nose and cold lashless eyes appeared disconcertingly here and there, obviously searching too hard for an employer's regular troubles.

But he did not know that anyone was nervous, or did not care. And being who and what he was, Herman Schultzburg certainly would not have cared that, proceeding from cause to effect, one shipping room found one of its younger members cumulatively offensive.

"I don't mind some weeks hearing you talk an hour straight about Ella having a real soft voice and a jolly disposition, but lay off for a while," nastily begged Sam Geinson the day his employer's suddenly rumbling-at-hand voice caused him to drop a rack of white-chiffon turbans to the floor, thus incurring rebuke for Sam.

"I bet my father would like to have his hired men in the same state of mind that old geezer's got you folks," observed Winfield, with envy for his father's sake. "Why, even Ella don't seem to care to meet him face to face, and streaks down a side stairs whenever she hears him coming."

"She's wise," said Sam spitefully. "I heard he was thinking about firing all the bobbed heads."

Winfield said that was all right. He didn't care much for hoity-toity bobbedness himself, and he intended to request Ella to allow hers to grow.

Whether he made the request or not was never known. It was about this time that Harold Craneham injected himself into an already three-cornered situation.

At first young Craneham was not recognized, even from Winfield's flowery description of his glossy black mustache—a very tiny chic mustache—or his large emerald ring. That is, you could say the description was flowery, observed Joe Gutter, if you were a person to call a turnip a flower. Joe from the first, with others, rejoiced at Winfield's annoyance over Harold Craneham. Mary's letters had continued to come in a little mute stream. They bore humble testimony against Ella's up-to-date bobbed hair and aplomb-filled voice.

Because the men had seen Mary's picture, too, her oval, wistful-eyed face seemed to accompany each missive. It seemed indeed to waver, shadowlike, about the shipping room, testifying silently, gently, to the unhappiness of another woman in the world. No one could justify her predilection for Winfield Tell, except for his youth and good looks; but since she wanted him, in the sorrowful, mysterious, unreasonable way of a woman, everyone angrily felt that she ought to have him, and he ought to be well kicked for not giving himself to her, shoulders, conceit and all.

Perhaps this was because pretty, gentle Mary Anderson's letters had not been the only plaintive white stream to flow into the Schultzburg shipping room. Other little unhappy missives in continuing line, wistful wraith streams of love, as it were, had preceded hers. In the past for certain young men there had been letters from Iowa, from Nebraska, from Minnesota and other states. And there was the thin stream in foreign handwriting for eight months after Joe Gutter's brother got back from a French hospital.

Winfield opened Mary's letters casually, sometimes carelessly read them clear through, sometimes with a shrug stuck them, half read, in his pocket.

"I don't like you, Tell," Fred Ingraham was finally compelled to say with feeling. "I'll say so right out. You think you're a family pet and a prince rolled in one. But I'm older than you ——"

"Oh, no!" with vast sarcasm. "Oh, would you say so?"

"—— and I hate to think of what life can teach a fellow like you. It's pitiful, this sweet girl continuing to care for you ——"

"That's what it is," severely said Henry McCrench, pausing balefully over a packing case half filled with tulle mushrooms for Los Angeles. "That's just what it is."

"Go back to your father's farm and marry her, even if she is a trifle behind the style and doesn't roll her hose, and you'll live life right," urged Fred with feeling.

"You've surely learned by this time what price fresh vegetables that ain't so fresh get here in season," said Joe Gutter warningly. "I know fellers making sixty dollars a week who can't ——"

"Why don't some of you join Billy Sunday's advance crew and get rid of the exhortation in your system?" inquired Winfield Tell disdainfully. "Say, my life is my own, isn't it? Am I asking any of you old sticks-in-the-mud to steer me straight down the river of existence?"

Then he paused to stare at Sam Geinson, who was worriedly sucking a thumb which had just been torn on a piece of chemically treated green lilac-stem wire.

"Say, you make as much fuss as one of our hired men did when the threshing machine took off his arm above the elbow."

Sam explosively wanted to know if he ever heard of arsenic poisoning.

Winfield said "Sure. When old man Brown in the next township went off so suddenly, leaving eighteen thousand dollars' life insurance to the young woman he'd married a year before in Sioux City ——"

But Sam and several others had turned their backs.

Winfield unconcernedly tore Mary Anderson's last letter in small pieces, cast the pieces into a waste box, and brushed off his new gray-felt hat preparatory to punching the time clock before the other men; he was taking Ella Humesly to supper and thence to a toddlers' contest which she had expressed a desire to enter if possible.

Toward a Schultzburg elevator, he tucked an arm within that pretty insouciant person's arm—she had already attended to her time clock—in a fashion bordering on the affectionate; and even, one may remark, more than merely bordering. And Ella had allowed her arm to curl to his willingly enough. From needle-pricked hand she was bare almost to a cheap satin-banded shoulder. Lizzie Carson said it got worse every year—the way they acted and dressed. She hated to think of what the world would be wearing in 1976.

But it was the next day that the young man shared considerable dudgeon with anyone who cared to pause and listen.

"Funny thing," he said with displeasure—"way some men act. There's a fellow Ella says is a broker hanging around after her. He saw her here down in front of the place one night when we quit work. I was right behind her, because, as Ella says, we might as well eat supper most nights at the same cafeteria as go to separate places, and it saves time and street-car fare going some place after supper. And he certainly fell for her.

"He nearly fell out of his bright-green car. High-priced make. He didn't see me at her elbow, and round he turned that car in the middle of the block—breaking a city ordinance, too, turning a car around that way; we won't allow that even in our hick county seat—and he followed us two blocks, winding in and out of the traffic to get at last to the curbing right beside us. I wanted to push his face back to the spot they hit steers to kill 'em quick, but Ella"—a trifle sulkily—"wouldn't let me."

"I suppose he said she vamped him?" yawned Sam.

"No, he didn't. He pretended he knew her and she said—sometimes I tell Ella she's too talkative at times—she said, making it snappy, 'I don't care whether you think you know who I am or not. Beat it, or you'll be the sorriest man that ever walked a Chicago street in Chicago-born feet.' He gasped, red in the face, 'Such language!' I don't always myself like the way Ella talks. But it was none of his business what language she wants to use. And he had the nerve to say that anyway he'd see her again, later, somewhere, sometime; and that she couldn't help herself."

Winfield added in noncommittal voice that Ella had insistently bidden him leave the fellow to her. She did not care to be mixed up in any street row, and she could take care of him and herself.

Whether she could do this or not, several persons connected with the Schultzburg establishment beheld for several successive days, at the hours of twelve and 5:30, a well-groomed, well-shaven, well-to-do young man, one indeed of the genus known in America and in other places as better class, riding slowly up and down the mercantile street which harbored the Schultzburg and several similar establishments. He cast assiduous sharp glances at every group of short-skirted girls emerging from various mercantile doors. He had a small glossy-black mustache, a great square-cut emerald ring, keen brown eyes and a bad temper. Twice he was heard to swear because other cars blocked his immediate way.

The first noon someone half recognized him. He was positively identified two days later. He was a wealthy young man about town, and he owned considerable stock in the Schultzburg establishment. During the war he had often accompanied Herman Schultzburg and other prominent Chicagoans on drives and other work. His picture had been several times in the newspapers—when he gave checks, when he sailed for France with his company, when he returned. Once he had pledged the value of his great conspicuous emerald, which he said belonged to his grandfather, to start off contributions for fags. And one or two persons recalled having seen him once with Miss Schultzburg herself on one of her infrequent school vacations and a consequent visit at the wholesale house. She had been a little creature, swathed to her pearl earrings in a squirrel dolman.

"But if men like him didn't have their habits I don't know what the movies would do for reels," said Fred Ingraham anent the attentions to Ella Humesly, this without too much concern over a self-possessed young woman's ability to take care of herself; and Fred casually whistled The Sheik while he checked off misses' and children's trimmed white Milans for a large Des Moines firm.

Winfield Tell also happened to be whistling The Sheik, low and somehow thoughtfully, it seemed. But different men whistle to different pressures of mood.

Ella Humesly was not at work for four days. Winfield said that she thought she had been working too hard; she was headachy days, although feeling well enough to meet him evenings—at her rooming-house door—for a little diversion.

But when at last she returned to her table and Miss Carson rebuked her tartly for absence, explaining that Nebraska was calling imperatively for two kinds of quilled tams by the gross, and not long back the mossy grass had threatened to grow for a decade before Nebraska could be heard calling for two kinds of quilled tams in one month, Ella gave a different reason.

As if pure gayety of living bubbled over in her and made her irrational, Ella said gravely, and with an inflection of perfect sincerity, that she had lost the check book which her father had given her last Christmas and she had stayed away from work to search for it, fearing someone might find it and use up all the checks.

Whereat Lizzie Carson sighed, with three pencils in her thin hair and forty-two gross of hemp hats, on carbon, in her hands, and silently told Ella Humesly what she thought of her silly impudence.

"I never waste time saying much out loud," she confided to Sam Geinson when he came in search of a dozen finished pogo caps to complete a rush order to Miami. "After you've handled girls for twenty-eight years you conserve your energy."

And Lizzie Carson, for one, was too busy even to assume interest when she heard that at 12:30 of that same day Winfield Tell, returning strong and rejuvenated from a dairy lunch, had met Harold Craneham in front of the establishment and so maltreated him, taking him by surprise, that the small glossy mustache and the emerald finger ring simultaneously were pressed into the pavement.

Craneham struggled immediately to his feet and, if looks or words were effective murderous instruments, would have forthwith made dead a member of the Schultzburg shipping force. However, more than looks or words were required to cause that young man to pass into another and less bodily plane of existence. The two clenched, went at each other with two excellent pairs of fists.

Such an encounter could not, of course, endure long on a crowded Loop street at the hectic noon hour. But, strange to relate, when a policeman had hastily got to the scene and had separated the two and was willing to act lawfully and punish a man who in broad and public midday had knocked another man down without warning, the man knocked down hurriedly objected, even while he was replacing hat on glossy black hair, and even slipped the officer something which was suspiciously green and folded.

As if recognizing the slipper, and understanding that a well-to-do young man about town might have the best of reasons for avoiding a police blotter and the city press in connection with a regrettable physical incident, the policeman obligingly, if a trifle doubtfully, touched his helmet and stood by without interference while one man got into his green car and rode off and the other proceeded into his place of employment.

Joe Gutter and two salesmen happened to see the incident. It cannot be said that their report of it increased anyone's liking for Winfield Tell. But he did not incur disrespect, either; although a good many older men were rather bored after an hour or so that afternoon; he bragged at length of his deftness in knocking any man down.

And then, at 5:30, which to many folks on this good earth is the most spiritual moment of the twenty-four hours, Winfield Tell wore a haughtily noncommittal expression. This while he stood on the pavement in front of the wholesale house which was emitting its end-of-day crowd, and watched Ella Humesly, who did not see Winfield behind her, step into young Craneham's glossy-green car and ride off—somewhere.

It was a balmy end of day, such as often falls on cities great and cities small. A breeze which hinted of spring floated over the crowded, hurrying street.

Back to the ears of many of her fellow employes floated the words of Ella Humesly getting into the green car. They were not the most complimentary to the car's driver. But still she had got in the car.

"Say, Mr. Harold Craneham, you've got your nerve, and for a cotton vicuse I would —— Oh, all right! If you're bound to make a fuss! I'm hungry, and when I'm hungry I can eat with one person just as well as with another. But if you think I like the way you've been tagging me for days past —— I suppose, though, you're the kind that would tag a wife till the poor thing wished she was ——"

The general clamor of a homing Loop street at that time of day shut off further hearing of Ella Humesly's words or of young Craneham's. Several of the listening men looked curiously at the silent, listening Winfield. But there is always a certain amount of sex solidarity, even in the most unpropitious. No one gibed him or offered

(Continued on Page 67)

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VELVET JOE: **"When it comes to complexions and tobacco, any improvement on Nature ain't any improvement."**

THE CHEMIST: **"You're right, Joe. The smartest scientists are stumped when they try to mellow tobacco by artificial methods, instead of natural ageing in the wood."**

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Velvet

the aged in the wood smoking tobacco.

Mild and Mellow

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Mrs. Jones puts her ho



Some time ago I had an experience that every woman has had time and time again. We needed a number of things and I decided to spend the day shopping. I started out with $15 in my pocketbook.



On the way down town I stopped at the grocery and ordered some things. I paid for the goods and asked the grocer to deliver them. He didn't give me a receipt and I didn't think to ask for one.



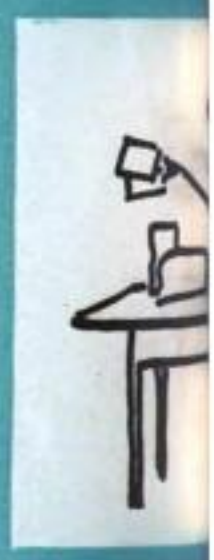
I spent mos
department st
in different
Brown's gave
thing that I bo



I bought some bread in a bakery. This was another "receipt" store. I got my change and a receipt in half a minute. I couldn't help comparing this service with that of the drug store next door.



As soon as I got home the newsboy came to collect for the paper. I opened my pocketbook to pay him and found exactly three cents. Three cents out of $15! I couldn't believe it and I sat right down to check up.



I knew exact
that had giv
amounts in
showed that
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We appreciate your trade
Please come in again

A ★-1.00 -0016 SEP 16-22

Clerk and Trans | Amount | Transaction Number | Date

The Up-to-Date Store
1922 Progress Ave.

This receipt shows the exact amount of your purchase

One kind of National Cash Register receipt.

I LEARNED two valuable lessons that day. One that every woman ought to keep a record of the m she spends. Since that day I have kept a Home B book and I know exactly where our money goes. We saved money and we always know where we stand.

The National Cas

Da

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on a business-like basis



ng in Brown's
e a few things
I noticed that
ceipt for every-



I met Mrs. Smith and we went to lunch. I paid the check and on the way out bought some candy to take home. They didn't give me a receipt, either for the lunch or for the candy.



On my way home I stopped in a drug store for some cold cream. I don't remember how much it was, the jar wasn't marked, and I didn't get a receipt. But I had to wait a long time for my change.



spent in stores
There were the
igures. They
tal of $8.75 in
Good's bakery.



But I could only guess at what I had spent where they had not given receipts. There were the groceries, the cold cream, and the candy. And of course we had had lunch. But there was nothing to show what they cost.



I was worried and I told my husband about my experience. "It seems to me," he said, "that you could avoid trouble like this by trying to do all of your buying at stores that give printed receipts."

lso learned that you cannot keep any kind of a record less you get receipts for everything you buy. Now I ways try to buy from merchants who give National Cash gister receipts. By getting receipts and keeping a dget book we run our home on a business-like basis.

egister Company

hio

A Home Budget Book Free

We believe that it will pay every woman to keep a record of expenses. To make this easy to do we have prepared a simple Home Budget book. We will send you a copy from Dayton or you can get one from our nearest agency. In either case the book is free. Just mail this coupon.

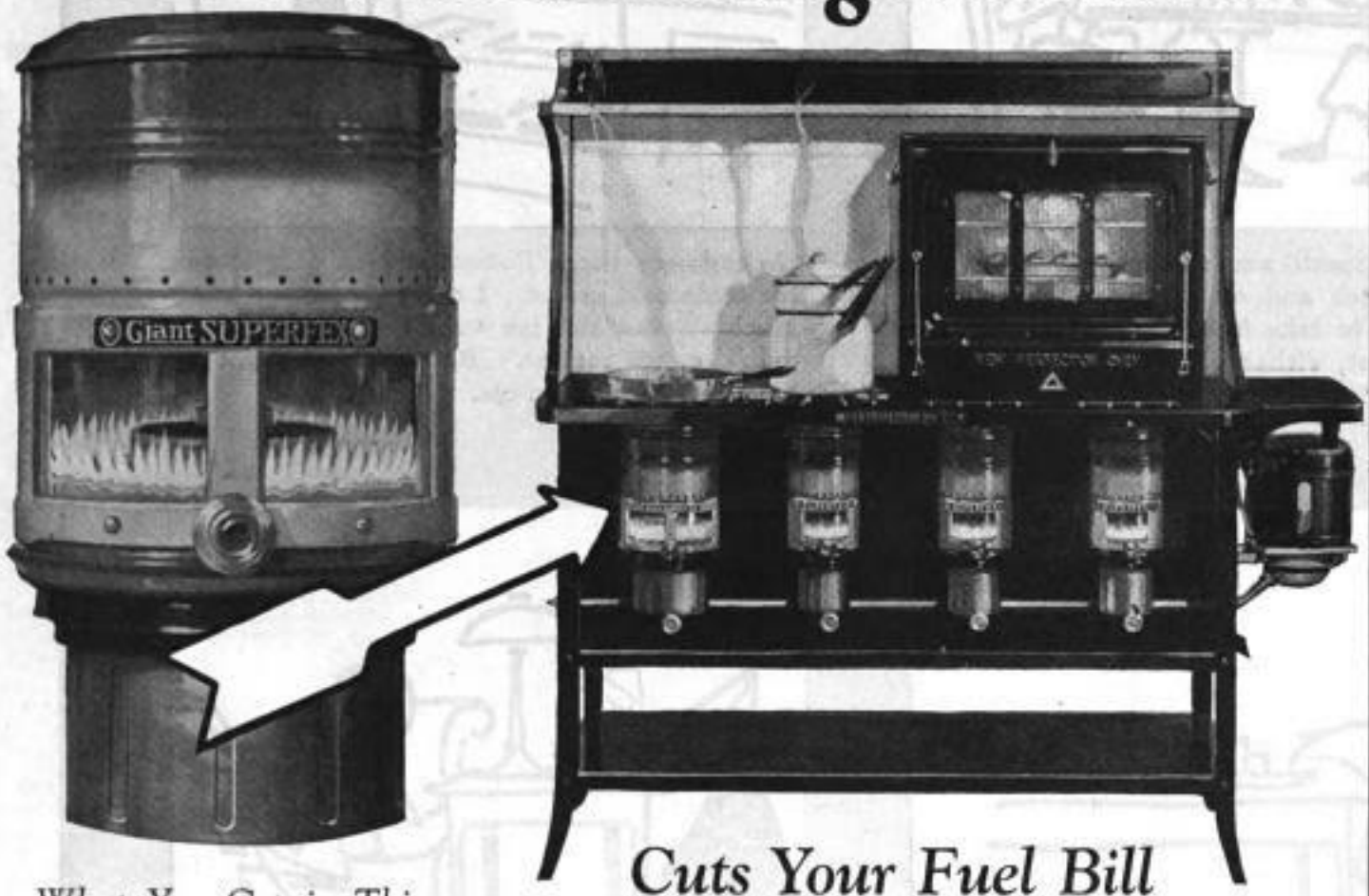
Name _____

Address _____

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the Oil Range *for* City Use

A Revolutionizing Invention



What You Get in This New Stove

1. Cooking speed of the giant gas burner—in the Giant SUPERFEX Burner.
   Cooking speed of the standard gas burner—in the standard size SUPERFEX Burner.
2. Abundant heat that is absolutely clean and odorless.
3. One Giant and three Standard SUPERFEX Burners.
4. Operating convenience, cleanliness and new time-saving features.
5. Greater economy and reliability of cooking with kerosene oil—the universal fuel.
6. Handsome, sturdy, long-lived stove with higher and bigger Aladdin Quality Porcelain Enameled Cooking Top, and new base shelf for utensils.
7. A new (more beautiful) Gray Enamel finish on all chimneys.

Cuts Your Fuel Bill

THE fuel cost is lower than gas at 85 cents per thousand cubic feet—much cheaper than electricity.

And, in addition, this new range cooks with all the speed and satisfaction of a gas stove.

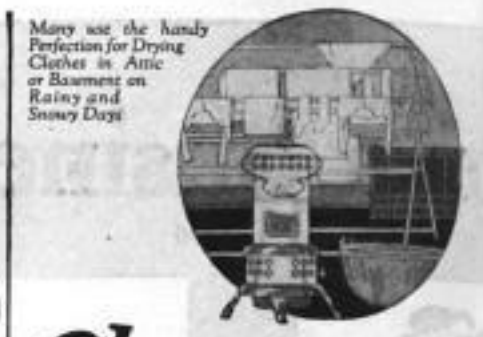
A new invention, the SUPERFEX Burner, has made possible for the first time this remarkable oil range that gives absolute satisfaction for city, suburban and farm use, the whole year 'round.

The speed and economy of this range have been tried and proved in actual kitchen use. After thorough tests, Good Housekeeping Institute has placed its seal of approval on the New Perfection with SUPERFEX Burners.

A demonstration will convince you. See your dealer now—and save money

THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS COMPANY
Also Makers of ALADDIN Utensils and PERFECTION Oil Heaters
7638 PLATT AVENUE CLEVELAND, OHIO

NEW PERFECTION *Oil Range with* SUPERFEX *Burners*



Many use the handy Perfection for Drying Clothes in Attic or Basement on Rainy and Snowy Days

Chasing Chill from 4,000,000 Homes

PROTECT your home against fuel shortage with a Perfection.

The friendly glow of the handy Perfection Oil Heater is bringing extra cheer to young and old alike. Its cozy warmth prevents drafts and dampness and chases chill from any room on winter's coldest days.

Keep warm and keep well—with a Perfection. It's easily carried about, upstairs and down—no smoke, no odor—gives 10 hours' comfort heat on a gallon of kerosene oil.

THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS COMPANY
7638 Platt Ave. Cleveland, Ohio

The new White Enameled PERFECTION



PERFECTION *Oil Heaters*

Heat by the Roomful

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(Continued from Page 62)

offensive condolence. Besides, homes and suppers were calling.

Eight-thirty of the next morning had hardly spun its busy opening-of-day course into 9:30 when that happened which had been bound to happen sometime. Ella Humesly met her elderly and gnarled employer face to face. The place of meeting was the wide cluttered corridor which ran from workrooms past the shipping room, with its always open unimpeded door, to the coat rooms. At the time, Lizzie Carson had assumed that Ella had left her chair and needle either to get a forgotten lipstick in her coat pocket or to pass unnecessarily the door of the shipping room. As either reason was inexcusable she had given brusque permission to Ella to leave her work. Afterward she regretted her unnecessary brusqueness of tone.

Ella strolled carelessly down the corridor, the kind of permission accorded to her having mattered little at all. Lizzie Carson had watched her with impatience. At sight of old Herman Schultzburg in that corridor, bearing toward her like a schooner at full speed, the girl turned as if in terror and would have run as if in panic. Joe Gutter in the shipping room was in line to notice her peculiar manner.

She did not run far; perhaps four steps. A horrified shout from her employer hypnotically stopped her while one cheap small gray-suède heel was high in the air. It seemed to remain there suspended a full minute. Joe Gutter and others, brought by the heavy and well-known Schultzburg shout, watched it in some fascination. That is not a customary action of a heel. Herman Schultzburg's questions tumbled hoarsely after his shout—and enlightened his establishment; almost stupefied that establishment, as well.

"Eleanor Schultzburg! What in the dev—— What are you doing here? Where have you been these two months past? Where did you get the kind of clothes you got on? Where did you get your hair cut?"

For a moment terror and panic almost triumphed. But it was the briefest moment ever tossed out by Father Time. The next, and half a hundred persons heard Ella Humesly's—so-called—bright young voice in impertinent reply.

"I'm working here, papa. For two months. I bought these clothes at Chicago stores. I got my hair cut at a beauty shop. And what have you got to say about it?"

"What have I got to say about it?" City workers who had never seen a Western plain except in a motion picture involuntarily thought of a bellowing buffalo. "And your mother in bed in a New York hotel! On your account! And me looking for you, searching for you ——"

"I sent you a postcard and told you I was all right."

"Me with two detective agencies to the last man hunting for you—Harold looking for you—all of us frantic!"

"Oh!"

She sighed, as for a handsome time ended. And of those looking on, a number remarkably augmented in the ten seconds just past, all listening, heads out of doorways, heads from behind hat boxes, heads between machinery and packing cases, an astute minority gasped at first. Then all except Henry McCrench, who had dropped his glasses in the excitement, began to catch it. That resemblance! They marveled that they had been obtuse. There it was exposed. Allowing for youth and dyspeptic age, taking into account lashlessness and beaded lashes, marking well one bulbous old sallow nose and one short chubby young white nose, there was a distinct line of similarity in the two profiles.

Moreover, Herman Schultzburg, having come to purple lack of breath, suddenly emphasized what he was saying by stamping his right foot. In return his daughter pettishly stamped hers. Those who heard the two sounds afterward agreed that rarely did an action by one person resemble an action by another person so meticulously. There was the same resonance of heel upon floor, the same swiftness of calf movement. That one calf was old and stiff and the other young and shapely seemed to make miraculously small difference in resultant sound.

By the arm Herman Schultzburg took his daughter and led her into the nearest office promising privacy. It happened to be the timekeeper's; that person hastily vacated it for his employer's convenience.

The door closed slammily. There then floated through a transom, for, after all, complete privacy is hard to attain in a crowded mercantile establishment, the following:

"Now, miss ——"

"Papa! If you'll let me explain ——"

"Explain! She talks about explaining when ——"

"You see, I'd told you before ——"

"Don't you dare give me any more of that sociological stuff!" An old harassed man half-wailed, half-roared this. "Think of it! All a wholesaler's got on his mind! Freight rates! Slump of trade! A teamsters' strike! The stock market—and the artificial flower makers' demands! And atop of all"—the wail gained victory over the roar—"he's got to stop and hunt for a daughter with a bee in her bonnet ——"

"I've got a right, papa." This was coming sulkily.

"Has a father got any rights?"

"If you'll let me explain ——"

"I'll teach you a better explanation than any you can hand me."

"Try to, papa"—sulkily.

"No wonder"—again a wail—"I'm an old sick man."

"Oh, if you'd take a course"—flippantly—"in mental therapy for indigestion ——"

"Don't you talk that way to me, miss!"

"I said nothing improper," she said with spirit. "And I'll talk just the way I please. My life is my own. And if I choose not to be a social idler, but devote my days to finding out how other people live ——"

"You mean," brutally shouted a harassed old parent with commendable insight, "you were bored and you wanted to try something new and strange. And at the same time annoy Harold."

His daughter stamped her foot a second time. "Oh—Harold!" Her inflection was unkind. Either the reverberation of the stamp or the inflection of voice caused a high and neatly boxed heap of fluted sailors for Fort Worth, Texas, to topple over in the corridor outside the timekeeper's office.

Joe Gutter mechanically stooped to stack them again, and in so stooping brushed against Winfield Tell, whom momentarily nearly all had forgotten in the excitement. Now, peering around to look him in the eye and find out how he was taking all that had happened, they neglected to continue to listen to the two within the small closed office. When they again hearkened, Eleanor—Ella, so-called—had become either sulkily or thoughtfully silent, and Herman had become merely an inarticulate murmur.

And by that time there had been found small satisfaction for anyone in attending to Winfield Tell. His mouth, wide at first, had closed compressively; his stupor and astonishment, so evident in the beginning, had anyone alertly observed, had been exchanged for impassivity.

Then turning on a silent heel he was the one to lead the way back to customary work.

It was Henry McCrench who, back at work before Herman Schultzburg could emerge from his timekeeper's office and catch a listening crowd, led the hemming and the hawing with Winfield as object.

There had been quick consulting and clinging and querying of many pairs of eyes. There was the beginning of a high nervous tension in the shipping-room air. It was heightened by the curious passing and repassing of many girls and other Schultzburg employes who had a strange intense desire to peer furtively in the shipping-room door for a look at the young man who had been favored by the liking and companionship of the so-called Ella Humesly.

A man you don't like is a man you don't like, there is no denying. And of course there are other shipping rooms when men are industrious. But the son-in-law of your employer is, after all, the son-in-law of your employer. No sensible person cares to change his place of employment unnecessarily. Oh, a girl's caprice!

Henry McCrench, nudged by two or three, began hesitantly: "I hope, Tell, you don't bear any malice? Just for a—a few joking words."

The young man, if he heard, made no reply. His countenance was still impassive, so that Henry's voice died away. It was deemed best not to force matters. Strange as it may seem, matters were at the same static point at noon; at end of day; and the same for two or three days to come.

Young Winfield Tell worked assiduously. The shipping room united in a peculiar silence and unusual attention to work. A huge order of assorted ready-to-wears was made ready for New Orleans in record time. Eighty gross of children's trimmed dress hats wended swift way to Seattle, and there was no need for overtime by the men.

Silence continued to remain gently, unobtrusively on one young man, and hence on those who surrounded him. This for perhaps three days and a half. At the end of that time someone saw him in converse with Herman Schultzburg's daughter again—on the main floor, with Miss Schultzburg in a neat but not bought-on-installment serge suit.

It was remarked that the two conversed without marked emotion. Winfield was calm and even cordial. Eleanor was calmly vivacious. And while they were together young Harold Craneham approached. He did not approach boldly, but humbly and courteously enough. He and Winfield shook hands, not too limply.

For a moment Miss Schultzburg's self-contained brown eyes rested on both young men as if indecisively. Winfield politely excused himself, it was seen, and took his way up to his accustomed place of employment. The observer, who was Joe Gutter, followed him and could not refrain from indiscreet question:

"Aw, Tell, don't be a clam! I know some of us didn't treat you right, but a man that can't take a joke but holds malice ——"

"A joke? Malice?" Winfield apparently was puzzled.

"If you're going to marry the old man's girl ——"

But at the direct attack Winfield put down the little creamy child's motor hood which he had been carelessly wrapping in tissue paper for its express journey.

"I don't want you to misunderstand me, men," he said as if after much thought. "I don't want you to think I'm reflecting on Ella ——"

"Reflecting on her?"

"She's a nice girl, Ella, or Eleanor, or whatever she chooses to call herself," stated Winfield Tell calmly. "She's got a nice voice and she's jolly ——"

"I'll say it took pluck for her to work as long as she did and not give herself away," said Joe with admiration. "I've been wanting to tell you, Tell ——"

"And though of course we know you'll hardly stay in the shipping room after you marry her," broke in Fred Ingraham, "we want you to feel we didn't actually dislike you."

"Marry her!" The young man seemed astonished. "Say, listen. As I said, I don't want to cast reflections on any girl. I don't want to say anything I'll regret. You see, it was a great surprise to me ——"

"To all of us," encouraged someone.

"I don't want to say anything I'll regret. But"—there came onto the face of the speaker an expression curiously cold, stern and cautious—"but I'll say the way she talked to her father didn't make any kind of a hit with me!"

"It—it d-didn't?" stuttered someone; Henry McCrench or Sam Geinson.

"I guess not. I'm not saying anything against Ella. And of course we were nothing but good friends. And I'm perfectly willing to go on being good friends with her. She's a nice girl and jolly company. But a girl who'd defy an indulgent old father—she told me once he'd give her his false teeth!—a girl who'd leave a good home and live where she pleased and want to know of her father what he thought he could do about it ——" Voice sank with absolute disapproval, even astoundment.

"You mean?" Sam Geinson's voice sank with awe. This from a fellow man!

"I mean I couldn't help wondering," mused Winfield with strong feeling, "how she'd talk to a husband when he made any unusual little demand or request."

"You m-mean," Sam stuttered into inarticulacy—"you don't m-m-mean ——"

"I mean I myself wouldn't risk it. Even if we'd been anything more than simply good friends, which we weren't." Quite attentively and matter-of-factly the speaker reached for another little creamy child's hood.

Joe Gutter bore testimony that there had been marked indecision in the young lady's attitude while she stood in converse with the two young men, Winfield and Craneham. It was cheerful enough indecision. She had put a hand on each one's arm while she talked to them. But she had seemed somewhat regretfully to stare after Winfield when finally he politely excused himself and went to his work. Whereat—his going, not her regretful look—young Craneham, who at close range seemed a singularly docile young well-to-do man about town, had brightened; as a terrier may when his master finally decides to pat him.

On top of this it was anticlimax when that same afternoon Winfield Tell received another letter from Mary Anderson, carelessly read it half through and then stuck it unfinished in his pocket.

Sam Geinson was moved to speech. Henry McCrench was surprised and annoyed. The action seemed unfitting. There had been a many-sided change of feeling in the shipping room. Old Herman Schultzburg loomed less as an employer than as a hectored old person who needed sympathy and consideration from those under him. It would have been fitting, Henry and others deemed, had Winfield seen fit to keep the atmosphere sort of exalted, as it were. But it seemed that essentially he had not changed. And then, before Sam could get ready a really effective and eloquent sentence, came another letter from Mary, marked special delivery.

Winfield carelessly tore it open, read it through with some sign of excitement. Several men of varying age stared at his suddenly triumphant expression. It was as well that he was not of a reticent nature. Curiosity unsatisfied might have gone hard with an elderly man or two.

But immediately he benevolently shared the contents of the missive, shared them with so bland, so beaming a smile that Henry McCrench took off his glasses to polish them, sure that he had not seen aright.

"Mary," said Winfield in glad tone, "has changed her mind. She is coming. She will be here tomorrow morning, Union Depot, eight o'clock. Gave in at last! Mary has!"

"Well, I call that a shame!" Sam Geinson could not refrain from saying. "She won't like it here, living in a stuffy flat and worrying over expenses."

As one man they stared.

"Who said anything about us living in this town?" demanded Winfield, carefully putting the letter in his pocket.

"Why—why—what else have you been saying for months past?" demanded Sam sharply. "I'm not hard of hearing if I am forty-six."

"I know what I said." He grinned. "Sure, I know."

"Well, now you say she is willing to come ——"

"Sure, I said it. And since Mary is willing to live wherever I want to live—why, I'm perfectly willing to go back and live where Mary wants to live and where privately I'd rather live."

He put down a batch of creamy hoods and began to roll down his sleeves.

"There's a lot of things about a city I don't like," he confided casually to all who cared to listen. "I like to look out my bedroom window at trees when I wake up mornings—instead of L tracks. And it's too noisy here. And you don't get your money's worth."

"Oh, is that so?" Two or three spoke as if dazed.

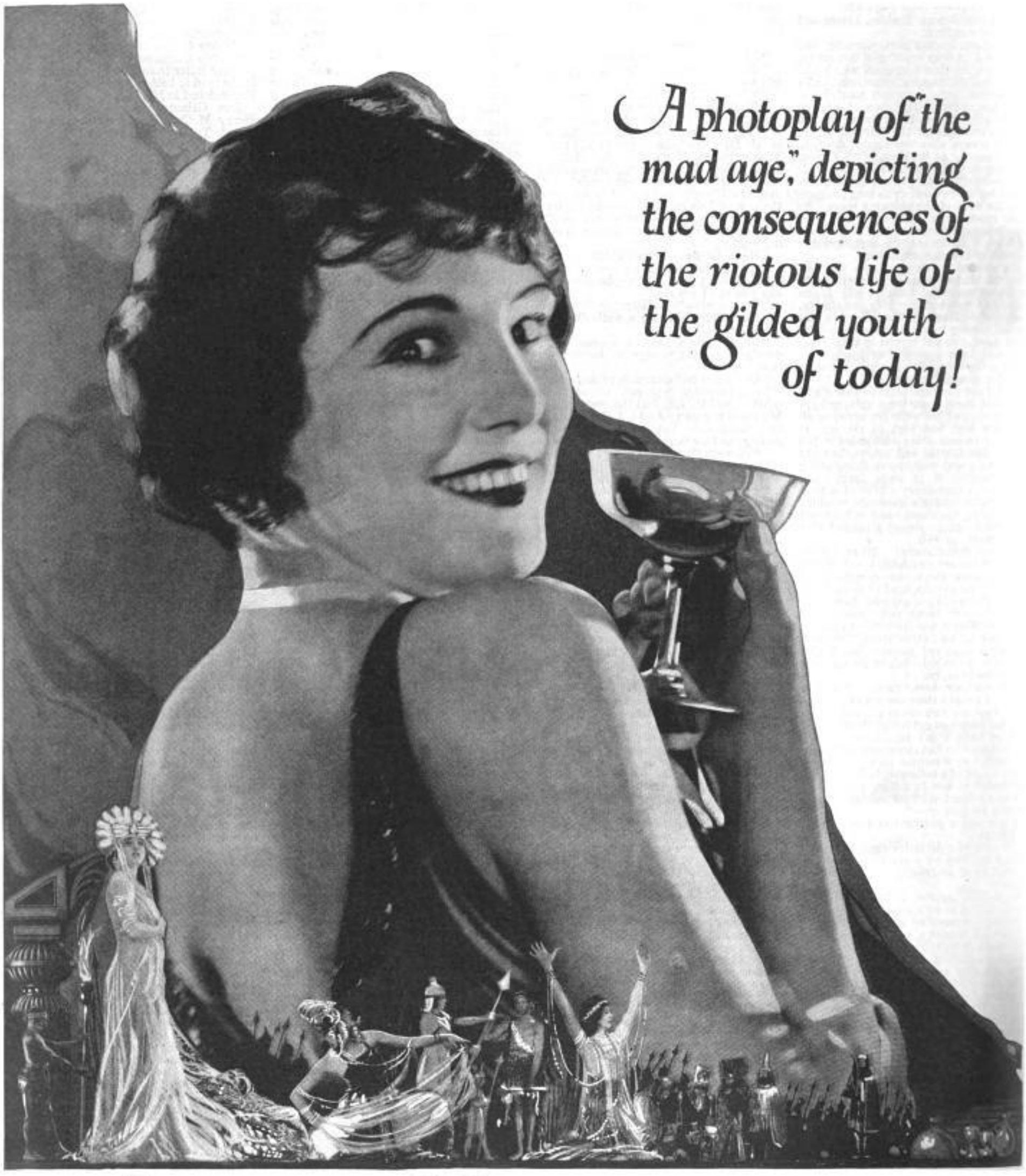
"There's quite a lot of things to annoy you on a farm," he went on, fastening his cuffs. "San José scale, and sometimes a dry summer, and a May freeze often. But I don't know as a wholesale millinery house is a bed of peace." With disgust: "Always on the verge of nervous prostration for fear the fool women in Iowa or Nebraska or Texas won't wear their usual quota of chiffon brims and cotton lilacs. Six of one and half a dozen of the other, I'll admit to pa. I give in when I lose an argument. I'm that kind of a chap. Pa warned me my income tax would never equal his."

While, generally dazed, a roomful listened to him and watched him, he added with evident relief: "Mary's certainly been slow to give in. Stubborn—that girl! I was afraid she'd never do it, and I'd be forced to marry someone else just to have company most of my life."

He beamed as he got his hat. "I don't mind telling you—Mary all along was the only kind of girl that would suit me. Guess when it came to the scratch I couldn't have had a substitute. Jolly, and a fair cook—she'll be fine when she's as old as her mother and mine—and a nice straight white nose. And the way she treats her father—she's fond of him." He paused to allow the excess of commendation to sink into the minds of his hearers.

Then he turned firmly to Fred Ingraham. "I want my pay up to the minute. Two hours over this last half day. Pa's generous but I'll need every cent with Mary. [illegible] used to the best grade of silk and cl[illegible]

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Cecil B. De Mille's PRODUCTION "MANSLAUGHTER"

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THOMAS MEIGHAN

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From the novel by Alice Duer Miller
Adaptation by Jeanie Macpherson



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—and there you have a Paramount Picture whose excitement and emotion will play across thousands of audiences as vividly as lightning across the sky!

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These are the temptations facing the gilded youth of America today.

Here you see the amazing life of luxury they lead.

Don't miss Tom Meighan in his rôle of the young attorney who tries to stem the tide, but whose heart is pierced with love for the cruel and wealthy girl who sets the fastest pace.

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"I was a spendthrift on shirts for years" —said Bob Dale

"I groaned every time I got a bill from my shirtmaker," he explained; "but I kept on paying his high prices. I didn't know any other way to get shirts worth wearing.

"Then I heard that Emery Shirts are equal to custom-made. I doubted it—but I tried a box.

"No custom shirts ever fitted me better. I never saw finer workmanship, or higher-grade material. Every inch of an Emery Shirt shows class.

"I get better shirts for less money now."

Why Emery Shirts are equal to custom-made

Pattern in each shirt perfectly balanced—stripes matched in cuffs, front, etc.

Different sleeve lengths. Sleeve placquets (buttoning above cuff) to prevent gaping sleeve and make cuffs set right.

Pre-shrunk neckbands. Nek-ban-tab for inserting collar button in back.

Closely-stitched seams. Clear pearl buttons. Unbreakable buttonholes. And many other refinements of finish.

Emery shirts are sold at better class shops—$1.50, $2.00, $2.50, $3 and up. If there is no Emery dealer near you, we will see that you are served promptly, on receipt of money order and name of your dealer. Give neck-band size, sleeve length and color preferences. W. M. Steppacher & Bro., Inc., Makers of Emery Shirts, Philadelphia.

Emery Shirts

CONSTITUTION BUSTERS

(Continued from Page 23)

every effort, if he ever reaches the Senate, will presumably be devoted to furthering unsound and thoroughly anti-Republican doctrines.

Of late years this flabbiness and lack of principle have been aggravated by organized and aggressive minorities who have discovered that when they scream loudly enough and long enough for certain things their screams are mistaken by senators and representatives for nation-wide demands.

So it happens that our legislators first frame laws to meet the desires of one organized minority, and then they frame more laws to meet the desires of another organized minority, after which they devote themselves busily to framing still more laws to appease the ear-splitting howls of every other organized minority that has a howl in its system.

Such a state of affairs is, in a way, an embryonic form of the Bolshevik uprising in Russia. The Bolsheviks were—and are—a very small but very well organized minority. They knew exactly what they wanted, and they knew exactly where they proposed to apply the ax in order to get it. Their opponents lacked leadership, vision and backbone. They knew they were going to be struck, but they never made up their minds which way to dodge or how to return the initial blow with a violent and effective wallop. As a result, one hundred and fifty million people have been overwhelmed and wrecked by an aggressive minority of little more than half a million Bolsheviks, governing by means of the most offensive centralized bureaucracy that the world has ever seen.

Asking Papa for It

The student of political science learns at an early date that bureaucracy is "the only form of government for which the philosopher can find no defense," and that "republicanism and bureaucracy are incompatible existences."

In order that there may be no mistake as to the exact nature of bureaucracy, its definition in a standard work of reference is: "Government by bureaus; specifically, excessive multiplication of, and concentration of power in, administrative bureaus. The principle of bureaucracy tends to official interference in many of the properly private affairs of life, and to the inefficient and obstructive performance of duty through minute subdivision of functions, inflexible formality, and pride of place."

Some of the loudest and most persistent of the organized minorities that have been operating in this country for the last few years have been those who have little use for the Constitution of the United States, for states' rights as guaranteed by the Constitution, for community government or for state government, or for individual liberty and freedom.

The founders of this country had certain definite ideas, prominent among which was the idea that God helps him who helps himself. The United States did not reach its present commanding position because its early settlers and lawmakers were led tenderly over to this country and catered to by a lot of paid agents, pushed into soft jobs, and wrapped up in cotton wool when they pounded their fingers or were dissatisfied with their wages. They fought their way over here, and they fought to hold their homes when they got here. Life in America was a life of fierce competition—of competition with Nature and of competition with other men. Men who were brought up under such conditions were men of courage and men of convictions. Families were strong enough and energetic enough and proud enough to bring up their own children without any sort of government interference. The citizens of a town were mentally capable of solving their own problems without calling on the state for assistance. The state was able to meet its difficulties without bursting into tears and taking its bruises to the Great White Father at Washington to be kissed. Only the Indian was so incompetent in the gentle art of self-rule that he had to be closely supervised by the Federal Government; and the Indian isn't lasting well.

The leaders of the American people were true leaders, with vision and backbone. Organized minorities lacked the power to make them shiver with fear or even to indulge in the slightest internal quiver of alarm. If the leaders of organized minorities were murderers or inciters to murder those rude and independent leaders didn't invite them to lunch or discuss their sins with them in prolonged conferences. They stuck out their jaws, rolled up their sleeves and announced grimly that the hanging would take place at sunrise if necessary in the support of law and order. The fact that the hanging might ruin a voter or two didn't affect their judgment in the least. They were interested in principles and not in votes.

Things are different nowadays. Of late years the United States, lacking the vision and the common sense to see the inevitable results of such folly, has admitted the cheapest of Europe's immigrants by the million. Because of their training, their environment and their heredity, the bulk of these people have been incapable of grasping our principles of government. With this cheap immigration have come great quantities of cheap foreign thought that had its origin in the minds of men whose ideas and ideals were as far removed from those of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Hamilton, Adams and the other founders of the republic as a lemon is removed from the sun. This cheap foreign thought may be found in and behind the writings of the German socialist leaders, Marx and Engels, traced through the ravings of their apostles and successors, and located in the more recent outpourings of the Bolshevik leaders, Lenine, Lunakharsky and Madame Kollontai. It has found a fertile resting place in the minds of demagogues; in the minds of poorly balanced and half-baked youths who grow hysterical between their thirtieth and fortieth cigarettes over any worthless and untried scheme to relieve every man of his normal burden of responsibility and work; in the minds of the restless children of recent immigrants whose sole political heritage, as a result of centuries of real or fancied oppression, is the desire to destroy the existing government; and in the minds of those fanatics, faddists and visionaries who snatch up and play with ancient or renovated socialistic schemes as their less harmful brothers pick up and toy with bizarre religions or fool with quack theories for reducing weight without any of the unpleasantnesses that must go with sane weight reduction.

Having absorbed a sufficient amount of cheap foreign thought, these enthusiastic people imbue other people with their enthusiasms and form organized minorities which make concerted and often successful drives on Congress to have their fads and visions made into laws.

Well-Chosen Words From Delaware

The goal toward which these people are working—though most of them would probably deny the accusation indignantly, and firmly believe that they were justified in their denials—is a paternalistic, socialistic, communistic United States of America, in which there shall be no more government by the people through wise leaders selected by them, as provided by the Constitution, but a government by laws through an enormous number of bureaus centralized in the capital, as practiced in Soviet Russia.

Bearing in mind the two axioms that bureaucracy is the only form of government for which the philosopher can find no defense, and that republicanism and bureaucracy are incompatible existences, let us turn for a moment to a few well-chosen words delivered in the House of Representatives on April 11, 1922, by Dr. Caleb R. Layton, the one representative from the state of Delaware.

"There are more than two hundred and fifty different commissions and bureaus of the Federal Government already in existence," says Doctor Layton. "They comprehend every sort of human activity in art, science and administrative power, including forestry, agriculture, horticulture, mechanics, chemistry, biology, the whole field of medicine, including investigations both in human and animal diseases. In fact, there is nothing in the heavens above, the earth beneath, nor the waters under the earth that is not comprehended in the activities of some government agency. If some midnight dyspeptic idealist as he lies awake thinks he has discovered some new idealistic good which he deems to be for the betterment of mankind, he immediately proceeds to draft a bill creating a new bureau under the Federal Government for the purpose of carrying his newly discovered idea into effect. . . .

"It is inevitable that the extension of bureaucratic government will destroy the energies and therefore the liberties of the people. It is inevitable that the more bureaucratic government is extended, the less community and state government will be left. It is inevitable that the extension of national power will call for more and more taxation to support the increased number of departments and bureaus with their inevitable increase of men and women upon the pay rolls. It is inevitable that the more the Government taxes the people the less the people can tax themselves for state and community purposes. It is inevitable that the more money the Government gets from taxation the less the states can get. The fuller the National Treasury the more empty the state treasury, until all energies of government will be nationalized and the states will be too poor to pay for any of their own. When that time comes, then will come revolution as the only escape from the tyranny of Congress, just as it was the only remedy in 1776 against the tyranny of a king. Either this or national death through a slavish and decadent citizenship."

Now some people believe this and some people don't. The unfortunate part about the whole thing is that the people who believe it to be true, and who see our American forms of government swiftly being supplanted by hybrid and communistic foreign forms, cannot cast their lot with a political party which stands for the principles for which the founders of the republic stood. No such thing exists.

A New Alignment Needed

Some Democrats are hunting votes by blaming the socialistic drift on the Republican Party; and some Republicans are blaming it on the Democrats. Such men are either deliberately attempting to deceive the people or haven't the brains to see that the blame falls on both parties. In either event they are not fit to be elected to the positions which they are after.

Doctor Layton, of Delaware, continuing his speech of April 11, 1922, in the House of Representatives, said: "Today both parties, within and outside of Congress, are mere bidders at the auction block for the support of every organized class asking for legislation that if enacted would destroy every vestige of the constitutional government we have inherited. . . . We need two political parties differing in principles and not over spoils, an open, honest and frank constitutional party, and an equally open and frank communistic party, so that the sheep of constitutional government can be separated from the three breeds of wolves of socialism, paternalism and communism."

Doctor Layton is an optimist if he expects that those who advocate socialistic and communistic legislation will be willing to brand themselves as communists. At times they call themselves liberals, and at other times they call themselves progressives. They speak of legislation which they advocate as public-welfare legislation, and not as communistic legislation. The label which they invariably attach to the person who opposes them is either "reactionary" or "standpatter"—evidently figuring that it is less shameful and more liberal to stand pat on the moldy and rancid theories compiled by Heinrich Karl Marx, of Treves, than the sound and well-preserved principles of Washington, Madison, Jefferson, *et al.*

The writings of Marx are popular with many semi or freshly baked persons who call themselves progressives without being able to grasp the fact that their progressive Marxian doctrines are ones that Marx stole from every advocate of socialistic theories from the time of the ancient Greeks down to his own time. There is plenty of room for argument as to whether they are as progressive as they think they are.

A charming feature of our small determined groups is their keen desire to set the nation's thought in the belief that people can go further and fare better by trailing the brilliant and up-to-the-minute Lenine and his gang than by following in the footsteps of such archaic old fuddyduddies as the senile dodderers who wrote the Constitution of the United States—that tiresome

(Continued on Page 73)

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IT RIVALS THE BEAUTY OF THE SCARLET TANAGER



The HE pen

With Oversize Ink Capacity and a point as Super-smooth as a polished jewel bearing

Guaranteed 25 Years

Let a he-man get his hand on Parker's big business-like Duofold and he'd rather let go of seven dollars than the pen. Yes, America is standing in line, as it were, to get this lacquer-red classic with smart black tips and oversize barrel that holds a double ration of ink. It rivals the beauty of the scarlet Tanager.

"Handsomer than gold!" is the verdict heard wherever the Duofold is seen.

So smooth is its native Iridium point that it needs no "breaking in"—so life-enduring that we guarantee its wear and mechanical perfection *25 years!* Hence here is the most *economical* pen you can buy as well as the most luxurious pen you can own, or give.

The Duofold was created by Geo. S. Parker, inventor of the "Safety-sealed" Press-Button filler and leakproof "Lucky-Curve" feed. Only in Parker Pens can these two epochal improvements be obtained.

Step up today—to the first pen counter, and get the "feel" of the Duofold's big, symmetrical barrel. Let its balanced swing in your hand give you your first real taste of writing urge! Try other pens beside it to see how super-smoothly the Duofold glides over any paper *with scarcely no effort at all!*

Just cut out the Free Trial Coupon now, so you can take the Duofold on 30 days' approval. Or mail it to us, giving dealer's name.



Parker's "Press-Button" filler is safety-sealed beneath the graceful screw-cap. No pumping—no metal projection to catch your clothing and spill ink.

Parker Duofold LUCKY CURVE

The 25 Year Pen

OVER-SIZE **$7**

Duofold Jr. $5 Same except for size

Lady Duofold Handbag size with ring for chatelaine

30-Day Trial Coupon

Have your dealer sign this when you select your pen. Or mail it to The Parker Pen Co., Janesville, Wisconsin, giving dealer's name.

This certifies that the purchaser named below has paid the regular price for the Parker Duofold checked, with the understanding that he may return it to the dealer within 30 days and money will be cheerfully refunded [or in the case of a charge customer, his account will be credited]. [Check the model and the point you prefer].

☐ Oversize Duofold, $7
☐ Duofold Jr., $5 ☐ Lady Duofold, $5
☐ Extra fine ☐ Fine ☐ Medium
☐ Broad ☐ Stub

Purchaser _____

Address _____

Dealer _____

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN

Manufacturers also of Parker "Lucky Lock" Pencils

NEW YORK · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO · SPOKANE

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FOR HIS ART A GUILDSMAN SPURNED GREAT CATHERINE'S GOLD

THERE is a tale of an old-time guildsman who held his craft more precious than a purse of gold, more binding than the wish of any foreign monarch.

For his king this master craftsman of the eighteenth century fashioned a watch so small that it fitted into a ring.

He bore his gift to George the Third who bestowed upon the maker five hundred guineas and his thanks.

Catherine the Great, Empress of Russia, had news of the unique masterpiece and offered the young artisan a purse of a thousand guineas for another like it.

But he refused. He was loath to halt his art to make a duplicate. Of the nine hundred creations from his hand each was an improvement over those before. Each was a product of a finer skill.

Such was the spirit of progress which made this man one of the most famous of eighteenth century guildsmen.

Such now is the spirit which guides the hands of the craftsmen of the modern Gruen Guild of Watchmakers. Content with naught less than perfection, they have given their years to the development of the finest timepieces of today.

Devoted to their guild and craft, these men have lent to the name Gruen a prestige unsurpassed in the annals of any age. It is to these guildsmen, therefore, that the men and women of America turn for the highest examples of the progressive art of watchmaking.

The sale of Gruen Watches is confined to the best jewelers in each community. Look for the Gruen Service Emblem displayed by leading jewelers.

Prices: $25 to $750; with diamonds from $100 to $4,000

GRUEN WATCHMAKERS GUILD, Time Hill, Cincinnati, U.S.A.
Canadian Branch, Toronto
Masters in the art of watchmaking since 1874



How the Gruen Pat. Wheel Construction made an accurate watch logically thin. It isn't a genuine Verithin unless it is a Gruen



No. 91	No. 92	No. 93
Iridium platinum, finest diamonds, Extra Precision movement $375	Solid gold, regular adjusted ..... $75 Solid gold, Precision ..... $100 to $250 Gold filled, regular adjusted ..... $50 Gold filled, Precision $65	18 kt. solid white gold ..... $90 14 kt. solid green gold $80

GRUEN GUILD WATCHES

Including the original and genuine "VERITHIN"

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(Continued from Page 70)

indefensible and reactionary document characterized by William Pitt as "the wonder and admiration of all future generations and the model of all future constitutions."

Consequently these small determined groups who propose to lead the nation toward the bright pink light of socialism think of themselves as being almost too liberal and broad to pass through an ordinary doorway; and the only party tag which they would consent to accept would be that of Liberal, which would leave everybody else shuddering under the abhorrent name of Conservative.

Fortunately the people of the country are slowly reaching a state of mind where they would be willing to travel under a far more offensive party designation than Conservative so long as it gave them the power and the leaders to clean house of such a crew as the minorities who would starve the nation into submission by strikes, and all those whose sympathies or lack of courage led them to condone or to ignore that progressive movement back to the slums of Europe. Every day more people are awaking to the fact that Europe isn't the only section of the world that needs an American Relief Administration to relieve it of distress. The United States stands badly in need of one to relieve it of the adopted paternalistic schemes of the old German Government, the offensive and worm-eaten alien theories of Marx, Engels and Proudhon, and the undesirable and destructive communistic doctrines of Lenine and Lunakharsky—schemes, theories and doctrines which, if given a free hand, can wreck America as easily as they wrecked Russia.

Some of the constitution-wrecking paternalistic, socialistic, communistic legislation has been made into laws, while much more of it is still in the form of bills soon to be considered by Congress.

Fifty-Fifty Laws

Because of the manner in which, under the provisions of some of these bills, the Government gives a certain amount of money to a state provided that the state covers it with a like amount, they are known to congressmen as fifty-fifty laws. Those who object to this form of legislation, besides objecting because it is socialistic and unconstitutional, claim that it helps to make the United States into a bureaucracy instead of leaving it a Federal republic, and that the initial expense of such a scheme is the merest start. There never has been a government bureau established under the United States Government, they say, the operations of which and therefore the expenses of which have not grown with the whole-hearted enthusiasm of a St. Bernard puppy. Thus taxes will constantly increase. Because of these bills, they argue, the power of taxation is gradually being taken out of the hands of the various commonwealths of the Union and reposed in those of a majority of Congress. The result is that a collection of poor states can tax other richer states and exploit them merrily.

"In fact," said one congressman on the floor of the House not long ago, "those who are behind this socialistic program of legislation now crowding the calendars of both Houses frankly use the argument that a rich state should be taxed for the benefit of the poor states, provided the object of taxation is some good purpose. Of course this is the rankest communism. This means, when applied to the individual, that the man who hath shall be deprived of a part of what he hath for the man who hath not; that wealth must be held for the common benefit, regardless of the elements that enter into human productivity and activity—of thrift, intelligence, industry and ambition. How long would the individual work, how active would he be, what impulse to thrift would he have, what ambition in any calling, if the fruit of his labor was taken away from him by compulsion of law and given to the thriftless and the worthless, even though they were needy?"

Opponents of paternalistic legislation further complain that this country rose to greatness through individualism; whereas bills like a large number of those pending and some already passed cause the people to depend too much on the bounty of the Government, consequently weaken their strength of mind and their moral fiber, and eventually destroy individualism entirely.

These socialistic, paternalistic, bureaucratic, constitution-busting tendencies may be found in the Towner-Sterling Bill. This bill creates a Department of Education, with a Secretary of Education in the cabinet, and starts with an initial appropriation of one hundred million dollars of the taxpayer's money to extend education at a moment when education in the various states is staggering along in a highly satisfactory manner, but when the taxpayer is holding his aching head in his hands as a result of excessive and highly unsatisfactory taxes, and emitting heart-rending moans of anguish while running weakly in circles.

Great pressure in behalf of the Towner-Sterling Bill is being brought to bear on senators and on representatives by organized minorities; and Democrats and Republicans alike are being assured in no ladylike tones that those who don't vote for it will, at the next elections, be made to look like something that has passed through a meat chopper.

No matter how much the advocates of this bill may deny it, its ultimate effect must be to standardize education as it was standardized in Prussia. It must result in the loss of individualism, in the pulling down of genius to the level of the mass mind, and in the destruction of individual creation. This is the purpose and the result of the proletarian culture, or Prolet-kult, which is the basis of the educational system of Soviet Russia.

Representative John Jacob Rogers, of Massachusetts, a Republican, says of the Towner-Sterling Bill: "Federal control tends toward standardization of education. I do not believe in standardized education. I believe Massachusetts or California is a better judge of what her people should learn, and how and in what schools they should learn it, than any bureau or department chief in Washington can be. Education is inherently local in character. If we take away from the states one after another of their traditional functions, why should we retain the states themselves? . . .

"It may be argued that Federal control is not involved in the pending bill. But here the advocates are on the horns of a dilemma. Either there is or there is not Federal control. If there is not, the United States is handing over a great sum to forty-eight states to spend as they see fit. If there is control, the objections which I have suggested become operative. And in fact there is substantial control, however carefully hidden it may be in the newest draft of the bill. There are provisions that the several states must 'qualify.' The Secretary of Education in Washington will be the arbiter of what states do 'qualify.' No candid person will assert that a determined Secretary of Education could not easily utilize these and other provisions to control and even standardize education in any or all of the forty-eight states."

The Hour for Individualism

"Federal control of education is bound to be expensive, uneconomical and wasteful; it tends to bureaucracy and paternalism; it lends itself to government by propaganda. It is only a beginning fraught with danger. I believe that the Towner-Sterling Bill in its present form is not progression, but retrogression."

Senator William H. King, of Utah, a Democrat, places his finger on the same sore spot. "The Sterling-Towner Bill," says he, "aims to rob the states of reserved rights and to increase the bureaucratic power already oppressively exercised in this republic. Bismarck sought to standardize the German schools and to control the education of the German states through an autocratic bureaucracy. The result was the schools imbibed the spirit of bureaucracy and militarism. Any centralization and standardization of education will prove destructive of our public-school system and contribute to the overthrow of the states and the establishment of a consolidated government, un-Democratic, un-Republican, and outside the letter and the spirit of our institutions and the Constitution of the United States.

"There is no power in the Federal Government to tax the people of Massachusetts to educate the children of California. The Federal Government may exercise the taxing power for Federal purposes only. Education is not committed to the Federal Government, but the states reserved to themselves the exclusive control of education. Those carrying on the propaganda for a Department of Education and Federal control of education are striking at our Government, and contributing to its overthrow, and are thus foes of the Government established by our fathers.

"The hour calls for the revival of individualism and a spirit of self-government. Washington is too powerful and the heavy hand of the Federal Government is now an obstacle to democratic growth and to the development of the moral and spiritual forces essential for true progress. A Department of Education and Federal control of education would mean tens of thousands of Federal officeholders, a heavier burden of taxation and an encroachment upon the rights of the states."

Representative Caleb R. Layton, of Delaware, ever willing to deliver a hearty kick to anything that smacks of socialism or communism, treats it in the following rough but satisfying manner:

"The Department of Education would be a vast political machine operating in every schoolhouse in the land. Its political power would be incalculable by reason of its opportunity for propaganda for any purpose the department might see fit to inaugurate."

Politics in Education

"The very history of the country would be at its mercy; principles of any kind of political economy could be ingrained in the minds of the new generation, and the whole nation molded in the same universal mold which one man would fashion. It is said that the provisions in the bill specifically preclude any infringement upon the liberties of the states. How imbecile an argument! How insulting to common intelligence! Anyone knows that any man of force with one hundred million dollars at his command could have the whole school establishment of the United States eating out of his hand in less than a year, even though every word of the bill was a proclamation of state liberty and freedom. The power of the Secretary to interfere by mere suggestion; the opportunities for advancement or promotion at his command, if one were compliant; personal ambitions such as manifest themselves in all human life and such as were revealed so clearly in Germany under the same government system affecting the very highest of the distinguished professors in her universities—all would make a mere state superintendent of education, with every subordinate, compliant and submissive followers of whatever policy the august Secretary of Education, with his millions, might desire to establish."

Bill after bill of like nature was introduced in the present Congress, and organized minorities are urging a strong guerrilla warfare in their behalf.

Here, for example, is one known familiarly as the Fess Amendment in order to save time. It's real title is "A Bill to amend an Act entitled 'An Act to provide for the promotion of vocational education; to provide for coöperation with the states in the promotion of such education in agriculture and the trades and industries; to provide for coöperation with the states in the preparation of teachers of vocational subjects; and to appropriate money and regulate its expenditure.'" It was introduced by Representative Simeon D. Fess, Republican, of Ohio.

The Fess Amendment, which is particularly adept at abstracting money from the taxpayer's pocket, provides that for the purpose of coöperating with the states in paying the salaries of teachers, supervisors or directors of home-economics subjects there is authorized to be appropriated for the first year the sum of five hundred thousand dollars; and in each year until 1931 an amount equal to the amount appropriated in the preceding year plus two hundred and fifty thousand dollars; and three million dollars a year after 1931. Practically all this money goes for a pay roll for teachers to teach the same things that American citizens have been learning without their help for a century and a half. Instead of encouraging individualism this bill encourages the sticking of government noses into the homes and lives of Americans in a most persistent and offensive manner.

The pages of that compendium of learning and repository of wit and humor, the Congressional Record, give us an insight into these nose-sticking activities. Representative Albert Johnson, of Washington, a member of the Committee on Printing, one day received a publication of the Federal Board of Vocational Education entitled, Diary of Home-Making Activities. Since



AUTOMATIC heat control prevents the continuous waste of fuel which results from the inefficient, make-shift method of operating drafts, dampers or valves by hand.

In homes where the temperature is automatically controlled by the "Minneapolis" there is no overheating, no excessive use of fuel. A saving of one-fifth to one-third is effected. The experience of half a million users proves it.

The "MINNEAPOLIS" HEAT REGULATOR
"The Heart of the Heating Plant"

easily repays its cost in added comfort and convenience in addition to fuel saving. It takes *complete charge* of operation of drafts or valves; keeps the temperature uniform, "wakes up" the fire while you sleep in the morning, greets you when you arise, with warmth and comfort.

Ask your heating man about the "Minneapolis" during Heat Regulation Week, which starts September 24th.



Quickly and easily installed in old or new homes, on any type of heating system, burning any kind of fuel.

Write for booklet, "The Convenience of Comfort".

Minneapolis Heat Regulator Co.
2803 Fourth Avenue, So. Minneapolis, Minn.
Service branches in 30 principal cities



Food Mistakes

with growing children

Children have small stomachs, but large food demands. They need a complete line of body-building material. And they need vast stores of energy, for they live at concert pitch.

It is a mistake to fill such stomachs with bulky, innutritious foods. Or with incomplete foods, which in some ways leave them underfed.

Oats—the supreme food

The oat is for children the food of foods—the greatest food that grows.

It contains 16 needed elements, including the six minerals required. In energy value it is rated at 1810 calories per pound.

With milk it forms a practically complete food, rich in vitamines. A plate-full of some foods doesn't go as far as a dish of oats and milk. That is why it is so important to make the oat dish delightful.

Quaker Oats

Just the Rich, Flavory Flakes



The flavor that won the world

This brand is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. A bushel of choice oats yields but ten pounds of these delicious flakes.

Oat lovers of 50 nations—millions of them—send to get this flavor.

You will find it wherever oats are sold if you specify Quaker Oats.

The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago

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it was in his line of business it caught his fancy and he followed it up and told the House about it:

MR. JOHNSON *(waving the diary passionately in the faces of his fellow congressmen)*: The instructions on the first page say that the home-maker is to write down just what she does through the day, and she is asked to sit down three or four times a day and make a note of everything she has been doing—even the little things that seem of no account. It particularly urges her to be careful to include the little services, for, as it says, "They seem little to you but multiplied they become large." These are to be sent to farmers' wives and the wives of mechanics, the plain people. The companion to this diary for the plain people is a diary to be kept by married women who have received college educations. It goes further than the one for farmers' wives. The college-bred wives are asked to tell what they did and why they did it. The trick is to get the mental operation. The instructions say that they need not give their names, for the following reason. I quote:

> 5. Since every person thinks about things which she is reluctant to mention, we have safeguarded your identity by not asking you to sign your name. But if with this safeguard there are still items which you do not list, we ask you to make a mental note of them and to indicate in the place provided on the supplementary information sheet the kinds of things you are reluctant to enter.

That is going pretty far for information. Women with college educations are asked to report what they did and why they did it. Here is printed a sample diary page:

> 7:30. Dressed, prepared breakfast.
> 9:30. Lay flat on my back and read the paper.

She gives as the reason she did that that she was tired and curious to read the news and had finished the morning routine. *(Laughter.)*

> 9:45. A neighbor came in to show me her new coat and gown—I admired them—we discussed clothes and husbands.

The reason was:

> I knew she wanted me to. The subjects interest her.

(Laughter.)

> 10:15. Hunted for Italian address book.
> 10:45. Wrote secretary's minutes for Unitarian Alliance. Cleaned out jets in oil stove in bathroom.

The reason she did that was this:

> My husband said they needed it to get full strength of gas.

Next she

> Wrote a letter to a library student.
> Helped our chameleon change his skin.

(Laughter.)

The reason she did that is right here in the document. She says:

> I am very fond of him and enjoy cheering him up.

(Laughter.)

MR. LAYTON: Will the gentleman yield?

MR. JOHNSON, of Washington: I will.

MR. LAYTON: I simply want to say that I do not think the House of Representatives ought to laugh at that, considering the fact that they recently voted for and took on the Maternity Bill. . . .

MR. WALSH: Will the gentleman yield further?

MR. JOHNSON, of Washington: I yield.

MR. WALSH: What connection does this diary of the ordinary housewife and the college-educated housewife have with the problems of vocational education?

MR. JOHNSON, of Washington: That is the interesting part. These diaries were printed only to the number of five thousand. They are to be sent out through the various official channels, and it is presumed that not more than one thousand will come back. If the Vocational Board gets a thousand back it says it will do well. No return franked envelope is sent out with the diary blanks in order to get them back. My informant—the assistant over there—says if they get a thousand back as to what farm wives and workingmen's wives did during every minute of a busy day, they—the board—will be able to form a curriculum for educating young girls along the line of what the most women have to do according to these one thousand reports. They said to me, almost in these words, that if enough wives reported that th[illegible] for Willie, they hoped to show the necessity for having a study on the remaking of papa's pants in the curriculum. I asked, "Suppose enough women report that they spent half an hour a week in the making of fudge, would they have to have a fudge-making class in the economics schools?" The reply was no; that they did not believe in teaching fudge making. That is where modern grammar schools beat them.

MR. WALSH: What would happen if they entered in the diary that they spanked Willie every morning? *(Laughter.)*

MR. JOHNSON, of Washington: It follows that they would have to have the spanking business brought into the curricula of vocational education, and give regular instruction along that important line. *(Laughter.)*

MR. WALSH: And the Government would probably have to furnish the shingles.

And then there was another burst of gay and carefree laughter; but after the genial taxpayer has for a few years paid the increasing taxes that will be necessary to take care of the Federal bureaus that administer these paternalistic schemes he won't have a laugh in his system for either the Democratic or the Republican Party.

Some Pending Bills

But let us get on to some of the other bills that are pending. Senator Edwin F. Ladd, Republican, of North Dakota, has introduced a bill entitled the "Agricultural Prices Stabilization Act, 1922." This is a bill to promote agriculture by putting a minimum price on wheat, shelled corn, raw cotton and raw wool. It is not interested in putting a minimum price on Aroostook potatoes or Delaware grapes or Connecticut tobacco. Those crops may fail, and their growers may suffer the losses that every business man runs the risk of having in a bad season; yet they would be taxed heavily in order that the growers of wheat, corn, cotton and wool may be sure of a profit. Such class legislation seems somewhat unreasonable. If those who raise wheat, corn, cotton and wool should be protected from loss, why shouldn't those who raise cantaloupes and tomatoes and lettuce and poultry be protected from loss? Why should automobile manufacturers suffer during a bad year? Why shouldn't tailors, plumbers, safe blowers, peanut roasters, prize-fight promoters, yeggmen, walking delegates, bankers and garbage collectors be protected from all loss by a kindly and paternal Government? Why should anyone take any risks at all?

Senator Robert L. Owen, of Oklahoma, a Democrat, has introduced the Federal Publicity Act, which is more accurately entitled, "A bill to provide for public education upon political questions and for the dissemination of information upon political issues and matters of a political nature of public interest by an authorized publicity pamphlet." It provides for pamphlets containing pictures of candidates for the Senate and the House of Representatives—"with or without his portrait cut of suitable size and quality," to quote the wording of the bill—and giving the reasons why the candidate should be nominated. The exact meaning of the suitable-size-and-quality phrase is not known, but it probably means that if the candidate is a cheap skate he will receive a large portrait cut of fine quality; whereas, if he is a good man he will receive a portrait cut the size of a bean on a meat-paper insert. The whole pamphlet must not exceed ninety-six pages in size—presumably so that it won't take up too much room in the home and eventually incense the woman voter and housekeeper—and any political party at all shall be entitled to at least two pages of free space in it. This will be a great help when the country is loaded down with the political parties that develop as a result of congressional blocs—the Farmers' Party, the Small Automobile Owners' Party, the Large Automobile Owners' Party, the Bootleggers' Party, the Landlords' Party, and what not.

There are many other candidates for government positions, of course, in addition to those for senator and representative, whose qualifications ought to be explained to the ignorant voters; and if the Federal Government intends to meddle in this way with state activities it might as well get out auth[illegible] publicity pamphlets on gu[illegible]tes, and cand[illegible]

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THE IMPRESSIONABLE AGE AND YOUR MODERN BATHROOM

MOST of us are creatures of habit—we do various things today because we got started right in those days long ago when impressions were deeply engraved and habits formed.

—the age of boyhood and girlhood is the impressionable age.

* * *

Install a modern, glistening white bathroom in your home, for the young folk—spotless tiled floor, built-in "Viceroy" tub and shower, pedestal lavatory, and crisp row of linen.

Make the bathroom the most inviting room of the home for your boys and girls.

It means habits of great value to them in the years ahead and more happiness and self-respect for every member of the family today.

* * *

Perhaps yours is a home that is semi-modern, built when a bathroom was a luxury, and not a necessity as it is today—years ago when the art and science of sanitation and plumbing did not bring the home the comforts and conveniences possible today.

Tear out the old-time tub, the marble-top wash-basin and whistling plumbing.

Have more than one bathroom if you have more than two bed-chambers.

* * *

A modern bathroom can be constructed in a space as small as five by six feet—the size of an ordinary closet.

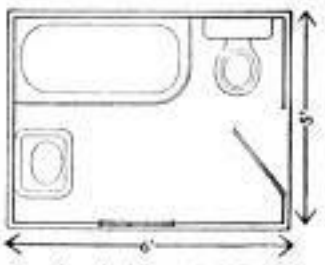
The cost is less than you realize.

And your property will be enhanced in value, far more than the cost of the installation, the moment you install a modern bathroom.

* * *

There is a Kohler plumber near you who will be glad to give you an estimate of the cost of replacing your old plumbing fixtures with glittering, snow-white Kohler Enameled Plumbing Ware. Telephone him now! He can give you much valuable information about modern home sanitation.

Send for interesting, free booklet which illustrates modern kitchen and laundry fixtures as well as appointments for the bathroom. It will give you many helpful suggestions. Write today.



A modern bathroom, including a Kohler Built-in "Viceroy" tub, can be constructed in a space as small as five by six feet—the size of an ordinary closet. Note the arrangement in this diagram

KOHLER OF KOHLER

Kohler Co., *Founded 1873*, Kohler, Wisconsin · *Shipping Point*, Sheboygan, Wisconsin

BRANCHES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

MANUFACTURERS OF ENAMELED PLUMBING WARE AND KOHLER AUTOMATIC POWER AND LIGHT 110 VOLT D. C

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DU PONT

For 120 years du Pont Chemical Engineers have contributed to the country's safety in times of war!



SINCE the nation's founding, War, terrible but inexorable, has *five* times visited the land—and *five* times has the du Pont Company proved a dependable source of strength in the country's time of danger—ready with sufficient explosives to meet the needs of the nation's defenders.

* * *

THE story of du Pont's service to the country is an inspiring one. For since its earliest days, the country's means of defense have been among the most important of this Company's services.

And rightly so, for since 1802, when at Thomas Jefferson's invitation, E. I. du Pont de Nemours set up on the Brandywine River the first powder mill in America, du Ponts have been powder-makers to the United States Government.

The history of the du Pont Company is a story that is inseparably interwoven with the nation's history—a story that ranges through the century from Perry's jubilant "We have met the enemy and they are ours" to Pershing's reverent "Lafayette, we are here"—a story in which "Old Zach" Taylor across the Rio Grande, Grant before Vicksburg and Dewey at Manila Bay are heroic figures—a story of work and research always with the thought in mind that when America was forced to fight she might have at her hand the best explosives and munitions science knew, and in the ever increasing quantities that she needed.

There is, indeed, no finer illustration of du Pont's service and efficiency than in the records of the last war. Starting in 1914 with a capacity of only 12,000,000 pounds of smokeless powder a year, it increased its volume until it was producing 440,000,000 pounds a year, supplying 40% of the Allies' explosives, and at the same time *voluntarily* reduced its price in the course of three years from $1 a pound to less than 50c!

* * *

YET, great as the du Pont Company's services to the country have been in times of war, those are only the occasional services, for, happily, war comes but rarely. And it is the unsung services of the du Pont organization in times of peace that are truly remarkable.

The du Pont Company has been one of the leaders in the application of chemistry to the country's industries—one of the leaders in developing the most remarkable figure of the twentieth century—the Chemical Engineer.

Since its earliest beginnings, the du Pont Company has been building upon the foundations of chemistry. Not only was E. I. du Pont de Nemours himself a chemist, who had studied with the celebrated Lavoisier in Paris, but the manufacture of explosives was then and is now one of the industries that most require the services of the chemist.

As explosives increased in complexity and called for increasing chemical knowledge, the du Pont Company, little by little gathered to itself many of the keenest minds in the science and built up one of the finest chemical staffs in America, a staff not only of research chemists, but of men who knew manufacturing as well as the science of chemistry—men who were Chemical Engineers.

Now, the Chemical Engineer is a rare mingling of abilities. He is a chemist who can take the discoveries made on the experimental scale of the laboratories and put them into production on the larger scale of commerce. He is the man who has brought to the doors of industry new substances, new uses for long-used substances, uses for products that once were waste, and processes that cut the cost of manufacturing and made possible the century's wonderful strides in commerce.

And the du Pont Company's assistance in developing the Chemical Engineer and introducing him into his rightful place in American industry is not the least of the du Pont Company's services to the country.

* * *

BUT yet another service has come through the Chemical Engineer—the family of du Pont products that carry the du Pont Oval. There is Fabrikoid for upholstery, luggage and bindings of books, not to mention half a hundred other uses—there is Pyralin from which toiletware for your wife's dressing table is made and many other articles—there are paints, varnishes, enamels, lacquers—there are dyes—there are many chemicals that America's industries must have—seemingly non-related, yet all of them the legitimate children of a manufacturer of explosives, for the basic materials or processes that go to the making of each of them are similar to those that du Pont Chemical Engineers use in the making of explosives—and it is only through the manufacture of such products as Fabrikoid and Pyralin and dyestuffs in times of peace that the du Pont Company can be sure of being prepared for its larger service—that of insuring means for the nation's defense in times of war.

This is one of a series of advertisements published that the public may have a clearer understanding of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. and its products.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & COMPANY, Inc. Wilmington, Del.

TRADE DU PONT MARK

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(Continued from Page 74)

There are other things, too, that various factions and parties in this country would like to have explained. If taxpayers are to stand for the cost of an authorized publicity pamphlet they might as well stand for a government periodical setting forth the views of those living in the north and the south of Ireland, the views of the Italians and the Jugoslavs over the Fiume question, the merits of the Czech-Hungarian controversies, the Italian, French and British views of the Turkish-Greek fracas in Asia Minor, the arguments of the advocates of the Irish Free State and the Irish Republic, and various other European matters that are habitually misrepresented to the citizens of the United States.

Then the Government should arrange to put out pamphlets disseminating the opinions of the steamship lines concerning immigration, the opinions of radio experts on various brands of radio sets, the unexpurgated opinions of newspaper men on Congress, the inner thoughts of movie actresses concerning the benefits to be derived from shampoos and facial creams—the field is practically unlimited.

When Senator Owen gave the matter of publicity a little more thought he evidently began to think favorably of having the Government enter into competition with the combined daily press of the country. At any rate the newspapers don't please him, for he has introduced another bill to establish a National Bulletin. It is to have a bipartisan staff of editors, and it is going to "contain an abstract of congressional debates and all the official utterances and administrative orders of the President and all public measures passed by Congress," to say nothing of "measures introduced in Congress, even though not reported or discussed, as any two or more of the members shall request." One-fifth of the space in the Bulletin is to be set apart for editorial comment on party records, speeches and utterances of public officials, and questions at issue; and the editorial space is to be apportioned between the parties represented in Congress in proportion to their voting strength at the last congressional election. Might, and not right, is to have full sway in the Bulletin's editorial columns. This, of course, offsets the dirty work of the newspapers of the country, which are just as apt as not to use up three or four editorial columns cursing Democratic measures, even when the Democrats are in power. Such foul tactics should never be permitted.

Footing the Bills

Said Bulletin, incidentally, is to be published at the expense of the Government, which really means at the expense of the taxpayers, "and shall be sent to all public officials, national, state and local; to all post offices; to all newspapers, magazines and reading rooms, hotels, railway waiting rooms, and such other public places as Congress shall direct." Nothing is said in the bill about sending free copies of the Bulletin to taxicab drivers, factory owners, trade-unions and women's clubs, but this oversight will probably be remedied in an amendment. The price of the Bulletin is to be ten cents a quarter, or twenty-five cents a year. It is expected to be worth the price as kindling alone.

Senator Duncan U. Fletcher, of Florida, a Democrat, has stepped forward with a bill "to establish a National Conservatory of Music for the education of pupils in music in all its branches, vocal and instrumental, and for other purposes."

It is barely possible that the students at this National Conservatory will come down daily to the Senate and the House of Representatives and sing the members to sleep.

It would be interesting to know whether congressmen are able to think of these things offhand and without any great mental exertion, or whether they have to eat a lot of indigestible food and sit up until early in the morning with inflamed brains in order to evolve them. As soon as the National Conservatory of Music is under way in Washington our legislators can make further increases in taxes by creating a National Stenography School, a National Cooking School, a National Conservatory of Manicuring, a National Ballet School, National Hair-dressing Parlors, and so on.

Representative Simeon D. Fess, of Ohio, is not so modest as Senator Fletcher. Mr. Fess has introduced a bill to create a national university at the seat of Federal Government, said university to be known as the National University of the United States.

Senator Henry F. Ashurst, of Arizona, a Democrat, has introduced a bill "to provide Federal aid in caring for indigent tubercular persons, and for other purposes." Indigent tubercular persons are, of course, worthy of all the sympathy and aid in the world. So, too, is everybody who is indigent and ill. If the Government is to undertake to help the state care for those who have tuberculosis, why shouldn't it go still further and include also those who have influenza, measles and rheumatism?

The Paternalistic Mosaic

Representative John E. Raker, Democrat, of California, has introduced a bill "to create a Bureau for the Deaf and Dumb in the Department of Labor," and prescribing the duties thereof. A slight mistake was apparently made in drafting the bill. What the bill meant to say was "to create in the Department of Labor a Bureau for the Deaf and Dumb." The crux of the matter is this, however: If there is to be a Bureau for the Deaf and Dumb to help the United States roll gracefully from a republic to a bureaucracy there is no reason why there shouldn't also be Bureaus for the Bald, for the Lame, for the Dyspeptic, for the Absent-Minded, and so on, all at the expense of the generous and carefree taxpayer.

Having the educational bee in his bonnet Mr. Raker also evolved another idea that entails more lavish generosity on the part of the taxpayer. This is embalmed in a bill "to make accessible to all the people the valuable scientific and other research work conducted by the United States through establishment of a national school of correspondence." This bill provides that any resident can be instructed by correspondence from Washington in almost any old thing. All one will need to do will be to mark an X in the square opposite any one of fifty-seven thousand subjects, like guano collecting or feather-bed renovating, in order to be bombarded with instructions which can be easily read with the assistance of a ouija board and a technical expert. When the National Correspondence School assembles all its professors, instructors and mailing clerks in one spot Washington rents will jump thirty feet in the air and the taxpayer will be conscious of a dull shooting pain in the neighborhood of his check book.

Again Senator Owen steps to the front with two more bills which fit into this paternalistic mosaic: One a bill "to establish a Department of Health," with a Secretary of Health sitting in the cabinet; the other a bill "to create the Department of Education" with a Secretary of Education sitting in the cabinet.

Strange things happen to legislators when they get on the subject of education. It seems to go to their heads and break up their moral fiber, like bad whisky. Hon. Frederick H. Gillett, Republican, of Massachusetts, Speaker of the House, has introduced by request a bill "to provide for the world-wide extension of education by the coöperation of national governments." This timid, modest, retiring little bill appropriates ten million dollars to start things going, and provides that a commission be created to extend, in coöperation with other nations, education to all mankind. Its object is "the removal of illiteracy from all mankind, instruction in the application of science and mechanics to the work of the world and the physical welfare of mankind or world health, international or world ethics promotive of just and humane government the world over."

In time, of course, a little ambition might be injected into the commission's program. It could get in contact with Mars, appropriating several billion dollars to send a party of bureau heads to that planet in order to give the Martians a little high-class instruction in world ethics or something.

Senator William S. Kenyon, Republican, of Iowa, has introduced a bill establishing a Department of Social Welfare, with a Secretary of Social Welfare sitting in the cabinet; and Senator Medill McCormick, Republican, of Illinois, not to be outdone by the senator from Iowa, has introduced a bill creating a Department of Public Welfare, with a Secretary of Public Welfare sitting in the cabinet.

Paternalism, socialism, money wasting and nose sticking can be carried to the limit under either of these bills; for they can be stretched to include every activity known to or practiced by man or woman. Under them Congress can gayly go ahead forming bureaus and commissions to look after the length of women's skirts, or to regulate the number of rugs permitted in any given room, or to make women wear standardized evening gowns and men wear standardized tin hats that can be used as stewpans at meal times, or to regulate the amount of paint that girls can wear, or to forbid children under seventeen to attend the movies, or anything whatever. And either of them, after a few years of operation, during which its expenses would swell in a way to make a sponge look nonswellable, would give the taxpayer a somewhat jaundiced and bored appearance.

High-Priced Sentimentality

Senator Park Trammell, Democrat, of Florida, has helped the good work along in his quiet and inconspicuous way by introducing a bill "providing for and establishing scholarships in each of the states as a memorial to the American soldiers, sailors and marines who gave their lives for their country, and as an expression of appreciation to the brave and loyal men who served in the military and naval forces of the United States in the late war."

This is, of course, a pretty thought, but an excellent example of the manner in which sentimentality can make dents in the judgment.

Then there is the Fess-Capper Bill, introduced in the Senate by Senator Arthur Capper, Republican, of Kansas, and in the House of Representatives by Mr. Fess, "to provide for the promotion of physical education in the United States through coöperation with the states in the preparation and payment of supervisors and teachers of physical education, including health supervisors and school nurses, to appropriate money and regulate its expenditure, and for other purposes." This is the same old paternalistic stuff that has recently been and is constantly being forced on the country by organized minorities.

"If Congress passes such legislation," asks Doctor Layton, of Delaware, "how can it reasonably refuse to pass a national food bill, the object of which would be to establish a bureau for the free dispensation of food to all who are hungry everywhere in the land? Or a national clothing bill, to clothe at government expense all who are cold and clothesless? Or a national bureau for furnishing homes for the homeless? Or a bureau—an addition to the Public Health Service—for the purpose of furnishing free medicines, free nursing, free care, and provision of every sort for all the sick of the nation, as well as the indigent pregnant

(Continued on Page 80)



W. L. DOUGLAS
$5. $6. $7. & $8. SHOES
FOR MEN AND WOMEN
Wear W. L. Douglas Shoes and Save Money.

They are made of the best and finest leathers, by skilled shoemakers, all working to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy. The quality is unsurpassed. The smart styles are the leaders in the fashion centers of America. Only by examining them can you appreciate their wonderful value. Shoes of equal quality cannot be bought elsewhere at anywhere near our prices. W. L. Douglas $7.00 and $8.00 shoes are absolutely the best shoe values for the money in this country.



BEST IN QUALITY
BEST IN STYLE
BEST ALL AROUND
SHOES FOR BOYS

W. L. Douglas shoes are put into all of our 110 stores at factory cost. We do not make one cent of profit until the shoes are sold to you. It is worth dollars for you to remember that when you buy shoes at our stores YOU PAY ONLY ONE PROFIT.



No matter where you live, shoe dealers can supply you with W. L. Douglas shoes. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York. Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes with the name and retail price stamped on the sole. Do not take a substitute and pay extra profits. Order direct from the factory and save money.

Write for Catalog Today.

W. L. Douglas
President
W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.,
155 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

No more Antenna



Just the Ducon in a Lamp Socket



Price $1.50

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AGENTS $50.00 a week—for just two orders a day. Our ALL WOOL made-to-order suits at $29.75, sell on sight. You get paid at once. We supply finest selling outfit. Big opportunity.
Write today. Dept. 401, PARK TAILORING CO., CHI

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NEW!

Better winter warmth and health protection in a light weight cotton underwear. Two THIN layers of knitted fabric with air space between provide better protection than a single layer many times thicker

MEN and women who prefer all-cotton or mercerized knit underwear can now secure it and at the same time enjoy the advantages of the added protection to health in fall and winter afforded by the "two-layer fabric" principle of Duofold Health Underwear.

Duofold consists of two separate, THIN layers of knitted fabric held together by a thread every half inch, and *with an air space between the two layers.*

It protects the body from cold and dampness on the same principle as the storm window, where two *thin* panes of glass with air space between keep cold out of a room far more effectively than a single pane much thicker. With Duofold you get *warmth without weight.*

Duofold, with the advantages of this two-layer principle, is now **offered for men, women, children and infants, in attractive garments having *both* thin layers of fabric made with plain cotton and others** with mercerized cotton; as well as in the regular Duofold where the outer layer is made with wool and the inner with cotton.



If you prefer light weight underwear without wool, by all means at least see these new Duofold garments. If you wear them you will enjoy better bodily warmth and protection from cold and dampness than you ever did with underwear made of a single layer of a similar fabric.

For those who desire the added protection of wool in underwear, Duofold still is and always will be made in garments with the *inner* layer made with soft cotton for Comfort and the *outer* layer made with wool for Warmth.

This combination is most advantageous for many people and *especially* for children and infants, because there is no fabric so protective as wool, yet in Duofold it is entirely on the *outside* and so *can not scratch the skin.*

DUO

Health Underwear

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It is comparable with the cotton bed sheet that you put directly next to you for *Comfort*, and the woolen blanket that you place *over* the cotton sheet, for *Warmth*.

Furthermore, with Duofold, bodily moisture is absorbed from the inner layer by and to the outer layer, where it quickly evaporates, thus keeping both body and garment dry.

Duofold is well made and finished and of neat appearance, so that with Duofold you get *all* that could be desired in an ideal suit of underwear.

It is the doctor's prescription for the *whole family*, from infants to adults.

You can see it at most department, dry goods and men's furnishing stores.

Duofold Health Underwear Co., Mohawk, N. Y.
Henderson & Ervin, *Sales Agents*, 331 Fourth Avenue, New York City
Chicago: 234 S. Wells Street Atlanta: 601 Silvey Building Boston: 52 Chauncy Street

TO MOTHERS: A worth-while, illustrated Booklet, "Better Health for Infants and Children," will be sent free upon request. Write for it.

To which of these groups do you belong? Do you "bundle up" and feel chilly when a cold snap comes? Or do you wear Duofold and laugh at the violent weather changes of fickle winter?



fold

for Men, Women, Children and Infants

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Marine Engines

Did you ever notice that all persons on a boat always wave their hands?

Did you ever stop to realize why?

It's because being on a boat makes life really worth living. It's their real gladness that is responsible for the wave, and particularly so if they are in a boat equipped with a Kermath engine.

A Kermath always runs—a statement made years ago and to this day not contradicted by any one of the many thousands of Kermath owners.

We build engines in sizes ranging from 3 h. p. to 40 h. p. 4 cycle engines only. In price from $135 to $1550.

But we are specializing this season on a 20 h. p. engine particularly adapted to the kind of boating that gives you the thrill of living.

This engine is particularly adapted to 21 to 30 foot runabouts or 28 to 32 foot cruisers.

Write for our catalog, Dept. P, and let us particularly tell you about our special guarantee.

If you don't know a responsible boat builder in your territory our service department will be glad to furnish you the name of one.

Used by 70% of the leading boat builders as standard equipment.

3 h. p. to 40 h. p. Marine Motors $135-$1550

"A Kermath Always Runs"

Kermath Manufacturing Company
5892 Commonwealth Ave., Detroit, Mich.



Built by the Gordon Boat Building Company, Brooklyn, New York

Tru-pe-dic SHOE

RALSTON MADE



Tru-pe-dic Shoes for men and women are, we believe, the most perfect-fitting shoes made. *Three types (inflare, straight* and *outflare)* to correspond to the three types into which Nature has divided all human feet. Your foot will instantly tell you which type is *yours*—the most comfortable shoe you ever wore. Excellent in style. Send for catalog.

RALSTON HEALTH SHOEMAKERS
961 Main Street
Brockton *(Campello)*, Mass.

11 3F 1 2 3

K&E MEASURING TAPES ask for them at Hardware Stores

KEUFFEL & ESSER CO. — NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 77)

women? If we are to open up the floodgates of legislation for such purposes, why not, as they say, 'go the whole hog' and establish a bureau for the installation of a bathtub at government expense in every home in the land that is without one? The dreaming professor of sociology could very nicely and properly use for his propaganda the old saying that cleanliness is next to godliness, and so justify his altruism.

"Again, if it is so desirable to care in a most meticulous way for human life and human ills, why not for prophylactic purposes establish a dental bureau and require every individual in the United States who possesses teeth to have them examined every six months at the Government's expense? As a preventive of diseases there would be no doubt of the value of such a measure. This was not only demonstrated but insisted on as an army and navy medical regulation during the late war."

The principle underlying these bills, says Representative A. Piatt Andrew, Republican, of Massachusetts, "is based on the wartime theory that the National Government should do these things which it was not originally intended to do. It is based on the confused notion that our American Government should abandon the heritage which has come down to us from the earliest days of our history, and that we should adopt the highly centralized methods of the Old World countries, with their military and monarchical traditions."

The more of these schemes a people adopts the more confused become its already confused notions. That is why this country needs a new line-up in place of the Democratic and the Republican parties, a line-up of Liberals on the one hand, who are willing to throw the Constitution overboard and follow this socialistic, paternalistic, bureaucratic, communistic drift to the ruin that has always accompanied it wherever it has been used; and on the other hand a line-up of Conservatives who want to go back to sanity and the safe, sound and perpetually progressive thought of the founders of the American republic.

VIKINGS OF THE NORTH

(Continued from Page 9)

And this reminds me that one of the oddest sights in the world was to see huge brawny men six or seven feet tall creep into my little cubby-hole of a cabin, hint for a drink, crouch in a corner and gulp it, scared to death the cap'n might see them. The meekness these husky giants show in presence of any kind of authority is pathetic. It makes you think of medieval serfdom, and all that.

My cubby-hole, by the way, contained just two hundred and sixteen cubic feet of air space, and in it slept two men besides myself. Also, a lamp burned all night, two infant seals—departed this life—reposed under the bunks, and there was no ventilation whatever. It only shows you what a man can stand, and still grow fat. About the infant seals: "I kip 'em dere," one of the men explained, "so dem'll soften up an' skin cleaner."

Draw the curtain.

Coming in on the Eagle the doctor didn't want to bring any drugs or medicines back to port, so he gave them all away. The men used to trickle into his cabin, inspect the shelves, and choose their tipples with all the airs of connoisseurs.

They drank the medicines straight or mixed cocktails with 'em. One man consumed so much vanilla extract that his breath smelled like a cake bakery; and in fact he acquired the nickname of Cake.

"Gi' me liniment, evvery time," one fellow confided to me. "Ain't narr thing, nowhere, dat'll stun ye like liniment!"

To be stunned seemed a consummation devoutly to be wished. Somebody page Mr. Dempsey.

They do things in direct ways, these sealers. For instance, Skipper Joe Stirge always used to sleep on his face "So de 'baccy juice won't run down me t'roat in de night." That explained the bulge in his cheek. And the carpenter used to remark that the blacker his blankets were the better he liked it. "Dem don't show de dirt so much, when dem black!" Isn't that good logic?

By the same token, the more men that washed in one basin of water the less effect it seemed to have on the water.

And as for leaks in the deck, why worry, when a bit of tarpaulin over you would shed the drip?

Great Overgrown Children

This drip always set in with a thaw. Ice, tea grounds, blood, coal, seal oil—"and much that wasn't so nice, by half"—would blend to what motorists call a very rich mixture. If you had ~upper bunk, as I did, you were completely out of luck. I rigged canvas gutters and hung tobacco tins to them, to catch the most of what descended upon me; but one wild night the string of one of my tins broke over my head, and —— However, as I was saying, bathing was an impossibility. The second engineer tried it in the engine room. He got a wooden tub, filled it with warm water and got in; but the bottom fell out of the tub, so he was out of luck. It was a merry life we led.

The vikings' emotions are primitive, like their mentality. Schools are their one supreme need. The calm contentment of these men, in adversity, is primitive. Life to them is all external; they have few inner resources. When they describe an event they act it out, re-living their exploits, killing the seals all over again; or, it may be, once more shooting the water bear they shot five years ago. For the most part unable to read or write, they adore stirring deeds and lurid narratives. Unlettered, they are profoundly wise concerning everything on, in, under the sea. They argue passionately, with reddening faces, about local politics, fish, seals, ice and weather. Their method is simple: they affirm and deny, and the man with the best pair of lungs wins the point.

Their points of view, however, surprise one. An old fellow asked me, one day: "You t'ink us got much chance o' heaven, sir, wid all dis sheddin' of innocent blood? But den," he solaced himself, "dey swiles was sent down in de nit"—net—"from heaven, fer de use o' men. Ain't us got de right to kill 'em?"

Another, as very special favor, volunteered to take me out on the drifting pans and round up seals for me to kill!

"Ain't Nature wonnerful, the way she pervides fer everything?" the second officer exclaimed to me, pointing out how the hole left in the sealskin by the removal of one flipper made a place for the towline. Another complained because his mate hit seals too hard with the gaff. I thought this kind-hearted, till the man explained: "You hit 'em dat hard, you break de skull; an' broken bones dulls y'r sculpin' knife."

Cap'n Kean one time confided in me that it seriously pained him to kill a certain spot of seals, adding: "Because they're so small. Why, sir, hardly worth the bother!"

That icebergs sink in southern waters is a firm article of their faith. They inform you that the only place in the world where the sun shone once, but never again, is the bottom of the Red Sea. The Miquelon Frenchmen speak French, while they themselves speak English, because of the Tower of Babel. To listen to them is like going back a century or two. A doctor aboard one of the other ships told me that whenever quarrels arose he had only to play on a little zither he had, and sing a bit of song, to have them all happy and peaceful in a very few minutes.

"Sharks ain't got no life into 'em," an oiler assured me. "Dem'll come up an' suck de swiles' blood off de ice. No life to 'em, at ahl. You catch 'em wid a hook an' whipline an' h'ist 'em on deck, an' cut 'em in pieces, an' dem'll live till night an' den perish. Dere ain't no life to 'em!"

One powerful young fellow, a full-grown man, boasted to me that he could smoke now that he was away from home, adding that his father would beat him if he tried it on shore.

Said he: "I'd like to advertise fer a woman wid lots o' money. Den I'd walk round ahl day laang wid a necktie an' a collar up to me ears. But I had money, once. I had five dollars. I put un in de bank one marnin', walked round wid me bank book stickin' out o' me pocket ahl day, an' drawed me money out at night. An' say, didn't me friends admire me! But it cost me money, sir. I had to pay two cents fer a stamp to putt on me bank book."

So far as modern ideas are concerned about labor conditions and the rights of labor, they know nothing. They disapprove very heartily of strikes, saying: "Dem only injures you'selfs," and gladly laboring any number of hours for a pittance. A more submissive race I never saw. Labor must have been like that hundreds of years ago in the Old World. Only with men like these could the seal fishery be prosecuted. Under working conditions such as Americans enforce I don't think seals could be profitably hunted at all.

The men listened with naïve interest to my explanations of how grain and corn—which they have never seen—were grown. They know nothing of the fruits of the earth and the abundance thereof. My [illegible] cleaners, and even a piece of sealing [illegible] were wonders to them. My being able to write fast gave me a sort of benefit-of-clergy prestige. And my reading aloud caused them vast pleasure.

To hear a story unreeled from a book was almost a miracle. In the stuffy little hole they would gather, smoking and chewing, spitting in a way that reminded me of the matches advertised to strike anywhere. Intently they would listen to The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, now and then ejaculating:

"Ain't him de smart 'tective, eh!" "Him git un, evvery time. Ain't narr no git cla'r o' he!" "Dar 'tis, an' can't be a tizzer!"

One day at the wheel a grizzled patriarch exclaimed to me, "It's good o' ye to let we simple folk!" How's that for medieval? He added, "If I was a gintleman in your position, sir, I'd be down in me bert readin' a book!" They couldn't get me, at all; couldn't understand why I should leave the plentiful States and voluntarily suffer in the ice. To the end I was "One o' dem quare Amerikins. Ain't no fish in de sea, sir, half so quare as what you be!"

Quaint Superstitions

To them the States were God's country—and why? Just because they'd heard of it as land of food and ease. Just because a few of the sealers had shipped on Gloucester schooners and had tasted the delights of American sea cookery. They call our schooners good enough to eat, and long for them as for a kind of Promised Land. About American life as a whole they know nothing. A few have skirted just the roughest fringe of the States, and have loved that. Our cities, literature, art, science are to them closed books. Pathetic, to think how very little satisfies these brave and simple souls. Why, some of them would even view the cap'n's cosy little cabin as "wonnerful fine," and hardly dare to enter it; and these are pure-bred white men, splendid types of our own race.

Newfoundland is still living in the remote past. Much of her population is still—in thought, dialect, outlooks on life—what ours was two hundred years ago. Cut off from the world, this quarter million of splendid stock constitute an outpost of the English-speaking race.

Like all people living outside the pale of the present, the sealers have developed endless picturesque ideas. Fortune and misfortune lie in every triviality. If you drop your knife you drop your luck for the day. A black cat on a ship may [illegible] You mustn't look at the setting sun and talk about it; bad luck! You must put your hat on when you play cards, so as to show disrespect for the Old Boy Himself—the cards being the devil's picture book. Some say it's unlucky to kill a rat. You mustn't cut tally sticks before you get seals; that will keep the seals away. Nor must you throw ballast overboard before leaving port. A bad voyage, sure. An aluminum ring will keep away rheumatism, and again, if you can slip such a ring on a woman's finger she'll have to marry you, willy-nilly. I could fill a dozen pages with such quaint lore.

Lacking a written literature, the sealers have innumerable chanteys, come-all-ye's and long narrative poems—regular sagas. The phonograph is doing its best to stamp out these epics, but many still linger. I tell you, it's something to see a Bonavista Bay man holding his quid in his hand

(Continued on Page 83)

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Do you really know which kinds of candy you like best?

HERE is a unique box which solves the problem for you. Nothing like it has been offered before.

First, it contains 22 selected varieties of the finest chocolates and other confections we have ever made in 74 years of candy making.

Secondly, the name of each piece is plainly printed on the card underneath. When you taste a piece you particularly like, you look at the card and identify it by name.

In this box comes the Johnston's Choice Book. It lists the contents of each of the most popular Johnston boxes.

If it happens that you have a sweet tooth for honey nougats, chocolate covered raisins, chocolate creams, or certain fruit centers, this Choice Book shows you how to always get exactly what you like best, instead of just saying "a box of chocolates."

It gives you the names of the boxes having a preponderance of your favorites. For example, the Choice Book tells you that Johnston's T-R-I-A-D box is equally divided between chocolate dipped cherries, chocolate creams, nut centered, and assorted centers in bitter sweet chocolate.

You should be able to get the Choice Box at any good store. But if any dealer cannot supply you, use the coupon, filling in the dealer's name.

Special to Young Men

To find out which kinds the young lady likes best—give her Johnston's Choice Box, with the name underneath each piece. Make a mental note of the pieces she seems to like best. Next consult the Choice Book. Then, when you bring her candy again, pay her the supreme compliment of bringing just the kinds she prefers. It lends your gift an added charm—you know her favorites without asking her.

JOHNSTON'S, Milwaukee

Send me a one-pound Johnston Choice Box. I enclose no money but will pay the postman $1.25 when he calls.

*Name*_____

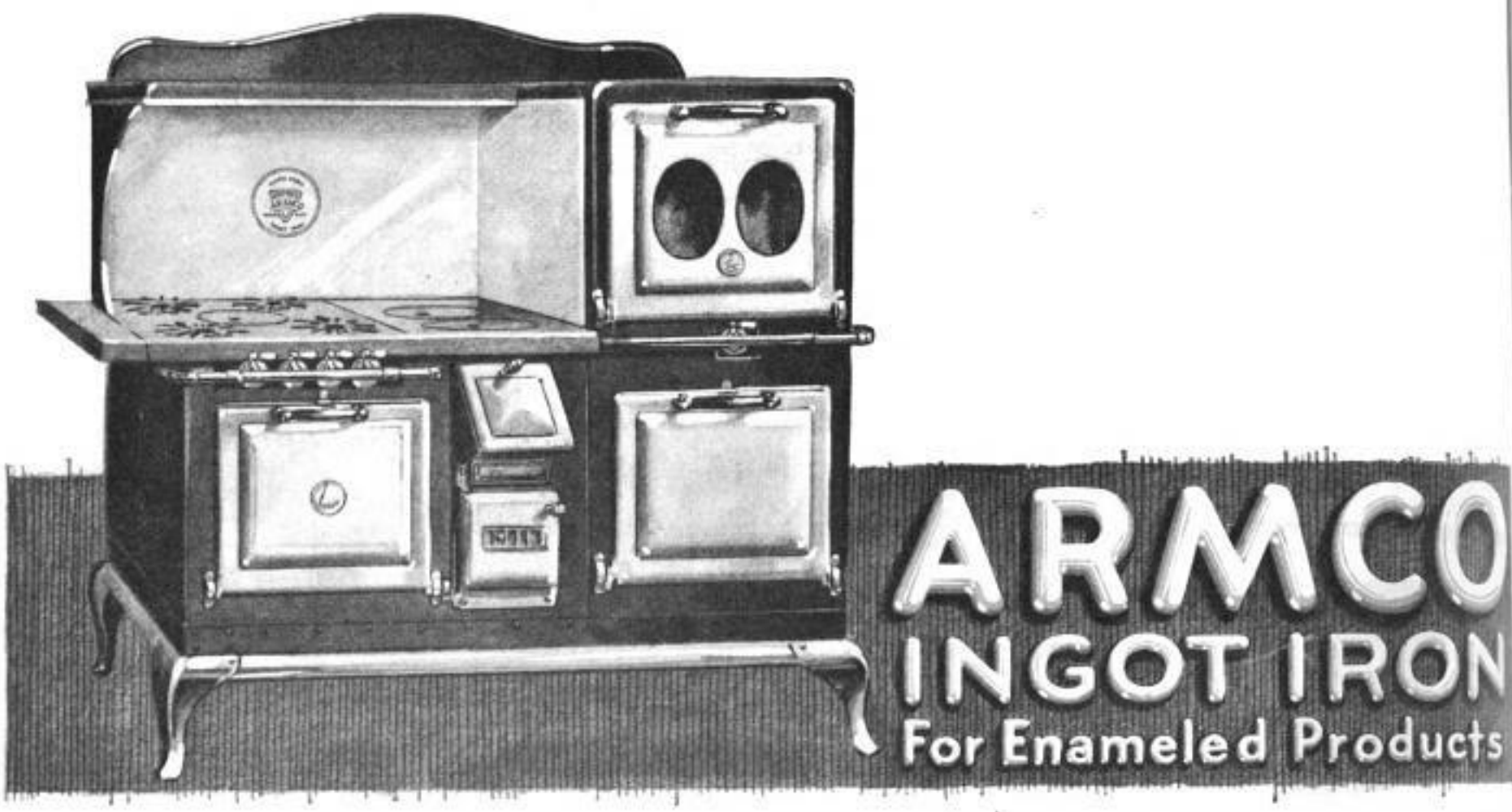
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*City*_____ *State*_____

*Dealer's Name*_____

*Street No.*_____

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A thing of beauty

Some of the modern enameled stoves are more than mechanical apparatus with which to cook and bake.

They are, literally, beautiful pieces of household equipment as lovely in the eyes of an appreciative woman as a period dressing-table.

Such stoves are made from "Armco" Ingot Iron. With this pure iron base, the enameling has a sheer, unbroken gloss, easy to clean and keep clean, and with no tendency to chip and crack. It insures a long life for the stove.

On stoves made from "Armco" Ingot Iron the manufacturers place an Armco blue and gold label. If you buy a stove, a refrigerator, or a washing machine, ask the salesman to show you this label.

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Middletown, Ohio



LOOK for this blue and gold Armco label on Washing Machines, Stoves, Ranges, Refrigerators, Enamel Table Tops, and other household and commercial utilities. It carries with it the assurance of the quality and solid worth of the sheet metal parts of articles that bear it.

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(Continued from Page 80)

and intoning a *chanson de geste*, while the audience shouts between verses: "Go it, Willum!" "Lane 'ard on it, b'y!" "Kip 'er swingin'!" After the song is o'er, pop goes the quid back into the tuneful mouth again. The last few syllables of every song are always spoken; that means the song is done.

Many of these bits of primitive and unwritten literature are a trifle unintelligible, due to the archaic dialect; but the songs themselves are gems. In passing, let me say the dialects vary a good deal from bay to bay. But in all, ancient Elizabethan and even Chaucerian words are still in use. It gives one an odd sensation to hear some gory-handed, black-faced giant saying, "L'ave de lassy-puncheon bide where her'm to," or affirming, "Even so, my son," or declaring, "Thee's wid me, there," meaning that you agree with him. The dialects include some highly interesting vowel changes and an enormous number of words wholly outside of American usage. For instance, try this: "Spell in a yaffle o' crunnocks, b'y!" Get it? Easy enough: "Bring in an armful of firewood, boy!" This, however, isn't an essay on dialects, so let's pass.

The Sad Fate of Johnny Burke

It was a delight to sit in the blue-painted galley by the rusted range—shrieking nights with the ice devils whacking away at the ship's ribs—and listen to a jovial songster named Tom Fillyards. To strange-minored, droning tunes with long-drawn notes here or there, he used to chant the melancholy episodes of many a wreck and drowning. The native songs, by the way, are mostly lugubrious, as befits those of a race constantly bereaved by the Atlantic. Here's a good example:

Come, ahl ye good people, I pray you draw near!
It's a sad lamentation, de troot' you shall hear.
Been of a young yout' in de 'ites of 'is bloom,
'E 'as lost 'is sweet life in a watery tomb.

'E was not yit married, ner orvis (harvest) ner time,
Ner riches ner orvis could alter 'is mind,
Till crool sad misfartune, which caused 'im to sleep
On a cold bed of sand where de water run deep.

May curse on you, Uskan, an' ahl o' your breeze (breed)!
You would not 'elp young Johnny in de time of 'is need.
You l'aved 'im to roll an' to tumble in de deep,
On a cold bed of sand where de water run deep.

As we were a-walkin' in fear (fair) Courage Bay,
To view doze fine flowers, how dey ahl faith (fade) away,
Dere birds dey l'ave deir singin' an' de flowers dey do cay,
W'iles young Johnny lies drownded in fear Courage Bay.

Dere's de day of 'is funeral, 'is true love came 'ere,
Ahl drissed in rich robes an' her scarlet so fear,
Fer to view 'is dead body goin' down to de grave,
As a due to you, young Johnny, an' dey ahl took relief.

Dere's 'is friends an' relations lamentin' in de bay,
Likewise 'is tinder mudder, lamentin' fer 'e;
De lost of 'er dear son, widout spoth er stain.
Is de flower of 'er fam-bi-ly,
Johnny Burke was 'is name!

Then there was Willy March, beginning:

De home of 'is childhood, in Nothren Bay,
'E quit it fer pleasure, much more dan fer pay.
On de ice fields 'e ventured, most yout'ful an' brave,
Whereon 'e sought death, but 'is life could not save. . . .

Poor Willy March was drowned too. So are almost all the heroes of these Newfoundland ballads. Uncle Lukey's Boat, The Bonavista Sigaree, and Come On Down, Marine! are prime favorites; likewise Betsey Brennan's Blue Hen:

Good people, attention to what I will mention
Of a little Blue Hen dat I bought in de fall.
Some villyun, 'e stole 'er to sharpen 'is molar;
A low dirty scoundrel wid plenty of gall!
Dis hen, I did pride 'er, though often she'd moider (vex),
De universe round I would roam fer 'er, then,
But some wicked habbage (savage), to grease 'is white cabbage,
Run off wid me dear little beautiful hen!

And so on, and so forth. There's no end to the Blue Hen; nor is there any end to the songs—but enough!

Some day a literary archæologist will garner all this folklore into print; preserve it before it perishes. What a treasure!

Among the sealers certain figures loom gigantic. Such a one is Cap'n Arthur Jackman, dead but never forgotten. Long before I reached Newfoundland, on the steamer from New York, I began hearing about Jackman's incredible exploits. Many people in St. John's told me about him. And at the ice the sealers were constantly recalling bits of the Jackman legend. Jackman seems almost a national hero.

It was Jackman, most famous of seal killers, who once when he had an infected thumb called for a hatchet and calmly chopped that thumb off, "standin' dere on de ship's brudge, sir, barehanded an' in a green split-tail coat." It was Jackman who once knocked a man down into the hold, jumped after him, flailed him around; whereupon the man sank all his teeth in Jackman's leg and went raving crazy.

The sealers tell you how Jackman was never drunk at sea or sober on land; how he used to trick all the other sealing captains and clean up the patch before they could reach it; how one time, though short of coal himself, he dumped twenty tons on the ice for a rival captain to pick up; how another time, when his funnel was ripped off by a blizzard, he built a wooden funnel and carried on to success.

"Roughest man in de world, sir, but inside of him a real man! Seven foot high he was, wid a hand like a bucket. Big-boned, sir, an' hard as de divil's 'id. Only one man ever licked 'im—dat was a Scotch engineer he locked into de cabin to give a beatin' to. De engineer hammered him stiff, an' Jackman loved him fer it.

"Honest as de sun he was, an' true as steel! He had prayers evvery night, sir, an' yit he had a calendar printed widout no Sundays on un, at ahl, so dere wouldn't be no Sundayin' abird. He'd putt de Sunday men on de ice, an' keep 'em dere ahl day.

"Very polite he could be too. One time he says to a man he was fightin' wid, 'Please don't come a-nigh me or I'll have to split ye wid dis hatchet!' Oh, Jackman was 'id of 'em ahl! He made up to seven t'ousand dollars a year"—fabulous wealth, for Newfoundland—"an' died clean broke. Give away evvery cent, he did. His funeral procession was de laangest ever seen in St. John's. Oh, dere never was narr un like Cap'n Jackman!"

The Jackman epic is interminable. Jackman is by way of becoming a Newfoundland solar myth.

Pictures Not Yet Painted

The reference to Sunday men requires explanation. Before the Sabbath law went into effect certain men refused to kill seals on Sunday; and these were Sunday men. Today, seal killing is taboo on Sunday. One day in seven no drop of blood must be spilled. Even though the ships toil through ice and storm for six days, finding nothing, and then on Sunday run into a wondrous spot of fat, the seals are safe. By Monday they may all be gone again; no matter. The law holds like iron.

The day of rest is observed by merely towing in sculps—often over miles of rough ice—by tallying down, shifting coal, dumping ballast, and in general doing harder work than would kill the average American. Saturday night there's a general clean-up, which means little more than a shave. A rare sight that is, by the smoky light of lanterns in the castles, the 'tween-decks and the dungeon. The preacher—every ship carries one—shaves many. He strops his razor deftly on the leg of his Esquimau skin boot, lathers all from one cracked cup, rakes off terrific stubble, while the men, seated on their blue sea chests, hold a tiny mirror and squint at themselves with an approving eye. Just the shave suffices. The rest of the person doesn't matter. That clean sweep of the chin, letting the ruddy skin glow through the black, is startling.

Ah, to have been able to paint some of those scenes on shipboard, as well as those of crimson slaughter! No Sorolla, no Vereshchagin ever flung more color on canvas than a sealing vessel has to offer. I feel irritated that painters flock to Provincetown or Gloucester and waste pigment on foolish little dories, lobster traps and fish sheds, or that Winslow Homer should have achieved fame with Banks codders and skippers, when the North is glowing, burning, with scenes that utterly defy words, that simply ache to be painted.

One of these days some painter will brave the ice fields and will leap to instant fame by catching a tithe of what the sealers have to offer. But note well, he must carry buckets of red paint and must know how to slap it on thick. He must know how to limn black interiors, where lamp gleams hint at coal-faced, crimson-handed men. He must catch the play of grotesque shadows, the drift of pipe smoke, the glint of bold eyes, the flash of teeth, the atmosphere of lurking tragedy, the mystery and vastness, the elemental, gorgeous barbarism of it all.

He must interpret the spirit as well as the letter. The North is waiting for its all-revealing genius. Who will he be?

The Simple Church Service

One of the finest scenes, I think, is worship in the ice; the church service of these simple, devoutly pious men. Something profoundly touching stirs your heart as you stand on the reeking deck where coal dust and seal oil ooze up from between the rough planks; and out of the dim-glowing forward companion hear full-throated hymns—There is an Anchor That Keeps the Soul, or Nearer, my God, to Thee—roll in the night far across the vague white gloom. The ship is motionless in the ice, her engines muted for the service. She lies there, a ghost ship in a world of ghostliness; or, it may be, with yards and rig aglitter with ice under the white blaze of a moon, the hard gleam of stars such as we know not here. And from her depths the voice of man ascends in praise and prayer, in those far places of that frozen world.

It is a thing unforgetable, to crouch down into the 'tween-decks, to sit obscurely in a corner on a sea chest, to watch these vikings of the North at worship. But yesterday they seemed gory butchers. This night they bow with a sincerity that thrills you to the Power they feel very near; while through the hatch the pole star coldly peers, and not far off the surges thunder all along a drifting berg.

Dim-seen, hang oilskins, sou'westers, sea boots, gaffs, knives, towlines. On smoky beams stand pots and pans—the crude ware from which these men feed in gangs, huddled about their chests. Tin lamps on stanchions blur yellow blotches in the darkness. Sitting on floor, boxes, bunks, the sealers listen with profound attention to the reading, painfully halting, of the Word.

Now they all stand, and with immense vigor join in I Need Thee Every Hour, led by Preacher Levi Butt—weekdays he's crimson-handed as the rest—who lines out the hymn, stanza by stanza. None sing bass; all carry the air. The very timbers of green-heart oak quiver with the intensity of their fervor. With soul-stirring quavers and quick uprisings the hymn bursts forth. One mighty voice dominates the rest; but where it comes from, out of what cavernous black corner, you cannot tell. The bogey—the cracked little stove—flings red light on uncouth figures. Yes, this should be painted, truly, for all the world to see.

In all their religion, as in all their lives, death ever obtrudes. These men think often of death; to them it is an ever-present thing, not something far off and problematical, for every family has met sea losses. Death is no rare visitor, as with us more sheltered folk. They're not at all afraid of death, but—death is always there, just round the corner. God is spoken to with fervent familiarity, almost as if He were a well-known neighbor; appealed to for the saving of "dis ship's company, w'iles on de boosum of de deep." There are constant references to home, to family. The sealers talk glibly of mansions in the sky—they, who have never seen any mansion whatsoever, or any sky but a chilling one. Their religion is absolutely a *cri du cœur*. These are child-men—but men! Modern exegesis, what could it have to do with such as they? They know not even its name; and better so, because it seems to me that without such faith as they bear they could not possibly suffer what they

(Continued on Page 86)

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There's little difference in appearance, texture or "feel" between a really waterproof raincoat and many clever makeshifts.

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(Continued from Page 83)

have to suffer or do those quite incredible things they have to do.

And right now I want to bear witness that, rough-and-tumble though they be, these vikings are clean-mouthed men. They look like pirates, have the hearts of children, and keep their tongues from foulness and from taking the name of the Lord in vain. Between the current talk among "better-class" men in an average steamer's smoking room and the talk aboard a sealer, the comparison lies all to the advantage of the sealer.

A good race, an iron-hard race, and a clean one!

If to labor is to pray, then the sealers are praying all the time. Their one standard of value is a man's capacity for work. Captains and common hands share this alike. Their heart is in the kill, not for money but for prestige. To be high-liner is the ambition of the whole ship, from highest to lowest. You never saw such rivalry, such consultations, reading of code messages, speculation on what other ships are doing, plottings to outwit all others as go on aboard a sealer. All the men share this tension. Every batsman wants to drag in the greatest number of tows. Every gunner burns to shoot the most seals. You can't imagine the pride they feel in commendation, the misery in disapproval. To be admired by their fellows is their goal.

The men are unmerciful to a failure, a slacker. They guy anyone half to death if he misses his quarry. It's a case of cheers if you succeed, jeers if you fail. Thus is developed that wonderful special sense, or instinct, that enables these supermen to travel where we would perish, to navigate blind, icebound and snow-driven courses and come back—even after days—exactly to the same marker left there. Evolution, stimulated by a keen love of praise, has produced a specialized type of working machine, the sealer. It has made him love exhausting toil, endowed him with superhuman powers, given to him work as his gospel.

What supermen, indeed, to battle thus with the North, to endure unspeakable misery with indomitable cheerfulness! Knowing nothing of ease, comfort, good food, books, plays, soft beds, the amenities of modern life, they glorify labor, have but few primitive emotions, live hard and die swiftly, often in the arms of their Great Mother, the sea.

The Discipline of Shame

What chance has a weakling among such giants? Let me tell you what happened to one. Of a violent night Cap'n Kean was highly wroth. Reports had come to him of a certain young fellow slindging—loafing.

A master watch had reported, "Dat feller Jonas, he lay in de bunk playin' cards. He's useless on y'earth. He do not one tap, dat feller."

"He'll get cut"—fined—"then!" exclaimed the cap'n. "If ever a man was cut he'll be. He must be the most useless man that ever burdened this world! Call him aft!"

Aft came the unfortunate Jonas, cringing into the cabin, twisting his cap in both hands.

"You, Jonas," declaimed the cap'n, "you big useless! Why don't you work? Answer me!"

"I be's wake"—weak—"sir. Sick."

"Sick, eh? Let me tell you, you'll get cut! The doctor says you're ahl rate. I won't kick you or swear at you, but I'll cut you!"

"I be's wake, sir. I knows me own feelin's."

"Feelin's! You slindgin', and they workin' their heads off! If you slindge you'll get mighty few dollars out o' the bite. This is enough to make a saint swear! It's got to be putt a stop to. I'd fix you if I had any guts! You slindge, from now out, and I'll 'armer"—hammer—"you! Now get forrard!"

Mark you, now. As a result of having been shamed before others this man Jonas became the most reckless daredevil of the lot. From that day on he took wild chances on the ice, killed like a madman, towed like a horse, sculped like a maniac. I have seen him leap from the moving ship to slush ice, race over swaying pans, catch a seal, kick it on the head, stun it, drag it in barehanded amid wild cheers and shrieks of joy from the assembled crew. Jonas became a bright abundantly good. He, too, passionately adhered to the gospel of toil, submission: the giving of his all for a mere nothing—save praise.

Strange, simple-hearted men!

And yet, under sufficient provocation, these simple and kindly men will run suddenly amuck and do extraordinarily violent deeds. Little as they know of modern labor conditions, much as they denounce strikes, they can—if put to it—strike with zeal and vigor. Not very long ago a mob of them struck for a higher share in St. John's, rove a cable to a sealing steamer, and with two thousand men on the cable held her from sailing. They probably would have pulled the ship right up into the town if somebody aboard hadn't chopped the cable and let the ship escape.

Political opponents are sometimes liable to rough handling in the outports. One candidate, voicing unpopular views, was chased to his train, and just barely escaped alive. Another was hustled to a wharf and given the high dive into old Atlantic. Strangers trying to dance with outport girls usually face a fight that ends in a knock-out. And even mutiny isn't unknown. As witness this:

Last spring the Diana got jammed in the ice and broke her propeller. She began to leak. The leak wasn't serious, but the men grew ugly. They were missing their spring. After a while they hauled up the stick sticks and piled their gaffs in a heap on deck, the formal signs of going mans—which is to say, mutinying.

The Blue Putties in the War

"Send out an S O S!" they commanded the captain. "Us wants to be took ashore."

"Never!" replied the captain.

"You send dat wireless in one hour," they retorted, "or us'll t'row you and de Marconi man overboard!"

The S O S went.

The Sagona bucked the ice, reached the Diana, took the men and their chests off. The Diana was still afloat and could easily have been kept so by a small engine-room crew; could have been towed to port after the ice had broken. But no; the sealers put the torch to her, burned her and sank her with four thousand seals aboard. If they couldn't have dem swiles, nobody else should. Strange men!

Their temper, when it shows, seems like the tantrums of a usually placid child. Primitive natures are liable to such emotional flare-ups; and when the sealers run amuck, I'm told that no appeal, no argument, nothing short of annihilation will stop them.

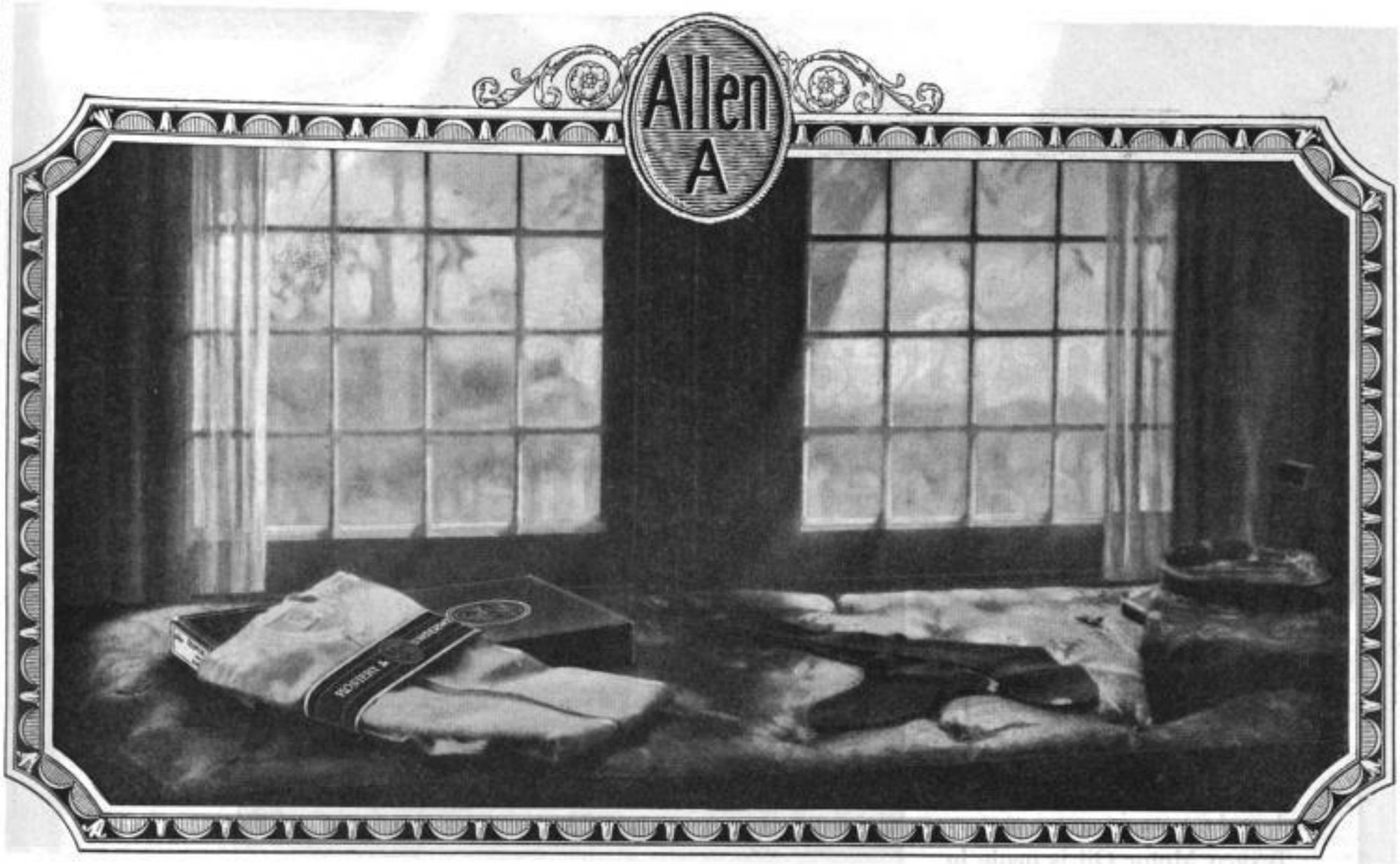
The Germans found that out to their cost in the Great War. The Blue Putties of the Newfoundland regiments were called, raised particular hob with the boche. Those regiments included many young sealers, who struck cold dread to German hearts. The Blue Putties won all kinds of decorations and V. C.'s. The bravest of the brave. Their losses were withering; but God help the Germans they got up against! I think, myself, if a regiment entirely composed of sealers had been turned loose on the German Army with gaff, towline and sculping knife, they would not only have licked the Huns but also brought back their pelts, put up flags on them, and waited for some steamer to come along and pick up the trip o' fat. They're great boys, those sealers.

Vikings of the North indeed! Yes, that is what I call them. It's a title of admiration, of homage. I never saw such absolutely brave men in all my life, such hardy, hospitable, forthright, kindly, daring, unbeatable, tireless and wonderful he-men. Shy as children, till you come to know them, you presently discover that they have big hearts, warm affections, deep piety, a frank and stirringly bold outlook on life—an outlook that shames all petty and cowardly conventions.

Splendid types of manhood, these, the northernmost fringe of English-speaking people in this hemisphere. Honest to a fault, trustworthy—until aroused, and then look out!—loyal unto death to a friend, but terrible to a foe, these supermen sail frozen seas less for gain than for the sheer joy of the hunt, the battle with ice, frost, blizzard, everything the Arctic solitudes have to give.

Great men and true, in many ways the

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Who Makes Your Underwear and Hose

When you are in a Pullman or at the Country Club what a satisfaction it is to know that your underwear and hosiery measure up to your other wearing apparel.

Representative men are as keen for style and quality in their undergarments as in clothes, shirts and shoes.

So any *lack of uniform standards* in their Underwear and Hosiery must be the fault of the *merchandise* offered them in their dealer's stores.

* * *

This is probably a new thought to you—the establishing of a *definite standard* for both Underwear and Hosiery.

Standards of fit, wearing service, comfort, money's worth—and that *trim style* that is the prerogative of every man who knows how to wear his clothes.

There is one concern that has done it. Its sign is the *Master Brand of Allen A.*

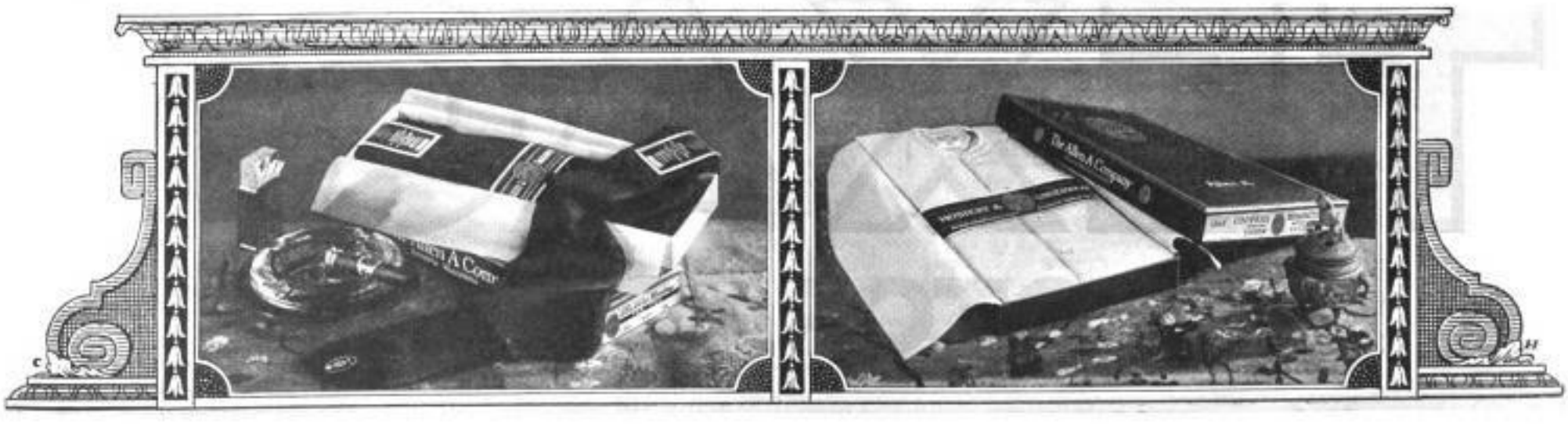
You find this Master Brand on the *genuine* Cooper's-Bennington Spring Needle Knit Underwear. For Men and Boys. All weights, for every season of the year.

You find it also on *genuine* Black Cat Hosiery for Men, for Women, and for Children. In Silk, in Lisle, in Wool, in Cotton.

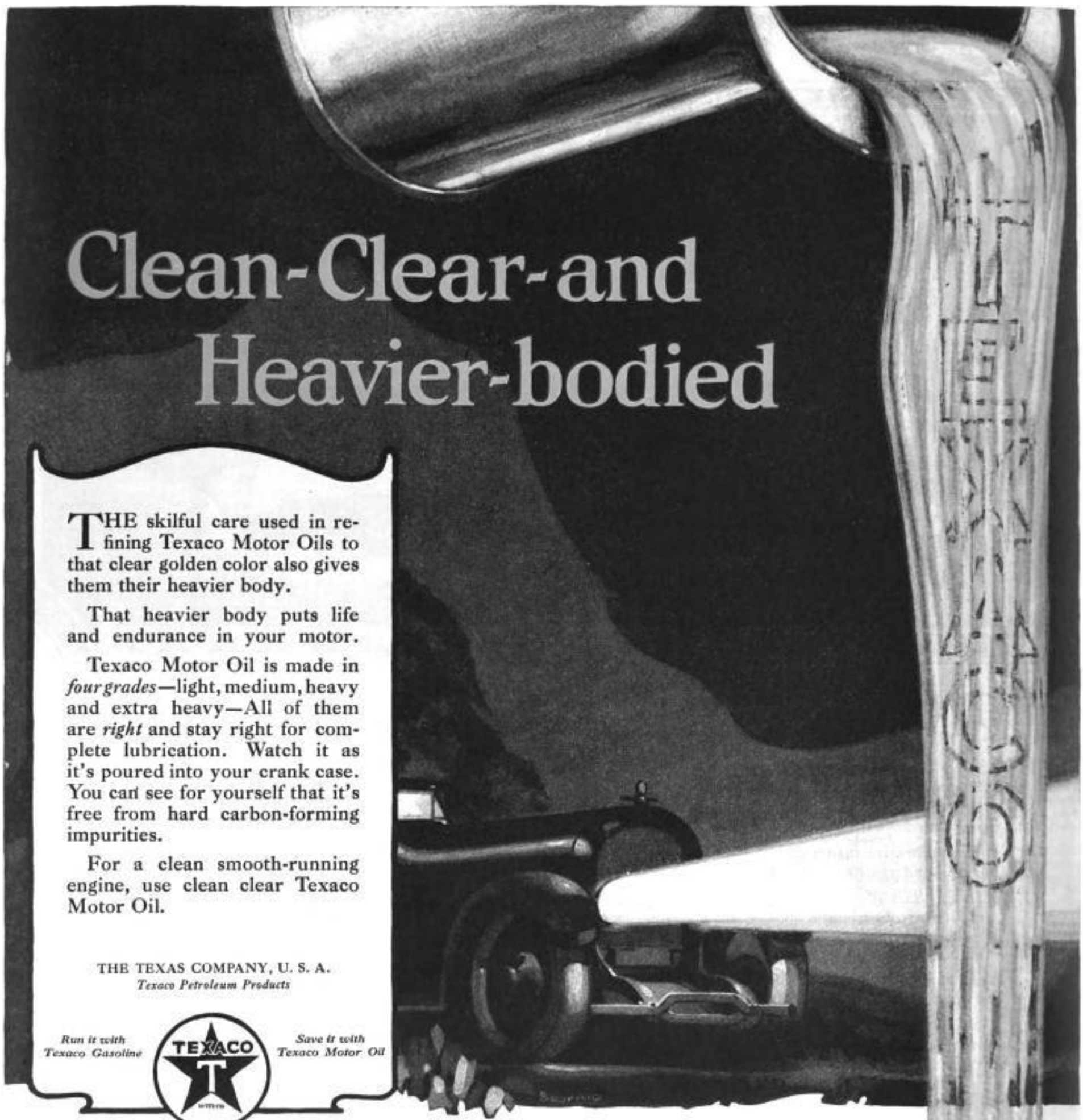
This Master Brand is the *personal pledge* of the makers of these two celebrated lines.

Wherever you find it, whenever you find it, it is your assurance of the *highest attainable standards* in Underwear or Hosiery, or *both.*

THE ALLEN A COMPANY—KENOSHA, WIS.



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Clean-Clear-and Heavier-bodied

THE skilful care used in refining Texaco Motor Oils to that clear golden color also gives them their heavier body.

That heavier body puts life and endurance in your motor.

Texaco Motor Oil is made in *four grades*—light, medium, heavy and extra heavy—All of them are *right* and stay right for complete lubrication. Watch it as it's poured into your crank case. You can see for yourself that it's free from hard carbon-forming impurities.

For a clean smooth-running engine, use clean clear Texaco Motor Oil.

THE TEXAS COMPANY, U. S. A.
Texaco Petroleum Products

Run it with Texaco Gasoline

TEXACO

Save it with Texaco Motor Oil

TEXACO

MOTOR OILS

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THE BOOTLEGGERS

(Continued from Page 30)

a public service. In addition to those who argue thus there is the vast number of potential crooks who are in major and minor situations where they are charged with the enforcement of the law. These men, in the lower grades, are not only willing to be bribed but eager to be, and, as the vernacular has it, are out for the stuff.

The measure of this phase of the human equation was early taken by the men who engaged in this business, most of whom have had similar experiences in other lines, and a system of facilitation developed that was expanded as its requirements grew, until now it comprehends officials of all sorts. The two things that have been proved in greatest degree since the passage of the prohibition law are that whatever a demand may be, whether legal or illegal, men will take the risk of supplying that demand for a profit; and that the maxim that every man has his price is of wide and general application.

However, despite the large sums paid out for protection and the great measure of protection secured, the men who engage in this business are subject to many annoyances and harassments from the officials. These may be classified broadly as of two characters: First, arrests, seizures, prosecutions, and other interferences by law officers, which come about because there still remain in office many men who are not to be reached by bribery, and who do their sworn duty under the law as far as they are able; and second, arrests, seizures, and so on, caused by officials who either have taken bribes and act under the law nevertheless, who have not been bribed and seek to be, or who use these methods for making good their demands for increased payments to them—blackmail, in other words.

The position of the men in this business is that in a strictly legal sense their business is illicit, however well it may be supported by a part of the people; and they have small recourse except to submit to this blackmail, which is now becoming onerous, as they have no appeal, save that of force, which is often resorted to in the way of elimination of those persons who prey on them.

Still, the situation is not without a remedy that frequently can be utilized. The government officials charged with enforcing the law are working under a handicap of small congressional appropriations, and are unable to employ a sufficient number of investigators and other enforcement officials to cope with the situation. Hence it is not infrequently the case—universally indeed—that when a raid is made in any locality the raiders, who, it may be, do their work sufficiently well, cannot remain to bring the accused to trial, but must work elsewhere and leave their records with a district attorney. Sometimes this district attorney can be, and is, reached, but in case he cannot, when he gets ready to try his cases the witnesses have scattered, perhaps owing to payment to induce them to scatter, and convictions are hard to get, even if the indictments seem to be in order.

But in the event the case is well made up, then, by methods that have become systematized and effective, delay is sought, and there is ample excuse for laxity and postponement in the clogging of the courts that this new business has brought about. This business has developed a novel and efficacious practice. The bootleggers are in ample funds, so that they have in their employ lawyers of ability who know how to scramble these preparations.

The situation in the Federal courts works to the exceeding advantage of the bootlegger. The Post Office Department alone, at the time of this report, has four hundred and eighty-four fraud order cases on the dockets, and these cases if tried by one judge would take eighty years, and if tried by all judges would demand the exclusive attention of the Federal courts for at least one year. In addition to these is a vast number of prohibition cases, revenue cases, tax cases, and so on; and skillful lawyers take advantage of this situation for delay that often can be brought to mean dismissal.

Also, the large sums in the possession of the men in this business render cash bail bonds of small importance, and the forfeiting of these by the removal of the accused from the jurisdiction of the courts is a good investment inasmuch as it saves those higher up in the business from prosecution to a certain degree, owing to the sequestrating of witnesses against their employes who have been arrested, and the bail jumping of the accused themselves. It has been demonstrated frequently, and cheaply, considering the interests involved, that the machinery of the law can be utilized for the protection and immunities of those who are engaged in this business.

It is inevitable that a conflict of this magnitude between the Government on the one hand and the bootlegging industry on the other should breed numerous broods of stool pigeons, spies, *agents provocateurs*, informers, and similar base characters, who not only spy and inform on one another but often are in the employ of both sides. This situation is helpful, because the character of the men who give themselves to this employment is such that there is more likelihood of the bootleggers, so called, obtaining a larger percentage of correct information, because the bootleggers pay more liberally than the Government. There is much misinformation detailed to each side, but, all in all, the bootleggers profit by their spies and stool pigeons to a greater degree than the Government, for this reason: The Government is put to the necessity of not only watching those in the bootlegging business but of watching the Government's own operatives as well, which fact has built up a clumsy and reduplicated and slow-moving spy system that in itself offers easy manipulation by those who approach it with sufficient monetary inducement to get its favor; whereas the bootlegging business is mobile and quick-moving, and coast lines are long and highway systems extensive.

XIV

THIS brief résumé of the difficulties, rewards and *modus operandi* of the bootlegging business, so called, is presented with the idea of informing you of its principal features and not of its detail. There is a vast mass of instance, information and incident, with costs and experiences, relating to each point made, which is available; but in general these are the points to be considered. The project of welding this vast, loosely bound series of organizations, with their multitude of ramifications, into a compact, coördinated, coöperative whole is one that may well engage the highest organizing abilities. The demand for the merchandise to be dealt in is constant and increasing, but the methods of obtaining and distributing this merchandise are not only indiscriminate and disordered but enormously expensive. If it can be reduced to a systematic and efficient basis the bootlegging industry will produce revenues far greater than it now does, even though its turnover at present is in excess of three billion dollars a year, and its profits far in excess of a billion dollars annually.

I have the honor to subscribe myself,

Very truly yours,

CHARLES K. DORIAN.

XV

"BILL," said John P. Wilkes to an alert and well-turned-out man of middle age who sat with him in the Wilkes suite in the Hotel Splendide, "what do you know about the great national enterprise of bootlegging?"

"I know where I can get you some fine old bourbon for a hundred and thirty dollars a case, if that's what you mean."

"It isn't particularly, although I might use some, at that. I mean about bootlegging as an institution, a going concern, an adventure, a money-maker, a political by-product, and so on."

"I know a lot."

"Along what lines?"

"What lines are you interested in?"

"It all seems interesting, but along political lines, let's say. How far has it got in politics? You're a national politician and a party leader and all that sort of thing, and ought to know."

"A better way to put it would be: How far has politics got in it?"

"Well, put it any way you like. How far has politics got in it?"

"Quite a distance."

"How?"

"Every way. You don't think, do you, that the politicians would allow anything like this bootlegging golconda to be uncovered without declaring in on it?"

"I suppose not."

"Your supposition does you credit, coming as it does from a man who has been so busy taking other people's money away from said other people that he hasn't voted in twenty years."

"Well, tell me about it. I'm looking for information."

"You've come to headquarters. I've just been in a big conference on the present, the potential and the proper relations of the industry of bootlegging to the industry of politics, which, I may say, are not at all satisfactory at the moment."

"What's the trouble?"

"Lack of centralized operation, combined with personal rapacity on the part of most of our associates that militates seriously against the utilization of the vast and susceptible resources of the business for the purposes of campaign funds, party upkeep, and an equitable tax on the turnover for official toleration of it by political officials. Those were the words of our esteemed leader when he called our conference to order. What he meant was that most of the money politically collected thus far, or otherwise obtained, has been going into private strong boxes."

"This hold-out isn't politically ethical—is that it?"

"That's it, if you want to put it that way. Speaking in the cold-blooded politics of it, they have made a local issue and policy of it. Instead of shaking down these bootleggers with a party idea behind the processes, the shaking down has been done by individuals mostly, or at best by localities. Now, inasmuch as bootlegging is a national industry its contributions to politics should be national, or, at least, to the advantage of no smaller units than state organizations. But it has been hard to make the boys see that. The advent of a truck train of contraband booze in a county, on its way to a center of population, seems to the officials of that county a purely and fortunately local occurrence and the particular treasure-trove of those who are in position either to expedite or retard the progress of it through that county.

"They are not concerned in what will happen to it after it crosses the county line or what it will contribute when it gets to its destination. What they are concerned in is what they can get on the spot, and what they do get is held to be their peculiar and personal perquisite and reward for having served their party loyally and long enough to have attained official recognition; which official recognition does not carry with it, by the way, much financial emolument. It is pickings, findings, money that is thrown at their heads by the institution of prohibition with the right hand and the opulent enterprise of bootlegging with the left hand.

"Broadly and politically speaking, this situation, now local in its demonstrations, should be national in its scope. There has been small coöperation with state political organizations by local toll takers, and even less coöperation by state organizations with national political organizations. It has been a scramble to get the money wherever and whenever possible, and while the getting was good; and getting has been keeping in most instances. Now if you take the classes that have by virtue of their positions the official opportunity to shake down the bootleggers you will find that they are almost entirely political. Almost all of them have political obligations and are political creatures.

"Back of them is some sort of political organization or combination or power that is responsible for them, and this is especially true of those who have closest and most productive touch with the bootlegging business, because these officials are, mostly, appointive and appointed by politics. Hence, though action may be individual the power to act is politically conferred, and that's where the politicians, who hold no offices but run the politics, should come in."

"And do, I imagine," said Wilkes.

"To some extent."

"How does it work, actually, at the present time?" asked Wilkes.

"Just as I have told you. It has been, up to now, every man for himself, except in some of the larger cities where the local political organizations have cut in, and not for general political purposes. Easy money is hard to distribute. The tendency of a man who gets a sum of this bootleg money is to sink it somewhere for personal use, because he knows that his companions, who politically are entitled to a share, have no grounds save those of politics on which they can claim it, and no way they can get it unless he wants to share it with them."

XVI

"YOU see even if politics and politicians desired to keep out of this business of bootlegging it is not possible for politics and politicians to keep out for the reason that when any man of the sort who goes to bootlegging, whether he is of high station as a bootlegger or the lowest, gets into trouble, his first thought is to secure political influence to get him out. He knows how things work in this country. He knows that it is far more useful for a man who is in the net of the law to have a political pull than it is for him to be innocent. It is a sad commentary on our affairs of this sort that such is the case, but such the case undeniably is.

"If you, for example, were arrested in your home city you wouldn't ask the police captain who had you in charge to let you off, or the judge, or the district attorney, but you would ask someone who, politically, had a leverage on the official who could help you—and there are few officials on whom there isn't some sort of political leverage to be exerted, no matter what is said to the contrary—to help you.

"Hence, when bootlegging started and men began to get into trouble, they turned to the politicians. The politicians asked: 'How come?' They discovered that the veriest sort of tyro in bootlegging could make large sums of money, and they could see no reason why they shouldn't get some of it inasmuch as they were dragged in as helpers in the enterprise. So they began getting it.

"Also, the bootleggers soon developed the conclusion that if money could get them out of trouble after they were in trouble the same sort of money, properly applied, would keep them from getting into trouble, and from that conclusion has, in turn, developed all this vast system of monetary influence on all sorts of officials, both by direct application and by indirect application through politicians who can politically influence those officials, that now prevails.

"Political revenues from bootlegging now reach an incredible sum for these two reasons: First, directly through and to politicians and the creations of politicians who are in positions to confer bootlegging favors, immunities, tolerations and protections; and second, indirectly through politicians who are in position to demand favors, immunities, tolerations and protections for the bootleggers from the officials."

XVII

"IS EVERYBODY in it?" asked Wilkes.

"No, not everybody. There is a lot of politics in this country, and many politicians, that do not reach in the right directions. A local leader can't do much with a Federal employe. It takes a state or a national leader to reach him. Conversely, a state or a national leader has small influence with a police force. And by the same token there are plenty of politicians who do not cover with their influence either Federal appointees of this character or local constabulary. For example, in any city there is about one prohibition-enforcement officer to a hundred local policemen.

"Take a place I know about, where a local political leader has the official trucking privilege—that is, the police are told to lay off his trucks when they are transporting liquor about, but to watch out for the trucks of any other concern. The prohibition-enforcement officers might—might, I say—collar a few of these trucks, but the police could collar them all. They do not. Whisky in those trucks is safe and unmolested. Why? Because the man who owns the trucks is a political leader and because he splits the big money he gets for trucking booze—the most valuable freight there is, and charged for accordingly—with some of the other political leaders of his party.

"The ramifications and extent of this sort of thing are astounding. When I tell you that a hundred thousand cases of liquor are smuggled into this country every day, and that the seizures do not amount to 5 per cent of that, you will admit that there must be some collusion along the lines of distribution somewhere, especially as the

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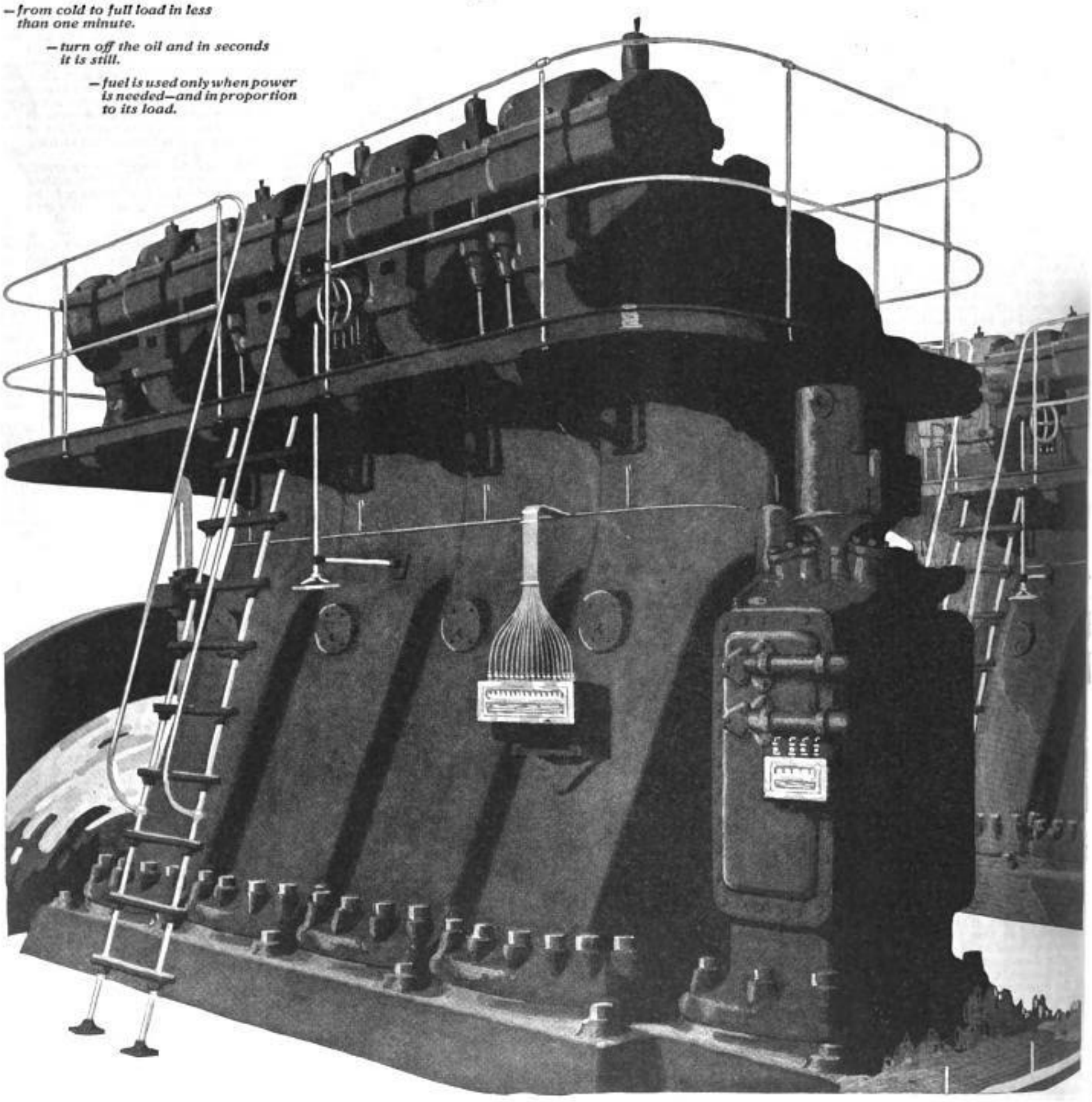
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Proving its

—from cold to full load in less than one minute.

—turn off the oil and in seconds it is still.

—fuel is used only when power is needed—and in proportion to its load.



FULTON

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power savings

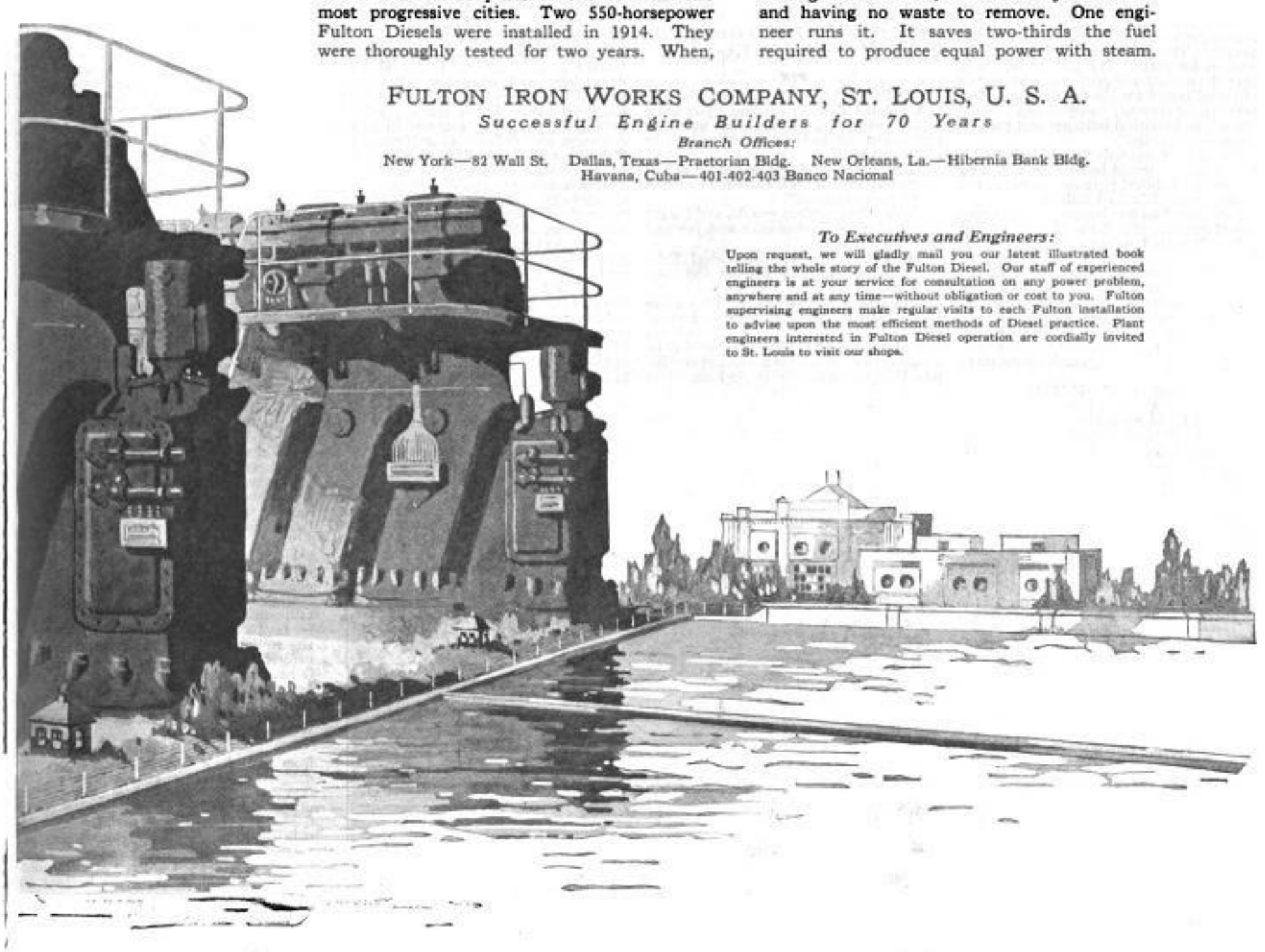
Side by side you find them

In tests in service, in power plant after power plant, where results in economy and reliability are recorded day by day for a long period of time, you find the highest endorsement for the Fulton Diesel. Side by side you find them —performance of one leading to the purchase of another.

The Fulton Diesel is thus established by putting to practical service the wonderful fuel and labor saving principle of internal combustion with low-grade fuel oils. A typical case is the waterworks plant of one of America's most progressive cities. Two 550-horsepower Fulton Diesels were installed in 1914. They were thoroughly tested for two years. When, in 1916, the growth of the city made necessary an additional power unit, a third Fulton Diesel of the same capacity was bought. The three today are successfully performing as did the first two.

And coal has been no problem.

The Fulton Diesel—American-built stationary engine—makes good on its mechanical merit, a development of 70 years' successful experience in engine building. It is a self-contained power plant, eliminating auxiliaries, feeding its own fuel, automatically controlled and having no waste to remove. One engineer runs it. It saves two-thirds the fuel required to produce equal power with steam.



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To Executives and Engineers:

Upon request, we will gladly mail you our latest illustrated book telling the whole story of the Fulton Diesel. Our staff of experienced engineers is at your service for consultation on any power problem, anywhere and at any time—without obligation or cost to you. Fulton supervising engineers make regular visits to each Fulton installation to advise upon the most efficient methods of Diesel practice. Plant engineers interested in Fulton Diesel operation are cordially invited to St. Louis to visit our shops.

DIESEL

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(Continued from Page 89)

bulk of this stuff is carted about the country in trucks or automobiles, or landed from small boats near centers of population. You cannot justly hold the prohibition-enforcement bureau responsible, because Congress, which passed this law, will not give that bureau anywhere near enough money to do 1 per cent of the enforcement work necessary, and from the very nature of the employment there are bound to be large numbers of reachable men among the enforcement officials, human nature being what it is, and money having a most potent charm for about all of us.

"All that aside, a crime is a crime, and the smuggling, manufacture, distribution and sale of liquor, under the law of this country, is just that. Therefore, when the law is violated in any particular district it is the business of all officials charged with the enforcement of the law to enforce the law, no matter what quibbling there may be over jurisdiction, and so on. Any sheriff can stop any truck with booze on it if he wants to. If he doesn't want to it will get by nine times out of ten, because prohibition-enforcement officials cannot be everywhere at the same time, and in many instances wouldn't be if they could.

"I am speaking now of the common-sense aspects of the case. You can't tell me that these vast streams of illicit booze would be flowing along our highways, and up and down our city streets, if there wasn't a reason for it aside from the thirst of the people. The reason is that the way is greased for them. The further reason is that the penalties of getting caught are too often mitigated for the distributors. The reason for it is money—easy money—booze money, and political influence and participation—at a price."

"You don't mean, do you, Bill, that such money as this would be received and used for general political purposes, such tainted money as this?" asked Wilkes.

"Politics does not inquire into the genesis of money. If it did we'd have mighty little. Politics inquires only into the authenticity of it. So far as I have been able to learn, the bootleggers circulate legal tender in most instances. Of course there have been times when they paid for contraband with counterfeit, but in a general manner of speaking all recipients of bootleggers' money are as good judges of money as the bootleggers themselves, which means there are none better."

"You surprise me," said Wilkes.

"I do not, but that is neither here nor there. As I said, we are now engaged in the very necessary and very difficult enterprise of trying to figure out a way in which the many streams running out from the inexhaustible reservoir of wealth may be turned into one sluiceway that will direct its flow into party chests."

"I should think it very difficult to do that," commented Wilkes.

"Difficult? It's impossible."

"But suppose the chief bootlegging interests of the country were combined under one competent directing head?"

"Is that what you have in mind?"

"Yes."

"If that's the case our troubles are over."

"What do you mean, Bill?"

"Why, I mean that a deal like that would be an El Dorado for the politicians such as the universe never before afforded. The bootlegging of this country combined into one organization. Wow!"

"It certainly would organize your collections for you."

"Organize them? It would endow them, entail them, guarantee them, multiply them by millions. It would be like running the mint for our especial benefit."

"But," protested Wilkes, "you wouldn't be excessive in your demands, would you?"

"Excessive? Oh, no, not excessive. Confiscatory is the word. If we could get a crack at such a game as that we'd just take it all. No more than that. Just all. Think of having the bootlegging of this country in a place where we could get at one head center and put the tweezers on. Who was the old boy who turned everything that he touched into gold? Midas? You'd be the Midas for the politicians, John."

"You couldn't take it all."

"Why not? What standing, or validity of protest, or chance whatsoever would a game of that kind have? Whom would you approach for help? Where would you get but off? If you didn't pay whatever sums were demanded we could put the whole lot of you so deep into jail it would take Gabriel's trump to get you out. Now it is scattered; one gang here and one gang there, and hard to catch up with except locally, and always shifting and changing; but with bootlegging on a corporation basis—oh, wealth untold for us!"

"You give me pause, Bill."

"Oh, I hope not, John. Much as I admire you and fond as I am of you, my deep affection for my party, and my firm conviction that the welfare of the people is better served by its control of the Government, make me eager in my wish that you will go ahead and make your combination. Go to it, John. You don't know much about politics. Here will be a chance to learn a heap."

"It looks to me," said Wilkes, "as if the education might be too expensive."

"It would come pretty high."

"And as if my best play would be to get somebody else to do the organizing, and cut in with the politicians."

"John," said the visitor as he rose to go, "your education has already begun."

XVIII

HON. AMBROSE T. QUILVERS,
Washington, D. C.

Anxious to see you on important matter. What day will be convenient? Regards.
JOHN P. WILKES.

JOHN P. WILKES,
Hotel Splendide,
New York.

Glad to see you Tuesday evening, eight o'clock. Best wishes. A. T. QUILVERS.

XIX

"AMBROSE," said Wilkes on the appointed Tuesday evening, "you know what is happening on the inside in Washington and out in the country as well as any man here."

"I hope so, John. It would be rather silly at my time of life if these folks around here were fooling me."

"Well, I'm confident you do, and I want to talk over a project of mine with you and get your advice."

"What are you going to do, John? Take some more money away from the New Yorkers?"

"Not the way you think. That game isn't interesting now. It's reduced to an algebraic formula, and x isn't even an unknown quantity any more. It used to be an adventure. Now it is a dull and routine job. I'm looking for thrills. So I am thinking of trying my hand at bootlegging."

"Bootlegging? Why, John ——"

"Not the way you think this time either. I don't mean that I am going to peddle hooch or hire peddlers to peddle it for me. I am considering going into it in a big way."

"It will have to be all of that if it equals the way some of them are in it now."

"I know it, and that's what I want to talk to you about. Briefly, there are about fifteen big organizations at the top of the bootlegging business now, from one side of the country to the other, and waste is enormous, methods are loose and unbusinesslike, expenditures are profligate, and the securing and distribution are attended by crimes of violence of all sorts. It is my idea to make a combination of these big organizations, operate as a bootlegging trust or corporation, and conduct the greatest adventure in money getting the world has ever known."

"It would be a whale, all right."

"What do you think of it?"

"Not much."

"Why?"

"Well, John, I'll tell you why. The main reason is because, secure and profitable and alluring as bootlegging may seem at present to those with the lust for money no matter how obtained, and to those with the spirit of adventure and intrigue and the delight of fighting constituted authority within them, there is coming an inevitable explosion; and when that explosion comes those who are anywhere near the blow-off will be badly hurt. I don't know when it is coming, but I do know it is coming. You may have time before it comes to get your plan to working, if it is possible to make such a combination, which may not be beyond your organizing ability; but even so, you would be right over the crater, and if it comes before you get it working the results will be just as bad—to you."

"What do you mean by an explosion?"

"I mean that this thing cannot go on in this country, although it now seems to be an established and tolerated part of our national scheme of affairs. I mean that this debauchery and corruption of officials, from high to low, this utter disregard for the law, this saturnalia of murder, bribery, smuggling, poisoning, counterfeiting, this contempt and defiance of authority, this vitiating and demoralization of our law-enforcement machinery, this vast use of money to debase our public servants, these attempts to reach the last outpost of our national securities, will be destroyed by an outraged people."

"But the people look with complacency on bootlegging, and patronize it and support it."

"Not all the people, John; only some of the people. Not a majority of the people; only a minority. Your habits of life and your contacts give you the impression that the people of the United States, as a whole, are opposed to prohibition, and are thus in favor of bootlegging as a remedy for an unjust and drastic situation foisted on them by a Government that seeks to abridge their liberties for some mysterious but puritanical reason. That isn't so, John. Far more than a majority of the people in this country are in favor of prohibition and wouldn't allow a return to the old whisky days if they had the opportunity. They are restive under this defiance of the law they think is a good law. They are slow to move, but once they get going, God help the bootleggers and all associated with them!"

"That's an astonishing statement."

"Perhaps, but it is a true statement. You must not think that the authorities in Washington do not know what is going on in this country, nor that there isn't a pretty fair gauge of public opinion here. I am a prohibitionist, nor do I believe in this present law. I have always been of the opinion that the way to settle the liquor question in this country was to settle it by local option and not by an amendment to the organic law. However, an attempt has been made to settle it by amendment to the organic law—by a constitutional enactment.

"Now the wet forces of this country have made one great error, aided by the newspapers, consciously or through a mistaken sense of news values. They have kept constantly before the people the ill effects of prohibition, in crime, bootlegging, and so on, and held it to be a farce, a derision, a medium for lowering the moral tone of the entire nation, and nothing else. At the same time there isn't a man in this country in any line of productive business who doesn't know that prohibition has increased drunkenness among the people, has augmented savings-bank deposits, has increased efficiency, and all that; nor is there a woman who does not know that it has been of incalculable benefit to the women and the children of the country, notwithstanding the drinking orgies we read about and the apparently increased consumption of liquor among certain classes.

"The people know these things, and they are slowly coming to a realization that the bootlegging business means more than the supply of liquor to those who can buy it, that it means more than the mere evasion and breaking of the prohibition law by rum runners. They are slowly coming to a realization that bootlegging means bribery, debauchery of officials of all sorts, corruption to the extent of millions of dollars a day. They are beginning to find out that it means bought-and-paid-for dishonesty among the men who are appointed or elected to be their protectors under the law that was enacted for all alike and that they obey. They are getting a dim realization that bootlegging as it exists today could not exist were it not for the sufferance of law officials of all sorts; and when that idea is firmly fixed in their minds there will be an explosion that will wreck not only the bootlegging business but all who have had any part in it, either as active agents or as bribed and debauched tolerators."

XX

"IT WILL be a tremendous jolt when it comes, because it will mean a revulsion of the people against their officials. The phase of the situation that causes the greatest concern here is that when the jolt does come there may be no discrimination, as there should be, but that all officials will be lumped with the dishonest ones that are taking bootleggers' bribes.

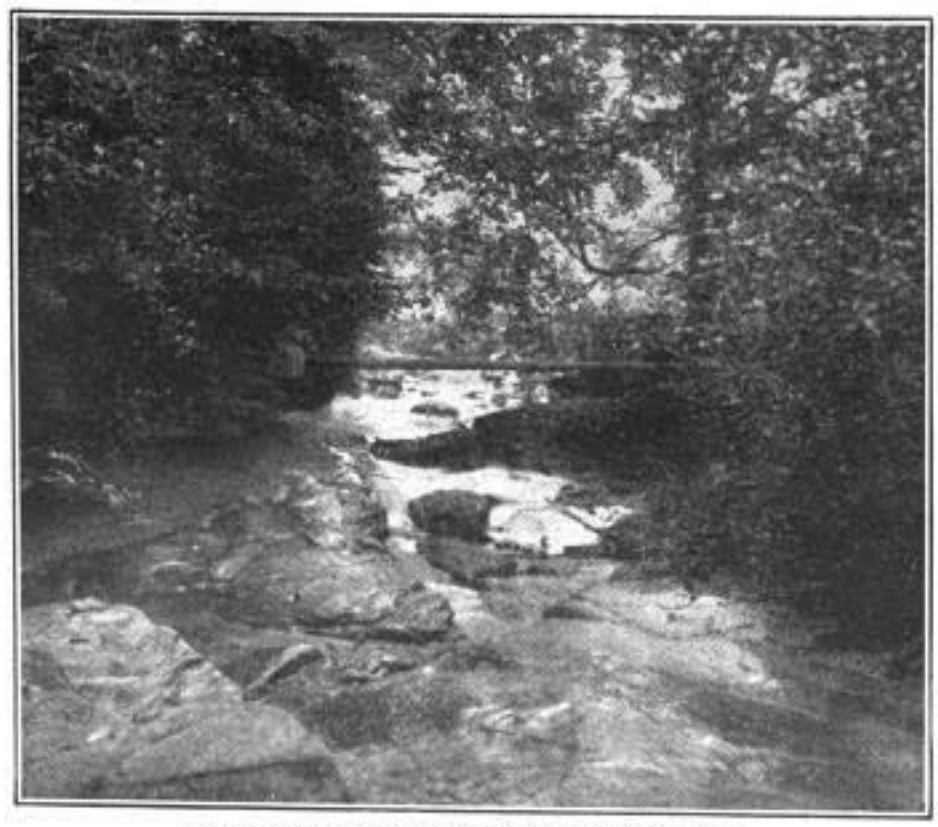
"I can tell you, now that we are on the subject, that there has been created in this city, the seat of government, a special departmental machinery for handling and investigating informal charges against certain officials who are taking whisky money for favors to bootleggers, which has given rise to something this country never has before. Think of a situation that makes it necessary not only to watch smugglers but the officials that are supposed to apprehend them."

"It has inflammable elements," said Wilkes.

"It has, indeed. Furthermore, apart from this phase of it, which is extremely dangerous, bootlegging has drawn politics into its corrupt net, and it is now contributing, either because it is forced to or deems it expedient to do so, large sums for political purposes to individuals and organizations to secure political pressure on the law-enforcement officials of all grades. This was inevitable. Politics battens on such money, if the sources of it can be concealed and the use of it disguised; and always has.

"Another phase of it is that many of the minor bootleggers and some of the big ones are foreigners or of foreign and alien extraction. This works advantageously for the bootleggers and disadvantageously for the people who want to see the law obeyed. In the first place these people are not terrorized by the idea of going to jail, and think it no disgrace; and in the second they have a tremendous mass influence—politically, I mean. This foreign mass pressure in our larger cities is about as likely an agent for laxity and for actual defeat of

(Continued on Page 98)



Grassy Creek, Near Hendersonville, North Carolina

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Booth's Sardine Loaf

Take one can Booth's Sardines (skin and backbone removed), two eggs, two tablespoonfuls melted butter, two cupfuls bread crumbs, pinch of cayenne pepper, and salt to taste. Mix all together well, turn into a mold, cover and steam one hour. When cold, cut into thin slices. This is excellent for sandwiches, or served hot or cold.



Save $4.00 Monthly

With This Dinner Dish

Serve once a week—enough for four people—at 6¼c per plate

You serve four people for a quarter—a delicious meal. The same meal ordinarily costs $1.25—five times as much.

If you are an average family, the most substantial course of a hearty dinner costs around $1.25, served four times monthly—once a week—these four meals cost $5.00.

But serve this tasty fish once weekly to that family, and the four meals cost *one* dollar!

So this delightful dinner, served *but once a week*, in place of the usual, can save $4.00 every month!

Tasty Sardines

Dinner Size

This new dish—new to you who have not tried it—is known as Booth's "Food-Sardines," Dinner Size.

Not the small, imported, costly sardines that you know, but a larger, more nutritious fish, although a genuine sardine.

It has the sardine flavor and the same firm, tender meat.

These fish swim in large numbers in our own ocean waters; are easily secured; and because they aren't imported you pay no customs duty on them. That's why the cost is low.

Booth's Food-Sardines are rich in protein—tissue-building food. And they supply 900 calories of energizing nutriment per pound.

No other food that we know combines attractive flavor and important food value with such economy. Compare with others. Decide for yourself.

When you know them you'll need no further urging to serve them at least once a week in place of expensive foods.

There are scores of ways to use them—ready-prepared as they come right from the tin; broiled on toast; in salad; rolled and fried in bread crumbs as a breakfast dish.

The entire family will enjoy them. Try and see.



One Minute Salad

One can of Booth's Sardines, several stalks of celery and half a pint of mayonnaise dressing. Remove the tail, skin and backbone from the Sardine and pick the fish apart, adding the celery (cut up fine) and the mayonnaise, mixing lightly together. Season with salt and cayenne. Arrange in salad dish, pour a little mayonnaise over the top, and trim with lemon slices and lettuce leaves. This makes a delicious salad and is very easily and quickly prepared.

Compare These Costs

Go over your market bill for the past four weeks. Put down the cost of each dinner's chief item during that time. Add together and divide by the number of dinners represented.

If yours is a family of four, the chances are the figure will be at least $1.25—*probably more!*

Booth's Food-Sardines 25c

Three Sauces

For Your Choice

Booth's Food-Sardines are put up in three delicious sauces—tomato, mustard, and in vinegar and spices—so there are new surprises for each week.

Your grocer probably has Booth's Food-Sardines. If by chance he hasn't, send us one dollar, for which we will immediately send you four of the big, red, oval cans, charges prepaid.

Specify which kinds of sauce you want them packed in. We'll gladly return your money if you are not entirely satisfied.

Our plants are modern and immaculate, and Booth's are highest quality sardines, so be sure to get this brand. You'll know it by the big, red, oval tin.

Mail Coupon

Every careful woman who wants to cut her food bills down should have the famous "Booth Food-Sardine Recipes." See what you can do with these sardines. Mail coupon for free book.

F. E. Booth Company, *Packers of High Grade Foods*
110 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

Insist on having Booth's Crescent Brand in the Oval Tin



BOOTH'S
Crescent Brand
"Food-Sardines"
Dinner Size

F. E. Booth Company
110 Market St., Dept. 109
San Francisco, Calif.

Please send free book of recipes.

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Coconut Cookies

Cream three-quarters cup granulated sugar, one-half cup butter and one-quarter teaspoon salt together; add two well-beaten eggs and one-half can coconut. (If the blue can coconut is used, thoroughly press out the coconut milk before using.) Sift one and one-half cups flour with one and one-half teaspoons baking powder and add mixture. Dust bake board with flour, roll out quite thin (one-eighth inch)—cut with cruller cutter. Brush top with well beaten egg and sprinkle with balance of coconut. Bake in hot oven ten to twelve minutes.

Coconut Clusters

A wholesome, delicious candy can be made by melting 1½ cups granulated sugar in a skillet. When melted, add piece of butter the size of a walnut and quickly pour over one cup of coconut which has been evenly spread on buttered dish. When cool, break into clusters.

Coconut Squares

Beat one egg, add one cup brown sugar, one square melted chocolate, a pinch of salt and ¼ teaspoon of soda dissolved in a tablespoon of hot water. To this add one cup coconut and 5 tablespoons sifted flour. Bake about twenty minutes in a square buttered tin in a moderate oven. When cold cut in 2 inch squares.

Coconut Cream Pie

Add beaten yolks of two eggs, one-half cup sugar, a pinch of salt and two level tablespoons cornstarch to one and one-half cups of milk. Place over slow fire and stir until thick. Add two-thirds cup of coconut and a teaspoon of vanilla. Pour into a baked crust and cover with stiffly beaten whites of two eggs to which two tablespoons of powdered sugar have been added. Sprinkle remaining coconut on top and brown quickly in oven.



"Come back with those coconut cookies!"

THE kiddies, and the grown-ups too, will relish these home-made coconut cookies and candies. They are easy to make and are doubly wholesome and delicious when you make them yourself.

But be sure you make them of Baker's Coconut—preferably the canned coconut. It's the only ready-to-use coconut in which the natural moisture is retained. That's why it's so full of flavor—such a wholesome food.

THE FRANKLIN BAKER COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

BAKER'S COCONUT

3 kinds

In Baker's blue can—the pure, fresh, white meat of selected coconuts grated and sealed up in the wholesome, natural coconut milk.

In Baker's yellow can—the pure, fresh, white meat of selected coconuts shredded and sweetened; sealed up while still moist with its own wholesome, natural juices.

In Baker's blue cardboard container—the dry shredded meat of selected coconuts, carefully prepared for those who still prefer the old-fashioned, sugar-cured kind.

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(Continued from Page 92)

justice, and influence with those who should see justice done, as the wholesale bribery."

XXI

"I AM not exaggerating when I say to you that within the past year there has been used in this country a billion dollars of bootleg money for the purposes of bribing, corrupting and debauching law-enforcement officials, for political contributions, for blackmail, for protection in lawbreaking. Think of what the pressure of this enormous sum of money is on low-salaried, none too scrupulous public officials. The record of seizures and arrests shows that there are many honest men who cannot be reached, but honesty is subjected to tremendous temptation in these circumstances, and payments are in thousands instead of tens. Officials are only human, and the throwing of these vast sums of money at them has had a wide effect, and the morale is breaking every day.

"Consider the temptations of an official of any sort who not only needs money but sees his fellows getting money in large amounts and escaping detection; who knows there is a man waiting outside for him or his representative with a bundle of thousand-dollar bills. Human nature won't stand the strain. As I have said, this doesn't mean that all our officials are thus influenced; nor even a large percentage of them. What it does mean is that many of them are, and that there is room for doubt whether the people will discriminate when the explosion comes, which is a terrible thing to contemplate."

"How will it come?"

"I don't know. Probably some episode of bootlegging will start it; some series of arrests of big and well-regarded men; a lot of nasty murders or killings; some scandalous exposures. Any of these might start the big show. Or it may be slow in breaking, and be the cumulative influence of bits of information of what actually is happening on the inside. Anyhow I am sure it is coming one of these days."

"What form will it take?"

"One man's guess is as good as another's on that. Maybe it will create a national resentment that will sentence corrupt officials and bootleggers for extremely long terms; maybe it will reach the passive as well as the active participant, and private stocks be ruthlessly seized and drinking made a crime; maybe it will be a political revolt that will turn our politics upside down. Who can tell? Only one thing is certain, and that is this: The bootlegging business as it is at present conducted or as it might be conducted under any revision of its operations or combination of its forces cannot continue to exist indefinitely in this country, because the American people sooner or later will rise and exterminate it."

"Then, Ambrose," said Wilkes, "you wouldn't advise me to go into it?"

"I would advise you to keep out of it, John. I would advise you to stay as far away from it as possible. I would advise you to forget it, and return to your comparatively respectable business of trimming the suckers, at which you are not only expert but in which you are immune from any protest save that squeal of those you prong that is music to the pronger's ears."

XXII

HOTEL SPLENDIDE,
NEW YORK.

MY DEAR SOPHIE: I have yours of Thursday, and am glad that the business deal we arranged came out so satisfactorily.

So far as the future is concerned, and our alliance in business, I fear that must be held in abeyance for a time, if not abandoned entirely. Since seeing you I have discovered some new angles to the business and have been shown some contingencies that might not be altogether pleasant, notwithstanding my lust for financial adventure. For the present I shall return to golf and the contemplation of a peaceful countryside dotted with my blooded cows.

Sapiens qui prospicit, as we say in the Latin. He is wise who looks ahead.

With every good wish, I am,

Faithfully,

JOHN P. WILKES.

(THE END)

THIS MAN'S WAR

(Continued from Page 17)

made at Templemore that as soon as the election was over, if the country wint for a free state she'd grab a gun herself an' see to it personally that Ireland had a republic."

"Faith, I wouldn't put it past her."

"An' according to all accounts, she tould them how Ireland had been fighting for sivin hundred years now, an' if she had anything to do with it they would be fighting for sivin hundred years more until they got what they wanted."

"Faith, she didn't care what she said when she got playing ducks and drakes with the calendar, did she? Isn't it like a woman?" vouchsafed the sergeant.

"Indeed it is. I heard from somebody else that this O'Grady girl had enlisted a company of her own and sent in a requisition to headquarters for full equipment.

"I wonder where the Republican Army is this morning," soliloquized Mike after a pause. "They're late on the job. Keepin' bankers' hours, I suppose."

As he spoke something hard struck the iron rain pipe which ran perpendicularly down from the corner of the roof, and simultaneously the reverberating crack of a rifle rang out on the morning air.

"Good mornin' to ye, me bucko," bantered Con. "It must have been stormy outside last night. You're shooting low. Better rub the sand out of your eyes."

At the apex of the roof the sharpshooters had cunningly arranged the tiling so that they could observe their surroundings without being seen. Mike climbed up now to where he could reconnoiter.

"The inimy is over on the flat road this mornin'," reported the lookout. "I suppose he finds it aisier to get up an' down through the trapdoor, or perhaps he's goin' to have company. Ah, what's that? Here comes somebody! Holy smokes—it's a woman! Take the binoculars and see what you make out of it, Con."

Across the roof of the building about fifty yards to the north a gowned figure was stealthily making its way. Con focused his field glasses on her.

"Faith, you're right, Mike, it is a woman, an' she's draggin' a rifle after her. Well, well! Perhaps this is going to be a war of the petticoats."

Again he trained his glasses, and it was a moment or two before he spoke. Then he emitted a long low whistle of surprise. "Talk of the divil!—which means no disrespect to the ladies," he exclaimed—"it's her. There she is now."

"There's who?"

"Why, Nan O'Grady."

"I didn't think you knew her at all, Con."

"I niver said so, Mike."

"True for you, you didn't."

"Faith, she's getting ready to shoot now, Mike. I'll have to play a little joke on that lady. Hand up me cap an' rifle."

The sergeant placed his cap over the muzzle of his gun and rested the weapon in the gutter in such a way that the top of the cap just rested over the tile. He chuckled as he watched the opposing forces.

"You ought to see the little terror, Mike. She's dressed up like as if she was goin' to a Christmas party. High heels, satin shoes, an' all that goes wid it. She has as many flounces as a Pharisee. I suppose it never enters her little old foolish head that somebody might take a shot at her."

"Well, she's runnin' true to feminine form," rasped the pessimistic Mike.

"Ha, ha! Y'd die laughing well! Faith, if this keeps on we'll have to get new weapons entirely."

"Ah, what is she doin' now?"

"She's powderin' her nose!"

"G'wan, I can't believe that, Con."

"May I never, if it isn't the truth. Now she's resting the rifle on the ledge of the chimney. She's aiming it and going to shoot. Ah—ah—ah—wait a minute."

"Did she forget to use her lipstick?"

"I'll give you forty guesses, Mike."

"You might give me four hundred an' forty and thin I wouldn't be right."

"Mike, she's crossing herself."

"Ah, this must be what they call a holy war."

"I guess she's all set. Now she's going to go to war in earnest. I wish you could see her. She's pointing her gun, but she has her eyes shut. Faith, the muzzle is tilted in the air and she doesn't know it. Ha, ha! There she goes—blooey!"

Before the report of the shot died away Con flipped the cap from the top of his rifle, then he glued his eyes to his field glasses and watched the enemy's stronghold for further developments. He did not have long to wait, because above the edge of the chimney rose a horror-stricken girl's face with eyes staring and dilated. It was evident from her whole expression that she was quite sure her shot had taken deadly effect and put at least one combatant out of commission.

Con enjoyed her discomfiture for a moment or two, then he fixed the pasteboard cat in the clip at the muzzle of his rifle and elevated this work of art slowly until it rose above the edge of the chimney behind which he lay. When he thought it had got high enough he pulled the string and the belligerent tail wigwagged an unmistakably taunting and defiant message to the opposing forces.

A volley of shots, some of which beat a tattoo on the waterspout and chimney, greeted this latter humorous sally. Miss O'Grady's comrade in arms was evidently taking a hand in the game and resenting this voluntary insult.

"It's a good thing she doesn't know it's me myself over here," laughed Con to his companion as he rolled back to his hiding place. "Oh, I can see her now. I'll bet she's as mad as a wet hen. I think I'll have to attend to her case in the morning."

"Everybody knows their own business best," counseled Mike, "and I'm not going to tell you yours. Isn't it time we were relieved?"

"We might as well be here as any place else," retorted Con. "Sure, there's nothing to do in the way of diversion."

"There's plenty if you know where to find it."

"Yes?"

"Supposin' I told you there wuz going to be a chicken fight tonight, what would you say?"

"I'd say you were the biggest liar between here an' Halifax," gloomed Sergeant Rafferty.

"Well, Con, I'm going to make you eat your words; and what's more, I'm going to give you an invitation to the most select gathering of sports which has met together since this picnic started."

Con sat up and faced the speaker with something more than interest written on his face.

"Why is it, Mike, that you always were sich a divil for monkeying with sacred things? If you were to be tellin' the truth, I don't know what I'd say. I'd give a field full of fat pigs to see it."

"It won't cost you that much. I'm just sayin' that the Free Staters have sint a challenge to the Republicans, an' delegates from both sides are to meet at Casey's tonight. The conditions call for to show a dozen birds apiece for ten pound a battle."

"Gwan! Where did you get that? You're dramin'."

"Faith, I got it from the best authority in the country—nobody but Joe Kerrigan himself."

"How does Kerrigan know?"

"It's him that got it up. Lave it to Kerrigan."

"Yis, but how?"

"Well, sir, he found that the telephone wuz still workin' between Moran's Hotel an' the Shelburne, so he rang thim up an' issued a red-hot challenge."

"And they accepted?"

"They did so. Joe says he could hear them giving three rousing cheers over the phone."

"Ah, but where will they get the chickens?" queried the materialistic Con.

"Joe asked them that and they tould him that they'd have them on hand if there was one left in the country."

"Faith, that's no lie; and how about Joe's?"

"Oh, he'll get his. He said he'd go out to John Murphy's place in Sandy Mount an' get some of the best he had."

"You mean John, the landlord? Why, Kerrigan couldn't get a pleasant smile from him, let alone one of them chickens that he claims have pedigrees datin' back to Tara's Halls an' the Stone of Destiny."

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"Ah, lave it to Joe. He'll go out there an' talk about that old steeplechaser Rebellion that John used to own. Thin he'll sing Mother Machree, and after that he'll say a word or two 'bout patriotic duty and th' sacrifices a nation must make when they're at war. Like as not he'll tell John that if they get this trouble settled, rints will go as high as Gilderoy's kite, because every Englishman in th' world will want to come over here with a pack of hounds an' hunt all winter, and by that time John will be countin' the money he's goin' to get and eatin' out of Joe's hand."

"Supposin' John refuses?"

"Ah, that won't stop Kerrigan; he's as handy a boy as ever robbed a roost. But I'm tellin' you the truth, Con. Will you be there? The proceedin's will commence at eight o'clock sharp. It's a select party. Only ten on a side will be permitted. Can we count on you?"

"Can old John Murphy count money?"

"Well, thank God, here comes the commander to relieve us, so we'll call it a day's work. Take care of yourself until tonight. It'll be rare sport."

II

LATER along in the evening of that day, a score of warriors filed by ones and twos into the big room back of Casey's place. A conventional cockpit with canvas sides had already been laid down in the center, and about it grouped the enthusiasts. No stranger could possibly believe that within a few hours these men had been engaged in the deadly business of civil war, because they met one another without the slightest reserve and in no sense manifested untoward feeling. Strange to say, the majority of them appeared to know one another personally, and good-humored badinage, rapid-fire repartee and a certain brand of airy persiflage were the distinguishing features of the gathering.

"By cripes, if that isn't Tim Devaney!" ejaculated a Republican soldier whose only attempt at a uniform consisted of a pair of ragged canvas leggings and a well-worn service cap. "Why, Timmy, me boy, I heard you were kilt down in Clommel two weeks ago. Your name was in the papers."

"So long as they only kill me wid printer's ink I'll never grumble, Jimmy Avick. I was going to ask you how De Valera was feeding his army?"

"You were, were you?"

"Faith, I wuz, because I know of one man who'll desert the first time he gets hungry."

"Ah, what talk have you, Timmy? It's you that know I have a delicate appetite."

"Aye, so has a horse."

"Hush, boys!" admonished a third patriot. "We didn't come here to play marbles, an' we have no time to spare, because I must be back by half past ten or I'll lose my situation. Where's Joe Kerrigan? Hey there, Jockey Joe, are you going to keep your guests waitin' all night?"

Thus admonished, Joe Kerrigan, master of ceremonies, advanced to the center of the ring and raised his hand for silence.

"I suppose, gintlemen," he began impressively—"I suppose I needn't dwell on the difficulties which we had to surmount in order to bring this gathering of good sportsmen together. But it's a grand thing to know that whatever little misunderstandings we have between ourselves in Ireland, all you've got to do is to mention sport an' everything becomes as peaceful and placid as a bowl of milk. It's a beautiful thing when we realize that in Ireland ye cannot have sport without salvation, or salvation without sport."

Vociferous cheers greeted this latter sentiment, and the speaker waited with a smile of self-appreciation until the meeting had quieted down again.

"But as I was saying," he continued, "we had to encounter several difficulties, including the fact that ould John Murphy, the landlord, with a yard full of chickens, wasn't patriotic enough to come to our assistance. I pledge ye my word, gintlemen, I praised that ould knee-sprung steeplechaser of his till my tongue was hangin' a yard out of my mouth and I did everything in the world but crawl on my hands and knees to him. 'No!' sez he. 'Not a tail or a feather.'

"'Faith,' sez I, 'you'd die in the dark to save the price of a candle, so you would'; and with that I left him. But of course I didn't go very far, because I slipped around to the back and just had two in the sack when the murderin' ould divil came along with his blunderbuss. Can you blame me if I left in a hurry?"

"Indeed, we can't, Joe." This with fervent accord from the assembly.

"I don't know the details, but I understand that our Republican friends didn't have any better luck than I did, and that gets it down to where I'm forced to tell you that instead of twelve battles as originally planned there will only be two. Sherman had it right whin he said that war was hell."

"How about the rules, Joe?"

"Faith, I thought we would hear from Counselor Duffy. Well, counselor, all the rules are suspinded under the conditions, which takes it clean out of the legalities. Age, weight and everything else, and in honor of the occasion I announce that the first battle will be between Darrel Figgis, representing the Free Staters, and Rory O'Connor, representing himself. Ye know what that means. I want to remind ye, though, that we haven't all the time in the world, so wid the help of God we'll commence. Let her go, boys!"

"I lay two to one on Figgis," announced Con Rafferty, jumping on a chair. "Two to one! Two to one! Two to one! Are ye deaf, dumb and blind? Where's all the money ye got out of the banks? Don't tell me ye have spent it already. Don't be afraid I won't make good. Free State soldiers get paid every Saturday at headquarters."

"Take the frog out of your throat and make the price a little stronger, Con," shot back one of the irregulars.

"Yes, and never mind where we got the money," volced another. "You never had any in any bank in your life, Con, so it isn't any particular affair of yours."

"Well, if I didn't, it's all the more reason why you should give a poor boy a chance," retorted the sergeant affably. "But to show you that there's no ill feeling, I'll make it two and a half. Here you are—two and a half to one that Rory O'Connor jumps the fence."

"I'll take three to one." This from a tall, solemn-visaged soldier who stood over by the window.

"You'd take the salt out of a widow's tears," bantered the erstwhile bookmaker. "But as an evidence of good faith, I'll lay you three to one. How much do you want of it?"

"I'll bet you two quid."

"Faith, it's a big heart you've got, but you're on. Now bring out the next lamb that needs shearin'."

"You talk like as if we wuz black with money, Con."

"Well, aren't ye? Still, I never saw a patriot yet with a hole in his pocket."

"Yes, but you saw many a one make a hole in somebody else's pocket."

Con threw back his head and emitted a hearty laugh. "That's not fair, boys; you're talking about absent friends."

"Give my regards to Broadway, Con," laughed a boy in his shirt sleeves.

"Faith, you'll see the long lane before I do," retorted the sergeant. "That's if they get what's left of you after we've finished the job in hand."

"Now, now, boys," warned Mr. Kerrigan, "why can't ye conduct yourselves like Christians? If we wuz to start any trouble here what do you suppose the world would think of us?"

"All right, Joe, I'll put a button on my upper lip; but sure it wuz all in fun."

"Are you all ready, boys?" inquired the master of ceremonies. "If ye are, we'll put the first brace down."

"I'll lay you two to one that Figgis will weigh more than six ounces more than O'Connor!" exclaimed one of the spectators as the handlers placed the birds.

"How could he? Didn't he lose his whiskers last week? And they were red, at that." This latter sally evoked uproarious mirth.

"Like as not there's some red pepper under his wings," suggested another.

"That's a nice suggestion to make in a place where gentlemen are gathered together for a bit of sport. Ye'd think ye were back in civil life, so ye would," laughed Kerrigan.

But further discussion was ended as the feathered champions rose simultaneously in the air and struck out viciously with spurred heels. Once, twice, thrice they returned to the assault, red-eyed with the lust of battle and utterly oblivious of the clamor by which they were surrounded.

"Good boy, Rory! Faith, you're going better than I thought you could. If you can last long enough you'll whip the big fellow, because he'll get tired. But whatever you have to do, you'll have to do it quick."

For a moment or two it seemed as though the smaller of the gladiators had a shade the better of the battling, but in the subsequent encounters weight began to tell and in a shorter space of time than it takes to tell it the representative of the Republican forces was lying on his side with a long spur driven through his middle and gasping a good-by to the world.

"The next and last fight, gentlemen," shouted Mr. Kerrigan, "ought to manufacture some history, because it will be between Brian Boru, Republican, and Julius Cæsar, Free State. I expect ye have heard of both these gentlemen, but I know you won't let your partisan feelings get the best of ye."

"No fear of that," chorused the crowd. "History an' sport never did mix."

"All right, then; it's even money and take your pick. Who wants some of it?"

"I'll take Brian Boru for ten quid," shrilled a Republican warrior. "How about ut, Con?"

"Faith, I suspected all along that we'd find the crown jewels whin the time came," retorted that worthy, "but I'll take ye. Let's hear from the next man."

Betting at this point was fast and furious. The average Irishman is no mean judge of a feathered fighter, and as the rivals were regarded as fairly well matched as to weight and general appearance, the Republican Army showed surprising strength in the financial end of the argument. Finally all was ready and the combatants were pitted. For a brief space the gamecocks watched each other with heads lowered and tense as two boxers who were studying each other for an opening or endeavoring to find a vulnerable spot. Then simultaneously they rose in the air and as their burnished breasts met with a soft thud, the keen steels with which their heels were armed were driven home. Again and again swift wings flashed and the combatants rocked back on the carpet from the force of the impact. But at the sixth fly the bird named after the Roman warrior staggered slightly as he again faced his opponent.

"Be jabers, Boru caught him that time!"

"Oh, he'll come back; he's game," combated a Free State soldier.

"If he ever does, it will be out of the pot and on to the table," exulted an adherent of the famous warrior.

"Ah, what talk have you? He's worth a dozen dead chickens yet," maintained Con stoutly. "You'd hould wake without a corpse at all, so you would."

"All right, Con, but this is not a wake—it's a funeral. Look for yourself."

Even as the speaker uttered the words the end came. Game to the core, the Free State champion made one last epic effort. It was worthy in every way of his illustrious ancestry, but the shadow of the skeleton hand was already dimming his eyes as he arose to the last assault. There was a whir of wings, a sharp click of spurred heels and he dropped limp to the floor, dead almost before he touched the carpet, because his opponent had driven the cruel spur through his brain.

As befitted a true sportsman, Sergeant Rafferty paid his losses with a smile.

"Well, boys, ye had the luck with ye, so I can't complain. It's a pity we didn't have the odd battle, but as it was—why, we quit even and nobody is hurt."

"You're all right, Con, even if ye are on the wrong side of the fence. Wet your whistle with us before ye go."

"Sorry, but I can't, boys, and much obliged to ye just the same. I have some important business to attend to, so I know you'll excuse me. We can't choose our time these days."

III

ONCE outside the scene of the cockfight Sergeant Rafferty turned sharply to the right and walked swiftly up Grafton Street until he reached the intersection of that thoroughfare and Stephen's Green. It was still almost as light as day and across the way in a little building where he made his headquarters he noticed that Commander Maginnis was standing in the doorway. Con walked over and saluted.

"Anything to report, sergeant?" queried that officer.

"I thought I might make a little raid on my own account around here, commander," returned Con. "I think there's some snipers hiding up on the roof of an empty house near the Service Club. I might surprise them."

"Hadn't you better take a couple of men along with you?" suggested Maginnis.

(Continued on Page 99)

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(Continued from Page 96)

I'd like to do this job alone, com-nder," urged Con. "If I think I need body I can come back."

Yes, yes, of course. But why not take m now?"

I'd rather not, commander," pleaded sergeant.

Very good, Con; have it your own way. remember, you must not take any fool-dy chances. We couldn't afford to lose ."

Thank you, commander! You may be I'll be very careful."

e saluted again and wheeled to the t, turning the corner. The broad way g the Green was deserted and the ser-it walked swiftly down the street until alted before a house which, to judge the litter thrown around, had but re-ly been hastily vacated by its occu-ts.

on paused a moment or two and recon-ered. The front door stood partly ajar, climbing the steps he pushed it open enough to admit his body. Then as it ng noiselessly back on its hinges he en-d its hallway and took hasty stock of urroundings.

ve for an overturned chair and a en vase which had fallen from the telpiece, together with the accumula-of several days' dust, everything was as the owners had left it. But not a d of a living thing disturbed a silence was almost oppressive.

Faith, I hope I'm not too late," solilo-ed Sergeant Rafferty as he stole noise-y up the old-fashioned staircase.

e reached the broad landing at the top again paused to listen, but still not aintest sound evidenced the fact that the e was inhabited. He knew that on the above was the attic, through which ission to the roof could be gained, and ptoed gingerly up the second flight of s. Through the open door of the room e left he could see the ladder that led he open trapdoor above. Con stole thily into the apartment and ensconc-imself in a corner, where he could com-d an unobstructed view of the egress, d down again to wait.

is time, however, his pilgrimage was rded, for just about the time he had ed at the conclusion that his errand ruitless he heard the faint click of light on the graveled roof above.

n grinned. "I'm in luck, after all," uttered. "I wonder could it be that alone!"

ain he waited, and the sound of foot-drew nearer until he could hear the h of the gravel right over his head.

n swung his rifle in the hollow of his and grew tense. Presently he could hat the enemy had reached the prox-of the trapdoor and from his coign of age he could see a satin slipper which thrust through the opening, followed slim silken-clad ankle. She slipped, d around a second or two in an effort d the first rung of the ladder, then its anion in pulchritude followed. Con ed, but did not move.

er that the flounce of a skirt became e, then the lower part of a somewhat rate waist and subsequently the head this warlike paraphernalia appeared, se Miss Nan O'Grady, her very self, upon the scene—if such a term is cable—and stood somewhat shakily ng to the rickety railing which led one side of this somewhat primi-neans of ascent and descent.

lands up!" barked Con.

ss O'Grady emitted a shrill squeal of , but, quickly recognizing her captor, ned her poise with surprising celerity. h, it's you, is it?" she sneered with corn. "I might have ——"

ome down out of that, you little rebel, eep your hands up!"

ou want to break my neck, do you?" tulated the captured one irascibly. ight have known ——"

hat's not here nor there," rasped the Stater. "Where's your companion in ?"

e's—he's not here."

hat's not answering my question. I you where he was."

refuse to give any information to the y," retorted Miss O'Grady with a air.

h, well, I suppose you want to stay ed up on that ladder all night, do "

ow dare you talk to me like that, Con rty?"

"I'll ask you again where he is," persisted Con in decided tones.

"He's—he—he's away, I told you," spluttered the girl.

"You're taking up lots of territory, Miss O'Grady. I'll put the question to you again."

"Oh, let me down out of here, Con, can't you?" wailed the girl. "He left here about eight o'clock. He—he—he said he was going to a chicken fight. Now have you got it?"

"The prisoner can come down and be interrogated," vouchsafed Con in his best official manner. "Now then, tell me, where have you left your weapons?"

"I left them up on the roof."

"Ah, yes. You were coming back then, were you?"

"Of course I was!" snapped the girl.

"But why desert your post? Don't you know what that means?"

"I—I—I was hungry, an'—and—and I was l-lonesome," weakly confessed Miss O'Grady, now almost on the verge of tears. "Wh-why don't you stop torturing me like this? Why should you ——"

"You will be good enough to follow me," ordered Sergeant Rafferty. "If you behave yourself I won't handcuff you. Come along. Don't you think that I'm going to grant you any privileges other than those laid down by the regulations for prisoners of war."

He turned on his heel and tramped down the stairs, followed by a somewhat subdued captive, never halting until he reached Commander Maginnis' quarters.

That latter worthy was still standing in the doorway and viewed Con's advent with a quizzical smile. The commander had heard a good deal about Miss O'Grady's activities, and had seen her on several occasions.

Con halted and saluted stiffly.

"Prisoner of war, commander," he announced briefly. "Come for orders as to disposal."

"A very important capture, sergeant! I congratulate you," returned Maginnis with a somewhat feeble effort to restrain his mirth. "Are there any more like her in the enemy's camp, do you suppose? Where do you live, little girl?"

"Don't you dare call me a little girl!" stormed the prisoner.

"She's living with her aunt at the Shelburne Hotel," broke in Con, "an' she says she's hungry."

"Ah, that being the case," smiled the good-natured Maginnis, "I should think you wouldn't have to come here for orders, sergeant; but if you want them I'll say to you that the best disposal you can make of the prisoner, according to my notion, is to take her back to where she belongs and give her a good dinner."

"An' after that, what?"

"Oh, faith, after that," grinned the commander—"after that, Con, faith, I couldn't tell what to do with her. You might—ah, you might —— Oh, how can I tell you what to do with her? There's nothing in the regulations. Do the best you can, Con, and God bless you! Perhaps you might make a Christian out of her, but it's too hard for me."

Con escorted his prisoner down to the hotel in silence. Miss O'Grady started to speak several times, but evidently changed her mind, and her captor evinced no desire to renew verbal hostilities. When they reached the big entrance, however, he turned to her.

"You are paroled for half an hour, Miss O'Grady," he announced. "If you wish you can go upstairs and see your aunt, besides removing the stains of the awful carnage you have been so recently engaged in. After that you will come downstairs again and we will do our best to get a decent dinner."

The girl bowed simply and entered the elevator without speaking, while her erstwhile custodian turned towards the lounge, where several Free State soldiers were gathered.

Promptly at the appointed time Miss O'Grady reappeared. She had changed her gown to a more elaborate dinner frock, and Con's heart beat a rapid tattoo as he noted her rare beauty.

"She's a first-class vamp," he told himself, "that and nothing more; but it's now or never. Faint heart never won fair lady—or a fight either."

In the dining room and at the table he had already reserved, Miss O'Grady moved over to take the seat nearest the door, but Con raised a protesting hand.

(Continued on Page 101)



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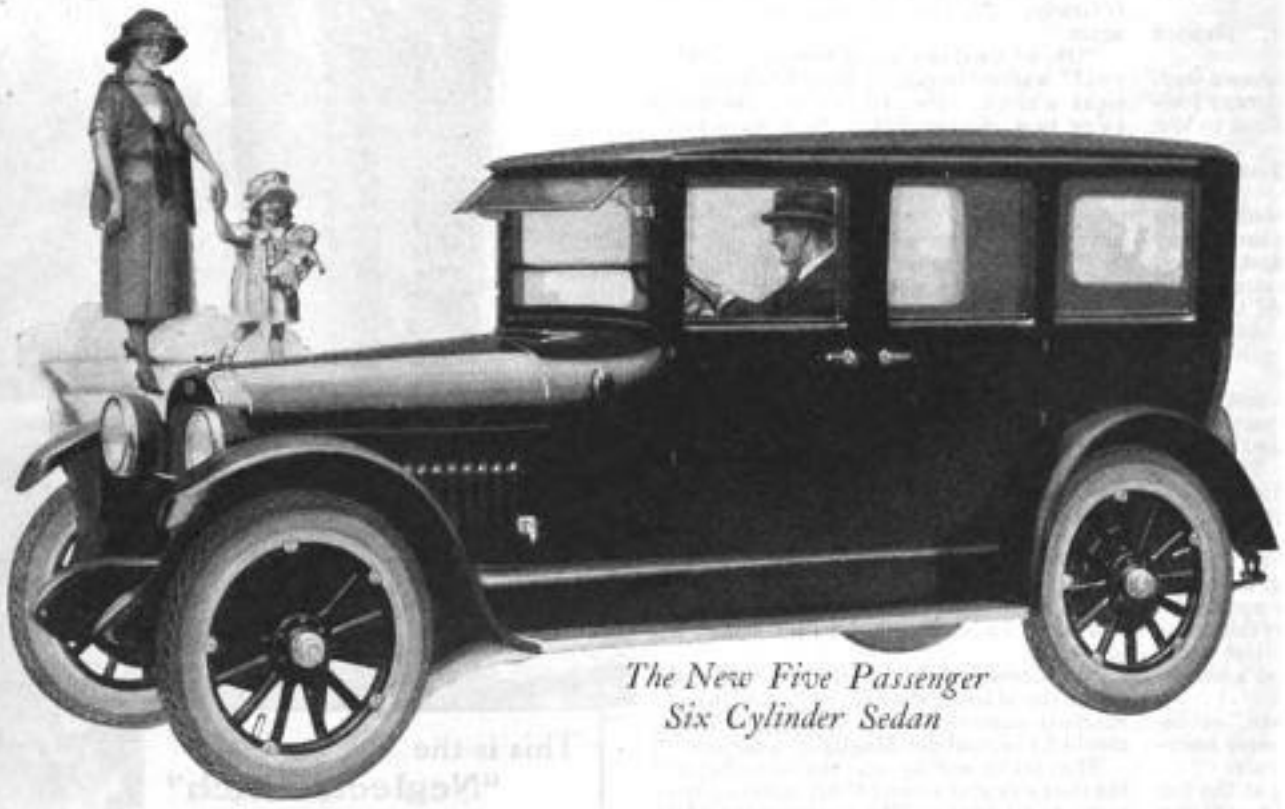
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(Continued from Page 99)

"The prisoner will take the chair in the corner," directed Sergeant Rafferty as he headed the captive off by a flank movement.

"But the light will be in my eyes. I can't abide the glare!"

"Can't be helped," retorted her captor. "The regulations say that—that ——"

"What do I care about regulations?" blazed the girl.

"Faith, it's me that know you don't," soothed the sergeant, "but then ——"

"I never saw such a—such a ——" began the young lady with increasing warmth.

"Well," cut in Con affably, "you never were a prisoner of war before, an' the game is played different from what it is in the storybooks. But you'll get used to it after a while, Miss O'Grady. Still, war is a terrible thing."

He might have continued his homily on the consequences of carnage, but at this juncture Private Kerrigan made his appearance and advanced with fixed bayonet until he reached a point about two feet from the table at which they sat.

"Come to report, sergeant," he barked out as he clicked his heels together and saluted.

"You will stand guard until the hunger of the enemy has been satisfied, Private Kerrigan," returned his superior.

Kerrigan saluted again but did not move from the position he occupied. Con looked up sharply, but the soldier's face was a blank.

"The guard will retreat ten paces toward the door and await further orders," rapped out the commander irascibly. "I didn't intend that you should take a seat in the middle of the table, Private Kerrigan. About face, march!"

"You're sure you won't need me for anything, sergeant?" persisted the guard insinuatingly as he reluctantly prepared to execute the order.

Con did not deign to answer, but turned to his companion.

"As I was saying, war is a terrible thing, Miss O'Grady. Might I be so bould as to ask would the enemy like a cocktail? Of course it's airly in the morning, but ——"

"You know well, I don't drink!" blazed the girl.

"Av course, av course," agreed the sergeant; "not in your private capacity, I know you don't. But most soldiers are such swashbucklers an' dissipated gossoons it's hard to separate them. But I forgot something. Oh, by the way, Private Kerrigan, will you ask the waiter to come over here and remove this heavy water pitcher. It's no ornament anyway."

"The water pitcher, sergeant? Why ——"

"That's what I said, Private Kerrigan. Order 71144 of the Regulations clearly states that immediately after capturing an enemy it is important to remove all weapons from the person of said prisoner or any that may be within his or her reach."

The sergeant had drawn a torn pamphlet from the breast pocket of his tunic and intoned the foregoing with solemn emphasis.

The prisoner regarded her captor with a contemptuous glance passing all understanding.

"As I was saying, Miss O'Grady," resumed Con, "I was remarking that war has its drawbacks, but it also has its rewards."

His face had now lost the sternness he had previously affected and he was gazing at her across the table with an open-eyed admiration that he could not conceal.

"You think so, do you?" vouchsafed Miss O'Grady icily.

"Say, Nan, did you ever meet Tim Delaney?" queried Con somewhat irrelevantly. "He's a queer fish, he is."

"Of course I know Tim," responded Miss O'Grady, who prided herself on her knowledge of sport. "Tim used to have some fine greyhounds, and he's a good Republican."

"Faith, an' I know that," responded the other, "but I had the honor of taking him prisoner the other day and you'd have laughed your head off."

"Oh, I would, would I?" queried Miss O'Grady with some return of her old aggressive manner.

"Indeed you would, Nan."

"My name is Miss O'Grady."

"Isn't that the truth? And a fine ould Irish name it is, Nan. But I'm tellin' you no lie. You would have laughed till your sides were sore at that fool boy."

"Yes?"

"'God be praised, Con,' says he, as he was handing me his rifle, 'God be praised, I've been looking for you everywhere since this trouble started.'

"'For what?' says I.

"'To tell you a joke,' says he.

"'Aye,' says I; 'it must be a good one.'

"'It is,' says he. 'It's hot off of the stove, as you might say.'

"I started to move away, but he grabbed me by the coat collar. 'Con,' says he, 'I've got to tell you this one if I get kilt the next minute.'

"'Well, go ahead,' says I. 'You can tell it to me on the way over to Beggar's Bush Barricks.'

"'There was a temperance lecturer down at Cork a little while ago,' says he, 'and he was the kind that didn't care what he said when he got talkin'. Curse and swear, so he would, and damn all the people that were listenin' to him, so he would. "Ah," says he, "I know what's at the bottom of all the villainy in this country," says he. "It's whisky, ye divils, so it is," says he. "What makes your children go hungry and in rags?" says he. "It's whisky, you divils, and well ye know it! Yis," says he, "and what makes ye load up a blunderbuss to take a shot at a poor innocent landlord?" says he. "It's whisky, ye divils; nothin' else in the world. Aye, aye! And what makes ye miss them if ye ever do take a shot at them? Nothin' in the wide world but whisky, ye rapscallions, and well ye know I'm tellin' ye the God's truth."'"

Despite a strenuous effort to control her features it must be recorded in this place that Miss O'Grady's countenance broke into a smile.

"Isn't it like them, Con?" she purred. "Isn't it like them? No matter what you do to them you can't spoil their sense of humor."

"It's the salvation of the country," agreed her companion; "and you know, Nan, it seems to me that you and I have had our own share of it in the last day or two. I was just wonderin' as we were comin' down here this evenin' how it would all read in print. Didn't it strike you that it had its funny side?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"Well, I do. And I never think of this war that I don't recall what the biggest man Ireland ever had said about it."

"Who's that, and what did he say?"

"It was nobody but Dan O'Connell, the Liberator. He said time and time again that no political reform was worth the shedding of one drop of blood. Perhaps you think he didn't know what he was talkin' about."

"Did O'Connell say that?"

"He didn't say that once, but he said it forty times."

"You're right, Con, when you say that O'Connell was the biggest man Ireland ever had," breathed the girl fervently.

"Well now, Nan," continued Sergeant Rafferty, "we're gettin' right down to what they call the milk of the coconut. Here's the two of us and we were good friends—indeed I was going to say more than that—before all this disturbance started. And here we are in the middle of it and it doesn't look to me that there's any way out, unless the Irish people get sense and make peace amongst themselves. There's no foreign enemy bothering us now, and are we goin' to let the rest of them say that we can't govern ourselves and that nobody can trust us? Fair and square, will you answer me that?"

The girl hung her head but did not reply.

"We're ruining our own country," resumed Con. "We're losing all the love we ought to have for it, and sometimes I think we have already lost all the love we have for each other. So there you are, Nan. I want your answer here and now. I want to know if you are going to do your share to put an end to this war. Tell me, alana?"

The girl's hand lay on the table and Sergeant Rafferty stretched out and possessed himself of it.

"Tell me, Nan, tell me now! I won't wait! This will be the last time. I have everything ready down to a special license to be married, and there are two or three priests in the house. One of them is a bishop. Tell me, Nan."

There was a long pause and Sergeant Rafferty leaned over expectantly.

"Gwan, Nan, dear, won't you tell me? It's such a little that you'll have to say, Nan, and you can tell it while you are thinking about it. Hurry up, honey!"

"I'm beginning to think you are right after all, Con dear," whispered Miss Nan O'Grady, late of the Republican Army.



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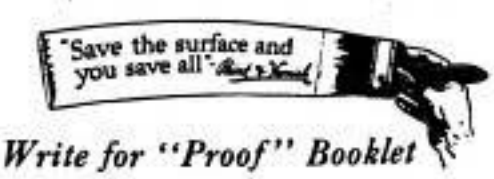
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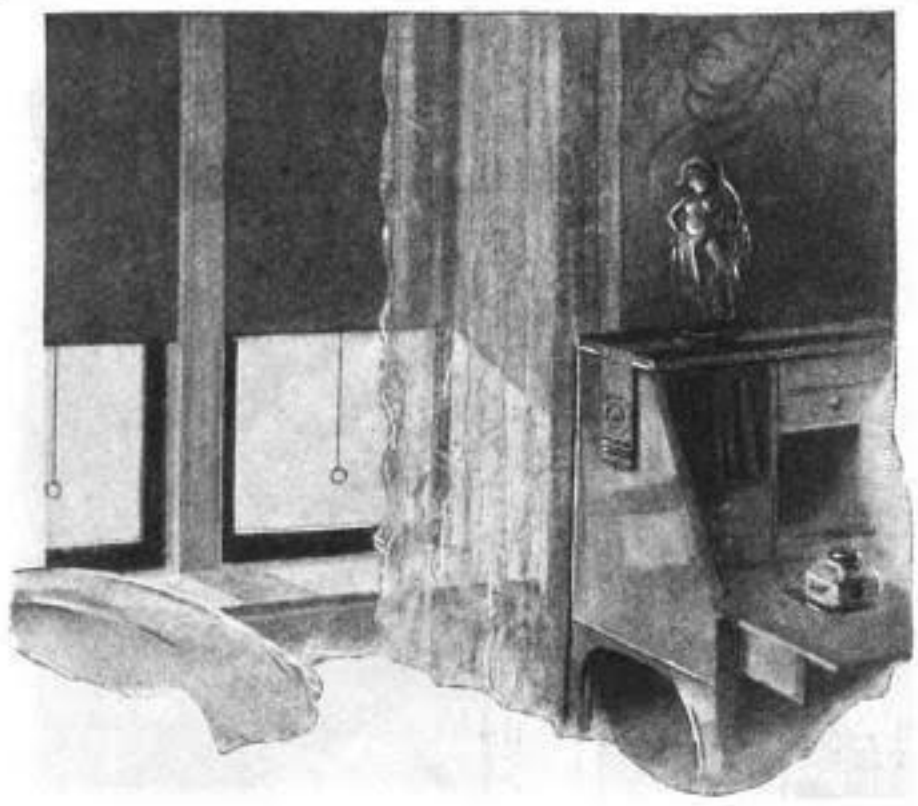
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TAR AND FEATHERS

(Continued from Page 5)

lawyer in Staple County, if not in the whole state! Yes, as smart as they made 'em. What he couldn't do with a jury wasn't worth trying. Look how he had got Joe Bass off that time, and Lee Terry, and the Tarwater boys! Why, Harkrider was as good as a free man already, but McLemore would sure shake him down. There wouldn't be much left of the Harkrider black-land farms when McLemore got through with Jeff; he was smart, sure enough.

What a bomb Charity could have thrown into all this welter of gossip! How she could have made their eyes pop, and to what a pinnacle of glory she might have won at a jump! Her mouth watered over the chance; the temptation was almost more than flesh and blood could bear. But never once did she weaken to utter the slightest hint. She gathered all the gory details she could, but of what she had heard of the tragedy from an eyewitness of it not one syllable. However, she kept Uncle Daniel carefully under cover, not yet persuaded of his discretion.

To her disappointment the judge did not speak of the case when he came home for dinner, and she got nothing for her trouble of hanging about within earshot. He and Mrs. Gudger went upstairs right after they had eaten, and probably talked it over there. And at supper the only references he made to the murder concerned features with which the cook was already familiar. Like everybody else, he thought Harkrider would get off; but unlike the vast majority, he thought he ought not to. Although refraining from any opinions in her hearing, the cook could tell that the judge had his own ideas about the killing and did not believe what was popularly supposed to be Harkrider's story of defense.

He gave her a momentary fright as she was putting the milk bottles out for the night.

"Charity," he said, "was the garage locked last night?"

"Yassuh. I done locked it my own self."

"I found some burned matches on the floor of the car this morning. I wonder how they came there—I don't smoke."

"Good lan'! Matches?" murmured the cook. "Well, what d'you know about that!"

"Do you reckon somebody got in and stole something?" interjected Mrs. Gudger, much perturbed.

"Everything seems to be in its place. Have you missed anything, Charity?"

"Nossuh, not a thing; but I ain't looked. I'll go make sure right now."

"And be careful to lock up too. I don't like to think there're thieves about. We've never had one in twenty years."

As the cook gave uncle his supper she delivered an impassioned lecture on carelessness in smoking that ol' pipe of hisn, and he contritely assured her he would be more careful in future. There was no difficulty about feeding him; she already surreptitiously supplied several kinsfolk from the Gudger larder, and hers were generous employers—real quality—not disposed to pry into the fate of a knuckle of ham or raise a question about the remains of the fried chicken from supper or get mean about a paltry bowl of beans. But she had to exercise caution about keeping him out of sight until the judge and Miz Gudger had gone to bed. As for getting out before dawn, uncle assured her he had been accustomed to do that all his life.

The murder proved a nine days' wonder. Harkrider enjoyed his liberty on trifling bail, and the preliminaries to trial moved along about as they always do. He simply entered a plea of not guilty, and Hunter McLemore kept in reserve the sort of defense he would make.

"Charity," said the judge at breakfast one morning, "how's Mr. Thompson?" By that name the cook always referred to a fifty-year-old beau she sometimes entertained.

"All right, I reckon. I ain't saw him lately, judge." And Charity exploded into coy laughter.

"Surely you haven't got a lover, then—at your age?"

The cook regarded him with bulging eyes, fearful of what was coming.

"I thought I saw somebody sneaking off down the lane about daylight."

"That Stella woman next do', maybe," suggested Charity with dry lips.

The judge eyed her strangely, but did not press the matter. To uncle, when he arrived for breakfast, the cook burst out, "Now you done it! Didn't I tell you to git movin' before the light come? We got to think up somethin' mighty fast."

"I'll just up and move along, gal. If I stay here it's like to make you a heap of trouble."

"Oh, shut your mouf and leave me think!" snapped the cook, her nerves on edge. "I'll tell you what we'll do: When Miz Gudger comes out this evenin' to mess raound her rose bed you happen to be on hand and help her. That'll fix it."

So it was arranged. Straightening from a rosebush around whose roots she had been digging, Mrs. Gudger was surprised to see an old darky grinning at her from ear to ear.

"Well! Where did you come from, uncle?"

"I just happened by, ma'am. I thought might be you would need a yardman?"

She glanced at his puckered face and shriveled limbs and smiled.

"No, we don't. And I'm afraid you're rather old for that sort of work, aren't you?"

"No'm, I can work good. Just let me dig that there bed for you and you'll see. These niggers nowadays, they don't know nothin', just no 'count—that's what they is."

Charity had joined them and stood watching in silence.

"All right. Let's see how you do it. But take care not to tire yourself out. Charity, go and show him where the fork is."

The long, lank cook led off toward the garage, and as she went muttered to Uncle Daniel out of the side of her mouth, "Didn't I told you I'd fix it?"

Mrs. Gudger talked to uncle while he worked. He went at the job with surprising vigor and no inconsiderable knowledge of rose culture, but would pause every few minutes to give her a chance to applaud. Within a quarter of an hour she had made up her mind.

"Charity, uncle says he has no place to stay. The idea! Isn't the yardman's house all cleared out and clean?"

"Yassum."

"Then get somebody to help you and go fetch a bed down from the attic. We've got plenty of bedding, and he can sleep there." Turning to Uncle Daniel she added, "You come right along and live here, uncle. Charity will give you your meals."

"I'll earn 'em, ma'am. I kin work."

Again she smiled.

"Well, you can watch the puppy and see he doesn't run off; and you can help me with the rose bed, of course. You're really wonderful with roses, uncle."

"Yassum. I reckon there ain't a man in the county knows more 'bout roses than what I do," replied Uncle Daniel, swelling up importantly.

By the time the judge arrived home the business was settled. On first hearing of the proposal he put his foot down hard against it—he wouldn't have a lazy old nigger idling round his place—but after looking uncle over, after listening to his gentle old voice, the judge experienced a change of heart.

"Poor old fellow!" he said to his wife. "That man Lemmon treated him like a dog. I tell you, Miriam, some of these landlords are nothing but bloodsuckers. Of course we'll let him stay! Charity, you feed him up, and mind you treat him right too."

"Yassuh," assented the cook; but such was the depth of her guile that she grumbled audibly on her way out to the kitchen, "I didn't hire to cook for every stray nigger what comes along."

A night's reflection seemed to give the judge another angle on the arrangement, for he remarked with a slow grin at breakfast, "Charity, you ol' rascal, I believe you had this whole thing framed up the day you adopted that pup."

"No, suh! Cross my heart!" cried Charity, then broke into peals of laughter. The judge joined in. They understood each other thoroughly.

In such fashion did Uncle Daniel become a pensioner of the judge's. He settled down to a fine, lazy life, for the weather grew very hot and Mrs. Gudger would not permit him to work. He had everything he

(Continued on Page 105)

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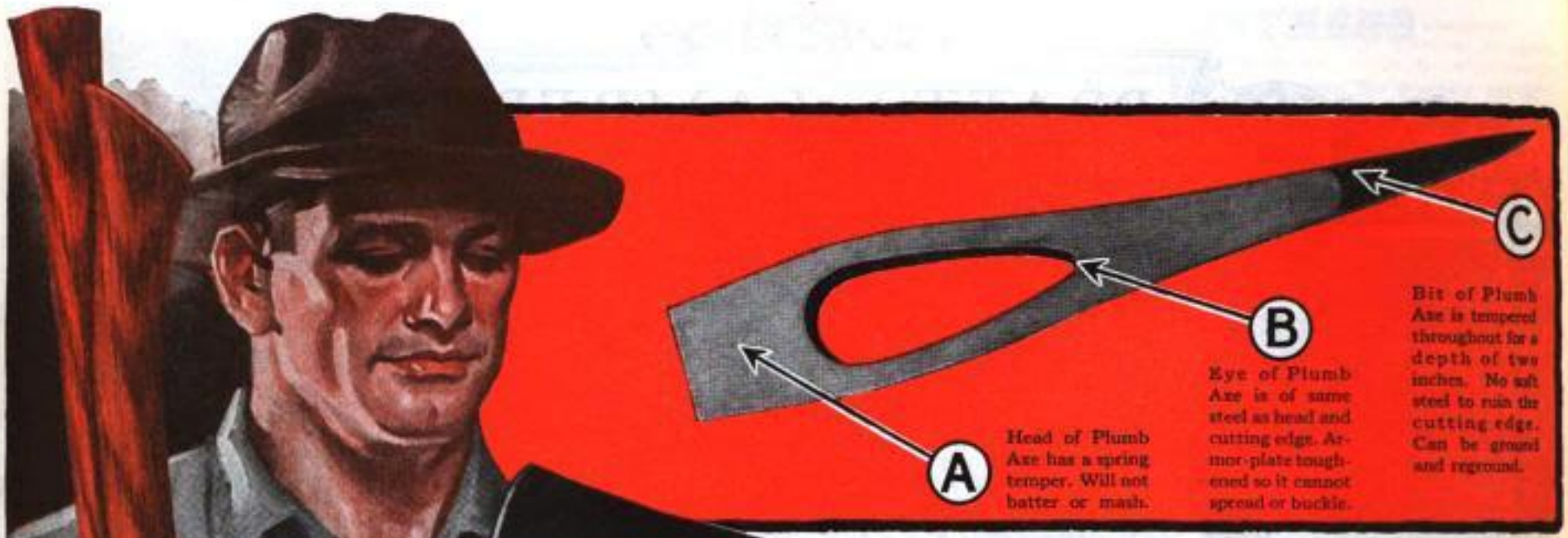
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(Continued from Page 102)

wanted to eat, could doze in the shade whensoever he felt like it, and often the judge and his wife had him up on the back porch to tell them about slave days. In return he made an admirable guest; never gave them the least trouble, and took excellent care of the pup, who adored him. On only one point was he stubborn, but on that he would not budge an inch. He refused point-blank to give the brindle a bath. No pup had ever had a bath in his day and it was all foolishness—like to give him distemper and a misery—so the job fell to Charity.

At supper one night the judge remarked to his wife, "Reese Kemp was in to see me today."

"What did he want?"

"Asked me to join the Ku-Klux."

Mrs. Gudger put down her fork, her face a picture of astonishment.

"The idea! So it's true they've got a Klan here then? I heard they had, but I wouldn't believe it. Seems so childish. But, of course, Reese—he's just a natural-born joiner. What did you tell him?"

"Told him I'd think it over."

Charity, who usually managed to overhear important scraps of conversation, ejaculated, "Good lan'!"

"That will do, Charity," said her mistress. "You can stay in the kitchen. We've got everything we need."

The cook departed reluctantly. She hadn't a high opinion of her sex anyhow, and this confirmed her judgment.

"What do you mean by you would think it over, Jim?" demanded his wife when the swing door had ceased to sway. "Surely you wouldn't dream of joining the Ku-Klux! Why, I've heard you say a hundred times how dangerous they were, and how they were tearing down law and order and setting man against man!"

The judge fidgeted uneasily under her eye.

"Yes, that's true—to some extent. But they do a lot of good too. They're putting fear into the niggers and teaching 'em where they belong. And about time. Some of the niggers round this neck of the woods were getting mighty uppity."

"Well, I never expected to hear you talk like that, Jim Gudger!"

"And they're putting a stop to a lot of crime too."

"We've got police and courts and everything for that."

"Yes, but the courts and police don't reach 'em. Look at the bootleggers! Look at the gambling going on right in this town! And there're crimes it's hard for the law to get at—men chasing after young girls and other men's wives, and all that."

"You mean that Bascom case over in Windy City?" replied his wife. "But nobody's sure even now he did anything wrong. They done tarred and feathered him and ran him out of town, but the only evidence I ever heard against him was the word of that Tom Jenks, and everybody knows what he's like. They say he and Bascom have been enemies for years."

The judge fretfully pushed his plate away.

"I suppose they didn't do a good job when they took the Tarwater boys out and gave 'em a whipping, hey? Maybe you'll claim they made a mistake there!"

"Those two boys who beat up and robbed old Mr. Rosenberg, and Hunter McLemore got them off?"

Her husband nodded.

"Then why don't they take that Hunter McLemore out and whip him?" demanded Mrs. Gudger. "They'd have gone to prison, where they belong, only for him and his jury."

"Why, he's a lawyer!" exclaimed the judge in horror. "You talk like you're crazy, woman."

"Maybe I do, but let me tell you this, Jim Gudger: You don't join the Ku-Klux as long as I'm above the sod!"

At this juncture the argument was cut short by Charity, who entered with a plate of hot biscuits. The kitchen acoustics were poor, and she simply couldn't stand the suspense any longer. They waited until she had gone, then the judge said, "Would you like to take a walk downtown tonight?"

His manner roused her suspicion.

"What's going on?"

"Well, tomorrow's election day, and there'll probably be some fun."

The sidewalks were filled when they reached the square just at twilight, and the crowds grew denser every minute. Many country people mingled with the townspeople, and everywhere they encountered an atmosphere of expectancy.

"What does it mean?" inquired Mrs. Gudger as they tried to worm through.

"They expect something to happen, I reckon," answered her husband guardedly.

The crowd moved slowly up and down, alert and eager, yet singularly subdued for a prelection gathering. It grew dark, but still they lingered, ignoring the movie theaters which generally drew them. At half past nine all the street and shop lights went out and a sudden hush came over the square.

"They're coming!" ran the whisper, and everybody strained forward to stare in the direction of the opera house.

In its doorway blazed the fiery cross, and as they watched a ghostly procession debouched into the square, the Ku-Klux emblem at its head and drooping beside it the Stars and Stripes. Silently they came, six hundred and fifty sheeted, hooded men, and through silent ranks of thousands they moved, the only sounds the muffled thud and soft dragging of feet on pavement. In the middle of the parade flared a couple of torches, lighting up banners carried back of them. These banners bore such mottoes as "Supremacy of the White Race," "Criminals and Degenerates Must Go," "Protect Our Womanhood."

Some few applauded, but they were instantly hushed, and the Klan continued its silent circuit of the square. At the opera-house corner they turned down the street instead of reëntering the building, and marched into Nigger Town. Most of the spectators followed.

The district appeared to be deserted. Every shack was dark. A group of colored children gaped through the pickets of a fence, but scurried into hiding before the head of the parade reached them. The attendant throngs were disappointed and some of them yelled warnings at the darkened houses, but no sound came from the Klansmen's ranks except the steady tramp of feet. They marched along under the live oaks and cottonwoods, right through the heart of the district, then about-faced and marched back. Having reached the square again, they disappeared into the opera house and were seen no more that night.

In the revealing light of day it would have looked like a burlesque troupe advertising their night's performance. Darkness made it eerie, tingling, impressive; one felt the sinister power back of those voiceless ranks. And next day not one colored citizen of Liveoak cast a vote.

Mrs. Gudger watched it all without a word. When the last sheeted form had vanished she gave a slight shudder. The judge at her side drew a deep breath. In spite of his good common sense, he had been impressed.

"They're stronger than I thought," he said in a low voice.

People were discussing it excitedly on every hand, yet there was no loud talk. An odd, uncanny restraint marked the comment; men eyed their neighbors cautiously when they spoke; it was plain that nobody cared to take chances.

"What did you think of it?" whispered the judge.

Mrs. Gudger made an effort to shake off the spell it had cast.

"It was all right until I saw their feet, and then they looked ridiculous. Didn't you recognize Reb Hardin?"

"I didn't recognize anybody. Neither could you."

"Nonsense! I'd know his feet anywhere. He helped carry one of those banners."

"Well, what about it?"

"You surely don't expect me to take anything seriously when Reb belongs to it, do you? If that's the kind of organization it is, the sheriff ought to put the whole crowd in jail."

The judge replied quietly: "I'm afraid it wouldn't hold them. And no matter what you say, Miriam, there're some mighty good men in it. Some of our closest friends belong. Some of the very best citizens of this town are high officers, so it won't do to talk about the Klan at all."

"Well, anyhow, you're not going to join." They had entered their own street now, dark and deserted, and could speak with freedom.

"They've done a lot of good," he insisted.

"How?"

"They've given to the hospital and quite a lot to charity—you remember that widow woman, Miz Jester, and Charlie Moss, when he was sick last winter?"

"Sure! That's all a part of the game. Tammany Hall started that; I've heard you say so yourself."

This unfortunate reference nettled the judge; it was so like a woman to turn some forgotten utterance of the past against you.

"But there's a real need of an organization like this just now, Miriam," he continued earnestly. "This crime wave is serious. Where it will end nobody knows. Something must be done to stop it, and these men mean to do it."

"We've got courts."

"But the courts don't punish as they ought. You know yourself how the very worst class of criminals—murderers and highjackers—get off every day."

"Yes, and whose fault is it?" she countered hotly. "You're a lawyer—whose fault is it?"

There was no use trying to reason with a woman and the judge gave up in disgust. As they prepared for bed she took a final shot at him.

"Men make me tired," she mumbled through a mouthful of hairpins; "always wanting to join something. If they can wear an apron or a sash and a dinky little sword they're in the seventh heaven. And give 'em a bed sheet and a mask and—why, they just come a-runnin' like a pack of small boys to play Indian!"

Every married man will know by this that Judge Gudger did not join the Ku-Klux. He was tempted, but soon perceived which way his duty lay; and after coming to a decision it was not long before he reverted to his original opinion of the peril which the organization constituted.

Events drove him in this direction. Encouraged by their strength and success in gaining new members—it was reported that the sheriff and all the peace officers belonged, and Bob Upham came out openly as a Klansman in his race for Congress—the Klan acted vigorously. One night a party of them in seven automobiles took out two colored bell boys from the Hotel Alamo, drove to a secluded spot, and there tied them to trees and whipped them. What the darkies had done to bring down this punishment was never made public, but various rumors went round.

Their next victim was a white man, the manager of the local flour mill. Him they enticed onto his front porch by sending a stranger to his door to inquire for a house number, then kidnaped him under the eyes of his wife and daughter, who made a great outcry, carried him to Red River Bridge, and there administered a coat of tar and feathers, after the leader of the party had delivered a rambling lecture on morality. What the specific charge was did not transpire, so the reporter for the Liveoak Booster, who accompanied them on invitation, stated in his story. They dumped the unfortunate wretch out into the middle of the square just as the moving-picture theaters were disgorging their audiences, and drove off. All were hooded. Next day the mill manager left town, taking his family with him. He assured the Booster editor that he wasn't afraid and had done nothing wrong, but he could not face the disgrace.

"I don't know anything about him," cried Mrs. Gudger. "But if he did wrong, why didn't they bring him to trial? And his wife and daughter are just as nice as they can be. They simply idolize him too. What was the trouble, Jim?"

"Oh, I've heard a lot, but it may be nothing but gossip. Best not talk about it, Miriam."

"Indeed, I will, whenever I feel like it! They may have you scared, but not me."

Old Colonel Allen came stumping up the stairs into Gudger's office one morning and, taking a chair without a word of greeting, tossed a letter in front of the judge.

"Read that!" he said. "My boy received it last night. Is it genuine, do you think?"

The judge scrutinized the missive carefully.

"Hard to say, but it looks like it to me."

"Then I know what to do!" declared the veteran, with his chin whisker thrust out.

"I wouldn't do anything violent, colonel," cautioned the judge. "What's the trouble about your boy anyhow?"

"No trouble," snapped his client. "I know that boy inside out. So should you, Gudger. He's never done a thing but talk; but he will say what he thinks, in spite of hell, and he's been talking mighty strong against that bunch."

"Where're you going now?" asked Gudger as the colonel rose with the help of his stick.

"Over to Bob Upham's office."

"What for?"



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"Well, I don't know exactly who belongs to this here Klan and who doesn't, but I know Bob does, because he come out flat-footed and said so. And I aim to tell Bob this"—the colonel's voice grated: "If anybody harms that boy, or so much as lifts a finger against him, I won't bother to hunt down the men who did it. What I'll do is kill on sight the members of the Klan I happen to know, regardless of whether they were in on this particular job. And I'll start with Bob Upham and Hunter McLemore, who's the Imperial Gizzard, or Head Beagle, or whatever they call him."

He went out and down the stairs, and he told Bob Upham just that. The colonel had a reputation for having been quick on the trigger in his youth. They never came for young Allen.

Meanwhile the Klan was winning sympathy in various ways. They offered to build a hospital for babies, and they put up the money; they attended Clem Maddox's funeral in a body, in full regalia, and pensioned his widow; their existence induced a renewed attitude of respect in the negro population toward the whites; and undoubtedly they put the quietus on a lot of evils with which Liveoak had become infested since the war—gambling and loose road houses and a number of shady characters who saw the handwriting on the wall and drifted.

"All the same, they ought to be suppressed!" exclaimed Mrs. Gudger. "Are we going to have our lives regulated by a bunch of men who meet in secret and hide behind sheets? This town isn't a bit the same since they started. Everybody's suspicious of everybody else, and afraid of they don't know what. Why, what's to prevent them coming some night and taking you out and giving you a coat of tar and feathers?"

"Nothing but my good behavior," answered the judge with a smile.

"But supposing somebody in the Klan's got a grudge against you, and makes up a lot of lies. That could happen. You might not even get a chance to find out what they were."

"Ye-es," admitted her husband, "that's the bad feature of it, of course. It's not likely to happen, but it could."

In the autumn the Harkrider case came to trial, relegating other sensations to the background. Its result was, of course, a foregone conclusion. Hadn't he simply protected his home? And what man worthy of the name would not? Besides, the South has an abiding aversion to hanging white men, and Hunter McLemore was defending Harkrider—a smart lawyer—the smartest criminal lawyer in the county. McLemore would get him off; yes, sir; he would have the jury crying like babies in no time. Nobody could do things with a jury that Hunter McLemore did. They chuckled over his smartness.

The trial dragged along several days, but that was only because McLemore wanted a chance to display his talents. So far as the result was concerned, it could have been wound up in a forenoon so everybody could go to the ball game. The prosecuting attorney did not extend himself—the dead man was very dead, his murderer had numerous and powerful friends and the sympathy of the great mass of the public—the prosecuting attorney intended to run for office again the following year. Well?

Mrs. Harkrider took the stand and admitted misconduct with Dawes. Her appearance made a profound impression and evoked no little pity. Never once did she raise her eyes, and she gave her evidence in a low voice, frequently broken by sobs. Toward the end of her story she broke down utterly and buried her face in her hands, her body racked.

"Oh, I can't! I can't!" she cried wildly.

The jury displayed emotion and the court room began to buzz. Some of the spectators shed tears.

McLemore hurried to her with a glass of water and whispered in her ear. She straightened and went on with her story. The incident proved favorable for the defense, as showing that she was not lost to all sense of shame, but had simply yielded to a man she loved deeply. By implication, of course, he must have been a sorry rascal to have taken advantage of such a woman, and McLemore made the most of this later.

The prosecuting attorney addressed jury half-heartedly. Had he a[illegible] quittal his wish [illegible]

should; but gradually the deep, vibrant voice for which he was famous began to thrill with passion. He soared to oratorical flights. He shook his fist; he trembled; he pounded the table and tossed back his leonine mane from his eyes; he adjured the jury to consider the facts as husbands and fathers and render a verdict which would enable them to go out from that courthouse and look God in the face; he painted Mrs. Harkrider in such warm colors as a poor, deluded, trusting woman that the audience cried openly; he pictured to them the wrongs and terrible mental anguish of the confiding, deceived husband, his desire to protect his wife's honor at all costs and preserve an unsullied name and happy home for those little helpless children; he wept.

Never had McLemore been in better form. It was masterly, wonderful, overwhelming—if you happened to be such an ignorant saphead that you were moved by that sort of claptrap.

The jury was out eleven minutes and returned a verdict of not guilty. Everybody crowded about the Harkriders to shake their hands and pat them on the shoulder. McLemore, too, was the center of an admiring throng. The couple left the court together, Harkrider's arm round her waist as the last dramatic touch. Once in their car, she shook it off and did not speak to him all the way home. Two days later she went to her mother's in Windy City, taking the children with her, and Harkrider flitted for parts unknown. He was never seen again in Liveoak.

"And he done shot that gen'l'man in his own house?" demanded Uncle Daniel as he and the cook were discussing the trial over their supper.

"That's what he done."

They exchanged glances and went on with the meal. If the white folks wished it that way, well and good; it never paid to monkey with their business.

The riffraff of Liveoak were now making efforts to join the Klan, perhaps as a precautionary measure. To what extent they succeeded was not generally known, but rumor had it that a number of the more prominent members, who had enrolled with the idea that the organization was needed as an emergency weapon, did not relish some of the company they found themselves in. They were becoming dissatisfied and fearful, and only awaited a favorable opportunity to withdraw.

And unscrupulous individuals outside the Klan did not hesitate to utilize the terror its name inspired to work out their private grudges. At least a score of warnings to leave town were sent to citizens and signed with the Klan's name, whose authorship the Klan publicly repudiated.

"What's this I hear about you and the parson, Charity?" queried the judge at dinner one day.

"Suh?"

"The rev'end says he got a letter signed by the Ku-Klux warning him to get out, and he says you wrote it."

"What!" blared Charity. "That no-'count rascal done said that?"

"He sure did! What's more, the Klan wrote a letter to the Booster today, saying they had nothing to do with this warning. Some people thought perhaps they wanted to get rid of the church in that neighborhood, but I don't see why; there's no whites within half a mile."

"He says I wrote that letter?" The cook's indignation seemed to the judge a trifle overdone.

"He did. What's more, I say so."

"No, suh! Cross my heart!"

"You can't look me in the eye, you old schemer, you! Now listen to me, Charity! The rev'end showed me that letter, and it was pounded out on that old typewriter of mine upstairs. I'd know those e's anywhere."

"Why, judge, suh, you do me wrong! You do, sure enough!"

Gudger laughed and his wife watched Charity with delight.

"What's the matter between you and the rev'end, anyhow?" she queried. "I thought you were a pillar of the church."

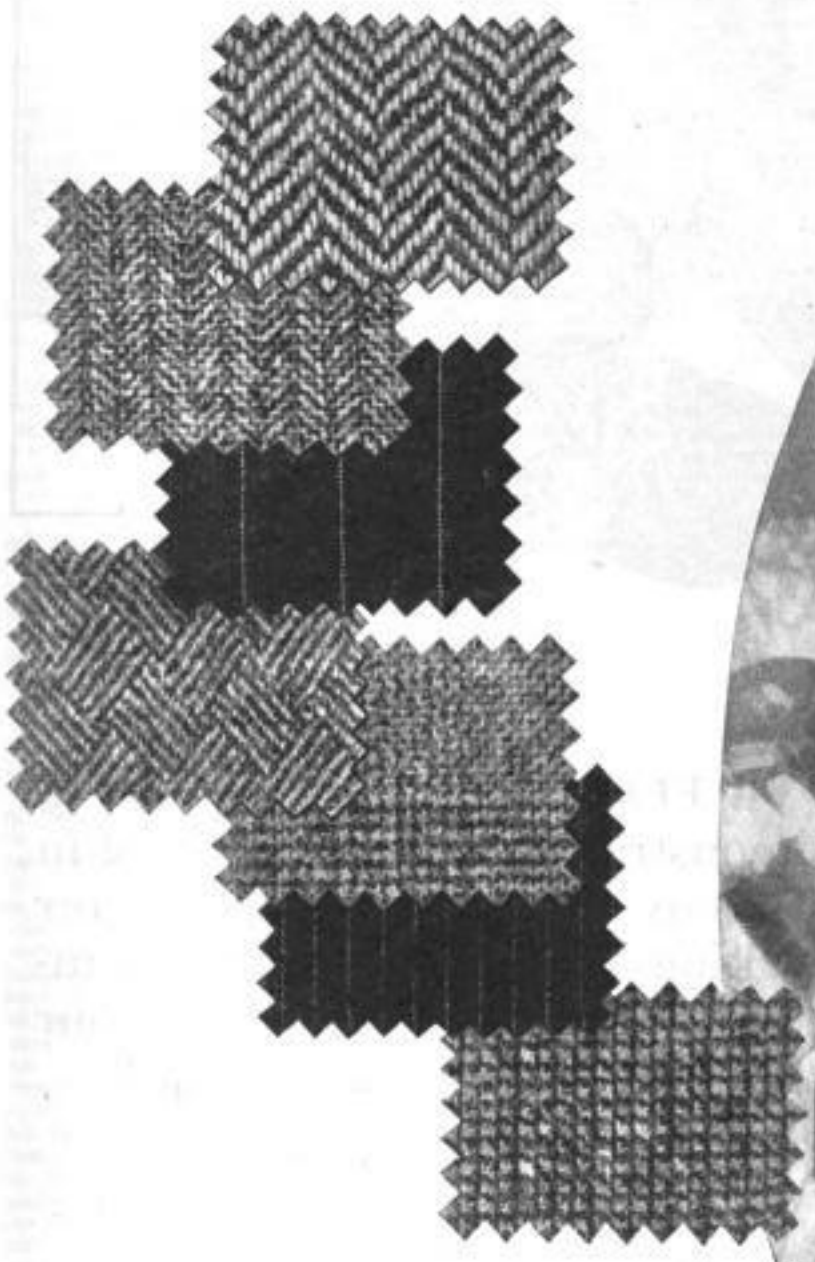
"And so I is," insisted the cook stoutly. "But that ol' robber done come racing here two weeks back and claimed I ain't paid my building dues. Why, Miz Gudger, I had the receipt, only I couldn't lay my [illegible] on it right then. So I up and run [illegible] the place. I sure did!"

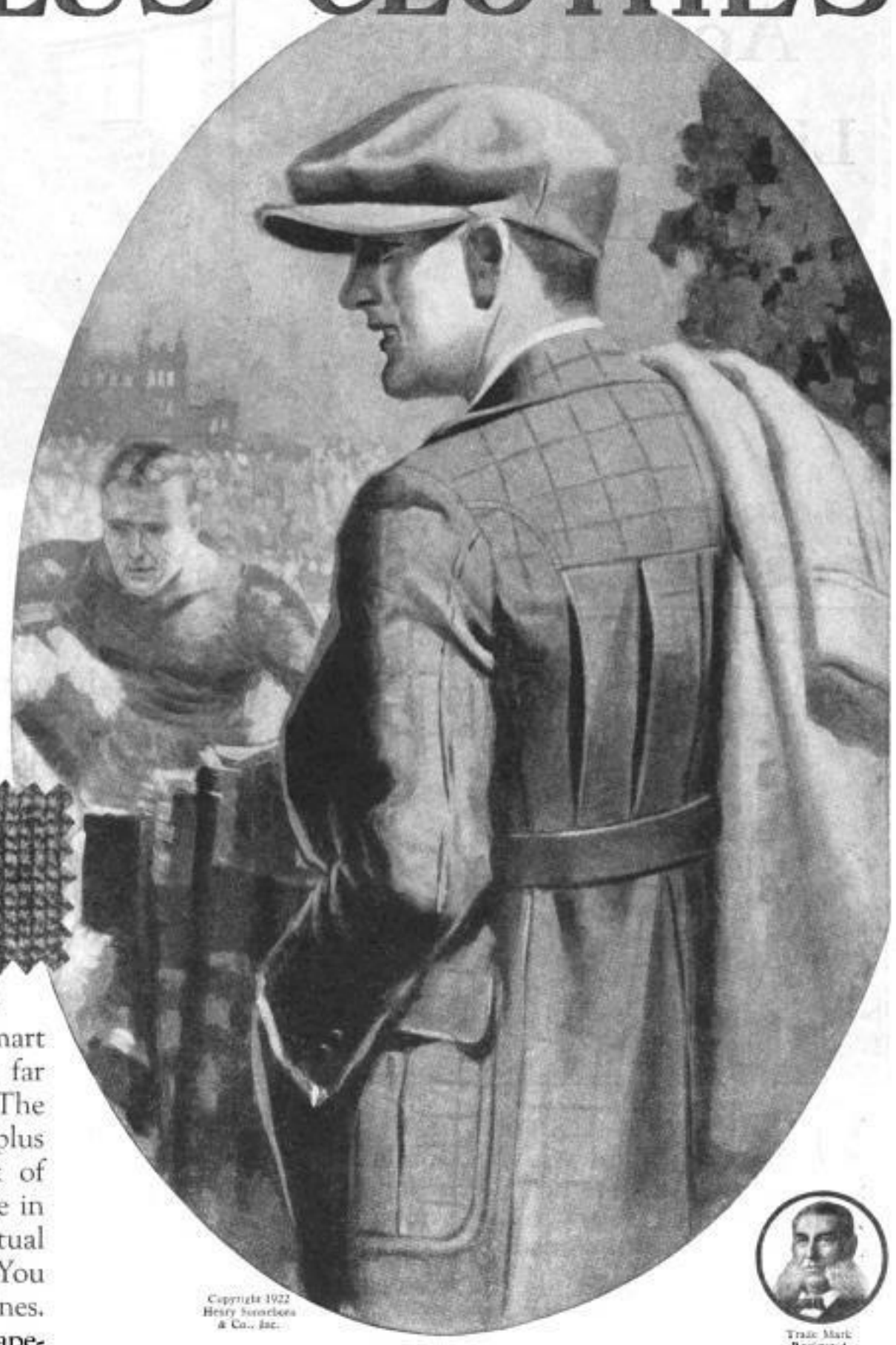
[illegible] be careful or the Ku-Klux

(Page 109)

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(Continued from Page 106)

Charity came as near turning pale as her hue would permit.

"So he said that, did he? Well, I intends to git even with the rev'end."

She hurried through the dishwashing and vanished for the remainder of the afternoon. It was half past five when she returned, and she was breathing fire, but triumphant.

"Where've you been?" asked Mrs. Gudger. "And what've you been up to?"

"I done went down to see the rev'end, ma'am, and I made him take back every word of it. Yes'm; I made him admit he was a liar, right to his own face."

"Charity! You ought to be more careful."

"I was, ma'am. But he was sure enough scared. His conscience must of smote him, Miz Gudger. It's the troof."

When the judge came home he brought some news. "Whatever have you done to that parson of yours now, Charity?"

"Suh?"

"What happened today? His wife took a razor to the rev'end about two hours ago and cut him up bad."

"She did? Sure enough?" exclaimed the cook with unholy glee. "Well, I declare!"

"Come on, now, what did you do to him?"

"I ain't done nothin', judge, suh. Cross my heart!"

"Well, what did you say, then?"

"Why, all I said was how come the automobile the congregation give him for Christmas was kep' standin' in the lane back of that Cora woman's house most every evenin'? That's every word I said."

"Did his wife hear you?"

"Maybe she was listenin'," admitted Charity. "You cain't never tell."

Two days later the town was electrified by news of an attack on a ten-year-old girl at the Gracey farm southwest of Liveoak. Suspicion fastened on a young negro by the name of Blair, who had formerly worked on the place. A search for him began, but he had flown.

The news ran like a prairie fire, and everywhere men dropped what they were doing to pile into automobiles and join in the man hunt. Within a few hours practically every male resident of the county was engaged in tracking down the fugitive—in cars, on horses, afoot, with dogs—all armed, every man of them desperately resolved to catch the fiend. Rumor had it that he had been seen on the outskirts of Liveoak, but this chance was scouted by the local police officers. They were of opinion Blair would hardly run his neck into the noose in that fashion, but would likely strike into the wild country along Red River near the boundary, and hide out there until the pursuit grew cold.

Uncle Daniel ate very sparingly that night and Charity remarked it. He seemed worried and restless. Yet when she returned from a trip to the dining room most of the food was gone from his plate.

"Where at has all that beef went?" she inquired.

"I done et it."

She opened her mouth to say something, but changed her mind. For a long minute they stared into each other's eyes. Then Charity went on with her work and uncle retired to his shack.

The judge did not reach home until nearly ten o'clock, and then he was so worn-out and depressed that he went immediately to bed.

"Did they catch him?" asked Mrs. Gudger.

"No, but of course they will."

"Why don't the Ku-Klux run him down? They're always so anxious to show off."

"Maybe they will."

Shortly after midnight the couple were wakened by the noise of automobiles in front of the house. Some men alighted, and led by one carrying a searchlight went straight to the servants' quarters in the rear.

"What is it, men?" demanded the judge. "What do you want on my premises?"

"You stay indoors and mind your own business, Gudger. It'll save you trouble."

His gorge rising, the judge went padding in his bare feet to get his gun. Nobody could invade his home in this fashion. His wife threw herself in his way, and by twining herself about him and clinging to his arms prevented the accomplishment of his foolhardy purpose. She begged him to be sensible.

The judge heard violent knocking on the door of the yardman's house, then somebody kicked it in. A shout, cries of exultation and Uncle Daniel's high-pitched tones raised in piteous entreaty. Before Gudger could break free and descend the party returned along the driveway to the waiting automobiles, half dragging, half carrying two figures with them.

"You turn me loose right now, Miriam!" said her husband in a deadly quiet voice.

"I won't! I won't! You'll go and get yourself killed!"

"If you don't take your hands off me this minute I'll strike you, so help me!"

At that she fell away from him, gazing at him in horror. What was this beast she had roused in her man? Was he like all the others—like those out there in the road? She could hear their cars starting.

A window opposite went up and a voice shouted "What is it, boys? Got him?"

"You bet we got him!" And then the boom of the motors as the procession raced toward the square.

The judge, very pale, went to the bureau drawer, drew out his revolver and started to dress.

"I promise you nothing will happen so long as they don't harm that old man," he said before descending the stairs. His wife did not reply—merely gazed at him with wide eyes, the tragedy outside dwarfed now by her own.

A glance into uncle's shack revealed that it was empty, and the judge walked out into the street. Men were hurrying from every direction; doors flew open, letting out broad shafts of light and running figures; all headed toward the square. Voices cried to know whether they had caught the nigger; others answered jubilantly. Women leaned from bedroom windows to watch the excitement; they talked from house to house; some of them joined the rush. Scores of boys, racing to be first on the scene, passed the judge.

"Have they caught Blair?" he cried after a fleeing urchin.

"Sure!" replied the boy over his shoulder, not recognizing the judge. "They done run him down in ol' Gudger's yardman's house. He was hidin' aout there."

The posse was returning from Nigger Town when the judge reached the square. They had driven all through that quarter to exhibit the prisoner. Every car had its lights burning full; some of the occupants carried torches.

Where was uncle? The judge could not discover him in any of the cars; but, try as he would, it was impossible to get near them. The crowd was so dense, and surged and barged so wildly as they pressed to get a view of the prisoner that he had all he could do to keep his feet. Nobody had time to look at whom he was shoving; nobody paid any attention to queries. They pushed and shouldered, bellowing into one another's flushed faces without recognition, heedless of everything but the terrible business in hand.

He persisted in his efforts. Man after man he asked about Uncle Daniel; had he seen a very old nigger in any of the cars? At last he won close to a man in a hood. To him he put the question also.

"What business is it of yours?" was the answer. Then the fellow turned to look at him, and seeing who it was, edged closer and tapped the judge on the chest.

"We've had about all we want to hear from you, Gudger," he said with deliberate emphasis. "If you're looking for trouble you can get it right now! I choose you!"

The crowd swept them apart. Realizing the futility of coping with this horde of men gone mad, this flood of human passions let loose, the judge went home. Thereby he escaped the sight of the dreadful ceremonies which followed.

The little girl who had been attacked was led up in front and asked to identify him. The child stared at the negro in horror and then said she couldn't say—he might be, but she wasn't sure.

"He's the man!" yelled somebody, and word went round that it was her father who had said it. On the strength of this they proceeded with the lynching.

When it was all over, somebody dragged Uncle Daniel out of the tonneau of an automobile and flung him to the ground.

"This ol' nigger hid him!" he shouted.

With that they tied uncle to the courthouse fence, took off his shirt and lashed him across his bare back until the old man hung senseless. Then they cut his bonds, placed his limp form in a car and drove to the Gudger home. Arrived there, they dumped him out onto the lawn and sped away.



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A Fountain Pen Test

PRACTICALLY every self-filling fountain pen carries its ink in a small reservoir or rubber sac. The glass above at the left shows the average capacity of a rubber sac pen.

The glass at the right shows the ink held by a Dunn-Pen of the same size. This vast difference is due to the fact that the Dunn-Pen has no rubber sac.

The Little Red Pump-Handle fills and cleans the Dunn-Pen. There are no seams to leak—no valves or springs to get out of order. Only four major parts, all machined and finished like parts of a fine rifle. Positive ink flow, with never a stop, splutter or stutter.

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THE DUNN-PEN COMPANY, INC.
NEW YORK

CAMEL "TATTLER"
Strong, sturdy transparent barrel shows ink supply at a glance.

The mob broke up and dispersed to their homes. Some went in high excitement, filled with a species of elation; others hurried off, almost in panic, as though just waking to what they had done, and terrified by it. Soon the square was empty, and when the sun broke fiery red through the mists of dawn Liveoak seemed at peace.

Hearing a low moaning from the lawn after the car had departed, the judge went out to investigate. He found Uncle Daniel huddled on the grass, whimpering like a child. His back was covered with welts and blood; he could not stand on his feet. Summoning Charity, he carried the old man to his room and then telephoned for a doctor.

"Did you hide him, uncle?" he asked gently.

"I won't lie to you—yes, suh."

"What for?"

"Well, he come sneakin' in here just after dark—and he is my gran'son. What could I do?"

A short silence, then "Did they—did they kill him, judge, suh?"

The judge nodded. Uncle Daniel broke into weird, wailing cries. "Oh, he never done it!" he cried, rocking to and fro on the bed. "He never done it! I just know he never done it!"

Within twelve hours his conviction was proved correct. The Gracey child happened to meet in the road a half-breed Indian horse trader who was working the county, and instantly identified him as her assailant. He was arrested and, under a severe grilling, confessed. The prisoner had a large amount of money on him and claimed to own several farms in another state. He engaged Hunter McLemore to defend him and McLemore obtained his speedy removal to a city a hundred miles distant, in order to escape possible mob action.

The precaution was unnecessary. Popular rage had exhausted itself in the night's lynching, and there was not even a demonstration, although some loose talk was heard.

"The doctor says you'll git well in no time a-tall, uncle," Charity announced as she brought him a bowl of chicken soup.

"I don't care whether I do, gal," was the dispirited reply. "I'm all broke up—and he's dead—my gran'son."

"Shucks, you'll soon be steppin' raound as lively as ever! Here, eat some of this!"

As Uncle Daniel made a feeble effort to do so she added: "The judge, he says as you're one of the fam'ly after this, Uncle Dan'l. And when your time comes to die he says yours'll be the biggest funeral what ever was in Liveoak. Yassuh, he told me it would be a mile long, if he had to hire every automobile in the county."

Uncle Daniel looked up eagerly from his soup.

"A mile long?" he mumbled. "You mean that, gal?"

"Yassuh, that's what he done said. And if the judge says a mile, it'll more like be two miles long. He don' promise much, but when he do he generally always does more'n what he promised."

Uncle closed his eyes and lay back with a happy sigh. A funeral two miles long!

"And I been payin' dues to the Daughters of the Mornin' Star fifteen year," continued Charity, not without chagrin; "and mine won't be half a dozen cars hardly."

The old man grinned up at her with a sort of triumph. In his mind's eye he could see the long line of automobiles wending toward the cemetery, the flower-bedecked hearse, the staring spectators on the sidewalks asking who it was—and himself providing the reason for it all. Perhaps they might even have a band. His poor, bruised body relaxed. The negro's haunting dread that he may die friendless and fill an unmarked grave dropped from him. He sank to sleep, waking once to murmur "Two miles long!"

Next morning he was so much improved that he betrayed traces of impatience with the soup.

"You done heard the judge say as I could have all the liver and onions I wanted from now on, didn't you?" he remonstrated.

"I sure did!"

"Then you cook me up some tomorrow, gal. I feel like I could eat it right now," he commanded in a stern tone.

And the autocrat of the Gudger household replied humbly, "All right, Uncle Dan'l, I will."

The judge was extremely busy ... time. From ... store to another, he went, and often he was closeted with the president of the First National Bank and Doctor Asheraft and Rufus Page and other citizens of their caliber. In small towns there is always an element which forms the backbone of the community. They may not bulk large in the sensations of the day or be much heard of when the big bass drum is thumped, but in any crisis it is to them that the town turns. And the judge was now rallying these stalwarts.

The result of his labors was a mass meeting in the old town hall, which was packed with the sober element of Liveoak. An overflow meeting adjourned to the baseball park. Many speeches were delivered and some tall spellbinding was done, but it remained for Judge Gudger to deliver the talk that counted.

"Men," he said, "there is no profit in blinking facts. We stand disgraced in the eyes of the world. We have put a stain on the name of this state. But there is no use going into that now. What is done cannot be undone.

"Tragedies like this have happened before; they are liable to happen again. They are peculiarly liable to happen so long as we have in our midst an organization whose purpose is to terrorize behind mask and shroud."

Some of the audience began to stir uneasily. The Ku-Klux had publicly denied any official connection with the lynching, and some hissing broke out.

"You all know what organization I mean," continued the judge, taking a step forward and raising his tones. "The Ku-Klux Klan! Some of you may belong. Many honest, God-fearing men are enrolled in its membership. I have friends among them. But I say to you that these men have made a great, a tragic mistake. They have been blinded to the perils by their hopes of achieving good. The Klan may do some good—I don't deny it—but consider the menace they constitute.

"Not one of you outside this organization knows when it may become his turn to be dragged from his home and whipped and degraded without so much as learning what his fault has been. There is no longer any sense of security. There is whispering and dread.

"A power calling itself the Invisible Empire skulks behind sheet and mask. It would usurp the authority and powers which belong to government. It would substitute its dictum, its night riders, its whip, for the legally constituted courts of our country. Are you going to allow that?

"Let me tell you, men"—his voice rose like a clarion, shaking with passion—"let me tell you, that any group of citizens who band together behind masks, for any purpose—any purpose, mark you—strike at the very roots of our government and free institutions. And they must go!

"You may say that the Ku-Klux fills a need; that our courts fail to deter crime by too lenient treatment of criminals. The latter contention I freely admit. There have been numberless failures of justice. Men have killed in cold blood and come clear. They have robbed and pillaged the helpless and the ignorant, and have been allowed to escape with the spoils. An offender who possessed sufficient money has been able to take advantage of the law's delays and technicalities, and to laugh at prison. These things have made justice a byword among us, so that the criminal stalks boldly about his work, sure of immunity, or at most a trifling punishment.

"Why? Why this state of things? I am a lawyer. Coming from me, what I have to say may surprise you, but it is the truth. More than half the troubles that have brought our courts into disrepute, that have made the administration of justice in portions of this country a farce, that have taught our people the contempt for law which my own profession has been so loud in deploring—more than half these troubles can be laid at the doors of the legal profession.

"The lawyer who saves clients from prison when they deserve to go there; the lawyer who takes advantage of every technicality to thwart justice; the lawyer who manages by appeals to false and maudlin sentiment to turn aside from a criminal the punishment that is his due; the lawyer who quibbles and twists and packs juries and keeps his own talesmen available for emergencies, who exhausts every resource of the ... it for

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Stopping to Make Time

on wet, skiddy, hard-surfaced roads

The motorist who puts on Tire Chains whenever roads are wet is stopping to save time.

Always it is necessary to drive carefully when pavements are wet.

It is to the credit of the driver with chainless tires to crawl along. But even then he is taking chances. A sudden stop in traffic, an enforced quick turn may cause his chainless tires to skid dangerously.

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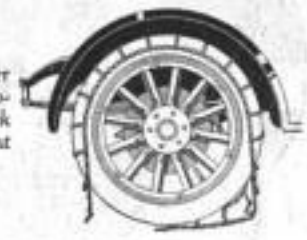
Furthermore, the Reinforcing Link gives four points of road contact instead of two, thus increasing traction for prevention of skidding on wet hard-surfaced roads and greatly lengthening the life of the chain.

The new Lever Locking Connecting Hook makes it so easy to draw the side chains together, is locked with a slight pressure of the thumb, and remains locked under all conditions. The tension of the chain has nothing to do with the locking action of the Hook! This is very important because chains must be attached loose enough to "creep" around freely, otherwise they injure tires.

Look for the red enameled Connecting Hooks, the name "WEED" on the hooks of the brass plated cross chains, the galvanized Twin-Loc Side Chains. Packed in a Blue-Gray Bag, plainly marked with the size of cord and fabric tires, the pair of WEED De Luxe Chains will fit. The size and name "WEED" are also stamped on the Connecting Hooks.

Instructions for Attaching

You lay chains over wheel, with hooks toward rear, and tuck the slack under front of wheel.



You start car forward just enough to run over slack ends.



Then you easily and quickly draw the side chains together with the Lever Locking Connecting Hook as illustrated below.



Engaging the chain with Lever Locking Connecting Hook.



Drawing it in.



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For Girls BUSTER BROWN SHOES For Boys of 2 to 16

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(Continued from Page 110)

him—he it is who has undermined respect for law in this country. And he must go!"

A moment of startled surprise, then a clamor of applause cut in on him.

"We must see to that. The day is coming when these parasites will be relegated to the limbo in which they belong, when all the petty technicalities and hair splitting will be swept aside by the courts, and only the simple justice of the matter considered. Too long we have given paramount consideration to the rights of the accused; the time has come to consider the rights of the injured and the public.

"You all can help. You can do your duty as citizens by faithfully serving on juries instead of dodging that duty. We must set aside appeals to mawkish sentiment; we must steadfastly steel ourselves against pity for the man who has earned punishment. For I tell you, men, until you have hanged a few of these killers and jailed evildoers wheresoever caught or whosoever they may be, there will never be respect for law. Try it! Hang a few white men who have been guilty of murder and see how quickly this country returns to law and order.

"But we can never have real law and order while a strong organization exists which is destructive of every principle on which law and order are based. The Ku-Klux must go. I have done!"

He sat down. There was a ripple of applause, but the audience seemed at first to waver. A few continued the clapping; it grew and grew, swelled to a roar, until the old town hall rocked with the plaudits. Here was one who talked out like a man; no sob stuff or windjamming or flag waving; just talked plain sense. And he was the first man in Liveoak who had dared to attack the Klan publicly.

"Good boy, Gudger!" they yelled.

When he could make himself heard, Rufus Page stood up beside the judge and announced he had resigned from the Ku-Klux. He had joined, he said, because he had felt that such an organization could do a lot of good. There had certainly been need of drastic action, but at joining he had failed to see the possible uses to which the Klan's power might be put. He felt no hostility against its members as individuals, but he hoped many others like himself, whose expectations had been disappointed, would follow his example.

Doctor Pierce, the dentist, followed him and said practically the same thing. Solid men of public spirit, both, who enjoyed the respect of the community. So, one after the other, ex-members of the Klan rose in their places and came out openly against the continued existence of the order.

Somebody proposed a resolution condemning the Klan, and it was greeted with a whoop. But the judge stayed the enthusiasm with uplifted hands.

"Men," he cried, "I don't think that will accomplish anything. It is plain that the sense of this meeting is overwhelmingly against the existence of the Klan. Let it go at that. Why stir them up and provoke a fight? That's what this resolution would do—it is a challenge to battle. And no manly man takes a challenge lying down.

"Let every man within sound of my voice who may belong to the order think over what he has heard tonight, and go to his Klan's meeting and there resign. Then he acts as a free agent, and not under coercion. Let him talk to his comrades and persuade them they have been mistaken, as we are profoundly convinced they have been."

Much quiet work was done in the way of canvassing during the following week, so nobody was surprised when a rumor went round that the Liveoak Klan would disband. With nearly all the leading citizens withdrawing, the element which clung to the organization grew uneasy. They were fearful of how continued membership might affect their businesses and jobs. The same considerations that had driven them to join now drove them to desert it. One of the first to get out was Hunter McLemore.

A gathering of the Klan took place on Saturday night, and on Monday the Booster published a formal notification that the Klan had disbanded.

However, that there were still some in Liveoak who clung to hooded operations was proved a few nights later, when an automobile containing six men, in the full regalia of the Klan, drove to Hunter McLemore's house and the occupants marched solemnly up to the front door in pairs. It was nearly eleven o'clock and Hunter was in bed, but he rose quickly and came down to them.

"Hello, boys," he exclaimed in an eager whisper. "What's up?"

"There's work to do," replied one of the shrouded figures in sepulchral tones.

"Fine! You going after that scoundrel at last? Now you're talking! If we'd only done that in the first place we wouldn't have had all this trouble. Wait until I put on my things."

"It ain't necessary, McLemore. You can come right along as you are."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Well," replied the night rider who had spoken before, "we been studying over all that's happened and we figure maybe we been going after the wrong men. Looks like we might have put the tar and feathers on the wrong parties."

"Ain't I been telling you that? Just what I've told you all along! Who do you aim to take out now?"

"You! Grab him, men!"

Sense and Nonsense

Survival of the Fullest

IN THE early days of the temperance cause its workers were always on the lookout of evidence as to the physical advantages of total abstinence. Having heard of an old man who had attained the ripe age of ninety-six and had never touched a drop of liquor, a committee was rushed to his home to get his sworn statement to that effect.

They had just propped him up in bed and were guiding the feeble, trembling old hand along the dotted line when they were startled by a violent disturbance in the next room—scuffling of feet, falling of heavy furniture and breaking of crockery.

"Good heavens, what's that?" gasped a committeeman.

"Oh," whispered the senile saint as he sank back exhausted from his effort, "that's Paw. He's drunk again!"

In Blank Verse

A NEW YORK writer who comes from Mississippi went back to his old home this summer for a visit. He was particularly anxious to see a darky named Prince, who had formerly worked for the family. He was informed that Prince was running a barber shop for the colored trade.

The writer called at the barber shop and Prince met him at the door with a big welcome, saying that his business was doing wonderful.

"But, Mr. Al, you bein' a writin' man, I wants to ast you sump'n. I wants you to tell me what's the matter wid 'at sign hangin' on de wall—how come all de white gemmun laughs when dey sees it?"

The writer looked. On the wall hung a sign in a pretty gold frame, lettered by the hand of the proprietor, reading:

Roses is Red, and Violets is Blue,
But don't ask me for no credit,
For I'll have to say No.

A Basic Thought

SEVERAL college boys from the University of Georgia were gathered around the table of their host, a senior, engaged in a profound discussion as to the relative strength of a republic and a monarchy; of the relative power of a president and a king.

George, a darky, waited on them and was getting an earful of all this wisdom. Finally one of the most profound of these students had decided that he would rather be president, especially if he desired power, because he would be intrusted with the veto power, while a king would not.

George was so absorbed that he didn't hear one of them speak to him.

"Well, how about it, George?" asked the host, smiling. "What do you think about it?"

"Mr. Henry," asked George, startled out of his reverie, "how much do a king git?"



This Free Test

Has brought prettier teeth to millions

The prettier teeth you see everywhere now probably came in this way.

The owners accepted this ten-day test. They found a way to combat film on teeth. Now, as long as they live, they may enjoy whiter, cleaner, safer teeth.

The same way is open to you, and your dentist will urge you to take it.

The war on film

Dentists the world over have declared a war on film. That is the cause of dingy teeth—the cause of most tooth troubles.

A viscous film clings to the teeth, gets between the teeth, and stays. It forms the basis of thin cloudy coats, including tartar. Most people's teeth lose luster in that way.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of many troubles, local and internal.

Very few people have escaped these troubles caused by film.

Ways to combat it

Dental science, after long research, has found two ways to combat that film. Able authorities have amply proved their efficiency. So leading dentists the world over now advise their daily use.

A new-type tooth paste has been created. The name is Pepsodent. It does what modern science seeks. These two great film combatants are embodied in it.

Aids Nature's fight

Pepsodent also multiplies Nature's great tooth-protecting agents in the mouth. One is the starch digestant in saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which cling to teeth. In fermenting they form acid.

It also multiplies the alkalinity of saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids—the cause of tooth decay.

Thus Pepsodent gives to both these factors a manifold effect.

Show them the way

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

One week will convince you that Pepsodent brings a new era in tooth protection. Then show the results to your children. Teach them this way. Modern dentists advise that children use Pepsodent from the time the first tooth appears.

This is important to you and yours. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Endorsed by modern authorities and advised by leading dentists nearly all the world over now. All druggists supply the large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free 946

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 243, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

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Only one tube to a family.

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Shur-on rimless spectacles lend poise to the dress of business or profession. Ask for Style No. 798½.





For wear with sports clothes All-Shelltex Shur-on spectacles are practical and stylish. Ask for Style No. 2324.



Shur-on white gold mounted rimless eyeglasses harmonize with the formality of evening dress. Ask for Style No. 575.

Your glasses should fit the costume you wear

To the apparel of business or profession Shur-on rimless spectacles impart dignity and firm distinction. But at a dinner party or the theatre, they would not be precisely the thing. Then, Shur-on white gold mounted rimless eyeglasses are the last word in quiet elegance, for they harmonize with the formality of black. And for relaxation out-o'-doors wear All-Shelltex Shur-on spectacles, which are safe enough and strong enough to appear on golf links, tennis court or bridle path.

Correctness in glasses adds much to the trim appearance of man's dress. Ask your optical specialist to fit you with Shur-ons. That is the way to be certain of comfort and style correctness in glasses.

SHUR-ON OPTICAL CO., Inc., Rochester, N.Y.
Established 1864

Shur-on Glasses

In every style—to match each costume, suit each face.

TEARS, IDLE TEARS

(Continued from Page 7)

quite frank, I soon weakened on the good-old-scout thing. All right, of course, for a snappy epitaph, but lacking punch in a lover's litany, if that's what you call 'em. You see, by this time I was running a temperature of a hundred and four every time he honks in sight, and the kind words my heart craved was them that can best be said with orange blossoms. Funny fish, women, eh? For years a girl can Juliet around with these handsome Romeos she likes to look at and those commanding personalities she has to look up to, and nothing happens. Then some helpless nature that needs looking after leaks into her life, and whango! Thrills and fever! That's the time a pressure cooker begins to really mean something."

The feminine psychologist paused to become an ultimate consumer of frosted chocolate; but with fidgety impatience the other sought to remind her that life is short, and art—even that of the raconteur—is notoriously long; so again the saga commenced:

"Where was I? Oh, yes! Well, one night Dan had a rush of words to the soft palate, and before he'd finished we were engaged. Then a week or so of this Cupid's third degree. You know what I mean. When did you find out you really cared, and if I died would you marry again, and how many fellows have you kissed before, and who was this Mabel party you used to beef about so much? Finally, though, we simmered down and started new ways of saving money. Gosh, Nell, you ought to of seen the bungalow we'd planned! A sun porch and a laundry chute, and roses writhing all over it.

"About this time madam took on a new cashier. It was a girl who called herself Hazel Divine. Never will I forget the morning she blew in; wearing a hat with a stringy green wreath, like a salad escaped from a forty-cent table-d'hôte; the scrawniest, sorriest-looking female you can imagine. Right from the start, though, she put on so many airs trying to live up to the atmosphere, I suppose, that the rest of the girls simply ignored her. For that reason I tried to be extra friendly. Then one day when she complained about her boarding place I got sorrier than ever and suggested she live with me. I was staying then at Mrs. Harben's, on Washington. Had a large front room on the ground floor, dressing cell behind; kitchen privileges. Also a double couch, plenty big enough for two. Well, Hazel took me up and moved in. Lord knows she didn't use up much space, being the world's lightweight champ, and having just enough clothes to signal a passing ship if wrecked on a desert isle.

"Pretty? No! Big, dark, tragic eyes like a kid who's just found out there's no Santa Claus, and sliding down the cellar door has painful drawbacks for a sensitive nature. Outside of that you'd never notice anything about her—except her voice. It was like the sound of a wet finger on a hot iron. Her two front teeth didn't quite make connection, and maybe this had something to do with it. Anyway, instead of talking she hissed; kind of like she started to whistle and then remembered it wasn't a thing a real lady should do. Still, it didn't bother me any, because Hazel was the best little understudy this Sphinx party ever had. An occasional hiss about how late the paper was and it looked like rain was her idea of reckless elocution. And she was a consistent mute too. I mean, lots of women can hang onto their vocabularies in full dress, but get 'em into a kimono and free speech sets in. But not so Hazel! Of course at first this got on my nerves; now and then I'd try to get clubby—try to get a little data on her history; but, gosh, she'd shut up tighter than ever, looking so pained I filled in her background with cruel stepmothers, closet skeletons, and other bad influences on a happy family life.

"No, we weren't what you'd exactly call boon companions; still I tried to make her as comfortable as possible, making her drink all the cream off the milk and doing all the boudoir chores to save her strength for the cash register. The rest of the time I practically forgot her. You see, we were rushed limp at the store, and I'd be out so late with Dan that the little one'd be asleep when I pulled in.

"One night, though, Dan couldn around till eight, and wh- Hazel was already in bed. No, she wasn't sick—just resting; and up she gets and toddles into the dressing room. I took off my glasses and started to make up the couch. Just as I was drawing over the chintz cover I halts, seeing a large damp spot on her pillow. At that moment Dan knocked, but I want you to know, Nell, that before I reached the door the thought of that poor thing lying there, sobbing with loneliness, probably, pulled a couple tears out of me. Gosh! Wasn't I one selfish crab, so busy being happy myself I hadn't give a darn how the rest of the room rent lived! Course, Little Sad Eyes hadn't sprained any ligaments making a woman's home companion out of me; still it was up to somebody to plug her in on a little pleasure.

"Me and Dan had naturally reached the point where two's company and three's a block party, so when I suggested taking Hazel along he gave a squawk like a Comanche college yell. But after I'd pictured the little one as a cross between Cinderella and Leah the Forsaken, and worked up that teardrop into a minor Dayton flood, he weakened.

"'All right,' he said. 'That's what a guy gets for tying up to one of these good old scouts.' So an invitation was shouted into the dressing room, and in a minute Hazel comes out, a heavy laboratory pallor making her eyes bigger and sadder'n ever. Up she toddled to Dan and hisses something about how s-s-simply s-s-sweet it was of Mr. Tracy—get that, Nell—to s-suggest her coming, and was-s-s he s-sure s-she wouldn't spoil our party? Dan grins 'Not at all! Not at all!' in a manner indicating her absence would simply of made our evening a hollow mockery.

"So we drove around a couple of hours, Little One sitting up in front, spraying out remarks about how s-simply s-sweet the car was-s-s, and what a s-simply s-sublime driver Mr. Tracy was-s-s, and so on. And when he got home and she'd excused herself the sublime driver says he's awful glad we took her along, the poor kid probably never having been in an automobile before. Hum! From that time on, somehow, she managed to horn in on every gathering. And say, all her symptoms of lockjaw disappeared just as soon as a man got in the audience. Yet she could lightly hiss away a whole evening without giving away a single fact about herself, except what a clinging vine she was. And she was some c. v., I'll say that. One of these parties that can't button a glove or open a door without a sad help-wanted expression. Register? Oh, yes! Dan's favorite recitation got to be how lucky it was the poor little thing had gotten in with somebody who could look after her.

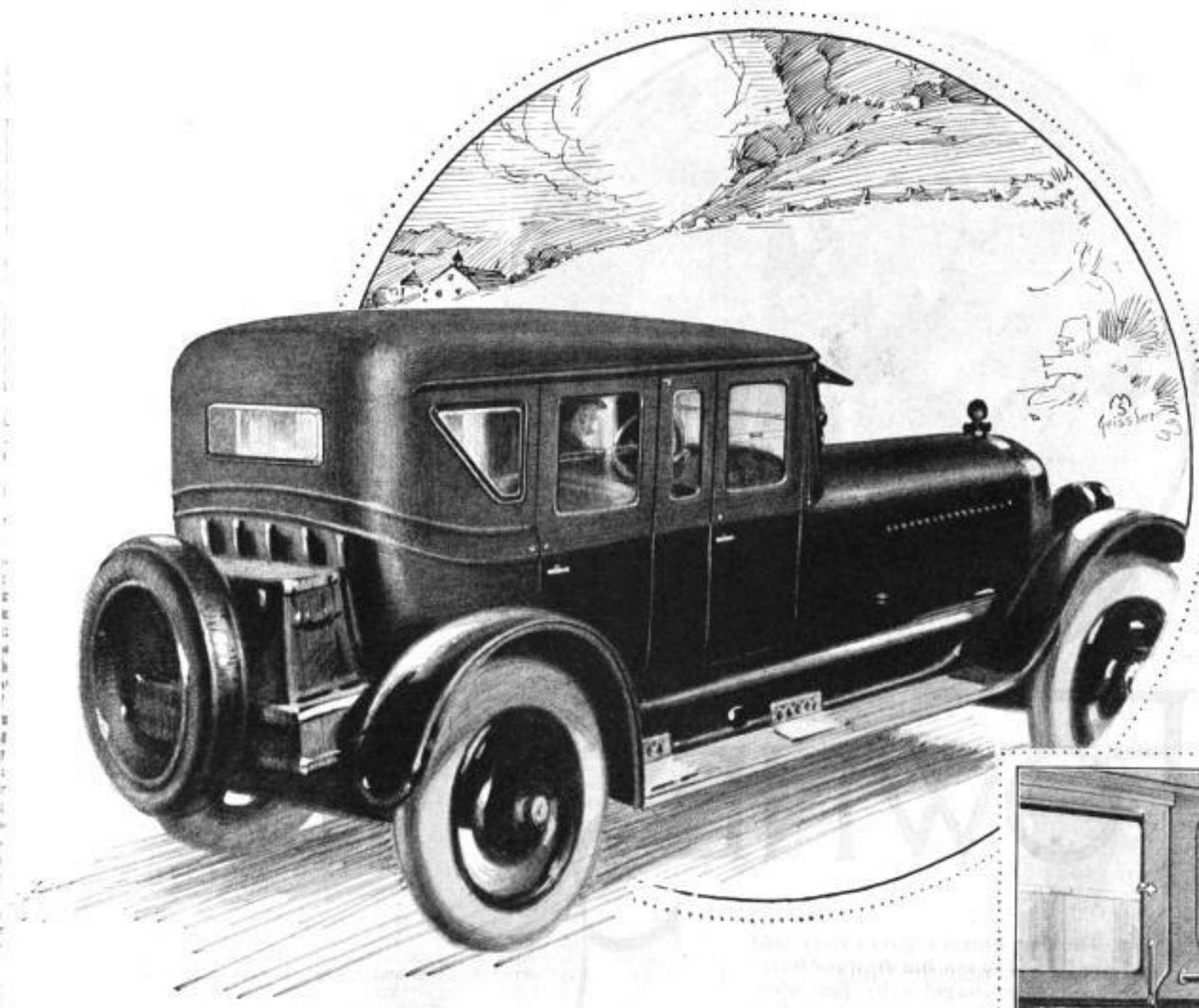
"Well, one evening he dropped by, suggesting we all go to the Elite for dinner. Miss Divine (this on the side) probably never having had a square meal in her life. You can understand by this time, Nell, I wasn't so morbid about dropping sunbeams into hissing Hazel's empty life. Besides, having once given five dollars to feed starving Poland, I figured I'd done my bit for the undernourished. The trouble was, though, that Dan had me pictured as one of these Golden Rule specialists, incapable of that dirty work our sex is famed for; and if I got nasty and natural I'd ruin the negative. So I had to say all right; and the dinner came off without Hazel getting anything serious in her coffee. In fact, I managed an almost perfect control till he called up one afternoon and said he'd gotten three tickets for The Doings of Dora.

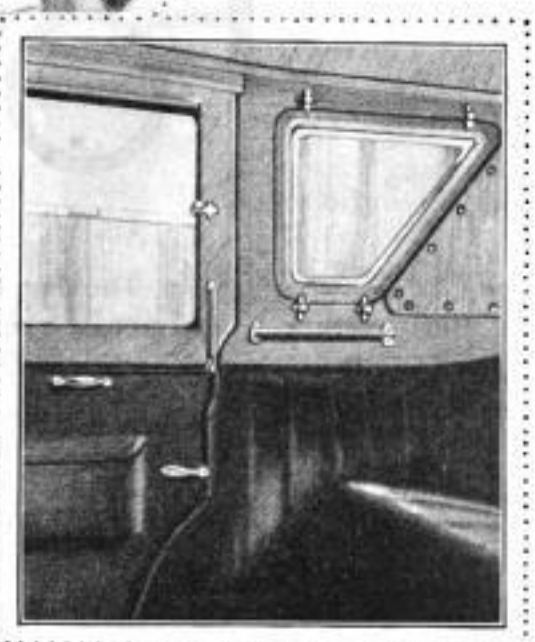
"'So you got three tickets, eh?' I offered brightly. 'That means we take little roommate, the poor kid probably never having seen a play before!' Raw stuff, of course, but I'd reached the limit. Told him we had other uses for our money besides bringing drama to the lower classes. I heard him gasp; and like a softie, you see, I weakened. I saw all his illusions about my noble nature collapse like a punctured tire, and there seemed nothing to do but cover the dig under a light contralto laugh. I was just joking, I told him, and sure we'd investigate The Doings of Dora."

Here the memoirs of her dead life were interrupted by a repeated chocolate order from the lady in blue. Anxiously Christina around for a view of the Mello satisfied as to the adequate her substitute, she went on.

(Continued on Page 117)

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The graceful, flowing lines of the smart "hand-tailored" design, the rich sparkle of deeply beveled plate glass, the appeal of handsome interior trimming, all contribute to that feeling of admiration you experience when you turn to look at a Rex-equipped car.

Your open roadster or touring car of today can be a luxurious coupé or sedan tomorrow, through the installation of a Rex Top.

Designed by Rex engineers to harmonize perfectly with the lines of your particular car, the Rex Top adds no more than the weight of one passenger to the car. A few of the dignified and tasteful appointments are the Rex Sun-and-Rain Visor, Hand Grips and Door Pulls of antique silver finish, Silk Finished Roller Curtain and a pleasing Electric Dome Light.

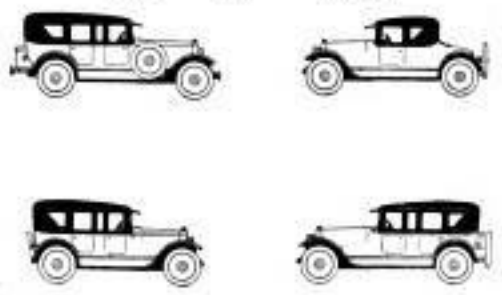
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FOWNES



The first Fownes gloves were sold in 1777. For one hundred and forty-five years, one policy has prevailed: to make a fine product; to sell it under the maker's own name and to price it fairly—The name Fownes in the wrist of a glove is our signature to the genuine and your assurance of good value.

The gloves without a single "talking point"!

Fownes gloves are not celebrated just because they are made of fine leather.

They did not become famous on account of the way that leather is tanned. . .

Or the way it is dressed—dyed—stretched—cut—or stitched together.

No single quality or talking-point will produce gloves which meet the Fownes requirements for fit, style and wear.

It takes them all. . . Plus wide experience, the command of leather markets and the skill of artisans.

Most wearers of Fownes do not know whether the material in them comes from America, South Africa or Europe. . . They do not need to know. They could not tell a Black head Arabian sheep from an Australian lamb. . . Why should they?

What all Fownes wearers do know is that this name in the wrist of a glove assures them smooth fitting, durable hand-wear—of irreproachable finish and authentic style.

A great many people have made this pleasing discovery since 1777. . .

If Fownes had disappointed them, it would be sheerest folly for us to endorse a single pair with our name.

Unsatisfactory gloves are a needless extravagance. Fownes are reasonably priced—you pay nothing extra for their prestige.

Send us the name of your glove dealer if he cannot supply you with the size or kind of Fownes desired.

We will send you a booklet listing 89 styles, for men, women and children. Free, by return mail.

It's a Fownes—that's all you need to know about a glove

FOWNES BROTHERS & CO. INC. 119 West 40th Street, New York

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(Continued from Page 114)

"Well, the three of us were ready to start that night, when the phone rang. It was madam, saying if I could finish Mrs. Le Page's transformation by ten she'd send it over and there was fifteen in it for me. Fifteen meaning half the price of a pressure cooker. Of course you've got one, Nell? . . . What! Oh, see here, that's something no home should be without. You can take an old hen whose grandchildren figured as chicken à la king the season before, and —— Oh, all right. Naturally, I said I'd do it, expecting my two friends to give up the orchestra circle for the lamplit one. But when I broke the news, though, Little Sad Eyes hisses wasn't it a sh-shame, that being the last night of Dora, which she'd heard was s-simply s-sublime! At this Dan fidgets, eyeballing first her, then me.

"'Oh, mustn't let me interfere with your plans,' I purred. 'Dan can take my ticket back; and anyway, I wasn't in a footlight humor.' Weak objections from them, of course, but in the end they went, and I guess there's no need saying, Nell, by the time I finished that transformation I was in a mood to put a permanent wave in crime. Also, when I turned in at ten, I wasn't humming The End of a Perfect Day loud enough to disturb the parties overhead.

"The next morning I got out before Sad Eyes awoke; fearing, otherwise, a tricky little murder pulled off in our midst. All that week I ignored her like a stepchild in the last stages of leprosy. By leaving early and not answering the phone I managed to dodge Dan too. Finally, though, he sends a note around asking what in the devil's the matter, with a plush box of candy that looked like a child's coffin. I couldn't help softening up a little towards him then; but as for her—well, there wasn't any Maltese methods known to our gentle sex that I didn't use, besides drinking all the cream off the milk and letting her try her muscles on cleaning up the room occasionally.

"Well, one morning as she was making up the couch I happened to look around and spotted a familiar damp spot on her pillow again. Would you believe it, Nell! Another emotional crisis for Chris. I pictured the little wild flower cruelly crushed under my rough treatment, and before I knew it I'd gone over and stamped a let's-make-up kiss on her pale make-up. But that wasn't the only thing that teardrop showed me. As I went to work I saw I'd been acting like a silly kid and the problem I faced called for some ingenious adult thinking. Pretty soon the whole situation got as easy to see through as a hair net. Dan, I saw, hadn't been swept off his rubber heels by the poor dear, as I'd foully suspected. Instead, being used to having a girl look after him, he was now enjoying the novelty of a girl he thinks needs looking after; and I wanted to be darn sure the novelty had worn off before him and me had a license between us. I wasn't craving, Nell, a fireside companion who wondered now and then if he hadn't ought to of married the other party, the poor kid probably never having heard Mr. Mendelssohn's pretty march. Oh, I know, with most men this would be a risky policy; for I've noticed when it's a case of the Poor Dear versus the Good Old Scout, the G. O. S. is never the one that's led to the courthouse. Lord knows why! It's just one of life's unsolved mysteries, like who killed Cock Robin and why Irene Castle always has her picture taken with her mouth open. But you see, I knew Dan's real nature. Forming a protective association for hissing Hazel might flatter him very ingeniously for a while; then he'd gratefully take up the privilege of shifting the white man's burden onto the Good Old Scout. Meanwhile I was going to retire from any active burden bearing till he'd overdrawn on the joys of the protective association.

"So, when I got to the store I called, asking him to drop around and waste an evening on Hazel and me. Even over the phone I could tell he wasn't frenzied about the eternal-triangle stuff just then; but I pulled it off; and from that time on, you bet, I saw that Little Sad Eyes was in on everything. Understand, Nell, I didn't make it pointed; the situation looked as natural as a corpse cut down in its prime. I just sat off like a registered chaperon—friendly but kind of detached, and let the other party show how pathetically helpless a poor dear can be. Which was some helpless, specially when it came to remembering anything about her past. She had one of the prettiest little cases of aphasia—if that's what you call it—I've ever known. Now and then I couldn't help wondering just who she was, but Dan had no time to do anything but pick up things she'd dropped, and fix her umbrella, and help her over puddles, and so on. At first he played the sturdy oak nobly, but gradually he started acting like a party who wonders whether poison ivy couldn't be classified as clinging vines. Then one night at a movie, after crawling around under the seat for her fan and almost shaving off his best ear and being bawled out by a fat lady for accidental osteopathy on her ankle, he handed it over, meaning the fan, with a 'Here it is!' that sounded like Dashing Desmond in the third act, saying: 'Take that—and that—and that!'

"Going home he asked me on the side if we couldn't have dinner together—alone—the next evening; and I managed to consent without a knowing snicker. I'd made up my mind, though, he wasn't going to grin me back into the Old Reliable as easy as he thought. So when he tried to narrow down to you-and-me talk I changed the subject absent-mindedly. Also, when he wanted my advice on important matters I told him I'd think 'em over my first free minute, but in the tone of one whose time can't be called her own. Gosh, but he was upset and puzzled! I saw him all ready to resign from the protective association; still I figured a little overtime on the job would do no harm. So when later he suggested driving out to a barbecue the next Sunday I faked up business at the store, but why not take Hazel? No, I didn't pull the familiar line about the poor kid probably never having seen one. The situation now was one that had to be handled with sugar tongs. Instead of which, I saw instantly I'd spilled the frijoles. He looked so queer and sinister, if that's what you call it. 'All right! I'm on!' he muttered, and when he kissed me good night it was one of those kisses when you're not sure anything has happened.

"Oh, yes, he took her to the barbecue all right; and pretty soon he got to taking her other places—alone. Whenever they were kind enough to give me an outing he treated me like a distant relative he owed money to. Nell, you'll never know what I went through!"

Here a sudden glance at the clock above the cigar counter reminded her that thirty minutes had been sacrificed to autobiography—thirty moments to be deducted from her noon hour. To be sure, the look of suffering behind the thick glasses betrayed a heart filled beyond all considerations of an empty stomach; at least immediate considerations. Yet there was the full dinner pail of the future to be thought of; one more or less involved in the sale of fifty cakes of Mello.

Abruptly she rose. Not another second could she take; this to the lady in blue; but if the latter wanted to be in on the finish ——

Did she? Well, rather!

So presently at the soap booth, after five samples had been distributed without affecting the sales book in the least, the story was resumed.

"Where was I? Oh, yes—well, one night I worked late and when I got home Mrs. Harben told me my little playmates were out driving together. A period of gnashing the molars and wringing the hands; then I heard their voices outside. Turning out the lights I sneaked over and periscoped out. There she was in a baby-doll dress with the sleeves cut above the second vaccination point, hissing something about what a s-simply s-sweet evening it had been. At this Dan grinned; then the next thing I knew he had kissed her. Oh-h, Nell, my brain just jellied! I was five foot ten of quivering criminal impulses. A second later I was outside; another minute and the three of us were inside; Dan's face unbuttoned in astonishment; Little Sad Eyes shaking like a nervous aspen, if that's what they're called. Womanlike, I turned on her first and sprung some of Webster's meatiest phrases. I took the text about biting the hand that feeds you and filled in with terms that don't rightly belong in a rectory. I ended up by telling the pasty-faced little cat how I'd taken pity on her and tried to put a little joy into her life and—and —— But that's all the further I got.

"After a burst of merry laughter she began language. I might as well know, since she was leaving the next day, that she was Minora Hazel Duveen, daughter of Lloyd Duveen, president of all the

Never gets on  *your nerves*



Get on the Right side

Get on the side of the quick-stepping, keen-witted Americans who tackle the day's work with brisk, clear-headed vitality and believe in the kind of cigar that helps them do it well.

Get on the side of these forceful citizens who have switched to Girard and who stick to it day after day, year in year out. They have tried and they know its value well.

Girard is a mild, full-flavored, satisfying cigar made of real Havana tobacco, under old-time ideal conditions.

Girard is an aid and comfort through the hustling business day, a solace and delight in the quiet evening hours. A cigar that adds to your pleasure and never subtracts from your health.

Insist on Girards next time you buy cigars.

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(33)

Canadian steel corporations, traction companies, film producers, bowling associations, and so on. She had run away and taken this s-silly job just to discipline her s-silly old dad into letting her marry S-salvatore, the famous movie star. Not only had she brought papa to time but she'd found mixing with the working classes, incognito, very amusing. As for the s-social opportunities I had let her in on—ha, ha! She who ran her own yacht and had been presented at the court of Saint James! Ha, ha!

"Mad? Oh! oh!. . . I wheeled on her and told her if she didn't beat it quick she'd be presented at the court of Saint Peter in less'n a split second. Still laughing hearty she walked out, Dan after her; but at the door I yanked the gentleman back for his quota. 'So,' I hisses at him, 'you thought you'd give our friend a little thrill—the poor kid probably never having been kissed in her life!' I said; but no need to go into the things a woman can say, Nell, when she feels she's been made a fool of. But I'll tell you this: that what I said to that Canadian curse sounded like a recipe for nesselrode pudding compared to what I handed him. I accused him of being onto her history and trying to cut out the movie party because of papa's currency. I said—well, a plenty; during which he simply stares at me without a word. And when I was all through he smiled a queer underdone smile and walked out.

"Funny how things like that affect you! After he'd gone I felt just—empty—not sorry or sore or worried or anything. It was like my mind had closed for the season. Once or twice I tried to cry, but I couldn't uncork a single tear; so I dumped into bed and counted the knots on the portière fringe till the next morning. At ten the bell rang. It was a special delivery from Dan.

"I wish I had the letter here; but anyway, he went on to say he'd first taken pity on Little Sad Eyes because of my sob story and wanted to show he could be as good a scout as I was supposed to be. The 'supposed' heavily underlined. Then after my week's grouch, when I began sicking her onto him at every opportunity, he'd seen it was a case of tire troubles. I was tired of him and trying to arrange a transfer. He'd been cut to the quick, and the night before he'd seen me at the window and pulled the Hobson just to find out my real feelings. Which he had, all right. Feelings so unjust, so unwarranted that henceforth all women were flat tires as far as he was concerned. At least, there could be nothing more between us except mileage. He'd resigned from his job by letter, and was leaving on the nine o'clock train for parts unknown.

"Oh, I didn't need to call up his room; I knew he was just reckless enough to pull a stunt like that; and all the tears I'd missed out on the night before began to faucet forth. Going to the couch I was about to fling myself down, when I halted. A familiar damp spot on alias hissing Hazel's ex-pillow. Remember, Nell, my evening had been a bone-dry one, and I was puzzled. Putting on my glasses I examined the evidence; then a burst of high falsetto laughter, if that's what you call it—laughter that got more and more careless. The next thing I knew, Mrs. Harben had rushed in and I grabbed her.

"'Look!' I yelled. 'Do you see that?' pointing to the damp spot. 'Do you see that? That's what washed a little hissing serpent into my Garden of Eden and made a mess out of it. That's the thing that separated me from the only man I ever loved, and a pressure cooker, and ——'

"Then I did a swoon, and when I came to I heard Mrs. Harben saying to Doc Jennison who lived around the corner: 'It must be brain fever. I came in and found her having hysterics something awful about a dab of cold cream on the pillow slip.' . . .

"Yes, Nell. A dab of cold cream. My life wrecked by nearsightedness and a dab of cold cream. Luckily, I guess, the swoon introduced a case of flu; and when I got strong enough to think I saw I couldn't stay in the old town any longer. It was too full of those 'memories that bless and burn,' principally burn. There was the movie palace where we'd first found other uses for our hands besides applause; the corner where we first met; and—oh, that hardware store that kept a full line of pressure cookers!"

She paused to turn tragically to two possible Mello converts. With a kind of strained conscientiousness the superiorities of the supersoap were presented; but it was a kind of death-bed whisper—with an air so sepulchral that Mello became at once evocative of those final ablutions that precede the *devoirs* of the undertaker. Certainly any subscriber to the belief that this is the best of all possible worlds could be forgiven a hasty retreat from such an atmosphere. And certainly Christina's expression as the two stricken creatures fled held neither censure nor scorn. Under a flood of surging misery, you see, the imperative need—one might say, the imperative mood—of selling soap was entirely submerged; and when a moment later she turned to her friend the alert blue eyes were misted with tears.

Ah, a moving spectacle! Something of a phenomenon too; the tears of the Good Old Scout, that hail-fellow-well-metaphysician to whom tradition allows merely the privilege of mirth. Impulsively the lady in blue caught hold of a large hand clenched on the counter:

"Oh, Chris," she murmured "I'm sorry. I ——"

"But this is what really gets me." Shamefacedly she wiped away the traces of tears. "I know Dan so well. Once he lost his grip he'd simply go to the dogs. As long as he had somebody to lean on and believe in him there wasn't a better kid in the world; but now!" A sudden emotion garroted her; but only for a moment: "Who knows where he is? Probably sick in the gutter. Like as not starving in some garret."

After this transfer from gutter to garret her eyes wandered dully across the store. Through the doorway swung a jaunty young man with shaggy sandy eyebrows, a prosperous-looking, well-tailored product, obviously, of a regular job and regular meals.

At sight of Christina he started, halted, then unfleshed an eyetooth in an eager quivering smile—a smile that threatened to button around the back of his head. Three strides brought him within focus of the thick glasses.

Christina gasped.

Weakly, incredulously she turned to the lady in blue; but this person proving one of those rarities who recognize a proper exit cue, merely smiled with beneficent understanding and waved herself out.

By this time the young man had gained the counter.

"Ah! Selling soap?" Twitchily he tried to grin an airy matter-of-factness into the query. Then: "Any good?"

"I should say it is, Mr. Tracy!" A slight tremor impaired its competitive casualness. "It makes every other toilet soap on the market look like a skin game. In fact, it's a soap that makes Saturday night a privilege instead of a—a penance."

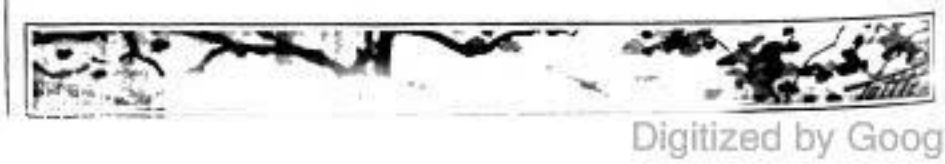
"Quick, Watson, the needle shower!" was his contribution, and their laughter nervously fused.

Somewhere a really serious thinker has claimed that speech is given us to conceal our thoughts; certainly he classified the foregoing accurately. Under this prattle about soap faith and charity sought to veil themselves warily; but oh, the quivering expectancies exposed in the young man's final "Well, I guess I'll take about a dozen boxes."

Now a dozen boxes of Mello meant seventy-two cakes of soap; in other words, twelve more than was needed for her to become a hired business woman. Accordingly a close-up of Christina should have shown that triumphant complacency worn by those economic venturers who come and see and conquer. Instead of which she featured merely the look of the Good Old Scout, a kind of maternal tenderness desentimentalized by a devilish gleam of understanding; a look which the eyes under the wild sandy eyebrows met hungrily, humbly, hopefully.

"A dozen boxes?" With one hand she unbuttoned the white apron; with the other requisitioned a blue sailor from under the counter. "Nothing doing. You'll need that money to apply to a pressure cooker!"

And a moment later she was arming him masterfully out the door.



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Announcement

THIS announces what has been already termed by many able business men "a monumental achievement in the commercial world."

Business has always wanted some reliable method—some sound plan—through which new salesmen could be developed and the production of individual salesmen bettered.

The primary requisites of such a training were that it be not only sound and practical but of such a nature that every man would find in it material of direct bearing on and helpful application to his own individual problems.

I am glad to be able to announce that after twelve years in the building the LaSalle training course in Modern Salesmanship is now on the market.

It is winning the unqualified approval of seasoned sales executives—successful salesmen—and new men who are desirous of entering this field.

These individuals recognize in it the qualities of practicability and ease of understanding and use that have heretofore been largely obscured by theoretical discussion and individual opinions.

Twelve years is a long time to spend in building a business training service—particularly when you consider the wide and unusual resources of LaSalle from standpoints of executive, educational and financial facilities.

An ordinary sales course could have been produced in twelve months. Nationally known sales executives have repeatedly offered to prepare courses for us.

But LaSalle standards demanded something so essentially broad and sound and fundamental that the final product would not only win the unqualified o. k. of every important member of its executive and educational staffs, but would command the immediate respect and approval of sales authorities in every line of industry.

It took years in time and a liberal expenditure of funds to build a training that we *knew* would live up to what we ourselves, the general public, and business executives expect of this institution.

To begin with, the tremendous existing mass of sales material—some of it excellent—much of it theoretical, individualistic and impractical—was carefully analyzed and examined. Then the real work started—the study of and with successful salesmen on the firing lines.

Modern Salesmanship has been built upon the basis of fundamental principles—and the practical application of these principles by seasoned and successful salesmen in every field. The work of thousands of producing salesmen has been analyzed, studied and applied in this course.

Failure, as well as success, has been considered. What not to do, as well as what to do, has been clearly outlined—made part of the training plan.

Every principle—every method of application—has been tested—tested in the hands of successful men in the field—in relation to every form of distribution of products and service.

For instance, the basics of the actual processes of selling were tested by actual use in the hands of hundreds of salesmen over a period of years.

The results of the use of these principles by salesmen—many already considered exceptional successes—were unusual and interesting.

Large increases in sales were made by men already highly productive—and new men made good. Sales formerly considered difficult were made relatively easy, by the use of the methods being tested.

This, not in one line, but in the hands of hundreds of salesmen—selling lines ranging from cornplasters to shoes and stoves as well as various forms of service.

In Modern Salesmanship, as the result of twelve years of original research and conscientious work in actual field tests, we offer a proved training of a character which fully measures up to the most rigid requirements from an actual result-producing standpoint.

The *right method* of transmitting information is as important as the correctness of the basic principles themselves.

So, Modern Salesmanship puts the student in the position of working right along with a seasoned sales trainer or coach of wide experience. Through the LaSalle Problem Method, it is made easy to apply—to put into actual sales practice—the methods being acquired. It is practical training every step of the way—involving work which is practically equivalent to spending several months on the road, selling widely variant products and service.

Together with this announcement of the advent of the course, I want to take the opportunity of acknowledging the broad-minded and generous co-operation extended LaSalle, in its research with the executives of the large number of concerns nationally known for their aggressiveness in sales matters.

The attitude of business in general toward the spread of sales knowledge is indicative of the change in commercial affairs in the last decade.

Where "selling ideas" used to be considered as secret sources of private gain, the general feeling in business today is that the organization and dissemination of these "secrets" through authoritative business training channels can result only in the common good.

As this announcement goes to press, reports are coming in from successful salesmen who are increasing their yield through this training—from new men who are entering this attractive field—and from seasoned sales executives who see in this work a sound method of bettering the production of their individual men.

The twelve years spent in building Modern Salesmanship is justified. *It is doing what it was built to do.*

J. H. Hopkins
President
LaSalle Extension University

The Catalog of Modern Salesmanship is now ready and will be forwarded to any one writing for it.

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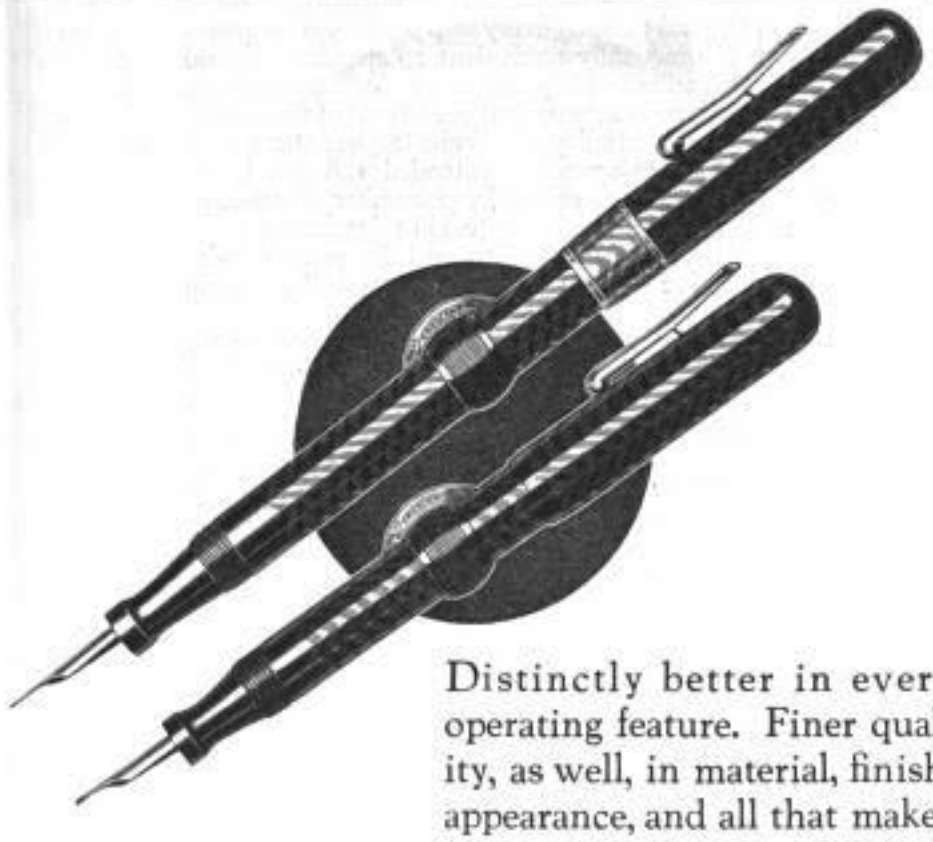
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TUMBLEWEEDS

(Continued from Page 26)

stranger surveyed each new arrival, peering from beneath the brim of his hat while apparently absorbed in his game. Each time the man behind the bar shook his head. When the last of these patrons had departed Carver came in alone.

"A pint bottle of your best beer for me, Jimmy," he greeted, "and another one for you."

As Carver crossed to the bar the proprietor noted that he was not wearing his gun. He had discarded the weapon the day of his return from Oval Springs the preceding fall and had never worn it since. The bartender gazed fixedly at the man at the table, then slowly shook his head again, a signal which Carver could not fail to observe.

Carver accorded the stranger one casual glance. He could see the rump of the horse that stood outside the open rear door. Jimmy spoke to the stranger.

"That fellow Carver you was wanting to see just rode up the street," he said. "He'll likely be in any time now."

The man at the table nodded, frowning slightly at this reference before a third party. Carver turned, apparently noting his presence for the first time.

"Step up," he invited. "I've only time for one; have to be dangling along toward home; but you can linger over yours. Name it."

The stranger was anxious to be rid of him before the man he expected came in, so he moved to the bar in order to hasten proceedings. Jimmy set his drink before him. The man nodded his thanks and remained silent, not desiring to open a conversation lest it should cause his host to alter his decision to depart at once. Jimmy was slouching against the rear of the bar directly across from him, one hand resting on the shelf beneath it as if to support his weight. Carver picked up the pint of beer as if to drink from the bottle; then, as the stranger reached for his drink, Carver swung the heavy bottle by the neck. The man went down as the weapon struck him behind the ear.

"After your opening remarks it looked like the wise thing was to lay him out first and make inquiries later," Carver said as he retrieved the fallen man's gun.

"He was out for you," Jimmy informed. "I don't know why, but maybe you do."

"Not an idea; never laid an eye on him before," Carver asserted.

"He's been waiting two days," Jimmy said. He removed his hand from beneath the bar and exhibited the long-barreled gun. "I had this shoved against the front side of the bar within a foot of his vitals so I could touch it off through the wood in case of a slip. Them's only half-inch boards there in front. You and me has been friends a long time and I was half minded to down him before you showed up; only you can't put a man across just because he's inquiring about a friend, no matter what you suspect about his intentions—not without getting thirty years or else take to the hills. But I was here to see that things came out all right."

"I wonder now," Carver said, looking down at the man on the floor. "I wonder who sent him."

"You knew, didn't you, that Freel has been round collecting evidence against Bart in that Wharton affair?" Jimmy asked. "I've been hearing that for quite a piece back. Folks get to talking over their drinks. Most always they do." He recited a few comments which had come to his ears. "Just thought I'd tell you. If you look under that party's vest you'll find a deputy's badge. That's a hard layout up at the county seat, and you've had words with different heads of the ring, so I gather."

"That clears up the reason for his being here," Carver said. "They sent him. He'd make a clean get-away if he could—flash that deputy's badge if he couldn't, and they'd back him up."

"He don't know that you're Carver," Jimmy said. "I'll bring him round after you leave and explain that you was a friend of Carver's and decided that things wasn't right when I made that incautious remark. That will put me in the clear. I'll announce how he's unsafe in these parts; that you brought in twenty-odd friends to view him laying there, face up, on the floor; that they marked well his features and declared open season on him anywheres in this part of the state. If he believes me he'll high-tail for parts unknown—and if he don't, why, I'll send him there."

Carver rode out to the Half Diamond H and entered the house. When he reappeared he was wearing his gun, and he rode on across the ridge to the Lassiters'. He found Bart seated on the corral bars, his chin propped in his hand as he gazed moodily across a field of ripening grain.

"How long since you indulged in some thoughtless comments about Freel's being mixed up in that Wharton hold-up?" Carver asked.

"Two weeks—maybe three," Bart returned. "He was so satisfied with himself that I just thought I'd tell him."

"And right after that he started connecting you and me up with it," Carver said. "He's been exerting himself to inquire among folks about your horse being found up near where you departed with that old crow-bait you was on when I met you; about that Kansas outfit jumping a wounded outlaw and picking me up instead, and how you turned up on my horse, you being shot in the shoulder."

"Sho!" Bart deprecated. "He couldn't make that stick. You don't imagine, now do you, that Freel's fool enough to have us jailed? Not when I could spill what I know. He wouldn't even consider it."

"That's what he wouldn't!" Carver agreed. "He's just creating a background. We're not slated to languish in jail, you and me. We're marked out for the slaughter."

Bart brightened.

"No!" he exclaimed. "Surely you can't mean that something is going to happen! It will provide me with a fresh interest in life if there's a prospect that I might possibly lose it. And how will all this come to pass?"

"Killed while resisting arrest," Carver stated.

"Sounds reasonable," Bart admitted. "I'll positively guarantee to resist."

"Before you're ever arrested you'll be much too dead to make any protest," Carver predicted. "Freel has planted the idea in folks' minds that before long he'll have to book you and me for that deal. It's been whispered about and they're sort of expecting it. Then some day he'll drag in our corpses and announce that we'd been shot while resisting his efforts to take us."

"Interesting, but only part way convincing," said Bart. "You've neglected to explain how he's to gain possession of our corpses so he can start dragging 'em in. I'll remonstrate with him considerable before I'll let him have mine."

"He won't collect it in person," Carver said.

"Maybe I'm supposed to send it to him," Bart suggested. "But he don't deserve any such favors from me. I consider his scheme a flat failure myself."

"That county-seat aggregation is a hard bunch to go up against, the way they're sitting right now," Carver said. "They've got influence and power behind 'em. This way of eliminating a troublesome party is time-tried and tested. It's found favor with many a sheriff and chief of police before now, and it's an old favorite with Freel."

"Then it appears that the clever thing to do is for us to organize too," Bart volunteered. "You act as the chief and send me out to get Freel. I'll dry-gulch him so far from nowhere that even the coyotes won't find him."

"Some other time," said Carver. "Not now. We could hardly ride into town and murder the mayor and the sheriff all in one day without some sort of excuse. It would create unfavorable comment. This deal down at Alvin bears the brand of Freel's deep-seated planning. It's likely they'll come after us themselves the next time they try it, just so as to give it the earmarks of a lawful attempt to arrest. Meantime we'll have to work up a background of our own. The county seat needs cleaning up wholesale. If a man's going to live anywhere he might as well have decent conditions. Once folks get that in their minds we can defend ourselves and still render a patriotic service to the county as a whole."

"All right," Bart agreed. "After you've unfurled the flag I'll lead the last desperate charge, with the whole county cheering.

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But it still appears to me that it would be simpler for me to lay out behind the hedge somewheres and do a little bushwhacking myself."

"Meantime, just in case Freel sends out another hired killer, I wouldn't lay myself open to any chance stranger that comes dropping along," Carver advised.

"The first stranger that shows up anywhere within three hundred yards goes down in the smoke," Bart assured.

Molly Lassiter came from the house as Carver turned to leave. He did not come often of late, and she walked with him a short distance up the trail.

"We'll start cutting next week," Carver stated. Their talks were largely impersonal these days. "Harvest is crowding close to us now."

"Bart expects to start cutting Monday," she said. "How many bushels do you think your wheat will thresh out?"

"It'll run close to twenty," he estimated. "Maybe more. We ought to get fifteen thousand bushels or better."

"And more next year," she said. "You'll put out more wheat this fall, won't you?"

"Likely," he answered. "I hadn't quite made all my plans for next season."

He had mentioned the fifteen thousand bushels of wheat casually and without elation. It would pay for the new farm machinery with which the Half Diamond H was now stocked, but for which he still owed, leaving him a big margin for future operations. This first year's crop would put him on a solid basis and well on his way toward the maturity of his original plan to buy all the best land in the valley. By the time other homesteaders could prove up on their filings he would be in a position to buy out all who would sell. He had no present need even to avail himself of the assistance which both old Joe Hinman and Nate Younger were anxious to extend. Younger's outfit had been the largest in the unowned lands in the old days, and now Carver was building it up into the largest of the new day that had dawned. He had been top hand for both the Box T and the Half Diamond H under the old régime, a moving spirit among the riders of the Cherokee Strip, and now he had become a leader among the settlers. Both of his old employers, having taken a part in raising him, were duly proud of the fact; theirs still the loyalty that had always prevailed between an owner and the men who rode for his brand. The easy road to success now opened invitingly to Carver, but he found no joy in the prospect. He had worked steadily toward his original aim, but his initial enthusiasm was lacking.

The girl had observed this change and it troubled her. Of late Carver had exhibited a restlessness that was akin to Bart's, and she wondered. He had gone so far. Would he turn back now?

She accompanied him but a short distance and the conversation was confined to impersonal topics. She observed that for the first time in six months he was wearing his gun. As they parted he noted her troubled gaze resting upon it.

"Sho! This?" he said, tapping the weapon. "I someway don't feel dressed up without it. I wear it as an ornament, kind of, the way a girl wears a ribbon," and he moved on up the trail.

A few days later Molly mounted the ridge and watched the start of the harvesting. There was nothing to attract swarms of harvest hands such as crowded into the country farther north where the whole landscape seemed a solid body of wheat. Another year, when the acreage seeded to wheat would be increased fourfold, then they would come. But Carver had found no scarcity of hands to help him harvest his crop. From her point of vantage the girl could see tall-hatted, chaps-clad men toiling in the fields. Later in the season, after the wheat had been stacked, she would see them plowing. They rode their horses out to their work, as they had always done, and left them standing about.

She would see no other harvest such as this. Another season and the wheat fields of the Strip would be invaded by the riffraff that always came south for the harvest and followed it north. Then the tumbleweeds would be gone. Now they had rallied to lend a helping hand to one of their own kind, one man who had understood. And as she watched them toiling at these unfamiliar tasks she experienced a thrill of sympathy for the men who had helped to make homes possible for others and now found no place in the new scheme of things for themselves, for the riders of the waste places had ever been the vanguards of civilization. Fur traders had skimmed the riches of their calling from a vast territory and departed, leaving it no more habitable than before; gold seekers had prospected the hills and passed on, but the cow hands had stayed to make the West habitable for those who should follow. And now that the followers had come there was no further use for the ones who had led the way.

As the summer advanced the girl observed how swiftly the ranks of the grub-liners were depleted as they were forced to realize the fact that spring work would never open up for their sort again. Families of Cherokees still prowled the countryside at will, pitching their tepees along the streams, the squaws begging incessantly from one homestead cabin to the next. The settlers, expecting nothing better from the Indians, were prone to tolerate this sort of nuisance, but looked with increasing disfavor upon the nomadic white riders who drifted about in much the same aimless fashion. Yet they were not parasites, these men, even though the newcomers so viewed them. Rather they came from a proud fraternity. In grub-lining they had been merely following an ancient and respected custom of their kind, and when they now found that this no longer prevailed they desisted.

It was only through Carver's insistence that grub-liners still continued to drop in at the Half Diamond H. Their presence created the one break in the monotony that seemed closing in upon him. He made that clear to each comer and urged each one to return. But another old custom was dying, and the number of grub-line riders who turned up for meals at the Half Diamond H was depleted by half before the summer was ended, as these jobless ones drifted into other lines.

One by one, the girl watched them go, and she wondered how they would fare in these new pursuits which they adopted, not from choice but from necessity. The majority would sink to oblivion, drudging at tasks which they had always despised. But there were some whose names were slated for fame in the annals of this new Southwest.

Carl Mattison was destined to become one of the most-famed marshals of all time. Even now the fame of his reputation as a man hunter was mounting. The name of Crowfoot was slated to become synonymous with prestige and power, linked with perhaps the most impressive fortune in the whole Southwest. There would be many others who would attain high places. Milt Lassiter would create a place in history as one who would defy the law for a dozen years with a price on his head and with every officer in five states desirous of collecting it. And this last-named career was even now exerting its influence on Molly's understanding of the conditions which prevailed in this new land.

In the main the old conventions were respected, old traditions upheld, but modified to fit conditions as they were, not as other communities decreed that they should be. Here actualities were everything, appearances nothing; and there was not yet any rigid adherence to minor banalities that were accepted as eternal verities in older communities where such details were considered the bulwark of smug respectability. Here a man was judged by what he stood for in his present environment, his daily relations with his neighbors, not by what his family had accomplished in generations past, for the past had no part in this new land that lived in the present with an eye to the future. Ex-convicts were making a new start with their families; former wildlings were making good and the rising above past transgressions was considered a cause for congratulation, not one for reproach. Milt Lassiter's ill fame did not react to the detriment of either Bart or the girl, their neighbors valuing the two for themselves alone.

This knowledge brought a new doubt to Molly—a doubt which fostered a certain content. After all, in a land of new standards, was it right that her adherence to a moth-eaten tradition should keep Carver and herself apart? This thought, gradually crystallizing into a conviction, brought with it a measure of comfort; but Carver, not knowing, experienced a daily increase of restlessness and discontent.

Few times when the bunk house held more than three grub-liners, and all too frequently it was unoccupied. Carver found time dragging slowly, and days and

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When your motor car hits a rough spot in the road, the tires and springs absorb this up-and-down shock.

But when you whirl or skid around a corner, there results a *side-strain* which only the wheels can absorb.

Even in straight-ahead driving your wheels drop into ruts and sway against bumps, which deliver a constant series of *side-blows* against the rims.

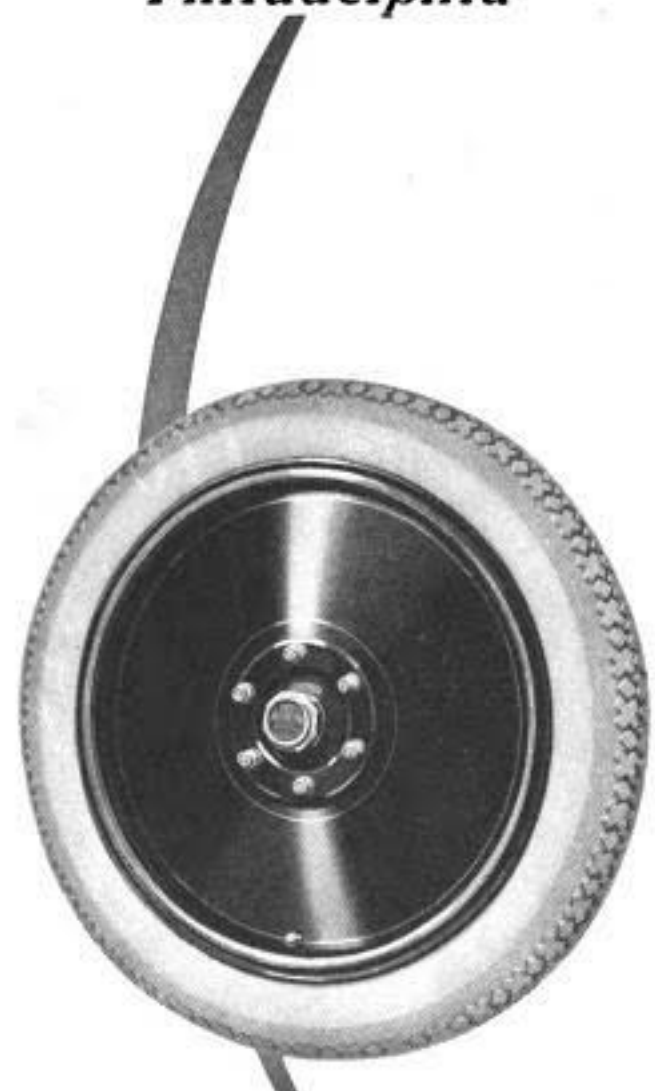
These endless *side-strains* and *side-blows*, when transmitted to the wheel bearings, steering gear and differential, result in serious wear and tear on the car.

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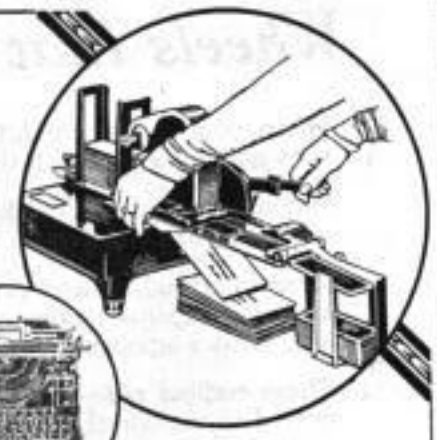


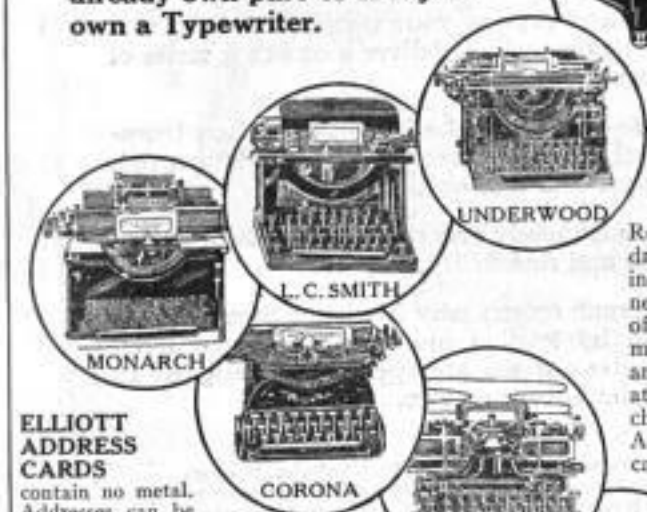
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nights were equally monotonous. He knew that he could sell his holdings for a considerable sum. Should he sell out and migrate to some point where there was still some open range available and buy out a small cow outfit? He debated this problem, but lacked his usual gift of quick decision.

There came a night when several old friends rode up to the bunk house. Joe Hinman and Nate Younger dropped in for one of their frequent overnight visits, and Bart Lassiter came across the ridge. A stud game was in order and Carver rose and went to the house, brought forth a silver dollar and addressed it:

"Little lonely dollar, you was to mount up to a million. You haven't mounted that high yet, but if I'd follow through it's likely you'd attain it. But is that what we're wanting, after all? I'll put you to the test—fair god or false—and let you decide it for me."

He returned to the bunk house and took out a fifty-dollar stack of chips, tossing one red chip back and replacing it with the silver dollar.

Old Joe Hinman regarded the coin that crowned the stack of chips.

"Seems like I've seen that selfsame coin before," he commented. "Surely now, you wouldn't go and risk it! It's led you quite a piece, that dollar has."

"But maybe not in just the right direction," Carver said. His thoughts reverted to the day he had acquired it.

"What depends upon the outcome?" old Joe inquired. "Which way will you leap?"

"Just this one stack," said Carver. "If I double it I stay. If I lose I go. It means the difference between here and somewhere else; pumpkins or tumbleweeds, cows or crops—for one more year."

An hour later he cashed in a double stack and the cards had decreed that he stay for another year. Bart Lassiter leaned back in his chair and grinned sympathetically.

"My year has another six months to run," he said. "I'll be free before you regain your liberty. You'll find me waiting for you somewhere out yonder when your sentence has expired."

XIV

TWO settlers stood in the saloon in Alvin. The proprietor lowered his voice and leaned across the bar.

"Look you, now! There's going to be a killing," he predicted. He jerked a thumb toward the rear door. "Right out there is where he left his horse, and for two days he set there at that table waiting for Carver to come in."

Jimmy had just recited the incident of the stranger's attempt to take Carver unawares, and was now merely adding a few conclusions of his own to lend an air of spice and mystery to the tale.

"He knows too much about folks that are running things in the county seat, Carver does; him and Bart Lassiter," Jimmy stated. "A bartender hears things. Folks get to talking over their drinks. Most always they do. I've heard it said for a positive fact that Bart saw Wellman blow up the bridge out of Oval Springs the night the up passenger was ditched and two men killed. Wellman was sheriff at the time."

It seemed that the two homesteaders had also been hearing things.

"United States mail went up in smoke that night when the mail car burned," said one. "I've heard that Mattison's still making inquiries about that. He never quits, Mattison don't."

"Well, then! And who's the two men that could convict Wellman and get him hung a mile high?" The saloon man pointed out triumphantly. "Who, now? Why, Bart Lassiter and Carver! I'd never want it said that it come from me; it's only between us three. But who is it that knows Freel led the shooting when some of Mattison's men was killed at the same time Wellman was wrecking the bridge? Whoever knew that would be dangerous to Freel, wouldn't he? See how it all works out?"

The two nodded agreement.

"There's a dozen of Carver's close neighbors that swear he was home the whole day of that Wharton business that Freel was trying to connect him up with," one volunteered. "I guess Freel seen it wouldn't do any good to have him put under arrest."

"Arrest! Listen!" and Jimmy leaned farther over the bar. "That was months back. It's no arrest that he wants. Didn't I say there was due to be a killing? He was just paving the way for it. Mark me, now! Some day we all will hear that Carver and Bart has been arrested—dead!" He lowered his voice still farther. "The fellow that left his horse out there while he waited for Carver was wearing a deputy's badge under his vest. But he didn't appear anxious to arrest Carver alive."

Jimmy sighed and passed the two men a drink on the house. Later he would charge that bit of hospitality against the sum Carver had left with him for the purpose.

"Of course I wouldn't want to be quoted," he concluded. "But a bartender hears things. Folks get to talking over their drinks. Most always they do."

It was perhaps the hundredth time he had detailed his conclusions to different customers in the past two months. In various parts of the county others of Carver's friends had been similarly occupied in breathing their suspicions into willing ears. It was being asked why no arrests were made in the county except for minor offenses. The settlers, now since their first crop was harvested and they had more leisure time to devote to affairs outside their own personal labors, were giving thought as to the manner in which the county seat was managed; and their opinions were being furnished ready-made.

A quiet individual turned up in Oval Springs and made a few discreet inquiries, interviewing perhaps a dozen residents of the town, his queries in each case the same. He merely asked if they could state positively that Freel and the Ralstons had been in town on a certain date some months back; and if they were willing to testify that Milt and Noll Lassiter had been held in durance throughout that same day. The date was that of the Wharton hold-up. No man could swear positively to these facts. Whenever some party volunteered the information that he was equally unable to swear to the contrary, the inquirer merely nodded and replied that it would be quite unnecessary. Then, after three days in the county seat, he left town in the night and was seen no more. None had witnessed his departure; he had told no man his business and there was widespread conjecture as to whether or not he was in the employ of the Wharton bank.

He rode up to the Half Diamond H at daylight on the morning after the cards had decreed that Carver should remain for another year. He declined the money which Carver would have given him to cover expenses.

"Just for old time's sake," he said, and rode south to catch a train out of Enid for his home ranch in Texas.

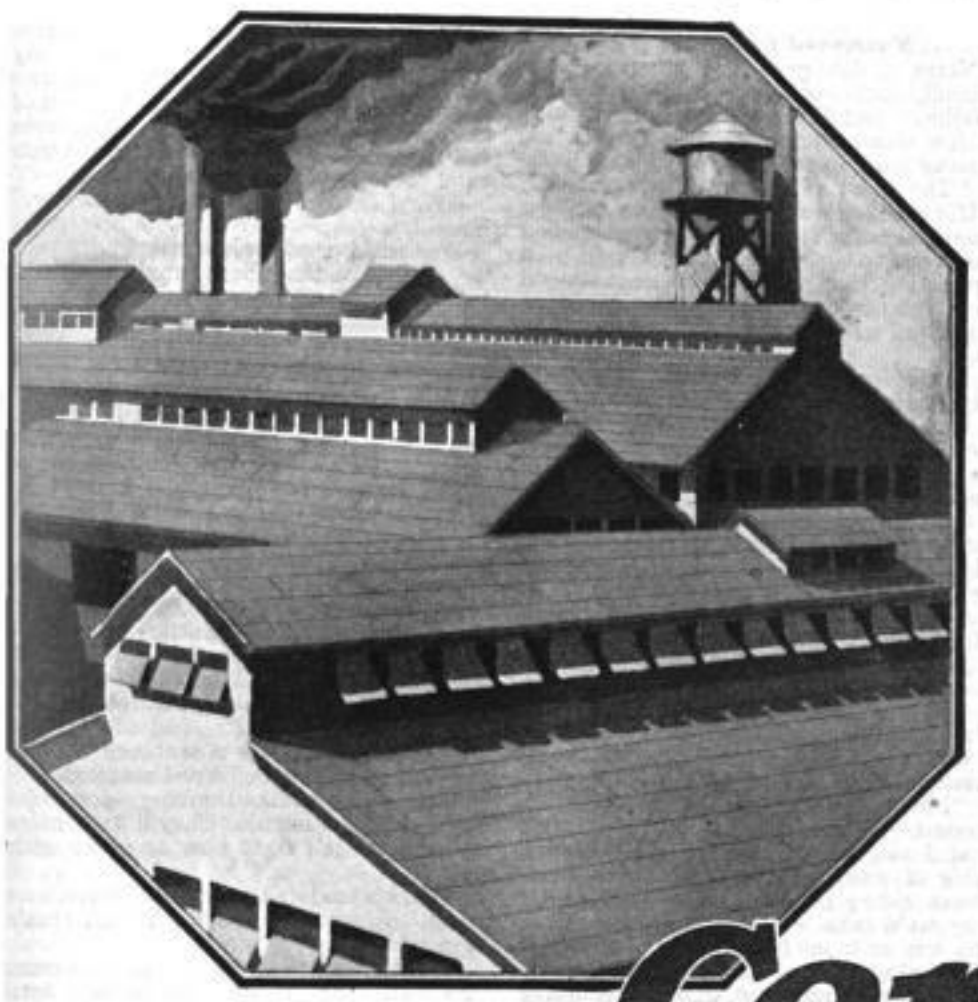
And just across the ridge Bart Lassiter was recounting the outcome of the previous night's poker session to his sister. The girl experienced a queer little pang when she heard that Carver had risked the silver dollar which he had treasured for so long a time. She knew its associations; also that it rested within her power, and hers alone, to reinstate them, vested with all their former meaning. A small thing, perhaps; but relatively unimportant events are frequently more significant than the large and obvious, and this incident in some way served to fix the conviction that had been growing upon her for weeks past. After all, what did anything matter but her own viewpoint and Carver's? But Hinman and Nate Younger were waiting to ride with her to Oval Springs for the first county fair, from which point she would accompany them to Caldwell for a few days before the opening of her school for the fall term. The two old cowmen had planned this trip for weeks and she could not disappoint them now. She would be more sure of herself before the day of her return; would have time in which to determine whether or not the new-found conviction was permanent. And suddenly she knew that she was sure of herself now—very sure; but her two old friends were waiting. She drew Bart aside.

"Tell Don not to risk it again," she said. "I want him to keep it always. Tell him that for me."

And Bart, deciding that his sister's whims had already imposed far too many restrictions upon both his own activities and Carver's, carefully refrained from delivering the message. Instead, he registered a protest when he crossed the ridge to see Carver.

"I'm becoming downright weary of listening to warnings," he fretfully declared.

(Continued on Page 124)



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"Never a day goes by but what some friendly soul drops past to inform me that Wellman and Freel are scheming to play it low down on me. Every man in the county must know it by now."

"The most of them," Carver agreed. "If anything was to happen to us now there'd be five hundred men rise up and point out to their friends that they'd been predicting that very thing; that they'd been telling 'em all along how Wellman and Freel was planning to murder us some night."

"It's nice to know that we'll be vindicated after we're dead," said Bart. "But I was wondering if there maybe wasn't some method by which we could go right on living even if we don't get quite so much credit for our part in the affair. Personally I don't approve of trifling round trying to set the whole county on their trail when one man could terminate their wickedness in two brief seconds."

"But it's paved the way for the clean-up of the county seat," said Carver.

"Let's you and me ride over and clean it up in the old wild way," Bart urged.

"Only we'll let them ride out here," Carver substituted. "That background I was speaking about a while back is all arranged."

"I'm glad you're satisfied with the background," Bart returned. "I still maintain that I ought to secrete myself behind a sprig of scrub oak and wait until Freel comes riding into the foreground. That way we'd take 'em front and rear. But any way suits me if only it happens soon."

"Real soon now," Carver promised. He turned to a grub-liner who was saddling his horse in the corral.

"You'll find Mattison waiting in the hotel at Casa," he informed. "He'll be expecting the message. Tell him just this: That my time has come to deputize him. He'll know what to do. Then you forget it." He turned back to Bart. "Real soon now," he repeated. "That's the chief reason why Hinman and old Nate insisted on taking Molly over to the fair."

The girl was, in all truth, enjoying herself at the fair. It was as old Joe Hinman remarked to a group of friends in the lobby of Wellman's hotel.

"Nate and me are giving the little girl a vacation," he said. "First time she's been away from that homestead overnight since Bart filed on it. She thinks a lot of that little place, Molly does. Even now she won't be persuaded to stay away but one night. We'll take her up to Caldwell this evening to buy a few women's fixings and show her the best time we can, but she'll come traipsing back home tomorrow. Can't keep her away. Carver had to promise to go over and stay all night with Bart so no one could steal that homestead while she's gone."

Nate Younger remarked similarly in Freel's saloon, within earshot of the two Ralstons, who were refreshing themselves at the bar. In fact the two old cowmen mentioned the matter to a number of acquaintances whom they chanced across in a variety of places throughout town, and it was within an hour of noon before they took Molly out to the fair.

The girl found the fair a mixture of the old way and the new. The exhibits were those of the settlers, but the sports and amusements were those of an earlier day, a condition which would prevail for many a year. Every such annual event would witness an increase of agricultural exhibits, fine stock and blooded horses as the country aged; but at fair time, too, the old-time riders of the unowned lands would come into their own again for a single day. Then would bartenders lay aside their white aprons, laborers drop their tools and officers discard their stars, donning instead the regalia of the cowboys. Gaudy shirts and Angora chaps would be resurrected from the depths of ancient war bags. Once more they would jangle boots and spurs and twirl old riatas that had seen long service. The spirit of the old days would prevail for a day and a night, and fair goers would quit the exhibits to watch the bronc fighters ride 'em to a standstill, bulldog Texas longhorns and rope, bust and hog-tie rangy steers; to cheer the relay and the wild-horse races and all the rest of it; then a wild night in town, ponies charging up and down the streets to the accompaniment of shrill cowboy yelps and the occasional crash of a gun fired into the air; then back to the white aprons and the laborers' tools for another year.

The girl and her two old companions spent the day at the fair and in the early evening took a train for Caldwell some two hours before Freel and Wellman rode out of town. The evening's festivities were in full swing and none observed their departure. Freel was nervous and excited.

"We'd better have sent someone else," he said.

Wellman turned on him angrily.

"And have the thing bungled again!" he said. "Damn your roundabout planning and never doing anything yourself! If you hadn't sent that fool over to Alvin without letting me know we'd have had it all over by now. Crowfoot told you we'd have to do it ourselves; so did I. And if you'd only waited we'd have found an opening months back, but that Alvin fake made Carver take cover and he's never give us a chance at him since. We wouldn't even know there was one tonight if those two old fossils hadn't let it out accidental."

"But maybe that talk of theirs was—" Freel began, but his companion interrupted and cut short his complaint.

"We've give Carver time to do just what we was to head him from doing—getting our names linked with every deal we wanted kept quiet."

"He couldn't prove a sentence of it in the next fifteen years," Freel asserted.

"He's started folks thinking—and talking," said Wellman. "They'll talk more every day. It's right now or never with me!"

"But it's too late to make out that it's an arrest," Freel protested, "after all that's been said."

"That's what I know," said Wellman. "So we'll hurry it up and slip back into town. With all that fair crowd milling around, there won't be one man that could testify we'd ever left town; and I can produce several that'll swear positive that we've been there all along."

They rode on in silence, and they had not covered a distance of three miles from town when Mattison rode into the county seat at the head of half a dozen men; men who, incidentally, knew nothing whatever of his mission except that they had been deputized to follow wherever he led. As the marshal entered the outskirts of town a figure detached itself from the shadows. Mattison joined the man, who reported in tones that did not carry to the rest of the posse.

"They've gone," he informed. "I followed Freel every living minute till he and Wellman slipped out of town together a half hour ago."

"Sure they didn't change their plans and come back?" Mattison asked.

"Dead sure!" the man stated positively. "Not a chance!"

Mattison led his men direct to the county jail and left them just outside the office while he entered alone. The two Ralstons occupied the place at the time.

"Where's Freel?" the marshal demanded.

"Couldn't say," one of the deputies answered. "Out around town somewhere, likely." His eyes rested apprehensively on the group of men standing just outside the door. "You wanting to see him?"

"Yes, I was—somewhat," Mattison admitted. "I surmise you all know what about."

The Ralstons denied this.

"We'll go out and look him up," Mattison decided. "You two stay here. I might be wanting to question you later."

But the Ralstons failed to tarry. Within five minutes after the marshal's departure they set forth from town and the county was minus the services of two deputies who neglected even to hand in their resignations before quitting their posts.

A similar scene was enacted at Wellman's hotel. The crowd in the lobby turned suddenly quiet as Mattison led his men in and inquired at the desk for Wellman. The proprietor was not to be found. The county attorney reclined in a chair at one side of the lobby and Mattison crossed over and addressed him.

"Any idea where I could locate Wellman and Freel?" he inquired.

The county attorney moistened his lips and disclaimed all knowledge of their whereabouts. A voice rose from the far end of the lobby, a voice which Mattison recognized as that of the man who had accosted him in the outskirts as he rode into town.

"They got out ahead of you, colonel," the man stated. "Your birds has flown."

"What's that?" Mattison asked, turning to face the informer. "How do you know?"

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"Just by sheer accident," the man reported. "I see one party holding two horses just outside of town. Another man joined him afoot. One of 'em touched off a smoke, and in the flare of the match I made out that they was Wellman and Freel. They rode west."

"That's downright unfortunate," Mattison said. "But it don't matter much. I was only wanting to see them to gather a little information they might be able to give. Another time will do just as well."

He turned and stared absently at the county attorney, and that gentleman's florid countenance turned a shade lighter.

"Don't matter," the marshal repeated, rousing from his seeming abstraction. "Nothing of any importance."

He led his men from the lobby and rode west out of town. And out in the country toward which he was heading were Carver and Bart Lassiter, both prone in the grass a few yards apart and as many from Bart's homestead cabin.

"This is growing real tedious," Bart stated. "Whatever leads you to suspect that they're due to pay their call on just this particular night?"

"They won't if you keep on talking," Carver returned. "If you keep quiet they might."

Bart lapsed into silence. He had already spent a long hour in his present location and would have preferred to be up and stirring about. Another twenty minutes dragged by, and he was on the point of addressing Carver again, when his intended utterance was cut short by a slight sound close at hand. Five more interminable minutes passed and he heard a single soft footfall a few feet away.

Two dim figures approached the house and slipped silently to the door. The night was so black that they seemed but two wavering patches that merged with the surrounding obscurity. One tested the latch and the door opened on noiseless hinges. For a space both men stood there and listened. Then one entered, while the other remained at the door.

Carver spoke.

"What was you expecting to locate in there?" he asked softly.

The man in the door whirled and fired at the sound of his voice, the flash of his gun a crimson streak in the velvet black of the night. Carver shot back at the flash and Bart's gun chimed with the report of his own. There was a second flash from the doorway; but this time the crimson spurt leaped skyward, for the shot was fired as the man sagged and fell backward. There was a splintering crash of breaking glass as the man inside cleared a window on the far side of the house. Bart shot twice at the dim figure that moved through the night, then rose to his feet intent upon following, but Carver restrained him.

"Let him go!" he ordered. "One's enough!"

"But just why should I let Freel get away?" he demanded, pulling back from the detaining hand which Carver had clamped on his shoulder.

"It's Wellman. Freel's there by the door," Carver said.

"How can you tell? It's too black to see," Bart insisted.

"Wellman would be the one to go in. Freel would be the one to hang back," Carver said. "That's why I planned for you and me to stay outside in the grass instead of waiting inside. Wellman and me used to be friends—likely would be still if it wasn't for Freel. It makes a difference, someway. Wellman's harmless to us from now on, outlawed for this night's business. He'll be riding the hills with the wild bunch till someone comes bringing him in."

He stopped speaking to listen to the thud of many hoofs pounding down the trail from the ridge.

"Now I wonder who that will be," he speculated.

"You know now," Bart accused. "You always know. Whoever it is didn't come without you had it planned in advance. But I'll never tell what I think."

"No, I wouldn't," Carver advised.

Mattison reached the foot of the trail with his men.

"What's up?" he inquired. "We'd just stopped at the Half Diamond H to ask you to put us up for the night. Nobody home. I thought I might find you here, so we'd just started over when all that shooting set in and we hustled along. You two out hunting for owls?"

"Yes," Carver said. "There's one by the door. The other one flew out the window. Bart and I was reclining out here in the grass, talking things over, when the pair of them eased up to the door and one slipped on in. I asked how about it, and the man on the door started to shoot. Then we did some shooting ourselves. The party there by the door is our amiable sheriff."

"Then the one that got off is Wellman," one of the posse spoke up. "Right from the first shot I guessed it. I've heard it whispered round that they was planning to get you, and when the ruckus broke I was looking to find you two dead when we got here. I'm glad they got it instead. That whole county-seat bunch needs cleaning out."

There was a chorus of assent from the posse, and under its cover Carver murmured to Bart.

"So much for background," he said.

"It's a right queer bit of business for them two to be at," Mattison stated. "I'll have to put off gathering that information from Freel. You'd better saddle up and ride on into town with me, Carver, and we'll report this affair to the county attorney. You boys bring Freel in with you. He's likely got a horse tied round somewheres close. Scout around till you find him. Yes, we've been needing a change of officials at the county seat for some time and it does look like the alteration has been effected tonight."

Carver rode off with the marshal.

"Thanks for going to all that bother," Carver said. "I'm indebted a lot."

"It just evens that score," said the marshal. "And the whole thing worked out nice. It'll make a clean sweep in Oval Springs. Wellman won't show up any more. I'll venture to predict that the two Ralstons will have vanished from these parts before morning, and the county attorney is scared into a state of palpitation right now. He'll attend to all the necessary formalities to see that you're given honorable mention instead of a trial."

"Then after we've finished with him I'll take the night train for Caldwell and loaf around a few days," Carver announced. "I haven't traveled to any extent for some time."

It was nearly morning when the train pulled into Caldwell.

"No use to go to bed now," Carver decided. "I'll find some of the boys and set up."

The Silver Dollar, now conducted in the rear of a cigar store which had been fashioned across the front of the building since the old wide-open days had become a thing of the past in Caldwell, was still operated as an all-night place of amusement. But Carver found that its grandeur had vanished; the whole atmosphere of the place



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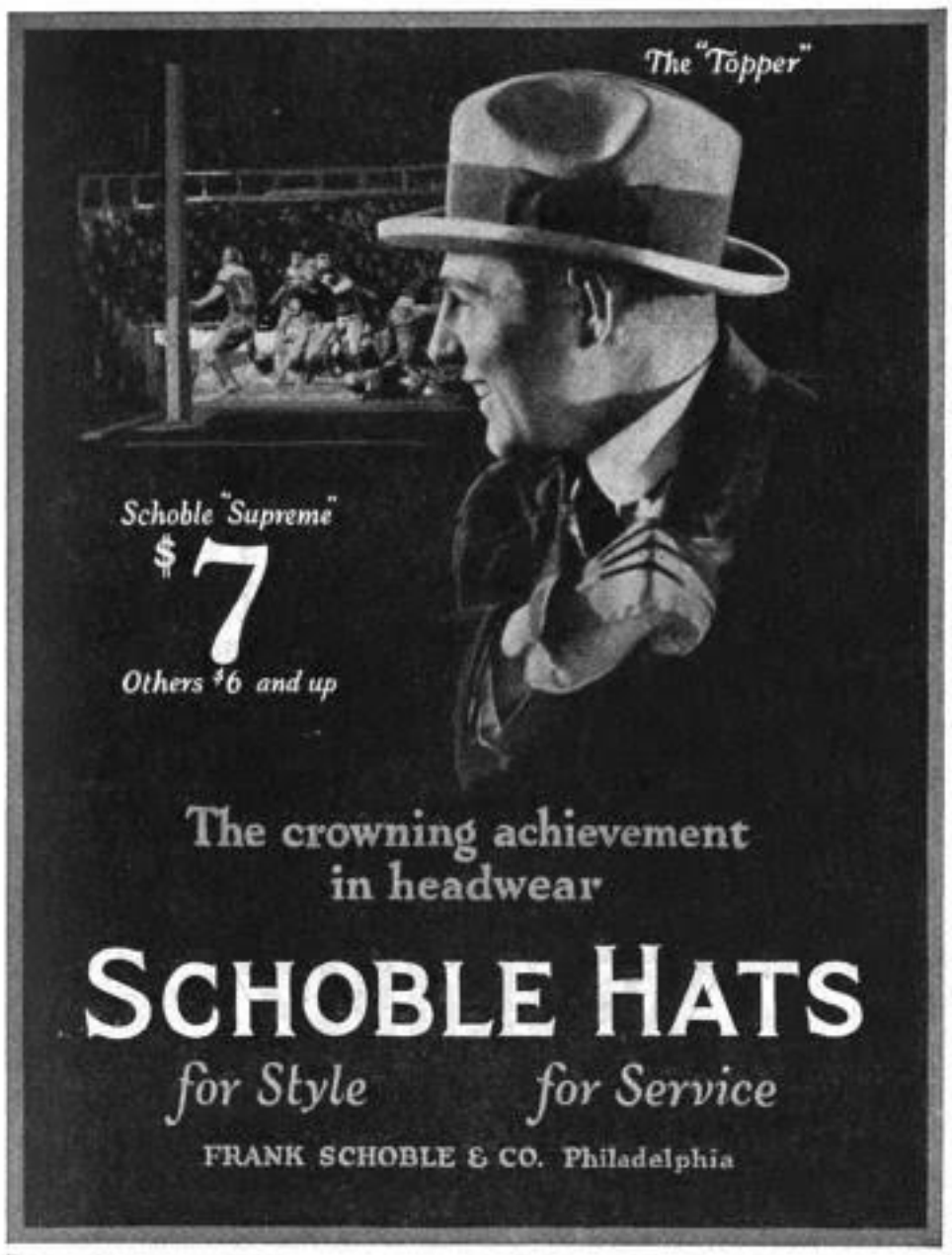
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Reznor Mfg. Co.
10 Main St., Mercer, Pa.



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was different. There were a dozen men in the place, but of them all Carver saw not one of the riders that had been wont to forgather here. He drew a tarnished silver coin from his pocket.

"Here's where I got you and right here is where I leave you," he said. "You've sewed me up for one year now and I'm about to get shut of you before you cinch me for another. We'll spend you for a drink to the boys that used to gather here. Back to your namesake, little silver dollar!"

As he crossed to the bar he glanced at the swinging side door that led into the adjoining restaurant. It opened and the girl stood there, motioning him to join her. He followed her outside. Two horses stood at a hitch rail down the street.

"Come on, Don; we're going home," she said. Then, as he seemed not quite to understand: "Didn't Bart tell you?"

"No," he said. "Whatever it was, Bart didn't tell me."

"Then I'll tell you myself on the way home," she promised.

She linked an arm through his and moved toward the two horses at the hitch rail.

"Tell me now," he insisted, halting and swinging her round to face him. "You can't mean—but I must be reading my signs wrong, someway."

"You're reading them right," she corrected. "All those outside things don't matter. I know that now. We're going home, Don, just you and me. That's all that counts."

He had a swift, uneasy vision of the occurrences of the night just past.

"But you haven't heard ——"

"Oh, yes, I've heard," she interrupted. "The news was telephoned up here and was spread all over Caldwell before you even took the train from Oval Springs. That doesn't matter, either. Hinman phoned to Mattison at the hotel and found that you were coming. That's how I knew and why I was waiting up. I've rented those two horses so we could ride instead of taking a train to Oval Springs. I'd rather. Wouldn't you?"

"We'll start in just one minute, honey," he said. "But first ——"

She looked the length of the street and nodded, for there was no one abroad.

Some miles out of Caldwell the girl pulled up her horse where the road crossed the point of a hill.

"You remember?" she asked.

"I won't forget," he said.

For it was from this same point that they had watched the last of the herds of the big cow outfits held in the quarantine belt awaiting shipment, the riders guarding them; the trail herds moving up from the south, while over across had been that solid line of camps where the settlers were waiting to come in.

"We saw the sun set on the old days here," she said. "Let's watch it rise on the new."

For as far as they could see the lights were flashing from the windows of early-rising settlers. A boy was calling his cows. A rooster crowed triumphant greeting to the red-gray streaks that were showing in the east. There came a flapping of wings as a flock of turkeys descended from their perch on the ridgepole of a barn, then their querulous yelping as the big birds prospected for food in the barn lot.

"It's different," he said.

Then, from the road below them, came the clatter of hoofs and riotous voices raised in song; a few wild whoops and a gun fired in the air.

"The last few of the tumbleweeds, rattling their dry bones to impress the pumpkin," Carver said.

The words of the song drifted to them:

I'm a wild, wild rider
And an awful mean fighter;
I'm a rough, tough, callous son of a gun,
I murder some folks quick
And I kill off others slow;
It's the only way I ever take my fun.

The girl's thoughts drifted back to the big Texan who had led the stampede and then presented his claim to another. She leaned over and rested a hand on Carver's arm.

"I'm so happy right now, Don," she said. "But so terribly sorry for the tumbleweeds that have been crowded out."

(THE END)

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(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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Dramatized Facts out of The Day's Work

No. 16

All of the incidents depicted in this advertisement are facts—facts gleaned from the daily work of Grinnell engineers, salesmen and artisans. If you are really curious to know how we solved this special problem write to Mr. Cannon of the Cannon Mfg. Co., Kannapolis, N. C., or drop us a line. We shall be glad to answer your request.



Suddenly the new engineer grabbed his employer's hand.
"There's our best bet," he cried.
His eye had caught these words:

"If it's Industrial Piping—"

"THE whole success of our new dyeing process hinges on those pipe joints," rasped the President. "Your job is to find a way to make the dye plant pipe line stand the gaff. I've fired two men on account of it. Tim Sheehan said brass pipe, but a trial showed that it did not suit our peculiar requirements. Then Robertson recommended steel pipe, lead lined——"

"That stood up," broke in the new engineer.

"Bah! The pipe did, but the fittings were pitted in no time and I wasted a few more thousands on repairs and repeated shut-downs. I'm sick of it. I buy the rights to a great process and you plant engineers can't harness it. I'm through spending my money on a lot of half-baked ideas——"

"Lead line the fittings," interrupted the new engineer.

"That's what that piping contractor proposed and it cost me good money to find out how quick it took acid to eat the threads out. They couldn't be leaded." The President gazed hopelessly at the ceiling as he nervously thumbed the pages of a magazine on the table.

Suddenly the new engineer grabbed his employer's hand. His eye had caught these words at the bottom of one of the carelessly turned pages:

If it's Industrial Piping, take it up with us

"There's our best bet," he cried eagerly. "If it's Industrial Piping—call in Grinnell Company. Ours is Industrial Piping——"

"Why, they're sprinkler people," objected the President.

"They did all the heating, power, process piping and humidifying work at the mill I just left," countered the engineer, "and a new sizing system besides. I never saw such piping work. I'll bet they can do this, too."

"Do anything you please," said the President, "but remember, we want the right answer, want it quick, and no more guesswork."

* * * *

"Let us do the worrying from now on," said the Grinnell representative a month later when, with laboratory tests completed, he handed across the table his contract with its guarantee clause and full specifications.

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* * * *

IF you are really curious to know how we solved this special problem write to Mr. Cannon of the Cannon Mfg. Co., Kannapolis, N. C., or drop us a line. When you write, also ask to have the Grinnell Industrial Piping Bulletin sent to you regularly. Address Grinnell Company, Inc., 302 West Exchange Street, Providence, R. I.

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In the new *Bee-Vac* our engineers have evolved a cleaner which takes full advantage of the powerful suction developed by its sturdy motor. It literally digs out embedded dirt. In this new design the suction nozzle has no obstructions of any kind. Instead, we have perfected an ingenious outside brush which swings back out of the way when not needed. Being non-detachable, it cannot be mislaid.

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FREE *Bed-time Jingles for Children*

Send for your FREE copy of "Little Frisky Speck O'Dirt." The perilous adventures of "Frisky," as told in clever verse and illustrated in colors, will interest you and amuse the kiddies. Also, this attractive book will tell you more about the new *Bee-Vac*. Be sure to write for it today.



This phantom view shows how the new BEE-VAC brush is swung back out of use when you wish to clean by suction only. No other cleaner has this feature.



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For your good health
Eat milk!

OUR United States is a land of plenty—and yet from three to five million American children *of school age* are undernourished. Many grown people likewise suffer from an unconscious lack of really nourishing food. And many of them come from average, well-to-do families.

No person who has plenty of milk in his diet can suffer from undernourishment. Drink milk! If you don't like to drink it, *eat it!* Actually about three-fourths of the dishes you eat should contain milk. It's the milk solids that count, and cooked dishes made with milk contain these milk solids.

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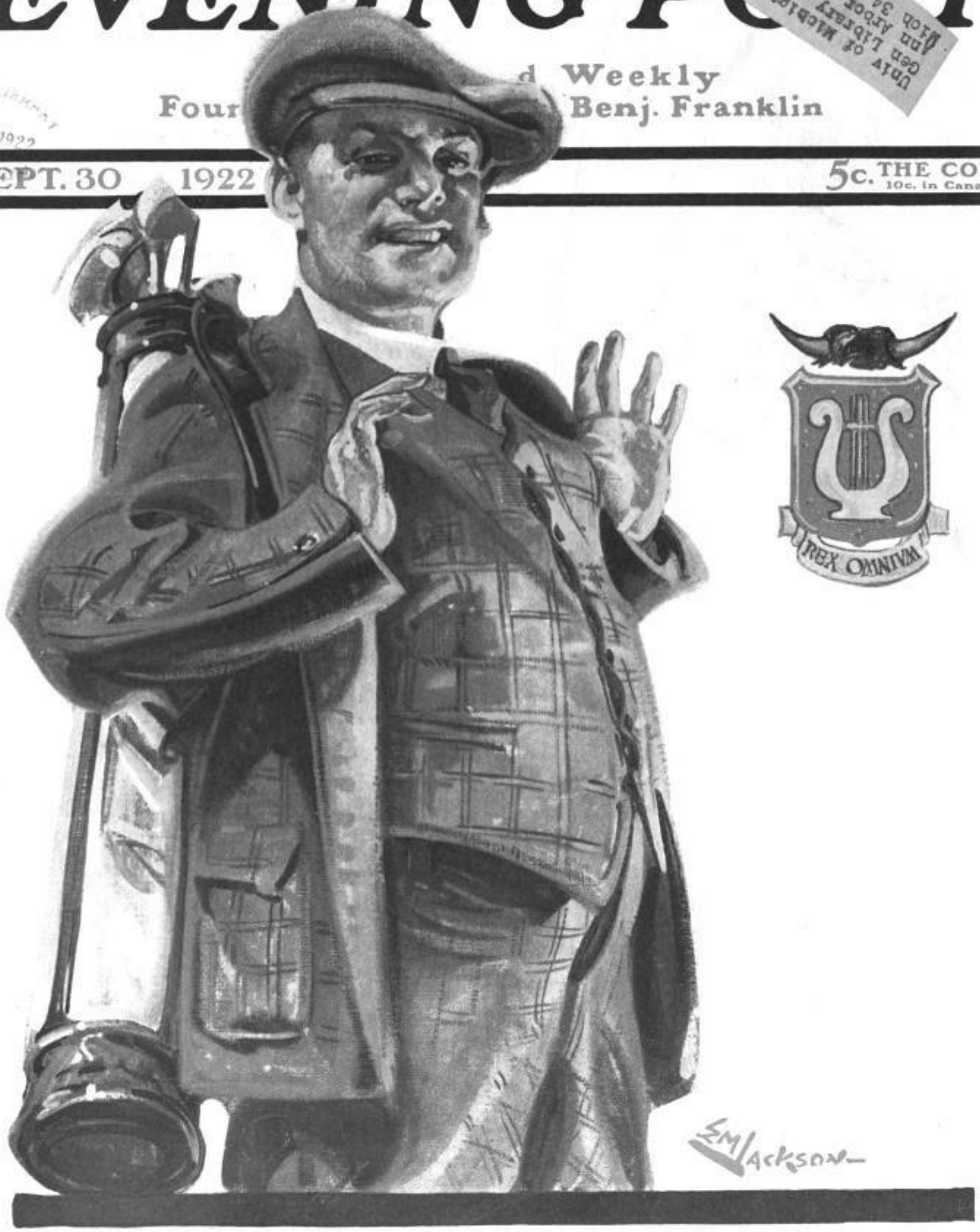
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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

d Weekly
Four Benj. Franklin

SEPT. 30 1922

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Now to brighten up after dusty summer!

Winter ahead!

Down with curtains, off with slip-covers and bed-spreads, up with rugs!

And—

"Good morning, Mr. Robinson. Please send me a half dozen cakes of Ivory Soap, laundry size, right away."

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BACKBONE

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

ON A NIGHT in May in the year 1920 Doc contrived a series of four exploits. Of these one was criminal, one was reprehensible, one was wasteful, and one, if left standing alone on its own legs, was merely commercial. Lest there be confusion, it should be fixed firmly in mind that Doc and the doctor are two separate and exceedingly distinct individuals, though both ply the same trade in the village of St. Croix.

The titles go far to indicate the estimation in which the populace holds the individuals.

The character of none of the exploits performed by Doc on that evening need give rise to astonishment—only the fact that there were four of them, all accomplished between sundown and sunup. For Doc was not an industrious man. Once during his life he had relapsed into industry for a term, and that was when he converted the courtesy title of Doc—bestowed upon him as the village's sole veterinary—into a veritable M.D. As for the doctor, one might believe he had been born a physician.

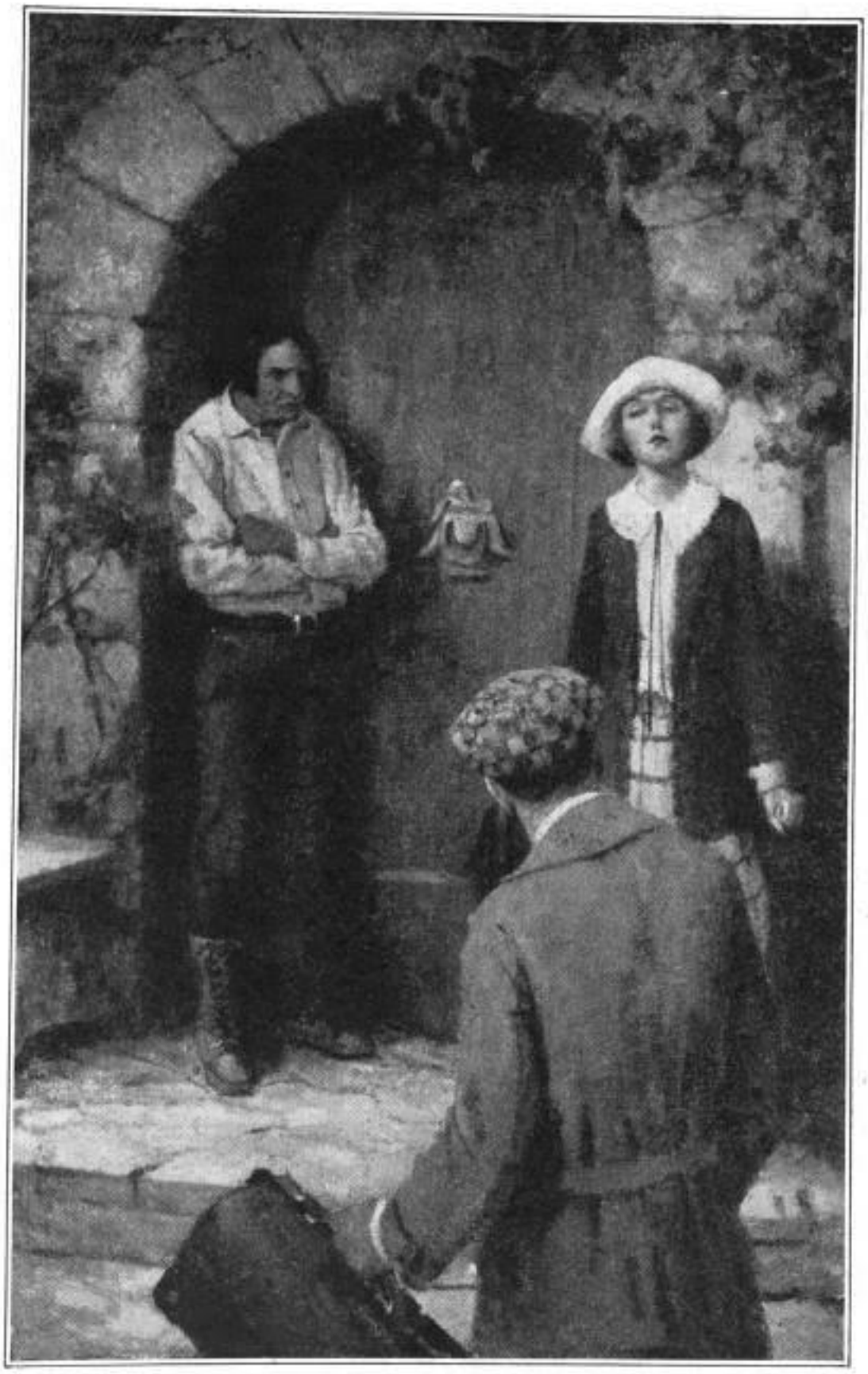
Doc's last or family name was Roper—an excellent name for a veterinary, but not so fitting for a genuine medical practitioner as Æsculapius or Jenkins—or Maynard, which was the name of his rival.

Taken in the order of their reprehensibility the four exploits were as follows: He purchased forty feet of old rope; he buried a pair of shoes; he caused to be turned in an alarm of fire; and lastly, he stole a shovel. Doc so contrived these exploits that no one of the four of them was aware of the existence of the three others; and also—or so he hoped—so that nobody in the world was aware of any of them excepting of the innocent purchase of old rope.

He bought the rope in the hardware store early in the evening and, with his arm through the coil of it, stepped out upon the street. Under the shadow of the awning he discovered a tiny figure, which might have been that of a child, but was in reality the person of Colonel Tip. The Colonel stood a full two feet six inches in his stockinged feet, and had been famous as the leading man in a company of Lilliputians until a desire for ease and the possession of a competency urged him to retire from public life. He therefore settled in St. Croix, his birthplace, with a satisfying balance in the bank, manners acquired by observing the crowned heads of Europe, and a sound appreciation of good tailoring. Now he observed Doc Roper and the article carried over his arm. He cleared his throat.

"I trust," he said in his somewhat reedy voice, "that you have at last seen the advisability of hanging yourself." Which is some indication of the state of the colonel's affections with respect to Doc.

The *ci-devant* veterinary attempted no rejoinder, but lifted his heavy body into his buggy and drove down the muddy street. He turned to the right, toward the railroad, then circled to the left, across the river and around the huge De Marsay Mills and the



"What Does This Mean?" She Demanded. "Who Is This Man?"

slanting towers of drying pine and spruce which surrounded them. He was a man in whom conversation dried up and perished before it reached his lips; therefore he addressed to his horse only such words as were calculated for its instruction or to remind the creature in what low esteem he held it as a piece of horseflesh. Half an hour's drive carried Doc to a spot he might have reached directly in five minutes. It was a low spot, and the young spruces grew thickly to the very roadside. On the hill above him bulked the four-turreted mass of Château de Marsay, built and occupied by old André de Marsay in a not unsuccessful effort to reproduce in that environment the thing his imagination craved.

Doc Roper stood up in his buggy to peer about with sluggish eyes. He was alone. Having assured his apprehensions of this he lifted the coil of rope, peered at it with a dull stubborn curiosity, and tossed it into the bushes toward the château. This done, and a moment consumed in noting the spot on which it fell, he reseated himself, spoke briefly to his horse and jogged along the uneven road.

Some twenty minutes later he hitched his horse to the fence of a patient and entered the house to bestow the boon of certain dark egg-shaped pills which experience had instructed him were sovereign remedy for numerous complaints, and which, failing to benefit, at least worked no harm. Having thus established his presence in this locality by credible witnesses he issued from the house by the side door. It was at this time he committed the theft of the shovel. It leaned conveniently against the house, and Doc's hand closed over its shaft. He held it close to his body for purposes of concealment, and on reaching his buggy stowed it away in the bottom under the seat and covered it with a robe.

He drove to his house now, which was also his office, and there he found waiting for him a shock-headed, watery-eyed individual whom he addressed as Jim. It seemed Jim was pestered with chills. It was an ailment Doc was competent to treat on the spot, and he did so with repeated doses from a quart bottle, to the end that Jim quite forgot his chills in a mellow light of intoxication. In fact, Jim became lively, cheerful and desirous of high adventure.

"Le's take walk," said Jim, "and see if we can't start fight."

This suggestion fitted snugly into Doc's evening, and the pair left the house together. They walked, under Doc's guidance, to a corner of the public common, where, suspended between two posts, was a great iron tire and a bar of iron. It was a device capable of strident clamor in the emergency of fire. Doc called attention to it.

"Makes a devilish noise," he said.

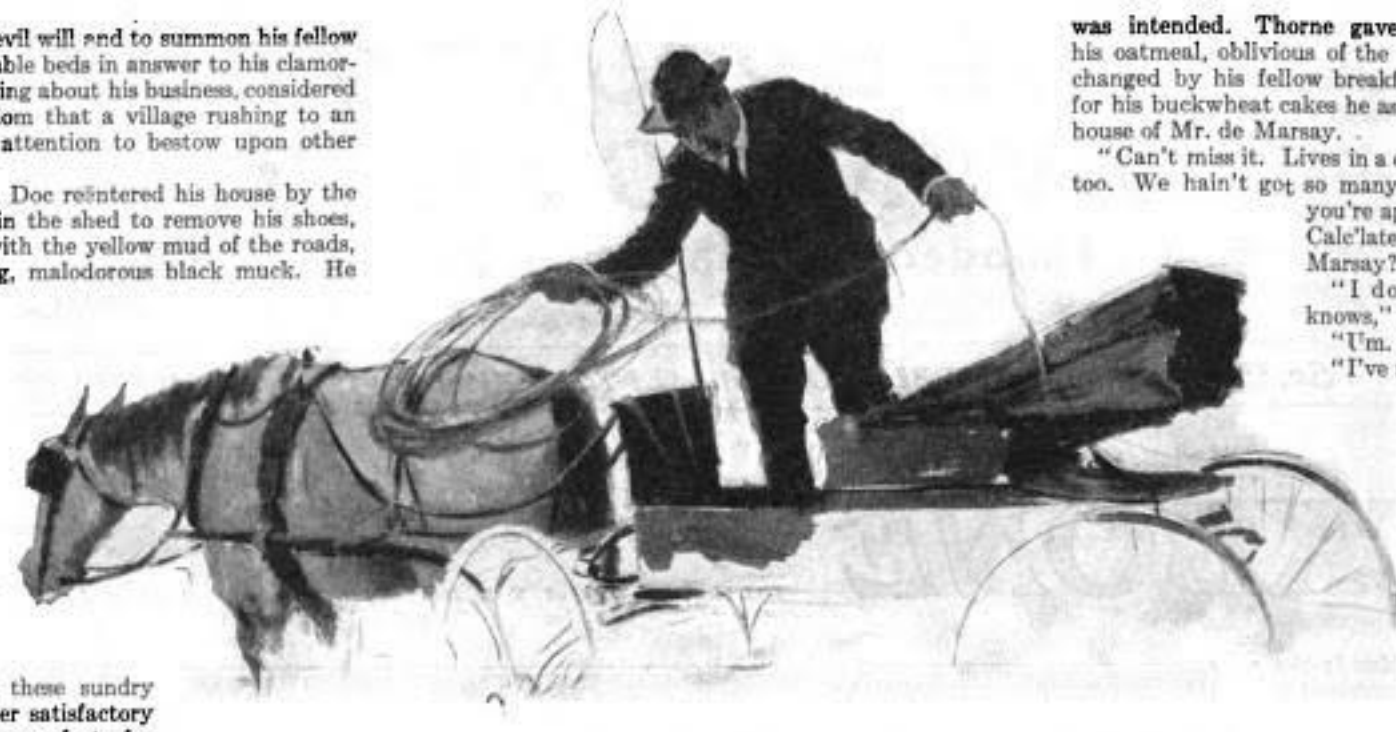
"Like devilish noises," responded Jim. "Lemme at it. Give it devilish hammerin'."

Jim crossed the street, seized the bar and smote the tire. Before the reverberations of that first blow merged into the second stroke Doc absented himself from that place,

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leaving Jim to work his evil will and to summon his fellow townsmen from comfortable beds in answer to his clamorous alarum. Doc, hastening about his business, considered with satisfaction the axiom that a village rushing to an alarm of fire has scant attention to bestow upon other matters.

It was midnight when Doc reëntered his house by the back door. He tarried in the shed to remove his shoes, which were caked, not with the yellow mud of the roads, but with sticky, clinging, malodorous black muck. He endeavored to scrape them clean with a stick, but saw the futility of it. Therefore he swept up carefully such of the muck as had fallen on the floor, wrapped it and the shoes in a newspaper, put on his rubber boots, and with another shovel than the one he had stolen he buried the package in his turnip bed.



Doc Roper Stood Up in His Buggy to Peer About With Sluggish Eyes. He Was Alone

Having accomplished these sundry exploits, and in a manner satisfactory to himself, he sought the comfort of a cigar and a glass of liquor before retiring. There was none to interfere with this mild pleasure, for Doc was a widower and childless. He leaned back in his rocking-chair, stretched his stockinged feet for comfort and studied the future.

While Doc Roper sat thus imagining a vain thing, Colonel Tip walked pompously up and down the worn floor of the office of the hotel, smoking a cigar of such magnitude that the mere handling of it was a feat of strength. A four-and-a-half-inch cigar is to a man thirty inches tall as a ten-and-a-fifth-inch cigar would be to a man of five feet eight inches. He was concerned with the present.

Anthony Bracken, brother of old André de Marsay's second wife, lay restless in his bed considering the future with apprehension.

Yvonne de Marsay lay upon the softest of feather beds in the Hotel Chapeau Rouge in Dijon, hard by the ancient palace of the dukes of Burgundy, and so gracious was her sleep that not even a dream ventured to disturb it. No skeptical host had secreted a pea beneath her mattress to test if she were a real princess, for no host could endure the loveliness of her violet eyes, her piquant face, her proud youthful slenderness, and refuse to be convinced that she was fairly entitled to be a princess whether she were one or not.

And finally John Thorne, being then in the twenty-fifth year of his age, approached the village of St. Croix in a hired automobile to seek his fortune—and a certain other object. It was because of the age and disrepair of the vehicle's tires that John was arriving at so unseasonable an hour.

The light in Doc Roper's window, being the only visible sign of life in St. Croix, is to be thanked for a meeting between these two men, which otherwise might not have taken place for some time.

John Thorne alighted from his car and rapped at the door. Doc, aroused from dreams of ease and pleasant dalliance in some more clement region, answered the summons with impatience.

"Will you be so good," said John Thorne, "as to direct me to a hotel?"

"Three squares straight ahead, two to the left," said Doc Roper morosely, and shut the door in the young man's face.

Young Thorne followed these succinct directions meticulously, for his strong young body was demanding sleep. At the hitching block of the hotel he dismissed the hired car, paid its driver, and carried a large kit bag into the office.

Its sole occupant was Colonel Tip, upon whom the young man looked with some astonishment.

"Good evening," he said.

Colonel Tip glanced at the clock. "Good morning," he said in the tone one makes use of to correct a child.

"I accept the amendment. Are you the proprietor?"

"I, sir, am Colonel Tip. The proprietor is asleep."

"In that event how does one go about it to get a bed?"

"There's nobody in Room One Thousand Six," said Colonel Tip.

"One Thousand Six!" The young man permitted surprise to appear in his voice.

"A man can number rooms in his hotel the way he wants to," said Colonel Tip.

"Certainly."

"It was done," said the colonel, "to please me."

"Indeed?"

"I have been accustomed to huge hotels—in every civilized country on the globe. When I go to my room, which is Number Two Thousand and Eight, I feel at home. I could never accustom myself to sleeping in Room Eight. Drummer? What's your line?"

"I'm not a drummer," said Thorne.

"Um."

"I am now," said Thorne, "a permanent part of the population of this village."

Colonel Tip lifted himself on his toes, tilted his hat to the back of his head and scrutinized Thorne as if he were some strange creature hitherto unclassified by science.

"Permanent?" he demanded.

"Permanent," said Thorne.

Colonel Tip's hand went to his vest pocket; it drew forth the twin of the cigar he was smoking and tendered it to the young man.

"Smoke!" he said graciously.

And such was John Thorne's welcome to the village of St. Croix.

II

COLONEL TIP had advertised the advent of a permanent resident, in consequence of which John Thorne discovered himself to be regarded with peculiar interest when he entered the dining room next morning. The regulars, of whom there were half a dozen, craned their necks to scrutinize a young man who was an inch better than six feet without his shoes, but who did not look his size because of admirable proportions. His hair was the kind that threatens to become red without ever actually accomplishing it. His face was not handsome, nor was it so homely as to be fascinating. It erred a trifle on the side of gravity. There was nothing roguish about it. Pop Peake, proprietor of the hotel, leaned forward and whispered to Colonel Tip that the newcomer was a sober-lookin' coot. There was disappointment in this observation, for Pop reveled in humor, particularly of the commercial-traveler brand.

"Set right here," Pop called, kicking out a chair at his table. "Fust course is your choice of oatmeal. Second course, any kind of buckwheat flapjacks with sirup. Eggs to order if the hens wa'n't practicin' equal suffrage yestiddy."

"Thank you," said Thorne, who settled into the chair after nodding to the other breakfasters.

"Er—if you'd signed the register," said Pop, "what name would you of wrote?"

"John Thorne."

"Good plain name," said Pop.

"It wouldn't make any difference," said John seriously, "if you were to call baked beans chocolate blanc mange. They'd still be beans."

Pop thought this over briefly and then smote the table mightily. "B'gosh!" he exclaimed admiringly. "Often git off things like that?"

"Why," said Thorne with some perplexity, "I'm sure I don't know. It just seemed to fit in."

"The colonel here says you aim to be permanent."

"I aim," said John, "but I don't always hit."

Pop was delighted. Here was someone worth listening to. The best of it was the young feller didn't seem to know he was getting off things. Just popped 'em out without thinkin'.

"What's your line of business?" he asked.

"Know anything about bees?" Thorne countered.

"Bees? You come to the right store. Kep' 'em all my life. Know 'em from A to Izzard."

"You never found out about them by asking a bee, did you? You learned by watching them."

This was not offered as a rebuff. Indeed it was said very courteously and with an admirable sobriety. Nobody could take offense when it was so patent nothing offensive was intended. Thorne gave undivided attention to his oatmeal, oblivious of the grimaces and glances exchanged by his fellow breakfasters. While he waited for his buckwheat cakes he asked to be directed to the house of Mr. de Marsay.

"Can't miss it. Lives in a castle that he calls a house too. We hain't got so many castles hereabouts that you're apt to go to the wrong one. Calc'late to go to work for De Marsay?"

"I don't think either of us knows," said Thorne.

"Um. Know De Marsay?"

"I've never seen him."

"Didn't figger you did or you wouldn't have said 'either of us.' There hain't no 'either' when De Marsay's in the talk. There's jest him."

While John Thorne was discovering what buckwheat cakes can be when issuing from the hand of an artist, Colonel Tip assumed the conversational baton and led the orchestra.

"I had high hopes last night," he said, turning in his high chair and fixing one after another of his auditors with a Daniel Webster sort of frown. "Ahem. Saw Doc buy him a length of old rope."

"Must 'a' changed his mind after he got it over the limb," said Pop, "'cause I seen him this mornin'."

"He is the kind of man," said the colonel, "who wouldn't buy new rope to hang himself. If he was going to take poison he'd wait for a sale of Paris green."

That was that, as natives of St. Croix would put it. It was a well-rounded conversational incident, complete and perfect of its kind. Nowhere in the world has conversation as conversation been lifted to a higher, more artistic perfection than in the Northern New England villages, of which St. Croix is a satisfactory example.

"I hear tell," offered the stage driver, Peddy by name, "that ol' De Marsay's granddaughter's about due to be headin' home from furrin parts."

"Been gone more'n a year," contributed Pop reflectively. "Bet she made them kings and queens step around some. Kind of figgered mebby she'd marry her the Prince of Wales and fetch him back home."

"Nothin' too good f'r a De Marsay," said Peddy as if quoting.

"A beautiful girl," said Colonel Tip, speaking as a man of the world and an accepted *arbiter elegantiarum*—a lion Petronius. "A lovely girl."

"'Tain't her fault, I calc'late, if the ol' man's taught her the De Marsays hain't made of meat and bone like ord'nary folks," said Pop charitably.

During this exchange John Thorne had forgone the delights of buckwheat to listen. His eyes illuminated themselves so that they seemed almost out of place in his grave, rather heavy face. It was like encountering a romantic passage in a treatise on paleolithic architecture. He arose, pushing back his chair.

"I expect a trunk by express today," he said, "and I'd like to make arrangements to keep my room for the time being."

"Go to the corner and turn to the right—if you're headin' for the castle," said Pop.

Presently John Thorne stepped out into his first day in St. Croix. It was a proper day, lavish with May sunshine and the music of dickey birds. The encircling hills, alternating forest and farmland, seemed a barrier erected for the purpose of containing St. Croix—not of shutting it in, but of shutting out the rest of the continent. He could hear the river making haste over its stony bed. He could see the white houses of the village, scattered like clean sheep in a pasture. His thought was that he stood in a miniature universe, self-sufficing, set apart with deliberate intent, and pursuing objects of its own choosing. He could imagine St. Croix issuing a declaration of independence from any sovereignty except itself. As a matter of fact, it had done so in some degree.

What he saw, however, was not a universe. It was a principality—a feudal domain. It was ruled from the house toward which his steps carried him, and old André de Marsay, upon whom he was about to call, was dispenser of its justice, the high, the middle and the low. Thorne was not, as he fancied, looking upon a New England township; his eyes were delighted by the beauties of a feudal seigniory, duplicating, so far as André de Marsay's will and imagination could compel, manners and customs and conditions as they had existed in the day of the Fifteenth Louis.

He crossed the bridge and climbed the eminence upon which De Marsay had erected his stronghold. It was a

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square keep of white sandstone, protected at its four corners by conical-topped towers, a handsome, symmetrical, eye-compelling residence of which any man might well be proud. There was nothing dark or gloomy about it, no suggestion of dank dungeons, but rather a hint of gayety, of debonair gentlemen who fought joyously and loved romantically. Louis the Well-Beloved might have sojourned within its walls during his youth, before a fearsome piety and terror of death dulled the dance music in his heart and covered with ashes his love for fair women.

From the high-arched doorway one could survey the domain in its entirety. John Thorne paused upon the steps, as André de Marsay must have paused many times during the forty years that had passed since he had completed the transmutation of his dream into enduring stone. Now his face was not heavy, not weighted with sobriety. It glowed as his eyes had glowed.

As he stood he was an anomaly—a serious-minded young man whose heart was dancing upon moonbeams. He made one think of a knight-errant mounted upon a steam roller. He was animated by romance, but he would pursue romance with the inexorability of a bill collector.

He dropped the knocker against the iron-bound door and waited. A stout, personable woman of middle age responded to his summons. She was strangely modern and material to set well upon Thorne's fairy-tale humor.

"I hope," he said, "I am not too early for Mr. de Marsay."

"He hain't up yit," she said. "I'm told"—she paused, and bore down upon the word as if it contained a grievance—"I'm told he's sick."

"I'm sorry. Will you say Mr. Thorne called and will return later in the day?" Before the woman could respond a voice called from spaces within—a male voice, unctuous, with a tenor quality—"Who is it, Mrs. Whidden? What's wanted?"

"Man to see Mr. de Marsay."

"What man?"

"Stranger." Mrs. Whidden surveyed John critically. "Not a workin'man."

There appeared beside the housekeeper a man of middle age and of rather more than middle weight. He had the look of one who thinks in dollars and cents—a banker sort of look. He presented to the world a face unadorned by hirsute accessories—a man, John estimated, with a passion for frankness and openness, who eschewed whiskers because they savored of disguise.

"You wished to see Mr. de Marsay?"

"By appointment," said John.

"Indeed? He is ill. Perhaps there s something I can do. I am Anthony Bracken, Mr. de Marsay's brother-in-law, and his business manager."

Thorne acknowledged his confession of identity and mentioned his own name.

"I take it your coming is on a matter of business," said Bracken.

"You might call it so. Has Mr. de Marsay mentioned my name?"

"I do not recall it."

"In that event," said John, "I think it would be better for me to call later in the day."

"You will not be able to see Mr. de Marsay today. He is ill."

"Then tomorrow," said Thorne.

"Nor tomorrow. I fear it will be some time before he will be able to give attention to business."

"Then his illness is serious?"

"Not serious, I would say," Bracken said judicially. "No—monotonous, I would put it. The doctor says he will be confined to his room for some time."

"If it is not serious—an indisposition—I am sure he will see me if you will have my name taken in to him."

"I fear not. He is not free from eccentricities. Rather jealous of his appearance. Yes, indeed! He is not at his best, and consequently would refuse to face a stranger. I assure you I have his confidence. As a matter of fact, he has shifted the burden of his business onto my shoulders of late, and gives it little attention himself."

"But I had a letter from him only a day or two ago."

"He was taken rather suddenly after his dinner last night," said Bracken. "If you saw him your business would only be referred to me."

"I rather fancy," said Thorne, "that mine is a matter he would not vote by proxy. Thank you for your courtesy, but I fear I must wait for Mr. de Marsay's recovery."

"I can give you no assurances," said Bracken.

"I shall be as patient as I can."

"It may be a matter of weeks."

"If," said Thorne, "it were a matter of years, I should still wait. Good morning, and thank you again."

He turned away, retracing his steps down the hill, thinking as he walked. "Mr. Bracken," he said, "I am prepossessed against you. I don't know why, but I don't like you. It may be you are an exemplary citizen, a good provider and an indulgent father, but you brush my hair against the grain. I'll bet you're a good manager, a fine watchdog of the treasury, and the sort who would open the boss' private mail by mistake. Well, if the no-seeums aren't too thick I can go fishing."

Mr. Bracken exhibited a lively interest in John Thorne. He spent valuable time searching De Marsay's desk and the letter files for correspondence with the young man, but found not a scrap. There must be correspondence, for Thorne had spoken of it. What was its nature, that De Marsay had taken such pains to leave no trace about where it might be read? It intrigued Mr. Bracken, who did not like mysteries. They were abhorrent to his frank, open nature.

III

JOHN THORNE discovered, bit by bit, during the next few weeks that if André de Marsay was a despot he was for the most part a benevolent despot. He combined in his person, and had done so, as Mr. Blackstone puts it, from a time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, the dignities of first selectman and justice of the peace. Unofficially he was also the legislature. He therefore made the laws, interpreted them and put them in execution. When one considers how he paid some 90 per cent of the taxes, and by his industries supported 100 per cent of the citizenry, either directly or indirectly, it will be seen he ruled with some color of justice.

He had seen to it that his subjects were provided with as many modern improvements as could be crowded into so small a measure as St. Croix. Electric light was one of his gifts to local civilization, but inasmuch as it was his invariable custom to retire at ten o'clock the power was shut off at fifteen minutes after that hour nightly. Roisterers who desired to squander, in pleasure, hours more properly devoted to sleep were compelled to have recourse to kerosene. He was also proprietor of the telephone company, which linked together half a dozen straggling communities. The water works were an appendage of the crown. Even the motion pictures, of which André was a rigid censor, were a royal appurtenance. There was no courthouse, because wherever De Marsay's person chanced to be found was the court room.

The village, Thorne became aware, was not restless under this usurpation. It was content. On the whole it got more than it paid for, and on the side of justice De Marsay's rulings were held in esteem. He was a rigid, unbending old man, convinced of the divine right of the De Marsays to rule. But he was just, almost ferociously honorable, childishly proud of name and lineage, and staunchly loyal to his subjects. Who wronged a citizen of St. Croix wronged De Marsay. He was capable of exchanging diplomatic notes with a foreign power on the subject. This was so true that if a citizen of St. Croix rendered himself amenable to the pains and penalties of an adjoining village he was never incarcerated in the local calaboose, but was driven with all haste to St. Croix, where De Marsay attended to his case.

Now for some three weeks he had been invisible, confined to his room by an illness whose nature was not made public. Anthony Bracken administered as regent, exhibiting to any who questioned his authority a general power of attorney from De Marsay. He was thus enabled to carry on the large affairs of his principal without hindrance, for under his power he could bargain, sell, remise, release, alien and confirm. John Thorne considered this fact gravely and came to the conclusion that De Marsay placed a remarkable confidence in his brother-in-law.

Curiosity agitated St. Croix. The post office, the hotel, the depot were backwaters of discussion and conjecture, postulation, surmise and innuendo. Minor events churned the village into frothy conceits. The first of these events—and if you knew St. Croix you would perceive it to be not such a minor event after all—was the employment of Doc Roper as De Marsay's physician, and the exclusion of the doctor from the house.

Even a metropolis dotes upon a mystery. The enjoyment of a mystery seems to increase in inverse ratio as the seat of its existence diminishes in population. Undoubtedly De Marsay's illness presented elements of mystery. His malady had fallen suddenly upon him; its nature was concealed. But—and when this point came to the surface tongues waggled vociferously—nobody had seen De Marsay since the night of his seizure; nobody excepting Doc Roper and Anthony Bracken. Callers had been denied, as we have seen John Thorne was denied.

Even Mrs. Whidden, who had been De Marsay's housekeeper these ten years, had been refused admittance to his room. Of this she complained bitterly and without tiring of the subject. With an openness that was more credit to her courage than her discretion, she proclaimed that "suthin' was wrong."

(Continued on Page 65)



Yvonne Went to the Door and Peered Down the Hall. Jean Stood Before Her Grandfather's Door, Motionless as a Statue

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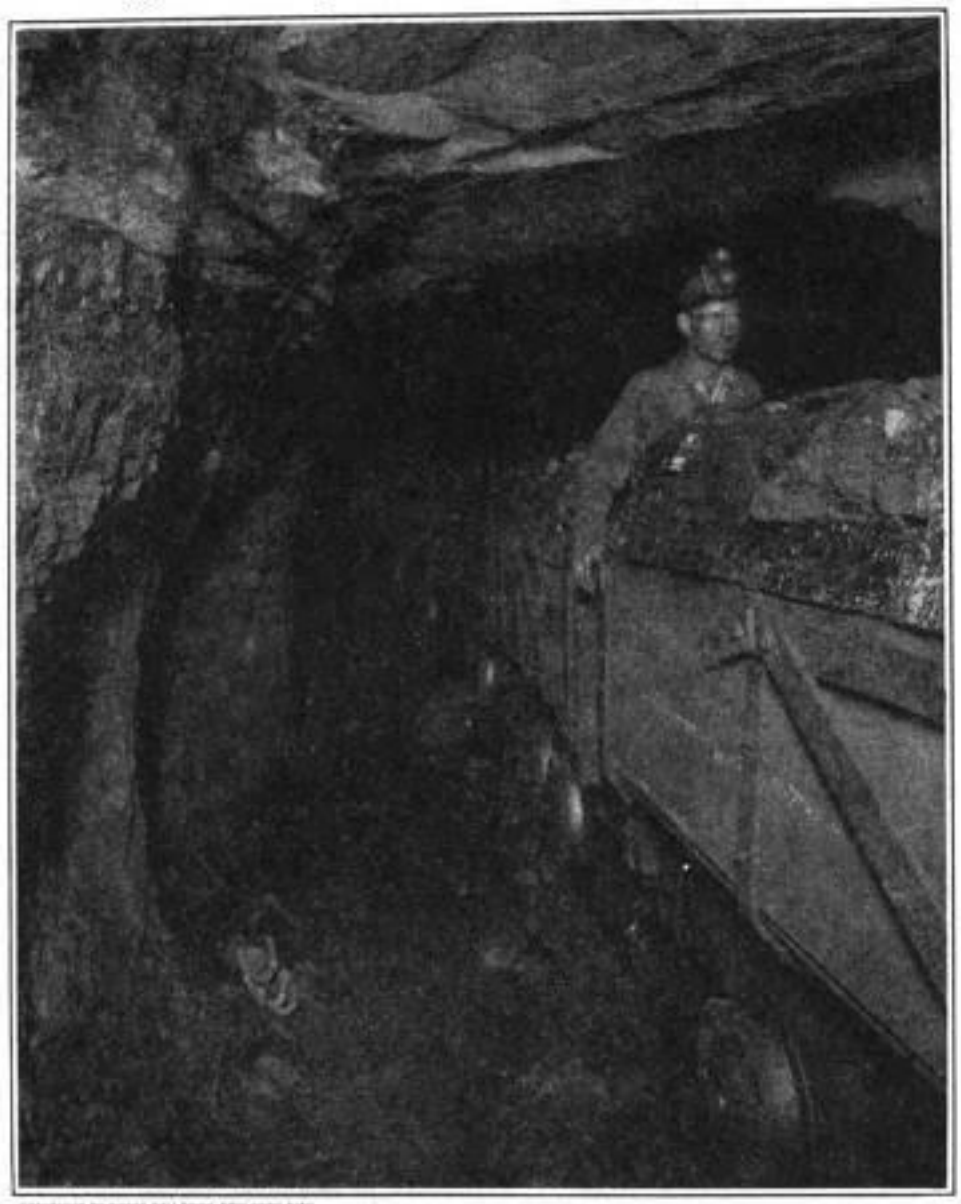
COAL ECONOMIES

By Floyd W. Parsons

THE two great questions of the day relate to fuel. The first is concerned with ways and means to economize on coal, coke and gas; the second is with regard to remedies that will effectively and forever cure our great national coal evil. Because we have such enormous quantities of coal stored away in our mountains and plains Americans generally have never really given serious effort or thought to fuel-economy measures, and the nation has become the champion coal waster of the world. It is only in times of famine that the country awakens to the truth that bituminous coal is the foundation upon which this nation's social and industrial life has been erected. Without soft coal practically every important industry except agriculture would be obliged to shut down, and even our farmers would be compelled to carry on their operations in the primitive ways followed by our ancestors. Stop the flow of coal, and soon our cities would be deserted, for there would be no transportation, food or water.

With mines and equipment capable of producing more coal each year than all the rest of the world combined, we are again facing the certainty of a fuel shortage here in America this winter. Coal is our most abundant and most valuable resource, and the capacity of the industry as a whole is one-third greater than is needed to satisfy our average requirements. Yet we have failed utterly to profit by our past experiences, sad as they have been, and the other nations of the earth are presented with the absurd spectacle of a mighty people with practically unlimited fuel supplies suffering physically and financially because they have never learned how to run their most essential business.

Before we talk of a cure for this deplorable situation let us seek to find ways to relieve our immediate emergency. Even in normal times only 6 per cent of all the coal we produce goes to foreign countries, and of this small total approximately 3 per cent goes to Canada by rail. Although this winter Canada may still get a small tonnage from American mines it is safe to say that practically all our output for months to come will be used at home. Our production of anthracite is used almost exclusively in American homes for heating and cooking, and this winter hard coal will count for little or not at all in industry. As for our bituminous production, 28 per cent of it is used by the railroads; industrials, other than steel and coke plants, normally require 25 per cent of our soft-coal output; the steel plants require about 20 per cent, either in the form of coal or coke; domestic consumers use 10 per cent, and public utilities need 7 per cent. The remainder of our bituminous production is exported, used at the mines, or goes for bunkering ships.



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Hauling Soft Coal to the Mouth of the Shaft in a Coal Mine at Marion, Illinois

The Results of a Fuel Famine

HERE we can see at a glance just which classes of consumers must make the greatest sacrifices and bear the burden of curtailing consumption, in case of a fuel famine such as now threatens. In normal times the railroads consume coal at the rate of 150,000,000 tons annually. This means that each week our carriers require 3,000,000 tons of coal. Even in case of a fuel shortage the railroads will demand their full allotment of coal, and they will doubtless get it, for the curtailment of transportation would be ordered only as a last resort. Likewise, it is to be expected that public utilities will have their fuel needs supplied, so here we have a demand for approximately 40,000,000 more tons annually, or about 800,000 tons each week. The coal mines themselves consume 250,000 tons of coal weekly in carrying on their operations, so we may estimate conservatively that our railroads, utilities and mines will demand and receive 4,000,000 tons of coal each week out of whatever total is produced.

In a year of average business activity the industries of the United States, exclusive of transportation and public utilities, require at least 260,000,000 tons of coal to satisfy their requirements. The steel industry alone consumes approximately 100,000,000 tons of coal and coke annually. Domestic consumers ordinarily use about 57,000,000 tons, but this year, with a serious shortage in anthracite, domestic requirements will total at least 65,000,000 tons. Therefore it is safe to assume that our total industrial and domestic requirements for bituminous coal amount to 325,000,000 tons each year, or more than 6,000,000 tons a week. It is plain, therefore, that the nation's production of soft coal must average 10,000,000 tons weekly or there must be a curtailment of industry. If there has been no surplus of coal accumulated during the summer months, then an output of 10,000,000 tons a week during the fall and winter is insufficient, for industry cannot proceed normally on a hand-to-mouth basis.

In a situation such as now exists as a result of the long coal strike, both anthracite and bituminous will be distributed under priority rulings, and nonessential industries will be deprived of fuel if there is not enough to go around. Some of the same industries that were hit by the coal shortage during the war may suffer again this winter. The steel industry, which was on the priority list, will not now get such preferential treatment, and will have to take its chances the same as other lines of business. The unfortunate fact is that here in America our industries are so closely interrelated that a slowing down of one business generally produces effects that are unlooked for and frequently far reaching. If there is insufficient coal there will be insufficient steel, and the construction program of the railroads will have to be curtailed. A shortage of coal means a shortage of cement, brick, farm implements, chemicals, ice, food, paper and dozens of other commodities that are in everyday use.

For example, let us take cement manufacture. This is only one of many industries that are at the mercy of the fuel supply. A heat of more than 2500 degrees Fahrenheit is required to burn the raw materials in the big cement kilns. Later large quantities of coal are needed to grind the hard-burned clinkers into finished cement. In practically every stage of cement making, coal is used. In a modern plant, 200 pounds of coal is consumed in producing one barrel—376 pounds—of finished cement. This means that when the price of coal advances one dollar per ton, it costs an average of ten cents more per barrel to make cement. Right now any number of cement companies are using coal that was brought in from distant fields at a cost of several dollars more per ton than is normally paid for coal. The cement industry is the largest user of pulverized coal in the United States, and the fourth or fifth largest consumer of raw bituminous. Last year, in a time of slack business, the cement industry burned 7,400,000 tons of soft coal. When this industry curtails production because of inadequate supplies of fuel the building industry immediately feels the effect, and also the construction of roads is hampered. Only 5000 miners are required to produce all the coal used by the cement industry, but if this small group of workers fails to turn out the necessary fuel ten to twenty times as many men are rendered idle.

It is not necessary to devote any considerable amount of space to statements urging the importance of coal in our industrial life. What is true in the cement business is likewise true in most other lines of manufacturing. It takes four tons of coal to make a ton of steel. When we build one 8000-ton steel ship the coal consumed in this work totals more than 13,000 tons. Even the ice that goes in the household refrigerator has necessitated the burning of coal in its manufacture.

How to Reduce Waste

SINCE the burden of saving coal in coming months must fall on industry chiefly and be so costly to the nation through slowing down trade, it is of vital importance that every possible effort be made to get the most out of each pound of coal that is available. The railroads of the country are the greatest wasters of fuel, not only because they can get their coal before anyone else, but because it costs them less than most other businesses. But in a time like the present the fuel practices of the country's carriers should be carefully observed, with the idea of forcing these corporations to go the limit in exercising economy. Ten years ago the fuel bill of the American railroads was only $224,000,000 for the year. In 1919 this charge for fuel had risen to $665,000,000, and it is likely that at the present time, with advanced prices, the railroads are purchasing coal at a rate of yearly cost no lower than that of 1919.

The annual fuel requirement of the country's transportation systems, if coupled in a single train, would have a length of 26,260 miles. Moving at a constant speed of twenty miles an hour this train would require fifty-five days to pass a given point. Consuming such an enormous quantity of coal, and paying more than $500,000,000 each year for it, it would seem natural to suppose that our railroads would have introduced methods designed to cut out all possible fuel waste.

During the war a careful study of the railroad fuel situation was commenced by competent experts, and although not completed, because of the termination of the war, it was carried along far enough to bring out a number of startling facts. Among other things, it was shown that each unnecessary stop made by a heavy freight or passenger train represents a fuel loss of 500 to 1500 pounds of coal. A brake-line air leak on a heavy freight train will often result in the waste of more than a ton of coal in a ten-hour period. Other losses result from using a poor grade of sand, making it impossible to keep the locomotive from slipping on bad rails; from oversized shovels, which encourage the extravagant use of coal; from failure to bank fires properly in locomotives when the engines are standing idle; and from the profligate use of fuel in stationary plants and about railroad properties, where it is not uncommon to see long steam lines with the pipe surfaces almost entirely exposed.

Almost everyone is familiar with the fact that the electrification of our railroads would save the nation no less than 80,000,000 tons of coal annually, or more than one-half the total quantity of fuel used by all the country's industries except transportation and steel making. The truth is that if all our railroads were electrified the annual

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FROM McKINLEY TO HARDING

Personal Recollections of Our Presidents

By H. H. KOHLSAAT

XXXV

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S preconvention work for Secretary of War Taft was active up to the day of his nomination, ine 18, 1908, in Chicago.

Taft was nominated on the first and only allot taken. Bryan was again and for the third me the Democratic nominee for the Presidency.

Taft was elected November 3, 1908, receiving 1 electoral votes to Bryan's 162. With the exption of Roosevelt's plurality of about 2,545,-0, in 1904, Taft received the largest plurality at any President had ever received, some 269,800 votes.

Mr. Taft arrived in Washington early in Nomber, 1908, to close up some of his War Dertment duties. He had resigned June thirtieth, t had some loose ends to adjust.

I called on President Roosevelt the end of ovember. He saw me in the cabinet room, iting for the French ambassador to finish his dience.

As the ambassador left Roosevelt cried out,)h, H. H., come here, I want to show you some-ing. This morning as I read my Bible I came ross these verses in Ecclesiastes. I got a all Bible, marked them, and sent the Bible Will Taft."

Solomon said in the second chapter of Eccleastes, seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth rses:

Therefore I hated life; because the work that is ought under the sun is grievous unto me; for all is ity and vexation of spirit.

Yea, I hated all my labour which I had taken un-the sun; because I should leave it unto the man t shall be after me.

And who knoweth whether he shall be a wise man a fool? Yet shall he have rule over all my labour rein I have laboured, and wherein I have shewed self wise under the sun. This is also vanity.

XXXVI

I AUGUST, 1911, I received a note from Colonel Roosevelt asking me to wire him on ving Chicago for New York. He wanted me lunch with him in the Outlook office and et his associates. I did as requested and nd a message at the Holland House on my val inviting me to lunch the next day, which a Friday. As I re-mber, the colonel told it was the first lunch-they had served in Outlook office.

fter the meal we went his room. He told ecretary, Mr. Harper, to ring his telephone nock on the door un-e opened it. We at plunged into the ject of the increasing ness between Presi-Taft and himself. I d him what was the e of the apparent k in their relations. he colonel said when was elected in 1908 ame to Washington ather up some loose in the War Depart-t, from which he re-d as Secretary of June 30, 1908. He more than half of 's time was taken by le calling, writing or honing for an ap-tment with Taft. He senators and con-smen dropped him letely and hunted Taft. They paid no tion to him and took terest in bills he was us to have passed re the end of his

told him that was n nature, that "The king is dead; long live the king," applied to Presidents as well as kings.

The colonel continued: "I was very anxious to have Jimmie Garfield and Oscar Straus retained in the cabinet, Garfield to carry out my policies, especially the conservation policies. Taft promised me he would appoint them, and they went ahead with their plans to remain in the cabinet, but were very much surprised a short time before inauguration, March 4, 1909, to be told he had decided to appoint men of his own selection."

After Roosevelt recited some inconsequential annoyances I said, "Do you know you have not given one good, valid reason for breaking with your old friend, Taft? You forced his nomination on the country and should be the last to desert him." I continued: "I'll tell you what is the trouble: You foolishly issued a statement the night of your election in 1904, saying you would not be a candidate in 1908 for what you called a third term, which was not a third term, as you were serving out McKinley's second term. You could have been renominated easily if it had not been for that declaration. You then chose Taft to be your successor, expecting him to look to you for advice and guidance. Naturally, he wanted to be President on his own hook and appoint a cabinet of his own choosing."

Roosevelt screwed up his mouth and said, "I would cut that hand right off here"—putting his finger on his wrist—"if I could have recalled that statement."

Without telling Roosevelt I was going to Washington I took the Congressional Limited that afternoon.

I had promised my friend, Cyrus H. McCormick, to arrange an interview, if possible, in the White House some evening between President Taft, Mr. McCormick, John P. Wilson and Edgar A. Bancroft, of the International Harvester Company, with the Attorney-General, George W. Wickersham, present, so I called on President Taft the next day about noon.

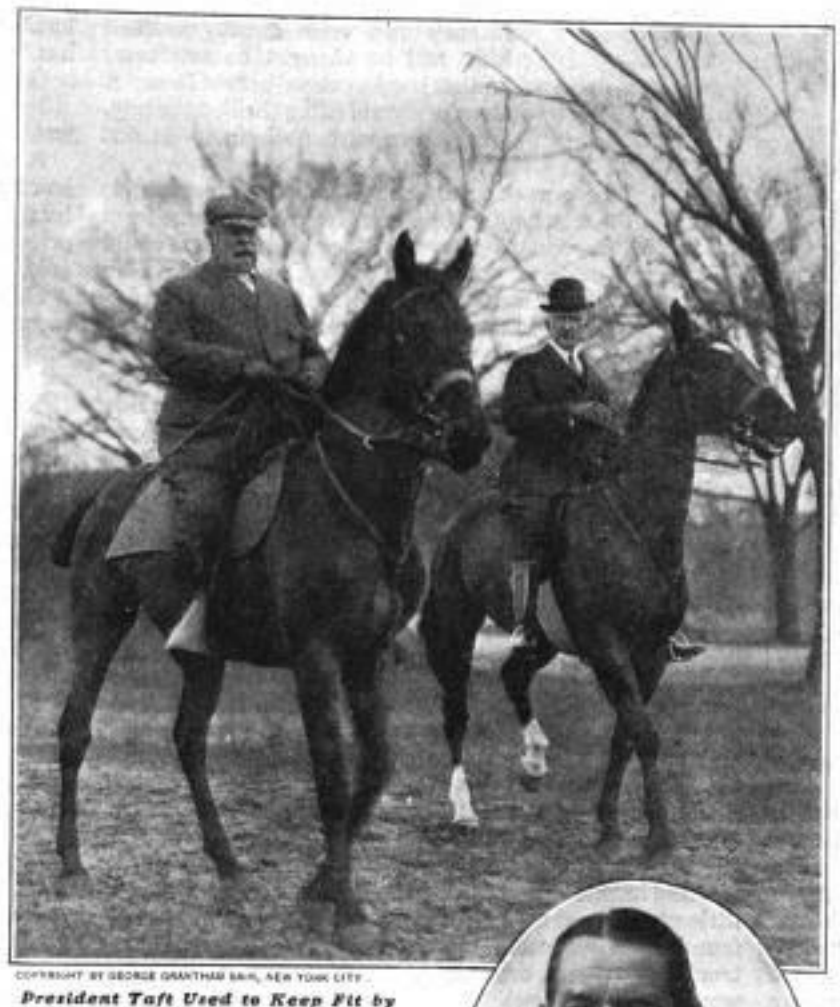
After arranging a date for an evening meeting the President said, "Have you a luncheon engagement? If not come back at 1:30; only Mrs. Taft and some of the school friends of the children will be present."

After luncheon the President led the way to the White House porch and said, "I want to have a frank talk with you. You are a great friend of Colonel Roosevelt's. Through some misunderstanding he feels hurt with me. I must have done something that displeased him very much. Knowingly I have never done anything to hurt his feelings. I may have been tactless, but not intentionally would I do anything to displease him. I owe him everything. He is responsible for my being President. I am so distressed it keeps me awake nights."

The President showed considerable emotion. His eyes filled with tears. I said, "Your failure to appoint Garfield and Straus to cabinet positions, as you promised Roosevelt, made him mad."

"But I didn't promise to appoint them!" answered Taft. "I don't know where you get your information, but you are entirely wrong!"

(Continued on Page 44)



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President Taft Used to Keep Fit by Frequenting the Bridle Path



At Right—Henry W. Taft
Below—William H. Taft and His Family



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The Man Who Never Smiled

By C. E. SCOGGINS

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY



It Couldn't be a Dream. Now He Could See Her Standing by the Phonograph

FROM Belleair, that pleasing winter colony on the west coast of Florida, the run to Tampa is a trifle for any expensive car. The route, swinging northward about the swampy region of old Tampa Bay, does not touch Rawl's Mill. But if you miss a turning the shell pike fades deceptively into plain country road and then into sandy ruts twisting among pine trees; and Florida sand is no trifle, especially for an expensive car. A tin lizzie might skitter and bounce over, but your heavy limousine must plow through, spending its power on stuff that shifts like mercury. Tall dreary trees lurch all about you and there is no human soul to tell your chauffeur which way Tampa lies.

Vexed, you direct him to turn back. Being himself slightly vexed and too slightly acquainted with Florida sand, he tries with some violence to obey. The front wheels plow sidewise in the ruts, the rear wheels kick up much sand; something happens. And then nothing happens at all.

The chauffeur, investigating, reports, "Rear axle, ma'am."

Your companion relieves himself of short round words, and after that you learn what real silence feels like.

The trees, monotonously straight and tall, are unconcerned about your fate. Near by the trunks are scattered, but in the distance, wherever you look, they draw together like a solid cliff walling you in. No bird sings; there are no birds to sing. Not even a breeze whispers in those remote feathery tops. Silence, that is all. It crowds your voice back into your throat, makes you want to scream, do anything to break it.

Mercifully there comes a faint whistling sigh, a drifting mellow note far off; unless you know sawmills you do not recognize the snore of planers, the cough of the shotgun-feed exhaust, but any sign of life is welcome. It means help. How far away? The carpet of pine needles looks easy to walk on, and your nerves will not let you sit and wait among these lonely trees.

The walking proves heavier than you thought. The sounds retreat and retreat—and stop in one appalling concussion, not so much a noise as the sudden draining off of sound. Then a whistle screams, a voice of terror crying through the forest.

This happened to one lovely lady and one gallant golfer, a rather trying incident which doubtless they have already forgotten. It is Hugh Rawl who will never forget.

An emery wheel had a good deal to do with making Hugh Rawl what he was. Old Tom Rawl very properly meant that his son should know sawmilling from the ground up; indeed, at fifteen Hughey knew very little else. As helper in the filing room it was part of his job to tend the automatic grinder that sharpened the twelve-inch, forty-five-foot band saws, seeing that the grinding wheel fell accurately in each hooked gullet. He was seeing quite closely to this when the wheel, running at four thousand revolutions, flew into three pieces.

Unfortunate? Not entirely. Hughey was tough; he opened his eyes a few hours later and felt guilty because he was in bed in broad daylight, and tried to get up. And a wonderful thing happened. His father's own hands coaxed him back to the pillow, his father's own voice huskily soothed him, and he thought he saw tears on that hard weather-beaten face. A strange warm feeling thrilled the boy, lying there with nothing to do but get well.

Those weeks remained in Hughey's memory as a queerly happy time. A great doctor came from Jacksonville, a marvelously gentle man who could talk so that you forgot the pain; and old Tom never left the room but to hurry back, grinning to disguise his anxiety, sitting with Hughey through wakeful hours, talking to him—yes, even patting his hand. That was the only love that had ever shown itself to Hughey Rawl. He was tough. His face healed better than you would have expected. The scar wasn't terribly bad unless he laughed, so he learned not to laugh. You will hardly have friends without laughter, but Hughey had never had time for friends anyway; he didn't miss them especially. And in time he came to believe he had imagined that strange, warm, happy feeling about his father. It never came again.

A tree fell on old Tom Rawl, and stoically he died. Even at the last Hugh found no way to come near his father; he could only stand there like a stranger, stonily, because he knew what that scar did to his face when he lost self-control. Already he knew, without knowing why, that words could serve him only for the simplest needs. The world moved all about him and he couldn't touch it.

Old Tom's last words were for John Christian—the faithful John.

John was the sawyer and mill foreman, a combination possible in those days of leisurely production. A resentful little man whose eyes were often hot with fires that never found relief in speech; a competent man—if the mill had troubles in those days John shouldered them with few words to Hugh Rawl.

It isn't easy to confide in a man, especially a younger man, who never smiles. Even then the pine woods of Florida were not what they had been, but Rawl's were of the best that remained; the mill did well enough. But nobody thought of claiming any credit for Hugh, and when war came there was no reason why he shouldn't go. The bottom was out of the lumber market anyway.

The rebound to prosperity surprised them all. From John's labored letters he learned that the mill was running to full capacity sawing ship timbers; that Joe Peevy, the bookkeeper, had been drafted and that Hilda Christian had come from business school to take his place.

A woman in a sawmill office! He knew Hilda as he had known the children of all his father's employes, white and black; a flippant green-eyed girl with an astonishing supply of freckles. Keeping books! Men drifting in to sit about the cold stove and chew tobacco and talk lumber, spitting solemnly into the sawdust box under the stove; Hilda perched on Joe's stool, humped like Joe, turning like Joe to listen to the talk. Hugh embellished the fancy with a mental picture of Hilda's freckled chin quaintly moving upon a manly cud.

He amused himself with this, but he didn't smile. He never smiled. He had long ago forgotten how.

He learned that frenzied capitalists from Chicago were building a monstrous mill near Tarpon Springs, rushing to get in on the era of high prices and limitless demand. He knew the timber tracts they had bought, small tracts and scattered, nothing adequate for such a mill. No doubt these had been made to look respectable on paper—there is a theory current in the lumber trade that you can sell anything in Chicago if it has "Timber Bond" printed on it.

Hugh didn't smile.

It was not until he got home that he learned that there was nothing to smile about anyway.

It was true that the Great Northern Lumber Company had built a monstrous mill, true that they had been overtrustful of the timber supply in their haste to reap war prices; they made him an offer which he refused and forgot, having troubles of his own.

Ship timbers are big timbers, and big timbers mean money; but John, carried away, had grabbed ship-timber contracts with both hands, skinning the woods of the readily available big trees and leaving poor and costly logging to be done afterward.

The days of leisurely production were gone, yet John clung jealously to both his jobs—sawing and trying to boss the mill, spreading himself so thin that high-priced labor leaked away around all the edges. And John's attitude defied tactful discussion; always touchy, he was almost truculent now—no doubt from the strain of overwork.

It isn't easy to find fault with a man so diligent and faithful, especially if you cannot soften your words with a smile.

But the issue forced itself. Hugh, going into the mill at a quarter time when they were changing saws on the mast rig, found John toiling at the twin engine that handled the log-carriage feed cable under the floor. That was the millwright's job.

Hugh asked mildly, "Where's Charley?"

"Best way to git a thing done's do it yourself."

Hugh hesitated and went on up the stairs. He watched the heavy burnished loop of the saw come dangling down from the filing loft and slip into place on the wheels; Ben Foster, the filer, adjusted the guides and the straining device, tested the taut blade and jerked the whistle cord.

The ponderous wheels began to turn, settling into a steady floor-shaking drone, the saw flowed singing through the guides, its long hooked teeth thinning to a swift blur, ready to slice boards from hard pine logs like cheese; the slanting deck was full of logs, the carriage crew climbed to their posts, men and machines waited for lumber—and still the sawyer's levers, the heart of the mill, stood idle.

Five minutes lost here, ten minutes there; Hugh remembered the disturbing total recorded by Hilda's accurate hand.

John came up the stairs and stepped into the sawyer's box—glancing suspiciously at Ben Foster and Hugh Rawl across the carriage track. He stamped the pedal that kicked a log onto the carriage, whipped the nigger lever in a vicious circle, so that the heavy log leaped and spun and shook the mill as it slammed savagely into the blocks; threw over the feed lever and began to saw. One by one the boards fell and trundled off along the roller bed.

"John's gittin' old," grumbled Ben Foster. "Knocked out four saws for me last week—good saws as I ever put up."

Ben's tone was sour.

It is bad business when filer and sawyer do not work amicably together. They are a team, and either can make unlimited trouble.



He Murmured Broken Words Without Caring What He Meant to Say

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But Hugh Rawl had learned to be cautious with words; he said mildly, "That so?"

"Yeah—and then he claimed they wouldn't stand up to the feed. Nothin' suits him."

"You and John don't want to go gettin' crossways," urged Hugh; and he should have laughed, which was the one thing he couldn't do.

John's eyes were hot, flickering from Ben's sour face to Hugh's expressionless mask—watching to see if they spoke of him. John would have denied that he could read lips; he thought he heard their voices. Any sawmill man thinks he can hear voices through the thud of logs, rumble of the carriage, high slurring note of the band, staccato snarl of slashers and cut-off saws. He thought Hugh Rawl spoke indistinctly because his lips moved very little.

John would have said he could saw with his eyes shut, and perhaps at his best he could; but now his nerves were mad. Too savagely the log plunged along the saw; the heavy blade swerved in the cut and hit a carriage block.

Scream of steel on steel, brief thunder of the broken saw that roared loose through the wooden boxing of the wheels—stiff steel with inch-long, razor-sharp teeth racing a mile and a half a minute—piling down in ribbon folds upon the log, whipping out its free end armed with death. Men had scattered. Only John Christian stood at his post—shaking.

The whistle shrieked. The mill ran slow and stopped.

It was only a matter of a broken saw—expensive, yet a thing that happens in any mill. Nobody was hurt; but still John Christian stood and trembled.

Negroes chopped the slivered steel from the log and at a wrathful gesture from Ben Foster heaved the ruined saw out upon the scrap pile. A fresh one was lowered from the filing room; they had to push John out of the way to get on the wheels.

He muttered, "Git Harper. I ain't fitten to saw right now."

Yes, John was getting old. A simple wreck shouldn't have taken him that way. He might properly have felt chagrin at his clumsiness, but when the relief sawyer came and he went with Hugh down the stairs you would have thought he was a man wrongfully accused. Sidewise under sullen brows his hot eyes watched Hugh Rawl's impassive face. He broke out, "Well, say it!"

"Shucks, John, any sawyer has a wreck sometime."

"All my fault, huh?"

"Well, it wasn't mine," said Hugh, perhaps with humorous intent; but his face was never an index of his intent. "What was it? Twin get away from you?"

John mumbled profanely that the twin engine was a pile of junk.

Hugh nodded. "She's about worn out, anyway. I've been thinking we ought to take her out and put in a shotgun feed."

He made the suggestion tentatively, mindful of John's ancient prejudice against the modern shotgun feed—a single cylinder whose long, powerfully sliding piston rammed the carriage to and fro, a speedier device than the twin engine and the cable wound on drums.

John muttered, "I ain't never sawed with a shotgun and I ain't a-goin' to begin now."

"Well, another thing: You've been working too hard, anyway; too much on your shoulders. Why don't you let Harper saw regular and you just run the mill?"

"So that's what's stickin' in your craw, huh? Watchin' me like a hawk ever since you got back! Think I'm ready for the scrap pile? Too old to saw, huh?"

"Oughtn't to take it that way, John. We ought to be boosting the cut, with labor so high and all, but we're falling down—now that we're into a run of little logs. A shotgun is the thing for speed, and Harper's used to one."



Softly, With No Thought of Any Audience, Olga Lee Herself Was Singing There

He spoke as tactfully, as persuasively as he could. "These new men need all your time. We've got to do something. We're losing money; you know that as well as I do."

John trudged on in grim and sullen silence.

"What do you say we try it?"

"You're the boss," said John, and without another word or glance turned aside and plodded off to his own house.

That was the way with Hugh Rawl. His face clothed all his words with cold finality, made his kindliest effort seem the empty form of tact. The world moved all about him and he couldn't touch it. He didn't know he was especially lonely, because he had always been so. Books didn't help much because he wasn't convinced that people felt and acted as books said they did. He didn't know that the impassivity he met was the reflection of his own.

(Continued on Page 106)

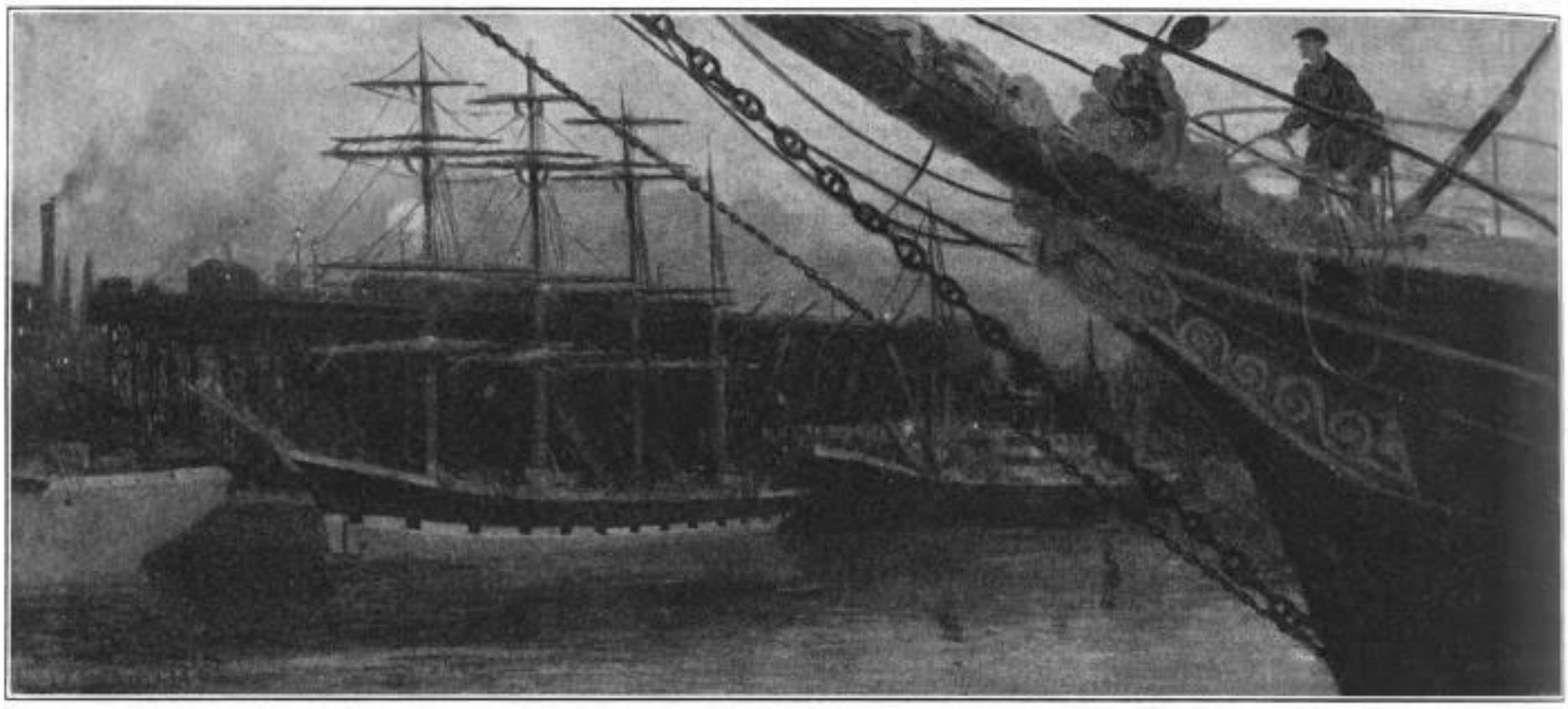


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OCEAN MAGIC

By CAPTAIN DINGLE

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER



A Tremendous Medley of Sooty Avalanches Descending Into the Yawning Bowels of Tall Ships, Grubby Colliers, Smarter Liners and Humble Lighters

TOWHEAD was tired. For that portion of his twenty years that he could remember he had beaten the sun to rising every morning, by many hours in winter; he had labored like one of the farm horses until dusk; his wrists were red and thick, his fingers soil-grubby and broken, his hands calloused from much acquaintance with hoes, spades and chaff-cutter handles. He was not conscious of his considerable muscular strength, scarcely aware that he possessed an appetite, since the one had come stealing upon him with his healthy growth, and the other had always been full-fed after farm fashion.

But he was tired. He had rebelled. His elder brother had started to haul the bed covers from him that morning, as usual, and Towhead simply dropped him from the open window into a rain barrel beneath. Then he had left, running like a colt, choking with horse laughter, never stopping until his belly told him he was neglecting it. He filled it with turnips from a field. In the evening he came to the outskirts of the great coal port of Cardiff. He again fed his rebellious belly with filched garden truck, and sniffed hard at the unfamiliar tang of salt-impregnated coal dust in his nostrils.

He walked miles through strange streets, gaping at electric lights and glass fronts like the yokel he was. By the time his muscles warned him that he ought to be seeking his bed he had acquired a grimy coat of coal dust, and had reached the vicinity of the docks. Gaping wider, he drifted along with a cursing pail-carrying crowd of seeming demons, and burst upon yet a new world.

The rattle and crash of coal trucks on overhead tips was only one note in the tremendous medley of sooty avalanches descending into the yawning bowels of tall ships, grubby colliers, smarter liners and humble lighters. In the light of dust-clouded lamps black men worked as he had never seen men work. The hurly-burly and choking coal dust bewildered him. He forgot that it was long past bedtime, forgot the farm, forgot everything in the wonder of those toiling demons who he knew were men only by their language.

He stood immediately under a towering gallows from which slanted three wide chutes. Two were slowly rising from over the holds of a low long ship with tall, amazingly complicated masts. Towhead knew nothing of masts or hatches or ships. He knew that untold tons of coal hurtled pell-mell down the chute before him whenever the crash of a tipped truck overhead made him dodge instinctively. Where such an inexhaustible stream of coal came from was a puzzle; the capacity of those hungry ships for coal—and their destination—was a greater.

He stepped back, the better to gape upwards, and fell into the dock. Emerging half drowned, coated a glistening, stifling black, he crawled up on the pontoon that kept the smooth iron side of the ship away from the masonry of the dock. In the electric light, when dust was momentarily swept away on the crooning breeze, he peered for a handhold out of his predicament. There was no thunder in the chute; there was a rope hanging from the ship's rail, and the chute offered a road back to shore. Towhead clambered up the rope, then looked up to make sure no coal was coming down. Up above, harsh voices yelled in fearsome language; in the belly of the ship men went even better. He vaguely noticed some new note in the sounds, but saw only the avenue of escape he wanted.

He started up the side of the chute. At ten feet up he heard that warning crash of a tipped truck overhead. His yell was smothered in a rushing torrent of soft coal. He went hurtling down, down, down into blackness and what he felt must be death.

"Hey, shovel coal, y' bleedin' sodger!" growled a thirsty rasping voice.

Somebody hauled him up by the collar, stuck a shovel into his fist, and gave him a send against three sweating devils who seemed smitten with unholy hatred of a heap of blackness under a square of radiance.

"Trim coal, y' sodgerin' cowson!"

II

DAZED by his tumble, stifled by coal dust, Towhead stood on a heap of sliding coal with a shovel in his hands but no idea of using it. Vaguely he understood that he was supposed to level the heap, and he knew that four demoniacal shapes labored with awe-inspiring oaths to that end; but he was like a knocked-out boxer just rising. Brain and limbs were capable of working, but not in unison. He heard yells, instinctively flung himself aside from another avalanche of coal from above, then again he was hauled to his feet with savage force.

"Bli'me, you ain't drunk, and you ain't hurt. Wot the 'ell is up wi' yer? Got anything on yer 'ip?"

Groping fingers explored his pockets, fruitlessly.

Then a hard, willing, disgusted fist whacked him on the ear and he found himself bustled from side to side until he fell to work with his shovel like an automaton. He heard many fearsome yells above him; the dark bulk of the chute slowly rose out of sight; the men beside him glared and cursed at him.

And above it all he could hear: "Y' muvver was never married an' yer farver was a bloomin' bus hoss! No bottle wiv yer, and y' don't like work. Wyte till th' bleedin' mate gits arter yer body. Bleedin' Cardiff lousebound ——!"

Towhead understood only imperfectly. But such words as he did understand aroused something of the spirit that had urged him to dump his brother in the rain tub. He dropped his shovel and flung himself upon his villifier with a howl. The man seemed to melt from him as the soft coal slid. But he slid, too, and began to hammer a black astonished face. Then a shovel crashed down on his tow head, the black coal heap grew blacker, and he went down into it with a grunt.

When he came to he was jammed against an iron wall with iron ribs making it anything but cozy. Coal smothered him. He felt as if his head was split open and stuffed with smoke. And above all there was a queer sensation of whispering voices not of anything human; queer voices and a strange subtle motion that made his discomfort doubly acute.

He struggled upwards to where he felt the crisp night air moving, and clawed and grabbled his way over the iron fence of a hatch coaming. He tumbled out on deck and again fell into the midst of what seemed to be devilish activity on the part of a lot of black devils led by a white devil. His immediate surroundings were black as night; as soon as he stood on his feet and looked around he saw, over the top of a six-foot wall of steel bulwark, the twinkling lights of the Bristol Channel and the sheen of star-dusted water.

"Hey, mister!" he yelled in alarm. "Take me back to land! I fell into yer boat, mister!"

Somebody thrust a rope into his hands, and a low clear sober voice reached his dazed ears:

"'S trewth! Where'd ye get that kind of she-oak, quer fellow? You have got a proper sailing day. Get holt o' this and put yer back to it and shut yer yapper. 'S trewth! I have seen and sailed with drunks, but ——"

Somewhere near by a raucous voice was howling:

"Ho, Tommy's gone; what shall I do?"

And like the serenade of wolves came the chorus:

"Oh, heigh—heigh ho!"

Somebody in front of him hauled back and knocked him off his balance. Somebody behind dragged at the rope and completed his unbalancing; while the rusty voice near by rose to a shriek:

"Ho, Tommy's gone, and I'll go too!"

Came the yelping chorus as Towhead staggered:

"Tommy's gone to Hilo!"

Stamping feet tramped over Towhead as he fell, and a bustling young second mate thrust into the mob at the halyards.

"What's the matter with you? A watch and a half and you can't drag a tops'l up? Come on, now! Sing out, you!"

Towhead succumbed peacefully to the effects of the fresh air upon his shovel-wounded head, and never knew that he was dragged out of the way and dumped like a sack of oats into the forecastle. Nor did he know that the second mate brought along the chief mate to see him. He never heard what they said until he heard it rehashed by the grimy demons who presently dribbled down to him.

"'N' the mate sez he'll bloody well work 'im up!" swore a youthful ordinary seaman with relish.

"'Oo? That Bluenose cowson?" growled a red-headed shellback rummaging in his bunk, above Towhead's, for a flat bottle. "Yes, he won't! Didn't ye hear the Old Man tell him to use more seamanship an' less language when the tug come down acrost our bows? He won't work nobody up, young feller-me-lad. Them Bluenoses is all alike. Give 'em a box of eggs an' a big stick and they'll play hell."

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Towhead laboriously put his legs over the side of his bunk and sat holding his aching head in his hands, wondering at the company of coal-black demons he found himself among, marveling at the motion of a sailing ship just feeling the sea under her after months of lying in dock.

Somebody had tied a rough bandage around his head; the red-headed sailor, seeing that he was awake, thrust a flask of evil-smelling rum under his pained nose.

"Here, have a snifter, me ol' brown son," he said. "I got a head like a 'og tub meself. Drink. 'Twill bring ye to life."

"I want to go home," mourned Towhead dolorously. He shook his head at the drink, sneezing to the reek of it.

"Bli'me! 'E wants to go 'ome!" squealed a waspish little man, his voice hoarse from coal dust. "'E sold 'is bleedin' farm to go to sea, an' nah 'e wants to go 'ome. 'S trewth! Give 's a snifter o' that bottle, Irish."

"I didn't sell the farm," retorted Towhead indignantly. "I run, that's all, and fell into the coal cellar of this yer boat, and I made a mistake. I'd ruther go back home. Ain't there no foreman here that I can see?"

Towhead saw the foreman. Perhaps to say that he saw him savors of inaccuracy; certainly he heard him, heard two of him, in the persons of a big-mouthed Bluenose chief mate and a sturdily profane, utterly capable second mate, in the blackness of a black night, on the coal-blackened decks, amidst a black crew of cursing, grumbling sailors at the mustering aft of all hands when watches were picked.

He asked to see the foreman. The mate told him what he would see if he didn't shut his mouth and carry on. He asked the second mate. He was scarcely encouraged to try further. Somebody whispered that the captain was the man to see, and Towhead was game to seek that autocrat out. But of a sudden the watches were completed, the mate sang out, "Port watch, go below," the second mate set helmsman and lookout from his own gang, and the lost farmer found himself hustled with friendly brutality into the forecastle on the end of the red-headed Irishman's long arm.

"Say, young feller-me-lad, I t'ought ye was sojerin', but I see ye're green as a new topmast," the Irishman said. "Wan av these dock rats musta cleaned out whin ye tumbled aboord, for divil a wan extra man musthered aft. So ye'll do well, me boy, if ye kape quiet, do yer work, an' carry on as th' Bluenose told ye. Ye're slapin' below me, an' me name's Spud Murphy. I'll put ye wise to ship's ways, if ye're a dacint lad."

"Name's Sam Moore," returned Towhead dully.

"Ye lie, f'r I heard Bluenose call ye Towheaded son av a ——!" grinned Murphy genially. "Towhead ye are aboord av this foine ship onless 'tis yerself as intinds foightin' to disprove it."

Towhead felt little inclined for fighting. His head ached and his stomach was turbulent.

"What's the name o' this hooker, anyhow, Red?" growled a bullet-headed, ape-shouldered seaman, struggling to pull a tight shirt over his head preparatory to hardening his coal dust with a sea-water sluice before turning in.

"Arh! 'Tis an ould joke, thot!" spat Murphy contemptuously. "Thry it on wan av thim youngsters yander."

"But what ship is it?" Towhead asked.

"Are ye trying yer hand wid me this early?" demanded Murphy with suspicion. Then, seeing the palpable innocence in Towhead's face: "Sure thin, ye fell aboord, so ye did, an' can't be ixpicted to know, so ye can't. Well thin, me son, 'tis aboord the foine full-rigged ship Combermere ye are, bound f'r Valparaiso round the Hor-rn, and 'tis yer nose'll be runnin' wid the bitter cowld afoore ye see yer apple-cheeked farm lass again."

"Aye, ye cow-kickin' clodhopper; and yer belly slack'll trip ye up, too," shot over a hairy old salt, sucking luxuriously at his fizzing pipe in his bunk, glorious amidst his coal dust. "She's a bleedin' hungry Liverpool coal wagon, with a swag-gutted skipper and a Bluenose mate. Ho, ye'll howl for home properly afore ye're a sailor, I tell ye."

Out on the dark deck Towhead followed Murphy's lead in dipping pailfuls of water from overside and washing the loosest of his grime from him. Inside again, in the guttering light of the stanchion lamp, he partly dried himself on his outer shirt, and a man beside him reached out and passed an approving hand over his farm-hardened muscles. Towhead glanced at him warily. The man's battered face wore a grin.

"All right, mate," the man said, "I ain't asking for no trouble. You hammered me aplenty down the hold. Give y' best, son. Ye're proper green, though, ain't you? I'll tell you something. The bloke as banged you on the sconce with his shovel done a jump ashore 'cos he thought he'd done you in."

"So thot's why divil th' extry man musthered," put in Murphy. He pondered for a moment, grinning humorously at the distressed Towhead, whose belly rebelled more strenuously every minute he stood on his feet. "Me son, 'tis Providence," he said at last, climbing into his bunk. "Whin thot desertin' rat's name is called again, answer to ut, and ye'll earn wages like a man. Av ye don't, watch out f'r Bluenose, f'r he'll call ye a bloody stowaway an' make ye holler f'r y'r mither in arnest."

III

WHEN Towhead next saw daylight it was in the yellow half glow of a morning sun struggling with a wet brown fog. Water dripped from every yard and sail of the ship like rain; the big ship rolled upon heaving windless seas with a tremendous racket of clattering ports, clashing chain sheets and drumming blocks. And the ship was grimy and desolate, cheerless and gray and black.

Swiftly men conjured sparkling sea water from a head pump; other men no cleaner than the ship brought deck brooms and buckets; a bare-legged, bronze-skinned second mate shot volleys of brine at men's bare legs, and the brooms swished and sloshed and scrubbed in one terrific rhythm of sibilance.

Every now and then the ship's bows seemed to soar into the fog pall; then plunge deep into the heaving, uneasy sea; when she rose again her bows and scuppers streamed with brine like the hair of a woman emerging from a dive.

Towhead hurried to the nearest rail, clutching his broom tenaciously as if that frail support could stand off the inevitable. His spasm over, he dully fell to work among his mates, realizing his helplessness, resigned with an animal resignation to his involuntary employment. Unseen out in the mist weird noises bellowed—bells clanged; whistles shrieked, roared and whooped. Somewhere nearer

(Continued on Page 75)



Four Hours Later the Dog-Weary Watches Turned Up the Gear, and the Ship Charged Along Before the Gale

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NOAH'S MISTAKE

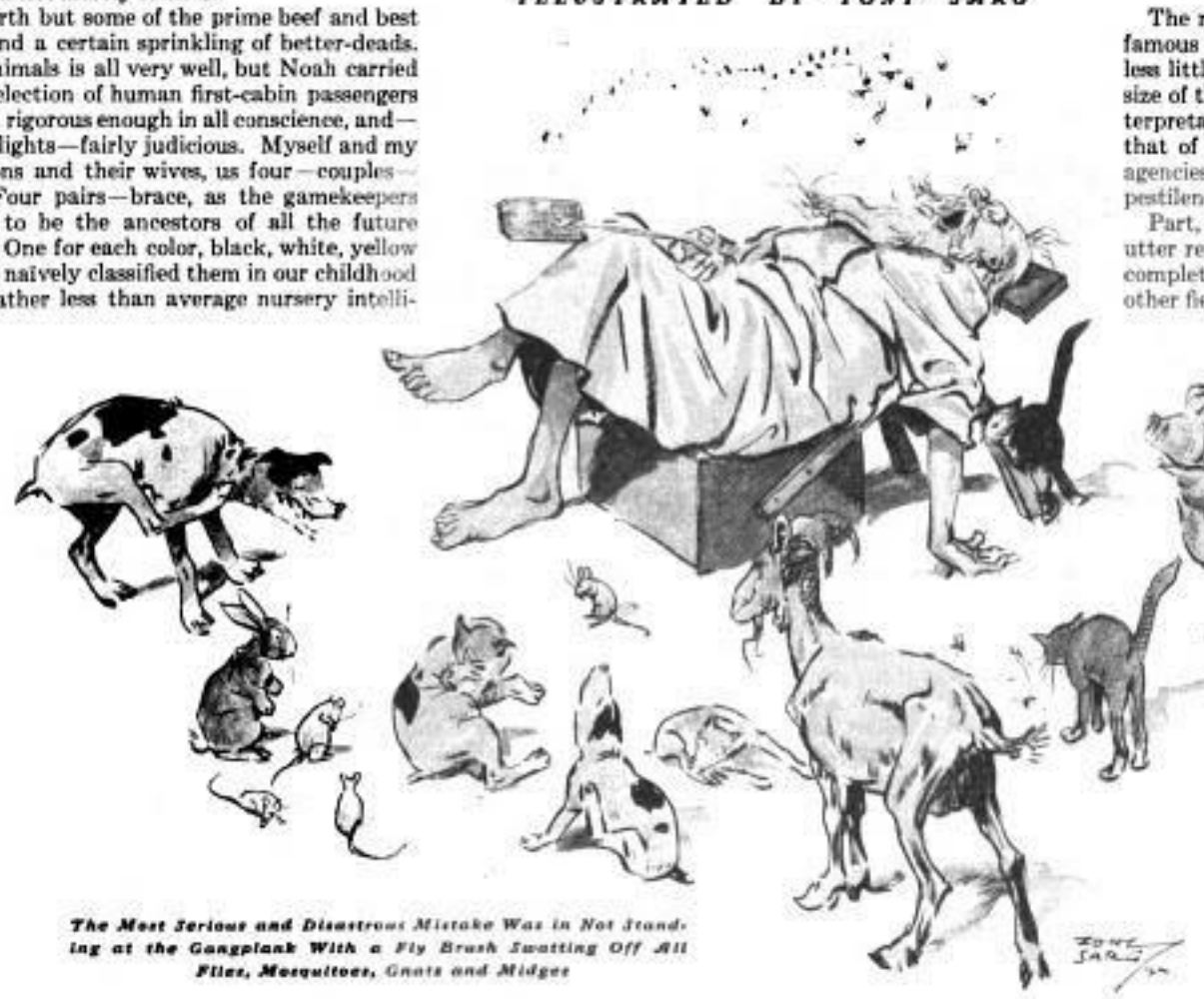
By Woods Hutchinson, M. D.

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

THE two most famous passenger lists of all history were those of the Ark and the Mayflower. Both of them contained not merely some of the salt of the earth but some of the prime beef and best bacon as well—and a certain sprinkling of better-deads.

Kindness to animals is all very well, but Noah carried it too far. His selection of human first-cabin passengers was exclusive and rigorous enough in all conscience, and—according to his lights—fairly judicious. Myself and my wife, my three sons and their wives, us four—couples—and no more! Four pairs—brace, as the gamekeepers say—of humans to be the ancestors of all the future myriads of men. One for each color, black, white, yellow and brown, as we naively classified them in our childhood days, and with rather less than average nursery intelligence have continued to ever since. We might just as well have divided them into good, bad, middling and indifferent, so far as reason or actual relationship is concerned; but that is another story.

But when it came to animals, Mrs. Noah's S. P. C. A. sympathies seem to have run away with her, and the sky was the only limit. She is not to blame, of course, for the shark and the crocodile and the sea serpent, for they got past her; they could swim. But why under heaven should she have deliberately rounded up and inflicted upon generations yet unborn the hyena, the wolf, the grizzly, the carcajou, the snake and the polecat? Though these were but the small dust of the balance, the lightest of light afflictions compared with the oversights for which Noah himself must have been responsible. For surely no lady in her right senses, in any age of the world, would have deliberately infested her future house boat with mice, or even rats, to say nothing of cockroaches and other lesser and livelier vermin.



The Most Serious and Disastrous Mistake Was in Not Standing at the Gangplank With a Fly Brush Swatting Off All Flies, Mosquitoes, Gnats and Midges

Undesirable Passengers on the Ark

THE most serious and disastrous mistake of all was in not standing at the gangplank of the Ark with a fly brush and swishing and swatting off all flies, mosquitoes, gnats and midges which endeavored to ride in on the backs of the cattle, horses and antelopes.

If this had been done the Flood might almost have been worth while, for it would have swallowed up and overwhelmed in its waves the greatest and deadliest of human plagues, malaria, or jungle fever, which has swept away more millions of lives than all the savage beasts of the forest and jungle put together, including man, have tens. And with it would have been drowned all possibility of the terrible scourges, sleeping sickness, yellow fever, dysentery and summer diarrhea. While if in addition a fine-tooth-comb barrage had been put down upon the few "harmless" rats, mice, gophers, ground squirrels "and such small deer" admitted, the second greatest scourge of mankind, the great plague, or black death, would have been made impossible; to say nothing of typhus, measles, spotted fever and septic fever.

But though poor old Noah has always been counted among the prophets—and he was a whale of a prophet, for he predicted months in advance the greatest cloudburst in history—it would hardly be fair to expect him to foresee in the year of the Flood the latest and most unexpected discoveries of modern science.

Indeed, barely twenty years ago, if we had been criticizing him for too amiable an indiscriminateness in the admission of undesirable passengers to his floating zoo we would have raised our loudest protests against certain of the more bloodthirsty and dangerous beasts and birds of prey—the lion, the tiger, the wolf, the bear, the panther, the eagle, the falcon, the hawk and the night-prowling owl.

Today these would pass the Ellis Island bar of expert opinion almost unchallenged, and our most strenuous objections would be raised against the admission of a far humbler and less formidable—indeed, almost insignificant-looking—little band of small furry rodents: rats, mice, ground squirrels, gophers, wood rats, desert rats, lemmings, jerboas, marmots and hamsters; all the tiny, furry hordes which burrow and scuttle and squeak; not because of the heavy onslaughts they make upon our various crops and our storehouses, though these are very terrible indeed, but because of the raging pestilences which they breed and invent in their tiny interiors and spread broadcast through the parasitic insects which they harbor in their fur.

The relative positions of the lion and the mouse in the famous fable are absolutely reversed, and timid, harmless little *Mus rattus* has swollen to a hundred times the size of the king of beasts. Indeed, the modern moral interpretation of the fable, *hare fabula docet*, might well be that of the tininess and apparent insignificance of the agencies which unwatched would release the lion of the pestilence upon mankind.

Part, of course, of this transvaluation of values, this utter reversal of judgment, has been due to the almost complete subsidence of tigers, lions, bears, wolves and other fierce, bad beasts of our nursery days to little more than sources of amusement in zoos and of healthful and enjoyable excitement and exercise on big-game hunting trips. A lion in the way has become little more than a treat to anyone armed with a repeating rifle.

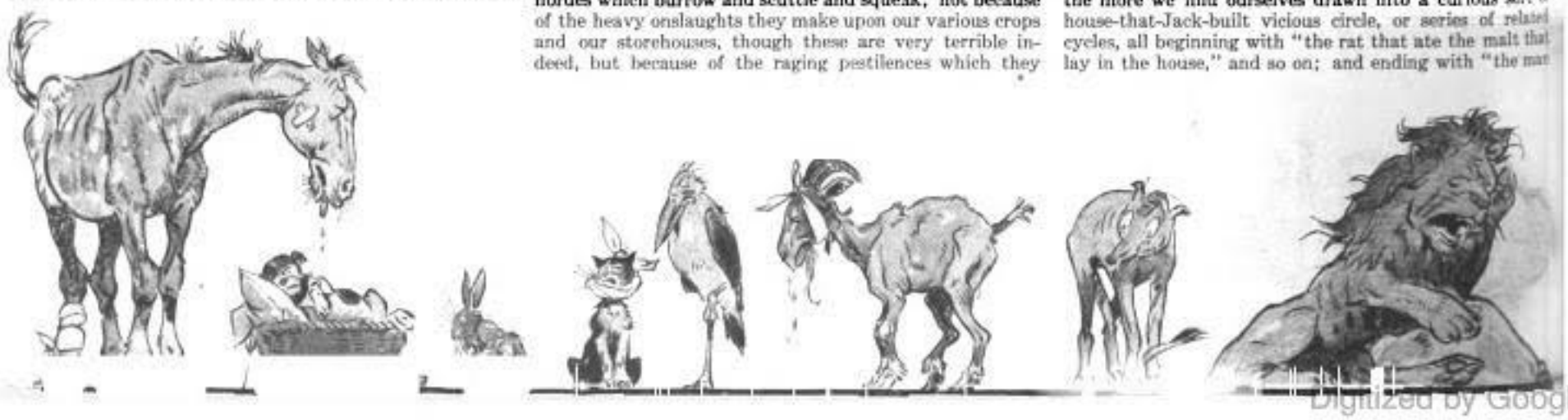
Moreover, it is the almost unanimous opinion of big-game hunters, famous naturalists and great collectors of animals that it is extremely doubtful whether lions, tigers, panthers, leopards and bears ever were a serious menace to human beings, even to mere savages before the deadly fire-stick of the white man was placed in their hands.

Man's Three Greatest Enemies

PARTLY this is because the noble beasts of prey, like Indians, though plucky enough on occasion, never go out of their way to seek a fight if they can get what they want without it; partly for the somewhat unexpected and unflattering reason that they don't like the taste of us any more than we do that of muskrats, weasels and mice.

The northern wolf has been ten times as dangerous, the most dreaded foe of our kind through the Stone Age, before the coming of steel, because he isn't so particular. He will eat anything! So our modern censure of Father Noah would not be for those grapevine cuttings which he sneaked into the Ark, but because he did not swat or shoo off all flies and skeeters which tried to ride in on the live-stock, and with the assistance of a few sticks, the deck hands and the seven rat terriers on board make a grand hunt to a finish of all the rats and mice which had sneaked in in the grain sacks and bundles of forage for the other beasteses. Words could hardly be too strong, figures scarcely too incredible, to express the tremendous opportunity to protect and bless all future generations of mankind by organizing that rat killing. He would have had plenty of time to make the extermination complete in the months that the voyage of the Ark lasted. For recent findings have clearly shown that the three deadliest and most dangerous wild beasts in the world are the rat, the mosquito and the flea. Emerson may have had a prophetic glimpse of this in his famous cryptic utterance, "A flea is as untamable as a hyena!" Or to put it a little differently from a health point of view, the three greatest enemies of man are insects, rodents and his fellow men.

The more we grope and probe into the origins of disease the more we find ourselves drawn into a curious sort of house-that-Jack-built vicious circle, or series of related cycles, all beginning with "the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house," and so on; and ending with "the man



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all tattered and torn that kissed the maiden all forlorn that milked the cow with the crumpled horn," and so on. With the one big difference that the rat doesn't get killed in real life.

Here is the situation to which we come down with an almost monotonous regularity in tracing back, as far as records of any sort permit, the history of any great epidemic disease: A group of human beings infected by its germ or organism, a group of domestic animals in close contact with them also infected, and usually an insect of some sort acting as a go-between, or carrier.

About thirty years ago systematic investigation revealed that, one after another, practically every species of our domestic and zoo animals—including rats, mice, guinea pigs and rabbits, deer, antelopes, tigers, lions, and the like—had just as many and as complicated diseases, in lungs and bowels, in teeth and heart and kidneys, and died as early and as often of them as we did. Not only so, but most of them have the same great diseases in slightly modified form. Cattle, antelopes, pigs, dogs, cats, monkeys, chickens, pheasants, parrots, all have tuberculosis. Every known domesticated or caged bird and animal, from the mouse to the elephant, the wallaby to the giraffe, has pneumonia of great deadliness, and nearly all suffer severely from influenzas and grippes, or distempers and epizoötics closely resembling them.

Nearly all have and die in thousands of great intestinal infections closely resembling typhoid, cholera and dysentery, often with germs hard to distinguish from those of our human diseases. They have even paralysis, not unlike locomotor ataxia, heart disease and kidney disease following these infections; and so on all down the line. Not only so, but they have actually gone us one better and invented a whole lot of new diseases of their own, quite different from ours.

Our first score of excursions into the new field of bacteriology quickly revealed that the mouth, skin, stomach and bowels of every living creature were populated with from fifty to a hundred different species of germs, apparently quite harmless; and that almost every Mr. Hyde disease germ had in an animal's body or its food an absolute double, a Doctor Jekyll of blameless repute and character, which could often only be distinguished from it by the test that it could not produce the disease when injected into the blood of another animal.

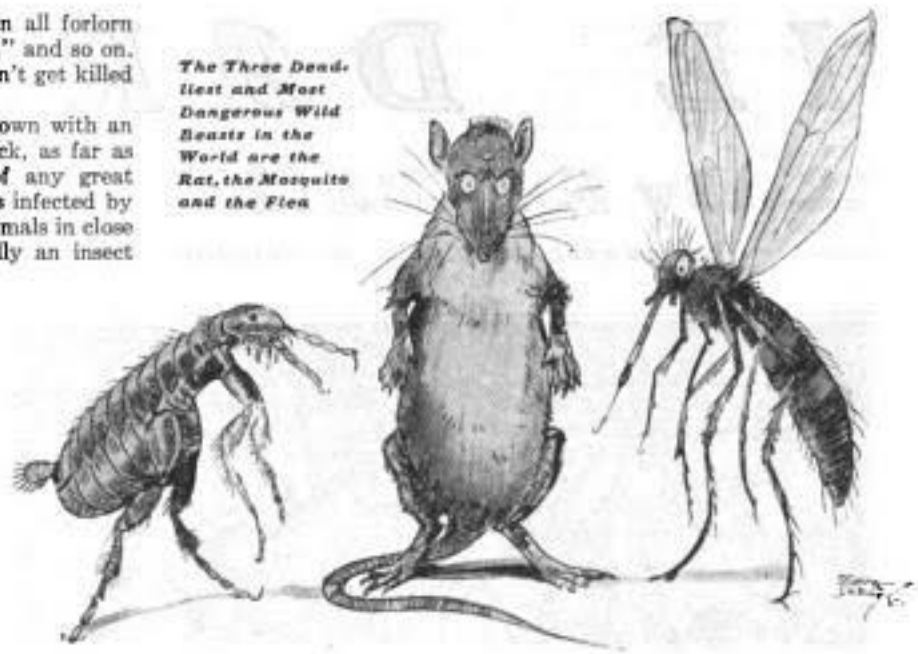
For instance, the bacillus of typhoid fever has an innocent double, the colon bacillus, one of the commonest parlor boarders of our large intestine, believed to be even of some service in helping to digest cellulose, or woody fiber, in our food, which is often quite difficult to distinguish from its criminal cousin.

Epidemics in History and Legend

THE tubercle bacillus of both men and cattle has an absolute double in an inoffensive little germ found growing on the heads of timothy hay, which will sometimes deceive the very elect by its appearance and curious staining reactions under the microscope, and which may perhaps be the common ancestor out in the blameless meadows of all the different murderous types of tubercle bacilli, bovine, human, porcine and avian, or bird.

I speak feelingly of our disappointment at landing in this welter of new maladies, this confusion worse confounded, for I happened to spend some of those years in the great biological gardens of Europe, trying to find in animals some simpler and less complicated forms of the great disease processes, particularly cancer and tuberculosis, which would throw light upon their origin and causation in the human species.

But it was almost in vain. The beasts had as many and as complicated diseases as we had; their germ parasites were just as much at home as ours were, and from all that one could judge had been infesting them for just as long a time. No *fons et origo mali*—source and origin of all—to be found there!



The Three Deadliest and Most Dangerous Wild Beasts in the World are the Rat, the Mosquito and the Flea

So we retreated in good order for a time and then swung forward for another cast, this time in the direction of the wild animals in a state of Nature. Naturally, we reasoned, animals under domestication and in captivity were not fair samples. They had been placed under what were entirely abnormal conditions, exposed to all sorts of infections and bad examples, great changes made in their food and climate. We must study them in the happy, healthful freedom of the out-of-doors, in their pristine purity before man and his tyranny and pestilences had ever used them.

Another surprise was in store for us. Hitherto our sole sources of information about wild animals had been hunters who were after meat or trophies or fur, or field naturalists chiefly interested in classification and habits. Misled by the rarity with which bodies of animals apparently dead of disease were ever found in the woods and prairies, they almost unanimously assured us that disease was practically unknown among animals in a state of nature.

Their logic was sadly at fault. The rarity of dead bodies in the wilds is simply a sign of the grim efficiency of Nature's scavenger system.

Not only is there the keenest competition for the privilege of burying all dead bodies in a living tomb, but it works ante mortem as well as post mortem, and scarcely a single wild animal is permitted to die a natural death. The moment he gets sick enough or old enough to lose 30 per cent or more of his speed and fighting weight something catches him.

Just as soon as pathologists began to join hunting parties for the pleasure of studying the viscera of the various birds and animals shot they found them simply swarming with parasites and all kinds of disease germs.

Disease germs, instead of the most recent, are among the most ancient living things in the world. Looking back over history with this clew, we found abundant evidence of the frequent occurrence of waves of increase in rodents; that is, small gnawing animals, of which the rabbit, the rat and mouse, the squirrel, the gopher are our most familiar members. They swarm in millions and even march in armies into adjoining districts; then comes a sudden outburst of furious disease that almost wipes them off the face of the earth; then a slow upward increase again to huge numbers, to be cut down by another overcrowding epidemic.

Here is the situation as it now confronts us. For almost every important great infection we have unheavenly twins, or triplets, man and an animal in close contact, both infected and with the same bacillus:

For tuberculosis	Man and the cow
For pneumonia and influenza	Man and every known warm-blooded animal
For tetanus	Man and the horse
For dysentery and summer diarrhea	Man, fly (?), mouse
For malaria	Man and the birds
For typhoid	Man and the rat
For hydrophobia	Man and the dog
For measles	Man and the mouse
For diphtheria	Man and the cat
For black death	Man and the rat
For smallpox	Man and the horse and the cow
For sleeping sickness	Man and the antelopes
For spotted fever	Man and tick of ground squirrel
For infantile paralysis	Man, fly (?), mouse
For tularemia—deer-fly fever	Man and louse of jack rabbit and deer
For tsutsugamushi of Japan	Man and louse of mouse

The striking and significant feature of this long list of cases is that in no less than eight out of the sixteen a rat, mouse or other rodent is indicted, while in six he has already been found guilty by the jury of science without a dissenting vote.

To put the situation in a nutshell, these waves of overcrowding epidemics are no new thing among rodents. In fact all history and legend are full of gruesome stories of huge migrations and invading armies of rats and mice, of lemmings and desert rats, devouring everything living or dead that came in their path, of which the famous Pied Piper of Hamelin and the wicked Bishop Otto, who was devoured alive by swarms of rats that swam the Rhine to get at him, because he would neither give nor sell his hoards of grain to the starving peasants, are a couple of recent examples.

The Common Carriers of Disease

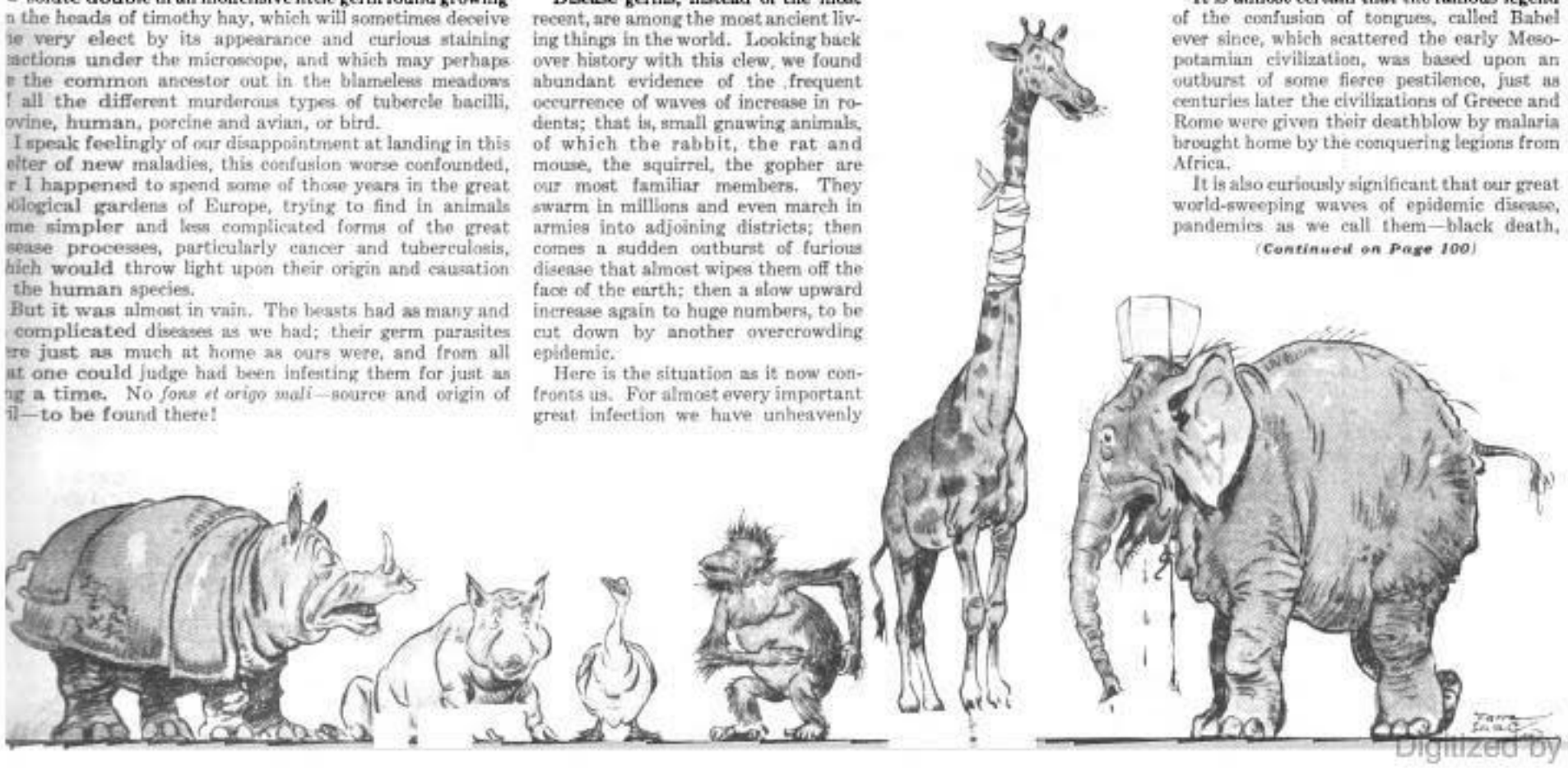
IN OUR sublime and unconscious self-conceit we have supposed that we were the only people capable of building up communities sufficiently numerous and close packed to hatch epidemics—turn harmless bacilli boarders into virulent disease germs. But ages before Babylon and Egypt the desert rats, the prairie dogs, the lemmings and the rabbits had been building up their civilizations of myriads of citizens and then shattering them by self-generated explosions of the plague every seven years. Here were full-blown routine epidemics before man had learned to lay one brick on top of another.

The overwhelming probability is that man did not invent his diseases but took them full-fledged from the only other swarms of sufficient density, his rodent neighbors and uninvited boarders. All that was needed was the spark, the carrier between the rat fuse and the human tinder—a flea, a fly or a cootie.

It is almost certain that the famous legend of the confusion of tongues, called Babel ever since, which scattered the early Mesopotamian civilization, was based upon an outburst of some fierce pestilence, just as centuries later the civilizations of Greece and Rome were given their deathblow by malaria brought home by the conquering legions from Africa.

It is also curiously significant that our great world-sweeping waves of epidemic disease, pandemics as we call them—black death,

(Continued on Page 100)



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VINGIE DARLING

By F. E. BAILY

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

"MY DEAR Charles," observed the Honorable Virginia Lauriston in her very clear voice, "you simply must realize that a girl isn't necessarily a fool just because she is a girl." The great drawing-room at Wynwood disposes its noble proportions like a graceful woman. The furniture was looted at the sack of a Continental palace, and upon its south wall hangs Titian's celebrated Pink Lady. The French windows of the great drawing-room at Wynwood give upon the first of sweeping tiers of terraces constructed in the days when everyone had plenty of money. Sir Charles Gillespie liked to sit there in the summer when the cost of heating need not worry him, thus combining spaciousness with economy.

Virginia, swathed in the softest old-rose, poised herself delicately on a carved and gilded armchair, its silk tapestry frayed by the limbs of distinguished generations. Her white shoulders, the most perfect among society, quivered in the faintest shrug. The light from a solitary chandelier high in the painted ceiling caressed her beautifully waved hair; she turned her adorable profile, glanced at her companion out of calm eyes neither gray nor green, and went on reproachfully:

"You don't seriously mean to be a beast to little Vingie, do you, Charles?"

Sir Charles smiled at her a smile enriched by almost sixty years of joyous bachelorhood. The ingredients of that smile are lost and irreplaceable. Eton, two years in the Guards, and then embassy after embassy had gone to its making; the esteem of every head waiter in Europe, the genuine interest of more than thirty reigning beauties had mellowed it. Innumerable tight corners had steadied it. Virginia, aged twenty, could see through it like glass.

"No woman with your looks is ever a fool. Sometimes, however, she's a little ill-advised."

Virginia enlaced her slender fingers round one knee, exhibiting two of the purest ankles in the world, never shifting her level glance.

"You've had your good time, Charles, and now you've got into the stuffy stage and want to water down everybody else's. I should hate you to drive me into deceit."



"Rather a Darling, Aren't You?" She Murmured

"The man is not born who could drive a woman into anything," replied Sir Charles, making, however, a mental reservation in favor of himself.

"You're so impossibly reasonable, Charles dear. A lot of very pretty women must have worked frightfully hard over you. It's very difficult being a girl. You see, I want a career."

"Oh, my God!" murmured Sir Charles, staring out over the umbrageousness of the park.

Virginia fluttered weightlessly across the deep-piled carpet and set herself gently on his knee. One arm stole around his neck and her irreproachably waved hair just brushed his cheek. Sir Charles suffered a desperate internal revolution. He knew she was his ward and the situation might not be exploited; he knew the powder from that moonbeam arm would never really leave his dress coat unless it went to the cleaners.

Virginia, stroking the gray head with devilish fingers, proceeded to intensify the torture.

"Lovely thick hair," she murmured. "Thank heaven you'll never go bald, Charles. You're awf'ly young in some ways—but then, fifty's nothing for a man. I loathe boys, they're so shallow and pig-headed. I don't mean a career in your sense of the word, you old silly—not a typist or a sanitary inspectress or a she-doctor, or even a membress of parliament. They wear simply odious clothes and men hate them. But I've only a thousand a year of my own, and that hardly buys stockings nowadays. Why, even these were four guineas."

She extended one pure ankle. Sir Charles could see with his own eyes just what one gets in the way of half a pair of stockings at four guineas the pair.

"I want a career like Helen of Troy's or Cleopatra's, Charles; something tremendous, that lets a woman be a woman. I should like to toy with statesmen and drive foreign offices mad."

Sir Charles removed the arm from about his neck and achieved a deprecating smile.

"Marriage is the only career for a girl in our set, Virginia; wife of a coming man, one of the great political hostesses; Rupert's, for instance."

Virginia slid lingeringly from his knee.

"I don't think little Vingie wants to be married," she said at last. "My wild oats aren't sown—not one teeny little oat. Besides, Rupert fatigues me. He dances rottenly and he doesn't understand the first thing about women. Where would you be if you hadn't understood women to the very depths, Charles?"

"Probably among the ten richest men in the country instead of scraping to raise the interest on the mortgage. Rupert will go far, Virginia. He's a worker. A sound, plodding, ambitious fellow, with the sort of face anybody's husband would trust, and the instincts of a gentleman. I should give my daughter to him without a pang, if I had a daughter and he wanted to marry her and there was nobody in a position to get up and forbid the banns."

The door opened casually and there entered Rupert Frack, of the Foreign Office, with knitted brow. He propelled his tall lank figure into the family circle; his dark hair lay protestingly where it had been put, his trousers hung in depressing folds, and his hands, thrust into his jacket pockets, made the garment sag slantwise. He had never really grasped the essential spirituality of tying a dress tie.

Flinging a mechanical smile at Virginia like a bone to a dog he said gloomily to Sir Charles: "I've had a wire from the Foreign Minister in Code Fourteen. Begins: 'J. arrives by air on the tenth and goes to D. Very hush-hush. Please arrange. Practically no servants and the telephone disconnected. Radio set to be installed. Local supplies out of the question; the whole show to be entirely self-supporting. Suitable amusement essential.' Ends ——"

Sir Charles raised his eyebrows and spread out his hands.

"The tenth," he murmured sorrowfully. "That's the opening day of the Hampshire Summer Meeting. Bill Derrington was taking me down in his motor. The Lovelace filly is practically a certainty for the 3:30 race, and I've got a hatful on her at a very tempting price. I shall go and ring up Fordingbridge and tell him exactly what I think of him."

Sir Charles went out jauntily, and if souls wore hats the hat of Sir Charles' soul would have been slightly on one side. Rupert Frack dropped into a chair and stared fixedly before him.

Virginia regarded him with kind eyes, and said: "Rupert, who is she? You can tell me because I'm frightfully sympathetic. Does she wear black underclothes and sniff cocaine, or is she one of those innocent-faced little cats with the temperament of a fiend? Poor boy, you look simply worried to death."

Rupert glanced up palely and smote her.

"I am not in love, if that's what you mean. I have no time. My mind is occupied with more important matters. When every day brings an international crisis or two, one's private feelings must go by the board."

Virginia seated herself before him.

"Then you ought to be thrown out of the Foreign Office. The whole world is a wangle, Rupert, and nobody can wangle like a woman. I can't think how you dare say you're not in love. It isn't safe. Some day a Hungarian adventuress with cloth-topped boots and moldy furs and a Shaftsbury Avenue hat will put it across you and you'll have to go out and plant rubber in Ceylon to hide your disgrace. You see, you might even fall in love with me one day. I'm considered awfully pretty, Rupert. P'r'aps you've never noticed? Look!"

His mind working in its trivial rut, stumbled on an idea.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed. "There's that phrase in the telegram. You might provide the essential amusement!"

Virginia left him because some situations are beyond words. She went upstairs to her bedroom, undressed, curled herself in an armchair and picked up a book. The night breeze kissed her bare throat and stirred restlessly in her hair.

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"Although Angela had dismissed Richard," said the book, "his image remained graven immovably on her heart. She missed his strength, his delicate courtesy, though behind it lurked ever the ruthlessness of the male. She sensed the misery of loneliness. She had ceased to belong to anyone ——"

Virginia threw the book peevishly across the room.

"Tosh!" she muttered, yawning shamelessly.

She spent a deft half hour cold-creaming her face and neck, dabbed a little powder here and there, slid out of her cobwebby wrap and climbed slowly into her bed. As she switched off the light a faint giggle parted her lips. She was thinking of Rupert.

II

AT SIX A.M. Rupert Frack, looking longer and limper than ever in pajamas and dressing gown, entered Sir Charles' room quietly but firmly, carrying a black leather portfolio. He coughed, drew an armchair to the bedside, and sat waiting.

Sir Charles merely opened his eyes, saw Rupert Frack, and closed them again.

"Are you just getting up or just going to bed, Rupert?" he murmured without the least trace of ill temper. "In either case I'm sure they've given you a room of your own. P'r'aps you've mistaken the door. One door looks very like another."

The visitor opened his portfolio and began arranging papers methodically.

"The chief will be here at ten," he explained, "and I'd like to get everything cut and dried before he comes, Uncle Charles. This Janowicz affair is going to be frightfully delicate. I want to have all the ground clear for the chief."

Sir Charles opened his eyes again, experienced, patient, rather heavy-lidded eyes.

"If the Angel of Death were calling for me at ten I should still have my cup of tea and biscuit at eight," he complained. "I never attempt anything whatever before my early cup of tea, Rupert. And as for Fordingbridge's getting here by ten, the idea is nonsense. He'll arrive just in time for luncheon, if he comes at all."

"Still, the matter is very complicated, and it will take some time to explain clearly," asserted Rupert. "I will begin with our note dated April twenty-sixth."

Sir Charles' eyes glinted.

"Go away, you idiot boy," he commanded. "No wonder you look older than I do, Rupert. No wonder you earn people's undying hatred by your poisonous efficiency. No great man is ever efficient. He leaves that to people like you, and then in the nick of time he comes down wallop and settles the whole thing. Get out of my room. You can say your piece after breakfast."

"It throws out my entire day, but of course if you insist ——" grumbled Rupert.

He gathered his effects and departed. In his own chamber he lit a long black cigar, having an iron digestion, and began to pore over a large-scale map of Bessarabia.

At half past seven the laughing feet of sunbeams running races over her adorable face awoke Virginia. She, too, opened her eyes and gazed inquiringly round the room. Fortunately she did not see Rupert Frack sitting beside her bed with a portfolio. Instead she dwelt lovingly on the sycamore-wood furniture, the silk hangings and upholstery, the cream Persian carpet, the dressing-table fittings—ivory-backed brushes, and the table top swung back to reveal rows and rows of tiny pots and bottles containing beauty at fabulous prices.

"How good Charles is to his little lamb!" she murmured contentedly; "dear nice, wicked old thing. It takes a long and ill-spent life to teach a man how to look after a girl properly. That's why Rupert's so hopeless. He hasn't a mind above his wretched work. Could I marry Rupert? No; not yet, anyhow. He's too clever and too respectable. I adore a clever man, but he mustn't despise me. Rupert does. He thinks I'm a fluffy, empty-headed little nuisance. He must be taught till he goes sick in the tummy when he hears my footstep in the distance. That's what I call love in a man. A girl goes sick in the tummy if she doesn't hear his footstep in the distance, in case some other girl does."

A smile played round Virginia's delightful mouth, a mouth not too small for kisses and not too large for beauty.

A knock fell on the door. There entered a pretty maid bearing a morning tea set of eggshell china. Virginia poured herself a cup, drank thirstily and began to nibble a wafer of bread spread with golden butter.

"'Morning, Mary," she said. The pretty maid smiled. She was folding Virginia's clothes with caressing fingers. "Give me a hand glass," continued Virginia, and began to examine her face with the ruthless scrutiny of a specialist exploring a possibly inflamed appendix.

"You'd better massage my skin with that Circassian cream," she announced after deep thought. "I don't want to look a hag today."

Remote in the bachelors' wing, Rupert Frack's morning toilet afforded no such charm. He stood moodily before the glass, his mind far away in the Middle East, and the kriss-kriss of the razor against his beard fell on deaf ears.

A sad-faced, silent valet struggled with Rupert's clothes. As fast as Grimes pressed them into shape Rupert, like all really clever men—genius as distinct from mere talent—dragged them out again; and Grimes, it give 'im the fair 'ump, so it did—nothing but hiron, hiron all day long.

Exactly at 12:30 the tires of Lord Fordingbridge's car crunched fatly on the gravel outside the main entrance. That jaunty and rubicund old gentleman sprang out with boyish abandon, removed his gray tall hat, and danced over the smooth lawn to greet Virginia.

Exercising the privilege of an old friend he folded her willowy figure against his double-breasted holland waistcoat and kissed her in the manner of a connoisseur. They moved slowly side by side into the house. Rupert received them solemnly on the threshold.

"Good morning, sir," he began with his excessive competence. "Since receiving your code telegram I have worked out the whole matter in great detail. No doubt you will wish to discuss it with Sir Charles at once."

"Hey!" retorted Lord Fordingbridge genially, "not before luncheon, young man, not before luncheon! God bless me, unheard of, absolutely unheard of! Good morning, Charles! I have captured a young damsel. She is the captive of my bow and spear. Let's toast her in a glass of something. The dust on these roads is a perfect plague. My throat's like sandpaper."

"Well," intoned Sir Charles absently, "here's jolly good luck." He made a face at Rupert and drank.

"A little luncheon, I think, if you please, Charles," said Lord Fordingbridge at last. "A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and Virginia sitting beside me. Even at my age there are consolations."

"And the older one gets the more they cost," murmured Sir Charles with gentle melancholy.

For an hour Vingie played skillfully with them all. Then she wandered away on dreaming feet. Lord Fordingbridge watched her go, his eyes a thought less innocent.

(Continued on Page 90)



She Sat Down on the Running Board of the Deceitful Car and Propped Her Chin in Her Hands

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THE OLD RIP

By George Weston

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE L. BENSON

IN NEARLY every town there is a back-number street with traces of former grandeur—a street in which visitors are told, "You see these houses? Well, sir, this used to be the most fashionable part of town—a good many years ago, of course."

To which—your eye roaming right and left—you politely murmur, "Yes, yes; of course."

"But somehow," you will hear the story continued, "I don't know just how, the old people seemed to die or move away, and a crowd of Patagonians began moving in, and—say now!—doesn't that smell sweet? I guess we'd better wait till this woman gets through sifting her ashes. They're blowing right across the sidewalk."

In Springfield there were old trees upon this street, elms of tremendous girth, although the authorities had to keep their eyes open or the Patagonians would have had them down for firewood in no time. And standing back from these trees, the houses of a bygone generation looked out from their broken-shuttered windows with somewhat the same air as a once-dignified and stout old gentleman might look when the Demon Rum has taken the shine off him, and Time has taken the pride out of him, and he knows he can never come back.

Strange somersaults of fortune, most of these houses have seen.

This one of the colonial style, for instance, with the fanlights over the doorway and in the gable ends, was once the home of Miss Emily Stubbs, probably one of the straitest-laced old maids that ever drew breath—so prim indeed that she would never wear high-heeled shoes or silk stockings for fear they might lead her into temptation, and who lived all her life a spinster because she regarded man—and perhaps, who knows, not wrongly?—as the incarnation of original sin.

But poor Miss Emily shunned her last man years ago, lying chastely now in immortal solitude; and the old Stubbs house is occupied by a stout woman with no nose worth mentioning, and a voice like something heard over the river on a foggy night. She is known as Belle Fatima—her own name being hard to pronounce—and she keeps house assisted by a number of stylish-looking young ladies who wear their skirts a little shorter and rub their faces with a powder that has a trifle more purple in its pigment than any other young ladies in town.

Next to Belle Fatima's is the old Jenkins place, now also in the hands of the invaders.

Judge Jenkins had greatly prided himself upon his front bay windows—in one of which a century plant was always seen on a mahogany stand, and in the other a marble bust of Shakspere with the back of its head turned toward the street. But that was long ago—in the days when little girls minded their mothers, and mothers minded their little girls. Today the bay windows have been taken out, and a long, unlovely leanto has been built against the front of the house, reaching to the sidewalk. In this addition two stores have been opened. One is a pool room—a sort of finishing school for young gentlemen who want to get it over and done with; and the other is candy, tobacco and cigars, where if you belong to the élite you can go in for a glass of vanilla soda that will cost you fifty cents, and come out with a hiccup worth a dollar.

Next to the Jenkins place are a number of large houses built in the era when day nursery and night nursery had not yet disappeared from architects' drawings, to say nothing of music room, sewing room and den. These residences, once sheltering each its proud establishment, have now been split up into four-family tenements—tenements which have been further split up by wonderful rows about the disappearance of coal from individual coal bins, and the levitation of washing left out all night to dry on a community line.

Toward the end of the street the houses somewhat improve in appearance, though badly enough in need of paint, and with here and there a window pane broken or a chimney top half blown down. These houses are the Old Guard, which have not yet surrendered. Here, silently and ceaselessly, the battle is still going on. If the invading Patagonians win, it won't be long before they are around the corner, forcing another migration of the home forces. If the defenders win—well, they will win, that's all. They will get no credit and receive no thanks; but here and there perhaps in one of these beleaguered houses you will find an old warrior who wishes no other reward than, when the proper time comes, to be able to repeat with the patriarch of old, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

II

NEARLY everyone in Springfield knew Fred Bellamy—knew him and liked him too. He was floorwalker at Howell & Menzer's Department Store—a handsome man with his pink cheeks like a certain shade of Alaska salmon,



"Well!" Began Her Mother. "And What Time Did You Come In Last Night?"

and his silvery hair and mustache—and he had a happy, jovial, prosperous manner that made him an ideal Santa Claus at the Sunday-school Christmas tree. Crabbed old ladies who could never raise a smile from anybody else could always count on a spoonful of sugar from Fred.

"Isn't it too bad," new friends would sometimes say, "that he isn't in business for himself? A man like that should never be working for somebody else."

As a matter of fact Fred had been in business twice.

The first time—in Bellamy's Boote Shoppe—he had continued the adventure until he had spent all his wife's money. The second time, when he had bought out Daggett's Undertaking Parlors with the proceeds of a mortgage on his wife's house, he ran another short race on Very Hard Cash, but was presently thrown from the saddle and nearly landed in the mud. A good man to work for others, he was a bad egg to himself and his family, being more interested in beauty than in business, and letting everybody owe him. Yet, with it all, nearly everybody liked him, though there were mighty few who had a good word for his wife.

For one thing, the passing years had left her with a fighter's face—a dour expression that constantly seemed to be smelling fish and was hardly ever caught at a fresh one—an expression whose dominant features were a nose and chin that might have chiseled stone. She had been a Jenkins before she married—a niece of old Judge Jenkins, he who had lived down the street and prided himself upon his bay windows. At the time when she married Fred she hadn't been so dour and unsmiling, but few people remembered that. When Fred had promised to endow her with all his worldly goods she had twenty-seven thousand dollars in Northern Pacific Threes and Santa Fe General Fours. It was after Bellamy's Boote Shoppe had walked away with these prime securities that she began to look sour; and when the four thousand dollars mortgage money had been buried past resurrection in Bellamy, Mortuarian, and Mrs. Bellamy began to realize that she had wed a very gallant gentleman, strawberry peddlers gave her just one look and promptly took their false fruit somewhere else—to Belle Fatima, for instance, who had lately moved into the old Stubbs house farther down the street.

Fred wanted the hair to go with the hide.

"Let's sell the place," he urged. "I hate to tell anybody that I live on Weatherby Street any more. First thing we know we'll have a junk dealer next door, and the front yard full of scrap iron and old brass beds. If we sell now I guess we could get seventy-five hundred, but if we wait till there's a first-class nuisance next door we'd be lucky if we could give the place away."

At that, Mrs. Bellamy gave him her first dour look though it was far from being her last, and told him a few things that warmed his ears and made him think—as many a man has thought before him—what a fool he had been for ever marrying that.

"To lose that twenty-seven thousand dollars was bad enough," concluded Mrs. Bellamy, raving on as a woman sometimes will; "and the mortgage was worse. But this old house is the place where my father was born, and where I was born, and it's all that I've got left in the world; and I'm going to keep it as long as I live if I have to go out washing to pay the taxes and the interest—to keep us all from being turned out on the street like a family of tramps from the house that's always had a Jenkins in it since the day it was born!"

Excitement had made her incoherent, but Fred caught her meaning even though his ears were glowing. He began to look around him for a job—to consider openings—and every day that he looked and considered, the interest date on the mortgage drew a step nearer, inexorable as death, terrible as an army with banners. Mrs. Bellamy waited as long as she dared, and then one day when Master Frederic came home from a hard day's work of looking and considering—which had taken him in the direction of the local baseball park—he found two strange men sitting down with their knees under his supper table, and was briefly informed, in the kitchen, that these were boarders, and there was room for six more upstairs.

The Jenkinses had always been noted for their cooking, and it wasn't long before the rooms upstairs were filled. But it's a fighting life—this keeping of boarders—fighting against time, and fighting against three big meals a day, and fighting dirt, and fighting the butcher for sending Taurus and the Ram, and fighting delivery men for not getting things to the house in time to cook for dinner, and fighting sick headaches and neuralgia, and dead beats, and bed smokers, and gentlemen who come home at two o'clock in the morning and sit on the curbstone and take off their shoes and laugh at a moon which is nearly as full as themselves.

It was then, particularly, that people began to pity Fred for having such a hard-faced woman for his wife.

"Poor Mr. Bellamy!" old ladies would say. "If he had only married the right kind of a girl!"

They had one child, a daughter Dorothy—one of those not uncommon children who alternate streaks of goodness with layers of badness, as the best of bacon will alternate lean and fat. One minute demure, the next naughty; one day quiet, the next being chased home by a neighbor; one week a lady, and the next coming home with her little clothes worn out from sliding down Jaqui's grain chute—it wasn't long before Mrs. Bellamy had another struggle on her hands, a contest which presently found its sharpest conflicts in keeping Dot from playing on the street, and particularly from running around with the graceless little Patagonians down the hill.

She tried reason at first, and then she appealed to family pride; and when neither of these was productive of results she tried the palm of her hand, and found herself successful. Yes; she gained her daughter's obedience, but she lost her affection. Dot turned to her father, who gave her candy on the quiet and whispered, "Never mind, little honey girl. Poppa loves you."

Mrs. Bellamy, looking suddenly, sometimes caught her husband and daughter watching her with thoughtful attention, as though they were asking themselves: "Who is this strange woman—this old rip—who calls herself

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nother? Where did she come from—and when will she ›reak out next?"

The years rolled on—those varicolored spheres—and Fred's prophecy came true. The Patagonians had fought :heir way up the street, house by house, until now they had 'eached a stand next door to the Bellamys, changing a ›ne-time dignified residence into a four-family tenement, ınd keen for further expansion. These old-time houses vith their spacious halls and many rooms might have been ›uilt to order for them; and to make the Bellamy residence nore attractive in their eyes it stood on a hundred-foot ot and had a barn in the rear, a barn which could easily be ›onverted into a garage where cars could be stored at ›wners' risk for at least five dollars a month each.

It wasn't far from being an epic—that contest for the Bellamy property. Rugs shaken near open windows, ashes ıifted when clothes were out to dry, rubbish blowing over ı lawn, a dog that slept all day and sang all night—these vere but a few of the preliminaries to the main engage-ment, a struggle which Mrs. Bellamy guessed would last ıs long as she lived. She accepted it, though, with her chin n the air—an old warrior if ever there was one—and ılways made it a point of honor to give back as good as she ;ot and then add a little bit more, a principle which the Jenkinses had followed as far back as Concord and York-:own, and had continued at Shenandoah and Appo-nattox Court House. Meanwhile Fred had found his ›osition as floorwalker in Howell & Menzer's, and as the 'ears continued rolling by—those varicolored spheres—Dot left school and stayed at home to help her mother, a good-looking girl, though shy from the training she had ıad, with features like Fred, all but the chin, and that was ı Jenkins—a study in heredity that would have warmed Lombroso's heart.

As you can probably guess, Mrs. Bellamy had brought ıp her daughter on old-fashioned lines—black cotton ıtockings, low-heeled shoes, and a respectful way of looking ıt her mother before speaking, as though to say "May I?" But one Saturday morning when Dorothy had gone shop-›ing Mrs. Bellamy found something in her daughter's ›ureau drawer which set her thinking. This was a half-:one cut from the local newspaper, showing a pompa-loured college boy with a large initial on his sweater, the ›icture being mounted in a frame that had evidently been ›ought from the five-and-ten.

"Silly little fool!" thought the old rip, the war paint on her face in a moment. "Why, if it isn't young Howell! I wonder where on earth she got that nonsense in her head!"

It was indeed young Larrabee Howell, only son of B. J. Howell, of Howell & Menzer; and when you recall that Fred Bellamy was floorwalker at that modern department store, perhaps you can begin to see the romantic notion that was flowering in Dot's mind.

"She's beginning young," thought Mrs. Bellamy; and grimly added, "like her father!" She was in two minds about tearing up the picture, but tossed it back in the drawer at last.

"So that's it—thinking of men already," she mused as she went back to the kitchen. "I guess I'd better take a hand in this myself, before it gets too far. But if she does take after her father," she continued, her thoughts going back to the Booterie and to Bellamy, Mortuarian—"well, God knows I'm going to have my hands full with her before I'm through!"

III

MRS. BELLAMY had asked herself, "I wonder where on earth she got such nonsense in her head." The answer was easy. Dot had learned the rules of love in the movies.

Every Wednesday night for years her father had taken her to the Gem Theater, dressed in her best bib and tucker, and with a freshly ironed ribbon in her hair. Dorothy had been only eight years old when this was started, and at first the language of silent love had been so much Greek to her; but bit by bit she learned what it meant when bosoms heaved and eyeballs rolled and a certain person picked up another certain person's photograph and pressed it like a plaster to the chest. After that it didn't take her long to see that Cinderella invariably married the Prince; and being more or less of a Cinderella herself she considered the possibilities of Springfield and decided that Larry Howell should be the one whose diaphragm would some day rise and fall at sight of her fresh young beauty; and who after surmounting dreadful obstacles would ride away with her into a glorious sunset where love birds sang immortal melodies in gardens of endless love.

There was only one flaw in the plan. Nearly every day on her way to school she saw Larry dashing up State Street in his wire-wheeled chariot. But did he ever notice the trudging little figure on the sidewalk, and start his chest going up and down like a concertina? He did not. And to make it worse, he often had other girls in the car with him—pretty girls, too, who worked in his father's store, and whom he had picked up on his way back from dinner and was giving them something to brag about for the rest of the day.

Dot kept her attachment secret, not even telling Eve Kenneally, her chum, a cool young customer who was a month and a day older than Dot, and gave herself airs on that account. The Kenneallys lived in the house above the Bellamys.

Eve was tall and sang alto—two circumstances that didn't hurt her good opinion of herself—and all her life she had practiced the use of her eyes until she was getting to be a regular little sharpshooter, but didn't intend to rest satisfied until she could bring down twenty-five birds out of a possible twenty-five, and never mind how hard the wind was blowing.

At times Mrs. Bellamy had her doubts of Eve.

"What were you two girls laughing at when I saw you on the street this afternoon?" Dot's mother asked her one evening.

To get the full force of this you must imagine the old warrior's expression—her frowning brow, her chilled-steel eyes, her chin, which looked as though it could be used to crack granite or chip the edges off a paving stone.

"Oh, I don't know," said Dot, flushing without knowing it. "I didn't even know that we were laughing."

"Don't you lie to me!" said her mother fiercely.

"I'm not lying."

"Well, then—what were you laughing at?"

"Oh, I know," said Dot, suddenly recollecting. "Mr. Barnes was pasting a big fat paper codfish on the window of the Mohican Market—you know, one of those paper signs with the price on it. And the codfish had a big nose and hardly any chin, and Eve said it looked like old Sol Kelly, who keeps the secondhand furniture store."

"I don't believe a word you're saying!"

Basing her action upon the rich experience of the past, Dot said nothing.

"What was that man turning around and looking at you for?" continued her mother.

"I don't know," said Dot almost tearfully. "Was there a man?" *(Continued on Page 33)*



Instead of Sweeping On Past, It Seemed to Come More and More Slowly, Until Finally It Nosed Up to the Curbstone

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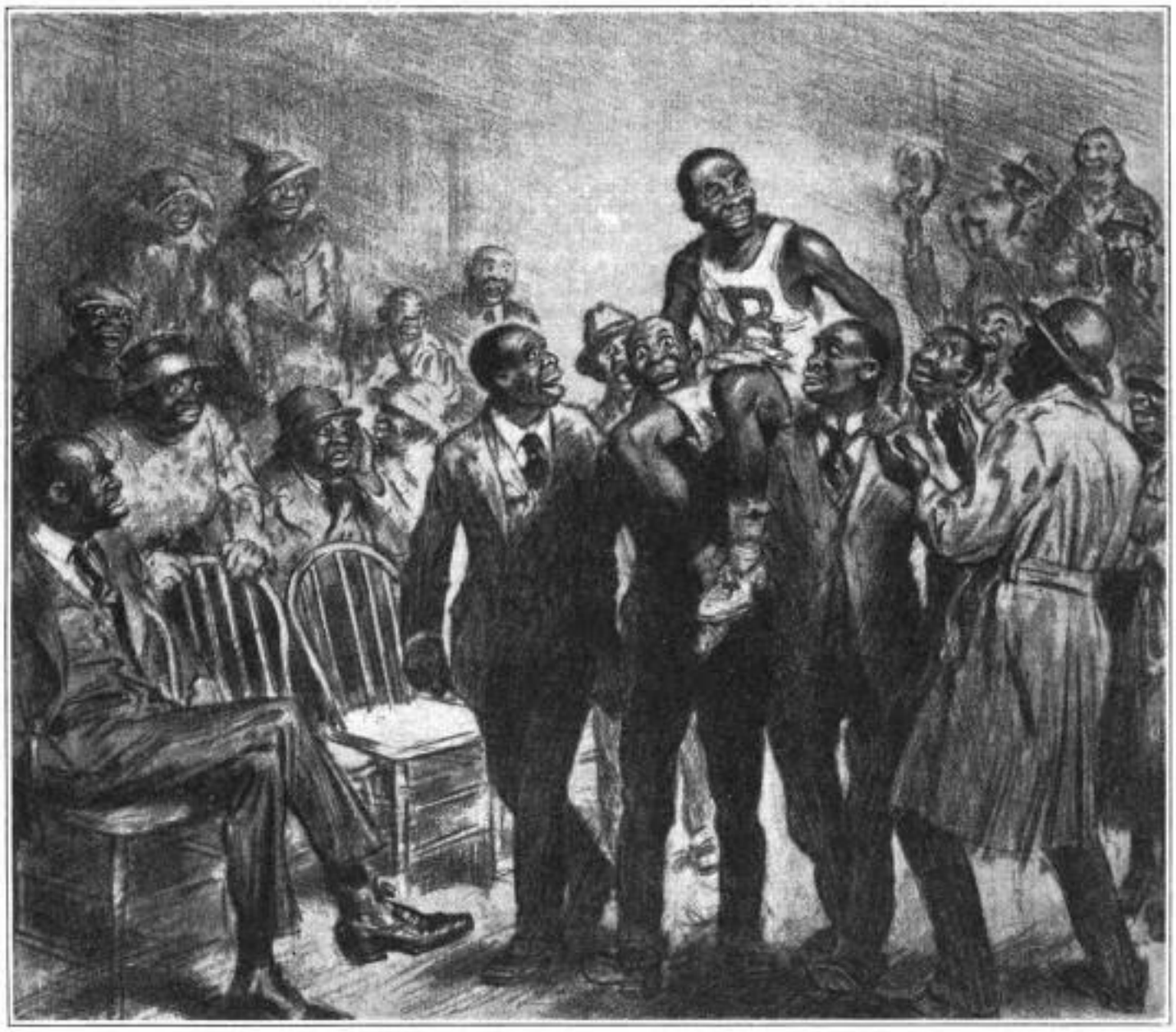
THEN THERE WERE NINE

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

THE night was dark and cold. So was Eli Gouch. He stood upon the platform of Birmingham's L. & N. station and stared regretfully at the departing train. The interior of the train had been warm and comfortable; but much as he desired to remain upon it Mr. Gouch knew that the conductor's credulity had been taxed to the utmost when he allowed himself to be persuaded that Eli had delivered over to him a ticket to Birmingham. The conductor remembered that the ticket read Decatur; he remembered, but he wasn't sure—and Eli was. His passionate expostulations had prevailed, and now Eli stood on the platform alone and friendless in the midst of a very great deal of inclement and bitter weather.

There had been no particular reason behind Eli's selection of Birmingham as a destination, although there had been considerable inducement for his sudden exodus from Louisville. Eli had boarded the train with the sole idea of immediately placing as much distance as possible between himself and certain militant creditors.



This Enthusiasm for Mr. Mapes Afflicted Eli With a Distinct Pain

The train rumbled off in the distance. A freight struggled noisily past on the tracks of the adjacent Queen & Crescent road. Then there was silence, punctured only by the clangor of cars on Twentieth Street, the rattlety-bang of trunks in the baggage room and the mournful howl of the midwinter storm.

Eli slouched across the platform and directed his laggard footsteps in the general direction of the greatest illumination. He came to a halt within the shelter of the station and stared down Twentieth. That thoroughfare was illumined with a bright and slick gloominess. Its paving was sheeted with sleet. A few pedestrians struggled against the biting gale, automobiles skidded dangerously, a traffic policeman at the First Avenue intersection shivered disconsolately and muttered anathema upon his job.

Eli Gouch had nothing whatever to do and ample time in which to do it. Until this moment Birmingham had been but a name to him; now it was a stark actuality. He drew his sleazy coat more tightly about his large and magnificently muscled figure and visioned a heaven of barbecued pork and Brunswick stew. Eli was hungry and lonely. He was very, very lonely.

A policeman stared at him and Eli fancied that there was a certain malevolence in the bluecoat's glance. He decided abruptly that he had better travel. He did. He slid down Twentieth Street and paused uncertainly at the corner. To the right stretched a dark and barren expanse of street. On the left lights beckoned. Too, instinct guided that way, and so he made his way westward, crossed one street and came eventually to Eighteenth. Then Eli knew that he was home again.

Even the rigor of the winter's coldest night failed to mitigate the multifarious activities of Darktown's Broadway. To Eli's right stretched an array of negro business establishments: Yeast & Snead's Used Clothing Exchange, the Acey Upshaw Taxicab Company, Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor. Into the latter the stranger eventually drifted. The big room was comfortably hot, the air fetid with the smoke of many evil cigars and cheap cigarettes. Eli flipped back the collar of his coat, patted down his flagrant necktie and revealed himself as a decidedly personable gentleman of commanding physique. The fingers of his half-frozen right hand roved questingly in the depths of a trousers pocket and took stock of his worldly capital—twenty-eight cents.

Being acutely conscious of the inner man's imperious demands, Eli sauntered to the lunch counter and cast a speculative eye over the menu. He decided eventually upon a service of barbecued pork and a cup of steaming coffee. That dispatched, he felt infinitely better and decidedly poorer. His fortune at the moment consisted of one exceedingly slick nickel and three Lincoln pennies.

A peculiar lethargy seemed to pervade Mr. Peaglar's establishment. The three tables that were operating seemed to be doing so in decidedly desultory fashion. It was patent that the chief interest of Birmingham's Darktown that night was something other than pool. Eli made inquiry and his attention was directed to a vermilion placard which was suspended above the lunch counter:

BASKETBALL

BIRMINGHAM CHAMPIONS
VERSUS
SELMA

TEUSDAY NIGHT—JANURARY 18; 8:30 P.M.
SONS & DAUGHTERS OF I WILL ARISE HALL

ADMISION—$1.00
LADIES—½ PRICE

DANCING AFTER THE GAME

Basket ball! The words meant nothing whatever to Eli Gouch. He knew vaguely that the game was played with a ball and that baskets were, for some unaccountable reason, important items in the contest; but beyond that his knowledge was slightly less than nil.

"Where that Sons an' Daughters of I Will Arise Hall is at?" he queried.

The light-tan young gentleman addressed imparted specific information, and once again Eli hunched his broad shoulders, elevated coat collar about his ears and braved the storm. In his pockets was eight cents, in his soul a great yearning to witness the basket-ball game; not because he was interested in it as such, but because it was the thing of greatest interest to the colored populace that night; because, too, it promised jollity and warmth and social companionship. Birmingham's colored set would be present; and where folks were, Eli reasoned, there too might be opportunity.

He experienced some difficulty in locating the hall. Before the building were parked automobiles of all colors and previous conditions of servitude. They ranged from battered and asthmatic flivvers to new and shiny sedans. And a very bedlam assailed his ears. It was obvious that no matter what was occurring, the crowd was vociferously well pleased.

Admission—$1.00. Ladies—½ Price.

With steps which atoned in boldness what they may have lacked in forethought, he ascended to the entrance, paused briefly before a mirror in the lobby to make himself presentable and strode confidently toward the ticket taker.

"How's the game comin'?" he inquired nonchalantly.

The countenance of the doorkeeper expanded into a broad and friendly grin.

"Bummin'ham is runnin' away furn 'em, brother. We was leadin' fohty-one to eight at the end of the fust half."

It was no part of Eli's policy to manifest enthusiasm over the achievements of any save Mr. Gouch.

"Huh! That ain't much score."

The other frowned.

"Reckon we has got the best cullud basket-ball team in the country."

"Fumadiddles!"

"What you mean—fumadiddles?"

"Y'-all don't know nothin' 'bout basket ball."

The doorkeeper stared intently at the powerful figure of Mr. Gouch.

"Does you?"

"Suttinly!"

"Is you a basket-baller?"

Eli planted a supercilious grin upon his countenance.

"Playin' basket ball is the one thing I don't never do nothin' else but."

Interest flamed in the other's orbs.

"Honest?"

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"Mistuh Gouch, You Sho'ly Does Dance Elegant"

admitted free to the excitement within. And at length, when Acey's discourse had been glowingly completed, he made a move to enter.

"Does you wish me to buy a ticket, Brother Upshaw?"

"Nossuh! Nossuh, indeed! We is glad to compliment visitin' players."

Mr. Gouch entered the hall. A wild burst of noise pounded upon his eardrums. His eyes rested first on the floor, and he saw there what appeared to him to be chaos. Players thinly clad—"Looks like they ain't wearin' nothin' on'y union suits," commented Eli—leaping wildly about the floor, fighting for possession of the large ball. Five of the players wore uniforms of navy blue, and upon the breast of each of them was a large S. The others streaked over the court in costumes of melancholy yellow which Eli later learned was supposed to be gold. Their chests were inscribed with enormous B's. And the Golden Cyclone was obviously experiencing an enjoyable evening.

Nor were the spectators less colorful than the players. The hall was jammed to capacity. Colored folks were out *en masse*. Even Eli, stranger though he was, could not mistake the fact that the sport was being sponsored by the city's dusky best. Everywhere an atmosphere of enthusiasm and care-free gayety.

Eli Gouch was very glad, indeed, that he had alighted in Birmingham. He was pleased, too, that he had thought to introduce himself as a basket-ball satellite. It might prove a trifle embarrassing to maintain that pose, but Mr. Gouch had lived fairly well by reason of nimble wit and he was not particularly appalled by the difficulty of the task he had undertaken.

The excitement oozed into his blood and he tried to watch the game. It was wholly unintelligible to him. Fighting, scrambling, racing, shouting—and every once in a while one of the gold-clad players would throw the ball through a basket decorated in gold and there would be a delirious howl of applause.

"'Pears to me," soliloquized the stranger, "that they is excitin' theyse'ves a whole heap 'bout nothin' much a-tall."

Suddenly there came the startling crack of a revolver. Eli leaped affrightedly. Then he noticed that play had stopped. The blue players from Selma gathered into a little group and gave a sportsmanlike yell:

Rah! Rah! Rah-rah-rah!
Are we licked?
I'll say we am!
Who went an' licked us?
Bummin'ham!

The locals replied with equal sportsmanship:

Selma! Selma! Rah! Rah
Selma! Selma! Rah! Rah!
Hoo-rah! Hoo-rah!
Se-e-e-elma!

The huge score board on the far end of the court gave mute testimony to the fact that Selma had been decisively trimmed. According to the blackboard the final score had been 71 to 19, and even to the untutored mind of Eli Gouch that resembled a one-sided score. He gazed enviously upon the slender, gold-clad figure who was hoisted upon the shoulders of a dozen admirers while the crowd gave a cheer for Neuritis Mapes.

This enthusiasm for Mr. Mapes afflicted Eli with a distinct pain. In the first place, Mr. Mapes was nothing to get enthusiastic about. He was small and skinny and not particularly pleasing to the eye. True, Eli remembered that only a few minutes since Mr. Mapes had been slipping around the basket-ball court with the agility of a panther and that most of the shots which had trickled through the golden basket had started from his fingers.

Eventually the basket-ball players disappeared in search of the showers and immediately there was a wild scrambling for the dance floor. Professor Aleck Champagne's Jazzphony Orchestra settled itself in a corner. Ten minutes later the dancing started. Eli Gouch stood lonesomely in a far corner, watching enviously, when he became conscious of a figure by his side. He turned to face his ticket-taking friend. "Mistuh Upshaw."

"Yeh. Come 'long with me. I wants you to meet up with Mistuh Neuritis Mapes."

Eli was more than pleased to meet up with anybody. He desired acquaintances—the more the better—and just at the moment he was anxious to become friendly with the hero of the hour. He was piloted across the floor to where Neuritis, looking even more insignificant in his clothes than he had in the basket-ball uniform, was the center of a vociferously admiring throng. Acey edged into the crowd with the massive and inspiring figure of Eli Gouch in his wake.

"Neuritis," he said, "heah's that gemmun I was tellin' you about."

Neuritis' hand shot forward eagerly to clasp that of Eli.

"I sho'ly is delighted to make yo' acquaintanceship, Brother Gouch."

"Tha's mutuality," returned Eli politely. "You got a team heah which ain't so ve'y awful."

Neuritis bristled slightly.

"I think we has the best cullud team in the country."

Eli shrugged.

"You talks foolishment. I used to play on a team which two of us fellers could lick yo' whole crowd."

Neuritis and the other auditors were impressed.

"What team does you play on now?"

"Ain't playin' nowheres."

"Hot ziggity! How 'bout playin' with us?"

Eli's answer was languid and indifferent.

"I ain't aimin' to stay in Bummin'ham."

"But ifn you plays good basket ball we wants you to."

"Ain't cravin' to play no basket ball. I an' it is done."

"But a feller which plays as good as you do ——"

"Besides," explained Eli airily, "I has got a good job waitin' fo' me in N'Yawlins an' I ain't got no job heah."

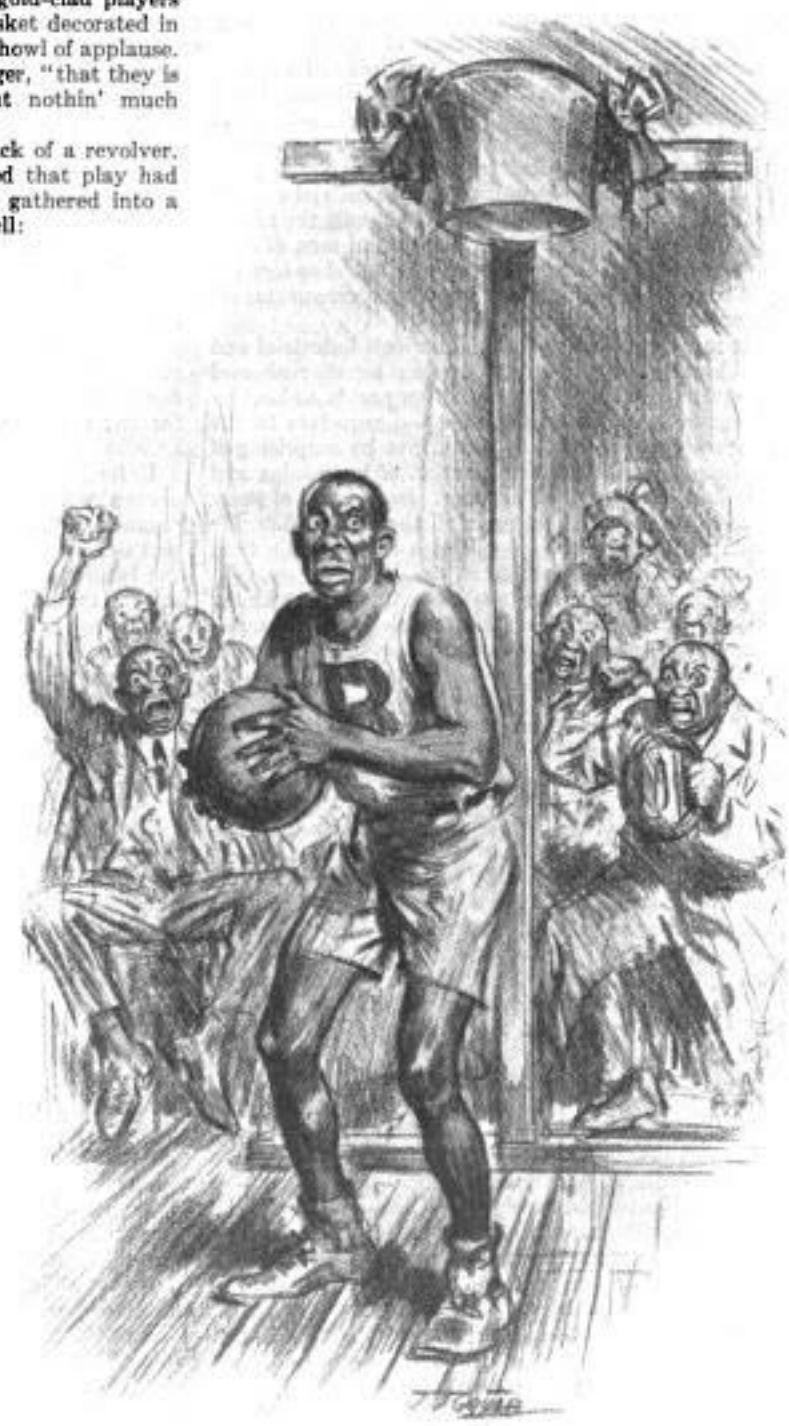
Neuritis hesitated, but only for an instant.

"Does you feel opposed to a winder-washin' job?"

"A which?"

"A job washin' winders in white folks' houses?"

(Continued on Page 54)



Eli Was Nervous. He Stood Motionless

"Sure as hell ain't paved with no icicles. Ise the champeen cullud basket-baller of the world."

"No?"

"Yeh!"

The hand of the other shot forward.

"Hot dam! Brother, I bids you welcome."

Eli met the other's grasp.

"What yo' name might be?" inquired the doorkeeper.

"Eli Gouch. Fum Louisville."

"My name is Acey Upshaw. Ise a Bummin'ham sidence."

"Please' to meet up with you, Mistuh Upshaw. Tell me mthin' 'bout this basket-ball team you has heah."

Acey exhibited no reluctance in complying with Eli's quest. His story, punctuated by wild chorused shrieks om within, was of the advent of one Neuritis Mapes into irmingham, of that gentleman's basket-ball prowess and the manner in which he had formed a team to represent irmingham. It appeared that he found much good aterial ready at hand; young colored athletes who had ayed on teams at school and elsewhere. There was orian Slappey, who was accounted a floor runner second ly to Neuritis, and Dr. Brutus Herring, who played the her forward. Then, too, there were Cleophus White and eorge Shivers and Spokane G. Washington and Frenzie illings and Sidney Skigg. Under the expert coaching of euritis they had developed a court team of no mean ality.

The sport was new to Darktown, and when the team us returned victorious over its first opponent Birmingm colored folks commenced to interest themselves. nce then there had been a constant succession of easy ctories. This night the hitherto undefeated Selma team as tasting gall and wormwood. There was no doubting r. Upshaw's rabid enthusiasm or the fact that it was mmon to all of the city. He gazed respectfully upon the wcomer because of Eli's pretensions to basket-ball eatness. At the moment there was no proficiency in the orld so popular with Birmingham's colored citizenry that.

But the wealth of detail held no interest for Mr. Gouch. e listened with what patience he could muster, caring thing whatever about the game and craving only to be

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WANTED—BIG MEN



By Albert W. Atwood

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

IT IS a fair question to raise whether this country has not grown faster in recent years than the quality of the human material which handles the business machine. To be specific, it is a question whether the aggregations of capital have not grown more rapidly than knowledge and ability to operate them. We have many large industrial and financial establishments, and the tendency seems to be to have even more. But where are the men to run them?

Certainly there is no point in constantly enlarging the size of our banks and in organizing new industrial consolidations if managers cannot be found to handle the resulting mass. No one suggests, of course, than men of such caliber are wholly lacking, or ever will be. Leaders are always brought to the top by the conditions, circumstances and emergencies of their time.

But it must be admitted that America's industrial and financial bigness has come upon it with a terrific rush, and that growth without organization often proves unhealthy and dangerous. We have not adjusted ourselves to the suddenness of the sweep. It would not be surprising if human beings lacked the combination of knowledge and vision to keep up with their country. In a period of years which seems a rather short span to those in middle life this country has gained in population more people than live in any country in South America.

But its growth in banking resources, in steel-producing capacity, in life insurance in force, in telephones, in automobiles and other similar items makes even the increase in population look small. Not only has American life been radically changed by increased communication but in two of the most important of the newer means of communication, the automobile and the telephone, this country has, relatively speaking, almost a monopoly or corner on the world.

The expenses of the United States Government increased from $1,000,000,000 to $21,000,000,000 as the result of a year or two of war. Our industrial rush has not come quite so fast, and yet if we consider the changes wrought by telephones and automobiles there has been the same sort of flood of torrential magnitude. Is it not probable that men accustomed to smaller things should be submerged and lost in larger affairs, their knowledge and imagination alike unequal to the test?

Coaxing Out Latent Talents

IT MAY be objected that the industrial machine could hardly increase more rapidly than the man power to handle it, because it is only the product, the creation of man. But there is no fact more generally conceded or agreed to than that man's inventive faculty exceeds his organizing, managing faculty. The second must always catch up to the first. It is a fine evidence of inventive genius to devise a deadly gas capable of destroying a whole city, but what a shocking reflection upon man's political, upon his organizing and executive power that he does not know how to prevent its being used for such a purpose!

Inventions are based on the oldest of sciences, mathematics, physics and chemistry. Big business, on the other hand, or even ordinary business, is chiefly the art of getting on with great numbers of men, with immediate subordinates, with armies of rank-and-file employes, with customers, with stockholders, with public authorities, with the public. It involves the training of subordinates, the promotion and selection of employes, the payment of salaries and wages, and a whole network of intricate personal, social and human relationships which have arisen to plague mankind only in comparatively recent years.

Surely no one with a grain of optimism in his nature doubts that experience will develop the knowledge, ability and vision to operate great business and financial enterprises. The mistakes should not prove fatal or other than retrievable. But there is just as little doubt that we are now in the period of maladjustment, in which the facilities for the aggregation of capital have gone ahead of the knowledge of how to operate it.

Unfortunately there is one trait in human nature which always works against the successful conduct of large organizations. Men who themselves are entirely competent to build up and carry on these enterprises rarely have the faculty of developing others to take their places. It may be that they do not know how, or it may be that they are jealous of their immediate subordinates.

Most of us are either scornful or fearful of those just below us, who serve as our understudies or perform duties similar to but just a shade less important than ours. Captains of industry and Wall Street financiers are not alone in this respect. Mechanics have a poor opinion of helpers and apprentices. It is a universal failing.

But when men at the head of great aggregations of capital hog the rewards and the limelight of high position the results are often serious. The head of a great institution may be a shining, brilliant success in every respect but this one. But, in the concrete terms of an actual case of unusual magnitude, here is what I mean: The president of a certain institution is a man of extraordinary fitness for his place, except that he has become so jealous of his senior vice president, a younger man of unquestioned ability who is slated in time to succeed the president, that as a result the whole place is thrown into a constant uproar.

It must not be supposed for a moment that in raising the question of whether talent for the conduct of large enterprises is lacking the writer means to imply that latent talent is lacking. There may be thousands of men down the line in every organization or languishing in obscurity outside of it who are capable of doing the big job. But either the inclination or the technic to bring them out and up is what is absent. It is a relative, not an absolute lack of men that I am writing about.

All this in a sense is an old story. These failings and these discordant human relationships are deep in the nature of man. The subject is new only as ever-changing conditions make it such. Many supposedly big men have proved anything but giants in stature in the last two years. Executive reputations have gone down in the general deflation, certainly faster in a number of cases than the cost of living. Yet at this very time the integration of industry is going forward at a greater rate than ever. There are mergers of companies in every line—steel, sugar, copper, motors—each of which needs the leadership of competence, integrity and vision.

It is difficult, of course, to appraise at their true value those who occupy important positions. In one frame of mind the public regards them as supermen, these captains of industry, so called. They are idealized, their strength emphasized and played up. If one's name is mentioned often enough the public thinks he must be a big man; whereas he may merely have a good publicity agent and deserve no higher appellation than that of a stuffed shirt. Or, in another mood, the public may tear its industrial and financial idols to pieces, suspect them of every form of crookedness as well as weakness and incapacity, just as it does so often with its public men.

So-Called Business Supermen

THEN, too, if the subject be viewed merely from the standpoint of property rights, of invested capital, of bonds and stocks, there is always the fear that springs from a natural and justifiable timidity that great corporations may be mismanaged. Are the interests of the bondholders and stockholders, of merchandise creditors, of bank creditors, well cared for? Will they get regular interest and dividends? Is the loan sure to be paid off? Is that fellow who has been made president able to steer such a large ship through rough waters as well as smooth? Are such vast and complicated interests really safe in his hands?

So impressed at certain times at least are investors with the importance of the human equation that they pay practically no attention to statistics and reports, but place their hopes entirely upon men, upon leaders, upon what too often, alas, are merely names and imagined figures behind which lies no substance.

Now it must be admitted at the start that if supermen are wanted to conduct the big aggregations of capital the task of finding them is well-nigh hopeless. An official of one of the outstanding industrial combinations of the country, one of the half dozen largest, was asked if he found the officers at the top to be supermen. He has been with the concern only a relatively short period of time and is high enough to come into close contact with the men at the top, and yet is enough beneath them to obtain a presumably more detached point of view.

He replied:

"I have never before worked for anything like as big a company, although I have had many years of experience in corporation affairs. I had previously thought that the big fellows who run these giant organizations must be supermen. I thought I should find conditions entirely different from ordinary business, if I should ever get into such a place. But I was mistaken, of course. Character and habits control everywhere and carry over unchanged into organizations like this, even though the business does run into the half billion.

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"Indeed, I believe the larger a concern the more impossible it is to find any man who is wholly satisfactory in his place. The greater the operations the more people there are whose temperaments will clash with his."

My informant then went on and expressed the most profound admiration for the head of his company; and also for one of the vice presidents and department heads, although in more moderate transports. This at first seemed inconsistent, but the further the writer went in his search for supermen the less inconsistent it appeared. The admiration expressed for the head of the company was for certain qualities of character, certain features of stability, which inspired confidence. There was no pretense on the part of the subordinate that his superior was especially brilliant or wonderful or in any sense a superman. But he could be trusted, and the official whom I was interviewing seemed to regard that as the most important thing in the world.

"The only difference between what you call big men and others," said another corporation executive, close to but not quite at the top, "is that they make bigger and more costly mistakes. Consider the price changes in the past few years, upon which rock so many companies have split. If you could examine the minutes of a few large corporations you would find that the boards of directors, made up of names which are so awe inspiring to the general public, were no wiser in calling the turn than the little piker speculators in brokers' offices. They were scared stiff when prices had reached bottom and were about to turn upwards, and they wanted to expand rapidly and showed lots of courage after the market for their product had been improving for about a year."

"When you know these people well," said still a third executive, near but just under the top, "your idea changes considerably from that which you get from reading the write-ups in the Sunday papers and magazines. If you go on a yachting trip with them for a few days, and have a drink with them, and hear them swear a little you realize they are quite human and wholly different from what reading their names in the papers for years might lead you to believe."

The Acid Test of Sudden Wealth

"DON'T forget, either, that in high places as well as low there are many misfits. I am not speaking only of the men who haven't the qualities which fit them for the positions they hold; of those who have the technical knowledge and experience, but no sense for outside relations; of those who have both the knowledge and experience as well as the proper relation toward the outside world, but who are beasts to their subordinates and keep the office in a constant turmoil; of those who get along well with men and are wonderful salesmen, promoters and business getters, but who know nothing of the business itself; and of those who have all these endearing qualities, but whose private lives are such that the public has no confidence in them.

"I am speaking just as much of the voluntary misfits, the men who don't care for these high positions, but are practically compelled to hold them because of the pressure of boards of directors who do not know where else to turn. There are the men who want to retire, whose wives make life miserable for them because they don't retire. There are the men who don't like the work, who would rather be out-of-doors, whose health does not warrant them in staying in such positions."

It is not a pleasant subject to dwell upon, and the writer has no desire to exaggerate its importance; but the public probably fails to realize the full extent of the temptations which beset men in the highest corporate positions. Most such men in this country rise from comparative poverty and obscurity. When they near the top they become obsessed too often with the desire to make a fortune for themselves rather than to give the company their best services.

Thus acquired, great and sudden wealth may turn their heads. They run after women, splurge on the expense end and become arbitrary and unnecessarily autocratic toward their immediate subordinates. To win the position and rewards of exceptional business success and yet keep the qualities and abilities which carried one there—that is none too common an achievement.

What looks like a real-to-goodness captain of industry may turn out under the acid test of sudden wealth and power to be merely a convincing talker, a super business getter rather than a superman. There may be lots of personality but no real ability. Many of them go crazy spending money instead of devoting such abilities as they have to consolidating their high positions by painstakingly building up a solid organization to carry on. Under the acid test of sudden wealth and power many prove to have no real honesty or decency of character, and gradually the investing public gets wise to that fact.

Such in briefest possible outline is what might be called the unfavorable or pessimistic view of the subject, true enough by itself. Indeed, what is stated here is a carefully toned-down, expurgated version, not of what might occur to an outside, uninformed observer, but the essence of what was stated to the writer by half a dozen persons actually in the game. But this viewpoint cannot stand by itself. It is partial, narrow and far from being the whole truth. We come much closer to the heart of the subject in the brief reply made to the writer's questions by the president of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, Mr. Walter C. Teagle:

"I remember that H. H. Rogers used to say that if a man was 75 per cent good he was so much better than the average that no one should mind the other 25 per cent. You are looking for the impossible. No man measures up to success in all lines. No matter how good he is in one thing, the thing in which he isn't sticks out. What he can't do looms up more than what he can do. This is not peculiar to high executive positions. Men at the head of large enterprises differ in this respect not at all from other groups or classes. You are talking about human nature, that is all."

"That is an extremely modest and charitable position to take," I said; "but I would hardly have expected it from one in your position. Your company has long been regarded as a model of successful management."

In his reply to this remark Mr. Teagle indicated that the success of the Standard Oil Company has not been due, in his opinion at least, so much to the efforts of supermen as to the simple fact that those who have conducted its affairs have had the foundation of experience and knowledge of the business they happened to be in, however deficient they might have been or may be in other respects. He expressed rather scant sympathy for the theory apparently employed by numerous individuals and companies that because a man is a success in one line he is necessarily a whirlwind in others.

Mr. Teagle was emphatic in his opinion that executives should know the business they are in, and should not expect or be expected to know how to do everything else.

"After thirty-five years of personal experience," said the head of another important manufacturing concern, "I find it is much more difficult to discover the type of mind that makes a real executive than for any other work. We are handicapped by the fact that there is no definite education for the development of such men. There are always a large number of engineers of various kinds, and of professional men, for the simple reason that we have educational institutions which have definite courses for the training and development of such careers. A man can study electrical and mechanical engineering or chemistry, or he can take a definite education to become a lawyer or a preacher. This is true, perhaps, because there are so many places open to such men, while the positions of larger executive responsibility are comparatively fewer."

How to Choose Good Executives

"THE average mind seems to be so constructed that it can grasp some one thing better than many things. In discussing such matters our board of directors often reach the point where they agree that the combined qualifications of some two men in our organization would make just the man that we would like for a larger job, but we have no one man who has all the qualifications that we would like to have combined in one man. I have no doubt that every large concern has that same experience. The same factor has to be met in the outside world and in every phase of human activity."

The president of a financial institution made a very similar statement to the writer. At the moment he was looking for a manager to head his most important branch, and had narrowed his choice down to two. The position is one of first-rate importance, carrying a large salary and opportunity for still further advancement. The writer saw the records of the candidates. No two men could be more different. The merest glance showed that one man had training, groundwork, experience, knowledge, maturity and demonstrated ability to handle the problems immediately in front of him. The other was distinguished by drive, push, ability to promote and get business, but with comparatively little knowledge and experience in the immediate subject matter. They were even of different nationalities. Which was to be chosen? If only their qualifications could be combined!

Very well then, let us accept the limitations of our subject, which means that industry and finance are bounded by the limitations of human nature. Nor does it seem to the writer that in pointing them out suspicion need be aroused or confidence destroyed in corporate management. Obviously, the practical question is not to improve human nature, but to use the imperfect material which exists to the very best advantage.

"There are men enough for every place," was the engagingly frank and honest confession of a representative of one of the chief stock-and-bond holding groups of bankers in the country. "If you promise to use no names I will tell you exactly what I mean. Take A, B & Co., which you know to be one of the leaders of their industry. They were in a very bad way not long ago, and at the suggestion of a man I know"—naming a capitalist of national renown—"I put in one of his lieutenants. But you know as well as I that they're

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 30, 1922

Realism From the Census

THE returns from the last census afford many examples of the typical development of American industries. Soap may be used in illustration. We are the heaviest users of soap in the world. The manufacture of soap is an undertaking based on a highly specialized technic. In 1909 there were 420 soap-making establishments in the country; in 1919 the number had fallen to 348. The 420 plants in 1909 had 18,393 persons engaged in gainful employment, or 44 to the plant. In 1919 the persons engaged numbered 28,919, or 83 to the plant. Fewer plants but larger ones. In 1909 the industry used 28,360 units of primary horse power, or 68 per plant. In 1919 the industry used 33,710 units of primary horse power, or 97 per plant. Fewer plants but more powerful ones. In 1909 each person engaged in the industry used 1.54 units of primary horse power. In 1919 each person engaged used 1.16 units of primary horse power. A saving of power per unit of employment. In 1909 the outturn of hard soap was 1,794,249,000 pounds, or 97,551 pounds per person engaged. In 1919 the outturn of hard soap was 2,231,793,000 pounds, or 77,174 pounds per person engaged. At first sight this looks like a fall in production per unit of employment. But during the decade the character of the outturn has been considerably modified. The products have been greatly diversified, and the quality refined in many directions. In 1909 the value of hard soap was given as 80 per cent of the value of the total outturn. In 1919 the value of the hard soap was only 67 per cent of the total. The items for the two censuses were not identical and the data for the last census were naturally more complete. Taking the figures for comparable products, the value of the outturn in 1909 was $115,455,000. The value of the same products in 1919 was $334,878,000. The dollar has different values in the two periods, therefore we cannot use the index number (290) as representing the expansion. If we correct for the difference between the dollar of 1913 and 1919 on the basis of the index of the Federal Reserve Board (210), the outturn of 1919 in terms of 1913 dollars would be nearly $160,000,000. This is 139 per cent of the value of products in 1909, and the 39 per cent gain may be taken in a general way to indicate the expansion in the soap industry during the ten years, judged by outturn. The population of the country in the same period increased only 14.9 per cent. When measured by number of persons engaged in the industry the growth was 57 per cent. Measured by the primary horse power the gain was 19 per cent. The conclusion would be that centralization has been accompanied by increased efficiency in plants and horse power, but not in employes.

This last fact, taken in consideration with the changed relation of value of hard soap to the total value, suggests that diversification and services demanded by the growing standard of taste of the American public have been expensive, an inference that appears to hold with many commodities.

Red Shirts or Black Shrouds

THIS is the season of the year when in the more thickly wooded or sparsely settled portions of the country local storekeepers do quite a nice little business in heavy woolen outer shirts whose pattern is that of alternate red and black splotches, or even an unrelieved and raucous red. This phenomenon is somewhat puzzling at first. Has the whole countryside suddenly changed from khaki-colored clothing to scarlet, vermilion and similar shades? Of course it is possible the lumberjacks may be laying in a store of winter garments, but why, oh, why this particular color?

Unfortunately there is another and more sinister explanation. With red garments gleaming through the trees fewer of that vast army that sets forth each fall, millions strong and armed to the teeth with the most modern of high-powered rifles and shotguns, will kill one another instead of the rare and fast-disappearing article for which they are hunting—wild game.

But is there not some especially designed or colored garment that would prevent men, women and children from killing one another or themselves by reckless, careless driving of automobiles, by going into waters where they cannot swim, and otherwise disporting themselves to their own destruction? Is there no form of shoe or necktie or knickerbocker that will prevent men from dropping lighted cigarettes where millions of dollars will be lost through forest and other fires?

Alas, no garment or any other preventive now in sight seems able to keep many thousands from rushing annually to their own destruction through sheer carelessness. A great broad state highway crosses a mountain range and dips down into a valley at a steep grade. At the top of the hill the state highway department has put an enormous sign, with a huge red arrow, the word DANGER, in letters that the most near-sighted can read, and a notice in letters almost as large that "a steep hill two and a half miles long is immediately ahead."

But does that sign deter large numbers of motorists from dashing down the hill at full speed and from putting on brakes in a state of sudden alarm about halfway down when the extent of the declivity is fully realized? By no means. And what happens frequently when that is done? Why, the car turns turtle over the bank, and the one medical practitioner in the valley below sets fractures, on one occasion six or seven in a single day. But he cannot restore the dead. There is not a driver, however nervous or amateurish, who cannot descend the hill in safety if only he proceeds with reasonable caution and at a reduced speed.

Life is proverbially mysterious in its rewards and punishments. If the careless and reckless killed themselves and no others the question would cease to be one of public interest, and would take care of itself automatically. But the callow youth who drives himself into a lamp-post and eternity at the rate of sixty miles an hour usually injures others even if he does not kill them while on his primrose path.

Civilized man has driven out beasts and savage natives with firearms; he has conquered distance with motor-driven vehicles. He has made machines in endless numbers, mostly for his comfort and benefit. He has raised many standards by means of these instruments. It is perhaps too much to hope to keep them altogether out of the hands of the heedless, the thoughtless, the utterly unchristian in their disregard of others' rights. Every population must have its proportion of morons and fools and mere hogs. But until these elements are more thoroughly conquered the progress of machinery and invention carries forward with it a dark and repellent shadow.

Truth and Economics

THERE is no cause the advocacy of which gives more pleasure to a greater number of people than the need of economic education. It is such a neat little topic for editorial writers to moralize over. It takes no great learning or effort to tell other people that it is their duty to understand the elementary principles of economics. It sounds well, and avoids the hard necessity of thinking, to say that if only people understood economics better our problems would dissolve like the morning mist.

Prominent men who like to see their names in print are always willing to be interviewed or to write articles on a truism like this. Rich men even leave money to found bureaus to disseminate economic facts. To urge a wider knowledge of economics merely postpones a decision upon the issues that arise. It is always safe to tell people to study economics, for there is the hope that they will embrace your particular brand and come to your pet conclusions.

But who is founding institutions to promote the plain unvarnished truth? We already have enough unread statistics, surveys and reports to swamp the cosmos. The only remedy that is suggested for coal strikes and coal famines is a fact-finding agency, although the coal industry has been investigated already scores upon scores of times by governmental and private agencies.

If any foundation, institution, bureau or agency will take a subject and without bias or prejudice carry it through to clear logical conclusions, it will be teaching the people more than economics; it will be spreading the truth. Such was the recent study of the national income. But studies or surveys of this description, which stand by themselves, which are understandable, which have a meaning, which find readers, and which form a sound basis for reasoned opinion, are as rare as the proverbial hen's teeth.

Reams of alleged statistics and facts are given out, it is true, by so-called bureaus, agencies and the like, in regard to questions of current public interest. But the public is not always certain whether average wage figures given out by bureaus on the employers' side invariably include the lowest-paid groups. Nor is it certain that when the statements come from the side of organized labor the higher-paid groups are invariably included.

A responsible labor organization was quoted in an appeal for striking railway shopmen as saying that "a wage of twenty-three cents an hour was established for section men [by the Railroad Labor Board] and this wage is the basis upon which all other wages are calculated." But according to the statement of the chairman of the Railroad Labor Board such a wage had been fixed as applying to only 6702 out of 200,031 section men, and only in limited sections of the South, where living costs are far below those of the country as a whole. Moreover, in many cases in these particular sections living quarters are furnished the men free. For all section men the average wage fixed was 32.7 cents, or 118 per cent above 1915.

Despite these facts, sympathy was appealed for on the ground that a wage of twenty-three cents had been fixed. It is the widespread presentation of the whole available truth that is needed in the field of industry. There are many statistics, surveys and reports that contain valuable if biased and fragmentary facts and statistics. They are of interest to the professional student and the college debater.

What the busy public wants is clear brief statements of all the available and agreed-to facts. It is willing to leave to the professors, journalists and statisticians an examination of the ex-parte announcements of propaganda bureaus. Surely out of the welter of privately endowed foundations and government bureaus there must be some way found to make clear, understandable, unprejudiced statements of the available truth in regard to industrial questions in dispute. If this is impossible, then all our vast machinery of government departments and private endowments is merely laboring like the mountain to bring forth a mouse.

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Where the River Shannon Flows

By L. B. YATES

IF YOU take the evening train from Euston Station in London and travel due northwest until two o'clock in the morning you finally detrain on a bleak dock at Holyhead. At that point, and before taking boat for Kingstown, your baggage is subjected to a most searching scrutiny by officialdom. It is rather a rough-and-tumble proceeding, but nevertheless very thorough, because—who knows?—one might have an ordinary gat or an innocent bomb concealed somewhere around his belongings. The authorities are most solicitous in this regard, and take no chances, because nothing in the nature of high explosives or weapons is allowed to be taken into Ireland.

Across the Irish Sea from point to point it is only sixty-four miles, and the passage consumes three hours. Along about five o'clock in the morning one commences to get a faint outline of the coast. First a leaden-colored shadow rears itself against the sky, and so blends into the horizon that one doubts whether it is land or simply a darker line of cloud than those above. On nearer approach this line takes on a tangible aspect, then melts into shadowy blue, which later merges into ghostly purple.



Free State Troops Resting on Their Arms After an Encounter With the Republicans in Which the Former Were Victorious

The Ireland of Today

BEYOND the dark-blue haze of those hills lies the Ireland of story, song and sentiment; and when you peer behind these misty barriers you find a country of wondrous possibilities, albeit countless contradictions, because at this time of writing the glorious hawthorn-hedged fields of the Emerald Isle lie mostly in shadow. Perhaps you have pictured to yourself a land ringing with wholesome laughter and rapid-fire repartee. You visualized no doubt a happy-go-lucky, carefree people, with few yesterdays and many tomorrows in their calendar; but it ars the visitor omewhat when ie finds that the reland of today as put away nany of the ighter phases of haracter which vere nationally raditional, and s now serious-nindedandthinking hard. A few weeks ago the machine guns were opping all along he Liffey-side in Dublin and Rory O'Connor's snipers were replying from the fastness of the Four Courts, while the papers were telling their readers in big headlines that dreaded civil war had broken out in Ireland. After that came the death of Arthur Griffith, followed by the deplorable assassination of Michael Collins.

And the people are asking themselves by what manner of political juggling their land has been transformed into a country of the unexpected and unknowable. They do not quite understand why the treaty with England, which purports to establish what is called a free state, does not permit them to conduct peaceably their various business affairs and proceed to rehabilitate the country on a sound commercial basis. Instead of this, however, Ireland has found itself in the midst of furious fighting, ruthless reprisals and factional bickerings. What Ireland needs more than anything else now is some Moses to rise up and lead her out of a house of political and fanatical bondage.

Other countries perhaps have had like experiences in the days of their beginnings, and the thinking portion of Ireland's citizenry does not expect that all this will be accomplished overnight; but they want to get ahead faster than they are going, and they do not want to have it said that they are progressing backwards.

The People's Want

PREVIOUS to the breaking out of internecine hostilities the writer had gone up and down the country, talking to all sorts and conditions of people. By that I do not mean the demagogic politician or half-baked savant. I don't mean the patriot-at-a-price; I mean the people; and that takes in the merchant, the farmer, the cattle buyer, the day laborer, the artisan and the multitude that go to make up what is called the great masses; and from them I gathered an almost universal answer.

These people want peace. They want professional Irishmen and blatant politicians suppressed. In a word, they want to be free to think for themselves and the inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. You can't tell them that the hope of Ireland lies in the destruction of everything worth while.

Leaving the six counties of the north out of the question, the Ireland of today is politically divided into two camps—those of the free state, or provisional government as established by the treaty with England, and those who hold to the old theory that Ireland should be a free and untrammeled republic, entirely separate from and rendering no allegiance to the British crown. But Ireland lies to the west, only separated by a water stretch of some sixty miles from the English coast; and as England sees it, a republic raised up at her very gates might, through the intervention of foreign influences, in time of stress develop the greatest menace with which she might have to contend. The British Government has

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Free State Troops Taking Possession of a Building That Had Been Fired

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Child Labor

(A Rimed Editorial)

I MET a little ragged boy
Who looked full twelve years old,
Although he said that o'er his head
Scarce six had passed, all told.

'Twas winter. In the icy air
He seemed about to freeze,
His trousers, frayed, a lack displayed
Of even B.V.D.'s.

"Oh, tattered boy, why do you quit
Your home to brave the storm
When you might stay indoors all day,
Comparatively warm?"

"Oh, sir, I have no home," he said;
"I'm sorry to confess
The landlord's thrown me on my own
By summary dispossess.

"Till recently I had a job
That kept me 'neath a roof,
But two days back I got the sack,
Helped by a foreman's hoof."

"My lad, you're using slang!" I cried,
"Avoid the solecism!"
He hung his head. "Excuse," he said,
"My thoughtless vulgarism.

"Hunched up before a desk I sat
Upon a hardwood seat
Too low to see in front of me,
Too high to rest my feet.

"Six hundred other children slaved
With faces drawn and wild,
For foremen gruff would deal a cuff
To anyone who smiled.

"With scratchy pens, on paper coarse,
Ill fed, too tired to speak,
We worked away twelve hours a day—
Our pay was five a week!

"And every single day we worked
In that unhallowed den
We had to each turn out a speech
To sell to congressmen!"

"Your grammar's bad. Besides, you fib!
The two are worthy mates!
The solons grand of this dear land—
Our own United States—

"To speak their thoughts need not the help
Of children such as you!"
"Sir, do not chide! I've said," he cried,
"No word that isn't true!

"Read this Congressional Record, sir!
And you will quickly see
I tell but truth!" And here the youth
A Record gave to me.

I read it carefully throughout,
Alas! I could not find
One speech above the level of
A kindergarten mind!

Apologizing pats I gave
Upon that urchin's head;
"Why were you fired?" I then inquired.
"I got too old," he said.

Oh, reader, may your chest, like mine,
With indignation heave!
Oh, voters true, it's up to you
This scandal to relieve!

Send every lazy congressman
To his political grave
Who dares to shirk his proper work
While little children slave!

Bolt every idle candidate
And vote for him alone
Who scorns ill-paid child labor's aid
And only writes his own! —*B. Ireland.*

The Crime Wave

"WHAT'S in the paper?" asked Mrs. Pipkin that evening.

"Oh, lots of things," said Mr. Pipkin, opening it. "For instance, here's the case of a man who threw bricks and pieces of iron at one of his best friends, his churn, you might say."

"Horrors!"

"Yes, and what's more, before he threw 'em he tied his friend to a tree; his friend was a little fellow too."

"Oh, awful! I think it's terrible the way men are acting nowadays."

"And here," continued Mr. Pipkin, "is something about a man who was run over by a steam roller and crushed flat. The man who drove the roller did it deliberately, too, it appears."

"What a frightful thing! Where did it happen? The police arrested the brute, of course?"

"I don't know; perhaps so. The paper doesn't say."

"Well, of all the outrages I ever heard—ugh! It makes me ill even to think of it."

"Here's something else," said Mr. Pipkin, still hiding behind the newspaper; "something about a vicious mule that kicked an old man in the pit of the stomach and sent him through a plate-glass window."

"For pity's sake, don't read me any more!" cried Mrs. Pipkin. "Dumb brutes are getting as bad as men. I never saw anything like the papers nowadays. They're full of nothing but crimes and violence and horrible depravity. Read me some of the funny things, can't you?"

"I did," said Mr. Pipkin.

"You did? When?"

"Just now. Just this minute. What I've been telling you wasn't crime and accident. I was giving you a little synopsis of tonight's comic pictures on the sporting, household and editorial pages. That was all." —*H. H.*

The One Thing Lacking

LITTLE Milton Moskowitz, one of the fresh-air kids from the East Side, whose acquaintance with vernal Nature had been confined to the New York parks where he had to keep on the asphalt and off the grass, was sent to Bear Mountain with a hundred other youngsters from the tenement districts.

Milton gasped at the panorama of river and mountain before his gaze and then sat down on a rock and wept.

"Oi! It's fine," he wailed, "but there ain't no place to play!" *Roy L. McCardell.*

How We Won the War

HE WAS grizzled and tanned and untidily dressed,
As he sat there enjoying a smoke;
And the boys and the girls gathered round him impressed,
As they gazed at the medals that hung on his breast,
And they listened with awe as he spoke:

"We was dug in near Mons in the mud an' the rain.
It was back in the fall of 'Eighteen,
An' the boches were raising particular Cain,
With their shrapnel an' bombs dropping round the terrain.
Oh, I'll never forget that there scene.

"Then along comes Jack Pershing. I says to him, 'Jack,
Say, it looks like there's trouble ahead,
For I think them there boches has planned an attack.'
'Bill, you're right!' he replies with a slap on the back.
'Won't you dope out some scheme, Bill?' he said.

"So he sends for Ferd Foch, an' we chin there, us three,
Until finally I says to them, 'Say,
You two boys better beat it an' leave this to me.'
An' so Jack says, 'All right, Bill,' an' Ferd says, 'Oui, oui,'
Which is French for 'Let's call it a day.'

"So the following morn I slips over the top
With a Lewis gun strapped on my back,
An' I starts in to run, and I don't never stop
Till I reach the Hun's trench, when I suddenly drop
An' I opens my deadly attack.

"Then the boches cry 'Kamerad! Spare us, we pray!'
An' they lays down their rifles an' guns;
An' the number of pris'ners I captured that day,
Not including three gen'rals I grabbed on the way,
Was a million an' eighty-five Huns.

"So I lines up the boches an' ties them up neat,
An' I starts out to capture some more,
When along comes the Kaiser an' says, 'Well, I'm beat.
I don't think I can stand such a crushing defeat.'
An' so that's how we ended the war."—*Newman Levy.*



"Oh, Shut Up, You Nasty Cheerful Little Beast!"

From The Salome Sun

TWENTY years ago there was no one here but me—and now there's folks a-living as far as you can see. On some nights when the Tourists are thick and the section men all in town and a good game going at Blarney Castle, as many as 75 or 90 people have been counted here—which is a big increase from nothing in twenty years.

It is a characteristic of the country, however, as one cow man who now has over a thousand head of cattle is said to have came here riding a blind mule and driving one red steer. It really would be a fine cattle country if we had more grass & water.

Soak up a little sunshine to cheer you on your way, and don't fuss about tomorrow but be glad you're here today. A smile will make you feel at home and fill a heart with song—so be glad that you have reached Salome—and Pass A Laugh Along. What if you're short of money and the road seems long and rough? A laugh makes life seem funny and three meals a day enough. You'll take nothing when you leave here on the trip that goes one way, so why sit around and grieve here—Let's Have A Laugh Today.

Ten days ago George Moore had as fine a crop of barley as anyone ever saw. Then the jack rabbits started in to mow it down and now about 500 coyotes gather around every night and chase the rabbits back and forth across the field until they have got it all tromped down and George says the grasshoppers are finishing it up daytimes. Never mind, George; you don't have to raise barley to make it now. You can get malt sirup all ready made and you ought to be able to gather enough hops out in your field to mix up with a shot of our dancing Salome water and make something with a real kick. If you can't do that way, throw in a coyote or two and I'll bet you'll get something that will make the boys howl and want to chase the jack rabbits too—and mayb hop around a little also.

The man at the Salome Service Station and Garage says he has a lot of Salome Suns that he hasn't been able to fool anyone into buying and he will be glad to give them away to Tourists coming through if they will stop and ask for them and promise not to leave them around cluttering up the landscape where the burros are apt to find them and get sick from trying to digest such stuff.

YOU CAN'T GET VERY FAR WITH A LOAD UNLESS YOU GREASE YOUR WHEELS.

Where, oh, where, is the Wise Old Man, who said he knew how Ol

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GREAT FOR BREAKFAST—GOOD, HOT SOUP

If you came down from your home town
To visit Campbell's farms
Your eyes would dance with every glance
At fields just filled with charms!





Acres and acres of the finest tomatoes that grow!

Stretching away as far as the eye can reach! On the great Campbell's farms in fertile New Jersey, the tomato is developed to its full perfection. Vast crops are grown. Seeds from perfected fruit are planted in thousands of acres which yield their luscious harvest to

Campbell's Tomato Soup

It is made with this juicy, red-ripe, flawless fruit, sun-ripened on the vines. Just the pure tonic juices and rich fruity parts strained to a fine, smooth puree enriched with golden butter and spiced to a delicious nicety by the famous Campbell's chefs. What a treat for your appetite!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Rum Tum Ditty

Pour contents of one can Campbell's Tomato Soup into chafing dish or double boiler. When hot add one pound cheese cut in dice. Cook until cheese is thoroughly melted and mixed with Soup. Add red pepper to taste and one egg slightly beaten. Stir well a few minutes and serve hot on crackers or toast.

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

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THE CHANGING EAST

Japan and the Alien—By Isaac F. Marcosson



A Part of Asakusa Park, Tokio—Gay With the Banners of the Moving-Picture Theaters

THE Japanese living abroad have created more international complications, considering their comparatively small numbers, than any other race. The "seed of the sun" ripens into litigation and legislation, especially in certain portions of the United States. Wherever limitations have been placed on life, liberty and the pursuit of labor, the Nipponese have invariably maintained that they are unjust and unfair. As a consequence they have projected a vast body of propaganda to create a friendly sentiment and if possible to lessen the restrictions.

In all this volume of inspired protest the Japanese seldom admit that they are not exactly blameless in the very performance they denounce. At home they play at the same game. Their attitude towards the alien, therefore, is well worth pointing out. It reveals what every visitor not blinded by sentimentality or hospitality inevitably discovers—namely, that beneath the proverbial and studied politeness of the great majority of the little islanders lurks a distrust, possibly a dislike, of the foreigner. No alien can own land outright in Japan. He is also barred from acquiring shares in the leading banks and all the subsidized companies, and government endowment works overtime. Moreover, the moment he sets foot upon Nippon soil he becomes the target for an espionage that is as stupid as it is persistent. His mail, luggage and person all suffer from the same well-nigh incessant scrutiny.

In this article an attempt will be made to set forth the real attitude of the Japanese towards the foreigner. I use the word "attempt" advisedly because no outsider really knows just what is going on in the back of the Japanese head. This elusiveness is part of an inscrutability which, together with the language barrier, baffles the investigator of Oriental life and conditions. There is no intent here to indict a nation for the shortcomings of its officialdom or the peculiarities of its people. The plain blunt facts will be presented. They will perhaps shock enthusiasts who have seen Japan through a mist of cherry blossoms or who have read the immense amount of emotional and therefore often irresponsible material written about the country.

Rules and Regulations

THE Japanese themselves resent what they call the officiousness—they are putting it mildly—of the endless rules and regulations that extend to every activity. This surveillance is embodied in what is probably the most irritating group of civil servants in the world. Here you have one of the many parallels between Japan and the Germany that was. In both countries, as soon as a man puts on a uniform he appears to become a truculent and unthinking machine. Despite the veneer of democracy this attitude still obtains in the Teutonic republic.



Prince Tokugawa

All nations, regardless of color, are in the same boat when it comes to what might be called national weaknesses. We, for example, resent qualities in the British, the French and the Italians; and they in turn have ample reason for criticism of us. But the Westerner is inclined to take his medicine with a sense of humor and sportsmanship. The Japanese, on the other hand, are not only sensitive and resentful but they regard the American attitude as expressed by the California and other legislation as persecution. As a matter of fact, save in the western part of the United States, they have been accorded more special treatment than any other race. This has been notably true in England. In addition, an unending adulation has been heaped upon their much-advertised absorption of Western civilization. It is hardly justified, when you put the probe mercilessly into their general commercial life and methods. The feudal idea, as I pointed out in previous articles, persists both in national custom and in government procedure.

The moment a foreign writer departs from the even tenor of unstinted praise of things Japanese he brings a flood of contradiction and even abuse upon his head. The most trivial comment in facetious vein is made into an issue. This is because the Japanese are masters of the art of press subsidy. Nor is it confined to their own journals. With some conspicuous independent exceptions, you must accept what you read in Japan with reservations. As in China, there is a stream of official and semiofficial data emanating from endowed news services and other organs that is often misleading. That well-known institution, "the highest authority," so often quoted in the newspapers, has almost assumed the proportions of an octopus in Japan.

When a book makes an unpleasantly frank, if accurate, revelation of conditions in Japan it is immediately suppressed. Within the past few years there have been two conspicuous examples of this procedure. One of these books dealt with economic and political conditions, and the other was a novel. Both are by British authors.

The fundamental difficulty in getting at anything like a dispassionate estimate of the Japanese, whether it is their attitude towards the alien, their diplomacy or their mode of life and work, is not born of personal prejudice on the one hand or sentimental admiration on the other. It goes much deeper, for it is purely psychological. The Japanese do not understand us, and by the same token we do not comprehend them. The man who says he understands the Japanese is very much like the absurd person who maintains that he understands women. This is the sum and substance of the whole business. People like Lafcadio Hearn, who have lived in Japan for many years and who have tried their hardest to know the Japanese, even to the extent of intermarriage, have been the first to confess their utter inability to get them. When you have no ax to grind, when you have nothing to sell, and when you have a self-respect that is proof against every conceivable kind of flattery, you leave the country with the feeling that you have been tolerated. This, too, despite the eternal entertaining and the solicitude that is constantly on tap. It gets down to a blunt but uncompromising revelation. The average foreigner feels ill at ease with the Japanese, and the Japanese reciprocates. While in Japan you feel that you are a constant target for a scrutiny that becomes irksome, to say the least. Once outside its pale you have a sense of profound relief.

Western Clothes and Eastern Customs

WHAT is the reason for this? It is difficult to answer without some dissection of the Japanese character, which will also help to pave the way to an understanding of the attitude towards the alien.

At bottom the Japanese is evasive and deals in indirection. Circumlocution is his middle name. These are the traits that immediately irritate the Anglo-Saxon. In business there is no short cut. It is almost impossible to get a Nipponese to give a frank yes or no. He hedges himself about with qualifications and, like the Chinese, he prefers to compromise rather than to make a straight decision. This explains a good deal of Japanese diplomacy. As a rule his mind is incapable of being occupied with more than one matter at a time. The successful routine worker gets rattled the moment a new or unexpected job is given him, or when he is suddenly thrown upon his own resources.

Japanese intelligence is imitative rather than initiative. Suspicion, egotism and curiosity are instinct with the race. Education as we know it is almost unknown, for pupils learn nearly everything by rote. They are not taught to think and reason. One of the first things that struck me in Japan was the amazing memory of every man who acted as interpreter when I made a speech. They invariably made the same explanation: "We had to memorize everything we learned at school."

Many Western habits are shed with foreign clothes. The real and unchanging Japanese is always underneath. Once a Japanese, always a Japanese. There is no genuine assimilation of foreign life or customs.

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Building Good Will for America Abroad

Hupmobile Spreading the Gospel of American Manufacturing Integrity by the Faithful Way it Serves in Lands Far from Our Shores

The volume of Hupmobile business abroad is very considerable. It is as large, as we have said before, as our home demand will permit.

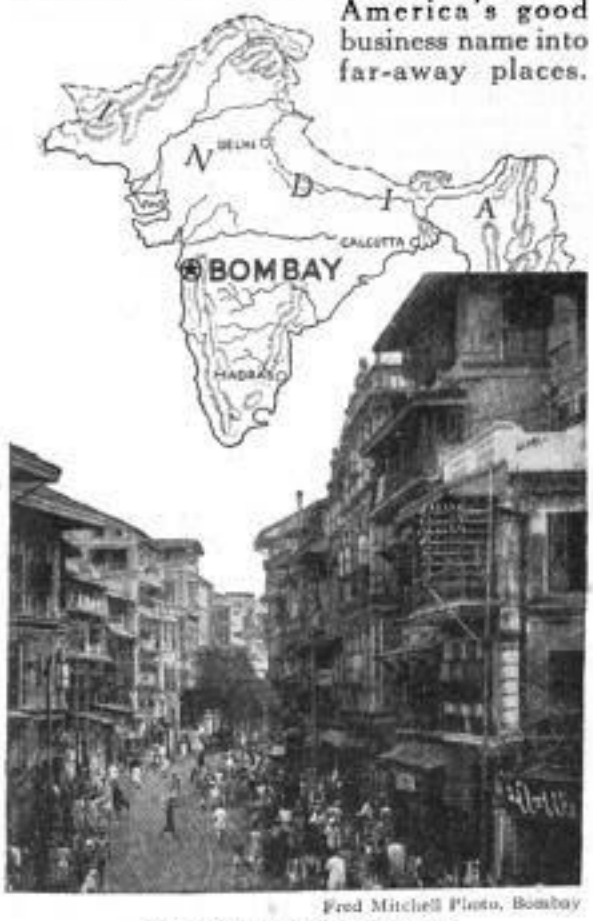
It was growing each year until the war all but put a complete stop to American exports. This year it is registering its customary pre-war increase.

But it is not the volume of our foreign business that we would emphasize, so much as the world-wide honor in which the Hupmobile is held.

Here is an American business name and institution that instills respect and regard in foreign lands.

Wherever the Hupmobile has gone abroad —and it has penetrated almost to the farthest reaches of civilization—America, and things American, are looked upon with favor.

It is a pleasant task that has fallen to the lot of the Hupmobile, this task of carrying America's good business name into far-away places.



Fred Mitchell Photo, Bombay

Kalbadevi Road, Bombay, India



Piazza del Duomo, Milan, Italy, with the famous Cathedral of Milan

(Ed. ni Brogi)



It was begun early in Hupmobile history. Business men from Europe, South Africa, and other quarters came to Detroit then, as they are coming now.

They came seeking a trustworthy American motor car, that they could conscientiously recommend and sell to their own peoples.

That was the beginning of the world-wide business of the Hupmobile. The car first impressed the shrewd men from overseas.

Then it began to show the stuff it was made of, in far-off places and in unfamiliar hands.

Everyone who has encountered the Hupmobile abroad must have felt a thrill of satisfaction in sensing the good will it has generated.

Travelers have written in letters by the score, telling how glad they were to see an American car so far from home, and how well the Hupmobile is thought of outside of its own country.

They note among foreign-speaking Hupmobile owners the same loyal enthusiasm that distinguishes the Hupmobile ownership here.

They hear the same accounts of brilliant performance, dogged endurance and everlasting reliability that are constantly being told and retold in the United States.

The Hupmobile and its world-wide good name are a distinct asset to both the national and the international relations of American business.

The good will which is given to one American product is a favorable influence toward American products at large.

The Hupp Motor Car Corporation is proud that it has been privileged to assist in an entente cordiale of business that must, by its very nature, be stronger and deeper and more lasting than any other international relationship.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

Hupmobile

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A common manifestation of Japanese temperament lies in an obsession—it is nothing less—concerning what other people think of them and their country. Like the Chinese, they pin everything on face, or personal prestige. If a manager falls out with his employes they may complain about him to the people higher up. The moment an inquiry is instituted they will express only admiration for each other. Thus nobody loses any face by the transaction.

A further obstacle to anything like real understanding with the alien is the lack of a sense of humor in the average Japanese. Their narrow patriotism, group consciousness, and utter inability to mix, repel intimacy and preclude anything like a warm feeling for them. I have yet to find an American, no matter what admiring terms he has employed in speaking or writing about the Japanese, who will confess that he has ever felt like slapping one of them on the shoulder and saying, "Well, old man, let's go somewhere." The sense of strain is always present. The reverse is true of the Chinese. With them you may feel natural and unconstrained. If they dislike you they say so quite frankly.



PHOTO. BY TRANS-PACIFIC

Main Street, Yokohama. In the Oval—Viscount Kentaro Kaneko

No foreigner, regardless of the period of his residence in Japan, really feels at home there. An American woman who has lived in and about Tokio for fifteen years told me that in spite of all the acquaintances she had made she still had the feeling that she was camping out. If she had resided in one of those flimsy wood-and-paper native houses which seem a part of the outdoors her state of mind could readily be explained, but she has invariably occupied a foreign structure. She was an unconscious victim of the indifference that the Japanese feel for the alien. When this indifference becomes interest it is usually because the foreigner has something useful to offer in the shape of information, publicity or a more material commodity.

Nations as They See Each Other

NOW we can get onto the first phase, so to speak, of the Japanese attitude towards the alien. Just as we find the Japanese taciturn, incomprehensible and masked behind evasion, so does he see us as a voluble, unrestrained and domineering people. If one of them so far forgets himself as to express his real feelings he will admit that save for utilitarian purposes the alien is not figuratively to be embraced as a brother. This is one result perhaps of insularity. The fad for foreign clothes, food and even gold teeth spent itself long ago in Japan.

It is only fair to say that there are two types of Japanese. When you talk with men of the world like Prince Tokugawa, Doctor Dan, head of the vast Mitsui interests, and some of his associates of the stamp of K. Fukui, or J. Inouye, governor of the Bank of Japan, at their clubs, you feel that Japan has really assimilated the western conceptions and that there could be no basic psychological differences between Occident and Orient. As soon as you leave the western atmosphere in which you encounter these men, and get out into the real Japan, you wonder how the idea of Japanese power and efficiency developed. Not only is the general productive effort primitive but, save in the highly organized industries, there is an almost medieval touch to life and labor. It may be a picturesque detail such as the rice field, gleaming like an emerald against the sky, but it is also highly uneconomic and in many cases unsanitary.



Another important preliminary must be disposed of before we go into the specific restrictions that Japan has placed upon the alien. It deals with that larger fundamental which underlies all discussion of East and West. I mean race. Is the friction between Japan and America over immigration due to race or to economics? It may seem remote from the subject in hand, but nevertheless it has a distinct bearing upon the Japanese relation to the foreigner, and therefore becomes part of this narrative.

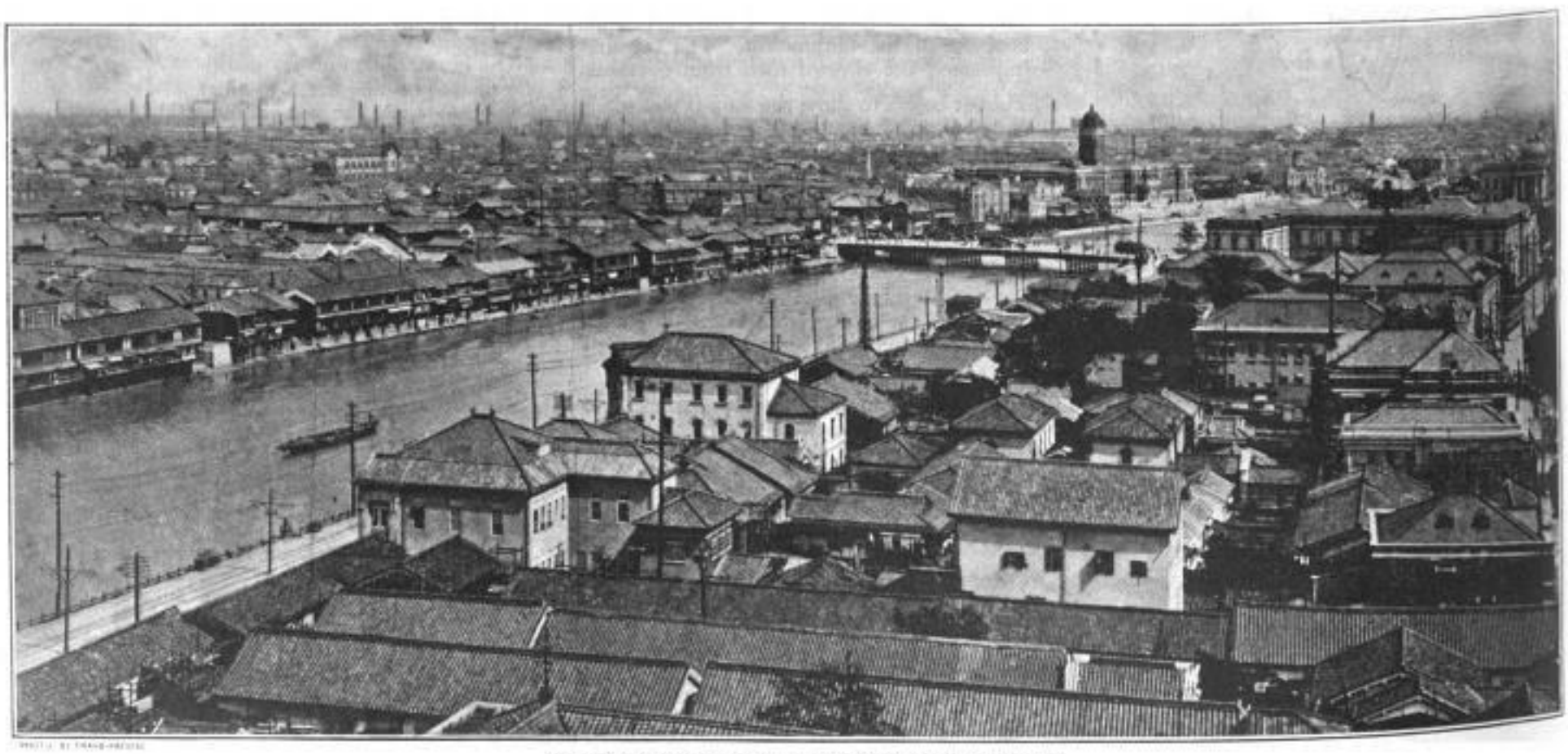
National Pride

JAPAN places no barrier upon immigration within her borders, for the good and sufficient reason that there is no room for any but her own kind. With a population of sixty million people living in an area about the size of California, and with an increase at the rate of about seven hundred thousand a year, the reason is obvious. Japan, however, takes good care that the comparatively few Chinese who work in her midst do not supplant any of her own. While I was in Japan she deported two hundred Chinese from Kobe because they were working for a lower wage than the Japanese.

Race is a fetish with the Japanese. Moreover, it is a valuable asset. The whole immigration problem in connection with America is an instrument—"a potential weapon in her political arsenal," as it has been so well termed. Wisely she did not raise the race question at Washington, for she remembered the disaster that attended her attempt to employ it at Paris. But it remains a strong ally of the politician, especially the militarist. With it national pride can always be stirred. In an earlier article I showed that whenever the Elder Statesmen, particularly Prince Yamagata, wanted increased military appropriations it was only necessary to expose the issue of race discrimination against the Japanese, to get them over.

There are many alarmists who believe that the next war, so capitalized by propagandists, platformists and others, will be the long-expected race conflict. This fear appears, for the moment at least, to be unfounded, although the birth rate of the yellow man is on the increase and that of the white is on the down grade. Though the dream of a white man's Pacific is gone, any first-hand investigation in the Orient today must disclose the fact that the struggle

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A General View of Osaka—the Industrial Capital of Japan

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The Standard of Comparison

The *New* Master of the Road

The 1923 Buick Seven-Passenger—$1435

Marked comforts, refinements and the most complete equipment characterize the 1923 Buick Seven-Passenger Touring Car and heighten those splendid qualities of appearance, riding ease and power which have made this model so often patterned after.

The long graceful lines have been accentuated by lowering the body height appreciably and by the new full crown fenders, drum type head and cowl lamps. The sitting posture for all seven seats has been made perfect in its comfort; the top has an exclusive tailored design with a distinctive type of windshield visor to match its trimness; a rear-vision mirror, completely new instrument board, cowl ventilator and transmission lock are among the many other touches of fine craftsmanship which are reflected in this new model.

The time-proven Buick type of cantilever spring has been given an entirely new suspension which absorbs road roughness and does away absolutely with any necessity for rear snubbers or shock absorbers. The famous Buick Valve-in-Head motor, the velvet Buick clutch, the body construction—all evidence the painstaking care invested to make this car a master.

This new model of the Buick Seven-Passenger Touring is, indeed, the finest of the long line of motor cars of this type that have borne the Buick name.

Among the other improvements and refinements are: etched threshold plates, nickeled foot rest brackets, high-grade tonneau carpet, windshield wiper; nickeled scuff plates on the running boards and nickel steering wheel spider.

$1435—F. O. B. Buick Factory

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

Pioneer Builders of Valve-in-Head Motor Cars — Branches in All Principal Cities—Dealers Everywhere

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(Continued from Page 28)

for existence is first and foremost in the minds of the peoples there. War has proved to be merely a contest for economic exhaustion in which both sides lose.

Race as such really has little to do with the strain, antagonism and misunderstanding that exist between the Japanese and the foreigner. It would be more to the point to say they are due to certain of the Japanese characteristics that I indicated, coupled with aggressive policies and inflated nationalism. But at the root of all of it lies that ancient cause begot of business. Touch the pocketbook and you always start trouble. This is why I have maintained that even the California issue with the Japanese is mainly due to commercial rather than to racial reasons. When the business conflict is coupled with other irritants, such as a low standard of living and a refusal to assimilate, you get the answer.

Perhaps the best approach to Japan's attitude towards the alien may be obtained from an explanation of the little-known part that Herbert Spencer had in shaping it. This was revealed in an appendix to Lafcadio Hearn's book, Japan—An Attempt at Interpretation.

In August, 1892, Spencer, who had touched on Japanese social disintegration in his First Principles, was asked by Kentaro Kaneko—he is now Viscount Kaneko and a member of the Privy Council—to suggest a procedure by which Japan might preserve her independence of foreigners. The great philosopher did so in no uncertain terms. When he sent the letter he made the provision that it should not be published during his lifetime. He added a postscript, giving Kaneko permission to communicate his views to the then Count—he later became Prince—Ito, who was the Bismarck of Japan and the author of her constitution. Although this document was formulated in 1889, there is no doubt that in subsequent legislation and policies Ito employed some of the suggestions of the Spencer epistle.

Restrictions Against the Alien

SPENCER died December 8, 1903, and the letter to Kaneko was published in The Times on January 18, 1904. In the light of subsequent events and particularly what might be designated as Japan's racial immobility, it makes interesting reading. The letter is much too long to reproduce in full, but some pertinent extracts will be found of value here.

At the outset Spencer makes this general statement:

> The Japanese policy should, I think, be that of keeping Americans and Europeans as much as possible at arm's length. In presence of the more powerful races your position is one of chronic danger, and you should take every precaution to give as little foothold as possible to foreigners. It seems to me that the only forms of intercourse which you may with advantage permit are those which are indispensable for the exchange of commodities—importation and exportation of physical and mental products. No further privileges should be allowed to people of other races, and especially to people of the more powerful races, than is absolutely needful for the achievement of these ends.

If the Japanese needed any impetus for their feeling that the foreigner is only useful for what he can bring, as one notable expressed it, this did the trick.

Spencer then proceeds to point out the specific steps to be taken. The restrictions against aliens so clearly reflect them today that I give his suggestions in full. They are:

> Apparently you are proposing by revision of the treaty with the Powers of Europe and America "to open the whole Empire to foreigners and foreign capital." I regret this as a fatal policy. If you wish to see what is likely to happen, study the history of India. Once let one of the more powerful races gain a *point d'appui* (a point of advantage) and there will inevitably in course of time grow up an aggressive policy which will lead to collisions with the Japanese: these collisions will be represented as attacks by the Japanese which must be avenged, as the case may be; a portion of territory will be seized and required to be made over as a foreign settlement: and from this there will grow eventually subjugation of the entire Japanese Empire. I believe that you will have great difficulty in avoiding this fate in any case, but you will make the process easy if you allow of any privileges to foreigners beyond those which I have indicated.
>
> In the pursuance of the advice thus generally indicated, I should say that there should be not only a prohibition of foreign persons to hold property in land but also a refusal to give them leases, and a permission only to reside as annual tenants.
>
> I should say decidedly prohibit to foreigners the working of the mines owned or worked by Government. Here there would be obviously liable to arise grounds of difference between the Europeans or Americans who worked them and the Government, and these grounds of quarrel would be followed by invocations to the English or American Governments or other Powers to send forces to insist on whatever the European workers claimed, for always the habit here and elsewhere among the civilized peoples is to believe what their agents or sellers abroad represent to them.
>
> In the third place, in pursuance of the policy I have indicated, you ought also to keep the coasting trade in your own hands and forbid foreigners to engage in it. This coasting trade is clearly not included in the requirement I have indicated as the sole one to be recognized—a requirement to facilitate exportation and importation of commodities. The distribution of commodities brought to Japan from other places may be properly left to the Japanese themselves, and should be denied to foreigners, for the reason that again the various transactions involved would become so many doors open to quarrels and resulting aggressions.

In this connection it is worth while noting that after much insistence on the part of Japan the Powers revised their original treaties with her between 1894 and 1897. This was after Spencer's suggestions had been communicated to Ito. One important detail of the revision was the surrender of extraterritorial rights. In return Japan opened the country to foreign residence.

On the subject of intermarriage of foreigners and Japanese, Spencer forecast the friction and worse that has resulted from so many unions of this kind. He declared:

> It should be positively forbidden. It is at root a question of biology. There is abundant proof, alike furnished by the intermarriage of human races and by the interbreeding of animals, that when the varieties mingled diverge beyond a slight degree the result is inevitably a bad one in the long run. . . . If you mix the constitution of two widely divergent varieties which have severally become adapted to widely divergent modes of life, you get a constitution which is adapted to the mode of life of neither—a constitution which will not work properly, because it is not fitted for any set of conditions whatever. By all means, therefore, peremptorily interdict marriages of Japanese with foreigners.

Now for the concrete restrictions upon the alien in Japan. The first and most important relates to land ownership. In justice to the Japanese it must be said that they are not so drastic as those that operate against them in some portions of America. On the other hand they were instituted long before ours went into effect.

Technically no foreigner can own land outright in Japan. In practice, however, there are various methods of evading this prohibition. The first is by ordinary lease, running for a convenient term and renewable at the will of the lessee. The rent of this leased property is subject to review by the courts on the application of either party.

The second is to secure what is called a superficies title, which may be obtained by aliens in any part of Japan save in her colonies and fortified areas, and which runs for any number of years. Some have a life of nine hundred and ninety-nine years and give the same control over the soil as a fee simple would.

A third way around the bush is for the foreigner to form a joint stock company under the commercial code of Japan. Such a company becomes what is known as a juridical person and thereby has the same rights as the Japanese.

I asked many well-informed Japanese the reason for the ban on alien ownership of land. Practically all replied that when these laws were formulated the idea was to prevent the feudal suzerainty that has always been coupled with land tenure in the country. In the old days the daimio, or war lords, owned the countryside in very much the same way that the barons did in England back in the time of King John. With this proprietorship was vested an iron rule. Thus the Japanese keep alive the feudal idea not only in their customs but also in their fears.

In forming companies the foreigner has the choice of three kinds. The first is the *Gomei-Kaisha*, which is an unlimited partnership under Japanese law. The second is the *Goshi-Kaisha*, which is a limited partnership; while the third is the *Kabushiki-Kaisha*, which closely resembles our corporation. All three varieties become juridical persons as soon as they are registered.

Disputes Over Foreign Settlements

IN CERTAIN large cities of Japan foreigners have special rights which are now the subject of a keen dispute. They were bestowed when the empire was opened up to foreign trade. The government then set aside certain districts in Tokio, Yokohama, Osaka, Kobe and Nagasaki in which foreigners were to reside. They correspond to the foreign areas which still exist in so many Chinese communities, notably Tientsin.

These districts in Japan were known as foreign settlements. The land in them was sold only to aliens, who did not receive a title in fee simple but a lease in perpetuity. In addition to the purchase price of the land, which was very small, these perpetual leases provide for an annual payment similar to a ground rent, which is nominal. The leases further contain a provision that the annual payments are in lieu of municipal taxes.

In the early period these foreign settlements were under extraterritorial jurisdiction—that is, the nationals were tried only by their own kind and had control of the tariff. In 1897 the Powers surrendered their extraterritorial rights in Japan, but the perpetual leases continued.

Recently the Japanese authorities have contended that the annual payments made on them do not exempt perpetual leaseholders from all municipal taxes. The holders refuse to pay them, and their attitude has been supported by the British, French and German Governments. Although some Americans hold these leases our position is one of waiting. The matter is still in controversy. The fact that the Japanese have sought to exercise all rights over these valuable properties shows a tightening in the attitude towards the foreigner.

When a perpetual lease is transferred from a foreigner to a Japanese subject the perpetual feature is canceled and the native acquires a fee simple. The exemptions from taxation which the perpetual leaseholder enjoyed are not transferable.

A more drastic prohibition on aliens exists in the matter of mining. All foreigners, as individuals, are forbidden to engage in mining. There is nothing to prevent the outsider from operating a right owned by a native, however. An alien, together with Japanese, may form a company and own mines. The restriction applies to all the Japanese colonies save Korea, whose mineral resources were originally developed by Americans and British. When Japan acquired the possession she did not change all the national laws. The Japanese give a logical reason for the exclusion of foreigners from mine ownership within their confines. They maintain that the coal and iron resources, especially the latter, are limited, and they do not want such vital assets for war and peace to pass out of their hands.

When it comes to the limitations on stock ownership you find Japanese exclusion working in characteristic fashion. The alien is barred from owning any shares in the big banks and in the companies that have received government subsidies. It is impossible for an American to become a security holder in his own name in the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, the largest Nipponese steamship company.

The limitations on ownership of stock in the Bank of Japan—the Bank of England of the empire—or in any of its kindred financial institutions, such as the Yokohama Specie Bank, is not so surprising. The Bank of France, for instance, allows foreigners to become stockholders, but they are deprived of the right to vote. Even with bank-stock ownership there is the usual loophole for evasion. A group of foreigners can form a Japanese company and hold stock in the name of the company.

Protecting the Merchant Marine

IN CONNECTION with the Japanese banks you have a strong manifestation of what must be designated as something that at least resembles a resentment of foreign financial enterprise. The Japanese are getting more strict all the time in their supervision of alien financial concerns that do business there. A foreign express company cannot get a banking license. These concerns do a private banking business in the United States, and when they sought to take it up in Japan they were met by a blank refusal. Moreover, a foreign life-insurance company that invades Japan is required to deposit one hundred and fifty thousand yen in cash before it is permitted to do business. A fire and marine insurance corporation must have one hundred thousand yen cash on hand.

Foreigners cannot become members, stockholders or brokers in the various stock exchanges in Japan. They can, however, own the stocks of the exchanges. Unlike the United States, every Japanese stock exchange—they are semiofficial institutions with government charters—issues stock in its name and it is freely traded in. The equity behind it is the earning power of the Floor.

There is also an opening for the enterprising individual to own stock in the forbidden companies if he cares to go to a lot of trouble. He can buy stock in the name of a Japanese, who indorses the shares and gives the real owner a power of attorney authorizing a transfer at any time. The Japanese then hands over the shares, but remains the stockholder of record and the dividend checks go to him.

Japan has taken good care to conserve her merchant marine, which, like her navy, is the pride of every nationalist. Not only is the foreigner prevented from actually owning shares in all the companies—for they are all subsidized in one way or another—but no foreign ships are permitted to carry passengers or freight between ports in Japan. No launch, barge or boat of foreign registration can ply in Japanese harbors for business purposes. An alien is denied the right to own a vessel flying the flag of the Rising Sun.

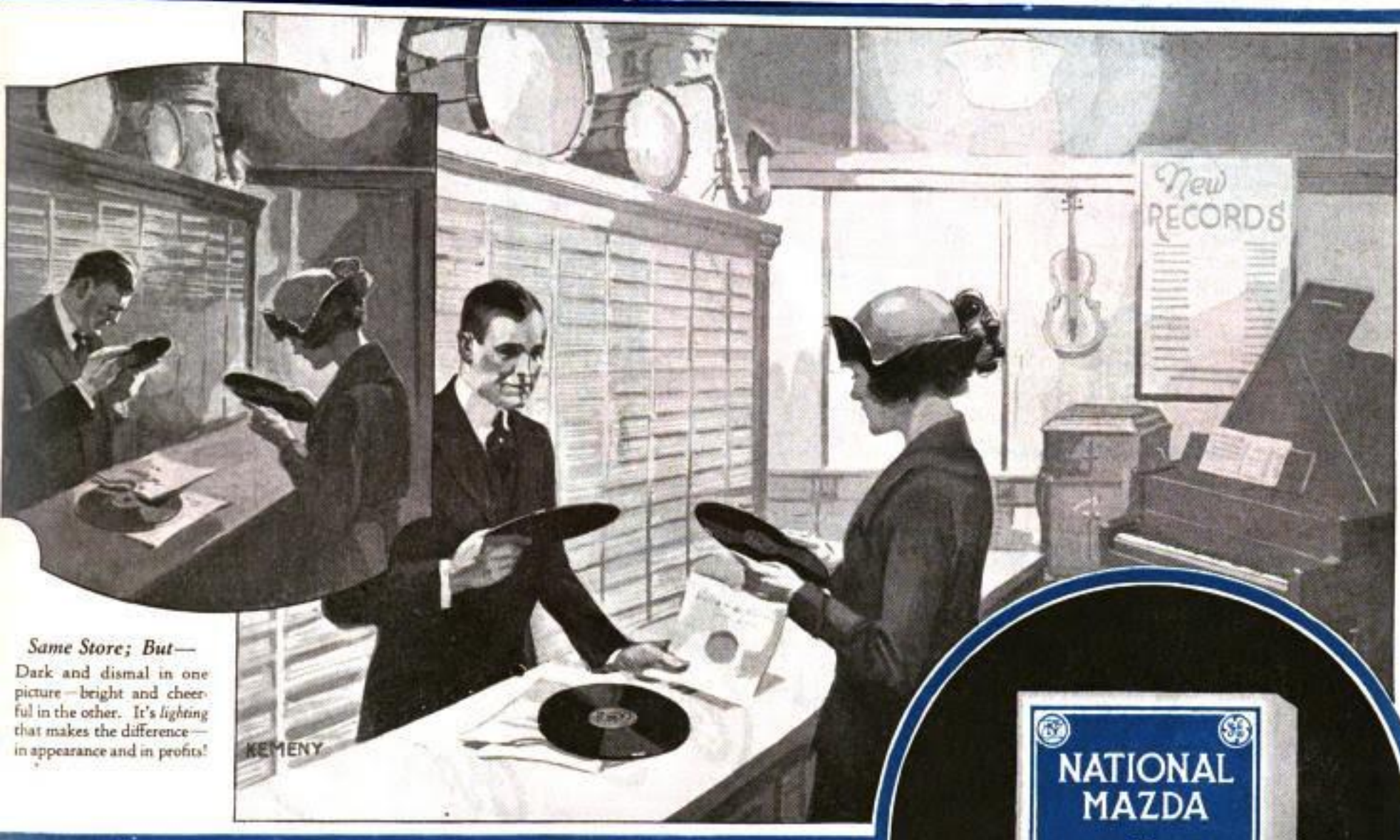
Another characteristic ban—the tightest of all, for there is no way to beat it—applies to the Japanese colonization companies. These are 100 per cent Nipponese. No reason is given for the copper-riveted exclusion, but when you know Japanese economic-penetration methods you can readily understand. The Japanese handle the emigration business in their own way and there are many kinks in the system. They want this matter to be entirely in their own hands. The Japanese, however, is not an enthusiastic overseas wanderer, save under American skies, and the largest of the colonization companies, organized to populate Korea, has not been a brilliant success.

When you reach the delicate subject of naturalization you touch the matter that has inflamed Japanese pride and ruffled the national feeling. In view of our attitude towards the Japanese, the procedure in Japan is interesting. There is a widespread belief that a foreigner can become naturalized into a Japanese family only by marriage or the adoption of a Japanese name. Though these constitute two of the approaches, there are other ways. Any foreigner may become a Japanese subject if he has been domiciled in the country for at least five years continuously; if he is twenty years of age; if he possesses property or the means to support himself; if he has no nationality, as the technical phrase goes, or is willing to lose the one he has. When he becomes a subject of the Mikado by marrying a Japanese woman on condition of being adopted into her family and assuming the family name of the wife, only one year's residence is required. In all cases the permission of the Home Secretary must be obtained.

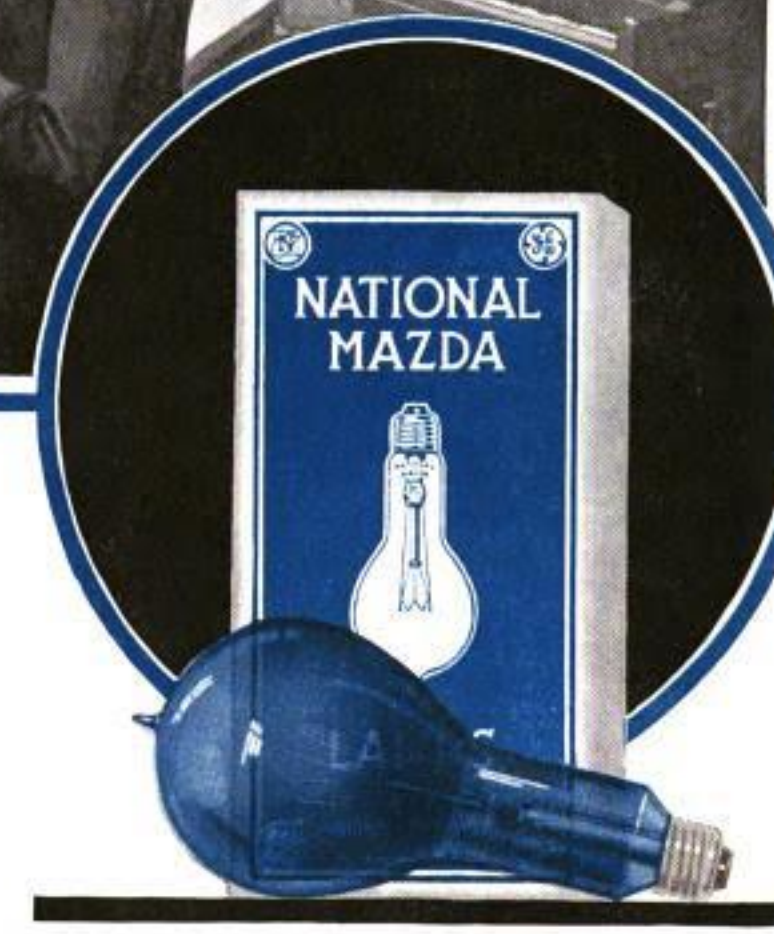
(Continued on Page 112)

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LIGHTING Helps in SELLING



Same Store; But—
Dark and dismal in one picture—bright and cheerful in the other. It's *lighting* that makes the difference—in appearance and in profits!



Add Good Lighting to Your Selling Force

Lighting is a factor in selling almost any kind of goods. Lighting can help the sale or make it harder. When properly used, it is the most valuable addition that can be made to the selling force of the store.

In merchandising music, for instance, soft agreeable lighting can add very definitely to the favorable attitude of the customer. It can help him to put all other thoughts out of mind, and compose himself to listen attentively to a demonstration. At the same time another customer may be trying to select a title or read a sheet of music—and the lighting can so sharpen his vision as to make the task of his eyes much easier.

It is not at all impossible to combine *plenty* of light for vision, with *softness* of illumination for ease, comfort and relaxation. And so, in any kind of store, a study of lighting will reveal money-making opportunities that have quite probably been overlooked.

Certain it is that most store proprietors *think* they have good lighting when it is really bad, or at best only *passable*, when compared with what they might have at little if any greater cost! More complete directions than those in the next column will be sent on request. National Lamp Works of General Electric Company, 309 Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

Each of these labels represents a Sales Division equipped to give a complete lighting service.

A Safe Rule for Lighting Most Stores

For most stores the following rules point the way to excellent illumination. *First*—Use 300-watt MAZDA Daylight lamps, or 200-watt MAZDA C lamps. MAZDA Daylight lamps are preferable, under most circumstances, because (1) they show colors more accurately, and (2) their light blends more agreeably with natural daylight. *Second*—The space between lighting units should not greatly exceed ten feet. *Third*—Lamps should be well shaded, and reflectors, when made of glass, should be of dense white or prism glass rather than clear or frosted, and should surround or enclose the lamps. *Fourth*—Clean the lamps and shades once a month.

NATIONAL MAZDA LAMPS

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Beautiful and Economical—

Homes roofed with richly colored Barrett Everlastic Shingles possess a distinctive beauty no ordinary roofing can give. Yet the moderate price of these artistic shingles puts them within reach of the most modest purse.

Their rugged mineral surface in warm red or restful green is a joy to the eye—while it provides remarkable fire and weather protection. Additional durability is given by a special "seal-back" which protects the undersurface from air and moisture. The quality and reliability of Everlastic Shingles are above question. They are made by America's leading manufacturer of roofing materials for more than fifty years.

Whatever the building to be roofed—home, barn, school or factory—some one of the six styles of Everlastic Roofings will meet every requirement of price, appearance and service.

The dealer in your town who sells Barrett Everlastic Roofings can save you money. Let him quote you prices.

Your Choice of Six Styles

Everlastic Octagonal-Strip Shingles. A new Everlastic Shingle that is the latest development in the strip shingle. Beautiful red or green mineral surface. Made in a form that offers a variety of designs in laying.

Everlastic Multi-Shingles. Four shingles in one. Made of high grade waterproofing materials with a red or green mineral surface. When laid they look exactly like individual shingles. Fire-resisting. Need no painting.

Everlastic Single Shingles. Same material and art finish (red or green) as the Multi-Shingles, but made in individual shingles; size, 8 x 12½ inches.

Everlastic Giant Shingles. Identical in shape with Everlastic Single Shingles, but made considerably heavier and thicker. They are "giants" for strength and durability.

Everlastic Mineral-Surfaced Roofing. The most beautiful and enduring roll roofing made. Surfaced with everlasting mineral in art-shades of red or green. Requires no painting. Combines real protection against fire with beauty. Nails and cement in each roll.

Everlastic "Rubber" Roofing. This is one of our most popular roofings. Used throughout the world. It is tough, pliable, elastic, durable, and very low in price. Easy to lay; no skilled labor required. Nails and cement included in each roll.

Illustrated booklets of the six styles free on request

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THE OLD RIP

(Continued from Page 17)

"Was there a man! You know right well there was a man!"

"No; honestly, ma ——"

"Don't you lie to me!"

"I'm not lying."

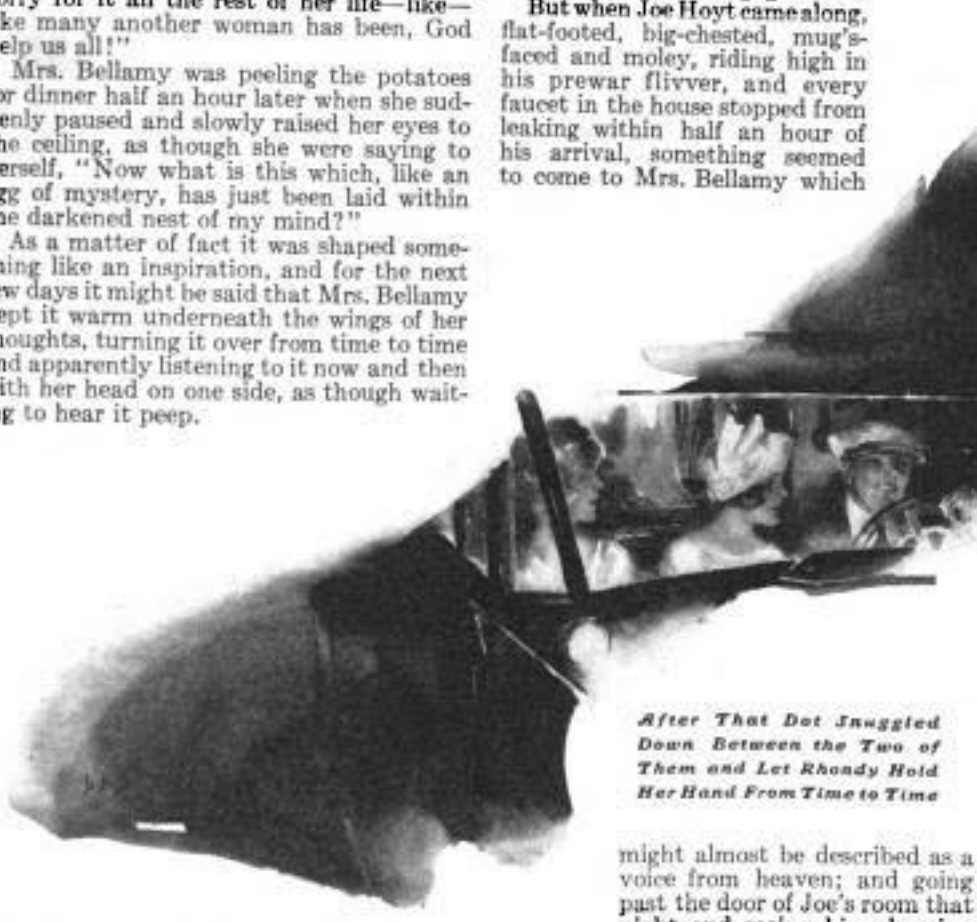
"Dorothy," said her mother, after one of her chilled-steel stares, "so far as I know, you've been a good girl all your life, and I'm going to see that you stay a good girl. Now you listen to me. If I thought for one moment that Eve Kenneally was leading you wrong I'd never let you go out with her again as long as you live! Now you remember that—and be careful!"

It was in the following week that Mrs. Bellamy found the picture of Larry Howell in Dot's bureau drawer.

"Yes," she finally sighed to herself after her first tragic outburst; "takes after her father and simply can't help it. And now she'll probably pick up with some silly young fool with a slick tongue—and be sorry for it all the rest of her life—like—like many another woman has been, God help us all!"

Mrs. Bellamy was peeling the potatoes for dinner half an hour later when she suddenly paused and slowly raised her eyes to the ceiling, as though she were saying to herself, "Now what is this which, like an egg of mystery, has just been laid within the darkened nest of my mind?"

As a matter of fact it was shaped something like an inspiration, and for the next few days it might be said that Mrs. Bellamy kept it warm underneath the wings of her thoughts, turning it over from time to time and apparently listening to it now and then with her head on one side, as though waiting to hear it peep.



After That Dot Snuggled Down Between the Two of Them and Let Rhandy Hold Her Hand From Time to Time

On the fourth day it hatched, and one by one then four of Mrs. Bellamy's elderly boarders were replaced by four new young and single men.

The first was a clerk in Slossberg's Furniture Emporium—a steady young man who carried his change in a purse, and his purse in a one-way pocket.

The second was the district manager of the Springfield Refinery Company, dealers in hides and soap fats. He knew to a dot the value of calfskins and old bones, and went back to the office every night after supper to prepare his work for the next day.

The third was a young banker—that is to say, he was perched on a high stool every day from eight-thirty to four with his nose near the open page of a ledger—something like a large pale canary perched in front of an enormous piece of cuttle on which he could do nothing but sharpen his bill.

And the fourth was a knobby-faced, shock-haired young man who worked for the Springfield Motor Boat Company and was fooling around with a carburetor of his own invention which was one day going to make his everlasting fame and fortune. This aspiring citizen was built something like an upright-piano box, except that he had large feet and large hands and one of those pudgy countenances generally supposed to be lucky which are sometimes known as mugs' faces. His name was Joe Hoyt, and he was the proud owner of either the first or the second flivver that was ever built.

When Mrs. Bellamy secured her furniture clerk she thought to herself: "There! A nice steady young man, and I like the way he looks after his money. He'll just do for Dorothy, and living here I can keep my eye on them both, and see that everything is carried on as it should be."

Whereupon she looked very determined, and you could easily imagine her taking Mr. Slossberg's clerk and Dorothy each by the ear, and marching them up to the nearest altar and having it all over and done with so she could get back home and cook her boarders' supper.

But when the hide man came Mrs. Bellamy amended herself, saying, "I'm glad Dorothy hasn't taken to the other young man yet. This one's a manager, and will probably have a business of his own some day."

And when the young banker moved his trunk and suitcase in Mrs. Bellamy still further revised her plans, for when all is said and done, a banker is a banker, and there's a divinity that shines over money which seems to shed a radiance on all who come in contact with it.

"And everybody knows how money makes money," she told herself. "The interest I've paid on that four-thousand-dollar mortgage!"

But when Joe Hoyt came along, flat-footed, big-chested, mug's-faced and moley, riding high in his prewar flivver, and every faucet in the house stopped from leaking within half an hour of his arrival, something seemed to come to Mrs. Bellamy which might almost be described as a voice from heaven; and going past the door of Joe's room that night and seeing him drawing designs upon a homemade trestle board she looked into the future with the eye of prophecy, and briefly, definitely told herself "That's him!"

IV

DOT and Eve were out walking. Dot was rather subdued, but Eve was full of the devil that evening.

"Here comes Mr. Toomey," she suddenly whispered to Dot. "I'm going to give him the ten-ton look, and you watch close and see if it doesn't get him."

All girl friends have their private jokes, and this was one of Dot's and Eve's. The ten-ton look, of course, was based on the title of Barrie's play, but it had been curved and twisted into another meaning. Eve flattered herself that, among the glances with which she could bring down the male birds, she had one look—delivered from the corners of the eyes and accompanied by a barely perceptible motion of the head—which had an effect upon the male consciousness equivalent to a ten-ton weight falling, let us say, from a height of twenty feet, upon the rounded crown of a wooden pile. You understand the analogy? Of course, this wasn't a look to be used promiscuously, but was reserved for hard cases, and was used experimentally more than anything else, to see if it worked.

Mr. Toomey drew nearer, unconscious of the test to which he was about to be subjected. He had married children of his own, Mr. Toomey had, and seemed to put his food in a little round tub shaped something like a pudding bowl, which he carried around in front of him, perhaps so that he would always have it near him. He was chiefly famed in Springfield for his cynical look and the sour manner in which he turned down applications for loans at the trust company of which he was cashier. But just as Dot and Eve strolled past him he got the ten-ton look.

"He fell, all right," murmured Dot without moving her lips.

"I'll say he fell," muttered Eve with satisfaction. "They all fall when they get that."

"Don't look back!" said Dot in sudden alarm. "If mom ever catches us ——"

"Let's pretend to look in this window then."

They suddenly turned to look at a display of hammers and saws in the window of the Nail Keg Hardware Store.

"Yes," said Eve with a glance over her shoulder. "He turned around to look. Didn't I tell you he would?" To which she added this gem of modern wisdom: "It don't seem to make a bit of difference who they are—they all fall just the same."

They sauntered on—two soulful-eyed young damsels—somewhat sad, perhaps, at discovering so early in life that men all fall the same.

"Say," said Eve, another thought striking her, "what's the idea of your mother clearing out the old boarders and filling up with new ones?"

"Ain't it enough to make you sick?" said Dot morosely.

"But tell me ——"

"Oh, forget it!"

"Have you made your pick yet?"

"No, and I'm not going to—out of that bunch. Honest, Eve, did you ever see anything like 'em in all your life?"

"Pretty fierce," said Eve reflectively; "especially that homely one with the funny car."

"He's the worst of the lot."

"Fresh?"

"No! Never even looks at you."

"Has he asked you out to have a ride yet?"

"He has not!" said Dot hotly. "You think I'd ride in that? Or with him, either—the big baboon! I wouldn't be seen dead in his old machine!"

"Gee, I don't blame you," said Eve. "If they put me in that thing when I was dead I'll bet I'd come to life again and make an awful squawk!"

Whereupon both young ladies sighed a little at the incomprehensibility of that great puzzle which is sometimes called life—homely girls of no particular intelligence being born unto car rides and even driving their own broughams around the town on pleasant afternoons—while attractive young girls, smart, witty and with an undeniable sense of humor, had to foot it up and down the sidewalks and think themselves lucky if anybody happened to speak to them out of the front end of a delivery truck.

"Let's go down Washington Avenue," said Dot, breaking a silence that was beginning to grow forlorn.

So they turned down Washington Avenue, a stately old street with a double line of maples that nearly met over the roadway. This gave it a hushed mysterious air—a true setting for romance and love's young dreams—and when you hear that Larry Howell lived on this same street and that his wire-wheeled chariot was sometimes parked in front of the very house where he lived you can begin to see why Dot liked to go down Washington Avenue, treading on flowery visions, her hatbrim touching the moon.

Larry's car wasn't in sight that night, however, and they had reached the end of the avenue and were turning back before Adventure found them. A young man had just turned out of the gateway leading to

Jim Henry's Column

But a Job is a Job

I needed a job once—badly. I dream about it now—years later.

About everything else has happened to me, for that matter, but somehow being without a job was the worst.

If it wasn't that my kids think I am a great man, I would tell of some of the things I had to do to earn a living.

What I am groping for is some way of putting a little hope into you fellows who need a job, without patronizing you.

We older men have all been through it. We all made our fight and won out according to our abilities. We all found our jobs, just as you are certain to find yours. And the experience, bitter though it was, didn't hurt us. It made men of us.

But it's about time I got to work at my own job of selling you a tube of Mennen Shaving Cream.

It may seem heartless to sympathize with a fellow for being jobless and then try to take four bits away from him, but I don't look at it that way.

Whatever you do at this critical period, don't admit for a minute that the best is too good for you. Don't accept second-rate stuff. To do that is fatal.

Generally speaking, I don't admire swank, but when a gritty kid is hanging on to his right to existence by his eyebrows, I don't care if he puts on the front of a head waiter.

So, even if it's your last half dollar, I advise you to swagger into a drug store and demand Mennen's. For a few minutes in the morning, anyway, it will put you on the level of captains of industry, movie stars and prize fighters.

All the money in the world won't buy a better shave than you can get with Mennen's. It is one of the few things that has reached perfection.

Say, I am going to be a good fellow and let you keep your fifty cents. If you are really out of a job, I will send my regular 10 cent demonstrator tube free. I'll even throw in a sample of Mennen Talcum for Men—a he-powder which is great for after shaving and bathing. It doesn't show.

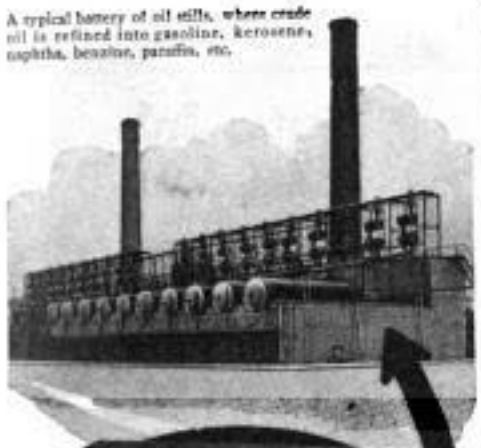
Men on intimate terms with a pay envelope will please send the dime.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.



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A typical battery of oil stills, where crude oil is refined into gasoline, kerosene, naphtha, benzine, paraffin, etc.

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You will realize how vast and dominant the Oil Refining industry is when we tell you that it uses *seventy-five million fire brick* every year for replacement alone! Brand-new refineries require millions more.

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That's why so many of them continuously specify LACLEDE FIRE BRICK. They have found that this famous brand represents everything that is desirable and dependable in fire clay refractories. You will know our standing in the industry by a glance at this partial list of our customers: Standard Oil, The Texas Co., Cosden & Co., Sinclair Refining Co., Gulf Refining Co., Indiahoma Refining Co., Roxana Petroleum Co., etc., etc.

The oil refiners use LACLEDE FIRE BRICK for the settings of their stills and boilers, whether stoker, oil or hand-fired; and for lining their stacks and rotary kilns. They also use L-C Fire Clays, Repair Cements, Chemical or Acid-Proof ware, Sewer Pipe, Etc.

Not only the *refiners* but the *producers* and *users* of oil endorse LACLEDE FIRE BRICK.

We could give you numerous reasons *why* LACLEDE FIRE BRICK has met with such marked success during its career of 78 years. We could tell you of its great refractoriness—of its true edges and uniform size—of this or that physical and chemical property—and of the *adaptability* of its various grades to the task at hand. All of this is described in detail in our "Refractories Book," which will be sent to industrial executives who request it on their firm letterhead.

No matter *what* industry *you* are in, you will get a new idea of economy and serviceability by trying LACLEDE FIRE BRICK. Our 78-year record guarantees that.

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one of the large houses as Dot and Eve strolled along. More from habit than anything else Eve tried a little sharpshooting and, registering a bull's-eye, the young man raised his hat.

"You don't know him!" whispered Dot under her breath as they passed on.

"Not yet," said Eve, calmly enough.

"Well, now, you look out," murmured Dot. "He's following. And one thing I won't stand for—I won't let strange fellows pick me up on the street."

Eve said nothing, but away down deep she started humming There's Many a Smile in an Aching Heart—a tune which always meant that Eve was satisfied, and stood her in the same stead as a pinch of snuff used to serve a gentleman of the old school just after he had made a very good move at chess.

"Now remember!" Dot cautioned her.

Behind them the young man had drawn closer, and it grew increasingly difficult for the two young ladies to continue to stroll along as though unaware of his existence.

"A beautiful evening for a walk," Eve suddenly remarked to Dot in her most musical alto. "I'm glad we left the car home, aren't you?"

"Yes," said Dot in a faint voice, not knowing how to stop her.

"It reminds me of the lahst time we were at Atlantic City," continued the irrepressible Eve, "the time we drove down—do you remember?—and strolled along the boardwalk in the moonlight."

"Yes," said Dot more faintly than before.

Having thus worked up the proper background Eve looked over her shoulder, and again the young man raised his hat.

"A beautiful evening," he said.

"Oh, how do you do?" said Eve, as though up to that moment she had been unconscious of his presence.

And now comes a thing that is hard to describe. As the young man stepped forward between them Dot hurriedly looked to the right and the left, as though fearful of seeing her mother come hurrying forward, that steely-cold glance in her eyes and her chin looking as though it were made of the material from which cold chisels are manufactured.

"How do you do?" said the young man, and lightly cupped his hand under each girl's elbow. Eve did nothing about it; indeed, that experimental young lady was wondering, more than anything else, what he would do next. But Dot quickly pulled her elbow away, already hearing, faint, distinct and altogether dreadful, "What did he have his hand around your elbow for?" and "Don't you lie to me!"

Now whether or not it was due to the strange law which causes masculinity to prize that which is hard to get, as soon as the young man saw that Eve was agreeable and that Dot wasn't, he gently dropped Eve's elbow and turned his attention to Dot—although if you had been there you might very well have thought that he turned to Dot because she was the most attractive with her Bellamy features, her Jenkins chin and a complexion like the petals of a moonlit rose. Whatever the reason, he did turn to Dot, and again he tried to cup his hand under her elbow, and was no more successful than before.

"Aren't mad, are you?" he asked.

Dot wouldn't answer him.

"Mad? No. She's bashful, that's all," said Eve.

"Is that right?" he asked, still speaking to Dot. "You just feel bashful?"

Again Dot wouldn't answer him, and again she fearfully looked for a grim-faced figure in the shadows of the trees. She felt herself trembling a little, and wouldn't have spoken then for worlds, for fear her teeth would have chattered. Yes, it was all right theoretically—this being greeted by a possible prince—but on the screen girls didn't have old rips for their mothers, and weren't afraid to speak when they were spoken to—just a deep glance into each other's eyes, a little bosom heaving, and the thing was done. Dot was glad when the young man began to talk to Eve. She stole a look at him then, and caught her breath when she saw how much he resembled Larry—the same keen features and laughing eyes, the same fair hair and careless manner of irresponsibility. His name, she presently learned, was Rhondy Bent, and he had just come down from the factory to bring a car for funny, little rich Miss Chedsey, who lived in the biggest house of all on Washington Avenue.

"I'm going to stay a few days till her chauffeur gets the hang of it," he said; "or I may settle down here if I can find anything good. Detroit's pretty slow just now, and I like this place, as much as I've seen of it. A mighty pretty place, I call it," he said, turning to Dot again; "and some mighty pretty girls in it too!"

For the third time Dot made no response; but trust her for knowing that Rhondy was more interested in her than in Eve; and trust her, too, for knowing that Eve was trying to win his interest away from her, chatting and laughing as though she had known Rhondy for years, and practicing her glances on him every time they came to a street lamp.

"She'll give him the ten-ton look pretty soon," thought Dot, not altogether liking it to see how quickly her chum would rob her of a possible admirer, "but I'll bet I could get him away from her—any time I wanted to try it too."

And after that she wasn't quite so distant. And when they met again the next night, and the next, it was a toss-up whether Rhondy paid most of his attentions to Eve or to Dot. Eve certainly gave him the most encouragement, but it's a question if Dot didn't give him the most to think about, and that's the thing that counts.

"Automobile demonstrator and salesman"—this was how Rhondy described himself; and although, of course, he wasn't rich like Larry he—well, he might be useful. It was one of the strangest riddles of life that a girl without a fellow seldom got one, but if she could once catch her first candidate—if she could once get a possible customer looking in at the store window, so to speak—there was generally a rush of business, and she could take her pick. So perhaps if she allowed Rhondy to be attentive to her, Larry Howell would see it sooner or later, and he'd have something to think about, too, and maybe—if then she were to give him the ten-ton look —— Her thoughts remained vague, inconclusive, but the germ of the idea was there, all right.

It was on Monday night that they first met under the maples of Washington Avenue. It was on Friday night that Rhondy took them both for a ride. By pre-arrangement he met them near Jordan's Garage with Miss Chedsey's limousine, and they climbed up on the front seat with him—Eve, of course, in the middle. Fortunately both girls were of a modish slimness and no one was much crowded.

Dot was nineteen years old, and that was her first ride in a real car. It was one of those nights which are almost unfair to youth—spring in bud, a full moon, and the scent of growing things heavy in the air. The car swept on, mile after mile, devouring the road in front of it with a deep pur of contentment, its headlights picking out constantly changing scenes more beautiful than any moving picture. Now and then the river appeared on the side of the road, sometimes far below and sometimes nearly on the same level with them—silently flowing on as it had probably done long before the first little man was here to see it, and as it would probably continue to flow long after the last little man has done his last little chore on this our earth and has wonderingly moved elsewhere.

Away down deep again Eve started humming There's Many a Smile in an Aching Heart, and it wouldn't have needed much to have made Dot cry—she felt so happy and yet so sad—and wanted life to be like this always, but knew precious well that it never would be.

"We'll go down to the shore and have a look at the sea," said Rhondy.

Dot started. It was forty miles to the shore, but surely they could do it in an hour, the way they were going. That would be two hours altogether. At that rate they'd be home by half past nine.

But a moonlit ocean isn't a thing that can be left in a minute, and going back they didn't travel so fast as they had come. For once in her life, though, Dot didn't care—present joys outweighing future woes. She sat in the middle going back, nice and warm between Eve and Rhondy, enjoying it all the more, perhaps, because she knew that Eve didn't like it. When the road was smooth enough to permit it Rhondy held one of her hands. At first Dot had mutely protested, but after all, it was little enough to give in exchange for such a heavenly ride, and she nearly had to laugh when she saw how jealous Eve was about it, when that wide-awake young lady discovered what was going on. So after that Dot snuggled down between the two of them and let Rhondy hold her hand from time to time, and closed her eyes and imagined it was Larry Howell who was riding with her, and Eve and Rhondy a million miles away.

It was after eleven when they got back home. Rhondy wanted to take them right to their doors, but you ought to have heard the way the two girls sat down on that bright suggestion! So he dropped them at the corner and they almost ran down Weatherby Street, like the two conscience-stricken little minxes that they were. They came to Eve's house first, and Dot waited for a moment to see what would happen, the main question being whether the door was locked. Eve was up the veranda steps like a shadow, and a moment later the front door was opening at her first touch on the knob. There was a quick wave to signify "It's all right; good-by," and then Dot cautiously hurried down the street and tiptoed up her own front steps.

But it wasn't all right there! The front door was locked and she knew she would have to ring the bell and get her mother down to let her in. Already she could feel that steely eye and feel that icy shower of questions: "Where have you been till this hour of night? Do you know it's getting on for twelve? Who were you with, and what were you doing?" And then like the merciless thrust of a dentist's needle, "Don't you lie to me!"

Upstairs in her mother's room she could see a dim light.

"Asleep," she thought. "I'll have to ring and ring, till everybody in the house wakes up and knows about it. And maybe one of the boarders will come down, and that will be worst of all, if mom catches him."

It occurred to her that just possibly the back door might be unlocked—perhaps one chance in a million—and it was while she was on the back porch, trying the door and finding it fastened against her, that she saw the light in the barn.

"That's funny," she thought. "Maybe there's a fire. I'd better go and look."

It wasn't a fire, though. It was Joe Hoyt—that big baboon with the Spanish War flivver and the mug's face—and he had been working on that everlasting carburetor of his, trying to do away with one more part, his ultimate hope being to get the thing into such simple shape that for a dollar he could sell an article that would make the ten-dollar carburetors look seasick and wish they had never been born.

"Oh!" gasped Dot, as they caught sight of each other. "I—I didn't know there was anybody here. I thought maybe the barn was on fire."

"No," said Joe. "It's me."

He was wiping his hands on a piece of waste, and after those three words he paid no more attention to her than he paid to the woman that Cain went away and married in a far country. But Dot was paying attention to him. It had just struck her that when Joe ceased his labors and went to bed he would have to unlock the front door, and that then she could go in with him and quietly make her way to her own room.

"It's all right," he said, seeing that she still waited. "I'll be careful. There won't be any fire."

"I'm not scared of that," said Dot—"only ——" With a sigh of gratitude she caught hold of a good one. "Only I feel sort of creepy, coming up from the house by myself, and I guess I'll wait and go back with you."

"I won't be long," he said. At that he took his precious baby and began to fasten it back in the flivver. "Say, now you're here, do you mind just wiggling that lever—no, the lever—the lever!—that little iron stick that's bent over at the end—that's right. Wiggle it now till I tell you to stop."

After he had told her to stop he looked at his watch.

"Half past eleven—I didn't know it was so late," he said. "Let's go."

He walked down to the house with heavy deliberation, and in the shelter of his presence Dot certainly had no cause for creepiness.

"Out kind of late, aren't you?" he asked. "Been to a party?"

"Kind of a party," whispered Dot, with a warning point of the finger at her mother's bedroom window. "I—I didn't know it was so late, either."

(Continued on Page 38)

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(Continued from Page 34)

"Huh-huh," said Joe. But however poor he was as a conversationalist, he was rich enough as a door unlocker; and a minute later Dot was in her room and hadn't wakened anybody. She got up early in the morning, but her mother was up before her, and was getting Joe his breakfast on the kitchen table.

"Well!" began her mother the moment she saw her. "And what time did you come in last night?"

"Oh, I don't know. I—I often wish I had a watch," said Dot, swallowing hard.

"Don't know!" There was acid in Mrs. Bellamy's tone, ice in her eyes. "Well, you'd better begin to think it out. Where did you go to? Who were you with?"

"Oh, it wasn't so late," said Dot with a pleading look at Joe that said "Please don't give me away."

"No, that's right, Mrs. Bellamy; it wasn't so late," said Joe, misinterpreting the look. "She'd have been in earlier, too, if it hadn't been for me."

"How do you mean—if it hadn't been for you?"

"Well, when she came in the gate she saw a light in the barn, and thought maybe it was a fire. But it was me—see?—working on the carburetor, and when she came up to see if everything was all right I got her to helping me—working the levers and one thing and another."

"What time was that?"

"Hard to tell exactly. The last time I looked at my watch before that, it was quarter past nine. It was my fault getting her to help me. So I'm the one you ought to give it to—if you're going to give it to anybody—not her."

"No, Mr. Hoyt," said the old rip, secretly satisfied at the way her plans were falling together. "I'm sure I don't intend to give it to anybody. There's nobody in this world who likes peace more than I do, but if I had a dozen children I would do my best to bring them all up right, and then if any of them went wrong I'd have nothing on my conscience to reproach myself with."

"That's right," said Joe in an absent voice, his mind again upon his darling child.

In her gratitude Dot poured him another cup of coffee, and tried to catch his eye in order to show her appreciation, if only by a glance. But Joe didn't look at her, and when he arose from the table a few minutes later the cup of coffee which she had poured him was left untouched.

"Because he had to tell a lie he's got no more use for me," thought Dot hotly, and her face beginning to burn in downright earnest she asked herself, "I wonder where he thinks I was last night."

And, oh, how she hated him then!

V

DOT had had enough joy-riding to last her for a while, and as Eve wouldn't go alone neither of them went. As the days passed by, though, Dot thought more and more of that wonderful ride to the shore, and less and less of the worry it had brought her. Which is, perhaps, only another way of saying that she was still on the bright side of her youth. Rhondy had taken a position as chauffeur with Miss Chedsey, and had come to board on Weatherby Street, next door but one to Belle Fatima's. One morning as he walked past the house with a neighbor Dot heard them chattering away in Patagonian.

"I'm sure that he was born here, all right," thought Dot, "and of course he can't help it what his folks are. And anyhow there are some nice people among the Patagonians—I don't care what mom says."

Indeed, if anything, it added another chapter to her romance. First, there was the thought that Rhondy liked her better than Eve; second, that Eve was jealous; third, that their ride to the shore must remain a secret; and now came the discovery that Rhondy was of Patagonian descent—that at one time, at least, he had belonged to a race of invaders which, laughing with scorn at the idea of being assimilated by America, was now laying its own ambitious plans to do the assimilating itself. There was a thrill in this for Dot. It reminded her of the Civil War plays that she had seen on the screen, where a Southern heroine had been loved by a gallant young Northern officer with little whiskers in front of his ears, and she had saved him from capture, and pretty soon he had turned around and delivered her own family from a fate that was worse than death.

"Let's take a walk up Washington Avenue," she said to Eve on the night after she had made the discovery just mentioned.

"Why?" asked Eve with a trace of irritation. "Are you expecting to see him?"

However that might have been, it wasn't long before a darker shadow detached itself from the shade of a tree, and a moment later Rhondy was walking between them. Perhaps because he sensed Eve's irritation and guessed the cause, he paid all his attentions to that sharpshooting young damsel at first, and it wasn't long before Eve was walking with her chest out, and putting it all over Dot. Dot didn't care, though. Every little while Rhondy squeezed her hand with a pressure that said, "You know why I'm being nice to her, don't you?" And though Dot didn't squeeze his hand back again, at least she understood, and felt quite old and superior.

Rhondy had a great scheme.

"Listen," he said. "You don't want to go out in the car, so I've got something better. A friend of mine has a boat on the river, and asked me to fix it up for him. I told him I'd fix it up for him all right if I could have the use of it next Sunday morning. What you say, heh? A fine big boat, mahogany, and an awning, and cushions, and everything. We'll go down the river to Shark Island and back, just us three together. What you say, heh?"

Again his hand was around Dot's fingers, but feeling that this was the touch of the tempter, she didn't let it stay there.

"I can't," she said. "I've got to go to church Sunday morning."

"Yes?" he asked. "But who will know? Every Sunday you can go to church, but it isn't every Sunday that you can go on the river, and in a fine boat like this."

Dot visualized herself upon the river—a shy maiden, trailing her hand in the water, and half turning her head away from a chivalrous young gentleman—a mid-Victorian damsel feeding three graceful swans over the edge of a boat—Leander's girl on the wooded shores of the Hellespont—Cleopatra on the bosom of the Nile.

"No," she said with something like a sigh. "I've got to go to church on Sunday morning."

Rhondy knew that she was weakening, a man having an instinct in these affairs which is far more powerful than anything he can reason out; and leaving Dot alone he turned to something easier.

"How do you feel about it?" he asked Eve. "Church—or the river?"

"Me for the river," said Eve without a moment's pause. "Aw, come on, Dot. Be a sport. Church is like home—you can always go to church. And, anyhow, nobody'll ever know; so what's the difference?"

It took a bit of doing—the old rip's eyes seeming to cast a chill on poor Dot's heart all the way from 76 Weatherby Street—but in the end she consented.

"If I stay afraid of her all my life," she told herself, "I'll never go anywhere—or have anybody. When she was young I'll bet she didn't ask anybody if she could go out with pop. I'll bet she just went. And anyhow, it isn't as if I was doing anything wicked—just, just floating down a river and getting back in time for dinner, and nobody ever knowing whether I've been to church or not."

It was then that she had said "Yes," though in rather a muted voice, and wouldn't have been greatly surprised if a portent had suddenly appeared in the sky—a fiery fist shaking itself at her, or a pair of terrible eyes that seemed to say "Don't you lie to me!" But neither of these things appearing, and the world apparently wagging on much the same, Dot grew braver and became quite excited over her coming adventure.

"And anyhow," she thought, just before she went to sleep that night, "when you're simply driven to tell a lie, the way I am, I don't believe it counts against you as much as it does against the one who makes you tell it." At that she drew a deep, deep sigh, such as are seldom drawn except by the very young and the very old. "Poor pop," she thought. "How he's stood it all these years, I am sure—that I—don't know."

VI

SUNDAY set in like a gift from the gods—clear and yet balmy—a day just bursting with spring. Dot always had her work to do on Sunday before going to church, but when she dressed that morning she dressed underneath for yachting—putting on her heather-mixed stockings, for instance, and a cashmere-knitted petticoat that was warmer than you might think from the weight of it. And when she put her stockings on she looked at her little pink toes with an air of fearful pleasure and said, "Sh-h-h! You're going to walk around in a boat before dinnertime!"—and hastily thrust them out of sight before they could ask any questions. And when she put her petticoat on she smoothed it over the hips, and wriggled herself a little as she looked in the glass, and although she didn't say anything at first she looked very thoughtful, because at that moment the bells of St. Peter's Church began to ring for first communion. "Bong-ng-ng! Dong-ng-ng! Wrong-ng-ng!"

Dot stood for a time, her hands still smoothing her hips, and you could hardly tell whether she was listening to the bell or wondering what dress she was going to put on.

"I don't care!" she suddenly exclaimed, shaking herself out of her reverie. "I'm going—and that's all there is about it!"

She slipped on a house dress and went downstairs.

"You were a long time dressing this morning," said her mother, looking over her shoulder from the kitchen stove.

"Was I?" asked Dot.

"Were you? You know you were. What have you got your woolen stockings on for—a warm morning like this?"

"It's the style," said Dot, busy laying the table.

"Well, it's a fool style—that's all I say!" And Mrs. Bellamy gave her daughter one of her sharpest glances.

Poor Dot—her heart began to sink.

"Now she's started noticing things, she'll watch me all day," she thought, and she began to imagine a possible cross-examination on her return home from the river:

"What was the text today? Is the minister's cold better? What was the anthem? What dress did Mrs. Lawrence have on? You didn't notice? Why didn't you notice? Who sat in front of you? Was Miss Waterman there? She was? Well, that's strange—very strange—for Miss Waterman went past here at eleven o'clock on her way to visit her brother! Young lady, where have you been this morning? Now—don't—you—lie—to—me!"

"Right out in front of the boarders, too, as like as not," thought Dot. "She never cares who hears her when she starts. And there they'll all sit watching me, especially that great big fool of a Joe Hoyt, who knows I told a lie the other night—and first thing I know—first thing I know——"

Dot choked a little sob—one of those confidential affairs which never get to be public property—and although her thoughts didn't go very far in this direction, just for a few awful moments she thought of those stylish young ladies who helped Belle Fatima keep house, and who chewed their gum in such a world-weary manner whenever Ed Harrigan gave them a free ride to the station house in his nice new latticed-covered wagon.

"I don't know," she thought. "It doesn't feel safe, somehow. I guess I'd better put it off—till—till some other Sunday morning when she isn't noticing things so much. Eve can go with him if she wants to—she always has more fun than me—and I'll just tell 'em that mom started being nasty about it, and I didn't have the nerve."

So at ten o'clock Dot started for church, walking as demurely and reverently as the young lady of whom Mr. Thackeray wrote a poem when he ought to have been writing prose, and as she turned into the church she happened to look up at the sky, and there she saw a blanket of black clouds up above where the river had its source near Mount Kanahka.

"Pretty early in the year for it," said a weather-wise old parishioner to his neighbor, "but looks like thunder in the air."

"Gosh, this ain't early," said his neighbor. "Why, I remember back in the year when Tilden was elected and done out of it, it thundered and lightened on the nineteenth day of March and hailstones fell so big that the boys played marbles with 'em."

And, oh, how gratefully Dot sang, and with what a full heart she prayed, as it kept getting darker and darker until finally it began to thunder right in the middle of the sermon, and old Mr. Whitehead, the sexton, had to go around to the switchboard in the vestibule and turn on some of the lights.

(Continued on Page 38)

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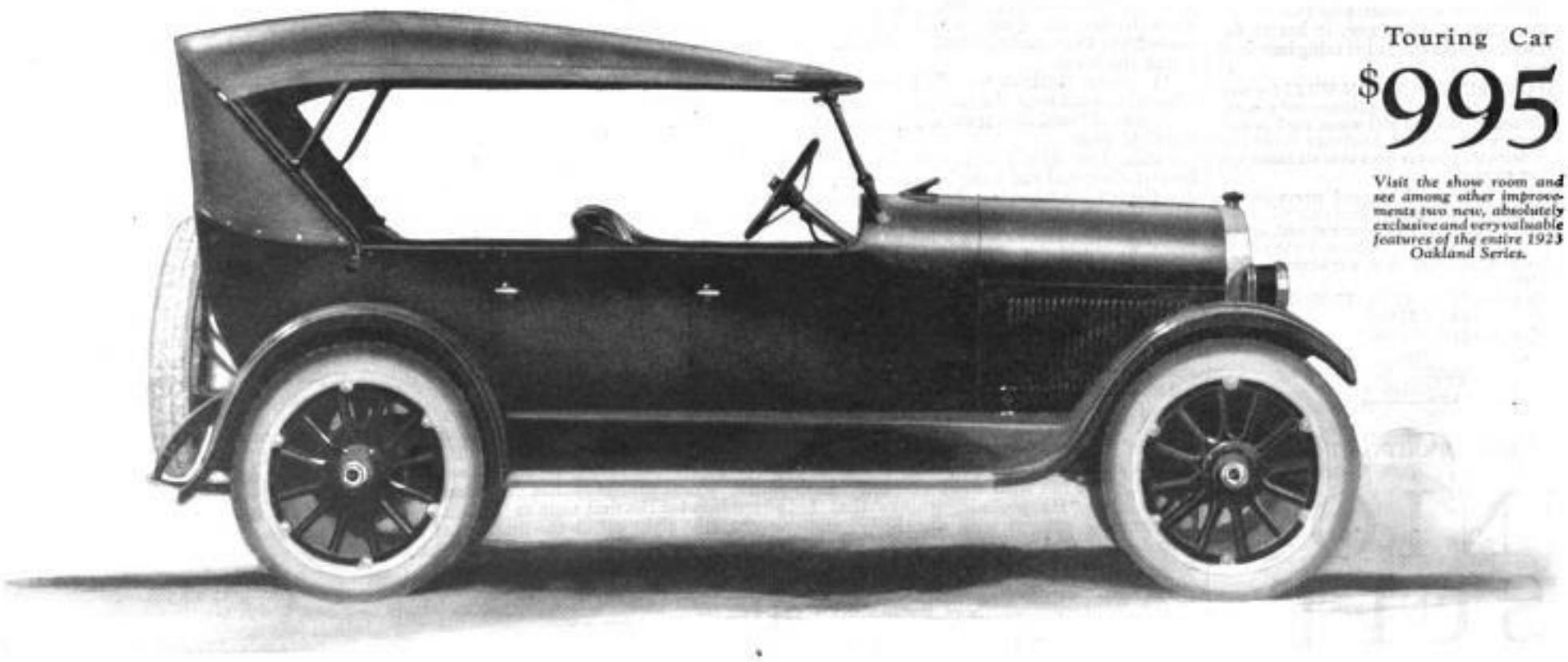
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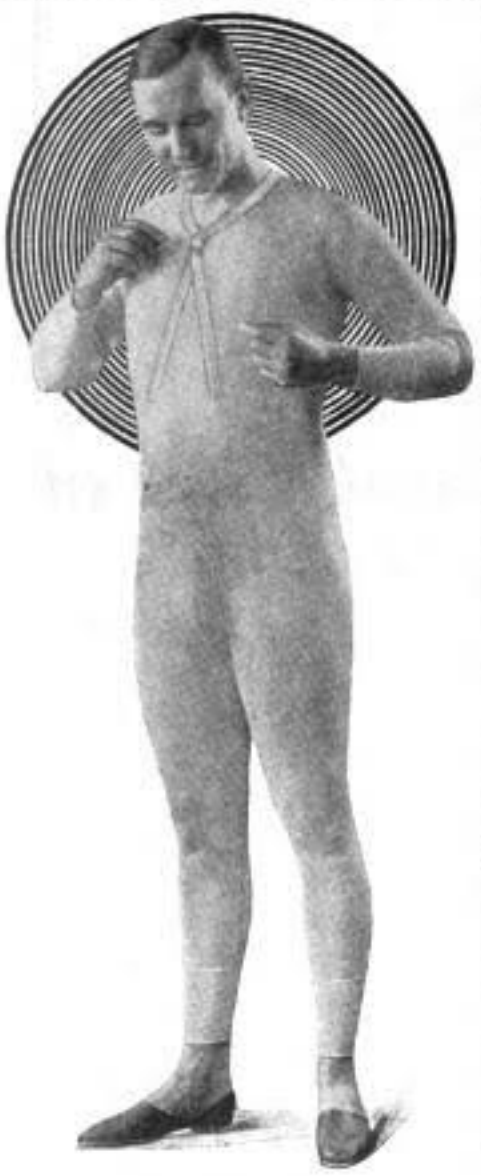


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UNION SUIT

(Continued from Page 36)

"I hope Eve didn't go," thought Dot, but away down deep in her heart she knew that Eve had gone. "It's a good thing there's an awning on the boat," she continued. "They can pull near the shore somewhere, and they won't get wet—very."

The rain came tumbling down and as the sermon neared its close Dot could hear friends and relatives arriving in the vestibule with umbrellas and raincoats.

"Maybe pop'll come for me," she thought. "Oh, wouldn't it be awful if I had gone on the river, and pop came to get me—and I wasn't here!"

But when she reached the vestibule there was no handsome silvery-haired gentleman waiting for her. Instead, there was a frowning-faced, shock-headed individual named Joe Hoyt, and under his arm he had an umbrella as large as a good-sized parachute.

"Your mother thought I'd better come and get you," he said as he opened the big top.

If those around her had smiled there's no telling what Dot might have done; but instead of smiling she noticed that they looked at her as though they were thinking, "My, but aren't you the lucky girl to have somebody come and fetch you with a nice big umbrella like that!"

So Dot stepped under Joe's portable roof and together they went down the walk that led to the sidewalk, Dot stepping gracefully, knowing full well how many eyes were on her—but Joe flopping along in his usual flat-footed manner, let the puddles come where they may. At the sidewalk another surprise awaited her. Instead of turning to the right Joe tilted the umbrella, and there was the antediluvian flivver standing in a rushing brook that filled the gutter—like another ark that was only waiting now for Mr. and Mrs. Noah before starting on its cruise.

Again, if those around had smiled there's no telling what Dot would have done; but instead of showing signs of mirth they first looked up at the flooded streets and then they looked at Dot as though to say, "My, but aren't you the lucky, lucky girl to have somebody come and get you in a nice dry automobile!"

The little madam quite began to fancy herself, and when Joe lifted a flap on the side of the car and disclosed a dark little interior that wasn't unlike the inside of a tent she stepped up into it with a decided sense of adventure. Joe then boosted himself into the driver's seat and fastened the flap behind him, and so tentlike and cozy it straightway became that they might indeed have been Little-Caught-in-the-Rain and Big-Chief-Heap-Much-Wool about to set out for the Garden of the Gods in a portable tepee.

Little-Caught-in-the-Rain settled herself back in her seat as the car started forward, and wondered what Big-Chief would say to her first—probably something about the weather or even about being glad to have the chance of coming to get her. But Big-Chief simply sat there under his Heap-Much-Wool, thriving on silence, fattening on quietude, his big bulky head set over at an angle and listening, though Dot didn't know it, for any symptoms of a gurgling noise from that darling child of his underneath the hood.

"I never thought ——" began Dot, when she could bear the stillness no longer.

"Sh-h-h!" said Joe, frowning and raising his right paw.

Again Dot didn't know it, but Joe's little darling had just complained to poppa. Joe tickled it with a bit of wire that stuck out through the instrument board, and gently turned a knob with a fist as big as a picnic ham and yet as soothing as the hand of a beautiful nurse. The complaining stopped with a contented little gurgle, and Joe's face grew tender like a cherub's when the seraphim are coming out to play.

"I'm getting her where I want her," he said to Dot.

Dot made no answer to this, but told herself that he had a coarse, low streak in him. "I wonder how he'd like it," she thought, "if I said 'Sh-h-h!' to him?

"It's because of the other night that he doesn't treat me with more respect," she continued. "He probably thinks that I was running around with somebody, and that I do it all the time. If I could only make him think ——"

At the corner of Lafayette Avenue and North Main Street a happy thought came to her—or at least she thought it was a happy thought—for when all is said and done, you must remember that the child was only nineteen—and turning to Joe she said, "Oh, Mr. Hoyt ——"

"Yeh?" said Joe, still beaming to think how cleverly he had tickled his baby.

"About the other night—you know, when I came in so late—you must have wondered ——"

"Yeh?" said Joe when she paused.

"You probably didn't know," said Dot with dignity, "that I was sitting up with a sick friend."

"Oh, darn!" suddenly groaned Joe, scratching his wool in a dull rapture of anguish, and in answer to Dot's startled look he added in a broken voice, "Didn't you hear her? She's coughing."

A series of spasmodic little barks was indeed coming from under the hood, and Joe began to turn the knob in the opposite direction, pausing every so often to tickle his pet and make it happy again. The coughing gradually stopped.

"That's the worst of her," said Joe, wiping his forehead. "She won't stay put. You can't rely on her. And when a thing's like that, it ain't no good. But by Guy, I'll get her steadied down yet if it's the last thing I ever do. You see if I don't!"

In his face then she saw the same grim look she so often saw in her mother's. She sat back in her corner as far away from him as she could, and didn't speak again.

All afternoon it rained, and blew, and rained again—the wind twisting the elms till they writhed as though they were doing a majestic sort of shimmy, and the rain slapping the windows' faces as though it had a spite against them. More than once Dot wished it would stop so she could run in next door and find out from Eve what sort of a time she had had on the river, but she didn't have a chance. It grew dark early that night and they had just turned on one of the electric lights and sat down to supper when Mrs. Kenneally came running in with an overcoat over her head.

"Have you seen anything of my Eve this afternoon?" she asked.

"No," said Mrs. Bellamy. "She hasn't been here. Why?"

"It's the queerest thing. I can't make it out. She left for church this morning at the usual time, and I haven't seen a sign of her since. Of course I thought she'd gone over to Minnie's because of the rain, but I just phoned Minnie and Minnie hasn't seen her, and where she's gone—or what has happened ——"

Dot slowly turned red—a process that was presently accelerated by the knowledge that her mother's eye was on her.

"Well?" suddenly demanded the latter. "What do you know about it?"

"Not much," said Dot, miserably enough—turning redder and redder because every eye was on her then except Joe Hoyt's. "Only—I think—I think Eve was going on the river this morning with Rhondy Bent, down to Shark Island—and maybe something's happened to them. Oh, oh! And they can't get back!"

Whereupon, as you can probably guess, Mrs. Kenneally put her plug into the third stage of amplification.

"What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do? She'll be drowned! My poor little Eve will be drowned! Oh, what—shall—I—do?"

Mrs. Bellamy raised her hand for silence, and then she looked around the table like a general taking stock of her forces. Unchecked, her eye passed over Fred, and old Mr. Wilmerding, and Mr. Curtis, and the young bank clerk, and the steady young man who worked in Slossberg's, and the district manager of the refining company, and then at last it came to rest on Joe Hoyt. With frowning attention they looked at each other—those two—grim look meeting grim look—two germs of the old rock in silent communion—two bits of good steel that could each get a spark out of the other when occasion required it—and then Mrs. Bellamy spoke:

"You think you could get a boat down at the factory, Joe?"

"Guess so," said Joe, rising.

A minute later his flivver was swishing down the road toward the factory, and on Joe's face was that look of paternal pride which you seldom see except upon a young father whose first-born has just acknowledged him for the first time as "Da-da!"

"Started right off at the first flip of the crank!" exulted Joe. "Attababy! Attaboy!"

VII

HE WAS back at ten o'clock and had started on his supper again at the exact point where he had left off.

"Stuck up tight against Shark Island," he reported. "Calls himself a chauffeur, but I guess he has quite a ways to go yet. Got his carburetor full of water and didn't know it. Now my baby—you couldn't get water in it like that unless you first drilled a hole in it, and then put a funnel to her ——"

Mrs. Bellamy recalled him.

"Was Eve wet? The girl next door?" she asked.

"Kind of. Not very. They had a boat with a roof. They got good and wet coming home with me, though. My old scow, she was open to the weather, but she knew how to keep her pop-pop-pop going all right."

Mrs. Bellamy poured him another cup of coffee—coffee at night being her idea of a party.

"I'd like to see a daughter of mine do a thing like that!" said she.

"Girls are pretty gay, I guess, nowadays," said Joe.

"My girl isn't!"

It wouldn't have been so bad if Dot hadn't been there, but as you can guess, she had been Little-Dotty-on-the-Deck listening to every word since Joe had returned. He now looked up at her slowly, appraisingly, and then with great deliberation he put a slab of cold corned beef in his mouth. Dot, in a wave of heat, wondered what Eve had told him—and oh, how she hated him again then!

VIII

"I GUESS Rhondy won't have much time for me after this," thought Dot; "not after the way I promised to go with him, and then didn't turn up."

She wasn't far wrong. As the result of their Sunday adventure it might be said that in some subtle way Eve had filed a claim on Rhondy, and had also nailed two signs upon him: This Property Sold and Keep Off the Grass. When the three of them walked together in the evening Eve put her hand on Rhondy's arm, called him dear, and at times she nearly seemed to forget that Dot was with them—the way she tousled Rhondy's hair and tickled him under the arms until he gasped for mercy. Then Eve would start humming There's Many a Smile in an Aching Heart, and strut along as though she owned the earth.

These things made Dot feel very lonely, but though Rhondy tried to take her hand at times—doing it slyly so that Eve wouldn't see it—she wouldn't let him, but walked along in a sort of heavy-hearted solitude, and peeked and pined for a romance of her own.

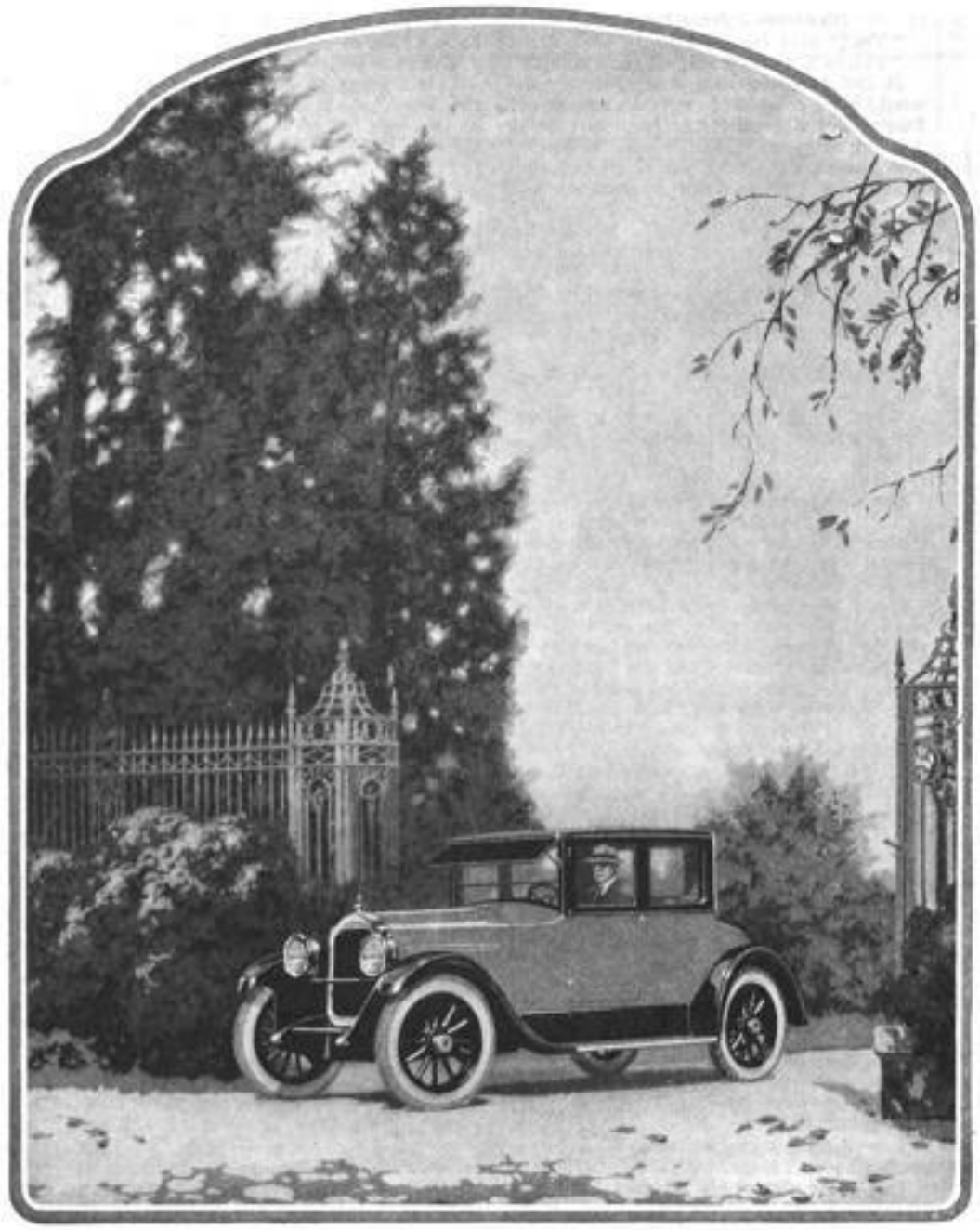
Perhaps the wish showed upon her—as so many other wishes do. Perhaps in her glance, her walk, the details of her dress she resembled those flowers that suddenly become beautiful in order to catch the attention of a predatory bee, and bring him hum-hum-humming out of invisibility. However that may be, it gradually dawned upon Dot that a wonderful thing was threatening to happen—that once or twice lately when she had looked at Larry Howell as he swept by in his wire-wheeled chariot, he had actually seemed aware of her existence; that on the last occasion he had even possibly smiled and lifted his hand a few inches from the wheel. She wasn't quite sure of this—he was going so fast, as he nearly always did—but the last time it happened at least she was sure enough to walk home on a sidewalk of clouds. At the corner of Speedwell Avenue and Spring Street she imagined herself riding slowly in his car through the town—a sweet demure little figure at whom Larry kept gazing in obvious pride. At the corner of Spring and Madison they were engaged. And by the time she turned off Madison into Weatherby Street a church wedding was well under way, with choir boys, bishops and a peal of bells; and Dot's mother crying with joy in the vestry, and Eve sitting in one of the back pews and vainly trying to hide the fact that she was frowning and biting her finger nails with jealousy.

Halfway down Weatherby Street, however—just as the organ was booming out Maid, Bright and Glorious—Dot had a shock. She nearly ran into Joe Hoyt, who was turning up out of River Alley. Joe fell in step with her, and attracted by her color he was presently giving her a good long look—the same as he might have looked at a cylinder head to see if all the carbon had been scraped off yet.

"Say," he presently remarked, as though he had just made a surprising discovery.

(Continued on Page 40)

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The original patented Key-Kase



Morocco, holds 12 keys, $2.00
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(Continued from Page 38)

"Yes?" said Dot shortly.

"You look pretty good; do you know it?"

If Dot had been ten years younger she would have crossed her eyes and stuck her tongue out a good six inches; but being a young lady, even if she did live on Weatherby Street, she smiled one of those smiles which lazy novelists call inscrutable, and thought, "Oh, if I ever get a chance, what I won't do to you!" Which is a pretty girl's way of gritting her teeth and making claws of her fingers.

He didn't speak again until they had entered the house and he had started up to his room and Dot had the kitchen door open.

"Say," he said then, looking down over the banisters.

"Yes?" said Dot as shortly as before.

"You like to go a ride with me to-night—in the flivver?"

"No!" said Dot.

She said no more; just shut the door.

"M'm," thought Joe as he went on up the stairs. "She ain't working very good. Funny how everything gets that way once in a while—people as well as machinery."

But if Joe had seen her the next afternoon he wouldn't have thought that she was out of order. She was on her way to the Mohican Market when she heard a car approaching from behind her—one of those deep-sounding cars with real mufflers on them; but instead of sweeping on past, it seemed to come more and more slowly, until finally it nosed up to the curbstone right at the side of Miss Dorothy Bellamy; and when she turned around to see if it was meant for her, her heart doing the Anvil Chorus with mandolin accompaniment, sure enough, it was Larry Howell, and he was making room for her on the seat beside him.

"Going far?" he asked as they started in motion.

"Only to the Mohican."

"Oh, too bad. Do you know, I feel sure that I've known you for a long time, but somehow I just can't place you."

So Dot told him, rather shyly, who she was, and who her father was.

"That accounts for it, then," he said, looking at her with growing admiration. "Everybody knows your father is the handsomest man in town."

Dot could almost see Niagara Falls and the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. Opening her parasol at San Diego, a handful of rice fell out and everybody started laughing.

"Busy this evening?" asked Larry as the Mohican loomed into view.

"My blue dress and the little slippers with the beads," she hurriedly thought, while aloud she was smilingly saying, "We-ell—not very."

"Let's go a ride, then; what do you say?"

"Tweed suit and the dark red hat," she hurriedly amended her costume, and aloud she added, "We-ell, I don't mind."

"Where did you say you lived?"

She told him.

"All right. I'll meet you on the corner at a quarter to eight."

At the market she bought a cabbage and two pounds of lard, with the mystical far-off air of a Tennyson heroine; and when she went out she carried the cabbage as though it were a lily, and the lard—well, it's hard to find a poetical substitute for lard, but one thing sure, at least she didn't carry it as though it were lard.

Joe Dunhill, the poor devil who lost both his legs in a trolley accident, was selling his pencils in the doorway of an empty store near Franklin Place. Dot leaned over and put ten cents in his cup—for luck.

"God bless you, miss," said Joe in his husky voice. She felt that nothing could ever go wrong with her after that.

IX

ON HER way home she met Eve, and Eve seemed curiously subdued. They talked of this and that in a desultory manner, and then Eve drew a long sigh.

"Say, Dot ——"

"Yes."

"Don't say anything; will you?"

"No."

"Well—Rhondy and I are married."

Dot squeaked at this. You can easily guess the things she said, but Eve didn't enthuse much.

"We've been married quite a while," she said. "Don't say anything, will you, but it was that week we went on the river. You know—that Sunday."

"And to think you never told me! Let's have a look at your ring!"

Eve showed it—a plain band.

"He's going to get me an engagement ring later," she said, flushing a little. "You know—he's out of work just now—he got through at Miss Chedsey's—and he's gone to New York to get a job."

"I thought I hadn't seen him lately."

"No; he's been gone a month. Of course he writes quite often, but—gee, Dot—I do wish—you had come with us—that Sunday."

To Dot's utter surprise and consternation then, Eve suddenly began to cry.

"Don't—don't cry, Eve," said Dot, and to shield her friend from the public gaze she hurriedly walked her into a doorway and stood in front of her. "You're all right, Eve. What do you want to cry for?"

"You don't know! You don't know," sobbed Eve.

She had her cry out and they went on home, talking more naturally then, strange to say, but Dot was still so puzzled that when she was laying the table for supper she couldn't hold it in any longer, but told her mother about it.

"Just what anybody might have expected!" exclaimed Mrs. Bellamy. "Who knows if she'll ever see him again! The idea! Married, and a baby coming before long, and the man neither able nor willing to support it! A fine state the world's getting into with all its carryings-on!"

Dot gasped at first and then she was very thoughtful for a while. "Isn't it funny," she mused to herself, "how everything goes so lovely for some people—and so hard for others? Poor Eve!"

She slowly reconstructed the scene of her wedding, taking poor Eve out of the back pew and giving her a good seat halfway down the aisle.

"Maybe Larry could find her a nice easy position too," she thought. "I'll speak to him about it sometime—maybe—when—when—when the time comes—so I can."

X

NOW in the old days, the good old days, the golden days of yore, there were four fountainheads of small-town gossip—the livery stable, the barber shop, the telegraph office and the undertaking establishment. Time, bringing its changes, has added the beauty parlor to the barber shop, and has substituted the garage for the stable; but of all institutions for the oral dissemination of unwritten history, both past and present, it's doubtful if anything can begin to touch the modern garage either for broadness of outline or finish of detail.

Who was in Jerry Manson's car the night it broke down by the Watchung Reservoir? Hah! Why is Bob Carter making those long trips in that closed car of his? Hah! Who was running Archey Keppler's car the other night, with Archey sitting by the side of her, one hand on the wheel? Hah! and again, hah! And what did they find in old Wib Collins' sedan when they took up the lining underneath the back seat?

Ask Joe—he knows. Ever since he had left school Joe Hoyt had worked in garages, except for the two years when he had been in the motor-boat shop, and there, indeed, he had heard the river gossip added to that of the land until, disgusted—it might be said—at the world, the flesh and the devil, he had taken the veil of invention and retired within himself with his carburetor for nice clean company, and fame and fortune for his guiding stars.

But all the same, being neither deaf nor dumb, he still knew what was going on; and that night when he started out for the library, where he had heard they had a new book on internal-combustion engines, he hadn't got far when he slowly paused, stood still for a minute, and then retraced his steps to the house.

The old rip was in the kitchen, making bread, and fortunately Joe had her all to himself.

"Say," he began, looking troubled for the first time she had ever seen him so, "did you know Dot had gone out riding with Larry Howell tonight?"

"No," she said, resting both fists in the dough and looking at him attentively. "She's out walking with Eve Kenneally."

"She is not. I just saw her at the corner getting in Larry Howell's car. And I want to tell you that he isn't any sort of company for her, or for any other decent girl."

Mrs. Bellamy began rubbing the dough off her hands with the air of an old warrior who has business elsewhere.

"Have you any idea where they've gone?" she asked.

"I can give a pretty good guess."

"How's your car? Is it working?"

"Yes, but I'd rather go myself."

"I'm going with you."

"No, you're not," said Joe, looking firmly at her. "With the two of us together it would look funny, and probably be all over town tomorrow. But with me, drifting along in the flivver by myself—well, that's something else again. I won't be long."

He guessed they had made for Meditation Point—a grove of pines by the side of the river about five miles from the town. The Point was a favorite place for picnickers in the daytime, and for lovers at night. The early settlers had probably used it so, and the Indians before them. At the edge of the Point was a rock about fifty feet high that rose perpendicularly out of the water. It probably isn't necessary to say that this was Lovers' Leap.

"If they aren't there," thought Joe as his flivver left the town behind, the carburetor coughing in a very nasty way, "I'll try the Tavern, but I think they'll be at the Point."

They were, and he found them just as Dot was struggling out of Larry's car. Joe pulled up alongside and the struggle ceased.

"Going home, Dot?" called out Joe.

In silence she climbed up into the seat by his side, still frightened and subdued, and they started back for the main road.

"How'd you know I was there?" she asked once.

"Saw you get in his car. He nearly always takes 'em there."

"I've never been there before!" she fiercely told him.

"Anybody could see that. But now we're out here, what do you say if we go a little ride before we start home?"

At first his baby was well-behaved and they rolled along at a tremendous burst of speed—twenty-seven miles an hour—twenty-eight—twenty-nine—trembling on the verge of thirty!

"Some boat for its age!" shouted Joe above the roar of battle. "That's my carburetor that made her young again. She's all right now—well, pretty near all right—at the high speeds. It's on the low speeds that she starts wheezing. Say, now, you keep your eye on that speedometer and tell me when she tickles thirty."

In getting up speed again they struck a hole in the road. The car winced as though banged by a sledge hammer, and the engine suddenly ceased to roar.

"Spring's broke on the carburetor," reported Joe a minute later. "Guess I can fix it, though. Ought to have a spiral spring, but maybe a flat one'll do. Got a hairpin?"

It didn't take him long to bend it into place, and though he looked dubious when he finally went to the crank, the engine started at the first flip. He took his place at the wheel again and they slowly started forward.

"Say, now, do you hear that?" asked Joe in an awed tone of satisfaction. "She ain't coughed once, and she ain't spluttered once! The first time she ever started what you might call exactly right. That's your hairpin did that."

Dot didn't feel quite so dully miserable as she had done a minute before—she seemed to be a bit of use, or at least her hairpins were—but she didn't speak to him, and hadn't spoken since her fiercely delivered "I've never been there before!"

"I guess we'll turn around now and go back," said Joe, and after they were headed back to Springfield he added, "Let's see now how she acts on the high speeds. Maybe she's no good there."

He opened the throttle, and up—up—up went the speedometer needle. Twenty-five—twenty-seven—thirty—thirty-two—"Good Lord!" prayed Joe, partly in thankfulness for past favors, and partly in supplication for a continuance of the same. Thirty-four—thirty-seven—forty—forty-one—forty-two ——

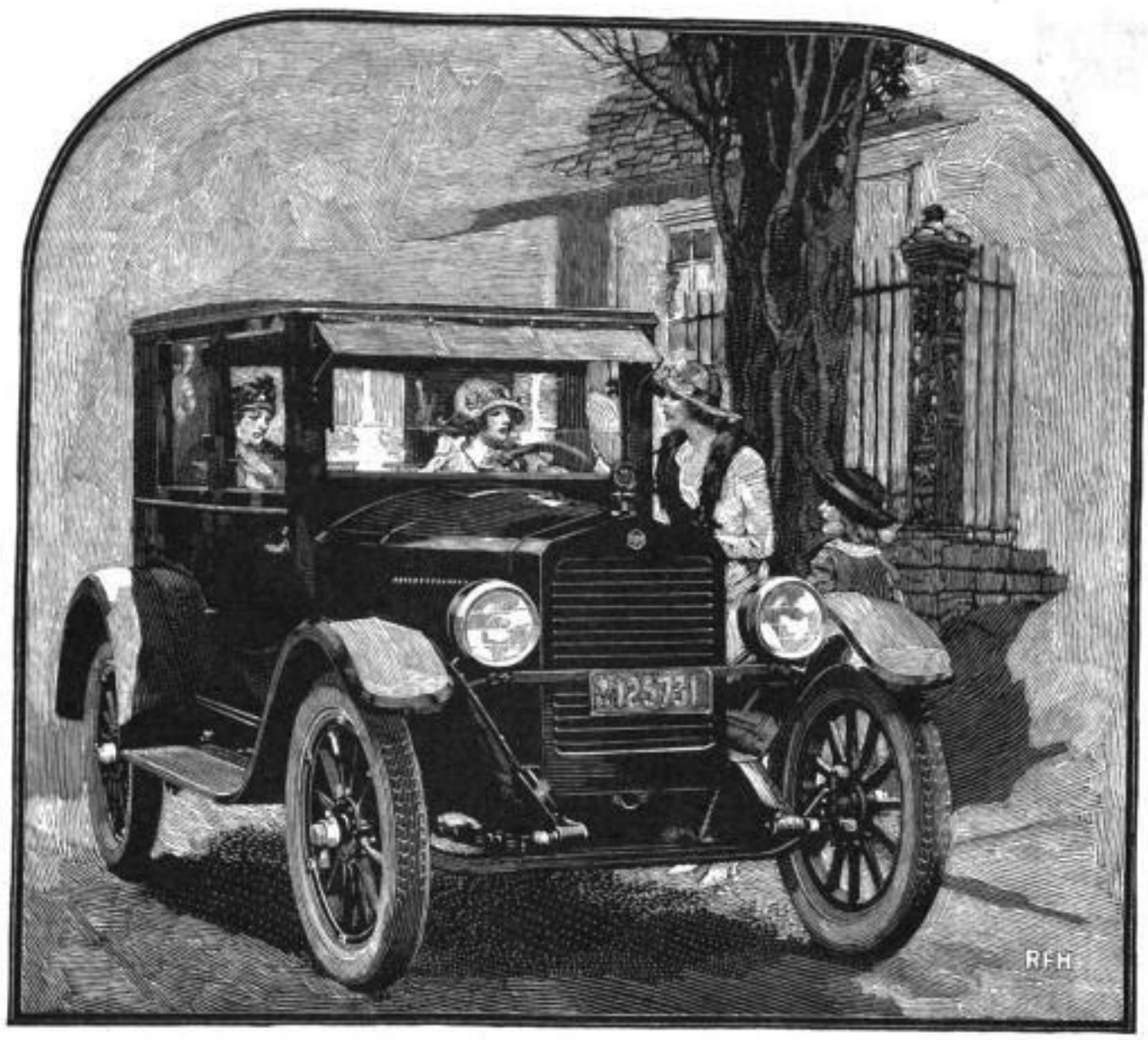
"I believe she'd shake herself to pieces before she'd stop!" he shouted in triumph. "That's your hairpin for you! By jingo, it did the trick, and I've got the world—I've got the world by the tail!"

Dot didn't speak, but she blew her nose—which is the next best thing to speaking—and pointed up the road ahead of them.

"Yeh," said Joe. "That's the taillight of another car. We'll see if we can pass it; shall we?"

(Continued on Page 42)

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(Continued from Page 40)

"All right," said Dot.

Again he opened the throttle wide, and again the gallant little flivver dug its hind legs in the gravel and started away from there.

"We're catching him!" shouted Joe. "He's doing his darnedest too!"

It wasn't long before he made another discovery.

"It's Larry Howell!" he announced.

And you ought to have seen Miss Dorothy Bellamy when they passed the wire-wheeled chariot—the easy superiority of her manner, the curliness and the haughtiness of her nose.

XI

MOST of the rest of the way home Dot was quiet and was probably thinking more deeply than she had ever thought before in her life. The year before she had heard how her father had frittered away the family money, and now perhaps for the first time she appreciated her mother to the full—that stern-faced old rip who had worked so hard to keep the home together and to bring up her daughter in the way she should go. Suppose that she were in Eve's place, for instance. Suppose there hadn't been any Joe Hoyt to come for her that night.

"Joe," she said at last in a chastened little voice.

"Yeh?"

"Joe, you must think I'm awful."

"I do not. I think you're a darned nice kid. You know," he added with a sudden and alarming increase of tone, "I'd have beat up that guy till his own folks wouldn't have known him, only I thought it might make trouble for your father working over at the store."

"I'm glad you didn't beat him up, Joe. He—he isn't worth it."

"All the same, if he ever bothers you again ——"

"Sure, I'll let you know. And say, Joe ——"

"Yeh?"

"The only thing I'm afraid of now is mom. When we get to the house, will you come in with me—and stay around a while till she knows just how it happened, and all about it?"

"Sure, I'll mind you."

Mrs. Bellamy was upstairs when they reached home. "I'll be down in a minute!" she called out. They went in the sitting room, and Dot's lips trembled a little.

"Don't be scared now," said Joe, patting her shoulder. "Remember, I'm going to mind you."

They sat down. Dot drew a full breath and then—she herself could hardly tell you how it happened—she gave him the ten-ton look. For a few moments he sat tight, staring at her, and then slowly his arms opened and slowly she found her perch upon his knee. She was still there when, over his shoulder, she caught sight of her mother in the doorway.

"Now there'll be a row!" she breathed to herself, and buried her face on the lapel of Joe's coat. It was nearly a minute later when she looked up again. Her mother had vanished. From the kitchen came the sound of the coffee grinder skirling a shrill song of triumph.

Waste From Useless Inventions

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

NOTHING is more alluring than the idea of achieving fame and fortune through a simple mental operation. This is one reason why we have so many inventors. Another cause is the inherent desire in practically all humans to accept the challenges of science and Nature, and provide an answer for every unsolved problem. A good patent offers one of a few ways in which a man may start in business without capital. There are more inventors or would-be inventors at work in the United States at the present time than there are doctors and lawyers. Unfortunately, only a few of these tens of thousands of ambitious investigators succeed in originating and perfecting devices of practical value.

America leads the world in the production of mechanical inventions. It introduced the sewing machine, the typewriter, the reaper, the airplane and the large-scale production of automobiles. The ingenuity of the American Yankee is proverbial. However, we must not overlook the fact that the industrial and scientific progress of the United States has been largely influenced and aided by the operation of our country's system of issuing patents. Economists are agreed that without the monopoly conferred by patents inventors would not have had such a great incentive to work, and as a consequence America's advancement would have been far less rapid.

There are a number of reasons why patents fail, but the most common causes of losses in the practical utilization of new devices may be stated briefly as follows:

Invention would not work.

Was a good idea, but the cost of manufacture was too great. It is possible to make real diamonds, but it costs very many times as much to make a one-carat stone as to buy one of those produced by Nature.

The new device works well and is a money saver compared with the present process, but its adoption would mean the scrapping of a great quantity of valuable machinery now in service. Frequently it is impossible to adopt an improvement because of the prohibitive cost involved in effecting the necessary changes. Many valuable inventions are unmarketable solely for this reason. Several patented devices have been designed to prevent train collisions but few or none of them can be utilized unless the railroads first discard millions of dollars' worth of material and equipment now in service.

Some inventions are not profitable merely for the reason that there is no demand for them; hundreds of others are unsuccessful because the owners or promoters run out of money or lose their nerve and quit too soon. As one has said: "It takes knowledge to be a business man; genius to be an inventor." Very few men who are mentally equipped for patient research have fully developed commercial instinct. It is not often that a man at one and the same time can be an efficient scientist and an effective salesman. In a majority of cases it requires harder work to market a new article than to invent the device.

The press of the United States has been partly responsible for the multiplication of useless inventions. For example, about twenty-five years ago a newspaper story was printed broadcast that a certain concern had offered one hundred thousand dollars for a satisfactory nonrefillable bottle. This offer was never verified, but so much publicity was given to it that inventors in all parts of the world immediately started to supply this imaginary demand.

About a year ago a coöperative nut-marketing association offered a prize of ten thousand dollars for a satisfactory nut-stamping machine, by which every walnut would bear the trade-mark of the association. It was a condition of the contest that to be eligible each inventor must supply a full-sized working model, but even with this requirement it appears that approximately four hundred machines were offered in the competition. Owing to the generosity of the association the prize of ten thousand dollars was awarded, although the successful machine still required important changes before being fully adapted to the purposes of the association.

On an average more than one thousand patents are granted by the United States Patent Office at Washington every week of the year. Twice this number of refusals for patents are recorded. Each and every application represents a considerable outlay of money; so the total failures in this line of effort constitute a national waste of large proportions. Upward of one and a half million patents have been issued in this country, and it is safe to assume that 90 per cent of these inventions never have seen the light of day. A considerable part of this enormous waste would be eliminated if the people as a whole were more familiar with fundamental truths relating to the issuance and subsequent handling of patents, and if the patent office would go a step further than merely to send a copy of the Rules of Practice to inquiring inventors, and furnish them general information as to what has already been accomplished in the field in which they are interested.

For instance, a spring wheel as a substitute for the pneumatic tire has been a goal of uninformed American inventors for many years. From the number of patents issued on this subject and the hundreds of models actually made, it is quite probable that several millions of dollars have been sunk in this one field alone. Though it is true, as the reader will likely remark, that out of this wasted time and money will eventually come one successful device of the kind sought after, it is also true that thousands of dollars would have been saved if all the prospective inventors of spring wheels in recent years had been informed and warned of the pitfalls in the well-trodden road which they had started to travel.

If the would-be inventor can possibly do so he should make his new device himself and endeavor to sell it on a royalty basis. One man who invented a puzzle to be used as a children's game sold the novelty for one hundred and fifty dollars, while the people who bought the little invention cleaned up a great deal of money on it. Usually it is not a good thing to sell outright an interest in an invention. Such a partnership leaves either party free to deal with others as he wishes, but neither party can negotiate rights of sale separately. Mutual consent must be obtained, and frequently in partnerships this is not easy. Above all things, beware of the many questionable promoting companies who use expensive stationery and whose literature is filled with boastful assertions concerning their superability in the handling of patented devices. Contracts granting territorial rights must be carefully drawn up, or instead of the invention creating a monopoly a destructive competition will be created to wreck the business.

Many inventors have had the sad experience of signing a royalty contract without specifying in the contract a definite time for manufacture and a requirement as to the number of devices that must be marketed. A number of cases are on record where responsible companies have secured the manufacturing rights, on a royalty basis, for valuable patents, and then for one reason or another the concerns have failed to produce the articles. An inventor thus tied up may see his dream of a lifetime fade away without being able to take any effective steps to remedy his dilemma.

An investigation discloses the fact that most of the patents which are profitable relate to the ordinary business of the patentee, while the majority of failures include patents that were outside the scope of the everyday employment of the inventor. When an inventor makes an improvement in the line of his own business he has already sold the invention, even if it is to himself alone, and he can forthwith place his device on the market.

Though the United States has hundreds of expert patent attorneys, and the patent office in Washington carries on an active and helpful correspondence with citizen inventors, it is true, nevertheless, that the average layman in this country has but a vague conception of the financial value and exploitation of patents. If this were not a fact we should not have the axiom that the producer rather than the inventor reaps the benefits of a new idea. The public has been well instructed as to the danger of buying oil or mining stocks that have no material value, and any person who now goes into such ventures can scarcely plead ignorance. The public has not been instructed, however, with respect to the subject of inventions, and as a result thousands of innocent citizens suffer losses, and the country as a whole sustains an unnecessary economic waste. Though the United States patent system is perhaps second to none there is no valid reason why we should not progress to a point where every patent granted will represent a genuine advance in some art or industry, and will be of some benefit to its creator.

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Goodyear Wingfoot Rubber Heel

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Natural Finished Oak Sole, bringing longer wear

EVERY merchant who has the Selz 'Six has voluntarily agreed to accept less than usual profit on this leader; so do we. That is why a standard high quality, all leather, Chicago-made shoe can be sold at such a low price.

But the smaller profit has brought an actual gain to both the merchants and to us; the increased volume of sales has amply made it up. In little more than a year the Selz 'Six has become one of the biggest sellers in the U. S.! Such a record shows its unusual value very plainly.

If your dealer does not have the Selz 'Six, write Selz, Chicago or Pittsburgh.

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Ask Him

Ask the boy what cereal he likes best. He will say, we believe, Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice. Millions of children do.

And these are the best foods for him. They make whole grains enticing.



Ask Him

Ask the doctor what cereal is best for the boy. He will probably say Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. For he advises whole grains. And these are the only whole-grain foods with every food cell broken.

Let No Day Pass

without some whole-grain diet

The reason for whole grains lies largely in minerals. In the lime, the iron, the phosphates which growing children need.

Whole wheat is almost a complete food. It supplies 16 needed elements. Children who get whole wheat in plenty are in no way underfed.

Why Puffed?

The reason for Puffed Grains is the fact that every food cell is fitted to digest. There are 125 million food cells in a grain of wheat. This process explodes them all.

The process was invented by Prof. A. P. Anderson, the food expert. It is the only process which so fits every element to feed.

Like bubbled nuts

The fearful heat gives Puffed Grains a taste like toasted nuts. The puffing makes them airy, thin and flimsy. So this makes whole grains food confections. Children revel in them.

You can serve in a dozen ways, at mealtime and between meals. Do so—you mothers who believe in making whole-grain foods delightful.



Puffed Rice

Rice grains puffed to bubbles—made to taste like toasted nuts. Queen of all breakfast dainties.



Puffed Wheat

Whole wheat puffed to 8 times normal size. Every food cell blasted. The supreme supper dish.

FROM McKINLEY TO HARDING

(Continued from Page 7)

I did not tell him of my visit with Colonel Roosevelt the day before, but replied, "The newspapers have printed numerous stories to that effect."

The President said, "What time does your train go?" I told him 3:40, as I remember. "Come downstairs to my office and I will show you all the correspondence between Roosevelt and myself since the election of 1908 to date."

On entering the office Taft asked his secretary, Charles D. Hilles, to bring him all the correspondence that had passed between Colonel Roosevelt and himself since the election.

I read all the original Roosevelt letters and copies of Taft's to Roosevelt. I asked Taft if he would give me copies of them. He called Mr. Hilles in and asked him to have copies made and sent me at Chicago.

Mr. Taft also gave me a copy of a letter he had written his brother Horace, giving his reasons for signing the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill. As Congress is wrestling with the tariff bill at this writing it may be of interest first to publish President Taft's views of 1909. His letter follows:

"June 27, 1909.

"*My dear Horace:* It is a hot Sunday afternoon, and with drawers and a kimono, in the presence of Nellie, and looking like a Chinese idol, I am walking my room dictating to you. I am doing it for the purpose not alone of informing you, but of putting in permanent form, so to speak, for my own use, my state of mind at the present moment as to the political situation.

"As you know, the Republican Convention declared in favor of a revision of the tariff. I had declared my views in favor of this as long ago as 1906 in my speech at Bath, and had reiterated this expression of view when opportunity offered. At my instance the Ohio platform was drawn declaring in favor of a revision of the tariff and fixing the rule which should obtain in doing so, and the National Convention followed that plan. Now, the principles of the protective theory—if such a free-trader as you will admit there are any principles in protection—look to the reduction in the cost of the production of articles protected behind the tariff wall by the operation of competition within the country, relying upon the greater ingenuity of American inventors, the greater enterprise of American business men, and the greater intelligence of American labor to effect this reduction in cost. Therefore, I said that as eleven years had elapsed since the Dingley bill had passed, and great changes had taken place in the conditions affecting the cost of production, it was reasonable to infer that quite a large number of the schedules could be reduced; that the rates under them had become excessive; and that it was wise to reduce excessive rates in order to prevent the temptation of those engaged in making the particular articles thus protected, from attempting to monopolize the market and the manufacturer in this country from controlling the prices and taking advantage of the rates. That was my position and it is still. I said so in the canvass and I have not changed my view; and quite properly that view has been quoted on the Senate floor and the House floor. I am convinced that the House Committee, with Payne at its head, went to work conscientiously to carry out the plank of the platform thus interpreted, and that the Payne bill was a genuine effort in the right direction, and that while the step was not as great as I would have been glad to take, it contains much of what I approve. They did insert an increase in hosiery and in gloves in order to establish industries here, which, while they might be justified on principles of protection, I thought were inappropriate at the present time. Therefore, I should be glad to sign a bill like the Payne bill, with the hosiery and glove schedules left out.

"The Payne bill put iron ore on the free list, and scrap iron at fifty cents a ton. It put hides on the free list, taking off a tax of 15 per cent. It reduced the lumber tax from two dollars to one dollar. I wish that could have been free lumber, but the Southern vote prevented it. It put oil on the free list. It put coal on the free list. It made no reduction in the wool schedule, as I wish it could have done, but it was such a complicated matter, and the wool schedule was supported by such a union of the Western wool growers and the Eastern wool manufacturers that it was impossible to get it through either the Committee or the House. It made other reductions, but it did make some increases in articles of food, like spices, mustard, and other things that might well be stricken out, and that have been stricken out in the Senate. The Senate has stricken out the increase in hosiery and in gloves. I ought to say, too, that the House cut down pig iron from $7 a ton to $2.50 a ton, and made corresponding cuts in the iron and steel schedule. It is said that these cuts, though heavy, still leave the rates prohibitory. I do not care if they do. That is a question of controversy, but even if they do, the cut from $7 to $2.50, for my purpose and in carrying out my declared object, reduces the opportunity for monopoly, to take advantage of the excessive rates, by just that reduction.

"Now the Senate has restored coal to the dutiable list and imposed 60 cents a ton, instead of $1 a ton. It put hides back at 15 per cent. It has increased undressed lumber to $1.50, but it has reduced the finished lumber rate by 25 per cent, and in this respect if we can retain the House duty at a dollar, the bill will be improved. In respect to the cotton schedule, the House made very little change. The Senate has changed the form so as to give it the character of much more of a specific duty with the claim that the change does not increase the duty, but only secures its imposition with certainty and free from fraudulent undervaluation, as it was intended in the Dingley Bill when passed. The proposition is that under-valuations of a fraudulent character have so reduced the duty, not uniformly but in favored quarters, to such an extent that a change was necessary. I believe this position to be correct, but I think it is only fair to reduce the rate some five or ten per cent, in order to make up for the change which is practically effected by introducing an honest and uniform tax.

"Speaker Cannon, Mr. Payne and Mr. Aldrich all agree that the wise thing for us to do is to hold a conference when the bill gets into Conference, and to make a bill which shall appeal to party support. They are going to confer with me, they say, and give my views great influence in the action of the Conference Committee. How much this means and how far they will be willing to go, I do not know. But I have not found Aldrich or Cannon in any way deceptive in the dealings that I have had with them, and I believe they are acting in good faith.

"The newspapers in the East are generally free-trade papers, and they have been personally interested in the reduction of the tariff on print paper, which, by the way, in the House was reduced from $6 a ton to $2 a ton, and has been increased in the Senate to $4 a ton. Payne told me that he thought the reduction to $2 was unfair to the American manufacturers. As compared with other rates of duty, it is a very small ad valorem tax. Wood pulp is now put on the free-trade list by the vote of the House and the Senate.

"But to resume, the newspapers have misrepresented things done in the Senate, and have colored much the proceedings with the view to holding Aldrich up to condemnation, and they haven't made any moment of quite a number of reductions that have been introduced at his instance or with his consent. If I can secure substantially the reductions in the Senate and the House in the new bill, I think we shall have made a great step in the direction that I have advocated, but the next three weeks will show the fact as to this.

"There have been some absurd increases in the Senate bill. For instance, the third of a cent on lemons, and some increases on pineapples, but I doubt if the Senate hopes to keep them.

"The Philippine section is as I want it, except that the limitations upon the importations of tobacco and cigars are much too heavy, that is, much too small. But I have Aldrich's promise that they were put in the Senate bill with the distinct understanding on the part of those who voted for them, that he would consent in the Conference at once to their increase to what they were in the House; so that I am quite content with the Philippine Section, and that, as you know, is pretty dear to my heart.

"Now as to the additional tax needed to make up the income for the next two years. A short history perhaps would make the

(Continued on Page 46)

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The Greatest Sedan Value in America for the woman who drives her own car

"Now Mother Markets by Motor—"

Thousands of women who are driving Overland Sedans wonder how they ever got along without them. The Overland makes the fresh produce of the farm as accessible as the corner grocery. Shopping, too, becomes a pleasure instead of a hardship.

Women who have never driven cars before find to their surprise that everything about an Overland Sedan is remarkably simple. The driver's seat is comfortable. The gears shift easily. Steering becomes second nature.

Built with scrupulous care, the Overland Sedan is a car to be proud of—the upholstery is rich and inviting, the cushions deep and resilient, the seats roomy and comfortable. The body hangs like a hammock on the patented Triplex Spring Suspension—road shocks are banished.

You never need worry about upkeep. Owners' records show that 25 miles to a gallon is common experience. Tire mileage is surprisingly high. Repair bills are the exception—not the rule.

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For real quality, comfort, style and all-round performance, the Overland Sedan is without question "the greatest motor car value in America."

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1—Are all moving parts of your power plant (valve mechanism, clutch, gear shift device, etc.), enclosed, preventing wear by protecting them against road dust and grit?

2—Are the rear axle shafts removable (as on the best made cars) without tearing down entire housing?

3—Have you two independent sets of brakes working on the rear wheels? Have you as much braking area as a square inch to every 15 pounds of car weight?

4—Is your car equipped with a modern three-speed-forward-and-reverse sliding gear transmission?

5—Is the upholstery of rich velour, mounted on springs of the Marshall divan type—each coil separately enclosed in a canvas sack—built just like the finest upholstered furniture?

6—Are you willing to make a comparative test of your car's riding qualities at high speed over rough roads against any competitor?

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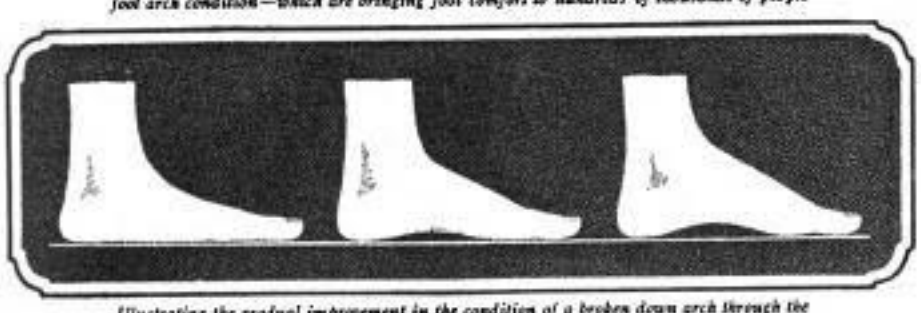
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Three of the popular types of Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Appliances—each for a specific foot arch condition—which are bringing foot comfort to hundreds of thousands of people



Illustrating the gradual improvement in the condition of a broken down arch through the use of a Dr. Scholl appliance—and adjusting it as progress in the correction is made

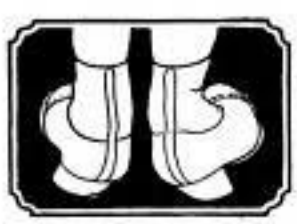
Dr. Scholl's Arch Supports —adjustable to any foot condition



Distorted toes (cause of bunions) are restored to normal action by the use of Dr. Scholl's Toe-Flex. Price, 75c each



Dr. Scholl's Bunion Reducer removes pressure from bunions, preserves the shape of the shoe and gradually reduces the growth. Price, 75c each



Dr. Scholl's Walk-Strate Heel Pads prevent crooked and overrun heels by equalizing the body's weight. Price, 40c pair



Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads protect and relieve corns, callouses, bunions and blisters. Price, 35c a box. At all shoe and drug stores. Sample free

Successful correction of weakened and broken arches—as evidenced by the widely prevalent condition of "weak foot" and the more serious flat foot—must take into account the condition of the individual foot at the time correction is begun and as it progresses.

In bringing out a remarkable series of arch supports Dr. Wm. M. Scholl, the eminent foot authority, has taken cognizance of both of these requirements.

He has devised an appliance for each specific arch trouble—from the seemingly unimportant conditions manifested by weakness and undue fatigue to the more serious conditions involving a complete breaking down of the two important arches, with the consequent discomfort and pain and suffering in the feet and legs and back.

Adjusted as condition improves

Dr. Scholl's appliances can be adjusted to any condition. Of equal importance, perhaps, is the fact that they can be readjusted frequently as the bones and muscles and ligaments, relieved of strain and gently held in place, increase in vigor and the arches grow stronger.

Why, then—when relief may be had so easily—continue to suffer with your feet? Why endure the misery of aching, burning heels and insteps, or tired and throbbing feet, of pains in the legs and hips and back?

Your feet examined free

In thousands of shoe and department stores the country over are men—trained Practipedists—who have been carefully trained in Dr. Scholl's methods and who will assist you in selecting the Dr. Scholl Appliance which you require.

Go to the store in your town which carries Dr. Scholl's Foot-Eazers and Appliances for an examination of your stockinged feet. Seek out this service today—and have immediate relief and comfort and freedom from foot suffering.

Note: If you cannot locate the Dr. Scholl store in your city, write us. We will send you the name of the nearest store and an interesting new booklet, "The Feet and Their Care." Address the Scholl Mfg. Co., 213 W. Schiller St., Chicago, or 62 W. 14th St., New York City. For Canada, address the Scholl Mfg. Co., Ltd., 112 Adelaide St., E., Toronto.

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Please send me a sample of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads and a copy of Dr. Scholl's booklet, "The Feet and Their Care."

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Address_____

Dr Scholl's
Foot Comfort Appliances

(Continued from Page 44)

situation a little clearer. In my Inaugural Address you may recollect that I recommended a graduated inheritance tax, and that the House Committee adopted. The House Committee also adopted a tax on tea and coffee, but before the bill was reported the Speaker insisted that it would be so unpopular a tax that they ought to give it up, and they did give it up. The Speaker and I then conferred as to what kind of a tax we ought to substitute for the coffee and tea tax, and the Speaker asked me whether it was not possible, in accordance with one of my speeches, to introduce a form of income tax, and I said that it was on corporations, and that I would direct the Attorney General to prepare a law, or sections of the law, creating such a tax on dividends. He did so, and the Speaker went before the Ways and Means Committee and urged its adoption, but they declined to consider it at the time.

"The bill went through the House and the inheritance tax was adopted, and it went to the Senate. The Senate rejected the inheritance tax on the ground that the States—some thirty-six of them—had already adopted inheritance taxes, and this would be a double tax and would be perhaps oppressive on that account. I do not agree with this view, because none of the inheritance taxes are heavy, or compare in any way with the inheritance taxes in England and in France. However, it went out in the Senate, and Aldrich's contention was that the duties themselves, without additional taxes, would earn income enough for the Government after two years to dispense with any extra tax at all. When I suggested this proposition to him of the corporation tax, he rejected it on that ground. He admitted that there would be a deficit for the next two years, but he said there would be enough money in the Treasury to meet that deficit out of our present surplus, and that then the income from the duties would have so recovered as to pay the expenses of the Government, especially in view of the retrenchment and economy which we believe can be effected.

"I had expressed myself a number of times in favor of such a corporation income tax, and had spoken to Senator Borah, of Idaho, on the subject, and he had said that he was in favor generally of an income tax, and that he would like to bring Senator Cummins in. They came in to see me. Senator Cummins said he wanted to get a general income tax on the statute book and have the question decided again by the Supreme Court. I said to him that I thought that was an objectionable method, because there would be a strong tendency on the part of the Court to be consistent, and there was no great present crisis calling for an increase in the revenues of the Government which would lead the Court to change its view, as I thought would be the case if we had a war or some other necessity for straining every nerve to get all the money possible; and, therefore, I was rather in favor of the corporation tax which I spoke of. I said that in theory I was in favor of an income tax, and was greatly opposed to a constitutional limitation which would prevent such a tax in time of national trouble. They left me and went back to the Senate.

"Before they got through Cummins had made an agreement with the Democrats, especially with Bailey, to support an income tax, such as that he had said he was in favor of. They secured the assent of nineteen Republicans in addition to all of the Democrats to the proposition to pass a regular income tax exactly in the teeth of the decision of the Supreme Court, in order to bring it up before the Supreme Court. I was visited, after that condition had forced itself upon the conservative leaders of the Senate, including Aldrich, by Senators Aldrich, Lodge and Crane, who came to appeal to me to save them from that situation. They knew, for I had already told Aldrich, that I was in favor of a corporation tax, and that I was also in favor of the national power to have a general income tax, so Aldrich, being forced into the situation, came to me and said that he would consent to submit to the people, by a two-thirds vote of the Senate and House, the question of an amendment to the Constitution permitting an income tax; and he would also consent to the passage of a corporation tax, but he wanted it limited to two years. I objected to the limitation, and said that I did not think I could break up the nineteen Republicans, or get support from the people from whom it was necessary to get support, if that limitation was in.

"Accordingly, the next day, through Crane, Aldrich withdrew his objection to that limitation, and then I had Wickersham draft a bill. The things that were required in the bill were two: First, the tax as an excise tax upon corporations, and, second, a certain degree of publicity with reference to the returns. That publicity gives a kind of Federal supervision over corporations, which is quite a step in the direction of similar reforms I am going to recommend at the next session of Congress, and with which Senator Aldrich has pledged himself to help me. I have gone into this to show you that the situation is not one of my yielding to Aldrich, but of Aldrich coming to me.

"I invited the Finance Committee to dinner with me twice in order that we might discuss and settle on the bill, and at the opening of the discussion I said: 'Gentlemen, in order that I may discuss this matter from your standpoint, and not from my own, because my views you know exist without respect to the exigencies of the situation, I want to know if this is not the fact, to wit, that either you take the bill and the proposed submission of the constitutional amendment to the people, as I have suggested, or else the alternative is the income tax law that the insurgent Republicans propose to pass in association with the Democrats.'

"Senator Hale, in the presence of the entire committee, spoke up and said: 'That is the very distressing and embarrassing alternative, and there is no other.'

"'Yes,' said Senator Aldrich, 'that is exactly it; I do not hesitate to say to you, Mr. President, that if it had not been so I should never have come to make the proposition which I did for a message and the submission of the amendment.'

"The progressives are now attacking me on the ground that I encouraged them to go into the income tax business. I sent for Cummins and had a talk with him, and I asked him whether I did not say that I much preferred the corporation tax and that I objected to the income tax, as he proposed it, because I did not like to submit the question to the Supreme Court in time of peace, without a crisis, when the decision would probably be a confirmation of the previous decision. He conceded my recollection, but he said he got the impression of encouragement from me as to what he was going to do about the income tax; but as he never consulted me about his agreement with the Democrats I am willing to submit to anybody whether that conversation could be used as a basis for encouraging him to do what he did, and putting himself into the hole in which he subsequently found himself, and where he now complains I am trying to leave him.

"The strenuous supporters of Mr. Roosevelt—that is, the extreme supporters, those who like to call themselves 'progressives'—are very suspicious of me, and they refer to my refusal to assist the insurgents in the House to defeat Cannon by refusing to go into the caucus and voting against him on the floor, as an instance of how I am departing from the Roosevelt policies: and they, secondly, refer to my not infrequent interviews with Cannon and with Aldrich as an indication that I am consorting with anti-Roosevelt and reactionary people. This carries me back to the time between my election and my inauguration when I made an investigation into the question whether Cannon could be beaten, and I found that he could not be beaten in a caucus vote. I, therefore, gave up any effort to do so. In hope of doing so, or any effort to do so. In fact, I received some most urgent telegrams and letters from Mr. Roosevelt

(Continued on Page 48)





RAISED TO A NEW IMPORTANCE IN THE LIVES OF MILLIONS

Science has found in the familiar cake of Fleischmann's Yeast a food to combat three common complaints

For fifty years the familiar little cake of Fleischmann's Yeast had been in daily use in millions of American homes. Yet until three years ago it was considered merely a necessary item in baking the most wholesome bread.

And then a series of experiments in some of the country's greatest laboratories raised the familiar foil-wrapped cake to a new importance.

In three years—three astonishing discoveries

First it was discovered that Fleischmann's Yeast was peculiarly rich in vitamin, without which no amount of food can nourish the body properly. And now millions of weakened, undernourished men and women are finding in it the very elements necessary to regain their health and strength.

Then came the discovery that the tiny living cells of Fleischmann's Yeast help to cleanse the body of the poisonous waste that constantly accumulates. And an ever-widening circle of users throughout the nation are finding freedom from the bondage to dangerous cathartics.

And now it has been shown that Fleischmann's Yeast by increasing the number of white corpuscles in the blood acts as a powerful agent in clearing the complexion of many skin disorders. And so a third group, large and growing, are finding relief from painful and embarrassing skin disfigurements.

Everywhere physicians and hospitals are prescribing Fleischmann's Yeast today. Eaten regularly (for it is a food, not a medicine), it is helping hundreds of thousands of men and women to regain the joy of perfect, vigorous health. Letters pouring in from every state in the Union bear daily witness to the new place Fleischmann's Yeast has achieved as a health-builder for the nation. THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. 620, 701 Washington Street, New York City.



Appetite and digestion restored

Men and women troubled with loss of appetite and faulty digestion have found that these troubles disappear when they eat Fleischmann's Yeast regularly. The great problem for such people is first to stimulate the appetite, and at the same time make it possible to digest the increased food that is eaten. Fleischmann's Yeast has this remarkable effect on the digestive system. It enables you to eat more, and to get more benefit from the food you eat.



Laxatives made unnecessary

Fleischmann's Yeast does for you naturally and permanently what drugs at their best do only artificially and for a short time.

In hospitals, even chronic cases respond to it, and normal functions are restored in from 3 days to 5 weeks.

Fleischmann's Yeast is assuring to thousands a complete daily elimination of waste matter—a body kept clean and free from poisons.



Skin and complexion cleared

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(Continued from Page 46)

himself calling me to Washington, or asking me to call Cannon to Hot Springs, in order that I might effect an agreement with him; and when I came to Washington, as I did in December, the first message I received—handed to me by Nellie—was a message from the White House to see Cannon at once. I did see Cannon. I had a most satisfactory talk with him, in which he said that he was entirely in sympathy with my effort to carry out the pledges of the Chicago platform, and that he would assist me as loyally as possible. He asked me to see the Ways and Means Committee, which I did, and I explained to them my position, and they assured me that they were fully in sympathy with it and were going to do what they could, and I thought the Payne bill, which they subsequently reported, was a genuine effort in that direction.

"Now, with respect to Aldrich: Mr. Aldrich has been to me a number of times, has constantly referred to the plan which I outlined in my Letter of Acceptance and in my Inaugural Address, and which is outlined in the platform—it is with reference to the amendment to the anti-trust law, the amendment to the interstate commerce law, and a general carrying out of the Roosevelt policies, as I have explained, and Mr. Aldrich has pledged himself and the leaders of the Senate to assisting me in fulfilling those pledges. Under those conditions, with this burden upon me, assumed in the last campaign, of carrying out particular policies in which I, of course, need the majority in both Houses, what a fool I would be if I joined, or permitted myself to countenance, the yelping and snarling at Cannon and Aldrich, which these so-called 'progressives' and their amateur political newspaper correspondents are insisting upon as a mark of loyalty to the Roosevelt policies, and to the carrying out of which I am pledged. In other words, they do not look beyond their noses.

"They do not seem to understand the only possible way of effecting the reforms to which we are pledged; and whenever I give them an opportunity to carry out those reforms, or to make real progress, as for instance, in the proposition to amend the Constitution to provide for an income tax, and pass the corporation tax, they turn and oppose that because they say they will not accept anything which comes as a gift from Aldrich. Had they the breadth of view, and the keenness of insight, immediately upon the receipt of my message they would have arisen in their seats and said: 'This gives us all we have been claiming and seeking only by another method, and we now claim to lead the procession because the President and the reactionaries have come to our side.' Had they had the freedom from personal, and petty jealousy, they could have scored a great victory for themselves that would have embarrassed our friend Aldrich, and possibly me in some degree, though I should have been glad to have them come over. As it is now, the conservative members of the Senate are engaged in supporting a corporation tax, which is calling down upon them the condemnation of the conservatives in corporations, who were afraid of publicity, and, yet, by agreement with me, they are in a situation where they have got to put that thing through.

"I am assured that they have the vote in the Senate which will do it. I do not know whether they have or not. May be this agitation among the business men will shake some of their support; may be men who have promised will fall away from the vote. It may be also that I shall find Aldrich and the Senate Committee so stiff in the upholding of the Senate bill that I shall have to threaten a veto, or, indeed, which I sincerely hope not, really affix one to the bill. Of course, I could make a lot of cheap popularity for the time being by vetoing the bill, but it would leave the party in bad shape—it would leave us in a mess out of which I do not see how we could get, and the only person who would gain popularity would be your humble servant, and that at the expense of the party and men who have thus far stood with me loyally. You can see, therefore, that it will take what I regard as almost equivalent to a breach of faith in their stubbornness about the Senate rates to make me veto the bill. The vetoing of the bill, of course, would throw me out with the leaders in the Senate and the House, and would make me almost helpless in respect to effecting my reforms of next year, so you see how much more hangs on the question than the mere subject of the rates in the tariff bill. Of course, the position I have taken in respect to the tariff bill and the downward revision may open me to a charge of inconsistency, and not standing to my promises, if I were to sign a bill that was distinctly at variance with those promises, and that is the only thing that puts me in a position where I can contemplate a possibility of a veto.

"As you were kind of a conscience of mine, I have treated you as a Father Confessor, and send you this letter. I shall send copies to Charley and Harry for their consideration in order that they may know conditions up to date.

"Tomorrow night I give the last of a series of Congressional dinners, which Nellie and I have been giving since Inauguration. I have left sixteen Senators, whom I had not yet invited, and I have included about twenty-five members of the House. I have excluded their wives, and in consequence I have been able to make this a rather larger dinner than any I have heretofore given. I expect to give it out on the balustrade, al fresco, and to make it the social end of the season so far as the White House is concerned.

"We have an excellent cook—one whom Nellie selected in New York. She used to cook for Pierpont Morgan, and she is certainly a most excellent culinary artist; but we shall send her up to Beverly on the 30th of June, and after that I shall have to get along with colored cooking, while those at Beverly enjoy the delicacies of a Swedish artist.

"Nellie is getting along well. She has got more information by listening to my letters to you than she has gotten out of me for the last three or four weeks.

"I shall take the family to Beverly next Saturday night, reaching there Sunday morning, if we have luck. I shall stay there Sunday and Sunday night, and come back to Norwich on Monday, the 5th of July, and thence go to Lake Champlain for the 6th and 7th, and then return to Washington, to be here until Congress adjourns.

"Unless there is something in the Congressional situation which prevents, I expect to leave here Tuesday night and be in New Haven Wednesday morning, spend the day there, and come back Wednesday night, reaching Washington Thursday morning. I hope to see you and Charley there. Charley, you know, celebrates his 45th anniversary. I hope Harry will be there too, and we can talk over the situation.

"Give my love to Winifred, in which Nellie joins, and believe me, Old Man,

"Affectionately yours,
"WM. H. TAFT.

"HORACE D. TAFT, ESQ.,
Watertown, Conn."

Editor's Note—This is the eighth of a series of articles by Mr. Kohlsaat. The next will appear in an early issue.

WANTED—BIG MEN

(Continued from Page 21)

both crazy, and the company went from bad to worse.

"Then I suddenly woke up and realized I would have to do some hard work to save the situation. Bankers are lazy, and don't really go man hunting. But this time I worked to find the right man. I listed every single outstanding operator in this particular line clear across the country, in something like forty different cities. Nearly all of them came to see me and I eliminated all but eight or nine. Then I had those investigated still further and got it down to one. He is proving a big success.

"The trouble is with these hunches and impulses. Some of the bankers and financiers who have got the most outside credit and publicity for picking good men have picked the worst lemons. The truth is that no one can be infallible in these respects, or attend to so many affairs as Wall Street bankers are compelled to attend to without making failures every now and then. We are none of us big enough to do everything. As soon as we begin to rely upon our hunches instead of good hard work things go wrong."

One reason the best executives are not always chosen is because those who have the picking to do usually have wealth and power, and unfortunately are not always free from the conceit which sometimes goes with wealth and power. Because they have done one thing well they are sure not only that they can do anything well but that they can do so without half trying.

"Oh, we can go out and hire someone to run this company that we happened to invest part of our unwieldy fortune in," is the unconscious if not openly expressed attitude of Wall Street or other big money. "We will see it through all right. With us back of him, almost any president can make good. We'll manage to bull it through somehow."

This conceit of power upon the part of moneyed interests not only results in indifference toward the best methods of training men for high positions but has another and even more disastrous effect. An all too frequent and natural result is the hiring of bootlickers. The great capitalist, good-natured, generous, rather easy-going as befits his wealth, employs as president someone who plays golf with him, who plays around in the same gang, who belongs to the same small but often hilarious club, who is in the same social game, who somehow manages to appear in the same crowd of good fellows.

Indeed, one of the old standing jokes in New York financial circles is that a young man who really wants to get ahead fast in banking or finance will choose as his residence a certain rather near-by suburb where many of the bankers who have good positions to give away have happened to live at one time or another. Upon this whole system or method of choosing executives the writer obtained some exceedingly pointed remarks from those who know the situation thoroughly. One of them is a young man of progressive views, the chief executive of a corporation of the first rank. Naturally he can be indicated no more closely:

"I had the idea at one time that the only way to get ahead was to play this game of belonging to the same club, living in the same town and getting into the same speculative syndicates. My first step was to join one of these little clubs known to only a select few. After playing poker there all of one night I had enough. Since then I have kept away from all that sort of thing, and they respect me more for it.

"The old crowd that still dominates so many of the great banks, railroads and industrials made fortunes in underwritings, speculation and syndicates. The mark of success was a big country estate rather than service to the public. How can they be expected to put in younger men as presidents of banks or other institutions who will have the character not to gamble? Or how can they be expected to drop the presidents of institutions who do gamble?

"Personally I consider this business of making fortunes in stock-market gambling and syndicates, when you are connected with banks or any other kind of big corporations, as old-fashioned. It is absurd to expect a man to run a big business properly if he has his mind on anything but his business. A few weeks ago I bought some stock for a rise, the first time in years; but I sold it within a few days because it bothered me so that my work suffered.

"These directors of the old school are scandalized at the idea of paying more than $100,000 to a chief executive, and often they balk at as much as that. But they think nothing of paying $50,000 and letting the president speculate. They take the position that the public won't stand for big salaries. So they think up all kinds of profit-sharing and bonus schemes to get around the difficulty.

"But how absurd that is! The time when you want the most skillful management is when there are no profits. Besides no one man, not even the chief executive, has much to do with the profits that are made by many of these great modern corporations."

"I don't agree with you," interjected the writer. "There are many cases where one man is responsible for success."

"No, I should say that success is usually due to two or three men, at the fewest. Now and then, of course, there is a personality so great that success follows its efforts alone; but they are rare, and even such men may need very able technical

(Continued on Page 50)

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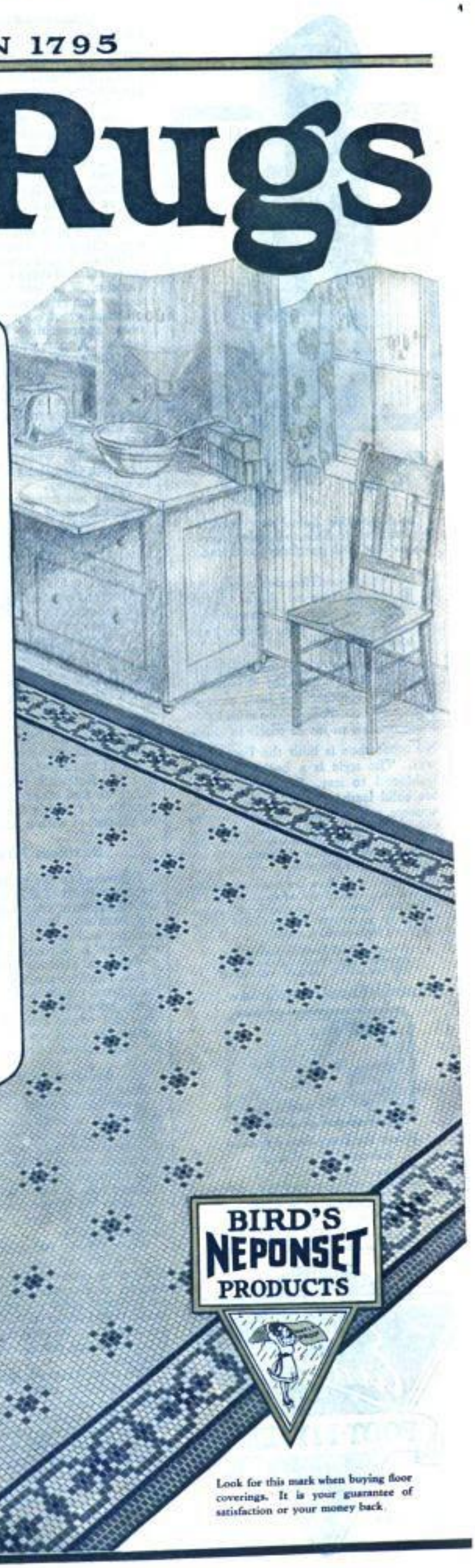
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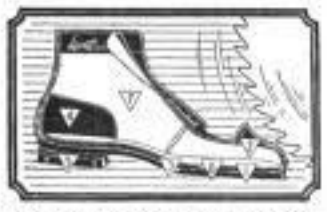
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FOOT-FITTER

Look for this trade-mark.

(Continued from Page 48)

assistants. No one man can be the whole thing or all things any more. A man may be unable to represent his institution to the public, yet prove wonderful on details, or the other way around.

"Then again, the chief may appear on the outside to be the whole show, and yet if you removed his assistants he would be lost until new ones were found. The public, of course, wants to personalize a business—Rockefeller for oil, Morgan for banking, Vail for telephone. It is the easiest way, but it is not so true as the public supposes.

"I agree with you that the president of a corporation must be a real leader. He must above all else have character. But his character and competence are not enough. There must be incentives for younger men to stay and give their lives to the industry, for these great corporations are more and more approaching the Government in nature. A man who goes in can't hope to own them, or even any appreciable part. He is hiring out his services for life, whether he is president or page boy.

"There are a tremendous number of young business men who are imbued with the idea of service instead of mere money-making. But they don't want their families to suffer. They want to share reasonably with the others who go in deliberately to make money.

"I am not handing you out any mushy socialistic ideas about doing away with profits, either. Don't forget that these great modern corporations are owned by many thousands of investors, and more and more what is looked for by them is stability of investment, stability of earnings and of profits, and not 100 per cent in one year with a liquidation of the business.

"These industries can't be liquidated and they can't pay a huge profit in any one year. The young men who go into them have no chance of making a killing in a year or two and then retiring from business. From the very nature of the case they are in for life, and with such numbers of customers, stockholders and employes whose interests they must consider, their job inevitably becomes one of service instead of mere money-making. They can't help it. But while business is thus becoming more and more a profession, the men capable of running these enterprises won't be contented with a professor's salary."

Business Fire-Escapes

It seemed to the writer when investigating the subject of this article that he heard with significant frequency the remark that big business, including the Wall Street banking and financial institutions, is entering upon a third stage—that of a more professional attitude toward the work to be done. The first stage was that of outstanding figures, captains of industry and money kings, who used banks, insurance companies and every other means at hand to further the railroads and other corporations in which their own fortunes were being made.

The second stage is perhaps less clearly defined and admits of more exceptions, but in a number of cases at least the heads or presidents of institutions were mere employes, with but a small stock interest and therefore unable to make a fortune out of the development of the company itself. So they plunged into pools and syndicates of all descriptions, using the funds of their institutions to help other similar plungers and being helped in turn in the same mutual back-scratching.

When applied to banking this method of running institutions has resulted in a sharp distinction between the old-fashioned commercial banker who regards himself as the custodian of his depositor's money, and the speed-boy banker whose sole idea of his occupation is to be mixed up in as many syndicates and money-making ventures as possible.

This second stage is certainly passing. It is in especially bad odor in the banking field and becoming more unpopular every day. Those who still operate along these lines are right in the path of a steam roller. One of the big problems of the day is to usher in the third stage, in which the officers of the great banks, industrials and utilities will find their future inside their institutions just as much as a skillful surgeon finds his future in surgery.

It must be frankly admitted that whatever theories, ideals and principles men may hold or urge upon their fellows, the actual manner in which institutions are conducted, the actual character of their management, depends very largely upon business conditions, the state of the market and the ease or difficulty with which profits are earned. In good times it is natural that men should be picked by favor, from one's golf companions, club members and the like.

When one is not very ill the local practitioner is good enough, but when one is dying it means a hasty trip to a crack surgeon. When industry is in a pinch it cleans house and combs the country for the best men it can find. On this aspect of the case much light is thrown by the views of a banker who has gained a close view of many corporations and their methods through handling their security issues:

"I know personally of a difficult situation involving the merger of several companies where man after man has gone by the screen only to get the thumbs-down sign. Finally those who know the personnel of that industry said that the man we wanted could not be had for less than $100,000. 'Bring him on,' shouts everybody.

"One point you would do well to make is that the public, especially the investing public, should never put all its chips on any situation until the commanding general has conducted at least one successful retreat. The big men today are those who have pulled out of ugly situations, which they got into in many cases through no fault of their own. There is nothing so wonderful about building up a big business when all is going well, but to be able to back out when retreat is necessary—that's a different story. Nor do I for one worry much about the successful strategist in bad times being unable to make plenty of money in good times.

"The late John H. Patterson, of the National Cash Register Company, could do it. When there was distress or disorganization he could take off his coat and make the machine function again. Why, that man had so many fire-escapes you couldn't count them! For one thing, when he saw months ahead that money rates were going to tighten up or that a disturbing election was coming on he would raise everybody's salary and give them long vacations, so that they would come back fresh, vigorous and enthusiastic over the company just in time to work their heads off when extra effort was badly needed.

"John D. Ryan, president of the Anaconda Copper Company, which recently took over American Brass, is another of the type I mean. When copper was in a devil of a situation he formed the Copper Export Association, and managed to sell notes of this new company to the investing public through bankers. That saved the situation. But I am afraid you can only guess at that type of man. He doesn't come very often.

"It is so easy for an industrialist to take his eye off the back door when he is going along fine, to get too far away from his base, which is often his banking connections. So many of these business men do their financing at the peak of the market. Their attitude is, 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' The result is that they have no third line of defense."

Making the Public a Partner

"What I mean specifically is this: When the going is good these captains of industry can pretty much dictate to the bankers. One of them needs, say, $10,000,000. He can get it on any terms he wants almost, so he is rather careless and indifferent about it. He has been elected president of the chamber of commerce in his home town and has had his picture in the magazines. What does he care? All he is interested in now is going away to play golf and getting his income tax reduced. What if the shrewd bankers have put a closed mortgage on that plant of his in return for the $10,000,000? He's got the money; that's all he wants. He will never need any more, and besides if he does the profits are going to be so large that he can finance himself out of earnings and tell the bankers and investors to go hang.

"But suddenly bad times arrive, and he comes whining around for more money. We find the mortgage is closed; no more bonds can be sold. Equity financing would be all right, but he has no equity reputation with the speculative public. When the going was good he kept all the stock to himself. He claimed he had built up the business himself and he wouldn't sell any of that stock at less than $400 a share. He has shut and locked the back door on himself and missed the opportunity to get the easiest money in the world, that of the speculative public.

"Contrast this with the Standard Oil companies. Their stocks can always be had on the open market in good times and bad. Anyone can read their earnings statements and balance sheets. They have let the public make huge sums of money. What is the result? They can always sell an issue of stock. One of them did sell $200,000,000 of it in the worst possible market."

Of course, no fact is better established than that with all their defects our business leaders do an amazing number of good jobs. No matter what the size of the business unit, case upon case leaps to mind. If only the very largest are considered, such as United States Steel; Standard Oil of New Jersey, Indiana, California and New York; American Telephone and Telegraph; and General Electric, there is a general consensus of agreement that management is effective. In one of these companies recently the chief executive retired and there were so many good men to promote that the directors were embarrassed.

Big Men and Bigger Jobs

In regard to a few of the companies just mentioned critics might say that management is too autocratic or old-fashioned; but even if such be the case those in charge of policies have got away with them thus far. More important still is the fact that in all probability they are wise enough to make gradual changes as new conditions arise.

But the billion and half billion dollar companies are only a fraction of the country's enterprises. Take it either by the separate trade or by geographical localities, there is group after group that stands out for ability. In cities of the type of Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Chicago and St. Louis, to mention only a few, I am confident that any well-informed citizen could name scores of thoroughly competent administrators and executives.

Even in railroading, which has been charged with lack of timber and backwardness of policies, there are perhaps a dozen executives who appear to command general confidence. Even as regards a few banks whose directors, presidents and vice presidents seem to have brought odium upon New York as a financial center, the picture is vivid only because of its contrast with the dull background of old-fashioned conservatism and high principles of most banking institutions in that and every other city.

It must be recognized also that many corporations, very large as well as small, are operating successfully without a single outstanding figure in the management. Perhaps there is less opportunity today for big industrial leaders than when the country was being settled and developed in its earlier stages, or perhaps the building of large industries has become more commonplace than it was formerly. It does not have the news value that it did a generation ago. In any one of scores of cities great enterprises are developed without attracting much if any comment other than local.

It is further a question whether successful management, especially of the larger corporations, does not depend more and more on organization and less than formerly on individual initiative and ability. This point has been touched on a number of times already in this article, and is certainly debatable. The active head of one of the foremost industrial corporations already quoted, said that he did not think the ratio of human ability to capital employed had really changed. It appears to have fallen, he added, because the work to be done is so great that it must be allocated over many individuals, and therefore the public fails to see any outstanding personalities.

"It is undoubtedly true, as you say, that in some cases men who are in big jobs are not entirely equal to them," remarked another executive who takes the same view. "If no organization of able men has been built up, then a company with such a leader will go on the rocks. If a good organization has been built up it may continue successfully in spite of leadership by a man of mediocre ability."

(Continued on Page 52)

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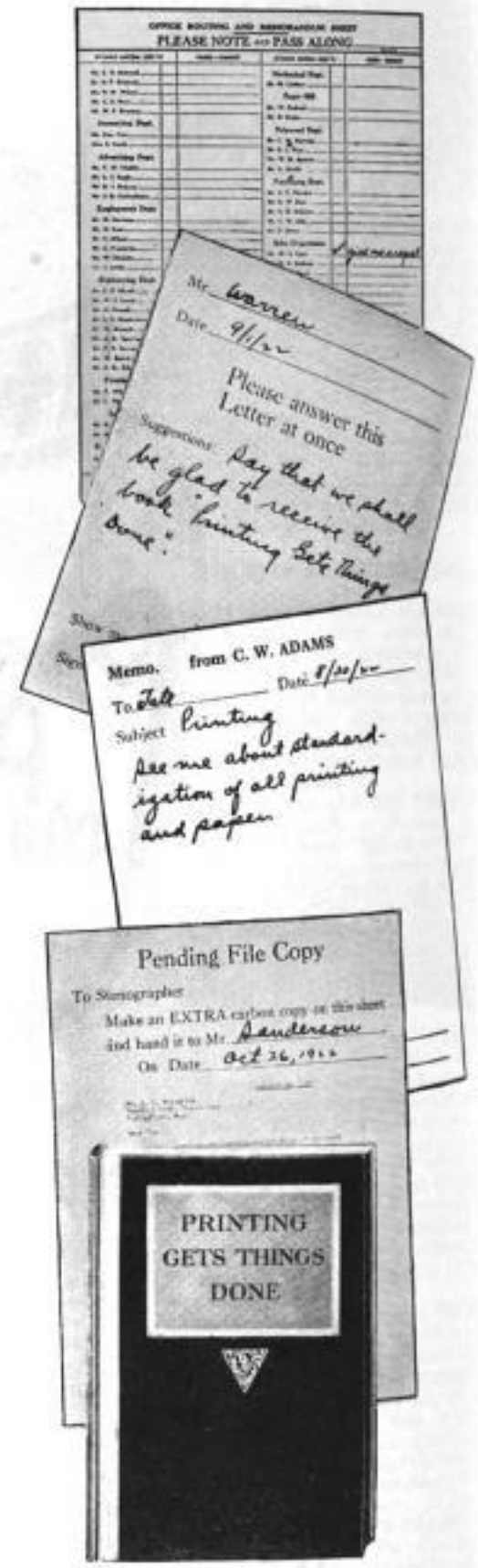
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The Utility Business Paper

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(Continued from Page 50)

Earlier in this article it was said that the real obstacle to finding men consists of the imperfections of human nature. That shows itself in unequal endowments. But fortunately men are not equal, and fortunately those with totally different endowments achieve great things. An old banker once told the writer that the four men whom he had known who had particularly impressed him as having great executive ability, Commodore Vanderbilt, Andrew Carnegie, James J. Hill and the elder John Claflin, the merchant, were all as different as could be. He commented on the fact that Vanderbilt did not go into railroads until he was an old man.

"I used to visit the elder Claflin on business when I was a young chap," said the old banker. "He never appeared to be doing any work. He was never at his desk, but always walking around talking with people—so different from others I have known."

It is sometimes said that a successful captain of industry must have a powerful physique. Many are of the brawny type, but others are slight, pale and look like students. Of course, what they must have is a mental attitude which prevents them from being driven by their work. If work drives them then they need to be physical brutes to stand the strain.

One of the most successful is small and slight, takes no particular exercise and does not even have a hobby. But work never seems to bother him. He is always looking for more. He just naturally scents out departments which need reorganization. If anything very badly needs to be done he is sent for. He is somehow the indispensable part of the works. He is the brain motor of the place, although he was one of those who told the writer that individuals are less important than organization.

Another chief executive who deals with affairs of the most extraordinary scope and size as well as delicacy is everywhere spoken of with respect and admiration. Yet he does not impress either his friends or the casual observer as being a superman or as having any particular brilliance. He himself scoffs at the mere suggestion of supermen. Those who know him closest ascribe his success to sheer industry and concentration; he never lets go a subject until he has mastered it.

Promotion Should Begin at Home

Yes, it is true that big men are needed in financial and industrial affairs, but who is wise enough to say just what constitutes a big man, or what type of big man is needed on any given occasion?

But certainly it is a fair statement that those who must train or discover executives for the future will have to lay stress upon at least one general qualification—the knowledge of details along with the faculty of not being hampered by them. Or, put in another way, it is necessary to know the business and yet have breadth and vision enough to operate with the outside world.

The New York bank president who is said to have given lectures to his clerks on how to count and fold one-dollar bills, having observed that it was poorly done when he happened to walk through a cage, and yet sat on committees the same afternoon with J. P. Morgan, George F. Baker and similar men, retaining their respect and confidence—such is a somewhat extreme example of the needed type.

Though banking perhaps differs radically in certain respects from industry in general, parts of a statement made by Charles E. Mitchell, president of the National City Bank of New York, in reply to the writer's questions, has a wide and important application. He said that if a vice president of a bank happens to be particularly interested in business conditions in the Southeast, he would in all probability do well to travel in the Northwest. At any rate it would be up to him to broaden out. Mr. Mitchell said that not only in banking but in business in general too many executives fail to sense the true relations and proportions of their work, considering their little jobs to be the whole works. He expressed a great belief in travel for executives, and added:

"If executives never leave their desks to travel, not only do they fail to broaden out but there is no way of telling what the men under them are like."

Mr. Mitchell spoke of the narrowing influence of bank work and said a man might be employed in such an institution many years before his existence was more than recognized. The great metropolitan banks might often obtain capable executives from smaller country banks; and yet even though they may have won reputations as officers of smaller institutions, they would often find themselves in New York in competition with the highly organized British banks whose representatives have such a broad and complete training in world affairs. He further indicated the difficulty of the problem of finding young Americans with their characteristic ambition who at the same time have the patience to undergo the training that makes English bankers so efficient. He added:

"The great task is to plow deeper within the organization itself all along the line and catch the fellow way down and bring him up; to find and promote him even when it is said that he does not exist."

The Value of Travel

Other men in high positions also spoke of the desirability of travel for the executive. As one of them put it, imagination is badly needed, but it must be based upon knowledge. Travel is needed not only to give imagination, but to confirm or deny the opinions already reached by executives. This man added that executives should always study agricultural and European conditions in addition to their own business.

Perhaps the most helpful way to finish this article would be to quote from Mr. Samuel Insull, developer and leader of one of the main groups of public utility corporations in the Middle West:

"I have your letter in which you speak of the possibility of there not being enough men of the necessary caliber to run institutions, financial and industrial, which on account of the economic trend of the times represent such large aggregations of capital and call for a high order of executive ability. I see no reason why there should be a dearth of the necessary talent. Its development will come as one of the necessities of the change in business.

"If we study the world's history we find that men have always arisen to meet great emergencies in national affairs, and there is no reason why, judging from the experience of the past, the same thing should not take place in relation to business management. It is not so many years ago, judging from the point of view of lapse of centuries, since all classes of business were run as individual enterprises, and the change from that condition to the present one of great industrial and financial establishments has not found the commercial world lacking in the necessary ability to meet the situation.

"Take the experience with commanders during the Great War. While undoubtedly there were many mistakes made, men forged their way to the front who were capable of handling enormous forces, for which the previous military experience of the world has no parallel. The same has happened in the industrial development up to date in this country and in Europe, and I have enough confidence in the future development of the race to think that as the occasion calls the men will be forthcoming who can fulfill the necessary requirements, whether in international, national, financial or industrial affairs."



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Main 5991

CHICAGO
722 S. Michigan Ave.
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Buy Your Milk This Way

SCHOOL CHILDREN come around smiling when milk is served this way. Lift up the tab on the SEALRIGHT Pouring-Pull MILK BOTTLE CAP and insert straw through the opening. "Drinking it through a straw" in this fashion prevents gulping and aids digestion, thereby giving the body *all* the nourishment contained in this wonderful food. The child sucks the milk up out of the original sterilized container. No glasses to break, no "spilt milk" for the children to cry over.

Mothers and housewives appreciate the SEALRIGHT Pouring-Pull MILK BOTTLE CAP. It is "3 times more useful." 1—the cap is removed cleanly by pulling the tab. 2—the tab can be lifted without removing the cap, and the milk poured without spilling or exposure. 3—the tab can be lifted and a straw inserted for drinking milk at home.

Restaurants, lunch rooms and cafeterias insist that their milk dealers use SEALRIGHT Pouring-Pull MILK BOTTLE CAPS because they facilitate the serving of milk with straws, thereby saving the cost of washing glasses, broken glasses and spilled milk.

Ask Your Dealer to Deliver Milk to You in Bottles Capped With SEALRIGHT Pouring-Pull MILK BOTTLE CAPS

Send for Samples to Show Your Dealer

SEALRIGHT COMPANY, Inc.
Dept. 407 P. C.
Fulton, N. Y.

SEALRIGHT
Pouring Pull
Milk Bottle Caps

THEN THERE WERE NINE

(Continued from Page 19)

"I don't object to no honest wuk which pays good money."

"Well"—Neuritis hesitated—"it don't pay so awful good. Folks ain't as sot on havin' their winders clean as they was befo' money got tight. To be real honest, I ain't done much fo' the past sev'al weeks 'cept piddle aroun'."

"An' I," confessed Eli, "ain't even piddled."

Neuritis was hopeful and eager. His window-washing business was a two-man affair with a steadfast clientele and a satisfactory income. Neuritis himself was an expert at window cleansing, and his assistant—one Ebenezer Hall, a lean and languid individual of Stygian hue—was only slightly less apt. Neuritis liked his business. Because of its nature he was master of his time and could devote a deal of attention to the affairs of the basket-ball team. That was his ruling passion, and he held small consideration for the fairly faithful Mr. Hall, now that he beheld an opportunity to gain the services of a man whom he believed to be the one person necessary to make his team unbeatable.

Should he engage Eli as his assistant, it meant, of course, that Ebenezer must seek a livelihood elsewhere. But Ebenezer had been doing that with more than a modicum of success for a good many adult years. Besides, Ebenezer, although a basket-ball fan who understood and appreciated the intricacies and niceties of the game, was not a player, and as between that gentleman and the glorious Eli Gouch, Ebenezer was a poor second.

Neuritis could not look at the Herculean figure of the stranger and doubt the latter's pretension to court expertness. There was conscious power and superiority in every line of the newcomer's figure, and already word had been passed around the hall that the world's champion colored basket-ball player had come into their midst. The assemblage clustered about the pair and clamored for introductions. Eli Gouch expanded to the warmth of his welcome and decided that it would be well worth while to maintain his pose. He enfolded Miss Mallissie Cheese in his arms and swept her onto the floor as the strains of Aleck's orchestra spurted through the room. And whatever Eli may have lacked as an athlete he more than atoned for in his ability to trip the light fantastic toe.

"Mistuh Gouch, you sho'ly does dance elegant."

"Ise off fohm t'night, sister. Ise sho'ly off fohm."

"I craves to dance with you when you ain't. Toddlin' with you is jes' nachelly the fondest thing I is of."

The dance continued until one o'clock in the morning. It was only then, after refreshments of considerable tastiness had been served, that Eli was reminded of the fact that he had but eight cents in his pocket and that the night was cold and forbidding. A bit of his superciliousness departed as he insinuated himself in the vicinity of Neuritis Mapes.

"Wha's the best cullud hotel in Bummin'ham, Mistuh Mapes?"

Neuritis paused.

"I soht of reckon tha'd be Sally Crouch's Cozy Home."

"Does they have private baths in their rooms?"

Mr. Mapes shook his head.

"Not often. But how come you to crave a hotel, Brother Gouch? If you is willin' to take somethin' which ain't awful swell, whyn't you come home with me?"

"I ain't used to sleepin' in no ord'nary room."

"Well ——"

"But if it's gwine please you any, Brother Mapes, Ise willin'."

And so it was settled. Triumphantly Eli Gouch departed the hall of the Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise a very popular personage. En route to the Mapes habitat he hinted with some delicacy that the refreshments at the dance had been toothsome but not overly filling, and Neuritis escorted him into Bud Peaglar's place, where Eli demonstrated conclusively that he was no mean gastronomic artist. In Neuritis' room cigars were produced and they settled down to a discussion of ways and means.

"My business ain't so swell," explained Mr. Mapes; "but it pays pretty regalar, an' then mos' of the fellers has been makin' a li'l' money on the side, bettin' on our basket-ball team. Mos' all of them 'ceptin' me."

"How come you don't?"

"I never bets on my team. It's bad luck."

"Hmph! Soun's like foolishment to me ifn you is shuah you is gwine win."

"Soun's like ain't is." There was a brief silence, broken by the howling of the gale from without. Eli shivered. "I gits you to wuk fo' me, Mistuh Gouch. I gits ten cents a winder fo' washin' 'em, an' all of the winders what you washes you gits eight cents for. I gits the two cents rake-off on account I has built up the business an' gits you the job. Tha's how I has been doin' with Ebenezer Hall, which used to work for me. Then you jines up with our basket-ball team ——"

"Nossuh!" Eli was positive. "Basket ball is the one thing I ain't gwine play none of."

"But we needs you."

"Needs me ain't gits me. Besides, does I play basket ball I ain't gwine do same fo' eight cents a winder."

"Why you is so dead sot ag'in playin'?"

"I ain't cravin' to identifry myself with no bush-league team."

"Bush league!" Neuritis rose and paced the floor wrathfully. "I reckon we ain't so bush-leaguey as you thinks, Mistuh Gouch. We has got one mo' game to play to make us Southern cullud champeens. Tha's with the Atlanta team. Does we win that we is gwine git the Terrors fum Chicago to come down an' play us. Them Terrors thinks they is the cullud champeens of the United States—an' us is gwine beat them. So that makes us the champeens."

"Ifn you wins."

"We ain't never lost yet."

"They's folks dyin' ev'y day which ain't never died befo'."

"Well, all I is sayin', Mistuh Gouch, is that while I ain't denyin' you is a good basket-baller, you ain't the cheerfullest feller I has ever met up with." Neuritis glared. "Anyway, you is willin' to practice with us, ain't you?"

"Nossuh!"

"Ifn you was ever gwine play you'd need the practice."

"Fust place I ain't never gwine play, an' secon' place ifn I was I don't need no practice."

Neuritis decided that he had better let the argument drop there, temporarily at least. He did not doubt that Eli was all he claimed to be and was sure that he would eventually succumb to the mesmeric spell of the basket-ball enthusiasm which had swept the city. It had long since graduated from the ranks of mere sport to become a social distinction. It was inconceivable that any person with court ability could long withstand the lure of the spotlight. And so Mr. Mapes decided that he would give Mr. Gouch opportunity to reflect, being certain that such reflection would result inevitably in a reconsideration of the hasty decision against playing.

Mr. Mapes' optimism would have received a severe jolt had he known that Eli not only could not play basket ball but that until that night he had never seen a game. Eli's conception of the sport was hazy in the extreme. From his brief spectatorship of the evening he had gathered the information that a ball tossed through a basket while the players were milling around the floor counted two points, and that when one was thrown after what they called a foul had been committed a single point was tallied. But what constituted a foul or why such a throw counted only one point as against two from scrimmage he had not the faintest idea. The object of the game was apparent—the tossing of the ball through the basket, and it appeared easy. But something warned Eli that he had better rigidly maintain his pose of superior aloofness.

The following morning he accepted the breakfast invitation of his host and went with that gentleman to the tiny cubbyhole of an office downtown where Neuritis maintained an ebony urchin to answer a telephone and make window-washing engagements. Over the door of the little office hung an ill-painted sign:

REAL CLEAN WINDER-WASHING CO.
NEURITIS MAPES, PROP.
PHONE US IF YOU NEED A WASHING

Ebenezer Hall was already on hand, his very dark and rather saturnine countenance turned with some apprehension upon his boss' companion. Ebenezer had been a frenzied spectator at the rout of the Selma team the evening previous. He had witnessed the introduction of Neuritis to the grandiloquent stranger and heard a snatch of their conversation. Mr. Hall believed that something was about to happen, with himself in the rôle of happenee. Nor was he reassured by his introduction to Eli.

"Mr. Gouch," said Neuritis, "lemme make you 'quainted with Mistuh Ebenezer Hall, which used to wuk fo' me."

Ebenezer shook his head dolefully.

"Used to?" he echoed faintly.

"Brother Hall, this is Mistuh Gouch fum Louisville, which is now holdin' the job you useter have."

The men did not shake hands. Eli grinned derisively at the fierce enmity which blazed from the deep-set eyes of the lanky individual whom he had deposed. Ebenezer addressed his erstwhile employer, without, however, removing his gaze from the face of the stranger.

"You mean, Neuritis, that I is fired?"

"Cain't you take a hint?" retorted Mr. Mapes shortly.

"I can, but I hates to." He walked very close to Eli Gouch. "It's a good thing you is so big," he remarked icily.

"Says which?"

"Says it's a good thing you is, Mistuh Gouch. 'Cause was you smaller I'd tell you what I think of you."

He turned and retreated with mournful dignity. Eli stared smilingly after him.

"He seems kinder peeved."

"Tha's all right, Brother Gouch," reassured Neuritis. "I reckon he was jes' a li'l' bit embarrassed thinkin' where would he git his lunch money."

Neuritis made preparation for the day's labors, collecting buckets and cloths and cleanser. Then, from an alley garage, he rescued a battered flivver and bade Eli accompany him. They rode southward along Eighteenth Street, past Five Points and so to an imposing home on Highland Avenue. The lady greeted Neuritis warmly, although she scolded him a bit for not having put in appearance earlier in the week. Neuritis presented Eli, whom he introduced as his new assistant, and pledged himself to more prompt and efficient service thereafter.

The two men got busy. With the first window it became joyfully apparent to Neuritis that Mr. Gouch was not unfamiliar with the profession. As a matter of fact, Eli exhibited a proficiency which caused Neuritis a slight twinge of jealousy. Eli had finished his window several seconds before Neuritis and it shone like clearest crystal.

"Hot dam! You shuah wields a slick soapsud, Brother Gouch."

"I does mos' ev'ything better'n anybody else."

They completed the house's full complement of windows in a remarkably short space of time and moved on to the next task. Neuritis was elated by the knowledge that he had swung a very profitable deal in befriending this democratic stranger, who, despite his aggressive hauteur, was yet not unwilling to turn an honest dollar at one of the more menial arts. Witnessing the dexterity with which the secretly grateful Eli proceeded about his tasks, it became readily apparent to Neuritis that he might consider expanding his business. Here was a man who could easily equal Neuritis' record for twelve windows an hour. Figuring on the basis of a nine-hour day, with one hour allowed for lunch and an additional hour for transporting himself from one place to another, Eli appeared capable of grossing $8.40 per diem for six diems per week. Which meant that Eli might pocket $6.72 a day while Neuritis was netting $1.68 a day clear profit, minus only the expense of materials.

For a fortnight the business flourished with never a hint of discontent. Following so closely upon the lengthy period of financial drought which Eli had experienced in Louisville, his more than thirty dollars a week seemed to rival the bank balance of the late lamented Mister Croesus. But the process of orientation was of brief duration with Mr. Gouch, and with the passing of the days the memory of hunger pangs

(Continued on Page 56)

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(Continued from Page 54)

Louisville faded as he gradually became oppressed with a sense of present injustice.

Nor was the ointment of Neuritis Mapes without its fly. The Atlanta game approached. Neuritis expended all his limited powers of argument and persuasion upon the task of convincing Eli that Birmingham had treated him very well indeed, and that he therefore owed it to the city of his adoption to remove his light from under the bushel. Eli answered with his habitual sneer; declared that he would not lower himself actually to play upon a team of such mediocre quality. Besides, he did not admit that Birmingham had treated him well.

"You don't know how good I was doin' up in Louisville, Neuritis."

"No-o, tha's true."

"Well, we'll let the matter repose there."

And there the matter reposed. The Atlanta team invaded Birmingham and was annihilated. Ebenezer Hall was among the lustiest-lunged of the rooters. Eli Gouch attended the contest and experienced a distinct envy at sight of the newly washed gold uniforms of the local quintet. Eli knew that he had a figure which would put those of the best of them to shame. He was well knit and superbly muscled. He longed to climb into one of the uniforms and pose for the edification of the multitude, particularly the feminine multitude. But he didn't dare. The clamor for his participation in the game might become too great, and should he be forced into it—Eli shuddered at the horrid thought. Let them think he was what he claimed to be. Better that they should criticize his superciliousness than that they should become cognizant of his ignorance of this senseless game.

Eli watched the game for only the opening minutes of the first half. Then, annoyed that the spotlight had shifted to the fighting players, leaving himself in unrelieved darkness, he oozed out of the door and drooped disconsolately down the street. As the biting January wind smote him and cut through the new overcoat upon which he had that day paid his second weekly two dollars he heard the hoarse howling of the mob within the hall. They were cheering some particularly brilliant play, and the name at the end of their cheer came to him with annoying clarity—"Neuritis Mapes!"

Neuritis was undoubtedly the hero of the hour in Birmingham. Eli resented that. Neuritis was a skinny little runt—wiry, perhaps, and game—but an insignificant something for all that. He, Eli, could break him in two. What mattered it to him that his benefactor was a basket-ball genius? He felt surging within him a sense of resentment.

The feeling of bitterness cumulated. It had started with the basket-ball prestige and extended rapidly to the window-washing business. Eli knew that he was a better window washer than his employer. He resented the taking of two cents from every dime he earned. He forgot completely the eight cents that jingled into his own pockets and remembered only the two cents that went to Neuritis. He felt that he was being robbed.

The two emotions resolved into a single sensation of dislike, of covert enmity. Gratitude had no part in Eli's mental make-up. He was of the firm opinion that the world owed him a living—a good living—far better than it could ever give.

"An' I ain't gwine make no mo' two centses fo' that li'l', sawed-off, union-suited shrimp no mo'. Nossuh! Not ever a-tall!"

That night Eli Gouch devoted himself to a siege of temple-throbbing thought. By some vague process of reasoning he had become convinced that Neuritis had done—and was doing—him dirt. It therefore behooved him to protect himself, and since the best method of defense with which he was familiar was one of counter-offense, he cogitated along those lines. At three o'clock in the morning, when the streets were still and frigid and the wind mourned through the eaves, the great plan came to Eli Gouch—a scheme so simple and so flawless and so dog-goned practical that he permitted himself the luxury of a chuckle—several chuckles.

He was on hand the following morning when Neuritis arrived. Neuritis was a bit disappointed at the failure of his friend to extend congratulations upon his triumph of the previous night. In the Atlanta game Neuritis had personally thrown eighteen baskets from scrimmage for a gross of thirty-six points, and an additional nine foul goals at one point each, giving him the amazing total of forty-five individual points in a single game. It was an achievement worthy of the recognition of even the player Neuritis innocently believed Eli to be, but the latter vouchsafed no syllable of commendation. Wordlessly he allowed Neuritis to motor him to the neighborhood which was to be the scene of that day's labors.

Neuritis drove blithely off. Eli, a mite apprehensive, rang the bell at the rear door. He requested an audience with the lady of the house.

"Mis' Harrison?"

"Yes."

"Ise Eli Gouch, which wuks fo' Neuritis Mapes down to the Real Clean Winder-Washin' Comp'ny."

"Yes, I telephoned Neuritis. I want all the windows washed, and ——"

"Jes' a minute, Mis' Harrison. Jes' one li'l' teeny minute. I regrets to state, Mis' Harrison, that Neuritis instruc's me to infohm his customers that stahtin' this mawnin' his rates has went up."

"Gone up?"

"Yas'm. A heap up."

"To how much?"

"Fifteen cents a winder, ma'am."

The good housewife stared aghast.

"But, Eli, it can't be! With everything else going down, it seems to me ——"

"Yas'm. I done tol' Neuritis that, but he said I should do like he says. Us does awful good winder washin', an' ——"

The lady sighed.

"Very well. But it's an outrage."

"Yas'm. Sho'ly am."

Mrs. Harrison's residence contained forty windows. Into his left trousers pocket Eli dropped eighty cents at the completion of the job. That was Neuritis' share. Into the other pocket went five dollars and twenty cents, that being his own portion. A decidedly profitable arrangement. Beaming with pride and pleasure, Eli proceeded to the next residence. The lady at that house was obdurate.

"I realize that your company cleans windows better than any firm in Birmingham, but I refuse to be robbed. Ten cents is what I have always paid and I won't pay a cent more."

"Yas'm. You sho'ly is right, Mis' Wilson. I never was crazy 'bout bein' robbed my ownse'f. Co'se, it's Neuritis doin' this, not me."

The next house was more fruitful. The lady there protested, but paid. And when Eli returned to headquarters he was in pocket nine dollars and some cents as the result of less labor than he had expended in several weeks. He reported to his employer that Mrs. Wilson had merely expressed a disinclination to have her windows washed that day. Some day next week, perhaps ——

From then on good luck appeared to have camped on Eli's trail. Birmingham housekeepers, it appeared, desired service and efficiency even at the rate of fifteen cents a window. Eli was pocketing money—a great deal of money; nearly twice as much money as he had been making—and that in return for a trifle more than half the work.

Neuritis was somewhat worried by the repeated reports of lost customers. Eli assured him that they were merely temporary losses. So Neuritis labored prodigiously at his own tasks and continued to trust Mr. Gouch.

Eli was no part of a fool. He realized that he had been unusually lucky in thus long deferring discovery. He faced Neuritis one night and expressed his opinion of that diminutive gentleman in no uncertain terms. He terminated the interview by tendering his resignation, effective immediately. Neuritis was astounded.

"Ain't I treated you good, Brother Gouch?"

"No."

"How come not?"

"You ain't be'n givin' me on'y eight cents out of ev'y dime I made."

"I was furnishin' the mate'ials, wa'n't I? An' gittin' you the jobs?"

"That don' make no never minds. I was doin' the wuk, an' him which does the wuk ought to git the money."

The glaring illogicalness of Eli's argument overshadowed even the hurt of his ingratitude. For a moment Neuritis seriously contemplated expressing his true opinion of the ingrate. Two factors deterred. One was the disparity in size. Neuritis, while no coward, did not fancy an orgy of bodily assault. Then there was the element of the impending game with the Chicago Terrors for the colored basket-ball championship of the United States.

Following the glorious victory over the Atlanta team, Birmingham had signed the Terrors to visit the Magic City and do them battle. And there was no doubting the fact that the Chicago aggregation was capable of extending Birmingham to a trifle more than its limit. The locals had held an executive session and unanimously reached the decision that Eli Gouch must be induced to don a uniform at any cost. His presence on the floor was absolutely essential if they were to have a fighting chance against the wizard Chicago machine. And so, through loyalty to the team as well as because of his natural discretion, Neuritis held his tongue.

But Neuritis could not understand the other's defection. He was hurt. He had taken the man in from the storm and treated him as a brother, and now Eli Gouch had crassly deserted!

Eli expended some of his illicitly earned cash for a window-washing outfit. Then he repaired immediately to the home of Mrs. Harrison on Sycamore Street.

"Mis' Harrison," he explained, "I ain't got the heart to go on wukkin' fo' Neuritis Mapes no longer, the way he's doin' you. I has stahted a winder-washin' business of my own, an' I does the job fo' twelve cents a winder instid of the fifteen which Neuritis has been cha'gin'. Does you crave to have yo' winders washed today?"

"I most certainly do," was the prompt reply. "When can you start?"

Eli reached for his cloths.

"I has done commenced."

Mr. Gouch was blessed with success at every turn. Even some of Neuritis' old customers who refused to pay the fifteen cents were willing to pay Eli twelve. It was the principle of the thing, and each good lady knew that Eli was there seven ways from the ace when it came to imparting luster to a window pane. Mr. Gouch, resident only a few weeks in Birmingham, found himself the proprietor of a paying and relatively easy business. Too, he was his own boss, the master of his comings and goings. He extended himself to give satisfaction and succeeded admirably. And deep down in his heart he dreaded the inevitable moment when Neuritis should discover his perfidy. Not that he was physically afraid of Mr. Mapes, but then the transgressor is never entirely easy in the presence of the transgressee.

In due course of time Neuritis Mapes sought work at the home of Mrs. Harrison on Sycamore Street. His interview with that irate lady gave him an inkling of what had happened to him. Subsequent confabs with housewives who had been formerly steady customers and who now availed themselves of Eli's expert services convinced him that he had warmed a snake in his bosom.

"An' Ise be'n bit! Oh, lawsy! I has be'n bit a-plenty!"

Neuritis was aghast at the stark effrontery of Eli's treachery. He seated himself in the solitude of his once-prosperous little shop to think things over, and as he thought a fierce and vindictive anger tumesced within him. And then, because he was humble of spirit and also because he craved counsel, he sought his one-time employe, Ebenezer Hall. He found that Mr. Hall was droopy of spirit.

"This heah job of wukkin' in a ice fact'ry ain't like the ol' days of winder washin'," mourned Ebenezer.

Neuritis donated a cigar.

"You ain't sore at me, is you, Ebenezer?"

"Nossuh, Neuritis, I coul'n't never git sore at you."

"But you is sore at Eli Gouch?"

"I is so sore at that fo'-flusher I aches all over."

"So is I."

"You is?"

"I is."

"How come?"

Neuritis imparted detailed information. When he had completed his tale Ebenezer emitted a comment exquisitely profane.

"You took him in," gasped Mr. Hall, "an' he done the same to you."

"Tha's which, Ebenezer. You said the troof that time. An' he's done took my customers in too. If I had them back again I'd give you yo' ol' job, but I ain't hahdly got enough business lef' to pay my own espenses. If I could on'y git that feller out of town ——"

"You rilly wants to?"

"Yeh—that is, after the Chicago basket-ball game. We needs him on the team fo' that."

Ebenezer's face wreathed into a sneer of disgust.

"Hmph! You ain't got even one brain, Neuritis."

"What you mean?"

"Ain't you 'scovered yit that Eli Gouch ain't no basket-ball player?"

"No."

"Well, he ain't. On account if he would of been you coul'n't of kep' him offen the team. He loves to have folks lookin' at him. Ise shuah he don't know nothin' 'bout basket ball an' never played same. He's done you dirt, Neuritis, an' he's done me dirt too. Ise gwine git even with him someway sometime. You jes' take my word fo' it, Eli Gouch ain't no basket-baller. Think it over."

Ebenezer strolled away. Neuritis stared after him, shaking his head. After all, there appeared to be considerable logic in what Ebenezer said. There was no denying that Eli reveled in the calcium. If, then, he was half the basket-ball player he claimed to be, why had he so steadfastly refused to don the abbreviated court costume and win the laurel wreath which colored folks were fairly aching to bestow upon his Cimmerian brow?

First doubt begot others. Neuritis now recalled the stubbornness with which Eli had evaded discussion of the sport. The conclusion was long sinking home in the cranium of Neuritis Mapes, but when it did penetrate —— "That feller ain't no mo' basket-baller than what Ebenezer says he ain't."

The conclusion was startling. Too, it opened a possible avenue for vengeance. Neuritis was bitterly angry. There were no lengths to which he would not cheerfully go to discommode Mr. Gouch.

Neuritis got busy. He was distinctly a personage in local basket-ball circles, and he made his way straight to the gambling clique which spent its days and evenings in Bud Peaglar's place. Boston Marble was there, and Florian Slappey and a dozen others. Into their ears Neuritis poured a story of his own concoction. He explained to them that Eli was undoubtedly the greatest colored basket-ball player in the world; that Birmingham had treated Mr. Gouch in most friendly fashion, and that Mr. Gouch must be induced to don a uniform for the Chicago game.

"He ain't gwine do it," negatived Florian.

"Make him," insisted Neuritis.

"How?"

"Cash in advance."

A committee waited upon Eli.

"Ain't gwine play no basket ball," snapped Mr. Gouch.

"You has got to."

"Says which?"

"Says you has got to."

"Huh! Them is words, but they don't make no sense."

Boston Marble edged forward. In his palm reposed ten crisp five-dollar bills.

"Does you promise to play, we gives you this fifty dollars."

"When?"

"Now."

"M-m-m!" Eli pondered. "Nossuh, I ain't in practice."

"That don't make no diff'ence. Jes' you put on a unifohm that night ——"

Eli wanted that fifty dollars. He wanted any fifty dollars which was available. Too, the virus had seeped into his blood, and he was filled with an exquisite confidence in the ability of the Birmingham team to defeat its Chicago rival. That fifty bet at even money would double itself, and a hundred dollars was one hundred dollars.

"If I promises to be on the floor in unifohm does I git the fifty?"

"Yes."

"Even if I don't play?"

"Uh-huh. You be there. An' Neuritis says he won't use you less'n he's got to."

"What you mean—got to?"

"Less'n we is bein' beat."

Eli reflected swiftly. He could take the fifty, and then if the worst came to the worst and he saw that the locals were doomed to defeat he could make an abrupt departure from the hall or else feign an illness. A legitimate way of earning the money.

"Gimme them moneys," he said suddenly. "I does it."

According to Eli's way of figuring, he couldn't lose. There was always a way

(Continued on Page 60)

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To Purchasing Agents:

AMONG PURCHASING AGENTS you have probably noticed this:

The Purchasing Agent who has grown into the habit of looking at things in their broad aspects, exercises an important influence on the conduct of his Company's affairs.

He does not stop at mere comparisons of prices. Rather, he includes in his inquiry complete information about the ultimate economy of *results*.

This ability to *see through* to results is a quality which the business world rates high.

Such a Purchasing Agent will ask himself:

"Does it pay my plant to impair its investment in expensive engines and machines by using oils which are cheap to buy, but costly to use?

"Do I know why certain lubricating oils increase power but do not increase costs?

"Do I know that my plant pays for good lubrication whether it gets it or not?

"Is it better to order 'oils' for my plant, or to buy a scientific lubrication service which includes oils?"

When a Vacuum Oil Company representative sends in his card, you need not expect a humdrum interview with an "oil salesman." Instead, you will have presented for your consideration a definite proposition for reducing operating costs.

We call this proposition a Lubrication Audit. See explanation in column at right.

As this is a matter of more far-reaching importance than the purchase of a few barrels of oil—you may wish, from a technical standpoint, to check up with your Plant Engineer the probable advantages of this Lubrication Audit.

We will gladly supply you with more detailed information about the Lubrication Audit upon request. It is understood that such a request puts you under no obligation. Kindly address our nearest branch office.

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Lubricating Oils

A grade for each type of service

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(In Condensed Outline)

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RECOMMENDATIONS: We later specify, in a written report, the correct oil and correct application of the oil for the efficient and economical operation of each engine and machine. This report is based on:—

(1) The inspection of the machines in your plant.

(2) Your operating conditions.

(3) Our 56 years of lubricating experience with all types of mechanical equipment under all kinds of operating conditions throughout the world.

(4) Our outstanding experience in manufacturing oils for every lubricating need.

CHECKING: If, following our recommendations in this audit, you install our oils, periodical calls will be made to check up the continuance of the desired results.

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VACUUM OIL COMPANY

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After Every M

WRIGLE



WRIGLEY'S P. K. is the new double treat—peppermint sugar jacket over peppermint chewing gum.

Sugar jacket just "melts in your mouth," then you get the delectable chewing center with all the usual Wrigley benefits.

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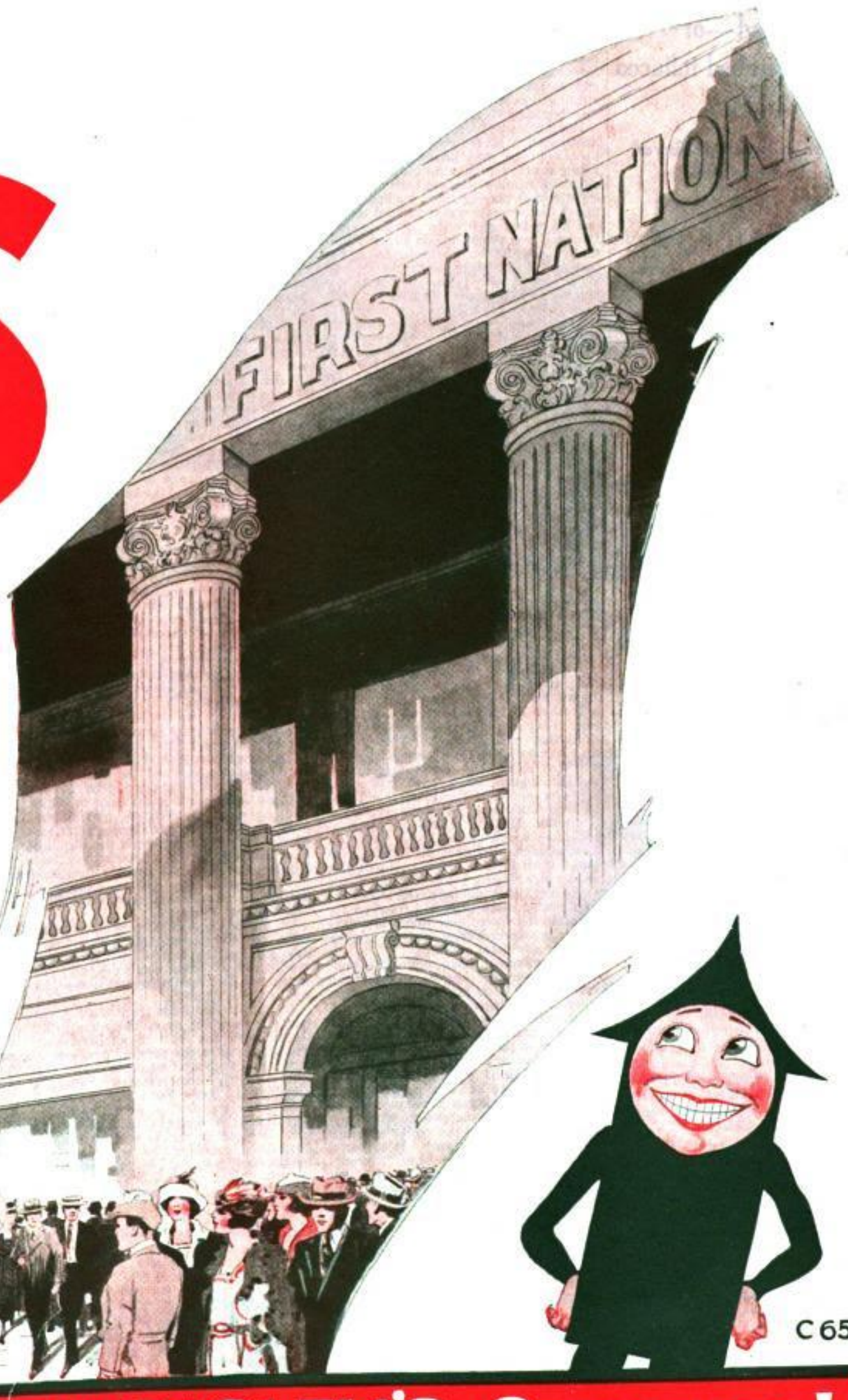
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C 65

ge Make WRIGLEY'S Supreme!

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He didn't like white bread—or ready-rubbed tobacco

And probably he preferred horsecars to the trolley

He admitted frankly that his tastes were peculiar. He didn't know why. It was just a matter of fact that while he was an inveterate pipe-smoker, he never smoked Edgeworth.

"But don't let that worry you. I don't like white bread. And there are many other things that nearly everybody I know likes—and I don't."

We have always recognized that no one tobacco would just hit the taste of every pipe-smoker. We have always known, too, that we couldn't make *all* the pipe tobacco in the world, even if it were possible to make a tobacco that everybody liked.

So we have been content to jog along, seeking and finding men who *do* like Edgeworth, who find its individual fragrance exactly suited to their taste.

Those are the men we want to smoke Edgeworth. If we can give them the full joy of smoking and keep our factories running somewhere near capacity, it is about all we expect—and it is enough.



One thing we do want to be sure of. It is this: That every pipe-smoker try Edgeworth at least once and judge for himself whether or not it is the right tobacco for him.

In a way, it is a selfish desire on our part, for we feel that most real pipe-smokers *will* like Edgeworth.

But to make it as easy as possible for you or any other man to test Edgeworth, we will send you free samples if you'll write for them.

Just write a postcard to us and send us your name and address. If you would further add the name and address of the dealer from whom you usually buy your tobacco, we would appreciate your courtesy.

Edgeworth comes in two forms—Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed. Edgeworth Plug Slice is formed into flat cakes and then sliced into thin, moist wafers. One slice rubbed for a second between the hands furnishes an average pipeful.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is already rubbed for you. You pour it straight from the can into the bowl of your pipe.

Both kinds pack nicely, light quickly, and burn freely and evenly.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small pocket-size packages, in handsome tin humidors, and also in various handy in-between quantities.

For the free samples address Larus & Brother Company, 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants:—If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

(Continued from Page 56)

out. Of course the thought of actually participating was not to be entertained for a moment. He couldn't play—didn't know the first thing about the game. But by accepting the proffered fifty dollars he was not only that much in pocket but he could have also the glory of swelling around the city as the savior of the local's chances, stealing thus a large portion of the glory due the flashy Neuritis Mapes.

But if Neuritis begrudged Eli the acclaim accorded him by the public when news of his acceptance was broadcast that wiry young gentleman gave no hint. He went about his window-washing business with a cryptic smile playing about his lips. More firmly than ever he was convinced that he had Eli pretty much where he wanted him. It merely remained for him to get Eli on that floor. If it then developed that he had been wrong and Eli could play basket ball, all well and good. It would insure a Birmingham victory, and Neuritis was sufficiently sincere to welcome a triumph even at that cost. If, on the other hand, the event begot the downfall of Eli by proving him a faker, then Neuritis was destined to be equally well pleased.

To that end Neuritis busied himself. He circulated through Darktown, proclaiming his confidence in Eli's goal-shooting abilities. He was positive, he asserted, that with Eli in the line-up victory for Birmingham was a certainty. His confidence communicated itself to the more sportingly inclined of the colored brethren, and a large pool was formed for the purpose of covering any money which the Chicago team might bring. Neuritis saw that the local fans were banking more and more upon Eli; that they were expecting superhuman endeavor. He praised Eli's basket-ball ability and promised the fans that whatever the local team might possibly lack Eli would supply. And then came the gala morning when the Chicago team rolled into Birmingham and settled in its quarters at Sally Crouch's Cozy Home Hotel.

The Chicago aggregation was ten strong, and in addition to the playing squad there was a quartet of portly and apparently affluent men who sneered overtly at the pretensions of the bush-league basket-ball team. They produced large wads of money which they offered to bet. That money was covered with a celerity which left them somewhat dazed and considerably doubtful. Birmingham was gripped with a betting fever, and even Eli Gouch found that the local confidence had communicated itself to him. His fifty dollars and one hundred more which he had, with difficulty, saved were chanced upon the Birmingham team. Both factions were surfeited with confidence, and long before the day of the game every ticket had been sold. Even the one hundred seats expressly reserved for the white folks were now selling at a premium. It promised to be one large evening to climax a brilliant season.

The Birmingham team, under the guidance of the crafty Neuritis, staged team practice. Eli Gouch refused to attend. Under the conditions of his contract with the committee he was obligated merely to appear in uniform the night of the game. He sneered at the critical comment that he didn't even know the signals.

"Signals! Huh! I don't need to know no signals to flip a ball th'o' a basket."

The Chicago backers secured more money, and when that was snapped up with even greater avidity than their first offerings they became slightly uneasy. It appeared that they might possibly have underestimated the ability of the local quintet. They sent scouts to watch the locals practice. Neuritis heard that they were present and instructed his men to hold back. Chicago stock took a fresh bound. And finally came the day of the game. All day long the committee on arrangements busied itself decorating the hall and preparing for an overflow and enthusiastic crowd. Professor Champagne's Jazzphony Orchestra was there in force long before the doors were flung back to the long line of impatient spectators. In their dressing rooms sat the Chicago Terrors, huge and powerful and determined to win at all costs. Victory meant affluence to each of them; defeat spelled disaster. And the Terrors had a reputation in the North for being a rough team—very, very rough.

Eli Gouch departed his boarding house early. During the day a light snow had fallen—the first and probably the only snow of the winter. The ground was covered with a bitter white blanket. Eli shivered. He disliked all manifestations of cold, and there was something particularly forbidding this night in the stark glittering whiteness.

The crowd stood back respectfully when he put in appearance. Cheers burst forth at sight of his massive form, cheers which caused a twinge of apprehension in the bosom of Mr. Gouch. He knew that virtually every man and woman present had wagered something of more or less value upon the chances of the Birmingham team. Darktown's wagered cash was only exceeded by its boundless confidence, and Eli was uncomfortably aware that his name upon the team roster had done much to precipitate this avalanche of betting.

He climbed proudly into his uniform, its yellow vividity setting off the dark-brown figure to best advantage. But once in it, Eli felt timid about exhibiting himself. The thing seemed more like a suit of underwear than a uniform, but he took courage from the others' insouciance. Certainly he knew that he cut the best figure.

From outside came the hum of the excited crowd, then faint cheers and the shrilling of the Terrors as they pounded up and down the court in practice. Acey Upshaw appeared to summon the locals. They trotted proudly forth and a wild burst of applause rent the building. The Terrors evacuated the floor and the Birmingham team swung into action, Neuritis dribbling the new basket ball.

It had been previously agreed that there would be no change of goal during the evening. To that end the basket into which the Chicago team hoped to throw its points was decorated in crimson, the color of that organization. The goal at the opposite end of the court—the Birmingham basket—was decorated gaudily in gold.

"Makes it easier for them as don't know much about the game to foller," explained Neuritis to Doctor Atcherson, chairman of the basket-ball committee. "Does the ball go in the red basket it's points fo' the Terrors. Does it drop in the gold basket they knows right away it's points fo' us."

The captains were called to the center of the floor by a referee who had been specially imported from Knoxville. The Chicago leader in his crimson uniform towered over the sinewy and lithe figure of Neuritis Mapes. Final instructions were given; the teams took the floor. For the locals Neuritis assumed the center position, with Florian Slappey and Dr. Brutus Herring as forwards and Cleophus White and Spokane Washington playing the guards. Save for Doctor Herring and Cleophus White, each member of the Birmingham aggregation was opposed by a man nearly twice his size. But the fans were not downcast; they had seen too often during the season that size counts little against sheer ability.

On the side lines Eli Gouch posed pridefully. He felt more at home in his abbreviated uniform now, and he knew that many eyes—most of them feminine—were focused with ill-concealed approval upon his well-muscled figure.

In all that multitude there was but one pair of eyes which were directed upon Eli Gouch with any hint of vindictiveness. Those eyes were the personal property of a lank and somewhat slab-sided individual who absently acknowledged occasional greetings of "Hello, Ebenezer."

Ebenezer was first of all an enemy to Mr. Gouch. Secondly he was a basket-ball fan. He held his regular seat on the side lines directly behind the bench occupied by the local team, and shortly before the contest started he struggled with his distaste and tapped the broad shoulder of his *bête noire*.

"Mistuh Gouch?"

Eli turned, registering complete surprise at the friendliness of the expression which Ebenezer turned upon him.

"Wha's that?" asked Eli.

"Ise delighted to see you in unifohm, Mistuh Gouch."

"How come?" Suspiciously.

"Us needs you t'night. These heah Terrors look awful good an' we requiahs all the good players which we has got. An' befo' the game stahts, Mistuh Gouch, I wants to wish you luck. I ain't holdin' no hahd feelin's against you fo' gittin' my job an' I hopes you ain't holdin' none against me."

Eli favored him with a puzzled stare. There was no doubting Ebenezer's sincerity. And, after all, why should he not seek the favor of one who was the focal point of mass adulation? Eli cast aside his doubts. He thought too much of himself to believe that anyone could long dislike him.

"I don't hold no hahd feelin's against nobody," he said magnanimously, "specially a poor tripe like what you is."

Ebenezer retired to his seat. The glance which he bestowed upon the back of the complacent Mr. Gouch was shot through with malevolence.

"If they's a accident walkin' round Bummin'ham t'night," sizzled Ebenezer, "I hope it happens to Eli."

The whistle. The ball was tipped off. The men were galvanized into action. Neuritis flipped the ball to Florian, who in turn shot it like lightning into the waiting hands of Brutus Herring. That gentleman made a feint toward the goal, then passed it into the hands of the speeding Neuritis. Neuritis stopped in his tracks and threw the ball straight into the gold basket.

"Two points," shrilled Neuritis, "an' we ain't yet hahdly stahted!"

Another tip-off, but this time the Terror center was successful. Up and down the court surged the ball, with the players swirling viciously after it. This time Cleophus intercepted a try for goal, shot the ball the length of the court into the hands of Neuritis Mapes and once again it was dropped into the gold-trimmed basket.

"Two mo' points! Tha's four to nothin'!"

Two minutes of play and the locals were leading by four points. Faint signs of worry appeared upon the face of the Terrors' leader. Within ten seconds of the tip-off he committed a personal foul and the referee's whistle blew. Neuritis took the ball and walked to the foul line for the free throw which follows the commission of a breach of rules. His aim was unerring. The ball dropped neatly through the golden basket for one point.

"Tha's five altogether!" shrieked someone in the gallery.

But there the Chicago team rallied. For five minutes not a point was scored. The apparent walk-away which the locals had anticipated in that first few minutes now developed into a bitter battle. The Chicago players exhibited the stuff of which champions are made. They fought like tigers for possession of the ball. The game increased in ferocity and there was a continuous serenade from the referee's whistle. Fouls were numerous. Field goals were dropped in from all over the court. Two points for each one. And most often the fouls were followed by the single-point tally which is awarded for a successful free try at goal. A monster Chicago guard committed his fourth personal foul in as many minutes and was ejected from the game. Shortly before the end of the first half Doctor Herring and one of the visitors retired to a corner of the court and attempted to settle the game with fists. The referee removed both of them, Herring's place being taken by Frenzie Gillings.

The end of the first half found Birmingham leading by three points, the score being 21-18, and the fans bordering on hysteria. The contest was epic. Never before had such a battle been seen on the local court. The teams retired to their dressing rooms, half dead from sheer weariness, but filled yet with the fighting spirit. The Terrors were frankly worried. Their mentor gave them a stiff talking-to.

"They plays better basket ball than what we does," he said. "On'y thing fo' you fellers to do is to rough 'em. Rough 'em hahd!"

In the Birmingham sanctuary Neuritis pleaded with his men for greater effort. Then he turned to Eli Gouch.

"You goes in at guard at the beginnin' of the secon' half, Brother Gouch."

Eli, who had watched the game in puzzled bewilderment, shook his head. "Nœsuh!"

"You has got to."

"Ain't gwine to. You is winnin' an' you don't need me."

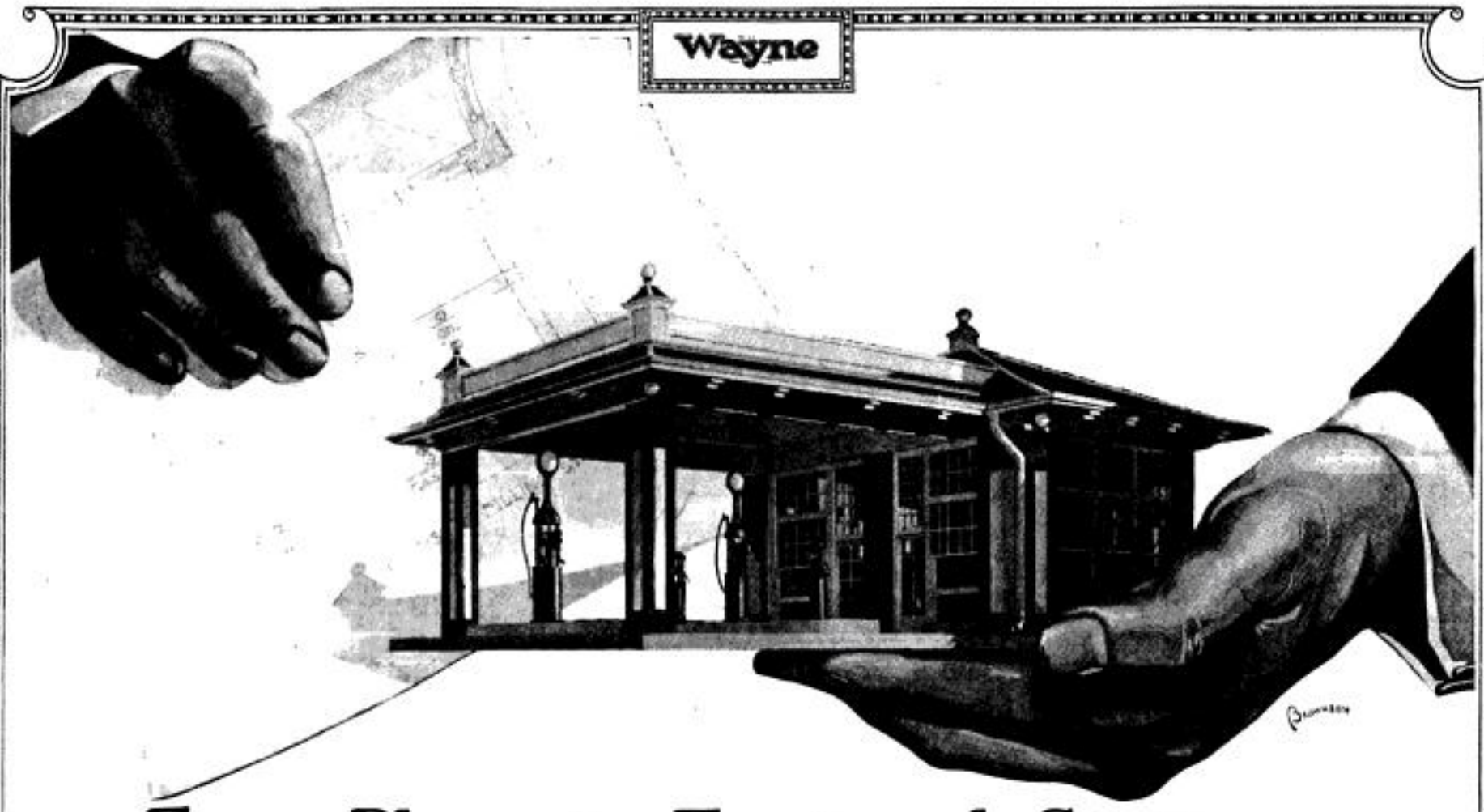
"But we is payin' you ——"

"Ain't gwine in until you needs me," repeated Eli stubbornly.

The second half opened; and, fierce as the first half had been, it was tiddledywinks compared to the second. From the outset it became apparent that Chicago was out to massacre the locals; and, to give them their due, they worked cleverly. Within two minutes Frenzie Gillings had been carried from the court with an ugly cut on his forehead and Sidney Skigg took his place. The scoring was held down and personal fouls were piled up.

(Continued on Page 63)

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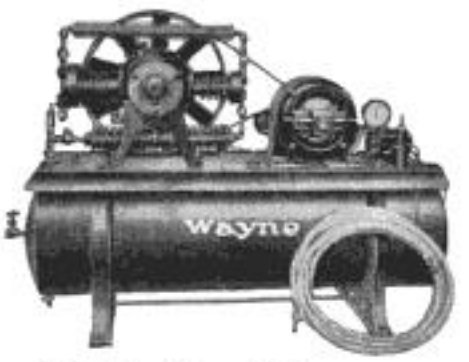
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(At right) Colonies of bacteria (including some fungi) grown from organisms in the dirt taken from a 6 by 9 rug by the Royal. In the 12½ ounces of embedded dirt extracted by the Royal, the total number of organisms was more than 12 thousand million.

(Below) This laboratory test (dirt extracted by a Royal and emptied into a jar of water) shows how the Royal gets the ***embedded*** *dirt as well as* ***surface*** *litter, such as threads and lint. The embedded dirt sinks, surface litter floats. Note the much greater quantity of embedded dirt.*





From Dr. Gruskin's report:

"We have identified the presence of B. Coli, Bacilli aerogenous capsulatus, and Hemolytic streptococci.

"The B. Coli and Bacilli aerogenous capsulatus are greatly responsible for many intestinal disturbances, and the latter especially for diarrhea in children.

"The Hemolytic streptococci are a dangerous type of organism. They usually produce diseases of the heart, blood, etc."

(Signed)
BENJAMIN GRUSKIN

What a scientist found in Mrs. N. Shaul's *"clean"* rug
—a startling revelation of the dangers of embedded dirt

WOULD you believe that in every inch of your "clean" rugs there may be *millions* of invisible living things—bacteria, some of which may be the dangerous disease-producing types?

Neither would Mrs. N. Shaul. In her home at 5460 University Avenue, Chicago, she showed the Royal man a 6 by 9 Wilton rug. It had just been beaten and thoroughly swept. It was as clean as ordinary cleaning methods and a good housekeeper could make it.

Imagine her horror, then, when in 8 minutes the Royal extracted from this "clean" rug 12½ *ounces of heavy, black dirt!*

Embedded dirt it was, all of it. Dirt so deep in the pile that not even beating and vigorous sweeping, nothing but the powerful, scientifically applied suction of the Royal could dislodge it.

What the microscope revealed

This dirt was taken to the Medical Research Laboratories of Chicago.

There it was analyzed by Dr. Benjamin Gruskin, director of the Laboratories and pathologist for Mt. Sinai Hospital, Chicago.

In each gram, or 1/30 of an ounce, of the dirt were found 35 *million living organisms!* The entire 12½ ounces, therefore, contained well over 12 thousand million bacteria.

Among them were found three dangerous types of bacteria which, Dr. Gruskin reported, are greatly responsible for many intestinal disturbances and diarrhea in children; also a type which usually produces blood or heart diseases.

Are YOUR rugs really clean?

Yet, Mrs. Shaul supposed that her rug was clean. And throughout the country women everywhere believe the same—when, as a matter of fact, their rugs are only *surface cleaned.*

Deep down in the pile is the embedded dirt harboring millions of bacteria. Footfalls, draughts, etc., are constantly stirring the hidden, germ-laden dirt of your rugs into the air. You breathe it. Your children playing upon the floor breathe it; it gets upon things they put into their mouths.

How can you remove this embedded dirt?

There is only one way to remove it, and that is the method used to clean Mrs. Shaul's rug—*with powerful air suction scientifically applied.*

The Royal Electric Cleaner reaches deep down into the depths of your rugs and gets out the embedded dirt. First, because it produces a powerful suction. Second, because this suction is scientifically applied directly to the rug surface along the entire length of the 14-inch nozzle; the patented adjustment screw does this.

Thus, the Royal gets the embedded dirt—the unsanitary, germ-bearing dirt that menaces your health and that of your children. Ask the Royal dealer to explain this.

Cannot harm rugs

Yet, powerful as it is, the Royal is absolutely harmless, because it cleans by air alone. And the Royal is so light, convenient, and cleans so fast that it will never tire you. So simply and sturdily is it built that it is practically trouble-proof and will last a lifetime with ordinary care.

Let the Royal Man show you

No doubt your rugs appear spotlessly clean. But let a Royal Man go over one with a Royal Electric Cleaner. You will be astonished at the quantity of dangerous, embedded dirt that has lain hidden in the depths of your rugs.

Arrange with the local Royal dealer today to have a rug cleaned in your home—no obligation at all. If you don't know who he is, write us and we'll put you in touch with him.

DEALERS: The valuable Royal Franchise may be had in certain cities and towns. Write for information.

RETAIL REPRESENTATIVES: There are numerous desirable opportunities for men of ability in capacity of Royal Men. Inquire of your local Royal dealer.

THE P. A. GEIER COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio

Manufactured in Canada by
Continental Electric Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada

ROYAL Electric Cleaner

CLEANS BY AIR ALONE!



The Royal Man

He is an expert in housecleaning and can show you many interesting labor-saving methods of cleaning. He is courteous and considerate; you need never hesitate to ask him for a demonstration in your home



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(Continued from Page 60)

It was a battle royal all the way, with the spectators in a vociferous ferment. After twelve minutes of play, with the score tied, Florian Slappey committed his third personal foul, and on the free throw the Terror center dropped the ball in the red-trimmed basket for the single point which gave Chicago the lead 30-29. Florian came back with a brilliant piece of floor running and a field goal for two points and a lead of 31-30.

The game flashed on. Men and women in the stands bordered on hysteria. They shrieked and screamed and shouted. They hugged and pounded one another. First one team and then the other took the lead. Eli Gouch, watching dazedly, could not make head or tail of it. It was all chaos to him, and already the crowd was shouting his name.

"Eli Gouch! Give us Eli!"

Mr. Gouch watched the exits. He was apprehensive that he was about destined to make a quick and complete get-away.

The game had resolved itself into a free-for-all fight. Spokane Washington was removed and George Shivers took his place. Neuritis Mapes, Florian Slappey, George Shivers, Cleophus White and Sidney Skigg now composed the Birmingham team. The list of substitutes had been exhausted—with a single exception, and that exception sat fearfully on the side lines, cursing the avarice which had brought him to this predicament. The crowd was howling for Eli Gouch. Ebenezer Hall was demanding Eli Gouch. The score was tied, the time nearly up, and the fans believed that the greatest colored player of all time—a man who wore their uniform—was reluctant to go in and snatch victory from defeat.

Two minutes to play! The score 39-39! The players, exhausted, staggered limply about the court, fighting to the ultimate ounce of their strength. The fans were hoarse from shouting; they leaned forward, tensely pleading, begging and calling for Eli Gouch.

Two minutes to play! The referee's whistle! Foul committed by the Chicago center. Neuritis took the ball to the free-throw line. He sighted carefully for his basket. He flipped the ball. It dropped through the gold basket for a single point.

Birmingham, 40; Chicago, 39! One minute and forty seconds to play!

A fresh tip-off put the ball in play. Acting under instructions, the Birmingham players followed the ball, playing a five-man defense. They clung to it like leeches. The Chicago players, spurred by desperation, struggled to work it down under the crimson basket so that they might get a shot at a field goal—and the consequent two points which would give them a chance for victory.

Excitement! Pandemonium! Fifty seconds to play!

A Chicago forward intercepted a long pass. Cleophus White leaped for him. No chance to block the pass. Cleophus doubled his fist and landed squarely on the visitor's jaw. The visitor went down and out and Cleophus was removed summarily from the game.

And now the gallery howled. The name of Eli Gouch went ceilingward. There was no denying the clamor, which was led by the clarion voice of Ebenezer Hall. Cold perspiration glistened on Eli's superbly muscled body. He was the last substitute. Escape was out of the question.

"Hold 'em, Eli! On'y thirty seconds more to play!"

Thirty seconds! Eli took courage. He didn't know or understand anything about the game, but he believed he could stall for that brief span of time. He trotted onto the floor, bowing acknowledgment of the thunderous applause. All Birmingham believed that it was saved. Eli Gouch had entered the game!

The Chicago captain took his place on the foul line, shooting at the crimson basket for the point that would tie the score. And—he missed!

Then all that had gone before paled into pallid nothingness by comparison with the ferocity of the Birmingham attack. Thirty brief seconds and victory was theirs! Eli clung uncertainly to his guard position under the crimson basket, wondering what it was all about. The fans gazed doubtfully; they couldn't understand.

And then, with five seconds left to play, Eli saw the ball coming straight to him from across the court. He didn't know who had thrown it, but he couldn't very well help catching it.

Behind it came the nimble, flying figure of Neuritis Mapes. He spun behind Eli and darted away again, turning suddenly to receive the expected pass.

From five different directions came five different Chicago players. Eli was nervous. Personal animosity seemed to flame in their eyes. He stood motionless. In his hands was the ball. Over his head the crimson basket.

And then, slowly, deliberately and with the utmost care, Eli Gouch flipped the ball into the crimson basket for the two points which gave victory to the Chicago team!

The whistle sounded. The game had ended—41 for Chicago to 40 for Birmingham. Eli's toss into the Chicago basket had decided the game against his team!

For a quarter minute nothing could be heard but silence. Stark horror gripped the spectators. Eli, posing pridefully, and all unconscious of what he had done, awaited applause. Instead there came a deep, throaty rumbling, a menacing roar. Then a shriek:

"Kill Eli Gouch!"

The spectators vitalized into action. They started toward Eli Gouch. That gentleman saw them coming. He read in their bloodshot eyes a message of sudden and absolute extermination. Eli Gouch made one wild leap for the door. Somebody hit him as he passed, but that merely served to increase his speed. He reached Eighteenth Street. He turned southward. Slipping and sliding on the snow, but spurning the ground with his large feet, he ran—and he ran as mortal man had never run before. Behind him came the wolf pack, thirsting for his gore.

It was no use. Eli's speed was unnatural. He attained the forest fastness of Red Mountain, and not until he was safe upon its crest did Eli Gouch pause breathlessly.

Immediate danger had passed, but now Eli became shiveringly conscious of the biting frigidity of the night. All about him was snow and the bare branches of trees and a moon which stared coldly down upon the gelid scene.

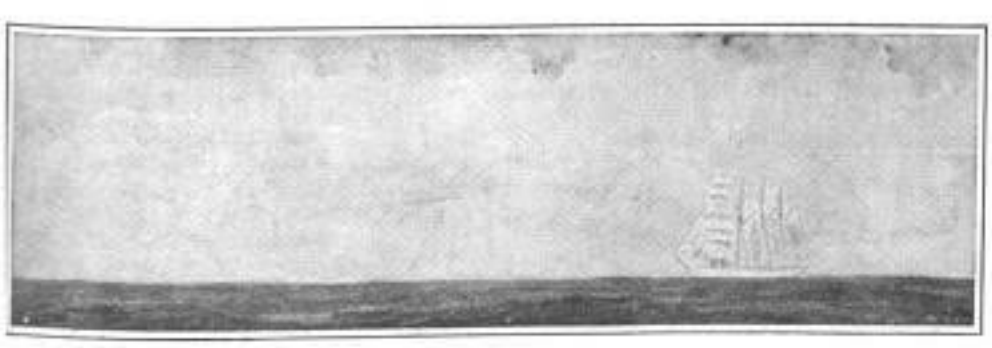
Eli was undressed. Only the very brief uniform protected him from the merciless blasts of the winter night; and Eli did not yet comprehend what had occurred. He did realize, however, that he was no longer popular. He sensed that to show his face in Birmingham again was to ticket himself for a joy ride at the head of a long and solemn procession which would be highlighted with flowers and slow music.

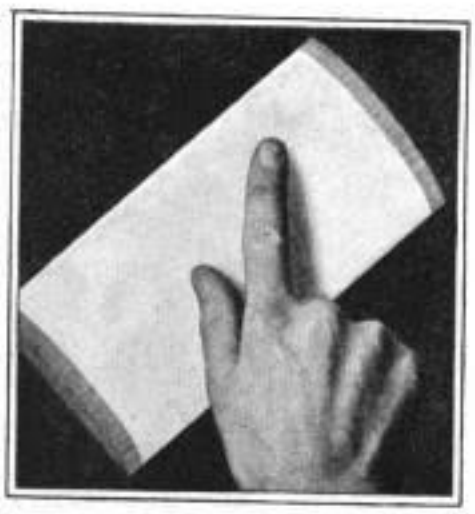
He was cold; unbearably cold; cold and miserable; entirely alone and utterly friendless. He hugged himself in a futile effort to keep warm. He could see nothing but snow and illimitable distance. He reflected moodily upon the events of the very immediate past and shook his head in bewilderment.

"It don't make no sense," he soliloquized. "I was holdin' that ball an' all of a sudden I hearn the voice of Ebenezer Hall tellin' me just as plain to th'ow it in the red basket. An' I done just that—just what Ebenezer told me!"

A particularly chilling blast howled through the trees and cut him to the bone. He rose uncertainly.

"I reckon," he reflected wretchedly, "that somebody must of made a mistake."





BARRELED SUNLIGHT



ORDINARY FLAT OR EGG-SHELL FINISH PAINT

Your finger, when rubbed over the smooth, lustrous surface of Barreled Sunlight, leaves no smudge. It will leave a smudge when rubbed over the porous surface of any ordinary flat or egg-shell finish paint.

Before you buy paint

make this simple test

CAN you tell, when you buy white interior paint, how it will look in six months or a year? The test illustrated above will help you find out.

The surface of ordinary flat or egg-shell finish paint is not really smooth but is full of tiny, invisible pores. In these holes dirt is quickly smudged—dust "settles."

Barreled Sunlight produces a smooth, lutsrous finish that *resists* all forms of dirt. Because there are no pores in its even surface it does not catch and hold dust particles. It can always be washed as clean and white as tile!

The finish of Barreled Sunlight is the whitest white that can be imagined. In addition, made by the exclusive Rice Process, which removes the yellowing tendency from the oil, it is actually guaranteed to remain white longer than any gloss paint or enamel, domestic or foreign, applied under the same conditions.

Barreled Sunlight costs less than enamel, covers better and is easier to apply. Comes ready mixed in cans from half pint to five gallon size—barrels and half-barrels. Leading dealers carry Barreled Sunlight. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.

"Save the surface and you save all"

Stores, shops, schools, hotels and apartment houses—industrial plants throughout the country—find Barreled Sunlight indispensable in keeping interiors spotless white.

In the home Barreled Sunlight is ideal for woodwork and for the walls of kitchen, bathroom, laundry, etc.

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THE RICE PROCESS WHITE

The INTERIOR WHITE PAINT *that resists dirt*

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IN YOUR CITY NOW!

A feature showing of these unusual PRINTZ *Coats*

Five models selected for their smart style and outstanding value are now being shown at one of the better establishments in your city. Watch for announcements by this store.

∴

THE five models shown here have been selected from the entire Printz line as a group of special interest featuring the style motifs most favored this fall.

These coats were specially designed for the woman who desires individuality of style, in a rich, soft fabric, at a price unusually attractive. In them, too, Printz designers have embodied the principle of "Personalized Style."

Only one store in your city carries Printz coats, suits and dresses. Watch your newspapers for their announcements of these coats and of other models in the Printz showing.

If you do not know which is the Printz store in your city, write to us; we will send you its name and a copy of the new Style Revue featuring Printz "Personalized Style" in a wide variety of models.

You will be impressed with the unusual value of Printz garments.

Printz suits range in price from $35 to $75.

Printz coats, $25 to $175; Dresses, $35 to $55.

THE PRINTZ-BIEDERMAN COMPANY

Paris CLEVELAND New York

Look for this label in your fall garment

Printzess
DESIGNED AND TAILORED BY
Printz

No. 2637. "Right from Paris" is the impression this charming model gives with its smart, deep-set sleeves, fitted back and unusual one-sided front. The only decorative touch is cording, rather elaborately used in rows on collar, cuffs, pockets and back of coat skirt. The throw collar is finished with deep fringe.

∴

No. 2634. The lines in this model of soft, rich Gloriana fabric have an appealing grace and a truly aristocratic dignity. Panel effects are formed by half-inch plaits, while the pockets show an original curve to the sides and a generous throw collar enswathes the neck in soft, deep folds.

∴

No. 2621. "Richly conservative" perhaps best describes this beautiful style developed in the new soft fall fabrics. Its simple, clean-cut lines are its great distinction, making it a practical model appropriate for any occasion. In the back, small box plaits end in embroidered silk arrows.

∴

No. 2601. Quite frankly French in origin is this smart coat. Particularly charming is the one-sided front. Cording, so popular this season as a trimming motif, is used most effectively on the back panel, pockets, collar and cuffs. The sleeves are also very interesting, being wide and deep set.

∴

No. 2607. A newer and more delightful style cannot be imagined than this one. Deep, wide Kimono sleeves merge into the bloused back, effecting a graceful line of drapery. A military collar of taupe Kit Fox terminates in throws finished with chenille, while a smart metal girdle confines the waist fullness.

∴

Note: Descriptions are for models pictured from left to right.

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THE PRINTZ-BIEDERMAN COMPANY

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BACKBONE

(Continued from Page 5)

On the heels of this, in the parlance of St. Croix, Mrs. Whidden got through up to De Marsay's. In St. Croix an employe is never discharged. Such painful severances of relations are glossed over by the phrase. Mrs. Whidden got through with a month's pay in her pocket. Bracken was the instrumentality of her getting through. There was an epidemic of getting through at the château. By the end of the three weeks not an employe remained who had been there in the beginning. Bracken, when questioned by the inquisitive, laid it to the querulousness of the sick man. It was made to appear that discharging folks was a sort of balm efficacious to assuage De Marsay's suffering.

But when these accustomed servitors were replaced by a Chinese cook who spoke French, but no great amount of intelligible English, and by a half-breed Indian who spoke no English at all, St. Croix conducted itself like a hive of bees about to swarm.

All these manifestations John Thorne observed with a slow-going gravity, and commented upon not at all. He continued to live in Pop Peake's hotel and to dine at the table with the regulars—when he was not whipping a stream somewhere in the background. He had been admitted to fellowship in spite of the fact that he constituted a minor mystery himself. On days when he was absent the table discussed him.

"He don't do nothin'," said Pop, "yit I wouldn't class him as a summer visitor nor a sport."

"Fishes a heap," said Peddy the stage driver.

"Pays his board reg'lar Sattidy nights," said Pop. "Acts like he's got means."

"Fer a feller as free to answer questions as him, he's powerful close-mouthed, seems as though," said the liveryman.

"Possibly," said Colonel Tip in his best impressive manner, "he is incognito."

"Which is that?" asked Pop. "Furrin or ketchin'?"

"It means hiding who he really is," explained the colonel. "Kings travel incognito."

"So do fellers wanted by the sheriff," said Peddy. "I call to mind drivin' one sich, back in '92, it was. Give his name as Smith. Turned out to be Garrity, and he'd stole a cow."

"One day I up and asked him right out what he was hangin' around for so long," said Pop.

"What'd he say?"

"He says, says he, 'Most men hang around where they live. It's much easier,' says he, 'to hang around where you are than to go somewhere else to do it.'"

"Then what?" asked Peddy.

"I asked him what he done here besides live."

"What'd he say to that?"

"He jest sort of looked at me that slow, solemn way of hisn. Not snippy. He wa'n't put out a mite as I could see. 'I'm waiting,' says he. And somehow, for the life of me, I didn't dast to ask him what he meant by it."

"Goes up to De Marsay's every mornin'," said Peddy.

"But don't git in, no more'n anybody else gits in."

"I got it figgered out what ails old De Marsay," said the liveryman.

"What?"

"Erysipelas, or some sich disfiggerin' disease. Too proud to let common folks see his face when it's all messed up."

"Doc Roper tell ye?"

"I asked Doc," said the liveryman with simple sincerity.

"What'd he say?"

"He says it was the seven-year-upas disease complicated by severe doodlehoots. Them was his very words."

Thorne was not absent from supper, which was fortunate, or he would have missed an occasion. Tom Dover, station agent, baggage-master and telegraph operator, lifted the meal to that eminence.

"Heard the news?" Tom asked after seating himself and reaching for the pickles.

"No," said Pop Peake, "and jedgin' from the way you're swelled up with it you'd better let Nature take its course right prompt. Hold it in much longer and you'll bust and scatter."

Tom leaned an elbow on the table while he collected glances and metaphorically tucked them under his arm. He cocked his head and bugged his eyes.

"'Vonne de Marsay got off of a steamboat in N'York this mornin'. Telegram says she'll be in on Number Six tomorrer."

John Thorne lifted his eyes, gravely studied the speaker's face, and returned them carefully to his fried steak. He cut off a portion, impaled it on his fork and scrutinized it as if, on the whole, he wondered how it came to be there.

"Been a year since she went traipsin' off," said Peddy.

"I've heard tell Paris hain't no place for a young gal," said Pop.

"I dunno Paris," said the liveryman, "but I do know 'Vonne. If either of 'em come to grief, 'twa'n't her."

"Dunno but what you're right," said Pop judicially. "I'd hate to be responsible for Paris with 'Vonne in it."

"Thought she was due here a month ago," said the liveryman.

"She was. That's why she hain't here yit. If she was due now she'd 'a' been here four weeks back."

It was true Yvonne de Marsay had been expected in St. Croix since the first of May. Her grandfather cabled her to return by that date. It had not suited her convenience to obey; indeed, obedience rarely suited her convenience. It was not that Yvonne was disobedient or stubborn—she was Yvonne, and a De Marsay. Besides, she had not accomplished the thing she went to France to do, having been too much occupied in bringing to a completion her grandfather's desires. André de Marsay sent his granddaughter to Paris to round off her education, as it befitted all De Marsays to do. For generations all had returned to the land of their ancestors, not so much to absorb book learning as to acquire manner and atmosphere and *savoir-etre*. Yvonne had gone in obedience to this tradition, but her own private purpose was of quite a different character. It was essentially romantic. It had to do with the letter.

Now this letter was the priceless treasure of the De Marsay archives. It was, indeed, the foundation of the archives, and the first paper to find a place therein. It was the reason for the transplanting of the family to America. Yellowed now and faded of ink, it reposed in André de Marsay's private safe. Perhaps twice in the lifetime of each De Marsay was it taken out reverently and read in the original. As for Yvonne, she was never without a true copy of the letter. To her it was the tragic climax of the greatest romance in the world. She had overstayed her time, had journeyed to Dijon that she might see the house in which the letter was written, the house wherein her ancestor had received it, and from which, after reading it, he had gone forth to pour upon his wounded heart the balm of adventure in the wilderness of New France.

That first of the American De Marsays, Gaston by name, took to himself in due time—in obedience to the letter and to his duty—a wife, for it was not fitting such a family as the De Marsays should desert a world in which gentlemen were all too few. It was not otherwise than fitting that when a lovely lady had given herself, sorely against her will and the urging of her heart, to a Burgundian nobleman, all in order to save the head of Gaston de Marsay, other De Marsays should continue to wear heads through the generations until the end of time. Wherefore Gaston attended to the succession. Also he preserved the letter from the lady of his heart, doubtless keeping it a secret from his faithful wife. It was a beautiful letter, dictated by a lofty soul.

In time the De Marsays migrated southward, prospering, living as honorable gentlemen and fair women should live, until they made of St. Croix their seat, and culminated in old André, builder of the château. Of André's only son, Yvonne's father, charity bids silence. He so far forgot himself as to hasten away to join his ancestors after providing only a female child. And so, with Yvonne, the name would be erased from the records of the living. In herself—and the thought was not lacking in romance—she saw the last of the De Marsays.

She went to Dijon and slept in the Chapeau Rouge. She gained admittance to the house which once had been Gaston de Marsay's. She wept in the veritable cell from which Andrée de Chausson's marriage had released him. She knelt beside the grave of Andrée herself. And as she made each station in her pilgrimage, pride of race, in which she had never been deficient, grew and filled her to overflowing. Yvonne was twenty.

As she waited for sleep upon the high feather bed of the Chapeau Rouge she considered herself and her plight with the utmost seriousness. What was her duty to her family and to this glowing, beautiful tradition? Did it not require of her certain austerities? Was it not fitting that, inasmuch as the De Marsays must come to an end with herself, she allow the extinction to be a real extinction. In other words, would it not be well for her to eschew love and marriage—to live and die a De Marsay? One other thought found its way in: Where in the world was she likely to find a husband in marrying whom she would not contract a *mésalliance?* Yvonne was twenty!

This was the girl, a living flame of girlhood; slender, dark, petite, imperious, rashly daring, a law unto herself, who would return to St. Croix on Number Six tomorrow. Wherever Yvonne de Marsay rested her foot life became vivid, hastened its tempo, rushed to sudden climaxes. Her beauty was no calm, dignified, restful loveliness, as Madame Récamier's is pictured. It was a heady beauty not innocent of a certain pertness. It was a beauty of humming-bird delicacy and of humming-bird unexpectedness. You could not look upon her without thinking of debonair adventure. She was always flashing. It was impossible to imagine her submissive or in repose. The house which harbored her might not be restful—it would never be dull.

Even as the telegraph operator issued his important bulletin Yvonne was in Boston's North Station, waiting impatiently for her train. It was not in her to wait patiently for anything. She was upon the last lap of her journey home. In the morning she would step off the train in St. Croix. There she would cross the paths of Anthony Bracken, of Colonel Tip, of John Thorne, Doc Roper. She would become a part of the living complex pattern together with these men, their actions, motives, desires. Their ways would cross and recross in intricate design, like a deer yard in the forest, footprints mingling. The colors and figures were there for a very pretty design. Few, if any of them, guessed that the loom was ready for the weaving.

IV

ANTHONY BRACKEN paced the station platform grimly. He was not impatient for the arrival of Number Six, although it was fifteen minutes late. His banker's face was set and somber, and he neglected to speak to acquaintances. Bracken was a forehanded man. He was busied with foreseen difficulties. Pop Peake was there also, and Colonel Tip. If Number Six had chosen a seasonable hour for its scheduled arrival a considerable portion of St. Croix would have been on hand to witness the spectacle of Yvonne de Marsay's return. But Number Six was due at 7:10, and St. Croix was at work in the mills ten minutes before that.

The train whistled for the station. It did so more self-importantly than usual, and snorted up to the station with an air of proud responsibility. When it came to a stop it hissed with relief, for it had gotten Yvonne there safely. Yvonne was already standing on the platform, and before the conductor could extend a courteous hand, or the brakeman place his step, she alighted and ran toward the little reception committee.

"Uncle Pop!" she cried gayly. "I knew you'd be here to meet me! And the colonel. Oh, but I'm glad to see you! Aren't you going to kiss me, Uncle Pop?"

"Guess I kin manage it 'thout sufferin' no detriment," said Pop, who proceeded to wipe his mouth on the back of his hand before undergoing the hazard.

"And the colonel. My! My! You're shrinking, colonel. I do believe you're inches smaller than you were."

The colonel swelled with pride, for upon the matter of his stature he was susceptible to flattery.

Yvonne looked about her and frowned. "Where's Whiddy? Why isn't she here?" Whiddy was Mrs. Whidden. For the first time she allowed herself to become aware of Anthony Bracken. "Where's Whiddy?" she demanded. It will be noted she extended him no greeting whatever.

"She is not here," said Bracken.

"I seem to notice that," Yvonne said. "How is grandfather, Pop? Of course I know he's not well."

"Can't say, exactly," Pop answered, trying to eliminate from his voice any note that might give apprehension. He succeeded indifferently.

"You don't know? Nonsense! Haven't you been to see him?"

"No," said Pop, and bogged down on the monosyllable.

"He has denied himself to callers," said Colonel Tip grandly.

Yvonne looked from one to the other and then to Bracken. "What's wrong?" she asked in a voice suddenly subdued. "What ails you all?"

"Why, nothin'—nothin' a-tall."

"Your grandfather is at home," said Bracken. "He simply has refused to see anybody. That is all."

"Well," said Yvonne, "he'll see me. Come on, Anthony. He'll be waiting for me. Oh, I've so much to tell him, so much to talk about!"

She turned about and hastened independently toward her grandfather's car, opened the door for herself and sprang lightly into the tonneau. She might have taken the front seat beside Bracken, who was driving. Her uncle—by courtesy, for he was the brother of André de Marsay's second wife—took the wheel. His face was not cheerful. He jerked the car about and started up the road at unnecessary speed. Yvonne leaned back at ease and drank in the scene. It was good to be home, good to be protected by the rim of hills, good to see homely familiar faces. Again and again she waved gayly.

Leaning against the corner of the drug store she saw a very large, sober-faced, strange young man, who lifted his hat. She bowed, but there was a little wrinkle between her eyes. She could not remember having seen the young man before.

John Thorne watched her with kindling eyes. His face was not so sober after she passed. It became quite animated. Indeed he seemed almost agitated, for he put a match into his mouth and tried to light it with a cigar.

Yvonne wondered who he might be.

She forgot him almost immediately in the enjoyment of her homecoming. Somehow she had failed to remember how she loved the place and how she felt toward its inhabitants. They were her people. This phrase is used in the feudal sense. She was a princess returning to a loyal faithful citizenry. St. Croix had not the settled beauty of age, made glamorous by history, like Dijon, for instance; but it was lovelier. She rejoiced in the false fronts of the stores and in the wooden awnings. The hills beamed down their welcome upon her and she responded with a flashing smile.

The car climbed the eminence to the château, and the late-spring sunshine lighted its turrets. It was lovelier, she thought, than any château in Touraine. Almost before the car came to a stop she was out and running up the steps to the door sheltered by the noble archway. The door was locked, and in her impatience she smote again and again with the knocker.

"Whiddy! Whiddy! It's Yvonne! I've come home," she called.

The door swung open slowly; one might almost say stealthily. Anthony Bracken sat behind the wheel and watched with narrowed eyes. Yvonne took an eager step forward. She had been about to throw herself upon the ample bosom of Mrs. Whidden, but here was no Mrs. Whidden. Instead, she found herself face to face with Jean, the French-Indian half-breed. It was a swarthy, wooden face, expressionless, somber. Black eyes glittered; black coarse hair topped his head.

Yvonne halted in midcareer, startled but not frightened by this unexpected apparition.

"Who are you? Where is Mrs. Whidden?" she demanded sharply.

"*Comprends pas,*" said the Indian stolidly.

She put out a hand to brush him impatiently aside, but he did not move; he did not speak; he simply barred the way.

(Continued on Page 69)

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Through a special arrangement made with thousands of stores, located in practically every city and town in the United States, you can buy all next week genuine guaranteed *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rugs and Floor-Coverings at reduced prices.

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PISTON RINGS
PISTONS
PINS



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Do you know that Piston Rings, Pistons and Pins are the three vital units in every motor—that wear or inaccurate fit in these parts weakens your car's power, wastes fuel and oil, and causes carbon trouble? This booklet, "To Have and to Hold Power," explains how these conditions can be corrected.

We shall be glad to mail you a copy of this booklet without charge. Learn for yourself why it doesn't pay to sacrifice a good car simply because its motor has lost, through wear, its original efficiency.

McQuay-Norris Piston Rings are all that some cars need to restore their maximum power and economy. The combination of LEAK-PROOF and Supercyl Rings is your best investment. But the McQuay-Norris line offers a combination for every price and purpose—all made from Electric Iron.

When the cylinders of a motor are badly worn they need reboring or regrinding. Then McQuay-Norris *Wainwright* Pistons and Pins, as well as McQuay-Norris Piston Rings, are needed. They are all made for replacement purposes and are handled by the same repairmen, service stocks and jobbers. *Write us today for our unusually interesting booklet.* It contains information every car owner should have. Address Dept. "B."

McQuay-Norris Manufacturing Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.
Canadian Factory—McQuay-Norris Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto

McQuay-Norris Wainwright Pistons and Pins—gray iron pistons as light in weight as safety permits—specially designed for replacements—available in standard sizes and over-sizes—also in semi-finished form 75-thousandths over-size—pins of special hardened steel, ground to exceptional accuracy.

Pistons and Pins of quality

LEAK-PROOF—an exclusive two-piece design, preventing loss of gas and compression. Gives equal pressure at all points on cylinder walls. For all piston grooves except top, which should have Supercyl. Each ring packed in a parchment container. Price per ring—

$1.25

In Canada, $1.50

Supercyl—Keeps lubricating oil out of combustion chamber. Collects excess oil on each down stroke of piston and empties on each up stroke, which ordinary grooved rings cannot do. Each ring packed in a parchment container. Price per ring—

$1.00

In Canada, $1.25

JIFFY-GRIP—a one-piece ring. Non-butting joint, which can be fitted closer than ordinary step cut—velvet finish—quick seating. "Seats in a jiffy." To keep them clean and free from rust, each ring is packed in an individual glassine envelope. Price per ring—

50c

In Canada, 50c

Snap Rings—of the highest grade. Raised above the average by McQuay-Norris manufacturing methods. Their use insures all the satisfaction possible for you to get from a plain snap ring. They are packed twelve rings to the carton and rolled in waxed paper.

And Snap Rings of the highest grade



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(Continued from Page 65)

Yvonne stamped her foot imperiously, and in a sudden blaze of anger deluged him in a torrent of the language he could comprehend. He withstood it like a rock in the rapids. Yvonne simply lashed herself into foam against his impassivity.

Bracken intervened. At a jerk of his head the man stepped to one side and stood waiting for Yvonne to pass.

"What does this mean?" she demanded. "Who is this man? Where is Mrs. Whidden?"

"Mrs. Whidden is no longer here," said Bracken.

"Not here?" She could have been no more astonished if the hills had been removed.

"Your grandfather discharged her," said Bracken.

"Then," she said, "he'll hire her again—pretty quickly!"

She brushed past Bracken and darted toward the stairway. Here was a matter that could not wait. Her Whiddy had been discharged! It was almost as if somebody had discharged her mother. Everything else was forgotten—her grandfather's illness, the sudden chill of apprehension that had fallen upon her when the door opened to disclose that swarthy wooden face. Here was a thing demanding immediate attention.

"Where are you going?" Something in Bracken's voice halted her.

"To grandfather," she said over her shoulder.

"You cannot see your grandfather," he said.

As he spoke he turned and motioned upward with his thumb. The Indian moved to the stairs and mounted them slowly. He might have been an automaton. Yvonne stared after him, her eyes shooting fire, her little fists clenched.

"He is asleep," said Bracken, postponing the moment he apprehended.

Asleep! She had feared something other than sleep. Something worse seemed to be indicated.

"What ails grandfather?" she asked.

"He is very ill."

"Dangerously?"

"Seriously."

"The moment he awakens have me called," she said, and mounted the stairs. "Have my bag sent up at once."

At the top of the stairs she paused and looked down the hall. Before her grandfather's door, standing with ramrod stiffness, was the Indian—on guard.

What did it mean? Anger turned to misgiving, to alarm. She sensed something in the atmosphere of the house, something strange, never present before. It was as if a chill malign dampness had invaded its walls. Her hand fluttered to her breast and she caught her breath. This was not her home! The house had taken on a new, sinister, oppressive personality. It was a strange house.

She turned and walked to her room, shut the door behind her and sat down by the window. She was conscious of fear, and she had never made the acquaintance of fear before. It was not a fear for herself, a fear of violence, a fear of living things. It was tinctured with repulsion, as if she stood in the presence of something unsightly which she dared not open her eyes to look upon.

Presently there came a soft knock upon her door.

"Come," she said, expecting the entry of a familiar housemaid.

Instead there appeared a young Chinaman, her bag in his hand. He smiled ingratiatingly.

"Allo, missee," he said.

"Where is Svea? Where is Thora?" she asked.

He shrugged his shoulders and rolled his eyes. "No savvy them name," he said.

"Come here," she ordered.

He placed her bag at the foot of the bed and advanced, smiling with childlike placidity.

"What is your name?"

"Name Chow Chek Ken," he said, and bowed.

"How long have you been here?"

"Two, three, six, ten day."

"What other servants are there in the house?"

"Jus' me an' Cabbage Face." He chuckled.

"Cabbage Face?"

"Injun man. Face allee same cabbage. Peel off leaf, anodder leaf under. Peel off face, anodder face under."

She studied his face. It was gentle, bland, but she was in a mood of suspicion. It was evident, however, he disliked the Indian. It went against the grain to question a servant, but she had to know. She must assure herself of certain things.

"How is my grandfather?" she asked.

"No catchum grandfather."

"What do you mean, Ken?"

"Mean no seeum grandfather. Me cook. Makee li'l' biscuit, allee same blead. Injun, he seeum grandfather. Me—no. Door allee time shut, lock. No see inside. Injun takum bleakfas', takum lunch, takum dinner."

"You may go," she said.

He glided to the door in his slapping slippers, there he paused, turned and bowed.

"Missee want ketchum somet'ing, she tell Ken," he said, and vanished.

What did it all mean? What did these changes portend? She was oppressed, weighed down, alone. She felt strangely alone in this great house which contained no other woman. Bracken she had always despised—for no good reason, it is true; her grandfather mysteriously ill and invisible; the other tenants a silent forbidding Indian and a bland inscrutable Oriental!

She went to the door and peered down the hall. Jean stood before her grandfather's door, motionless as a statue. She knew, knew as if she had been told, he had been stationed there to prevent her entering. The thought enraged her. It was an affront, an unspeakable affront to her in her own house. Again anger flamed. It was unendurable.

Lips compressed, fists clenched, eyes flashing dangerously, she flung herself along the hall, a petite whirlwind, and confronted the Indian.

"Step aside!" she said in French.

His black eyes glittered down into hers, but no muscle of his face altered. He only backed against the door.

"Step aside and leave this house at once," she said.

He neither moved nor spoke; indeed he might have been carved from oak. She clutched his arm to thrust him aside, but her strength was inadequate.

"Get out of my way!" she cried, but he remained obdurate.

Hot rage leaped within her. The shame of it! The indignity of it! She, Yvonne de Marsay, to be thus affronted by a servant. In the hotness of her rage she forgot dignity, forgot everything except her anger and her helplessness. She stepped back, lifted to her tiptoes, and slapped the Indian with all the strength of her arm. Then bursting into sudden tears of humiliation at realization of her futility she turned and ran back along the hall to her room. The Indian's head turned slowly, and he looked after her with somber glowing eyes.

The solitude of her room became unendurable; the mystery of it all was unendurable.

It drove her again into the hall and down the stairs to find and to wring from Anthony Bracken the meaning of it all.

He sat in the library. She paused before him, leaning forward slightly.

"Take me to grandfather," she said.

"I'm sorry," he replied, "but it is impossible."

"He is not asleep now."

"That may be," he said.

"Then I insist upon going to him at once."

"You cannot go to him."

"Why?"

"He has forbidden it. The doctor has forbidden it."

"What do you mean, Anthony? That I am forbidden to see him now?"

"Now or at any time until it is—safe," he said.

"Not today?"

"No."

"Tomorrow?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I wish I could tell you," he said.

"Where is the doctor? I insist upon seeing the doctor at once."

"He will be here at noon. Doctor Roper knows best."

"Doc Roper! Do you mean to tell me that horse doctor is caring for my grandfather—in a serious illness?"

"Your grandfather would have no other."

"Anthony, I am entitled to the truth. What ails him?"

"I cannot tell you."

"Why?"

"He has forbidden it. Be reasonable, Yvonne. You know your grandfather—and his pride. You know his eccentricities as well as I."

"This passes eccentricity," she said. "I insist upon seeing him. I am his granddaughter. It is my right."

Bracken got to his feet, frowning. "We may as well have this thing settled," he said. "You cannot see him now. You cannot see him until he or the doctor gives permission." He paused. "It would be better if you would go away for a visit until he recovers."

She stared at him, wide-eyed. "Better if I go away! Are you crazy, Anthony? This is my home. I am mistress here."

"Not at the moment," said Anthony dryly. "I am master. Acting upon your grandfather's express orders. That, if you must have it so, is flat and final."

Yvonne did not fly into a rage at this, as might properly be expected. Instead she seemed to wilt as a flower might wilt under the breath of some hot blast of wind from a desert. She was bewildered. She felt neither anger nor fear. She could not reason. She was bewildered and frightened, not afraid of the circumstances that shut her in, but terrified by her bewilderment. She turned slowly and retraced her steps to her room, where she sat upon her bed, rigid, white-faced, shivering as with a chill.

V

ANTHONY BRACKEN had no liking for the unexpected, and a positive distaste for anything savoring of the mysterious. Therefore the patient presence of John Thorne was an active irritant. Whatever Bracken failed to understand must be wrong, and probably was menacing. He had an itching curiosity, even regarding matters that concerned him not in the least; the chief defect of his methodical character was this—that he could smell smoke when there was no fire. To him a fact was a fact. He never walked around behind it to examine its reverse. A fact was a flat erect thing like a signboard, and if he caught the least hint of a third dimension he began building him a cyclone cellar. Storms were always making up with the single purpose of blowing down Bracken's house.

Now John Thorne resembled a signboard in no particular. And he was set up edgewise to Bracken's eye—all third dimension and no surface. Bracken was De Marsay's man of business and lived in an inclosure surrounded by a dog-high, hog-tight fence of currency. Thorne's persistence in St. Croix turned this inclosure into a parched desert of curiosity in which Bracken, lost, wandered with dry tongue and burning throat; and knowledge of Thorne's purposes was the drink of water to quench his thirst.

For years he had seen to it that De Marsay entered into no transaction concerning which he was not fully informed. His information, if it did not come direct, was as welcome at the back door after sundown. But here was a business about which De Marsay had not consulted him, which had been entered into surreptitiously and which afforded no whispering back-door visitor. There had been correspondence between De Marsay and Thorne, but no vestige of it was discoverable. This was a disquieting fact.

If the correspondence held no menace for him, then why had it been so carefully concealed?

He became a scientist studying a bug under a microscope, but Thorne was a bug whose habits of life were not easily tabulated; he was an erratic bug, and the data compiled one day became useless the next. One may learn the economics of ants or bees or spiders, because they remain always ants or bees or spiders, and carry on their concerns by routine day after day. Thorne was guiltless of routine, destitute of purpose, vague, and generally reprehensible from Bracken's point of view. He had come to see De Marsay, and apparently was going to fight it out on that line if it took all summer. Meantime he showed no signs of impatience, and made the most of each day as it came.

Thorne interested himself in no business project, had time to gossip with every loafer, and showed a considerable desire to depopulate the streams of the locality of trout. He exhibited no wealth, but on the other hand the necessity of earning a living did not appear to occur to him. However, thought Bracken, Thorne must have come to St. Croix to make money. Making money was the only motive Bracken admitted.

Therefore De Marsay and Thorne must have in being some scheme for money-making from which he, Bracken, was excluded. This was especially irritating in view of Bracken's regency. It was in some sort a denial of his right to rule when Thorne refused to substitute him for De Marsay. Besides which, Bracken had his own reasons for objecting to the nosing about of a stranger.

Not that John Thorne actually nosed about, but Bracken translated every movement as nosing. He looked upon Thorne's daily calls at the château as intended deliberately to irritate him. Perhaps they were. When, on the day following Yvonne's arrival, John deviated from his routine of calling in the morning to present himself in the afternoon, and to ask, not for André de Marsay, but for his granddaughter, Bracken, in the phraseology of the village, threw a cat fit.

The young man presented himself at the door at three o'clock. He wore in his buttonhole a flower picked from the bed in front of the public school, and his manner was that of a man whose mind is dressed up for society. He rang the bell and the Indian, Jean, answered it with wooden stolidity. John offered his card.

"Carry this to your mistress," he said in the language the Indian understood. "Tell her it will give me pleasure to pay my respects."

Jean stared at the card and declined to move. He had received no orders covering the situation.

"You will take that card to Miss de Marsay—at once," said John, not increasing his voice, but putting into it the tone of a man accustomed to exacting obedience.

Jean hesitated, then turned slowly and disappeared. Presently he came back and silently indicated that John was to enter. He was shown into the library, where Yvonne awaited him, standing. She was very lovely, but her manner was the one she used to receive book agents. John recognized it.

"I am not selling anything," he said gravely, "if you except myself. You can't be friends with somebody you've never seen—without an effort."

"What can I do for you?" she asked coldly.

"First, you can give me news of your grandfather's condition, if you will. How is he today?"

"There is—no change," she said with some hesitation.

"I had hoped your return would work an improvement. The pleasure of seeing you. I came to St. Croix, at his suggestion, to discuss a matter of importance with him. But he has been unable to see me. Perhaps he mentioned me?"

"He did not," said Yvonne. "I know nothing of his business. Mr. Bracken ——"

"——knows nothing of my business," said John, and smiled.

"If you will come to the point ——" said Yvonne, making her impatience apparent.

"I am afraid there is no point. I have merely called upon the granddaughter of a gentleman with whom I am—acquainted." There was the slightest hesitation before the word "acquainted." "My call is purely social."

"I fear you have selected an unfortunate moment. Grandfather's illness ——"

"If he had not been ill I should not have sent my card to you. I should have waited for him to present me."

"Are you sure he would have done so?"

"I am certain," he said simply.

She did not reply at once, but stood regarding him with an unfriendliness in which there was no trace of the indecision she experienced. He remained impassive under her scrutiny, wondering in his calm way if this cold, unapproachable girl were Yvonne's real self; if pride of birth, the feudal atmosphere in which she had been brought to flower, had quite spoiled her and turned her into a creature of absurd vanity. From her manner it would seem the blight of aristocracy had withered and dried her—had turned the flower to hard shiny wax. She was too lovely for that; her face showed promise of an animation that denied empty coldness. The get-rid-of-the-book-agent expression she turned upon him could not hide a certain piquancy of face which could spring only from a piquancy of mind. Thorne decided to reserve his decision, which was characteristic of him.

As for Yvonne, she wavered, which was not at all characteristic of her. The conditions surrounding her return to her home

(Continued on Page 72)

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THE BLADE ACHIEVEMENT
THAT ANTIQUATES OLD WAYS

Now Comes





"Strops its own blades"—Shaves, cleans, strops without removing the blade.

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the World's Fastest Shave!

78 Seconds from Lather to Towel!

—we offer it to you

3 Things in a shave you've never had before

First—a super-velvet shave, going over the face *one time*. No scraping.

Second—a quick shave. 78 seconds from lather to towel. Only a super-keen blade can do it.

Third—a 78-second velvet shave *every day*. The strop given with the razor keeps up the edge of the blade.

WE worked for years to make the following facts true.

Now if you'll lend us a few seconds, reading them, we'll pay you back with interest compounded tomorrow.

They change the whole shaving situation. A new method is established.

A new shaving era

We've processed a barber's edge—the keenest cutting edge known—on a safety razor blade!

That's the story in few words.

Now we offer you the world's fastest shave—a velvet shave in 78 seconds from lather to towel.

We talk in terms of time, because it takes a super-keen blade to give so fast a shave.

Put your watch before you and prove it to yourself.

Once over the face—that's all

With this new edge, you run over your face one time—*only*. A second is not needed.

And that's where you cut shaving time one-half. And spare your face, for dull-edged blades injure the skin.

Three men in four, past 35, skin specialists tell us, look ten years older than they are because of improper methods of shaving.

No scraping. No after-shave smart. No shaving lotions needed, this new way.

Sharpens itself

We recommend your using our famous strop for the same reason a barber strops his razor. It keeps up the keenness. It works as a part of each razor—there if you care to use it, or, if you choose, you can just insert new blades as you feel the need. Self-stropping is a patented Valet AutoStrop feature. It helps to give you the world's fastest shave every day.

Prove it—by the clock

Pick up a Valet AutoStrop Razor at your dealer's. Then give it a whirl tomorrow. Shave with your watch before you.

Note the time—78 seconds for a velvet shave! That's our proposition.

To you, it will prove a revelation.

$1 or $5

Valet AutoStrop comes in two styles, $1 and $5.

The four dollar difference, is in the superlative finish, the better case and the greater number of blades. The 78-second shave, you'll find in either one you choose. Gold-plated and sterling silver fitted sets—ideal for gifts—are priced up to $25.



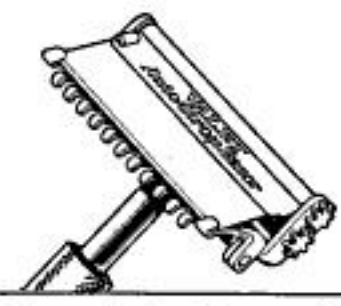
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To Stay Young

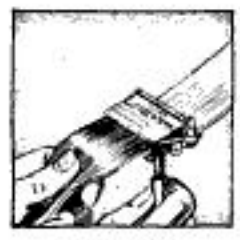
—the World's Fastest Shave

This is Why

Leading dermatologists tell us three men in four look years older than they are, because of improper methods of shaving. A dull razor is the chief offender. By pulling at the beard, it exercises the hair roots. Roughness and eruptions result. The lines of premature age closely follow. A quick shave is essential to protect the skin. And the only way to get one is with a super-keen blade. Ordinary sharpness won't do. (Note text at left.)



Where the time goes:



Stropping, 10 seconds



Right side of face, 32 seconds



Left side of face, 36 seconds

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AutoStrop Safety Razor Co.
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Enclosed is one dollar ($1.00), for which send me one of the Model C Valet AutoStrop Razor sets complete.

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A sure guide where even experts fail

In buying a raincoat you must remember this simple truth:

Few experts can tell a really waterproof coat from a clever makeshift before it's been through a drenching rain.

That's why you can't rely upon "feel," appearance, texture. That's why a small label with the name "Raynster" on it is the thing hundreds of thousands of men have learned to look for and to depend on as an unfailing guarantee of real raincoat quality.

Raynsters are made and backed by the oldest and largest rubber organization in the world. Everything that money and skill can provide is used to give you real protection.

There are many different Raynster models, from rugged rubber-surface types to smart tweeds and cashmeres with the rubber hidden inside. Special types for boys, too. Whether you want a raincoat for work, motoring, or business, there's a Raynster built especially for you.

Look for the name Raynster! If your dealer hasn't just the type you want, he can get it in no time from our nearest branch.

United States Rubber Company

NEW YORK

Raynsters

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A COMPLETE LINE OF RAINCOATS—*A type for every need*

(Continued from Page 69)

bewildered her; she felt as if she breathed into her lungs air weighted with stealthiness. She was oppressed by the atmosphere of the house. It was not home. The rooms seemed not the same; the sun declined to pour through the windows with its old ardent brightness. It was almost as if the house had become damp and musty. The odor of some unpleasant secret was in her nostrils. She was not herself; knew she was behaving unlike herself.

The only persons who are unduly cautious of their associates are those who feel their social position is assailable. Yvonne never gave a thought to her place in the little world of St. Croix. She was Yvonne de Marsay, granddaughter of André de Marsay. To be what she was was second nature to her, and she possessed the affability that enables queens to hobnob with jockeys without losing caste. She knew every man and woman in St. Croix by their first names, and was as much at home chatting with Pop Peake or Colonel Tip, or riding on the seat with Peddy, the stage driver, as she would be in the most aristocratic company the locality afforded. It was not that sort of thing at all which caused her to behave as she did. The truth of the matter is she was lonesome and frightened.

"If your business is with my grandfather," she asked, "why do you call on me?"

Thorne turned that over in his mind; Yvonne could see him doing it. He looked at it front and back and bottom and top and did not reply until he had quite finished with it.

"Because," he said gravely, "I was curious about you."

Yvonne was not offended, but chose to pretend to be so. A much less acute person than herself could see with half an eye that Thorne intended no impertinence, but had uttered with surprising simplicity the actual truth.

"If your curiosity is satisfied," she said, "I must ask you to excuse me."

She was uncomfortable under his eyes; as for Thorne, he seemed not at all nonplused by her abrupt dismissal—only a trifle more grave and self-possessed. Irritation against him commenced to gather within her as she waited for him to take his leave.

"I do not believe," he said after an instant, "that Andrée de Chausson would have turned away, as you are doing, a stranger who came to offer his friendship."

She could not believe her ears. The name of Andrée de Chausson, her patron saint, her sublime heroine of romance, on the lips of this young man whom she had never before seen or heard of! The story of Gaston de Marsay and the Lady Andrée was one never alluded to outside the family. It was sacred, appertaining to the De Marsays alone, not to be defiled by the vulgar tongue. Yvonne was astonished. She was curious.

"What do you know of Andrée de Chausson?" she demanded imperiously.

"She was a beautiful lady," he said. "A sweet and gracious lady. I am sorry she did not marry your ancestor."

"And why, if you please?"

"Because," he said, "if there is anything in heredity, something of her courtesy and kindliness and graciousness must have been given to her descendants."

Now it almost passes belief, but this blunt rebuke did not anger Yvonne. She was surprised at it herself when she came to review the conversation. Somehow it did not seem to be spoken as a rebuke, nor unkindly. It was as if he spoke honestly the thing in his mind—and regretfully. There was something impersonal about it. He offered it as a fact worthy of mentioning.

"Did my grandfather tell you that story?" she asked.

"No," he said; and then: "My coming was a mistake. I am sorry to have annoyed you."

She stamped her foot. That was the true Yvonne, impulsive, natural, not weighted with trivial inhibitions. Thorne had surprised her into naturalness. He exasperated her, lifting her curiosity to fever heat, and then to go calmly away! She was about to demand an explanation when he spoke again.

"May I ask," he said, "if you found everything as you expected when you came home?"

"I found nothing as I expected," she said.

She spoke before she thought, and regretted it. What right had he to ask such a question?

Thorne nodded as if she confirmed his belief. "Have you seen your grandfather?" he asked.

"Have I seen my grandfather? What do you mean?"

"Exactly that. Have you seen him?"

"No," she said, and again he nodded to himself.

"I am living at the hotel," he said. "I find it very pleasant." He bowed and moved toward the door, where he paused to utter a final apology. "I am sorry to have intruded," he said.

Yvonne did not want him to go. She wanted to ask him questions—what he meant by his questions. Never had she encountered so exasperating a man, a man so efficient to stir one's curiosity, and so unsatisfactory to satisfy it. But she did not call him back. She let him go. A moment later she heard the door close after him.

She walked to the archway leading into the hall, and there came face to face with the Chinese house man. Suddenly she was suspicious.

"Ken," she said, "were you listening?"

He smiled ingratiatingly. "No, missee No look. No listen. All time mind him business like hell. Go ketchum tea?"

"No tea, Ken."

"Cabbage Face listen, mebby. No spikum Englis'. You want somet'ing?"

"Nothing."

"Um. You wantum somet'ing, you speak it to Ken."

Again he smiled his gentle ingratiating smile and slapped down the hallway in his heel-less slippers.

Yvonne stood peering after him. Had he been listening? It appeared so. Why had he been listening? Was it merely the curiosity of a servant, or had he been set to watch and listen?

She mounted the stairs to her room and closed the door. Then she did a thing which she had not intended to do, and which surprised her and agitated her when she found she had accomplished it. She locked her door.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



View on Appian Way, Chimney Rock, North Carolina

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OCEAN MAGIC

(Continued from Page 11)

at hand, beyond a vast curtain of canvas which was the forecourse, a sound as of a cow in labor flung back in answer to the rest the warning that the ship Combermere was on the starboard tack.

The light grew stronger as the sun gained power, and the ship took on fresh colors. Where had been a vile, black, disheveled monstrosity of harbor rubbish and coal dust, there emerged a fair fabric of steel, wood and canvas that glittered and shone under the cleansing touch of the sparkling sea. Decks became white, paint lost its grime; white was white, and black no more than black. And the fog dispersed, the soft breeze gained strength, the sun was warm and balmy. Towhead was scarcely conscious of the change, except that as the ship moved more freely through the curling seas, and the uncouth noises gradually ceased, his own personal discomforts seemed to melt away.

At seven bells, forenoon watch, Towhead went along to try to outfit himself from the slop chest, if the ship carried one. The two ordinary seamen in the watch would have made him forecastle Peggy—made him fetch and carry for the rest, because of his greenness—but Spud Murphy said no.

"Is ut an A.B. ye'd have wait on ye?" he demanded.

"That a Hay Bee?" the ordinary seamen wanted to know, derisively. "If 'e's a Hay Bee, then we O. S.'s is hadmirals! Let 'im bring along the grub. I'm goin' to see the Old Man about it," was the final word of one of them.

"Ye'll see Spud Murphy about it, me lad. Whin I tell ye to carry along the kids, carry 'em ye will. Towhead himself is seein' the Oult Man. Aft wid ye, Towhead, and spake to these half rations av men when ye come for'ard."

Towhead gained two enemies in the establishment of his status. What he gained or lost in interviewing the captain about clothes was less easily estimated at the time. The utter ignorance he displayed in going straight down to the saloon, looking about until he saw the captain's cabin, and proceeding there direct as if to a clothing shop at home, marked him to the flabbergasted steward as a very green greenhorn indeed.

But if a busy, stupefied steward, startled out of his work of laying the saloon table, was unable to prevent his laying hands on the handle of the captain's door, a sore-headed, just-awakened chief mate was more alert.

A powerful hand gripped Towhead's arm and swung him around, a voice never dulcet, but full of feeling now, rasped in his ear: "Out o' this! Stand by at eight bells, and I'll teach you to bust into the——"

The captain's door suddenly opened, and Captain Wandless, fat, squat, loose-featured and unhealthy-looking, interrupted in a voice that fitted him:

"Mr. Jones, I can do all the hollering here. Get about your duty. I expect smart reliefs in my ship. What d'ye want, my lad?"

The mate turned away, silently cursing; Towhead seized upon the peg of a kindly word. He gabbled over every happening and mishap from the water-barrel incident to the moment the skipper's door had opened.

"Yes, yes," the captain put in testily, "but what d'ye want?"

What Spud Murphy forgot in coaching Towhead, other kindly disposed sailors had supplied.

"Please, mister, I want a waterproof coat and pants and a hat and injy-rubber boots and overalls and matches and 'bacca and a bed and a blanket and six bottles of beer," Towhead rattled off.

The skipper's slack mouth sagged and his puffy eyes glared; then something like a smile creased the flabby face.

"You're a real farmer, no mistake," he said slowly.

"Yes, mister, born on a farm," said Towhead innocently.

"Then it's true about the way you came aboard?"

"Course it is! What'd I tell ye a lie for?"

"I don't think you would, sonny." Captain Wandless regarded his queer seaman curiously for a moment, then told him: "I can't put ye back ashore, so you'll forget you ever saw a farm, and try to be a sailor. The things you want you can get from the steward at two bells, and you tell the man who sent you aft for bottles o' beer to lay along here and see me."

When his interview was reported in the forecastle the seaman who had mentioned beer started to howl with rough merriment, only to choke it off and stare doubtfully at the green messenger.

"Did y' tell th' Old Man I sent y'?" he demanded.

"Why, no; I didn't know whether that mattered, 'cos I meant to stand treat," replied Towhead. "You can tell him yourself when you go aft, can't you?"

Even Spud Murphy glanced suspiciously at the amazingly verdant farmer. He decided that, whether the greenness was real or assumed, Towhead had established one very useful fact: There was little love lost between the Old Man and the new Bluenose mate, and that might prove a handy bit of information.

"Well, me boy," said Spud, "'tis little matter about the beer, and ye'll forget it whin ye go aft again for y'r dunnage. Ye need bed and blanket, and oilskins and dungarees, and boots and socks, but divil a ship I ever see had beds f'r sailormen. If ye forgot y'r donkey's brekfust, ye slep' on the boords av yer bunk, and thot's what ye'll do here, I'm thinkin'."

Later in the afternoon the two ordinary seamen in the watch remained awake out of sheer discontent, waiting for Towhead to come forward with his purchases so that they could go while the captain was on deck and lay their complaint about the respective ratings of themselves and the green Towhead. Their subdued grumbling kept Murphy awake, and after he had promised them a head apiece if they didn't let him sleep he got out of his bunk to make good his promise, and was stopped by the sight that met his astonished gaze over the shoulders of his intended victims.

On the top step of the weather-poop ladder stood Towhead laden like a commissariat mule with a varied assortment of clothing and blankets. On the poop, scarcely topping Towhead's greater height even though he stood one step higher, the skipper held him in intent conversation. So interested was the skipper that his unwholesome fat face seemed positively alight; so intent was Towhead that even his broad back seemed glad. His burden he knew not the existence of, to all appearances.

"Mither!" gasped Spud. "Will ye see thot?"

"Been mykin' hisself solid wiv the Old Man, 'e 'as! Wyte till 'e gits for'ad. Bli'me!" decided the more outspoken ordinary seaman ferociously.

Towhead was jubilant on his return.

"Wanted to know all about the farm, he did," he confided to Spud Murphy.

The threatened accounting to the pair of disgruntled ordinary seamen was postponed in face of Spud's interest.

They turned to their own affairs, waiting their time, muttering under their breath.

Nothing disturbed Towhead's new-found tranquillity. He had found a friend at court; a man who called him no hard names for his ignorance of sea matters, but who questioned him about calves and cows, hay and oats, and hung on his answers as if nothing else in the world mattered.

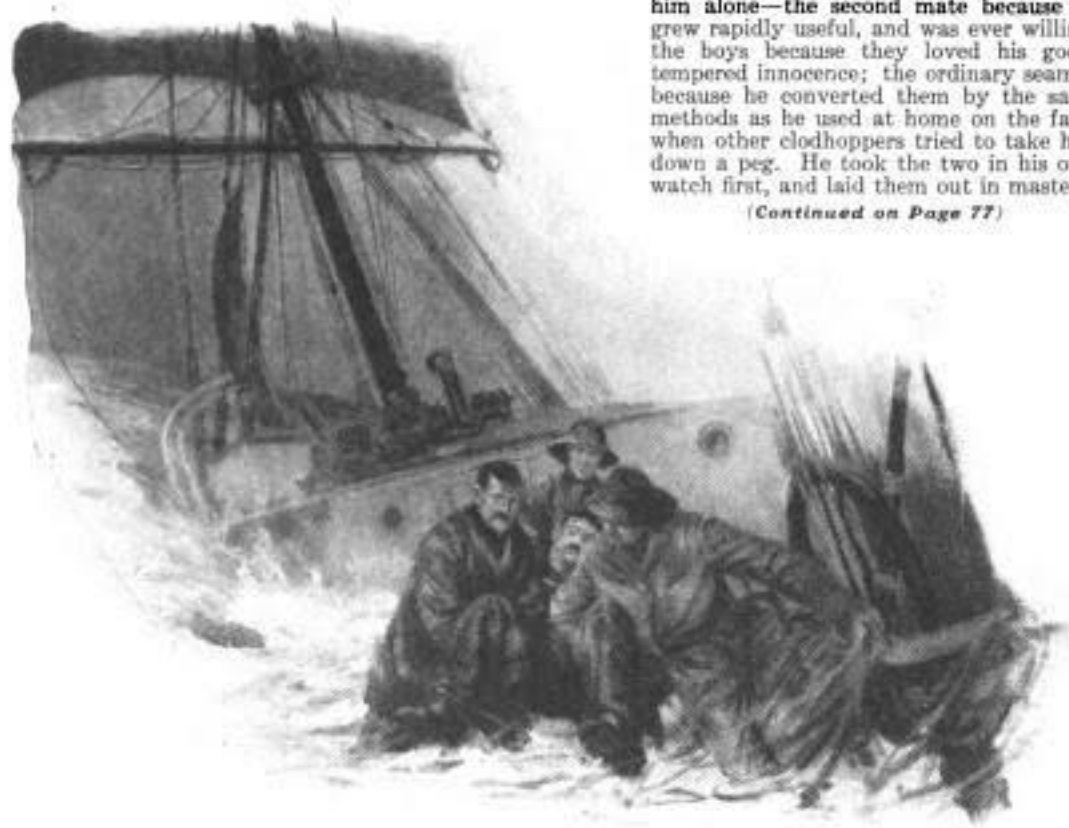
IV

IN THE mate's watch Towhead was thrown in the way of the mate very often, but he picked up the rudiments of his work quickly enough to keep him out of trouble. He was the butt of many a sea joke, as all greenhorns must be. The apprentices of the half deck fell upon him with glee for a new specimen. They sent him to the hyena-hearted German carpenter for a whip to spin the foretop with. He reached the forecastle two leaps ahead of a frothing madman armed with an adz. They waited a while and sent him to the mate for the garters for the catharpin legs, and earned for him a watch below of slushing down the main royal mast and topgallant mast. With all these experiences he went, as directed, to ask the captain himself for the feed for the donkey, which was a perilous errand in view of the fact that the owners of the Combermere had installed a donkey engine in the ship, thereby earning the privilege of dispensing with two able seamen, but had never been known to provide fuel for the boiler.

His tormentors waited in vain for his crestfallen return. Snug in the lee of the chart house Captain Wandless and his green sailorman discoursed animatedly about concerns far removed from salt water and donkey engines. So things progressed, until at last the ship's company began to realize that their butt was no goat; that Towhead was solid with the unhealthy-looking skipper through sheer ability to talk intelligently about that Mecca of many a shipmaster, the farm.

Even though the mate never relinquished hope of one day squaring accounts for that little incident in the saloon, the rest left him alone—the second mate because he grew rapidly useful, and was ever willing; the boys because they loved his good-tempered innocence; the ordinary seamen because he converted them by the same methods as he used at home on the farm when other clodhoppers tried to take him down a peg. He took the two in his own watch first, and laid them out in masterly

(Continued on Page 77)



Towhead Helped, and His Rustic Soul Groped in Darkness at the First Stark Tragedy it Had Known

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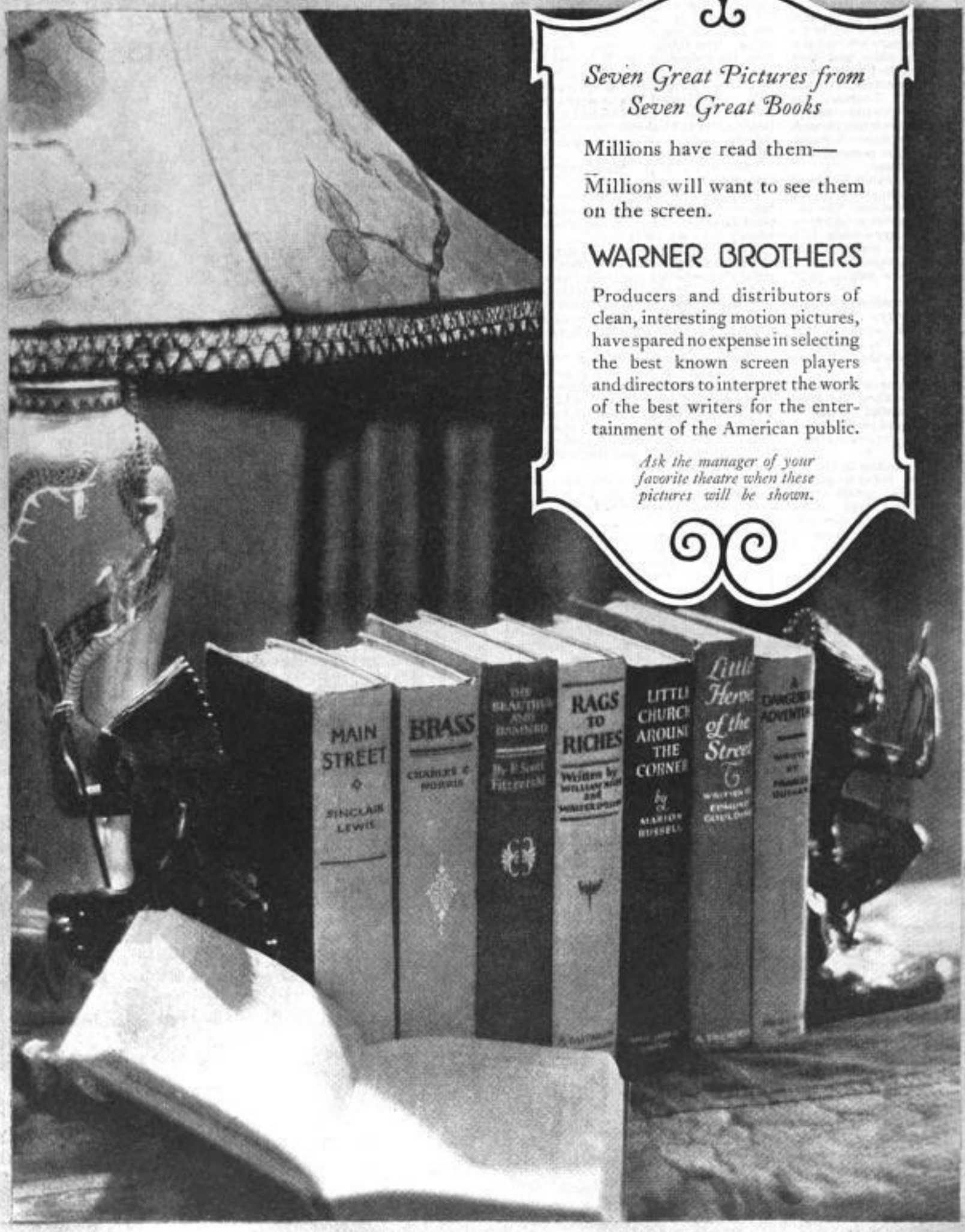
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(Continued from Page 75)

style by wrastlin' 'em, as he termed it. Then he sought out the pair in the starboard watch, at Murphy's suggestion, and asked them politely whether he were an able seaman or not. They had seen his methods. They agreed that he was.

"Me son, ye've paid yer footin'," Spud told him then. "Now take the advice av an ould fool, an' kape clear av the Ould Man. 'Tisn't hilthy f'r a felly as gits to be the Blue-Eyed Boy aboord a win'bag."

Towhead didn't understand that. He said so, but let it go as simply another whimsy of the good-humored fanciful Irishman. It didn't prevent him taking the occasional bunch of raisins from the cabin at the hands of the skipper himself; nor did it prevent Spud sharing them, swearing horribly, yet munching them with relish.

Twenty days to the Line. The Combermere showed every promise of a smart passage. She carried a breeze clear through the Doldrums from Northeast Trade to Southeast Trade. Towhead knew nothing of the weary, heart-breaking pulley-hauling of weeks of calms and faint airs, when scorching decks defied bare feet and braces were never long enough belayed for the coils to settle down. He was supremely lucky in that.

But continued good fortune worked upon the officers in different ways. Captain Wandless emerged as a capable seaman in the prospect of a good passage. He lost much of his unhealthy color. He joked with his astonished mates.

The young second mate condescended to smoke a pipe in the half deck with the apprentices. The mate felt his feet and sought an outlet for his enthusiasm. He fastened on Towhead.

"Get a tar pot and ride down the royal stays fr'm fore to mizzen, and look out if y' drop any on deck!"

That was a tall order for the lad, who, though he had laboriously learned the trick of getting aloft to handle sail in company of his mates, and had known what climbing an apple tree meant on the farm, had yet to acquire that monkeylike tenacity and agility needed to slide successfully down a small rope, perilously slanting and at dizzy height, tarring the stay with one hand as he descended.

"'Tis wor-rkin' ye up, old son, that's what he is," Murphy told him.

The sailor told him other things, out of the vastness of his own sea knowledge, tending to make his job as easy as possible, but the job required more than a first lesson. Before the fore royal stay was finished the sails from royal to forecourse, from foretopmast staysail to flying jib, were copiously bespattered with tar drops. The mate wore a smile as brilliant as that of a shark at sight of a fat sailor hanging to an unreeving rope by two fingers at the lee yardarm.

"'Tis a dom shame!" muttered Spud during the second dogwatch. Both watches except helmsman and lookout and Towhead forgathered on the hatch for yarns and melody. Towhead swung in a bowline tied in a fore-royal buntline, wearily rubbing at tar spots on the sail with a wad of slushy waste; wearily, hopelessly, rebelliously.

"Th' Bluenose cowson!" growled Spud.

"Give us a song, Spud," roared the gang. A concertina yawped out the clanging opening of A-Roving. "Give us I'll Go No More A-Rovin'."

"T' hill wid ye!" responded Spud, gazing gloomily at Towhead, swinging aloft in the gathering darkness.

"Give us Abel Brown, th' Sailor."

"Lave me be, or it's a head I'll be puttin' an ye!"

Spud moved away from the hatch, his cutty pipe erupting sparks, his eyes glowing with unwonted anger. The concertina yowled and squealed; a more willing songster struck up a salty stave as ancient and as evergreen as the sea itself:

"There once was a man, he was boasting on the quay,
'Oh, I have a ship and a gallant ship is she;
Of all the ships there be she is far the best for me,
And she's sailing in the Lowlands low.'
Lowlands, Lowlands, she's sailing in the Lowlands low."

Up to Towhead, swinging in dire discomfort aloft, pealed the sorrowful adventures of the little cabin boy who, for love of the captain's daughter, and her father's promise of her hand, boldly swam the seas with an auger and sank the Spanish pirate, only to be scorned by the father on his return, and cruelly refused admission back into his ship, so that he drowned, and the quaint sweet tunefulness of the music could not ward off the shiver from his impressionable soul when the doleful last verse went up:

"Oh, we took him up and on the deck he died,
We lifted him so tenderly and sewed him in a hide;
The skipper said a prayer for him and dropped him in the tide,
And he's sailing in the Lowlands low.
Lowlands, Lowlands, he's sailing in the Lowlands low."

"If 'twas the Bluenose mate, now, I'd believe ye!" said Spud Murphy, passing by the singer and standing against the fore rigging. He peered aft, then aloft; while a fresh minstrel howled blusterously to the wintry breezes to "clear away th' mornin' dew, an' blow, my bully boys, blow!"

Spud swarmed aloft like a swift shadow and brought down the numbed and half-stupid Towhead, heaving the slushpot overboard from the royal yard. The splash could be heard even above the roar of the chorus.

"Aloft there!" The mate's voice hailed harshly.

"Kape yer trap shut!" Spud warned Towhead, and hurried him down.

"Aloft there!"

No response. The music stopped.

"For'ard there! Lay aft the watch!"

Grumbling in their throats the port watch trooped to the break of the poop and stood peering up sullenly at the mate.

"What was that went overboard?" he demanded. No one answered. The only man who really knew was Spud, and he was in no mood for confessions.

"Why didn't that Towhead son of a sow answer my hail? Where is he? He's come down and you're hiding him. Shove him along 'fore I come down and boot him out."

"Aw, go t' hell, y' Bluenose stiff!"

"Who said that?" snarled the mate, gripping the handrails but not coming down a step.

Somebody laughed.

Somebody growled in retort: "The man thot struck O'Hara!"

Grinding teeth could be heard in the blackness at the ladder head.

The mate chattered: "I'll find that man in daylight, and he'll smell hell! Get for'ard, mutinous swine!"

The men trooped back to their sing-song and the song that drowned the concertina's best efforts a moment later was the song specifically composed for the maddening of bad-tempered mates:

"Oh, 'e wos a bleedin' 'ard case;
'E used to skoff sailors fer dinner;
'E come from a 'ell ov a place,
A wicked, bad-tempered ole sinner!"

With the haunting refrain, at the end of every one of the forty-odd verses:

"Ho, 'e wos a sinful ole man."

▼

OFF Martin Vas the fine weather broke up. The mate had never discovered the rebel. When a screaming squall left the ship denuded of all light sails—flying jib, gaff-topsail and royals—and the watch were standing by topgallant halyards as night fell black and threatening, there was no time to waste on personal quarrels. The mate dropped everything except his seamanship. That was real. It was splendid. It was needed; for with the onslaught of hard weather squarely in his teeth the skipper's brighter moods fled with the prospect of a fast passage.

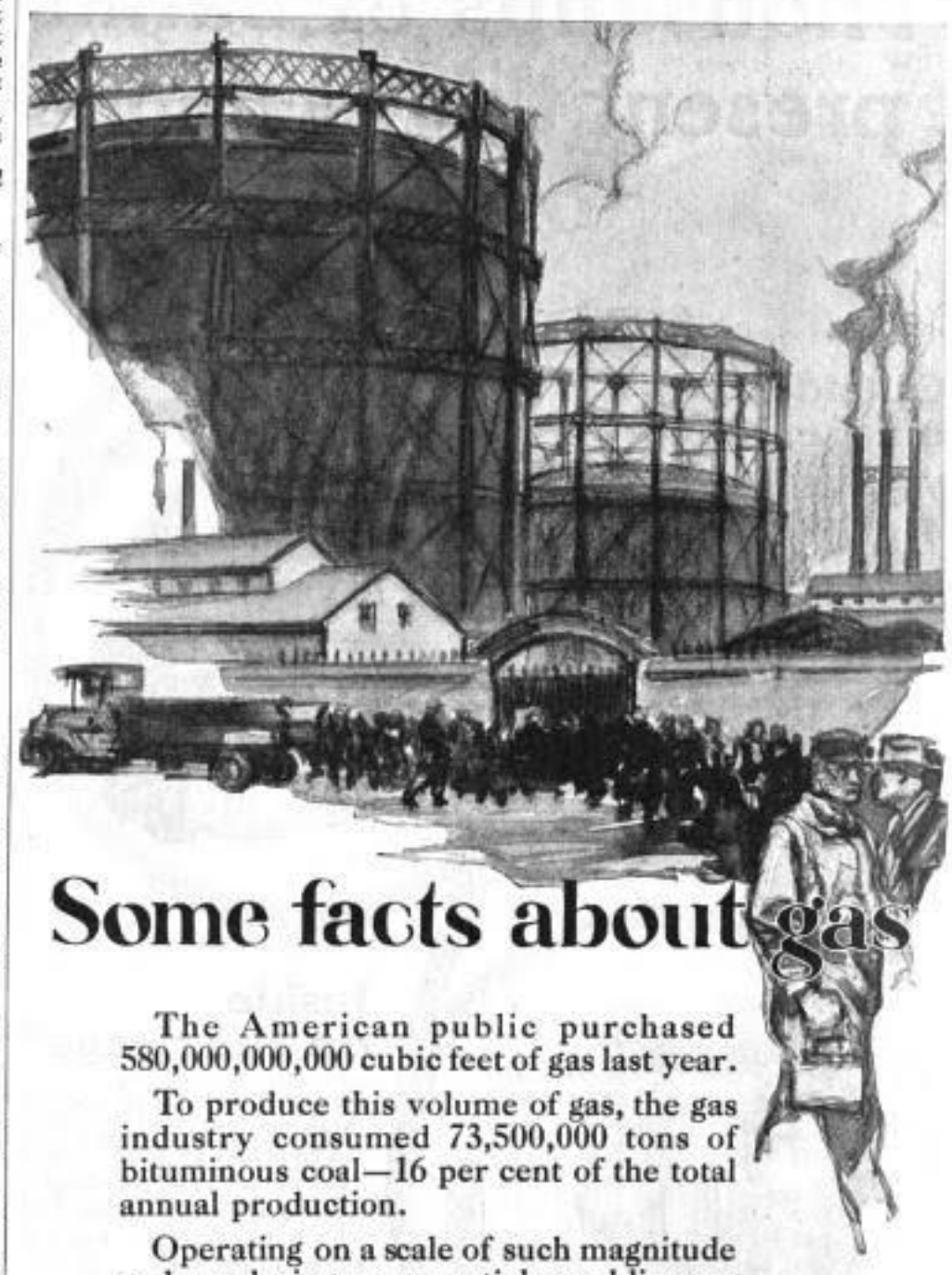
The order came at midnight to take the topgallants off her while both watches were on deck. Towhead was bewildered. Everything was invisible except the hissing sea crests that lopped over the rail in mighty masses of irresistible venom. Then the wind abruptly ceased, while the cursing seamen fought with the kicking demons of the mainsail, being hauled up to furl.

"Hold on all wi' the mains'l!" bellowed the mate, surprised into believing the gale over.

In the sudden lull the big ship wallowed heavily, her dragging cargo settled into a leaden pack, making her roll with sickening heaves. Then the rain fell. The drops fell slowly, dully, like lumps of warm fat—whop, whop, whop!

The skipper emerged on deck, clad in his pajamas.

"What's the matter?" he bleated. "Wind's dropped, hasn't it? Better set ——"



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There was a keen seaman's sense underlying the veneer of his outer man. He sniffed at the air, raised his fat face to the warm rain, and leaped into life.

"Haul up the fores'l!" he roared. "Get the three upper topsails off her. Make fast the mains'l, and reef the fores'l and set it again! Jump, for the love of Moses!"

The mate turned to stare at him, his mouth open to bark insubordinate protest. Captain Wandless waddled to the wheel, shoved the helmsman away with a curt command to get along and lend a hand, and cursed the mate with an unsuspected bitterness that forced obedience. That almost invisible figure, visible only in the faint glow of a slush-fed binnacle lamp, in its flapping, already saturated pajamas, might look queer, but the voice that came from it sounded like the voice of a man.

And before the thrashing clews of the forecourse were snug at the quarter blocks the terrific impact of a black squall had vindicated the skipper's judgment.

Four hours later the dog-weary watches turned up the gear, and the ship charged along before the gale under three lower topsails, reefed foresail and foretopmast staysail. Then the soaked skipper relinquished the wheel with a short queer laugh. The sailor who took it was Spud Murphy, and a better helmsman never ate salt horse. But he needed a lee helmsman before he could bring and keep the heavily rolling ship to her course.

Every roll brought untold tons of brine crashing over the bulwarks. The overtaxed scupper ports groaned and clanged. Two on the starboard side in the waist had long ago lost their covers. The sheep pen on the main hatch went away to leeward on the first impact of the storm, taking one sheep and leaving the other to bleat dolorously until rescued and imprisoned by the cook.

"Tell the steward to give the men a tot o' rum, Mr. Jones," said the skipper as he turned to go below. "And tell the Doctor to kill that sheep. I bought the beasts for the cabin, not for the sharks. If I had picked a sailorman for a mate I'd not have lost the other. See that yer boats are made fast better than that sheep pen was."

It was a cruelly unjust sneer. No man could have prevented that sheep pen's destruction. The mate had to find a scapegoat. He passed the word to the steward, saw that unwilling minister ladling out strong rum with the help of the cook, then darted forward between seas and lit upon the German carpenter with all the weight of a vitriolic tongue.

"It's a wooden-headed squarehead y' are!" he yelled, shaking his fist in Chips' scowling astonished face. "What are ye good for anyhow? Did ye fasten them gripes o' the sheep pen with iron links or links o' German sossidge?"

Chips was on his feet, swaying to the terrific lurches of the ship. His hang-browed eyes glared redly, froth hung at his chattering lips, but no sound escaped from his mouth except a bestial snarl of fury. The mate stepped back, staring uneasily at the brute he had aroused, but long force of habit prevented him quite backing down before any man but the skipper. He leaned forward with a scowl as black as Chips'.

"Don't you froth at me that way! Get along to the boat skids and see to the fasts. I won't stand for no calldown from the Old Man on account of no squarehead wood spoiler."

He dodged aft between seas without waiting for Chips' retort. As soon as the mate had left, the boatswain reached the little cabin he shared with Chips, bearing the jealously guarded tin pannikin holding Chips' rum and his own. To his hearty "'Ere's luck, Chippy," Chips growled a mouthful of Hamburger profanity, and the chuckling boatswain turned in and fell asleep to the muttered chorus of more of the same sort in which he dimly heard the name of the Bluenose mate frequently mistranslated.

Chips saw to the boats as soon as he had swallowed the last drop of rum.

On the poop the mate staggered to and from the ladder, keeping an anxious eye to the steering, watching the ship with sailorly care. He grinned happily when a dollop of sea reared out of the black night, leaned over the tall bulwarks, and dropped upon Chips as he clambered off the gallows with his maul after securing the boats. The Teutonic blasphemy that gurgled up through the seething water in the scuppers was balm of Gilead to his harassed soul.

Another of Mr. Jones' pet aversions suffered from the same sea, completing his triumph. Inside the galley a cursing cook struggled with a sturdy sheep. The bricks of the floor were slimy with spilled grease afloat on salt water. The sheep would be a nuisance until dead; the Doctor was bent on killing it before he returned to his neglected bunk. And the Doctor had fallen heir to a goodly jorum of rum by reason of his own shaking hand in dealing out the tots to the men. It was a good old sea doctor's trick; the cook was full of spirit as he wrestled with the sheep, knife in hand.

But the sea that swamped Chips burst the fastenings of the galley door. Mr. Jones' elation arose from the sight, clearly to be seen in the bright beam of light from the galley lamp, of the cook, the sheep and the carpenter, all struggling together in the waist-deep water; the men cursing each other and choking each other off while the sheep bleated his own opinion of things.

"Get up, there!" roared the mate. "Get a move on and make fast the galley door!"

The cook, spluttering alcoholically, rushed the sheep back inside, and Chips battened and wedged tight the door, cursing the mate tearfully.

There remained the other door for cook's use, since the ship was running before the wind and there was no lee or weather side. The mate hung to the canvas dodger, chuckling with elation. Another sweeping sea roared up under the stern, lifted itself along the full length of the ship from poop to forecastle, and crashed aboard as Chips slammed his own door shut.

The spray itself had force enough to rob the mate of breath. He recovered it in time to see yet another snowy crest upreared, and to realize that the laboring ship had got out of the helmsman's hand for the moment.

"Keep her away! Bear away, y' bloody sodger!" he bellowed furiously, shaking a fist at the wheel. "Off with her! D'ye want to roll her over?"

"Thry her yerself!" roared Spud Murphy in exasperation.

The mate plunged towards him, seized the spokes, and told him: "Get t' hell out o' here and send me a sailor! Go on, get!"

The ordinary seaman at the lee side of the wheel grinned. It was the deadly affront to a sailor. Murphy was sent from the wheel—Murphy, the forecastle cock; Murphy who had first protected Towhead and prevented real seamen taking him down to his proper level.

Spud glared hard at the mate, leaning forward until his face showed pale and excited in the light of the binnacle. Then he passed forward without a word, scarcely noticing the breaking sea about to thunder aboard. He heard the sibilant hiss of the cresting foam, and instinctively leaped into the main rigging. The next instant the decks groaned under the smashing cataract; the poop ladder went over the side like a chip; the gallows stanchions bent, but stood; the port lifeboat collapsed and hung in two bundles of useless staves from the davit tackles.

As if he had never left the deck Captain Wandless appeared.

"Call all hands!" he shouted. "I'll heave her to."

They got the foresail off her somehow, then the fore and mizzen topsails. It took them hours, and the seas swept the laden ship while they sweat. Spud Murphy labored as a good sailorman must, forgetting his grievance; he toiled alongside the mate, the man who had humiliated him before an ordinary seaman. When the mate cursed him impartially with the rest he accepted it as his due, fighting the fury of the storm there in the weltering waist of the staggering, brine-streaming ship.

Chips labored and cursed with them. On the poop the grotesque figure of the skipper might be seen at moments when a lightning flash ripped the womb of a forbidding cloud. He strove alongside the ordinary seaman, keeping the helm, watching his hard-pressed ship. Then the main lower topsail braces were belayed, he watched for a long smooth between seas, and hove down his helm, shouting the warning: "Hang on, all, for your lives!"

At the unbroken galley door the mate caught Chips by the arm, and shoved Spud Murphy towards the main fife rail for safety. Spud shoved back lustily. Chips swore. But all staggered for a hold on some rope which would give them security when the ship was swept, as she must be when

(Continued on Page 81)

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The Caliph's gift was inscribed, "From the Emperor of the East to the Emperor of the West." On the dial were twelve doors. The hour was struck by the opening doors, which released metal balls to fall on a brazen gong. At noon twelve horsemen rode forth and shut all the doors.

The Value of Time

By Krónos

Painting by HAROLD DeLAY

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King of the Franks and Roman Emperor, the mighty Charlemagne was ever mindful of the value of Time. For his empire was vast, his government personal; he must needs make moments count. Education, brushed aside in his youthful fighting days, became his burning ambition. While he ate he listened to history. While he dressed he gave audience to pleas for justice. Wakeful nights found him struggling to learn to write.

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Haroun-al-Raschid, Caliph of Bagdad, read the secret of Charlemagne's power and paid it subtle tribute—a wondrous water-clock inlaid with gold.

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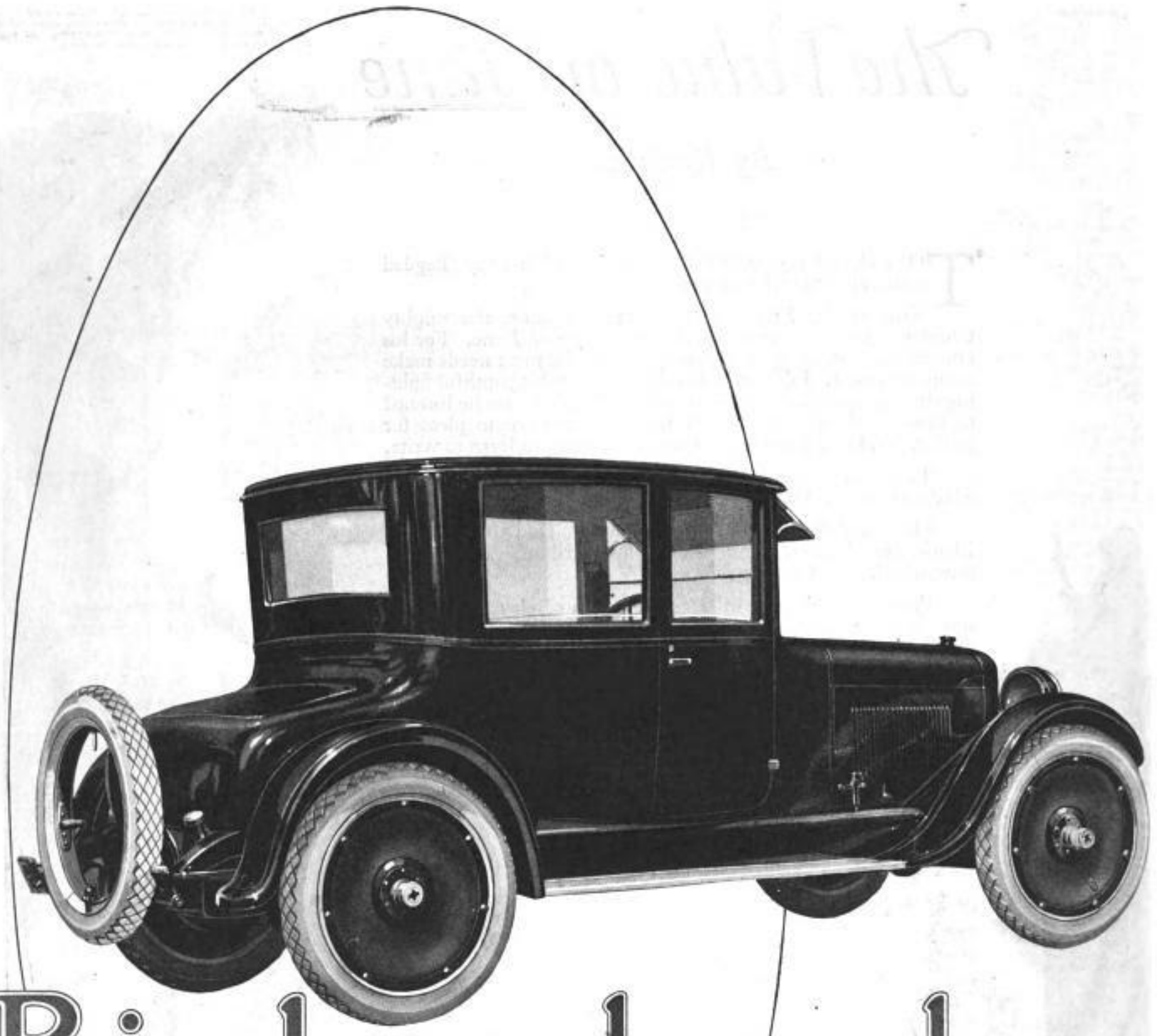
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(Continued from Page 78)

coming up to the sea. Then the galley door opened; the cook lurched out with drunken recklessness, lugging a bucket full of sheep entrails, leaving a stream of cooling blood on the wet decks. He bore his sticking knife between his teeth, and in the flash of lightning that came an instant before the great sea rolled down he looked a horrid picture of bestial savagery.

"Hold on, all, for your lives!" roared the skipper. Then the ship rolled over, over, over, until her lee rail was dipped a fathom deep. Her lofty spars stooped to the sea crests. Her braced-up yards speared the sea. Down she went, until her decks were as steep as the walls of water that drove her down. The galley burst from its chain gripes and crashed through the bulwarks. A battered, half-drowned mass of men fought up out of the chaos of tangled ropes and galley wreck, and glared aft with gasps of interrupted breath.

Captain Wandless stood at the wheel like a fat flabby god of destiny, watching his ship slowly come up head to wind to the touch of the helm. And she lay secure, hove-to, and the men waited to hear the word which should send one watch below.

They waited, until a howl from the cook brought an oath from the nearest sailorman. Then they found the mate, a red heap in the waterways, with the cook's knife sticking upright in his breast.

"Deader'n mutton, sir," reported the second mate to the skipper.

"Deader'n a Bluenose herrin'!" roared the boatswain, laughing queerly.

VI

A ROARING sea dropped over the rail with a crash, and the men stooping to lift the dead man were scattered. The cook with his bucket of tripes capsized in the waterways; Chips followed and became mixed up with the mess. In ghoulish jest the backlash of the water picked up the corpse and hurled it limply against Chips as he rose, cursing and choking, and there it clung, like a ghastly lover, about the German's neck.

"Take him off! Take him away!" screamed Chips.

He fought the dead thing furiously until it dropped from him, then he ran, stumbling, falling, getting up and running on, until he slammed fast the door of his little berth behind him.

Captain Wandless stood at the poop rail waiting for the sea to clear from the streaming decks.

"Carry Mr. Jones to the chart room!" he ordered. He seemed to speak in his ordinary tones, yet his voice carried clear above the uproar of the laboring ship.

Towhead helped, and his rustic soul groped in darkness at the first stark tragedy it had known. He had killed pigs, and had carried the corpses. He stooped to pick up the dead mate as he might have done with a fat porker. But there was some queer difference between a swine and this dead man. He only realized that he had hated this man more than he had ever hated a swine, without realizing much else. It needed the spur of the captain's words to prick his sensibilities to the point of understanding.

"Muster all hands on the poop," said Wandless. "This is no accident, Mr. Adams; it's murder!"

Murder! The word passed around in awed echoes. Men dumbly carried the body up the remaining poop ladder and laid it down on the chart-room settee. Nobody seemed to catch the full significance of the fact that murder had been done. Not a man of all the drenched and battered watch had wits enough to gather that where murder was done a murderer must of necessity be. Towhead stood with his hands hanging, apelike; he had lowered his end of the burden, and had no further impulse to move from the spot. Captain Wandless stood outside, watching the chaotic sea, waiting for the crew to muster. He looked less like a shipmaster than ever; his flabbiness was accentuated through the sheer pallor of his skin; at any other time he might have seemed ridiculous, with his saturated night clothes stuck about him like a wrinkled skin, revealing all the grotesqueries of paunch and bowed legs.

The men came up, one by one, as each found a chance to dodge the incoming seas.

"All here?" the skipper asked. He had to roar. The gale aroused every voice of the ship's fabric.

"All but Chips, sir," Mr. Adams shouted. "Where is he? Bring him ——"

"Here he is!" bawled Murphy, shoving the slouching figure of the carpenter forward from the ladder.

"Men," cried the captain, "murder has been done. I want the murderer!"

"'Ere's one as can't ha' done it. I was at lee wheel!" shouted the ordinary seaman who had been there when Murphy was sent away. Now, the ship hove-to, he was capable of standing the trick alone. Somehow, even above the terrific racket of humming shrouds and crashing seas, his voice sounded jubilant.

"That'll do!" the skipper roared commandingly.

"But I knows a couple as had it in f'r Mr. Jones, sir!"

The helmsman was determined to be heard. Captain Wandless raised his hand, but in the darkening shadow of the chart house he could not be distinctly seen from the wheel.

The ordinary seaman yelled, "'E sent Spud Murphy fr'm the wheel, sir! I heard Spud swearin' somethink 'orrible. An' Towhead said plenty times wot 'e'd like to do wiv the mate, sir!"

Towhead stood stricken speechless with horror. Spud Murphy quivered with sudden fury and faced aft.

"Arh!" he snarled. "D'ye mean to say I done thot? Ye bleedin' sculpin! Let me ——"

Men stood between him and his sly accuser. The second mate pressed forward.

"That's him, cap'n," bellowed the drunken cook. He leaned forward, blearing into Spud's suffused face. "'Twas him busted into me when I lost me knife in the scuppers, and ——"

"Sure, dot's so!" blared Chips, grinning fiendishly. "All togedder we was. In der scuppers. Dot's right."

"Lemme get me hands ——"

Spud plunged at the circle of men like a maddened bull. Men fell from him like foam from the ship's bows; but the stolid figure of the captain was immovable; the second mate stepped in, and the two officers collared him.

"I heard him threaten Mr. Jones, sir, but thought it was just talk," said Mr. Adams, with reluctance.

"Put him in irons!" snapped the skipper. "I'll question him when the weather moderates."

Towhead pushed through the crowd and faced the captain.

"Spud never done that, mister!" he yelled angrily. "I tell yer he couldn't do it!"

"Did you, my son?" returned the skipper.

"You knows well enough I didn't!" howled Towhead, dancing.

"Then go forward. I shall discover the truth in good time. Go forward. You won't help Murphy this way."

Towhead went away muttering. He avoided the men when they gathered together to discuss the murder. He stood shivering in the deluging seas and never knowing that he shivered, until the helmsman was relieved. Then he stepped out from the shadow of the fore fife rail and met him.

Men who were on watch were snugged away in corners and lees, dodging the bitter wind and stinging spray until such times as they might be needed. Men off watch had scurried into their damp bunks. Nobody saw Towhead meet the ordinary seaman coming from the wheel. Nobody heard the soft thud-thud of battle above the bellowing of the storm. Only one man saw them creep into the forecastle—the ordinary seaman's crony, the other ordinary seaman of the watch. Towhead went to his bunk, careless of the dripping blood from a well-booted nose. He rolled into his wet blankets muttering, and slept as if his mutterings were the result of pleasant memories rather than otherwise. At the fore end of the forecastle the ordinary seaman who had turned in sat up as his mate stumbled past, and gripped him by the arm.

"Wot in 'ell y' been buttin' against?" he whispered hoarsely. "Lummee! Y're all chawed up like y' been dragged over the bloody windlass!"

"That bleedin' Towhead done it," retorted the battered one sulkily.

"Wot wiv? 'Is 'ands?"

"Yus. Anyfink more y' want to know, nosy?"

"Bli'me, no! Wot ——"

"Ho, I thought you'd like to arsk Towhead y'self, p'r'aps."

The bruised warrior fumbled for a grimy handkerchief and sopped blood from a



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mouth that grinned horribly. None of his features appeared to be in their rightful places. His nose would never again look like a nose. His two eyes were set dimly in a single blotch of purple bruise. His oilskins hung from him in tatters. As he stumbled about, trying to see, forced to feel, dripping red drops broadcast as he staggered, his crony stared up at him with admiration fast routing amazement.

"Didn't make such a bad job of it, did he?" he grinned. The low-turned stinking flame of the slush lamp gave a poor light. He raised himself to turn it up, and asked, "Wot was it about, old socks?"

"Wot th' 'ell d'ye think? You heard wot I sung out to the Old Man, didn't yuh? Towhead jumped me for that."

The other young mariner flopped back into his bunk and rolled in a paroxysm of luxurious mirth.

When it had passed he choked out: "Lucky 'e didn't want to 'urt yuh, maty. You knows bloomin' well Spud never done that murder. Nor Towhead never done it neither. Ho, I bet Towhead didn't half wallop yuh!"

"Y' knows so much about it, who done it then?" the smeared one grumbled. He fixed his dimming eye upon his friend darkly.

"Never yuh mind, me lad. Never yuh mind. I knows. And in good time I'll say. For now, let 'em think Spud done it. I got tired o' his bullyin' anyhow; 'sides, Towhead'll have to sing small now his backer's in the bilboes. Keep yer yapper shut, me lad."

"Yuh got a fine idea o' singing small, blast me! Wot'd he do to me or you if he sung real loud then?"

VII

THE weather cleared, the winds blew and the ship rolled on down the great southern ocean. Every day brought a new condition of atmosphere, for the warm seas were astern; the chill and bluster of the Horn ahead. The ocean changed from blue to green, green to gray; the skies held more of smoke and less of azure; clouds that had been fleecy and fine in good weather, and oily and dense in bad, became dense and tufted, steely and solid.

Towhead learned the business of a sailor; Spud Murphy remained in the lazaret, ironed. Chips developed a disposition beside which a scorched wolf's behavior would have seemed peaceful. The boatswain became second mate, and carried himself pompously. Peters and Anderson, the two ordinary seamen in Towhead's watch, began by guying the old carpenter about his savagery; they ended by leaving him severely alone and avoiding all intercourse. The youngsters in the half deck, buoyant and mischievous, played harmless pranks on him out of sheer love of seeing him froth and rave. They left him alone, as much out of fear as by the captain's commands, after he had come within an inch of braining one of them with a flung top maul that splintered the half-deck door as it was slammed shut in his face.

And Captain Wandless appeared to grow obsessed with a determination to quit the sea and go farming. Every hour he could do so without interfering in the working of the ship according to the mates' methods, he spent in deep and deedy conversation with Towhead. Two things seemed certain to eventuate out of the Combermere's voyage, aside from the loss of her chief mate and the possible hanging of her finest seaman: The sea would gain a fine farmer, and the farm a perfectly good shipmaster. Wandless lived and thought in terms of the land instead of the sea. Towhead found himself centering his mind on catheads instead of cattle, on Flemish horses instead of his old beauties of the plow. But he never forgot his friend. Every time he found a chance he prosecuted his attack upon the skipper for the release of Spud Murphy.

"I knows he never done that killing, sir," he said for the hundredth time one dog-watch when the chill in the air was more noticeable than ever, when the seas rolled up, slaty and sullen. Captain Wandless was eagerly acquiring the knowledge necessary to the successful rearing of calves.

"Tell me who did and I may believe you," the skipper returned grimly. "You say it wasn't you, and from what the boatswain tells me, you and Murphy were the only two men ever heard to say you'd like to get even with Mr. Jones. Let Murphy alone. The police will attend to him. What was it you said you gave calves for colic?"

"Ought to have a stove an' some coal, then," Towhead muttered. "Gettin' mighty cold nights now, even wi' a blanket; an' Spud ain't got nawthin'."

"I asked you about colic in calves!" the skipper exploded, red in the face. "Take him one of his own blankets then. Then get to your work, my lad. When I desire information again I'll send for you. You talk too much!"

Jenkins, the oldest apprentice, seized the chance to break the monotony of sea days by sneaking down after Towhead when that thoughtful friend carried Spud Murphy blankets, pipe and tobacco.

"I pinched some onions for him too," he told Towhead in hasty answer to that worthy's half-uttered protest against his company. "Onions'll go fine after a diet of water and hardtack."

Onions did go fine. Spud's face showed how fine as he bit into a pungent, eye-stinging beauty. So did tobacco. So did the thought of warm sleeping induced by sight of the blankets. The corner of the lazaret cleared for a cell was bare and bleak; the only furniture consisted of the iron stanchion to which the irons were chained. It was the first time Towhead had been down there, and he stared unbelievingly. So did the apprentice, appalled.

"Holy mackerel! Have you been kept like this ever since you—ever since the mate was murdered?" the boy stammered. "It's a darned shame, and I'll tell the Old Man ——"

"Ye'll tell him nothing, me lad," Spud said kindly, his eyes still weeping over the onion. "'Twas none o' the Ould Man's fault. He ——"

"He needn't have put yuh in a cold, bare hole like this!" growled Towhead furiously.

"He didn't, me son. 'Twas thot bloody upstart av a boatswain. Whin they made him actin' sicond mate, afther promotin' dacint Misther Adams to mate, 'twas his job to secure me, the bloodthirsty murderer he miscalled me. He secured me, boys. He did thot!"

"And I'll bet he knows more about who killed the mate than you do, Spud!" the apprentice blurted out impulsively. Spud was a prime favorite among the lads of the half deck. Every boy would have gone bail for him to the value of body, brains and soul.

"Maybe, lad, maybe. If he don't, thin it's little he knaws, f'r divil the bit do I knaw av it. Let it rest. 'Twill come out in the ind, will th' thruth."

"It was the Doctor's knife, wasn't it?" Towhead hinted. He would have suggested the skipper himself as a possible culprit rather than believe Spud guilty.

"It was," returned Spud. "An' th' Doctor was drunk. But 'twas all thot crazy grub spoiler c'd do to kill a silly sheep, lave alone stickin' th' steel into the gizzard av a human mon."

Towhead regarded his friend morosely. The boy leaned up against the stanchion, idly fiddling with the chains as if he could conjure them away. One small porthole in the steel side of the storeroom winked at them all like a grimly humorous eye every time the ship leaned to the breeze and dipped the glass deep into the sea. Overhead the deck beams groaned to the side thrust of the mizzenmast; rats squeaked as they scurried back to their dark corners, surprised at the intrusion of free men where only a helpless captive had hitherto opposed their thefts of the pitiful crumbs of his food.

"The skipper's a fat old fool," Jenkins stated at last, dropping the chains helplessly. "I'm going to try my hand at a bit of Sherlock. Why, snow fell last watch! You'll be perished down here. The least the Old Man could do is to clap you into a decent prison. If he don't I'll ask my guv'nor to sue him for cruelty when I get home!"

"Ye're a good lad," laughed Spud shortly. "'Twill do me little good then, I'm thinkin'. Anyway, I'm obliged to ye, and to Towhead f'r all ye've done and all ye would do. Git along wid ye now, afore ye git into trouble on my account. Run, now, the pair av ye. I hear thot slimy stooard by the hatch."

Snow fell the next watch. It fell all night. The seas were a spiteful gray, long-rolling under a sky that held the threat of bitter weather. Weirdly the men sang at clewlines and buntlines, taking in royals and topgallant sails.

"Hay—hay—hay! Oh, ha! Hay—hay—hay! Up with it! Hay—hay!"

(Continued on Page 84)

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Hoyt Hardlead Products for Buildings

(Continued from Page 82)

"That'll do. Belay! Up with you and roll up the sail!"

Then the night shut down in a blinding blizzard, and through a whole watch weary men fought, with frozen perspiration cracking on hands and faces, beating iron-hard canvas into submission on frozen iron yards. And the ship tore through the night, stretching away from the land, the wind in her teeth, the Falklands ahead, the wide ocean to leeward.

In the middle watch Towhead had the wheel. He went aft shivering. And in five minutes after taking the helm he sweat. Five minutes more and his body ached with the terrific labor of holding the careering ship to her course. And gradually he felt the exquisite thrill of mastery come upon him as he saw the compass point stand at the lubber line and knew he was holding her.

Half an hour he steered, lost in the spell of the fight. Mr. Adams kept to the fore end of the poop, peering into the whirling snow, trusting his own eyes and ears before those of the lookout far forward. At the foremast the carpenter's shop had been converted into a temporary galley, in place of the old galley swept away on the night of Mr. Jones' death. Chips did his work, when weather allowed, out on deck under the break of the forecastle head. A ray of light shot through the hooked door; the Doctor was mixing a batch of bread against a possible spell of weather when bread baking would be impossible. The door of the little cabin occupied by Chips and the new boatswain—a seaman promoted in place of the old boatswain promoted to second mate—was on the hook, and the lamp within showed shadows every now and then of somebody still awake.

Presently Towhead was aware of a figure standing behind him, and he shivered involuntarily.

"You're doing well, my lad, very well," the skipper said as quietly as the howling blizzard permitted. "You'll make as fine a helmsman as I've got if you go on as you've started. What did you say was the time duck eggs take to hatch?"

The cook staggered aft to the cabin, bearing a tray of fresh bread. He was wise in the ways of a ship off Cape Horn; he knew that tomorrow might be a day of impassable decks; that a batch of cabin bread in the steward's pantry was worth two in the galley.

The full-throated roar of Mr. Adams reverberated above the howling of the wind: "When you go for'ard, Doctor, tell Chips to turn out his light. Is the old stiff afraid of the dark?"

"Boatswain turned it out twice and the old fool lit it again, sir," the cook roared back.

But he did as he was told. The lighted crack of the hooked door widened, Chips burst out with a yell of rage, and the Doctor fled to his galley and slammed the door to.

When Chips returned to his own berth his door was shut as well, and the offending light was screened if not put out.

"What's all the uproar, Mr. Adams!" the skipper bellowed, stepping a dozen paces forward.

"Chips wants a light to sleep by, sir. I'll take his lamp away tomorrow. Oil's low."

"Don't rile him; he's half mad, I doubt," returned the skipper, and went back beside the wheel to stand by Towhead. For a spell he keenly watched the steering, watched how the big ship plunged, swerved, shook her bows to the brine and came to her course steadily; watched, unseen, Towhead's eloquent face in the faint light of the binnacle lamp, glowing with the flush of exertion, the sting of wind, and the knowledge of his mastery of the fighting helm.

"That's you, son, full-and-bye, full-and-bye, lad. Take the big ones with the bluff of the bow. You're a born helmsman. Watch her now—watch out for that big one. That's the stuff! Say, was it two parts of fertilizer or one you said you used on your soil?"

"Full-and-bye 'tis. Dunno what you mean about fertilizer, sir. What fertilizer? Full-and-bye, sir!"

Towhead's body was the awkward body of a soil-slaved youth; his face was the face of an Argonaut. Captain Wardlaw stared at him for a moment, his own pudgy face pale and pasty; then he glanced over ahead, once astern, and once aloft, before going to his cabin, disgusted with his protégé.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

WHERE THE RIVER SHANNON FLOWS

(Continued from Page 23)

put itself flatly on record regarding this point. Any move in this direction would simply mean another English occupancy. Many good Irishmen all over the world are asking themselves, Is it worth the sacrifice?

The Irish people are fed up on war. They are in the position of a man who slipped off an iceberg and fell into the water. They are beginning to wonder if the old witch doctor made such big medicine after all.

Speaking of this phase of the matter, I quote a man of the south prominent in Sinn Fein councils.

"In times gone by," he said, "when we used to talk about Ireland's future other people smiled and half jokingly told us that if we did secure our liberty we could not govern ourselves, by reason of internal disputations. We resented that broad assertion, and Irishmen still resent it; but we cannot but feel that there is a good deal of truth in that prophecy.

"I do not think for a moment that this is the fault of the great majority of the Irish people. They are sane, progressive and anxious to prove to the world that they are capable of carrying out to the full all that was hoped and dreamed and predicted for a country so rich in history, so old in art and culture and so inspired by the intellectual achievements of her sons. The great question with us now is, Are we going to be permitted to do so, and have we in the personnel of our present leaders any man forceful enough to establish an order that will be permanent, and endowed with the ability to inspire a renewed confidence, hope and trust in the land with so many staunch friends the world over?

"But remember that this is a question we must decide for ourselves. It would be futile to introduce outside agencies to give us either advice or assistance. The question has been put to the Irish people in Ireland. They alone can answer it."

Now, when a pilgrim stranger in England announces his intention of stepping across and looking Ireland over, more likely than not he will find himself the recipient of much sage advice regarding conditions of the country, and especially touching upon and appertaining to his personal safety. All that I am writing of now occurred in the early days of June.

I might say that these warnings are not confined to any one locality. They extend all along the line. In London one is cautioned not to go to Dublin. At Dublin in the clubs and hotels the visitor is enjoined not to travel towards Tipperary, and at Tipperary you are assured that, though everything is quiet around there just then, it wouldn't be advisable to travel south as far as Limerick. On the firing line at Limerick you are told that it was pretty bad a couple of weeks ago; but, with the exception of what is happening every day, things are pretty peaceful. But when you announce your intention of proceeding farther down Cork way eyebrows are lifted and heads are wagged solemnly. Down in Cork you are apprised that there are terrible goings on up in Donegal—and so it goes.

Now, as I before stated, Ireland, if anything, is a country of contradictions; and so far as local conditions are concerned, the unexpected is always happening.

On my arrival in Dublin I chartered a seagoing hack of the genus night owl and had not proceeded more than three blocks from the station on the way to the hotel when the rataplan of rapid firing in the immediate vicinity rudely broke in upon what was otherwise a most peaceful scene.

"Well," said I to myself, "I guess my English friends were right, after all. It's no place for a nervous person or a boy

(Continued on Page 87)



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(Continued from Page 84)

brought up amongst strictly conventional surroundings."

The driver turned quickly to the left, pulled up around the corner and waited.

"What is it?" I queried through the open door. "What's happening now?"

The jehu waved his whip back, but did not deign to answer.

Presently from the street running at right angles appeared two flying, hatless figures in citizen's clothes, and following them at a short interval and doing the double-quick were several soldiers in the uniform of the provisional government. They were firing their service pistols as they ran, and to an innocent bystander it seemed somewhat recklessly. But in a shorter time than it takes to tell it they had disappeared, and the driver whipped up his jaded steed and we resumed our journey.

Naturally enough I was anxious to learn what it was all about, but my charioteer did not vouchsafe any information.

"Faix, Oi don't know pwhat's goin' on at all, at all," he maintained grouchily. "It wouldn't do ye any good if ye did know, would it? It's nothin' at all, so it isn't."

Later I gathered from an evening paper that the free-state patrol had interrupted two thieves while in the act of robbing a store. They were captured and subsequently given long-time sentences. The same thing might have happened in any of our big cities, and for that matter does happen every day; but somehow and simply because one had been so warned about the terrible goings on in Ireland it was apt to engender a feeling of uneasiness.

The Split Over the Treaty

This was my first introduction to the official armies of Ireland.

I had heard so much about the occupation of the Four Courts by the republican troops, under the leadership of Gen. Rory O'Connor, that I determined to make my first visit to that historic old pile, and for that purpose started out on foot immediately after breakfast, passing along Stephen's Green, through Grafton Street, over the O'Connell Bridge and down by King's Inn Quay, until I came to the stately building which housed the Irish Courts of Justice, popularly called the Four Courts.

Now, be it said in this place that this article is in nowise intended as a brief for either side in the differences which are now agitating the Irish people. The writer realizes that the giving of gratuitous advice to settle questions which he or nobody else can as fully understand as the people more nearly interested would be superfluous and unwelcome, my purpose being merely to set down happening, occurrence and opinion as they may have been gleaned from the best available sources of information.

But getting back to the Four Courts: This magnificent specimen of architecture was erected during the time of the Irish independency, and at the then tremendous cost of two hundred thousand pounds. Besides being the seat of the Irish courts, it housed practically all the ancient records regarding titles to lands, wills, data of all kinds connected with vital statistics, as well as historical records and priceless volumes, which had been collected with affectionate care and were jealously guarded as heirlooms of the nation.

Now perhaps I ought to tell you how there came to be two separate and distinct militant bodies in Ireland, which, as might have been supposed, would be working in unison for the general restoration of order.

On December 6, 1921, the treaty with England was signed. The conditions of this document had been thoroughly gone over before the Irish representatives left Dublin for England, and be it said that in most essentials the final treaty was as originally proposed by the Irish deputies. Even the oath of allegiance, although in different wording, carried practically the same meaning. The oath as originally approved by Mr. De Valera and his followers read:

"I . . . do swear to bear true faith and allegiance to the Constitution of Ireland and the Treaty of Association of Ireland with the British Commonwealth of Nations, and to recognize the King of Great Britain as head of the Associated States."

The oath, as coming back from England and embodied in the treaty signed by all the parties thereto, was as follows:

"I . . . do solemnly swear true faith and allegiance to the Constitution of the Irish Free State as by law established, and that I will be faithful to H. M. King George V, his heirs and successors by law in virtue of the common citizenship of Ireland with Great Britain and her adherence to, and membership of, the group of Nations forming the British Commonwealth of Nations."

When the plenipotentiaries returned from England, however, Mr. De Valera sought certain revisions, while extremists like Gen. Rory O'Connor absolutely refused to have anything to do with the treaty and announced their intention of countenancing nothing short of a free and untrammeled Irish republic.

Notwithstanding these differences, the free state, or provisional, government, under the immediate direction of Messrs. Collins and Griffith, commenced functioning. Enlistments of regular troops were made, and although it was understood that this new free-state army was merely temporary to the establishment of a permanent force, enough troops were gathered to make a showing and preserve a certain amount of order in the vicinity of Dublin and other important points. In this formation many of the old republican troops took service, but others held aloof. It was recognized that these latter were the die-hard followers of De Valera, O'Connor, Erskine Childers, Cathal Brugha and other leaders, who wanted a republic or nothing. And down through the south these irregular troops, scattered through the rural districts, established what was practically a law unto themselves. The financing of their operations has never been clearly established, except it is known that whenever certain sections of them felt the need they levied tribute on localities or individuals, and it may be that much of the money was subscribed by republican sympathizers and utilized in their upkeep. In making one of these levies the republicans invariably gave an order for the value of the goods so taken, payable when Ireland should become a republic.

But however that may be, some six weeks previous to the time of my visit Gen. Rory O'Connor with his following had swooped down suddenly and taken possession of the Four Courts, which is situated right in the center of the city of Dublin and not over ten blocks from Merrion Square, where the seat of the provisional government had been established. He fortified his stronghold and gave out that he intended to stay for keeps.

Now the strange part of it was that the provisional government made no immediate effort to dislodge him. It is true that O'Connor had what you might call an ace in the hole, because he was in full possession of the courts of justice, besides the archives of the nation, and he knew that the free-staters would proceed gingerly whenever and wherever the safety of these valuable documents was threatened. There was another thing too: Collins and Griffith found themselves on the eve of an election, one in which the acceptance of the free state, as projected in the treaty with England, together with the new constitution, would be weighed in the balance. And they may have judged that even if Collins did eject O'Connor by force of arms the natural Irish sympathy with the under dog would materially aid republican interests.

O'Connor of the Four Courts

Now, as in most other questions in Ireland, I found a wide difference of opinion regarding the O'Connor of the Four Courts and Michael Collins who, with the late and lamented Arthur Griffith, was the central figure in the making of the treaty with England. Among the free-staters, Collins was regarded as a superman, endowed by Nature with gifts far beyond those of the average human being, and fully capable of handling the difficult task of restoring order. Others would tell you that Rory O'Connor was worth a dozen men like Collins. Almost universally, however, it was conceded that Arthur Griffith had the brains, and the untimely death of this forceful man lost to Ireland a patriot whose ability, courage and high purpose were unquestioned and conceded even by the majority of those most opposed to him. The seriousness of the loss of this man can scarcely be estimated.

But Collins was a fighter of the dashing, heroic type. In his character lay a big appeal. To many of the sons of Erin he was an ideal leader. Both these men stood out in big type. One can hardly separate them in the story of Ireland's struggle to rehabilitation.

O'Connor, although somewhat of a visionary, is a man of many-sided activities, with a variegated experience in the game of life. His ability as an engineer served him to good purpose not only in the fortification of the Four Courts, but in establishing uninterrupted communication with the outside. Evidence of this is in the fact that he had no sooner got possession than he set his followers to work digging tunnels which would connect them with the houses of friendly republicans who resided immediately back of the Four Courts. Consequently, until after his fortress was taken, it was a good deal of a mystery how he succeeded in going to and fro at will.

But, as I was saying, it was something of a revelation to have passed through streets that had every evidence of peace and quiet, with the storekeepers taking down their shutters to commence the day's work, and then come bang up against a structure carrying one back to the barricades and intrenchments of the World War.

The massive iron gates, which always stood open to those who wished to visit or transact business, were now closed, and ponderous sandbags were piled one on top of another to the height of a man's head. Supplementing these, and behind them, rude fences of barbed wire had been hastily erected, and the same entanglements prevailed nearly all the way across the courtyard.

But what centered my attention was a youth who could not have been more than fifteen or sixteen years old, and who, with fixed bayonet, was swaggering up and down the stone flagging inside the barriers. There was, of course, nothing particularly noticeable about this, were it not for the fact that the boy wore at a rakish angle on his head the horsehair bagwig of a judge, together with the torn silk gown of one of his majesty's counsel learned in the law, draped carelessly over his shoulders.

Young But Serious Warriors

A street gamin at my side stopped and thrust his head halfway through the barred gate.

"Whin are ye goin' to hould court, gineral?" he shrilled, as I thought, somewhat derisively.

The boy sentry glared back at his tormentor but did not deign to reply. He evidently felt the dignity and importance of his exalted position.

In this connection a good many laughter-provoking stories are bandied about Dublin regarding Rory O'Connor's warriors, of whom the majority are, as report has it, little more than boys. One of them goes on to say that they were reveling in high-sounding military titles until Gen. Rory O'Connor issued an order to the effect that no one must hold rank above a major unless he could write his name.

It's always so in Ireland. Even in the midst of the most tragic situation somebody is sure to feel a tickle of the ribs and at once proceed to manufacture a joke.

But don't forget this: Young or old, or whatever they were, you can't discount the epic heroism of some of these same boys, because, right or wrong, or uncouth or cultured, time and again they gave manifestations of that deathless, reckless bravery that is only begotten of the intoxicating joy of battle or the supreme belief in the righteousness of a cause.

Above me and on every side the windows of the courts were filled with sandbags, spaces being left between these obstructions large enough for a gunner to manipulate a rifle. But with the exception of the masquerading sentry not a living, moving thing was visible. Presently a shock-headed boy appeared at the opening in the window just above my head. He could not have been in years much older than the sentry. Still he looked out upon the busy street with the air of a middle-aged man who was somewhat fed up with the petty activities of a mundane world.

I called up to him, bidding him the time of day, as they say in Ireland, and asking if he did not feel lonesome, but provoked no response. These young warriors at least took the business of war fairly seriously.

A few weeks after this visit the election was held, and contrary to general expectations passed off more peaceably, perhaps, than it would have here at home under like conditions. When the votes were counted it was found that the provisional government and the free-state supporters had

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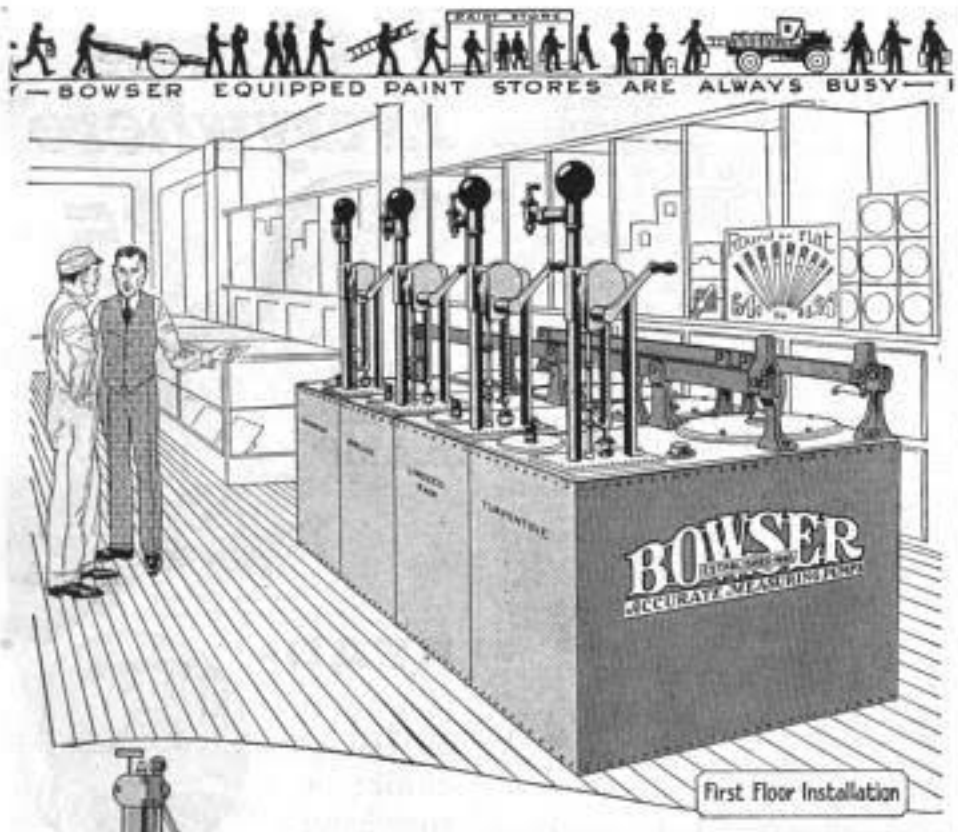
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been sustained by an overwhelming majority. Still, O'Connor continued to retain possession of the Four Courts. People were beginning to wonder what would be the next step that Messrs. Collins, Griffith *et al.* would take, when, on June twenty-sixth, Mr. Churchill, on behalf of the British Government, formally called upon the parties to the treaty in Ireland to fulfill their part of the contract—that they would establish a stable government in this land which had always been such a bone of contention. Mr. Churchill's suggestion almost took the form of an ultimatum, because he made it clear that if they did not do so his government would feel that their obligation to them had ceased and that they would be impelled to carry on in their own way.

To this declaration Mr. Collins and his confreres made answer that they had already made all preparations and were about to take action without delay. Then for a starter, and to be exact, on June 26, 1922, he sent an ultimatum to the effect that unless Gen. Rory O'Connor evacuated the courts forthwith, hostilities would commence.

To this O'Connor sent back a curt message that if the free state wanted him they could come and take him, which, after all, was as good a way to begin a war as the conventional diplomatic exchange of fake amenities.

General Collins took General O'Connor at his word, and then and there another Irish war commenced.

The First Battle of Dublin

In this connection, and under date of June twenty-eighth, the following diary, signed by Father Albert, one of the two priests who stayed in the Four Courts with the republicans, was broadcast through the town. The following is an exact copy:

3:40 A. M. Ultimatum delivered.
4:20. War opened.
5:15. First Irish republican soldier wounded. Daly sent message, "When will you come out with your hands up?" Reply from O'C.: "When you come for me." Daly: "Any chance of negotiations?" Reply O'C.: "When your men retire."
5:40. Second man wounded.
7:40. Third man wounded.
8:40. Young republican soldier said boldly: "We are still going strong. We are being fired on from the tower of St. Michan's Protestant Church, St. Audoen's, High Street, and the Medical Mission, Chancery Lane. It is well to remember that from the same Medical Mission the soldiers of the Irish Republic were fired on in 1916. One of our boys remarked: 'We are fighting the same enemy. They have only a different uniform.'"
12:30 P. M. The fire was so heavy and so deafening that it was almost impossible for the priest who was hearing confessions to carry out his duties. The firing was carried on furiously for 7½ hours. We have been heartened by the girls of Cumann na Mban and nurses and doctors who are here unselfishly giving their services to the wounded.
After the ultimatum was delivered to the Irish republican soldiers the boys all knelt down and recited a decade of the rosary in Irish, placing themselves and their cause under the protection of the Blessed Virgin and all the patriotic martyrs of the Irish Republic.

An Irishman who, as a spectator, was viewing the bombardment of the Four Courts, smiled cynically.

"Do you know what this reminds me of?" he queried.

"No; what?"

"Of a bill a great-uncle of mine got once from a veterinary surgeon who had been treating a valuable horse for him. It read this way: 'To curing your honor's horse until he died, £1.12.6.'"

General O'Connor, however, had taken the precaution of casting anchor to windward before the proceedings really commenced. He kidnaped an important staff officer of the free-state forces and held him hostage while the battle was going on.

I don't suppose history furnishes the record of any assault at arms which had the slightest similitude to the first battle of Dublin. The republicans relied mainly on their sharpshooters, supplemented by a few machine guns, mines and hand grenades, while the free-state troops brought into action four eighteen-pounders and small arms of every description. They had war planes, but for some reason did not use them to any extent at that time. Both sides appeared to be amply supplied with ammunition of all kinds.

Simultaneously with the commencement of the siege of the Four Courts the English Government proffered any aid that the free-staters might require, either in men or munitions. In this move they took the ground that they would have pursued the same course were law and order in any of the overseas British dominions threatened. Collins, on behalf of his government, refused the proffered assistance so far as the help of troops was concerned, asserting that he felt capable of handling the situation alone, but he did accept aid in the matter of munitions, with which he was subsequently supplied.

Of small arms and explosives of all kinds it is certain that the irregular republican forces had an ample store. By many it is thought that the greater portion of these came from sympathizers across the water and were smuggled in in various ways with the aid of friendly ocean carriers. In support of this it might be mentioned that not long before the election two ships were seized by British men-of-war guarding the southern coast, in both of which were found large quantities of war material. To whom this was consigned, however, remains one of the mysteries.

Well, the free-state troops took up a position on the left bank of the Liffey, which is straight across from the Four Courts, and commenced a bombardment, using machine guns, small-arm fire and the eighteen-pounders already mentioned. The battle was conducted with great animation and unceasingly. The attacking forces, with their outposts and reserves, probably numbered from eight hundred to one thousand men. I had it from a republican soldier who had been actively engaged in the Four Courts, but who had made his escape just before the surrender, that at no time did General O'Connor have more than two hundred and fifty men in his command.

Of course, as against this numerical difference in the opposing forces, it must be remembered that the Four Courts were built originally in such a way as to render them almost invulnerable to any ordinary fire; and it must also be said in behalf of the free-state troops that at no time did they manifest a tendency to indulge in unnecessary slaughter. If such had been the desire on either side the list of casualties would unquestionably have been a long one. Furthermore, the free-staters at the outset refrained from using shells or high explosives, being fearful that in doing so they would destroy the records. And I also believe they were actuated by humanitarian sentiments.

And all this time a certain proportion of the citizens of Dublin were reveling in the spectacle. It was with the greatest difficulty that the cordon of guards thrown around the area of war activities could keep them out of the danger zone. There seemed to exist a regular mania for getting as close to the combatants as possible, and this was noticeable in young and old, men and women.

O'Connor's Army Surrenders

All the shops downtown were closed and the banks securely locked, under free-state military guard. But the local newspapers were still printing accounts of the day's doings, and the newsboys were passing up and down and across the streets, crying their papers. The youngsters often went right into the line of fire if they saw a prospective customer, and for the women the proximity to danger seemed to hold a positive fascination. The list of innocent but in many cases too inquisitive bystanders who gave up their lives was a long one, longer in fact than that of those actually engaged.

Finally, however, the free-state troops battered down the historic old walls enough to gain an entrance, and the remnant of O'Connor's army made a last but futile stand, in the end being forced to surrender. One of their last acts was the blowing up of a mine which destroyed the strong room where were deposited the famous and valuable records before mentioned. It has been disputed since as to whether this act of vandalism was intentional or the accidental explosion of a mine. Be that as it may, the contents of the vaults were scattered all over the surrounding streets and country. I saw a torn portion of an old will yellow with the grime of ages which had been found in Phœnix Park, nearly two miles from the scene of the disaster. The provisional government issued a plea to the general public to preserve all papers and documents so found, with the result that many were turned in. But the major portion, of course, was totally destroyed.

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Now, perhaps in a city like Dublin you might think that O'Connor and De Valera would be universally denounced as disturbers and menaces to the restoration of order. But not infrequently one would find an undercurrent of unexpressed thought, indicating that although peace was generally desired there was still a lingering admiration for Rory O'Connor; and that were the defeated general treated what you might call "rough" by his conquerors such action would not meet with general approval.

To the stranger, probably, this might be hard to understand; but a venerable and I might say venerated Irishman, who in the old days had been a tower of strength but had now laid aside his armor, endeavored to find a key to the situation.

"You're perfectly right," he said. "Ireland wants peace at home, but in some quarters they still distrust England. For my own part, I think the British are sincere this time and really gave us more than we could hope for. Still, you can't satisfy some people on that point, and Mr. Churchill's ultimatum to the free-staters, followed by England's offer of aid to help quell the disturbance, was like waving the red flag. Then, too, there was something in O'Connor's dashing defiance that carried a big appeal with it to the Irish imagination. You know," he smiled, "some of us were never very strong for the established order of things, and that's hitting pretty close to home.

"I think that Collins and Griffith are and were doing the best they could under all the circumstances. I know that nine-tenths of our people want to settle down to a lasting peace, but still there are some of them that don't like to feel they are being coerced into doing so. Above all, you must remember that the Irishman has always been susceptible to the spirit of adventure and daring heroism. And don't forget that even up north, that stronghold of everything antagonistic to the south, they accused England of betraying them when the treaty was signed. I know it is hard for outsiders to understand us; there are so many phases of the situation that they cannot fathom. But this campaign of destructiveness is beyond me. It's like a man setting fire to his own home. I grieve to think of how the outside world is likely to judge us."

Immediately after the signing of the treaty England withdrew her garrisons and turned over the various military posts and depots to the provisional government, leaving only a few thousand soldiers in Ireland to protect certain special interests which she had reserved under the compact. During the siege of the Four Courts it seemed strange to notice that not infrequently a little group of these soldiers mingled with the crowd and were interested, if passive, spectators.

No End in Sight

A great many people who are wont to take snap judgment voiced the opinion that with the fall of the Four Courts the rebellion, or civil war, or whatever else you want to call it, would come to an end. But men who knew Ireland better were equally certain that it had only commenced. You see, when Rory O'Connor surrendered, only a few of his followers were taken with him. The major portion of the garrison had disappeared, possibly through these secret passageways with which they had held communication with the outside.

And simultaneously it was discovered that a new enemy had intrenched itself on the various housetops, and that the main portion of them had taken possession of the Gresham and Hamham hotels and other adjacent buildings on the south side of O'Connell Street and almost immediately opposite the Nelson and O'Connell monuments. I could not help thinking of how the gifted liberator had once said in one of his finest and most eloquent bursts of Irish oratory that no political reform was worth the shedding of a single drop of blood.

The stores and banks still remained closed and sniping all over Dublin became promiscuous. To say that one was perfectly safe in any portion of Dublin would be an exaggeration. I recall being awakened about four o'clock one morning with the noise of a fusillade immediately under my window. The combatants, whoever they were, seemed to be shooting at random and regardless of the fact that others were in the vicinity. For half an hour or so I could hear the bullets striking the iron water pipe close to the window and one of the upper panes of glass was shattered. Pretty soon the battle was carried farther down the street. At breakfast that morning in the hotel I heard some of the other guests mention the incident quite casually.

Finally the republican troops were driven out from these latter strongholds, but by the time they left, the buildings occupied by them were almost a complete wreck, and as a climax came the death of Cathal Brugha, who refused to surrender and died a dramatic death as he charged out of the ruin to meet the enemy.

After that, as nearly everybody knows who reads the news columns of the daily papers, the war spread all over the south of Ireland. The republican forces left one place only to take up the fighting in another, and so it has gone from that time until the present date, which is August. Cork, Limerick and Tipperary are in practical ruins. Nine of the fifteen transatlantic cables which connected the Old World with the New have been put out of commission. Local telegraphs have been nearly all destroyed, waterways obstructed and the whole country terrorized. Even in Dublin sniping is still going on, and within the last few days the Amiens Street post office was raided and set on fire just at a time when the free-state officials believed that they had stamped out the last revolutionary sparks in the capital. So it goes. It would be a wise man who could prognosticate when Ireland will be completely pacified and settled down to the business of life.

The Humorous Touch

Sometimes, as I have before stated, through it all one discovers the satiric vein of humor that lies between the Irish character and the surface. One smiles when he recalls the case of Mr. Darrell Figgis, who was, as they say, running for office at the last general elections. Mr. Figgis is the custodian or owner or, let us say, proprietor of red whiskers. They are not the common or garden variety either. They are long, luxuriant, and, I was going to say, Rembrandt red, although I have no sample handy to go by. But, anyway, the first time I saw Mr. Figgis in the lounge of the Shelbourne Hotel the whiskers intrigued me to such an extent that I asked who the owner of them could be.

Well, one night just a few days before the election somebody knocked on the Figgis hall door, and when the maid opened it three brash young men in the uniform of the republic forced an entrance, and after that they took Mr. Figgis; and while two of them held him securely in an armchair the other insurrecto drew forth a long shining pair of scissors, and snip, snip, snip, the loving labor of years was undone and the Figgis lambrequins lay all over the surrounding carpet. When Figgis remonstrated in tragic tones he was informed that the young men were acting under orders from headquarters.

Then there was the case of a lady who had been in the habit of ordering her gowns from London, and so one day sat down and wrote a long letter of instructions to the modiste and inclosed the required amount in cash, and added, of course, that she wanted the confection in a great hurry, and mailed the letter.

She sat down and waited in the happiest frame of mind for a few days until the housemaid came in one morning with a parcel she had found on the doorstep, and when the pie was opened, as they say, she discovered a note and a dress of the hand-me-down variety, vintage 1893.

On opening the note she found a small sum of money and a letter, which latter explained that it was not well for patriotic ladies to send over to England for the creations produced at the capital, and that the powers had taken the liberty to purchase a gown for her closer at home. They also begged leave to inclose the change, which was the difference between the price of an English gown and an Irish one, and in the postscript the writer added that five shillings had been deducted for the cause.

So this is a brief résumé of the military operations in Ireland. It would seem that in the natural course of events the free-staters would get the upper hand and establish a peace that will be lasting. But how soon, and how much damage will be done in the country, both physically and financially, before they succeed in doing so, no man can tell.



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or crook your elbow—or sit down, your underwear stretches like this. Does it stay stretched?

Not if it's Carter's!



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Even the untrained eye catches the uniform finish of Carter detail. Every seam lies flat, and is made rip and tear proof at the ends by special budding. Buttons — women please notice! — are double-stitched on to stay. Every yard of material in Carter's is knitted, then thoroughly washed before it is tailored to fit the figure. No danger of sleeves and legs treacherously creeping up on you after a few washings.

If you have been acutely aware of bulky folds or creases, if you have had to "lap over" excess cloth at ankle to pull on your sock, if your wrist bands have flared and flopped you have never worn Carter's.

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It is not too early now to think about full length underwear of warm, soft material. Its special elastic knitting makes Carter's the ideal underwear for active boys, as well as for men.

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Like most college men he is a discriminating buyer of sweaters. And the sweater that all outdoor men prefer is his choice, also.

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You can tell a Patrick by its warmth—by its perfect and lasting fit—by its long wear. The Green-and-Black Patrick label is your guarantee of pure, virgin wool and lasting satisfaction.

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Duluth - - - Minnesota



Pure Northern Wool

from sheep that thrive in the snow

VINGIE DARLING

(Continued from Page 15)

Sir Charles lit a cigar and said resignedly: "Well, George, you bird of ill omen, would you like to come into my study and get it over? Rupert has the entire archives of the Foreign Office in a medium-sized portfolio."

In oak-and-leather sanctuary Rupert unlocked certain dispatch cases and glanced inquiringly at his chief.

"Go on, my boy," said that great man, closing his eyes and settling deeper in his armchair.

Through many golden minutes the voice of Rupert Frack cut pitilessly, reading documents of state. Lord Fordingbridge slept like a tired child; Sir Charles, gazing out of the window, wondered wistfully if the Lovelace filly had really been heard coughing in her stable. At length the voice of Rupert ceased and Lord Fordingbridge woke instantly.

"Good lad, good lad!" he exclaimed admiringly, and addressed himself to his host.

"Y' see, Charles, Janowicz, the Foreign Minister of Jugo-Czechia, wants a loan of thirty thousand million kronen. It's got to be hushed up because, if the rest of Europe knew, about ten states 'u'd invade Janowicz's country to get hold of the loot. He's coming over by air and I'd like him to go to your cottage in Dorset where nobody'll see him. The money's safe because he's willing to lease us an oil field as security. It's a good oil field. I've had a man go all over it. But we'd rather not lend him quite so much on it—'tisn't safe. He might double the army and start fighting. The thing is to get him down in Dorset with just you and Rupert and me, and settle everything comfortably. I'd like Virginia to be hostess if she will. Does it rather well, I consider. You got my wire about the details. Hope I'm not putting you out."

"It seems a lot of fuss. How much are all these kronen worth—about fourpence?" asked Sir Charles. "All right, George, I'll arrange everything except Vingie. You'd better do that yourself. Rupert, old thing, if you've locked up all your murky past, why not come and help me find her?"

They found her in a deep cane lounge within the shadow of the terrace, a copy of Baudelaire's poems in her lap, a box of chocolates by her side. She looked up at them with the supreme tolerance of a girl for men, and they delivered their message.

Vingie rose delicately to her feet and passed into the house. Lord Fordingbridge received her magnificently, bowing her into a chair. For three minutes he outlined the position.

"I am very poor, m'lud," she announced at last. "You want me to use such looks and such wits as I have for your benefit entirely free of charge. It doesn't seem quite fair."

"My dear Vingie, what can I offer you? You wouldn't take money, and my heart is sixty-five years old!"

"It's dreadful to be offered money; it's worse not to have any. Why not call it my expenses? Clothes are frightfully important on these occasions. Suppose we say a year's credit at my dressmaker's?"

"It sounds very terrible—very terrible indeed," murmured Lord Fordingbridge dismally. "Of course there are ways and means. It needn't come up on the Estimates, or be debated in the House, but still ——"

"The very nicest stockings cost four guineas, and you can see what one gets for the money," she complained.

His lordship glanced critically at two slender ankles. It did indeed seem a pity that they should ever be unsuitably clad.

"Well, well," said he—so little does it take to turn the scale—"and how much would you suggest for this annual credit?"

"Oh, about two thousand pounds. You see, if I'm to have any effect on the negotiations I shall need to dress the part. I'm simply in rags at the moment."

She stood up and smiled, and Lord Fordingbridge held the door for her respectfully.

"If I may say so, you display a positive genius for finance," he observed. "You take a great weight off my aged shoulders."

III

SIR CHARLES' Dorset cottage stands on the slope of a hill declining to the cliff edge. The grounds, some forty acres in extent, are surrounded on the landward side by a high brick wall built when bricks and bricklayers cost relatively nothing. For these reasons it seemed ideal for a secret conference; nothing remained to be done but erect a marquee for the detectives and import a few old servants who had been bred up in the family from boy to man.

In the beginning of twilight Vingie from her rose-embowered casement peeped down to watch the distinguished visitors arrive. Behind her the housekeeper from Wynwood, sixty years old and completely out of touch with modern feminine garments, struggled stonily with the duties of a lady's maid. Sir Charles had proclaimed Mary on diplomatic grounds. A nondescript hired car, driven by a police chauffeur, a detective beside him, drew up, and there descended two gentlemen in frock coats and silk hats, having the appearance of an undertaker and his chief of staff. The taller she took to be Mr. Janowicz. Even the funereal garb could not altogether obscure a certain charm, a breadth of shoulder and narrowness of hip, a faint suggestion of swagger. He had a pale thin face, a little black mustache and ironic eyes. The smaller, Mr. Misch, was doubtless his secretary.

Rupert Frack received them with distant courtesy. The featureless car rolled fitfully away. Vingie turned back to her dressing.

"I have changed my mind, Miss Vokes. Please give me the black frock and my pearls," she said languidly.

She met him first at dinner. Sir Charles displayed his perfect polished self. Lord Fordingbridge wore his invariable dress clothes of eighteenth-century cut with ruffled shirt and lace stock, and Mr. Misch looked like a rather deplorable waiter. But Mr. Janowicz bowed over her hand with a kind of passionate boredom, yet gracefully withal, and his eyes swept her in sardonic admiration.

He observed in French that he was enchanted. They spoke French for the benefit of Mr. Misch, since no foreigner can grasp the Jugo-Czechian tongue, and Mr. Misch knew no English.

On her left at the round dinner table in a bow window, scents of roses and new-mown grass stealing beneath the raised sashes, and the far-off sighing of the sea in the distance, Vingie felt his personality react to hers as a rider feels his horse take hold of the bit. Rupert was saying very correct things in very correct French, Sir Charles and Lord Fordingbridge chatted impersonally, Mr. Misch fawned.

Vingie turned and said in English so that Mr. Misch might not understand: "Do you like my frock, Mr. Janowicz? I chose it specially for you when I saw you get out of the car, because I thought you looked rather difficult."

"I cannot tell. I do not know you. When I know you I shall tell you. We shall know one another very well very soon. It is so, is it not?" he answered. "For three days I stay. In three days we shall live a lifetime. In my heart I feel it. The heart is never wrong."

"It sounds topping!" drawled Vingie.

She stared at him under half-closed lids, giving him insolence for insolence, but he only said, "I do not mean to be rude. One cannot help but know these things."

Vingie, a faint color stealing into her cheeks, heard the voice of Rupert Frack say emphatically, "I do not think we should trust too much to the League of Nations, Mr. Janowicz."

"Personally," retorted Mr. Janowicz, raising his fine eyebrows, "I do not trust anybody. In love, in war, in diplomacy, it is not safe.

"There is always one who interrupts, is there not?" he went on to Vingie. "You who are beautiful have doubtless noticed it. Presently we shall go where no one interrupts. For me there is no one but you in this house. For such as these"—his glance indicated Sir Charles, Rupert, Lord Fordingbridge—"I have provided Misch. There are always such people, and there is always a Misch. It is the elementary justice of Providence."

"Mr. Janowicz," answered Vingie slowly, "I think you have very simple and beautiful ideas. Perhaps after dinner I will show you the rose garden by moonlight. It isn't everybody who would understand or appreciate the rose garden by moonlight, but you're different. Your soul isn't commonplace. As a rule men are deaf and dumb and blind to the finer things of life. Don't you agree?"

"It is exactly what I would have said myself," declared Mr. Janowicz, gazing scornfully at Sir Charles, Rupert, Lord Fordingbridge and Mr. Misch.

When eventually Vingie left the table Mr. Janowicz escorted her to the door with the suppressed splendor of a well-trained equerry. Returning to his place he made no attempt to conceal profound boredom, treating the rest of the party like mud. At the earliest opportunity he sought Vingie's side. She smiled up at him with grace, wisdom and understanding.

"In here we stifle," he said abruptly. "Let us, if you please, seek the rose garden. We shall find it more congenial."

She stood for one moment surveying the scene: Rupert and Mr. Misch deep in diplomatic commonplaces; Sir Charles and Lord Fordingbridge absorbed in a game of piquet. Then, on the arm of Mr. Janowicz, she passed joyfully amid surroundings of roses and romance.

"For a one-time senior major in the Hussars of the Guard mine is a dog's life," he complained. "But since the war all things are changed. There are no Hussars and no Guard. Still, a gentleman is always a gentleman. Our Prime Minister, a worthy blacksmith, realizes his shortcomings. He would be at a loss with our friends indoors. Hence against his will he appoints me Foreign Minister. You see, really I am Count Oscar Janowicz, but we do not talk of that now. As for this quarreling over money, I shall leave it to Misch. He is the sort of person who enjoys it."

"Poor Count Oscar!" murmured Vingie very sweetly.

Her satin-shod feet glided silently across the velvet lawn in a little romantic dream. The tall figure on her left moved with slow and stately stride. On his heels tinkled ghostly spurs, at his side trailed an invisible sword.

"Ah! Not poor Count Oscar tonight!" he exclaimed. "Tonight I am the servant of beauty. There were never such roses as these roses around us, and this moon, which has looked down on a myriad lovers, never shone so brightly, and the infinite sweetness of this garden was never so sweet before. There are moments in life, Virginia—is it not so? If they endured longer than a moment we could not bear them. We should die of ecstasy."

Virginia, standing beneath an arch of pink ramblers, pulled down a spray and laid it against her cheek. Undoubtedly there was magic abroad. Suddenly from a dark mass of trees one crystal note pealed out.

"Hush!" she exclaimed. "Listen!"

The nightingale sang on and on. He may have been sobbing out the bitterness of a broken heart, or voicing that ecstasy more than a moment of which is intolerable. In any case he achieved a desperate result.

Mr. Janowicz stretched out his sword arm, clasped Virginia's hand that still inclosed the spray of pink glory, and brushed lightly with his lips the curve of her bare arm.

"It is beautiful, that music—yes; but you are the most beautiful thing in the world!" he said.

As Virginia crossed the hall on her way to bed Rupert Frack came out of the smoking room, saw her, and frowned. He stood in front of her, barring the path.

"Do you," he inquired, "altogether approve of your behavior with Janowicz this evening?"

She raised to him the accusing eyes of a hurt child and replied gently, "He understands me better in one evening than you've done in a lifetime, Rupert."

"How do you know that?"

"He told me I'm the most beautiful thing in the world, and that's more than you ever did."

"If you think that a sufficient reward for a moonlight flirtation with a stranger ——" snarled Rupert, but she lifted a restraining hand.

"You can't make an omelet without breaking eggs, and you can't be an essential amusement without breaking hearts," she explained, and passed on, trailing clouds of glory.

IV

"YOU are doing well, my child. Continue, for Rupert tells me this man Misch is a positive Pierpont Morgan in

(Continued on Page 93)

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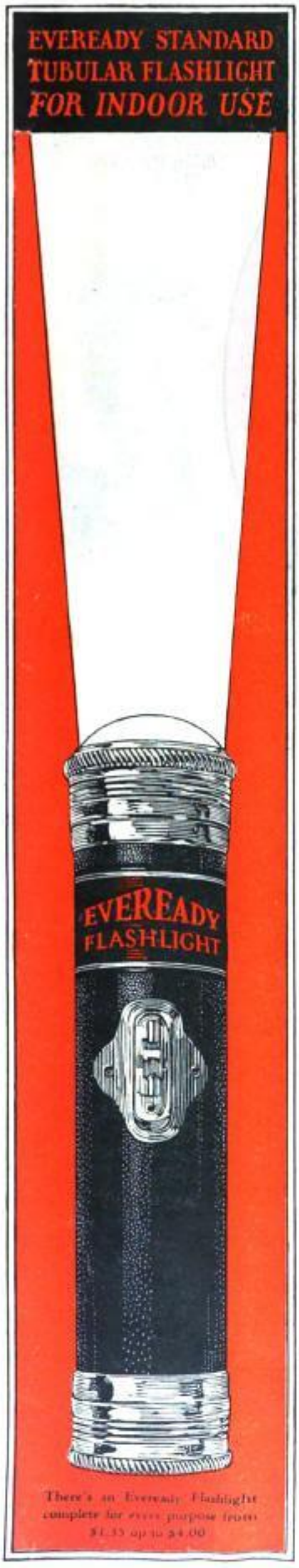
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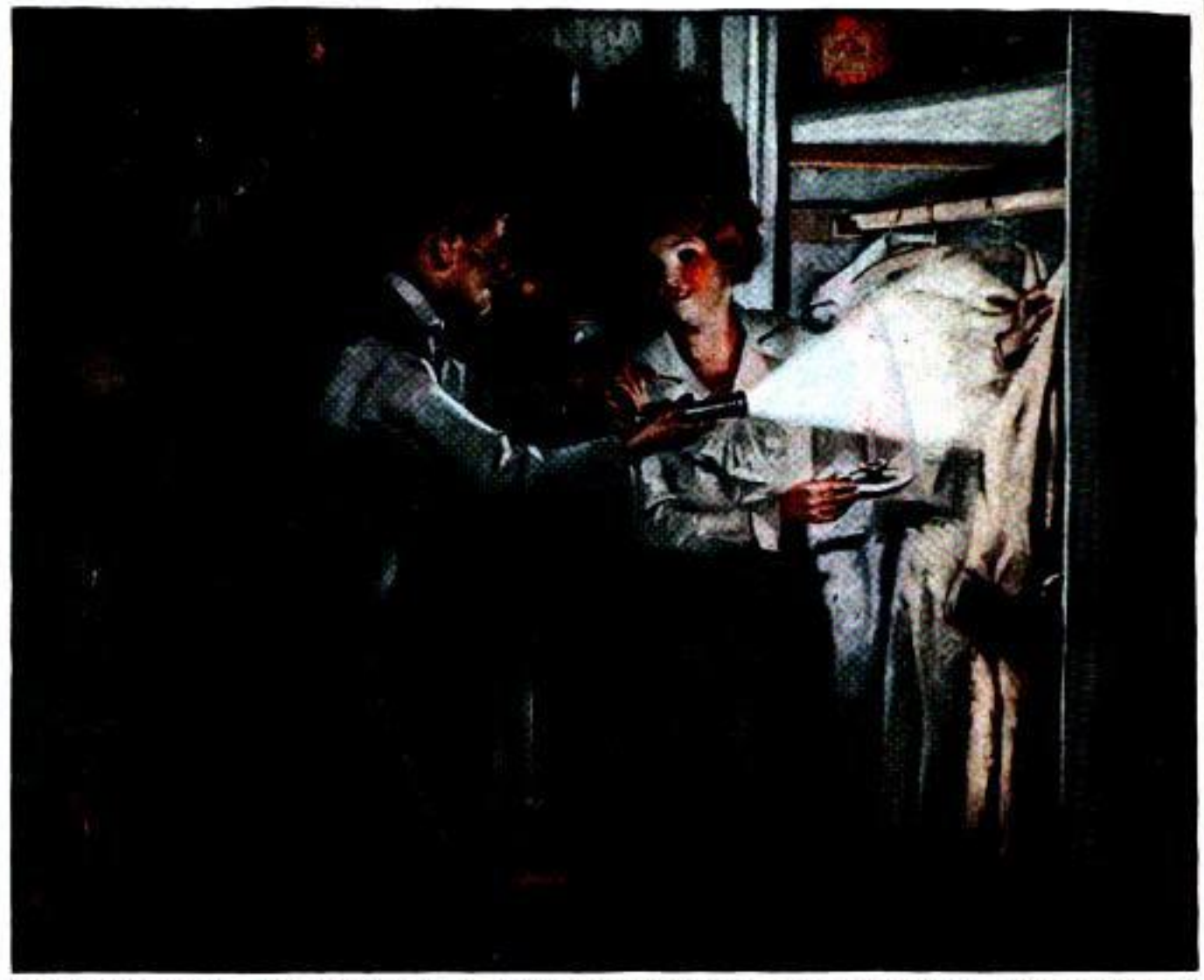
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(Continued from Page 90)

financial matters. Continue, I beg of you," besought Lord Fordingbridge furtively at breakfast.

Vingie smiled. Men are so simple to a pretty girl.

At eleven o'clock Lord Fordingbridge, Sir Charles and Mr. Janowicz stepped forth from the council chamber to find Vingie playing with a fox terrier on the lawn. She stood up, slender and appealing, perfect from head to foot, and Mr. Janowicz came to her as the needle to the magnet.

"It is impossible for the present. Misch and your Mr. Frack are examining the details," he announced.

"There is a little island about three miles off the coast. Would you like to picnic there with me?" she tempted, considering him with eyes neither gray nor green.

He followed her down the cliff path, a servant placed the luncheon basket in a motor boat lying alongside the slipway, and Vingie politely refused a passage to several well-meaning detectives.

"There are lines in the locker. Fish!" she commanded Mr. Janowicz, and steered seaward across the bay she had known from babyhood. He put out two lines and caught one bass and five mackerel. Then he rested and gazed pensively at Vingie, who sat with sleeves rolled up and the tiller under her arm, listening idly to the beat of the engine.

"I love you, Virginia," he said at last.

Her mouth curved into a smile and her eyes met his, perfectly unembarrassed.

"You don't do anything of the kind, Oscar. You mean I'm pretty, and I attract you, and you're rather miserable and I make you happier, and you kissed my arm yesterday and we listened to nightingales in the moonlight, and it all stimulated your emotions. I've had that effect on lots of men and they all said they loved me, but they didn't any more than you do. We shall be great pals these three days and then you'll go home and forget all about it."

"You are not astonished that I love you—not afraid?" he asked in surprise.

"I'm not afraid of anybody, and if you weren't attracted I should be a little disappointed. I expected you to be, up to a point. But people don't love quite so easily. It takes time, and a certain amount of sacrifice. Love and adversity go together. Didn't you know that?"

"But you know so much! How do you know?"

"'Cause I'm a girl and not a man. Get out the boat hook and go for'ard and hook onto that rock when I run alongside. It's the only bit of deep water where we can land."

She wedged the kedge anchor between two bowlders, paid out the painter, and led him over the rocks to a little sandy bay. Manlike he insisted on cleaning the fish and cooking them in the Jugo-Czechian manner. Vingie sat and watched him dreamily. Finally he offered certain charred fragments on a plate.

"There should, of course, be olives and paprika and a touch of garlic, and a squeeze of orange juice and a sauce made with white wine, and this is the wrong kind of fish. But otherwise you have here our great national delicacy," he explained.

Silently Vingie indicated the luncheon basket—chicken and salad, strawberries and cream, hock cup, *petits fours*, cigarettes, coffee.

The golden sunshine blessed them as they sat on the sand in perfect idleness. Across a three-mile strip of blue Mr. Misch and Rupert Frack labored dismally to evolve a formula.

"Oscar," murmured Vingie at last, "you aren't amusing me. Isn't there anything interesting in your country except fried fish?"

His eyes dwelt on her fair face, golden brown beneath the sun. "I was thinking of the days when we shall be married," he answered.

"But we shall never be married, Oscar."

He laughed. "I have told you I love you. What else should we do but marry?"

"You forget," she said, "that I don't want to marry you in the least. I don't want to marry anyone. Why should I?"

"Marriage is the logical end of love."

"I know marriage often does end love, logically or otherwise, Oscar, but I'm not in love with you, so there's no need to end it."

He got up, clicked his heels and bowed ceremoniously.

"I have formally offered you marriage, mademoiselle. You choose to be flippant, and so I am in honor bound to terminate my mission here and return to my own country. This is an affront I have not deserved."

She stretched out a hand and smiled up at him.

"Don't be beastly to me, Oscar. You know I didn't mean to hurt you. Please forgive me and sit down and let's be friends. I wanted you to have such a happy day."

The fretful expression faded from his face. Laughing, he flung himself down on the sand.

"Lay by my side your bunch of purple heather,
The last red asters of an autumn day,
And let us sit and talk of love together
As once in May,"

he quoted. "I will be very good and very devoted, Virginia, and by and by, before I go, I will ask you again."

Late that night Vingie drifted like a wraith into the smoking room, where Sir Charles and Rupert sat drinking whisky and soda. Lord Fordingbridge in a corner bowed his fine head over an obstinate game of patience. Vingie sank wearily into an armchair and passed a hand over her brow.

"I wish I'd never seen your Janowicz man," she announced. "Only Mr. Misch, who insisted on a good-night talk with him, saved me from hysterics. I gave him a rose, which he placed against his heart and fled. I hope Rupert has had extraordinary luck with Mr. Misch. I should like someone to be pleased."

"Misch," retorted Rupert wearily, "is a perfect fool. He insists on a loan of fifty thousand million kronen instead of thirty, and talks a lot of nonsense about a sphere of influence on the Adriatic littoral."

"Did I tell you, Vingy, that the Lovelace filly was unplaced in the 3:30 race yesterday?" inquired Sir Charles with a little sigh. "She was well up while Knave of Hearts made the running, but when he collapsed halfway and Simpson called on her for a final effort she failed to respond. On her previous form she ought to have won in a canter by five lengths at least."

Lord Fordingbridge shuffled his cards together and shook his head.

"I shall never get out Miss Milligan unless I cheat," he complained. "I've tried every night for the last thirty years, but it always goes wrong somewhere."

"Is Janowicz married?" demanded Vingie of Rupert.

"No. Why?"

"From a woman's point of view there are about a hundred thousand reasons why, but it would take all night to tell you them and I'm going to bed. That doesn't make it any the less annoying," she snapped, and departed, leaving chaos in her wake.

Sir Charles yawned politely behind his hand.

"If there were any publicity connected with this affair, now would be the time to issue a statement saying that we were all in perfect accord over everything," he murmured.

▼

IN THE morning after breakfast Vingie gave way to panic.

"If I don't get out of this atmosphere I shall go mad," she murmured, and zigzagged feverishly from tree to tree until, coming to the avenue gates, she passed out and began to walk along the main road. Cheerful rustics at work in the fields, an occasional tradesman's cart passing by soothed her restless nerves. It all seemed so normal.

Barely two hundred yards on her way she found a stationary car, its bonnet uplifted in an attitude of surrender. Upon the running board sat what was obviously a nice man, engaged in filling a pipe. His stocky figure adorned a suit of comfortable old clothes and when he saw Vingie he smiled joyously, thankful for the perfect vision thus early in the day. With the confidence of youth Vingie smiled back and stood still before him in the sunshine.

"Is it anything very bad? Shall I ask one of our chauffeurs to help?" she asked kindly.

The nice man, who had risen from his seat on the running board and lifted his hat in salutation, shook his head.

"I'm afraid my little car has a diplomatic illness, Miss Lauriston," he confessed after a careful glance at Vingie. "You see, I rather hoped you'd come along."

"Why? Do I know you?"

The nice man shook his head again.

"But I'd rather it were you than Mr. Janowicz," he amplified, looking steadfastly at the pipe in his fingers.

"Mr. Janowicz? I don't understand!" said Vingie in a faint voice.

Officially, only four people were aware of Mr. Janowicz's arrival. She sat down on the running board of the deceitful car and propped her chin in her hands. After a second's hesitation the nice man sat down beside her.

"If you'll promise not to tell I'll put all my cards on the table," he coaxed. "I'm George Berriman, foreign editor of the Daily Tale. I'm taking a little holiday in these parts and I thought if I had a breakdown close to your gates someone would come out or go in who might make a story. I knew you by sight, of course, from your pictures. We generally call you the charming young society beauty. I'm rather interested in the Jugo-Czechian situation."

"But people don't know ——"

"You mustn't say 'people.' There are no people, only readers and potential readers," rebuked Mr. Berriman. "Of course I know all about Janowicz. One of my correspondents saw him get into his aëroplane, and another saw him get out, and I could tell you the number of the car that brought him down here. But I'd love a few personal touches. He's an interesting feller. He married a nobody before the war and offended court circles very badly."

"But he isn't married!"

Mr. Berriman smiled pityingly.

"He married Fritzi Pogany, the cabaret dancer, in 1914, when she was only sixteen years old. She's rather good-looking if I may say so."

Vingie sat up and held out a dramatic hand.

"Give me a cigarette," she commanded. "I knew it all the time, but Rupert swore he wasn't. You can always tell. The married ones are so charming and docile and pathetic. And yet he asked me to marry him—carried away by his feelings, I s'pose. This is absolutely confidential, of course."

"Perfectly," agreed Mr. Berriman. "The thing is, what have they decided? We love an exclusive story in the Daily Tale. Mind, I'm not trying to tempt you, because it would be useless as well as unpardonable, but the news must be given to the world somehow. Anything we could do in return—I suppose our ordinary rates wouldn't appeal to you, even the high prices we pay for a scoop, but perhaps you have a pet charity, or a worthy cause which we could assist?"

Vingie turned to Mr. Berriman and smiled at him so adorably that even his iron nerve shook slightly.

"You've helped me a great deal this morning without knowing it," she said. "I feel strong and calm again. I'll do as much for you if I can. Where are you staying?"

"They make me very comfortable down in the village, at the White-Faced Goat. The telephone number is 12. You can rely absolutely on my discretion."

She got up, took a little powder puff and mirror from her wrist bag and powdered her face.

"Good-by. I'll remember," she said and walked back thoughtfully to the house.

She met Rupert pacing the avenue, his face pale, his mouth set. Although she found much in his character to criticize, and considered him unsuitable as a husband, and felt particularly annoyed because he had never offered himself in that capacity, and saw infinite shortcomings in his personality it would be most fascinating to remedy, somehow he aroused her maternal instinct.

"What's the matter, my dear old thing?" she inquired kindly.

Rupert jerked his head passionately.

"A deadlock. The whole business is finished. They won't budge. All our trouble is wasted. Complete failure, and Fordingbridge is furious."

"Why? It's as much his fault as yours."

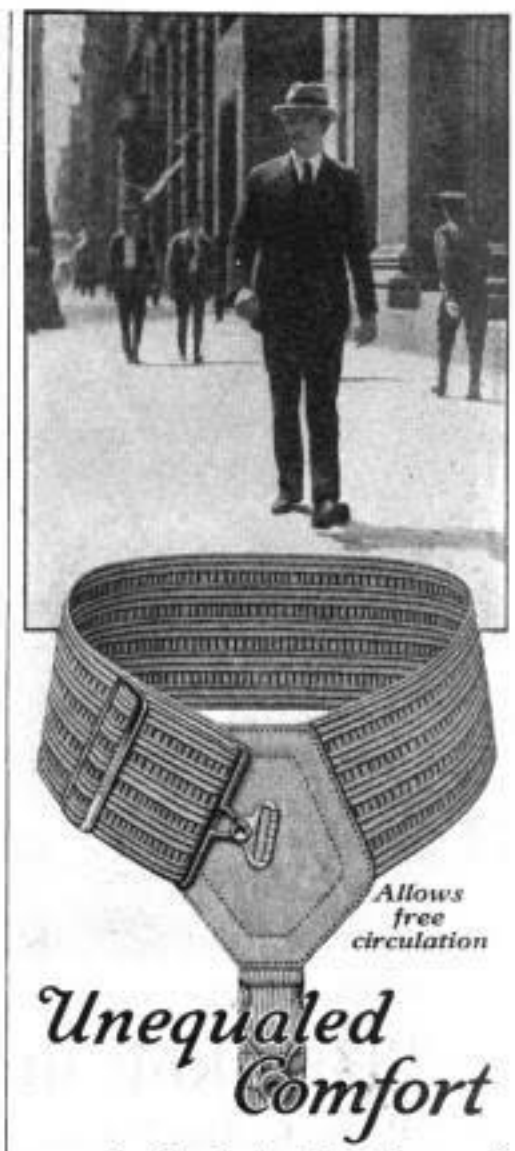
"But he left Misch to me, and I worked out the entire scheme," said Rupert Frack dismally.

"If I saved you, what would you think?" asked Vingie, a benevolent smile softening her young mouth, a warm glow of charity and good will stealing through her veins.

"I should think I was dreaming and expect to wake up with a thud," answered Rupert, bitterly sarcastic.

Vingie turned on him like a wildcat.

"Then I'll do it—not because I care a—a damn what happens to you, but just to show I've got more brains than a great thick-headed, commonplace, unattractive lump like you!" she stormed, and left him limp with amazement.



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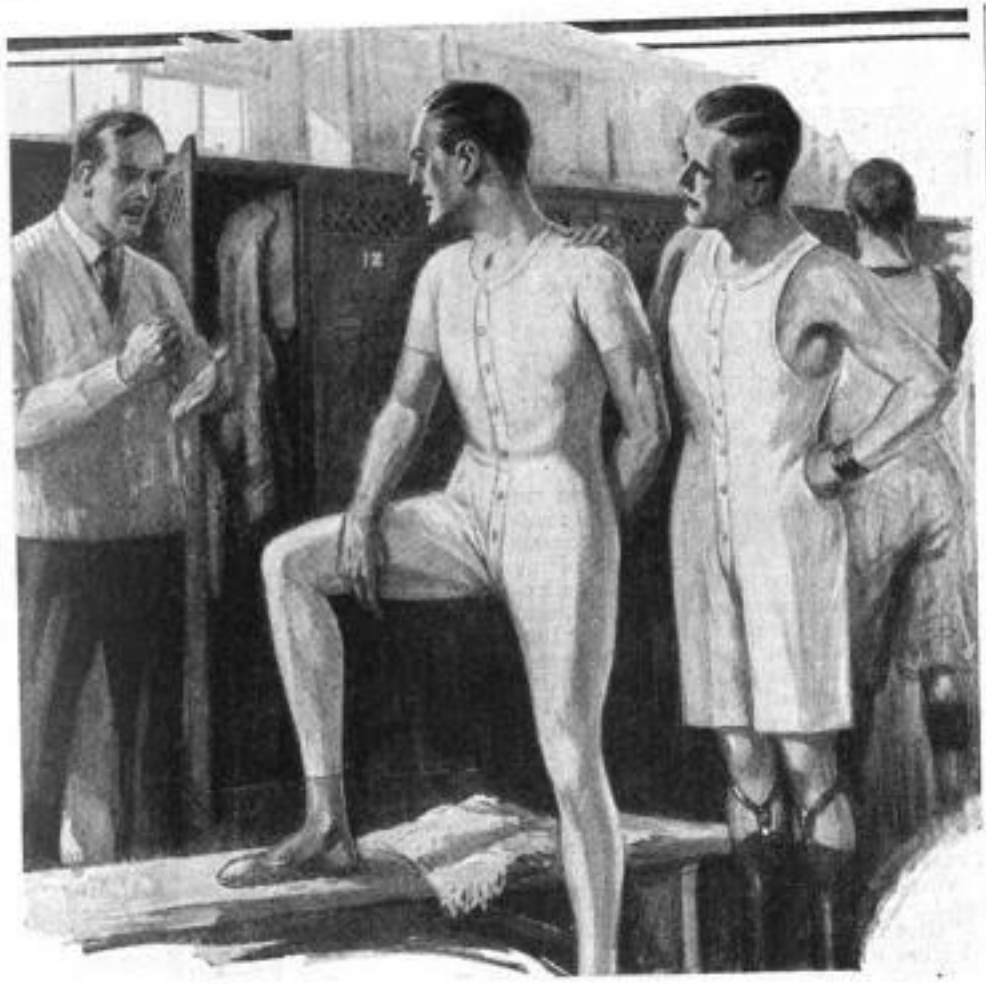
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Oscar sat on the lawn smoking a Russian cigarette, staring gloomily into the distance. He rose and bowed so philosophically.

"A diplomatic tempest rages, but you come as sunshine piercing the clouds," he said. "Virginia, you are more adorable than ever. I cannot begin to describe it. Please sit down and let us talk about your hair, and your eyes, and the curve of your cheek when you laugh."

"I can't stop," she answered, not half so annoyed with him as might be supposed, "but will you please ride with me after lunch? There's something I want to tell you."

VI

IN A GREEN path amid pine woods Vingie reined in her mare, slid from the saddle, and stood, a slight boy-girl figure, in beautiful breeches, long mahogany-tanned boots, linen coat and felt riding hat. She gave the reins to Oscar, seated herself on a fallen tree trunk and flicked a spurred heel thoughtfully with her cutting whip.

He tethered the beasts and stood looking at her; sunlight glinted through the branches and a midsummer hush lay all around.

"Sit down," she commanded. "I want to talk. Do you remember asking me to marry you, Oscar?"

"It is hardly a thing one would forget, Virginia."

"Why did you?"

"Because you are the most beautiful person in the world. I love you, and marriage is the logical end of love."

"You know perfectly well we shall never be married."

"Why not?"

Vingie laid the whip across her knees and looked at him.

"Because you're married already!"

He sat up rigidly beside her and went very pale.

"But how did you know? No one knows!" he exclaimed.

"To Fritzi Pogany, in 1914. She was sixteen, and very pretty. A cabaret dancer, I understand. Oscar, is there any reason why I shouldn't hit you across the face with this?" She bent the cutting whip idly between gloved fingers.

"You don't understand. It was a ridiculous *mésalliance*. I had intended to dissolve this marriage, which was hopeless from the first. No one would have known."

"Oscar," said Vingie icily, "do you realize you're talking to me and not to a scullery maid? Am I likely to want you after Fritzi's finished with you? Am I likely to want you at all? Believe me, I'm not!"

"These diplomatic difficulties are solely on account of you," he explained wearily. "Misch has been haggling on my instructions. I was perfectly content with Lord Fordingbridge's original offer. Tonight I should have asked formally for us to be betrothed, and in honor of that the concession would have been made."

Vingie's mouth quivered at the corners; she began to giggle; finally she went off into peals of laughter. At last she became calm, laid a small, affectionate hand on her companion's shoulder and delivered her judgment.

"Listen, Oscar! You must give way just the same. If you don't I shall be obliged to tell Sir Charles everything, and that will be most unpleasant for you. Remember, we've spent three whole days together, which require some explanation. Officially I've been talking you over to our side."

He drew himself up very haughtily. "I cannot eat my words in that fashion. Even the Foreign Minister of a post-war republic has his feelings."

"Even I have mine if it comes to that, Oscar. Of course we must save your face to an extent. You shall have favorable notices in the papers, and perhaps a decoration. But remember, by dinnertime all this must be settled; and I want you to do it through Mr. Frack. I have a reason for this. Do you promise?"

Mr. Janowicz then behaved in very handsome fashion. He rose, clicked his heels and bowed courteously.

"Miss Lauriston," he said, "although I speak as a soldier, it is no disgrace to surrender to the most beautiful girl in the world."

It was, in effect, as if the Hussars of the Guard went by in column of sections and Major Count Oscar Janowicz at their head gave the command: "Carry—suds! Eyes—right!"

Vingie, also rising, lifted her adorable mouth.

"Rather a darling, aren't you?" she murmured. "You may kiss me just once, if you like, Oscar."

VII

THEY had dined ceremoniously. They had drunk to the success of the negotiations. The Jugo-Czechian mission had retired to pack; Vingie sat alone in the drawing-room. Presently Lord Fordingbridge entered, and closed the door quietly. He moved across to Vingie, sitting in the shadows, and smiled.

"You did very well," he said at last.

"It was all luck. I hope you give Rupert proper credit. He worked very hard."

"Does he—er—represent a great deal?" queried Lord Fordingbridge.

"I don't know. He's very immature. Not for years and years anyhow. He means well. There's the foreign editor of the Daily Tale staying in the village. May he have special facilities? He gave me the key to the whole thing. I half promised —"

"Just as you wish."

"And Oscar has his decoration?"

"I shall advise the Prime Minister."

Vingie nodded. "I'm so tired. Do you mind sending me Rupert?"

She watched his stately departure, deep in thought. She hardly noticed the advent of Rupert Frack.

"Well," she said at last, "I s'pose you hate me. A man always loathes owing success to a girl."

"No, Virginia, I'm very grateful. You were most generous. I apologize for my rudeness this afternoon. I was extremely worried."

He stood awkwardly before her, a little grim, terribly sincere, as if strange emotions began to work subtly in his soul. She reached out a slender hand and touched his.

"All right, old boy. I'm glad you're glad. Lord F.'s very pleased with you. Do ask Charles to come and see me."

She sat in the half light until the door clicked a third time, and Sir Charles sauntered across the room, his spirit ever lilting to hidden and triumphant music. She made room for him on the settee, and stared at him out of perplexed eyes.

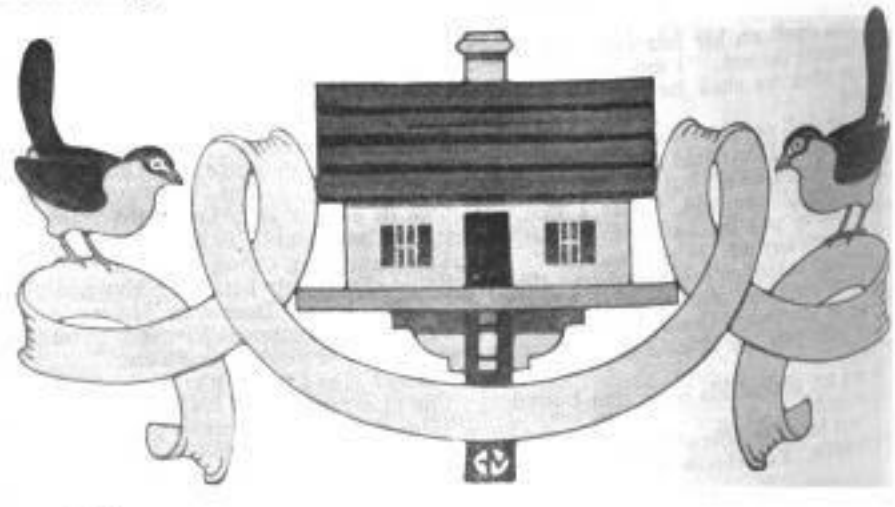
"Charles," she pleaded at last, "tell me the riddle of life. I've won my game and now I'm as flat as yesterday's soda water."

Sir Charles crossed one knee over the other and clasped it gently.

"The struggle is like wine, and achievement is death," he answered. "Also you have hazarded your heart a very little, and that's fatal in diplomacy. As I said before, a suitable marriage is so much better —"

Vingie placed a small finger gently on his lips.

"I've sowed my first wild oat," she announced joyfully, "but only the first. Marriage, did you say? Oh, Charles, think rather of all the other little oats to come!"





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COAL ECONOMIES

(Continued from Page 6)

consumption of coal by these carriers would not now amount to more than 55,000,000 tons. We have approximately 65,000 steam engines now operating on American railroads, and the average twenty-four-hour output of each locomotive is estimated to be no more than 10 per cent of its rating. In the case of electrified roads, though the average load of each individual electric engine is but 15 per cent of its continuous rating, this load factor is raised to about 60 per cent when forty or fifty of these locomotives are supplied with power from one transmission system. The first cost of railroad electrification is admittedly high, but the eventual savings would be enormous. Though steam railroading is still an actuality, scientifically it is as obsolete as the beehive coke oven.

But the case against the railroads should not be pushed too hard on the score of the failure of the transportation systems to electrify their lines. It takes money to make such a radical change, and the public's confidence in the railroads in recent years has not been sufficient to make it easy to raise the necessary funds. However, the need right now is for the introduction of fuel-saving measures that will immediately become effective and help to relieve a serious situation. The mere act of modernizing an old engine by applying new valve gear and superheaters results in a saving of no less than 20 per cent in the coal used per 1000 gross-ton miles. We can save miscellaneous losses of fuel by seeing that tenders are not overloaded; by removing all coal from coal cars; by cleaning up coal dropped along the right of way, so that it can be utilized at section houses and for station needs; by forbidding the use of excessively large engines on small trains; by cutting out double-heading except where it is absolutely necessary to use two engines; by keeping trains moving, anticipating and preparing for station work before the stop is made; and by encouraging the quicker handling of passengers, mail and express. The effort required to make up delays takes fuel.

The High Cost of Train Stops

When an engine pops off for five minutes the unnecessary waste of coal amounts to seventy-five pounds. Dragging brake shoes and stuck brakes mean fuel wastes. The stopping of freight trains always entails a serious loss of coal, and this is especially true when trains are stopped at the foot of steep grades, from which points it is difficult and expensive to start. Pages would be required to hold all the suggestions that might be written relative to the saving of fuel by our transportation systems. During the war railroad employes responded to the call in splendid fashion. It is to be hoped that the same spirit can be aroused to meet our present emergency. There is no place where so much coal can be saved as on our railroads. For each 1 per cent of fuel saved, the railroads of the United States effect a direct gain of about $6,000,000, while the indirect saving amounts to a sum that is equally great. One pound of coal will carry one ton of freight fifteen miles. If only one shovelful of coal is saved out of each ton consumed by the railroads, the total amount thus conserved amounts to more than 1,000,000 tons in a year.

But the railroads must not be asked to do more than their share, so if we are to pull through the winter with a minimum of industrial inconvenience and physical suffering, every consumer of fuel, whether in the home or in the factory, must exercise extreme caution and apply all the knowledge that is now available on the subject of combustion. In our big industrial plants the present problem is not to get new equipment that will give higher efficiency, but rather to obtain maximum results from the boilers and stokers that are already installed. The vital need of the moment is to transfer as many heat units as possible from the coal to the steam. In every boiler plant the owner should immediately require that a careful survey be made to determine just what efficiency is being obtained in the burning of coal. The two great losses come from incomplete combustion and the heating up of flue gases and other things besides the water in the boiler. The loss resulting from unburned coal and coke carried away in the ashes can readily be observed by inspection and by sampling the ashes. The loss resulting from unburned gas, principally carbon monoxide, practically always results from carrying too thick a fire and operating the furnace like a gas producer.

Firemen should obviate flue losses by carrying a thinner fire and providing a greater supply of air per pound of coal. The performance of the plant should be checked up by getting a flue-gas analysis. Experienced firemen can often determine closely what a boiler is doing by watching the appearance of the flame from the furnace. When there is too little air for complete combustion the flame shows the burning of carbon-monoxide gas. If too much air is supplied to the furnace an observation will likely show no flame at all. In metallurgical furnaces the firemen depend almost entirely upon the appearace of the flame as a guide in controlling combustion. A great saving would result if firemen everywhere were to take an interest in the matter and learn to read the boiler's performance from a study of the flame that is visible.

Economy With the Home Fires

In a majority of coal-burning plants today an investigation would show that the tubes are dirty and that there are many holes in the baffles of the water-tube boilers. Such conditions spell waste, because of the high temperature of the gases escaping from the boiler. Nothing pays better than to keep boiler tubes clean and the baffles in good repair. In the matter of boiler-plant operation, eternal vigilance is the price of economy. No one can proceed intelligently to improve a plant until he first knows what the installation is actually doing.

Nothing is more essential in the efficient combustion of coal than the practice of keeping surfaces clean. The presence of soot on boiler tubes and in smokestacks costs the nation the needless waste of millions of tons of coal annually. Bituminous coal should be fired in small quantities at short intervals. In the average boiler plant twice as much coal is wasted when the boiler is fired every fifteen minutes as when the firing goes on at intervals of five minutes. When a mechanical stoker is used, then the coal supply is as uniform as the air supply, but in hand firing this is not the case. Experience has shown that thin fuel beds—three or four inches thick—are far superior to thick fuel beds. Of course it takes more skill to handle a thin fire, but it is only through the exercise of skill that large savings can be effected in the combustion of coal. The United States Bureau of Mines and other government bureaus have made a careful study of the science of combustion, and every large consumer of coal should see that his engineers and firemen are thoroughly informed with regard to the latest practices and the best opinions relating to the burning of coal.

Householders also will be called upon this winter to exercise care in burning coal, coke and gas, and therefore a few thoughts relative to efficiency in domestic fuel consumption will not be out of place. During the war housewives working away in their kitchens rendered splendid service in helping this nation with its Allies to win a victory. This winter there will be another great opportunity for the womenfolk to save fuel and thus limit unemployment and the resulting distress that would arise from the curtailment of industry. If a coal stove is used care should be taken to see that the smoke passages are clean. If the scraper made for the purpose is lost, get another. Reduce the hours of running the stove as much as possible. Fireless cookers may help to reduce the time of keeping a fire. Running the range to heat tank water only is not economical. Be sparing of hot water in such cases. See that the smoke pipe fits into the chimney tightly. If the fire bricks are loose, get a little fire clay and fill in. In freeing the fire from ashes and clinkers, turn the shaker handle over quickly as far as it will go and then back, seeing that both motions are continuous and rapid. Always allow the fire to have a full draft for five or ten minutes before shaking down ashes. Take the ashes from the ash pit daily to prevent damage to the grates.

For baking and roasting have the slide open in the ash-pit door, and the fire box

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filled up to the top of the oven and free from ashes. As soon as baking is finished close all front drafts, open the check-draft damper in the pipe, and if the fire still burns too freely remove one of the lids over the oven, about two or three inches. To leave drafts on after you are through cooking is very wasteful of coal. To fix the fire for the night, run a poker around the side of the fire, which cleans the clinkers off the brick and waterback. See that the fire is packed down solidly, and open the check-draft damper in the pipe. It will keep the kitchen much warmer if the oven door is left standing open.

One good way for householders to save coal is to sift all ashes. During a recent winter a poor man in Philadelphia, destitute of coal, in passing along the street saw twelve barrels of ashes. He sifted the ashes and got five barrels of cinders, which lasted in his heater for a month. The average householder can reduce his fuel bill materially by sifting the ashes each day. Let no cinders go to waste. As to the temperature that should be maintained inside a house, the best opinion favors 68 degrees. This temperature not only protects health but saves coal. The people of the United States have squandered an enormous amount of fuel and impaired their health by maintaining a tropical temperature in their homes during winter weather.

Much fuel can be saved by seeing that windows and doors are weather stripped. Storm doors and storm windows will keep the cold out and the heat in. Ventilation should be systematic, not spasmodic. Extra rooms should be shut off. Especially in large homes, it is a waste to heat every part of the house. A coal shortage will not have passed without having left some benefits if it teaches the people of the country—especially the women—to dress more sensibly. If many of our homes fail to get an adequate supply of coal before the first chilly days of fall come along it is possible that jerseys, shawls and sweaters will be more the vogue than sheer sleeves and low-necked frocks. It would be awful if our fastidious ladies were to be compelled to go in for long-sleeved underwear and other apparel of an almost forgotten day, but winter is a heartless master who plays no favorites, so who can say what the future holds?

The amount of fuel consumed in heating a house depends upon a number of factors, quite a few of which are within the control of the householder. As in the case of boiler plants, we must assume that the house-heating equipment has already been installed, so that all we can do to save coal right now is to get the highest efficiency possible out of our present plants. The first suggestion is that everyone this year shorten his heating season. One of the evil practices here in America has been to start our furnaces too early in the fall and keep them running too late in the spring. In some localities every year one will observe many chimneys belching smoke and spreading soot over the neighborhood, while other houses in the same sections will have windows and doors open, and the occupants will be sitting on the front porches.

Hints for Householders

Too many faint-hearted people heat their houses unnecessarily, through fear of catching cold, and the result is a waste of coal and a lowering of bodily vitality. In a thousand or more cities and towns gas is available, and householders in these communities will find that it is not only possible but economical to defer the starting up of their furnaces for four to eight weeks by simply using gas fires in one or two rooms on days when the mornings and evenings are chilly. Combustion engineers have now perfected various types of apparatus to burn gas that supply a radiant heat without giving off any injurious products of combustion, and with far less stagnation of the air than results from the heating of homes with steam and hot-water systems. Nothing is more enticing than an open grate, and science is making great strides in rendering it possible for people to enjoy the pleasures of an old-fashioned fireplace without having to bear the losses of fuel such fires have heretofore entailed. About all that is now missing in the modern scheme is the crackling of the logs.

It is not possible here to go into all the details of house heating, but it may be mentioned that the first and most important rule is to keep the heat-absorbing surfaces of the heater free from soot and dust by regular cleaning. A second factor essential to efficiency is to see that provision has been made for a proper and sufficient draft. In severe weather the only way one can get additional heat is to burn more coal, and this means more draft. There are a number of causes for insufficient draft. The chimney may not be high enough, or it may have its top too near some tall object. The smoke pipe, chimney or gas passages may be clogged; the connection of smoke pipe to heater or chimney may leak; the hand damper in the smoke pipe may accidentally have been closed or the fuel bed may be clogged by clinkers. In any or all of these cases the draft will likely be deficient.

It is a mistake to believe that coal will be saved by having only a small amount in the fire pot. The proper way is to keep the fire pot full of coal, up to the bottom of the coaling door, sloping upward to the back, because a full fire pot means less care, even heat and a saving of coal. The control of the fire in any house-heating furnace is a matter of experiment and experience. Every householder who neglects to obtain a set of directions or rules for operating his furnace is careless with his money. In severe weather grates should be shaken until a glow appears in the ash pit. In moderate weather a bed of ashes should be carried on top of the grate. The coaling door of the furnace should be opened only for filling the fire pot with coal. The ash-pit door should be opened only for the removal of ashes. As already stated, large savings will result from sifting the ashes. The siftings should be slightly moistened before they are used again.

Few Substitutes for Coal

Great savings result in the heating of all kinds of buildings if automatic temperature regulation is used in connection with the system. Temperature regulation which actually regulates prevents the loss of heat by preventing the unnecessary overheating of the rooms of a building, and by regulating the demands on the heating system in exact accordance with the requirements of the different rooms. It should also be remembered that moisture as well as temperature must be considered when one sets out to make the inside of a house or office comfortable. As the temperature of air is raised the humidity must be increased. In other words, we must keep the heat balance stable. Moist air is far more healthful and comfortable at 68 degrees than dry air at 78 degrees. We can save dollars in our coal bills by paying attention to this idea. In homes where radiators of one kind or another are used it is a good plan to buy one or more water pans for each radiator. If such pans are not available in the local stores ordinary open dishes filled with water, placed near or on the radiators, will very well answer the purpose. In the present day, when thermometers cost so little, any householder who guesses about temperatures, indoors or outdoors, is certainly penny wise and pound foolish.

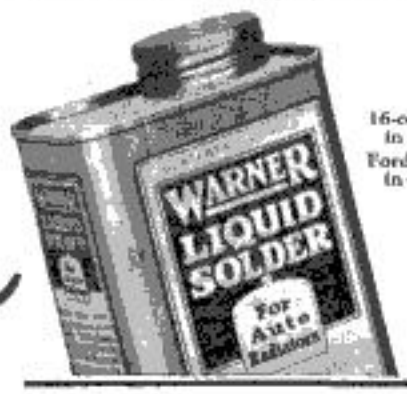
As to substitutes for coal, it is unfortunate but true that very little relief can be looked for from this quarter. A large production of oil helps the country materially when coal is scarce, and it is pleasant to note that oil production so far this year has reached a record total. For the first six months of 1922 the output of oil showed an increase of more than 30,000,000 barrels over the corresponding period of last year. But even this large increase in oil production provides only a slight basis for hope of fuel relief, because it takes four barrels of oil to equal a ton of coal when the oil is used in a mechanical burner. Furthermore, it seems that all America has taken to wheels, which is evidenced by the fact that we are consuming gasoline at the rate of 500,000,000 gallons a month. The more gasoline we consume the less fuel oil we have left. Even in the matter of lubrication oils the consumption figures have reached amazing totals, and if the increase continues it will not be long before we are consuming 100,000,000 gallons of lubricants monthly. Approximately 60 per cent of the lubricating oils produced is consumed by automobile users. Let no one, therefore, look to the oil industry to save the day for the nation in a time of coal famine.

In recent years wood has supplied about 14 per cent of the fuel used in the United States. In coming months it is to be hoped that where wood is available and can be

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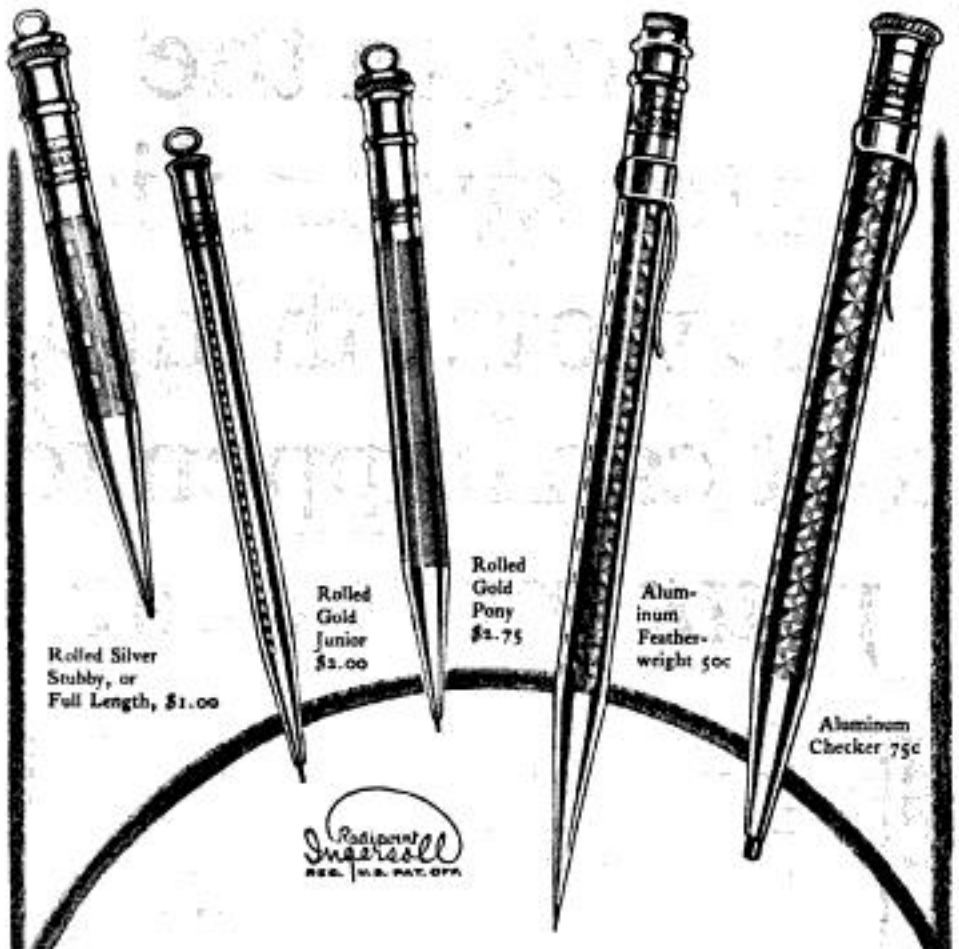
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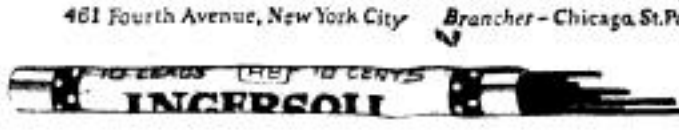
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cut and handled with economy, the people will accept the opportunity to burn wood and save coal and railroad cars. The use of wood, of course, is advocated on the assumption that consumers will do nothing to endanger our future supply of timber. In rural districts much wood is produced that is unfit for any use other than as fuel; in fact, there are many woodlands where the timber stand would be improved by a thinning out. Then it is also a fact that notwithstanding our efforts along lines of conservation there is an amazing wood waste at many plants engaged in the manufacture of wood products. In seventeen of our Eastern and Central States the rural population of 20,000,000 people use 18,000,000 tons of coal annually. There is reason to believe that this consumption of coal might be cut in half this winter if the people would only go in for burning wood. In such a case no less than 40,000 railroad cars would be released for other work.

Many will be surprised to know that we consume about 100,000,000 cords of wood for fuel annually in this country. The total value of this wood is approximately $300,000,000. Contrary to popular belief, there are very few coal-burning stoves and furnaces in which wood cannot be burned. The simplest and most effective way to use wood is to combine it with coal. The wood should be put in first and the coal used to fill the crevices. Such a fire burns rapidly and needs frequent attention, but if properly handled the consumer will thus be able to save 30 to 40 per cent on the quantity of coal burned. A pound of dry wood will give the consumer about 8000 heat units, while a pound of coal will furnish about 13,000. Generally speaking, wood is 59 per cent as efficient as coal. Ninety-five per cent of the wood consumed in this country as fuel goes for domestic purposes, and only 5 per cent for industry.

Aside from oil and wood practically the only substitutes for coal are coke and gas.

Coke and gas will be the universal agents of heat in the tomorrow of fuel. Powdered coal has a wide and expanding field in industry, but this form of fuel is, in fact, a mechanical gas, and it is altogether probable that combustion engineers will not stop there, but will continue on to the general use in industry of a true gas instead of the powdered fuel. Since it is too much to ask that the people shall at once leave off the burning of solid coal in our homes and industries, and go directly to the burning of gas, it is certain that coke in the near future will become a popular fuel and a strong competitor of anthracite coal.

The Coke Campaign

This winter thousands of people will burn coke who never used this fuel before. Such of these experimenters as exercise care and pay the same attention to the rules for burning coke that they have heretofore to the rules for burning coal will likely become permanent converts to the coke clan. Wherever a real effort has been made to introduce coke as a domestic fuel the attempt has been an unmistakable success. In one large city of the Middle West, where a big coke-and-gas plant has been put into operation, the company decided to introduce coke into the people's homes, and took up the work in the way it should be done. Thirty demonstrators were employed, and these men followed every load of coke to the home of a new customer and made sure that the householder started off right in utilizing the fuel. More than 95 per cent of the people going over to coke have become permanent users. In that city the consumption of anthracite last winter dropped to 65 per cent of what it was the winter before, while the consumption of coke doubled.

If we were to have more of this kind of work, anthracite, which is an ideal fuel, would not be shipped to points 1000 miles or more distant from the mines, and even in its own near-by field hard coal would have a worthy competitor—and there is nothing that brings down prices like a little competition. The production of anthracite is virtually a monopoly, and this condition will prevail in spite of legislation, until a great domestic coke industry is developed, which will break the hold that anthracite has on the people.

This winter in several cities certain sections of the towns will be supplied with gas for heating the homes as well as for cooking. These experiments will be merely the forerunners of extensive campaigns to get away, slowly but surely, finally and forever, from the burning of raw bituminous coal and the criminal waste of values that results therefrom. Practically no one today would burn soft coal in home or factory if the heat units in this same coal could be obtained in gaseous form at the same cost. This being a fact, we come to the gist of the whole matter. Gas will become the universal agent of heat when the price of gaseous fuel gets down to a level that permits competition with solid fuel. If gas is to supplant anthracite or any other kind of coal selling for fifteen dollars a ton the consumer must be able to buy his gas at the rate of one dollar for 1,000,000 heat units. That is the price that will be fixed in several favored communities this winter, where radical changes are being made for the purpose of reducing the cost of gas.

These are the kind of scientific advances worth while, for they mean that the country will eventually be free of smoke, a large part of the nation's present fuel waste will be eliminated, and America's total annual coal bill will be materially reduced.

Every Little Economy Helps

In conclusion, let me urge all users of gas this winter to exercise care and economy. The gas industry as a whole, for many months, has been apprehensive concerning the coal outlook, and manufacturers of gas have taken precautions to lay in as large supplies of coal as could be obtained, for the purpose of safeguarding the people in case of a coal famine. There is now no doubt that the gas companies will be called upon to carry a greater load than they have ever before shouldered. The enforced shortening of the coal season will mean a heavier demand for gas, and many operations that were carried on with solid fuel will be performed with gas.

When one takes into account that manufactured gas here in the United States is supplied to people in 4600 cities and towns, and serves a population of more than 40,000,000, it is easier to realize what a huge saving of fuel can be effected if only everyone will be careful. Here are just a few suggestions that may help a lot: See that the burners in the gas stove are not more than one and one-quarter inches below the cooking vessel. In other words, the gas flame should be one and one-quarter inches high. When a higher flame is used, much of the heat goes out horizontally and is without effect in cooking. Never permit the flame to lick up along the side of the vessel, and make sure that the tip of the flame barely touches the bottom. The gas should burn with a pale, blue, nonluminous flame; a luminous flame deposits soot and is wasteful.

Always place the vessel in position before lighting the gas, and eliminate red or yellow from the flame by adjusting the air shutter. Remember that a cooking vessel cannot be made any hotter after boiling commences, so when boiling begins, lower the flame. Always turn off the gas before removing the vessel, and do not forget that deposits of soot and scale on the bottoms of hot-water tanks or inside hot-water heaters make it necessary to use more gas. In some communities industrial users of gas are now operating burners a single one of which will consume as much manufactured gas in a day as is consumed by all the people in a town of 15,000 population during the same length of time. Though some of these spectacular users of gaseous fuel may be able to achieve economies that individually are large, the fuel salvation of the country this winter lies in the hands of the great mass of the people, each one of whom uses only a comparatively negligible quantity of gas or coal. It is the aggregate of 20,000,000 or more small economies that will count.

In this article I have dealt almost entirely with measures and methods for saving fuel that can be applied immediately. But above and beyond our fuel troubles of today is our vital coal problem, for which no remedy has so far been found. It is impossible to believe that as our present trouble ends, the nation will again sink back into a comfortable position of indifference and forgetfulness as to the waste and misery the people have suffered through neglecting to cure the coal evil. In a concluding article this phase of the subject will be discussed, and remedies suggested for thoughtful consideration.

Editor's Note—This is the second of three articles by Mr. Parsons. The third will appear in an early issue.

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NOAH'S MISTAKE

(Continued from Page 13)

cholera, smallpox, influenza—make their start, not as we at first and most naturally suspected, from the human swarms and beehives of the Nile Valley, of the Euphrates, of the great cities of India and China, but from the vast half-desert steppes and sand hills of Northeast Europe and Northwest Asia, comparatively sparse and thin in human populations but swarming with rodents of every description. Indeed, scientific expeditions were actually being planned before the outburst of the World War to study carefully this curious state of affairs.

Now what are the practical "bearin's o' these observations," as Captain Cuttle used to say? These, of course, "depend upon the application on 'em." First, that we have here another and probably earlier form of the famous three-ringed circuses of epidemic disease: First, from man to man to man; and second, from insect to man to man, like the magic, six-sided benzol ring of chemistry; and third, from insect to rodent to man. Breaking this third fatal triangle may be even more far-reaching and effective in preventing disease than attacking the other two.

Second, by far our deadliest and oldest disease, with a mortality of 60 to 90 per cent, so majestic in its murderousness that it has always been termed simply the plague, or the black death, is literally manufactured and carried solely and exclusively by the rat and by nothing and no one else! Even "a case in man is not in itself infectious." [Osler.] No rats, no plague, and no possibility of plague.

So simply and literally true is this that the mere wearing of high boots or leggings, higher than the utmost leap of the migratory infected flea of the plague-slain rat—eleven inches—is an absolute preventive and protection. While this "extinct" disease was sweeping away eight million lives in India alone in the first ten years of this century, English Tommies sent to clean out plague-smitten houses and carry out and bury the dead never caught a single case of the pest, though native regiments detailed for the same service fell victims in hundreds and had to be withdrawn. Reason why? The Tommies went at their appalling task with boot tops pulled up and leggings tightly strapped; the native troops, in spite of orders to the contrary, stripped off their boots and putties and went at it barefoot. Stop the infected rat flea from leaping onto bare human feet and legs and biting or getting crushed there and you stop the plague.

Diseases Carried by Rats

This is the chief wherefore, plus quarantine and rat slaughter, why black death has not gained a foothold in Western Europe or North America for nearly three hundred years past, though in the previous twenty centuries it had scored an average of about one epidemic every thirty years; one of which, the historic black death, swept away one-fourth of the total population of Europe.

How ancient the plague is, and how long vaguely associated with the rat, may be glimpsed from the picturesque story of the misty, far-away days of the First Book of Samuel. The Ark of the Covenant having been captured by the Philistines, offended Jehovah punished their sacrilege by sending a furious plague among them, which smote them with emerods, or swelling in their groins, the fatal black buboes or abscesses of the plague, which gave it two of its names, black death and bubonic plague.

The slaughter ran up into tens of thousands, and the terrified Philistines hastily sent back the Ark to Beth-shemesh, first filling it, in eager atonement, with golden images of emerods and mice—or rats—"that mar the land."

So much for the one great plague, man's deadliest single scourge, bred, spread and given shelter between human epidemics by the rat.

Next we have three comparatively local but quite serious recently discovered diseases borne solely by rodents. One is the spotted fever, or tick fever, of Montana, carried to man from ground squirrels by the bite of a tick which infests them. This is practically limited to the valleys of the Bitter Root and Wind River mountains, and has never exceeded a few hundred cases in a year. The second is the new and curious tularemia, so called because due to a bacillus found in the rodents of the tule swamps of the San Joaquin Valley in California; carried from rodent to rodent by a louse and from rodent to man by the bite of a blood-sucking deer fly. The disease was also found by Doctor Francis in Utah, where it infests the jack rabbits as original or rodent hosts. It is seldom fatal to humans, but has assumed an unexpected seriousness within the past few months by the report that every one of the bacteriologists and laboratory workers engaged in studying the disease, six in number, had caught it sooner or later! The third is a widespread and troublesome epidemic, with the imposing but musical name of tsutsugamushi, or flood-river fever, which breaks out in the river valleys of Japan every summer, somewhat like a mild typhoid fever, and is spread by the field mice, with a louse as carrier.

Then we have another widespread and once extremely serious and deadly disease—typhoid—which is now, thank fortune, on the vanishing list, having declined in the United States, for instance, nearly 80 per cent in the last thirty years.

This is not now carried by rodents, but through drinking water, by personal contact and by flies. Yet there is one significant and sinister fact in its history, and that is that none of our domestic and very few of our laboratory animals could be made to catch it except the rat—which is suggestive as to its primitive origin.

Medical Puzzles

Finally we come to a group of three of our greatest outstanding puzzles among serious and well-known diseases—influenza, measles and infantile paralysis. Of all three we must frankly admit that we know little more of their cause and means of spread than we did before Pasteur and Koch, because, with the exception of the first, we are not sure of the causal germ and hence cannot experiment intelligently and conclusively.

But we have a strong and growing suspicion that the reason for the failure of our literal thousands of attempts to arrest and convict the criminals is that there is a third conspirator in the gang, an animal carrier, with or without an insect go-between, that has so far eluded us. And the strongest suspicions point toward that carrier's being a rodent! Influenza, though in nearly all its aspects a complete and distressing puzzle, has certain aspects which strongly suggest an intermediate carrier—flea, cootie or rat. First, it has a curious trick of burrowing underground in a community for five or six times its own incubation, or hatching, period and then suddenly exploding into several hundred cases in a single day. Second, while our death roll of half a million lives was bad enough, India, the home of the rat and his flea, lost five and a half million lives from influenza! Ten times the death rate in less than three times the population. Last, the pestilence started, like all the great world-encircling epidemics, from that rat heaven in the deserts, up in Northeastern Europe and Turkestan, the witches' caldron of all the pandemic plagues.

To sum up, we have now one great and most destructive disease, the plague, and three minor or local ones, tularemia, tsutsugamushi and tick fever, due to the rat and the mouse; and five others, typhoid, typhus, measles, infantile paralysis and influenza, in which they are strongly suspected of playing a sinister part.

The practical question before us is, is there anything to be said in favor or extenuation of the criminals at the bar of medical justice? Can any man show good reason why sentence of extermination should not be pronounced against them forthwith?

In the fifteen years that the trial has been proceeding not a single valid fact has been brought forward in their favor, except, of course, that of lack of malice aforethought. In fact they are and always have been suspicious characters, bad eggs, undesirable citizens of the most pronounced type. They are anything but the "wee, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie" of Burns' famous ode to a field mouse, but the deadliest and most dangerous beasts of prey that rove the deserts and the jungles.

And it isn't as if this were the only complaint against the defendants; not by any

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manner of means. Entirely apart from their most pestilent and menacing activities in the spread of disease, their very existence is a nuisance, an enormous expense and an intolerable annoyance. For thirty years past, ever since the rise of a science of agriculture, agronomic experts, fruit and vegetable growers, food economists, grain handlers and transporters, wholesale merchants, railroad and steamship managers have been loudly clamoring for the abolition of the plague of rats on account of their enormous and incredible destruction of foodstuffs, not merely by what they eat, but the far greater amount which they foul and infect and expose to the weather, to molds, rots and decays, by their burrowing and gnawing into sacks and containers. Their filthy footprints, and excreta, both solid and liquid, are everywhere in our food, and their very existence is a nauseating offense against our modern and rising standards of health and decency.

In intelligent shipping circles it has already become a routine procedure to dock and empty each ship at regular intervals, batten down her hatches, and then pump her hold and all the spaces between her decks full of some poisonous gas, like hydrocyanic—prussic—acid, and thus utterly destroy all rats and mice as well as cockroaches and other vermin. The United States Department of Agriculture estimates the expense of each rat per annum at five dollars in food destroyed alone.

Hence every one of us, man, woman or child, in these United States has a pet rat—and five or ten cute little mice thrown in—for whose upkeep and the pleasure of whose company we pay a tax or subscription of five dollars a year. Of course, if we prefer to spend our money in that way, there is no more to be said; but why not use it to finance a war of extermination against the filthy pests?

Naturally the thing is not to be done just by adopting high-sounding resolutions or even passing city ordinances. The question rises at once, as in the old fable of these little nuisances themselves when they had decided to bell the cat, "But who"—or what—"shall annex the bell to the cat?"

Making Homes Rat Free

Fortunately recent scientific developments and corresponding economic changes and new practical experience have put a powerful weapon into our hands which bids fair to change the whole situation. The plague-rat campaigns of our public-health officers have shown repeatedly, by actual accomplishment, that it is perfectly possible, by vigorous and intelligent trapping and a bounty upon scalps, to reduce the rat population of any city 80 or 90 per cent and keep it there so long as the local authorities are sufficiently scared of the plague; and this would be a good first step everywhere.

But the only solid and permanent foundation for the abolition of the plague of rats and mice is to rob them of their living by keeping all human food and all farm and stable feedstuffs out of their reach. We have literally brought this pest upon our own heads, for the density of the rat population of any neighborhood is simply an index of its carelessness in storage and wastefulness in use of its food supplies.

After all, the little beggars are only following the great law of Nature. If food is left lying about, to be had for the taking, they will surely come to it and settle down and be fruitful and multiply up to the limit of that food supply. The curve of increase of even human population follows almost automatically that of the increase of national income and height of wages. So how can we blame poor *Mus rattus?*

The more carefully we study the rat problem the more we are convinced that the rat is not so much a house dweller as he is an infester of barns, stables, granaries and warehouses. Now that we have abandoned the habit of storing our winter's supply of fruits, potatoes and vegetables in dark, damp cellars, we have turned these cellars, with their molds and their filth and decaying cabbages, into well-lighted, warm, dry basements and furnace rooms; also, we are making our foundations of concrete, with cement floors and the first-floor beams laid in cement, so our houses are air-tight, rat-proof and vermin-proof; and we can, with a little extra watchfulness over the handling and tight boxing of our current daily food supply, make our homes rat free, mouse free and germ free, with enormous advantages to our health and comfort.

Never have we built, since the world began, such houses for health, for comfort and for beauty as we are building today. No damp floors, no dark corners, no cracks or crevices or hollow walls for vermin to breed in; windows of any size and number we like; literal walls of glass; sunshine, warmth, fresh air everywhere—our houses all front. But as yet the barn, the stable, the granary and warehouse lag behind in this transformation. Grains, brans and feeds are bulkier, less expensive than human foodstuffs, and hence less carefully stored and boxed. Floors are built up on piles or pillars and made of wide planks with yawning gaps through which grain and refuse fall into wide, dark spaces—regular fortresses and havens of refuge for the rat. Here is his last stronghold and here he must be attacked.

A forlorn hope it looks at first sight, taking both human nature and rat nature into account. But help is coming from two unexpected sources. One is the rapidly growing and now almost universal tendency, since the invention of the field harvester, which cuts, threshes and sacks the grain at one swoop in the field, to abandon all attempt to store grain on the farm, in stack, granary or barn, and to send it direct to the great elevators. Here it is stored in huge concrete or metal-lined towers, rat and mouse proof; and by the addition of fans capable of driving powerful currents of hot air over and through the grain as it pours from one vat to another, mold and mildew proof.

Health and the Horseless Age

Nail Number One in Mister Rat's coffin!

But by far our most powerful new ally is marching up to our aid from quite another quarter. This is no less than the coming of the horseless age, bringing with it the blessed hope of relief from what one at times is tempted in despair to call the plague of our domestic animals.

The coming of the automobile and of the farm motor has been an enormous aid to the health officer in his antifly, antirat, antidust and filth campaigns, and one of the chief health boons to the entire community of the last three decades. Not only has it made it possible to abolish stables and their manure heaps and swarming flies in downtown and residence districts, but the gently aromatic trail of gasoline and oil which a car leaves behind is carried on the flood water of summer rains to coat over many a puddle and pond in which swarming mosquitoes would otherwise have bred, and poison many a pocket or heap of rubbish, manure or garbage in which the typhoid fly would have eagerly laid her eggs.

We hear bitter complaint of occasional damage to roadside grass plots by those oily overflows, or to creepers and flowers trailing over wayside hedges and trellises from oily dust thrown up by whirling tires; but we forget to notice and be thankful for the striking freedom from flies, gnats and mosquitoes along most of our motor highways; also the marked lessening of city-street dust, two-thirds of whose bulk used to be made up of pulverized horse manure, with its swarming germs to irritate every nose and throat. The horseless age has turned the stable from a menace into an aid to health.

This is only in keeping with the rest of its health-improving influences. It has been the mainspring of the country club and the golf habit. It has transformed the lazy, overdressed, overeating summer hotel and summer resort of the old type, with its flirting, gossip, scandal, drinking and gambling, into a mere port of call, overnight or for a few days, of eager-eyed, brown-faced, happy parties, dressed any old way for comfort and weather, only anxious to be off again in pursuit of the lure of the open road.

Also it has done a great deal to break up the saloon and the hard-drinking and gambling clubs and change the selfish indulgence of the man of the family into the pleasure and happiness of all. It has brought to the farmer's wife and daughters that pleasure in traveling, that free life in the open air, of which they, in their heavy, incessant, indoor slavery to housework, cooking and dairy work, often get altogether too little.

But the most vivid realization of the pit whence we have been digged, of pestilence-breeding intimacy with our domestic animals, comes from a glimpse at the primitive cradle of all our civilization, the eastern half

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of the Mediterranean Basin. *Mare Nostrum*—Our Sea—Ibañez' title, is of widest bearing, for she is the mother of us all.

Take, for instance, a native village in the valley of old Nile. It first strikes the eye as a dirt-colored cluster of round-topped huts and flat-roofed cubicles, like bowls of unbaked pottery turned upside down.

The larger and more pretentious cubicles with flat roofs are of sun-dried bricks with plenty of straw—or, more precisely, manure—in them. The smaller round-topped huts are of wattles and hurdles of reeds and twigs, liberally plastered over with thick, sticky Nile mud.

One would naturally expect that the larger mud boxes were for the humans and the smaller for the animals, but often the reverse is true, because the animals are bigger. In fact, the only way you can distinguish is by the smoke which comes out over the top of the door, for the animals have no fires in their bedrooms.

Every mud wasp's nest is, of course, ringed round by a fortification of swelling heaps of manure—cow manure, horse manure, donkey manure, camel dung—and each individual hut is decorated with a girdle of small cone-shaped piles of fresh sweating manure, which as it rots and heats warms up the earthenware box or oven in its interior hot enough to hatch the hens' eggs which Egypt produces in such countless thousands.

And what must be the fate of the poor little human chickens hatched in these fertilizer factories? The cold-blooded figures tell the story. Of all the babies born in Egypt from one-third to almost one-half—four hundred and thirty per one thousand—die within the first year! So even with a birth rate nearly double our own the population was absolutely stationary up to the English occupation, with its devoted corps of health officers and sanitarians, since which it has begun to increase steadily.

Sacrifices to Science

Abundant supplies of pure filtered water have been provided for the great cities and their surrounding districts, typhoid and typhus cut down, cholera beaten back, smallpox wiped out. No risk, however grave, has been shirked, as was pathetically illustrated during my stay at Cairo. The day after my arrival I called at the pathological research laboratory of the national department of health to see some important work which was being done upon the typhus germ by Professor Bacot, of Cambridge, in the hope of finding a vaccine.

The only way in which the germs could be kept alive was by injecting successive generations of them into the stomachs of lice, a task which required the most painstaking and intimate knowledge of the disgusting little insects. Doctor Bacot was out of the city that day, so I returned two days later, only to find that he had come down with the disease and been taken to the hospital. Four days later he died.

This makes the seventh supreme sacrifice by the knights of the service of man in the study of typhus alone within the past ten years, which has been the price of almost complete control of the disease through its parasitic carrier. So the hopeless and tax-ruined fellahin are beginning to lift up their heads and see a chance for life and happiness for the first time in twenty centuries. The greatest obstacle that remains is that unbreakable close corporation, that hopelessly vicious circle, formed by the fellah and his most intimate animal enemies, with the fly buzzing backward and forward between them like a shuttle train of infection.

It may or may not be true that the Lord sent the plague of flies into Egypt in the days of Moses, but there can be no question that it never has been lifted since. As one cynically minded medical member of the foreign colony in Cairo remarked, it might be possible to wipe out the fly pest, but it would involve the complete extermination of the native population and their domestic pets.

One special plague of their own these flying vermin chiefly spread, and that is the terrible Egyptian ophthalmia—granulated lids—or, in technical term, trachoma, which has made Egypt famous over all the civilized world. This wretched disease attacks something like 50 per cent of all native Egyptian children—some estimates run as high as 75—blinds at least one-quarter and dims for life the vision of another quarter by its shrinking and distorting of the lids, turning the lashes inward so as to rub and rasp perpetually upon the cornea or watch glass of the eye.

Most of the chronic red-eyed and bleareyed, ferret-eyed conditions so familiar a generation ago were due to this sight-blasting disease, which is still found in abundance in most European hospital clinics, but which is mercifully little known in America, thanks to the vigilance of our quarantine and public-health-service inspectors both at ports of embarkation in Europe and at ports of entry on our side of the Atlantic. Only a few focuses exist in the sand-hill regions of the South and on some of our Indian reservations, whose original infection got into the country long before quarantine was invented. And in addition to trachoma, the heads of the poor little Gypsies—for such was the origin of our familiar name—are swarming with desperate burrowing scalp infections and their faces are smeared and disfigured with hideous skin eruptions, the like of which we no longer see in America.

But a better day is dawning over the long, dusty, green ribbon of the Nile Valley. Trachoma and skin and scalp diseases are both preventable and curable, and chains of hospitals and out-patient clinics are already at work and spreading.

To turn from this survival of ancestral conditions to the happy situation in our own homeland is like stepping from purgatory into paradise. Our comfortable, brightly painted, well-ventilated modern farmhouses, with screened doors and windows, running water, standing in their own grounds, with their gay flower beds, and hammocks slung under green shade trees, are by contrast like the dwellings of supermen from another planet.

But further and even greater changes are coming, which will make the scientific farm one of the most charming and attractive places to live on in the world. The much smaller number of horses, for short, broken, heavy hauls and for pleasure, which have not been supplanted by the auto and tractor, can be stabled at safe distance from the house and their refuse disposed of sanitarily.

The next greatest nuisance breeder and instrument of bondage, the cow, can be concentrated in larger groups, as is already in process, her cream centrifuged off and made into creamery butter, the skim milk dried in a vacuum, packed in hermetically sealed cartons and shipped in that form.

Last and apparently most obstinately resistant to the new dispensation of sweetness and light in the farmyard comes the obstreperous and odoriferous pig. But even he is far more swilled against than swilling. Modern breeders of high-grade or pure-bred swine are absolutely indignant at the idea of feeding any kind of decaying or even fermenting food to their porcine pets and prides, and they roundly declare that it pays as well and as emphatically to keep pigs clean in feed, in person and in housing as it does humans.

Farms of the Future

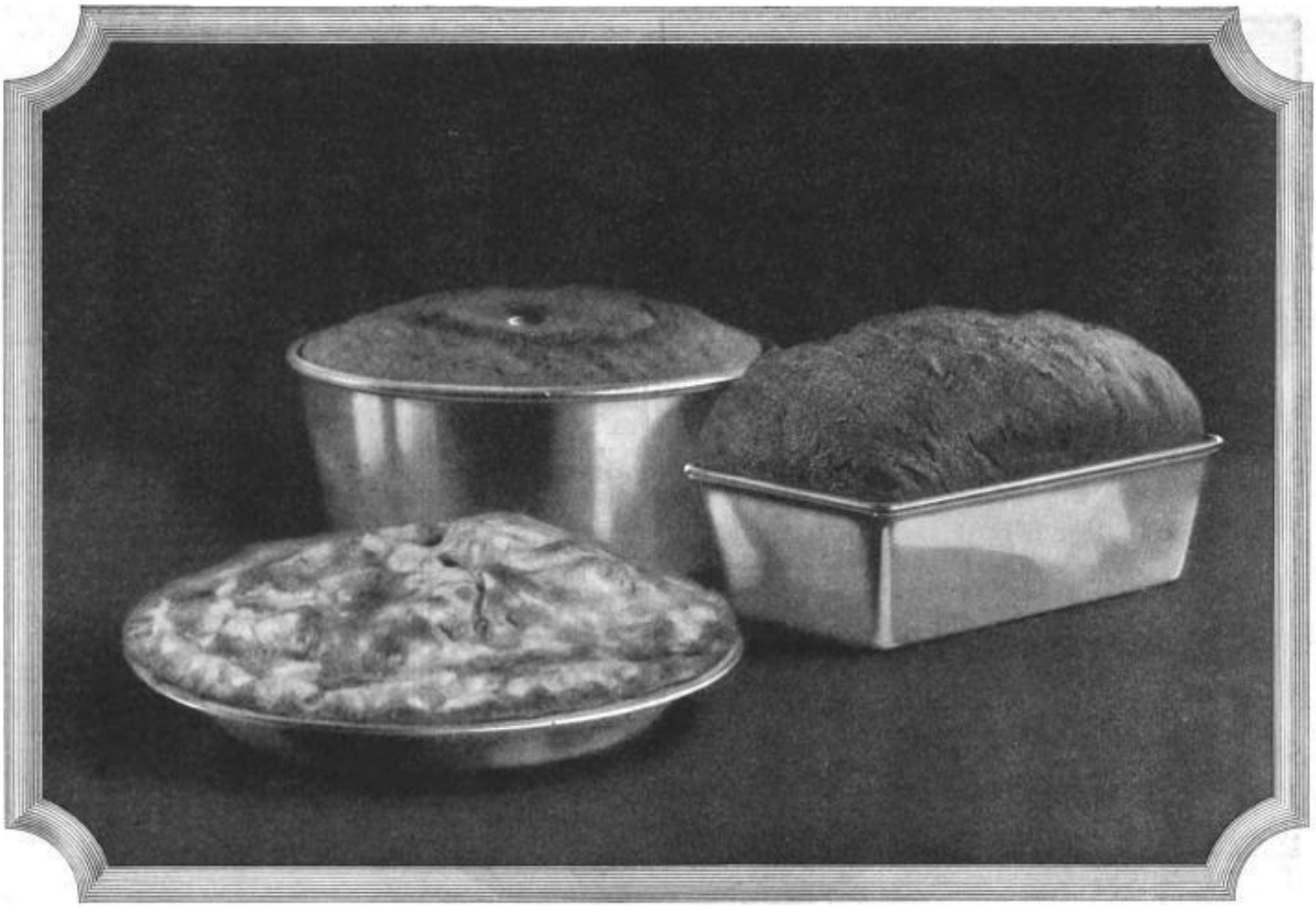
There is a roseate possibility upon our scientific horizon of being able to produce simple starches, sugars and even proteins—meats—in huge vats with the aid of enzymes—ferments—and catalysts. It can already be done, but as yet at too great expense for practical use, leaving for our farms only the lighter and more agreeable task of producing meats, milk and cream for flavoring and appetizing purposes, and vegetables, salads and fruits for vitamines and attractions.

Thus our farming country could be turned into loosely grouped neighborhood clusters of pretty modern houses and cottages, surrounded by gardens and orchards, dotted about parklike stretches of alternate pasture and woodland in which herds of cattle and deer and flocks of sheep could be grazing.

We need not regret this partial disappearance of our animal friends on their account. On the contrary, it would be a real emancipation for them. If the disappearance were complete there would be a keen sense of loss of companionship, but there would still be plenty of them left for comradeship, and we should have the added pleasure of feeling that we need ask no health-breaking or life-shortening labor in return.

When man, schooled in the broad humanity of science, is willing to exploit the great forces of Nature instead of his fellow men and brother animals, perchance the dove of peace, which Noah so persistently thrust out of the Ark until she came not back, may return to dwell in the hearts of the nations.

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More Toothsome Baking in *MIRRO*

Bread and cakes and pies are more deliciously toothsome—and more wholesome—baked in Mirro Aluminum than in ordinary ware.

Mirro Aluminum utensils never char the food baked in them. Mirro heats up quickly, is heat-retaining and permits slow, thorough baking—and is so glitteringly beautiful—so clean and "always new" looking!

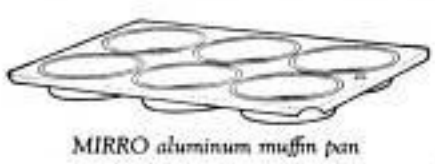
* * *

You have only to compare Mirro with other utensils to see the difference. The fine balance of it; how it is made of a thicker, harder, more durable, pure aluminum of a dense and even grain; no seams and all of the little niceties of finish which make it a delight, a pleasure for your kitchen—these superiorities are evident at a glance.

And don't forget—beautiful Mirro Aluminum kitchen utensils carry the guarantee of the world's foremost maker of aluminum ware, with almost 30 years of successful experience.

Yet Mirro Aluminum utensils are surprisingly moderate in price.

Mirro ware is for sale at leading stores everywhere. Ask to see it. Let us send you our miniature catalog No. 14.



MIRRO aluminum muffin pan



MIRRO aluminum mountain cake pan



MIRRO aluminum jelly cake pan



MIRRO cooky pan, polish finish

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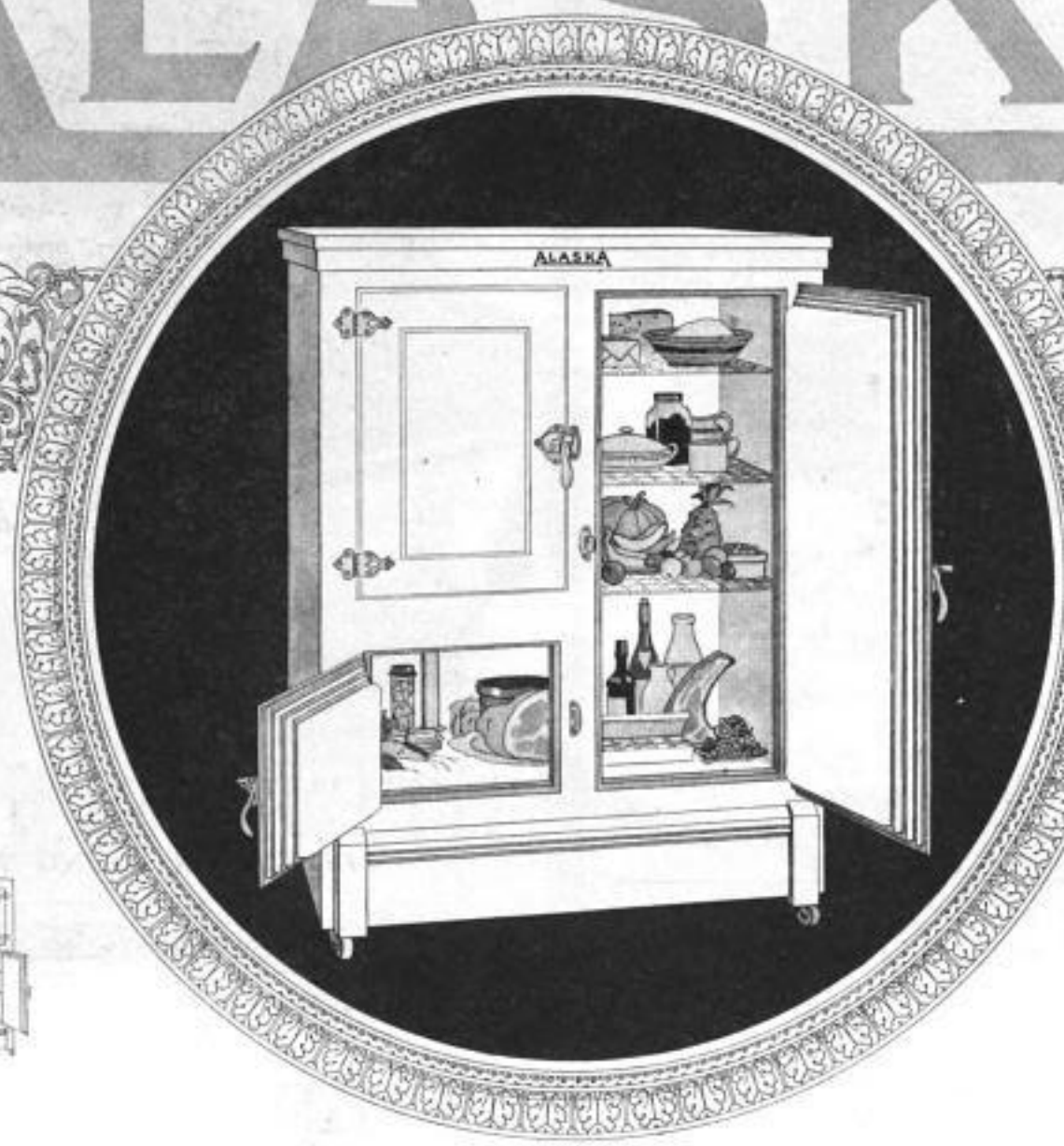
MIRRO ALUMINUM

Every Mirro Utensil MIRRO ALUMINUM MADE IN U.S.A. A.G.M.CO. *Bears This Imprint*

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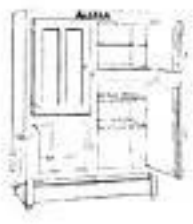
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ALASKA









Buy Your Refrigerator on an Economy Basis

CHOOSE your refrigerator, not on the basis of its first cost, but its economy over a long period of years. For the value of a refrigerator is in proportion to the amount of ice it saves; and its ability to save ice depends upon the insulation.

Only in an Alaska will you get Alaska insulation—seven insulating walls interposing between the outside heat and the refrigerator interior—its remarkable *cubed cork* insulation, with myriads of tiny air cells preventing the passage of heat and cold. The year-after-year saving in ice bills which this powerful insulation effects will make it a most profitable purchase.

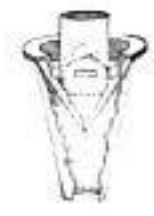
Alaska Refrigerators have other vital features that mean everything to you in your housework. The perfected circulation system, for example, that chills and removes the moisture from the air, at the same time giving the constant current of cold, dry air so necessary for the perfect preservation of perishable foods.

Other features you will like are the ice compartment that takes a full-sized cake of ice without chopping or waste; the sanitary, seamless porcelain or white enamel linings, which are so easy to clean; the tight-fitting doors; removable, non-rusting, tinned wire shelves and galvanized steel ice rack; patented, cold-conserving drain trap. Alaska Refrigerators are unusually well built with enduring finish, yet they cost no more than ordinary refrigerators. Dealers can show you styles to meet any requirement. Don't accept a substitute; look for the Alaska name on the front. Write for pamphlet, "What to Look For in a Refrigerator," and dealer's name.



Cubed cork, the remarkable air-filled insulating material, bars heat from the Alaska. Note the seven insulating walls.

This patented, cold-conserving drain trap prevents the entrance of heat by means of a water seal.





Rounded corners, full-width openings, and gleaming, seamless porcelain or smooth, white enamel linings make the Alaska easy to clean.

To Dealers:

If you are not yet supplying the demand for these better-built, ice-conserving refrigerators in your community, write us for complete information.

THE ALASKA REFRIGERATOR CO. MUSKEGON MICHIGAN

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 24)

was Ann? I think if any can tell he can, if the mouth on top of a jelly can is as big as the tongue of a pelican. Boyce says he knows darn well he can, but Larry says: "Like Hell he can."

Some sweet day someone with a trained and talcum-powdered tongue and an unlimited vocabulary of alluring and entrancing adjectives will attempt to describe the wonders and beauties of Salome. Meantime, it is a good place to live, if you like it—and a good place to die, if you don't.

—Dick Wick Hall,
Editor and Garage Owner.

Somewhat Delayed Spring Song

CROCUSES are springing,
Birds are lightly winging,
Corydon is singing
To his rustic lute;
Sullen winter passes,
Shepherds meet their lasses,
Tender-tinted grasses
Shoot.

All the world's a-thrilling,
Meadow larks are shrilling,
Little brooks are trilling,
You, alone, are mute;
Why do you delay it?
Love's a game—let's play it,
Go ahead and say it—
Shoot! *—Dorothy Parker.*

The Emigrants

A Rimed Editorial

MRS. James Albert van Tillinghast Jones
Spoke to her husband in militant tones;
Said, in a voice that struck fear to his bones,
"James, we are going to Europe!"

Mr. James Albert van Tillinghast J.
Paled, for he knew his wife's dominant way;
Trembled, but mustered the courage to say,
"Wouldn't the mountains be better?"

Shook he with fear at his spouse's reply;
Quaked he with dread at the gleam in her eye;
Few were her words, but her manner—oh, my!
"James! We—are—going—to—Europe!"

"Don't you recall that the doctor said, dear,"
Answered poor Jones, "I must rest up this year?
Couldn't I get a good rest over here
Fully as well as in Europe?

"Why should we go to a foreign hotel
Feeing head waiters and hops de la bell
[Such was his French] when we might just as well
Spend it right here as in Europe?

"Here's where our money we made every cent,
Here's where our money had ought to be spent
[Such was his English, although 'twas well meant].
Can't we go, say, to the seashore?"

"James," said his wife, "will you stop talking rot?
Every acquaintance has sailed that we've got!
Let them beat us? Well, I rather guess not!"

. . . . . .

The Joneses are touring in Europe.

MORAL

When everybody's doing it everybody must do it. *—Baron Ireland.*



European Diplomacy: Let Them Preach Their Silly Peace and Idealism, My Boy. We'll Follow the Old Ways That Lead to Power and Prosperity



The young man
is fortunate who
starts with a Stetson—
He establishes a lifetime habit

STETSON HATS
STYLED FOR YOUNG MEN

Price per pair, $1.00



Buttons up on forearm, stays put. A slight pull brings back to wrist.



Holds cuffs unwrinkled and clean on upper arm.



Don't Risk Annoyance—
Take a Chance!

Chance
CUFF BUTTONS
ADJUSTABLE PATENTED

Slips over the hand without unfastening or unsnapping, as easily as a coat sleeve.

Buttons are held by a light adjustable spring band that lies between the folds of the cuff.

Holds cuffs on the forearms or above the elbow by light tension. A light pull on the sleeve draws cuffs out of the way while you work or wash your hands. Another slight pull brings them back on your wrists buttoned up automatically.

Saves Cuffs and Laundry Bills

Saves cuffs by keeping them clean. Saves shirts. Saves laundry bills.

Get a pair from your dealer or write us direct. Pearl with silver finish.

Distributors and Dealers Wanted

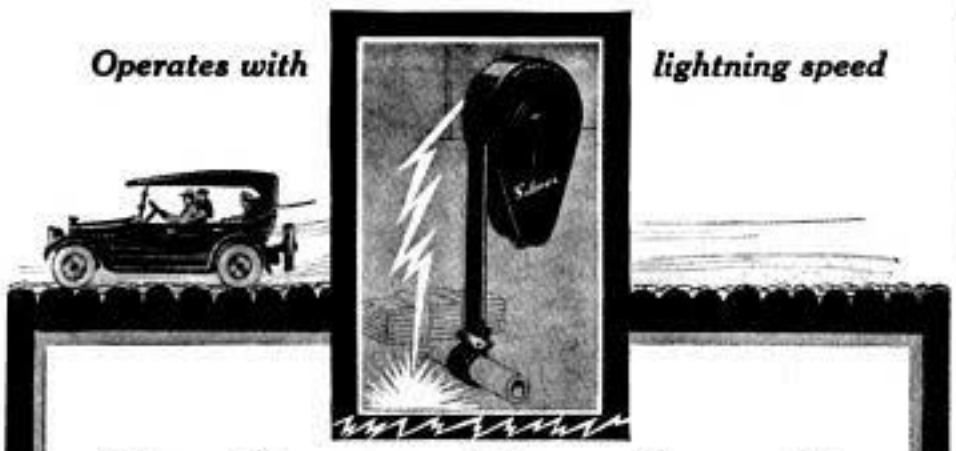
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27–29 N. 4th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

Pin a Dollar Bill on This Coupon and Mail It Today!

Chance Sales Co., 27–29 North 4th St., Minneapolis. P. 2
Gentlemen: Please mail me_____pairs of Chance Cuff Buttons for which I enclose $_____
Name_____
Street No._____
Town_____State_____

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Operates with lightning speed



No Bump Too Small

THIS is the absorber that smooths the *smallest* bumps—as well as the big ones. Its action is so lightning fast that it even absorbs every bump in a series, such as cobblestones. No bump, big or little, gets by it.

There are just *two* working parts in the Gilmer Bull Dog Bounce Absorber. Nothing to get out of order. Nothing confusing. It couldn't be simpler.

It's a reasonable investment in comfort. Saves your car an awful lot of grief, too! Easy to install and instantly adjustable to any driver's preference. Made for all cars. Ask for Gilmer Bull Dog Bounce Absorbers. Use them front and rear.

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Full set of four $15.00
Pair (front or rear) $7.50

For All Other Cars
Full set of four $24.00
Pair (front or rear) $12.00

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Full set of four $16.00
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Gilmer BULL DOG BOUNCE ABSORBER

VICTOR



Finally!

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A Standard Keyboard, Adding and Listing Machine

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Million Dollar Capacity

The Victor is a full size, finely finished machine, positively standard in every detail. Equipped with all modern features without extra charge. Used by big corporations and small retail stores alike, for efficient service at low cost. The first standard keyboard machine to sell at or near $100. Simple in design and sturdy in construction. Fully guaranteed. Free trial in your own office, without obligation. Write today.

VICTOR ADDING MACHINE COMPANY
319 N. Albany Ave., Dept. 1816 Chicago, Illinois

THE MAN WHO NEVER SMILED

(Continued from Page 9)

But there was one secret place to which he could escape. He didn't think of it as a place, didn't know it was an escape. It was his one luxury, a large and expensive phonograph with a considerable stock of records. A careful observer going through these might have noted that here was every record ever made by Olga Lee.

His neighbors weren't careful observers, but they had ears to hear what he played when he was alone; it was well known that Hughey Rawl, for all his frozen face, had one soft spot. They never guessed what gates that tender, lovely voice unlocked for him. Going by, evenings, when night lay warm on the tall trees that never whispered, on the cooling sand and the gaunt mill and the great cubical stacks of lumber; when night brought the gayety of release to the shanties of the negroes, and the hush of weariness to the bare, practical dwellings of the whites—going by, then, they saw him sitting there before his shrine, his solid, stocky frame relaxed, a pipe clamped in his inflexible mouth, listening.

But he wasn't there. Through nameless gates he walked with Olga Lee, filling with beauty his repressed and stinted soul. The love of the mother he could not remember; the father love that he had known but dimly; the woman love that was not for him, with his scarred and somber face—here he could feel it all, and not be ashamed. There was a world, not real, where people felt and were not ashamed to feel, spoke what was in them and were understood. What things? Hugh Rawl didn't know. Nobody knew but Olga Lee, whose voice unlocked for him the nameless gates of beauty.

He knew her pictures. He knew she lived, but he never thought of her as living. She was only a vision and a voice that filled his soul. Not that he thought about his soul; he knew he had one, but that was for reward or punishment after death. A sawmill man had no present practical use for a soul.

She comforted and rested him, but she wasn't real. Women like Hilda Christian were real.

Hilda was hard and useful, efficient in every sense of that uncordial word. She didn't perch on Joe's stool; she had the legs of Joe's desk sawed off so that her shoes rested squarely on the floor. Men didn't drift into the office to loaf and chew tobacco and talk lumber nowadays; they came in and stated their business and went out again. Hugh himself felt guilty there unless his head was buried in his father's old roll-top desk. He couldn't leave papers handily loose; Hilda put them away and he had to ask her where they were.

She knew to a nickel how much money the mill lost, to a minute how much time.

Her manner showed little patience with her employer, with his blank face and diffident speech. There was nothing blank or diffident about Hilda. Her freckles had faded somewhat, but her gray-green eyes were still flippant, more impersonally direct than ever; her words were pointed and often sharp.

Hugh, coming in from the woods, spoke of an amusing circumstance. The woods foreman had come upon a Yankee tourist wandering there—a Yankee being any person from Ohio or points north—who naïvely explained that he was hunting bear. This was the height of optimism, a gopher being the biggest game to be found in those woods. But Hilda wasn't amused.

"Sure he wasn't a cruiser?"

Hugh shook his head. No timber cruiser wore riding breeches and carried a high-powered rifle.

"Just one of those dudes that think wherever there's woods there's game."

"Heard anything lately from the Great Northern?"

Hugh had seen the mill of those frenzied Chicago capitalists, and his eye had caught serious blunders in its construction. The steepness of the log-haul-up would never let them get long logs into the mill; the edger was cramped; camel-backs in the slab conveyor would cause waste of power and frequent breakage of the slab chain that carried waste slabs to be burned at a safe distance from the mill.

He had reason to know the seriousness of this last; his own slab chain had broken three times lately, forcing him to shut down or risk having his fire insurance canceled.

He said, "I give 'em six months to go broke."

"Think so?"

"Well, where's their timber?"

"All around," said Hilda, unmusically humming, "all around, all around!"

"Yeah—all around is right. Little tracts scattered all over the country. Nothing big enough to log a mill like that."

"There's one," said Hilda, and stopped humming.

"Where?"

"Here," said Hilda, and waved a flippant hand.

"They'd like to get it."

"They're still in business."

"They won't be long," said Hugh. "I know this fellow Willis. He's a slick promoter, not a sawmill man. Went broke up in Georgia, but I bet he never lost a dollar."

Hilda, drumming absently on her front teeth with a pencil, seemed to change the subject. "Think it's natural for a slab chain to break every other day?"

Now Hugh averted his eyes, muttered evasively. He caught her implication right enough.

There was no denying that more than the natural run of bad luck was on the mill. The speed of the new shotgun feed couldn't offset the delay of broken slab chains, edger saws that buckled and jammed and burned, stuffing boxes that worked loose and leaked, steel that fell into the hog and tore up the cylinder, cutting off the fuel supply.

Oh, there are many things that can slow down a mill, and very many of them happened; but how could he tell Hilda that her suspicions went too far afield?

John Christian was her father.

He had tried hard not to believe. In sullen silence John had yielded his beloved levers to Harper. Not openly did he resent the shotgun feed, even on the day it failed.

It was a bitter thing to believe. There had never been a real affection between them, yet somehow to Hugh Rawl that sullen little man represented old Tom himself.

Harper, an intrepid, quick-moving boy, did marvels with the shotgun feed, that thirty-six-foot cylinder whose powerful piston drove the log carriage to and fro. He could time its bounce so accurately that the log had hardly run past the saw before it had flashed back and was moving forward again. That is the secret of speed in sawing—not only to feed fast but to keep the saw everlastingly in the log.

Harper begged for more tension in the saws so that he could feed faster through the cut. Sourly John warned him that more tension would crack the saws. But Harper insisted; Ben Foster put in more tension, and it did.

In spite of the shotgun the mill continued to lose money, but there was one silver half dollar that wasn't lost.

News of misfortune travels. From the Traders' National Bank, in Tampa, which had financed the mill since the days of old Tom Rawl, came a curt request for a statement of its condition. Hugh did not mention this to John Christian or to Hilda. With his own hands he prepared the statement, and with his own hands carried it to Tampa.

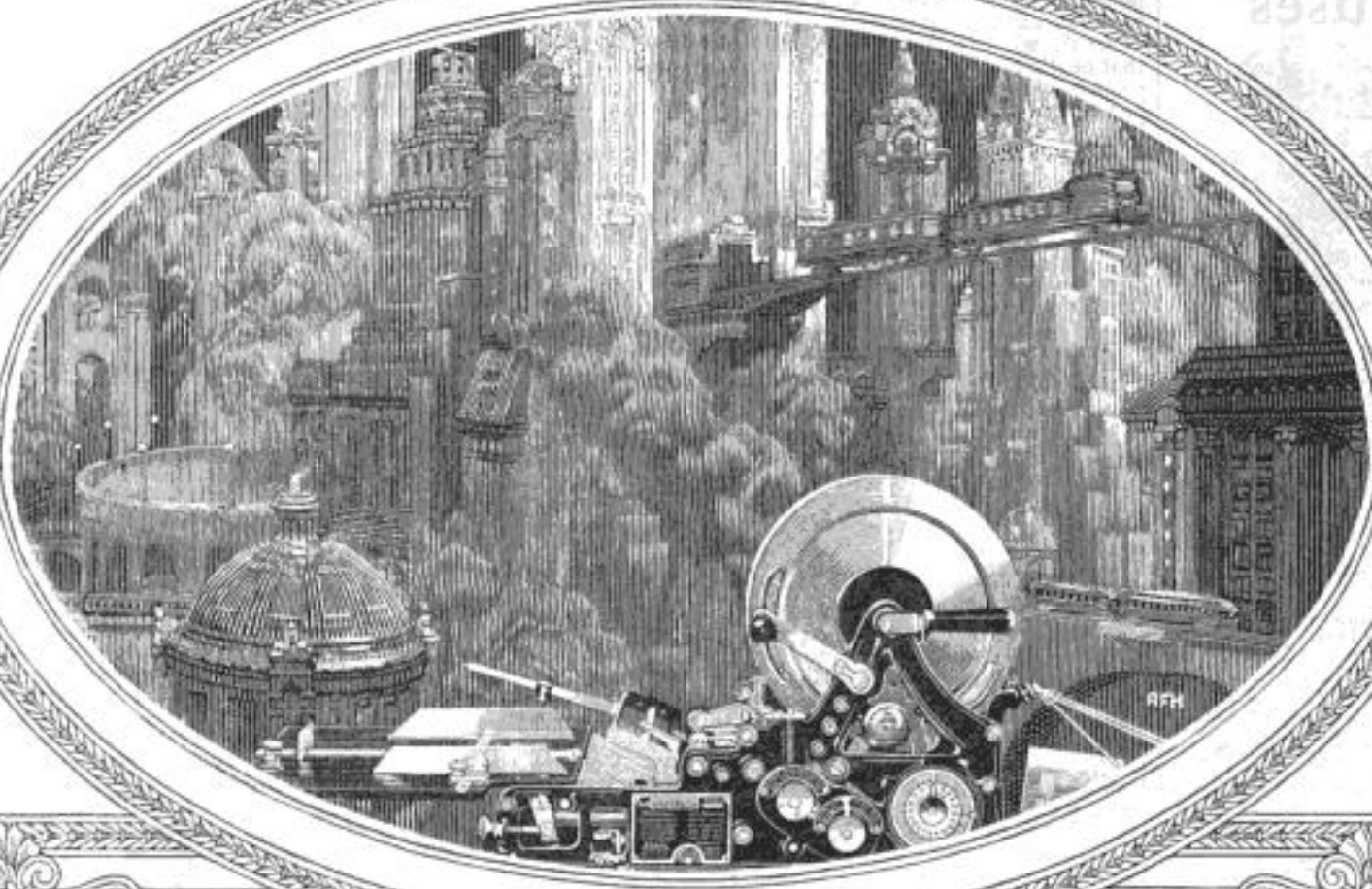
It was a statement that needed explaining and it couldn't be explained.

The crow's-feet deepened about Hugh Rawl's eyes, the only outward mark of the realization that he could not hold the place his father had made for him. He couldn't even hold John Christian's loyalty; and queerly, that hurt most of all. Often he sought John Christian's company, trying silently to reëstablish that something that was gone—trying to believe that John's truculence was only the crabbedness of age.

The world moved all about him, aloof and hostile; for rest and strength and comfort there was only Olga Lee, a voice that sang to him. A tender crooning voice when he wished it so, singing muted lullabies through which there dropped piano notes like rain at night, soothing a tired brain. A voice that with a crying violin stirred in him sweet and nameless grief, hurting yet filling the heart. A voice that flamed above a fury of orchestration like the flame of a bright sword in battle; after the Shout of the Valkyrie he always turned off the machine and sat wondering at the throbbing fire that gripped him—though

(Continued on Page 108)

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Imagination is a priceless crystal in the vision of the man who achieves. The ability to see clearly new beauties and betterments in man's best accomplishments has given us our wonder-world of to-day, and crowds the future with big promises. And that ability is the finest and most needed asset of American business right now. As the perfected Mimeograph is itself the realization of a clear-visioned ideal, so is it an important factor in the achievement of new and better undertakings for business and educational institutions throughout the world. It has helped to put sure foundations under thousands of wise dreams. Clearly printed duplicates of typewritten or handwritten sheets it delivers—five thousand an hour—at almost negligible cost. Drawings too, it reproduces on the same sheet. Because it saves time and money—and offers efficient help in the realization of great purposes—it deserves your consideration today. Our booklet "S-9" sent on request. A. B. Dick Company, Chicago—and New York.

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Insist on getting the package with the orange label, checkered border and Dutch girl's head.

DUTCH BRAND FRICTION TAPE is your "friend in need." Its rich rubber compound assures perfect electrical insulation. Its strong holding power and waterproof qualities make it unequalled for mending leaky pipes, tubing, garden hose, valves, etc., and for wrapping grips of tennis racquets, baseball bats, golf clubs, steering wheels, and tools. Protects fingers against callouses; a tool kit and household necessity. 2-oz. carton, 10c; 4-oz. carton, 20c; 8-oz. carton, 35c.

Stop Blowouts *Before* They Occur



Use DUTCH BRAND 2-in-1 Cut Filler to fill cuts in your casings. Prevents sand blisters and blowouts. Dries quickly and becomes as tough and resilient as the casing itself. Easily applied—no skill needed. *Simply shoot it into the cut.* Large tube, enough for 50 ordinary cuts, 50c.



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DUTCH BRAND AUTO TOP AND CUSHION COATING restores tops and cushions to a shiny newness; is waterproof and sunproof. Suitable for leather, Fantasote and mohair. Dyes khaki tops black. Dries in 10 to 20 minutes. Its use lessens depreciation and makes your car worth more money. Pint can, 85c; quart can, $1.50.

Dealers: Send for complete catalog, and order from your jobber.

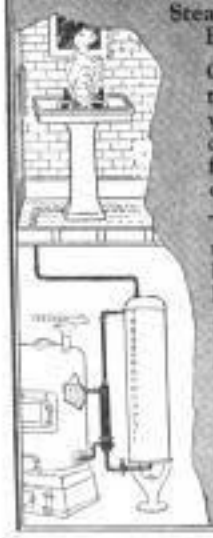
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(Continued from Page 106)

the only Brunhilde he knew was the daughter of a German grocer in Tarpon Springs.

He knew that Olga Lee was a woman; indeed, to him she meant all the glory and tenderness and fire of womanhood; but he never thought of her as living. He knew that people came from far off to the winter colonies along the coast, but Hugh Rawl had never had any reason to believe in his luck. Certainly he had no reason to believe in it now. The mill continued to lose money; but one silver half dollar wasn't lost.

Harper thought the steam was low, but there was plenty of steam. Plenty!

The shotgun had been sluggish, curiously unresponsive to the lever. Swinging the heavy carriage back he threw the lever full over to let the piston rebound from a cushion of steam; as the carriage started forward he drew in to check it. It wasn't checked. Harper had one blurred glimpse of racing blocks and the frightened faces of the carriage crew, heard one quick high-pitched snarl as the saw ripped incredibly along the log.

He never heard the crash of the breaking blade or saw the lightning whip of steel descending. Vast wings of force drove air against his face, sucking sensation from him.

The carriage struck the forward bumpers, jerking the head out of the great cylinder; somersaulted, flinging men like rag dolls, and fell upside down on the slasher bed. Chains, dogged to drag slabs into the whirling slasher saws, nudged it sidewise. First one and then another saw rang harshly against steel, burst and went flying through the roof. The scream of the whistle was a voice of terror through the billowing cloud that filled the mill.

Then there was only the rumble of slowing wheels, the hollow hiss of steam from the wrecked shotgun, and the sound of shouting—men who groped in fog for men who groaned.

Nobody noticed one figure who slipped down the stairs behind the sawyer's box and stepped swiftly out on a beam to the valve of the shotgun under the floor. If they saw him return they never thought of looking in his pocket for a silver half dollar—though more than one of them must have known that such a coin would fit almost neatly in such a valve.

This man's hands were shaking as he helped with the injured. This man was sick. He had meant only to slow down the valve, not to make it stick wide open.

This man, taking grim pride in skillful sabotage, would have shrunk from willful murder. His voice trembled as he declaimed, not against the shotgun feed but against all manufacturers of defective valves. Nobody noticed that; few voices are entirely steady at such a time.

Hugh Rawl's voice didn't shake. The long habit of repression makes at least for steadiness, and there was much to do.

He had no time to observe the progress of three truly remarkable pilgrims who toiled along the sandy road into the settlement. To these pilgrims the place seemed utterly and strangely without inhabitants except for pigs—innumerable porkers of the variety known as razorback, which are said to be fat enough to kill when their incredibly skinny hindquarters balance their amazingly long snouts, animals such as the lady had never imagined except perhaps in some horrid dream. They scampered about the pilgrims' heels, sniffing, grunting ferociously, leaping away—porkers hideously, unnaturally nimble, champing formidable tusks.

The lady cowered between her escorts, clutching her skirts.

"Phil! Oh, Phil—keep those things away from me!"

The large gentleman in the tweed knickers kicked at the nearest one; the small gentleman in the neat dove-colored uniform hurled a stick. Instantly the numbers of the porkers seemed to double, a seething ring of hairy snouts and wicked little eyes, grunting, snapping their tusks.

It was truly no fit reception for a lovely lady whose nerves were already worn to hysteria by toiling in high-heeled slippers through sand—following will-o'-the-wisp sounds that retreated and retreated behind trees—retreated and then stopped in one appalling concussion.

A woman came across the railroad, a white woman. The lady cried to her in a voice that carried like a flute, "Oh, please! please!" and fluttered her hands helplessly at the pigs.

Hilda Christian, turning aside, spoke one word: "Sooey!"

It was a magic word; the porkers took to nimble heels. She spoke another: "Breakdown?"

"Oh, thank you! Yes. Our car's back there—miles and miles, I think. Could you ——"

"Anybody hurt?"

"Nope," said the gallant golfer. "Only a rear axle. Can we get a car here to take us to Tampa?"

"There are several cars here," said Hilda, "but I'm afraid you'll have to wait. You see, we've just had an accident. One man already dead and several badly hurt. I was just going to telephone for a doctor."

"Oh!" said the lady faintly, remembering now that terrible soundless noise; seeing now the mob that crowded about the distant mill, from which emerged a slow file of men bearing things among them.

And Hilda, seeing how white she was, pointed to Hugh Rawl's house across the railroad.

"Go in there and rest."

Then Hilda went on to the telephone and forgot the lovely tourist, remembering men who groaned. She rang and rang until Tarpon Springs answered and she reached a doctor who could come.

Tarpon Springs is not a large place. In the office of the Great Northern Lumber Company there a certain Mr. Willis heard the news and was not depressed. It was unfortunate in a way that a man had been killed—Mr. Willis himself might have paused at murder—yet in another way, since it couldn't be helped now, it offered certain advantages.

Mr. Willis would not himself have known how to get results with a single half dollar, being accustomed to work with larger amounts; he was not interested in details anyway, but in results. Pausing only to put his check book in his pocket and to pick up a legal friend he piloted his prosperous gray roadster along the sandy ruts where the doctor's tin lizzie had lately gone skittering. Mr. Willis believed in striking while the striking was good.

Hugh Rawl, having found no convincing cause for the disaster, came into the office and dropped into a chair and tried not to think; in his house a lovely lady lay on his sofa and tried to still her fluttering eyelids; in his armchair a large gentleman in golfing knickers dozed; on his steps a small man in a dove-colored uniform sat and smoked with scornful lip; but Hugh Rawl didn't know.

Mr. Willis must have seen the idle mill, the men who clustered about the commissary. Among these was one who talked very loudly when he felt eyes on him and was very silent when he didn't—fingering a silver half dollar in his pocket, sickly pondering the difference between sabotage and murder. Aside from business matters Harper had been this man's friend; and Harper was dead.

This man saw Mr. Willis, but Mr. Willis was tactful enough to give no sign. Instead he shouted jovially through the office door, "Well, well, Rawl, how's every little thing?"

"Bad," said Hugh Rawl. "Light and sit."

This was mechanical. He was not concerned for Mr. Willis' comfort. Mechanically he rose as Mr. Willis presented his legal friend. Mr. Willis did not say "My legal friend, Mr. Hutchinson"; he said more simply "Mr. Hutchinson."

Mr. Willis was in no hurry to state his errand; he observed the customs of the country by indulging in general conversation.

He inquired, "Shut down? 'S matter? Out of logs?"

"Shotgun blew up."

"You don't say! How'd that happen? Much damage?"

This was an honest question; Mr. Willis as yet had no authentic report, but hoped for the best.

"Hard luck," said he, sympathizing. "I hear you've had lots of it lately. Well, the mill's pretty old anyway, ain't it?"

"The shotgun wasn't."

Mr. Willis wandered, speaking of the steadily falling lumber market, the tightening financial stringency. Mr. Willis today was a pessimist.

"Rotten business," he sighed. "Wish I was well out of it. Had a chance to get out and wouldn't take it; and here I am all tied up with a new mill and Lord knows how many years of rotten business ahead. Let a lumberman go after money and they



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mortgage him down to his socks. You had any trouble that way?"

This was a purely rhetorical question. Mr. Willis made it his business to know things that interested him.

"You're lucky," he sighed; "you're young enough to get into some business that's fit for a white man. You've about got the good of your mill, and you can sell your timber. By the way, if it's a fair question, how much you got left?"

He implied that he was ready to withdraw the question if it offended, as indeed he was. Mr. Willis knew more accurately than its owner how much timber was left in Rawl's woods. But hearing an estimate from its owner he registered interest—not too much.

"Why," he said thoughtfully, "I don't know—that might be worth while. We could use a little more timber ourselves."

"So I understand," said Hugh Rawl.

Mr. Willis was annoyed. He reflected Rawl should have been a poker player with that cast-iron face of his; he couldn't tell whether it hid guile or mere stupidity. Mr. Willis began to show the strength of his hand.

"Good time for you to get out, I'd say—with six nice fresh damage suits on your hands. We'll pay you a fair price for your mill, considering its age, though we don't need it; and we'll assume all liability, damage suits and all."

"These men won't sue," said Hugh Rawl. "Never had a damage suit yet. We take care of 'em as well as we can."

Mr. Willis glanced at Mr. Hutchinson, who smiled.

Hugh Rawl didn't see. He was listening. Through the hot stillness drifted a clear, sweet sound; he wondered who was playing his phonograph.

"Labor's getting more unreasonable every day," sighed Mr. Willis.

"Damn good phonograph," said Mr. Hutchinson. "This man that was killed—white, was he?"

Hugh nodded. "The sawyer."

"Family?"

"Wife and baby."

"Sad," said Mr. Hutchinson, and rubbed his hands.

"I ought to warn you," said Mr. Willis, not wholly playful, "Hutchinson's a lawyer. They say he's a humdinger on damage suits."

Hugh Rawl sat staring thoughtfully at the floor.

He wasn't thinking what Mr. Willis thought he was thinking. He was puzzled. He had never heard that voice from the phonograph so charged with the illusion of life, not loud, but full of such a quality that its lightest murmur floated ineffable on the sunlit air, filling the dreary spaces of Rawl's Mill with beauty.

Mr. Willis went confidently on, showing the full strength of his hand.

It was the Song of India that rose and fell, vibrant with beauty—beauty and mystery and age-old hopeless pain. The very air and trees stood still to listen. It throbbed to its aching, unfinished close, but Mr. Willis didn't notice. Mr. Willis was a business man.

Hugh Rawl made no sign.

"Well?"

"Huh?" said Hugh Rawl. "Oh! My timber's not for sale."

"Take your time," said Mr. Willis grimly. "You're headed for the rocks and you know it. Mill falling to pieces. Bank shutting down on you. Price of timber going down every day. I can just as well wait and buy you in when you go broke."

"These injured men," said Mr. Hutchinson, "and the family of the deceased—their claims should be considerable, Mr. Rawl. Considerable. I have experience in such matters."

They gave that time to penetrate. There was the thin liquid warble of a flute beginning. Hugh Rawl stirred and rose.

"Wait just a minute," he muttered.

Down in the negro quarters Hilda Christian heard and remembered Hugh Rawl's involuntary guests. Strangely, indeed, came that marvelous voice into a shanty where the air was heavy with the smells of squalor and chemicals and the sense of pain. Sharply she addressed a ponderous negress who rocked and moaned by the bed.

"Dora, stop that!"

Dora stopped. Hilda listened, her gray eyes widening.

"Leave him just like he is. Don't touch him. And keep those pickaninnies out of here. You hear me?"

"Yessum, Miss Hilda. How 'bout I give him jus' a mite o' gin, Miss Hilda? Jes' a smidgin? Seem lak' he feel so pow'ful bad."

"You give him anything but water and I'll wring your black neck," said Hilda brutally, departing.

She saw Hugh Rawl come out of the office, met him and spoke to him; but he went by her like a man asleep.

From the land of the sky blue water
They brought a captive maid.
Her eyes they are deep with lightning,
Her heart is not afraid ——

Hugh Rawl did not see Hilda or the women who stared from neighboring windows—dull tired women touched for once with wonder, listening. Vaguely he saw the extraordinary person who sat on the steps before his house, a small man in dove-colored uniform and black putties, who gazed over the heads of gawking little darkies and smoked with scornful lip.

"Get your tickets here," said the chauffeur.

"Sh-h-h!" said Hugh Rawl.

"Sh-h-h! yourself. This ain't no church. Make yourself at home."

It couldn't be a dream. Now he could see her standing by the phonograph. Her hair was red gold, not dark as he had pictured it; no picture could have conjured up the vivid reality, the slim, full loveliness of her—her rounded throat, her tender mouth, her eyes, absorbed now in the prisoned echo of her own voice. Softly, with no thought of any audience whatever, with no purpose but to forget the crudities that rasped upon her sensitive nerves, Olga Lee herself was singing there.

She's sick for the sky blue water,
The captive maid is mute.

The living voice and its pale echo murmured together into silence; the wood winds sighed and ceased. The singer looked up, to see a man who came uncertain into the room, a solid, stocky man whose face against the light she could not see.

He muttered "Olga Lee!" and would have touched her hand that lay upon a corner of the machine; but it escaped him, going to her throat—frightened, for now she saw his face.

Hugh Rawl was smiling.

She saw his face, solid, square-jawed, starred with a three-winged scar radiating from one nostril. His eyes were queerly alight and one-half of his mouth was smiling, a smile grotesque and terrible.

"Phil! Phil!" wailed the loveliest voice in the world.

The gallant golfer started and woke. "Here, you! What's all the row?" The better to command the situation he got bulkily to his feet. "Explain yourself, my friend. Is this your house?"

"Is that Olga Lee?"

"That's Olga Lee. But what the ——"

"How did you-all get here? What's she doing here?"

"Well," growled the golfer, "you don't imagine we came to see your fair city, do you?"

But coming face to face with Hugh Rawl he grew curiously and hastily explanatory. "No offense, you know, old man. No offense at all. Our car—you know, our car broke down out there."

"I sent them here," said Hilda Christian, coming in. "Hugh, I forgot to tell you. They want a car to take them to Tampa. I'm sorry. I was ——"

Then she, too, stopped, for she had never seen Hugh Rawl look like that. His throat worked, but no words came. Slowly his eyes went back to Olga Lee.

No miracle was here. He could never forget her as she looked at him, her lovely features drawn with fear and shrinking and repugnance undisguised. He could never hear her voice without remembering. While he stood dumbly there his hidden world fell into ruin, the gates of beauty swung and closed against him forever.

"It's—all right. It's all right," he said with some vague idea of reassuring her. But she shrank clear of him, whispering, "Keep away from me! Oh, please ——"

Hilda Christian snapped impatiently, "Don't be silly!"

"It's all right. It's all right. I'll send you to Tampa."

In the office across the railroad Mr. Willis waited testily, for Mr. Willis was not a patient man. Mr. Hutchinson, sitting nearer the door, had watched to see whether Rawl went toward the quarters; Mr. Hutchinson was alert to forestall any effort to adjust damages out of court. But

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Rawl had entered his own gate, now reappearing to come straight to the office.

Before the commissary he paused to speak briefly to a man, whose jaw visibly dropped. Then Mr. Hutchinson saw Rawl's face.

"For the love of Mike!" he breathed, and looked for something hard and heavy.

"What's the matter?" said Mr. Willis.

Hugh Rawl stepped through the door. Mr. Willis opened his mouth and forgot to close it. Rawl's face wore a grin of singular ferocity, ironically twisted, baring strong teeth, his eyes blazing under heavy brows.

He prompted Mr. Willis: "Anything else to say?"

Mr. Willis gulped. It is difficult to talk business when your every fiber shrinks with dread of physical violence; Mr. Willis had not the sort of conscience that makes for serenity in such a case. Mr. Willis could think of only one thing that could conceivably make the fellow smile like that.

"Talk fast. I can't stand much more of you."

Mr. Hutchinson involuntarily drew attention to himself, crying, "I warn you——"

"Yeah. I remember, you warned me once before," said Hugh Rawl. "You're the guy that's going to see that my men get what's coming to 'em, huh? Go to it! Maybe you buzzards can break me, but you'll never live to enjoy it. Outside!"

A man with a silver half dollar in his pocket, drawn by the irresistible need to know what was happening inside, saw Mr. Hutchinson come outside—the legal anatomy plowing up sand with a force illegally and externally applied; saw Mr. Willis come after him in short stumbling leaps, upheld not by his own knees but by Hugh Rawl's hand on the nape of his neck.

Mr. Willis bleated: "Foster! Foster! Help! Take him off!"

Ben Foster had loyalty of a sort. Ben could see with half an eye that all was lost; with the courage of panic he leaped to the aid of his employer—one of them, at least.

Mr. Hutchinson and Mr. Willis had offered little vent for the savage relief of violence; here was a man who would fight. Hugh Rawl welcomed the feel of actively attacking hands without seeing or caring whose they were. He dropped Mr. Willis and turned and whipped an iron fist across Ben Foster's jaw.

But Ben, catching that grin of insane and murderous ferocity, winced back even before he saw the blow coming. It glanced. Ben ducked and covered. The madman straightened him with smashes that hit arms, shoulders, anything.

Ben, lurching sidewise, drove his knee into Hugh Rawl's unguarded stomach.

Through the sick fog that dropped on his senses Hugh caught at Ben Foster's throat, caught and gripped and held it, bending all his will upon that hand. He did not know he sagged and swayed, did not know that those were battering fists that beat like a whirl of dead leaves about his head. Something clawed lightly at his gripping fingers. Then the haze passed and his strength came back.

He was jamming Ben's head against the boards of the office wall. Those were Ben's hands that clawed. Grimly his fingers tightened.

Other hands tugged at him, voices were all about his ears. He saw Mr. Hutchinson's face, addressed him, grinning.

"Here's a case for you, Mr. Shyster. Manslaughter—or is it murder?"

Speech popped in Ben's anguished eyes; Ben's hands flapped helplessly.

"Give up? Well ——"

Breath croaked in Ben's throat. "Honest—God—I never meant—kill anybody. That shotgun ——"

John Christian's voice squalled, raging; but Hugh Rawl held him back.

"Let him talk."

Such scenes are not for the eyes of women, but from Hugh Rawl's porch two women watched. A deadly quiet settled. Suddenly again the crowd boiled, and as suddenly fell back.

The gray roadster roared and went rocking off along the sandy ruts, Ben Foster clinging to the running board. Hugh Rawl came toward the house.

He was not grinning now. His face was cut and battered, blood trickled unheeded from a corner of his mouth; and his lips were set in their blank and stony calm, the empty hardness of a man who walks always alone.

Olga Lee shrank from him, but he did not look at her. He told Hilda, "Kinsey's gone to get his car."

Then he went on into the house.

"I wonder if you know what you've done?" said Hilda Christian.

"I?" faltered Olga Lee.

"He loved your voice so."

But that didn't make the matter clear. Many people loved the voice of Olga Lee.

Hugh Rawl heard Kinsey's tin lizzie drive up and depart. Without volition he found himself before the phonograph, a record in his hands. But that hidden place of rest and comfort was now forever closed against him. His hard lips did not change; only his fingers tightened and the brittle disk snapped and fell with a dry rattle on the floor.

Hilda, returning, saw him sitting there before his empty shrine.

"Hugh?"

He neither moved nor spoke.

"Don't be silly."

She saw what broken things lay all about the floor; and her voice caught in her throat.

"She isn't worth it, Hugh. She's lovely, but—so is a mocking bird."

She went to him, her feet heedless on the snapping bits of wax—practical feet in stout and useful shoes. Her hands touched his hair—strong, useful hands. And he heard her voice whispering—her voice that could not sing.

"It's not fair. She's so lovely—she has everything."

He thought she was bitter on her own account, and took her hand and tried wordlessly to comfort her. He heard her murmuring, an inarticulate mother sound.

"There, there!"

To him somewhere there was a soundless lullaby, with golden soundless notes like soothing rain; and he sighed and drew her close, his head against her breast. It rested him and gave him strength, so that he stirred and rose and looked at her.

He was smiling. He knew he smiled, and wondered that she did not shrink from him. He didn't know what service Ben's battering fists had done for him. It was a somber crooked smile, not bitter or grotesque, but very wistful—thinking of the peace that was not for such as he.

Her clear eyes filled.

He said, "I know," and let the mask of blankness fall.

"You don't! You don't know, Hugh!"

Then he was marveling at the fragrance of her hair against his face, the firm and rounded softness of her in his arms; he murmured broken words without caring what he meant to say. And in him something woke and sang, something age-old and deathless, very sweet. Of this, and for this, songs were made; but they were feeble echoes of reality.

He saw her strong and beautiful, tender and brave, smiling at him through tears. Somehow the wall that shut him from the world was gone. There through the open door he saw the mill, gray in the strong flood of sunshine, a thing of worth and dignity, weathering storms; the log pond, silvered now with the blue of cloudless sky, deep with the mirrored images of trees. How could he be shut from beauty when it was everywhere?

There were no words for this; he only murmured against the smoothness of her cheek, "Hilda, Hilda!" and was filled with peace and strength and comfort.

They talked, and he told her almost humorously about Mr. Willis.

She demanded, "Why did you let Ben Foster go?"

"Afraid the boys would lynch him."

The boys—men white and black who would have fought for him and for the mill; John Christian, crabbed and old but fiercely loyal; a queer, warm knowledge, that.

Hilda challenged him: "Hugh—aren't you going to do anything about it?"

"What do you think I ought to do?"

"You've got 'em in a hole now," she told him vengefully; "go after 'em. Break 'em and buy their old mill for junk. It's too big for anything else."

She was hotly in earnest about it. He saw her eyes, valiant and clear and steadfast. Somewhere, it seemed to him, he heard the high sweet call to battle; but not yet had he learned to laugh aloud.



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THE CHANGING EAST

(Continued from Page 30)

One of the most successful lawyers of foreign birth in Japan, J. E. de Becker, of Yokohama, is a Japanese subject. He came out over thirty years ago from England, where he was born, married a Japanese lady and became naturalized. His wife, who still clings to her native dress, is one of the most intelligent women that I met during my stay.

Of course the most picturesque example of Japanese naturalization was that of Lafcadio Hearn. He was adopted into the family of a Japanese and took the name of his wife. He became Yakumo Koizumi.

The cases of Hearn and De Becker are unusual. Most of the foreigners who adopt Japanese nationality are Chinese living in Formosa. This island was formerly a part of China and the Celestials probably fare better as converted Nipponese nationals than under their own flag. China has so many troubles at home that she is unable to do much for her people abroad.

Such are the principal formal restrictions that are placed upon aliens in Japan. Generally speaking, they do not seriously interfere with business, and there are considerable opportunities outside the limited field. However, the foreigner must be constantly on the alert when he is trying to compete with the Japanese.

I have heard many aliens contend that as soon as they get into a Japanese court the cards are stacked against them. This is not true. One reason why outsiders often fare badly in Japan—and it also applies to other countries—is that they do not take the time or trouble to acquaint themselves with the laws of the lands where they do business. This is merely part of that larger indictment which unfortunately must be registered against so many of our merchants and manufacturers abroad. They not only disdain the language but ignore the customs.

The average American in trade overseas does not attach importance to small things. Oriental life, on the other hand, is the sum of what we would frequently call trivialities. It has been the custom for centuries in Japan, for example, to use a seal or a name stamp as a signature to a document. Sometimes it is used in addition to the signature. In China this is called a chop. The Nipponese will ordinarily regard a document as invalid without this chop, whereas the American, until he has had some costly experience, frequently looks upon it as a joke.

No Antitrust Laws

This matter of business ethics leads naturally to one of the principal commercial offenses committed by the Japanese. I refer to their piracy of trade-marks and patents. Although this practice is widespread and has cost Americans and Britishers large sums of money, its inception was primarily due to the negligence of the alien in originally protecting his property with legal safeguards. There is a large body of law in Japan dealing with the protection of patents and trade-marks. In general these laws are similar to those of America and Europe. There are the usual remedies for the protection of patents and trade-marks, provided they are properly registered. The foreigner usually first complains and then discovers that he has not taken the proper precautions.

One defect in Japanese commercial law is of interest to all Americans. There is no Nipponese statute—and I might also add general practice—that corresponds to what we term the law against unfair competition. There is no Sherman Antitrust Law or anything comparable to it. Thus the lid is off and the enterprising little islander can go as far as he likes. This is also true of Germany and explains why the republic is becoming a succession of trusts.

The fact that American and British inventors and manufacturers are lax in legally safeguarding their properties has given the enterprising Japanese a fine opportunity to launch whole lines of foreign goods that never saw the light of a foreign country. You can buy "genuine old Scotch whisky" that came from the "Highlands" of Osaka! You can get "Germandrugs" that have never ventured beyond the Inland Sea. The Japanese have been particularly expert in making razors, shaving creams, biscuits, candies and sauces whose labels or trade-marks are so cleverly imitated that even the original foreign producers are sometimes amazed at the ingenuity of the substitution.

One costly feature of this wholesale piracy is that a large quantity of this merchandise is taken in China and other eastern countries for the original American and British goods. In most cases the best feature of the stuff is the label. The merchandise itself is often third-rate, and naturally creates a prejudice against the real thing when it does arrive.

Most of the pirating of foreign goods in Japan is done by small firms. Great concerns like the Mitsuis, the Suzukis, the Okuras, and the Mitsuibishi organization naturally spurn such nefarious subterfuges. So widespread has become the practice among the little fellows that upon his return from Europe and America last June Doctor Dan, to whom I have already referred, gave out an interview in which he said that representative Japanese business men must organize and establish some kind of commercial censorship to end the abuse of trade-marks and patents.

Tame Shadows

Any consideration of Japan's attitude towards the alien must necessarily include some description of the espionage system, which has been the subject of so much criticism and has caused widespread annoyance. In theory it imitates the old Russian idea of scrutiny, but it does not begin to be half so efficient. It is more like the one-time German surveillance, which was largely sound, fury and note taking, and really accomplished little.

Despite what the Japanese say to the contrary, practically all foreigners, save possibly those who come on exalted diplomatic and commercial missions, are under observation from the moment they touch the three-mile limit until they are outside the confines of the country. This chaperonage continues to all the Japanese colonies. The insatiate Japanese thirst for information extends to the plans and private life of the visitor.

There are two fundamental reasons for this incessant Japanese espionage: One is the natural curiosity of the native; the other is his eternal suspicion of everything and everybody. The most innocent move made by a foreigner, whether transient or resident, is invested with significance. The Japanese are the finest little plot discoverers in the world. When I was in Japan in March the Japanese secretary of the American Embassy was promoted to be consul at Dairen. The former consular agent at Chita succeeded him. At that time the Japanese occupation at Siberia was a ticklish subject. Immediately the leading Tokio newspapers saw a conspiracy to oppress Japan in this simple and harmless shift in the consular service.

Immediately upon arrival in Japan you are subjected to a rigid cross-examination by the police, and you are also required to fill out a police card whenever you register at a hotel. These are details which still obtain in some European countries, and no objection would be raised if they ended there. The Japanese police, however, regard it as their business to know the visitor's business as well. If the new arrival has lately visited Russia or Siberia he is immediately honored by having a special sleuth attached to him.

The most extraordinary example of this occurred in March last. The editor of the principal Russian newspaper at Harbin visited Tokio for the purpose of buying a printing press. Although his passport had been properly visaed by the Japanese consul general at Harbin, he was shadowed from the hour of his arrival. If he went into the dining room of his hotel to eat, his detective did likewise; when he walked out on the Ginza, the principal street, the guardian followed. If the editor consulted a printer about his requirements, the business man was at once summoned to police headquarters and cross-examined. The sleuth finally became so tame that he performed slight services for his victim, such as bringing him newspapers from the reading room. Here you have an illuminating glimpse of Japanese espionage. The shadow did not have the slightest idea why he was following this man. It was a matter of rote.

When a whole week of the kind of annoyance that I have described had passed the



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editor was summoned before the chief of police and grilled for six hours. The questions asked him ranged from "What is the name of your grandmother?"—it is a typical Japanese police query—to "Are you the leader of the communists in Harbin?" The man had an alibi for everything except the grandmother, and was eventually excused with tea, cakes and apologies. It later developed that the provocation for all this was the fact that three years before this newspaper proprietor, while residing temporarily at Yokohama, lived at the same hotel as General Popatoff, a Russian, subsequently deported from Japan. In this incident you have the reason and the system of most Japanese espionage.

During the war it was, of course, much worse. A certain American retired rear admiral went to Japan on a business mission. Although he had absolutely divorced himself from the Navy the Japanese dogged his every step, for they believed that he was a naval spy.

Being stupid in conception and operation, this system lends itself to many amusing incidents. Shortly after the armistice, when there were still many restrictions on travel, a young American woman went out to Japan to marry. Her fiancé was employed in a bank in China, and being unable to get leave of absence it was decided that the marriage should take place at Yokohama.

On the girl's passport the reason for her proposed journey was set down in the words, "To be married."

She encountered the usual police cross-examination in the harbor of Yokohama and in due time arrived at her hotel. Her fiancé was delayed and she spent the intervening time traveling throughout Japan. Wherever she went she was carefully interrogated by the police, who, instead of registering her under her real name, always referred to her as Mrs. To Be Married. They could not get any other deduction from the passport.

Most foreigners, especially Americans, become irritated at the ridiculous questions asked by the Japanese police, but others have fun with them. One New Yorker who had been to Harbin and was about to return to Japan had more than his share of cross-examination. Although the authorities still had his passport one particularly aggressive official continued to ask him his name.

The Art of Stamp Collecting

Finally he said, "I am the new Pope, making a tour of investigation." Whereupon the Japanese solemnly wrote it down, with the usual vocal accompaniment of "Haw, haw!"

An American of my acquaintance unexpectedly returned to his room in a Tokio hotel and surprised one of the bell boys engaged in ransacking the contents of his wardrobe trunk. The culprit immediately explained that the wind had disarranged some of the clothes. The American, however, replied, "I'll help you to find what you want."

The Japanese have one excellent first aid in what might be called mail penetration, in that nearly every person in the empire is a stamp collector. When caught with the goods they can easily and truthfully say, "I was merely taking the stamps from the envelopes."

A copy of every cablegram sent out of Japan not only goes to the police but frequently to the Foreign Office as well. Shortly after the first election of Woodrow Wilson there was considerable speculation in Japan over the next American Minister to China. Three Americans on a Japanese boat bound for Yokohama decided to play a joke on the press. They sent a fake telegram to a friend in Peking, stating that a certain American who was very hostile to Japan would be the next minister. The news appeared the next morning in practically all the Japanese newspapers.

It is scarcely necessary for me to say that nearly every Japanese servant employed in a foreign domicile in Japan, especially Tokio, is a spy of some sort. Many are required to make written reports to the police about the movements of their employers and their guests. This applies especially to domestics in the establishments of persons connected with the embassies and the foreign naval and military services. This eavesdropping has reached such a fine point that an American long resident in Japan told me that the police know how much money the alien women lose at bridge!

For the final phase of Japan and the alien I have reserved those experiences which had a peculiar appeal for me, for they grew out of interviewing and being interviewed by the Japanese. To these activities, particularly the former, I am not exactly a stranger, but I am frank to confess that in no country are the processes quite so baffling or exhausting as in Lotus Land. In the present series you may possibly have gleaned some information. It was extracted by the most difficult and wearing process that I have ever known. It was not because of a lack of desire to coöperate, for every door, from the Prince Regent's down, was open to me. Besides, the Japanese are always hot-foot for publicity. It was entirely due to the racial and temperamental qualities that I have already described.

Interviewing in Lotus Land

To begin with, the Japanese is never direct, either in soliciting or in giving facts. Where the American is concrete he is profoundly abstract. If you say to a Japanese, "This is a fine day," he will make reply, "It is a better day than yesterday." An American silk dealer at Yokohama remarked to his Japanese office manager at the close of the Silk Exchange, "I see that prices are down," whereupon the man answered, "It may be so." At that moment the price sheet lay before him.

With this kind of mentality you can readily see that interviewing is not exactly a springtime frolic. Instinctively the Japanese are silent and secretive. The one conspicuous exception in recent years was old Marquis Okuma. During his premiership he gave out so many interviews that the Foreign Office finally stationed a man outside his door to divert newspaper men. Most Japanese statesmen today, as I discovered, prefer to write out their statements, which is an excellent precaution.

One of the principal obstacles in interviewing even the most high-placed Japanese is their inability to come straight to the point. An immense amount of time must be consumed in preliminaries. This is also true of the Chinese, who are even more deliberate, if such a thing were possible. Hence your task imposes patience and concentration. Most Japanese usually begin by turning the tables and interviewing the interviewer. This, by the way, is one of Mr. Lloyd George's favorite methods.

My most diverting adventures, however, came when I was interviewed myself. I believe that I can safely say that hardly a day passed during my entire visit in Japan that I was not cross-examined somewhere and on some subject by a journalist. When Mrs. Sanger arrived I was asked to give an expert opinion on birth control. When Lord Northcliffe delivered himself of a blast against Japanese militarism I was invited to analyze the British editor's sanity. So it went.

There is a widespread belief that yellow journalism exists almost exclusively in America. No delusion could be greater. The most aggressive and persistent American reporter is a shrinking violet alongside some of his Japanese confreres. I have been called a human interrogation mark, but I am a sphinx compared with the Japanese interviewer.

Not only do they ask the most ridiculous questions imaginable but many of them are strangers to accuracy. Marshal Joffre was the guest of the nation shortly before I arrived. He refused to answer queries hurled point-blank at him, but agreed to consider written questions. One of them was "Why don't you eat more?" This was on a par with some of the interrogations of the average Japanese reporter.

I had a characteristic experience with Japanese journalists at Mukden on the





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orning after the dinner that Chang Tso-n, the Manchurian War Lord, gave for e, when he first announced his intention wage war on Wu Pei-fu. No Japanese ad been present and there was burning riosity among them to know what the arshal had said. Before I was out of bed e Japanese reporters were busy. They sked me to relate what Chang Tso-lin ad said. When I told them that the din-er was private and that I could not talk bout it they continued to interrogate me ith a persistence that was almost madden-g. Three days later one of these Japanese porters sent out a story by telegraph from fukden, which purported to give the sub-tance of what Chang Tso-lin had said. fuch of it was speculation, but the author ved his face by putting it into the mouth f "an influential foreigner who was pres-nt." He made me the goat.

One reason for the avalanche of report-rs in Tokio is that there are so many news-apers there. In a city less than half the ze of New York there are twenty-six ailies.

Linked with journalism is that other apanese activity which, like the proverbial oor, is with us always. I refer to propa-anda. The Nipponese are not alone in this erformance. Before the World War the ermans led the world in disseminating spired data which were always a first id to their economic penetration. With he outbreak of hostilities every nation in-olved got busy, and so far as some of them re concerned it is still working overtime.

Specialists in Cherry Blossoms

Japanese propaganda, however, is pe-uliar and distinct. In the first place every ational is a sort of unofficial press agent vho specializes in the natural beauties of is country, particularly the cherry blos-oms. All the large corporations boost the mpire with their products. In addition cores of paid boosters, some of them aliens, re employed throughout the world. Fig-ratively their pens are eternally poised, eady to flay the critic who departs from he path of praise.

The propaganda that emanates from Tokio is largely political and is usually loosed to explain the many and various kinks in Japanese diplomacy. Every ad-vance in China has always been accom-panied by a tidal wave of publicity inter-preting the performance.

The Japanese Foreign Office has a bu-reau of information presided over by Baron Ijuin, which is at the disposal of all visiting journalists. Attached to it is an American adviser, who is a capable and experienced journalist. By a curious coincidence he was the first correspondent to expose the Twenty-one Demands.

Nipponese Gladhanders

In providing assistance for men who write, the Japanese Foreign Office is no exception to what has become the general rule in such institutions. Even the British F. O., as it is so widely known, succumbed after years of majestic, if dull, isolation. This was the result of the Great War, when everybody was doing it.

Much of the elaborate and almost in-sistent entertainment bestowed upon visi-tors in Japan is part of the propaganda program. When recipients express them-selves with candor about the country, either in speech or print, they are usually con-demned as ungracious or ungrateful. More-over, freedom of action is almost denied the aliens who come within range of the gladhanders, as we would call them in America. The incessant chaperonage be-comes irksome.

There are many sincere friends of Japan who believe that if the Japanese would ease up on their hospitality they would make a much better impression.

In the last analysis you find that Japan in her attitude towards the alien is merely expressing what might be called her tem-peramental impulses. Her people are proud and sensitive. They were jarred out of an ancient seclusion by the foreigner. It is therefore natural that they should still re-gard outsiders with suspicion and take pre-cautions in their own way to observe and restrict them.

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with the economic and political situation in the Far East. The next will be devoted to Japan in China.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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The mystery of Russian Women

Men who have traveled far, who know the Rue de la Paix and the Nevsky Prospekt as well as Main Street, say there is about the women of Russia a strange, a baffling charm.

They can define that charm no more closely than that it seems a mingling of the brilliant personality of the Parisian with the occult, inscrutable spirit of the Oriental.

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